

Landscapes



Photographic Exhibition by Daniel Brooks
Accompanying Poems by Jack Maze
Collegium Budapest
15 June - 31 July 2011

About the Photographer

Dan Brooks has spent more than half his life as an evolutionary biologist and naturalist. Along the way he has taught and done fieldwork in more than 30 countries on 5 continents, and accumulated more than 300 published scientific articles and books. He has received honorary degrees from Stockholm University and the University of Nebraska, and is a fellow of the Royal Society of Canada and the Linnaean Society of London. During the academic year 2010-2011, Dan has been honored to be a Senior Visiting Fellow of the Collegium Budapest. In recognition of this singular honor and pleasure, Dan is delighted to donate all proceeds from the sale of photographs in this exhibition to the Hungarian foundation NEST (New Europe School for Theoretical Biology and Theoretical Ecology).

Since 1995, Dan has been devoting increasing time to photography. Dan's first book of photographs and text is *My Brothers' Eyes: How My Blind Brothers Taught Me To See*, published by CreateSpace in 2010. The photographs in this exhibition attempt to capture the emotions of place and time, as well as the tone of interactions between humans and their surroundings.

Dan's interest in visual metaphors of wildlands and those who care for them has led to an ongoing collaboration with poet Jack Maze, himself an evolutionist and plant naturalist. Jack wrote the poems accompanying the photographs in this exhibition. Together Dan and Jack have produced two volumes, *More Than Meets the Eye: A Poetic and Photographic Exploration of the Biologist's World*, also by CreateSpace in 2010 and *Stewards of the Sand*, forthcoming in mid-2011.

For more of Dan's activities linking biodiversity and photography, visit www.danbrooksphotography.com and www.biophotoexperience.com



History

Bare tangled branches
Stand across from clustered leaves
Clinging still to trees.

These aren't warring sides
Separated by water
And a pavement of

Blocky, unweathered
Boulders. No it's only trees
Reflecting Nature's

Vicissitudes summarized so
History's fables are saved
For gentle visitors.



Magic

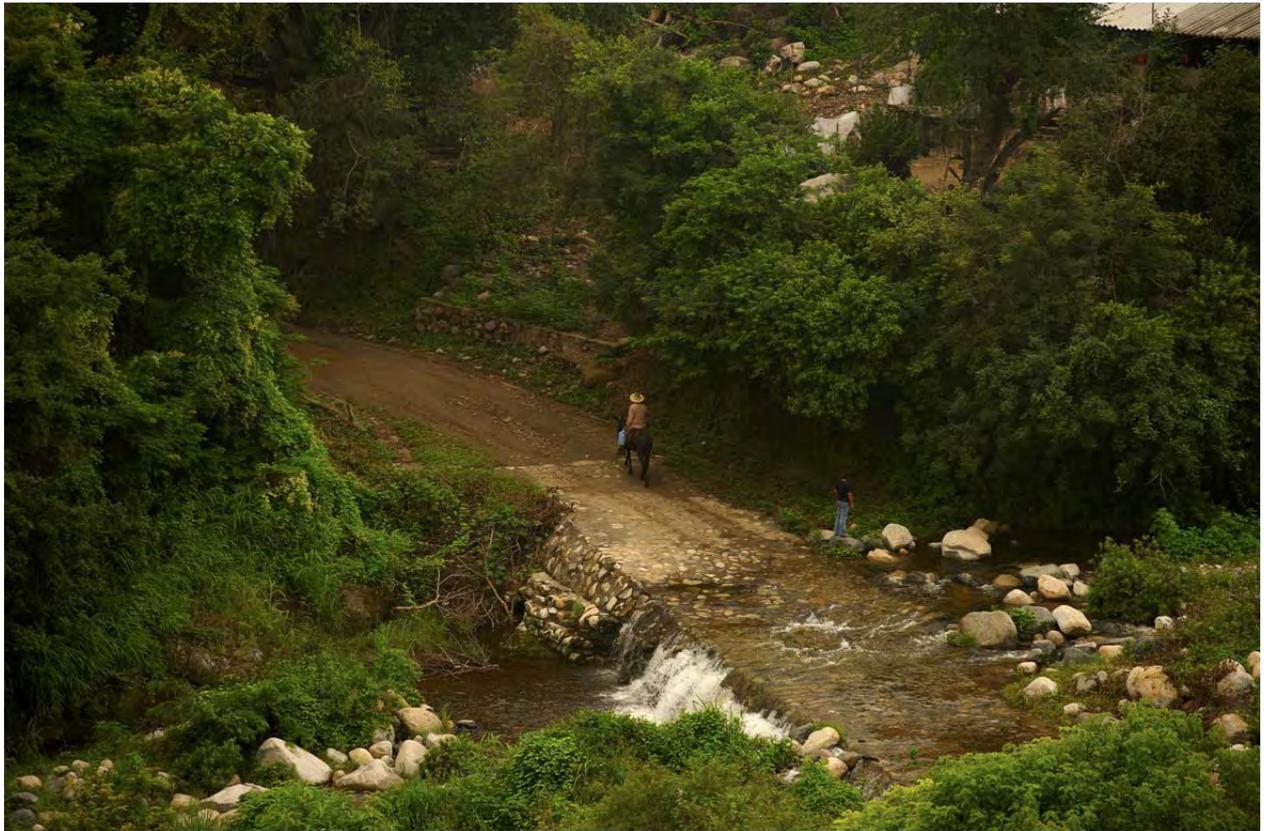
It's magic! Where else
Would those trees come from if not
Condensing light mist.



Are you sure?

Are you sure? Can we
Really go there? There's mist and
You just can't trust a

Bush.



Crossroads

One man made tying
Together modes of commerce
And independent

Of nature's constraint.
The other constructed by
Nature, the scenic

Route wandering down
A mountainside. Go on
To the next market.

I think I'll wait here
And see what the natural world
Has to deliver.



Interlopers

Small trunks, short, twisted
Some with branches bearing leaves
Some not so adorned.

They're on a gentle
Slope with rocky soil and
Shallow gullies cut

By seasonal rains.
The trees are connected through
Shared soil, water.

Other things are seen.
Some bipeds are there as well.
We can talk of them

Philosophically.
To Aristotle they are
Accidentals, there

But not relevant
To the trees survival at
That time and place. We

Should have no reason
For concern. Soon they'll be gone
Taking their baggage.



Attitude

Despair can't survive
In the presence of bright hues
No matter how few.



Persistence

Time crumbles plaster,
Is kinder to wood; kindest
To a strong woman.



Dreams

Soak in gentle thoughts.
A breeze, shady location
And that last image.

Leaves, twigs contrasted
By sunlight playing between
Different shapes, textures

And thoughts of dinner
Rice, beans, cornmeal tortillas.
Don't get no better.



Conversation Between Old Friends

My ancestors have watched
 As the years gradually disassembled you,
 Siding
 Steps
 Shelves
 Storage bins
 Pieces of roof.

Yeah, it's been odd

One time they sang my praises
 The protection I offered
 To seed
 To crops
 To equipment
 To their sorry heads
 During summer thunder storms.

But then something changed.
Life became mechanized.
 My usefulness was no longer needed
 It had been carried away.

It's a story my ancestors know well.

A national emergency and suddenly they were needed

To tie the country together
To tether its ships to wharves
To bind material for shipping
To stretch the odd traitor's neck.

But all emergencies pass
Organic chemistry prevailed
Natural fibers were no longer needed.

Didn't help any that my relatives produced chemicals
Vile things that altered thoughts
Vile things that became the inspiration for
REEFER MADNESS.
And Cannabis came to be known as
THE SCOURGE OF THE EARTH.

And the farmer's kids would sneak away to this decrepit den
Roll your dried leaves into cigarette paper and puff away with great
vigor
Waiting
For the promised high that never came.

Wasn't going to come.

All they got was
Light-headed from frantic sucking
A hacking cough from inhaling harsh smoke
And a source of disappointment in rural myths.

Odd, we were both used and abandoned

Maybe that's our revenge



Abandoned

Abandoned school house,
White wash peeling, bell silenced.
A monument to

Farms failed because the
Land wants cooperation
And not control.



Symbols

It helped the ancients
Understand the firmament but
Do old cars have the

Same connection to
Secrets of the universe?
Detroit deified?



Kin

In a close embrace
Or set distantly apart,
We'll always be one.