

**DEPARTMENT OF ART
MFA THESIS EXHIBITION
2018**

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Daniel P. Lopez is an artist & cool person who likes horses and puppies. I asked him to interview me, so we ate pizza and mostly talked about sports.
oliverblueberry.info

Daniel P. Lopez: What's your favorite sports team?

Alexander Wurts: I don't really watch sports.

But if you had to pick one?

If I had to pick one, it'd be like a small town little league baseball team.

What state or country?

I don't know if it would be regional, it'd be more about their spirit, you know? They'd have to be the underdog, but also a team with a lot of heart. I don't know who that team would be.

What's your favorite sport then?

I feel like it might be baseball, but I never watch baseball ever.

Why baseball?

I feel like it's the best sport.

Baseball is the best sport to you?

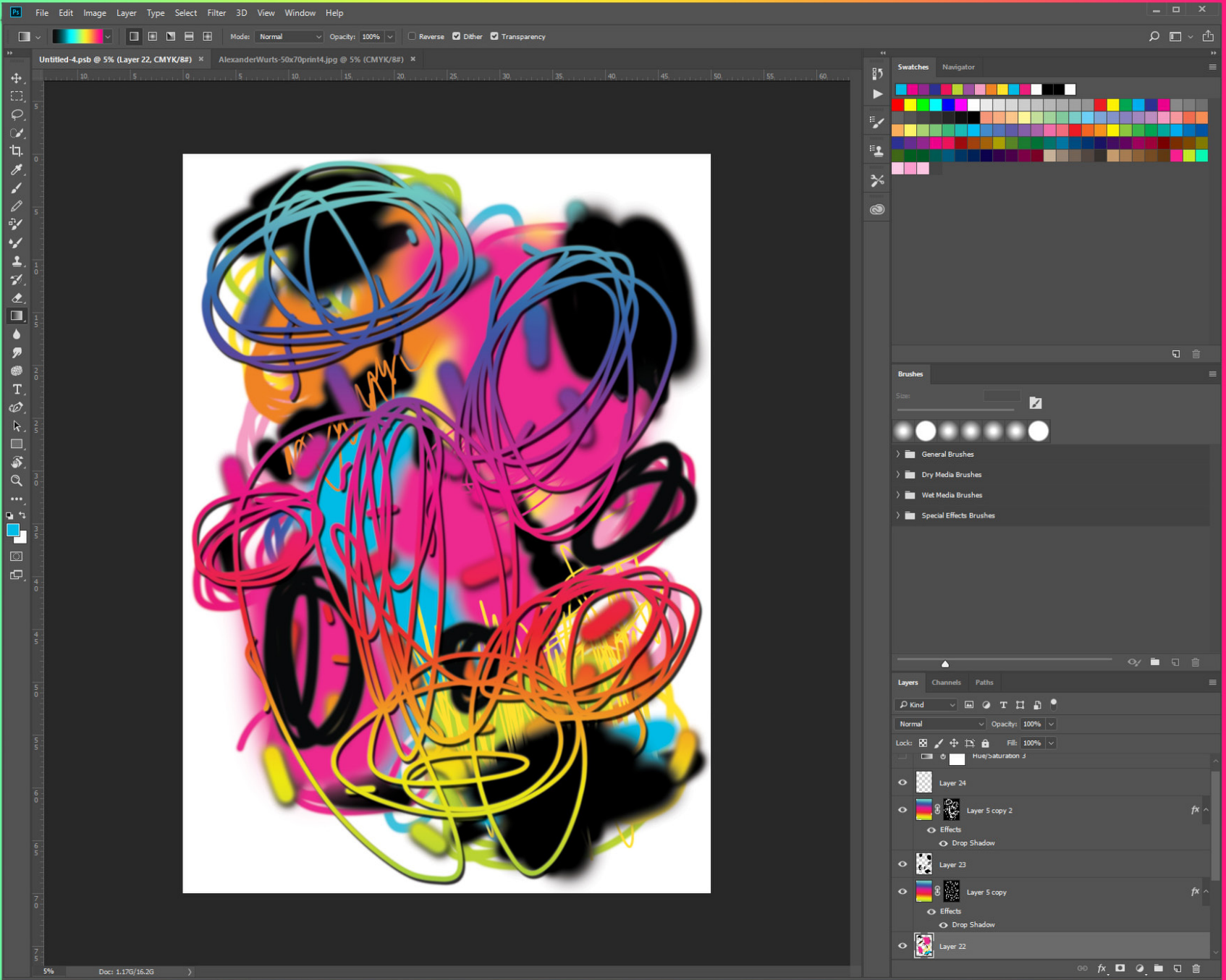
Yeah, but I'm not sure if I've ever watched it.

[Laughs] Baseball... That's really interesting. Why not soccer? It's more popular - don't you think it's more popular for a reason?

It's the most popular, but I'm not sure that means it's the best sport, you know?

Why is baseball better then?

People get passionate about baseball in a certain way that I find kind of endearing. I don't find people's love for football endearing in the





same way. I feel like there's a different culture around baseball than football or soccer. Baseball seems much more palatable. It's like - let's chill outside on a weekend, with a hot dog or nachos or whatever.

Yeah, I mean, that's when you include the culture, for sure - but then the ultimate sport for that would be golf. Where you just drink beers and hit a ball around for an afternoon, and talk shit and have a fun time.

Oh then maybe I figured it out - the best sport is mini-golf.

Dude, mini-golf. I LOVE mini-golf. Let's go with mini-golf. It's more of a game though, isn't it?

It's a sport.

What's the difference between a sport and a game?

Actually, I don't know. Maybe they're the same thing.

Is it only if you're doing something very physical?

I think it's based on some physicality. It's an athletic contest - I think that's the definition of a sport.

The only sport I've ever played was soccer, when I was a little kid, but I was like really not good. Like, really bad.

[Laughs]

Ok, I know what my favorite sports team is - the Indian Wrestling Team. That's my final answer.

I guess I don't know what mine would be, I'm not really into sports.

Sports are stupid.

My family's really into sports, and I've been

around them when they get really intense about a basketball game or something. But it's just difficult for me to empathize with someone being so emotionally attached to where a ball goes.

I think it was a beat poet that said "sports are the opiate of the masses" - they keep people complacent, and get them to place their passions in something kind of irrelevant. So, sport are in some ways harmful - unless you're a player. Then I think sports are great. But if you're a spectator - fuck that.

What's the difference between a sports game and, say an art fair or an art show? Where there's tons of people there looking at art, spectating and not playing.

Maybe it depends on if you're selling, then you're winning the game for sure.

But then is your art just an opiate to the masses or whatever? Or is caring about art fruitful in some other way?

That brings into question - who's passionate about basketball and who's doing it for the money? And does that even matter? Who cares?

I don't know if you can do it and not be passionate about it.

There's plenty of contemporary artists where once they got comfortable, they just want to continue their funds rather than "make grand statements", you know? They become complacent.

I think sports is a little different, you're kind of working your ass off all the time to win.

Yeah, that's true. But even people on the sidelines make a lot of money.

I guess you're right.

The only sports I like are mini-golf, wrestling, and boxing. I like the idea of tennis i guess.

It's fun.

I'm not good at sports. I can't emphasize that enough.

Me neither. It's satisfying when you hit the ball though.

When I tried to play tennis, it was really just me constantly running after the ball after I missed it. It wasn't fun.

I guess I wasn't that bad.

Yeah - I could never even get a volley going. I'm sure it's fun once you can hit the ball, semi-regularly.

I mean, ping pong for instance - i loved it when I learned how to volley. I hated ping pong competitions. I just wished i could hit the ball back and forth forever.

I have pretty bad reflexes i think.

What are you good at? Art?

Not much. Maybe, art? I'm not sure about that.

You got into grad school, so that's something.

I'm OK at art.

[...]

Alright, so what should we put in the interview?

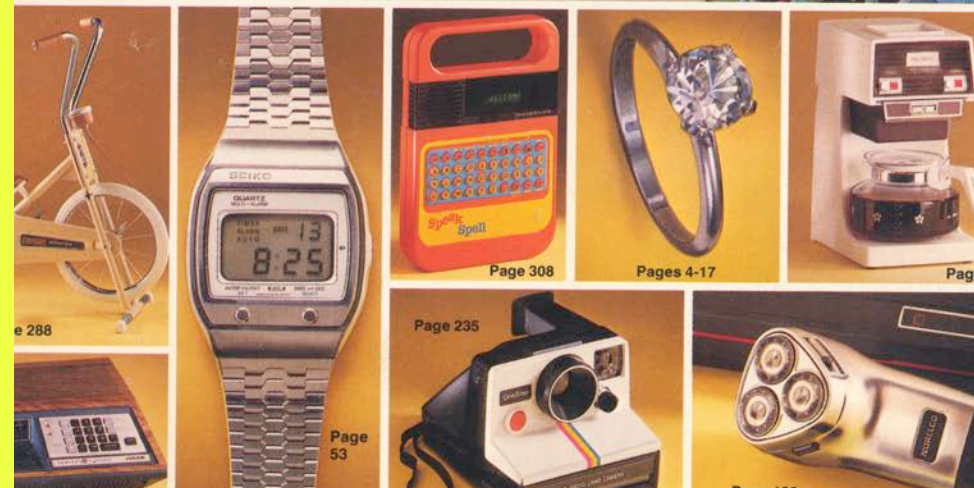
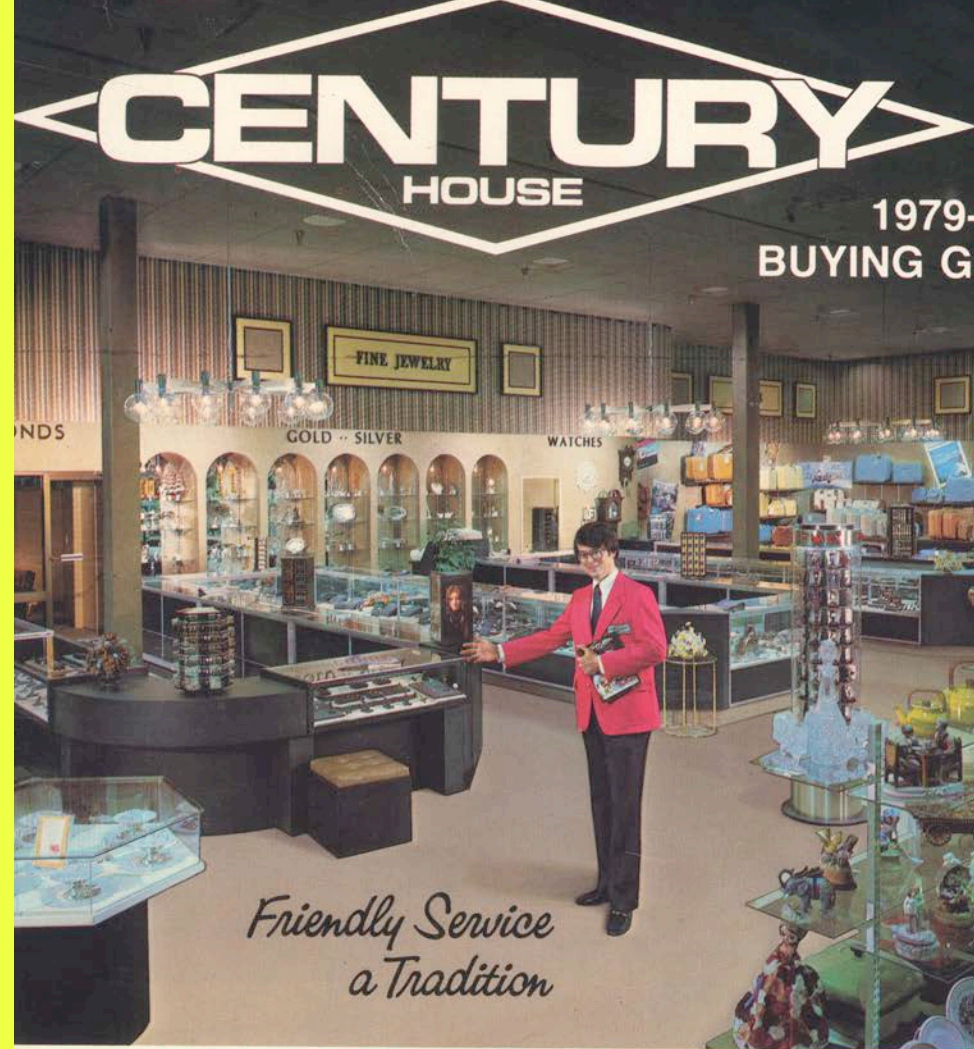
Sports, just sports. That's it.

Bekí Basch is an artist living and working in Baltimore, MD. At the time of this interview we are at the same point in our three-year MFAs (Bekí is at the University of Maryland College Park), and we've known each other for ten years. We often text each other dream collaborative projects. One evening right after we met, we sat in Bekí's warehouse apartment and she shared all the things she'd been looking at and listening to. From then on she has been teaching me how to be an artist. In preparation for this interview Bekí generously agreed to read and look at what I've been working on, and we wrote back and forth to each other in a Google Doc. bekibasch.com

Bekí Basch: Your work reminds me of this car I had in high school. It was beige (not sure the manufacturer's name for the color, my dad had the same color Camry and his was deemed 'Champagne', just like our old BMW was 'Alpine White'). I inherited the car from my grandma and spent the first few hours bonding with it by cleaning out years of debris. It wasn't filled to the brim, just lots of little things: phone numbers, recipes, salty corn nuts (I sat with her in the car years ago and ate these from the flea market), the token bobble head dog, an index card with the word 'California' written on it (she was Israeli and would have pronounced the state that way, hence the spelling issue).

I was torn between the spoiled disappointment of the hand-me-down and sheer gratefulness. A basic moral dilemma. I would have preferred a red or black or blue something. But here I was with this beige car. Beige cloth interior. Clean. Nondescript. The car grew on me and I appreciated the simple fact of ownership and having some space that was all my own. I really curated that car and that experience. Here are some things I did with it:

- Created a small diorama in the driver console using mattress foam, some rocks and a plastic donkey
- Listened to only one cassette the whole time (Talking Heads







'Naked')

-Kept tall rainboots in the trunk to wade around in the Princeton canal spillways

-Kept a vintage Jacques Cousteau book in the trunk (sometimes I would park at the local airport, sit in the back seat of my car and read it)

These are things that bring me into your work. Several years ago, you told me about Temple Grandin's squeeze machine. For an artist, this is a wonderful analogy. A physical and emotional experience with a material apparatus, and the in-between space is you. When I look at your work, I think about this place, which I felt most in high school and with that car. If I give it my generosity I am met with these moments of calm where the in-between becomes the whole ball of wax.

Laura Hughes: Absolutely, I think what I relate to most is how memorable the experience of that car was even though it wasn't a point of high drama in your life. Obviously it was filled with emotion, but not one easily definable emotion: disappointment, comfort, nostalgia, calm, love even. This seems true of the way we experience a lot of things — not high drama, not good or bad or boring but all of those things at once. Finding food between the car seats could potentially be so gross but the fact that it brought you back to the flea market with your grandma is sweet.

I happened to just get back from a few days driving in a pretty gross car, but because I love the person that owns it (and I don't have to be in it very often) the dog hair and food and empty water bottles were calming in a way, but also always makes me worry. Maybe another way to put it is like being steeped simultainity.

Then you brought up the way that you gave your generosity to the car by writing yourself upon it. It didn't stay a preserved relic of your grandmother, you cleaned it out and made it your own. Which is something I think I aspire to: not just to provide an accounting of the state of day-to-day simultaneity but also claim some agency in my own position.

I can relate to that calm, and also that feelings are just complicated. Maybe there is something too in why making physical things is different from writing. Maybe you are also trying to leave room for complicated feelings, even if they ultimately appear sort of yellow. I guess that's also a question I have. First I am asking you about your feelings, and now I want to know more about color. Maybe you can respond in the form of poetry.... Just talk more about the color. Because it isn't just color, it's the specific things you use or fabricate that fall within a spectrum not only of yellow but of quality and sensitivity. A piece of vinyl yellowed in the sun is radical next to yellow butter. This takes me into the anthropological. Wolfgang Laib using pollen and enhancing its yellowness through sheer quantity that we never otherwise witness. It's so rich and even healing. Olafur Eliasson's yellowish orange sun in the Tate Turbine Hall. Then I'm looking at Imi Knoebel's 'Room 19' online... there is a haunting emptiness to it. Like the brown/yellow is meant to hide in the space even though it takes up so much room. Is there a sense for you with this yellow that you assume it is overlooked? Like the stuff in the cracks, like my car. The opposite of ostentatious. Nearly invisible. Your sense of 'redirecting focus to the periphery'.

Yes, absolutely. All those things. I particularly like yellow for its shifty associative possibility – it can be indirect but evocative. Yellow can be cheerful and bright but

also sick or gross or old. Also if you just say the word yellow and think of interiors or fashion or consumer goods from a certain time you can imagine really particular yellows. Really, it's also a constraint. I haven't yet gotten tired of placing yellows near each other, or other colors up against yellows to try to shift a tone.

During my first studio visit in grad school a professor challenged me to think about color with a lot of intentionality and sent me to go look at our library's copy of an original Josef Albers Interaction of Color. I think this has been at least in the back of my mind throughout the past couple of years. Lately I've been thinking about the difference between color coming directly from the nature of the material itself: like pollen or butter, and color coming from a selection I am making in upholstery or paint.

There is a shift, or a stretch going on too. Where 'in-between' becomes the unknown, becomes time travel becomes trying to experience a part of history through material relationships and research. This particular part of history. Your parents in the 70's. It's personal, it's as significant as it is insignificant. Certainly autobiographical and universal at once. My question here also links me back to the car in a different way. I may have had this special bond with it, yet there was something superficial about the fact that I had zero understanding of the mechanics involved. I always felt that just knowing it was clean would mean that it would work. Perhaps there is something to that. Some kind of clarity that comes with cleanliness that could perhaps, at the very least, not contribute to mechanical issues. But in reality, years later I found that the mechanics had barely hung on. So when are obsession and romance purely superficial?

Does it matter that the memory and the work 'works'. What is your process for deciding when you've have enough information that you can go on building your memory world?

That is a good question. There is only so much I will ever be able to 'know' about 1977-97, especially since the way I am trying to 'know' mostly comes from books and the internet. I'm relying on my imagination so much, that reading the words 'plane crash' or 'five degrees fahrenheit' would mean something to me and I can try to map it onto a time I can't remember. I think I'm dealing with it in two ways:

1. To let there be multiple ways of filtering and representing information: so through text, through imagery and abstraction, and through the presentation of objects that have themselves time traveled because they existed in 77-97 and are also here with us today.
2. To see the project and my perspective as evolving and iterative so there could be room to change and update. To fully own my perspective and let fiction become apart of that.

I love the analogy of the clean car and maintenance, that there is some responsibility involved when dealing with something that wasn't yours in the first place, to treat it with care even if you don't understand it fully. Maybe even because you don't understand it fully you have to be extra sensitive to it. Maybe that has something to do with superficiality? Making do with what is on the surface? And I love that idea of misguided maintenance, or not ac-

tually helpful but committed nonetheless.

When you told me about Mike Kelley's project 'Kandors' and I just had this chilling feeling of a project that you let expand forever. Maybe some people view their work that way and it's no big deal. Maybe traditionally they aren't thinking about a 'project' but rather just a life's work. But then it's monumental to think of it like a project. Like a Richard Linklater movie or Michael Jones Mckean's '12 Earths' project. Maybe the difference is on one hand you have no idea what will happen and on the other you start with a project abstract at least and set out to sea with it. My questions are: Is this a project you can just let expand forever? 77-97 is an expanse of time but maybe the 'project' lasts 30 years or longer (because it has that ability whereas 77-97 does not). Is this a project at all?

I think it has something to do with trying to commit to something. It's helpful to think that this is a project that doesn't have to end, but what is produced out of it (objects, exhibitions, writing etc.) are markers along the way. I've been thinking about people who use constraints in their work to try to answer a particular question, or have a framework to produce within and there are examples of these projects either shifting or getting abandoned over time as things change. I'm thinking in particular of Georges Perec's writing projects and Andrea Zittel's work. I think the most important thing this work is helping me develop is different ways of researching, reacting, working though something. I've been similarly curious or compelled by other things (like single events or places) but had a hard time knowing what to focus on or what to say about it. Zooming in on something

I will always have a relationship to: my age, my parents, history, the present is an investigation large enough to always have something to chew through.

[Imi Knoebel's] Raum 19 reminds me of this squash court I took a photo of several years ago. I love how a squash court is set up typically. It can feel like it's underwater when there's this viewing balcony above and this sealed lower level. People stood on the viewing balcony and threw a hundred gym mats into the squash court from above- truly like it was just some big container. Some big pit. Also that reminds me too, at gymnastics when I was little we had a giant pit of foam cubes that we had to swing into on a trapeze bar. It was great and I felt like the pit must be 10' deep, though I doubt it now. I remember always getting sand in my eye or maybe it was the way foam disintegrates over time....

Redirecting focus to the periphery. Relishing in something. Writing instead of. Why do we make things. Raum 19 so good so nothing so gone. Art theoretical excavation. Making work in different settings. Different scenarios. What would be one site specific installation you would dream of doing. Store art. Art about stores. Are you opposed to design objects. Some of this work borders on design. A level of self awareness or even irony. The list of things being the work instead.

Barnett Newman says "Artists need art theory like birds need ornithology"

Do you ever fantasize about doing a commission for an office of some kind?

How marginal is too marginal?

Margarine.

The Kreeger Museum in DC is the collection of the founder of Geico. It used to be his house but you wouldn't really know because it was designed to convert into a museum when he passed. The basement is carpeted and feels too in-

timate. There is a Clyfford Still and a Frank Stella on the wall. Oh yeah, also the ceilings are really low. It would be such a good place to show your work and yet I can't imagine them being hip to it.

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/car_colour_popularity

Jessica was the first one to show me the Museum of Jurassic Technology where we were enchanted by operatic water-falls and mathematical theories on memory. Jessica took me to the James Turrell retrospective where we breathed in deep pink light. And recently, after a particularly sweaty summer day of looking at art, Jessica and I ate the most wonderful fruit popsicles. We've shared a bed, I have borrowed her clothes, we've looked for an escaped cat. I reached out to Jessica to write about my work because she has been a touchstone for me in the last few years as I have visited her in LA. I've connected a few dots in my work recently and realized that Jessica was in the background of many of them. She's one of the few people who I can fluidly move from talking about art to church to traffic to undergrad and back to art. She's also an excellent pen pal who recently sent me a letter with holographic paper. And right now, sitting on my rocking chair, is an almost done overdue wedding present which I can't wait to mail to her. jjjessicaliii.com

Ta-Dah, Or How To Get Lost, Be Curious, And Play
By Jessica Li

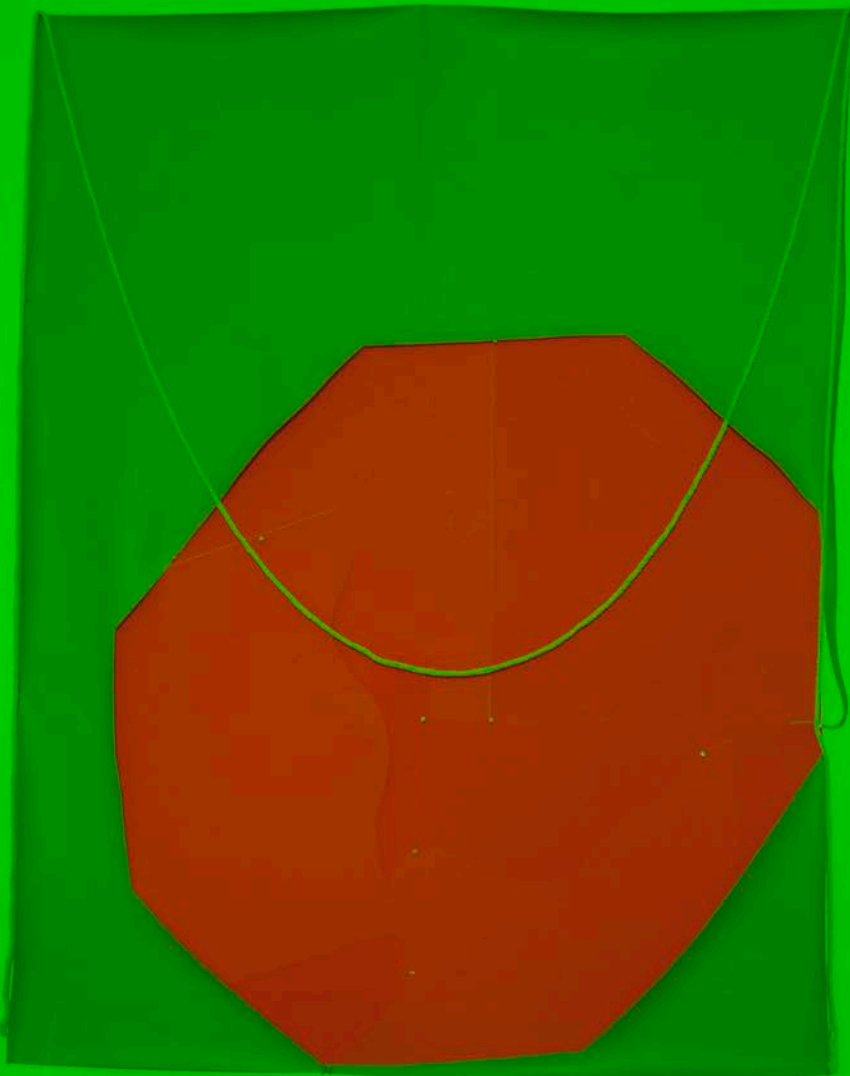
Sometimes it happens during a routine she represents by evenness of light on the land or when things usually mean nothing, like harmony in light, what happens and something to mean join accidentally. The thing isn't what it is, but it is like what it is.

(excerpt, Mei-mei Berssenbrugge, "Forms of Politeness")

A triangular mirror flattens the objects reflected in its gaze. Wood discovers that switching the lights on and off in an upbeat tempo not only bends the colors of the perceived surfaces of the soft squiggle pillows on the floor but also expands and contracts space through that triangle mirror. Shadows become glowing halos / hazy yellow water becomes phosphorescent hot / still and round becomes flat and pulsating / fuzzy edges become sharp lines. A piece







of cord loosely wraps the entire thing / a meandering centipede of plastic drinking straws crawls below / a string of masking tape, broken into segments, adheres all around / an extended floating hand reaching, reaching, reaching. [TA-DAH] you have now arrived and the space is activated... but what changed? or [TA-DAH] we're on a weird digital yet analogous extended plane or [TA-DAH] one suddenly finds themselves feeling oddly curious about an arrangement of seriously mundane objects or [TA-DAH] wait, let me see that again...what exactly is going on here? or [TA-DAH] whoa.

a kit

At first glance, the closet for Natalie Wood's studio is an amalgamation of ordinary materials. One can easily identify office supplies and equipment, dollar store paraphernalia, as well as crafting and household items. Some are familiar but seem harder to source, lots of them plastic: brightly colored sheets made of floppy synthetics, plexiglass with a holographic surface, stuffed pillows in abstract forms, trinkets of no particular order, mirrors in uncommon shapes, and strange fluids. Equipped with her kitschy kit, and given time and space to get lost, be curious, and play, Wood explores phenomenology in forms and space.

a routine

In her book, *A Field Guide to Getting Lost*, Rebecca Solnit states, "to be lost is to be fully present, and to be fully present is to be capable of being in uncertainty and mystery." Driving through the land of the mundane with Curiosity navigating in the passenger's seat, Wood is well acquainted with uncertainty and mystery. In her personal narrative as an artist, she claims that her main creative growth spurt began while working as a custodian for her college's business school building. A combination of boredom and being stuck in an empty building during odd hours led to playing around with unremarkable classroom noumena (a thing in and of itself, separate from as it seems)—desks and chairs, whiteboards, idle projectors—and finding ethereal light installa-

tion phenomena (a questionable happening, usually involving things observed). A practiced imagineer, Wood regularly gleans from the rich fields of mundanity and boredom.

Hailing from art ancestors such as Jessica Stockholder's garden of mundane material, Josiah McElheny's infinities of glass, Bridget Riley's dancing optical illusions, Katharina Grosse's bright explosions of colors, and James Turrell's quiet glowing spaces, Natalie Wood faces a world of expectations and known outcomes, wielding objects of surprise hidden in the ordinary. "Things are not always what they seem" (Plato's *Phaedrus*) and perhaps Wood's a bit of a trickster, but rather than trickery, she's interested in enchanting a viewer's curiosity. Her fascination with attention-grabbing colors, her proclivity for shiny items, neon colors, and the spark of something's not quite right here—all of these sensitivities make up the core of energy in her art.

If energy equals the mass multiplied by the speed of light squared (Einstein, 1905), then even a stationary wall of modest everyday mass has an immense amount of energy because light moves at an incredibly fast rate in everyday units. The radiant reflective energy of a not-so-everyday blue light shining on an everyday mirror will transfer the everyday mass to a new perceived mass. Keyword: transfer. The everyday mass doesn't disappear or get lost when a perceived mass is perceived but rather is transformed, much like a coin is transferred from one side to another yet it is always heads and always tails and never and always both. The perceived mass of a soda bottle is only made visible by passing through an array of photons from a projector's default blue light. The everyday mass of a bottle of Mountain Dew before transformation occurs appears to be fixed but after, it somehow hovers and waves right before one's eyes.

A majority of the human experience heavily revolves around eyesight. This may do for analyzing the physicalness of a thing, but how are non-physical things experienced then? Isn't it also through sight but in the cracks between where

the somatic eye and the mind's eye lie? Through the reflections bouncing off the surfaces in front of our faces? In the not-so-perfect-duplicates viewed through a glass of liquid? Visions in our heads during sleep are still not regarded in the world of the physical, yet our eyes see while closed. Emerging from the refractions inside of a crystal, an untouchable sparkle pierces your gaze and leaves an imprint that remains even after the sparkle is gone. Ghostly blots of "dust specks" and flickering lines appear the moment you look at the inside of your eyelid and continues haunting your image of the world around you for a microsecond after you open the lids for light. How do new colors seem to emerge in the disappearance of another color, a powerful stroke of afterimage? With some types of blindness, splotches of darkness slowly crowd out whatever is left of one's vision—seeing darkness becomes a tangible experience.

a kaleidoscope

Darkness can also refer to the feeling of being lost. Just as Solnit describes Walter Benjamin's philosophy on losing oneself, Wood's efforts can be described as a "conscious choice, a chosen surrender, a psychic state achievable through geography,"—or in Wood's case, phenomenology. Which brings us back to play. In his essay, *In Praise of Idleness*, Bertrand Russell defines play as purposeful enjoyment. He warns against preoccupying ourselves with production incentives and profit-making practices that inhibit "curious learning" which nurtures health and happiness. Spaces conducive to curious learning are usually conducive to relaxing and playing and being idle. Solnit's book responds to a question a student had brought to her attention: "How will you go about finding that thing the nature of which is totally unknown to you?" (Plato's *Meno*). It is in the act of finding that one finds the unknown. One can't search for the unknown because they don't know what to look for—and if you find it, how would you even know?

Searching and finding come together by layering and

repeating again and again in collapsed time, always with variation and never linearly, like a kaleidoscope (M. Waldrop, Complexity...), continuously changing and returning (Mahnke and Uprichard). Wood welcomes the unknown in her studio: she gets lost in gathered common materials, pursuing the tiniest of glittering sparkles that lie within the distance of their potential, playing, investigating, and extracting from their existing data, and with her special sensibilities and acute curiosity, collates their physicality with her findings, revealing a new image.

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Carson Sanders is a photographer and curator based out of Savannah, Georgia. In 2011, he co-founded Aint-Bad, an independent publisher of new photographic art. I've known Carson for almost 10 years now, we met while we were both studying photography in undergrad and he has been a close friend and go-to person for when I need someone who knows me well to help iron out my own work and ideas. This interview took place through a series of email and text exchanges.

aint-bad.com

carsonsanders.com

Carson Sanders: So I was able to go through undergrad with you at SCAD. I was always really into your documentary work. When you left for Oregon, I expected to see more of that style. How would you describe the transition of your work from undergrad to what it is today?

Stephen Milner: I still work within similar tropes of documentary photography from my past projects, however I just started to hone in on more of my intentions or interior desires of who and what I am photographing. I moved to Oregon because it was unfamiliar territory with lots of diversity in the landscape. A visually interesting place is always a good starting point for me with photography, but when I find people who challenge my perception of the surrounding areas or community, especially my own outsider preconceived notions, then I become really interested. My work still revolves around community and masculinity, I'm just inserting and questioning my own interactions with my subject matter on a more personal level then just simply documenting a community I'm not a part of. I'm no longer interested in a linear narrative with images. I'm more







comfortable with the experience of place in images, a psychological encounter which comes from wandering and creating my own fictional place. My previous work was focused on environmental and social-concerns of specific communities, this was great and all, but I felt like I was contradicting my own personal vision with having to provide some sort of truth. I felt obligated to try to provide clarity and a positive ending with a photographic project to benefit a community that I wasn't ever really a part of or could truly understand like someone whose family lived there for generations. It was rewarding for sure, but it was limiting my own understanding of how images function.

Do you think your physical location plays an important role in the work you are making?

I have always had to start projects in locations where I'd have to drive at least an hour away. People often ask me why I don't find something closer to work on, I'm not sure how to answer that. I think part of it is that I'm an introvert. I enjoy driving and mentally preparing myself to interact with strangers for a few days. I also think it allows me to romanticize more about the place I'm traveling to. Then there are the times where I'll come back from a few day trip feeling lost and pictureless, which makes me really question my practice. I started making sculpture and working with installations probably because I was envious of my fellow MFA grads who could spend the weekend in their studios, not

having to interact with anyone or having to travel anywhere and sleep in their car.

I'm still so curious about your transition into sculptures. Was there a specific professor or fellow classmate that helped motivate this? I know that I have no natural talent for working in this medium. Did you and do you find it challenging?

The MFA program at the University of Oregon is multidisciplinary, so my MFA will actually be in Studio Art. During my first year, I was the only photography based grad. I kept hearing alumni joking about how by the end I'd be making sculptures, I totally did not believe them....and now look at me! Being in constant critique and conversation with my fellow grads who are fluid in multiple mediums made me investigate different modes of creating. I found a different language and sensibility with sculpture and installation that I couldn't get from just photography alone.

So I remember living in Hong Kong with you back in 2011 when you were coming out. Over the years I have seen you become more comfortable with your sexuality and start to incorporate that into your work. How does sexual identity relate to your thesis work?

Living in Hong Kong for that one year was really important for my own personal growth. I was really struggling with my sexual identity and how to go about coming out. I remember when we'd all be out at the clubs on the weekends and I would sneak out around midnight and go to the gay disco alone. I totally thought no one knew, but I'm pretty sure everyone knew exactly what I was doing! After enough

time I eventually worked up the courage and started finally telling people. The undercover mentality I dealt with being closeted for so long, all the years of fantasizing about intimacy and connection with men was so frustrating. This is definitely something I'm tracing back to with my thesis and current art practice, those memories and experiences have been psychological undertones in my work since undergrad and I had no idea. The first month of my last year of graduate school, my boyfriend and I broke up our 5 year relationship. Being thrown back out into the life as a single gay man has totally affected my work now. My desires to see and represent the world around me just kinda exploded, now I am engaging and collaborating with men again, both within the mediums of photography and sculpture.

It's very cool to hear you speak about these moments and memories. Do you think you are accurately representing the world around you? How are these men you are interacting with motivating you to make this work? Have you had any negative experiences with this method?

I think I'm doing my best to use art to convey who I am, I hope that comes off. I try to be grateful and empathetic to my subject matter. With the photographs of gay men on nude beaches and how they interpret the landscape, I find it really challenging to make portraits. Naked people hate cameras. I also play the part too, I am naked and investigating the landscape and the men I encounter. I participate in the male on male gaze, I am a part of the hunt. I always

seem to have the best luck with random encounters when photographing, I love surprises and having to think and react quickly. However, approaching someone slowly and getting to know them first is usually the way I like to work. The last negative thing that happened to me on the beach was getting shit on by a seagull, I made a text painting based on that experience.....I was told growing up that it was good luck for that to happen, though I am not so sure.

ALEXANDER WURTS

I was recommended to watch a lot of movies in grad school, but I never had enough time to watch most of them. So, I made a list of some of the movies I still haven't gotten around to watching. Maybe you'll find something you might enjoy, and maybe I'll have some time to catch up on them soon.

- Primer
- Obvious Child
- The Double
- Only Lovers Left Alive
- Locke
- A Most Wanted Man
- The Rover
- Edge of Tomorrow
- Vertigo
- Tokyo Story
- Branded to Kill
- Annie Hall
- Jaws
- Holy Mountain
- The Stuff (1985)
- Taxi Driver
- Rubber
- Galaxy Quest
- Big Trouble in Little China
- Cube
- Man with the Screaming Brain
- The Swimmer (1968)
- The Enigma of Kaspar Hauser
- The Elephant Man

- Blow Out
- Rio Bravo
- Starship Troopers
- Turkish Delight (1973)
- Hausa
- Mulholland dr.
- Seven Samurai
- Pee Wee Herman's Big Adventure
- Mary and Max
- Cool Hand Luke
- The Third Man
- The New World
- Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid
- Barry Lyndon
- Rear Window
- Girl Chewing Gum
- The Celebration
- Badlands
- Closely Watched Trains
- The Ice Storm
- Blazing Saddles
- Two Lane Blacktop
- Paris, Texas
- Stalker
- Panther Panchali
- Au Hasard Balthazar
- Andrei Rublev
- le Collectionneuse
- The Passion of Joan of Arc
- Mysterious Skin
- Last Year at Marienbad
- Withal and I
- Annie Hall
- True Stories
- Brazil

- Eraserhead
- Pink Flamingos
- Tampopo
- The Toxic Avenger
- Meet the Feebles
- Snow Shark
- Hawkeye
- Braveheart
- Deep Impact
- Joe vs the Volcano

NATALIE WOOD

- If you get the time, you should read....
- The Martian Chronicles by Ray Bradbury
- The Phantom Tollbooth by Norton Juster
- Fantasies of the Library edited by Anna-Sophie Springer & Etienne Turpin
- Any short story by Jorge Luis Borges
- Plato's Allegory of the Cave
- If you haven't ever played, I recommend....
- Zork I: The Great Underground Empire (don't leave out the user manual)
- Here are some movies that are important to me....
- La Jetté
- by Chris Marker

- 2001: A Space Odyssey by Stanley Kubrick
- Total Recall by Paul Verhoeven (staring my old governor Arnold Schwarzenegger)
- I made most of my work listening to these four albums....
- Hunky Dory by David Bowie
- Art Angles by Grimes
- Dreamin' Wild by Donnie and Joe Emerson
- Time Capsule: Songs for a Future Generation by The B-52s
- This is a good podcast if you need something to listen to in the car....
- Welcome to Nightvale
- I make this at least once a term (it's my mom's recipe)....
- Potato Casserole
- 6 medium potatoes (boiled in jackets until fork slides in easy)
- ¼ cup of butter (and 2 tbsp. for later)
- 1 can of cream of mushroom soup (or whatever "cream of" you like best)
- 1 pint of sour cream
- ½ cup of green onions

½ cup of cheddar cheese
 2 cups of corn flakes (I think
 using Frosted Flakes gives it a
 little something extra)
 Grate potatoes into baking
 dish. Add ¼ cup of butter
 to melt over potatoes. Mix
 together cream of mushroom
 soup, sour cream, green
 onions, and cheese. Pour
 mixture over potatoes and
 mix lightly. Top with corn flake
 crumbs and 2 tbsp of butter.
 Bake at 350° for 30 minutes.

LAURA BUTLER HUGHES

Andrea Zittel's 2012 lecture
 at UO

Georges Perec "Infra-Ordinary"
 in Species of Spaces
 and Other Pieces

Jane Bennett "Edible Matter"
 in Vibrant Matter

Dave Hickey

"Formalism" in Pirates and
 Farmers

Joan Didion "On the Mall" in
 The White Album

George Saunders Tenth of
 December

The Collected Stories of Lydia
 Davis

Stanley Wolukau-Wanambwa's
 2018 lecture at UO

Helen Mirra and Daniel
 Lefcourt's Dia Foundation

lectures on Imi Knoebel
 Michael Jones Mckean's catalog
 essay for You, Your Sun,
 and Shadow at VCU in 2012
 Josephine Halvorson's
 Art21, Sound and Vision, and
 Gorky's Granddaughter
 episodes

Rem Koolhaas "Junkspace"
 Ben Marcus "Notes from the
 Hospital"

MYST

Todd Haynes's Safe
 Driving across the country
 listening to:

Scout Niblett,
 Cass McCombs,
 Bill Callahan,

STEPHEN MILNER

Current reading list--

Luigi Ghirri -

The Complete Essays 1973-
 1991

Roman Signer -

Talks and Conversations

Classifieds and "Looking"
 sections in vintage Drummer
 Magazines

Brad Zellar - House of Coates

Nicholas Muellner -

In Most Tides An Island

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LAURA HUGHES
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