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Contemplation of a Place, Slow and Constant

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Washington University in St. Louis
Graduate School of Art

Contemplation of a Place, Slow and Constant
by
Colton Carter

A thesis presented to the Sam Fox School of Design and Visual Arts of Washington
University in St. Louis in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirement for the degree
of Masters of Fine Arts

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Abstract

This thesis focuses on the complex nature of experience and the ability to capture its essence through forms of representation. I start with a narrative to give the reader my personal history and context that drive my work. I then go on to examine the moment in which an experience exceeds the mundane and becomes significant. I also examine the object by focusing on its ability to act as a remnant of an experience, and therefore, it becomes a means of self-reflection. I use the work *Box with the Sound of its own making* by Robert Morris and *Inhabited for a Survey (First Floor Plan from Self-Portrait as a Building)* by Mark Manders in correlation with my own to explain the role of objects in the recollection of memory. Lastly, I analyze a work by Thomas Demand, titled *Poll*, to focus on the photograph's lack of ability to represent a moment fully.

Introduction

The banal, the quota, the obvious, the common, the ordinary, the infra-ordinary, the back-ground noise, the habitual?[...] How are we to speak of these common things, how to track them down, how to flush them out, wrest them from the dross in which they are mired, how to give them meaning, a tongue, to let them, finally, speak of what it is, who we are.¹ - Georges Perec

What do we do with a moment in time, a time far removed from the present? How do we become conscious of past events, and how does our mind preserve it? Think of a time possibly from childhood. Can you hear the moment? Can you visualize the moment, or can you smell the moment? The revisiting of our past experiences tend to be very complex — activating multiple senses.

I became interested in the representation of past experience since the first time I attempted to visualize my earliest memory. This memory consisted of a video of myself inside a makeshift wooden air plane. This plane was moving in an endless rotation powered by a repurposed tractor engine. I can see myself going round and round on this makeshift carnival ride, smiling and laughing. As I continued to contemplate this experience, I began to realize that it took place in third person. My memory is not the experience of the moment taking place, but it is the act of watching it happen on a tv screen.

In my work, I attempt to enhance the ability of representation to capture the richness of a lived experience. Throughout my practice I have used the photograph in attempt to expose its inability to fully represent an experience. In my current work, rather than criticizing the photograph, I explore ways to enhance it. By bringing in physical elements that exist within a moment — this includes the object and the activation of the senses — the photograph is able to be enhanced.

Missouri Isn't South



(fig 1)

Artistic expression is influenced by both internal and external forces which we may or may not be fully aware of. Some are so deeply hidden they may never be revealed or, if they are, not fully understood. Often, both the present and future are closely tied to the objects of our pasts. As an artist, this can be resisted or embraced. Nonetheless, studying an artist's productions will almost always reveal something of their character.

For me, home exist in the southernmost part of Missouri (in a portion of the state known as the Bootheel). Often times, when I mention where I was brought up, I am faced with the response "Missouri isn't south". In response, I describe the endless backdrops of farmland containing multiple types of crops — from snow white cotton to highly saturated green pads of rice — and how they contrast with a background of nothingness. I then go on to explain that my hometown is further south than the northernmost part of Arkansas and Tennessee, solidifying its southern identity. Only after this tiresome explanation does the person questioning my "Southernness" accept my claim. Because of this, I have thought extensively about ideas of place and how place gives shape to an individual's character.

Days in the Bootheel move slow. They blur into weeks; weeks into months. People there, for the most part, live simply. Unfortunately, poverty and unemployment are high, and when there is work, it often involves hard labor. Being a rural area, many people are employed as farm workers. Others in the area travel to bordering states to dirty their palms in steel mills. Like them, I also have worked in the fields and, for a time, took employment in one of the steel mills. The work was hard, laborious, and mind numbing. For many, ambition is low and some take to unhealthy vices to escape the mundane. Due to the limited enrichment opportunities in the area, life experiences are significantly different from those of individuals from more urban areas. Seclusion from the outside world, and a lack of understanding of what lies outside the horizons of day to day life, often gives way to apathy.

The culture is not inferior, just different. Certainly there are some positive attributes about growing up in a rural community. For example, familial ties can be close. Everyone knows everyone. Generation after generation, many of the same families, continue to populate the area. This includes at least three generations of my own family. People there stick together and find purpose in a simple life and their family ties. Any mention of me settling down anywhere else but home forces an argument. Despite trying for so long to escape, this place continues to pull me back. At any given time, when thinking of home, images of its setting emerge in my consciousness.

Gravel crunches under the car as I make my way down the road back to my childhood home. A cloud of thick dust emerging from the tires of the pickup truck in front of me, obstructs my view of the road ahead. Vehicles on the gravel roads pass occasionally, like steam engine trains puffing up smoke. The dust can be seen from a half mile away. From that distance, depending on the speed of the vehicle, it could be mistaken as a small fire, or a house consumed by

flames. Red lights shine as the pickup truck takes a right hand turn. The lights fade as the engine is killed and I see my grandfather step out of the drivers side door. I see him wave in my rearview mirror as I pass him and continue down the road. He's happy that I have made my way back home. Coming to my own familiar destination, I make a right hand turn into my parent's driveway.

My feet press against the loose gravel as I step out of the car and make my way back towards my grandfather's home. My feet trace the tire tracks, leaving a distinct shoe print from my red Vans classics within the lines of the tread. Step after step, the sound of loose gravel is persistent. This gravel road is now nostalgic, and I begin to compare it to the city sidewalk, taking note of the differences. The hard scrape of soles on concrete is replaced by the warm sensation of loose gravel under my feet. The sound of cars and chattering voices are replaced with sounds of howling wind and grinding stones. I continue to walk until I arrive at my grandfather's home. His pickup sits in the driveway. A thick coating of mud and dirt almost completely conceals the truck's color, changing it from a pearlescent glossy white to a mix of dark and light brown. I drag my finger across the window, leaving a transparent line through which I see into the truck's interior. I proceed to the walkway and take three steps up to the double paned glass door.

The door makes a familiar creaking noise as I swing it open. I shout out my usual, "Knock Knock," as I walk past the threshold and into the front entryway. A voice quickly yells back, "WE'RE IN HERE," signaling me to make my way to the back den. The house holds the usual chill I have become accustomed to. I decide to leave my jacket on. I am greeted with an embrace from my grandmother and instantly take a deep breath of her familiar floral scented perfume. The same scent she has always worn fills my nose; a scent that I will always associate with her. I take a seat on the faux leather couch.

The discussion immediately concentrates on my time in the city — new eye opening experiences and a life lived at a faster pace. I describe how I don't have to drive thirty minutes to a movie theater or to get take-out Chinese food. Their eyes show a lack of enthusiasm. They have a certain view of what city life is. They believe the city is a place of risk, danger, and financial misfortune. They use terms like “hustle and bustle” and refer to the people as “city folk”. My opinions are much different from theirs.

We continue our conversation over the sound of an old black and white western movie (grandpa's favorite genre). The movie contains imagery of cowboys fighting in a local saloon. I suppose grandpa loves westerns because they bring back fond memories of times past — a time when young boys admired cowboy hats and gun toting heroes. I look away from the television and towards my grandmother as she says, “you talk different.” I ask her what she means and she replies, “you sound like a yankee.”

An outsider could easily brush this aside as an inappropriate, disrespectful comment. However, when placing the comment in proper context — embedding it within my grandmother's strong emotional feelings — I know it to be nothing more than a reminder of home. Change is often difficult. Seeing a grandson move away to pursue art is thought to be a risky endeavor. In her mind, I just moved to the city to attend school and get an advanced degree. She is hopeful that, once finished, I will make my way back home and continue to live my life as she has. Yet, despite the love and admiration that exists between us, our life experiences are now different. Life events, objects, and places provide context for both this rift and my work.

Mundane: the Memory of Place

Whenever we are trying to recover a recollection, to call up some period of our history, we become conscious of an act *sui generis* by which we detach ourselves from the present in order to replace ourselves, first, in the past in general, then, in a certain region of the past—a work of adjustments, something like the focusing of a camera. But our recollections still remain virtual: we simply prepare ourselves to receive it by adopting the appropriate attitude. Little by little it comes into view like a condensing cloud; from virtual state it passes into the actual; and as its outlines become more distinct and its surface attached to the past by its deepest roots, and if, when once realized, it did not retain something of its original virtuality, if, being present state, it were not also something which stands out distinct from the present, we should never know it for memory.² -Henri Bergson

The ordinary and repetitive exists between 16th birthdays and family vacations, Thanksgiving and Christmas. The moments between the extraordinary become, within our memory, lost. We remember the integral events between point A and B but forget the subtle moments in between. We take long car rides in a state of comatose wondering how we arrived at our final destination. We remember only portions of a years time because we forget to stop and notice.

Cathleen Stewart states in her book *Ordinary Affects* that, “Everyday is a life lived on the surging affects, impacts suffered or barely avoided. It takes everything we have. But it also spawns a series of little somethings dreamed up in the course of things.”³ A simple object can have the ability to captivate, resulting in a form of influence and inspiration. It operates as a motivator to move me forward. The mundane exists in repetition as daily routines and background noises. It exists within landscapes and domestic spaces. I am able to take inspiration from these surroundings. My work *Remembrance of a Place, Slow and Constant* is a manifestation of an everyday experience within my personal history. The work speaks of a place and its characteristics. It speaks of the repetition of the everyday set to the tempo of strides along a gravel road and

is a meditation of place, as well as a mechanism to heighten the awareness of the place's quiet repetitions.

There is beauty in the everyday, and if we take notice of the ordinary then the mundane offers poetic opportunities. The mundane for an artist is where repetition and creativity confront each other.⁴ When I take the time to notice the stoic elegance of a stone, the ordinary can speak. Defining the space through the nuances of its surroundings, the stone become a means of accessing a personal history and the meaning of the rural environment, which shapes who I am.

The work *Contemplation of a Place, Slow and Constant*, which functions to trigger memory and open the senses to speak of the ordinary, consists of two palm sized stones presented to the viewer by an armature constructed from steel. One stone is placed on a slow moving

motor, which rotates at slow rate. As one stone rotates, the other moves back and forth on a spring loaded mechanism. The stones grind against each other, leaving marks that change with each rotation. The work sits on a square platform framed with wood. On



(fig. 2)

the upper surface of the platform is a photograph. The steel legs of the armature sit on the plexiglass that covers the photograph. The photograph is of a stone and dirt road with subtle tire tracks moving from one edge of the image to the other. I created the work as a meditation of place, and as a mechanism to rile perception and rekindle the wonder of place.

When the repetition of the ordinary is disrupted, we become aware (of that which affects us) the beauty within our everyday existence. Disruption is what drives, excites, and influences

me. It is what allows me to take notice and become aware of the current moment. I can then store the experience in my mind, and place significance on the objects, sounds, colors and sensations that surround and structure experience. The sound of the stones rubbing together is a constant reminder of the rhythm of walking a stone road, or simply being in close proximity to an environment that I am now distanced from. As I take notice of this rhythm, I force a disruption in the tempo, and find meaning in the conclusion of the two.

The Object: Identity and Artifact

I hold an object in the palm of my hand, rubbing my thumb gently along its surface. I take notice of its texture and weight. I contemplate the numerous times I have held it before. This small insignificant stone instantly transports me back to my childhood. I think back on memories I have had throwing stones and listening to them land in the open field in front of my house. I can recall the sensation of stones under my feet as I search for the perfect one to skip across a puddle of water. Because of this, the stone becomes a symbol for a specific place in my past.

Within my work, these stones have importance in self-reflection. They shift my focus to a time once experienced. When encountering stones, they trigger memories of a single place — my childhood home. Stones define the essence of the gravel road; a signifier of where I come from. The stone exists in many places: riverbeds, lake beds, city gardens. Yet no matter the location, the stone opens a dialogue with my past. They operate to represent the nuances of my experiences. Being both exactly the same and wholly unique than any other, the stone has the ability to transport me out of the present and into an alternate time and space.

Objects can function as a form of language, offering us an exploration into ourselves and the world we live in. Objects have a means to define and to shape an individual's character. Some objects are not constricted by time, for they exist in both the past and the present. In my case, the stone exists in my past — walking along a gravel road. The stone also exists in the present and functions as a trigger to send me back to a particular place and time.

The work by Robert Morris, titled *Box with The Sound of Its Own Making*, consists of a hand built wooden cube resting on a narrow pedestal. An audio recording containing the sound of the box's construction is resonating from the box's interior. The audio contains the sounds of

saws cutting, and hammers banging. You are able to make out the grunts of the artist's laborious actions. The intention of the audio is to heighten the viewers awareness of the effort required to craft the wooden cube. We are familiar with wooden boxes, chests, and crates and have seen them many times throughout our lives. The box's construction becomes a part of the mundane and therefore requires a clear focus to be noticed. In an analysis of the work, one notices the seams and treatment of the wooden surface. By paying attention to how the wood was cut and how the surface was stained, we understand the language of the work — its structure, inherent qualities and also the labour required to craft it.



(fig. 3)

Morris' work is in relationship to my own in the way that it deals with the familiar object on an auditory level. In my work *Contemplation of a Place, Slow and Constant* stones and the sound of interacting with them are presented for analysis. The work speaks of a particular place and attempts to embody a sound in the environment of my past. While Morris uses sound in order to bring attention to the construction of a wooden box, I use sound as a point of meditation on the material properties of the stone. The sound is created by two stones slowly grinding away at each other. The grinding speaks of time in the way the grinding causes the stones to break down, leaving dust and causing the sound to change. As the slight elevations of the stones' surfaces break down, the sound becomes even more subtle and eventually will become silent once the stones no longer make contact. The subtle sound works as an instrument that plays a song at a continuous tempo. The notes are random and are controlled by the textural qualities of the stone. A low howl emerges as tension is applied to the motor. The

howling mimics the sound of wind moving across ones ear. The motor strains, informing us of its temporal existence. Eventually, the pressure will become too much and the motor will stop. The stones will rest permanently, and the song of stones will become silent. The work offers the viewer a new perspective with the stone and allows them to take notice of its nuances, therefore making the stone and its sound significant.

As I have mentioned and described before, I have found significance in the sound that a gravel road produces while walking along it. The experience, for someone who has lived amongst these roads, is banal in the same way as our understanding of the construction of a wooden box. When something is ordinary, we tend to overlook it. It wasn't until I no longer lived amongst the stones that I realized its significance in my life.

Objects contain our former selves and remind us of instances in our past. Morris' *Box with the Sound of Its Own Making* is an example of how the object is an extension of ourselves. Objects are able to exist with us in the past and present. We place meaning within objects giving them the power to define a particular moment in our past. Therefore, we use objects as a form of language. Used car tires, stones, igloo coolers and beer cans are objects that speak of the place I grew up. These are objects that tell the story of my past. They are objects that can be found strewn around yards, and along the side of roads throughout the region. These are objects that have been abandoned, lost or unnoticed. They define the region's character, a way of life and a way of mind. Walter Benjamin stated that, "Possession is the most intimate relationship that one can have with objects. Not that they come alive in [us]; It is how [we] also live in them."⁵ By using objects to define the region that I am from, the objects are also used to define a part of myself. People are products of their surroundings and objects surround us all.

“Everything that is dead quivers. Not only the things of poetry, stars, moon, wood, flowers, but even white trouser button glittering out of a puddle in the street. . . . Everything has a secret soul, which is silent more often than it speaks.”⁶ - *Kandinsky*

If I were to choose a single object to express my story, I would refer to the stone. Stones are a reminder of the roads once walked on. They contain their own “secret soul,” and speak of a time and place within my own experience. Stones were present in large quantities existing in grid patterns that surrounded the homes in the town I am from. Objects that we identify with can speak to us poetically. When we have an intimate experience with an object, we tend to analyze it and find meaning within it. The sound of stones rubbing together has a calming nature. I experience this as I travel by foot exploring the country side. These stone roads have allowed me to explore my imagination; using them to practice my swing and pretend that I won the game with a three-two count in the ninth inning. The residue of these stones would leave blank canvases on car windows for me to attempt my next masterpiece or to communicate to the car owner that their car was in need of a wash. The stone roads transport me into the past and are a reminder of where I came from.

Someone who writes has an intimate relationship with the pen, and therefore the pen is a part of the identity of a writer. The central emphasis in Mark Manders' work lies in his specific selection of materials and objects. Materials found in his work include writing utensils, tables, chairs, clay and objects that exist on the line between handmade and readymade. These materials have contradictory implications. For Manders, who arranges them to suggest a personal narrative, these objects evoke a sense of mystery because he is depriving the viewer of their history. In Manders' work, *Inhabited for a Survey (First Floor Plan from Self-Portrait as a Building)*, he arranges various writing utensils on the floor. The work suggests a symbol of some kind. I

would argue that Manders explores the capacity of objects to function as language. Manders' choice of materials for this work was based on his past career as a writer.⁷ If you were to translate the different objects within the work, a conclusion can be made that these objects are used to communicate. Manders' personal relationship with these writing utensils introduces the opportunity to understand them in a metaphorical sense.



(fig.4)

Manders' writing objects are used to create language. He states his overall purpose for this work when he says, “The intention was to write one single book in the course of my entire life, and to make a start, I placed all my writing utensils on the ground to outline a kind of floor plan. So I began with language, which I basically wanted to use as objects.”⁸ The writing utensil within Manders' work is a dialogue between himself as an artist in the present, and a writer in his past.

Manders identifies with objects, and uses them to create a dialogue that speaks of himself and of his past experiences. He has found significance in the object in the same way that I have. He looks to writing utensils to provide information concerning his past as a writer. Similarly, I identify with the stone and see it as a representation of the place within my childhood. I identify with Manders' work because of his use of objects and his interest in speaking of his own experience.

Representation and the Real

Modern memory is, above all archival. It relies entirely on the sterility of the trace, the immediacy of the recording, the visibility of the image. What began as writing ends as high fidelity and tape recording. [...] No longer living memory's more or less intended remainder, the archive has become the deliberate and calculated secretion of lost memory. It adds to life - itself often a function of its own recording - a secondary memory, a prothesis memory.⁹ -Pierre Nora

I rummage through the closet and find a box of old photographs. Stacks of photographs are separated by plastic Ziplock bags and labeled with permanent marker. The first bag I pull out is labeled 'Disney Trip.' The next is labeled 'Third birthday.' I open a bag labeled 'Boys learn to ride bikes.' I flip through through the stack. Many of the photographs are blurry and out of focus. I finally come across the first photograph in focus. I remove it from the stack and begin to contemplate the image. The photograph depicts myself smiling as I stand next to my bicycle. I have no memory of this experience. The photograph is a remnant of a forgotten moment. I know that, at one time, I learned how to ride a bike, but the process of attempting to do so is lost to memory. I look to the photograph for information, but it is a fragment containing only visual cues. There is so much that it cannot tell. What was the temperature outside? What time of year was it? Who took the photograph? There are so many unanswered questions. I am interested in the richness of the moment, but the photograph, due to its many restrictions, is unable fully capture the experience.

What interests me about a photograph is what the photograph is not able to depict. A photograph is only a representation of a time past, unable to represent the true nature of an experience. I believe that the true essence of an experience can only be obtained in the moment as it is experienced. While looking through old photographs from my family archive, I noticed that

many of the photographs seem staged. Roland Barthes discusses, in his text *Camera Lucida*, how a subject is aware of the camera while he or she is being photographed.¹⁰ The awareness of the camera allows the subject to become aware of themselves, influencing them to “strike a pose” or smile. The subject is not representing themselves in a pure form, but in a form that they themselves would like to be perceived. In photography, the scene is often staged in order to benefit the photographer. In this case, the camera operator is responsible for the fictional narrative of the photograph. As a result, the staged photograph does not allow a clear understanding of the subject or subjects depicted. The observer is manipulated by the staged photograph; forced to make assumptions that only the camera operator or subject has full control of. When looking at the photograph of myself standing next to my bicycle, I cannot help but think of still life paintings with bowls of fruit and glasses of wine, perfectly composed to exist in the frame of a canvas. The sweating fruit represents its freshness in the way that my smile is intended to represent happiness but, like the still life, it is a curated moment.

I have explored the idea of the staged photograph through many of my works. I went through a time where I was collecting photographs from my own family archive. I then proceeded to block out sections of the images with materials and paint. An example of this can be seen in my work *Sinking or Swimming*. This work consists of a six-foot, by two-foot photograph printed on vinyl. The image depicts myself, as a young boy, swimming in a kiddie pool. The photograph is covered by a layer of transparent mylar with acrylic acid-green paint, blocking out the splashes of water depicted in the photograph. The thin layer of mylar moves back and forth, set in motion as people walk past. The work is intended to alter the perception of the original photographic image. I wanted the viewer to question or doubt the image. The layering of material over the im-



(fig.5)

age enables the photograph to be untouched, allowing a moment of clarity for the viewer when the mylar sheet moves and exposes the image underneath.

At the time the photograph was originally taken, I was around two years of age. This image was a remnant of an experience that I once had, but have no recollection of. The experience is removed from me and I felt that I might as well have been looking at photograph of someone else's past.

Thomas Demand offers an approach in dealing with the photograph. In Demand's work titled, *Poll*, is a photograph that depicts a series of desks with an assortment of telephones, folders and sticky notes. On an initial glance, the objects within the photograph seem to be passed off as an actual scene, but with a second look a strangeness is brought to the viewers attention. The telephones lack buttons or numbers, and the sticky notes and folders lack any evidence of text. References to people are completely



(fig. 6)

nonexistent. Upon further inspection, small imperfections start to appear: the desk breaks away at its corners and subtle pencil markings start to become prevalent. The misleading properties of

these images become clear when the work is revealed as a reconstructed model, of an already existing place.

The work of Demand starts with an image, then it is transferred into a three-dimensional full scale model, and then photographed. The original model is then destroyed, leaving only the photographs to be exhibited. The photographs are exhibited at a large scale format and placed behind plexiglass. Through the lighting and attention to detail, Demand is able to create a very convincing recreation. Demand's images typically reference historical events sourced from news media. The subject of *Poll* is appropriated from a photograph of the Palm Beach County Operation Center, where a recount of ballots took place during the 2000 election for president of the United States.¹¹ Demand's image explains the scene no better than the photograph on which it is based. Here lies the reasoning behind Demand's intentions. By creating an artificial recreation of an existing place, Demand encourages the viewer to question if the place in the photograph truly exists at all. Even though there are elements within the image that are missing, all the necessary objects are present in order to make the connection to the original event. Through this questioning, Demand asks whether images depicted in present day media can be trusted. Demand is concerned with photograph's ability to represent and contain all the information needed to understand a specific event. *Poll* creates confusion within the viewer, causing them to question the existence of the space depicted. Through this questioning Demand exposes the fictionality of the original image.

Through my exploration of the photograph I have been concerned with exposing the fictional quality of the medium. As I continued to work with photographs, a new question presented itself. I have understood that the photograph in its ability to capture an experience was flawed

and now I am concerned with the possibility of enhancement. In my work, *Contemplation of a Place, Slow and Constant*, the photograph consists of the image of a gravel road. The photograph is placed at the viewer's feet in response to the imagery's original location. The placement is intended to force the viewer to experience it in the same perspective as the actual ground. This offers a comparison between the real and the representation. The grinding stones offer sensory and material qualities of the experience that the photograph lacks. We are now able to see how light moves around the stones. We are able to experience the multiple surfaces of a stone and we are able to understand the sound that a stone can make. What I intended to create was a mechanism that contained a photograph and enhanced it through the addition of objects, sound, and movement.

Conclusion

Through my distrust of the photograph, I have searched for other means to represent the essence of a lived experience. I have become interested in objects, and their ability to trigger a past memory and to become a remnant of experience. I focus on the limitations of the photograph in relation to an actual experience, which has led me to the exploration of sensory elements and the inclusion of objects in my work. The essence of an experience can only be obtained in the moment the experience is had. I accepted this and am not trying to recreate an experience, but rather to enhance our awareness of the significant nuances within a particular moment.

¹ Stephen Johnstone, “Recent Art and the Everyday,” in *The Everyday* 2008, ed Stephen Johnstone. (London: Whitechapel Gallery, 2008), 12

² Henry Bergson, *Matter and Memory*, trans Nancy Margaret and W. Scott Palmer (New York: Dover Publications, 2004), 171

³ Cathleen Stewart, *Ordinary Affects* (London: Duke University Press, 2007), 9

⁴Johnstone, *The Everyday*, 15

⁵ Peter Schwenger *The Tears of Things: Melancholy and Physical Objects* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2006), 75

⁶ Aniela Jaffe, “Symbolism in the Visual Art” in *Man and His Symbols*, ed Carl G. Jung (London: Dell Publishing, 1964), 291

⁷ Douglas Fogle, “The Emergence of Mark Manders,” in *Parallel Occurrences/ Documented Assignments*, ed. Hammer Museum (Los Angeles: Hammer Museum, 2010), 74.

⁸ Oliver Kielmayer, “Mark Manders- The Self as Grand Narrative,” in *Sculptural Sphere*, ed. Sammlung Gotez (Germany: Herausgeber, 2004), 97.

⁹ Uriel Orlow, “Latent Archives, Roving Lens” in *Memory*, ed. Ian Farr (London: Whitechapel Gallery, 2012), 204

¹⁰Roland Barths, *Camera Lucida: Reflections on Photography* (New York: Hill and Wang, 1981) 10.

¹¹ Dean Sobel, *Thomas Demand Catalogue and Exhibition* (Amsterdam: Aspen Art Museum, 2001).40

Image Citations

(Figure 1) Colton Carter, *Image of the Gravel Road Outside My Childhood Home*. 2017, digital image, size varies. Collection of the Artist. Available from: Colton Carter (accessed April 28th, 2017)

(Figure 2) Colton Carter, *Contemplation of a Place, Slow and Constant*. 2017, steel, wood, photograph, motor, and stones, 3 x 3 x 5ft. Collection of the Artist. Available from: Colton Carter, <http://www.coltoncarter.com> (accessed April 28th, 2017)

(Figure 3) Robert Morris, *Box with the Sound of Its Own Making*, 1961, wood, internal speaker, and digital audio tapes, 117 x 25 x 25 cm. Seattle Art Museum, Seattle, USA. Available from: Seattle Art Museum, <http://www1.seattleartmuseum.org> (Accessed April 29th, 2017)

(Figure 4) Mark Manders, *Inhabited for a Survey (First Floor Plan from Self-Portrait as a Building)*. 1986, writing materials, erasers, painting tools, scissors, 8 x 267 x 90 cm. The Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago, USA. Available from: Mark Manders, <http://markmanders.org> (Accessed April 29th, 2017)

(Figure 5) Colton Carter, *Sink or Swim*. 2016, photograph on vinyl, mylar, paint, and plastic, 6 x 2ft. Collection of the Artist. Available from: Colton Carter, <http://www.coltoncarter.com> (accessed April 28th, 2017)

(Figure 6) Thomas Demand, *Poll*. 2001, chromogenic color print, 180.3 x 259.1 cm Museum of Modern Art, New York, USA. Available from: Museum of Modern Art, <http://www.moma.org> (Accessed April 29th, 2017)

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