

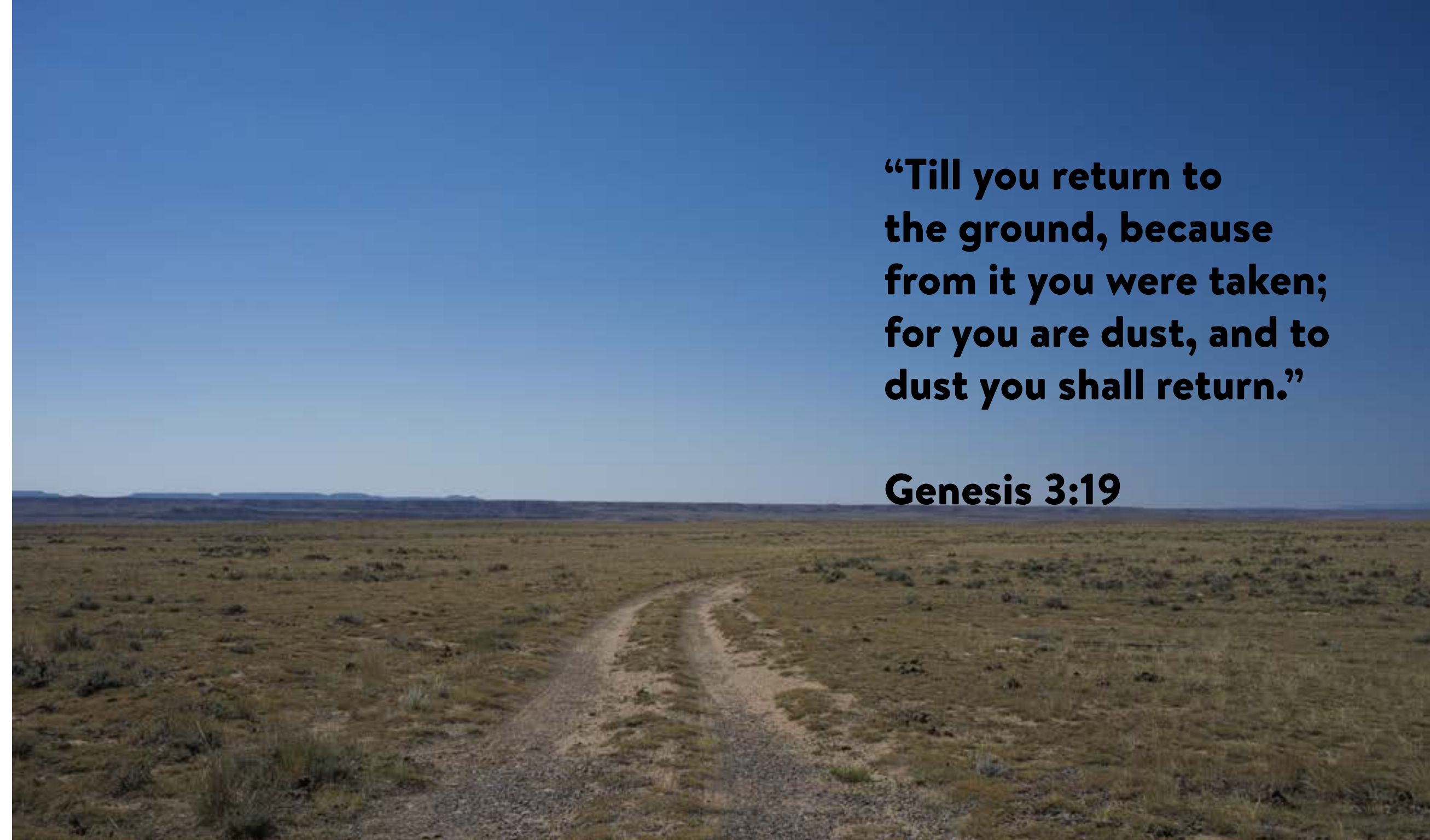
# Preamble

The western landscape has sparked the imagination of writers, musicians, and artists since the first Europeans left their footprints in the bush. Explorers, cowboys, and prospectors have left their mark on the land and in the imaginations of those of that have followed them. The vastness, danger, and resources are even today something to be tamed, tested, and used. Young men cut their teeth on the wilderness, and grizzled, leathery, graybeards continue to prove their worth through domination over peaks and beasts alike. These adventurers lust after the sublime: that fear and awesomeness that makes you quake in your boots, and knocks the breath out of your lungs with force of an avalanche.

What if we were seduced into something more intimate than such needs for dominance over the land? By way of example, in ways that might parallel the lived experiences of indigenous peoples. John Muir recognized rocks, sequoias, and streams as kin; and Henry David Thoreau lost himself in the woods in order to find himself. Instead of lusting for an enormous sublime what if we fell into the minutia by sinking into the dirt, sending roots into the darkness, and absorbing the past buried beneath it while watching the patterns of light change on the ferns or moss.

**“Till you return to  
the ground, because  
from it you were taken;  
for you are dust, and to  
dust you shall return.”**

**Genesis 3:19**





# Standing in a Field of Gold Yelling

Finding your bearings in a new place often means returning to old habits or old ideas. Standing in a field of gold, camera precariously mounted on a broken tripod, was a familiar place to start. The quiet and sunlight was not new, but the fields, and fields of pure yellow of the goldenrods was something I had never experienced before. I wanted the yellow to come screaming through my body, to burst from my hair because it was so lovely. If only I could be the size of the bees so I could be fully enveloped by it, oblivious that it was a Monday and the beginning of a new chapter in my life. This moment needed to be captured, slowed down, and put on repeat.

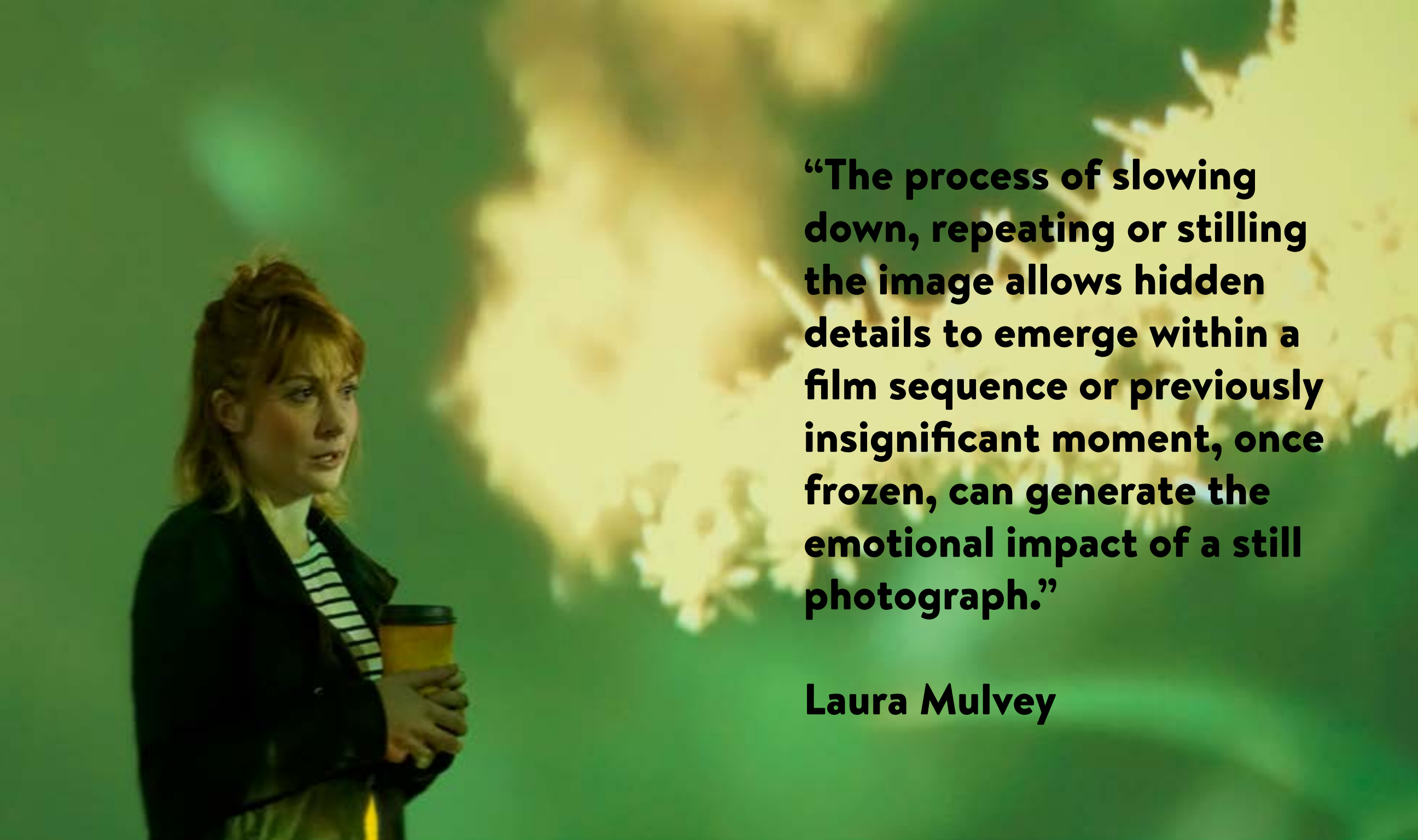
How do you replicate an experience like standing in a field of gold? Luckily, “New technologies enable the spectator to vary the temporality of a film. Moments may be repeated or even slowed, the image may be stilled.” By playing with this temporality, video can take something real and turn it into something that is out-of-memory. That concept was the original spark for the creation of this piece. Taking video, and manipulating it into an immersive living memory. Something that can be revisited without the worry of it being augmented by the mind over time. “The process of slowing down, repeating or stilling the image allows hidden details to emerge within a film sequence or previously insignificant moment, once frozen, can generate the emotional impact of a still photograph”. The main “characters”, two goldenrods are forever suspended in a rhythmic conversation sped up, slowed down; moving forward and backward; syncopated and steady. They are embraced between two fields of their brethren and slowed down so that each frame becomes a shudder. In music, this would be a pedal tone of the piece: the tonal center for the melody and harmony to escape and return to.











**“The process of slowing down, repeating or stilling the image allows hidden details to emerge within a film sequence or previously insignificant moment, once frozen, can generate the emotional impact of a still photograph.”**

**Laura Mulvey**







# From New York With Love

If you can't beat them join them...if you can't have the mountains and the streams then throw yourself into the urban mess: embrace the concrete and filth; revel in the lights, sounds, smells in the constant buzz of humanity. As a species, we've built-a memorial to our accomplishments. . This is my ode to New York City, or at least the New York City I had seen in movies and where first I wandered once I finally had the chance to see it for myself. It is my attempt and failure to take root in a landscape that I feel more alien in than anything dreamt up in sci-fi.

The two large screens mimic the ever-present media cacophony found in Times Square, while the 13-inch tube television sits atop a hand built table that makes the screen the same height as my camera was while I negotiated the bustling sidewalks in midtown Manhattan. Together they become a placeholder for the human figure. This footage is shown raw, and unedited. The monitor and table are diminutive, nested between the two projections. Giant lips are blended in with the images, a chorus with the same flat voice sings "New York, New York". Each round getting flatter and more strained until it is just the small screen finishing up the song before all the lights go out. The song is sung as a "round (also called a perpetual canon [canon perpetuus] or infinite canon) a musical composition, a limited type of canon, in which a minimum of three voices sing exactly the same melody at the unison (and may continue repeating it indefinitely), but with each voice beginning at different times so that different parts of the melody coincide in the different voices, but nevertheless fit harmoniously together."









**“Start spreadin’ the news, I’m leavin’ today I want to be a part of it, New York, New York These vagabond shoes are longing to stray Right through the very heart of it, New York, New York I want to wake up in a city that doesn’t sleep And find I’m king of the hill, top of the heap These little town blues are melting away I’ll make a brand new start of it, in old New York If I can make it there, I’ll make it anywhere It’s up to you , New York, New York New York, New York I want to wake up in a city that never sleeps And find I’m A-number-one, top of the list, King of the hill, A-number-one These little town blues are melting away I’m gonna make a brand new start of it in old New York A-a-a-and if I can make it there, I’m gonna make it anywhere It’s up to you, New York, New York New York”**









# Homesickness

I think something happens to your genetics when you’ve grown up in wild places. It’s as if you’re composed of a different material than other folks. There’s restlessness, a string tugging at your heart, and a sense that you’re always trying to return home. It’s a feeling that leaves some always chasing, finding pockets of respite in the deep, hard to get to places.

This different makeup has been the drive behind most decisions that I’ve made in my life. Never content to stay in one place for long, and always searching for higher, rockier spaces to cast myself into. It wasn’t until I moved to a flatter, more domesticated landscape that I learned what homesickness truly was. The hole in my chest served as a gateway to a cavern in my guts reverberating with a sharp echo. I yearned for mountains, forests, and a nature uninterrupted by any human presence.

I started to build up landscapes out of a sense of self preservation. The mountains have always been an anchor, an easy way to tell what direction I am going in. They have paid my bills, provided a space to challenge myself, and a place to heal. Being cast into a place where the horizon stretches with barely any interruption was disorienting. Not unlike Jean Paul Sartre’s famous character Antoine Roquentin, I too felt nausea, and familiar landscapes became my Anny. Building the landscapes that I craved I was a reorienting my compass. The monitor became a portal into a synthetic, surrogate wilderness.

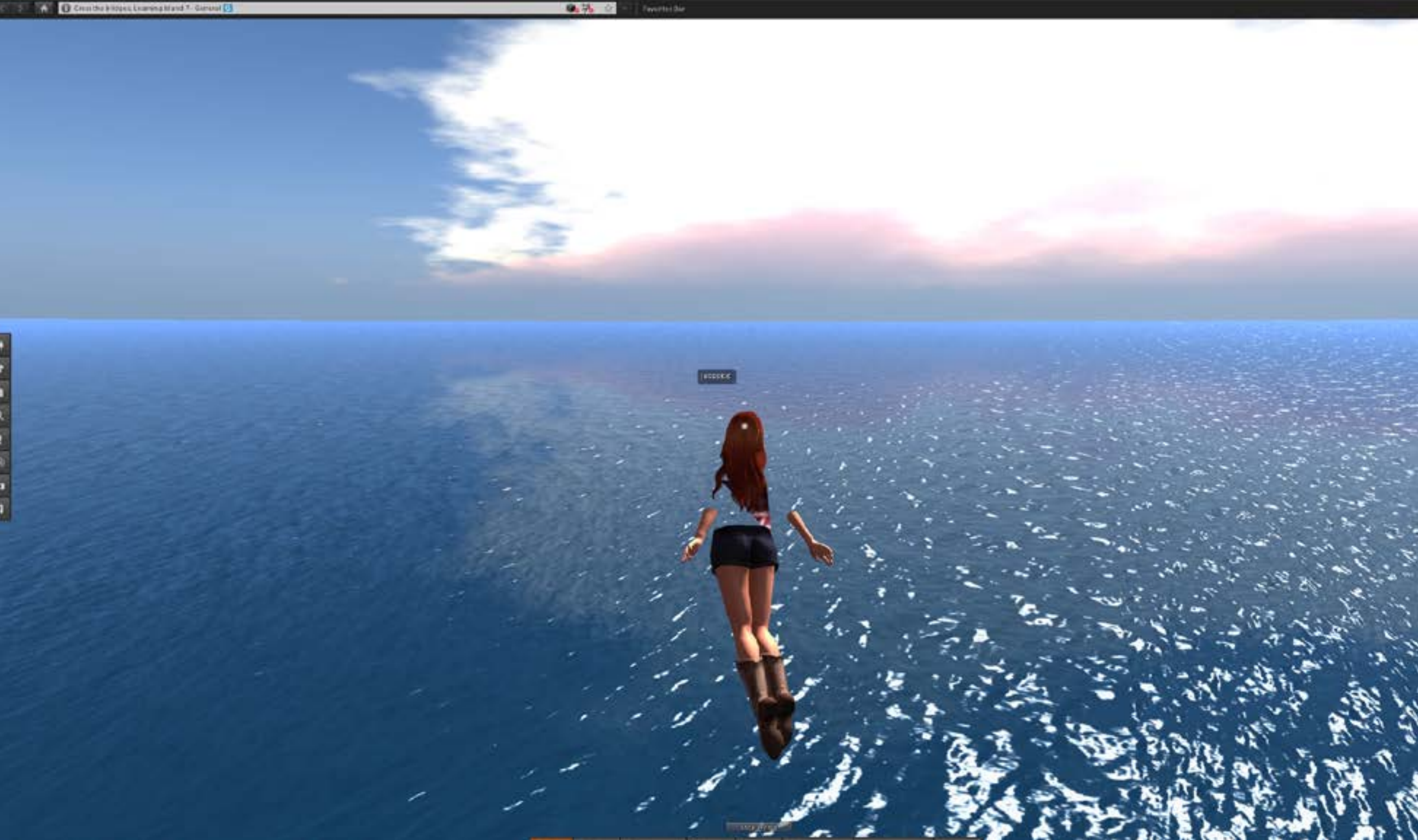
This mimesis follows along with what Plato considers as a “ladder of ontological degradation from the idea to the object and from the object to the representation.” The idea in this case is home, the object is a specific landscape, and the representation is the moving image on the monitor. This representation is as much a thing as the absence of a thing. It is not dimensional but instead represents the presence of a thing, or a space; “in constraining a dimension or a portion of space to reduce itself to almost nothing (in absenting it, that is), one, not by magic but rationally, makes something that isn’t there appear.” The landscape is concocted from both still and moving images, and both real and artificial places. Photos of Redfish Lake, and the Stanley Basin in Idaho, and screen captures of uninhabited landscapes from the online world Second Life, come together to make a new landscape, a place both familiar and new.



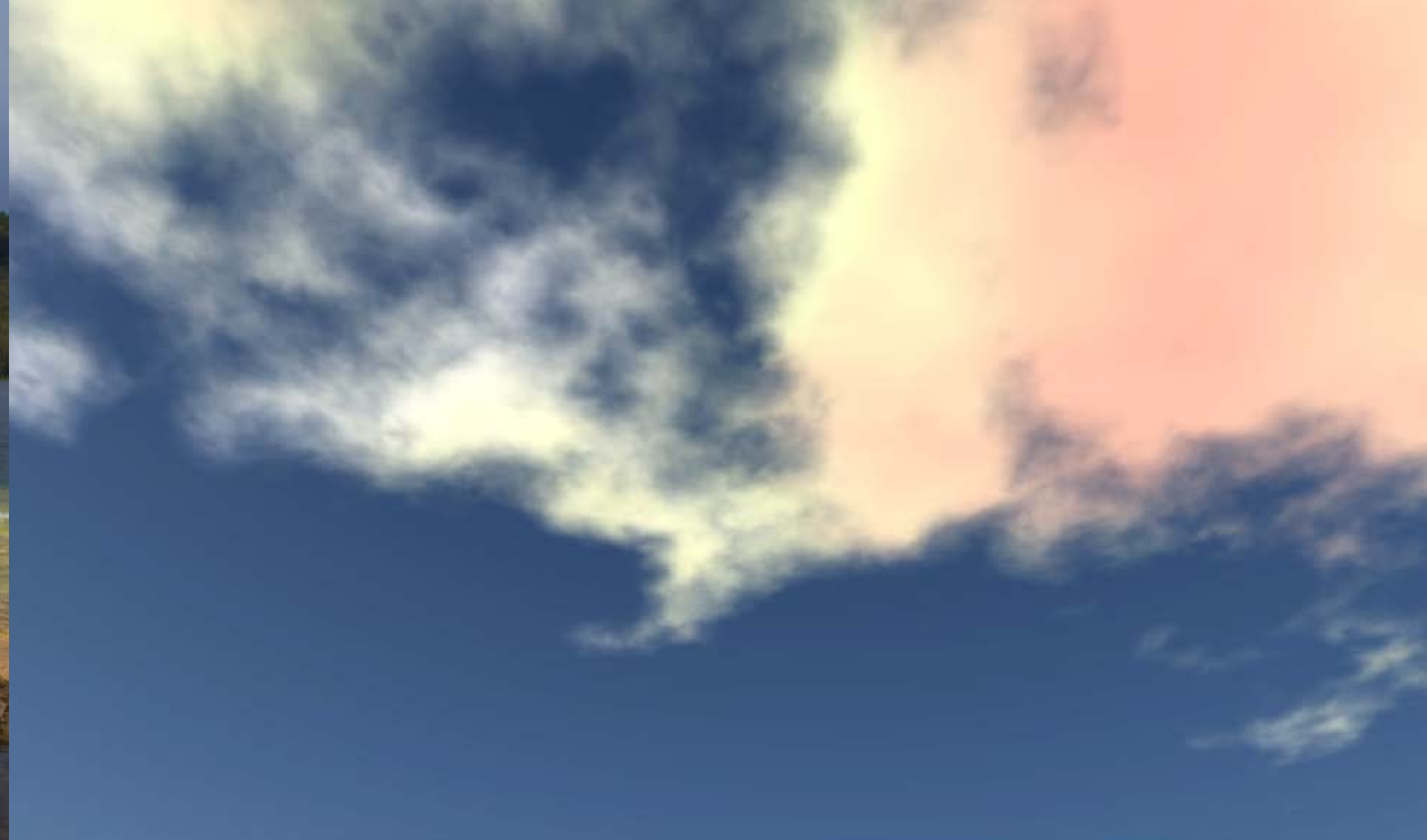
















**“Building the  
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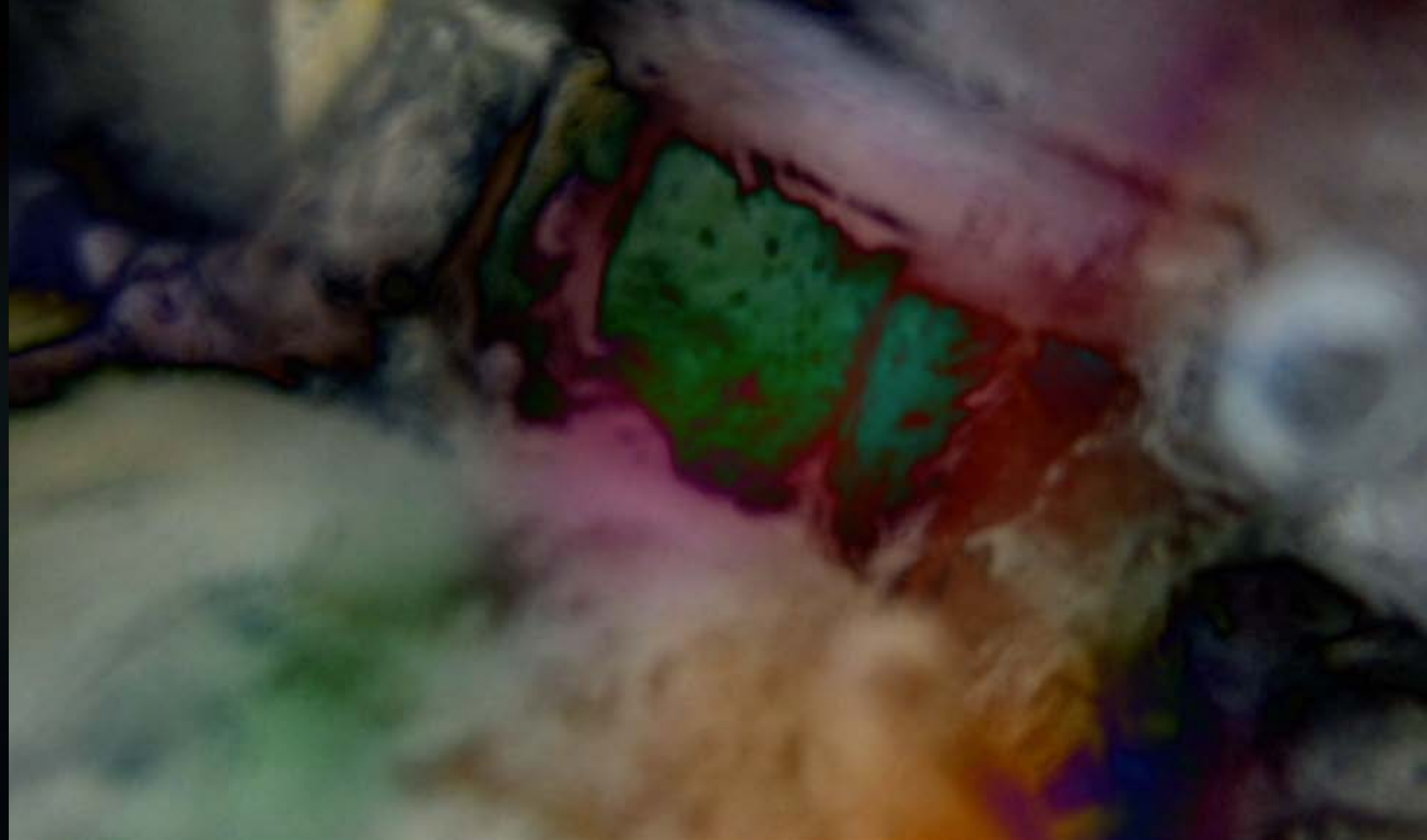
# The Middle World

I view the middle world as a kind of utopia; a contemporary of that vast cyber frontier presented in the 90's that has leapt off the monitor and into our everyday lives. Micah Crdenas writes of world building and desire as spaces to create. Desire is the catalyst for the world being built. This installation came from the desire to build a middle world free from oppressive codes, and informed by my relationship between my body and the virtual and physical environments. In this piece, I use imagery captured in both the physical and digital worlds.

The plaster tables act as a device to ground the viewer in the physical. They are seductive, tactile, and offer themselves up to be touched. The differences in screen sizes play with the scale of the implied spaces, furthering this idea are the various different tempos of video and sound. Slow water motifs are disturbed by jittery and colorful gifs; natural and artificial colors exist together. Each screen acts as a portal into another space; this is a space that can only exist in the middle, neither fully virtual nor physical but acting as a paradox. "For Lacan, then, desire comes to signify the impossibility of a coherent subject, where the "subject" is understood to be a conscious and self-determining agency...The subject can no longer be understood as the agency of its desire, or as the very structure of desire itself; the subject of desire has emerged as an internal contradiction". This internal contradiction becomes evident in the paradoxical nature of the space. This piece ends up becoming a visual thought problem where no answer is right and no rules exist allowing for freedom of interpretation and travel.





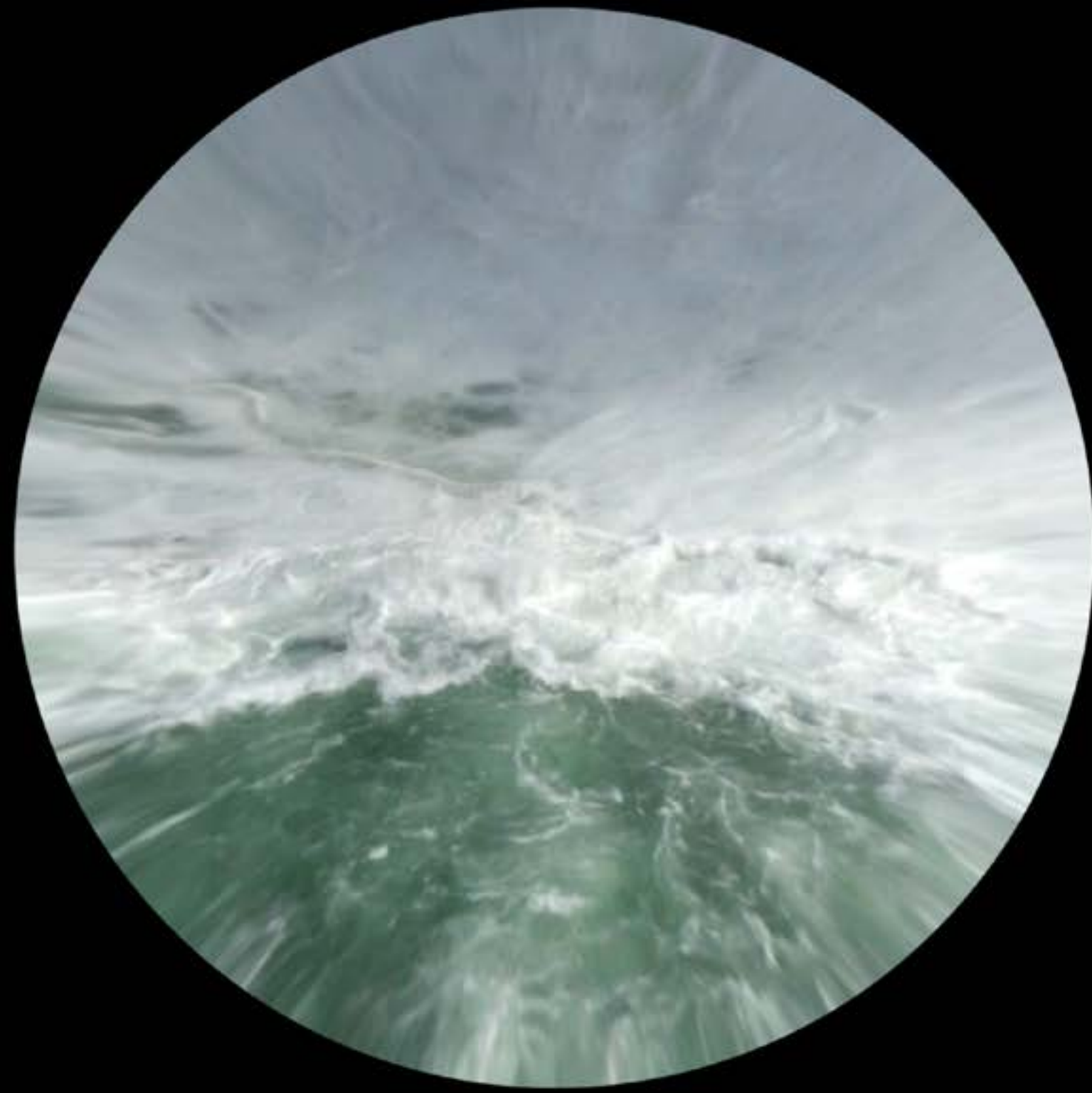








**“I view the middle world  
as a kind of utopia;  
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## 2GRLSINHIKINGBOOTS.gif

Great collaborations are like a good game of Ping-Pong. Your collaborator and you are the paddles and the work is the ball. This way of creating work builds off of the momentum generated by both parties until you are both in a frenzy of creative activity. Having another person's voice interjected into your story adds layers of texture, color and can act as a positive disruption.

The artist Morgan Rose Free and I come from similar places geographically, and have both traveled the Trans-Canada highway to and from Alfred on our ways to Alberta and Idaho. Experiencing the same things but never at the same time, and wanting to "fix" that we decided to install the trip within a gallery setting and rediscover the trip together.



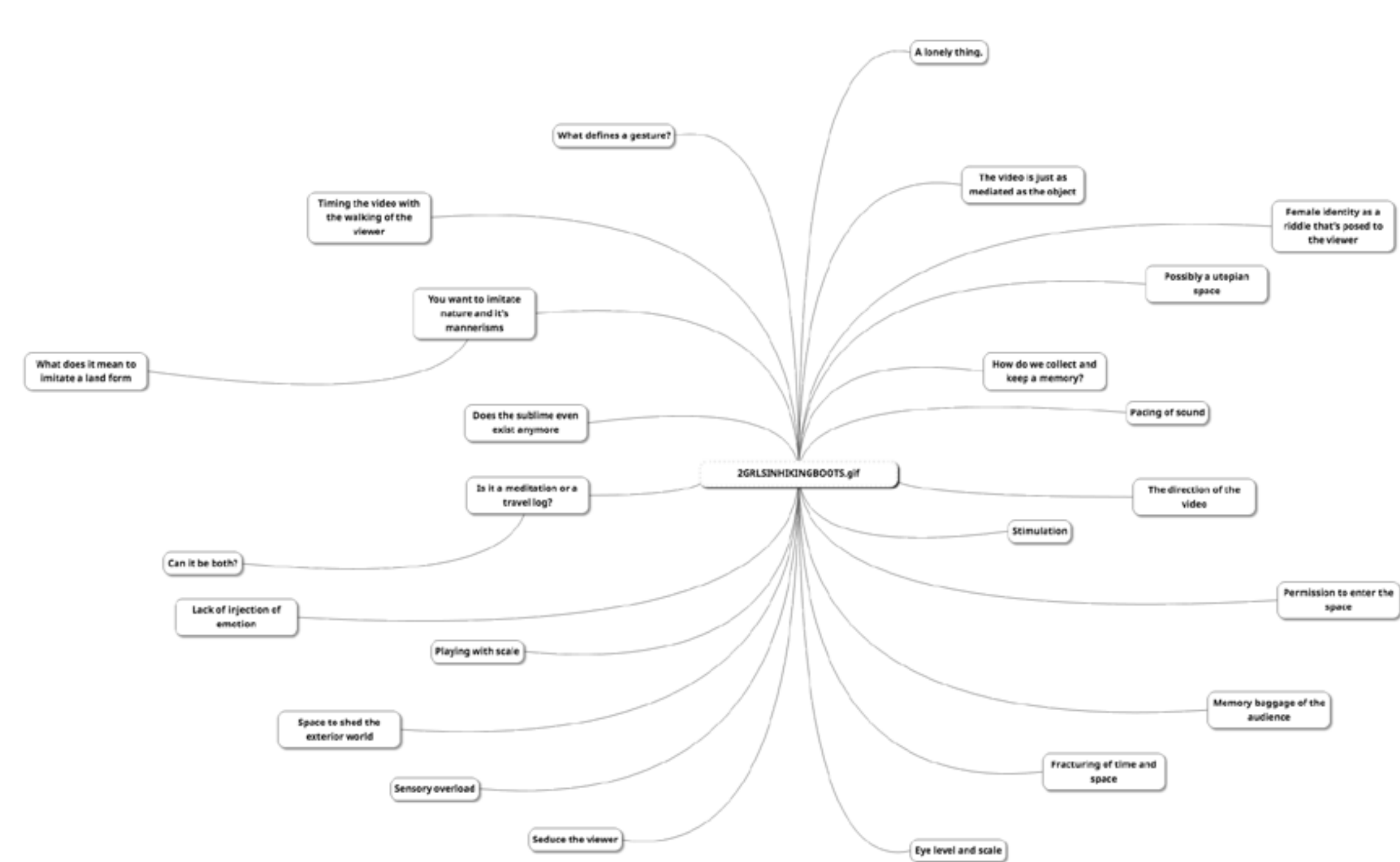










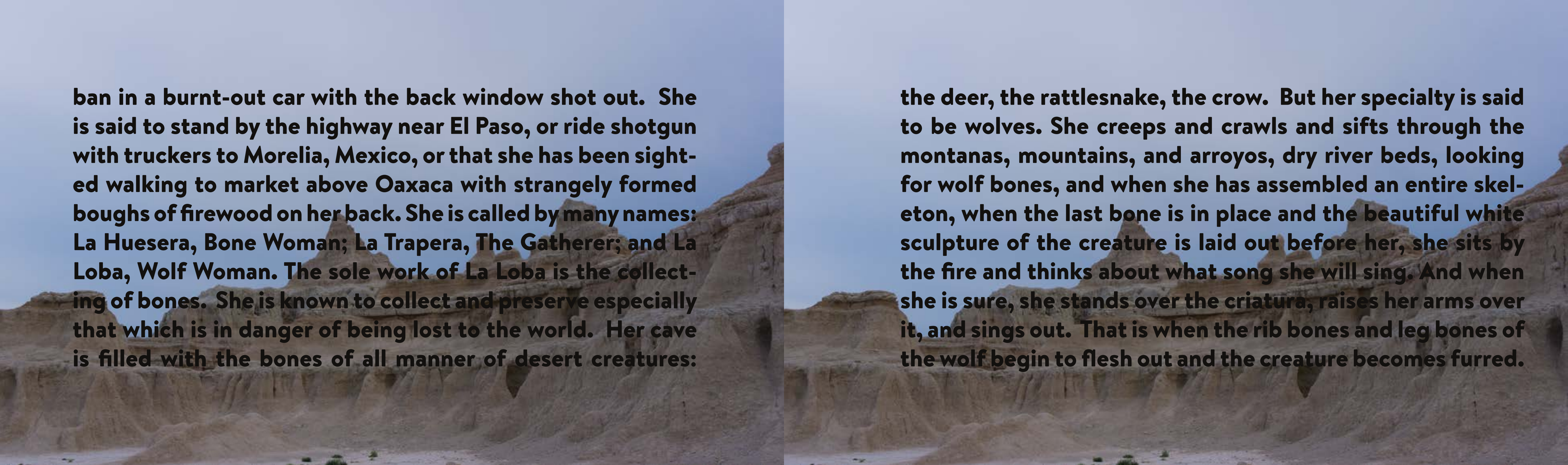




# **Of Wolves Caterpillars and Plants**

**There is an old woman who lives in a hidden place that everyone knows but few have ever seen. As in the fairy tales of Eastern Europe, she seems to wait for lost or wandering people and seekers to come to her place. She is circumspect, often hairy, always fat, and especially wishes to evade most company. She is both a crower and a cackler, generally having more animal sounds than human ones. They say she lives among the rotten granite slopes in Tarahumara Indian territory. They say she is buried outside Phoenix near a well. She is said to have been seen traveling south to Monte Al-**



A wide-angle photograph of a desert landscape. In the foreground, there are sandstone cliffs and a sandy ground with some small green plants. The background shows more cliffs and a clear blue sky. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

**ban in a burnt-out car with the back window shot out. She is said to stand by the highway near El Paso, or ride shotgun with truckers to Morelia, Mexico, or that she has been sighted walking to market above Oaxaca with strangely formed boughs of firewood on her back. She is called by many names: La Huesera, Bone Woman; La Trapera, The Gatherer; and La Loba, Wolf Woman. The sole work of La Loba is the collecting of bones. She is known to collect and preserve especially that which is in danger of being lost to the world. Her cave is filled with the bones of all manner of desert creatures:**

**the deer, the rattlesnake, the crow. But her specialty is said to be wolves. She creeps and crawls and sifts through the montanas, mountains, and arroyos, dry river beds, looking for wolf bones, and when she has assembled an entire skeleton, when the last bone is in place and the beautiful white sculpture of the creature is laid out before her, she sits by the fire and thinks about what song she will sing. And when she is sure, she stands over the criatura, raises her arms over it, and sings out. That is when the rib bones and leg bones of the wolf begin to flesh out and the creature becomes furred.**



**La Loba sings some more, and more of the creature comes into being; its tail curls upward, shaggy and strong. And La Loba sings more and the wolf creature begins to breathe. And still La Loba sings so deeply that the floor of the desert shakes, and as she sings, the wolf opens its eyes, leaps up, and runs away down the canyon. Somewhere in its running, whether by the speed of its running, or by splashing its way into a river, or by way of a ray of sunlight or moonlight hitting it right in the side, the wolf is suddenly transformed into a laughing woman who runs free toward the horizon.**

**So remember, that if you wander the desert, and it is near sundown, and you are perhaps a little bit lost, and certainly tired, that you are lucky, for La Loba may take a liking to you and show you something - something of the soul.**



There is healing in storytelling. Healing for yourself, and healing for others. "Jung evidently believed that the universality of nature myths testified to their psychological indispensability in dealing with interior terrors and cravings (Landscape and Memory, 15)." This futuristic La Loba sitting in her cave, surrounded by her technology is a digital shaman. She is neither in the real world nor fully embedded in the digital world but flows freely between the two, searching for the bones of other wolves.













I want to bury my face in the loam like I do a friend's shoulder, smell the heat and the decay. Melt into that spot and share some tenderness between myself and the moss. Tell my secrets to the caterpillars and hear theirs in return. I reject the vast expanses for these intimate spaces. My idea, instead of focusing on the expansive sublime, focusing on creating a landscape that people empathize with. If people learn to connect with the land like they do with their family and friends then they'll fight for it just as fiercely.















Afterwards

1.

I thought mostly about how I would deal

with

the tough times  
the hard times

the I can't possibly hold myself together today times

There are friends of course  
and family for better  
or for worse

But

when your partner leaves

is lost,  
pushed out  
pulled away  
ceases

It is actually the good times

high times  
soaring above the Earth times

Today was so exciting, great, exceptional, amazing I just wanted to share that with you

where the absence is felt the most.

I just wanted to share.





2.  
Today is a bit like the mirrors in a fun house

Not in the middle

all bends, and squiggles.

Maybe, it's just this head cold.

The extra ballast in my sinus cavities sending me port  
starboard  
jiggly  
in between.

Unbalanced, unbothered, uninterested.

Blobby, bendy, no bones, ground up for jello.

This way

that.





3.

It's that time of the year when all the gnats come out.

Every time you hit a shady patch it turns into a wall of tiny pale bodies and wings.

Up your nose, caught in your throat, you hair, trapped in your lashes.

“Ouch my eye.”

Blink, blink, blink,

tiny guts from tiny bodies, and I can't see where I'm going now.

Like venus fly traps with no appetite.

Blink, blink.





4.

I just got the grease from my movie theater butter microwavable popcorn on a check I still haven't cashed.

There are a few things piled up now on the dining room table.

mail I will probably never open,  
a cutting board that I don't know if I'll keep,

lipstick

Buttery yellow smudges

I'm sorry.





A pull right down the uneven part in your hair.

5.  
Imagine being ripped in two. There is a tug on each arm, through each toe, on each foot.

Like when you have to open a zip lock baggie,

but your nails are too short.

The days are getting shorter, the air colder, and my nails are too short.





6.  
Not today.

Nope. Just not today, any day but today.

Yesterday wasn't good either, and I'll have to raincheck for tomorrow.

In fact how does next week sound, or next month, year, decade?

Nope, not today.





7.

You were supposed to pay more attention than you did.

Not like I wanted to be the center of your world, or any world for that matter.  
I would have settled for some distant orbiting moon, or a small planet.

Maybe when you spend so much time as a wallflower though it's hard to stick out,

and it's awfully selfish to say "hey, hey you, look at me, I'm here."

Hi, I'm here.



# Ode to a 2006 Hyundai Elantra -The Power of Rambling

Perceval, my trusty, rusty Hyundai Elantra has been both a collaborator and a tool. The miles and days spent in an endless stream of consciousness have been an Eden of idea generation; a wellspring of inspiration and reflection. “Those less interested than myself in the changes in the qualitative experience of driving will, of course, observe that the post-millennial explosion in mobile technologies has impacted on all aspects of our personal and professional; lives, not merely our use and experience of transport. But what my own personal experience tells me is that long-distance driving is one of the last bastions of ring-fenced “thoughts space in the modern world (Drivetime, 4).”

As a tool Percival has become a parameter to capture the landscape; you can only capture what you can see from the road at the pace you are driving, an in the tradition of Steina Vasulka’s Machine Vision, the camera movements are free of the human eye, instead taking on the perspective of the vehicle. Capturing video this way makes it possible for there to be some random occurrences, and surprises. It is also a chance to revisit things that are missed while you are focusing on the cat of driving, or lost in thought.













# Human Condition 2.0

A painting of a landscape, with the landscape; windows within windows, and the birth of a wormhole happens. The landscape is neither truly wild, nor tamed, or rather domesticated; “this recurrent metaphor of contradiction makes vivid, as no other figure does, the bearing of public events upon private lives. It discloses that our inherited symbols of order and beauty have been divested of meaning. It compels us to recognize that the aspirations once represented by the symbol of an ideal landscape have not, and probably cannot, be embodied in our traditional institutions.” In this piece, the waterfall is videod on an iPhone, through an iPad, through a DSLR. Much like Magritte’s Human Condition there is an assumption that the waterfall is reality, but as each new device is layered the truth of the artifice becomes glaringly apparent.

I revisit this theme later on in my show In The End We All Will Be Trees. Throughout the show are selfie sticks for viewers to borrow, and use as another layer of viewing. In the piece In Search of Someplace or Someone, fifteen 27 inch Apple thunderbolt displays and Apple Mac Minis run Photobooth, with fifteen days of live streaming video of Old Faithful, the iconic geyser from Yellowstone National Park that I had been collecting for several months playing as the background. Viewers help to key in the landscape while becoming part of it. Viewers with the selfie sticks bring out the landscape, become part of it, view it through their phone, and then tag themselves as being at Old Faithful. The barriers of reality are broken down and almost as if traveling through a wormhole, each new screen becomes a parallel universe, only accessed through the wormhole.





























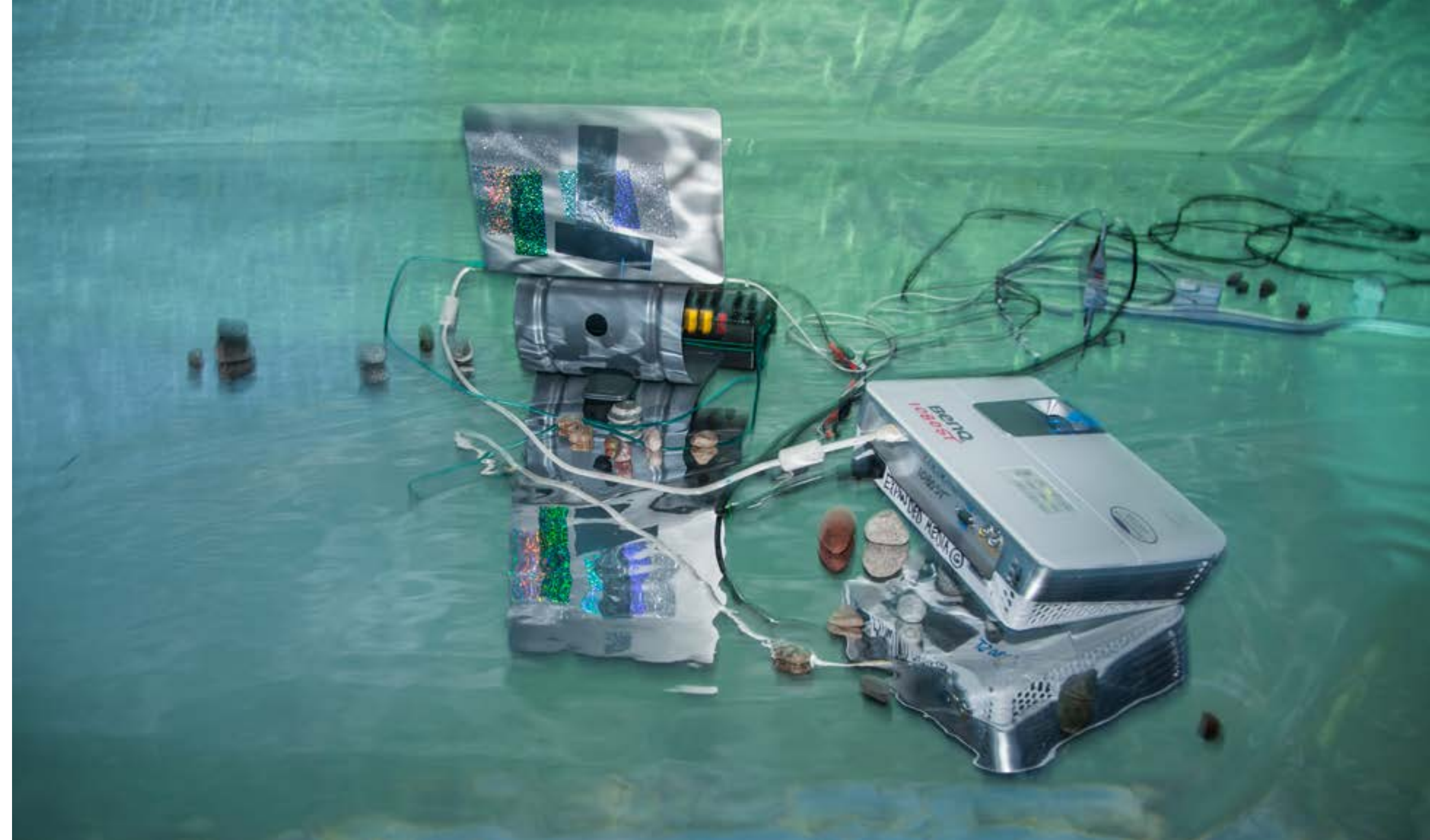




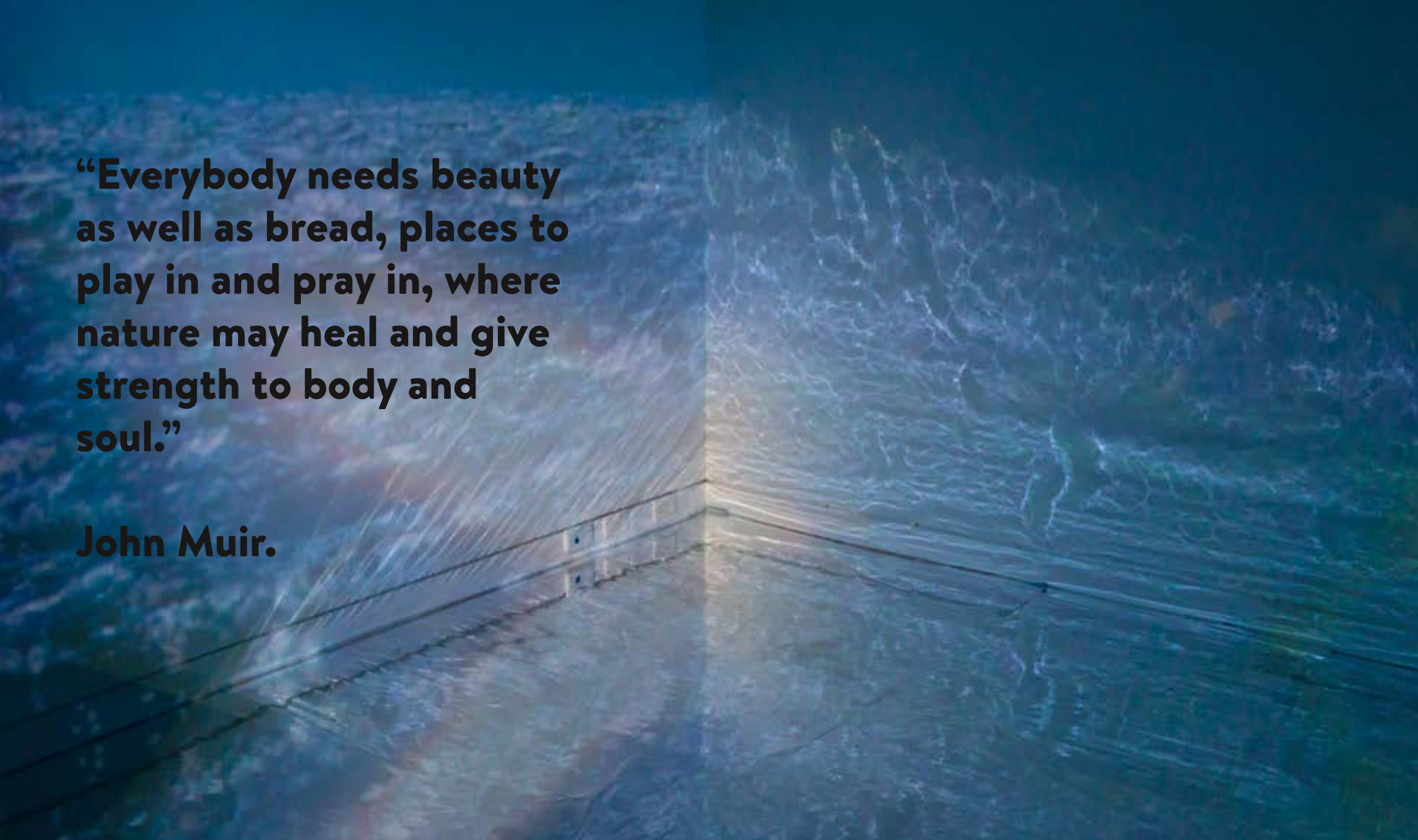
# Everybody Needs

The concept for this environment is a room that heals you. It's someplace to rinse off the detritus of everything else and just exist in, suspended in the present. The space reacts to sound, the louder it is the more a video with a swimming figure becomes visible. The figure is infinitely treading water and moves quicker the louder the room is. A packed room with the sound playing transforms from a quiet sanctuary to a symbiotic experience between the technology and bodies. Alone, without a crowd, the room transforms from a cathedral back to a chapel meant for contemplation and room to breathe.

For the opening I performed the sound live, using the water movement as a soft score. I created a pallet of "water tones" using a midi launcher. I treated these tones much like the keys of a piano, and tuned them as the score shifted. For each new day in the space I went in and made a new variation of the sound. This variation mimics the change that occurs when revisiting a place, even within a short span of time.





An aerial photograph of a vast, snow-covered mountain range. A small cabin with a red roof is situated on a ridge, with several power lines running across the landscape. The scene is serene and majestic, capturing the beauty of a high-altitude environment.

**“Everybody needs beauty  
as well as bread, places to  
play in and pray in, where  
nature may heal and give  
strength to body and  
soul.”**

**John Muir.**













# Saturday Morning Cartoons

The memory of sitting cross-legged on a pillow, sleep still in your eyes on a Saturday morning waiting for cartoons, is universal to most western children with access to television since the concept started in the 1960's. In this "video collage" a surreal living room space is set up of monitors, kitschy wooden artifacts, and domestic goods. The videos, and soft goods are made up of composite images from two hikes taken in Southern Idaho. The first was the last hike I went on with my grandfather and the second hike was done with my mom roughly year later. On a shelf overlooking the scene are two books on wildflowers from those areas, written and photographed by my grandfather, with a small enamel box with his ashes placed on top.

The photos used were captured by myself and my mother, and blended together. The piece is autobiographical, it is an acknowledgement of my heritage in the wilderness (especially Idaho) and an admission of the impact of family on the self. It is a composite of my six year old self, bleary eyes in my pajamas waiting for Loony Toons, and my thirty year old self reflecting on the time between and the time ahead.

















# Everybody Should

There is a an story in Ken Burn’s National Parks documentary about John Muir where he was once caught climbing into a tree during a storm. When asked why, he simply and earnestly responded that he wished to experience the storm as the tree did. When I heard this story, the logic, and rationale behind it floored me. Nothing else in the universe made more sense than the idea of gaining the perspective of a tree, not just hugging it in my sandals, but empathising with it. This piece is about just that. It is a landscape viewed from the perspective of a tree, or a least the perspective of a tree translated by an empathetic human and a camera.

The “tree views” are housed under material that is both a vestibule, the forest canopy, or a shelter. It is Chroma Key green nodding to the medium used, but also casting a green tint over the space, and anchored with “digital forest camo” paracord. This is further pushed through stage lighting using green and amber lights to further mimic the forest on a sunny day. It is a to-go forest for the days you can’t actually go out, from the perspective of something that rarely ever leaves. We often talk of walking in the shoes of someone else, so why not try on some roots for a change?













# The Speed of Thought

Working with a public space is a collaboration with that space. You are collaborating with the ambient sound, light, movement, life within the space. Every step, shuffle, scuff, and drip becomes a part of the sound; either synchronizing or syncopating with it. Dull murmurs can become pedal tones, banging doors are percussive devices, and the silence gives way for the the video to blossom. The Speed of Thought While Driving is a meditation on the infinite room for thinking that happens while driving. For most people, “the practice of driving most certainly has the capacity to startle us into fresh perceptions of all manner of phenomena-to reveal their intentionality- and hence prompt intuition; however, inasmuch as the driving-event is also a mental space in which not only present perception but also memory, anticipation and daydreaming hold sway, it is clear that- on many, if not most, occasions- it will be incapable of delivering the sustained purity of thought associated with dedicated phenomenological practice.” The projector is the the drive between Swain Ski Resort, where I am a ski patroller and my home in Alfred Station. This larger, longer video is a visual drone, setting up a foundation for the other six monitors to play against. The six monitors act as a sextet, each one having a part in the overall score. The tones used are intervals that create overtones when played together, and due to the unique acoustic space these tones become emphasized. I designed the sound, and tuned the monitors so that the sound would come alive in the space, bouncing off of walls, pulling you around the space as you listen. The moments when environmental sound clash are disruptive, but also keep you present in the sound. The video on the monitors are compiled of various micro cuts from the longer video. They are small, banal moments that have been distilled down into something more, through the augmentations of time. Next to these monitors are twelve photopolymer plate prints made from screen grabs. These act as a rest within the piece. They exist where time has stopped, suspended for infinity in that moment.













# Technical Notes (Duchamp’s iPhone)

I use a lot of ready made apps.  
iPad Pro  
iPad First Gen  
iPhone 6  
iPhone 4s  
iPhone 5 SE  
Macbook Pro 13” 2015  
Mac Pro 2.4ghz 12 core 24 GB  
Mac Pro 3.5ghz 6 core 32 Gb  
Structure Sensor  
Blender  
Cinema 4D  
CS6/ CC: Premiere Pro, Audition, After Effects, Photoshop, Indesign, Capture, Lightroom  
Abelton Live 9  
Max/MSP/Jitter  
gif toaster  
Glitch  
Hammerfall Speakers  
Sony a6000  
GoPro Hero 3  
GoPro Hero4  
RCA cables

HDMI Cables  
BNC Connectors  
CRT Monitor  
Plasma Screen  
Short Throw Projector  
Regular Throw Projector  
Tube Television  
40 LCD Monitor  
DVD Player  
Polymer Plates  
AC Sabre  
Splice  
GifVid  
Instagram  
Tumblr  
Mylar  
20 Denier PU Coated Nylon  
Grommets  
Fir 2x6  
Maple  
Ash  
Curly Ma

# Foot Notes

1 Laura Mulvey, “Passing Time: Reflections on the Old and New,” in Critical Cinema: Beyond The Theory Of Practice, ed., Clive Meyer (London: Wallflower Press, 2011), 74.

2 Laura Mulvey, “Passing Time: Reflections on the Old and New,” in Critical Cinema: Beyond The Theory Of Practice, 76.

3 Tristan Garcia, “In Defense of Representation” in Realism, Materialism, Art, eds. C. Cox, J. Jaskey, S. Malik (ISBN 978-3-95679-126-0), 246.

4 Tristan Garcia, “In Defense of Representation” in Realism, Materialism, Art, 250.

5 Barbara Fornssler, Micha Crdenas, Trans Desire/ Affective Cyborg, (Think Media, 2010), 24.

6 Clarissa Pinkola Ests, Ph. D. 1995. Women Who Run With Wolves. New York: Bal-lantine Books, 25 – 26.

7 Simon Schama. 1995. Landscape and Memory, New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 15.

8 Leo Marx. 1964. Machine in the Garden: Technology and the Pastoral Ideal in America. New York: Oxford University Press, Inc., 364.

9 Lynne Pearce. 2016. Drivetime: Literary Excursions in Automotive Consciousness. Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 4.



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# Thanks

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