to them instantly, and they could sing along with Sinatra in a (luckily) soundproof booth. In conclusion: This show was an eclectic mix of the serious, the scholarly, and the archival along with the mischievous, the moving, and the marvelous.

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Tutta La Famiglia: Portrait of a Sicilian Café in America.
Curated by Harris Fogel.
University of the Arts, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
October 2–23, 2015.

Paul Cary Goldberg began documenting La Sicilia Café in Gloucester, Massachusetts, soon after he moved to that city eight years ago. He was a regular patron of the café and came to know and admire its owners and clientele as he photographed it regularly.

Tutta la Famiglia: Portrait of a Sicilian Café in America, in both its form and subject matter, is a classic example of humanist documentary photography, a genre informed by a universalizing take on the human condition that brings together high artistic standards and deep concern for ones subjects. In keeping with the traditions of the genre, the photographs are black and white, relatively small (by contemporary standards), and presented formally in bevel cut mats with ample white space and clean black frames. Although the images are entirely digital in their production, they are virtually indistinguishable from black-and-white silver gelatin prints made from film negatives. This is Goldberg's intention, and he carries it off well, especially given the fact that this is his first digital project. Indeed, he says that learning how to work digitally was one of his motivations in initiating it.

Goldberg's photographs primarily depict the clientele of the La Sicilia Café individually and in groups. Many are portraits of near-studio quality in their composition and lighting. There are also exteriors and interiors of the café, including some interesting details of its furnishings, decorations, and products for sale. From all indications, Goldberg must have been regarded as a regular and welcome presence in the environment; the subjects seem comfortable being photographed, even unaware of the photographer.

These details aside, the salient question for the readers of this journal might be how well does Goldberg represent *italianità* (or perhaps even *sicilianità*) in this set of photographs that he calls a portrait of a Sicilian café? Furthermore, how much do his images inform the discourses of immigration, such as the preservation of traditions balanced against social and cultural adaptation?

Certainly, a majority of photographs in the series, especially the portraits, do not read as particularly Italian. Yes, most of the faces are vaguely Mediterranean in character, but some look Greek or even Middle Eastern, which is not surprising given Sicily's diverse gene pool. The *italianità* of the subject matter is established most firmly by contextual images including exteriors of the café, one quite delightful photo of two men smiling from inside a Fiat 500, and another of people making music, one of them playing an accordion. There are also some wonderful detail photographs, still lives in a way, of pastries and cookies, bread, and statues of saints.

Ultimately, Goldberg's project is highly romantic. He undoubtedly loves the café—its clients, its atmosphere, its owners—as well as the feeling of family that he perceives there and presents in his imagery. As with many romantically conceived photographic projects, its power comes as much from the conviction of the author/artist as from the images themselves. The installation of *Tutta La Famiglia: Portrait of a Sicilian Café in America* at the University of the Arts was brought to life during its opening reception on October 2, 2015, when Goldberg spoke about his project and the café that is at its center. From what he said that evening, it is clear that Goldberg admires what he perceives as a genuineness and cohesiveness in the café's regular clientele and is attracted by the otherness (not a term he used) of these men who, to paraphrase Goldberg, get very close to speak to each other, conversing loudly in Sicilian.

Without the author's words this kind of photographic series, while evocative, can convey only certain kinds of information. Materials found on Goldberg's website, such as links to video pieces, flesh out some things about La Sicilia Café that are not conveyed by the photographs. A video produced by RAI Television reveals that its relatively young proprietors speak excellent Italian, as well as the Sicilian spoken by their customers, and are immigrants themselves. This underscores the close relationship between the Gloucester Sicilian American community and those who remain in Sicily. One of the proprietors, Giuseppe Cracchiolo, labels Goldberg an honorary Italian and part of the "famiglia" of the café, noting that he comes every morning for a cappuccino ("Puntata 127" 2014).

Goldberg says that another goal in doing this project, besides an eventual hardcover book, is to preserve what he sees as a fleeting moment in the life of the Italian American community of Gloucester and, perhaps, something of an anachronism in the fabric of twenty-first-century American life. This sentiment is echoed by the café's other proprietor, Maria Cracchiolo, who notes wistfully in the RAI video clip that Italian traditions are slowly but surely fading as subsequent generations assimilate.

In this exhibit, Goldberg echoes many earlier humanist documentary photographers who worked in a similar fashion with similar intentions. Two who come to mind are Walter Rosenblum (my own principal photography teacher), who through the 1950s and 1960s sought to "heroicize" the working people of New York City's Lower East Side, and Bruce Davidson, who spent a year among the residents of New York City's East Harlem in 1966 so that they would accept his presence, allowing him to produce the remarkable series "East 100th Street."

Goldberg is in good company with Rosenblum and Davidson, but the question must be asked: Is his project itself an anachronism? It relies on the assumption that good intentions and excellent craft will produce the meanings and results that the artist desires. More than forty years of critical theory have told us that we need to be careful in this assumption. Photographs are a tricky kind of document; they may hide more than they show; they may raise significant questions about the artist's intention, process, and presentation. Perhaps Goldberg's photographs serve as a mirror to the clientele of the café, a mirror in which they enjoy seeing themselves. But to what extent do they serve as a window for the rest of us? Ultimately, since they are photographs and not windows, they rely on our own experiences for completion. If they cause us to recall, even subconsciously, similar places, similar people, and similar events that we remember fondly, then we are likely to regard them fondly and identify with Goldberg's own love for that which he has photographed.

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