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
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.
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.
want to be left off somewhere other than for going.

in and got out. Sid met me at the back of the
and pulled out my luggage. It was going to be

I taking you to the door?

as traveling in Wolfgang's
eyes. “Like I'm famous and they'll know who
to see me dropping you off. What's the real

so—I don't want to draw attention to myself.”

parents had agreed to let me attend under a

self portrait
2015 | WaterColour | Coffee Stained Book Pages
Pages taken from Elizabeth Chandler’s No Time To Die (2010)

everone 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-

get when she was onstage, its enormity when
me up during a performance, whispering

I .....

Then I quickly slammed the

thing but mice, I thought; this old build-

ed a nation of them. If someone had come

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

and tones, but only one voice. Lisa's.

not daring to breathe. The sound stopped. The

of was so intense my ears throbbed, and I

heard my dead sister's voice or simply image

slowly and looked around, but could see

signs, the gilt edge of the balcony; and the

been a special connection between my

like alike, but when we were little, we

was talking. Curious about Mike, I glanced around, but the

faces were too unfamiliar for me to notice if someone new had

aided. Brian was introduced to us as the stage manager and
gave us the schedule for the coming week: auditions tomorrow,

as a 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-

Straight ahead, I approached the diamond-shaped quatrefoil of Chase
College, redbrick building with steep slate roofs and multi-

panel windows. A brick walk with a lanterned gate bordered Chase Street. I

went through the gate and followed a tree-lined path, which had been built behind the first

title. The building was in colonial style, though some appeared

I immediately recognized the Raymond M. Stoddard

Performing Arts Building.

Lisa 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 Lisa had been with me, she would have insisted that we
go in. Something happened to Lisa 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 been se-

parated. 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

Lisa surprised us all by choosing a summer theater camp in

Maryland over a more prestigious program in the New York

area, which was more better suited to her experiences and

expensive. Georgia was desperate to get away from all the

stress, however, she had not visited her old friend, and we

had settled constantly, and begged it from her new friend, especially Michael. All she

needed was Michael and how they were in love, and how

she longed, and so she had told them. I kept putting

at home, that I needed the theatre, the other one than Lisa Montgomery's sister. Then

she gave the all the time in the world.

For the last eleven months I had struggled at school and

and gymnastics and worked hard at school and at

parents that everything was fine, but my mind

somewhere else. I became easily distracted. I kept

which was irrefutable, for I was the one who had

with Lisa.

Without Lisa, life had become very quiet. I

no peace. I could not explain it to my parents,

but I felt as if Lisa's spirit had remained in the

were waiting for me to keep my promise to come

reached for the brass handle on the theater's
door, and the entrance unlocked. Feeling as if I were exp
Thank You