

Bard College Bard Digital Commons

Senior Projects Fall 2017

Bard Undergraduate Senior Projects

Fall 2017

Malus Pumila

Andrew N. Warner Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/senproj_f2017



Part of the Art Practice Commons



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 4.0 License.

Recommended Citation

Warner, Andrew N., "Malus Pumila" (2017). Senior Projects Fall 2017. 24. https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/senproj_f2017/24

This Open Access work is protected by copyright and/ or related rights. It has been provided to you by Bard College's Stevenson Library with permission from the rights-holder(s). You are free to use this work in any way that is permitted by the copyright and related rights. For other uses you need to obtain permission from the rights-holder(s) directly, unless additional rights are indicated by a Creative Commons license in the record and/or on the work itself. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.



Land can be passed in time through generations, just as the presence of family and friends remain. Ive been raised on my family's land, while watching my relatives with a distinct eye. I have had the privilege of living on old familial ground, coming from my great grandfather to my grandparents, and now handed down to my mother and her siblings. I grew up in Virginia on a farm situated in the countryside with fields, horses, and apples orchards. These places have evolved in time and I have grown with them; though the trees still grow, the land stays the same, and its cultivation continues. The family signatures on the walls show the branches of growth and memories of a times past. The apples in the orchard remind me of and represent my childhood. Many seasons have passed, and I am now too tall for climbing the branches and sitting in those trees. Even though there are fewer trees, still come every fall the fruit is always red and tart. This past summer I frequently returned to these old places in Virginia and Massachusetts, not with my relatives but with my best friends. I revisited memories of adolescence, reflected on my past, and explored where I came from with them, through which I gained a new viewpoint on my family and myself. Touching the realms of verdure, sitting in the spaces, wandering the houses, and feeling the past has exposed a new perspective of where I come from. It seems so clear to me now: we are all part of the same cycle; maturing from a bitter green to a sweet red apple.

Acknowledgements:

To An-My lê my perceptive professor, thank you for your enthusiasm and encouragement.

To Dave Bush my mentor, I thank you for your guidance this past year

To all my professors who allowed me to learn more about this craft we call being a photographer.







































































