

Words and Images ...Narratives...Facts and Fictions

Family Photos

Duane Michals, b. 1932

Allen Ginsberg, 1926–1997

Wendy Ewald, b. 1951

Charlee Brodsky—

The Audacity of the Mundane

Oct 28, 1908



MASQUERADE DANCE
AS
GEORGE AND MARTHA WASHINGTON

May 30 - 1909







POVERTY



STORAGE



INTERROGATION

Allen Ginsberg



Self-Portrait on my seventieth birthday in Borsalino hat and black cashmere-silk scarf from Milan & Dublin Thompson-tweed Suit, Oleg Cassini tie from Goodwill shirt same source, kitchen window mid-day, I stayed home & worked on Selected Poems 1947-95 proofs after returning from Walker Art Center reading - East exhibition weekend. Monday June 3, 1996, N.Y.

Allen Ginsberg



Neal Cassady and his love of that year the star-cross'd Natalie Jackson Conscious of their roles in Market Street Eternity: Cassady had been prototype for Jack Kerouac's 1950 On The Road sage hero Dean Moriarty, as later in 1960's he'd taken the driver's wheel of Ken Kesey's psychedelic-era day-glo Painted Merry Frankster Crosscountry bus "Further." Neal's illuminated American automobile mania, "unspeakably enthusiastic" friendships & erotic energy, had already written his name in bright-lit signs of our literary imaginations before movies were made imitating his ekhym. That's why we stopped under the marquee to fix the passing hand on the watch, San Fran-Cisco, maybe March 1955.

Allen Ginsberg



"Now Jack, as I warned you far back as 1945, if you keep going home to live with your "Mamère" you'll find yourself wound tighter and tighter in her apron strings till you're an old man and can't escape..." William Seward Burroughs' Camping as an André Biddian sophisticate lecturing the earnest Thomas Wolfean All-American youth Jack Kerouac who listens solemnly dead-pan to "the most intelligent man in America" for a funny second's charade in my living room 206 East 7th Street Apt 16, Manhattan, one evening Fall 1953.

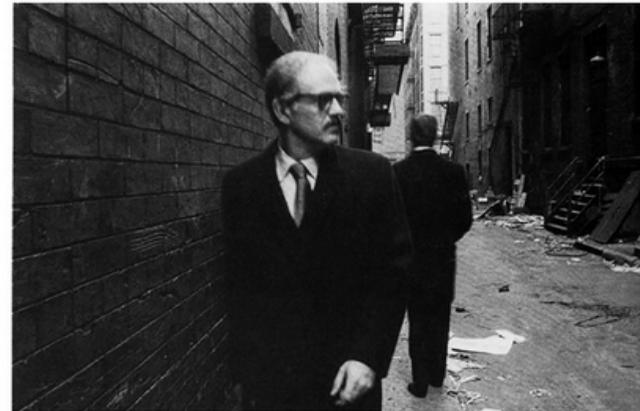
Allen Ginsberg



Jack Kerouac the last time he visited my apartment 704 East 5th Street N.Y.C., he looked by then like his late father, red-faced corpulent W.C. Fields shuddering with mortal horror, grimacing on O.M.T.'s I brought back from visiting Timothy Leary at Millbrook Psychiatric Community, Fall 1964. Allen Ginsberg

Duane Michals

CHANCE MEETING





*Odette can never be sure with any certainty
which reflection of herself she will see in the mirror.*

In 1970 I photographed my family posed in front of the Duquesne works where my father spent forty three years of his life. Since then, he and my grandparents have died. My brother has two additional sons and lives in Philadelphia. My mother moved there two years ago. Now we are all gone.



REMEMBER PITTSBURGH



I returned to Pittsburgh hoping to find the truth of my memories, and that part of me that I had left in those hills. The city seemed a place that I once ~~dreamt~~ dreamt about when I was young, where everything looked familiar, yet not all the same. Pittsburgh is as hard and beautiful as I recall, like a wise and mature man, still full of his strength but a little melancholy in his wisdom.

My grandfather was a kind and gentle man named Valentine
Mihal, and he worked in a steel mill all his life as did his
son. The work was dirty, hot, and long and they were ill paid.
My father drank. He had good reasons.



The hills of Pittsburgh lie along its rivers like sleeping women. This is the way they looked before we arrived here, and how they will look long after we've gone.



KAUFMANN'S

Going downtown always meant going to Kaufmann's. My mother worked there for years on the seventh floor helping to put my brother through medical school, and I also worked there briefly one summer. Every February the Scholastic Art contest was displayed in their auditorium, and I spent



all fall preparing for it. But the best thing of all was it's great art deco first floor. It was all black with diagonal aisles and wonderful murals, the most beautiful main floor of any store in America. When the Kaufmann family sold the business to the May Company, the new owners covered it all up and made it boring. What a loss.

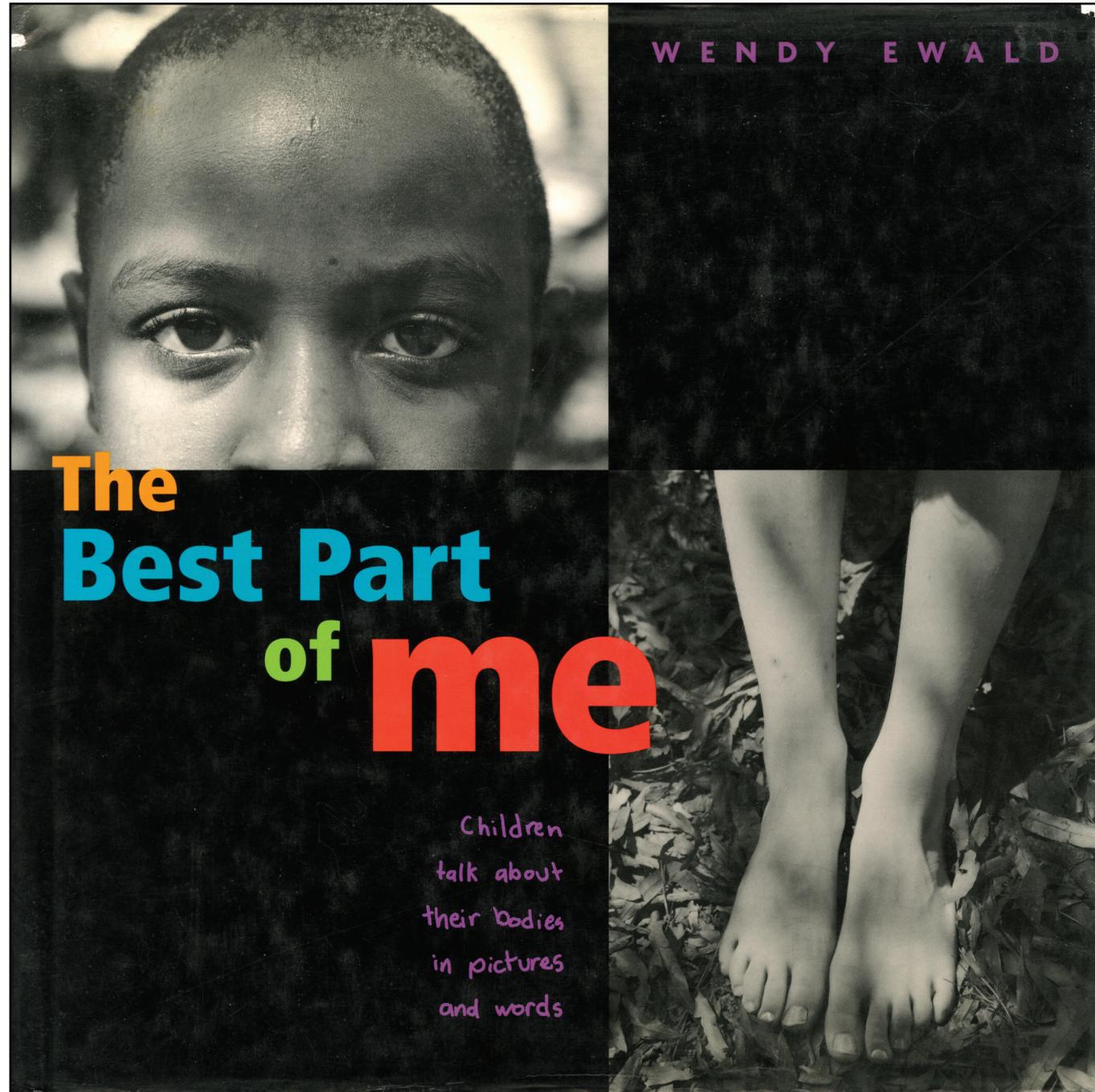
YELLOW

When I was a small boy I thought all rivers were yellow and all nights had yellow lights. It was a peculiar drama, and it all seemed very reasonable. I knew that when the sky was not yellow at night, my



dad was not working and it was bad. When we went to Indiana to visit relatives, I felt sorry for those children. Their nights were only black and without magic.

Wendy Ewald





My Hands

By:
Tramika
Davis

Ohhh. My hands. My old wrinkled hands. Can't you see the triangles in both of them? In the picture I have on 2 real rings, 1 plastic ring, and 1 fake tweesty bird ring. I have no ring on my thumb. My hands are big, I say strong. I lift some -things that are heavy. Maybe thats why they're big and ugly. The reason why my nails arent long is, because I bite them off.

I write with my right hand but if write with my left it looks sloppy. See the reason why I choose my hands is because I like them even if they're big and ugly.



My Elbow

My elbow is like a little circle.
I'm using my elbow when I'm
mad. I put my hand on my
waist and my elbow sticks out.
My elbows are on a table when I'm
writing or reading. I like my
elbows because I play with my
elbows when I jump rope.

By: Mari Garcia



Matthew
Eulbreth

The reason I took a picture
of my face is because my
mom says that I look like her
because my mom thinks that I
have nice eyes. Sometimes I like to
squint my eyes when I am in the
sun. My eyes are light blue as
my mom's are blue too. My hair is
the same as my mom's, dad's and my
brothers.



MY WONDERFUL LEGS! By Andrew Legge

Legs, Legs, you carry me a long way,
You hold me up when I'm out to play.
Legs, Legs, you're so strong,
So that I'm able to run very long.
You get very tired when I rollerblade
But you still go on,
That's how strong you are made.
You don't get hurt very easily,
I just hate when people call
you measly.



The knee poem

A Scar-the scar is a circle!

Some designs like lines and stripes!
long legs!

Summer time - taken in the summer time!
Background is the grass!

Hard legs - legs are hard!
my sweater is under my legs!

I can jump good with these knees!

(These knees are Hispanic!)

Laura Molina



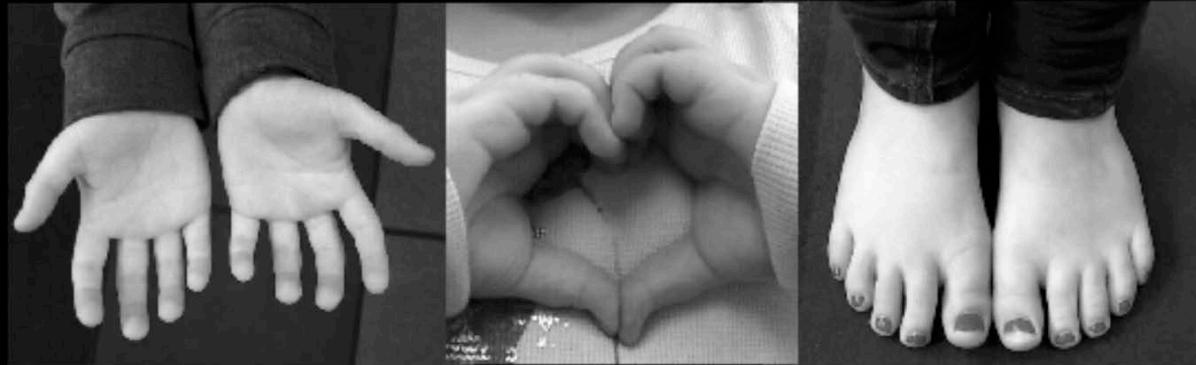
My back

I picked my back because if I didn't have my back then I couldn't move because every thing counts on my back.
And I put hair in the picture because I like my hair.
I can put barrets in my hair and I can braid it. My mom braids my hair a lot. she says I am her little Barbie. my hair is longer than my short sleeve shirt.



By: Beverly Benton

THE BEST PART OF ME



*BY THE FOURTH GRADERS
IN MRS. ISENBERG'S CLASS
2014-2015*

Charlee Brodsky

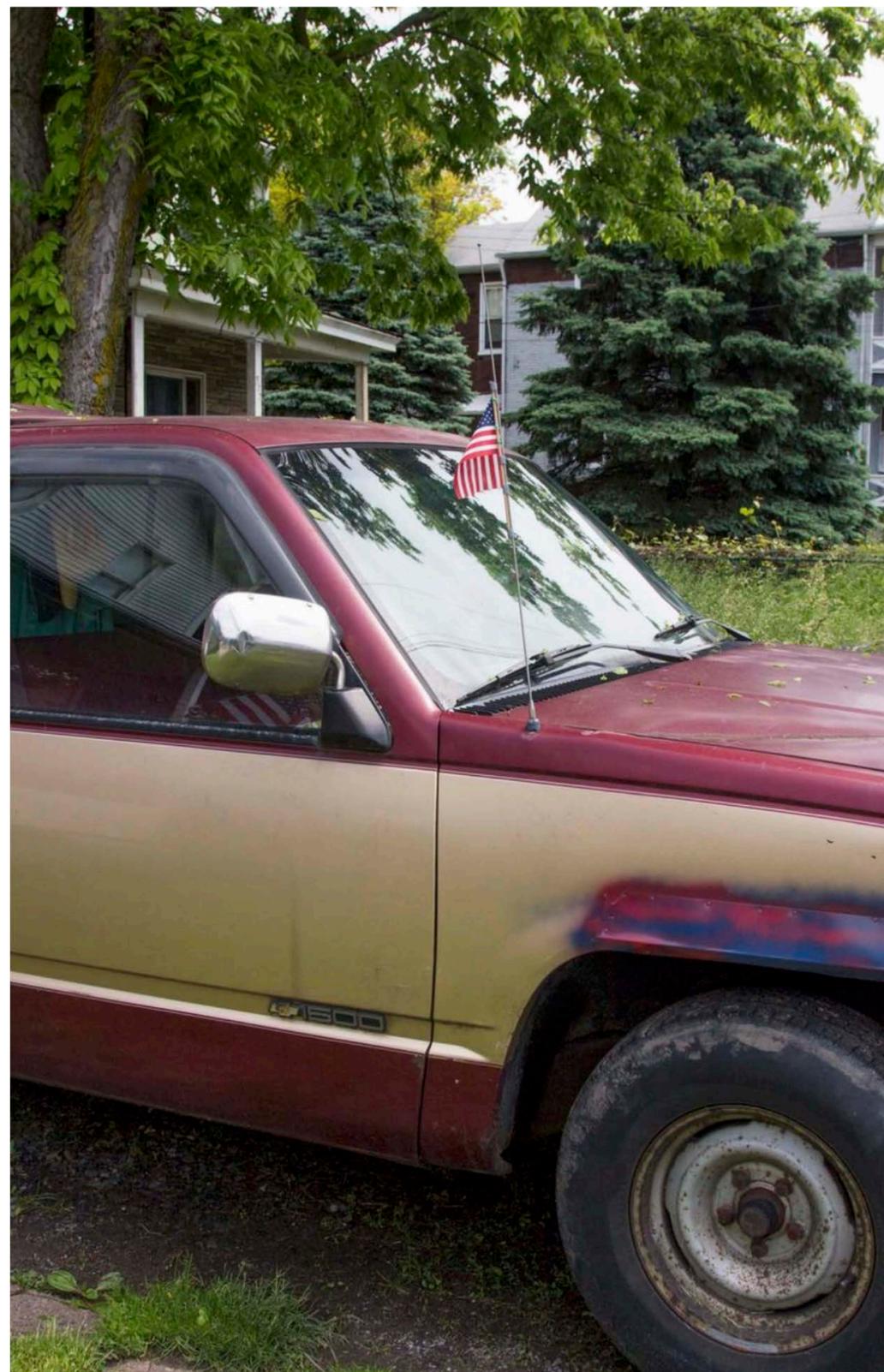
Stephanie



Homestead



American Patriot



The Audacity of the Mundane

Charlee Brodsky



The Moon Was as Full
as the Night Was Still
4200



Without His Crown He was No
Longer Feared as a Ferocious,
Carnivorous, Lascivious Beast
6023



Inter-planar Perspectives
and the Riddling Question
of Truth

6331



As the Sun Rose So Did They,
and Everyday They Thought
That it Rose for the First Time,
and Everyday They Believed it
Was Just for Them



The Child Climbed
a Mountain to Gaze
at the Stars

4075



In the Garden of
Parched Earth
3452



The Artist was a Minimalist Attracted to Nature's Lines but not its Blooms



Still Life with Eucalyptus,
Parasols, Ping Pong Ball,
and a Pink Paper Clip
6029



Flora, Fruit Bowl, Tennis
Balls, and Mesh Pouf
Sponge

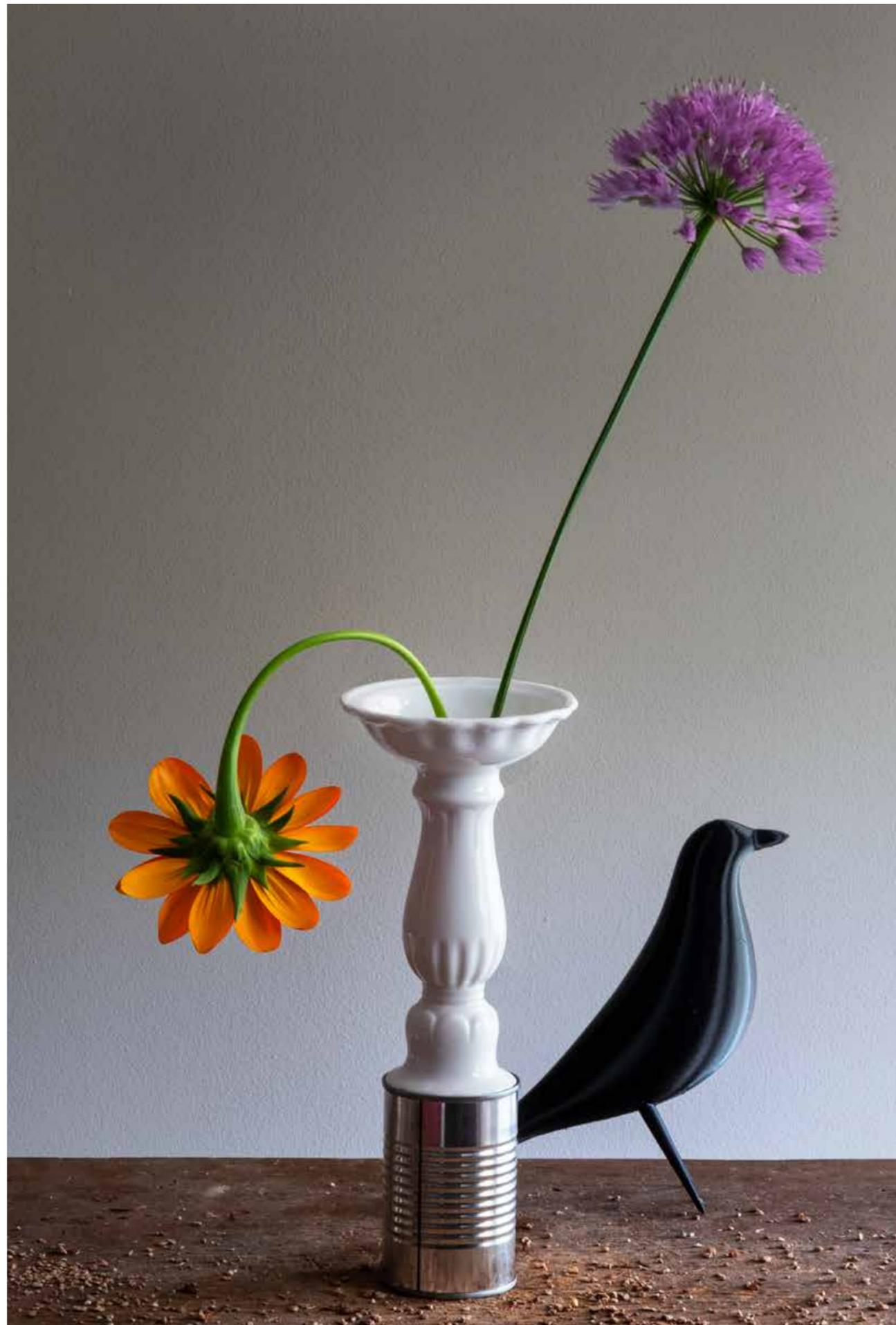
7525



Still Life in Orange, Purple,
Yellow, and Pig



They Were Gobsmacked by
the Beauty of it All
0931



A Bird and Two Blooms
4232



Sometimes Words, as in a Title,
Add Nothing to an Image,
But to its Detriment, Take Away
the Delight of Pure Visual Effect
3002



It was a Picture Perfect Life
But All was in Shambles
Around Him
7001



It Was Not Clear if They
Knew Which Way Was Up—
Fortunately a Visionary was
Among Them



After Researching their Genetic Past, the Bird, Box, Ball, Bear, Bunny, and Bow were Delighted to Learn that They were All Descended from the Brown Family
8598



The Prince Was a Frog
1999



Where Others Saw Chaos,
He Heard Jazz
9967



The Quantitative Measure of a Thing
May Not Reveal the Essence
of the Thing at All



It Took a Self-less and Ego-less Collaborative Interspecies Team to Balance the Ball and the Bloom on Their Heads

0181



They Make Each Other Happy
0631



It Was Now a Time Of Rest
and Contemplation



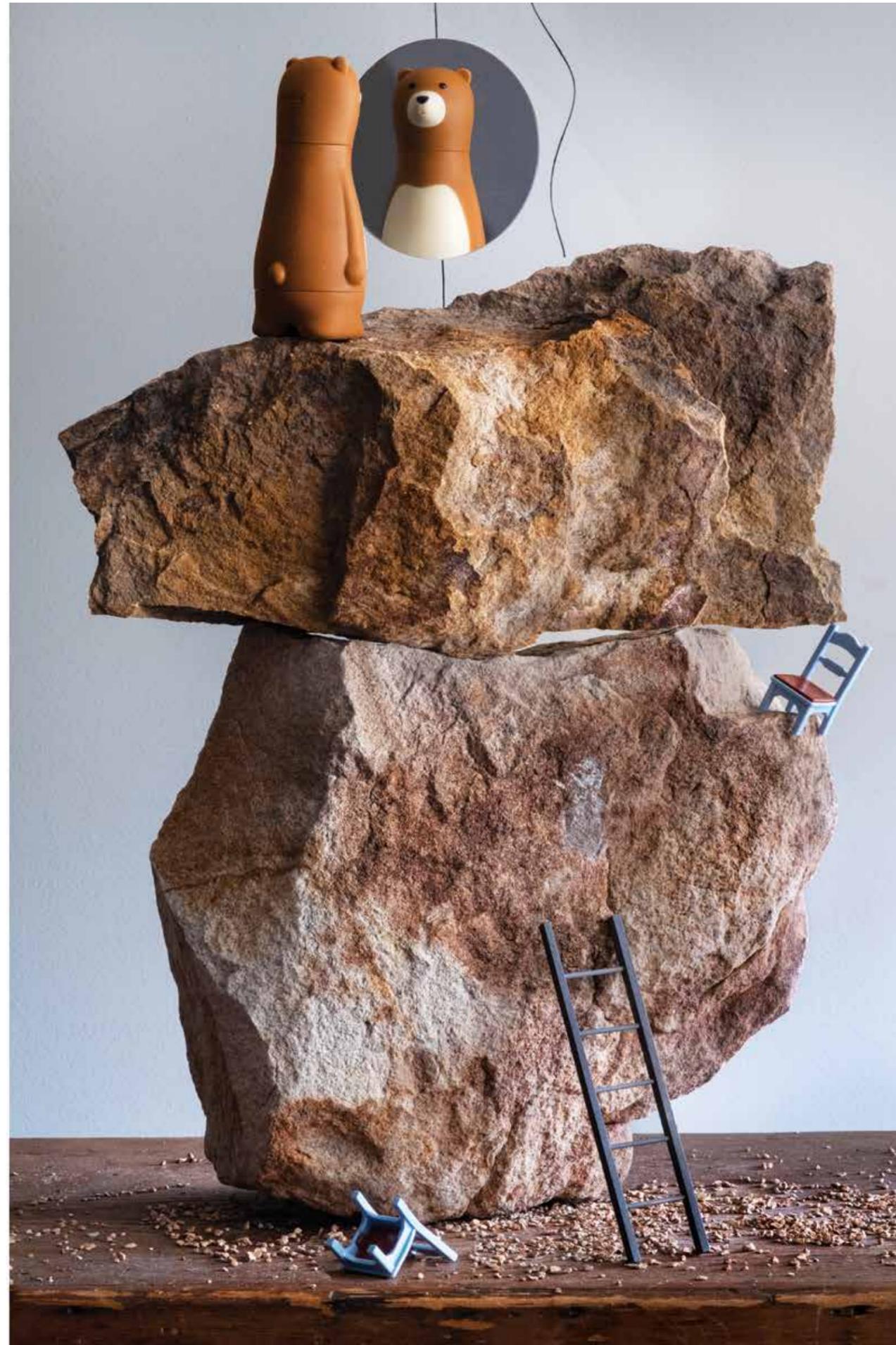
They Were United in Wonder
When Looking at Stars

7813

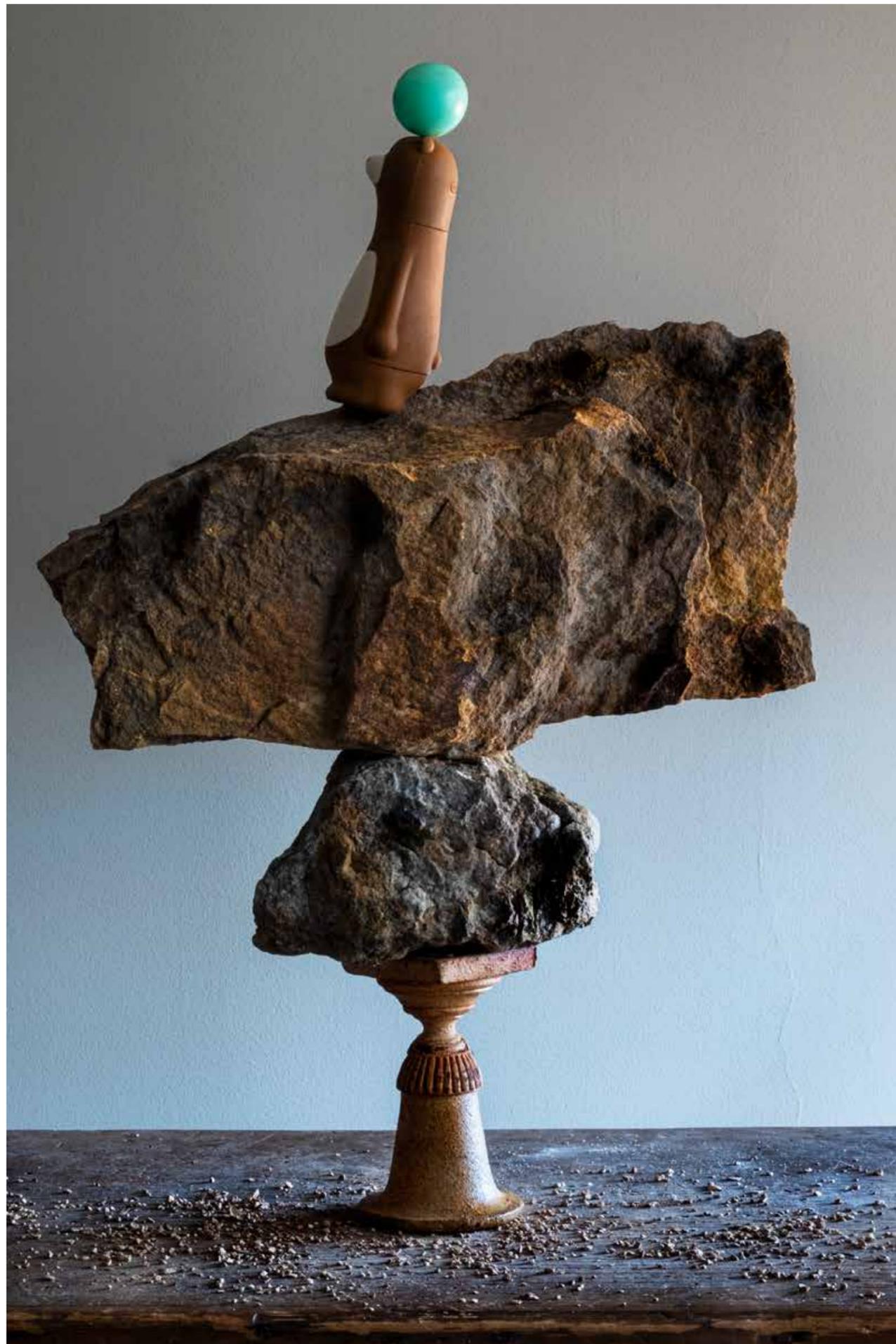




The Dark Perplexing Realm
of Consciousness
2302



Finding Himself was an Arduous Journey



In These Times of Uncertainty and Dread,
He Found it Hard to Balance a Ball Upon
His Head



It Was a Long Dark Frigid
Winter and as Spring Came
Out, So Did He



He Awoke from the Dream with
Chairs in Disarray, a Ball on his
Head, and Time Running Out
9083



In a Well-known Psychology Experiment Conducted at the Turn of the Century, it was Determined that Given a Situation in Which Two Bears Appear, the Bear Looking at You Gets your Attention



They Were Identical Twins
With a Genetic Aberration
0726



Obelisk
0071



In the Relatively New Field of Gender Studies It Was Determined that, With All Else Being Equal, Where They Place a Bow Signifies Their Gender



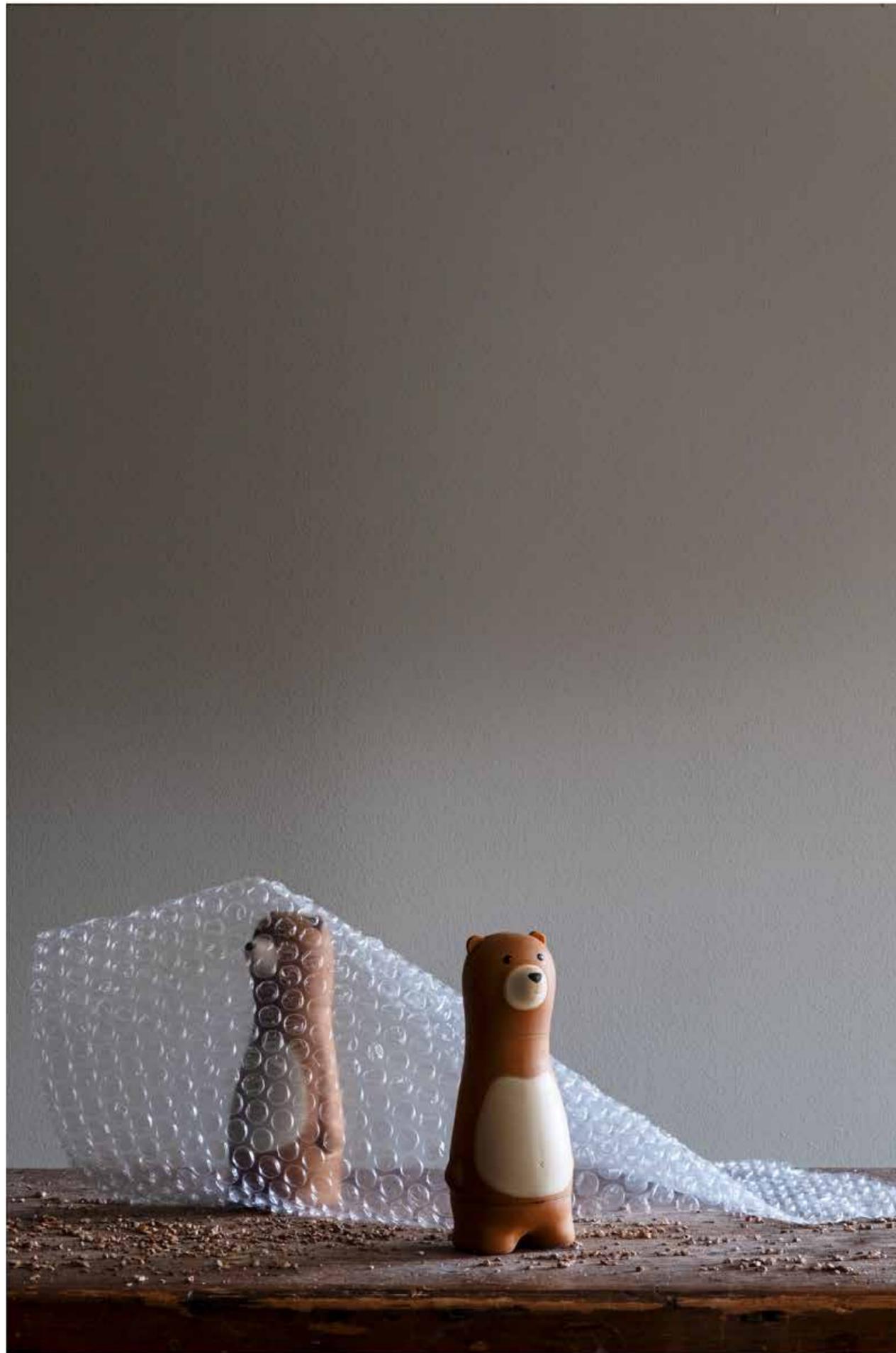
Recognizing the Earth's Limited Resources Resourceful Bears Invited the Birds to Nest Upon Their Heads



It was Indeterminant if They were a He/She, a She/She, a He/He, or a They/They, But what was Clear was that They Shared a Heart



To Be Conscious in an Indifferent Universe Chilled the Little Human to the Bone



She Exited the Scene
with a Soliloquy that
had no Script

0960



Obelisks



Out of Chaos, a Song Emerged
5497

