

*Stephen Shore: New York, New York, July 23, 2013*

by Larry Fink



©Stephen Shore, *New York, New York, July 23, 2013*. Courtesy 303 Gallery, New York

Squeezing through all of the structural density of this Shore image a revelation ascends.

We hear it through the silence or see it through the rumble of feet. The internal monologue would probably resemble something with the words of

"what the f" or "oh my". It is a remarkable moment of vulnerability; the young man has been upended from his simple pursuit, on the way to wherever which will forever remain unknown to us. He has been locked within an instantaneous question; caught in the act. But there is no act, nothing to show. No high-five, no tragic despair, just a moment of confrontation with the unexpected.

Is he a victim of the lens and the aggressions of a photographer? Not at all. For Shore, as a photographer, feels the man deeply, and is as surprised as the man by the occurrence.

Dr. Shore (my academic colleague for decades) rather than avoid this emotive assimilation has codified this mutual minor distress into a deeply crafted image, where if you look carefully, you will find an angel.

Stephen is of course known for his melancholic, romantic, possibly ironic pictures of a certain love affair with an America which once was and still may be. He is known for his deeply constructed spaces and their coloristic hue, ever harmonious. To our relief, insofar that much of color photography can be brazen, insensitive to palette and balance, Dr. shore is our natural anecdote to other practitioners jazzy critical photographic one-liners. Flush with vulgar color, empty of soul, but let me not get off track.

For me, this picture is unique within Shore's experiential vocabulary and makes him into a person who is less impenetrable than often perceived. It broadens our view of his deeper humanity, and allows us to feel what it means to be inside the wind-stream of psychic incredulity.

Uncommon places indeed..

Larry Fink.