

Rousseau traveled frequently in the French provinces and in 1844, with Dupré, visited the region known as the Landes in the southwest of France, where he produced work of penetrating observation and careful execution. This canvas was probably painted shortly after that trip, about 1845. As in many of his landscapes of the mid-1840s, Rousseau has arranged the distant planes in parallel strips, a compositional device that he called "planimetric."

*a meadow bordered by trees*



Unlike most bodies of water, which are contained at least in some part by land, the Sargasso Sea of the mid north Atlantic is unique, being invisibly defined only by surrounding ocean. By currents. Gulf, Canary, equatorial and north equatorial, respectively. Water on all sides for 2 thousand miles. In being described by outlying currents, its borders are thus *dynamic*



They Form a sort of  
Soft  
Ellipse.

The surrounding currents circle clockwise, leaving the Sargasso sea almost impeccably still—an eye in an enormous, albeit very slow, permanent hurricane.

*Still. A Photo still collapsed, exhausted, Looking at  
a photo still of the ocean*

Still as the Sargasso sea is not only without current, but also wind.

*The Doldrums.* These conditions, and the warm upwelling provided by the gulf stream, make it easy for the areas namesake, the sargassum weed, to thrive  
Creating an

ocean of grass



FreemanInstitute.com, *Classic Rosetta model (artistic)*



Endless mats of sargassum develop on the surface-- adapting to grow horizontally, like runners, rather than vertically, as most seaweed do.

When Columbus first unknowingly sailed into and discovered the Sargasso he looked out from his ship and saw a dense bed of leaves going off into the horizon,

*he thought about a photo he saw once. It was a photo of a long field. Completely flat, no hills in the distance. For a second he confused reality with the photo.*

And thought he hit

*Landscape.*

Kevin Roche, *Ford Foundation Building (Interior)*

For centuries, the Sargasso Sea was dreaded by the seafaring for very this combination of mortal tranquility, and the thick web of sargassum floating at the surface

*Columbus saw himself there*

*STILL*

*LYING ON THE WATER, STILL LYING IN THE GRASS.*



Making Things Grow, *English Ivy* 1970

Historically, The weeds have STALLED vessels during long periods of weak winds. Spanish sailors, BECALMED for sometimes months, were forced to jettison their warhorses in order to conserve food and water. A nickname was thereafter coined

“horse latitudes”

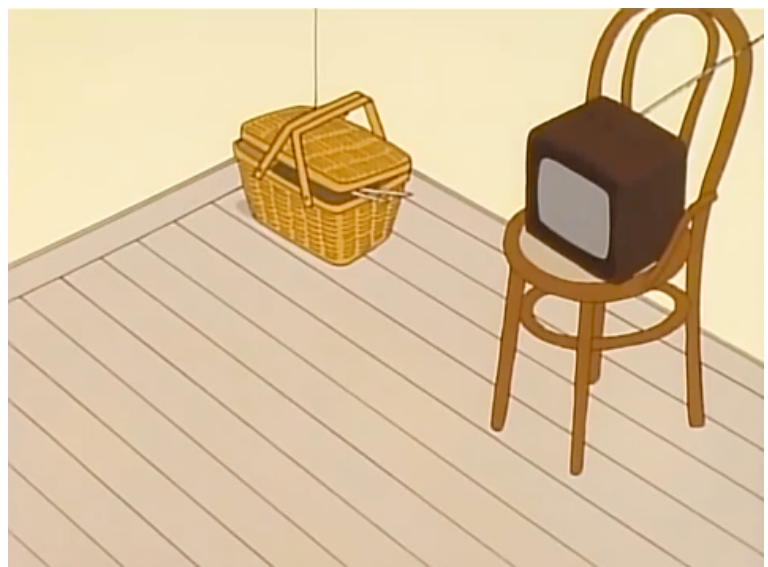
Even today, props on smaller boats and liners can be entangled, causing them to go quiet hundreds of miles from any land. Thus, the Sargasso sea has, over time, earned a different title

“The grave yard of ships”

Derelict vessels are found here, shipshape but deserted. On one occasion a slaver was sighted with nothing but skeletons aboard.

*...A SLOWING OF THE BODY.  
OF TIME. A heterodoxic approach  
to landscape photography.*

The cases are varied but common—a bark found empty, chairs kicked over, stale food sitting out in the mess hall—the *Ellen Austin* finds a derelict schooner, splits its prize crew between both ships and then sails in tandem for port. Two days later, the schooner is sailing erratically. When reboarded, there is no trace of the crew. In his 1909 novel *The Isle of*



*Dead Ships* Crittenden Marriot writes of the mythos surrounding the Sargasso sea. Within the narrative, Marriot posits the Sargasso as not only a place in which ships may find themselves stranded, but also, as the nexus point for all maritime disasters; that sooner or later, all shipwrecks find themselves here, tangled in the weed, unmoving. silent still



Google image search, "Vanish"

*a sort of floating island, a dead colony, a city, failing.*

In 1923, a silent film based off the book was directed

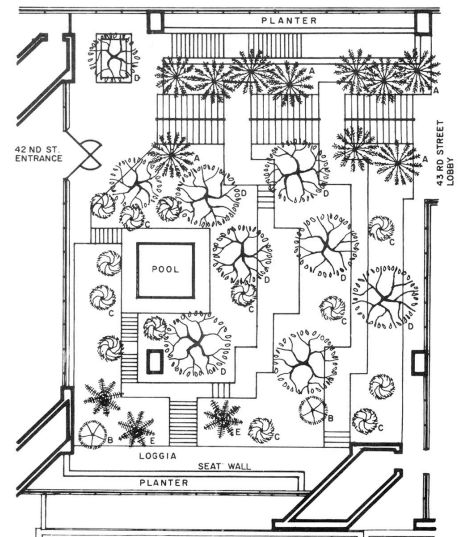
Titled "the isle of lost ships," the film lifted the plot of the book almost exactly,

two lovers and a stalled ship that goes adrift, aimless until it becomes one with the other wrecks of the Sargasso.

The film itself, much like the ships within in, also went missing.

Completely lost, no copies of it are known to exist.

It was remade years later, only to once again, go missing.



Kevin Roche, floor plan







Still,

like  
a photograph depicting Lost time  
the viewer's outline dissolves

*Due to a  
A prolonged over exposure lasting 24 hours.  
An inch or more per hour.*



Clip Art, French Doors

Something dense

*January 28, 1922*

The storm was remarkable for its unyielding intensity. It had become established by a blocking pattern—a traffic jam of sorts in the atmosphere: a high pressure wedge in the north that let the arctic air sink southeast till it hit moisture. On the evening of the blizzard, despite the weather, hundreds fought their way through to the knickerbocker theater Washington DC's largest and most modern moving picture theater at the time, to catch that weekends film.

9:00pm

the feature begins, as does a hissing noise from above. It goes unnoticed, blending with the intermittent laughter of the audience.



Clip Art, 3 Candles

9:01

the hissing became a solid

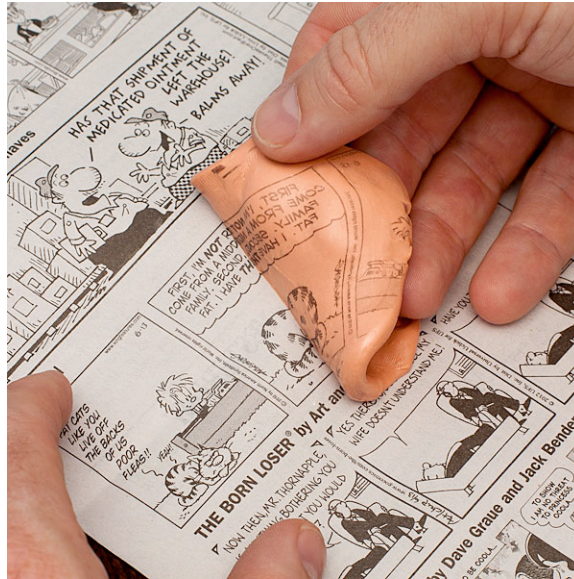


Google image search, 1620 rock (five views of Plymouth)



*And....And at that moment, I knew.... I felt It was like a photo or something.  
A really heavy photo.*

*Concrete, brick, and twisted steel beams became one with each other.  
Materials transmuted—crashing down into the lower quadrants of the field, burying us.  
I was always dreaming of it. Maybe we all were.  
I think...I think we all saw it as a photo at the same time.*



HUNDREDS DEAD OR INJURED, BURIED UNDER RUINS AS ROOF OF  
KNICKERBOCKER THEATER COLLAPSES; RESCUERS BATTLE STORM THAT  
PARALYZES CITY.

The roof. It was built improperly. It had an

Inadequate level of Stillness

You see most roofs are constructed in such a way so that force disperses itself evenly over the beams providing support. However with the theater, it was done all wrong. The middle of the ceiling was inflexible. Unyielding. And all snow was bearing down on it



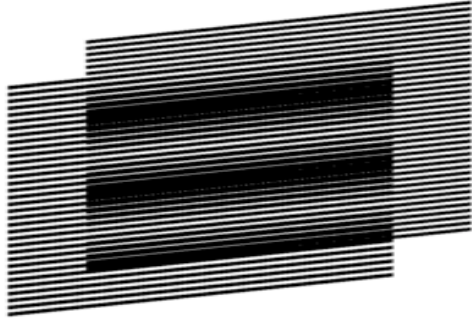
It was  
TRUSS FAILURE  
It was a poorly composed photograph.  
All the weight was in the center of the shot  
So

The frame readjusted itself  
And the roof came down.  
Photos can correct themselves  
They seldom do

It fell in a flat surface, no corner remained suspended.

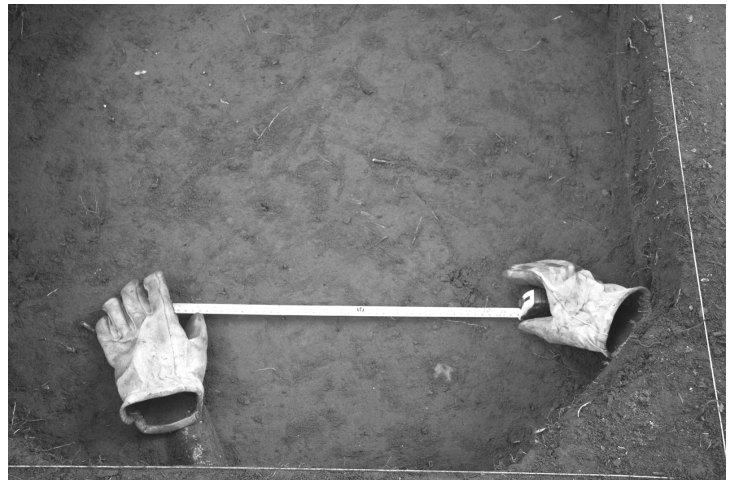
The entire length and width falling together, in profile, two lines converging.

A photo of the roof and a photo of the ground filed face to face. And then



*Durelli, Figure 5. Identical inclination of layer , 1961*

Still.  
Still for five years  
The architect takes his life.  
Still, longer.  
So does the owner.  
LONGER LONGER  
the rubble sits  
In time, the land overturns itself.



The theater is now a Sun Trust bank

Sun Trust:

*“LIVE SOLID”*





CanadianFakeRocks.com, model 114

Brenda and Keith Hope are a husband and wife team based in Demorestville Ontario. Together, they run Canadian Fake Rocks, a business specializing in the fabrication and retailing of hollow, imitation stones designed to cover lawn protrusions such as septic tank lids, well tiles, transformer boxes, backflow pipes, and pool pumps.



BBC, Marks on the Trefael Stone are now thought to be constellations

*Very durable - will not fade in the sun or crack in the cold weather  
Lightweight and completely hollow  
Heavy-Duty stakes are included for easy installation  
Provides easy access to whatever you are hiding  
And there is always a lot to hide*



Untitled (Account of sheep holdings in households) detail 2014

*In Untitled (Account of sheep holdings in households) and Untitled (We had a camp by two shelters one day's journey north from this stone) dyed plaster and seemingly disposable materials are cast together in custom molds derived from slabs of the same name or engraving in collections at The Metropolitan Museum of Art and The Runestone Museum of Minnesota, respectively.*

Wiped of their cuneiform and runic inscriptions, only the outlines of the originals are left. The process yields objects distinctive yet vague, both sculpture and drawing. Information is flattened into what operates now as an assumed archetypical artifact, a stand in for the real. The tablet's heavily embedded surface and striation hover somewhere in discussion between a faux granite



Good Year, 2014





countertop, an abstract expressionist painting, and an excavated cross section of the earth circa XXXXAD. The end result is a custom marble in which silly putty and studio substrate become caption, marks of my own current place in a human history that may not see its way through to the sedimentary.



*Better homes & Gardens, Install 2014*





It's white



FindAGrave.com, Snapdragons 2014



schodack.org, Ice House

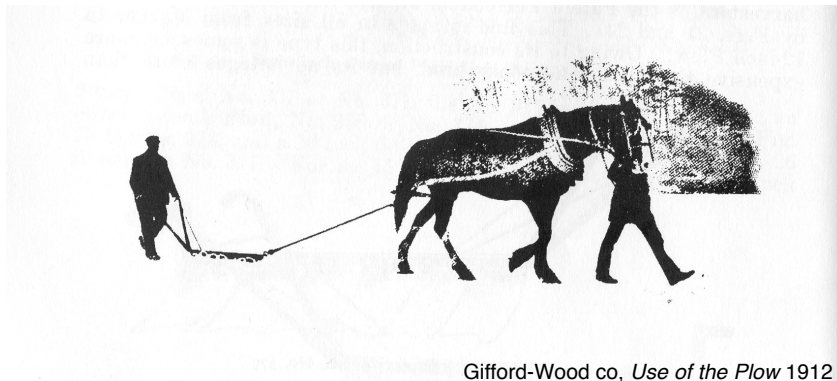
From the early 1870s into the 1920s ice was not made, but farmed off rivers and lakes in the northeast.

The Men who engaged in this practice were called Ice Harvesters. They would spend their time till sun down, marking, cutting and hauling off blocks of ice, bringing them to cold houses —large buildings that dotted the countryside by dozens, usually existing off the shores of the water. It was there that ice would be stored until the season passed, then carted into town and delivered to restaurants, businesses and families.

Everyday the men would wake up and do this until the time would come when one day, they wouldn't.

There is a early photo from the 1912 manual "How to Harvest Ice" ...this photo The manual, it fell out of print, and was only recently scanned then reprinted by the Cornell University Library. Going through so many stages of process has left the book itself, especially the image, somewhat degraded

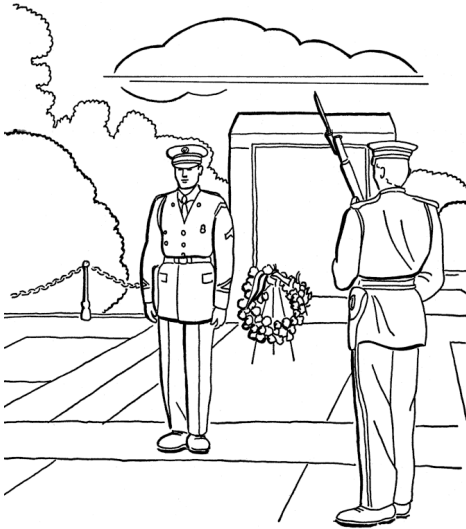
It's a landscape shot... two men: one leading a horse and the other, guiding the plow attached. The plow's blades are making several identical scores in the ice that men will then go back to with a saw to fully slice away.



You can't

see these marks

Gifford-Wood co, Use of the Plow 1912



RaisingOurKids.com, *Tomb of the Unknown Soldier Coloring Page*

in the ice, though. Or much of anything in the photo. the resolution is so poor, it appears as if the men and horse are merely black silhouettes, no longer grounded, but disappearing against an immense white void.

After the development of artificial ice in the 1920s and refrigeration in 1930's, there was no longer a need for farmed ice. The practice of ice harvesting declined rapidly all over north America until eventually, it ceased altogether. Most of the cold houses were taken apart for scraps or fell into decay. Within time, all of them were burned to the ground until there was no visible trace left of their existence.

And these men that once marked the winter north, they too, like the cold houses, like the very ice they collected, would vanish from the landscape altogether. But this isn't where the photo leaves us. It's not depicting the start of something, or the finishing of a thing, but caught in the eve of it all. It's a distinct moment in history, in time, when the truth one's own extinction lies latent.

## Sleeping

These men are not resigned to the fate of history, because they cannot see it coming, nor do they attempt to anticipate it. As they step into the endless white of the frame, they maintain an honest fullness on the verge of their own oblivion.



FindAGrave.com, *Joe Meek's Grave 2009*



Izzy Sparber, *There's Good Boos To-Night 1948*

While mediums and modes of presentation may shift—a gesture of collapse is cornerstone throughout my work.

A doormat acts as an inert bridge or medium between interior and exterior as well as submissive placeholder, at once both furniture and landscape.

FindAGrave.com, a web database that provides user-uploaded documentation of tombstones familial and famous worldwide operates relatedly. Besides “visiting” photo records, the site provides web users with the ability to “drop” a digital



Cousin Joe, do you remember the Newent Daffodils that grew everywhere. Always remembered, never forgotten  
- **BRIAN MEEK**  
Added: Dec. 29, 2013

FindAGrave.com, 2014

flower chosen from a set of clipart gifs, as well as the option to leave a note for the deceased. The FindAGrave.com flower thus acts as a docile, immaterial

substitute for physical grieving, yet still occupies a real space as sculptural conduit between two distanced things—the web user and their departed subject of devotion. Flattened against a digital gradient, the floral doormats attempt towards a desired closeness that is thus rendered unattainable, their disappointment examining a relationship between contemporary expanses and a search for genuine feeling.



*Better Homes & Gardens, Install 2014*





Touchstone Energy®  
*The power of human connections*



*And then,*

*Still*

May 19<sup>th</sup> 1780.

A drawing

*Our First Century*



Richard Devens, *Our First Century: New England's Dark Day 1876*

At noon, the sky across all of New England goes completely black without warning. Written accounts from this day, which went down in history as New England's Dark Day, tell us of family dogs behaving strangely, midday meals taken by lamp light, night birds—circadian rhythm disrupted, leaving their nests to sing, and the region's flowers, believing that dusk had fallen, folding in their petals as if to signal that this is the time for the sleeping of things. A world, laying itself down to rest. Churches quickly filled. The Connecticut State Council feared that the deep darkness might be a sign the Last Judgment was approaching. Many wanted to adjourn as to join their families in prayer. Abraham Davenport, one of the politicians on legislature, responded to calls for adjournment in solemn acceptance:

*"The day of judgment is either approaching, or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause of an adjournment: if it is, I choose to be found doing my duty.*

***I wish therefore that candles may be brought."***





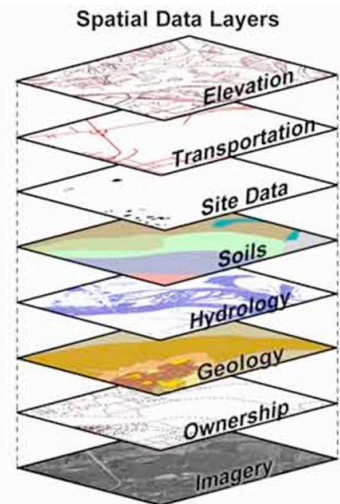


May 19<sup>th</sup> 1923 Beatrice Harrison goes outside to the backyard wood of her Surrey home and begins to play her cello--unintentionally accompanied by a nightingale. That same day, one year later exactly, after much convincing, BBC radio airs the cellist and her nightingale partner live from her backyard in BBC's first venture into plenair transmissions.

Beatrice compared the moment to the shuffling of cards in a deck.

"Actually," she said, smiling

"it's more like the Folding of several photographs into one."



niu.edu, Strategic Alliances

Beatrice plays two songs—*Londonberry Air (Dannyboy)* and Dvorjak's, *Songs My Mother Taught Me*—over and over again, but no nightingales appear. The radio engineers were about to give up when in the last 15 minutes of recording, the nightingales begin to sing. What then became known as "*The Nightingale Sessions*" quickly achieved the status of legendary, records being produced of both the cellist playing with the birds, and of just the nightingales on their own—which separately became known as *Birdsong*.

England Falls in love with Birdsong, and as the years pass, BBC radio begins the custom of playing a live broadcast of a nightingale from a Surrey garden on the 19<sup>th</sup> of every May as a way of signifying British spring

The same day, May 19<sup>th</sup>, Twenty Years later,

Another British spring, The same surrey Backyard:

BBC prepares for it's annual birdsong—however, just as the engineers begin the program,  
A shadow is cast—  
And  
they see it

The end of time.



Richard Devens, *Our First Century: New England's Dark Day* 1876

A fleet of 197 RAF bombers flying overhead

Tonal Convergence

Their loud hum blends with song of the nightingales.

Understanding that the broadcast could be intercepted and leak knowledge of the Royal Air Force's pending attack, they halt the transmission early, then proceed to record when the bombers are out of ear shot. A double-sided recording of the event survives— The first recording the planes departing, the second captures the fleet's return, only this time

11 fewer.

The result lingers

past confronts future,

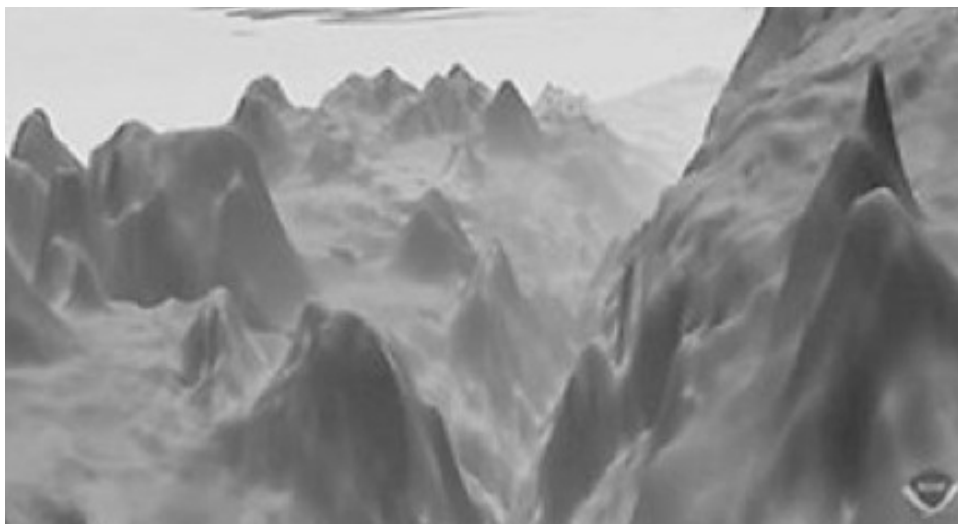
man, animal and machine are flattened into the same field

Time runs out, halts completely,  
then  
begins again

Still.



Clip Art. *End of Time*



ngdc.noaa.gov, *Mariana Trench Dive Animation* 2006

Beatrice likened the event  
to what she imagined the landscape of the future  
may someday sound like.

*“Actually,” she said  
“it’s something more pressing than that...urgent, perhaps  
maybe even the last of something.  
This something.  
I guess what I’m trying to say is  
Please,  
Make it easy on yourself.”*

