2011

Renditions

Nathan Halverson
Virginia Commonwealth University

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Renditions

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements of the degree of Master of Fine Arts at Virginia Commonwealth University.

by

Nathan Halverson

MFA Virginia Commonwealth University 2011
BA University of Wisconsin 1996

Director: Stephen Vitiello
Thesis Director: Pamela Turner

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Richmond Virginia
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For twenty five centuries, Western knowledge has tried to look upon the world. It has failed to understand that the world is not for beholding. It is for hearing. It is not legible, but audible…Nothing essential happens in the absence of noise.

Jacques Attali
Abstract

This thesis includes ideas and explorations behind my MFA thesis work, Rendition(s), and the work that preceded it in late 2010 and early 2011. In it, I use a creative text by Gertrude Stein, in which she reveals ways that writing reveals and creates language and culture, to illustrate similar ideas regarding field recording and appropriation in my art practice. I use this thesis writing to investigate practices and relationships between media and how these practices can encourage an active, participatory, listening and looking. It also contains discussion of the use of popular music in torture, which inspired Rendition(s), and concludes with a detailed look at the construction of Rendition(s).
Introduction: The Making Of

There are many that I know and they know it. They are all of them repeating and I hear it. I love it and I tell it. I love it and now I will write it. This is now a history of my love of it. I hear it and I love it and I write it. They repeat it. They live it and I see it and I hear it. They live it and I hear it and I see it and I love it and now and always I will write it. There are many kinds of men and women and I know it. They repeat it and I hear it and I love it. This is now a history of the way they do it. This is now a history of the way I love it.

Gertrude Stein, The Making of Americans

In The Making of Americans, Gertrude Stein writes herself into a cultural history of hearing and seeing and knowing and loving. She does this as if trying to write language into another medium. It’s writing that bursts the confines of the page even as its repetition draws the reader in. It reveals the borrowing and appropriation in the creation of history and in creating itself. It’s writing reprogramming the DNA of writing from within like an alien virus. It’s writing that activates reading.

This passage contains several themes that are important in my work. These include the revealing and activating of the medium and the use of appropriated material.

Stein’s writing denaturalizes language when what we are used to is transparency. It makes the reader notice words and the thingness of words. The passage is a kind of indexing of the way meaning adheres to words. The history that Stein writes is not a narrative one, but a piling up of words – and of the objects, sounds and works of art that they stick to and that stick to them.
Of Guitars and Trains

My first instrument was the electric guitar. I remember being 13 and bringing my guitar to a friend’s house where I was spending the night. Maybe the guitar was new and I was taking it with me everywhere I went. My friend said how cool it was just to have a guitar in the room. He said this without any real anticipation of music coming from it. There was no jam session planned because he didn’t play an instrument. Looking back now it seems like an example of the way an object - especially an iconic object - can transform a space. A space transformed by a silent guitar.

The guitar is a heavy cultural object. Its iconic visual presence is almost as great as that of its sound. When we see or hear a guitar, or even just think of the word guitar, associations rush into our heads. These aren’t just subjective and singular, but multiple, shared, associations accumulated over time. There are guitar parts and tones that seemingly everyone knows. For many of us, these sounds come with names and faces, and even gestures. When I first began working as a computer-based musician, the guitar was as the first sound I tried to process into something else. I wanted to erase the guitar’s iconicity, its cultural history, and use it as a sound source as if it were like any other sound. About the same time, I began making my own field recordings, which are not just the capturing of sounds, or iconic sounds, but the overlapping sounds of culture itself captured into a small box, each sound burdened with a history of associations that have built up over time. Stretching the guitar and field recordings sounds towards each other with editing and processing, I came to think of them as essentially one and the same. In either case, I became interested in foregrounding the baggage of iconicity, of cultural
associations, and working with them to move them elsewhere during the course of a composition.

Field recording is a process of investigating, documenting, and research via the medium of sound. When I record audio, I hear myself. I hear myself with other people and things in a space, maybe in the field or forest that came after the airport and the tram and the walking and the ferry. The recording almost always exceeds what I intended, capturing everything, all the rest, not just the rarified sound-making object, but sound events. I hear and record multiplicities. One of these is the artifice of technology. Not experiencing the sea through senses, but recalling sensation through the filter of the recorder, a rendition I can return to again and again. I live surrounded by headphones, eavesdropping speakers (and unblinking monitors), where I can always re-experience a recorded flood of sensory data, all reduced to equal, all equaling music – including, of course, the hiss of the system in the copy of the sea.

When I began to make my own field recordings, I learned to listen better, more actively, and I began to record and create sounds that I felt were active. As Stein’s writing makes one aware of writing and language, sound work can make one listen actively, even creatively. The sound in that film should not go by unnoticed. Ears perk at the ping of a fingernail against a wine glass and never miss hearing the sound of a distant train. In my own work, audio recordings are sometimes like photo snapshots, and I’ve found that recording sound changes what I take pictures of, especially when I do them at the same time. Sometimes I find I’ve captured something I hadn’t heard during the recording, and which I only hear later on playback, almost as if a sound had magically appeared on the tape. Maybe it did. Maybe I was just hearing things again. On a recent
trip to Vancouver, I heard and recorded a man singing on the train. I didn’t take his picture. I took this picture of Vancouver…. 

You sat near me on the Expo Line on Oct. 17, 2010. You were older and small in stature and your clothes and hat were worn and traditional-looking. You spoke with a heavy accent when you laughed about the smell of ‘stinky pot’. After a short time on the train to Surrey, you whistled and then sang in a Chinese dialect. It was not Mandarin, I think. What was that song? What made you sing it then? Was it, as I suspect, the three tones announcing the tram stops? Who did you think of as you sang this song? Or did you only think of the sound? Did you think of me thinking of you? This song is mine now. I will hear it over and over even if you never sing again.

Missed Connections (The Vancouver Sun), text, digital photograph, 2011.
The above is inspired by an absent sound work based on field recordings made in Vancouver, Canada. I sent the recording of the man’s voice to several friends and they sent it to other friends, some in China, asking for a translation or an association. One of my Mandarin-speaking friends suggested that the recording was probably a Cantonese pop song. Because of the man’s dress and age, I immediately assumed the song was older and more traditional. It didn’t sound like popular music to me. Further communications determined that the language was not only not Mandarin, but that it was probably not Cantonese either. I never did find out what it was the man was singing and no matter how much I processed the sounds, nothing sounded better than the original recording. Too much processing erased the man. There are times when I dream of recording a perfect found piece that needs no editing – the perfect captured sound event with captivatingly irregular rhythms and a wide range of lows and highs – but mostly I appreciate the imperfections and surprises the process reveals. This recording of the man with the sound of the electric tram and the chiming bells that announced the stops drew my ear to it and made me want to listen. It already contains enough associations for the listener. It even has lyrics even if I don’t yet understand them.

Experience involves association which art filters and expands. The listener can be an active participant. Listening myself, I find that when I consciously try to make associations in sound, the experience expands. This is how listening is creative. Stein’s writing asks us to see writing and the way it works as a medium and the cultural relationships it writes and draws upon. If sound art, and my own work, is successful, it encourages a similar kind of listening and seeing. Stein is thinking of language and history as appropriation. I often think of field recordings as found cultural material and
compositions made with them as appropriations. Appropriative works ask us to see something again, something anew. In sound art, there is a kind of culture of close listening, what Pauline Oliveros calls deep listening. I’m interested in mining and transforming existing material into something that would engender close, even active listening. With visual work, I am interested in what I would call re-seeing, which is not just as seeing again, but an active seeing, a seeing better.

Artists today program forms more than they compose them: rather than transfigure a raw element (blank canvas, clay, etc.), they remix available forms and make use of data. In a universe of products for sale, preexisting forms, signals already emitted, buildings already constructed, paths marked out by their predecessors, artists no longer consider the artistic field (and here one could add television, cinema, or literature) a museum containing works that must be cited or "surpassed," as the modernist ideology of originality would have it, but so many storehouses filled with tools that should be used, stockpiles of data to manipulate and present. Tiravanija often cites Ludwig Wittgenstein’s phrase: "Don't look for the meaning, look for the use."

Nicolas Bourriaud
“It’s nice to see you both again.”

“We Go Together Like Guns and Ammunition” (2010), *Gun Crazy* (1950), video, sound

“We Go Together Like Guns and Ammunition” is an original audiovisual work appropriated from the film noir, *Gun Crazy* (1950). The piece was inspired by the original film’s extreme close-ups, a few crisply written lines of hyper-stylized film-noir dialogue and a quote by filmmaker Raul Ruiz from his book, *The Poetics of Cinema*:

“Film is valid insofar as the film views the spectator as much as the spectator views the
More, the work was inspired by the sound in the film, which I felt did not do enough for the images. I felt compelled to redo the sound (removing the dialogue) and to enhance the images by slowing them down, creating an intensification of the viewing and making apparent the act of watching. As the expressions of these lesser-known actors slowly change, they almost became non-actors, and the minute changes in their expressions are revealed and take on an almost religious intensity. Reordering a series of close-ups creates unintended pairings of characters who seem to look at one another (and us) and yet are not. This fractures the film’s narrative (removing the noise of the narrative, as Ruiz says), and allows for a seeing that would not otherwise be possible, an active, creative re-seeing, that gives the viewer time to see more, to make more associations, and to decide for themselves what it is they see. Something similar happens with the sound, which is also appropriated from a cover (appropriated) version of Bob Dylan’s “Knockin’ on Heaven’s Door.” Slowing both to an extreme degree, foregrounds the medium of film and sound, and it makes the viewer aware of time and the effects of time on seeing and hearing. It gives us a backstage, behind-the-mixing-board perspective that moving the viewer toward the perspective of the editor or the creator. This is a restoration of film to a simpler, more primitive original state, one in which it can speak louder than words.
Re: Worldview

Map of parties to the United Nations Convention Against Torture
- Signed and ratified
- Signed but not ratified
- Not signed and not ratified

Sound Is What You Turn To

“Sound Is What You Turn To / But They, Um” is a collaborative performance piece exploring the relationships among language, sound and torture in the U.S.'s "War on Terror.” In this work, poet Jennie Neighbors, uses text from declassified governmental documents on torture to create new texts that address the nonsense of bureaucratic legalese and how it serves to obscure meaning. Where Stein’s quote is
inspired by a belief that language can do more than serve as a transparent vehicle for communication, the language used in these documents seems driven by the opposite impulse. Where the text reveals too much, it is redacted.

Approaching the subject of torture from a sound perspective required closely working with text. It also required significant research. I did not expect to find much on the subject of sound in torture, but I did. Research became inseparable from my thinking about the production of the sound for the piece. If the project was a study in recent history, the goal would a creative unveiling of the research, and a study of how sound makes meaning, and co-exists with language.

Many of the sounds used in *Sound is What You Turn To* were created from popular songs used in the torture. Prisoners were subjected to these songs at extreme volumes for hours on end. The songs, sometimes recognizable and sometimes not, were used with other appropriated sounds, created in response to broader research and testimony, which revealed a pervasive auditory component in torture throughout history. Much of the testimony deals with perception of sound for detainees and how sound can sensitize as well as desensitize.

Ruhal Ahmed, a prisoner at Guantanamo Bay:

> From the end of 2003 they introduced the music, and it became even worse. Before that, you could try and focus on something else. It makes you feel like you are going mad. You lose the plot, and it's very scary to think that you might go crazy because of all the music, because of the loud noise, and because after a while you don't hear the lyrics at all, all you hear is heavy banging. It sort of removes you from you. You can no longer formulate your own thoughts when you're in an environment like that.

tortured by the Spanish describe "el cerrojo," the rapid repeated bolting and unbolting of the door in order to keep prisoners at all times in immediate anticipation of further torture, as one of the most terrifying and damaging acts. Scarry’s book came out in 1985, but more recent testimony provides information on sound as well. Moazzam Begg, a native of Birmingham who was arrested by the CIA in Pakistan in 2002 and moved to various prisons before his release in 2005, writes about environmental sound as a means of orientation.

When your senses are removed from you and you're unable to see anything, sound is what you turn to, to ascertain where you are. The noise was deafening: barking dogs, relentless verbal abuse, plane engines, generators and screams of pain. The constant “noise of generators” and “sounds of talking and shouting [in] Arabic, Pashtun, Urdu, Farsi and English” combined to make sleep difficult. But sound was also a source of both comfort and knowledge. Wafting over from the prison's general population area, the call to prayer helped him know “dawn, noon, afternoon, sunset and night. They [US personnel] would rather we didn't know.

Donald Vance, a U.S. Navy veteran working in Iraq who was arrested and detained for months, talks about using sound to orient himself: “I could hear voices,” he says. “I could determine when it was time to eat because the cart on which our meals were brought to us squeaked.” This had a strong influence on how I conceived of sound for the piece as both an instrument of torture and saving grace.

I had friend who wrote me after a recent performance:

There's a sound I can't quite identify, something close to an old reel-to-reel deck being fast-forwarded (that squeak of tape against capstan), that worked really well for me. When the more disembodied popular songs appear, I do find them haunting. But they're almost pleasing, a kind of leavening amidst this other atonal sound. Your ear gravitates to them as something recognizable and familiar, something warm in this otherwise cold and clinical aural landscape.
These remarks illustrate an interesting paradox as to the perception of sound. I may present a particular sound and, of course, it may be heard in a number of ways. I had created the sound noted in the previous quote with the idea that a squeaking meal cart was a valuable orienting object for one detainee knowing that it may exist as something else for the audience. Similarly, the popular songs, which were transformed into instruments of torture, might provide rest and respite from the overall sound environment and text because of their familiarity. The text would attach meaning to the sound and so would the audience. The challenge in this performance was to use tactics of surprise or abstraction, or to overwhelm with volume, as a means of foregrounding the sound and attempting to have it create its own meaning. It is interesting to note that some members...
of the audience suggested it was specific songs that stood out while others did not recognize the very same song.

For as long as I can remember, I’ve been interested in shared cultural associations with sound. A guitar has an iconic sound (and image) as does the whistle of a distant train. The train’s historical baggage invokes a sense of travel, the frontier, and progress that is no doubt also influenced by western films and landscape art. Growing up, I recall a friend’s mom explaining that she didn’t listen to or much think about music. Her experience of music was mainly through songs that she associated with memories and events in her life: “On our first date, we listened to…”.

The Playlist

*Sesame Street Theme*
*Bodies* – Drowning Pool
*The Real Slim Shady* – Eminem
*Babylon* – David Gray
*We Will Rock You* - Queen
*Raspberry Beret* – Prince
*March of the Pigs* – Nine Inch Nails
*I Love You* (Barney Theme)
*Dirrty* – Christina Aguilera
*America* – Neil Diamond
*Killing in the Name* – Rage Against the Machine
*Born in the U.S.A.* – Bruce Springsteen
*Fuck Your God* – Deicide
*Enter Sandman* – Metallica

“Sound is What You Turn To” inspired me to create a piece about the practice of sonic torture using only the songs themselves. Part of my initial thinking focused on the associations the unaltered songs might trigger in others and how their use in torture might or might not transform them. The songs, at least some of which would be recognizable to the audience, had been actual instruments of torture. It’s not hard to imagine that these
songs were transformed for prisoners who experienced them at high volume for hours.

Some prisoners, I learned, had heard the music before. Moazzam Begg recalls specific reactions he had to different types music:

Later on they built other cells for sleep deprivation, constantly playing ear-splitting heavy metal tracks by Marilyn Manson to break down new detainees. Once they even played the Bee Gees Saturday Night Fever sound track all night long. “Hardly,” I thought, “enough to break anyone I knew.” Many of the soldiers, being from the South, liked listening to country and western music, which most detainees regarded the same as all other “English” music. But I had the misfortune of knowing better. “We'll talk. We'll all talk,” I said in half jest when they played it, “just turn that crap off please!”

Despite Begg’s attempt to lighten the mood, this observation raised an interesting idea. If you’ve heard the music before, it may affect you differently. Is this because it is familiar and that you’re associations with it help to process it?

The use of this “English,” almost entirely American, music as torture implicates me directly. It is a cultural weapon, a tool of imperialism, used to bludgeon the eardrums and bodies. I began to think of the songs had been renditioned and began thinking about the project as a re-appropriation of the songs. Because the individual songs were created by one person (or group), and chosen by a second, it was almost felt as if the songs were found material. Who chose these songs, and why were these songs chosen, and what songs would I have chosen? One of the more surprising and disturbing song choices was the theme to the children’s television program Sesame Street. In compiling the songs, I imagined a soldier juxtaposing songs with vastly contrasting styles. This, and an extremely loud volume, would suggest something other than party songs for the final piece.

Rendition(s) involved working through many ideas about sound that I have attempted to illustrate in the preceding text. After deciding to use the popular songs as
the primary material for the piece, came the challenge of constructing a way to effectively display these songs (cultural material) inside a gallery space. Here, the project breaks away somewhat or adds to what Stein was interested in her quote and looks at notion of space.

*Rendition(s), or Sealing the Disco*

[*According interviews and testimony, The Disco was a euphemism for the room where prisoners were subjected to sonic torture. Other historical euphemisms for torture rooms include: The Blue-Lit Stage, The Production Room, The Safe House and The Guest Room.*]

Sound transforms spaces (we hear a change in sound when we move from one room to another whether we are conscious of it or not) and spaces transform sound adding echo and reverberation. For *Rendition(s)*, the room and materials were the way I treated the sound, the way the sound was processed. Sound can have any number of subjective associations and some shared ones. It can also be transformed and have multiple identities. The same is true of rooms, of course, and maybe Stein would agree that the primary purpose of a room is to house a body or objects that a body uses. In thinking about the music being transformed and of prisoners transformed by being subjected to this music, I focused on how I could convey a sense of this to the viewer while acknowledging the impossibility of representing the experience of torture. Sealing the room with a permanent structure would provide a sense of mystery and frustration. A locked door was not the same as a wall. The sense of being shut out or locked out of a room can incite a strong desire to get into the room and an imaging of what might be inside. A wall lets the viewer know there is no getting in, that they have no agency while the music gives some information about what is going on and asks the viewer to imagine it. Is it a party? If so, why these particular songs and why so loud? Why a brick wall?
Rendition(s)


The enclosed room with loud music playing would also allow for the sound to be heard and felt through a physical material and object and that this material would alter how the sound was perceived physically and conceptually. The viewer not only hears, but feels the sound and senses that the volume inside the room is uncomfortably loud.
The sound, audible from 20 feet away, attracts even as the wall repels the listener. Sealing a room that would otherwise exist as an art space in a gallery erases the small white room and draws attention to its absence. Sealing off a room was a means of defining a space as not just inaccessible, but as all but impossible to access. I see this as an erasing of the space that mirrors the erasure of the senses that prisoners reported experiencing, but also for those who never did return to their lives, one that mirrors an erasure of identity and existence. The unknown room and the sealed door invoke an absent body while the imagination projects a person on the other side of the wall making or experiencing the music.

**Iconic/Material**

Brick is a substance that you can almost feel just by looking at it. It makes you want to touch it. Like the sound of a train whistle, it is iconic, imbued with historical associations. It’s an old technology, built to last, that suggests solidness and wealth. In Richmond, Virginia, where this piece was constructed, red brick is everywhere. Like Richmond, brick is deeply connected to the foundation of the country. Edgar Allen Poe lived in here for a time. I remember reading his story, “The Cask of Amontillado,” when I was young. In it, the narrator slowly bricks in his victim, entombing him alive, talking to him while he does it. This made a strong impression. With *Rendition(s)*, the brick is something people feel compelled to touch and in doing so, they can feel the sound vibrating behind it.
In *Renditions(s)*, the songs are materials. Compiled together in a list, with no reference to author, they produce a poetic text that works with the audible lyrics of the songs and expands the experience. The titles help create a system to reveal the source of the songs, but using the convention of titling and the materials list (song list) to elevate importance of the songs in the structure of the piece. The songs could go like this:

*Sesame Street*
*Bodies*
*The Real Slim Shady*
*Babylon*
We Will Rock You
Raspberry Beret
March of the Pigs
I Love You
Dirrty
America
Killing in the Name
Born in the U.S.A.
Fuck Your God
Enter Sandman

The doubled title of Rendition(s) calls attention to itself and forces the dropping of the (s) as one variant. Not just renditions of songs, but also rendition, the practice of taking prisoners out of one country to another where they can be tortured. Rendition(s) is sound, a sealed room and text piece constructed to reveal the source of those songs, using the actual songs and only the songs, processed through the material and space. The experience is one of American popular culture reverberating too loudly from a room sealed with the brick and mortar. It’s a piece to be seen and heard – and felt. The physicality of the sound (and the wall as both a vehicle for sound and conceptual frame) is important as a conductor of political and cultural information. The piece is inspired attempts to rewrite, to re-inscribe the meaning and sound of the popular culture. In doing so, it presents popular music as sound art and as instrument of torture, and it reveals and questions the boundaries between them.

My recent work has revived my interest in using text in my practice and this thesis has been, in part, an attempt to do more than discuss ideas related to my work of the past few months. It is an exploration of the use of text and image as they related to my work. This writing has been a process in which thinking about these issues in my work is not separate from the writing. This is another rendition.
I remain interested in where and how media – digital and otherwise – overlap and interact and how we experience the overlap. “Despite all appearances, we don’t see and hear a film, we hear/see it,” writes film editor Walter Murch, in his forward to Michel Chion’s *Audio-Vision: Sound on Screen*. This seems in keeping with how we experience and sense the world, not as a logical, linear set of senses and then thoughts, but as a jumbled collage of sensory input data and thoughts and associations. There was a time when I thought the artist’s job was to make work that represented this jumbled experience. Now, I think the artist just perceives and works to reveal these perceptions in whatever form does that best. Stein uses language to point to writing and language and culture. I often use sound to point and often I point to sound. *Rendition(s)* started with sound and grew from there, organically, to include many more elements, some more heavy with cultural history than others, but all encouraging an active listening, looking and feeling.

…I’m thinking of sound. It’s the ears-activating ping of a wine glass and the clacking clump of two rocks, not at the dinner table or the garden party, but both as musical instruments in the concert hall….

**Redaction Fatigue**

[In a strong whisper]
“Let the bodies hit the floor…”*

Sources

Cusick, Suzanne G. “You are in a place that is out of the world. . .”: Music in the Detention Camps of the “Global War on Terror.” Journal of the Society for American Music (2008), 2: 1-26 Cambridge University Press.
http://treaties.un.org/Pages/Error.aspx (accessed May 1, 2011)
Wikipedia: Map of parties to the United Nations Convention Against Torture (public domain)
Vita

Nathan Halverson was born and raised in Madison, Wisconsin. He graduated with a degree in journalism from the University of Wisconsin and worked in journalism, communications and various jobs relating to computers before earning his Masters of Fine Arts in Kinetic Imaging at Virginia Commonwealth University in 2011.

EDUCATION

2011  MFA, Virginia Commonwealth University, Kinetic Imaging
1996  BA, University of Wisconsin-Madison, Journalism

EXHIBITS AND INSTALLATIONS

2011  Rendition(s), MFA Thesis Exhibition, The Anderson Gallery, Virginia Commonwealth University, Richmond, VA.
2010  “We Go Together…Like Guns and Ammunition”, Fine Arts Building Gallery, Virginia Commonwealth University, Richmond, VA
2010  Border Landscape, In Tension: Kinetic Imaging MFA Candidacy Exhibition, Ishq Gallery, Richmond, VA
2009  Light Studies, New Work by Kinetic Imaging Graduate Students, Fine Arts Building Gallery, Virginia Commonwealth University, Richmond, VA
2008  Open Gestures: (re)Active Drawings, McMaster Gallery, University of South Carolina, Columbia, S.C. (Sound for drawing exhibit by Sara Schneckloth)
2007  Holy/Oil, Living Arts of Tulsa, Tulsa, OK (with the Wa-KOW! Collective)

FESTIVALS/SCREENINGS

2011  Doxology (sound), Indie Grits Film Festival, Columbia, SC, April 15-16
2010  Summertime Flies Away, Art Grease T.V., Squeaky Wheel (Buffalo Media), Buffalo, N.Y., Nov. 13
      Border Landscape, Cinesonika International Film and Video Festival of Sound Design, Vancouver, B.C., Nov. 12-14
      Summertime Flies Away (sound w/video by Jason Robinson), Cinesonika Festival, Vancouver, BC., Nov. 12-14
      Summertime Flies Away (sound w/video by Jason Robinson), 2010 Virginia Film Festival, Charlottesville, VA, Nov 4-7

LIVE PERFORMANCES

      Out West (live sound w/ video by Jason Robinson), Experimental Music Showcase, The Bridge Progressive Art Initiative, Charlottesville, VA, April 3
      “Sound is What You Turn To/But They, Ummm,” (w/ poet Jennie Neighbors), The Bridge Progressive Art Initiative, Charlottesville, VA, April 2
2010  Nuit Blanche/Bring to Light Festival, (w/ Pilottone), Brooklyn, NY, Oct. 3
Lumen Video Art Festival, Staten Is., NY, June 26
2009 Hub Bub, (w/ poet Jennie Neighbors), Spartanburg, SC, March 23
Peapod Recordings Festival, Space Gallery, Portland, ME, Oct. 30

CONFERENCE PANELS


2010 Artist Panel, Cinesonika Conference, Simon Fraser University-Surrey, Vancouver, B.C., Oct. 17.

VISITING ARTIST

2011 “Sound is What You Turn To/But They, Ummm,” J. Donald Feagin Visiting Artist Performance, The University of Tulsa, Tulsa, OK, March 24.

INTERNET WORK (with The Wa-KOW! Collective)

2007 Tulsita (Revisited), Turbulence.org (a project of New Radio and Performing Arts, Inc.)

AWARDS

2010 Best Non-Linear Film, Summerflies (Sound w/ video by Jason Robinson), The Flaneur Film Festival

2010 Graduate Travel Grant, Cinesonika, the First International Conference of Film and Video and Sound Design (Two works accepted for screening)

2010 Graduate Travel Grant, Live audio-visual performance at Brooklyn Nuit Blanche Festival

2010 Graduate Travel Grant, Live Audio-Visual Performance at Lumen Video Art Festival, Staten Island, NY

DISCOGRAPHY

2007 Nurse/Shark, Peapod Recordings (CD)