

 EVERSON MUSEUM OF ART

EDUCATOR PACKET

***FROM HERE TO THERE:
ALEC SOTH'S AMERICA***

OCTOBER 1, 2011 – JANUARY 12, 2012



Alec Soth, *Charles, Vasa, Minnesota*, 2002.
Chromogenic print. Courtesy the artist.

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From Here to There: Alec Soth’s America (2010) 136-146. First Edition© 2010 Walker Art Center.

Educator Resources

About the Exhibition

From Here to There: Alec Soth's America provides a focused look at an extraordinary photographer whose compelling images of the American road and its unexpected turns form powerful narrative vignettes. The exhibition will be the artist's first major survey assembled in the United States, exploring over 15 years of his career, and including an extensive new body of work.

Since his inclusion in the 2004 Whitney and São Paulo biennials, Soth's reputation as one of the most interesting voices in contemporary photography has continued to grow. Though he has followed the itinerant path laid forth by photographers such as Robert Frank, William Eggleston, and Stephen Shore, with pictures that probe the individualities of people, objects, and places he comes across, Soth's is a distinct perspective, one in which the wandering, searching, and the process of telling is as resonant as the record of these remarkable encounters. When considered together, Soth's pictures offer insight to broader sociologies, and in the process form a collective portrait of an unexpected America.

Featuring more than 100 photographs made between 1994 and the present, *From Here to There* includes rarely-seen early black-and-white images as well as examples from Soth's best-known series *Sleeping by the Mississippi* and *NIAGARA*. An entire section of the exhibition is devoted to broad range of portraits made over the past 15 years in Soth's native state, Minnesota. The exhibition will also include *Broken Manual*, a new body of work the artist has been developing since 2006, exploring places of escape in America and individuals who seek to flee civilization for a life off the grid.

From Here to There: Alec Soth's America is organized by Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, and is made possible by generous support from Carol Judson Bemis Jr., Marilyn and Larry Fields, Linda and Lawrence Pearlman, Geri and Dar Reedy, and Frances and Frank Wilkinson.

SLEEPING BY THE MISSISSIPPI

Alec Soth

Essays by Patricia Hampl and Anne Wilkes Tucker

Just don't go down to the river. My mother speaking sharply as my father and I head out the back door for our Sunday ride in the Ford. She will stay home fixing dinner, roast pork, a brittle-skinned chicken, some meal demanding her afternoon. We go on adventures.

This would have been the spring of 1965 when the Mississippi surged over the St. Paul levee, achieving (as the papers still love to say) "historic levels." The flood ruined yet again—but this time for the last time—the little houses of the Italian families who for generations had settled on the floodplain, trusting to luck.

It was understood, no doubt by my mother too, that the levee was exactly where we would go, that the river was our only possible destination that day. Her hand wringing ratified the value of witnessing devastation and ruin. Damage drew us to the river, the illicit festival that solemnity provides by way of conflagrations, inundations, whatever depredations come near enough—but not too near—to become "sights." What I remember: our safe, mind-numbingly ordinary St. Paul world, was now illuminated. It was finally framed by significance. Not simply ruined, but dignified by disaster. The levee was no longer a blur background. It mattered. Was worth a look Thrilling because engulfed.

My father, probably, was more starkly elegiac. No doubt he understood that this deluge was different from previous floods. Its ferocity would call down federal mandates and earnest city planners with newly devised safeguards, rules and regs. More than an event, this flood would be seen as a condition. It would take an essential part of his worldview, his hometown geography, and erase it. Maybe he drove down to the sodden levee that vacant, gray Sunday in a private salute to his own domestic past—an immigrant neighborhood as his own family were residents of a Czech neighborhood not far up the hill from the Italians along the river.

Such snug urban enclaves were eroding. The children of these tight, tender old neighborhoods were taking to the urban margins, to what we would come to know, years later, as sprawl. The Italians would depart in this more drastically biblical way, flooded out, but the effect was the same, if swifter: disappearance. The Corps of Engineers had already ruled that the little houses must be cleared away. The humans had to go. No federal or state money for rebuilding. The

Italians were shooed to the new suburbs, punished finally for foolishly hugging the side of the unruly river all these years.

Think of the pianos! My mother had cried that morning, looking up from the dismaying front-page pictures of drowned houses, the suddenly Venetian streets where boats with outboard motors idled at stop signs. Women on the levee sang opera music as they hung out the wash, my mother said, every house down there had a piano! As if this cultural refinement should have saved them. From this remark I saw (and have retained in my mind's eye) cartoon grand pianos with warped veneers of walnut and spruce, their tops propped up like heavy sails as they bobbed down the swollen river, women warbling arias from the tops of doomed houses.

It was the last neighborhood along our part of the river. For years after that, the rest of my girlhood and beyond, the levee was given over to a scrap metal yard where smashed and flattened cars lay stacked like cords of firewood for a colossal bonfire that was never lit. From time to time bands of homeless people set up temporary camps along the riverbanks in the warm months—and were eventually hounded out. The river became the disdained territory of throw-aways, used-up objects, discarded people.

Now the city, like so many communities along the Mississippi, has announced it intends to 'do something' with the river. Backhoes mound up a steeper levee: a developer has gained rights to build "housing units," luxury condos in the very place where, that spring Sunday, my father somehow convinced a cop in a patrol car that he had business past the police line and needed to "investigate." He used the word—my mild father—with grave command as if he were in charge here, and we were waved through.

We drove in, water rising to the Ford's hubcaps. Instinctively, I pulled my feet up from the floorboards, my arms around my raised legs on the gray-upholstered seat. My father didn't speak, didn't seem to notice me huddled next to him. He drove slowly, so slowly I had the sensation we might be sinking, going down, not forward. He leaned over the steering wheel, staring intently out the windshield. The water made soft slipping sounds against the car. These soft waves were worrisome, but I could only trust the absorbed, entirely calm look on my father's face. He did seem to be investigating, as he had told the patrolman.

He was framing his pictures, I think. Which is to say his memories. New, devastated pictures that appeared before us on that dark spring Sunday as we

slid past images of ruin, which, strangely, were not unbeautiful, no matter how sad they were, sunk in the muck of that ghostly neighborhood.

Yet I think he patrolled those watery streets even more because he wanted to register other, more indelible pictures, images already burnt on his mind's eye from his own memories and imaginings, from this lost location where he saw (though she wasn't there) a woman in a flowered housedress, standing inside a neatly fenced yard, singing Puccini as she pinned a white sheet to the line, the Mississippi lying docilely nearby, tame and fearsome as any sleeping beast.

The river does not simply suggest, it provides improbable images. The Mississippi, more amorphous than its relatively plumb line on the map makes you think, is replete with oddity, like any ignored place left to its strangeness. It is an extended landscape of vignettes, shards, discarded objects, sidelined existences. It seems to have an affinity with abandonment and foreclosure. Discard and decay are its furnishings, its style.

The smallest towns along the river, hamlets well off any main road, virtually never on a freeway, betray a tendency towards tatter and resignation. Bitter coffee and Grain Belt, burgers and fries, catfish breaded stiff as hardtack. And in these places, the faces of people who smoke, who will always smoke, who are not unrushed because they are calm, but because they are becalmed. Maybe chronically unemployed. These are the smallest river towns, the ones that don't even see themselves as towns, just a bar, maybe a marina off the main channel, tackle shop. Maybe two bars, make that three, Tombstone pizzas they can nuke for you.

The American notion of narration tends to see our story-line moving from East to West. To end a book with the protagonist standing at the Pacific's edge is, for an American, to achieve narrative metaphor. Whether transcendence or collapse hardly matters—the edge is not just the end. It's the ending.

The geographic middle, the Mississippi's realm, still exists in modern American imagination as flyover. Yet the earlier American experience of arrival, of seeking and finding (and taking) was South to North (DeSoto and his fatal journey) and, even more, North to South (the couriers de bois and their Indian guides and fellow trappers moving down the Mississippi from their trading headquarters in Montreal and the Sault).

The Mississippi took its time being "discovered." Europeans imagined it—and desired it—generations before they found it. It wasn't supposed to flow North-South in the calculations (or fevered hops) of these earliest explorers. In 1634, after reaching the Winnebago Indians in Green Bay, Jean Nicolet bragged that if he "had sailed three days' journey farther upon a great river" he would have "found the sea" which led to China. That was the dream, festooned with exotic delicacies, shot through with greedy hope.

Even the Indian people held the river's identity as legend, passing the reputation of "a Great River" to tribes who had never seen it but who in turn conveyed the rumor of its existence to the Spanish in the South and the French in the North.

The Mississippi has never fully relinquished this first residence in fantasy. A trip down the river is still a dream trip.

On a map the river may look like as a clean line bisecting the country, but the facts suggest a deeper metaphor. The Mississippi is really a massive conspiracy of waterways, a feuding clan of intermarried streams, massive lake-like expanses, and watercourses perfectly capable of spilling over almost a third of the American landmass at its heart (as it did in the millennial summer floods of 1993). Left to its own devices (if ever that was—even the Indians attempted dams and rudimentary fordings), the river's message is that the center of the country is a vast wetland.

At our heart, we are islands adrift in a mysterious, largely submerged waterland. The river we see, the length of it, is the risen edge of this watery world, given to humble, often abandoned habitation.

This is the truth the Corps of Engineers has been countering with its dredging operations and the massive lock-and-dam constructions which, since the 1930s, have made the Upper Mississippi a staircase of 29 locks descending from the Minneapolis to Cairo, Illinois where Huck and Jim failed to turn left up the Ohio, thus providing our literature with its great North-South narrative, its morality tale of black and white clinging to a life-raft.

On June 17, 1673, in the company of five French couriers de bois and two Indian guides, the veteran voyageur Louis Jolliet, along with Father Jacques Marquette,

a missionary trained as a cartographer and fluent in several Indian languages, canoed down the Fox and the Wisconsin from their raw station at St. Ignace, and arrived finally at their goal near present day Prairie du Chien where the Wisconsin opened into the dark expanse of the Upper Mississippi. Marquette's diary notation is the earliest European record of an encounter with the river.

River charts, used today mostly by towboat pilots, are filled with the names of landings and sloughs without road access or populations, places erased or never settled, abandoned now except by the agate type used to inscribe their names on the charts—Winters Landing, Coon Middle Daymark, Ruby Ferry Light, Bad Ax Island, Betsy Slough and Millstone Landing, Canton Chute, Winfield Access, Shady Creek, Point No Point.

Beautiful names, the automatic elegy of words that bear testimony to unmarked islands, sandy riverbanks, stands of cottonwood and willow, habitations and landmarks long gone, even from memory.

The Mississippi retains some uncanny seventeenth century moments, presenting itself with unquestioned majesty, the vastness of the continent in its flow. The massive body known elementally and most simply as The Great River with the stamp of all its attempted owners in its historic litany of languages—Missisipi, Mich-a-see-bee, La Conception, Le Colbert, Rio del Espiritu Santo, Mississippi.

Maybe my father knew these names. He liked to look across the river, watch for Canada geese rising in formation over the great flyway. He appreciated a muddle of pastel light and mist across the wide water.

He knew how to bow his head to these glories. He knew how to look. He was taking things in that flood-time morning as I sat curled up beside him, dismayed that we might be swept away with the imaginary pianos and the very real houses. He was making sure his world, though lost, would not disappear. We would see it. That's how what's lost is allowed to endure.

To make pictures, to frame, out of ignored and dishonored objects and lives, the arresting beauty of the abandoned left to its lonely lyric devices—this is always worth the terror, worth the trip. We had a moment that spring day—perhaps only pictures allow this fleeting state of grace—when we saw and framed the river. A timeless moment, an instant like the one Marquette recorded in his journal, with such emotion, as he and his companions paddled from the mouth of the

Wisconsin into the Mississippi. He beheld the great river for the first time, he wrote, "with a joy I cannot express."

Patricia Hampl

"and empty grows every bed..." John Berryman

Growing up in Louisiana, I would sit by the Mississippi watching river traffic: ships heading to and from the oil and chemical refineries, tug boats maneuvering linked barges around the river bends, and ferries crossing cars and pedestrians from my hometown Baton Rouge to the west side of the river. When riding the ferry, I watched flotsam swirl in water so brown and thick that one couldn't see more than a foot deep. Sometimes at the ferry landing, I talked to an old preacher who had walked the length of Mississippi from its source to its mouth at least twice, on legs so crippled by an accident that he could only walk aided by canes. He stood at the ferry landing beckoning people to be baptized, which I did once, sinking to my knees in the ooze of the riverbank.¹

I couldn't imagine what lay far north of my hometown, but I knew that below us was New Orleans. The river snaked in a "U" around "the Big Easy," prevented by high earthen levees from washing away the home of Dixieland music, Cajun voodoo, and the French quarter, with its fine restaurants, strip clubs, historic cathedral, and farmer's market permeated with the smell of garlic. Several times a year we drove past New Orleans, down the river road to corrupt, mean-spirited Plaquemine Parish so that my father could visit an associate. We would return home with sweet, sweet Louisiana oranges, picked from the few groves that remained after much of the parish was devastatingly flooded in 1927. The levee below New Orleans had been intentionally dynamited to save the city from the rampaging river.

When I was six my parents took me to see the movie *Show Boat*, the third remake of the Jerome Kern & Oscar Hammerstein musical about life on a Mississippi steamboat. As the river and its lore were an integral part of my life, I loved the movie and memorized the music, most especially *Ol' Man River*, sung then by William Warfield, but originally made famous by Paul Robeson in the 1936 film version. I was too young to fully understand the laments in the song's refrain, with its references to racism and slavery.² But I instinctively understood

the rich, slow flow of the song, and its expression that the river was a greater essence than the people that populate its shores and work its course. When the river passes Baton Rouge, it is very deep, and five times wider than the height of the state's phallic capitol, then the tallest building in Louisiana. By the time the river reaches New Orleans it has carved a depth of twenty-five stories and the currents are so treacherously swift that whatever falls in, including bodies, may not resurface before reaching the Gulf of Mexico. So I grew up drawn to the river and warned against it.

Alec Soth lives at the northern end of the river and is equally drawn by its power, its lore and its physical grandeur as well as the rich legacy of literature that it has inspired. Trekking along the Mississippi, Soth wasn't interested in the large cities or industries. Few cities, or even small towns, that were originally founded for river commerce still rely on the river for their existence. Most cities have turned their backs to the "Father of Waters" as the Algonquin Indians named it.³ With no interest in creating an economic or socio-political document about the river and its environs, Soth chose the rich imagery in certain poems as models and inspiration for his photographs. "I see poetry," he wrote, "as the medium most similar to photography...or at least the photography I pursue. Like poetry, photography is rarely successful. With narrative. What is essential is the "voice" (or 'eye') and the way this voice pieces together fragments to make something tenuously whole and beautiful."

A photographer's challenge is to develop an "eye" or point of view so personal that it becomes his recognizable style. All decisions of craft (camera, film, and photographic paper) are made to enhance that point of view. It is one step harder to sustain that "eye" throughout a project, so that the pictures are related one to the other, and again, a step harder for the pictures to be sequenced in an order that further shapes and enriches the whole. *Sleeping by the Mississippi* is one of those rare books that accomplishes this. The Mississippi River, or proximity to it, links Soth's pictures, but like many artists and writers before him, it's the river's potential as a metaphor that fueled his imagination. Dreams and dreaming unify his pictures. Dreams, like the river, transport us, promising freedom and the unknown. Soth begins his book with a photograph of Charles Lindbergh's boyhood bed in Little Falls, Minnesota and a quote by the mature Lindbergh about dreaming with one's eyes open. Then, throughout the book, Soth strategically includes photographs of beds and mattresses, which are "like Lindbergh's plane and Huck's raft...vehicles for dreaming."⁵

The coherence of the project places Soth's book exactly within the tradition of Walker Evans' *American Photographs* and Robert Frank's *The Americans*, two books that have shaped the history of photography. While there are many differences in the three books, each photographer repeatedly uses certain physical objects symbolically within individual pictures and within the sequence of the pictures. Soth uses beds the same way Evans used cars and artifacts of American popular culture in *American Photographs* and Frank employed automobiles and American flags in *The Americans*.

Dreams are, of course, not the only association evoked by the beds, and Soth's pictures embody the rich multiplicity of possible references. For instance, the hospital bed in Green Island, Iowa might first evoke images of illness, before one would wonder what feverish dreams taunted its occupant. Or, a bed as a site of procreation is implied in the image of Johnny Cash's boyhood home. Then, for anyone who grew up in Louisiana, the book's last picture in Venice evokes thoughts of sweat and mosquitoes. Why did someone carry a bed to that spot, so close to the edge of the marsh? Surely it was not for assignations? Surely the need for privacy was not so great that someone would bare themselves to the gnats, ticks and other vermin, including snakes, ever present by the river, just for a few moments of desire?

In the book's forty-six ruthlessly edited pictures, Soth alludes to illness, procreation, race, crime, learning, art, music, death, religion, redemption, politics, and cheap sex. Anyone who looks beyond the pictures' visual beauty will notice such details as the photographs of Martin Luther King Jr. taped to a wall in Memphis, where King's capacity to dream was assassinated. In another photograph, Memphis's glass pyramid peeks over a distant bridge. The pyramid, built by city fathers with dreams of greatness akin to their Egyptian namesake, now stands rather for failed dreams, as it is abandoned for the functions for which it was designed and built. Also in Memphis, Soth found the young black woman whose profession is unclear, but presumed, as she displays herself in silver lame hot pants lying on a motel bed. Sexuality is projected again in his picture of the almost indistinguishable mother and daughter from Davenport as well as by the *Hustler* magazine at Sugar's place. Then there is Herman's bed in Kenner, just outside New Orleans, with its 'see-no-evil/hear-no-evil monkeys' on the floor; and painted nudes under the air conditioner. Are Herman's dreams this vivid? Is there a parallel between where and what we dream?

Throughout the book, bibles, crosses and pictures of Jesus reveal the bedrock status of religion in towns large and small along the river. In black ink on his tee

shirt, a man at Angola prison declares himself to be a "Preacher + Man," in opposition to the depersonalizing prison numbers one presumes are on the blue work shirt he has shed. The deteriorated condition of a crucified Christ figure in Buena Vista, Iowa, might be read as lapsed faith. And it is hard to imagine when and why the electrical wires were attached to the cross, making this picture a wildly mixed metaphor.

Loneliness is as present as faith throughout the book. The loneliness of travel is endemic in photography's history for those who leave the studio and travel in search of their subjects, Soth experienced it and recognized it in others. Rather than reject or ignore it, he sought it out, transforming it to empathy. It is all too easy to aim a camera, which can be harsh and unforgiving. When viewing a maquette of Soth's book, National Public Radio commentator Andrei Codrescu recognized Soth's piercing "eye" and he wrote to Soth that he had woken his subjects just long enough to reveal "the immemorial, often dreamless, sometimes hopelessly trashy quality of their sleep, then let them sink back into the mud of their impecunious marginality."⁶ The judgment and dismissal in Codrescu's eloquent observation is not really what I sense as Soth's direction. When working, he is clearly determined, but not confrontational or critical. He evidently has enough charm to gain access to places notoriously closed to the public, such as Angola prison, as well as into people's homes. An 8 x 10 inch camera on a tripod does not allow for stealth. Unlike street photographers, such as Frank, Lee Friedlander and Garry Winogrand, who carried the quick to operate and easy to conceal 35 mm camera, Soth's equipment needs to be set up. Then working under a black cloth, Soth must calculate the camera's settings for exposure and focus. His subjects must be willing to pose and they must be patient. If he is judging them harshly, they don't sense it or reveal distrust. Instead they proffer cherished objects such as Charles' model planes and Bonnie's photograph of an angel. But they aren't smiling. Soth waits out their self-consciousness tendency to smile until they relax back into their thoughts, such as the sad young woman named Kym, who waits alone in a bar booth ironically surrounded by valentine hearts. Crystal, a New Orleans transvestite, poses dressed for church. She's a big person in a pristine white room, sitting on a spread picturing all the dainty princesses she will never be.

Soth attributes his mid-western upbringing to a sensibility that is more "dark and lonely" than optimistic. He referred me to the poet John Berryman, who leapt to his death from a Mississippi River bridge in January of 1972. Soth particularly noted Berryman's "Dream Song 1" and its last line, "and empty grows every bed." Most of the beds in Soth's pictures are empty, simultaneously evoking all past

and future nights as well as past and future occupants, fueling our imagination about their stories and their fates. Often, Soth focuses on the little details other than beds that reveal what mattered to those who live along the river, or what didn't matter enough to pack when a home was abandoned. There are paintings, such as the portrait in New Orleans. There's the postcard of a river in the American West, left behind when what must have been more treasured plates and cookie cutters were removed from the wall, leaving the nails and ghostly outlines.

Soth made his first river road venture from Minneapolis to Memphis when he was in college. What was magical on that trip remained vivid and has inspired his recent sojourns, especially the pleasure of watching the land bloom as he moved south. In these pictures, he notes there is also a cultural shift from cold to warm. "Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin are like me," he wrote, "really reserved chilly places. But as you move south, warmth and openness of character develops until finally it is an orgy in the streets of New Orleans."⁷

Soth never reveals to us the orgies that he discovered, although a woman named Adelyn appears on Ash Wednesday to have partied hard all through the hours of the preceding "Fat Tuesday," more commonly known as Mardi Gras. He does convey the increasing luscious vegetation and heavily scented blooms as well as the final great width of the river as it approaches the Gulf. Against the grandeur of the river, he sets the small lives that are caught between sky and earth. The poet Jack Kerouac wrote in the introduction to *The Americans* that Robert Frank "sucked a sad poem right out of America." Alec Soth perceives a sad survival. I am drawn again to John Berryman's "Dream Song I:"

*I don't see how Henry, pried
open for all the world to see, survived.
What he has now to say is a long
Wonder the world can bear & be.⁸*

Soth pries open what he experiences and those whom he met and he wonders (and confirms) that the world can bear & be.

Anne Wilkes Tucker
Gus and Lyndall Wortham Curator
Museum of Fine Arts, Houston

1. Robert Frank photographed this old preacher praying by the riverbank in 1955, but I didn't see that photograph for another 14 years. It became the first art photograph that I owned.
2. "There is an old man called the Mississippi. That's the old man that I'd like to be. What does he care that the world's got troubles. What does he care if the land ain't free?...0l' Man River he just keeps rollin along." Copyright Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein.
3. "Misi" means big and "sipi" means water.
4. Undated letter to Anne Tucker, 2003. Poetry fuels Soth's imagination and lends shape to his ideas. He has read, and reread poets as diverse as Walt Whitman, Wallace Stevens, John Ashbery, John Berryman and James Wright.
5. Alec Soth's written answers to questions from curator Karen Irvine, unpublished, 2003.
6. Letter to Alec Soth, 2003.
7. Alec Soth's written answers to questions from curator Karen Irvine, unpublished, 2003.
8. Copyright John Berryman. The Dream Songs, 1969, Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, Inc.

Acknowledgements:

My dream was realized in the making of this book. There is no greater joy than wide-eyed wandering. I would not have discovered this pleasure without the guidance of my teachers, Bill Hardy and Joel Stempfled. Thank you. Days before making my final and longest trip along the river, my mother-in-law, Linda Cartee, died after a long battle with cancer. The making of these pictures was fueled by Linda's fearless passion for living in the present. This book is dedicated to her.

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Alec Soth, February 3, 2004, Gottingen

From Here to There: Alec Soth's America: Educator Resources

Online resources from the Everson Museum of Art

To access got to <http://www.everson.org/exhibitions/>

- Audio narration of exhibition by Alec Soth
- *Look, Think, Share!* Write and share what's going on in the photographs
- Flickr Assignment: A Scavenger Hunt by Alec Soth
<http://www.flickr.com/photos/everson-museum-of-art>
- *Dismantling My career: A Conversation with Alec Soth*, by Bartholomew Ryan, pdf article
- Beauty in the Unexpected, video

For the Flickr project digital cameras are available for loan from the Everson Educator Resource Center.

Art Collector Sets on the ArtsConnectEd Website: an interactive, collaborative project between the Walker and Minneapolis Institute of Arts allows teachers and students to search images, audio and video files, text resources, etc. as well as bring these sources together into lesson plans (Art Collector Sets) of their own.

<http://artsconnected.org/resource/127303/1/the-photography-of-alec-soth>
<http://artsconnected.org/resource/123780/2/from-here-to-there-alec-soth>

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<http://www.creativephotography.org/education/educatorsGuides>

Alec Soth: <http://alecsoth.com/photography/>

Little Brown Mushroom, a blog by Alec Soth:

<http://littlebrownmushroom.com/index.html>

Lecture: Opening-day Artist Talk at the Walker Art Center: Alec Soth with George Slade: <http://channel.walkerart.org/play/opening-day-artist-talk-alec-soth-george-slade/>

Exhibition Catalogue: “Dismantling My Career: A Conversation with Alec Soth.” *From Here to There: Alec Soth’s America* (2010) 136-146. First Edition© 2010 Walker Art Center.