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SHAWN TAYLOR

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## SPEED AND RESOLUTION IN THE AGE OF TECHNOLOGICAL REPRODUCIBILITY

A THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF FINE ART IN SCULPTURE + EXTENDED MEDIA AT VIRGINA COMMONWEALTH UNIVERSITY

#### **SHAWN TAYLOR**

MASTER OF FINE ARTS IN SCULPTURE + EXTENDED MEDIA, VIRGINIA COMMONWEATH UNIVERSITY, 2015

BACHELOR OF FINE ARTS IN SPACIAL MEDIA AND A MINOR IN ART HISTORY, THEORY AND CRITICISM, METROPOLITAN STATE UNIVERSITY OF DENVER, 2012

DIRECTOR MICHAEL JONES MCKEAN///////

PROFESSOR, SCULPTURE + EXTENDED MEDIA

VIRGINA COMMONWEALTH UNIVERSITY
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
MAY 2015

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#### **SHOUTOUTS**

SHOUTOUTS TO MICHAEL JONES MCKEAN shoutouts to kendal buster shoutouts to ester partegas shoutouts to corin hewitt shoutouts to matt king shoutouts to carlton newton shoutouts to elizabeth king shoutouts to sb fuller shoutouts to kappathetaphi shoutouts to noa glazer shoutouts to andrew merryweather francis shoutouts to adam collignan shoutouts to becky star sellinger shoutouts to jake borndal shoutouts to morgan pearse shoutouts to roxanne yamins shoutouts to tal gafny shoutouts to omri zen shoutouts to oliver lee terry shoutouts to patrice renee washington shoutouts to sarah baugh shoutouts to matt jenkins shoutouts to brian evans shoutouts to lara nickel shoutouts to duke shoutouts to alexander hayden shoutouts to randy taylor shoutouts to ryan taylor shoutouts to mowgli shoutouts to kendra taylor shoutouts to claire shoutouts to katie meyer shoutouts to olive shoutouts to gaylynn paxton shoutouts to techraxx shoutouts to nicole killian shoutouts to milton melvin croissant iii shoutouts to yung lean shoutouts to kimberly sheek shoutouts to deborah harriman shoutouts to ronnie biard shoutouts to harriss johnson shoutouts to julie grosche shoutouts to alex valencia shoutouts to tom burkett shoutouts to pyramidmythbuster shoutouts to newearth shoutouts to tyler monarco shoutouts to kyle archibeque shoutouts to drew englander shoutouts to adobe shoutouts to joe siepel shoutouts to savannah knoop



### **ABSTRACT**

- 1. START
- 2. MIDDLE
- 3. <u>END</u>

<u>INFO</u>



### **ABSTRACT**

## SPEED AND RESOLUTION IN THE AGE OF TECHNOLOGICAL REPRODUCIBILITY

SHAWN TAYLOR - MFA
VIRGINIA COMMONWEALTH UNIVERSITY, 2015

A THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF FINE ART IN SCULPTURE + EXTENDED MEDIA AT VIRGINA COMMONWEALTH UNIVERSITY

THESIS DIRECTOR: MICHAEL JONES MCKEAN////

PROFESSOR, SCULPTURE + EXTENDED MEDIA

The rate of acceleration of the biologic and synthetic world has for a while now, been in the process of exponentially speeding up, maxing out servers and landfills, merging with each other, destroying each other. The last prehistoric relics on Earth are absorbing the same oxygen, carbon dioxide and electronic waves in our biosphere as us. A degraded ipeg enlarged to full screen on a Samsung 4K UHD HU8550 Series Smart TV - 85" Class (84.5" diag.). Within this composite ecology, the ancient limestone of the grand canyon competes with the iMax movie of itself, the production of Mac pros, a You Tube clip from Jurassic park, and the super bowl halftime show. A search engines assistance with biographic memory helps our bodies survive new atmospheres and weigh the gravities that exist around the versions of an objects materiality. Communication has moved from our vocal chords, to swipes and taps of our thumbs on a screen that predicts the weather, accesses the hidden, invisible, and withdrawn information from the objects around us, and still ducks up what we are trying to say. This but was written on a tablet returned to stock settings and embedded with content to mine the experience in which mediated technology creates, communicates and obscures new forms of language. Life in a new event horizon a dimensional dualism that finds us competing for genetic and mimetic survival — we are now functioning as different types of humans.



community college after highschool. took a bunch of bullshit like bowling and a drawing class. really my second one other than an independent study in highschool. I don't know if it really counts because I usually just came back drunk/stoned or a combination after lunch and spent most of my time flirting with Katie Meyer, who would later become my (ex)fiance. I ended up fucking my neighbor across the street after i asked her to be my live model. I always joke that leonardo dicaprio in titanic was the reason i wanted to be an artist, It was great till i found out her boyfriend was in Iraq and spent most of our nights together feeling like shit and wondering if he was going to repel down the building and crash through the window and kill me. the closest i got to that was the time her baby daddy (josh or something) scaled his way up to the 3rd floor balcony wasted and violently pounded on the sliding glass door to let him in. I ended up transferring the next year to Fort Lewis college on a full tuition scholarship for being Native American. played soccer and took a lot of pre-med classes so i could go to chiropractic school. I don't really know if i had a great reason, other than a bad back runs in my family, and really because i imagined i could wear nice clothes all the time, after a year of that, i realized i hated it. I've always been good at school, but this one winter, the snow was really good and i spent most of the time snowboarding at the resort that was only 30 minutes away. unfortunately that semester Fort Lewis also implemented an attendance policy(for that reason) if you miss 5 classes you automatically fail. so with A's and B's in my classes i failed out of school and lost my scholarship. I had to beg, plead, and worse, ask my lawyer/high school soccer coach and my girlfriends mom to to get let back in the next semester on academic probation. The year before, i lost my license revoked for driving 120 in a 65 on my way to denver for a soccer game, so i bought a black1986 jaguar x-j6 vanden-plas. Cream leather interior, walnut trim, and a gold jaguar hood ornament. I felt a connection to that car. It was made the year I was born. It was the last year jaguar made their cars b4 being bought out by FORD. It wasn't made on an assembly line. It was a team/crew assigned to the car. Being the last one made like this ever, this metal, Lucas electrical car that is in a kickboxing movie with Jean Claude vandam, had a lot of love out in it. A lot of pride. A lot of selling points. I swear it would fuck with me, start sometimes, then just shut down at the end of the driveway. I punched the steering wheel and cracked the emblem. I got pissed off changing the thermostat and slammed the hood with my tools under it and dented up the hood. I think the motor was for an airplane, there was a mirror installed on the inside of the glove box door. I found a coke spoon was in the back seat. I would stroke the dash. Cmon baby. It is such a sick car and it was old enough for me to afford the insurance, and i was working for a plumber/church friend of my dad's over the summer so i though i was ballin. it was actually really cheap, but the maintence and parts are rediculous. Everything is at least 3/4 higher in price. it was/still is a money pit. (anyone want a jag?) I was working on using it in a piece before grad school, but ran out of time before i moved. It was going to be driven up on a sol lewitt ish car jack ramp on top of a shitty Jackson pollack ripoff. Idk, maybe best it didn't happen. I really need to figure out how to build sick cars for my art but payed for by grants. Invest in me to invest in the stock market. Invest in the market, the social Capitol. Sponsor me Adidas. so i was doing some commercial plumbing and was really feeling it. I thought i was just going to not go back to school at all and just take over my dad's business or something, and during time i ran into my high school art teacher Ms. Sheek. we talked about how i really wanted to just do art. I was always naturally good at drawing, maybe this could be my Lebron james natural talent? Idk I hate paper though. So the next semester, because of the clout of my letters of recommendation, they let me back into school, and i actually kept my scholarship. I enrolled into 3 art classes. painting, 2d and 3d design, and some other liberal arts req. It was mad decent. I realized that one of my best friends grandfathers stanton englebart was one of the founders of the art program. when i was about 15 i drove to Durango with him to see a dilated peoples concert at the college and stayed the night in stantons studio in a little loft above where he painted. He was working on a huge red canyonscape, it was defintly in his particular style. a really flattened, modernist landscape with a blue horizon line. I remember looking at it really intensley before i went to bed laying next to Lars, the danish foreign exchange student ( who i still have never made up my promise to go see him) ldk, there was something local, it felt like a representation of me and how i felt about the landscape that i grew up in, but something deeper, and maybe spiritual, I don't talk about spiritual as a belief in what something actually is, but what it might be. I didn't notice until years later it was a huge earth vagina in the middle. A good friend asked me who is the white male Georgia <u>okeete</u>, anyway, i did <u>allright</u>. i was good at painting and making stupid art projects. but I started selling pounds of schwag to pay my rent and really was just being a stoner. I ended up getting evicted from my shithole house (the oldest one in durango, It was leaning about 2 feet off its axis) because i got a dog. and had to move back home to my parents house 45 minutes away cause i had nowhere to live in the middle of the semester. it wasn't bad a first. but i ended up never going to class cause my car was too much of a piece of shit. I would borrow my dads old work truck, a 79 ford f-150. it had a 390 engine in it and hauled ass. you could really open it up and feel the power of it. positive feedback, the noise, 9 miles to the gallon, the speedometer didn't work. there was no tension on the steering wheel and the floor board was rusted out so you could see the road. I installed a cd player and played a lot of Buckshot and Talib Kweli. I really loved that truck. i ended up failing out. again. it was a rough time. that october i got too wasted with some babe from my class and missed my little brothers birthday. showed up wasted and passed out on the couch. a couple weeks later i was smoking a joint of schwag in my room and blowing it out the window and put the roach in a pop can so i wouldn't get caught with it. for like 3 days the smell wouldn't go away so i opened all the windows and turned on a fan. my mom was suspicious, opened my door smelled the dirty schwag and searched my room, tore everything apart, i had a bong under my bed, that i never used, but i had naked photos of my girlfriend fingering her asshole and pictures of me with a sad hermaphrodite weed plant me and my roomate tried to grow in my apartmentt, she actually did find the roach int eh can. she is a bloodhoud, good thing she never found the pound of weed in my golf bag in the garage though. she would have totally called the cops on me. so she kicked me out. beat me with a broom first. and i was homeless again. it is kinda funny. my high school principal said i was going to be a loser and homeless at 21. It bothered me so much that i think that is why it actually happened. I was trying to be something and just couldn't find a thing. my dad did let me live in his 1980s hunting trailer behind his shop for a while, and gave me a job. it was pretty embarrassing. it smelled like shit. i would have to take showers at friends, eat out all the time. I spent the next 9 months in cortez working for my dad. It was actually really great spending the time with him. It was kinda like being a kid again. riding shotgun. going to burger boy everyday for lunch getting a cheeseburger with ketchup only, fries, a pepsi and twists cones. the work was hard, and shitty. I really think my dad taught me sculpture. he can do anything. he built the two houses we lived in. did everything from the ground up himself even the electrical. he really shouldn't have been a plumber. He is really smart. He was an all american football player in highschool and had a full ride to play college, but got his H.s girlfriend pregnant and married her instead. he lived in a camp trailer across the street from the high school. about the same size as the one behind his shop. you could touch both sides with each hand. He got started plumbing for his best friends (my uncle ronnie) father in law and he would fly his own plane down to jobs they would do building hotels on the south rim of the grand canyon. he taught him how to fly, he has always told me he wishes he could be a bird, fly with them, but the atmosphere has changed so much since then, he would have to relearn everything . during that time he got divorced, gained his popeye like forearms from what he claims holding 24inch pipe wrenches above his head all day, and gained enough hours to become a master plumber. he was born in Cortez. But mostly grew up on the navajo reservation in New Mexico. His dad worked for the navajo nation as a maintenance man for all the schools.he would brew bootleg beer with my great grandad who would come and fill their playpen up with uranium tailings from the mine he worked at. Every time I meet someone who knew him they say he made the best beer and wish they could have some. A beer sounds nice right now. They lived down the street/across the parking lot from the police station. One hot sum,re day all the caps bursts off the bottles and the dry reservation town smelled like a frat house. the entire time he worked for Navajo schools he got every certification he could, and became a master plumber (and welder, mechanic, electrician). when he retired they planned on starting a business together. in the later years working for the navajo nation, he commuted back and forth from cortez to shiprock new mexico, he started commuting with a woman named dickie parker who worked with him. and he had a skeem to set him up with her babe daughter (before she was my mom) and who was 8 years younger than him cause he was semi-recently divorced. they ended up getting married in about 3 months, both my parents say because my dad wanted to get it over with before hunting season. things were never really great between them even at the start. after a few month being married, less than a month from my granddad's retirement, and all the business papers in order, both my grandma and grandpa were killed when a semi-truck hit them head on on their way back to cortez. I cant even imagine what that must have been like. that was my mom's only real parent, and my dad's relationship with is dad was a lot like ours. pretty much best friends. I know he had a hard time and didn't start the business for a while after that, just knowing that made me always want to have that with my dad, and i know he wants that too. He still ended up making it though, he ended up buying some land with a contractor and subdividing it and building his dream home on the hill overlooking town on the same spot he would sit outside and watch lightning storms outside his trailer in town. He actually won the property over a coin toss with the guy he partnered with. He found out later the guy took out a loan with a lean on his business. he built this one on his own too. and that is really the only reason he could afford it. he put everything into that place, it was his dream, and being there with him, helping him on the house and the business, always seemed like the right thing to do. He doesn't have it anymore. My little brother caught my mom cheating on him after 20 years of marriage. he tried his hardest to keep their relationship together after that, i don't know why. she took everything, she already blew our college fund on a mini cooper, drained his credit cards, took the house, sold it for about a 1/4 of what it was worth, and now my dad lives in his spare office at his shop, spending the next 10 years paying off what he owes of the house that isn't his. Paying for a dead horse he says. I really do feel like my dad taught me sculpture. He has a brain that has a type of exploding effect on objects. Like a fusion of commercial or military industrial google glass used to repair stealth bombers, he can see all the parts in them, how they work. Which parts are brass, and which are Mickey Mouse plastic. Indexed materials, the electronics pin to the thermostat, the direction the motor spins, the flow of water, the trapped air. What it's used for, it's connections, where it could be appropriated and used somewhere else. he can do the same with spaces, even ones that don't exist yet. He can walk into an empty field and know where all the walls are, how thick they are, tile or carpet. The type of cabinets, pedestal sinks. They are definitely gonna want a hydrant where the garden will be, and one to wash their 2011 blue f-450. We can't instal that there because they might hear the vibration through the wall, or if it gets cold, the pipes get hot and expand, pop in the joices, the use of specific materials means something, in his case abs vs pvc. pipe or copper vs pex or even good pex installed clean vs the shit stuff strangling under a house. he even taught me to wipe my glue joints so they didn't have drips. it didn't matter if 'it would work' but what it said about the person who installed it. there is a lot you can tell about a person by looking at the type of work they do. it is a lot more expansive in art, cause it can look like shit and be beautiful, but you can see an intelligence there. A Jeff koons vsrachel Harrison . Polly shore vs pierce Bronson, it is the same with plumbing. How to visualize something through another language, or passed through multiple ones, different interfaces for reference. Blueprints, YouTube videos of iPhones in nitrous oxide, a kings tomb protected by a pool of mercury. but i just couldn't stay in cortez and settle down. Getting a degree was always a huge goal for me, and i hated being 21 in cortez. no babes, not really anything going on in a small town 4 hrs from the nearest interstate. I still really wanted to go to art school. and i really wanted to gtfo for a little bit even more. So i applied to MetroState college. it was kinda the worste college in the state. i was only going to apply and go for a semester or two and transfer to CU Boulder. I have to pay for everything on my own. I took out a stupid loan that i am embarrassed to say how much and the interest, but it got me out. I started finishing preregs and looking into sculpture, the chair at the time told me not to apply and sculpture was dumb and i should do ceramics. i thought wtf and who tf is this guy? he ended up just walking out mid semester without telling anyone. the next semester i started sculpture with Brian evans, he was a tech nerd, and got us into building 3d printers and thinking about materials and underlying meaningg in objects. he was super west coast, so i think i kind of gravitated to those aesthetics, that as far as the artists i was looking at were an american 'new boy style' of sculpture collage with minimalist forms with ancient artifacts mixed in. ucla. hai m steinbeck. ------Dude from durango--Nathan mabry---- it was all about referencing the history of objects and sculpture and being aware of the constellations surroundingg the work.shoutouts to Brancusi. I met my best friend patrice washington. our first projects were hilarious metal strange creatures. she had just failed sculpture at CU denver on the same campus so we got along. but i think for the first time i was around someone who was really fucking serious about art and actually doing something smart and interesting. She just finished her Mfa at Columbia. In a digital art class i met oliver lee terry, and that is how i met matt jenkins who was just adjunct teaching DA at the time. we started doing 'post'internet' readings, and work. cat gif competitions. w/e. but i think for the first time i started linking together the digital world to my objects and how related to and understood things through thief alter existence/ life.. I had a solo show the night after my BFA thesis exhibition. DIEHARD//withimages. I was spending way too much time on tumblr. had been reading the Image object Post-internet. and was thinking about the relationship between images and objects. I understand how the documentation is a form of an object and commodification in themselves, how the material t was made of was that of a really stange matter. it excited me. but it was pretty greenburgian, referencing the medium too much, how far can some be deconstructed. i was really interested in how the objects changed in the physical through a reverse exchange of image to object, not object to image. but also how it can go back again. there is some kind of dimensional rift. carl sagans flatland. what can an extradimensial being do to manipulate the worlds they hover over? what new relationships are possible rn that weren't as possible or accessable before. how are they the same. it is pretty similar to african masks influencing the cubists or japanese landscape cards influencing the impressionists. but this is on roads or something, the tactility and visual materiality of the screen has a inherenent artificiality many ways, scale is lost. wtf does phenomenology mean anymore? patriarchal oppression?putting something called nature on a pedestal and admiring it from afar does for the environment what patriarchy does for the figure of a woman. It is a paradoxical act of sadistic admiration. Timothy Morton. is phenomenology really getting out of your body, or just bing highly attuned to the oppressive power of the object present. I think that is why i am not into looking up to a sculpture feeling overpoweredd by it. Judith butler. Where can we put ourselves in a mind state to experience something empathetic ally. Outside a huma body form. Our brains wrk as computers. Algorithms. At what points do these types of materiality intersect. how can an artist create a viewpoint where the viewer is extradimensial to it. able to access its information and manipulate it virtually. but actually commune with it in the physical. we still have our bodies, for now. we have a memory of touch, but how far can an object go in person when it is just as hands off in person as it is in an image. what about the experience with the image and to see it in person and it fucking sucks. how powerful can it be in an environment that just feels weird, void, just a pedestal, don't look behind the curtain. the best works of art to me are conscious of all the spaces the work exists. the musem, the gallery, the market, the fucked up corner with an exit sign at the anderson. the 'institution', the image, webstie, FB, instagram. tumblr is dead now. reddit is to hard to navigate for me. flickr is pointless. but they all exist in the same building, the same new institution, there is learning, manipulation, deception, markets of strange digital economies, paypal, routing numbers, likes and shares. w/e/. hash tag #beentrill is a multimillion dollar clothing company. nike neon gradient shoes, ytinfinfinity. shirts. an archive to export from all dimensions into w/e medium. Image>manipulate>mode Like>copy>new>past Eight>chill, spend some time over on a hard drive, loop out, liquefy, re upload new and digested content. The same photo at a different time. The same photo with A new encoded file from a new mobile device. Game boy camera. Polaroids if that's what ur into. greek new media shit on record covers have gone back and forth so many times, idk if they are post internet or ancient history. i know i cant use greek shit in my work anymore. plants. gradients. the trend, is it relevance. tastemakers are really just folks with good eyes and the ability to respond faster than anyone else. I'm guilty of that, but to make an object, the slow at process of making something physical, but worth its presencee /takes a lot of time a lot of money. the antithesis of the utopia of the web. objects are still fucking importantt, we still carve the earth for multimillion dollar mansions. our hand print stays and deteriorates million year old cave walls, the fingerprint between a brick layer is still in the doorway of a mayan temple. mine the earth, mine the web for bitcoins. to think of analogies synonymous to the physical world isn't worth it in most cases. are we moving large masses of material to build a website. what is the agrigate made of. what is the double negative of the stock market going to look like. is cory arc angel using analogous materials to robert smithson's uranium tailing public park proposals. content and material online isn't going to give you cancer, but can be just as toxic. can i watchh too much internet porn that I wont need to have sex anymore? probably not, but i know the sex i have is different. TV didn't make me smoke cigarettes, did the internet make me Bi. we are a genreation where morality doesnt matter anymore, the physical representation is a sedimentation of everything washed down the river to that specific point. it will be different a mile down stream. I'm just trying to learn about ancient geopolymers on youtube and the next video is an alien conspiracy about advance global power structures. the stream connected and fused. the search for meaning in a rorschach. is the ability to connect 9:11 pm to 9/11 to porsche 911 a sympton of our post digital brains, or the same function as laying on our backs staring into the night sky and seeing animals and warriors in the stars. mapping their movements physicalized in building and sculpture. the same is true of the objects made staring into space through our screens. mars isnt a red dot in a telescope. it is a panoramic image with soil data. maybe aliens or egyption pyramids. i can fly over my hometown on google earth. take screenshots and turn them into 3d models. the methane gas concentration there is higher than anywhere in the world, the swirls it makes in the jet stream are only tie dyed through a satellite lense. I'm down with the predators lenses, the energy of a campfire is a pressure against the body, the warm seat on the subway the slowly receding ass imprint on a museum bench in front of Sunday afternoon at la grande jette in Chicago showing up in an art collectors villa in nice. Infra thin. Reflected through a 3d rendering of the space. The ghost the heat residue of a handprint on a wall photographed with a infrared heat camera makes visable the invisible to our evolved senses. we are surrounded and attached to prosthetics that unveil the hidden aspects of everything around us. black dolphins sound cute untill it is a symbol for a russian prison for life sentences. This image. This brand. this person. This amethyst stone. Look up the value per gram, what is it made up of elementaly. New age crystal sites. It emits love vibez. Where s it from. Ancient, pagan contempo histories .all at once- 3 at a time. underlying structures is a term that annoys the shit out of me. probably cause I've used it at least 10 times in every art history paper. pylons might be good cause they are just floating a structure over another mass it is attached to. Ive just become skeptical of origins. i used to see things and wonder where did they come from, what is the reference, but it is an inexhaustible chasing of a tail, one thing leads to another and another. a situation, brought up from another situation. is my mom's pinterest a nod to dutch vanitas painting. the big bang didn't even happen. the black nothingness of space is actually mass. particles are slamming though my body right now. it isn't even there. there isn't a point out there where it began. In eternity there is no origin, my dad came up and helped me instal both my thesis and my solo show. that is when i found out him and my mom split up for good. neitherr of them told us directly though. i just knew he was living at the shop. It was great working with my dad. after my solo show i went through your average post show depression. it was just a lot of shit happening at once i guessss, but also a lot of pressure to 'finally snap out of it' and be normal. get a job. finally get married to katie after our 2 year engagement. I also thought i would sell maybe one piece. if i did, i would be able to pay rent the next month. nobody even came to my show except for a couple close friends. my friends stayed up all night the day before doing molly and forgot about it. so i just played my ipod, the work was fucking good. i still believe in it. but there wasn't really any reception of it. the internet felt it a lil bit, but they were actual objects about the physical world and didn't have rebloggable aesthetic. the lighting at the gallery was garbage, yellow can lights are against everything i believe in. i got a job at the school gallery for the summer. i made a series of images that were motivational posters for artist or me really, that were made for customizing credit cards. I think just blowing all my money on a show with no return really made me think about the market in a new way. I thoughf if i had this drug dealer mentality, the hustle, turning a dime to a dollar. but as an artist i am better at turning a hundred dollars into a dime or a \$100 a month storage bill. idk its part of the composition. long game. long tail. i was always point guard and could drive to the basket pretty easily. i could never dunk, i'm more into the finger roll, but usually i would get there and miss a wide open layup. what is an artist anymore. creative entrepreneurz. Chris burdens public access TV commercialz, the work is a product, we are the brand, our work has a feeling of the lifestyle, but we are also, writing, curating, running art spaces, designing clothing, art handling, sex workers. Kappathetaphil semiotics, in old english on a flat brimmed hat. As a horseshoe on the stomach of a Nike sb scuba hoodie. The synthetic versions of ourselves werk so we don't have to or because we can't do it all. Two business cards, one with a website, one with an email, text me ur number. Wtf u printing business cards for? I want to come in contact with u in as many places I can. I just ran into my exs sister and her boyfriend on the trail to the river. They are long time friends of mine. I used to be in love with her sisters best friend. She was my roommate before we started dating. I was the TA of her undergrad sculpture class, she dated the professor for 2 years. I saw photos of them chillin in richmond at the river. I said I didn't even know they were in town. Access to information. The geotag. I really need my sleeping bag back. I don't talk to u at that opening, but I know u got to check out Jon rafmans oculus rift piece in a motel @miamibasel. Good IG. Iloveu. dudes painting suck, but they are better because he is.. you know and stuff. at least his IG followers and the market think so. I'm not an aquarious but I'm competitive. i don't believe in zodiacs so much, but i always date an aquariou.s. i guess it is a leo thing. I'm not very leo. but I'm competitive, everything is competetive, memes genes attractors, darwin and dawkins are pretty right but lamark was too. the fishing lure section at bass pro is like tinder or contemporary art daily. the packaging, the store, marshawn lynch wearing beats by dre and getting fined by the nfL thats it. I just found a baby bird that fell from its nest outside my window. My cousin told me if you touch it the mother won't accept it and it will die, I scooped it into a cardboard box. Took it inside and fed it drops of water from my finger. I googled what to do. It said I should have left it. The mother will still come and feed it. There is no way it will make it back to its nest. The mother came and flew away when i was walking to out it back. It was there a couple hours later. Today it was gone. Probably ate by a car or something ... There is only a few California Condors left in the wild. they released them in the vermilion cliffs in the Grand canyon a few years ago to see what would happen, they found they return to prehistoric caves high in the cliffs that have remains of condors from the time of dinosuars. they haven't had a successful egg hatch. the birds have evolved to hunt for small insects and animals that they are attracted to by reflective light, so what they usually get is snicker wrappers, bottle caps, batteries and plastics. they bring them back and feed them to their young, and they die. the use of lead bullets are killing them too, if someone shoots an animal, game, varmit, squirell, w/e, and leave it to die, the Condors are scavengers and eat the remains, get lead poisening and die. until the recent attempt to rerelease the condors back to the Grand Canyon, the last one seen there was shot in 1920's by a fisherman above Lee's ferry, just a mile down the colorado river from what is now the lake powell dam. once one of the largest animal species population in america, now there is only like 10 of them, some species cant adapt at the accelerateed pace of evolution anymore. Ecology, nature, w/o nature, is it about noticing the pane of glass between you and the outside or is it that the glass has been a signifier for separation for so long we can't think of it another way, the glass is arbitrary in locality, touching the glass and framing the landscape serves more as a mental vacuum, if space is a vacuum, can i still bring my dyson, is the clear plastic dust container a window to a new landscape, a particular sedimentation of idendity. can i really vacuumm the floor in front of my couch and smoke it in a joint. breathing in the fumes of weed crumbs, time release adderal capsules, burnt toenails and scum from the bottom of my shoes the way to absorb the residuee and bad vibes of the places I've been, to eat the same thing as the machine, not many things are absorbed biologically, mercury poisoning does, it can make you go crazy. Everything causes cancer in California. Google earth, travel channel. Breaking bad house in abg. the transparent barrier is easy to think about, it is what I'm looking at right now, it is how i experience this space, affect forms inside its 3 axis cartesian plane and copy and past them into a parallel dimension within itself like traveling through a wormhole. but i am more interested rn in the things without a viewport, the body requirees an ultrasound or mri to see its contents, and the visualizations is mediated and transformed into what we understand as an image or form, but the actual matter that is unseen is data, not formless, not quite a language. A sprite bottle wrapped in a digital granite print. that is dumb. Lemme google where it came from, it's uses, where it is produced, who is sprite, what's the definition, liquid, carbonation, plastics, thrown away, in an image floating in the pacific, stuck on a birds head. It gets dark, but the plastic casing of a dyson dissembled is pretty hot. covered with a sunset. but how do we see your bodies for real, felix the cat was scanned for the first tv image. babies are scanned inside the womb, and aborted, living the the swarm of data but never in this world. post-mortem fb pages. my browser history. Photos of me. My Amazon prime account PayPal, the synthetic self. is this the new threshold of life and death. is this heaven, eternal life, until we are baptized or resurected into a more effeccient technology or usb 5 compatible device. My dad has only had 3 cell phones. Ferst a bag phone for his work truck, a starTac flip phone and some LG flip phone i finally talked him into getting like 3 years ago. He is the only person i know that has no online identity. his email is just for his business, he checks it every 3 weeks, I know when he does cause i get about 100 fwd emails about guns and obama. usually some good hunting vids too. it was hard for him to get a credit card reader for customers. he gave away the computer me my brother and sister bought him for christmas last year. he truly believes in heaven and an afterlife, the way he lives his life on earth will determine that. I envy how he doesn't care how he looks to their people, just him and God. His family is deep into Mormonism, they crossed the Grand Canyon with handcarts. They were sent to the southwest to convert people, establish the church their. The kindergarten I went to was the first Mormon church built in town. I stopped going when I was 16 after spending a week at church camp. I understand why my mom left the church. I wanna go to photoshop heaven. where only the good shit makes it. only the best angles, best company, dinners and art i made. but what about self deprivation, or humiliation. that clone stamp tool on kim k's ass bendingg the door frame.\$&@&\$. Ur fAv social media b looks goods so u look like an idiot. Rice paper thin, topical cream thin, spf 15 irony. I wonder about death alot, how digital spirits live longer than us. i was the last person to see my friend carlos alive. we hung out in durango, made plans to live together the next semester. i gave him a hug, he got in the back seat of the car and died instantly when the car went of the road about 30 miles away back to Cortez. that was before facebook. idk if i even had a myspace then. still every year friends post something about him on his birthday. I wonder what his profile would be like now. i wonder how afterlife is different now. what would i be. What is my ghost self living as Rn. Shared posts. Rts. art blogs, my dream house, cnc machines, my incognito browsing history. the zip file of the snappenning i downloaded to see if i knew anyone that got hacked and then got paranoid i was going to get busted for child pornography. U might like this light saber or Chelsea boots. Never let anyone shop Amazon on your computer. Fb thinks it's me. how these things circulate. boids birds swarms. Looking out for benjamin bratton stacks. Recycle signs, off ramps on ramps, streaming supermarioworld on my iPad. metahaven, edward snowden is chill, but what is the base materiality of these things. rare earth materials in my phone, the sludge leftovers filling a lake in china, the overload of data, of pointless shit, the way it moves, the cloud. downloads, changes ,attaches to other things, degrades, fossilized. andy warhol digital art on a floppy disk. the patterns of global warming and CO2 circling the atmoshpere. the satellites circling around that. Sending and receiving waves of content. we are in it, we never log on or off, we can never leave. are we in the center of the jetty but scared to look up from the ground. after i graduated from metro i hiked through the grand canyon for 5 days. Katies dad applied for a permit for like 10 years in a row and finally got one for 4 people. it is a once in a lifetime opportunity to be able to get that pass, they asked me to go and i was totally down. but after school i wasn't feeling so great about me and katie and especially hiking through the grand canyon for 5 days with her dad and brother, totally said yes though hoping i could find way to get out of it if i had to. but the grand canyon. about a week before I go i am getting things ready, so fucking broke after my show. luckily have a bunch of hiking gear allready, but just getting a few thing from rei is a few hundred bucks. really feeling worried about having no money, but just doing it. that week i find out my dad is having surgery and didn't tell any of us. He had just had a shoulder surgery, and i thought it was no big deal, but he had some crazy shit in his stomach. a huge tear in his stomach lining, when he would sit down his guts would come out between his skin and stomach lining, bursa sacks in his knees don't have anymore fluid in them. The form, and material exterior going in between revealing and misleading its contents. No glass, a problem with a valve in his throat and above his stomach. he was choking at night from stomach acid. alone at the shop one night he choked in his sleep and couldn't breath and barely coughed it up before he passed out. nobody was around to take care of him, and he didn't even really tell anyone. we drove from denver to cortez and on the way down, I was pretty freeked out about going because i didnt wanna be in the depths of the earth when my dad had surgery. everyone talked me into going. i am still surprised i did. he had surgery the morning we left. i made us late so i could see him before we took off. he was pretty high on w/e they gave him. but he was so sweet. He smiled and made stoner jokes to us. It was really the first time my dad changed in front of me. He was still a super hero to me, a mythical and benevolent hero. but I saw something deeper inside him, not just his exterior, and his projected mind, but his faults and insecurities, his degrading body, worn away from 50 years of hard labor. He played in uranium tailings as a kid, I never saw him weld with any gloves on, rarely a helmet, he would just turn his head. He knew the best way for him to interface with tools. All of his grinders had the safety plate removed. I spent most of my life under a crawl space with open cans of glue and primer, in a smell that would make most people pass out. He talked about winning the state championship in football with a broken wrist. His hands are covered in burn scars from soldering. Hundreds of tiny scars from unsanitary cuts rinsed with a water bottle and wrapped in a paper towel and duct tape. He could always keep working. The world he inhabits is different than mine. He excelled in the previous ecosystem. Hard work and honesty. But there is no way to keep up without the help of soon to be obsolete prosthetics. I think we are on the down wave of paying for a\$60 handmade chevron necklace on etsy. The new building at school was plumbed with cpvc. It's really about surface. HD ready bods. The best accessory to my white Hanes T is my six pack abs(pending). Sexy and unfunctional, I'm trynna climb the denalis, cop an air tank. Have an asthma attack. P90x or insanity. ride around in a Denali, bydrodipped 22's, all matte black, cream interior with walnut trim, upgrade to the Z-71 4WD package and slam it to the ground. Add hydrolics. i held it back in front of him but cried in the hall on the way to the car. we drove the longest way possible to get there because katies parents like birding, so they also drive 50mph at all times. we drove through bluff utah, mexican hat, monument valley to the north rim of the grand canyon in kaibab. 3 hr drive took like 7 hours. we got there while there was still sun. after setting up camp me and katie went for a walk to the rim. as we got there the sun was setting, the north rim is pretty crazy, it isn't what you think the grand canyon would be like there is pine trees and it seems like a regular forest. the mouth of the canyon was pretty amazing though. still huge. we sat on a point, in a vertigo enducing spot trying to look where were were going to be goingg, you kinda couldn't see that far, what a long ways looked like was really the first place we stopped to stay the next day. the sun went down sitting there. a huge pressure was on me. i was so fucking terrified to go. like no hike I've ever done. i wasn't scared about it being too hard, but i was scared about going into a black hole for 5 days, with no contact to the outside world. no internet or cell service. what if something happened to my dad. or my last Facebook post blew up. So much of the biosphere is too light to penetrate that deep without a sort of magnet a sort of propulsion to make it back. bright angel creek. The thread. Deep thread. i tried to call my dad when we got back to camp. i already didn't have enough bars. i used someone else phone with sprint or something and my dad said he was fine, the next morning i was up at 5 am. all suited up with like 60 pounds of shit in my Osprey bag. Compact, organized in tabs, labels, compartments, folders. The contents of the bag could explode into smaller and smaller parts, sections, an orange waterproof capsule full of matches. we took a stupid photo at the trailhead of course, the park servicee had a sign with a landscape with water hydrant installed into the image. it looked like my bfa thesis work, there was a lot of people, we looked crazy with all our shit. i guessss the first section is a popular day hike trail, so a lot of moms from flagstaff were rollin through. its strange being in stream with people jogging or doing a work out and you are going for the long haul. i walk pretty fast at my natural pace and if i go slow, its bad news for my knees, especially downhill, it became clear pretty soon, that marc, katies dad is going to be so slow. he had knee replacements and he had to be careful. and he is pushing The mid to upper 200lb range. he's healthy, just a big dude from kansas. there was some sketch places where the trail was washed out and there was a few hundred foot drop. the 'bottom' of the trail was in site, or at least where it leveled off for a while. A strange buzz was coming through the canyon, it was familiar, but new, muffled. A red and white wasp curved around and approached us, a new evolved species for joint survival of the ecosystem. it hovered over a concert helipad with a red painted circle with a slash through it. I don't think it landed. A propeller bent down to stabilize it, a scientist got out. Walked across a wooden platform attached to a cute rustic hut, the bent down propellor pushed it back up and it silently snaked away down the canyon. a noise pollution side of conservation. Commercial flights can't fly over the canyon anymore. The noise causes Insects and reptiles to retreat and cause an imbalance in shit. we met up at the rustic hut, there were no scientists and two teenage bros without water, they were asking how far to the colorado river . we had just hiked most of the day, they were about 6 hours away from the top and 2 days from the river. they had to walk back, no water no preparation for how deep this thread runs. this trail is so popular because there is a water line that goes through the whole thing. you can get water at like 5 or 6 places along the way. but as we got down we weree barely filling up and the water was stopping. apparently they were doing maintenance on the line this week. so they were draining the pipe of water. the water was shutting off behind us the whole week. It was like trying to outrun a bomb fuse. the first day was whatever. we camped next to bright angel creek, took a quick cold bath bath. There was a volleyball team hiking as a group team building activity. University funded, the post internet seminar, the flaneur. Shared likes and interests. The next day we started early to make it through the oven canyon by 10 am, after 12 the granite walls heat up to 120 degrees, boiling blood, melting brains. The forest service recommends pissing in the river to protect the ancient and delicate habitat. It was too hard to get to the water. Lightheaded I pissed on the granite face in the middle of the narrow trail. My acidic piss concentrated down to Gatorade packets, cliff bars and dehydrated eggs and bacon. The toxic waste from my body burned off a thousand years of growth, the steam of further distilled piss went in the air, into my nose, the smell is brought from the index at a memories trigger. The thick heavy air of the oven canyon wound into a bamboo swamp. A polarity of temperature, scenery, a perceived connection through proximity.levitating wood planks, pylons above the swamp, attached to what's below, but soaking up the piss of dehydrated hikers 10 miles upstream. travertine waterfal oasis. Ribbon falls, maybe it was before the oven canyon, I could search it. My memory is in atrophy, dystrophy. What am I without my mental prosthetics, books are too heavy to hike with, but I brought my sketchbook cause I'm a artist. I haven't drawn in 10 years. Amazon is my new art store. Please don't talk about ordering 18324-wb primer around me, or fix-88 filler from snap on or smooth on w/e. What is interesting about making a plaster mold, casting it in bronze, injection molding, sweatshops for Apple. Magic of production, it shows up at my door after a click. Magic, untouched by a human hand, smells like its mother. I'll most likely 3d scan it and return it, or break it and throw it away, I don't know where it lives, what its feeling, what the hopes and dreams of that brave little toaster were. Idgaf. Everything brought to me is a byproduct of something, is soon to be a byproduct of something. It's building, they are building, the anthrobscene. What would cast limestone pyramids have as aggregates today? Sea shells, limestone, beer bottles, Nokia razrs. Clay is technology, rubbing sticks together is technology, we have been adding to the earths crust since we took our first shit. The industrial revolution exclamated moores law. The algorithm of duplication. 100,000,000 years from a took to typewriter. 30 years from a light to an atomic blast. I don't even need to sleep anymore. I can sleep while my work is printing. I can watch Netflix after I order my custom fabric print. I can sleep when I'm dead. My body will still be visible through the glass. If I die, download me from the Apple Store, phantom ranch, we got to phantom ranch just as the water was shutting off. There was a crowd around the hand levered pump. i filed up my nalgenes. Then headed to the CANTINA/ post office/gift shop. I blew all of my money getting drunk off budwiesers. so good down there, the lowest post office in america, highest price beers. mail by donkey. no wifi, email. But there is a DSL connection for credit cards, the only signal allowed to penetrate the canyon is for American access, American axpress. The speed of information is so slow in this space. We were getting kicked out of the canteen unless we wanted to pay \$60 for a steak dinner with a bunch of people about to arrive on their donkey train. A full day b4 they can upload a selfie. I have at least 2. #grandcanyon. I'm Feelin pretty wasted. we went walking down the middle of bright angel creek to the river rock mouth that meets the colorado river. I layed down with my body in the bright angel creek with my feet in the colorado. the cold water i remember from the first day's bath was warm, holding on to the trauma of the oven canyon. the freezing cold water in the colorado with a extremely powerful currrent is slowly pulling my body to the edge. I want it to consume me. Absorb my body into its flow. I think a lot about my hippie friend talking about vibes and how water is grounding and <u>purifiing</u> energy source. art object vibes, aura. I hate the word aura. You can photograph an aura, it is a physical and emotional energy, but vibes, it requires you to be able to read the language. To find out what it's feeling. Slow jams. How do you create an object with life, how to give it an experience. Nike in Paris going into hiding from hitler. Getting blasted by napoleons canons. Vibes don't reside in the object. What are the vibes of the Nike roshe. It is outside of the object, it lives on another plane. Nike is the vibe, the status the desire. The corporation. The vibes can be in a new or vintage Chanel bag, a bootleg from china town. The material doesn't matter, the image matters. A logo can still strike that emotion. The vibe gains power through its mechanical reproducibleity. Strength and survival through visibility. Every image, advertisement, every other version of itself, on a broncos jersey. Oregon Ducks jersey, on yung leans sandals. As synthetic versions blanket the earth, geologic time speeds up. producing images faster than language/speech. different speeds. broadbands, loss of vibes, gaining them, new directions, detournments of water sources to california. lake powell dam flooded ancient civilizations. releasing the dam flushed millions of years of habitat and nutrients from the lower colorado. most of the fish died. there is more water in the colorado which is 40 feet wide than the mississippi river that is a mile wide in parts. volume, currents, undercurrents, deep web deep thread. This is the lowest point i had ever been below sea level. Scuffling my feet i found a rock that had a micky mouse on it. i grabbed it, it is on my mantle. I grabbed some other cool ones for my granny. i bring her a rock from the peak of every mountain i climb, and this was the inverse, polar. She climbed Machu pichu at 70. She has seen a lot of the world. i had change in my pocket from my drinking binge. it was a brand new 2012 penny. i thought about the year and the bad shit, and the future, i don't do this but i just made a thought about- 2012 is over, Rn. and threw it in the colorado. Maybe it was a curse. The rest of the year sucked. That summer I was driving back to Cortez from Denver to work on a job with my dad. I was in a 2004 Mercury Milan. Navy blue. Blueberry with tan leather interior. I took out a loan on it and had one more payment till it was payed off. I wanted to sell it cause I was so broke from school/ art. I didn't need that car, it was too nice. I was about 2 hours from home in the mountains by pagosa springs. I felt weird vibes that whole drive, like something bad was going to happen. Like I was going to die. I was ready for it. I had a lot of mental images of hitting an elk and just letting go. I was listening to frank oceans pyramids. I was thinking a lot about this girl grace. My exes sisters best friend. She has always fucked up my life, but I've never connected to someone like that. I was psychically connected to her at that time. Frank ocean and the dream where the soundtrack to our 2 week summer romance. It's a long song. The first half is pretty smooth then it goes into some speed racer shit, the song transitions to a synthed out/space sound, just then a black angus bull walked up from the side ditch into the road, I was going about 70, I swerved to miss it and hit its head, my car swerved almost sideways. I was going towards the other side of the road, that had a steep drop off to the river. I just turned the wheel back as hard as I could. I had no control but was going towards the ditch on the same side of the road. I hit the ditch and slid into a green mile marker that hit my driver side door, the momentum launched my car into the air. It was some Bruce Willis shit. I gripped the wheel, I wasn't going to die. I swear someone was holding me to my seat. I rolled about three times and landed on its side. The synth was still playing. The airbags didn't go off. There was a loud hiss maybe from the tires or because the car was about to blow up. The roof was caved in inches in front of my face. All the doors where smashed in, I tried to kick out the cracked windshield and rolled the car onto its roof. Cars where driving by. I layed on my back on the roof of the car and kicked the back passenger window 28 times until it broke out. Just as I climbed out a couple guys who just got out of the police academy stopped. One said there was a wreck in the exact place the week before. There was no cell service. My phone was dead. I called my dad up the road and he was coming to get me. As I was walking back I saw the Bulls eyeball in the road, it was screaming in pain. Dying by the river. A sacrifice. Some Battaile shit. We went back to camp and took painkillers cause marc is a pharmacist. he was trying to help and i don't think he knew i was that drunk. i was so fucked up. and slept so good, the next day it was daunting, looking up and seeing a high plateau, getting there and seeing another, and another for the next 2 days. origins. depth of the earth. refresh > the next camp was this haunted ass indian village. There might have been a massacre there. vibes, auras. Spirits. I felt pretty heavy there. The kolb brothers. Maybe the people pushed from their land, we have only seen things from our singular perspective, animate them into our bodies, reject where we can't make a connection, anthroprocentrism/morphism/soico-polititical. A type of way to get out of our bodies, to float in another space and time, inside another object, to feel new things out of our perspective. haunted ghost forms of a body, a product, physical and digital. Doppelgängerz. Versions. The infrared. Sonar. A cold blooded rattlsnake hunting, eating a mouse by the tent. About a mile from camp is sunset point. A3000+ ft drop to the river. We made it to hear the speech from the bad trail guide. Look for the shaman. Start a journey on a peyote trip. The dry acidic sunset, a seamless color stream, natures gradient. A hyper object made from the particles in the atmosphere reflecting light, the smoke stack of pollution at the coal energy plant. Credit card transactions. The car pollution from Vegas settling in. Inverting inside the canyon. Everything beginning to separate, to become the same thing. I can see the cell service ahead. I can hear you now. sitting on the edge of the cliff with katie thinking about tripping mushrooms in monument valley. The southwest desert has always been our place. Where my family lives, where they are from. Hollywood commodification. John Wayne. The searchers. I remember closing my eyes and laying on her chest. Everything was sacred geometry. space travel. We went somewhere. It's amazing 2b alive rn at this time, pictures of pictures making geotag blisters, suing someone for taking the same photo of a glacier. I'm dragging my memories through a selection of lenses. the change in the stream of people. again strange. Stranger than b4. We are haggard, delirious, bleeding in our socks as sorority girls in flip-flops and half a bottle of water stumble down the hill. little kids are almost falling off the edge of cliffs. little old asian couples looking hard af. We're coming to the top of the long tail. idk. some walt whitman shit. Maybe we can catch n imax movie to complete our experience, to experience what we just saw in pure HD imagez. Shout outs to the guy who just broke the world record running the same trail in like 2.5 hrs or something crazy. Different speeds. Different resolutions. After 4 days of dust, we reach the paved trail, I'm jealous of her hover round. 4wd wheel chair designed by Tom cruise. Hers for little or no money down. I really love those and life alert commercials. I remember watching a 60 minutes about the guy who invented it. He was talking about their branding and commercials. about visual intelligence, how old people would respond visually to a really simple infomercial, but you have to have the craziest shit going on for a new squirt gun add running on Nickelodeon. Different speeds. Different resolutions. Looking up to the rim, hoping it's the last one, I saw a California condor flying above me Circling in currents above the canyon. I want to meet it there. As my body rises above the protection of the 80 degree canyon walls, I'm hit by 40 degree 60mph winds. Everything I left was waiting, hitting me all at once. I'm pushing against the current, I want to go back, I don't want it to consume me. This is my first time at the south rim. Is this the first time I've been here, or did I come in through the front door this time. an inverse perspective/experience. The motel my dad started plumbing at is here circled by a constant train of tour buses and people. Nobody has posted a photo in 8mins. I only have 5 likes. I saw the condor land on a tree 100 yards from the parking lot. I grabbed a camera and ran to a spot as close as I could to the edge of a cliff. The condor was about 25yrds away eye level with me, perched on top of a 50ft ponderosa pine. A dinosaur in the flesh flapping its massive wings for balance against the wind. I zoomed in as far as I could with the camera and it was further away than with just my naked eyes. I took a shitty lowrez photo and threw a rock to make المنسكارة للاستشارات it flap its wings again. I would probably get arrested for endangering a protected bird. I sat and watched it for 10

minutes b4 I left, I wasn't going to get a good pic newayz. And I needed to go to walmart.

www.manaraa.com

I never thought I'd be an artist. I spent most of my life plumbing for my dad. I went to

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