



## MOBILE VIEWS, FRESH KILLS LANDFILL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUSAN WIDES

SHORTLY BEFORE THE Fresh Kills landfill closed in March 2001, I photographed it by day. Located on Staten Island, it is at the edge of New York City. At night, I made photographs at the glittery center of urban consumption in Manhattan. Together, the pictures explore two poles of the city; the brand names visible among the detritus at the Fresh Kills margin testify to the allure of their origin at the center.

While working at this fifty-three-year-old, twenty-two-hundred-acre landfill—the largest in the world—I was struck by the words of the poet A. R. Ammons: "Garbage has to be the poem of our time because /garbage is spiritual, believable enough /to get our attention, getting in the way . . . what else deflects us from the /errors of our illusionary ways." —S. W.

