For Bob and Jane,
sorry I was such a pain in the arse.
To Those Curious About These Images,

With his photos, Bruce Wahl sharply documents a clean, orderly life surrounded by objects that trigger good memories. These memories are like money in the bank. You don’t need the cash in your pocket; just the numbers in the bank book will help you feel safe and secure.

The photographs are not of shrines but might be seen as altars, certifying powerful Wholenessness and beauty.

We see his father’s daily needs visually satisfied in the cave paintings of more than thirty thousand years ago. It is still the same today.

Dad’s photos say,

"I hunted deer; I caught fish; I supplied my tribe with the best food."

The original photos represent a comfortable, honorable life.

"I defended my country – saluted my flag" “I raised beautiful, strong, and fast animals.”

"I lived my life where I was born; I grew where I was planted with strong roots."

"I’ve nothing of which to be ashamed.”

"I’m LIVING my life the very best I know how."

"I share images of powerful images I’ve seen with my own eyes…”

These personal images remind me of James Agee’s list of found, eccentric images over the farmer’s mantel, “…classical and farm magazine covers or advertisements of dog food, fullblown blondes in luminous frocks leaning back in swings or taking Coca-Cola through straws, or banished evening palm leaves, sitting at home in white muslin coats, happy young housewives in repudiating stoves in sunloved kitchens, fruited bread in tuxedos showing guests an oil furnace, …et cetera.”

These photos of photos (art about art) by Bruce Wahl are clear, warm poems about what is intimately important to the human race and one human in particular:

Affirms, Ron Todd, Professor of Art, Emeritus at Central Connecticut State University

RELIQUIEN

Bruce Robert Wahl
My father lives in a town I can not get lost in. West Ruthvelt is a little place 60
miles north of the Connecticut, Massachusetts border. He still inhabits my childhood
home, surrounded by a collection of objects and photographs arrayed as themes of
his American Dream. After my mother's passing, few tunnels are left to hold me
to this place, save my 87 year old father. Both the town and the man seem alien to
me now. Names have familiar names, but their appearance, like my father's, are
different.

When Fox News and arguments I thought were buried become too much
for me I explore the town in my mother's blue jeans. It feels ridiculous,
like I've made of progress in life. I've come full circle, I'm in the same small
town, smoking a joint as an escape and listening to punk rock. I'm still angry with this
world.

This village could be anywhere in New England, it is generic in its
quaintness. Crowed full of its own allure to cultural ideas and heavy with an
American archive of place. When my father passes, the threads will be cut, the
memories of this place will be someone else's. When I am gone, only photographs
will remain as evidence to this existence. Photographs, much like memories,
degrade over time but still reach for a truth. This is not a perfect objective
truth, but a personal one birthed and obtrusive, this is America after all.
For my father photographs are small things.
But he has so many, are they no longer precious?
Elementary Photography

By

GILFORD G. QUARLES

List of Photographs

1. Tannenbaum
2. DEEN of Accomplishments
3. 33 knots to nowhere
4. Shrine of Accomplishments No. 1
5. Secret or Greed
6. For the birds
7. Robert A. Wahl 2017
8. Past Glory
9. Dress up
10. Old New Gate
11. Mat's Fridge
12. Just a Facade
13. Greg Triumphs
14. Pre-Parties
15. Sausage Feast (Wurst Party Ever)
16. Daughters of the American Revolution
17. Option K. preferably by burning
18. The French Connection
19. March or Die (which way?)
20. Ye shall not Pass
21. What at hand
22. Red Neck Solutions
23. Memorial

24. Those Boots
25. Al's Funeral
26. So Many
27. Back Deck
28. Something in my eye
29. Breath
30. Traces
31. Born to Run
32. Hummel Schren
33. Braided Scrap Rugs No. 1
34. Braided Scrap Rugs No. 2
35. Korea, 1952
36. Gold Shoes
37. Fancy Pants
38. 2 wishes left
39. Ascendants
40. Innocence Preserved
41. Gasping
42. Dead Flowers Every Morning
43. Packing
44. Be Merry 2018
The images in this Book were made by Bruce Robert Wahl between January, 2016 and May, 2020. Most were made inside or within a few miles of his childhood home in West Suffield, Connecticut.

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Thanks to Shätzle's
Quilt handmade by Ethel McGraith. Myrtle & Ethel's grandmother. (Can't remember year.) Apron separate. See back for details.