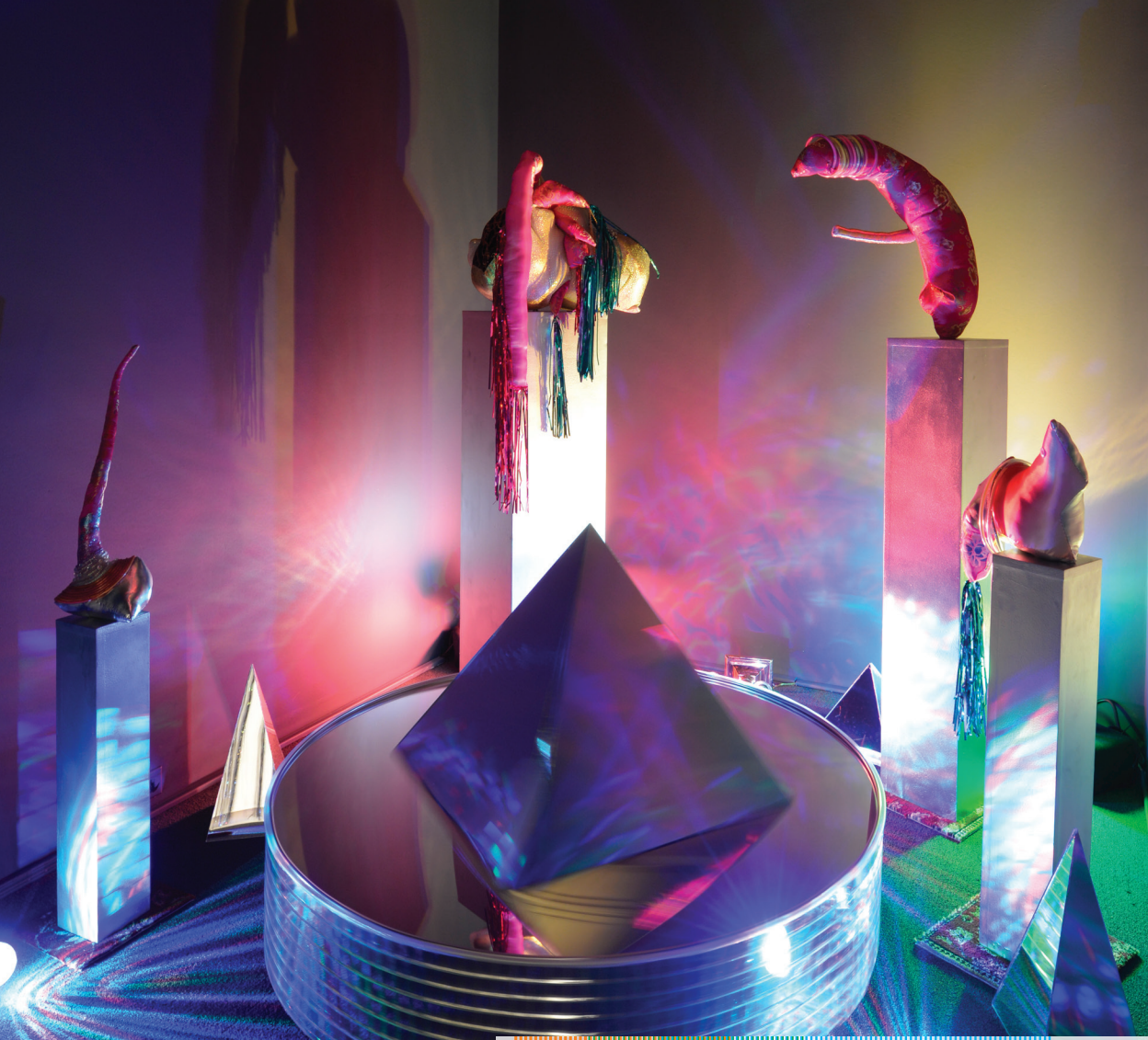


MFA14



SAM FOX SCHOOL OF DESIGN
& VISUAL ARTS

MFA 2014 THESIS EXHIBITION
May 9–August 3, 2014

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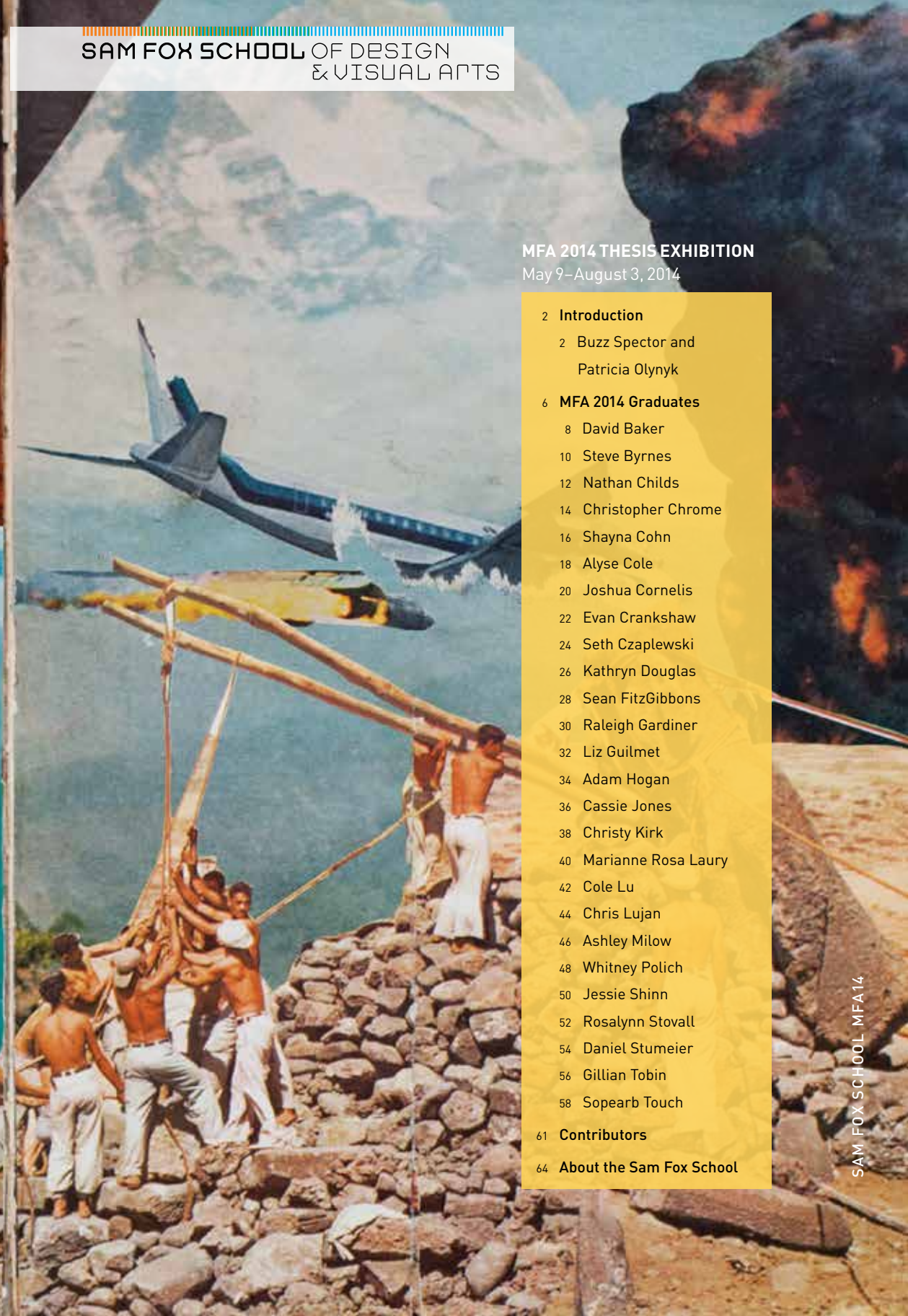
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BUZZ SPECTOR

*Dean, College and Graduate School of Art
Sam Fox School of Design & Visual Arts*

PATRICIA OLYNYK

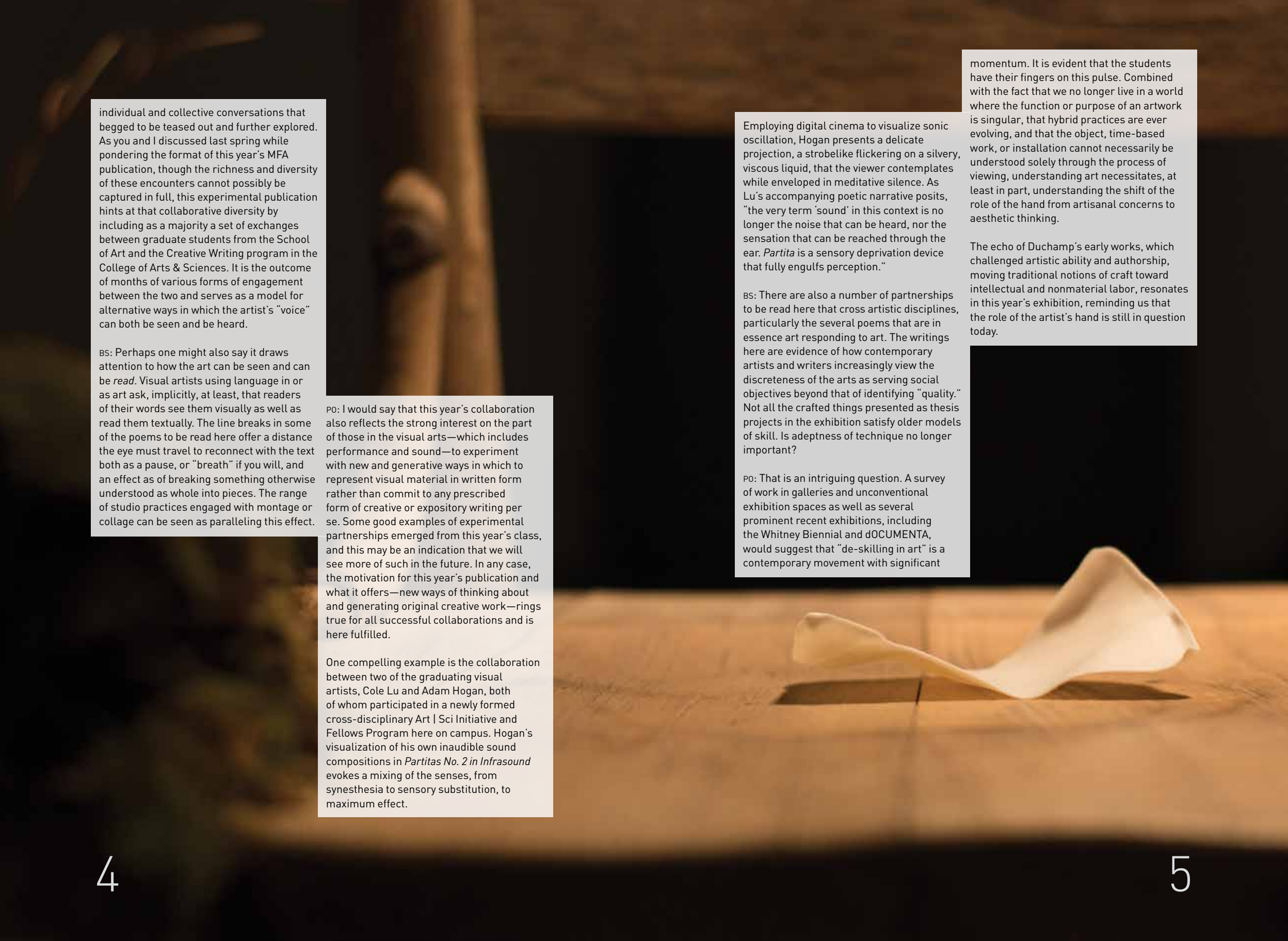
*Director, Graduate School of Art
Florence and Frank Bush Professor of Art
Sam Fox School of Design & Visual Arts*

In the six years since the adoption of the current format of the Master of Fine Arts exhibition and its accompanying publication by the Sam Fox School of Design & Visual Arts Graduate School of Art, the introductory essays have addressed a range of topical issues relating to art and its teaching today, including evolving studio practices, thinking as making, collaboration and cross-disciplinary work, and writing about—and as—art. The following dialogue between Patricia Olynyk, Florence and Frank Bush Professor and Director of the Graduate School of Art, and Buzz Spector, dean of the College and Graduate School of Art, was developed as an introduction to the work of the 2014 MFA graduating class and this publication that features it.

BS: Eleven years ago I taught a workshop, "Writing About Art," under the auspices of the Saltonstall Foundation for the Arts, in which I offered a brief description of how to write an effective artist statement. I pointed out to the aspiring artists and art critics in that workshop that the artist statement is their best opportunity to offer the public the critical terms by which they want their work assessed. I proposed then that artist statements are not the place for ideological or spiritual manifestos but, simply, a brief commentary on the artist's reasons for making their work. I was not yet aware of how formulaic this model was, advocating brevity, descriptive clarity, and provision of historical context. As the MFA publication you and I have worked on has developed over the years, we have maintained our mutual insistence on brevity, but the expansion of the role of the artist statement to include writing about the MFA artists by peers in other academic disciplines has forced me, at least, to rethink the assumptions I used to make about what constitutes "clarity" and "history" in the short form of a statement about the artist's work.

PO: Following your point, I think it also bears mentioning that the past six years of collaboration with the Mildred Lane Kemper Art Museum has been rich with opportunities to experiment with various formats for this MFA publication.

When I was invited to oversee the Graduate School of Art in 2007, a program that focuses on the professional development of studio-based artists, I sought to expand the school's intellectual and creative reach across campus and, reciprocally, to integrate other disciplines into our school through a variety of initiatives that include fellows' programs, critique events, and Spotlight lectures. This, combined with the students' own connections across campus, led to an abundance of



individual and collective conversations that begged to be teased out and further explored. As you and I discussed last spring while pondering the format of this year's MFA publication, though the richness and diversity of these encounters cannot possibly be captured in full, this experimental publication hints at that collaborative diversity by including as a majority a set of exchanges between graduate students from the School of Art and the Creative Writing program in the College of Arts & Sciences. It is the outcome of months of various forms of engagement between the two and serves as a model for alternative ways in which the artist's "voice" can both be seen and be heard.

BS: Perhaps one might also say it draws attention to how the art can be seen and can be read. Visual artists using language in or as art ask, implicitly, at least, that readers of their words see them visually as well as read them textually. The line breaks in some of the poems to be read here offer a distance the eye must travel to reconnect with the text both as a pause, or "breath" if you will, and an effect as of breaking something otherwise understood as whole into pieces. The range of studio practices engaged with montage or collage can be seen as paralleling this effect.

PO: I would say that this year's collaboration also reflects the strong interest on the part of those in the visual arts—which includes performance and sound—to experiment with new and generative ways in which to represent visual material in written form rather than commit to any prescribed form of creative or expository writing per se. Some good examples of experimental partnerships emerged from this year's class, and this may be an indication that we will see more of such in the future. In any case, the motivation for this year's publication and what it offers—new ways of thinking about and generating original creative work—rings true for all successful collaborations and is here fulfilled.

One compelling example is the collaboration between two of the graduating visual artists, Cole Lu and Adam Hogan, both of whom participated in a newly formed cross-disciplinary Art | Sci Initiative and Fellows Program here on campus. Hogan's visualization of his own inaudible sound compositions in *Partitas No. 2 in Infrasound* evokes a mixing of the senses, from synesthesia to sensory substitution, to maximum effect.

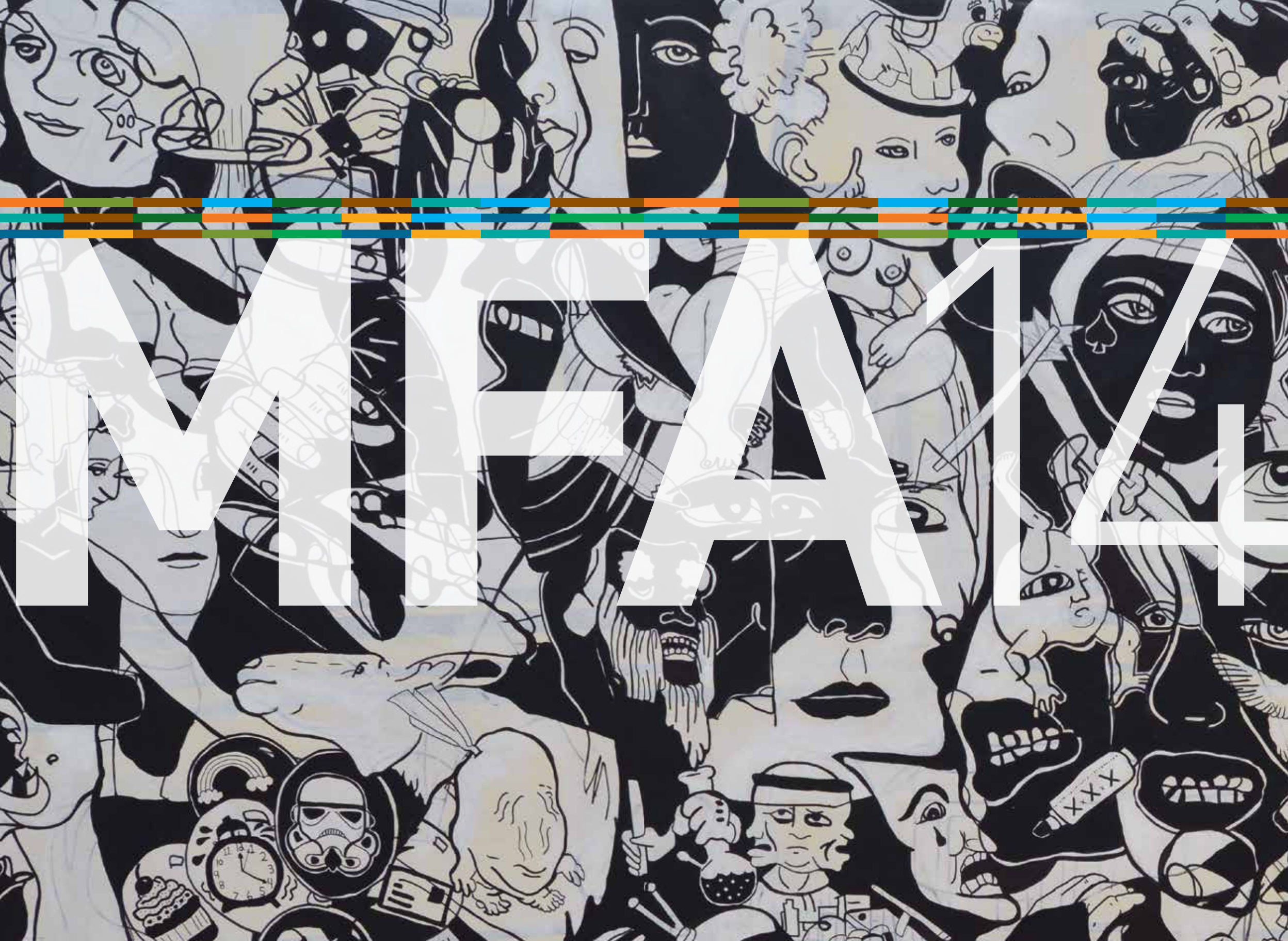
Employing digital cinema to visualize sonic oscillation, Hogan presents a delicate projection, a strobeflicker on a silvery, viscous liquid, that the viewer contemplates while enveloped in meditative silence. As Lu's accompanying poetic narrative posits, "the very term 'sound' in this context is no longer the noise that can be heard, nor the sensation that can be reached through the ear. *Partita* is a sensory deprivation device that fully engulfs perception."

BS: There are also a number of partnerships to be read here that cross artistic disciplines, particularly the several poems that are in essence art responding to art. The writings here are evidence of how contemporary artists and writers increasingly view the discreteness of the arts as serving social objectives beyond that of identifying "quality." Not all the crafted things presented as thesis projects in the exhibition satisfy older models of skill. Is adeptness of technique no longer important?

PO: That is an intriguing question. A survey of work in galleries and unconventional exhibition spaces as well as several prominent recent exhibitions, including the Whitney Biennial and dOCUMENTA, would suggest that "de-skilling in art" is a contemporary movement with significant

momentum. It is evident that the students have their fingers on this pulse. Combined with the fact that we no longer live in a world where the function or purpose of an artwork is singular, that hybrid practices are ever evolving, and that the object, time-based work, or installation cannot necessarily be understood solely through the process of viewing, understanding art necessitates, at least in part, understanding the shift of the role of the hand from artisanal concerns to aesthetic thinking.

The echo of Duchamp's early works, which challenged artistic ability and authorship, moving traditional notions of craft toward intellectual and nonmaterial labor, resonates in this year's exhibition, reminding us that the role of the artist's hand is still in question today.



MIND



KATIE MCGINNIS
on David Baker

We are born not of silence, but stillness. In our first moments we are greeted by the da-dum, da-dum of our mother's beating heart, each poetic iamb a sweetened jewel. We squirm against the flesh of our own flesh; it is anonymous existence, at a time when identity means little. Our world is dark and unmoving and the stillness is the stillness of the void. Meditate on this, then; it is to pursue an embryo's artistry, a talent lost to the first breath and reclaimed with the last. We seek its memory through mumbles and hums and canticles and softened touch.



David Baker
Black Words, 2014
Two-channel video,
20:03 min.



Aquatic Jaws

lyrical cauliflower
coin noise clink
wicker tin pinched ringer

Amber Bloom

lobster claw bubble bath
pregnant glimpse
drunken vessel
snap snarl whisker growl
carnival gurgle
hot pot brewing

Mop Cask

pinecone grapple clasp
burlap stump crunched
lapped black spatula raft

Sullen Fluff

thunderclap collapsed
sunken pun lunch
trotted flute
snorting tulips

Frothy Shiraz

paved grape handshake
supple mush on the dust
cropped throstle
gallon pump

Smoking Trumpets

pewter gush slushed out
dusk thump plunked down
pithy drips
muddled plums
stirred thermos
collected espresso

Lake Feigned Goose Flap

crooked rustle
tender humming
portly rumble
tuckered blip



Steve Byrnes
Blue Jalousy, 2014
Oil on canvas, 96 x 90"





AARON COLEMAN
on Nathan Childs

The Affliction a Strange Weight, The Weight a Plume of Pain, The Pain a Shriill Desire

Skin of America: burst scales shimmering and
slewed music moving
through not air, not land, not water. To touch

this open cut of ours is an act of possession.
Tattered indecisions flit
between the body's raw cut stars. A cosmos swollen with secret, we know

a sound like teeth tearing meat from bone, like memory
flayed from landscape. We survive
by tearing apart the scape-body that holds and hides

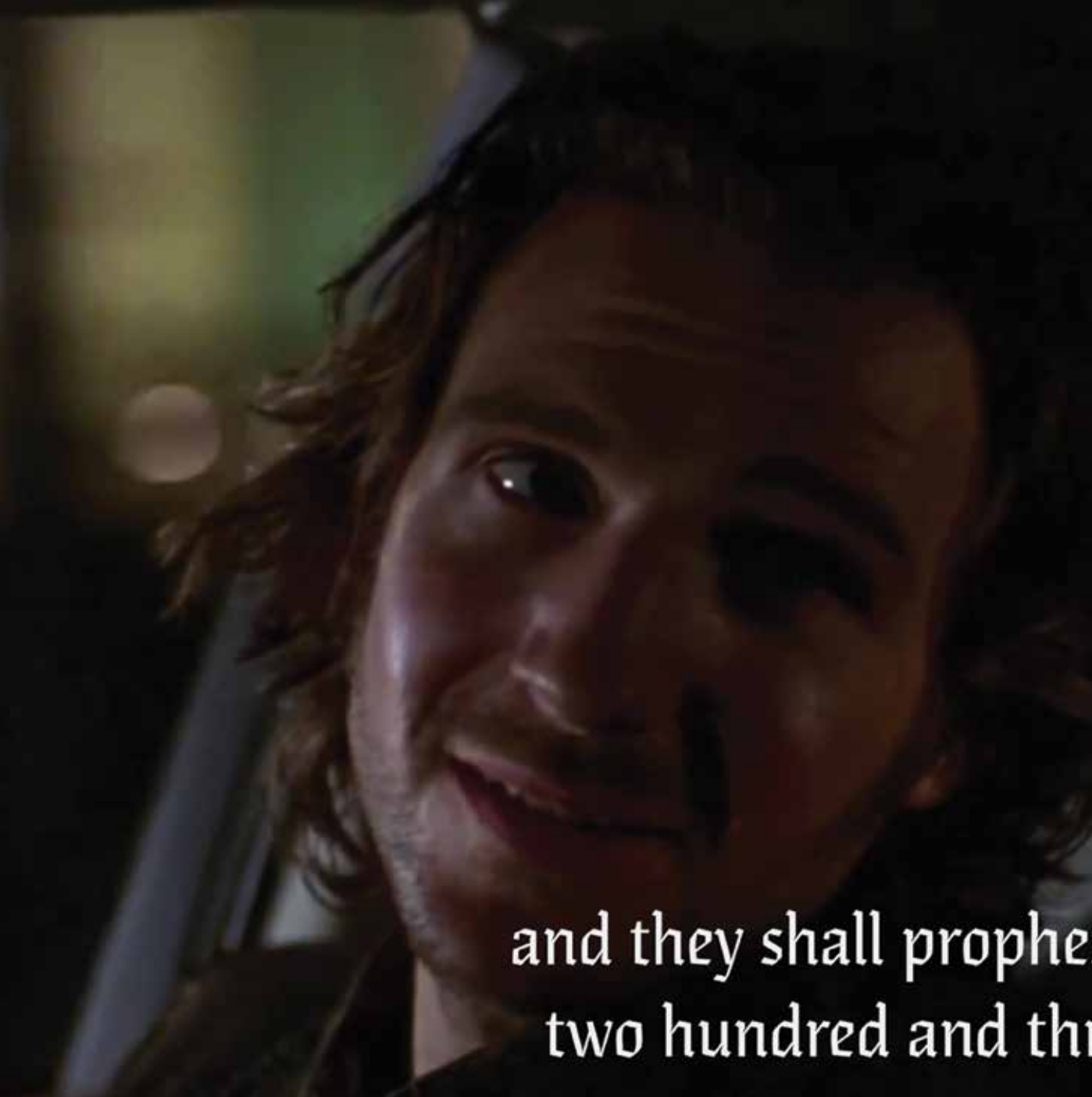
a limestone cavern for the virginified mind,
skittish with desire,
frantically kept—and frantically alive.

Make space for loss. How do we
the quicksand of what we want, valiant
and stubborn like the heroes we believe
ourselves to be. Show me the thing before
the vanishing point of the human heart. Fear
caught in the heart like light caught in the flections
along the body's rusted skyline. Skyline forever both
beautiful and hideous quick and relentless
with change—another shimmering: are we still afraid
to plunge our hands into what remains
silent? There are whole cities dying in our flesh—
and fumes and hills and villages and underbrush and lighthouses. Each heavy
with what we call America, its weight an itch woven into us
as our living a blessing, a scar—

move through
the thing became



Nathan Childs
Stratographic Particularity, 2014
Oil, enamel, acrylic, wood,
glue, paper, and ceramic on
4 panels with log supports,
approx. 96 x 96 x 96"



and they shall prophesy a thousand
two hundred and threescore days.

MARIANNE ROSA LAURY
on Christopher Chrome

*Sunday morning is everyday for all I care...
And I'm not scared
Light my candles in a daze...
'Cause I've found god
-Kurt Cobain, "Lithium"*

In 1992, Nirvana releases "Lithium" on its *Nevermind* album, one of Cobain's many nihilistic cries forewarning us of his intended future.

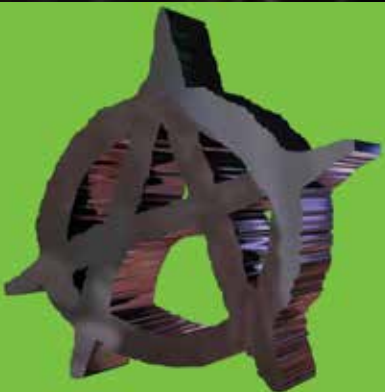
Two years later, Cobain commits suicide. God is officially dead, and this is life as we now know it: an ongoing entity that we, the remainders, are just momentarily waiting on to end. As the higher powers continue violating us, we search for a way out.

Come the year 1995, Ralph Fiennes stars in *Strange Days* as an ex-LAPD officer. Stricken by Cobain's death, his character accepts that world order can never be restored and resorts to a life of turmoil and rebellion. Retaining the malicious quality made famous in his Nazi role in *Schindler's List* (1993), Fiennes now reverses the recipient of hatred, extending it toward the authorities.

Fiennes serves as a metaphor for how to bandage all that is bad in the world. Dropping out of school, quitting your job, doing drugs, torrenting / bootlegging / stealing, and having sex with strangers are a few of the many activities that can numb the pain of corruption.

All morals should be forgotten, because any day could be your last.

Reality is virtually nonexistent.



Christopher Chrome
Ralph Fiennes (1995), 2014
Mixed-media installation with single-
channel video with sound, 9:30 min.,
overall dimensions variable





CASSIE JONES
on *Shayna Cohn*

Everything glows, but nothing is sacred.
Part dirty joke, part makeshift discotheque,
part altar of excess.
Pregnant with neon hues, *I'm going to have some fun*.
What do you consider fun?
Fun, *natural* fun.

Built from a pile of glitter
—synthetic shit everywhere—
in this heavily-stoned mess, *I'm in heaven*.
Or, somewhere between banal Main Street and esoteric Fantasyland.

Gonna stand right here and watch that gyrating disco-ball-platform thing.
All I need is my laughing boyfriend,
some stuffed puppets,
spasmodic tinsel,
golden pineapples,
and maybe a few stiff prisms, glowing pink with desire (*that's what she said*).
Feels like I'm dreaming, but I'm not even sleeping.

It's all shared like a shameful secret;
Am I in heaven?
Paralyzed somewhat by a lack of legs,
no one's dancing,
but she told me they're animated by their own self-pity!
Encased by ritualistic embellishments: sewingstuffinggluingwrapping

Sampling beats with the maven of funk mutation (*Bootsy Collins, who else?*),
while wailin' and shakin' to a googly-eyed Bob Marley.
Reggae expanding with a new self-authored mysticism.
Eyes protruding, still not dancing.

Stepping in a rhythm to another TV intro,
in this staged reality, *who needs to think when your feet just go?*
Who needs to think when everything echoes:
James Brown, James Brown,
spinning around and around.

Unhappy boyfriend brought on by information overload.
He's the painstakingly dumb genius of love.
He's got a greater depth of feeling.
He's so deep.
He's so deep.
He's so deep.

womp, womp.

Inspired by the lyrics of "The Genius of Love," Tom Tom Club, 1981,
written by Adrian Belew, Chris Frantz, Steven Stanley, and Tina Weymouth.



Alyse Cole
Untitled, 2013
Chalk, acrylic, oil, wax, and
ink on panel, 48 x 48"
Untitled Drawings nos. 1-4, 2014
Graphite and ink on paper,
16 x 12" each



ALYSE COLE



NICHOLAS TAMARKIN
on Alyse Cole

Alyse Cole's triangles look imprecise. Textures change as they relate to color, or at least our impression of what a color or texture "should" be. Pink works against other colors and makes differently sized triangles pop out to the eye: the grid on which the triangles appear is a red herring. A search for order or meaning according to the geometry of the configurations provides no comfort or even intelligibility. There appears to be geometry serving a figural or expressive purpose, but each attempt leads to frustration—a productive one. I think of Eisenstein, the Clash, and Sarah Morris (or even Kandinsky). But each of these associations is also misleading.

Cole's triangles do not have any political or social commitments, but her work is far from solipsistic. The artist has simply presented her own preoccupations in as pure a state as possible. You begin to see different layers—of not under or above, but instead created through the clashes of color and texture. A very basic and immediate response is elicited through the unfinished formalism and almost ugly coloring. Yellow and white make their own negative space. Pink bullies blue; and some triangles simply refuse to come forward. Grass green hides a larger diamond pattern, folding iron grey into itself. Vacant shapes serve others, and emerging patterns are shockingly violent, demure, or even cool. The work is busy, certainly, but the vitality of its collisions is undeniable.



Joshua Cornelis
Reference Complex, 2014
 Permanent marker and acrylic
 on canvas, 72 x 138"

"Collage technique is the systematic exploitation of the fortuitous or engineered encounter of two or more intrinsically incompatible realities on a surface which is manifestly inappropriate for the purpose—and and the spark of poetry which leaps across the gap as these two realities are brought together." – Max Ernst¹

In this postdigital era of collage, I am interested in the meaning and propaganda associated with collage and assemblage, the modes of disseminating messages via cut-and-paste, remix, and disorder. By juxtaposing images that differ in style, content, and meaning, I am able to build panoramas of fractured identities that manifest themselves as overlays on overlays of distorted caricatures.

Taking inspiration from prehistoric cave paintings and street art mark-making, my work is a free-association landscape of hybrid animal-humans, humans wearing animal

masks, faces, chaos, crowds. Horror, mythological dinosaurs, hands. Child, self, ego. Teeth and eyes, medicine men. Rocking horse. Walking bombs, flying bullets, balloons. Santa Claus smoking a blunt. Skulls and drama. Wind-up car.

These scenes draw comparisons between unlikely references, and the crowded environment of sinister faces, figures, monsters, and masks within the work celebrate the divergent image. They are representative of a compound, compacted narrative—a single work that tries to say everything and nothing simultaneously. As such, my work denies permanence in meaning and celebrates the bizarre unknown in the arena of speculation and spectacle.

¹ Max Ernst, *Un Semaine du Bonté* (A Week of Kindness), 1934.



I could see the little island clearly in my mind's eye, with its jagged rust-red mountains, the green jungle which flowed down their slopes toward the sea, and the slender palms that waited and waved along the shore. We sat on a lonely beach and looked out over the same endless sea, evening after evening.

We filled our nostrils with an aroma of rank jungle and salt sea and heard the wind's rustle in leaves and palm tops. We were collecting.

So it had begun, by a fire on a South Sea island.

In the years that followed, breakers and jungle ruins were a kind of remote, unreal dream which formed the background and accompaniment to my studies; of the men of our race (who boldly called themselves the discoverers of the islands), of an unknown people, and all kinds of live creatures and images and other relics of a dead culture.

**

All roads into the jungle are impassable.

But, once inside, one might have made a parachute jump into a strange world, thousands of miles from civilization and the mysterious, legendary "white men" an antiquated other-world in which one is swallowed up in an atmosphere of lion hunting, mountaineering, ancestor worship, tusks, war drums and spears, idols and ships, flags, photographs and maps, old pyramids, carven-stone statues, surprising traces in culture, mythology, and language, and curious civilizations of antiquity.

A world we had never dreamed of.

East of the sun and west of the moon—outside time and beyond space.

**



EVAN CRANKSHAW



Evan Crankshaw
Expedition, 2012-14
Collage book, slide projection, and
wingback chair with audio
Projection and audio: 17:45 min.
Book: 12 x 20" (open)

I was no longer in doubt, and one day my theory was complete. I felt sure that a roar of agreement came from the breakers. And then they slowly subsided while I slept.

**

Round us, in well-arranged glass cases, lay fragments from the past, traces leading into the mists of antiquity. The walls were lined with books. Some of them one man had written and hardly ten men had read.

Our host, who had read all these books and written some of them, sat behind his worktable and explained over a bottle of good whisky,

*"You can't treat ethnographic problems as a sort of detective mystery!"
"Why not?" I said.*

I knew nothing about the man beyond what an open face can say. It may say a good deal. So we bought two tickets and flew to South America, ahead to the adventure. *Detectives off to the end of the world.*

Excerpt from artist's collage book, text appropriated and rearranged from Thor Heyerdahl's *Kon-Tiki: Across the Pacific* by Raft, 1950.

EMILY J. HANSON
on Seth Czaplewski

Take a walk through St. Louis. Step out of your car and away from the manicured lawns of suburban homes or parks. Look. Note the remains of sidewalks, now more like trapezoids of detritus than paths. Observe the structures and take in the names of the streets. Wait for passersby and ask to hear their stories.

Tales of people, trades, structures, and whole communities are rooted in the city's quarters. Yet, few care to unearth them, to coax them into revealing themselves and producing fruit once again. Czaplewski immerses himself in local histories, salvages their remnants, both folkloric and material, and creates installations that provoke conversation.

The history of Old North St. Louis, where Czaplewski has focused most of his local explorations, betrays its complicated evolution from self-sufficient community to the ravaged remains of post-industrial America. Though one former resident, who arrived as an émigré of the potato famine, eventually rose to become mayor, many others became disenfranchised when imposed industry drove out artisanal skill. Czaplewski's installations call attention to exigent social, economic, and political issues, but instead of shouting in the streets, the artist gathers items and stories to assemble into installations directly responding to their surroundings. Bringing together an array of components, his assemblage also expresses profound loss.

The precariousness of Czaplewski's installations at once terrifies and begs for one fell swoop to disrupt its balance and wrench it to the ground. An amalgamation of twigs, salvaged lumber, and industrial materials weave an airy tower base for garden beds, disconnecting them from the earth. Yet, the various parts maintain balance, the different materials sustain each other, and edibles grow with little coaxing. Close looking draws attention to the surprising harmony of materials, which, unlike the elements of a *natura morta*, grow and change. Inhabitants of Old North still tell their stories. People reclaim buildings, land, artisanal trades, and, as a result, consciousness. Czaplewski installs these structures at the first light of dawn, both to embrace the effect of surprise and remain undetected as their creator.

As such, their sudden appearance kindles a conversation at the coming of a new day.

Seth Czaplewski
14th in Old, 2014
Wood, ceramic, brick, dirt, edible plants, 400w grow light, and found materials, 108 x 72 x 72"
Undertoe, by the rivers of memory,
from the series **On-site Sculpture**, installed on the Mississippi River Bank, 2013
Inkjet print, 20 x 30"



ADDOLEY DZEGEDE
on Kathryn Douglas

A year ago, I found myself deeply immersed in the database of NamUs.gov (the National Missing and Unidentified Persons System). The cases numbered in the hundreds. Among cold and crude clay reconstructions of those too decomposed to display were images of objects that pulsed with significance: a "Mother's Ring" with four stones, a turquoise key, the bus pass of Areli Gomez Gomez, the black shirt of Unidentified Person #5147—found decomposing on the porch of an abandoned house—which said, in pink glittery lettering, *Trust Me*
I'd never lie to you
I love you...

For the next few days, my partner came home to find me weeping and looking at yet another photo of a bruised girl who at first glance was only sleeping, or shaking my head at another bad suspect-style drawing that would continue to fail in identifying anyone. Kathryn Douglas writes of a similar experience:

"Jane Doe's profile simply has a picture of the bloody yellow sweater she was wearing. At first I was horrified that she was the only one without an image but as I began to look into the NCMEC (National Center for Missing and Exploited Children) I discovered that over one hundred young women do not have an accurate picture of themselves. These women have been found for years all over the United States; and no one has claimed them, or been looking for them.... All of them have been forgotten or hidden."

It is this forgetting and hiding that Douglas refuses to accept. Overwhelmed by stories of domestic violence, hatred, and sexism, yet refusing to lose faith, she has transformed a feeling of hopelessness into action. Douglas takes what is hidden and cleverly makes it visible, using public spaces to shine light on private crimes and private spaces to call for public action.

Cross-stitched idyllic domestic scenes reveal themselves to be memorials to Missouri women killed by their intimate partners. Douglas's work simultaneously functions as memorial, data, and mobilization—merging recent technologies and trends with more tactile domestic traditions, such as creating functioning knit and cross-stitched QR codes that link to advocacy websites in *The Yarn Campaign* and *A Study of Domestic Violence in Missouri*. While her projects create avenues for victims to find help, the greater pull of her work is that it asks us not merely to weep in the face of injustice, but to keep a sharper eye out, to care for our neighbors, and, most of all, to ask ourselves daily, "What can I do?"



KATHRYN DOUGLAS

Kathryn Douglas
Jane Doe, 2014
117 found composite photographs,
115 x 134," overall
**Objects and Media Used to Denigrate,
Beat, and Rape Women, 2014**
Beer bottle, cell phone, and cup
with touch-activated audio,
47 1/2" x 39 1/4" x 9 1/2," overall

SAM FOX SCHOOL MFA '14



SkyMark Mourning

Within wooden beginnings, the timber tinman kneels. Formed in fated skin, a corpse joins his carnal palate. Rowan shudders, and posies indite linden.

Cherubs reason stoic, and exalt the avenged. This monkey-borne burden, an inherited rosary.

Late, timid tenants adorn their maternal guises. Lark, trepid servants, mourn as the SkyMark rises.

Mortals purge with thick hoorahs and heiled huzzahs. Waking briars uprising to depict viable relics. Repeated measured meters piqued heliac.

Captors tease those lashed within cabins, pathos vended. Cooing in their steeds, they jot down their gilded depths.

The skull queen's ovules strike beyond the bordel's filter. The ruler spawns his earthy clasp.

Frozen farmed an offcut petal enures meetly its soiled pacing. Pistils fixate on willed jests as their scarer bathes.

Addicts onrush weeping within their timber syntax. Meekly they buckle under their facile skills.

Untamed fauna cripple and kickup taboos in comedic silence. This divination schtick pities the senior and signals the oughts.



Sean FitzGibbons
**Costumes from the film
 SkyMark Mourning, 2014**
 Mixed-media installation with
 video with sound, 3:03 min.,
 overall dimensions variable





Raleigh Gardiner
*Traversing the Imaginary:
the Veils of Fantasy (I-VII),
2014*
Acrylic, ink, wax, and
collage on paper,
17 x 25" each (framed)



As we peer through the veil of fantasy, we encounter our desire in the reflection of the Other.

The human condition is experienced through the overlapping operations of desire and fantasy. We desire and therefore we search, tumbling through the thresholds of experience in hopes of finding that mysterious *thing* which might calm our hungers and soothe our perpetual conditions of wanting. Desire emerges from a "lack" within our inner beings; we feel that something is missing, that a void lingers in our internal core, and thus we desire to fill it. But this void is unfulfillable, for it is born from the fundamental separation between our definitions of Self and Other.

"To desire" in itself is to desire the Other—to conflate with "otherness" in all of its enigmatic, curious, and unknown permutations; in the words of Jacques Lacan, "Le désir de l'homme, c'est le désir de l'Autre."¹



Fantasy makes this conflation possible. Through the lens of fantasy, we may traverse the imaginary dimension of our experience and access the once withheld objects of our deepest desires. Fantasy acts as liminal threshold, a doorway, a screen through which we can find a cohesion with our lost Other and encounter an expression of sublime pleasure. Where desire is the abyss, fantasy is the bridge that carries us over into the realm of our imaginary reality. By traversing the illusionary landscape of internal

fantasy, one can renegotiate the relationships between the Self, the Other, and one's own desire.

¹ "The desire of man is the desire of the Other." Jacques Lacan, "Le désir de l'homme, c'est le désir de l'Autre," *Reading Seminar XI: Lacan's Four Fundamental Concepts of Psychoanalysis: The Paris Seminars in English*, ed. Richard Feldstein, Bruce Fink, and Maire Jaanus (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1995), 235.



Liz Guilmet
Stormy's Objects, 2014
 3 ink, gold, and blood
 drawings on paper,
 41% x 30%, 32% x 24%,
 and 32% x 24% (framed)



BENJAMIN MEINERS
on Liz Guilmet

What? Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? [Corinthians 6:19]

Take this, all of you, and eat it: this is my body which will be given up for you . . . Take this, all of you, and drink from it: this is the cup of my blood, the blood of the new and everlasting covenant. It will be shed for you and for all so that sins may be forgiven. Do this in memory of me. [Matthew 26:27-28]

They say:

*your body is a temple
 and it is.*

Of memory, of sanctity, of blood sweat cum
 The rash, the cross of that sacred ash—
 If "every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you"
 Then I have loved you, and I have stabbed you,
 Driven nails into your everlasting morbidity.
 So drink of me as I drink of you,
 Inhale the stink of me as I inhale the stink of you.
 This is my body in buckets.



SAM FOX SCHOOL MFA14

COLE LU

on Adam Hogan

"As we watch a film, the continuous act of recognition in which we are involved is like a strip of memory unrolling beneath images of the film itself, to form the invisible underlayer of an implicit double exposure."
– Maya Deren, "Cinematography: The Creative Use of Reality"¹

Sonically based film: an innovative composition of music from the collective fields of imagination. Removed from the white-cube aesthetic, the acoustic composition is visually orchestrated. 1,2,3,4. The very term "sound" in this context is no longer the noise that can be heard, nor the sensation that can be reached through the ear.

This peculiar pattern of energy is decisive in its direction of movement in either a productive sense or a receptive sense. Seventeen minutes and fourteen seconds of "sound," *Partita No. 2 in Infrasound* is a sensory deprivation device that fully engulfs perception—too loud a solitude.

¹ Maya Deren, "Cinematography: The Creative Use of Reality" (1960), in *The Avant-Garde Film: A Reader of Theory and Criticism*, ed. P. Adams Sitney (New York: Anthology Film Archives, 1978), 60-73.

Adam Hogan
Partita No. 2 in Infrasound, 2014
Sound-generated digital film
[unedited], 17:14 min.



Cassie Jones
Petal Pusher, 2014
 Band-Aid, blush, earring, hair, lipstick, nail polish, and Tic Tacs on paper and mirror, 46 x 32" (framed)
Intense Black, 2014
 Graphite, false eyelashes, and mascara on paper and mirror, 46 x 32" (framed)
Gold Rush, 2014
 Earrings, eye shadow, false eyelashes, mascara, and nail polish on paper and mirror, 46 x 32" (framed)
Evening Wear Wink (One Hour), 2014
 Single-channel video, 67 min.



CASSIE JONES

SAM FOX SCHOOL MFA14

JESSICA A. HUTCHINS
on Cassie Jones

Repetitive Motion Imageries

Mascara me: lengthen and curl, twirl and bristle in Intense Black beauty paste. Crown my eyes with the sea urchins of seduction, false eyelashes that fizz and flutter. A demi-devoured Gummy Bear makes an immaculate eyebrow. Smear on a bit of masticated red licorice to conceal under-eye shadows.

Whose face is this? I blink into the glass, try to peek behind its frame. The sight in the mirror gazes back in curiosity, winking a shimmering eyelid. We wear one another in awkward uniformity, like two fur coats on an August afternoon. Like middle-aged twins in T-Rex PJs. Now, rouge the cheeks with a hearty rush of vigor. No shrinking violets here. Obsessive fingernails graze the skin to map each freckle, each fickle imperfection. Here come drops of glistening sugar, like food for

hummingbirds. The blood marbles of school-yard play, shooting long lines across the face, like connecting the dots in a coloring book.

The face in the mirror looks like beach trash to me: discarded plastic toys, candy bar wrappers, bits of crabs and fish bones all bleached by the sun, scrubbed raw by briny waves. The reflected vision reaches out a hand to soothe my own ruined cheek, and shaves off the last of my five o'clock shadow. Its bloody beachscape jowls surround a frown, and I think: This pale smile, it needs a hue too. Lick wounds and lips to sport a florid gloss of vital fluids, a hydrating saliva serum. High fructose blood syrup evens skin tone and recaptures youthful luminosity.



Christy Kirk
Fetal, 2014
 Oil, coffee, handmade flex paper,
 latex, gold leaf, gauze, ink, rust,
 urine, and wax on canvas, 68 x 62"



PHILLIP B. WILLIAMS
on Christy Kirk

Birthright

All night I wait for the rot-bulb to flower. A fog of dead wasps fills and fills. If the woman's skin glows is it because her face is hidden—death shawl, virgin veil—layers beneath which what hurts is daguerretyped, mummified into object? The earth

mausoleums what's defiled. Her feet soft (of a child?), her hips wide (of an adult?). The skin whip knots like yarn or opens like a fist—it matters, the difference? It matters that my want to touch makes my eyes a second veil? Gold leaf breaks from sepia, which is pus-

crust peeling from what heals. The process is slow: iron stink of blood open to the air, mouth forced unlocked. What was secret is made erotic, memory a wraith fetal in the mind, its edges soft and cold.



CHRISTOPHER CHROME
on Marianne Rosa Laury

Aw, FUCK it.
The eternal cry.
A truly audacious declaration against futile ideologies, lameness, and the decrepitude of Western civilization. Why should we even give a fuck? Who fucking cares? Nothing fucking matters. Release yourself of earthly concerns and social causes; fuck caring!
Not giving a fuck liberates us from the burden of responsibility.
Its effects are brunt and jarring, polarized by both pain and pleasure.
NO FUCKING WAY! OH, FUCK YES.
An ageless gesture of extremes.
Universally recognized, fuck is Budweiser.
The king of words.



Marianne Rosa Laury
Fuck Staircase, 2014
MDF, Plexiglas, and
casters, 60 x 18 x 60"



GILLIAN TOBIN
on *Cole Lu*

Language is failure. Mediated translation as continuous frustration; the subtitles on a film screen; the small bumps of braille under one's fingertips; the distancing caused by technology. Words are both excessive and inadequate.

Time is elastic, conditional. The past is recollected as an unnerving fusion of fact and fiction. We tolerate the present with hopes for the future, a utopic space, relentlessly absent.

Now, imagine a world without time. In this place language is a static system—a series of visual cues in the form of tangible plots. Original text is affectionately effaced, written over; narrative is no longer linear. Text functions as object—carefully yet curiously arranged in cinematic darkness, like a set for the film that doesn't exist.

Then there is the realm where time travel is cerebral, word searches are infinite, and doo-wop music elicits nostalgic reverie. The distance between the present and future is condensed. Once the wanderer considers the future, it has already become part of the past.



Cole Lu
A Weary Man's Utopia, 2014
Mental time-travel machine, Amprobe recorder, Braille, lightbox, oxygen tanks, binoculars, leather helmet, motion sensor, casters, blind embossment, vinyl turntable, text from "Einstein's Dream" (1992) by Alan Lightman, audio from "The Wanderer" (1961) by Dion, overall dimensions variable

EMILY J. HANSON

on *Chris Lujan*

Somewhere in the liminal space between the real and unreal, the alive and the long gone, the animal and the human, exist these spirits. Bleeding washes of color and splashes of drops—smearred here and preserved there—mark the living act. What once was is at present an artifact, inducing contemplation and preservation.

When she paints, Lujan inverts the process of building forms. Creation demands letting go, finding balance in that conversation between the idea and the materials. Without abandoning the intention of making marks, her craft allows for spontaneity dictated by materials like wine, coffee, and sand, commingled with inks and oils. The employed liquids soak, drip, stain, and wash. These works, as a result, bespeak the ethereality of accident.

As if floating in the lacuna, Lujan's forms seem to fill the intervals between the human and the animal. From life, the animal leaves its trace. Instead of lifeless and prone, its imprints defiantly hover in front of the viewer in her works. The artist paints primarily on the ground, but in the moment she transfers the works from floor to wall, the animal engages the viewer with pride. Lujan accords honor to that animal spirit, evoking the primal void between the conscious and unconscious through an elision between animal and human forms.

This feeling is echoed in Lujan's works in video, where her method of framing denies the immediate correlation between sign and signified. Confronted with these subjects, one can survey them without immediately moving to what is represented. In fact, it is in the questioning that the viewer can derive meaning. Much as the materials demand a release of control, their resulting images excite a wave of visual investigations. At once haunting, visceral, and deeply sad, Lujan's figures are also intoxicating, vigorous, and hopeful—extant in a place before categorization, and yet involving us, as viewers, in their unique, even timeless, language.

Figuring forms involves risks, as does Lujan's mode of mark-making. But this process also involves play, emotion, and a large degree of connection. Hers is an affective creative process, which finds balance between control and chance, allowing for the entry of something not quite of this world.

Chris Lujan
The Meet, 2014
Coffee, wine, and ink
on paper, 81/2 x 55 1/8"
(framed)



NHU NGUYEN
on Ashley Milow

Waldeinsamkeit

This way to the tower. This is where
a bird pecked away at your makeshift trail.
This way to another of the houses of men.
Benevolent guidance for the torchbearer.
Everywhere I've lived a forest has been
nowhere near. I imagine deer and pheasants
running from me if I imagine them at all
and they look as alien to me as I do to
myself, surrounded by trees that aren't naked
and covered in plaster and pieces of each other.
Nobody stops to ask what I'm doing. They
run. Nothing in the forest can survive
without understanding the meaning of outsider.
In German there is a word that translates as
"the feeling of being alone in the woods."
Dozens of marbled eyes the color of walnuts
rimmed with coal and smoke and
none of them are watching. Here is
elk's ground. Here there are no burials.
The forest scavenges from its own dead.
There is plenty to eat.



Ashley Milow
Limelight, 2014
Single-channel video and
audio, 8:32 min.

ASHLEY MILOW

SAM FOX SCHOOL MFA14



Whitney Polich
come as light
little plinth of sky, 2014
Oak chair, porcelain, hair, and
natural materials, 33 x 16 x 17"

Once rubbed,

Press a shell,
sea shell
into the small flesh of sound

made salty and smooth
a thousand gentle sway
of seawater and sand

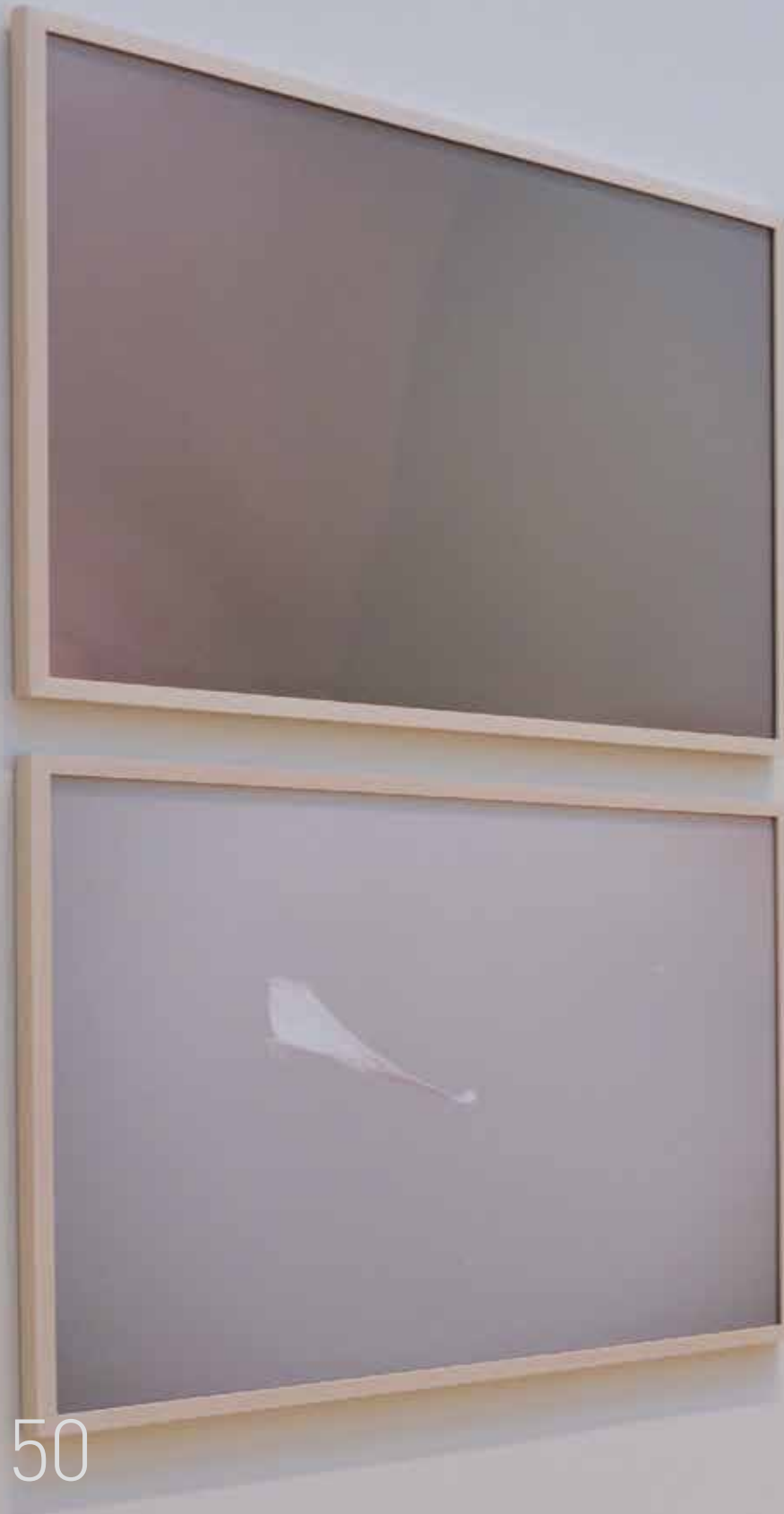
finally Here.

the gulls cry out

out I hear the deep ocean of my ear.



SAM FOX SCHOOL MFA14



Jessie Shinn
Phenomenophilia, 2014
4 pigment prints on archival
paper, 24 x 36" each

Sometimes categories and preconceptions break down, revealing the world as other. My work explores the emotive quality of these collapsed moments and the charge of things both hidden and revealed; my images exercise a kind of *phenomenophilia*, placing value on transient and ambiguous visual experiences that do not have fixed meaning. They investigate how light, darkness, reflection, color, line, and shape create presence within the overlooked, ephemeral, and ordinary.

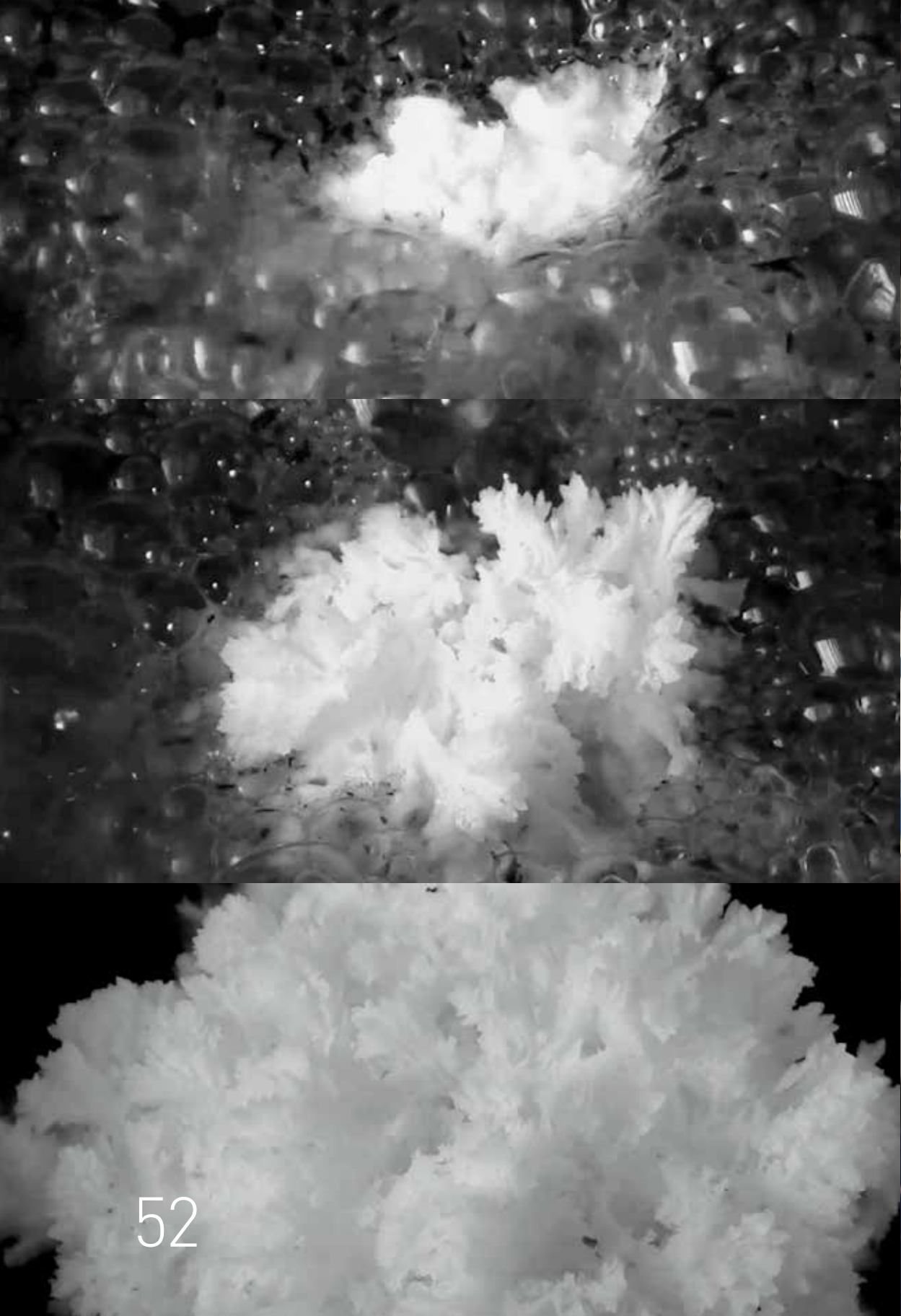


The slipperiness of this subject matter requires me to be nimble in approach and process. While my most current body of work is photography, this present practice has evolved from other visual media, especially painting. When painting, I often alternated between additive and subtractive processes, creating layers by pouring paint and later sanding it back off. Working with the camera provides me with another way to lay down subtle color and shape. I am able to employ the same strategies of addition and subtraction by shooting through transparent material, like fabric or water, and by what I leave in and out of the frame. The resulting images border on abstraction and are often blurred by movement or low light. I approach photography from a painter's perspective, in an intuitive and nontechnical way. My camera is a basic digital point-and-shoot, and my processing is minimal.

Events or images that don't fit a conventional narrative frame may still have a resonance—not necessarily an *effect*, but an *affect*. They may touch, move, or infect; they may manifest a feeling, disposition, or tendency. When the forms within images become ambiguous, they leave the safe world of named objects. This allows for an opening, a window onto other possible worlds.



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The Chronotope

Spacetime is a quantic helix characterized by an astringent membrane of a semipermeable nature whose totality is marked by expansion and rupture, emergence and trace. It is composed of ordinary dark matter and rudimentary white pulp. These cannot be seen with the unaided eye, and an eye-piece becomes necessary. A closer look at the substratum provides sufficient contrast as the dimensions twist themselves Möbius before flattening themselves out, the translucency of which makes everything smooth and juicy.

Tiny globules clustered into quarks carry the progression onward. A cross section of one of these segmented rounds reveals arils, disseminated seeds that line the rind. The extent of this surface area is defined by sequential relations of x, y, z, and time. Density and persistence help initiate spontaneous nucleation, and the formation of the microscopic arrangement results in the macroscopic shape of light—a critical component used to identify a point here or elsewhere on the cyclical plane. One is now able to sequence and compare events.

What follows are distinct differences between chronometry by the calendar and chronometry by the clock. The approximately accurate representation of the helix twice-fold is the same as the ratio of the sum of the larger of the qualities from the past through the present into the future...orientations with no tangible periodic structure.

Events occur as physical quantities at a given instance in a given time. Although everything vibrates from the center, power is distributed unevenly. This top-center turbidity reflects the sample onto the lens, while pauses mark a constant frustration—a displacement from another location of sight with several abrupt changes and discontinuities in the ordered pattern extending from the three spatial dimensions and the singularity of time. This is the point of omega if alpha never evolves, and the rugged thickening of the porous continuum concludes like so many many-sided solids that have been busted open and split apart.



Tried to Be Everything

In the beginning, nights
wanted to know what
under-thinking could do.

Told to play words
somehow for thoughts,

then summer and the
nights' minds got restless.
Tried to be everything.

Now, let that open dart
reveal what could read
and still be read. Look—

fall in satisfied.
And if by now not
everything taken is wanted,
everything will see what
can't be said.

Crazy Little Telephone

In the end, time
barely hangs,
invented by everybody.

Get comfort
from fire and honey,
crazy little telephone.

Room to Breathe

Every time light knew wrong,
questions grew cold, an ear
felt the leaves start, and
the promise of love
was wanted. Staring eyes—
almost anything was more.



Daniel Stumeier
low places, 2013-present
Mixed media on legal paper
in handmade frames,
dimensions variable

Pizza Time, 2014
Towel, 8 x 16 1/2"

Sweet Sixteen, 2014
Granite tile, laminated wood
shelf, plywood, scrap lumber,
wood stain, and Reba McEntire
cassette tapes, 24 x 13 x 13"



The fragment acts as a conduit to the immaterial, an emblem of insatiable longing concretized. There are constant breaks and fractures in the whole. Ordering is a vain attempt at completeness. Wholeness is kept at an insurmountable distance. Actions lose their drive. A retreat from the world takes place. Forward trajectories come to an abrupt halt. A life in motion is made static—the everyday experience of the impossible. Verbs act as nouns, suspended and aloof from the entropy of time.

Objects illuminate an absent condition: the personal, private sign an emblem of insatiable longing. Meaning is associative—as fragments are conduits to the immaterial, wallpaper and old letters are to personal histories. As forms of attachment they are imbued with the history of events whose duration has long since passed. The relationship is semblant—details and specifics are tacit, indicating a world past delineation, past matter.



Gillian Tobin
Tacit Matter, 2014
Acrylic, oil, Quikrete, coffee grounds, marble dust, charcoal dust, rubber latex, window screen, journal, and ceramic plate, 34 x 24 x 4"
Slowness, 2014
Acrylic, oil, Quikrete, coffee grounds, marble dust, charcoal dust, rubber latex, gap filler, wallpaper, and xylene transfer, 44 x 24 x 9"





GABRIEL FELDMAN
on Sopearb Touch

When the child is born, the Three Wise Men can kick rocks. Jesus himself, Shiva, Horus, the Dalai Lama, Nefertiti, a geisha, Darth Vader, He-Man, and a guru who walks down from the mountains all show up in the flesh, to herald his arrival. Plus his house cat from the future, who can time-travel. To see the child's skin, behold every star in the night sky, or the universe. If his ignorance is eternal his capabilities are infinite. If you want to know his story, know this: his favorite history lesson will be John Locke, and the *tabula rasa*. His favorite English lesson will be Plato, and the story of people chained to a wall in a cave: all they're working with are shadows from a fire.

He walks the land with the beasts, he bathes with the mermaids, he cultivates with the gnomes, he takes flight with the fairies.

He goes to art school, even though he might be paying off that tuition the rest of his life. Once a year they take students to a military warehouse where used equipment is sold cheap, and the video artists scramble for projectors. He buys body bags in bulk. The next two years he cuts and stretches them. They become his canvas.

He needs someone to write about his work for the school catalog. He played intramural ball with a dude from the writing program. They used to get their asses trounced by white boys, which made it all the worse. I need you to write in that catalog for me, he says.

Let them know my shit is dope, but use more bigger words.





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Page numbers indicate writing contribution

David Baker, MFA Visual Art 2014, uses performance, text, and video to investigate the paradox of concurrent contemplation and action. He focuses on the ethical dimension of shared experience.

Steve Byrnes, MFA Visual Art 2014, is a painter from Toronto, Canada. He has been known to enjoy a good plum once in a while. He also saw a deer last week.

Nathan Childs, MFA Visual Art 2014, is from Oregon.

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P. 40

Alyse Cole, MFA Visual Art 2014, is from Washington, IL, and attained a BFA from Monmouth College in 2011.

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P. 12

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Seth Czaplewski, MFA Visual Art 2014, was born in 1987 in St. Louis and currently lives in Orlando. In 2009, Seth started exhibiting locally, nationally, and unsolicited.

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P. 26

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P. 58

Sean FitzGibbons, MFA Visual Art 2014, began his career in art in San Antonio, TX, where he fabricated reclaimed steel sculptures and ran the alternative art space LoneStar Studios. While at Washington University, he began imposing limitations upon his processes, methods of sourcing materials, and fabrication of artwork, relying on viewers to apply their personal narrative to his work. Treating his studio as a lab, he generates social sculptures through performative collaborations and trial and error experimentation.

Raleigh Gardiner, MFA Visual Art 2014, is a mixed-media artist from Boston, whose work discusses themes of psychoanalysis, sexuality, and the relationship between self and other. Although her work finds its form through a variety of media, including traditional works on paper, collage, dioramas, and sculptural masks, Gardiner considers all of her pieces to be founded in the fundamental language of drawing. Inspired by nature, scientific illustration, and the history of museum collecting, she seeks to compose highly visual psychological spaces that offer a microcosmic glimpse into her own internal world.

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Emily J. Hanson, PhD Art History & Archaeology, successfully defended her prospectus for her dissertation, in which she will tackle the strange conjunction of unfinished works and growing artistic reputation in the careers of Leonardo and Michelangelo. Though she primarily works on the Renaissance, she has strong interests in film studies, the intersection of fascism and material culture, and contemporary practices in art.

P. 24, 44

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P. 36

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P. 17

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P. 15

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P. 34

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P. 8

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P. 33

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P. 46

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P. 19

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P. 42

Sopearb Touch, MFA Visual Art 2014, was born and raised in Kansas City, MO. He received a BA in graphic design and painting from the University of Missouri, Kansas City, and utilizes the elements to create magic under the sun, moon, and stars. He's really cool too. Like really cool.

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SAM FOX SCHOOL OF DESIGN & VISUAL ARTS

COLLEGE OF ARCHITECTURE	GRADUATE SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE & URBAN DESIGN	COLLEGE OF ART	GRADUATE SCHOOL OF ART	MILDRED LANE KEMPER ART MUSEUM
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Today's vastly expanded context for art-making requires artists to understand various modes of critical analysis and strategies of production, distribution, and reception of creative work. The Sam Fox School of Design & Visual Arts is an interdisciplinary and diverse community of architects, artists, and designers dedicated to excellence in learning, creative activity, research, and exhibition. The School's unique structure allows it to build on the strengths of each unit—Art, Architecture, and Museum—and to draw on the resources of Washington University.

As a result, students have access to expanded opportunities for critical dialogue and collaboration and are singularly positioned to shape 21st-century culture through contributions to creative activity and research in design


and the visual arts. The Graduate School of Art encourages students to investigate the relationship between thinking and making throughout the program and prepares them to incite progressive social change and assume their roles as global citizens.

As a collaborative project between the Graduate School of Art and the Mildred Lane Kemper Art Museum, this publication presents twenty-six artists whose creative work thoughtfully confronts the challenges and optimistically engages the possibilities of our world.

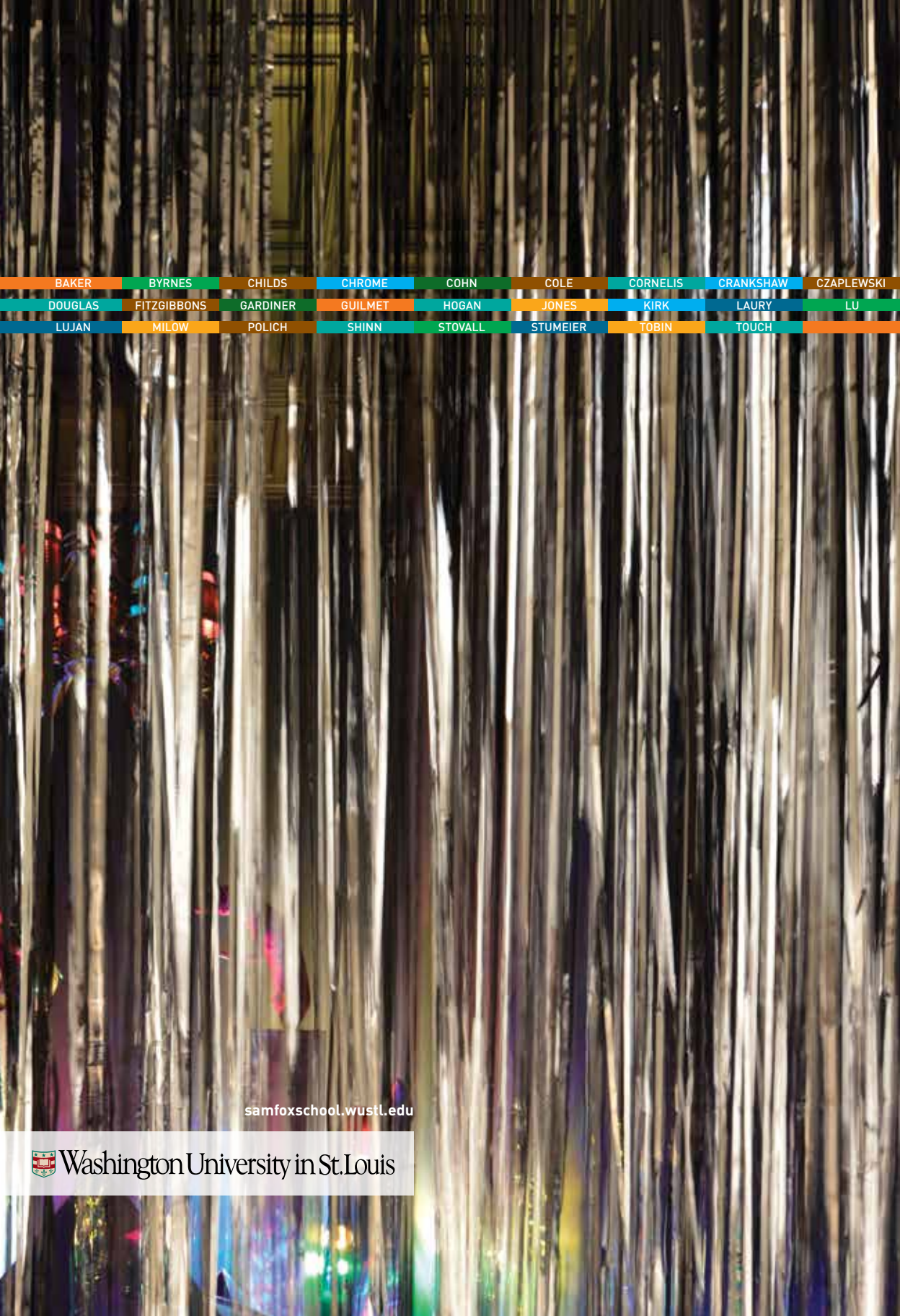
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BAKER

BYRNES

CHILDS

CHROME

COHN

COLE

CORNELIS

CRANKSHAW

CZAPLEWSKI

DOUGLAS

FITZGIBBONS

GARDINER

GUILMET

HOGAN

JONES

KIRK

LAURY

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