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No Answers

*I don't believe in a god yet he confronts me.
I ask what is beyond the stars yet, don't know what is here.
I feel the movement of time but I don't know where it is going.
I want to know what is next but can't even know what is now.
I ask if my future lies in the Abyss and grapple with that possibility.
I feel the draw of my culture's mythology but don't trust the metaphors.
I choose but don't know what I've chosen.*

The quest to explore my “Terra Incognita” is what inspires me to photograph.

I used to spend a lot of time photographing outside, especially at night where both the wonder and the terror of the Universe confronted me. I became interested in finding a way to portray how it feels to be insignificant and mortal, given current sound scientific explanations of space and time.

Through my photographic practice I wanted to explore these concerns, even knowing that there would be no answers. I had some successes. I could create abstract, nocturnal landscapes that made me feel humble and insignificant, for example. Working in a directorial manner in the dark, cold nights of Maine and pushing the optics of the camera to their maximum I could make work that was personal, yet I realized I had to find a way to work even more effectively.

As I looked for a solution, I discovered the work of Chicago-based photographer, Ruth Thorne-Thomsen. She made images with photographs of Greco-Roman sculptures set against new environments. Not only did her work suggest a way to be creative using appropriated images, but I saw that by doing so I could resurrect past artists' renderings of coping with the great unknowns within a self-relevant context.

By incorporating imagery from other times and cultures into my artistic practice, I make connections with the existential themes perpetuated in our collective unconscious and examine my own emotions related to mortality. It is with honor (homage) that I construct photographs using the transformable properties of paper, the instantaneous and decisive click of a shutter, and, of course, light to acknowledge the incongruity of being mortal.