Elizabeth Bryant

The Subjective Autumn Field









I make photographs to externalize internal realities. The natural world has become my partner because it demands a heightened state of presence before its specifics can be seen. My photography is a visceral, poetical response to this demand of presence: a drawing-out of the self when standing beside the beauty, particulars, and infinities found in plants, trees, birds and wildlife, landscapes and their attendant structures and objects.

I refer to my interactions with flowers, for example, as "singular intimacies," where my goal is not hyper scrutiny with a macro lens, but a depiction of micro sensuality; a sort of love affair with each individual specimen as it reveals itself to me in ever-changing conditions of light and season. While I find companionship in nature, I also find unlimited opportunity to translate experiences of individuality, and loneliness. This, for me, is an articulation of the truth of human relationship.

By highlighting subjects in the (literal) field, I attempt to address my concerns around a burgeoning online-therefore-indoor culture that threatens to grow hopelessly disengaged with OUTSIDE. Using both saturated and muted colors and textures, and sometimes employing encaustics and collage for a more three-dimensional, sculptural effect, my goal is to communicate through serial visual narratives an exaltation of the life and death cycle, expressions of which are found in abundant supply via seasonal changes in nature, and the nesting/migratory patterns of birds.

Elizabeth Bryant October 31, 2014

Elizabeth Bryant is a writer and photographer living in New York's Hudson Valley. She has authored numerous chapbooks, and a full-length collection of serial prose poetry, (nevertheless enjoyment (Quale Press 2011). She is the curator of the Hudson ArtsWalk Literary Festival, and is Literary Chair of the Columbia County Council on the Arts. Her writing and photography has appeared in many print and online publications. She has work upcoming in Yew Poetry Journal.