

## Kelsey Miller

Portsmouth, RI  
kelseyvmiller.com

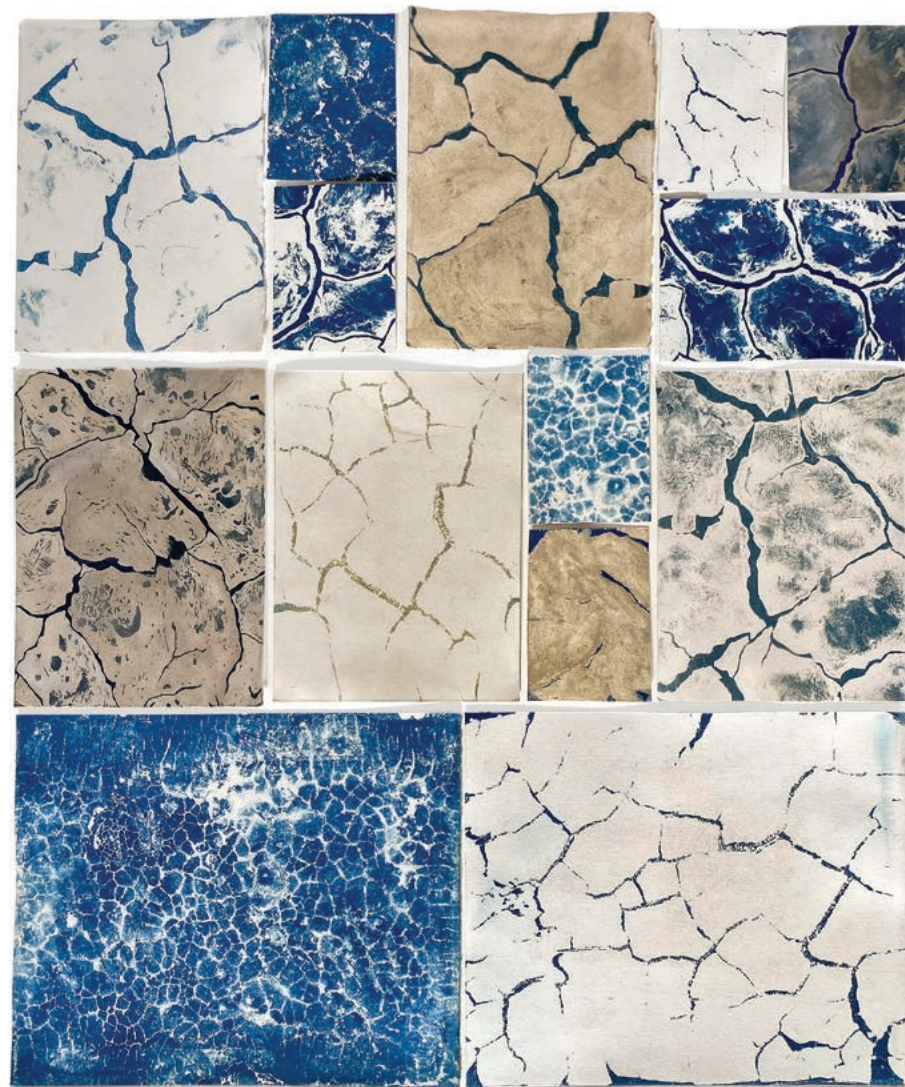


Born and raised on the Caribbean island of Antigua, I am a lifelong explorer of earth, sea, and open space. My studio practice is a translation of my observations—calling attention to aspects of landscape and place. The work is rooted in my profound interest in and connection to the natural environment. I am guided by everyday cycles—the rapid pace of weather, the slow build of archives and observations—toward an iterative practice of recording, responding and altering.

Spending two weeks alone without seeing another human can only be described as a transformative experience. I have never been as clear-minded as I was during my time in the desert, immersed in nature, untethered from my cellphone. Every action was a decision based on what compelled me at that very moment. How remarkable to have the gift of timelessness and the ability to be so fully present; I tried every idea that came to me without judgement. In hours of wandering, I became familiar with the ground—the tracks that came and went each day, the multitude of brilliant flowers that bloomed despite the arid ground from which they came—punctuating the sage brown desert landscape with vibrant colors. I noticed such minutiae as a glint of juniper sap as reflective as a diamond and a thread of spider silk bridging together two blades of grass. I tasted wild garlic and ate pine nuts from the piñon pine.

I did not go with a specific project in mind, but rather with the intention of responding to the surroundings and gathering as much visual information as possible.

*Mud Moons, desert earth, 12 x 40 in, 2025*



*Earth, cyanotypes painted with gouache and mud, 20 x 24 in, 2025*

I spent each day following my impulses—walking, collecting sticks, bones and plants; reading, eating, writing and making. The resulting work ranges from cyanotypes to watercolor painting, black & white photography to mud sculptures. Clock time hardly existed. I ate when I was hungry and slept when I was tired.

On my way home from Montello, I texted Stefan and wrote “Back to the real world.” to which he responded: “Time at the house in Montello is the real world and the rest is some kind of alternate reality.” In every day since leaving, I have tried my best to keep a part of me rooted in that true place of a clear mind and boundless creativity.