



SHEILAH WILSON *IF BECOMING THIS*

# SHEILAH WILSON *IF BECOMING THIS*

PHOTOGRAPHS, VIDEO, & PERFORMANCE

*Curated by* Dennie Eagleson  
*Creative Director of the* Herndon Gallery

EXHIBITION DATES:  
August 31 – November 16, 2012

HERNDON GALLERY SOUTH HALL  
ANTIOCH COLLEGE  
One Morgan Place, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387

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IF BECOMING THIS  
SHEILAH WILSON





The work of Sheilah Wilson came to my attention through one of the members of our curatorial committee who had worked with Sheilah at the Santa Fe Art Institute, where Sheilah was the director of the artist residency program for four years. I found Sheilah's work to be a fresh, and for me, an unprecedented example of engaging with photography as performance. For part of her art practice, Sheilah invites people to share their stories and offers herself as a translation machine, using her body in direct contact with photographic materials to create marks and manifestations of lived experience.

The exhibition, *if becoming this*, appeared at Antioch College in the fall of our second year of welcoming students to campus after the closure of the college by the Board of Trustees of Antioch University in 2008. The campus is coming back from that dark night of shuttered buildings and abandoned open fields to one where currently, seventy-five new students inhabit North Hall, a building from the original campus built in 1852, that is now graced with a roof covered with a solar array, and heated and cooled by a large geothermal bore field. Students are nourished by food grown at the Antioch Farm and by other local farmers. The college is in its own state of becoming against impossible odds, fueled by optimism and deeply held beliefs that a place like Antioch needs to exist to address the challenges of this complicated new century.

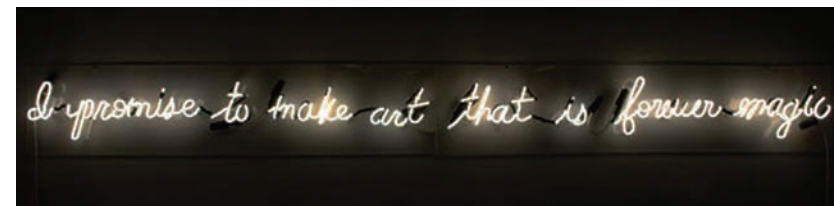
On the evening of the opening reception, Sheilah Wilson told us stories about ways that she has engaged communities in her home province of Nova Scotia, and in New Mexico. We served Lavender Kettle Corn, cloud, moon, and star cookies, and camomile tea to encourage sleep and dreaming in preparation for a performance where Sheilah slept over one of the written descriptions of a favorite photograph in a bed installed in the gallery. The resulting slept-over image is up on the gallery wall, alongside the previously created installation, a month of favorite photographs slept on with unexposed photographic paper, 2010. The video documentation of the performance is a part of the exhibition. In it, you see the light slowly expanding in the room, see her body curled up under a comforter, and then she is gone, like a mirage. The gallery is filled daily with Sheilah's voice, singing in French, *make me magic, make me magic, I want to be for infinity that is the sound track for a video.*

Later, on the evening of the reception, I went outside the building and discovered an array of white balloons left there by Sheilah, that echoed the shape of the full moon dancing above the roof line. The night had indeed been filled with magic.

DENNIE EAGLESON, *Creative Director*, Herndon Gallery, Antioch College



*As I learned more about Antioch College I realized that it was in the midst of an IF BECOMING THIS moment of its own. Then I realized that to separate the IF BECOMING THIS from a state of pure 'THIS' is likely impossible. It is more like an always becoming, a garbled poetics of preposition, object and verb.*



## *IF BECOMING THIS*

The work selected for this show traverses a span of almost ten years of creating myths, spells, and incantations—all seeking to disrupt the order of things. I use photography, video, text and performance in pursuit of the performance of self, narrative and place to yield hypotheses of history and belonging which are equal part fact and fiction.

When I first moved to New Mexico from Nova Scotia, I was curious about how I could imprint myself onto the iconic, western landscape. I began a series entitled *Flight* which were at first glance proposals and meditations for how to lift oneself from the earth (balloons tied to myself, wings, kites, birds) but was also, ultimately, about the desire to place the story of my attempted transcendence into this new landscape.

New Mexico also provided a place where I could consider the possibility of re-telling the history of Nova Scotia. Using the idea of interruptions in narrative and ways of understanding, I earnestly endeavored to conflate all of the versions of history I imagined equal to those I had been told. Fact, fiction and place met and became fan clubs for giantesses, sewn versions of the shape of my province, boats floated with balloons, and roadside attractions for holding snow with a Canadian.

In *you are my favorite photograph* the work is influenced by spiritual photography, with a demonstrated curiosity about the physical trace that is left through the translation of a memory through the body. This trace acts as the evidential seam between the telling and the document of the telling. It is between tenses, developed through body, language and chemistry, yielding an alchemical mark that defies linguistic categorization and yet exists as a photographic document.

The most recent work articulates narrative through line drawings; maps and automatic drawings. In the community led project *The Invisible Inside the Visible* the directions are spoken and drawn, while *A line drawn continuously and without looking* is a collection of automatic drawings of liminal stories. The result is a compilation of pseudo ethno-photography, or perhaps more accurately, a phenomenology of memory.

SHEILAH WILSON











## FOREVER MAGIC

Sheilah Wilson performs small miracles (watch her melt snow in the palm of her hand), attempts levitation, and illuminates moments of enchantment in the mundane details of everyday existence. Using her body as medium, she offers herself—vulnerable, tender and brave—before the vastness of life, daring the world to take notice. She is a heroine of the absurd and of the unheroic everyday. She unfolds epic myths, miniscule truths, and regales her viewer with elaborate and often seemingly arbitrary narratives. She founded a fan club for a giantess, hand wrote apologies on a thousand books of matches, and vowed in white neon to *Make Art that is Forever Magic*.

Her work ranges in medium from helium balloons to neon, text, twigs, photography, video, sewing, and spray foam. The mutability of medium suggests an urgency of transmission. She employs and transforms the raw material within reach into a crucial missive before the moment has forever slipped beyond her reach. Epic and precarious, the stories she tells are wistful and tender fabrications of specific flashes in time, memories remembered and precise places conjured.

In her words *“I am curious how the conflation of the personal, geographical and historical can become mythological, absurd, a lie—or all of the above. I have been committed to my work in a quest for the brief moment that this absurd, entropic, self-created universe can exist—before it all falls down.”*

Now teaching in the Midwest, Wilson lived in the American Southwest for nearly a decade. The vast aridness, the sublime beauty and limitlessness of space deeply impacted her work. Wilson once described New Mexico as *“that beautiful land. I wanted to eat it up and swallow it and make it in my own image! And the futility of it, and the trying of it.”* Driving in the desert heat, it is common for puddles of water to emerge suddenly from the parched pavement. These puddles are mirages, illusions, a deception of desert light. They are optical phenomenon, yet the puddles convincingly reflect the sky and clouds in their pools and can be captured in a photograph. They are utterly real until they disappear without a trace. Their existence remains a myth and a memory. Wilson’s art is awash in mirages.

Conceptual artist Olafur Eliasson stated that, “the experiment as a mode of inquiry is necessary if we are to insist on a constant, probing and generous interaction with reality. Or to put it differently: by engaging in experimentation, we can challenge the norms by which we live and thus produce reality.” Sheilah Wilson makes the indescribable visible, teases out truth from incongruity and fiction. She asserts brave ideas and enacts tiny feats of daring with equal parts timidity and audacity. She invites us to join her leap into certain and absurd futility for a glimpse of hope, healing, boundlessness, and enchantment. Wilson disrupts the order of things, changes the unchangeable, lifts off the earth, and attempts transcendence. She wants to be for infinity. And she makes art that is forever magic.

CYNDI CONN, *Program Director*, Creative Santa Fe



## SHEILAH WILSON’S BRAVE IDEAS “Why, sometimes I’ve believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast.” — the White Queen in Lewis Carroll’s *Through the Looking Glass*

Where do brave ideas—truly brave ideas, the seemingly impossible ideas that house the potential to inform and enlighten—come from? Although they might seem to be the result of scientific exploration, they are in fact its inspiration. And brave ideas are the locus of creative endeavor. Like art, they come from inside, where personal memory and innate understanding are brought to bear on bodily perception, cognition and emotion. But having brave ideas and expressing them are two entirely different things. And this is where art comes in.

Conceptual photographer, installation and performance artist Sheilah Wilson uses ritual and collaboration to uncover the roots of brave ideas. Beyond its intriguing range and superficial beauty, Wilson’s work fascinates in that it gives lasting physical form to things that are by their very nature both ephemeral and intangible. Two bodies of work accomplish this goal in particularly poetic fashion: *You Are My Favorite Photograph* and *A Line Drawn Continuously and Without Looking While You Tell Your Out-of-Body Experience*. Both series’ incorporate collaboration and performance, and both take their final expression in the form of photographs.

In *You Are My Favorite Photograph*, the artist collects from people written memories of their favorite images, and ritualistically sleeps with them pressed against photographic paper and her own body. Overnight the paper is transformed—affected by light, time, and the artist’s physical connection to the words describing the image. Upon waking, Wilson-the-Medium becomes Wilson-the-Artist. She processes the latent images bearing abstract forms of the collaborator’s channeled memory. Whether or not we interpret the image as an actual document of transmission, it is afforded veracity because we acknowledge it as a photograph. But with no camera or subject before it, its seductive tones are magically created by nothing more than time and light. The photographic objects also hold wrinkles and creases resulting from physical contact, which urge us toward further conjecture. The artist herself states, “It is difficult not to search for forms and reasons in this random imprint of body/intermediary and light on paper.”

In her series *A Line Drawn Continuously and Without Looking While You Tell Your Out-of-Body Experience*, Wilson solicited participants who have reported such sensations. The artist asks them to draw a continuous line while they verbally relate their story to her. She then traces

the line onto transparency material, using it as a negative to create an exposure directly onto photographic paper. Like the abstract images in *You Are My Favorite Photograph*, these white lines become the literal manifestation of the teller’s intangible experience. The stark lines cut wholly unpredictable trajectories through dense black space, and simultaneously document the teller’s discrete parcel of time out-of-body. While full-on accepting this work requires our suspension of disbelief about such spiritual accounts, appreciating its connotations does not. We all experience our physical bodies as vehicles manifesting our ideas; these images remind us that we do not fully understand how, but that the connection between body and mind is significant and inextricable.

In nearly all her work where the artist’s objective is to translate what is impalpable into a kind of evidentiary construct, the outcome remains visually abstract. To approach it otherwise would locate us too much in this world, in a position fixed on identifiable image content. But Wilson’s use of the photographic image to give form to the unseen is canny due to the tacit implication that something must have been there to be recorded. When we view a photograph we recognize that what’s there really isn’t there, that what exists is merely an image of what once was. Still, we’ve all experienced intense mental and emotional connections to something (or someone) we see in a photograph, something removed from us by time and space but that nonetheless feels present. When we view Wilson’s work we experience the same feeling, and it begins to blur our definitions of what we can and cannot experience as physically present.

Sheilah Wilson’s website is entitled, “Brave Ideas,” which likely indicates her feeling about her collaborators’ thoughts and experiences, as well as the nature of their transmission. But beyond that the artist’s work is itself brave. In an age of trust in technology over our own human physical perception and intuition, Wilson places her trust in the ability of serendipitous exchange to reveal invisible—yet equally real and significant—aspects of our human nature. In doing so she asks us to reject contemporary cynicism, be open to the outcomes of art, and learn to trust in, and even act on, our own brave ideas.

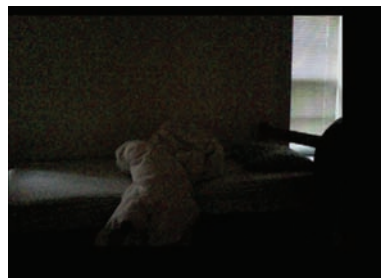
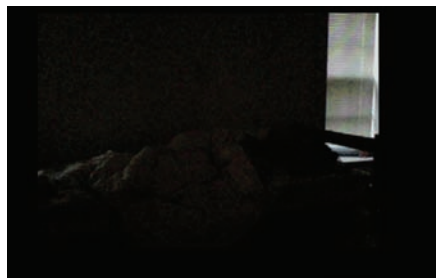
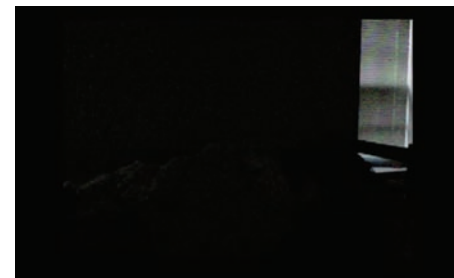
ANGELA FARIS BELT, *Fine Art Photographer, Author and Educator*

## YOU ARE MY FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH: A MONTH OF MEMORIES

In the process of acting as the medium for *You are My Favorite Photograph*, I developed a ritual of collecting written memories from people of their favorite photograph. I then proceeded to sleep on photo paper and the written description, waking in the morning and moving the paper from under the sheet to a light tight container, to be later developed.







My favorite photograph:

A family photo, taken by my mom I think, when I was around two years old... It's of my brother & me, he's sitting on our sofa doing some schoolwork, writing in a composition notebook, looking all serious & intent. I'm pointing to something he's writing, like I'm trying to help. He's probably 18 or 19 in the photo, his crazy mane of red hair cut short. I love this picture because it's so candid, & I have no memory of it, so I can try and imagine what came before & after the camera snapped the picture. Eric passed away 5 years ago this coming Feb, and this picture is my favorite of us. It's on my wall right now. ❤️❤️

TWO YOUNG NATIVE AMERICAN  
MEN LEANING FORWARD  
DRIVING A CAR AT DUSK,  
IN THE AMERICAN 1950'S,  
LEANING FORWARD INTO THE  
STEERING WHEEL AS IF TO  
WILL THE CAR TO  
MOVE FASTER.





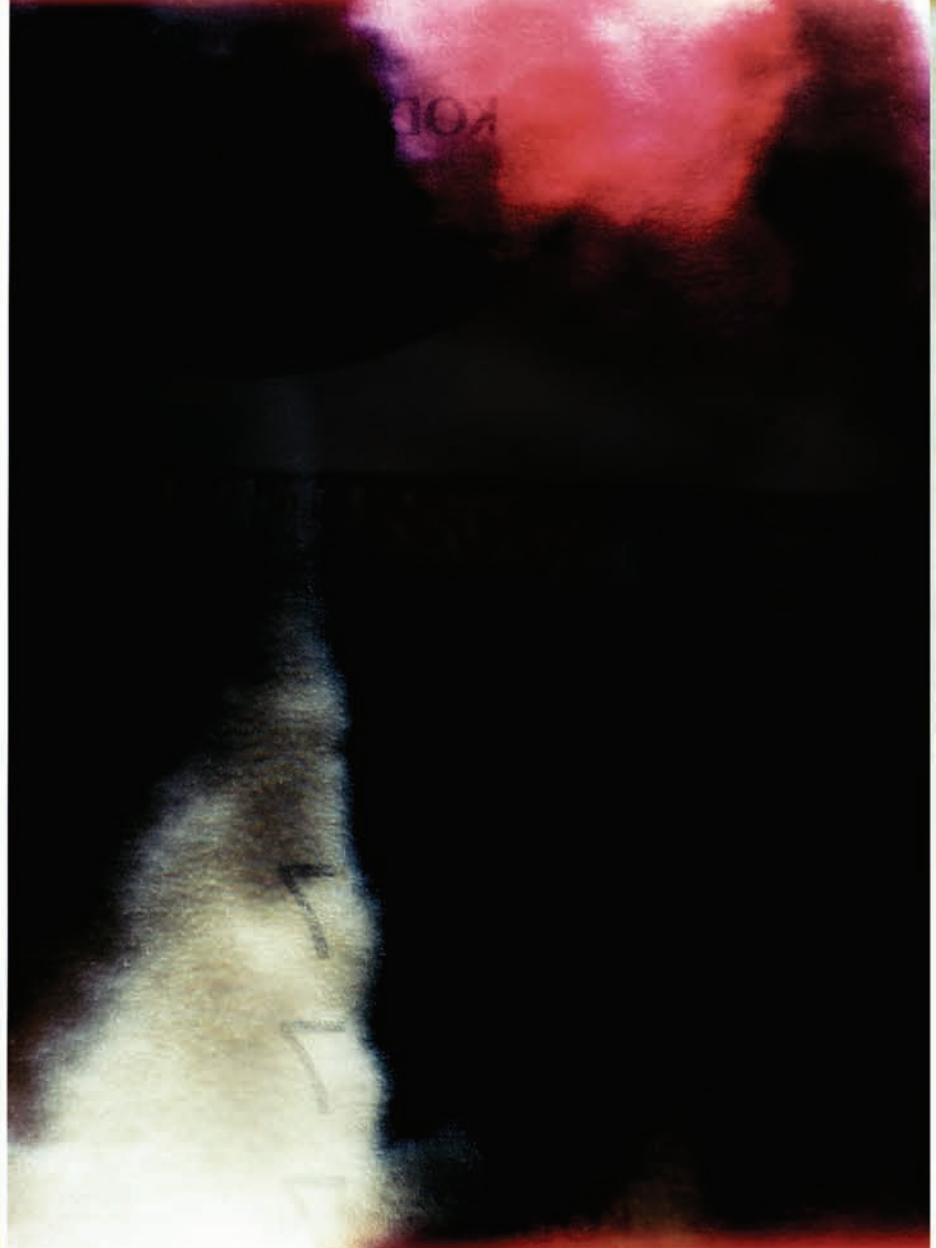
My mother is standing with her brother on a hill. The photograph is in black & white. My mother is young and beautiful and my uncle young and handsome. They both must be in their teens, in high school. My mother's hair is very long, dark and straight. My uncle has glasses, shoulder length black hair (curly) and a mustache. She both wear bell-bottomed jeans and are each looking over at each other and smiling.



## MEMORY TRANSLATION MACHINE

*Memory Translation Machine* explores further the ideas of memory, the body and imprinting directly onto the photographic paper medium. In this body of work I have taken memories submitted and then slept directly on the printed memory and a roll of color film. After a nights sleep the color film is processed. The resulting light leaks and color variations are the result of memories as translated through sleep.





The way I remember it is broken into three parts.

One.

The second part is the shadow.

The third part is my grandmother in the hospital bed.

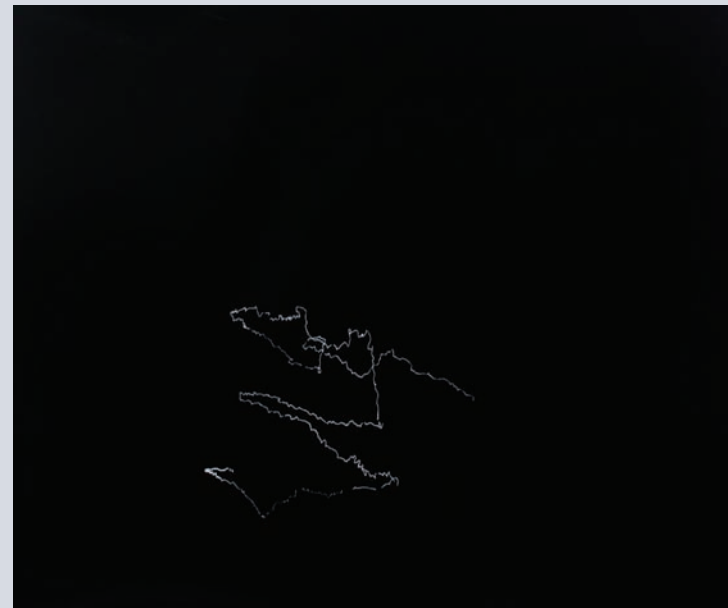
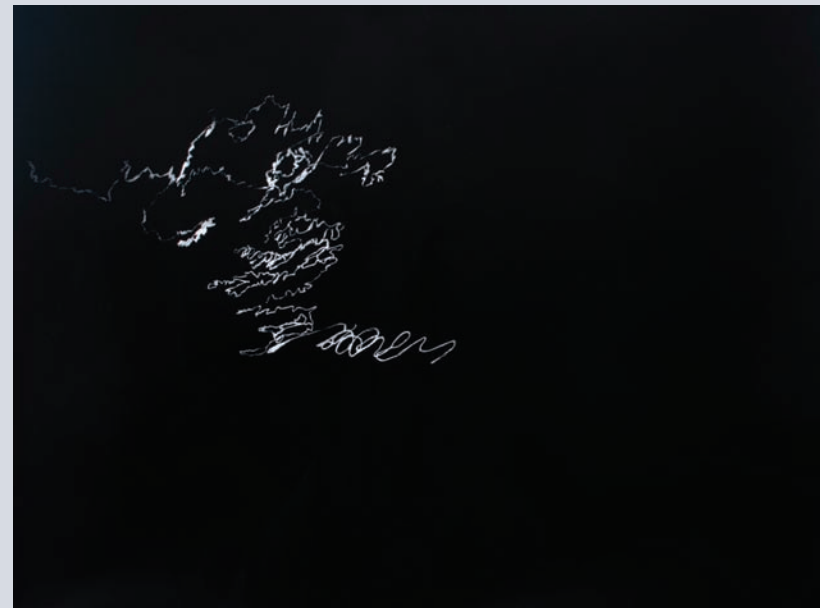
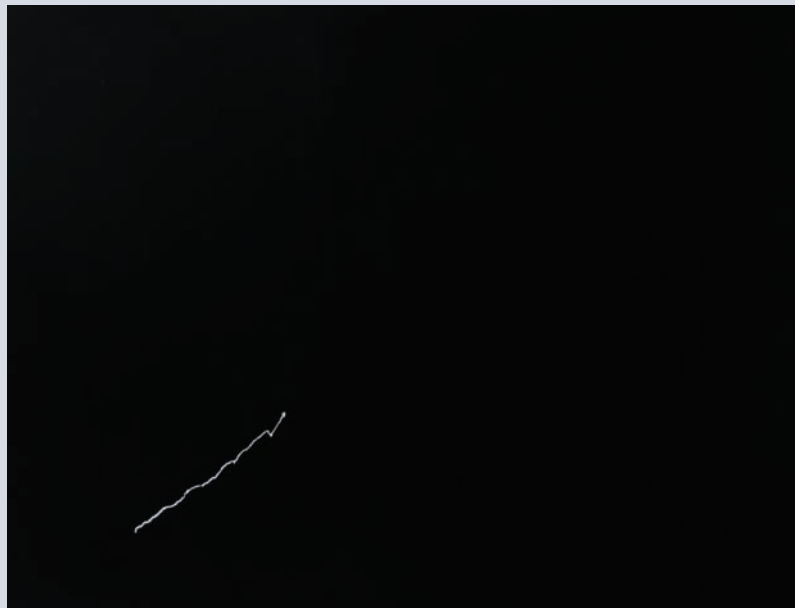
She is laying there with the window behind her,  
and it looks as if she is floating away in the clouds.



## A LINE DRAWN CONTINUOUSLY AND WITHOUT LOOKING WHILE YOU TELL YOUR OUT OF BODY EXPERIENCE

Through advertisements I solicit people who have had an out of body experience. I invite them into my studio where a drawing and audio recording are generated in a controlled environment. The line drawn while they tell their story is an automatic drawing of experience. I trace this line onto mylar and expose the drawing of the story as a photograph. The resulting image exists as a thin line of white on black. This line holds body to experience, a photograph of a drawing of the way out and in.







## IF BECOMING THIS: SHEILAH ANNCHEN WILSON

What sets art apart from the reality defined by commerce and industry consists in art's embrace of what rationalism likes to call delusion. Artists have frequently intervened into this simplistic opposition of "reality" to "fantasy" to show how the two positions are not so easily separable and that much of this dilemma has to do with perception itself and the way narrative forgets its being in time. Tending toward fixing events into cause and effect narrative creates sequences that progress toward a conclusion. Disorienting this linear process often brings about a return to the event of perception itself and it's mode of truth, which is often called "poetical."

Journeying and placing are central practices in Sheilah Wilson's performance and site related art works. It is pertinent to a discussion of her work titled *The Invisible Inside The Visible* to mention that she was born in a place named Caribou River and has a house at a place called River John. And that this performance work adopts the form of a story about searching for a place that has been lost, has disappeared having been discarded. We don't need to know where these rivers are in the factual terms of geography, but the figure of the river as an image of time is important to Wilson's concern with narrative.

We can see in her work a treatment that takes a terrain or a territory as an unconscious whose maps are already there in latent form waiting to be revealed, or conjured. These "summonings" Wilson carries out as if she were a 19th century spiritualist or a medium. She calls herself a "translation machine." Her actions, in which the stories of individual tellers are arranged to focus on the dimension of absence take the confluence of place, memory, and story as a starting point, as a material, which paradoxically is ephemeral, provisional, or transitory.

In the environment of daily life, spiritualism and mysticism are not usually very interesting. However, when doubled through their insertion, as practices, into the environment created by an actual art work they suddenly become once again reflective and revelatory. The boundary between materialism and spiritualism is made permeable, their opposition foiled.

The performance titled *The Invisible Inside The Visible* is resonant with such spiritualist and mystical leanings. Artists have often employed practices deriving from this perspective in their search for alternatives to the rationalism of our current artistic and critical orthodoxies. Surrealism, for example, has insisted on the dream and visionary experience as a higher form of knowledge, as a bridging to a universe that would work as an instrument of healing and divination. The bricolage practices of Dada have equally provided a means to re-orient our temporality, abolishing the rational disposition of time and space, the near and the far, all in favour of disorientation. The British critic Jean Fisher wrote "Dream itself is a repository of the discarded – the traces and fragments of memory, of the 'day's residues' and unfulfilled wishes – and in this sense finds companionship with the impulses of the artistic avant-garde." (1)

In this space and time of a favourable disorientation the lost becomes the found and vice versa. Wilson has created a performance work around the search for such a discarded fragment, an element of local folklore and rural culture, the horse racing track popular amongst its rural community around the turn of the 19th century, long since disappeared. Such a finding however is not of the sort substantiated by quantifiable verification, but is rather a more ghostly apparition hinted at in the sort of oral narratives that often make up local knowledges. In a sense a "ghost," the track existed and vanished nearly one hundred years ago. Searching out the history of this place involved Wilson in a psuedo anthropological process, asking local residents as to the whereabouts of the racetrack and then gathering their responses, later publishing them in the local newspaper as a dimension of her installation/performance. Most of the responses were characterised by uncertainty, for example, "Like I say, I haven't seen it," or, "It's funny because I know it was out there," and "It will be hard to see it."

In another work, one that is essentially photographic, Wilson took a copy of Samuel Beckett's play *Waiting for Godot*, (a writer whose work raises silence to a fine degree), and physically excised



the word silence each and every time it appears. She then blacked out the rest of the page so that each page, presented as a photographic transparency which when projected, acts as a foil to the silence as light projection. This piece thus employs a practice of doubling the negative, absencing the absence.

In the performance titled *A Line Drawn Continuously Without Looking* persons are invited to participate by literally drawing from "out of body experiences." In this work performers drew a single line while narrating an account of an out of body experience. The resulting line, drawn continuously and without looking, was then transferred onto mylar to create a twenty by twenty four inch photographic contact print, leaving Wilson with indexical proof of what remains an unverifiable activity.

In her artistic practice Wilson has proposed an overlapping of populist inclusivity and rural sentiment with that slice of conceptualism best represented by artists such as Susan Hiller, Roni Horn or David Askevold. This tendency proposes an important alternative to the academic "criticality" claimed by the prevailing orthodoxies in contemporary art. Such an alternative subverts or undermines the rationalism that critical analysis rests on and perpetuates. Wilson whose trajectory is that of wonder and the uncanny binds experience to narrative, memory to place, dream to history and reality to enigma. With these practices the conflict between unity and alterity is avoided as dreams work to abolish the rational disposition of time and space, mind and body. Apparently even the barrier between the living and the dead may be overcome, and even if not, the attempt to do so has all the intrigue of failure. We can identify such an orientation with the commitment to the view that truth in art is aligned with poetry rather than the social sciences.

STEPHEN HORNE, *Independent Writer and Curator*

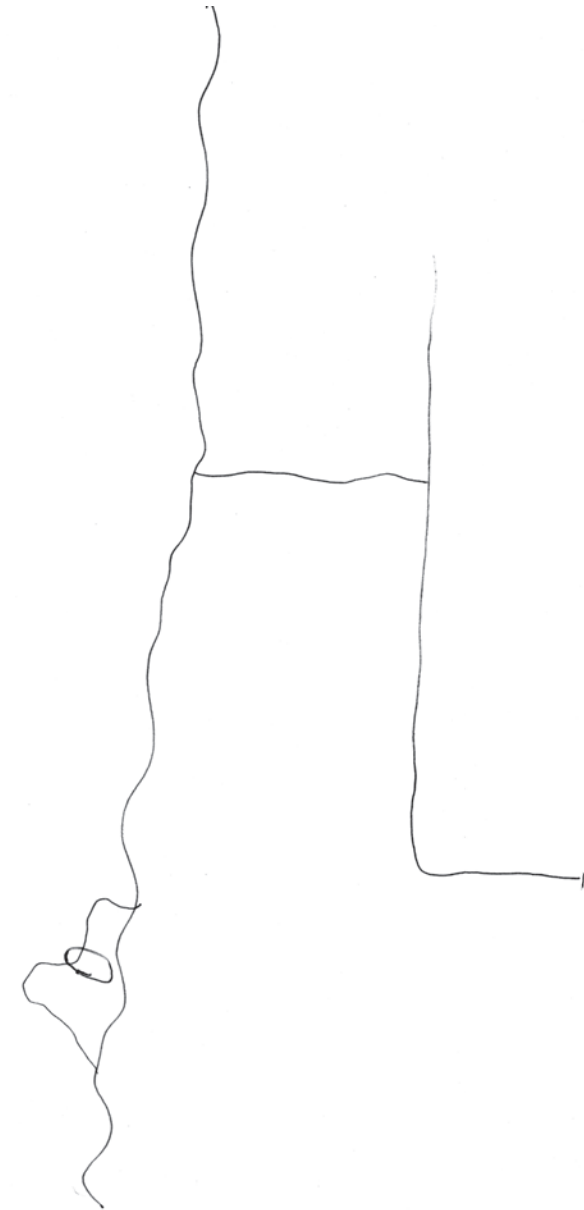
Notes: (1) Jean Fisher, Truth's Shadows, in Dream Machines, ed. by Susan Hiller, Hayward Gallery, London, 2000,

## THE INVISIBLE INSIDE THE VISIBLE

Three years ago a friend told me about a racetrack ghost in the landscape off the Cape John Road; three summers ago we attempted to find it. We did not. We tried again last summer, and were again, unsuccessful. This year, as part of the W(here) project curated by Mary McDonald, I decided to find out whether there was any trace of this mythical Seaview racetrack, that operated during the 1920's on the Westerly Road (now Cape John road), left.

What became clear during my research was that the past can exist in various forms of memory. There is the shared community memory, where the story of the racetrack's location is passed down orally through generations. In 2012, this memory belongs mostly to people with no direct experience of the racetrack. Only one person I met had actually witnessed a race; Jim Baillie saw the last race between Rockboy and the Ghost. When I solicited directions from locals to the racetrack, I was told whereabouts people knew it to be, but it often ended with the disclaimer that they had never seen it themselves. Yet even unseen, it remained as a marker in the landscape. It was by the racetrack that you swam, or picked cranberries or strawberries, etc.

As the title of this work suggests, the racetrack, although invisible, actually informed the visible by providing directions--locating the present through markers from the past.







The land itself provides another shape of memory. The imprint of the track was still visible on google maps dated 2004. I realized, when I arrived in May, that it is a seasonal visibility--with fall or early spring being the ideal time to see it. We had an early spring this year, so there was already quite a bit of grass grown up. I was fortunate to go out with Ross MacKay from the community pasture to locate the oval. We found it by feel. Contrary to how you normally notice things in the landscape by looking up, the track is a rise of land that you stumble upon.

This racetrack's mark is slowly fading from the land, an inevitable process. I am curious about the friction between the tangible mark and the intangible story. Or, as I might propose, the intangible mark and the tangible story. In a sense the shape is the story, different in each telling. The fact that the story and the actual mark are divergent is part of the complexity of truth and memory.

In this project *The Visible Inside the Visible*, I wanted to act as translator between the seen and unseen. I collected stories, was handed down memories and directions from the community, and obtained images from google maps. The goal of this collecting was to create a temporary drawing of something that exists-- and does not exist. Using hydrated lime, I drew the outline onto the landscape. The act of putting the powder down was, itself, an act of appearance and disappearance. The wind carried the powder, creating forms that mimicked clouds in the sky-- before dispersing. Some lime fell into the grass, creating a drawing for the airplane to photograph. Since then it has rained. The lime has disappeared. The question of where the oval exists can be asked once again.

It is situated in the midst of a large green field. I have seen it.



AOTEAROA IS THE LONG WHITE CLOUD performance at Mt. Bruce studios, 2008

This project was completed at New Pacific Studios in Mt. Bruce, New Zealand while I was in residence. The Maori name for New Zealand is Aotearoa, which means 'the long white cloud'. I became the long, white cloud and asked neighboring farmers to help lift me into the air. Thank you to Kay Flavell, director of NPS and the kind cloud lifters.





5 Directions, 20" x 24", inkjet print 2011.



you are my favorite photograph, month installation at Antioch College Herndon Gallery, 2012. Installation view of month of memories that have been slept on and developed.



Memory Translation Machine, 42" x 42", inkjet print 2011.



Moon and Balloons, photo by Dennie Eagleson, Antioch College, 2012.



Jesus was born in Nova Scotia, roadside sign installation, 2005.



I promise to make art that is forever magic, white neon, 6" x 60", 2009.



Untitled VIII, Flight Series, 24" x 30", C print, 2006.

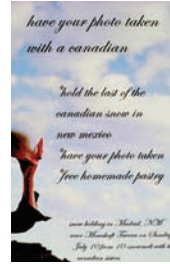
Untitled II, Flight Series, 36" x 42" duratrans and light box, 2005.



Untitled IX, Flight Series, 30" x 38", C print, 2006.



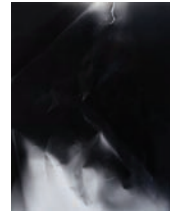
Have Your Photo Taken with a Canadian Holding the Last of the Canadian Snow, roadside attraction, Madrid, New Mexico 2007.



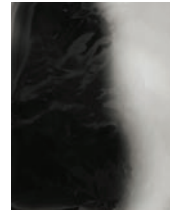
you are my favorite photograph, month installation at Antioch College Herndon Gallery, 2012. Installation view of month of memories that have been slept on and developed.



Detail from you are my favorite photograph, 16" x 20", resin coated paper, 2011.



Detail from you are my favorite photograph, 16" x 20", resin coated paper, 2011.



you are you are my favorite photograph, 20" x 28", duratrans, light box, 2010.



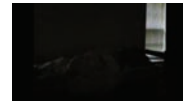
Detail from you are my favorite photograph, 16" x 20", resin coated paper, 2011.



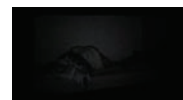
The way I remember it is broken into three parts., 54" x 40", inkjet print 2011; One., 50" x 40", inkjet print 2011; The second part is my grandmother in the hospital bed., 52" x 42", inkjet print 2011; She is laying there with the window behind her, and it looks like she is floating away in the clouds., 48" x 40", inkjet print 2011.



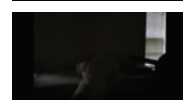
Video still taken from night long exposure of memory and photo paper in Herndon Gallery, Antioch College, 2012.



Video still taken from night long exposure of memory and photo paper in Herndon Gallery, Antioch College, 2012.



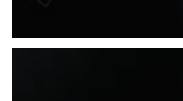
Video still taken from night long exposure of memory and photo paper in Herndon Gallery, Antioch College, 2012.



Video still taken from night long exposure of memory and photo paper in Herndon Gallery, Antioch College, 2012.



A line drawn continuously and without looking while you tell your out of body experience; Valerie, 20" x 24", fiber print, 2012.



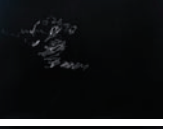
A line drawn continuously and without looking while you tell your out of body experience; Valerie, 20" x 24", fiber print, 2012.



A line drawn continuously and without looking while you tell your out of body experience; Cathy, 20" x 24", fiber print, 2012.



A line drawn continuously and without looking while you tell your out of body experience; Paul, 20" x 24", fiber print, 2012.



A line drawn continuously and without looking while you tell your out of body experience; Adam, 20" x 24", fiber print, 2012.



Waiting for Godot with all the silence cut out and light projected through, 128 slides and slide projector, 2012.



Waiting for Godot with all the silence cut out and light projected through, 128 slides and slide projector, 2012.



The Invisible Inside the Visible, page seven of newspaper. Map by Willis Langille to racetrack.



The Invisible Inside the Visible, Hydrated lime to trace outline of 1920's track in Cape John, River John, Nova Scotia. 2012.



Aoteoroa or The long white cloud, performance at Mt. Bruce studios, 2008.







*A line drawn continuously and without looking while you tell your out of body experience*, installation at Antioch College Herndon Gallery, 2012.

## CONTRIBUTORS

### DENNIE EAGLESON

Dennie Eagleson is a fine art and a documentary photographer whose work is exhibited regionally and nationally. She was an Associate Professor of photography at Antioch College before its close in 2008, and is currently the Creative Director of the Herndon Gallery at the College, curating exhibitions and developing a visiting artist program.

### CYNDI CONN

Independent curator and consultant, Cyndi held the position of Visual Arts Director and Curator of the Center for Contemporary Arts, Santa Fe before founding LAUNCHPROJECTS in 2008. She is currently the Program Director of Creative Santa Fe, a nonprofit organization dedicated to strengthening the artistic and cultural economy of New Mexico.

### ANGELA FARIS BELT

Angela Faris Belt is an artist, author and educator whose artwork and critical writing center on photographic language. Recognized through exhibitions and fellowships for her fine art work and scholarship, Angela's conceptual imagery studies the natural world and human perception of it. She has written for American Photo Magazine and is author of *The Elements of Photography: Understanding and Creating Sophisticated Images*, which centers on integrating photography's technical aspects with concepts and aesthetics to make meaningful images. Information and images can be viewed at [www.angelifarisbelt.com](http://www.angelifarisbelt.com).

### STEPHEN HORNE

Stephen Horne lives in Montreal and Peyrat la Noniere, France, and was a professor in media arts at NSCAD University in Halifax 1979-2005. His reviews and essays are published in journals, anthologies and catalogues in Canada, USA, Brazil, Europe and Asia. Horne is a Visiting Scholar in the Institute for Studies in Canadian Art, Concordia University, in Montreal.

### Selected Exhibitions:

2013

Solo show, Enjoy Gallery, Wellington, New Zealand.

*The Almost Metal Collective*, curated by David Jones, A + D Gallery Columbia College, Chicago.

2012

*Society Photographic Educators*, Carnegie Visual and Performing Arts Center, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Curated by Catherine Evans.

*The Invisible Inside the Visible*, (solo show) Ross Creek Center for the Arts, Nova Scotia.

*If Becoming This*, (solo show) Antioch University, Ohio.

*A line drawn continuously and without looking while you tell your out of body experience*, Anna Leonowens Gallery (solo show), NSCAD Artist in Residence/ Visiting Artist, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

*W(here)*, curated by Mary MacDonald, Pictou County, Nova Scotia.

*Brevity of all things pure*, Featherston Seen, window installation, Featherston, New Zealand.

*Ephemeral Traces*, Enjoy Gallery, Wellington, New Zealand. Curated by Claudia Arozqueta.

*Melting Snow by Hand and other Minor Miracles*, Queen Elizabeth II Park, Masterton, New Zealand.

2011

*Memory Translation Machine*, (solo show) Roy G Biv Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.

*Courage*, storefront installation, River John, Nova Scotia.

2010

*Time Sensitive*, Ohio State University Urban Arts Space, Columbus, Ohio. Juried by Ola Stoehl.

*Ohio Art League Juried Show*, Fort Hayes Shot Tower Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.

Curated by Christopher Bedford, curator at Wexner.

*you are my favorite photograph*, (solo show) Denison Museum, Granville, Ohio.

*Image Ohio*, Fort Hayes Shot Tower Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.

2009

*Ohio Art League Juried Show*, Fort Hayes Shot Tower Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.

Juried by Liza Dent, curator at Columbus Museum of Art.

*20th Anniversary*, Roy G. Biv Gallery, Columbus Ohio. Juried by Christopher Lynn, director of SPACES.

*this is only one of the possible redemptions*, (solo show) Through the Flower, Belen, New Mexico.

*Terminal Video Festival*, Austin Peay State University, Tennessee.

*Small Scale Big Ambition*, with Andy Weber and Emily Hall, Rutgers University, New Jersey.

*Faculty show*, Saint Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana.

2008

*Add-Art and the Future of Online Advertising*, curated by Paddy Johnson for Eyebeam Gallery.

*Southwest Biennial*, Albuquerque Museum of Fine Art, New Mexico.

*Short Suite*, City Gallery, Wellington, New Zealand.

*Forevermagic*, (solo show), Center for Contemporary Arts, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

*Come Out and Play*, Supermasochist group video screening, Apexart, New York.

*ERI 3*, group bookwork show, Eyelevel Gallery, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

*New Feminist Works*, group show and first place award, Belen, New Mexico.

### Awards and Residencies:

2013

Struts Ok Quoi curated artist in residence, New Brunswick, Canada

Vermont Studio Center residency

2012

Canada Council Project Grant

NSCAD Artist in Residency

Full Tilt Residency, Newfoundland, Canada

2011

Artist at large, NPS studio, Masterton, New Zealand

Banff Centre Thematic Residency, "There's something in the Water" with Adam Chodzko,

Simon Starling and Martin Clark. Scholarship award.

2010

Renee Steidel award for Ohio Art League Juried Show.

Selection by Christopher Bedford from Wexner Center for the Arts

DURF (Denison University Research Funding) for 'Songs Worth Singing'

2009

Canada Council Travel grant for "this is only one of the possible redemptions"

2008

New Pacific Studio Residency, Wairapa, New Zealand

Winner of the Judy Chicago, Through the Flower Foundation 'Feminists Under 40' competition

### Education:

2004

MFA Studio Arts Goldsmiths College, London

2003

BFA Interdisciplinary, Nova Scotia College Art and Design University, Halifax, Nova Scotia

1999

Photography Certificate at the Instituto Allende, San Miguel, Mexico

1998

BA Honours English and French, Mount Allison University, New Brunswick





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Conseil des arts Canada Council  
du Canada for the Arts

*Opening If Becoming This*, Sheilah Wilson and Rose Wilson  
Boroughs with hand lettered balloons, 2012.  
Image credit: Marcus Boroughs