

# PIQUE

the photojournal of the Art Institute of Philadelphia  
03.01 Spring/Summer 2007



# Editor's Note

From the Editor's Desk:

First, let me apologize for the time span between issues. This Spring/Summer issue was originally due at the end of the spring quarter but, as with any publication in its infancy, the priorities, staff and deadlines shift as refinements occur. That being said, I hope you enjoy this fifth issuance of Pique and continue to contribute to (as well as look forward to) each one.

As this issue was going to press, the highly successful Philadelphia Stories show in the Art Institute Gallery was in progress. I was part of the small group of students invited to assist in the matting, framing and hanging of the show. This was an incredible opportunity and I would be remiss if I did not convey kudos to curator Maria Di Elsi-Connolly and our department head Rob Crites for their extraordinary efforts in bringing this to the Philadelphia community. I have personally been thanked by dozens of attendees who were thrilled that I told them about the show.

This fall, the Pique staff begins to enhance the content of our "photojournalism magazine" in a couple of ways. First, we will be supplementing the usual array of stories and events to include the purely artistic and creative aspects of photography. This will offer opportunities to students who wish to submit portfolio, workshop or other personal work beyond the news, event or editorial genres.

Secondly, since we have exhausted our instructors with our section on Tips and Processes, we will publish new pieces under the categorization Thoughts on... These will be thought-provoking original essays and articles that will contain interesting techniques or trends, philosophical viewpoints, or other pondering commentaries that the instructor/submitter has Thoughts on... We are excited about these new directions and look forward to hearing your comments. Enjoy!

Scott A. Drake  
August 22, 2007

P.S. As we go to press, we are scheduling a bus trip from 1622 Chestnut to the PDN PHOTO+PLUS Expo at the Jacob-Javits Center in New York City on Friday, October 19. Pre-register at [www.photoplusexpo.com](http://www.photoplusexpo.com) prior to September 27 for FREE ADMISSION to the expo.



## SUBMISSION GUIDELINES FOR PIQUE MAGAZINE

PIQUE Magazine is currently accepting submissions for the upcoming Fall 2007 and Winter 2008 issues. This is a unique opportunity for students in the ALPH community to have their work professionally published. Photographs are accepted from all student majors, however they must adhere to the following guidelines for both images and text.

**IMAGES**  
TIFF files only  
300 DPI  
CMYK only  
Flattened—no layers!

**WORDS**  
All images should be accompanied by text such as a caption, artist statement or photo story. Artist statements should be a minimum of 100 words and photo stories should be approximately 250-500 words. Please submit all text as a separate Microsoft Word document, not as a layer in the image file.

All file extensions should include your full name and materials can be burned to either a DVD or CD. Submission dates are subject to change. All images and copy may be edited for content or to fit space. If you have any questions please contact PIQUE via email at [sad185@stu.aii.edu](mailto:sad185@stu.aii.edu).

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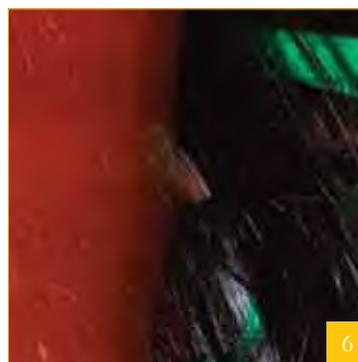
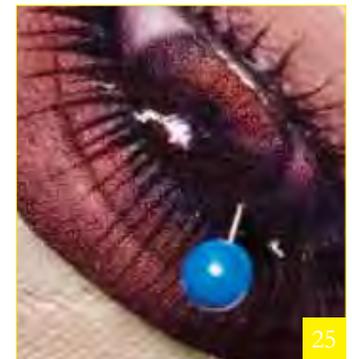
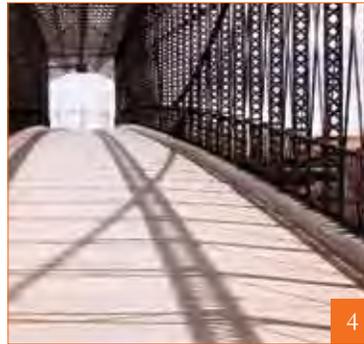
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# Exploring Arizona

I have always lived my life for nature and the great outdoors. Now for the first time, I had my plane ticket for a trip out west. My fiancé, Amanda, had family living in Sedona, and they wanted us to visit; how could I say no? I had been buying and packing everything I needed for my trip a little too early, a few months to be exact. It was Arizona or bust and that was my thought, every second of every day until it was time to leave. I had an image of what it would be like in my mind; however, I was soon to be humbled.

Upon arrival I was astounded at how different everything was, but how could I not be when I've never really left the east coast. We took a shuttle from the airport; I will never forget that ride through the giant Saguaro cacti, and onto the red rocks of Sedona. It was warm, and the sun was blasting the rocks, which were emitting a saturated glow. I remained awestruck for the whole trip from that point on.

A few days later, after a little exploring, we were on our way to the place I had only dreamed about seeing one day, the Grand Canyon. The ride was dreary and rainy. I kept a keen eye for crossing elk; they are everywhere up there.

I would like to say that Grand is far too small of a word for what the canyon really is. However, it was pouring rain and a complete whiteout when we arrived. Amanda's aunt bought us a room for the night at the Bright Angel Lodge on the south rim. This was a nice place to escape the drenching rain. The pictures I took of the canyon were taken with a window of opportunity of only about an hour, in between the rain that was turning to snow. The next morning, the canyon was a cloudy, foggy mess, visibility was no further than the guardrails. As we left unfulfilled, our thoughts were only of adventure. It was still snowing, but the further we drove from the canyon, the sunnier it got. We then, on a whim, decided to drive to Utah and see the monuments.



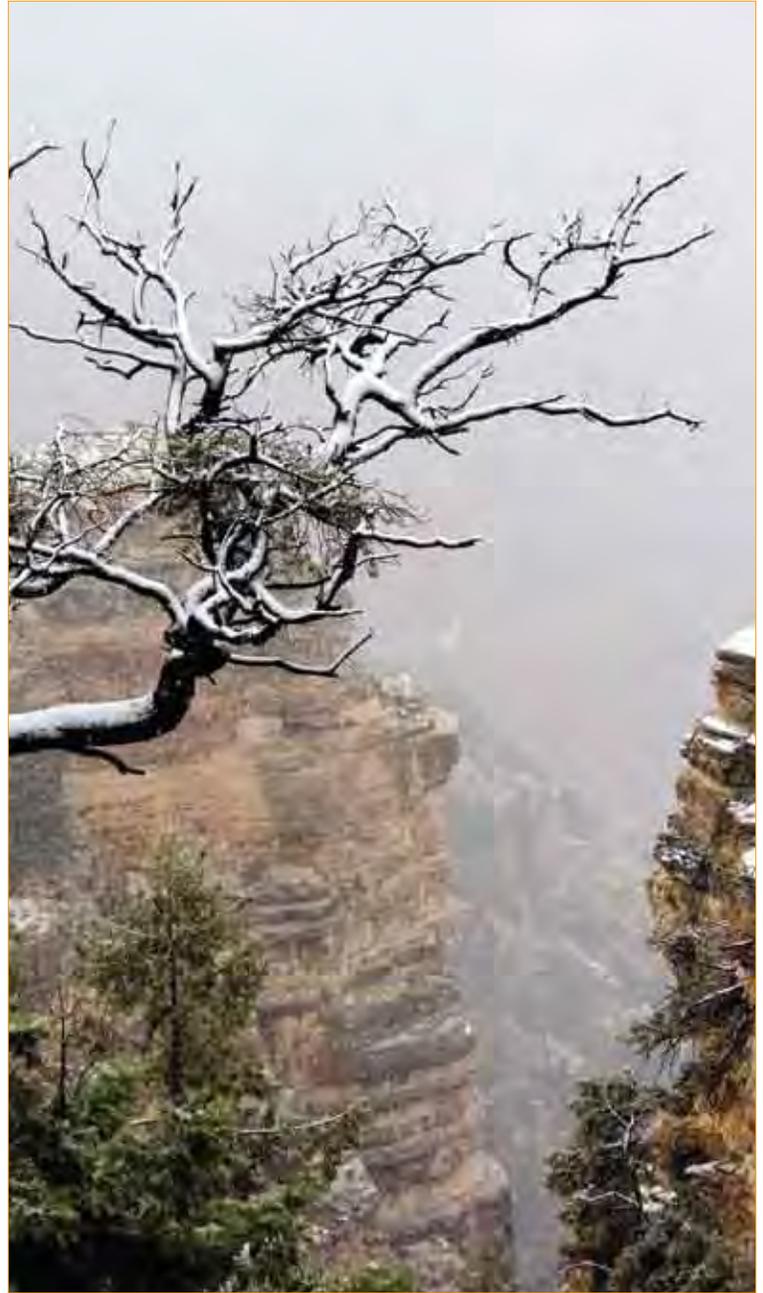


The sun was beaming, and it was warm again. Only open road with canyons on one side and mountains on the other stood between us and Utah—unless our car decided to die in the middle of nowhere, which of course it did. We waited all day for a tow back to Sedona. So much for Utah.

We had 5 days left, so we just explored all around Sedona again. This time we found spots that we thankfully did not miss. The first place we went was called the Seven Sacred Pools. The hike was magnificent. We detoured

along a dried up riverbed. The pools were cascading down a cliff side, seven naturally carved out holes, filled with water. I can only imagine what it looked like during a rainstorm.

On our second to last day there, we went to Bell Rock. It was about a 45-minute hike just to get there, and then the hike up the rock was spectacular. It was a wide-angle view of Sedona and the surrounding areas. Closer to the top I had to free climb to get higher.



The view was even more astounding. Vast had new meaning for me.

The time had come to leave, and it saddened me. I was told that Sedona and a city in France are the only places in the world with a special magnetic soil. People say it changes the way you feel; this could not be more right. The trip had without a doubt, changed my life forever. I collected my thoughts and about 20 pounds of rocks and things from Arizona and headed back east. I shall return one day soon; the west makes me feel at home.

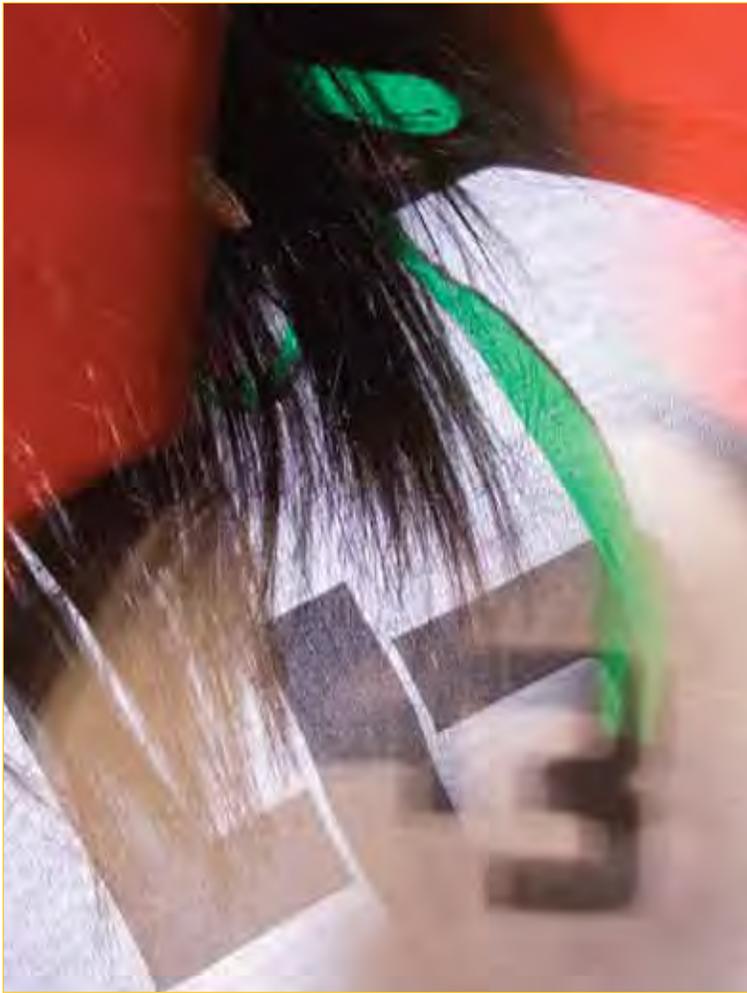
# Hausey

The snowboard and skateboard industry are all about motion and movement both in the actual sport and the life-style itself. These photographs incorporate all aspects of the industry into vivid, identifiable images. The energy of the sport comes through the camera movement. The colors accommodate the pop-culture growth of the snowboarding and skateboarding industry. I specifically emphasized the logos of the items of clothing with a flash to achieve a commercial graphic.

Ever since I was in middle school (age 13), I have always had a voice telling me, "Skateboarding is so cool." At that age, I was more concerned with a boy that was into skateboarding, but I realize now that I really do love the sport. I also grew into snowboarding over the past 4 years. I love the whole idea of the relaxed lifestyle and just having fun with your friends. I never had that growing up as a child. I also love the clothing, the places, the people, and the whole attitude of the skateboard lifestyle, even though I never have achieved it. It wasn't until college that I started to find myself and what I really enjoy doing. I've learned to know what I love.

The following photographs are to be advertisements for a skateboard/snowboard company. Mainly to be used for magazine ads, the images are influenced by motion, light, color, and the mere love of the skateboard and snowboard industry.





# Community Options

Community Options L.L.C. is a day program run by the state that offers contract work, arts, crafts and skill building activities to people with special needs. The people that attend this day program are known as consumers. These people are not clients, and they are not patients. They do not receive medical treatment at this facility. I believe that they are known as consumers because we are all consumers. To say that they are consumers is to say that they are just like everyone else. They are people, and they play a role in society. This program offers them that sense of belonging and integrity that is found through responsibility.

Lorra Roach manages the Community Options site that I focused on. She always wanted to have more children, and in a way she got that when she started working at this company. The consumers are her employees, but they are employees with special needs. The consumers' mental conditions range from mild to severe mental retardation to cerebral palsy, autism, Down syndrome, and head injury related conditions.

This is a photographic documentation and personal account of seven consumers at the Community Options site. They are Abel, Daniel, George, Louie, Stephanie, Tony and Vinnie. I focused on their behavioral characteristics that distinguish each of them and their mental conditions. The moments in these photographs were offered to me through the bonds I made with the consumers, who have touched my heart.







There have only been a few times in my life where I saw something that made me want to stop. I've always been an A to B kind of person, never a fan of interruption. But one Sunday morning a few months ago, I found an interruption that I could not pull myself away from.

It happened when I was walking past a small alley, noticing a large flock of pigeons socializing inside. When I came closer to the group, all of the birds immediately took flight. All except for one, the one that couldn't fly. There was something different about this pigeon. I had my camera. The reason that I photographed this bird was not that it was the only pigeon that couldn't get away from me fast enough. The reason that I fell in love with this bird was that, in looking closer, I noticed that it had some kind of deformity.

I was immediately drawn to this bird. A few feathers were missing from the back and the small patch of skin peeking through looked unhealthy, perhaps diseased. The feet and face were the only parts of its body that didn't seem swollen or abnormally bloated. Did it have cancer? Was it a tumor? Was it in pain? After a few pictures, I backed off for a while just to observe. The rest of the birds slowly returned to the ground.

As I saw my bird next to the others, its distorted shape became more noticeable. My pigeon also could not walk like the other birds, most likely crippled due to its sickness. And then I saw something that broke my heart. I began to see that my bird was being secluded and ignored. The rest of the flock would not even acknowledge its presence. When I had startled the flock, my bird was left alone on the sidewalk while the other birds flew to safety. Not one bird stayed to keep it company, to protect it, to help it.

No big deal, it's just a pigeon. But it's not just a pigeon. While contemplating this cruel behavior, I realized that this situation happens every day—with humans. Isn't it true that when you see someone who is mentally challenged or has some sort of deformity, it is hard to look at him or her?



It is not that you don't care, but that you feel almost embarrassed, not wanting to stare. However, this in turn causes you to ignore that this person is even a human being, that they even exist.

In that moment, I wish that I could have become a bird. Because if I was a bird, I would have befriended my broken pigeon. I would not have flown off. I would have acknowledged my bird. Because nothing would be more awful than to be alive but not exist.

# Self-Examination

Socrates said that the unexamined life is not worth living. It is certain that while there were many ways a person may have performed self-examination through various spiritual, philosophical and moral methods in Socrates' time, it is also certain that photography through the past one hundred and fifty years has been a frequent medium for many modern-day self-examinations through self-portraiture.

Even in earlier art forms, the self-portrait has historically been a vehicle for artists to portray how they perceived themselves. True, some painted themselves with more flattering features or as better looking than others portrayed them, but some rendered their own images with personal reflection giving the viewer more emotional or spiritual insight. Many photographers have taken similar liberties with their own self-portraits for innumerable reasons. Robert Mapplethorpe used his work to express his sexuality, for instance.

My initial motivation was simple enough: to force myself to be in front of the camera and perhaps release personal poor self-image feelings that had been established over the years. I have taken some aspects of the works of Duane Michals, Lee Friedlander and Ralph Eugene Meatyard

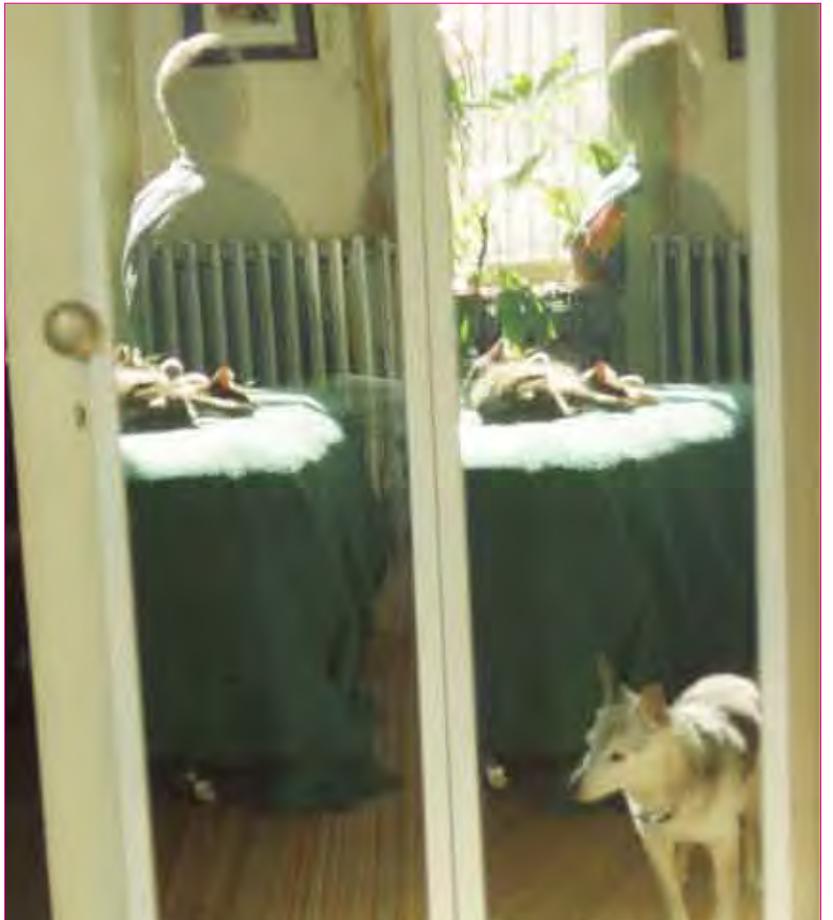


(as well as some others to a lesser extent) as a starting point for my own self-examination.

Using a standard 35mm SLR traditional film camera, I have presented myself within mirrors, multiple exposures, slow-shutter exposures, diptych, triptych or a combination of these to externalize my internalizations.

One final thought: while I am the subject of each image, I am also the photographer. I am never able to see myself in the viewfinder before the picture is taken; when the timer is set and the shutter button is pressed, I am not in the picture, so when the shutter triggers, the person I capture is not the me that is taking the picture. Each picture is of a subject that has stepped out of his usual role and into another persona, and it is up to the viewer to determine whom they see.





# Scouting the Remains

Located in the eastern coal region of Pennsylvania, Centralia was established as a town in 1856. As anthracite coal was and still is abundant in this location, it was a home to a thriving coal mining industry and a community of working class families. It was a bustling borough with its saloons, a couple theatres, churches, hotels and, of course, a post office. Two railroads served the area, once coming from Philadelphia and Reading, as well as the Lehigh Valley Railroad. There was even an Irish gang in town called the Molly Maguires, and they ran about doing their high jinks, engaging in a little debauchery every now and then. The town eventually carried a population of two thousand residents and Centralia was building itself a foundation.

Then, in 1962, a vein of coal that ran far down into the earth was ignited when a worker was burning a garbage fire at the local landfill. This created a mass fire that spread through the coal underneath the ground, and all attempts to extinguish the fire failed. As anthracite takes a while to burn, and it is plentiful in Centralia, it has continued to blaze to this day, and supposedly there is enough of it to continue for at least the next couple hundred years. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania didn't have too much trouble getting the majority of the residents to relocate, aside from the dozen or so folks who remain in a place unlike any other, but to them, this is home.



The Theme for this year's Philadelphia Flower Show was "Legends of Ireland." We journeyed to the legendary Tir-na-nag, where the leaves are always green and the flowers always bloom. More than two hundred select judges came from across the nation to take part in the flower competition.

The show had many attractions, including free hourly lectures, demonstrations, gardening, arranging, garden tea, Celtic music and a market place. The wide range of markets consisted of merchants selling tools, sculptures, plants, Irish crafts, glassware and artwork.

Flower Show exhibitors undertake the art of forcing trees, plants and shrubs into bloom for the show, using temperature and lighting controls to help the plants fully bloom.



# Work for Hire

I use each and every opportunity I am given as a student to shoot what I want to shoot. I am a fashion photographer to the bone. Although it may seem that I have tunnel vision, I believe that focusing on your strengths allows you stand out above the thousands of other photographers in your field.

These images are four months worth of pre-conceived ideas and sketches that I have stored in my little book of crazy concepts over the past year-and-a-half of my education at the Art Institute of Philadelphia. There is no running theme or thread of similarity within the book, which was done purposefully. I wanted to attempt a little bit of everything. Using women from different ethnicities, I captured a varying range of emotions and displayed both their intentional and unintentional sexuality.

The title, "Work for Hire" is based on the impending struggle I will find myself in after graduation to find a stable job. For me, these images act as a calling card to perspective employers in the future.

As for right now, these images serve as important mile-stones in my academic career. After each photo shoot, I became more knowledgeable about lighting techniques, make-up, and wardrobe or the lack thereof. For excessive demands and early shooting schedule, I'd like to thank and apologize to all my friends that modeled for me!





# Disco Biscuits

The Disco Biscuits are a band that started back in 1995 at the University of Pennsylvania. Every member of the band studied music there and graduated with music degrees except the drummer, who could play almost every instrument anyway. They sought to create a new genre of music, appropriating styles from classical, jazz, Jam-band, and electronic dance. This genre is known today as bisco.

The way postmodern artist Duane Michal's storytelling series "Things are Queer" cycles back to its original image at the end is the way that this genre of music works. Each written song has a beginning, a middle section, and an ending, but rarely do you hear a song played from its beginning to end. Instead you will hear one section of a song improvised into a section of a different song and then improvised back to end the original song. Also, the Disco Biscuits write rock operas where a series of songs tells a story. These songs are also improvised into one another without a pause or break in music. The critical practice in this is carefully planning out how each set of music is going to be played. Each individual song has the possibility of being played in three different ways. First, the song could be played as a stand-alone. This means the song is played from start to finish. If the song is inverted, this means that the ending of the song is played first, followed by the beginning. Last, and most complicated, is a dyslexic version of a song. This means that in the first set of music, you might hear the middle section or end of a song, and the beginning of that song may not come until the second set or even later on that tour. This raises the music to an intellectual level, and not just an aesthetic experience. The critique of representation is questioning how we listen to music. The unstudied spontaneity of this style of music was new and stood in opposition to anything that had come before. The new genre of Bisco defied the normal melodic structure as in the repetition you hear in pop songs. Instead you have each member of the band playing their own line of music harmonizing with the other members of the band to create multiple voices instead of one grand narrative, the expression of the individual at a particular moment.



Appropriating ideas from what we feel is paradise on earth; many of their songs are written about tropical islands and euphoria to create an aesthetic feeling. The real aesthetic feeling, though, comes from the way they play. Using their jams to slowly bring you to a climax unlike anything heard before in the history of music.

# Ghost Town

Atlantic City is sought out by more fortune hunters than beach goers. The city is synonymous with gambling, but beyond the apparent abundance of wealth is a city of extreme diversity and economic contrast. Its artificial atmosphere seems to suppress its reality; a wasteland littered with dilapidated homes and weathered structures lies beyond the slot machines. Many buildings are questionably uninhabited and were it not for the life of the casinos, parts of Atlantic City could easily be mistaken for a ghost town.



# Traces

My series, "Traces," focuses on abandoned buildings and objects once loved, but now left behind. The buildings, for the most part, can be found in and around my hometown. These are places I have passed on a daily basis growing up and have watched as they slowly have fallen into a state of despair. Never knowing the people who once inhabited them has always made me question and imagine who they were. The mystery behind these things is part of what drives my ambition to take these photographs. What happened to the people who once lived here? Most people's lives can be told or memories relived through their homes and the objects within. Being in someone's home and getting a sense of the objects inside, what they once could have been like, almost connects you to the people who once lived there. My intention is to not only allow my own, but also the viewer's imagination to let go.





# The Regulars

I used to work as a waitress at a bar. I would work lunch and dinner hours, and sometimes cocktail hour. A lot of people know what the inside of a bar looks like at the peak night hours, but only a few people see the regular customers that come in everyday all day. When you work a regular schedule at a bar, you can't help but get to know the people that come in all the time. It starts with just remembering their name and their regular drink order, and then over time they'll tell you their story.

There was one in particular that I got to know very well from seeing him each day. His name was Bob, and he was divorced with no kids. He would come in everyday and stay almost all day when he was supposed to be at work. Bob was my favorite because after getting to know him, I realized he wasn't just a quiet guy sitting at the end of the bar. He hid from the world on that barstool. I remember him saying to me: "Well kiddo, I wish I could say things will get better, but that just hasn't been my experience." He had so much sadness and pain inside of him, but everyday he would be overlooked as another faceless bar fly.

I met quite a few similar men at that bar with many stories to tell, but with no one to listen. They all sat together as if they were holding each other up by existing. Sometimes not a word was spoken between them, but they all seemed to say the same thing without talking; their faces and hunched over bodies told their stories of defeat. Each day they kept coming back and drinking the same drinks in the same routine, trying so hard to forget it all. In this series, I wanted to show the profound difference in the appearance of the bar lit by daylight. I also have attempted to portray the nameless faces that come in everyday whose stories are always overlooked. And hopefully, by these photographs, I will do justice to Bob and his quiet sadness, always thinking that the world will look better through the bottom of a glass.





# re: construction

The Art Institute of Philadelphia's Gallery at 1622 Chestnut Street has all types of art hung on its walls. Sometimes the art comes from the students; most of the time it is from local artists. However, never has the gallery been curated by the students until this past December 2006 when Patrick Coue's 20th Century Art History class organized four local artists' work to show in the gallery. With the exception of finding the artists, which Patrick helped out with, the students did all the work from promotion to creating the displays.

The artists all used different mediums and had very different creations, but what tied them together was that they all used existing objects to convey their messages. The gallery show was dubbed "re: construction" to show the four different art forms and the four different ways of engaging the world. Photographer Benjamin Pierce uses existing man made objects, such as the first computer ENIAC, to abstract with macro photography and create elegant designs. Sculptor Scot Kaylor uses a lot of scrap from junk yards and other places to create new works of art from discarded stuff. Installation artist Amy S. Kauffman uses origami type pieces made from wrappers and other paper to fill the space she has been given with different designs. Every space she works in is different, and so is the art she adds to it. Finally, video artist Andrew Jeffery Wright uses stop motion photography to make videos out of drawings he has made for magazines and other media to convey his message.

The gallery show's opening night was Thursday December 7th, 2006 and ran through January 21st, 2007. The show was the first of its kind and it went off without a hitch. The gallery attracted so much attention that there will undoubtedly be another show just like it and hopefully in the future a student curated show of student work.



*Information and more photographs of the show and artists can be seen at <http://stu.aii.edu/~ac1824>.*

The media today sets the guidelines and the defining rules in our society when it comes to determining who is beautiful. Beauty has become an overwhelmingly marketable product for American consumers due to the stereotypical image that American women have been led to believe is true and real. Women are surrounded, by every avenue of the media, with an unattainable image of what they are supposed to look like. Television shows depict plastic surgery as a common practice and suggest that every woman consider it. Runway models project the notion that the thinner you are, the more desirable you become. When in all actuality, many of the models suffer from serious eating disorders that threaten their health and well being. This brainwashing approach has led millions of women to go to extreme lengths to obtain this image of perfection. Whether it is crash dieting, hiding their true identity under piles of makeup, or even undergoing surgery, women will do almost anything to achieve the overly emphasized and highly commercialized image of beauty and perfection.

Sadly what the majority of American women do not realize is that beauty comes in all shapes and sizes. We are all individuals and not meant to follow a particular pattern in order to be seen as beautiful. The uniqueness of one's character is what truly sets one woman apart from another. Beauty is not something that can be measured in makeup, pounds, or inches; it is a trait that is seen from the inside out. Physical beauty is second to that which comes from within.

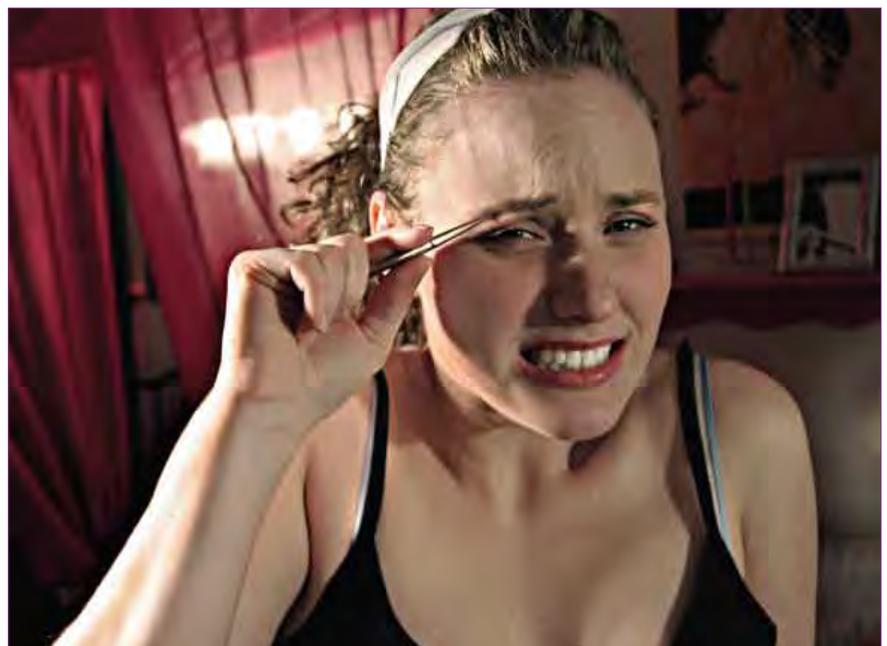
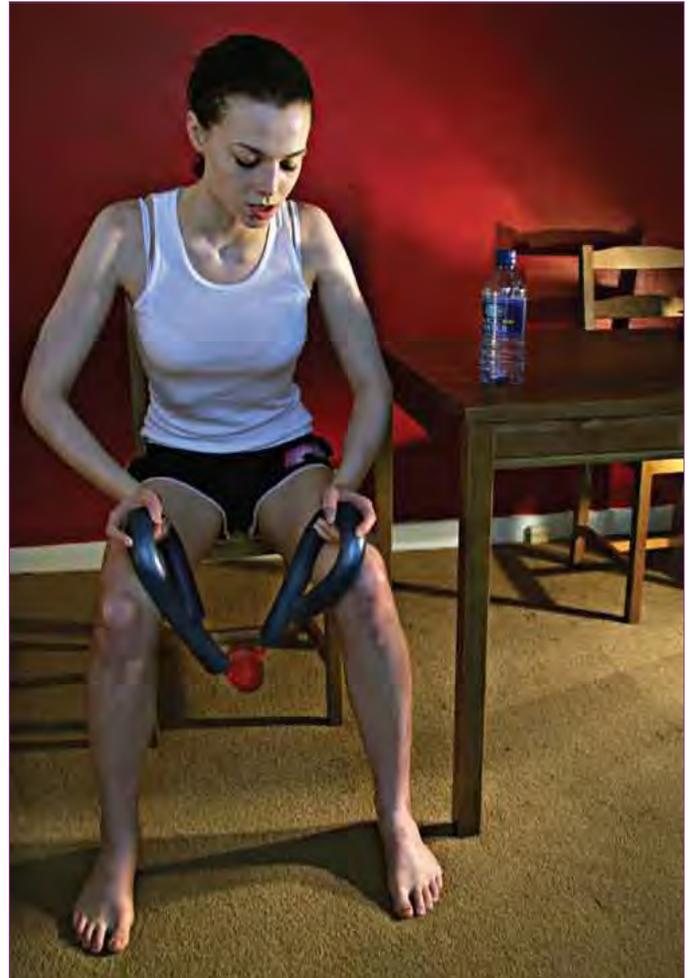


# Beauty Pains

More and more in our society ridiculous standards of beauty are being shoved in our faces, especially when it comes to women. Today women have to be extremely skinny to be thought of as “beautiful” and “perfect” in the eyes of this weight-obsessed generation. My goal was to show the outrageous things that some women do to obtain the look of this unrealistic standard of beauty that is set for them. I wanted to touch base on both the serious side, such as eating disorders and, on the lighter side, how women spend hours doing hair and makeup and hurting themselves just to look perfect. Overall I wanted to show the torture of what women do to get the look of perfection presented to us by our society.

In today’s age, the one that uses computer technology to enhance things, how do we know what is real and what is retouched? Well, the answer is, we don’t, but still women find themselves striving to look like these retouched images they see every time they flip through the pages of magazines. Women may do some silly things to enhance their looks, such as using scary things that almost look like medical tools to pluck their eyebrows and curl their lashes. But they also do some very scary things that could permanently harm them, such as binge and purge and just obsess over weight in general.

I wish I could say that as a woman I did not care about what society thinks. I will admit that I too use those scary tools to pluck my eyebrows and have my days where I obsess over my weight and think things like “why can’t I look like her?” However, the reason I did this project is because I do genuinely care about this issue, and I would love for women to just love themselves for who they are, and I include myself in wishing to do the same.

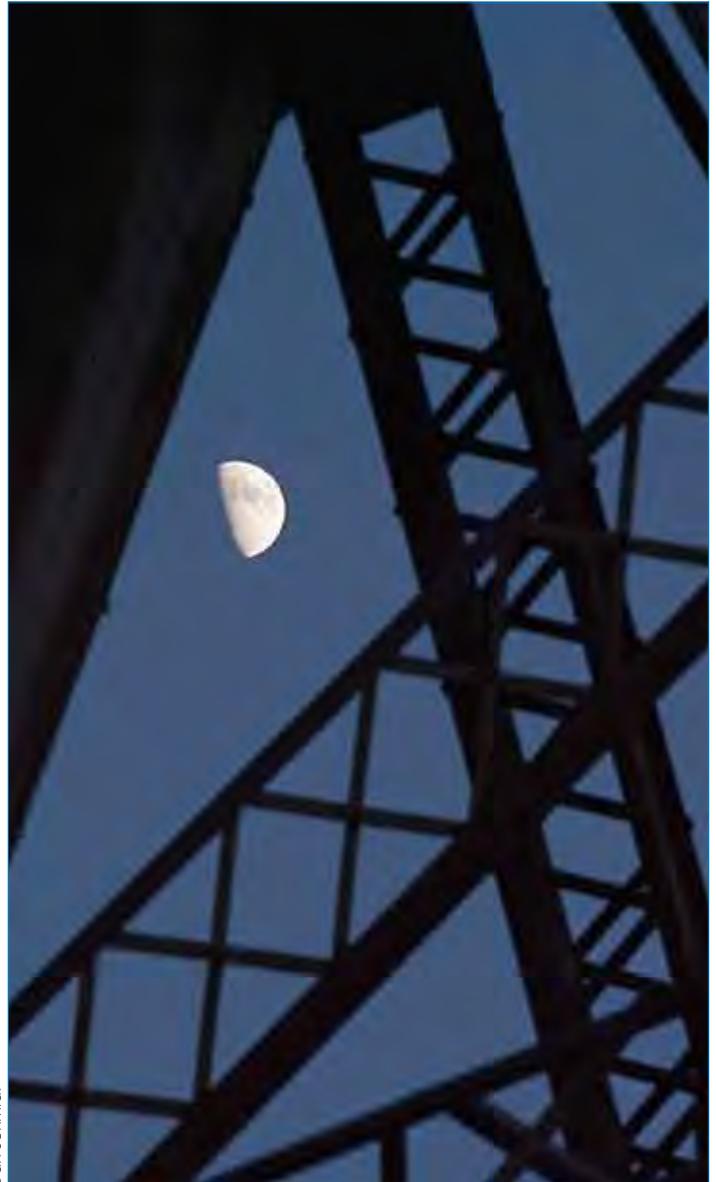




# Portfolio



Rochelle Morfon



Dan Schmidt



Christine Bielazka



Kate Campbell





Jacqueline Cerniglio



Melissa Kane

## THE JULIAN LEVY GALLERY AT THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART

Dreaming in Black & White: ARTHUR STIEGLITZ  
Through November 4, 2007

A preeminent figure in twentieth-century photography, Alfred Stieglitz changed the face of the medium with his well-crafted prints, his passionate efforts to establish photography as a fine art, and his daring art gallery known as 291. After his death in 1946, his wife Georgia O'Keeffe carefully selected a handful of institutions to receive representative gifts of his work. Her 1949 donation to the Philadelphia Museum of Art formed the foundation for the Museum's renowned and ever-growing collection of photographs, now numbering around 29,000 images.

The inaugural exhibition in the Levy Gallery, in its new location in the Ruth and Raymond G. Perelman Building, pays tribute to this integral and treasured holding by featuring a selection of approximately 40 masterpieces from the Museum's extraordinary collection of 600 photographs by the artist. In addition to the group of Stieglitz images donated in 1949, the exhibition features art from the collection of photographer Dorothy Norman, a student and close associate of Stieglitz's, who donated her personal collection to the Museum and founded its Alfred Stieglitz Center in his honor. Also included are recent gifts from the Georgia O'Keeffe Foundation that have not previously been exhibited. Demonstrating the range of Stieglitz's work as well as of the collection, the exhibition includes large photogravures, portraits of artists, selections from the series Georgia O'Keeffe: A Portrait and Equivalents, a group of portraits of Dorothy Norman, later images of poplar trees at Stieglitz's family retreat at Lake George, New York, and views of New York City photographed from his home in the Shelton Hotel.

## ARTHUR ROSS GALLERY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

Through October 15, 2007

"Beauties and Other New Work, Photographs by Evelyn Lauder," thru July 16 | All proceeds from this traveling exhibition are donated to The Breast Cancer Research Foundation, which supports the Abramson Cancer Center at Penn | "Modern Latin American Culture: Annemarie Heinrich, Grande Dame of Argentine Photography," Aug 26-Oct 15 in cooperation with Dean Eduardo Glandt & the Guillermo Rosenblum Foundation, Buenos Aires

## GALLERY 339

TINA BARNEY: WORLD STAGE

September 15 - October 27, 2007

World Stage is an exhibition of recent and early portraits from the internationally renowned photographer Tina Barney. World Stage weaves together Barney's portrait work from over the past twenty-five years, including images of her family and friends, portraits of European aristocracy, and her most recent photographs from China.

## PHILADELPHIA MASTERS

November 2 through January 5, 2008

George Krause, William Larson, Ray K. Metzker, Ruth Thorne-Thomsen

## MICHENER MUSEUM

Gershwin to Gillespie: Portraits in American Music

Through October 7, 2007

A salute to 20th century music is being presented via this photographic exhibition, organized by George Eastman House International Museum of Photography.

## THE GALLERIES AT MOORE; MOORE COLLEGE OF ART

Joel Katz; "Mississippi 1964: Images From Freedom Summer"

Through October 14, 2007

Exhibition showcases Joel Katz's civil rights photo essay "And I said No Lord" presented in honor of Constitution Day, Sept. 18. Katz, an artist living in Philadelphia, has been an adjunct faculty member at Moore and continues to serve as a visiting artist.

### *Thoughts on Photoshop Workflow:*

It's difficult not to be enamored of the digital image when it opens on the monitor: it's right there and you didn't have to do anything to get it there, really. It's like reality—except that it's a photograph, which is not in any way reality. Which is why we have to work on the picture: to make it better mimic reality.

When the image opens in Photoshop sit back and look at it for a moment. Go to a black screen and press Tab to remove the palettes and press Command plus "R" to get rid of the rulers if they're open. Examine the picture. Look around the edges to see where there might be lighter areas that draw the eye. Look for color bias in the neutrals, the highlights and the shadows. Consider what needs emphasis and what needs to be suppressed. Get over the visceral "liking" of the picture. It's OK to like it, but understand it, too.

That's not to work it to death. The workflow doesn't necessarily need dozens of layers. Sometimes, yeah, it does, but it's more important to be smart about what the picture needs. I see a lot of people try to fix local areas with stacks of global layers. They make a light corner darker but then the center is too dark so they make another global layer to lighten the center when instead they should have painted on the layer mask to limit the effect or made a selection and worked only on the area that actually needed the adjustment. It's counter productive and time consuming to make a lot of conflicting global layers. Three global layers are about all any photo needs before going to selections and burn/dodge layers: one to set black and white points, one to (maybe) tweak contrast and one to adjust overall color bias. Some of the color adjustments can be made in Levels or Curves so it's conceivable that only one global layer might be necessary: a single curve that does all three. (I'm not considering sharpening here, which requires a global layer or two all its own.)

Use selections and layer masks to refine an image. If making a selection is too cumbersome, let the layer effect the whole image then invert the layer mask and paint with white to reveal the effect in the areas where it's needed. Like the photo, but refine it intelligently.

### Jay Pastelak

#### *From the Pique staff:*

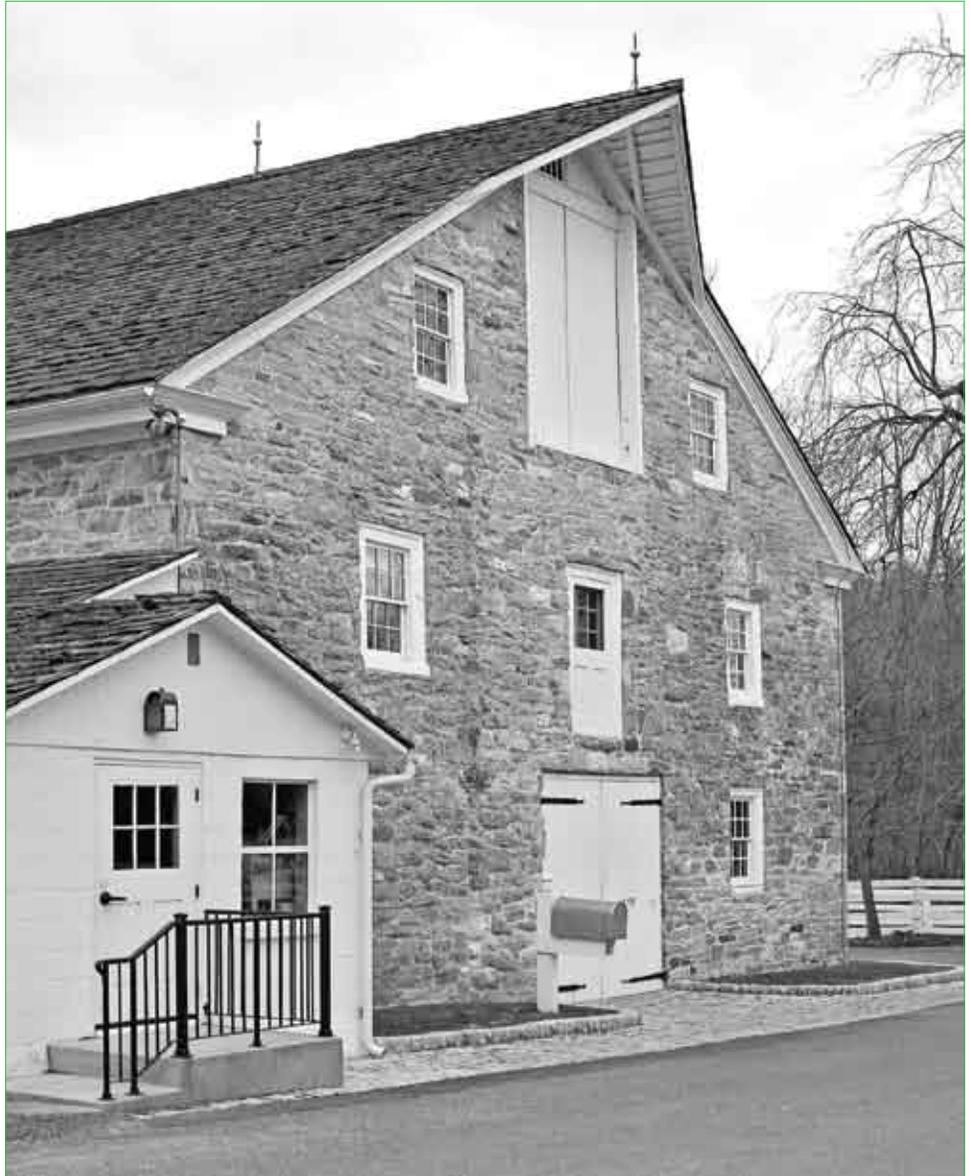
Make your submission process easier! Create an Action Set in Photoshop.

1. Open an image to record the action operations.
2. Reduce the size of the image so that the longest side (height or width) is no larger than 10 inches.
3. Click on the Actions pallet or open the Actions pallet through Window>Actions.
4. Click on the Create New Action button on the bottom and give it a name. (We suggest calling it Pique).
5. Click to Image>Mode>CMYK.
6. Click to Image>Image Size. Change the resolution to 300 dpi. Make sure that the "Resample Image" checkbox is selected.
7. Click to Edit>Convert to Profile. From the drop-down box, select "Adobe RGB(1998)". Click OK.
8. Click to File>Save As... Change the format to TIFF. Click Save.
9. On the Actions pallet, click the Stop playing/recording button on the bottom left.
10. Verify your image has been saved correctly.
11. Open a new image and size it. On the Actions pallet, click on Pique, then click the Play button on the bottom. This should perform all of the actions you recorded and make any magazine submission process easier.

# The Vineyard

In 1978, Mr. Nissley transformed an old tobacco barn into the winery as the first step towards his dream of making wine. The winery suffered a tragic fire in which a large portion of the facade was damaged in January of 2006. The Nissley's rebuilt the winery exactly like the former structure to keep the original appearance that Mr. Nissley loved.

After the death of the Nissley's, the winery and estate was left to their four children who own and operate it to this day. The oldest sibling, who runs most of the winery's operations, still resides on the estate.





# Life at a Halfway House

Liberty Management Services, located on Lehigh and Germantown Avenue in North Philadelphia, opened in 1996. It is a halfway house designed to help those just released from prison to readjust to their community and give them time to live a crime free life. LMS is a house that can hold up to 125 men who have been put on pre-release from prison or are on parole. The living quarters take up two floors with rooms set up dormitory style and holding anywhere between 3-7 residents per room and three bathrooms on each floor.

While at LMS, residents have freedoms not found in prison, though they are still under a watchful eye by the staff. Residents are allowed to leave for a period of time each day, called social time, and are required to be in before 10 pm. Head counts are taken nine times a day to assure that everyone is where they are supposed to be, and each floor is watched by a staff member to assure that everything is safe and secure. The residents are required to find employment and housing before they are allowed to leave LMS and go back out into society. I followed the stories of three residents who have been at LMS for various amounts of time, and I photographed their daily lives.

Charles, 62, a resident of LMS for one year, was a mortgage broker and was incarcerated in March 2004 for misappropriation of funds. Right now he is working on opening a lottery/check cashing store in West Philadelphia and is searching for a place to live.





Alfonso, 51, was arrested in 2002 for the sale of cocaine and marijuana. He has been at LMS since July 2005 and has been working at a catering company for over a year. He is waiting for his housing to be approved by the parole board before he can leave.

Duane, 34, was arrested in November 2001 for the trafficking of cocaine after selling it for the past 10 years. He has two sons who have been living with their mother while he has been at LMS for the past five months. He was released from LMS on November 8, 2006.



# Segmented-Scapes

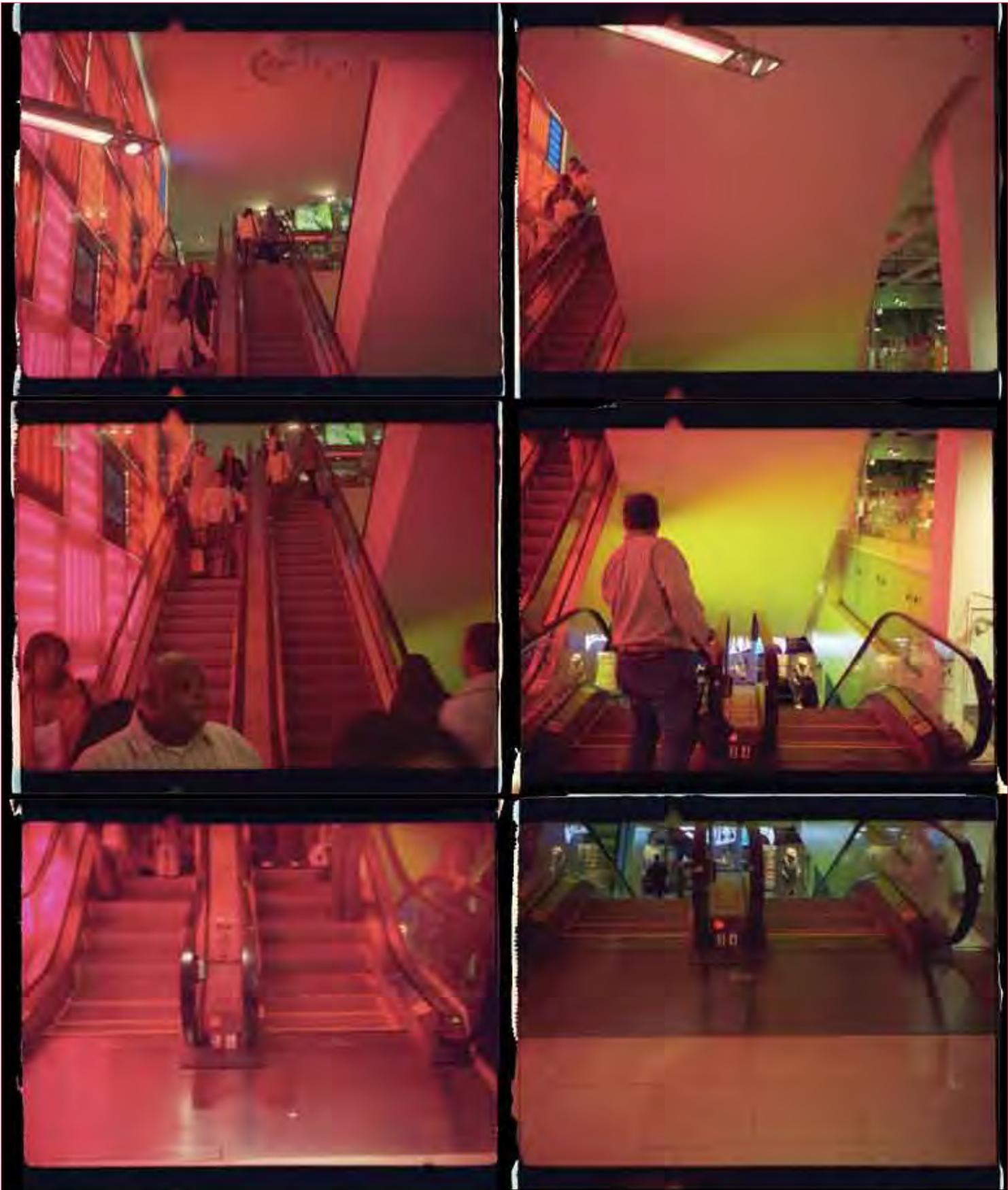
Part of my personal goal as an artist is to organize my own visual world. Luckily for me the composition heavy medium of photography allows me to have ample means to achieve this goal. While studying at The Art Institute Of Philadelphia, I began to see how these visions of organization could become physical products of art. As time passed in my studies there, I began to work more and more with the largest format equipment I could acquire. This was all in an effort to maximize the detail within the frame of the image. Capturing this level of detail helped me to organize the microcosms of activity located in my work at the time. While this large format body of work began to flourish, I began to feel a level of constraint. I began to notice that reality, as it evolves, sweeps me with it. I was constantly taken in by everything around me visually, and while not everything struck me the same, I became aware of a contradiction: I always saw how beautiful a scene could be, if I were able to change it.

In practically every case there was nothing I could really do to change the visual composition of the scene. When using the 8x10 field camera, I was always left with a perspectively correct, deadpan image.



The reality I saw around me craved to have a different bridge built between imagination and the subsequently captured photography. I began to take a small 35mm half frame camera with me to all locations I was shooting at the time. This camera created angles that were wider and more distorted. This camera allowed me to use its format to create new ways of viewing my world around me. Since the half frame 35mm format was more continuing and consecutive in nature, I was able to visually organize the entire idea of these scenes and not just isolate or extract a piece of it.





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