

Christine Sopata

Face to Face

2017



Artist Bio

Christine Sopata is a visual storyteller balancing narratives with allegorical imagery, inspired by The Bible, historical writings, nature, and ephemeral happenings. She is drawn to the nature of leaving reality and embracing a written one and reflecting on observations of the physical world to gain a better understanding of self. Sopata sees inner space as an abstract landscape, weaving in and out of the observer's physical world. With its relation to the human nature of growing and understanding, bookmaking allows Sopata to investigate new methods and new perspectives of the individual's perception of their cosmic placement.

Artist Statement

Once there was another Tree that began to grow in the midst of a garden. As the Tree grew older, she started to evolve, parting from its original form. This Tree took pride in her new profile, showing the world the strength of its new sagacious branches. When it became spring, children came and visited the Tree, making sure that they only climbed the Tree's new branches because the previous form was too frail to support their weight. This made the Tree confident in her striking new shape, neglecting its original structure becoming nothing more than the former skin is to a snake after shedding. The Tree thought she finally stood alone until one very hot summer day, and the children would not stay and play with the Tree. This only left the Tree confused, feeling the hollowness of its branches she tried so very hard to only part.

After weeks passed, the Tree saw a little child from afar coming towards the center of the garden. Joy radiated through the Tree's branches, but as the small girl approached the Tree, she continued to walk by.

"Hey!" The Tree cried after the small girl. "Child, why don't you stay and climb my branches?" "Silly Tree," laughed the girl. "It too hot, and you give no shade," and the small child continued on her way, skipping through the remaining of the garden.

The roots of the Tree ached, desiring only the foliage of leaves that once grew before from its original form. Now, the Tree only feels very few healthy leaves, while she watched the rest disappear with their last words under the shoes of the children who walked by.

From that day on, the children only knew of one Tree in the midst of the garden. A Tree - that some children, including the Sun, would only tell you - wrestled between nurturing one side and controlling the other. Yet the Moon, and the children who remained in the garden sang the Tree only dances with two.



