

"TAKING HOLD OF MY FRAME"

To me, this piece signifies a paradox— an ongoing and conflicting dialogue that exists between me and my art. As an attempted one-liner: “Taking Hold Of My Frame” is a piece on the great power but also fragility that comes with embracing one's own identity.

When you feel the power that you hold as a human, (it can be many things: for myself, I have found it to be my capacity to love, my artistic potentiality, my thirst for sincerity) it is easy to overthink that power; find every way to minimize it or downplay it; find every reason to believe that your depth will lend itself to more problems and fewer answers. For a long time, I was overwhelmed by my own artistic vision—it is not that I wasn't confident about it, but rather, I feared I would lose sight of it in the face of deceit. That, somehow, my depth would get lost along the way... perhaps by some unprecedented external force...fearing that the mundaneness of life would take away my spark, or even more tangible: that a person had the power to alter my own truth. However, I have come to learn that my identity is in fact not fleeting and uncertain. I am still learning what it means to *truly* understand that my heart is sacred. I am slowly getting there. There is no answer behind this other than time and practice.

In coming to these realizations, it is still vital I express my artistic vision with confidence and grace, no matter the outcome. If now is my time, then let it be MY time. Let ME take hold of my frame. I have a hold of my camera, the way I perceive it, and the way my shots make me feel. Reflecting on these words, I have come to learn that my 'truth' will never leave me. I don't need to overthink my depth but, rather use it as a playful tool for self-expression. My vision is greater than my own being; a 'higher power'. Perhaps, *that* is why it feels so overwhelming. Moreover, my vision was never given to me. I already had it. As cliché, as it may sound, I believe that this is the truth.

In a brain often filled with chaos and confusion, my passion and dedication to my craft remains consistent, a powerful force that I refuse to let anyone touch or alter. Perhaps, my worrisome thinking is a part of me, a constant reminder that I can overcome my doubt and take every image as I see fit, with movement and music as a guiding force. Everything will come back to my music, and a world of images bound to be created. In many ways, this photographic series has served as an abstract starting point to a stream of work that has attempted to break down such ideas.

Dancers: Iris Sewell, Alex Ware, Thalia Shaw,
Stephany Clarisse, Rose Sutton
- Rose Sutton, 2022