

“After Thoughts” (a series of pictures taken near the corner of my eye)

The “After Thoughts” project began on a trip Luran and I, her brother, Jim, and sister-in-law, Mary Ann, took out West in 2008. We visited a small town made up of a number of appropriated 1800s buildings. I found myself being drawn to the odds-and-ends items used in furnishing each of the interiors, and the relationship between them and the quality of light allowed through nearby windows. How interesting, I thought. It reminded me, somewhat, of the things I saw on tables, in cupboards and in corners around my Grannys’ houses so long ago.

There were always odds-and-ends we could look at, but were not supposed to touch. There were also off limits places, areas where we were not supposed to go, just as there were areas of open communication, so to say. There were places for family secrets, all bound up in the rooms and the corners with their odds-and-ends here and there. But not so much is really secret in a family. Though not always evident, there are elements of history, wishes, and events that take hold. Sometimes we tend to remember *where*, even if we don’t quite remember *when*, maybe long ago, maybe even more recently.

When I am in my memory and considering those recollections that have survived my past, what I recall are the notations often made from the corner of my eye. They remain there, now, as after thoughts. An after thought may come from a taste, a touch or, as in the case of these images, from one’s sight, or better still, from one’s peripheral vision. The after thought is the brief recollection of artifact. The after thought is linked to a piece of the whole of some experience. The after thought is still, but also vibrant. Though once colorful, it can become desaturated, somewhat dulled by the intervening years. The after thought is imbued with love and anxiety, pleasure and ambivalence. Sometimes it can be obscure or unobtrusive or ambiguous. But it is unavoidable. Its passing refrain never really quite goes away.

These pictures are meant to be representations of those kinds of recollection, of the little things that catch the eye for some reason and don’t really let go of our memory. They, are after all, meant to be like after thoughts.

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