Nature

Marilyn A. Haworth

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Recommended Citation
NATURE

My UHON project consists of 28 matted photographs, accompanied with eighteenth century literature. The photographs were taken using a manual 35mm camera. All photos were taken in natural light, using colored film. A variety of filters were used in combination with two different lens.

The theme of the project was Nature. The photographs represent: God in nature, the power of nature, nature and art, the beauty of nature, man in harmony with nature, nature inspiring man, man's appreciation for nature, finding pleasure in nature, reflecting on nature, and death. The selection of literature and authors are listed below.

1. Robert Browning: *The Ring and the Book*
2. E. Tegner
3. Edward Young - *Night*
4. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Chapter III: Beauty
5. Sir F. Greville
6. Amelia B. Welby: *Musings*
7. Shakespeare
8. Henry W. Longfellow: *Sunrise on the Hills*
9. William Wordsworth: *Lines written in Early Spring*
10. William Wordsworth: *By the Side of Rydal Mere*
11. Ralph Waldo Emerson: *Nature: Introduction*

12. Herbert Spencer: *Principles of Biology, Volume i. Chap. Xii. 1867*

13. Thomas Heywood-Apology for Actors

14. The Tables Turned, William Wordsworth 1798

15. Ralph Waldo Emerson: *Nature, Chapter VII: Spirit*


17. William Wordsworth: *To the Daisy*

18. Henry W. Longfellow: *A Gleam of Sunshine*

19. William Wordsworth: To the same flower

20. Ralph Waldo Emerson: *Each and All*

21. Ralph Waldo Emerson: *Transcendence, Polarity and the Active Soul*

22. Oliver Goldsmith - *The Traveller*

23. William Wordsworth: The thorn

24. William Wordsworth: *The Wanderer*
Pleasures newly found are sweet
When they lie about our feet...
William Wordsworth
The criterion of true beauty is, that it increases on examination.

Sir F. Greville
No one came but he was welcome; no one went away
But that it seemed she loved him. She is dead,
The light extinguished of her lonely hut,
The hut itself abandoned to decay,
And she forgotten in the quiet grave.

William Wordsworth: The Wanderer
O, if so much beauty doth reveal itself in every vein of life and nature!
How beautiful must he, the Source itself.......

E. Tegner
A nobler want of man is served by nature, namely, the love of Beauty.

Ralph Waldo Emerson: *Nature. Chapter III: Beauty*
For every wave with dimpled face
That leap'd upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace
And held it trembling there.

Amelia B. Welby: *Musings*
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a ring in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.
Shakespeare
No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.
And 't is my faith, that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

William Wordsworth: Lines written in Early Spring
Build, at they choice, or sing, by pool or fount,
Who shall complain, or call thee to account:
The wisest, happiest, of our kind are they
That ever walk content with Nature's way.

William Wordsworth: *By the Side of Rydal Mere*
Nature, in the common sense, refers to essences unchanged by man....

Ralph Waldo Emerson: *Nature: Introduction*
which God and Nature do with actors fill.

The world's a theater, the earth a stage.
The Survival of the Fittest.
Herbert Spencer
Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher.

Titus Livius, De viris illustribus 1798
The invariable mark of wisdom is to see the miraculous in the common.
Oft alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought....

William Wordsworth: *To the Daisy*
This is the place. Stand still, my steed,--
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,  
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;  
But the poor, unsightly, noisom things  
Had left their beauty on the shore,  
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.

Ralph Waldo Emerson: Each and All
The life of a man is a self-evolving circle,
Which, from a ring imperceptibly small,
Rushes on all sides outwards to new and larger circles,
And that without end.

Ralph Waldo Emerson: *Transcendence, Polarity and the Active Soul*
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Oliver Goldsmith - The Traveller
The course of Nature is the art of God.
Edward Young - Night
"I cannot tell; but some will say
She hanged her baby on the tree;
Some say she drowned it in the pond,
Which is a little step beyond:
But all and each agree,
The little Babe was buried there,
Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

William Wordsworth: The thorn