

ARIZONA*i*PHONETOGRAPHY

IN THE DESERT WITHOUT FANCY EQUIPMENT (OR A SIGNAL)

BY *KYLE* CASSIDY

ARIZONA BY IPHONE V I . O © 2010 KYLE CASSIDY (WWW.KYLECASSIDY.COM)
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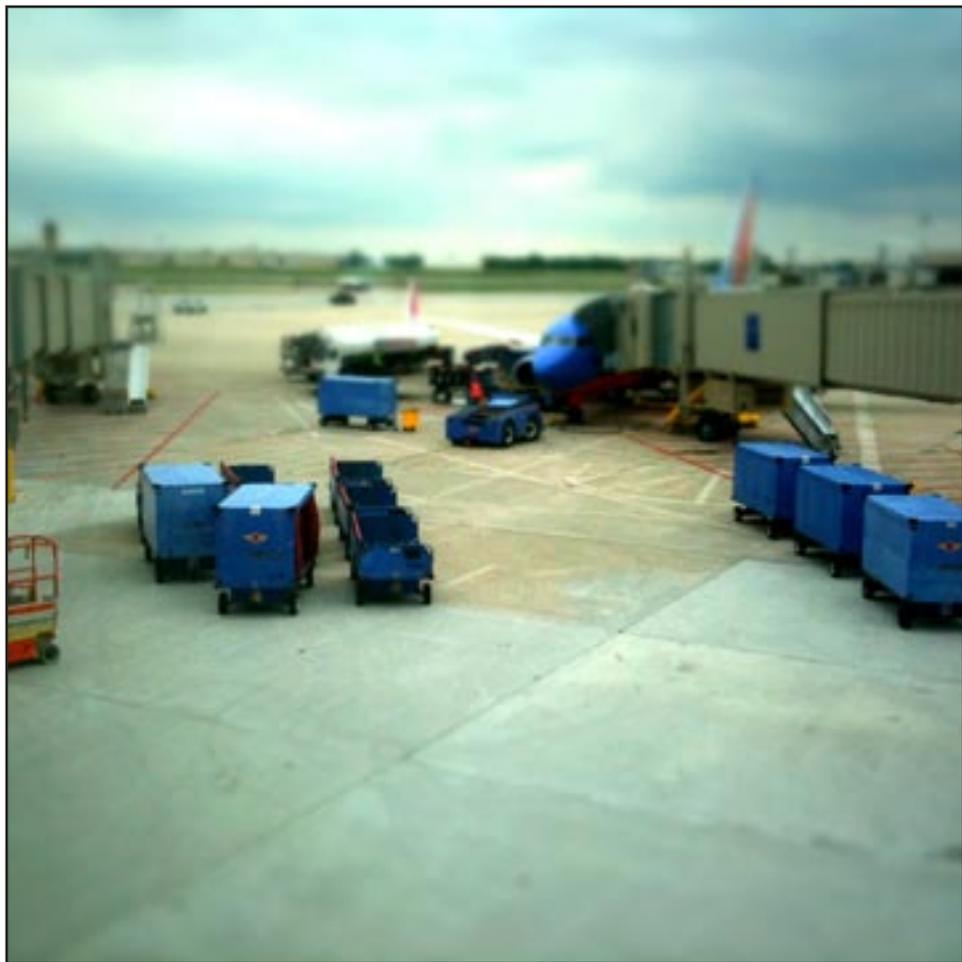
Are you taking pictures with your phone?

You find out just how tethered you are to your phone when you get on a plane or into the desert and suddenly you just have this *thing* it doesn't make calls, it doesn't connect to the Internet — you can't update your NetFlix queue, you can't shop, you can't find out who the first president of Pakistan was, your virtual life is put on hold — but still you keep pulling it out of your pocket (and when I say *you* I mean *me*) because you're used to doing that and you look down and see it's got no signal — but wait, it does other stuff too — so you satisfy your addiction for pulling it out of your pocket by using it to do something else.

Spending most of my days lugging around many pounds of professional photographic equipment, I like the challenge of trying to make a good photograph with a cell phone. I imagine it's the same sense of accomplishment that free climbers Or Easy Bake Oven chefs get. It's kind of baffling that a device as sophisticated as the iPhone 3GS comes with such a lousy camera. The real genius of it though is the software that's available for manipulating images after you take them. I used mostly #camerabag, #photogene & #tiltshiftgen.

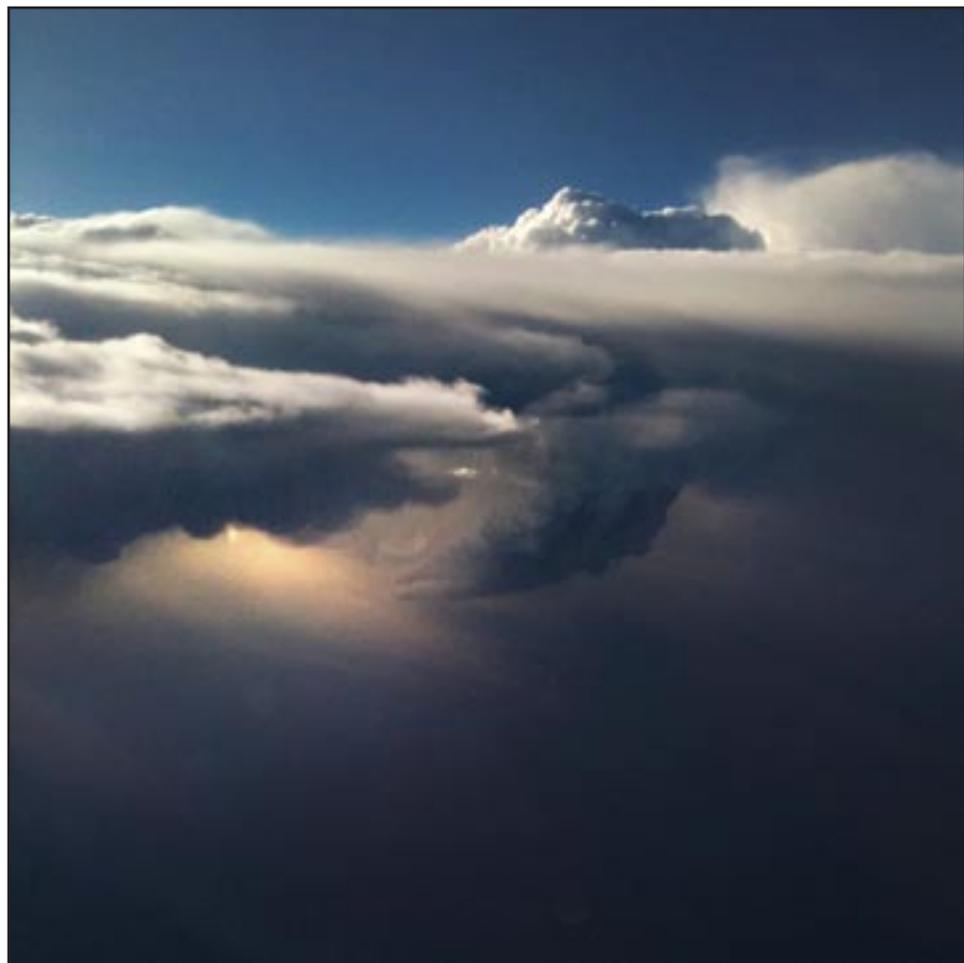
— Kyle Cassidy May, 2010
35,000 feet, just east of Okalahoma City.

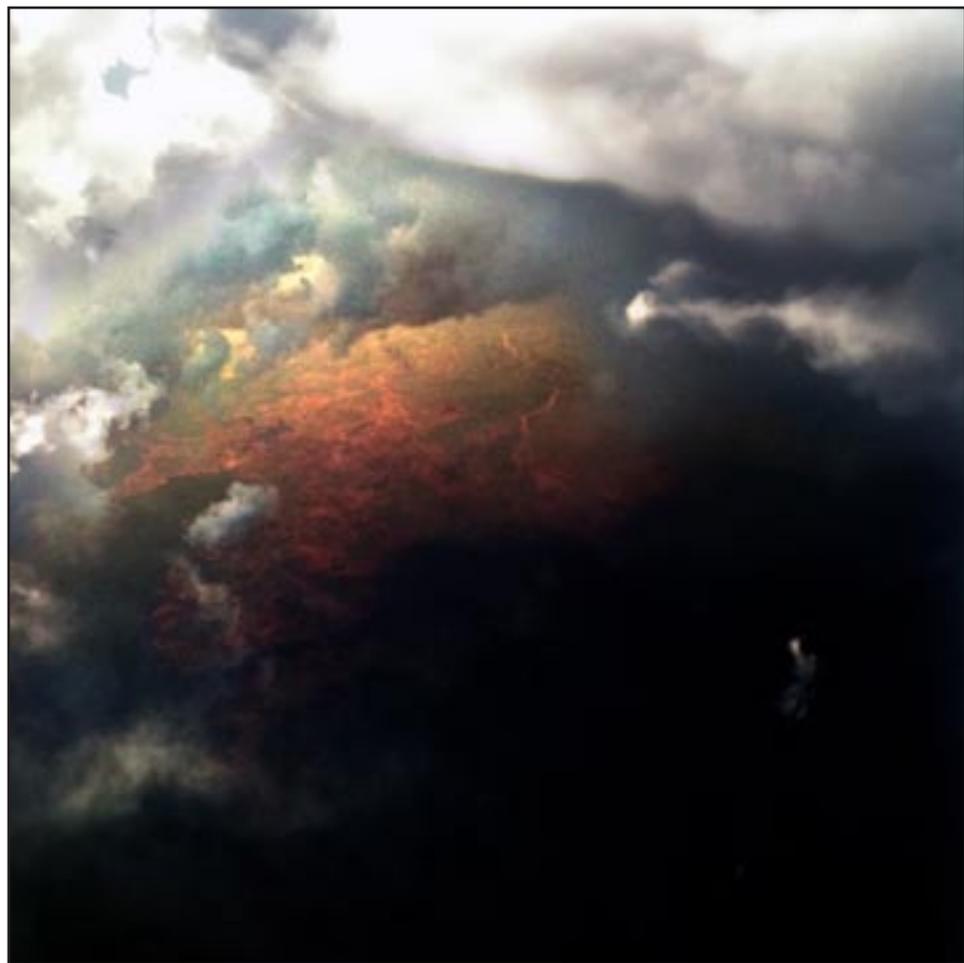
All the images in this book were taken with an iPhone 3GS.

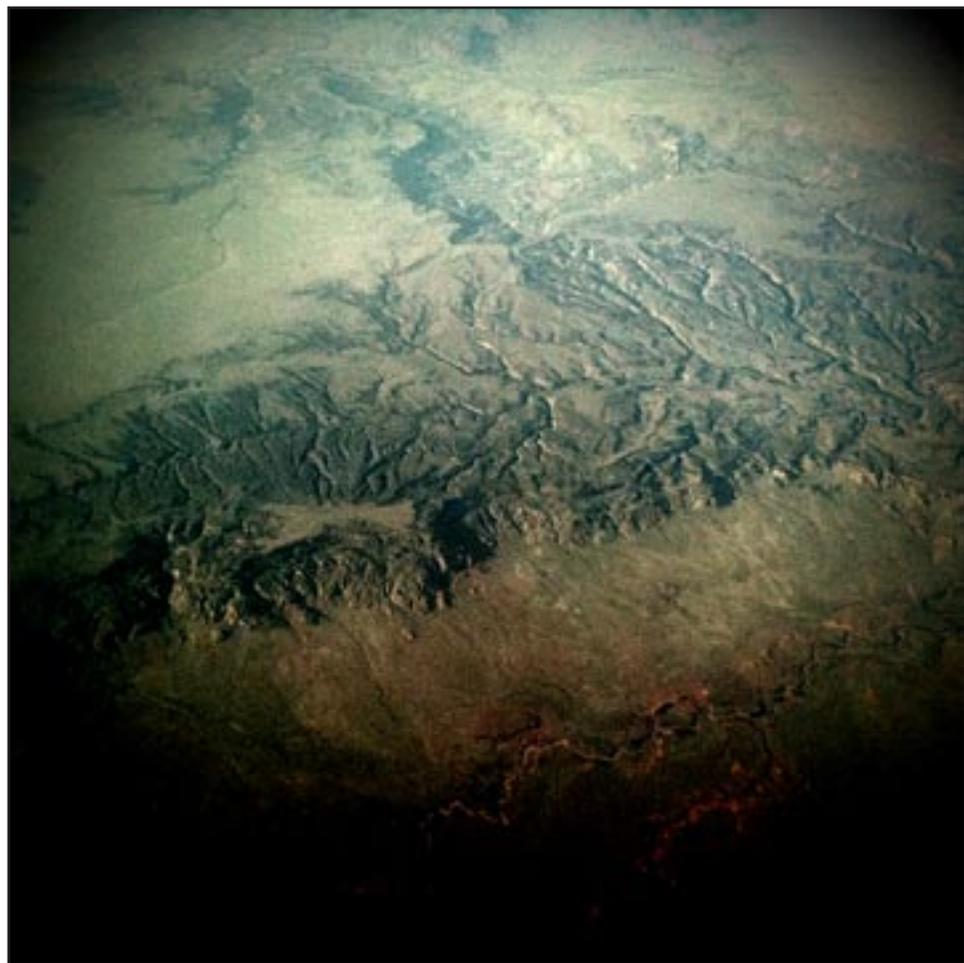


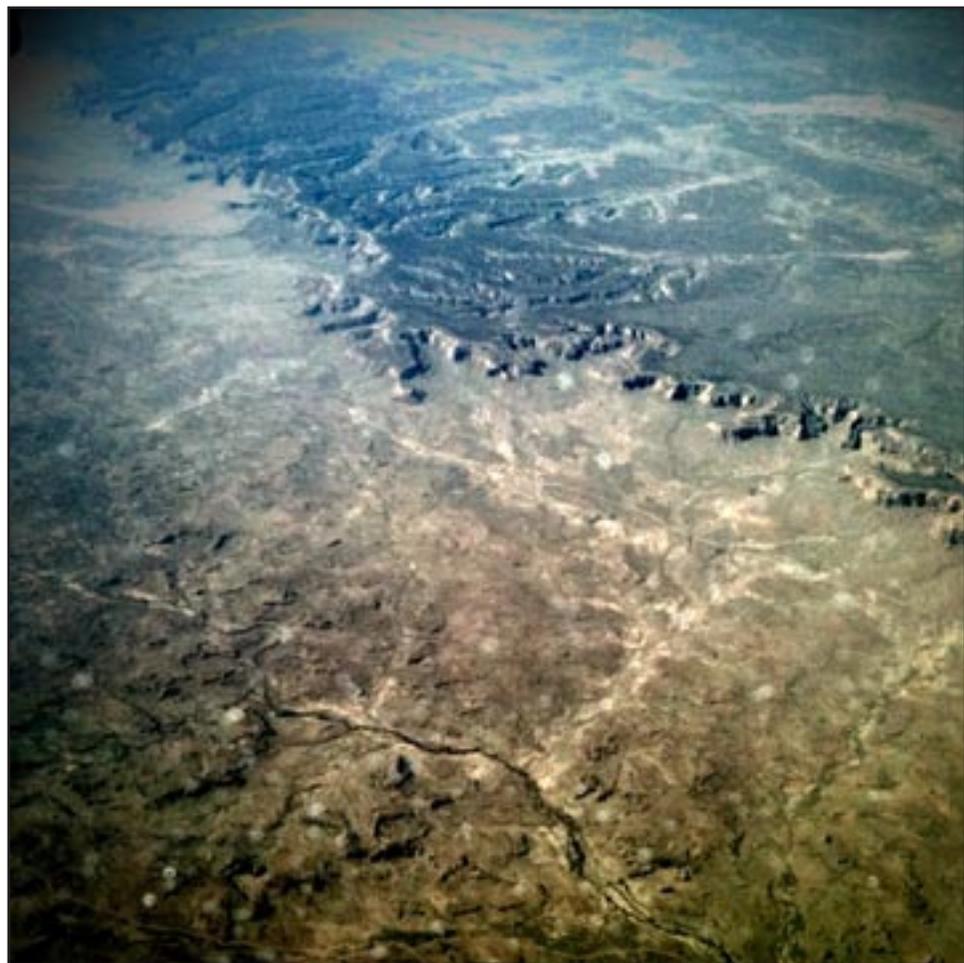




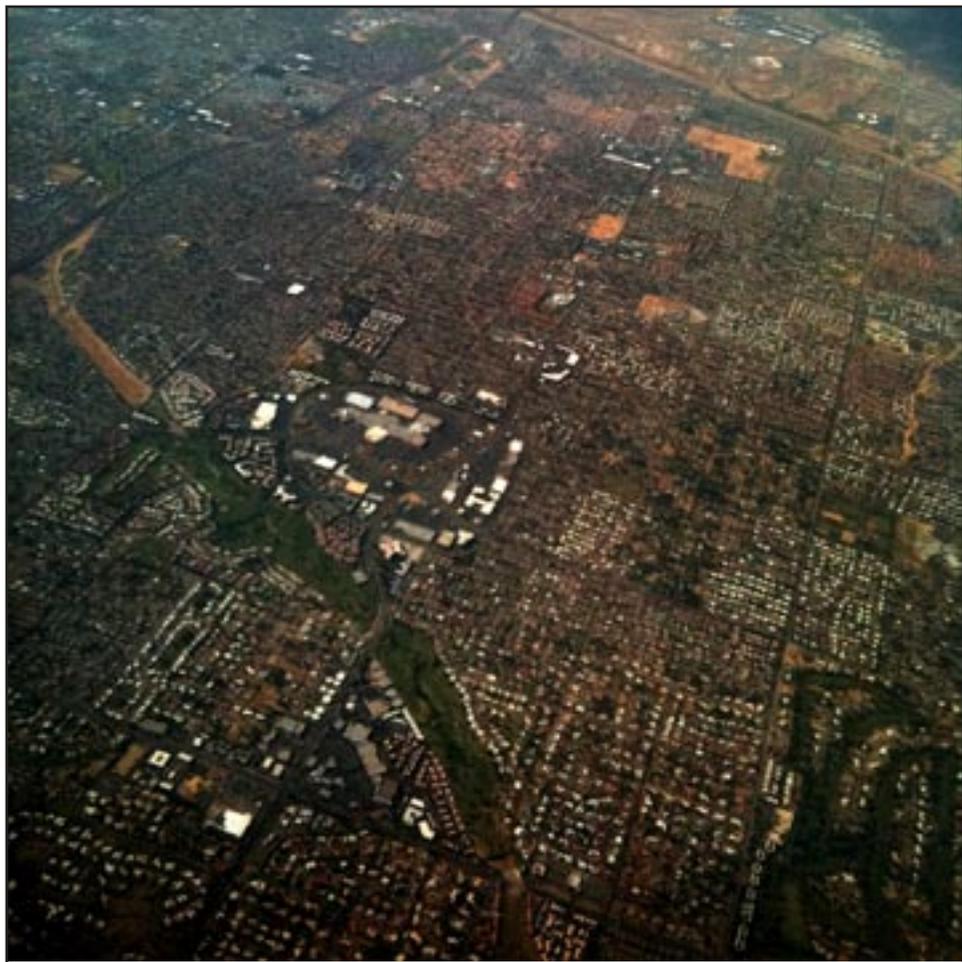










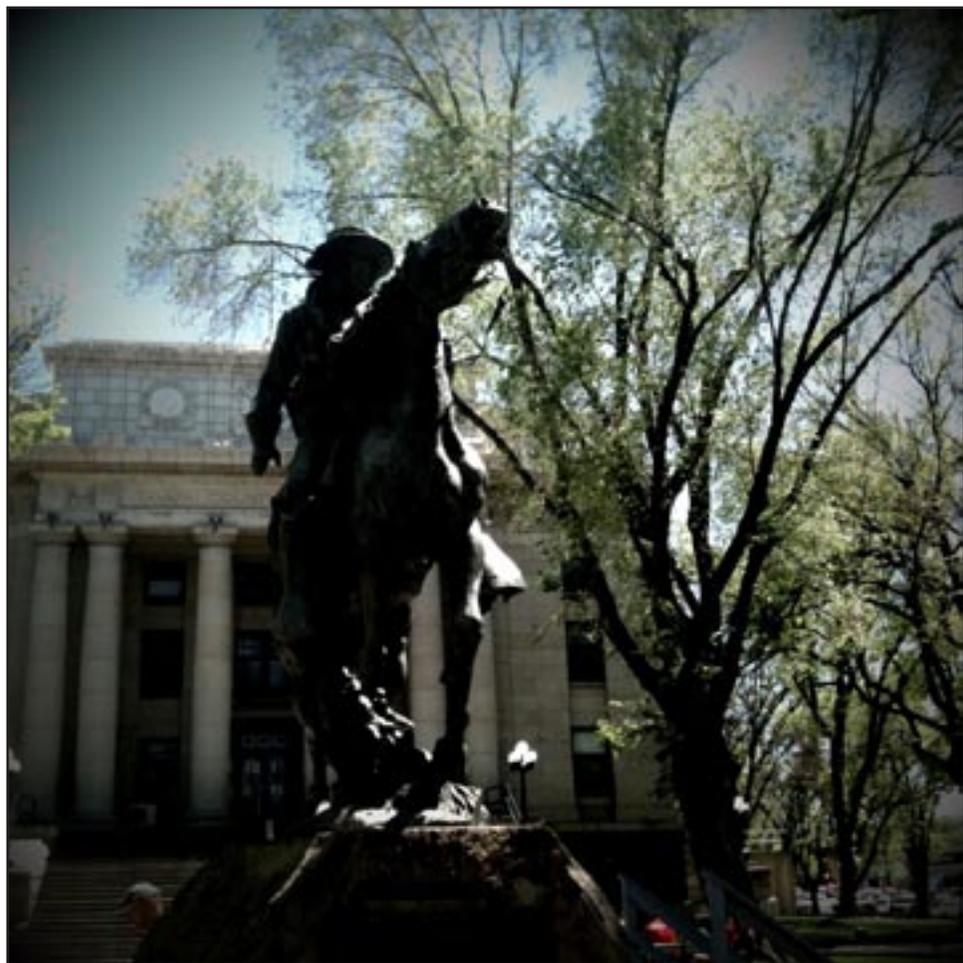






I like to fly and I always want the window seat. I used to look down at lakes or lonely roads and wonder what they were, falling in love with a stand of trees from seven miles above, wishing that I could get to know a town or a house on a mountain.

I never used to take photos out of airplane windows though. They always seemed ... ordinary. Then one day flying into Seattle I missed Mount Ranier piercing a solid bank of clouds and rising to incredible heights, like a gargantuan stone dagger rising from a lake of milk and fog—my camera was in the overhead bin. After that I started keeping it under the seat in front of me.





EXPRESS
LIQUORS

DRIVE

THRU

"KLINE"

KLFU 101279 6
JP 4300

MAX GW 47200 L.B.
30400 KG
TARE 8200 L.B.
3700 KG
MAX GW 59500 L.B.
26720 KG
CU CAP 3300 CU FT
67' 8"

CALET



**WANTED
FUGITIVE SEX OFFENDER**

YAVAPAI COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE 928-771-3260



**HARLEY JAMES GANN,
alias HARLEY JAMES SIMPSON,
alias TYLER or TY**

White male 18 years old 5'09" / 110 POUNDS

SUBJECT HAS BEEN USING JUVENILE MALE ACQUAINTANCES SOME 14 TO 15 YEARS OF AGE TO HIDE IN THEIR HOMES IN THE HIBROCK LAKE, MCINTOSH, AND VERDE LAKE AREAS.

SUBJECT HAS FELONY ARREST WARRANTS FOR MULTIPLE COUNTS OF FAILING TO REGISTER AS A SEX OFFENDER AND PROBATION VIOLATION.

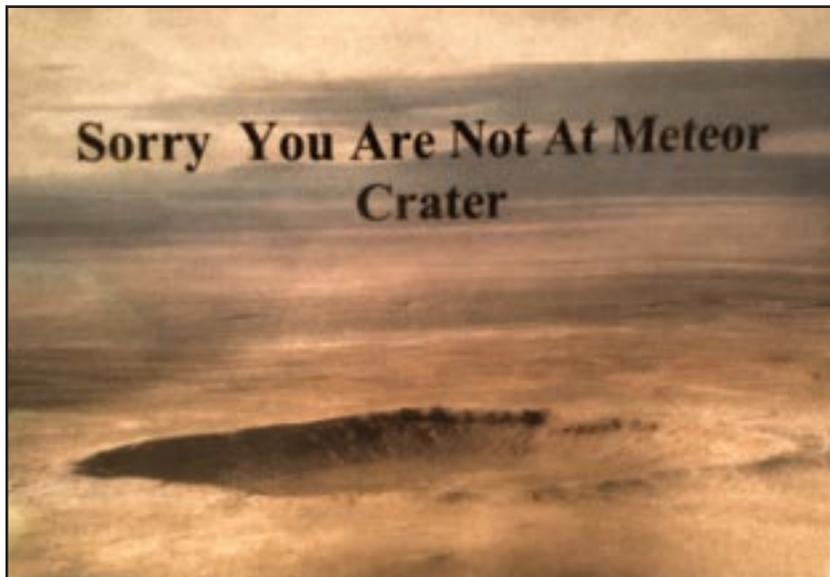
HE IS ALSO WANTED FOR QUESTIONING IN AN INCIDENT WHERE HE IS BELIEVED TO HAVE THREATENED TO SHOOT MULTIPLE SUBJECTS.

SUBJECT IS KNOWN TO CARRY A SMALL PISTOL AND SHOULD BE CONSIDERED ARMED AND DANGEROUS.
DO NOT APPROACH.

IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION, CALL YAVAPAI COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE AT 928-771-3260 OR DISPATCH IMMEDIATELY AT 911.

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IN

**Sorry You Are Not At Meteor
Crater**









salt depletion from sweating.

NO KIDDING— DO NOT attempt to hike the rim to the river and back without being prepared to possibly suffer the following:

Permanent brain damage

Cardiac arrest

Death

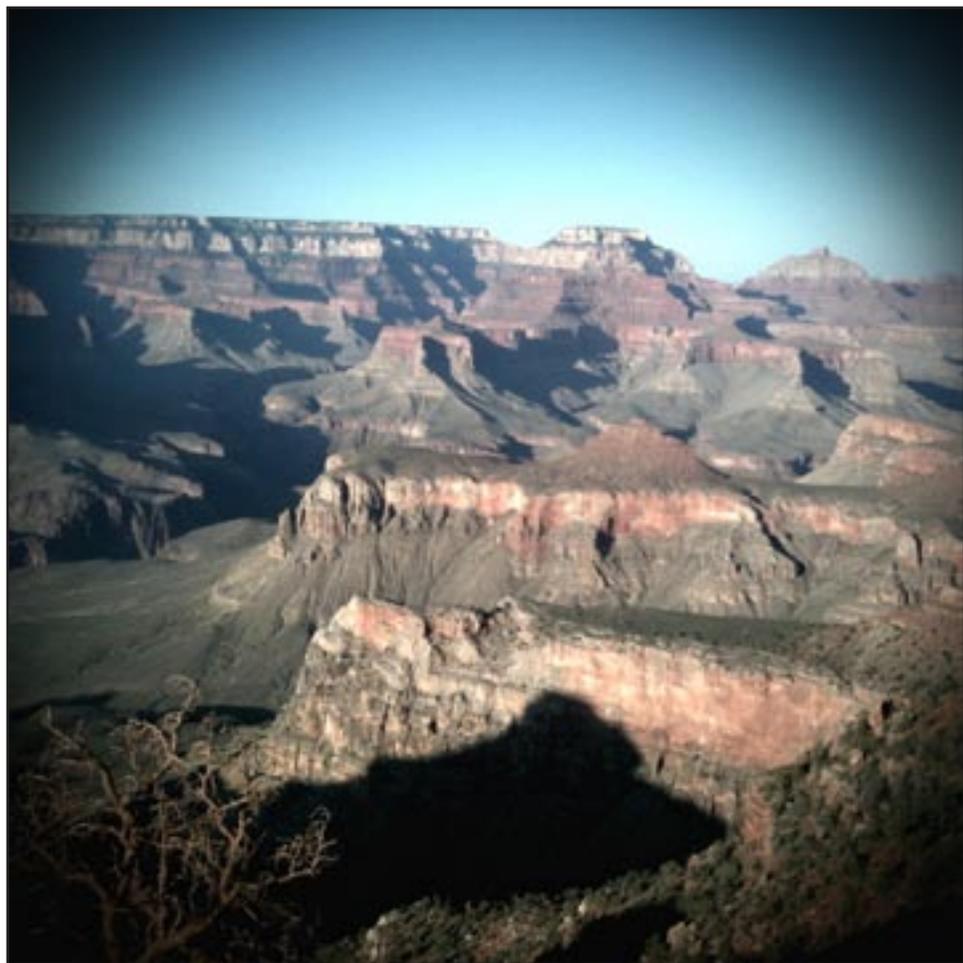


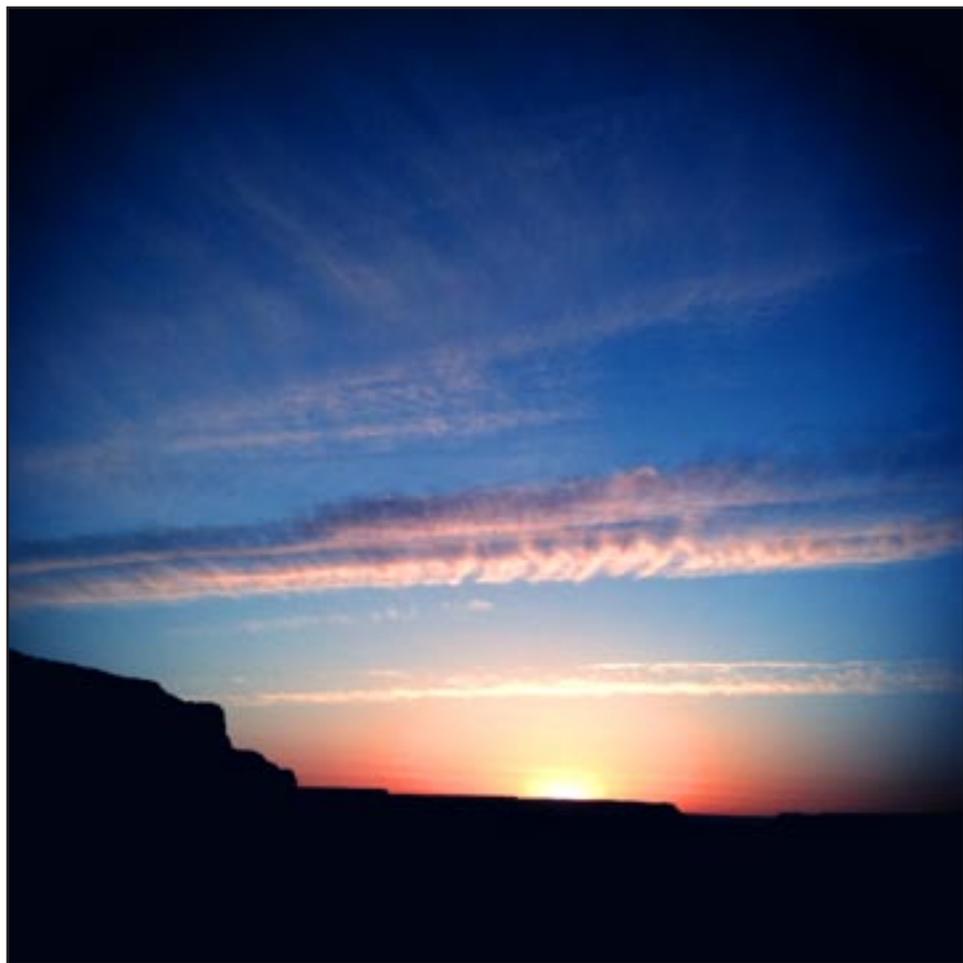
The Grand Canyon is an exercise in understanding how tiny and insignificant you are.

At some point in time, every inch of these cliff faces was the bank of the Colorado river.

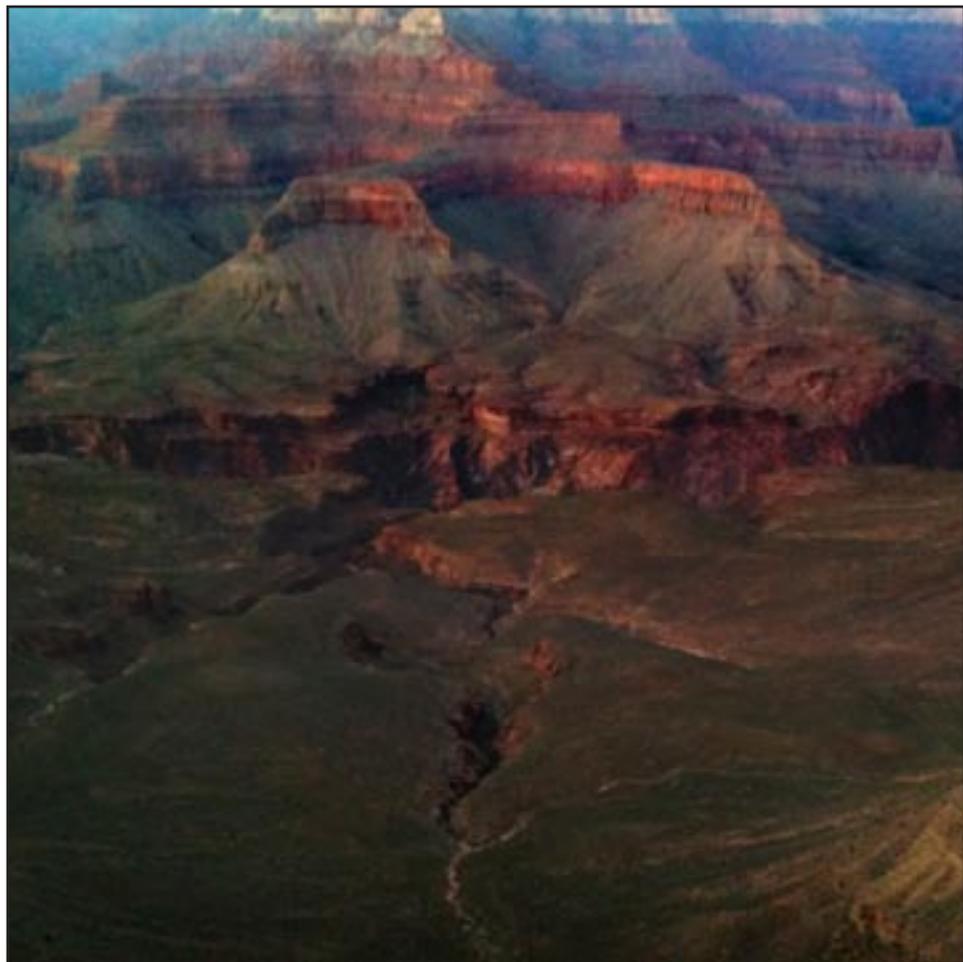
“How do they figure out when someone dies here? I mean, if they fall half a mile down? How do they even know to look for a body.” I ask, “It’s so empty, and so huge.”

“It’s usually an uncollected car in the parking lot that tips people off.”









The Sonoran has a fierce grace unlike any other of the American deserts.

I tell Russ I want to see a scorpion.

“That may be a tough call, but there’s a black widow right there.”

“Where?”

“Right there.”

“So there is.”

“And there’s another one.”









The saguaro have a stately personality, even in their ruin. Photographing them is like taking portraits of silent old men. As you drive North from Phoenix up onto the Colorado Plateau they stop suddenly, like someone turned a switch.

“Every once in a while, you’ll see one on Craigslist like: *Free saguaro, come and get it.* Then 30 posts saying *You idiot, you can’t move a saguaro without a permit.* The highway department will always take them though, if you want it out of your yard. They weigh a ton. Actually, more like six tons. It’s like moving a pickup truck with no wheels that’s covered in spikes.”







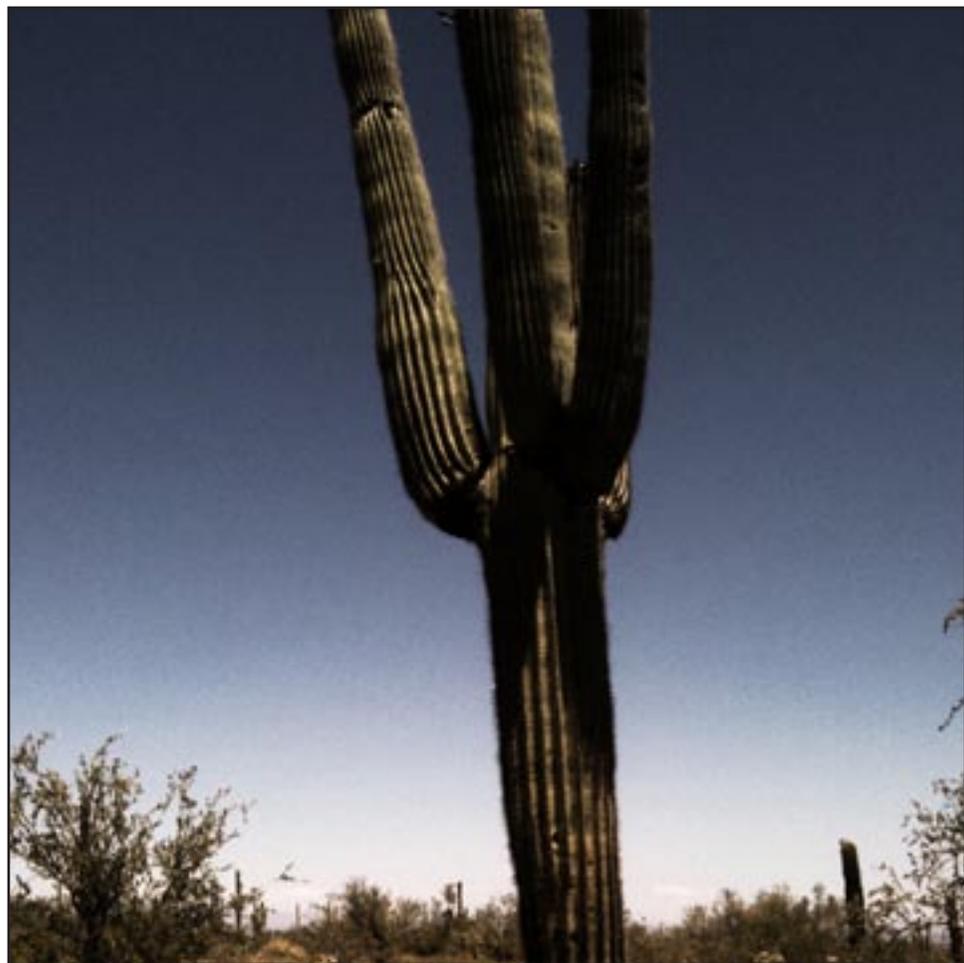












































You don't see saguaro so much as you *meet* them. You look at them and try and see what they're saying. Some of them were right here when the Civil War was being fought, most of them when WWII was fought. I take down GPS coordinates for every cacti I photograph. I want to come back and visit them and see how they've changed, or at least know that I can send someone else to visit. Somehow technology has made me feel less lonely as a traveler.





About the Photographer

Kyle Cassidy lives in Philadelphia with his wife, Trillian and his cat Roswell, who is famous on the Internet. Kyle usually takes pictures with something other than his phone and loves to write about himself in the third person. He's taken photographs for a couple of books that you've probably heard about and has been maintaining a photo blog since 1999.

You can find that, and a lot of other cool things at www.kylecassidy.com.

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