Woven Weeds

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I find stillness and silence in natural spaces, but also in the specific task of creating images of them. Slowing down and solely observing become a form of listening, and listening allows me to notice how quiet or loud a landscape may be, both figuratively and literally. Tonality and sound can be found in the wind moving leaves, but it can also be found in the kind of light captured in an image. I thus am able to find ways of communicating through the landscape. In a lyrical sense, the subtle light translates into a silent whisper, while the harsher light acts as a bold statement. In this way, I am able to find a personal voice within the vastness of natural spaces.

Throughout this process, my eyes naturally drifted to the intermingled stems, messy branches, and all the areas that could seem unremarkable or not particularly spectacular of the natural world. Ever since I’ve gotten here, to Bard, I’ve noticed pathways, traces of movement and micro universes in the immediate, inconsequential landscape, in those spots that we’re used to walking past. I began paying closer attention to the leaves near my house, the trees near my school or in any form of nature that I walked past. I followed those paths, became curious about the traces, and in doing so, I began to discover the unique and sometimes lyrical ways in which nature expresses itself.

It is important in this body of work to remove the horizon line, and subvert traditional views of the landscape. The horizon line is one common characteristic of the picturesque landscape, and while I find many of those images to be quite beautiful, I am interested in pointing the attention towards the beauty and complexity of the seemingly mundane landscape. Thus, in this body of work, I almost never include the horizon line. Instead, I often direct my eyes and my camera towards the ground, the sky, to patches of nature that have no directionality or towards pathways that seem to lead to a whole universe of leaves or woven weeds. This has allowed me to push beyond what I initially notice, let my curiosity guide me from one detail to the next, and discover new ways of seeing nature.

Whether it is subtly, dramatically, in stillness or movement, in the day or night, in a simple way or a complex way, I strive to articulate and compose the chaos of natural spaces that surround me. Seeing forms and patterns, some type of order within the disorder. I look for vivid moments in which the details around me begin to make sense in some intuitive, non-logical type of way. Sometimes I get so near that I lose sight of my surroundings, other times I step back so much that I see everything at once. In doing this, I realize that there’s whole universes in the miniature and there’s units in the vast, seemingly infinite space. Natural spaces thus exist as tiny or immense, as sharply or abstractly, as simply or as complex as one approaches them.
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