



Clear

r Obstacles





## TREPANNING SURBURBIA

The lost objects of suburbia have often been amplified, but rarely with such desperate candor or compulsive beauty. Much (un)like Bill Owens' progressive California series, AM Homes' statically wandering characterizations, or David Lynch's bizarre ropeless spelunking, Miranda Wieck's photographs sneak into backyards and over private property fences trespassing as an unnoticed intruder, upon the credit card graveyards of suburbia's disused toys and tools.

She observes, with an alien's familiarity, this alien landscape; listens, with a shutter click, to the ghostly chatter of accidental architecture; and returns documents, rich in the brutality of scientific discovery, the obvious secrets, coded in planned obsolescence.

Miranda's photographs facilitate our re-habitation among the mazes of plastic and thin metal that loom as clutter and Almost Garbage in our disposable income communities. Her work makes lovely the idle and disrespected, recasts in beautiful illumination the antiseptic, dangerous contagions we have purchased and left to rot under the ordered surface of our gridded, cul-de-sac bedroom communities.

Her photographs scream along the fissures and chinks in our living room TV fortresses. Her talent is as impressive as her unflinching and perfect eye displays.

- R. John X. Piché

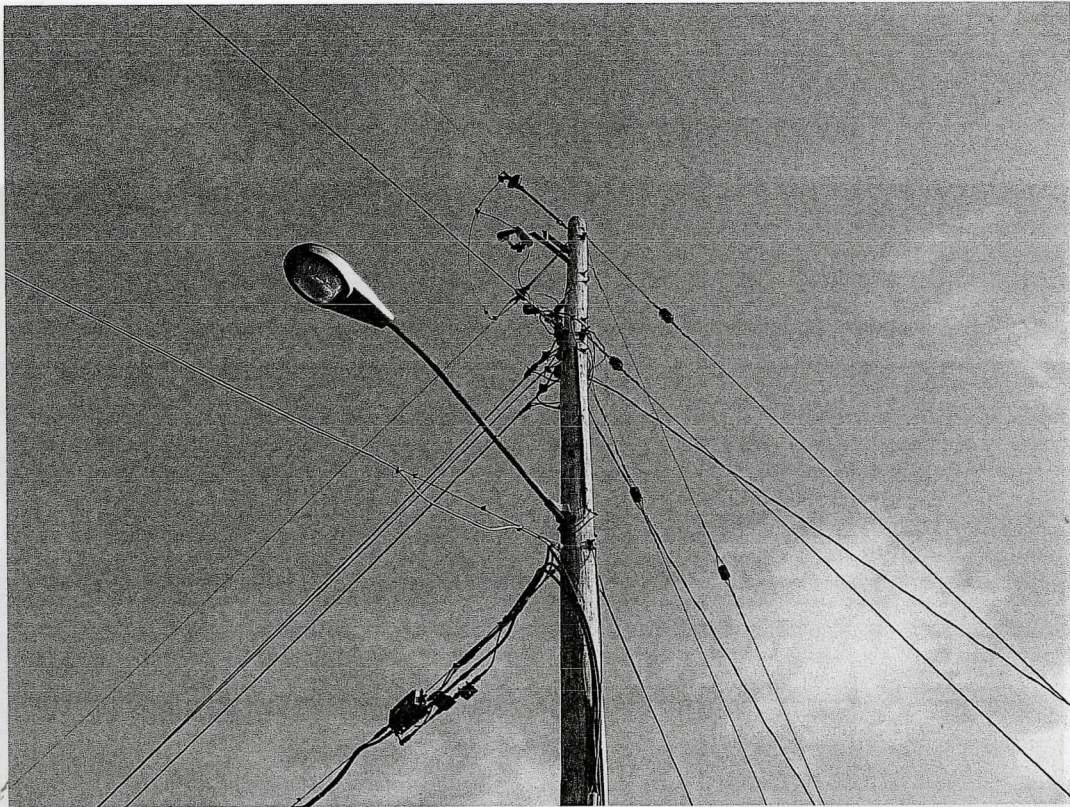
Cleveland Heights, Ohio 7.04





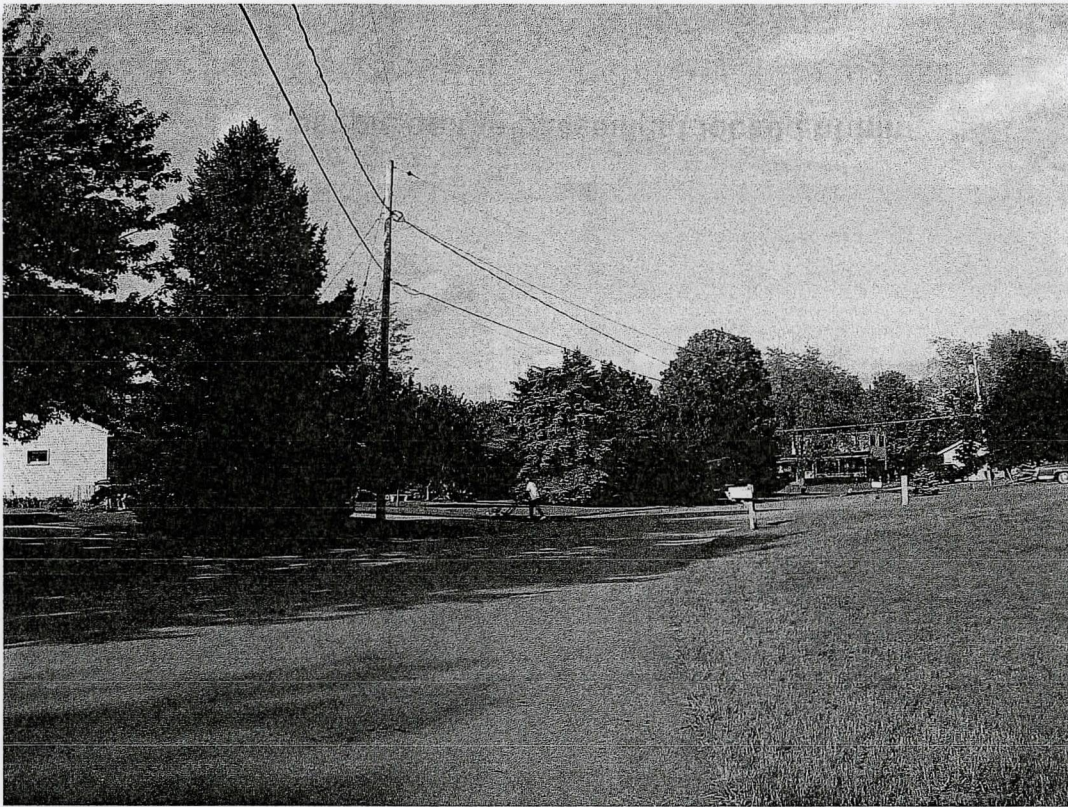


Whenever Richard Cory went down town,

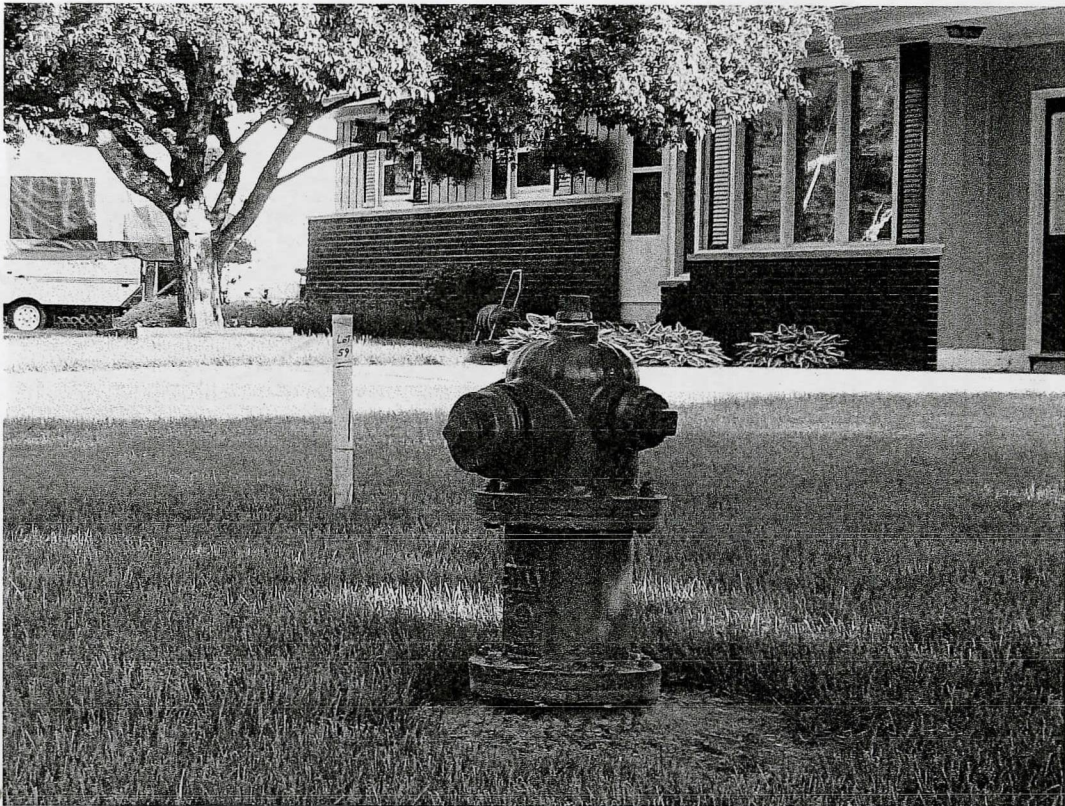


We people on the pavement looked at him:





He was a gentleman from sole to crown,



Clean favored, and imperially slim.



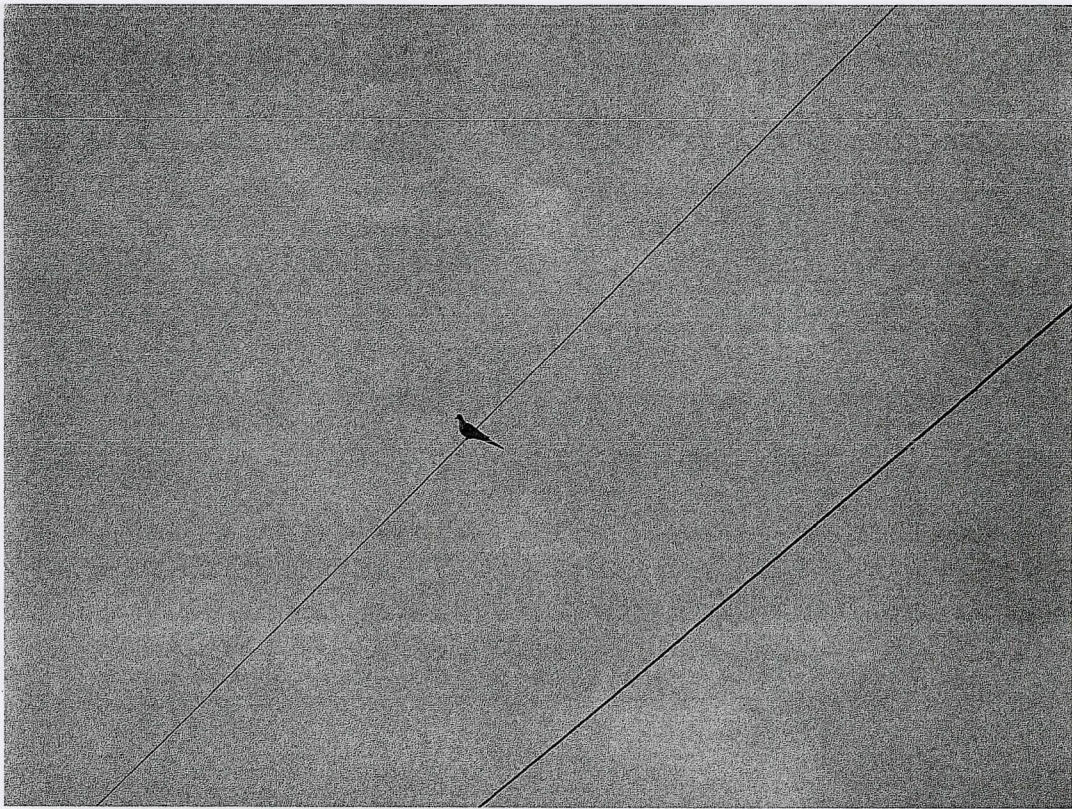


\* \* \*



And he was always quietly arrayed,





And he was always human when he talked;



But still he fluttered pulses when he said,





"Good-morning," and he glittered when he walked.



\* \* \*





And he was rich – yes, richer than a king –

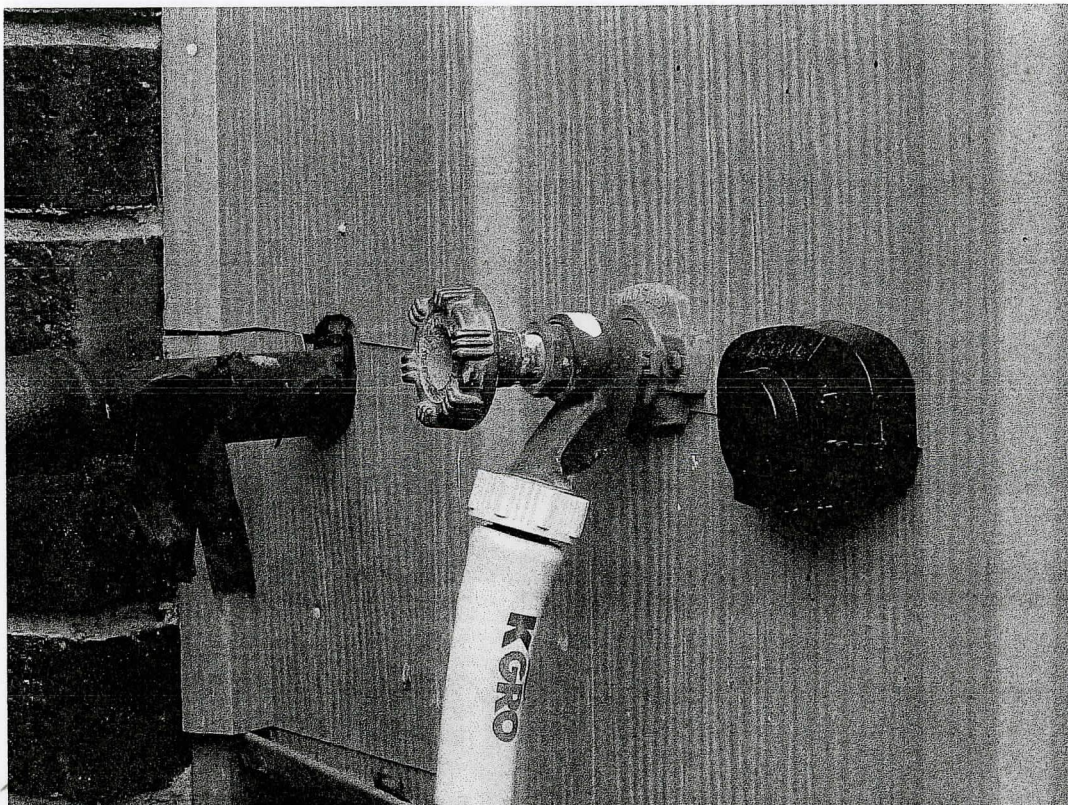


And admirably schooled in every grace;



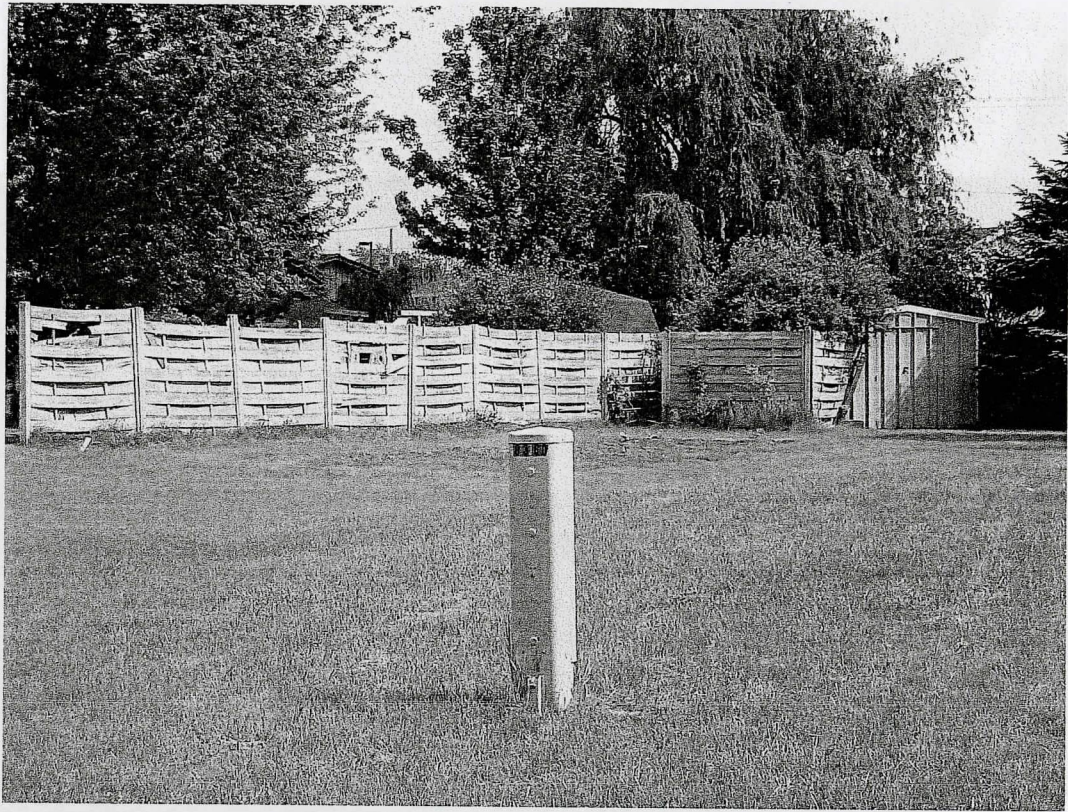


In fine we thought that he was everything



To make us wish that we were in his place.



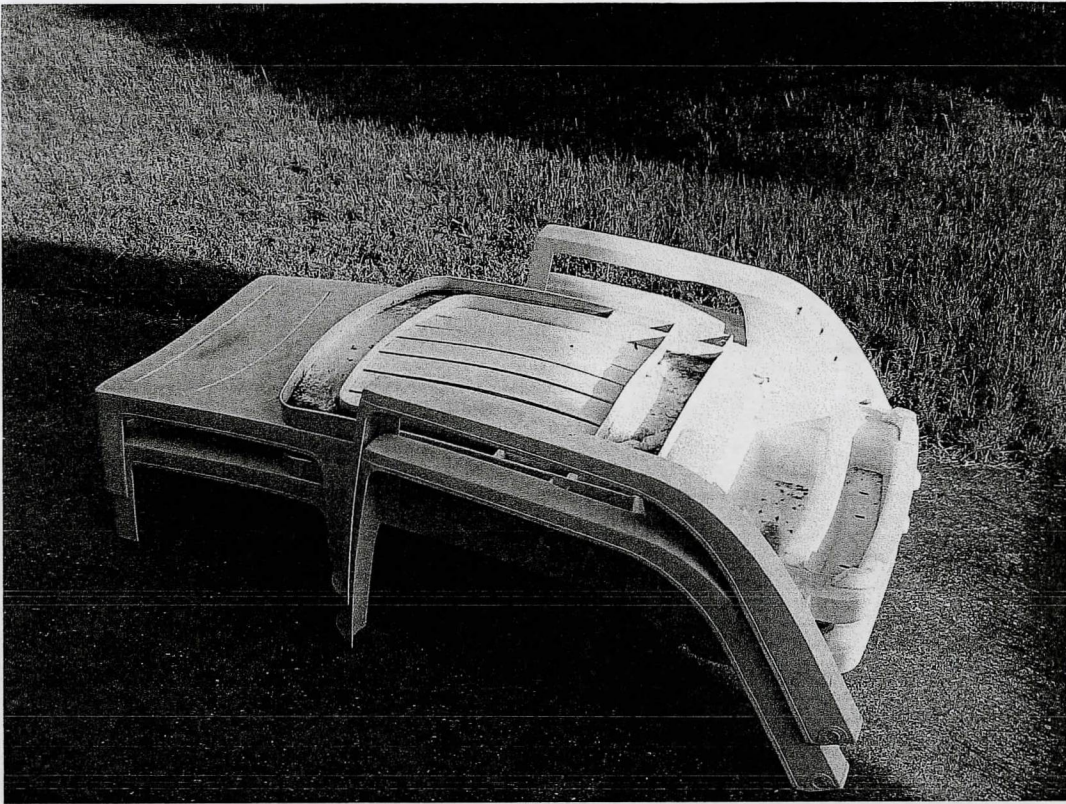


\* \* \*



So on we worked, and waited for the light,





And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;



And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,





Went home and put a bullet through his head.

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Miranda Wieck

If change comes, it is usually from the shrill insistence of annoying individuals that unpleasant facts must be faced, and some of the people who are annoying may be so because they are right.

- Herbert White

Poem: "Richard Cory" by Edwin Arlington Robinson.  
Originally printed in 1897 in the book The Children of the Night.



Went home and put a bullet through his head.



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