

A smooth, dark, oval-shaped stone, possibly a river stone, is the central focus of the image. It is resting on a page of handwritten text in a notebook. The text is in cursive and includes words like "January", "then", and "April". The lighting is soft, creating a gentle shadow to the right of the stone. The overall tone is monochromatic and artistic.

# Coming to Terms:

A creative exploration of the collaboration between  
photography and literary works

# Photography and Literature

- Images, images, images
- History
  - Literature is oldest art to influence culture after painting
  - Photography invented in 1840
  - Literature rejects photography

# 1840

- Invention
- *Pictures by the Sun* by St. Leger Landon Carter
- Photography=  
Science
- Photography=  
Illustrative aid



# 1851-1860

- Hawthorne and the Daguerreotype
- *The House of Seven Gables*
  - Daguerreotypist protagonist
- *The Mable Faun*
  - Illustrated version



# 1890-1900

- Alfred Stieglitz: Father of Modern Photography
  - Photography=art
  - Photography=own medium
- Jacob Riis: photography should have purpose
  - Photography=visual aid for motivating action
  - *How the Other Half Lives*



# 1905-1908

- James Henry and A.L. Coburn
- Frontispieces
  - Photography=setting the scene
- Inequality between collaborative efforts
  - Henry more influential
  - Literature stronger medium



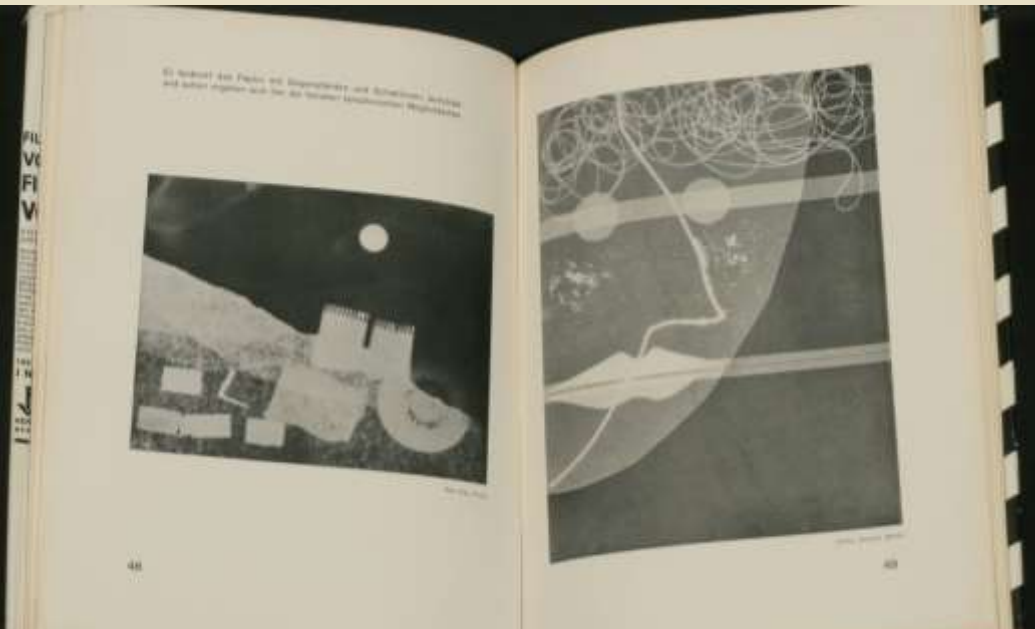
# 1915

- Theodore Dreiser and the work of Stieglitz
- Poverty as subject for art
- Social recognition of iconic images and photographers
  - “Steerage”, “Winter on Fifth Avenue”, “City of Ambition”



# 1929

- Photo-narratives
- New Vision Movement: photography should do, not be, something
- Warner Graff
  - *Here Comes the New Photographer*

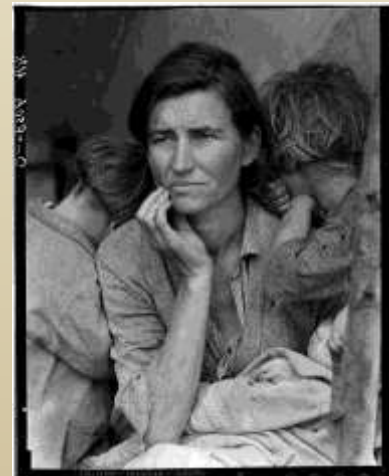






# 1937

- Margaret Bourke-White and Erskine Caldwell
  - *You Have Seen Their Faces*
- Dorothea Lange and Paul Taylor
  - Farm Security Administration reports
- Photography=art to motivate change
- Questions of style, ethics





# 1939

- Photography's influence on Literature
- John Steinbeck
  - *The Grapes of Wrath*
- Photographs = surrogates for experience

# 1941

- James Agee and Walker Evans
  - *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*
- Attempted collaboration
  - Literary, more than visual
  - Full circle
- Photographs=visual reference



UGF 342. KA 3133 A

# Dominant Medium

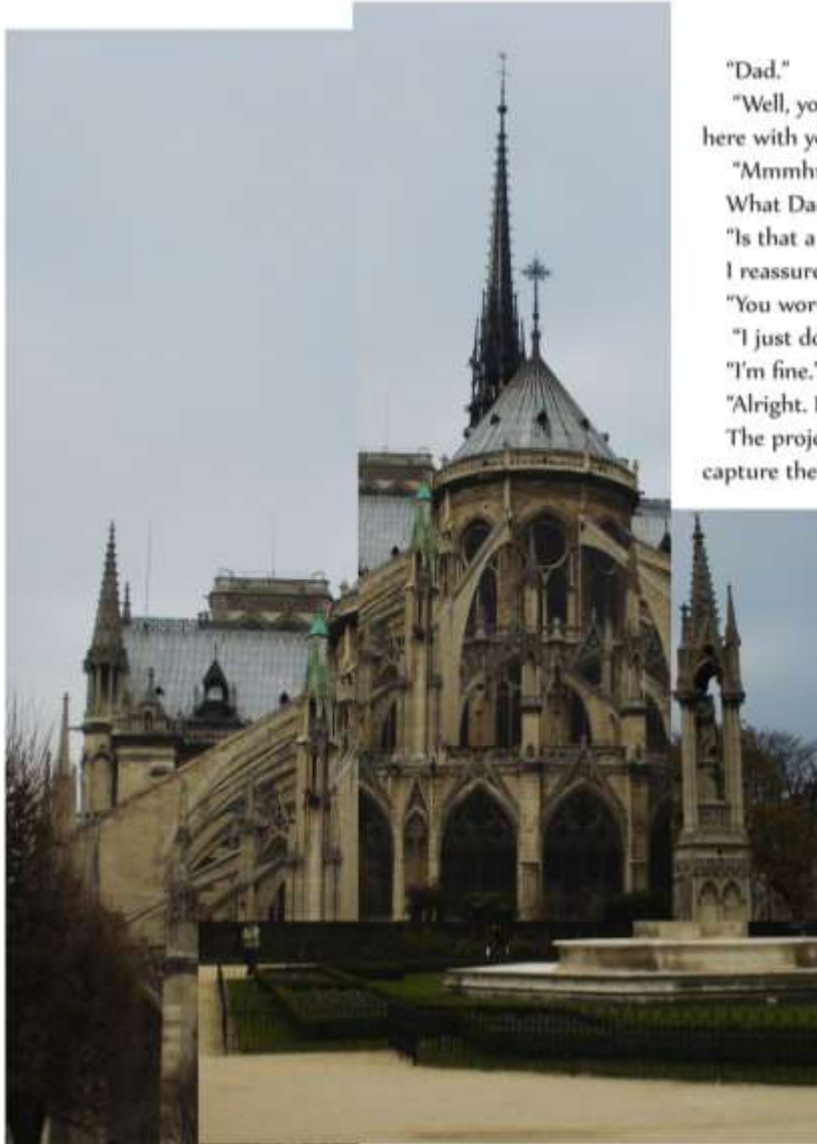
- Literature= Dominant medium?
  - NO!
- Shared Characteristics
  - Tell Stories
  - Offer medium for reflection
  - Surrogate for experience
- Photography has yet to be accepted fully by all circles of society



# Examples of Story Collaborations

- 4 stories
  - Words as the story/Photographs as illustrations
  - Words as the story/Photographs as subject
  - Words as the story/Photographs as parallel story
  - Words as illustrations/Photographs as the story

# Studies of Stone and Metal



"Dad."

"Well, you staying away from them? I don't want no Frogs coming back here with you."

"Mmmhmm."

What Dad didn't know couldn't hurt him.

"Is that a yes?"

I reassured him that everything was alright.

"You worry too much."

"I just don't want nothing bad happenin' to my little girl."

"I'm fine."

"Alright. How's your project going? Almost done?"

The project. It's why I came here, to build my photography portfolio, to capture the lights, the passions, the essence of Paris. Most of all though, I came to capture the buildings for my mother.

It started with such high aims.

"Mmmhmm."

"Good girl. Alright, see you in a couple weeks. I sure am ready for you to be home," Dad said. "Remember, keep your eyes open, your head down. You never know who people are. Just be careful."

NOTRE DAME  
CONSTRUCTION BEGAN 1163  
COMPLETED 1345  
PARTIALLY DESTROYED 1789-1790S  
RESTORED 1845, 1990S

*The day I met Fehrez*

# Terms

## *Coming to Terms: A Creative Exploration of the Collaboration Between Photography and Literary Works*



Helena and I stayed with Papi and the stack of pictures.  
"This is your house, Papi," I said, showing him the newest picture.  
"Remember?"

"House," Helena said.  
"House," Papi echoed.

At times Helena and Papi sounded a lot alike, saying the same words and phrases over and over again. I didn't mind though. We looked at the picture together.

"Do you remember, Papi?" I said.  
Papi didn't say anything.  
"House!" Helena said, pointing at the picture.  
"That's right, Helena. That's Papi's house."

Only, it wasn't really Papi's house anymore, 'cause Mama and Aunt Louisa were trying to sell it. Papi wasn't allowed to live there any more 'cause it was too

far out in the country. It was too dangerous, Mama said.  
I didn't tell Papi that though.

"Remember the windmill, Papi? And look, this is your favorite view in the whole world. Remember when we went up there to watch the sunset? Remember, Papi?"

Papi nodded, but I think he didn't really remember. He just didn't want to make me sad.

"Me!" Helena said, holding out her chubby, drool coated fingers for the picture.

Papi took the picture from my hands though.

"Me!" Helena insisted.

"The most beautiful view in all the world," Papi said quietly. "The wind, the rocks, the sun. Remember, Margaret? Remember this view? My house. Yes, my house, my view."

My heart started to beat like a drum and my body got warm. I waited, wanting him to say more. The doctors said Papi couldn't really talk any more, but he could! And he could remember. He just got names confused, that was all.

"Me, me, me!" Helena reached for the picture.

Papi and I showed it to her. I dried her fingers on my pants so she could hold it, but she squirmed away like a worm. Dolls were more exciting, she decided.

I gave the picture back to Papi. He looked at it carefully, his eyes exploring all the parts of nature he couldn't touch here.

"Beautiful," he said. "Where is this?"



# The Art of Loss

April 23, 2010

**It is time for us to deal with the end. Isaac wasn't buried in the church cemetery. He died in sin, His body was burnt as he burns in the fires of Hell. Today, we must rid ourselves of the remains.**

It's the first time we've all seen each other since the funeral. It's been one year since he left. One year. I turn the stone over between my fingers. It came back to me, like his picture that night last fall. He knows when I need him. He knows how to show me the way, when I am lost now.

**We kept his ashes in his room, the door locked, until now. The urn was surprisingly heavy when I picked it up, as if all of the evil in which he lived died with him and remained.**

My toes burry themselves deep into the sand. We used to come here a lot as kids, to Grandma and Grandpa's house. It's why we've brought him here, to rest in the place of childhood. The waves will lull the last of his body to rest.

**He will have no final resting place. His ashes will go to the sea, to flow with the tide for eternity. Fish and birds will pick at it; it will float and**

**last, never settling.**

**Eric tries to squeeze my hand as we walk out into the tide. I pull away.**

Seagulls bob along the shore. Isaac used to chase them for hours when we were kids. It's as if they too have come to say goodbye.

"Ready?" Uncle Eric stands up to his shins in the cool waves.

The rest of us follow him, the tide greeting our feet and legs. In my pocket is a tiny urn filled with Isaac's ashes. Uncle Eric gave it to me this morning. He didn't say a word. I don't think Aunt Sharon would approve.

**"Would anyone like to say any last words?" My father's arm is around my mother's shoulders. They look weak, with tears on their checks.**

**"Sharon?" Eric looks at me, expectantly.**

**"Isaac," I say. God has passed his judgment, like I said he would. You were a coward. "Isaac..."**

"We hope that you have found peace," I say for her. She is struggling. I can see it in her eyes and the way she looks out at the waves. "We miss you and we are all here today, to say goodbye."

Grandpa nods his head. Grandma dabs at her eyes with a tissue.

"Bless you, Isaac, dear," Grandma murmurs, the

breeze taking her words out to sea.

"Thank you for the laughter," Mom says. "You had the best sense of humor."

"Thank you for the advice about girls," Paul says.

**He has a new girlfriend, and God damn him if he impregnates the girl like Isaac would have.**

**"And thank you for the jokes," Joshua says. "They've been great for getting through high school."**

**He's headed down the path of foolery as well, it seems.**

**"And thank you for being my best friend," I say. "You saved my life in more ways than I will ever be able to say."**

**Only God can save you.**

Uncle Eric opens the urn and the breeze pulls Isaac out to sea. The seagull on the shore take flight, soaring above the ashes where they land in the water.

"Amen," Uncle Eric says.

Isaac's ashes begin to be carried away, and everyone turns to head back to the beach.

"I am sorry, Isaac," Uncle Eric's head is bowed.

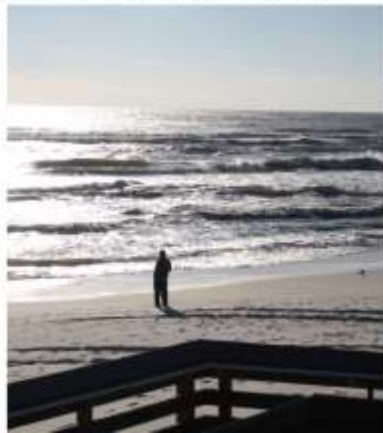
Aunt Sharon is frozen in the water; her eyes blank.

**You must come closer to God. The foundation of your spiritual house is crumbling.**

The breeze touches my face.

I am not alone. Isaac is with me now.

**I am alone, except for Him.**





# After You Were Gone



April 2009



May 2009



June 2009

# Photographic References

- Bourke-White, Margaret. *Dahlonaga, Georgia*. 1937. University of Virginia. [http://xroads.virginia.edu/~class/am485\\_98/coe/heap.jpg](http://xroads.virginia.edu/~class/am485_98/coe/heap.jpg)
- Bourke-White, Margaret. *Yazoo City, Mississippi*. 1937. University of Virginia. [http://xroads.virginia.edu/~class/am485\\_98/coe/oldcoupl.jpg](http://xroads.virginia.edu/~class/am485_98/coe/oldcoupl.jpg)
- Brady, Matthew B. *Nathaniel Hawthorne, half-length portrait, three-quarters to right, eyes front*. Library of Congress. <http://www.loc.gov/pictures/item/2004663987/>
- Coburn, Alvin Langdon. *The English Home*. 1922. The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. <http://www.mfa.org/collections/object/the-novels-and-tales-of-henry-james-iii-the-portrait-of-a-lady-i-315835>
- Coburn, Alvin Langdon. *The Curiosity Shop*. 1922. The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. <http://www.mfa.org/collections/object/the-novels-and-tales-of-henry-james-xxiii-the-golden-bowl-i-315855>
- Evans, Walker. *Floyd Burroughs, sharecropper*. 1935-1936. Library of Congress. <http://www.loc.gov/pictures/item/00651772/>
- Evans, Walker. *Part of the Kitchen*. 1935-1936. Library of Congress. <http://www.loc.gov/pictures/item/00651771/>
- *Here Comes the New Photographer*. 1929. Manhattan Rare Book Company. <http://www.manhattanrarebooks.com/pages/books/177/werner-graff/es-kommt-der-neue-fotograf-here-comes-the-new-photographer>
- Lange, Dorothea. *Migrant Mother*. 1936. Library of Congress. <http://www.loc.gov/pictures/item/fsa1998021539/PP/>
- Lange, Dorothea. *Farmersville, Calif., May 1939. Farm Security Administration camp for migratory workers in Tulare County*. 1939. Library of Congress. <http://www.loc.gov/pictures/item/2004673992/>
- Lange, Dorothea. *Tulare County, at Farm Security Administration (FSA) camp at Farmersville, California*. 1939. Library of Congress. <http://www.loc.gov/pictures/item/fsa2000003117/PP/>
- McCurry, Steve. *Afghan Girl*. 1985. National Geographic. <http://ngm.nationalgeographic.com/2002/04/afghan-girl/index-text>
- N. A. *The Marble Faun*. n.d. <http://cla.calpoly.edu/~jbattenb/marblefaun/marblefaun/criticism.htm>
- McCurry, Steve. *Sharbat Gula*. 2002. National Geographic. <http://ngm.nationalgeographic.com/2002/04/afghan-girl/index-text>
- Platt, Spencer. *Moment of Impact*. 2001. National Geographic. [http://news.nationalgeographic.com/news/2011/09/pictures/110908-about-911-september-9-11-twin-world-trade-center-towers-indelible/#/september-9-11-attacks-anniversary-ground-zero-world-trade-center-pentagon-flight-93-second-airplane-wtc\\_39997\\_600x450.jpg](http://news.nationalgeographic.com/news/2011/09/pictures/110908-about-911-september-9-11-twin-world-trade-center-towers-indelible/#/september-9-11-attacks-anniversary-ground-zero-world-trade-center-pentagon-flight-93-second-airplane-wtc_39997_600x450.jpg)
- Riis, Jacob A. *Bandit's Roost*. n.d. National Public Radio. <http://media.npr.org/programs/atc/features/2008/jun/riis/banditsroost200-0ec495ee1c2d617940195329513e876b3273dbc1-s6-c10.jpg>
- Stieglitz, Alfred. *Winter on Fifth Avenue*. 1890s. Public Broadcasting Station. [http://www.pbs.org/wnet/americanmasters/database/images/steiglitz\\_image1.jpg](http://www.pbs.org/wnet/americanmasters/database/images/steiglitz_image1.jpg)
- Stieglitz, Alfred. *Steerage*. 1907. Metropolitan Museum of Art. [http://www.metmuseum.org/toah/images/h2/h2\\_33.43.419.jpg](http://www.metmuseum.org/toah/images/h2/h2_33.43.419.jpg)
- Stieglitz, Alfred. *The City of Ambition*. 1910. Museum of Modern Art. [http://www.moma.org/collection\\_images/resized/867/w500h420/CRI\\_208867.jpg](http://www.moma.org/collection_images/resized/867/w500h420/CRI_208867.jpg)