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**Miami, Florida**

**April 25, 2011**

My three-year stay at ID began January 1967 and ended with the M.S. in Photography in January 1970 (minor in cinematography). Some brief anecdotes from having the opportunity to be a student of photo giants:

1. Arthur Siegel, my thesis advisor, who began to clear up for me how photos are merely pieces of paper (he used a Playboy magazine to make his point). And at one time, directed at me: “Your glands are just settling, but what you should do is go see a lot of paintings in museums.”
2. A weeklong visit by Frederick Sommer who (in my opinion) managed to upset most students by showing his series of out-of-focus prints (“You see, I don’t have to worry about dust on the negative…”) and by saying, “Hemingway? Why you can just read the newspaper…”. His desert images were exquisite, though.
3. Clarence Laughlin, not being permitted to talk to students at ID (I believe it was Siegel who was most adamant in keeping him away), and then our being able to see the uneven images and hear his philosophies at Linda Conner’s apartment.
4. A semester of frustrating work in a class with visiting artist Wynn Bullock, but enlightening nonetheless. His anecdotes from his experience as a Vaudeville dancer were an interesting counterpoint to his classic images.
5. And (again, in my opinion), the guru during the three years, Aaron Siskind, whose wit (at a class critique, with student photos laid out on flatboards: “Oh yeah, well my cigarette ashes won’t hurt your picture very much”) and whose incisive, probing, surgical dissection of your work (and of yourself) still makes me nervous…