

NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER

JANUARY | FEBRUARY 2021 NATIONAL PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION

| A SPECIAL REPORT

14 DAYS IN JANUARY

Photojournalists' experiences and images from two historic weeks in Washington, D.C.



After 75 years, this is the final News Photographer in magazine format.

Say hello to News Photographer digital on nppa.org. See stories on pages 5 and 27.



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ON THE COVER

National Guard troops from New York City get a tour through the Rotunda of the U.S. Capitol on January 14, 2021. They were part of the defensive security build-up leading up to the inauguration of President-elect Joe Biden.

*Photo by David Burnett
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U.S. Capitol police try to fend off a pro-Trump mob that breached the Capitol on January 6, 2021, in Washington, D.C. Five people died.

Photo by Leah Millis, REUTERS



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THANK YOU To all of the volunteers and NPPA staff who make this magazine possible through their tireless efforts.

SUE MORROW | EDITOR

Change is the only constant. That's not a bad thing.

This is the last time News Photographer will look like a traditional print magazine.

I can't believe I am the one to write those words. As an NPPA student member in the 1980s, this magazine was the lifeline to those of us beginning our careers. Jim Gordon, the editor for 25 years, would stop through Indiana University's Ernie Pyle Hall sporting his signature handlebar mustache. He was kind and encouraged all of us. For me, Jim set the bar of dedication for our members via the magazine. I think he would find this a sad column to read as much as I do to write. But I think Jim and my other predecessors would also support the next evolution of the magazine as it becomes a digital-only publication. There are more details about this further down.

I'm not going to lie. This change is extremely difficult for me. The joy I derive from placing pictures on pages and designing how each image works with the next, the impact of typography, and the words that are the glue, is not the same process (for me) on a website. The experience of holding it in your hands and then keeping it on a bookshelf (many members have complete collections of News Photographer) will be lost. I am mourning this change. But we move forward and News Photographer is not going away!

The pandemic made the last 12 months hell on wheels for everyone, which forced us to cease printing as a cost-cutting mea-

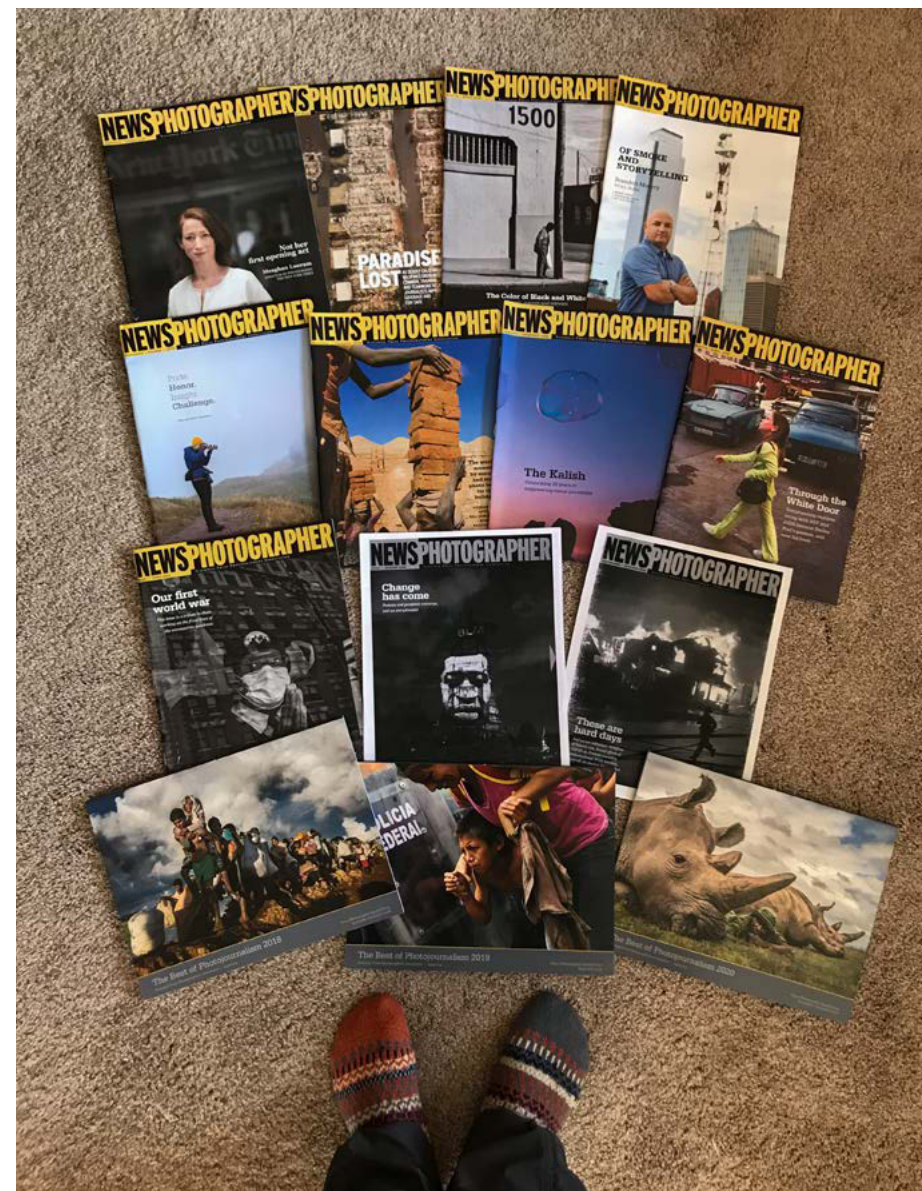


Photo by Sue Morrow

News Photographer magazines since August 2018. The two black and white copies (with white borders) represent the issues produced as interactive PDFs and can be found online at nppa.org/news-photographer-magazine-content with this issue.

sure. The last magazine we printed was the [special COVID-19 2020 May/June issue](#). But the magazine has continued to be produced bi-monthly and [posted online as an interactive PDF](#). I am particularly proud of the COVID issue and the [July/August magazine featuring coverage of George Floyd's murder and civil unrest](#).

Thanks to Sony's generous sponsorship, the Best of Photojournalism special issue was printed in November/December. We plan to make BOP an annual book that represents all award winners. That is significant and something to look forward to.

The NPPA is going through a lot of change and the feeling is positive as we emerge on the other side of this wretched pandemic.

Our new president, Katie Schoolov, maps out active and productive goals in her column on page 27. Katie brings incredible energy to the NPPA. She writes about changes that make sense for this venerable organization to provide even more benefits to members during times of stress and uncertainty.

January 6 rocked our world

This issue was coming together nicely with pandemic stories and wildfire coverage when January 6, 2021, in Washington, D.C. became world news. Coverage of that day and the presidential inauguration had to be represented. I started reaching out

Story continues on page 7

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Editor's column Continued from page 5

to people and collecting pictures. Oliver Janney curated the special report “14 Days in January” that begins on page 70. I decided that a deadline wasn’t as important as making this issue the best it could be. It deserved to be historical.

Going digital

On the heels of Jan. 6, the executive committee asked me to write a new job description: What would this magazine editor’s job look like in a digital environment?

In the throes of changing up this issue to reflect the monumental news, I slammed on the brakes.

I gasped. I panicked. I took a few long walks. And then got back to work.

I first thought of you, the NPPA members.

To better understand what you need from a digital “zine”, there will be a survey coming soon. Please, please, please participate. What you tell us will help guide me and the organization to make NP digital successful. Please email me at magazine@nppa.org with comments and/or ideas.

I believe a robust digital zine hinges on a solid website. We are addressing this via a small research team. And I will be exploring ways to dynamically present magazine content in a digital environment.

Meanwhile, I’m a firm believer in working with what you’ve got. You will see magazine content posted to the website in the same [same location as past issues](#) as stories roll out over the following months. Expect the stories and columns you have enjoyed to appear but not within the bi-monthly publication time frame. There are already a few really good stories waiting for me to edit.

Over time, additional stories, organization news and, hopefully, podcasts will develop to create more active and shareable experiences.

With the terrific help and enthusiasm of our new social media director, Robin Nathan, Katherine Gilyard’s commitment to [@NPPA on Instagram](#), and Melissa Lyttle’s dedication to creating our weekly email newsletter, our social sphere and resources continue to grow.

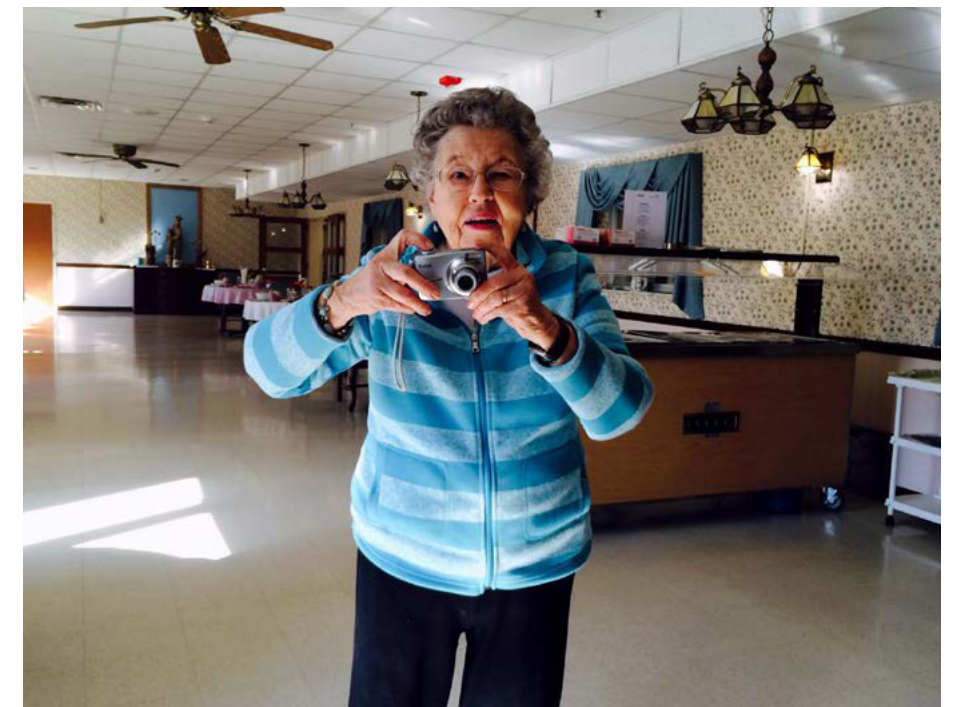


Photo by Sue Morrow

Mary Morrow, shown here at 99, always carried her camera.

I set high expectations when taking on anything of importance. It’s a blessing and curse. I will give this transition my best efforts to live up to the legacy of a publication that has meant so much to thousands of photojournalists since 1946. I want NP to establish itself by the same means in a digital environment. This is an exciting new path for me and a solid plan for the organization.

It means the world to me to be the editor of this venerable magazine. I hope that my predecessors have been proud of the issues since I took the helm in August 2018. It really has been a position of honor.

A note of tribute

I lost my mom on February 5. Mary Morrow was 103. Her mind was clear but her body was tired as she removed the oxygen tube from her face and hung it over the bed rail. She called it. She died 10 minutes later.

I knew the day would come and thought I was prepared. I was not. Who is? Grief is an odd thing. It comes in waves when you least expect it and it will knock you on your ass. I am grateful to my NPPA colleagues and friends for being exceptionally patient with me during this time.

My mom loved this magazine. She shared it with others when I’d mail her a copy. She never needed to adapt to the internet so the last magazine she saw was the May/June COVID issue with a black and white cover photograph by Peter

Turnley. I think it helped her understand what was going on in the world.

I don’t think she really understood what my day-to-day life as a picture editor entailed over the decades, but she saved all my clips and cheered me on. The phone calls that started out, “I’m moving to _____” were always met with encouragement and a little bit of trepidation for me.

Mom bought me my first film camera – a Pentax K-1000. She still carried a point-and-shoot with thousands of pictures on the tiny SD card. That’s as digital as she got. She wasn’t a photographer. She was Mary who naturally made pictures of her family, pets, friends and holidays for photo albums with her Kodak Instamatic.

But her intuitive documentary nature clearly made an impact on me. We always had Life and Look magazines around the house. Yeah, the ones with Margaret Bourke-White, Eugene Smith, Capa, Duncan, Burrows and Gordon Parks. Classics.

I honor my mother with this final News Photographer magazine format that you are reading on a device of your choosing. It’s packed with incredible historical work by individuals who are full-on dedicated to what we do. I am proud of it because it reaches the expectations I have always worked toward. I hope you think so, too.

See you soon on the digital side. ■

Email Sue Morrow at smorrow@nppa.org. She has been an NPPA member since 1986.



Outdoor dining

By David Handschuh
New York City

December 2020: Hungry New Yorkers are a brave lot and we never let a little pandemic or a large snowstorm keep us from dining outdoors with friends.

— David Handschuh
NPPA member since 1981 & past president

First vaccine in Kentucky

*By Michael Clevenger
Louisville Courier Journal*

December 14, 2020: A quarter-size bandage covers the vaccination spot for Dr. Jason Smith, chief medical officer and trauma surgeon at University of Louisville Hospital. Smith was the first person in the state of Kentucky to receive the COVID-19 vaccine.

Strike a pose

By Jessica Gallagher
Dispatch Argus via ZUMA Press

December 16, 2020: I was assigned to make a quick photo of healthcare workers getting the Pfizer vaccine for the first time at Genesis Medical Center in Silvis, Illinois. When I arrived, I was told the vaccines wouldn't be there for about three hours. My editors cleared my schedule to hang out for the picture.

While waiting, doctors and nurses talked to me about the difficult times they had while treating their patients during the pandemic and then worrying about the safety of their families.

Rosalinda talked about how excited she was to receive the vaccine. She was optimistic that there is light at the end of the tunnel.

The room fell quiet as the vaccine was prepped. Rosalinda's hands were shaking. But after a bandaid and a sticker, Rosalinda immediately flexed her arm with the iconic "Rosie the Riveter" pose to a room of cheering observers.

After months of covering the pandemic and witnessing hardship and struggle, it felt right to showcase a strong woman who has worked tirelessly. It was a good bookmark to an incredibly difficult year.

— Jessica Gallagher

NPPA member since 2017



Embedded in the pandemic

I had been traveling for work in January and February of 2020 as the story of the COVID-19 was developing. I immediately started calling various local hospitals asking for access.

I've done a lot of work inside hospitals. I have worked in slums across Africa and India, and have focused on the homeless population in Los Angeles for years.

My experiences in the Peace Corps and my career as a photojournalist have helped inform me as my interest in public health has grown.

I reached out to a communications director at a local hospital where I had not worked prior to the pandemic. Unbeknownst to me, she had been following my work since about 2012. She had been a correspondent in Nairobi as I was spending a lot of time reporting in Africa. One of the stories I had worked on during that time was about HIV/AIDS, drug-resistant TB, and childbirth.

When I approached the local hospital, she told the board of directors that there's one journalist she would trust in the hospital. They agreed to let me embed in the hospital for more than a month. Since then, I've worked in six hospitals in the Los Angeles area during the pandemic, returning multiple times.

One of the hospitals granted me access on Christmas Day for a 12-hour shift. I had worked on a story there about six years ago.

I have helped several Los Angeles Times writers get access to work with me on stories. In addition to the photography, I have reported stories while on deadline from inside the hospitals.

I find the medical workers are grateful for the reporting. They want the public to be informed and educated on the dangers of this virus. I have learned a great deal from them and continue to improve my safety protocol. I constantly read medical journals and news articles to help inform my reporting.

As a history major in college, I think that photographs in books drew me to study history. I look at the pandemic as my opportunity and my obligation to document history as well as a public service.

I want to highlight the work of my LAT photojournalist colleagues working during the pandemic. They are brave, hard-working and have also been working in hospitals: Carolyn Cole, Irfan Khan, Gina Ferrari and Al Seib.

— Francine Orr, *Los Angeles Times*, photojournalist

➔ **Photographs on Pages 14 through 23**



Vaccines

By Francine Orr
Los Angeles Times

January 14, 2021: The Pfizer-BioNTech COVID-19 vaccine was given to healthcare workers inside Providence Holy Cross Medical Center in Mission Hills, Calif. Once the vaccinations are administered, the used syringes and empty vials are discarded into sharps disposal containers.



More deaths

By Francine Orr
Los Angeles Times

December 31, 2020: After the death of a patient inside the COVID ICU at Providence Holy Cross Medical Center on New Year's Eve in Mission Hills, Calif., Chaplain Anne Dauchy gently places her hand on the body as she talks with the family of the patient.



Hope

By Francine Orr
Los Angeles Times

December 3, 2020: Marjorie Leach, 101, sleeps with her stuffed animal “Poofey Woo” inside Providence Holy Cross Medical Center in Mission Hills, Calif. She had broken her hip and was in a nursing home for physical therapy where she was exposed to COVID-19. She was moved from quarantine and then returned to her daughter’s home.

Isolation

By Francine Orr
Los Angeles Times

December 25, 2020: His fever rising, Eduardo Rojas speaks with his wife, Angelica, via an iPad held by nurse Kat Yi, in the ICU at Providence St. Jude Medical Center on Christmas Day. Due to the coronavirus, the medical staff is the link between families and patients.





Caring for the dead

By Francine Orr
Los Angeles Times

December 31, 2020: Nurses April McFarland, left, and Tiffany Robbins place a body inside a white bag and zip it closed. Three people died this morning of complications due to COVID-19 in the ICU of Providence Holy Cross Medical Center in Mission Hills, Calif.

On New Year's Day, according to the spokespersons for Providence Hospitals, they had 1,560 patients with COVID and 65 awaiting results. Providence has 11 hospitals in Los Angeles, Orange County, and the high desert area of San Bernardino.



Saying goodbye

*By Callaghan O'Hare
Reuters*

January 26, 2021: Lila Blanks grieves over her husband's casket before his funeral. Gregory Blanks, 50, died of coronavirus in San Felipe, Texas.

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- First Amendment Rights
- Copyright
- Press Access
- Federal Shield Law
- Orphan Works
- Cameras in the Courtroom

NPPA also provides our members with general information on legal questions, including assistance finding local representation.



www.nppa.org

Visit to learn more about our advocacy efforts.

Join and support the fight for the rights of visual journalists.

KATIE SCHOOLOV | PRESIDENT

Becoming the NPPA for *all* future visual storytellers

This moment in history

Seventy-five years ago, the National Press Photographers Association was born. What was once just an idea is now a voice, thousands strong. As I write to you as the new president of NPPA, I am in awe of the power a voice like this can have and overcome by the importance of making NPPA the voice for *every* visual storyteller in this moment in history.

We stand at the crossroads of a global pandemic, national uprisings against systemic racism and direct assaults against journalists on the very ground where lawmakers assure First Amendment rights. In all this, we find ourselves at the very center. The role of visual storytellers has never been more vital: whether it's capturing the images that tell the truth of injustices against people of color or doing our jobs bravely in the face of those who carve "murder the media" into the doors of the Capitol.

And in this moment, the need for visual journalists to speak with one voice has never been greater. NPPA is your safe harbor: webinars with practical tips for covering unrest; legal counsel assisting and advocating for members who were wronged in the field; stories highlighting your bravery and awards celebrating our community even when we can't be together in person.

Why I chose to lead

I've never needed NPPA more than now, which only adds to the awe I feel when I say thank you for trusting me to lead. It won't be easy, especially in this moment, but the strong women in my family have never chosen the path of least resistance. My grandmother was one of the first female journalists in her town. My mom defied the odds, surviving 69 years after doctors said her disability would kill her before she left the hospital where she was born. I step into this role as their living legacy, with high hopes of making you proud.

When I first joined the board seven years ago, the world was entirely different. I was the only female video journalist in my newsroom in San Diego. My journalism degree from Medill classified me strictly under the "newspaper" discipline. It was odd to carry a camera during my



Katie Schoolov, NPPA president

residency reporting for a paper in Johannesburg, South Africa. When I found myself at a refugee camp, standing on top of a van to photograph a famous opposition leader over a raucous crowd, I knew I was hooked on telling stories through visuals. I want aspiring journalists from all walks of life to feel that spark because to capture our world accurately, those behind the lens must accurately reflect it.

What we hope to accomplish

In my time on the board, I have spearheaded efforts to ensure more video representation in NPPA leadership and more diverse voices on the faculty of NPPA events. In January, we committed to new bylaws ensuring a more diverse pool of candidates for board elections. Last year, we signed on to the Photo Bill of Rights. These are all good steps. Now I'm forming a Diversity, Equity and Inclu-

sion task force, with an education series launching soon as required learning for NPPA leadership.

The website is another area that needs refreshing. While we await a total redesign, the time has come to adapt our venerable News Photographer magazine into a product that better reflects our members' needs. We transitioned to a digital publication in June, but we've decided to explore a different format to help you better engage with the high-quality content you rely on. As we move away from the interactive PDF magazine format, we will still have magazine content, original feature articles and visuals published on NPPA.org. We want to hear from our members about your preferred way to get our content. Please help us envision what and how we publish. Email magazine@nppa.org with your thoughts.

I have spent much of my first two weeks

Story continues on page 29

Legal, safety and security issues in the wake of the Capitol insurrection

By Alicia Wagner, Mickey H. Osterreicher and Christopher Post

In the aftermath of the events of Jan. 6 in Washington, D.C., we have heard from several members contacted by the Department of Justice (DOJ) and the FBI seeking their images — published and unpublished as well as broadcast and unbroadcast — to be used as part of their investigation and prosecution.

For those NPPA members not on staff or on assignment for any news organizations, we have responded on their behalf to those requests for voluntary compliance by explaining that the journalists respectfully decline to provide any unpublished or unbroadcast material and directed those authorities to avail themselves of material already made public. To date, we have yet to see any actual judicial subpoenas for any of the material.

Below are some thoughts to consider regarding your journalistic work product related to the events of that day. These considerations are not just relevant to those in D.C. but should be considered by all journalists, as many of you will find yourselves in these situations in the future.

1) Whether a staffer or freelancer, read about your rights and your company's (or the company you freelance for) relevant policy in case you receive a request to provide images or other information to police. Have a plan of action in place so that you are not caught off guard. (See some relevant statutes below.)

2) Ensure that all of your computer and device files are backed up in a remote (not your home or office), secure location in case your devices are seized. Review your encryption level and password protection levels on your devices and accounts. Consider whether you should set your phone to wipe after a certain number of

bad password attempts. Consider whether the best location for the files in question is in a location you can access in the cloud or limited to being with an editor or attorney. If you believe you have documented evidence of a crime, you should not destroy that evidence but, rather, ensure it is securely preserved.

3) Before you post photos on social media, review your metadata and be aware of how your metadata can create safety risks. Review guidelines about digital safety such as the [Digital Safety Kit](#) from the Committee to Protect Journalists and the [Online Harassment Field Manual](#) from PEN America. NPPA members can contact NPPA Safety and Security Chair Chris Post with security questions at Chris@NewsPhoto.TV.

4) If you work for a news organization, talk to your editors and the organization's lawyers. Find out what the internal policies are and whom to contact in the event of an emergency. Put into your phone the contact information for the attorneys or editors you will call if you need to. Keep the same information easily accessible somewhere other than your phone and computer (such as written in indelible marker on your arm), in case those get seized.

5) Review the D.C. Free Flow of Information Act. [D.C. Code §§ 16-4701 et seq.](#) This governs D.C. police and prosecutors to the extent you documented an incident being investigated by them.

6) Review relevant federal rules and law. There is no federal shield law, but there are strict regulations, found at [28 C.F.R. § 50.10](#), that control when and how a federal agent can seek a warrant or subpoena for a journalist's work product. Additionally,

some — but not all — federal judges in D.C. courts have recognized a qualified First Amendment journalistic privilege in criminal cases. This protection has been held to not apply in some grand jury subpoenas. In all situations, it is essential to seek help from a qualified First Amendment attorney. You can review a great summary [here](#).

7) If you are contacted by authorities and believe you might be charged with a crime because you were in a restricted area without permission during the crisis, you should consult with an attorney. Even if your news organization plans to defend you, make sure that any attorney working on your behalf is expressly representing you personally. NPPA members can contact us with any questions or for attorney referrals by emailing Mickey Osterreicher at lawyer@nppa.org or Alicia Calzada at advocacy@nppa.org.

8) Contact Chris Post at chris@newsphoto.tv with any security or safety questions.

9) Register your work with the U.S. Copyright Office, copyright.gov. You will have a stronger ability to pursue those who misuse your images with a registration.

Also, for those covering events in Washington on Jan. 6 who were harassed, assaulted, injured or had their gear damaged, stolen or destroyed, please see this [statement](#) from the acting U.S. attorney for the District of Columbia “Condemning Violence against the Media and Inviting the Report of Such Violence.”

Even if you were not at the Capitol on that date, this is an opportunity for all journalists to consider these questions — if recent events have shown us anything, it is to expect the unexpected.

Now is also the time to remain vigilant. On Jan. 27, Homeland Security released the following statement:

“The Acting Secretary of Homeland Security has issued a National Terrorism Advisory System (NTAS) Bulletin after consultation with the intelligence community and law enforcement partners. There is currently a heightened threat environment across the United States that is likely to persist over the coming weeks. DHS does not have any information to indicate a specific, credible plot; however, violent riots have continued in recent days and we remain concerned that individuals frustrated with the exercise of governmental authority and the presidential transition, as well as other perceived grievances and ideological causes fueled by false narratives, could continue to mobilize a broad range of ideologically-motivated actors to incite or commit violence.”

Though the statement doesn't mention any specific threats, it is good practice to review safety plans and security procedures for your organization. Newsroom leaders proactively should also consider getting hard-to-obtain safety supplies for their staff and reviewing physical security threats. Easily overlooked conditions that could increase vulnerability to a targeted attack at newsgathering organizations include intruder access to your news facility through unlocked or unguarded doors; directed violence at field crews who might be driving a marked vehicle with your publication or station's name marked on it; and direct doxxing, electronic

or physical harassment of journalists whose public information is easily found online.

Discuss with everyone in your organization the expectations of all staff, including freelancers, nonjournalists and support personnel, what exactly they are expected to do during an emergency or disaster condition. Having a clear understanding now of personal expectations and safety plans will allow all staff to prepare. ■

The NPPA's Advocacy Committee is led by NPPA Advocacy Chair and Attorney Alicia Wagner Calzada and NPPA General Counsel Mickey H. Osterreicher.

The committee works to further the NPPA's mission of advancing visual journalism by addressing local and federal policy issues that affect our members' ability to provide the public with news images.

Osterreicher has been an NPPA member since 1973. Calzada has been an NPPA member since 2001.

Chris Post is the chair of NPPA's Safety and Security Task Force. Post worked in EMT for 20 years before becoming a photojournalist for WFMZ in Allentown, Pennsylvania. He has been an NPPA member since 2010.

Got a question or topic for a future column? If you are member, send your questions to Mickey lawyer@nppa.org or Alicia at advocacy@nppa.org.

President's column Continued from page 27

enlisting and activating new volunteers, filling vacancies with passionate voices from our industry. Sherman Williams of the Milwaukee Journal Sentinel is heading up the new Fundraising Ad Hoc Committee. Houston freelance photojournalist and photo editor May-Ying Lam is the new National Clip Contest chair. Under recommendations from the current chair, we are pausing the Quarterly Picture Editing Contest due to low participation. I've formed an Ad Hoc Committee to make plans for our 75th anniversary. Carrie Pratt of Western Kentucky University is the new Education Committee chair. I'm excited to announce Yousur Al-Hlou of The New York Times as the latest appointed board member.

Becoming the NPPA for tomorrow

For me, NPPA was the first place I felt a sense of belonging. My desk mate at my first job in Las Vegas in 2009 taught me creative ways to frame casino signs and invited me to a local NPPA happy hour where it felt like people finally “got” me. I found my voice during my time as a student at NPPA's News Video Workshop in Norman, Oklahoma. When I joined the faculty the next year, I found my family. There's no better feeling.

That's the feeling I want to bring to the storytellers of tomorrow. To the visual journalists who don't currently think there's a place for you: You belong. New “tiny tutorials” will be coming out on social media soon, along with messages in Spanish as well as English. We launched a new [Master Your Craft](#) webinar series to make learning a new camera more accessible. Canon, Sony and others will dive deep into the menus and buttons of their most popular still and video cameras in recorded tutorials only for our members.

If none of this speaks to you, I'm inviting you to the table to tell us how we can do things better. This is my ask: Give this new re-imagining of our association a chance to be the NPPA you deserve. We are stronger together, and we need all the strength we can muster to do our jobs in the face of such hardship right now.

Seventy-five years from now, I want journalism to be standing strong, and I believe NPPA is the way we ensure that future. In the meantime, I commit to doing the hard work to make this an association that feels like home. Join me and tell me how we can do that, together. ■

Katie Schoolov is a producer at CNBC, where she reports and captures in-depth videos about trends in big tech. She can be reached at president@nppa.org. She is the newly elected NPPA president and has been an NPPA member since 2009.



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January-February 2021 News Photographer

Be proud of what you *did* accomplish amid pandemic

There's a line I recite often in my head when I feel I've reached a professional roadblock. It's a punchline from an eighth-season episode of "Seinfeld," where George Costanza is trying to make his meager life triumphs amid countless failures seem like a grand success story.

"You know," he says, "if you take everything I've accomplished in my entire life and condense it down into one day ... it looks decent!"

When I watched this episode two decades ago, I laughed with everyone else. We're supposed to laugh at George. The line is intended to mock him. But these days, it's become somewhat of a mantra, a reminder of the power of the big picture.

When I'm shooting a story and don't feel like I'm capturing what I need, I encourage myself to stay focused and remember I might feel differently by day's end. In the moment, I tend to dwell on mistakes and failures. In the aggregate, I see a career that, condensed into a few paragraphs, looks decent.

And in 2020, when limitations and frustrations have loomed over every day, I've leaned on George's line — or, at least, the optimism within it — to push through.

No matter your role, your life was disrupted sometime this past March, when the COVID-19 pandemic forced newsrooms to close and news employees to adjust. Most of us still work from home. Many of us can't shoot video indoors without our bosses' permission. We can't travel as we did. We can't immerse ourselves the same way in our stories. And, for those like me with young children at home, we face challenges of work-life balance that often seem insurmountable.

I spent much of 2020 feeling like I wasn't fulfilling my potential. I sat out major stories, and I couldn't approach others with the same ambition because I realized the toll it would take at home. For a long time, with a months-old daughter sleeping in our room (and often not sleeping), a successful day meant summoning enough energy to get through both my work shift and the additional hours overseeing a toddler and infant. I could barely focus while writing scripts. I scraped for extra minutes to plan future stories. I rarely felt like I had enough time.

Even this morning, I woke up extra-early to write this essay and was eight paragraphs in when I heard, well before



"The Ripple," Matt Pearl's short documentary, explores the pandemic's overlooked effects on underserved communities. In Dalton, Georgia, COVID-19 testing locations are set up in neighborhoods, no ID necessary. [Link to The Ripple](#)

Matt Pearl's book *"The Solo Video Journalist"* on [AMAZON](#).

my 2-year-old daughter's wake-up time, a holler from her room:

"Where are you, Dada?"

"Where are you, Dada?"

"WHERE ARE YOU, DADA?"

"WHEEEEEERE AAAAARE YOUUUU, DAAADAAAA?"

Don't get me wrong: I laugh at and live for these moments, and I've never taken for granted the beauty in the bonus time with my family. But at work, I couldn't reach my usual standards, and it left me frustrated.

Then I stepped back and realized what those frustrations had borne. And I became immensely proud.

In 2020 I continued to produce meaningful stories, even receiving the opportunity to work with the special projects team at my station. I MMJ'd a documentary, "The Ripple," about the pandemic's overlooked effects on underserved communities. I used the lack of significant shooting opportunities to focus on improving my post-production, getting significantly stronger at Adobe After Effects. I learned Adobe Premiere — a longtime goal I finally accomplished this year.

Outside the newsroom came two of my proudest achievements. When so many storytelling workshops were getting canceled, I reached out to the NPPA to see if I could plan a virtual video storytelling workshop. Two months later, we gathered more than 200 journalists and an all-star speaking lineup over Zoom for an inspir-

ing weekend that will remain a highlight of my career. And in the early stages of the pandemic, not to mention the earliest months of my younger daughter's life, I copy-edited the second edition of my how-to book, "The Solo Video Journalist."

If you condense my year into two paragraphs, it looks decent.

I know I'm not alone. Maybe we all didn't write books or plan workshops, but I think most of us can look back at this year and find successes amid the struggle. And it's a good lesson to bring into 2021, when we may perhaps return to something approaching our pre-pandemic lives. Burn-out will remain a risk. Stress will remain a constant. We will need to navigate our dreams, expectations and assignments with steady minds. That starts with thinking big and always keeping sight of our larger goals. It means absorbing our circumstances and continuing to push.

As I write this, I'm on a break, finally taking two weeks to recharge after nine months ramming against the pandemic wall. But by the time you read this, I'll be back in the thick of it: setting goals, thinking big and trying to remind myself of that unexpected bit of wisdom from a character named Costanza. ■

Matt Pearl is a solo video journalist and chief of storytelling and development at WXIA-TV in Atlanta. His blog: tellingthestoryblog.com. He has been an NPPA member since 2009.



RETURNING TO 'NORMAL' MAY BE EASIER IN SMALL STEPS

It's the end of 2020 as I write this, and I am exhausted. I'm sure you are, too. By just about all measures, this has been a horrible and overwhelming year. And yet, with all the time spent alone, there's been an unspoken expectation that we should somehow be more creative. I know I've certainly tried.

In March, Julie Elman and I began an Instagram project, @whenthisisover. People from around the world shared with us, in photographs and illustrations, their plans for a post-pandemic life. It was heartening to bear witness to the hopes of so many. But by summer and the start of the George Floyd protests, the project felt small. It was inadequate. And truthfully, it felt like the "this" —

in "whenthisisover" — had become more than just COVID-19. It was something ever-growing, menacing, and uncontrollable. So we quietly ended the project.

A lot of the year has felt that way: that my efforts at expression were not enough to match the enormity of the situation. Sometimes it seemed to take an awful lot of effort just to get to my desk. For months, the days became a rolling fog of hand-washing,



*"Think deeply about what you want
to put back into your life."*

doomscrolling, anxiety, and insomnia. And yet, through it all, I've been extraordinarily fortunate. I've been able to work from home, had no need for public transportation, and my friends and family members, for the most part, stayed virus-free or, in a few cases, had very mild symptoms.

And now, as we begin a new year with the promise of being vaccinated soon, there finally appears to be some hope. But I don't think our concentration or our creativity will snap back quite so quickly. More specifically, I think we've all been changed in ways that will take time to understand.

Shakespeare may have written "King Lear" while hiding from the plague in 1605-1606, but the rest of us mortals can try something more reasonable, like putting in just an hour, or even a few minutes, every day until we start to regain our footing. (Plus, Shakespeare didn't have Netflix disrupting his focus.) In this spirit, Julie suggests working on a series of tiny projects over a span of a few weeks or months, as she had done in her own #72daysofsmallmoments series on Instagram. That way, you will be able to see your progress without the halting burden of overcommitment.

We can also take solace in works of art created in response to other health crises such as the Spanish flu, like W.B. Yeats' "The Second Coming" and Katherine Anne Porter's "Pale Horse, Pale Rider."

But the truth is, I don't really know how I'll feel when this is over, nor can I predict the many ways it will affect my future work.

So forgive me if it sounds a bit flimsy when I offer this advice.

We're each going to have to find our own way — in the same personal way that we begin to emerge from sickness or mourning. That kind of change isn't felt in a single day. It's recursive. It waxes and wanes. I suspect that returning to "normal," whatever that may be, will follow a similar trajectory.

But this moment can also be an immense opportunity. In his essay "Prepare for the Ultimate Gaslighting," Julio Vincent Gambuto writes: "Think deeply about what you want to put back into your life. This is our chance to define a new version of normal, a rare and truly sacred (yes, sacred) opportunity to get rid of the bullshit and to only bring back what works for us, what makes our lives richer."

I would only add that as you go forward into 2021, be kind to yourself. 2020 was a wretched year. Let's hope the new one is much better. ■

Eric Maierson is a freelance writer and two-time Emmy-winning video editor and producer. He lives in Brooklyn with his wife, Ellen, and their two dogs, both rascals.

Julie M. Elman is a professor at the School of Visual Communication at Ohio University, where she teaches courses in editorial design.



This would have been the 40th year for the Northern Short Course, founded by the Directors of Regions 1, 2 and 3 of the National Press Photographers Association. Unfortunately, the circumstances of this past year have been anything but normal.

Because we can't be together in person, we've decided that our 40th anniversary celebration will be held in 2022, when we can come together as a community.

The NSC will still offer three days of networking, education and inspiration. We'll still have amazing lectures and workshops. We'll still have our Northern Short

Course Contest. We'll still offer portfolio reviews and a chance to network; it will all just be done virtually.

Join us **April 7, 2021** as a kickoff to the 2021 Northern Short Course, for the NSC Contest Awards and NPPA National Awards ceremony.

Keep an eye on our website and follow us on social media for special pricing, details on our speakers and workshops, information on how to enter our contest, and more.

We couldn't be more excited to "see" everyone for the annual 2021 Northern Short Course!

Finding faith helped me find work/life balance in 2020

The adage goes: "One should not talk about religion or politics in polite company." I'm going to break that rule but in the most polite way possible.

This last year was tough on everyone, but for me, it has been one of the most emotionally stable ones, and there is one reason: religion. Before you run away, let me explain. I am a Buddhist, and the point of this religion is not to proselytize but to be of service to others, period.

Humans are spiritual beings, and we need to meet those needs in order to take care of our own well-being.

Religion is like ice cream. There are many flavors, and we all have our preferences, but in the end, it's all ice cream, and it makes us happy. We all need more ice cream in our life.

At this point, my plate is completely full. This is a work/life balancing act that pre-Buddhism would have caused me to have a mental breakdown.

I'm a wife and the mother of two young children ages 1 and 7. I am running my own business as an independent visual journalist, I teach at the local college — currently online. I facilitate distance education for my oldest and endure many sleepless nights of teething with my youngest. I am working on my first documentary film as an indie filmmaker, which is going live in the next 24 hours. And, like everyone else, I'm dealing with the global pandemic.

At first glance, one would assume that I do not have the time to apply myself to spiritual pursuits. I argue I don't have time not to.

I became a Buddhist officially in 2019, but this past year I really saw the fruits of this pursuit in the form of increased well-being, even in the year 2020.

Pre-2020 I believed so strongly in the value of journalism that I would throw myself recklessly into my work, without any care for my own physical or emotional health. This aspect of martyrdom made me prone to breakdowns and burnout. I'd run hot for several months, driven by purpose and inspiration, and inevitably I would crash. My life would come to a standstill, and I would not be able to do much for a while. I would call my therapist, I would clear my plate, I would rely on my support system, and eventually I would emerge and repeat the cycle again. And again.

2020 was different. This is my personal regimen of self-care now: I have a daily solitary practice of 24 minutes. It consists of 10 minutes of recited prayer, two minutes of spiritual reading and 12 minutes of meditation. Once a week I attend a group service online with my Buddhist community, and once a month I meet with my spiritual teacher, Lama Yeshe Jinpa. Every other month or so I undertake a volunteer job of some sort for the temple, either as a videographer, speaker or as a new board member.

This process of consistently addressing my spiritual health has made it possible for me to not only do all of the things I listed

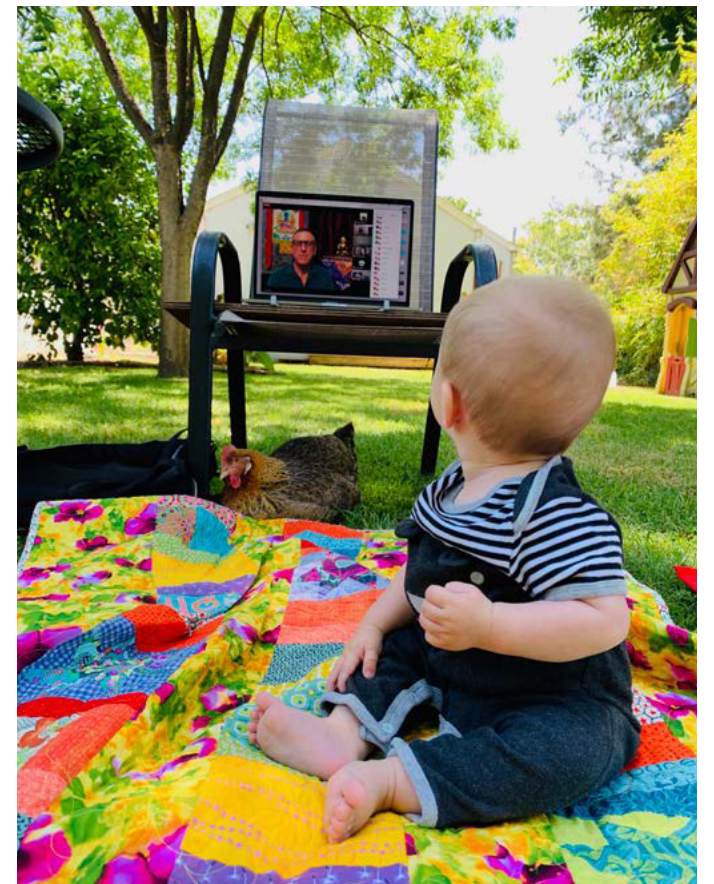


Photo by Autumn Payne

Eight-month-old Sylvan, and a chicken, at a weekly Buddhist online group service in the family's backyard.

before, but actually do them well, with endurance and without the burnout and breakdowns.

This is something I found that works for me, but others have their own flavors of ice cream that make them happy. Eat the ice cream. Enjoy the benefit of spiritual activities on a planned and regular basis. I promise that it is never time wasted, and for every minute you spend on it, you will receive many minutes back in the form of less anguish. ■

Autumn Payne is an independent visual journalist based in Sacramento, Calif. She can be reached at autumnpayne.com. She is currently working on a documentary JudahtheLionheart.com. She has been an NPPA member since 2001.



A weeping angel stands amid The North Complex Fire east of Oroville, Calif., which began on Sept. 8, 2020, killing 16 people and displacing hundreds. It's the second deadliest fire to strike Butte County, the first being the Camp Fire in 2018, which killed 86 people.

"This picture was published on the front page on Sept. 11 with the headline, 'Heart-wrenching losses.' A reader wrote, 'I can only remember one other time I had a front page that affected me as much as this one did -- a photo of the Twin Towers that was taken nineteen years ago today. But this photo, your photo, captures perfectly what so many are feeling right now.'"

Carin Dorghalli just started film school at the University of Southern California. She is a proud first-generation daughter of Syrian immigrants. She became an NPPA member in 2020.

Why do you love photojournalism?

I love photojournalism because it has the power to change things for the better. The world will always be full of the good and the bad. The good and the bad alike must be shared. Information transforms perspectives, leading people to action. And by extension, makes the world a better place.

**SPOTLIGHT:
SMALL-MARKET VISUAL JOURNALISTS**

This feature highlights visual journalists in small markets who are often doing it all on their own with little support and few eyes on their work. Nominate someone by sending an email to smorrow@nppa.org with the subject line: Small market nomination.

Photographer

Carin Dorghalli

Publication

Chico (Calif.) Enterprise-Record

Social media

Instagram [@carindorghalli](https://www.instagram.com/carindorghalli)

How long in the business?

Just under two years.

Size of photo staff?

Before the pandemic, the newspaper had one full-time photographer. At the onset of the pandemic, he was furloughed. Carin was a reporter at the time, but was asked to step in as the photographer, which was her original role at the newspaper. Ever since, she has been flying solo.

Contact info

cdorghalli@chicoer.com

Success can look different per most situations. What was a big success for you in this position and why?

I woke to find a radiant cloud billowing over a ridge. Its form and color drastically changed. After further investigation, I realized it wasn't a cloud. It was a smoke plume. The 2018 Camp Fire, the deadliest and most destructive wildfire in California history, was deceptively acting as a mesmerizing sunrise. There were so many stories to tell.

My editor heard of a man who traveled across states to give a recreational vehicle to an evacuated family. I hurried over to capture the moment. My photographs and stories about the grandiose act of kindness went viral, prompting people nationwide to do the same.

So the man who began the movement founded a nonprofit devoted to housing fire survivors. It's called EmergencyRV. He has delivered 88 RVs, housing hundreds of people. I accidentally played a role in the formation of a nonprofit during my first year as a journalist. Nothing has humbled me more.

I didn't think I'd ever have to cover an event like the Camp Fire again. I was wrong. One morning, I was jolted awake by thunder. I looked out the window to again see smoke rising. This time, it was in my front yard. A dry thunderstorm rolled through the area. Lightning rained down, sparking dozens of fires. The one by my house was quickly extinguished. Unfortunately, not all were.

What became known as the North Complex Fire ravaged mountain communities. Nearly all was lost, including my immigrant father's store, Village Market. My family was suddenly in the story I was covering. The experience taught me how to be a more sensitive and compassionate journalist.

The first time I entered my newsroom, I was an elementary school student on a field trip. I often wonder if my love for storytelling subconsciously began during that trip.

Pandemic changes the game for sports photographers



By Peggy Peattie

Sports photographers knew where they were when the world shut down. They were transmitting images during halftime at a college basketball game, midflight en route to a PGA golf event, March Madness or spring training. Porter Binks, a New York freelance photographer and photo manager for four Olympic sports, NCAA and U.S. Open

tennis, was halfway through the quarter-final game of the Big East Tournament. St. John's was playing Creighton at Madison Square Garden. The night before, he and fellow photographers kept hearing rumors. "I sat next to New York Post photographer Anthony Causi," Binks said. "He and I talked a lot during the game, as we always did. He kept turning and showing me his phone, saying, 'The NBA just shut down; the NHL shut down; what's going on?!'"

The following day at halftime, a Fox Sports cameraman pulled back his headphones and said, "They told the teams not to come back out. We just heard it through our headphones." An eerie silence took over the arena as Binks made pictures of vendors closing things up. A few days later, photographers started calling one another. Causi had COVID.

"I got sick after Anthony," Binks said. Binks recovered, then relapsed with more

severe symptoms but suffered no respiratory problems. Causi, 48, died April 12. The New York Jets and Giants have since [renamed the photographers' workroom at MetLife Stadium to honor Causi](#).

Washington Post photographer Jonathan Newton checked his email five minutes before boarding a plane to cover the Big Ten basketball tournament in Indianapolis and saw that the tournament had been canceled. "I knew then that every-

thing was about to change. I didn't shoot another sporting event for five months, when Major League Baseball started their 60-game season," Newton said.

Getty photographer Maddie Meyer was packing her bags for March Madness, teasing her Dallas-based colleague Tom Pennington that he was being overly dramatic in suggesting the conference would be canceled. "I said, 'No way, there just

Story continues on page 40

Ike Obiagu, number 21, of the Seton Hall Pirates, and Nelly Junior Joseph, number 23, of the Iona Gaels, at the tip-off of their game at Prudential Center in November 2020, in Newark, New Jersey.

Photo by Porter Binks, Big East Conference

Masked referees discuss a call during the Aztecs' 75-71 loss to Cal Baptist in December 2020, at Viejas Arena in San Diego.

Photo by Kyle Betz, Daily Aztec

Sports during covid

Continued from the previous page

won't be any fans," Meyer told me. "Of course how wrong I was."

For San Diego State University Daily Aztec photo editor Alexa Osowski and sports editor Kyle Betz, fresh off of following the men's basketball victory at the Mountain West tournament, "we were thrilled to see what they would do in the NCAA Tournament," Osowski said. Betz was sad the players would not be able to capitalize on their historic 30-2 season. "It's difficult to imagine, but I was in Las Vegas in early March covering the best basketball team in the country, then I was quarantined with my family the following week," Betz said. "Surreal is truly the only word I can use."

The pivot

Like so many others, when the lockdown happened, Paul Kitagaki Jr., staff photographer for The Sacramento Bee, was diverted to cover news, which was dominated by the pandemic and demonstrations in the wake of the killing of George Floyd. On Sunday, May 31, normally a day off for Kitagaki, he was asked to cover a march downtown. After an uneventful march, he went home and filed his images around 3 p.m. Several hours later, however, things started to heat up, so he and the reporter returned downtown. The two of them watched a few men looting a store, then started to walk toward other groups. At that point, two men came running from behind, pushed the reporter to the ground and made off with one of Kitagaki's camera bodies, his 70-200 mm lens and the images on the card inside his camera. He was able to hang on to the camera with the wide-angle. X-rays the next day revealed he had a broken finger and damaged tendons in his right hand. "I still can't make a fist," he said.

Detroit Free Press photographer Kirthmon F. Dozier was also redirected to cover news. Detroit had its own share of protests and COVID-19-related stories, but it also had massive flooding and other major news, so Dozier was kept busy. Meanwhile, Sean Haffey, a sports photographer for Getty Images, was one of roughly five photographers at the agency who came from a news background and



so was asked to cover everything from empty shopping plazas to anti-mask protests. Haffey, Meyer and other Getty photographers were also tasked with doing visual profiles of Olympic athletes who were trying to train under compromised situations. Haffey photographed a swimmer in Encinitas, California, who started ocean paddling because pools were closed. Then the ocean was shut down. The swimmer eventually secured access to a private, single-lane 25-meter pool in someone's backyard. Next, Haffey covered the legendary Bill Walton doing a virtual bike ride to raise money for health care workers. At that event, Haffey met a Paralympian whose regular training site was off-limits. Haffey spent the day with him on a public trail where he could train.

When the lockdown canceled a virtual alphabet soup of league play and tournaments for pro, college and high school teams, Newton suddenly had the dubious honor of being a backup photographer covering the White House. The fourth night of the Republican National Convention, for instance, saw 2,000 guests, none of whom wore masks. Likewise, the nomination ceremony for now-Supreme Court Justice Amy Coney Barrett was

well-attended and unmasked. "I'd much rather cover a baseball game where I can just be isolated," Newton said. Tom Fox, a staff photographer with The Dallas Morning News, photographed international travelers at the airport trying to get home before the borders closed. And he went to church. "During Lent, I found priests conducting confessions outside, a priest who rode his bike to parishioners on Palm Sunday to pray," Fox said. Another priest celebrated Mass on YouTube with photos of parishioners posted in the pews.

Freelance photographers, however, were left without a lifeline. Mitch Layton was at the same Madison Square Garden game with Binks and Causi. "I've had to make adjustments," Layton said. "I moved in with my girlfriend because I can't pay rent anymore. All my work dried up. I used to shoot for some private schools, and that's all gone right now." Layton has been accumulating images over the decades, and fortunately, much of that is still sought after. Notably, after being the Georgetown University photographer for 35 years, when coach John Thompson died this summer, Layton had images that no one else had. "Right now I'm living off my stock, thankfully," he said.

However, gone are the days when a double truck in a magazine earns the photographer \$1,000. Layton recently had a photo run on ESPN.com. He asked the friends he was with how much they thought that publication paid him. "I had people guessing everything from \$50 to \$500," he said. "I get \$1.43. I don't know a photographer that's not living hand-to-mouth," he added.

Boston-based freelancer Kathryn Riley doesn't have a deep portfolio of images to rely on. Fortunately, when the PGA events she was scheduled to shoot were canceled, she was able to pick up engagement and family photo shoots. Even when the vaccine is widely available, she doesn't imagine the events she normally would be shooting will have the budget to return right away.

Television camera operators, especially freelancers, have to deal with the same logistical complexities in navigating safety and access protocols in the various arenas as still photographers do. Many of them also work in teams and belong to unions.

Tony Kendall works with Sinclair (formerly Fox) Sports, shooting everything from hockey to baseball in the Southern California region. "As soon as they said they were releasing me, I filed for

unemployment within minutes," Kendall said. He hoped his International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees (IATSE) union would help financially, but that didn't happen. Most union employees pay into a flexible health care spending account and Kendall said he has about \$80,000 in reserve there. "If I'd have been able to just get \$2,000 a month of my own money, things would have been much better. But they wouldn't give it up," he said.

Staying safe

It's because of that precarious financial status that some photographers don't feel they can say no to an assignment. Layton was photographing a graduation at a private school in June where he was the only one wearing a mask during the indoor ceremony, then the group photo afterward where 50 kids were positioned together on the steps. "My thing is, do I walk away, or do I take my paycheck, you know? We have to work." And when he travels, because there are few direct flights, he passes through multiple airports and airplanes. He packs his own food, living on peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and fruit.

Dozier, from the Detroit Free Press, said on top of the routine questions he now has to answer through an app on his phone, and the temperature checks at the stadiums, his supervisors are adamant about his getting tested regularly and staying out of the office. "We have had a couple of people that have had to be quarantined," he said, adding that sports photographers are already hard-wired to work alone and remotely, so the new routine is not a problem. "The only reason I go to the office is for masks, and if I'm going to a demonstration, I'll stop by to get some goggles and a hard hat."

Both Meyer and Haffey were highly appreciative of Getty being proactive about sending boxes of personal protective equipment to all staffers in the early stages of the pandemic. Getty also scheduled a Zoom call for photographers in which one of its freelancers, who happened to also be a paramedic, taught them how to use masks, when to throw them away, etc. Getty also made it clear that if a photographer was at all uncomfortable about shooting something, then walk away. The only assignment Haffey passed on was Ironman. Normally he shoots eight Ironman events yearly, but with thousands of participants coming from all over and hundreds of volunteers, along with hours on a motorcycle with someone he didn't know, he decided it wasn't worth the risk.

Even though most sporting events are outside, Meyer takes nothing for granted.

She carries extra disposable masks, and when she was covering demonstrations in Boston, she would put her clothes in a trash bag when she got home, leave them by the door, then take a shower. Kitagaki wears gloves and an N95 mask when covering COVID-19 stories. He also changes clothes and wipes down his gear immediately. Newton pretends everyone he encounters has the virus. And he doesn't assume the table he is putting his gear on was properly cleaned. "At Navy Stadium they opened the photographers' workroom, but I take a chair and sit in the open-air hallway to transmit just outside," he said. "The Washington Football Team has a heated tent set up in the concourse, but I stay out of there too. I prefer the open-air tables."

Television camera operators work in crews out of a mobile unit, usually a well-equipped van. Kendall was glad for the plexiglass and hand sanitizer provided around the stadium when covering baseball games in Anaheim and Los Angeles, but when one member of a television crew tested positive for COVID-19, those who worked for Sinclair Sports told the company they refused to keep working until the van was cleaned and everyone got regularly tested.

Fake crowds, no field access

Surreal is how Kitagaki described the new normal. Covering the San Francisco 49ers, he was just one of a handful of photographers allowed into the stadium. Photographers are not permitted onto the field, so if they want to get to the other end zone they have to run up to the concourse, around the stadium and down the stairs to about the sixth row of seats on the other side. The piped-in crowd noise, he said, is eerily disconcerting. Fox concurred. "The only surreal part of the experience was the piped-in crowd noise," he said. Technicians were testing the audio system by amplifying the sound of a galloping horse, first over Fox's right shoulder, then moving the galloping hooves around the stadium "like fans doing the wave."

Protocols at different venues vary depending on state, league and team regulations. Some venues want photographers inside two hours before the game. Others don't want anyone but the team inside until an hour before the game starts. Most teams issue passes on a game by game basis, and everyone needs to apply for a credential ahead of each game. For baseball, photographers were only allowed in four areas: first and third bases

Story continues on page 42

Cutouts replace San Francisco 49er fans due to the pandemic during a pre-game Black Lives Matter program at the season opening game at Levi's Stadium in Santa Clara, Calif., in September 2020.

*Photo by Paul Kitagaki Jr.
The Sacramento Bee*

***Sports during covid**
Continued from the previous page*

from a few rows up, an outfield position and behind home plate. The infield positions required shooting through a net. Their workroom would be wherever they were sitting. If she was lucky, Riley said, officials would remember to run power into those sections so photographers could charge their laptops.

That is in stark contrast to the NASCAR race she shot over the summer where the only difference between this event and a pre-COVID-19 NASCAR race was that people now wore masks. “Because we were in New Hampshire, fans were allowed,” Riley said.

Fans were also allowed into the brand new Globe Life Field in Arlington, Texas, for the World Series. Though Fox may have been excited about the Ethernet cables MLB ran to their positions, Haffey, shooting the series for Getty, was not so thrilled about being in a packed stadium where masks and social distancing were treated as guidelines, not a mandate.

Working from the stands has required photographers to adapt, and they aren’t always happy with what they produce, though photographers say their editors understand what they are up against. Many are just glad to get one of the few media passes available. In Anaheim, California, for instance, the Angels allowed only The Associated Press and Getty into their games. Local newspapers like the Orange County Register and the Los Angeles Times were furious.

Because of limited access, Betz, the Daily Aztec’s sports editor, typically got the only credential allotted to students. Oslowski said her colleague became a one-man show: live-tweeting, shooting stills from the press box and writing game recaps for the website and digital issues of the paper. It could be worse. Georgetown University officials told The Washington Post sports photo editor the school would be supplying images for the Post. “Our sports editor told them we wouldn’t be running any Georgetown pictures this year, thank you,” Newton said.



Lasting impressions

Years from now, Meyer will be telling stories about the time in Fenway Park when she could hear the crack of the bat, the chatter among players ... “I’m watching these world-class athletes perform for maybe 100 people, and I got to do that three times a week.” Dozier feels bad for the student athletes who were performing at the top of their game when the NCAA was canceled. As seniors, they won’t get a chance to play in the Big Ten Tournament championship. The same is true for high

school seniors who missed the chance to demonstrate their skills, “not because they missed the game-winning shot. But because they didn’t get a chance,” Dozier said.

In the 32 years since Kendall started working at age 16, in Washington, D.C., covering the Bullets and the Capitals, photographers have always been able to adapt to changes in technology. But the pandemic has accelerated the use of remote technology, displacing photographers on the ground and significantly transforming the broadcast industry. “I’m at the point where I wish I’d changed

careers 10 years ago,” he said. “But I’m too far along now to do that. I don’t want to be paying off a loan when I’m 60.” Instead, the pandemic has put work-life balance in perspective. When spring rolls around Kendall sees himself shooting only about 100 of the 162 games in a typical baseball season. Television sports photographers work seven days a week, 10-12 hours a day, Kendall said, and as much as he loves what he does, this year he has rethought his priorities.

Meanwhile, Binks remembers taking the polio vaccine on a sugar cube back in

the 1950s and expressed his frustration with people who refuse to wear masks. “Public health is the only way we are going to get to play sports, put us back to work and save our lives,” he said. The seriousness of the virus keeps any complaint about not shooting sports in perspective. “My heart breaks for all those families that have been devastated by this virus and to all the freelance photographers who have lost their livelihoods,” Newton said. Being able to shoot the SpaceX astronaut launch from Kennedy Space Center made him feel a twinge of normalcy, how-

ever. “It really gave me hope that we were going to get through this.” ■

Peggy Peattie has been a photojournalist for nearly 40 years. She currently teaches photojournalism at San Diego State University and is a doctoral candidate at the University of San Diego’s School of Leadership and Education Sciences, studying the use of visual storytelling as an approach to social issue solutions. She has been a member of the NPPA since 1984.

In this issue, **Eyes on Research** distills findings from the Visual Storyteller's Survey that queried the experiences of photographers during the pandemic. This column is the result of discussions between Kevin Moloney and Martin Smith-Rodden, two long-time photojournalists now in the academic world. If you have research that professionals can put into action, with results that can be outlined in 700 words, we would love to hear from you at ktmoloney@bsu.edu or magazine@nppa.org.

SIGHT BEYOND MY SIGHT: Training the next generation to see

By Dr. Gabriel B. Tait

LEARNING TO SEE

I've had a camera in my hand since I was 11. As a kid, I learned photography by attending an after-school program on Pittsburgh's Northside. Growing up in Pittsburgh just minutes away from the Pittsburgh Press (now defunct) and Pittsburgh Post-Gazette newspapers afforded me the opportunities to watch and interact with great photojournalists, then emulate their work in my own community.

If anyone remembers the Pittsburgh newspaper scene in the 1980s and 1990s, the work of Randy Olson, Vince Musi, Callie Shell, Greg Lanier and many other photojournalists documented the events in the community. On occasion, I would go on an assignment and see how Lanier and Musi did their jobs. My experiences and interactions with these photojournalists helped solidify my desire to become a visual storyteller. Through their compassion, along with that of my mentors at the after-school program, they exemplified for me the value of contributing to the community. In many ways, I was able to hone my craft of seeing, because I was able to see their work.

I have been privileged in my career to serve along with amazing photojournalists in newsrooms and in various communities around the world. I am proud of my 30-years-plus career in newspapers work-

ing in part with the Detroit Free Press, St. Louis Post-Dispatch and Charleston (S.C.) Post & Courier. However, my greatest contribution to the field of photojournalism is the creation of my photography research methodology called Sight Beyond My Sight (SBMS).

SIGHT BEYOND MY SIGHT AND COMMUNITY

SBMS is a photographic method that seeks to understand individual and group knowledge through photography, journaling and discussions that provide critical insights about issues important to a specified community. SBMS marries my passion for photojournalism and community with my desire to learn and educate outsiders with an understanding of their world and context. Based on the biblical narrative found in Mark 8:22-25, SBMS uses the narrative to illustrate the significance of learning communities' voices. SBMS builds on the general premise that when local or minority communities' voices are omitted from the photographic, descriptive and analytical production of media content, the perspectives of the broader context are often myopic or fuzzy. When local participants are included in the above-mentioned process of media content production, a clearer picture both literally and figuratively is gained.



THE TRAINING

Several years ago, I had the great fortune of going back to Pittsburgh. I was working with the next generation of students on a photography research project that examined the role the media played in shaping and representing youth identity. I was simultaneously conducting

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An SBMS participant examines over 700 photographs she made during the study. This participant took a deductive approach to select her most impactful photographs that communicated the way the media represents her community. "So I think the media portrays the neighborhood that I live in as kind of full of gangs and rapists. People who smoke weed ... getting high, running down the street drunk or just not doing too well," she said. "I think that, while some of those problems (exist) ... I think that's kind of the extreme, and I don't think that it's as big a problem as the media makes it out to be."

Photo by Gabriel B. Tait / SBMS©

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Eyes on Research

Continued from the previous page

the study in three cities: Indianapolis; Jonesboro, Arkansas; and Pittsburgh. Sixteen student participants, eight male and eight female ages 15 to 19, took part in the study. The training outlined in this column is specific to my hometown — the area where I learned about photography and learned the importance of visually communicating people's stories.

On the Northside of Pittsburgh, tucked away in an often-overlooked Charles Street neighborhood, is an after-school program called The Pittsburgh Project. Though I was not a part of The Pittsburgh Project, I partnered with the Christian nonprofit organization because of its commitment to develop youth leaders and serve vulnerable homeowners.

Working alongside the group of high school students during our training sessions, I would often reflect on my training as a youth. "This is how you hold the camera. This is how you load the digital memory card. This is how you focus," I would repeat to students. Following our three days of training, I gave them cameras and notepads, and asked them to visually answer the overarching question: How does the media play a role in building or shaping your identity and community?

THE PHOTOGRAPHS

Over the course of two weeks, the four participants in Pittsburgh produced nearly 900 photographs of the 1,500 total taken. The results revealed three overall themes: Who we are, where we live, and what we use (technology).

Most of the photographs were from various places in the city, which included the city skyline, landmarks and other places that outsiders would likely recognize. The photographs that proved to be the most meaningful were the ones that captured a moment but needed an explanation of the



Photo by Gabriel B. Tait / SBMS©

Dr. Gabriel B. Tait trains students at The Pittsburgh Project in Pittsburgh about the mechanics of photography and visual storytelling. He explains that good storytelling comes from three elements: the photographer's ability to see something that is intriguing; the best way to focus in order to communicate a meaningful emotion; and capturing the decisive moment that accurately represents what is being seen.

context. For example, one participant created a picture of a girl striking a pose near a playground. The participant explained how the playground gave people in the community hope. The participant further explained how in their community not a lot of money was invested in parks and other recreational activities. "If people would invest in our community, the media would not be showing us so bad," the participant added.

CONCLUSION

This study provided an opportunity for me to give back to my community as the photojournalists previously referenced did with me. In this instance, the SBMS case study revealed that when study participants were empowered to talk about their photographs and give their own meaning, they did. But as one participant noted, "In my (context) we are not challenged to think like this." Each time the participants looked at the images they produced, new explorations offered more

insights. This is the essence of SBMS: It is a methodology that allows participants and researchers to literally and figuratively gain a clear picture of a given research issue or context. Using SBMS, I was able to understand how Pittsburgh youths visualized their own community, and I was also able to see how they were impacted by the power of telling stories with their cameras. Though the photographs were not as seasoned or impactful as those produced by trained photojournalists, I used the SBMS study as a way to begin training our youths to see pictures that are meaningful to them, communicate what they are seeing and tell the world about the value of visual storytelling. In many ways, this is what happened to me several years ago in my photographic journey. Our vocation is time-honored, and though the roles of photojournalism and the photojournalist are evolving, impactful storytelling will never go away. The power of listening to others is significant for understanding others. This is the substance of seeing beyond what we see. ■

Dr. Gabriel B. Tait is assistant professor of diversity and media in the College of Communication, Information, and Media, Department of Journalism, Ball State University, Muncie, Indiana. His research areas include diversity and media, participatory photography and the role photography plays in constructing and representing cultural identities. Tait's tenure as a photojournalist spans nearly 30 years, working at the Detroit Free Press, St. Louis Post-Dispatch and several other newspapers. He is the creator of the visual research methodology "Sight Beyond My Sight" (SBMS). He can be reached at gbtait@bsu.edu. Tait has been an NPPA member since 1993.



This powerful photo of her kneeling before San Jose riot police went viral.

Now we know her story.

*Photographs by Dai Sugano | Story by Julia Prodis Sulek
Bay Area News Group*

Story on the next page



This story appeared in the [San Jose Mercury News](#) on December 27, 2020. Excerpts are published here with permission.

Khennedi Meeks, 19, of Manteca, Calif., poses for a portrait on December 15, 2020. Meeks recently revealed that she is the woman in the viral photo (previous page) made on May 29, 2020, during the San Jose protest decrying the police killing of George Floyd in Minneapolis.

Photographs by Dai Sugano
Bay Area News Group

‘I wanted them to see it in my face ... I’m not going to back down’

SAN JOSE — Her chest still ached when she returned home that night from the double blows of a police baton. Her face was still caked with white residue from the tear gas that stung her eyes and burned her throat so harshly she thought she might die.

Khennedi Meeks was just 18 that afternoon last spring in downtown San Jose, where she had attended her very first protest. The whole experience, which started peacefully as one of the many demonstrations across the country against the Minneapolis police killing of George Floyd, was so terrifying, so disillusioning, that she was certain she would never go to a protest again.

She showered off, threw away her white tank top and jeans, and went to bed.

The next morning, she lurched back into her routine, showing up on time for her 11 a.m. shift at Walmart.

Then something strange happened. Customers started asking:
“Are you that girl?”

Her viral secret

She didn’t know it at the time, but a Bay Area News Group photographer had captured a powerful image of the striking teenager on one knee staring down a phalanx of San Jose police in riot gear. Overnight, the photo had gone viral, and the unknown woman in the white top and powder blue surgical mask was quickly becoming an international symbol of resistance for the Black Lives Matter movement.

In the coming days, Khennedi (pronounced Kennedy) Meeks watched in awe as her image circled the planet, shared by celebrities on social media and activists on protest pages, by the national news and National Geographic. And like the famous campaign poster of Barack Obama painted in bright colors, artists used the image as inspiration, calling the anonymous protester “the epitome of power, bravery, resilience, and also pain.”

Now, for the first time, she is sharing her story. For months, Meeks has resisted coming forward to tell the world, beyond family and friends or the occasional stranger who asked, that she was the woman on one knee.

“No one knew who I was — and people were looking for me,” she said. “I saw a lot of comments from people who were like, who is this? Can we get an @name? What is her Instagram handle? We want to know who this is.”

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Khennedi Meeks

Continued from the previous page

Even though she was anonymous, part of her was already overwhelmed by the attention. And part of her was afraid.

"I didn't want to be targeted," she said. "The internet is a scary place."

Some people posted hateful comments. Others suggested the photo was a fake — that it was staged and she was a paid model.

"I don't know, I felt the picture said enough. I didn't really need to say anything," she said. "The picture did its justice just floating around the internet without me ever coming out and physically saying it's me."

But over time, she said, as the photo spread among her friends and her mother posted it on Facebook, nothing really bad happened. "It made me realize I had a purpose. People recognized that and saw that in the photo and saw that that was genuine," she said. "That is what I always wanted, for people to see me as me."

Finding her voice

Meeks had turned 19 by the time she agreed to meet. In December, she returned to the intersection where she stared down the police, at Santa Clara and Sixth streets, to share what led to that moment and how it has changed her.



She hopped on the train the day she learned online that a [local demonstration was gathering](#) — May 29 — to protest Floyd's killing. She was finally joining a real protest.

"I know why I'm here. I know why I'm doing it. I know what I stand for," she told herself.

'Looked like they were going to war'

She didn't know her way to City Hall, so she followed the small groupings of protesters to Santa Clara Street.

When she arrived, she was surprised to see police in riot gear forming a line. She approached several officers, looking for answers about why they were dressed for battle, but they ignored her — except for Officer Terrence Campbell. He was on the front line and Black like her.

Why, she asked him, are you "on the oppressors' side?"

The officer, who had been on the force less than a year, explained that he wanted to "make a difference from within," Meeks said. The moment was captured by TV cameras. After that, when the line of police started moving forward to break up the crowd, "he protected me. He was telling me when they ask us to move, move."

She lost sight of him after a flash-bang grenade exploded and rubber bullets started flying. That's when this teenager at her very first protest became a witness to numerous recorded scenes that would spread across social media: the blood pouring down a man's face, the screams of a woman struck by a rubber bullet, and the [cocky confrontations of a young officer](#) who appeared to be relishing the conflict.

When the rubber bullets finally stopped and the protesters regrouped, Meeks felt not only angry but emboldened. She returned to face the police.

"We knew it was dangerous," she said, "but we weren't doing anything wrong."

She is too young to remember the heroics of the late U.S. Rep. John Lewis, who was beaten in 1965 by police in Selma, Alabama, on what would become known as "Bloody Sunday." But she could recite the long list of names of those killed by police in the last couple of years: George Floyd, Breonna Taylor,

Tamir Rice ...

And when one of the protesters in the crowd took a knee before the row of police, she knew from former 49ers quarterback Colin Kaepernick's national anthem crusade that doing so was a symbol of peaceful defiance.

Just steps from the row of police batons, she too dropped to one knee.

"I was just like, I'm not going to stand for this," she said. "I physically felt calm, but I was also very angry and very sad, very, very traumatized at that point."

"I wanted them to hear me without physically hearing," Meeks remembers of the moment. "I wanted them to know and see it in my face: I'm not going to back down."

'Kneeling quietly amid the chaos'

Scrambling to stay out of the confrontation but drawn to the young woman, Bay Area News Group photographer Dai Sugano captured the powerful image.

"I just remember her kneeling quietly," Sugano said, "amid the chaos."

Tensions rose again as police pushed the protesters back. In the midst of it, Meeks felt the thump of an officer's baton twice on her chest and once on her back as she turned to retreat. Moments later, she was overcome by a cloud of tear gas that left her choking and practically blind until a stranger gave her water and poured milk in her eyes, a salve for the sting.

"I was terrified," she said. "I wanted to go home."



**"It changed me.
I realized I can't stop.
I can't not do this."**

For Meeks, the impact of the photo illustrated the power of a single voice — and the importance of her own.

"It's just so empowering. I was just some kid who saw a protest on the internet and decided to go with no real plan. I had no sign, no flag," she said. "I knew what I wanted, and I wanted to make sure I was a part of this."

It wasn't long before she had built up the courage to protest again, swearing off her pledge from that night when her chest was still bruised and tear gas powder caked her eyelashes. Within a week, she was joining another one.

Ever since, she's spent most weekends traveling to racial justice demonstrations around Northern California, from Gilroy and Brentwood to Lodi and Sacramento. Even Mountain House hosted one — it was small and family-friendly and Meeks was there. Sometimes, someone hands her a bullhorn and she shares her experience from that afternoon in San Jose.

"It changed me. I realized I can't stop. I can't not do this," she said. "I'm still fighting the fight. I want people to know I'm still doing this and I feel good." ■

Dai Sugano has been an NPPA member since 2000.

Irresponsibility could cut off journalists' access to disasters

STORY BY TRACY BARBUTES

Photojournalist Josh Edelson, wearing full fire gear, runs to his 4Runner and Santa Rosa Press Democrat photographer Chris Chung gets into his company car as the Hennessy fire crosses Knoxville Berryessa Road on August 18, 2020.

*Photo by Kent Porter
The Press Democrat*

NPPA member since 1983

STORY BY TRACY BARBUTES

If there's one thing 2020 taught us, it is to take nothing for granted. In the past year, more than 9,200 fires burned in excess of 4 million acres in California. That's just shy of 4% of California's land size. The state's Penal Code 409.5 allowed journalists access to the front lines and into the heart of danger. As more and more journalists arrive at fires, some wearing head-to-toe personal protective equipment (PPE) and others unprepared and uneducated about fire behavior, is it only a matter of time before someone from the journalism community is seriously injured or killed — or causes harm to first responders? If and when this happens, will the law continue to grant unfettered access to journalists?

The Penal Code exists to help ensure that emergency personnel can do their jobs without interference. Section (d) includes the same for media, stating: "Nothing in this section shall prevent a duly authorized representative of any news service, newspaper, or radio or television station or network from entering the areas closed pursuant to this section." According to Leslie Jacobs and James Wirrell from the McGeorge School of Law, this language has not changed since it went into effect in September 1957.

Los Angeles-based independent photographer Stuart Palley began documenting fires on his own in 2012 and has since acquired significant training, PPE and knowledge. "It's reckless and dangerous to show up without wearing gear, and it's unprofessional to show up without gear," Palley said. He added that shaming someone doesn't make much difference, but from his experience, education helps. "If someone is new to covering fires, they should consider going out with a public information officer (PIO) or with someone who can teach you. PIOs typically want to help."

Despite Palley's vast experience, he was denied entry to the Castle Fire on Sept. 14 near Camp Nelson. The day before, he had access to the fire, and the next day he was briefly detained and escorted away from the fire. This violated his rights according to Penal Code 409.5 and prevented him from doing his job.

There were similar issues with other members of the media at the 2020 Castle Fire that led the California Department of Forestry and Fire Protection (Cal Fire) to issue the following statement:

Current Issues with Media, California Penal Code 409.5

The Tulare County Sheriff, CAL FIRE, USDA Forest Service and National Park Service appreciate the vast majority of media partners who have cooperated with deputies and fire personnel and acted responsibly during this fire incident. It has come to our attention that a few members of the media have been impeding the progress of the firefighting effort and going on to private property without permission of the property owner. This activity cannot and will not be tolerated. Action will be taken if it persists.

We have been professional in our cooperation of providing access to areas and we expect the same level of professionalism and adherence to the rules from our media partners. State law (Penal Code section 409.5, please review here) grants the right of duly authorized members of the media to enter evacuated areas. It is widely understood that media personnel assume the risks involved when entering a closed area, and they cannot accept that liability on behalf of others. As an example, media cannot enter crime scenes, National Forest System lands under a Forest or Regional Order closing forest trails, roads or areas, or onto private property without prior permission. Nor can they impede the firefighting efforts of any fire incident.

It is our desire to help our media partners get the information they need to share with the public; however we will not tolerate blatant disregard for firefighter safety. The first responders appreciate those members of the media who adhere to the rules, and we know that there are only a small percentage of media personnel who are unaware of or disregard the rules and laws.

We ask that you share this information with your media partners. It is our desire to allow news organizations to share information without placing the first responders and the public in unnecessary danger.

Noah Berger, also a freelance photojournalist, said that we need to "show firefighters that we're serious about our jobs," and one of the biggest issues he's seen at fires is people getting in the way of firefighters. "Nobody wants to prevent people from covering fires, but we want to ensure people are prepared and geared up properly."

Berger often travels to fires with one or two other veteran photojournalists, all of whom wear head-to-toe PPE and carry maps and scanners. He said he believes working in small groups is beneficial. The situation creates a smaller footprint, and it provides safety, knowing that others have your back. He added that it's good to have one person as a driver and another acting as navigator.

San Francisco Chronicle staff photographer Gabrielle Lurie said she began documenting fires in 2016 when she was a freelancer. Lurie received Cal Fire training through her employer, and she strongly recommends pursuing it.

"The best advice I can give a photographer who is interested in covering fires is to do a lot of research and go slowly. Just because you have the gear doesn't mean you are ready to jump in," Lurie said. "The dangerous part about a fire is that you don't always know what it is going to do."

"The best tool that we have is between our ears: our brain."

- Stuart Palley

You can have likely predictions by looking at the weather and wind speeds, but you just never know. You could be driving down the road and there's a spot fire on the shoulder, and suddenly, five minutes later that fire becomes much larger and cuts off the road or knocks over a tree, which then blocks the road and blocks you in. You never want to be in a situation where you are stuck, and if you don't know what to look for, it can be easy to get yourself into trouble."

She also suggested that those new to wildfire coverage should consider documenting the after-effects of a fire before heading to the front lines.

Justin Sacher, a meteorologist with Fresno's KSEE24/CBS47, has taken

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Firefighters work to protect a house near Highway 236 as the CZU Lightning Complex fire rages near Boulder Creek, Calif., in August. Firefighters had to leave the area because conditions were unsafe and the home was destroyed in the fire.

Photo by Nic Coury Independent

NPPA member since 2009



Photo by Kent Porter, Press Democrat
Sonoma County workers Gino Dericco, Jesse Alkok, Anthony Reyes and Gabe Rosas create a human chain to climb out of a ravine east of Santa Rosa. They were cutting down damaged trees near the road in September 2020.

Fire safety and access Continued from page 56

numerous wildland fire training courses throughout his career. Most recently, he took classes at Reedley College, receiving certification in Wildland Firefighting S-130, S-190, L-180. The two stations merged recently, and he no longer gets much time on fire lines, but he said, “If you don’t have the gear or the knowledge, how are you going to tell a useful story? It shouldn’t matter what kind of media you are; it should matter if you are prepared.”

Kent Porter, Pulitzer Prize-winning photojournalist with the Santa Rosa Press Democrat, has been documenting fires for more than 30 years and acknowledged he continues to learn new things about fires every year.

“I learned so much on a fire line this year. I knew nothing about area ignition. I learned very quickly how fast things can go downhill,” Porter said. “You have to have a solid sense of who you are and where you are. When the shit hits the fan, you have to realize who you are and how you react. This is not about bravado. It’s about going out and telling a story.”

It’s also about acting responsibly and with compassion. When Carlos Rodriguez and Gaby Muro of Central Valley TV covered the 2018 Camp Fire, they spent one morning sharing their cell phone with evacuees enabling them to phone loved

ones. “It’s not about us. We’re not there to exploit the event,” Rodriguez said. They share the philosophy that if they see someone who needs help, they will be the help.

“There are times when I think about those things that I have covered. I was standing in those exact places where people died, lost their homes. I’m human too, and as a journalist, I have to be there,” Muro said. “I have to tell those stories. These are all people who have loved ones.”

The two travel to incidents together and always pack an ice chest with drinks and snacks because they never know how long they will be covering stories. They’re constantly aware of their surroundings, pay very close attention to winds and agree that no coverage is worth risking their lives.

“We are very passionate about what we do,” he said. “It’s rewarding when people turn to us” for help and knowledge about an incident.

Being a responsible journalist is also about helping others within our own community. Beth Schlanker, a Pulitzer Prize-winning photojournalist with the Santa Rosa Press Democrat, offered, “It’s important that photojournalists look out for each other as much as possible on a fire. Competitiveness should take a back seat to being helpful and putting each other’s safety first,” she said.

“More experienced wildfire photographers should help less experienced journalists learn safety tips and with on

the job training. Kent Porter, for example, has been enormously helpful in mentoring me,” Schlanker said. “He has gone out his way to make sure our entire staff stays safe. It also benefits our industry and preserving our access (409.5) to future fires if all journalists remain safe.”

Monterey-based independent photojournalist Nic Coury recently discussed connecting with other photographers on fires near Santa Cruz. “We had constant conversations, talking about where we were going, where we would meet up after we got our photos. There was a lot of conscious action, not just snapping,” Coury said.

Porter stressed the importance of having situational awareness and proper gear. “When the Glass Fire hit Santa Rosa homes, it moved so quickly. The wind blew up, smoke picked up, within 20 seconds everything was orange and within five minutes homes caught fire. You could not see in front of you,” Porter said. “If you had not had proper gear on, you would not have been able to breathe, and you likely would have been burned or suffered radiation burns. If you hadn’t had a helmet, your hair would have been on fire. This is not a thrill-seeking job.”

Which begs the question of anyone wanting to document California’s fires:

Ask yourself why you are there. What is your motivation? Are you there to provide factual and useful information to community mem-

bers? Do you have the necessary gear and awareness to safely document the fire?

Emily Kilgore, a Cal Fire public information officer (PIO) with the Tuolumne-Calaveras Unit, said she has seen journalists show up to fires in high heels and in house slippers. She’s been on several incidents where journalists, fresh to the job, arrive without any PPE and ask to be taken to the fire. “I cannot stop them, but I cannot safely escort them,” she said. “It’s not wise to take people into an unsafe situation.” She adds that she will not stop the media from doing their job.

Kilgore, who has been at her current position for approximately four years, has seen an increase of amateurs arrive at incidents. “There is an increase in media attention to wildland fires,” she said. “As the media population changes, there has been an increase in folks showing up unprepared.” She said social media have changed the environment. “I can’t be the one to interpret someone’s Facebook page. Who am I to determine who can, or cannot, cover a fire?”

“It’s our job to help you and get you information, but if fire equipment is coming into the area, get out of the way,” she said. If firefighters are unable to answer questions, direct your questions to PIOs. “Putting the fire out is the priority for firefighters.”

Asked if she felt the penal code could change, potentially limiting the media’s access, she said, “It would need to be something the courts would have to consider. The potential is there.”

“I do think there should be some kind of training mechanism to get safety information to journalists,” Kilgore said.

“I’m not in a position, as a sole person, who can do something about it,” but she could attempt to move the idea up the chain of command. Kilgore said there are ways journalists can gain wildland fire education on their own.

FEMA offers a plethora of online, self-directed training, including courses that teach the incident command system — [ICS-100: An Introduction to the Incident Command System](#) — as well as a basic introduction to PPE and a [full catalog of wildland fire training courses](#).

Kilgore and most journalists interviewed suggested that members of the media should get to know the key players in their area and reach out to them. Introduce yourself to law enforcement officers, firefighters and public information officers so that they will likely recognize you on the scene of a fire.

Getting safety training and having proper PPE, including, at a bare minimum, Nomex top and bottoms, a helmet and wildland boots, are a part of the solution in protecting the penal code for journalist access. In the end, it’s up to the individual journalist, no matter the level of experience, to act responsibly to maintain California journalists’ access to disasters.

“Common sense. The best tool that we have is between our ears: our brain. You have to be an advocate for yourself and your safety,” Stuart Palley said. ■

Tracy Barbutes (@tracybarbutes) is a visual journalist and writer based near Yosemite National Park, California. She can be reached at photos@tracybarbutes.com. She has been an NPPA member since 2011.

View a video of [Del Puerto Canyon Fire](#) by Carlos Rodriguez and Gaby Muro, of Central Valley TV.

CHECK LIST

This gear and safety checklists were collected from Santa Rosa Press Democrat’s Kent Porter and Beth Schlanker, Central Valley TV’s Carlos Rodriguez and Gaby Muro, San Francisco Chronicle’s Gabrielle Lurie, and freelancers Nic Coury, Noah Berger, Stuart Palley, KSEE24/CBS47’s Justin Sacher and Tracy Barbutes, the author.

MUST HAVES

- Media credentials
- Nomex or dual compliant top and bottoms
- Hardhat
- Leather gloves
- Work boots (not steel toe)
- Headlamp or handheld flashlight.
- Water, and plenty of it.
- Fire Shelter. You can find the old style yellow ones on ebay for under \$30, and it’s enough to satisfy requirements. The newer ones are blue and they are pricey (+/- \$450).

OPTIONAL

- Fire shroud (neck cover)
- Fire goggles
- Police scanner programmed for fire channels
- Rooftop antenna for scanner
- Scanner app (Broadcastify and 5-0 radio are good options)
- Glow stick (mount on helmet at night)
- Inverter to power your laptop, battery chargers
- Fire extinguisher
- Chainsaw
- Two-day supply of food, water, for yourself and to share
- Cotton clothing worn under your fire gear
- Maps, downloaded to your phone or paper maps

SAFETY SUGGESTIONS

Always keep in mind that the firefighters and emergency responders come first! Keep out of their way and be sure to park in spots that won’t hinder them. Pull over and let them go by, even if they don’t seem to be in a hurry. No matter how stressed you are about coming up with “the picture” or meeting a deadline, the media does not come first.

- Know and understand the terrain, weather conditions.
- Have your car headlights on at all the times in a fire zone.
- When driving in, make a mental note for turnouts and safety zones. This is important to remain out of the way of firefighters, as well as to find a safe place to shelter if you get blocked in.
- Leave your car engine running if you are near fire.
- Always park facing your exit route.
- Have a full tank of gas before entering a fire zone.
- Carry Fix-A-Flat.
- Park well out of firefighters’ way, and if possible, check to ensure you are parked safely.

TRAINING

- FEMA There are many free online training courses available to the public, [click here](#).
- USFS National Wildfire Coordinating Group, [click here](#).
- Wildfire safety training and glossary, [click here](#).
- Committee to Protect Journalists, [click here](#).
- JOURNALISM COMMUNITY There is a lot of knowledge in our community. Check in with journalists who have wildfire experience – during the off season.
- COMMUNITY COLLEGES Check your local area community colleges – many offer fire science courses.



Rich-Joseph Facun
spotlights daily lives in
Ohio's Appalachia

'BLACK DIAMONDS'

Carey, Black Lung Screening for Coal Miners: Athens

Photographs by Rich-Joseph Facun

I used to have the number 30 taped at the top of my desk when I worked at The Virginian-Pilot. I put it there, just for me, as a simple reminder to work at least 30 minutes extra each day, more than was expected. It was a small but subtle reminder that the work didn't end in a normal shift. In fact, work that rose above the norm rarely did.

I thought of this when talking with Rich-Joseph Facun, 48, about his latest book project, "Black Diamonds." The work focuses on the former coal-mining boom towns of southeast Ohio, where he lives, in the micro-region referred to by locals as the "Little Cities of Black Diamonds." It's a beautiful and somber project, laced with nostalgia. Much of it was done in between other activities, in small increments over a year.

Facun is a staff photographer with Ohio University's communications and marketing department, and he also works as Yoffy Press' publishing assistant. Before that, he was a full-time photojournalist for 15 years, including two stints at The Virginian-Pilot. It's there where I became acquainted with his work and was always impressed with his vision. I was excited to see his recent project: a personal exploration that was photographed almost exclusively between other activities, such as picking up and dropping his children off at school and going to and from his full-time job. Just like the reminder on my desk.

"Ninety percent of this book was shot in between running errands," Facun said. "I've always been a big believer in finding the story that's right next door. If you pause and take a moment to look, there are so many stories in your own backyard, in your community."

Facun's "Black Diamonds" is a photographic record of the cultural, socioeconomic and political climate of daily lives in the postindustrial era within the former coal mining boom towns of southeast Ohio's Appalachia. It began as an exploration of the area in which he lived.

"I wanted to find out for myself what my community in Appalachia was like," Facun said. Being of Indigenous Mexican and Filipino heritage, he also wondered how receptive people in a predominantly white area would be to him as a photographer.

"Would Appalachia embrace me? Would they accept

Story continues on the page 64

Miss Parade of the Hills' Queens: Nelsonville





Kaylee, Miss Moonshine: New Straitsville

The Image Deconstructed *Continued from page 62*

me? Would I be safe? These emotions were coupled with my inquisitive nature about my neighbors. So I just got in my truck and went out and started making pictures.”

I’ve always been curious about how people work on personal projects such as these, without the backing of the local newspaper.

“I’ve found that honesty goes a long way,” Facun said. “Just being approachable and telling people exactly what you’re doing.”

He said that it helps to be confident and to search for some personal connection with that person you’re trying to photograph. He added, “If you’re enthusiastic about somebody you want to photograph and you share that enthusiasm with them, more likely than not they’ll allow you to work with them. It’s contagious, and they feed off of your energy.”

He also stressed that he lived in the neighboring communities. They could see him not just as a photographer but as a neighbor, which helped him to explain the name of his project, “Black Diamonds.”



Erik: Athens

“As soon as I told them why, most people were like, ‘OK, that’s pretty cool.’ A lot of local folks are familiar with what you mean when you refer to the area as the Little Cities of Black Diamonds, which is essentially the former coal-mining boom towns in this micro-region of Appalachia.”

This is good advice, especially as more and more photographers are working independently. My own identity used to be so fully enmeshed with being a photojournalist for the local city newspaper. It’s refreshing to see others push out from this and achieve the

level of work that Facun has done. It’s worth noting that this project took hold after he had a break from such traditional staff roles. He said that he was working to redefine his approach to photography.

“I wanted to use squares more; it just felt like introducing a new composition made me rethink how I built an image within the frame,” Facun said. “I also chose not to use any extreme moody lighting or excessively bright lighting. I wanted the work to be muted, kind of neutral.” To do this, Facun often

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The Image Deconstructed
Continued from page 65

shot under overcast skies, reflected in the muted tones of the images.

“I wanted to reflect the mood of the area,” he said.

A central example of this is the picture of Vi (right, and she doesn’t have a last name; Facun only has first names).

“I was heading home from work and taking my usual route when I saw her coming down the sidewalk. She just looked wonderful photographically, and I think as photographers certain things resonate with us.”

Facun passed her but turned around, feeling compelled to make a photograph of her. “I just pulled over and hopped out, quickly gave her my pitch, and thankfully, she was more than happy to be photographed.” He elaborated a bit on the care he gives in approaching strangers.

“I have two daughters, and I’m pretty protective of them. I can imagine what it would be like if somebody was approaching any one of my daughters: What would be the best way to approach them and be professional about it?”

Together, they walked over to a nearby house, where he made the image. The interaction lasted maybe 15 minutes. It’s a great example of how one can choose to work on a project in between other aspects of life in a respectful manner.

The project took about a year, and about the same time for the book to come to life. (By the time the book is actually published and on the shelves, it will be three years.) That’s a commitment and a reflection of how much work he’s willing to put into his efforts. It’s commendable, and Facun encourages others to pursue their own interests.

“There’s no real excuse why no one else can not achieve something like that. I think it’s just a matter of looking at your time and picking the right project,” Facun said.

A quarter of the way into working on “Black Diamonds,” Facun realized he wanted to make a book and wanted to find a publisher. “I immediately started reaching out to friends who had already published books,” Facun said. “I was reading tons of magazine articles, literature and books about getting a book published and what to anticipate

Story continues on the page 68

Vi: Athens



The Image Deconstructed Continued from page 66

throughout the process. I was basically educating myself.”

He continued, “Also, a big part of making a book is just researching and finding out what publishers out there will be a good fit for what you’re working on. There’s a lot that goes into publishing a book, and I’m finding it out as I go through the process.”

Facun reached out to a number of publishers, with a mock-up already in place of the design of the book in PDF form. To his surprise, his top choice — Fall Line Press — responded almost immediately and agreed to help him publish it. Though exciting to hear, Facun still had to raise a significant amount of funding for the production of the book. Through Kickstarter, he created a preorder campaign with a target of \$14,000. At the time of this writing, he had surpassed over \$16,000.

“I was just speechless, knowing that so many people were willing to support me and support the work that I do,” said Facun. (Pending the pandemic, availability to the general public is aimed for March. Reach out to Facun for more information: facun@facun.com.)

I’m happy for Facun. It’s wonderful to see his project come to fruition, both with the visuals and the book format. I also applaud his ability to create such an ambitious personal project between other life activities. That’s a testimony to his work ethic and his vision, and it’s an example from which we can all draw. ■

Ross Taylor is an assistant professor at the University of Colorado Boulder. He’s on the board of directors for NPPA and is also the chair of the quarterly multimedia. Website: rosstaylor.net. He has been an NPPA member since 1998.



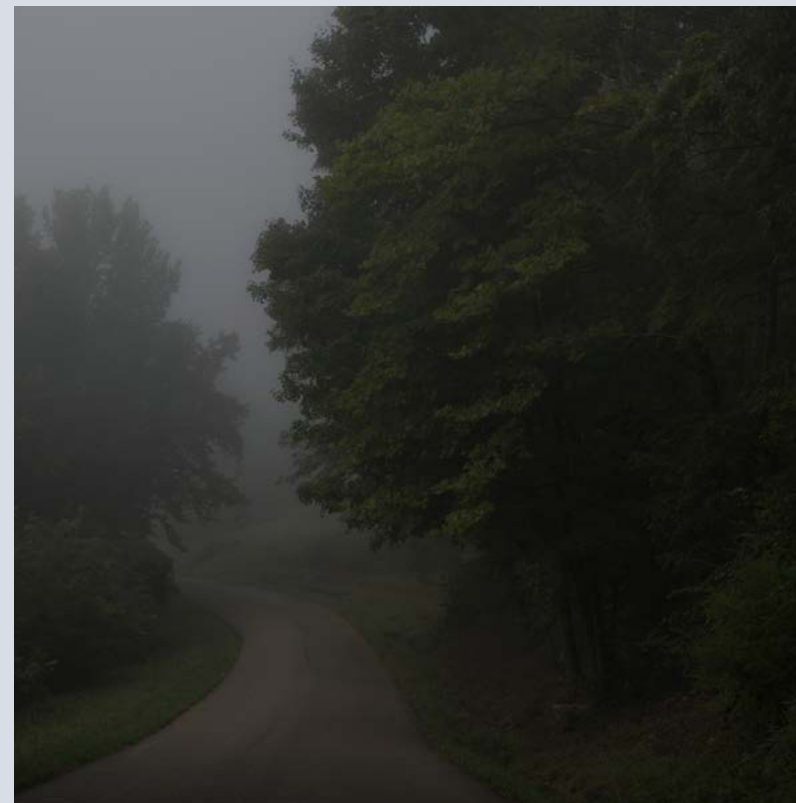
Olivia and Benjamin: Glouster



Appalachian Foothills: Nelsonville



Cob House: Millfield



Morning Commute: Millfield



Photo by Levi-Joseph Facun

Rich-Joseph Facun is a photographer of Indigenous Mexican and Filipino descent. His work aims to offer an authentic look into endangered, bygone, and fringe cultures—those transitions in time where places fade but people persist. The exploration of place, community and cultural identity present themselves as a common denominator in both his life and photographic endeavors.

A native of Virginia, Facun attended Ohio University where he earned his Bachelor of Science degree in Visual Communication.

Before finding “home” in the Appalachian foothills of southeast Ohio, Facun roamed the globe for 15 years working as a photojournalist covering over a dozen countries, and for three of those years he was based in the United Arab Emirates.

His photography has been commissioned by various publications, including NPR, The Atlantic, The New York Times, The Wall Street Journal, The Associated Press, Reuters, Vox, Aweek, Education Week, The Chronicle of Higher Education, The FADER, Frank 151, Topic, The National (UAE), Telerama (France), The Globe and Mail (Canada) and Sueddeutsche Zeitung (Germany), among others.

Facun’s work has been recognized by Photolucida’s Critical Mass, The Washington Post, Feature Shoot, The Image Deconstructed, The Photo Brigade, and Pictures of the Year International.



His monograph *“Black Diamonds”* will be published by Fall Line Press in early 2021. The work is a visual exploration of place, community and cultural identity in former coal mining boom towns of SE Ohio, Appalachia. The book can be [ordered here](#).



January 14, 2021:
Damage remains in the Rotunda of the U.S. Capitol as police and National Guard provide security for the upcoming inauguration for President-elect Joe Biden amid threats by extremist supporters of President Donald J. Trump.

Photo by Carol Guzy
ZUMA Press

NPPA member since 1979

| A SPECIAL REPORT

14 DAYS IN JANUARY

Intro by Oliver Janney

The past several weeks, past several months, over the course of the last election cycle — the past 21 years, in my case — however we quantify our time in this industry, one truth universally exists:

Practitioners of this craft of photojournalism bear witness to both the very best and very worst of humanity. Our experiences live on with us. Our images always outlive us.

The images go through a process. We transmit to desks or wires or sites or distribution lists or Slack channels; we feed. The images take a journey. They are edited, graded, packaged, resized, prominently featured and displayed or filed away, aired and archived by others who likely were not there when we, the photojournalists, created them.

Our experiences remain raw until processed by us, individually.

Processing takes time.

The firsthand accounts shared by the photojournalists in this article have been very lightly edited for spelling and grammar. They are presented in the order in which events took place. Your editor reached out to colleagues across the D.C. press corps and beyond: freelancers, staffers, newspaper photographers, local and network video photojournalists and even an elementary school teacher and mother of two who joined the ranks of our cherished National Press Photographers Association to seek guidance as she works to break into the business as her “second act in life.”

These are the personal reflections and stories shared by a few of the photojournalists who worked in the field in Washington, D.C., between Jan. 6 and Jan. 20, 2021.

This is the raw.

Oliver “OJ” Janney is the Senior Manager of Field Production at CNN in Washington, D.C. He was on Capitol Hill on Jan. 6 supporting CNN’s field teams. He serves on the NPPA Board of Directors and on the faculty of the NPPA News Video Workshop. He has been an NPPA member since 2003.

Stories and photographs on Pages 72 through 117

Khalil Abdallah

CNN photojournalist

January 2020 was for sure one of the craziest months to come on the heels of a historic election. We were preparing for a president to leave and a new one to arrive. It appeared that Donald Trump was not leaving without a fight.

The events of Jan. 6 were four years and nine weeks in the making.

The president's motorcade departed the White House and headed to the rally. We thought he would go give another MAGA-style rally speech and then head back to the White House. But the more Giuliani and others spoke, the more the rally started having a different feel to it. And then the president got on the podium and started his speech.

I remember getting on the White House fence camera to keep an eye out for the president's return, and then I started noticing members of the Secret Service carrying larger-caliber weapons than is normal. Initially, I thought they were preparing for the president's return. Then I started receiving messages about the demonstrators on the Hill, and then I started seeing more Secret Service agents taking more positions that we are not used to seeing them in. The streets were open, but there was an eerie sound of police cars coming from every direction of the city. The level of worry inside the White House didn't appear to be as high because reality hit home. He sent them all to the Hill, and no one was coming our way. We were in the safest place in the city.

To be honest I have not yet settled with what happened. All the alarm bells were right in front of us for years, and we covered them as they happened. We kept covering them for the public, for the world to see. Yet every event was more outrageous than the event before, and the ante kept getting raised, and the vulgarity continued: the attacks on race, the attacks on religion ... And then change came at the ballot box. And then Jan. 6 happened. The attack itself reminds a journalist like me of how fragile democracy can be. It reminds me of the images at Tahrir Square. It reminds me of the images of Arab Spring, the images we saw as kids in Moscow ... Tiananmen Square. You never think that these are things you would see at the U.S. Capitol.

I'm not ignorant or unaware of my last name or my race. I was present too many times to count, hearing Donald Trump utter words that directly attacked my race, my faith or the core of who I am and what I believe in. But hope kept me going. A dream that normality will come, shall come. ■

Khalil Abdallah has been an NPPA member since 2013.

Stories continue on the next page



January 6, 2021: Trump supporters participate in a rally in Washington, D.C., that spawned a deadly assault on the U.S. Capitol. The photographer of this picture, John Minchillo, was pushed and punched by a group of men while trying to cover the rally. He posted on Twitter, "Never become the story, that's the core principle. If I could ask for something? Don't linger on the outrage for too long." One of the demonstrators guided him away from his attackers.

Photo by John Minchillo, Associated Press

Anthony Umrani

CNN photojournalist

During the four years of Donald Trump's presidency, I covered countless MAGA rallies. The refrains were mostly the same. "The lying media are the enemy of the people." "I will always put America first." "We will make America great again." You get the point. Trump had a shtick that he would run through at his rallies. He knew certain lines would rile up his adoring supporters. But the rally on Jan. 6 had a different pulse to it. On the heels of an election loss, Trump had summoned a hodgepodge of angry loyalists to the nation's capital who were convinced through lies and conspiracy theories that the 2020 presidential election had been stolen through massive voter fraud.

On Jan. 6, my job as a CNN photojournalist was to provide the head-on shot for the network TV pool. It was a rather chilly morning in D.C., but the weather was no deterrent for Trump supporters. Lines were forming at 5 a.m. for an 11 a.m. start time. My colleague Andrew Christman and I navigated the security checkpoint and made our way through the large security perimeter. We set up our camera position atop a dedicated camera platform for the pool camera. The White House staff regularly builds a camera riser for the pool camera that is separated from the rest of the cameras to prevent other media members from shaking the platform. We established our camera shot, and the live feed was sent out to the television networks.

The date of the rally was not randomly chosen. Jan. 6 was the day a joint session of Congress gathered to certify the Electoral College votes. The certification was to be overseen by Vice President Mike Pence. While Pence was preparing to do his constitutional duty, President Trump, about a mile and a half away, was urging him to delay certifying the votes in a last-ditch effort to overturn the election. One speaker after another spewed false claims as the crowd became more impassioned. Speakers were periodically interrupted by chants of "stop the steal." There was one man standing in front of the press risers who would turn toward all of the cameras and raise both middle fingers. The anger and rage in his eyes were concerning. I'd seen hostility directed toward the media at other Trump rallies, but this man had a seething, piercing look to his gaze. He looked like he wanted to act on his rage.

President Trump took the stage as



January 5, 2021: The day before the breach on the U.S. Capitol, Trump supporters gather at Freedom Plaza near the White House in protest of the 2020 presidential election results.

Photo by Kenny Holston, for The New York Times; NPPA member since 2008

the event's final speaker. He exhorted the crowd to "never give up" and said, "We will never concede." Perhaps the most consequential statement Trump made that day was instructing what had become a volatile mob to march down Pennsylvania Avenue to the U.S. Capitol. As I watched the crowd disperse from the Ellipse just south of the White House, I couldn't have imagined what would happen, but I knew it was not going to be good. By the time we packed up our gear from the site of the rally, I started hearing reports of rioters breaching the grounds

of the Capitol.

As I drove back to our CNN bureau, not far from the Capitol, I saw a group of about 15 people dressed in paramilitary garb yelling at Trump supporters walking in the opposite direction. One man angrily shouted, "You need to be walking in this direction if you want to take back our country." Over the next few hours, I could only watch our live broadcast as thousands took part in a violent rampage. I could only witness the unfolding event from afar. Police had formed a security perimeter that extended blocks around

the Capitol grounds.

That security perimeter turned into a fortress. During the period between Jan. 6 and the inauguration on Jan. 20, parts of the city around the White House and Capitol were fortified with 25,000 National Guard troops, armored vehicles and 8-foot-high fencing with razor wire. The inauguration of our 46th president, Joseph Biden, happened without incident. It was my eighth inauguration I covered for CNN and the most bizarre. Looking out from the west front of the Capitol where the new president is sworn in, there are usually tens of thousands of people gathered along the National Mall to witness the peaceful transition of power. This time, just a small number of invited guests were there to see the ceremony.

On top of the violence that occurred in the preceding days, the country was still grappling with a raging pandemic.

I have worked at CNN for over 32 years, and I have witnessed incredibly historic events. But in the last few years, I've covered two presidential impeachments, the Mueller investigation of an alleged conspiracy between Donald Trump and Russia, Black Lives Matter protests, a worldwide health crisis and an attempted insurrection aimed at overturning an election. I don't know what these events portend for our country. I can only say that it's a privilege to be on the front lines documenting this history for the world to see. ■

Anthony Umrani is a new NPPA member.

Robyn Stevens Brody

Mother and elementary school teacher; aspiring professional photojournalist and new member of the NPPA

My love of photography is deeply rooted in my soul. A childhood gift, a camera, led me to a lifelong hobby, freelance work, and then I captured history.

When I learned of Jan. 6th's "Save America March," I wanted to photograph another layer in our history. I had been documenting COVID-19 shutdowns, civil rights uprisings and the election. This march seemed like a natural event for me to document. I never imagined that I would photograph a riot and capture footage leading to the arrests of domestic terrorists.

The night before the insurrection, I felt unwanted adrenaline. A friend told me, "Be brave," and that became my centering mantra during my unsettling experience. I arrived in D.C. before 7 a.m. Many streets were closed. I was one of the last cars permitted into an empty hotel parking garage on New Jersey Avenue, a few blocks from the Capitol.

My plan was to walk the perimeter of a police line. There was no police line. Discomfort grew. I noticed people in military uniforms, and I stayed close, wrongly thinking that they were soldiers. I soon noticed that their uniforms were not identical. I saw various weapons and "Fuck Antifa" patches. I would later realize that these camouflage-dressed people were not there to protect me but to cause harm to our democracy. I was side-by-side with the Oath Keepers and the Proud Boys, militia affiliates. And then there was me, a small masked woman, without safety gear, a pit in my stomach, and a visible camera with a very long lens.

With apprehension, I walked toward the Ellipse. The crowds kept growing. I heard Rudy Giuliani, once America's beloved mayor and Trump's confidant, say, "Trial by combat." I heard Trump's remarks: The election was stolen. Pence can hopefully do the right thing. And you fine people should march on the Capitol. I was on the landing of the Capitol when Trump's supporters seized the building. Capitol Police shot flash warnings into the crowd, which later turned to rubber bullet shots. The crowd became hostile as events

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14 Days in January
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intensified. A man next to me had a heart attack and collapsed. I just kept shooting. I was on autopilot, aware of my surroundings and knowing that the day would forever change our country. I never found a press pit and did not see many photographers, so I had to capture as much as I could to preserve historical events. And ... I did not know what I was going to do with all of my images.

The Confederate flag waving in front of the Capitol of the United States of America led to my tears. I saw people banging chairs through windows. The lack of respect for our democracy, the pandemic and the delusional conversations I overheard were alarming. Yet I felt generally welcomed to be there. I was offered a granola bar and water; I declined. I was offered help to get up higher on a ledge; I politely refused. I was thanked for being there; I responded that “all history needs to be photographed.”

My safety was compromised. I pushed my way out of the crowd and walked toward the east side of the Capitol. People were there for combat with walkie-talkies, sprays and knives. I saw gun handles and tools for a planned battle. There were more helmets than masks. When they weren't using walkie-talkies, they were using hand signals and whistle calls. They were praying in vain. They had full opaque backpacks and wore bullet-proof vests. They were organized. One man nodded at my camera, and I responded, “Freelance, you?” He said the same. I wished him safety. Later I would recall that interaction when I saw him on the news for being inside the Capitol.

I saw a Capitol Police officer wearing a MAGA hat exit a side door of the Capitol. He appeared to be alone. I had so many questions that I would not ask aloud. I stepped back several times. My lack of smell from surviving COVID-19 did not allow me to detect the tear gas, but my throat burned, and my eyes watered.

I tried inching closer to the east Capitol steps and was afraid. I would step back and photograph from the periphery, but I was missing too much. I could see another photographer at the top of the steps, and I wanted his vantage point, but I was too scared. When I looked up from the bottom of the Capitol steps, I saw a sign in the crowd, “Blacks for Trump,” and I started filming. It was at that moment that I captured the widely seen footage of the militia line ascending the Capitol steps. The crowd sang our national anthem as it violently destroyed democracy. I photo-



graphed a riot, in the capital of America, in 2021. This was a cult gone mad in the middle of a global pandemic revolting against false claims of a stolen election. Militant, racist and anti-Semitic Trump supporters with hatred and lies filled the nation's capital. And my camera and I witnessed this, boots on the ground.

With a sad heart and tired body after eight hours, I was numb to what I was

learning about the realities of the day, and I still am numb. It was devastating to witness the overtaking of our government with our Capitol under siege.

At home, for the first time, I posted my work in a way I have never posted before. Someone picked up an Instagram thread of my video and photos, and my world changed. Through many stars aligning, gracious and talented people in the industry have been

welcoming and helpful. I am learning how to work with media outlets, share my art and help bring justice to an American atrocity.

BEFORE THE INAUGURATION

Four days before the inauguration, I traveled back to D.C. I wanted to get a lay of the land in person. Washington was

locked down. There was an eerie feeling on the streets. Every intersection was blocked by military trucks and armed guards. Military-grade fencing and barricades were rapidly being installed in more layers. Every storefront, office building and hotel window was boarded up. The graffiti artists had not painted these

January 6, 2021: *Insurrectionists storm the U.S. Capitol as election results were being certified by the House of Representatives.*

*Photo by Carol Guzy
ZUMA Press*

NPPA member since 1979

Story continues on page 78

boards. The streets were empty. It looked like a war zone and not a city in America. Trucks were unloading more military personnel and riot gear.

Flags flew at half-staff in memory of those murdered in the insurrection, except the flag flying above the White House. Signs on Black Lives Matter Plaza fencing called for Trump’s impeachment and denounced domestic terrorism and racism. These images of boarded-up windows and signs of social activism captured a divided country and the necessary planning in response to the aftermath of Trump’s lies and inciting the Capitol riot and insurrection.

INAUGURATION DAY

It was finally Inauguration Day. After capturing the Capitol riot, photographing the Inauguration from the street felt parallel to playing in right field for the Little League team after pitching in Game 7 of the World Series. It was a peaceful transfer of power.

It was quiet in the streets. The few people from the neighborhood cheered when Trump left. There were no crowds. No protesters. No supporters. The pandemic and riot left D.C. streets filled with just military, evangelicals preaching hate and foreign media. The best moment on the ground for me was when I walked back to my car and saw a porch party. I was invited for a celebratory drink.

I have not unpacked what I witnessed on Jan. 6. I try to let the voice of my work speak from the lens of my camera as I document moments in time. The chaos at the Capitol is now part of our America’s fabric. My love for photography has been shared worldwide. I am humbled that my work has been called a public service. I am indebted to the established people in the field who have offered concrete support. I am about to celebrate a milestone birthday. and I am working to embark on my second act in life, a career in photojournalism. Then my goal is to forever pay this forward to support other photojournalists. I have never been able to be still, so I hope to see most of you at a protest, rally or march and in good health. Be brave! ■

Robyn Stevens Brody is a new NPPA member.

Joshua Replogle

CNN photojournalist

Editor’s Note: The following account was originally published by CNN.com as an op-ed on Feb. 8.

Is this how I die?

I am perfectly still. I can’t make a sound. My back is in spasm. I huddle with three others behind a bathroom door. Locked inside a Capitol office suite. We are hiding from the source of the roar filtering through the walls. The voices of thousands who want to hurt me.

As a journalist, I’ve been behind the lens for too many mass casualty events. Am I going to be in one now? Sitting on the floor with my back leaning against the toilet, tile cool through my clothes. Lights are switched off, and there are blinds on the window, but even in the cold, overcast day, it’s bright enough to see.

A colleague gingerly leans over the sill to catch a glimpse of the mob three floors down on the Capitol plaza. He twists the blinds shut with a delicate touch. Quietly. Gasps from a colleague shift my attention. She presses three fingers to her forehead, eyes squeezing shut, a grimace on her face. Crying, but no tears.

Slam. Slam. “Let’s f---ing do this!” They’re at the door. This. Is. It.

The walls don’t feel like protection. They might as well be made of paper. It sounds like these people are in the room with us. They scream and curse. It’s deafening. We hear people trying to burst through the door and enter the office suite.

I hear my producer. “Oh, God.” The adrenaline surge leaves my muscles heavy. My heart beats in my ears. A knot in my stomach holds me down.

I feel like I am finally in the shoes of any number of shooting survivors I’ve interviewed over the years. Their faces, their experiences blur in my mind. This type of fear is something I never understood as a journalist; to fully grasp it, it must be experienced.

Time stands still.

I think of Parkland. I was there, under the Sawgrass Expressway for weeks — working, then, for another news organization — after 17 were shot dead at nearby Marjory Stoneman Douglas High. I talked to the survivors. I got to know parents and friends of the teens whose young lives were cut short. Now I’m in their place. Those kids hiding in a bathroom, praying that the footsteps would move away.

I see their tears. I hear their sobs. I think of the Pulse nightclub mass shooting in 2016. The call came in the middle



January 6, 2021: Locked inside a Capitol office suite bathroom, Kristin Wilson, CNN Capitol Hill producer, checks her phone, with Peder Jessen, left, a freelance photojournalist working for ABC on Jan. 6. Photo by Joshua Replogle, CNN

OK. This is something.

I point my camera out the window as the dam breaks. A flood of people swells and swarms over a barricade and toward the building. It’s like a sea of fish escaping a net — or an invasion.

My fingers can’t call the assignment desk fast enough. I get through to the D.C. line; they tell me I have to call Atlanta. I call CNN headquarters in Atlanta ... OK. Atlanta sees it. My boss is calling. They need this, now.

Other journalists join me looking out the window. There’s talk of being evacuated from the third-floor hallway to inside the chamber “if they get in.” I can hear my producer screaming down the hall. “They’ve breached!”

Suddenly, a normal day on the Hill is anything but. Police scanner radios in the hallway squawk, “Stay away from exterior windows and doors.” I’m defiant, not moving. I keep my eye focused on the crowd from above. I sense running and movement behind me.

My producer is pacing and swearing. My best guess: She’s torn between the increasing danger and attempting to or-

I feel like I am finally in the shoes of any number of shooting survivors I’ve interviewed over the years. Their faces, their experiences blur in my mind. This type of fear is something I never understood as a journalist; to fully grasp it, it must be experienced.

ganize reporting. My focus is outside. The roar builds.

“Josh?... Josh! ... Josh!” My producer pleads with me; she peers around the corner. “What?” I have the shot. I don’t understand. “Josh! Run! Now!”

Is this happening? I freeze for what seems like an eternity. I grab my camera off the window and sprint toward her voice. Tunnel vision. It’s quiet. I can feel my Nikes grip the old carpet as I round the corner. I see a man at the end of the hall waving me in a door. Jolt, click. We’re locked inside.

I often come back to this next moment

in my dreams. The sound of shoulders slamming repeatedly into the door. Crash. Bang. “Let’s f---ing do this!”

What would it be like to be taken? Would I fight? Would I go passive? Would they kill me? What does it feel like to be beaten and trampled? What does it feel like to have a bullet go through my head? I wrestle with this in my sleep. Sometimes I dream my children are with me and I have to protect them.

The door held. Time seemed to pass. Hours seemed like seconds. It got quiet.

Police came to escort us out. On the trip through the Capitol basement, I smelled tear gas. Hallways normally filled with business suits were now the front lines of war, a staging area for soldiers. Not the Capitol I recognize.

I’ve focused my lens on any number of terrible news situations over the years. In those moments, the lens protects me. It’s work. Not this time. This time I felt the fear so many have tried to explain to me. ■

Joshua Replogle is a new NPPA member.

Photos and stories continue on the next page

14 Days in January

January 6, 2021:
*A police munition explodes
at the Capitol in Washington,
D.C.*

*Photo by Leah Millis
REUTERS*



14 Days in January

January 6, 2021:
Police clash with rioters who
breached security and entered
the Capitol.

Photo by Mostafa Bassim
Independent photographer,
Washington, D.C.

NPPA member since 2020





January 6, 2021:
Security forces draw their guns
as rioters try to break into the
House Chamber in the U.S. Capitol.

Photo by J. Scott Applewhite
Associated Press



January 6, 2021:
People shelter in the House gallery
as rioters try to break into the
House Chamber inside the U.S.
Capitol.

Photo by Andrew Harnik
Associated Press

NPPA member since 2007

14 Days in January

January 6, 2021:

Members of Congress run for cover as a mob tries to enter the House Chamber. A joint session of Congress was being held to ratify President-elect Joe Biden's 306-232 Electoral College win over President Donald J. Trump.

Photo by Drew Angerer
Getty Images



14 Days in January

January 6, 2021:
A rioter hangs from the balcony
in the Senate Chamber.
Photo by Win McNamee
Getty Images





January 6, 2021: Richard Barnett sits inside the office suite of U.S. Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi. Barnett, 60, from Arkansas, pleaded not guilty on Feb. 5 to seven counts from the riot during an arraignment in federal court. Photo by Saul Loeb, AFP



January 6, 2021: Rioters breached security and the office of Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi inside the U.S. Capitol as Congress ratified the 2020 Electoral Vote Certification. Photo by Saul Loeb, AFP

14 Days in January Continued from previous page

Saul Loeb

Agence France-Presse

Going into Jan. 6 and the period before Inauguration Day on the 20th, we all knew that things would be unpredictable — the writing was on the wall ever since election night in November, and in some ways since election night in 2016. And once then-President Donald Trump became fixated on the Electoral College certification by Congress on the 6th, we knew it was going to be quite the day. But nobody could've imagined what happened.

On the 6th, I was part of a large team of AFP photographers who were spread throughout Washington, D.C., covering various aspects of the certification process and events around it, including Trump's rally near the White House. My individual assignment was to photograph the joint session of Congress and the other happenings inside the U.S. Capitol building. My AFP colleagues would cover the rally and

any protests that would happen outside.

After covering the “main event” — the joint session itself in the House Chamber — it soon became apparent that things outside the building were not going as expected. Word started spreading that a group of protesters had taken over the stands set up for the presidential inauguration on the west front. I found a vantage point through a window to photograph them outside of the building but didn't think much of it other than just getting a quick photo. I figured they were still outside the building, so of course, that's where the protest would stay.

But an announcement was soon made over the Capitol's security system telling everyone there was a security situation and to shelter in place wherever you are, which happened to be in a room of photographers. As a photojournalist, that's the last thing you want anyone to tell you: “There's a newsworthy situation happening close to you, but you have to stay inside this near-windowless room and don't go try to find it.” For better or worse, we ignored the directive, and we encountered a group of a dozen or so protesters

yelling and shouting outside the doors to the Senate Chamber. Working quickly, I photographed them as they engaged with police, while also sending photos directly from my camera back to my editors. It soon became apparent that this was just the tip of the iceberg.

Soon, I moved from outside the Senate Chamber toward the Rotunda, where there were seemingly hundreds and hundreds of Trump supporters streaming in from every direction. I saw little in the way of any police. They were climbing on top of the statues, taking selfies, waving Trump flags, wearing MAGA hats. It was clear the situation was out of control. The piercing alarms of the building's security system were the only thing louder than the insurrectionists' shouts.

After working the Rotunda for about 15 minutes — all the while transmitting photos as fast I could from my cameras — I tried to make my way back toward the Senate side of the Capitol. But this hallway was now blocked by police in riot gear, firing tear gas canisters at the insurrectionists to keep them back. So I tried the other way, toward the House Chamber. Same

thing: tear gas in the air, people running back to the Rotunda.

It was then that I saw people walking into the office suite of Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi. By this point, I had buddied up with Jim Lo Scalzo, a good friend working for EPA, so we could watch each other's backs and make sure we stayed safe in this unpredictable situation. It was immediately apparent how bad things had gotten: There were Trump supporters all throughout Pelosi's offices. Sitting at desks. Looking at computers. Rifling through drawers. They were making themselves at home.

This isn't supposed to be happening. It was like I was experiencing the inside of a movie. Never in my wildest dreams would insurrectionists take over the U.S. Capitol. My assignment that day was supposed to be a routine political event, not an attempted coup. I knew eventually the police would get the situation under control. Right? That's what is always supposed to happen. But this was already a day of things happening that aren't supposed to happen.

At the direction of some flustered Capitol Police, we ended up spending a

good chunk of the afternoon barricaded and locked inside an office tucked away in a hidden hallway on the third floor of the Capitol. A Police SWAT team clearing the building eventually found us and led us to a secure location elsewhere on the Hill where we could figure out what to do next. As the evening wore on, it became apparent that Congress would reconvene in a show of resilience and finish the certification process. Escorted back into the Capitol itself, past the broken glass, on the floors slippery with remnants of tear gas and the smell of chemical irritants still in the air, I finished the job I was there to do when the day started. Around 3:45 a.m. the next morning, Vice President Mike Pence announced Joe Biden had been officially certified as the next president.

Exactly one week later, on Jan. 13, the House impeached President Trump. Again, I was assigned to cover the happenings inside the U.S. Capitol. Unlike the week before, this time, there were National Guard troops everywhere. Literally everywhere you would look. In the Rotunda. Sleeping next to statues. Lined up in the U.S. Capitol Visitor Center. Inside the

building. Outside the building. Everywhere. There was a nonscalable fence now surrounding the entire complex. It couldn't have been more different.

And exactly one week later, again I was assigned to cover the political events happening at the U.S. Capitol. But this time, there was even more fencing. Multiple layers, some with razor wire. A security perimeter that stretched through most of the downtown core. National Guard standing every 6 feet. Countless credential checks. And yet, it was eerily quiet. There was hardly anyone around. Few could attend because of coronavirus restrictions. Things might have been different than usual, but somehow it still felt the same as it did every four years. Despite everything that had happened over the previous two Wednesdays, the Hill in some ways felt normal again. Shortly before noon, I photographed the swearing-in of Vice President Kamala Harris and President Joe Biden.

What a two weeks it had been. ■

Stories continue on the next page



January 6, 2021: Adam Johnson, 36, carries the lectern of U.S. Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi through the Rotunda of the U.S. Capitol. Johnson was arrested and jailed in Pinellas County, Florida, on Jan. 8 on a federal warrant and charged with three counts. He was released on a \$25,000 signature bond on Jan. 11 and will appear in court in Washington, D.C.

Photo by Win McNamee
Getty Images



January 6, 2021: U.S. Capitol Police hold rioters at gun-point near the House Chamber inside the U.S. Capitol.

Photo by Andrew Harnik
Associated Press

NPPA member since 2007



January 6, 2021: Members of the Capitol Police look through a smashed window after they pushed rioters out of the building.

Photo by Mostafa Bassim
Independent photographer, Washington, D.C.

NPPA member since 2020

Stories continue on the next page

January 6, 2021:

Rioters attempt to breach the north side of the U.S. Capitol during a day of protests. Congress was in a joint session to certify the Electoral College vote for Joe Biden after weeks of legal challenges and baseless claims of fraud by President Trump and his supporters.

Photo by Victor J. Blue
For Bloomberg News

NPPA member since 2006



Victor J. Blue

For Bloomberg News

On the scaffold facing the west side of the Capitol, a Whatsapp message made it through the thicket of competing sim cards to my phone and said, “Breaches on the East Side.” Sometimes when covering large, chaotic stories I make what assigning editors call “bad news judgments.” For some reason on Jan. 6, I abandoned precedent and told my colleagues Dakota Santiago and Adam Gray, “We have to go.”

We had followed the crowds along Pennsylvania Avenue from the Ellipse, most of whom didn’t wait for the end of the president’s speech. They began marching right after his exhortation to “fight like hell.” We followed as they made their way to the foot of the U.S. Capitol, as they leaned on the first barricades, as they pushed them over, as they had assaulted police with a brazen viciousness I have never seen in this country. And we had followed as they swarmed onto the apron erected in anticipation of the inauguration two weeks away.

Without credentials or approval from the Senate Press Gallery, the three of us had scaled the center stand, erected for other photographers, who would document the swearing-in of the new president. We had a clear and unobstructed view of the chaos.

A friend commented later that a photograph I made from that position “looked like a picture from the Civil War.” I think what she meant was that the heaving crowd, the swaying battle flags, and the close-quarters combat recalled the kind of mannerist illustration we associate with Gettysburg or Antietam. But what strikes me now is less how the visual cues stir such a comparison than how the historical echoes do. Certainly, the exploding flash-bang grenades, the clouds of gas and pepper spray washing over the crowd, the platoons of grown white men punching police officers with impunity, all looked like war. But it was the meaning of it -- the temerity, the seething sense of grievance and revanchism -- that made the scene impossible to mistake for anything but another skirmish in this country’s long



war against its darkest impulses. It was a battle in defense of what the writer Ta-Nehisi Coates calls our “bloody heirloom.” It is hard to overstate how aware we were in that moment of the historic importance and the metaphoric power of what was happening below us. It was part of the surreality of the day, the dreamy quality that clings to my memory of it still.

That this impulse transformed so quickly and so inexorably from “protest” to armed attack surprised few of my colleagues who had covered the brutal street brawls at the two previous MAGA mobilizations in D.C. on Dec. 12 and Nov. 14, or the vitriolic Stop the Steal protests in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, or the days

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Protesters battle with law enforcement as they attempt to breach the west side of the U.S. Capitol during a day of protests against the certification of President-elect Joe Biden's victory.

Photo by Victor J. Blue, for Bloomberg News



January 6, 2021: Jacob Chansley, who calls himself the "QAnon Shaman," was arrested in Phoenix, his hometown, on Jan. 9. He pleaded not guilty to six felony charges. Chansley released a statement in February saying that he has "re-evaluated his life since being jailed for over a month on charges stemming from the Jan. 6 riot and realizes he shouldn't have entered the Capitol building."

Photo by Victor J. Blue, for Bloomberg News

14 Days in January
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of angry shouting during the vote count in Philadelphia. I was at all of these. For weeks the snowballing denial, the escalating violence of political speech was building on itself, leading to something. We did not know what.

The three of us descended the scaffolding into the mob and made our way around the north side of the complex. As we rounded the corner, a line of police melted away and we followed the chants to the East Front. It was also engulfed with people as we climbed the steps into the center of the surging crowd.

At 2:25 p.m. the rioters fought off the handful of police, breached the majestic Columbus Doors, and I was carried within a crush of bodies into the Capitol Rotunda. I craned my neck in wonder at the dome above me and the massive historical paintings hanging on the curved walls. For a moment I paused and shared the astonishment of the rioters with the grandeur and solemnity of the architecture as I realized that, like many of them, I was setting foot in this building for the first time in my life.

A defining aspect of the rioters I accompanied, as they felt their way through their chaos, was their confusion. Their confused anger, their confused aims, and their confused criminality reflected

the wider suspension of critical faculties that had characterized the Stop the Steal movement -- hell, the last four years of our nation's political life. They no longer knew exactly who to believe, and no one knew where to go.

They milled around the Rotunda, some pulled down velvet ropes while others set them back up. Some wanted to vandalize the art while others tried to protect it. Some seemed almost immediately chastened by the audacity of breaking into Congress. Others were drunk with power and possibility and called for further violence. All of them chanted for the restoration of the Trump administration. Bewildered or clear-eyed, the one thing that all of them understood implicitly was that they had the numbers. They were thousands, and there was no law enforcement entity in the country that was going to use the lethal force required to repel that many white people.

We followed a group that headed south out of the Rotunda, through the Statuary Hall and piled up against the doors to the House Chamber. The crowd swelled and pressed into the doors. Those of us behind were unaware that Capitol guards had their guns drawn on the other side, trained on the rioters peering through the broken glass. Periodically, the mob yelled "Push!!!" and crushed against the doors, but they could not make it through. They pulled back, took a right and then another



January 6, 2021: Rioters assault a Capital Police officer as they attempt to breach the U.S. Capitol. More than 300 people have been charged in the riots that resulted in five deaths. Photo by Victor J. Blue, for Bloomberg News

We were maybe 12 feet back from the doors. I heard the shot but I did not see it, and I did not see Ashli Babbitt, a 35-year-old Air Force veteran, drop from the window. I looked around thinking it was a flash-bang grenade and simultaneously realizing I had seen no flash, only bang, and no smoke. The crowd began to shout, "They killed her!" I remember again the confusion, now shared by the police gathered on the landing, who had leveled their rifles at the unclear threat then shouted at everyone to move back. A group of rioters

grabbed hands and made an impromptu circle and began to pray out loud. Others called, "Media! Media! Get up here, show what they did!"

After another beat, we moved up and photographed her on the white marble floor. A Capitol riot officer pressed down on her mortal wound with all his weight. He was unable to keep enough of her blood inside, and she seemed to expire right there. They whisked her down a staircase, and slowly the stunned mob turned and headed back the way they

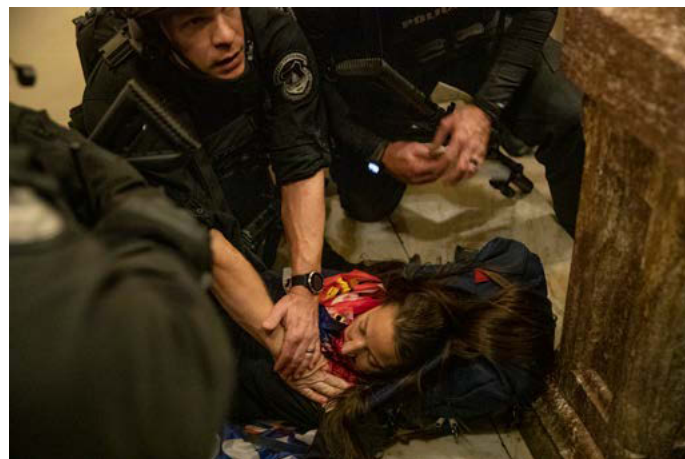
came. It was easy to imagine a different reaction -- that her killing could have sparked a murderous turn. But there was a sadness and resignation in their step and the confusion returned. It was the one moment of that day I remember feeling something in common with the people I was covering. We had shared the experience of violent death and were forever witnesses to its mystery. A mutual experience of grim finality.

The quiet lasted only minutes. As the

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Left and right: Rioters milled around the Rotunda, some pulled down velvet ropes while others set them back up. Some wanted to vandalize the art while others tried to protect it. They marched along the chamber and beat on tall wooden doors.



Left and right: A crowd swelled and piled up against the doors to the House Chamber. Ashli Babbitt was shot while trying to go through a window. "We were maybe 12 feet back from the doors. I heard the shot but I did not see it," writes Victor J. Blue. "I remember the confusion, now shared by the police gathered on the landing, who had leveled their rifles at the unclear threat then shouted at everyone to move back." A police officer tried to stop the bleeding.

Photos by Victor J. Blue, for Bloomberg News

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remaining rioters filed out, they realized they were being herded toward another door by reinforcements from the D.C. Metro Police, who had adopted a less accommodating posture. An epic brawl ensued. Tired of being bested all day, the police unleashed on the mob. Rioters heads snapped back from the blows of nightsticks as they swung wildly at the officers and tried in vain to hold their ground. I remember looking up at the House seal in the frosted glass above a pair of heavy bronze doors and a few seconds later, I was blinking and stumbling in the light, shoved out of the Capitol with the rioters.

The day wasn't over.

We quickly ran to file pictures, regrouped on the north side of the Capitol,

and were engulfed in more fighting as the mob tried to reenter. It seemed to go on forever until finally, it was over. As dusk fell, police reinforcements established a perimeter and slowly pushed the mob from the Capitol grounds

I don't know what it meant to enter the Capitol with the mob of pro-Trump rioters. We had ridden the wave of their rage deep into the building until it crested and broke over the shooting of one of their own. Five people died that day. Even now it is impossible to divine if their deaths end something or mark the beginning of something else.

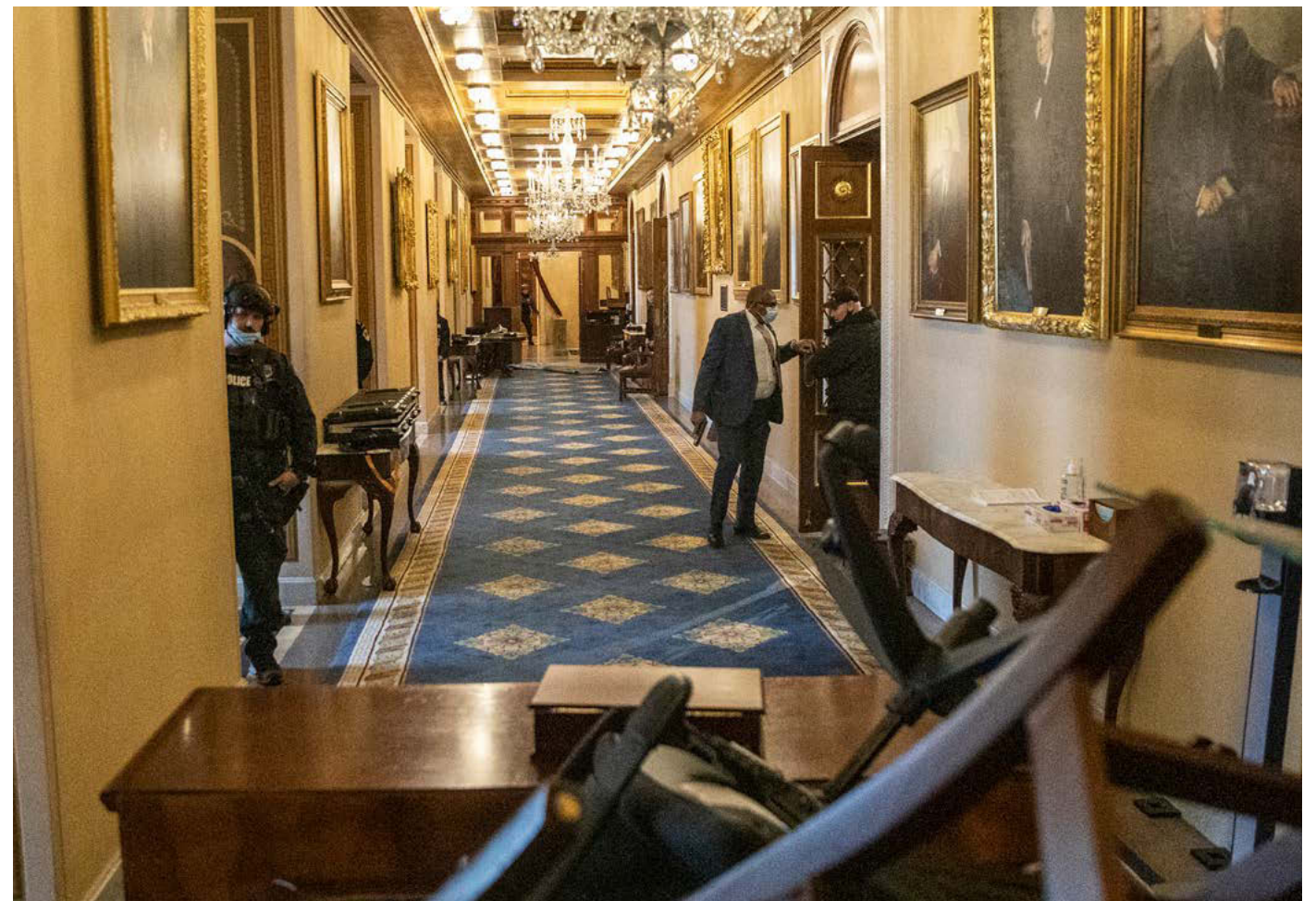
In the weeks since I've looked over my pictures as I've listened to the country's rage and disbelief, but also its denial and justification. I've tried to leave the anger and recrimination to others. For my part, I am left with the certainty that once again photojournalism did its job with

bravery and distinction. I am awed by the calm cool intelligence and grace of my colleagues who were brutally assaulted, both inside and outside the Capitol. I am amazed by the pictures people made in such a dangerous, fluid scene that required daring and courage to navigate. But trying to understand what it means? It feels like trying to focus your eyes on a dark horizon. The harder you look, the farther on it stretches back. It's just too soon, at least, for me, to know. The strongest impression I can identify from Jan. 6 is the sensation of trying to keep moving, to get to the end of it and see. To make it through. ■

Victor J. Blue is an independent photographer based in Brooklyn, New York. He was working for Bloomberg News on Jan. 6. He can be reached at vic@victorblue.com and @victorblue on Instagram. He has been an NPPA member since 2006.



Left and right: Capitol police stand by after Ashli Babbitt was taken down a staircase. "The stunned mob turned and headed back the way they came," writes Victor Blue. "But there was a sadness and resignation in their step and the confusion returned."



Moments after Ashli Babbitt was shot in an area leading to the Speaker's Lobby of the Capitol, police and officials walk through the hallways where furniture was used as barricades to keep out the rioters.



January 6, 2021:
Protesters destroy broadcast
video equipment outside the
U.S. Capitol after storming
the building during a day of
protests against the certifi-
cation of President-elect Joe
Biden's election.

Photo by Victor J. Blue
For Bloomberg News

Carol Guzy

ZUMA Press

In a word, surreal ...

That was the feeling described by photojournalists covering the Jan. 6 insurrection and aftermath at the U.S. Capitol. Conflict photographers usually traveled to foreign countries to cover events now occurring in their own backyard.

My day began before dawn at the Ellipse documenting a “Save America” rally where President Donald Trump urged followers to march down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol saying, “If you don’t fight like hell, you won’t have a country anymore.” His personal attorney Rudy Giuliani urged the crowd to embrace “trial by combat.” Earlier in the speech, Trump instructed supporters to turn and berate the media with claims of fake news and “enemy of the people.”

I covered the chaos that ensued late in the day but did not bear witness to the worst of an unruly mob that my colleagues documented, showing grace under fire to produce powerful images during this tragic moment in our nation’s history. Could not be more proud of them. They upheld the First Amendment, which is at the core of this democracy, even though many were threatened or assaulted. We are not the enemy. This dangerous rhetoric must stop. Enough.

Looking over the scene on the west steps from my perch on an inaugural riser, I initially felt profoundly heartsick that the divisiveness in our country turned this corner. But afterward, I moved on to second-guessing every decision made that day and beating myself up for staying far too long at the Ellipse and arriving so late



at the Capitol after pushing through the massive crowd. Information was sketchy, phone service went out and gut instincts I’ve depended on forever were inexplicably dulled. Of course, safety is paramount, but working as a photojournalist for a lifetime, our crucial role is to visually document. Having an off day on a day of infamy is tough and adds another layer of regret to such sad events. It seems many other journalists are also questioning their coverage, and we may soon have a meeting to discuss the emotional trauma of that day and embrace ways to be gentle with ourselves. Hindsight is 20/20, but it’s important to appreciate that we all photographed an invaluable piece of the puzzle during these tumultuous times. After fervently watching videos and studying every image now seared into our collective memory, it was shocking there wasn’t even more bloodshed.

TIME TO MOVE ON AND RECORD AFTERMATH.

D.C. became an armed fortress. Over 25,000 National Guard troops marched through the halls of Congress brandishing weapons; fences and razor wire surrounded the Capitol; empty streets held an air of foreboding amid threats of further violence by extremists. Our Hill press credentials became gold, allowing us access to protected zones. Signs of the riot remained, such as the two windows shattered in doors leading to the Rotunda. We make pictures through that glass symbolizing a new world order in our city. Memorial flowers are a bittersweet juxtaposition to the barbed wire at the fence. An image I made earlier this year of the Peace Monument at the Capitol becomes more symbolic: "Grief lays her head on the shoulder of History in mourning." On Jan. 6 that statue was covered

in flag-waving protesters. Photographs of National Guard members are widely published: loading ammo into magazines, resting on floors of the U.S. Capitol and climbing a spiral staircase past a statue of George Washington. “Good Morning, ma’am” echoes as we pass soldiers guarding the sacred grounds of our democracy. They all volunteered for this duty.

The nation held its breath as the inauguration of President Joe Biden and VP Kamala Harris took place under heavy guard, then breathed a shared sigh of relief after it remained peaceful. Layers of different credentials made it impossible to cover anything but the one held around your own neck. Even the National Mall was off limits to most press, and there were no joyous crowds as in the past. But from my riser position on the same west steps as Jan. 6, I was able to document that first draft of history, especially as Ka-

mala Harris raised her hand and became the first female VP and woman of color to hold this high office. Especially poignant were the words of youth poet laureate Amanda Gorman, offering fragile sprigs of hope:

*“For there is always light,
if only we’re brave enough to see it
If only we’re brave enough to be it”*

The air feels lighter at this moment. As a winter storm blankets D.C., troops make a snowman named Private Snowball and tenderly feed local wildlife in eloquent acts of humanity. They gaze with awe at the grandeur of the Rotunda, take group portraits on the east steps and comment about being part of history. Senate Minority Leader Mitch McConnell signed the prosthetic leg of one soldier, and there were countless thank-you messages for

January 14, 2021: Memorial flowers are a bittersweet juxtaposition to the barbed wire fence and National Guard troops providing security at the U.S. Capitol in Washington D.C. for the upcoming inauguration of President-elect Joe Biden.

Photo by Carol Guzy
ZUMA Press

NPPA member since 1979

their services. A delicate bird perches on the razor wire — a reflection of war and innocence. Caution tape dangles from majestic tree limbs. Some fences came down, the memorial flowers have withered, and people gather again on the Mall.

An especially warm vibe prevails as folks bring their children and dogs to view artwork of Kamala depicting the shattered glass of the ceiling she broke. They remark how different the ambiance is of a city under siege this past month. “It’s been a long couple of years,” said Julia Fiedler emotionally as she wept looking at the portrait.

But reminders endure, as Capitol Police Officer Brian Sicknick lies in honor in the Rotunda, his death a result of the riotous actions of the mob. Fellow officers give a final salute as the hearse takes his remains to rest.

Photographers run through corridors making pictures of Rep. Marjorie Taylor Greene, R-Ga. as a vote removes her from committee assignments due to her remarks considered racist and violent, with conspiracy theories, including unproven claims of a fraudulent election and QAnon beliefs, also laced through the many MAGA rally participants. Uneasiness remains about whether this new normal will hold unrelenting fears of domestic terrorism. On January 13, House managers walked the article of impeachment against Donald Trump alleging incitement of insurrection to the Senate Chambers as the historic second trial begins.

And we document ... ■

Stories continue on the next page

Chris Post

WFMZ Photojournalist

This is my second inauguration. I covered the inauguration of Trump working for AP, where I was also the pool camera for the Armed Services Ball and obviously also for Biden working for my station, WFMZ in Allentown, Pennsylvania.

Being there and seeing the differences, the almost vacant streets of D.C., few to no protesters, no one selling stuff on the streets, very, very few public attendees and the overall quietness of D.C. was very eerie and reminiscent of the tragedy that happened with the insurrection at the Capitol a few weeks before.

The last time I had seen that many military/law enforcement personnel deployed to an American city was when I covered the death of Freddie Gray and the civil unrest that took place in Baltimore.

Here are some thoughts.

1. Access was nonexistent unless you were a network or a wire service. The credentials did not get approved, and following the events on Jan. 6, we were told that might not happen and to not count on them. This put us in a really weird position because we were still planning to cover the inauguration, but now we would have to do so from outside the green zone.

2. Logistics for covering the inauguration were greatly compounded by the events of Jan. 6. After my news director participated in an online Zoom session sponsored by AP on the preparations and safety recommendations for field crews, he turned to me and asked me: Do we have everything we need?

Because of the safety training classes that I conduct, I have lots of extra helmets, eye protection and stuff like that in my storage area. The only thing I had to scrounge for at the last minute was two ballistic vests. I worry, though, for local stations that do not have a conduit to safety equipment or somebody like me who has access to that type of stuff. I wondered: Would they go anyway and risk a lot, not taking any safety precautions, just to go and get a story?

The other logistical element that was different from any other previous inauguration was that there were no places open to grab a quick drink, a coffee or tea or something like that and/or a quick snack. We had to take appropriate measures to make sure we had snacks and drinks to keep hydrated while we were out walking. Even though it was a cool, comfortable environment, it was quite physically exhausting having to walk around outside all the extra fencing. I walked about 22 miles on

Inauguration Day and the day before.

3. Staffing/communications: My station decided to send a three-person crew to cover the inauguration. Under normal conditions, it would just be a photojournalist and a reporter, but conditions from Jan. 6 changed a lot and how we looked at functional reporting and safety. For the 2021 inauguration, it was me as the field producer/safety adviser, an on-camera reporter and a photojournalist.

On the way home we all talked about how useful it was to have a three-person crew, even if it was something as simple as calling in to master control to help the photojournalist set up the live shot. We did about 18 live hits and cut three paks in the field on Inauguration Day.

Having an extra set of eyes there allows them to do what they do best, and they did not have to directly focus on watching what was happening around them while they were live.

I had major concerns about communication because of what I had heard: Reports where cellular infrastructure collapsed or was turned off during the Jan. 6 incident. I carried a satellite phone in my backpack as a backup means of communication, and we had a plan in place if my reporter had to do a phoner back to the station where, given the situation of no cell infrastructure, we might not be able to use our LiveU transmitter. We even had a graphic in the can, and should this have happened, we could've switched from a traditional live shot to a phone in a matter of seconds.

I also carried a Garmin satellite tracker beacon as well that was set to ping every 10 minutes, and our news desk had visibility where we were every 10 minutes. Instead of asking us what intersection we were at, they could easily look at a map and get a general idea of where we are in the city. That helps reduce the number of questions from our news desk and/or producers.

We also used small walkie-talkies between myself and the photojournalist. I didn't necessarily have to be up on top of them to keep an eye out, but as long as I was close by, I could see what was happening. I could watch the people around them, and if I saw something suspicious, I could whisper into his earpiece and tell him what was going on or what I was seeing. ■

Chris Post has been an NPPA member since 2010.

Stories and photos continue on the next page



January 6, 2021: While the joint session of the 117th Congress convened late at night to ratify the Electoral College votes, pepper spray and shattered bulletproof glass remains on the East Door as a reminder of the violent breach of the building earlier in the day.

Photo by Kent Nishimura, Los Angeles Times

NPPA member since 2009



January 8, 2021:

Shared widely on social media, photojournalists Leah Millis, left, and Jacquelyn Martin, wrote about seeing one another for the first time since Jan. 6. "If I could, I would put on full PPE to hug all of my DC colleagues today. Love you all," Millis wrote on Facebook. "Hug your friends (masked and breath held), especially this week. Thanks Pat for the photo and Leah for the hug," wrote Martin.

Photo by Patrick Semansky
Associated Press

14 Days in January

January 11, 2021:

National Guard troops eat breakfast on the steps to the House of Representatives on the U.S. Capitol grounds as heightened security measures are in place following the insurrection on Jan. 6 and in preparation for the Jan. 20 inauguration of President-elect Joe Biden.

*Photo by Kent Nishimura
Los Angeles Times*

NPPA member since 2009





January 14, 2021:
National Guard troops from New York City get a tour through the Rotunda of the U.S. Capitol and are given explanations about the historic artwork. They were part of the defensive security build-up leading up to the inauguration of President-elect Joe Biden.

Photo by David Burnett
©2020 Contact Press Images

NPPA member since 1967

David Burnett

Contact Press Images

I came to the Capitol as a photographer for the first time in the summer of 1967, working for Time magazine on what would now be called an “internship.” My mentor Wally Bennett, Time’s D.C. staff photographer, brought me up to the Hill to show me around and get me introduced to the Senate Press Photographers’ Gallery staff.

It was still a time when not only the senators, but witnesses and even photographers (most of whom were of the old “male” guard) could be found smoking a stogie just down the hall, leaving large clouds of almost sweet-smelling smoke behind them. Having been introduced to that anachronistic version of the Capitol, I nonetheless never felt anything but the same kind of awe and amazement of presence that I felt at the Supreme Court or the White House, every time I entered.

There was something about the place that inspired an appreciation of history, and a desire to understand, amid the dozens of marble statues to those who had gone before, so much of what had taken place for nearly 200 years. The Capitol was a sacred place. It was one of those buildings that you felt the rules which often seemed silly about where you could and couldn’t photograph might actually make sense since you were dealing with such a historic place.

Never in all these 50-plus years could I imagine that Americans would treat the place with such overt disrespect. I was away during Jan. 6, and like so many others, felt that the aggression which took place that day was wholly un-American, at the very least. Even watching on television, early on, a live shot of the Rotunda, of people walking through, moving the stanchion ropes angered me. It was the disrespect and lack of appreciation, which only built during the day. And like millions of others, it was something I couldn’t believe really happened. Each story describing the trashing of the building seemed worse than the last.

When I finally arrived in the city for the inauguration, on Jan. 13, I was amazed at how the Capitol had been cleaned and repaired. Surrounded by National Guard, and with hundreds of them sleeping in the Visitor Center, it had a surreal element that has not completely gone away. More than anything, I was shocked by the shattered glass door in the Rotunda, the one facing east, toward the Supreme Court. Walking by the geometric design of broken glass stopped me every time. It was as if there had been at least one place where the vandals were unable to enter despite their attack. With the rest of the Rotunda cleaned for the upcoming inaugural, the power of that broken door made an impression. As I made a photograph, I was hoping that somehow the congressional leaders might decide to leave that one door in a fractured state so that the memory of Jan. 6 might never be dismissed.

In the many times I have wandered through the Rotunda, the ceiling a giant round dome replete with artwork, I have found myself looking up, and looking around me at those who are looking up. It wasn’t until I came through the day after the broken door that I found a group of New York state National Guard troops being given a personalized tour of the Capitol by one of the staff. For once, in a short moment, everyone was looking up, trying to take in the paintings overhead, engrossed in looking at the things that they were, essentially, there to defend. Beyond them was the nearly life-size rendering of the surrender of Cornwallis to Washington at Yorktown. Somehow, this group of young soldiers, there to defend the Capitol, seemed to be in exactly the right place. ■

David Burnett has been an NPPA member since 1967.

January 14, 2021:
*A broken window
off the Rotunda of
the U.S. Capitol is a
reminder of the attack
there the week before,
with the U.S. Supreme
Court in the distance.*

*Photo by
David Burnett
©2020 Contact
Press Images*



'To heal we must remember'

*By Michael M. Santiago
Getty Images*

January 19, 2021:

On the eve of the inauguration, 400 lights surrounded the Reflecting Pool at the Lincoln Memorial to pay tribute to the 400,000 victims of the pandemic nearly one year to the day of the first report of the coronavirus in the United States.

In a moment of silence, from left, Doug Emhoff, Vice President-elect Kamala Harris, Dr. Jill Biden and President-elect Joe Biden take part in a moment of silence as the sun sets.

"To heal we must remember. It's hard sometimes to remember. But that's how we heal. It's important to do that as a nation. That's why we're here today. Between sundown and dusk, let us shine the lights in the darkness along the sacred pool of reflection and remember all whom we lost," Mr. Biden said.

NPPA member since 2015



Salute

By Scott Goldsmith
Independent, Pittsburgh, PA

January 20, 2021:
*Where thousands of people
would usually stand, a
field of flags was placed
on the National Mall for
Inauguration Day.*

NPPA member since 1977

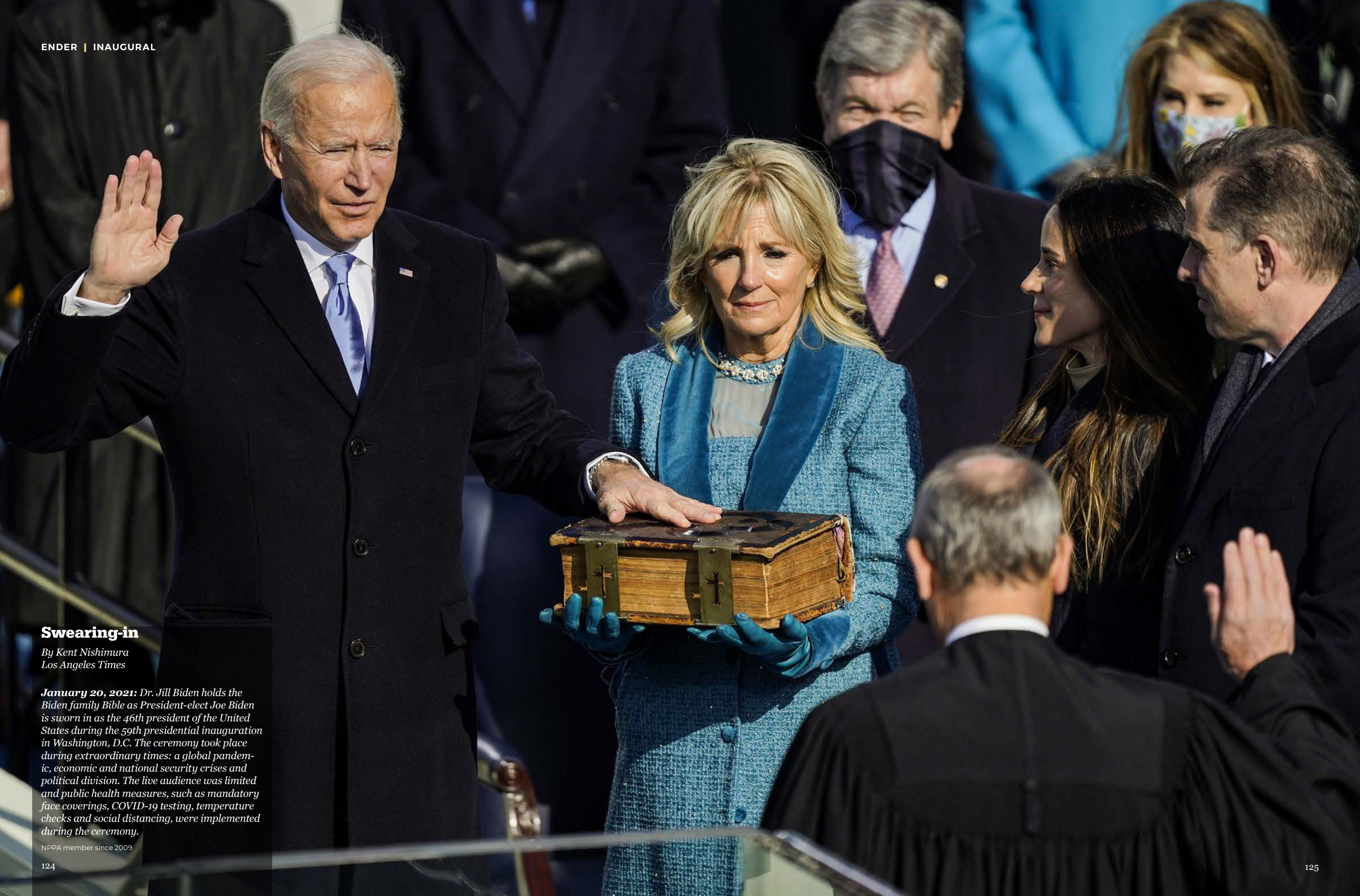




Off to Florida
By Pete Marovich
American Reportage

January 20, 2021: On inauguration morning, President Donald Trump and first lady Melania Trump flew on Air Force One for a final time, arriving at Palm Beach International Airport in Florida. Trump was the first president to skip the swearing-in of a successor. He did not congratulate President-elect Biden nor concede his election loss. The Trumps are living at his Mar-a-Lago Club.

NPPA member since 2000



Swearing-in

By Kent Nishimura
Los Angeles Times

January 20, 2021: Dr. Jill Biden holds the Biden family Bible as President-elect Joe Biden is sworn in as the 46th president of the United States during the 59th presidential inauguration in Washington, D.C. The ceremony took place during extraordinary times: a global pandemic, economic and national security crises and political division. The live audience was limited and public health measures, such as mandatory face coverings, COVID-19 testing, temperature checks and social distancing, were implemented during the ceremony.

NPPA member since 2009



Inspired

By Jonathan Newton
The Washington Post

January 20, 2021: Amanda Gorman recited her poem "The Hill We Climb" during the inauguration. Gorman, 22, the youngest inaugural poet, wrote the poem as a call for "unity and collaboration and togetherness" among American people. She wrote significant passages of the poem on the night of January 6 after the storming of the U.S. Capitol.

NPPA member since 1985

'The Hill We Climb'

Mister President, Dr. Biden, Madam Vice President,
Mister Emhoff, Americans and the world:

When day comes we ask ourselves "where can we find light in this
neverending shade?"
The loss we carry, a sea we must wade
We braved the belly of the beast
We've learned that quiet isn't always peace
And the norms and notions of "what just is" isn't always justice
And yet, the dawn is ours before we knew it
Somehow we do it
Somehow we weathered and witnessed
A nation that isn't broken, but simply unfinished.
We the successors of a country in a time where a skinny Black girl
descended from slaves and raised by
a single mother can dream of becoming president
Only to find herself reciting for one.
And yes we are far from polished, far from pristine
But that doesn't mean we aren't striving to form a union that is perfect.
We are striving to forge a union with purpose
To compose a country committed
To all cultures, colors, characters and conditions of man.
And so we lift our gazes not to what stands between us
But what stands before us.
We close the divide because we know to put our future first
We must first put our differences aside
We lay down our arms
So we can reach out our arms to one another
We seek harm to none and harmony for all
Let the globe if nothing else say, "this is true."
That even as we grieved we grew
That even as we hurt we hoped,
That even as we tired we tried
That we'll be forever tied together victorious
Not because we will never again know defeat,
But because we will never again sow division.
Scripture tells us to envision that everyone shall sit under their own vine
and fig tree,
And no one shall make them afraid.
If we're to live up to our own time,
Then victory won't lie in the blade but in all the bridges we've made,
That is the promise to glade,
The hill we climb.
If only we dare,
It's because being American is more than a pride we inherit
It's the past we step into and how we repair it.
We've seen a force that would shatter our nation rather than share it,

Would destroy our country if it meant delaying democracy.
And this effort very nearly succeeded.
But while democracy can be periodically delayed,
It can never be permanently defeated.
In this truth, in this faith we trust.
For while we have our eyes on the future,
History has its eyes on us.
This is the era of just redemption
we feared at its inception
We did not feel prepared to be the heirs of such a terrifying hour
But within it we found the power to author a new chapter
To offer hope and laughter to ourselves,
So while once we asked "how could we possibly prevail
over catastrophe?"
Now we assert, "How could catastrophe possibly prevail over us?"
We will not march back to what was
But move to what shall be, a country that is bruised but whole,
Benevolent but bold,
Fierce and free.
We will not be turned around or interrupted by intimidation
Because we know our inaction and inertia will be the inheritance of the
next generation.
Our blunders become their burdens
But one thing is certain.
If we merge mercy with might,
And might with right,
Then love becomes our legacy
and change our children's birthright.
So let us leave behind a country better than the one we were left
With every breath from my bronze-pounded chest
We will raise this wounded world into a wondrous one
We will rise from the gold-limned hills of the West
We will rise from the wind-swept Northeast
Where our forefathers first realized revolution
We will rise from the lake-rimmed cities of the Midwestern states
We will rise from the sun-baked South
We will rebuild, reconcile and recover
And every known nook of our nation
And every corner called our country
Our people diverse and beautiful will emerge battered and beautiful.
When day comes we step out of the shade aflame and unafraid.
The new dawn balloons as we free it.
For there is always light, if only we're brave enough to see it.
If only we're brave enough to be it.

— AMANDA GORMAN

History is made

By Yolanda M. James
San Francisco Chronicle

January 20, 2021: In a role traditionally performed by the new president, Vice President Kamala Harris and her husband, Douglas Emhoff, bid farewell to her predecessor, former Vice President Mike Pence, and his wife, Karen, on the U.S. Capitol steps after the inauguration. Since former President Donald Trump opted to skip the ceremonies, Harris and Emhoff stood in for President Joe Biden.

Harris made history by becoming the first Black and South Asian American female vice president of the United States. She is also the first graduate of a historically Black college – Howard University – to do so.

NPPA member since 2014





Fireworks

By Patrick T. Fallon
Agence France-Presse

January 20, 2021: A stunning display of fireworks bursts above the White House as U.S. Secret Service members watch from its roof at the end of Inauguration Day. Television viewers watched Katy Perry sing "Fireworks" as the four-minute pyrotechnic display brought an end to a historic day in America.

NPPA member since 2007

In the fog

By Carol Guzy
ZUMA Press

October 21, 2020:

The U.S. Capitol is shrouded in fog as the nation prepares to vote in a contentious, historic election in Washington, D.C.

At the top of the Peace Monument in front of the Capitol, two female statues represent Grief as she covers her face while History holds a tablet inscribed "They died that their country might live." The sculpture, by Franklin Simmons, was erected from 1877-1878.

NPPA member since 1979

