The History of the Family Photograph
Photographs and Memory Connecting the American Past and Present

Presented by the
Gahlberg Gallery and Liberal Arts Division
College of DuPage

Thursday, Feb. 21, to Thursday, March 28, 2002
The ability to capture, for our pleasure, pleasant memories of the past through photographs is indeed a miracle.

Many of us treasure hours we spend leafing through albums or staring at pictures of loved ones on the mantel. These moments are even more special for those of us who live some distance from our loved ones.

While new technologies offer us clearer images and additional options, the soul of the photographs are the images in our minds of the past that bring us pleasure.

College of DuPage is pleased to support the History of the Family Photograph: Photographs and Memory Connecting the American Past and Present. Much can be learned from a visual depiction of the past that will be imaginably useful in the future.

Michael T. Murphy
President,
College of DuPage

Since the events of Sept. 11, 2001, we sense a need for connecting with our neighbors and family. It has never been clearer the need for human relationships. It has never been clearer the need for community. Our local historical facilities are links to our communities, past and present. The purpose of this exhibition is to write our own family and community histories through the family photograph. The family photograph is easily accessible and connects public events with private activities. It makes the themes and concepts from history books come alive and provides discussion of memories, stories and values. People from all over the world have come to District 502 bringing with them standards and lifestyles that have influenced life here. These visions and lifestyles are what is being celebrated here.

The 20th century was a rich and unsettled era. At the turn of the 19th century, people’s lives were centered on the family home and farm. For the turn to our 21st century, the Internet is the favorite vehicle of communication connecting acquaintances found in Hong Kong, Australia and India. The replacement of the horse and buggy with the automobile; the interchange of dirt roads to expressways; and ground to air transportation have materialized in the past 100 years. Since the electrification of America, the evolution of the telephone, radio and television have changed our lives. We have experienced people going into outer space, landing on the moon, space stations and probes past Venus, Mars and Jupiter. We have benefited from the development of antibiotics and other medical “miracles” that have increased Americans’ life expectancy.

At the same time wars erupted: World War I, World War II, the Cold War and the Vietnam War. Colonial peoples freed themselves from their overlords. New nations were formed through independent self-determinization: India, China, Zimbabwe and Belize.

The arts flourished. Picasso, Jackson Pollock, Jacob Lawrence and Cindy Sherman developed the visual arts. Frank Lloyd Wright, Eero Saarinian and I.M. Pei created new forms of architecture. Igor Stravinsky, Schoenberg and John Cage transformed classical music. Jazz developed from Scott Joplin’s syncopation through Wynton Marsalis. Popular music changed from the Cakewalk to the Dave Matthews Band. Film developed as an art form.

These historical events tell the larger picture of the 20th century, but the family photo tells the personal, smaller picture of human relationships. Each family has a photograph and each photograph tells a story. The photograph represents individual contributions to these events, participation, reactions or observations of the events no matter how seemingly insignificant.
The family has changed in the last 100 years from an extended family to a nuclear family. Large families soon gave way to the two-child family that now has organized into large family conglomerates, including mom, dad, their kids from previous marriages, and kids from that marriage. Winston Churchill said, “It starts with a young man falling in love with a girl — no superior alternative has yet been found.”

This is a photograph of my daughter, Tia Tanita Stewart. Tia is 6 years old and loves to do what all little girls do: play with her Barbie dolls, dance, skip and sing. What is not obvious is that she is a bi-racial child. I am African-American and her father is Caucasian. She is the All-American girl, neither black nor white. Tia is just her beautiful little self. Although she is deaf, the future is all beautiful for Tia Tanita Stewart. She is the All-American Girl.

Julia Stewart
Batavia, IL
2001
On Oct. 9, 1996 little did I know I was taking such a memorable picture of my husband, Oscar. We were celebrating our 50th wedding anniversary. Taking a cruise on the QE 2 sailing from New York to South Hampton, England arriving there on Oct. 14.

Mary Huffman
Willowbrook, IL
1996
Our son Ben was born 25 minutes after we arrived at the hospital. By the time we had helped my wife Carol out of the wheelchair and onto the bed, the baby was crowning. Our midwife then gently placed my hands on the almond-shaped crest of Ben’s head. “You can catch him,” she told me. I had barely adjusted to the shock of her words when my hands felt a small wet patch of hair and scalp grow into a purple-blue orb, with a face, that soon began to grimace. Still malleable, slightly flattened by the exit muscles, our son’s head was in my hands. Carol, knowing she was close, gave one last amazing push. And then, like billions of mammals before him, our son glided out of his laboring mother — squeezed from a dark, warm cocoon of muscle in a bloody gush of water. In an unparalleled experience of both separation and union, Ben would both leave and arrive home. As he slipped into the dry, air-conditioned world of fluorescent light, his arms, which were plastered to his torso like little wings, quickly unfolded and began to randomly flap. Then our midwife, Therese, laid him on Carol’s stomach, where the lost, waving arms magically found intention, beginning their lifelong reaching — for love, and other things.

Tom Montgomery-Fate
Glen Ellyn, IL
Women’s History

Take care of your female companions, because when you will bear children, when you will be ill, when your heart will be broken or some natural disaster will strike your life, men will go to work and other women will take care of you. Let it be mothers, sisters, daughters, girlfriends or your husband’s mistresses.

Lithuanian Grandmother

Women’s history has changed considerably since the beginning of the century. Women always worked in and out of the home, working with their husbands on the family farm or working in the family store. Widows and single women worked to support themselves. Women’s roles have remained similar, the primary caretaker of the children, the housekeeper, the glue that held the family together.

This is my great-grandmother Lenora Grace Lafferty. The picture was taken in 1915. She is in front of her farmhouse. Lenora’s future husband, my great-grandfather, Miles Jeter is courting her. The couple was permitted to see each other on Sundays only. She is dressed in her best outfit because they are on a date. They are going for a ride in the countryside to test drive Miles’ new buggy, a gift from his father.

Meghan Burlison
Winfield, IL
1915
This picture was taken of me in 1960, just before the start of 8th grade. My friend and I dancing the jitterbug were oblivious that we would be the women who would have to struggle with the conflicts of the values of the 1950s, which shaped us, and the changing expectations of subsequent years. Forty-one years have passed and I’m proud of the resiliency of the women of my generation.

Gloria Golec
Glen Ellyn, IL
1960
The Immigrant in America

It was his peculiar happiness that he scarcely ever found a stranger whom he did not leave a friend.

Samuel Johnson

At the turn of the century the typical immigrant was from southern or eastern Europe. As America has expanded its immigration policies, the immigrant includes people from India, China, Lebanon, Palestine, Kenya, Ivory Coast, Bosnia and Mexico.

This is a picture of my mother, Matilde Carranza, with the Statue of Liberty in the background. My father took this picture in 1992 when we went to visit New York. We had all wanted to visit the statue that represented our new country. My family had immigrated to the United States a couple of years prior to our visit. We had left our native country in hopes of finding a new life in this country. Ever since the first year we moved to America, we wanted to go and see the Statue of Liberty. She was a symbol of freedom and opportunity for us. This picture represents our hopes, aspirations and dreams; the same dreams many other immigrants in America share.

Itzel Carranza
Elmhurst, IL
1992
Nov. 4, 1993, the day my mom, my two sisters and I boarded a plane for the first time and headed toward a new life and a new country. The photo was taken before the plane took off for the United States. It was always my mom’s dream to give us a better life here in the United States and it now came true. We were all very excited about reaching the United States. We had never seen snow before and now we were going to see it falling from the sky. It was hard to leave the Philippines, which has been our home for many years. But all of our sadness disappeared knowing that we are going to begin a new life together after being apart for eight years.

Nicholette Alloso
Wheaton, IL
1993
**Art, Sports and Leisure**

*So you wish to conquer in the Olympic games, my friend? And I too, by the gods, and a fine thing it would be. But first make the conditions and the consequences, and then set to work. You will have to put yourself under discipline; to eat by rule, to avoid cakes and sweet meats; to take exercise at the appointed hour whether you like it or not, in cold and heat; to abstain from cold drinks and from wine at your will; in a word, to give yourself over to the trainer as to a physician.*

Epictetus

Families gravitate to sports events during their leisure hours. Sports unite us: the Chicago Bulls, five-time NBA champions, the Chicago Bears and the Wolves.

Individuals have used sports and the arts to break the struggle of poverty. We express ourselves through the arts as creator or as observer when we feel the powerful emotions of the artist. The arts are some of the best of people’s creations from the cave prints to the art of film.

This is a picture of my brother, cousin and me. It was taken back in 1995 when the Chicago White Sox were actually a somewhat decent team. I chose this picture because it shows a great American pastime. After the recent tragic events, we have to try and get back to a normal life. I believe nothing else brings people together like going to a baseball game with family and friends.

Brian Nelli

Bloomingdale, IL

1995
Bolivar Central School in Bolivar, NY opened in 1931. The small oil town, named for the great South American liberator Simon Bolivar in 1825, drew students from Bolivar and other neighboring communities. The first graduating class had 27 students. But size did not diminish the spirit of the 1931 relay team. The speed, talent and determination of the four young men pictured above led the first relay team of the first Bolivar Central School to win the New York State Championship.

Connie Dix
Hinsdale, IL
1931
A uniform is more than a costume. A uniform implies skill in a particular area; it enjoins participation in a select set of individuals; and it elicits pride from the rightful holder of the suit.

The man in this picture is my grandfather’s uncle. His name was William Kugelman. The photograph was taken right before he went off to Europe to fight in World War I. He was engaged to be married upon his return. Tragically, he was killed in combat just days before he was scheduled to return home. My grandfather was born a few weeks after his uncle was killed and was named after him.

Matthew Kugelman
Arlington Heights, IL
As a Girl Scout leader in Chicago in the 1970s, I tried to have my troop involved in city events. When informed that we were invited to march in the Columbus Day Parade, my girls thought it would be a long, boring walk. How exciting it was to see the many units on the side streets north of the Chicago River waiting for their cue to step into the parade. Our walk was brisk in the autumn sunshine so when we reached the end at Van Buren Street and were directed to the sidewalk to disband, the girls were surprised and disappointed. They did not anticipate that marching on State Street would be so much fun.

**Fran Vestuto**
Wheaton, IL
1970s
**Work**

*Something made greater by ourselves and in turn that makes us greater.*

Maya Angelou

We spend much of our time, at least eight hours a day, at work, yet we rarely use the workplace as a venue for the family photograph. It is so ordinary, so every day, we tend to ignore it, yet our companions there often become fast friends.

The Italian immigrant huddled within the safety of the ghetto throughout America. I lived in such a ghetto with my parents, two brothers, grandparents and aunts and uncles. Never to venture outside the compound, these industrious people were all entrepreneurs. My brother and I pose with nana’s dog outside her "greengrocer," just one of dozens of family-owned business establishments within Little Italy.

**Carol Lindstrom**

Lombard, IL

1939
During my State Explorers Police Conference, we were all treated to a day of demonstrating. This photo was taken during a "bus raid." Inside were six actors, four that were hostages and two who were playing terrorists for the simulation.

Francisco Alferez
LaGrange, IL
2001
The History of the Family Photograph is directed by Misty Sheehan, associate professor of Humanities, Duane Ross, professor of Humanities, and Barbara Wiesen, director of Gahlberg Gallery, College of DuPage.

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