

Mouth at all Ends

By

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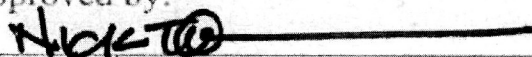
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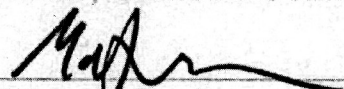
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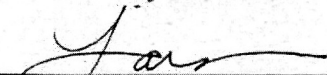
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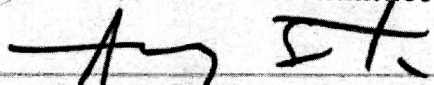
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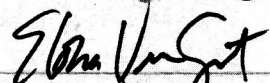
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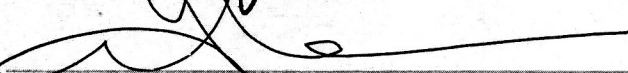
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Mouth at all Ends

Abstract

Mouth at all Ends explores different aspects of the *trickster* archetype through sculpture, video photography and drawing.

I've looked at realms such as the *stomach* and its digestion process to contemplate a mutual exchange that we partake in, "*In this world, everything that feeds will someday be food for other mouths*". –Lewis Hyde

The coyote, a common trickster character in American folklore, is guided by its stomach or appetite. It became my template for adopting behaviors and inhabiting liminal spaces. As I tracked coyotes in hopes of finding evidence of something human having been devoured, I found that I myself am a similar devouring force. Trickster is typically known to be at one time both creator and destroyer, giver and negator.

The coyote's appetite gets him into trouble. I've spent a lot of time in vacant lots, alleys, drainage ditches, and running around at night while being heavily embedded in skateboard culture. At these thresholds, you can also find coyotes, or at least traces of them and their activity. These spaces offer a sense of freedom, transience, and feel just outside of visibility. Places where *anything* goes. Coyotes can travel far distances by these, and tricksters can do tricks. No matter the activity, the evidence from both groups of inhabitants are scattered amongst each other. Chewed up bits of plastic, wood, bones entangled in fishing line, shells of fireworks, all blur the line of what actually took place and to where the evidence points.

Keywords: Sculpture, video, photography, drawing, dust, coyote, inheritance

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Spot Hunting

I'm out walking. Cold hard concrete is beneath my feet most of the way. The space I'm exploring today is a viaduct that cradles the Rouge River. It runs from Dearborn, Michigan all the way to the Detroit River where it spills out. It's very calm and quiet as I get further from the main road and deeper down along the banks of this ditch. No one is around. I can see signs of others having been here--shells of fireworks, fishing lines, spray cans, fabric, a lighter, and much more depending on where I veer off. Today I went because I heard that coyotes wander this ditch. It seems to make sense. It cuts through a very long distance backing up to all sorts of fields, businesses, lots, stores, woods, etc. It is a perfect highway for coyotes. A perfect source for food I imagine. It's perfect for maneuvering around areas that are typically populated during the day, and it offers an escape from them as well. This ditch is a refuge, and perfect for observing any visitors. Whenever I've seen a coyote it's always a surprise, and always something I come back home and talk about. Today I didn't see one. I rarely do. But today I came across something just as good, maybe even better. I found the evidence of one having been here. It's a confounding piece of evidence too. It is scat. Poop. But in it is something very mysterious and provocative. Lodged in the poop, are the remains of some kind of red, black, yellow, and green fabric. It appears as if the coyote had devoured something with clothing. The digested remains of possibly a *Pendleton* are bound and twisted around grey and white hair. The coyote had definitely come in contact with something domestic. Something human. Made by the hands of Man and ingested by Coyote. For me this piece of scat represents so much more. It is not only evidence of contact, or rough contact to be precise, but it also represents a spot where two worlds touch, where two intersect. It binds the two worlds together, ultimately revealing what occurs on the other side.



Figure: 01 *Coyote Encounter, Scat*



Figure: 02 *Tail, Scat*



Figure: 03 *Kickstand*, Scat



Figure: 04 *Hang On, Scat*



Figure: 05 *A Head, Scat*

Coyote

I started out looking for a coyote. A wild one would be best. I thought about times I'd come across them, always brief moments and then it'd be gone. I noticed traces of them in the same areas I had grown up skating, on the fringes of a city. The desolate spaces, the one's less trafficked. These were in the liminal spaces of the more common, everyday activity. Coyotes are often found roaming the same areas my friends and I were always in. This is that threshold of the city and wilderness, and the coyote thrives there. I wondered what this search might produce, and where the trail would lead. I hoped to find some evidence of a coyote interacting with something man made. I had watched one in captivity devouring a basketball and tossing it around. It was such a compelling sight. The object seemed charged in such a strange way, one that would cause a lot of thought if seen by anyone else. A gaping hole in the ball, spit and teeth marks all around it. The ball, covered in mud. Coyotes are pretty elusive, and knowing that one altered this object gave the basketball greater importance. Only because of what the object was, and what had its paws on it. This marked an official end to the object's function. Times up. A basketball and a coyote seen together, makes me think of a place, or an object out of place at least. It's as if the ball bounced over the fence and couldn't be retrieved because of what was out there. Or, Coyote came over. A basketball speaks of city and suburban areas. These just so happen to be frequented by coyotes. The ball chewing seems so foreign and makes the crossing of some boundary so obvious. Some-thing is somewhere it's not supposed to be. This reminds me of Joseph Beuys' use of a coyote in *I Love America and America Loves Me*. He used a coyote in a performance to talk about a now "lost" America due to Western expansion. The coyote shifted from being revered by Native Americans to unwanted pests by the land's new inhabitants. A chewed "domestic" thing becomes very potent when done by a coyote here. It shows the coyotes resilience during change, its independence, and its territorial nature. Coyotes will often leave scat in an area to mark their territory. It might be that the objects left torn by a coyote, are warnings of what's to come if you cross over onto their turf.



Figure: 06 *I Love America and America Loves Me*
Joseph Beuys



Figure: 07 *Rough Contact*, 2016



Figure: 08 Throwing *Rough Contact* sculpture off building

Rough Contact

I created a ball. It's nothing too spectacular, just a ball. It's about the size of a normal schoolyard sized bounce ball, or a basketball or something like it. The difference is that it is very heavy, which makes it more like a medicine ball. It's made from many different kinds of sawdust, sand, dye, lead, and a urethane rubber similar to what skateboard wheels are made of. Or like the sole of a shoe. I wanted this ball to function as a chew toy for the world. It would be activated out in the world, and through this activity slowly worn down. I was imagining the world as a type of shape shifter. It's a mysterious and potentially harmful creature. It is constantly transforming itself and it's inhabitants. The ball acts as a vehicle in one sense. Once I decided that I could use a ball as a vehicle to experience the world, I found that following this idea, or chasing this object helped me find and experience new terrain. When I play with the ball out in the streets or in the woods, it misbehaves. The ball runs and appears to have a mind of its own, or it just seems to get tossed and flung around by the environment in the same way I am throwing it around. This method of play or engagement in the world is a bit ridiculous. When I roll it, or activate it, I end up following and chasing it. It leads me along. This game gives me license to go anywhere it rolls.

While feeling that the world is in a constant state of devouring and deciding it would be nice to play with it in a way you play tug of war with a sock, it seemed very obvious that I would be putting myself "out there" as well. Informed in part by Gabriel Orozco's "yielding stone", in which the artist rolled a ball of plastecine equal to his own body weight around New York City streets. The ball I made is self reflective in another way. With no likeness or bearing on me in physical mass but instead a critique of the idea that a person could be solely understood through the material mass they occupy, my ball calls attention to the emotional and material imprint left behind. In this sense, the ball represents a number of materials that have left a significant impression on me—like sawdust and sand. This ball reflects a person traveling and moving through this planet, crossing landscapes and brushing surfaces all the while leaving a trail of activity and wounds suffered along the way. There is no functional need for this play and wandering around. The ultimate goal would be to wear the ball away, or at the least, to its center.

Inside this ball is some thing. This thing is protected. It's also supposed to keep me from harm. I asked my dad to think for a little while about what he would give me that would keep me from harm. It took him just a little while before he knew what he wanted to give me. He said he had to make it and it would take a couple days to get it. After he was done, he concealed its identity and whatever he had chosen was placed inside the center of this ball. "Remember that the father here hopes to keep his son from all harm."(Hyde 26) The problem now is that in order to get to this other "thing" protected in the ball, you have to confront the world and submit the ball and yourself to the potential of harm.



Figure: 09 *Rough Contact* in viaducts



Figure: 10 *Yielding Stone* Gabriel Orozco

Skate/Freedom

I've been looking a lot at how I engage a world of materials. Lately I've been paying close attention to the marks that occur from very subtle, repeated actions in an isolated area. Some I can't register right away, but over time as they accumulate they become visible. The marks left behind stand as evidence for activity and these indexes can be read to understand the forces that have caused them.

I grew up skateboarding in Detroit, and then travelled all over the country in pursuit of new spots to skate. The whole landscape was transformed by having a new lens to view through, where every place could be seen in terms of how it could be skated. This activity fueled a desire to always be "on the search" as well. I would always prowl around--sometimes with friends; sometimes solo, to find what was down alleyways, in courtyards, on rooftops. Skating gave me a sense both of adventure and exploration, community, and solitude. As I've spent countless hours investigating my artistic practice and learning why I approach materials the way that I do, the skaters outlook continues to surface and reveal new understandings.

I understand why skaters are often seen as pests. We could usually be found (if found) somewhere off limits. The whole process of skating can be rather destructive, so I see why it is so often frowned upon. But seen as a whole, the act of skateboarding is more complex than a property nuisance, but several fundamental action sites. One is what happens to the surface that is skated on. Whether it is a ledge, a rail, a bench, or simply the ground, all of these surfaces are slowly being worn away. Different elements of the board itself, along with the feet that are used to move it, all play a role in the landscapes degradation. The ground at a skate park can testify to this, showing higher concentrations of activity in and around more popular obstacles, while less inviting areas go mostly untouched. There are also unique responses from skaters to more urban environments that invite "street skating" (different from a skate park because the city invites someone to skate but is not made to be skated). In these settings, there is extensive travel by foot through all the nooks and crannies, and while this doesn't mean that everything is skated, or even could be, it does mean there are different levels of exploration. Also inherent in these physical transactions is the wearing away of the board, where the environment in turn, takes a toll on the skateboard itself, board and the surface marring one another. The ground is worn down, ledges are gouged and carved, and the board and its components are scarred and broken. The last recipient undergoing this wear is the human engaging in the act. Skating doesn't take place without a ton of error. It doesn't matter how proficient I am, my body is often greeted by a hard slam into the concrete. Sprains, breaks, blood, and bruises are all marks that the body of the rider endures, akin to the marring that the landscape and vehicle bear.



Figure: 11 Sweat print on ground

Objects/worn by time

Bit by a Window

I want to talk about 2 ladders, one from inside an old barn, and another from the beach. Each one led to a different place. Each ladder discovered at a different time, and each one climbed years apart from one another. The ladder in either place is actually not that significant. It's where it put me that helped shape this particular understanding that I now have.

When I was about ten or eleven years old I went with my dad and brother to stay at my great uncle's farm. It was a really cool place. He and his wife had a lot of property that had a bunch of rabbits on it. I don't really remember anything that they grew, or any other farm animals, but I do remember these really dirty, shaggy dogs that they had. We slept in an old trailer in his garage and one of the dogs would always come in and wake us up. Mosquitos too, kept us up through the night. My great uncle made little lead soldiers as a hobby. They were about the size of those plastic green army man toys, but they were cast lead and they resembled Civil War soldiers. I never remember them being painted, just raw material cast in the form. He was missing a couple fingers too but I don't know how that happened. He had an old musket gun that my brother and dad shot. It was insanely loud! There was also an old barn at the back of his farm that was falling apart. It wasn't full of very much, just holes! My brother and I decided to play hide n' seek one day. Of course the barn seemed like a really good place to hide. It was my turn to "seek" and I figured my brother would be hiding out in the barn. When I went in, it was very quiet. It was very still in the barn. The only thing present seemed to be light coming in from the open doors and some missing planks on the walls of the barn. There was a tall wooden ladder that went up to an upper balcony storage area. The floors up there were rotted through with many holes. I don't remember much of what was stored there, but there was enough to prevent me from moving through very quickly. There was a tight corridor of cabinets & propped up windows that I was trying to get by to see if my brother was hiding behind any of it. When I tried to squeeze by a large cabinet and not step through a big hole in the floor, I lost my balance & stepped my left leg right through a large, dirty old window. When I looked down at my leg to see if anything had happened, I saw a very clean, white gap in the skin in my shin. I had never seen a cut at that stage before. Before blood had a chance to reach the surface. I knew it was gonna be bad, the ladder I had carefully climbed minutes prior, I cleared by just jumping. The rest resulted in running to find my dad and uncle so I could get some green soap dumped on it and taken to a hospital to get stitched up.

The other ladder is at a beach. The beach has very light sand and is an amazing place to swim in Lake Michigan. Scrawled across each step of this ladder is the word "American". It climbs very high to the top of a slide. At the top of this particular slide is a wealth of information. This record has been accumulated over a long period of time. The

information has taken on the form of one discernable mark at this point, one cumulative butt print. Every visit has been recorded here, on this small wooden platform at the top of this slide. Each time someone has sat here, after climbing the ladder from the beach, sand is deposited off of the feet onto the platform. The visitor sits and slides forward. This action, repeated many times over, results in the quiet gnawing that you see here. It is a slow process, wearing away this space that connects this ladder to a particular action. This type of wearing exists in many forms, but this is made more visible because of the area that surrounds it. The sand is a major player, and so is the slide. Each of these ladders has a different draw, each exist in different environments, and each are part of very different events. But what these two help me to understand is that at the top of each, I contended with materials in very different ways, illustrating how my presence impresses upon the materials around me, and how they press back.



Figure: 12 Slide with butt print worn into wood

Materials and Processes

Walking, carrying, and dragging... that's the time to think.

Tracks. Tracks in the snow. Deer, mice, leaves, & helicopters.

- maybe the work I show is the trace of work, and not to be considered the actual work. Just evidence of something that has happened.

No longer interested in my tracks in the snow.

back forth back forth, back forth with the exception peeing.

Scanning. plains around me.

Wind, cold.

Dry leaves scratch each other.

Something running.... leaf across the surface

Deer. Mouse. mouse tracks in snow, a thin line from tail. they hop further than normal. Their activity is displayed so differently in snow.

Many little gifts. unexpected. discovered.

An instinctive gesture. material calls for it.

Printing a name in snow – a bead of breath on an old cactus shard. Pinched under the wiper for the drive home. 40mins later it still sits.

This sat for too long, frozen, now a broken shovel. Pykrete is strong.... Hard to dig, and very hard to move. Car pushes, my buddy pulls. Glad there was Styrofoam around.

Two 1000lb chunks. pykrete still. hardly affected by all of my clawing!

Scat. Plaid. Scat & plaid. Plaid in scat.
revealed by remains.

coyote

Excrement. Telling.

Enough.

showing.

telling of a process without

evidence. traces.

coyote contact. swallowed
possession

devoured. domestic.

Clothing.

It passed through.

bound up, much more remains.

Stuff not needed. No value. The body no use for it.

Coyote Dust

Exposed.

Caught out in the open. Alone, with light on you. You are spotted.

Spotted running. More like gliding across the ground.

Scurrying from noise to settle in a quieter
place.

The corners,

periphery,

only caught in the center by accident.

move out of the way.

I've heard stories of you in every place, moving freely, adapting to surface, nimble
and quick. As soon as I try to catch you, *you're gone*. You are quiet. Able to slip in
without notice, through fences and gates, cracks, lungs, and leap from Oklahoma to
the oval office! (Maybe site this – from Dust Bowl in America)

Piece making.

Piece breaking.

The tight pack is fractured. Cut. And you are found transient,

unable to get back together.

A **fuzzy appearance**. Don't touch. If I do, ruin.

Soft will bite.

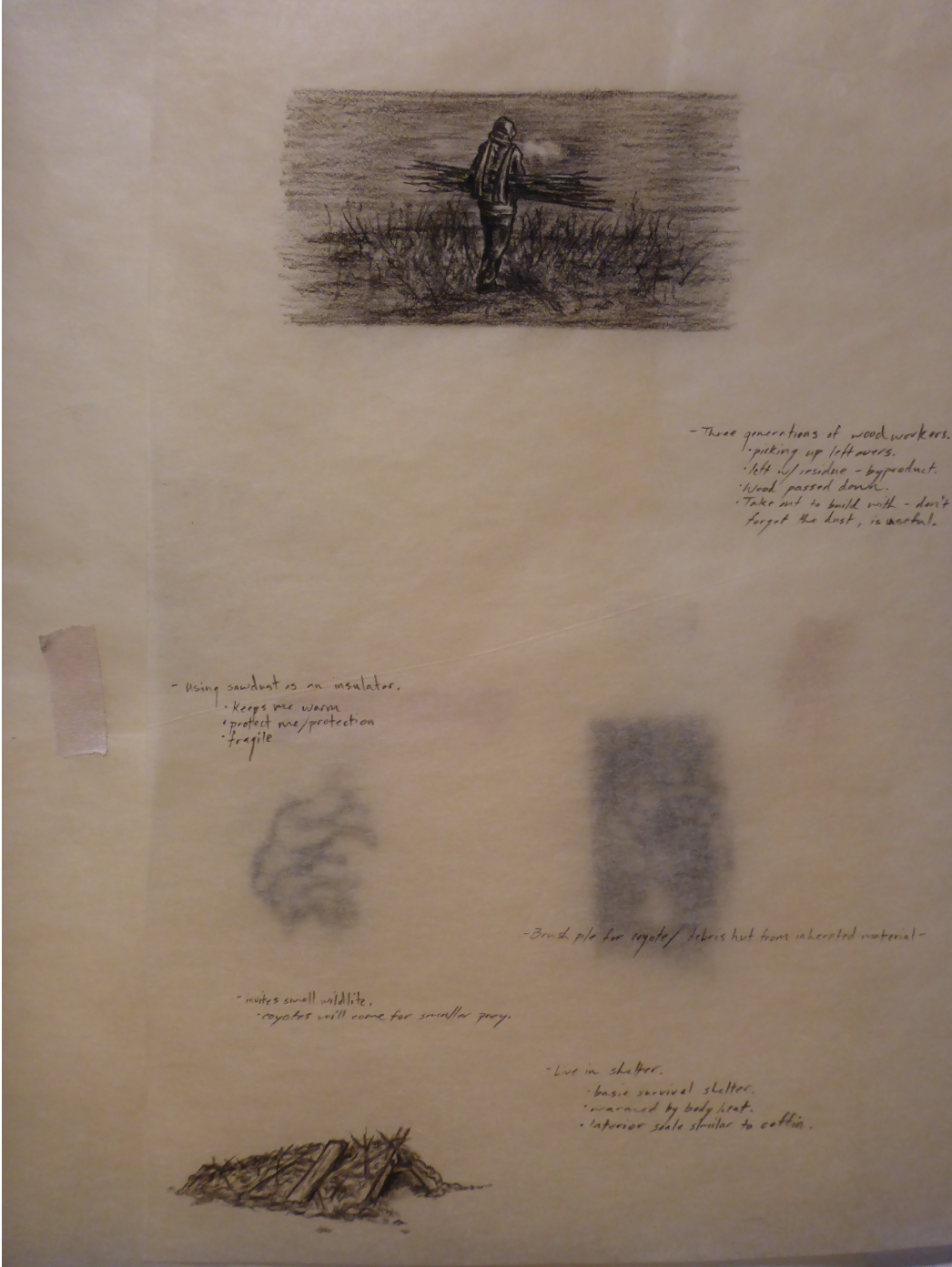


Figure: 13 Sketch for Inherited Debris work



Figure: 14 Carrying inheritance out to build a brush pile/debris hut

Sounds: Black-capped chickadee sounding off when I arrive. Wind blowing. Very quiet, but the sound of the snow beneath my steps becomes very clear. It almost squeaks. The load rattles in the car. It's wood that I got from my grandpa. He was moving out of the house he built, and into a place where he would have assistance if needed. He collected wood. There was always a project in the works, and when we cleaned out his workshop there was the skeleton of a grandfather clock in there. It had the brass clock mechanism and weights and was mounted in just the frame of what was to be the house for the clock. It never got finished and ended up sold for the parts. He gave me a lot of wood that day. I'd say, "whoa, this is beautiful... so rad" and he'd say, "you like it, take it". I didn't take that much. What I did take now rattles on its way to being dumped in a field. My car is packed full of what I had left after my first attempt. Half of my material got picked through in Detroit and most of the valuable material was swiped. That stuff was my Gramps, and then mine, now it was mine also. I'm realizing I could say that about all this material that I touch, or rather touches me, until moving on to it's next encounter.

Material always has history. If I can use that history to describe something, than that's what I'll do. I seek out the specificity in materials. I could use any bundle of wood to do this and it might do the same thing, but I'm not. I'm using a very specific bundle that speaks of an inheritance, something left over and given to me. Sawdust has presented me with an interesting struggle though. In it's case, it's not specific "dust", its just dust in general. It'd be too easy to sand down something nice, like the piano I got from that same move, and turn it to dust. This is not what I'm after here. Sawdust is my inheritance from two prior generations of woodworkers. However, no one really cares about dust, just me. I've come to terms with that, and it's an honest contention with a material on my end anyways. I'm not trying to be relevant, I'm just trying to dig deeper. I've decided to introduce a small sacrifice to sawdust and use it for shelter & insulation. From my perspective this allows a material such as sawdust, with which I have an emotional connection, to raise questions about the state in which I leave something for a future generation to deal with. This scenario also places sawdust as a material to depend on rather than neglect.

My dad has collected wood for a long time as well. This material has proven in some ways to be burdensome. I'm in the middle of getting rid of all of mine. It's functioning as a shelter, buried and insulated with sawdust, first for me and then most likely a future den for a coyote (or at least a potential food source for a coyote).

SHEDDING (Sawdust)

“Dust is what connects the dreams of yesteryear with the touch of nowadays. Indeed, dust is where faded dreams and touch intersect, where the blue horizon fades to grey.” “Dust itself may also be seen as the last breath of tradition.”

– Celeste Olalquiaga *The Artificial Kingdom*

Dust makes physical the elusive passing of time and is a signature of lost time. It is a fragmented reminder of something now gone. I created a scenario where I would become dependent on sawdust. It is an act that acknowledges those who have come before me, and what they’ve left behind. I imagined that it would be as if my dad and his dad were cutting wood in front of me while I collected the sawdust. I took all the wood they’d given me, and almost 1000lbs of sawdust and built a shelter with it. The shelter is modeled off of a basic survival hut. The interior space is tight and meant to be warmed by my body heat. It could be described as being roughly the scale of the inside of a coffin. But this coffin is to keep you alive. The hut’s interior and exterior was covered with sawdust that acted as insulation. I spent hours rolling around inside the shelter, packing myself in with dust and dyes and freezing all the while. The work ended up being a residual evidence of my physical contact with the material. These were shed forms after squeezing and applying as much pressure between the sawdust and my body as I could. They became a prosthetic of the emotional imprint left on me by the material. It was hard and taxing, and at the end of the day I would be cold, wet, and without strength. This process reminds me of an old story I read about a tracker out following the trail of his grandfather. The grandfather’s name was “Stalking Wolf” and he had prophesied how he would die by a “walk to the mountain”. During this walk the tracker picked up Stalking Wolf’s trail and followed him through a vast terrain in the southwest. When he finally found his campsite, he realized that this site was left as an obvious marker for the tracker to find. All that was left there under a mesquite tree was “the mound that buried the ashes from his campfire, and the place he had slept still yielded up the shape of his body”. (Brown 185) The tracker camped there for the night as well and in the morning he covered his tracks. The one thing he could not bring himself to do was erase the impression from Stalking Wolf’s body. “Grandfather could rest there – till the wind carried him away.” (Brown 185) Stalking Wolf had left this very obvious marker for the tracker to encourage him along the path. It was a reward, a way to entice a continued search. The shed sawdust objects I brought back from the campsite have the impression of my body as well, and are meant to instill an attitude of exploration even when you’re not present with the objects. However, I reflect on this story, as well as the work that I did, to be reminded of a type of shedding that takes place around a person’s activity. Sawdust is a shed from two prior generations of woodworking in my family. Written by impressions of my body is the evidence of my temporary dependence on it for protection. If dust can be seen as the last breath of tradition, the objects can be seen as an attempt to put tradition back together.



Figure: 15 Holding sawdust in *Inherited Debris*



Figure: 16 *Untitled; Sheds (Knee in sawdust)*



Figure: 17 *Untitled; Sheds (boot print in dust)*



Figure: 18 *Untitled; Sheds (Head in sawdust)*



Figure: 19 *Untitled; Sheds (Torso)*

Conceptual Process

“Materials do not exist, in the manner of objects, as static entities with diagnostic attributes; they are not awaiting the mark of an external force like culture or history for their completion. Rather, as substances-in-becoming they carry on or perdure, forever overtaking the formal destinations that, at one time or another, have been assigned to them, and undergoing continual modulation as they do. Whatever objective forms in which they are currently cast, materials are always and already on their ways to becoming something else.”

-Tim Ingold, *Making: Anthropology, Archaeology, Art and Architecture*



Figure: 20 Installed view of *Untitled; Sheds (Torso in sawdust)*

Cutting a hole in the ground is one way to catch a roadrunner. 1980 wasn't that long ago, long enough ago though. Long enough to see drastic transformations take place up to this point now. What I find very intriguing about a mark on a timeline defining a starting point is that it seems to imply a direction, at least in the way I was taught. The 80's start here X and moving in this direction →→→ we reach now, 2016. However this only really makes sense in this format, not if you consider someone's lived experience with new information. When I learn about a historical event, even though it was a past event, it is new information for me. This includes

technology as well. I find it necessary to appropriate older technologies to develop new ones today, but I also enjoy outmoded technology re-emerging in a new context to create a new dialogue around it, and be re-presented for rediscovery. It seems that the pace in which things are invented, and updated, or made “better” causes a rapid replacement of existing technologies, where some outmoded devices or technologies have been put to rest a bit soon and maybe did not realize their fullest potential. So I visualize what my ideal timeline looks like. It is more like a circle. The circle surrounds me (and everyone else) and allows me to wander around within it. This enables me to visit different points in history and offers the opportunity to discover things from the past, and at the same time look ahead, as if all my encounters were brand new. In some ways, this makes even some of the oldest things seem very new to me. This circular timeline has a mark where I entered, a mark where I leave, and many others that mark points in the past and events of the future. The meandering that goes on within this space slowly, and often unknowingly, transforms it. As I engage the material within this frame and am enticed by certain lures, I leave a trail behind my actions. I move things, collect things, buy and sell things, transform things, and destroy things. I also slowly carve a path into the foundation that I stand on and in some ways, permanently leave traces of my presence everywhere I’ve visited. By my searching, by merely moving, I am very slowly and quietly digging a hole into the ground.

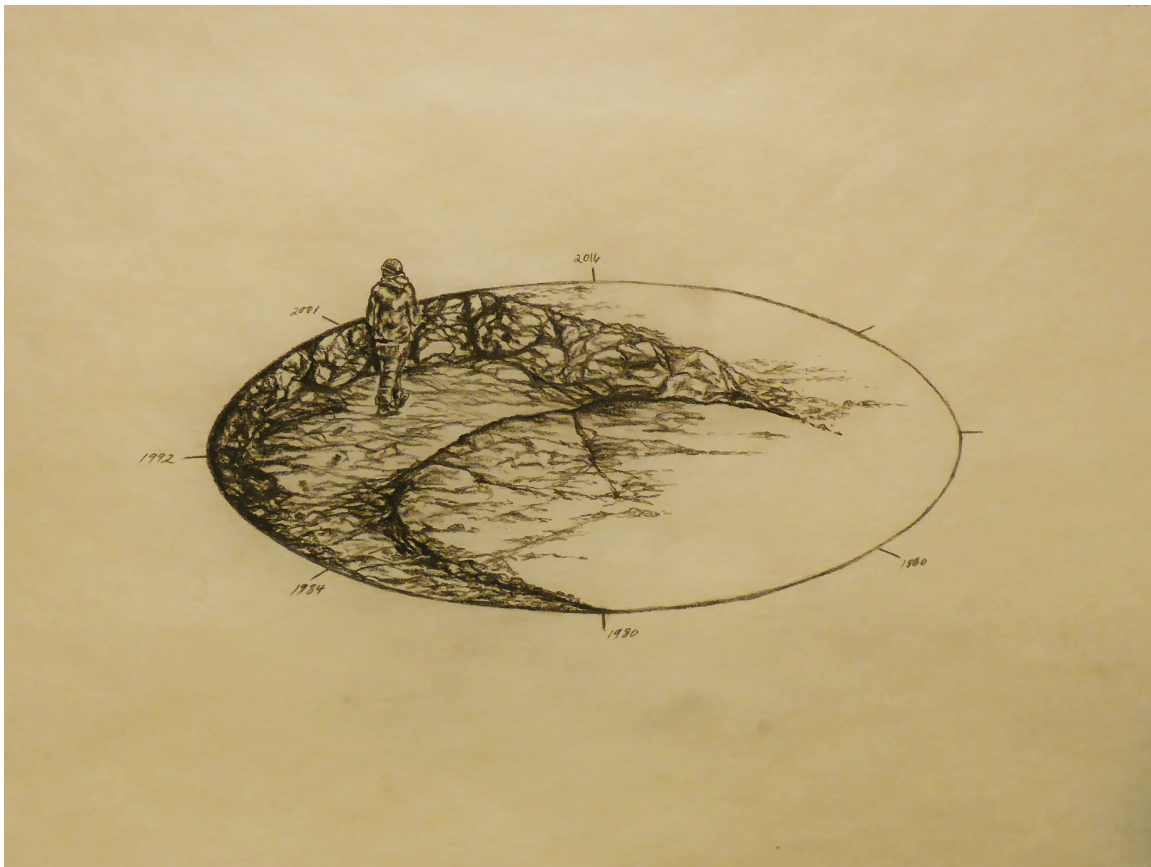


Figure: 21 *Timeline*

Process II: Navigating Space and Material

Friction & Abrasion: Materials subject to process

“No materials are solid, they all contain caverns and fissures. Solids are particles built up around flux, they are objective illusions supporting grit, a collection of surfaces ready to be cracked”. – Robert Smithson, A Sedimentation of the Mind: Earth Projects

“Energy is more easily lost than obtained”. – Robert Smithson Entropy and the new Monuments

Better at Breaking

I’m better at breaking things, and many have come before me. A small stone shows me this. Neutral looking stone, just a tan color, with little to its surface, which is smooth and flat. The stone could almost be a pebble it’s so small. It might be good to skip, but I just can’t throw it away. It has the shape almost like a painters palette and fits wonderfully in my hand. The form holds two divots, one about the size of my fingertip, and recedes toward the edge, the other the size of a BB. This stone is made up of sediment from once living things. Still very much alive, I hold it and rub it and look at the stone as if it still has something to say. This has been coughed up onto the shoreline of Lake Superior.

Superior is bountiful, yielding many stones. It is rough, cold, and very deep. This lake has swallowed many, including a geologist years ago while investigating some of the same sediment I hold in my hand now. There are many of these rocks washed up along the shore. No two are the same, from a distance sometimes similar, but upon closer investigation each is strikingly unique. I can’t keep them all, or study them all. If I could, I imagine they would all have something so different to say. The small one I hold now is overwhelming enough. Today it’s voice is louder than all the others, and for a time, the attention it demands drowns out even the crashing of waves, birds, and wind. It is the divot that has become a confounding feature on the stone. Superior has compressed this rock out of different types of sediment and then began wearing it down. As the rock was churned up and released from the floor of this great lake, the tumbling amongst sand, grit, and other stones has shaped it the way I see it now. The divot, so perfectly round suggests a bit of sand or grit circling in a confined area for some time. I imagine a grain of sand sat on the surface of this rock while being gently brushed around by the movement of the water. This divot reveals a place where sediment was unable to connect and add to the form. Instead it slowly and patiently began drilling a hole in the rock depleting and transforming it. Whether or not this is exactly what happened, the divot remains as a mark from contact between two objects. The stone I hold tells of being both made and destroyed by forces within this body of water.

I believe I’m in this lake, and like grit standing on a stone.

Sharpened Feet

Every step is a bite. Every movement, gentle or rough is a clenching and grinding between surfaces. I look down at my shirt where it covers my stomach. It expands and contracts as my breathing pushes and releases the fabric. The friction is almost unnoticeable, but I know it's there. Occasionally I'll shift my body, or take a deeper breath and the fabric covering my skin becomes more apparent. I feel it move. My awareness of this fabric moving is alarming. If I can feel it, I know it's being torn apart. This contact between my stomach and the shirt draped over it is slowly and quietly violating the material. Breathing, a necessary movement, that all other movements are dependent on, tears apart the clothing that covers me (shelters me). This doesn't happen in a discernable frame of time. I cannot watch it transform, only notice the traces along the way. A thinning area, translucent, and exposing. Holes. Loose threads. A tear. Skin showing through.

Moving down the body. The shoelace that holds up my pants sways back and forth. I walk, work, and play. It continues to swing. It swipes at the thigh of my pants, its small plastic tip taps my leg. The lace was white and new, bright and clean, until it joined my body to come along for a ride. Now dull, grey, and frayed it patiently waits to break and release my pants to the floor to trip me. Cruel. I should've left it alone.

For the feet, a rubber sole is supposed to be a cushion. It feels that way, is sold to me that way, and is a shield for a bit. It seems to work. Better it wear away than my actual foot. This rubber is soft though, and gets pierced by stones, glass, metal shavings, sand stuck in the tread, gum, and all types of other things. The rubber clenches and carries for a while. Some of these foreign bodies scratch and carve underfoot and the weight of the body and the moving of the limbs mark the terrain that is traveled. Every step is a bite. I chew and demolish the ground that supports me, and the dust "gradually coats the city, quieting its noise". (Olalquiaga 34) My skin calluses, rubs off, the gums recede, and a tooth falls out. The old thing, the byproduct, the worn thread, are all shed from movement, and it appears I'm better at breaking things.



Figure: 22 RAD: Sawdust Graffiti test



Figure: 23 RAD: Sawdust Graffiti test (following day)



Figure: 24 Sawdust paver experiment

Bust a Coal

I want to describe a piece of coal. In order to thoroughly do this I have to start with the ember. An ember is pulsing with life. It glows and because of this it seems to have power. A gravitational pull. Personally I could get lost in its visual complexity. The ember is vibrant and orange and will smoke occasionally and push a greyish-white ash off its surface. It compels the gaze. It is illuminated and well lit, with no trouble getting attention. If I sit close enough I can observe how it reacts to me. My breath, the movement of my body, and if close enough, even my voice effects it's energy. It responds to my presence. The harder I blow on it, or wave my hand at it, scream even, the more vibrant and lively it becomes. Sometimes the ember is so aroused it bursts into a flame, only to burn for a moment and settle back to its glowing form. It is no trouble giving this small ember my attention. It is beautiful.

The campfire responds the same way. Just think about it. What goes on around a fire? This is a place for partying, singing, laughing, drinking, talking, cooking, yelling, running, dancing, fighting, peeing, eating, spilling. It's a place for thinking, contemplating, chilling. All of this activity has a way of stirring up the coals. Each one a small, illuminated breathing spectacle. Even a single hot removed is hard not to look at, not to be captivated by. It steals attention. A small piece of sun that we can touch, and crush. So much power and life resides in even a single ember. It has a pulse, the ember breathes, sizzles, and whistles. It would give a song if i could understand its rythms. Think of your breath by the coals. BLOW ON IT.... Your lips feel the heat as if it's blowing back. The wave of a hand, a yell, a cough, perhaps even a blink? It responds to what's around it. The ember is motivated by the surrounding activity.

Imagine now the commotion that goes on around the fire. A boot rested on a stone around the perimeter. Some sand falls off and into the fire and snuffs a little bit out. A tipped beer creeps in. The cold wet liquid forces the fire in a different direction. LOUD SCREAMS. A song. Gusts off of dancing bodies, all make there way into the fire, pushing, pulling, and breaking the flames. And these are just a few, there's also weather, moisture in the air, the temperature, wind, location, let's just say everything. As the movement settles and the fire starts running low on material to consume, It dies out. All that movement, pushing, pulling the flames around, redirects the fire so frequently. Put out by sand, beer, a raindrop, a snot rocket, and all that singing n dancing, gently encouraging the flames to inch along the wood it's consuming. Constantly interrupted. Distracted. Not given peace, as a fire rarely sits still.

All this movement slowly crawling and cutting and carving it's routes along the wood. It is no longer illuminated. It is dull. Nothing to look at. It no longer demands our attention. In fact, almost the opposite, it is trash with nothing left to consume. No more fuel in it. However what makes up the coals form is all the activity that took place around it. Songs and shouts and spits and breaths all written in abstracted lines and forms, near impossible to read. The small remnant is no longer much to look at, it's not hot, or cool, or fresh or whatever, but it is a very specific record. No matter the spectacle of it, the coal still is what it is. A scabbed surface from very specific activity that fueled it's [own] making.

Something Written/Learning the In-between

Sawdust reminds me of clay in some ways. Only because if you squeeze it while it's wet, it holds its shape, forming to what surrounds it. When I was around 2 or 3 my dad was helping his dad build a cottage up on Thumb Lake in northern Michigan. We seemed to always be traveling between Cleveland, Detroit, and this cottage. Both my mom and dad are from Detroit, but moved when I was really young for some job that my dad got. We stayed in Ohio for about 8 years before returning back to Michigan. I was always representing Detroit though. I would get all my older cousins hand-me-downs that were always "Bad Boys" or "Tigers" related. I also got a batman shirt once come to think of it. My grandma also worked in the old Briggs stadium at a kiosk and would always get us "Tigers" pencils, erasers, hats, etc. So even though I liked the Cleveland Indians, I had to rep an outside team. It was cool though, it was a nice way to stand out a little. Plus in the mid to late 80's, Detroit had a "bad boy" reputation anyways, so my friends were always asking what it was like. I never really noticed much of a difference though. Whether I was in Detroit climbing a plumb tree in grandma's yard, up north digging up clay from under a tree, or in Ohio having popsicles under a dense overgrown weeping willow, I did what a kid does. I just played. Messed around. Got in a bit of trouble. I also made stuff, my brother and I both. We were always building ramps, pulling apart toys & transforming them, pretending we "owned" the neighborhood. We knew that neighborhood so well, all the hiding places, all the yards with big dogs, and all the quickest ways of hopping a fence. Man, even some of the bigger teenagers couldn't get us, not because we were faster, just because once we got over one fence in the neighborhood, we knew how to vanish, A lot of times we would get split up, but we would always show up back home. I still remember this image of a muscled up "teenager" rocking' a tank top in the dead of winter. The plows would push all the snow from the schoolyard up against the swing sets and we would always dig tunnels through them. One particular day we took a backpack full of our neighbor's rocks up there to put in our tunnels when the Rambo-like dude came out with his buddy and yelled "get off my snow hill", and he started running for us. That dude, all his muscles... he had nothing on us. We disappeared. At the cottage up north, my mom & dad were always busy working on the place, so my brother & I would just wander around with bb guns, bows & arrows, knives, you name it. It was rad! We used to hike far up this hill that was behind the cottage to an old skeleton of a tipi that was still standing. I always wanted to go there. It was so mysterious. I knew it was from another time, one that had left the area long before I came around. That place was so peaceful, with the exception of annoying table saws, hammers, and sanders that were always going. Something very vivid that I've held onto though was the sound when all the laboring would stop.... Quiet breeze, and what I'll always associate with that time & place, a black-capped chickadee. I loved those moments of calm. It was hearing that discernable difference that kept me away from a woodshop until I was in my 20's. There has always been tension between some type of fast momentum, and quiet or slowed down, contemplative moments. It was almost as if the noise allowed me to really notice the quiet, when the noise ceased. Maybe it's one of the reasons I'm now drawn to environments with such polarity. Maybe it's because of what one teaches me about the other.

Spot Hunting/Night Missions (Travel While You Sleep)

In 2003 I was invited to work at a skate camp in California. This was a camp where the city met the sky, and the awe of the natural landscape of Yosemite National Park merged with an activity that dwells largely in the city. The pace was different up there, just skating and chilling all day, and it's where I was introduced to wilderness survival tactics. We learned to sneak around in dead space, wandering in shadows, we made fire with sticks, built traps, camouflaged ourselves with mud, and slept only in debris huts. We also experienced an array of weird delicacies, eating Bobcat, bear, fox, rattlesnake, and an occasional ember from the fire. We often found ourselves toe to toe with bears too. They'd always come around and break into the rec hall to drink Red Bull and eat candy. A couple times they'd get into cars for cigarettes or spray paint, anything that smelled even remotely sweet. One hike through the woods revealed a perfectly preserved Kit Kat wrapper in a large pile of bear excrement. An electric fence that was supposed to prevent these break-ins became another spot for skaters to compete. Touching different body parts to it was always the dare. The presence of bears only added to our strange, displaced, wilderness-bound skate culture that seasonally reappeared to make that mountain loud. This camp still resonates with me and often emerges through my work. It was a spot for the city and the wilderness, and I carry it with me. The lifestyle there reminds me a lot of how and where I grew up. Spaces mixed with a little city and what seems to be untouched wilderness. Now I'm learning that I was most attracted to skating because of where it took me. The places where grass meets the concrete are where I'm most comfortable. These are the sites that feel closest to home. I was born into it. The travel, change of scenery, shifting sounds and cultural speeds, all enforced a feeling of perpetual transit. Riding a board or chasing a coyote are some ways of traveling through it, or getting back to it. All are ways of finding a new spot. The further you venture outward, away from populated areas, the better chance I have in finding a new spot, the untouched dead spots that are waiting to be awakened by activity. No grinds or scrapes from others. It feels new, like it is there, waiting for me.

Searching for the undented. Spot hunting is simply looking for spots. Searching for something that we could potentially skate. Usually the most exciting find is one that has no signs of previous skaters. Nothing shed from previous activity. This is exciting because it feels like you've stumbled on something new, it's a gift, and you're the first to get it. If it's a good spot, you know others will want it as soon as they see footage or photos, or even hear from word of mouth. This is a good position to be in. Inevitably the spot will get blown out if it's good enough to entice others. You want to keep this from happening too quickly. Ration the spot. In Barcelona, Spain this happened. Once a larger audience was exposed to how good the architecture was it became a destination that every skater wanted to go. It quickly became overpopulated with skaters from all over the world. Barcelona is still really good, but a lot of spots have since been ruined.

At night everything slows down in the areas I'm talking about. Businesses close and people leave. This is when you're free to roam around and investigate an area. A lot of times night is just for searching, but it's also a very productive time to activate a spot. This is when you can skate it without running into problems with property owners or

police (sometimes). The stagnant, dead space in a back lot of an industrial building can become a charged and energetic spot for skating. Generators come out, lights and cameras, and a huge crew of people. This all to session the place as long as possible, leaving only stains visible the following morning. The session often lives on through clips of footage and photos that highlight the most exciting things that went down, but you can also learn to read the shed skins of activity in these places. Left behind are signs of enthusiasm, pain, labor, and wildness. Heightened activity always has a moment of winding down, and is sometimes left visible only in the peeled off refuse left behind.

http://www.allaboutbirds.org/guide/Black-capped_Chickadee/id?gclid=Cj0KEQjwqNiwBRDnq93MioaqtKQBEiQAb7Ezn22HNBQO6oWO0ogWQMbts63ajVWVPbrUyUVKA9r0_zEaAs4D8P8HAQ

Inductive Logic: Thoughts on Thinking through “Play”

I used to play with bubbles. Not the kind you blow, but these were found, they formed all by themselves. I guess my parents were probably the ones to show my brother and I these bubbles because they were inside their waterbed. We were given the task of removing the bubbles from the mattress. What we would do is take the cap off near the foot of the bed and gently run our hands across the surface of the rubbery mat and push the bubbles to the mouth. We loved that this big blubbery balloon would burp and fart air out when the bubbles exited the mouth. But before we would get to this point there was the revelation of bubbles right when the sheet came off the mattress. We always hoped for a great display. Great continents. This is how we would play with the bubbles. To us, they were small islands, completely under our dominion. We identified them as similar shapes that we found on our globe, or the atlas, or the map we used to travel between Ohio and Michigan. We would work together, one on each end of the bed pushing the islands that we could gather in one direction toward the center of the bed. We would take what was fractured and place it all into one giant form. There were always a few stragglers though. We would have to very carefully & slowly scan the mattress for the tiniest bubble that had escaped our combing. Sometimes in doing this, it would cause the larger mass to begin breaking apart. We had to be careful, slow, and precise to put this mass back together. There was too much distance between them. Once the accumulation was completed, the form stood as one large oval in the center of the bed, it pretty much looked the same every time. It was as if the land mass had some inherent form and it always returned to it with a little help from us. Once this large form sat jiggling in the middle of the mat, my brother and I, with open palms & closed fists would start smacking the mat and breaking the bubble apart again. The little islands would scatter and we had no control as to how they would recede. They would shoot off in every direction and for a brief period we would both wildly destroy and reshape everything that we saw before us. Body slamming it, rolling all around on them, whatever it took. When we were exhausted, or felt the new continents were completed, we would begin the process all over again. This would happen a few times before the two of us were corralled to finish our job. So, our hands slowly combed the surface pushing all we could gather to the center again, and then over toward the spout, and with the small confirming voice of air escaping the mouth, our land was gone. This imaginary landscape was no longer contained, or no longer contained in a way we had any control over.

Play & Refolding:

I was about to take an abundance of wood that I had inherited from my grandfather out to build a brush pile. I decided I would take it all. Do something with it, and not let it sit hidden from the world and also to get rid of this accumulated mess. When I was putting the bundle together I had noticed a little padding stuffed into the top opening of an old decayed cactus that my grandpa had found. He was going to make

a lamp out of it or something. I broke the cactus open for the first time since I got it 4 years ago. It is amazing inside. I decided to hold this piece back and not contribute it to the brush pile. I just couldn't. Personally though, what was most exciting was the fabric I had discovered inside of it. It was nothing fancy, just an old bed sheet I think. It was torn in half probably and used as a rag in his workshop for a while. I'm guessing he stuffed it inside the cactus for some cushioning so the cactus wouldn't collapse in on itself. I had wanted to get ahold of some fabric that was my grandfather's for a bit now. I've used fabric as a matrix to build sculptures out of sawdust. The fabric's malleable properties guarantee a one of a kind form. I was hoping to use some fabric that had some history to it, not just something I buy or some type with a beautiful texture. I figured if the mold had meaning, the form it yielded would have a greater potency. Pulling this fabric out, I realized the cactus was holding this fabric in a particular balled up form. The cactus was its matrix and as soon as I pulled it from the shell, the fabric unfolded. It was a form left from the act of my grandfather pressing the material into the old decaying container. Now I had pulled that form apart. The fabric that had been in that ball for who knows how long was now draped off my hand and touching the floor. Scattered across the surface of this old sheet now were folds and creases in almost every conceivable direction. Like a map, it revealed all the evidence of the form that it was once in, without displaying the form itself. It had taken on a new form, and served as an instruction manual that told of how it could be put back together, only in a somewhat imprecise way. It seems nearly impossible to follow those lines of memory back to the place I had found it. Or at least, if I do fold it back to how it was found, I'll never really know it.



Figure: 25 Grandpa's fabric pulled from cactus

Game - Play it DUDE

Key Players: Time, Material and you.

Gaming Field: The field this game is played in is a large oval shape. It is pretty large, and your body and the other players fit in it easily. At the edge are jagged rocks and as you traverse away from it and toward the center, it's likely you'll be swept up by the current. It gets rough sometimes.

Levels: This isn't a roll the dice game, it is a little bit of a guessing game, or at least dependent on chance. You can get better at this, but it has to do with knowing where to look. You choose where you go in the field. The pieces aren't moving with you, but you are looking for the pieces you'll move with. There is no specific route to go from start to finish, or way to go back a few steps. If you do find yourself moving backwards, it's still a new route.

Strategy:

Set out walking, here's what to do.

- Find something unidentifiable.

- Unidentifiable is only crucial at first glance. This will warrant further inquiry.

That's what you want. A little uncertainty.

- it's ok after some investigation that you discover it's origin. (Origin meaning material, process, previous function, place, etc.)

- It is better however to not know all of these. One or two will allow it a better standing in this game.

- upon finding something exhibiting this level of mystery, it will be important to stay aware of the following questions coming to mind. These will help measure whether or not they can enter the following stages.

1. What is this?

2. What was it?

3. How was it *made*? Or, what *happened* to this?

- all of these three questions are allowed answers, but again, only after some pondering.

- Keep in mind also that just because you find something that fits the criteria, it might not to someone else. Someone else might know immediately. It's hairy I know, and will get fuzzier!

- This is a good spot to introduce *intention*. To avoid an immediate understanding by some unforeseen informed player, you may have to intentionally alter it in some way. Be careful not to impose something uninvited though. It should be subtle, considering the way it was already *going*. The point is to find the game pieces and *walk* with them. There may be some temptation to make it resemble something else. I'd be careful with this, unless that is the direction it was headed. If this is done, when not warranted, it will become disguised, and though it still falls into the criteria, it might not be recognizable as such and expel it from the game.

- This is the game anyways, and you are the player. Your imagination is required.

-at some point in this game, someone might ask you, what it is about. This will be a very strange question and seem a little out of place. Ask politely that the question be removed from the field because there is no time for it. It is for another game, with another field.

To get back to the question pertaining to what it is about. It's not about, you were there and so was it, it intervened and so are you intervening.

-In the game, you'll become a material's force to reckon with. Don't worry about that though. It was getting all jacked up anyways. Don't treat it with too much respect, respect the field, but not the pieces.

-Don't just bring something back... "oh look what I found on my walk". Who cares? You've stripped it of discovery for someone else. Let there be a feeling of discovery within the object, you may have to introduce that, don't point it out, but allow it to be known. Make a person ask, what happened here! If you get really good, you might find yourself asking that same question. Oh yeah, never bring it back the first time. Leave it, find out if the desire for it is strong enough to get you to go find it again.

Why? Why would anyone play this game? Everyone already does. Which field?
Did you know paper comes from a tree? What an amazing disguise!

CONCLUSION

“The Navajo have a number of motives for telling Coyote tales. At the simplest level, the stories are entertaining; they make people laugh; they pass the time. Beyond that, they teach people how to behave”. – Lewis Hyde

“The story stirs up a fantasy of amusing disorder; as medicine, it knits things together again after disorder has left a wound.” – Lewis Hyde

I realized that chance played a huge roll in the process of making this work. It became an opportunity for me to let contingency work toward my favor, and the *find* was most exciting for me. The conceptual aspect of my work motivated me to set up a scenario, and trust that everything else would come from that. When I decided to trail a coyote, it was because of the little bits of evidence I was finding and the stories they told. Most importantly however, are the stories other people construct. These cannot be predicted, they simply become another person's. It is for the audience, and they own it. I loved these discoveries because of how they anchored me to the liminal spaces I feel most at home in. They were bits of encouragement, to keep up the search and spend more time at these locations. It taught me how to better enjoy the discoveries I made, and how to record them for others. With just a hint of information, twisted in excrement, sprawled across the surface of a ball, or textures and wrinkles pressed in dust; a wealth of discovery can be made.

I believe my work can help instill a different pace for a viewer. One they carry with them. A pace that allows for a pause when discovering a butt print worn into the top of a slide. My work helps to see the process of a material's degradation as a record of all types of activity going on around it. All my work speaks of shedding. They are like scabs from movement and activity, and objects that a person's activity sheds. It points directly at that. It is artwork as evidence, a shed of time and a materials transformation through it.

Moving forward I'll produce a larger collection of sawdust sheds. I think this part of the exhibition can develop further alongside the coyote scat photographs. I want to exhibit these in more venues and would also like to experiment with putting on an exhibition of them independently. I want to have total control over how they are seen. I feel that it would be a richer experience if each object were only shown once, then transformed or replaced for another viewer. This will create a unique situation for every visitor. No two people will see the same thing. It's a way to recreate that feeling of transience you get at the spots I frequently investigate. This is something I'd like to really push, not letting the space or exhibition ever feel like it's stagnant. I think that the thesis work can actually be separated and shown as different bodies of work also. With this said I'm going to create a very minimal show with the ball and video as one installation. I plan to show these works around a little bit and apply for a few fellowships and residencies with them. The context(s) for my work are flexible, and adaptable, but I've got a vision for a special place for work to go. This is an extended effort from my past involvement with running a space in Detroit. I'm not sure yet where this will take place, if it will even be in Michigan, but I've been thinking about creating a large concrete slab that could become a site for work. I'm interested in this because of how as skaters we would transform a large unoccupied slab for skating. It was not hidden, had no walls, but

was still a defined space that became alive with activity and obstacles. I think a slab space like this could become a rich context for not only my work but other events and artists as well. It would feel very finished and unfinished at the same time. A mysterious slab that's left from some demolished structure, or one still waiting to be built upon. It's a site/sight that's new and old simultaneously. The environment surrounding it is always considered, but the platform allows for a feeling of separation as well. It has a perimeter line that defines it as separate, but visually would be part of the same landscape. This large slab would be defined as outside and inside and slowly collect the marks shed and materials from activity of both planned and unplanned activity. It would be a free place, where any material can go, messy or minimal alike. It would most likely be temporary, but a worthwhile endeavor nevertheless.

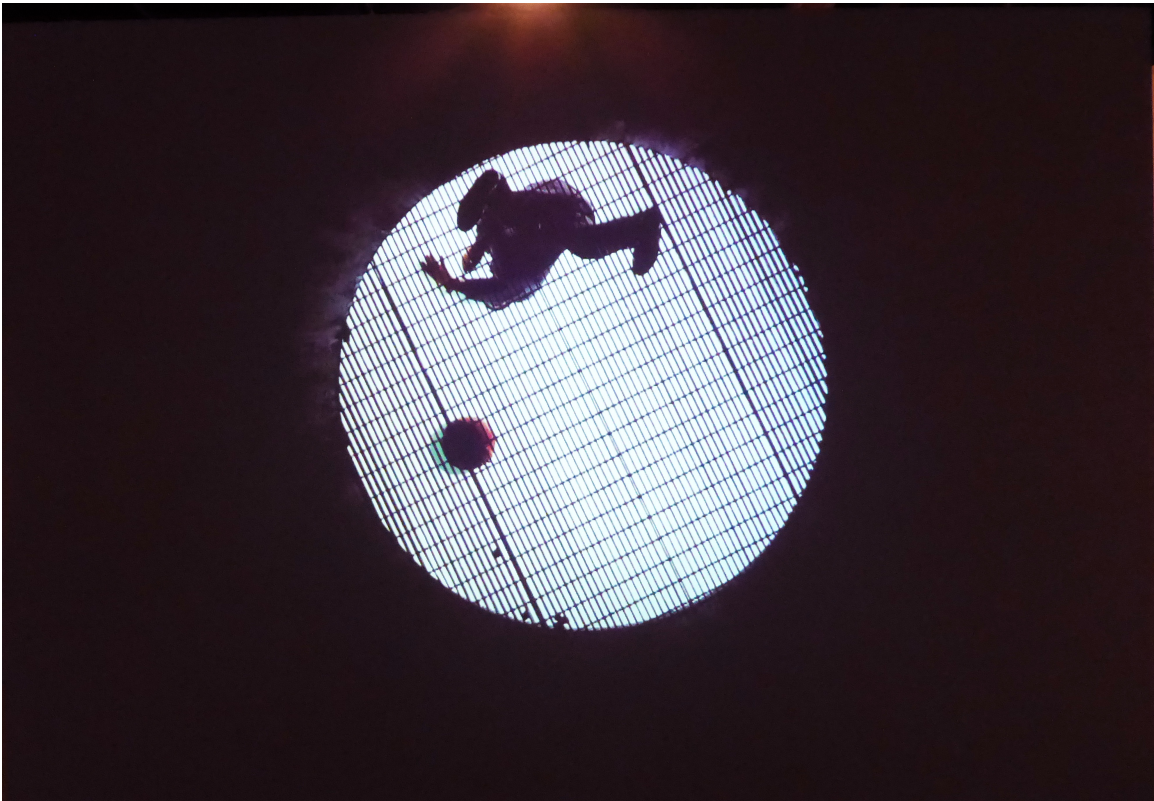


Figure: 26 *Breaks This World* installation shot

Artistic Influences

Adrian Villar Rojas is an Argentinian artist who often uses unfired clay to produce large-scale, temporary works. His work investigates the fate of the planet, using the earth itself. In it though is a more futurist perspective. It reveals what might be found in some strange, after-earth landscape. Clay depictions of a whale, broken up monkey faces, a donkey, some kittens, the legs of Michelangelo's David, and much more are scattered along shelves in his shop. In these works he doesn't just allow them to fall apart and resort to that tragic state, but he attempts to infuse life back into them. With potato plants growing from some sculptures and water bottles pouring life into a clay version of Kurt Cobain, Villar Rojas knows they are doomed to fail. I am very influenced by how he approaches the construction of a "body of work", one that doesn't live very long. My work has a similar approach in its longevity. It acknowledges and utilizes entropy in the objects I make. In a similar way as well, my work has a later moment of "life" to look forward to. This exists in the discovery of a hidden object concealed in another, putting back together the refuse of labor, and finding a hidden narrative from the death of something. My work is more discreet and is at a scale that would be easy to travel with in a backpack, under my arm, or in my pockets.



Figure: 27 Adrian Villar Rojas Kurt Cobain

Francis Alys is an artist based in Mexico City who often 'toes the line' between poetics and politics. His work *Paradox of Praxis #5* from 2014 is especially interesting to me. In it Alys kicks a ball of fire through the devastated Ciudad Juarez. Recorded on video, he wanders through the night while the flaming prop remains suspended amongst darkness. He kicks it all over the landscape drawing an imaginary map of the city. This work speaks of a destruction that does not appear to be going anywhere. I've employed a similar method in taking sculptures out into the city to introduce an act of destruction. I love engaging the streets with odd behaviors because of aspects of unpredictability that are introduced. My actions are much more mundane than a flaming ball which draws a lot of attention. The work I do is more covert and subtle, and does a very good job of blending in with what might be misconstrued as normal. The spaces I go are traveled less as well and provide a quieter atmosphere for the activity I infuse in my objects.



Figure: 28 Francis Alys *Paradox of Praxis #5*

Astroturf Constellations (2012) is a work by artist Gabriel Orozco where he collected (and photographed) almost 1200 pieces of debris left on a gaming field. He would throw boomerangs there and started to notice all the fragments from previous visitors that were left around. They showed traces of tension between culture and nature in their eroded state. Orozco typically works in response to his environment, and I do the same. I've also used the places I skate in a city as platforms for exploration. Orozco's boomerang has brought him to certain locations that inspire immense collections of work. I've allowed for my intrigue in searching for new places to skate, to transfer into searching for spaces that will inspire work. It's become a new activity for me, going out searching.



Figure: 29 Gabriel Orozco *Astroturf Constellations*

Simon Starling's work *3 Day Sky* is very interesting to me because of its use of energy. In the work Starling collected 3 days worth of energy into batteries through solar panels. He then used the energy in the battery to power a paint gun used to spray blue paint on the ceiling as part of the *Quick and the Dead* show at the Walker Art Center. The viewer is presented with a partially painted area of the ceiling. When the energy died, the process stopped. The obscure blue spatters are linked to time, depleting energy, and a place. This is very vague based on what is presented, blue paint above you, but is still very linked to a very elaborate process and potent source of energy. With some of my work, it's very hard to see the complexity of the process, but is still charged with the line of activity leading up to the object.



Figure: 30 Simon Starling *Three Day Sky*

Chris Burden's use of his own body excites me in his work. He describes a revelation he had once when he realized he didn't have to make things necessarily, to make art, but he could just do something. He's put his body against many things, a bullet, nailed to a car, inside a locker, and across broken glass. He also puts endurance to the test in *Death Valley Run 1976* by crossing Death Valley on the smallest motorized vehicle on record. I don't tend to look for records to break in the way I physically engage a space with my body. I am however very aware of some of the danger that could come from spaces I choose to enter.



Figure: 31 Chris Burden *Death Valley Run*

Pierre Huyghe is an artist I really look up to because of his diverse range of materials and processes in his work. You don't typically find him using materials that would be considered "art" materials. He uses animals, prehistoric and volcanic rock, the flu virus, and a lot of process that speak of excavating or unearthing something. In *The Roof Garden Commission* he calls attention to the tiles people are standing on by both exposing what is under them and he even points to what most of the city's skyscrapers are on with a large chunk of schist. Under a floating lava rock, a small eel-like lamprey moves small pebbles around. I'm interested in how he exhibits, treating the exhibition more as a beginning of an idea than the end of a studio process. The work thought of in this way can only keep moving forward and doesn't seem to reveal it's end point, if there is one.



Figure: 32 Pierre Huyghe *The Roof Garden Commission*

Bill Shannon, aka “Crutch Master” is incredible to watch. By the use of his degenerative disability, Shannon has become one of the most fluid dancers, street performers, and skaters out there. He is mesmerizing to watch and makes you question the crutch, calling attention to prejudices and what it is to be disabled. The way he uses an extension of his body; to flow through the city and produce movements that aren’t typical for a body to display while just “walking” down a street, is unbelievable. The use of architecture in my work and my history with skateboarding emerges when I deploy my body out into the world. My movements are not at all like Shannon’s, but are more discreet and slow, however his ability helped me to think more about my body in movement.



Figure: 33 Bill Shannon *Crutch Master*

Jacqueline Salmon's photographs are extremely provocative. She has many series of photography that look at gritty spaces. Some of these sites consist of vernal ponds, prisons, ruins, or construction sites. I find that a lot of these sites are the types of locations that I would end up in when I refer to "spot hunting". In Salmon's work these spaces become a vantage point from where one should look, and are like a lens themselves that reveal some of the hidden grittiness that occupies every space.



Figure: 34 Jacqueline Salmon *Lones Photo series*

In Dana Sherwood's *"The Wild and the Tame"* she uses elaborate displays of snacks to invite wildlife to come feast on. Her work is found to be a boundary-line between the wilderness and the domestic. Sherwood uses trail cameras to document the interaction between the wildlife and the delicacies. There are a wide variety of visitors too. She has made picnics for raccoons, deer, foxes, and much more. I found similarities in my search for both something domestic that had been devoured by a coyote and my attempts to lure one with an abundance of wood.



Figure: 35 Dana Sherwood *The Wild and the Tame*

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