

University of Massachusetts Boston

ScholarWorks at UMass Boston

Critical and Creative Thinking Capstones
Collection

Critical and Creative Thinking Program

5-31-2004

The View Finder: Discovering My Artist Path through Photography

Ivy Frances

University of Massachusetts Boston

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umb.edu/cct_capstone



Part of the [Art and Design Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Frances, Ivy, "The View Finder: Discovering My Artist Path through Photography" (2004). *Critical and Creative Thinking Capstones Collection*. 111.

https://scholarworks.umb.edu/cct_capstone/111

This Open Access Capstone is brought to you for free and open access by the Critical and Creative Thinking Program at ScholarWorks at UMass Boston. It has been accepted for inclusion in Critical and Creative Thinking Capstones Collection by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks at UMass Boston. For more information, please contact scholarworks@umb.edu.

THE VIEW FINDER

DISCOVERING MY ARTIST PATH THROUGH PHOTOGRAPHY

A Synthesis Project Presented

by

IVY FRANCES

Submitted to the Office of Graduate Studies, University of Massachusetts Boston,
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

June 2004

Critical and Creative Thinking Program

c. 2004 by Ivy Frances

All rights reserved

THE VIEW FINDER

DISCOVERING MY ARTIST PATH THROUGH PHOTOGRAPHY

A Synthesis Project Presented

by

IVY FRANCES

Approved as to style and content by:

Nina Greenwald, Faculty
Chairperson of Committee

Arthur Millman, Faculty
Member

Peter Taylor, Coordinator
Critical and Creative Thinking Program

ABSTRACT

THE VIEW FINDER

DISCOVERING MY ARTIST PATH THROUGH PHOTOGRAPHY

June 2004

Ivy Frances, B.A., Sonoma State University
M.A., University of Massachusetts Boston

Directed by Professor Nina Greenwald

This is a personal narrative of how I applied Critical and Creative Thinking skills to photography and, in the process, found my artistic self. As a young girl, I was an emerging artist under the tutelage of creative parents. I took photographs of my family and of the beautiful landscape where we lived. Tragedy struck my child's world twice; first, when my father died, and a second time when developers destroyed the natural areas where I played. These events shut down my inner awareness, stunted my growth as a risk taker and the artist in me went dormant.

The Critical and Creative Thinking program has opened up a new universe through a

progression of learning about my personality traits, thinking dispositions, and multiple intelligences. I learned that I was a convergent and divergent thinker, a problem-solver and that I was extremely capable of transferring information from one domain to another. My metacognition, now activated, monitored my thought process and helped me initiate critical and creative thinking.

I applied the CCT techniques and thinking process to photographing the land and people of Scituate. I followed a process-cycle of creating a vision, conducting research, applying the research, and reflecting on the results in comparison with the vision. I became more consciously self-aware so that I better understood my actions. My self was reflected and revealed in my photographs. My photographic project was now less about Scituate, and more about my sense of self. My creative self, along with my skills as a critical thinker was re-emerging.

I have learned that, at any given time, I may be in my interpersonal self, empathizing and collaborating, or in my naturalist self, observing, studying, and integrating. I may be behind the camera conceptualizing, altering perspectives and images. Or maybe I am just being introspective, reflecting and dreaming. After all, “. . . creative persons are characterized not so much by single traits, as by their ability to operate through the entire spectrum of personality dimensions” (Csikszentmihalyi 1999, 331).

I am a photographer, and an artist, this personal narrative is about my journey of self discovery through the application of Critical and Creative Thinking.

DEDICATION AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This paper would not have been possible except for all of you and the intricate tapestry created because you are a part of my life.

Annie, even when I thought I could do no more, you insisted that I could.
Jack, for all the times you have helped me through the chaos so that I might be a better person.

Marilyn, you have watered me daily with your wisdom and laughter.

Steve, Kevin and Mike, without your support I never would have made it through with my sanity.

Kathy and Sue, you gave me a place to go in the storm, thank you for always being there.

Many, many thanks to my editor, Susan Papa – you make me sound good!

Vera, this all started with you. Here's to many more wetland walks and moonlit talks.

Mom, thank you, I would have never thought this journey was possible except for watching you.

Katney, what a wonderful place for us to rekindle our friendship. Here's to much more in our future.

Nina, without your encouragement from our very first phone conversation, I would not have stepped out into myself, I am forever grateful to you.

Arthur, thank you for showing me that I could be a critical thinker.

Peter, you are the glue for us, don't ever give up.

To all my classmates that gave me support, so that I could be free to express myself.

Thank you for all of those who allowed me into their homes and lives to take their photographs, with a special thanks to; Austine and Cindy- Lorriane, Asha, Jules, Bill, Doug, the clock man, and the Scituate lobstermen.

And of course, to Mary Kay – who knows my heart and loves me in spite of myself, thank you.

This paper is dedicated to:

My Father, Robert C. Suckow

and

Bill Burgan

PREFACE

This synthesis is written in a non-traditional way. I wrote it in a narrative journal style to provide insight into my thinking as I journeyed through the Critical and Creative Thinking (CCT) program. As described in the Graduate Bulletin, this synthesis is “a practitioner’s narrative case study in which the reflective narrative is not focused on a particular event or change but is an occasion for the writer to think deeply about his/her own practice—its origin, dynamic nature, influences, commitments, and future directions—to yield useful insights and discoveries.”

My synthesis is about how the Critical and Creative Thinking Program (CCT) altered my thinking process and, thereby, my life. The application of CCT to my life has not been a linear process. In some places the intersections are messy and disjointed. I have done my very best to apply organization and methodology to the process in an effort to explain it. With that said, however, I must add that it is the very nature of CCT that out of ambiguity arise answers, more questions, new ways of thinking and more questions. . .

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter	Page
1. INTRODUCTION	1
2. DISCOVERY	4
3. HOW DID I GET HERE?	5
4. CRITICAL AND CREATIVE THINKING PROGRAM	6
<i>Creative Thinking: Learning to Take Risk</i>	6
<i>Critical Thinking and Philosophy Thought: Learning to Be Flexible</i>	9
<i>Field Study: Learning to Make Connections</i>	11
<i>Problem-Based Learning: Tolerating Ambiguity</i>	12
<i>Practicum: Peeking into the View Finder</i>	13
5. PUTTING CCT INTO PRACTICE.....	14
<i>Process-cycle and Adaptive Management</i>	15
<i>Process-cycle and CCT</i>	15
<i>Awareness: Vision, Research, Application, and Reflection</i>	16
6. THE PHOTOGRAPHY ESSAY	18
<i>Early Influences</i>	18
<i>Between Then and Now</i>	21
<i>Planning The Photography Essay</i>	22
Research	22
Am I a Photographer?	24
Meeting Fear	25
Meeting Subjects	28
Lorraine	28
Austine	29
Scituate Lobstermen.....	30
Cindy	32
Asha and Jules	33
7. PAUSING TO STUDY MY OWN REFLECTION.....	35
<i>Adjusting the Aperture</i>	36
The Clock Shop Man	37
8. KALEIDOSCOPE: REFLECTION OF PRESENT, PAST, AND FUTURE.....	40
<i>Thinking Objectively</i>	40

<i>Pictures in the Yard on a Frosted Morning</i>	40
<i>The View Finder</i>	41
<i>A Conversation with Nina: “I collect windows”</i>	42
<i>Processing</i>	43
<i>Life Interrupts</i>	44
<i>Process to the Rescue</i>	47
<i>Bill the Lobsterman</i>	48
<i>Thick in the Weeds of Ambiguity</i>	49
<i>Conversation with Mary Kay</i>	50
<i>Anger and Confusion</i>	51
<i>Putting My Father’s Death in Its Rightful Place</i>	52
<i>Full Circle</i>	53
9. UNDERSTANDING MYSELF	55
10. CCT BIBLIOGRAPHY AND QUOTABLE QUOTES	57
10. ANNOTATED PHOTOGRAPHY BIBLIOGRAPHY AND QUOTABLE QUOTES	64

INTRODUCTION

When I was young I was inquisitive, curious, and imaginative. I certainly had the makings of an artistic mind. My parents were artists and natural problem solvers who loved to tinker, and I loved to watch both of them. They provided a world that allowed me to explore and discover on my own. My natural inclination toward creativity was supported by my independence, risk taking and persistence. Had it not been for my father's sudden death when I was nine, I think I would have been a very creative person much earlier in my life.

After my father died, I responded with fear, doubt, and guilt, which in turn stifled my ability to think effectively and reflect on myself. I became indifferent to myself. Instead of listening to my own thinking, I listened to other, outside influences.

Completing the Critical and Creative Thinking program was much more than an academic exercise for me. The CCT program literally changed my life. Like the opening of a flower in spring, petal by petal, warmed by the sun and watered by sweet spring rains, I blossomed and became more aware. Every one of my classes in CCT helped me to discover aspects of myself I had known, but buried deep. This time was a discovery unfolding before my eyes.

In the very first class, Creative Thinking, I learned about taking risks. And these were real risks, not the calculated and safe ones I had trained myself to accept through experience. I was able to put words to my feelings of passion, intrinsic motivation, ideological flexibility, and sensitivity to beauty. Instead of labeling my thoughts and feelings as "odd," I could now see I

was a creative person. The next challenges were my Critical Thinking and Philosophical Thought classes, in which I was exploring very separate but very connected thinking processes. I began to see that I already had critical thinking dispositions and skills. Many of these skills, such as prioritizing, analyzing, testing theories, and posing and exploring problems, were well honed by my professional work as a wetland and stream restorationist and manager. On multifaceted projects that involved engineering, biology, and the community, I had to employ critical thinking every day in seeking multiple perspectives, making judicious decisions, and using insight to manage work teams and do right by the community. Transferring this knowledge to my personal life was a challenge, but I bridged my scientific and interpersonal domains by comparing and contrasting my personal life to the natural world. It was an amazing transformation that resulted in my learning how to be comfortable in my own skin.

Cognitive Psychology taught me how our brains and minds work to process information and think about our thinking. I was fascinated. It seemed an entire world had been opened up for me, and I willingly stepped right in. I am still completely intrigued by bottom-up and top-down processing. I also know that I still have so much to learn.

I began applying my new thinking skills during my summer course out at sea. More than just science, it was an adventure in thinking about my thinking and having consciousness in the moment. If you want to learn how to live your life, start thinking about your thinking.

The culmination of the program for me were the Practicum and Synthesis courses. I chose photography as my project, and found that the more I applied critical and creative thinking to photography, the more I applied it to my life. The more I applied it to my life, the more it was reflected back in my photography. I developed a process-cycle—vision, research, application, and reflection—to guide me through my project. Each stage in this process became a metaphor

for an aspect of my life. As I trained myself to be more creative and open to new experiences, insights, and idea generation, I began to think more critically, evaluating and reflecting on my photographs and my actions, I sought multiple perspectives and I tested theories. I believe metacognition was a central theme throughout my learning and is what advanced my knowledge to such a deep level. For the first time in nearly 35 years, I monitored my thoughts, not to edit, but to choose and make decisions based on strategy, rather than simply reacting. I started living and being active in my life, sharing the joy and the fulfillment of knowing oneself.

In the spirit of sharing, you are about to share in my journey. Before you is my story of how changing my thinking, through CCT, literally changed my life. My journey is personal, but aspects of it are also universal. My narrative does not follow a linear path, for no life is that neat and orderly. I have done my best to bring order to my writing, yet preserve the sometimes chaotic spirit of my learning.

DISCOVERY

There is always a reason for our being where we should be. The key in life is to figure that out in time and then act accordingly. This synthesis is the story of how I have learned—and am still learning—to do this.

The exploration and discovery of my sense of self was—and is—scary and exciting. I relish discovery. It gives me momentum over the mundane, emotions to feel, and new eyes with which to see. Growing up, I always wanted to be an explorer: to live among the Indians, to go West to explore and discover. For a long time, I was disappointed, because it seemed that all the worthwhile discoveries had been made. Earth, sea, and space had all been explored; nothing new existed for me to be the first to discover.

I was wrong. Discovery isn't only for experts with years of specialized training, limitless technology, and research grants. Discovery doesn't come by way of the couch and a certain TV channel. Discovery is alive every day, although it is often subtle, sublime, and personal. This understanding leaves me with an insatiable appetite for more knowledge, skill, and adventure. Every day, I am following a new path to discovery—about myself.

Questions about the self are the hardest, yet the most rewarding. I often encounter such questions in fleeting moments. They don't present themselves in any glorious fashion or persist for any length of time. Often, after many transitory “taps on the shoulder,” a question may just have to stand up and confront me for me to take any action. This synthesis will trace how I learned to pay attention to those persistent and important questions; how I became open to my own thinking, my metacognition; and how I learned to embrace a more flexible, positive thinking process.

HOW DID I GET HERE?

I was panicking! Three years ago, I had moved three thousand miles to take a job that brought me back to the East Coast, where I was born. Although I was closer to home and family, my new job was light years away from my first love, professionally speaking: restoring streams and wetlands, as well as teaching others the art of wetlands restoration.

In my panic, I needed to change something. I'd exhausted every avenue at work to seek out more environmental projects. I wondered, "Maybe I should go back to school, get my degree in wetland science and look for another job? I'm really beyond the field science stage in my career, but I like to manage people. Maybe I can get my graduate degree in human resources. Ugh, no way! What I would really like is to earn my graduate degree in ecology, take some coursework in interpersonal skills, and apply that toward teaching at a college. I love to mentor younger people, and I have a lot to offer from my professional and personal experiences."

At the same time, I was also struggling with some personal questions. The kids were grown and out of the house, for the most part. It was just my partner Mary Kay and I. I didn't know what to expect from this next stage in our lives. How could we figure that out? Over the years our decisions had been based on what was best for the kids, but now the focus was on us. I didn't know where to turn. The chill of empty-nest syndrome, middle age, and career change was beginning to climb up my spine. But in my heart, I suspected the chill was about searching for something much deeper.

CRITICAL AND CREATIVE THINKING PROGRAM

As a result of this questioning, I ended up enrolling in the Critical and Creative Thinking program at the University of Massachusetts Boston, with the intention of creating a fun and innovative college-level curriculum about wetlands. I wasn't thinking much about what I would be doing for myself by enrolling in CCT, but I somehow knew CCT was not going to be an ordinary experience. I was ready for something different. I was excited to be moving toward a goal, and I was no longer panic-stricken about what I was going to do with the rest of my life.

Creative Thinking: Learning to Take Risks

In my first class, Creative Thinking, my life began to change. I was very apprehensive at first, as it had been over twenty years since I had sat in a college classroom. I felt old and out-of-place, but the professor, Nina Greenwald, encouraged us to take risks within the support of the classroom. Our very first project was a narrative about someone we admired. How we presented that person to the class was totally up to us. I chose Vera Truhlar, my 7th grade gym teacher, because she is so important in my life.

Vera took me under her wing and helped me make it all the way through high school. She encouraged me to take risks, put me in situations that tested my skills and developed my self-confidence, and encouraged other classmates to get to know me. I looked up to Vera not only for how she had helped me, but also because she had escaped communist Czechoslovakia. Though she was a central figure in my life, there was still a lot about Vera that I didn't know, so I whisked her off to Maine where I interviewed, tape-recorded, videotaped, and photographed

her.

The night before my talk, I thought I was ready to go. Then it hit me: I had not achieved one of the major goals of the presentation—taking risk! I went to bed that night knowing I was going to call in sick the next day. Taking a day off from work is not something that comes easily to me. Usually I do so only because of some extraordinary circumstance, and then I feel riddled with guilt. This time, however, was a breakthrough moment of clarity for me. For the first time, I understood that life was more important than work. I decided that I had to return to the wetlands that Vera and I had visited together so that I could let go and allow inspiration to take my hand.

For the first time in a long time, I was emotionally active in my life. The feeling of release was incredible. I had discovered life, and I was taking direct steps to be more active in it. Nothing is more inspiring than that.

The next day I began my prepared presentation, but then I stopped, saying, “I can’t go on. This isn’t a risk for me.” Then I pulled out from my pocket a poem I had written about Vera at the wetlands that morning, and I read it to the class:

Vera

*Like a bouquet of flowers,
wildflowers,
bright,
fun.
Always changing.*

*Big, bold, bright,
small delicate delights,
Even in winter-
sad spaces reflective.
But the structure remains,
her strength*

her diligence.

*Creative you ask?
She's just a gym teacher.
I asked her once to fill in the blank
I am a brilliant and prolific . . .*

*Years of disappointment,
shed down her face.
Laughter of a million no's,
broke through the silence.*

*I could not find her,
til the moon woke,
me that night.*

But you are brilliant.

You are prolific.

*In the gifts of your heart.
Your sense of humor,
discipline,
sensitivity.*

*You are the saver of souls,
The true Catcher in the Rye.
I can attest to that.*

*You had to be creative,
to respond to each one of us.
To capture our unique needs,
and give them lovingly back,
entwined with a touch of power,
grace and confidence.*

*A nudge off the shore,
And we are away.*

There, I had done it. I had read a poem I had written for myself to a classroom of artists, writers, nurses, and teachers. That was a big risk for me, and yet everyone was so supportive.

That moment was the beginning of my journey, when I started to understand what Raymond Nickerson describes in Enhancing Creativity:

The ability to look at mundane things from an unusual perspective, to see connections that are not apparent to the casual observer, can add color and excitement to one's daily life. One can get a great deal of satisfaction from writing a poem even if no one reads it but oneself, from having an insightful thought even if one discovers that one was not the first person to have it. (1999, 400)

I now understood and internalized that creativity isn't just about the skill of being an artist. It's also about letting go, freeing the imagination, and taking risk.

Despite this realization, when our final project idea was due, I reflexively wrote down that I wanted to do a wetland curriculum, and handed in my index card. About ten minutes went by, during which my previous insight came to mind, and I decided to act on it. "Nina, I need that index card back, please. I have another idea I just thought of," I said. This time, I wrote, "To take a photo essay of the milkweeds in my backyard." This time, I was being aware of my desires and putting them into action. Don't think I wasn't scared, because I was; but the emotions had grasped me, and away I went. I had gained too much from taking risks before. Now there was no turning back.

Critical Thinking and Philosophical Thought: Learning to Be Flexible

In my Critical Thinking and Philosophical Thought classes, more was revealed to me. Critical thinking is about evaluation, objectivity, and suspension of beliefs, not about criticism, as I had expected. I slowly realized that there was a whole new way to evaluate and examine myself and my life—objectively, yet without criticism.

In Philosophical Thought, we discussed abortion. Until I took that class, I never

understood that I was a feminist. I couldn't even define what a feminist was! I thought abortion was only about ending the life of a baby. I had never thought about a woman's right to choose being specifically about what she does with her body. Sure, I had heard all the rhetoric, but I had never really thought much about the hows or whys of my beliefs. I had my opinion—I was never going to have an abortion—so that was the end of my thinking about it.

For the first time, I began to realize that the reason I had never needed or had an abortion wasn't my convictions, but my luck. I could have easily become pregnant in my early years of college. What would I have done? I had no job, no training, and no diploma. I could have raised a kid by myself and faced significant shame or gotten married, neither of which I wanted to do.

Finally, I understood how women in terrible predicaments see abortion as the only choice. I realized that I too would want the choice to be able to direct the rest of my life, pregnant or not. I do not want my life to be determined by a Congress run by old white men thinking they have moral high ground when they themselves go around having sex without thinking! Oh, yes, I am a feminist and I am proud to have had this awakening.

At the time, I had just read the article, Five Human Passions: The Origins of Effective Thinking (2001). In this article Arthur Costa and Robert Garmston wrote, "Flexible thinkers are empathic. They are able to appreciate the diverse perspectives of others. . . They have the capacity to change their minds as they receive additional data" (18). For the first time, I was open and willing to think about, and subsequently to change, an opinion I had held since high school. This was the first key step in understanding that to really grow, I would have to think about my beliefs and be willing to be flexible about them. I might even have to suspend them to think critically, and take the chance that my opinion could change as a result.

Field Study: Learning to Make Connections

While I enjoyed the CCT curriculum, I still held fast to my love of science, so I signed up for a field study course on Nantucket Island that included eight days at sea on the schooner *Ernestina*, built in 1898. Even in this science-based course, however, my newfound knowledge about risk-taking and flexibility came into play.

I spent those days raising sails, swabbing decks, pulling up anchors—all with my ankles swollen up to the size of whales! I could barely crouch down to get into my berth at night, never mind trying to crawl out again in the morning!

Physical discomfort wasn't my only problem. I knew very little about sailing. I had loved to sail as a little girl on our 15-foot sailboat, but the operation of a 90-foot sailing vessel is quite a bit different. Everything is done very deliberately and for a very specific reason. You don't put your coffee cup on the map desk. You coil the rope *this* way, *this* tight, and in *this* spot—no other way, no other place. It was like being in a foreign country where I didn't understand the language or the customs. Everything had to be taught to me. Through all this frustration, I focused on my thinking, paying attention to how I could apply what I had learned in cognitive psychology to my time on the schooner. This effort helped me to understand and cope with my feelings of discomfort. I had a good reason why I felt so unintelligent. I was a novice at it all!

I realized that this trip was not about science so much as it was about listening to my thinking, and then analyzing and changing my own thoughts even in the middle of thinking them! I could have lost self-confidence on that boat, thinking I couldn't do anything right. But by analyzing the situation, I came to understand that I wasn't supposed to know anything.

Nobody expected me to be a professional sailor. Instead, my goal needed to be to learn as much as I could while I was there. As Arthur Costa and Robert Garmston pointed out, "We can make ourselves happy or miserable regardless of what is actually happening 'outside,' just by changing the contents of our consciousness" (2001, 20).

It worked. I was learning to change my thinking, to take more risks, and to be more flexible. The results meant I wasn't miserable on a century-old boat, with my old, worn body, in the middle of the ocean with a bunch of people I hardly knew telling me what to do every minute. Instead, I was happy in my discovery, which let me move on and enjoy more exploration of science, not to mention feeling the wind in my hair and the gentle rocking of the waves against the wooden hull.

Problem-Based Learning: Tolerating Ambiguity

Another class, Problem-Based Learning, was back on terra firma. There were only three in our problem-solving group but the learning experience was incredibly valuable. Our task was to decide how best to provide health care to everyone. Well, I thought we really were going to try to solve the problem! But instead, the process was about following your interests and seeing where that leads. I thought to myself, "No way, this is never going to work."

But it did. We used many of the techniques that we had already learned in Creative Thinking, and Nina Greenwald guided us when we got stuck. And boy, did we get stuck! I'm not sure there is any issue more complicated than health care. Every time we solved one issue, another one popped up and led us right back to one we thought we were done with. Nina calls this "tolerating ambiguity." It's not easy to stick with something that has no answer, but I believed in our group, our collective intelligence, and our work ethic. We didn't solve the health

care issue, but we came up with a direction to head in. “Finding an answer” wasn’t the point, anyhow. Rather, it was the process and how you handled yourself amidst the ambiguity. It was navigating through the process that was important, not coming up with the answer.

Practicum: Peeking into the View Finder

Practicum, with its famously no-nonsense professor, was the course that everyone in the program feared for its rumored difficulty. This course spoke to my analytical side, however, because it took more of a more typical systems approach. The professor, Peter Taylor, greeted us with a daunting notebook of examples, expectations, due dates, and a point system for grades. But Peter also spoke to my heart when he said, “This class is about taking yourself seriously.” So I thought about what I truly wanted to learn more about, and for me it was photography. I very much wanted to test my ability to be a photographer.

I began the practicum project with the idea of doing a photographic essay of the town of Scituate. I didn’t think I was a photographer or an artist, but I knew I could take a good picture. My idea was to take pictures of people working in Scituate, and to learn more about the character of the beautiful seaside town where I live. I wanted to create a *Life* magazine–like photo documentary. I even secretly fantasized that I would get discovered and become a famous photographer! Some other goals crept in, too, quite unannounced and nearly hidden, but nonetheless there. For example, I wanted to meet more people to build my personal sense of place in Scituate.

I had no idea that this project would become the catalyst for my synthesis, or how far it would take me. Did I get famous? Was I discovered as a world-class photographer? No (not yet, anyhow!). But something better happened: I made my own discoveries, about myself.

PUTTING CCT INTO PRACTICE

Process-cycle and Adaptive Management

First, I asked myself, “Am I a photographer? I have always taken photographs and still love to, so can I make this a career? Could I possibly be so lucky as to do something so near to my heart?” I molded those questions into my vision and imagined myself traveling like a National Geographic photographer on assignment in some foreign land. I knew there was a lot about photographic techniques I had to learn, but I wanted to try.

I had picked a subject that was also near to my heart—the people and land of Scituate. Is Scituate my home? Could I show through my photography what Scituate is like? I began to take landscape pictures and evaluate them for composition and expression. I asked myself, “Is that what I want to capture? Do I want to continue in this direction or move in another?” Then I would start again with another roll of film.

I revised my vision of my photography project several times, each time doing more research about photography and applying what I had learned, always looking to see if I got the results I wanted. That’s the process-cycle I used.

My process-cycle reminded me of “adaptive management” in wetland restoration. If a storm comes through your project site and reroutes a stream, you must then look at your success criterion. Is the criterion still being met with the stream in its new place, or does the stream need to be returned to where it was? Sometimes the success criterion itself needs to be reevaluated. After this evaluation, you make a decision about how to proceed, with one alternative being that you do nothing at all. This evaluation process allows for thoughtful consideration before

maintenance crews rush in and do more damage to the environment than may be necessary.

After making this connection, I thought, “Wouldn’t it be great if this is how I looked at events in my life? What if I evaluated situations before I jumped in? There must be times when things are left better alone.” My ability to transfer this professional, scientific knowledge to my CCT project was vital. It showed me how to develop the insight to connect what I was learning not only to my project, but to my life.

Process-cycle and CCT

This project began as a photography documentary to discover my sense of place, but now I understand this project is about the exploration of myself as an artist. Through the application of the Critical and Creative Thinking concepts, ideas, and processes, I have gained a deeper understanding about how I think, who I am, and what I may be in the future. From sense of place to sense of self, my photography documentary has been a process of self-exploration.

How did I do it? I discovered new tools that helped me to develop an active thinking process for me to grow and learn. I found that over time, these new tools gave me flexibility and momentum. They also helped me to be open to taking risks along my path toward a more enriching life. I became aware of my thinking so that I could evaluate a situation, see how I was in that circumstance, and judge how close or far I was from where I wanted to be. In looking objectively at myself, I learned to suspend judgment, celebrate times of awareness, and recognize that I have a growing understanding of the world and my place in it. This thinking process was cumulative; one day I looked back and seemingly small actions had turned into building blocks. Thoughts became ideas, which turned into knowledge, practice, experience and, finally, comfort.

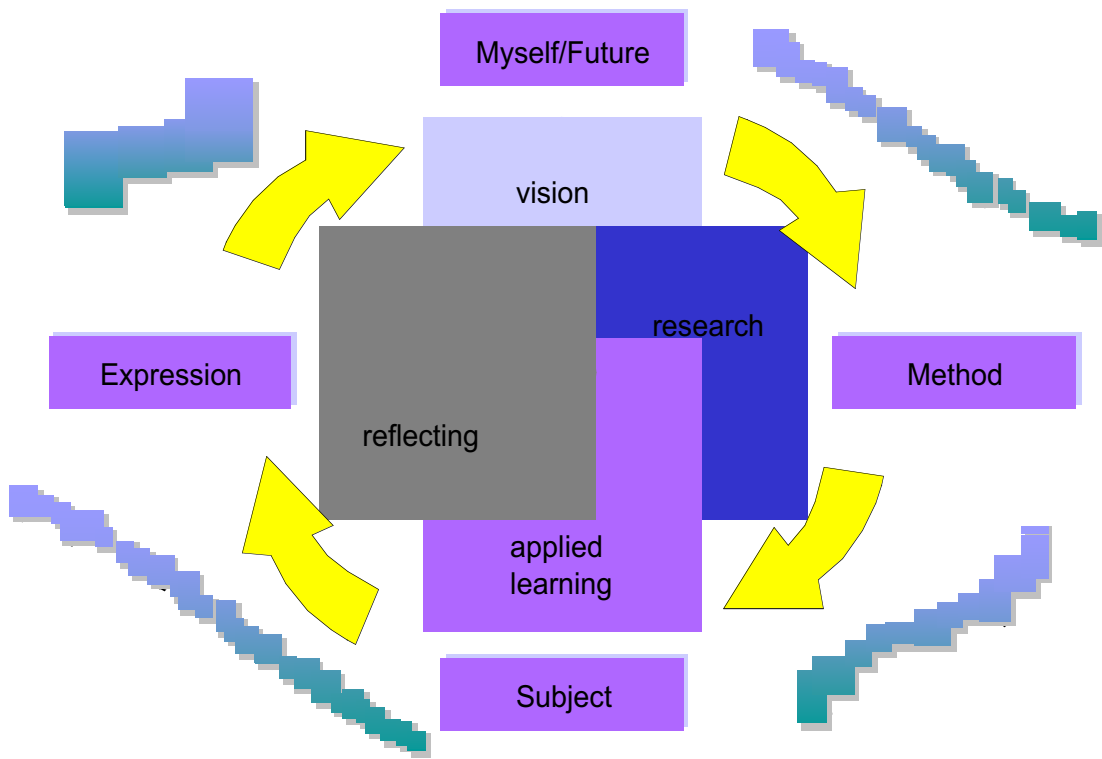
Awareness: Vision, Research, Application, and Reflection

Out of this process-cycle came an awakening that I had experienced before, but had let fall away: being aware of myself in the moment. For example, as I read this paper, what do I see about myself? Do I like what I see? If not, can I change it, and do I know how?

In The Nature of Seeing (1998) Stephen Shore says, “A photo can have deep depictive space but shallow space on the mental level” (56). Okay, I see the barn, but did I see the telephone wires coming out of nowhere and attaching themselves to the building? Did I fit the entire building into the picture? In order to truly see, you have to be aware at the very moment you are looking through the view finder. To me, this means that in order to see how you are going to operate in the world, you have to be willing to look at yourself objectively.

The process-cycle and awareness play off each other. Each feeds the other; sometimes one is stronger and carries me through into the other. I can work through the process-cycle without awareness, but it lessens the impact and the interest. I can have awareness without working through a process-cycle, but then I don't really have any plan or movement.

This exploration was far from linear. It was more like a series of cycles within a larger cycle of thinking steps: developing a vision, researching information, applying that research, and reflecting back on the vision. During this process it was important for me to be cognizant of my thinking. Could I be aware of what I was doing in the moment? Could I maintain a pattern of thinking, changing, and rearranging?



The process-cycle

It seemed so simple. The process-cycle also mirrored the steps of preparation, incubation, illumination and verification taught in the Creative Thinking class.

My vision was myself as a photographer photographing the town of Scituate to find more about my sense of place. I did research into technical aspects, perspectives, and philosophies of photography. I applied my research by taking photographs of the land, sea, and people of Scituate. When I did, the most amazing thing happened. The photographs reflected my individuality back at me!

Seeing that my photographs were a reflection of me was very important. It opened the

door to an entirely new aspect of thinking critically about myself, and it helped me to reflect on some key moments in my life, which I will elaborate on later in this paper. Because of CCT, instead of running from this discovery, as I would have in the past, I embraced it. Using the skills I had learned in CCT, I tried to understand how my thinking had caused me to react to these events. I was now reflecting on my life as someone open to change and willing to take risk not only in my career, but in my life.

THE PHOTOGRAPHY ESSAY

Early Influences

Growing up in a rural area on Long Island, in New York, the first pictures I ever took were of my parents, my dog, and house. I don't remember taking them, except for the one of my dad in the yard. He always ran towards me, pretending he was gonna get me! I took it before I was nine, because my father died that year. I have some memories of him when he was alive, but very few. I have played them back in my mind so many times that now I think I have only memories of my memories. It is the same with the photographs of my father; I remember them as if they were my memories and, in essence, they have become my memories.

When I think about it, I had taken my first documentary photo essay, about my family life, by age nine. I am very lucky that I did; otherwise I might have fewer memories of my dad and my childhood.

In the background of one of these photographs is our yard. Each fall, Dad burned the edges to keep the fields from encroaching on the lawn. I followed him around and watched. Each winter I followed him into the back woods, where we cut down a tree for Christmas. I

watched as he planted trees around the yard. He loved nature and I was always observing how he carefully planted trees and cared for them. I attribute my love and understanding of nature to these experiences.

I remember jumping off an old iron TV stand in our yard, thinking I could fly as far as my imagination would take me. I would land on the ground and then climb back up and jump again, thinking maybe this would be the time I would take off. I was glad my father didn't ask me to stop; he just let me keep jumping off that old stand. Since I had the freedom to let my imagination go, at night when I fell asleep to the sounds of the red-winged black birds, I dreamed of flying above my house, over the fields and neighborhoods, wetlands and marshes, down to the bay. Looking back, I realize how accurate my dream depictions of the landscape below were. Though I didn't realize it, I was already interested in—and already had—unusual perspectives on my world.

I also remember as a young girl being enamored with *Life* and *National Geographic* magazines. I never read the text, but I looked and looked at the photographs. I would stare at every aspect, studying where the objects were, what was in the background, and which colors were in the shot. I thought about the lives of the people photographed and how their pictures got taken. I made up stories about the photographs. I had no idea that I was studying and learning; I was just lost in my own little world.

Thinking back, I have realized that both my parents were artists. I watched my mom as she measured and cut boards for tables and benches. Every weekend she hand-sanded each piece until the beautiful furniture was complete. I also watched as she placed a blank canvas on the easel and began to open the oil paints. I loved those small tubes and the smell of turpentine and paints. More than anything, I loved the fresh bright colors that snaked out onto the palette and

then got smushed with the small triangular tool. To me, the color always seemed spoiled once it was put on the canvas.

Many nights I went to sleep to the sound of my father hand-sawing and hammering trim and molding to finish the interior of our home. He also had a small sailboat that he lovingly cared for. He spent hours fiber-glassing the hull. I was fascinated by the checkerboard design he hand-painted on the deck; it was a work of art. Like my mother, he also painted with oils on canvas.

Our house was artistic, too, filled with unusual trinkets from all parts of the world. We had a carved elephant, a brass genie's lamp, English ceramic lamps, and oriental scroll paintings. Growing up under this influence allowed me to let my mind wander and imagine the world of strange and mysterious things! I wanted to paint and be an artist.

When I wasn't exploring the treasures inside my house, I looked for treasures in the fields, forests, and wetlands near my home. My friends and I dug up old logs to find the bugs underneath. We watched the clammers, fishermen, and sailboats from the dock, smelling the salt sea air when the breeze was just right. We built forts out of hay, climbed trees, and swam in the local pond. The outdoors was my second home.

Then I heard that my childhood world of nature was going to be assaulted by subdivisions, pavement, and sprawl. So I took photographs of my doomed woods and fields, of the wetland grasses and hornets' nests, with a small Kodak Brownie camera. I labeled each one for a Girl Scout project. A bird's nest: "These birds will never come back." An oak tree: "Tree was killed." For my old neighborhood, the first Earth Day came too late. This was my second photographic essay: the unceremonious loss of my beautiful childhood world.

As a child I was curious and imaginative, lucky to grow up surrounded by supportive

parents, wondrous things, and nature. My creative self was being developed and nurtured. But then my father's death and the death of "my" nature had devastating consequences for me, I could no longer be active in my own life; guilt, fear, and anger had taken control of my sense of self. In Swimming Against the Tide (2000) Levin and Greenwald, quote Armstrong as he clearly expresses this point, 'Armstrong (1994) argues that such occurrences in the life of a young child often consist of what he calls paralyzing experiences—experiences that 'shut down' various forms of intelligences by means of emotions such as shame, guilt, fear, or anger. . .' (81)

Between Then and Now

Although I was shut down in some aspects as I grew up, I kept my camera nearby. Eventually, I went away to college, and in the years that followed I moved to ten places in ten years. Home seemed to be an elusive concept, but taking photographs remained a constant wherever I went, whether they were beautiful landscapes of mountains, deep forests, meadows, or the ocean. I was drawn to wildlife refuges, where I could get close enough to get beautiful photographs of birds and wildlife. I entered some of these in local contests and even won first prize in a few.

I have also taken many pictures of family and friends, and often been teased about taking their pictures all the time. But now, as we have all gotten older, we're happy to have them. I have videos and photos of relatives and friends that are now dead. I am like a family archivist.

I was never sure what motivated me to lug around bags, tripods, and other camera gear. I just knew that I loved to take and look at photos. Putting myself in the picture when I looked at it, capturing people just the way they were—that's what I loved about photography. Somehow, though, I couldn't look at my work and call myself a photographer. After all, I had never

formally studied photography.

Three years ago I moved to Scituate, Massachusetts. It is much like Long Island was when I was growing up. I love the summer breeze that brings the salt air to my door. Water is such an important element for me and in Scituate I have the ocean, salt marshes, and wetlands near my new home. But now, after living here three years, a yearning has returned. How do I make this home? Why don't I feel like this *is* home? What—or where—is my sense of place?

Planning The Photography Essay

How did I apply the process-cycle to myself, a real-world example? Or, more specifically, could I apply it to my future self? Could I make it as a photographer? Could I remain aware and conscious of my thinking? Could I do a photo essay of Scituate and as a result feel more like it was my home? These were my questions.

Research

I started with two areas of research: photography techniques and how famous photographers find and pick their subjects. The first research subject was fairly straightforward. I read about f-stops and shutter speeds. I could never get straight how these camera settings worked in tandem, so I made a "cheat sheet" that I could carry in my bag to refer to at a moment's notice. I also used photography how-to books to help in situations such as fog or indoor lighting. The two I relied on the most were The Photographer's Manual by John Freeman and Expert Techniques for Creative Photography by Michael Busselle.

It was more difficult to find much information about how photographers choose their subjects and how they get their particular shots. I was led to discussions on photography as an

art form and on aspects such as lighting, texture, shape, and form. I attempted to find and see these aspects in my view finder, but I had yet to develop this sense fully. This was an area I wanted to move forward in. However, it has also been the area in which I feel I have an innate ability—a good eye. I also believe that this is where the beauty of the photograph is created.

Truth and Photography by Jerry Thompson gave me insight on these ideas. This book led me to many more questions, and yet another area to explore, the philosophy of photography. What are photographs? Are they a reflection of the photographer, the editor, the viewer, or society, or all of these? How do photographs tell stories, convey ideas, become evidence, and represent truth? Can I take a photograph and convey someone else's ideas or expression? My inquisitiveness was awakening my interest and I continued to explore.

I researched famous photographers by reading about the Farm Security Administration (FSA) Depression photograph essays, Life magazine photo essays, and about modern photographers. The book W. Eugene Smith and the Photographic Essay was excellent in describing Life magazine and how the photo essays of Eugene Smith were crafted. Mind's Eye, Mind's Truth: FSA Photography Reconsidered by James Curtis was a fascinating look at the photography of the FSA and the propaganda or motivation behind the scenes. I began to learn not only about technique, but also about objectivity, truth, evidence, and the photographer's perspective, as expressed through the camera.

I then attempted to apply this to my project. I looked for ways to take pictures that were objective. I thought about whom to take pictures of so that my photo essay was wholly representative of Scituate. I then went out and took photographs.

When I viewed this first batch of photographs, however, I realized that my pictures reflected more of what and who I wanted to photograph, and less of Scituate. Was my vision

still to have a picture book published about Scituate, or had my vision changed? What seemed to be emerging was more how I felt about the people and the land of Scituate.

Am I a Photographer?

There was a big piece of research that I had left undone. How does someone—namely, me—become a photographer? Exploring this was rather scary. A thousand things ran through my mind: “I can’t give up my job and live in the house I now pay a big fat mortgage on. Thousands of people have a good eye, more money for investment, better equipment, and are more technological savvy than I do. What makes me think that I can pull off being a photographer?”

Still, I was not deterred. I researched how to start a photography business, sell stock photography, create photo postcards, and sell my work on the Internet. All of my resources said the same thing: Everyone nowadays takes great photos, and even if you don’t, your digital camera or computer will fix it! But scariest of all was learning that only a few ever make it. This really struck me. While I know there is truth in all those statements, I couldn’t understand how to move forward with this information. The entire profession seemed to be saying, “Stay out!” It felt more like a conspiracy than words of advice. Since I was making little headway, I decided to focus on taking the photographs and continue this research later.

Finding and photographing subjects for my essay became one of my biggest challenges. Even though I had lived in Scituate for three years, I just didn’t have the connections I needed to do this alone. Through a colleague at work, who told her cousin, who in turn called a friend named Austine, I began to learn about the people of Scituate.

Austine has lived in Scituate since she was a little girl, first only during the summers, but now year-round in the home her family once summered in. This generous woman helped me

generate a list of over fifty possible subjects.

When Austine and I first met, I looked around her home and her yard, observing all the beautiful details. Her backyard salt marsh had been her playground and it now defines her sense of place. “Wow,” I thought, “this is her lifelong home and neighborhood. She is still living where she grew up. Is that what it takes to have a sense of place?” I felt lonely, sorry for myself, and out of sorts. “How do I make *my* house and *my* yard into a home I identify with?”

Meeting Fear

Artists, lobstermen, business owners, elders, boy scouts, town officials, farmers: I had a list of all of them after meeting with Austine. I looked up their phone numbers and addresses. I studied the list, over and over. Fear crept in. I don't want to take pictures of people. What if they don't come out well? What if people don't like how they look? After all, no one does! I should have listened more closely to a former CCT student, who was also a photographer. She said that I loved taking pictures of landscapes, so why was I taking pictures of people? Now I was haunted. Why did I want photographs of people? I am not a photographer. It takes years for people to learn this skill. They go to college to study it, for God's sake! I must be kidding myself. How did I get myself in so deep?

I went for a long walk along my favorite salt marsh. The first frost covered the ground. I realized that I needed to meet my fears, to ask my fears to come to the table and talk. “Hello, Fear, I want to ask you some questions. Fear, what are you all about? Why am I feeling such discomfort with meeting people and my lack of experience?” And in “talking” to my fears, I realized that there was no reason to worry. I've met thousands of people, and I have many friends. I decided that the only way to defeat my fears was to start meeting people,

photographing them, and gaining experience. Fear can be overcome by action. If I got down to business, comfort and experience would replace fear.

That was all very well until the next week. Austine took me to her friend Cindy, where, between the suggestions of her husband, brother-in-law, and a neighbor who dropped in, another 30 people were added to my list of subjects. Fear began to take hold once again. My breath quickened. “Ivy,” I thought, “pay attention. Just be aware, be aware of yourself. You are in control of how you are and what you want to be right now, a confident, artsy student.” After all, it was up to me to gain the confidence of these people and get them to relax. I began to watch my actions as I was talking. Did I look interested? Was I keeping my opinions to myself, so that I could listen and get to know them more?

When people talk about their pasts and their families, it is so familiar to them that they skip over important connections. If you don’t ask to have the blanks filled in, then it might appear later as if you weren’t listening. I didn’t want to come across as uninterested, especially to everyone who was kindly talking and sharing their lives with me, a relative stranger. I felt wonderful while I was there because I was aware of my thinking and how I was using it to be who I wanted to be. As I drove myself home, I became acutely aware that a confident, artsy person was driving the car!

But once I brought my new list home, I felt totally overwhelmed. I was never going to be able to photograph all these people. Besides that, who was I that I got to pick who I photographed? So I mulled over the list and my vision. How do I decide? How do I determine who “is” Scituate? I soon realized there was no magic answer to this question. I had to begin somewhere, so I went through the list and picked out five interesting people from different walks of life that I thought would be representative of Scituate.

I called up Austine and went through my list of five people. We chose the owner of the Scituate Shop, a local curio and gift store as my first subject. We went in to the shop and talked to the owner, and she was willing to have me come by the next day. I was thrilled and ready to go. The next day I walked into the shop and, as I was taking out my camera, I asked permission to take her photo. She said, “No, I don’t want you to take my picture.” I was devastated. I couldn’t believe it. What is a photographic essay without photographs? I tried to regain my composure. What could I do? I thought, “Well, I will still interview her.” Then I realized I hadn’t even brought my notebook, so I had to use my day timer! Eventually, I went home, sad and crushed. How was I ever going to do this?

Frustrated and afraid, I didn’t want to meet any more people. I had always loved taking landscape pictures. “Why am I taking pictures of people anyway? I am not good at it. Why did I put myself in this situation? I am afraid.” The fear of rejection was so great I became immobile. I sat in my living room, mad and angry, mumbling to myself, “I don’t know why I ever wanted to take pictures of people—I want to be a hermit and live on an island!” But then, as with most creative people, I was not going to let go of this until I had resolved it. After that thought I went out to take pictures of Scituate and immediately felt better.

Still, my fears lay in wait below the surface, and I began to think that maybe I would change my project. Maybe that would make life easier. I then talked to my friend Annie, who is a documentary filmmaker. She knew of my struggle to photograph people. She said that just because it was hard, I shouldn’t give up. I tried to invent excuses to argue with her, but I knew that’s what they were, excuses. So I didn’t change my project after all. It was a boost to have Annie’s support, but it was actually my own tenacity that wouldn’t let me give up.

Meeting Subjects

Lorraine

I kept moving forward and scheduled an appointment with a woman who had been one of the self-proclaimed “Peggotty Beach Girls.” Scituate’s Peggotty Beach has a series of cottages owned over generations by the same families. Beginning in the 1940s, a group of young girls renewed friendships each summer and became known as the Peggotty Beach Girls. Cindy had told me to call Lorraine and that she would invite me over, and she was right. As I got all my equipment together, I could feel the stomachache growing inside of me. My partner, Mary Kay, knew my struggle. She looked at me and said, as I was preparing for my rejection, “Ivy, you are not a professional photographer. You are a student.”

Her statement hit me like a ton of bricks. I marveled, “That’s it! I am practicing. I am not an expert.” I could even see the sidebar in the cognitive psychology book in the chapter on expertise! “I am a student. No one is expecting Annie Liebovitz, but ME!”

Clearly, my perfectionism had been getting in the way of my moving forward. Now that I understood what was blocking me, I could think about it. I analyzed and converted it into a simple, usable, acceptable concept—practice. Now I could let go and move on.

I had a wonderful time with Lorraine, and she took me out to her beach house. There I photographed her looking out the window at the beach, and next to the stone fireplace her father had built. I could sense her memories. I could feel her connection to the beach and the ocean. She has known that beach intimately for over 40 years. She knew the profile of the beach, and where the old boardwalk used to be. She surveyed her grandchildren’s toys strewn about the sand. History woven in with her memories created the context. Next year the house will be moved back away from the licks of the waves, its future place in the family tapestry preserved.

When the photographs of Lorraine were developed, I reviewed them and smiled. I could see why I had to photograph people, because knowing people where you live helps you define your sense of place. History, memories, and time all help to create a sense of place. Lorraine had shared hers with me that day. I reflected on that photograph and on my vision, which was no longer a photo essay of Scituate. It had become more about my finding my sense of place in Scituate through photography. My vision had changed and I opened to it.

I had wanted to give up on taking pictures of people. My tenacity enabled me to forge on and made my success evident. It gave me the confidence to call Austine and ask to take her picture.

Austine

When I asked Austine if I could photograph her, her reply was full of distress. “I never take good pictures and so I don’t like to get my picture taken,” she exclaimed.

“I will show them to you and if you don’t like the photographs, I won’t use them,” I said. She reluctantly agreed. Now, however, I was nervous.

Still, I knew right where I wanted to photograph Austine. There was no question in my mind that her back yard, where she had run through the bulrushes as a child, and the place her mother loved, was where I wanted to photograph Austine. As I drove to her house, I applied some critical thinking skills. I knew that I had to be assertive to make things go smoothly. I practiced being direct (not that I need much practice!).

When she opened the door, I immediately saw she had the perfect colors on. We talked for a while, and then it was time. We stepped outdoors, and I set her up for the photo. We chatted as I took the photographs. I can’t remember what we spoke about, but when she laughed I did my best to get it on film! Her radiance and zest for life were clearly evident.

By thinking critically before arriving at Austine's I was able to fully enlist my creativity while photographing her.

Scituate Lobstermen

I awoke at 5:30 a.m. to get ready and out before the sun came up. I didn't want to get up, but I did want to capture the sunrise. In the last few weeks, I had figured out where the sun would come up, but I wasn't sure if I could capture it over the water. I was driving along, half asleep, when out of the passenger window, the most beautiful sunrise silhouetted the houses along Peggotty Beach. I pulled over, not realizing that one of Scituate's finest had also pulled over behind me. After a quick explanation and a fleeting thought of asking for his picture (which I now regret not doing), he was gone and my sun was rising fast.

I was able to get two photographs before the sky was all blue. I remembered some of what I had read about taking photographs of sunsets and sunrises. I tried to apply as much as possible, thinking while I was taking the photographs. Thinking so much, in fact, that I didn't really see what was in my view finder. I had no idea where the row of houses was in the frame.

For the first time, I was successfully and consciously transferring knowledge from books into my photographs. Not only had I known in advance where to find my shots, but I knew how to take the pictures to capture the desired lighting and mood. Now, if I could just manage to notice what was actually in the view finder at the same time, I would really be improving my abilities as a photographer!

Since I was up so early, I decided to see if the lobstermen were going out. Cindy had told me where the lobstermen's favorite coffee shop was, as well as the dock from which many of them left to go out to sea for the day. I had been to the dock before, trying to see the best angle

for the lobstermen's photographs. I thought researching beforehand would be important, because I doubted I would be able to set up any poses. I looked down at my clothing—hmmm, scrubby enough, I had just thrown on warm stuff and jeans and boots. I hadn't even combed my hair. I figured, "Well, I can't change the fact that I'm a woman, but aside from that, my appearance won't be too out of place."

So there I was at the dock, thinking, "I can't do this. How can I ask to take their picture?" Here we go again, fear jumps in front of the windshield just as a big, and I mean big, pickup truck wheels around and backs into the space beside me. One of the guys emerging can barely get out without banging my door. A voice in my head whispers, "Leave now, just pull out," but then a stronger voice counters, "No, don't go, be brave, you can do this . . . the worst that can happen is they will say no." So I got out, stopped thinking, and went over. In the most nonchalant voice I had, I said, "Hey, do you mind if I take your photograph? I am doing a photo essay about Scituate." One guy laughed, "Looks like you are going to be a star," and walked away.

But the other lobsterman said, "Sure," so I tucked into my car to get my equipment. It was spread out in two bags, flashes and film all over. I was a nervous wreck. But I had done it. And I knew how I wanted to take the pictures.

Here I was, early in the morning, seeing a part of the world I had never even known existed before. Right here in Scituate. I had prepared for this moment, and I was here. All I had to do now was take the pictures. Suddenly, that seemed like the easiest thing to do in the world.

I had made the moment happen. I was active in my life. As I stood on that dock with one camera at my eye, another camera on one shoulder, and my bag on the other shoulder, I knew what I looked like: a photographer, documenting life in Scituate. Discovery was alive in

me that day. Not just discovery, but empowerment—I had made my vision become a reality. I had surprised myself at my willingness to take this risk but I could not argue with the reward. The risk paid off.

Cindy

I stopped by Cindy's one Sunday afternoon, though it felt strange to me to drop in without a call or agreed-upon time. For Cindy and her family, however, it is normal to stop by unannounced. "I'm on my way to the Garden Club to plant some bulbs. Why don't you come along?" Cindy said.

"Can I take your picture while you are there?" I asked. "Sure," she agreed.

We drove there, and she gave me a tour of this small garden jewel I had never seen in the three years I had lived in Scituate. "When my kids were younger, I would bring them here. The older Garden Club ladies would gasp as they ran through the planted areas and scooped up frogs in the pond. Now that the kids are older, I've joined the Garden Club so I can give back. It is a place of solace for me," Cindy explained to me.

Cindy amazed me. Here I was going to school, trying to learn about metacognition, and yet she was simply living it. Cindy is very introspective, and her story is a perfect example of how she applies her introspection to her life. She is an artist in the garden and her home. Her sense of place runs through generations and her sense of self runs through her veins.

I took her photograph while she was struggling to find a place where ten inches of soil depth might exist among all the rocks. I even took up a shovel myself, prying rocks one at a time from the grip of the earth. "Let me get a picture of you *not* digging," I laughed. She stopped and stood up. As I raised my camera, she looked directly into the lens. I was almost taken aback by

her directness. When I drove off, I looked at the freshly disturbed ground and thought, happily, “Wow, next spring those bulbs will come up, and I was there when they were planted. My sense of place in Scituate is increasing! I am creating memories and getting to know people.”

Asha and Jules

I met Asha and Jules by the lighthouse. It was cold and the wind made sure you knew it. The lighthouse is their favorite place in Scituate, for they both love the ocean. I knew my camera batteries wouldn't cooperate for very long in those low temperatures, and so I worked hurriedly, without much thought. Inspiration due to circumstances is just as good as any other inspiration, right? The risk was there, and it was simply up to me to take advantage of it. Turning around my thinking, letting the elements take advantage of me and allowing them to create the photograph was a complete turnaround for me. I was thrilled at my enlightenment.

“Let's go around to the back,” I yelled above the wind. They posed by the lighthouse, but it was too big and as I moved back to get the entire lighthouse in the shot, they appeared the size of ants! “Sit here,” I asked as we walked around the lighthouse. There was a beautiful rock wall that surrounded the keeper's quarters. I sat beside them and had them turn toward me. The angle worked well and after three snaps we were running to feel the warmth of stale car-heater air blow on our faces.

Asha and Jules are two of the bravest young people I know. They came out as a lesbian couple in high school, abandoning expectations placed on them by others and society. I wish I had been that brave and self-aware at that age. It took me more than ten years after high school to know that I was a lesbian. It is amazing to me how deep I buried my sense of self.

We went for coffee and talked about what they liked about Scituate. “Of course the

ocean and all the trees,” they both said. They love the town but are afraid that all the woods will be gone by the time that they are done exploring the world and want to settle back down in Scituate to live. I remembered that at their age, I too wanted to move away and explore other areas of the country. Unlike them, however, I don’t think I could have articulated why I loved my home of Long Island. I began to realize that I had shut off a lot of my awareness when my father died and when they bulldozed my woods.

PAUSING TO STUDY MY OWN REFLECTION

One early Saturday morning, I cleared off the living room table and opened up the table leaves. I carefully placed each photograph in chronological order, in neat rows up and down the table. I expected to pick out the ones I liked the best and bundle them up to show to everyone. What I didn't expect was to stare at those photographs and see myself reflected in the gestalt of the entire display. I stepped back and looked again. I caught my breath. How could this have happened? I didn't understand. I didn't get it at all. If I had been trying deliberately to take pictures of Scituate and its people and have it reflect who I am, I would still be sitting in my chair without a single frame exposed. Yet here it had happened, unintentionally!

I was naïve, for I believe that when I look at a painting and say, "Oh that artist is angry," that I am, in fact, seeing a reflection of the artist in the painting. But to have these photographs, my photographs, reflect me? I really had had no idea this was going to happen.

My body of work—these photographs that I have taken—is a reflection of my feelings and attitudes. All the nature photographs are in color. Those in town and of development are in black and white. My photographs of women are up close and personal, and the pictures of men are few and more distant. As I tried to focus on picking out photographs and examining their composition, it became too difficult to concentrate, for I kept staring at . . . myself!

I finally chose some photographs for my project, but I remained obsessed by the scene of all my pictures staring back at me. Thinking and thinking, I slowly came to a true awakening. By examining myself and looking at my body of work, I see an objective view, as if I am a

bystander with an insider's view into my own head because I know my experiences, feelings, and skills. The photographs represent facts to me, with no values, opinions, or prejudgments attached. The photographs helped me to suspend my beliefs and therefore provide a perspective on myself different from the one I was used to. I could much more effectively critically evaluate aspects about myself.

I know which photographs I planned and which ones happened by chance. I know that the nature photographs are in color to preserve their beauty, and the development and street scenes are in black and white because I wanted to document their ugliness as evidence of the beauty destroyed. I know that the photographs of women were more frequent and more personal because I was more comfortable talking to women about their stories than I was with men. It was also harder for me to get to know men as quickly while taking their pictures.

It took me two days to gather the courage to summon everyone to look at the photographs. I brought some of the photographs over to Cindy's for Austine and Lorraine to see. As always, Cindy had many people stopping by, and they all had comments. "You should sell these!" "I like this one." "I know him, that's so and so." "Where is this?" "You should be a professional photographer." "This would make such a nice Christmas gift!" I was pleased with the responses because for me, it was hard to separate seeing the photograph from a technical perspective and seeing it as a work of art. I knew I had some good photographs, but it always helps to have it confirmed by others, especially those in the photographs!

Adjusting the Aperture

I was buoyed by the warm reception to my photographs, but now that I had seen my own reflection in them, I wanted to know if I could make a change to that picture. I initiated a little

experiment to take “up close and personal” photographs of men. That seemed a better alternative to me than taking color pictures of streets and bulldozers. I’ll never try to make development look good! But I am not adverse to making friends with men, so I was curious if this new approach would then have an affect on me.

The Clock Shop Man

I’ve always liked clocks very much. The town clock shop was so stuffed that I could barely make it in the door. The shelves were littered with clocks. There seemed to be no order, except maybe a vague archeological arrangement. The shopkeeper seemed young, but he was the expert they called when the Custom Tower clock in Boston needed repairs.

I told him about my project and asked to photograph him. I showed him some of the photographs I had taken. Showing these pictures to others was no longer a risk, now that they were helping to express my intentions. It was much easier to use my photographs to explain my project than to use my words!

I told him, nervously, that I really liked clocks. His response was deliberate, and he seemed slow to warm up to me. But he agreed to meet me again on Friday. On Friday he wasn’t there. Another man behind the counter said that he was at a house call, but he’d be back shortly. About twenty minutes later I stepped back in, nervous again. It’s more difficult for me to take pictures indoors than outdoors. It is difficult to understand precisely what the flash will distort, exaggerate, or reflect off. A flash can change the mood or feeling of a scene. Care must be taken to avoid overexposing some areas while lightening up others so that the photograph is not too dark. All that knowledge, however, went right out of my head as I walked through the door the second time. To make it even harder, the clock man pretended that

he didn't know what I wanted.

I persisted, and began by interviewing him about the fact that his shop would soon be moving out of Scituate. He was angry about it. He had been repairing clocks since he was in high school and been enamored by the sights, sounds, and mechanics of the clocks in that shop. Over the years he had seen the hardware store and the five & dime go. Now it was his turn to be forced out, by the expansion of a Dunkin Donuts.

"I'll miss the breeze the most," he said. "If I open the back door and the front door, the ocean breeze gently flows through. I will also miss the people. I didn't realize how much the people here in Scituate appreciated me." Having lived through a similar experience, I wondered whether he would have tried harder to stay if he had realized how much people cared.

We talked for a while as he was repairing a watch at his desk, and next he moved up to the counter where I was. I then took my camera out. It was like a careful dance. Then a customer interrupted. My inner voice said, "Not yet, the customer may not like it." After the customer left, he began to work nearby on a large square wooden clock. That was kind of him, I thought. I could get better camera angles in that cramped space if he was near me. He talked about starting in the business with his brother. I asked more questions, not just about what he does, but why. In response, he talked about his ex-wife. I asked about a typical day, and he talked about his brother's disposition. Now I was feeling uncomfortable. The conversation suddenly seemed too intimate. How did this happen? I had finally gotten a man to talk more about himself and it was too much information!

Or was it? Was it my own discomfort that made the conversation seem too intimate? I had a choice, and I decided not to be uncomfortable—to suspend my belief. This critical thinking technique and my empathy for his situation allowed me not only to finish photographing

him but also to get an intimate photograph of him.

KALEIDOSCOPE: REFLECTIONS OF MY PRESENT, PAST, AND FUTURE

Thinking Objectively

I keep thinking I have to take a class in photography. If others tell me that I am an artist, a photographer, then presto, I will be one. It doesn't seem enough for me to tell myself. *Why* do I need to hear it from others? Why don't *I* say I am a photographer? Because when I examine myself, I always get so negative. So, instead, I am going to keep looking at my wonderful photographs, I am going to keep taking my wonderful photographs, and I am going to keep searching and trying to find a comfort zone where I can say, "I am a photographer!" I am going to practice thinking objectively about myself so that I can continue to feel unencumbered, which will help me to be creative. Once again, the process-cycle and awareness meet and help me to organize my thoughts.

Pictures in the Yard on a Frosted Morning

The pain in my throat woke me from a fitful sleep. It wasn't even 4 a.m. yet but I knew I wasn't going to work. I called in sick, sounding awful on the phone, and then crawled back into bed. It wasn't until dawn crept through the windows that I woke again, groggy, dull, and listless. I hated that feeling all over my aching body, seeping into my skin, leaching into my muscles, moving like thick pure syrup. I slunk downstairs and stared out the window. The sky was trying to rain but all that it could muster was mist. The day was damp and grey and about as miserable as I was.

And yet the trees in the woods were beautiful, all shiny with crystallized dew that couldn't drip fast enough to avoid freezing on the branches. I was compelled to get my camera and go outdoors to capture the frozen dew, the branches coated with growing crystals. The view finder in me wanted to explore this anomalous, short-lived moment in time between ice and dew.

The View Finder

On this winter day, I was looking, actively and with awareness, looking for a particular view. I kept scanning the corners of the view finder, the lines and the spaces in the frame. I could see a bit more about my perspective. I was so excited and inspired and stimulated, my mind began to talk in abbreviated sentences. "I have so much more to go to see more. I am excited. The seed head of the black-eyed Susan looked fantastic. All the weeds, the weeds I let grow. There is such beauty. I don't take beautiful pictures, the beauty is already there. I just bring it forward to your place and time. I put it in front of you, for your convenience. I go out in the cold so you can see it in warmth. So you can examine it and find your own discovery. Make it your own and let it speak to you. It becomes yours. There is a connection between art and ourselves, the artist and the viewer."

These feelings are very closely aligned with my being a naturalist. I love to know about the world and bring it to others. I love to go for a walk and share the mystery, the awe, that ultimate sense of discovery. That's what I like to do, to give that gift and share in the excitement. My gift is not just the giving but the exploration; I am a guide.

I am the View Finder.

And yet when I developed these photographs, my latest work, I saw them as just a bunch of abstractions of limbs and weeds. What am I doing? What is my goal, where am I going? I

am all over the board. I'm not happy with my photographs of the clock man and certainly not happy with these latest photos. How could I be so overwhelmed with inspiration while taking the photographs, and yet so disappointed with the results? I am frustrated, realizing that I have no idea what I am going to write about for my synthesis. I have ideas incubating but I need to figure out how to hatch them.

A Conversation with Nina: "I collect windows"

I needed to talk with Nina and figure out how to move forward. The classroom where we met is lined with little computer cubicles that extend out toward the table in the center of the room. The cubicles are where we have private sessions about our progress with Nina. For me it was my confessional: I am lost, for I have sinned, I don't have my outline, I don't have my lit. review, I don't have my first chapter. Rather than assign penance, Nina simply asked, "If you weren't in Synthesis, what would you be doing?"

I wanted to scream, "Sitting in front of the TV!!" But you don't scream in a confessional; you stay calm. "I just need to think some more," I said.

But then, out of nowhere, I sputtered, "I collect windows!"

"What?" asked Nina?

Uh-oh, why did I say that? I haven't told anyone about my fetish for windows. I pick them up on the side of the road. I pick them up at the dump. I ask friends that are remodeling for windows. I pick them up out of dumpsters. My son knows the routine: "Just put it in the car and don't say anything!" I store them on two floors in my barn. I have so many that now I can be picky about the ones I get. I can even get rid of some. (Well, only because I have no place to put the better ones.) My practical side tells me that one day I will make a greenhouse out of

them and I think about how I will construct the framing.

“I collect windows,” I repeated. “For art, one day I am going to do art with them.”

“Oh,” Nina said. “I think you need to stop worrying about writing and just relax. Go out and take pictures.”

“Okay.” I said sheepishly, as I left, happy not to have to explain any more about windows.

Processing

So the morning began—or did I begin in the morning? Either way, it was frigid beyond human limits. I shuffled onto the ferry along with the crazed dot-comers and the stock-exchangers. The sun wasn’t even up yet. I tried to nestle into my seat but the cold had seeped into every molecule of clothing. I dug my head into my coat as far as it would sink. We began the trek into Boston. The chunks of ice that had built up over the last two weeks were banging against the hull. I felt like I was on the Titanic.

What was that advice that Nina gave me? It doesn’t feel like it even helped. “Go take pictures.” I was so behind, so lost. I felt like Nina had set me adrift. . . .

I can’t believe I told Nina that I collect windows to do art. What was that all about? I am so close to getting my degree, I don’t want to blow it now... and there I was, blathering about windows instead of my project.

I thought a lot about those windows on that morning’s trip, and I realized what an important metaphor they are for me. I believe now that the windows are about opening myself up to be an artist.

I love windows, especially the ones with small panes with the paint layered and peeling. I know, now you see them in all the specialty stores painted with scenes or a nice country motif

(which I am not partial to!). The upstairs to our barn is a huge loft with windows covering the south side. The first time I ever walked up there I said, “This is a perfect place to do art.” It is no secret that I wanted to buy our house for the barn. Then I filled my art studio in the barn loft with stuff—so much stuff that you can barely walk up the stairs. I wanted to hide my desire—after all, I am not an artist. I never went to art school, so how can I be an artist? But I have this feeling that somewhere, sometime in my past, I lost my confidence. And yet, what happens when I let myself be open to life? I collect windows, fill my barn with them, and then peer into and through them to find out more about myself!

Life Interrupts

Bill Burgan, Mary Kay’s father, was facing imminent death. He was dying in California and we had to wait in Boston. I wrote a poem thinking about what I would tell him if I were there.

I always smile when I think of you

*Playing chess, watching sports.
You were a stubborn old coot,
With an inordinate sense of humor.*

*Sometimes you had a sharp tongue,
But you were always gentle with Kitty and Bandit.
You wait for Evelyn,
A lucky man.*

*She will only have Scripps (an old people’s home),
To hold her hand.
I think she knows.*

*I wonder about my end,
If Mary Kay is gone,
Who will hold my hand?*

Maybe that’s why I want to control the end.

*Give me the pills.
Take my self out.*

One day not long afterward, Mary Kay called me just before I was leaving work. Her brother had called to say that her father had slipped further towards death. He would die soon. I got home, and we waited for the call. We talked, watched TV, and waited. We felt caught between space and time, our bodies here but our minds and thoughts in California. We laughed. We cried. The phone interrupted our going-on-with-life-but anxious-to-get-the-call time. He had passed away.

At the funeral, I walked into the church and Sandy, Mary Kay's sister-in-law, waved me over to sit in the pew next to her. I was right by the casket. I was doing fine until I realized that almost 34 years ago to the day, I had been sitting at my own father's funeral. My mom had been dignified, but her tears gave away her sorrow. I began to cry. Bill's casket was not draped in a flag as my father's had been. I think back to my mother, who somehow knew when to leave the pew. She stepped out and bent over to kiss the casket. As a little girl I wondered if she had kissed the end his feet were in or the end his head was in. Then I am catapulted back into the present, and I wonder which way Bill is facing. I cry and I can't stop and I don't have a tissue. Sandy passes me one but all she has is a napkin. The coarseness feels right on my face. All funerals lead back to my dad's.

I couldn't get the image of my mother out of my head. When I returned to work, I was emotionally exhausted. My good friend and coworker Jack Sullivan came to my cubicle to see how I was doing. He told me how whenever he goes to a funeral and they bring the casket in, he begins to cry. I explain to him my memory of my father's casket and how I don't understand it. Then he explained that Annie, his partner, once said, "Jack, when you see the casket come down

the aisle, you think about your father and it is the only time you give yourself to feel sadness for you.” We both shed silent tears, the ones you wipe away in hopes that no one will see.

These memories and my first photographs kept resurfacing. I tried to push them back and erase them from my mind, but I couldn't. I needed to face them and think differently about them, but they held such sadness for me that I didn't want to think about them.

But then I tried looking at my childhood memories objectively, applying critical thinking to myself. I asked myself, “A nine-year-old losing her father, can you imagine?” Finally, I was just beginning to understand my loss, to feel and honor it. Now I was moving beyond photography, beyond being an artist, beyond my fears, and searching my heart. I needed to go to the ocean.

The Ocean

*I go to the Ocean for my solace,
I am a ten-minute ocean watcher.
Sometimes I climb your warm rocks,
My face cooled by your winds.*

*Sometimes I walk your beach.
Observing.
Once I even kayaked from your shores.*

*My mind wanders.
In your sight I am but a grain of sand,
a sea gull cry.
I am not—I struggle to cry out!*

*I may not know who or why I am,
I may not know why.
But my search is the same
as yours—*

*Relentless, wild, turbulent,
calm, easy.
Seasons.*

All funerals lead me back to my dad's. Every casket between the pews, blocking the aisle in front of the altar, is my dad's. Seeing my mom kiss his coffin was my first experience of true emotion, anguish, loss, goodbye, futility, and hopelessness. He was never coming back. I first became aware that all funerals lead back to my dad's while sitting in the church at Bill's funeral. It helped me to understand, so that I could cry for Bill. Once I let go of the loss of my dad, I could be sad for Mom, for Bill, and mostly for myself.

Process to the Rescue

I felt like quitting school. "I can pick it up next semester," I thought. I just had too much going on. But that little voice inside me said, "I can't quit now, I am too close, keep going, keep

going!” Looking at the process-cycle, where was I? I didn’t know, I felt like I couldn’t concentrate on work or school or anything, because I felt so overwhelmed. I was in a bad place. I was close to quitting, yet I didn’t want to. I tried to think about how I could look at this problem systematically and make a list of everything I need to do. I thought that would help me out. I didn’t want to give up when I was so close. I was desperately trying to stop my negative thinking, but I was emotionally worn down. I couldn’t muster any critical thinking skills.

Then I realized that I needed to take some photographs. There was the answer. I was moving through the process-cycle again, relying on creative energy to move, motivate, and provide clarity. Maybe Nina was right, after all!

Bill the Lobsterman

Keplunk, shhhhh. Keplunk, shhhhh. I heard this sound for hours sometimes, in all kinds of weather. Sometimes it blended into the dusk sounds of the peepers. Keplunk, shhhhh. keplunk, shhhhh. I peered over the rock wall that separated our two yards. All I could see was the glow of light from the little shack between the garage and the big fir tree. Rows and rows of lobster cages were lined up in the back yard. Some were brand new, some were caked with barnacles and seaweed that a few sparrows were skipping in and out of. My neighbor is a lobsterman. I like that I live this close to someone who practices the ancient art of fishing, someone who is still connected to the sea.

I had asked Bill a while back if I could take his photograph but with the weather, his schedule, and mine it was nearly impossible to meet up. Finally, he was available, so I ran home to get my camera. He makes his own traps, or pots as he calls them. That’s what “keplunk, shhhhh” is—the sound of his air gun stapling, binding the sides of the pots together. I pressed

myself up against the back corner of the little shack while he built his pots. It was hard to get any kind of camera angle in there. As he walked outside to place the newest trap in line, he stopped so that I could get his picture. “Do you want me to pose?” he asked.

“No, I like to get candid shots,” I replied.

It was easy to photograph Bill. He reminds me of my father, working on his boat, in his yard, and he loves the sea. It brings a sense of continuum to my senses of place and self to have Bill as a neighbor. I understand my feelings of comfort when I see Bill puttering around in his yard. I understand, because I am thinking about my thinking and this revelation is becoming a good habit.

With the photos of Bill, I now had some personal and meaningful photographs of men, just as I did of women. Here is a concrete example of how I learned to be a reflective thinker in CCT. I applied the classroom knowledge to my photography and, in turn, I learned about myself. The process-cycle contains many interconnections that apply to every aspect of life. This is the aspect of CCT that continues to inspire me, the fact that it is so germane to my everyday life.

Thick in the Weeds of Ambiguity

Life kept getting in the way of my project and process. I didn't think I could finish the synthesis—I was walking around like a frustrated pinball. I was afraid that all I could create were photographs that were nice or pretty but really didn't express or convey an idea.

Ambiguity, again.

I decided that I was going to just keep going. But there was an inherent danger for me to “just keep going.” I used to be like that all the time, you know: like a bulldozer going after my

goals. I didn't see anything to the sides, I just rammed myself through as though the goal were the only important thing. When you do that, you miss out on life. I was extremely successful at my job in Portland. I managed a large staff and over a \$1 million budget. Part of the reason I left, however, was because I felt so unsupported. I was so surprised when my staff and colleagues gave me a farewell book in which each of them had created a page filled with love, admiration, and all the support I didn't think I had. It was a bittersweet moment, realizing that what I wanted was right there in front of me and I hadn't even seen it. I promised myself I would never go through life like a bulldozer again. I wanted to experience and feel all the love that was there for me. I could move forward; only in the future, I promised that I would be conscious and aware of my thinking, not like a bulldozer. As I proceeded I kept my warning in the back of my mind.

Conversation with Mary Kay

Mary Kay, I have to tell you this story that Katney (our friend we met in Oregon) told me: "When I was in Italy, I was on my way shopping and asking for directions or something like that. Maybe I was telling them what was on my list, but anyway. . . Twice I tried to talk about shopping and they interrupted, 'You are an artist.' It was funny to me how they could know I was an artist by my asking about a shopping list. But that is how they are in Italy. You are not an artist because of something you produced, you are an artist by how you live with conviction and passion. I always saw you that way, Ivy. Everything you did was with a passion and a belief. I always thought that is how you lived your life—with passion. I've always thought of you as an artist."

I can't believe it, Mary Kay. Katney, who I think is really a great artist, thinks that I am an artist, too! I felt as if I didn't deserve such a compliment. But Katney wasn't complimenting

me. She was acknowledging something about who I am, an artist. I felt so confused. How could this knowledge have been so lost on me? I had always wanted to be an artist, but I thought I was never good enough for others. Now it was beginning to become clear that perhaps I was never good enough for me.

Katney opened up the door to my realization that I am an artist. All the crazy feelings that I held so deep inside—that I was weird, that I just thought differently, that I was odd—were beginning to dissipate. I *am* an artist and with that thought is a freedom to express myself. I am evaluating my life from an entirely new perspective and discovering something new. Artists may be weird, odd, and think differently, but in a positive way. I am not out of place. I just didn't define myself correctly.

Anger and Confusion

Journal Entry, March 2004

I am angry. For what, I wish I could describe. With this writing I hope I can. I can't even write. Maybe the results of this are that I learn how to let go. If I think about the things I get angry about I also need to think about what is really important. I should be happy, but what is that? This morning I wanted to get up and be a part of the morning, but instead I got ready for work. How do I get out! Money? No, more money makes you dig deeper in. I want nature, the sea, my time, Mary Kay. She knows my heart. You have to make choices in your life. Nice house, or car, or trips to Europe. You can't do it all. Find out what you want in life; all the rest will follow. I want to live in the forest by the sea. I want it to snow there. I want a fireplace and a cat, music and books to read. I have this dichotomy. I want to be a hermit but I need to be around people. What is that about? I only want people at a certain distance. I don't feel that I

know who to trust. I want to say, I don't trust anyone. I know that isn't right but what I do need to understand is that I can't change anyone. Only me. And I know I can do that. I get angry when I want others to change and I can't change them. I want them to behave, and they won't, and I can't control them. But I can be me. I should just be me. I am a happy person. I know that. I should just be me. Keep being me. I feel the smile on my face. Me. It feels like it will be so hard. But I recognize it. I know it. I am conscious of it. Now I need to remember it. I will remember it. Be yourself. Be kind, considerate, empathic, smart, and brave. Be in your power.

Putting My Father's Death in Its Rightful Place

My father died when I was nine. I could not control this. I could not make him live. I can never go back to that day—February 25, 1968. It was a Sunday morning and my dad and mom were reading the paper. I wanted to go ice skating because the bay was finally frozen over and that was exciting for everyone. There were no limits to how far you could skate if you were brave enough. Colleen and I were going to go skating together. She lived right on the edge of the cattails, and it was just a short walk down the neighborhood path to the frozen water. “Dad, can you get my laces through the holes?” The ends were so frayed my stubby little fingers couldn't maneuver the bulk of lace through. He had the skate on his lap when the fire radio went off, then the siren to call volunteer firefighters, and he was gone.

I was all bundled up and ready to leave when I heard a strange noise at the front door. It was even stranger because we never used the front door. I opened it inquisitively. My father stumbled in and sprawled to the living room floor. I closed the door and stared at my father on the floor, a sight I had never seen before. I called to Mom and walked into the kitchen, where

she was. “Mom, I think something is wrong with Dad. . . .”

I always thought that I was supposed to be sad for him because he was gone. I didn’t understand that I could and should be sad for me—for my own loss. That night my sister and I lay in bed crying for a long time. Finally, she said that we had to stop crying. I did, and for most of my life I never cried again for my own sadness. I cried for the circumstances, I cried out of empathy for my mother, but I didn’t cry for myself.

Now I can cry for me because I finally understand that it is right for me to be sad for myself. I can stop trying to control my feelings about my father’s dying and realize my feelings of sadness. I have a different perspective. I no longer have to be mad and angry at him. Instead I can feel sad for losing him, and that is about me.

As I said earlier, most of what I remember of him is from photographs. Perhaps this is why I like photography; I want to preserve life, and moments, so that I will not forget. But you do forget, and what you remember is the photograph. That is why I am so intrigued by the philosophy and the practice of photography.

Full Circle

Down at the dock one day, I met a lobsterman filling his traps with bait. I said hello and that I was waiting for Bill. I knew he was going to ask, “Bill who?” and I desperately tried to remember my neighbor’s full name. I searched through the last-name catalog in my brain, but I knew it was futile, the pressure too great.

“What’s his last name?”

“Ummmm. I knew I wasn’t going to remember, but he lives next door to me on Old Oaken Bucket. I am at 219, the green teal house.”

“Oh, Bill, Bill Kelly. I know him, yeah. We’re neighbors too, you know. I live on the end of Marilyn Road.”

“Really?” I was amazed at what a small world it is. “Hey, would you mind if I took your picture? I am doing a photo project.”

“No, no, go right ahead, I don’t mind.”

“Well, well, Ivy,” I said to myself, “haven’t you come a long way! Just as easy as that, you ask to take someone’s photograph and whoosh, it happens.”

“Hey, did you hear about what Lisa Lewis is going to be doing? She is building a house and it’s going to be right behind your house and Bill’s. Didn’t you get the notice?”

I did, but I didn’t think a house was going to be built in the woods behind my house,” I replied in disbelief.

“Yep, it’s the only high ground there, right where that big pine tree is,” he said. He went on in some detail. It was hard to keep focused on taking the photographs, and soon he was gone.

As I drove home I got angrier and angrier. I couldn’t believe this was happening to me again. This was why I didn’t want to get close to anything, because it just gets taken away. This is why I didn’t want to develop my sense of place, because it can be taken away, changed.

But then, as I drove down Old Oaken Bucket Road, I asked myself, “Why are you so angry? Because it is out of your control, like your father dying? Is there anything you can do to change the development from happening? Could you have saved your father? No. Can you grasp that this is out of your control and be okay with that? Yes, yes I can.” I arrived home and told Mary Kay about the development. Then I went out into the woods behind my yard and took pictures of my favorite tree.

UNDERSTANDING MYSELF

I could not define until this project the way in which I had not processed my grief for my father's death. Now I can cry tears of sadness and understand that it is not an act of self-pity, but an act of self-love.

Now I also recognize that I have always been an artist. My imagination and surroundings as a little girl helped to define this sense of myself. In my work as a naturalist and wetland restorationist, and through my photography, my passion has been the driving force behind my inspiration.

The culmination of all these things is what shows up in my art today—nature, water, light, and change. Art is a reflection of a person and my photographs are a reflection of me.

I have gone from feeling directionless when I began the CCT program to knowing that I can set my own direction and select the methodology to get where I want to go. To get from where I was to where I am now, I employed four important behaviors learned in CCT:

Remaining flexible, tenacious and playful

Keeping open to all possibilities, exploring and elaborating on experiences

Using metacognition to monitor my thoughts, reflect and make decisions

Realizing that events in my life will affect me, but *how* is up to me

Growth in life is all about learning and applying new knowledge to your life as it is happening. I have learned so much about myself that I can go in any direction. I am not lost. I

can develop my sense of place in Scituate or anywhere. My sense of self was there all the time; I just needed to look at it. I am a risk-taker, a naturalist, and a photographer. I am tenacious, talented at objective evaluation, and good at the transfer of knowledge from one domain to another. I have a great capacity for empathy and am willing to tolerate other views, even when lost in the weeds of ambiguity. I am creative and filled with passion. I am an artist. I am delighted and excited about moving forward, wherever that might lead me. I have found out that there is more than one perspective for a time, a place, and an event. There is always another way of seeing, another view to find.

CRITICAL AND CREATIVE THINKING BIBLIOGRAPHY

AND

QUOTABLE QUOTES

Amabile, Teresa M. "The Social Psychology of Creativity: A Componential Conceptualization." *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology* 45, no. 2 (1983): 357 - 376.

". . .creativity is best conceptualized not as a personality trait or a general ability but as a behavior resulting from particular constellations of personal characteristics, cognitive abilities, and social environments" (p. 358).

". . . a cognitive style characterized by a facility in understanding complexities and an ability to break set during problem solving. . . Breaking cognitive set, or exploring new cognitive pathways: Ewell et al. (1962) suggested that problem-solving can result in creative solutions when an old set of unsuccessful problem-solving strategies is abandoned and the search, as a result, moves off in a new direction" (p. 364).

"In an important way, creativity-relevant skills depend on personality characteristics related to self-discipline, ability to delay gratification, perseverance in the face of frustration, independence, and an absence of conformity in thinking or dependence on social approval (Feldman, 1980; Golann, 1663; Hogarth, 1980; Stein, 1974)" (p. 365).

"On the other hand, if the domain relevant skills are already sufficiently rich to afford an ample set of possible pathways to explore during task engagement, the reactivation of this already-stored set of information and algorithms may be almost instantaneous, occupying very little real time" (p. 368).

". . . creativity as a process that can be influenced by both internal and external factors - by cognitive skills, work habits, and social-environmental variables - as well as by personality dispositions" (p. 368).

Brophy, Dennis, R. "Understanding, Measuring, and Enhancing Individual Creative Problem-Solving Efforts." *Creativity Research Journal* 11, no. 2 (1998): 123 - 150.

"Carl Rogers proposed that these personality traits are linked to later creative achievement and are fostered by parents who give their children freedom and safety, all of which were found to positively correlate (Harrington, Block, & Block, 1987) (p. 132).

". . . [divergent thinkers are profiled] as having high "valuation of aesthetic qualities in experience, broad interests, attraction to complexity, . . . energy, independence of judgment, autonomy, intuition, self-concept, and a firm sense of self as creative" (Barron & Harrington, 1981, p. 453)" (p. 142).

Costa, Arthur L., ed. *Developing Minds a Resource Book for Teaching Thinking*. Alexandria: Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development, 2001.

"Flexible thinkers are empathic. They are able to appreciate the diverse perspectives of others . . . They have the capacity to change their mind as they receive additional data" (p. 18).

"The five passions [efficacious, flexible, craftsman-like, consciousness, interdependence] are all situational and transitory. They are utopian states toward which we constantly aspire, but their perfect realization is impossible. Csikszentmihalyi (1993, p. 23) states, "Although every human brain is able to generate self-reflective consciousness, not everyone seems to use it equally" (p. 21).

"Without consciousness we would still "know" what is going on, but we would have to react in a reflexive, instinctive way. It is because we have consciousness that we can daydream, change our perceptual position, write beautiful poems, and develop elegant scientific theories" (p. 20).

"We can make ourselves happy or miserable regardless of what is actually happening 'outside,' just by changing the contents of our consciousness" (p. 20).

"What we allow into consciousness determines the quality of our lives" (p. 20).

"Developing effective thinking, therefore, requires the development of this priceless resource, consciousness" (p. 20).

Csikszentmihalyi, M. Implications of a systems perspective for the study of creativity. In R. Sternberg (Ed.), *Handbook of creativity* (pp. 312-335). Cambridge, MA: Cambridge University Press. 1999

". . . it is the quality of the subjective experience that determines whether a person is creative, not the judgment of the world" (p. 314).

"Creativity occurs when a person makes a change in a domain, a change that will be transmitted through time. Some individuals are more likely to make such changes, either because of personal qualities or because they have the good fortune to be well positioned with respect to the domain - they have better access to it, or their social circumstances allow them free time to experiment" (p. 315).

"It has been observed that many creative individuals grew up in atypical conditions, on the margins of the community" (p. 328).

"Perhaps the most salient characteristic of creative individuals is a constant curiosity, an ever renewed interest in whatever happens around them. This enthusiasm for experience is often seen as part of the "childishness" attributed to creative individuals (Csikszentmihalyi, 1996; Gardner, 1993)" (p. 330).

"The widespread use of multifactor personality inventories suggest that creative individuals then to be strong on certain traits, such as introversion and self-reliance, and low on others, such as conformity and moral certainty (Csikszentmihalyi & Getzels, 1973: (Getzels & Csikszentmihalyi, 1976; Russ, 1993)" (p. 331).

". . . creative persons are characterized not so much by single traits, as by their ability to operate through the entire spectrum of personality dimensions. So they are not just introverted, but can be both extroverted and introverted, depending on the phase of the process they happen to be involved in at the moment." (p. 331).

"What dictates their behavior is not a rigid inner structure, but the demands of the interaction between them and the domain in which they are working" (p. 331)

Davis, G. A. (1998). *Creativity is Forever* (4th ed.). Dubuque, IA: Kendall/Hunt.

"Perceptual blocks are based in learning and habit. We become accustomed to perceiving things in familiar ways, and it is difficult to see new meanings, new relationships, or new applications and uses." (p. 21).

"Emotional blocks interfere with clear thinking, sometimes by preoccupying and distracting our creative minds, other times by making us "freeze" in our thinking" (p. 24).

Dominowski, R. L. Productive problem solving. In S. M. Smith, T.B. Ward, & R.A. Finke (Eds.), *The Creative Cognition Approach*. Boston: MIT Press, pp. 73-96. 1995.

"Kohler distinguished ordinary thing from productive thing, the latter involving a change in mental representation" (p. 74).

"Kohler argued that all problem solving concerns awareness of relations and that productive problem solving involves awareness of new relations among problem components. Understanding of these new relations, according to Kohler, is what is meant by insight. He further asserted that particular relations arise only when the person's attention is directed to their appearance, thus implying that the emergence of new relations depends on contextual influences" (p. 74).

"Solving insight problems . . . involved restructuring and changes in meaning" (p.75).

"Kohler (1969) offered the following comments about solving insight problems without outside help: 'In the solution of a problem, I said, we suddenly become aware of new relations, but these new relations appear only after we have mentally changed, amplified, or restructured the given material . . . For the most part, we do not produce such sudden structuring intentionally, but rather find ourselves suddenly confronted with their emergence (pp. 153 - 154)' (p. 75).

Feldhusen, J.F. & Treffinger, D.J. Teaching Creative Thinking and Problem Solving. Dubuque: Kendall/Hunt. 1977

"Critical thinking is the productive thinking ability that enables us to solve problems, plan and implement ideas and activities, and handle life without a floor plan or set of directions" (p. 54).

Jeffers, Susan, Ph.D. Feel the Fear and Do It Anyway. New York: Ballantine Books, 1987.

John-Steiner, Vera. (1987). Notebooks of the mind: Explorations of thinking. New York: Harper. First published 1985.

". . . photographer Diane Michener, "I have always taken pictures the way other people keep journals and diaries. It is a way of ordering my reactions to the world, of placing my ideas and feelings in a concrete form outside myself, of breaking my isolation." In describing their approach to thought, these artists highlight an oft-ignored aspect of reflection, the visualization of ideas. The human need to order the flow of experience, to reshape it, or simply to remember it, requires a multiplicity of means, and among these, language and imagery are of particular interest. Both of these processes assist the individual in bridging the personal and social aspects of experience" (p. 83).

To my mind, neither the behaviorist nor the Gestalt position does justice to the complex and interwoven process of thought. Both of these schools attempt to highlight only a fraction of the experience of consciousness, which includes inner monologues, crystallized concepts, reveries, fleeting as well as generic images, abstract pictures, visualized movements, and subjective feelings" (p. 87).

"The shaping of a visual language of communication is a slow, developmental process. In some cases considerable time lapses between the early, impressionable years of stimulation-of seeing the world as fresh and wondrous-and linking these sights and images to a mature, personalized form of expression" (p. 91).

"The intensity with which artists experience and remember their early years is frequently linked to the help and encouragement they received from their parents and other adults who were engaged in taking care of them. . . . They fostered their children's talents both by example and tuition. The enrichment artists received throughout their childhood under these circumstances can contribute to their life-long openness to experience, to the intensity of their vision, and to their ability to test the boundaries of the known and the familiar" (p. 93).

Levin, Jack, and Greenwald, Nina, L. *Swimming Against the Tide: The Creative Child as a Late Bloomer*, Reaching the Creative Child, 78 - 87, M. Lynch (ed.), Allyn-Bacon, 2000

"As young children, potential late bloomers may show great curiosity, unusual interests, a willingness to take risks, and a tendency toward nonconformity - but they hardly appear to be the talented individuals they eventually become. . . . As young adults, however, they discover their "calling" as a result of some "life-changing" event in which their confidence is reinforced and their talents are encouraged (Winner, 1996)" (p. 80).

"Armstrong (1994) argues that many such occurrences in the life of a young child consist of what he calls paralyzing experiences - experiences that "shut down" various forms of intelligences by means of emotions such as shame, guilt, fear, or anger . . ." (p. 81).

Matthews, Gareth, B. *The Philosophy of Childhood*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1994.

Nickerson, R. S. Enhancing creativity. In R. E. Sternberg (Ed.), *Handbook of Creativity* (pp. 392-430). Cambridge (UK): Cambridge University Press. 1999.

"Finke et al. argue that creative thinking employs generative and exploratory cognitive processes in a cyclic fashion. During the generative phase of a cycle, 'one constructs mental representations called preinventive structures, having various properties that promote creative discovery. These properties are then exploited during an exploratory phase in which one seeks to interpret the preinventive structures in meaningful ways. These preinventive structures can be thought of as internal precursors to the final externalized creative products and would be generated, regenerated, and modified throughout the course of creative exploration(p. 17)' (p. 395).

"Creative thinking is expansive, innovative, inventive, unconstrained thinking. It is associated with exploration and idea generation. It is daring, uninhibited, fanciful, imaginative, free-spirited, unpredictable, revolutionary. Critical thinking is focused, disciplined, logical, constrained thinking. In is down to earth, realistic, practical, staid, dependable, conservative" (p. 397).

"The ability to look at mundane things from an unusual perspective, to see connections that are not apparent to the casual observer, can add color and excitement to one's daily life. One can get a great deal of satisfaction from writing a poem even if no one reads it but oneself, from having an insightful thought even if one discovers that one was not the first person to have it" (p. 400).

' . . . creativity is the product of the combined effects of many factors, including personal traits and characteristics, as well as social, cultural, and environmental factors (Amabile, 1983; Csikszentmihalyi, 1988; Perkins, 1981; Simonton, 1984, 1990; Sternberg & Lubart, 1991, 1995; Williams, 1972)' (p. 408).

"Purpose is essential to creative expression . . . a deep abiding intention to develop one's creative potential - a long-term interest in some form of creative expression" (p. 408).

"Dudek and Cote (1994) have stressed the importance of this factor: 'The creative vision is more likely to be the result of a slow personal development on both cognitive and emotion levels. To achieve a novel point of view may necessitate years of continuing development . . .(p. 132)' (p. 408).

"A solid ground in the skills that are generally considered fundamental to a basic education is conducive, if not essential. . ." (p. 408).

"Intellectual playfulness - finding pleasure in playing with ideas - appears often to be characteristic of creative adults as well. Again the emphasis is on curiosity as an abiding trait, on attitudes that are so deeply ingrained that they determined one's lifestyle" (p. 410).

"Confidence comes with successful experiences" (p. 414).

"Evidence shows that people who take it as a goal to improve their performance, and hence compare their current performance with past performance, are likely to be more willing to accept challenging tasks and to persist if they experience failure . . ." (p. 414).

"Self-management involves becoming an active manager of one's cognitive resources. It is, in part, a matter of paying attention to one's own strengths and weaknesses as a creative thinker and finding ways to utilize the strengths and to mitigate or work around the weaknesses. It means making an effort to discover conditions that facilitate one's won creative work" (p. 417).

Sternberg, R.J., & Lubart, T.I.. The concept of creativity: Prospects and paradigms. In Sternberg, R.J. (Ed.), *Handbook of Creativity*. Cambridge: University Press. 1999.

"Proposals regarding self-actualization and creativity can also be considered within the personality tradition. According to Maslow (1968), boldness, courage, freedom, spontaneity, self-acceptance, and other traits lead a person to realize his or her full potential. Rogers (1954) describes the tendency toward self-actualization as having motivational force and being promoted by a supportive, evaluation-free environment" (p. 8).

"These attributes include, but are not limited to, self-efficacy and a willingness to overcome obstacles, take sensible risks, and tolerate ambiguity" (p. 11).

". . . people rarely do truly creative work in an area unless they really love what they are doing and focus on the work rather than on the potential rewards" (p. 11).

ANNOTATED PHOTOGRAPHY BIBLIOGRAPHY

AND

QUOTABLE QUOTES

Barthes, Roland. *Camera Lucida*. Translated by Richard Howard. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1980.

A philosophical approach to the art of photography, this book explores how a photograph evokes emotions and creates an image. In his own words, "Whatever it [photograph] grants to vision and whatever its manner, a photograph is always invisible: it is not it that we see" (p. 6). This book is Barthes' search for answers about what is intriguing about the many facets of photographs.

Batchen, Geoffrey. "A Philosophical Window." *History of Photography* 26, no. 2 (Summer, 2002): 100-113.

Interprets the use of photographs of windows by artist, William Henry Fox Talbot. Relationship between Talbot's images and the developments in poetry, painting and computing.

Berger, John. *Ways of Seeing*. London: British Broadcasting Corporation, 1977.

A series of seven essays exploring how we view art and what exactly art is. He discusses art as it relates to the artist and the seer. He also tests our assumptions about how civilization and art interacts and why we may react to different forms of art the way we do.

Crawford, Tad. *Business and Legal Forms for Photographers*. 3rd ed. New York: Allworth Press, 2002.

Excellent book that comes with a CD of every form for every situation that a photographer may come across in photographing subjects and selling photographs.

Curtis, James. *Making Sense of Documentary Photography*. Accessed 2003/09/23 2003. Web site. Available from <http://historymatters.gmu.edu>.

Reviews photography since its invention and explains the context of photographs from the equipment progression, photographers, art versus photography, to modern documentary Photography. Explores why we see photographs as truth and fact. ". . . belief that a photograph is a mechanical reproduction of reality." What we fail to do is interpret photographs from the perspective or subjectivity of the photographer and also what was left out or what photo wasn't taken. How we can see photographs as historical evidence, using the same tests applied to written documents.

Curtis, James. *Mind's Eye, Mind's Truth FSA Photography Reconsidered*. 1989 ed. Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 1989.

This book gives a detailed personal account of the FSA photographers, how they took their photographs and the content of their photographs. Also delves into the government editorial process and uses of photographs. The historical context of the era is also examined to fully reveal the power and potential of these photographs.

Kalish-Johnson, Mary. *The Documentary Eye*. Accessed 2003/09/15 2003. Paper/article. Available from <http://hudson.acad.umn.edu/doceye/essay.html>.

Short paper on the FSA project and how the photographers used artistic compositions, realism, and attention to details to further social reform. These photographs and the story became history. This paper discusses this progression from the photographer's intention to today's interpretation.

Professional Business Practices in Photography. 6th ed., ed. Peter Skinner. New York: Allworth Press, 2001.

Reference book that describes how to set up and run a professional photography business.

Shore, Stephen. *The Nature of Photographs*: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1998.

Presentation of the philosophy of photography and how the photographer must grapple with several issues on several plains to get the achieved results on the printed paper.

"As an object, a photograph has its own life in the world" (p. 10).

"The context in which a photograph is seen affects the meanings a viewer draws from it" (p. 10).

"A photographic image can rest on this picture plane and, at the same time, contain an illusion of deep space" (p. 18).

"A photograph has edges; the world does not" (p. 28).

"A photograph is static, but the world flows in time. As this flow is interrupted by the photograph, a new meaning, a photographic meaning, is delineated" (p. 37).

"The plane of focus acts as the edge of our attention cutting through the scene" (p.48).

"The mental level elaborates, refines, and embellishes our perceptions of the depictive level. The mental level of a photograph provides a framework for the mental image we construct of (and for) the picture" (p. 56).

"When photographers take pictures, they hold mental models in their minds, models that are the result of the proddings of insight, conditioning, and comprehension of the world" (p. 71).

"When I make a photograph, my perceptions feed into my mental model. My model adjusts to accommodate my perceptions (leading me to change my photographic decisions). This modeling adjustment in turn alters my perceptions. And so on. It is a dynamic, self-modifying process. It is what an engineer would call a feedback loop. It is a complex, ongoing, spontaneous interaction of observation, understanding, imagination and intention" (p. 76).

Sontag, Susan. *On Photography*. 3rd ed. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1977.

On Photography is a book of six essays that explores the meaning of photographs through the use of critical thinking. These intriguing insights are explorations into our society and culture from the invention of the photograph through the 1960's.

"A photograph is both a pseudo-presence and a token of absence" (p. 16).

". . . photographs express a feeling both sentimental and implicit magical: They are attempts to contact or lay claim to another reality" (p. 16).

"Photographs cannot create a new position, but they can reinforce one--and can help build a nascent one" (p. 17).

"Time eventually positions most photographs, even the most amateurish, at the level of art" (p. 21).

"The photograph is a thin slice of space as well as time" (p. 22).

"The ultimate wisdom of the photographic image is to say: "There is the surface. Now think--or rather feel, intuit--what is beyond it, what the reality must be like if it looks the way." Photographs, which cannot themselves explain anything, are inexhaustible invitations to deduction, speculation, and fantasy" (p. 23).

It would not be wrong to speak of people having a compulsion to photograph: to turn experience itself into a way of seeing" (p. 24).

Sussman, Aaron. *The Amateur Photographer's Handbook*. 8th ed. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1973.

Aged, yet timeless book on everything you would ever want to know about photography. How to take most any kind of photograph, how cameras work, to how photographs are developed. Very technical but easy to use as a reference.

Thompson, Jerry L. *Truth and Photography - Notes on Looking and Photographing*. Chicago: Ivan R. Dee, 2003.

This book contains three essays by the author that attempt to explain the photograph existence, the photographer and the viewer. He tries to understand "this complex state of affairs" by thinking about his thinking as a photographer and by exploring the thoughts of the viewer. He does not expect to make any determinations or to lead the reader in any one direction but to have us think about photography and its meaning.

"Photographers . . . They use the act of photographing the world--the photographic encounter--as a means of finding their way or understanding the world. They arrive at understanding by photographing" (p 11).

"When operating in this most ambitious mode, as a true medium, photography is concerned more with meaning in the largest sense than with visual design or style. Any single photographer, while at work, may be consciously thinking *only* of how this shape, this tonality, fits with some other, or not be conscious of thinking at all about what he or she is doing. But if his work grows out of an established, legitimate, and refined connection to the world he walks through--the world he sees, knows, and experiences--meaning comes to reside in the finished work as *if through its own agency* . . ." (p. 12).

"When a photographer's mind is perfectly equipped for his or her work, it is constantly making connections not only among the shapes it sees but among the things it encounters and their significances, and to the whole range of human thought and culture to which these significant things allude" (p. 13).

"His friend and supporter Ananda Coomaraswamy, writing in 1924, described Stieglitz's accomplishment with admirable clarity: . . . Just as in other arts there is no room here for the non-essential . . . the problem is so to render every element that it becomes essential . . ." (p. 24).

"His *truth* (Stieglitz) involves a completeness of another kind: a completeness that includes a convincing sense of the physical presence (if not the whole view) of the thing photographed, and also the artist's experience of the picture occasion" (p. 25).

"In the work of a painter like Georgia O'Keeffe, what the picture was "of" was of course important, but equally important was how the space of the whole picture was filled up in a beautiful way, with lines and color and rhythmic pattern extending right out to the edges and corners." (p. 27).

"Along with his 8 X 10 - inch view camera, he dragged all this life's baggage out onto the lawn to look at the Farmhouse, settling on a portion of it that showed O'Keeffe's alteration. In the *Phaedo* of Plato, seventy-year-old Socrates demonstrates how the soul commands the body, rather than the other way around. On the day of this picture in the summer of 1934, Stieglitz commandeered his seventy-year-old eyes, ignoring his aches and fear, and peered at the dim glass to level the camera and align pillar with shutter, shade-pull with window light, column turnings with clapboard. Feeling the emotional as well as visual weights of light and dark masses, he set the picture's margins to adjust their balance. Precision of line, deployment of tone, response to the season, its humid air and its growth - these and other components, sensed but surely never named by Stieglitz himself (perhaps he thought of notes, even instrument sounds in orchestral music, possibly a German tone poem or song), settled into place, into an open, resonant structure, a structure responsive to his and the place's past, to their history" (p. 30).

"The truth for Stieglitz was his emotional state, his response, how he felt" (p. 38).

"For Evans the truth was *his take*, what he made of what he saw" (p. 38).

"The artist exercises his mastery and control over the object in front of the camera in order to shape, to form the material so that it presents his vision, expresses his theme" (p. 39).

". . . the kind of photographic artist I am trying to describe, a master whose mastery is disarmed, struggles against self and will, against professional standards and the limits of craft, to find adequate visible form" (p. 47).

". . . the translation of a scene into a tonal palette - rather than any nameable or explainable feature of the subject that accounts for the sense of wonder the pictures embody" (p. 56).

"Over time-over years- . . . The process becomes, at least in part, reflective rather than deliberate" (p. 60).

". . . prints that were tonally pleasing but uncritical in the sense that they took no close notice of the things in front of the lens" (p. 60).

"We value most not those artists who reassure us that the world is a good, safe place but those who make us question what we think we know" (p. 98).

". . . in questioning the fundamental assumptions of the world we know, do greater service than talents content to celebrate that world's accomplishments, or even its mere existence" (p. 98).

"But it is also true that once a work of art has earned its stripes, has qualified as real art and not just well-meant ranting, it enters into the realm of *thinking*. Even if its motives and methods have mainly to do with feeling, a well-wrought work of art takes a stand, establishes a presence, becomes a point of reference" (p. 98).

Whiting, John R. *Photography Is a Language*. 1946 ed. Chicago: Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, 1947.

Interesting historical perspective about photographers, the mechanics of photography and the results. The aim of the author is to provide a how to book for photo journalism, more than just the techniques, but also the insights learned from years of experience of other photo journalists. Contains twenty interviews with photo journalists of the time.

Willumson, Glenn G. *W. Eugene Smith and the Photographic Essay*. New York: Cambridge University Press, 1992.

In this book Willumson uses three of Smith's photo essays, *The Country Doctor*, *Spanish Village and the Nurse Midwife*, to study Smith and his impact on the genre of the photo essay, *Life Magazine* editorial process and impact photos can have in the social context. It underlines the conflict between the artist expression of the photographer and the editor and publisher. Smith's photographs and the message he wanted to convey were not always the same as his editors. Discussion focuses on this conflict and how it was solve for the magazine and Smith.