Traces: A farm in eastern Iowa

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Traces: A farm in eastern Iowa

by

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A thesis submitted to the graduate faculty
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF FINE ARTS

Major: Integrated Visual Arts

Program of Study Committee:
Christine Carr, Major Professor
Charissa Menefee
Barbara Walton

The student author, whose presentation of the scholarship herein was approved by the program of study committee, is solely responsible for the content of this thesis. The Graduate College will ensure this thesis is globally accessible and will not permit alterations after a degree is conferred.

Iowa State University

Ames, Iowa

2018

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DEDICATION

To my husband, Derek,

I am grateful for your curious mind and compassionate heart.

Thank you for being godly, patient, encouraging, and my best friend.
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ABSTRACT

Through my project, *Traces: a farm in eastern Iowa*, I photograph interior and exterior spaces of Kenny and June Friederick’s retired dairy farm. The images provide record of the home and acreage throughout 2017 and early 2018, a time when farming practices are rapidly evolving. Grouped with aerial photographs and farm day books (1980 - current), the project shares a representation of the farm as it exists today and a reference to the history of the space. Through the combination of photographs and text, I present a tribute to the immeasurable contribution of a farmer to his or her land and family, a dedication that amounts to far more than the sum of daily tasks. The exhibition is meant to share a narrative, inviting viewers to share a quiet but deep experience of place.
CHAPTER 1. INTRODUCTION

Farms from my Childhood

My childhood home, a retired farmhouse, sat on the southwest corner lot of Farley, Iowa (pop. 1,688). Our front porch faced rural land and I often would discern repetitions and colors of each season in the corn and soybean fields. Though Farley was surrounded by large farming practices, I did not engage with agriculture besides admiration of the fields.

The first farm I knew laid in a two by six foot bed of dirt behind my parents’ house. Each summer, tomato plants thrived against the dusty plastic panels of the garage. Dad would plant new varieties each season, spritz with Miracle-Gro Liquafeed and boast. He loved the abundance and recycled Our Family ice cream gallons full of tomatoes overflowed on the kitchen counter. Summer after summer, he still played surprise, “How’re we gonna eat all these?” My brother Ryan and I would argue over the backyard tasks: one of us to pick tomatoes, one of us to pick up the byproducts of our shaggy hundred-pound dog. Ryan loved the farm-to-mouth model, saving the best of the small cherry and grape tomatoes in the pockets of his loose Nike shorts. The tomato bed seemed to be simple and prolific. I considered it a great wonder for a person to grow food in their own backyard.

Most every summer of my childhood, my family and I traveled to upstate New York to visit my grandparents. I recall many shared memories in their large garden, picking strawberries, weeding, and admiring their diverse grape vineyard. On different occasions, Grandma and I made applesauce, fruit or pumpkin pies, and grape juice with the bounty from their garden bed.

The next farm I knew was a mountain of sweet corn in a Ford truck bed. A middle school friend and I sold the sweet corn along the main street cutting through Dyersville,
Iowa. We traded a dozen ears of sweet corn in a plastic grocery bag for $5.00 cash. Each day we found pride in the spectacle of selling an entire truck bed from full to empty.

* 

My husband, Derek, first introduced me to the Friederick family farm through his stories. He embellished tales of sleigh-riding down the steepest hill of the pasture, deconstructing angled tin walls of the machine shed closest to the house and rebuilding walls perpendicular to the ground later. He talked about long summer days at the farm, helping his grandparents with chores, building forts in the hay barn, chasing the farm cats, and many shared meals around the dining table - a long rounded table with a stained veneer top. Derek laughed about the rooster that the hens picked on and the rooster’s consistent retreat to the pit beneath the cattle guards. He cautioned me about bulls and sows as he recollected the sow that chased Grandma June up a tree. Often, June’s cooking was fondly remembered - spicy chili, chicken noodle soup with homemade noodles, beef and potatoes, vegetables fresh or canned from the garden, and fruit pies.

I remember one of the first times I met his grandparents, Kenny and June Friederick. After high school graduation and a few years of dating, Derek invited me to a family Thanksgiving. His parents hosted more than fifty family members in the basement of their brick ranch home. His mother, Rhonda, welcomed me at the door and walked with me to the basement. At the foot of the stairs, long folding tables wrapped with festive vinyl tablecloths braced themselves against the abundance of food. Traditional American Thanksgiving dishes lined the first table: turkey, ham, mashed potatoes, and green beans. We stopped midway down the first table. I remember a large white roasting pan producing a comforting warmth. “Rachel, meet my crazy parents, Kenny and June,” Rhonda introduced, “Mom, Dad, meet
Rachel.” Kenny offered a handshake. Tan skin pulled at the knuckles of his swollen fingers. Blue veins tangled across the back of his hand. His grip was strong and his weathered skin like sandpaper against mine. June, a good six inches shorter than I, laughed, “Oh, c’mere!” She pulled me close for a hug, her frame surprisingly fragile in my arms.

**Introduction to Kenny and June Friederick’s Farm**

Years later, Derek and I toured the acreage with Kenny, this time hearing his favorite stories from over four decades of life on the farm. I admire Kenny and June’s dedication to the land, resourcefulness in growing and preserving food, and care in providing for their cows. Weathered surfaces present a visual history of use and years bygone. Rust claims metal, carpets are threadbare, weeds and melons grow through the cracked cement of the dairy lot.
My husband and I lived out of state for a few years before returning to central Iowa. Upon returning to the state, I became fascinated by the significance of farming to Iowa’s families, landscape, culture, and economy. I decided to explore and photograph Kenny and June’s retired farm. Creating these photographs allowed me the opportunity to document spaces of the farm, consider the relationship of people to land as evidenced by farming, and give tribute to the qualities of a life dedicated to a farm.

The Friederick farm has allowed me to explore the remnants of an agricultural operation. My curiosity about the farm and farmers increased as I wandered and photographed the spaces. The farm exists as an impression of the dairy operation it once was. I am mindful of the history of the structures and spaces of the farm. The photographs contain information about the farm as it existed when I photographed it as well as the farm as it was through the years. The spaces inspire a visual connection to the history and activities of the farm. They contrast what was and what remains. As photographer Wijnanda Deroo writes,
“Places hold the memories of what has happened. In the objects that remain, in the light, in the air, they survive.”\(^1\)

I found myself both an insider and outsider as I photographed the Friederick farm. I was an insider as a family member with an open invitation to explore the property. I felt an outsider as I never experienced the farm before Kenny and June’s retirement and am relatively unfamiliar with the agricultural operations. Regardless, I sought to create photographs that reflect my interest and response to the physical space. I hope the photographs display the curiosity, admiration, humor, sadness, and empathy I felt as I have explored and photographed the farm. The images share my observations alongside a realized complexity in understanding the condition of family farms today and the future of this specific property.

As philosopher and photographer Richard Quinney writes, the farm as place represents a “borderland between remembered past and an ever-unfolding present.”\(^2\) The photographs I have made at the Friederick farm provide record of the home and acreage during a time when farming practices are evolving. They exist as quiet spaces; scenes void of people but with evidence of human intention. The spaces demonstrate remnants of the farm and the farmers and affirm the lives they shared.

\(^1\) ("Wijnanda Deroo, PLACES OF MEMORY" n.d.)
\(^2\) (Quinney 2001)
CHAPTER 2. PHOTOGRAPHS AND PLACE

Alec Soth

I was introduced to the work of Alec Soth early in my graduate career. His project *Sleeping by the Mississippi* is especially interesting to me. I admire the recurring motifs evident in this project. Through consistent investigation and sequencing, Soth shares a narrative that reflects both unique characteristics and more universal manifestations.

In an interview with artist and writer Aaron Schuman, Soth discusses the importance of reading his *Sleeping by the Mississippi* as a whole collection. Schuman observes and inquires,

> Of course, photographs can succeed in telling stories when they are collectively put into a narrative sequence, like in a film, or grouped into chapters, like in a novel. But it seems to me that, in *Sleeping by the Mississippi*, you are trying to get away from overt sequencing, away from a clear narrative. Instead, like in a dream, you provide the viewer with a scattered assortment of fragments, which they can try to make sense of afterwards. So, my question is, would you prefer that the viewer regarded each image in *Sleeping by the Mississippi* individually, like a book of collected poems, or would you prefer that the entire body of work were considered a single unified whole, as in a film, a novel, or even a lengthy dream?³

Soth responds with a story recounting his multiple submissions to photography contests through the local newspaper; contests he never won. He describes a winning photograph: an image created by the newspaper’s “crusty old sports writer” when he happened upon an automobile in a tree as the result of an accident. Soth concludes that anyone can happen upon and create a strong singular photograph.

> “The lesson I learned is that great pictures are all about luck. And anyone can take a great picture. But very few people can put together a great collection of pictures. It is incredibly difficult to put these fragments together in a meaningful way. And this is

³ (“Sleeping by the Mississippi’, An Interview with Alec Soth” n.d.)
my goal. Along the way, of course, I hope to make great individual images. But the art, for me, is in the collection and interplay of images."4

Soth’s success in creating strong collections of photographs was quickly evident to me. I admire his thoughtful sequencing and the narrative build of turning the pages of a Soth photography book. The photographs share the mundane and the transcendent, forming a complex narrative of human existence. Photographs like “Cape Girardeau, Missouri 2002” share the familiar and provide oddly intense focus on the ordinary. These photographs seem to ask the viewer to pause, to look, and to identify the importance that may be found in the everyday.

A photograph from *Sleeping by the Mississippi*, “Cape Girardeau, Missouri 2002,” acts as record of a photograph on a wall and the visual evidence of objects that may have been displayed on the wall in earlier times. The pale yellow wall has a patterning of stars and circles, spaces on the wall protected from the sun by whatever had been displayed there. An image of a pastoral landscape is on display. This photograph presents a visual contrast of

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4 ("Sleeping by the Mississippi’, An Interview with Alec Soth” n.d.)
5 ("Sleeping by the Mississippi « Alec Soth” n.d.)
how the space existed when photographed and how it once existed. The photograph shares human interaction in the placement/removal of objects. The weathered surface of the wall also exemplifies the passing of time.

Kim Llerena

The photographs of Kim Llerena have also been inspirational to my thesis development. Her project Rust Sun Bible Corn relays the intrigue of roadside scenes found in the American West. Each print is displayed with a small mock historical marker cast with text about the location of the photograph pulled from each town’s Wikipedia page. The last lines of Llerena’s artist statement for Rust Sun Bible Corn resonate with my desire to create. Llerena writes, “This work asks the viewer to consider how we communicate about our place in the world - in the humble acts depicted in the images, in the process of photographing and sharing, and in the intangible yet permanent marks made on our virtual landscape. It highlights photography’s ongoing task - to bring the distant closer, to describe the foreign to make it familiar - while reacting to its current status as a mode of immediate communication: ‘I’m here, look at this, it’s important.’”

Llerena’s project engages deliberate sequencing to further promote consideration of the importance of modest scenes and spaces. The success of the edit is evident through the visual shifts from one image to the next. In some transitions, she uses repetitive elements to tie the narrative of each space together. In other moments, the change from one photograph to the next is more sudden. The order of the images and compositional similarities contribute to the strength of Llerena’s photographs in supporting her concept to “bring the distant

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6 (“RUST SUN BIBLE CORN ARTIST STATEMENT” n.d.)
closer” and to “describe the foreign to make it familiar.” Photographs taken roadside at locations scattered across the American West start to feel tied together through Llerena’s sequencing.

Photographs from *Rust Sun Bible Corn*, Kim Llerena

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7 (*RUST SUN BIBLE CORN ARTIST STATEMENT* n.d.)
8 (*Kim Llerena | Photography* n.d.)
Llerena’s photographs, though somewhat deadpan in composition, still direct the viewer to consider modest scenes as both unique and universal physical places. The places are perceived as unique through the abundance of detail in each photograph, the notation of town and state, and the physical historical marker that presents narrative. The locations become more universal as they all relate to human perception of place. Digital and physical records utilized via social media and historical markers engage with and also document place.

Alec Soth and Kim Llerena both present exciting and successful image sequencing. Both Sleeping by the Mississippi and Rust Sun Bible Corn are intended to be regarded as collections of distinct images. The groupings of images establish ideas that amount to more than could be displayed through any single image.

As I worked through edits of Traces, it seemed as though the project had no perfect or correct presentation. Different arrangements of the same group of images presented subtle differences in project interpretation. I considered the experience of moving from one photograph to the next and how each may contribute to a growing narrative. The photographs and groupings of photographs, made by my intention or by the connections the viewer may

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9 (“Kim Llerena | Photography” n.d.)
make, contribute to forming, complicating, and understanding the lyrical narrative. An image may contribute new understanding, contrast another perspective, or emphasize established dialogue. A quiet experience of the Friederick farm becomes visible through the interaction and collection of images.

Photograph from Traces, Rachel Deutmeyer

Photograph from Traces, Rachel Deutmeyer
Photograph from *Traces*, Rachel Deutmeyer

Photograph from *Traces*, Rachel Deutmeyer
Wijnanda Deroo

Wijnanda Deroo creates photographs that explore the histories and memories associated with place. In the project, *Disappearing Houses*, Deroo looks at domestic spaces surrounded and overtaken by nature. These photographs inspire reflection of the way people interact with nature, specifically the engagement of domestic spaces and natural surroundings.

Photograph from *Disappearing Houses*, Wijnanda Deroo

The family farm presents a similar consideration. Kenny and June Friederick have lived and farmed at the same acreage for over forty years. Throughout this time, the boundaries of home, farm, and nature have softened. Farm equipment unfit for use has literally been put out to pasture. Kenny and June Friederick house a collection of antiques in a barn that once functioned as part of their dairy operation. Agricultural artifacts are found in the home and farm buildings. Each spring, plants grow through cracks in the cement of the dairy lot. The artifacts and uninhabited spaces present visuals of the history and memories corresponding to the Friederick farm.

10 (“Wijnanda Deroo, DISAPPEARING HOUSES” n.d.)
11 (“Wijnanda Deroo, DISAPPEARING HOUSES” n.d.)
Tim Carpenter

Tim Carpenter employs photographs to explore ordinary scenes found in semi-rural American Midwest. The photographs are published in his book *Local Objects*. Editor and photographer Gianpaolo Arena writes of Carpenter’s images and the experience of moving through photographs of rural, local, and vernacular areas. He describes slight discontinuities that steer viewers toward longer observation and consideration of the physical space present in each image.¹² These disruptions of space help communicate the unassuming qualities of the rural areas he photographs.

As the description of *Local Objects* reads, Carpenter’s thoughtful sequencing allows a “surprising harmony of natural and geometric motifs to modulate quietly throughout the book - an interplay of minor chords that draw the viewer into this specific physical place (mostly central Illinois, where he grew up) and the subjective, literary space of the work.”¹³ A rhythm emerges from Carpenter’s medium-format photographs of the mundane and unexpected nuances of place. The images present detailed scenes that both draw viewers in and maintain

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¹² ("Landscape Stories | Tim Carpenter - Local Objects" n.d.)
¹³ ("LOCAL OBJECTS" n.d.)
a physical separation between viewer and subject. I’m interested in the experience of the viewer encountering surfaces of ground and sky before subject. Similarly, photographs in *Traces* present details of the floor, walls, roof, ground, or sky as active elements of an image.

![Photograph from *Local Objects*, Tim Carpenter](image1)

Though the settings may change, I find commonalities evident throughout Alec Soth’s photographs along the Mississippi, Kim Llerena’s documentation of roadside scenes across the American West, Wijnanda Deroo’s photographs of domestic spaces, and Tim Carpenter’s photographic tribute to the Midwest. The photographs are all rooted in place, share a reality of the space as it existed when photographed, and build a narrative of the history of the place.

![Photograph from *Traces: a farm in Eastern Iowa*, Rachel Deutmeyer](image2)
CHAPTER 3. TEXT ABOUT THE FARM

Farm Day Books

I inherited a farm day book from my great grandparents, Frank and Norma Crow. It contains lined pages of Frank’s beautiful script noting the daily activities of the farm. Dated 1946 through 1953, I am enthralled by the consistency of the farmer’s documentation of daily occurrences at the property.

Pages from Frank Crow’s day book

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cold</td>
<td>10 Ground feed for cattle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warm</td>
<td>11 Sold hogs 22 head $1155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clear</td>
<td>12 Oxford Sold Cow 18.00 1435 Jane Miller</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clear</td>
<td>13 Bob for dinner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snowed</td>
<td>14 Norma and I went to Iowa City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clear</td>
<td>15 Worked around here</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The compilation of tasks, weather, experiences, and outings reflects the magnitude of life devoted to farming. I imagine Frank Crow referenced the day book as he planned for seasons of the farm. He may have reviewed the book looking for patterns in weather. The day book seems to have been a documentation and reflection of completed activities more so than
a list of tasks needing to be done. I’m interested in the day to day activities of life on the farm. The day books allow a connection with people through their tasks and records.

Kenny and June Friederick have kept day books of the farm in bound notebooks for decades. Each notebook acts as an agenda, collection of tasks, calendar, and recipe book. It holds documentation of all that needs to be done and all that has been done at the farm. They have held onto completed books for years; a few dozen full spiral-bound notebooks, their lined pages marked with reminders and tasks. Most lines are scratched off as a way of archiving completed action.

I reviewed farm day books that mark over a decade at the Friederick farm. I selected notebooks to display on shelves, open to specific pages that act as chapter markers in the exhibition. The tasks share a personal component of both the farm and the lives spent dedicated to the well-being and preservation of the Friederick land, farm animals, and family. The handwriting of both Kenny and June frequents the day books, distinct in their script. June wrote more often, assigning tasks to Kenny, herself, and their grandkids. She noted recipes, measurements for lumber to be cut, calculations for sales and purchases, a schedule of social outings, and scores of card games with the neighbors.

The day books also symbolize the process in which people make connections to place through humble and consistent interactions. For both Frank and Norma Crow and Kenny and June Friederick, their agricultural properties existed as both environments of business and home. Through the daily occurrence of work and domestic activities, these people built connections to the spaces of their farms. I imagine they often found comfort in the familiarity of place.
556-2551 Tim’s Work
Call Judy if you want to know where we are 1-608-763-2682
#6 31 Cows lower pasture
If cows calf = write down markings on cow or heifer
Vanderloo = 556-3013
Get mail and put all letters in cupboard
Get oil from Huss
Go to A.S.C. office
Red bat - Blake’s
Yellow bat
Tuesday 1:00 at tim’s
Matt doing dishes - No
Matt getting up early - No - 9:00-9:30 a.m.
Dawn’s job - Do Dishes
Higley’s = 5 gal. Spray and wash
Sunbeam = 12 loaves
Holler at Matt
June’s Poetry

The last pages of each notebook are dedicated to June’s poetry. She gifts birthday poems to each of her grandchildren. These often share moments of importance from the year, her advice for the years to come, and humorous descriptions of the child’s unique character.

Inspired by these poems, full of celebration and directed wisdom, I asked June to write a reflective poem on her experience as a farmer. She returned a handwritten composition on lined notebook paper self-titled “What I have learned from being a farmHER.” The original poem is framed as a component of the exhibition, sharing June’s voice, drawing connections to the farm day books, and celebrating the immeasurable contribution of a farmer to his or her land and family, a dedication that amounts to far more than the sum of daily tasks.

What I have learned from being a farmHER

June Friederick, 2017

that: The least priority is cleaning the house. We shared it with bugs, spiders, and most of the time a mouse. Kids (5) - cooking, baking, gardening, canning, and chores galore.

that: You must learn to enjoy all the smells of the farm; soil, manure, and the rain in the spring.

that: Compassion, patience, and a sense of humor you must have at all times.

that: If not, you will go mad and lose your mind.

that: You must laugh a lot - just remember the good things in life.

I thank GOD I was a farmer’s wife. (most of the time)
Project Journal

These writings document stories and observations from some of my visits to the farm. I include them to share a written account of interactions with Kenny and June, to suggest the vibrancy of earlier years of the farm, and to contrast the quiet nature of the images.

August 2017

In the spring, June protested against Kenny’s overly ambitious planting in their large garden bed. This year, he planted more than thirty potato plants. In late July, he dug them up with a mini excavator. This process proves to be efficient for Kenny, though June later returns to spend hours sifting the dirt to find potatoes. She claims he can’t, or won’t, work on any projects that don’t merit a motor. Now a Harley-Davidson enthusiast, Kenny fills warm Iowa days with acreage projects and motorcycle parades. He invests his time digging ponds, redistributing topsoil, sawing logs into lumber, baling prairie grass, and picking apples for June to peel for applesauce, cider, and pie. June tends to their prolific garden: rows of peppers, tomatoes, carrots, cabbage, kohlrabi, and potatoes that they harvest, share, and preserve for colder months.
September 2017

The land had been retired for over a decade before Kenny decided to rent twenty acres to his son-in-law, a dairy farmer with an operation twenty-some miles west of the Friedericks’. Now, two or three dozen Holstein cows and one or two young bulls are delivered each spring. They are sent to pasture until the females birth their first calf and can be returned for milking. The calves enjoy their first year of life on the acreage, wandering through prairie beneath broad oaks and expansive sky. This year may arguably be their best, free of routine and human framework. Kenny doesn’t own the Holsteins, but frequents them with visits, primarily to survey the ponds in the pasture and deliver large round bales of dried grass.

October 2017

We share a long weekend with the Friederick extended family at Spook Cave & Campground in McGregor, Iowa. Saturday afternoon, I sit across from Kenny at a picnic table near the campfire. Kenny has a map of eastern Iowa spread across the table. He lightly traces roads on the map, confirming the scenic routes he and June have traveled. June smokes a cigarette near the fire, leaning forward and resting her elbows on her knees.

November 2017

During one morning of our visit, Kenny pours coffee and sets the mug in the microwave. The mug is white with illustrated flowers decorating one side. Kenny pokes at the buttons of the microwave and explains this is only the second microwave he and June have owned. The older one worked fine, but had thicker walls and June thought it took too
much space from the corner counter, so he bought her a new one. It is modern, he says, boasting in the quality of the build. The old microwave rests empty in one of the retired dairy barns down the lane. The new microwave gives a sharp bell. Kenny pours milk and a drizzle of honey in his coffee, then sits down at the large dining table. The laminate table has a pattern imitating the thick grain of red oak.

Derek and I sit with Kenny. I sip cider from a heavy glass beer mug. I wonder what Kenny and June see when they look at the land. Despite their care and attention, the farm buildings continue to weather as the land rests dormant. In some ways, recognition of time seems to surpass the farm. In others, the passing hours and days are marked by abandoned spaces, cracked foundations, and tired interiors.

December 2017

Without daily commitments at the farm, Kenny and June are able to spend long winters in Lake Havasu City, Arizona. Mid-December through early April, their home acreage is particularly quiet. Often the land and buildings are covered in snow. Only a few tracks, left by small animals and the hunters that use their property, interrupt the drifts that gather in the pasture. During this season, the home and farm seem to be fixed in a chapter of waiting. My experiences making photographs at the farm during this time were especially contemplative.

April 2018

I was excited to display the photographs and text of Traces at Design on Main in Ames, Iowa. The exhibition was on display April 4 – 16, 2018. Kenny and June Friederick
attended the opening reception along with a number of other family members. They slowly made their way around the gallery space, pausing with each image, pointing out details of the space and sharing stories with those around them. At one point, June jokingly reproached me for not dusting various artifacts of the home before photographing. I overheard Kenny greet another guest, stepping beside her as she looked at an aerial photograph of the farm in 1980. “Those aren’t there anymore. This is my farm, y’know, and I moved them up the hill.” Kenny and June’s presence added to the celebration of their work and property. At the close of the night, we hugged goodbye. Kenny patted me on the back with affirmation and said, “You did a damn good job.”
CHAPTER 4. CONCLUSION

I created Traces to reflect the curiosity, sadness, and admiration I felt as I explored and photographed the Friederick farm. The project is a tribute to both the Friederick family and to other farming families that may face similar transitions. Kenny and June had committed to a life in which qualities of the home inevitably made their way to the land and elements of the farm inevitably made their way into the home. Land and home become one and the same at the Friederick property. The quiet spaces of the farm memorialize the great contribution of Kenny and June to their land and family. Throughout the making of this project, a quote from philosopher Roland Barthes was present in my mind. In his book Camera Lucida, Barthes writes “The effect it produces upon me is not to restore what has been abolished (by time, by distance) but to attest that what I see has indeed existed.” This resonated with my intention for the text and photographs of Traces. The photographs do not restore the Friederick’s farm to its more active state. Instead, the project serves as a visual representation of the farm as it exists today (early 2018), a reference to the history of the space, and a tribute to the land and farmers.

14 (Barthes and Howard 2006)
CHAPTER 5. DESIGN ON MAIN INSTALLATION
CHAPTER 6. PROJECT IMAGES
REFERENCES


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to my committee members Christine Carr, Barbara Walton, and Charissa Menefee for wonderful guidance and encouragement.

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