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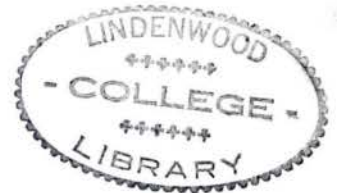
PHOTOGRAPHY AND LAMINATED GLASS

Submitted by

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of requirements for the degree
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PHOTOGRAPHY AND LAMINATED GLASS

I agree with Arthur Pope who once said to Ansel Adams, the photographer, "The artist should never write about his art".¹ However, since it is my task, I shall set upon the adventure of going through the experiences I have had in the last three semesters.

I was nearing the end of my studies toward my B.S. degree and looking forward to freedom from books for awhile, when I began to realize that I was not really ready to stop this insatiable desire for knowledge; therefore, I began to seek a new field. Little did I realize just what an impact this decision would have on my life.

Photography was being offered in the Spring term at Lindenwood and I had heard some very interesting reports on the instructor teaching this course, Mr. Lou Florimonte.

I signed up for the beginning course and having made the decision to start working toward my Masters in Art, I started plotting my courses of intense study.

At the beginning of the class, I was using an antiquated, light-leaking 35 millimeter camera; therefore, the class was a struggle from the start. I went through my first three assignments with nothing but light leaks and was beginning to get frustrated. So I finally made the decision that I would have to buy a new camera. Next, I set upon the task of finding the right kind of

¹Photographers on Photography, Nathan Lyons, (Prentice-Hall 1966), p. 22.

camera to buy. Much advice was given to me, "Buy a Minolta", "Don't buy a Minolta", "Buy a Pentax", "Buy a Canon", "Don't buy a Canon, it's made of plastic and won't last". So, I ended up purchasing a Yashika. From there on, my picture taking enthusiasm began to grow in leaps and bounds.

One of our assignments included man-made markings. For this assignment I decided to go to Hannibal, Missouri, my home town. As a teenager, I remembered seeing graffiti on the walls of the Mark Twain Cave and I also remembered seeing man-made markings in the old C.B. & Q. train tunnel where we used to ride our bikes. This tunnel opens out on the edge of the Mississippi River.

Arriving in Hannibal in a down-pour, I talked my sister into accompanying me on my expedition. (Only a sister would agree to such a venture.) Sure enough, we found a naked woman drawn with other graffiti in the train tunnel. I turned my camera and began shooting toward the daylight spilling into the mouth of the tunnel.

As I was in the tunnel shooting, one particular quote came into my mind which I had just read, Ansel Adams, "A photograph is not an accident, it is a concept. The awareness fo the right moment is as vital as the perception of values, form, and other qualities".² As I saw the gleaming, polished train rails with the light bouncing off them, and the glow on the damp rocks, I knew that this was a momemt which should be documented. These photographs turned out to be prized ones in my collection. Using high gloss Kodabrome paper, I was able to recapture my exciting moments in that tunnel; on paper for others, as well as myself. (Exhibit 1)

²Photographers on Photographers, Nathan Lyons, (Prentice Hall 1966), P. 30.

Rain kept coming down, but we did not let this slow down our task. Our next stop was the cemetery where Mark Twain wrote of Tom and Huck and the cat and "Injun Joe" chasing them. We trudged through the dampness to get some shots of old tombstones. It gave us an eerie felling, especially with the heavy fog all around. The rain had slowed down and now there was a mist coming through the trees as we walked between the ancient grave stones. Beautiful, thought provoking compositions surrounded us everywhere. Tall stones, short stones, toppled ones and sunken ones. I found myself snapping pictures right and left. My sister, being her usual jovial mood, stopped at one tombstone and hid her body behind the stone, and drapped her hand over the top and I snapped the picture. This was to become a favorite of a later photographer instructor, Mr. Bill Baillie.

From there we went to Mark Twain Cave and were allowed to go with a guide to get some shots of the many signatures, one by Samuel Clemens. The graffiti didn't partuculary interest me, but the beautiful formations where the water had taken thousands of years to carve out its work into a multitude of exquisite curves and cavaties stalagmites and stalagtites, etc. One particular formation down near "Straddle Alley", caught my eye and I proceeded to open my lens completely using a time shot with only a flash light as my source of light. I had a feeling that this photograph was to be something special and was thrilled to have its exposure in my camera. (Exhibit 2)

This particular photograph did indeed become one of my favorites and a favorite of others as well. (I found that at my reception, several people came to me to tell me that this print was their favorite of all my work.)

This trip in to the cave brought back memories of girl scout days when I became lost in this place for several hours. During my adolescent years it was a popular place for playing "Hide and Seek" and eventually "Post Office". So

this particular picture brings back much nostalgia for me. For my finished print, I used a sheet of 10 x 14 Kodabrome R.C. paper, glossy, to bring out all the lines, forms, and ridges of the swirling rock formation.

I also remembered the "Indian Paintings", my Dad had taken me to see as a child, which were located just outside of Center, Missouri. My journey there to get photos of my "man made" markings was fruitless, since people had long since destroyed these painting with their rifles.

Recalling a dear old friend who would have made replicas of these paintings when they were still intact, I journeyed to Saverton, Missouri to look him up. Sure enough he had everything and more than I had asked for. He brought tray after tray of artifacts for me to photograph. (Exhibit 3)

From "man made markings" to Mr. Florimonte's assignment of finding and photographing a stranger, I undertook my next task. We were told to become acquainted with a stranger and to take a series of pictures every two weeks until we had completed a composition.

I spent quite some time looking for my stranger and was just about at wits end when I was called to substitute teach for the music teacher at Wentzville High School. Music is not my major. Being left with over 100 students and a lesson plan which took up about fifteen minutes of the fifty-five minute period, I was truly wondering what I would do next. These young "indians" were beginning to become restless when in walked a black girl whom I had seen in the halls but didn't know personally. She sat down at the piano and threw her head back and started singing the most beautiful negro spirituals. The students were mesmerized. A group of her friends came down the steps of the rotunda and joined her in singing and clapping their hands.

At this instant I realized that I had met my stranger and one whom I would like to know better. She consented to being my guinea pig and on that

day I started this particular assignment. She worked at the bank after school and was the leader of her church choir. She was also the secretary of her class at school and a very active person all around. I was very fortunate in having picked her for my stranger.

I discovered that in taking pictures of a darker-skinned person, my lighting would have to be handled differently, so in the dark room I used less exposure time with my paper, cutting down sometimes as much as ten seconds. I also used Kodabromide F.3 paper.

In order to wrap up this assignment, I asked permission to tape Angela and friends singing and playing the piano and presented over twenty pictures for the critique, plus the musical recording which they had cut, including all the in-between chatter which takes place when friends get together. Of course I was shooting pictures from every angle during the taping so when the critique was presented, as one person put it, he felt that he was actually there, witnessing the whole happening. I was pleased that Mr. Florimonte was complimentary toward this undertaking as well as several of my cohorts. (Exhibit 4)

Other pictures which I took and handed in during this course included one of my son's cats named Rose Ann. I had gone to Springfield, Missouri to visit and on a Saturday morning Rose Ann sat stroking her beautiful fur in the sun light. Picking up my camera, she decided to lead me a merry chase and make me work for my picture. She immediately lit out, running helter skelter through the living room, on to the bedroom and through the kitchen, as if playing cat and mouse with me. Slumping in exhaustion in a big easy chair, I had just about given up when I turned around and there she sat perfectly poised as if to say, "Now you can take my picture". Grabbing my camera again I was able to take her photograph.

The sunshine spilling in through the window has just enough light to make a beautiful, warm composition. (Exhibit 5) The lighting here made me think of Ann Shipperelli's book of Moment of Light, which so beautifully illustrates the importance of natural light in taking peoples photographs. the object is to bathe the face in half light and half shadows, this inhancing the warmth of the composition.

Why then could'nt this same principle apply to taking a picture of a dearly beloved animal. This particular photograph held a place of honor in my Masters Show by hanging over the fire place in the lounge of the Fine Arts Building, at Lindenwood College. I used Portriga one hundred, eighteen paper because of its warm tones thus lending itself to the completed picture.

During the Spring term, a group from Lindenwood made the trip to Chicago to view the esthetic Treasures of Tutankhamun. Someplace along the way I was not made aware of the fact that cameras were not allowed in the Museum. The crowds were so dense that I did not even see signs stating "NO CAMERAS ALLOWED". So, once inside I set upon the task of shooting this beautiful work. Shortly there after, a friend in the group informed me of the no picture policy, so I put my camera away, much to my chagrin. However, I had already taken several precious shots and could hardly wait to get them home and developed. I remembered the case where Steigleitz had shot his 3rd. Class Steerage Photograph and had a the long wait of an ocean voyage before he could develop his precious print.

Shortly after arriving back home I made my way to the dark room to see just what I had. I had four beauties which I will always treasure. The lighting focused on each of the artifacts was so iridescent and soft that one had little trouble getting a beautiful composition with Tri-X 400 A.S.A film, so developing these prints was no task at all. I did find though that the Protiriga

Rapid 118 justified the esthetic qualities of the art pieces, making the particular shadows of the objects soft and breath taking.

One of the pieces I photographed, was King Tut's chair as a child. The wood of the chair was ebony and decorated with ivory inlay with gilded panels depicting ibexes and desert plants. All of this exquisite design showed up beautifully and clearly. (Exhibit 6) Another object, which I had photographed, was an alabaster vase (Exhibit 7) which was rather translucent. Thus the light displaying it eliminate any difficulty in getting a pure picture with all of its beautifully painted decorations and hieroglyphs.

The third shot was that of the Lotus Chalice, carved of a single piece of alabaster and inlaid with blue pigment. the chalice represented a single bloom of the white lotus; the handles, attached to the flowers and to the sides of the chalice, are compiled of figures of Heh, the god of eternity, kneeling on the emblem of infinity and holding in each hand a palm rib (the Hieroglyphic sign for "year") resting on a tadpole and the sign for "life".

Two inscriptions testify that Tutankhamun was the owner of the chalice. (Exhibit 8)

The fourth photograph, it is written that "as a work of art, the wooden figure (Exhibit 9) stands out among the whole contents of Tutankhamun's tomb. It illustrates one of the most picturesque ancient Egyptian accounts of the initial creation; it represents the infant sun god at the moment of birth, emerging from a blue lotus that grew in a pool left by the receding waters of the primordial ocean. It was written that the features are unmistakable those of Tutanknamun. By having this model in his tomb, Tutankhamun, through the process of imitative magic, would have an instrument that would enable him to be reborn as the sun god every day."³

³Treasure of Tutankhamun, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1976, pp. 99-102

These were truly treasures for my collection of documentary photography.

Spring was now upon us and with the first May apples springing forth, it was time for friend Flo and me to head for the woods in hopes of finding the Morrel Mushrooms. Sure enough, we were fortunate enough to find some beauties to photograph and put in my growing collection. My favorite of these shots was a cluster of three good sized mushrooms which had just sprung fresh from the earth. They were nestled between elm leaves and sycamore branches and in the tall grass. It has often made me wonder if this is where the Morrel gets its name.

My final treatment of these fungi was on Portriga Rapid III, because of its sharp contrast, with an exposure of twenty-five seconds. There was just enough warm sunlight finding its way through the tall grass to touch the sides of these stately species; giving great depth to the cavities and highlighting the ridges with a luscious brown realness. (Exhibit 10)

Another of our assignments was picture by candlelight; I have a couple of beautiful cats which I like to photograph whenever possible, although I had never tried taking their pictures by candle light. My white cat was in a playful mood one evening, so I figured that this was the time for just such a shot.

Opening the lens of my camera as far as it would go and cutting the time down to 1/30th of a second, I placed the candle off to the side and watched for the right moment. shortly thereafter, just as Whitie reached out with her paw for the candle, her face bathed in candlelight which illuminated her almond shaped eyes, I snapped her picture. Her front paw is a fuzzy, out-of-focus lump, but in no way destroys the beauty of the composition. The rest of her body is lost in the soft darkness. (Exhibit 11)

We were nearing the end of this course when I went on a field trip with my stained glass class to see the stained glass Tiffany windows at the Second Presbyterian Church in St. Louis, Missouri. I was able to get many beautiful photographs of these windows. The light that day filled the panels of leaded stained glass to the extent that even a black and white picture was able to capture the rich qualities of these masterpieces. For the finished prints I used Kodabrome R.C. glossy with a high contrast. (Exhibit 12)

According to Ansel Adams. "A photograph is usually looked at - seldom looked into. The experience of a truly fine print may be related to the experience of a symphony- appreciation of the broad melodic line, while important, is by no means all precision and patience and devotion to the capacities of the craft are of supreme importance."⁴

I shall always remember the moving experience surrounding the taking of these pictures. The hushed and empty choir-loft, the absence of parishioners and the over all beauty of the moment with a feeling of the presence of God in his own house.

As I mentioned previously, while taking this course in Photography, I was also taking a course in Stained Glass from Mr. John Wehmer. Here we learned how to draw and plan our designs and how to cut glass. Since I had worked in Metal Sculpture previously, I had become interested in emplanting colored glass into a metal composition which is cut out with the acetylene torch. I proceeded to sand down the entire metal structure; cut and foil my glass, and then lead my cut pieces and place them into my metal piece. From this I went on to the task of making a stained glass lamp shade of olive greens and light blue.

⁴Photographers on Photography, Nathan Lyons (Prentice-Hall 1966), p. 31

It disturbed me that there were so many small pieces of colored glass left over so I began experimenting with the sagging of these pieces in my kiln. After many different firings, I found that the best melting temperature was around 1495⁰ F. My first pieces were made by laying the stained glass of the kiln washed shelves.

Next, I tried sculpting forms of clay and with these positive forms, I would make negative forms so that the molten glass would have a container and would fall into a given shape for me. I had previously sculpted a small head of Mark Twain and two small heads depicting the Pre-Columbian Toltec Heads (an influence from a previous course in Pre-Columbian Art).

From these forms I made negative molds and sagged glass into same, using kiln wash as a divider. After the glass cooled, I would pop the forms out of the molds, foil the sides and lead them. Next, using the Electro-Plating Method, which I had also learned in a previous course, I would electro-plate the copper and lead that held the glass together. This process consisted of using my battery charger and a variable resistor hooked up with positive and negative cathodes.

The positive cathode is clamped to the metal and placed in a solution of copper sulphate and sulfuric acid, the negative cathode is clamped to the object being electro-plated. (In this case, the amulet which is suspended in a liquid solution) - but not touching for fear of causing an ark. By turning the resistor up and using six volts of electricity in a short time one has a nice coating of copper.

If using brass, the chemicals have to be measured out to a perfect, equal balance and the voltage would have to be taken up to twelve.

Later I started placing my colored glass onto clear glass in design and sagged same. Later still, I started using a glass flux and adhering my design

onto one piece of properly cut glass, fluxing the top of the colored glass and placing a second piece of glass on the top of this design, making a sandwich of glass.

These proved very interesting and after much experimenting, I was able to find compatible pieces of colored glass. If they were not compatible, they would pull away from each other and melt at different temperatures. This flow at different stages caused bubbles and cracks.

I did not want to end my experimentation with stained glass so I made plans to continue them in the summer course with Mr. Bob Chi as my Instructor in Design. Mr. Chi was very helpful in strengthening the importance color plays in line, form and space - the basics of good design.

Many days and nights were spent in designing the glass and finding the proper colors which would complete my works, then taking them down to my kiln to fire late into the night. As much of this work is accomplished by keeping a close watch through the peep hole, I placed a cot alongside the kiln in order to be right on top of my subject. I learned the importance of cooling the glass slowly and then tempering it by taking the heat back up again to 500°. Next I would foil the sides, lead them and then, in some instances, electro-plate this lead with a brush. This was accomplished by wrapping a coil of copper wire around the brush and dropping the end down among the bristles where it would come in contact with the liquid solution. The negative cathode is placed at the other end of the wire thus drawing the copper onto the metal plane.

Several of these sandwiched glass compositions were adhered to bubbled rolled glass and placed on small metal easels to be displayed at my Art Show. If these designs find a resting place in the sunshine, they can become even more beautiful. (Exhibit 13)

During the Summer Session, I chose to continue my studies in Photography also. My next photography instructor Mr. Bill Baillie, an excellent photographer who has a fine reputation for being a portrait photographer and has a very large clientele.

Mr. Baillie was the Director of the Photography classes at John Burroughs School at the same time that I was the Director of the Arts, Crafts and Sculpture for the summer. This enabled me to have daily contact and critiques from him through my daily shooting and developing of the prints of photographing people grew greatly at this point in time due to this very knowledgeable instructor.

My lessons in interpretations in light and shadow were of great value to me also. I realized that at this time that I was beginning to set my own standards. Mr. Baillie taught me the importance of lighting; cross lighting where half of the face is bathed in shadow, thus enhancing the photograph, line lighting which makes for an electrifying photograph, etc.

Some of our students activities included field sports and as usual I was ready with my camera. I was fortunate to be on hand to photograph the "Tug of War", between the counselors. I snapped my first shot of one side and quickly turned and was able to get the other half of the struggle. Both photographs turned out very well and I was happy to be able to capture the various expressions of the participant's faces. Using Kodabromide F3 paper helped me to get excellent results, These photographs were to be added to my now growing list of favorites. (Exhibit 14)

Another photograph which I prize was taken at about this same time of a younger brother of one of the students, who just happened to be around because it was a visiting day. This little one kept following me around and naturally, I took his picture. I only know that his name is "David", but the result of the photograph were very pleasing to me. (Exhibit 15)

During the summer months and until the snow flies, I live in a cabin right on the main channel of the Mississippi River. Thus my opportunities for a wide field of subject matter is vast. My favorite swimming spot is right across the river from my cabin on an island called "Two Branch Island" where there is a sandy beach about a quarter of a mile long.

I have spent a considerable amount of time on this beach photographing the waves as they rush in over the sand and up on the shore. One particular evening I was able to capture just the photograph that I had been waiting for. The sun was setting and sending its last rays across the staccato of waves, making the rushing water sparkle like diamonds. Several children had left sand castles on the beach which made a perfect composition. I could see the beautiful movement of the water and it was a challenge to catch this moment in time. I was very anxious to see these shapes on the film. (Exhibit 16)

The photographs that thrill me are photographs of something close to me in my everyday life. I feel that we all express ourselves. I am beginning to realize that an individual's feelings are worth expressing - even my own. This makes photography more exciting.

Another photograph, which I took while at my beloved Mississippi River cabin was that of fish which had been caught for an evening meal. Placing them on a board before cleaning them, I realized that it would be a challenge to capture this moment and get a good photograph of the four wet fish right after they were taken out of the water.

I found later in the dark room that a little over-exposure of about seven seconds gave these swimmers a watery look, plus the fact that I used Kodabrome R.C. paper which is a glossy one, added to the success of this undertaking. To me they look very life-like. This is another one of my favorites. (Exhibit 17)

At another happy time on my favorite beach, I was photographing some children running along the shore line and as my subjects ran out of view. I had but their footprints to document, which I did and was very pleased with the results. (Exhibit 18)

During the daytime, there is a constant stream of barges, sail boats, stearn wheelers, canoes, excursions, fishing boats, speed boats, cruisers and everything else that will float. Yes, even people floating down-river on innertubes. But at night, the beauty of the river is overwhelming, especially during the full moon.

One particular night, there was a thin line of fluffy cloud covering with a light line bouncing around the moon as it threw its beams down across the shimmering black water.

Leaving my shutter open for a full three seconds gave me a shot which I had been seeking for quite sometime. In the final development, I used Kodabrome R.C. paper showing the shimmering effect of the light on the water. One can just barely see the shoreline in the distance and in the foreground, the dock of my next door neighbor. This composition, too, had become a very prized possession to me. (Exhibit 19)

Another late afternoon, the sun was setting and I was wandering upstream in my pontoon boat, in the main channel, and happened to look up and saw six gorgeous Canadian Geese on the wing. They were lazily flying just above the tree tops paying no particular attention to me or my boat. I reached for my ever ready camera, let the boat steer it's own course, as I shot a breath taking series of six pictures.

Excitement? Yes! It was all I could do to hurry back to my cabin; jump in the car and drive to Lindenwood to the dark room to develop these beauties. I was not disappointed. In fact, it was very hard to choose just which photograph I wanted to include in culminating project. (Exhibit 20)

At the end of the summer I flew to Knoxville, Tennessee, to visit my daughter and family. My grandson, being the apple of my eye, knows that he has but to ask and I will be off and away with him on any adventure he so chooses. If he chose to venture to the moon, I would go there with him, too. This time however, he just asked if I would go the woods for a walk.

So, off to the woods we went with two dogs and two sack lunches. I suppose that I had forgotten just how many harrowing places a small boy could venture into in such a short period of time, not to mention bramble bushes, poison ivy, and sheer cliffs we were to cling too. I was able to capture some of the warmth and feeling of this beautiful relationship on a delightful summer day between a grandson and his grandmother. The results were a series of eight precious photographs. I added these to my collection having printed them on Portriga 118 paper because of its softness.(Exhibit 21 and 22)

Also, on this trip to Tennessee, we drove up into the Smoky Mountains to the city of Gatlinburg. We were overlooking this city when I took a color shot of my daughter and grandson sitting on a huge rock with their backs to me. I decided that I would like to develop a black and white print of this shot. This is the only one I have made from a color shot and was very well pleased. (Exhibit 23) Printing it on Portriga 118 and exposing it for twenty-five seconds gave me a print which I was happy to show. (Exhibit 23)

Alfred Stieglitz, at one time, chose to make a series of cloud pictures. Through clouds he put down his philosophy of life. He had made a statement that he wanted to produce a series of photographs which, when seen by Ernest Bloch, (the great Composer) he would exclaim: "Music! Music! Music! Man why that is music!"⁵

⁵Photographers on Photography, Nathan Lyons, (Prentice Hall), p. 112.

I have had this same love of clouds and find myself looking forward to different changes of weather when the Cumulus Clouds will billow up and the storms will come in over the river. When stormy weather is threatening, one will usually find me in the midst of it, shooting pictures.

I was driving to St. Charles on an errand when I saw a large dark cloud. Pulling over I whipped out my dark yellow lens, pleased it on my Yashika and started shooting. The results pleased me greatly and the final choice of cloud pictures seemed to be most interesting on the Velvet Stipple paper with fifteen seconds exposure. (Exhibit 24)

Minor White made a statement that "A photographer can look day after day and one day the picture is visible." Nothing has changed except himself. Although sometimes he had to wait until the light performed the magic.⁶

I discovered the truth in this statement after taking trash out to my trash barrel to burn day after day for quite sometime when I saw a beautiful composition of grids with all of its rusty textures, shadows and indentations. The wire grate which goes over the top of my burner was a beautiful composition in disguise. As the noon day's sun shown through the textured wire, it left a downward shadow on the outside of the barrel. All of this captured by my lens for a thought provoking composition to study. This finished picture proved best on the Ilford Pearl paper. (Exhibit 25)

Summertime, I make quite a few trips to Hannibal and on one particular trip my sister and brother-in-law decided that we would take a picnic lunch across the river from Hannibal and eat under the bridge. As we were eating, I glanced across the water flowing under the bridge and it brought back a memory of long ago. One night, when we were teenagers, he had taken our

⁶Photographers on Photography, Nathan Lyons, (Prentice Hall) p. 165-66.

canoes across the river to the beach to swim and someone suggested that some of us might swim back to Hannibal under the lights of the Mark Twain Bridge.

I was all for this and at this point had not made my initial swim across the Mississippi River. (A feat which many Hannibalians like to accomplish at least once before getting out of high school). We dove in just above the bridge and stayed in a close group with the others in the boats close by and as we neared the Missouri side we realized we hadn't figured on the current and drift, so we arrived at the other side right where the Hannibal sewers emptied into the river. The photograph of this particular spot shall always bring back great memories. (Exhibit 26) Needless to say, from then on whenever I swam the river, I always tried to make sure where I would be ending up.

On this same trip to Hannibal I was visiting my sister's dairy farm. It was afternoon and the men were playing volleyball out in the back yard when I looked up and noticed the dairy cows were interested in the commotion and they were wandering nearer the fence in order to see the rivalry of these humans.

I quickly grabbed my camera and recorded their interest in the occasion. It wasn't long before they had lost interest in the volleyball game and they were coming closer and closer to see the funny lady laying under the fence with the little black box. As they huddled up just as close as the fence would allow, I was able to get many interesting photographs of my fine bovine friends. I chose two to make larger and print on Kodabrome R.C. hard paper. (Exhibit 27 and 28)

On this same occasion, I happened upon a little boy, who was unhappy because he was not big enough to participate in all the fun and was forced to sit by his grandmother. It seemed that all others were oblivious to his unhappiness with the exception of the camera. This one, too, just had to be included. (Exhibit 29)

Henri Cariie-Bresson said that "technique is important only in-so-far as you must master it in order to communicate what you see. Your own personal technique has to be created and adapted solely in order to make your vision effective on film. But only the results count, and the conclusive evidence is the finished photographic print; otherwise there would be no end to the number of tales photographers would tell about pictures which they ever-so nearly got but which are merely a memory in their eye of the nostalgia."⁷

It is truly my hope that through some of these photographs, others will be able to enjoy at least a small bit of some of the terrific experiences which I have had during my journeys with my camera. I do hope that I have communicated what I have seen well enough that others may experience some of the fun.

Summer, nearing it's end, was the time to start thinking of new classes and schedules. I was to teach Art and Photography at Wentzville High School, and was eager to get to work. Knowing that I needed more knowledge and experience in photography, I signed up for a course under Mr. Myron Kozman, a very well-known artist, photographer, and instructor.

Our first assignment was to photograph textures and forms and shapes of all kinds. I found a ready supply of such subjects all about me at the river. I photographed everything from the bark on the trees to the paths the worms made in the muck. I also found a beautiful caterpillar journeying along a stalk of grass one day. His photograph when enlarged on Velvet Stipple, Ilford, became another favorite. When printed on this paper, every little hair on this creatures body glistened where the sunlight had touched it. The wonder that he could ever become a beautiful butterfly shall always be a puzzle to me. (Exhibit 30)

⁷Photographers on Photography, Nathan Lyons, (Prentice Hall 1966), p. 49.

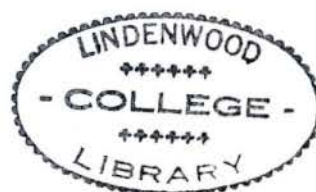
Edward Weston stated "The photographer's power lies in his ability to recreate his subject in terms of its basic reality, and present this recreation in such a form that the spectator feels that he is seeing not just a symbol for the object, but the thing itself revealed for the first time."⁸ I wonder how many others would have possibly seen this beautiful creature had I not been able to come along and photograph it.

Late one night while at the river, in fact around midnight, and I had long since gone to bed, I heard several people calling my name. It was my dear friends and neighbors two cabins up from me. They were still up fishing and had their spotlights on and happened to notice that the bugs flying around the lights were leaving a most interesting pattern. Knowing my eagerness to photograph at the drop of anyone's hat, they felt that I would want to be awakened to take pictures of such a spectacle.

Slowing my camera down to 1/30th of a second, I proceeded to document what we saw, I tried variable speeds and variable f-stops hoping that I could get this spectacle on paper. Here, too, was another moment in time when I could hardly wait to get my negatives developed. The photographs came out true and the prints developed just as we saw it, with the full flight pattern of each flying creature.(Exhibit 31)

School had started by now and homecoming week was upon us. We had what was designated as clown day. My assignment to Art I classes was drawing, so when the students came dressed for the occasion, I immediately appointed them to the task of modeling for my classes. With camera close by I couldn't let the opportunity pass without getting my pictures, too. Results?

⁸Photographers on Photography, Nathan Lyons, (Prentice Hall 1966), p. 154.



Two of my favorites, which I developed on Kodabromide F3 paper with a rather long exposure to make sure that I had all of the textures and colorings of their make-up and attire. These two prints were also picked to go into our yearbook. (Exhibit 32)

I had also signed up for a course in Printmaking, and looking for a subject to do for my linoleum prints, I decided that I would like to document the long hours spent at the typewriter in my favorite spot-overlooking the Mississippi River from my kitchen table. My choice of pictures taken in the full sunlight of noon with the reflection coming in off the water. It gave a glow to the apples in the basket, to the typewriter and the papers strewn about, and even a highlight on my tattered dictionary.

This photograph is dear to me, for in the winter months when I can't live at my beloved river home I am still able to look at this picture and remember the warmth I have in my heart for this room. I printed this in Portriga 118. (Exhibit 33)

Francis Bruguiere, another famous photographer stated that there is that aim of all photographers, "The perfect negative". This, in itself, is an ideal which is rarely if ever obtained.⁹

Winter upon us, I moved back to my home in O'Fallon as the snows began falling. Each morning as I awakened, I would look out my bedroom window to see if the night had left us with a new snowfall and thus no school. One morning I decided that I should document this too. (Exhibit 34) This result is one of my best photographs and negatives. It is simple, yet self-explanatory. According to Ansel Adams, "a true photograph need not be

⁹Photographers on Photography, Nathan Lyons, (Prentice Hall 1966), P. 33.

explained, nor can be contained in words, so relating the facts as to how the picture came to be taken is perhaps the only explanation needed."¹⁰

On another beautiful morning I was able to photograph my composition of "Fingers of Snow". The arms of the Sweet Gum tree in my front yard seemed to reach out as if to hold the fluffy wet snow in its fingers. (Exhibit 35)

Another of my prized photographs of the winter of '78 is that of the snow flakes. Using my close-up lens, I went out to my car and placed black construction paper down so that the minute designs would be distinguishable. I tried several colors of paper before I found that the flakes melted slower on the black paper, I was well pleased with the results, after using Kodabrome for my finished print in order to get the true, cold, black and white effect. (Exhibit 36)

On mornings that we do have school, I have a very beautiful drive on the North service road which parallels highway 70. Along this drive is a dense wooded area with a little stream of water called, "Dardeene Creek". This picturesque tributary has furnished me with a considerable amount of subject matter for taking good photographs. (Exhibit 37)

Attending a reception at Lindenwood I happened upon the beautiful little daughter of Linda Mosley, our Ceramics Instructor. This little one had such a worried expression on her face (I think she was frightened by all of the people) that I just had to capture it.(Exhibit 38)

Late, on Sunday afternoon, I go down to the boat harbor to check out my cabin, I spied my soldiers of the woods composition. As the sun was

¹⁰ Photographers on Photography, Nathan Lyons, (Prentice Hall 1966), p. 29.

setting, it cast long shadows across the deep drifts of snow, forming a breathtaking silhouette against the sky. I was not interested in the snow textures but in the long shadows that the trees made. I doubled the normal exposure on the snow and overdeveloped the negative. (Exhibit 39)

Ansel Adams said, "I believe in growing things, and in the things which have grown and died magnificently. I believe in people and in the simple aspects of human life, and in the relation of man to nature. I believe man must be free, both in spirit and society, that he must build strength into himself, affirming the "enormous beauty of the world" and acquiring the confidence to see and to express his vision. And I believe in photography as a means of expressing the affirmation, and of achieving an ultimate happiness and faith."¹¹

Christmastime found me flying to Knoxville, Tennessee, once again to visit my family. A visit to Tennessee is not complete until we have taken another drive up into the Smokies. After taking long series of photographs, my favorite was of my daughter and her dog overlooking a small hamlet far up into the mountains with a pine tree silhouetted against the late afternoon sky and behind it a thin well-placed Cirrus cloud covering. The cross light of sunshine on the two main objects of my composition enhanced this photograph greatly. Using Portriga III brought out the burrs on the pinecones, as well as, the haze lazily drifting over the small town. (Exhibit 40)

As we were coming down out of the mountains, we stopped to get some pictures that I captured close-up of the roots of a tree draped with icicles. Blowing this up and printing it on Ilford Glossy gave me another beauty to document. (Exhibit 41)

¹¹Photographers on Photography, Nathan Lyons, (Prentice Hall 1966), p. 31.

January or February finds me off skiing with my family or friends. This year we journeyed to Northern Illinois to "Chestnut Mountain", to the slopes. It is dangerous to take a camera along on a skiing trip because one's camera hanging at the end of a leather strap could become entangled in the tow line as you are going up hill. There is also danger of, perhaps, falling and crushing the camera. However, I was still determined to take the "extension of my arm" and suffer the consequences. I photographed many compositions. However, my favorite was one which formed a triangle, the essence of good composition. (Exhibit 42)

Although all nature, man, mountain, leaf, and tree is seemingly infinite in the complexity of its structure, all shapes in nature can be reduced to the square, the circle, and the triangle. It is easier for the artist to compose his picture if he thinks in terms of these elementary shapes. This is a fact that I constantly try to stress to my photography class at high school.

Nearing the end of our course in photography, I was on my way to class and happened down an alley which just begged me to stop and take its picture. (Exhibit 43) And I was pleased with the results. On to class and our instructor Mr. Kozman treated us with a very thought provoking and esthetic program of "Light Pictures", having to do with Polarized lens and stresses of plastic which played a large role in the creations of beautiful colored light pictures. I was able to photograph our instructor in action and I am pleased with the result.

Upon completing this course, it was time to re-evaluate my prints and my laminated glass work in order to select those to be exhibited for my Culminating Project.

This selection attempts to show a cross-section of my efforts in art and photography.

In summation, what have I accomplished in this last year and a half? I do know this, that I see with different eyes that yesterday and my work efforts

have been multiplied ten fold and with results. I find myself becoming much more critical of my own work. In reference to my photography one might be interested in the compositions which have a close linear relationship to each other, for instance, the trees in the "Soldiers of the Woods", photograph as organic figures influenced by gravity and the winds, opposed to the linear shapes of the footings on the Bridge in composition where the material is inorganic and solid, hard and cold. These rigid geometric shapes appose the freeform growth of the trees. Also please note other photos with linear shapes such as Exhibit 40, Becky and Buffy in the Smokeys. The girls body as well as the tree here take on a similar linear shape as do the cows in Exhibit 27, and again the legs of the boy and dog in Exhibit 22.

The light across the waters in the photo of Exhibit 19 also take on a similar shimmering linear design in relation to Exhibit 26, the waters again taking the same shimmering linear effect.

Other relationships one might note would be the "Fingers of Snow" Exhibit 35 and Exhibit 30, "Wooly Bear". The linear structures when placed side by side here seem to have a sameness.

One might also note the curving contour lines of the tunnel photo Exhibit 1 in relationship to the curved line of the tree root in the mountain stream in Exhibit 41. There, a hard as granite like composition with the same type of lines but with a great difference of hardness.

There is also the photo of the bugs, fast moving curved flight patterns which were created in a matter of seconds, Exhibit 31 opposed to the very slowly formed curved pattern of the cave formation in Exhibit 2 which took perhaps thousands of years to be formed. While on this particular photo of "Flight Patterns", if one were to isolate a fraction of this pattern, it would be noticed that there is a very close relationship to the hexigon shapes of the "Snow Flakes" in Exhibit 36.

The texture of the "Wooly Bear" Exhibit 30, has a soft fluffy sameness as does the cloud photo of Exhibit 24 yet their very size is so opposite to each other in relationship.

The flowing, man made, enclosed billowing, contour lines of the "Tiffany" glass windows, Exhibit 12 also have a close relationship to the organic enclosed contour lines of the "Morrel Mushrooms" in Exhibit 10. Especially note the contained shape of the wings in relationship to the fungi' contoured ridges.

I call attention to the photo of Edward Weston's "Eroded Rock"¹² and humbly find that there is a similarity to my "Mark Twain Cave" composition. Here one can find a total of eleven shades of intricately designed "gray scale", which has proven to be a most helpful guideline for me.

As I work further I shall continue the use of the scale and perhaps my work can improve with much more experience.

Ansel Adams said that "The photographer who wishes to work toward a predetermined result must visualize the tonalities in which he wants certain important parts of the subject to be represented and plan his exposure and subsequent treatment accordingly. All values are relative."¹³

One becomes more aware of the need for better composition, more percision technically, and for a more thought provoking choice of subject matter, especially as I drink in the multitudes of photographs of people such as

¹²My Camera On Point Lobos, Edward Weston, (Da Cap Press 1968), plate 3.

¹³The Negative, Ansel Adams, (Morgan and Morgan, Inc. 1968), p. 16.

Ansel Adams and his compositions of places, things, and people; and on to Steichens many master pieces such as "The Lady in the Doorway".¹⁴

Dorothea Lange literally spoke with her pictures of the miseries of the land. Her documentation of "Damaged Child",¹⁵ is one which I shall never forget. Her "Share Cropper",¹⁶ which is a reflection of sadness in the eyes of the man repairing that flat and of the small children patiently waiting. Another Thought provoking photo of hers is "Lettuce Cutters", human beings in a back breaking pose of humility.¹⁷

Another noteworthy person, Diane Arbus, who was a huntress, stalking photgrapher moved into places when no other person dared to go to take pictures. Freakes was a thing she photographed a lot, for this excited her. "I'm very little drawn to photographing people that are known or even subjects that are known. They fascinate me when I've barely heard of them and the minute they get public, I become terribly blank about them."¹⁸

If some of my photography leaves an image on ones' mind, a warm feeling, or a touch of nostalgia, my purpose has been accomplished.

This is surely one of the most worthwhile projects that I have ever undertaken and I hope that I, too, can go the way of Imogene Cunningham, Author of "After Ninety", who became a living symbol of youth in old age, still making new portraits, printing almost every morning, and keeping up with the latest work of other photographers near and far.

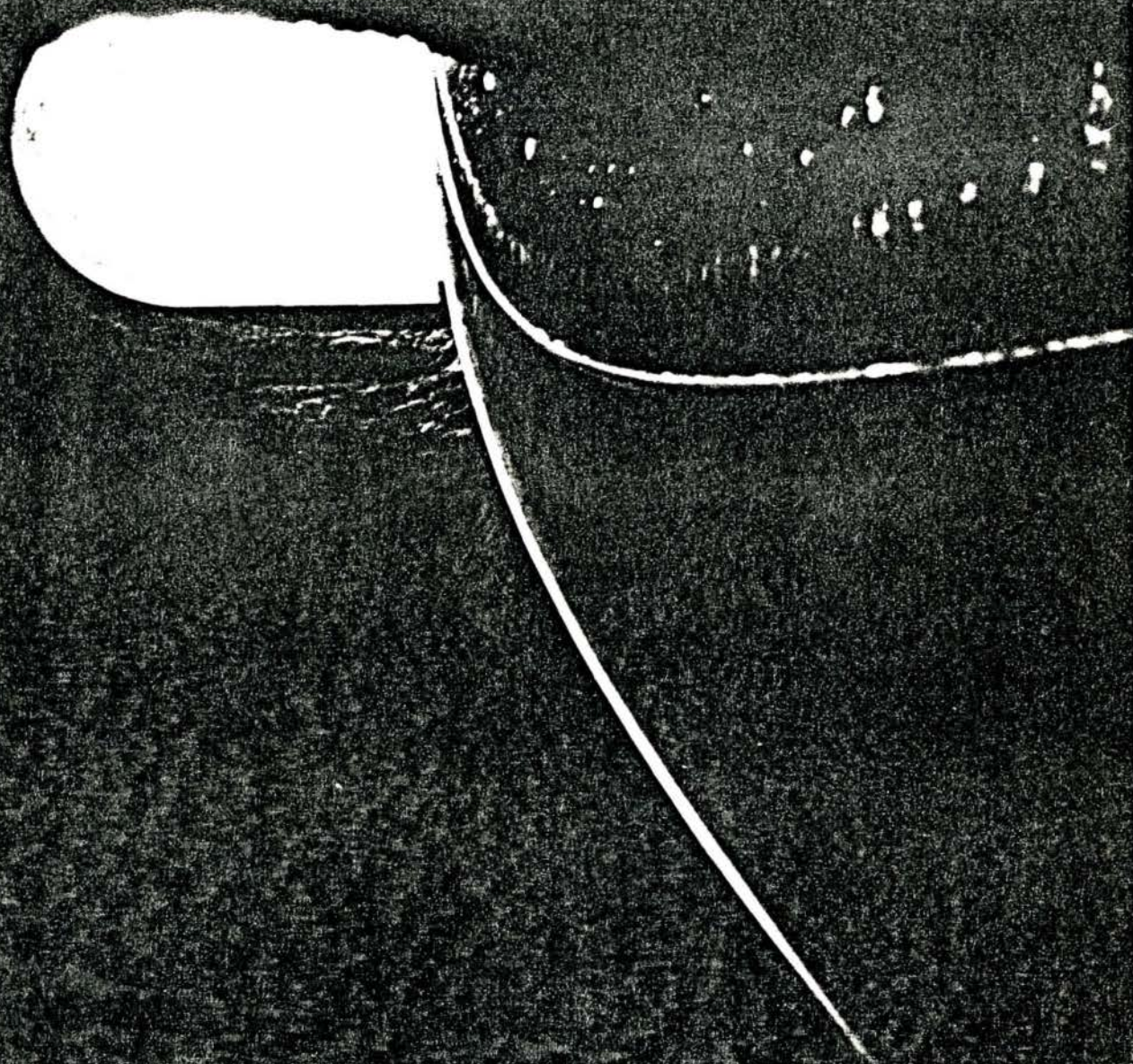
¹⁴ A Life in Photography, Edward Steichen, (Doubleday Company, Inc. 1963), plate 4.

¹⁵ The Woman's Eye, Anne Tucker, (Alfred A. Knopf 1973), p. 66.

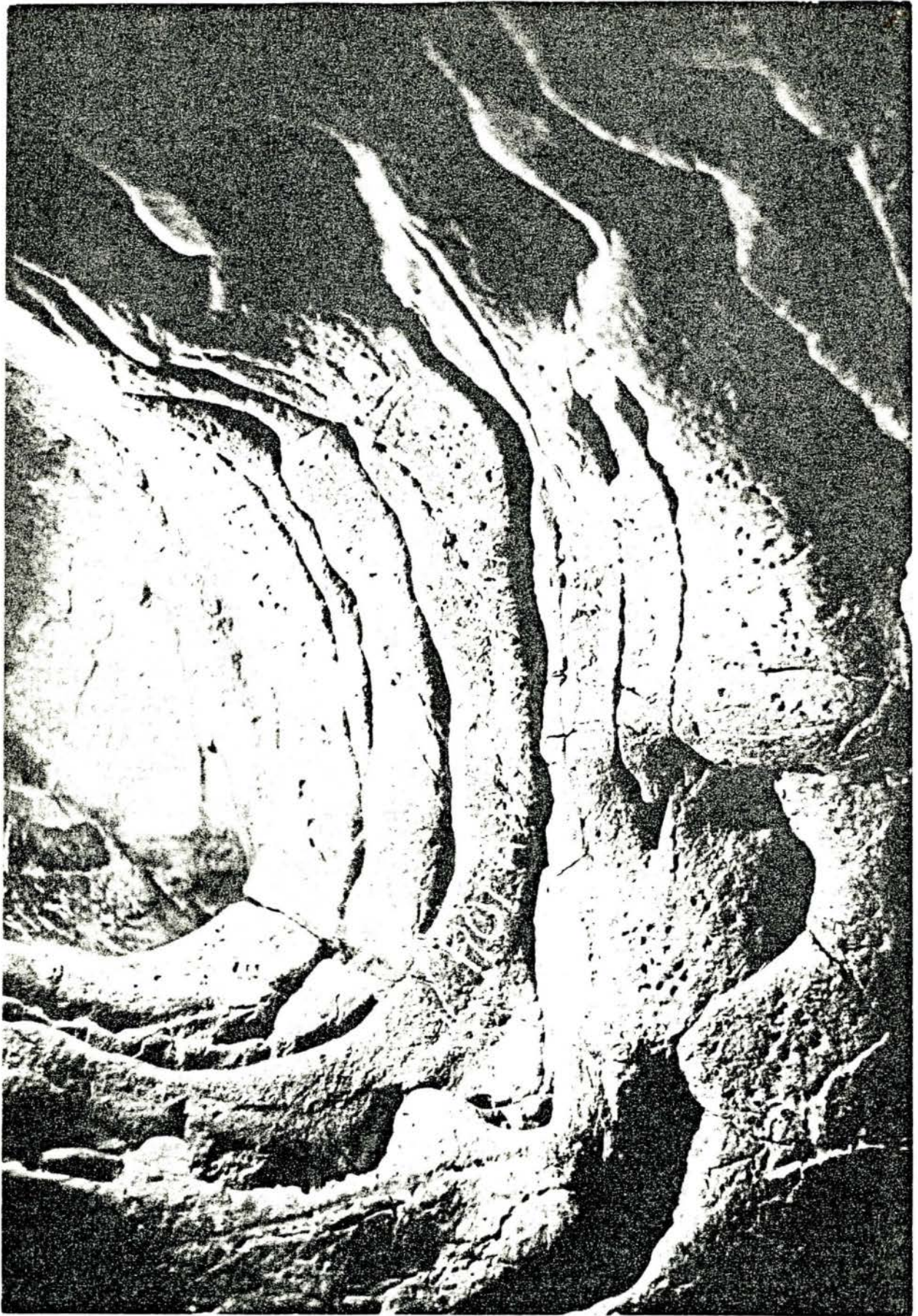
¹⁶ The Woman's Eye, Anne Tucker, (Alfred A. Knopf 1973), p. 69.

¹⁷ The Woman's Eye, Anne Tucker, (Alfred A. Knopf 1973), P. 70.

¹⁸ Diane Arbus: An Aperture Monograph, (Rapoport Printing Corporation 1972), p. 3.



C. B. & Q. TRAIN TUNNEL IN HANNIBAL, MISSOURI
EXHIBIT 1



In Mark Twain Cave at Hannibal, Missouri

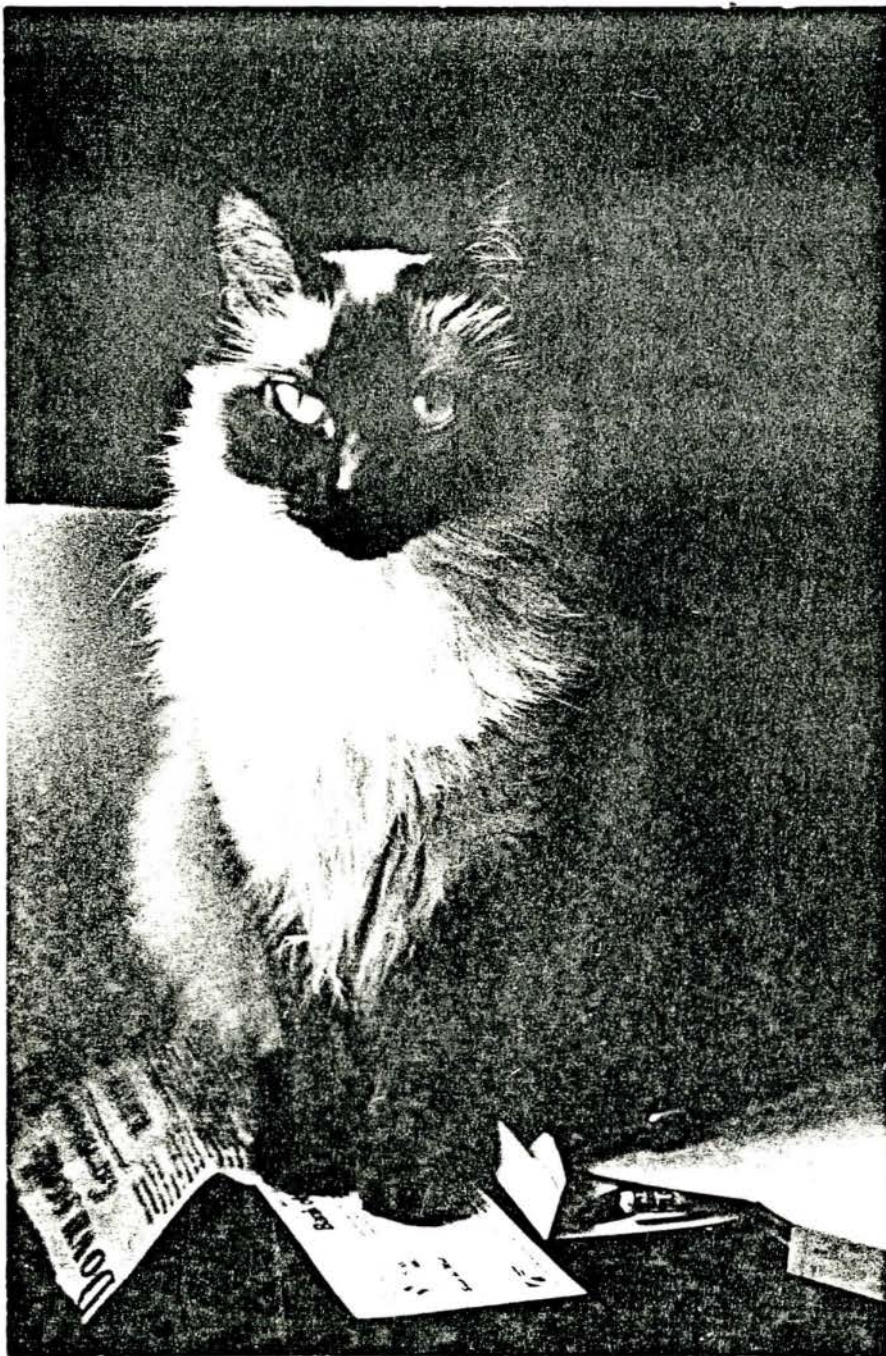
Exhibit 2



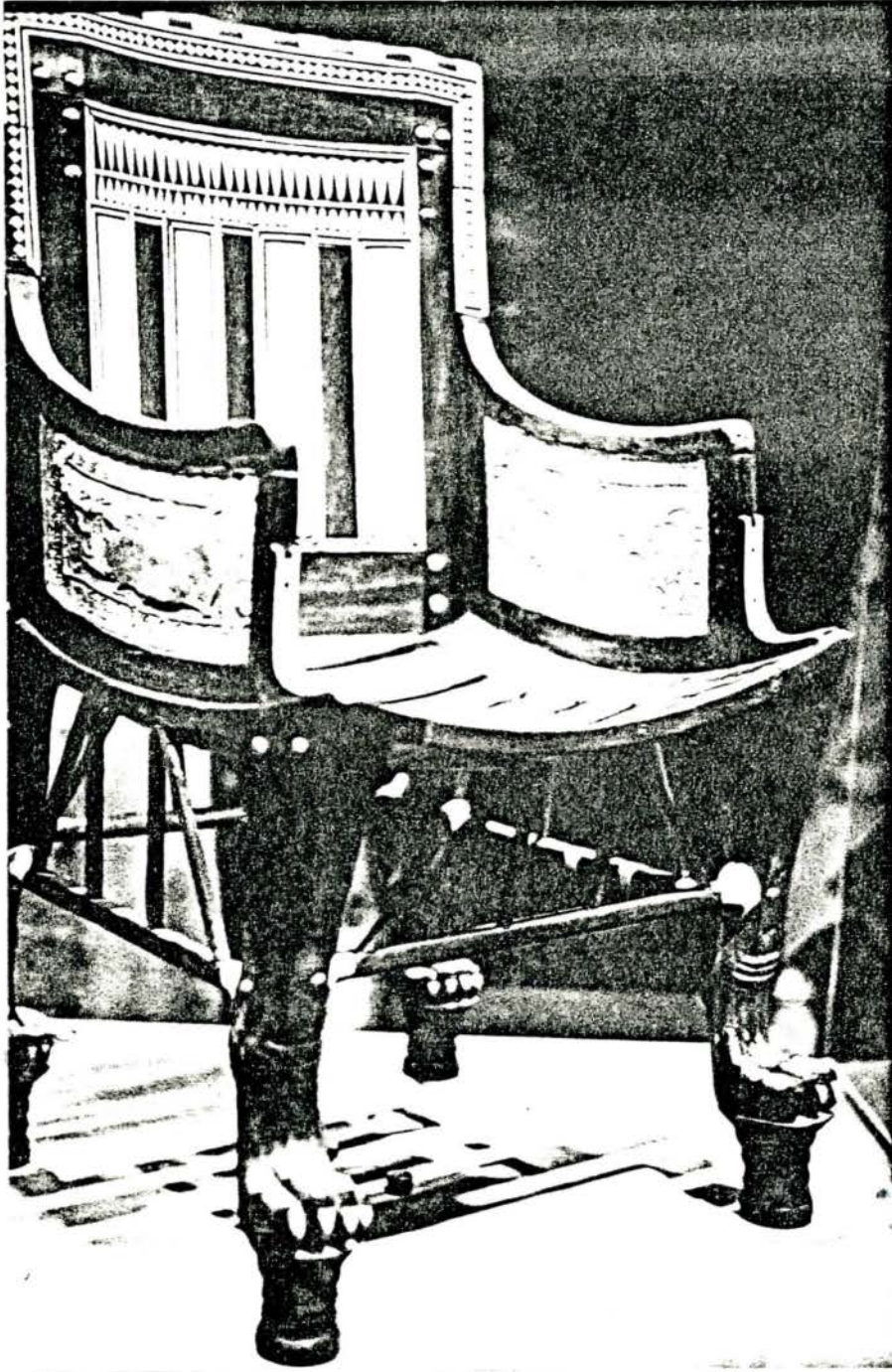
INDIAN MARKINGS
EXHIBIT 3



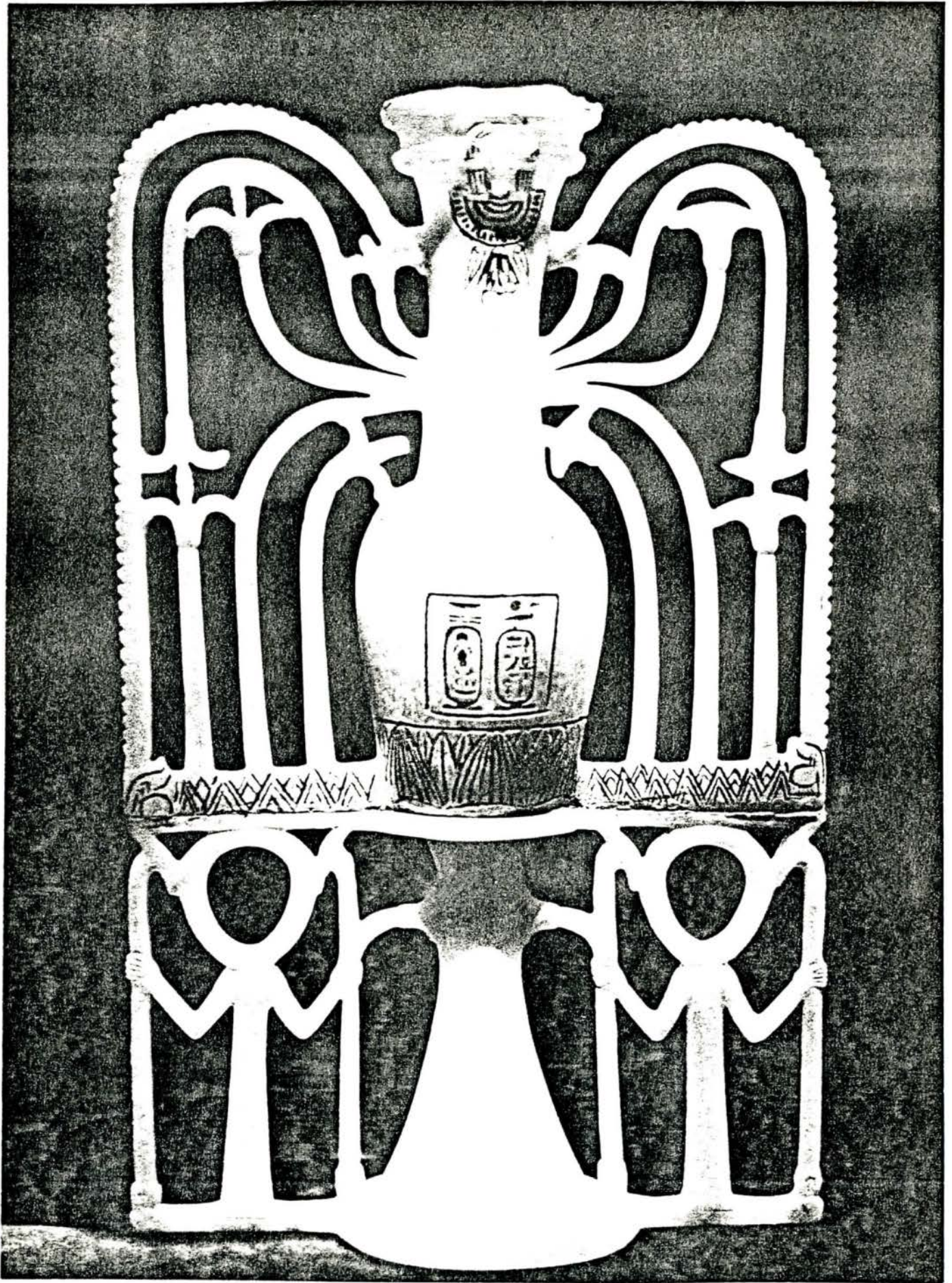
ANGELA
EXHIBIT 4



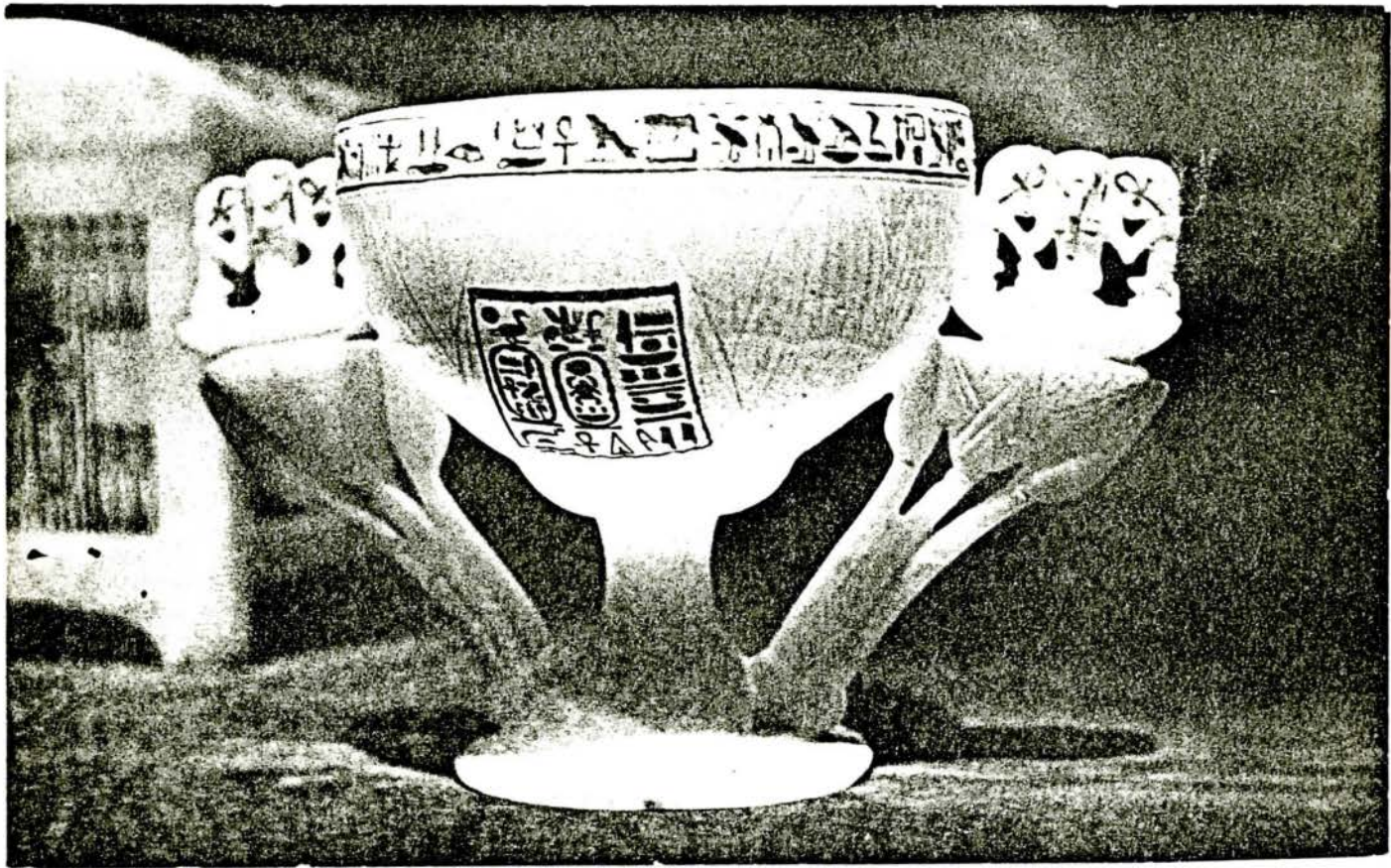
ROSE ANN
EXHIBIT 5



TUTANKHAMUN'S CHAIR
EXHIBIT 6



ALABASTER VASE FROM KING TUT'S TOMB
EXHIBIT 7



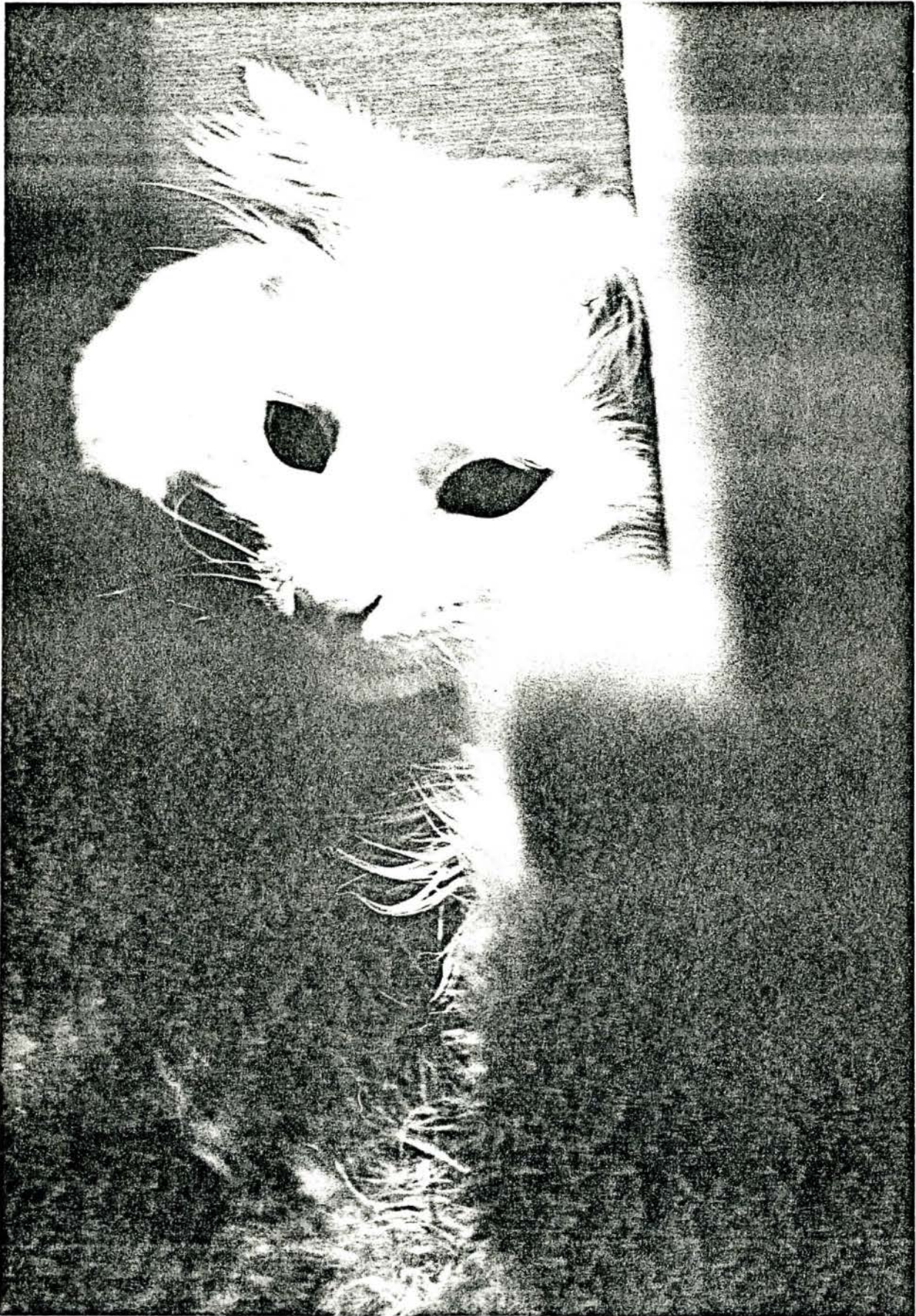
TUTANKHAMUN'S WHITE LOTUS CHALICE OF ALABASTER
EXHIBIT 8



THE SUN GOD ON A LOTUS
EXHIBIT 9



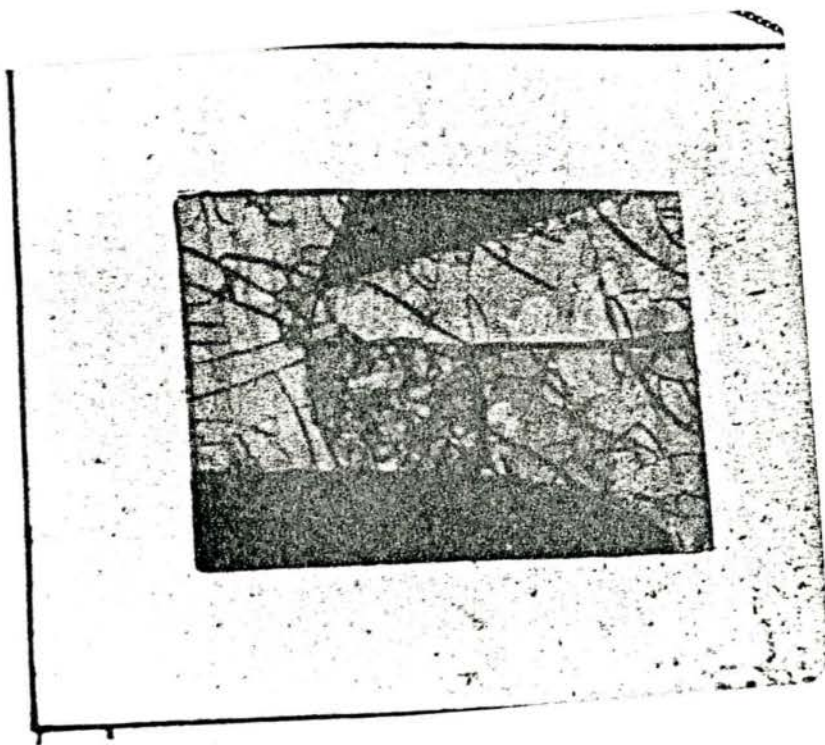
SPRING TIME'S TREASURES, MORRELS
EXHIBIT 10



WHITIE
EXHIBIT 11



TIFFANY GLASS WINDOWS AT SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI
EXHIBIT 12



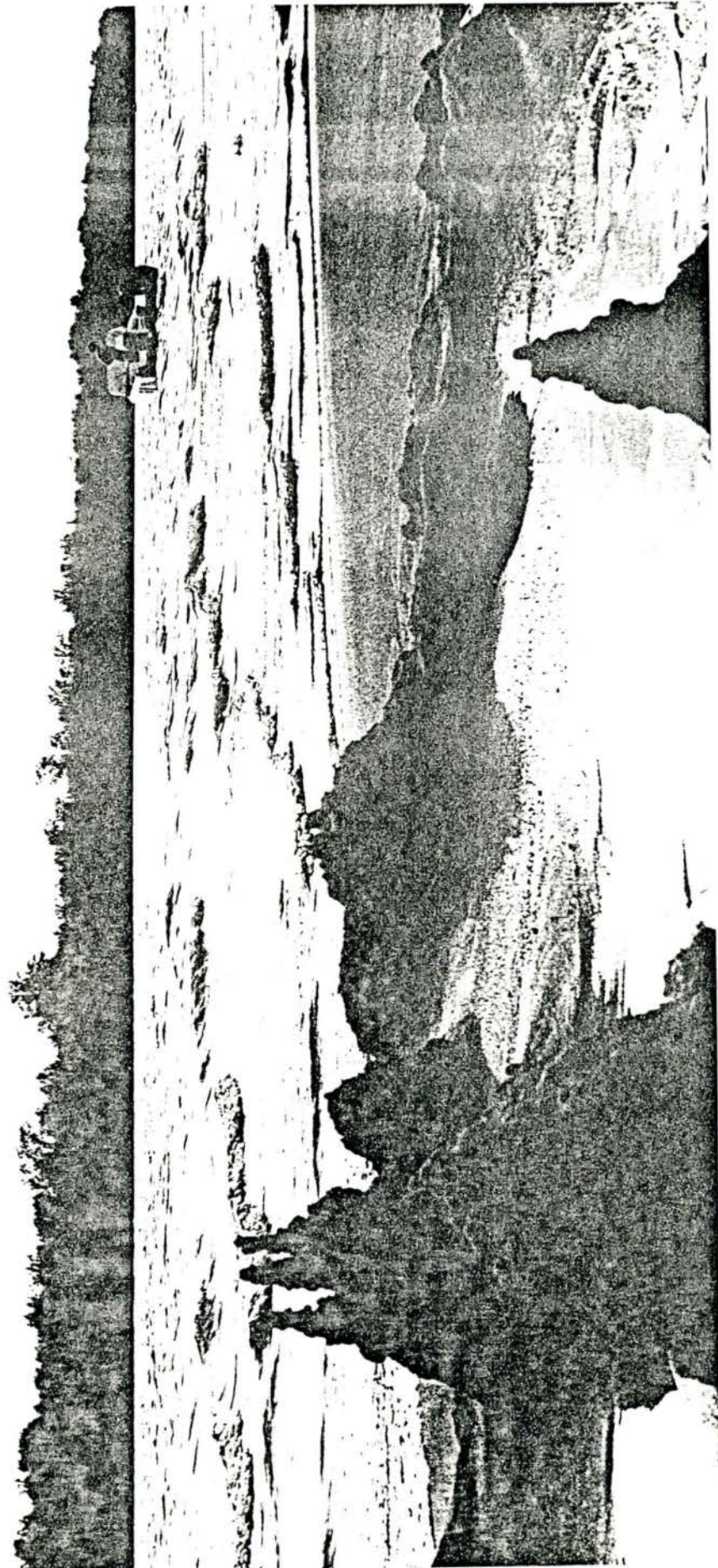
LAMINATED GLASS
EXHIBIT 13



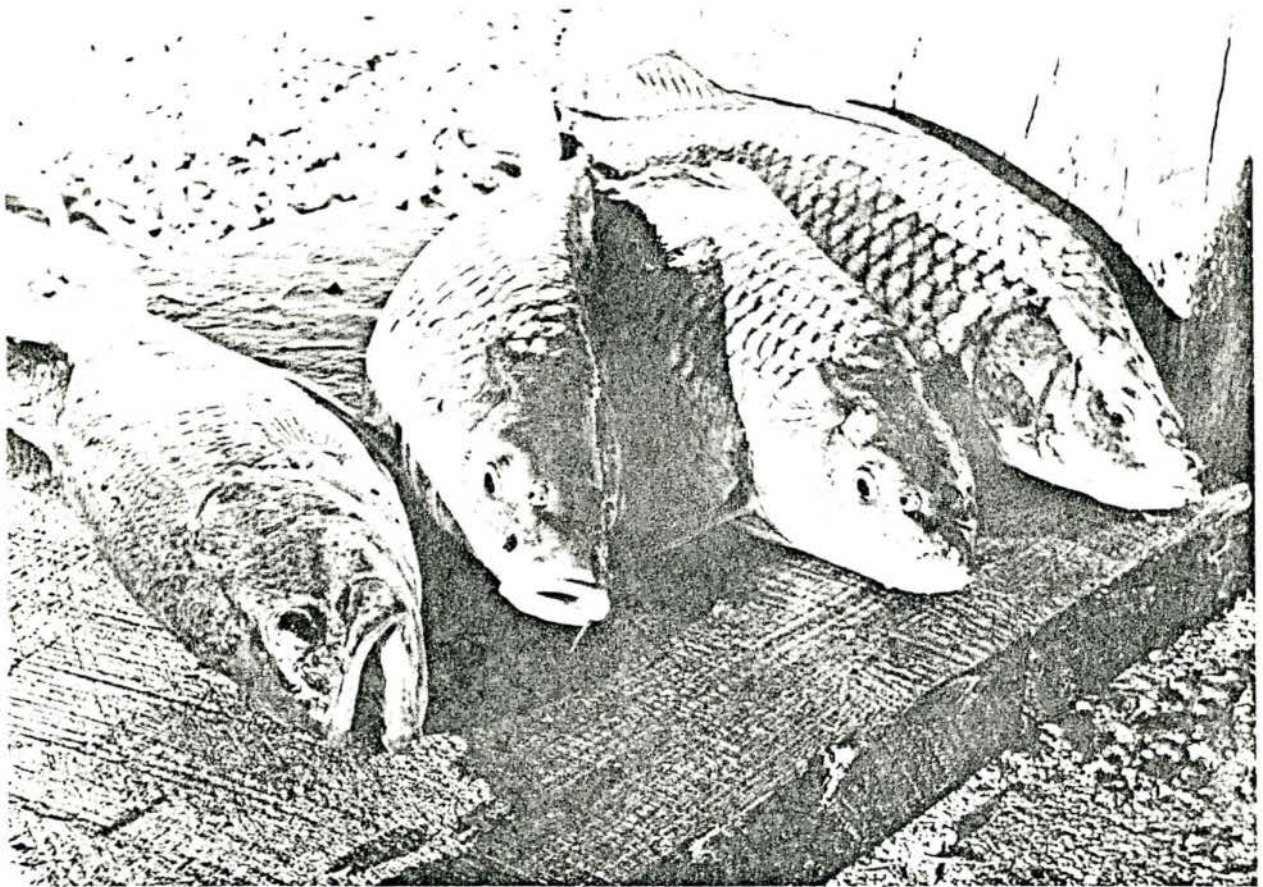
TUG OF WAR AT JOHN BURROUGHS SCHOOL
EXHIBIT 14



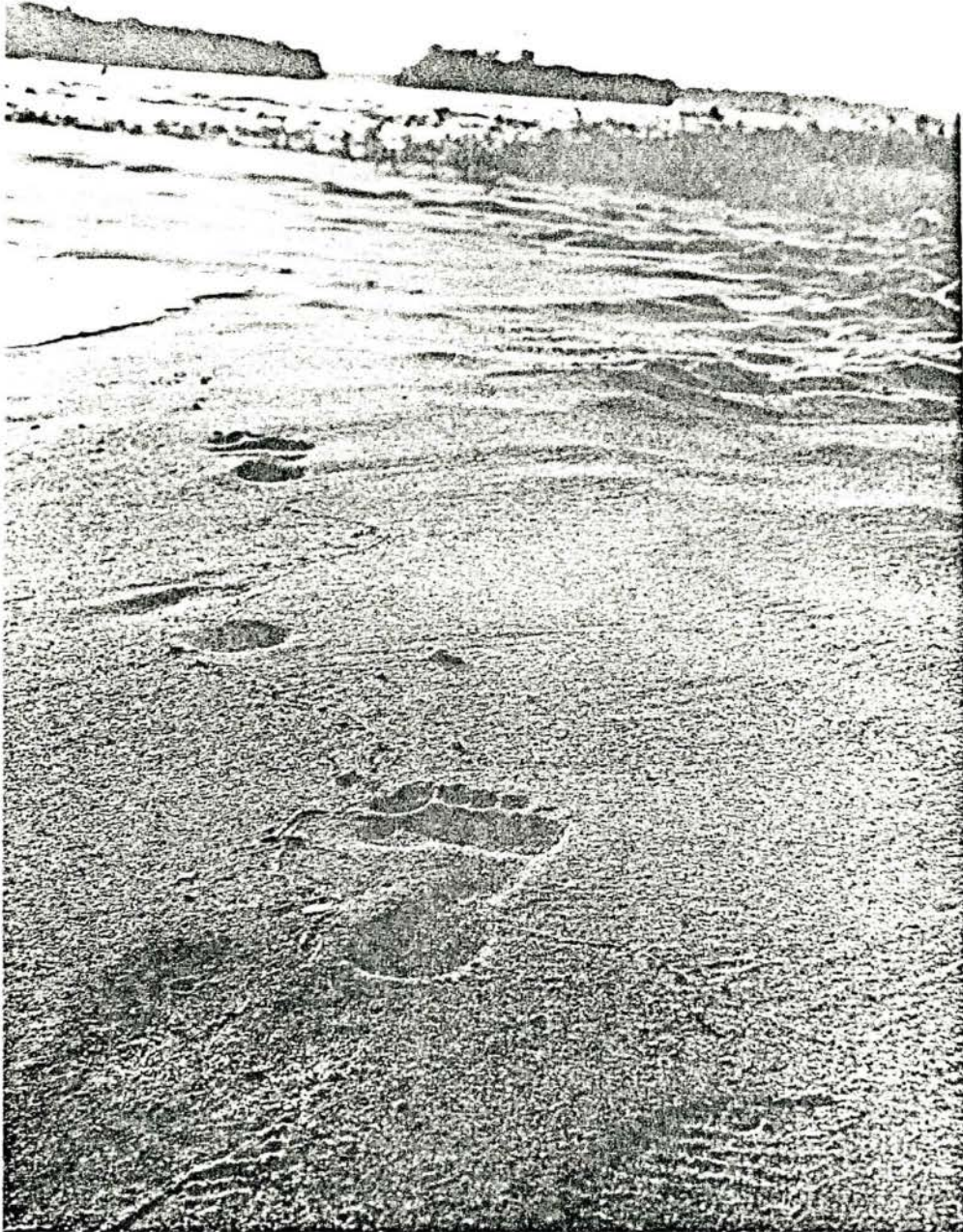
DAVID
EXHIBIT 15



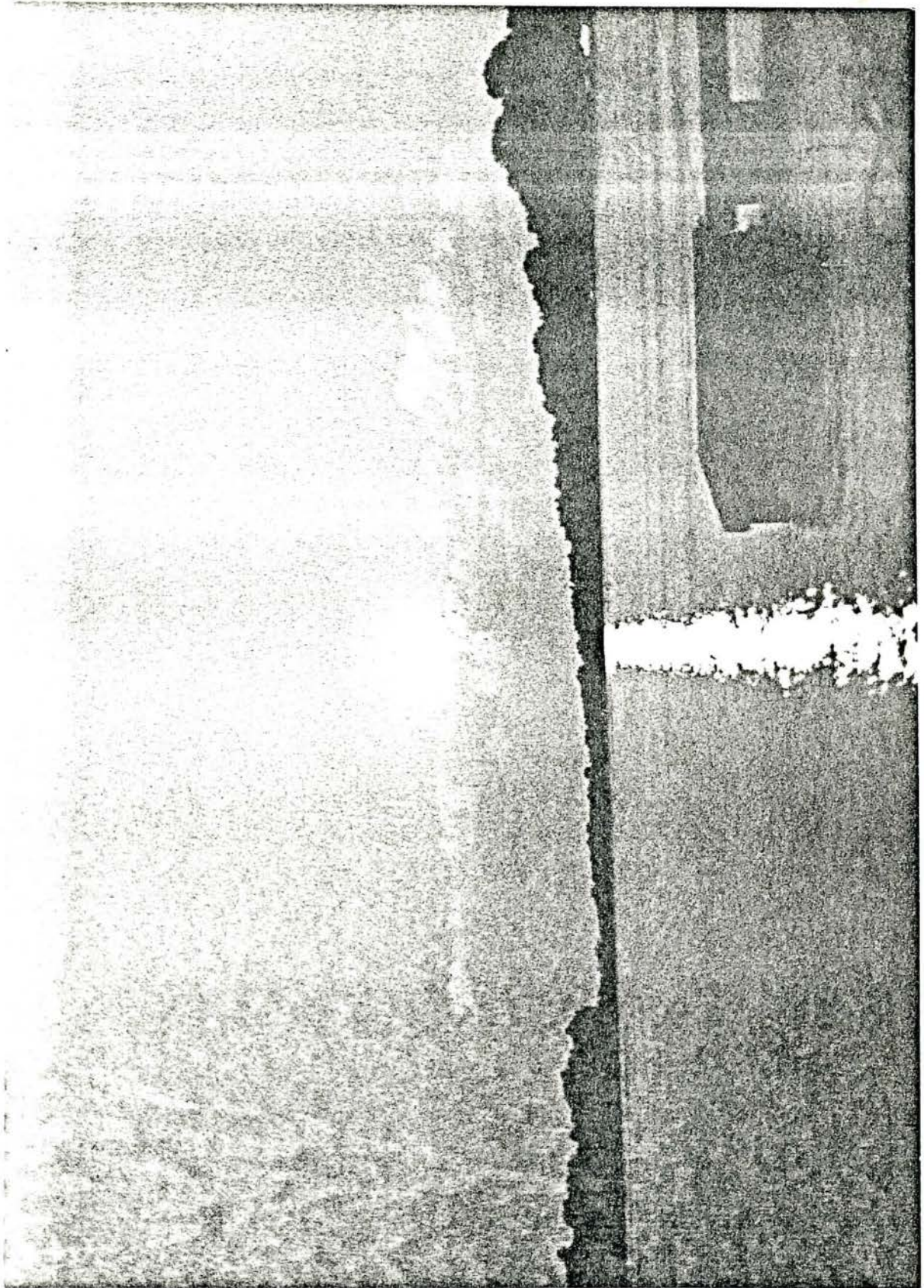
SAND CASTLES ON TWO BRANCH ISLAND ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER IN ILLINOIS
EXHIBIT 16



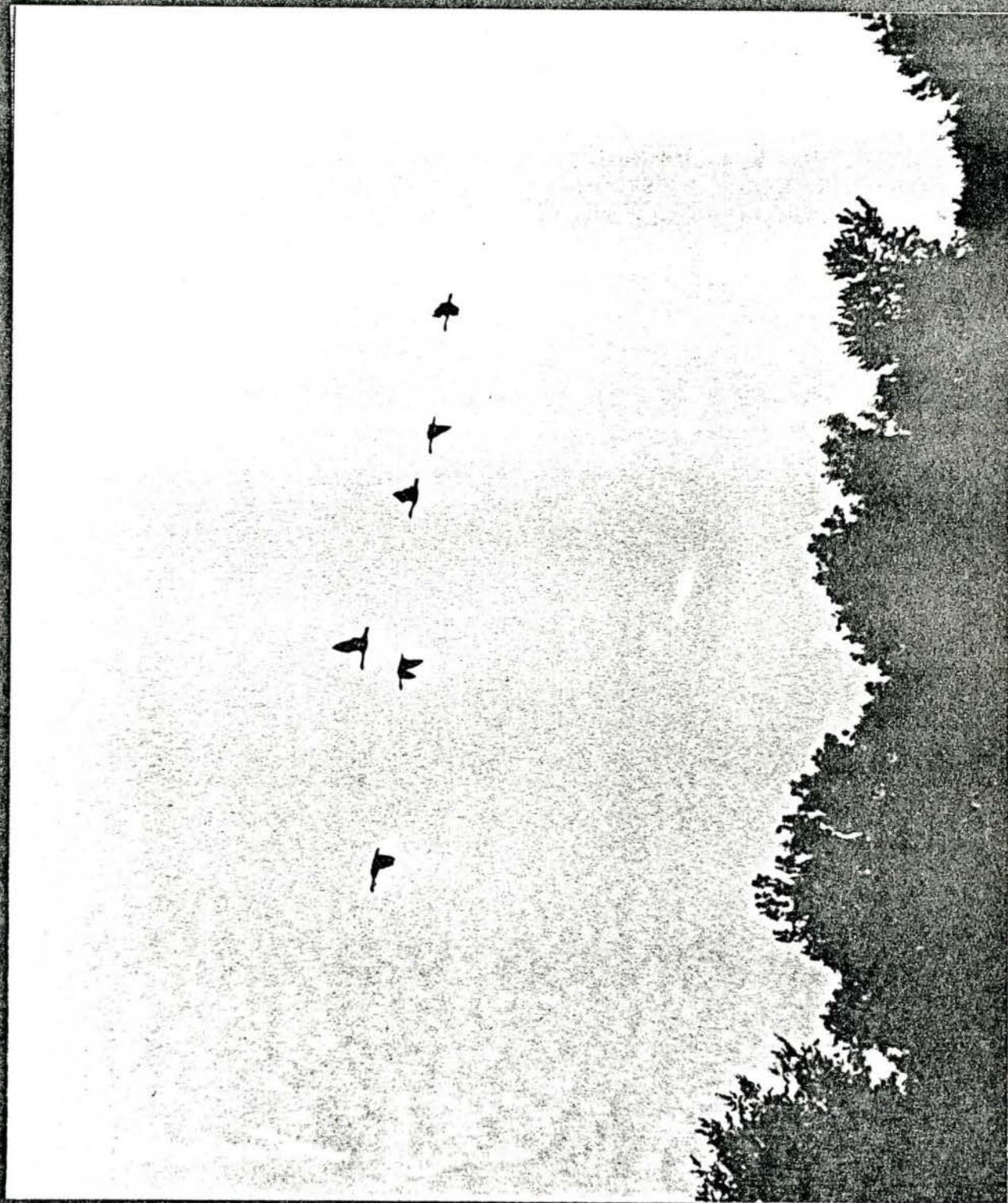
THREE CARP AND A BASS FROM THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER
EXHIBIT 17



FOOTPRINTS
EXHIBIT 18



MOONLIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER
EXHIBIT 19



CANADIAN GEESE ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER
EXHIBIT 20



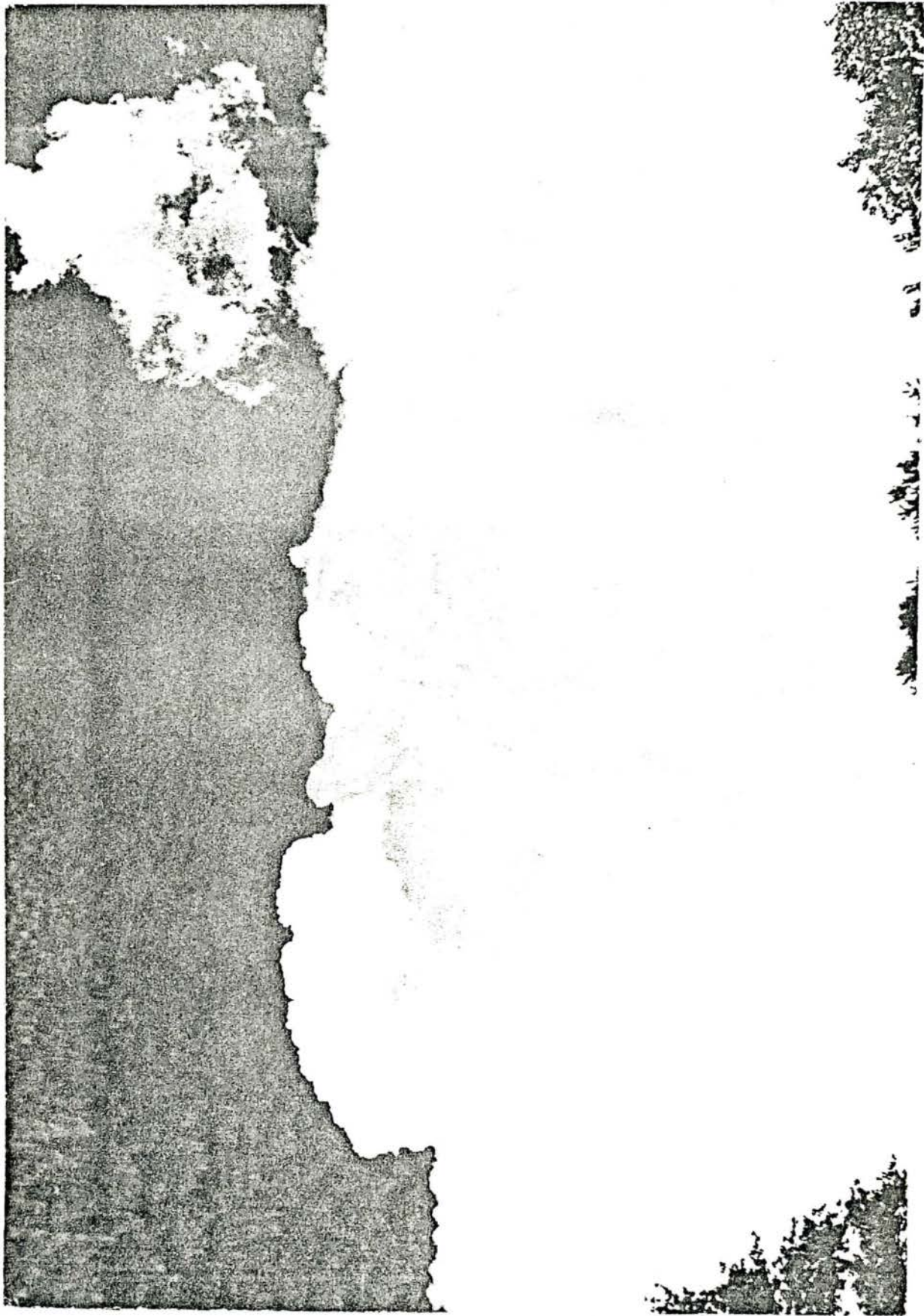
BET I CAN SWING ON THIS GRANDMOTHER
EXHIBIT 21



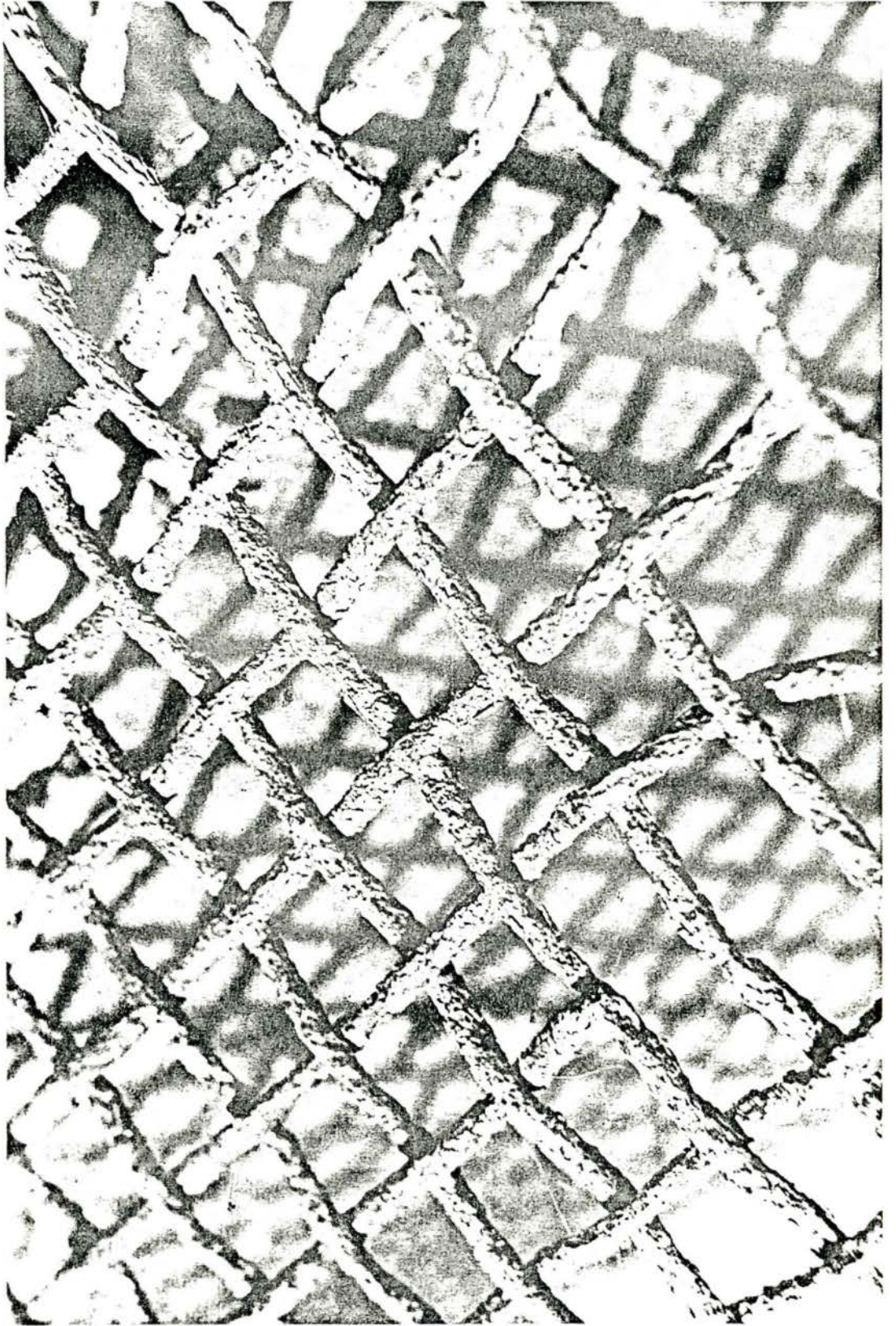
CHUCK AND BUFFY
EXHIBIT 22



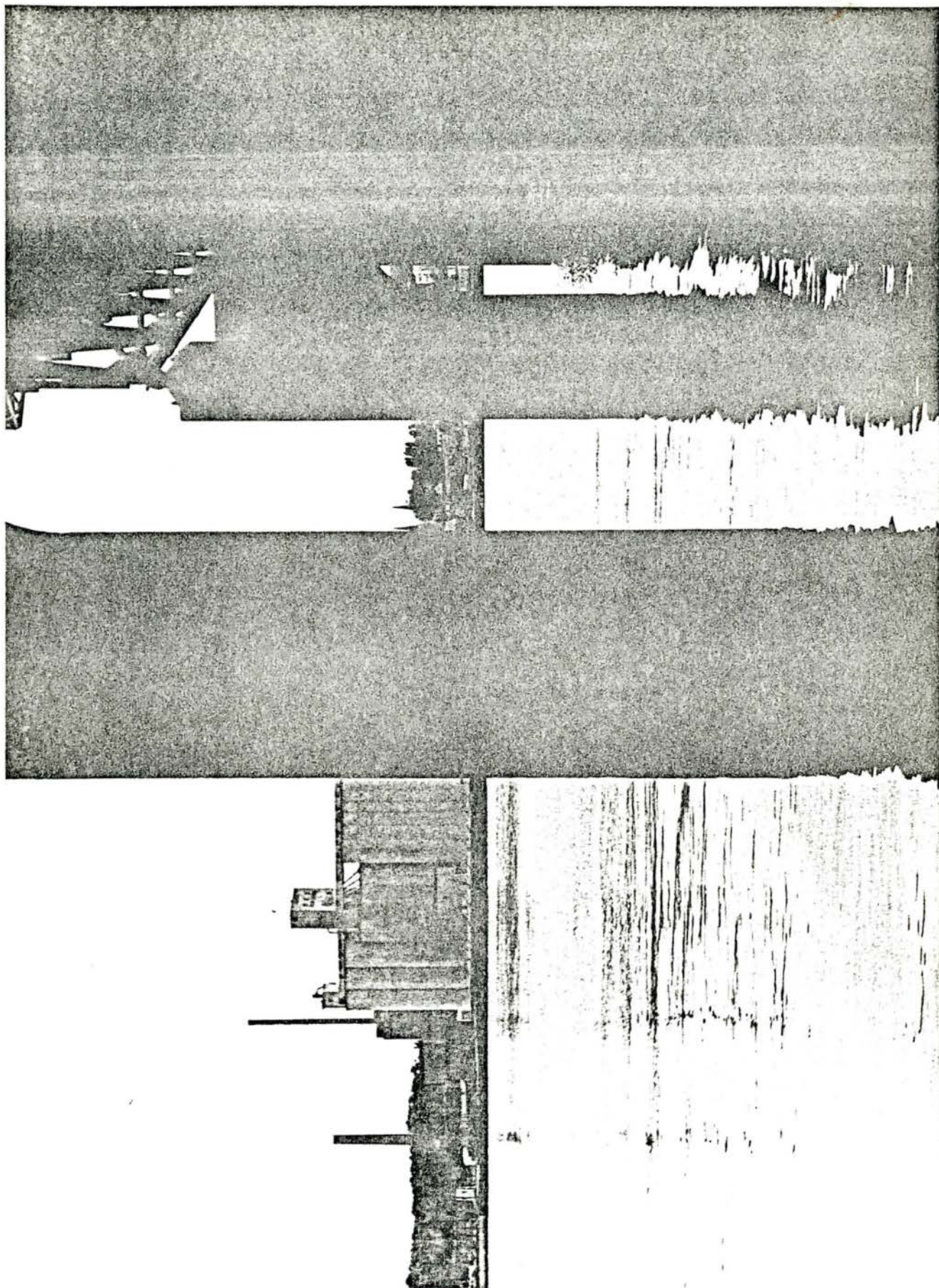
GOOD BUDDIES
EXHIBIT 23



CUMULO NIMBUS CLOUDS OVER THE MISSOURI RIVER
EXHIBIT 24



GRID ON THE TRASH BURNER
EXHIBIT 25



VIEW OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AT HANNIBAL, MISSOURI
EXHIBIT 26



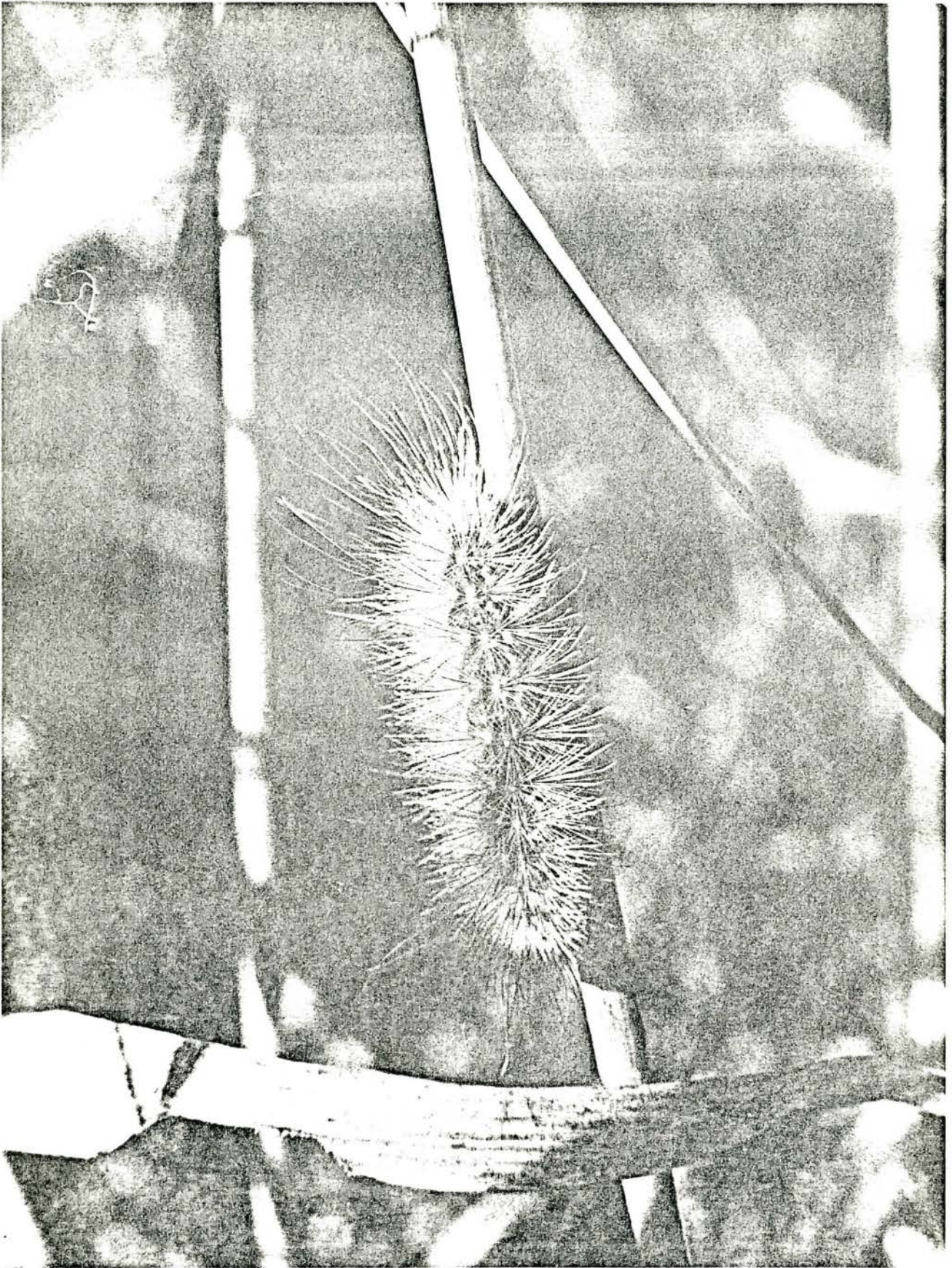
'I WISH JOSEPHINE WOULD GET HER NOSE OUT OF OUR PICTURE'
EXHIBIT 27



'WHO ME?'
EXHIBIT 28



'THEY WONT LET ME PLAY'
EXHIBIT 29



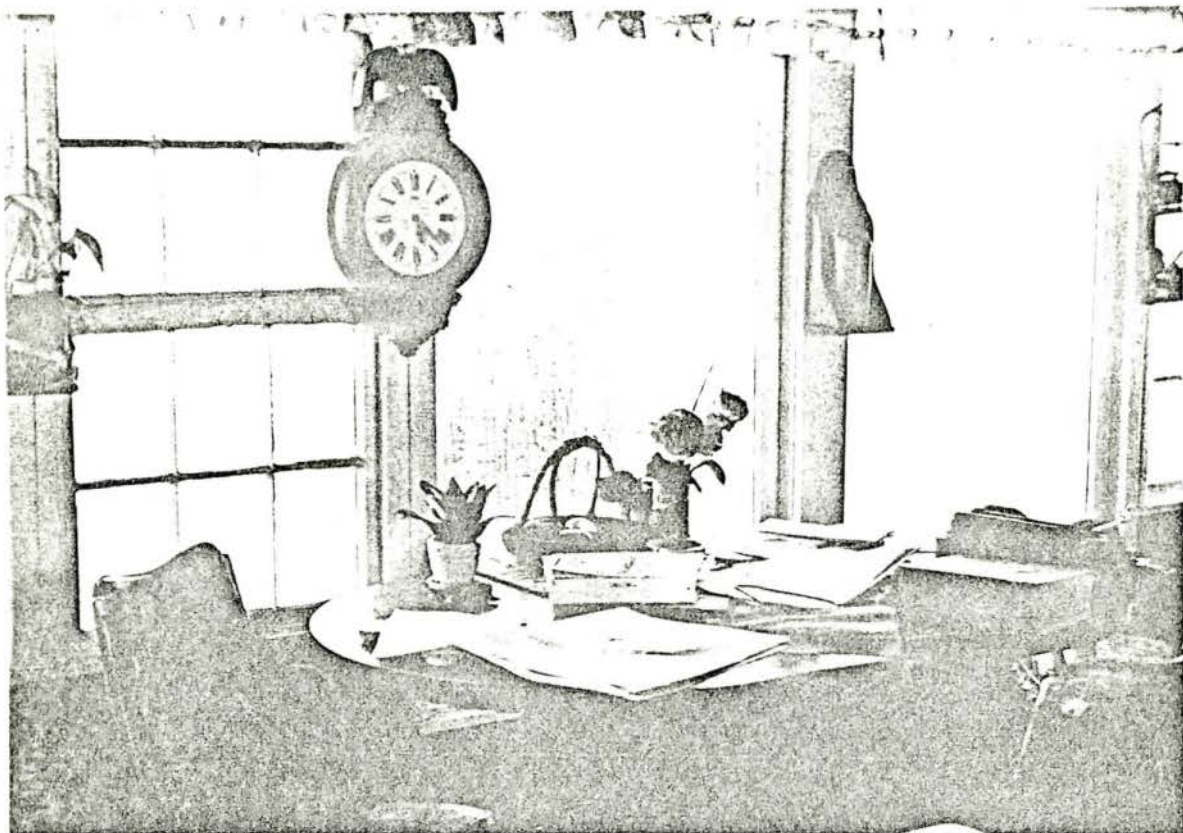
WOOLLY BEAR
EXHIBIT 30



FLIGHT PATTERNS
EXHIBIT 31



TINA PELLI ON CLOWN DAY AT WENTZVILLE HIGH
EXHIBIT 32



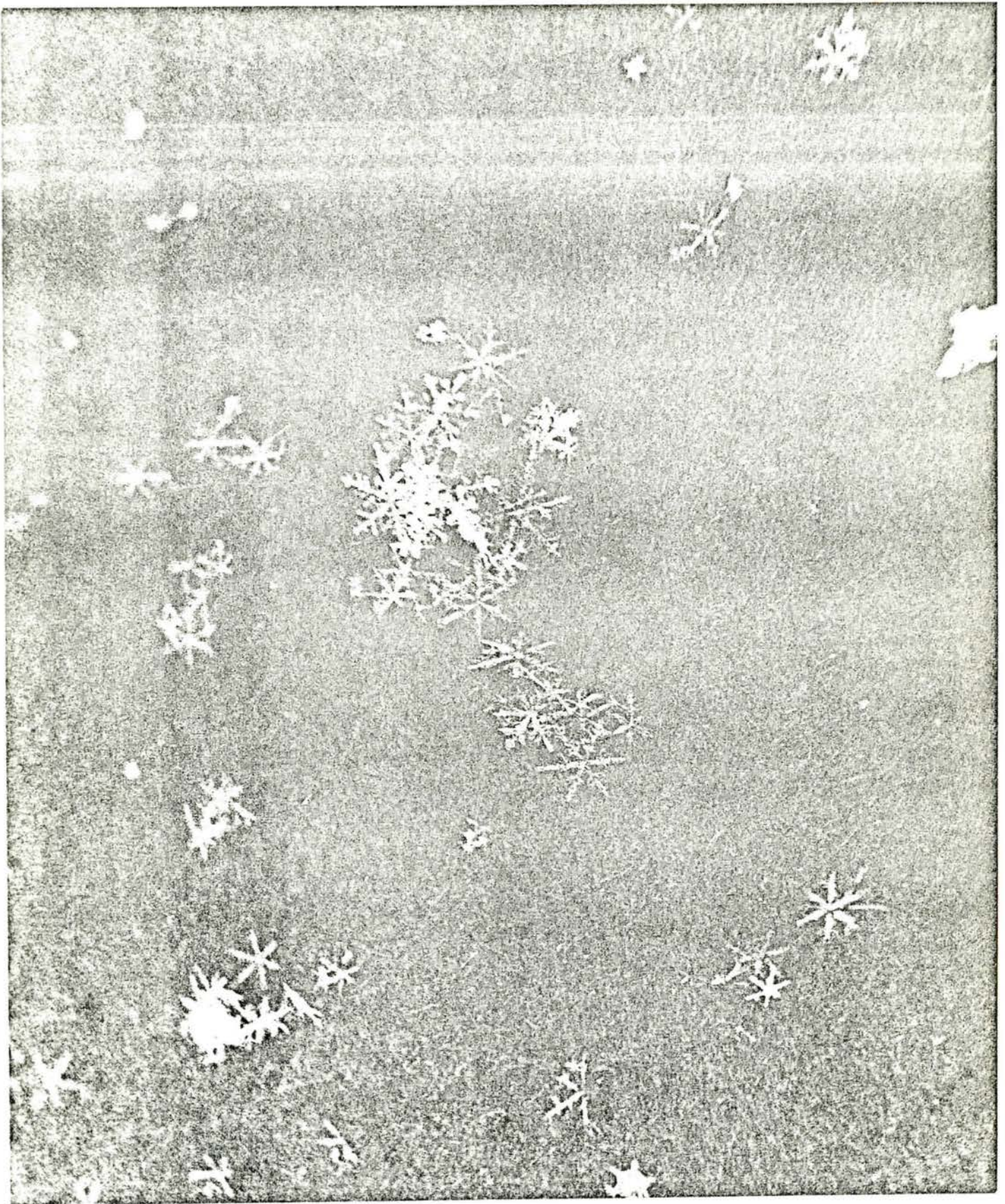
MY FAVORITE SPOT
EXHIBIT 33



THROUGH MY BEDROOM WINDOW
EXHIBIT 34



FINGERS OF SNOW
EXHIBIT 35



SNOWFLAKES FROM THE WINTER OF 1978
EXHIBIT 36



WINTER OF 1978 AT DARDEENE CREEK
EXHIBIT 37



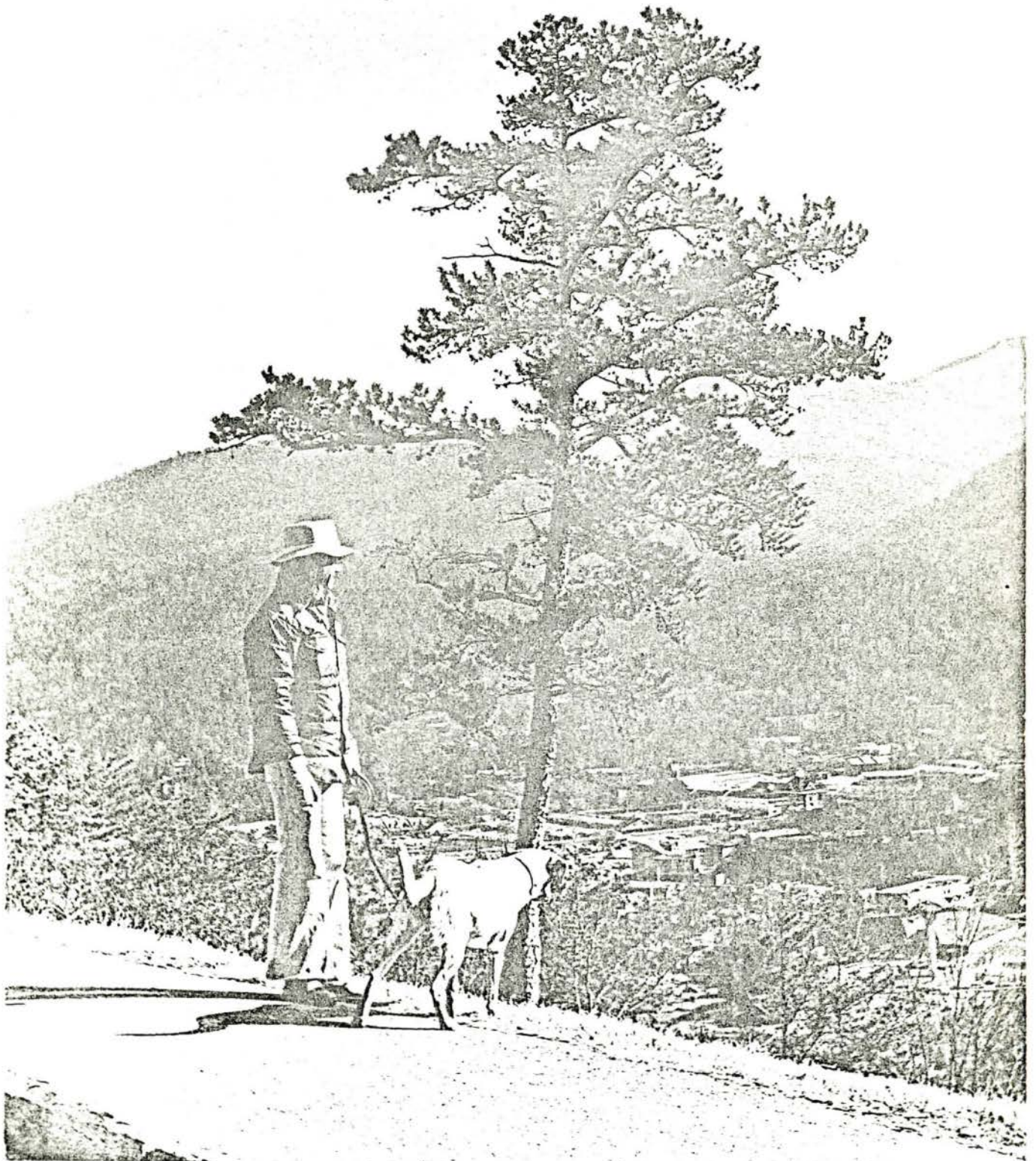
LINDA'S DARLIN
EXHIBIT 38



SOLDIERS OF THE WOODS
EXHIBIT 39

91,320

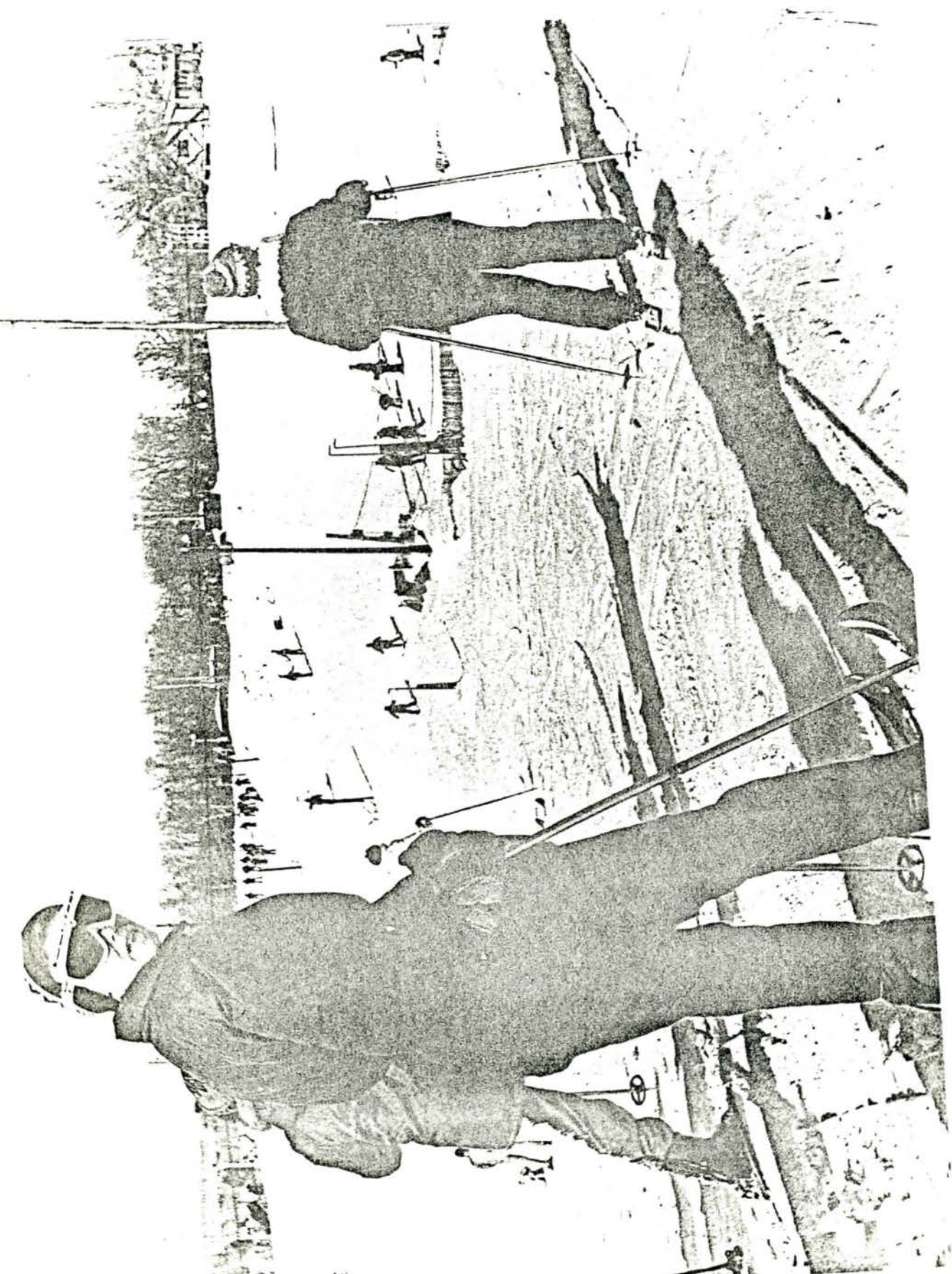




BECKY AND BUFFY IN THE SMOKYS
EXHIBIT 40



CLOSE UP OF A MOUNTAIN STREAM IN TENNESSEE
EXHIBIT 41



SKIING WITH FRIENDS AT CHESTNUT MOUNTAIN
EXHIBIT 42



ALLEY BEHIND MARYLAND PLAZA
EXHIBIT 43

APPENDIX

<u>EXHIBIT</u>		<u>PAGE</u>
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