Spring 2012

Art from the outpost, field notes, new territory, and the invisible hamster

Dymphna De Wild
James Madison University

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Art from the Outpost, Field Notes, New Territory, and the Invisible Hamster

Dymphna De Wild

A thesis submitted to the Graduate Faculty of

JAMES MADISON UNIVERSITY

In

Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements

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Master of Fine Arts

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Abstraction

The outpost installations I create reveal my choice to be inventive with mostly found materials that I discover on my walks. Calling myself an artist-archeologist, I write down field notes as I collect my art-bound specimens and make a descriptive inventory for each of the works. I often surprise my viewers (and myself) by creating something fabulously strange and compelling with things that were cast aside. I hope to increase my viewers’ abilities to find beauty in these forgotten and trashed items and to generate an innovative dialogue and an outside-of-the-box way of thinking.
On a rainy evening in October 1998, I arrived at the Efteling, a fairytale amusement park in the Netherlands, where I had previously gained permission to take pictures of the newly designed entrance building with its series of peaked roofs that resemble witches’ hats. I turned into an almost empty parking lot; yet, right in the middle of the entrance, an empty tour bus was parked. While walking up to the entrance to tell the guide I had arrived, the rain came down harder and harder and I was thinking of rescheduling my photo shoot. Then people started to come out of nowhere and quickly crowded onto the bus. In less than five minutes the area was again deserted and I watched the now distant bus turn out of the parking lot. I returned to my car, found an umbrella, and decided to set up my large format camera and shoot just a few pictures of the entrance. Meanwhile the rain turned into drizzle and then stopped altogether. I became aware of a faint light on the left of the entrance building. Looking through the lens to sharpen my view, I saw the clouds moving around and slowly opening up...for a full moon to appear. I stayed captivated until midnight, while the moon passed through the sky from left to right and I captured its path on film.

In my work, I allow time and space for happy accidents and inventiveness. “Art based on the ‘found object’ relies on the conscious exploration of chance in finding the medium for the work.”¹ The qualities of flexibility, spontaneity, and patience have always been a part of my creative process. I let the materials guide the result rather than following any preconceived ideas or plans. The artist Nam June Paik said, “I don’t like to have complete control - that would be boring. What I learned from John Cage is to enjoy every second by decontrol.”²

Over and over, I am enticed to develop and then present a mysterious quality in my works. Albert Einstein stated, “The most beautiful experience we can have is the mysterious. It is the fundamental emotion which stands at the cradle of art and science.”³ My process-oriented

¹ Laurie Schneider Adams, Art Across Time (New Haven: Calmann & King Ltd., 1999), 860.
approach to art-making often leads to unexpected surprises and concoctions, like Man Ray’s radical 1920s photographs that “…play into a larger vocabulary of the surreal in which the psychological is basic to their effect.” My sculptures suggest a system, a utility, a function, and perhaps a scientific, alchemic (magical) application. (Fig. 1, 2) I see in my work similarities to the Surrealists’ and Dadaists’ absurdity and whimsicality. Duchamp’s avant-garde ready-mades and the esoteric measuring system (*The Three Standard Stoppages - Invisible Meaning, 1913/1914*) he devised required viewers to develop more sophisticated means for confronting art, and to bring more of their own imaginations to the conversation. (Fig. 3) The unexpected and unconventional nature of my works also challenges viewers’ perceptions and invites them to make personal sense of what they are seeing. “To make something ‘surreal’ demands the attempt to find that condition, so that one literally constructs an image (or sculpture) for its effect rather than its substance.”

However, each viewer cannot resist the attempt to make sense of my works, viewed through the lens of his or her own life experiences, so the surreal qualities of my works serve to capture viewers’ attention and draw them into creating meaning and sometimes, new narratives. Through Surrealist techniques of de-constructing, re-constructing, appropriating, cutting-up, fragmenting, assembling and distorting, I attempt to discover a new balance within a precariousness of parts and to create a tension between the handmade and mechanical-made. (Fig. 4)

A legacy of the Surrealist artists working just after the turn of the 20th century, the 1960s *Impoverished Art* or *Arte Povera* developed not as a movement but as a mood common to certain groups of artists in Italy and the U.S. *Arte Povera* also developed out of the minimalist movement, and it was characterized by a *Post-Duchampian* aesthetic. Artists adopted a “back to nature” approach, not interpreting nature as naturalists do, but meaning that anything can become an expressive material, as long as it is used conceptually. I employ this aesthetic in my work and I am more concerned with process than with creating a finished product that could be sold as such. As an artist-archeologist I attempt to organize my *objets refusés* in ways that lead me to discoveries and explanations of the magical and marvelous qualities of my materials. Like a scientist, I make field notes as I collect my art-bound specimens, and I create a descriptive

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5 Clarke, 195-196.
inventory for each of my works. (Fig. 5, 6) It is my nature to work systematically and
accountably, so the persona of the archaeologist denotes the care with which I make every
aesthetic choice. (Fig. 7 - 12)

There are similar notions in my work as in the slick, surreal work of contemporary
installation artist Sarah Sze. (Fig. 13) Her careful arrangement of readily recognizable, store-
bought, factory-made items “are not put forward as art in their own right. Rather, they are pressed
into service as components in artworks, where they perform a role that takes them out of the
system of uses to which they are ordinarily put.”7 Critic Amada Cruz refers to Sze’s work as
“plastic fantastic landscapes.”8 Sze has said that she uses her large-scale commissioned
installation sites as temporary studio spaces due to the works’ intricacy of construction.9 For my
thesis exhibit, after gathering objects and working with them in my studio, my friends (my crew)
and I transported the delicate elements of my works to the Sawhill Gallery, so that I could use my
own visual vocabulary to construct the final works, in situ, as a conversation between the objects
and the space.

8 Amada Cruz, Elizabeth A.T. Smith, and Douglas Rushkoff, Sarah Sze (New York: Bard College
9 Norden and Danto, 8.
Wanderlust

When I was about eight years old, growing up in the Netherlands, my father would occasionally organize an early morning expedition for my sister and myself to a nearby forest. The evening before the adventure took place we would fill our red-and-green-checker-board backpacks with peanut butter sandwiches, a few carrots for feeding the wild deer, flashlights, a cheap pair of plastic binoculars that we would share, a book titled “What Grows in the Woods,” a block notebook and pencil, a pair of tweezers, a small collecting box, two whistles on cords that we would wear and could use to rescue ourselves from dangerous animals and unfriendly people, if needed, and last but not least, a box with bandages in case one of us tripped over a tree root (usually me).

On the morning of the expedition, the alarm would go off at five o’clock and we had to move fast to beat the coming first light of the day. Dawn was the best time to get a glimpse of the animal world, and the time when spider webs were just becoming visible. Warmly dressed in old clothes, with our red woolen hats à la Cousteau, and wearing our plastic faded yellow boots, my dad drove us slowly over the bumpy, muddy road that brought us deeper into the forest. When we arrived at our destination, it usually would drizzle and a soft wind would move our frizzy hair in front of our eyes. We often did some quick stretching and breathing exercises to completely wake up then we put on our gear and set out on our journey. The total quietness would get interrupted by sudden sounds of crunching leaves and whispering voices, surrounding us on our path. Then my dad would gesture with his arm and we would all freeze, abruptly…and see our first deer.

The appreciation for exploring new territory has become a well-integrated part of my life, and it is certainly an ingrained American characteristic. At age twenty-one, I left my native country for San Francisco; and later, I lived for a decade in a small town close to Antwerp in Belgium. Today I am dwelling in rural Virginia. My wanderlust has not gone away but it has shifted from a global to a local desire to roam around, resulting in long walks in my American neighborhood. As Lucy Lippard wrote: “North Americans are famous for wanting to know what lies over the next hill. From the spiritual journey or mythic quest to the more mundane search for land, job, or peace and quiet, mobility has been more American than stability.”

During my walks, I collect small, humble, discarded objects just as I did on my childhood expeditions. My sense for gathering objects was heightened after reading William Davies King’s *Collections of Nothing*. “The widely shared impulse to collect comes partly from a wound we feel deep inside this richest, most materialistic of all societies, and partly from a wound that many of us feel in our personal histories. Collecting may not be the most direct means of healing those wounds but it serves well enough. It finds order in things, virtue in preservation, knowledge in obscurity, and above all it discovers and even creates value.”\(^{11}\) Like King, my collections “help[s] me [us] see the world anew and recognize rarity and richness in the things of common life.”\(^{12}\) I too try to find order, integrity, value, and warmth in the objects I gather. However a paradox exists in my works: Even as I elevate the status of found objects into components of art works, attracting notions of respect and preservation, my works are as ephemeral as they are playful. (Fig. 14, 15) I take them apart and reuse pieces over and over. With my childhood’s treasured objects nearly 7,000 kilometers away, in my parents’ home on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, I am left with my recalled sensations and memories, and whatever new treasures I acquire. Perhaps it is due to this lack of tangible evidence from my earliest years that I am stimulated to become inventive and experimental in creating an imaginary homeland for myself, with the help of my newest discoveries.

Unlike the urge to move or to identify with place, Lippard suggests that today, there is the kind of *placelessness* caused by complete disinterest in exploring territory. “…there are teenagers whose daily routes run from home to school to mall to television. They have never climbed the hill immediately behind their town, and there are children who have never gone the few miles from their homes to the sea.”\(^{13}\) In contrast, my wanderlust keeps me from becoming placeless.

\(^{12}\) King, 97.
\(^{13}\) Lippard, 44.
Movement

My sister and I would spend our summers at one of the lakes in Friesland, a northern coastal province in the Netherlands. We would transform our small rowing boat into a sailing boat by putting up a large vertical pole and fastening it with wires and ropes to hooks on the rim. We used our windbreaker jackets as sails and off we went. Usually the wind would pick up once we entered open water, blowing the boat across the lake at high speed. In no time, the boat would hit the shallow waters off the shore of one of the nearby small islands and we would disappear into the tall reeds, giggling all the way. Waiting for the wind to change directions or to slow down enough to make return possible, my sister and I would walk to our outpost, a tent-like structure with some boards added on the outside for extra support. We would play cards, read books, or saunter around the island picking up odds and ends.

Over a period of thousands of years, uninterrupted periods of rising and receding sea levels affected the Netherlands. Bordering the sea and mostly under sea level, these lowlands would be covered by floods temporarily or would vanish under the salt water altogether, no longer existing at all. In this watery process of coming and going, layers of sediment would form, hiding the past’s testimony. My works, especially my drawing habits, exhibit a similar sense of contraction and expansion that relates to the high and low tides of the sea. Sometimes my drawing is visible and other times it disappears, when I purposefully erase lines and draw them again. (Fig. 16)

When I read James Lord’s description of Alberto Giacometti’s working method, in which Giacometti demolished and repainted Lord’s portrait many times, I instantly connected with this Swiss artist’s way of working.14 By constantly reworking and reusing my materials, I relive history; and by incorporating kinetic parts, I try to give my works new energy and new identities. (Fig. 17) By using and repurposing mainly found materials, I realize the political and environmental subtext that is present in the work. To challenge my inventiveness, I savor the environmental practice of recycling versus working with expensive, new materials. Beyond these qualities, my work has more to do with surprising its viewers by creating something fabulously strange and compelling with things that were cast aside, as does the artist Leonardo Drew with his

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constructions of plywood, furring strips, old leather straps, rotting fabric, and encrusted paint buckets (Number 135, 2010).

It is the playfulness of the process and the results that fuels my drive to create.

I remember one of my sister’s discoveries on the far island being a heavy metal triangle that perhaps belonged to the earlier hunters, farmers, or fishermen who were living in the north during the Bronze Age. Before dykes were built there, this area consisted of extensive marshes, lakes and peat swamps that were covered by the sea during storm tides. To protect themselves from floods, the wetland inhabitants built artificial mounds to live on. These hills, also known (in Dutch) as terpen, could be up to 15 meters high, so that they isolated the people and their animals from their surroundings and the rest of the world. These mound-dwellers negotiated reality living on the margins of society and I feel that I am inspired by this in my work as well. From my self-defined outposts, I share my inventions with the art world.

When I look at the healing machines made by outsider artist Emery Blagdon, I see a kindred spirit. He worked with bent wire, copper, aluminum foil, plastic beads, minerals, magnets and wood. Believing himself capable of heightened sensitivity to magnetic and electrical fields, Blagdon’s intention was to channel the Earth’s energies for healing. Like him, I work spontaneously and obsessively with mostly found materials, using relatively simple construction methods. I consciously strive to evoke feelings of curiosity, so that spectators must set aside the concerns of everyday life to actively engage with my world.

Just as my sister and I resourcefully attached our jacket-sails and worked to construct our island-shelter, and made them pleasing to our eyes, I examine each of my sculptures from the inside out, imagining possibilities, scrutinizing every joint and intersection. My sculptures are visually balanced and they appear familiar, believable and even functional. Yet on closer inspection, they present a vulnerability and an awkwardness in their chaotic and haphazard construction.

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16 Umberger, 203-223.
This past June I accidently rediscovered the puppet theater my father made for my sister and me when we were children. In my seven-year-old niece’s bedroom, hidden behind a heap of clothes and stuffed animals, this theater fell forward when I tried to close a window. As I looked at this familiar structure that was made out of wood with two flappable sides and a painted rural scene on a back panel (that amazingly was still in excellent shape), it evoked instant memories. Thoughts flashed through my mind about the musky, dark attic where we would hear the rain falling on the roof while performing with the puppets for a small audience, and where we would eat delicious sandwiches of butter and chocolate sprinkles. Besides reviving those memories after so long a time, seeing the theater also prompted an enormous feeling of joy that it had found new life in the hands of my niece.

For the puppet backdrop in my photographs from last fall, I selected pages from European Reproductions, a 668-page-thick book that I have been using and re-using for writing thoughts and collaging small works. (Fig. 22) Like the photographer Duane Michals, who uses direct handwriting on his images, I too am attracted to emphasizing narrative aspects of my work through the surface application of text and pages of my sketchbook. My initial attraction to that thick, red book was not that the topic of the book was the reproduction and categorization of European art works; rather, I was attracted to the texture of the paper and the weathered look of that aged tome. In retrospect, I unquestionably believe that, subconsciously, in choosing that book, I was on one level connecting with my Dutch heritage and art history. Over the past two years of art making, however, I have not overtly emphasized my birthplace and non-American upbringing in determining a frame of reference in my work. Due to the vast amount of global information coming into my life, when browsing the internet and using other digital media, the communication of my personal, singular itinerary within the vast and multicultural streams of knowledge has become more powerful for me than representing my first culture.  

In the first of the two videos included in my MFA exhibition, The Gatherers, the puppet-

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archeologists are placed in “a real space and a visualized space.” While making this video, I found myself entering a deeper, inner world – a space I had not encountered when devising my three-dimensional set-ups. (Fig. 23 – 25) This unexpected reaction touches on what Roland Barthes referred to when he wrote in his *Camera Lucida: Reflections on Photograph* that whenever one looks at a photograph [or video, by extension], one sees something which no longer exists. Building my three-dimensional sets and moving the puppet-players around in them created a physical presence in space with playful qualities. Viewing the completed video as a spectator caused a detachment to occur and I was able to contemplate and attach new meanings and stories to what I observed before me. (Fig. 26, 27)

The second video on display in my show, *In the Field*, demonstrates a progressive shift, from my directing actors, i.e. the puppets, to me as protagonist-archaeologist, out in the field. (Fig. 28 – 30) Instead of assembling sets out of found materials, I was compelled to actually wear and integrate my finds on my person, to further identify with them. (Fig. 31, 32) Woven into this story are scenes from the performance of installing two outposts, outdoors, in the currently neglected open space between JMU buildings, near my studio. (Fig. 33, 34) I found inspiration in the video work of Swiss performance artist Pipilotti Rist. Her new feature length film *Pepperminta* “… is about a young woman and her friends on a quest to find the right color combinations and with these colors they can free other people from fear and make life better… Pepperminta is an anarchist of the imagination. She lives in a futuristic Villa Villekulla and lives by her own rules. The young woman has colors as best friends, pets, and strawberries and she knows fantastic recipes to free people from their useless fears.” (Fig. 35)

Like Pipilotti, I revered the Swedish Pippi Longstocking stories (and sassy attitudes of that fictional character) that inspired her name change from Elisabeth Charlotte to Pipilotti. “Fantasy is at the heart of her [Rist’s] work: her dream-like scenes often seem so loaded with suggestive images and scenarios that they threaten to collapse under their own meaning, saved, in the end, by her light touch and ironic humor.” The intentional actions that I perform in my

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second video include: wearing my scientific clothing and headgear, exploring the field behind the outpost that is my home, collecting materials (such as walnuts), and clicking on the hat’s lights to illuminate each task at hand. But, like Rist, I strive to create a mysterious and otherworldly atmosphere through the props that I select.

My series of two-dimensional images – the surreal photos and the stills from both videos – inspired a sense of adventure in me: they animated me.\textsuperscript{22} The works depict a capsulated and distorted world, accentuated by the wide, white borders around them. The journey that the images have taken has imbued them with allegorical meanings. They evoke a kind of nostalgia that is reminiscent of Pictorialism in which “the seen rather than the scene remain(s) crucial.”\textsuperscript{23} I suggest that my two-dimensional images make the sequence of my “process of play” visible, and possibly tangible; they document a passage of time. Instantly, when I view them, intimate feelings and fantasies pop up that take me to a new, invented realm.

\textsuperscript{23} Clarke, 52.
Evolution

A few years ago, I spent a summer in the mountains of Colorado, where I had my first encounter with homemade livable structures. A friend had built an unusual structure in order to be able to live in a remote wilderness with a communal group of like-minded people. All the inhabitants chose to be resourceful in selecting their building materials. The roof of the circular house where I stayed was made from a huge, outdated, alien-looking, television antenna dish, the walls were partly covered with a white clay substance, and in places, the straw bale and stacked newspaper insulation were exposed. Visible nails and wires were everywhere, holding the structure together. Windows set into this round domicile, some salvaged from junked cars, revealed breathtaking views of the vast Monte Christo valley and of the universe. Wondering why this sculptural house did not collapse, I started looking closely at the way supports and connections had been made. Wooden beams resting in car wheel rims held some walls up, while other beams leaning against walls were held in place by massive boulders. Heavy mariner’s ropes were wrapped around the junctures of the ceiling beams. These unconventional ways of fitting things together made me feel very free and joyful!

In part to recapture the surprise and joy of that innovative structure, I started to envision an evolution in my ongoing body of fabricated outpost structures, this time outside the gallery space. I wanted to expand my work into the out-of-doors where it could be viewed in fresh air with the wind blowing through its spaces. According to Miwon Kwon, site-oriented practice no longer has to do with a static and formal site, but is a “temporary thing…its model is not a map but an itinerary, a fragmentary sequence of events and actions through spaces, that is, a nomadic narrative whose path is articulated by the passage of the artist.”

I am reminded of my 2005 walk through Christo and Jeanne-Claude’s extensive series of orange vinyl gates in Central Park, an installation that was erected for just 15 days. In an interview for Voice of America, Jeanne-Claude was asked if her orange hair had inspired the exhibit. “She laughed and answered, ‘No, my hair has been this color since 1986 -- when Christo's hair turned gray, mine turned red!’” Her husband explained the reason: “We do the project in winter, because this is the only month where we should have the leafless trees, you can see from very far away, The Gates. And in this

monochromatic landscape of silvery-gray leafless trees, we love very much that color, and it is very resourceful, with the gray, with the sun, with the snow, and with the rain.” In my works, I choose to use the color orange, partially as a nod to my Dutch heritage (orange is the national color of the Netherlands: The Dutch royal family is of the House of Orange-Nassau, so named for the former principality of Orange, in France), but also because the orange color provides focal points among the found colors of my materials. Additionally, the concept of survival is universally associated with the color orange (for example: orange life-jackets) and this fits my finds well since I rescued them and am giving them a new life.

The assembly of my new outdoor sculpture on the hillside adjacent to the “white cube” of the Sawhill Gallery, was a collaboration with two undergraduate art students and one of my peers. Since performance has become of increasing importance in my self-expression, I elected to film the installation to document the process of the artist-archeologist at work. I consciously infused the installation process with reverential and archaeological performative qualities such as wearing special field coats, with letter-pressed “field notes” emblems, and carrying the outpost’s gear-like components up the hill in a “field notes”-emblazoned fabric cart on wheels. While setting up the outpost, we attracted an audience of passing by students, as well, with our intentional act. My attraction to performance and video documentation is efficacious for working out my own language and personal artistic identity within the larger art world.

The process of seeking permission for the placement of my outside sculpture was a political and organizational struggle in terms of determining the different responsibilities of the numerous campus departments involved, yet, it resulted in a positive outcome. It took several days to find out which department controlled the piece of land on which I wanted to set up my piece. A surprisingly labor-intensive, three-month approval process followed this before I obtained permission for a relatively small and simple installation. For this process I presented sketches of the outpost for the specific hillside location, I gave a material list, and I handed letters of support to explain my project to the administrators in charge who are normally not dealing with art installations. Moving outside the typical gallery space meant that I had to interact with

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different authorities and it also meant that my work was now visible to a more diverse crowd than that would normally visit a gallery.

With a lookout station inside the gallery, visitors to the show could spy on the hillside outpost through a pair of binoculars and then document their responses in one of the take-home field notes books that I produced and provided. (Fig. 37, 38) I invite viewer participation on this level to encourage the move away from literal meanings and towards conceptual, individualized meanings. In a similar way, I provide the trappings of archaeological investigation, and invite viewers to invoke their own, individual narratives in order to find meanings in my compiled works. (Fig. 39, 40) My foremost goal was to increase my viewers’ abilities to find beauty in the forgotten, trashed, and thrown away items scattered along roadsides, in trashcans, or other neglected spaces. “According to [the philosopher Saint] Augustine, essential beauty lies only with God; yet, on the other side there is no object in nature that would not contain traces (vestigia) of beauty: even ugly objects are not excluded from this.” Every time that I find and save my discoveries and layer them with new possibilities, feelings of euphoria and sublimity engulf me and I hope my viewers can relate to this. By creating new beauty and opening up the imagination I hope to inspire viewers to also be on the look-out for and spot an orange-colored golf ball, a hamster wheel, a fish net, a camping stove top, a circular orange-red tin cookie jar, an orange plastic bag, an orange wire, an orange football, an orange platform, a piece of plastic, a tassel, a faded orange string, a small orange flag on a rusted wire, a percolator, a lower part of an orange tripod, an orange fruit netting, a vertical cart on wheels, a television dish, and a beach chair with red-orange striped vinyl cloth.

Furthermore, the outposts that I create represent home-like, safe havens where a person can go to do as he or she likes, outside the pressures of today’s fast-paced, plugged-in, Face-booked world. Recently, in my car, I heard a NPR interview with Jonah Lehrer, author of the book Imagine: How Creativity Works. Lehrer at one point talked about how some great ideas seem to come out of the blue, giving the example of how Bob Dylan wrote the lyrics of his song “Like a Rolling Stone.” “Soon after telling his manager that he was creatively exhausted and ready

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to bail from the music industry,” Dylan escaped to an isolated cabin (his outpost!). There, ”[he] got an uncontrollable urge to write and spilled out his thoughts in dozens of pages – including the lyrics to the iconic song.”

Visiting the Colorado hand-made houses was a turning point for me. I had been living in Reston, Virginia, in plastic suburbia, and seeing the inspiring constructions out West started me thinking that perhaps one day I could create my own habitable place with self-selected materials. My art work that has developed over the past three years has fulfilled this dream, in miniature. What has become even more valuable in my process of creation is the growth of my ingenuity in juxtaposing unrelated materials and finding alternative solutions for assembling them, from the ingredients at hand. To keep my inventiveness alive and to resist social pressure to conform, I wish to continue expanding my territory into areas that are as unexpected as my works are. In my recent art making, I worked with a diverse group of people: an archeologist, a video editor, a printmaker, and a letterpress expert. I aspire to collaborate with more professionals in my community, in the near future, such as a baker or a botanist. This crossing of boundaries will generate an innovative dialogue and an outside-the-box-setting for me and, I hope, for my work’s viewers. Constantly creating new connections and rerouting my paths will result in an accumulating collection of surprising and imaginative works.

Figure 1: *Art from the Outpost, Field Notes, New Territory, and the Invisible Hamster* (installation view), 2012.
Figure 2: *Untitled (part of Outpost)*, 2011-12. Found materials: cardboard, used coffee filters, blue plastic form, camping stove, plastic wrap, wires, red vinyl tape, yellow fiberglass filter.

Figure 3: Marcel Duchamp, *The Three Standard Stoppages*, 1913-14. Wood, canvas, glass.
Figure 4: *Outpost* (installation view), 2011-12.

Figure 5: *Field Notes Cart* (detail), 2011-12. Letter pressed yellow vinyl, found metal cart and display holder.
Figure 6: Field Notes: Inventory Outpost Inside, 2011-12.

Figure 7: Archaeology Tools, 2012. Found materials: wood, children’s baseball bat, brush, pencil, orange bike brake, rubber holder, poly/cotton, empty plastic bobbin, bobbin with rope, plastic cup with holder, rubber band, nails, metal, foam, tape, glue.
Figure 8: Archeology Tool (detail), 2012.

Figure 9: Archeology Tool (detail), 2012.

Figure 10: Archeology Tool (detail), 2012.
Figure 11: *Untitled*, 2011. Inkjet Print.

Figure 12: *Untitled*, 2011. Inkjet Print.

Figure 13: Sarah Sze, *Fixed Points finding a Home* (installation), 2012. Everyday objects such as tea bags, water bottles, light bulbs, electric fans.
Figure 14: Untitled (part of Outpost), 2011-12. Found materials: mesonite divider, wood, play-horse legs, wires, rolls of drawings on varies papers, small finds, plastic, teabag.

Figure 15: Untitled (part of Outpost) (detail), 2011-12.
Figure 16: *Untitled (part of Outpost)*, 2012. Drawing on craft paper, conté.

Figure 17: *The Invisible Hamster*, 2011. Found materials: hamster wheel, display, mesh, thread, wooden ring, cloth, metal, stamp, wood, fan, tape.
Figure 18: Leonardo Drew, *Number 135*, 2010. Plywood, furring strips, old leather straps, rotting fabric, encrusted paint buckets.

Figure 19: Emery Blagdon, *Healing Machine*, 1956-86. Bent wire, copper, aluminum foil, plastic beads, minerals, magnets, wood.
Figure 20: *Outpost* (detail), 2011-12. Found materials: branch, wood, plastic, tape, fishing rod, fishing line, tassel, used teabags, wires, string, thread, cupcake, orange ball, mesh, metal and plastic buckets, fan, cloth, paper, piece of outdoor lamp, tube, bike pump part.

Figure 21: *Football on Wheel*, 2011. Found interior football, nail, thread, wheel.
Figure 22: *Puppet-Archeologist*, 2011. Inkjet Print.
Figure 23: *The Gatherers* (video still), 2011.

Figure 24: *The Gatherers* (video still), 2011.

Figure 25: *The Gatherers* (video still), 2011.
Figure 26: *The Gatherers*, 2011-12. Video projection on found satellite dish.

Figure 27: *The Gatherers* (installation view), 2012. Video projection on wall.
Figure 28: *In the Field* (video still), 2012.

Figure 29: *In the Field* (video still), 2012.

Figure 30: *In the Field* (video still), 2012.
Figure 31: *Archeology Room (part of Outpost)* (installation view), 2012.

Figure 32: *Archeology Gear*, 2011-12. Found materials: orange tripod, wood, stone, circular sandpaper, rope, wires, used coffee filters, orange netting, piece of plastic, red cloth, play-horse legs, laundry basket on wheels.
Figure 33: Installing Outposts (performance), 2012.

Figure 34: Installing Outposts (performance), 2012.
Figure 35: Pipilotti Rist, *Peppermint* (video still), 2012.

Figure 36: *Outpost on the Hillside* (installation performance), 2012.
Figure 37: Field Notes, 2011-12.

Figure 38: Through a Pair of Binoculars, 2012. Found wooden field-tripod, binoculars.
Figure 39: Outpost on the Hillside (seen through binoculars), 2012.

Figure 40: Outpost on the Hillside (seen from the Gallery), 2012.
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