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History and criticism of photographically illustrated children's books

Debora J. Bork

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HISTORY AND CRITICISM
OF
PHOTOGRAPHICALLY ILLUSTRATED CHILDREN'S BOOKS

BY

Debora J. Bork

Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the
Requirements for the Degree
MASTERS OF FINE ARTS

MFA PHOTOGRAPHY PROGRAM
SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTS AND SCIENCES
ROCHESTER INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

January, 1988

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January 12, 1988
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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"The Shrimp with the Garlic Hat" is dedicated to my husband and best friend, Tim Callahan, who, through his love, support and encouragement, makes this thesis and many other dreams, possible.

I would like to thank my board for their patience, encouragement and enthusiasm: Elliott Rubenstein, Charles Werberig, Marianne Fulton and my special advisor, Michael Simon, a trusted friend and confidant.

I must thank my classmates, whose support and good senses of humor helped enormously: Bill McDowell, Norb DeKerchove, Dave Joseph, Eric Mosher, Buck Mills, and Addison Thompson.

Special thanks to Edie Freedman and Jeff Richards, who helped me with the editing of the story; Allan Six, who did the line shots of the text; Muriel Iaco at IMS, who did a fantastic job with the typesetting; and Karen Wollins, Dave Joseph, Suzy Kinney, Walter Colley and Tim, who helped me hang the show.

No amount of thanks is enough for my parents, Ruth and Edward Bork, who have supported me through this and many other 'quests.'
INTRODUCTION

My thesis project, the actual show, was a fiction story illustrated with photographs. I viewed it for some time as a children's story, but this is not the case. The process, however, sparked my interest in the photographically illustrated children's book, specifically those that are fiction or fantasy. I decided to research the history of these books. This would then become part of my written thesis. As I did this research, I discovered that much is lacking in the bibliographic area (it is very difficult to find the books illustrated with photographs) and also that much is lacking in the books themselves. I decided that I should include a section comparing and criticizing books that use photographs as illustration, and list a few that I think are good and bad examples. The third section of the thesis is about my show, and though it may seem unrelated because it is not a children's book, its creation kindled the interests that followed.
PART I

A SHORT HISTORY OF ILLUSTRATED CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Highlighting the history of the photographically illustrated children's book

Books made especially for children have a fairly short history. It was not until the late 16th century that children were first allowed to handle their own books. These first books, or Horn Books, as they were called, were actually just a sheet of paper containing an alphabet and perhaps a prayer, mounted on wood with a handle, and covered by transparent horn (figure 1). Due to limited space on these Horn Books, there was no room for pictures. Early books were intended only for lessons and even the first picture book, done in 1657 by Bishop J. A. Comenius called Orbis Sensualium Pictus\(^1\) (The World of Pictures), was educational in purpose. Some sources, however, believe that there were books for children long before Bishop Comenius'...  

text, perhaps even as early as the 1400's. Oftentimes these volumes were so beautiful, they were not trusted to children. Because many children's books were cheaply made and had to withstand a lot of abuse, many could have disappeared, giving a false view of the history of early children's books.

Figure 1

From the 16th century on, children had their own books: primers, textbooks and storybooks; and entertainment began to enter into the purpose of children's books. About 1770, the Battledore (figure 2) became one of the first lesson books with pictures to be put into the hands of children. Made of three leaves of cardboard, the Battledore contained woodcuts that illustrated letters of the alphabet. These books were also devoid of religious messages, which had normally appeared in the earlier children's books. The Banbury Chapbooks, named for the Oxfordshire town of Banbury (celebrated for engraved woodcut blocks or "Banbury Blocks") and the Chapmen and peddlers that did a lively trade in ballads in the 18th century, were not intended for children. These were less puritanical and made for the elders, though children were pleased by them and looked at them whenever

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possible. They did seem suited to children, however, because they were childish in content, containing stories in verse, old tales, ABC's, rhymes and fables. They were also cheap and had small illustrations.

In the 1750's, John Newbury, the first publisher of children's books, published little books for children, his Juvenile Library, that were usually aimed at instruction and improvement. He also published short versions of the classic tales such as Gulliver's Travels, using illustrations for key moments. "Many of the illustrations [of the time] most enjoyed by children--Bewick, Cruikshank, Heath Robinson--were not specifically intended for them... They were produced as de luxe gift-objects for adults to browse through." But by the early 1800's, the first books meant specifically for the entertainment of children began to appear. The fairy tale was popular during this period and tales of fairies were rediscovered. These had never appeared in the moral or educational tales of an earlier day. "Children's books became a sanctuary for

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Feaver, Two Centuries of Children's Book Illustration, p. 8.
stories hitherto preserved by oral tradition.\textsuperscript{4}

In the years from the turn of the 18th century to the Victorian era, book illustration became more popular as demand widened and literacy spread. The illustration (and the illustrator) rose in importance. The artist gave presence and character to the story, linking reality and fantasy. From the 18th century, not much is known of the illustrators, since they were not mentioned in the books. Artists of consequence were not used as illustrators, or just were not interested.

In technique, these early books (of the 1800's) followed the tradition of the Chapbooks of the 1700's, using woodcuts as their medium of illustration. Because wood engraving was difficult, most artists could not do it, and it was not very spontaneous. Thus as the graphics industry developed, the art of illustration grew.

Early artists singled out for their contributions to the illustrated children's book include William Blake, who worked during the turn of the 18th century. He was considered the first "towering talent" to turn his literary and graphic skills toward children. Thomas Bewick, also working at the same time as Blake, who as an early illustrator perfected the white line engraving, (a method of using a graver or burim on the end grain of a block to

\textsuperscript{4}Feaver, Two Centuries of Children's Book Illustration, p. 8.
produce delicacy of line and greater range of tone) was the first illustrator singled out and applauded as an illustrator of children's books.

The great graphics tradition in England otherwise brought little to children's books. Most art was done by trained professional engravers, not artists, who imposed uniformity. George Cruikshank, at work in the early 1800's, was very influential. At eight, he was doing books for children his own age while working for his father. As he became more popular, he worked less and less with writers until he finally was doing captioned illustrations or albums of etchings. This work brought him away from the children's books. Later his work became moralizing, "temperance happy endings" and Dickens protested that Cruikshank was spoiling childhood memories, which he thought of as sacred. With Dickens' "Cult of Childhood" dawned the Victorian era.5

"If babies are cherubs, the theory went, then little girls are angels and angels are fairies and fantasy a form of spiritual rebirth."6 And along with the Victorian era came the birth of photography. Although early books were illustrated with photographs, most notably Talbot's Pencil of Nature and Cameron's photographic illustrations for Tennyson's Idylls of the King, most early strides in

5Feaver, Two Centuries of Children's Book Illustration, p. 14.
6Ibid., p. 15.
photography were made toward photographically reproducing other art for reproduction. (Woodburytype, 1864; Collotype, 1855; Line Block; Photogravure, 1879; and Halftone, 1880's.) Many new aspects of illustration were borrowed from photography, as new ways of seeing became common. Use of scale changed, which was learned from seeing close-up photographs. Line drawing became more tonal. Photography was used in magazines and advertising and had achieved a high amount of perfection and wide currency in America. Thus, it heavily affected the graphic arts. Children's books were especially affected because they were less bound by tradition in both format and reproductive technique.

Before the Victorian age, illustrations for adults and children were fairly similar. In the 1860's, new illustrators adopted a different style for children. The art of children's book illustration blossomed. Illustrators' names began to appear on the title pages of the books: it had been discovered that artists now had their own public. This included the pictorial Victorian illustrators Walter Crane, Randolph Caldecott, and Kate Greenaway. Four color processes were preferred over the woodblock, and offset took over letterpress and process engraving. Small, cheap picture books became common. Color, at first, was overdone but soon became more subtle through the efforts of printer Edmund Evans who worked with the Victorian artists mentioned earlier. Illustration, through them, moved from narrative and caricature into
design. This was the beginning of the Art Nouveau Style which was characterized by elegance and design principals. Photoengraving (1880's) allowed a freedom to draw which resulted in a glut of complex folk tale illustrations. The four color process was good for watercolor, but required a shiny paper and so the tipped-in illustration became a common format. These books were often "giftbooks," production numbers, with more show than substance, and were often beyond the child's grasp. As a result, other types of illustrations appeared for children to get their hands on. Postcards, cigarette cards and advertising stickers were collected and put into albums. This was also the time when the comic strip emerged. In addition, toys became characters in children's books (for example, Pinocchio and Alice in Wonderland). Children could identify with them and bring them to life. Animals also entered books as characters, sometimes acting as expected (saving the illustrator from having to convey a character) and sometimes imitating humans (Beatrice Potter).

The 1920's brought the invention of educational psychology, registration of reading ages and intelligence quotients, and with them, the growth of public libraries. Children's books became more in demand and were carefully analyzed. Naturalism was popular at this time, as well. The illustrations had to represent reality with correct perspective, color value, form and proportion. Librarians and educators would not use books that they thought would
give children a false impression. Thus, comics were deplored, worthiness scrutinized and awarded. Styles and ideas spread further and faster because of the simultaneous publishing of books and of their illustrations on calendars, board games, and other items. There was a movement toward the cheaper, attractive and semi-educational book.

During this time, photographs were not often used because of color reproduction problems and because "B & W photographs were somehow mundane, vulgar and too similar to rival cinematic attractions." Books that did contain many photographs were ignored by libraries and reading lists.

In America, illustrators became popular but this did not cause American picture books to be made. The ones that were published looked bad next to European books and now there were librarians who would offer that opinion. After World War I, Americans tried to match the European quality. We had been so outdistanced in color printing, that it would take 15 years to catch up.

Publishing companies began to form juvenile departments toward 1918, which resulted in new creativity, enterprise and competition. Most books published, however, were redone, proven classics. Between the wars, bookselling intensified and bookstores for children (in addition to sections in major stores) flourished.

7Feaver, Two Centuries of Children's Book Illustration, p. 21.
With the invention of the halftone, the photograph began to appear more frequently in children's books. These did not appear as photographs, or images of the "real" but as "narrative illustration, counterfeits of the unreal." In other words, toys were positioned and photographed, acting out roles. In a review of an early example The Life of a Wooden Doll, done in 1904, reviewer Thomas Wood Stevens writes "...if you photograph the puppets, you set before the ardent auditor a lifeless record." Barbara Bader agrees, considering this a "misuse of photography and misconstruction of make-believe." Although this practice was soon abandoned, there were still books done where toy models replaced the real thing; the artist assumed that children invested their toys with reality.

In general, the production of children's books was on the rise in America. At first, the talent was not great, but books were welcomed enthusiastically. They used bright colors, which appealed to Americans. By the 20's, many unique books were being done. Jersey City Printing Company became the first major trade house to do a book that was unique and low-cost as well. Charles Stringer, who had wanted to get into children's books, approached an editor

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9Ibid.

10Ibid.
and developed an idea that became "The Happy Hour Series." New ideas included a wrap-around jacket design, two-page spreads, bleeds, framed drawings and words set around pictures. The books were all printed a certain way however, with specific colors, one signature, center sewn. These books were solicited and originated in the artist's studios.

The decade of the 20's was considered the "decade of the preschooler." The first study of childrens' preference in illustration was done at this time. It was found that they responded to storytelling quality, humor, action, realistic presentation and familiarity of subject matter. Even so, illustration began to again be decorative, dramatically stylized folk art and took on the expressive distortion of modernist art. Surprisingly, two photographically illustrated picture books exemplified this "pre-school movement," where there was intense interest in learning's impact on the child. A lot of research was in process and nursery schools were springing up. Picture books reflected the trend, using the here and now, which young children could understand: that the world revolves around them. Book lists, reviews by parent's committees, and story-hours in libraries all resulted from this movement. Mary Steichen, using photographs by her father, Edward, did the two photographically illustrated children's books mentioned above. The First Picture Book, done in 1930, had no words and showed photographs of everyday objects. Steichen explained that children can provide their
own words, yet had lost that ability because so much is read to them. The Second Picture Book, 1931, showed objects put into use by children. Steichen included a questionnaire for parents with the books, requesting a record of the child's response.

"However fine the pictures," says Bertha Mahony in *Five Years of Children's Books*, "the photographic picture books have less space for the workings of a child's fancy and are sooner exhausted than imaginative pictures."\(^{11}\) Despite these early criticisms of photographic illustrations, these early books illustrated with photographs achieved some popularity.

In the 30's, books that showed other worlds became popular. Although photography seemed perfect for this application, they were not used, even despite the explosion of photojournalism and "candid" photography. But photographs were often used in information books, which got their start in Russia in the 20's. This started a boom of photographic picture books for adults (for example, Lewis Hines' *Men at Work* in 1932). This popularity was enhanced by America's new self-absorption during and after World War II. Fascism in Europe urged an appreciation for Democracy and differences at home. The exotic customs and color of America were sought out. For most people interested in these books, content was the primary consideration. People

\(^{11}\) Bader, *American Picturebooks*, p. 103.
were genuinely interested in learning about industry. Thus they contained a lot of text and were not looked at by many children. Illustration was not notable, except for the tendency to turn to photography as illustration. The depression brought more interest in human society, as opposed to machines. Americans pictured American life, which came from reportage and illustrated magazines, which flourished here. At this point, in the mid-30's, most picture-books and all information books were trade books (as opposed to mass market books, of which there were only a few).

As progressive education was born, a new informative "capsule" book appeared. These were cheap, short and approached one subject. "Photographs are themselves information; they have the ability, besides, of making the small large, of bringing the distant close, of making the unseen visible,"\(^{12}\) says George Judd of his books Talking Leaves and Seeing Stars done in the mid-30's. The application of using photography to show fact was a product of the 30's. Many of these books were about nature. Photography enabled the artist to deal with more elusive subjects. The books moved away from personalization toward representation. Often, the books were records of recent past or of present, combining photographs from various sources. Rand McNally produced a line of juvenile books

using photographs, that were meant to be learning tools, that sold for 10 - 15 cents. Other companies followed suit, some using FSA photographers as a source for the images.

The motion picture had quite an effect on illustration in children's books, formally, in the use of vantage points, quick cuts, flexibility. Action was demanded, personality was in constant motion. High angles with the scene filling the frame, or close-ups were used.

The 40's was the climax of the first period of modern picture book publishers. Juvenile publishing was serious business, with editors, designers and publishers creating the most movement in the field.

Many publishers created juvenile book sections, each with its own focus. Growth continued strong into the 50's: the children's picture book had caught on. Golden Books (started in the 40's by Simon & Schuster) expanded to create Giant Golden Books, Big Golden Books, Tiny Golden Books, Golden Play Books, and so forth. Millions were sold and were popular because they were all color, a "ready made" home library, standard fare, and easy to handle. They were often sold at point of purchase, and most money was put into the illustration (much of the text was public domain, i.e. nursery rhymes). By 1956, two of the books on the Golden Book list were photographically illustrated books.

Usually photography was "moribund" in children's books, not really utilized, but used as an adjunct. One firm, however, William R. Scott, published some distinctly
photographic books in the 50's and 60's. These were done with low perspective, keeping on the same level with children, were small and compact, and accentuated the image instead of form. By the 70's, many more children's books used photography as illustration. In fact, variety of media used as illustration increased in general as did the number of books published. This was due to increased demand from baby-boom parents, increased library budgets, and the advent of nursery schools and day care.

Many of the early photographically illustrated books, especially in the 40's, dealt with social issues. Quite a few books about blacks, Harlem, and black communities were published. These books had appeal because of their realism, the stories seemed true. All along, photography was used in information and science books, where it seemed obviously best suited. These, and books that dealt with the "new sociology," or the lives of women, blue-collar workers, ethnic minorities, and immigrants still are the books that most often use photographs.

Although as late as 1968, photographic illustration was "regarded as a sideshow in the larger field of illustration,"¹³ this is no longer true. Today photographically illustrated books are more numerous and cover a broad range of subjects.

PART II

EXAMPLES AND CRITICISM

In reading about "artistic" photographic illustration and in searching for children's books that use photographs as illustration (most especially fantasy and fiction), I discovered a variety of opinions pertaining to the use of photographs. Most often, these opinions were negative. For example, "the photograph is not the personal, subjective expression of a creative mind; it is not an expression of a subjective experience of feeling. Nonetheless, photographs can be used with marked artistic sensibility to illustrate literary content, theme, or mood."\footnote{Patricia Cianciolo, Illustrations in Children's Books, 2d ed. (Dubuque, Iowa: Wm. C. Brown Co. Publishers, 1976), p. 51.} In addition to this age-old problem of deciding whether photography is truly "art," a number of other difficulties arise from photography's possible use as children's book illustration. How does one avoid a photograph's powerful effect of proving its own reality? In a fiction or fantasy story, this is a big problem to overcome. "Much more dangerous is the use of
the camera to illustrate stories,..."¹⁵ Bettina Hurlimann wrote. She believed that photographs give too much, the air of "true story" which pins down the child's imagination, and does not permit the character to be seen in any other way. Thus, most books illustrated with photographs are information books that do not require the imaginative faculties, or documentary style stories, where the photograph is used to show "reality."

When photographs are considered only as impersonal mechanical records, or reproductions of visual facts, their use as illustration becomes quite limited. It is considered difficult, if not impossible, to illustrate stories whose characters do not exist except in the writer's imagination. The use of photographs of costumed characters would be too real, probably contrived, and limiting to the imagination. The idea of so-called tableaux was attempted in photography (Rejlander and Cameron) and even as illustration, but the specificity of the models, sparing nothing, even with retouching, "denie[s] the essential aspect of fictive illustration: the imagination set free."¹⁶ Not enough work has been done to try to overcome these problems. Again, "...however fine the pictures, the photographic picture


books have less space for the workings of a child's fancy and are sooner exhausted than imaginative pictures.\textsuperscript{17}

The criteria for "good" photographs also gets in the way of their use as illustration of fantasy. Good rendering of highlight and shadow detail, contrast of subject to background, and isolation of important picture elements may have the result of restricting personal interpretation instead of allowing freedom in the reader's imagination.

Patricia Cianciolo states in her book \textit{Illustrations in Children's Books}, that an important characteristic in photographic illustration is that the illustrated action is easily identifiable. This is accomplished by the photograph being uncluttered and precise, with a limited number of objects in any one scene.\textsuperscript{18} Not only is this limiting artistically, I have not found such guidelines for 'good' traditional illustration. And on the opposite side, another negative formal element: the photograph cannot detach one thing from the rest, as a good illustrator can, making the needed facts plain and intelligible.\textsuperscript{19} Either way, the photograph loses.

Photographs are naturally good for some uses, opening up a world otherwise closed without photography. Through

\begin{flushleft}
\textsuperscript{17}Bader, American Picturebooks, p. 103.
\textsuperscript{18}Cianciolo, \textit{Illustration in Children's Books}, p. 51-52.
\end{flushleft}
the use of telephoto lenses, panchromatic films, and other "technologies," many things never seen before have become available, often making a greater effect than drawings. Hurlimann uses Ylla's books, illustrated with animal photographs, as examples to prove this point. But without pause, Hurlimann then says these books seem more like adult picture books, a collection of attractive photographs, despite the authors attempt at making the images look spontaneous. In addition, they do not appeal to children's creative faculties. Before photography can find a place in children's book illustration, it must be freed of these restrictive generalities.

In its early days, photography had an effect on traditional illustration which was often viewed as negative. It changed how artists viewed nature. Walter Crane, an illustrator, said

It has led in illustrative work to the method of painting in black and white, which has taken the place very much of the use of line, and through this, and by reason of its having fostered and encouraged a different way of regarding nature -- from the point of view of accidental aspect, light and shade, and tone, it has confused and deteriorated...the faculty of inventive design, and the sense of ornament and line; having concentrated artistic interest on the literal realization of certain aspects of superficial facts, and instantaneous impressions instead of ideas, and the abstract treatment of form and line.21


On the positive side, photography offered the artist much more freedom and "greater justice in the reproduction of his designs." Many illustrators felt that photography might replace them. Many worked from photographs, but often found it frustrating: too many unimportant details, incorrect point of view, the final result too "photographic." Yet there were always illustrations that could not be taken from photographs, and because of "the ludicrous inadequacies of attempting to illustrate fiction with the inescapable realism of the camera, illustrators could not be entirely replaced by photography from nature."

The use of photographs as illustration in children's books has continued to increase in the face of so many negative opinions. However, I have found that despite photography's ability to create illusion, fantasy and abstraction, the photographs in the children's books that I have seen (with few exceptions) are still didactic, formally framing objects, places and social norms.

In this section of my thesis, I will review some examples of children's books, both good and bad. The bad ones, of course, verify all the previous opinions, and seem to make up the majority; the good ones lend hope for future possibilities. I will be reviewing them in terms of quality

of the photography, their relationship to the text, and their success as fantasy illustration. This last point may not be pertinent in every case. I have divided the fiction/fantasy type books into two categories: 1) Fiction stories illustrated with photographs that are in the documentary style, where there is no question of what the photograph represents. They are the reality of the story, using real people and places, and 2) Photographs of fantasy characters, or images that are not directly representational of some aspect of the story. Most books that I have seen are in the style of the former.

One of the greatest flaws found in the books that I looked at, was the tendency of the text to imitate the photographs (or more likely, the photographs were shot to imitate action stated in the text). This characteristic made it obvious to me as to why so much criticism is aimed at photographically illustrated children's books in regard to their tendency to suppress imagination. Another problem is that often, images are very repetitive, using five photographs to show what one or two photographs could adequately illustrate.

Both of these problems are apparent in A Day With Daddy, a story about a young girl who spends a Sunday with her father. It is not a story in the traditional

sense, but instead is made up of short vignettes depicting things that Betsy and her father do together. A sequence of five images showing Betsy making pancakes with Daddy illustrate both the repetitive nature of the images as well as their mirroring of the text.

The first photograph shows Betsy on a chair at the counter, her father standing next to her holding an egg (Illustrations 1 - 5).

The text reads:

"Daddy says, "Let's make pancakes and surprise Mommy." He's showing me how to break an egg."

The second image is identical except now Betsy has the egg. Text:

"Now I do it."

The third image is a close-up on Betsy, although the camera angle is the same. She is beating the egg in a cup, looking directly into the camera. Text:

"I make my egg beater go bbbbbrrrrrr, just the way Daddy does."

The fourth photograph is almost the same as the third, shifted slightly to the left. In this image she is mixing the pancake batter in a bowl. The text reads:

"Now I help mix. My Daddy says there mustn't be any lumps."

In the last image, Betsy is at the stove and the camera angle has varied slightly, looking up. She is flipping a
pancake. The text says:

"Watch me! Watch me! I can turn them over."

This potentially interesting scene is reduced to a boring scene through imagery that barely changes. To make matters worse, the photographic reproduction to printing (or perhaps the quality of the original images) is so bad, it is virtually impossible to see any differences. There is no attempt at variety, photographically, which would be easy to accomplish using close-ups, omitting Betsy (she is in every photograph in the book) or just showing her hands. The viewer doesn't need to "get everything" visually in this case.

All of the photographs in *A Day With Daddy* are black-and-white, and seem very underexposed or washed out. As mentioned, the photographic reproduction is awful, as is the use of retouching, which is painfully obvious and poorly done. The quality of the artwork is important, even though a child may not consciously take this into consideration. The image cannot work by itself or with the text when the quality is so bad as to hamper seeing what's happening.

On the positive side, the photographs do not seem too set-up, which is another common problem with photographically illustrated children's books, especially the ones done in a "docudrama" style, like this one. The characters too often seem posed, stiff and unnatural. In *A Day With Daddy*, the characters seem fairly relaxed and natural, only rarely aware of the camera or stiff in
Posture.

Design and layout of the book is good as well, using a variety of sizes, shapes and layouts for the photographs so that each page does not look the same. The tendency of the photograph format to make a "box within a box" layout, with the text below, makes this variety important.

A better example of this docudrama style of book is The Rory Story,\textsuperscript{25} by Bill Binzen. The Rory Story is about a puppy growing up and its daily life with its family. It is similar to A Day With Daddy, in that it doesn't tell a continuous story from start to finish, but is made up of short vignettes (some just one page) showing different aspects of Rory's life. It is also similar in layout and design, is black-and-white and uses good variety of image size, placement and text-to-image relationships.

Similarities end there, however. This book uses photography more successfully than many that I've seen. Although the action in the photograph still often mirrors the text, there are some pages where this is not so, which makes the book more interesting. One example shows Rory outside a screen door, on his hind legs with front paws against the screen. Inside, one of the boys who owns Rory sits on the floor (Illustration 6). The text says:

"When I'm indoors, I want to be outdoors. When I'm outdoors, I want to be indoors. Why is that?"

Although the image suggests the dilemma that Rory is experiencing, it does not (and cannot) imitate precisely what the text says. The thought is complicated and not easily illustrated. This leaves more room in the reader's mind for interpretation and thought, suggesting and not giving everything.

The photographs, though not inherently interesting by themselves, do give Rory personality. This helps the story, since he develops a character. The images are not repetitive or posed, reminding me of "snap shots," which seems to fit the story. Some of the photographs show more imagination, straying from the strictly "head on" shot that shows the action. One of these shows Rory trying to fly like a bird, and is taken head on at an extremely low angle. It would have been nice if there were more images like this, at Rory's level. I got the feeling (though I cannot know) that a lot of pictures were taken so that there were many images to choose from. Often with other books, it looked more like the author had to use every photograph, resulting in repetitive images of the same scene.

Another aspect of the book that I liked was that, although the images showed a real dog doing real things that dogs do, the thoughts in the text belonged to the dog. This combination of real and imagined added a nice complexity to the relationship of image-to-text.

I looked at a number of books that told a more traditional story, from start to finish. The most obvious
problem with the images in these books was their tendency to be posed. The story was used as a script for the photographer to shoot from. The result is uninspired, stiff photographs, lacking in feeling and spontaneity.

This, and the ever-present (it seems) problem of photograph mirroring text, was the only flaw in *My Dog Rinty*. The design of the book and the quality of the photographic reproduction is good, as is the story. After looking at so many books illustrated with photographs, I can begin to understand how difficult it is to illustrate the documentary style story that uses "real" people acting out "real" events. It seems inevitable that they must show what happens in the text. A good, well-written story like this one can add depth to the photographs through character development and descriptions of emotions, perhaps extending the relationship between word and image. There is no excuse for the posed and stiff look of the photographs, however.

It is interesting to note that, historically, *My Dog Rinty* was considered important. The story is about a poor, black family whose dog, Rinty, causes so much trouble with his chewing and misbehaving, that David, the young boy who cares for Rinty, must finally get rid of him. It is later discovered that Rinty is a talented "mouser" (which explains his chewing), and after some behavior training, David and

Rinty become famous—and make money—all over Harlem, routing out mice and rats. The use of photographs documenting life in Harlem within the black community had appeal: blacks identified with it and whites believed it. Photography made the story seem real and supplied positive credible models. The idea of confronting the poor and suggesting a solution was novel for picture books in the 40's.

The nicest book I saw, The Hunter I Might Have Been, 28 (Illustrations 7-17) was also in the docudrama style. Often the image described the text directly, but much more creatively. When the boy speaks of burying the sparrow, the image shows a spade in the earth, showing burial. The treatment is unusual, however, with the angle low, mostly silhouetted and close-up. Many of the images are very photographic, using blurs, double exposures, and close-ups. This was a refreshing, creative use of photography, so different from the many straight, set-up illustrations I had seen.

Another book by the same author and photographer, And I Must Hurry for the Sea is Coming In, 29 (Illustrations 18 -

27Bader, American Picture Books, p. 375.


21) uses photographs to illustrate a poem. The images show a boy as a sailor and in the end, through the use of blurred photographs, transform the boy back to his street with the boat in the gutter, sailing in a hydrant's water. This was another good example of the creative use of the photograph as illustration.

It is more difficult to find good children's books illustrated with photographs that fall into the "fantasy" category. Most of these are made up of photographs of dolls, stuffed animals or real animals, posing (posed) and acting out a story. These are even worse than the posed "docudrama" type books: it is often impossible to suspend disbelief and feel anything for the characters. In the "real" scenes of documentary style images with "real" people, the viewer is supposed to believe the image is what it claims to be.

In Alfred the Little Bear, the character, a small, stuffed bear, becomes nothing more than that. The reasons are due to the treatment of the photographs and text. In addition to the usual problems already discussed (text imitating imagery and the obvious "set-up" look), the images in this book are not even interesting in any other way. Composition is boring, usually centering the bear within the frame, and repetitive (Illustration 22). The images look bland, unemotional. Even though the bear goes

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exploring in the woods, gets lost and it is supposed to get
dark, the light in the photographs does not change. The
unchangeable character is set up, as are the settings (all
too similar), in an unchallenging way, with simplistic text.
The story line fails in its attempt to build suspense: no
drama, contrast or mood created. The result is that the
viewer feels no sympathy for Alfred.

Even the design and layout of the book lacks
imagination. Every two page spread is the same: a color
image almost fills one page, with the text opposite.

Another book of the same type, but a better example,
is The Lonely Doll. In this story, a doll is befriended by
an adult bear and a baby bear. The baby bear and doll
become friends, go exploring, get in trouble and punished,
and are ultimately forgiven by the adult bear. The variety
in the photography is good and in addition, the doll and
bears are manipulated and fashioned in such a way as to be
more realistic and to have expression (Illustrations 23 -
26), which makes the story more believable. The text in The
Lonely Doll does not mirror the action as often nor as
precisely as in Alfred, either, a quality that helps to
prevent the reader from becoming bored.

An example of a style of book that shows possibility

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31 Dare Wright, The Lonely Doll (New York: Doubleday &
Co., Inc., 1957), no page numbers.
is Sometimes I Dance Mountains. The text here is in the form of poetry and is about dance and its interpretive possibilities. The images are of a girl dancing and there is no photographic background. Everything else in the picture frame is in the form of added drawings, mostly swirling forms in a brown/green color.

This idea is successful, it encourages the use of the imagination as the dancer dances or acts out feelings or things mentioned in the text. Often the drawing includes the object (like rain or cricket forms) which I felt was unnecessary (Illustrations 27 - 28). The dancer's stance is meant to suggest the mentioned form, and the drawing becomes redundant. It is questionable whether the book really needs the drawings, which were probably added to fill space and add interest. Other than filling space, it does not have any other effect and was often disturbing, getting in the way of the dancer's form. Its color also clashes with the neutral black-and-white of the photographs, making it unappealing visually.

A better example of this is Wildflowers by Roslyn Fiedel with photographs by Ray Kellman. This is the story of seeds that grow and are then blown to the mountaintop,

32Byrd Baylor, photographs by Bill Sears and drawings by Ken Longtemps, Sometimes I Dance Mountains (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1973), no page numbers.

where they are captured by witches. After struggling, the wind frees them and the witches dissolve. The wildflowers then grow on the mountaintop. The seeds, flowers and witches are represented by dancers. Not only is the treatment of dancing less stylized, the text does not repeat the image. The text tells the story and the dancers expand it — the relationship is not redundant. Unlike other books I have looked at, the images are uniquely photographic, using blurring of motion, double exposures, stretching of the image, solarization and grain. The result has variety and expresses emotion successfully (Illustrations 29 - 32).

In the final analysis, one factor that seemed to make certain photographically illustrated books interesting and successful, and others boring or just uninspired, was the actual use of photography. When uniquely photographic techniques were used (such as out-of-focus shots, grain, blur, etc.), the images crossed the line from strictly documentary images to imaginative illustrations. At this point the viewer is allowed to "see" more than is actually there. The same holds true for the text in relationship to the image. In cases where it did not actually mirror the illustration, the work was more successful.

It was discouraging to see so many photographically illustrated books that did not work, that use unimaginative photographs and text that is redundant. I believe this is part of the reason that there is a general belief that good children's books cannot be illustrated with photographs. It
is easy to see how photography has fallen into this trap, especially in this day and age, when photography is so common and so accepted as a picture of "fact." It is a difficult problem to use such a media to show an emotion, an idea, or a fantasy. But with creativity, and open imagination on the part of the viewer, it is possible. Though rare, there are examples of excellent books illustrated this way, and with more and more people using photography, perhaps there will be more children's books illustrated successfully with photographs in the future.
PART 3

THE THESIS PROJECT

History of My Work

Early in my photographic history words often made their way into my images. This seemed one way in which I could say something without speaking it; say more than the photograph alone implied; say something more complex (I thought) and make it clear. These were not things realized at first; a lot of work was done before I began to see. First, I never felt I could speak clearly. I was afraid of words, my memory has always let me down, words eluded me. So I used photography as my form of expression thinking that I would not have to speak. It was not enough. I began working with self-portraits but what did they say? A picture of me and the viewer could think it meant whatever came to him at the time. Most likely, I feared, he would think: narcissism. I thought I would write a sentence that expressed issues important to me, write them on images I felt formally expressed the mood of the issue, try to direct
the viewer. Perhaps that issue would also be important to

him.

Many found these images embarrassing and threatening. This reaction encouraged me - it was better than none at all. After a number of years of making pictures without words, I again ventured to use them to clarify and complicate my work. I used sentences and paragraphs from my journals, I made up poetic prose, I picked single words or parts of words. Formally, they were within the image, underneath as caption, crossed out, erased, colored. I wanted to try every possibility. Some worked, some did not. I still felt that my words were badly chosen, the sentences poorly formed. I could not write.

To help with this, I took a creative writing class and began writing longer pieces. Photography was still my major outlet, however, and this was when I first toyed with the idea of illustrating my stories or prose or poems with my photographs. This, I decided would be my thesis.

Since then, I have discovered many reasons for putting words with my images. These reasons are also my goals in doing so. The most important goal, however, is to make the words and images work together to express complicated ideas that would not or could not work alone. The illustrations serve a variety of purposes. They must extend the text, adding intensity to its meaning and emotion. They provide for an imaginative discourse between the artist and viewer by providing visual points of reference. Images convey a
three-dimensional "real" world that cannot be expressed as economically through words and provide visual mementos of objects. This provides detail so the reader can go beyond the text, use his imagination to interpret, visualize and ultimately understand it. They also satisfy the need to create a personalized "visual-verbal entity." 34 Even though it is important that the illustrations not be purely for decoration, they do serve to decorate. But they must also concern themselves with the significance of the story and have integrity and artistic talent.

The Story

The words and images of The Shrimp with the Garlic Hat came into being simultaneously. Once the idea for the story materialized, the writing and the photography were done together. The story is about the miracle of memory which is symbolized by the garlic hat. The princess in the story has no memories. She forgets things as soon as they happen. She developed this habit out of a desire to forget her past. Her life seems rather flat but she can make no judgments about it--she has nothing to compare it to. The prince, Edward, simply is looking for a princess. He is quite happy otherwise, and knows what he wants out of life. The shrimp is both real and a character in the imagination, someone who exists perhaps on a separate plane. He is friends with the

prince, though they never meet in the story. His discovery of a beautiful princess for his friend Edward leads to the chain of events detailed in the story. The evil force, Urga the witch, serves to throw obstacles in the way of Shrimp. But Urga is a sad character. Because of her pride and greed, and also because of memory loss, she cannot even recognize the hat's powers when her memory (which would give her back her powers) returns. She denies her memory, as the princess does. (Complete story, see Appendix A.)

The Photographs

The images were, at first, a mixed bag. Many were landscapes that reflected the mood of the story. Landscape, and the movement of characters through the landscape, became very important to the story as images and text neared completion. Often, I would go out to shoot with a script in hand, looking for images that would illustrate certain parts of the story. Because of my past background using manipulated imagery, I devised a number of darkroom techniques to "make" pictures fit the story.\(^{35}\) There were also pictures of details, or of objects mentioned in the text. Some were black and white, others, color. As the deadline for the show approached and the images were viewed

\(^{35}\)Colored acetate cut into forms and placed on the paper prior to exposure; drawings on clear acetate printed into the image during exposure; manipulation of focus during exposure to produce a blurred effect; photogram negatives enlarged onto print at time of exposure; cutouts of animal shapes and sequin shapes placed on paper prior to exposure.
with the text, it became obvious that the work as a whole was not cohesive; too many of the images seemed out of place. Most of them were labeled "too realistic" or "too literal." After postponing the show until the next fall, and replacing one board member, an answer to the problems was found. The new board member suggested using primarily landscape imagery as the larger illustrations, inserting small photographs of more specific imagery into the text pages to show detail. The large photographs would then create the "mood" of the story through landscape, and create the feeling of movement. This had the effect of editing, but still utilizing successfully, the images that were so out of place yet important to me and to the story. The images and text became more cohesive, as the images themselves were more cohesive.

**Formal Elements**

There are a number of formal elements used, both in the text and in the general layout sequence of the show, that I feel are important to the viewer. These formal elements a) add complexity, b) serve to clarify levels or planes of the story, c) help to move the viewer through the space and d) force him to use memory. I hoped that being forced to use ones memory would help the viewer become aware of memory as the most important aspect of the story.

In the original gallery space, the sequence of the story was divided broadly into four sections. The beginning
of each of these "parts," in the text, was cued by the use of three asterisks (**). The space physically dividing them was also larger than that between pages. The first ten pages are where the characters are introduced and the scene set for the action to take place. The second section, the shortest part with only six pages, bridges the introduction and the body of the story. It begins the conflict and first hints that the hat is something other than what it seems. The third section is the body of the story, which contains fifteen pages. It is the part that develops into the climax of the story and has an overall feel of being ominous, putting the characters in positions that seem without resolution. The final section, ten pages like the first, resolves the story. The overall feeling, image-wise, is one of a more dreamlike quality.

Within these broad divisions, the pages were sequenced either singly, in doubles as in the pages of a book (which was the usual case), and in triplicate. Doubles were image page/text page, except in one case where there were two image pages. Over time, while re-reading the text and looking at the images, it became clear what image/text combinations worked. Usually this was because the image was of a scene where the action in the text took place, or was of a scene described in the text. In a couple of cases, the image was meant more to express feelings of the text and actually to be the emotive point that the text did not describe but pivoted around. Small images inset into the
text were details or mementos of places or things mentioned in the text. The triplicates, in all three cases, were two identical prints on either side of a text page. These, along with the one double-page spread with two images, were meant to imply movement through the landscape and occur at times in the story when movement is important.

The story takes place on three different levels or planes. The normal action of the story is the main level. A second level, distinguished in the text by parentheses, is the shrimp's level. Third, there is a plane for dreams, which are distinguished by brackets. These dreams (there are three in the story) are separated even further from the text by images that are black-and-white.

Although the three levels are formally separated they are woven together in the story, and thus, through the implications of memory stay cohesive. Although Shrimp never meets with Edward or Kari on the first level of the story, they are known or become known to each other through memory. The dreams of the third level are visions of what actually happened but are not remembered, or of what is going to happen. The characters experience déjà vu, reliving a dreamt experience. As the end approaches, the dream and real event become so close together that they are actually being experienced at the same time.

In a number of places in the work, small inset images repeat larger images already seen. (This was done using either a detail from a large image; a duplicate image, but
small in size; or a different image of the same subject.)
It was hoped that this formal element would jar the viewers'
memory, making the use and quality of one's memory an added
and important part of the experience.

The lack of figures in the images seemed an obvious choice—it would have been difficult to do without
appearing contrived and funny. I wanted the viewer to form
his own vision of each character through descriptions of
personality or behavior. The most important aspects of each
characters' personality were hopefully expressed through the
use of symbols, as well. These were drawn on both the title
page and in the illuminations. The bicycle and garlic,
through repeated use in the text and visually, became, for
me, symbols of movement and memory and symbols for the
prince and Shrimp.

Choices concerning process or technique also were made
with the story in mind. I felt that the unfocused quality
of the imagery lent some sense of fantasy to the photographs
and also spoke of past memory, the tendency of memories to
become unclear or hazy. Color, especially Cibachrome, was
chosen to strengthen the importance of color in the text in
descriptions of landscape and to provide a richness,
luminosity and depth to the scenes in which the fantasy
would unfold. It also seemed to provide an overall positive
quality to the tale, which I wanted. The choice of black
and white images for dreams was a matter of contrast. The
treatment of the images more or less creates the "dream"
feeling.

The interplay between images and text should, then, be complicated by and at the same time, be brought together by these formal elements. All were used to assist the reader in understanding memory as emotional subject in the story.

That I have an awful memory (often on purpose); that Shrimp was first visualized riding a bicycle in a dream, after hearing of a dinner of shrimp scampi; that moving held much significance for me prior to beginning graduate school; that landscape had become so important in my everyday life; these points reveal that The Shrimp With the Garlic Hat is an autobiographical piece. Most of the aforementioned points are, of course, unknown to the viewer, as is my past work. I do, however, do work that I feel is autobiographical, addressing issues important to me. I hope, through reading and viewing Shrimp the viewer recognizes the issues and even thinks to relate them to his own life. Then I would have succeeded--without talking!
APPENDIX A

ILLUSTRATIONS
Daddy says,

"Let's make pancakes and surprise Mommy."

He's showing me how to break an egg.
Now I do it.
I make my egg beater go bbbbbbrrrrrrr,
just the way Daddy does.
Now I help mix.
My Daddy says there mustn't be any lumps
Watch me! Watch me!
I can turn them over...
When I'm indoors, I want to be outdoors.
When I'm outdoors, I want to be indoors.
Why is that?
When I was a boy, barely tall,
I shot a sparrow from a tree.
I held its limp body in my hands.
and buried it still warm in the soft earth.
Then I feel.
I never touched a gun again.
I wondered,

oh, the hunter I might have been
load I but not a host that fire day.
and notelled the geale sparrow's call.
It was a relief to be off the turtle’s back.

Alfred ran into the woods and stretched out on some nice soft moss.
Little Bear was right. They did have fun!
because they got too dirty
"Oh, let's," agreed Edith, "but first I must do something about my hair."

She tried making it into a knot. That looked very grown up.
and green dance

bugs—

crelly bugs, bugs with wings, purple bugs that shine.
Sometimes
I let
my hands
have a dance
of their own.
AND ALIVE WITH WITCHES.
THE WIND RETURNED,
APPENDIX B

THE SHRIMP WITH THE GARLIC HAT
THE SHRIMP WITH THE GARLIC HAT

a fairytale by

[Signature]

© 1985 DEBORA J. BORK
Once upon a time there lived a fair maiden. In more romantic times she would have been pure of body and soul, but many years had passed since those days. This fair maiden's name was Kari and her fairness was in skin-tone. Her white skin was known far and wide and was compared to the bellies of dead fish or fine porcelain. Kari lived alone in a small cottage by a lake where she found her food and water. She could not remember her past, her only glimpse of what had happened to her before the morning of her current day was found in dreams. She did not understand or write these dreams down and could not remember them. Her life was simple and uncomplicated, her days forgotten as soon as they had ended.
Far to the east of Kari's cottage was a town of medium size that sat on the edge of the world, bordered by a great lake and thundering waterfall. In this town lived a prince, though no one knew of his princeliness since it wasn't common to be of royalty in those modern times. Edward was a modern prince. His riches were invested in stocks and bonds and in a foundation from which poor minorities could get money for a college education. His life was clearly defined, his goals mapped and ready to be achieved. But he could not begin his quest for happiness and fulfillment without a princess, and there were none to be found. He searched the town every day on his way to and from work, at the symphony and in better restaurants, but could not find her. As his sadness and frustration increased, he began to think his situation was hopeless.
he shrimp pedaled his bicycle frantically, sweat fell into his eyes and he could not see where he was going. He could hear wind whip the trees. It seemed like he was not moving forward at all. One of his hands held his garlic hat close to his head, the other shakily steered the bike. He picked up his pace, panting as a gust of wind buffeted him. He wove unsteadily, then found his bearings and continued on. It was a warm day and the wind probably would have been a welcome addition if he were lying lazily in the sand. But today he had an important message to deliver to his friend, Edward. Shrimp came to a sharp curve that veered left. As he leaned into the turn, the wind picked up and he skidded. Not being very clearheaded, he turned his front wheel away from the skid and flew high over the bike. As he landed on the pavement, his hat slid and spun quite a distance, leaving its mark on the roadway.)
Kari awoke to the smell of garlic. As usual, she reviewed her dream of the night before and forgot it. It didn't occur to her to question its origin or meaning, nor to wonder at the connection between her dreams and her other senses: the shrimp and his funny hat, waking oddly of garlic was the smell of garlic as she just as vivid. She slowly got out of bed and glanced at her reflection in the mirror as cabin. On warmer a vivid memory; awoke had been for her bath, but got out of bed on. She put a for wood stove to warm cabin. On water, but coffee, and gazed went complete. Winter ranged over smelling oddly of garlic was the smell of garlic as she just as vivid. She slowly and glanced at her reflection in the mirror as cabin. On warmer days she swam in the lake today she felt a chill coming and walked through the large pot of water on the old heat, warmed the leftover out the window. Her thoughts were she felt she should today she swam in the lake close at hand, the root was full and the woodpile stacked high. Today she would concentrate on the root cellar, since there was danger of frost ruining her vegetables. The sound of boiling water jarred her back to reality, and she set out to get ready for her day.
(The wind increased in velocity, sending the garlic hat into the cornfield next to the road. The trees bowed lower, their branches sweeping the ground. The creaking limbs and howling wind performed a sort of symphony, often deafening, never ceasing. Shrimp did not move. His bicycle lay twisted on its side, the rear wheel spinning. The wind slowed for a moment and a flock of crows lifted from the field, one of them carrying the garlic hat. They laughed as they flew away from the city, not looking back.)

Edward noticed that the wind had not let up for a number of days. Tired, he wandered back into his house to make dinner. The refrigerator was in its usual state of near emptiness, containing only cottage cheese, leftover bean burritos, and six or seven baggies of old cheese. While he gazed into the fridge, he tried to devise some miraculous concoction out of the contents. He had a strong taste for garlic, but had run out a few days earlier. Then he remembered Shrimp. Where had Shrimp been when he had called two days ago? "He had been starting on a journey back to me," Edward mused, "and was quite frantic." Shrimp had assured him that they would be talking in a half day. Shrimp could really ride, so he must have been only about fifty miles away. Edward began to worry.

(Shrimp groaned and tried to open his eyes, but could not. He rolled over, wincing, and sat up. Before he could get his bearings, he lost consciousness again.)
***

Ordinarily, the shrimp with the garlic hat found it intolerable to be around hospital corridors. He yelled loudly when left there for any length of time, often so that he would get light-headed, see stars and have to stop to catch his breath. No one seemed to notice. He wished to be back outside, to feel unaware of his head again, to ride his bicycle and to feast on his favorite food, clams. And what of the important news he was bringing to Edward? He could not recall it, nor could he tell how long he had been in the hospital.

Where was his bicycle? If he could get up the nerve to pull out the lines attached to his body, maybe he could stand, then walk. It seemed utterly important and he rarely dwelt on other thoughts for long, his mind always returning to this escape. How had he gotten here? He vaguely recalled the wind and dreamt of crows, huge and black against the brilliant sky and sun, wheeling higher and higher, the wind screaming, his bicycle wheel click-clicking. And where was his garlic hat?)
Kari turned the hat over and over in her hands and waited to recognize it. She could not remember seeing it before, but it reminded her of something. She remembered the early morning odor of garlic and realized that the hat had the same smell. The hat was in the shape of a whole garlic, soft, worn, and streaked with dirt. There was something else odd about the hat, something strong but hard to pinpoint. Kari felt uncomfortable: for the first time she remembered a dream, the one that had ended with the smell of garlic this morning. She knew that if she allowed it to happen, she would be able to remember all of her past which she had tried so hard to forget. She also felt warmth holding the hat and was sure that it was safe and good. She put the hat down and the strange feeling vanished. She could not recall her dream and felt disoriented. Without thinking, she rumpled the garlic hat, stuffed it into her pocket and went out to do her chores. She recalled, over and over, her dream.

[The storm came in quickly from the west: dark, billowing mountains on rising. Only a few minutes earlier, everything had been still. Now the wind tore at the trees, bent low and thrashed back, and the strange feeling vanished. She could not recall her dream and felt disoriented. Without thinking, she rumpled the garlic hat, stuffed it into her pocket and went out to do her chores. She recalled, over and over, her dream.

The storm clouds that created giant walls, falling and all sides, falling and had waited too long and would in the oncoming storm. She able to pull herself away from The town was celebrating she had forgotten in all the excitement what it was. The colors had hypnotized her, their swirling movements carrying her off to the inside of her head. There had been animals of all kinds, some she had never seen before, and she was amazed. Her vision had changed completely, sometimes blurring, other times just faceting, like a million diamonds. There were smells, too, of exotic foods from all over the world. She would have liked to try some but felt like an outsider, as if she didn't belong and therefore could not share in the feast or celebration. All of a sudden she had felt as if someone were watching her. She snapped out of her reverie and started to walk toward the edge of town, looking back for one last glance at the pageantry. Instead of seeing the parade, she saw one of the strange animals she had seen earlier: a shrimp riding a bicycle, wearing a funny white hat. He was looking at her with recognition in his eyes. Fear enveloped her and she began to run. The storm - the smell of garlic - ]
The old woman moved slowly up the hill toward the small cottage. The road was rough and every time her cart hit a bump or rut, a vegetable would leap from the cart and roll toward the ditch. The woman would then mutter an overused obscenity, pick up the stray, and push on. What had she heard from those nasty crows yesterday? The shrimp was in some kind of trouble and had lost his hat. She felt a shiver of excitement as she thought of the garlic hat and its powers. How could those crows lose it? She had sent them away in a fit of fury, warning them to find it or else. Or else what? Well, she would think of something.
Urga stopped and noticed Kari in the field picking late tomatoes off the vines. Her beautiful white skin glowed, making the old witch madder. Where were the freckles that she had cursed Kari with earlier this summer? Somehow, her curse had gone awry. Well, she would try again. Suddenly, she noticed that Kari was coming toward her. Urga put on a smile and hobbled around the cart.

"What have you got for me today, Urga? I really am tired of canning. Perhaps you have a miracle vegetable that will last me through winter?"

"No, my dear, but I have the mushrooms that you wanted. Have you a sack?"

Kari began to walk toward her cottage but stopped abruptly and pulled the garlic hat from her pocket. "I guess we can put them in here for now. Isn't it funny looking? I found it on my step this morning and it's having the strangest effect on me."

Urga nearly lost her teeth before realizing that Kari had changed. The blank look that used to appear on her face was gone. The hat was charmed and although Urga did not know how to use its charms, she had to have it. Before she could consider that her magic didn't seem to work on Kari, she looked to the sky and murmured a spell. Kari had begun to put mushrooms into the hat and was chatting away at high speed about the warmth and safety she felt and the memories that had started to emerge. Urga was dismayed, nothing seemed to be happening. She waved her hands dramatically, saying something about bugs, but Kari didn't seem to notice. In frustration, Urga picked up a rock from the side of the road and hurled it. She watched with surprise as Kari dropped to the ground. It wasn't magic, but it worked.

(Shrimp felt the pain in his head through his sleep and sat up ready to scream, but the intense pain was gone. Had he dreamt it? He lay back down but could not sleep. Since he seemed to be improving, the nurses had taken away all of the wires and tubes. It was time to leave.)
Edward packed a few necessities into his small handlebar pack and set out west on his bicycle to find Shrimp. The wind still had not let up, but it was at his back. It was a cool morning and there was frost on the grass that sparkled wildly. Edward had no idea which route to take. There were so many possibilities that the trip seemed hopeless. Edward filled his water bottle at the outside faucet, aimlessly watching the sky as it lightened. The bottle overflowed and sprayed his shoes and cycling tights. He coasted down the winding drive and, exhilarated by the brisk wind, rode without thinking toward one of his favorite back roads. Above, jet black crows leapt and dove. They followed closely, never losing sight of Edward.
Urga glanced around nervously, wondering what to do. Her long, crooked fingers wrung the garlic hat and she had to force herself to stop. She knew she could not pull Kari very far, she was old and weak and her magic often failed her. "If only I could use the magic of the hat," she thought. As she stood pondering this new problem, she remembered an old spell that her mother had taught her when she was first learning magic. Its simplicity astounded her and she chastised herself for not remembering it sooner. It was a spell for moving things, and Urga had used it frequently as a child to amaze her friends. She put the garlic hat into her apron pocket and bent over Kari. "I hope, for once, my spell will work on you, Kari. I'd hate to have you freeze here this winter." Urga said a few lines and slowly lifted her hands. To her surprise, Kari floated off the ground. Urga dropped her yourself, you waved her hands disappeared into "Poor dear, when won't remember is gone and so hobbled off, speed. She and knew that learn to use the was so pleased, she almost victim. "Get ahold of old woman," she muttered, and toward the small house. Kari it, landing softly on her bed. you wake up, if you do, you any of this. Your garlic hat are your memories." Urga pushing her cart with renewed felt a fresh sense of energy, with a few days' work she could hat's full powers.

(Shrimp walked very slowly. It seemed that each muscle and bone had its own ache, and they were all hammering for attention. Getting out of the hospital had been easy. It had been the middle of the night and the nurses had been giggling in their lounge. Shrimp had slipped into the elevator and through the lobby without being noticed. The night had been star-studded and he could see clearly. Excitement had filled him and he had hurried. Now he was regretting it. Dawn was arriving and he was pleased to note that he had gone in the right direction: east, toward Edward, but with what news? He still could not remember. Shrimp slowed to a stop. His body would just not move anymore. He slid down an embankment, crawled up the other side and laid down near the edge of an old well. "Surely no one will care if I rest here for just a little while," he thought dreamily. In no time, he was snoring softly, unaware of Urga just beginning to wake in the trailer only a few yards away.)
Edward was not aware of the surroundings as he rode his bicycle. His mind was full of anxiety. "Where is Shrimp? What does he have to tell me? Why do I have this terrible feeling?" Deep in the pit of his stomach he felt that he would not find Shrimp in time. Unconsciously, his legs pumped harder, and the lines on the road became a blur. He thought with dismay of the possibility that this was the wrong route, but fought it back. The road lifted and fell, the ditches were filled with purple and yellow autumn weeds, the trees were splendid. An old woman wandered out of her house as he passed but she paid scant attention to the man on the bicycle. He didn't notice her either, his eyes looking only forward.
When Urga caught sight of Shrimp's feet around the side of her well, her first reaction was one of fear which quickly changed to anger. She was not in the mood for interference today, there was just too much to do. "Damn bums take anything as an invitation," she mumbled, and stalked to the right to get a better view and to pick up a rock. She didn't trust her magic anymore, and rocks seemed to be working lately. She gasped and dropped the rock as Shrimp came fully into view. Then a smile appeared on her face. "Well, well. Another stroke of luck. Maybe my time has come. No, maybe Shrimp's time has come." Urga never thought of herself as cruel, but she had led a lonely and miserable life. Now she had the chance to change that and no shrimp was going to take that chance away from her.

(Shrimp dreamt of swirling lights and colors. The pounding of his head turned into a rhythm that was not unpleasant. His aching muscles calmed themselves and relaxed. He saw a princess sleeping soundly in a snowcovered house, her eyelashes glistening with frost, her breathing slow. He remembered then, in his deepest sleep, what he had to tell Edward. He knew, also, that his hat was nearby. How else could he have had such a revealing dream? Shrimp tried to climb out of his sleep. He reached out, almost to the point of feeling himself awaken and then he stopped. There was a barrier and it was pushing him; he felt as if he could not breathe. The space of his dreaming became ever smaller and he cried out silently and in vain.)

Edward stopped suddenly. Without any warning, he had become severely short of breath. Resting by the side of the road, he felt a renewed sense of despair. The sky was beginning to darken and a cold wind blew through his riding tights. Edward regretfully turned his bicycle homeward.
In the distance, Edward caught sight of a small, dancing fire. Music floated on the wind. He slowed down, feeling uneasy, not able to ride quickly by. He felt pulled toward the light and sound. He put his bicycle in the ditch and walked forward, hiding behind trees. The air was full of strange and vaguely familiar smells. Large shadows moved against the woods where the firelight ended. The tree he stood behind held a large metal ring and above him dangled a horseshoe. Edward shivered. As he watched, an old woman came into view. She was dressed oddly, her black dress completely covered with small bags of different colors. She moved slowly, her hands moving up and down, her head glowing white. As she came toward him, around the fire, Edward felt a stab of recognition. Shrimp's garlic hat! The old woman danced by him and he was awash in the smells of herbs, spices and more than all the others, garlic.
Edward felt compelled to rush forward to grab the hat but forced himself to stop. Was Shrimp close by? He watched as the woman stopped, muttered words, and threw a concoction from one of her many bags into the fire. The flames leapt up, greenish, and died down again as Urga continued walking around the fire. He knew that he had to get the hat.

Suddenly she stopped, angrily stamped her foot and wailed, "Someone is interfering." Her eyes darted around, gleaming madly. Edward made a desperate but vain attempt to disappear. "Come out here in the light," Urga cried, "you cannot escape. You are bound to the fire by the powers of my hat and I will control you!" Edward rolled his eyes and stifled a laugh. She was obviously more scared than he, and she did not know how to use the hat. He stepped out, pretending fear.
I have come to help you learn to use the power of the hat," Edward boomed, lowering his voice considerably. Urga looked at him doubtfully, eyeing his black tights. Her hand reached up to the hat protectively, and she slipped it into a hidden pocket in her dress.

"How do you know about the hat? Who sent you?" Urga had spent much of the day trying to use the hat's powers, but had not gotten anywhere. Her voice betrayed her hopes but she could still not trust this stranger. At her age she had learned a little bit, and she wasn't about to lose the hat now.

"The crows sent me," Edward said, without knowing why. "I have used the hat myself. Surely with your powers you already know that."

"Well, yes," stumbled Urga, "but why do you want to help me?"

"For my own purposes, of course. If I help you, perhaps you will help me," Edward said.

"Perhaps," Urga sniffed. She was beginning to feel more in control. He seems like such a nice boy, she thought. Suddenly, she felt old and weary. She pulled the hat from her pocket and stroked it lovingly. She hobbled over to a squat table and sat down. For a short time Urga stared into the fire, aimlessly worrying the hat. At last she said, "Come sit over here. It's a strange night, young man - what did you say your name was? - I have spent hours trying different methods of magic, many of which I'd completely forgotten until now. Nothing seems to work. I remember my mother's face so clearly tonight, her careful teachings, her kindness as I memorized potions and recipes and chants. Why, she was just a misty figure to me yesterday, so unclear, so far away." Urga chuckled, remembering some private, long forgotten joke.
Edward gazed intently at the hat, half listening to Urga's rambling. She's just a lonely old woman dreaming of power, he thought. But where is Shrimp? He felt a chill, a warning that perhaps Urga had more power than even she knew. He himself, only moments before, felt sad for her, was almost on the verge of going home without the hat. Was she weaving some power into a net to capture him? Without another thought Edward leapt up, grabbed the hat, and dashed toward his bicycle. As he ran, even though he was afraid, he smiled as he thought of this brute force method of capturing Shrimp's hat. What happened to sneaky, wiley plans? Edward reached his bicycle, and stuffing the hat into his pocket at the same time, reached down for the handlebars. From far off he heard the wailing chants of the old woman. His motions slowed as if he were in a dream. He pulled the bike to the road and swung his leg over the seat. Urga's voice was louder and he felt himself struggling against a wall that was pressing down on him. With all his strength he pushed down with one foot, then with the other. The bicycle moved slowly forward, lurching, wobbling with each stroke. His mind was far off, outside himself, watching, yelling, pushing his body to go. He felt heat from his pocket, almost scalding, and with a strength he never knew existed, began to move his bicycle forward. Without seeing, he rode away from the firelight. Far behind him, Urga threw stones uselessly at the road.
The ballroom glowed majestically, the couples swirling through it effortlessly, as though in a vacuum. Stars fell from the ceiling, glittering brightly. Edward had never been so happy. A fair princess held on to his arm. She moved gracefully, floating. Suddenly he felt cold, almost unbearably so. He kept pushing away brush that seemed to go on mile after mile. He swore at the hat in his pocket that would not let him rest. Edward stumbled and, falling to his knees, cried out in pain. Angrily, into the woods. Crows hooted hoarse, raucous calls to his ears. He looked up and saw a face swoop toward him. He kept pushing, he threw the hat that pierced his face that pierced his face with Urga's
Edward woke up shaking. This was the second time he'd had this dream, one that began so pleasantly and ended with the old woman's face so close. He wondered for a moment if perhaps it wasn't guilt that caused the dream. He'd taken away Urga's only hope. But deep down inside, he knew better. Shrimp's garlic hat was trying to tell him something, either where Shrimp was or what Shrimp had been coming to tell him.

Kari shivered, but could not move to cover herself. Her body had been frozen for two days now. She was awake, her body rigid, with another body inside trying to move. "That Urga," she thought, "hitting me like that. The hat!" It dawned on Kari that it had been the odd white hat that had aroused Urga's interest. Kari was astounded that she remembered, but she was tired from struggling and drifted into a fitful sleep.

Edward dressed warmly, remembering his dream, and set out again. He cleared his head of any thought and rode, hoping the powers of the hat would steer his direction. He passed Urga's house, dark and quiet. He rode until darkness enveloped the land. He turned onto a gravel road, narrow and bumpy. Naked trees arched overhead, gently waving him on. Edward noticed every detail, he'd been here before. Everything he saw, he recognized. The road became even narrower, now just rutted dirt, so he stopped riding and began to walk. The stars were dense and sparkled highly, the air was crisp and cold.
Edward stopped and found his bearings. He felt no urge to continue. Around him was an expansive garden, much of its produce withering, neglected. He was standing on rotting tomatoes. "Ugh," he thought, as he wandered through the rows of vegetables. He left the garden at a path and walked up to a small cabin. "Well, well, I guess this is the spot. Shrimp?"

For the first time, Edward felt afraid. "Where the hell am I and why am I here?" he asked himself. He jiggled the latch on the door and it swung open without a sound. Edward thought of spooky movies and laughed dryly. "Maybe I should wait until tomorrow," he said as he walked into the cabin. Starlight poured through the windows, throwing shadows. He noticed a half-eaten breakfast on the table, spilled mushrooms on the floor. The cabin was colder than the air outside so Edward absent-mindedly put wood into the stove and reached up, without looking, for the matches that hung by its side. As he lit the fire, he was startled to think that he'd been here before, had lit this fire, had found the matches. He held his hands close to the fire and glanced around the room. It was cluttered ceiling with cans and small objects, collected owner's past. Edward it close to the stove and to warm and for the dawn
beautiful maiden, her skin as fair as the frost on
the windows, glided into the room and stood next to the stove. She
rubbed her eyes as if she had been asleep for far too long, and stared
with surprise at Edward. She
reached down and pulled from his
hands a funny white hat. She
turned slowly and threw it into the
stove. Edward leapt with great effort toward
the hat, but it flew up the chimney before he
could reach it. The fear which he had stifled
so well increased. He could not move and he
did not know where he was. Who was this woman, so white, so calm,
so beautiful? Where was Shrimp?]

Then Edward knew why Shrimp had been in such a hurry to
see him. He looked at Kari and saw that she was not as white as
he had dreamt and was even more beautiful than he had ever
imagined.

Kari glared at the intruder in her chair and angrily grabbed
the hat that had caused her long sleep. I'll get even with Urga
later, she thought, but first I must get rid of this hat. As
she turned back toward Edward after burning the hat, she saw in
his eyes something that she had not seen in many years. Her
memory was clear, as though she had never forgotten. Her anger
vanished and she knelt by Edward. She took his hands, and with
one last thought of the hat, kissed him.
(The shrimp with the garlic hat happily jumped on his new bicycle and peddled around in a circle. The sun was deep in the western sky, snow glistened and glittered in high banks on either side of the road. With a cheer, he rode off toward the sun, his black tails flapping in the wind. He lifted his hat in joyful farewell. The crows, ever further away, bobbed and soared.)
APPENDIX C

TECHNICAL POINTS

The images were primarily made on Kodak Ektachrome film, with a few made on Ektacolor negative film. The format was 120 (2 1/4") size. All positives were contrast masked before printing. Black-and-white images made on TriX film were printed on Ektacolor paper with an orange mask so as to match other print surfaces in the show. There are two dye transfers in the work. The rest are Cibachrome prints.

The text was typeset in Palladium 10 point according to a specific layout given to the typesetter. The typeset text was then copied onto Kodalith film on a copy camera. The resulting 8" x 10" "negative" was projection printed onto 16" x 20" double weight Ilford Gallerie black-and-white paper.

The illuminations were hand drawn with colored pencil around an inked first letter. The original size was approximately 3" x 5." These were felt to be too large, and also seemed to have a surface quality that was too different
from the rest of the work. They were copied with a 4" x 5" camera onto 4" x 5" Ektachrome film, to the correct size for final use, approximately 1 1/2" x 2 1/2". These were then contact printed onto Cibachrome paper.

The small 4" x 4" images and the illuminations were dry mounted onto the black-and-white 16" x 20" text pages with Seal dry mounting tissue. Finally, the text pages were mounted to a 2-ply rag board using the same tissue.
APPENDIX D

THESIS PROPOSAL
THE SHRIMP WITH THE GARLIC HAT

by

Debora J. Bork

A Thesis Proposal submitted for approval
on October 18, 1984
BOARD MEMBERS

Elliott Rubenstein, Chairman
Assistant Professor
School of Photographic Arts and Sciences

Charles Arnold
Professor
School of Photographic Arts and Sciences

Marianne Fulton
Assistant Curator, Photographic Collections
International Museum of Photography at George Eastman House
Statement of Purpose

I will explore the use of photography as illustration for children's stories. This will include an historical survey and analysis of the photographic illustrations used in the stories and a discussion concerning my reasons for using this vehicle for self-expression. A story that I have written will be illustrated by photographs, as the visual part of the thesis.

Background Information

From my first attempts at photography, I have been interested in how words and pictures work together. I have tried to pursue this interest in my personal work for many years, trying many different techniques, but never to my satisfaction. At first, I made very personal statements, writing them on self-portraits. Next, I chose statements from my journals that were not as personal, and combined them with more abstract images (gumprints) of myself. When I arrived in Rochester, I continued to work this way, but began by using free verse in conjunction with Ektacolor pictures that were not self-portraits. These soon became parts of sentences captioning gumprints. I took a creative writing class which led to my writing a story which I abstractly illustrated with gumprints. The next step in this process seemed to be to write a story and illustrate it in a more direct way.

The reason for my explorations with words and pictures stems from a need to understand myself and what I do, thus it becomes therapeutic. I find that these same concerns are important to others, and the work becomes expressive as well. This balance is important to me: to make images from which I can learn about myself and from which others can learn about themselves, as well, through these self-disclosures.

I have chosen children's stories since I have always been interested in the important learning process that children go through when reading fantasy books. Subtle moral lessons seem to make their way into the mind in a comfortable way through fairy tales and stories. Secondly, it intrigues and challenges me to discover that not many stories are illustrated through photography. Lastly, the pleasure derived from reading these stories and viewing the illustrations, of imagination and fantasy, are a cherished part of my childhood that has rarely surfaced since I 'grew up'. Although the story that I write and illustrate will not be specifically for children, the method and vehicle will be similar to classical fairy tales. I believe that adults can still experience these wonders, if only they would allow themselves, and if only there was a story...
Procedure

My thesis project is divided into five sections, which I will list below.

1. Write a story. This has been started and I expect to be done with the first draft by mid-fall quarter. While writing, I am reading a variety of books on fairy tales, since I would like my story to have fairy tale qualities.

2. Photograph and print illustrations. I intend to illustrate the story primarily with Cibachromes and Dye Transfer Prints, although there is room for other media or combinations and alterations of media. I hope to have all of the slides taken before the start of the winter quarter. Winter quarter will involve the printing of all images and the typesetting of the text, which I will illuminate.

3. Exhibit the work. The show will be hung in such a way as to emphasize the book format. In other words, there will be a page of text closely aligned to an illustration that works with the storyline.

4. Search through children's books for photographic illustrations. Here I will also use the aid of librarians and perhaps a few children's book writers to find any work done in this way. I will also review book illustrations done in other media, in order to understand the historical perspective.

5. Write the results of my search and discuss them, analyze my own work in relation to these results and write up the procedures involved in doing my show.
Brief Bibliography


APPENDIX E

THESIS SHOW
- Arrows indicate flow of story
- Numbers correspond to slides
The Shrimp With The Garlic Hat

A Fairy Tale by Deborah Berk

R.I.T. Photo Gallery
Sept. 28 - Oct. 4, 1985
Opening Reception, Saturday, the 28th at 7:30 pm
A Fairy Tale

The Shrimp With The Garlic Hat

Rochester Institute of Technology
Photography Gallery
September 28 - October 4, 1985

Opening Saturday, the 28th, at 7:30 pm

by

[Signature]
BIBLIOGRAPHY


