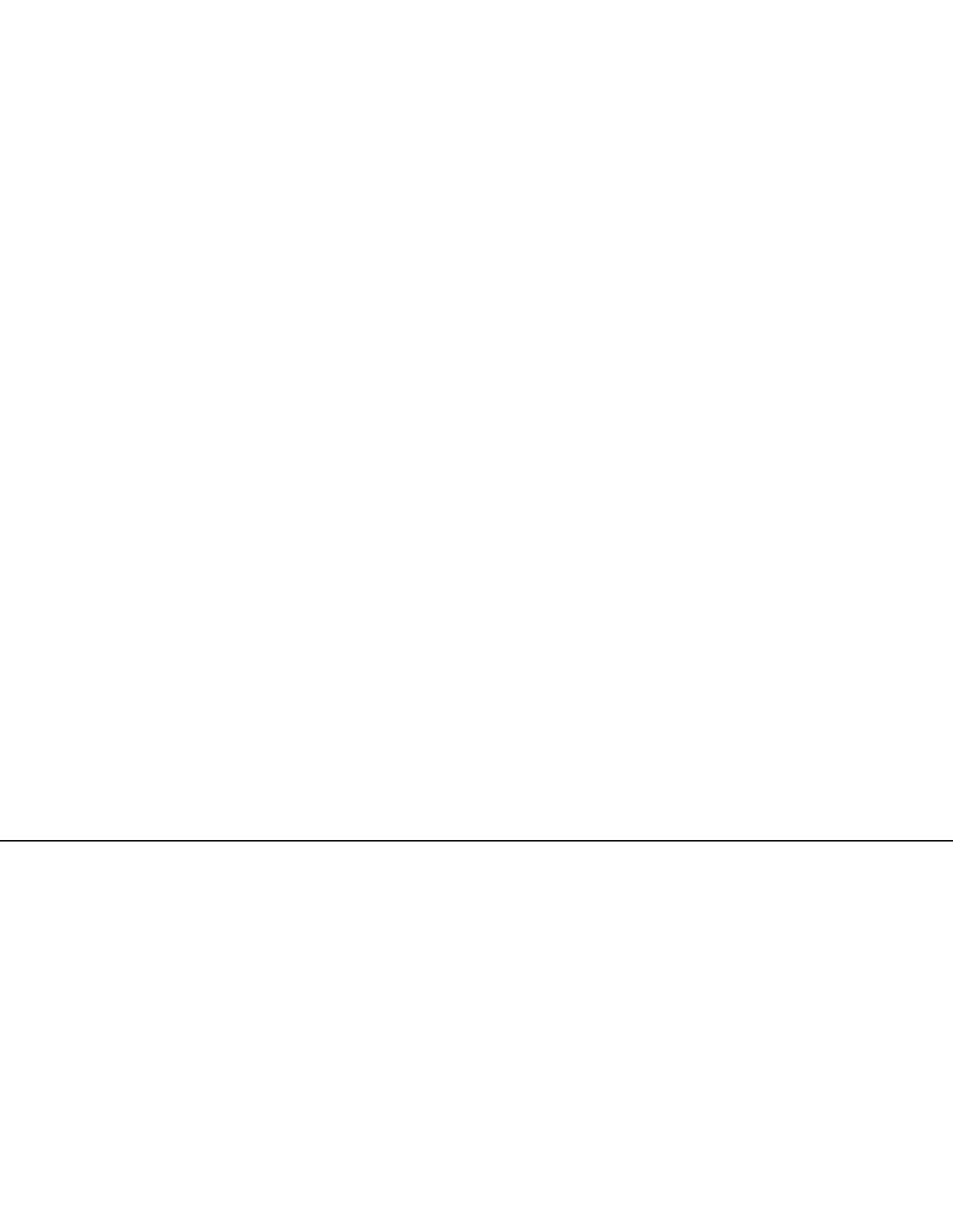


Tyesha McGann | Masters of Planning Portfolio

S

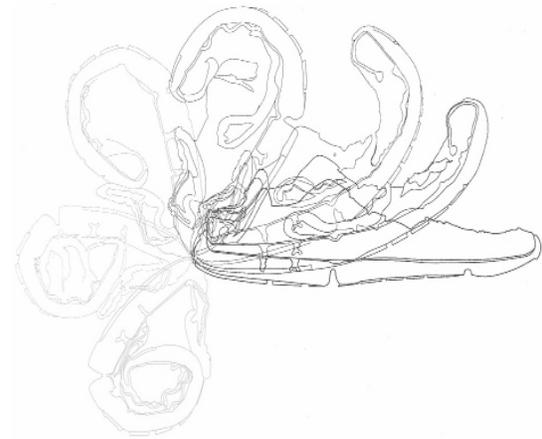
STUDIO WORK



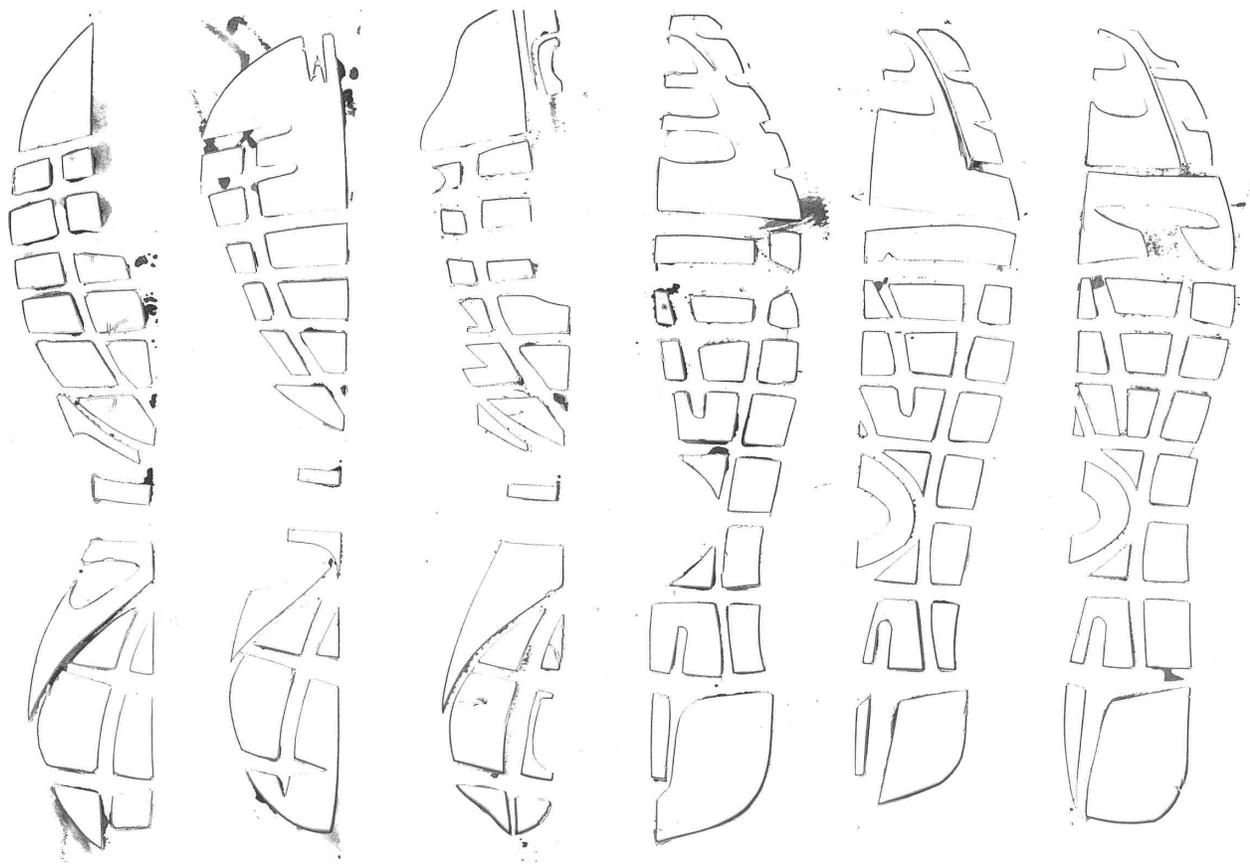


DISTORTION

2017 | AUTOCAD | White Paper Board |



A shoe, has the capability to direct and shape the movement of those who wear them. Although unrecognizable to the human eye the countless tread imprints left behind create irregular rhythms and patterns that are, once brought to light, transcendent. This experiment sought to investigate the essence of the tread in hopes of uncovering the stories and moments it had lived. By casting a light onto and through the tread its memories are projected onto the canvas creating complex patterns and rhythms.



This experiment consisted of imprinting the shoe tread repeatedly with ink, then cutting out each individual shape after which a stencil began to form. To mimic movement and patterns - the stencil was held up against a canvas and distorted to reveal the unique patterns hidden within the essence of the tread revealing a multitude of inventive and unique outcomes.



Here. There. Anywhere.

2018 | Pins and Foam Board

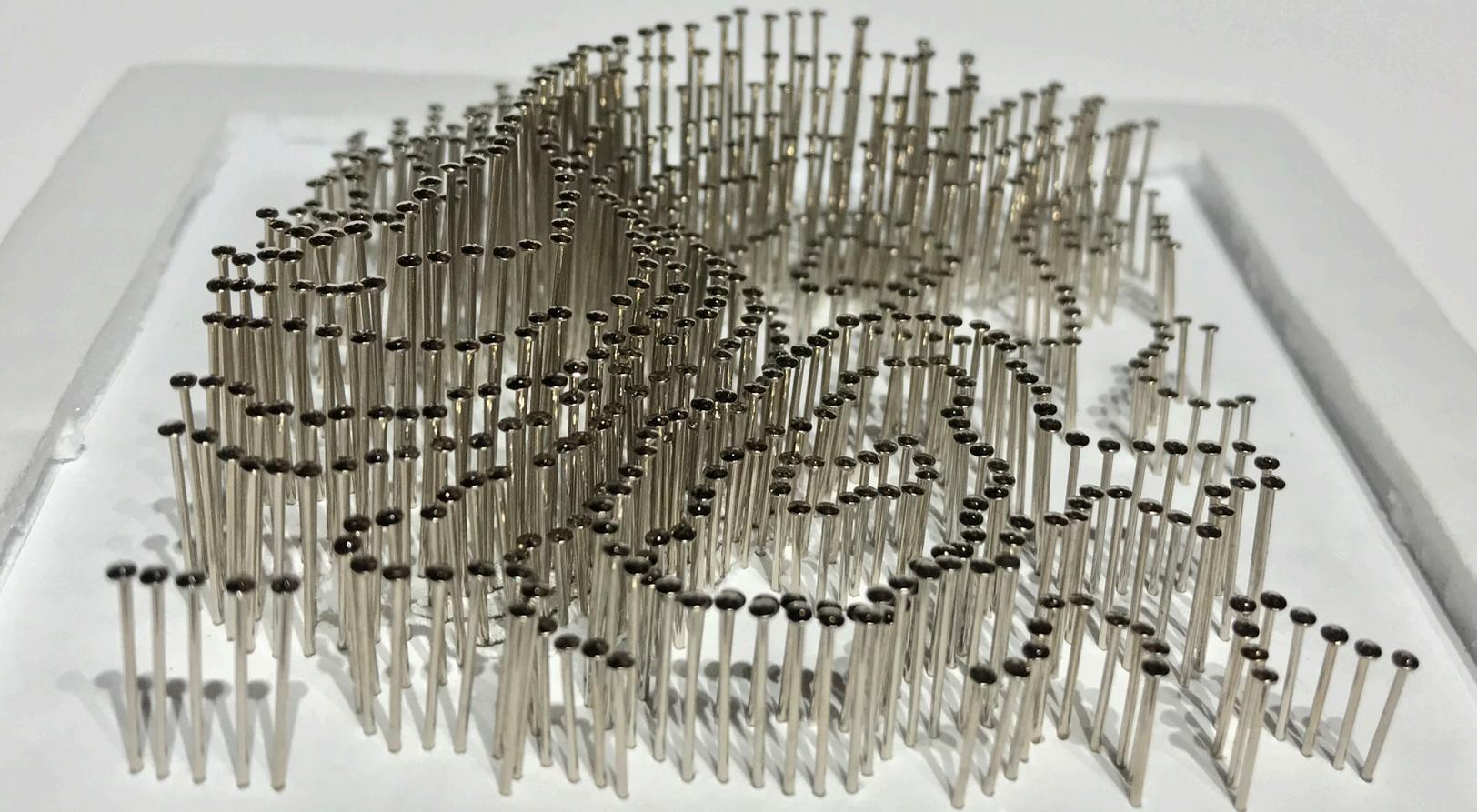
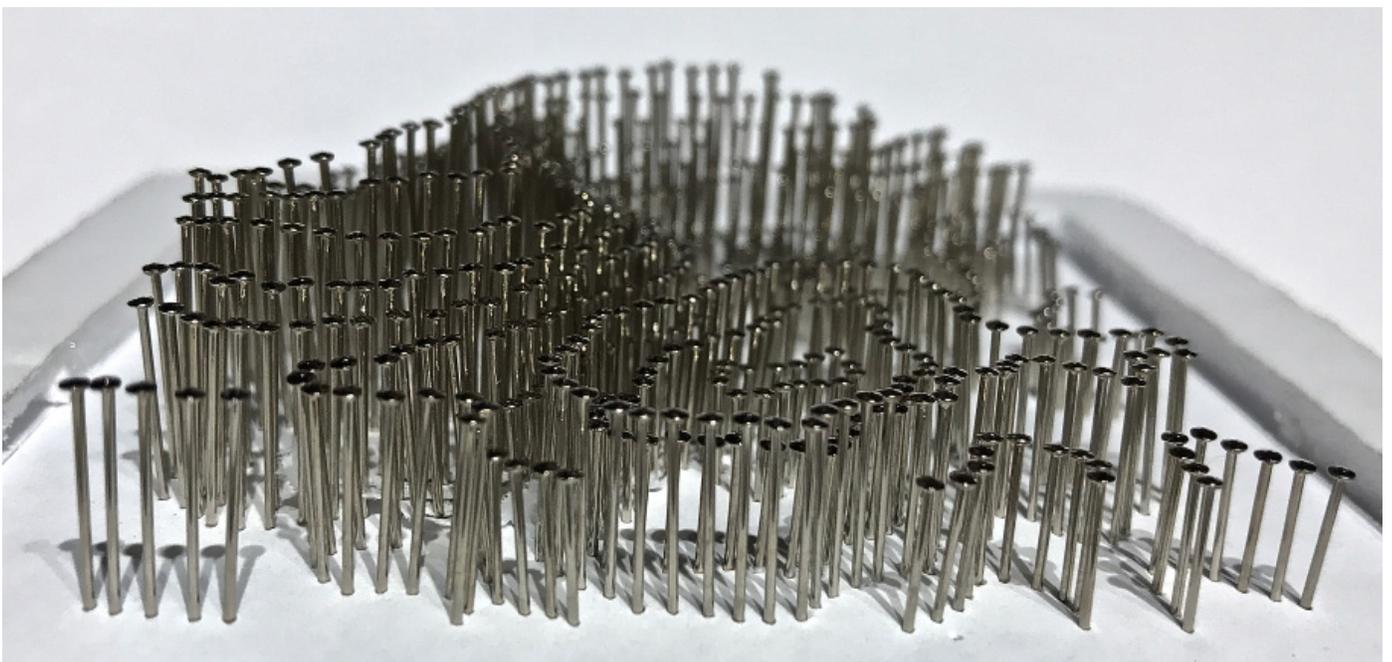
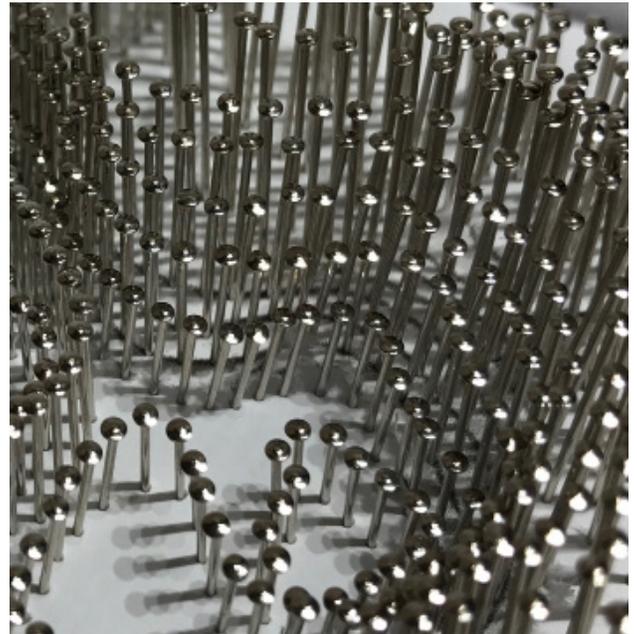




Image Courtesy of Google Earth

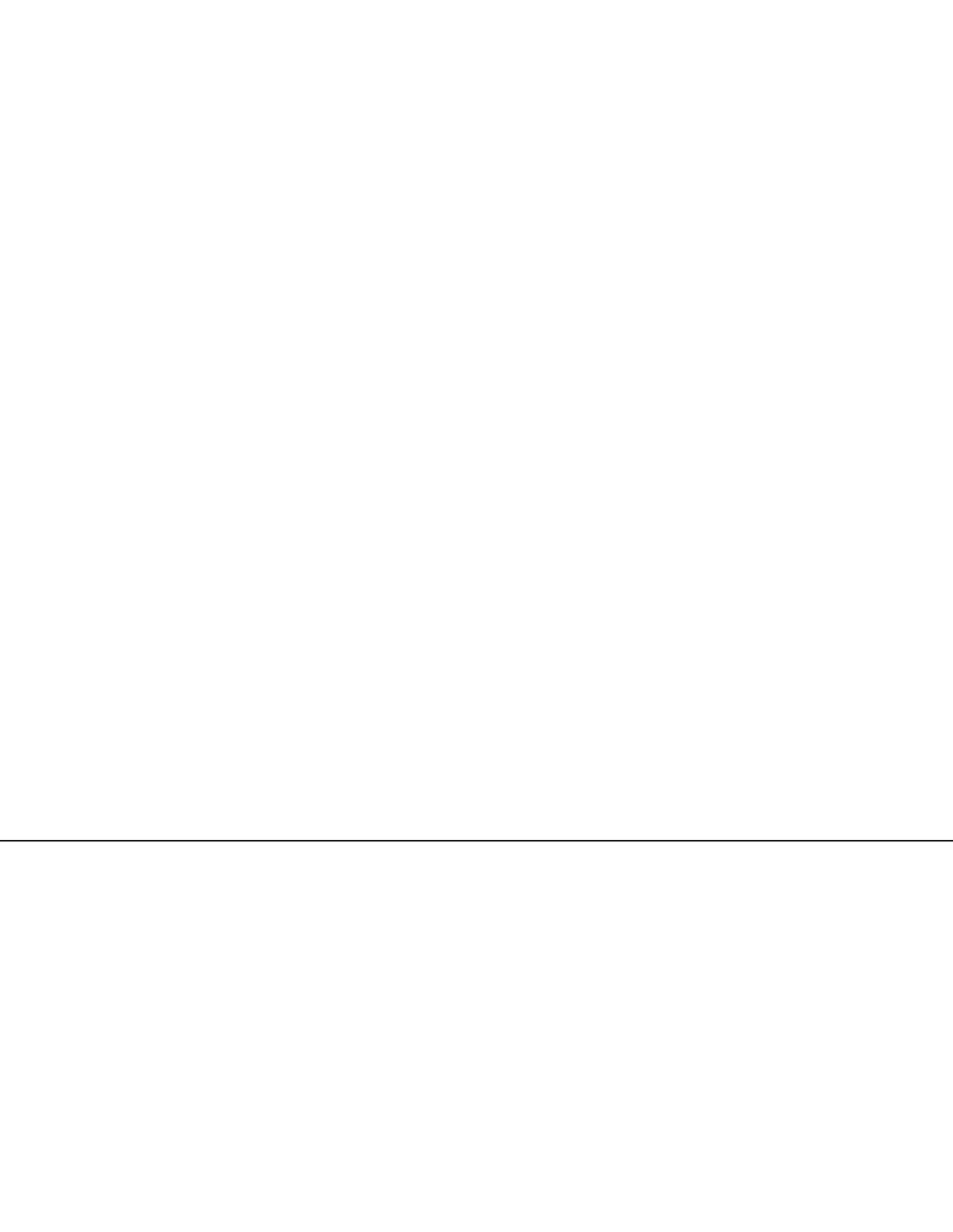
Cities are organisms that are in constant growth and flourish. Integral to the development of the networks that reside within is the landscape that supports and grounds the city above. Acting as a pillar to growth, it defines the way cities such as Timmins function. In this case study, the purpose was to investigate and analyze trends in city growth. My objective was to free the landscape of impurities caused by popular urbanizing trends such as overpopulation, poverty, gentrification, and pollution to map the landscape. In the adjacent panels, you see the use of pins as the embodiment of pillars that mimic the swelling, concaving, and curvatures that live in the landscapes everyday.



P

Personal Works





Through the Lens: Hereford Cathedral

2016 | Photographic Essay | Sony ax5000



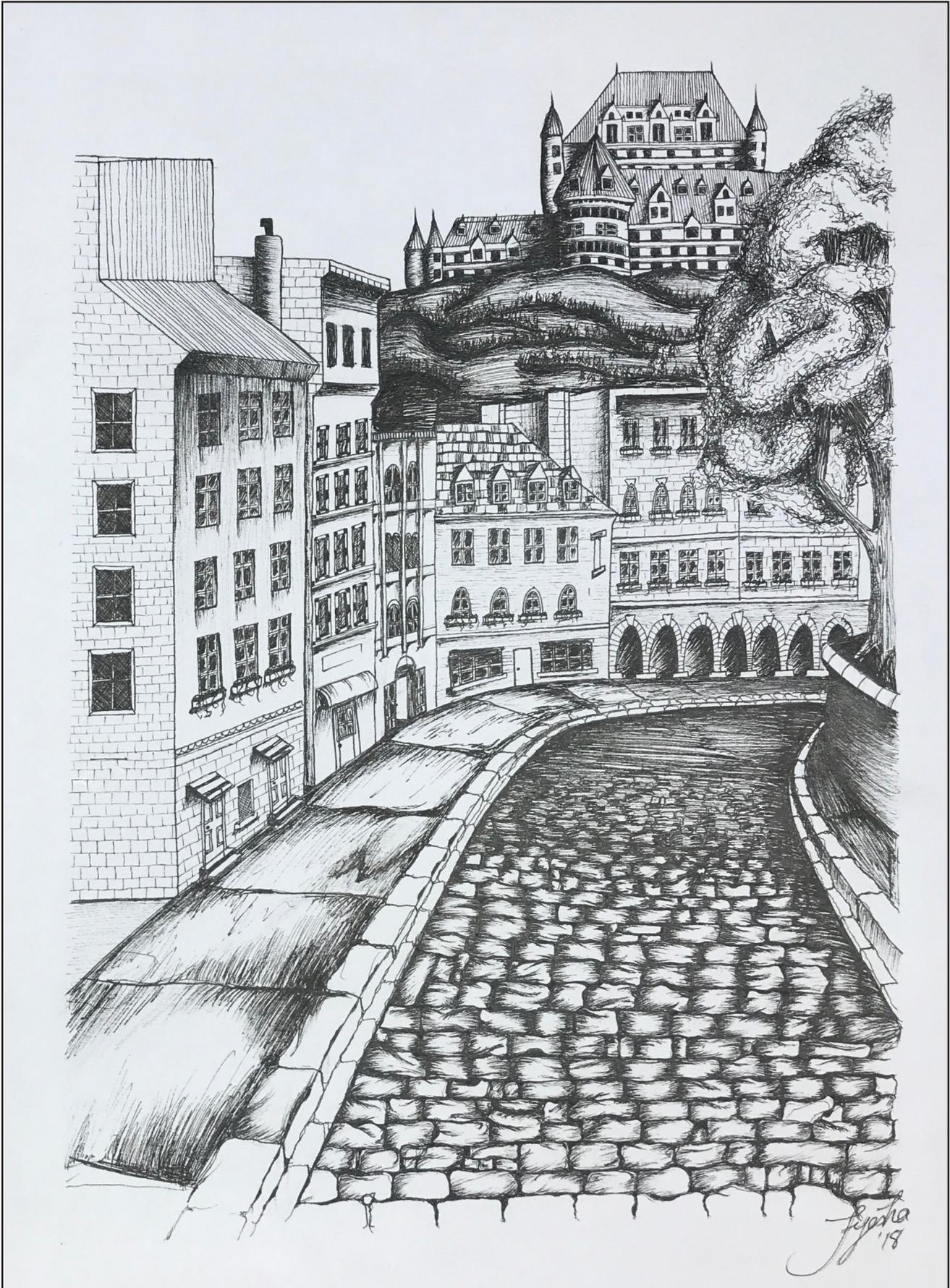
These photographs taken during a summer course in England allowed me to grow not only as a historian but also as an artist. This experience allowed me to use photography as a medium to convey spatial relationships through a language of memory and feeling. Through visual communication, I carefully selected and framed the views of the structures which not only did the space justice but seamlessly conveyed its story.





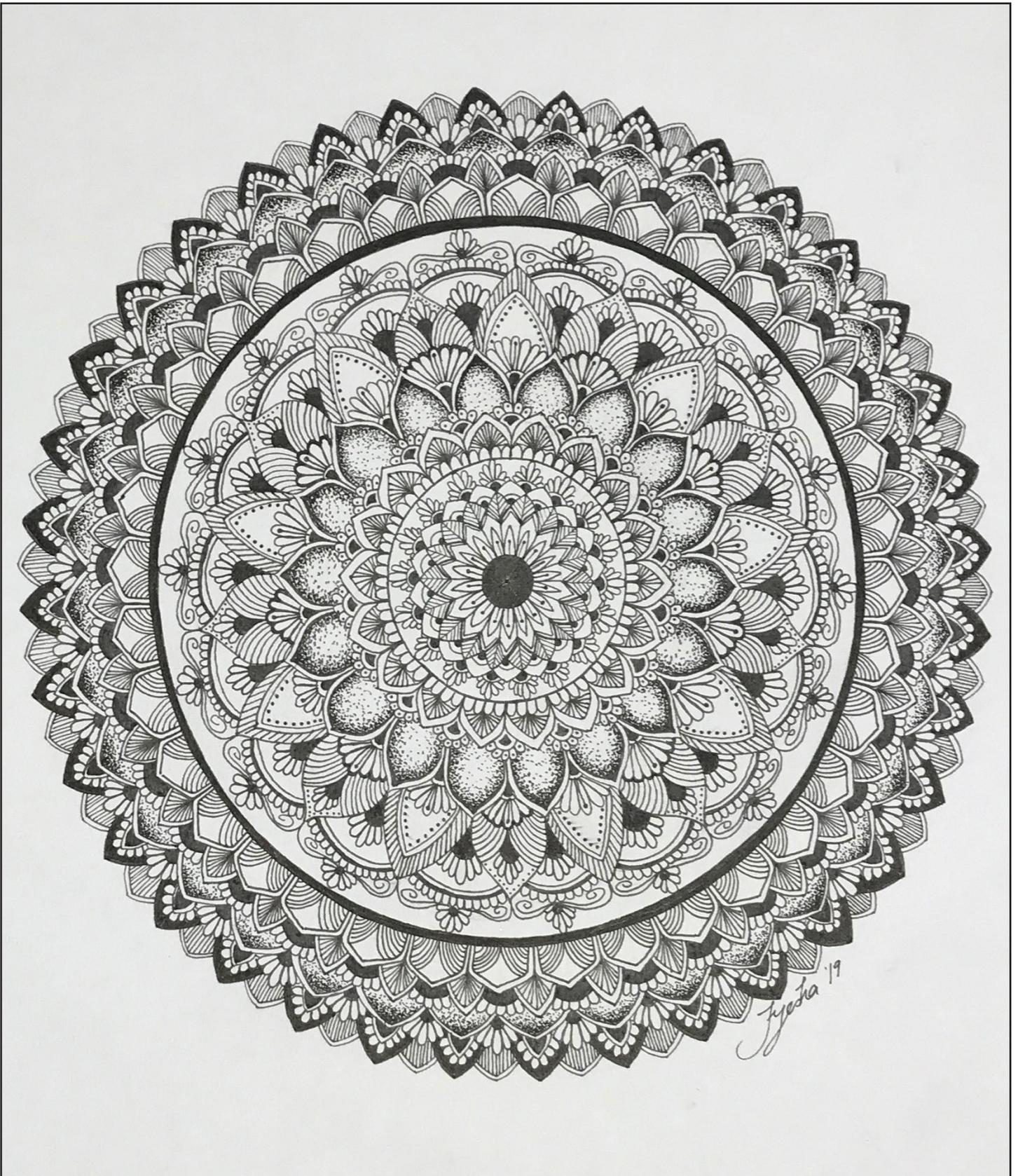
QUEBEC CITY STREETSCAPE

2018 | Ink & Pen | Mixed Media Paper



Mandala

2018 | Ink and Pen | Mixed Media Paper



SELF PORTRAIT

2015 | WaterColour | Coffee Stained Book Pages
Pages taken from Elizabeth Chandler's *No Time To Die* (2010)



want to be left off somewhere other than
re going.”
n and got out. Sid met me at the back of the
nd pulled out my luggage. It was going to be
house.

“I taking you to the door?”
n traveling incognito.”
eyes. “Like *I*’m famous and they’ll know who
y see me dropping you off. What’s the real
u—I don’t want to draw attention to myself.”
parents had agreed to let me attend under a

was talking. Curious about Mike, I glanced around, but the
faces were too unfamiliar for me to notice if someone new had
arrived. Brian was introduced to us as the stage manager and
gave us the schedule for the coming week: auditions tomorrow,
a read-through on Wednesday morning, and blocking begin-
ning that afternoon.

“Everyone will audition and everyone will do crew work,”
Walker told us. “There are thirty-two of you. I’m casting twice
the number of fairies, which gives us twenty-six roles. But
everyone, including my six techs, will be involved at least in
understudy work. Got it? Any questions?”

Tomas raised his hand and waited for Walker to acknowl-

a distant bank of trees. To the left of the docks
an open wooden structure with a shingled roof
on pilings over the edge of the creek, it seemed
of tall, grasslike vegetation.

Two other groups of eight had caught
Maggie conferred with a guy and girl whom
R.A.s, and the rest of us climbed a ramp to the
it was furnished with wood tables and benches
sun-washed deck, which provided a view of the
on the railing, I finally allowed myself to look
a small green park to a bridge, the bridge where
killed. I studied it for several minutes, then tu
“Are you all right?”

No Time to Die
ge when she was onstage, its merriment when
lose to me during a performance, whispering
actor’s delight as he drove a truck through
swallowed him.

Then I quickly turned
thing but mice, I thought; this old build-
sed a nation of them. If someone had come
s, I would have felt the draft.
ed to listen, every sense alert. I became aware
soft as my own breathing, a murmuring of
from all sides of me—girls’ voices, I thought,
louder. No—one voice, overlapping itself, an
ases and tones, but only one voice. Liza’s.

t daring to breathe. The sound stopped. The
nd was so intense my ears throbbed, and I
heard my dead sister’s voice or simply imag-
p slowly and looked around, but could see
it signs, the gilt edge of the balcony, and the

been a special connection between my
like, but when we were little, we

Straight ahead of me lay the main quadrangle of Chase
College, redbrick buildings with steep slate roofs and multi-
paned windows. A brick wall with a lanterned gate bordered
Chase Street. I passed through the gate and followed a tree-lined
which had been built behind the first.
were also colonial in style, though some appeared
newer. I immediately recognized the Raymond M. Stoddard
Performing Arts Building.

Liza had described it accurately as a theater that looked like
an old town hall, with high, round-topped windows, a slate
roof, and a tall clock tower rising from one corner. The length
of the building ran along the quad, with the entrance to the the-
ater at one end, facing a parking lot and college athletic fields.

I had arrived early for our four o’clock check-in at the dorms.
Leaving my suitcase on the sidewalk, I climbed the steps to the
theater. If Liza had been with me, she would have insisted that
we go in. Something happened to Liza when she crossed the
threshold of a theater—it was the place she felt most alive.

Last July was the first time my sister and I had ever been
separated. After middle school she had attended the School for
the Arts and I a Catholic high school, but we had still shared
a bedroom, we had still shared the details of our lives. Then
Liza surprised us all by choosing a summer theater camp in
Maryland over a more prestigious program in the New York

No Time to Die
area, which was much better suited to
experience. I was desperate to get away
to Wisteria, however, she
e-nched and texted constantly, and begged
her new friends, especially Michael. All she
was Michael and how they were in love, and h
like no one else had ever known. I kept puttin
had lived so long in her shadow, I needed the t
one other than Liza Montgomery’s sister. Then
given all the time in the world.

For the last eleven months I had struggled
in school and gymnastics and worked hard u
parents that everything was fine, but my mind
somewhere else. I became easily distracted. I kept
which was ironic, for I was the one who had
things for Liza.

Without Liza, life had become very quiet, s
no peace. I could not explain it to my parents,
but I felt as if Liza’s spirit had remained in W
were waiting for me to keep my promise to com

I reached for the brass handle on the theater d
the entrance unlocked. Feeling as if I were expect

Elizabeth Chandler
ther not.”
do you

Elizabeth Chandler
“No way,” argued another. “Paul wouldn’t have hurt her. He
was totally obsessed with her.”
I saw Keri bite her lip.
“That’s what obsessed people do when they’re
want,” the boy continued. “They get the
another.”

Elizabeth Chandler
again, just far enough to see him. He was sittin
beneath the bridge, staring out at the water, hi
his hands loose and still.
turned in my direction. His eye
darkened like the water

finally said
I finally said
I finally said
I finally said

OWL

2014 | Charcoal | Strathmore Charcoal Paper



Thank You