



ABOUT THE WORK

Transfer of Grace represents places, moods and moments found along the back roads and left-alone islands of the South Carolina Lowcountry. The glamorous golf courses and gated developments have their own aesthetic – but photographer Gary Geboy is drawn to the timeless essence of the land. In the short time he has lived among them, he has come to see the live oaks, creaky wrought-iron gates and reed-matted creeks not as colorful backdrop but as central character.

To reveal this character, he strips each scene of color. What's left is the positive and negative space, the enduring forms underpinning the beauty. In black and white, humidity is palpable, the seasons connected. The colors of Lowcountry landscape are subtle, reflections more than revelations, formed along a continuum from the ephemeral to the grounded. The graceful herons and swinging hammocks are warm, cotton white. The wrought-iron gates and wooden joggling boards are the blackest green. The shrimp and the nets that catch them are a fleshy opalescence. The tabby ruins of chapels of ease are the cream of oysters and sand. The headstones under live oak trees are gray

with age – the meeting place of black and white blended in time and tone. The Spanish moss is the same shadow gray, dripping down like a shroud to shelter the earth from the thick, white heat of the sky.

The images in *Transfer of Grace* were created over the space of eighteen months and in the light of five different Lowcountry counties. Every season and every hour of the day is represented, as fluid as the waters that connect them. For Geboy, the process was an exploration, not in the pursuit of discovery but of character. In every abandoned building, he saw a human story; in every lovingly planted live oak, a legacy. The photos are the mysteries and the questions that lingered after every foray into the almost forgotten.

Each image is an impression, purposefully void of detail so that the observer is free to interpret – some hint at memories and lifestyles replaced or abandoned in pursuit of progress. They may trigger universal feelings about places and traditions fading, or already lost. The pages do not attempt to illustrate or document. They are the why, not the what. There are no captions; each image is universal and personal. But the photographs can be no more than metaphors for a state of being – a way of transferring grace along with loss.