

ArtReview



Warnings on the Radio, 2013, wood, rubber, chain, paint 64x93x14cm

Alison O'Daniel: Quasi-Closed Captions / Rogue Wave (group show)

By Andrew Berardini: October, 2013

The theft of sound begs for tangible variations in shape and colour.

When drawn in pictures, sound always appears in arcing waves or as curved lines to illustrate its expansion through space. These lines grow thinner and longer as the sound spreads out, disappearing as they travel further and further into unhearability. But how does one capture sound visually beyond the simplest of abstractions that can never begin to express the nuances of voices, music, noise?

Alison O'Daniel attempts just this. Inspired by a rash of burglaries targeting the tubas of high school marching bands in Southern California, O'Daniel is creating a feature film, *The Tuba Thieves*, the narrative of which follows a young couple, one of whom is a deaf drummer, in what the artist calls 'a din of stolen instruments, purposeful silence, and alternative communication'. A score structures the film, arranged by three composers: Ethan Frederick Greene, Christine Sun Kim and Steven Roden. None of the film is being shown here, but each object in the show is an embodiment of the soundtrack to that movie in production.

Simply framed out of rough plywood, these sound replacements dangle from ceilings with delicate chains, kaleidoscopic windows looking into a possibility of sound. Necklace chains droop elsewhere into space, holding up only themselves as they sway in the air, like wind chimes that never chime but only cast spider's webs of shadow. From a cluster of plinths, raw and painted, hoops hang in the air and on the wall – quiet portals between different states, different senses: tactility, sound, vision.

On view crosstown at another gallery, la Louver, O'Daniel does happen to be screening a scene from *The Tuba Thieves*. A faceless traveller drives through a terrible storm as a radio sputters through stories about Hurricane Sandy. A moving truck stuffed with plants has its translucent scrims shaken by some unseen force. The plants shudder individually, each to its own sound, and then all together in a seismic chorus – all incidentally scored by a deaf composer. The idiosyncratic story of the film is only hinted at here, but the evocative fragments of both the scene and the objects made alongside it uniquely embody the possibility of sound as abstraction, seismicity and object.

Sound made physical obviously weards the divide we set between senses, but seismic bass, a vibrational surge that shimmies up limbs and shivers the sweat right off the skin, is music too. Sound metamorphoses into tactility. A metaphor transfers one state to another, it bypasses the hesitancy of simile, which hedges its bets with 'like' and 'as', and leaps into equal exchange: this is this. A metaphor abandons the literal for the poetical, makes sharing experiences, life, visions possible in ways that strict and basic expressions cannot. Alison O'Daniel's objects are metaphors, not stand-ins for sound but sound for the soundless, with texture and movement and colour giving utterance to objects, scoring together a symphony things.



LA WEEKLY



Art About Tuba Thieves

By Catherine Wagley Aug 2013

There are no tubas in artist Alison O'Daniel's in-progress film *The Tuba Thieves* — at least none you see in full. You occasionally get glimpses of mostly shrouded instruments, as in the first scene, when two culprits leave a high school in dead of night, carrying unwieldy objects in black bags. "It was fascinating that the thieves wouldn't take the cases," O'Daniel says of the real-life burglars who were the basis for the film. They began their tuba-taking rash in 2011, hitting schools from Manhattan Beach to South Gate. "I think it was just easier for them not to."

After L.A. Times reporter Sam Quinones wrote a story exposing tuba thefts in Southern California, O'Daniel sought him out and spoke to him, then found some affected band instructors, too. No tubas have been replaced or retrieved. Schools don't have

budgets for this, and LAPD doesn't prioritize the problems of band rooms.

"I just kept picturing these sad tuba players sitting there during band practice," O'Daniel says. "It became a metaphor or springboard. This is the most powerful sound, and it's disappearing."

There are vague hints of Modernist tropicalia here, with blatant reference to Marcel Gautherot's photographs of Brasilia under construction, but also of Ballardian futures, with the tableaux colored with dystopic hues. The works can, of course, be seen as a critique of an anonymous modernity, deployed irresponsibly without proper consideration of cultural and geographic variance and, thus, made vulnerable to the exploitation of labor, among other violations, that inevitably follows. They can also be appreciated for their contemplative aestheticism, through which architecture, its failure, and inevitable disappearance are consolidated within the wild landscape.

In her film, the tubas appear at intervals like a refrain, popping up every so often in a story that's mainly about the interactions of Nyke Price, a deaf drummer who practices in an office above the ice rink her Zamboni-driving father smooths. Her hearing boyfriend, Nature Boy, and father, Arcey, often sign with her, and she occasionally encounters former tuba player Juan, who has spent band practice on homework since the thieves robbed his school.

O'Daniel, who sculpts and works cinematically, graduated from UC Irvine's MFA program in 2010 and completed her first film two years later. She spent most of 2012 and 2013 exploring one idea: What happens when access to some sort of sensory experience is taken away, when a sound disappears?

The result is a collaborative, multidimensional, multimedia project that includes commissioned musical scores, delicate sculptures and, of course, the screenplay and film, which she will shoot one scene or a few scenes at a time, as she secures funding.

The *Tuba Thieves*' Scene 29 — *The Plants Are Protected* is the only scene that exists thus far. It plays alongside some of the sculptures O'Daniel made while honing the screenplay in the group show "Rogue Wave," Venice gallery L.A. Louver's semi-annual emerging-artist survey.

Another suite of lighter, more ethereal sculptures by O'Daniel is featured at Samuel Freeman Gallery, in a solo show titled "Quasi Closed Captions." They look as if they are meant to be used, maybe for fishing, music making or some kind of electronic transmission. Some hold plants; others mimic the shape and size of speakers; others are vinelike things made of triangles and hanging chimes.

(cont...)



LA WEEKLY

These sculptures don't reference the tuba thieves in an explicit way, but the two exhibitions are connected. "When making objects," O'Daniel says, "I think cinematically — about color, tone, feeling, shape," and, in this case, about sound. She crafted these objects for the most part in Provincetown, Mass., while in residence at the Fine Arts Work Center there, making them while listening to the scores that will accompany Tuba Thieves. The show is called "Quasi Closed Captions" because they work as captions are supposed to, translating the experience of sound into another medium.

She also used a grant to commission three composers — painter-musician Steve Roden and composers Ethan Frederick Greene and Christine Sun Kim — to make music in response to lists she sent them, containing items such as the pattern a Zamboni makes on the ice, and the dramatic eyelashes of sculptor Louise Nevelson. The music, which can be heard in part in the scene screening at L.A. Louver, worked as a road map: O'Daniel listened to it almost exclusively while working on her sculptures and screenplay, which means the resulting productions are translations and responses to sound. It's the score of Kim, who unlike Roden and Greene is a deaf composer, that features most prominently in Scene 29.

O'Daniel, who is herself hearing-impaired and wears a hearing aid, met Kim while making her previous film, *Night Sky*. In the gallery, the film would screen over two nights, each with live accompaniment. One night, musicians would perform a score composed by Greene. Other nights, it would be a "sign score" developed and performed by Lisa Reynolds. Kim knew Reynolds and helped her hone the score.

"It's like a hypersensitivity to a lack of information," O'Daniel says of the impulse behind her work. "I'm compelled to be very sensitive to the little spots of life."

Artists' obsession with perception and its nuances manifests in different ways. In the 1960s, when light-and-space artists and minimalists hit their stride, there was an interest in compelling audiences to "perceive themselves perceiving," to borrow words from artist Robert Irwin. Carefully crafted disks, scirms, light spaces or ambient sounds dispersed through white rooms aimed to compel people to notice themselves in relation to their environment in ways they hadn't before.

But now, the perception-interested work that feels most relevant explores the limits or gaping divides separating one person's experience from another's. Eddo Stern, for instance, created an immersive video game that sight-impaired people can play alongside seeing people. Megan May Daalder's *Mirror Box* is worn by two people who try to line their eyes up with one another's entirely in order to see their faces merge, so they become physically one with someone they're not. (Daalder actually appears in *Night Sky*.)

O'Daniel belongs to this strain, too, one that, consciously or not, novelist Zadie Smith articulated beautifully five years ago in an KCRW interview. "Great art to me," she said, happens when "what I'm being confronted with is exactly what is radically not me and a consciousness of the world that is so far from my own, it's a shock."

"Do other people exist in the same way I do?" the art makes her wonder. "It's so hard to believe that's true."

It's not true in O'Daniel's work. Other people exist in decidedly different ways.

In Scene 29, *Nature Boy*, who works as a mover, is transporting a wealthy women's entire greenhouse from L.A. to Cape Cod as Hurricane Sandy arrives. O'Daniel uses the score Kim composed, in part verbatim and in part as a looser guide. Kim's score starts out with familiar, natural sounds, and then transitions to more abstracted sounds. The scene begins with rain falling on the window of a truck and a radio playing, first in English and then in French. Then it transitions to views of the plants in the greenhouse, close-ups of them as they move. They begin to hum, and captions, which show up throughout the scene, here inform us that the sound comes from the plants, and it's Kim's voice you hear: "mmm-MMM," like a sleepy buzzing.

O'Daniel showed the finished scene to Kim before captioning it, thinking Kim would recognize the visual reimagining of her own composition. But Kim couldn't connect all of what she saw with her score. The captions were an attempt to bridge this gap between composer's and artist's perception. They do occasionally describe what's happening in a way specifically helpful to a nonhearing audience ("sounds of nature," one caption reads, while rain falls and wind gushes) but also grapple with the potentials of the images and sounds together (at one point, the captions stop describing what's happening and quote filmmaker Andrei Tarkovsky on what film can mean).

"At the very end of the process, after it seemed all was said and done, again we were working our heads around the politics of sound — what it is for me to be able to hear it and her to not," O'Daniel says. "We don't shy away from this." The work grows out of such contrasts and intersections of experience, she adds.



Los Angeles Times

Alison O'Daniel at Samuel Freeman

By Sharon Mizota August , 2013

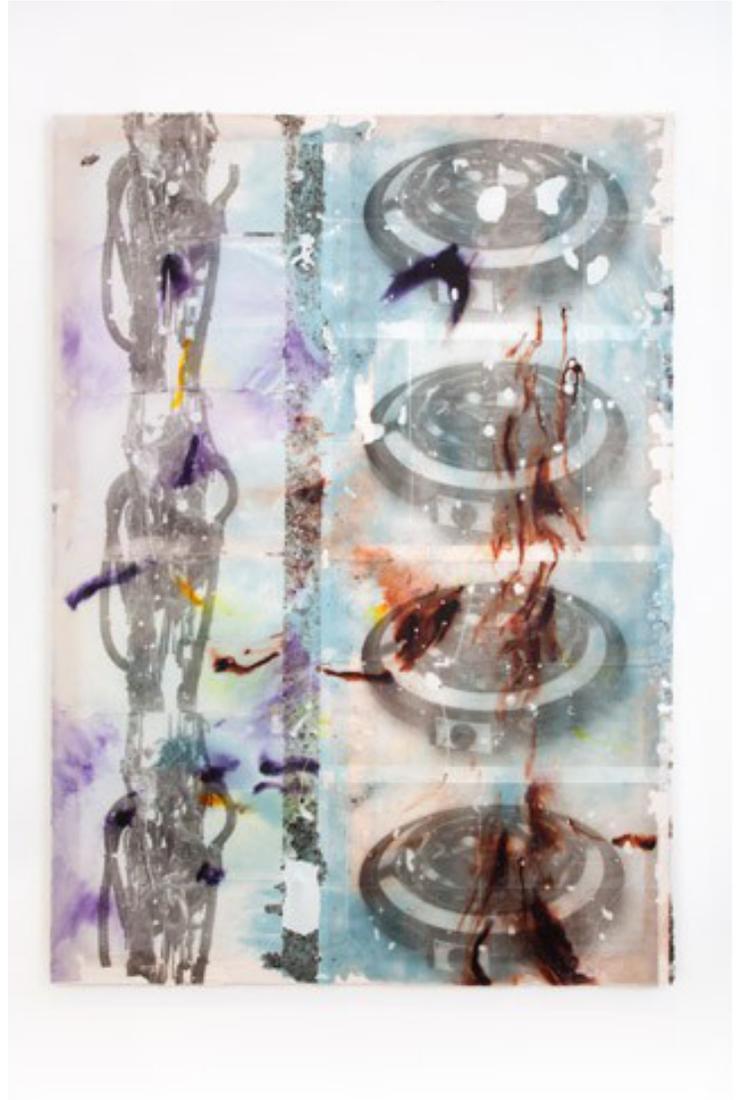
A pleasing domesticity and kooky spirituality run through Alison O'Daniel's sculptures at Samuel Freeman. Pure geometric forms crafted out of wood, paper and wire cross paths with more personal items — potted plants, jewelry chains, shoes — to mine the intersection of modernist aesthetics and craft materials.

It's territory familiar from the work of other L.A. artists like Anna Sew Hoy and Alice Könitz. O'Daniel's three-dimensional wall drawings — scribbles made of strips of painted paper — are remarkably similar to Sew Hoy's suspended tangles of fabric. Her use of blocks and hoops of wood and paper recalls Könitz's cardboard Minimalist geometries. Yet O'Daniel's pieces are inspired by a musical score she commissioned for her upcoming feature film (a segment of which is concurrently on view at L.A. Louver), and their charm lies in their curious musicality.

Sometimes these references are overt, as in a floor-to-ceiling chain of musical triangles, which are both near-perfect visual forms and instruments of clear, yet indeterminate pitch. Elsewhere, the allusion to sound is more subtle, as in a hanging mobile of triangles, tuning forks, a potted succulent, and plaster casts of various containers whose slight movements suggest a playful symphony for the eyes.

Then there's the trio of tall, looped wire sculptures that might simply be graceful abstractions or perhaps, antennae tuned to alien frequencies.

Samuel Freeman,
2639 S. La Cienega Blvd.,
(310) 425-8601,
Closed Sundays and Mondays.





Kaleidoscopic Window Photo: Courtesy Samuel Freeman Gallery.



Quasi-closed Captions. Photo: Courtesy Samuel Freeman Gallery.

Alison O'Daniel: A New Sensibility of Blended Senses

By Shana Nys Dambrot: November, 2013

Artist Alison O'Daniel has a manifesto. "Sound is primary; but other materials and sculptures play out cinematically in a three-act structure of emotional landscapes -- a jarringly non-linear experience of simultaneous time that rises through the body." Using a collaborative, cross-platform process, she makes her strange, fascinating, and lyrical work in interdependent video, sculpture, and sound. She's at the end of a huge summer that saw, among other developments, various video, sound, and sculptural components of her ongoing project "The Tuba Thieves" being exhibited simultaneously at two of the finest galleries in town (L.A. Louver and Samuel Freeman). The new film depicts "several days in the life of Nyke (a Deaf drummer), her Zamboni-driving father, and her boyfriend, Nature Boy. Their quiet routines are mysteriously shaped and transformed by events both past and present: a string of tuba thefts in L.A.'s middle and high schools, Hurricane Sandy on the East coast, and the 1952 performance of John Cage's silent musical composition, "4 min, 33 seconds."

"The Tuba Thieves" is not O'Daniel's first long-form film project, nor is it the first time she's worked with a conceptual audio score; nor is it her first collaboration; and it's not the first time she's produced a large body of mixed media sculptures for

the wall, floor, and ceiling, either. It's not even the first time she has mined private experiences and performed elements in the narratives herself. But with "The Tuba Thieves," we see the ultimate convergence and evolution of all these aspects, channeled into the service of a single, fairly epic, masterpiece -- albeit one being mastered in pieces. O'Daniel is enthusiastic. "The film will be experienced wildly out of order," she says, "I love the way this non-linear experience of a linear narrative explodes normal viewing patterns."

A previous work with a similar dream-like aesthetic character was the film "Night Sky" (2011), which premiered in New York City at the Anthology Film Archives as part of Performa 11. That evocative, symbolist, road-trip film took cosmic vibrations seriously, both as a spiritual matter and as a method of communication -- especially salient as O'Daniel herself has lived her whole life with the challenge of a hearing impairment. "I'm hard of hearing," she says. "I grew up in a hearing world. Sometimes I feel like my hearing is so fine-tuned that I hear details that others don't notice, like my imagination is opening up to fill in gaps where I'm at a loss. My experience ricochets between enjoying the solitude of muffled hearing-aid-less mornings to deep frustration at people's unwillingness to be sensitive to missing an entire film or conversation or nuances of daily experiences and feeling ignorant and therefore isolated to a perpetual and profound state of observation and wonder. All





of these experiences have made me sensitive to sound, to the loss of it, the abundance of it, how it impacts social situations, and the amazing possibilities in the aural world.”

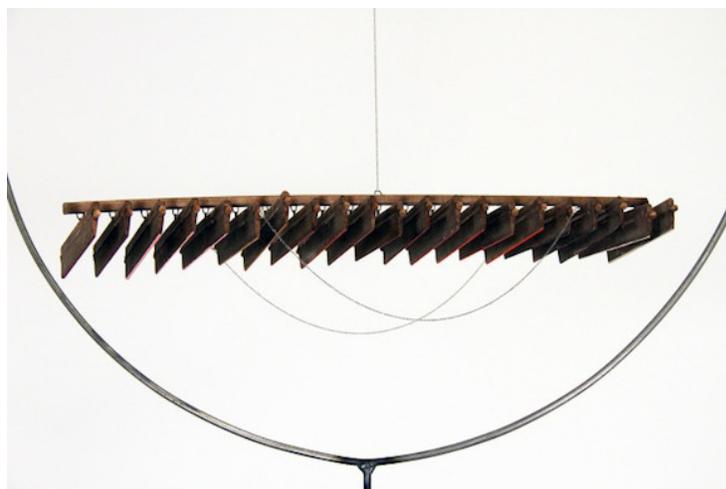
O’Daniel’s sculptures transfer her auditory experience into still and moving images; and more unconventionally but no less profoundly, into sculptural objects which seem to pursue individual storylines with an emotional intensity matching the human actors in the films. Examining non-verbal communication is a throughline of her work, as O’Daniel uses sound as a way to design her visual language of boxes, hoops, chains, living plants, willowy stalks, cast-off talismans. The fragile shadows thrown from the sculptures act both as extended imagery and as metaphors for a mediated kind of comprehension. The work is kinetic, de-racinated, handmade, ethereal, massive, cheeky, poetical, occasionally quite pretty, vaguely unsettling -- and always there is the palpable sense that something has been removed. “I’m into the idea of people learning from the experience of not having complete access to all the information, to sound, to image, etc.” As much as her own hearing situation, this is why the John Cage and the theft of sound-making objects are so resonant with her -- as well as the impulse to transfer sound to the realm of the other senses.

As with “Night Sky,” O’Daniel is working with a range of collaborators on “The Tuba Thieves.” For example, the score. She commissioned three composers (Ethan Frederick Greene, Christine Sun Kim, and Steve Roden) to respond to poems and other nuanced narrational references that she provided. “I’m committed to mediums borrowing other mediums’ languages. I was really moved after hearing Steve Roden speak about his process of creating self-invented maps to follow for his paintings.” She introduced herself, and asked if he would consider doing a score for the film. He agreed. “I asked Steve to think about the patterns the Zamboni makes on the ice. So he considered the cyclical, and there are many loops and cycles in his score. The music felt wintery, so a character [the father] became a Zamboni driver. I gave Christine a picture of Louisa Calder’s dressing table with jewelry by Alexander Calder. She made field recordings picking up her jewelry and setting it down on the bathroom sink. In response, I started working with the jewelry chain as a sculptural material to draw in space with, to create the catenary curves” -- the elegant, shadow-casting, shimmering loops that adorn and drape from the solid parts of her sculptures, mimicking or tracing the lilt of a melody.

Every material and formal choice has its counterpart in another layer of the whole. Though words may first beget sounds, sounds soon find their way onto her sketchpad and into three dimensions. “Physically working with my hands allows me to understand an interaction between fictional characters better. Hunting for objects that become molds and then pouring plaster casts might tell me some detail about a character and how they relate to their boyfriend or mother. The alchemical

process of the material becoming something different is similar to how a person or their ideas or values transform. One piece of colored paper on the floor next to an object of another color might feel cold and shut off, and if I’m looking at that in my studio while one of the scores is playing a warm section of music -- that’s a complicated experience -- then I have to reconcile with what my ears and my eyes are each experiencing and maybe this influences me to write a scene that re-examines the nature of conflict and the subtlety of tension between things, people, time, places. If I’m trying to balance a mobile, certain placements of objects will tell me a lot about the narrative arc of a character.”

As to the title, just what is all this Tuba Thieves business all about? Is it a metaphor for the lost sense of hearing? A personal allegory of a marginalized instrument of latent, low-frequency power making a play for the spotlight? Perhaps. But it turns out, it’s also based on true events. According to this NPR interview with a local tuba player and Sam Quinones, the LA Times reporter that has done the majority of reporting on the thefts, it’s a serious problem. Especially in areas where Banda music is popular -- due to what they describe earlier in the interview as a fad for tuba players making insurrections into bassline hipster-town. In Banda, the tuba has been traditionally relegated to the back row, but it’s getting a makeover; and Quinones feels these thefts are most likely being done to supply the Mexican Banda industry. It was right after O’Daniel got back from the New York City “Night Sky” premier that she started hearing these news stories about the rash of stolen tubas. “It fascinated me.” She kept extensive track of the thefts with haul-size, dates, location, names of the band leaders. She spoke to many of them, and to Sam Quinones. Over the course of several months she decided to make a new film that “began with the process of listening; and also to focus more intently on making objects that begin with listening. That’s when I decided to commission the musical scores and see where they took me.”



Breathing Instruments (detail). Photo: Courtesy Samuel Freeman Gallery.



ARTFORUM



Night Sky, 2011, stills from a color film in HD

Natilee Harren: January, 2012

Alison O’Daniel works across disciplines, combining sculpture, sound, painting, performance, and films with live accompaniment. Her seventy-five minute film *Night Sky* recently premiered at Anthology Film Archives as part of Performa 11 and the exhibition “Walking Forward-Running Past” at Art in General. The film will screen Sunday, January 29, in Los Angeles as part of Liz Glynn’s Black Box, a performance art festival afterparty for “Pacific Standard Time.”

SOUND IS A CHARACTER IN MY LATEST FILM, which features a story of two girls traveling into the desert. Their car breaks down and they encounter a small portal made out of a Hula-Hoop hovering in the sublime landscape of the desert. When they reach into it, they discover a dance marathon happening on the other side. Other narratives are at play—road movies, buddy films, sci-fi and queer narratives—but the language of the film emerges around the ambiguous relationship between these girls, one of whom is deaf.

The film is full of synaesthetic experiences of sound where, for example, a light flashes in the desert and is transferred through the sound of bells or water. There are also elements where sound either breaks down or emerges in strange phenomenological ways in a sort of reimagining of what sound is. For instance, a dance marathon features the Los Angeles-based duo Lucky Dragons, who often make music by having their audience members touch cords they’ve engineered. I wanted to work with Lucky Dragons as their work addresses the relationship of the body to making sound. In the film, their speakers break down, forcing the dance marathon contestants to continue dancing—but in silence. As they dance, the girls’ car simultaneously breaks down in the desert.

I started out with the goal of making a film that was accessible in different ways to both a hearing audience and a deaf

audience. I had particular ideas about who should be included in the cast and crew, which are made up of both deaf and hearing individuals, as well as performance artists, such as the filmmaker Cauleen Smith and Joanne Karl, who runs the Integratron, a sound chamber–meditation space in Joshua Tree, which is also the main location in the film. Due to the combination of people with different abilities and backgrounds all working together, a lot of interesting elements emerged. When working with an interpreter to write the score in sign language, we were considerate of what it means to explain music to a deaf person. We didn’t want to just describe, “Oh this is a synthesizer, and this is what a synthesizer does.” Instead, through metaphor, we aimed to describe the relationships between emotions, physics, instrumentation, the body, and even sound design.

When I screen the film I like to have two versions of live accompaniment. One is a pretty standard live music score performed either by the composer, Ethan Frederick Greene, or by local musicians. The other version is a retooling of that score through sign language. As the hearing audience encounters an unknown language representing music, their relationship to the score is disabled. Instead of listening, they’re able to watch the score unfold through choreography and movement. Simultaneously, the deaf audience is given an unusual amount of access to the score through an abstracted, poetic description of music.

It’s important to note that I am partially deaf, wear hearing aids, and lip-read. I occupy this strange in-between space. I grew up in the hearing world, but have always found myself just slightly outside of understanding what is going on; as a child, this caused a sense of wonder that has continually evolved. Not having access to everything creates a space for transcendence, and out of that a language of abstraction can emerge, and sound becomes profound. This sort of approach also extends into the material I work with. My background is in materials and performance—I was a figure skater and studied fibers as an undergrad—and I have a very tactile and physical relationship to the score itself. When I start writing or creating a narrative, I always start with a list of elements that I want to be in the film. Then I play a game of connecting the dots between these things, writing scores based on chance operations, almost like an exquisite corpse game. In some ways I’m creating a map to follow.





Night Sky: Still

Alison O'Daniel: NIGHT SKY

by Danielle McCullough October 2012

Alison O'Daniel and Lisa Reynolds began their cross-country tour for O'Daniel's film NIGHT SKY on September 19 at a private screening at the Museum of Jurassic Technology in Los Angeles. This very personalized, labyrinthine museum holds an assortment of objects and information in a sort of curio cabinet of "rational amusement" -- beautifully described in Lawrence Weschler's *Mr. Wilson's Cabinet of Wonder: Pronged Ants, Horned Humans, Mice on Toast, and Other Marvels of Jurassic Technology*. This proved to be a very apt site from which to begin their journey. The two artists are touring with a film which features a pivotal sound bath scene in the Integratron, a geodesic dome shrouded time-travel lore, in Joshua Tree, CA, and it explores the tactile dimension of sound often overlooked by hearing people. O'Daniel grew up in the hearing world, and she is hard of hearing -- she wears hearing aids and read lips. NIGHT SKY contains multiple mirrors of that perceptual experience, and disability is examined as providing the possibility of an alternate form of communication and reception which is not lesser than that which is considered medically normative.

Night Sky was conceived and produced in collaboration with a cast of performers, artists, filmmakers and musicians, half of whom are deaf and half of whom are hearing/non-signing. O'Daniel worked closely with Jules Dameron, who started Deaf Women In Film in order to locate her collaborators from that community. This film centers on two women, Cleo (played by Deaf actress Evelina Gaina) and Jay (played by Jeanne-Marie Mandell). Cleo is deaf, Jay is hearing and they take a road trip to the California desert near Joshua Tree, where they receive a cosmic message by touching vibrational surfaces during the course of a sound bath. Simultaneous to their travels, there is a dance contest happening in a parallel universe, where wherein the touch of dancers' hands affects the music being played by the Los Angeles duo Lucky Dragons. A deaf dog is the only character that traverses both planes of existence -- through a membrane delineated by a hula hoop. The overall story of the film is understood differently by different audience members, depending upon whether or not they are fluent in ASL, which is not subtitled in the film.





Night Sky: Still

NIGHT SKY borrows some tropes from buddy films, science fiction, and 1980s dance competition films, as well as queer narrative, and operates very much like a silent film wherein the overall structure is keenly affected by the performance of a live score. The narrative consists of such deliberately fragmented pieces of information, that the characters of sound and visual language truly take over the audience experience -- and it is an engaging pleasure. The screening at the Museum of Jurassic Technology featured the performance of an ASL interpreted score which Lisa Reynolds created for O'Daniel's film and a prerecorded original score in surround sound, composed by Ethan Frederick Greene. O'Daniel supplied the audience with black balloons which they were instructed to inflate and hold in order to provide a tactile interface with the sound.

While both Greene and Reynolds are hearing, both attempted to interpret music into a parallel experience for deaf audiences and were inspired by deaf artists. Greene's score is inspired by deaf composer Evelyn Glennie, who creates music by leaning her abdomen and hands against her instrument -- her song *Light in Darkness* is heard at the climactic moment of *Night Sky*. Reynolds, who is an artist working primarily in performance, as well as an NIC-certified interpreter for the

deaf, has made a visual score for her ASL interpretation of this film with keys and visual code -- structured after musical notation. Her live sign-based score provides the overture for the film, which begins in blank blackness; adding narrative dimension which only those audience members who are privileged to be fluent in ASL may receive.

After the performance at The Museum of Jurassic Technology, O'Daniel and Reynolds traveled across the country screening NIGHT SKY -- sometimes with live musical accompaniment. They screened the film with support from USA Projects in conjunction with Pop Up Art House, Henderson, Nevada; The Guild Cinema in Albuquerque, NM; Plus Gallery's Experimental Forum, in Denver, Colorado; The Nightingale, in Chicago, Illinois; The Cleveland Museum of Art in conjunction with The Cleveland Cinemateque; the Museum of Contemporary Art Detroit, Detroit, MI; the Visual Studies Workshop, Rochester, NY; and finished at the Tisch Department of Cinema Studies, in conjunction with The Steinhardt School, New York University, New York, NY on October 1.

