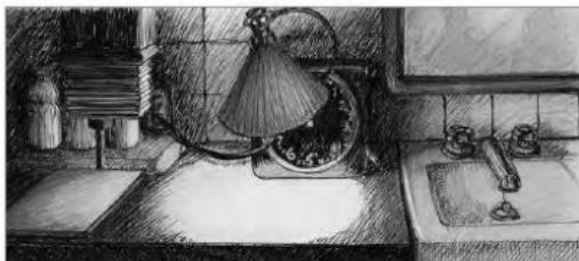


chapter 1
IN THE DARK



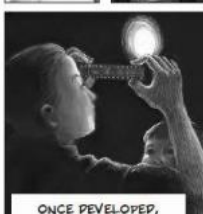
DADDY SEEMED BORN TO TEACH,
AND IN THE DARKROOM I WAS HIS PUPIL.

MUCH CAME DOWN
TO THE INTERPLAY OF
LIGHT AND DARK.

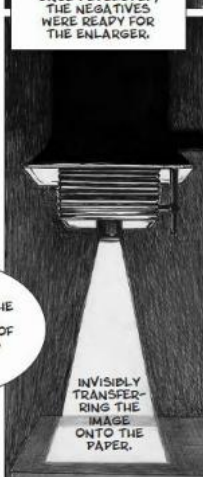
IN THE DARKROOM, ALL
LIGHT WAS FORBIDDEN
BUT THE EERIE RED
SAFELIGHT.



CLEAR
PATCHES IN THE
NEGATIVES
LET A BLAZE OF
LIGHT PASS
THROUGH,



ONCE DEVELOPED,
THE NEGATIVES
WERE READY FOR
THE ENLARGER.



INVISIBLY
TRANSFER-
RING THE
IMAGE
ONTO THE
PAPER.

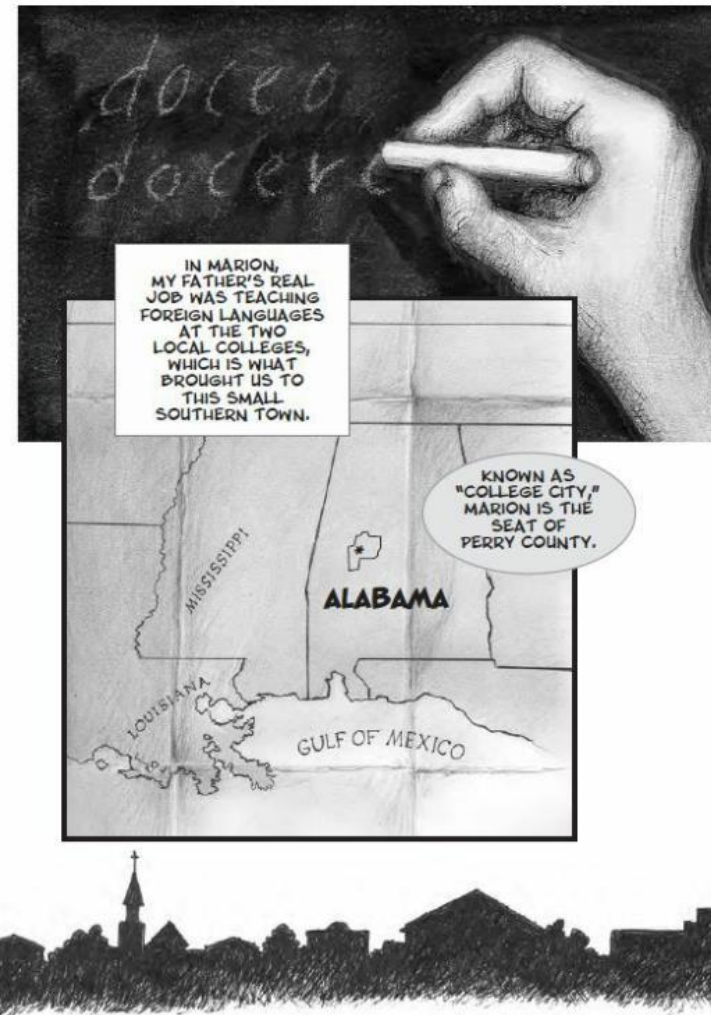
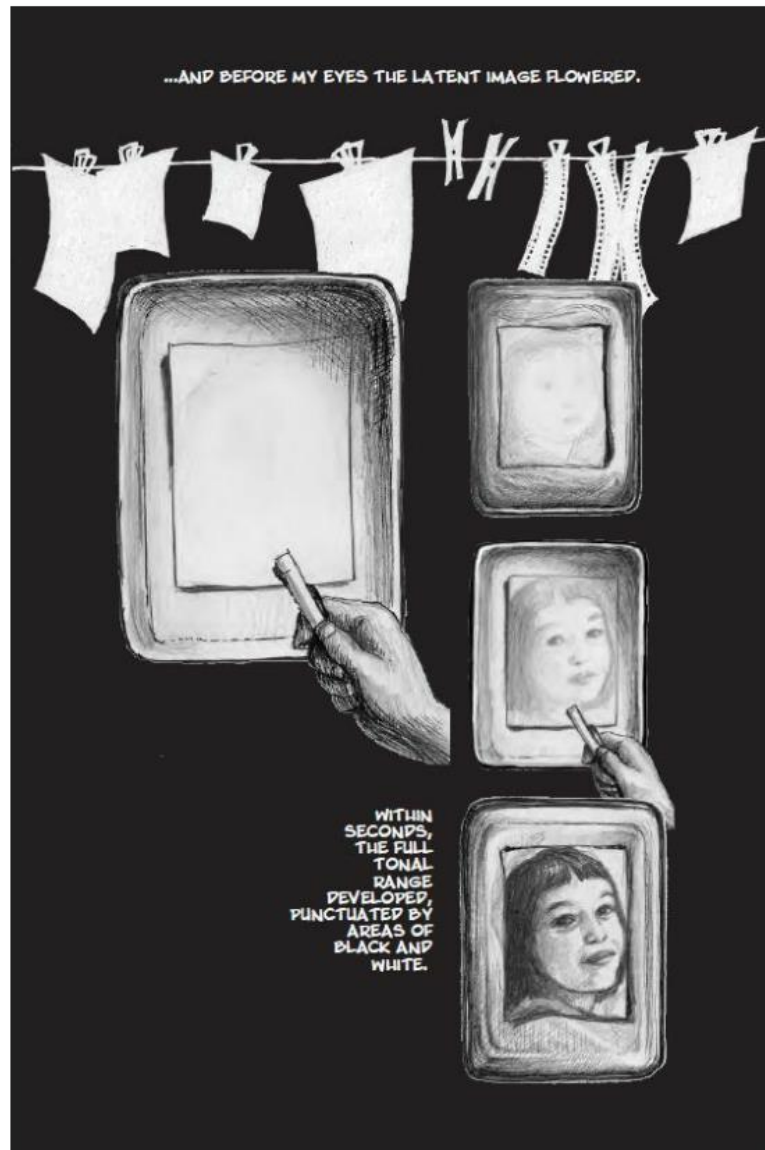


WHEN THE BLANK SHEET
OF PHOTOGRAPHIC PAPER...

MOST OF THE PARKROOM
LESSONS HAVE FADED AWAY.

BUT HOW COULD I
FORGET THE ACTUAL
MOMENT OF REVELATION?





UP TO 1961, WHEN MY WHOLE FAMILY CAME TO AMERICA, MY FATHER'S LIFE CAN BE SUMMARIZED IN A SERIES OF SNAPSHOTS:



BORN IN ARGENTINA AT THE FOOT OF THE ANDES



ORPHANED AT AGE NINE



LEFT HOMELESS ALONG WITH HIS BROTHER



RESCUED BY AMERICAN MISSIONARIES



TAUGHT HIMSELF TO READ



CALLED TO PREACH



WED TO MY MOTHER

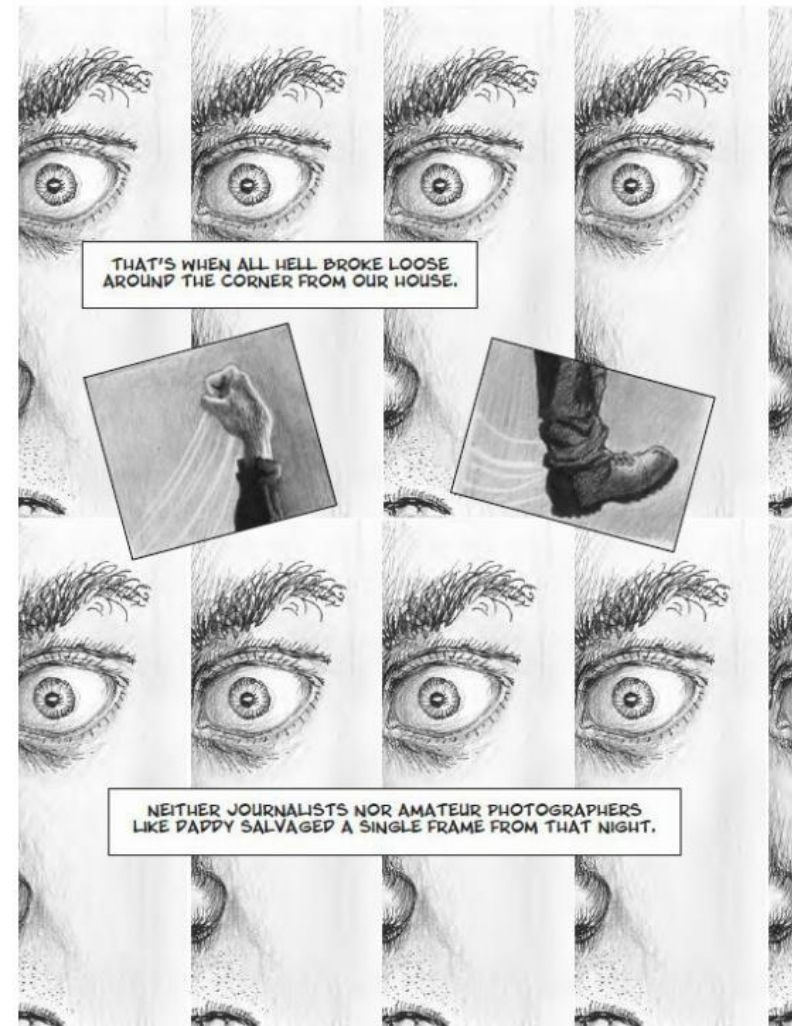
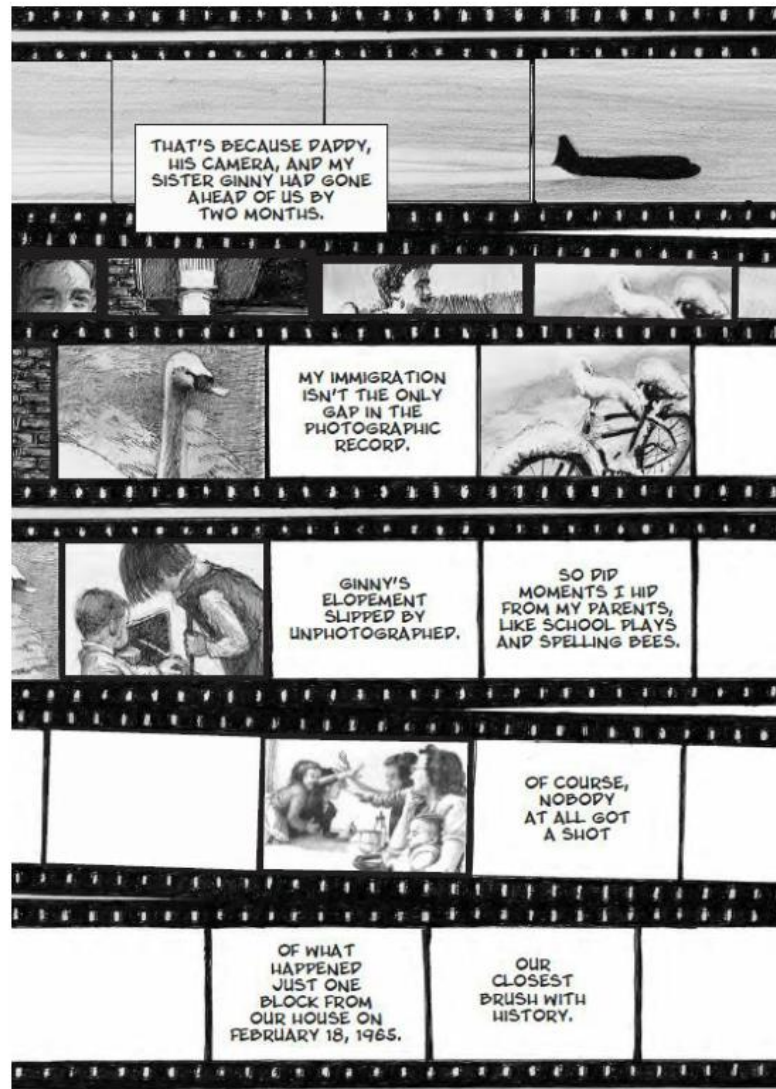


IMMIGRATED TO AMERICA



ACQUIRED THE FIRST OF MANY CAMERAS DESTINED TO RECORD MUCH OF OUR LIVES







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NOW AND THEN IMAGES FROM THOSE
YEARS COME INTO ALIGNMENT, AND I
SEE SOMETHING....



HOW
ALL THE
PIECES FIT
TOGETHER.



LEAVING
ARGENTINA



ENTERING
AN UNKNOWN
WORLD



LOOKING
FOR A PLACE
TO CALL
HOME



AND A
PEOPLE OF
MY OWN....

AND THE
CURIOUS
ROLE OF
RACE IN
WHO I
WOULD
BECOME.

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