

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, so they say. And what I look at today will never be the same. Whatever it is will be older, will be faded or perhaps more clear, it will have less than it did the day before or maybe quite a bit more, it's possible i suppose a face will have a few more freckles if by chance they were kissed by the sun just a little... and just like that it goes on and on. As the holder of a camera you're handed a responsibility, to capture the world in each possible scene. To make impossible to forget those tiny moments that can never happen exactly the same again. It's complicated and trying to know what will mean the most and what is better off forgotten. It's impossible to say that beauty is universal... a tear rolling down a face has a tragic beauty that a simple smile so often denies... but I can not deny it.

So I, as the self proleaimed photographer that I am, am taking this responsibility. I will place my eye to my view finder in search of it all. Every meaning of beauty. And I will not let seemingly unimportant moments pass me by. I will capture what can never be captured again



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::Artist Biography::

Minnesota born and breed, in the midst of a very typical suburban lifestyle. Split time between divorced parents, which can be held responsible for the unsteadiness that is within me and my art. Becoming a mother at a young age drove me harder to chase my dream. Seems it would be the opposite, that 1'd chase money and stability. But when I learned that 1'd be having a child the very first thing I knew I wanted to teach him, was to believe in his dreams and chase them no matter what. Photography may not be practical, but then I've never claimed to be a practical woman.

As a photography student in college, I've found myself dipping into a variety of types of photography, but that, just as I assumed, I always make my way back to the routes of my passion that drew me to this art form. Simply put... I love faces. I love bodies. I love hands. I love humans. It's an oximoron of some sort. I love the way people look, but I do not actually enjoy much human interaction. Maybe it's my mind, but I am not compatitable with many. And though I can be a friendly face, I rarely like everyone I'm around. I'm rather uncomfortable around new people, and the unfamilar. But I adore the way lights light skin and the way shadows curve curves. I am a traditionalist of sorts, at least up until this point in time. From here it's only going to get a little more sideways of the straight an narrow of traditional portraiture.

I've expanded my horizons as far as the kind of photography I find enjoyable. It seems these years of college and being forced into other forms has paid off to an extent. I am falling in love with macro/abstract photography. I love mystery. And that love transfers into my more fine art photography... I love shooting things that are old and beaten and ugly. Things that are forgotten and don't make complete sense. Things that creep you out just a little, but force you to look deeper. I'm also finding I'm warming up to nature and landscapes, something I never predicted... I always found it so bland.

I stumbled across a completely new form that I will be doing much more work with as time goes along. I've found my-self in Cameraless Photography. I love that it's not exactly photography but is every bit the creative process plus much more to create these images. Cameraless does something cameras cannot do... it's a deep frustrating challenge, but when it pays off... it pays off big.

Here is a small collection of my work. Enjoy. And Question.



Portraits









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Fine Art

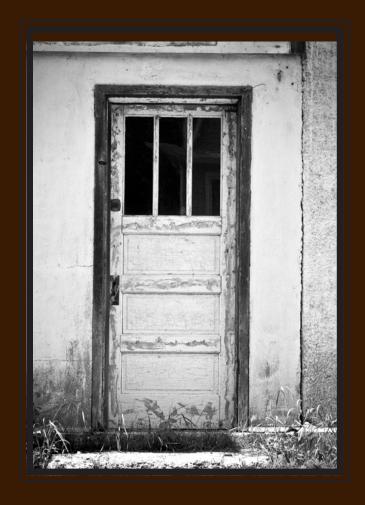






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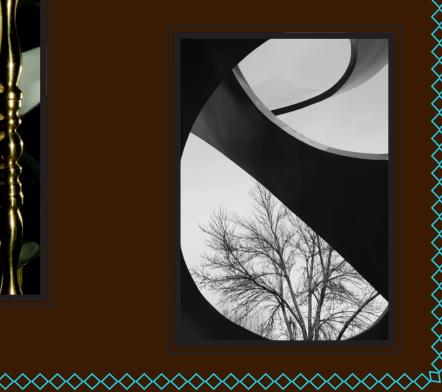


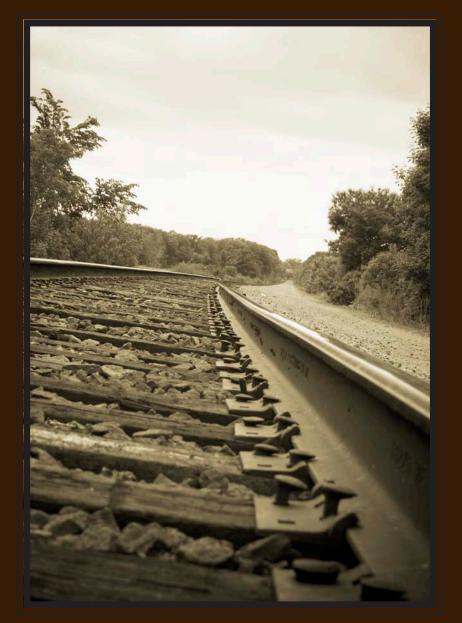


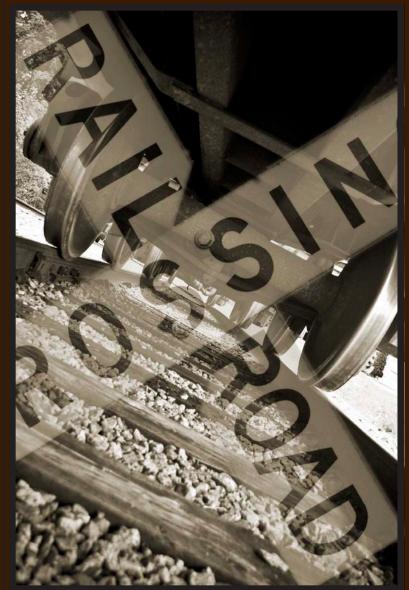












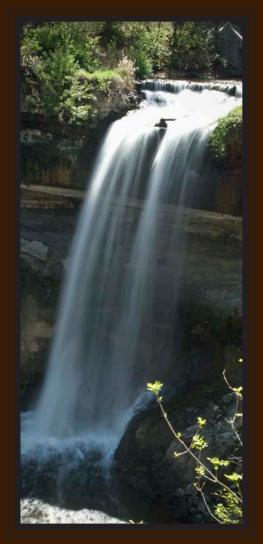


Nature/Landscapes

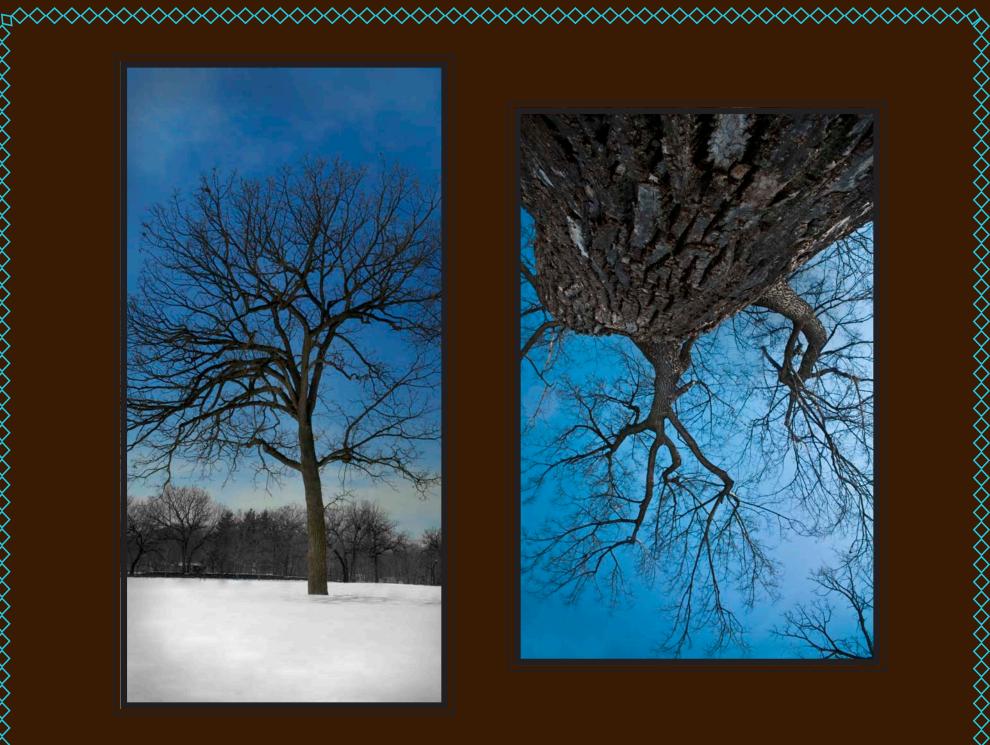


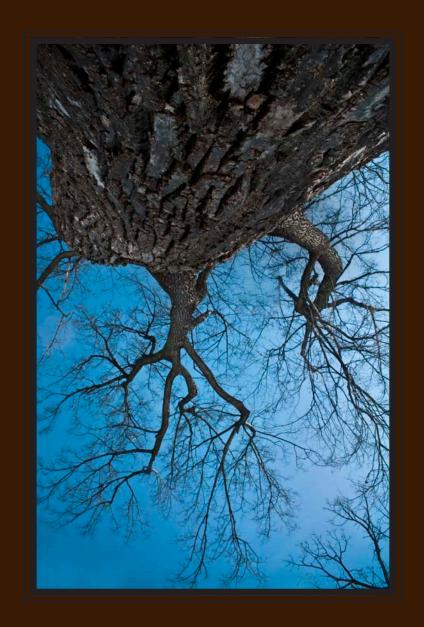






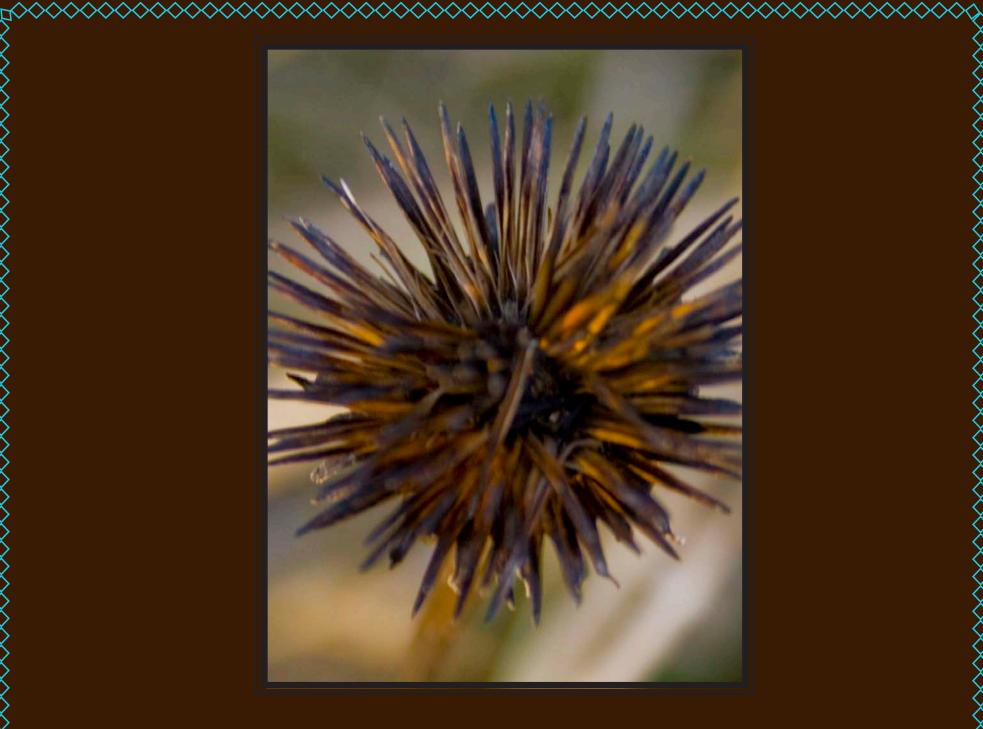
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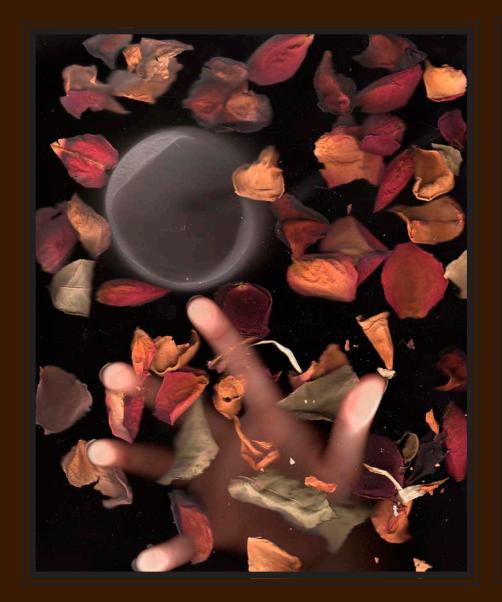


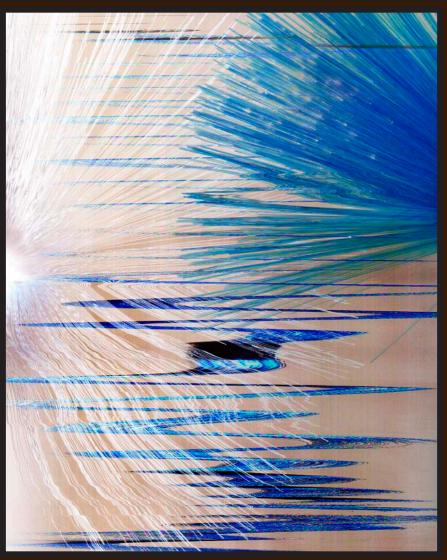






Cameraless













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