

## Cedra Wood

Santa Fe, NM

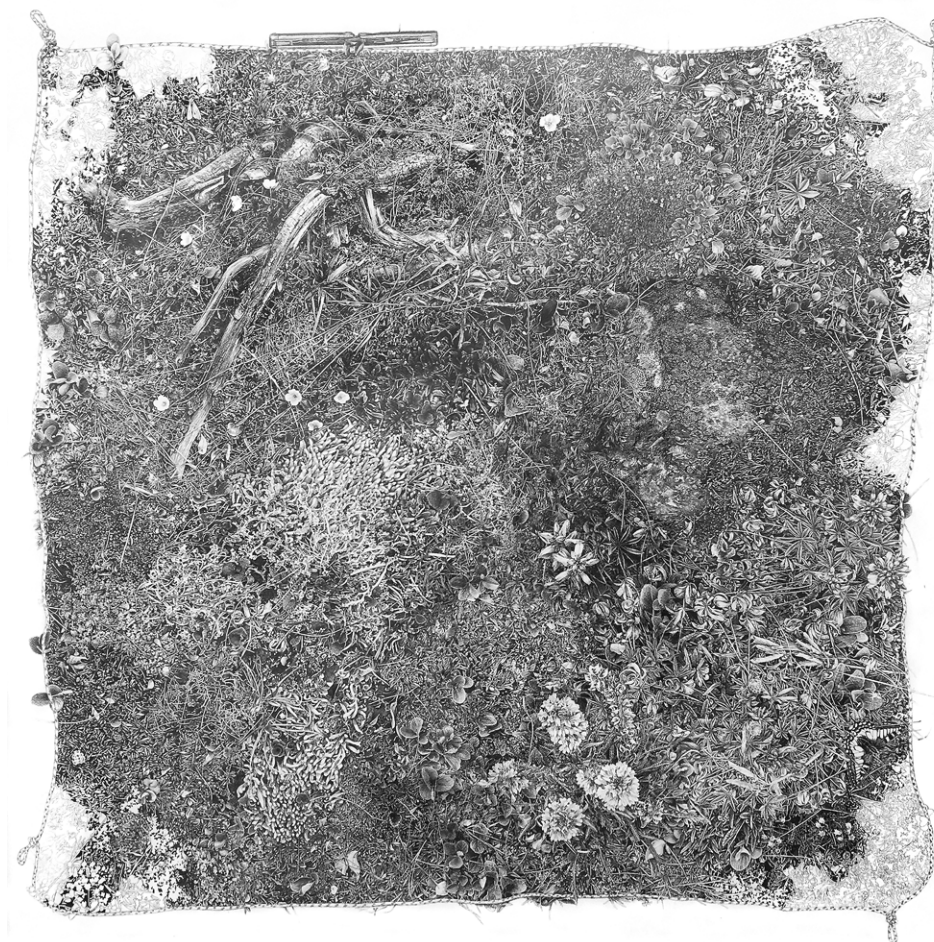
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I'm primarily a painter. I'm especially invested in wild and inhospitable places, and human relationships with those places.

That interest has led me to generate imagery for paintings and drawings through my own physical and immersive experiences. I've been buried in a sandy tinaja to play-act the desiccation cycle of tadpole shrimp in Utah; obscured my senses with prickly paddy melons in South Australia; hung upside-down, quilt-swaddled, from a tree, to put myself in mind of New South Wales's flying foxes; and knotted my hair into a ship's rigging in the high Arctic.

*Mares (The Viewer's Back to the Tonopah Test Range), 2019, Acrylics on panel, 18 in x 24 in*



*Plot, 2018 -19, Graphite on paper, 45 in x 45 in*

Everything about my experience at Montello spoke to deep and slow time. Centering myself in that vast range, it was easy to imagine myself in a capsule—a ship on an undulating sea—surviving beyond my allotted human span. I spoke aloud to myself respectfully and thoroughly, as though I were someone whose good opinion I suddenly craved. I wondered what it would be like to live here the rest of my years (presumably three hundred or so), my only human interactions with the books on the studio shelves or the fading fingerprints on the rafters.

I went looking for a patch of earth to faithfully draw, and rather than replicating the grasses and brush I had anticipated, I was transfixed by an unexpected profusion of lichens on stones on a west-facing slope, my camera and pencil witnessing the slowest living growth I could imagine. Time seemed some days to contract and collapse, and on others to expand infinitely. This holds true after my return home: a looping dream of the hills and studio plays itself out in my mind as my hands carry on with the work—as one remembered moment stretches, drawn out, transmogrified into hours.