



Epoch Photography

Photographed, Written & Designed by Taylor Brandt



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Zion
National
Park



What is it,
in and on the Earth,
that entices man
into the wild?

Where do we find
the audacious beckoner
that so effectively wakes us
from our stiff routines?

Why do we heed the call
so immediately
and passionately
as if our lives depended on it?

Will enough ever really be enough,
or will our memories burn
an appetite within us
or the untamed and untouched?

Most importantly yet,
when can I go there?

“Climb the
mountain not to
plant your flag,
but to embrace the
challenge, enjoy
the air and behold
the view. Climb it
so you can see the
world, not so the
world can see you.”

David McCullough Jr.

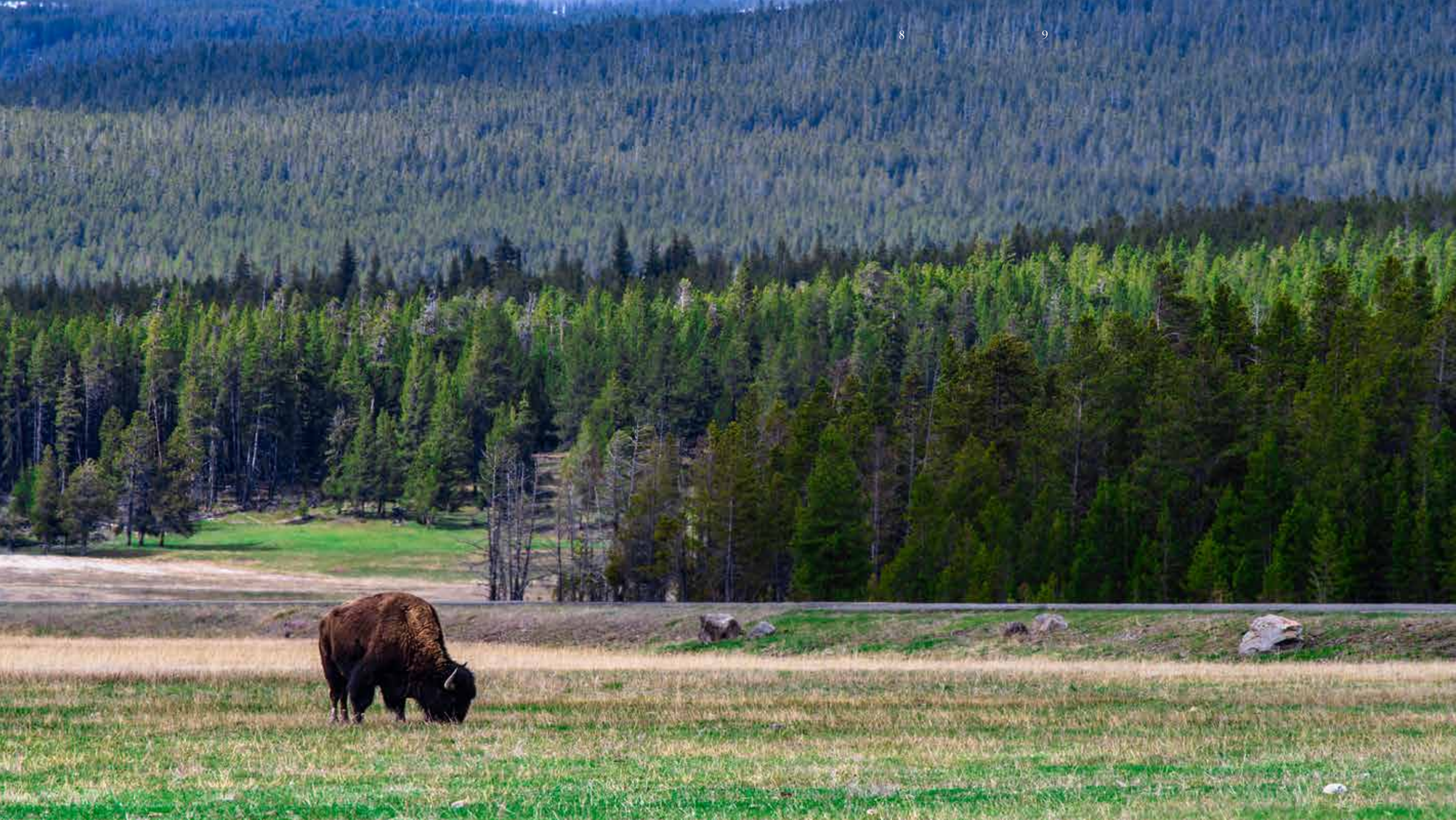


No practiced eloquence can come near to painting the picture that the eyes can see. Not in reality. The most creative writers from around the globe could band together with all of their languages and pomp, experience and ideas, using all of the colors and formations, lighting and composition of a scene, and still would not completely, nor come near, paint the picture in a blind man's mind. One who hears of these incomparable sights will use their imagination to the best of their abilities to picture it in their mind, but until they travel and work to see it for themselves their eyes are truly blind.

I believe that is what it means to be a photographer. To capture a moment that you are in, and that others are incapable of seeing; and to share it. Making the graces of the Earth visible to eyes around the world, so that somebody who was once blind to such glorious things can now behold and adore.



Drive,
into the hills,
the mountains,
around rocks,
over fountains,
through the trees,
snaking roads,
under the peaks
between the steep,
parking lot,
slides off, boots on,
water topped,
pack packed,
look up,
destination in view,
starting from nothing,
but onward, upward,
trekking,
memory making,
breaking, hydrate,
continue the arduous,
self-inflicted,
burning, aching,
enjoying,
no end in sight,
the end in mind,
birds, breeze,
scents of trees,
snowline crossed,
treeline crossed,
closer, nearer,
now atop,
peace,
still,
quiet,
beauty,
the mountains.



Yellowstone
National
Park



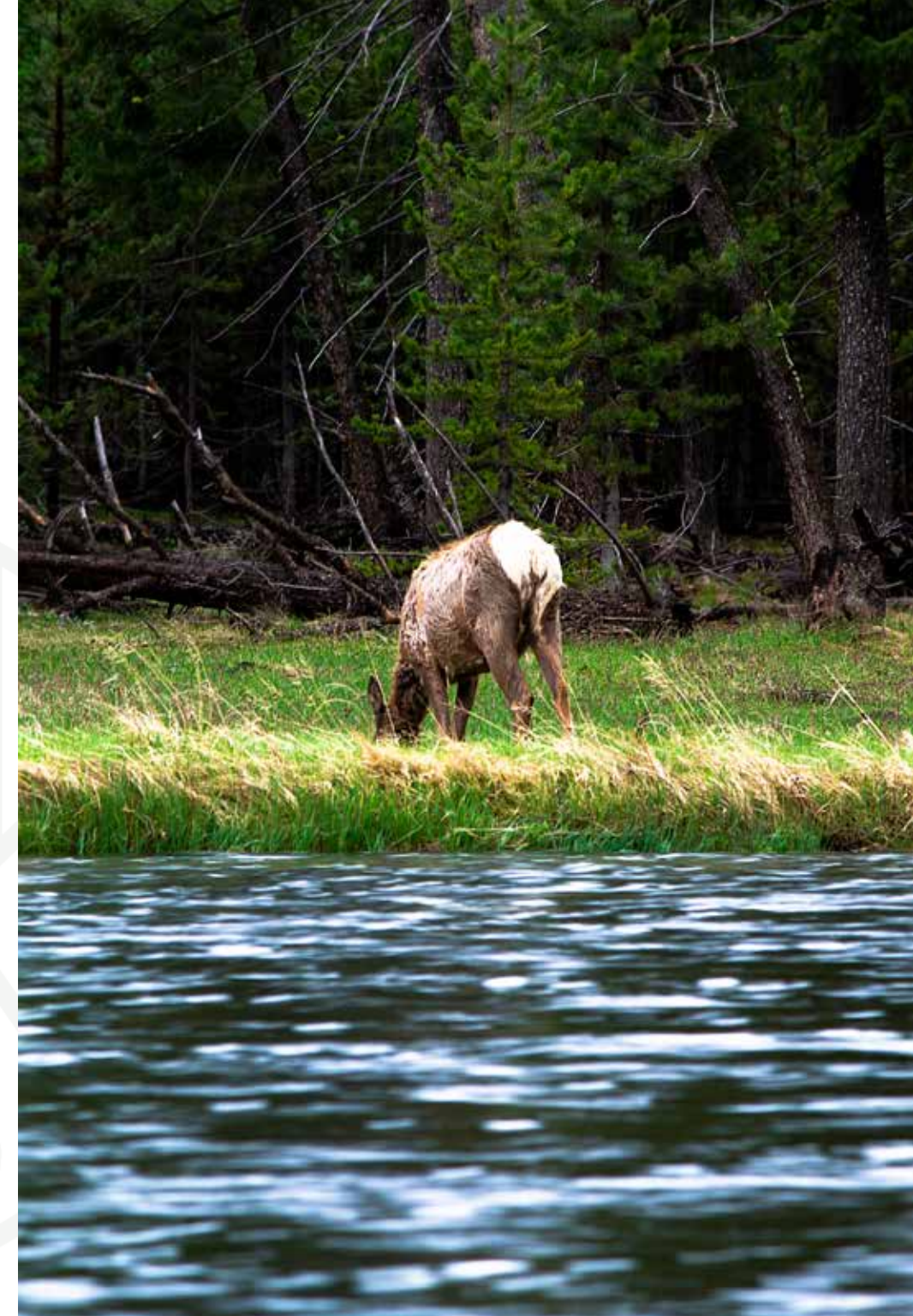
Go into every photoshoot, every excursion, with a handful of ideas. Catching a geyser in mid-eruption, a blurred-motion shot of a waterfall from a low angle. Usually you want the front end of the elk, but sometimes you work with what you get. Either way, there's a vision, a goal, a purpose. All effective processes must have a purpose or a goal in mind. Always.

Planning and preparation are key to success. Detailed and efficient preparation has a lot of facets. Assuring your camera batteries are charged, that you have enough space on SD cards for the number of photos you plan on taking, all the lenses and other equipment are packed. Having camera setting presets arranged according to the style(s) of shots you want, the weather conditions expected where you're shooting, etc. Knowing the terrain, wildlife and climate ahead of time is important also. There is much that goes into planning and preparing for a successful photoshoot.

Keeping your purpose in mind and effectively preparing is what brings you the outcome of powerful photos that you visualized originally. Your goals have become an influential and beautiful reality because of the work you put into making sure it happened. And the reward is often breathtaking.

“Mountains are only a problem when they are bigger than you. You should develop yourself so much that you become bigger than the mountains you face.”

Idowu Koyenikan





Am I gentle?

Creeping effortlessly over the
precipice,
descending elegantly over the
edges and corners below,
glancing off each protrusion
like a dance.

Am I abusive?

Beating upon the harmless,
defenseless rocks below,
day in and out breaking them,
shattering them,
wearing them down over time
until they are forgotten.

Am I beautiful?

Reflecting light off of my crys-
talline droplets,
flowing off the head of the
ridge as a veil,
covering the face of the bride
behind my protective sheet.

Am I obnoxious?

Audible miles in each direction,
refusing sleep to anybody too
near,
causing inconvenience for man
and animal alike trying to travel
downstream.

I do not know the answers
myself, but man adores me,
monumentalizes me,
preserves me,
witnesses me in my rage and
routine,
as if I am something to be
loved.



Bannack
Ghost
Town





After hours of shooting, multiple retakes of one perspective shot, expense of energy to gain a vantage point, time to organize a photo set-up, keeping your eyes and mind open to spontaneous opportunities, and what feels like days of post-editing; after diligence, patience, determination, persistence, creativity, tact, sacrifice and passion; after putting all you have and more into your will you end up producing quality, moving artwork. When you take the time to learn, practice and produce, when you put your all and more into each project, is when you step a grade above the rest. The art is more than just a product on a shelf or a photo on a wall, it is the embodiment of your imagination, the personification of your dreams, and the model of your vision.



“Better to be a strong man with a weak point, than to be a weak man without a strong point. A diamond with a flaw is more valuable than a brick without a flaw.”

William J. H. Boetcker



Mankind has been mesmerized by the night sky for centuries. Studying, pondering and simply gazing upon the stars and the moon in absolute admiration and wonder.

Little did they believe that their admiration and wonder would one day evolve into exploration and wander.

With the same mesmerization, we have created tools and machines capable of glimpsing the unknown, and discovering the infinite.

And yet, at night, we still look up in awe.

“If adventure has a final and all-embracing motive, it is surely this:

we go out because it is our nature to go out, to climb mountains, and to paddle rivers, to fly to the planets and plunge into the depths of the oceans.

When man ceases to do these things, he is no longer man.”

Wilfred Noyce

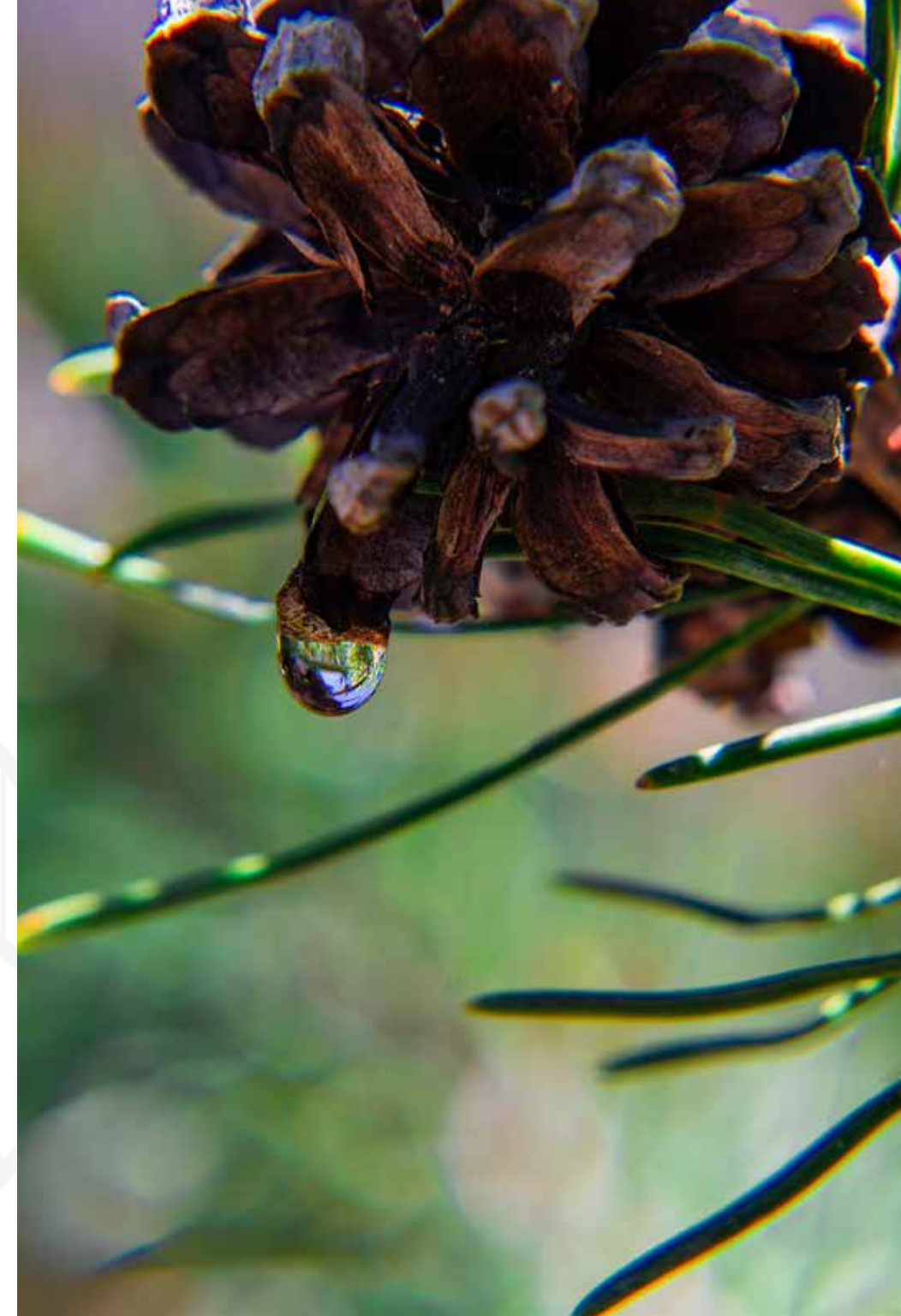




Photo Credit: Aubrey Thatcher

About Me...

Growing up in and around Seattle, Washington, I spent a lot of time in the mountains. I began as a child, going on small adventures with my parents, such as the Ape Caves of Mount Saint Helens and walking the Skyline Trail of Mount Rainier. As I grew older I began to embark on more exotic and extreme challenges, like kayaking through the San Juan Islands of the great Puget Sound and summiting more than half a dozen

of the peaks along the lesser-known Mountain Loop Highway just west of my hometown. Love for photography grew over my late teenage years as I desired to record my adventures in some way. With decent cameras on phones, it became easy to take pictures of my many travails. That passion was nourished regularly and grew in what is now a love for talented and creative outdoor photography. I would not be the photographer I am today without the college professors and friends that shared their love, support and knowledge to help me progress toward my dreams. The photographs, text and design of this photobook were all done by me.

