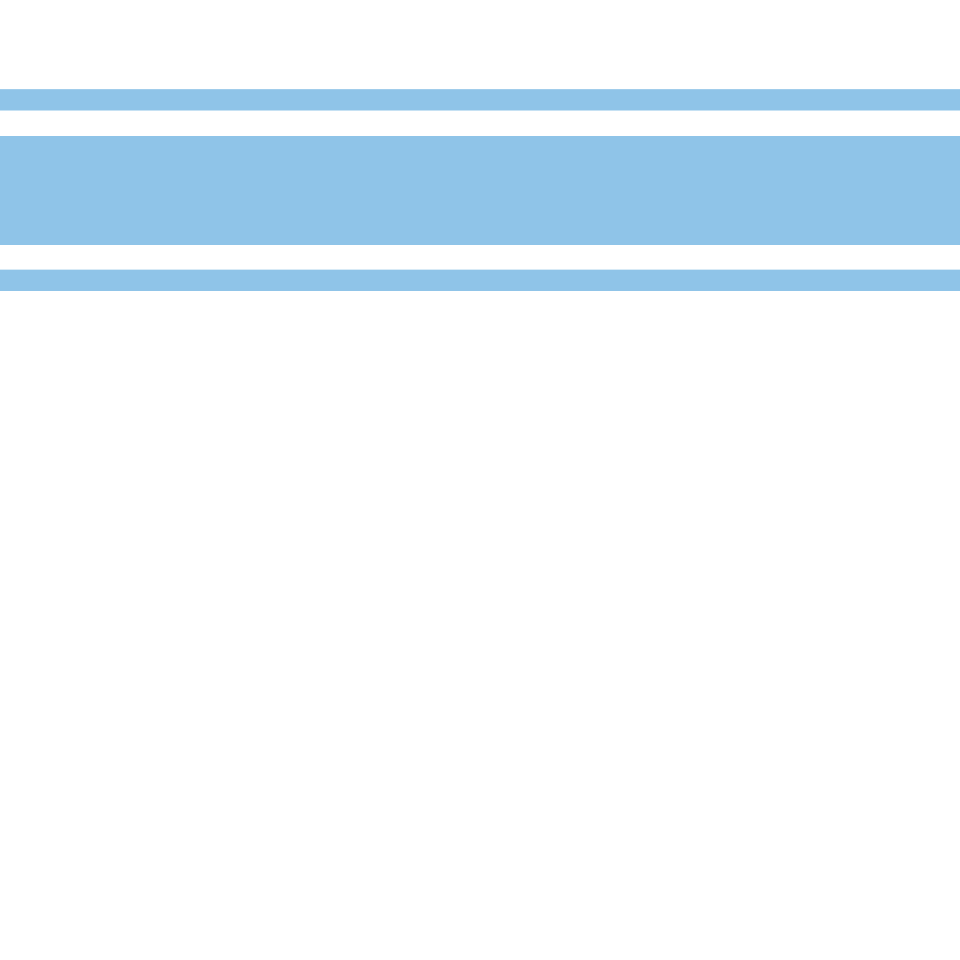


Within the Frame

By Emily Pelletier





Introduction

Art is a method of reframing our experience as humans— finding the extraordinary through paying extra attention to the ordinary. Photography as a graphic art is inherently flexible to the intent of the creator and a photo can be created in an instant.

Through photography, I am interested in elevating the views and details of the landscapes that I hold sacred, pausing their natural transience within the boundaries of my viewfinder.



Into the Woods

2020 — Digital Photography

In the Opal Creek Wilderness, the red earth trail moves carefully through the downs of moss while the trees stand sentinel to the passersby. The hiking trail offers itself generously, asking us to come and travel slowly and indirectly through a softer world. We were invited to meander with the path in both thought and conversation. All that was asked is that we take nothing but pictures and leave nothing but footprints.



Overlooked

2018 — Digital Photography

Taken during stolen moments on a long drive, I originally pulled over to take a product photo for Instagram (I know, such an honorable pursuit). And then, sitting on the hang gliders' launch, the scene welcomed me to stay for a breath. Timelines be damned; it was worthwhile to climb down the hill a ways to a sheltered place in the grass and take in the brilliance of the colors around me.



Glass Caps

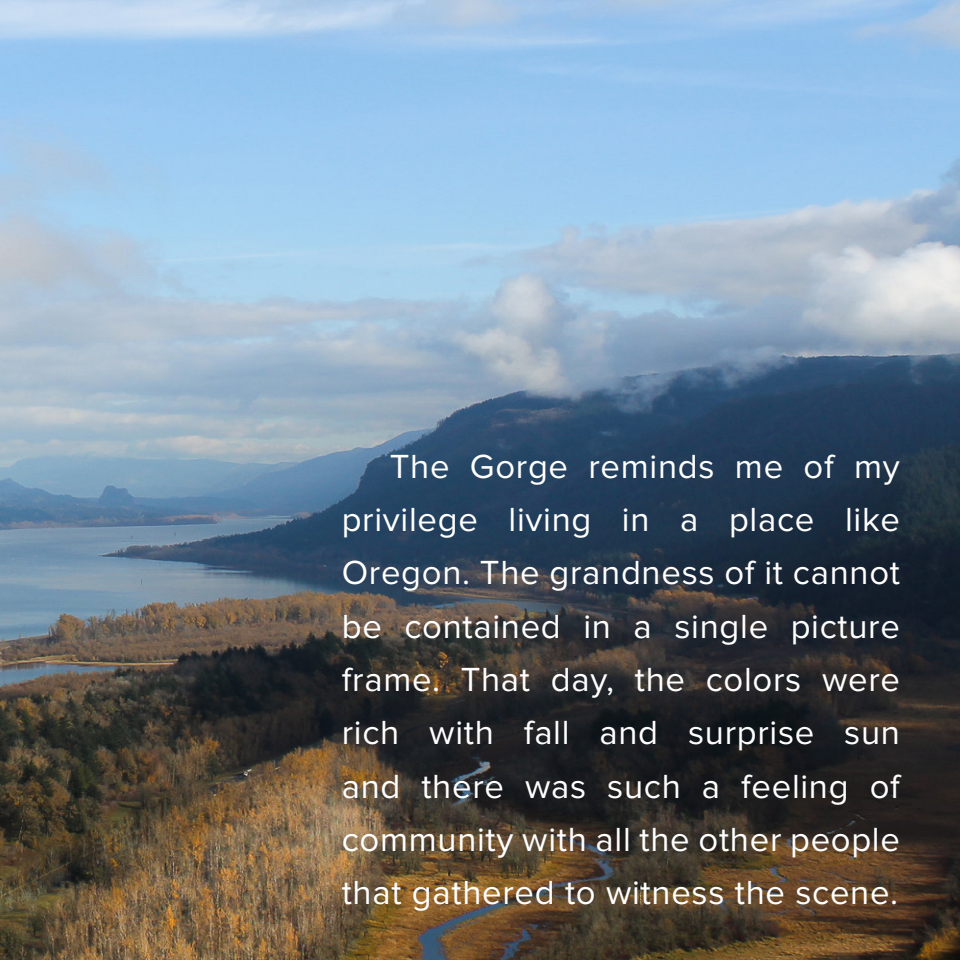
2018 — Digital Photography

My favorite photos are those that cause us to pause, look closer, and linger. Details can be lost in the hurry. These mushrooms were growing with their proud little stems and glass domes on the side of a nurse log at Silver Falls State Park. They were not flashy, but delicate and precise. Lifting up a camera is a way of slowing down and reframing the scene, searching out those details that may not have been captured before.

The Gorge

2018 — Digital Photography



A scenic landscape photograph. In the foreground, a stream flows through a forest with trees in autumn colors (yellows and oranges). The middle ground shows a large body of water (a lake or bay) with a small peninsula. In the background, there are dark, forested mountains under a blue sky with scattered white clouds. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

The Gorge reminds me of my privilege living in a place like Oregon. The grandness of it cannot be contained in a single picture frame. That day, the colors were rich with fall and surprise sun and there was such a feeling of community with all the other people that gathered to witness the scene.



Prisms

2018 — Digital Photography

Just as the light is held in each of the raindrops, this photo captures so much of the fall in the Pacific Northwest for me. The depth of field is shallow, allowing the world beyond the immediate details to slide away into the haze. The palette is warm but muted. The twigs are fragile and the leaves are just on the edge of slipping loose as the world holds its breath in early frosts and prepares to release its hold in favor of hibernation.



The View

2017 — Digital Photography

The ubiquitous View that belies the crowds at its entrance and welcomes everyone to Yosemite Valley.

Taken on a loosely-planned road trip that marked my independence from school and the sudden thrust into autonomy, this moment was one of pure elation for me. The skies were brilliant and Bridalveil Falls was expansive. It was a good day to shrug off the worries of the future and step ever closer to the heart of nature.



Sunday Service

2018 — Digital Photography

The sun was just breaking through the heavy mist that had obscured the caldera since sunrise. Reaching out to warm the edges of the crater, the light filled the bowl with a rose hue. I was freezing but grateful for the solitude of the park and the yellow shrubby flowers that thrived so close to the edge. It was a move past my comfort zone, leaving a house full of my sleeping friends to find sunrise over Crater Lake, but I was infinitely rewarded.

Acknowledgments

Eternal thanks to:

- my parents for patiently encouraging me in all my pursuits and giving me my camera.
- my friends for allowing me to drag them through even the most formidable terrain.
- all the people that dedicate themselves to protecting our wild spaces.

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