



WORLDS



WORLDS  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
EDWARD FAUSTY

AS A WRITER FASCINATED BY EARTH, EVERYTHING  
I LEARN ABOUT OUR PLANET HAS BROUGHT HOME  
TO ME TWO CONTRADICTORY BUT SIMULTANEOUS  
REALITIES: ITS ENDURING POTENCY, WHICH DEFIES  
THE SURROUNDING EMPTINESS, AND THE DELICATE  
FRAGILITY OF THE BIOSPHERE IN WHICH WE LIVE.

--*BETSY BURR*  
AUTHOR OF *DANCING WITH WHALES:*  
A BOOK OF ENCOUNTERS





## *WORLDS*

THERE IS NOTHING QUITE LIKE SEEING EARTH SUSPENDED IN THE VOID OF SPACE. ASTRONAUTS ATTEST TO THIS AS A RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE PERMANENTLY ALTERING THEIR PERSPECTIVE. WITH PHOTOGRAPHS WE VICARIOUSLY SHARE THEIR SENSE OF WONDER.

IN THIS PROJECT *WORLDS*, I SEEK TO PARTICIPATE IN THIS REALITY. IN MY WANDERINGS THRU NATURAL AREAS (ORBITING THE PLANET ON TWO FEET) I CAPTURE PHOTOGRAPHS OF EARTH THAT SUGGEST THE SPHERICAL ORB WE NOW KNOW IT TO BE. EACH IMAGE IS A MICROCOSM THAT ALSO SUGGESTS A MACROCOSM, A *WORLD*.

*WORLDS* BEGAN WITH WHAT I THOUGHT WAS A SIMPLE DESIRE TO MAKE PHOTOGRAPHS IN A CIRCULAR FORM. ALL ROUND LENSES PRODUCE CIRCULAR IMAGES (THINK BINOCULARS, MICROSCOPES, TELESCOPES.) PHOTOGRAPHS ARE RECTANGULAR ONLY BECAUSE THE RECTANGULAR FILM OR DIGITAL SENSOR IS SMALLER THAN THE PROJECTED CIRCLE. IN MY INVESTIGATIONS, THE 8MM FISH-EYE LENS WAS THE ONLY LENS AVAILABLE PROJECTING IT'S IMAGE SMALL ENOUGH TO FIT *INSIDE* THE RECTANGLE OF THE 24MM X 36MM DIGITAL SENSOR OF MY CAMERA -- HENCE THE CIRCULAR IMAGE.

WRESTLING WITH THE UNWANTED DISTORTION OF THIS ULTRA-WIDE-ANGLE LENS, WHICH GREATLY EXAGGERATES NEAR AND FAR, AND HAS ITS OWN PECULIAR WAY OF MAPPING ITS 180 DEGREE VIEW, I BEGAN TO REALIZE ITS SIGNIFICANCE: I WAS SEEING A CIRCLE IN THREE DIMENSIONS, A *SPHERE*, INTRINSIC TO PLANETS, STARS AND MOONS. AND LIKE THOSE OBJECTS, THIS PROJECT HAS KEPT ME IN ORBIT FOR SOME TWELVE YEARS, TRYING TO RE-EXPERIENCE THE WONDER OF BEING ALIVE ON THIS FLOATING ROCK WE REVERE.

--EDWARD FAUSTY  
SEPTEMBER, 2020



1 THEY ARE ANCIENT, AND HAVE A MYSTERIOUS TALE TO TELL. MY IGNORANT BRAIN CONJURES BEINGS AND SPIRITS IN THE STONES THAT COME FROM THE SUBTERRANEAN WORLD. THESE CAN HAVE THE MYSTERY AND INTEGRITY OF SUBLIME MASTERPEICES....OR A THREE-YEAR-OLD'S PRIMITIVE SCRIBBLE.





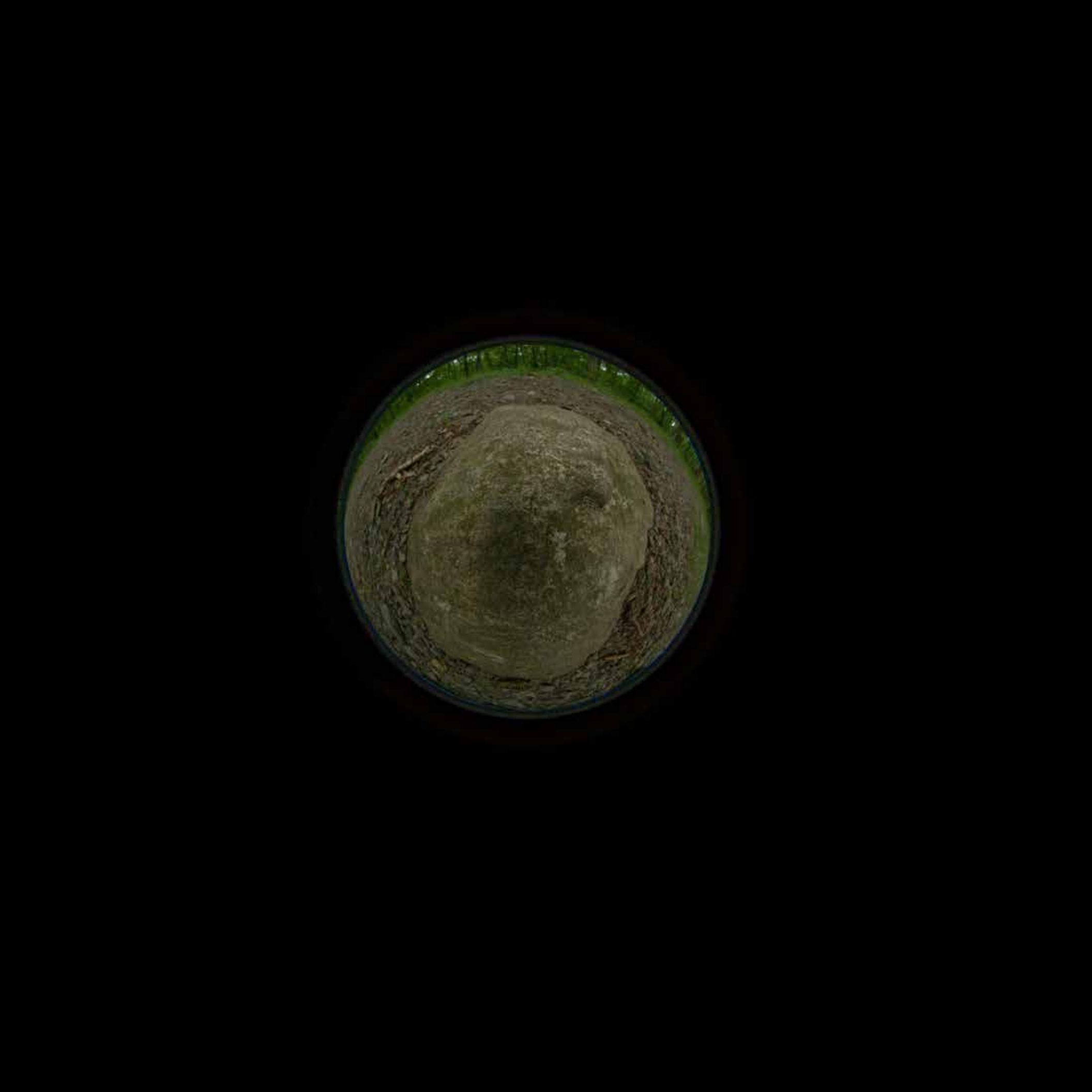














2

APPARENTLY STILL AND INERT, IT IS CONSTANTLY GROWING, FLOWING INTO A MYRIAD OF SHAPES. ORIGINATING AS GREEN SHOOTS, IT MATURES INTO FORMIDABLE LIMBS AND TORSO IN SOMBER EARTH TONES. ITS WEIGHT, STRENGTH AND STEADINESS INSPIRE AWE, AND EXPLOITATION OF MANY KINDS.



















EMULATED BY TAOISTS, ITS SHAPE AND APPEARANCE ARE DETERMINED BY WHAT IS AROUND IT; ITS POSITION UNERRINGLY BY THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTENCE.

3

WHEN ICE, IT IS HARD AND FRAGILE, AND STAYS PUT IN ITS SOLIDITY SO WE CAN LOOK THRU IT AS WE WOULD A JEWEL.

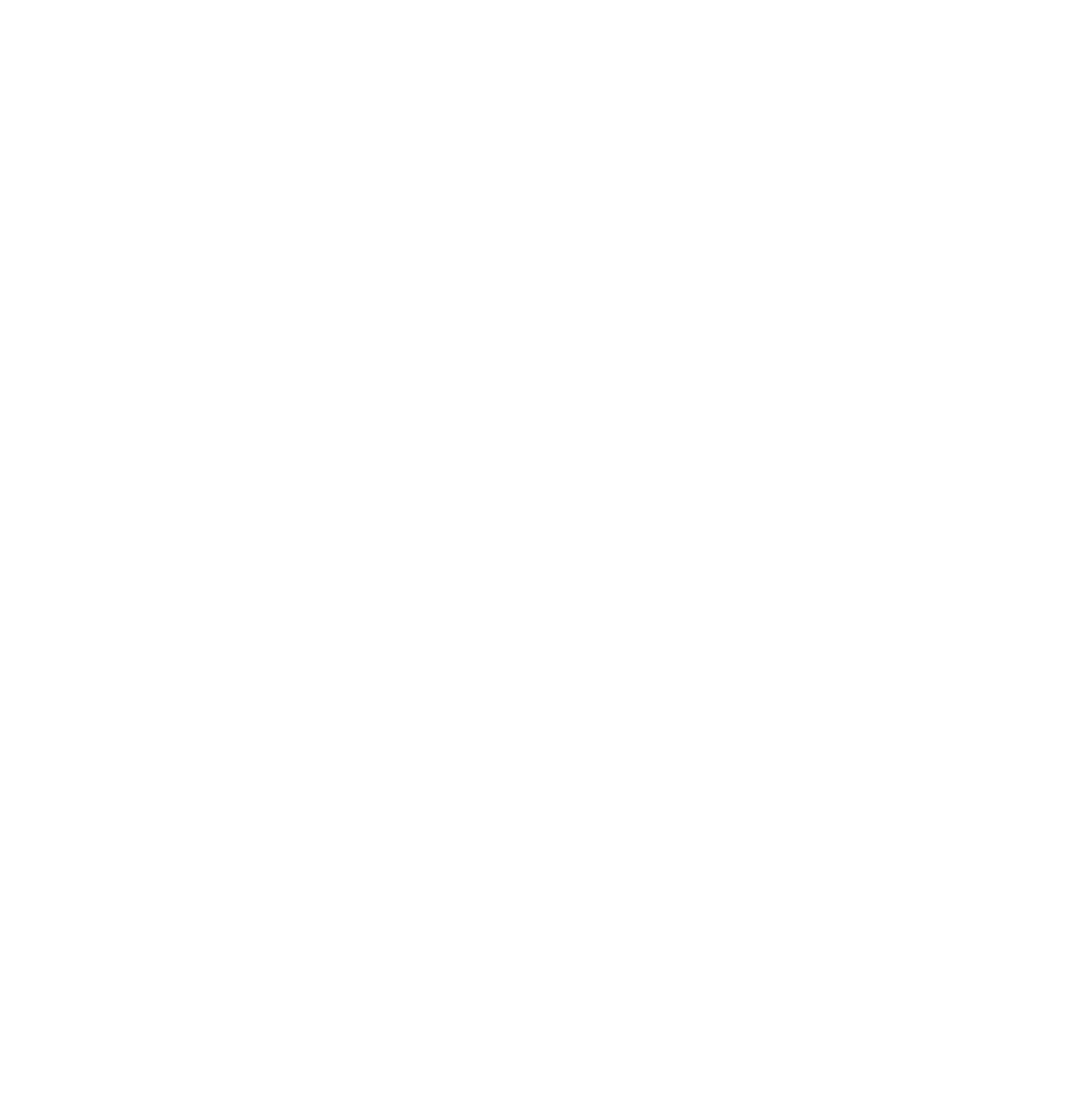
AS SNOW IT IS DIFFERENT YET, AND BLANKETS SOFTLY THE HIBERNATING FOREST, PRESERVING THE TRACKS OF RESIDENT CREATURES.

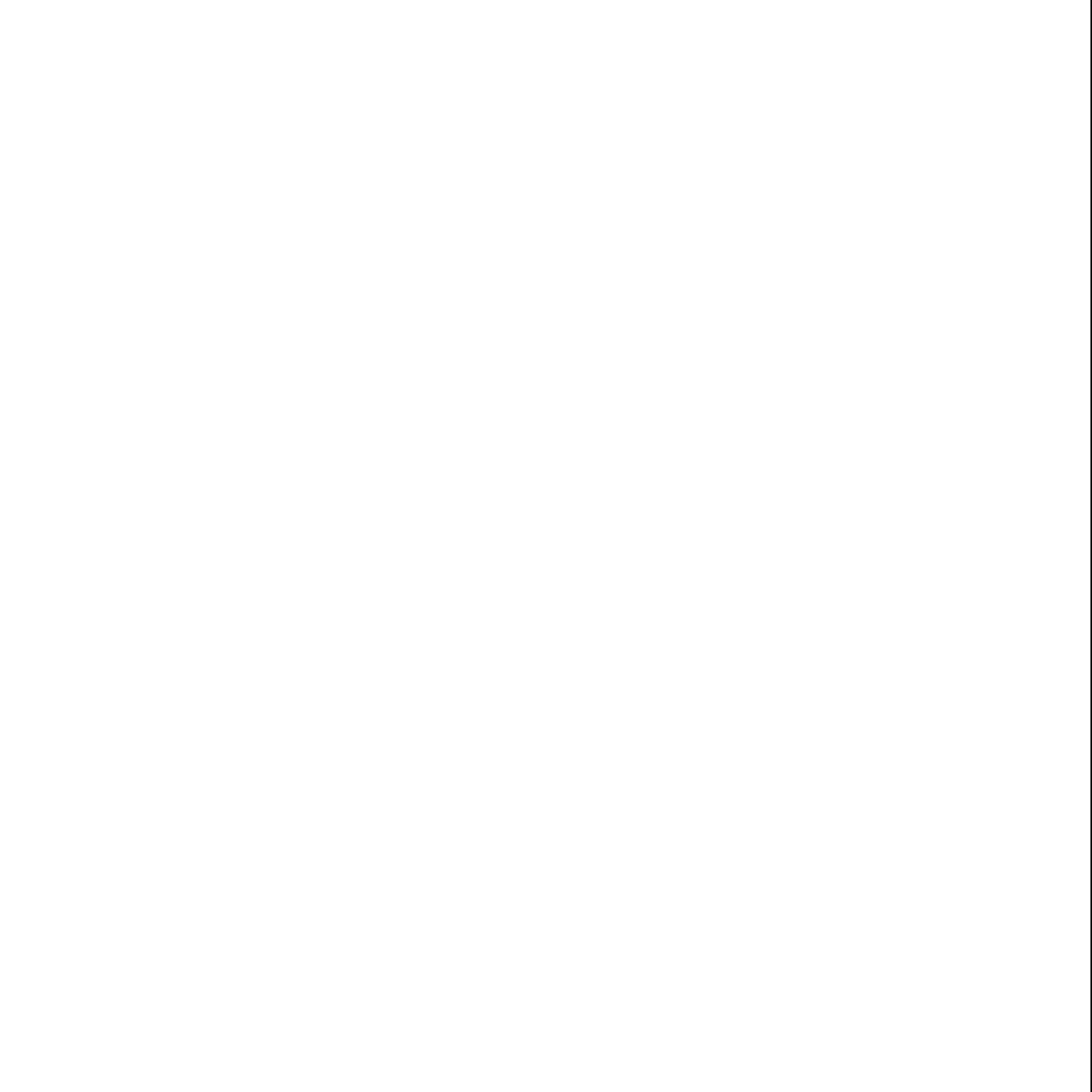










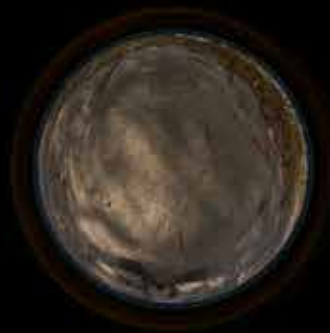






# 4

THE MEDIUM, THE *GROUND* FROM WHICH THINGS TAKE ROOT AND GROW, IT IS SEEN AS UNCLEAN. BUT IT TEEMS WITH LIFE AND NOURISHMENT. MUD IS EVEN WORSE BECAUSE IT CLINGS STRONGLY AND TRACKS THRU THE STERILE FLOORS AND ROOMS OF OUR HOMES. HAVE WE GONE TOO FAR ASTRAY IN OUR QUEST FOR DOMINANCE OVER OUR *UNCOMFORTABLE* SURROUNDINGS?

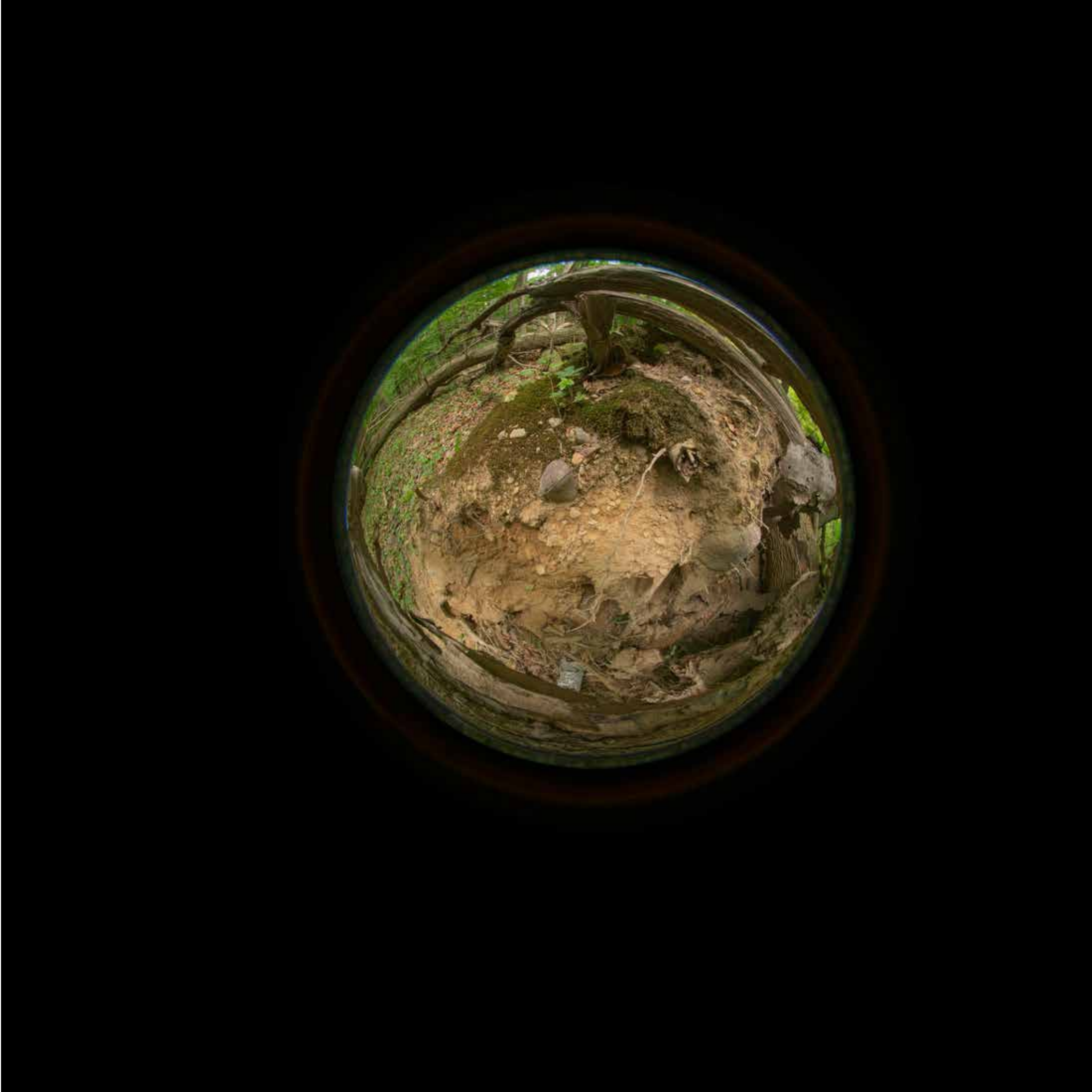












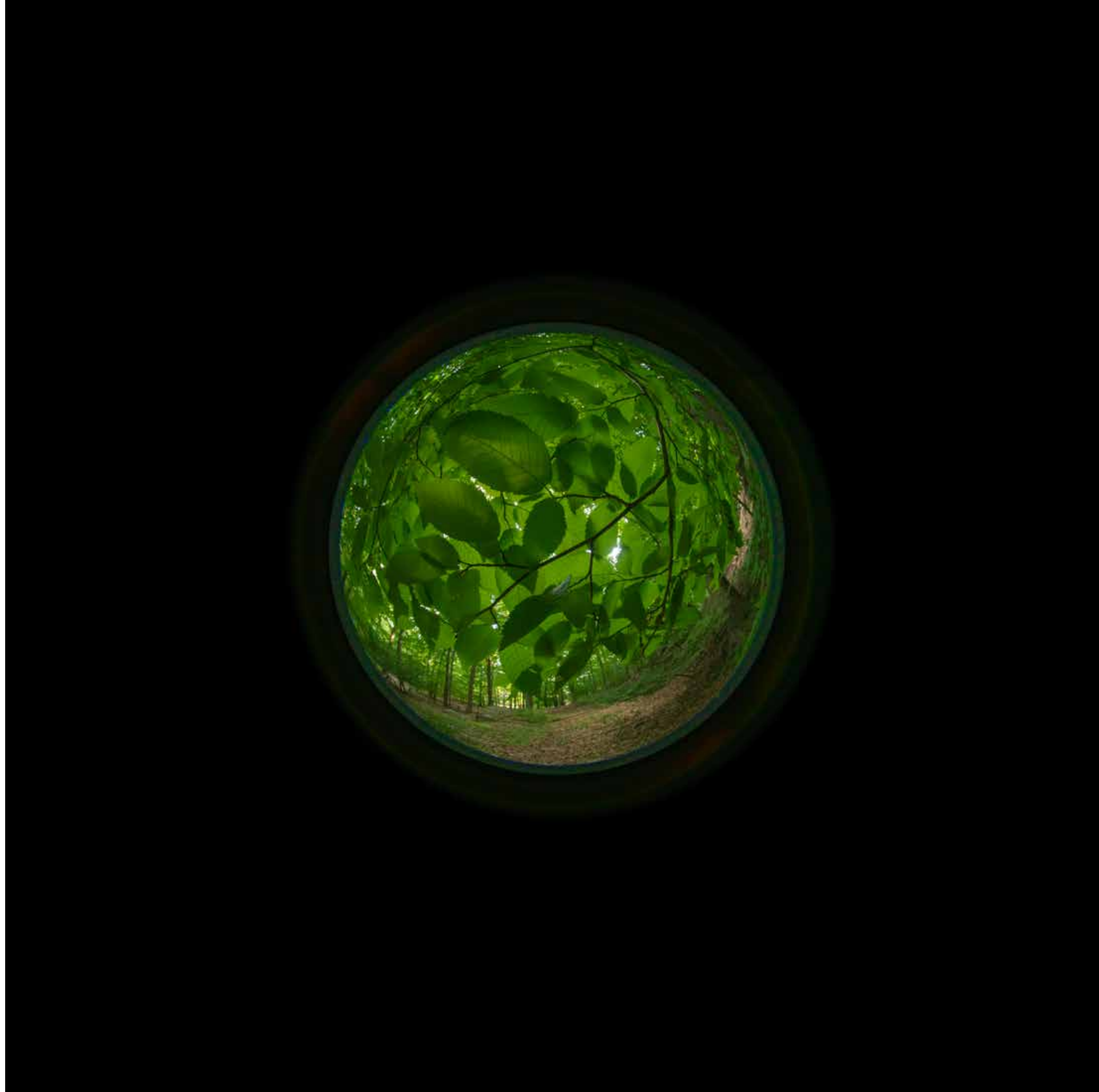
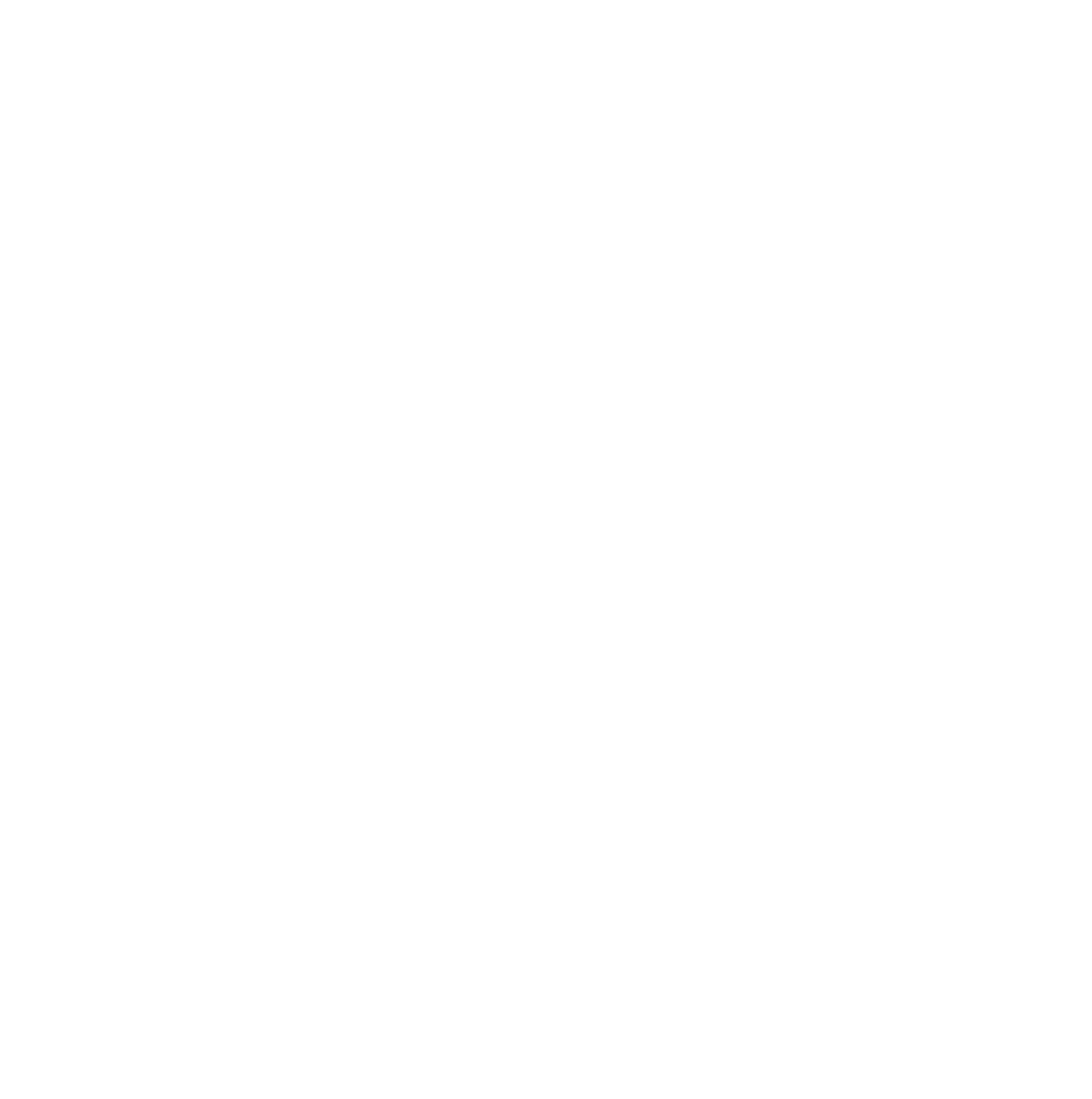


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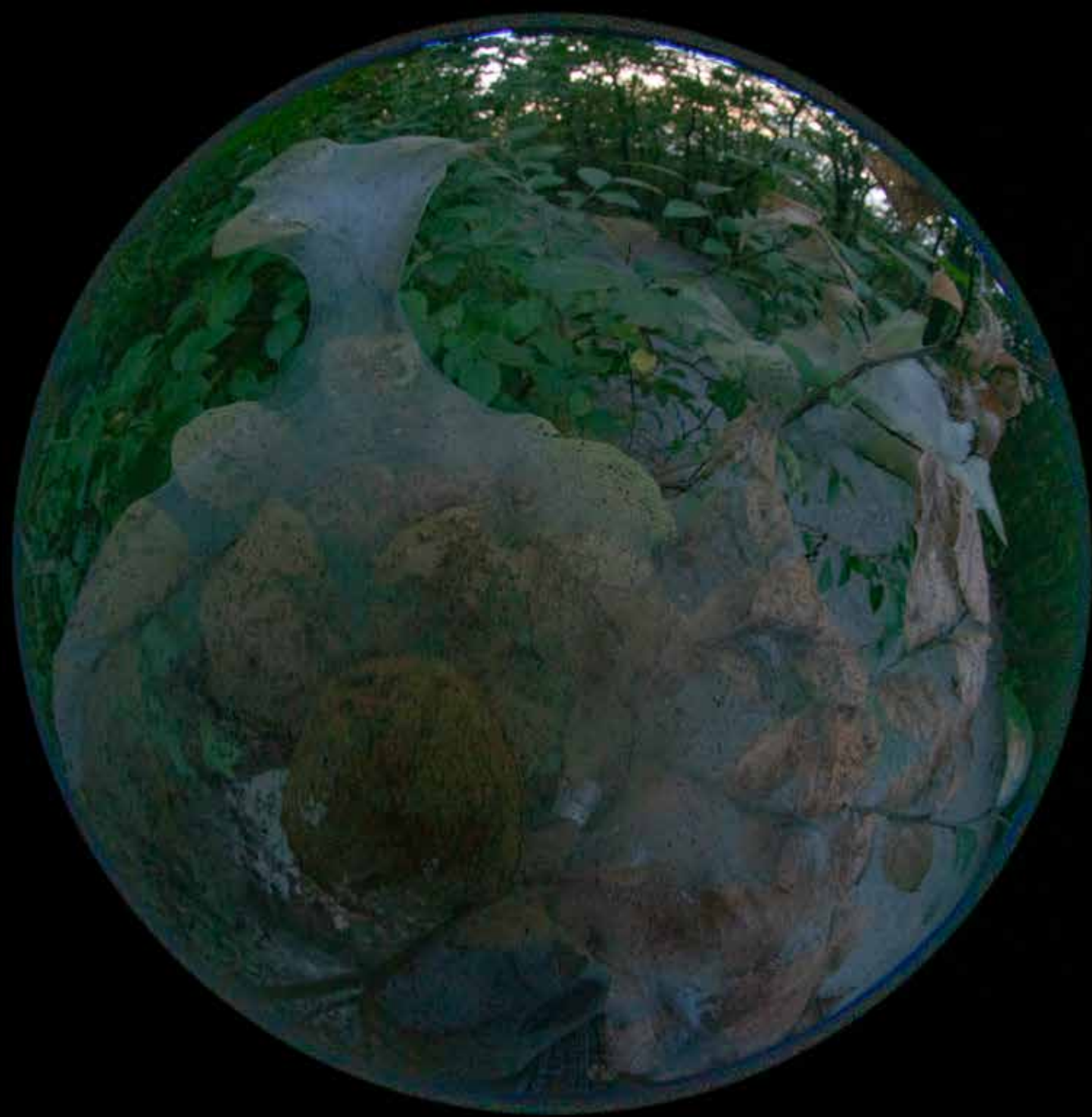
GLOWING EQUALLY FROM REFLECTED AND TRANSMITTED SUNLIGHT, I LOVE THEM LIKE PAPER (ALSO LEAVES.) THEY REGISTER AS PAINTINGS OR PRINTS OR EVEN A STRANGE FORM OF CURRENCY.

THEY RECEIVE THE WIND AND IN MULTITUDE GENERATE THE WHISPERING BALM OF THE FOREST. IN DEATH THEY LARGELY CONSTITUTE THE SOIL, THE END STAGE OF THEIR CYCLE.

BUT THEY POWER THE WORLD.

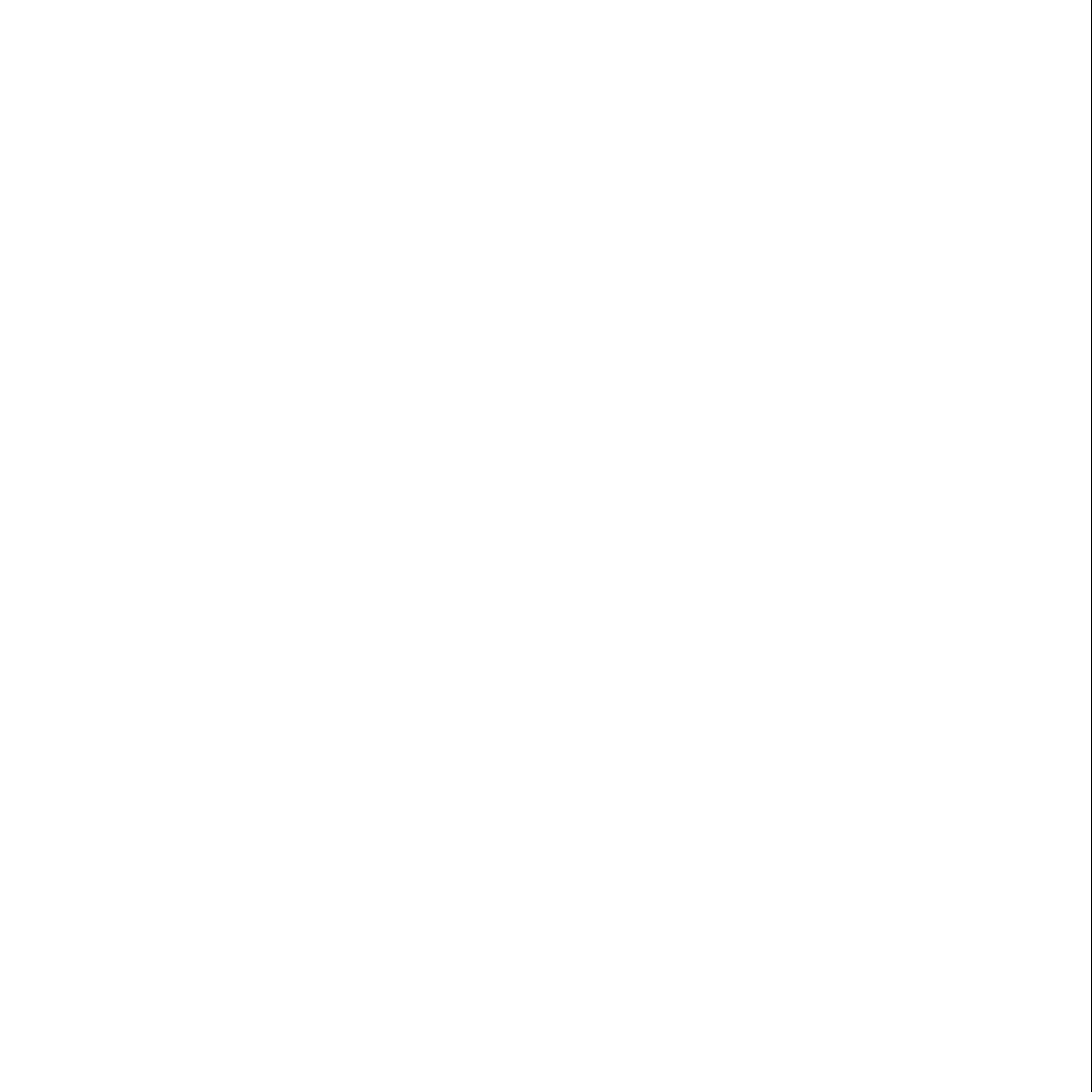














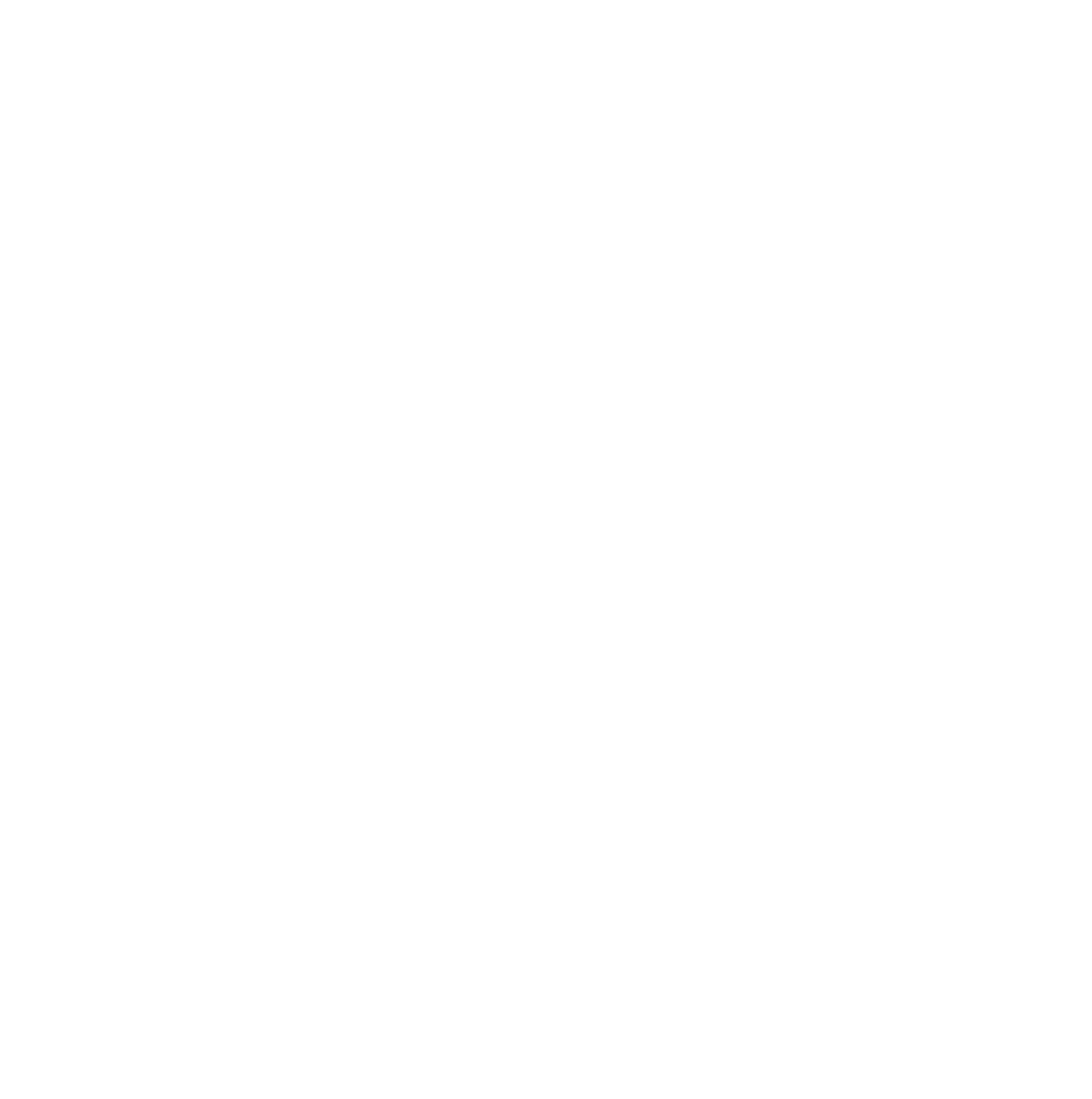
# 6

IT IS UNCLEAR WHAT ROLE HUMANS PLAY IN NATURE OTHER THAN THAT OF A DISRUPTOR OF SOMETHING THAT HAS BEEN BALANCED, COMPLETE AND PERFECT WITHOUT US. AT BEST, WE CODDLE OUR PETS, AND HAVE BEEN KNOWN ON OCCASION TO RESCUE ONE OR ANOTHER OF OUR VICTIMS FROM IMMINENT EXTINCTION. WE PROBABLY QUALIFY AS BOTH *INVASIVE* AND *ENDANGERED* SPECIES SIMULTANEOUSLY. IN THE MIDST OF OUR MISCHIEF, WE MAKE AND DO THINGS THAT WE AND OUR FELLOWS FIND BEAUTIFUL, PROFOUND, FASCINATING OR HORRIFIC. PICK ANY ADJECTIVE.

WE COULD DO BETTER AT HARMONIZING.











I HAD THE FOLLOWING DREAM IN MY SECOND YEAR OF ACADEMIC STUDIES IN PSYCHOLOGY:

7

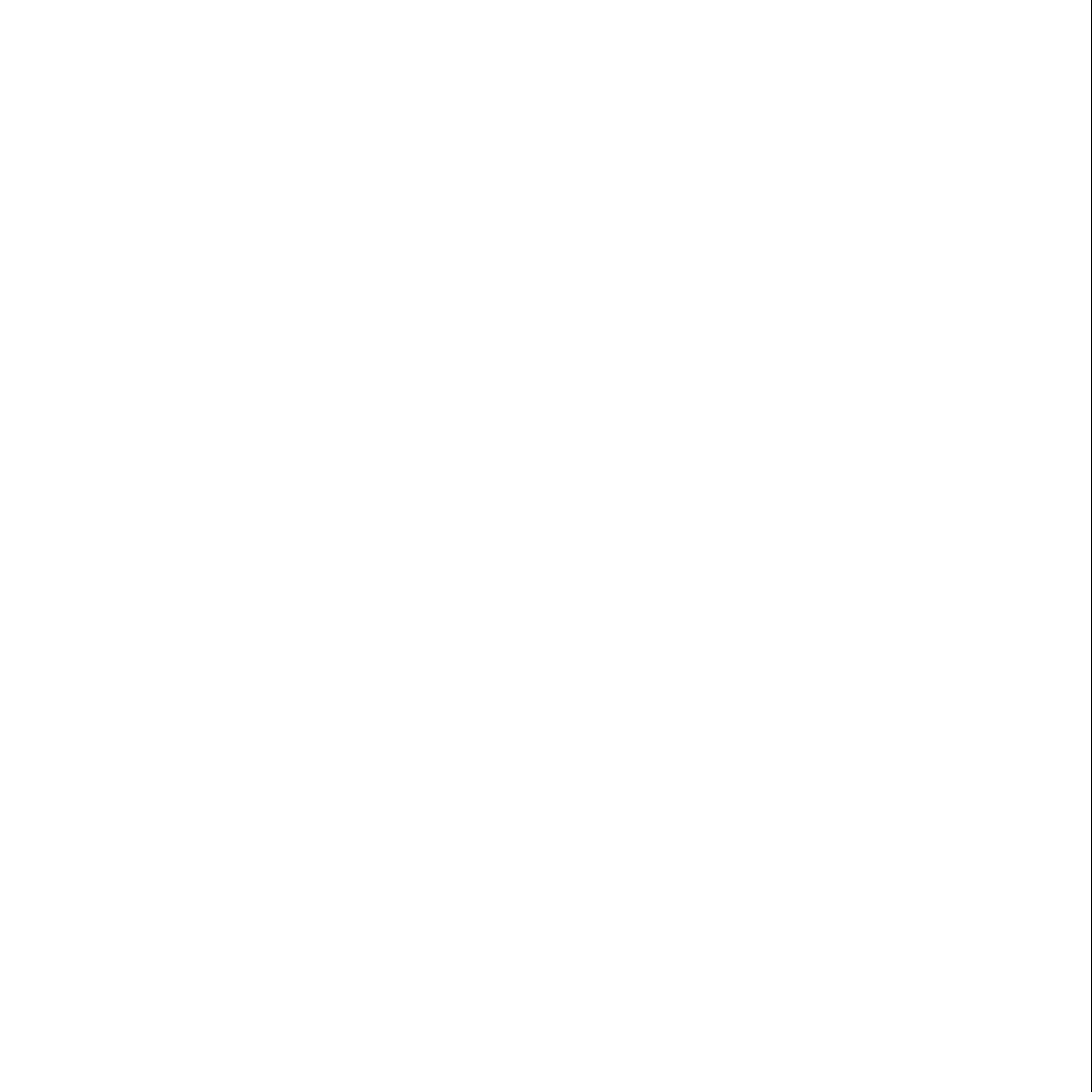
*IN THE MIDST OF A SOMEWHAT FRANTIC BUT AMBIGUOUS SEARCH THRU THE CATACOMBS BENEATH ANCIENT CATHEDRALS. I EMERGE, TIRED AND DISCOURAGED, FROM A GREAT DOORWAY. LOOKING OUT INTO THE PARISIAN NIGHT, I SEE A PROCESSION LED BY THE EMINENT PSYCHOLOGIST CARL JUNG; I PROMPTLY SEND MY QUESTION TELEPATHICALLY TO THE OLD MAN, WHO STOPS, TAKES IT IN, AND POINTS TO THE SKY.*

*THERE IS A LUMINOUS CIRCULAR FIELD HOVERING IN THE NIGHT SKY, AND WITHIN THIS FIELD A CLEAR IMAGE OF A FROG. AS MY EYES MEET THIS GLOWING ORB, I FEEL MY FORMER RESTLESSNESS EVAPORATE, REPLACED BY WONDER AND EASE.*

IN A NUMBER OF MYTHOLOGIES, AS WELL AS THE WRITINGS OF CARL JUNG HIMSELF, THE CIRCLE (MANDALA) IS SEEN AS A SYMBOL OF THE *WHOLE*, THE *UNIVERSE/SELF*. I SEE THESE *WORLDS* IN THAT WAY, AS OBJECTS OF WORDLESS ATTENTION, REFUGE FOR MY RESTLESS SPIRIT. THEY HAVE ALSO BECOME A CASUAL PHOTOGRAPHIC JOURNAL OF MY OWN WANDERINGS.









# IN GRATITUDE:

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ACCRA SHEPP  
AL M. MEISEL  
AMINA AHMED  
ANGELO MOSCARELLO  
BETSY BURR  
BRIAN ENO  
CARL G. JUNG  
DONNA COMPTON  
ELIZABETH HARRINGTON  
ELIZABETH ONORATO  
FENG XIAO LIU  
FRANK GOLHKE  
GEORGE TICE

HIROSHI YOSHIMURA  
JOEL MEYEROWITZ  
JOHN DAIDO LURIE  
KAREN GAINES  
KEITH SMITH  
KENT KIRBY  
LEONARD FAUSTY  
LOUIS MEISEL GALLERY  
MARY BIRMINGHAM  
MEI CHOU  
NORMAN SANDERS  
PAMELA FAUSTY  
PAUL GENADER

RICHARD BENSON  
ROBERT ADAMS  
THE ROBERT BLACKBURN  
PRINTMAKING WORKSHOP  
ROBERT KENNEY  
ROY DeCARAVA  
SIDDHARTHA GAUTAMA  
THE HUNTERDON MUSEUM  
THE VISUAL ARTS CENTER  
OF NEW JERSEY  
TODD PAPAGEORGE  
TOMOMI ONO  
TOM RIORDAN

