RELAY: page, voice, place

In a brief selection of glimpses, a mosaic of moments, perhaps overheard, certainly in the form of a chance chorus, we become conduits to a ecstatic experience.

Our work has involved harvesting translations of remembering and reclamation. We sought tender fractures, riches and occasional recesses in the continuity of the fabric of this place that we are converging with for a brief visit. As temporal inhabitants, we sought the unexpected evidence of histories amber trapped around us. We sought through-lines and buried memories.

Within this first relay pass, it is our hope that we have conjured a buoyant assemblage of place and people, situated somewhere between the claims of the past and the needs of the future.

Leon Johnson and Andrea Wolfowitz
Sachem Hawk Storm (Weskonowam Kanikhowak) and Val LaRoche
in conversation with Leen Johnson and Andrea Wolowiec

Leen Johnson — There is something powerful about choosing to bring attention to a chance meeting, even if we choose to pay attention for just a moment, together. Here we have a small tale, around which a few people have assembled and through the window we see the land, a landscape that has been here longer than any of us. I’m just curious about how, beyond the share of the story that you just told, how much more of that is carried by you. I wonder how that kind of deep lineage you started talking about inhabits your life and the terrain around you?

Sachem Hawk Storm — I guess I have to tell a little bit about my back story in order to tell my front story. We have the oldest reservation in the country. It was established in 1796, and that was before it was even a country. So, we have that. But we also have an extremely oppressed people there. A lot of misappropriation of land and so the people are squeezed down to about 400 acres of land. Nearly everyone has been removed from the reservation and there’s a lot of pollution. Many have become alcoholics, can’t get a job, drug addicts, there’s a lot of abuse and my father is a product of that. He was very abusive and alcoholic. My mother was seventeen when she became pregnant with me, and my brother is only eleven months younger than me, so there’s that. It got really bad, my brother and I got taken away for adoption with a Roman Catholic family. I ended up going into the system whereas my brother wasn’t really very talkative, was a little bit younger about age six but still he was a very close six-year-old and I knew who I was already. I was very protective of my brother, a very protective person. I didn’t really fit in with the Catholic family so they put him into Catholic school and sent me back to the state, into mental hospitals and those residential schools. I grew up in that. Finally, emancipated at the age of 18/19. I was living on the streets for awhile; after they finally kicked me out of my last residential. I tried getting my degree for awhile but that only goes so far and I ended up getting my GED.

I always kind of knew who I was but you start to think that maybe a lot of these stories are made up in your head. You feel like it could have just been this fantasy that tries to block out everything else. So I started to second-guess everything. I found my father about six years ago and it confirmed a lot of it, especially about being Native American and dealing with my struggles, knowing that what I’m being taught can’t possibly be right. Because it’s not just something you learn, it’s ingrained in me. I have a literal line that I believe guides every movement that I make. So now that I know more about it, I can hear them talking to me. There’s no way I can’t do what I’m doing. There’s no way that I know about all of my history and walk away from it. The question now is, how do we fix it and move forward? So, I went to the Eco and tried to talk to Allen and tried to talk to the rest of the people who were involved. You can still feel the anger and the hate, even towards each other. It’s so messed up and so just, completely lost. So I said, I have to do something else. I started doing these things where I’d go to sweat and just do all kinds of studying. I wanted to know everything there is to know about who I am, who these people are, why it’s so important, why I’m so driven to do this. The more research I did, the more I found out how political and crucial these people were, even in creating this country. I learned that the Schaghticoke ran the Schaghticoke Powder Mills during World War 2.

Val LaRoche — It was probably more than one war. It was during the Civil War too. It was definitely World War II because FDR was there inspecting...

SIE — US, FDR would come over with the Navy. He was there with my grandfather, inspecting the Powder Mills.

Andrea Wolowiec — What is a Powder Mill?

SIE — Gunpowder. The Schaghticoke actually used to put walnut shells in with the gunpowder to keep the barrels clean.

Val — They were manufacturing gunpowder for more than one war. I’m not sure for the Revolutionary War but they were doing the signal fires.
SIS - I go to every mountain around here and do site walks, there’s a Signal Fire on top of every single one of them. The top of these mountains are clear cut, there would be a couple people living on top of each mountain. In the middle of the mountains, you’d have a nice little village, and there are places where you can see different areas where there’d be wigwams and long houses. I could light a fire and within twenty minutes, every mountain going all the way up as far as the wind carries will know about it.

Val - Sort of like Paul Revere’s Ride, only they would use it over and over again.

SIS - It’s a great form of communication. You know, everybody spoke different dialects, especially in this area. During the Pequot War (1637-38) with Sassacus, my grandfather, the leader of the Pequot’s, went out on a war party. They had this giant stockade built with a wall around it, we don’t do that but they were terrifed, they had to do something to protect their people. So that’s what they did. They surrounded the village with this big wall and what ended up happening, while Sassacus and his party (about 160 people), they blocked the two entrances and burned down the village with all the women and children and elders in it. That was the end of the great Pequot tribe. Thousands of people, thousands. The Pequot were the biggest tribe in the area, they and the Wampanoag confederacy, basically the Algonquin speaking tribes going up into Canada. They got cut off from Canada, from the upper part and pushed down.

Val - They got attacked again in the swamps of Fairfield and then the remnants of that group came across into Diver and hid out at the Stone Church. We dug out that they already knew that it was there.

SIS - It’s a sacred spot.

Val - Once I looked at the map, I saw that if he was going to Albany, over the Old Upper Road, which was an ancient Indian trail, he wouldn’t have to come to the Stone Church. If he was going to go up over Plymouth Hill, he still wouldn’t have come to the Stone Church, unless he was sort of meandering...

SIS - You’re not meandering if you’re running for your life.

Val - Right, he was fleeing for his life so he had to have that place in his mind and he was aiming for that place. They rested for about a week and a half there.

SIS - Then he went on with a couple of warriors up to Mohawk.

Leon - What number roughly, are we talking, near the Stone Church?

Val - Maybe fourteen people got massacred with him.

Leon - So the group that left the Stone Church, about fourteen people?

SIS - No, when he got massacred it was a war party that went up to talk to the Mohawk to gain support of the Mohawk. The Mohawk were already working for the English at that time, and wiped them out.

Val - But there had to be survivors because somehow the story got paraded down, from generation to generation.

SIS - That’s because not everybody from the cave went up with them to meet the Mohawk. He left them there to defend themselves because the cave was a perfect defense. He went to the Mohawk in friendship. It was only fourteen of them, they had already been running and running and dealing with everything else. They weren’t prepared and their village just got burned down. The rest of the group were in Diver hiding out, in protection from the English soldiers.

Leon - All of that is lost?

Val - It was just written down reference that was found in the Massachusetts archives, it could be somebody saying it. But the story, the oral history was how the Algonquins passed their history down and it came down generation to generation until Ennis MacWhee—

SIS - My great grandmother.

Val - Gave it to Benson Lossing, a famous historian who lived up on Chestnut Ridge. She used to go up there and tell his children stories, she was a basket maker, she would go up and down the valley telling stories. She passed the story of Sassacus and the Stone Church to Benson Lossing and he wrote it down. I think she saw her age coming on. She did hire someone trained though, didn’t she? Her granddaughter?

SIS - Ennis is my fourth great grandmother. My grandmothers were always the ones to pass down the stories, and grandfathers were the ones to lead the people. My great aunt just died a year ago, so I had the chance to listen to her. Mahke is my grandmother, she died a few years back but her sister was the last living person that remembered the floods, the graves being moved from the dam.
Val. - So was she a culture keeper?

SIS - She was the culture keeper. She was the last one. She ended up in Maine. My aunt Haxel is the one. I got to sit with her. By then she had Alzheimer’s, so I was prepared by my cousin to visit her. They said, “If she tells you that you’re an Indian, just don’t get upset.” So I go up there and I sit with her and she’s just sitting there smoking, smoking a cigar, sitting there just looking really dark, she’s a very dark woman, very wrinkly.

Val. - Just the picture you want in your mind of an ancient wise person.

SIS - Instantly, clear. Clear, no dementia, no nothing. So I sat next to her for about two, two and a half hours and she just blasted it all out. It was amazing. I was glad I had the opportunity to sit with her because she died about a month later.

Lena - The stuff your family had warned you about didn’t happen?

SIS - She turns to my family and says, “he’s got more blood than any of us.” I couldn’t believe she said that. Actually, everybody there couldn’t believe she said that.

Val. - She recognized, she intuited, just from seeing you.

SIS - She sat with me in perfect clarity, it was unbelievable, a really spiritual experience.

Audra - Did she talk about her story?

SIS - She talked a lot about the bad things on the Res. When the electric company came in and they built a bridge, Roll’s Bridge, they built a dam and it flooded out our graveyard completely. They had to move the boxes, she remembered how awful it was. She also spoke about the paper boats. She called the cause paper boats. They were still using them at that time, about a hundred years ago, the birch bark canoes. We have the densest population of rattlesnakes around here, timber rattlers. She Schaghticoke would have made baskets to make money and they would collect the snakes, milk them and bring a jar of venom down to the city, for an antifreeze. That was their job. In the 1970’s and 40’s over here in Kent, CT, they would have the great rattlesnake hunt.

Lenna - This is the beginning, perhaps we can have a second conversation?

SIS - It would be nice to have a center.

Audra - We can’t really cover it all, we’re so new to this place and we don’t have a history here. So we’re being invited to be narrators or, a conduit, we can facilitate.

SIS - If you have time, we can take you to the cave. We love going.

Val. - I live right down the street.

When I first arrived in Wassaic, NY, I took a walk to see the charcoal kilns that overlook the valley. I was told that Wassaic, like all the neighboring townships, had reshaped its landscape by cutting down the surrounding forests and turning them into charcoal through a process of carbonization. The charcoal was in turn used to smelt iron ore around the peak of the industrial revolution. Today, the Bridging forests that surround the hamlet are little more than 100 years old.

As I stepped along the retaining wall behind the kilns, I saw that the trees had begun to form the soil as they grew up from the ground, pushing out identical chunks of slag and ore. The mineral deposits formed rings like necklaces around their trunks. Picking among the rocks and ceramic glaze, I discovered small fragments of charcoal—remnants of the old forest unscarred by the new.

Carbonization changes an object's relationship from biological to geologic time. Carbonized objects are closer to rocks and minerals than living organisms. They can no longer decompose. Archaeologists have traditionally used carbonized plants and objects to help understand prehistoric civilizations. From discovering ancient trade corridors via carbonized grain to deciphering forgotten texts within carbonized scroll. Carbonization is preservation through destruction.

What is lost? What remains? There are memories contained within the material of an object. However, at the moment of carbonization, a certain quantity of information is lost in the act of preservation. I am interested in this gap between an event and its record. The inescapability of an artifact. The unknowable part of material memory where speculation and imagination live. The moment when an object ceases to be just itself and becomes something new.

Phil Peters | The Wassaic Project Artist in Residence, Fall 2014
Time and Place

There are a multitude of memories over the past twenty-seven years in this area, teaching art at Webutuck and raising my three children here. Having grown up in Litchfield, Connecticut, in the 1950's and 60's, I knew what small town life in New England looked, smelled and felt like... home. When my wife and our three small children moved here from Central New York in 1979, teaching at Webutuck was more than a full-time job.

It started in 1988 when my wife and I wanted to move back to the area to raise our three children. I accepted the art teaching position at Webutuck and when I first started teaching in the high school, the population of the district was approximately twelve hundred students and we had four art teachers. Now, that was different. I had been teaching art in public schools since 1988 and started in New York State at a small school in the small town of West Windsor, New York, and five years later moved to Whitehorse Central School in Upstate New York before coming to Webutuck.

At that time in 1989, Webutuck and the communities it served (Amenia, Millerton, Wassaic) was largely an agricultural community with many of the dairy farms still working and many of my students worked early and late on these farms. The school itself had a completely different feel than it has today. Back then, many teachers operated under an old school code where “teachers didn’t smile until after Thanksgiving Break” and tried to enforce a strict discipline where students followed the “my way or the highway” premise. There were many stories that were told to me of the discipline practices that bordered on the arbitrary practices of the 1950’s and 1960’s.

My schedule was crazy where teaching six classes of twenty-five to thirty students was the norm and just to survive. I would run five to ten miles everyday after work to “pound the day into the ground” and feel somewhat sane and be able to give my family what they needed from me as a father and spouse. I was coaching baseball in the spring and golf in the fall. It was totally nuts. The principle would literally run around the halls of the high school looking for kids who needed to be disciplined. Teachers wrote an ungodly number of disciplinary referrals and the years just run into each other like trains on a track.

Looking back now twenty-eight years later I really don’t know where the time has gone. My three children are adults ages thirty-four, thirty-one, and twenty-eight and I have two amazing grandchildren ten and seven. I feel blessed and fortunate and the teaching I am engaged in now, five year olds to thirteen year olds is still crazy but at every turn, I still thoroughly love teaching art and think that my thirty-five years experience has given me relevance the youthful outlook to continue.

I have taught most of my current student’s parents and I’m closing in on the day when one of my students is the grandchild of someone I taught all those years ago. My affiliation and collaboration with The Wassaic Project has inspired and informed the past eight years of teaching with new and exciting experiences.

Sam Fitz | Art Teacher, Webutuck School, Amenia, NY
Chile

2 tbsp oil (1/4 cup) from 1 onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 tsp red pepper flakes crushed from 1 tsp crushed red pepper-

1 cup kidney bean, 1 can tomato sauce

1 tsp cumin, 1 tsp red wine

1 tsp salt, 1 tsp black pepper, 1 cup

1/2 lb ground beef, 1 can corn

1/2 lb pinto beans, 1/2 cup water

Grill rv 350-400 degrees

2 tbsp black pepper, 1 tsp salt

1/2 cup cilantro, 1/2 cup sour cream, 1/2 cup

Serve with rice, beans, or corn tortillas.
Pokeweed is a wild plant found growing at the edges of gardens in the country or from concrete in urban areas. It is thought that during the Civil War, with assistance from nurses, soldiers used pokeweed ink to write letters to loved ones.

To create this batch of ink, berries were harvested from the perimeter of the horse pasture near Luther Barn, collected under lunar cycles.

Pokeweed Ink

1. Pulp about a cup of pokeweed berries by hand using a mortar and pestle. Let the mixture sit for a day or so to allow fermentation. The seeds are poisonous and may stain if stained, prepare with caution.
2. Using cheesecloth, strain the fluid into a bowl or container.
3. Add 1/4 teaspoon salt and 1/2 teaspoon vinegar, as needed and effective.
4. Store in a cool, dry place. Use as a wash or ink for writing. The bright magenta pigment fades in a few months after time; use varnish to help preserve color.
October 12, 1835 | An open field in the hamlet of Boston Four Corners, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, hosted, unwittingly, an exhibition of bare-knuckle prize fighting between James "Yankee" Sullivan and John Morrissey, two New York City publicans and ruffians (professional fighters) before a crowd of some 3,000 visitors who had traveled by rail from the city to witness the fight.

The fight, which lasted only 30 minutes (but 37 rounds) and ended in a general brawl and a contested victory for Morrissey, marked (and may have precipitated) dramatic changes in the lives of the two fighters and in the map of the Massachusetts hamlet.

Boston Corners, in October 1847, was the southwestern-most outpost of civilization in the state of Massachusetts, separated from the influence of the rest of the state and the jurisdiction of the government in Springfield by distance and the formidable physical barrier of the Berkshire and Taconic ranges. The hamlet was, if not actually lawless, notoriously beyond the reach of the law's enforcers. And it was for this reason that the records of Sullivan and Morrissey settled on the hamlet as the location for the fight, prize fighting being strictly illegal in New York.

The disruption of the fight and the resulting publicity—the New York Times and several other "corrupt-minded" journals published strong editorials inveighing against the brutalities of prizefighting, called attention to the anomalous status of the hamlet and led to the creation of Boston Corners by Massachusetts and its annexation by New York. The hamlet, which exists today only in name and memory, lies in the extreme northeast corner of Dutchess County, in the town of North East, where county 65 (Boston Corners Road) and Undermountain Road converge.

As for the fighters, following the fight, Sullivan's fortunes declined. Not long after, he left New York City for the greener pastures of San Francisco's bordello underworld, where he ran afoul of the local Citizen's Committee (relinquishing on cleaning up the corrupt and crime-ridden city), and committed suicide in 1855 in the city jail rather than face their "justice."

Morrissey, on the other hand, in the years after the confrontation with Sullivan, evolved from a brutal, corrupt gang leader and enforcer for the Tammany Hall machine, into a prominent and wealthy publican, investor, and politician, served two terms as a U.S. Congressman in the New York delegation, moved uptown, was elected to the State Senate, was the principal founder of Saratoga's race track and died of pneumonia in 1878 in his bedroom in Saratoga surrounded by his family and clasping the hand of his priest.

Dan Steinberg | November, 2014
The Wassau Project

The Wassau Project was founded in 2000 by four artists who were seeking an alternative to the competitive and commercial environments of artistic production.

Bowie Zonies, Ellen Bogarin, Jeff Barnett-Winsby, and Eve Biddle sought to bring artists to Wassau to create work and to develop programming that engages with and forges lasting relationships between artists and the local community.

Wassau began as a festival, a project, something temporary but important to me. Over the years my feelings for and about this place have grown in intensity. Wassau has become my home. When my husband and I bought our house here, I began a new and very direct connection with the land through my garden, which was tilled and planted by a friend. My neighbors began teaching me when and how to plant. We all exchange flowers and vegetables and during the summer, I’m in my garden every day. In the winter we trade preserves. Now when I see my extended family, they are in Wassau. My father and stepmother bring their children here. My cousins and aunts and uncles and friends come from all over to visit. The most surprising outcome has been the spontaneous and magical friends that drop by—gardening advice turns into wine on the porch and here dinner. This is a place where we can have different opinions and still be friends, still share our garden, support, and eat together. This has become a place where we can share the things we love. That’s how I know I’m home.

—Eve Biddle

I feel as though I ended up here by chance. Bowie and I met in Rhode Island and I was on my way to move to Los Angeles. Bowie had already lived out west and was eager to return but first, she said we had to swing by this little town and throw the second iteration of The Wassau Project Festival, now in its second year. We worked for the summer prepping and had an amazing time, however, we were eager to start our new life in California. As we were packing to leave, we started having a series of conversations where different people came close to us and came out, were advocating that we stay. At that moment we started talking about what we might do in L.A. and imagined we might do something like what we had just done over the summer. We moved to Wassau full time and gave it a go. We knew lots of folks looking for studio space so we worked that first winter removing the barn and getting the studios ready. From there, everything has been very much an evolution. We respond, add or subtract as we grow alongside our community.

—Jeff Barnett-Winsby

Selected from The Wassau Project Seed Swap
Maxine Mills | November 22, 2016
DL - They just check out. Have a nervous disorder. I went to Pennsylvania, spent a lot of money and bought a whole herd of Suffolk sheep, the ones with the black faces, and I brought them back. Right in this pen. I had about twenty-twenty-five sheep and what I did not know was that sometimes sheep have a nervous disorder and when you move them like that, it was a six-hour ride, they went into shock Within two days, every one of them was dead. I called the vet and he proceeded to tell me about this condition that sheep can develop. Total loss. I loaded them all up, took them to the field and buried them.

LJ - Were people buying lamb and mutton? Which communities?

DL - A lot of the Muslim community. I used to have a fellow from the city who owned about four or five restaurants, he came up here even when we didn't have an auction. He always knew that we had sheep and I would tell him to pick out anything he wanted. He paid me ten dollars, load them in his car, live, and he would go. We had one rule here at the auction barn, no killing on the property. I think we stopped selling in 1988. I'm glad the Wassiac Project came in.

LJ - Sam, grab a chair. Dave Luther. Sam Pitts.

SP - Are you Delores's brother? I taught all his kids. Who are your kids?

DL - Alice, Randy, Melissa, are all my children.

SP - I taught all of them. I do consider myself fortunate to have done that. I never came down here but Delores would come back and tell me about the livestock he sold over the weekend. I was busy raising my own three.

DL - I continued to do business out of the barn but America has a very high tax rate per capita, about half of the property is tax exempt so the rest of us have to pick up the bill, so to speak. I'm glad the Wassiac Project came in. There were areas of the barn that needed repair, not that it was in disrepair. They fixed it up and painted it, fixed boards that should have been fixed, and I'm glad the barn didn't sit empty. Because there's saying that barns that are not being used, die. They go away, start to fall down. Very rarely will you see a barn that isn't in use in the mountains. Empty barns die. There's no life in them. The Wassiac Project came in with their people and their plans, and the barn lives. The main purpose of the barn is from 1875. My grandfather had his first auction here on June 8th of 1948. We have the very first dollar that my grandfather ever received. He sold a bag of potatoes.

LJ - What did a dollar buy in potatoes?

DL - I don't know how big the bag was but it was the very first dollar my grandfather got. Another thing people don't realize, here, back in the 1950's, we used to ship cattle in from the Dakotas, by railroad. Where my horses are out there, they used to load them right off the railroad tracks, horses and cattle. Access from the barn down there, where the pole barn, that used to be the train station. I remember as a child, playing on the steps. You used to step out of the front door and be right in the middle of the street.

SP - That was the end of the line, like this is the end of the line.

The full interview is available recorded on SoundCloud under WassiacRELAY found online at https://soundcloud.com/wassiacrelay

You can submit other sounds to add to the WassiacRELAY sound archive by sending an email to wassiacrelay@gmail.com

Dave Luther in conversation with Sam Pitts and Leon Johnson

This interview took place in the Luther Barn at The Wassiac Project on Wednesday, October 19, 2016.

Leon Johnson - As somebody who works with materials, there's not a square inch that I'm not curious about. Everything in here is a map of time, the wood that's worn down.

Dave Luther - They are actually gauze masks, from horser, it's called cribbing, where a horse will chew on a fence or weed. Those masks are all caused by horses that were tied to the fence, it's a bad habit.
Supports (Luther Barn) is a site-specific installation made of drywall that is in response to the architecture of the Luther Barn. The wooden supports that catch the windows and allow them to open partially were of interest to me as a unique feature of the space. Since the wooden and glass windows only rest in the frames and are without hinges, the supports allow the pane to release from their structure, fall and rest or, in warmer months, be removed completely. As one aspect of the barn’s architecture is considered, rather than recorded into the fray, these hidden elements appear in the forefront. For this temporary installation, the three additional window supports made out of drywall, a modern, precut building material, put into contrast the historic barn with our current building practices. I hope this work questions what came before and what proceeds, often unnoticed, into the future.

Dana Hemanway | The Warren Project: Artist in Residence, Fall 2016
Biographies

John Dolan is a photographer who divides his time between Spencerport, NY and New York City. He has woven a career of editorial, advertising and fine art wedding photography. For over 15 years he has collaborated with The Berkshires Taconic Community Foundation on documenting the local life of our region. His work has appeared in numerous national magazines including Martha Stewart Living, The New Yorker and Real Simple. Advertising clients include Tiffany & Co., American Express, TD Bank and New York Life. His wedding clients include Will Smith, Matt Lauer, Ben Stiller, Kate Bosworth and Bridget Moynahan.

Tara Foley is the Education Director at The Wassaic Project. She is a multidisciplinary artist, currently living full time in beautiful Wassaic. Originally from New York City, Tara has spent the last 15 years living on the West Coast in California. She graduated with a MFA from CalArts in Los Angeles in 1993. Prior to working at Wassaic Project, Tara was the Education Director of Southern Exposure, a 40 year old art non-profit in San Francisco, among many other positions in the arts and education.

Dana Hemenway is an artist based in San Francisco. She has had residencies at The Wassaic Project, Benzie Center for Contemporary Art, and Kentuck. Dana has exhibited her artwork locally, nationally, and internationally. Dana is currently a co-director at Rural Newcomer Gallery, an artist-run project space in Oakland and she is represented by Eleanor Friedberger Gallery in San Francisco | danahemenway.com

Jeremy James draws, screen prints, makes wooden cut outs and sends mail to everyone he meets. His current installations with his wallpaper and postcards. His drawings are like unexamined dreams with furniture climbing through the door, cats in brick pots, all sorts of fish books flying around. He has recently shown in group shows at the University of Delaware, Craner Art Building, Skilkin Jenkins, and Bushwick Print Lab | jeremyjames.com

Leon Johnson was born in Cape Town, South Africa, and left for the United States in 1979, three years after the murder of Steve Biko. Johnson receives, researcher, designs and produces translations, communications and events. These events include performances, and interactive panels in multiple mediums, including installations, performances, video and photography. Johnson is a recipient of the Pollock-Krasner Foundation Grant for Painting and a Yaddo Fellowship, and he won both the First Award for Distinguished Teaching and the Williams Fellowship for Distinguished Interdisciplinary Teaching at the University of Oregon. He lives in Detroit, and was the 2014 Martha Daniel Newell Distinguished Scholar at Georgia College, and a Benzie Center Fellow.

Phil Peters was a resident at The Wassaic Project in the fall of 2014. Employing sculpture, video, and installation, his creative practice explores an evolving relationship between the built and the natural world. Recent presentations of his work include Efrain Lopez Gallery, Chicago, Danilo Gallery, Montreal, SXGO Chicago, Kastelli 1493, Santorini, and a solo show at the Chicago Artists Coalition | philipjpeters.com

Audra Wesselwic is an artist whose work oscillates between sculpture, installation, text and performance with an emphasis on sound and the material qualities of language. Her work has been shown internationally and at MASS MoCA, Societe Sculpture Park, Art in General, Norte Maiz, Studio 18, The Poetry Project, and Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art. Featured in BMW, Modern Painters, Brooklyn Rail, The New York Times, Sound American, and reductive journal. Residents include Benzie Center for Contemporary Art and The Wassaic Project. She was the inaugural Artist in Residence at Dia:Beacon and currently teaches at SUNY Purchase and Parsons School of Design | audrawesselwic.com
special thanks

Tate Lisa Foley
Nee Biddle
Suthem Hawk Storm (Washowman Kasikbeeck)
Valerie Lafortz
Cameron Gibson
Sharon Krieger
Bree Honeycutt
Martin Missioff
Dominic Falumbo and Max In The Pond Farm
Loren Nosen
John Parsons
Katelyn Sasek
The staff and interns of The Warren Project, Fall 2014

The Act of Corresponding

The notion of a simple sending and arrival is replaced by the idea of a bi-directional process, which makes it difficult to ascertain where dialog begins or where it is prevented. As a figure of thought, corresponding is thus not a strategy to solve the tension between presence and absence but a tool to make the incongruity of this tension visible.

—Alun Rowlands and Matt Williams, Nevel Magazine, Issue: Two