

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Move Along

Nancy Cantwell · Thursday, August 11th, 2011



Many a conversation takes place on the walk that circumscribes the Lake Hollywood Reservoir. There things get sorted out, affairs get settled, decisions are made and plans are put into play.

My favorite lakeside conversation is the one that I indulge in with myself. The distances I have traveled on foot pale in comparison to the distances I have traveled inside my mind. Not a meditation, more of a circumspect rumination. Here at the reservoir I surf the vortex of mind matter that rents space in my brain. My mind matter often takes on a density, behaving more like an event horizon than the lithe notes of a Mozart score. But then, there is the walking. And as vigilant as is my predisposition to codify, to conserve, the walking let's you know that where you started is not where you ended. Indeed contrary to what you think has just gone down, the reality is that it all has metamorphosed regardless. So move along!

Like the rest of the billion iPhone users I think of it as an extra limb. And with the advent of the many sophisticated photo apps I am now all consumed with my device, much like Solvieg Dommartin obsesses with her dream recording device, in Wim Wenders *Until the End of the World*. These photographs of the mostly bucolic Lake Hollywood Reservoir seem to have taken a cinematic turn, one more comfortable in the world of Lars Von Trier than say that of Judd Apatow. Actually their provenance most closely resembles how I imagine David Lynch's backyard plays out.

*[Jump to view the full photo gallery ? ? ?](#)*

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