

Dan Borris

*... Far Eastern vines Run from the clay banks they are Supposed to keep from eroding. Up telephone poles, Which rear, half out of leafage As though they would shriek, Like things smothered by their own Green, mindless, unkillable ghosts. In Georgia, the legend says That you must close your windows At night to keep it out of the house. The glass is tinged with green, even so,...* \*

Kudzu. It crawls, blanketing everything in its path as Christo might wrap the countryside. An undulating wave, forming a dull relief of what lies below, it grows as much as a foot a day in summer, creating an impenetrable curtain of green leaves, while in winter revealing its vast, tangled mass, of brown skeletal remains.

I'm a minimalist at heart, influenced by the landscape photographers of the 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> century. Those who ventured out to the not yet explored American west, or as far as the pyramids at Giza, recording what they found as detailed, straightforward photographs, elegant in their lack of pretense. This will be my exploration of Kudzu in the south. Black and white photographs that capture the sculptural, timeless, foreboding of the vine and the quiet presence of the unseen: the mystery of life's hidden, deeper nature.

Each photograph will be made twice from the same location: once in the lushness of summer and again during the leafless winter. We will see the cycle of life, death and rebirth, of body and bones, structure and skin. A contrasting view; the same place, the same plant, completely transformed... a revelation.

*\*from the poem ALL:Kudzu by James Dickey 1963*