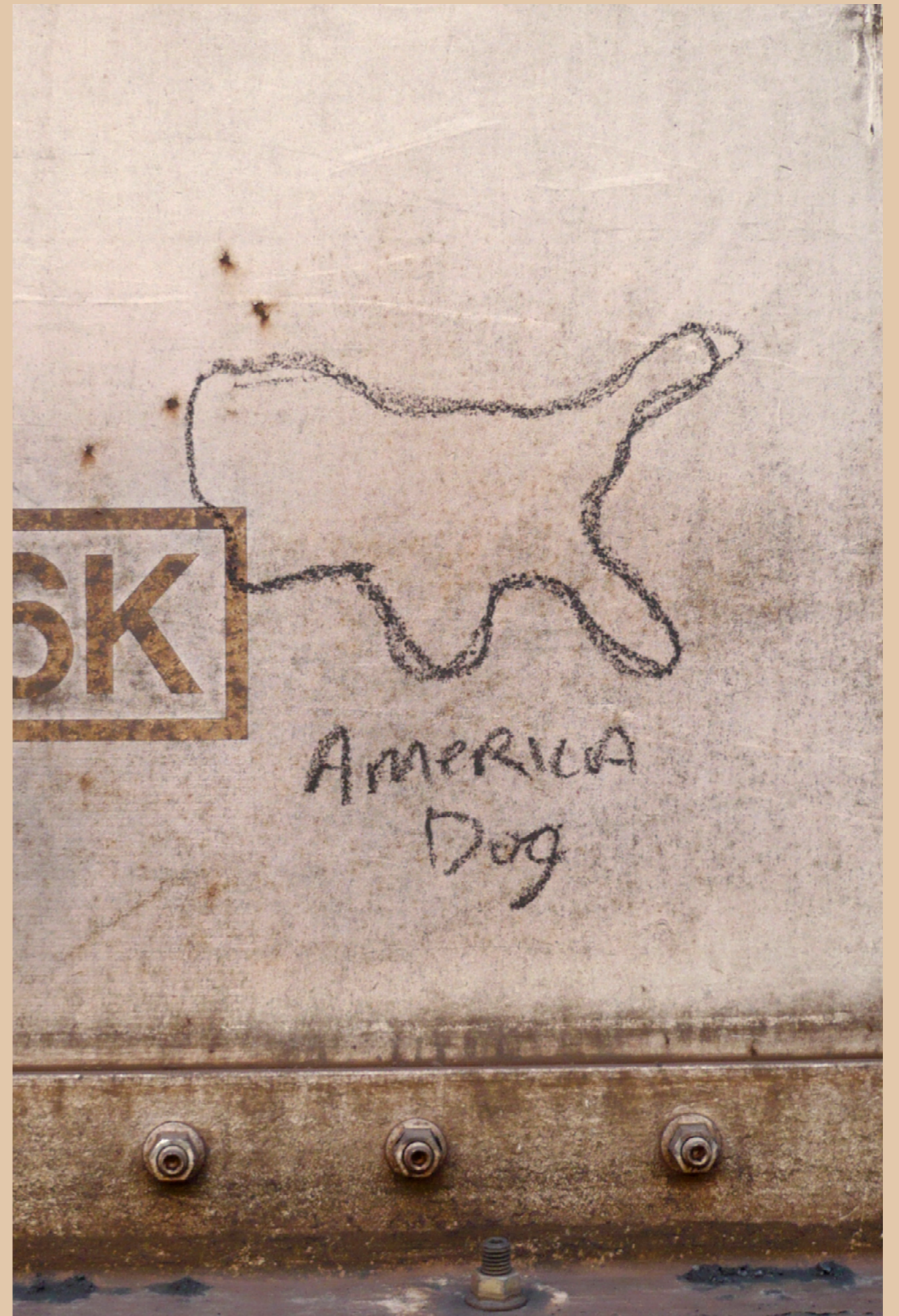
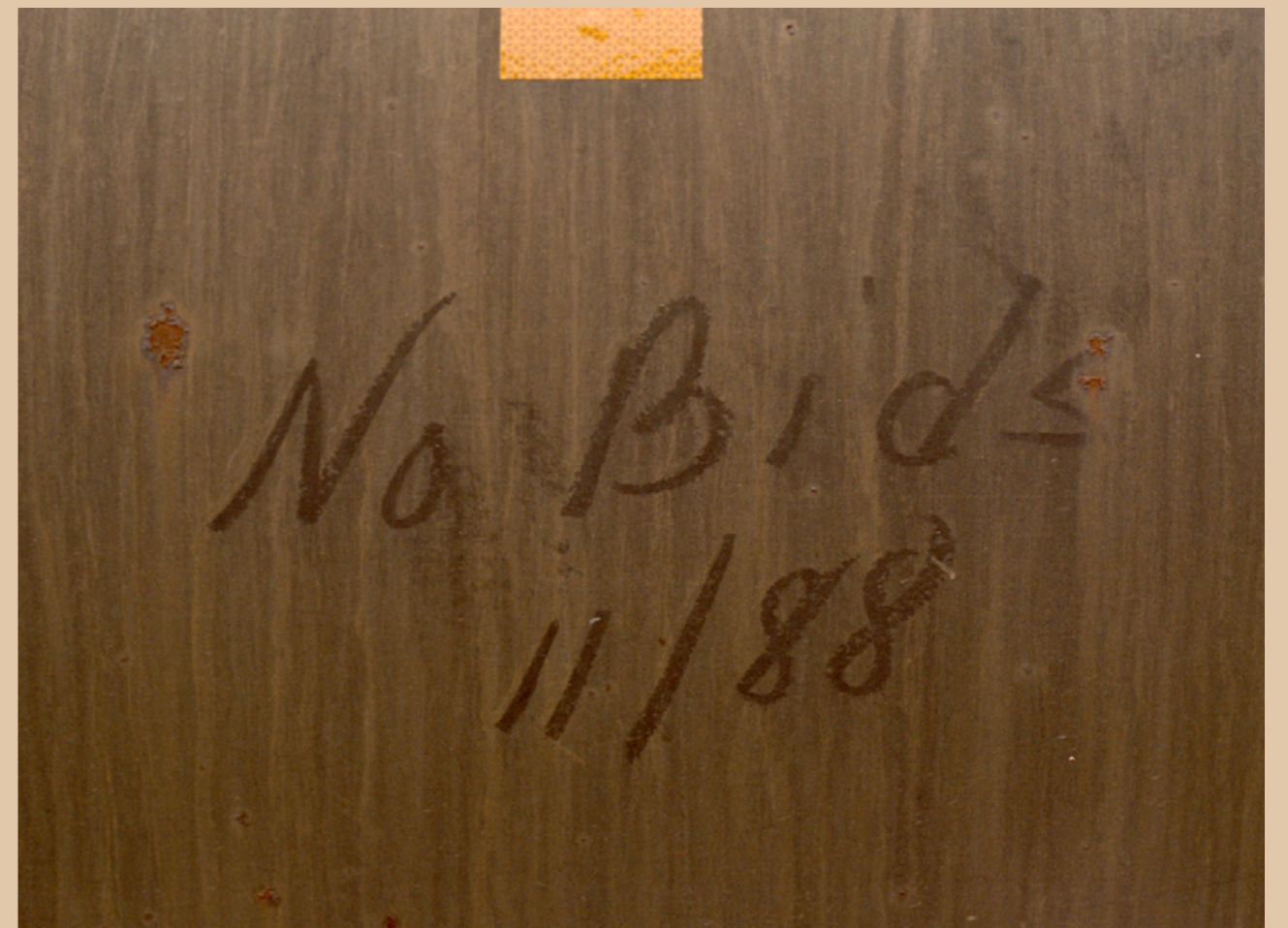
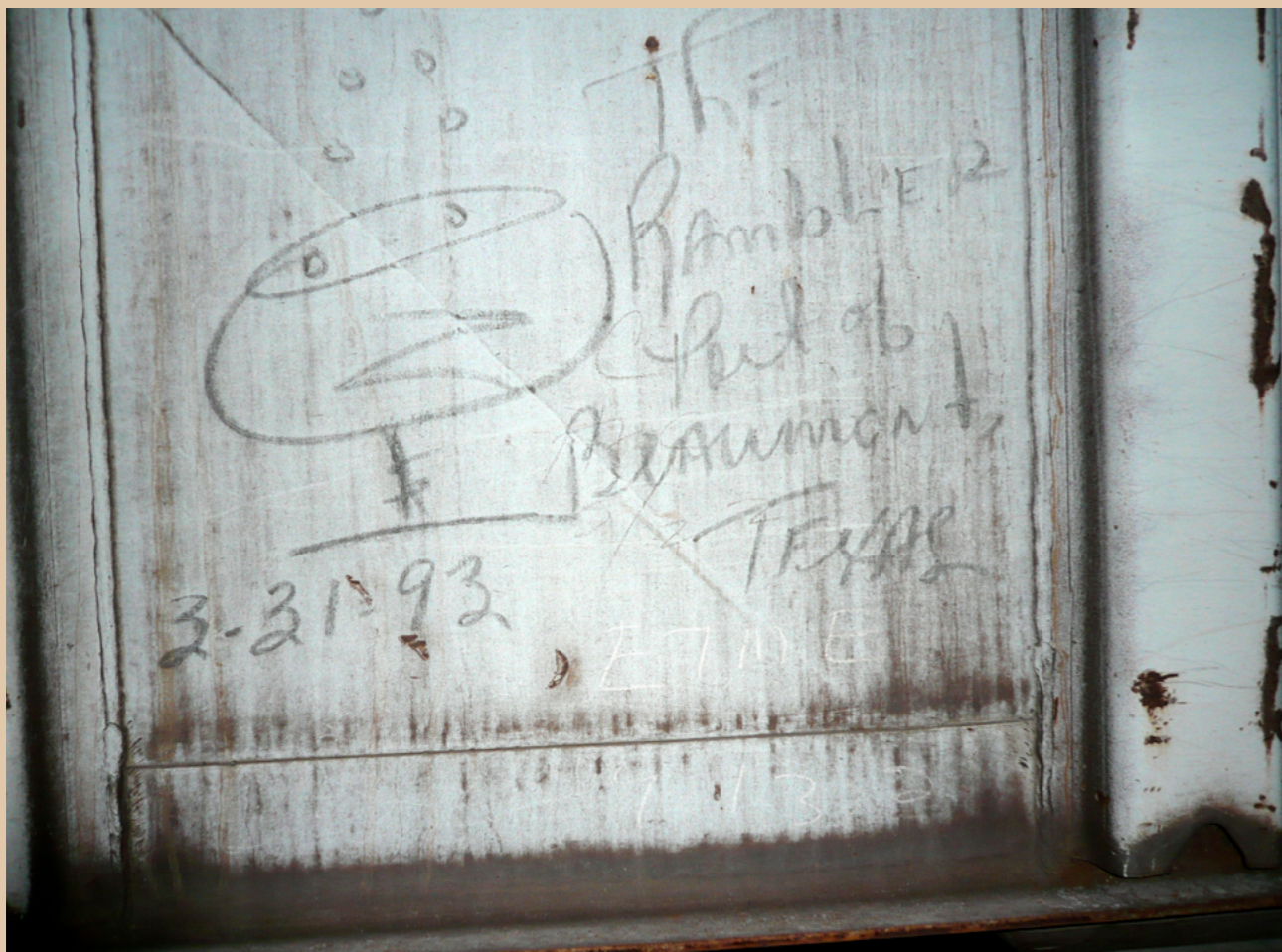


A photograph of a train yard with various freight cars and a city skyline in the background. The scene is hazy, suggesting a misty or overcast day. In the foreground, several white hopper cars are visible, with one prominently displaying the text 'TILX 891981'. Behind them are black hopper cars and several large cylindrical tank cars. In the background, there are several industrial buildings with rusted roofs and a city skyline with various skyscrapers under a hazy sky.

*No Cure
for Apathy*

Myles HUNTER

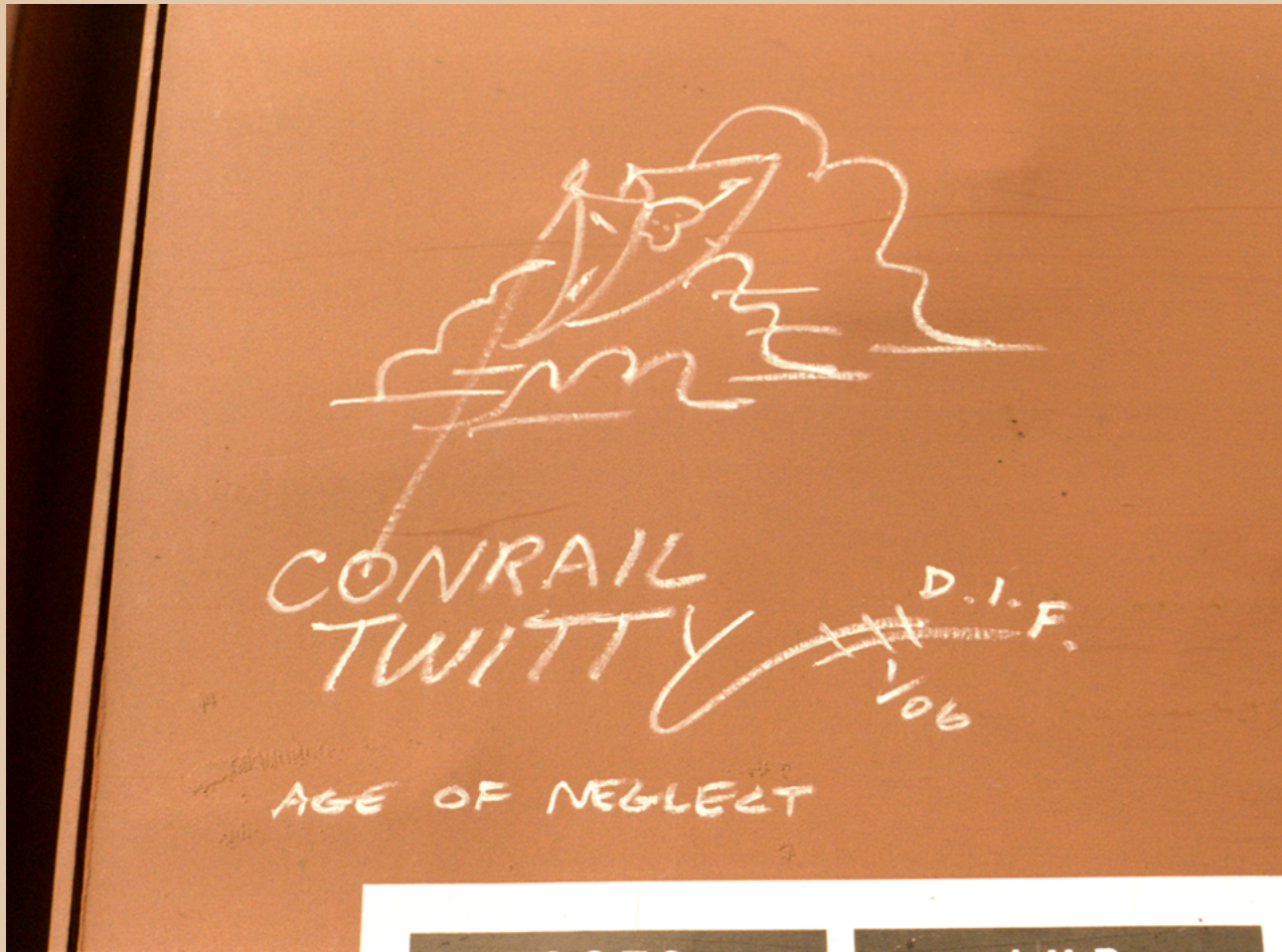


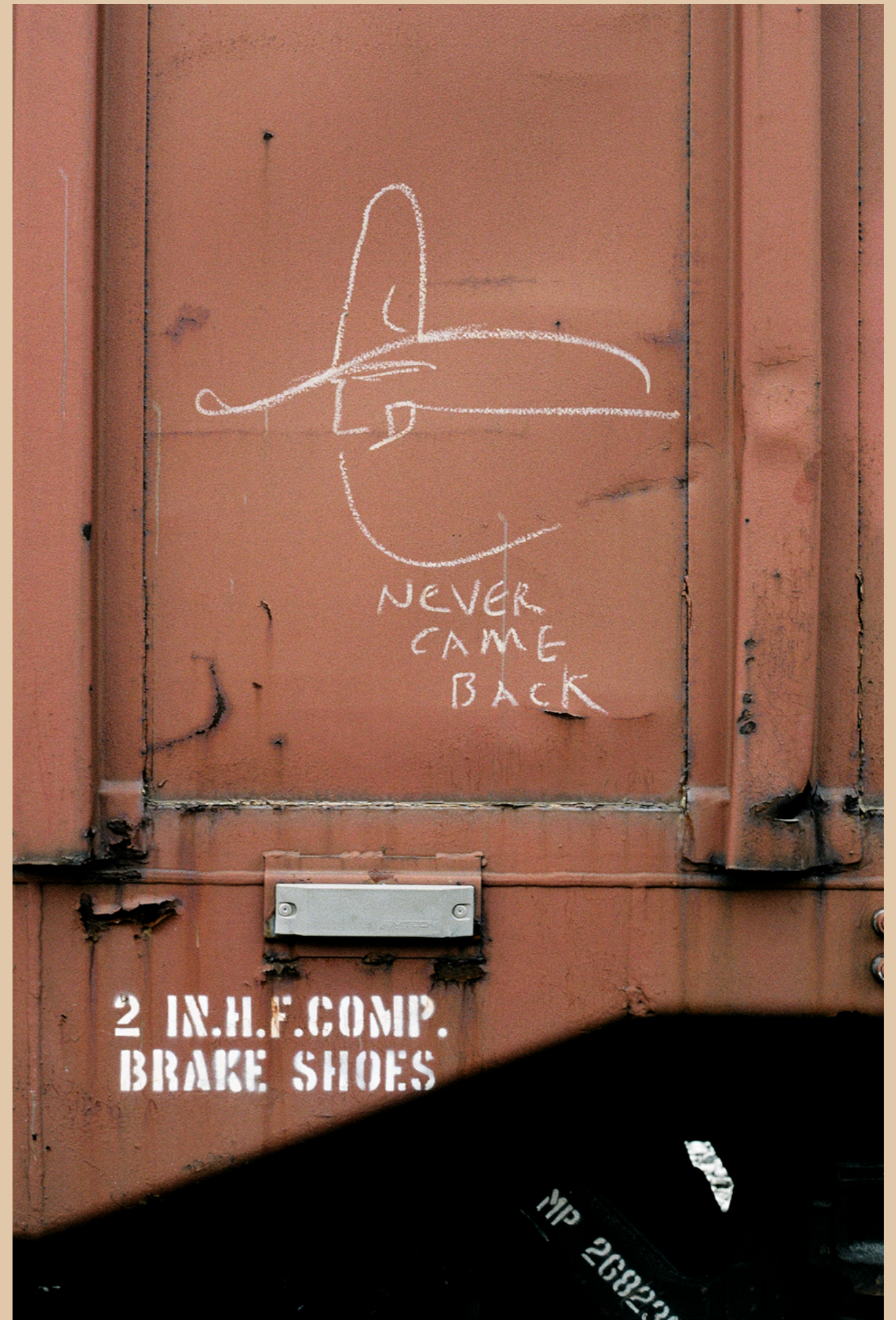


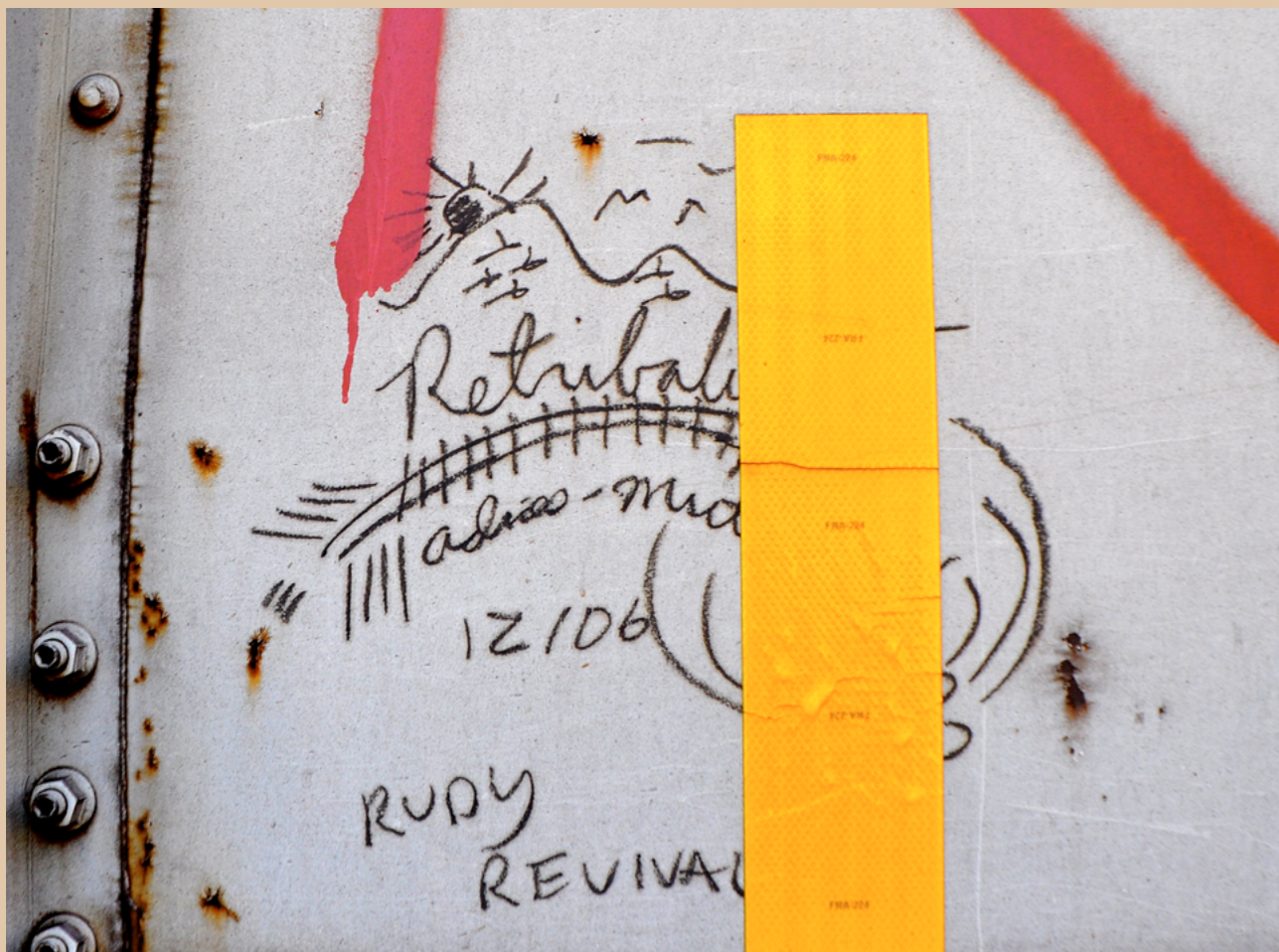
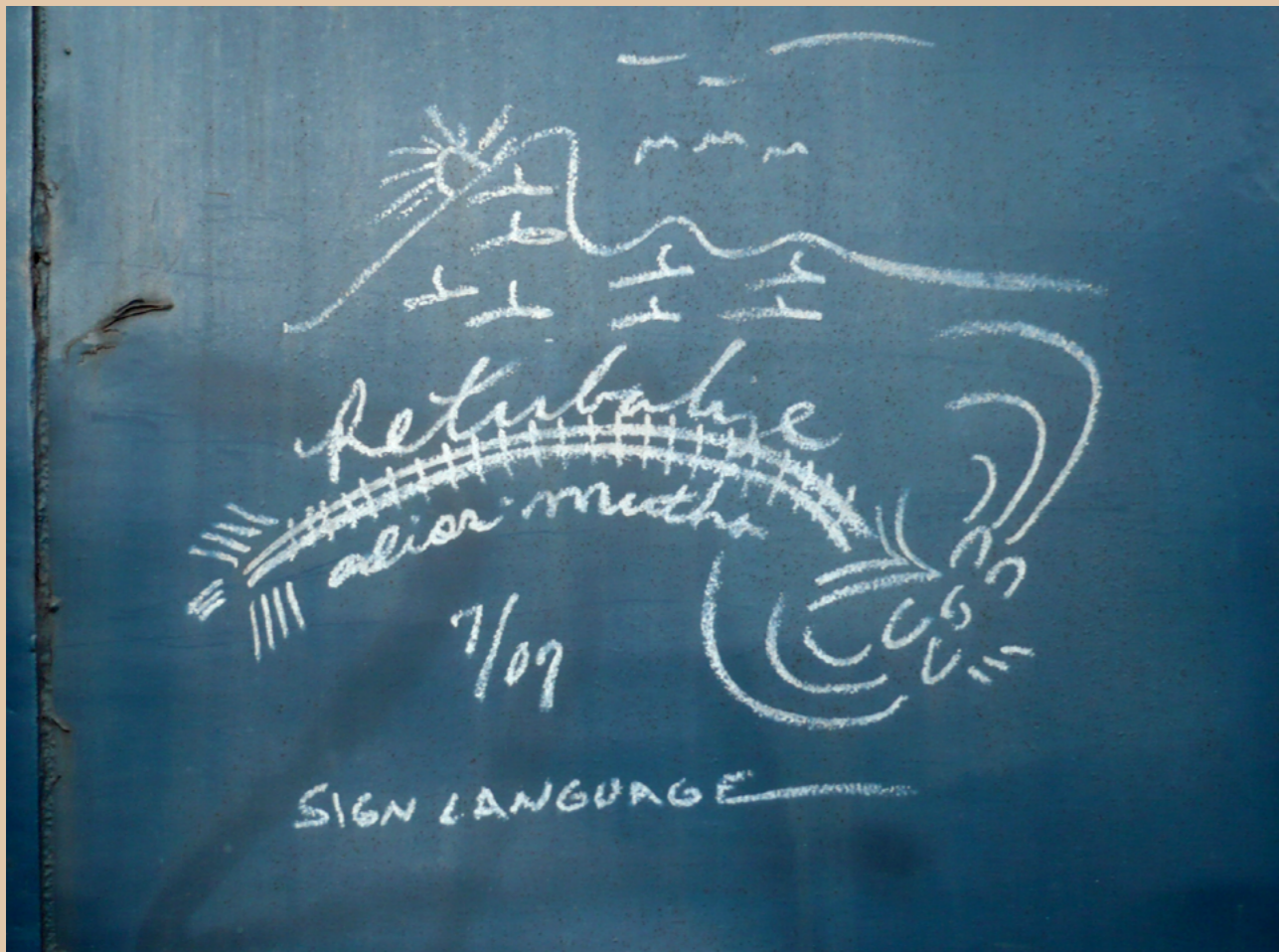
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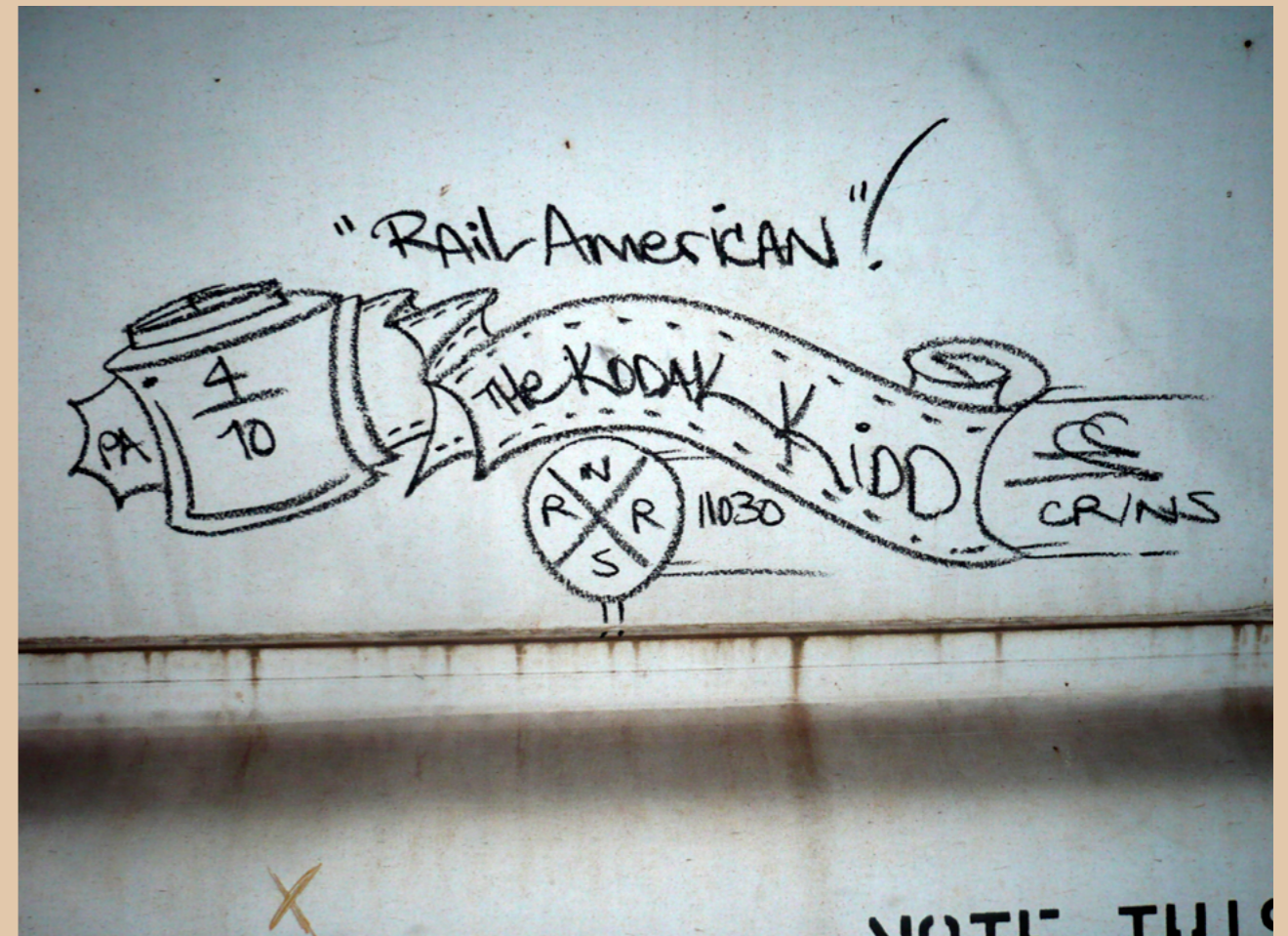
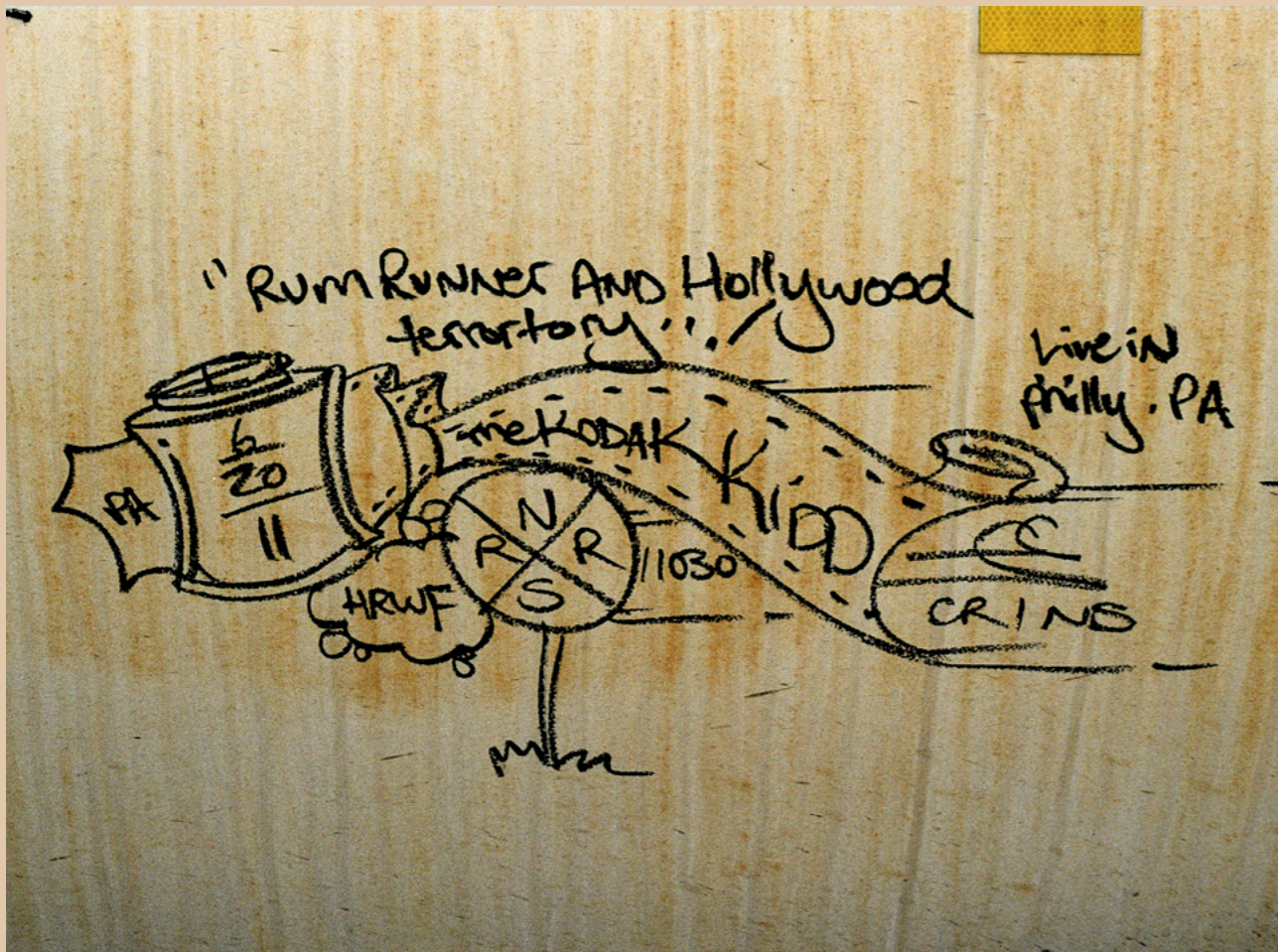
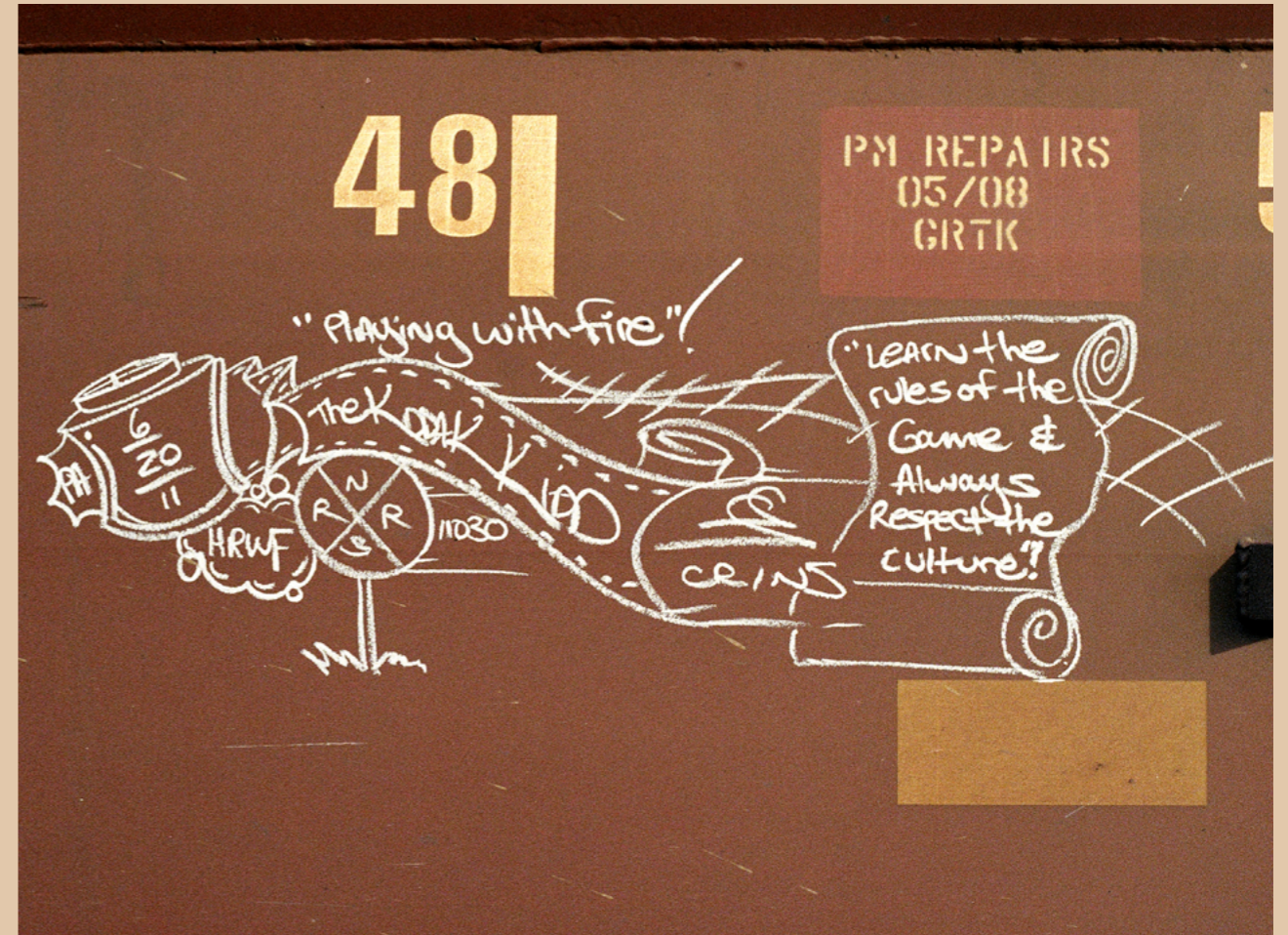










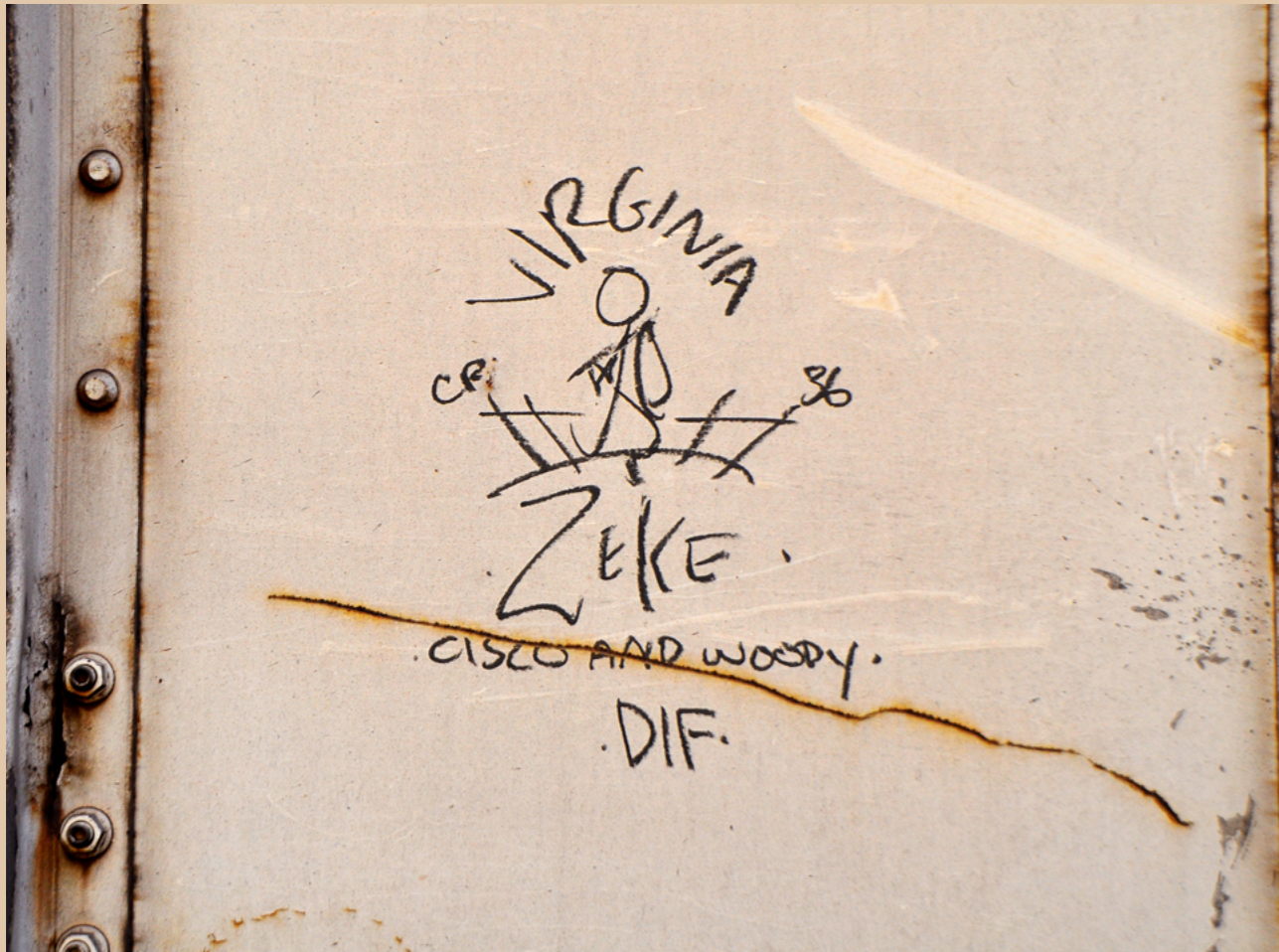












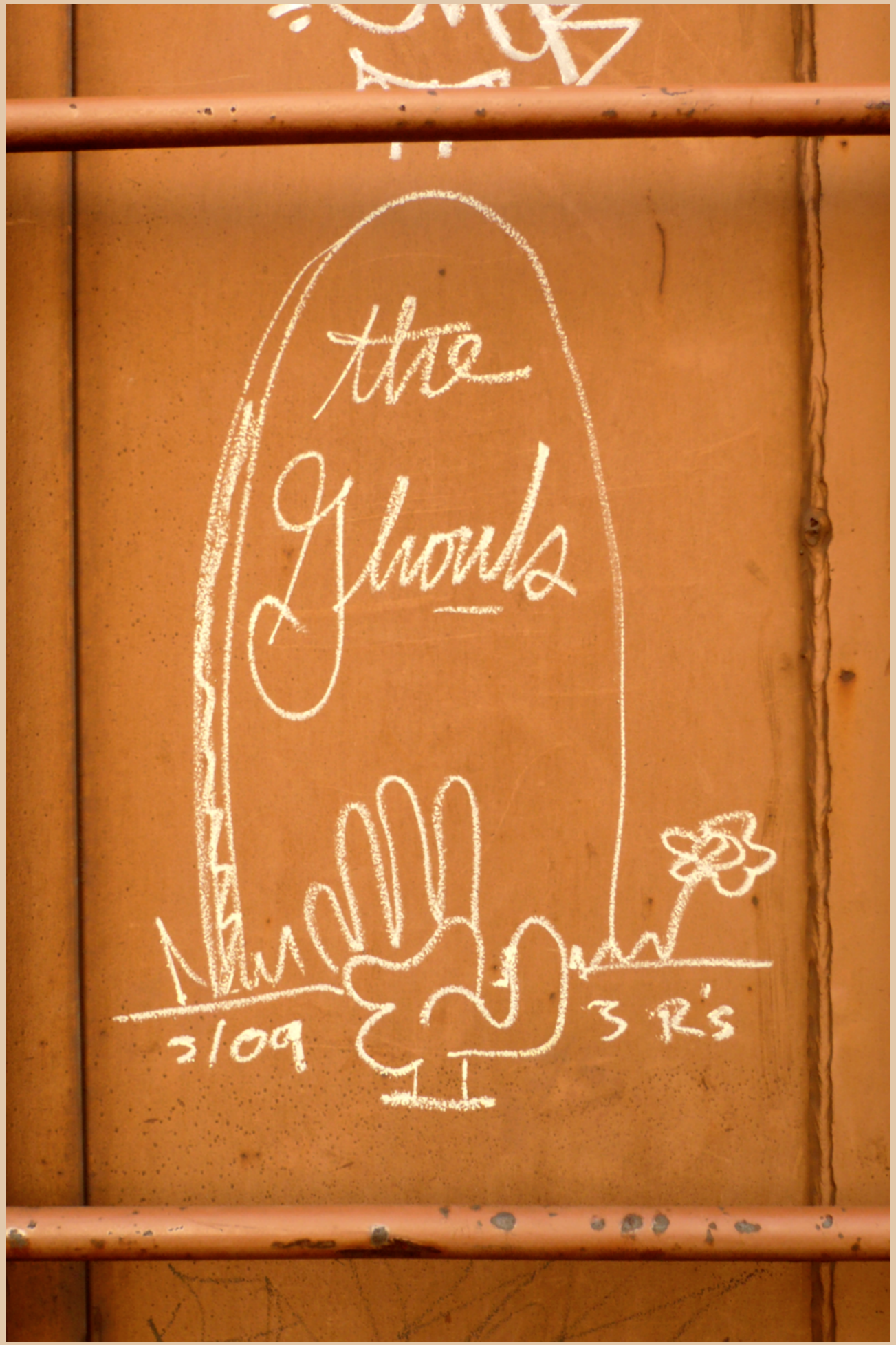




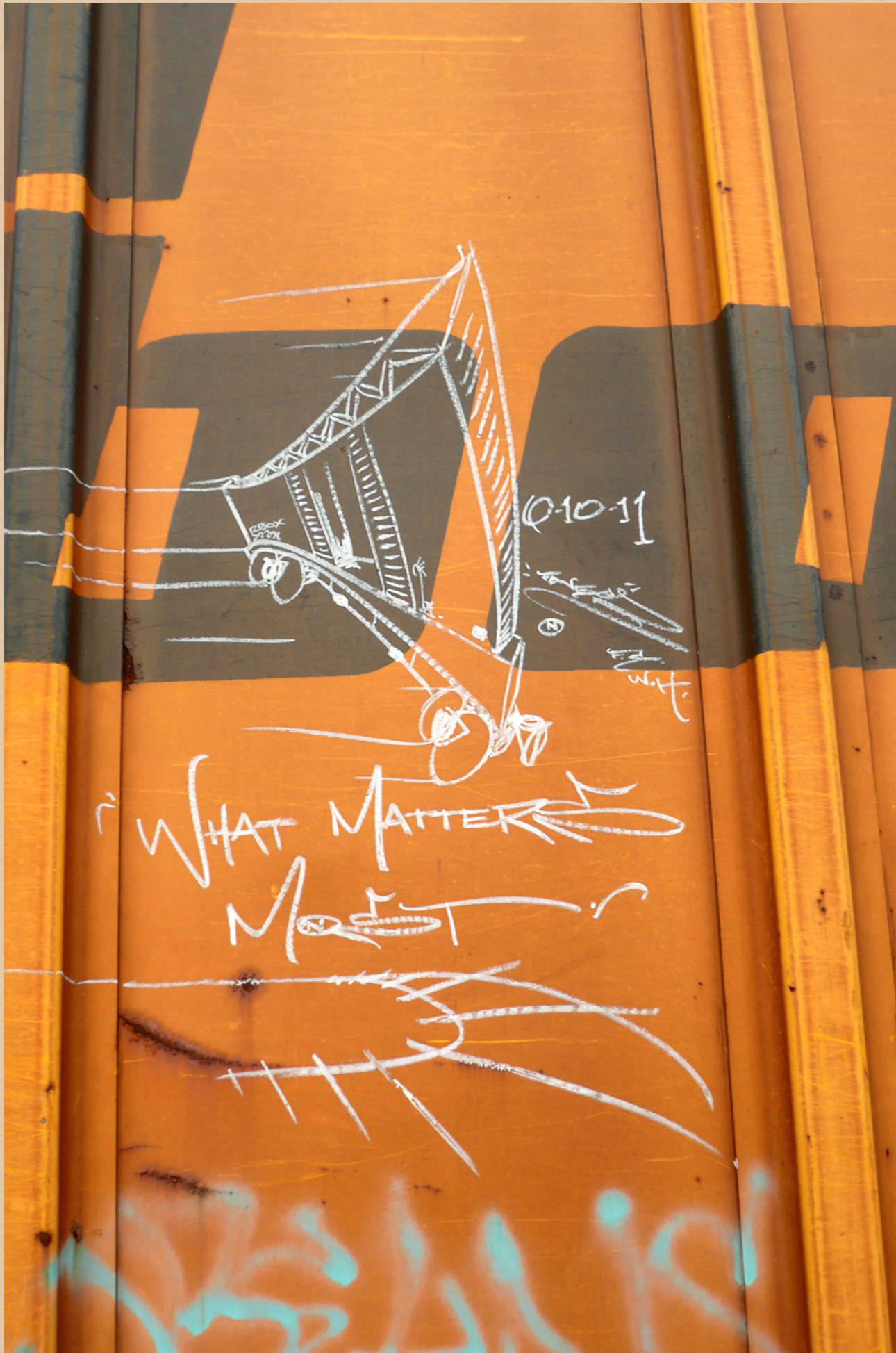






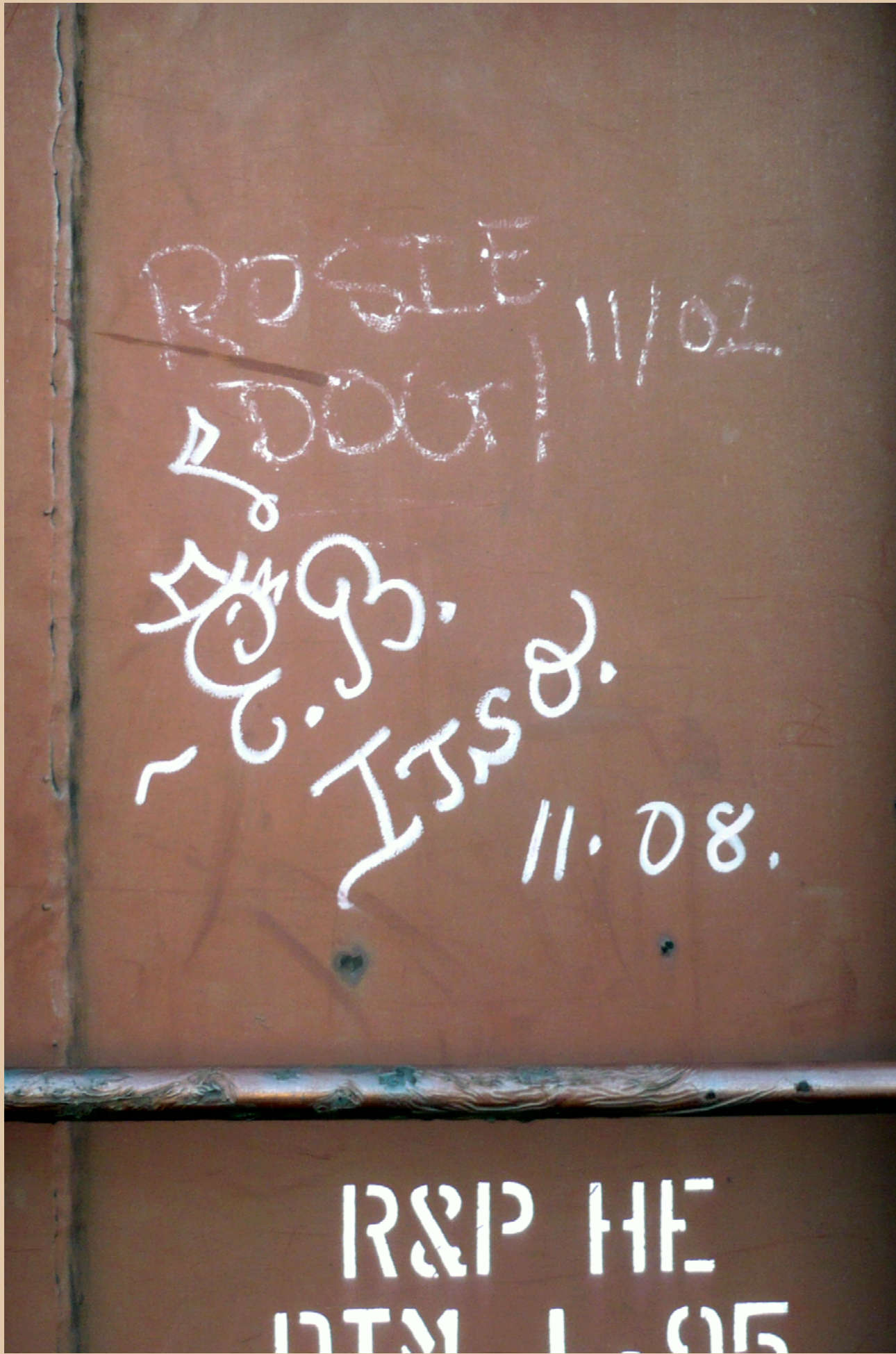
















On the cusp of turning thirty in 2010, Myles Hunter embarked on a long journey from his hometown of Montreal to New Orleans to pay homage at the tomb of Marie LAVEAU, a Louisiana Voodoo high priestess. Having suffered from severe headaches for several years without being able to find their cause, he placed his hopes in a cure as a reward for his long trip, an offering, and three crosses he had graffitied on the grave. Leaving Quebec in an old 1992 Buick Roadmaster, the car broke down very quickly just outside Glens Falls, New York. Thus began an extraordinary adventure of hitchhiking and countless detours on freight trains across the United States, from North to South. The journey, which was originally supposed to take a little over a week, ultimately stretched to more than a year. Very quickly, the headaches disappeared, and Myles chose to wander, taking detours, alternate routes, and going back and forth. For fifteen months of dust, snow, rust, sweltering heat, and polar cold, he lived in solitude. But also fifteen months of encounters, hasty goodbyes and reunions, shared meals and shelters, both makeshift and luxurious. Against the backdrop of this impromptu journey, the discovery of a world unto itself along the road, that of North American outsiders, adventurers, and railway workers, each with nicknames that evoke a boundless imagination.

It was in this delightful atmosphere of late summer and autumnal promise on a September Sunday that Kenny offered me his old Canon AE1 as he dropped me off at the entrance to the Lancaster depot. Having carefully loaded the camera with a roll of 36 exposures, I photographed the first monikers I encountered that morning, while waiting for the freight train that, according to him, should take me to Baltimore in the early afternoon. It had never really occurred to me to keep track of all the names I'd come across over the past few months, but from then on it became a reflex until the end of the trip, for more than a year afterward. Developing that first roll of film upon my return, I discovered graffiti I had forgotten: Conrail Twitty, The Rambler, Buz Blurr, and even a surprising No Bids from 1988.



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