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Jenna Marie Alderiso

*A Polished Pile of Dirt* (installation)
Clay, found object, photography, water
I examine glitches in reality through the mathematical materiality of weaving and traditional textile processes. As an ancestor of the modern computer, the loom’s relationship to pixel and screen is unavoidable: the 0s and 1s of binary code are a direct descendant of the overs and unders of woven threads. My woven images exist in the liminal space between screen, drawing, and photograph.

Using figures from the popular culture program The Bachelor in a large-scale tapestry-style weaving, I address the drive to create idealized simulations in order to better understand one’s reality and identity. Combining natural dye and traditional weaving processes with digital weaving technology, I juxtapose analog and digital elements that define a woven image.

Dye work and pattern allow for large gestural drawing marks, while individual threads overlap to create pixelized imagery. I consider the act of weaving as the creation of screens through which one can see, hide or obscure. I similarly question the role of the observer of false reality and examine the choice to participate in, construct, or re-create a simulation.
Edgelands (installation)
Coyote (above)
Felt, steel

Raccoons (detail, left)
Fake fur, copper, steel, fake flowers, cardboard, painted cardboard

Doe (opposite)
Steel, plastic netting, tulle
In *Edgelands*, feral animals not only inhabit but also thrive in unexpected places. Informed by author Lidia Yuknavitch’s assertion of the vital significance of misfits, these animals move across assumed boundaries, to “where new and beautiful meanings are generated... The edges are frontiers.” In raccoons, deer, and coyotes, I’ve found a particular kinship. My experience as a woman in the field of metalwork informs my material choice and process. I subvert ironwork motifs and fence materials with fabrics, felt, fake flowers, and plastics, creating hybrid animals. These boundary-crossing critters coalesce at the intersection of environmentalism, craft, and feminism. Marion Shoard’s essay “Edgelands of Promise” describes a space between the urban and the rural, where the industrial and uninhibited wild intersect, generating a new landscape. Hybridity is an adaptive strategy for these misfit creatures’ thriving in the *Edgelands*.

**Anne Bujold**
I wish I could believe in something. Having grown up in a religious household, I have perpetually teetered between faith and doubt. Landscapes seen and unseen are my last source of awe; here my doubt is suspended and I can believe in something—for a moment.

My work explores the landscape of an alternate reality, finding lineage in the Romantic artists of the 19th century who pursued the sublime in grand vistas. Historically, the sublime has been associated with great things in nature—torrential storms, cavernous depths, frightening heights, and infinitely barren deserts. The sublime experience is born in a sense of amazement and is often linked to fear of forces beyond human understanding or control. I look to the amazing intricacy of biology, the hills and valleys of microscopic flora and fauna, fascinated by the idea of a whole universe existing alongside and inside us. The abundance of unfamiliar life in my work evokes a cautious curiosity. In contrast to Romantic art that neatly contained landscapes, my imagined worlds push beyond boundaries and invade our tense reality. These unfamiliar landscapes offer a window of escape, where viewers explore their relationship to an alternate world which bears similarities to our own.

Creation myths speak of the gods forming us out of clay—simultaneously dense and fragile material that I reclaim to shape a different reality. Raw clay breathes, stretches, tears, ages, cracks, and holds infinite potential for rebirth. My unwieldy, impermanent works are not intended to be possessed; they are meant to be experienced with the knowledge that they will not last.

Magdolene Dykstra

Polyanthroponemia (installation)
Reclaimed earth materials
**After 9 Years** (above)
Two doors, mahogany frame, glass with bed sheet, adornment

**A Wild County** (left)
Removable jockstrap made from chandelier crystals, glass beads, silver; Avon cologne bottles, found chandelier parts brass, cast bronze bear head and faux pearls, antique Bundt pan, electroplated bird, lights

Installation view
(p. 18–19, opposite)
Found objects, reconfigured, evoke scenes of everyday life while questioning the structural histories of defined identities. Engaging in multidisciplinary making, my work reimagines the function of ornamentation in relationship to the body. I approach new materials and found objects with the eye of a jeweler, highlighting and exploiting the subtle often invisible links between material histories and identity. Material debris patinated from use—like skillets, baseballs, and furniture—are used to infiltrate normative structures around identity, gender, and sexual desire. Using adornment as a support in my installations I propose a new lens for viewing function through the use of ornamentation. In doing so I highlight the bodies’ impact on objects, and call into question the role they play in shaping our understanding of identity. An identity that is never singular, constantly evolving, and more often than not contradictory and confusing.
Jubee Lee

“Before Something happens in the realm of calmness, we do not feel the calmness; only when something happens within it do we find the calmness.”
—Shunryu Suzuki, Zen Mind, Beginner’s Mind

After the big wind stops I see gentle waves is a semi-abstract kiln-formed glass sculptural painting. It is composed in black and white and is activated solely by light. Images from my imagination reflect on the surface of waving water.

I want viewers to take their eyes from visible things to invisible things such as the atmosphere in the room. It might take quite a long time before viewers begin to find their own calm, serene minds. Many thoughts come, and images arise, but they will just be waves in their minds. Viewers will look at the ocean’s waves and the horizon laid out in front of them, and perhaps they will forget the waves of their minds. I hope that by sitting in a comfortable position on the floor in a darkened room, viewers can feel a “true moment of pause/resting,” even if only for a few minutes in a busy day.
"After the big wind stops I see gentle waves" (installation)
Glass, enamel, wood, light, water, wavemaker
A Familiar House
(installation, p. 26–27; detail, above left)

A Familiar House / Cathedral Window
(detail, above right)
Denim, ebonized oak

A Familiar House / Poetry Pews
(detail, right)
Poetry chapbook, ebonized oak

A Familiar House / Landscape
(detail, opposite)
Concrete, sand, steel
The landscapes of my home in Connecticut are important to me. When I was young, I went to the woods for seclusion and comfort. While I wandered through the forest, I discovered a passion for storytelling. No longer living in New England, I miss the familiar landscapes of home. As a way to foster my sentiment for nature, I write poetic narratives and create objects to illustrate natural landscapes.

I combine my interests in classic Americana art and literature with brutalist architecture and modern furniture to create immersive installations. I primarily use concrete and hardwood to materially bridge the unnatural with the natural.

*A Familiar House* is an installation consisting of a concrete jail cell, cathedral windowpanes made of denim, and pew shelves for poetry chapbooks. This work stems from my incarcerated brother’s longing to be home. I depict my brother’s prison in the American West through a constructed cell and the landscapes of our home in New England through poetry. This work represents the desire for the familiar while confined in an isolated landscape. *A Familiar House* tethers prison, church, and home together.
Haiyin Liang

*Through My Window* incorporates elements from classical Chinese aesthetics into contemporary jewelry. The metaphor of mind escape through my work connects to the emotional narrative and desire of meditation. I use jewelry language to communicate with natural materials to find my way of expression and meditation. Jewelry becomes a key to open the imagination and escape emotionally into an ideal state through making and viewing. Meanwhile, using non-traditional engagement with jewelry, I build an environment that displays jewelry off the body in order to construct a picturesque landscape.

Window structures create a continual view that connects spaces between the real world and an ideal state; they are the entrance of thought and imagination.

Influenced by an ancient Chinese blue-green landscape painting, *A Thousand Miles of Rivers and Mountains*, and hollow window structure in traditional Chinese garden design, I create work that evokes *shi-yi*. *Shi-yi* is a Chinese word that describes the feeling of inner peace and tranquility achieved through the reading of poetry and painting. Manipulating nature is important in the aesthetic history of Chinese courtyards and painting. When directly manipulating the delicate natural elements in jewelry with precious metals, the time and process lead to quiet contemplation. The fragments of painting are the prompts for imagination, transformed from my memories and desire. My work is meant to communicate the potential of combining a *shi-yi* aesthetic of manipulating landscape to inspire a moment of mind escaping in my jewelry scenes.

*Through My Window*
(installation + jewelry)
Dry twigs, leaves and fruits, silver, copper, enamel, wood, pigments
Spiraling inwards, *Isolation* is an octagonal building with walls made of 1” x 2” wooden slats. The walls are bare, emphasizing the skeletal quality of the structure. The windows framed within the walls give viewers uninhibited sight into the work, and an opening at one end invites the curious to walk inside. As viewers wind deeper into the spiral, the passageway becomes more narrow and the headings lower. A sense of claustrophobia is additionally enhanced by a mirror finish on the inside of the windows, preventing any sight out. Upon arriving at the center of the structure, viewers are enclosed in a tiny area, surrounded by reflective surfaces and relentlessly confronted with their image, unable to see anything but themselves and the infrastructure around them. The entire building rests on top of skinny wooden scaffolding and tresses, amplifying its fragility.

*Isolation* is illuminated by one bulb housed at the top of the structure, bathing the work in light that is also emitted through its walls. The light intensifies within the spiral, reaching its brightest at the nucleus. After enduring the disorienting spiraling passageway, one has to duck to get inside the centermost space, which is not much wider than one’s shoulders. The uncomfortable restriction is balanced by the warmth and privacy it offers. *Isolation* represents the contradictions of feeling trapped, anxious, and alone while simultaneously being lulled by its comfort and repetition.

**Hollis McCracken**

*Isolation* (installation)
Wood, glass, mylar
Avoidance Kitchen is an amalgamation of a previously created series of pieces. Because I actively avoid my gaze in reflections, I create objects that force viewers to search for any semblance of their reflections, as other parts of the room are reflected instead.

Avoidance Kitchen reflects back the space in which it exists, continually changing as someone moves through the work. What does it mean for a piece to disappear, only to find the reflection of someone else’s work or body in its place? Is my craft rendered obsolete if all you want to do is take a funny selfie? Is my work unacknowledged if all you see is the wall across the room, in reverse? What happens when an object or installation is elevated and ignored within the same space?

Kathryn Kirk Murphy

Avoidance Kitchen
(installation, p. 38–39; details, left, opposite)
Found appliance and counters, polished stainless steel, mylar, metallic tape
What’s the very first thing you notice about a person? Appearance? What if the first thing you saw was everything that they were trying to hide? We would see every flaw, but we would also see every truth. What Lies Beneath is an exploration of interior and exterior and an exposure to the dark and abject inside all of us; the parts we keep hidden and the things that build up with no place else to go. Rooted in an examination of the human psyche, this body of work explores the difference between the facade we project to the world and the truth within ourselves. I want to embrace our humanity, appreciate the gestalt, and unapologetically expose the parts of myself that I do not like.

My manifestations of residual anxiety due to battling post-traumatic stress disorder have shaped this work in actualizing emotions as tangible objects. I am driven to understand the psychosomatic effects of PTSD and negative emotion by creating jewelry that demonstrates the inner workings of the victim while inviting an empathetic response by the viewer. As a maker, I confront my emotional struggles by creating a tangible stand-in for a sensory experience.

Meg Wachs

What Lies Beneath (installation)
Exposed Series (detail, above left)
Copper, steel, insulation foam, silicone

Cracked Series (detail, above right)
Gold-plated brass, steel, silver, silicone, cotton thread

Unleashed (detail, opposite)
Sterling silver, steel, Hxtal, porcelain
Junyun Chenn
Onlone 00:00 is a video and web-based archive of a series of interviews about queer loneliness in the online world, providing an intimate space to see, to hear, and to touch the ineffable online loneliness.

The internet is a stage of delusion. Everything online must not necessarily be real. It is just like the magical placebo, once we believe in it, it will work. Online, we are all together, but in truth, we are onlone together.

Junyun Chen
Minjee Jeon
My work starts with the question: “Is difference bad?”

_Ultrasound_ is a participatory installation where the audience is encouraged to identify images, compare and diagnose existing conditions, and explore various aspects of the human body in relation to new forms of expression. Disparity and difference offer a unique vantage point from which we may rediscover what it is that we hold in common, and how media can be leveraged to amplify this message. The structure consists of three panels of screens connected by a central axis, supporting each other to remain erect. The images are presented in animated loops foregrounding human bodies, crossing boundaries, and building relations with other panels. The work seeks to reshape and liberate conventional modes and meanings of what it is to be “normal.” The separate panels both activate and critique dichotomous ways of thinking while the mechanism of comparison not only contrasts the binary representations, but also oscillates within and between each to foster uncanny relations. By setting these images up for comparison, the work evokes the idea of “essence” underneath the form.

_Minjee Jeon_  

_Ultrasound_ (installation)  
HD projector, projection screen, iron pipe, kinect sensor
In the midst of the darkness, there is a presence of the unknown.

I am trapped. It crushes my bone, burns my brain, and pains my soul.

I nearly faint, driven to loss. Suddenly, I sight the light.

I see an escape to shatter the fright, to seek relief from the horrors.

I now reach robust reveries, embracing dazzling spheres.

I discover a vivid terror—it is never dark. I paint it black all along.
A fantasy world that exists only in our minds provides a place where we can mentally escape from everyday reality. Escapism allows us to experience comfort and makes us feel safe, eliminating feelings of insecurity and vulnerability. This work aims to use playfulness and reverie as a tool to access and confront a personal phobia—herpetophobia (fear of reptiles). Transforming irrational disturbance into an experience of daydreaming, by converting a solid component of unsatisfying reality or reptiles into desirable infinite forms, provides perceptions of the real world in new ways.

Tanruk Pairoj-Boriboon
Part pseudo fulfillment warehouse, part expiring storefront, *Perhapstechnobuyproduct* interrogates the aspirational claims of customization and control by sociotechnical industries. This installation is rooted in our unresolved relationships to new forms of production, capitalist intent, and materiality. The accumulation of 3-D printed objects are now remnants of a culture of hyper-consumption. Derived from petrochemicals, these objects act as markers of fulfillment where instantaneous data can produce uncertain outcomes in uncertain times through continuously developing tools.

*Stephen Parks*

*Perhapstechnobuyproduct* Metal shelves, 3-D prints, fabricated signs, 4-channel generative audio, digital display, print on demand catalog
Mark stood up for MCI courses.

33m

During overnight IDF activity in Dheisheh, Palestinians hurled explosives & blocks @ forces.

42m

Davon Wallace was arrested Sept.

53m

President-elect Trump can and should be resting.

Are put to the wing - continue to suffer persecution and all those coming out to be somebody

When you honor this Veterans Day

1h

thank you
Help the catch Jacob Johnson, who is rich to all those involved in shooting attack near Ramallah.
We are inundated by a constant feed of media that responds and adapts in real time to the impulses of our psyches and the dimensions of our devices. Beneath the surface, this stream of information is directed by hidden automated controls and steered by political agendas. The transmission of information has evolved into a spiral of entropy, and the boundaries between author, content, platform, and receiver have blurred. This reductive space of responsive media is a catalyst for immense political and cultural change, causing us to question our notions of authority, truth, and reality. In this work, a live feed is generated by automated image searches and Twitter bots. Content is continuously changing and no surface is fixed, pointing to a dystopian present-future in which information is hyper-present, generating and even consuming itself.

Drew Sisk

In Media Res
Twitter bots, live websites projected on vinyl banners, holographic projection device, televisions mounted on rolling stands
The painter walks away

Travis Austin

Though we may not perceive it, we are surrounded by material-in-flux. Inert materials degrade, and the events that comprise our natural and social environments causally thread into a duration that unifies us in our incomprehension. Sounds reveal ever-present vibrations of the landscape: expressions of the flexuous ground on which we stand.

Laminated PAINT
(installation, p. 46–47; detail, opposite top)

Laminated PAINT (transcript)
details, above, opposite middle
Graphite

Laminated PAINT (cabinet)
detail, opposite bottom
Medium density fiberboard, speaker mesh, directional speakers, steel, boots
The painter stands in the corner until the white layer of paint becomes dry to the touch.
Intermission For Deleted Acts
Single channel HD video projection

Brian Charles Patterson

My practice is an inquiry into the universal language of narrative. I love what emerges from human attempts to reconcile issues of mysticism and naturalism, the sacred and profane, environmental destruction, dream and memory, sexuality, mortality, war, and the ego that arises from the trials of earthly existence.

Intermission For Deleted is a meditation on mortality. It’s a twenty-minute looped video comprised of two channels to create a diptych that depicts extreme close-up shots of flowers embedded in ice melting from heat so extreme that the flowers wilt and char before the ice melts completely. Two cameras capture the event from different angles and synchronize to admit differing perspectives of a singular event.
Micah H. Weber

An assemblage of philosophic inquiry, blurred landscape, and confused pairing, this project is an anti-narrative documentary on death—as gesture, and disappearing act.

**Standing Cat, w/Fence, & Other Image** (p. 54–55)
Grow light, glass, vellum, clay, metal wire, crystal

Installation view (above)

**Cowb-oy** (opposite top)
Plywood, hardware, staples, vellum, graphite transfer, clay

**Echos (or, Landscape Hovel Picture Fun: The little boy w/a knife - Beyond the slope of a small hill)** (opposite bottom)
Animation, 50" monitor

**Reference : Work** (left)
Book
if you hunger, bread, oil and spices

[You are with] Kin and [You can be at] Ease
(installation)
Orange blossom water, bread, various spices, soap, digital prints, MDF, aluminum trays, vinyl, glue, bowls, pitchers
In my studio practice, I explore customs of welcoming unspecified guests into a temporary domain as systems of care, labor, and value within a cross-cultural dialogue.

Through replicating culturally specific gestures of hospitality, I’ve created a space in which viewers are invited to consider the labor and the resources involved in welcoming them, and in the welcoming of future guests. The offerings are consumable: water, bread, soap.

The text is an offering as well, in the form of instruction and invitation. The objects are locally replicated objects that I am longing for from distant places. They are commonly found and relatively cheap to obtain in their native lands, but far more difficult to find or make in the US.

The exhibited installation extends my studio practice into a foreign gallery, addressing my limits as a host in a space in which I am hosted.

Azim Al Ghussein
Isa Gagarin

The rise and fall of tides occurring across time and space differ from a singular line between two static points: the changing spatial state between high and low tide is similar to the way breath fills my body, inward, outward. Expansion, contraction.

In *Tides*, color is an occurrence, an impermanent experience. Dark ultramarine blues, light blues, and pale greens are lifted up, turned over, rolled, carried, and coiled. Passages of illuminated text, which slowly fade in and out, tell a story of ostrich feathers and a funeral.

In consideration of tides, my work fluctuates between two primary states: the abstract and the personal. In the context of my studio work, I define the abstract as a material exploration of color and form. The personal includes my autobiography, writing practice, and a sense of place originating from the Pacific Islands. I create relationships between the abstract and the personal that are at times close, distant, approaching, receding. Interwoven throughout *Tides* and my written thesis of the same title are texts based on personal experiences, including witnessing the total solar eclipse of the sun, visiting a purple garden in Los Angeles, a coincidence I experienced on my birthday, and the death of a friend.
Tides (installation)
Two-channel HD video

It is as if the music is a wave
Lauren Hensens
In Inauguration of the Rampant Rally (2018), a painting of an imagined landscape whirling with turbulent life, I consider the animism and consciousness that exists in the environment, extending beyond the realm of human knowledge. By envisioning an emotive landscape, represented through imagery of strong elemental forces, I intend to suggest an uprising against environmental exploitation. The red river evokes a bleeding wound; perhaps it is the bloodshed of the environment and its inhabitants of the past, present, and future, both nonhuman and human. Though damaged and scarred from strife, the landscape is in a state of upheaval, resisting acquiescence.

Ventral to the Verdant Void (2018) confronts the viewer with a gaping lesion on the earth’s surface. The void suggests a vacancy—something exploited and removed. By articulating a wounded landscape, I aim not only to evoke an empathetic response but also to ask viewers to contemplate their responsibility to the environment.
Daliya Anthony Jokondo

My “practice” is about my consistent desire to self-eradicate because of my inability to adapt to a white supremacist-patriarchal-heteronormative-capitalist-etc-etc-world. Because I can’t say this in polite society, I have resorted to making objects as self-sustaining/survivalist actions that also mark my presence as a human person.

Duct tape, tulle, twine, melted glue, pom-poms, and beads are all elements of dissociative decadence. Mental illness is an element that is consistently repressed through my own volition or as internalization of privileged people’s demands that I be invisible.

*Untitled (She)* follows the language of a screen saver; my voiceover is neither here nor there and at times multiplied to account for the multiplicity of my gender and cultural identity. The aesthetic of the video is that of a screen saver, relaxation video, or a looping GIF. Dreamy spatial interiors and overlays are all means to redress the masking, control, and invisibility I have to maintain on a daily basis to function in a world that is not made for me and set on my removal. Critique is initially turned inward because of my anger towards myself in relation to what is enforced by the dominant culture and internalized by me in a masochistic structure that is also self-policing. A kind of self-annihilation that is purely survivalist and devoid of any real pleasure or joy beyond the superficial.
She inches glass to break
HD video

many James B films as a child and wonders why effect this has
My video *She inches glass to break* takes on elements of a sitcom-styled conversation between three women librarians as they plan for a library film screening; the dialogue revolves around their varying reactions to the use of yellow face in *Breakfast At Tiffany’s* and their different analyses of the feminist film *Ticket of No Return*.

I have been asking myself how I can navigate the filmic gaze and employ media tropes such as the sitcom or the advertisement to interrogate overlapping racialized and gendered stereotypes that the audience can internalize or misrecognize off-screen. I look to explore this idea through imagined and unlikely exchanges between film characters, using conversation and filmic critique as sites of experimentation. I seek to examine how a “talking cure,” or conversation, can be a productive method for deconstruction, and for creating ambivalence and antagonism in relation to film discourse.
The GenderFail Archive Project invites artists, curators, librarians, activists, and other engaged publics to select titles from our collection of art books, zines, and other publications. The project creates a socially-constructed archive and also commissions creative solutions for displaying artist-made publications. Engaging outside participants in collaborative decision-making filters content through many different perspectives.

The GenderFail Archive Project employs an intersectional archiving process that allows multiple authors to decide what becomes archived, digitized, and presented. Invited collaborators generally spend anywhere from thirty minutes to an hour and a half selecting publications during a studio visit to the GenderFail library. This process of selection is meant to mirror the experiences that people have at art book fairs, artist-run bookstores, and other places that disseminate artist-made publications happens.

In each collaborative sculptural display, the artist is prompted to make a sculpture that can be used to display books from the GenderFail Archive. The displays that are presented in a mobile presentation have been created by artists Colin Klockner, Hallie McNeill, Evan Galbicka, Jordan Loeppky-Kolesnik, Raul De Lara and Grace Whiteside. Each work is a reflection of the artist’s aesthetic, and each adds a new form through which to engage the archive.

The ability to provide a platform, in part, for self-made publications through the GenderFail Archive Project is a driving force behind why GenderFail collects and promotes zine culture.
The act of drawing with my son River is the engine for these paintings. His imagination has no editor, no rights, wrongs or tastes. Our shared experiences are embellished and reimagined to become these paintings.

*Fighterfighters* is a picture of a dog and two firefighters letting water out of a fire hydrant in a parking lot. *Werewolves of Jaliscienses* is a spin-off of the Warren Zevon song *Werewolves of London*; a Werewolf is ordering enchiladas in a restaurant near our house in Austin, Texas. *Vimo Vounstoe Fish* is my interpretation of a fish that my son River drew and named, and *Boulangerie Voobek* is a scene in the bakery we visit each week, but with a giant spider.

The subjects of these drawings and the paintings that I make from them become a memoir to share with River. Perhaps he will remember the drawings we made, or maybe he will find an image of one of these paintings that we will recount together. I will remember working with my son, the painters I was thinking about, the color choices made, the music I was listening to, and the specific interactions that led to these paintings.
Gallery view (p. 82–83), from left to right

*Fighterfighter* (above)
Oil on canvas

*Werewolves of Jaliscienses*
Oil on canvas

*Boulangerie Voobek* (left)
Oil on canvas

*Vimo Vounstoe Fish* (opposite)
Oil on canvas
**Johanna Robinson**

*Quotations like the Sharpest Claws* is a multimedia installation composed of paintings and sound that explores the theory of cognitive dissonance, a controversial psychological model that attempts to explain how we deal with inconsistency in incompatible beliefs.

The uncanny and surreal are used as entry points into this exploration. In *Using the Electromagnetic Field for Personal Gain*, a group of hermits discover a way to source electricity directly from the ground, but they use this knowledge to simply cool themselves off. In *Data Transfer*, the subjects are again each acting out of self-interest, in a closed-loop system perpetuated and powered by the iPhone photograph. An element from every painting is included in *Contending with Logical Space*, which considers Wittgenstein’s description of an ensemble of possible states, many of which we are unaware, that exist to make up reality. Three dissonant notes, heard throughout the room, play on one-minute intervals, setting a tone that is at once humorous and foreboding. The work seeks to question the limits of constructed knowledge while imagination is given primacy as a source for truth-seeking and world-building.

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*Carbon Monoxide Dioxide Oxygen Cycle*

(above)

Oil on canvas
Contending with Logical Space (p. 86–87)
Oil on canvas

Data Transfer (top)
Oil on canvas

Using the electro-magnetic field for personal gain (right)
Oil on canvas
The history of Catholic imagery as visualized through painting provides a structural blueprint for these works. Madonna and child, annunciation, crucifixion, and resurrection are each twisted and reformulated to dramatize hyperbolized notions of aberrance fueled by homophobia within the church. The cast of characters here is not stable: Christ is played at once by a kitten and SpongeBob; the Madonna is envisioned as Star Wars’ Darth Vader. The angel Gabriel of the annunciation has become a swan plummeting through an open window, and the Virgin Mary is a silhouetted man on all fours. These substitutions across species and gender re-form the historical religious images into sites of play and imagination, inviting an irreverent exploration of shame, celebration, religion, and power.
**Untitled (Kitten)**  
(left)  
Acrylic on canvas

**Crucifixion**  
(below)  
Acrylic on canvas
Johannes James Barfield
As an artist, my interests revolve around the black experience in America and how materials used to build institutions, roads, automobiles, and media correspond to the amplification and nullification of blackness. My Eyes Due See is a multidimensional examination of the “black experience” in America. The installation is composed of a single-channel video of myself holding on to the roof of a car while it is traveling down a road, a music composition arranged by myself that utilizes samples and live instrumentation, and sculptures that use ready-made car parts and hand cut broomsedge grass that is indigenous to the southeastern United States. Each of these elements arranged in space share a nuanced and complicated view of blackness through the lens of a black man decoding personal history and American history simultaneously. Autonomy is the overarching theme throughout the work as it pertains to race, identity, urban and rural environments, and the relationship between generational trauma and nostalgia.

Johannes James Barfield
2018 Toby Devan Lewis Fellowship recipient
My Eyes Due See
(installation)
Single-channel video, music composition comprised of samples and live instrumentation created by artist, asphalt covered rug, found car transmission, car jack, found car hoods, hand cut broomsedge grass, southern pine asphalt impregnated board, found asphalt chunks of road, forensic trajectory rod, wheatpasted wall text on paper, fluorescent lights and fixtures, yellow road marking tape
Greyory Blake

Ziggy is the sun,
Ziggy is the egg.
Ziggy is the police of the police.
Photography + Film

Stephanie DeMer
Enact in Disappearance is an engagement within the visible. Through various mediums working together a strategy for seeing emerges. From communion with natural phenomena, ways of gazing into images, and witnessing reflection invisibility is excavated.

Stephanie DeMer

*Enact in Disappearance* is an engagement within the visible. Through various mediums working together a strategy for seeing emerges. From communion with natural phenomena, ways of gazing into images, and witnessing reflection invisibility is excavated.

*Enact in Disappearance* (installation)
Photography + Film
McKeever Donovan

_The Building Breathes Together_ presents an imagined realm of speculative industrial production and alchemical transformation. Four discarded and defunct ovens are outfitted with slipcovers that are customized to shroud their facades and highlight unexpected curves and undulations. In this way, they sit as ghosts of their former selves, forming silhouettes of new and unexpected bodies in the space. Inside the oven, hearths are sculpted, globular forms that are coated in ash and oil. It’s as though a lifetime of baking, congealing and rotting has activated landscapes inside these bygone bodies. Signs of life in these interior terrains come in the form of synthetic flowers connected to motors. The bright flowers poke their faces up from the caked innards and spin in a meditative, perpetual twirl.

Eight aluminum casts are inlaid into the walls surrounding the ovens. The shallow reliefs sit inside circular baking pans and depict crudely formed hands in the act of picking flowers and digging into the earth. This melancholic, romantic gesture crystallizes the muddy innards of the ovens in a shiny and sturdy metal. But the clumsiness and faultiness of the aluminum cast undermines an idealized notion of manufacturing—a haunted space of wistful thinking.

_The Building Breathes Together_ (installation, p. 107–108; details, above, opposite)
Oven, artificial flowers, clay, ash, oil, steel, aluminum, electric motors, acrylic and fabric

_Flowers in the Yard (IV)_ (detail, opposite, top left)
Cast aluminum
Wyley Duffey
Preserving Psychick Order (installation)
Found objects, latex, rope, thread, wallpaper, popcorn

Preserving Psychick Order: Gimme a T!
(detail, above)
Plastic doll, pillow case, bedsheets, wallpaper, gourd, pantyhose, concrete, stuffed bear, glove, marbles

Preserving Psychick Order: Mama Knows
(detail, left)
Xerox transfer, fake hair, felt, Halloween toys, paper, bells, rug

Preserving Psychick Order
(detail, opposite)
The injection was relatively painless last night.
I pierce mother once a week.
Feeling bratty and spiteful and very horny,
I have turned back time and will never grow up at this point.
I think about that one mannequin leg in my studio and still haven’t unpacked.
There’s such a familial comfort in excessive clutter.
I don’t want to be bound by the same neuroses.
I want to have everything I hold dear on my person...
knotted to or in a lover, their scent locked in the whiskers of my hairy asshole,
dumb cartoons that make me laugh inked on every inch of my skin. (Yes!)
I don’t flatter myself to say I’m an exquisite corpse,
more like an experimental corpse,
a kind of becoming.
Or not.
I am dying in mother’s eyes.
I’ve been “dying” for a while.
bzzz.

I explore how bodies filter and transform memory, fear, and the impact of the past into the present. My dolls require a process of re-cannibalizing...they are digested and I can feel the materials tickle the soft, slick linings of my digestive organs before they begin to BREAK DOWN. Once regurgitated, the materials undergo a process of being de-sentimentalized. Inside moves outward, unconscious becomes painfully conscious, and unmasking realizes the self and trickster within. The materials are let go and reconfigured into new forms, new familial units, new sentiments to be digested once again. We put the AFFECT in affection here.
Path (installation)
Hydrocal, Plexiglas, grid-drawn water, grid-drawn electricity, calcium carbonate, hydroponic & aeroponic nutrification, grow lights, digital prints
Evan Galbicka

*Path* explores generative possibilities through the collaboration of three primary agents: a land snail native to Richmond (*Neohelix albolabris*), myself, and a cellular automaton known as the Game of Life. Tracings of snail trails are transcribed as initial states of the cellular automaton, a graphical representation and historically important tool in complexity studies. The automaton carries an algorithm through initial trail states, resolving into a grid pattern that corresponds to the floor-plan of elements within the gallery. Snail trails also serve as lines of flight into drawings cast in hydrocal (calcium sulfate), which the snails slowly rasp and convert into the production of their shells. Graphical representation of the trails were overlaid onto maps of Richmond, identifying sites outside the studio for exploration. Digital prints collage documentation from these field expeditions with the automaton encountering glitch. error: ERROR [http-bio-8080-exec-10]

The Break
Three-channel video installation with sound
Ian Gerson

the unseen. the in-between. the moments when language fails.
stutter. stop. can’t find the words. ripping at the seams of speech.

pressing. stressing. fissure.

parts never witnessed. parts never known. never
owned. the mark is a lie. evidence only of rupture.
cut. break. tear.

how hard it is. how long it takes. no fixed end. forever in between.
never fixed. never still. and still. make this space a home.

Stemming from an inquiry into the problems and possibilities
of representing complex identities, The Break is a personal
exploration of my specific transgender body. Using analogue
techniques of mirroring, cropping, and layering, the imaged body
and recorded voice becomes fractured and fragmented, pointing
towards that which is unwieldy to name and impossible to see.
you hold it til you sweat, they dare you to keep holding.
you give in and keep going. they dare you to keep going
and you just want to prove them wrong, prove it to yourself.
you keep holding, arms shaking, veins popping, hair wet
with sweat. sweaty palms slipping on the smooth surface,
you keep holding, the effort almost breaks you, you keep
holding don’t let it crack, don’t lose your focus. they yell
at you – fuck you! – you won’t lose it – fuck them! – the sweat
keeps coming. it’s a stream. the sweat is a babbling brook,
your habitat. an amphibious-ness comes over you and
all you can do it stare through the current up at the ceiling,
sweat engulfing you. sleepless on the riverbed, amphibious |

permets accès aux pores même après
que la sensation de brûlure survient

goûte fraîchement à chaque fois réassure basé sur le goût
l’instinct de la langue pour la mort est plus fiable que
tes mains ou yeux ou peau
même nez

néglige pas ton trou de cul

laisse ton nez couler, morve à saigner
juste écouter

deviens amis avec l’acide lactique,
faire la connaissance de l’épuisement
une façon efficace de faire ça c’est
nager à contre-courant

l’eau salée guérit toutes les blessures
demandes-moi d’aller nager éclairée par la lune la nuit

The Pond (installation)
Wood, drywall, acrylic, metal, textiles, vinyl,
humidifier, air conditioner, ventilation duct and fans,
tile board, plumbing, silicone caulking, plastic, epoxy
resin, charcoal, pond water, tadpoles, stinging nettle
Kathryn Lien
A devoted studio investigation imagines the overlapping worlds of ethical ecological solutions to climate changed sustenance and the potential for collective excellence in female exclusive environments. Using garments, furniture, site-specific installation and directed performance, the work harnesses social and material sensitivity to mine solutions for idealized living.
**Cover Image**
Kathryn Kirk Murphy (MFA '18)

**Photography**
Terry Brown

**Design**
Kira lantz (BFA '10)

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