Taking My Father's Pictures

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TAKING MY FATHER’S PICTURES

BY

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SLIDES OF MY PICTURES

SLIDES OF THE INSTALLATION
In gratitude to God
for those who graced me with this work:

Mary Rachel Tanney, my wife
Mary Huchenski Yusavitz, my mother
Carl Ralph Yusavitz, my father
CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY STATEMENT

I remember first taking these pictures 33 years ago. I remember standing on my parents' wooden hamper in the closet of their bedroom and reaching up and lifting down a box and a book. The box was full of my father's photographs and negatives. The book was our family album.

I remember climbing onto my parents' bed and getting myself comfortable, readying my body for what lay before me.

I remember smelling the album cover before opening it, much like our cat Mitzie used to smell whatever was put in front of her.

In the middle of this room is a small collection of what once lay in that box and got fastened in that book. In a sense, they are the pictures I remember most, the ones I chose to look at in this room. The rest remain at home, still and unseen.

Surrounding my father's pictures is my response.

Holding all of this together well, in this one room, is all I have chosen to do this week.

So went the introduction to my thesis exhibition of October 1-7, 1983. Although it is difficult to pinpoint exactly where and when this whole work first began, it seems more difficult still to speculate where it might one day end up. For the things families hand on - the stories, the rituals, the precious objects, the useless junk - tend to get broken in transit or simply lost through neglect. What was handed on to me, some 33 years ago, were pictures, lots of pictures: snapshots documenting moments my father chose to remember and
somehow hand on. He did so carefully and casually - sequencing a select few in an album and relegating the rest to a large shoe box. The box actually was not that large. It just seemed so - my hands being so little 33 years ago. That album and that box I opened and reopened countless times during the 14 years that were my only years at home. The ones I chose to look at and respond to in my thesis exhibition are the ones I remember most and the ones that fascinate me anew. This thesis report is merely an attempt to better understand those choices.

The subject matter of my father's pictures were almost exclusively "us", the family: his wife Mary and his two sons, Carl and Richard. Dutifully, the rituals of our births and birthdays, important visits and new clothes, the accumulation of goods and the movements in social status, were recorded. I grew up with this pictorial tradition and began altering it with pictures of my own when I was almost 10. My father taught me how to use his Kodak 620. Later, I had a twin lens reflex of my own. I began to see the world differently. I somehow began to enjoy it more.

My father worked in the coal mines then, as did most of my extended family. It was difficult and dangerous work; and when my father finally quit the mines, he also quit taking pictures. His album never got filled and his box of pictures
and negatives never multiplied further. I believe that his asthma and silicosis, as well as other mine injuries to his hearing and sight, contributed to this decision. He lost his interest in photography as I was finding my own.

And so, almost 30 years later, I choose to look at what he left me - not as a child, but as a son. I choose to "take" his pictures, lift them down and remove them from the shelf where my mother still keeps them, and look at them again. And although this taking implies seizure and transference, my father knows I do so gently and with respect. Taking is a peculiar word though. It could mean what I mean, literally, but it could also mean (and often does mean) something metaphorical like, "Stand here and take this picture of us". And that cross-over from literal to metaphorical meaning is precisely what got me looking at my father's pictures again. There I discovered that what I once took down from my parents' bedroom closet shelf was now reappearing in my own work: our common sense of framing and in-camera composition, our common decision to to concentrate on those we love, our concerns for sequence and narration, and our shared interest in how words and pictures work together. In a sense, I was taking more than pictures down from that shelf. I was beginning to retake the pictures themselves. And in the best sense of the word, I was acknowledging my part in this tradition, this handing-on what was once handed to me. And so
in my thesis exhibition, I admitted publically that I was a steward. If every photograph is somehow co-natural with its referent, then I felt a responsibility to both.

But how to organize all this, make it coherent, understandable, give it meaning? I had my father's work, both visual and verbal, and most of his negatives, as well as my own work, both visual and verbal, long before, just before, and during my studies at R.I.T. I also felt a need to continue taking pictures and writing during this whole process of discernment. "A whole of tangled feelings", to use T.S. Eliot's words. Out of necessity again, I became concerned with matters hermeneutical. How does anyone organize any experience and where does this need to communicate what we believe come from and take us? In a journal entry of January 28, 1981, I found this:

One of the ironies of the creative process is that it practically cripples itself in order to function. I mean that, usually, in order to turn out a piece of work the author has to exaggerate the emphasis of it, to oppose it in a forcefully competitive way to the other versions of truth; and he gets carried away by his own exaggeration, as his distinctive image is built on it. But each honest thinker who is basically an empiricist has to have some truth in his position, no matter how extremely he has formulated it. The problem is to find the truth underneath the exaggeration, to cut away the excess elaboration or distortion and include the truth where it fits. (Ernest Becker, from his The Denial of Death, p. XI)
I decided to go the way of the empiricist, to explore with practice first, to justify in theory afterwards. And so, from November, 1982 to August, 1983, I tried many things, I abandoned many things, and I eventually ended up with what was seen in my thesis exhibition and is being read here.

The decisions to accept and abandon revolved around three issues: one, who my primary viewer might be; two, how to include all viewers in a highly personal, self-disclosive process; and three, how to state clearly what I was feeling only confusedly. Certainly, my primary viewer was my father. But was he? Certainly, everyone would be interested in my personal life. But would they? Certainly, I needed to be clear about what I said. But did I really? Eventually, I realized that my primary viewer was not my father (who would never even see the exhibition), nor my thesis board, nor my wife Mary. It was myself - with all my jumbled needs to understand what I did as a child and what I was doing now. I also realized that my personal life is no more interesting than anyone else's. We are all born *inter urinas et faeces*, Martin Luther wrote. And we will all end up as dust. What began to interest me more was not what happened (especially in those photographs of my father), but how they happened to get organized in that way and not another. His decisions and my own would be the interesting stuff of my thesis exhibition. And finally, I realized that I was rarely clear in my thinking
and writing. So why should I expect myself to be so uncharacteristically lucid in all of this? I learned to trust my feelings more. And so, this course of study became very different than any other course of study I enjoyed in my past. The attention was different. The thinking was different. The decisions were different. And the commitment to take responsibility for what I was doing was different.

History is a hard core of interpretation surrounded by the pulp of indisputable facts. These facts are not laid out like fish on a fishmonger’s slab. They are like fish swimming about in a vast and inaccessible ocean; and what the historian catches will depend partly on chance but mainly on what part of the ocean he chooses to fish and what tackle he chooses to use.

"Taking" my father’s pictures began to mean more than just making my pictures look like his.
CHAPTER II

PERSONAL BACKGROUND

I remember being mystified by trains that could sever limbs and gyroscopes that could resist the bang and push of my hand.

I remember reading the Encyclopaedia Brittanica and confessing "hard boiled" sins when I discovered this Aphrodite or that.

I remember spinning our cat Mitzie in circles, my wrist hooked around her frightened neck.

I remember burning ants with a small magnifying glass.

I remember wanting so badly to leave home and discover what was outside "Pennsylvania".

(Personal Journal Entry, January 23, 1977)

In presenting my father's photographs in the thesis exhibition, I operated out of three decisions. One, I would frame each of his prints, unmatted, under glass - to set them apart and create an atmosphere of precious object/relic; two, I would sequence his work chronologically, setting each photograph next to the other in a linear snap-shot album style; and three, there would not be a lot of written material physically surrounding my father's pictures. The quote above appeared just under the transition pictures of me as a baby/me as a child. Leaving home is a common enough metaphor. Among other things, it means growing up.
It is difficult for me to call Mayfield, Pennsylvania, my home. Although I was born there in 1945, it seems my whole childhood was full of dreams and fantasies about leaving that small mining community. The first of two sons of a second-generation Lithuanian father and Polish mother, very conventional and yet in some mysterious way very liberating in their parenting, I was raised to look after myself and try to become someone special, a public person. And so it was that the military boarding school very early in my life became my own personal metaphor for breaking away, being different, being free. My parents, however, although actively encouraging these fantasies, eventually could do scarce little to help me actually flesh them out. When they were finally forced (by me) to admit that there was no money for private boarding schools, military or otherwise, I was crushed. I was angry, disappointed, sad and eleven years old. Yet when I look at my father’s pictures, I smile. I can remember being that sandy-haired boy who ploughed through his homework with abandon, organized a local band of boys into a pretty exclusive club, took lots of pictures with a camera earned through selling Christmas cards, practiced playing the guitar two hours a day, worked hard at parish bingo, peddled Sunday newspapers, learned to read the encyclopaedia and dictionary for fun, and in short — created his own very private world. In a very real way, he had already left home without even knowing it.
The actual physical separation, however, came when I was fourteen. It was 1959 and Eisenhower, white socks, and American innocence were on the wane. Quite apart from my parents, I decided to enter a high school seminary in Hartford, Connecticut. This decision eventually led me to priestly ordination and public ministry in the Catholic Church for nine years. During my formative years, I lived in New England, Rome, Paris, and Geneva, taking pictures as a hobby for a Catholic devotional magazine called "Our Lady's Missionary". As a prist, I worked in Cheshire, Connecticut, Washington, D.C., and London, taking very few pictures. But what I did was write. I wrote poetry and prose, sermons and talks, magazine articles, and even twenty odd songs. Most of this written material dealt with my own life experience and seems jaded today - probably because it tended to be more analytical than celebratory in tone, more studium than punctum, to use Barthes' terms. Much of that written material I merely threw away or left behind in transit, as new decisions demanded new symbols to deal with new situations. As I look back on those decisions, to leave and to risk, to remain and to settle, and all the thousands of words which surrounded them (even the ones I can no longer turn to), I believe that such writing was necessary. After all, my philosophical training was Aristotelian/Thomistic and my theological training European "Incarnational". Et Verbo caro facturm est. "And the Word became flesh" was not
only a tenet of my Christian beliefs, but also a way of actually working as a priest.

That people could be encouraged (or discouraged) by words, blessed (or cursed) by words, and even put in their place by words, is something quite firmly rooted in our Judeo-Christian culture. Christ, as God's word which actually "took" flesh, the *Urs Sacramentum*, the primordial sacrament, is the unique localization of this belief in the efficacy of words. In handing on this profession of faith, Catholics have traditionally emphasized visual elements in their religious education, liturgical celebration, and private piety. Catholic public ritual, as well as pious cult, Catholic ecclesiastical architecture, as well as local iconography, all point to the table/altar (the Eucharist) as both the means and end of Christian holiness. Protestants, on the other hand, tend to emphasize the primacy of the word in their decision-making, faith-sustaining, process. When Luther turned to Paul (specifically, Paul's letter to the Church of Rome), he undertook a specific hermeneutical stance towards the Christ event. And this particular interpretation continues still, even visually, in most Protestant churches where the central focus of liturgical attention is the pulpit - and everything it symbolizes. More currently, although out of the same hermeneutical position, we witness today countless preachers and wonderworkers who convert the
common television's prominent position in the American home into a new pulpit - where the Word of the Lord can issue forth ever so smoothly, ever so carefully. But I was raised a Catholic - with all the bells and smells, icons, statues, and holy cards, standing and kneeling, associated with immigrant European Christianity in America today. As I matured in my faith commitment, I became more fascinated, although at times much more confused, about the relationship between sacrament and word. I discovered in Rochester that the relationship can be just as fascinating and just as confusing for those who believe other things as well.

My decisions to enter religious life and priesthood, as well as my decisions to step aside, are complicated decisions, and this thesis report is no proper forum to better understand them. Yet, I did come to R.I.T. in June of 1981 on a leave of absence from my religious order and public priestly ministry. I came here frightened, yet eager to learn. In my early conversations and work, I struggled with issues of self-disclosure and rescue, making public what many others would consider very private, identifying and reaching out to the sad and helpless in my midst. My photography, in particular, moved into four stages during those two years. The first, I now call my "pictographic" stage, where the subject matter was the most important element in my photography. My R.I.T. acceptance portfolio (completed in Washingt
D.C., 1980-81) is a good example of this stage: black and white pictures of barren trees in Washington's National Arboretum. Although the work was carefully crafted, highly personal, and even symbolic of my conscious state at the time (the trees, like me, were divested of much of their protection and all of their fruit, yet they stood there firmly, with roots that were deep), the interest in these pictures, apart from the verbiage which often surrounded them, was centered on trees as subject matter, not on trees as metaphor. Later, about mid-way through my first year at R.I.T., I became more interested in exploring such ideas and beliefs. More specifically, my own viewpoint became a primary concern in my photography. My father's recent stroke, my decision not to return to religious life or priesthood, my love for Mary Tanney, now my wife, as well as other concerns, formed the second stage of my photographic development, a sort of "ideographic" stage. This stage was nurtured on a six month internship at Afterimage (the magazine of the Visual Studies Workshop), as well by a course I was taking by Nathan Lyons entitled "Interpretive Strategies". My "symbolic" and less aggressively expressive stage followed. Especially, as I began photographing objects I carried with me for years - precious objects, highly charged objects, ambiguous objects, fetishes almost - I realized that I was once again fascinated by what Spinoza called "the particular", the "one" which typified the "many". I was also reading a
good deal of Gombrich and discovered with Dr. Zakia that "the photograph is not the percept." My photographs of hands holding objects and people holding themselves and others, these gestures of offering or grasping, although particular in themselves, seemed to point beyond the concrete photographic moment. And I liked that about them. But lately, because of my continual concern for how words and pictures work together, especially my words and my pictures, I find myself in a sort of "emblematic" stage. Nathan Lyons introduced me to the notion of emblem during my second year at R.I.T. And though certain issues are clear in all of this, I am still very confused. An emblem is a symbol with a particular referent, a referent which somehow modifies that symbol. I began to look more closely at my father's pictures. Certainly charged with highly emotional and personal referents, I later discovered that in certain situations some of these particular pictures could be understood almost "universally", i.e., they could point beyond themselves, beyond a specific historical context or personal investment. The public/private struggle began again. Could photographs that were intended to be appreciated in a context that is continuous with that from which the camera removed ("took") them - mementos, relics, chards, etc. - could they function publically as well? And if so, how best serve this operation? I needed to find out what would happen when more strangers looked at visual information
that was cut away from their own lived experience. What new meanings would emerge, what new sets of associations? And so, I used the months of February to May, 1983, to find out what I could. And during that Summer I printed what I thought would be important to look at in this thesis process.

Through all this moving away and growing up, all this letting go and taking hold, all these decisions and commitments, I have tried hard to understand more. Whatever self-disclosive "honesty" I have made public in this protracted show and tell remains dumb if there is no further understanding. Fides quarens intellectum, beliefs seeking understanding, Anselm wrote in the Tenth Century. And this search has generated in me the need for new order and operation. Order, for me, means setting some particular temporal priorities. Operation means doing something about mediating these priorities. My own proper understanding of why and how I was "taking" my father's pictures continues even after my thesis exhibition was removed from the gallery. And as I look back on this whole process, which continues in this report, I am not surprized that I spent so much of my time studying philosophy, theology, education, and now photography. I am not surprized that I was attracted to professions (priest/educator) that attempt to make some sense out of what we believe to be there. And I am not surprized that I finally fell in love with a woman who stands with me in this process. As Georgy
Kepes once said in an M.F.A. seminar - "Making art is striving for the integration of the individual in physical and social time and space, making whole what life's contingencies have torn apart or interrupted." "Taking my father's pictures" means integrating what I could and once again moving on from there.
Metaphors help us to express what we find most difficult to express in other words. And although they emerge from our psychic being (and have no phenomenological value in themselves), they are, nonetheless, real products of our active imagination. They are, quite simply, as Nathan Lyons says, verbal strategies to evoke images. It would seem, then, that a proper understanding of metaphor might lead to a richer appreciation of reality itself, i.e., to the phenomenological experience to which and beyond which the metaphor directs our attention.

When Aristotle defined truth as the dynamic coming together of one's intellect with the thing itself \(\text{(adequatio intellectus et rei)}\), he understood intellect to include imagination, "that intuitive power which perceives similarity in that which appears dissimilar". Thomas Aquinas, some twelve centuries later, applied this same "principle of analogy" to his sacramental theology. All knowledge begins with the senses, he wrote in his \text{Summa Theologica}. The sacrament is an outward (perceptable) sign of a dynamic inner reality. Without the perceptable sign, the dynamic inner reality (grace) cannot be present. In other words, the sign is somehow mysteriously
"efficacious", a signum efficac gratiae, to use Aquinas' own words. Henri Bergson, the Twentieth Century French Neo-Scholastic philosopher, put it this way: "The essence of things escapes us and will escape us always; we move among relations; the absolute is not our province". Yet the metaphor, the sign of our active imagination, helps us through these often difficult "relations", these seemingly disparate associations. It is, once again, a way of ordering, operating, and interpreting what we experience. And joined with other figures of speech, especially metonymy, irony, and synecdoche, the metaphor extends itself into story-telling, poetry, drama, and satire.

My own particular interest in all of this began in Autumn, 1982. At that time I was taking a course in the fiction film with Charles Werberig and trying to understand a critical section of Christian Metz's new book, The Imaginary Signifier: Psychoanalysis and the Cinema. The chapter was titled "Metaphor/Metonymy". Also, at that time, I was pursuing an independent study with Dr. Richard Zakia on the relationships between certain figures of speech and their pictorial equivalents. Briefly, what Metz addresses in this book is the need to establish a firmer epistimological base for filmic language. And, as an extention, I sense there as well the need to establish a firmer epistimological base for all photographic language. A certain ambiguity has surrounded filmic language
from the beginning, Metz argues. The "tendency to privilege the word in rhetorical and linguistic study of figurative language poses serious problems in establishing a theory of cinematic figuration," comments the editor of Camera Obscura in an issue dedicated to Metz. In other words, because of certain historical choices, we still tend to trust words more than images - and in so doing, tend to borrow (too casually) certain words to understand images, words that for centuries have been used only to understand other words.

Words and pictures. Language and images. How easily we confuse (literally) the two! Language about images is usually critical language and is easily understood. "That's a great photograph" or "I like honest film" are two examples. But images regarded as language is much more difficult to grasp. Do images have specific semantic properties? Do they have their own particular syntax? And how do they communicate in themselves, i.e. apart from the words we use to describe them? If language unfolds in temporal succession, how, then, do images unfold?

My own brief study of figures of speech and their visual equivalents has taught me that much of the discussion about photographic and/or filmic "figuration" is often very ambiguous, the research very contemporary, and the clear-headed very few. My own personal entry into this discussion came
when I realized that the photographs I took of my father after his stroke (in particular, the photographs of him attempting to stand and walk with and without his cane were "metaphorical", in the sense that there was an implied visual comparison there between walking without the aid of a cane and the experience of taking responsibility for one's life, i.e. to what is evoked when we say "Stand on your own two feet" or "Can't you live your life without some kind of crutch". A quotation by Freud, which I copied in my journal (no date) helped to make these associations clearer.

The whole of sexuality and not merely eroticism is threatened with falling victim to the organic repression consequent upon man's adoption of the erect posture and the lowering in value of the sense of smell. ... All neurotics, and many others too, take exception to the fact that "inter urinas et faeces nascimur" ... thus we should find, as the deepest root of sexual repression that marches with culture, the organic defense of the new form of life that began with the erect posture. (Civilization and its Discontents, p. 43)

As well, and apart from all of this, critics were telling me that my own photography, although more intellectual and laboured, was nevertheless compositionally similar to that of my father, that "an implied comparison" could easily be made between the two. The two successive titles of my thesis proposals make this interest in the metaphor less
ambiguous and genuinely simplistic: 1, Metaphor and Metonymy: an Attempt at Emblematic Recuperation; 2, Taking my Father’s Pictures. In time, as the compositional comparisons became less engaging, the metaphor of "taking", with all it implied in photographic criticism, as well as in my own personal life, became much more interesting. In my father’s pictures, leaving home began to mean growing up. And in my own pictures, walking without a cane began to mean taking responsibility for one’s life. And given my own recent life decisions, the metaphors, leaving and taking, began to make more sense. I decided to pursue these associations in my thesis, although words seemed to constantly get in my way.
"An emblem is a philosophical maxim illustrated by a visual image; rather than a visual image invested with philosophical connotations."

Somehow it became obvious to me during this whole process of "taking" my father's pictures and responding to them verbally, that some written material needed to be included. After all, the pictures I was then taking and the words I was then writing were not born of different life experiences. Rather, they emerged together, although in parallel. During the Winter of 1982-83, I began to write on my photographs for the first time. As well, I also wrote along side some photographs and handed out written material with others. The frequency of my journal entries increased. And although much of my writing was philosophical or theological in tone, its content was certainly self-disclosive. At the same time, as I mentioned in Chapter Three, the subject matter of my photographs became very narrow. I photographed hands and objects and gestures so personally charged with meaning for me, that I hoped their objectification would transcend their mere presence in silver bromide, their particularity, and communicate what the viewer needed to see. Among these objects were shells and fossils and a clay heart (a gift from
an elderly retarded friend from Washington, D.C.): my vademecum over the years. Among these gestures were my wife Mary laying under a quilt my mother made for me years ago (a quilt she enlarged after we were married). And among these places was the spot where my father had his stroke and lay there fifteen hours before my mother discovered him. Some of these pictures seemed to do what I hoped they would do — allow the viewer/stranger to see what he/she needed to see at that time. Yet, my strongest response came from those pictures that combined both visual and verbal information in their telling. From the Spring of that same year, I have continued with that same way of working, a way I now loosely term "emblematic".

Emblems emerged from a medieval world of naive consciousness and superstition, a world concerned with metamorphasis (alchemy, fairy tales, pious hagiography, etc.), the reduction of the whole to a special part (relics, ecclesiastical furniture, etc.), and the magical interchangability of certain objects (transubstantiation, statues taking on human characteristics, apparitions, etc.). While living in Rome and Paris especially, I was amazed at the vast iconography such a medieval world-view produced. As well, I was amazed at how well certain Christian and pre-christian emblems got blended in all of this. As a Catholic and student of theology, I found myself constantly touring these cities,
eagerly reading one of my many commentaries, hoping to further decode familiar church facades and sparkling stained glass, elaborate Byzantine mosaics and simple Umbrian frescoes. I went from friezes to baptistry doors, local shrines to Roman sarcophagi. It proved to be an activity I would still enjoy today. And what I discovered during my early student years (1964-72) was that medieval iconography was primarily didactic in character and dogmatic in content. In other words, the emblems themselves were not the actual phenomenon that excited me, the viewer, but rather what lay hidden behind them — the dogma, the doctrine, or the simple moral lectio. Their power, then, mysteriously resonated somewhere between object and viewer, who approached the particular object to learn. Once again, a situation of fides quarens intellectum.

In 1531, in the medieval city of Lyons, Andrea Alciati published the first known collection of Emblemata. He did so as a Catholic moralist, concerned with the faith and moras of the rich and educated (who ostensibly were concerned with the faith and mores of the poor and uneducated). Alciati's work was followed by many others, including Protestant versions in Germany and England. I mention Alciati in this thesis report because I presently seem to work in a style similar to his. Briefly — Alciati's emblems were composed of three elements: an ambiguous image, a short moral or educational lesson, and
a longer philosophical or theological commentary. My own work, at the time when I first learned of Alciati, Winter 1982–83, seemed to be composed of similar elements: highly personal, although relatively ambiguous, imagery, some evocative writing which accompanied the imagery, and a more lengthy commentary (which at the time I was writing in my thesis journal). Reading Erwin Panofsky's book, Meaning in the Visual Arts, also helped to make some important connections. In Chapter Four Panofsky explains that although emblems were visually puzzling in themselves, they could be properly understood in relationship to their broader philosophical/theological implications. Like the Robert Howlett photograph of the English builder Isambard Brunel standing against the launching chains of the steamship "Great Eastern" (1857), which became many years later an emblem for the Industrial Revolution in England, or the Dorthea Lange photograph of the "migrant mother" in Nipomo, California (1938), which became an emblem for the rigors of the Depression in this country, certain of my father's pictures have become for me (over these thirty years) personal emblems of growing up and leaving home. My mother's hand on my shoulder steadying me, the way our dog Skippy appears and reappears so casually, how my father holds his body, and how my brother Richard and I stand or sit together — these gestures and decisions (to photograph them) have taken on a new quality as I look at them, some thirty-
three years later. As well, my own thesis photographs, which for the most part were serially presented, have a quality which I hope will take on new meaning, in the hands of others, years from now.

At the thesis sharing of October 4th., my explanation of the progression of my series of photographs seemed to help a number of people understand my response better. So, I include it here as well. Essentially, my response to my father's pictures went this way: "churchy" imagery, stained glass, saints' feet - an introductory allusion to the metaphor of standing alone and without a support; chaotic and confusing imagery, blurred pictures, followed by a solitary man in a snowstorm at night - references to personally troubled times and the decision to be alone; close-cropped pictures of my wife Mary as she gestures at and leaves a table, as she joins me in leaving a ruined building (an old church), and finally stands alone and laughs, her face visible that one time only - references to our relationship, decisions, and commitment to each other the previous year; three pictures of my mother and Mary together and one blurred picture, taken by my father, of Mary and I holding hands - the wedding ring being the central referent in all four pictures; three pictures of people holding objects - a friend with a porcelain statue of a young couple, my brother with his daughter and me in the background (a
humourous allusion to the composition of a number of my father's pictures), and Mary holding a hammer in one hand and pincers in the other, which in Christian iconography at least are symbols of sin and grace; then, nine pictures of a quilt made by my mother, which physically disintegrates as the silver gets washed away - a reference to the presence of sleep and the function of dreams during restless nights; and finally, five pictures of my father attempting to walk without his omnipresent cane. The quotation from Freud, in section four of this report, makes the metaphor clear and puts closure on the series/response.

Although my response to my father's pictures seems well-structured, in a sense the work is as chronologically narrative as his, problems still exist in its telling. The conjunction of words with all of this imagery continues to bother me. Just how well-thought-out were these particular decisions? Was there too much written material on the gallery walls? Would there have been a better way to present what I did? Were there too many quotations and not enough personal entries? Why did the written material seem like a sort of "fifty best lines", rather than the fruit of concise narrative? Why was my verbal explanation necessary for many viewers to get the whole point of the narrative? And of course, there is still present the nagging suspicion that my visual material was inadequate - that it could not
communicate something important on its own terms. I still wonder about these questions, many of them carefully raised at my thesis sharing. And I realize that given the place of emblematic imagery in art history and emblematic books in literary history, I have much to learn if I continue to claim that I work "in an emblematic way". Hopefully, after leaving Rochester, when I begin to photograph and write again, other decisions might lead to a new understanding of this whole process I first began thirty-three years ago on my parents' bed.
CHAPTER V

REFLECTIONS ON MEMORY

Memory, like vision, is highly selective. We seem to remember what we need to remember, see what we need to see, and only with time unfolds the grace we call recognition. In my thesis exhibition there is a picture of my mother and father hugging, cheek to cheek. They are standing, smiling, and looking at the camera. I mention this particular image in this section on memory because I have no recollection of ever having seen my parents act in this way. As well, this photograph, apart from this particular action, continues to fascinate me - for, as a child, leafing through my father's album, I must have seen this picture, but I do not remember. It just did not "stand out", like so many of the others. And so, some thirty-three years later, I wonder why now I am ready to see this picture - as if for the first time - this photograph I need to look at, because I still cannot remember the gesture, I still cannot remember what has indeed once been.

Now, in photography, what I posit is not only the absence of the object; it is also, by one and the same movement, on equal terms, the fact that this object has indeed existed and it has been there where I see it. Here is where the madness is, for until this day no representation could assure me of the past of a thing except by intermediaries;
but with the photograph, my certainty is immediate: no one in the world can undeceive me. The photograph, then, becomes a bizarre medium, a new form of hallucination; false on the level of perception, true on the level of time: a temporal hallucination, so to speak, a modest shared hallucination (on the one hand "it is not there", on the other "but it has indeed been"): a mad image, chafed by reality.  

Photographs, then, contrary to popular myth, do not lie. Nor do they tell the truth. They do not conceal. Nor do they reveal. They simply let us see. Again, Barthes is helpful here. A photograph, he writes, "cannot say what it lets us see". And what we see could be either sudden and immediately exciting or the laboured result of careful study and reflection. Or simply it could be simply something we happen to look at and need to see at this time. Photographs are documents that someone was there. They are a type of verification, the fruit of multiple decisions (a pattern of choices really) about where and how and when, what type of camera and how to use it, what type of emulsion and how to process it, what type of image and how to present it, etc. What I could not see some thirty-three years ago, that picture of my mother and father, and what I could not remember some thirty-three years later, that gesture, that embrace, I began to accept and even understand in my own decisions - what I photographed and how, who I showed my photographs to and why.
Snapshots, especially, are often "taken" to be later scanned or studied, and treated as documents to the fact that we were there. As well, they often mediate the complicated mental process we call memory — which is so closely related to perception itself that even visual psychologists have a difficult time distinguishing the two. My father took snapshots of those he loved, his wife and his two sons. My own work continues that same interest — the need to let others in and the need to hand something on. In looking at my father's pictures I continue to smile at the child I used to be. And I realize that whatever recognition I experience in this looking is possible only because of my father's decisions to take that picture in the first place.

In putting together this thesis exhibition, the process of editing my father's pictures emerged from the complicated process we call recognition — selecting those faces and gestures I remembered most, as well as those I simply forgot or never really saw (and now wondered why). This process of recognition (which includes the need to recognize) functions as a kind of auto-ritual in my life at this time — a sort of private remembrance and public blessing of all that went before. My own response to my father's pictures I intended to be a straightforward statement to my father that I was alright: I was standing on my own two feet; my life was full and rich; neither one of us was alone. The metaphor
of our pictures looking at each other across that gallery space, sometimes filled with people, sometimes empty, appealed to me. I suppose I was finally acknowledging that in this work of taking (and giving back) many of us had suddenly become traveling companions with him.
CHAPTER VI

A NOTE ON TECHNIQUE

What makes a medium artistically important is not any quality of the medium itself, but the qualities of the mind and hand that the users bring to it.

In the Autumn of 1980, I applied for admission to six graduate programmes, each offering its own unique approach to the study of photography. My decision to come to the Rochester Institute of Technology was based on three things really: one, a conversation with John Brumfield; two, the hospitality of Dr. Zakia; and three, the possibility of studying at the Visual Studies Workshop. Because of my educational background, Brumfield recommended R.I.T. He said art schools tended to be "monasteries" and I loved his metaphor! I also trusted him. Monasteries I did not need just now. A technical school, he said, would afford me the anonymity and skills to pursue what I needed to pursue at that time. And that is pretty much the line I repeated to my friends then, pretty much the line I still find myself repeating to visitors even now (although with all sorts of personal anecdotes and explanations attached this time around).
Photographic technology and anonymity I did find at R.I.T. I came here familiar only with the 35mm system and the very basics of black and white chemistry. And during my two years, I worked with large format cameras and studio lightening, two-bath developers and all sorts of new papers, colour materials (drum, Kalenta, Cibachrome, and dye transfer), and even some non-silver emulsions (Kwik Print, van dyke brown, colour xerography, and cyanotype). I hoped that exposure to these "alternative processes" might help me discover a more appropriate technology to express what I needed. But I ended up back with black and white. Somehow, its immediacy and banality appealed to me. Also, what Walter Benjamin wrote about photography's unique place in the history of the graphic arts made sense to me. Tired of creating precious objects (that mimicked painting) and tired of my audience constantly getting stuck in the "how'd you do that" discussion, I was also resisting the temptation, very prevalent during my two years at R.I.T., of certain technical choices individuating me. As well, I discovered that the necessary questions about content and context were being addressed only by me and not by the work itself. And that worried me. So, I decided to return to fine black and white printing for my thesis work.

Because of the highly contrasty condition on many of my father's negatives, I used a cold-light enlarger head. I
processed all the work on Ilford Galerie paper with Kodak D-72 chemistry. Somehow, the ordinariness of these choices appealed to me. Also, I decided to print my father's work 11X14 and my own response 15X15. I hoped that the monotony of these choices would force my viewer to look at the print(s) and ignore what might have lurked behind certain other dimensional choices. In a way, the feeling of a large snapshot album was all I was after.

The work was printed during the summer of 1983 and installed the evening of September 30th. It presently rests in two boxes and I consider this thesis exhibition to be only a few moments in a whole movement of rememberance, recognition, response, and transcendence.
FOOTNOTES


4 Barthes, pp. 25-8.

5 May 9, 1983

6 October 12, 1981

7 cf. Poetics, 145, 9a.


9 Constance Penley, "Introduction to 'Metaphor/Metonymy, or the Imaginary Referent'", in Camera Obscura, no. 7, p. 11.


11 ibid. p. 148 et passim.

12 Barthes, p. 115.

13 ibid. p. 100.


APPENDIX A.

MY OWN WRITTEN MATERIAL USED IN THE EXHIBITION
Where to begin / where to fit in
Or where to break in / and call my home
I've been waiting / anticipating
How long a time / I could be alone
Sure, there were times / when I thought that I should know
So, I prayed to hear / a Siren call
Who would tempt me / from the Fall
And lead me on / with nothing at all
So, I followed her / where she drew me out
Asking her where / as she told me how
YOU'LL NEVER GO / TO WHERE YOU ARE NOW

Am I still crazy / or just plain lazy
Not to turn around / and call her my home
But I'm still waiting / anticipating
How long a time / I could be alone
Sure, there were times / when I thought that I should know
So, I prayed to walk / in another light
To catch that flame / that would blind my sight
And lead me home / through this night
So, I ran the race / for a prize I could see
The light I won / flashed this message to me
THERE WAS NO NEED / FOR YOUR VICTORY

Am I still crazy / or just plain lazy
Not to turn around / and call that my home
But I'm still waiting / anticipating
How long a time / I could be alone
Sure, there were times / when I thought that I should know
So, I prayed to see / with my master's eyes
Those things unseen / till after we die
To learn his secret / that I too could rise
So, I searched his tomb / and begged for a sign
But all he left me / was this impure rhyme
WHAT YOU ARE GIVEN / IS ALL YOU WILL FIND

Am I still crazy / or just plain lazy
Not to turn around / and call him my home
But, I'm still waiting / anticipating
How long a time / I could be alone
Sure, there were times / when I thought that I should know
So, I prayed to feel / that someone was near
To distract me / and make it clear
I'm not alone / I have nothing to fear
So, I sing my songs / and forget that somehow
I tell myself / that I always knew how
If I'd only stop / I'd be home now

May, 1972
Preparation
Incubation
Illumination
Verification
Tonight I am struck by the visual similarity of:

1. a leopard or tiger in a cage, in a zoo, pacing back and forth, back and forth - his muscles atrophying slowly, wondering as he paces, "how did I get here", "how can I get out"?

2. me in this small room, pacing back and forth, back and forth - with no place to go, and wondering, "why"?

3. people in a mental hospital, especially those who live their entire day, their entire night, in the same ward, pacing back and forth, back and forth - never wondering at all about how they got there or how they might leave.

April 10, 1975
We have too much. We are not able to respond adequately to what and with what we possess. We manage, we maintain. We run a clean machine (dogmatic simplicity and clarity) and call it salvation. How difficult I am finding it to interject (interiactare) the human, the ridiculous, the flesh, the reasonable. We need to let collapse all we hold and cherish as sacred and right and true. I can already feel this falling apart in my own personal life. It seems I have been waiting for too long. But how could I help it? Waiting was all I knew. All I was sure of.

May 12, 1975
The fog accumulates
settles
and begins to roll.

February 25, 1976
I want to make a decision that will last my whole life.

April 20, 1976
Julianne has written and opened the wound. I put my finger in and feel nothing.

October 18, 1976
SING SORROW
SING SORROW
SING SORROW AND DISMAY
a dialogue between two lovers of the same God

he: it's been so long
she: there were three
he: yes
she: i can't believe you are doing it
he: words put me too sleep too quickly
she: (upon rising) me too
he: there was a time
she: there was a man
he: (Upon rising) hello?
she: i just don't know
he: hello?
she: don't. please. don't.
he: (hesitating a little) hello?
she: is that all you can say (meaning of course, is that
    all you can do)
he: i must go now and bury my father
she: i didn't know you had one
he: i didn't till he just died
I remember being mystified by trains that could sever limbs and gyroscopes that could resist the bang and push of my hand.

I remember reading the *Encyclopaedia Brittanica* and confessing "hard boiled" sins when I discovered this Aphrodite or that.

I remember spinning our cat Mitzie in circles, my wrist hooked around her frightened neck.

I remember burning ants with a small magnifying glass.

I remember wanting so badly to leave home and discover what was outside "Pennsylvania".

January 23, 1977
My mom and dad are here visiting, yes. And I find myself weary. My dreams are fitfull. So many decisions just left to develop in the stainless steel trays, so many sentences left unpicked on the vine, so many promises broken on the paten. The present moment flits so terribly close to that bare bulb.

July 26, 1977
Given the glue between us, I was sure we'd be stuck to each other for ever. Little did I know about the properties of such glue.

August 3, 1977
Make no provision for the desires of your flesh, Carl.

Winter, 1979
so many experiences

1. how to deepen them

expand them

transcend them

translate them effectively

appropriately

adequately

honestly

understandably
The sun is down
I can't quite pick out the stars yet
Hard to reflect refract or even diffuse
Difficult to drive in this dusk
Welcome Kamoos

It's about the time of the long darkness
crowns and crowns
of thorns
(It's all)

1. contagion of the flesh

(you know).
How much clothing does the usual trampoline artist wear?
What about the off-duty busdriver who wraps wet lollypops in toilet paper or the storekeeper who wraps Kotex in newspaper? Who will be the last to discover their reason why? Who will care?
because I never have

too much

before
And so it was that for many years I learned to accept the fact that I was cornered. I learned how to live quietly and simultaneously in a number of different places. Those years were my Ipswich and Rome years. I remember them well: 1965 to 1972. Today I visit one of those corners and listen to the silence there.

February 18, 1981
the clumsy lies we tell each other
every day
the lies about the nature of reality
the meaning of this
or the meaning of that
who we are
what is around us
what we are doing
and where we are going

March 18, 1981
The paint slid off the walls of my room today and seeped into my nostrils, my ears, my eyes.

August 3, 1977
Today's question:

IF YOU RIPPED OPEN MY STOMACH WITH A PAIR OF SCISSORS, WHAT WOULD YOU FIND THERE?

May 3, 1975
1. like a bottle of ink, hard and thick the glass, dark and deep the contents.

2. given: the desk a stage, paper fields, book ridges, towel vegetation, ash try pool, pen log, roman collar fence, dead skin carcases.

3. he smiles no longer. sad and bored, a child, he sits and stares. You were right. Dead right. Shall we dance? shall we talk? shall we walk? shall we ever touch?

4. if only I could recreate a character or two. Then I could begin the play all over again. Am I supposed to create a scenario first? Or a situation out of which character and custure rise together? Impossible, Carl. Simply impossible. I am so terribly confused where to begin.

July 28, 1975
All these years I have gone to church and listened to one priest after another and heard nothing.

August 3, 1977
All of a sudden tonight - I am overwhelmed by the thought that perhaps, and only perhaps, I don't belong here.

March 31, 1975
I remember looking down

facing many

stepping towards them

and offering them bread

September 2, 1983
His days of waiting are at last over
he discovers that he has not died
he has not been found
he has not arrived

He looks at gates and fences
he passes by lots of walls and doors
he photographs without thinking too much
he takes the hand of the one he loves
she is always with him

WHO AMONG HIS DETRACTORS THOUGHT THEY COULD DESTROY HIM?
WHO AMONG HIS ACQUAINTENCES THOUGHT THEY COULD SAVE HIM?
The courage: to be able to create one's own illusions
to be able to live within them gracefully
to be mildly forgetful

May 11, 1981
Words to think more about:

INNER RESONANCE (Kandinsky)
INSIDE MOVEMENT (Cartier-Bresson)
OPTICAL UNCONSCIOUSNESS (Benjamin)
INNER RELATEDNESS (LAWRENCE)
Words to think more about:

MOOD

REVERIE

ATMOSPHERE

NOSTALGIA

MYSTERY

SUGGESTION

REVERBERATION

RESONANCE

DAWN

DUSK
Words to think more about:

SUBTLE
LUCID
CLEAR
INVULNERABLE
IMMACULATE
EAGER
UNINCUMBERED
PURE
DELICATE
EFFLUENT
Words to think more about:

CHANCE

ACCIDENT

CHOICE
Words to think more about:

RE-SPECTARE
RE-FLECTARE
RE-COGNARE
Words to think more about:

ENERGY
PASSION
APPETITE
AMBITION

December 1, 1977
VESPER: Do you suppose it is possible that it is not so much we forget terrible things, but that we never believed that they were happening to us in the first place?

January 8, 1981
Sitting here.
hopefully awaiting
the Return
of the self I once was
just a few days
ago
as I once was
so I should have hoped
I always
would be.
As it was -
there was no beginning
only a once
& now hopefully
would be.
(What are you thinking?)
(I am not.) (thinking, that is)
Whereupon
it is hoped
that the heroine whisper       "good"
or some equivalent
thereof.
APPENDIX B.

OTHER WRITTEN MATERIAL USED IN THE EXHIBITION
Non ridere, non lugere, neque detestari, sed intelligere.

Spinoza
How grueling memory is, and how bitterly she clutches the raw material of her daily work.

Lawrence Durrell, Justine
I came out of the time of deep inward pondering which I was not able to monitor or direct, for it had its own laws and necessities, and I said: "I remember how the thought came to me that I, Doeg, was in the shape I am, with the features I have, because of a choice among multitudes. I set in front of myself a mirror, and I look at my features - nose from my mother, eyes from my father, shape of head from one, set of body from the other, with memories of grandparents and great-grandparents. I looked, saying: her hands came down to him, and then to her and so to me, and his hair shows on that head and grew again on my grandmother, and so me - and I thought how that couple, my parents, could have given birth to - how many? - children, thousands, perhaps millions, every one slightly different - it was the slight difference that intrigued me in this private game of mine, and I imagined as I stood there looking at my face, my body, how stretching behind me, to each side of me, in every direction away from me, stood slight modifications of me, some very similar indeed, some hardly at all. I filled a town with these variations of myself, then a city, then, in my mind, whole landscapes. Doeg, Doeg, Doeg again, and mentally I greeted these nonexistent never-to-exist people, people who had not come into life because I had come in this precise shape of body and face, with this particular set of mannerisms - I said to these people, all of whom remembered me more
or less, closely or only slightly, being of the same height, or a little taller or a little shorter, with variations of the same hair, eyes in an allotment of possibilities - I said to them: Look, here you are, in me ... for the feeling of me, of I, that feeling I am here, Doeg, would have been your feeling had the chances of the genes fallen differently, and if you, your particular shape and mould, had been born instead of me. What was born, then, to those repositories of a million years of the dicing of the genes, was a feeling, a consciousness, was the self-awareness: here I am. And this awareness was later given the name Doeg - though I have used many names in my life. That particular feeling was born into this shape and style and set of inherited attributes, and could have been born into any one of that multitude of others, the possibilities who, in my mind's eye, stand, and stood, like ghosts, smiling perhaps a little wryly, watching me who chanced to succeed.

Doris Lessing, *Canopus in Argos: Archives: The Making of the Representative for Planet 8*, pp. 80-1
... and with an inward sigh, a summary of forces.

Doris Lessing, *Shikasta*
The whole of sexuality and not merely eroticism is threatened with falling a victim to the organic repression consequent upon man's adoption of the erect posture and the lowering in value of the sense of smell.....

All neurotics, and many others too, take exception to the fact that "inter urinas et faeces nascimur" ... thus we should find, as the deepest root of the sexual repression that marches with culture, the organic defense of the new form of life that began with the erect posture.

Sigmund Freud, Civilization and its Discontents, p. 43
All things counter, original, spare, strange;

Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)

With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;

He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:

Praise him.

Gerard Manly Hopkins, "Pied Beauty"
We are all hunting for rational reasons for believing in the absurd.

Lawrence Durrell, *Justine*
I too am a mortal man like all the rest, descended from the first man, who was made of dust, and in my mother's womb I was wrought into flesh during a ten-months space, compacted in blood from the seed of her husband and the pleasure that is joined with sleep. When I was born, I breathed the common air and was laid on the earth that all men tread; and the first sound that I uttered, as all do, was a cry; they wrapped me up and nursed me and cared for me. No king begins life in any other way; for all came into life by a single path, and by a single path must go out again.

Wisdom of Solomon, 7: 1-6
Each of us speaks but a single phrase which only death can interrupt. This sends a quiver of poetry through all of knowledge.

Roland Barthes ("October", No. 12, p. 128)
And I will show you something different from either
your shadow at morning, striding behind you,
or your shadow at evening, rising up to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

T. S. Eliot, "Wasteland"
Nothing can be sole or whole that has not been rent.

William Butler Yeats
No poet, no artist of any art, has his complete meaning alone. His significance, his appreciation is the appreciation of his relation to the dead poets and artists. You cannot value him alone, you must set him, for contrast and comparison, among the dead.

T. S. Eliot, Selected Prose of T. S. Eliot, p. 38
The heaviest crosses are internal and men make them so that thus skeletally supported, they can bear the burden of their flesh. Under the sign of this inner cross, a certain inner distance is achieved from the infantile desire to be and have everything.

Philip Rieff, *Encounter*, September, 1970
Maybe that's why my mother cut my tongue. She pushed my tongue up and sliced the frenum. Or maybe she snipped it with a pair of nail scissors. I don't remember her doing it, only her telling me about it. But all during childhood I felt sorry for the baby whose mother waited with scissors or knife in hand for it to cry. And then, when its mouth was wide open like a baby bird's, cut.

Maxine Hong Kingston, *The Woman Warrior*, p. 190
Deep in the heart of the simplest peasant or the most saintly priest lie the seeds of rape and murder.

George Bernanos, *Diary of a Country Priest*
Incarnation is iconoclasism. Literalism is idolatry, taking shadows for reality; taking abstractions, human inventions, unconscious projections for the human spirit, as autonomous powers, letting the metaphor go dead, and then, when dead, bowing down before them, taking them literally.

Norman O. Brown, *Love's Body*
In the old days, the sailing ships in need of ballast would collect tortoises from the mainland and fill great barrels with them, alive. Those that survived the terrible journey might be sold as pets for children. The putrefying bodies of the rest were emptied into the East India Docks. There were plenty more where they came from.

Lawrence Durrell, Justine
The ancient poets animated all sensible objects with Gods or Geniuses, calling them by names and adorning them with the properties of woods, rivers, mountains, lakes, cities, nations, and whatever their enlarged and numerous senses could perceive.

And particularly they studied the Genius of each city and country, placing it under its mental deity;

till a system was formed which some took advantage of and enslav'd the vulgar by attempting to realize or abstract the mental deities from the objects: thus began Priesthood;

choosing forms of worship from poetic tales/

At length they pronounc'd that the Gods had order'd such things.

Thus men forgot that All deities reside in the human breast.

William Blake, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*
Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

Lucretius
I thought even the bones would do.

Sylvia Plath
Now if possibility outruns necessity, the self runs away from itself, so that it has no necessity whereto it is bound to return – then this is despair of possibility. The self becomes an abstract possibility which tries (tires?) itself out with floundering in the possible, but does no budge from the spot; for precisely the necessity is the spot; to become oneself is precisely a movement at the spot.

Soren Kierkegaard, *Sickness unto Death*
The name of God is changing in our time.

What is his Winter name?

Where is his Winter home?

John Logan, "Spring of the Thief"
Christ plays in ten thousand places. Lovely in limbs, and lovely in eyes not his.

Gerard Manly Hopkins, "As Kingfishers Catch Fire"
Somewhere in the heart of experience there is an order and a coherence which we might surprise if we are attentive enough, loving enough, or patient enough.

Lawrence Durrell, *Justine*
I long to dry thy tears
To mend thy broken heart
So near to God for evermore
We never two shall part

Hymn to Our Lady of La Salette
Does a lion roar in the desert if it has no prey?

Amos, 3:4
Over again I feel thy finger and find thee.

Gerard Manly Hopkins
MAYAKOVSKY

1

My heart's aflutter
I am standing in the bath tub
criing. Mother, mother,
who am I? If he
will just come back once
and kiss me on the face,
his course hair brush
my temple. It's throbbing!

then I can put on my clothes
I guess, and walk the streets.

2

I love you. I love you,
but I'm turning to my verses
and my heart is closing

like a fist.
Words! be
sick as I am sick, swoon,
roll back your eyes, a pool,
and I'll stare down
and my wounded beauty
which at best is only a talent
for poetry.

Cannot please, cannot charm or win
what a poet!
and the clear water is thick

with bloody blows on its head.
I embraced a cloud,
but when it soared
it rained.

3
That's funny: there's blood on my chest
Oh yes, I've been carrying bricks
what a funny place to rupture;
and now it is raining on the alianthus
the tracks behind me are smokey and
glistening with a passion for running
I leap into the leaves, green like the sea

4

Now I am quietly waiting for
the catastrophe of my personality
to seem beautiful again,
and interesting, and modern.

The country is grey and
brown and white in the trees,
snows and skies of laughter
always diminishing, less funny
not just darker, not just grey.

It may be the coldest day of
the year, what does he think of
that? I mean, what do I? And if I
do, perhaps I am myself again.
For men and women are love as God is love, and every kindness to another is a little death unto the divine image.

W. H. Auden
He who is not subject to change in himself can himself be subject to change in something else.

Whatever is moved is moved by another.

Thomas Aquinas, Summa Theologica
The day of the *corpora* is the night of the *spiritus*.

When the bodies cease their labour, the spirits in man begin their work. The waking of the body is the sleep of the spirit, and the spirit's sleep is the waking of the body.

Lawrence Durrell, *Justine*
Minds dismembered by their sexual part never find peace until old age and failing powers persuade them that silence and quietness are not hostile.

Lawrence Durrell, *Justine*

Brothers and sisters: Stay sober and wide awake. Your adversary, the evil one, is prowling like a roaring lion, looking for someone to devour. Resist him, stay solid in your faith. You, O Lord, take pity on us. Thanks be to God. For our help is in the name of the Lord. It is he who made both heaven and earth.

Night Prayer of the Church, 1 Peter 5: 8-9a
The dreamer wakes not from a body, but to a body. Not an ascent from a body to a spirit, but the descent of a spirit into body: incarnation not sublimation. Hence, to find the true meaning of history is to find the bodily meaning. Christ, the fulfillment, is not an abstract idea, but a human body. All fulfillment is carnal, carnaliter adimpleri.

Norman O. Brown, Love's Body
Atmosphere, this word we use so easily, what is it? A journalist will ask, or a researcher: what happened then, or there? Who said that, and why? What is your version of what went on? And you sit there remembering all kinds of incidents, telling the truth as far as you can; and then you see it is all no use. For there is nothing you can do to create an atmosphere, a Zeitgeist. You can offer incidents to illustrate that lost time (which may be a very short time ago indeed), but more often than not they seem bizarre and and the people involved lunatic. You find yourself saying desperately: you see, the atmosphere has changed so much that. It is exactly the same when you are telling a friend a dream. You describe a series of incidents, like the plot of a film. I was in that place and I said this, and then But the same series of incidents, involving the same people, can be a different dream. It is the atmosphere that is the point. And how to convey that? Feebly, you say: the dream had such a strong flavour, it was so compelling, don't you see? Really, it was like ... but what shall I say? It had a quite unmistakable flavour or taste, and whenever I find myself in a dream with that atmosphere, then I know that. And that is the end of it. No communication possible, unless someone else had the same dream, and that you have to take on trust. In waking life, of course, people did have the same dream, quite unarguably,
went through the same events, experienced the same atmosphere; so, when you say, do you remember? indeed they do, you both do, and you may well exchange a smile that says how impossible it would be to explain that atmosphere to someone who did not live through it.

Doris Lessing, *Canopus*, p. 131
A person spends years coming into his own, developing his talents, his unique gifts, perfecting his discriminations about the world, broadening and sharpening his appetite, learning to bear the disappointments of life, becoming mature, seasoned - finally a unique creature in nature, standing with some dignity and nobility and transcending the animal condition; no longer driven, no longer complete reflex, not stamped out of any mold. And then the real tragedy, as Andre Malraux wrote in *The Human Condition*, that it takes sixty years of incredible suffering and effort to make such an individual, and then he is good only for dying. This painful paradox is not lost on the person himself - least of all himself. He feels agonizingly unique, and yet he knows that this doesn't make any difference as far as ultimates are concerned. He has to go the way of the grasshopper, even though it takes longer.

Ernest Becker, *Denial of Death*, pp. 268-9
How sweet it must be to let go of the colossal burden of self-dominating, self-forming life, to relax one's grip on one's own center, and to yield passively to a subordinate power and authority - and what joy in such yielding; the comfort, the trust, the relief in one's chest and shoulders, the lightness in one's heart, the sense of being sustained by something larger, less fallible. With its own distinctive problems, man is the only animal who can often willingly embrace the sleep of death, even while knowing that it means oblivion.

Ernest Becker, *Denial of Death*, p. 116
Only what lingers hallows and chastens.

Rainer Maria von Rilke
APPENDIX C.

THESIS EXHIBITION ANNOUNCEMENT
I remember first taking these pictures 33 years ago. I remember standing on my parents’ wooden hamper in the closet of their bedroom and reaching up and lifting down a box and a book. The box was full of my father’s photographs and negatives. The book was our family album.

**TAKING MY FATHER’S PICTURES**
(a much more recent investigation by)

**CARL RAPHAEL YUSAVITZ**

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*Mayfield, Pennsylvania, 1949*

Photography Gallery
Rochester Institute of Technology
Rochester, New York

October 1–7, 1983
Reception October 1
8 pm


Penley, Constance, "Introduction to 'Metaphor/Metonymy, or the Imaginary Referent'", in Camera Obscura, No. 7, pp. 7-30.


