

I'd trade all my tomorrows for one single yesterday.

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON



The Twenty-Seven Series

EXHIBITION TWO

*An exhibition of contemporary
fine art photography exploring
FORGOTTEN as a visual narrative*



March 18 – April 28, 2022



JURORS

SAL TAYLOR KYDD
DAWN SURRATT

A SMITH GALLERY

JOHNSON CITY, TEXAS 2022

JURORS’ STATEMENT

We would like to thank Amanda Smith and Kevin Tully for the honor of inviting us to jury *Forgotten*. The submissions were incredibly strong and choosing fifty-five images was a very difficult task. We looked at not only the strength of each individual submission, but how the submissions would come together to become a soulful exhibition as well. It was quite painful to eliminate pieces instead of adding them. We sought to create a strong balance between all the different genres and styles of work.

Each piece chosen spoke to the theme of “forgotten” in different ways, through the nature of the work, its intent and its ability to express the concept. Uniting them all was a sense of something forgotten for many, yet remembered through the eye of the photographer.

SAL TAYLOR KYDD & DAWN SURRATT

•JUROR'S AWARD•

1

Reappearances Series #20 (James Piddleton)

Digital pigment print

PAUL GRAVETT

New Westminster, British Columbia, Canada



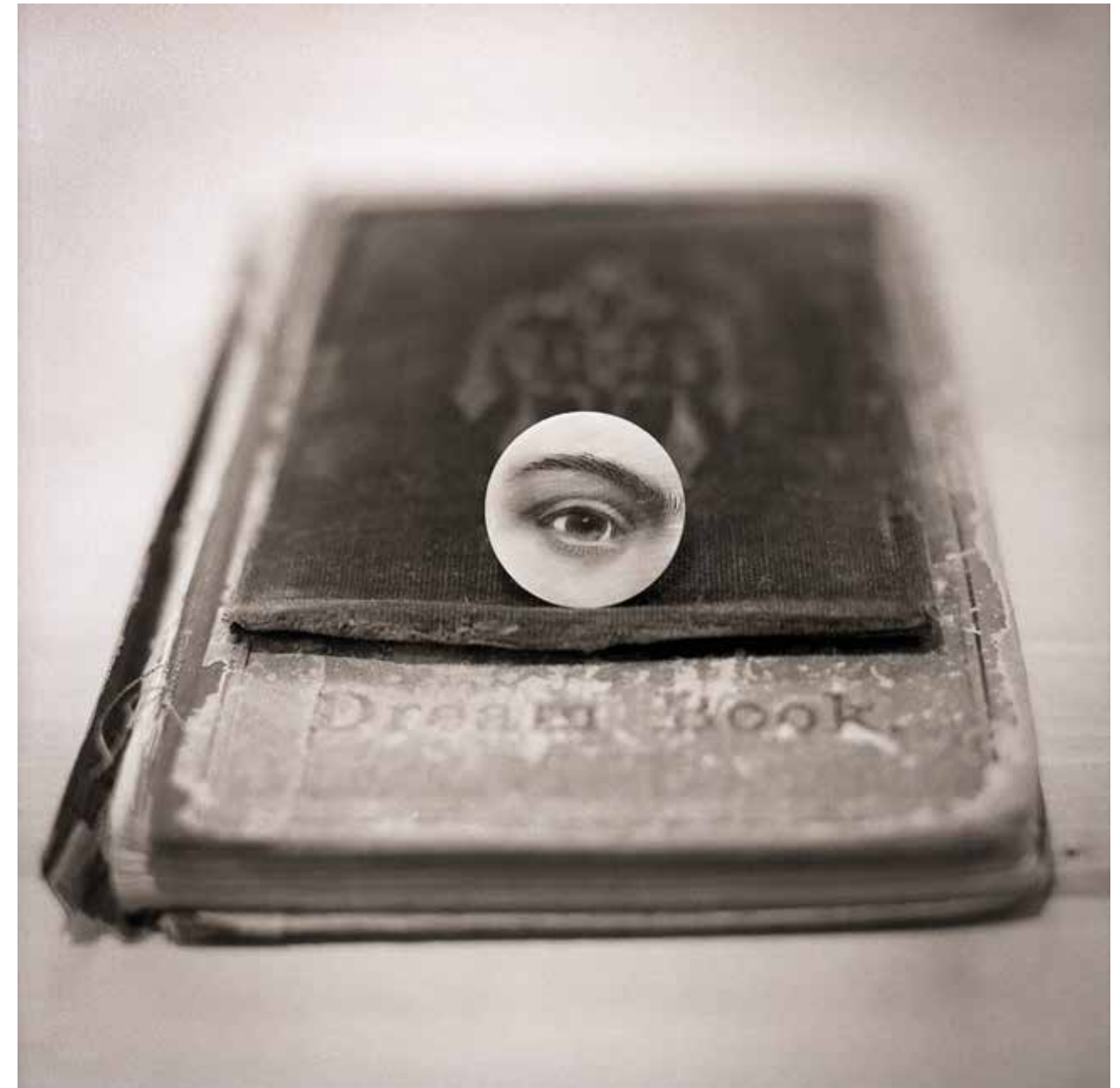
2

Book of Dreams

Selenium-toned gelatin silver print

ANNE WALKER

San Francisco, CA



3

Chef Suggestion for Table No. 4

Digital pigment print

MEHDI BABADI

Isfahan, Iran



4

Days Gone By

Platinum palladium print

DANA CHRISTENSEN

Sausalito, CA



5

Forgottonia – Hanging Tree

Archival pigment print

BRUCE MORTON

Bowen, IL



6

Umbra

Giclee print

ROBERT BARLEY

Fort Collins, CO



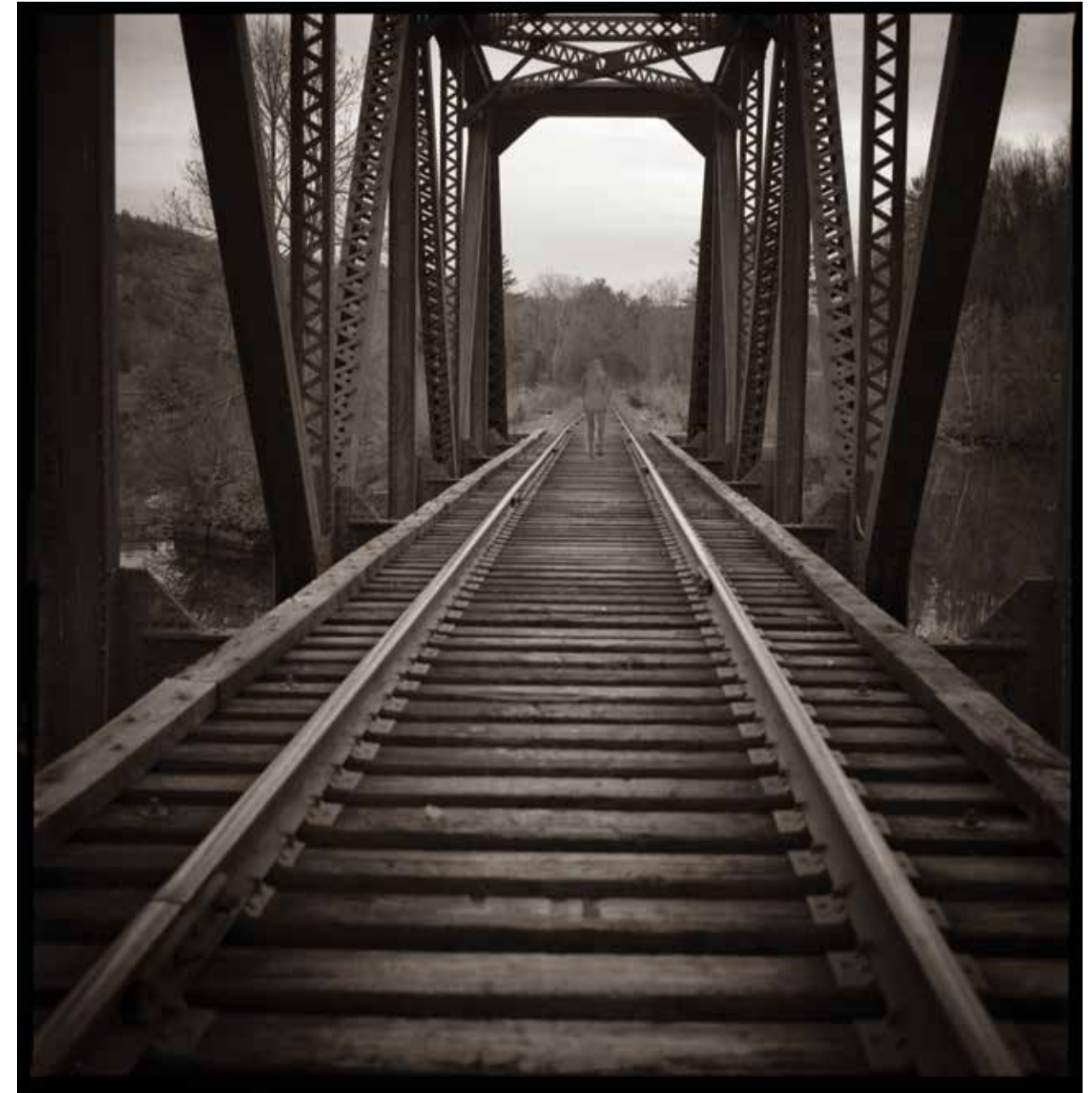
7

vanished

Archival pigment print

EVY HUPPERT

Norwich, VT



8

Lost My Way

Giclee Print

EDDY VERLOES

Boutersem, Vlaams-Brabant,
Belgium



9

Lost

Digital pigment print

AUBREY GUTHRIE

Hurst, TX



10

White Room

Archival inkjet print

PAUL GILMORE

Bow, NH



11

Beach Sign, Utila, Honduras

Archival ink print

IGGY BEERBOWER

Potsdam, NY



12

Legacy-9

Archival pigment print from scanned 120 film

NIC UMBS

Waukesha, WI



13

Army of Memories

Platinum & palladium with gum bichromate

CHRIS LEVENTIS

New Port Richey, FL



14

Vineyard Wild

Archival inkjet print

CORINNE DIPIETRO

Aquinnah, MA



15

A Long, Long Time Ago

Pigment print

ANNE RENÉE SILVER

Paris, France



16

Untitled (5)

Pigment inkjet print

WALTER DUDDINGTON

Beaverton, OR



17

Crowns and Flashing Stars

Toned cyanotype collage with thread

DOUGLAS PIERRE BAULOS

Birmingham, AL



•DIRECTOR'S AWARD•

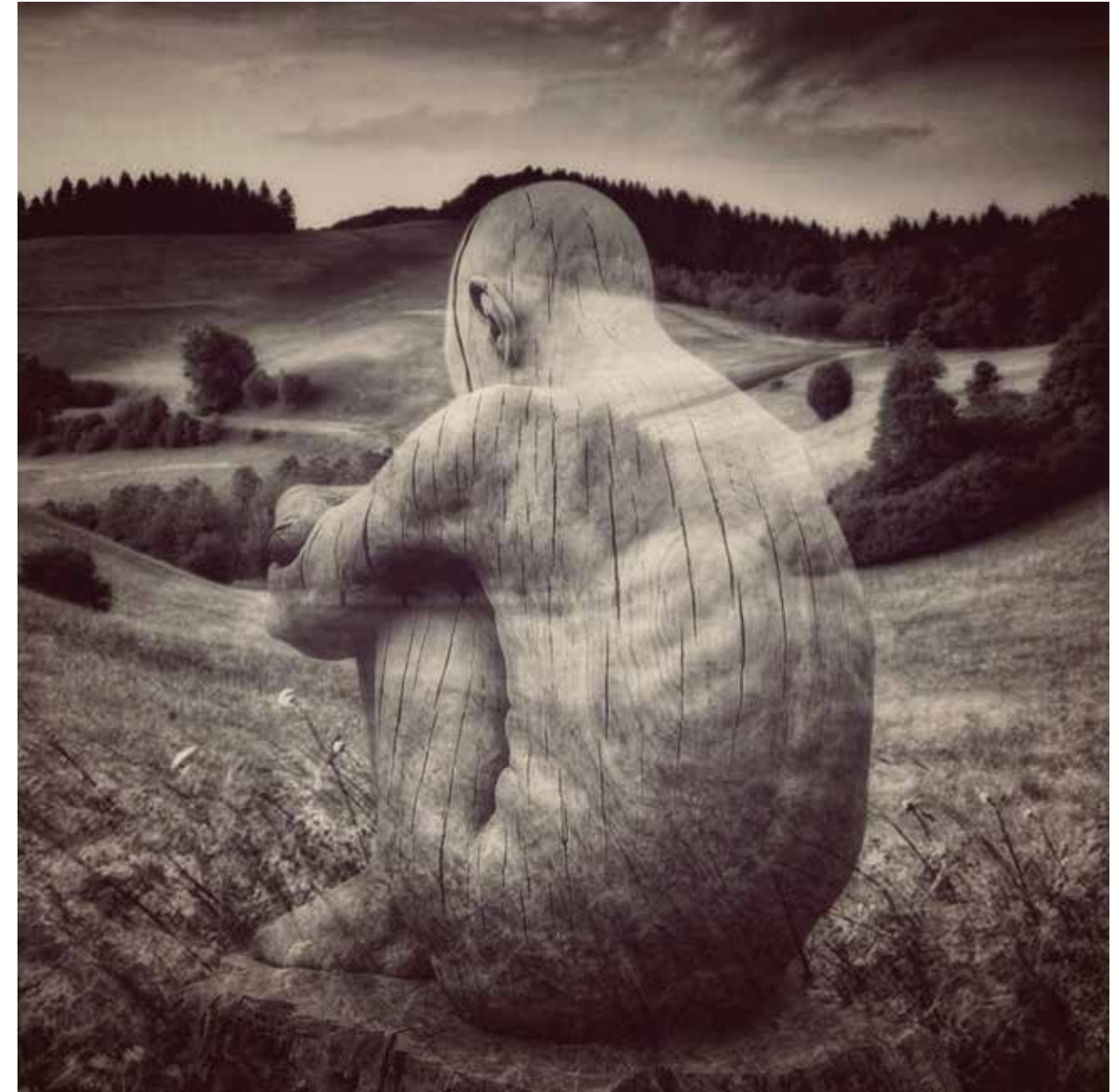
18

His Spirit Is Here

Archival pigment print

DONNA DANGOTT

College Station, TX



19

"The parties were grand, weren't they?"

Archival inkjet print

AMY LOWRY

Camden, ME



20

Moonlite Theatre

Digital pigment print

LEANNE TRIVETT S.

Johnson City, TN



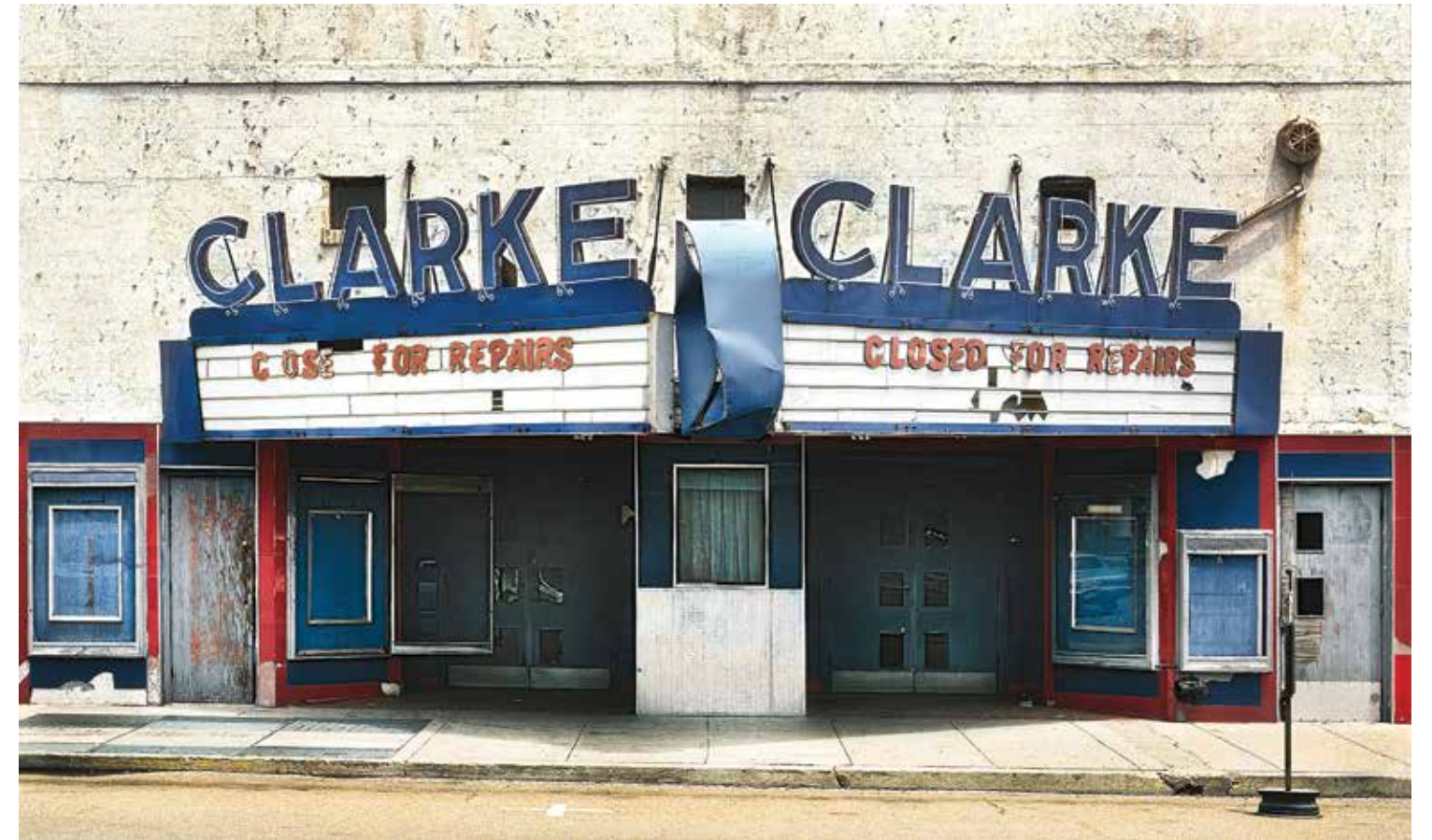
21

Closed for Repairs

Giclee digital print

JUSTUS W. THOMAS

Nashville, TN



22

Disconnected

Inkjet print

RICHARD SCHRAMM

Carrboro, NC



23

Country Lane – Forgotten Archive Series

Archival pigment print

LISA CASSELL-ARMS

Shelburne, VT



24

Cafe US290

Digital pigment print

PATRICK DUNN

Dallas, TX



25

Somewhere Along Route 66

Archival inkjet print

POLLY MILLS WHITEHORN

Pittsburgh, PA



26

Mile Marker Zero

Digital pigment print

DUSTIN RICE

Wichita Falls, TX



27

Up the Hill

Inkjet print on cotton broadcloth &
silk organza, embroidery thread

SARA FAHLING

South Bend, IN



THE STORY

“TO FORGET ONE MUST REMEMBER” was written in “Royal Liqueur” exterior house paint, in well-executed bold letters, below the drive-thru teller windows of the Tomahawk, Texas National Bank. President Jack “Dimples” Bond feigned great aggravation and disbelief that “some idiot would do this crap.” Returning to his office and slamming the door, he called his older brother, James. “Jimmy, where in the hell is Gary, where is he living now?”

“Where is Gary—why?” asked Jimmy.

“That crazy jerk painted on my drive-thru!” shouted Jack.

“How do you know it was Gary?” asked Jimmy.

“Because he wrote the same thing on the side of that damn pile of junk he drives around,” said Jack.

“To forget one must remember?” asked Jimmy.

“How do you know that? You saw his car?” said Jack.

“No, if you weren’t such a self-absorbed, pretentious SOB you’d know that he published a book with that title. Here, let me get it and read you a little,” said Jimmy, putting down the phone and sliding his chair over to the bookcase.

“What, no, what difference does that make? I don’t have time for this!” said Jack.

Jimmy began, “To forget one must remember. Remember the oily, stained door jamb that Pop grabbed to steady himself as he left the little, dark shop under the stairs where he repaired clocks and bikes and kitchen appliances for the neighbors. Remember the dried lilies that somehow remained beside Pop’s gravestone long after the funeral. Remember the broken window of Danzinger’s Department Store that never got fixed after the riot. Remember Hallie Danzinger sobbing when her folks decided to move to Colorado. Remember the old wooden fishing boat, leaned up against the Ordway’s always-peeling paint clapboard garage, that harbored spiders and wasps and neighborhood kids smoking stolen cigarettes. Remember the wonder and magic of the big chunk of brick red volcanic rock that floated amongst the goldfish and turtles in Rich Lady Anderson’s pond. Remember grass without shoes...”

FROM *TO FORGET ONE MUST REMEMBER* BY
FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS

DIRECTORS’ STATEMENT

We were very fortunate to have had the partnership of Sal and Dawn as jurors for the *Forgotten* exhibition. Individually and collectively, they have an aesthetic rooted in quotidian, poetic artifacts that are, are becoming and are receding.

The images selected very much represent the everyday—either fleeting, decaying, or inhabiting the realm of spirits, worn by the passage of time, mysterious and cherished.

We may forget, but photographs are both glorious and pernicious. They bring back the faces of old friends and lovers, and expose our little white lies.

Going through the images again this morning brought the lyrics of a song by Michael Smith, “The Dutchman,” to mind:

Let us go to the banks of the ocean

Where the walls rise above the Zuiderzee.

Long ago, I used to be a young man

And dear Margaret remembers that for me.

Thank you to all who entered! Thank you Dawn and Sal!

AMANDA SMITH & KEVIN TULLY

Johnson City, Texas

SAL TAYLOR KYDD is a Maine-based photographic artist and writer using various photographic media in a personal narrative that explores themes around memory and belonging, combining her poetry with alternative processes of photography and object-making.

Sal’s fine art photographs have been exhibited throughout the country and internationally, including Barcelona, San Miguel de Allende, Portland, Boston and Los Angeles, and she has been featured in numerous publications, including *Don’t Take Pictures* magazine, *Lenscratch*, *Diffusion Annual* and *The Hand* magazine.

Sal has self-published a number of books combining her poetry with her photographs. Her books are in private and museum collections throughout the country including The Getty Museum, Bowdoin College, The Peabody Essex Museum and the Maine Women Writer’s Collection at the University of New England. Sal’s latest book, *Yesterday*, produced by Datz Press, is a limited edition book of poems and photographs that explores our sense of loss around the pandemic of 2020.

Originally from the UK, Sal earned her BA in Modern Languages from the University of Manchester (England) and an MFA in Photography from Maine Media College in Rockport, where she now lives with her husband and two children.

DAWN SURRATT earned a BA in Studio Arts from the University of North Carolina in Greensboro, and a Bachelor’s and Master’s Degree in Social Work from the University of Georgia. Her years of work with dying patients in hospice settings is the backbone of her imagery, combining photographs with photography-based book structures, installations, and objects as visual meditations exploring concepts of grief, transition, healing and spirituality.

Her work has been widely published for book covers and publications and has been exhibited in galleries across the United States. She was a 2016 and 2020 *Critical Mass* Finalist and a 2018 nominee for the Royal Photography Society’s “100 Heroines.”

ABOUT THE GALLERY Established in May, 2010, A Smith Gallery is located in Johnson City, Texas. The gallery exhibits the work of both amateur and professional photographers through juried and invitational exhibitions. As a fine art photography gallery, A Smith Gallery’s mission is to promote the photographic arts through exhibitions, workshops, and the facilitating of an active, vibrant community of photographers. The gallery celebrates photography in all of its manifestations: analog, digital and alternative. Amanda Smith and Kevin Tully are the gallery directors. *Creativity is encouraged!*

© 2022 **A SMITH GALLERY**. All photographs are the property of the original creators. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any form without the express written consent of A Smith Gallery. All rights are reserved.

*This catalog, TWENTY-SEVEN SERIES : EXHIBITION TWO, was published in July, 2022,
by A Smith Gallery in Johnson City, Texas. Project design and production assistance
from Jace Graf. Printing by Austin Digital Printing. Binding by Cloverleaf Studio,
in Austin. In an edition limited to fifty copies, plus four artist proof copies,*
THIS IS BOOK NUMBER _____.

SAL TAYLOR KYDD

DAWN SURRATT

AMANDA SMITH

KEVIN TULLY

