



# UNUSUAL VIEW OF UNKNOWN SUBJECTS



## CROP AS MUCH - CUT TO BUCK

An imprecise tale of a former editor

A whisky-drinking gunman barged into a woman's car, robbed her, then forced her to ride with him for six hours as he drove aimlessly about the city, the woman told police Wednesday. The woman, Mrs Marian Kinney, 38, of 5200 S. Blackstone, said she finally jumped from the car when the man stopped for traffic.

We could almost feel the vibrations of the web presses shaking, slowly, in the lower floors. It's been 2 hours now, the atmosphere in the editor's office is getting heavier, trembling. The knell is going to sound. Newspaper columns fill up around me, so does my ashtray. "1 1/4" Deep / One col 5 pts-4 am", here is my mission tonight, laconically handed out by the editor in chief. An intern causes mayhem, rounding up the entire office. He's looking for a forest, not-too-bright-not-too-dark. An article about some new trail in a random county park. Contained and dignified panic in front of the silence of his coworkers.

- Sound familiar? Some pine trees, a path and a sunset? - No sorry, go to the archive... If you're lucky you'll stumble across it.

Mrs. Kinney identified a man found sleeping in her car several hours later near the loop as her abductor. He gave his name to police as Jack Landis, 26, of 4457 S. Prairie

In a strange way, the text comes before the image, which, made in a split second, is always keeping us waiting. Night after night. A press photographer is someone who is always bragging about being in the right place in the right time, but is systematically late. My thoughts are elegantly interrupted when a print, still wet, lands on my desk. It is 10 inches long and 8 inches wide, it is beautiful, glossy. It is spreading over my typewriter in a slightly convex curvature.

- Here's your art, sorry I couldn't be quicker... the lab was full and the cops didn't want me to shoot... I had to grease some palms.

Without any fuss, he leaves. A press photographer is someone who leaves a place before arriving.

MRS KINNEY, an advertising, copy writer, told police the terrifying ride began at about 8 p.m. Friday near the 55th St. and the Lake Park. She said the man took \$23 from her after entering the car then began driving, sipping whisky from a bottle and menacing her with a gun...

That's it, I finally have that face, that look. That monster who found weaker than him. Who has no other mask than the one worn before the crackling flashes of the jailers. This is my arena, my finest hour. Armed with pens, through a herculean show of strength, I have to place the captive man in a tiny frame. I'm no magician, I am a photo editor. Crop as much, cut to buck. So I try to think about the viewer, about what he wants to see, about what he'd like to need to see. Automatically, I lock the photographed man between 4 pencil strokes traced on the glossy surface. Tightly held to the throat, suffocated, I cut close to the ears and press on the top of his skull. I leave the rest for the dogs. I double the mark so the printer understands me clearly. It's his turn to do my dirty work.

At one point, she tossed the gun from the car when the man momentarily laid it on the seat, she told police. Mrs Kinney said she finally escaped at 43rd St. and Cottage Grove and called police.

Did I make a mistake? Should I have shown his figure, dismantled and folded in half? His members contorting themselves, tied to his steel chair? Maybe his shadow, cast onto the cold and glistening walls. Or the window glass, stained by steam which frays into heavy water drops. The torn coat, dirtied. By blood? Sweat? Tears? The bell rings, 15 minutes before we put it to bed. And the intern who isn't looking for his forest anymore, sitting on a stack of crumpled prints showing beaches, deserts, snowy peaks, forests that are too bright and forests that are too dark.

I just have to copy the captions on the back of the print, for posterity. For the next felony committed by that poor, lost drunk. Or for the intern, who, in a rush might need a bruised face, not-too-bright-not-too-dark. I turn the shiny print over and slide it in the typewriter.

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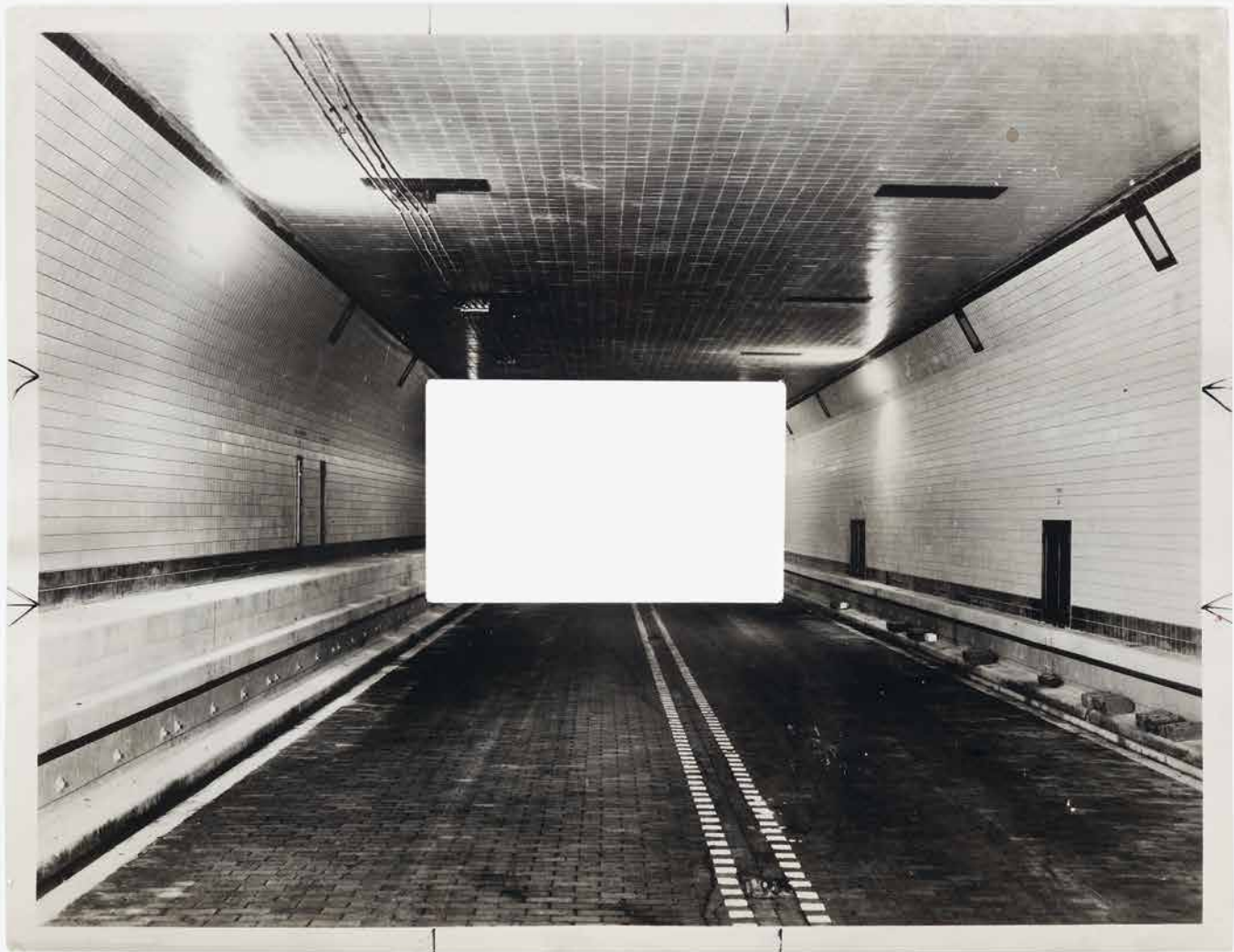
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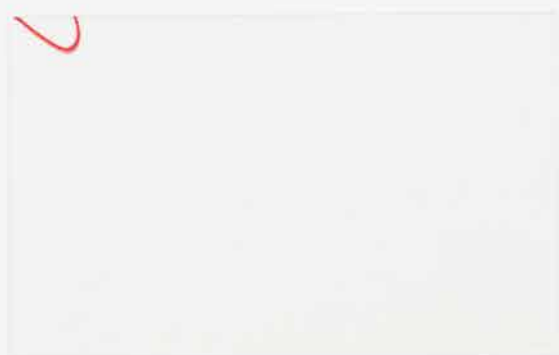




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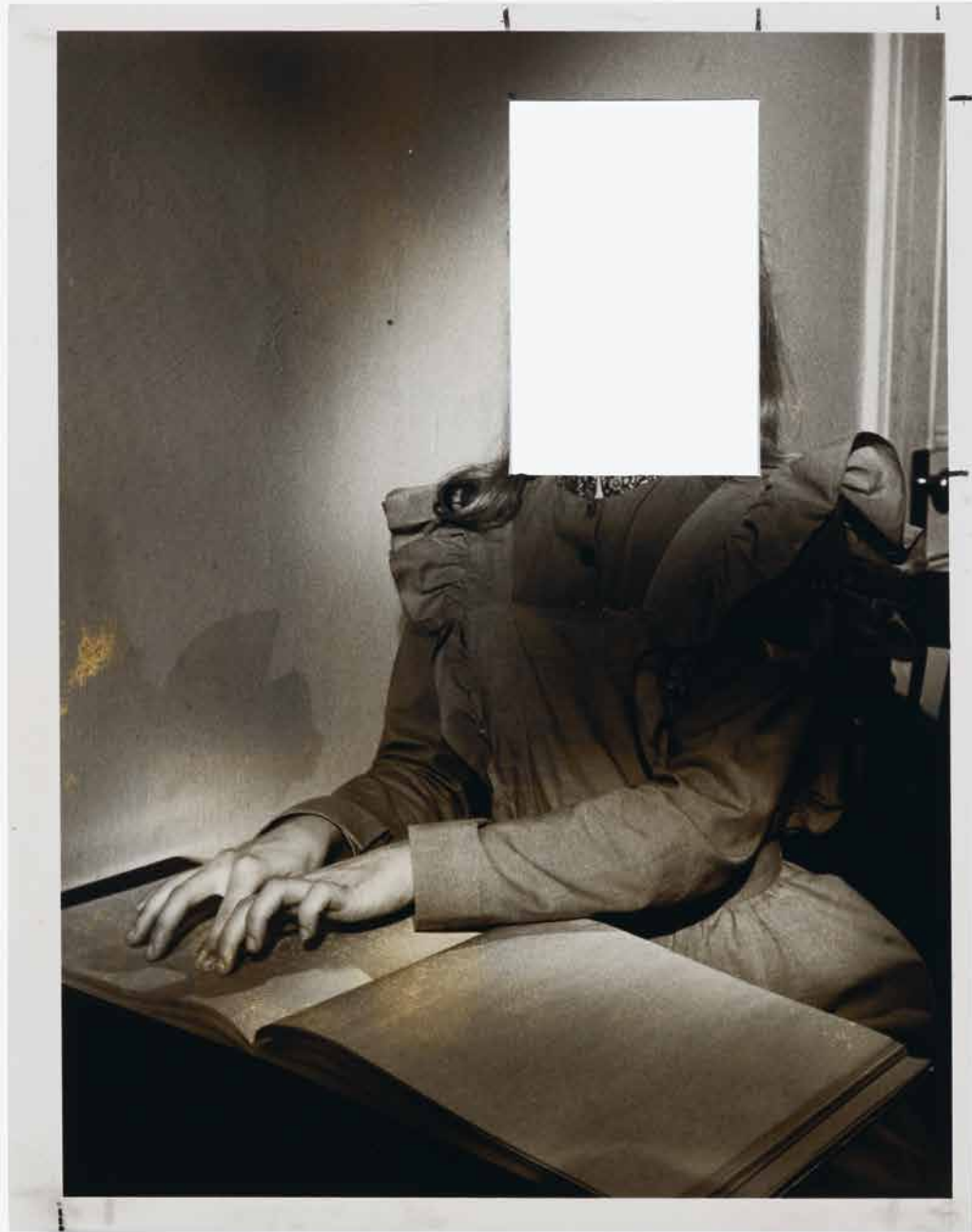












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