The Ithaca College low-residency Image Text MFA is a unique terminal degree program focused on the intersection of writing and photography. Students in our exploratory, flexible, and innovative twenty-five month program work directly with faculty and visiting artists during three annual month-long summer sessions in Ithaca, New York and during two annual week-long winter sessions in our New York, Los Angeles, and London centers. During the fall and spring academic terms, students pursue independent study in close consultation with their faculty advisors. Integrating theoretical and conceptual studies with intensive creative practice, the program seeks to create a community and discourse for original work in photography and writing, including, but not limited to, cross-disciplinary and collaborative practices. Each summer session launches with the ITI Workshop, where writers and photographers, both emerging and established, gather to share and make work in an open, experimental and playful environment. We welcome applicants with backgrounds in writing, photography and other lens-based media, and artists working across these forms and disciplines. Experience in both text and image-making is not required, but applicants must submit a portfolio that demonstrates sustained work in at least one of these areas.

The Image Text Program also hosts the ITI Press, which publishes innovative text and image works. Graduate students have the opportunity to work closely with the press. Tuition fellowships are available on a competitive basis, and room and board will be provided free of charge for all accepted students during residential sessions.

**2017 Program Faculty and Fellows Will Include**

Lucas Blalock, Melissa Catanese, Bruno Ceschel, Boose Gladman, Lucy Ives, Ed Panar, Claudia Rankine, Elana Schlenker and Stanley Wolukau-Wanambwa

**ITIACU.EDU/IMAGE-TEXT**

Image from the series Rainwater Gesture by Bobby Scheideman

**IMAGE TEXT ITHACA FACULTY & FELLOWS (2014–16)**

Ben Alper
Emily Almondth
Daniel Augschöll
Lucas Blalock
Andre Bradley
Melissa Catanese
Bruno Ceschel
Ching-Chu Chu
Tony Cohn
LaTasha Nevada Diggs
Zonya Foster
Jason Fulford
C.S. G Shutterstock
Renee Gladman
Jon Hoffer
Christine Hume
Jon Hyde
Anna Jabbar
John Keene
Yvonne Koom
Anna Lomatchevskaya
Michael David Murphy
Ed Panar
Claudia Rankine
Bobby Scheideman
Elana Schlenker
Andrea Toto
Hannah Whitten
Thomas Whittle
Matti Vankoski

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Image from the series Rainwater Gesture by Bobby Scheideman
I began the day trying to think about the problem of the double and whether this problem was similar to other problems we had toured that week like whether or not combining a text and an image produced a third space, where a field lit up and divided you as a presence. You were divided such that when you thought about language—because maybe that would be the kind of viewer you were: someone looking for everything to open up and have language inside of it, some kind of inscription, some math that brought on the sensation of language, of you having read something in your body or the memory of your mouth having moved, worded something, or just the feeling of yourself having been written on or re-written, because you were enamored with the idea of language, that it would be this system everyone had, that everyone used all day, that everyone threaded and everyone exchanged, that sometimes people withheld or put music to, or used like they were walking in the forest or had just climbed through the window of a castle, and this was something you built with and it was these tones that you handed to others in the form of books, the tones doubling something that at one time passed through your thinking and was probably elsewhere now, a new thought or a person buying a house in Delaware. The books everyone was exchanging were full of images and images were made of this accumulation of words that had gathered in the first place because you’d seen something pass in front of you or two things cross distantly at the horizon, or you’d asked a question and someone had said “isn’t that done,” and all of this had collapsed into a narrative, a narrative about a picture of something that was now a gorge where many young people were swimming. One of the people reading one of the tones you’d built had arrived at the passage about the young people swimming and an image of thin, loud, undressed bodies thrashing through water erupted in your mind. It was a doubling that was happening everywhere, but maybe not enough changed in the world. You wanted something to happen in language when language said something; you wanted something in the world to change. There should be an erupting image all the time, was something you were throwing against a wall. You wanted something to take your breath. You wanted language with its skin peeled back. You wanted to peel back the image. A boy was gathering material; a boy was telling the story of gathering; a boy was deeply interested in process; a girl was taken with structures; a girl drew pictures with people’s heads cut off, and this was all the time talking about language inside the photo. It made a double somewhere and someone went out and tried to find it and someone else followed, and this was like affixing photographs to a wall but sleeping and dreaming while you did this. I put music on and everybody doubled; I turned it off. I asked to see their photographs. They wrote something and put it on a wall. She wrote her photos into a book and closed the book and later opened it. These were all the multiplying of something. There was a large glass on the table and someone wrote, “The Large Glass,” next to it, and this was autobiography. I wanted to see the forests inside the words they were using, and something was falling off about the walls. You get under a sheet of paper and called it a word that fractured as soon as you said it, thinking maybe this and this would go off together and build us a camera, full of words. It was so many things to be saying to everyone in the room and to be hearing from everyone and leaving the door open and every once in a while saying yes to everything while punching holes in paper and leaving the holes in the walls. —Renee Gladman