

Index, Trace, Fragment: Evidence & Fabrication

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Annette Wong
Bethany Jessop
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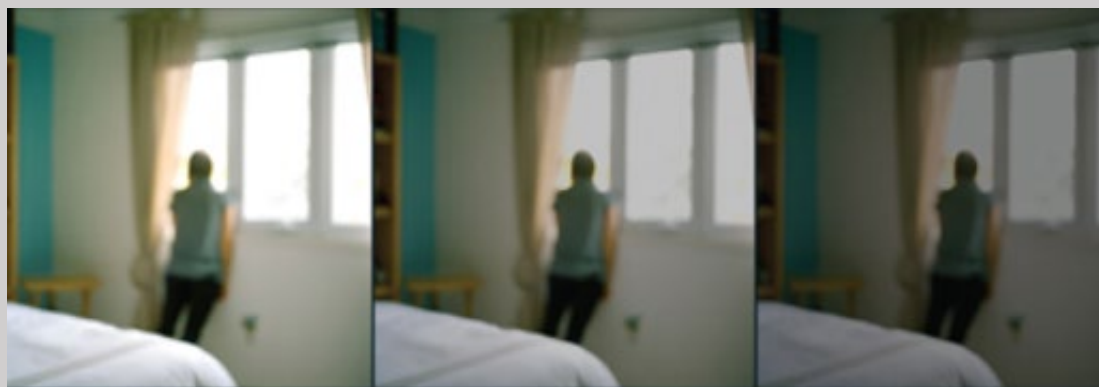
SIGN OF THE TIMES

We were walking down a hallway full of photographs, when he rolled his eyes, shook his head and said "Why does everyone think they have to make wallpaper portraits?" I knew exactly what kind of images he meant; they are quite fashionable right now. It was the perfect terminology to describe the current 'trendy' style of photography, the new genre of image that has developed over the last six or seven years; highly stylized portraits, usually featuring a quirky figure, overly propped in a somewhat intimate space that tends to include vintage patterned wallpaper. Images define their time, and these "wallpaper portraits" are a perfect example of the style of images that visually define western society for the 2000 decade.

Everyone has seen some example of these images. From Toyota cars to Alesse birth control pills, 'the look' certainly exists in advertising, and indie films like Wes Anderson's *The Royal Tennenbaums*, or Jared Hess' *Napoleon Dynamite* tend to use this type of complex, nostalgic styling to contrast an ensemble of alienated heroes. The nostalgia, however, is ambiguously sentimental; rather than reference a specific time, the visual genre is nostalgic for nostalgia.



Study no. 1 - A, 2007



Self Exploration

Vanessa Kalisz
Mercedes Grundy
Anna Eleni Pontikis
Amanda Kwok
Ryan Van Der Hout
Katie O'Marra
Katherine Lasiuk
Sabrina Maltese
Andra Priboi
Laura May
Kaja Tirrul



The fur around my coat has
lost its life, most from the
rabbit caught in it!

This is the long gone couple whom
I was born in Bristol May 29
1917. My father worked for
T. & S. Smith on the "Seymour" ship.
The plane was wood & name &
was a first class.
My father standing in the
steps to show that he was the
taller of the two. My
mother's is a bit.



My sister Evelyn & I aged
about 20-25 years. We were
out getting bluebells and
I'm wearing a coat my father
made for me with a velvet collar.
Also heid in the best of his time
were involved in a "vestige",
industry making underwear
for profit.

The other picture shows the
two of us again in front of
Rose Cottage which was on
the side of a hill in Barry Park
(North Town) (North London).



Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me
-T.S. Eliot

I have always admired my grandmother's unique tea cups. Ever since I was a child I have spent countless afternoons at her house talking and sipping tea from her delicate china. Opening her china cabinet to choose my cup has always been a special part of the visits, as if having the perfect cup makes the tea taste better. As a child I would dress in clothing to match the one I knew I wanted to use, something my grandmother and I have made to be a tradition. At the time I saw the cups as mainly being pretty objects. I now see them as something special that my grandmother and I share and that bring us closer together. Through our tea parties I have learned a history, formed memories and made a best friend. The cups are something which my grandmother plans to pass on to family members and this is a tradition I hope to as well.

Anna Eleni Pontikis







Christopher, 13
"We look just like dad."



Katie, 21
"Did you know we have the same middle name?"



Emily, 15
"My hair does the same thing!"

Resemblance

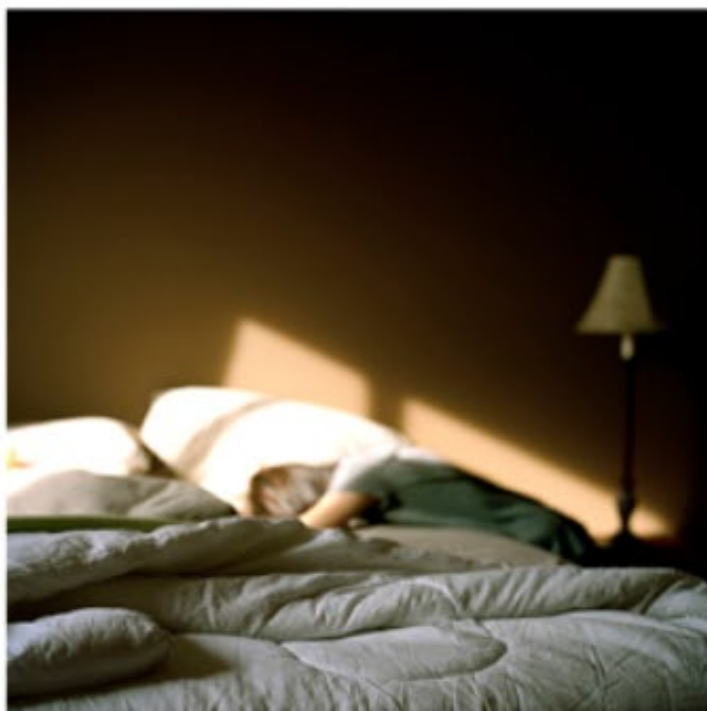
My brother Christopher, my sister Emily, and I share the same father but I do not share their mother. As small children we spent a lot of time together despite living in two different houses. Spending as much time together as we did, it was easy to feel close and keep a strong bond. We are all older now, their mother left my father as my mother did, and they moved away. With the distance between us and our conflicting schedules, time together is rare. It is hard to stay as close as I would like to be with them when we hardly see each other anymore.

I have noticed more in recent years that when we are together, all of us, whether it is consciously or unconsciously, try to find mannerisms or physical details that we can relate to. My little sister might mention that she also twists her hair and pushes it behind her ear like I had just done. My little brother might make a joke about how we are all the same height now even though I'm old.

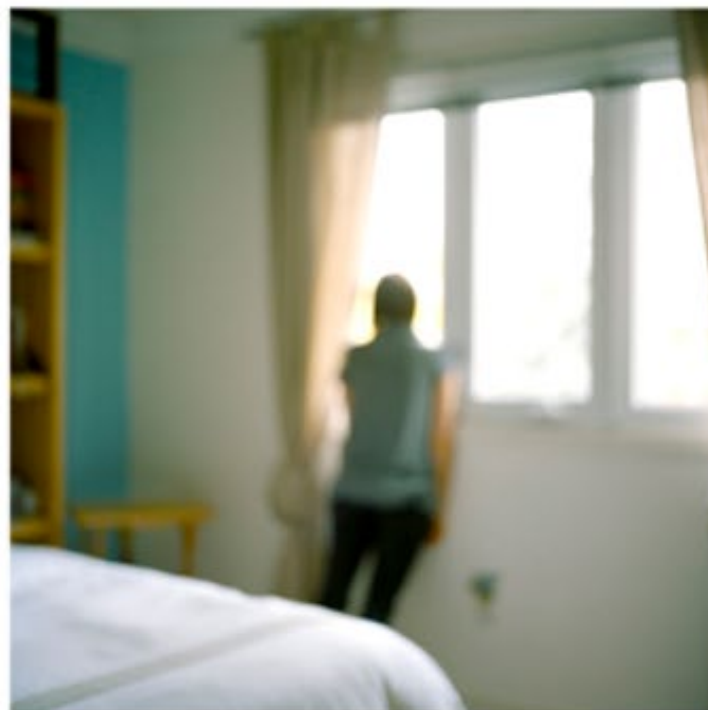
We are not the only ones who try to find similarities. Whenever I show a picture of my sister or brother to someone, that person always, without fail, will mention a characteristic that we share or don't share. "He has the same eyes" or "She has a longer nose". Whatever the comment may be, there is always a comment.

What you are looking at is my most objective attempt to discover any real, physical similarities. Searching for some trace of family resemblance I haven't already noticed. Perhaps we are just grasping at straws; nevertheless, Christopher is my little brother, Emily is my little sister, and I will always love them.

By: Kate O'Mara

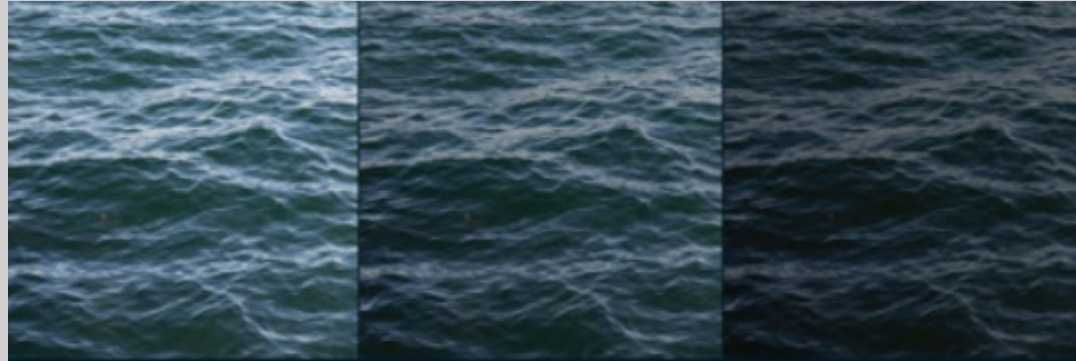


Rebukeus 1, 2007



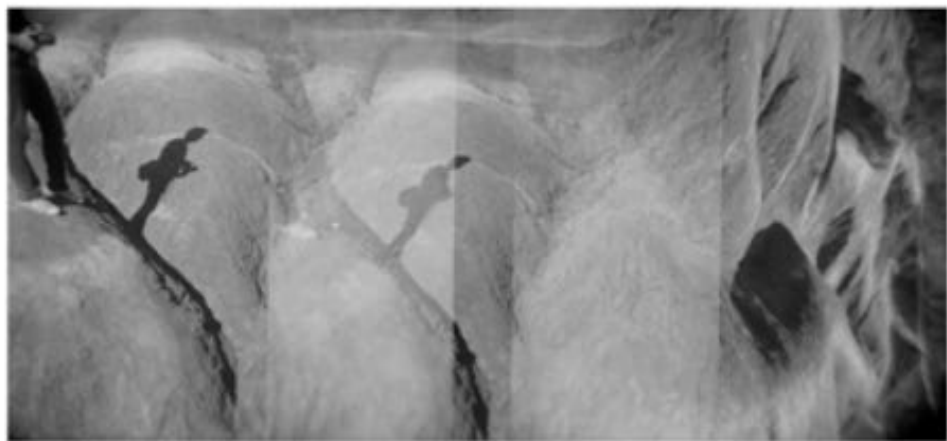
Rebukeus 2, 2007



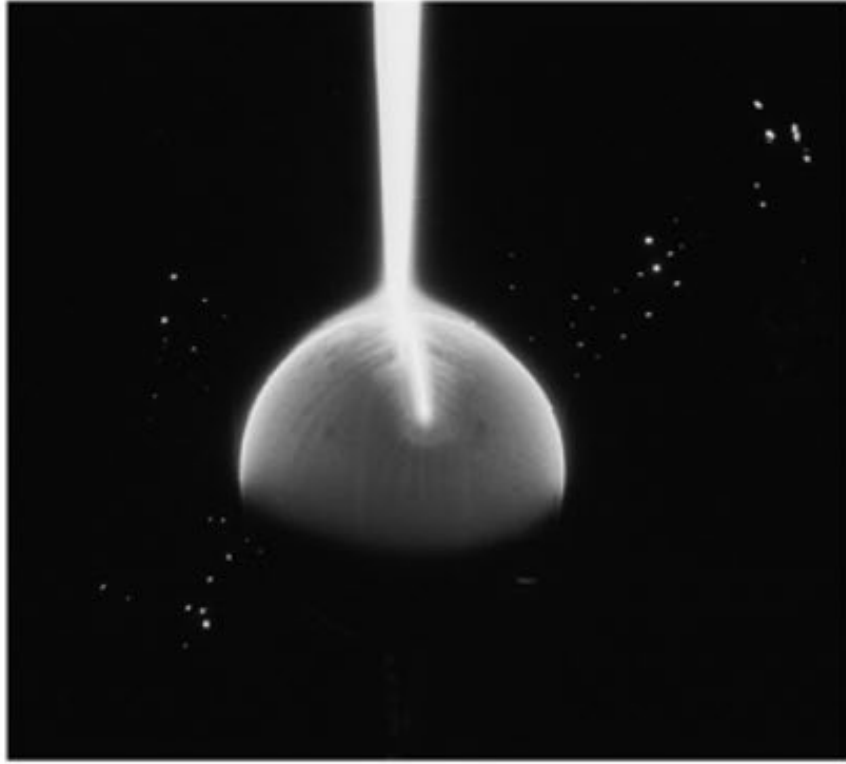


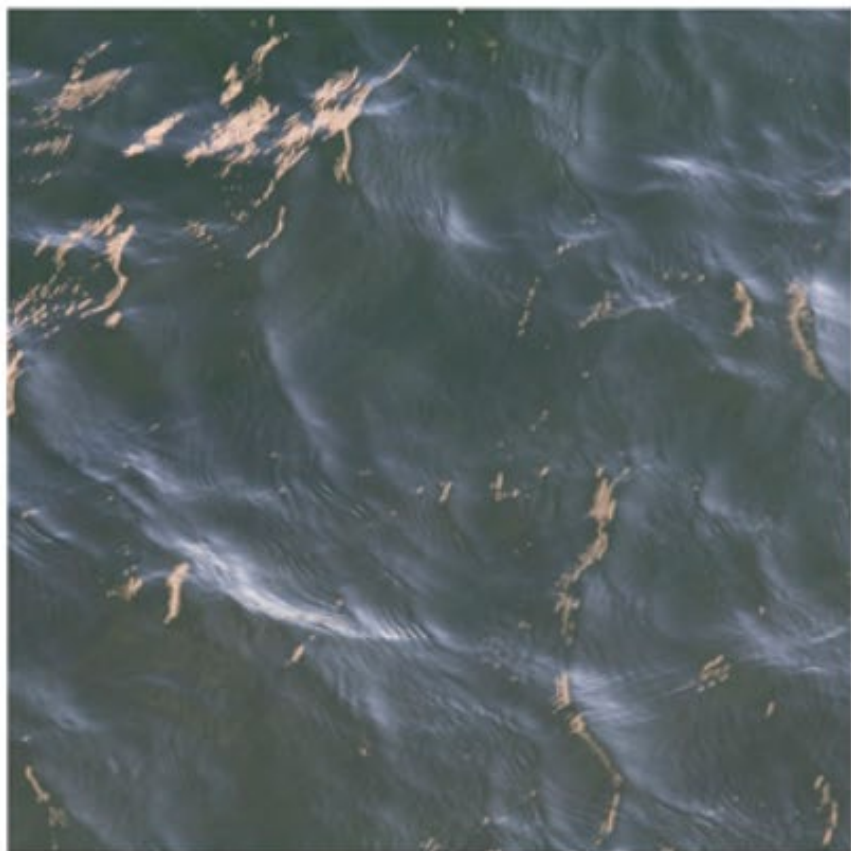
Personal Statement

Jennifer Tiffin
Rekha Ramachandran
Sylvia Nowak
Tyler Yeoman
Rayhaan Traboulay
Sarah Palmer
Tanya Ross
Shannon Bourgeois
Fiona Ip
Lena Persico











Landscape: Symbol & Surrogate

Mark Kasumovic
Ana Kapodistrias
Nicole Dorsey
Marci Lashway
Maya Visnyei
Elisa K. Schwalm
Cassandra Zeppieri
Rachael Grice

I CAN HEAR YOU HUMMING
MARK KASUMOVIC

STANDING UNDER POWER LINES, WHEN EVERYTHING ELSE IS QUIET,
I CAN HEAR YOU HUMMING. IT IS FAINT, BUT THE SOUND GROWS
LOUDER THE LONGER I STAY. AS DUSK SETS IN, THE BEAUTY OF
THE LINES AND SHAPES BECOME CLEAR.

GENTLY ROLLING OVER CITIES, COASTS AND FARMLAND, THESE
GIANTS GIVE US WHAT WE CRAVE. THEY REPRESENT MUCH OF WHAT
WE HAVE BECOME, AND MAKE US AWARE OF OUR RELIANCE OF THE
INVISIBLE IN OUR LIVES. THEY ARE TIMELESS AND YET REPRESENT
THE VERY MODERN. THEY WEAVE THROUGH THE LANDSCAPE -
SYMBOLIC OF OUR EVER GROWING INTERCONNECTION.

I HAVE BEEN PHOTOGRAPHING THESE LINES FOR A LONG TIME NOW,
ALWAYS AT DUSK. WITH A 4X5 CAMERA AND THE FADING LIGHT,
THE LONG EXPOSURES REFLECT THE LONG LIVES OF THESE POWER
LINES. WE CAN NO LONGER LIVE WITHOUT THEM.

THEY ARE HERE TO STAY.

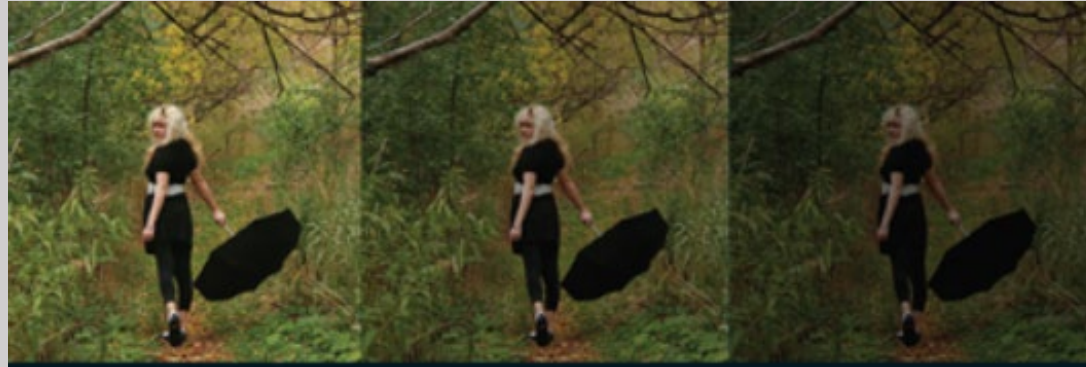


I CAN HEAR YOU HUMMING #7 (2006)



Ana Kapodistria





Narrative & Fiction/The Story

Rena Panchyshyn
Stefanie Fiore
Megan Anderson
Nick Graham
Richard Autio
Erin McInnis
Ivanna Volpintesta
Lyndon Casey
Christopher Smith



An experiment with street photography

While viewing images of street photography with a friend, candid moments, anonymous faces, truths and maybe lies exposed, a significant thought surfaced.

These images, while striking for their raw, dynamic energy also possessed an unusual quality, a certain vulnerability existing somewhere between the unsuspecting model and the camera pointed directly at them.

Although I enjoy the work of many photographers who photograph in this genre, I was unsure if it was ever a process I would engage in. But why?

Maybe deep down I felt too powerless waiting, loaded camera in hand, for the perfect opportunity to arise. Maybe I was too afraid of negative reactions from the unsuspecting subjects, unhappy about being photographed. Maybe, perhaps, I truly believed it could be some kind of invasion of privacy, even for the sake of one good photograph.

While struggling with these questions, I decided to embark into the unknown and give street photography a try. With a sign. A large white sign with big black letters.

The following images are examples of my experiment with street photography. I hope they will begin to address a unique and slightly humorous issue when facing the ethical dilemma of this genre.

Stefanie Fiore

The Visual Language

"It is not the person ignorant of writing but the one ignorant of photography who will be the illiterate of the future."

...László Moholy-Nagy

Photography is a language. We rely on images every day to decipher the events that unfold around us. We communicate through them. Moholy-Nagy understood that our world would make use of images in vast ways. He further intimated that one could be illiterate if they did not understand them.

From the banal to the complex, there is meaning behind every image. In a sense, images are like words in a dictionary. The words can be simple or complex, easy to decipher or hard to understand. Images can have very different or extremely similar meanings. For example, we may associate a butterfly on a flower as pretty or beautiful. Swap out the kind of flower and butterfly for another and the message would likely remain "pretty" or "beautiful". An association begins to develop with the meaning of images.

The following images have a dual purpose. All of them are used throughout the school year in my lectures. Through them I have elected to communicate with you. Here, they play the role of words rather than examples of technique. Right after the visual dictionary, you will find a set of similar but different images. Can you decipher the statement? Do images communicate clearly?

Christopher Smith



vanishing



instant



apex



patriotic



miniscule



problem



ouch



circus



pretty



miss



icon



deliver



excessive



stuck



moves



stationary



hunger



pop



gift



close



faux



fast



ponder



repetitive



far



older



younger



clean



repetitive



unknown



around



deep



wavering



trick



don't



canvas



impending



robotic



almost



pain



vintage



possibilities



stop



itchy



exhausted



you



bitchy



life



direction



rise



sad



quench



purpose



if



blind



pollution



heavenly



gone



anticipation



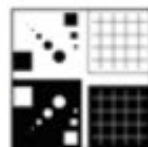
confrontation



sore



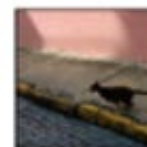
smart



test



duck



dash



past



vibrant



connection



confusion



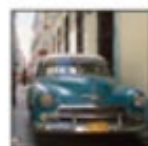
tourist



prediction



expecting



history



hulk



genetics

Final Copy

Which is the original?
Which is the final?
When is it finished?
When did it start?
Does it start with the camera?
Does it start with the print?
Does it start with the markers?
Does it start with the paint?
Does it finish with the camera?
Does it finish with the print?
Does it finish with the markers?
Does it finish with the paint?
Is it a photograph?
Is it a drawing?
Is it a painting?
Is it neither?
What makes a photograph, a photograph?
What makes a painting, a painting?
What makes a drawing, a drawing?
What makes it what it is?
Is an altered photograph still a photograph?
Is the end result the original?
Is the first image the original?
How do you know?

Kaja Tirrul

Portfolio Nine excerpts:

Images by

Erika Jacobs

Vanessa Kalisz

Anna Pontikis

Katie O'Marra

Sabrina Maltese

Kaja Tirrul

Jennifer Tiffin

Rayhaan Traboulay

Sarah Palmer

Mark Kasumovic

Ana Kapodistria

Cassandra Zeppieri

Stefanie Fiore

Christopher Smith