

her thought, her age, her time

Jenn Jackson

Two citizens stand within a white space. A woman and a girl joined together in a representation of the stretch of a woman's life. Their features suggest the extension of a bloodline. Within the controlled composition of their bodies, there is a quality of routine connection. The woman's fingertips graze the top of the girl's head, which is tucked comfortably beneath the curve of her chin. Bare arms criss-cross in familial intimacy. There is no space between their bodies, yet a generation of time divides their moment of exchange. The girl's body relaxes into the soft influence of the woman's torso as she glances with calm introspection beyond the frame. The woman's gaze is considerably more direct. Her kohl-lined eyes both confront and demand our attention, tendering a determined defence, an unforgiving exchange, an advocacy of shelter and security.

A reaching and longing are performed within the portrait. By posing themselves the woman and the girl assert their autonomy, each with her own desires, strengths, and vulnerabilities. Their discrete display of self-image and shared psychic space tugs the viewer into a place of self-conscious looking. An entangled triumvirate surfaces—between the woman and the girl, the photographer, and the viewer. Perspectives—internal, external; theirs, ours—slowly shift the terrain. Conversations, exchanges, and lived experiences are bleached out in the setting bathed by harsh California sun. The photograph tames the woman and the girl's private and emotional lives, granting the viewer leisurely access beyond familiar lines. This lure, this narrative appeal, solicits further attention, permitting speculation and (without warning) judgment.

The sun touches their skin. The girl's face glows with smooth radiance: innocence and hope in a pink spaghetti-strap halter-top. The woman's tattooed arms are freckled with sunspots, her eyes squint against the glare, revealing slight creases, inscribed with potential responsibility, a traceable timeline. In this photograph one senses that the fate of the anonymous woman and girl are at stake. Yet the portrait is agile in its ambiguity, refusing details about their identities in exchange for emotive gesture. They stand together at the edge of an unknown future, in candid trust, anticipating a moment beyond the slipping horizon.



Katy Grannan

Anonymous, Modesto, CA, 2012

pigment print, 99 x 73.5 cm