





Family Album

Roddy MacInnes

essays by
Robin Gillanders
Ken Schmierer
Sharalee Youngman

For Beau and Nicolai

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Portrait of Nina Weiste, with camera, Ellendale, circa 1917

Introduction

Jim River (officially the James River) is considered by locals to be the longest unnavigable river in the world. From its source in central North Dakota, it begins a lazy 740-mile journey toward the Missouri River, which it joins at Yankton, South Dakota. In 1917 sixteen-year-old Nina Weiste left her family farm on the banks of the Jim River near Ludden, North Dakota, and traveled twenty-two miles to begin teacher's training at State Normal and Industrial School in Ellendale, North Dakota.

Nina Weiste thrived during her time at school. She was popular with fellow students and subsequently had many friends. Even though I've never met Nina in person, I can tell she was popular because she recorded her Ellendale memories using an Autographic Kodak Junior. I found those memories preserved within a small family photograph album. Because one of her photographs was labeled "Jim River," we were eventually able to connect.

I discovered Nina's family album seventy-six years after her journey to Ellendale, in a Denver, Colorado, antiques mall. I was seduced by her images, and purchased the album; I felt I was rescuing it from oblivion. Nina was not a skilled photographer, not experienced in basics such as composition and lighting, but she was an impassioned amateur captivated by the medium's ability to freeze time. However, her reflection is in the faces of everyone she photographed.

My parents kept our family photographs in a cardboard box. Several times a year the box came out and we'd share stories about family



Top, left: With my father and dog Bengo, Dalavich, 1958

Top, right: My mother, pregnant with me, Dalavich, 1953

Bottom: Me and my mother, arriving home from working in the forest, Dalavich, 1957

history. I don't remember many of the stories, but those experiences gave me a sense of being connected to something larger than myself. Apart from a few professional studio portraits, most of our family photographs are amateur snapshots and, like Nina's family album, represent intimate glimpses into a family history.

As a child, growing up in Argyll, Scotland, I was inspired by how my relatives used photography in their lives. Most of my extended family lived in the city, and we lived in the country. There wasn't much money, so during summer holidays our home was a popular destination. Typically, each person photographed what they wanted to remember, which is why everyone appears to be happy in the photographs. In my developing awareness, a profound connection between photography and happiness was established.

I began constructing my own family photograph album in 1964 when my Uncle Alex gave me a Kodak Hawkeye Instamatic camera. My first photograph was a portrait of Catriona, the girl next door, who was also my first girlfriend. I photographed her, then she photographed me. From the moment I pressed the shutter release to make my very first exposure, photography became an extension of my being. I cannot describe how or why it happened, I simply felt the magic.

In highschool I spent more time looking out the window than at the blackboard. Primary school had been a positive experience, but high school was not. The only subjects I related to were geography and art. At age fifteen I dropped out and began to travel, taking a camera along to record my adventures. In the beginning my use of photography was casual and naïve, the family album genre my only reference. Just as my parents had done, I began filling a cardboard box with memories.

With minimal self-awareness, I put myself in many of my photographs. I now appreciate that doing so produced visual evidence of where I had been and, to the extent that any medium can, confirmed my existence. My parents were my primary audience for my photographs. The ones I chose to share illustrated happy memories, but often didn't tell the whole story.



Top: Catriona, Oban, 1964. My very first photograph.
 Bottom, left: Catriona's photograph of me, Oban, 1964
 Bottom right: Mr. Honeyman (left) and primary 4 through 7, Dalavich Primary School, 1964

opposite

Top: My mother (middle) with her sisters Betty and Nets, Barnaline, 1958
 Bottom left: Me (middle) with two fellow crew members and two Greek girls, Thessaloniki, Greece, 1970
 Bottom, right: Me (middle) with fellow boy sailors, HMS Raleigh, Plymouth, 1969



Top, left: First self-portrait (with Mike), hitchhiking holiday to Ireland, Ayrshire, 1969

Bottom, left: Catriona, 1970

Bottom Right: Immediate family, Stonehenge, 1964

Opposite, top: Patsy and Peter (my parents), Portage Glacier, Alaska, 1993

Opposite, bottom: Patsy and Peter (my parents), Big Sur, California, 1979



Top: HMS Ark Royal, Plymouth, 1969 (photo bought on board the HMS Ark Royal, photographer unknown.)
 Bottom, left: Self-portrait (shadow) with Yogi,(the offender) S.S. Esso Newcastle, Mediterranean Sea, 1970
 Bottom, right: S.S. Furness Bridge, Capetown, 1971

Early in my adventures I was traumatized by a sexual predator. Incapable of processing the subsequent negative effect on my development, I consigned the experience to the primitive recesses of my brain. For twenty-five years the pain festered in darkness. Alcohol became a coping mechanism. My condition was made worse by spending years living a nomadic existence as a minerals prospector in Canada and the United States. Ultimately, Denver, Colorado, became my base; however, tents and motel rooms were my home. Unexpectedly, self-portraits portraying my relationship with alcohol and isolation began to appear in my family album, to reveal a more complex personal history.

By midlife, I was spiraling out of control toward self-destruction, but miraculously, a process of reconstruction began to emerge. I enrolled in an undergraduate photography program at Napier University in Edinburgh, Scotland. There, my relationship with photography evolved into a more conscious practice. I was profoundly inspired by my teachers, principally internationally known Robin Gillanders and David Williams. My perspective regarding what it means to document life through photography matured; my family album started to grow up.

As if I hadn't convinced myself I'd had enough, after graduation I returned to the United States and to the destructive lifestyle of isolation and alcoholism. I drank so much alcohol that panic attacks and depression dominated my life. My doctor presented an ultimatum: stop drinking or die. At the same time, I happened to find Nina's family photograph album in a Denver antiques mall. Little did I realize the positive impact Nina and North Dakota would have on the continuation of my journey.

A few years later, I was accepted into the Masters of Fine Arts program at the University of Colorado, Boulder. Midlife crisis became the theme for all my creative output. At the same time I began a professional relationship with a psychotherapist, a relationship that continued for twelve years. I came to understand the devastating effects sexual trauma has on human development. The therapist taught me how my mind worked, and photography became a mirror. Consequently, my perspective expanded, but more questions than answers emerged.



Top, left: Nina (right) and friend, Ellendale, circa 1917

Top, right: Nina (bottom right) with friends, Ellendale, circa 1917

Bottom: Nina's friends, Guelph, circa 1917

In 1998, shortly after graduating from Boulder, I secured a teaching position at the University of Denver. It was a period when my artistic output had dried up. I'd lost direction. My confidence as an undergraduate evaporated in graduate school. Photography had been an integral component of my existence for thirty-five years. I had developed a photographic voice, but no longer had the confidence to trust that voice.

By this time, Nina's family photographs were very familiar; I had been looking at them for ten years and I shared them with every student who visited my office. I felt so connected with the people and places in her photographs that I had an uncanny sense of knowing Nina. I decided to find out more about Nina and conducted an internet search. The image labeled "Jim River" led me to the sites of the photographs.

Armed with a couple of objectives, I made my first road trip to North Dakota in 2003. Until then, the project had existed only in my imagination, but now a series of chain reactions started to unfold. One person would lead me to another, one place to another, and one idea to the next. I found myself celebrating interconnection, not as an academic exercise but to enrich my experience.

Another project objective was redefining the concept of "family."

Because of being molested at sixteen, I have never felt safe or comfortable with sexual intimacy. I live alone, which has benefits, but the down side is isolation. I decided I would set out to explore alternatives. As an experiment, I began to label my social media photo collections as "Family Albums." Everyone I photographed from then on, whether they knew it or not, whether they wanted it or not, became a member of my extended family.

I have been traveling to North Dakota for many years now. My project objectives have been met and consequently enhanced my values. I have adopted a broader definition of what family can be and, by extension, a heightened appreciation of how all things in the universe are connected. Interestingly, because I have established such close friendships in Ellendale and Oakes, North Dakota, my motivation to visit has become more personal.



Top: Nina (left) with friends, Ellendale, circa 1917
 Bottom: Nina (left) with friend, Ellendale, circa 1917

Nina (right) with friend, Ellendale, circa 1917



Nina's triptych (Nina on the right), Ellendale, circa 1917

Nina Weiste graduated from the State Normal and Industrial School in 1919. In attempting to construct a narrative from her photographs, it appears she spent a short time in Idaho before becoming a school teacher in Yuma, Colorado. Apart from one photograph from Colorado, I have no visual record of her life after Ellendale. The US Census indicates that she married Jacob Stein, moved to Pueblo, Colorado, operated an insurance company, and died in 1983 at age eighty. Her only child, Jean, died in 1993. Jean had no children, so that was the end of Nina's family line. It was after Jean's death that I found her mother's photographs, celebrating such happy memories, sadly abandoned in a Denver antiques mall.

Nina's photographs triggered a search that became deeply personal. They created a lens through which I could examine how family memories are constructed and reinforced, and they allowed me to extend that understanding to my own experiences. The general themes in our photographs are essentially the same and led me to invite Nina into my family album and me into hers. This book, written one hundred years after Nina made her Ellendale photographs, is to acknowledge our collaboration. Although we never met, we will always be intimately connected.

—RODDY MACINNES

Family Album

Self-Portraits



Motel room, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 1993

I Photograph, Therefore I Am

*“With minimal self-awareness,
I put myself in many of my photographs.
I now appreciate that doing so produced
visual evidence of where I had been and,
to the extent that any medium can,
confirmed my existence.”*

—RODDY MACINNES

Central to Roddy’s activity as a photographer is his need to photograph the people around him and those he meets as an expression of friendship and love, as memento, and as a mutual gift. These people are his “Family.”

Roddy uses photography as one might a diary, as a means of recording his circumstances and clarifying his condition. It allows him to transform abstract feelings and emotions into retrievable, tangible data he can use to make sense of—to remind himself of—not just *where* he was and with whom, but of *how* he was.

Photography can be comprehended as a means of possessing something of a person (i.e., to “take” a photograph), but also to remember. Photography has always had a close relationship with memory, both distant and recent. In the former we treasure photographs as a remembrance of people and often as a reminder of past events. While these can never equal the original experience with all the multisensory and emotional

stimuli involved, they do prompt our memory as a representation. The photograph's relationship with time, then, is also important. It becomes more valuable as time passes—the picture taken of a close friend or relative may not seem important at the time but inevitably will become more so as years pass.

Besides photographing his “Family,” Roddy engages with himself. One may make a photograph of oneself through sheer narcissism and self-regard or, much more interestingly, as Roddy does, through an attempt to understand himself and his life. In self-portraiture, the artist is the perceiver and the perceived and this seems to distill the enigma of the self—to allow us to grope our way to self-revelation through self-description.

If photography is in part concerned with memory, connected to that is the notion that all pictures of people also inherently involve aspects of mortality. Many writers, notably French literary theorist and philosopher Roland Barthes, have contemplated the connection between photography and death. Through its relationship with reality and accurate representation, photography fulfills a need to preserve its subject. The photographic portrait will survive after the sitter's demise, and its capacity for immortalization can be a reminder of the subject's and viewer's mortality. A photograph that captures or freezes a moment may even be seen to prefigure death. But it promises survival.

Some years ago, Roddy discovered an album of Nina's pictures taken a century ago and has “adopted” them, allowing Nina and her evident life attitude to live on. In a sense, touched by these pictures and recognizing their significance, he has also adopted authorship of them. It seems that Roddy perceived in Nina's images his own life-affirming attitude, love of fellow human beings, and the need to take photographs as a means of celebration.

The value of Nina's photographs has increased with age: apparently mere disposable snapshots have gathered meaning and significance. Moreover, they have developed an aura related to their continuing existence and their relationship to reality. The reproduced images shown in this volume are the actual photographs from Nina's album.

It's clear that Roddy discovered a kindred spirit in Nina and that her photographs spoke to him. As with Nina's vernacular photographs, Roddy's own photography is not only an attempt to capture the world as he sees it, but also to understand it.

I first met Roddy in 1987 when he was an undergraduate student at Edinburgh Napier University in Scotland. As a mature student, he came with an enormous wealth of personal life experience—far in excess of most people in the program, including me. It was a rich experience for everyone who encountered him. Never was it so clear to me that teaching was also a learning experience. At the same time, it was apparent that although his life had been fruitful in many ways, it was also tinged with melancholy.

My sense is that throughout his first year he made the sort of photographs that he thought I and other tutors wanted to see—all about “picture-making” *per se*—colorful photographs with “impact,” made with wide-angle lenses and so on. However, in his second year he astonished his peers and tutors by producing a remarkable series of highly constructed self-portraits depicting his relationship with alcohol. I still remember the critique and the visceral sense of astonishment at the honesty and passion of his presentation and the eloquence of his visual self-analysis, underpinned by outstanding technical and formal ability. It is my perception that through this project, he had found his voice within the medium, and although he always met the demands of the program in terms of its diverse set projects, his first allegiance was to self-expression. That theme manifested itself through continuing self-analysis and his evident love of fellow human beings—his “Family.” He photographed people constantly and developed a sophisticated yet seemingly naïve and effortless “snapshot” style.

Over the ensuing years, Roddy and I have continued our conversations about love, life's richness, and the importance of personal vernacular photography in trying to make sense of the world. It's not very fashionable in photographic art circles these days, and it certainly doesn't make money, but it's important. It indicates a curiosity about human-kind and a generosity of spirit.

It has often been said, and I have always agreed, that people smiling in portraits can become irritating after a while. Those photographs rarely endure and are so posed as to seem superficial. That is except for Roddy MacInnes's portraits. Everybody smiles in Roddy's pictures; they are genuinely and spontaneously smiling at him. How could they not?

—ROBIN GILLANDERS

Edinburgh



Prince of Wales Island, Alaska, 1993



Prince of Wales Island, Alaska, 1994



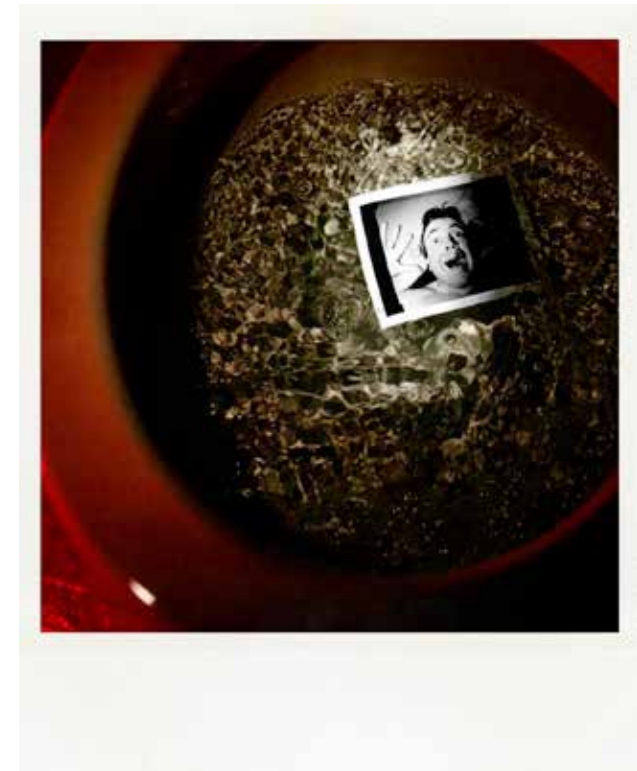
Near Fairbanks, Alaska, 1994



New Mexico State border, 1995



Motel room, Phoenix, Arizona, 1992



Following 5 images:
Boulder, Colorado, 1996







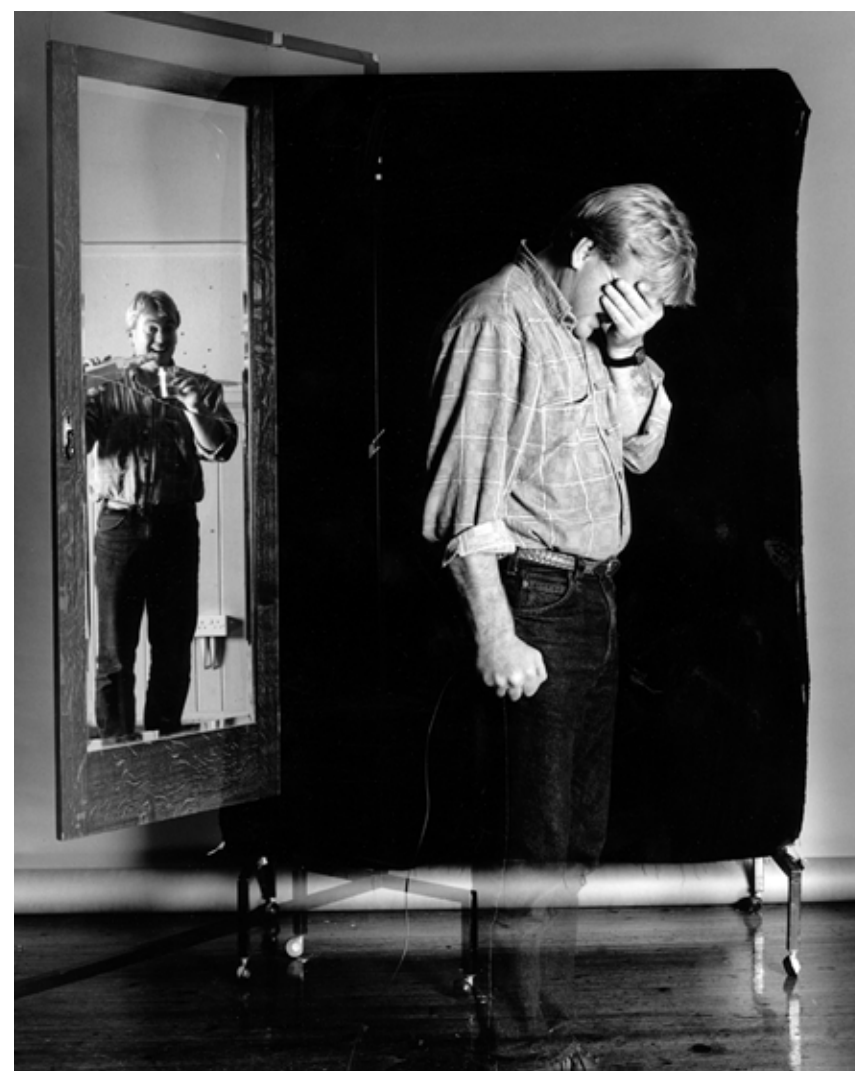
Following 4 images:
Aix-en-Provence, 2001







Following 4 images:
Edinburgh, 1989







Hotel room, Flagstaff, Arizona, 1985



Motel room, somewhere, Southeast, USA, 1983



Motel room, somewhere, Southwest, USA, 1983



Following 4 images:
Boulder, Colorado, 1996







Denver, Colorado, 1991



Phoenix, Arizona, 1992



Motel room, on my first drive to North Dakota, 2003

Roddy MacInnes: A North Dakota Perspective



Ken and Frank, Ellendale, 2014

My dear friend Roddy MacInnes has been a strong spiritual influence in my life. I have never before been very close to any person born and raised in a country outside the United States—I think we all feel more comfortable around people who look and sound like us. Roddy may look like us but he sure doesn’t sound like us. His Scottish brogue makes him stand out and his curiosity and willingness to communicate with everyone makes him the center of any room he inhabits.

I first met Roddy when he came to Ellendale, North Dakota, to hang his JIM RIVER show in the historic Ellendale Opera House. I met him thinking he was probably going to be one of these highfalutin’ temperamental artists from the big city of Denver. I was certain I was in for a painful morning required to place his photographs measured perfectly to some artificial point 55 inches off the floor. I could not have been more wrong. Roddy was self-deprecating and unpretentious to the extreme. He’s the absolute opposite of a temperamental artist. At one point, I asked him which side was up on one of his photographs and he said, “Ken, it makes no difference—just hang it.” I knew right then we were kindred spirits.

Born on the plains, I held uncertain goals and a meandering sense of direction. I spent my first twenty years banging around the upper Midwest following the path of least resistance. I stumbled into an education at Northern State University in Aberdeen, South Dakota, a whole forty miles away. To say I was landlocked and wet behind the ears certainly brings the picture into focus.

But I eventually did venture outside of my personal geography, slipping into a career that took me to Kansas and then to Texas, successfully managing call centers and tech support groups. Art and culture were only a small part of my life. However, music became very important to me, not as a performer but as a concert goer, a lover of words, and a student of existential verbal philosophy. The great Americana songwriters like Jerry Jeff Walker, Guy Clark, Townes Van Zandt, John Prine, Tom Russell, and so many others became etched into my psyche as I beat the drum of my boring 8-to-5 existence.

When I returned to the upper Midwest, just off North Dakota's southern border, it was to recharge what was left of my batteries before taking on another mundane work assignment. Several years passed and gradually thoughts of leaving my small community disappeared from my mind. I submerged myself in the fabric of the small town, joined boards, took up causes, and made a new life—a second chapter. I took on a roommate named Frank who made my house a home. Frank, part Siamese cat and part psychologist, taught me the gentleness of the unhurried day. Together we developed our own retirement rhythm.

As the years turned into decades, time brought with it a relentless onslaught of aging issues: prostate cancer, thyroid problems, rising blood pressure, aneurysms, underperforming organs, and an array of other “gifts.” The pharmacy and clinic were part of the landscape. Fortunately, I had my trusty Nikon, my friend Frank, and an occasional bottle of decent wine. My neighbor's porch became a wonderful refuge from the heat of the day, a place where good conversation and good friends could gather and share into the wee hours of the morning.

One of the causes I had immersed myself in was the restoration of the historic Ellendale Opera House, where I first met the affable and ebullient Roddy MacInnes. When I discovered he, too, loved the singer-songwriters so important to me, an evening of music videos, family-sized bottles of wine, and art became the glue that kept us on our path to friendship. Perhaps an unlikely pairing—the farmer's son who played his history close to his vest and the child from the land of

Robert Burns who let it all hang out in front of anyone who asked (or didn't ask, for that matter)—but one that has enriched my life.

It's been ten years since then and I continue to be amazed at Roddy's openness, his willingness to tear open his angst and lay it bare for everyone to see. He is as genuine as they come. Everyone loves him as soon as they meet him. When he walks around with his camera, everyone wants their photograph taken—in contrast, when I walk around with my camera they scurry like a bunch of cockroaches looking for a dark hideaway. His influence on my approach to life has been etched intractably into my soul.

Roddy continues to return to his North Dakota “home and family,” as he calls it. We all look forward to his visits, knowing an adventure is sure to follow, and we eagerly anticipate his book about his journey with Nina Weiste. He brings those rib eye steaks and family-sized bottles of wine and I load up the DVD player with music videos and, while it lasts, life is good.

—KEN SCHMIERER

Photography as a Bridge to the Past



Sharalee, Oakes, North Dakota, 2015

I first met Roddy MacInnes while working at the County Museum. I had been told a Denver photography professor was coming in search of information about a woman it was believed had lived in this area some years ago. Requests like his were nothing unusual; inquiries from people in search of family or writers researching books were quite frequent.

My mental stereotype of what the “professor” would be like was a gentleman with gray hair, glasses, and a tweed jacket with leather elbow patches. It was a surprise when Roddy showed up—young, dressed in shirt, pants, and sandals, and speaking with a Scottish accent.

We had only minimal information on Nina Weiste, the subject of Roddy’s research. She had grown up nearby. He and I shared what we knew, including the photo album Roddy had brought with him. There were familiar landmarks, including photos that appeared to have been taken in Guelph, North Dakota, a tiny town half way between Oakes and Ellendale. There were also photos showing much of Ellendale’s college campus, which in Nina’s time was called the Normal and Industrial School. That meeting with Roddy was the first in our conversational adventures about people, their relationships, and their need to record their memories.

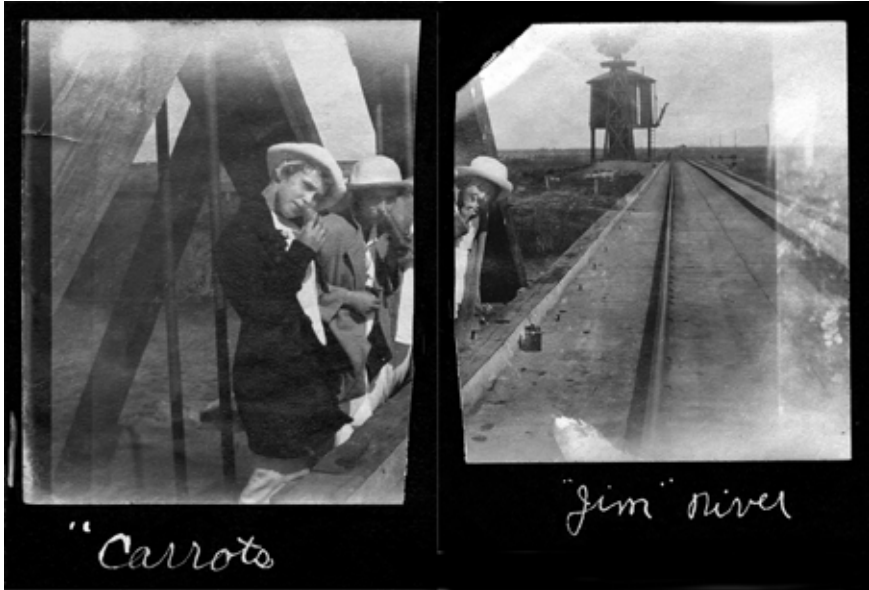
Roddy talked about how Nina’s record of her life showed how closely people are interconnected. My thoughts were that she had certainly brought him to the right place. Typically, in rural areas, many are related either genetically or through marriage. I was amazed to learn

that Nina, along with her siblings, was raised on a farm only five miles from where I grew up. The farm, the “Jim River” she referred to in her albums, and the entire area had been landmarks throughout my own life. I was amazed that I had never heard her name.

Before connecting with Roddy, the James River was just a river to be waded in and fished in, to be crossed when necessary. Because of Nina I began to see the entire landscape differently. It changed from quite nondescript to colorful and beautiful. I began to understand that you can live surrounded by loveliness and not see it.

In Roddy’s follow up visits, our conversations, most often at the Ranch House restaurant and bar in Fullerton, North Dakota, over wine and food, began to show that interconnectedness went far beyond genetics and acquaintances and came to take on a much deeper meaning. I felt that Nina was leading the way. Her photos taught us that family is not just genetics and DNA. Perhaps her intent, as it is with all teachers, was to broaden our understanding and wonderment at our tiny place in the vast universe.

—SHARALEE YOUNGMAN



Nina (left) and friends, near Ludden, North Dakota, circa 1917



Jeanette, Ellendale, 2012



Linda and Ken, Opera House, Ellendale, 2014



Cory, near Frederick, South Dakota, 2016



Justin, Ellendale, 2016



Susie, Aberdeen, South Dakota, 2016



Betty, Ellendale, 2016



Lawrence, Ellendale, 2016



John, Ellendale, 2016



Jeanette, Ellendale, 2007



Mary Ann, Ellendale, 2015



John Ellendale, 2007

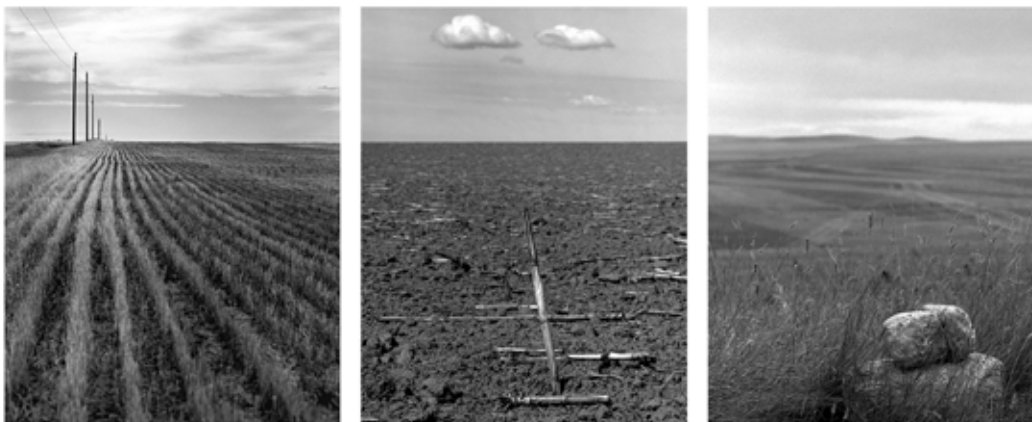
Following two spreads: Photo history project with school kids, North Dakota, 2007





Afterword

One Thing Leads to Another



North Dakota landscape (triptych), 2003

Excitement builds as I plan to take another 700-mile road trip from Louisville, Colorado, to Ellendale, North Dakota. My Colorado home is only a few miles from where the Rocky Mountains rise abruptly from the vast prairie. Traveling west into the mountains, beauty is everywhere. Unfortunately, everyone else is there too. It is the road most traveled.

Heading east and north from my home into the Great Plains, the roads are straight, flat and empty, perfectly mirroring the landscape. There's magic out there, but it demands having no expectations. Nothing jumps out to say, "Look at me." It's not a celebrity show, it's a backdrop that slowly seeps into the soul. The landscape requires meeting half way. You must want to be there, to be in the mystery.

I put this to the test the first time I drove to Ellendale in 2003. I decided that whenever I felt connected, whenever I could really hear the music, I would stop and make some photographs. Regardless of where this sense of connection occurred, even by a muddy field, the photographs were always successful in conveying my heightened emotional state. I've attempted photographing muddy fields without that feeling, but those images merely illuminate my absence.

In my wildest dreams, I would never have considered a photography project in North Dakota. Given the choice to work anywhere in the world, North Dakota would have been at the bottom of the list. However, due to the serendipitous (or so I thought) discovery of an album full of modest little photographs, North Dakota became a most significant

location in my journey. Encountering the traces of Nina's existence in her unspectacular snapshots fueled my imagination in the most spectacular ways.

Cultural conditioning has tried to persuade me that I am a unique individual completely separate from everything else. I blame this backwards reasoning for arriving late to the interconnection-believers party. But better late than never. And so, due to my ethereal relationship with Nina, I have become acutely aware of the occurrence of chain reactions and, by extension, how absolutely everything is connected. One thing leads to another, always has and always will.

Thanks also to Nina, family has become anything I want it to be. During one of my Ellendale visits, I was invited to participate in a séance with friends. I had not mentioned to anyone my project objective of redefining family. During the evening, it was revealed that, in a previous life, I was the child of two séance participants. They now call me son and I call them mom and dad. Even in the spirit world, one thing leads to another.

The universe created photography. Photography introduced me to Nina, and Nina brought me to North Dakota. When I first arrived, I attempted to see what I imagined Nina saw. However, I quickly realized how naïve that was, because experience colors everything, especially what we see. The world appears similar but not the same. What I was really looking for in Nina's pictures was myself.

My relationship with photography, and with myself, evolved during this journey with Nina, especially regarding the distinction between portraiture and self-portraiture. According to a hypothesis in psychology known as "looking glass self" theory, we come to know who we are from other people's reactions to us. Which means, when we look at another person, we are also looking at ourselves. We reflect each other. A photograph I take of you is also a photograph of me. According to my evolving perspective, at least.



Triptych, my photograph (middle) between Nina's, Ellendale, 1917 and 2003



Top: South Dakota landscape (triptych), where Nina’s family homestead was in the 1880s, 2004
 Bottom: North Dakota landscape (triptych), “Memory and Time,” 2004

My project generated an abundance of material. I traveled many miles and made thousands of photographs. I exhibited a selection in galleries along the Jim River, from Yankton, South Dakota, to Jamestown, North Dakota. Each time the exhibition went up, however, there was always something missing. I attended the internationally celebrated Houston FotoFest, where I received twenty portfolio reviews from experts in the fields of photography and art galleries. None of the reviews about my project were positive. I concluded that the project was not sufficiently well defined, how could I expect others to understand what it was about if I did not?

I joined a photography workshop at Anderson Ranch Arts Center in Snowmass, Colorado, taught by legendary photographer Arno Rafael Minkinen and digital print innovator Jonathan Singer. Arno was instrumental in recognizing the connection between Nina’s family album and my own. He suggested the project would present most effectively as a book. Having no experience regarding publishing, I purchased Mary Virginia Swanson and Darius Himes’ *Publish Your Photography Book*. Included was an interview with book designer David Skolkin. I felt an immediate connection with David. The connection turned out to be genuine. With a generous grant from the University of Denver, and much soul searching, the book was realized.

Since my family continues to grow, there are so many people to acknowledge. Thanks to everyone along the way, my friends and family, including the few I have not yet photographed. Thanks to all my Facebook friends who sent love, encouragement, and shared their personal stories. Thanks also to my North Dakota family for welcoming me with open arms. Thank you, University of Denver; your support and trust blows me away. Special gratitude to Robin Gillanders, Sharalee Youngman, and Ken Shmierer, for contributing such generous essays. A big shout-out to Arno Rafael Minkinen for getting me on the right track. Thanks to Bryan Christopher for looking in and making connections I was not yet aware of. Huge hug to David Skolkin for patiently working through this idea with me. You’ve made it make sense, David, even to me. How did you do that? To Rosemary Carstens, thank you for joining

the adventure and being such a wonderful wordsmith. My psychotherapist, Michaela Cooney-Polstra, will always have a special place in my heart. Thank you, Michaela, for teaching me how the mind operates. And last but not least, to my collaborator, Nina Weiste. Thank you for sharing the light you switched on one-hundred years ago and, in doing so, proving that one thing most definitely leads to another.

—RODDY MACINNES



Self-portrait, Utah, 1995

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