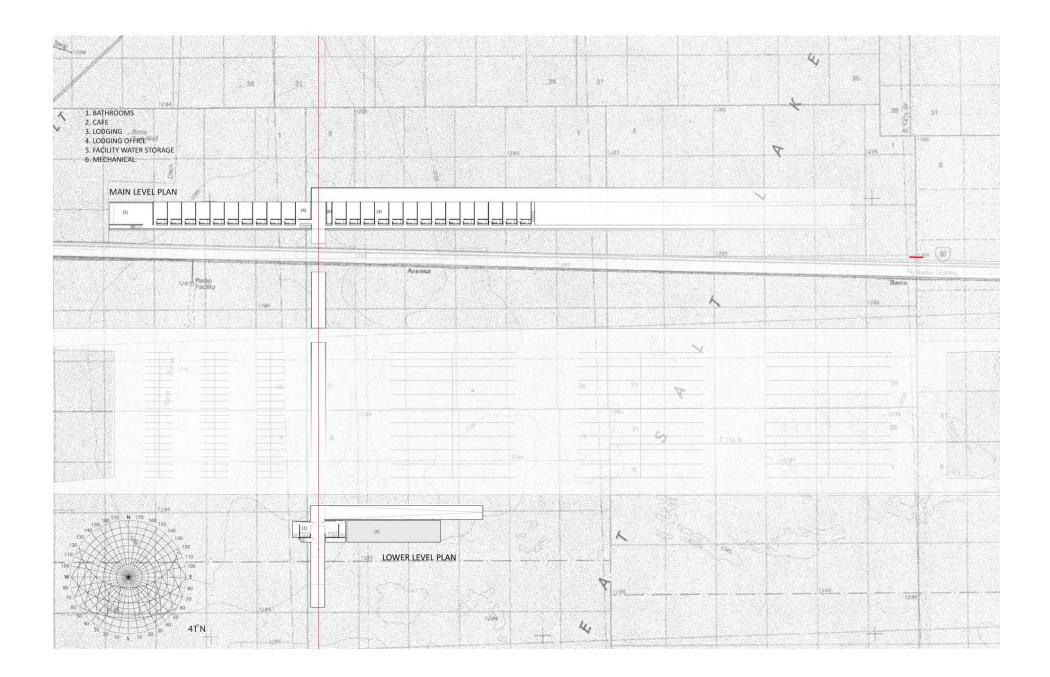
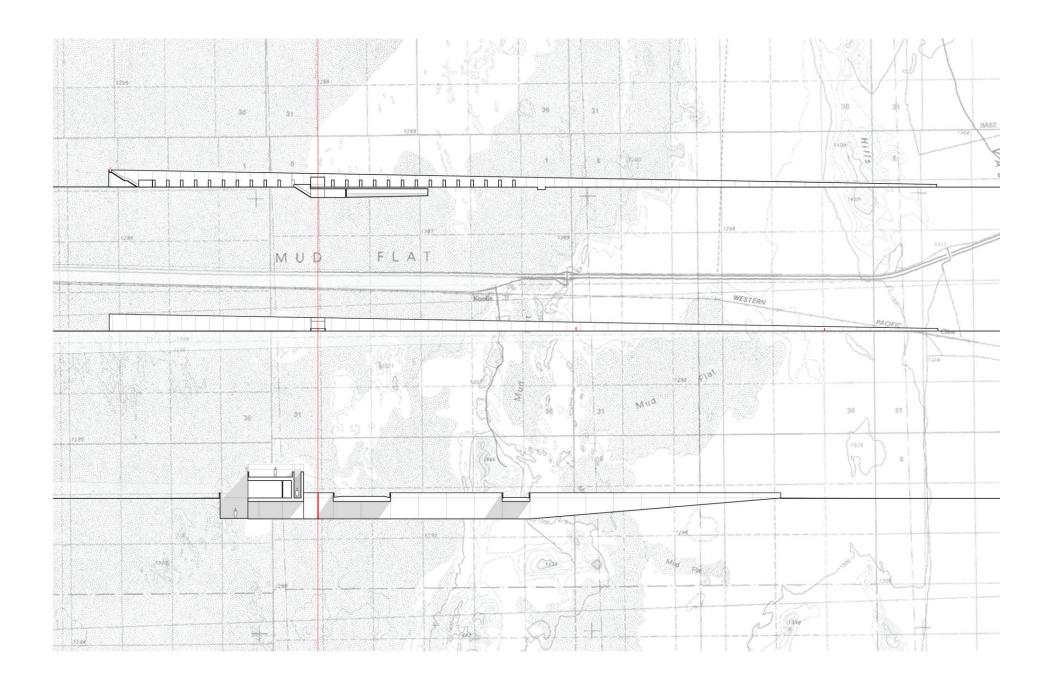
## **2011 SECOND PLACE**

## Joseph Weishaar













FOR THE DRIVER THE SUN IS EVERYTHING. IT RULES THE DAY. UP WITH THE SUN, STOP AT NOON, HEADLIGHTS EMERGE WITH THE DARKNESS. THE UNCONSCIOUS DECISIONS OF THE LONG STRETCH TRUCKER OR VACATIONING FAMILY.

IN THE EARLIEST MOMENTS OF THE DAWN THE DRIVER RISES FOR THE DAY. THE TINIEST DEGREE OF SUNRISE RENDERS THE WORLD IN THE PINPRICKS OF IMPERFECTION OR BLEMISHES THAT RISE INFINITESIMALLY ABOVE THE EARTH.

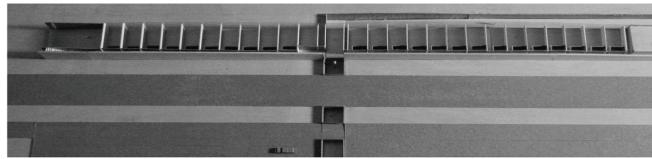
THE SETTING SUN BRINGS THE DRIVER'S DAY TO A CLOSE. THEY LOOK FOR A SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT, A PLACE TO EAT. THE SUN SETS LOW ON THE HORIZON BRINGING BACK THE SHADOWS OF THE MORNING. THEY STILL LEAD, THEY











EAST TO WEST AND BACK AGAIN. IN THE DESOLATE LANDSCAPE THE VISITOR LOOKS FOR DIRECTION, AND FINDS NONE. SUN AND SHADOW BECOME THE ONLY LINES ON THE EARTH.

A MILLION SHADOWS, HUNDREDS OR THOUSANDS OF FEET LONG, GUIDING, DEMARCATING.

STILL MARK.

