

STREET PHOTOGRAPHS / TONY SUTTON

COVER PHOTO: You can't smoke anywhere these days, it seems, but where there's a need, there's a place – outside a Front Street restaurant in Toronto.

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Here and now . . .

IT'S CONTINUALLY STRESSED, certainly in these touchyfeely days of the early 21st century, that it's not quite nice to take pictures of people without first asking permission. But if you do ask, many folks behave as if they're in the company of a potential murderer or child

stealer before stalking off. And should one allow the photographer to take a shot, chances are that it will be artificial: posed, stilted and lifeless.

On the other hand, if he or she doesn't seek permission, the photographer faces insults, harassment – even blows – if they're spotted.

Is the reward worth the risk? Well, yes, is the reply, if following this route means your photographs will be a honest, fleeting and unique reflection of life as it was at a particular place and moment.

This never-likely-to-be-resolved dilemma and accompanying chance of danger help explain why street photography is so addictive: a journalistic contradiction between societal ethics and freedom of expression, between cold artificiality and warm reality.
Street photographers will also claim that there's a certain irony surrounding the issue, considering how

in the name of security – we are continually trapped in the blinking gaze of surveillance cameras, either



the desperate tracking by the state seeking hardly-existent terrorists or the ever-cautious eye of rapacious corporations who have come to see their customers as Enemy Number One, potential shoplifters robbing them of their fat bonuses.

The street photographs in the collection you are looking at fall heavily into the second category. I (that's me

above) don't ask permission before taking photographs, my subjects are unaware of the lens and, because of that, each image offers a singular glimpse of a moment in time, one that will never be repeated. The subjects aren't always at their best – they aren't posing. Like me, they're real people, doing things we all do. Being there.

Tony Sutton (editor@coldtype.net)





GOING TOPLESS: On the beach, it's no problem, as long as you're a guy and you're walking the dog (above). And passersby avert their eyes if you're on a main Toronto thoroughfare (next page). Don't try it if you're a woman, though, because little boys have a habit of staring.







WHERE DID I PARK THAT DAMN BATMOBILE?: Sunday afternoon in Brampton (above). Batman has trouble with his GPS. Not surprising, his car's in Orangeville, 50 kms away (next page).







MAKING THE BIG TIME: It's only a short distance between the Guelph streets (above) and the stage of the Toronto CNE (next page). Next step – to the Air Canada Centre – is the big one.







BAKER, BAKER: What could be better than freshly-baked bread (above)? Nothing, so make your choice and pay the young man with his hands in his apron pocket, looking after the day's takings (next page), at St Jacob's Farmers' Market, near Kitchener, Ontario. Don't plan a trip, though, the place burned down a couple of months after these pictures were taken.







ALONE, TOGETHER: Solitary customer in a restaurant attached to a bookstore at Guelph takes advantage of the peace and quiet to get some work done. The couple in a Port Credit, Mississauga, coffee shop (next page) have other, less cerebral, things on their minds.







FORGOTTEN PEOPLE: The poverty-stricken and the homeless share the streets with the richest bankers in Canada on Bay Street, the heart of the city's financial district (above and next page).







EASING THE LOAD: Sometimes those bags are just too heavy (above), so there's time for a break in Toronto's Dundas Square. It's too hot to walk another step (next page, Oakville).







TRAINING WHEELS: Life is all about learning how to stand on your own feet or wheels (above, Bronte Harbour, Oakville). The good news is that, unlike almost everything else in life, cycling gets easier with practice (next page, Toronto waterfront).







LOVE AND HATE: Love means sharing everything, even food from a Georgetown fast-food truck (next page). Hate means no one wants to come near you as this guy discovers as he waits to be served at a burger outlet on the 401 highway between Toronto and Montreal (above).







THE KING IS BACK: Elvis flies like a wounded eagle at Georgetown Farmers' Market (above). \$35 buys you an effigy of the king at St Joseph's Farmers' Market. The elephant is not impressed by the exalted company (next page).







THREE'S COMPANY: Youngsters hang out in Georgetown's Main Street (above). Three old-timers wait for the fourth member of their gang at a Brampton shopping mall (next page).







TRUE LOVE WAYS: Queen Street in Toronto (above) has everything for the discerning man about town, while the lady in his life will find all she needs at Mississauga Flea Market (next page).







WHERE'S THAT TRAIN?: Weary commuter (above) has just missed the subway train, so sits and waits for the next train home. A couple of hours later, this young lady dances impatiently towards the train that will take her to Toronto's entertainment district (next page).







FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS: Elderly ladies share a joke at St Josephs (above), while a pair of shoppers share a seat at the Square One shopping centre in Mississauga (next page).



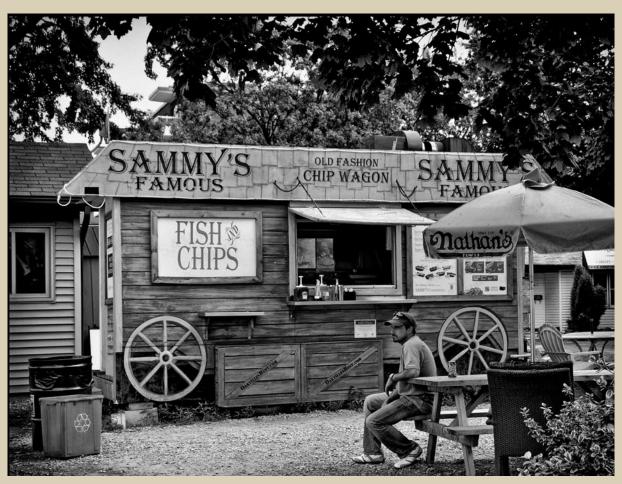




ON THE ROAD: Guy averts his eyes as lady jogger adjusts her shorts on Toronto's lakefront (above). Meanwhile, another jogger (next page) avoids the oncoming motorists at the top of a hill in Georgetown.







FRIES WITH THAT?: Sammy's Chip Wagon awaits the lunch time rush at Oakville (above). Mobile truck feeds a rush of ravenous night-time customers in downtown Toronto (next page).







EATING OUT: Tucking into a big lunchtime sandwich at a Milton coffee shop (above). Waiter tempts potential customers at Square One shopping centre in Mississauga (next page).







IT'S A GUY THING!: Youngster scans the mall plan at a Mississauga shopping centre (above). Old guy gazes in eager anticipation as the roadbridge descends at Hamilton Harbour (next page)





RELAX: There's always time to sit down, light up and take stock.

The photographer: Tony Sutton is the editor of ColdType. A publishing consultant, he previously worked as a journalist on british national newspapers, was editor of Drum magazine in South Africa, design director of Toronto's Globe and Mail newspaper, and head of design at Thomson Newspapers in North America.

