

The Map is Not the Territory

by

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### **AUTHOR'S DECLARATION**

I hereby declare that I am the sole author of this thesis.  
This is a true copy of the thesis, including any required  
final revisions, as accepted by my examiners.

I understand that my thesis may be made  
electronically available to the public.

## **ABSTRACT**

Hi Donald,

It just occurred to me that I might be finished with this fieldwork. I'm sitting at the side of the road looking over this fucked up landscape of cattle, golf carts, trees with turning leaves, being rained on, frozen out, everything feels forced, and I'm double-taking sight after sight, saying to myself I've seen this before, I've done this already. I'm packing up my things. I'll write more later, or perhaps I'll call.

bau

Thirty-three locations in pursuit of the long view, from the borders of an expropriated forty year old ghost town.

Thirty-eight Polaroids, thirty-six mobile phone photographs, thirty-six photos from a digital single lens reflex camera with an oiled lens filter, forty 15.2 x 10.2 cm drawings, fifty-six 38.4 x 16.4 cm drawings, sixty-three white-bordered 38.4 x 20.8 cm drawings, sixty-four 33.5 x 17.2 cm sketchbook spreads.

20 085 words; 14 123 by choice, 5962 out of obligation.

It is important to figure things out for yourself. It is important to not learn too much of any one thing. This is a thesis because it's a thesis; it is what it is. (That's begging the question.) This is a thesis about begging the question.



## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

In passing along the face of one of these bluffs today I slipped at a narrow pass of about 30 yards in length and but for a quick and fortunate recovery by means of my espontoon I should been precipitated into the river down a craggy precipice of about ninety feet. I had scarcely reached a place on which I could stand with tolerable safety even with the assistance of my espontoon before I heard a voice behind me cry out god god Capt. what shall I do on turning about I found it was Windsor who had slipped and fallen about the center of this narrow pass and was lying prostrate on his belly, with his right hand arm and leg over the precipice while he was holding on with the left arm and foot as well as he could which appeared to be with much difficulty. I discovered his danger and the trepidation which he was in gave me still further concern for I expected every instant to see him loose his strength and slip off; altho' much alarmed at his situation I disguised my feelings and spoke very calmly to him and assured him that he was in no kind of danger, to take the knife out of his belt behind him with

his wright hand and dig a hole with it in the face of the bank to receive his wright foot which he did and then raised himself to his knees; I then directed him to take off his mockersons and to come forward on his hands and knees holding the knife in one hand and the gun in the other this he happily effected and escaped.

Meriwether Lewis, Friday 7 June 1805

*The Journals of Lewis and Clark*, 130

To Donald McKay—it's interesting that Windsor begs god twice before he calls for his captain. Donald, thank you. For everything, I am forever indebted. It's been a hell of a journey, and an honour to learn from you. Are you Thomas Jefferson or Captain Lewis? Ray Smith or Japhy Ryder? I think the trick is that you're all of them.

To Rick Haldenby and Robert Jan Van Pelt for taking the time to wander this place and speak critically of it. To John Massey for the same, and for agreeing to be a stranger in a strange place, bringing wonderful insight along with him.



To John McMinn for his role in the beginning. To Fred Hunsberger for turning complex tasks to simple ones. To Bob Wiljer, Lloyd Hunt, Andrew Levitt, and the others, because in time, if we are lucky, we work our way toward myth.

To Kimiko for lining my pockets with lucky pennies. I love you. Three.

To my parents and my sister Katie, for their unwavering support—everyone should be so lucky as to come from a family like this.

To Craig England for looking straight into the eyes of the beast and telling the truth about it. To Jonathan Tyrrell for finding meaning and delivering it beautifully.

To everyone I've met along the way. You know who you are. To Haley Grace for giving me hope. To the airport lands, simply for existing.



*For my parents, John and Marie Urbanik, who  
provided me with the compass.*

## CONTENTS

Introduction .....	xvii
Of Exactitude in Science.....	xxxix
<b>THE MAP IS NOT THE TERRITORY .....</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>1</b> 30th Sideline Facing East .....	<b>3</b>
<b>2</b> 19th Avenue Facing South .....	<b>17</b>
<b>3</b> Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing North .....	<b>29</b>
<b>4</b> Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing West .....	<b>43</b>
<b>5</b> 8th Concession Facing North .....	<b>57</b>
<b>6</b> 24th Sideline Facing West .....	<b>75</b>
<b>7</b> 28th Sideline Facing East .....	<b>91</b>
<b>8</b> 22nd Sideline Facing East .....	<b>105</b>
<b>9</b> 8th Concession Facing South .....	<b>121</b>
<b>10</b> 32nd Sideline Facing East .....	<b>137</b>
<b>11</b> York-Durham Line Facing West .....	<b>153</b>
<b>12</b> 8th Concession Facing South .....	<b>167</b>
<b>13</b> 8th Concession Facing South .....	<b>187</b>
<b>14</b> 7th Concession Facing North .....	<b>197</b>
<b>15</b> 7th Concession Facing North .....	<b>213</b>
<b>16</b> 30th Sideline Facing West .....	<b>233</b>
<b>17</b> 8th Concession Facing North .....	<b>249</b>

<b>18</b>	24th Sideline Facing West .....	269
<b>19</b>	26th Sideline Facing East .....	283
<b>20</b>	Elgin Mills Road East Facing North .....	297
<b>21</b>	8th Concession Facing North .....	315
<b>22</b>	7th Concession Facing North .....	331
<b>23</b>	28th Sideline Facing East .....	347
<b>24</b>	20th Sideline Facing East .....	363
<b>25</b>	24th Sideline Facing West .....	379
<b>26</b>	North Road Facing East .....	395
<b>27</b>	28th Sideline Facing East .....	411
<b>28</b>	7th Concession Facing North .....	431
<b>29</b>	26th Sideline Facing East .....	445
<b>30</b>	28th Sideline Facing East .....	461
<b>31</b>	32nd Sideline Facing East .....	475
<b>32</b>	8th Concession Facing North .....	495
<b>33</b>	7th Concession Facing North .....	511

	LIST OF PLATES .....	531
<b>1</b>	30th Sideline Facing East .....	533
<b>2</b>	19th Avenue Facing South .....	534
<b>3</b>	Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing North .....	535
<b>4</b>	Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing West .....	536
<b>5</b>	8th Concession Facing North .....	537
<b>6</b>	24th Sideline Facing West .....	538
<b>7</b>	28th Sideline Facing East .....	539
<b>8</b>	22nd Sideline Facing East .....	540
<b>9</b>	8th Concession Facing South .....	541
<b>10</b>	32nd Sideline Facing East .....	542
<b>11</b>	York-Durham Line Facing West .....	543
<b>12</b>	8th Concession Facing South .....	544
<b>13</b>	8th Concession Facing South .....	545
<b>14</b>	7th Concession Facing North .....	546
<b>15</b>	7th Concession Facing North .....	547
<b>16</b>	30th Sideline Facing West .....	548
<b>17</b>	8th Concession Facing North .....	549

<b>18</b>	24th Sideline Facing West .....	550
<b>19</b>	26th Sideline Facing East .....	551
<b>20</b>	Elgin Mills Road East Facing North .....	552
<b>21</b>	8th Concession Facing North .....	553
<b>22</b>	7th Concession Facing North .....	554
<b>23</b>	28th Sideline Facing East .....	555
<b>24</b>	20th Sideline Facing East .....	556
<b>25</b>	24th Sideline Facing West .....	557
<b>26</b>	North Road Facing East .....	558
<b>27</b>	28th Sideline Facing East .....	559
<b>28</b>	7th Concession Facing North .....	560
<b>29</b>	26th Sideline Facing East .....	561
<b>30</b>	28th Sideline Facing East .....	562
<b>31</b>	32nd Sideline Facing East .....	563
<b>32</b>	8th Concession Facing North .....	564
<b>33</b>	7th Concession Facing North .....	565
	<b>END</b> .....	567
	Bibliography .....	568





## **INTRODUCTION**

THE LANDSCAPE OF WAVE UPON WAVE of monocrop crashing the shores of treed isles versus the encroaching march of suburbia or the eerie abandoned houses that either retain innocent homeliness or evoke uneasy feelings of horrible, inhumane activity. The feeling of a place that few of us will ever have the time or desire to inhabit. A shifting, senseless riot. This is the requiem of a place already no longer there.

A through-point, a noscape, an orderly rhythm of forms that speak. If you stare too long other things come out: dark animal hungry for destruction tearing at the tower of light; lonely man atop a hill; horse on fire; death in a haunting pole. Landscapes seen through the windshield as we race from one destination to another. Blurred soft beauty we'd perceive too much of with our natural eye.

This book is the antithesis of genius loci, a place that is no place, where timelessness reigns and we are overcome by a sense of loss.

Craig England\*

23 December 2011



\* *[Skip this introduction—you don't need to read it. If you must read it, skip this introduction, start on page one, and go through, one page at a time, to the end, and let it settle for a little while. Then come back. —Ed.]*

## **1.0 BEGGING THE QUESTION**

Don't beg the question. That's Bob Wiljer's one rule.

Architecture 142, Iconography: Conventions. Bob would stand in front of us, centre-stage in that musty Physics lecture hall—*never* at the School of Architecture, which I think is interesting—and give us his version of Modernism's mythologies. Trial by fire. There's no other way to describe it. Two four-hour lectures a week, one starting with the test, followed by the lecture, usually covering the novel you'd just completely botched in the "Quiz," as Bob would say, stretching those zeds ever so slightly, but ending with his signature smiling eyebrow-beard raise—his whole face just more or less lifted itself up

as he broke into a faint smile, usually in synchronous establishment of some indefensible truth, or maybe the exact recall of some potent modern film, a black and silver scene of some deathly gorgeous woman, breasts exposed, blowing through that camera lens and right through your soul; you're so paralysed, uncomfortable, entranced that you don't know what to do with yourself, or didn't, and now you'd almost forgotten about that entire scene. Bob Wiljer has a steel trap for a memory. Rumour was that he remembered every student's name. Everyone's. He never forgot. Bob greeted me by name as late as third year, at which point he hadn't taught me for at least two years, if not a little longer.

Lloyd Hunt is the same. The first thing he ever said to me was "Your name is Brian Urbanik, you were born on March 28<sup>th</sup>, nineteen seventy nine." He knew my name, he knew my birth *date*, and even recited my postal code, albeit at a slower pace, in what may, or may not have been an intentionally polite act, so as not to come off quite *too* savant—I don't know. "Do you know what major world event occurred on the same day as your birth, Mr. Urbanik?" No idea. "Three Mile Island." And I've just happened to have spent my entire life up until then living in Pickering, Ontario—renown for, no surprise, its nuclear reactors. My frosh week t-shirt, dyed a terrible purple-brown colour, had written on it, in crooked permanent marker, "Nuke." Coincidence.

That day, Lloyd's lecture began with an explanation of those nuclear reactors, a million degrees and on their way to perpetual motion, hot enough to burn from one side of the earth clear through to the other—the China Syndrome. So it could very well have been that Lloyd knew my birthday, and from there, on a gamble, had learned

more to have some ammo for any surprise meeting. There are those infamous student mug shots—the ones they take on the first day—and a rumoured binder that has *everyone's*. It could have been a casual glance-through, and out of the corner of his eye he sees my birthday, thinks of Three Mile—again, probably the second time he saw it, since Laryssa Spolsky and I share that same day. Laryssa and I were born on the same day, in the same year, in the same hospital, and I think possibly even within the same hour. We both ended up in the exact same place some nineteen years later.

Wiljer's questions would read "*Evaluate Faulkner's contrast of Sam Fathers and McCaslin as a device to reveal the significance of Ike's inheritance,*" or "*By focusing on K's relationship with Huld or Tintorelli or the prison chaplain, evaluate Kafka's use of the Court to reveal the significance of K's guilt or innocence,*" or "*Evaluate Freud's use of the super-ego as a concept to represent 'the sense of guilt as the most important problem in the development of civilization.'*" The rules—always occupying more real estate than the question—were very clear: Time, 25 minutes, no aids, except a dictionary; write double-spaced; answer in one argumentative paragraph of no more than five sentences; you should begin with a specific and insightful thesis that fully answers the question; support your thesis with clear reasoning and specific evidence; the argument must be unified and coherent.

I had a couple of base hits, but almost all of my efforts resulted in unimpressed remarks from TAs, trying their best to remain polite, my favourite being "You allude to an answer but don't clearly give one. D-"

The message was clear: Don't beg the question.

Everyone knew this rule, but nobody really felt in command when trying to following it. Whatever you do—insert Bob's raised wagging finger here—don't beg the question.

Reading one monument of Modern literature a week is insane. Reading a book per week when you've got nothing going on is one thing, but what about when you have thirty-something hours of studio and lectures to get through? Should you really be reading Camus in an intense, under-slept hell-on-earth one-week period? I remember crying at the end of that book—I didn't even know *why* I was crying. Some guy was dying, I wasn't sure who he was, I wasn't sure if he was even sad about it. D-

Aside from Design Studio—which is not even really so much a class as it is a marathon, or maybe an introduction to the rest of your life—this class, Iconography, was the most important one you had. How could we have known that at the time? Well, people told us so. It was what set us apart. We didn't know how it worked—we just knew that it worked. Somehow you just knew. [*You had to trust.—Ed.*]

And what did it have to do with architecture?

This is a thesis about begging the question.

## 2.0 EXPLAIN THE RULES OF THE THESIS, THE QUESTION I'M BEGGING

*[Let's not explain them distinctly as 'Rules', but rather let's talk about the surfboard blanks. People will know we're talking about the rules, the limitations.—Ed.]*

The university says that “A Thesis embodies the results of a student’s research program and exposes the work to scholarly criticism.” It’s a book—that’s where this all ends up: *front matter, text, back matter*, it’s a generous set of rules.

A foam blank can become an entire universe of different surfboards, but it has limits. You carve it down, carefully shaping it, but you can never add, only take away. The surfboard is inside of the blank just like the totem pole is inside of the tree. The rules are there and there’s nothing you can do about them. Your job is to dig out what you see, but it’s you who decides what that is.

The guidelines of this thesis are there to shape the size of the blank.  
*[Do I really need to say this?—Ed.]*

Rules are containers. They are objects unto themselves. They look like the inverted shape of what’s allowed. Similar to, but not quite, a mould—a mould is tighter, more exact. The container can afford to be slightly generous. Think of shipping a beautiful porcelain vase halfway around the world. You might use a crate filled with loose foam like popcorn. This would accommodate your vase nicely, and would probably work for another vase as well, be it larger or smaller. The shape of the crate and foam, those are the rules.

I’m there, with the lathe, peeling the thing out. Mine is a sort of melodramatic retro fish.

### **3.0 THE RULES RESULT IN GATEKEEPERS**

Someone has to enforce the rules, after all. These are the Gatekeepers. They are the last stop.

### **4.0 DESCRIPTIONS OF THE GATEKEEPERS: USING THEM AS TOOLS TO CREATE THE CASE FOR MY THESIS—TO REITERATE THE PARAMETERS SET ABOVE—RULES, CONTAINERS, CURIOSITY, INTUITION.**

#### **4.1 HALDENBY**

Transition to Haldenby, front of the Green Room, standing, one foot up on a chair, the other planted on the ground, one hand holding the pointing-stick like a spear, the other stroking his beard, which he'll be the first to tell you is a sign of wisdom.

Of all the things you remember, why do you remember the things you do? Is it possible that you actually remember everything, every second, every moment of your life, and that you only recall certain events when the appropriate time comes? What part of us takes care of that? Why do you think of certain things at certain times?

#### **4.1.1 THE PERCEPTION OF ULYSSES AS HE WORKS HIS WAY THROUGH TIME...**

I remember Rick professing that Ulysses has as many faces as there are cultures exposed to him. To some he is a hero, to others a hedonist. Sometimes a villain, sometimes a great adventurer, great seeker of knowledge, strapping himself to that pole and taking in every ounce of the sirens song.



The important thing is that Ulysses, something about him, has survived the passage of time. It doesn't matter what persona each society blankets him with, there's something about him, some element of truth that's convinced us to keep him alive for thousands of years. There's no way that Homer could have planned that. But what Homer *did* do is touch on the truth.

#### **4.1.2 THE CITY WALL, THE CREATION OF A BOUNDARY, OF RULES, OF THE CONTAINER...**

Rick also used to tell us about the important distinction between cultures that bury their dead inside the city walls, and those that bury the dead outside those walls. This is an important distinction: where you place your dead. It says something about you. It tells people what you think of life and death, of what you view The City to be, its purpose. The city wall—man's greatest architectural triumph—the simplest, most truthful rule in the book: either you're in, or you're out. You make rules. You create containers. You draw lines.

#### **4.2 VAN PELT**

The first time that I met Robert Jan Van Pelt I was so hung over that I saw stars every time I blinked. The first words out of his mouth, "Ah, so this is the great Brian Urbanik that I have heard so much about." I had never been this hung over before.

This was my first time on the interview panel that decides the fate of so many students applying to join the ranks at the School of Architecture. The setup works like this: The panel has four members—two students, two professors. Each interviewee receives

four letter-grades, which are averaged and compared to all of the other prospective students in combination with their précis score. The last sixty-or-so standing become the next first-year class.

There was a girl who talked about her trip to Holland. Robert asked her what her most memorable experience there was. It was visiting a miniature village, each of the buildings so small and delicate, a whole other world.

“Are you kidding me? She goes to Holland and the most important thing she sees there is a miniature city? There’s a *real* city there—a lot of them, actually—what’s wrong with those?”

There was also a young man from Rwanda. His grandparents lived here in Canada, and he had flown in for the interview and précis. Robert Jan asked him why he wanted to be an architect. He wanted to take this knowledge, this craft, back with him to his home—to civil war torn Rwanda—and make a difference.

I gave him an A. So did Andrea. I forget what the other professor gave him. Robert quickly did the calculations—on paper, I believe—and pronounced, “I give him an ‘F’. We are looking for architects, not heroes.”

#### **4.2.1 INTUITION...**

I was shocked. Deflated. But also amazed and thoroughly impressed by this man’s confidence. He either knew what he wanted the next student to look like, or he knew what he *didn’t* want the next student to look like. Either way, he knew. Sometimes you just know. And if you do, hold on to that feeling. It’s how you make a difference. It’s how you influence change. It’s how you draw lines. It’s how you fill the containers you’ve so carefully constructed.

I believe that young man accepted a position in the School of Urban Planning—planning always taking the vulture’s approach, dining off architecture’s slaughters, or at least that’s how I always saw it. I would see this young man walking through the planning hallways, off to some other life, some other existence. Going to play his part.

*[This bit about Robert Jan is going to lead into professors shaping the container of the school by deciding who the students are that go inside of it. They’re choosing the future of the school. There’s a system for it. There are rules. They are the album producers. —Ed.]*

### **4.3 MCKAY**

#### **4.3.1 INTRODUCING DONALD’S RULE...**

Donald has one rule for creating a master’s thesis: you can’t make anything up. It’s simple—of course it is. That’s what the truth looks like. It’s an enormous container, but it does one very important thing: it keeps sincerity on our side of the city walls.

So it’s back to high school English. Write your shit down, say it in your own voice, be honest. Because god knows it worked out so well for Hemmingway...

#### **4.3.2 USING THE THINGS THAT DONALD HAS SAID...**

Donald said: You want to make one small book that they have to one day make an enormous book about.

So this is my role. I get to create a book. It’s going to have a yellow binding, and it’s going to sit with all of the others. That’s my tiny

piece. I get to say what I want to say, what I need to say, and, if I'm lucky, somewhere down the road another student will find it useful for something. [*I've looked at every thesis on the shelf, literally, so I know what my company will be.—Ed.*] Will the book be passed down through succeeding generations of students? Will it make a journey through time, or will it be forgotten, or glanced over? I don't know. There's no way of knowing. You create something and you let it go. There's no other way.

#### **4.3.3 YOU'LL STOP WHEN YOU'RE DONE...**

Donald is fond of saying that you start writing, and you'll eventually come to a point where you stop. You tell yourself that it needs more work, that you have to push through, that it needs a little bit more. But you'll notice, every time, that where you've stopped, where the well went dry, that's exactly where you needed to stop. You knew, somehow, that it was done. It was out.

#### **4.3.4 TRANSITION TO THE STORY...**

The thesis becomes a story when you look for a story. I take photos for a lady I meet at the site of a building's demolition, the next day she passes by and draws me a map, the day after that I follow that map and find a house I'd otherwise never have known of.

I meet Brian, who sends Heather Rigby, who knows Andrew Levitt, whose calm, detached voice I carry with me through these lands—a talisman. A sign that I was doing the right thing.

Or when a bee, who is probably your grandmother reincarnate, wakes you up at just the right time, to see the light just so, or to keep

you from falling asleep for hours at the edge of a soy field, you start to realize that the entire world is actually only out to help you. Either that or it's impartial, but it's certainly not *against* you. It simply exists. It just *is*. That what this thesis is: exactly what it is. It just is. It is what it is.

The actual thesis is a story. There's not much to it, really. *Front matter, text, back matter*—that's pretty much it. We'll make it into what we need. It is, again, the surfboard blank, or perhaps, alternatively, the hammering of the perfect ride cymbal.

## **5.0 DEALING WITH FINDING THE STORY: CONNECTION AND ACCIDENT THAT FUEL INTUITION**

I look at clocks for signs. 12:34. 11:11. 1:23. 17:17. 5:55. 23:45. I allocate meaning to each one. I follow this meaning. I know that I'm the one who assigned the meaning, and what I tell myself to convince myself that I am still sane is that this is my way of following my heart, my inner self, my psyche. It's like when you forget to set your alarm, but somehow you wake up one minute before you were supposed to.

Lloyd Hunt told me that I was born on the same day as the Three Mile Island nuclear accident: March 28, 1979. Laryssa Spoolsky was born the same day, the same year, the same hour, in the same hospital. And we both found our way into the School of Architecture.

Val Rynnemeri was quick to let me know that my initials, BAU, are the first three letters, the first syllable, of the Bauhaus, and that my last name, Urbanik, is architectural enough to strike fear into the hearts of innocent bystanders everywhere.

It was a while before Brian Hunt told us that sometimes you have to risk the F to get the A.

**6.0 USING GOATS HEAD SOUP TO EXPLAIN THAT TO ENDURE A JOURNEY WE NEED GUIDING PRINCIPLES, GODS, HEROES, SCRIPTURE.**

**6.1 THESIS AS ROCK ALBUM**

I want this thesis to be a rock album. I want it to have that concerned indifference about it, a cultivated ignorance. I want it to be Goats Head Soup.

Every day I drove to the airport lands I listened to Goats Head Soup.

**6.1.1 USING GOATS HEAD SOUP TO EXPLAIN COMPARISON VIA DIFFERENCES (THE REASON I DRAW THE SAME THING EIGHT TIMES)**

Use Goats Head Soup as the example of understanding things by the difference between them. You have an understanding, or a feeling, of what an *album* is, but you also understand each song for what you feel *it* is. You might even acknowledge that each song has different elements of structure, choruses and verses, and creating those are different instruments, and behind those are actual people! Don't forget that each song would have had multiple takes.

Then there's an album producer, whose job it is to corral from the bottom and build up. You start with the people, the musicians, and you work up. Eventually you've built an album.

The professors are the album producers. They're building their catalogues. They're picking their favourites, seeing who is going to wear their jacket best. Who's going to look good in their trophy case? Who's going to round out the catalogue? Don't think it isn't happening. It's a complicated web, and it's more petty than you're apt to think.

**7.0      TRANSITION TO MY ADVICE, COMES FROM THE QUESTION  
RAISED ABOUT WILJER'S ICO CLASS: HOW IS THIS  
ARCHITECTURE?**

I don't have to hand in architecture. The fact of the matter is that I can't. The requirement is a book. The book determines whether I proceed/pass/move on. It seems ridiculous to make a book that proposes to represent architecture—it makes much more sense to go for the throat and simply create a book.

That, and the four panel members—the Gatekeepers.

**7.1      TO FUTURE STUDENTS: WE DON'T LEARN ABOUT  
ARCHITECTURE, WE LEARN HOW TO THINK**

Wake up, kids.

Architecture school isn't here to teach you about architecture, it's here to teach you how to think. In the end it won't get you much aside from the immediate approval of your someday parents-in-law. You'll never even have the authority to notarize a passport.

I am a different person now than I was when I entered this school. I don't remember much about my former self, aside from the fact that I was terrified of this place when I first arrived. Here it was, everything I thought I wanted, all of the promise in the world wrapped up in thirty-something hours of class a week. I'm not afraid of this place anymore, far from it. I feel comfortable here. At home. What I'm scared of now is the real world. That much talked about, much avoided place where nobody seems to care about good ideas anymore.

I know, for a fact, that there is no other thesis like this one. In the future, students will look at this book and want to replicate it, thinking this is an easy out. Well, first of all, to all of those touched by this

notion, my fair warning to you is that I have worked longer and harder on this than I have at anything in my life to date. Five years of my life: three to find the beginning; two to find the end. And secondly, this is *my* trick. Before they let you leave you'll have to turn one of your own.

In the end, though, we've somehow learned everything we need to know.

So go somewhere. Do something. Set up the parameters of your adventure, depart, then break all of your own rules. You will find meaning. Either that, or it will find you.

My message to future students of this school: nobody cares if you beg the question so long as you are polite and sincere when you do it.

## **8.0 NO ANSWER**

My Father asks me, "So, what is it?" I don't have a definitive answer. I've set out to make the largest document possible that has no answer.

## **9.0 REMOVAL OF CONTROL**

A digital camera with an oiled lens filter on it. Large, coagulating brushes. Watercolour washes. Box cutters. Tearing paper. Mobile camera phone with pathetic pixel count. Outdated photographic technology, film expiring with each day. Everything I can possibly do to remove control, step back.

## **10.0 CONTRADICTION**

The thesis is contradictory. But of course it is. Life is contradictory. So perhaps, then, when trying to understand something, you



circle around it, investigate it, throw theories at it, and in the end the understanding comes from linking together all of the things which *aren't* contradictory. Is that what understanding is?

*[This leads right into the notion of understanding something by the space between it's comparison...—Ed.]*

### **11.0 THE SPACE BETWEEN TWO THINGS**

Let us go back to the map and the territory and ask: "what is it in the territory that gets onto the map?" We know the territory does not get onto the map. That is the central point about which we here are all agreed. Now, if the territory were uniform, nothing would get onto the map except its boundaries, which are the points at which it ceases to be uniform against some larger matrix. What gets onto the matrix, in fact, is difference, be it a difference of altitude, a difference of vegetation, a difference in population structure, difference of structure, or whatever. Differences are the things that get onto the map... A difference, then, is an abstract matter.

*[Gregory Bateson, Steps to an Ecology of Mind, 320. —Ed.]*

The essence of it is that you understand something by placing two things on either side of it and comparing. Your understanding is the in between space. You know, reading between the lines, so to speak. Look at two photographs of the same landscape—your understanding becomes the intellectual space in between those two choices. Your mind gives you no choice but to notice differences. To compare. Sure, you could say that instead you'll look for similarities, but it's the same thing. In order to find those similarities you're going to have to find the differences.

## **12.0 GENIUS AND SACRIFICE**

If you do anything long enough you are bound to become a genius at it. That's how this all started. That conversation at the round table. Also, Donald's comment, about how if he had to create a thesis he would make sure that he gave them one that challenged the very rules of the thesis programme itself—that's the point where I felt like I finally knew what I was supposed to do.

I think of Margaret Yourcenar, gone half mad with her resurrection of Hadrian's life.

## **13.0 THE ABJECT**

What about Robert Jan's notion of the abject? What about it. It's his notion, let him have it.

## **14.0 THINGS DONALD HAS SAID**

Not all theses end well. Some are terrible disasters. Some never reach their potential and fizzle without anything even remotely resembling a bang.

## **15.0 THE MAP IS NOT THE TERRITORY**

The thesis has no map. That's not true. There *is* a map. Mary Delaney drew it for me. I followed it.

There is no map because the map defeats the purpose—it works against the main point of the thesis, which is that you can't possibly create a map that represents the territory. *Of Exactitude in Science* is Borges saying exactly that. You can't replicate the real world. You

have to choose which parts of it you record, which parts you present to others. You are always creating a story. As architects we need to be aware of this. What we present to others is what they're going to see—no more, no less. The place that I found—the place that I've created—it exists inside of me. This thesis is the map. The actual map, the points plotted and arranged, is redundant, and there's no point in presenting it. It would only confuse people. Nobody complains that Tarkovsky didn't provide a map of The Zone. There is no map. You're drawing it for yourself.

#### **16.0 THE LONG VIEW**

The long view, staring straight at nothing.

#### **17.0 MELODRAMA**

This thesis is making me tired, and dreadfully sad. It's okay though, there's a sick happiness to it. The thesis is a melodrama.

#### **18.0 LANGUAGE PEOPLE INNATELY UNDERSTAND: ANAMORPHIC WIDESCREEN**

Don't forget that the proportion of anamorphic widescreen is important to this thesis. These are stills from a movie. This book is an experience of itself, delivered in a format that is digestible by others.

#### **19.0 REFERENCES**

All of the Julian Schnabel books I've used as footstools...

## 20.0 CONCLUSION(S)

In the end I'll have done it—finally broken the one, unbreakable rule. I made something up. I've created this place. The place that you see. The place that you experience here. This thesis is an experience. This thesis is an experience of itself.

For any artist, it is the force with which he can recapitulate or transform the living myths of his culture that gives vitality to his imagination and cultural relevances to the images he creates. His imagination must be in a dynamic and genuine relationship with the conventions of his time and with the myths that give those conventions validity; only then has he the power to support or to rebel against his own culture.

*[Bob Wiljer, Arch 142 Iconography Course Outline. -Ed.]*

I believe that I'm there. So, to the four Gatekeepers I kindly request: Please, let me move on.

This is a thesis about begging the question. This is a thesis about avoiding the answer. You know, 'The journey is the destination' and all of that.

I don't want to write about this thesis because I want you to figure it out for yourself. That's what life is—the parts that matter, anyhow—trial by fire. I don't want to spell it out, and you probably don't want me to, either. You don't need me to. Even if I told it to you, plain and fat and simple, if it hasn't found its way inside of you yet then you won't get it. You have to come by it honestly.

I'm writing this out on the last day—the day before I submit this thesis to my committee. That's important. Because the answer, the truth, it's always changing. Even when you've sat to pin it down—the butterfly behind the glass case—even then it's already gone. Already no longer there.

But now, many (many) years later, I've come to realize that Bob had us all—he was begging the question the entire time. I think that Modernity is, at its essence, a quasi-mystic, semi-totalitarian regime. That's what it is to me. And who's to say that I'm wrong. The truth is that Modernism doesn't exist anymore. It can't. It's time has passed for now. It's hibernating, waiting for its next go-round. It will come back as something else. For now what we have are its aftershocks. Its wake. Our professors—the products of the products of Modernism—maybe even one more generation removed from that. All we have is the proof. The books. The buildings. The fossils. You can try to hold on to it all you like, but you won't *feel* anything until you let go.

Always ask more questions than you answer.

Rick Andrighetti told us that the one thing we shouldn't do is turn our thesis into an autobiography. I became convinced, at the time, to do exactly that.

I promised myself that I wouldn't discuss my thesis—at least not directly—but, as a general rule of the way I operate, I break each of my own rules, at least once, just to see what happens. It's not the most admirable of qualities, and I don't recommend it.

There is a map. Every page of this thesis is a map. The place is a creation of my own: I hope you like it. This book is an Atlas. This is a place that I'd like to show you.



### **OF EXACTITUDE IN SCIENCE**

. . . In that Empire, the craft of Cartography attained such Perfection that the Map of a Single province covered the space of an entire City, and the Map of the Empire itself an entire Province. In the course of Time, the Extensive maps were found somehow wanting, and so the College of Cartographers evolved a Map of the Empire that was of the same Scale as the Empire and that coincided with it point for point. Less attentive to the Study of Cartography, succeeding Generations came to judge a map of such Magnitude cumbersome, and, not without Irreverence, they abandoned it to the Rigors of sun and Rain. In the western Deserts, tattered Fragments of the Map are still to be found, Sheltering an occasional Beast or beggar; in the whole Nation, no other relic is left of the Discipline of Geography.

*From Travels of Praiseworthy Men (1658)*

by J. A. Suarez Miranda\*

\* Borges, *Universal History of Infamy*, 141.





**THE MAP IS NOT THE TERRITORY**



**1**

30TH SIDELINE FACING EAST





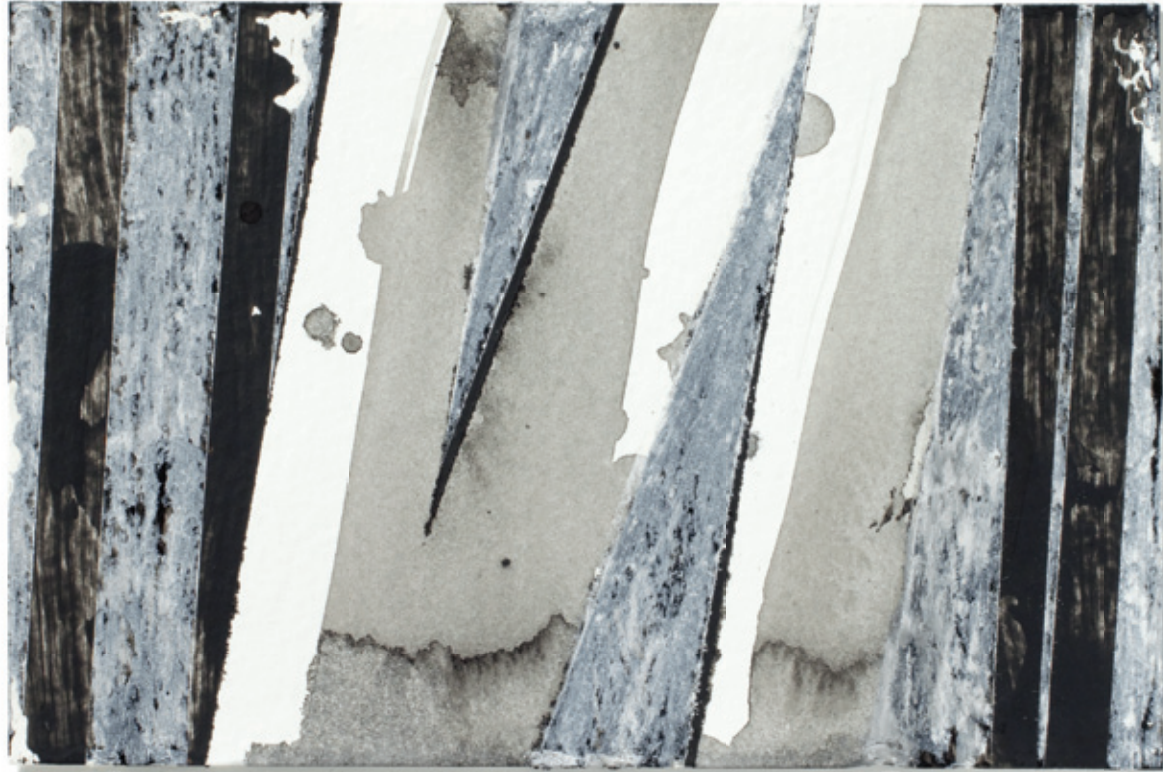
1. 1:1



2. 300 dpi



3. 600 dpi



4. 1:1





















**2**

19TH AVENUE FACING SOUTH





11. 1:1



12. 300 dpi



13. 600 dpi



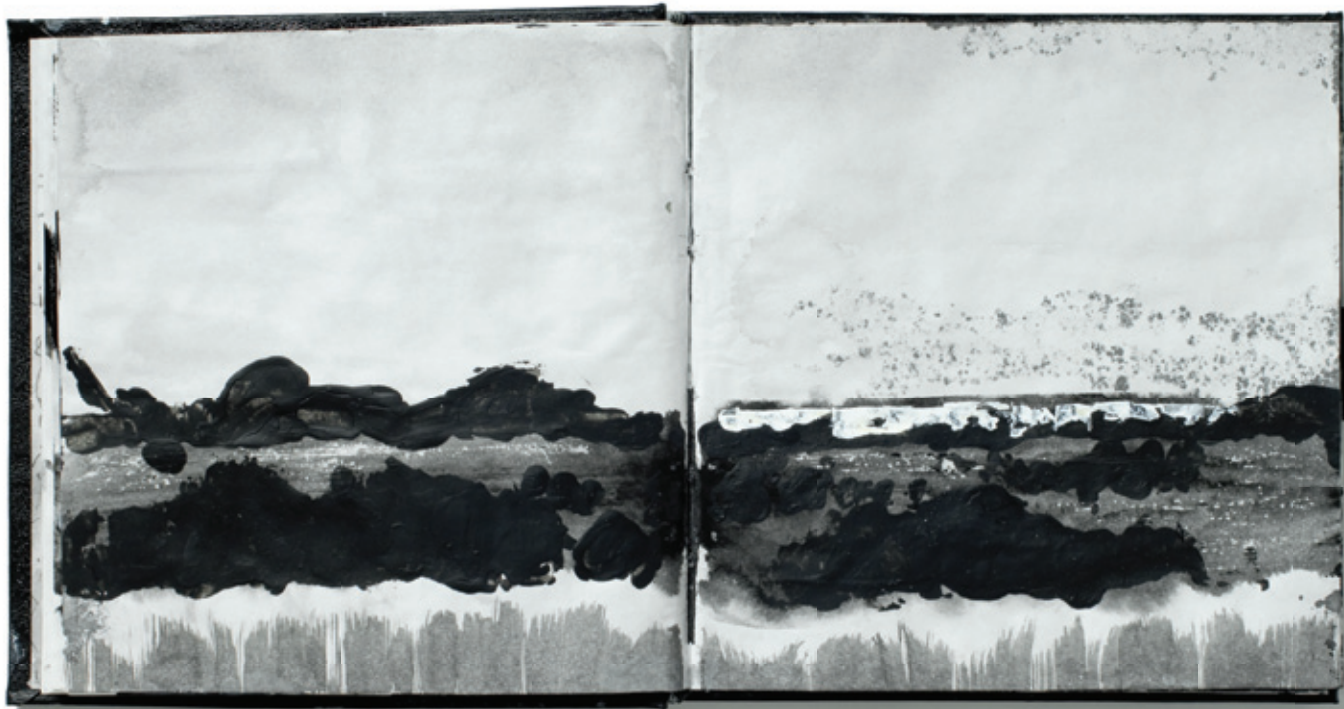
14. 1:2

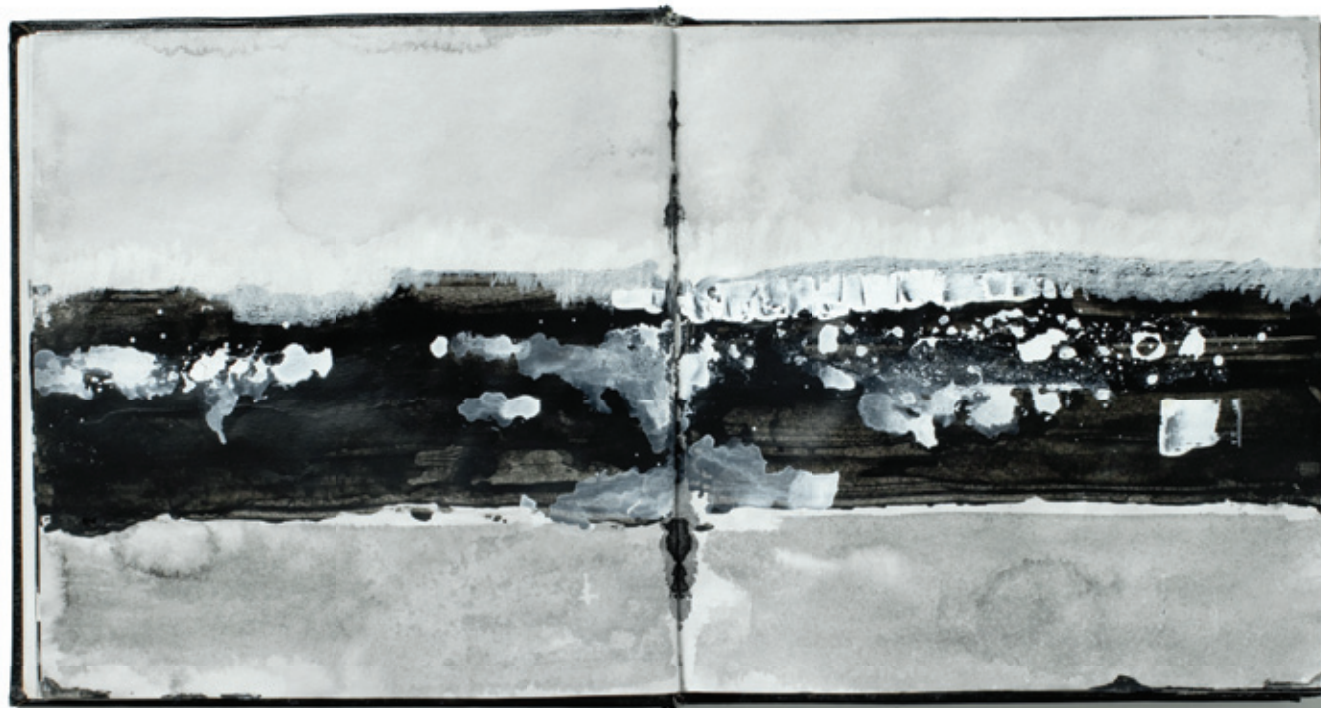














# 3

MAJOR MACKENZIE DRIVE EAST FACING NORTH







21. 300 dpi





22. 600 dpi



23. 1:1



















**4**

MAJOR MACKENZIE DRIVE EAST FACING WEST



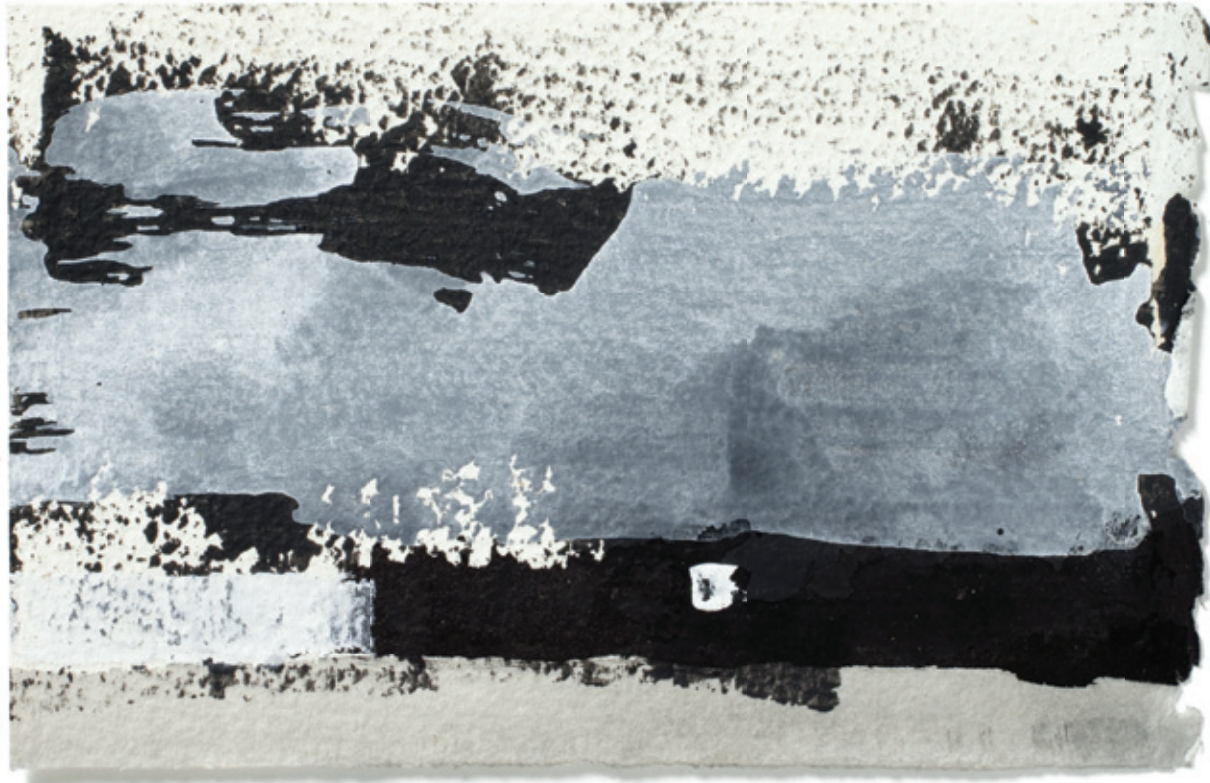




32. 300 dpi



33. 600 dpi







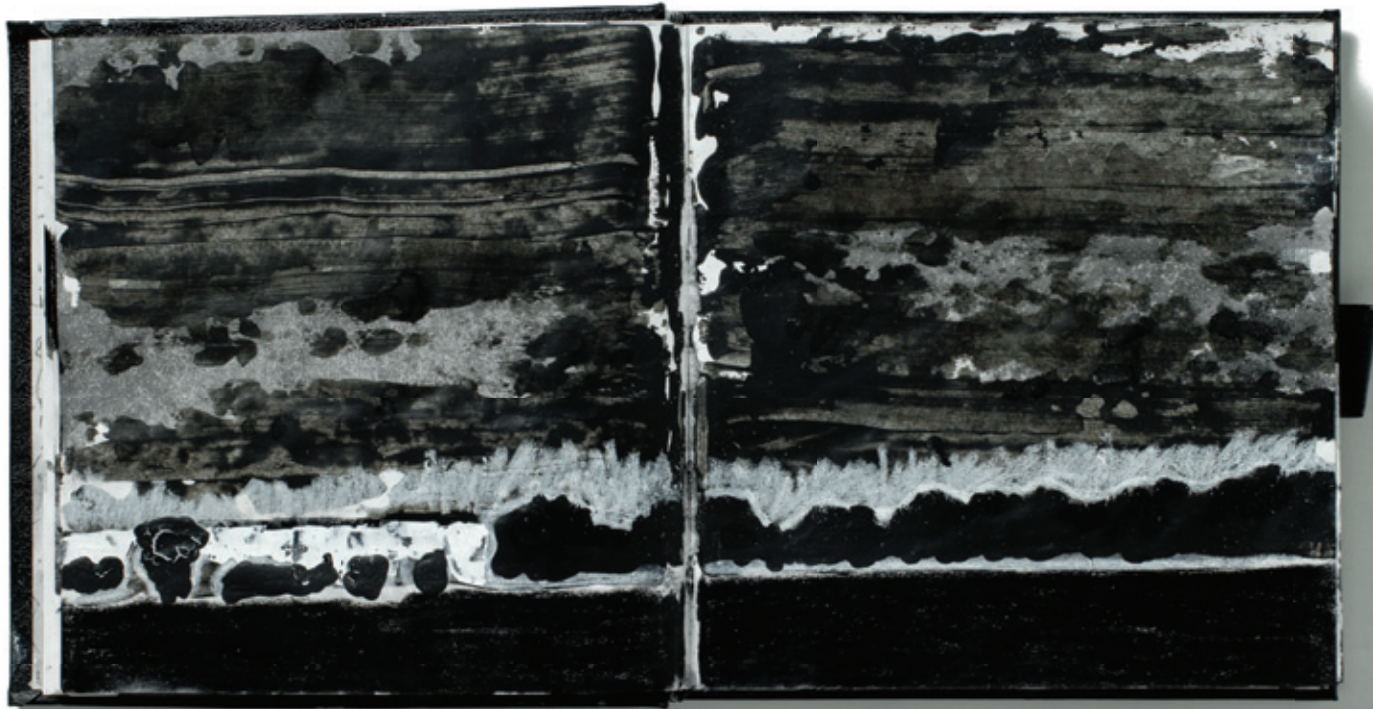


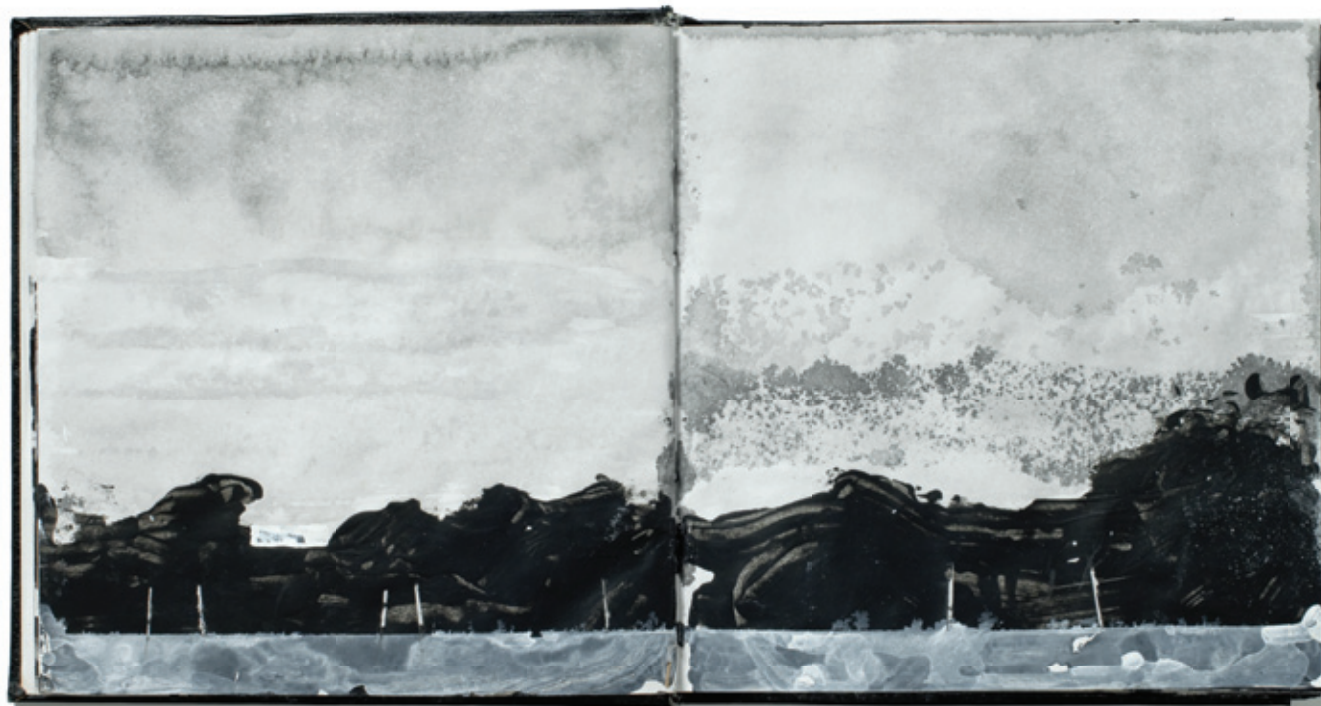




38. 1:2











**5**

8TH CONCESSION FACING NORTH

## AUGUST 26

THICK HAPPY CLOUDS LIKE LAUGHING BUDDHAS. The long view appeals to me. I stumble upon these openings and my heart lifts. Moderate winds, seventeen degrees Celsius.

**12:42 p.m.** I meet Nick, who drives up in his white security truck. We have a conversation about all sorts of things: hybrid tree planting experiments; city councillors making their fortunes charging dump trucks forty five dollars a load to dump soil—all under the guise of remediation; headwaters and the Oak Ridges Moraine; driveways filled with batteries; the interconnectedness of all the decisions that affect such an enormous swath of land. I like Nick. He is a friendly old guy with a happy face.

I fast each Tuesday and Thursday—today is a Thursday. Works from these days may approach

the sublime or be entirely suspect. Perhaps it makes no difference.

**1:22 p.m.** A transport truck pulls a broken-down tractor by a chain.

The question is, What's important here? It doesn't need to be explained, necessarily. Somehow you just know.

**1:50 p.m.** The weather changes quickly. An hour ago I was worrying about sunburn. Now I'm wearing two shirts, a sweater and a jacket.

This place changes so frequently, minute to minute, second to second. Every moment is change. There is no way to capture all of it. The sum of all factors is beyond enormous. Temporal.







43. 300 dpi

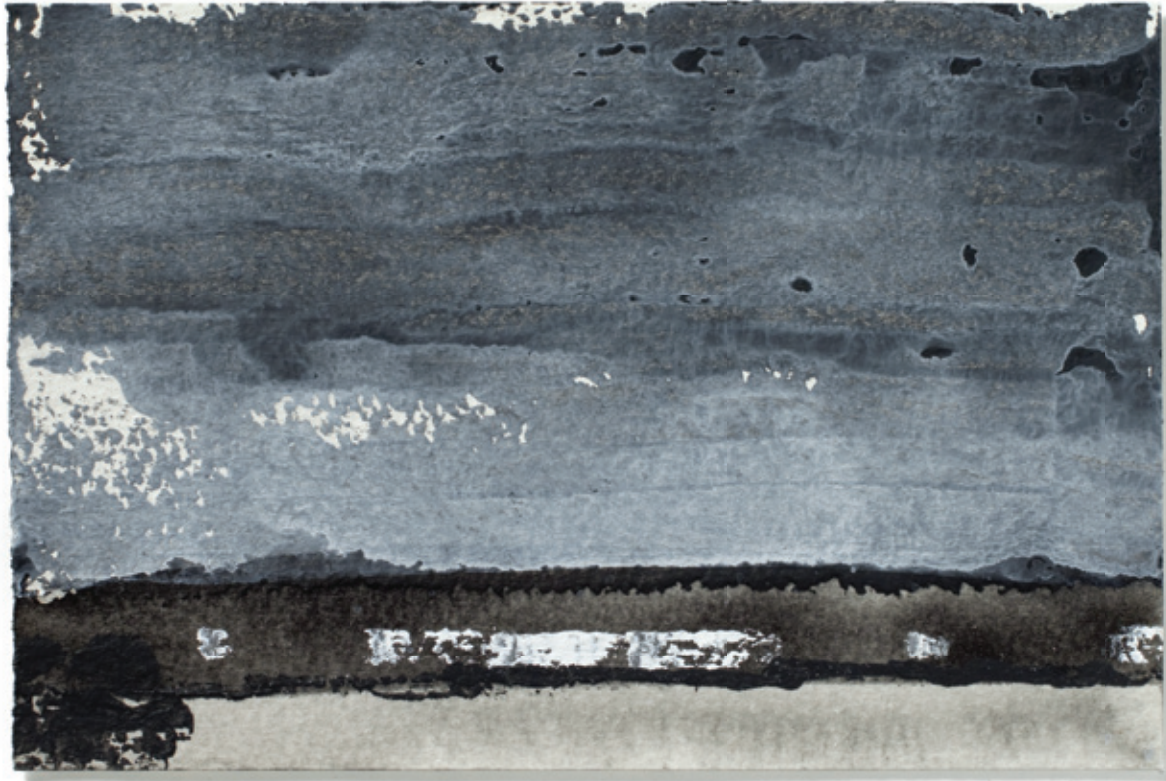


44. 600 dpi



45. 1:1





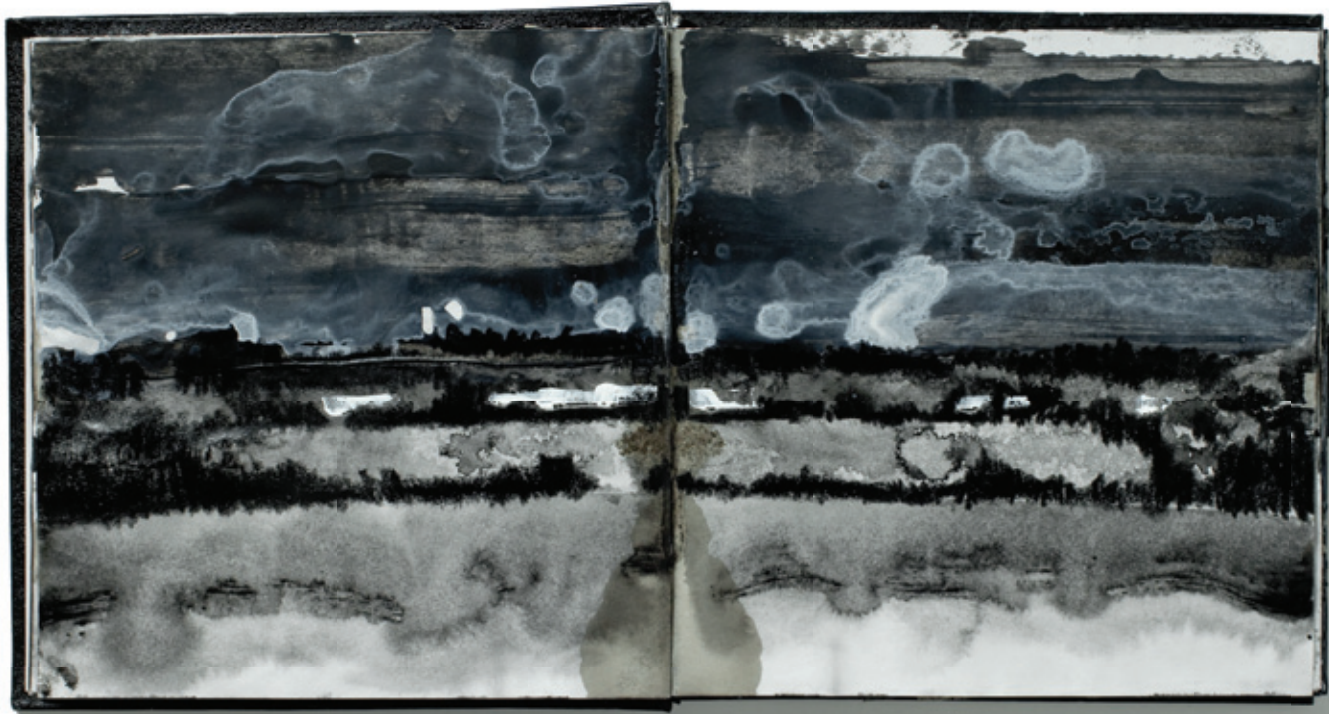


47. 1:2















A CAR FOLLOWS ME at a safe distance as I drive south, looking. I turn to head back north and he blocks the road with his car, staring at me. A young guy, early twenties, reverses his car into a driveway. I wave, he waves back.



**6**

24TH SIDELINE FACING WEST



A MAN DRIVES UP. I walk to him, he extends his hand. Asks what I'm doing here. Painting landscapes. Ask what he's doing here. Monitoring the plants. Thick European accent. Silver brush cut, grey white goatee, glasses triple-paned and so thick his eyes are coming at me. "Soy beans. One of the most nutritious plants possible. It will go to many places. Everywhere from cattle feed to human consumption. Even to energy." Asks about my work. I tell him, show him. Says if I want to paint something I should paint this diseased tree. He ambles through the field, then back to his car to inspect soy beans with a contraption from his briefcase. Waves goodbye. Drives off.







54. 300 dpi





55. 600 dpi



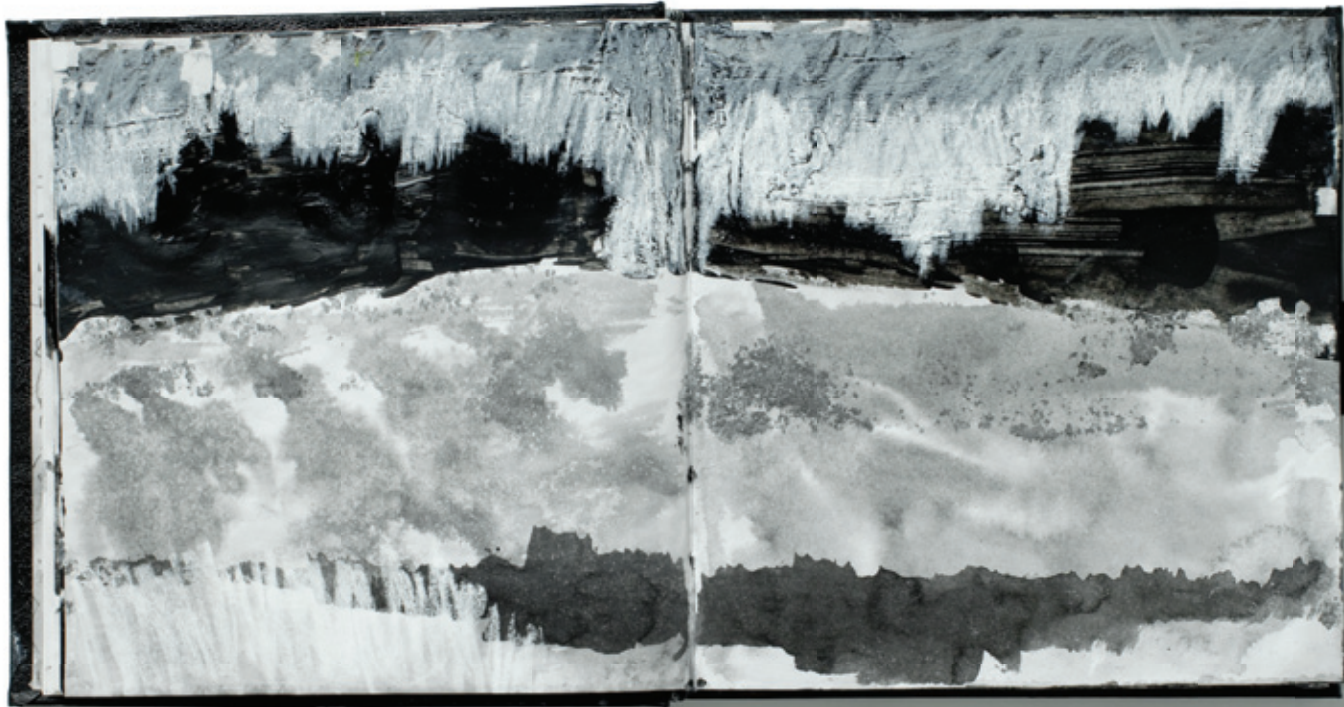




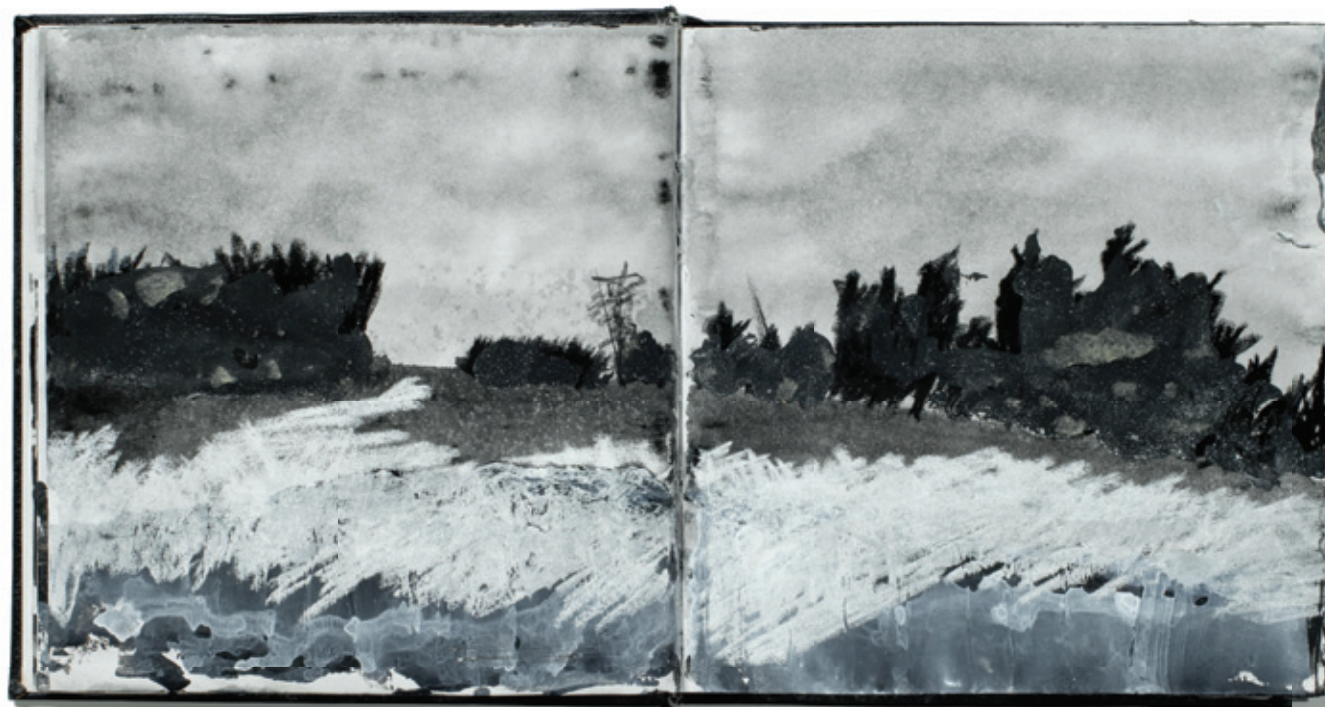














**7**

28TH SIDELINE FACING EAST

## **AUGUST 27**

SUNNY, CALM, HOT. Crickets, birds, small aircraft—all competing to occasionally break the still silence. Looking out across strata of farmers' fields enclosed by a distant wall of pines.

**8:59 a.m.** Call in to announce my presence and give up my location.

**11:18 a.m.** I meet Greg. Same white security truck. Tells me how everyone north of Highway 7 is a crap shoot; of his early career in the Air Force, too tall to fly; working on his real-estate licence, airport land security keeps the money coming in. His voice is deep and threatening,

yet somehow happy too. Dark black skin, clean white smile. Says you wouldn't believe some of the things he sees here, but doesn't offer up any stories.

Sitting here with my shirt on my head—I'm getting sunburned and there's nothing I can do about it.

I am becoming further and further convinced that bees are the temporary reincarnations of my dead grandmother.







63. 300 dpi

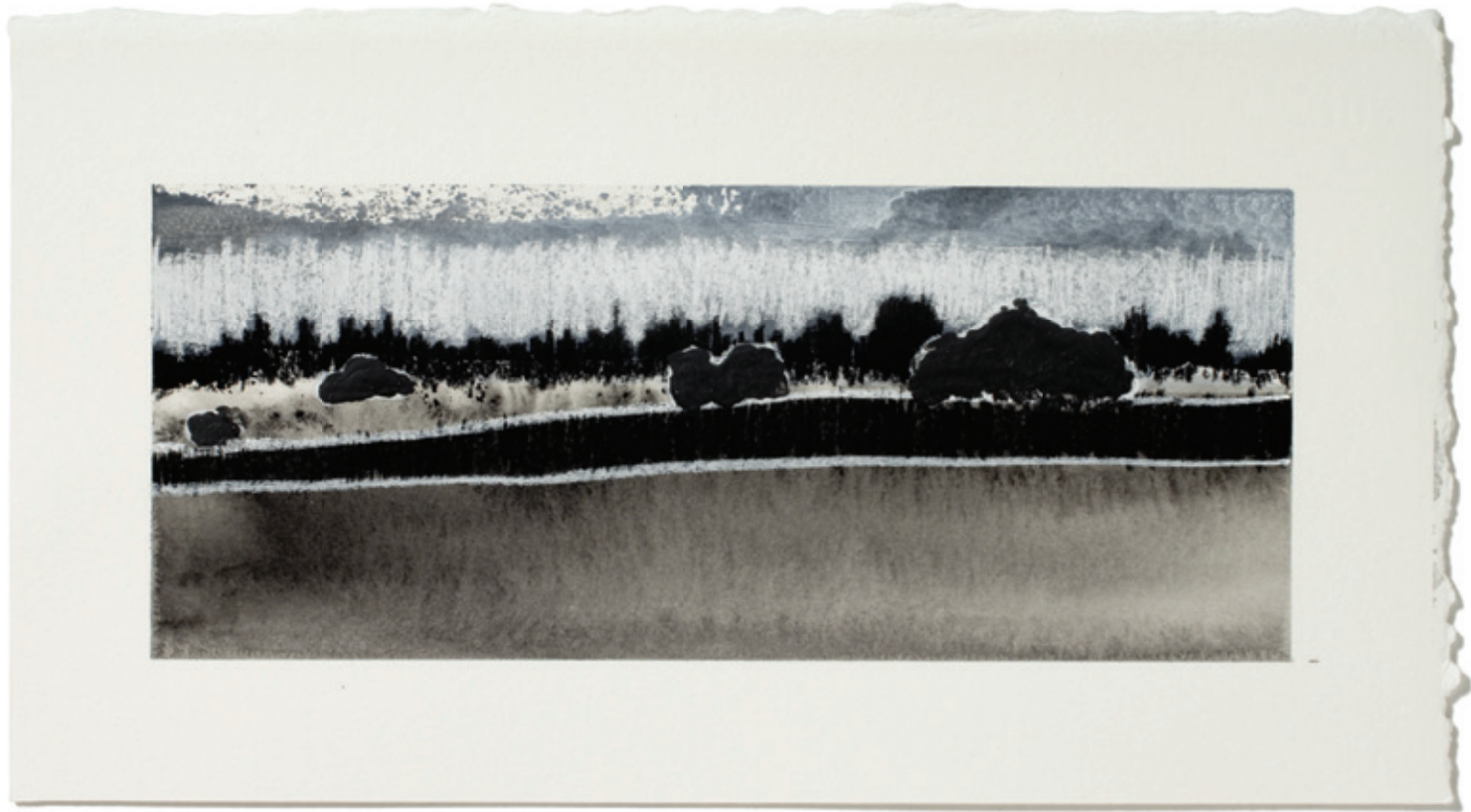




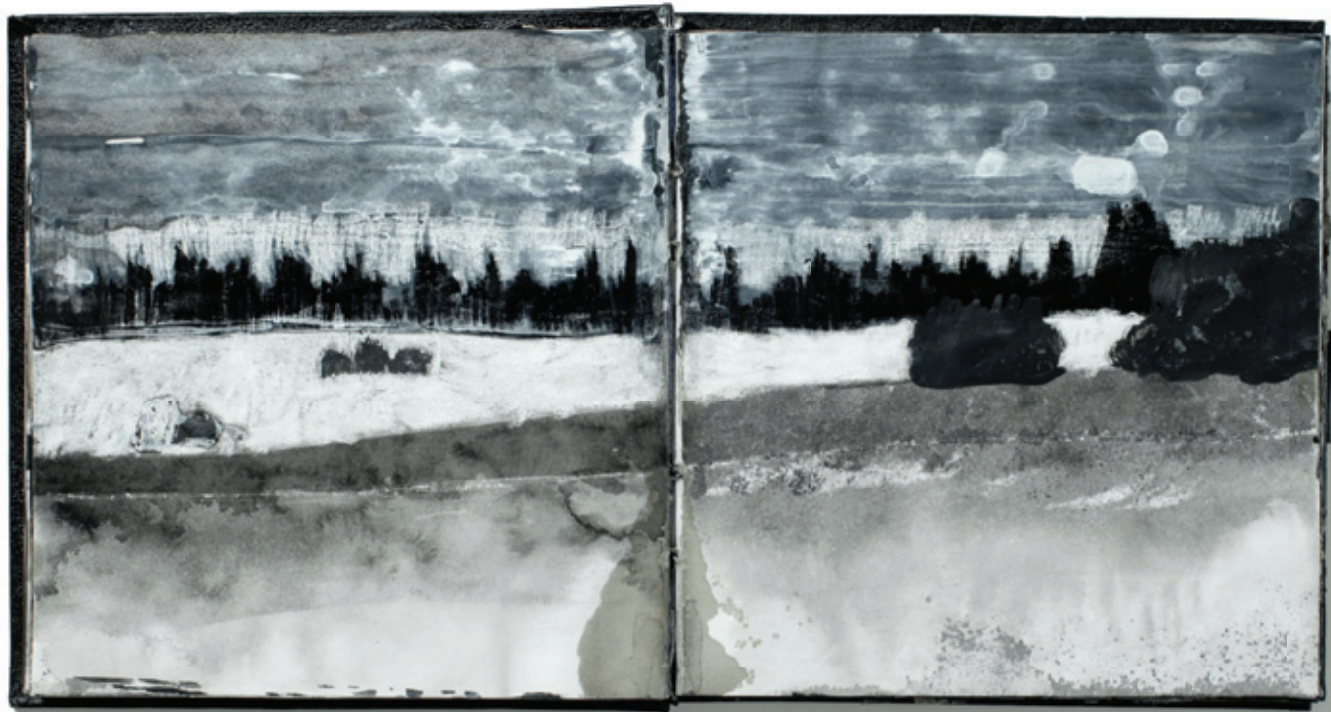
64. 600 dpi

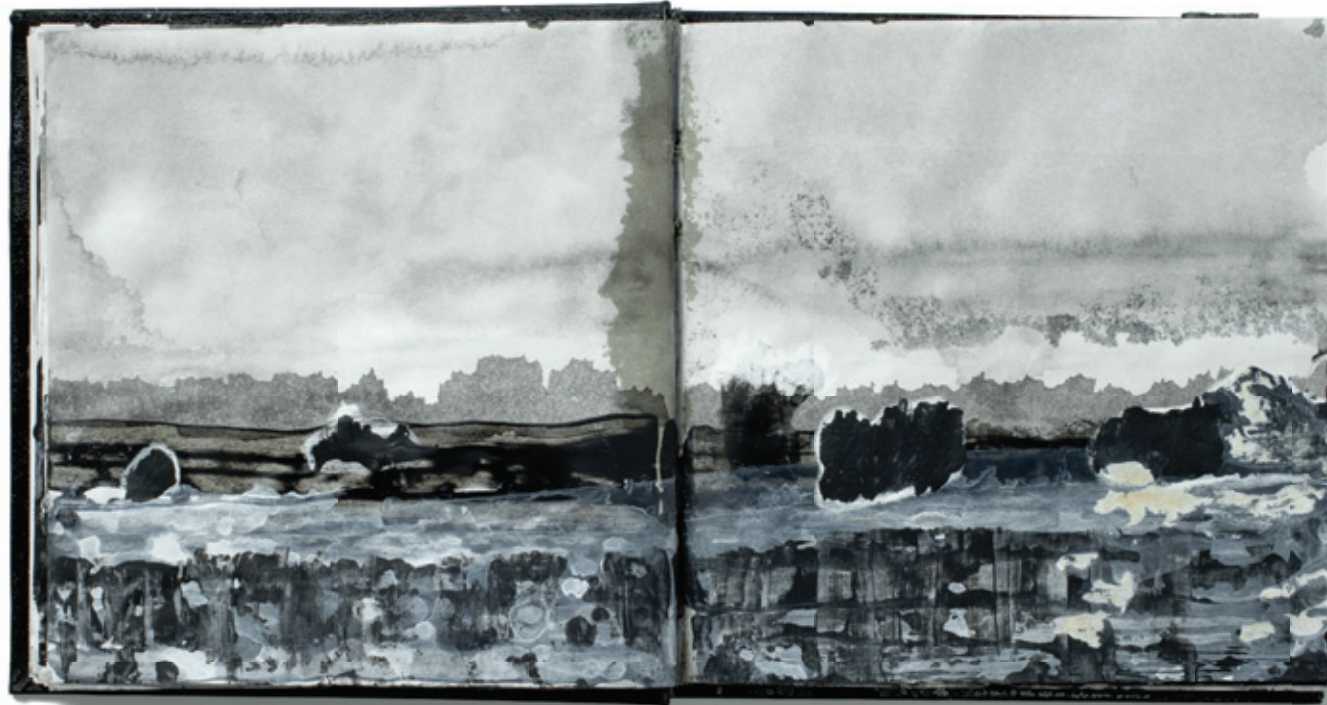
















**8**

22ND SIDELINE FACING EAST



STARING AT A GOLDEN FIELD. Sunny and hot,  
clear blue sky. Still a little drunk from lunch.  
The same crickets, birds, small aircraft,  
accompanied by distant traffic; the odd passing  
car.

Everyone here waves. The acknowledgement of  
one another in such a vast, unpopulated space is  
important.

Shake my can of paint exactly one hundred  
times; carve the detritus from my brush.





71. 1:1



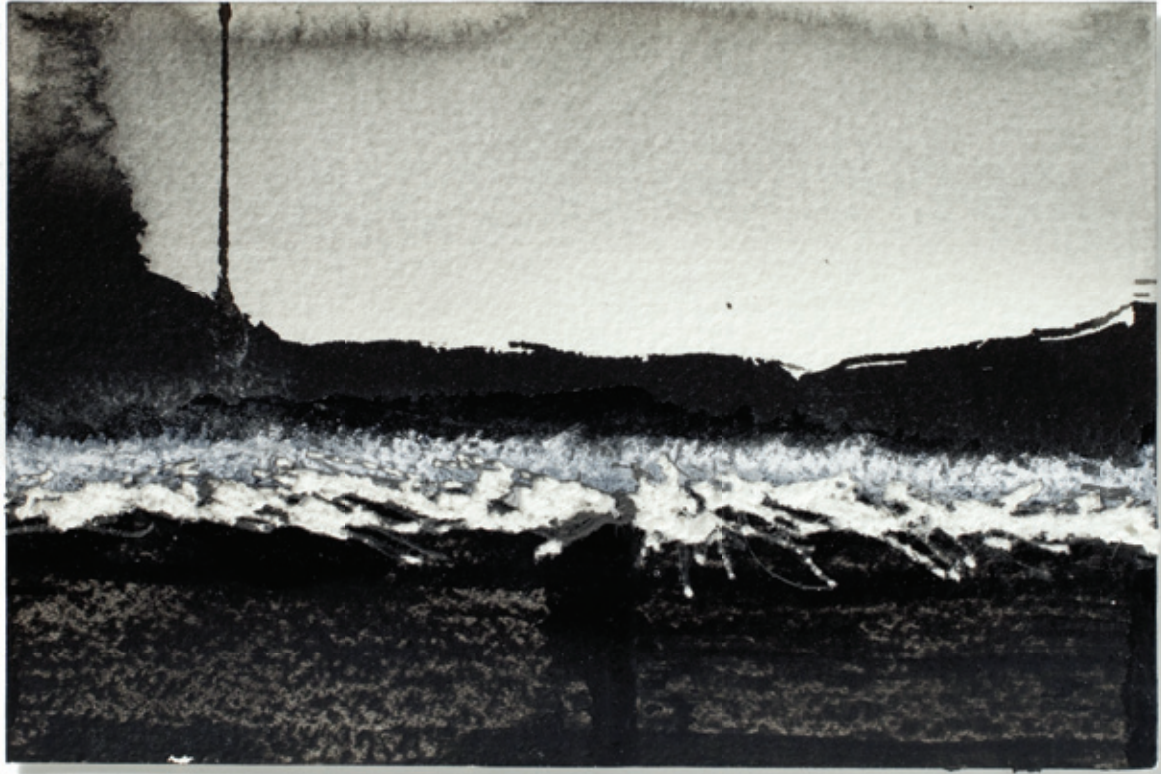
72. 300 dpi



73. 600 dpi









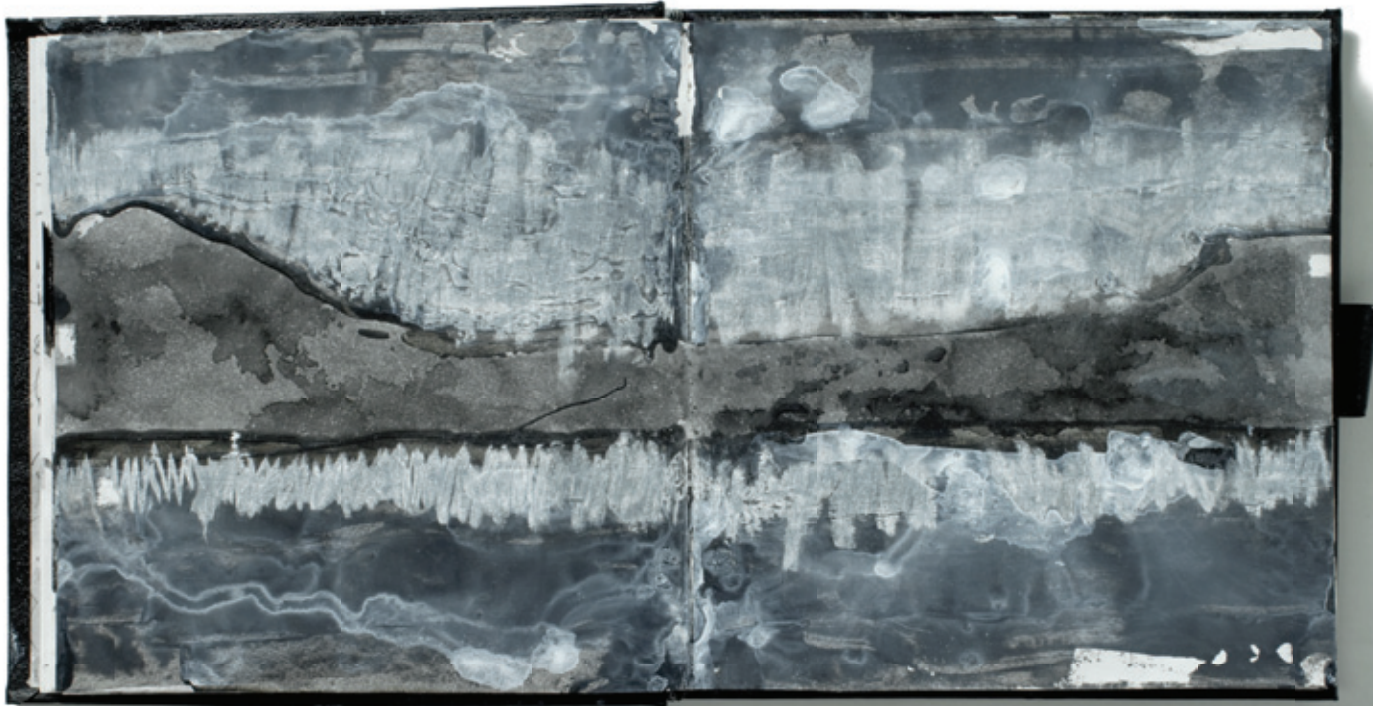
75. 1:2

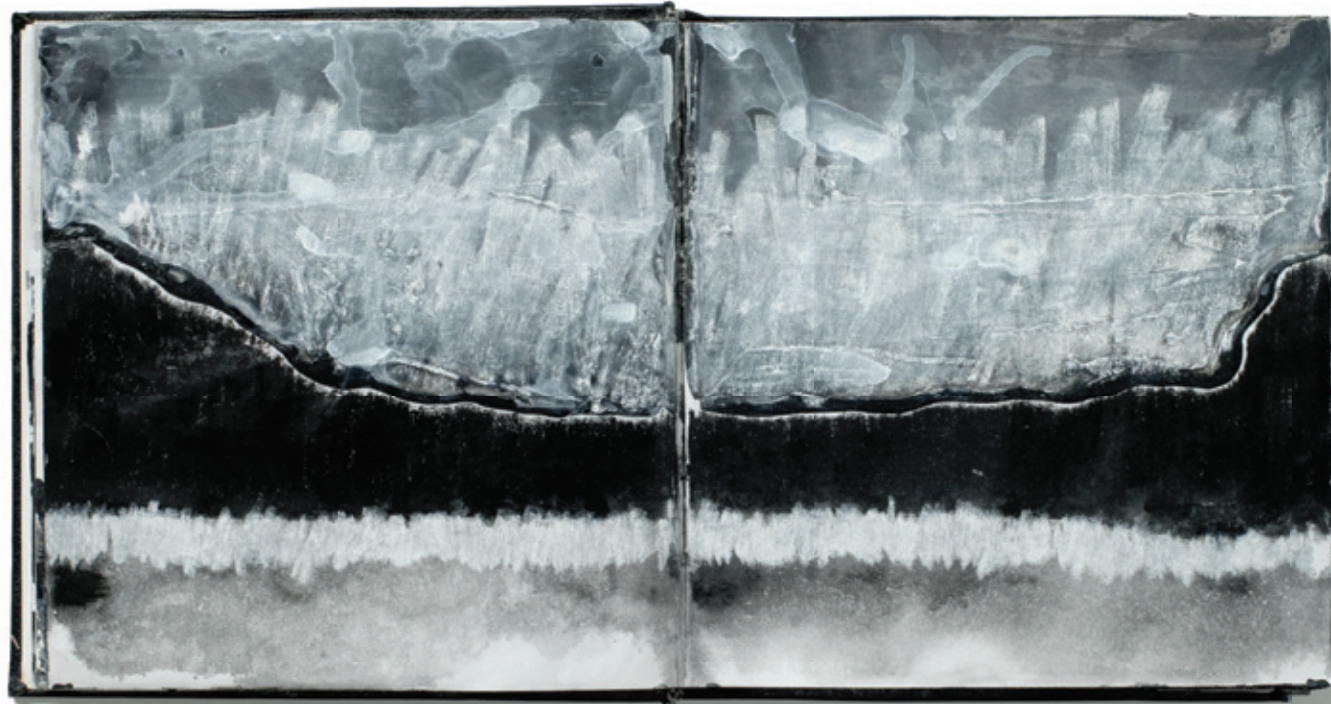




77. 1:2











**9**

8TH CONCESSION FACING SOUTH



## **AUGUST 31**

SUNNY AND HOT. So humid my camera lens can't go twenty seconds without fogging. Not a single cloud; azure sky. Crickets and birds. Looking down the abandoned 30th Sideline.

I don't know where I was yesterday; I feel more myself in each passing minute.

Dry brown leaves fall at my feet, one by one.

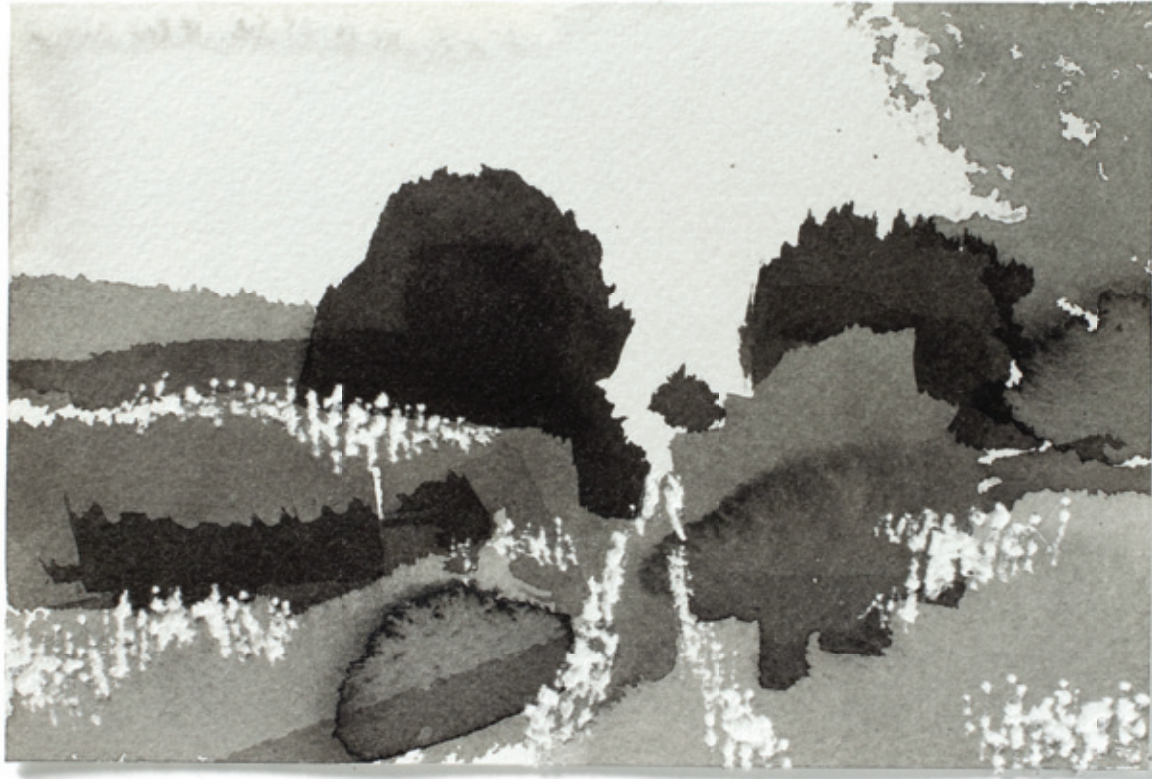








83. 600 dpi



84. 1:1



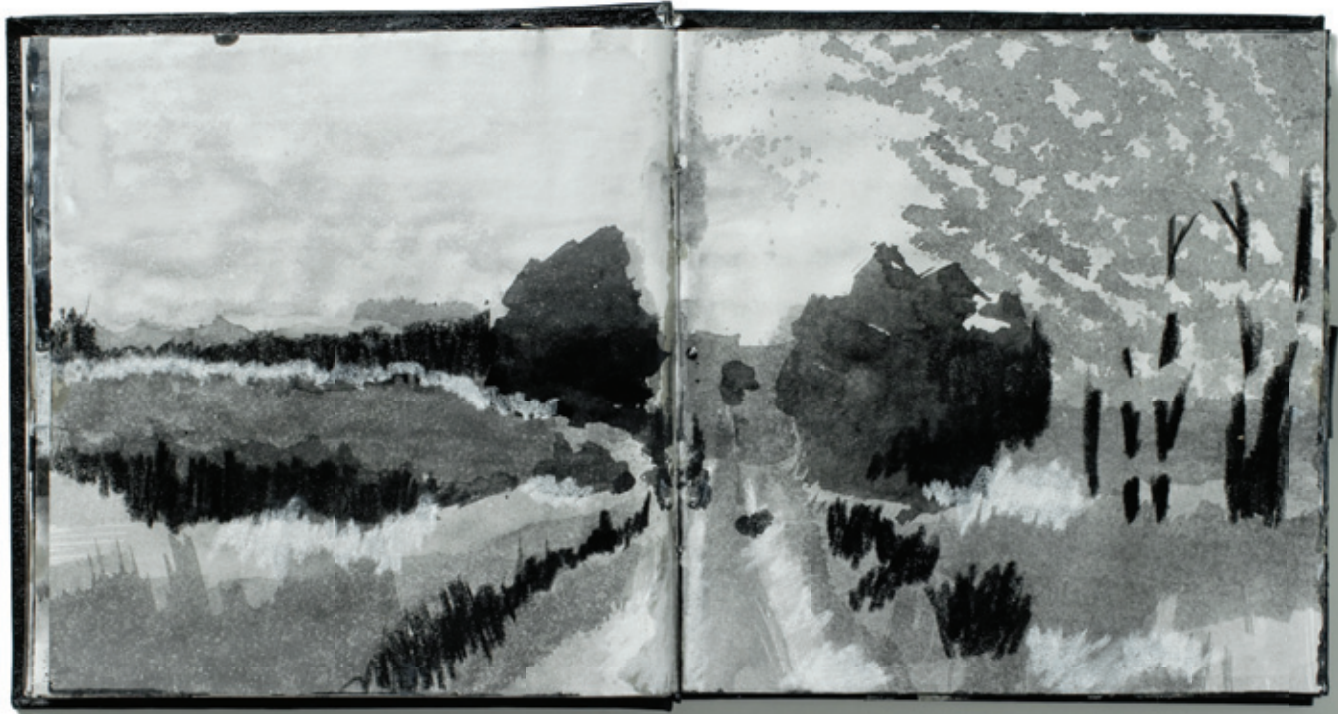


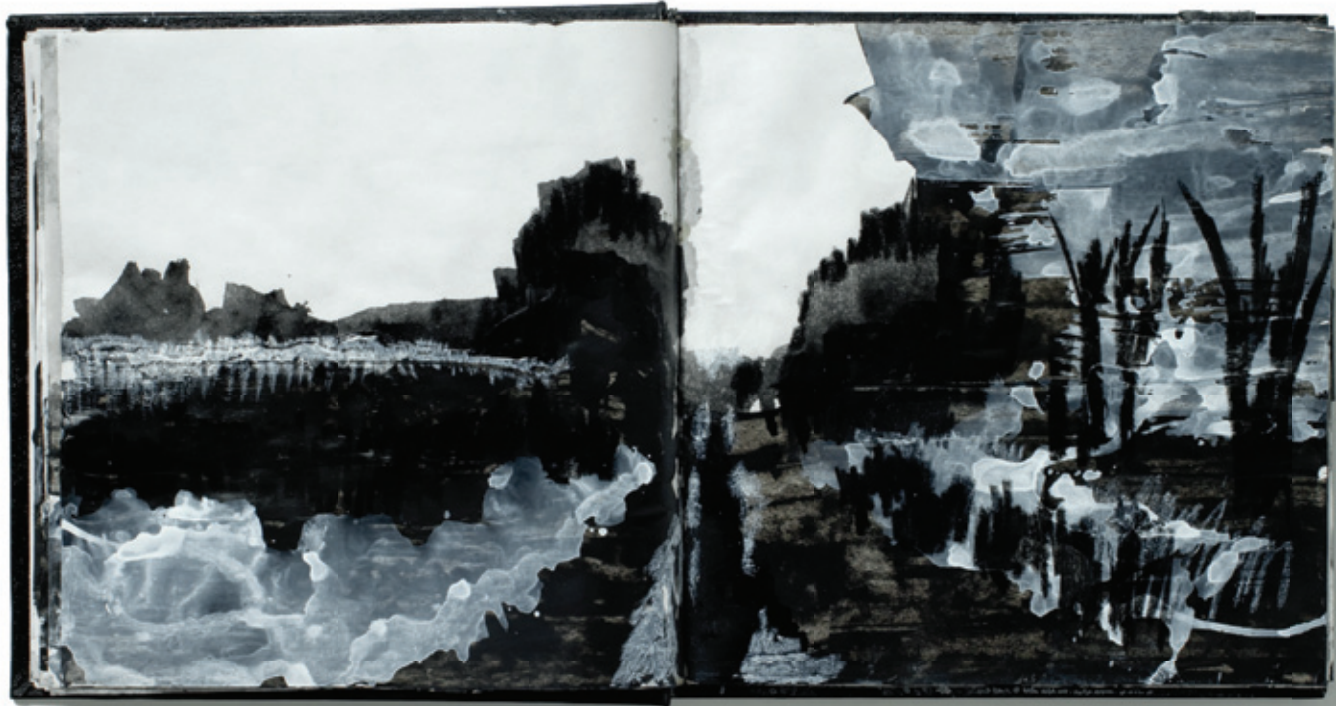
















**10**

32ND SIDELINE FACING EAST



THE AIR IS HOT AND THICK; a small breeze occasionally blowing. Crickets. A horizon of yellow green soy field punctuated by tall deciduous.

White truck drives past, stops, reverses. I try to ignore the sound of tires on gravel, thinking it to be an overly curious local. I'm happy to see Nick. We talk, about how it's too hot for anyone's good; about his search for marijuana plants—human ingenuity sometimes so unexpected he'll simply leave them. Today is a day for swimming in pools and lakes.







93. 300 dpi





95. 1:1





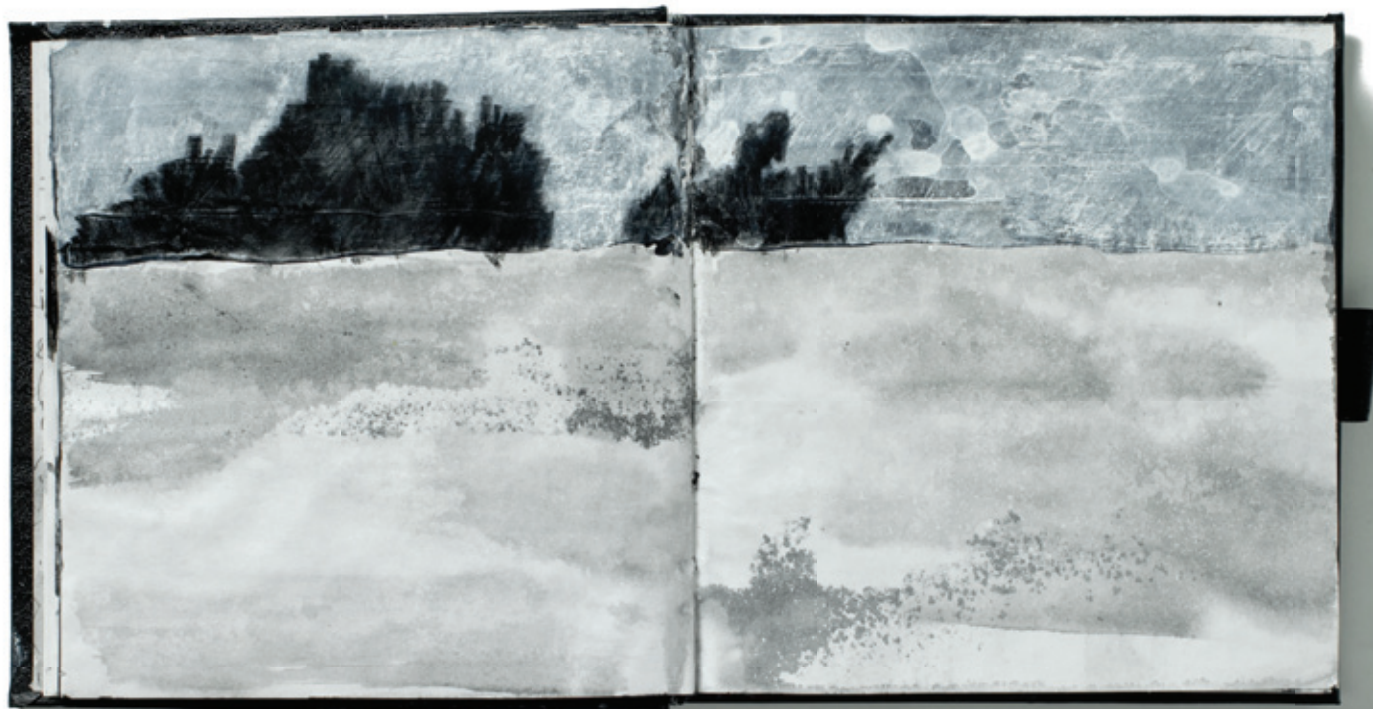






99. 1:2





101. 1:2







# 11

YORK-DURHAM LINE FACING WEST



## **SEPTEMBER 1**

SUNNY AND HOT. Cloudless sky. A fine breeze; rustling, crickets, passing cars.

Thousands of dragonflies hover over this field like an army of helicopters. Ants weave their way through my drawings as if somehow vested in the final outcome.

Today Billy's daughter was born, Haley Grace Ellison. A beautiful day to enter this world.

This yellow green field illuminates, then retreats. Ever changing, avoiding capture.







104. 300 dpi



105. 600 dpi





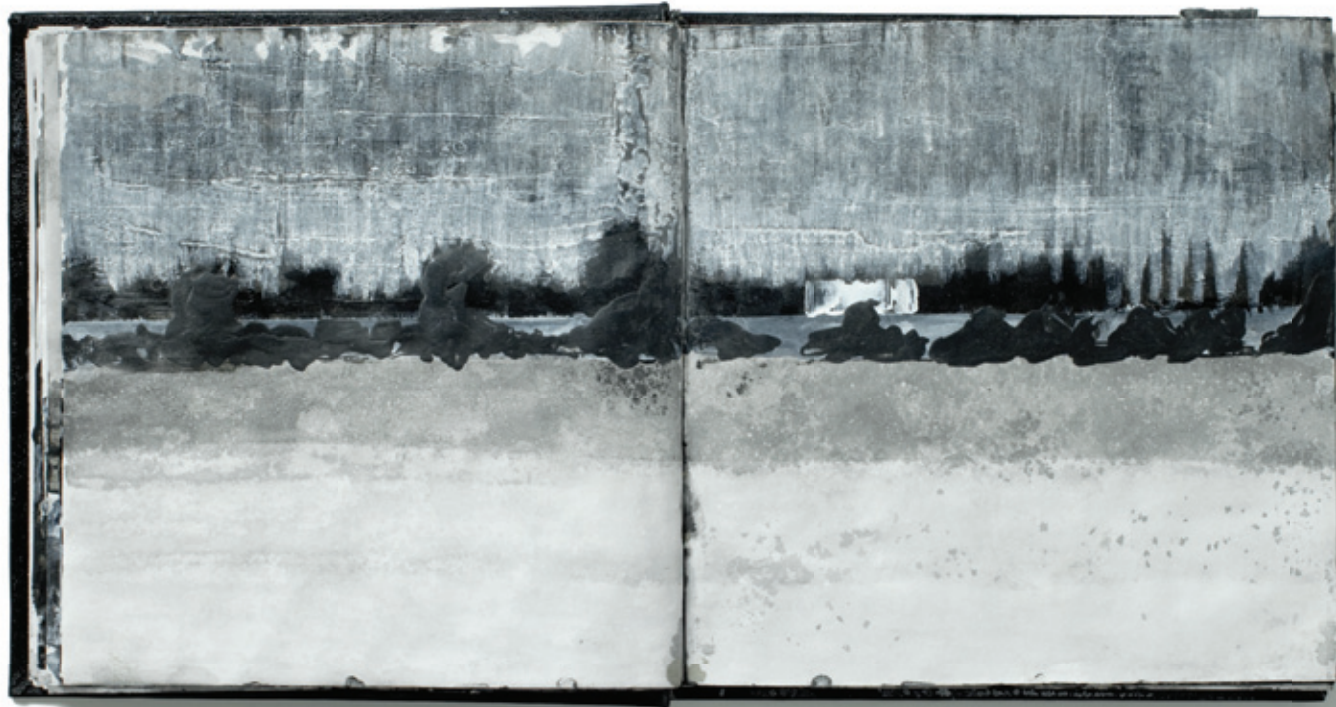








110. 1:2





**12**

8TH CONCESSION FACING SOUTH





### SEPTEMBER 3

A HOUSE I'VE DRIVEN BY MANY TIMES; windows boarded, lot overgrown. Humid, a fine mist lingering; shoes and pants are damp from climbing through the long wet grasses. Crickets, distant traffic, many birds. Stillness—these ghost houses make me uneasy.

**10:57 a.m.** Nick drives up as the rain starts. Tells of the Transport Canada signs, made of aluminum, torn from houses, a precious commodity.

**11:12 a.m.** Driving back to the city. The rain is too heavy; no signs of letting up.

## SEPTEMBER 7

WARM, PARTLY CLOUDY, not much humidity to speak of and a healthy, pleasant breeze. Drawings strewn along the shoulder of the dirt road.

**2:42 p.m.** A man drives up in a beat-up old Benz and enquires about my work. Says Heather is interested in doing what she can to save these places. Is Heather his wife? Are 'these places' the houses or the airport lands, or both? Tells me this house has been boarded up for fifteen or twenty years. They like to board them up and let them rot, then tear them down. They're planning on tearing down forty-or-so more soon, but this one isn't on the list. He hasn't seen the list—I

ask—only heard about it. Asks if I want to see his house, he lives right around the corner on Sideline 34, first house on the right, the only house. Says his house is beautiful; they've filmed movies there. Asks if I want to hop in his car and drive over. This is how freaky murder shit starts. I decline, but say I'll drop by in a couple of hours when I'm finished here. I introduce myself, he introduces himself. I'm Brian. He's Brian. Both with an 'I'.

**3:37 p.m.** A woman drives up in a silver Beetle. At first I am very confused, thinking it's Kimiko, wondering how she's found me. Introduces herself as Heather Rigby, Brian's partner.

Asks about my work, about why. I tell her this place is static, timeless, yet has such immense change pending—incredible kinetic energy—I want to capture this sense of place. She calls these “derelict houses.” Tells me of her current project, looking to empower people because this is a time of great change—puts her two index fingers together as she says this. Heather knows Andrew Levitt, who lived in her house renting a small space many years ago. She has been a visiting critic for Andrew’s studio, a visiting artist at the School of Architecture. Tells me I really should drop by the house; there is a photo

of an installation piece she'd like to show me. Speaks of their surrounding property, its beauty. They've lived there for thirty three years—expropriation was thirty-five years ago—it is a wonderful place, a wonderful community, though some are too happy to simply be good tenants for the Federal Government. We say our goodbyes. I wonder at the dumb luck of it all, the rainstorms on Friday, the sequences of events agglomerating to create the incidents, and thus the path, of a life.





112. 1:1



113. 300 dpi

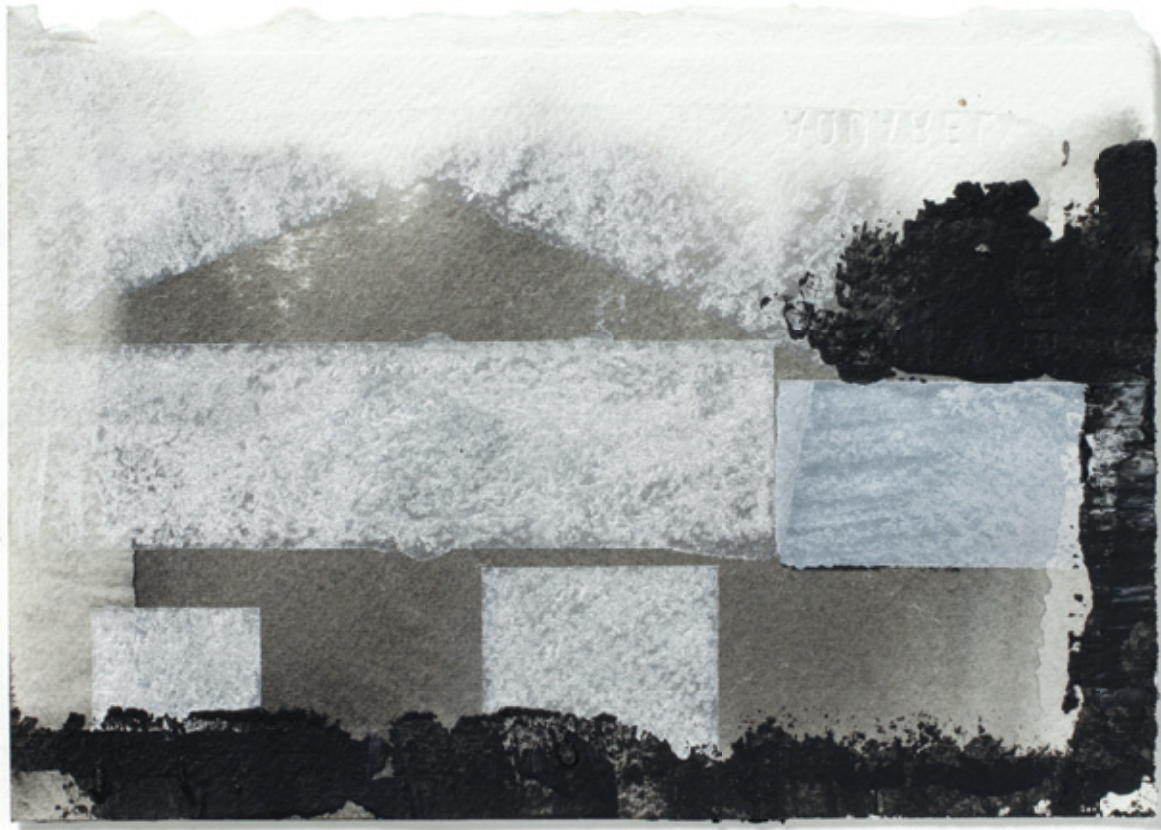




114. 600 dpi



115. 1:1



116. 1:1



117. 1:2





119. 1:2





121. 1:2







**13**

8TH CONCESSION FACING SOUTH



## SEPTEMBER 9

AN ABANDONED SCHOOLHOUSE. "School Sec., No. 16, Erected A.D. 1864," says the stone plate in the front facade. Chimney torn off, front doors offset from the ground; solitary and quiet, sitting on well kept grounds. Cold. I don't know exactly how cold. Strong winds rustling trees; loud and present, like the sound of oncoming traffic.

**2:21 p.m.** Cold. Too cold. All the way in, through my bones. The north-west wind is wearing on me. Fingers like claws.

**2:31 p.m.** Not done, nowhere near. Too cold. Leaving this place.

## SEPTEMBER 10

TWO UNDERSHIRTS, BUTTONED SHIRT, hooded sweatshirt, down jacket, long underwear, pants, rain pants, snowmobiling boots, toque—I'm still cold. Enormous north wind. Cold. Fuck the cold, I'm getting this done.

Symmetry and I are at odds. I don't care for it, it doesn't care for me.

Nothing dries in the cold.

**Noon.** An elderly gentleman and his wife pull up in their sedan. To hell with this car, with these people, I have work to do. But they are kind, and are more interested in the schoolhouse than in me, which quickly gains them my approval. The man asks me, "Enjoying the work of the Federal Government?" Laughs. The woman looks at

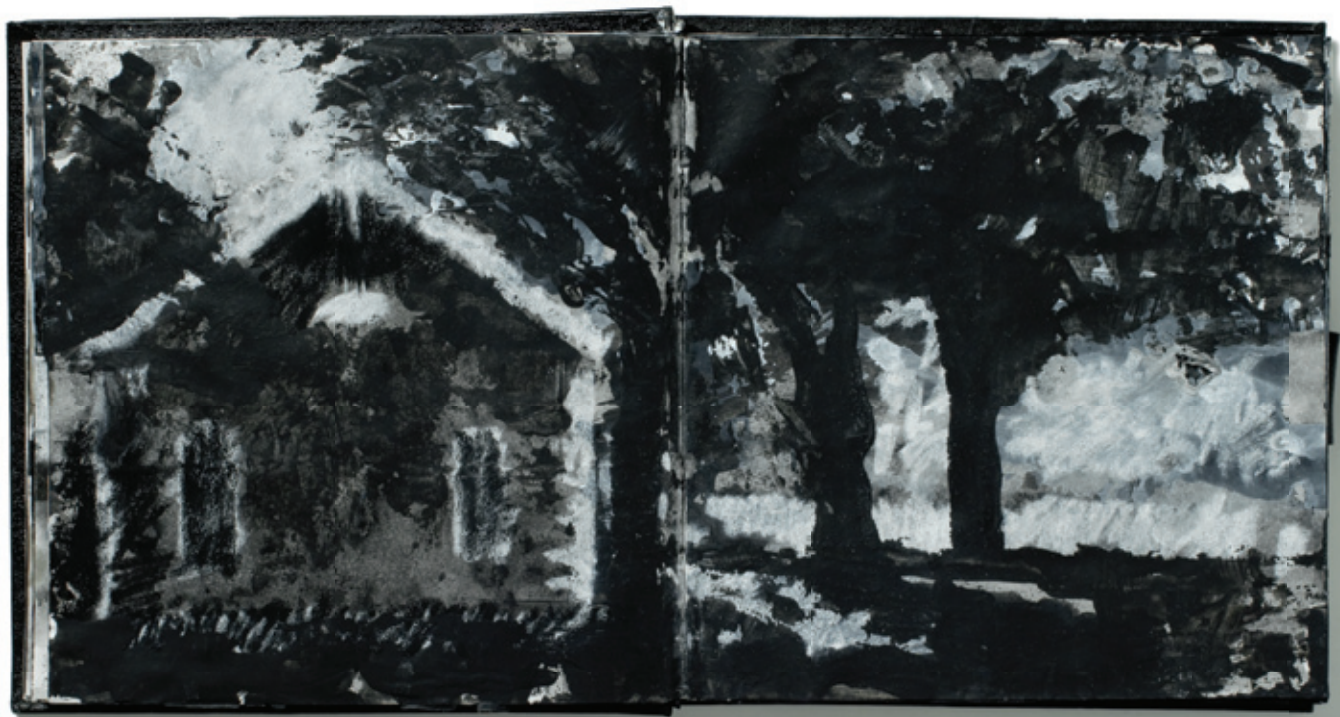
me and says “What a nice talent to have.” The man says “I’ve been watching this for forty years now. There are young people, forty and under, who haven’t the first clue this is even happening. I remember reading an article in *The Star*—I was in Burlington then—about a family who wouldn’t leave their home. Well, they went in there in the dead of night and *took* them out. I still see the looks in those children’s eyes. I remember thinking, ‘I’m going to get my gun and go help those people,’ because I would like to think that my neighbour would come to help me when I was in need. But of course I didn’t. I just kept on paying my taxes, funding this whole mess.”

We say our goodbyes, wish each other well.













**14**

7TH CONCESSION FACING NORTH



## **SEPTEMBER 14**

THE COLOURS OF THIS PLACE ARE DAMPENING, muting. Greens are receding, oranges and reds emerging. Crickets, though quieter now; small aircraft, intermittent traffic. Looking out over the distant horizon, a burning field of soy plants, walls of trees; everything leading north.









127. 300 dpi



128. 600 dpi





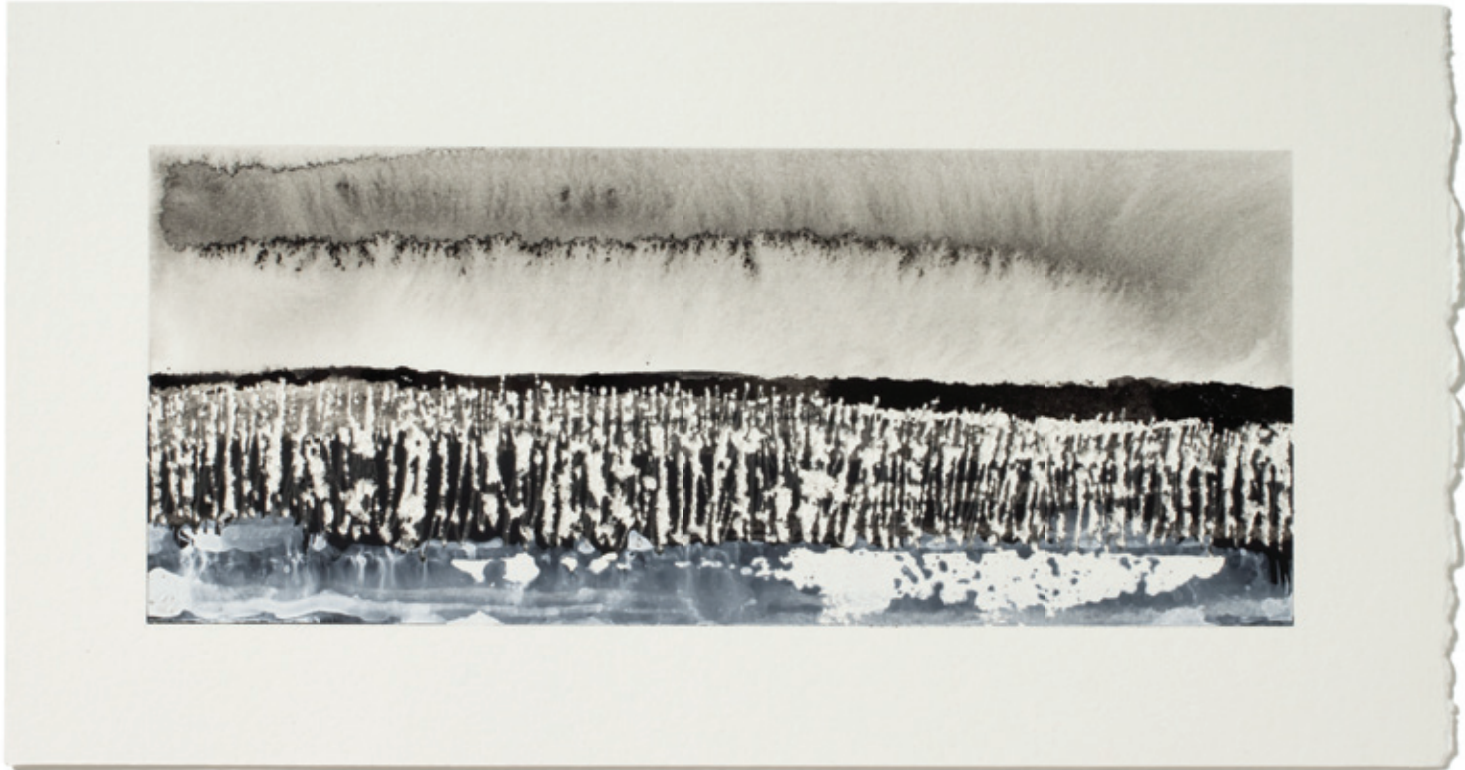


130. 1:2

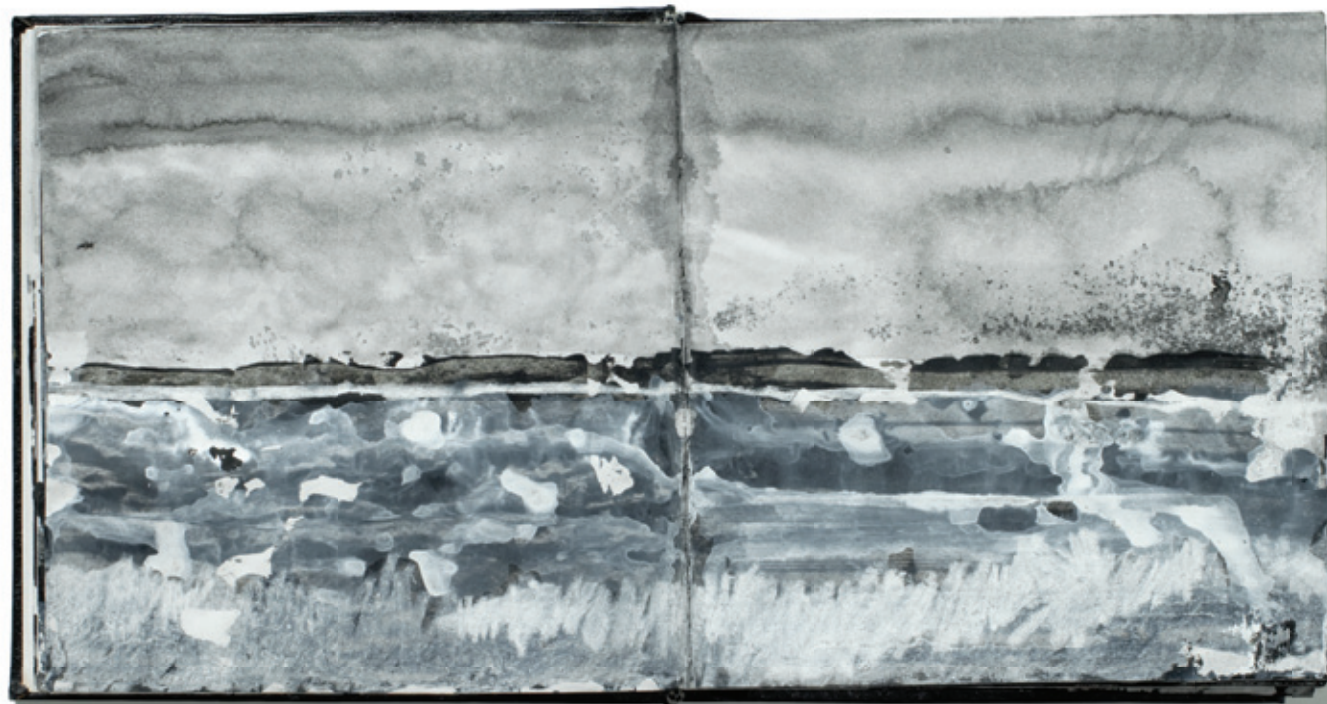














**15**

7TH CONCESSION FACING NORTH



## SEPTEMBER 15

BOARDED HOUSE; Transport Canada plaque says “No Trespassing/Passage Interdit.” Distant sounds of crickets, birds, local traffic, small aircraft.

**3:00 p.m.** I meet Bill Parker, walking his 165 lb bicycle bound tight with black rubber straps. Tells me he rode from Alberta this May and made it all the way east but is running three weeks behind so he had to miss out on Newfoundland, which he regrets, he would have loved some flipper pie. Bursting at the seams with stories: a bear driving a car backwards with a child in the back seat, all for a peanut butter sandwich; stinkweed in Ottawa that grows thirty-five

feet tall, poisonous like poison ivy and causes temporary blindness—the Chinese brought them over; a man who let him stay in his spare room, crept in late at night and wanted to get things going—Bill thought he was going to be raped—the man, decked out in full Spartan dress and smelling of whiskey, was very nice about the refusal and went downstairs to watch television at a great volume, to which it took Bill some time to fall asleep, and in the morning sneaked out to the man snoring; a child who died from drinking eight cans of Red Bull; a fellow who showed him his sky-walker, a jetpack that propels a person into the air at up to twice the height of the CN Tower; a fourteen year old girl who set a record by legally flying an airplane



and a helicopter, by herself, in the same day; so many stories it would take me all afternoon to recount them here with my slow pen.

Tells me this is a bad place—people here are always looking over their shoulders, don't want to talk, are scared of strangers, are worried too much about what's theirs. But he's had enough of the boonies; he's headed for Toronto to see the city; to Niagara Falls, Stratford, Manitoulin. Asks if I could spare a twonie for some food or a coffee; I don't have any change but I give him a five dollar bill to which he says "Wow, that's a whole meal!"

Asks me more than once if I'm married, and when I finally tell him I'm engaged he tells me the story of the Spartan man who he thought was a

god in the dark of that night time bedroom. I ask if he's married. "No, not anymore. Nine years." I'm unsure if he means married for nine years, divorced for nine years, or that nine years have followed a death. I don't ask him to elaborate in case it's the latter. Tells me about Quebec twonies, American dollar coins, and something about some sort of five dollar bill. Says that east of Quebec people will call ahead and have a warm safe camping spot and some food waiting for you at day's end; that French people spill out of Quebec into Ottawa and New Brunswick; how he hopes to find some beer one day soon because he hasn't been drunk in some time.

I take Bill's photograph twice—once for him, once for me—in front of this old boarded house. He points at the house and says “I've been told that this is called expropriation. I can't set up a tent here, and besides, there aren't bound to be any fridges filled with beer inside.” We say our goodbyes. I tell him to take good care and wish him a safe journey. He says “Best of luck with your ambitions,” and walks off, west, pushing his bicycle. I don't recall seeing anything but a smile on that man's face.

## SEPTEMBER 17

SEVENTEEN DEGREES AND SUNNY—though I’m in the shade—with a fresh damp air from yesterday’s rain, which was relentless and kept me the hell away from here. Birds chirping, distant crickets, and today—a Friday—the happy sound of drunken conversation from a nearby golf course.

**2:50 p.m.** I meet Ron and Keith—brothers, farmers—who tend to their work in the big rusted corrugated steel half-shell set in the field behind the house. They walk across the street to introduce themselves and say hello. Keith asks, “Got a nice quiet spot there?” and we get to talking. Ron joins a minute or two later,

about the beauty of some of these houses, the timelessness of this place, bad tenants, how the government is damned if it does, damned if it doesn't, people live in these places paying a pittance for rent but then can't pay that rent, go overdue by thousands and figure they're going to be kicked out so they let the place go to pieces, then when the government does get them to leave there's a house good for nothing but boarding up. Talks of their parents, expropriated in the seventies at 1000 dollars an acre, bought another farm in Lindsay with the money but never moved up, so he and Keith farm both—about 1000 acres of these airport lands—soy, corn, wheat. Tells me how he gets involved with

community activists every ten years or so when the government tries to make progress with the airport. “I reckon the green people are actually winning at this point,” he says. The land is now worth ten times what his parents were paid, but if it weren’t for expropriation this would all be houses by now. So we have this beautiful place with forty years of struggle behind it, and likely another forty ahead.

The brothers are all smiles, friendly as can be, and seem glad that I am here, doing what I am doing.

**3:35 p.m.** Nick drives up in his white truck. We talk, about how everyone here knows everyone; how the further you go from the city the friendlier

people become; the less worried, more likely to stop and chat, to know their neighbours. People leave their front doors open around here. That, and the marijuana growing season is over. Nick is still following trails.

**5:06 p.m.** Truck pulls up, young man steps out, walks to me—I'm watching him through the car windows. Asks what I'm up to. I tell him. He's only curious; passing through. Has kind eyes—reminds me of someone I once knew, but can't place.









136. 300 dpi



137. 600 dpi













**16**

30TH SIDELINE FACING WEST

## SEPTEMBER 20

WONDERING IF I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE, sat here before, and I have to search through my files to determine that I haven't, though I'd have sworn otherwise. Pure, beautiful sunshine over an open field. A junction in the land—the intersection of green grasses and exhausted crop. Twenty degrees, warm, a gentle breeze that tastes new, crickets, birds, distant traffic, small aircraft, quiet but full of sound, calm, almost tranquil. Fall is beginning to show its hand.

**3:22 p.m.** An old farmer—who has already driven past me delicately three times in his old truck towing an open trailer of miscellaneous stuff—slowly pulls up, northbound, and says

“Some people just don’t care about how much smoke they make.” He’s referring to a truck that just whipped by me, leaving a storm of dust, though this was a few minutes ago—is he watching me? It’s not unlikely. I agree and say something generic and inoffensive. He asks if I’m painting. I am, and I tell him so. I look at his weathered face, his sunken mouth, his tired eyes. “Take care,” he says to me, sincere. Off he drives, slowly, carefully.

Nothing real can be captured. Change is too constant. The only thing you can ever hope to capture is an idea. Ideas are motionless, static.







143. 300 dpi

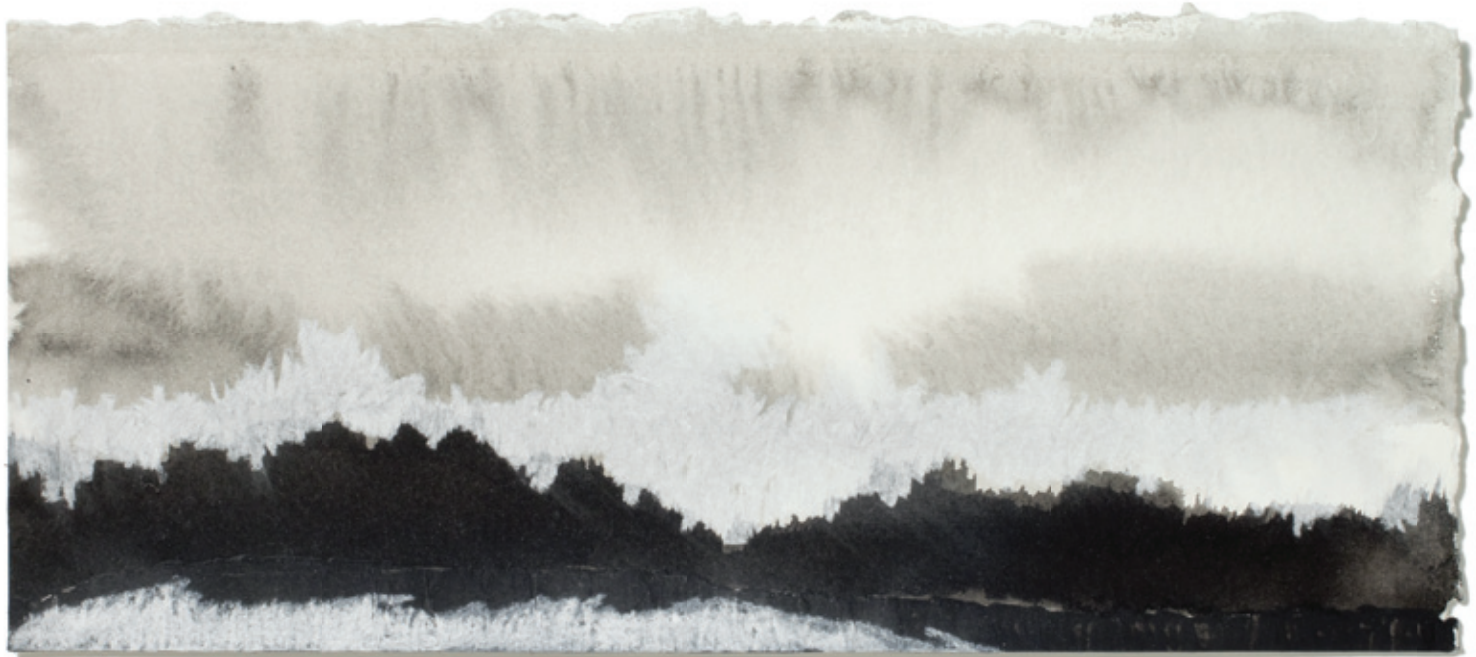


144. 600 dpi





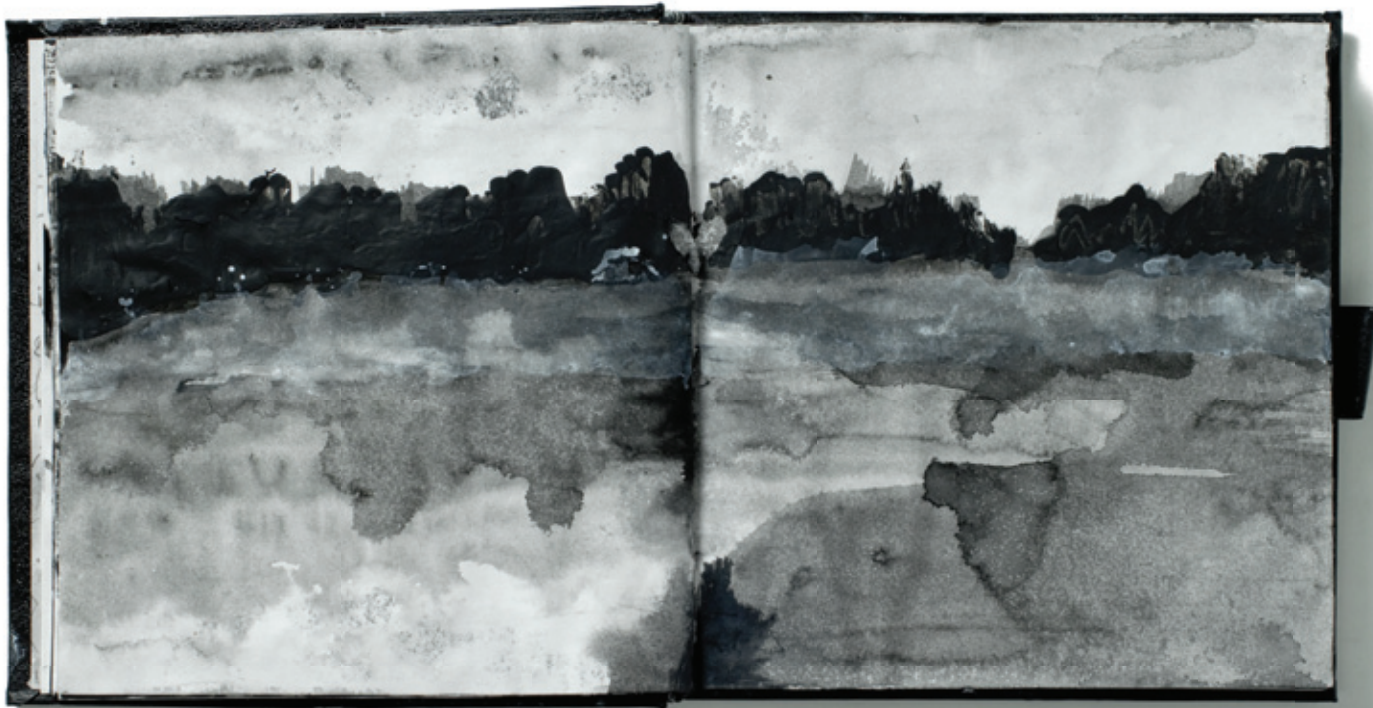




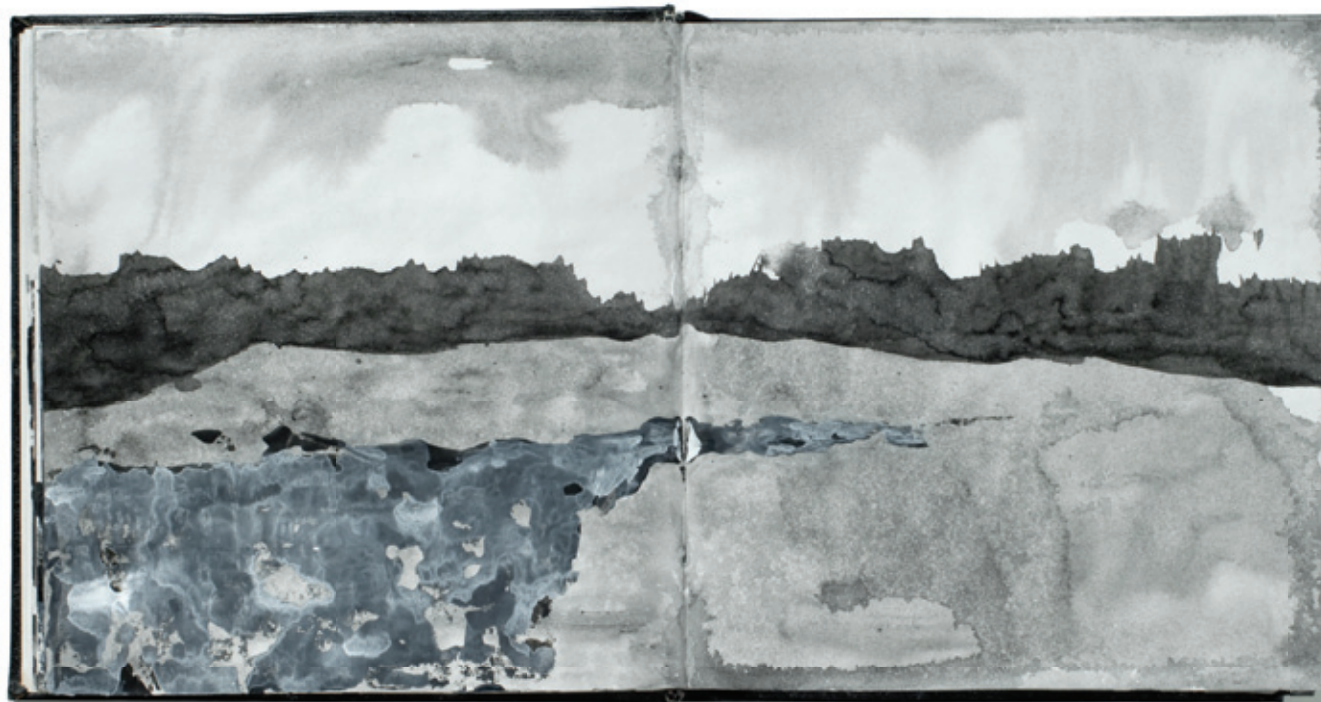








150. 1:2







**17**

8TH CONCESSION FACING NORTH

## SEPTEMBER 30

LOOKING PAST AN ARCADE OF POPLAR TREES, over a red brown soy field with a swath plowed down the centre. Brittle leaves occasionally falling sound like rain drops. Crickets and birds, overhead traffic. Fall is here now, all around. The thin air is rich with the smell of it, which, despite thirty-one years experience, still hits me shockingly sweet. I wish I could capture it, keep it with me year round. But that's my game—gorge on beauty till it becomes either boring or hideous—and I'm glad at the impossibility.

**3:22 p.m.** Police helicopter flies overhead, past, then circles back.

**3:55 p.m.** I meet Ben. White security truck. Young, my age perhaps. Shakes my hand. I recognize his voice from the phone. He leaves me to my work.







153. 300 dpi



154. 600 dpi









156. 300 dpi



157. 600 dpi



158. 1:1





160. 1:2



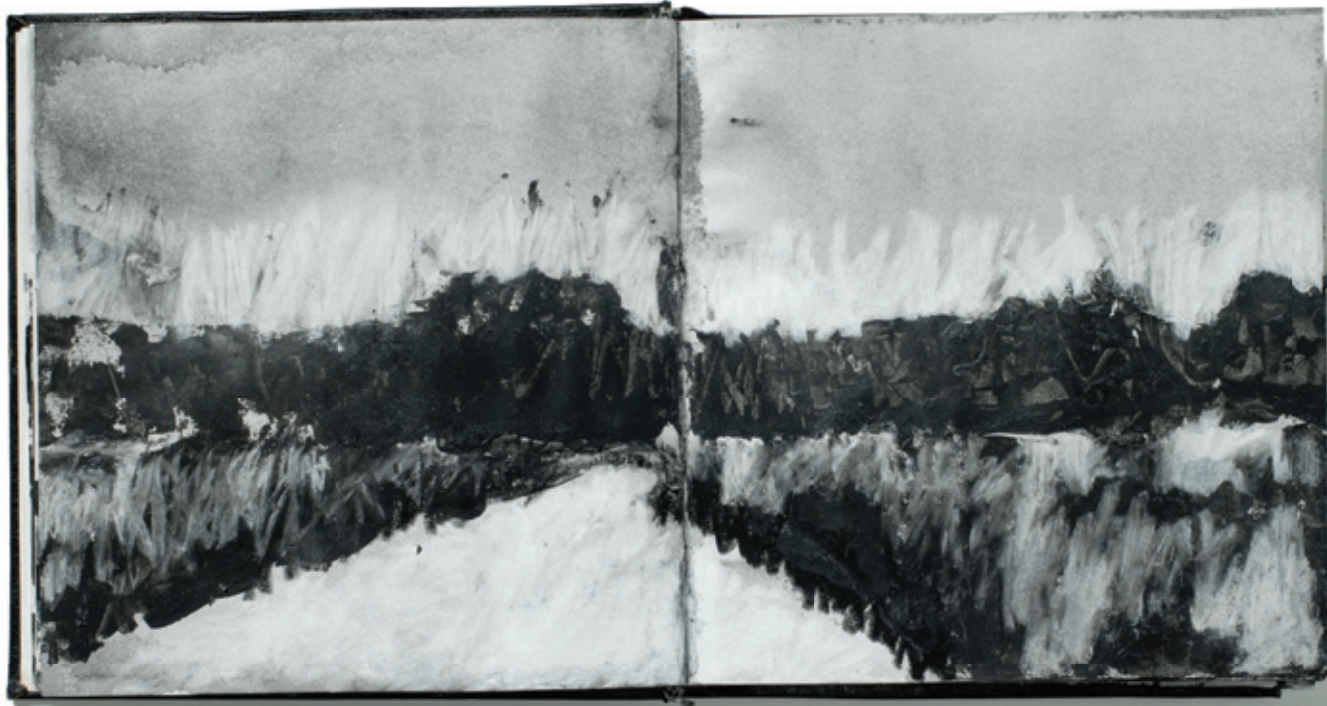






163. 1:2







**18**

24TH SIDELINE FACING WEST



## **OCTOBER 4**

THREE DEGREES. Cold. Very cold. But a beautiful, crisp fall morning. Three pairs of pants, four tops, two jackets, two toques, two pairs of socks, big black boots. Loud, present sounds of trains passing somewhere east of here.

The cold slows everything: the watercolour dries in crystalline fragments; the latex comes out in thick, viscous blobs; the ink travels mournfully from this pen; my fingers turn to brittle sticks.

These works are nothing more and nothing less than a document of being here. The shortcomings, the inaccuracies, they all point to this.









167. 300 dpi



168. 600 dpi

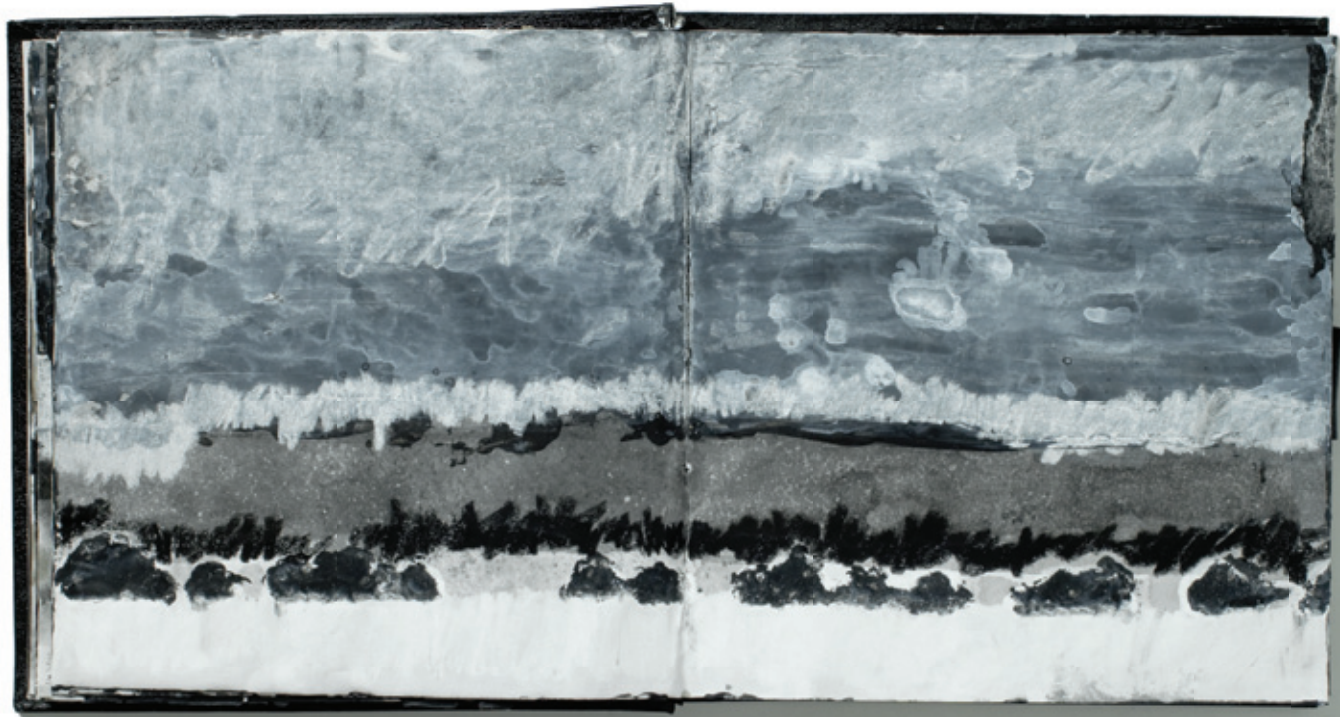


169. 1:2



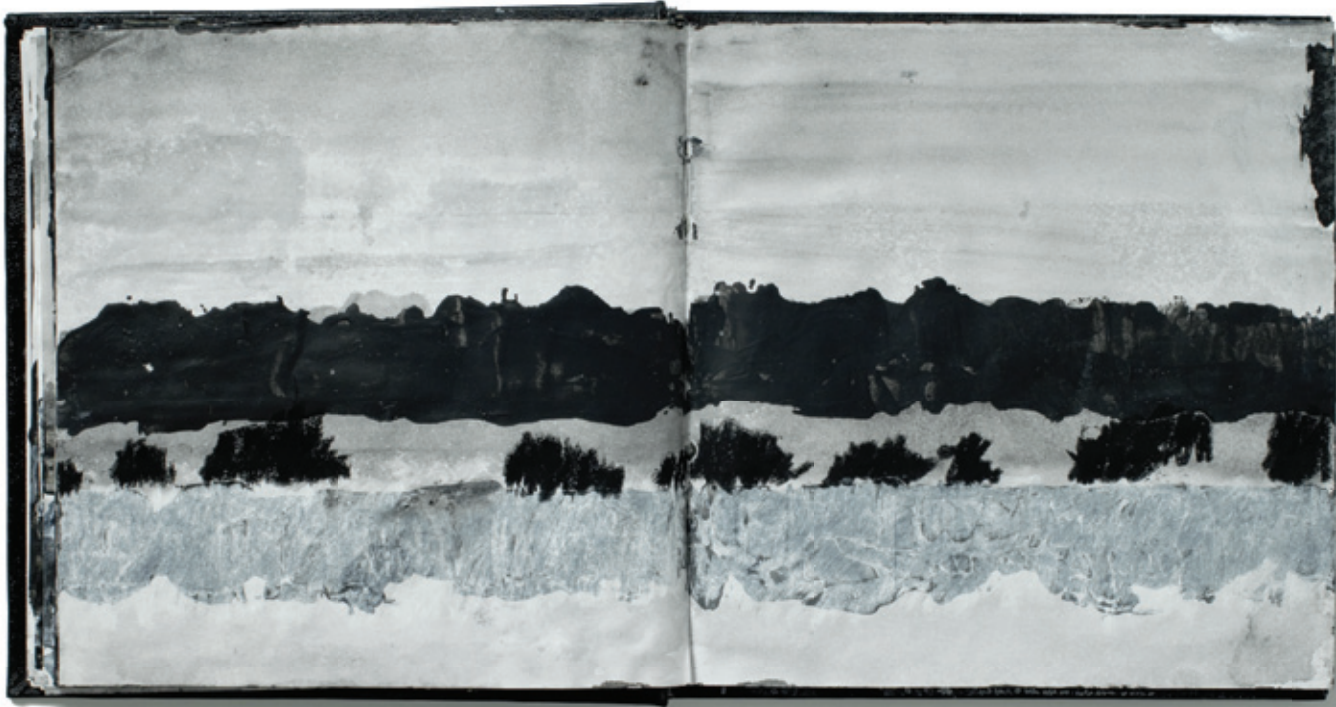






173. 1:2







**19**

26TH SIDELINE FACING EAST



A STRETCHED, WRETCHED BUNGALOW, boarded, quiet. There is a stillness to these lands today. Fewer crickets—are there any? Darker sounds of small aircraft and distant traffic; birds calling.

**4:46 p.m.** Raining now for twenty minutes with solid grey fucking skies from here till eternity.





175. 1:1



176. 300 dpi





177. 600 dpi





178. 1:1













**20**

ELGIN MILLS ROAD EAST FACING NORTH



## **OCTOBER 5**

COLD, NINE DEGREES AND OVERCAST with the occasional rain drop. North wind and I'm unsheltered. The only sounds are wind and traffic, small aircraft overhead. Horses and cattle. A distant golf course, small white carts moving back and forth.







183. 300 dpi

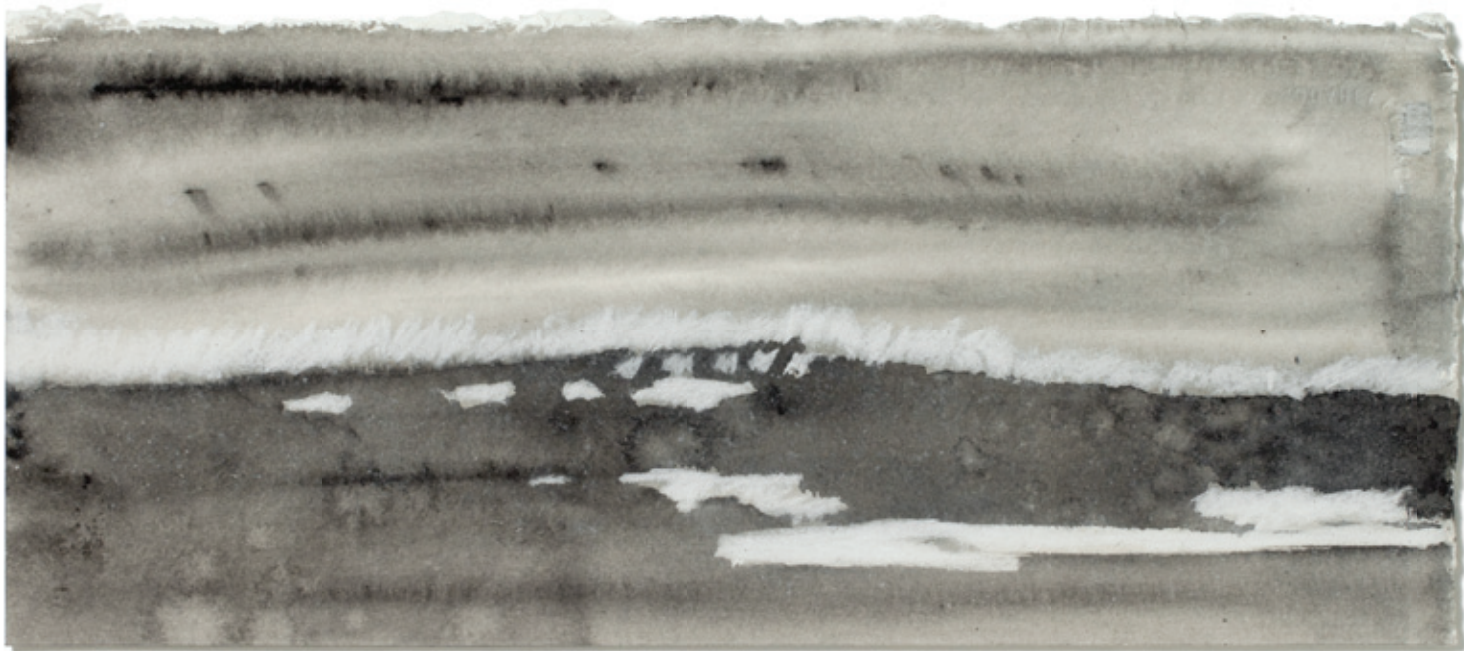


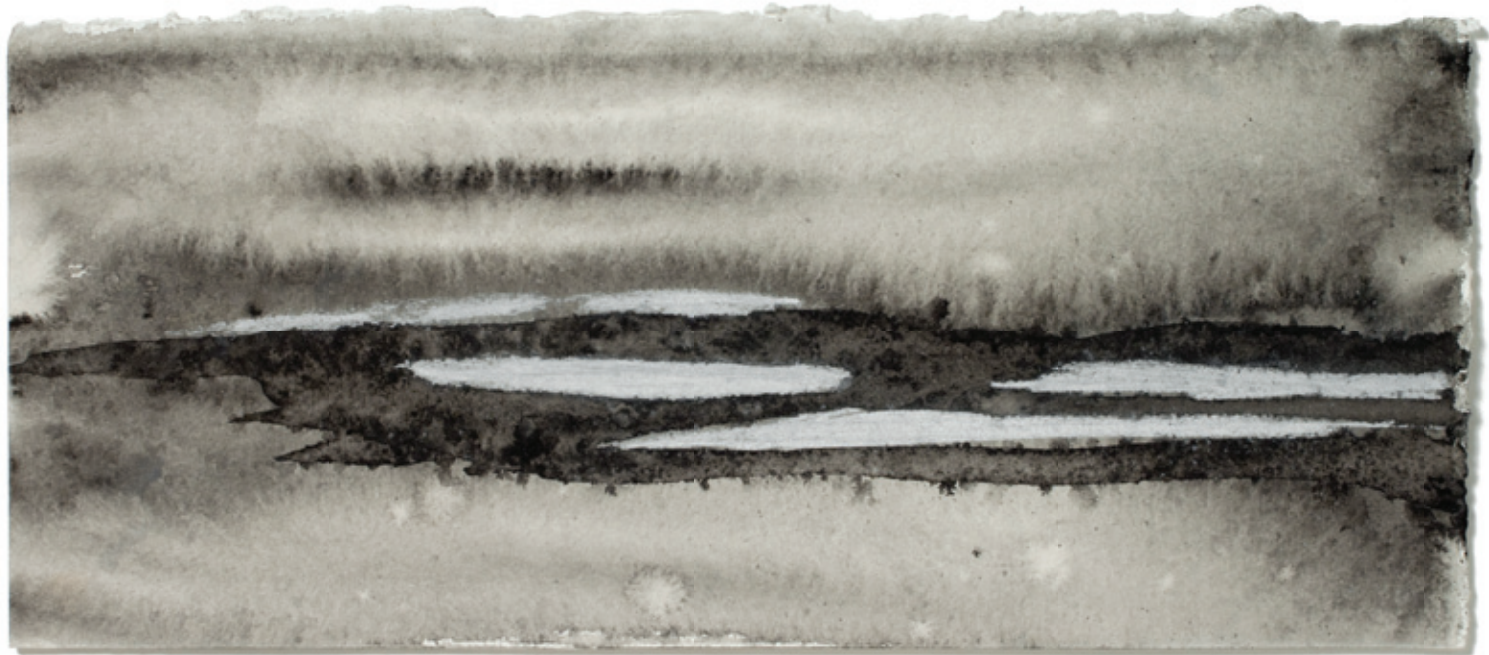
184. 600 dpi





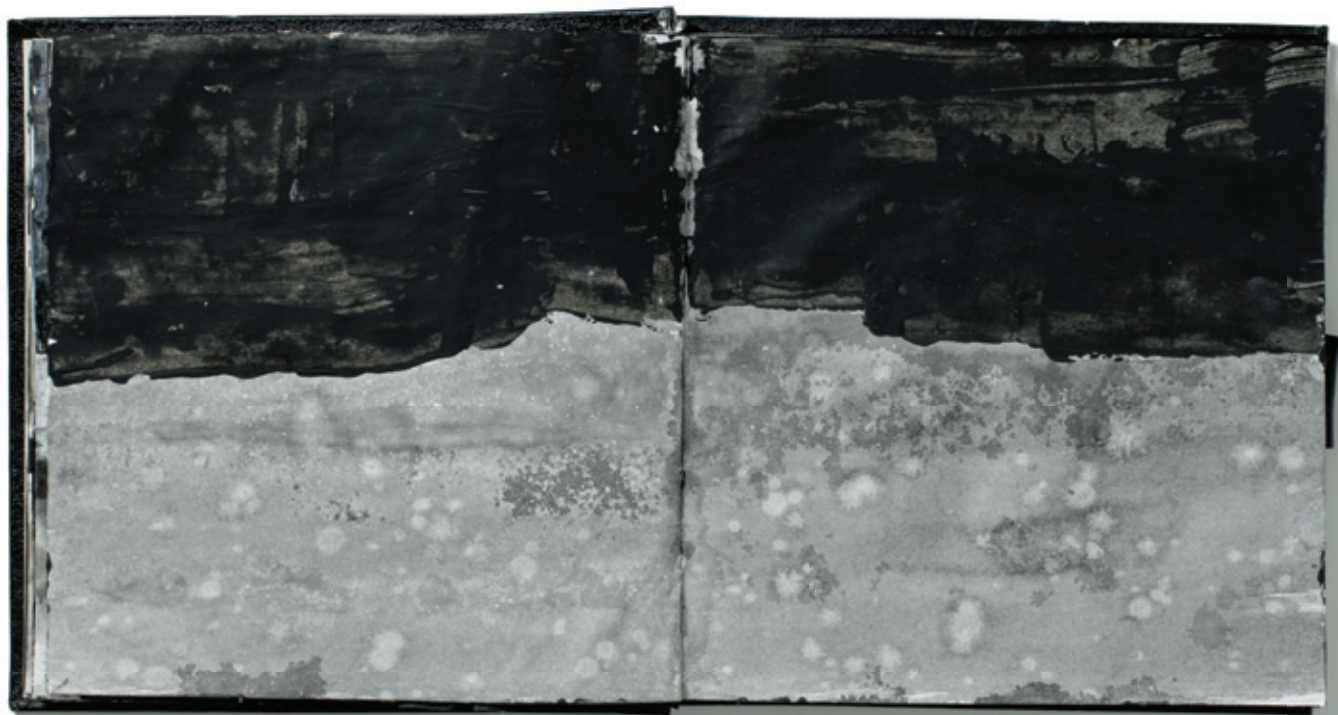


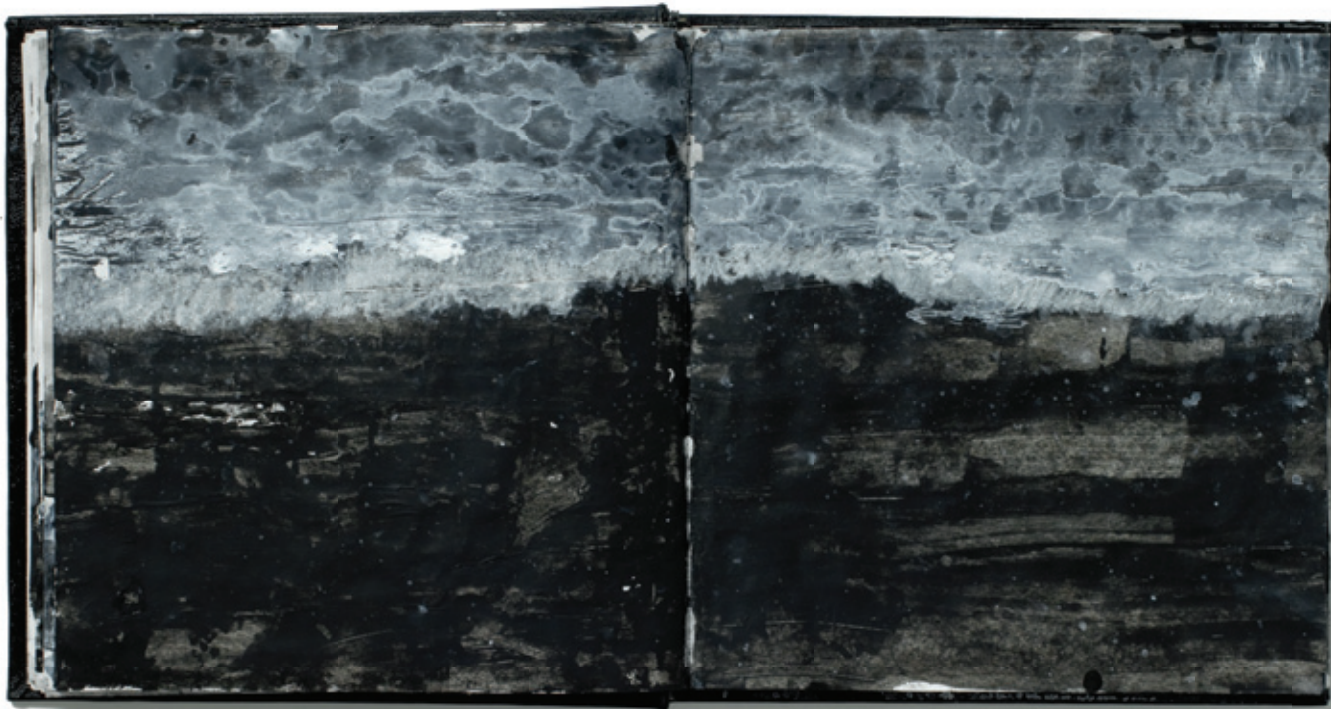
















11:00

Donald—

It just occurred to me that I might be finished with this fieldwork. I'm sitting at the side of the road looking over this fucked up landscape of cattle, golf carts, trees with turning leaves, being rained on, frozen out, everything feels forced, and I'm double-taking sight after sight, saying to myself I've seen this before, I've done this already. I'm packing up my things.

bau



**21**

8TH CONCESSION FACING NORTH

THIS MORNING WAS DIFFICULT. Something was tearing at me. Thought I might be done, but didn't feel done, only lost. If I *am* done I'm going to find out now.

**3:10 p.m.** Looking across a dead field of soy at the boarded house that has caught my eye so many times before. Crickets, birds, the roar of a tractor just up the road, the police helicopter around and in the distance.

This place, this general area, feels like the heart of these lands. There is something about it, something beautiful that I can't articulate, can't put my finger on.

**4:33 p.m.** The telltale sound of raindrops on a cornfield.

Layers upon layers of time. Over and over. Marking what is there in that moment, then another moment overtop.





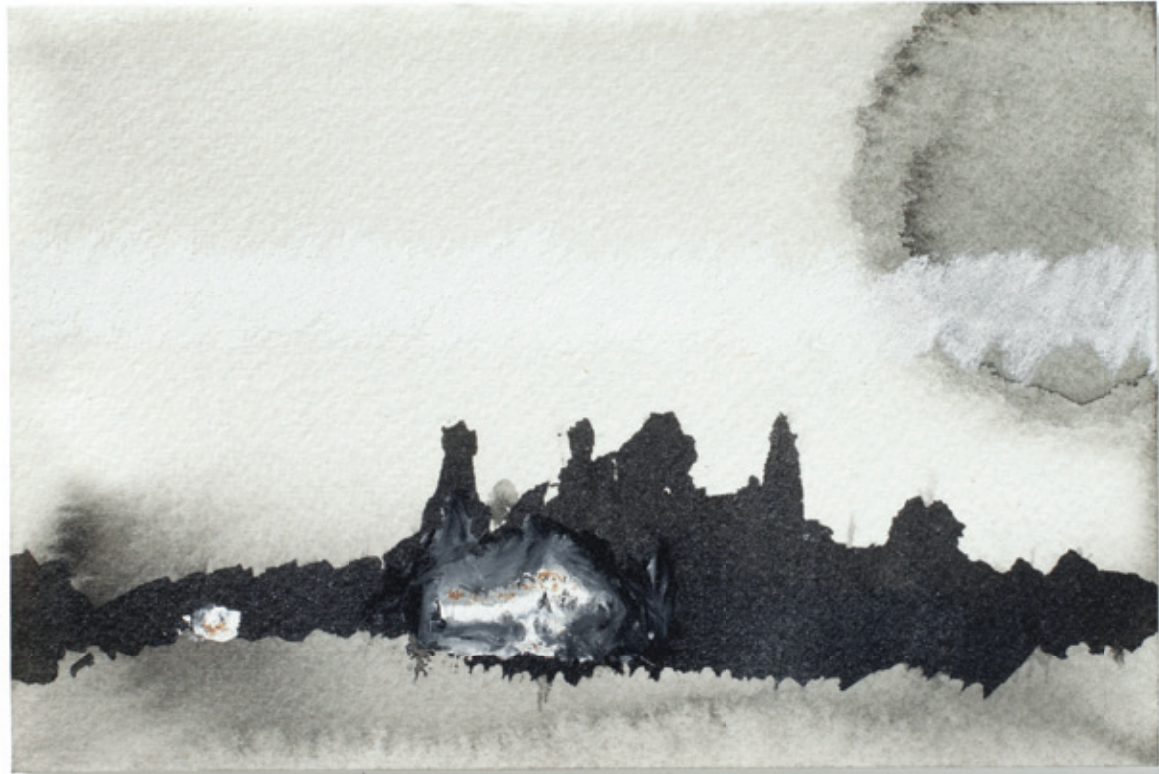


192. 300 dpi



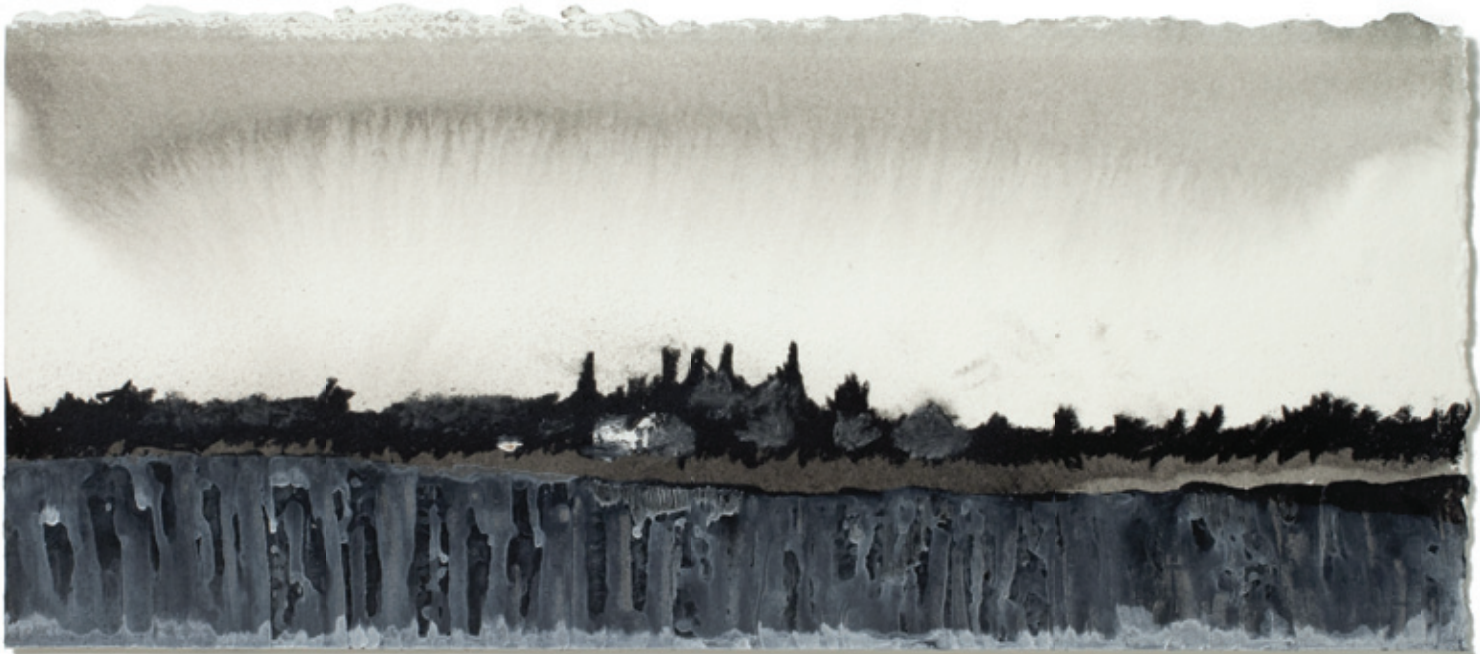


193. 600 dpi

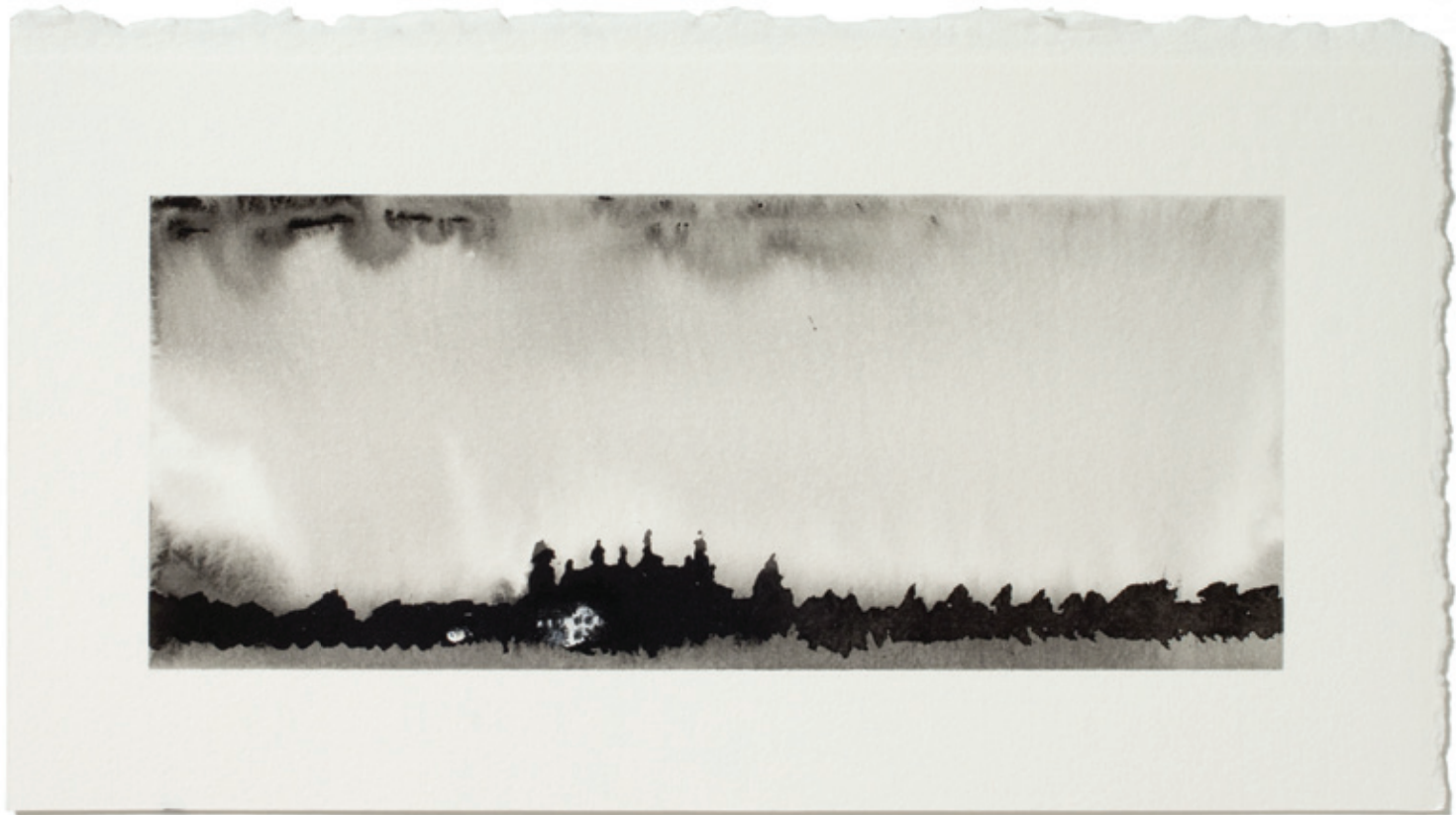


194. 1:1

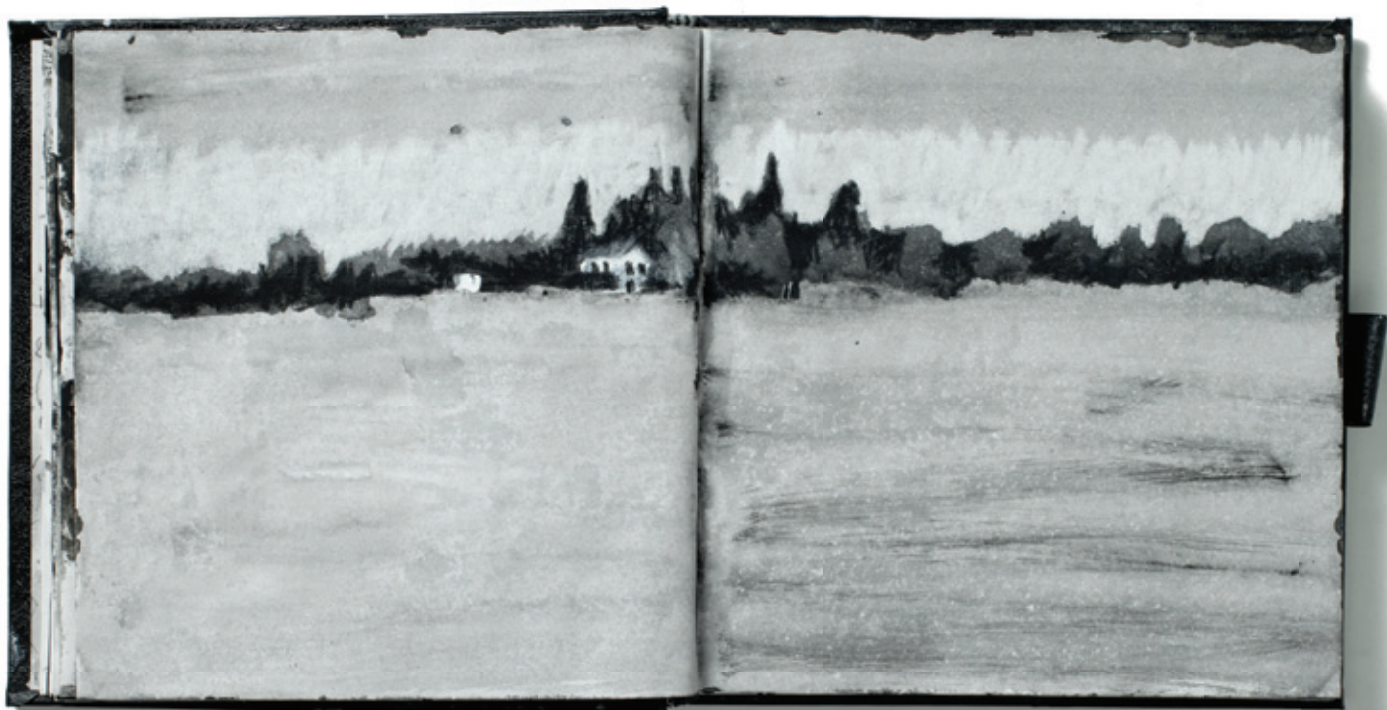












200. 1:2







**22**

7TH CONCESSION FACING NORTH



## **OCTOBER 7**

SUNNY AND WARM, TWENTY DEGREES. Strong north-west wind taking expired leaves from trees and wreaking havoc, blowing my camera and tripod clean over and on to the side of the road. Beautiful azure sky. Passing vehicles throwing rocks and dust in my eyes and mouth. The sound of blustering leaves and swaying trees; not much else aside from the speeding trucks and my scattered thoughts.

I used to really, honestly care about the people I meet here, thinking they have some key to understanding this place that I would otherwise never uncover. Now I feel there is no way to understand a place, space, something, anything, but on your own, within yourself. The people I meet here are no different than the birds, cars, boarded and abandoned and sacred houses.







203. 300 dpi





204. 600 dpi





205. 1:1











210. 1:2







**23**

28TH SIDELINE FACING EAST

### OCTOBER 13

THE DAY IS GREY AND ALMOST STILL. Looking over a tired sequence of fields, brown, muted greens, highlights of red, yellow, orange. All of the usual sounds plus a flurry of birds at a distance to the east—a real commotion.

Taking photos, preparing to draw, it occurred to me that the evolution of style in the works is only one part of the equation; the selection of these places evolving along-with, such that the two meet somewhere in the middle when the site intersects with my hands and materials—not unlike focusing of the oiled lens—a constant search for balance.

**4:36 p.m.** Ben pulls up, southbound in the white security truck. Tells me about 4355 Brock Road: a red barn with a black granite foundation,

between seventh and eighth concessions on the east side, not quite viewable from the road, and don't try to drive on to the lot unless he or Greg are patrolling. Talks of over-caffeinated security calling the cops on a man with a metal detector; of how the job becomes mostly about the houses—keeping people out—now that the marijuana growing season is coming to a close—all gone save a few patches by rivers.

These conversations are becoming less and less important to me.

**5:40 p.m.** There is conté in my tea. White flecks.

**6:12 p.m.** Too cold. Out of time.

**OCTOBER 14**

RETURNED IN TIME FOR THE DELUGE of cold fall rain. A beautiful scene from beneath an umbrella. Waiting out these thick grey blue clouds.

## **OCTOBER 15**

SILVER GREY CLOUDS, broken in places. Amazing, the day to day changes.

Over my shoulder, down the distant road side, a crazed figure, waving arms or hands over mouth or just staring. So I look ahead, east into the field and trees, singing like an idiot.







212. 1:1



213. 300 dpi



214. 600 dpi



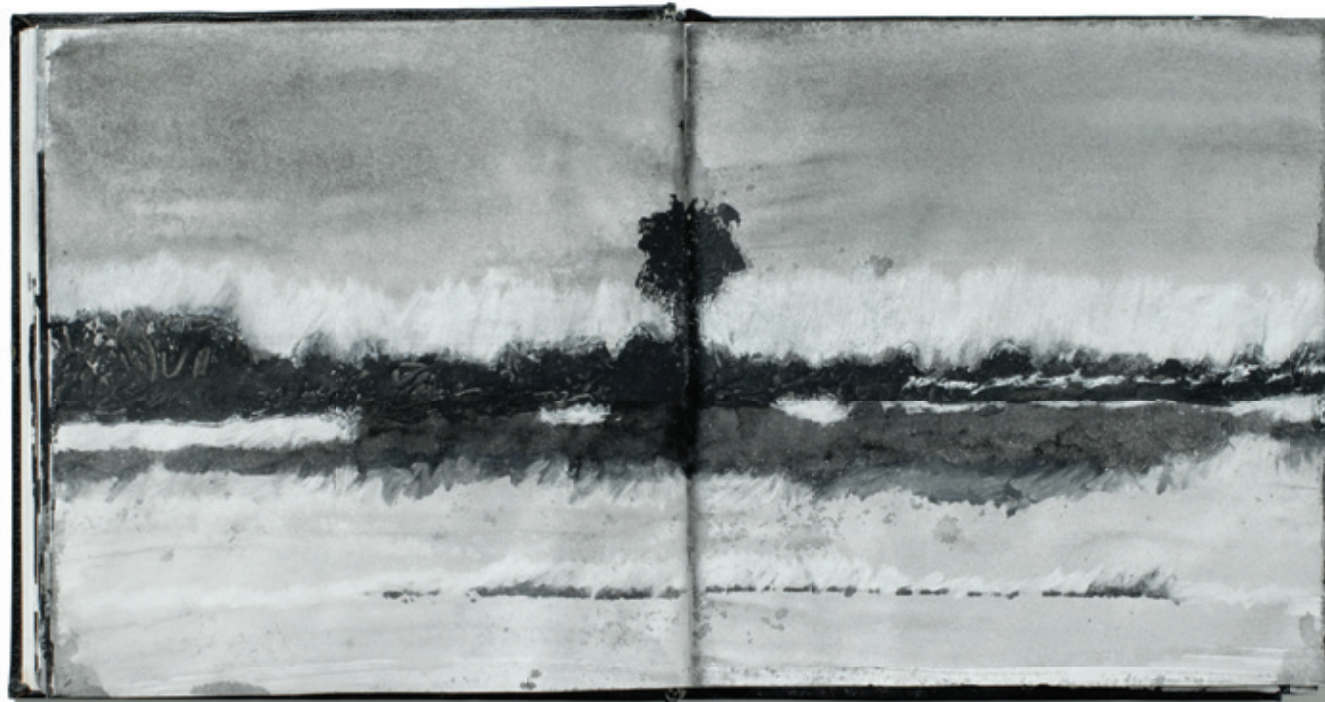












219. 1:2



**24**

20TH SIDELINE FACING EAST



## OCTOBER 21

FIVE DEGREES, OVERCAST SKY, LIGHT RAIN. Sounds of birds, distant traffic. For months I have traversed these lands in pursuit of something, never knowing precisely what. As an easy out I chalked it up to documentation—the capturing of these lands, this place, which will one day, one way or another, change—and it must be, indeed, at least partly that. But it is also something else: the creation of a place—the birth and death of a place—rooted in solitary understanding. An affirmation—or argument, or both—that place is, after all, entirely individual and fleeting even then.





220. 1:1

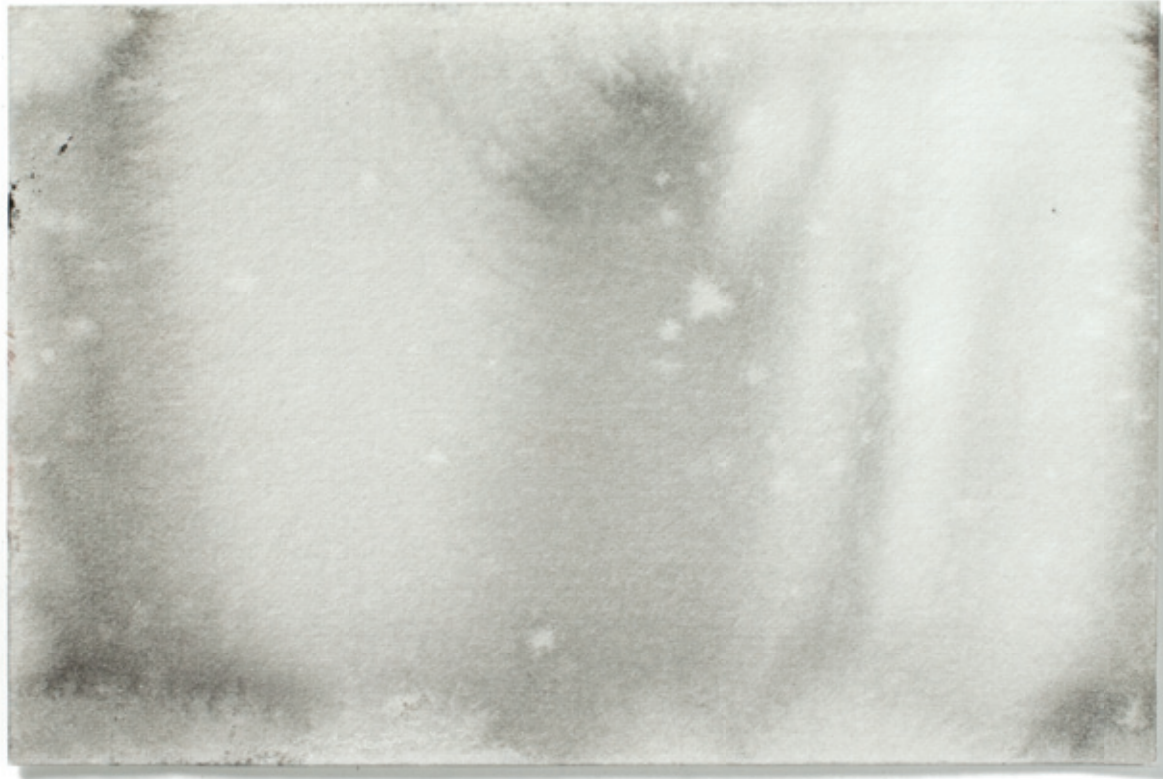


221. 300 dpi

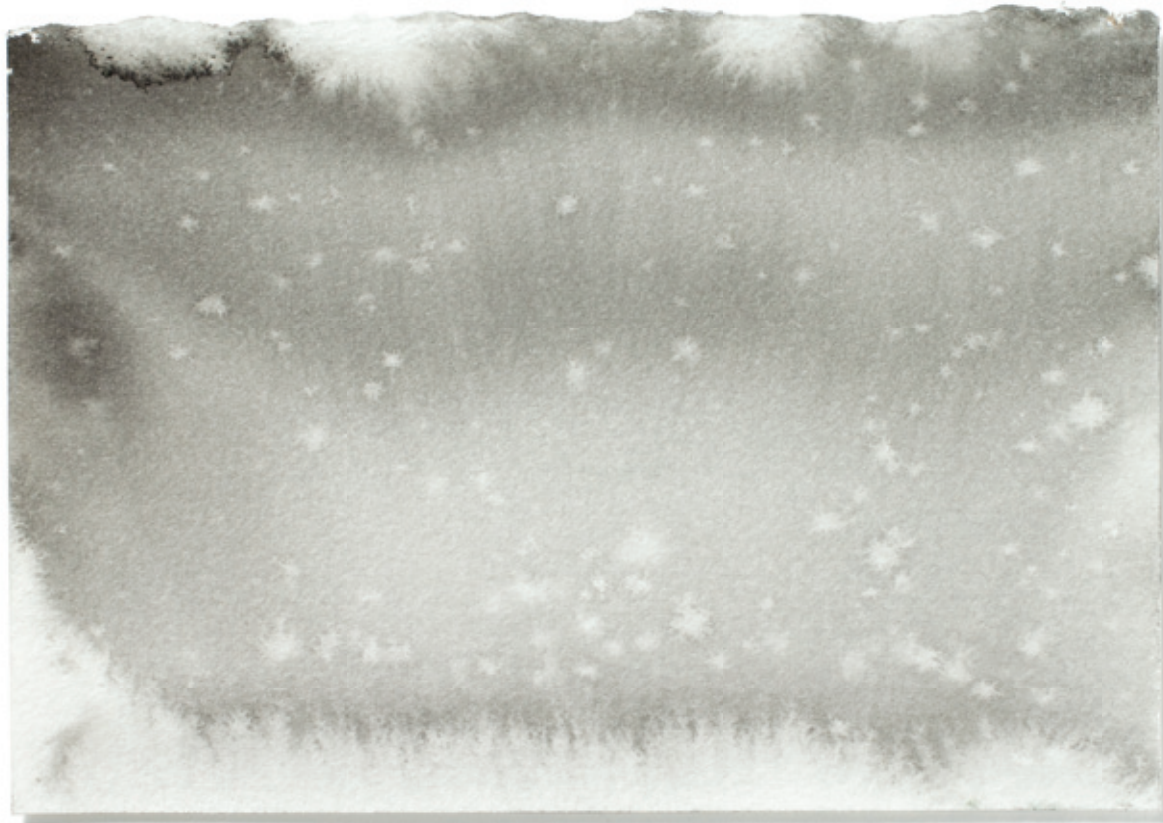


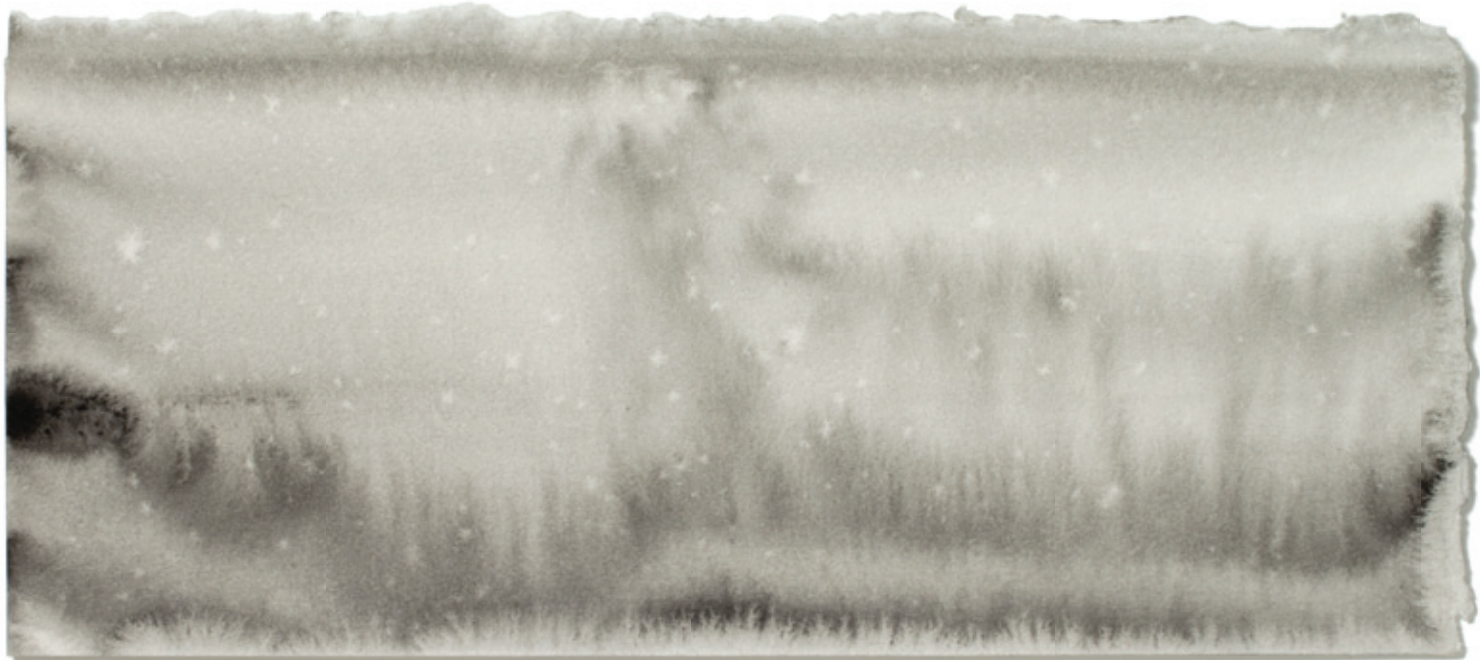


222. 600 dpi

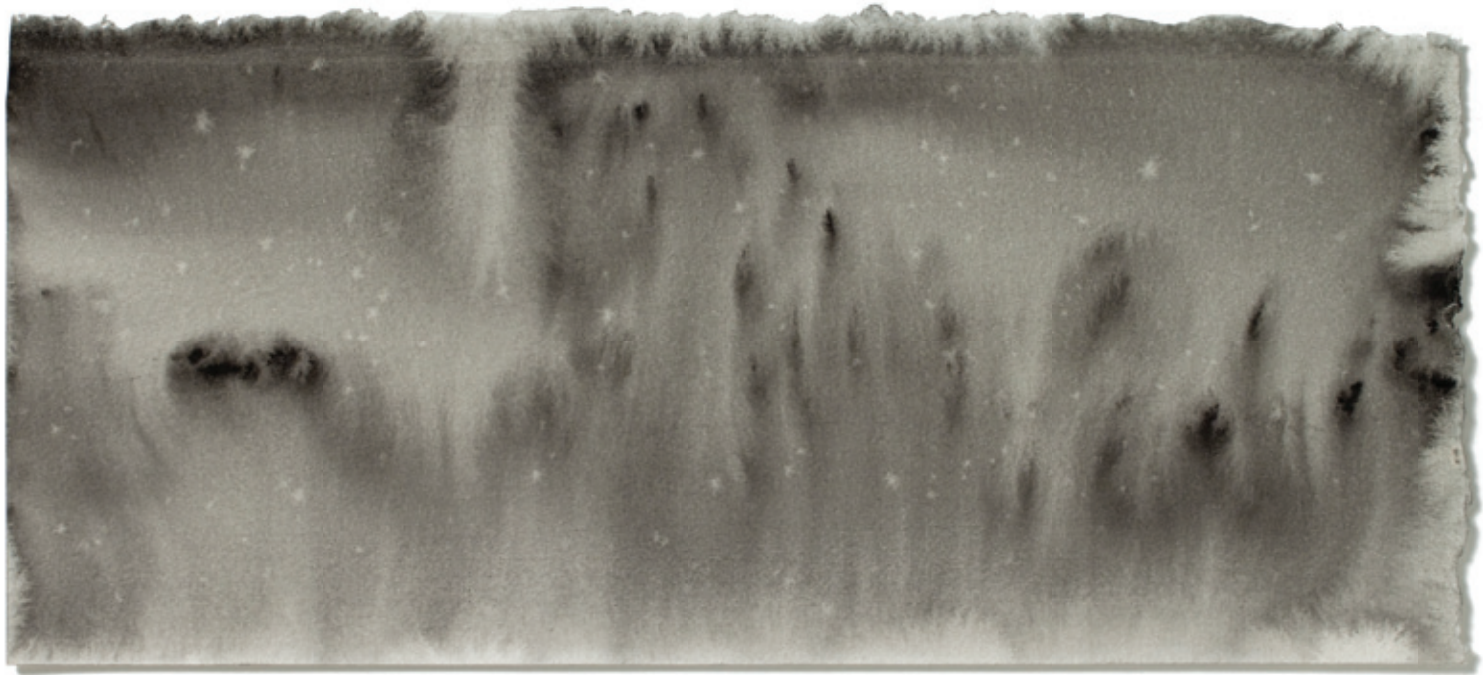


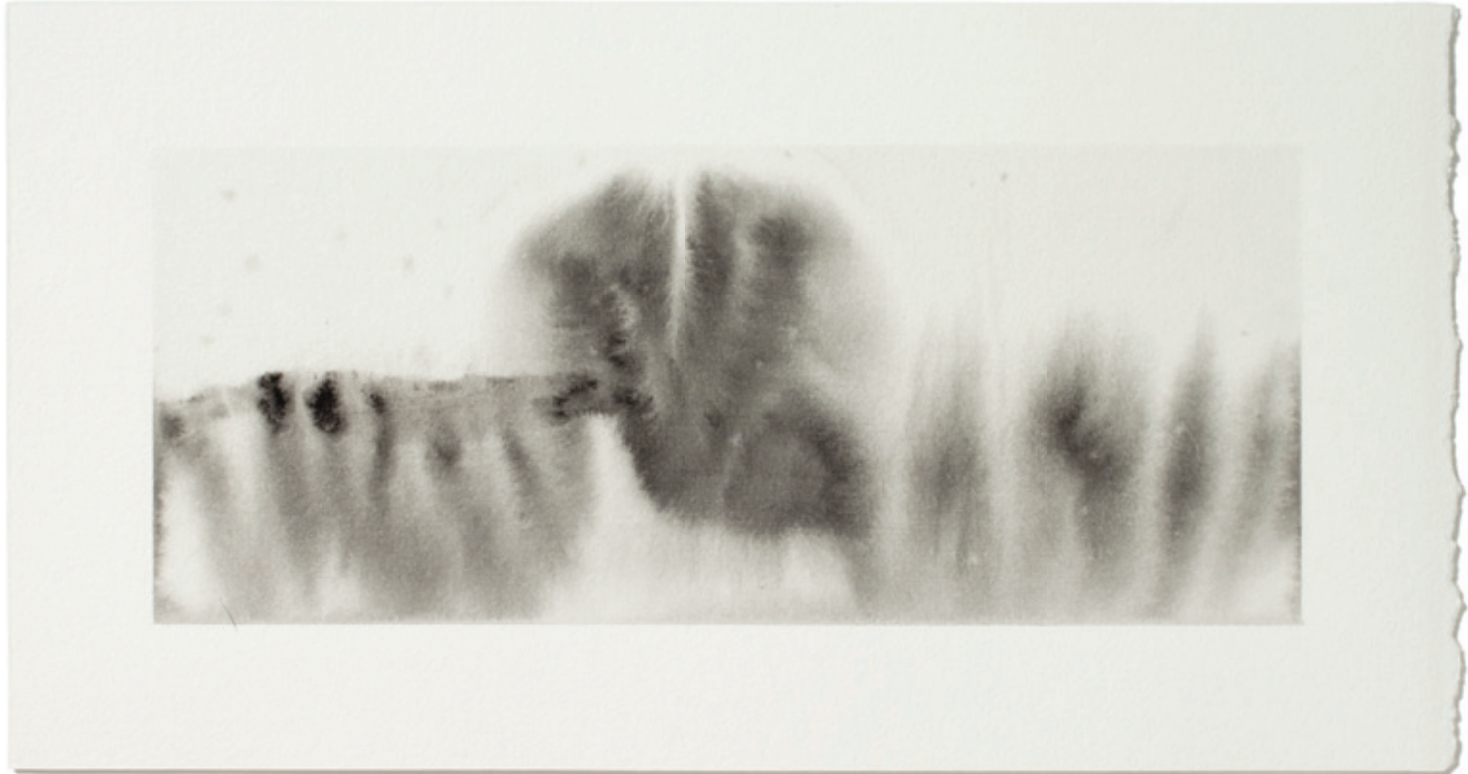
223. 1:1





225. 1:2





227. 1:2

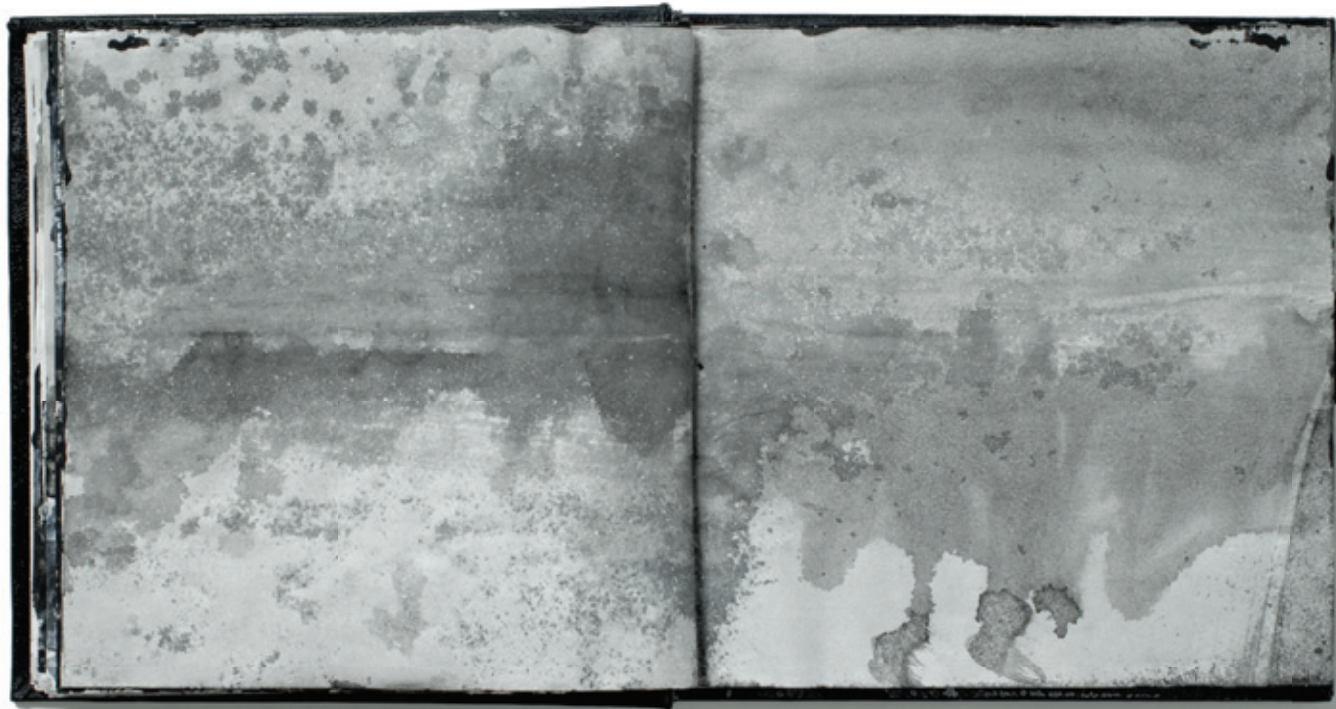




229. 1:2

376







**25**

24TH SIDELINE FACING WEST



## OCTOBER 27

AN ABANDONED HOUSE tucked behind the skeleton trees. I've never seen this place before—I'm not certain I've even travelled this road before, though I must have... These lands are less recognizable now that fall has overtaken them completely. Winds so strong over open fields that I think I hear cars and planes, armies of noise that sound foreign to me here. This place is beautiful, desolate, opening itself, changing.

I'm careful not to turn my back on this house—it frightens me.





231. 1:1







233. 600 dpi



234. 1:1



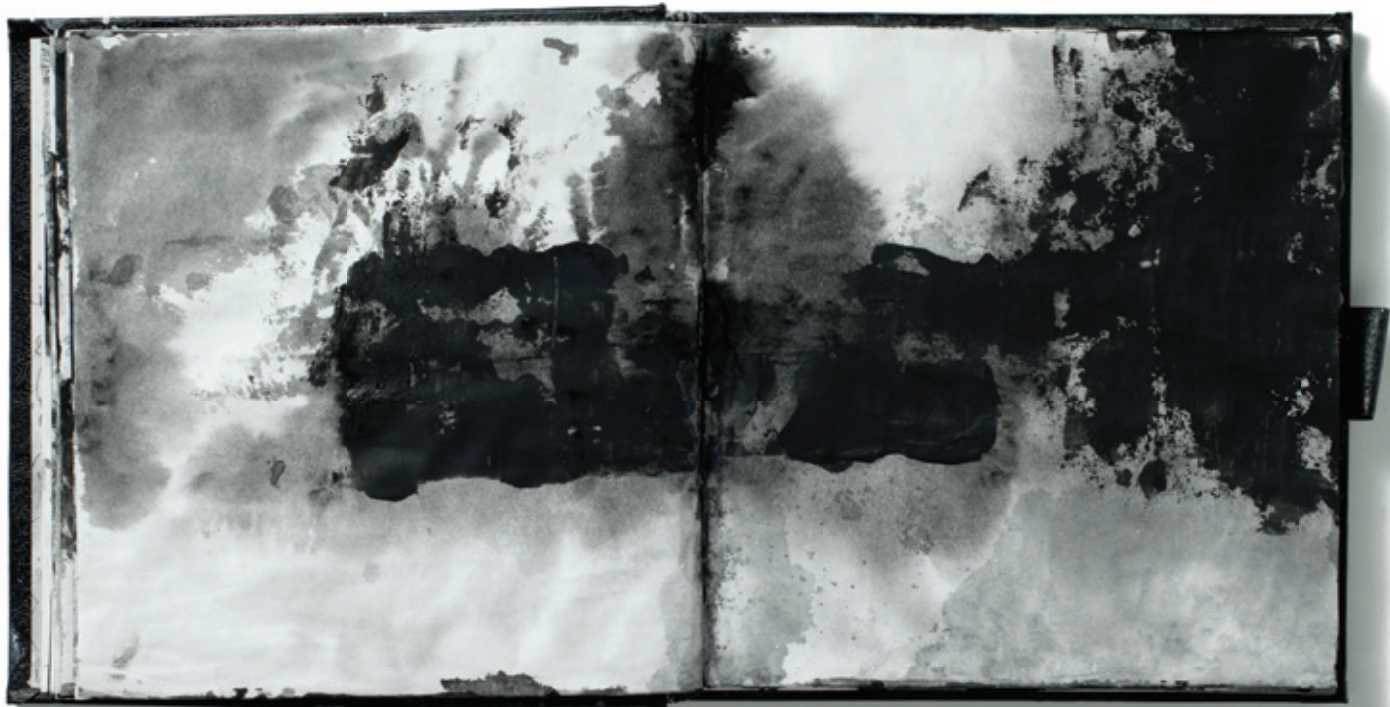
235. 1:1







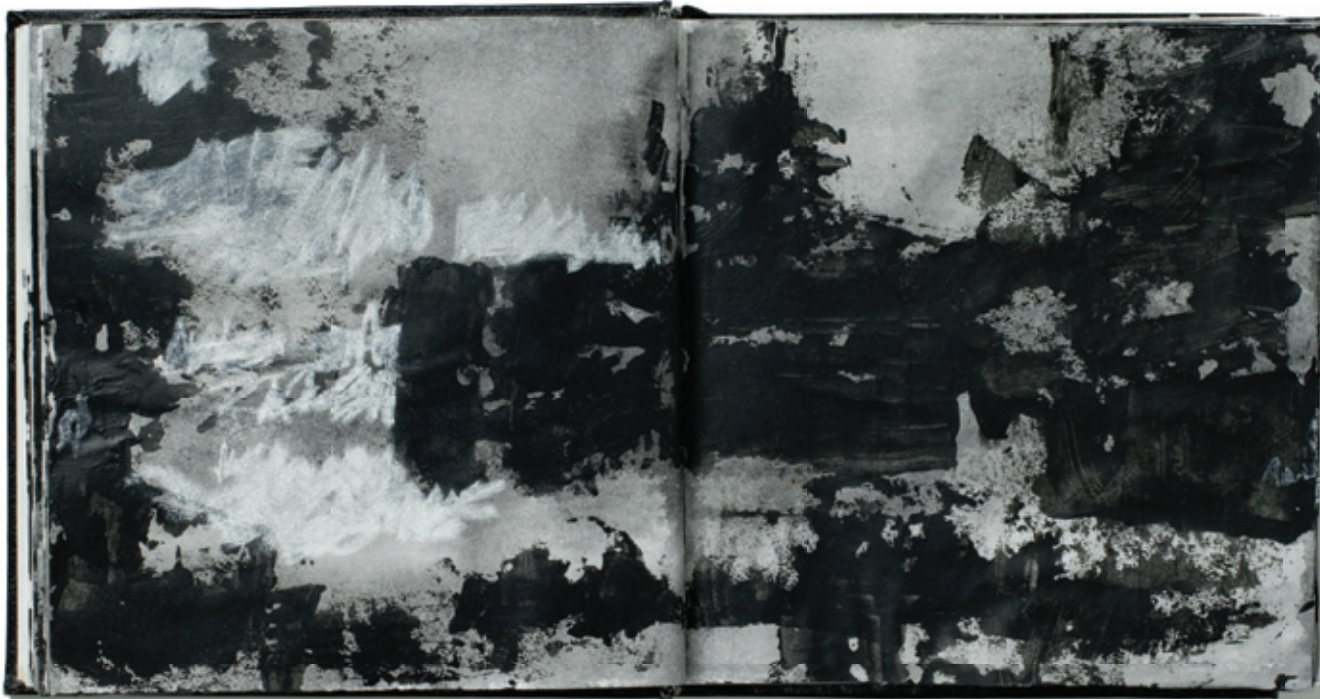




240. 1:2

392







**26**

NORTH ROAD FACING EAST



## **NOVEMBER 9**

A BEAUTIFUL, SILENT, STILL NOVEMBER DAY. Unblemished sky, ten degrees, golden sun now noticeably lower. Distant sound of farming machinery, airplanes occasionally, faint rustling of the few remaining leaves.





242. 1:1



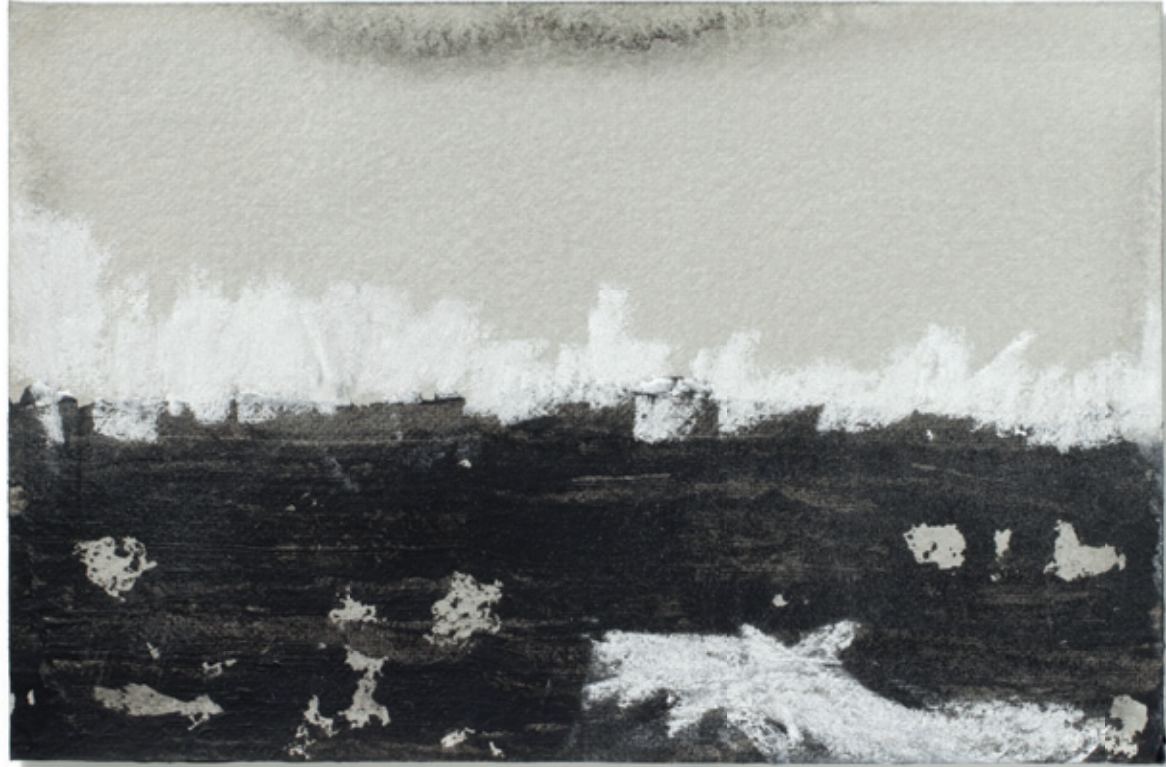
243. 300 dpi





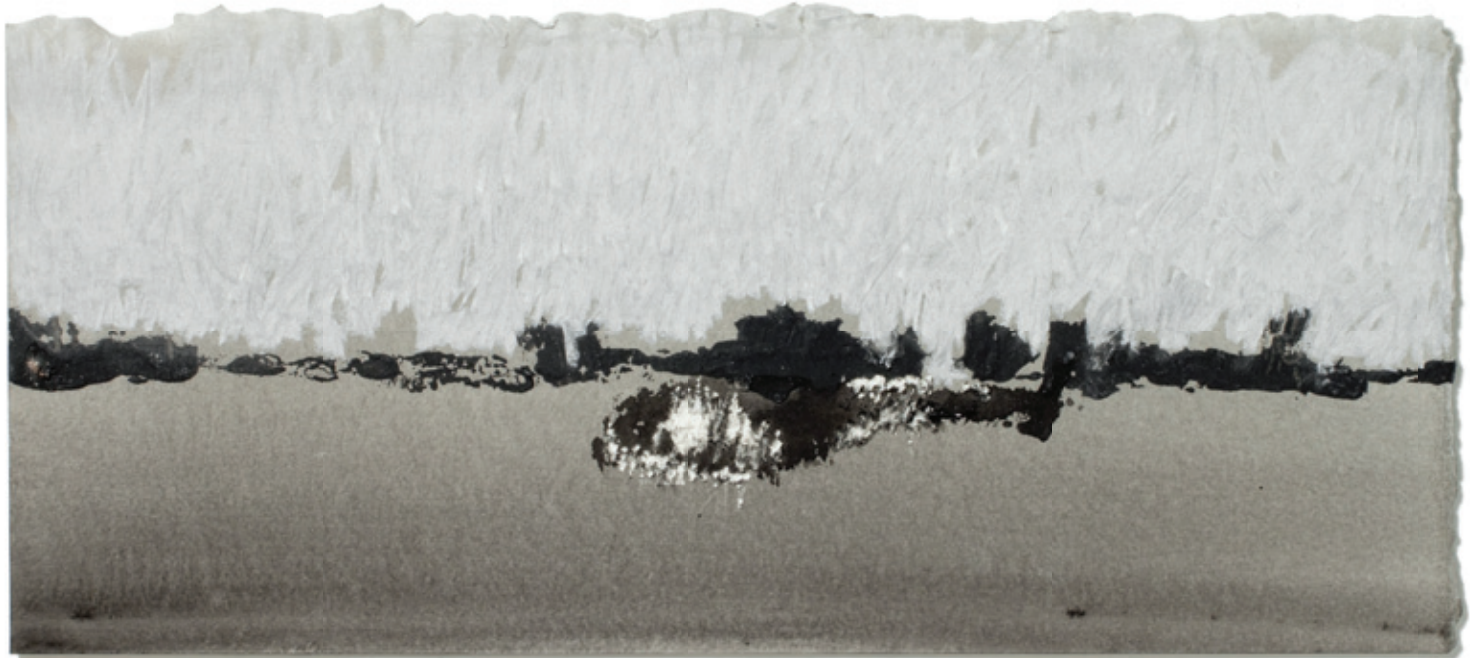
244. 600 dpi







246. 1:2





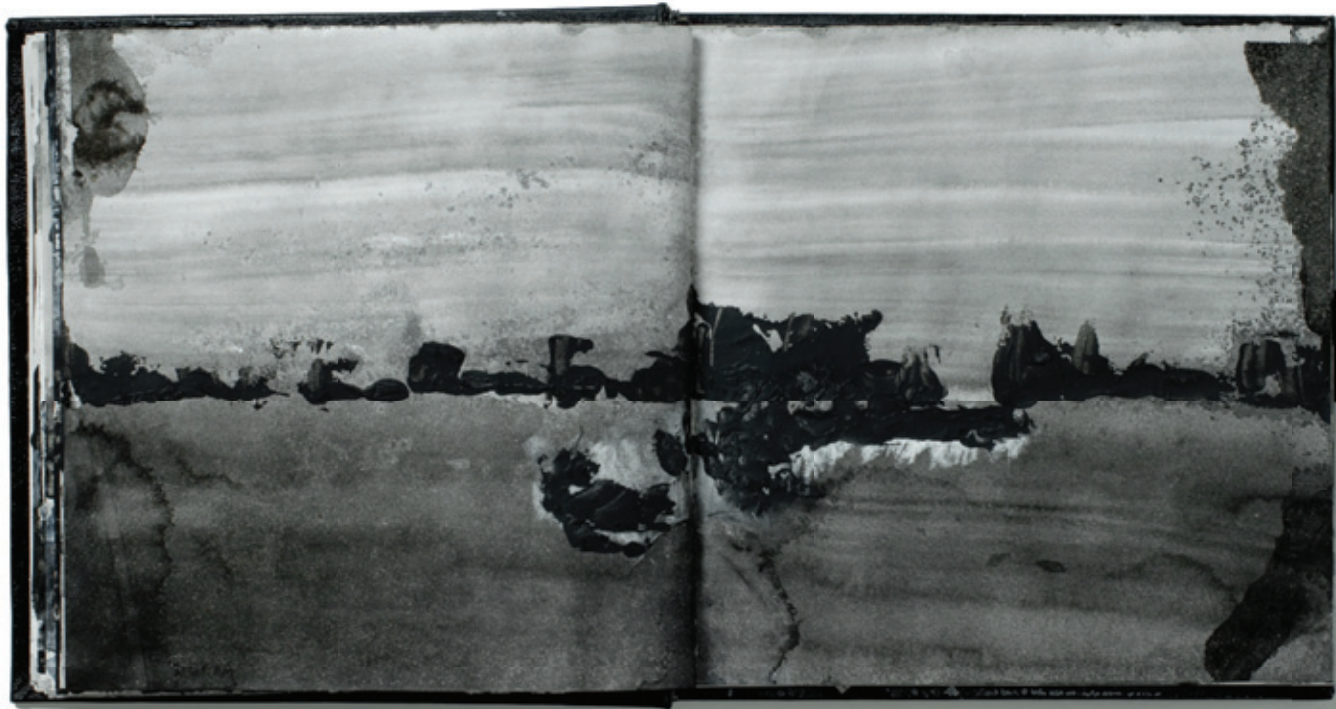
248. 1:2





250. 1:2







**27**

28TH SIDELINE FACING EAST



## **NOVEMBER 10**

THIS HOUSE STRUCK ME in the strong afternoon sun. I had never seen it before. Today another pristine day; the mirror image of yesterday. Ten degrees, pure blue sky, the air is still. Forrest sounds, traffic from road and sky. Temperature dropping every passing minute; the sun already disappearing below the dark pines behind me. Haunting white ribbon dancing from the parapet.







253. 300 dpi





254. 600 dpi





255. 1:1



256. 300 dpi



257. 600 dpi



258. 1:1





260. 1:2











264. 1:2





**28**

7TH CONCESSION FACING NORTH





## NOVEMBER 11

THE FIRST SIGN OF CHANGE hit me on the drive here, looking for a house I'd always meant to visit, but couldn't spot it. Was it gone?

A house half missing—half eaten away. I can't photograph or paint or draw fast enough. This place is moving, waking from some indeterminate, eternal lapse of time.

**3:00 p.m.** I meet Mary Delaney, who is beside herself at the sight of this demolition, cursing herself for forgetting her camera. I take a few photographs for her, without the oiled filter, and promise to send them along.







267. 300 dpi



268. 600 dpi



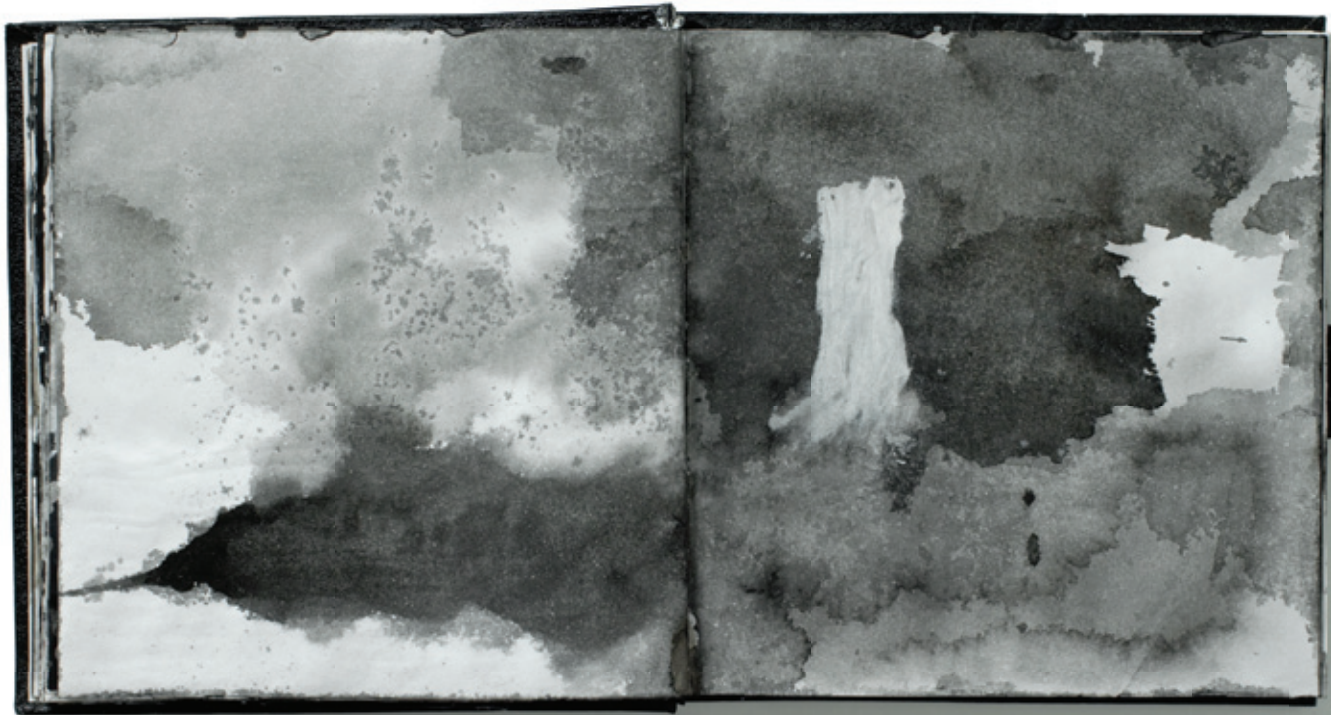




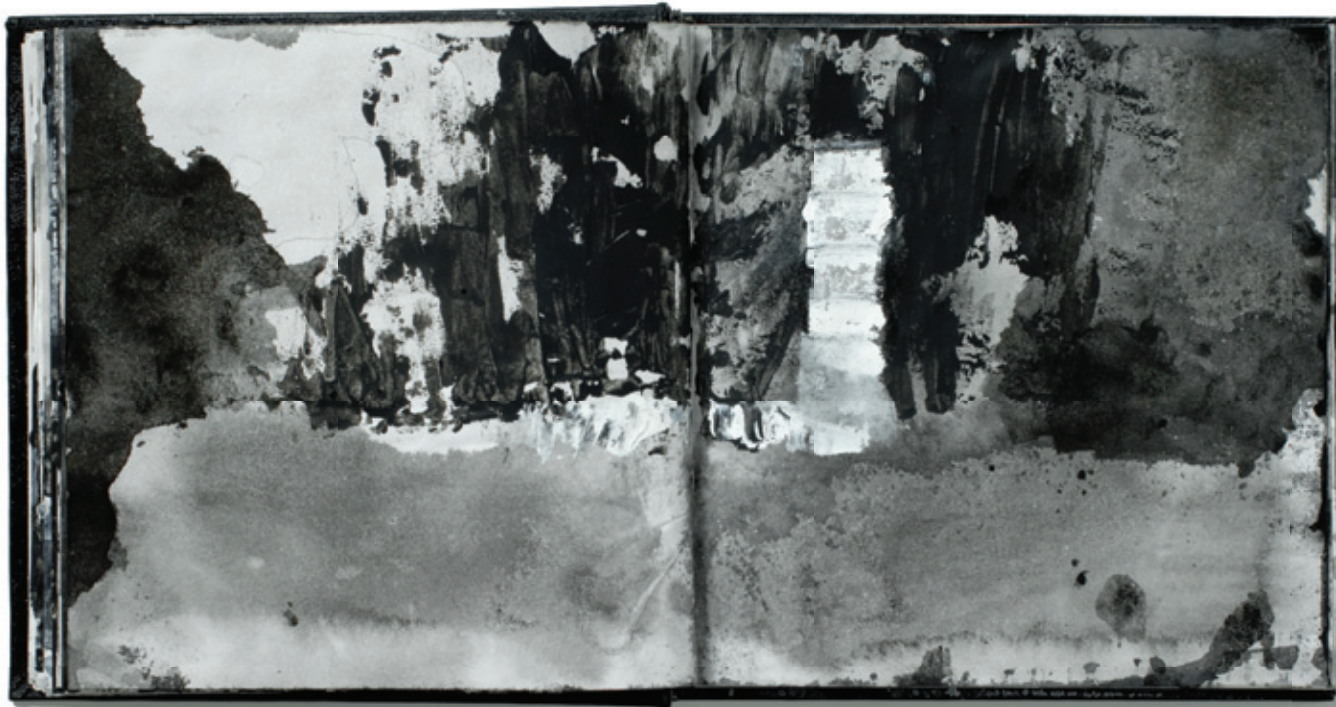
271. 1:2







273. 1:2





**29**

26TH SIDELINE FACING EAST



## **NOVEMBER 15**

AN ABANDONED HOUSE, new and clean looking, strange, sitting across a field turned over. Somewhere close to ten degrees. Faint, almost imperceptible rain, apparent only as it gently impresses the watercolour washes. A screaming highway audible in the distance to the south.

I am a mixture of contradictory emotion: melancholic at the approaching end of my adventures here; comfortable in this now familiar landscape; satisfied, confident and grateful to all of the circumstances which have led me and allowed me to be here, in this time, standing over this paper, capturing, creating something. There is so much more, but the more I write the further I move from it.







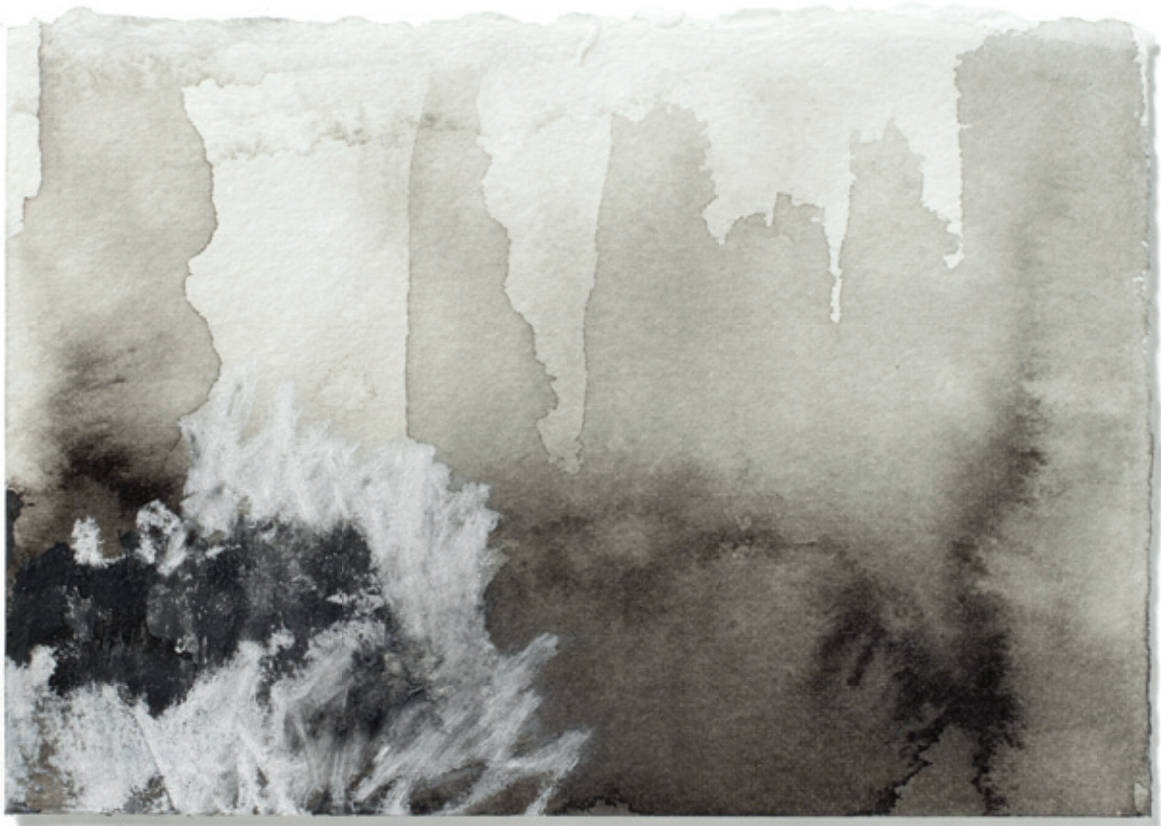
275. 1:1



276. 300 dpi



277. 600 dpi



278. 1:1







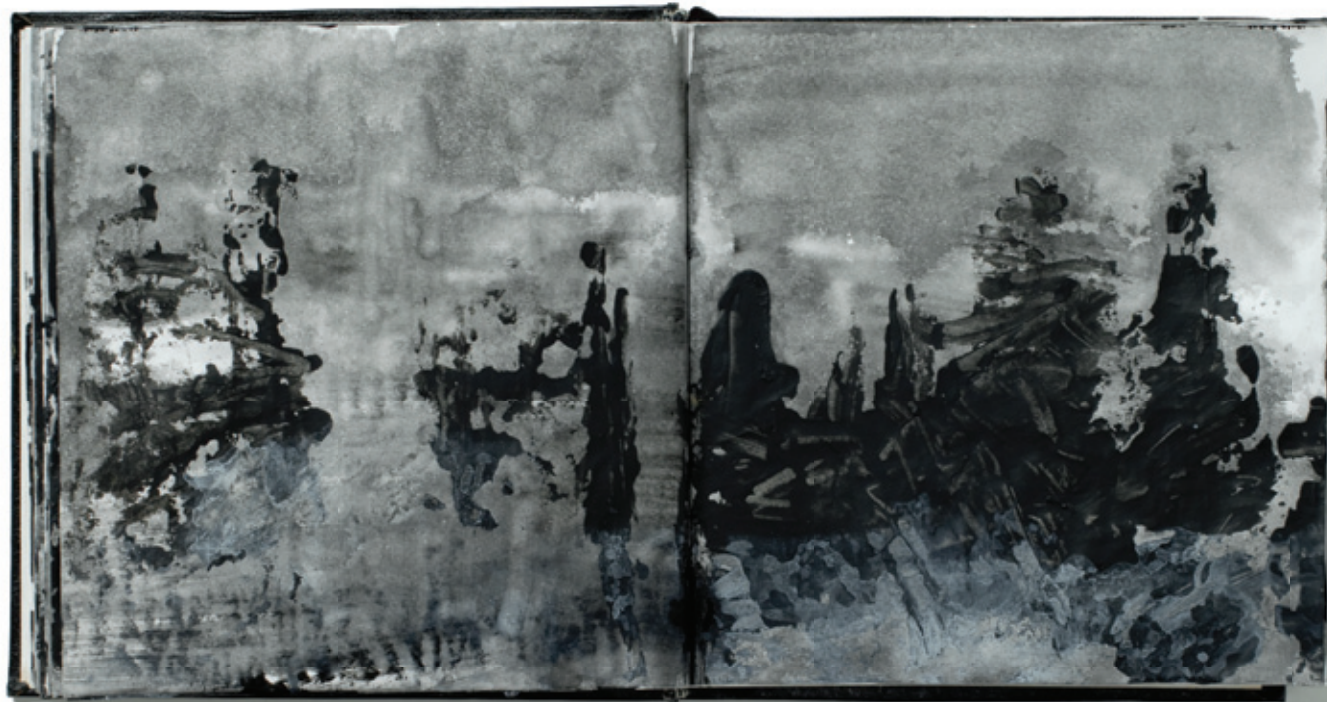








284. 1:2





**30**

28TH SIDELINE FACING EAST



## **NOVEMBER 16**

ELEVEN DEGREES, LIGHT WIND. Few sounds of life; mostly distant traffic in an undulating hum. This place is different now; different to me through the unavoidable cumulation of memory and experience; different from its summer state, where I started. Life retreating into the ground as fall slowly gives way to winter.

**4:46 p.m.** Mary drives up, tells of the Last Stand House, draws me a map.









287. 300 dpi



288. 600 dpi







290. 1:2





292. 1:2

472







**31**

32ND SIDELINE FACING EAST



## **NOVEMBER 17**

I FOLLOW THE MAP MARY DREW FOR ME—from memory, impressively, and with such certainty that this place would be of interest.

Old, abandoned house waiting patiently in a field of corn. Six degrees. Raining, windy, miserable. Surrounded by the sounds of the storm, the bullying winds, the thud of raindrops wiping my works clean.







295. 300 dpi





296. 600 dpi





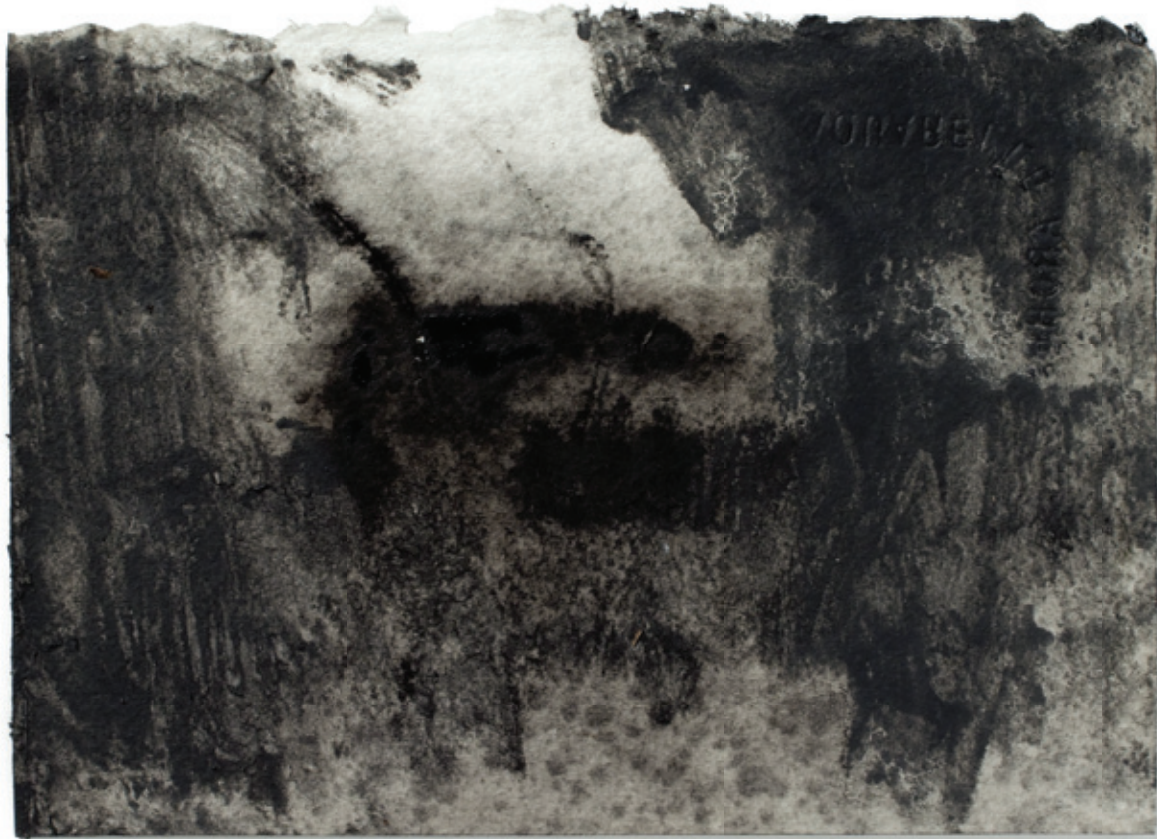
297. 1:1



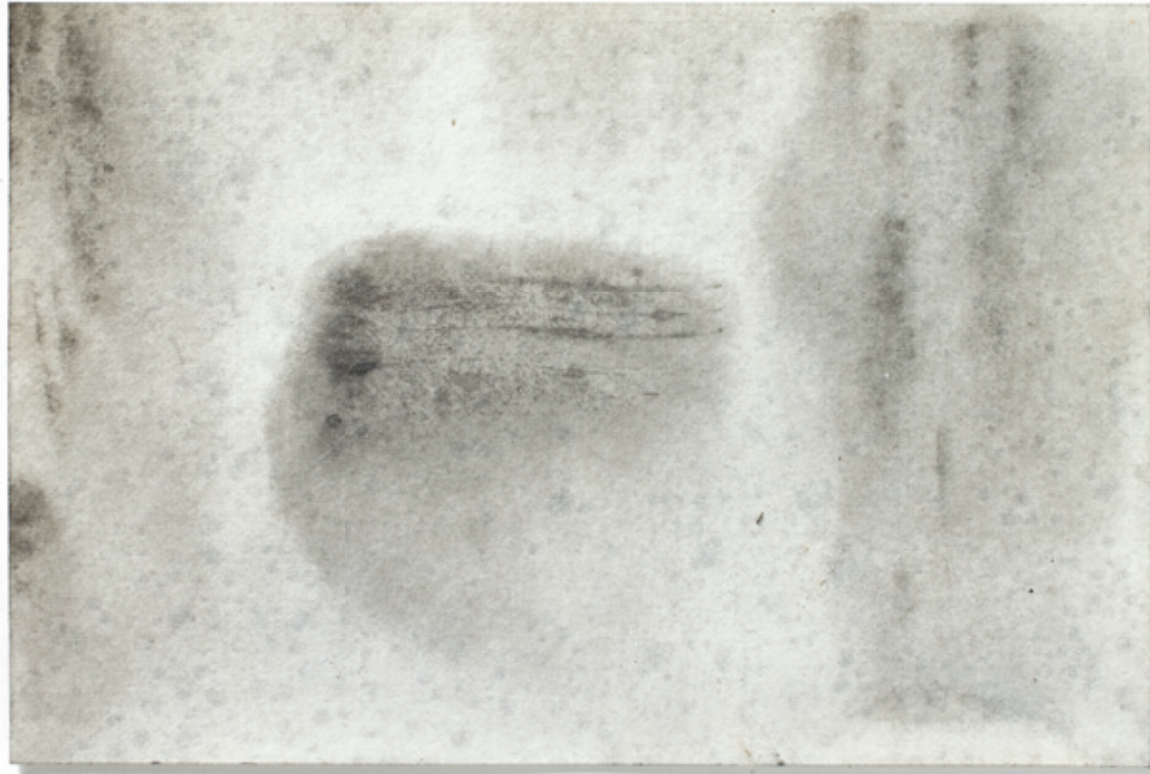
298. 300 dpi



299. 600 dpi



300. 1:1



301. 1:1





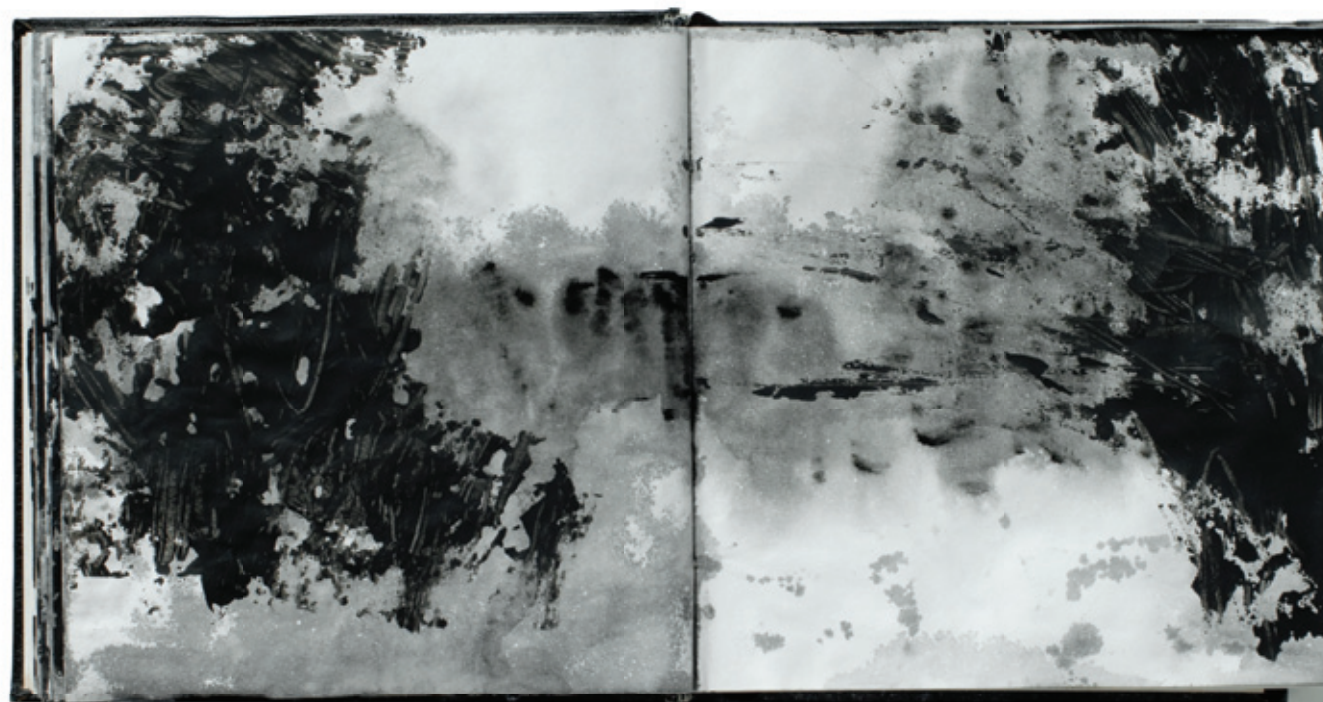








306. 1:2





**32**

8TH CONCESSION FACING NORTH





## **NOVEMBER 18**

A STRETCH OF ROAD closed off for bridge repair. Rail road tracks heading north-east. Old electricity poles, leaning and scattered, wires dangling. The landscape is still. A subtle rain has just begun falling—I know by the now-familiar sound of drops hitting paper. Airplanes every now and then. The occasional piercing squawk of a large bird. The rain comes and goes. I am the only one here, or even close to here—not another soul. I love this place now for more reasons than I could ever mention.





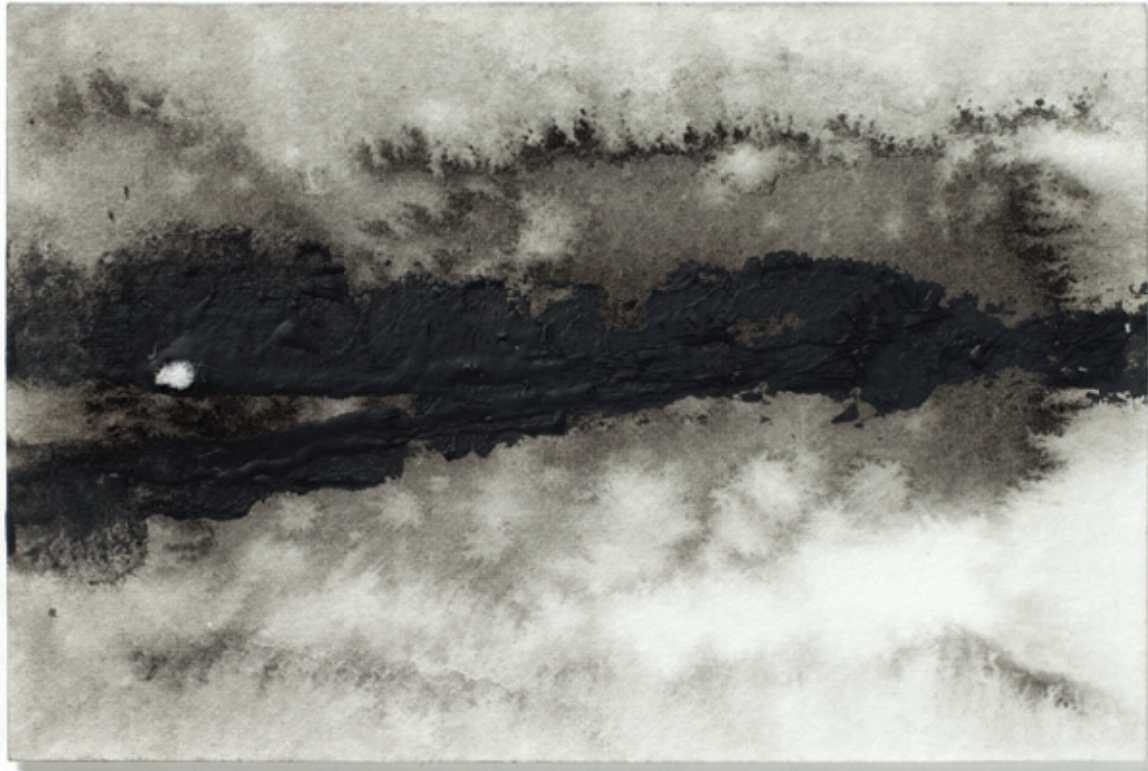
308. 1:1



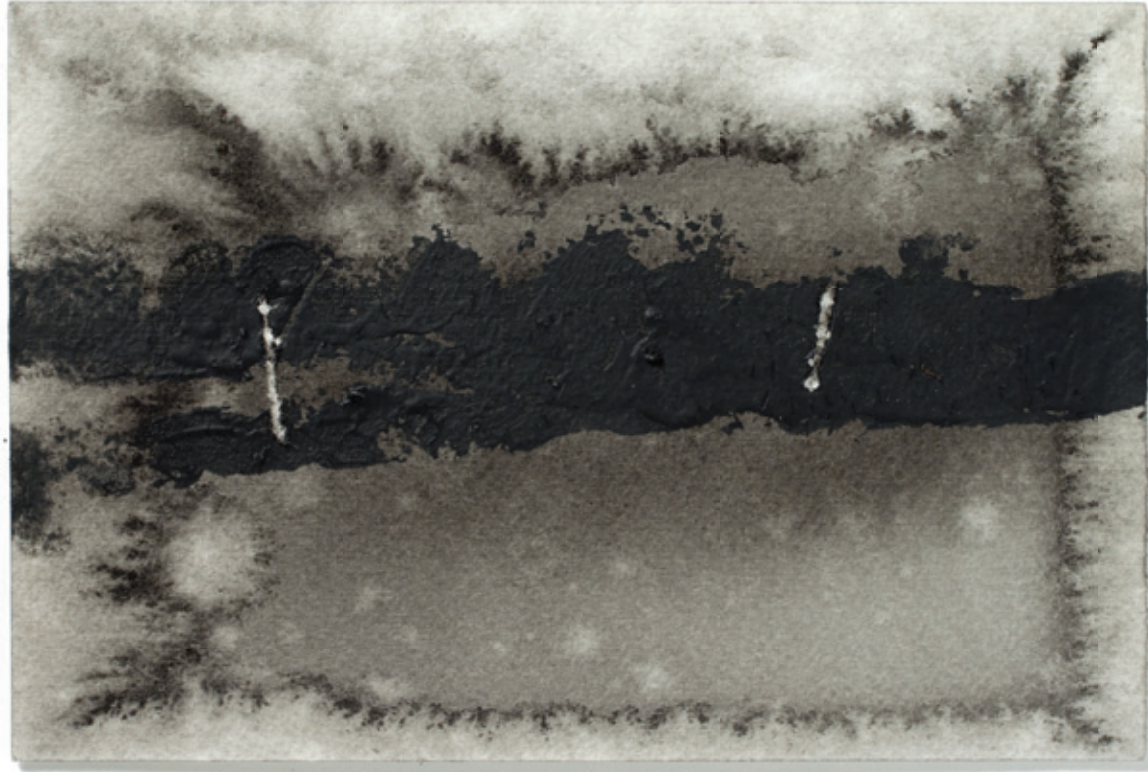
309. 300 dpi



310. 600 dpi



311. 1:1

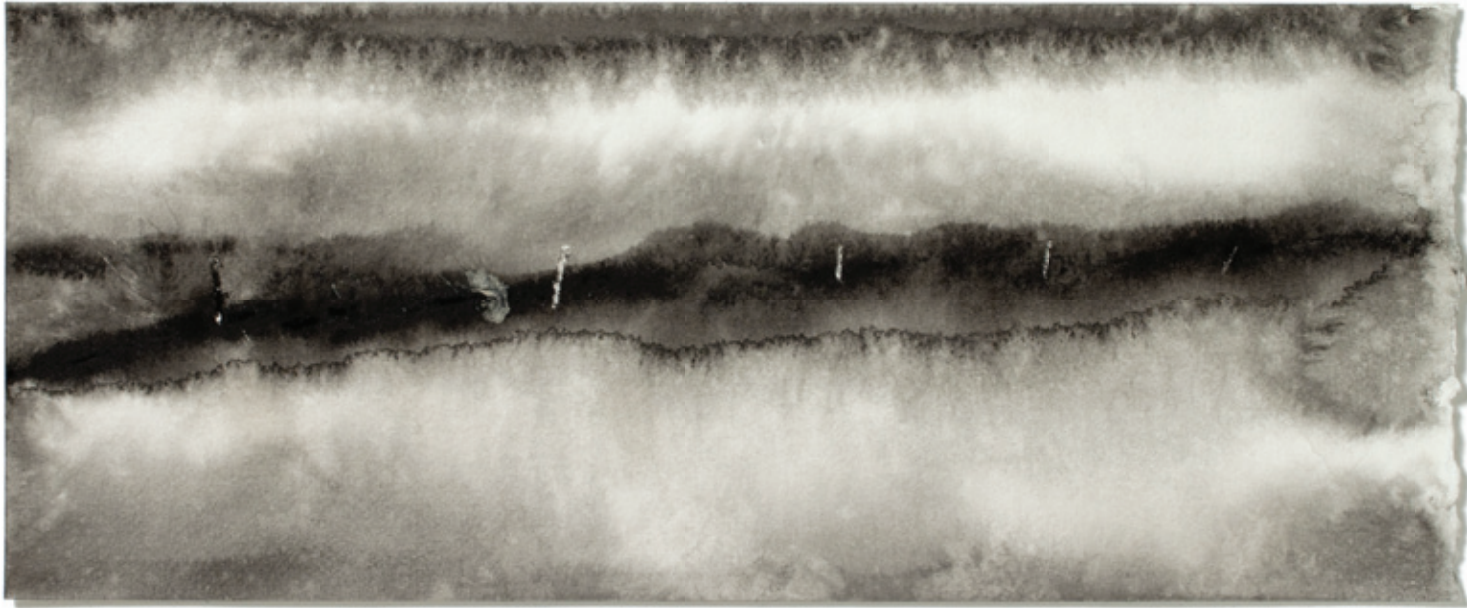


312. 1:1



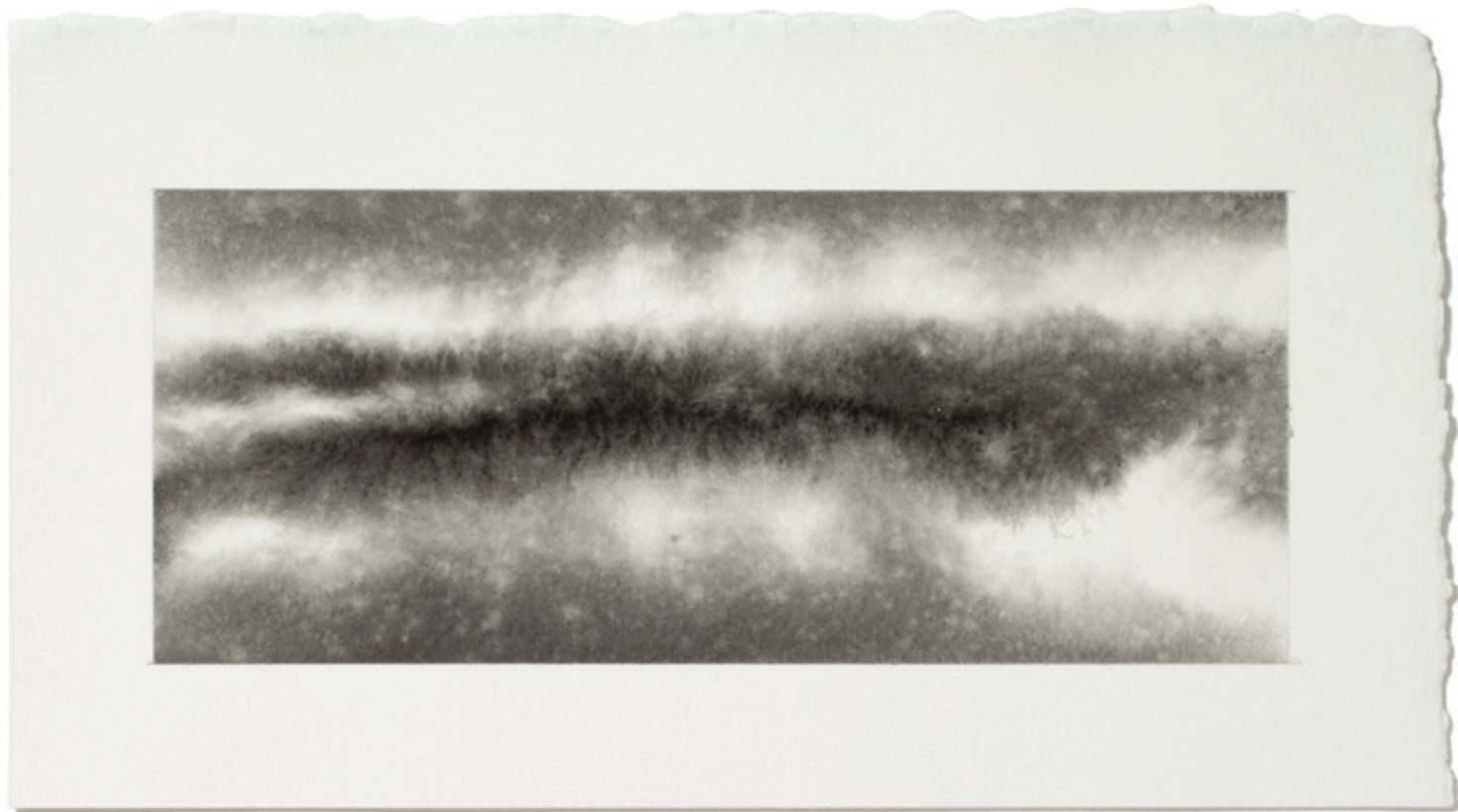
313. 1:2





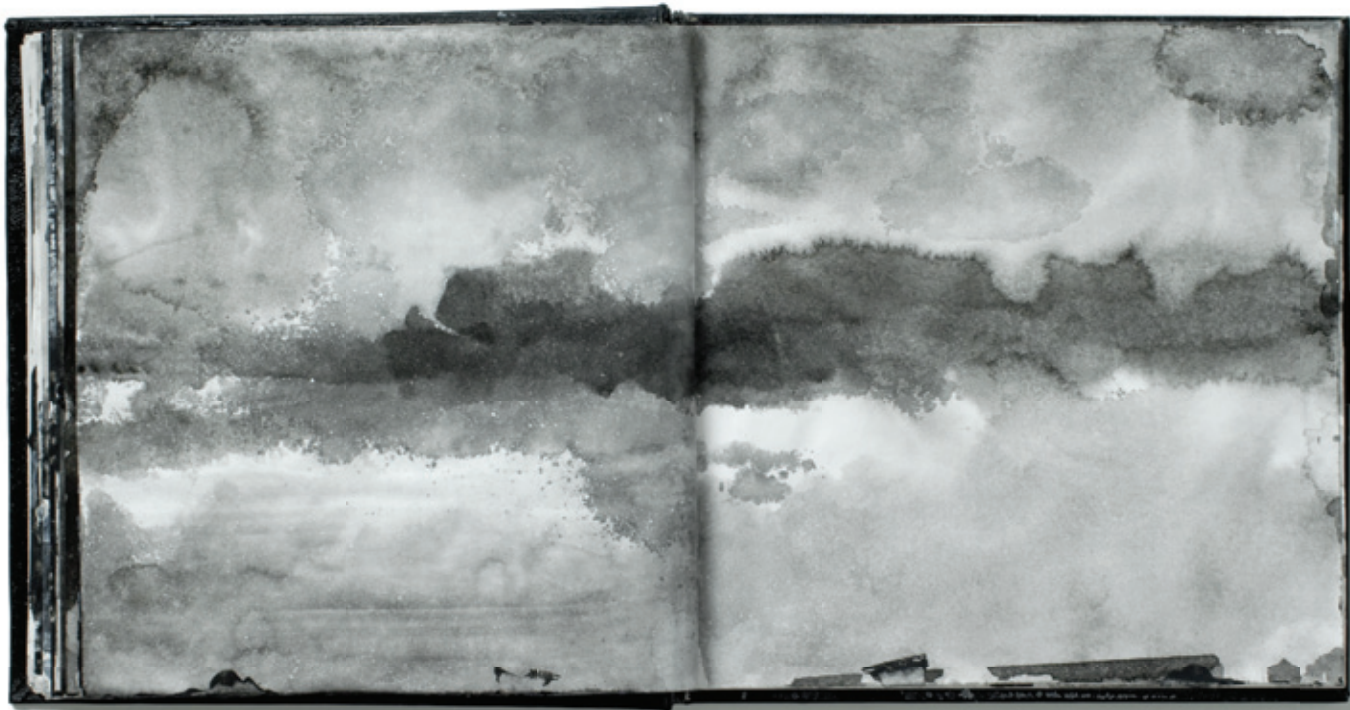


315. 1:2





317. 1:2





**33**

7TH CONCESSION FACING NORTH





TINY, TEMPORARY BODY OF WATER. When I arrived it was fully populated with ducks. Most fled as I approached, the remainder driven away as the rain came. Cold. Very cold. Visible breath. Everything soaked through by the downpour. Hands and fingers frozen pink and cut and stained. The sun is slipping through the clouds. North wind. Rumbles of air traffic. Amber-gold sheen.







320. 300 dpi



321. 600 dpi



322. 1:1

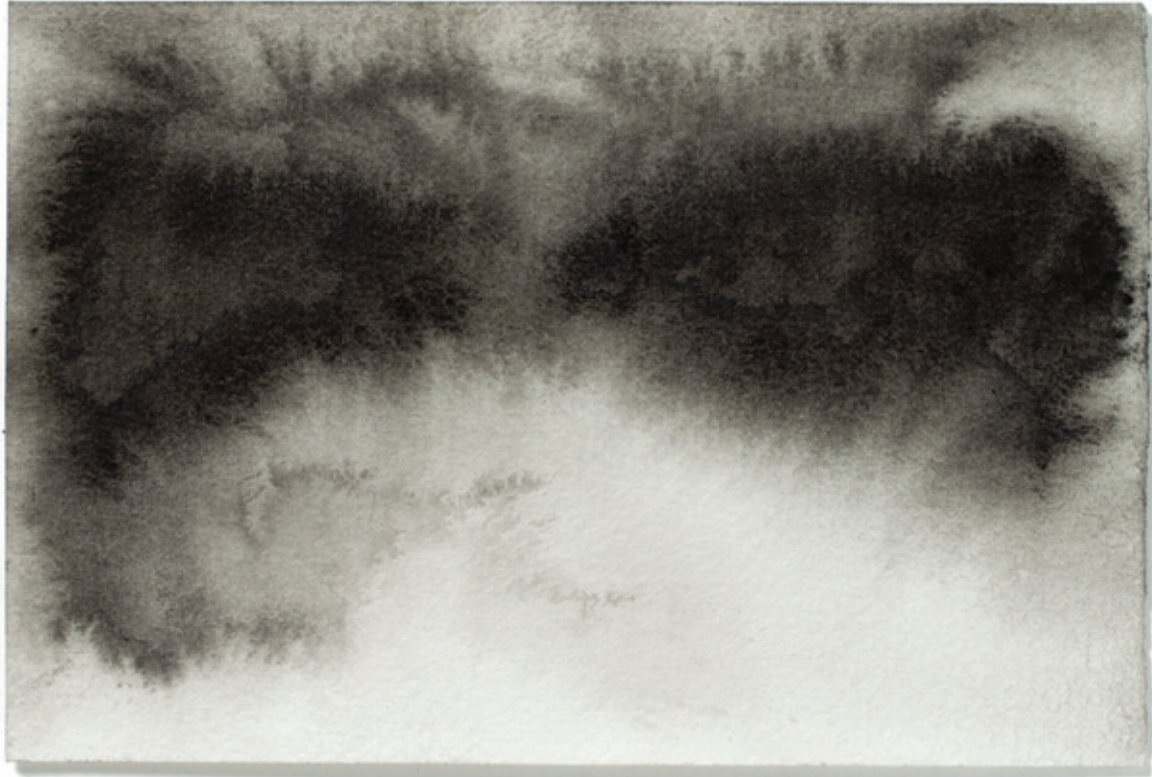




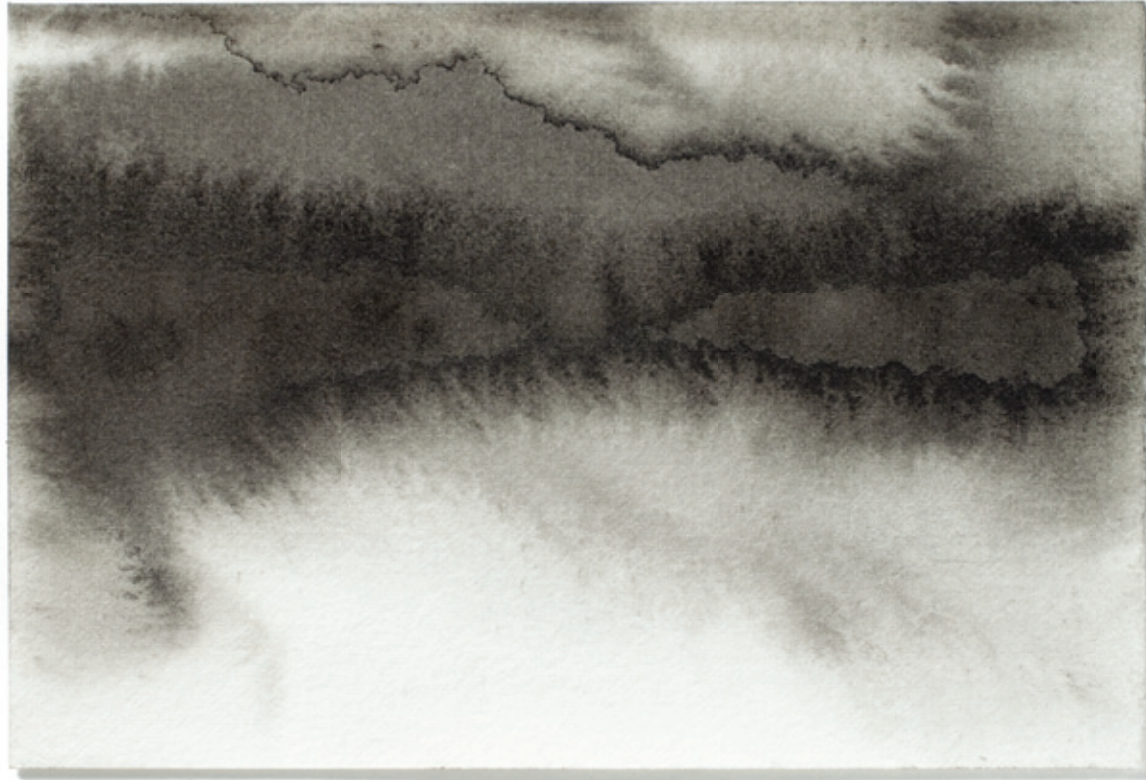




325. 600 dpi

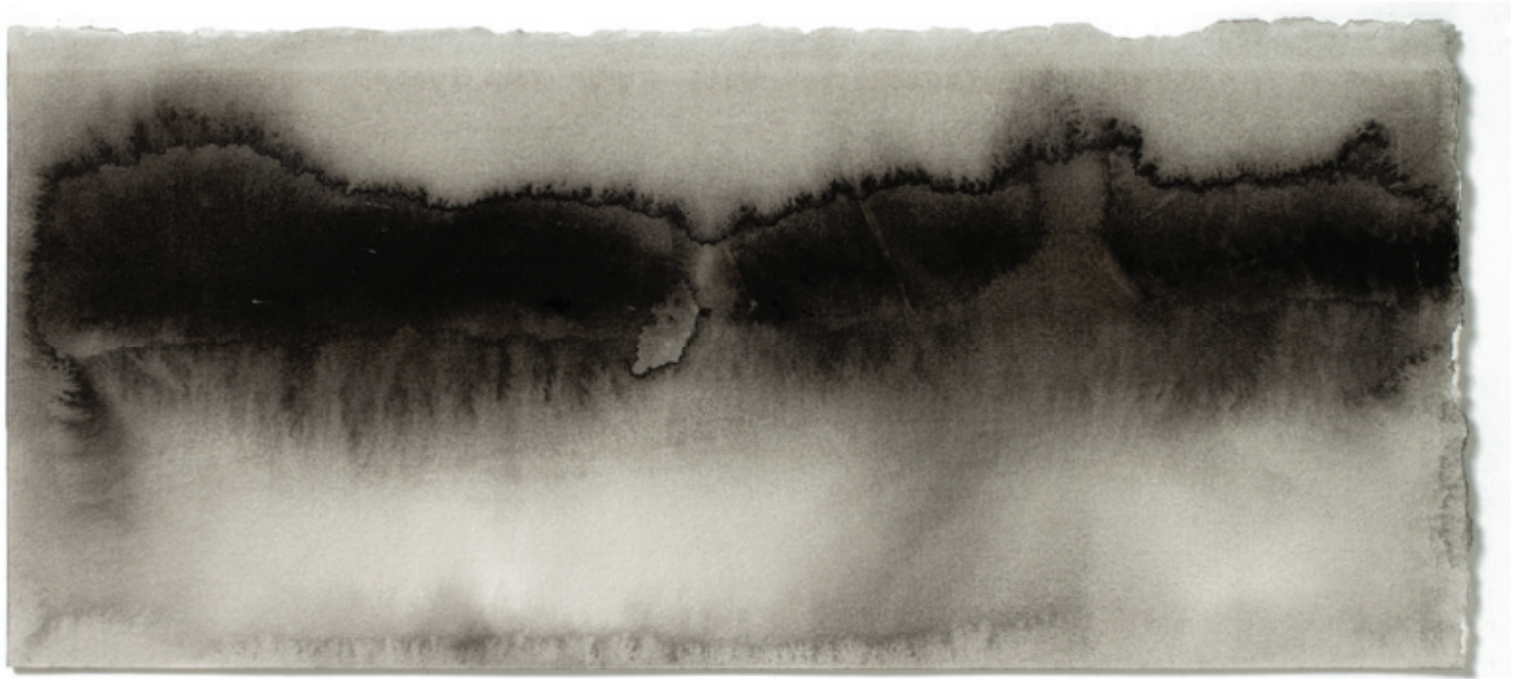


326. 1:1



327. 1:1

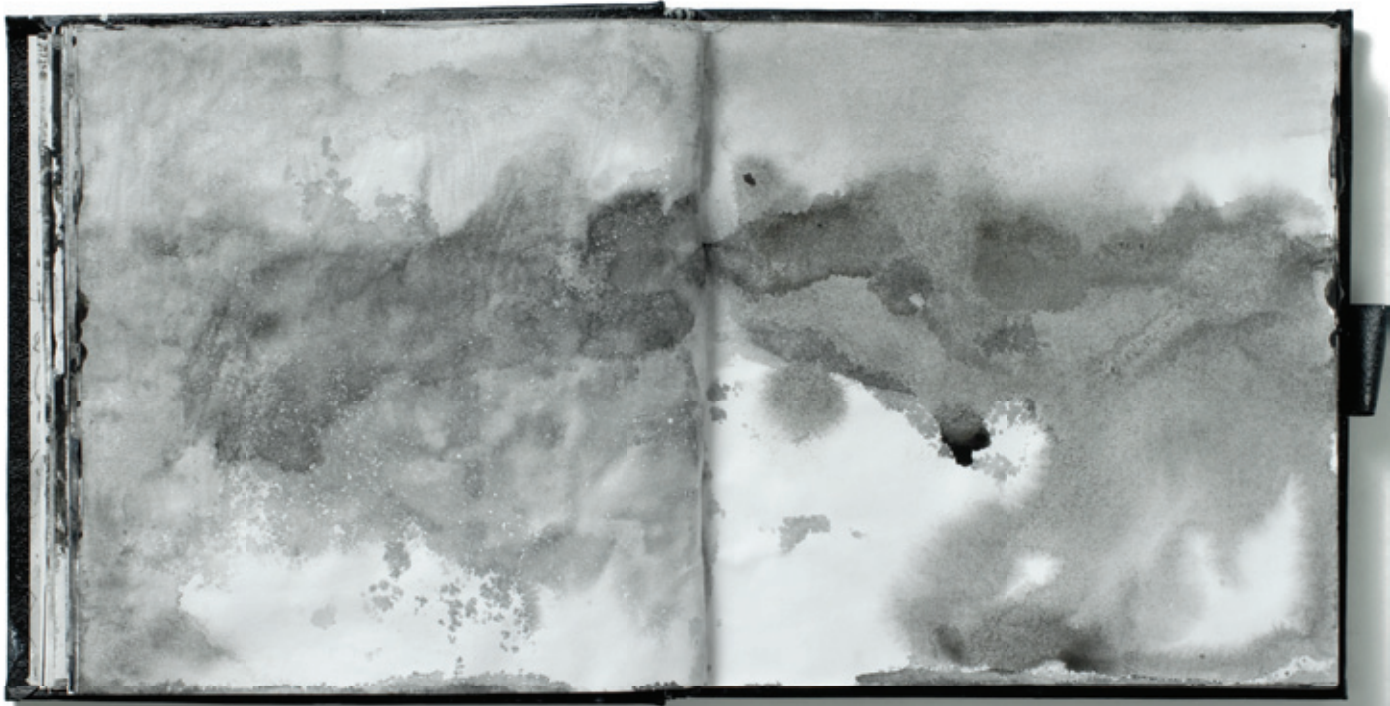






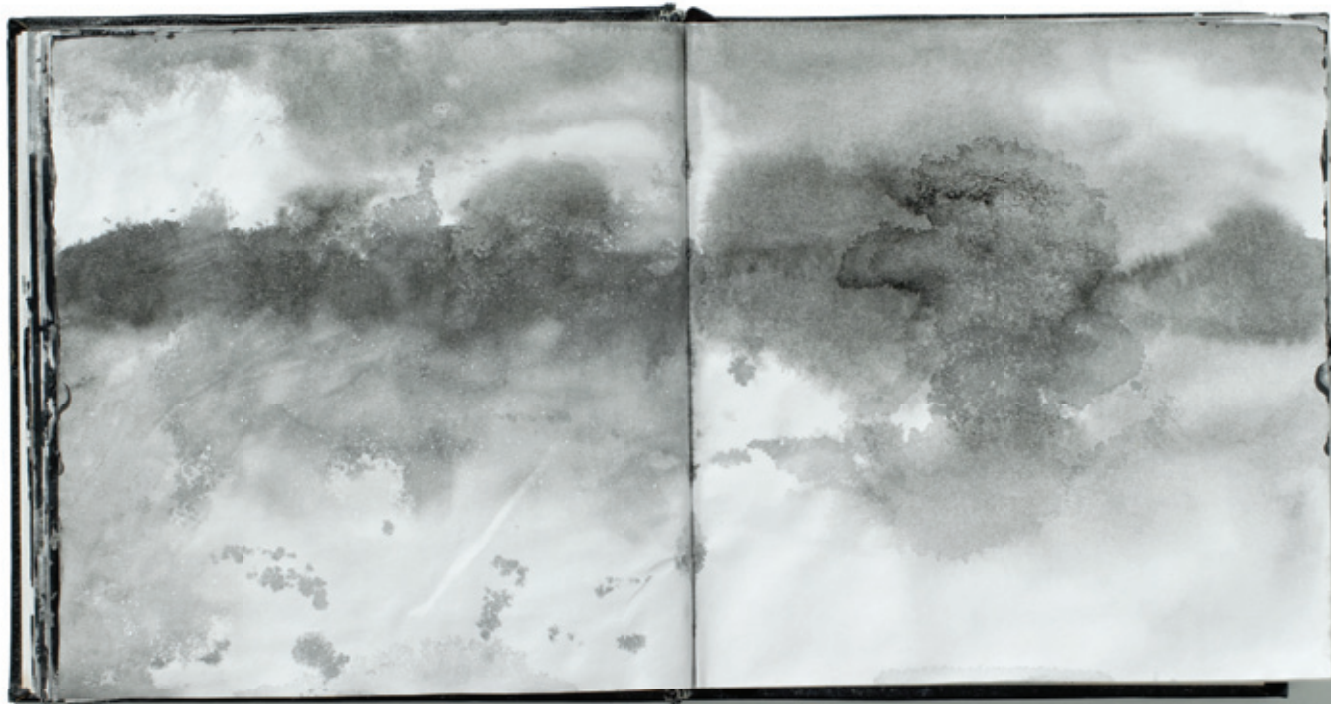
330. 1:2





332. 1:2







# **LIST OF PLATES**



# 1

## 30TH SIDELINE FACING EAST

- 1. 30th Sideline Facing East**  
23 August 2010, 9:10 a.m., lat 43.96917, long -79.19398  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm
- 2. 30th Sideline Facing East**  
23 August 2010, 9:15 a.m., lat 43.96912, long -79.19392  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px
- 3. 30th Sideline Facing East**  
23 August 2010, 9:04 a.m., lat 43.96940, long -79.19382  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px
- 4. 30th Sideline Facing East**  
23 August 2010, 12:44 p.m., lat 43.96926, long -79.19400  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 15.2 x 10.1 cm
- 5. 30th Sideline Facing East**  
23 August 2010, 12:44 p.m., lat 43.96926, long -79.19400  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 15.2 x 10.1 cm
- 6. 30th Sideline Facing East**  
23 August 2010, 12:44 p.m., lat 43.96926, long -79.19400  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 38.3 x 16.4 cm
- 7. 30th Sideline Facing East**  
23 August 2010, 12:44 p.m., lat 43.96926, long -79.19400  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.5 x 21.0 cm
- 8. 30th Sideline Facing East**  
23 August 2010, 12:44 p.m., lat 43.96926, long -79.19400  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.3 x 21.2 cm
- 9. 30th Sideline Facing East**  
23 August 2010, 12:44 p.m., lat 43.96926, long -79.19400  
Watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm
- 10. 30th Sideline Facing East**  
23 August 2010, 12:44 p.m., lat 43.96926, long -79.19400  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 2

## 19TH AVENUE FACING SOUTH

**11. 19th Avenue Facing South**

24 August 2010, 2:25 p.m., lat 43.95223, long -79.24612  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**12. 19th Avenue Facing South**

24 August 2010, 2:28 p.m., lat 43.95217, long -79.24613  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**13. 19th Avenue Facing South**

24 August 2010, 2:17 p.m., lat 43.95224, long -79.24617  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**14. 19th Avenue Facing South**

24 August 2010, 5:46 p.m., lat 43.95238, long -79.24590  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.5 x 15.8 cm

**15. 19th Avenue Facing South**

24 August 2010, 5:46 p.m., lat 43.95238, long -79.24590  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.6 x 17.0 cm

**16. 19th Avenue Facing South**

24 August 2010, 5:46 p.m., lat 43.95238, long -79.24590  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 21.1 cm

**17. 19th Avenue Facing South**

24 August 2010, 5:46 p.m., lat 43.95238, long -79.24590  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 20.9 cm

**18. 19th Avenue Facing South**

24 August 2010, 5:46 p.m., lat 43.95238, long -79.24590  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**19. 19th Avenue Facing South**

24 August 2010, 5:46 p.m., lat 43.95238, long -79.24590  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 3

## MAJOR MACKENZIE DRIVE EAST FACING NORTH

**20. Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing North**

25 August 2010, 11:29 a.m., lat 43.91552, long -79.23931  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**21. Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing North**

25 August 2010, 11:32 a.m., lat 43.91553, long -79.23917  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**22. Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing North**

25 August 2010, 11:25 a.m., lat 43.91555, long -79.23926  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**23. Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing North**

25 August 2010, 2:06 p.m., lat 43.91549, long -79.23925  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 15.2 x 10.1 cm

**24. Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing North**

25 August 2010, 2:06 p.m., lat 43.91549, long -79.23925  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 15.1 x 10.1 cm

**25. Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing North**

25 August 2010, 2:06 p.m., lat 43.91549, long -79.23925  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 38.5 x 16.6 cm

**26. Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing North**

25 August 2010, 2:06 p.m., lat 43.91549, long -79.23925  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.5 x 16.5 cm

**27. Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing North**

25 August 2010, 2:06 p.m., lat 43.91549, long -79.23925  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.2 x 20.3 cm

**28. Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing North**

25 August 2010, 2:06 p.m., lat 43.91549, long -79.23925  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.5 x 21.3 cm

**29. Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing North**

25 August 2010, 2:06 p.m., lat 43.91549, long -79.23925  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**30. Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing North**

25 August 2010, 2:06 p.m., lat 43.91549, long -79.23925  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 4

## MAJOR MACKENZIE DRIVE EAST FACING WEST

- 31. Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing West**  
25 August 2010, 3:50 p.m., lat 43.91526, long -79.23903  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm
- 32. Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing West**  
25 August 2010, 3:56 p.m., lat 43.91528, long -79.23905  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px
- 33. Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing West**  
25 August 2010, 3:43 p.m., lat 43.91441, long -79.23885  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px
- 34. Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing West**  
25 August 2010, 7:18 p.m., lat 43.9153, long -79.23906  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 15.7 x 10.1 cm
- 35. Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing West**  
25 August 2010, 7:18 p.m., lat 43.9153, long -79.23906  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 15.2 x 10.1 cm
- 36. Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing West**  
25 August 2010, 7:18 p.m., lat 43.9153, long -79.23906  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 38.1 x 16.9 cm
- 37. Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing West**  
25 August 2010, 7:18 p.m., lat 43.9153, long -79.23906  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 38.6 x 15.8 cm
- 38. Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing West**  
25 August 2010, 7:18 p.m., lat 43.9153, long -79.23906  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.7 x 21.2 cm
- 39. Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing West**  
25 August 2010, 7:18 p.m., lat 43.9153, long -79.23906  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 20.3 cm
- 40. Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing West**  
25 August 2010, 7:18 p.m., lat 43.9153, long -79.23906  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm
- 41. Major MacKenzie Drive East Facing West**  
25 August 2010, 7:18 p.m., lat 43.9153, long -79.23906  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm



# 5

## 8TH CONCESSION FACING NORTH

**42. 8th Concession Facing North**

26 August 2010, 10:52 a.m., lat 43.95473, long -79.12627  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**43. 8th Concession Facing North**

26 August 2010, 10:58 a.m., lat 43.95480, long -79.12630  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**44. 8th Concession Facing North**

26 August 2010, 10:47 a.m., lat 43.95483, long -79.12631  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**45. 8th Concession Facing North**

26 August 2010, 2:44 p.m., lat 43.9543, long -79.12634  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 15.2 x 10.1 cm

**46. 8th Concession Facing North**

26 August 2010, 2:44 p.m., lat 43.9543, long -79.12634  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 15.2 x 10.1 cm

**47. 8th Concession Facing North**

26 August 2010, 2:44 p.m., lat 43.9543, long -79.12634  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.6 x 17.2 cm

**48. 8th Concession Facing North**

26 August 2010, 2:44 p.m., lat 43.9543, long -79.12634  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 15.8 cm

**49. 8th Concession Facing North**

26 August 2010, 2:44 p.m., lat 43.9543, long -79.12634  
Watercolour on paper, 38.5 x 20.2 cm

**50. 8th Concession Facing North**

26 August 2010, 2:44 p.m., lat 43.9543, long -79.12634  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 21.2 cm

**51. 8th Concession Facing North**

26 August 2010, 2:44 p.m., lat 43.9543, long -79.12634  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**52. 8th Concession Facing North**

26 August 2010, 2:44 p.m., lat 43.9543, long -79.12634  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 6

## 24TH SIDELINE FACING WEST

**53. 24th Sideline Facing West**

26 August 2010, 3:36 p.m., lat 43.95238, long -79.15464  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**54. 24th Sideline Facing West**

26 August 2010, 3:43 p.m., lat 43.95238, long -79.15462  
Digital; sRGB IEC61966-2.1 colour space; 8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**55. 24th Sideline Facing West**

26 August 2010, 3:27 p.m., lat 43.95241, long -79.15470  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**56. 24th Sideline Facing West**

26 August 2010, 5:03 p.m., lat 43.95230, long -79.15476  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 15.2 x 10.1 cm

**57. 24th Sideline Facing West**

26 August 2010, 5:03 p.m., lat 43.95230, long -79.15476  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 15.8 cm

**58. 24th Sideline Facing West**

26 August 2010, 5:03 p.m., lat 43.95230, long -79.15476  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 38.5 x 20.2 cm

**59. 24th Sideline Facing West**

26 August 2010, 5:03 p.m., lat 43.95230, long -79.15476  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.5 x 21.1 cm

**60. 24th Sideline Facing West**

26 August 2010, 5:03 p.m., lat 43.95230, long -79.15476  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**61. 24th Sideline Facing West**

26 August 2010, 5:03 p.m., lat 43.95230, long -79.15476  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 7

## 28TH SIDELINE FACING EAST

**62. 28th Sideline Facing East**

27 August 2010, 8:51 a.m., lat 43.91419, long -79.15708  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**63. 28th Sideline Facing East**

27 August 2010, 8:54 a.m., lat 43.91418, long -79.15703  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**64. 28th Sideline Facing East**

27 August 2010, 8:48 a.m., lat 43.91415, long -79.15710  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**65. 28th Sideline Facing East**

27 August 2010, 12:26 p.m., lat 43.91419, long -79.15709  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.6 x 15.8 cm

**66. 28th Sideline Facing East**

27 August 2010, 12:26 p.m., lat 43.91419, long -79.15709  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.5 x 17.0 cm

**67. 28th Sideline Facing East**

27 August 2010, 12:26 p.m., lat 43.91419, long -79.15709  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 21.1 cm

**68. 28th Sideline Facing East**

27 August 2010, 12:26 p.m., lat 43.91419, long -79.15709  
Watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 20.2 cm

**69. 28th Sideline Facing East**

27 August 2010, 12:26 p.m., lat 43.91419, long -79.15709  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**70. 28th Sideline Facing East**

27 August 2010, 12:26 p.m., lat 43.91419, long -79.15709  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 8

## 22ND SIDELINE FACING EAST

**71. 22nd Sideline Facing East**

27 August 2010, 4:07 p.m., lat 43.92545, long -79.12946  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**72. 22nd Sideline Facing East**

27 August 2010, 4:10 p.m., lat 43.92543, long -79.12945  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**73. 22nd Sideline Facing East**

27 August 2010, 3:58 p.m., lat 43.92544, long -79.12943  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**74. 22nd Sideline Facing East**

27 August 2010, 6:46 p.m., lat 43.92547, long -79.12949  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 15.2 x 10.1 cm

**75. 22nd Sideline Facing East**

27 August 2010, 6:46 p.m., lat 43.92547, long -79.12949  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.6 x 15.8 cm

**76. 22nd Sideline Facing East**

27 August 2010, 6:46 p.m., lat 43.92547, long -79.12949  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.5 x 16.8 cm

**77. 22nd Sideline Facing East**

27 August 2010, 6:46 p.m., lat 43.92547, long -79.12949  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 21.1 cm

**78. 22nd Sideline Facing East**

27 August 2010, 6:46 p.m., lat 43.92547, long -79.12949  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 20.2 cm

**79. 22nd Sideline Facing East**

27 August 2010, 6:46 p.m., lat 43.92547, long -79.12949  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**80. 22nd Sideline Facing East**

27 August 2010, 6:46 p.m., lat 43.92547, long -79.12949  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 9

## 8TH CONCESSION FACING SOUTH

**81. 8th Concession Facing South**

31 August 2010, 9:01 a.m., lat 43.94193, long -79.18212  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**82. 8th Concession Facing South**

31 August 2010, 9:05 a.m., lat 43.94190, long -79.18212  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**83. 8th Concession Facing South**

31 August 2010, 8:44 a.m., lat 43.94189, long -79.18210  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**84. 8th Concession Facing South**

31 August 2010, 12:28 p.m., lat 43.94192, long -79.18213  
Watercolour on paper, 15.1 x 10.1 cm

**85. 8th Concession Facing South**

31 August 2010, 12:28 p.m., lat 43.94192, long -79.18213  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 15.2 x 10.6 cm

**86. 8th Concession Facing South**

31 August 2010, 12:28 p.m., lat 43.94192, long -79.18213  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 15.7 cm

**87. 8th Concession Facing South**

31 August 2010, 12:28 p.m., lat 43.94192, long -79.18213  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.3 x 16.3 cm

**88. 8th Concession Facing South**

31 August 2010, 12:28 p.m., lat 43.94192, long -79.18213  
Watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 20.2 cm

**89. 8th Concession Facing South**

31 August 2010, 12:28 p.m., lat 43.94192, long -79.18213  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.7 x 21.1 cm

**90. 8th Concession Facing South**

31 August 2010, 12:28 p.m., lat 43.94192, long -79.18213  
Crayon and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**91. 8th Concession Facing South**

31 August 2010, 12:28 p.m., lat 43.94192, long -79.18213  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 10

## 32ND SIDELINE FACING EAST

**92. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

31 August 2010, 2:51 p.m., lat 43.96777, long -79.20430  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**93. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

31 August 2010, 2:55 p.m., lat 43.96768, long -79.20402  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**94. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

31 August 2010, 2:45 p.m., lat 43.96802, long -79.20397  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**95. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

31 August 2010, 5:45 p.m., lat 43.96777, long -79.20389  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 15.2 x 10.1 cm

**96. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

31 August 2010, 5:45 p.m., lat 43.96777, long -79.20389  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 15.2 x 10.8 cm

**97. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

31 August 2010, 5:45 p.m., lat 43.96777, long -79.20389  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.3 x 15.7 cm

**98. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

31 August 2010, 5:45 p.m., lat 43.96777, long -79.20389  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 16.4 cm

**99. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

31 August 2010, 5:45 p.m., lat 43.96777, long -79.20389  
Crayon and watercolour on paper, 38.5 x 20.4 cm

**100. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

31 August 2010, 5:45 p.m., lat 43.96777, long -79.20389  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.3 x 20.6 cm

**101. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

31 August 2010, 5:45 p.m., lat 43.96777, long -79.20389  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**102. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

31 August 2010, 5:45 p.m., lat 43.96777, long -79.20389  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 11

## YORK-DURHAM LINE FACING WEST

**103. York-Durham Line Facing West**

1 September 2010, 11:04 a.m., lat 43.92053, long -79.19975  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**104. York-Durham Line Facing West**

1 September 2010, 11:08 a.m., lat 43.92043, long -79.19983  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**105. York-Durham Line Facing West**

1 September 2010, 10:58 a.m., lat 43.92047, long -79.19983  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**106. York-Durham Line Facing West**

1 September 2010, 2:41 p.m., lat 43.92042, long -79.19979  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 16.4 cm

**107. York-Durham Line Facing West**

1 September 2010, 2:41 p.m., lat 43.92042, long -79.19979  
Crayon and watercolour on paper, 38.3 x 15.8 cm

**108. York-Durham Line Facing West**

1 September 2010, 2:41 p.m., lat 43.92042, long -79.19979  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 20.3 cm

**109. York-Durham Line Facing West**

1 September 2010, 2:41 p.m., lat 43.92042, long -79.19979  
Watercolour on paper, 38.5 x 21.2 cm

**110. York-Durham Line Facing West**

1 September 2010, 2:41 p.m., lat 43.92042, long -79.19979  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**111. York-Durham Line Facing West**

1 September 2010, 2:41 p.m., lat 43.92042, long -79.19979  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 12

## 8TH CONCESSION FACING SOUTH

**112. 8th Concession Facing South**

3 September 2010, 8:38 a.m., lat 43.93747, long -79.20116  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**113. 8th Concession Facing South**

3 September 2010, 8:40 a.m., lat 43.93765, long -79.20117  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**114. 8th Concession Facing South**

3 September 2010, 8:44 a.m., lat 43.93757, long -79.20112  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**115. 8th Concession Facing South**

7 September 2010, 6:16 p.m., lat 43.93769, long -79.20122  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 15.2 x 10.1 cm

**116. 8th Concession Facing South**

7 September 2010, 6:16 p.m., lat 43.93769, long -79.20122  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 15.1 x 10.6 cm

**117. 8th Concession Facing South**

7 September 2010, 6:16 p.m., lat 43.93769, long -79.20122  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.5 x 15.8 cm

**118. 8th Concession Facing South**

7 September 2010, 6:16 p.m., lat 43.93769, long -79.20122  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.5 x 16.9 cm

**119. 8th Concession Facing South**

7 September 2010, 6:16 p.m., lat 43.93769, long -79.20122  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.3 x 21.2 cm

**120. 8th Concession Facing South**

7 September 2010, 6:16 p.m., lat 43.93769, long -79.20122  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 20.3 cm

**121. 8th Concession Facing South**

7 September 2010, 6:16 p.m., lat 43.93769, long -79.20122  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**122. 8th Concession Facing South**

7 September 2010, 6:16 p.m., lat 43.93769, long -79.20122  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm



# 13

## 8TH CONCESSION FACING SOUTH

**123. 8th Concession Facing South**

9 September 2010

Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**124. 8th Concession Facing South**

10 September 2010, 12:51 p.m., lat 43.9423, long -79.18005

Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**125. 8th Concession Facing South**

10 September 2010, 12:51 p.m., lat 43.9423, long -79.18005

Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 14

## 7TH CONCESSION FACING NORTH

**126. 7th Concession Facing North**

14 September 2010, 2:46 p.m., lat 43.93221, long -79.14008  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**127. 7th Concession Facing North**

14 September 2010, 2:48 p.m., lat 43.93218, long -79.14010  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**128. 7th Concession Facing North**

14 September 2010, 2:44 p.m., lat 43.93223, long -79.14013  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**129. 7th Concession Facing North**

14 September 2010, 4:53 p.m., lat 43.93224, long -79.14011  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 15.1 x 10.1 cm

**130. 7th Concession Facing North**

14 September 2010, 4:53 p.m., lat 43.93224, long -79.14011  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 38.3 x 16.6 cm

**131. 7th Concession Facing North**

14 September 2010, 4:53 p.m., lat 43.93224, long -79.14011  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.6 x 15.8 cm

**132. 7th Concession Facing North**

14 September 2010, 4:53 p.m., lat 43.93224, long -79.14011  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.1 x 21.5 cm

**133. 7th Concession Facing North**

14 September 2010, 4:53 p.m., lat 43.93224, long -79.14011  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 38.5 x 20.2 cm

**134. 7th Concession Facing North**

14 September 2010, 4:53 p.m., lat 43.93224, long -79.14011  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 15

## 7TH CONCESSION FACING NORTH

**135. 7th Concession Facing North**

15 September 2010

Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**136. 7th Concession Facing North**

15 September 2010, 2:44 p.m., lat 43.92190, long -79.18137

8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**137. 7th Concession Facing North**

15 September 2010, 2:35 p.m., lat 43.92191, long -79.18138

16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**138. 7th Concession Facing North**

17 September 2010, 4:53 p.m., lat 43.93224, long -79.14011

Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.5 x 20.4 cm

**139. 7th Concession Facing North**

17 September 2010, 4:53 p.m., lat 43.93224, long -79.14011

Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 20.3 cm

**140. 7th Concession Facing North**

17 September 2010, 4:53 p.m., lat 43.93224, long -79.14011

Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**141. 7th Concession Facing North**

17 September 2010, 4:53 p.m., lat 43.93224, long -79.14011

Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 16

## 30TH SIDELINE FACING WEST

**142. 30th Sideline Facing West**

20 September 2010, 2:42 p.m., lat 43.94479, long -79.18379  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**143. 30th Sideline Facing West**

20 September 2010, 2:48 p.m., lat 43.94480, long -79.18383  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**144. 30th Sideline Facing West**

20 September 2010, 2:38 p.m., lat 43.94477, long -79.18379  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**145. 30th Sideline Facing West**

20 September 2010, 6:30 p.m., lat 43.94476, long -79.18378  
Crayon and watercolour on paper, 15.2 x 10.1 cm

**146. 30th Sideline Facing West**

20 September 2010, 6:30 p.m., lat 43.94476, long -79.18378  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.3 x 16.8 cm

**147. 30th Sideline Facing West**

20 September 2010, 6:30 p.m., lat 43.94476, long -79.18378  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.3 x 15.7 cm

**148. 30th Sideline Facing West**

20 September 2010, 6:30 p.m., lat 43.94476, long -79.18378  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.3 x 21.3 cm

**149. 30th Sideline Facing West**

20 September 2010, 6:30 p.m., lat 43.94476, long -79.18378  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.3 x 20.8 cm

**150. 30th Sideline Facing West**

20 September 2010, 6:30 p.m., lat 43.94476, long -79.18378  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**151. 30th Sideline Facing West**

20 September 2010, 6:30 p.m., lat 43.94476, long -79.18378  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 17

## 8TH CONCESSION FACING NORTH

**152. 8th Concession Facing North**

30 September 2010, 2:34 p.m., lat 43.94348, long -79.17611  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**153. 8th Concession Facing North**

30 September 2010, 2:39 p.m., lat 43.94337, long -79.17620  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**154. 8th Concession Facing North**

30 September 2010, 2:32 p.m., lat 43.94339, long -79.17608  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**155. 8th Concession Facing North**

30 September 2010, 2:48 p.m., lat 43.94333, long -79.17608  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**156. 8th Concession Facing North**

30 September 2010, 2:42 p.m., lat 43.94335, long -79.17610  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**157. 8th Concession Facing North**

30 September 2010, 2:43 p.m., lat 43.94314, long -79.17594  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**158. 8th Concession Facing North**

30 September 2010, 5:56 p.m., lat 43.94338, long -79.17615  
Crayon and watercolour on paper, 15.2 x 10.1 cm

**159. 8th Concession Facing North**

30 September 2010, 5:56 p.m., lat 43.94338, long -79.17615  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 15.1 x 10.8 cm

**160. 8th Concession Facing North**

30 September 2010, 5:56 p.m., lat 43.94338, long -79.17615  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.6 x 16.9 cm

**161. 8th Concession Facing North**

30 September 2010, 5:56 p.m., lat 43.94338, long -79.17615  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 38.6 x 15.8 cm

**162. 8th Concession Facing North**

30 September 2010, 5:56 p.m., lat 43.94338, long -79.17615  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.2 x 21.4 cm

**163. 8th Concession Facing North**

30 September 2010, 5:56 p.m., lat 43.94338, long -79.17615  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.3 x 21.0 cm

**164. 8th Concession Facing North**

30 September 2010, 5:56 p.m., lat 43.94338, long -79.17615  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**165. 8th Concession Facing North**

30 September 2010, 5:56 p.m., lat 43.94338, long -79.17615  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 18

## 24TH SIDELINE FACING WEST

**166. 24th Sideline Facing West**

4 October 2010, lat 43.97538, long -79.16444  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**167. 24th Sideline Facing West**

4 October 2010, 9:01 a.m., lat 43.97533, long -79.16438  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**168. 24th Sideline Facing West**

4 October 2010, 8:54 a.m., lat 43.97544, long -79.16438  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**169. 24th Sideline Facing West**

4 October 2010, 12:19 p.m., lat 43.97551, long -79.16430  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.3 x 16.9 cm

**170. 24th Sideline Facing West**

4 October 2010, 12:19 p.m., lat 43.97551, long -79.16430  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 17.0 cm

**171. 24th Sideline Facing West**

4 October 2010, 12:19 p.m., lat 43.97551, long -79.16430  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 20.4 cm

**172. 24th Sideline Facing West**

4 October 2010, 12:19 p.m., lat 43.97551, long -79.16430  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 20.4 cm

**173. 24th Sideline Facing West**

4 October 2010, 12:19 p.m., lat 43.97551, long -79.16430  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**174. 24th Sideline Facing West**

4 October 2010, 12:19 p.m., lat 43.97551, long -79.16430  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 19

## 26TH SIDELINE FACING EAST

**175. 26th Sideline Facing East**

4 October 2010, 3:24 p.m., lat 43.97336, long -79.17439  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**176. 26th Sideline Facing East**

4 October 2010, 3:08 p.m., lat 43.97332, long -79.17412  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**177. 26th Sideline Facing East**

4 October 2010, 2:58 p.m., lat 43.97334, long -79.17409  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**178. 26th Sideline Facing East**

4 October 2010, 7:01 p.m., lat 43.97338, long -79.17403  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 15.2 x 10.1 cm

**179. 26th Sideline Facing East**

4 October 2010, 7:01 p.m., lat 43.97338, long -79.17403  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.6 x 21.3 cm

**180. 26th Sideline Facing East**

4 October 2010, 7:01 p.m., lat 43.97338, long -79.17403  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.6 x 21.3 cm

**181. 26th Sideline Facing East**

4 October 2010, 7:01 p.m., lat 43.97338, long -79.17403  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 20

## ELGIN MILLS ROAD EAST FACING NORTH

**182. Elgin Mills Road East Facing North**

5 October 2010, 9:10 a.m., lat 43.94045, long -79.21469  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**183. Elgin Mills Road East Facing North**

5 October 2010, 9:12 a.m., lat 43.94032, long -79.21478  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**184. Elgin Mills Road East Facing North**

5 October 2010, 9:07 a.m., lat 43.94032, long -79.21484  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**185. Elgin Mills Road East Facing North**

5 October 2010, 10:42 a.m., lat 43.94026, long -79.21457  
Watercolour on paper, 15.1 x 10.1 cm

**186. Elgin Mills Road East Facing North**

5 October 2010, 10:42 a.m., lat 43.94026, long -79.21457  
Crayon and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 16.6 cm

**187. Elgin Mills Road East Facing North**

5 October 2010, 10:42 a.m., lat 43.94026, long -79.21457  
Crayon and watercolour on paper, 38.6 x 16.9 cm

**188. Elgin Mills Road East Facing North**

5 October 2010, 10:42 a.m., lat 43.94026, long -79.21457  
Crayon and watercolour on paper, 38.3 x 21.0 cm

**189. Elgin Mills Road East Facing North**

5 October 2010, 10:42 a.m., lat 43.94026, long -79.21457  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**190. Elgin Mills Road East Facing North**

5 October 2010, 10:42 a.m., lat 43.94026, long -79.21457  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm



# 21

## 8TH CONCESSION FACING NORTH

**191. 8th Concession Facing North**

5 October 2010, 2:57 p.m., lat 43.94147, long -79.18468  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**192. 8th Concession Facing North**

5 October 2010, 3:00 p.m., lat 43.94148, long -79.18468  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**193. 8th Concession Facing North**

5 October 2010, 2:40 p.m., lat 43.94147, long -79.18467  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**194. 8th Concession Facing North**

5 October 2010, 5:54 p.m., lat 43.94146, long -79.18466  
Crayon and watercolour on paper, 15.2 x 10.1 cm

**195. 8th Concession Facing North**

5 October 2010, 5:54 p.m., lat 43.94146, long -79.18466  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 15.2 x 10.1 cm

**196. 8th Concession Facing North**

5 October 2010, 5:54 p.m., lat 43.94146, long -79.18466  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.5 x 16.9 cm

**197. 8th Concession Facing North**

5 October 2010, 5:54 p.m., lat 43.94146, long -79.18466  
Crayon and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 16.6 cm

**198. 8th Concession Facing North**

5 October 2010, 5:54 p.m., lat 43.94146, long -79.18466  
Crayon and watercolour on paper, 38.5 x 21.5 cm

**199. 8th Concession Facing North**

5 October 2010, 5:54 p.m., lat 43.94146, long -79.18466  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.7 x 21.3 cm

**200. 8th Concession Facing North**

5 October 2010, 5:54 p.m., lat 43.94146, long -79.18466  
Crayon and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**201. 8th Concession Facing North**

5 October 2010, 5:54 p.m., lat 43.94146, long -79.18466  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 22

## 7TH CONCESSION FACING NORTH

**202. 7th Concession Facing North**

7 October 2010, 2:21 p.m., lat 43.93762, long -79.11865  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**203. 7th Concession Facing North**

7 October 2010, 2:25 p.m., lat 43.93748, long -79.11863  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**204. 7th Concession Facing North**

7 October 2010, 2:12 p.m., lat 43.93739, long -79.11859  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**205. 7th Concession Facing North**

7 October 2010, 4:50 p.m., lat 43.93746, long -79.11856  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 15.0 x 10.4 cm

**206. 7th Concession Facing North**

7 October 2010, 4:50 p.m., lat 43.93746, long -79.11856  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 16.7 cm

**207. 7th Concession Facing North**

7 October 2010, 4:50 p.m., lat 43.93746, long -79.11856  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 16.5 cm

**208. 7th Concession Facing North**

7 October 2010, 4:50 p.m., lat 43.93746, long -79.11856  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.3 x 21.8 cm

**209. 7th Concession Facing North**

7 October 2010, 4:50 p.m., lat 43.93746, long -79.11856  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.2 x 20.3 cm

**210. 7th Concession Facing North**

7 October 2010, 4:50 p.m., lat 43.93746, long -79.11856  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**211. 7th Concession Facing North**

7 October 2010, 4:50 p.m., lat 43.93746, long -79.11856  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 23

## 28TH SIDELINE FACING EAST

**212. 28th Sideline Facing East**

14 October 2010, 2:40 p.m., lat 43.93380, long -79.16740  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**213. 28th Sideline Facing East**

14 October 2010, 2:41 p.m., lat 43.93383, long -79.16740  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**214. 28th Sideline Facing East**

14 October 2010, 2:39 p.m., lat 43.93380, long -79.16740  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**215. 28th Sideline Facing East**

15 October 2010, 4:43 p.m., lat 43.93373, long -79.16752  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 16.4 cm

**216. 28th Sideline Facing East**

15 October 2010, 4:43 p.m., lat 43.93373, long -79.16752  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.2 x 20.3 cm

**217. 28th Sideline Facing East**

15 October 2010, 4:43 p.m., lat 43.93373, long -79.16752  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 21.7 cm

**218. 28th Sideline Facing East**

15 October 2010, 4:43 p.m., lat 43.93373, long -79.16752  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**219. 28th Sideline Facing East**

15 October 2010, 4:43 p.m., lat 43.93373, long -79.16752  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 24

## 20TH SIDELINE FACING EAST

**220. 20th Sideline Facing East**

21 October 2010, 3:09 p.m., lat 43.93833, long -79.12615  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**221. 20th Sideline Facing East**

21 October 2010, 3:16 p.m., lat 43.93828, long -79.12602  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**222. 20th Sideline Facing East**

21 October 2010, 3:07 p.m., lat 43.93819, long -79.12597  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**223. 20th Sideline Facing East**

27 October 2010, 2:13 p.m., lat 43.93812, long -79.12595  
Watercolour on paper, 15.2 x 10.1 cm

**224. 20th Sideline Facing East**

27 October 2010, 2:13 p.m., lat 43.93812, long -79.12595  
Watercolour on paper, 15.2 x 10.6 cm

**225. 20th Sideline Facing East**

27 October 2010, 2:13 p.m., lat 43.93812, long -79.12595  
Watercolour on paper, 38.5 x 16.9 cm

**226. 20th Sideline Facing East**

27 October 2010, 2:13 p.m., lat 43.93812, long -79.12595  
Watercolour on paper, 38.3 x 17.1 cm

**227. 20th Sideline Facing East**

27 October 2010, 2:13 p.m., lat 43.93812, long -79.12595  
Watercolour on paper, 38.5 x 20.3 cm

**228. 20th Sideline Facing East**

27 October 2010, 2:13 p.m., lat 43.93812, long -79.12595  
Watercolour on paper, 38.3 x 21.0 cm

**229. 20th Sideline Facing East**

27 October 2010, 2:13 p.m., lat 43.93812, long -79.12595  
Watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**230. 20th Sideline Facing East**

27 October 2010, 2:13 p.m., lat 43.93812, long -79.12595  
Watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 25

## 24TH SIDELINE FACING WEST

**231. 24th Sideline Facing West**

27 October 2010, 2:50 p.m., lat 43.93579, long -79.14666  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**232. 24th Sideline Facing West**

27 October 2010, 3:01 p.m., lat 43.93585, long -79.14678  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**233. 24th Sideline Facing West**

27 October 2010, 2:46 p.m., lat 43.93577, long -79.14674  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**234. 24th Sideline Facing West**

27 October 2010, 5:18 p.m., lat 43.93583, long -79.14668  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 15.2 x 10.1 cm

**235. 24th Sideline Facing West**

27 October 2010, 5:18 p.m., lat 43.93583, long -79.14668  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 15.1 x 10.7 cm

**236. 24th Sideline Facing West**

27 October 2010, 5:18 p.m., lat 43.93583, long -79.14668  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 38.1 x 17.0 cm

**237. 24th Sideline Facing West**

27 October 2010, 5:18 p.m., lat 43.93583, long -79.14668  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 38.2 x 17.0 cm

**238. 24th Sideline Facing West**

27 October 2010, 5:18 p.m., lat 43.93583, long -79.14668  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 38.3 x 21.1 cm

**239. 24th Sideline Facing West**

27 October 2010, 5:18 p.m., lat 43.93583, long -79.14668  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.2 x 20.3 cm

**240. 24th Sideline Facing West**

27 October 2010, 5:18 p.m., lat 43.93583, long -79.14668  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**241. 24th Sideline Facing West**

27 October 2010, 5:18 p.m., lat 43.93583, long -79.14668  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 26

## NORTH ROAD FACING EAST

### **242. North Road Facing East**

9 November 2010, 3:03 p.m., lat 43.91379, long -79.16777  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

### **243. North Road Facing East**

9 November 2010, 3:06 p.m., lat 43.91375, long -79.16755  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

### **244. North Road Facing East**

9 November 2010, 2:59 p.m., lat 43.91374, long -79.16744  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

### **245. North Road Facing East**

9 November 2010, 4:34 p.m., lat 43.91381, long -79.16781  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 15.2 x 10.0 cm

### **246. North Road Facing East**

9 November 2010, 4:34 p.m., lat 43.91381, long -79.16781  
Crayon and watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 15.7 cm

### **247. North Road Facing East**

9 November 2010, 4:34 p.m., lat 43.91381, long -79.16781  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.1 x 17.1 cm

### **248. North Road Facing East**

9 November 2010, 4:34 p.m., lat 43.91381, long -79.16781  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.2 x 20.2 cm

### **249. North Road Facing East**

9 November 2010, 4:34 p.m., lat 43.91381, long -79.16781  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.2 x 21.1 cm

### **250. North Road Facing East**

9 November 2010, 4:34 p.m., lat 43.91381, long -79.16781  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

### **251. North Road Facing East**

9 November 2010, 4:34 p.m., lat 43.91381, long -79.16781  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 27

## 28TH SIDELINE FACING EAST

**252. 28th Sideline Facing East**

10 November 2010, 3:12 p.m., lat 43.95992, long -79.17905  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**253. 28th Sideline Facing East**

10 November 2010, 3:15 p.m.  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**254. 28th Sideline Facing East**

10 November 2010, 3:03 p.m., lat 43.96006, long -79.17880  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**255. 28th Sideline Facing East**

10 November 2010, 3:18 p.m., lat 43.95987, long -79.17910  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**256. 28th Sideline Facing East**

10 November 2010, 3:17 p.m., lat 43.95990, long -79.17937  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**257. 28th Sideline Facing East**

10 November 2010, 3:22 p.m., lat 43.96000, long -79.17936  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**258. 28th Sideline Facing East**

10 November 2010, 4:35 p.m., lat 43.95979, long -79.17939  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 15.1 x 10.8 cm

**259. 28th Sideline Facing East**

10 November 2010, 4:35 p.m., lat 43.95979, long -79.17939  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 15.2 x 10.0 cm

**260. 28th Sideline Facing East**

10 November 2010, 4:35 p.m., lat 43.95979, long -79.17939  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.2 x 17.0 cm

**261. 28th Sideline Facing East**

10 November 2010, 4:35 p.m., lat 43.95979, long -79.17939  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.1 x 15.7 cm

**262. 28th Sideline Facing East**

10 November 2010, 4:35 p.m., lat 43.95979, long -79.17939  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.1 x 20.2 cm

**263. 28th Sideline Facing East**

10 November 2010, 4:35 p.m., lat 43.95979, long -79.17939  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.2 x 21.1 cm

**264. 28th Sideline Facing East**

10 November 2010, 4:35 p.m., lat 43.95979, long -79.17939  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**265. 28th Sideline Facing East**

10 November 2010, 4:35 p.m., lat 43.95979, long -79.17939  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 28

## 7TH CONCESSION FACING NORTH

**266. 7th Concession Facing North**

11 November 2010, 2:41 p.m., lat 43.91991, long -79.18990  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**267. 7th Concession Facing North**

11 November 2010, 2:47 p.m., lat 43.92000, long -79.18978  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**268. 7th Concession Facing North**

11 November 2010, 2:45 p.m., lat 43.92001, long -79.18968  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**269. 7th Concession Facing North**

11 November 2010, 3:56 p.m., lat 43.91995, long -79.18982  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.0 x 16.9 cm

**270. 7th Concession Facing North**

11 November 2010, 3:56 p.m., lat 43.91995, long -79.18982  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.0 x 16.9 cm

**271. 7th Concession Facing North**

11 November 2010, 3:56 p.m., lat 43.91995, long -79.18982  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.1 x 21.2 cm

**272. 7th Concession Facing North**

11 November 2010, 3:56 p.m., lat 43.91995, long -79.18982  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 38.0 x 21.3 cm

**273. 7th Concession Facing North**

11 November 2010, 3:56 p.m., lat 43.91995, long -79.18982  
Crayon and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**274. 7th Concession Facing North**

11 November 2010, 3:56 p.m., lat 43.91995, long -79.18982  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm



# 29

## 26TH SIDELINE FACING EAST

**275. 26th Sideline Facing East**

15 November 2010, 3:15 p.m., lat 43.91632, long -79.14699  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**276. 26th Sideline Facing East**

15 November 2010, 3:08 p.m., lat 43.91653, long -79.14692  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**277. 26th Sideline Facing East**

15 November 2010, 3:01 p.m., lat 43.91627, long -79.14674  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**278. 26th Sideline Facing East**

15 November 2010, 4:44 p.m., lat 43.91652, long -79.14715  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 15.1 x 10.6 cm

**279. 26th Sideline Facing East**

15 November 2010, 4:44 p.m., lat 43.91652, long -79.14715  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 15.1 x 10.0 cm

**280. 26th Sideline Facing East**

15 November 2010, 4:44 p.m., lat 43.91652, long -79.14715  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.2 x 15.8 cm

**281. 26th Sideline Facing East**

15 November 2010, 4:44 p.m., lat 43.91652, long -79.14715  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.0 x 16.9 cm

**282. 26th Sideline Facing East**

15 November 2010, 4:44 p.m., lat 43.91652, long -79.14715  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.3 x 20.2 cm

**283. 26th Sideline Facing East**

15 November 2010, 4:44 p.m., lat 43.91652, long -79.14715  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.1 x 21.2 cm

**284. 26th Sideline Facing East**

15 November 2010, 4:44 p.m., lat 43.91652, long -79.14715  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**285. 26th Sideline Facing East**

15 November 2010, 4:44 p.m., lat 43.91652, long -79.14715  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 30

## 28TH SIDELINE FACING EAST

**286. 28th Sideline Facing East**

16 November 2010, 2:45 p.m., lat 43.95217, long -79.17597  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**287. 28th Sideline Facing East**

16 November 2010, 2:38 p.m., lat 43.95227, long -79.17590  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**288. 28th Sideline Facing East**

16 November 2010, 2:40 p.m., lat 43.95239, long -79.17580  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**289. 28th Sideline Facing East**

16 November 2010, 4:29 p.m., lat 43.95225, long -79.17598  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.0 x 17.0 cm

**290. 28th Sideline Facing East**

16 November 2010, 4:29 p.m., lat 43.95225, long -79.17598  
Crayon and watercolour on paper, 38.2 x 20.2 cm

**291. 28th Sideline Facing East**

16 November 2010, 4:29 p.m., lat 43.95225, long -79.17598  
Watercolour on paper, 38.3 x 21.2 cm

**292. 28th Sideline Facing East**

16 November 2010, 4:29 p.m., lat 43.95225, long -79.17598  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**293. 28th Sideline Facing East**

16 November 2010, 4:29 p.m., lat 43.95225, long -79.17598  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 31

## 32ND SIDELINE FACING EAST

**294. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

17 November 2010, 3:16 p.m., lat 43.94495, long -79.19457  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**295. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

17 November 2010, 3:16 p.m., lat 43.94495, long -79.19455  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**296. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

17 November 2010, 3:12 p.m., lat 43.94496, long -79.19457  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**297. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

17 November 2010, 3:23 p.m., lat 43.94473, long -79.19435  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**298. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

17 November 2010, 3:24 p.m., lat 43.94497, long -79.19443  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**299. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

17 November 2010, 3:22 p.m., lat 43.94566, long -79.19488  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**300. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

17 November 2010, 4:46 p.m., lat 43.94505, long -79.19458  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 15.1 x 10.9 cm

**301. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

17 November 2010, 4:46 p.m., lat 43.94505, long -79.19458  
Watercolour on paper, 15.1 x 10.0 cm

**302. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

17 November 2010, 4:46 p.m., lat 43.94505, long -79.19458  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 38.1 x 16.7 cm

**303. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

17 November 2010, 4:46 p.m., lat 43.94505, long -79.19458  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.5 x 15.7 cm

**304. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

17 November 2010, 4:46 p.m., lat 43.94505, long -79.19458  
Crayon, latex and watercolour on paper, 38.1 x 20.2 cm

**305. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

17 November 2010, 4:46 p.m., lat 43.94505, long -79.19458  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 38.1 x 21.2 cm

**306. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

17 November 2010, 4:46 p.m., lat 43.94505, long -79.19458  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**307. 32nd Sideline Facing East**

17 November 2010, 4:46 p.m., lat 43.94505, long -79.19458  
Latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 32

## 8TH CONCESSION FACING NORTH

**308. 8th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010

Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**309. 8th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010, 1:41 p.m., lat 43.94532, long -79.16760

8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**310. 8th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010, 1:39 p.m.

16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**311. 8th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010

Latex and watercolour on paper, 15.1 x 10.0 cm

**312. 8th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010

Latex and watercolour on paper, 15.0 x 10.0 cm

**313. 8th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010

Watercolour on paper, 38.0 x 17.1 cm

**314. 8th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010

Watercolour on paper, 38.5 x 15.7 cm

**315. 8th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010

Watercolour on paper, 38.0 x 20.2 cm

**316. 8th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010

Watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 21.3 cm

**317. 8th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010

Latex and watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**318. 8th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010

Watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

# 33

## 7TH CONCESSION FACING NORTH

**319. 7th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010, 2:58 p.m., lat 43.93032, long -79.14816  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**320. 7th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010, 3:00 p.m., lat 43.93028, long -79.14792  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**321. 7th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010, 2:56 p.m., lat 43.93034, long -79.14790  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**322. 7th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010, lat 43.93034, long -79.14760  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**323. 7th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010, 3:38 p.m., lat 43.93030, long -79.14792  
Polaroid 600 film, 8.8 x 10.7 cm

**324. 7th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010, 3:45 p.m., lat 43.93022, long -79.14788  
8 bit, 1600 x 1200 px

**325. 7th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010, 3:42 p.m., lat 43.93034, long -79.14790  
16 bit, 6144 x 4096 px

**326. 7th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010, 3:46 p.m., lat 43.93032, long -79.14793  
Watercolour on paper, 15.0 x 10.0 cm

**327. 7th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010, 3:46 p.m., lat 43.93032, long -79.14793  
Watercolour on paper, 15.0 x 10.1 cm

**328. 7th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010, 3:46 p.m., lat 43.93032, long -79.14793  
Watercolour on paper, 38.2 x 17.0 cm

**329. 7th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010, 3:46 p.m., lat 43.93032, long -79.14793  
Watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 16.8 cm

**330. 7th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010, 3:46 p.m., lat 43.93032, long -79.14793  
Watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 20.9 cm

**331. 7th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010, 3:46 p.m., lat 43.93032, long -79.14793  
Watercolour on paper, 38.4 x 21.2 cm

**332. 7th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010, 3:46 p.m., lat 43.93032, long -79.14793  
Watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm

**333. 7th Concession Facing North**

18 November 2010, 3:46 p.m., lat 43.93032, long -79.14793  
Watercolour on paper, 33.5 x 17.2 cm





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