

Contents

Preface	viii
Acknowledgments	ix
Introduction	
John J. Bukowczyk	xiii
Photographs	3
Photographer's Notes	175
Publication of Work by Bruce Harkness	189

Preface

I am not sure why I chose to be a camera operator. I was never much of an equipment guy, not much interested in discussing cameras, lenses, filters, or, later, megapixels. I was never big on technique and felt no compulsion to make the perfect print. I struggled with the business aspects of photography. In a 1977 Center for Creative Studies (CCS) student exhibition, I priced my prints at twenty-five cents apiece and was thrilled when they all sold. Although I like to travel, I did not travel to photograph. Distant, dramatic, or exotic subject matter may be compelling, but it would not have magically made me a better photographer. Except for several opportunities I had to photograph well-known musicians, I generally eschewed celebrity subjects. I never referred to myself as an artist, nor did I care if what I produced was art. I often found as much beauty and mystery in a family photo album as I found in an art-photography gallery. Photographic prints do not need to be big to touch the soul.

When Walter Farynk, instructor of studio photography and lighting at CCS in the 1970s, would arrive at his classroom, one of the first

things he would do was write a phrase on the chalkboard, food for thought for his students. One, easy to remember, was “The harder I work, the luckier I get.” Good, solid advice, and often true. One morning when I arrived, the board was blank, so I wrote a quote from a book I had recently read: “The thing that is important is the thing that is not seen.” When Walter arrived, he read it and smiled with knitted brow, and a few of us present at the time briefly pondered what relevance these words could have to a visual medium.

I acknowledge and thank John J. Bukowczyk for all he has done, and done for me, these past thirty-seven years. The day we met was a good day, much like other days of that time, but I know now what a very special day it was. Thank you also to Zlatan Sadikovic for that small table at the Oloman Cafe in Hamtramck where John and I plugged in my laptop, spread our photos and papers, and, coffee in hand, assembled this book. Thank you, Barbara, my wife, for your suggestions and support throughout this process. You have helped me more than you may know.

Bruce Harkness