



*Every picture tells a story, don't it.*

ROD STEWART



# The Twenty-Seven Series

EXHIBITION SIX

*An exhibition of contemporary  
fine art photography and  
the STORY each image inspires*



*September 2 – October 13, 2022*



JUROR  
KEVIN TULLY

A SMITH GALLERY  
JOHNSON CITY, TEXAS 2023

## JUROR’S STATEMENT

My grandfather taught me that the world was built of stories, written and simply told. He gave me stories from my beginning until his end. He told stories as if they stitched his world together, sending me off into mine carrying the light of tales, histories, and homespun parables.

As someone who loves stories and writing them, I am jaded, but I believe all visual imagery contains a story. Storytelling has been my occupation since I was kid, recounting to my mother how Jesus brought his son to play army with us or writing the fictional lives, on the back or under drawers, of pieces of distressed furniture I built.

I almost died when I was a kid from complications of measles and encephalitis. It left me with a damaged ability to remember and recount events in the moment. Consequently, with a faulty ability to effectively add to a conversation I would build and embellish around a core of truth. Isn’t this what the camera does? Photoshop and compositing and additive alternative, analogue processes have wonderfully enhanced an artist’s ability to tell stories.

It was my honor to have such a compelling group of images to write stories about. It was a leap of faith for the photographers to allow me to add text to the images, interpreting them, imagining them through my lens and linguistic conjuring. I thank you.

**KEVIN TULLY**

*Johnson City, Texas*

1

*Homecoming*

Archival pigment print

**JĀNIS MIGLAVS**

Sherwood, OR

“The call finally came. Pēteris was awakened by the ringing phone at his bedside. It was six-fifteen in the morning. The voice on the other end told him to pack one bag, bring a coat, no need for breakfast, wait by the front door.

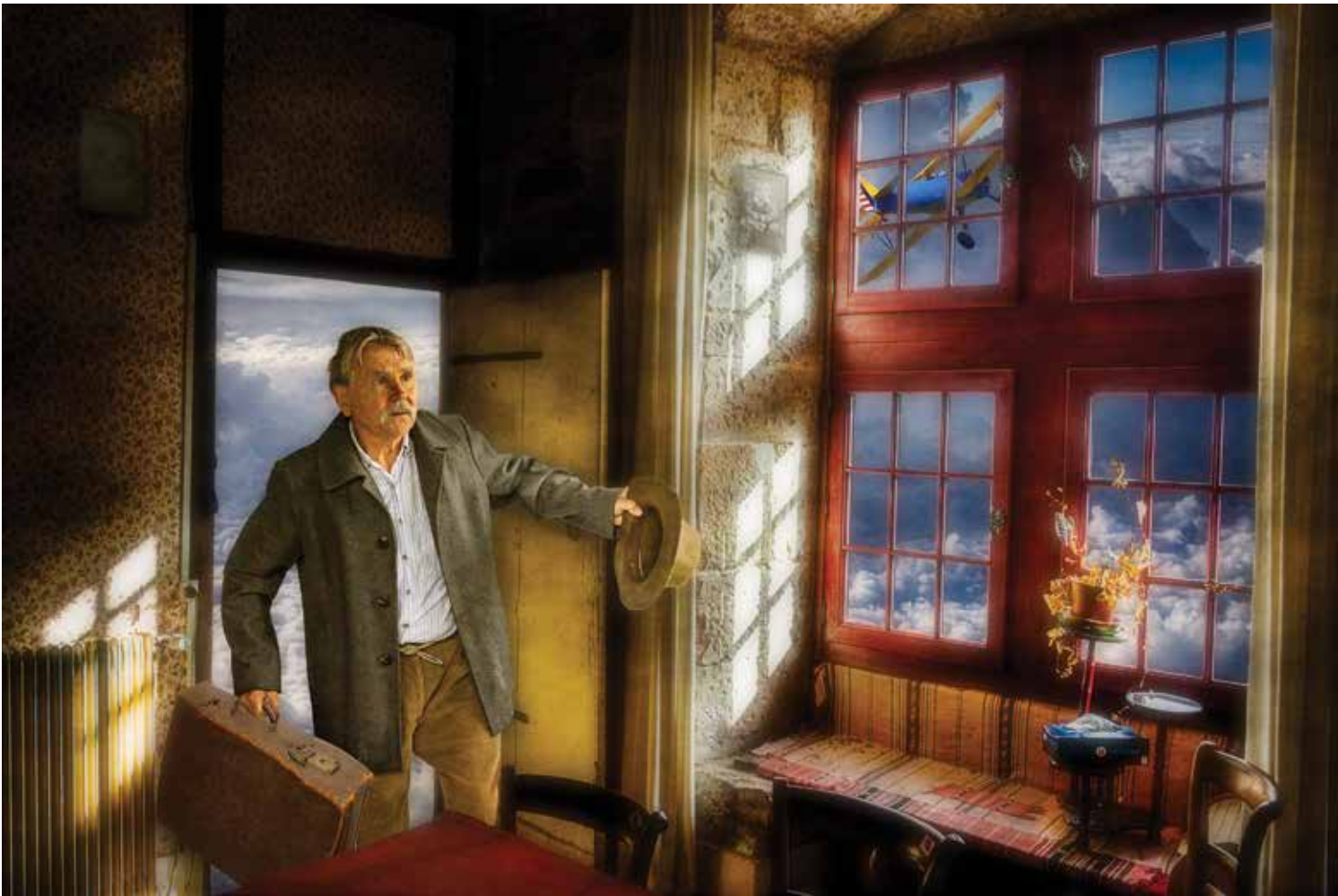
Standing at the door Pēteris thought it curious that he felt no hunger nor ached for coffee.

A great whirring sound began down the block, becoming louder as it approached. Opening the door, there at the end of his walk sat an idling, turquoise-blue biplane. The pilot grinning and motioning for him to come. Pēteris loaded his bag onto the back seat, put on his coat, noticing the seat was not unlike a cloud, he nonetheless effortlessly jumped in. The pilot turned, his great flowing beard shimmering and undulating like a mountain stream. Clicking his perfect teeth, he gave the “all good” sign, turned and throttled the plane into the clear, brightening blue sky. Pēteris looked back at his neighbor’s houses.

The rushing air was pleasantly cool, the land below an amalgam of miniature paintings, a patchwork of color fallen from an accomplished painter’s palette. Soon he could see a structure in the distance. As they approached, he recognized a large table at the front door of a pleasantly ornamented house, covered in colorful, wonderfully patterned, embroidered cloth. The chuckling pilot pointed ahead repeating, “Dear Māra, Dear Māra,” effortlessly landing the plane on the waiting table.

Opening the door, all ahead of him was familiar, not the home he remembered, the home that was told to him. Walking through the door, he recognized the squeak in the floor, the sound of the windowpane slightly vibrating in the wind, the song of the teapot on the stove, the scratch of the mouse in the attic, the click of a thimble against the wood of a table, the rustle of a broom. Clicks and whistles and scratches and rustling heard through viscera, bone, flesh, and cloth. He was home....”

FROM *GOING HOME* BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS



*Harlequin*  
Archival pigment print

**FRAN FORMAN**  
Watertown, MA

“My god,” she thought, “he’s done it again.”

Stephanie stood back from the window, hoping he could not see her. Her husband, or soon to be ex-husband, sent The Harlequin the month before. He was back. Her husband imagined The Harlequin could somehow assuage her anger, save the marriage.

The Harlequin had moved to Boston from the Italian city of Bergamo. He had become romantically entangled with a woman he had been sent to cheer and calm. Although he had a reputation as a seducer, he was grudgingly used as a last resort. Most men accepted the outcome of his exploits, whether to their advantage or not. Of course, some didn’t.

Stephanie imagined that the time spent with The Harlequin, however pleasant and pleasurable, was a lark, a ripe fruit thrown at her husband. She never imagined he would return. She wasn’t aware that this time he was there on his own accord. The Harlequin believed he was feeling something like infatuation, possibly love.

Stephanie wanted to run out into the yard, hurl obscenities, scream, as if at her husband. But it was not her husband. She knew if she ran out into the yard she could not control what would happen. She could lose control. She knew there was no future with a Harlequin, but did it really matter?...”

FROM A *HARLEQUIN ROMANCE* BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS





### 3

#### *What's That Noise?*

Digital pigment print

**JEFF LOESER**

Austin, TX

“The Welbournes lost their overnight guest. He had come to visit. They didn’t immediately remember how they knew him. Upon arriving, he brought out a photo album and showed them pictures of them as children playing with him in a used-car lot. He said the lot belonged to his stepfather. The Welbournes didn’t absolutely recognize themselves in the photos. However, after their guest told them so many interesting things they didn’t know about themselves as children, they were convinced.

Their guest was a hearty eater. He enjoyed wine and gin. He made a list of items for Mr. Welbourne to buy at the grocery. He prepared two exceptional desserts to go with the prawns and Wagyu rib eyes. He repaired their garbage disposal. It had been out of service for a couple of years.

When they bid him good night on the sixth night of his visit, they had no idea that it would be the last time they would see him. The Welbournes weren’t aware that he could fly. If they had been it would have made sense why he requested the room with a balcony and not the interior third bedroom....”

FROM *THE GUEST* BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS



4

*Secrets*

Digital pigment print

LEANNE TRIVETT S.

Johnson City, TN

“Mauricio pitched his graphic novel—which he hoped to be a film—reading the introductory paragraph.

“She awakened those not awake. Her stare could burn. More often the recognition of Venus set the room alight, some running, some fighting an urge to kneel or to love.”

“Um, ok, so, is this another superhero thing?” asked Brian, “It is looking that way.”

“No, I mean, not immediately, it’s a graphic novel. I mean, yeah, kinda,” said Mauricio.

“What does she do? What powers does she have?” said Brian.

“No, it’s not like that. She doesn’t throw fire or manipulate energy or disappear—she manifests the true power of women,” said Mauricio.

“And what would that be?” asked Brian.

“You really don’t know?” said Mauricio...”

FROM VENUS VS. THE DENTIST AND OTHERS BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS





*The Teetering (My Five, Your Five)*

Digital pigment print

ANDREW HERSEY

Richmond, VA

“Linda placed a bank of Acme Arthropodic Transmitters just below the windows in her basement. Her father invented the transmitters towards the end of World War II. With the war soon over, they were not needed. He named them after the little beasts that have an exoskeleton: scorpions, crabs, fleas. He attended an evening business school as a young man. Taking a professor’s marketing suggestion to heart, he named all of his businesses Acme this and Acme that.

The transmitters weren’t just transmitters to Linda. They were flawless possibility. She imagined them as the inevitable introduction to the ineffable. One day they would crackle and ping and her father’s voice or the suddenly understandable meowing of her favorite cat or possibly even the voice of whatever God is would spring forth from the cobweb decorated boxes. Once, swimming in a local stream, a boyfriend picked a deeply black stone from the clear, cool water and claimed the rock could be God. Maybe the transmitters would chatter with the wisdom of that rock.

Linda was four when her father perfected the transmitter. He would sit her down on the porch in front of one, telling her to wait patiently for magic to happen. Then he would go sit in the old Ford with his own small transmitter and microphone. He would patiently speak into the microphone, telling her fanciful stories. He would affect various characters and voices and read make-believe world news of magic and wonder. She would be completely enraptured, giggling, and clapping her hands.

The crackle and ping could just barely be heard over the rush of the shower. Nervously, excitedly turning off the water, Linda threw open the shower door. It was unmistakable. The sound was the familiar crackle and ping that introduced all of those words of wonder, all those years before. She ran naked, dripping, down to the basement, giggling and clapping her hands...”

FROM LINDA AND THE ACME ARTHROPODIC TRANSMITTERS BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS



## 6

### *Remembrance*

Archival pigment print

**ELIZABETH BAILEY**

Los Angeles, CA

“Daphne, a name she chose for herself, lived in a family that wasn’t hers. They had photographs and postcards and aunts and stories. Daphne had a single memory. A faceless woman carrying her. The sun bright. The woman speaking, but not known words.

Daphne collected family memorabilia and ephemera, the stuff of others, found or purloined. Finding an anonymous family tree in a discarded magazine—she dreamed of one, wanted one, needed one....”

FROM A *FAMILY TREE* BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS





7

*Cosmic Sailor*  
Cyanotype with pastels

**SALLY CHAPMAN**  
Lowell, MA

“We lost words. We had used them, abused them. They came at us from all directions. They lost their meaning. We could no longer recognize words when written. Fortunately, they retained their power in speech.

We continued to cherish our books and other precious documents containing the written word. We dreamed and hoped for a day when they would carry meaning again. Printers and novelists and editors and print reporters and many others became obsolete. Memory and art became necessary, important....”

FROM A *TICKET TO A GARDEN PARTY* BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS



8

*Shadow*

Archival inkjet print

**CATHARINE CARTER**

Chapel Hill, NC

“If one drives slowly down a gravelly back road on a Georgia morning, the windows down, the amalgamated scents of various wildflowers and awakening soil and pond and wood smoke from chattering stoves, taking away the still present chill, one can forget much, if only for a moment. It must be Spring.

Charlotte angrily gripped the steering wheel of the Packard, still in her night dress. Her chestnut hair blowing about in the wind from the open window, some clinging to tears zig zagging down her cheeks, pushed by the Spring breeze.

Suddenly the right front tire wooshed, then went wuddelump, wuddelump, wuddelump. Coming to a stop, still in the road, there was no shoulder—herbs and vines and switchy small trees grew right up to the gravel roadbed. Charlotte sat in the vehicle for a bit, her head against the steering wheel.

Exiting the car she realized she had no shoes. Yet the cool gravel felt good against the soles of her feet. Walking to the front of the car, to look at the mangled tire, something moving in the road caught her attention. Coming right down the center of the road, slowly towards her, was a large, graphite black Indigo snake. Charlotte screamed and fell back against the hood of the car. The snake stopped.

Charlotte suddenly felt a calmness come over her. She leaned forward. The snake moved a bit closer. She took two steps toward the serpent. It inched closer. She slowly walked towards the snake until her shadow covered most of its body. It raised its head and looked into her eyes.

The two became as in a state of communion on the gravelly road for a time. Her thoughts born of recognition and allegory—“I will not be blamed again, I will not...”

FROM *OUT OF THE GARDEN* BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS





*Battle On*  
Archival Giclée pigment print

SARAH TREANOR  
Akron, OH

“The bouncers, both female, wore the blue, sleeveless tunic of the Mousquetaires du Roi, with a white embroidered cross in the center and coarse white trim. They stood at either side of the entry to “D’Ar-tagnan’s Hideaway,” a sports bar on Esplanade, at the edge of the New Orleans French Quarter.

It was a late August evening, hot, humid, with the odor of rancid beer and sweating humanity creeping, blown by a light breeze from Bourbon Street. The Saturday night mix of jazz and rock had the cast iron of the buildings vibrating with musical lagniappe. The centuries old creole architecture telling things. A drum circle in the Marigny started with a shout. Marie Ledet sat on the curb in front of the bar. Hear-ing the faint drums, she traced “Congo Square” in the grime of the street with the toe of a ravaged high top tennis shoe. Her army surplus green canvas knapsack open at her side—a hardpack of Marlboros and a Schlitz tallboy showing—protein bars, notebooks, and some paperbacks, not. A fraying silk rose, a wooden rosary taped to the front of the knapsack with duct tape, “NO” written in large faded black letters on the tape.

Marie was always told she was cute. She was small and muscular, not unattractive to boys, or men. Fair skinned, freckled with light brown hair. She was a cheerleader in both junior high and high school. Her senior year she enthusiastically and joyfully cheered, as she had always done, until she discovered that she was a Creole, not white or black. Her mother had kept it from her. One Sunday she was introduced to a cousin from Baton Rouge with very dark skin and the hair of Africa. That night she dreamed of Congo Square.

Marie had skateboarded and smoked pot and made-out in Congo Square. She had never really thought about its importance and or the ghosts there. She went to the library and read the history of the place. It became her obsession. She would go and sit in the park and write and sketch in her notebooks—imagining slaves dancing and drumming and singing and marrying and the women selling Calas cakes. She confided in a friend that it was her “family place now.” She quit school...

FROM CONGO SQUARE BY FRANKLIN CININNATUS





One Night I Dreamed #6

Archival inkjet print

KARLA BERNSTEIN

Newtown, CT

“The Pequod Bar and Grill was not ordinary. If one is of the literary sort, you will recognize the unavoidable allusion to disaster and complicated personalities.

Many bartenders become hyper-alert after about midnight—alcohol is a juice that can engender a carnival or sloppy pugilism. Bartenders must love self-harming or occasionally boring, but generally entertaining, characters, or be socially, disconnectedly masochistic closet introverts, schlepping the elixir that builds their discomfort.

The Pequod Bar, like its namesake, was home to some very complicated individuals.

Where the idea for a canine skeleton in the lifeboat came from is debatable. Cyril, the owner, took credit for it, but Dickie, a regular and a retired English professor at the local junior college, is generally accepted as the instigator and mastermind. Whether one liked it or not, it had to be recognized as a wonderful, technically perfect executed bit of polystyrene and epoxy commercial sculpture. The creator was a kid from the valley. He traded Cyril the work for \$200.00, unlimited draft beer and Thursday night mulligan stew.

Dan Stone (not his real name) was an aspiring actor. He was a regular. Cyril made him leave the bar, before he was ready, on several occasions. He couldn't hold his liquor as well as he presumed he could. He insisted on buying rounds of tequila or Jägermeister shots for whomever was seated at the bar.

Dan, angry, decided to change locations and started frequenting another bar on the strip. That's when the rumors started circulating about the skeleton on the Pequod Bar and Grill signage belonging to the cherished canine of one or another deceased movie star. To buttress the rumors, Dan would drunkenly repeat, night after night, the story of Trigger, Roy Rogers horse, ending up in the abattoir of an unscrupulous butcher.

As life is want to do, it both complicates and surprises. A frustrated screenwriter accepted Dan's shot of Jägermeister and tales of canine skeletons and Roy Roger's horse....”

FROM THE PEQUOD BAR AND GRILL BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS



*“Mummy, put your needle down.  
How did you feel when you were young?”*  
Wet plate collodion on aluminum

RONALD BUTLER  
New York, NY

“The great composer of “Verismo” operas, Giacomo Antonio Domenico Michele Secondo Maria Puccini was known for his works based on the possibilities of real life, “Verisimo,” and not the “well-worn trifles of the gods.”

Puccini, after almost losing his life in an automobile accident in 1903, caused by his chauffeur, demanded of life all that life offered, including the pleasures of the flesh. Numerous trysts and affairs ensued.

The garden of his amorous adventures was not a barren plain. His orchard produced occasional fruit.

Fanciulla Manfredi Callanan was born in a narrow, poorly-designed, three-story beige brick building in the Kip’s Bay neighborhood of New York City. On the second floor lived a Jewish bachelor who had had some success in the movies, playing American Indians. He had the noble, handsome profile of many of the Plains Indian chiefs. He kept a photograph of Wolf Robe of the Cheyenne on his living room wall. When visitors would come to his rooms, he would stand next to it and grin. The third floor was owned by a wealthy Texas rancher who hid his Eastern roots. He rented the place out. Tenants changed quite frequently.

Fanciulla’s grandfather built the building in 1919 in place of one that had simply fallen. He returned home from serving in France a wealthy man. He refused to say how, but he was able to secure a large supply of absinthe, due to its having been recently banned in France and the Netherlands. He sold it to the miserable doughboys. Fanciulla’s father lived the rest of his life on the first floor of the building. She imagined she would too.

Fancuilla, her name meaning “maiden” in Italian, had a beautiful soprano voice. She sang in a couple of local rock bands but was inexplicably drawn to opera. One night, after singing some Fleetwood Mac covers with “The Frail Lieutenants,” one of her bands, she had a dream that she was singing an aria about a woman who discovers she is illegitimate and vows to kill with knitting needles. It was not clear who she was going to kill.

Her mother had died years before. The name Manfredi, her mother’s maiden name, appears in biographies of the great Puccini. Fancuilla learned of this during a brief romantic tryst with a young composer, and that an early Puccini opera was titled *La Fanciulla del West*. They eventually became friends and collaborators and the contemporary opera *La Fancuilla’s Revenge* opened to rave reviews....”

FROM *THE MAIDEN’S REVENGE* BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS



12

*See Ya!*

Archival pigment print

**PHILIP GUERETTE**

Burbank, CA

“As you Like It Croutons” could not be kept on Dogberry and Perdita Gourmet Grocery shelves. They were preferred by the local foodies, chefs and restaurateurs that featured Caesar Salads. The secret of their uniqueness was never discovered. They were crushed, soaked, burnt, looked at under microscopes, dropped in acids, x-rayed, sprayed with solvents and fed to the anxious. No secret ingredient was found.

Andrew Feldspar, the owner and founder of “As You Like It Croutons,” was asked over and over, on television, the radio and in print to divulge the secret. He took it to his grave....”

FROM *THE MAGIC TOASTER* BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS





# 13

## Vision of Purging

Archival digital print

ERIC EDGE

Austin, TX

“Mathew Brady’s daguerreotype studio was at 625 Pennsylvania Avenue Northwest, Washington, DC. He had moved his studio from New York to Washington in 1849. He photographed many notables during the over thirty years of his practice there, including Abraham Lincoln, Frederick Douglass, Walt Wittman, Robert E. Lee, and many others.

Yet, his most notorious, and endlessly debated image, is his 1863 photograph of possibly the first super-hero, “Butthead.”

The Civil War was raging, the disastrous battle of Chancellorsville had just concluded, the bloody Northern victory at Gettysburg was months away. Union Secretary of War, Edwin Stanton, searched for a secret weapon.

Giuseppe Marchetti, an Italian immigrant from the Abruzzo region of Italy, a tanner by trade, helped out occasionally at his cousin’s Seventh Street tobacco shop, rolling cigarettes, a novelty, for most tobacco was smoked in a pipe or rolled rough into stogies and cheroots.

For thousands of years tannins, derived from tree bark and animal dung, had been used to tan leather. After 1840, in America, chromium salts were used. It was not known then that continued direct exposure to chromium salts can cause the alteration of human DNA.

Of course, Giuseppe Marchetti was not aware of the hazard. He could not explain why his hands would suddenly combust, with no harm to himself, but destructive or dangerous when reading the paper or folding a blanket. Eventually, he could not look at himself in a mirror when in “l’incendio,” as he called it.

Secretary Stanton frequented the Seventh Street tobacco shop. He was fond of the new cigarettes. Quite unexpectedly he found his secret weapon. Fires were to become frequent in Richmond, Atlanta, Chattanooga and Mobile....”

FROM BUTTHEAD GOES TO WAR BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS



*We Were Just Water*

Digital pigment print

**LAURIE KLEIN**

East Providence, RI

“There are loves and then there are loves,” said Mr. Ólafsson, professor Ólafsson, with emphasis on the last word, “loves.”

Professor Ólafsson stood on the podium before an auditorium of sophomore anthropology students. He had chosen to lecture on mermaids in ancient folklore and myth. Only those in the first five or six rows could see that the cuffs of his pants and his shoes were wet.

“The Greeks still pass around a tale of Alexander the Great’s sister, Thessalonike, transformed into a mermaid upon her death. She lived and continues to live a comfortable life in the Aegean Sea. Mermaids have been dangerous sirens and mischievous nuisances, and the lovers of terrestrial men throughout history. They persist in the stories of many cultures.”

“Excuse me professor, but you mentioned love in your opening. Could you explain?” said a young woman seated on the second row.

“Did I? Yes, of course.”

Early morning light was just making the blackened rocks visible in the turbulent change of tides. A tall man walked carefully into the water, stopping, the beginning of a great ocean going to and fro at his ankles. Standing for a minute, erect and still, he removed a cell phone from the inside pocket of his sports coat, the image of a naked woman on the screen, tossing it just past the rocks, into the rolling waves. A terrible illness had taken the woman from him. He desperately wanted her back....”

FROM *FOR THE LOVE OF A MERMAID* BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS





15

*Loiseau*

Digital pigment print

**DAPHNE SCHNITZER**

Tel Aviv, Israel

“Damn, damn, did you get what he said?” asked Special Agent Phillips.

“No, too much static,” said Special Agent D’Amico, seated in front of a bank of electronics, with a large headphone over one ear.

Placing a pair of binoculars on the windowsill, “There’s a stinking seagull attacking the damn antenna! What the hell’s up with that?” said Special Agent Phillips.

“Want me to go outside and throw something at it?” said Special Agent D’Amico.

“No, they could make you. Can you hear anything?” said Special Agent Phillips.

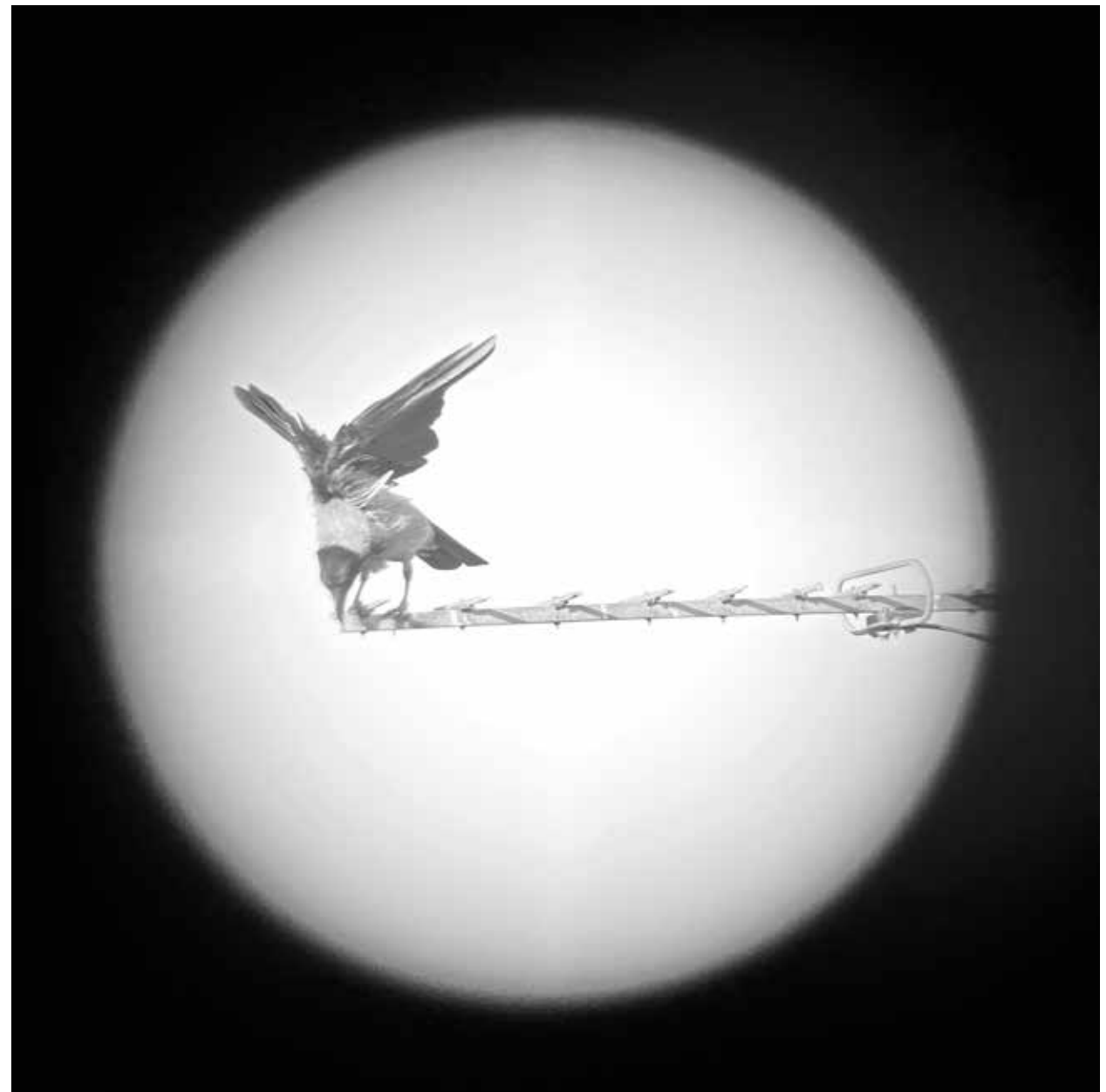
“Yeah, but it’s garbled and breaking up,” said Special Agent D’Amico.

“Think you can get something from the recording?” asked Special agent Phillips.

“Maybe,” said Special Agent D’Amico.

Special agent Phillips picked up the binoculars and looked out the window again. “Rock, you’re not gonna believe this. Big Stefano just walked out. He’s throwing bread up to the gulls. Do we know that Baby Stefano is in there?” said Special Agent Phillips....”

FROM *LISTENING* BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS



## 16

### *So Close*

Archival digital print

**DALE NILES**

Fayetteville, GA

“Turn, turn the sparrow loose.”

“Turn the sparrow loose.”

“Turn, turn the sparrow loose.”

All the members of the band sang the refrain.

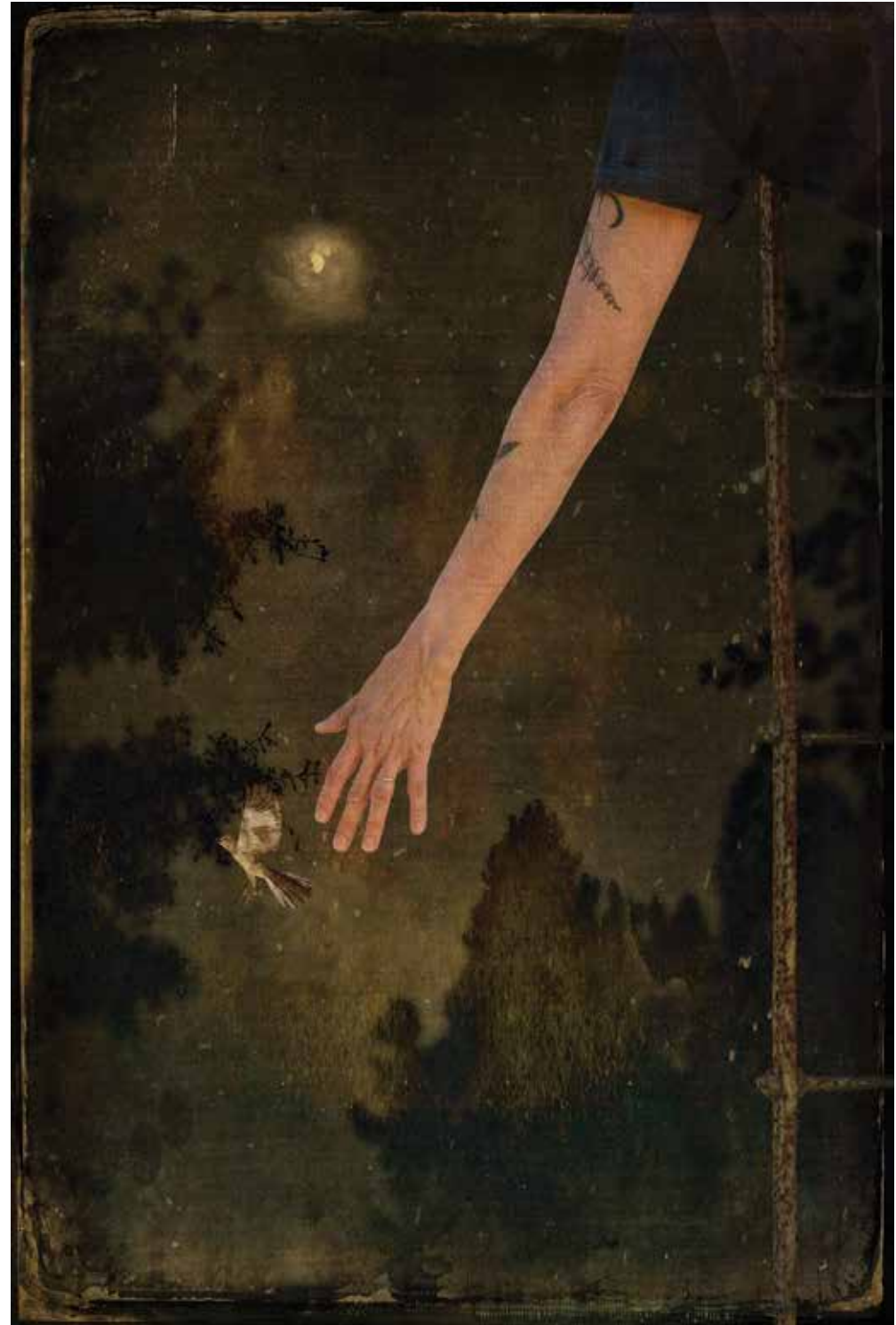
“Turn the sparrow loose....”

Ellie, the primary vocalist and songwriter for the group, wrote the song when she was twelve. She hesitated to bring the song to the others. She was afraid they would laugh at it, think it too simple, the song of a child, juvenile. They all liked it after singing the refrain acapella, except for Bryce the drummer. Bryce came around after they plugged in and played it through. Their manager promoted them as Crosby, Stills and Nash with a Girl. They hated that at first, but eventually it grew on them. It was true.

Ellie’s mother was a taciturn, quiet, stern woman. She taught her daughters all the “duties of a woman” — cooking, sewing, cleaning, canning, gardening, ironing. She was raised in recently electrified Georgia, a child of simple, rural people. The Depression had barely ended, but it left its mark, permanent and hard. Ellie loved her “more than God,” she would tell her friends. They would chastise her for her “blasphemy.” She didn’t care. She loved God too, just not as much. She and her three sisters would get up on the splintery, split rail fence at the side of the house and sing, in perfect, tribal harmony, church songs and folk songs. It was the only time they saw their mother keep a smile.

One late spring Saturday evening, Ellie and her sisters were helping their mother clean up after baking pies for the church bake sale the following day. A sparrow flew into the kitchen from the screen porch. It flew around and around, landing on her mother’s shoulder, just as her father walked into the kitchen. He stood and stared for a minute, then gruffly told them to, “Get that damn bird outta the house!” Years later, after the girls had left home, they would start conversations among themselves with “Turn that damn bird loose”—code and a prayer....”

FROM *THE SPARROW* BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS



17

*Release*

Archival pigment print

**JIM TURNER**

Silver Spring, MD

“He’s got the whole world in his hands, he’s got the whole wide world in his hands. He’s got the whole world in his hands....”

The singing weaves in and out of the cane. The voices keeping tempo with the ringing of the steel against the thick, grass-like stalks, the occasional flat percussive of bare feet against thick, black, wet soil. The sharp, slender leaves of the cane seeming to whirl and vibrate with the deep chorus, the raw soprano of the women running up against the primal baritone of the men, colliding and melding like what the sugar in the cane will do later on in a sweet, beautiful pie or praline.

Lettie waits all year for these days. Hard days, real hard days, but the singing seems to bring whatever there is of heaven down closer, the tops of the cane tickling something fine and special, she can’t see it, only when she closes her eyes, still swinging the cane knife, the ringing of the steel just a bit higher than her voice, she sees the meaning of the song clear and real, refreshing and recharging the choral amulet for yet another year....”

FROM *LOUISIANA SUGAR* BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS



*The Morrigan*

Fine art Giclée print

SHARON COVERT

Tinton Falls, NJ

“The streets of Washington were fine for walking on that unusually warm March evening in 1861. Mrs. O’Hanlon sat at her window watching for her slave, Esther, to return from The Fourth Street Market. Mr. O’Hanlon was suffering mightily from the grippe. Esther was knowledgeable of the aromatic herbs necessary to provide him comfort.

The O’Hanlon home was a simple, two-story Georgian townhouse with a classical elliptically-covered porch, held up by clumsily carved Ionic columns. Mr. O’Hanlon, a Protestant Irish, was scandalized when he was told the meaning of the egg and dart motif of the cornice. Mrs. O’Hanlon convinced him that no one would think ill of him as a result. Washington was lousy with varying degrees of classical decoration.

Noticing Esther coming up the street, Mr. O’Hanlon also spotted a very tall, lanky gentleman walking about twenty paces behind her. His gait was loose and uneven. His long arms and large hands fixed at his side. Esther dropped one of her packages. The tall man quickened his pace and bent to help her gather up the various spilled vegetable curatives. Thanking him, Esther stood and watched him walk away, turning east towards Lafayette Park. Running into the house she excitedly exclaimed over and over, “That be Mr. Lincoln, That be Mr. Lincoln!” Mrs. O’Hanlon, whose allegiances were mostly with the South, roughly grabbed Esther’s cargo and walked, shaking her head, to the kitchen.

The tall gentleman continued on into the park, a dark night descending. His countenance stern and his bushy brows gathered, worried yet determined. War was imminent. He could no longer avoid the fated meeting with the Mór-Ríoghain. Spotting her standing with a lantern, her song cracking and rough, flirtatious and captivating. She attempted to seduce him back into the blackness. He hesitated, then responded, there was no need to consummate the moment. He was preparing for war. She hissed and laughed. She turned, the moon reflecting off the graphite black of her plumage. The lantern casting her grotesque shadow against the hedges, the undulating image of a dark, wicked raven....”

FROM *THE MÓRRÍGAN* BY FRANKLIN CININNATUS





*No Matter Where You Go*

Silver gelatin print from a digital negative

**CARLOS ALEJANDRO**

Yorklyn, DE

“The semi-reclusive, retired, celebrity architect, Desmond Floyd, was completely opposed to hard surfaced roads, driveways, walks and freeways. Having suffered concrete and asphalt for most of his life, he made the decision to build his final residence, his retirement home, to be arrived at by gravel paths. Desmond preferred that his guests and others park at the boundary of his estate and walk a significant distance to his door. He chose a fifteen-acre property that had formerly been a hayfield.

His guests would arrive in various stages of wear and exhaustion. In summer sweating. In winter frozen. He kept an artfully decorated English coach at his front entry, with an expertly lettered sign reading, “Out of Order,” attached to its door. The paths where well-lit, swept in summer, free of snow in winter.

Upon completion of the house, The Pembertons of Dover were the first guests, along with Sue and Whipper Steele of Chevy Chase, a short time later. It was the second week in June. Desmond met his guests at the door with dixie cups of cool water and the offer of face towels. Mrs. Pemberton asked to be taken to a chair. Mr. Pemberton sat and removed a stone from his loafer, requesting Scotch. The Steeles, being younger, accepted the water and kissed Desmond on the cheek. However, after walking the short distance to the living room, Whipper Steele noticed a dull pain in his right Achilles. The walk had apparently aggravated an old rowing injury.

And so it went over the first year and a half of Desmond’s new home. When his sudden death aroused suspicion, there were plenty of suspects....”

FROM A DISAGREEABLE INVITATION BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS





20

*Inner Sanctuary*

Archival digital print

CATHERINE PANEBIANCO

Jamestown, NY,

“She lost her dog to a coyote. It was one of those small, nervous, yapping little dogs. It bit her friend, Sheila, on the chin, requiring stitches. Sheila was cool about it. They laughed on the way to the emergency room, reminiscing about her getting her first period at summer camp, the councilor marking her with the first blood on her forehead, cheeks, and chin. They danced around the cabin singing “Louie, Louie.”

The coyote first came at night, after the first snow. All she could see was a faint silhouette. She turned on the overhead light, illuminating everything within twenty feet of the frosty window. The image of the animal was distorted, haloed by the cold. It’s fur bristly, electric. It turned, looking directly at her. Strangely, she felt no fear or apprehension. They sat together for a few minutes, neither moving nor averting their gaze, until finally the animal rose, shook the fresh snow from its coat, loping off towards the brush at the edge of the property. Turning once to look back at the window.

A strong wave of familiarity and melancholy came over her. She rushed to the window. Not understanding why. She caught herself waving to the disappearing coyote. Her breath coming quick and shallow—the turn, the backwards glance upon leaving—her father would do that each time he dropped her off. The image of him turning and her waving, it was the last, the only true thing she had of him.

Try as she might, she could not be angry with the coyote....”

FROM *THE LEAVING* BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS



21

*Birdman*

Archival pigment print

VICKI RICHARDSON REED

Cedarburg, WI

“The poet dreams his words as birds. Bright birds. Birds black as coal.

Birds with song.

Birds as churlish antagonists. Birds as lovers.

Chattering gulls and haughty mockingbirds.

At every leaving, his birds travel with him.

The road his metered aviary.

Miles stanzas, sonnets fields of raucous geese.

The poet dreams his words as birds....”

FROM *THE POET’S BIRDS* BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS



22

*Shoulder Pad*

Archival inkjet print

**LAWRENCE MANNING**

Nampa, ID

“On the third day we came upon a greyed and weathered trough of ripe figs. They looked of sumptuous leather, sensuous browns and umbers and the green of old patinaed copper.

We hesitated, then....”

The writer could only start. He could not finish.

“As a young man with a powdered wig I respected him. Once he shed the wig I thought differently, confused. Are the artifices of our vanity, our youth silly? Necessary? Do we deny ourselves an important experience if we defer to propriety or normalcy?....”

He sought relief in bathing, but it helped only temporarily.

Crystals cut him. Incense made him sneeze. Rubbing the brass bowl gave him blisters.

He understood the council of the birds. He couldn’t say why he ignored them.

He eventually chose to listen....”

FROM *THE COUNCIL OF CROWS* BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS



Monuments

Digital pigment print

JUSTUS WAYNE THOMAS

Nashville, TN

“The neighbors bore a terrible grudge. The (who knows how old) tree, a beech, stood at least fifty feet tall. Many of the neighbors had childhood stories of the tree. They had climbed it, swung from it, lost kites in it, and on and on. A pastor’s son proudly admitted that he had compromised his promised virginity, one summer night, in the dappled shade of a full moon. Its fate was an unanimously agreed upon neighborhood travesty.

The tree belonged to an older couple that had adopted a boy shortly after losing their only son in the war in Vietnam. The young fellow was eleven years old when he was adopted. His only possessions were two pair of blue jeans, underwear, a couple of shirts, a Barlow knife, terribly scratched Afrika Korps binoculars and a tattered copy of Mark Twain’s *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*.

The boy grew up obsessed with the Mississippi River, one day traveling down it. He eschewed Led Zepelin and Foghat for old records of New Orleans jazz bands. His Jewish pal, Lenny, explained to him the exclamation, “Next Year in Jerusalem.” He began writing on the covers of his schoolbooks and notes and correspondence, “Next Year in New Orleans!”

So, upon the arrival of his eighteenth birthday, he enlisted three fellow travelers and they, armed with bow saws and an unpredictable Craftsman chainsaw, removed every significant branch from the towering beech. They added the limbs to old barrels and collected styrofoam to make a raft. The girl in the group, an aspiring artist, created a banner that they hung from the largest branch of the much-loved tree that served as a mast. It read, “New Orleans or Bust!” and off they went, the lights of Kansas City receding, Huck and Jim and Bourbon Street on their minds, adventure and lots of poorly prepared catfish in their future....”

FROM LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI REPRISED BY FRANKLIN CININNATUS





“Saint Patrick banished the snakes from Ireland!”

“Bullshit!”

“He did not, the slithery passengers on the ark never made it. Noah tolerated the scaley buggers, but not the Irish!”

Aodhan Murphy, the owner of Maggie’s Cantina, named after his mother, stood before the bar, waving a tattered Irish cannoneers cap, with a faded green shamrock on the front. He brought Guinness and birria tacos to San Patricio County. Aodhan drank his Guinness poured just right. He kept Gilbert, a mostly unpleasant, drug-addicted, failed insurance underwriter as the bartender. He poured a perfect Guinness. Most who tried could not weather Aodhan’s rage upon failing. Gilbert had messed up everything else in his life, but he could pour a perfect Guinness.

Behind the bar was a large painting of an Irish coastline with a canon and a tall pole with a shamrock at the top. Underneath it, on a weathered piece of mesquite, was a poorly hand-lettered sign that read, “The Irish Snake Brigade.”

Pointing at it Aodhan continued, “That there is where my great, great, grandpop manned canon that blew them snakes back here to Texas or wherever the hell they were coming from!” waving the cannoneers cap wildlly above his head.

The food writer for the Corpus Christi newspaper wrote a very short review of Maggie’s Cantina: “Best birria tacos I’ve had outside of Mexico. The barkeep, if you can overlook his obvious fallen state, pours a perfect Guinness. A regular informed me that if I should return, come back around seven-thirty in the evening. The owner, Mr. Murphy, is typically sufficiently intoxicated by then and gives his Irish Snake Brigade performance. There is a painting behind the bar that references the snakes. They bottle their wonderful chili piquin salsa. I bought a jar. Ridiculously hot, but seductive, with garlic, cilantro and chunks of green tomato....”

FROM THE IRISH SNAKE BRIGADE BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS





25

*Wondering2*

Digital pigment print

**MARCY TILTON**

Cave Bend, OR

“Salvatore Quasimodo was the great, great, great, great...grandson of the ill-formed, good-hearted bell-ringer of fifteenth century Paris. The story, thought a fiction, was indeed true.

The Quasimodos flourished around the environs of Notre Dame for centuries, even prospering during the revolution. Falling on hard times once the Nazis took Paris, Salvatore’s father, Apollinaire Quasimodo, was able to spirit the family away to the Free French town of Toulon, on the Mediterranean coast.

Although the war raged, Salvatore had a brief, idyllic Toulon childhood: roaming the beaches, playing in the fountains at The Provencal Market, trekking to the fish markets of Le Mourillon to buy dinner for the family, climbing Mount Faron with his playmates and running errands for Father Renaud, the rector of the Toulon Cathedral. His family still maintained recognition as devout servants of the church.

Eventually the Germans and the war came to Toulon. Though only fifteen, Salvatore joined the resistance. The allies bombed the port city, causing many casualties. Toulon was liberated by the Free French forces in 1944. At the end of the war, Salvatore, scarred and shaken by his experiences, moved back to Paris with his family and entered seminary.

Father Quasimodo was restless as a priest. In his mid-thirties he requested a leave of absence to attend the Sorbonne to study art. His request granted, he graduated in three years with a fine art degree in sculpture. Salvatore immersed himself in the burgeoning avant-garde movement of the 1960’s. He became known and had the most success with his soft sculpture, commenting on Parisian couture....”

FROM *THE QUASIMODOS, A HISTORY* BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS



*Snack Time*

Archival fine art print

**CANDACE BIGGERSTAFF**

Ashland, OR

“Baldi noticed a travel trailer away from the rest. The circus had come the week before. He needed work and thought maybe there was someone with authority inside. He worked for his cousin the previous summer selling Mexican leather goods and spurs at rodeos.

Baldi knocked on the door. A voice from inside yelled, “It’s open!”

He opened the door, stepped in and before the occupants could say anything, he nervously asked if there was any work available, that he had experience working, selling things at rodeos.

“We are not carnies. We are clowns,” the grandmother said, smiling, her granddaughter dressed just as she was.

“Yeah, we are good clowns too,” said the young girl.

“I’m sorry, sorry...” said Baldi.

“No, no it’s ok,” said the grandmother, “Show me your smile, now..., frown. Good, sit down, we are having some stew. Would you like some?”

Before he could answer, she was bringing him a very large pair of shoes and a bowl of stew with two slices of white bread on top....”

FROM *BALDEMAR JOINS THE CIRCUS* BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS





*Pot of Gold*  
Digital pigment print

**CAROL SERUR**  
San Marcos, TX

“Will, will you teach, teach us to whistle?” asked the bolder of the cranes.

“I suppose I could try, but you, your tribe is so very loud. Whistling, well for us ducks anyway, is a gentle thing. The two-leggeds, my, my, are loud and screechy with their attempts. I suppose I could try,” said the duck, an old crooner known for his very pleasant whistling.

The duck climbed atop a retired, rusty milk can, for the cranes were tall and the duck rather short, and beckoned the cranes to come closer and observe how he held his beak and the position of his tongue.

The cranes watched intently as the duck gently whistled, the sound not unlike an Irish pennywhistle or an old toy train. The bolder of the cranes positioned his tongue just so in his beak, took a deep breath and let out a loud honk and a screech.

“Oh no,” said the duck, “that is most certainly not a whistle.” The shy crane then softly gave it a try. Her attempt was much better, but still not a whistle.

Just then a great rainbow descended from the heavens, lighting up the duck’s tawny feathers and pump-kin orange beak.

“My new crane friends, I must go now. Perhaps if you continue to practice you will one day master the whistle. Bye now,” said the duck as he rose from the milk can, flying ever higher towards the west, his fading whistle in perfect pitch....”

FROM *THE REINCARNATION OF BING CROSBY* BY FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS





## THE STORY

“When I was a kid I saw the Disney movie, *The Jungle Book*. I loved it—a really cool bear, an imperious tiger and a boy, wild in the jungle, raised by wolves—what the hell is better than that? I remember that I already knew most of the story. I’m not sure why. Someone, mom or grandparent, must have read the stories to me at some point. Shortly thereafter I saw the book *Kim* in a bookstore, also by Rudyard Kipling. On the cover was a smiling young Indian boy. I remember picturing in my mind the boy being Mowgli, just older. I imagined what he was doing in the book. I didn’t read the book until I was much older. In my younger imaginings I had gotten it all wrong. He didn’t grow up to be an accordion playing veterinarian—just kidding, I don’t really remember what I had imagined for the older Mowgli.

Thinking about this sparked something in my brain recently, causing me to remember being a kid in front of the book rack at Woolworth’s or in a bookstore or perusing the bookshelf at a friend’s house. I loved book covers, especially when I was too young to be able to understand what was inside. I would make up, imagine, my own story, based upon the cover image and title, if I could understand it.

I have never grown out of my youthful predilection for conjuring tales based on imagery. Photography has taken the place of book covers. There are stories waiting to be discovered or invented....”

FROM *LOST IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD WITH BOOKS* BY

FRANKLIN CINCINNATUS

## DIRECTOR’S STATEMENT

I was hesitant when Kevin first mentioned “Story” as a call-for-entry. I wasn’t sure photographers would accept him putting his (sometimes irreverent and wacky) spin on their work. He convinced me he would be good. Although not totally convinced, I agreed.

Well, I am extremely happy with the outcome. Kevin was very fortunate to have received such wonderful images to select from. I am always amazed at what he pulls from an image. Typically, we photographers don’t think in terms of story when we are out shooting. More and more, after spending eleven years with Kevin, I have come to see story as an important aspect of all art-making. It is not an absolutely necessary part, but another aspect or tool.

I want to thank all the photographers who threw caution to the wind and entered their images. I am very proud of this project. We, all of us who participated, have created something special that will be a surprise to those who find this book in the future.

**AMANDA SMITH**

*Johnson City, Texas*

**KEVIN TULLY** is co-director of A Smith Gallery in Johnson City, Texas. He is an artist, photographer, and woodworker. Kevin spent over thirty years as a designer, fine art painter and furniture maker prior to joining A Smith Gallery. A Smith Gallery is a fine art photography gallery with a national and international footprint, with an emphasis on creativity and education. Kevin has juried numerous exhibitions for the gallery and other organizations over the past nine years. Kevin also does portfolio reviews and mentors individual photographers as well as writing about photography and art.

**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!*

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO  
FORREST PATTON, A GRANDFATHER  
WITH WONDERFUL STORIES

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AMANDA SMITH

KEVIN TULLY



