



Observations

Examining my New Home



Alien Planet Observations - subject topic things.

Pictures of plant oddities

Alien Plant Life

Plants From Inner Space

Trees? mutant plants, I say
How can a plant grow so
large and we not care?
They seem like... monster plants!
as if we have been shrunk by
some means

We travel to space
to find things different
than what we see
here.

I travel to
Earth to find
anything

So much like
an alien world,
I say.

Look at this plant!
→

Newton once developed a
theory of the "World Machine"
This intrigues me.

Look at these bugs, these
underwater fishes, are these
really earth creatures? Why
are children not learned of
them if they are?
Can we see other planets outside our
own if the earth is but a concentric
universe, each new planet hidden in the
folds of the other?

There is certainly enough things
that exist here that do not fit the
notion of what is character to "Earth",
and so, we are all alien to it.

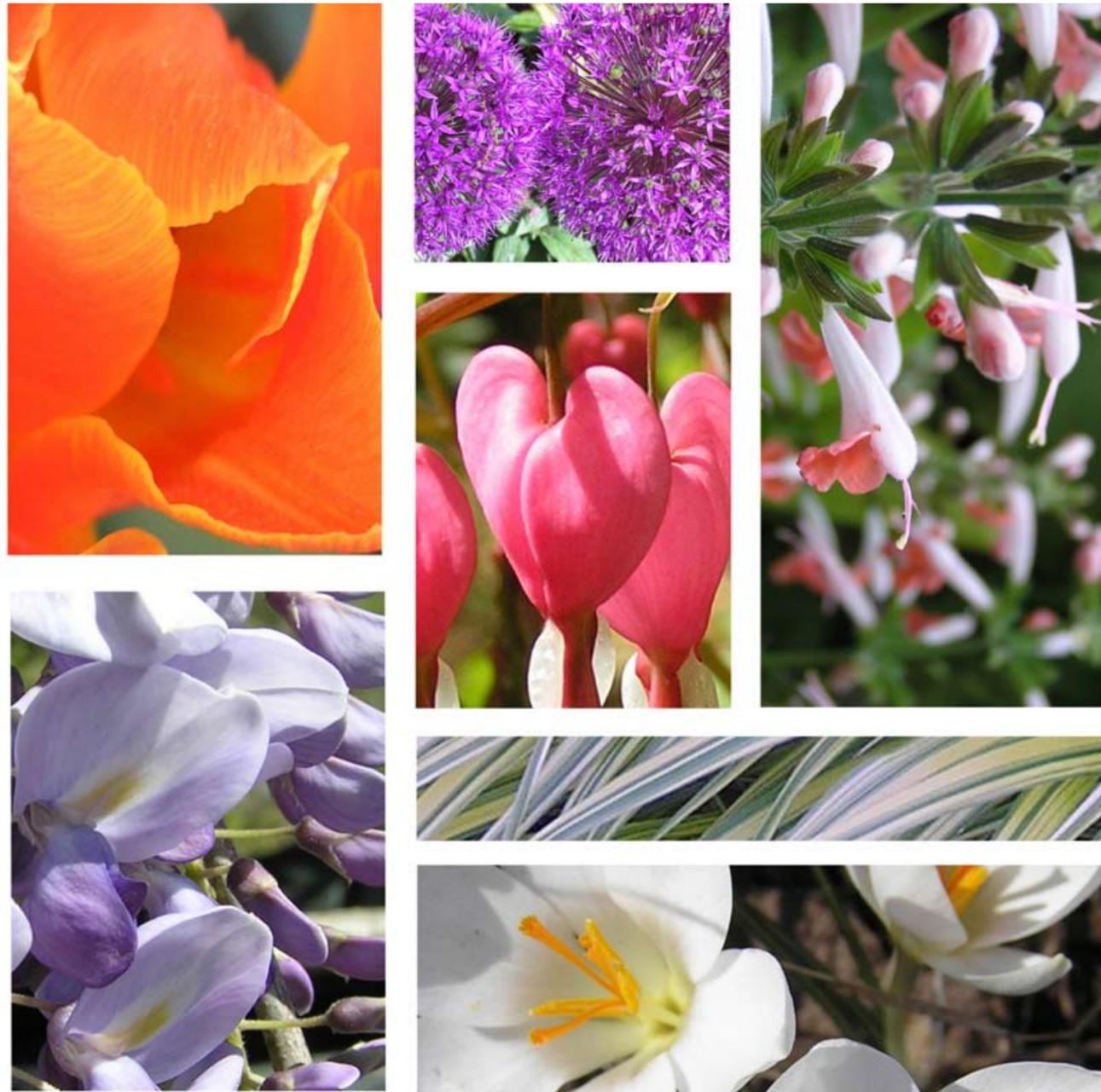
(I am thankful not to be)
the only one

and yet, no one seems interested
not many.

How can this be that no one cares that
there are 100's, thousands of tiny plant forms,
called "grass"; in front of most living units?
Fascinating.

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Alien Plant Life



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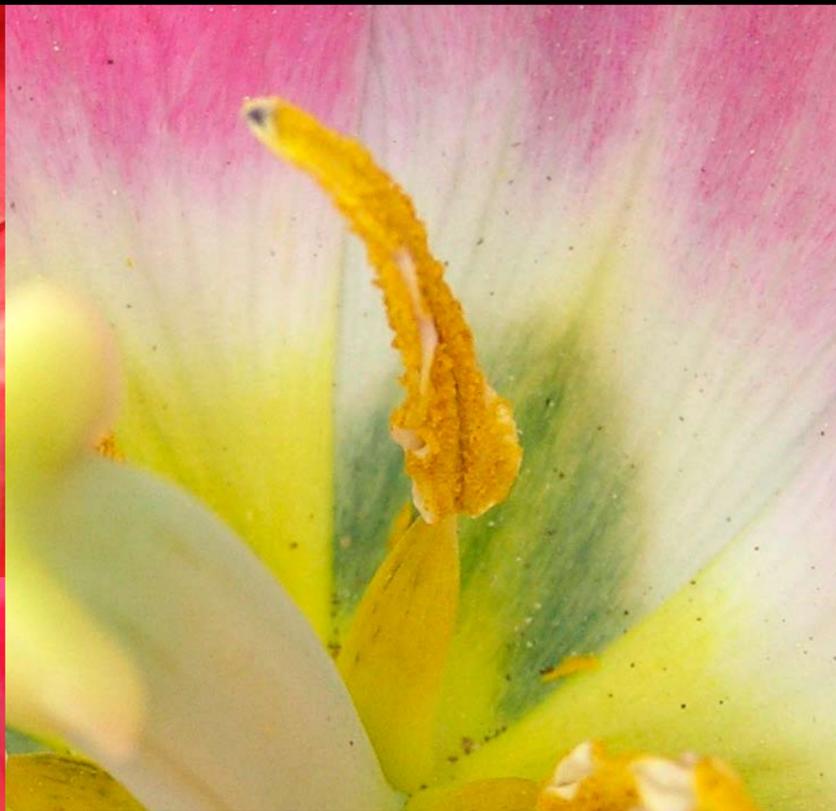
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Irises and Tulips

I love colour. And shapes, and fuzzy things for that matter. Irises have all three and more. There is an Iris garden in town, a huge one called the Presby Memorial Gardens. Every May they explode with colour and every year I stalk the fields photographing them all.

I also enjoy tulips. I wasn't always fond of them until I began taking these macro shots and found how much more interesting they are close up.

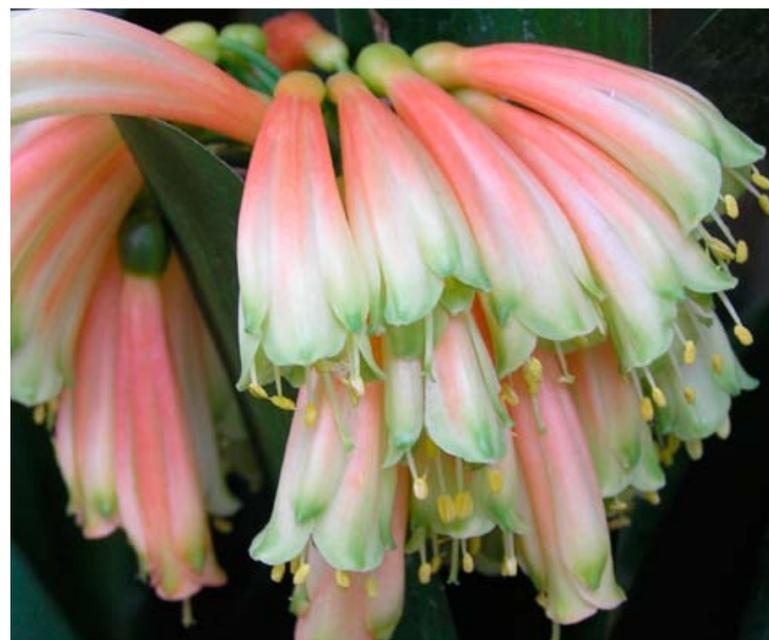


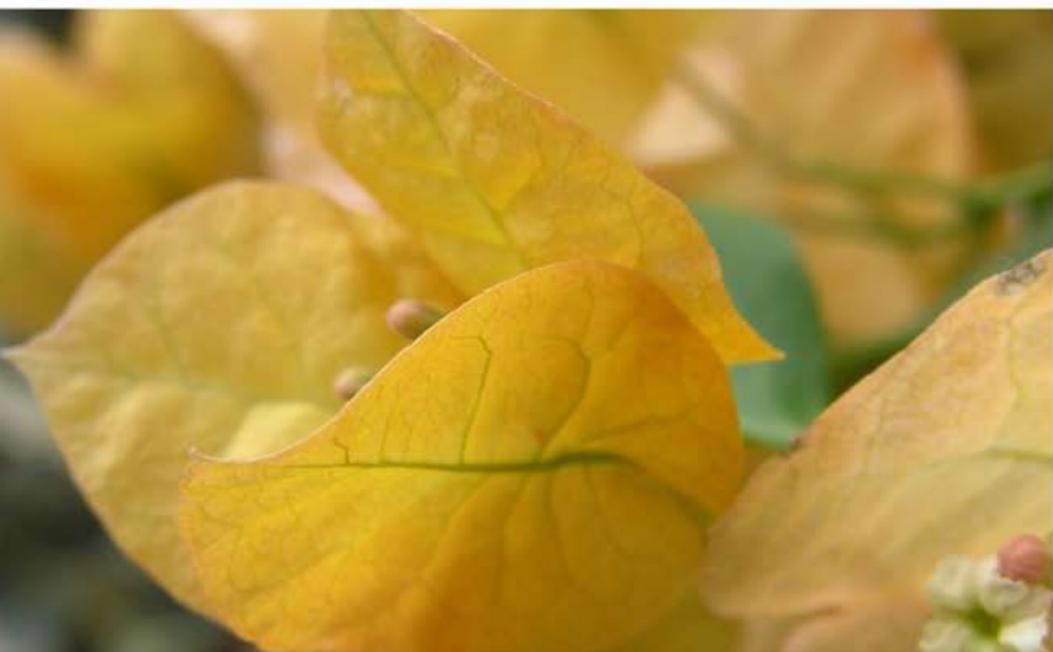
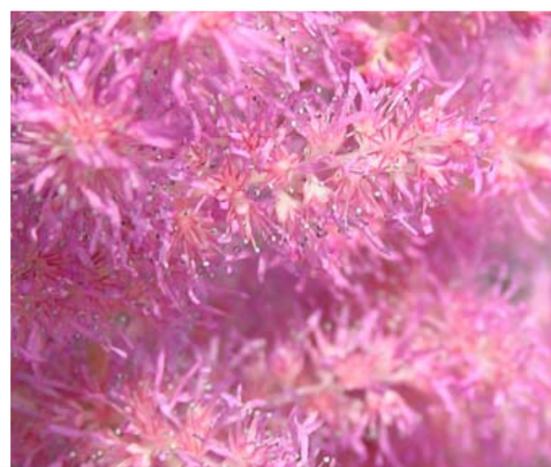
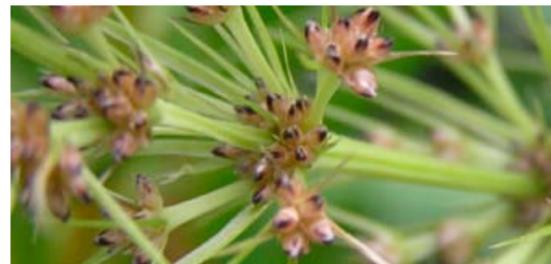


Longwood Botanical Gardens

Beanie brought me to Longwood Botanical Gardens in Pennsylvania, and my head exploded.

Yes, there are a lot of photos of plant life in this chapter. Plants happen to be an obsession of mine, for nowhere else does colour, shape, and purpose combine with Divine Randomness in my eye than in the Plant Kingdom.

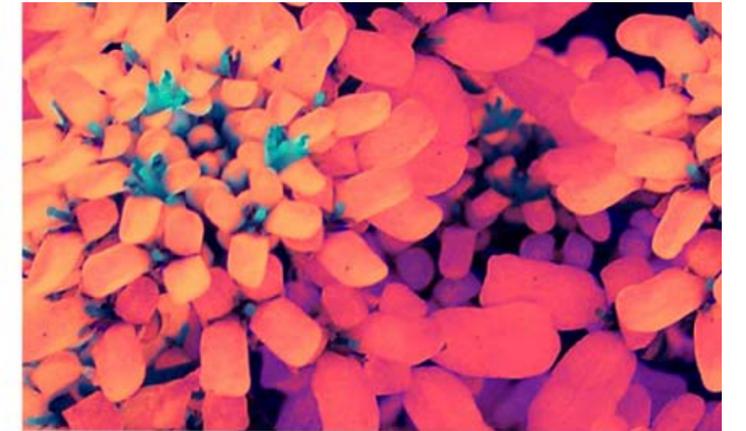




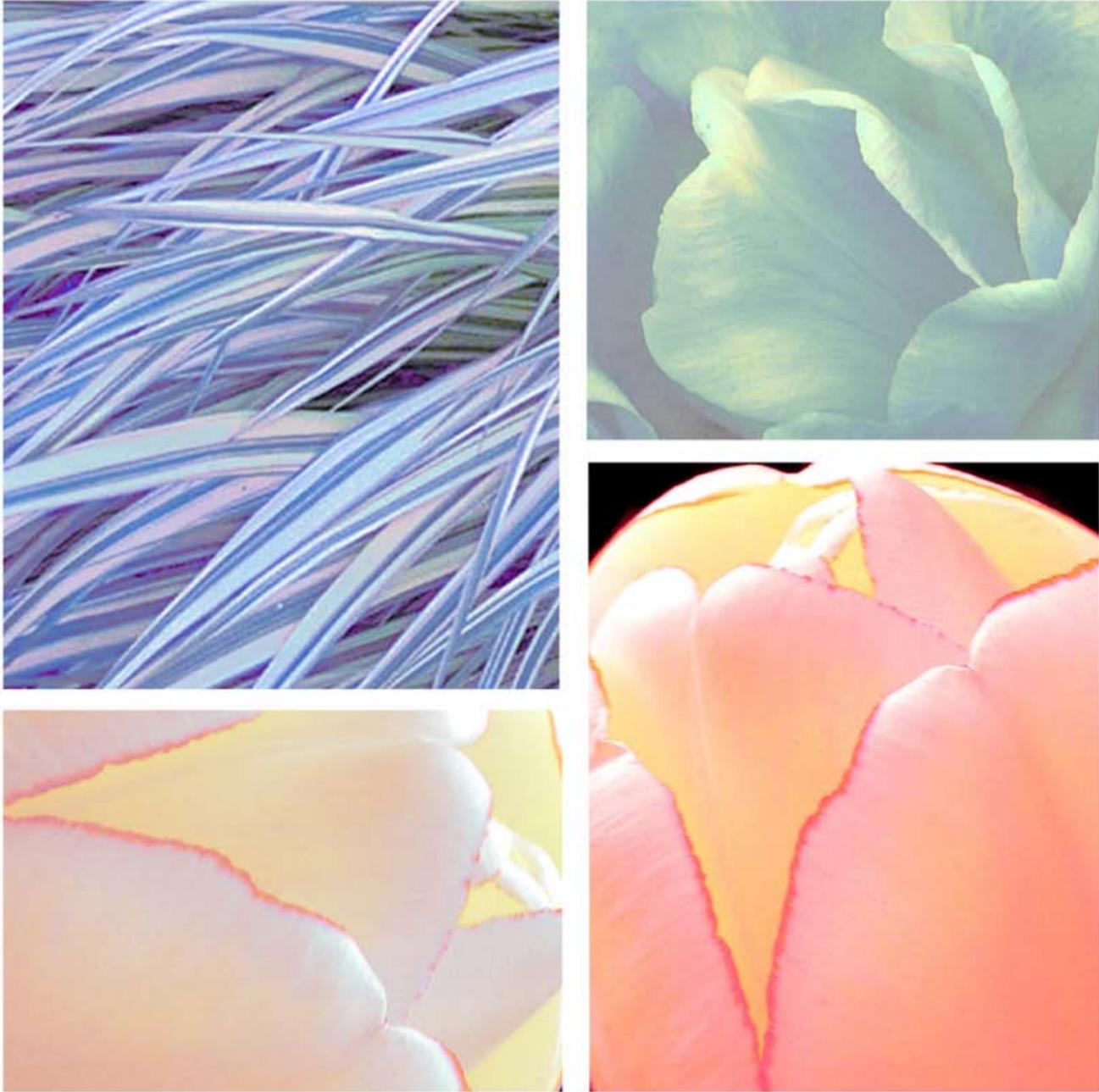
And now for something even crazier

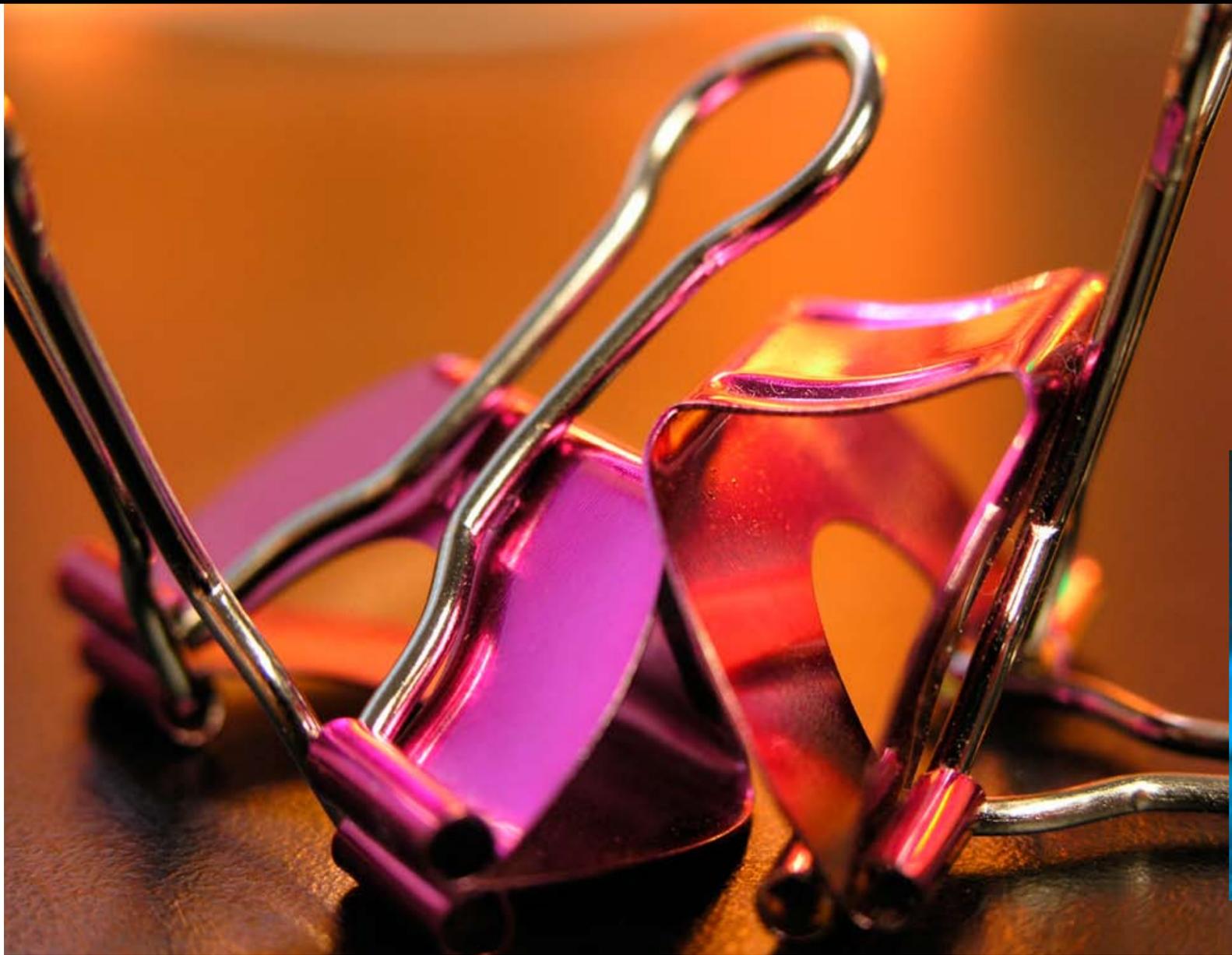


I was fixing these pictures up; getting rid of unwanted shadows, colour correction, the usual, when this happened. Ah the many temptations of Photoshop



And now for something even crazier



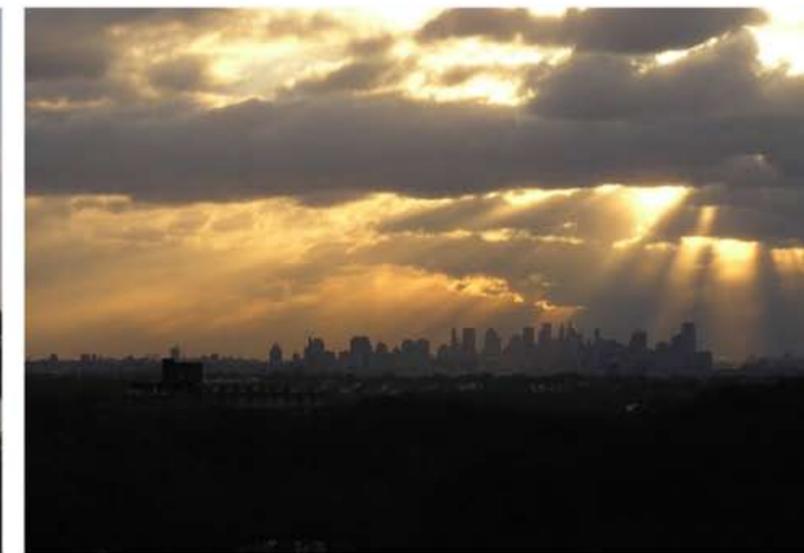


Staring at Things

And why you should, too

A common trait amongst the autistic is the love of staring at Things for long periods of time. I'm not as bad as some, but look at this thing. I mean look at it, the way the light curves around it, the little dust specks, how the shadow bends, how round and straight and parallel and then not and...and..... what were we talking about?

THE SENSITIVE BEING PROJECT
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From my Window

I also enjoy clouds

I enjoy watching the sky immensely. It is one of my favourite things to do, especially with a view like mine, and it helps ease the pain of being unable to leave the house during winter. I hope to collect all my pictures taken from my window into its own little book someday.

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College Hall, mid floor, genuine peace.



Ceiling molding from restroom in College Hall.



Room renovation in Finley Hall.



Location unknown, but note the soft blues and yellows.



Note that these windows are frosted for privacy. This has the dual effect of making such soft light.



Location forgotten, but look at that warm glow. Even with the light on, a quiet haven



College Hall, bottom floor, very spacious, airy.

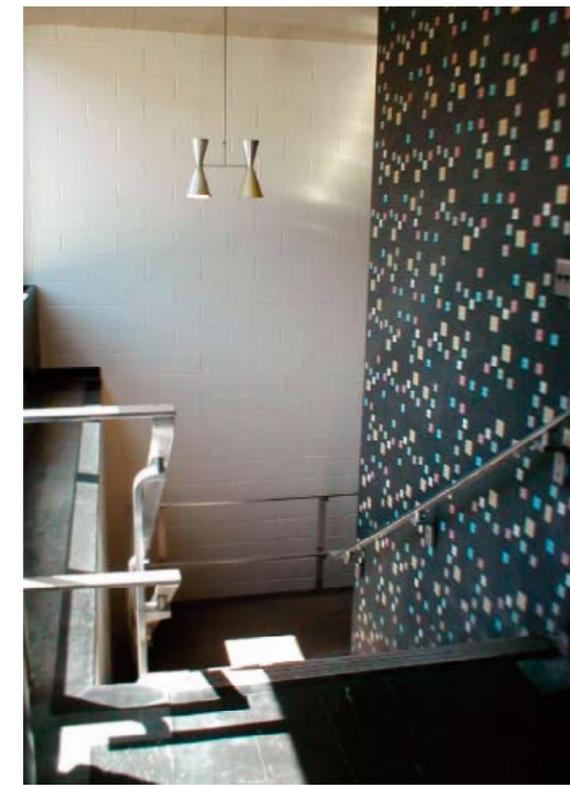
Secret Places of Peace

Are usually restrooms

Restrooms, I say, are not as respected as they should be. They offer moments of quiet introspection and seclusion. There is no better place to think, cry, or collect thoughts than a restroom. Not only this, but often I find the architecture simple and peaceful. The repetition of sinks and stalls makes for a dignified order that isn't seen so often. Gentle synchronizing of basins, the mirrors reflect whispers. This is not to say that all restrooms bring a balanced state of mind, but the ones in my life do, and thus I devote a chapter to them.

Second Edition Notes

I considered deleting this chapter, but decided to condense the pictures and keep the original captions instead, because these points of solitude served a very essential need; to detox an over-stimulated mind. Without them, I very much doubt I would have made it through college or any public institution for that matter. Oddly enough, though one of my greatest fears is abandonment, I feel most calm in lonely, abandoned places.



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