

TIDES IN, TIDES OUT

Eight large-format photographs in an assemblage of two groups, 2015-16.

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To me, living near the ocean is a gift and I try to take advantage of this gift by walking on the beach everyday, all year round. Through sunny and stormy days and very cold days, the play between the water and the shore inspires thoughts about what the water hides, and then, after it recedes, what is revealed. Our local shoreline throughout the four seasons has influenced my newest body of photographs, "Tides In, Tides Out."

When I get to the waterfront, I start out a little unfocused, with disjointed thoughts; I am not really there yet...then the energizing air and the beauty and fullness of the place brings me into the moment. And when I am not there, I wonder what I am missing!

I would like to acknowledge how wonderful it has been to have had the privilege to meet the ultimate denizen of the shore, the Snowy Owl. He keeps his amazing eyes on everything that moves out there during the winter. This is a creature whom I did not know until I braved the winter elements, yet he has been there my whole life!

TIDES IN

When the tide is on the flood with the water rising, the beach becomes an almost menacing place. I am drawn to the mystery of what I can't see beneath the surface of the water. It covers the strand like a blanket. The disappearing land confronts us with the cycle of birth and death. How do we make a difference in our short time in this world?

TIDES OUT

The tide ebbs and all is on display: dead birds, seaweed, broken boats and lots of garbage! I think of our past and what we may have left behind. I assess and examine my memories. I reflect on the human condition of wanting to control everything, of wanting to show that we are in control and then, how we also want to hide certain things, to create mystery. In fact, what we are trying to hide is and will be there for all to see.

*...God..divided the waters which were under the firmament
from the waters which were above the firmament...*

-Genesis

In the past few years, my photographs from the beach have been influenced by the effects of Hurricane Sandy and, more recently, by the images of people fleeing their countries by boat over the Mediterranean. What artifacts are washing up on our shores? Are we moved by the stories represented by these things? Where is our humanity within the changing tides? I see the beauty of the world around us and of our fragility and folly within it.

"...it brought into his mind the turbid ebb and flow of human misery..."

-Dover Beach, Matthew Arnold, circa 1867