

work powerfully eschewed post-Stonewall respectability politics. The book's editor, Laura Guy, concludes with a scholarly assessment of the dialogue between desire and documentary—and of Christopher's contribution to the archive of lesbian photography.

Together, these texts invite us to look at Christopher's vivacious, audacious pictures anew and again. They offer a broader perspective on the dangers and joys Christopher documented in San Francisco during what Rednour calls "the time of the lesbians." Photographer and writers reach out their hands, together, inviting us in as collaborative witnesses, daring us to fear less and bliss more. —**Kerry Manders**

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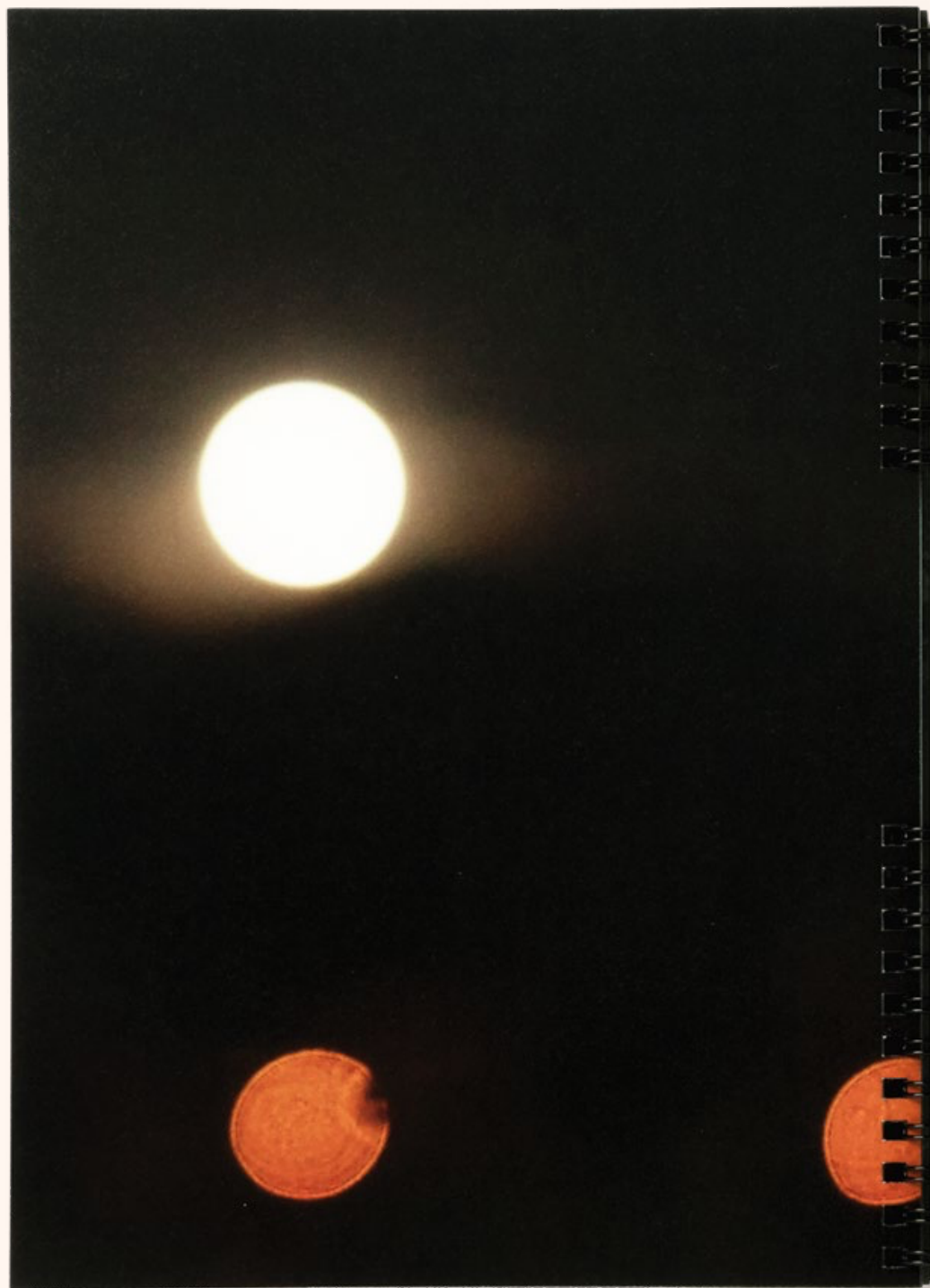
## Moe Suzuki

In 2018, the photographer Moe Suzuki invited her father, who was struggling with glaucoma, to live with her. At first she did not realize how bad his vision was, but small daily events, such as his inability to grasp a cup she held out to him, became telltale signs. As he was an editor of medical and psychology texts, reading and writing had always been important activities in his life. He also kept journals and was an amateur photographer.

Blurred yellow light flares dot the shadowy, bluish-green cover of Suzuki's ***Sokohi* (Chose Commune, 2022; 150 pages, €30)**, a book based on her father's experience. A visual metaphor for his diminishing eyesight, the imagery alludes to the struggle both father and daughter endure as they adjust to his darkening world.

*Sokohi* was originally published as a limited-edition artist's book and won the LUMA Rencontres Dummy Book Award Arles in 2021. The trade edition reinterprets the original handmade, spiral-bound volume and is composed of her father's journal pages, tipped-in family images, Suzuki's own photographs, and pages punctuated by die-cut stippled marks that mimic the peripheral light spots experienced by those with glaucoma. This version's realization traveled a progression similar to that of her father's sight loss: intimate, in-focus family images and die-cut etched pages gave way to recropped, enlarged, and blurred image sequences. The resulting book, which keeps the original's size and spiral binding, flows effortlessly.

The title, *Sokohi*, an ancient Japanese term for optical diseases that cause visual impairment, translates as "shadow in the bottom," a reference to the dull green shade—similar to that of the sea—that the eye's pupil turns just before the onset of blindness. As a result, the color plays a



Spread from Moe Suzuki,  
*Sokohi* (Chose Commune,  
2022)

central role in the book's palette, with many of its black-and-white images varnished with a green tint that acts as a unifying visual thread for the book.

Opening with an enlarged photograph of Suzuki's father as a boy, *Sokohi* sets a clear storyline. Family photographs—given to Suzuki by her father at the initiation of this project, in 2018—showing him as a young man, holding a camera or reading, are interspersed with blurred shots of nighttime lights, the sea, and Suzuki as a little girl with her father. *Sokohi* follows Suzuki's father as a



vital, active man until the middle of the book, at which point darker, green-tinged black-and-white photographs, some printed on metallic paper, appear. These images mark a transitional moment, when his glaucoma overtakes their lives. Shadowy landscapes, light flares against evening skies, and her father's oozing eye are juxtaposed with double-page spreads of flower petals in dot patterns and barely legible writing from his journal.

The perspective darkens further still in the book's second half, which shares through photographs her father's disorienting and

restricted new reality. He is seen watching television, barely inches from the screen, his transformed existence palpable. Black-and-white images give way to a color world quite different from the one shown at the book's onset. There is acceptance, experienced by both father and daughter: her father's selfie shows him wearing corrective goggles, and a photograph by Suzuki shows him walking with a cane on a desolate road. *Sokohi* is a poignant story about a father and daughter coming to terms with a debilitating illness. —**Russet Lederman**

## Nancy Holt and Richard Misrach

There are holes in our knowing. Inaccessible yet powerful blind spots, where the darkness collects. But holes can also let light in. The artist Nancy Holt knew this. In her enormous earthwork *Sun Tunnels* (1973–76), holes are portals—openings to new views.

In 1973, Holt began conceiving of the work: four huge concrete cylinders, positioned in a cross formation in Utah's Great Basin Desert and placed so as to frame the sun on the horizon at the winter and summer solstices, each cylinder also cut with holes corresponding to constellations to let in the light of the stars, sun, and moon. In 1974, Holt bought, from a railroad or rancher, a quarter-mile square of Shoshone and Goshute ancestral land. By 1976, *Sun Tunnels*, part of the Dia Art Foundation collection, was complete.

***Blind Spot Folios 001 (Blind Spot, 2022; two unbound volumes, \$95)*** is the first in an annual series, by the magazine of the same name, publishing previously unseen photo-based works. Here, Holt's photographic studies, from 1973 to 1975, of the preparatory stages of *Sun Tunnels*, including images of small cardboard cylinders cut and posed, meet Richard Misrach's photographs from 1988 of the completed work, part of his *Desert Cantos* series on the American West. The photographs are printed on two foldout inserts tucked into a folder, which is itself perforated in the precise pattern of Holt's *Sun Tunnels* holes.

This presentation emphasizes the meticulousness of the artist's project, with calculations made and construction carried out in collaboration with an astrophysicist, an astronomer, a surveyor, ten concrete pipe workers, and others. Holt's and Misrach's images often share a perspective and composition; certain views, such as that of the frame-filling cylinder's opening—itsself like a camera lens of gigantic proportions—beg to be captured.

Holt's scrawled measurements and her own "self-interview," typed up and then amended in her faint handwriting, are the only texts in the book, besides a conversation between Misrach and Lisa Le Feuvre, the executive director of the Holt/Smithson Foundation. They reflect on Holt's process and project: hunting for the right spot, "she considered Arizona, but the cacti were too charismatic," Le Feuvre notes, while New Mexico had too many electrical wires. Misrach calls *Sun Tunnels* "a modern-day Stonehenge" and delights in "the puzzle and play of circles."

The desert is a strange, unchanging thing. Or has it transformed, you might wonder, since these images were made? You