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This desert is serenading me every day and every hour in a different form. The hard storms with the bashing water down pours changing into a soft rain, moistening the dry desert air opening my nostrils to the potent but gentle scents of the sage bushes and juniper trees. I inhale deeply and don't want this moment to pass, a smell that cannot be bottled or kept by merely picking a branch. It is only available in the moist air and thereafter in my memory.

This high valley is surrounded by hills and beyond those high snow-covered mountains which collect the moisture and allow tree vegetation to cling to its side, one of the oldest living species of tree.

#386 | *Ancient Wisdom of the Juniper Trees, Nevada Desert, June 2022,*  
pigment ink on ash veneer, 40 x 60 in, 2022



PLATE 108 | *German Alps*, archival pigment print, 60 x 40 in, 2019

The vegetation is far from hesitant, though short and wind beaten, protecting the clay-like earth by spreading her curved branches with her tiny but hardy leaves. In reciprocity, the earth nourishes the plants with minerals.

These old trees emulate old wise people whose graceful appearance enhances with age, their shapes bent by harsh winds, hugging the landscape in their elegance.

Walking through the juniper groves in the Nevada desert with my boots brushing against the sage, I feel welcomed. My camera becomes the extension of my eyes and I don't care about the outcome of these photos. My presence in these groves, an experience that has its value in the very moment. I understand the meaning of community, the strength of the interconnectedness of nature – and as we are a part of this nature it feels good to be welcomed and not feel like an intruder.

I am promising to become a keeper of their memories.