

Peeling Back / Layers of Loss

A Supporting Paper Submitted to the Graduate Faculty

of the Department of Art

University of Minnesota

By Amber White

In partial fulfillment of the requirements of the

Master of Fine Arts Degree in Art

May 2016

Committee Members:
Tamsie Ringler (Committee Chair)
Chris Larson
Stuart McLean (Anthropology)

That September day, thousands of trees lay severed at the ground, fresh wet stumps exposing their annual growth rings, leaking the moisture still pulled up from below. The air smelled sweet and pulpy, like a freshly gutted pumpkin. The emotional and financial trauma of my father's death sent a shockwave through my family. To cushion the impact, my uncle sold off the birch and aspen surrounding our cabin to a lumber company.

I breathed those trees for over two decades.

On the opening weekend of archery hunting that year, we witnessed the growl of heavy machinery; first just toppling the white papery trees right and left, then sectioning and stacking them into heaps. My once familiar landscape is now populated with stumps, downed limbs, and giant tire tracks compressed into the soil.

I walked out in the North toward the torment, followed the heavy fragrance through midnight. And there even I, at last, dark with sap, allowed myself to be touched.¹

In the early 1990s my dad, uncle, and many of their friends began building a small cabin on the twenty acres of land owned by my uncle. They paid upfront in cash and favors and pieced it together year by year, adding siding, floor boards, beds, a furnace, and the ultimate luxury, indoor plumbing. The property, outside of Emily, Minnesota, in the Cuyuna Iron Range, was forested with birch, aspen, oak, maple, and

¹ Aase Berg, *With Deer*. (Black Ocean, 2009), p. 85.

pine. A swamp and a gravel pit bookend either side, with a dead-end dirt road running through it toward a few other nearby shacks.



Figure 1 Logging 9/12/14

On these modest twenty acres, the men in my family hunted for deer. After teenage rebellion and periods of avoiding any meat or fur, I eventually joined them, developing the knowledge to navigate, sit quietly, wait patiently, track blood, kill and process an animal. Mostly it was a chance to be outside, to escape from school and work, and play an active role in the food I consume. Little did I know that I would inherit these skills just before it was too late. One morning my father didn't wake up.

Trees have been haunting me and healing me ever since.

Within the span of that same year, a giant silver maple fell in my yard, narrowly avoiding any serious structural damage and landing gently on the neighbor's house, its fall broken by another tree. Then, during a weekend trip to the cabin, a white oak fell toward me in a storm, landing just a few feet away. The demise of this tree, and many other oaks being blown down around our land, is now another ring in the ripple effect of loss in that ecosystem. When trees grow up surrounded by others in a forest, they have each other as a windbreak and do not have to grow as robustly as they would standing alone. With so many other trees now gone, the wind blows more aggressively through the area and continues to claim its casualties.

The work included in my MFA thesis exhibition is a processing of my relationship with death and the environment through the main figures of the tree and the deer. It is the collective residue of learning to hunt, losing my father, and losing part of the forest. It is an attempt at honoring and accepting impermanence, an engagement in ecological thought, and a confluence of research and experience not only in northern Minnesota but across state lines and continents from Beijing to Yellowstone.

I began this graduate program as a photographer. Making the transition to sculpture was only a matter of time. I am working with many of the same materials that I had simply been photographing in the past, but I fell out of love with the camera in search of a more immediate and direct relationship with the plant, animal, and mineral world. The camera lens is a great tool but sometimes also a sort of obstruction from truly investigating these materials. I soon focused on making photograms (direct

camera-less prints), as well as collecting, deconstructing, and casting the materials themselves in my work.

The deer fabric is thin. I carry it cautiously as if it were a cloud in my hands.

....

The net is sticky, facial flakes get stuck in it, I wonder what I look like but I don't dare touch my skin with my poisonous, already wrecked fingers.²

Growing up in a family of hunters, fishermen, and fur trappers, I was surrounded by death in the animal, edible, material sense. The strange necessity of dealing with flesh, bone and other remains was a familiar occurrence. I frequently saw living things be totally deconstructed and turned into other things, turning from animate beings to inanimate objects. One of my earliest memories involves sitting at my dad's kitchen table covered with soggy newspaper, a bowl of water, and a huge fillet knife in my hand, learning the repetitive skill of filleting fish.

A certain amount of risk comes with this type of lifestyle.

I was trusted with knives and other sharp tools from a young age, but not with fire. I also recall sitting in the passenger seat of a fire truck while watching my dad, uncle, and other members of the volunteer fire department burn down fields of prairie grass and brush. At the time I couldn't grasp the reason for intentionally setting fire to a field or the benefits of prescribed burning, but I sat in awe as flames engulfed the

² Ibid., p. 75.

horizon. Because of my dad's experience as a firefighter seeing countless tragedies, anything involving a flame was something to be scolded or nagged about. A boiling pot of water, candles, grills, heating pads and other sources of heat were all hazards that required absolute attention and concern.

Fire is a force of destruction and creation, simultaneously. The duality of fire as both a positive and negative force has been present through my life with my father being a firefighter, fire ecology research in Yellowstone, warm nights around campfires, and casting metal. Trees provide us with oxygen and require oxygen to burn. Some resinous trees such as the lodgepole pine of Yellowstone, or the Jack pine of northern Minnesota, can only procreate with the help of fire. Bodies are cremated after death as a more efficient and economical method of disposal than full body burial.

The coals I have included in my work, along with the tanned buckskin of a deer shot on our land combines references to cremation, the warmth of a campfire, and a sort of shroud for covering or laying to rest. The implications of using fur, bone, or even plant materials cannot be denied. A life as we know it was ended. But a sort of vitality and potential still exists in nonliving matter.

While perceived as a solid and utilized for its strength and stability, metal has a life of its own that can be excited and activated with the proper application of heat and air. Jane Bennett proposes this inherent vitality of seemingly inert matter as another level of awareness to the interconnectedness of matter, expanding ideas of life forces

beyond just humans and the animals and plants that we exist among and consume.³ We humans, the beings to discover its microcrystalline structure and harness the active potential of metal, have iron in our veins. "We are walking, talking minerals."⁴

I collected the leaves of an oak tree, one of the remaining mature trees surrounding our cabin, and used them to cast the texture of my dad's cemetery marker (bronze, as opposed to iron, for its value and resistance to the elements). He died unexpectedly during my first semester of working in the foundry while I was just beginning to learn the process required to make molds and cast forms, not knowing I would ever be tasked with such a memorial piece. This timing, along with his history as a firefighter, welder, and my familiar forest in the Iron Range, solidified the significance of fire and metal in my life. The mistrust of fire I had as a kid is now a healthy respect, and casting metal has become my way of honoring place and the ultimate metaphor for transformation.

In many ways, casting metal is not such a stretch from making photographs. I like to think of my castings as a method of image making, a snapshot in time, or a way of capturing evidence of the world around me. Where in photography I work with negative/positive printing processes on a 2-dimensional plane, in the foundry I work with negative and positive space. The depth of the processes as well as the links of preservation between photography and memory, metal and memorial is what attract me to these forms of art.

³ Jane Bennett. *Vibrant Matter: A Political Ecology of Things*. (Duke University Press, 2010), pp. 52-61.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 60.



Figure 2 Cemetery marker for my father. St. Adelbert's Cemetery, Little Falls, MN

Creating a sand mold is an act of burial. Whether a wax form to be melted out or a solid form to be removed, casting is only possible through the absence and loss of form, a careful consideration of emptiness and potential. With enough heat and air, metal transforms from solid into liquid, to fill and take the shape of the void before cooling back into a solid. The new form made of metal must be excavated, or in a way exhumed, from the sand to take on its new life. While seemingly static and permanent, metal is really only a certain state of pause, and beyond our human scale of time it perpetually holds the potential to rust or be re-melted to continue its shape-shifting life.

While my strongest connection has been to the trees surrounding my family's cabin, I have taken comfort and learned from trees across the country and planet. Through all of this loss and change, I found myself on the other side of the planet as part of a collaborative exchange program themed around the effects of humans on the environment. The trees of Beijing shaded my fair skin from uncommonly sunny skies that summer, and made breathing easier than I was prepared to deal with. While walking up to twelve miles each day, the creature comforts of clean(ish) air and avoiding sunburn were a godsend, but that's not all that intrigued me about those trees. From the newly planted to sacred old trees, support structures of steel, chain, and wood (other less fortunate trees) hugged their trunks and propped up stray limbs in a carefully considered embrace.

Young, straight trees along the city streets seemed to not even need the structures for help, perhaps preemptive, while the contorted old trees surrounding the

parks and temples were the “living pillars” carrying the weight of centuries through Chinese history.⁵ The reverence yet resourcefulness evident in the care of the trees was fascinating. The custom crutches and brackets, some meticulously wrapped or tied with rope, wire, or rubber, were like mixed-media orthotic devices for these sprawling and stumbling giants. Each structure was an individual work of art, a response to the size and shape of the tree, embodying the desire to protect and preserve, preventing the fall.



Figure 3 Tree supports, Beijing China

⁵ Robert Pogue Harrison, *Forests: The Shadow of Civilization*. (University of Chicago Press, 1993), pp. 179-180.

Years after watching my dad and other family members perform prescribed burns from the seat of a fire truck; I also spent time traveling through the Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem (parts of Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho) learning about fire ecology, forest succession, and its effects on wildlife. I camped and volunteered with conservation biologists, tracking grizzly bears and collecting data in order to study the post-fire effects on bear activity. This involved collecting fur, measuring beds where bears had recently slept, and collecting data on trees and dig sites where bears had fed on ants.

Because Yellowstone National Park falls under preservation laws rather than conservation, the Park Service takes a hands-off approach to fire management, not clearing the deadfall or underbrush, and not performing smaller, more controlled burns on a regular basis. Natural fires are allowed to burn because of the benefits fire brings to the ecosystem. While this would indeed be the most realistic state of things, the risk of bigger, hotter fires is much greater. The Yellowstone fire of 1988 was the largest of the park's history to date, destroying over a third of the park and putting nearly ten thousand firefighters in danger. But restoration began almost immediately; lodgepole pine cones were released by the heat of the fire to give birth to a dense new forest, and luscious beds of wildflowers carpeted the ground.⁶

The Cuyuna Iron Range, where my family hunts deer and where our cabin is located, is the smallest of three ranges in northern Minnesota where iron ore mining for the American steel industry was once the main focus. Having ceased operation years ago, this post-extraction landscape has bounced back, former mine pits in the region

⁶ Holli Reibeek, *Burn Recovery in Yellowstone*, NASA.gov
<http://earthobservatory.nasa.gov/Features/WorldOfChange/yellowstone.php> (accessed January 9, 2016)

have re-filled and been reincarnated as crystal blue, mineral-rich lakes. Diving below the surface, one can see for what seems like hundreds of feet, catching glimpses of submerged trees that used to grow along the edges of the mines. These underwater ghost trees and occasional streaks of red seen in the ground are subtle hints to what once took place. These field opportunities, from Beijing to Yellowstone to the Iron Range, have added a layer of research below the skin of personal narrative and experience that have helped me understand how we affect the environment, but also how the environment can adapt and evolve in the process of self-restoration.

Jane Bennett encourages a shift in ecological thought away from anthropomorphism toward a consciousness of equal potential and agency among all matter, where notions of human mastery over nature crumble. In Timothy Morton's case this shift requires removing the idea of nature entirely. The idea of "Nature" is problematic because it positions plants and animals as Other, something that can be placed above or below us humans when really a whole ecosystem or entangled mesh of forces is constantly affecting one another. In Morton's line of thinking, the man/nature, human/animal, and even self/other distinction dissolves. His concept of dark ecologies is apparent in the various landscapes I have witnessed. While conventionally people would likely call these places "Nature" meaning something natural and apart from human, their ecology has already been altered by our presence; our extraction of materials for industry, or even our governing laws for preservation.

Wonder and sublimity in art have no doubt played a role in protecting animals and environments. Thomas Moran's paintings of Yellowstone in the late 1800s helped

lead to preserving the area as our country's first National Park.⁷ But today's ecological art is not just about trees and mountains and beauty. Morton's dark ecology includes irony, ugliness, and horror, not to inspire pity but as a radical form of awareness, intimacy, and coexistence entangled within the mesh of all things.⁸

"...ecological art is in elegiac mode... ecological elegies will wither or mutate. Elegies are about burying the dead. They are the grief equivalent of canned laughter, they do the mourning for you, thus providing an outlet for one's sadistic fantasies against the lost one. Nature elegy is a paradox, as it's about losing something we never really had: losing a fantasy, not a reality."⁹

I have an intimate connection and response to the materials around me. I collect, deconstruct, mold, burn, dry and preserve parts of these trees as well as the animals hunted by myself and family. While I do consider the work to be an act of elegy, processing these materials had always been a strange necessity.

Aside from ecological cycles of restoration, another area of thought that resonated with me while making this work is the poetry of Swedish surrealist, Aase Berg. *September of Glass* is the final section of her collection of poems *With Deer*.

⁷ Megan Cantrell, *Thomas "Yellowstone" Moran: Influencing Change with Art*, National Parks Conservation Association, July 18, 2014.

<https://www.npca.org/articles/376-thomas-yellowstone-moran-influencing-change-with-art> (accessed April 4, 2016)

⁸ Timothy Morton, *The Ecological Thought*. (Harvard University Press, 2012), p. 17

⁹ *Ibid.* pp. 104-5.

As we could hear the trees scream.

...Slowly I lick clean my languid glass hand

No more dead whimpers, no more will my sorrow-name

be called out of throat-hole, a marsh, wells

If iron is broken down into earth and peace

If iron is broken down into earth and peace

If iron can still be healed¹⁰

A cast iron trunk is the remnant of tree I had cut down while filming *Fell*, a diptych providing two points of view from the tree as it is cut and falls. I wanted to know what it felt like to cut down a tree, and consider the tree's point of view while these people were hired to cut down and extract our trees that I had come to know so well. After the tree trunk spent the winter and the better part of a summer lying on the ground, I trimmed off some of the lower limbs and brought a six foot section of the trunk back to Minneapolis. The type of flask required for molding such a form quickly asserted itself as a sarcophagus-like mass about two and a half feet square by eight feet long. The molding material, the sodium-silicate sand burial, is not unlike that of ancient Egyptians packing bodies in salt. The final iron form is mostly hollow, just an outer skin of bark and knots, suspended overhead with rope in reference to the tree supports of

¹⁰ Berg, p. 83.

Beijing. Other cast iron pieces of tree bark are records of close calls, the maple tree that blew over in my yard and the newly vulnerable oak that fell toward me during a storm.

The arrangement of the exhibition references a makeshift campsite and the way that the space feels surrounding my family's cabin in the iron range with a fire pit, a wire cable strung out to the sheds, and trees scattered in the distance. The boards of my dad's deer hunting stand tower atop the first corner moving into the space. A peculiar sense of utility and transience comes from the clothesline-esque wire cable and milled unfinished boards supporting a arrangement of objects including a jar of lichen dye, bronze dust, and cast iron ingot mold filled with rendered deer tallow (often used for making candles or healing salves).

The installation is also influenced by aspects of photography. The vantage point, leading lines, and depth of the field is heavily considered, allowing for the viewer to experience multiple layers moving through the space. Utilizing the floor of the gallery as well as ceiling struts also contributes to the movement up, down, and all around the space. Selectively lighting certain pieces allows the shadow and translucency of form to occupy space and add another layer of ephemerality to the installation. There is also a visceral sense of barriers or unsettling thresholds to be crossed, such as walking in front of a target (something we are usually taught *not* to do), and walking below or around a pseudo-falling tree.

I am interested in the overlapping qualities of bark and skin and the links between the trees, the deer, and the human body. In fact, the word *fell* not only refers to the act of killing or cutting down a tree, but also to a pelt or hide, or the thin tough

membrane covering a carcass directly under the hide.¹¹ The word *peeling* refers to stripping something of its outer skin or bark, but is also a metallurgical term for the outer layer of an iron casting.¹² These layers of process and layers of meaning are also why I have chosen to include dual titles for the work and hope to convey a sense of more than one meaning or definition.

Hard trunks chafe. The ghost herb stands cold and rustles. The slow soil waits steadily. Fog rolls across the sour meadows.

Now is the time for cutting. Hard trunks chafe; bark tears bark. The wax girl rinses sore. In the distance, thunder crashes down against big blank metal sheets.

The slow soil waits steadily. The wax girl scrubs sores. Foxes and crows come closer with fixed blood gazes. They gather. They multiply. They grow harmfully numerous.

One can hear whimpers and hunting games in the hunger moss. The wax girl rubs her sensor prong against the tight skin of the large scar. Moles loosen, the fox tree glows red. Now it is time for the cutting to slowly start to heal.¹³

I've loved and lost a father and a forest. By the time I had to start writing this paper I already feel differently about the work. I am not sure it is possible to conclude my thoughts about something I consider being inconclusive and part of a continual

¹¹ "fell." Merriam-Webster.com 2016, accessed February 17, 2016.

<http://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/fell>

¹² "peeling." Dictionary.com 2016, accessed May 4, 2016.

<http://www.dictionary.com/browse/peeling>

¹³ Berg, p. 93.

cycle. There is always another step that could be explored for process-oriented work such as photography or metal casting. The iron rich earth of the Cuyuna Range supports the trees, which feed the deer and have fed and continue to feed me. They are figuratively and literally, a part of who I am, who my father was; alloys of the body and experience. Just as the Cuyuna Range and Yellowstone have regenerated, my life and the forest surround our cabin is continuing to grow once again.

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Berg, Aase. *With Deer*: Black Ocean, 2009.

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Morton, Timothy. *The Ecological Thought*: Harvard University Press, 2012.

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<http://earthobservatory.nasa.gov/Features/WorldOfChange/yellowstone.php>

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CURRICULUM VITAE

AMBER WHITE

www.amberwhite.net

tangledantlers@gmail.com • 320-360-1314

EDUCATION

Master of Fine Arts, Photography and Foundry, University of Minnesota, 2016

Bachelor of Arts, Studio Art and Art History, University of Minnesota Morris, 2009

EXHIBITIONS

2016

CONTAINER, Kunstverein Graftschaft Bentheim, Germany

Peeling Back / Layers of Loss, MFA Thesis Exhibition: Katherine E. Nash Gallery, Minneapolis.

Split Second, Quarter Gallery, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis

20th Anniversary Alumni Exhibition, Franconia in the City @ Casket

2015

Collected Residue, Gallery 148, Minneapolis College of Art & Design

Strange Girls Never Die, CO Exhibitions, Minneapolis. Curated by Rhys Jones

Remnants, Solo Exhibition at Great River Arts, Little Falls, MN

The Human Effect, Beijing Film Academy, Beijing, China

Breaking the Mold, Juried Exhibition, National Conference on Contemporary Cast Iron Art & Practices, Sloss Furnaces, Birmingham, AL.

Of Memory, Bone, and Myth, Myers Gallery, University of North Dakota

2014

Deconstructed/Reconstructed, The New Bohemian Gallery, Brainerd, MN.

Untitled 11, Soo Visual Arts Center, Minneapolis. Jurors: Caroline Kent and Tom Rassieur

Die Wunderkammer, Gallery 148, Minneapolis College of Art & Design

2013

Fresh Works, Quarter Gallery, Regis Center for Art, Minneapolis.

2012

Formed by Nature, Altered Esthetics, Minneapolis.

2011

Animal Art III: Rescue Me, Altered Esthetics, Minneapolis.

Fear Itself, Altered Esthetics, Minneapolis. 2011 Home, Altered Esthetics, Minneapolis.

11th Annual Essential Art Exhibition, Visual Arts Minnesota, Saint Cloud, MN. Juror: Armando Gutierrez

Resident Artists VII, Altered Esthetics, Minneapolis.

CURRICULUM VITAE (continued)

2010

Off Center, Stevens Square Center for the Arts, Minneapolis
UNCENSORED, Anderson Creative Gallery, Canton, Ohio.
Foot in the Door 4, MAEP Galleries, Minneapolis Institute of Arts, Minneapolis.
Altered Pages, Altered Esthetics, Minneapolis.

2008

Arrowhead Biennial, Duluth Art Institute, Duluth, MN. Juror: Kris Douglas
Recent Work from UMM, Prairie Renaissance Cultural Alliance, Morris, MN.
Annual Juried Art Exhibition, Humanities Fine Arts Gallery, Morris, MN. Juror: Tim Cleary
Impact '08, Gallery 212, Northern State University, Aberdeen, South Dakota. Juror: James Johnson

EVENTS, CONFERENCES, AWARDS

2016

Valentine's Day Hot Metal Pour, lead assistant/UMN Art Department liaison, Franconia Sculpture Park, Shafer

2015

North Shore Iron Pour, pour assistant, Duluth, MN and Poplar, WI
Heavy Places, Graduate Research Partnership Program, University of Minnesota
River of Iron by Tamsie Ringler, pour assistant, Northern Spark festival, Minneapolis
The Human Effect, visiting artist, Beijing Film Academy, Beijing, China
Cellular Cinema III: The Double, Bryant Lake Bowl, Minneapolis
Plowshare, Performance at Sloss Furnaces Historic Landmark, Birmingham Alabama
National Conference on Contemporary Cast Iron Art & Practices, Sloss Furnaces, Birmingham, AL
Christopher G. Cardozo/ Edward S. Curtis Fellowship in Photography

2014

Improvised Ecosystems II: Eco-Tone + Disturbance, Katherine E. Nash Gallery, Minneapolis.
Western Cast Iron Art Conference, Laramie, WY
2009 Midwest Society for Photographic Education Conference, volunteer, Minneapolis, MN
Gerald Gustafson Memorial Fellowship in Photography

2013

Christopher G. Cardozo/ Edward S. Curtis Fellowship in Photography

2009

Morrison Gallery Purchase Award, University of Minnesota Morris

2008

Natalie Benoit Memorial Award
Morrison Gallery Purchase Award, University of Minnesota Morris

CURRICULUM VITAE (continued)

PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

Photography Instructor, ARTS 1701
University of Minnesota Department of Art
June – August 2016

Foundry Teaching Assistant, ARTS 3303/5330
University of Minnesota Department of Art
August 2015 – May 2016

Photography Teaching Assistant, ARTS 1701
University of Minnesota Department of Art
September 2013 – May 2016

Hot Metal Artist Residency
Franconia Sculpture Park, Shafer, MN
July – August 2015

Photography Instructor, ARTS 1701
University of Minnesota Department of Art
June – August 2014

Papermaking Studio Intern
Cave Paper, Minneapolis
August 2013 – January 2014

Director of Group Exhibitions / Board Member
Altered Esthetics, Minneapolis, MN
January 2011 – June 2013

Teaching Artist, Long-term Substitute
Lighthouse Academy of Nations, Minneapolis, MN
January – May 2013

Assistant Gallery Director January
Altered Esthetics, Minneapolis, MN
2010 - December 2010

Curatorial Assistant
Morrison Gallery, University of Minnesota, Morris, MN
August 2008 - May 2009

ARTIST STATEMENT

The physical and emotional exercise of deconstructing or transforming materials becomes a way to process and share my experiences growing up surrounded by hunters, fishermen, and fur trappers. I pull apart wasp hives, skin beaver tails, felt plant and animal fiber, and crush turtle shells. Through these interactions, I develop tactile and metaphorical relationships with the non-human world that explore ideas of observation, memory, preservation, and transformation.

The work included in my MFA thesis exhibition *Peeling Back / Layers of Loss* is an exploration of my relationship with death and the environment through the main figures of the tree and the deer. It is the collective residue of learning to hunt, losing my father, and losing part of the forest. It is an attempt at honoring and accepting impermanence, an engagement in ecological thought. While I process materials and emotions, I am also engaging in research and experiences not only from northern Minnesota but across state lines and continents from Beijing to Yellowstone.

The "final" works manifest themselves as photograms, photographs, assemblage, and cast metal forms.

IMAGE LIST

1. Peeling Back / Layers of Loss (installation view) 2016
2. Peeling Back / Layers of Loss (installation view) 2016
3. Peeling Back / Layers of Loss (installation view) 2016
4. Peeling Back / Layers of Loss (installation view) 2016
5. snuff / shroud [skin wall between my being and the cold]* (*above and below*)
dimensions variable
egg-tanned buckskin, coals of fallen trees
2015

strung up / by a thread (*center*)
dimensions variable
steel wire, deer caul fat
2015
6. safety / net [carry it cautiously like a cloud in my hands]*
24 x 30 inches
deer caul fat photogram, archival pigment print
2015
7. land / target
24 x 30 inches
archival pigment print
2016
8. strung up / by a thread
dimensions variable
steel wire, deer caul fat
2015
9. snuff / shroud [skin wall between my being and the cold]*
dimensions variable
egg-tanned buckskin, coals of fallen trees
2015
10. vicarious / fell [if iron can still be healed]*
6 inches x 6 inches wide x 6 feet 6 inches long, installed 6 feet above ground
cast iron trunk of a tree felled by the artist, rope, ferric nitrate, potassium thiosulfate (photo
fixer), hydrogen peroxide
2016

IMAGE LIST (continued)

11. peeling / sundered
3 x 3 feet installed
cast iron bark of trees felled by storms 6/14/2014 and 9/6/2015
2015-16
12. cell phone documentation of logging 9/12/2014
8 x 10 inches each
archival pigment prints
2014
13. clarified / pure intention
3 x 3 x 18 inches
cast iron ingot mold, rendered deer tallow
2015
14. into dust
4 x 8 inches
residual dust of a cast bronze cemetery marker
2016
15. clarified / pure intention
3 x 3 x 18 inches
cast iron ingot mold, rendered deer tallow
2015
into dust / mordant
dimensions variable
residual dust of a cast bronze cemetery marker / lichen ammonia dye
2016
displayed with boards milled from a silver maple, which fell on the artist's house 6/14/2014
2016
16. stood / hid
3 x 4 feet
plywood deer stand walls painted by the artist's father
collected 2015

*bracketed text excerpted from *With Deer* by Aase Berg

Image 1



Image 2



Image 3



Image 4



Image 5



Image 6



Image 7



Image 8



Image 9



Image 10



Image 11



Image 12



Image 13



Image 14



Image 15



Image 16

