topophilia

uc davis art studio mfa
exhibition catalog 2022
**topophilia**: is the affective bond with one’s environment—a person’s mental, emotional, and cognitive ties to a place.
uc davis art studio mfa exhibition catalog 2022

Melanie Hernandez
Morgan Cristine Flores
Phillip Byrne
Helia Pouyanfar
Sofía del Pedregal
Emily Gordon
Whitney Vangrin
Kelley O’Leary
special thanks

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In Memory of
Freemond E. (Pete) Gadberry, a retired fine-arts teacher at Vintage High School, in Napa, Calif., who gave a $1-million bequest from his estate for the art department’s efforts to recruit and support student artists. Mr. Gadberry, who graduated from the university in 1967 with a master’s degree in fine arts, died in 2006 at the age of 69.
topophilia, the 2022 Art Studio MFA Thesis Exhibition, presents the work of eight artists who, together, have experienced something extraordinary. They entered the program two years ago, when the pandemic was just starting to change the world. Soon, uncertainty governed; we grew accustomed to being isolated from each other. In the face of this reality, these artists created an alternate community in the studio they inhabited together. In this space—one of physicality and connections—real materials and human life persisted through the hardest days of the pandemic. I believe that each one of our students took the difficulties and changes imposed on us, and transformed them into something tangible and real.

Kelley O’Leary’s geographical exploration through the western deserts, in search of data centers, challenges our ready acceptance of the virtual world as a convenient alternative to the real experience. Helia Pouyanfar presents the physical presence of home as both illusive and solid, as through the refugee experience. Sofia del Pedregal creates a space of contemplation, where a small encounter can take you into a crevice of human experience’s forgotten memories. Phillip Byrne’s installation of heavily processed sheets of paper overwhelms us with the insistent, tactile presence of its material. Emily Gordon at once playfully constructs and dismantles the painterly canvas surface, expanding the space of a painting into an installation. Melanie Hernandez focuses on everyday surroundings and transforms them into spaces of memory and intimacy. Whitney Vangrin’s installation and performance invite the audience into a mythological space where sensory experiences lead a journey into the depths of our psyche. Morgan Flores’s sculptures are a dystopian and hopeful narrative of cultural heritage, environmental concerns, and personal history.

These eight young, extraordinary artists transformed that which was most ungraspable into something tangible—lending a visual language to inexplicable experience. Congratulations to them for their exceptional achievements.

I would like to extend my thanks to all Art Studio faculty and staff for their unwavering support of our students, and all they do to nourish this extraordinary community of artists; and to our colleagues in Design for their collaborative spirit; and to the team at the Manetti Shrem Museum for leading our students through this unprecedented thesis exhibition process with patience and hard work—not to mention countless zoom meetings.

The Master of Fine Arts Degree in Art Studio, established in 1969, is a two-year, critically engaged studio program that provides an opportunity for interdisciplinary study in the visual arts. As part of a small tight-knit community, students explore a wide range of media and approaches to studio practice.

The Art Studio Program faculty share responsibility for the graduate program. Current faculty members engage in a broad range of disciplines including sculpture, photography, time-based media, painting, drawing, printmaking, ceramic sculpture, and include Shiva Ahmadi, Robin Hill, Tim Hyde, Graham McDougal, Darrin Martin, Hearne Pardee, Annabeth Rosen, Young Suh and Gina Werfel.

For more information: arts.ucdavis.edu/art-studio-graduate-program

Young Suh, Professor
Graduate Chair
Department of Art and Art History

Annabeth Rosen, Professor
Co-Chair
Robert Arneson Endowed Chair
Department of Art and Art History
Melanie Hernandez
An old couch on a corner in Brooklyn,
The details of a forgotten wool sweater,
A shoelace, worn and torn and no longer useful.

The details of a tiny button.
The rough creases of a corduroy jacket,
just like the boy I liked used to wear.

Where do all the things go?
Things that I’ve loved,
Things that you once loved.
And cared for
With pride.

The things that are now dirty
Without use
Or purpose

The things my mother gave to me
That I know I’ll never keep

The things I’ve stained
And ripped
In nights of frolic
And chaos

Now they’re here-
All together
Without us

Perhaps lined up neatly on thrift store racks
Color coordinated
Seemingly new

Or maybe they’re there-
Tossed carelessly
On the curb,
In the alley,
Waiting for their next home

Things left behind
With a new opportunity
To be personified

To come alive again
Through the eyes of an artist
Recreated on canvas

Trash into treasure
Old into bold
Free to be selected
To be recreated

In a way
That was before
Unseen

by Katie McCabe
Whiff of Wool, Oil on canvas, 36inx48in, 2022
Objects of Desire: Iteration 2, oil on canvas, 8x10in, 2022
Brushed Grid, copper etching with watercolor, 6x9in, 2022
Detail of *Objects of Desire: Iteration 2*, oil on canvas, 8x10in, 2022
Detail of *Objects of Desire: Iteration 2*, oil on canvas, 8x10in, 2022
Morgan Cristine Flores
Apocalypse Baby,
Recycled stroller, reclaimed asphalt, fake fruit, take-out Mexican food containers (the artist’s own), 2021
Mamá Barquita (Figurehead), Found: Shopping cart, shopping basket, road pieces, internet router; Recycled: Sheets, tablecloths, skirt, dress form, plastic bags, packing materials, food cans (the artist’s own), kitchen tools, fake fruit, projector screen, broken tire pump, fake flowers, 2022
**Cholita Cruiser**, Lawnmower (recycled), buckets (recycled), baby sled (recycled), fishing pole, broken broom, T.V. tray, asphalt pieces (found), fake flowers (recycled), stuffed animals (recycled), take-out Mexican food containers (the artist's own), 2022
The artistic experience of Morgan Flores has moved from painting to the creation of three-dimensional situations that, in addition to referring to a consumer culture that has fetishized merchandise—because most of the elements being used are industrialized and inorganic objects, although many represent fruits or flowers—, confront us with a natural world that has been assumed as an object and not as a subject. A kind of trompe l’oeil seduces and deceives us when this artist stages a painted apple inside a plastic container. Thus, the natural “artifice” appears encapsulated in transparent bags, like with the lemons in her artwork, evidencing that our vision of the environment as a resource to exploit depends on values that are far from considering the organic sense of our ecosystems. Finally, we only recognize as “natural” some stones, sand, and dried palm branches. Preserving the sense of the pictorial as a relational language, contrasts in textures and colors are promoted in ways that refer to her previous artwork, paintings in which a deconstruction allows for sensually recreating, in an emotive manner, different interlaced forms.

As a discursive strategy, Morgan Flores uses the hybridization of forms, colors and materials to create situations where the cultural footprint is deduced from the near or distant relationships of objects. Some of these accumulations are made up of containers, such as supermarket carts, which in turn with their wheels and the allusion to sails of boats, associated with the wind and the sea, state possible displacements. Each piece behaves like a convulsed fragment of a landscape that claims the imaginary and harmonious horizon of nature, with its impulses and fluids.

In the face of a narcissism that appeases the market with its seductive tactics over our bodies and the environment, promoting a planned obsolescence, this artist invites us to reflect on our place in the world from a playful and loving perspective through the provisional dialogue between various industrial and natural elements, new and worn, not lacking in warm chromatic contrasts, that give her proposal an ephemeral and provisional sense, since these objects can be used again in a utilitarian way, without affecting the environment.

It should be noted that the term hybridization I am using emerged as a critical revision of modern notions of identity and culture that contributed to shaping alterities, since Néstor García Canclini published Hybrid Cultures in 1990. This category of analysis has expanded into various research fields, including art. The author in 2003 establishes that: “By hybridization I mean sociocultural processes in which discrete structures or practices, which existed separately, combine to generate new structures, objects and practices”.

Thus, hybridization strategies in the visual arts are not only due to border overflows between genders and technical procedures, but also to a polyphonic need to activate symbolic and residual records of an epistemic perspective on territoriality. Hybridization can contribute to harmonizing the different paths that constitute our subjectivity, as what happens with those of us who are migrants and build our home with different memories, such as Flores does with her Mexican-American background. In these times when nature has become blurred, Morgan Flores, through hybridization, invites us to reflect on our responsibility to ourselves and our context from an affective and polysemic perspective. Brazilian anthropologist Suely Rolnik recognizes the strength of this strategy that: “affirms the poetic power of art: to give body to the sensitive mutations of the present.”
LlantaTube, Old tires (artist’s own); Found: Buckets, cooler, pallet; Recycled: Ski poles, pet cage, fake flowers, carrying totes, beverage cups (artist’s own); Handtruck, 2022
Safe Puerto/Harbor Seguro, Palm fronds, orange bag, potato bags (native food), chocolate wrappers (native food), produce bags, found hubcaps, art supplies, fake flamingos, reclaimed road, fake fruit, mallard feathers, 2021
Flipping a Painting, Digital Photograph, 2022

Carne Preciosa, Digital Photograph, 2021

Playing Ketchup, Digital Photograph, 2022

Whip-it Cookies, Digital Photograph, 2022
Wound (detail). Paper, canvas, dye, glue, found branches. 432 x 96 x 48 inches. 2022.
Wound (detail). Paper, canvas, dye, glue, found branches. 432 x 96 x 48 inches. 2022.
On the Work of Phillip Byrne  
by Jennifer R. Thornton

What are the boundaries of a body? We act like we’re something separate from the rest of the natural world, all because we can control it. Because we can tear it apart, separate it, dye it, warp it, contain it, cover it with synthetics because the opposite of what’s natural is what’s manufactured, isn’t it? Plastic. Because control is the way of the game. We forget until we are painfully reminded that the boundaries of our bodies—our skin, our connective tissues, the caves and crevasses inside ourselves dedicated to organs that touch and don’t touch—are finite, are penetrable. And when we are wounded, when we are open, there is no boundary except the imaginary one we cling to: that little thing called control, which is less absolute than we sometimes care to believe.

In Phillip’s work, these are the things put to physical exploration: bodies both large and microscopic, being whole, being separate, reciprocity with the microbial and guttural world that we try to shut out but inevitably cannot because its inside us as much as outside us. Shaping a work, being shaped by it. Recycling the manufactured to reflect the natural cycle. And where, if anywhere, do we have control in these processes that create and then deteriorate, that fragment and wound and expose? And is it not a more peaceful way to surrender ourselves, like water through a stream, or dye through paper, to the beauty that makes the world and which in turn makes us?

My experience of Phillip’s work is all mental, is all identity and effort and the self expressed in the moments where we try to hold it all in, together. I see the paper torn and crumbled, stuffed beneath the skins. I see the transparency in the latex, stretched so thin that the words cannot hide. I see the projections made of light through warped glass, like neurons and synapses and the thoughts of personhood that they carry between them. Hold a light against the soft tissue of your palm, and do you not see what’s inside you? Speak, and do you not hear everything that has made you what you are right now? Every book, every conversation, every trauma, every tweet: absorbed beneath the skin, frankensteined until we are Person. Every bit of punctuation, a staple.

It is brutal, chaotic, beautiful and cathartic—a mirror exposing us from the inside out, the way we pull the fragments together but remain transparent, seeping, bleeding. Perhaps our control is not absolute, and working beyond us is everything we absorbed in the effort to keep the solid solitude of ourselves. We are not creatures meant to live alone. We live—leave traces in the world, just as it lives and leaves traces inside us. There are no boundaries. We are not indestructible or impenetrable. We are permeable creatures of natural matter. When we open our mouths or our eyes to sing or laugh or cry, we invite life in. We escort life out.

Sacred Wound (detail)
Sacred Wound (detail)
Photo: Jada Haynes.
Helia Pouyanfar
The summer before leaving Puerto Rico, I helped my parents repaint our house’s hallway. It’s been the same shade, which I can best describe as the Platonic ideal of yellow—what you think of when you think of yellow. That color so evokes my feeling of home—my embodied feeling of actually walking from the front door to my room and back—that I felt the need to save it and take it with me to New York. I opened an old sketch pad I was bringing in case I ever felt in the mood to draw, then I grabbed the wet brush I’d been using to paint the edges of the hallway walls, and I slathered yellow on a blank sheet from top to bottom. You could say I painted those walls: a faithful reproduction of a chunk of home I could lug around wherever I wound up. (A wallpaper, if you will.)

In nearly six years, I don’t remember once (not even in passing) opening that sketch pad to admire my handiwork and “feel closer to home”—or whatever it is I thought would happen. It doesn’t matter. The fact that I even remember doing that means my home’s yellow has totally transcended its paint form and its entrapment in those walls and that sheet of paper. It now colors my mind, impervious to dust, scratches, and water damage. It never needs to be retouched. When it begins to fade, that’ll mean its new home—my mind itself—is fading. About two years after leaving, though, I did try to put that yellow to some use. I was publishing my first poetry collection in Puerto Rico, titled Yéndome (“Leaving”), and I was sure I wanted the cover to be that exact shade of yellow. I wanted the words on the front in bas-relief, subsumed in yellow and just barely emerging, as if from my walls back home, announcing themselves without detracting from the yellow’s purity. But that’s not how publishing works. My editor’s graphic designer sent me some options. I went with a gray background with a pair of legs in black slacks facing towards the spine, and inside, about to walk away.

So my yellow remains unseen (unless you’ve been inside my parents’ house). It’s an ideal trying to be real again, like the whats and wheres around Helia’s doorframes: evocations, examples, thresholds suspended in time until, until—

we cross them/trespass/enter (which is always a form of exiting, like cleaning is essentially destroying, like memorizing—as new research suggests—necessarily involves the culling of old memories).

Gil Scott-Heron said, “home is where the hatred is.” I say home depends—it’s where the [insert thing that makes a home a home for you] is.

Helia built the brackets for us. We’re all that’s missing.

Come on in.
Once There, Now Here VOL. I, 2021. Resin, cement, bricks, suitcase, 28” x 22”.
Walls Have Ears, 2021. Letters, photos, document, drywall, studs, wood, straps, 24”x24”.
Wanderer, 2021. Found door, drywall, wallpaper, studs, wheels, 7’x3’.
Documentation by Jordan Benton
[BIRDS CHIRPING]
Sofía del Pedregal
Poem Reply to Sofía, 2021; digital video 1’47”; edit and images Sofía del Pedregal; text and voice Catherine Niu
The well Rising, 2021; video installation: two projections of the videos: The Well Rising and Translated thoughts onto the wall; tv monitor, wood and bricks object on the floor and newsprints on the wall)
Postcard 41  
May 5, 2022 Davis California

Dear M.
Do postcards go where love goes? To not understand the potential of what you have made, this seems to me the most common thing among all things. Please, I'd like to show you something. The dusted light inside a used bookshop in Argentina. A pale glass case, and inside it, a box, and inside it, secrets of the world. On the back of an old postcard, your handwriting. Beside your handwriting, pale Antarctica Treaty stamps, flaking blue. This is what I want you to see again. Remember it as a postage stamp on an old letter, I mean, as a small good thing. A lineage of hands once came together to pass someone's love along. And how could that tenuousness be anything less than it is? It all comes back. I took a lot of pictures with a camera that I practiced in my mind. When I develop them, I'll send them to you. How do I say what I mean? I am well. I remember you.

Antarctic Treaty of 1961
Signed December 1, 1959

"Recognizing that it is in the interest of all mankind that Antarctica shall continue for ever to be used exclusively for peaceful purposes and shall not become the scene or object of international discord"

I. Peace preserved can have a shape. Give it the shape of an old postage stamp. Give it the shape of accumulated ice, a continent. What is ice but the thinnest edges, touching down? After a time, one forgets they were ever separate, ever small, ever lone and hurtling.

II. We begin in desperation and end in love. Or, we begin in love and end in desperation. Or, it is a condition of peace and loneliness in which we begin, a condition of navigating, from which we compose a passage between. Or, we reach across.

III. Dear M. Ines, dear Sofia, no matter how small or large one's body, inside there is this same shock of ice blue. No matter, no matter. I see the one you carry.

IV. No matter if you are in love or you are "the scene or object of" it.

V. "Any nuclear explosions in Antarctica and the disposal of radioactive waste material shall be prohibited." Hear me now, holding you.
Vi. "Including all ice shelves." In my hands, even your loneliness is an object I can rock.

Vii. A trace on wood, wood plank on a vessel, vessel afloat on my waters. It is easy to draw them together, this network beyond one lifetime, a set of objects, lives, you see how I am doing it?

Viii. How it begins with your voice,

Ix. How an incomplete set of postcards and the lick of a private tongue

X. "Each of the contracting parties undertakes to exert appropriate efforts"

Xi. Can create a medium through which one might travel, generate, shed, collect?

Xii. And do you know, it is not so simple to disappear?

Xiii. More likely to be repeated, transformed.

Xiv. "The present treaty, done in the English, French, Russian and Spanish languages, each version being equally authentic." I remember your sound, small particles spread over me, mist, so small. But you threw that smallness over and over, in different forms and times, iterations, of rustling papers and ash.

Each time you asked for a reply, and I gave.

written by Catherine Niu, for Sofia del Pedregal's Sovereign of the Seas. 2022
A María Inés, 2022; digital video 9'45" (part of Sovereign of the Seas)
Sea, sound, song, 2022; digital video 6’50” Collaborative video part of Sovereign of the Seas. Edit and images Sofía del Pedregal; voices: Sam Rathbun, Annabeth Rosen, Graham McDougal, Ann Hamilton, Phillip Byrne, Young Suh, and Katie Peterson.
The Antarctic Treaty, 2022. Installation: Table with books, paintings, poems, and other objects (part of Sovereign of the Seas)
Elastic Landscape, oil on canvas, hand cut vinyl, dyed canvas, 9' x 21', 2021
Slices, oil on canvas, 7’x3’, 2022.
Emily Gordon
by Alberto Hamonet

Like a bull, dozing in and out of hikes through the forest of her studio. Intricacy mirrored in intricate clay, mirrored in simple subject, the land and it’s visceral cognitive effects on this artist’s mind.

Proud gestures boldly define the undefinable: the liminal senses. Feelings that lie in-between emotions. The colors in-between the hyper definite limitations of digital chromatic options, blending to become something not defined. Trance like and instinctive painting as contemplative martial art. Hyper saturated branches become limbs of a long deceased and unidentifiable animal.

Paintings alive and arrogant in their lacking definition, confidently pushing past arbitrary boundaries, borders, and plains. Recalling photographs I’ve seen of her paintings, displayed, and splayed across a hilly landscape. How close can one get to continuing natures work while still maintaining “artist’s hand”?

In a slurry of stroked movements, one perceives the possible, the possibly there... a horse, or the “(I wish) a horse”. The potential that any animal may walk by as one stares into a dense grove of trees. ‘At our worse when we're at our best, we were better off as animals”, some silly song sings as I sit in this brewery; better off as animals, better off undefined.

Throughout our short and extremely welcome friendship I have been witness to continuous blooming. A fierce dedication and inability to compromise build on themselves creating a myriad layered cake. The Constraints of academia are very useful things when applied to an uncompromising soul.

Touching and experiencing, I wouldn’t be surprised if Emily cries often while painting; most likely her version of crying is painting.
Adaptations, oil on canvas, oil on panel, 2022
Popped, video projection, rocks, plexiglass, 8'x12'x6', 2021
Popped (detail); video projection, plexiglass, rocks, 2021
Whitney Vangrin
Coagulation Incarnate, Image by Nathan Jorgenson, Performance Still, 2022
Kvass, 2022, Rye Bread, Honey, Sourdough Starter, fermentation jar, yellow plastic vinyl.
Whitney Vangrin Seizes The Human Sensorium
—by Jesse Genepi

Layered visual and olfactory installations question perceptions of authenticity, while fermenting personal histories of film, performance, folk ritual traditions and craft; creating works of art that hinge upon reality and simulation. Fermentation describes the decay of one’s old self and the rebirth of one’s true self. Surrealist concepts of bodily dismemberment suggesting human sacrifice and rebirth can be found within the bodily offerings of Vangrin’s past performances which have included bloodletting and bodily endurance pieces such as Sea Foam and Tongue in Ice. Contrasting this severity is also a tenderness of spirit that bleeds into all her works and an oracle-like quality that dispenses the foreboding uncertainty of the future we as humanity face.

In Vangrin’s 2022 project called Lattice Shell she conjures up the symbolic fecundity of the human body and of the land we sow. A geodesic dome expands upon Vangrin’s Viewing Cell constructs notably found in previous 2020/2021 projects titled In Bloom and The Cephalophore, The Reliquary and The Rye. In these works, the Viewing Cells consisted of self-contained spaces allowing a viewer to experience a performance in a physical space, using screens and architecture as surrogates for the body. Lattice Shell opens the concept as a communal equivalent to previous self-contained iterations and highlights the layered and self-referential nature of her works. These immersive experiences are meant to dispel passive viewership and prime an audience for a multidimensional encounter.

The video installation within Lattice Shell extracts the Edenic landscape of Central California, reconciling the histories of animal husbandry and agricultural abundance with the growing threat of societal collapse. Lattice Shell’s geodesic dome is imbued with retrofuturist optimism similarly entangled in the histories of the Californian landscape that has been home to climate activism, spiritual cults and the tech explosion. Stepping into Vangrin’s simulated womb, time ceases to exist, and the perceiver becomes suspended in her augmented reality.

This alternative reality houses bodily sculptural constructions of manzanita salvaged from The Donald and Sylvia Mclaughlin Natural Reserve. Within the wooden assemblage are blown glass vessels functioning as reservoirs for a handcrafted scent, evoking moss & musk – another gentle pull by Vangrin into her realm of peculiarity and possibility. The visceral quality of Vangrin’s distilled and layered video performance illuminates the innate and often uncomfortable qualities of being within a body and its endless task of perceiving the physical world we inhabit and incorporeal worlds we occupy with our minds. But through this discomfort we can find solace in that it is something we all share.
Sinew, 2022, Found glass, ceramic, manzanita branches, latex tubing, copper pipe, plexi, perfume oil.
Lattice Shell, PVC geodesic dome, vinyl cover, video projection, ceramic, glass, copper pipe, latex tubing, fragrance, 2022
Clouds of the American West, 2022 Photo credit: Stephanie Smith
Gnomon, 2021 Harvested clay from Facebook, Apple, Tonaquint, NSA data centers
for kelley
By Diane Nicole Javier, writer

realm weaving: traversing sites set aside
scrying ancient sea beds
beckoning the visible from the invisible

realm weaving: ice cracking, tape peeling, steel on wood
deconstructing,
re-orienting, dis-
raised ridges, recessed furrows, on ulexite, clay, & borax mold
handed, crafted preoccupation
– such tending! –

this: this thing
this thing: the INTERNET
the internet: concrete projections to the stars
this thing, the internet: a hand-delivered thing
where a collapsing of time is a finding is a getting lost is potable water on
hot machines

to enter the internet is to enter shovel-ready land, then–

immediate saturation,
 riddling elation,
        endless addle-ations

maps in hand, stars in the other: realm weaving points to
where solar flares mean
human excitability means
time drawn slow means
feather vibrating ’round and ’round ’stalled fiber optics,
seashells-deep, shadows cast long.

entangled.
[/enmeshed.]
what does it mean to fracture?
[/to scavenge?]
where would these pieces be, had they [not] been found [/lost] by you?
[/could]
[/should]
what of the gifts of the past?
[/artifacts of the future?]

ephemeral

eternal

existing in ceaseless plurality.
Ether Rocks, 2021 Discarded electronics, borax, cement
Lone Pine, 2021 Photograph, 35mm underwater camera