

Flowers follows a low horizon, in the fields of Essex. A swaying bouquet catches the sunlight and obstructs the pastoral view. *Flowers* has something of that combination of lyricism and reduction found in structural films of the 1960s and 1970s from Malcolm Le Grice's looping horse to Bruce Baillie's pan across a sunny fence, or more recent verdant countryside footage of Rose Lowder. In such works, we're watching the filmic medium as much as the content, and what we see is a kind of a brushstroke by the artist.

But in Dana Munro's *Flowers*, any aesthetic echoes of the skipping/halting stop-motion of early cinema are the results of the iPhone camera's limits for capturing the wild flowers' flailings. The piece's materiality is not that of a strip of serial, indexical negatives, but rather of light and color taken in as information, translated into electric signals and then to digital code. So as the camera grasps onto textures of stems, petals, or an instant in the background, we witness quasi-automated processes of perception that come built-in to our camera-phones, one of our chief portals to the world.

Birds shows a canary convention in what looks like a mini sitcom set. Here the flicker is that of the animals' natural skittishness, and the environment is a room-within-a-room, a temporary enclosure inside the art studio, with a painted-in window and false floor and walls. Two different takes, one laid on top of the other, displace the authorial point of view, and the birds' multidirectionality escapes and diffuses any focal point to the video. If we are seeing a POV as we watch *Birds*, it's suggestively that of the camera itself—its mechanical, trained, technologized looking. German and English, male and female voices off-screen direct the lens' actions: "pan left, zoom in, tracking, tracking..." the queues are a casual, procedural version of Harrison Ford's voice-activation of the Esper machine in *Blade Runner*. That jerry-rigged sci-fi VCR-like apparatus let Ford's character visually excavate the space of a photograph, to find a replicant hiding behind pillars and mirror reflections. In Munro's *Birds*, the recording device instead performs an almost slapstick routine, as if it were seeking to capture the chatter of the canaries with some cybernetic comprehension, though its measurements are no match for the alive, aleatoric noise of animal communication.

In *Birds* and *Flowers*, the interface contends with a world in manic motion, and the artist contends with both.

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