

\$500 OBO¹
Joseph Robert Moore²

¹ Footnotes are for those that need them, OBO=Or Best Offer

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Dedicated To: Helen Tost-Patrick³

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To anyone who reads this:

There are words in this document that might point to a specific course in academic study of the arts, the first and most frequent being the word sublime. These instances are not to be taken as a point of interest of mine, academically, beyond the dictionary definition of the word. To use the only aforementioned example of such a word, Sublime: I am not talking about the immense discourse in writing delving into the deepest depths of the soul/sunset/mountain range/spirituality of the breath or breadth of god; you can consider those veins if you wish. I am talking about sublime in the way that an upper middleclass housewife might describe a white wine and Valium followed by a light jog through Cloverdale Meadows in suburban Minnesota.⁴ In this case, one likes it; it is sublime. The retaining wall that I am using as a desk right now seems Sisyphean, if you know what I mean.⁵

It's about class and tasks if you don't.

Nodes:

Is to watch someone tipping over equivalent to experiencing the sublime? Does a dude in a golf shirt asking a waitress if she is single produce cortisol or serotonin? I am sure it is different for the two people, but it probably produces both for me. These types of pathos inducing acts drive my work. Is it more appropriate to be compassionate or to pity the event? Does a Stepmother-of-the-groom feel

⁴ It's actually called Cloverdale Farms, but that doesn't sound as good when one is trying to make it sound like the biggest problem it could be. Teens litter pizza boxes and liquor bottles here and adults steel plants from the shared gardens for their own. For more info or services call me at (651)491-9897.

⁵ Sorry for the brevity, oh, actually I'm looking for some levity in a reality that suggests tranquility is found through equity... I was listening to Eminem when I wrote that.

remorse for accidentally body checking a noodle-armed child while dancing to a traditional Jewish song in a mixed faith wedding, then falling down herself and taking just a little too long to get up?⁶ How are we supposed to feel about actual issues? What is the appropriate response to living in a country that is either idling due to obstructionist politics or actively encouraging regressive ideology?⁷ I wouldn't say that I make work specifically addressing these questions but they do inform my attitude. Are the trivialities really any different in terms of inducing chemical response in the brain than major international issues? Probably not, and that may be why they both take place – we have little capacity to govern emotional response to events that seem tragically insignificant or those that are actually tragic. At least I do, with understanding of their differences in gravity.

That is why in making art I would like to be able to fail.⁸ I would like to be able to fail with friends. I would like to be able to fail and go to work the next day and then be able to fail again.

It would be nice to succeed though. I focus on levity⁹ in my work as a means to hit heavier, looming issues in tangent rather than striking them right to the core. Rolling my possessions around in the tall grass of my yard to make them feel better¹⁰ is perhaps a better response to fascism in this country than throwing a rock at a police officer (probably not though). Some of the things I make may seem like non-sequiturs, and that is by design. The idea being that, much like explaining a

⁶ This happened in front of me, the step mom's name is Tina and she makes terrible potato salad (it includes ranch).

⁷ #2017 and earlier dates.

⁸ I will talk more about failure later in this document

⁹ This means that I like to have fun and be funny and talk to fun and funny people. Levity means: "humor or frivolity, especially the treatment of a serious matter with humor or in a manner lacking due respect." That is according to google, which I am unsure of accreditation.

¹⁰ In reference to video 2, "Nice Yard Work", found in \$500 OBO, my terminal thesis project.

joke, over explication transforms my work into idle prattle, or maybe just a horseshit idea¹¹. If I were to say that rolling my things around in the grass was to fight fascism I would be an idiot. I am not an idiot, and it is not about that. I just thought it would be nice to be nice to things that people aren't usually nice to. While others dig deeply into direct or linear subject matter I prefer to sink only into the top three inches of the banality¹² and absurdity¹³ of human life¹⁴. This allows me to move more quickly, bouncing from node to node rather than fully committing to a single point. Mobility is more interesting to me than expertise in a specific or concise body of knowledge (may this be called myopic? Both modes could be, I suppose).

A Short List of Nodes: movies, commodity, the everyday, inside jokes, pratfalls, lies, intentional failure, the existential dilemmas produced by everyday experience, politics, lots and lots of Wikipedia...:

- Someone tipping over < ---> Sublime
- Inside Jokes as Hypereality.
- Roy Rodgers Award
- Humor and irrelevancy as political motive
- Critical Fun
- Two Bowls With A Pig In It
- Sex and its opposite.
- The importance of absent explanation
- Oregon Used to Suck

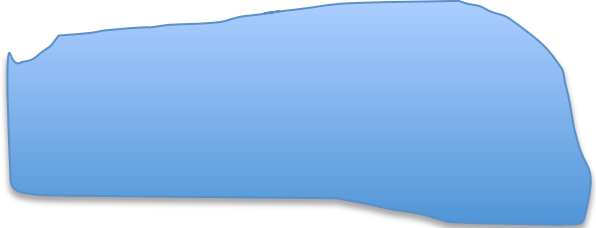
¹¹ I am trying to get to 420 footnotes.



¹² We will all die

¹³ Who Cares?

¹⁴ Its ok because its still fun sometimes.

- Sleep
- Transcendent Banality
- The God Damn Pizza Store (Examination of scholastic viability in the everyday).
- On Butts
- Spelling
- It's Still The Russians
- What Giving A Shit Looks Like
- *PASSION*
- Young Buck
- How to properly survive an airport terminal through provisional sculpture and performance.
- I have never been to Alaska. Does that mean I'm autistic. I don't think so, but maybe.
- Braveheart and bread
- Making a dumb thing stupid.
- Girlfriends
- Curatorial Lifestyle
- * Diagrams *
- Now, more than at any point in the recent past, we should allow ourselves to shut the fuck up.
- J. Peterman-like descriptions of my artwork
- Scripts
- There Is Hopefulness To A Chair Trying To Go Off-road.
- Best Breakfast
- Paranormal Date
- Consensual Acts for the advancement of fine art



- EXTREME description of the difference between mono and dicotyledonous seeds¹⁵
- Toynbee Tiles
- Cause and Effect
- Reality TV 
- Amnesia as an fallback in 80's-90's television and movies
- The Pepsi Paradox and its relationship to Jay Leno and David Letterman.
- Escapism 
- List of peanut butter combinations
- To do lists



Inline Scooter:

You know what really gets my motor running? What tunes me up? What makes my brain buzz? It's the infinitely complex systems of irrational mediocrity that you see every day. The little things that make you think, "huh, I guess that's why America is broken and we are all going to die."¹⁶ Don't get me wrong, I love a good walk in the woods, I stop to smell the roses too, but boy-oh-boy - give me that mine field of sidewalk gum that you know is there because the drunken kids at the bar want to freshen up to go make out! Holy shit, that dude just cut off a blind guy to get on the bus first AND he has a bike, what a shithead! I am *fueled* by negativity; I thrive on it.¹⁷ This is not to say that I like to be some sort of sullen bucket of soggy rocks...

¹⁵ Monocots are like grass and dicots are like carrots, motherfucker.

¹⁶ RE: Jeff Session's Southern "charm" and the re-fetishisation of 1980's opulence peddled to Boomers and the elderly by our standing president Donald J. Trump.

¹⁷ I worry that this is lazy fodder because of its pervasiveness but it seems like it might be pressing.

It's hard work to be negative because not everything sucks.¹⁸ Being negative about the right things is as conscious a choice as keeping a positive attitude but seems to make more sense to me because it's best to keep an eye on the bottom so that you don't crash and burn rather than reaching for the stars because Voyager 1 was born in 1977 and is only 11 billion miles away, you know?¹⁹ It's going to be 40,000 years before it reaches a place that might have intelligent life and our plan was to have a golden LP show them rudimentary nudes and a song by a noted pedophile as our initial "sup?"²⁰ Ok, I'm spiraling here.²¹ Let's get back to Eugene Oregon, originally titled Skinner's Mud Hole²², and onto the topic of infinitely complex systems of irrational mediocrity.

I was walking down 13th Avenue on my way to campus last spring. This is usually the time of year with the maximum amount of bike frames that have been stripped by vagrants and kicked by pumped up man-boys clogging all of the bike racks. I noticed though, that one post was empty save for none other than a seemingly professional grade inline scooter. What the fuck. I stopped for a picture; in retrospect it should have been a selfie but whatever. This kid had locked a scooter (a ding dang scooter!) to a bike lock fully aware that we are all going to die! My god,

¹⁸ '85 Bears, '87/'91 Twins, Iverson era '76ers to name only things in USA sports that don't suck.

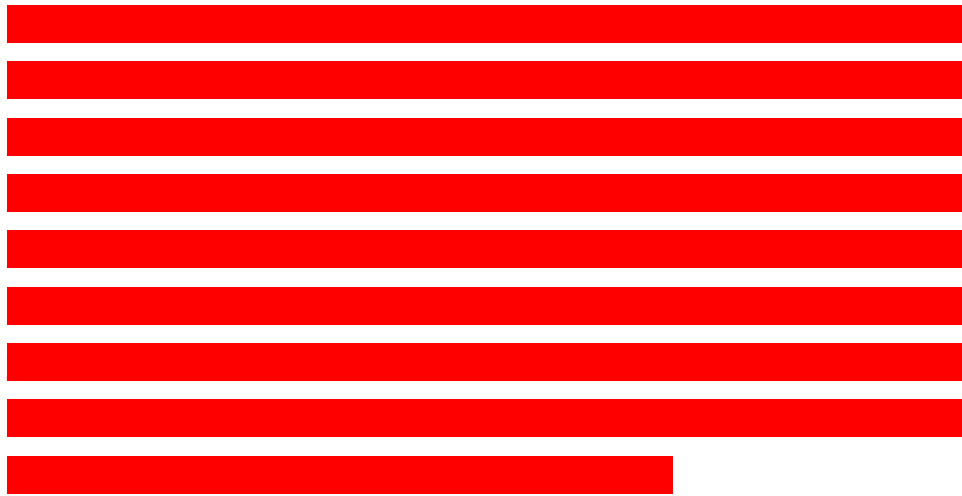
¹⁹ This is a huge distance, but the travel is in stasis nonetheless.

²⁰ I am unsure of the artist behind the nudes (Carl Sagan?) but Rock and Roll artist Chuck Berry might be a pedophile according to court records.

²¹ I am using this word [spiraling] to make reference to the cosmos as well as my own path in this document.

²² Eugene, Oregon ("founded" by Eugene Skinner) was originally founded in a swamp that Native Americans considered "cursed" (that seems like a pretty western way of thinking about titles, but hey, they thought the place was pretty crummy). It was basically a trading post for racist white men, then it moved a few miles down the road and currently houses a university largely funded by Nike. If I were talking to you right now a lot of what I mean would be conveyed through tone and eye movement.

why here? ...It's in front of Jimmy John's. At this point my heart had started beating faster... Someone rode their inline scooter to Jimmy John's and locked it up outside for safekeeping! Holy smokes that is grim. He was probably in there right then eating a roast beef, mayo, and lettuce sandwich with a Dr. Pepper.



Ok, so this kid who is [REDACTED] is inside Jimmy John's eating a roast beef, mayo and lettuce sandwich while his orange professional grade inline scooter (Scooter!) is locked to a bike rack with a kryptonite u-lock fully aware that we are all going to die and voyager 1 is 11 billion miles away and that is why we voted for Donald Trump. This scooter is responsible for the election of Donald Trump. The mayo on that sandwich is responsible for the election of Donald Trump. That kid who is most likely a hair's breadth away [REDACTED] [REDACTED] is responsible for the election of Donald Trump. We are all fucked and it's that stupid fucking scooters fault. I feel excited just thinking about it! The infinite systems, causes and effects, the intensity of the banal²³ staring right into your eyes! My goodness.

²³ Banal: So lacking in originality as to be obvious and boring.

Love Letter:

I deleted the last thousand things I wrote because I realized I just want to eat grapefruit with you every day.²⁴

The Kansas City Shuffle:

The 2006 blockbuster flop “Lucky Number Slevin” features the old turn of phrase “Kansas City Shuffle” in which Bruce Willis describes a scenario where one makes everyone look left while instead going right.²⁵ Mr. Willis kills a man after describing this and I think that can pretty closely explain my intention in making artwork. While I certainly don’t intend to kill anyone, I do like to provide a lie, or guise to what I am actually intending. Like Jean-Paul Sartre says, “Insofar as existentialism can explain the events in Cambodia, we are presented a feedback loop of normative intercultural possibilities in which the fiber of modern discourse reverses its own intention.”²⁶ Providing possibilities or interventions in interaction with my work can take the forms of humor, insult, exclusion, nonsense, mistruth, collaboration, play, mischief, self pity, etc...

In running a messy Build-A-Bear Workshop™ in a recent exhibition I encouraged people to make plush creatures for their Valentine and told them they could pick the item up on Friday. The gallery is closed on Friday. I believe people had fun during the making process but they were essentially free labor for material

²⁴ MMM

²⁵ Upon further research, this was a phrase only used in a jazz song about dancing until the movie co-opted it in a way that suggested a jazzy long-held turn of phrase.

²⁶ He did not say this; I wrote it in a perceived style and used key words from reading a Wikipedia page. It seems accurate though.

creation, sweatshop workers. I made them look left while I went right. It is much like the quote from the Bukowski novel Pulp, "I don't know Nicky, did you think you could outrun them forever? You had to know that you were on a dead end path. When a horse drinks at a bar, where does he piss?"²⁷ Is the product the act or is it the outcome? I think the laborers of Build-A-Bear got more from the action of making and I got more from the action of taking. It is both an exploitation and the offering of entertainment.

The Ballad of the Infinite Fugue State:²⁸

Act 1: Scene 1:

Brice Appenbaum: So, like I was saying to Vance, what the shit is up with the flat screen? I bought a drink for this chick last night and said, "let's go back to my place and check out ESPN for a while..." But when we got back there the place looked gnarly and the flat screen was fucked. PLUS, my 3600 was covered in Cheeto prints. Seriously Dude? Did Nate have my Totino's too? Uncool Man.

Scene 2:

Missed Connections: Hey Girl, I saw you at the rat show. We talked about cages and diets. You were wearing overalls, I was wearing a lot of paisley... Maybe we could do a play date?

Scene 3:

Age Generation: Well the whole platoon got a load of the shit. I used I used to operate an HL 74 and I saw dudes on 37's and HERCS pile on a ton too. Back then CO's didn't give two shits if you Jello or not. So when it was there, you bet your ass you were at the front of the line. You little bitch.

Scene 4:

Bold As Brass: A wild sense of abandon took Clair as she came upon the bulk offering of spandex fabric. "Can I do this? Is this my first experience in the art of

²⁷ This is not from the book I reference. Again, I supposed I could write one sentence in the lyrical voice of an esteemed author. I tried to KCS you, my friend, the reader.

²⁸ Pretty much all of this happened to me.

bartering?" ... "I'll give you 20 bucks for that shit."
It was priced at \$34.99.

Scene 5:

Taste of PH Levels:

"Did you ever hear that MOBY song "South Side?"
No? It's a fucking ripper, man! Jesus, I've only
known you for like a minute, but I'd bet you'd Love
it... Great harmony, and the guy seems chill as a
motherfucker. Anyway, what were you talking
about?"

Scene 6:

Chloe:

"There's some kind of fucking maniac down here!"

Scene 7:

Rachel's diet:

- "Yeah, I don't really like chicken."

- "Oh? Are you a vegetarian?"

- "No, I don't like the taste."

- "Oh, ok. It can be made a lot of different ways
though."

- "Yeah, I've just never liked it."

- "So what do you like to eat?"

- "Oh, you know. Mostly chowders."

Scene 8:

Teenage Dreams:

"There was this girl I wanted to go to the pool with
so fucking bad. Never did, but I'd still go to a pool
with her. Whatever, I think public pools are kinda
gross anyway. I bet she thinks the same."

Scene 9:

Hard Times at Home:

"Dude, calm down. I was just brushing my teeth.
You're acting like I was building the Panama Canal!
Sorry I made you 3 min late for your dance recital...
Jesus. You can be pretty spazzy sometimes Jared.
Have a good night, I guess."

Scene 10:

Terminal Boredom
With Bruce and
Tamela:

B: Tell me what types of ham they have again,
Sweetheart.

Artist Statement:

Spiritually committed optimists walk among us. They exist in the hyper real vacuum of shopping malls, movie theaters, and gas station parking lots. Each of them wanders the earth, searching for something to hold onto, something just beyond their reach. This unattainable 'something' changes from person to person. A giant beanbag chair, pants with fancy back pockets, superpowers, the new flavor of Doritos, love or sex on a telephone. It is simulated reality, and there is so much of it. Observation of the optimist induces hallucination. A world-bending torrent of things-you-would-do-differently-or-not-at-all produces a nightmarish visage of the optimists you are not observing.²⁹

Young Buck & Kevin:

Whoa there, Young Buck. You cheery up them cherry eyes of yours. No need to let them peepers leek, weep no more. No more cutting onions, Young Buck. No sir, when yer a moseyer y'aint got time to mess about with no damn peppered peepers. You just look to the sky and let the light of that big ol' honey onion shine on your path. Yessir, Young Buck, your luck'll change round bout time ya loose the rouge in your cheery cherries. Slap a grin on that grim greeter and select your own destiny. When one wakes in the west, we want what wanderers think in their winks. Bigger britches and –

²⁹ I don't know any of these people and they are probably great in their own respect. Hopefully they are good to their friends and family, but people engage in activities that drive norms in capitalism that ultimately don't serve themselves or the populous on a longer time scale. Also, most clothes are ugly and uninteresting plus who are you trying to impress at your job at the DMV or whatever.

Shit Shit fuck goddamnit.³⁰ I'm a data entry clerk not a Western Writer. What am I doing fantasizing about this all day? How did the great one, Louis L'Amour do it? He made his career out of pulp westerns. How did he do it? How can I be more like L'Amour. I wish I could turn my brain off like Kevin over there and be content just shoving cream cheese into my cream cheese hole and pecking away at a Dell running windows '95 in a depressingly lit room in the interest of collecting on sub-prime mortgages because people like Kevin were easily lied to about a bullshit better life in a great huge house. It would be so much easier to be Kevin.³¹ Look at him, his posture. He isn't broken, that's impossible, he was never breakable to begin with. His spine was crafted to be placed in that chair. He should be made of marble. He is becoming that chair, the snug fit must feel glorious on his frumpy body, they are lovers, the perfect fit. Did he wear that tie to impress the chair today? They are matching. His black pleated dockers go perfectly with the chair's stand and caster set. The maroon seat playing off of the glint of flair in his tie. I think he should wear a pocket square tomorrow to let the chair know he is a man who can take care of more than just himself. I wonder what the chair thinks of his cream cheese habit... The chair has to notice. He eats a whole brick with lefse every day and that's just at work, who knows what happens when he can go hog-wild in the privacy of his own home.³² He has to be getting heavier, maybe the chair doesn't mind because it loves him for reasons other than a primal physical attraction. But there are the farts... Lordy LOO the farts that must come with all that cream cheese. There is no way the chair can be happy about that. Maybe they are working things out in counseling. Chairapy? Ugh, I hate myself. But I hate Kevin more. His contentment makes me sick, WAKE UP MAN THERE IS A WHOLE WORLD OUT THERE! KEVIN! Oh fuck, he has that gummy, white, post-cream-cheese-feeding shit in the corner of his mouth. I bet

³⁰ This was why I wanted to apply to graduate school and also the reason I am glad I am done with it.

³¹ Uninterestingly, I was the top performer internationally in my division at Wells Fargo. I also ran a mile in 4 minutes and 22 seconds in high school.

³² Addiction is a major problem.

he's looked that way after feeding since he was a baby. That cream cheese is mother's milk, suck it down Kevin. Did his mother dress him as a business casual baby and that why he doesn't mind being here all the time? Maybe he's just used to it. ♪ **Oh loo-o-orrd, I'm diii-eee-iinnng** ♪ I think that's the song Kevin would sing if he were in a Louis L'Amour novel... He belongs in this office. He would instantly die if he needed to jump from one horse to another or fight off some banditos. Is there nobleness in that, finding your niche as a data entry clerk? Noble Clerk. No Bull Clerk. Nope, he is a sack of shit.³³ I want to write about No Bull Clark, the daring law-man of Saginaw, Michigan. But here I am, a clerk myself, and I don't even have a noticeable penchant for anything. At least Kevin has his cream cheese. Oh god, is Kevin further along in getting life figured out than me? That is a bleak prospect. Ok, back off that ledge... no need to start thinking that Kevin has it screwed together. Just remember he is a greasy fucking nightmare-horror-show human slab. Breathe it out... breathe.

Maybe there is something to writing westerns. Can that be my cream cheese? I would rather be know as the guy who writes westerns than the man whose ass has a love affair with a chair and pipes mountains of cream cheese into his gaping maw. L'Amour was about 30 when he started to write and Reagan gave him the presidential medal of freedom...

Bigger britches and braggin' rights'r all an ol 'poke 's'after. So dry them lemon drops tumblin' out yer glassy gazers and strap a pack up on yer back, Young Buck. T'aint no time like the present ta follow your own shadow by the light of the noon fire... Keep moseyin', Young Buck, keep moseyin'.

³³ Wordplay is a fun game and there is some of it in this document. Have you ever thought of the actual exact opposite of something? E.G. Goliath's Divorce=David's Bridal.

Confidence Boost:

I don't have ADD, I'm adaptive.³⁴

I Want To Talk To You Later:

Can white bread reenacting 1990's action-dramas be related to modernist performances and installations?³⁵ I believe the comparison can be made. But it probably shouldn't, because I am not really concerned with my work fitting into the trajectory of the mainstream art world. I am interested in individuals and groups/collectives that have intentionally created their own space outside of the established grid. Art collectives like The Harry Who and Destroy All Monsters operated in tangent to their native base of institutional or academic art production. Operating in Chicago and Anne Arbor, they were able to avoid aesthetic market demands found in New York or Los Angeles. Instead of producing works rooted directly in the lineage of modernism-postmodernism abstraction, they were able to produce figurative works, performances, costumes and events, etc. While still eventually rooting themselves in the trajectory of art history, they were capable of creating their own offshoot. One that perhaps took more time to gain notoriety but was important to contemporary art culture nonetheless. Not unlike their predecessors in Dadaism, surrealism and the situationists, starting as more of a social movement than artists tied to capitalism allowed for greater experimentation. They were free to fail without worrying about livelihood. This precedent for greater artistic freedom through an art practice that is for fun rather than marketable work (at least in their time) seems relatable to me. I do not want my practice to be

³⁴ I am undiagnosed, but I think the signs are clear.

³⁵ Thesis committee member Sylvan Lionni gave me this suggestion about a piece I made involving a plinth, a pulley, white bread, and the audio from the movie Braveheart.

something I rely on for a living.³⁶ That puts too much stress on the success of creation.

A Quote That describes what I have been saying for 3 years:

In the catalogue for the 1990 exhibition *Just Pathetic*:
“Pathetic art provokes laughter not simply by its own pitiable failure, but also by its contamination of the entire arena of the sublime. Simply by occupying a place in a gallery, the pathetic work prompts comparison with all other art objects. According to Freud, this “comic of comparison” results from a principal of degradation.”

In my terminal thesis project I parked my 1994 Ford Ranger in the best garage it has ever seen. It sat next to fine art drawings sculptures and paintings for one month with all its windows open. I think that was a good break for it considering its sordid past... I bought it from Vitali Fedorovitch, who owned it in Alaska and drove it to Minnesota. Purchased just before his Armenian family picnic where they “pull no stops” in the early summer of 2014 for \$1700. It was a work truck for Sweet Earth Inc. for a summer in Minnesota. Took me to Polebridge Montana for a week then to west central Oregon. Two years pizza delivery there, then a daily driver. I have installed custom carpet complete with matching pompoms and repainted the interior of the bed and topper. New water pump and left upper A arm 3 years ago. New driver side window after a break in (works great). 5 speed manual, clutch might want to be replaced soon but no problems. Rust. Tape deck is great, ate a B52’s tape once but I think that was because it was a low buck garage sale purchase, works great now. Warped break drum on one wheel, works fine but scares the shit out of a date... E brakes are a chop job so it’s better to park facing downhill. Optional (4) Video screens in the bed for entertainment. I can provide “Braveheart”, A Trip To Portland, Nice Yard Work, and People For The

³⁶ I actually do want to be able to make art for a living. But as I understand, it is very difficult to do that and have a lot of anxiety about my future.

Preservation of Unremarkable Photographs Volume 1.³⁷ No spare tire, new battery. Needs exhaust work (clamps and coffee cans could work). Looking for a TLC home. Includes topper. Great daily driver or light work truck.

\$500 OBO.³⁸

Pictures Of Some Work I Have Done And One That I Have Not:³⁹

I have included works from my application before coming to Oregon and work I have done over the past three years. There is a wide range in style and attitude because, as I have said, I am interested in mobility of ideas and experimentation. Some of them are colossal failures, others not so bad.

³⁷ “Braveheart” is the movie Braveheart, the 1995 Best Picture Oscar winning film about the greatness of America and Jesus Christ through hyper-masculine sexuality, violence, and capitalism in 13th century Scotland, from the mind of notable anti-Semite, Mel Gibson. It is the best worst movie ever made. “A Trip to Portland” documents a trip to Portland in a shitty truck with a chandelier and was designed to get me pulled over on the way for good audio (I did not get pulled over so it turned into a pretty good Patsy Cline music video). I discussed “Nice Yard Work” above. “People for the Preservation of Unremarkable Photographs Vol. 1” is a slide show of the scummy, accidental, or otherwise creative photos provided by users of a forum that I moderate on the internet website Facebook.com. The photos are, in general, sardonic in nature and, in the slide show, paired with doo-wop love songs. My intention with the slideshow was to show some love, as in “Nice Yard Work”, to things that don’t usually get any...

³⁸ I only got to 40 footnotes... “Best laid plans...” right? But times ten and plus two would have gotten it there. I guess I laid out to big of a plan for myself.

³⁹ The only Image of something I did not make is a picture of a crow, the crow’s mom and dad made him.



40

⁴⁰ This grass tower was part of my grad school application, I think it was successful at the time but would never make anything like this now.



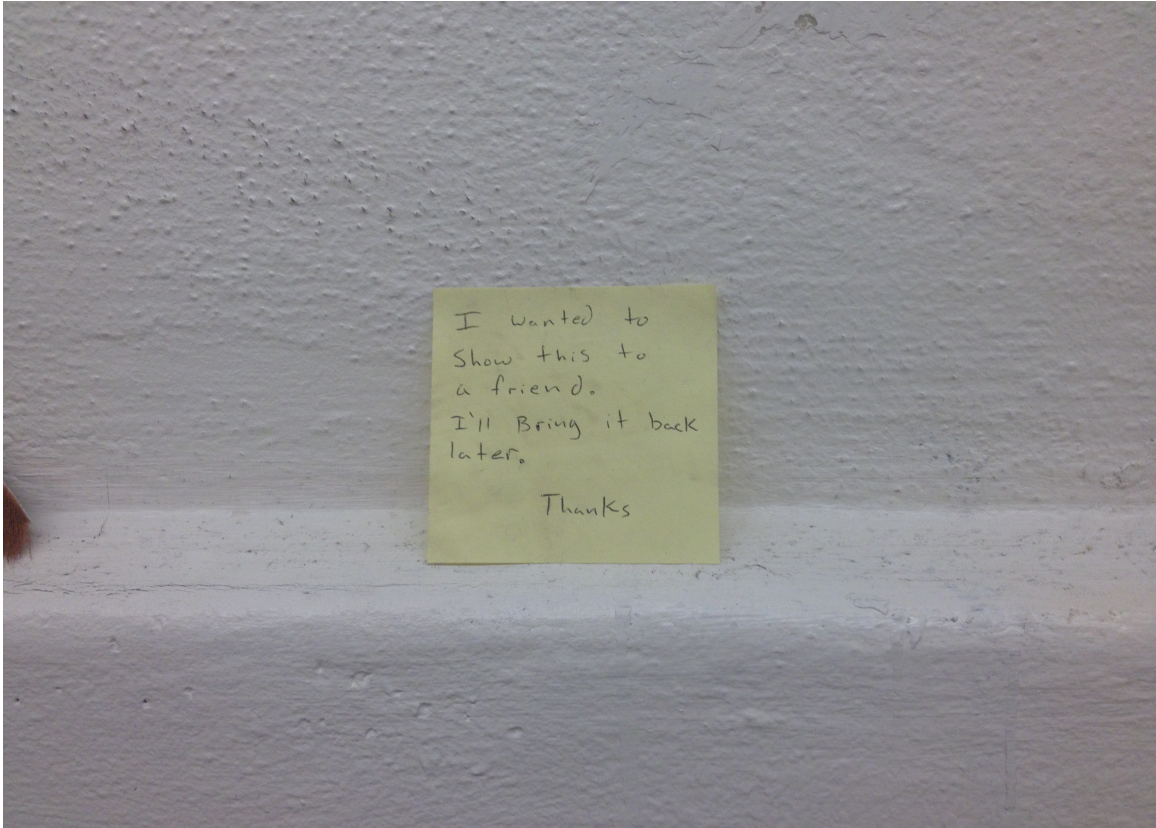
41

⁴¹ This is an All American Painting and I actually liked this one enough to not throw it in the dumpster at school upon leaving Eugene, OR.



42

⁴² A Golden Poop Spoon. I think it is very funny that someone stepped on this at the opening for the show it was in.



43

⁴³ I stole the poop spoon after the opening and replaced it with this note. It created quite the buzz amongst a few of the more gullible grad students.



44

⁴⁴ This is one of the Spiritually Committed Optimists I mentioned above



45



46

45 Installation view of Spaceship Earth, a group show I participated in.

46 Video still of Spaceship Earth, its about me eating a Jimmy John's sandwich.



47

47 Installation view of *I Tried My Best To Get I Done*. In this three channel video I build a human sized hamster wheel, paint it, and then paint myself when it fails to work.



48



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⁴⁹ I found this crow that had been blown from its nest and cared for it till it was large enough to fly. This is not work I made.

⁵⁰ This is a video still of a sandwich that automatically fills itself with whipped cream



51



⁵¹ Each of the following 4 pictures are of my thesis exhibition, \$500 OBO. If you live in Minnesota, I will seriously sell you this truck for \$500.

