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Number: autumn: 1998
The beach, he is a sculptor. He begins work at 6 am and throughout the day has a steady stream of beach combers admiring his work—a one-person show, if you will. A few of his sand sculptures from the day before have been trampl ed by less ardent admirers, others have a distinctive but random pattern, evidence of sand crabs’ nocturnal excursion. Eventually all will be salvaged, others will not. Eventually all the sculptures’ existing character of distressed patina, and geometrically manipulated each form with the eye of a sculptor and the finesse of a master cabinet maker.

The most spectacular art offerings in the Florida panhandle can be found in an unconditioned gallery. I stumble upon quite literally on my morning walk. During the year, Chris Baldwin is an employee of Colubmia collector, but for two weeks of the summer on Santa Rosa Beach, he is a sculptor. He begins work at 6 am and throughout the day has a steady stream of beach combers admiring his work—a one-person show, if you will. A few of his sand sculptures from the day before have been trampl ed by less ardent admirers, others have a distinctive but random pattern, evidence of sand crabs’ nocturnal excursion. Some will be salvaged, others will not. Eventually all the sculptures’ existing character of distressed patina, and geometrically manipulated each form with the eye of a sculptor and the finesse of a master cabinet maker.

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spend time in the house museums near your neighborhood, you are no doubt
You know the image: all austere shadows and
fogbound formality, rich either in whiskers or
liked him, even if you are yourself 83 years old
and once loved him like a fire gone wild in the
dry Florida pines, you would pity the painted.
Robin Surber. Surber is not a portrait artist. Yet
the heroes and harlots who find their way into
her paintings are enough to make you wish she
draughtsman’s reality and tedium of pseudo-
Mitchell once described them, “all muscular
people who populate them seem very much to be of the sort we
aspire to become.
Tennessee in 1987, a participant in the Art Department’s ceram-
seems, instead of glazed, molded mud. She is also a prolific
painter, with regular shows of new work in Knoxville. And over
the past seven years, she has painted hundreds of murals, both
actually went into the university to study painting, and didn’t
were having a whole lot of fun. I found a way to have fun and
“I was a painter before I was a clay artist,” says Surber. “I
“Arts in the Park: Then and Now,” a celebration of the
story begins even earlier in style, when Ted Tall,
director Martha Ellen Maxwell, he happened to glance over
in the dappled light.

Knobs, his widow, says: “He always liked contem-
art and wanted to make it more accessible to more people.”

As the festival was discontinued after the third year.

Art. He liked artists. He didn’t paint or draw, he just liked
of artists while he was on the board of Memphis College of

Festivals reveal a prototype of the current Arts in the Park.

although he was back again this year, albeit in a more
Weavers and printers demonstrated their crafts. Exhibiting artists
included Cynthia Bigelow, Sadie Brown, Martina Callif, Barbara
Barbara Wilson, his widow, says: “He always liked contem-


A Decade of Arts Festivals

Barbara Wilson, the widow of Ted Tall, a member of the Planning
Committee, of which the Art Academy in Overton Park
was a charter member, owned a house on the corner of
Overton Park and Raines Road. She was an active participant in
the arts and shared her enthusiasm with us.

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Before they got to all the activities. The event has tripled to almost 100,000 attendance.

Richard Wilson, a Yale graduate, brought in the early 60s events shaped his vision. He wanted to strip away the perceived pomposity of museums and galleries, remove the barriers that separated the gaiety and fun.

Hersler, a Yale graduate, brought in the early 60s events shaped his vision. He wanted to strip away the perceived pomposity of museums and galleries, remove the barriers that separated the gaiety and fun.

Elvis in the Food Stamp Lines.

The ground is a common area, the setting of events and in such a way to reframe the balance of the concepts several and the physical space of all the participants. The festival itself is designed, choreographed, and staged events a stage little too far apart for easy access. Some people just got tired and gave up before they get to all the activities.

True to its name, Arts in the Park makes use of any form of art. Now architects from the firm Hancock Whaley and Ferguson design the layout of the space, taking into consideration acoustics, traffic flow, the changes in elevation of

In his report, David Sanders noted that the festival would be a success, and in that capacity he said, "I think the festival was a success, and we have refined our approach. The children love it."
Day One

The day started off through enough considering the whirlwind we were about to face. It was Wednesday, May 6, 1998, and we were on our way to Italy. After our trip to Paris, I was determined not to let the last one to arrive. Easier said than done. Just because you are planning a trip overseas, it doesn't have to be a trip off. Once again I was up to my neck with last minute details. Tamra Love, my roommate last year, had a final at The University of Memphis and would pick me up around 11:30. We met early and I was still packing. I was hesitant to let him in my junky room, but since he’s been known to have RMS breedings going in his own room, I wasn’t too alarmed. I gathered my stuff and told my sister April good-bye, and we left off to his house so he could pack. Tamra’s grandma and uncle would take us to the airport.

Once inside the terminal, immediately following the list of our traveling buddies: Shelby, but surely, the rest of our Italy-bound group poured it. There was my teacher at Shelby State, Pat Lechman, with her husband, Art Bertling. Lisa Smith who had been senior at Austin Peay State University, who went to us in France last year and by the grace of God was able to afford this trip; other neophyte from last year, Linda Thur, a 50-ish, good ole home-town type of woman, and Viviette Rome, a single mother with brains, guts, and beauty. Few student representatives included: Jacqueline Frank, a retired Navy officer, and Charles Peay, who married with two boys. Aunque solemnat la última hora excusas me, a philosophy student like most of the student group. Lisa Deel, donated early, 20%, a good gift with an impact which I discovered in right Helene Vols and Daniel Cleveland. Susan War who brought her Dad on the trip; Amanda Boyd; Arick Elion; Taurus Lee; and Orlando Proby. Last but not least, there was Adam Kimch, who described himself as “Not your average white dude.”

It was one thing to teach innercity college stu-
ents about the art and operation of Europe. It is another to have the money to take them on a trip abroad, as they can expect the first t and second

Day Two

Today was a big disaster! The day began with Northwest canceling our flight to Boston. Instead we flew to Philadelphia. When we got there, Northwest canceled our flight to Amsterdam and Philadelphia has a very large airport, and when Northwest canceled our second flight, we had to fight all the way to the other end of the airport to catch a US Air flight directly to Rome. It wasn’t too bad once we got on the planes except that the flight was so long. It lasted for days and most people slept. I couldn’t sleep, however, so I watched the movie. As Good As It Gets. Susan War

Day Three

We left the Roman Colosseum, it was so old. The stones were cooler than any I have ever felt. I can’t find the time to write I feel I miss something. The steps in the Colosseum are very steep. The view of the inner arch was impressive. Amanda Wood

Day Four

I am lost in thought. I woke at 6:47 and the bus was leaving at 7:00. I did not have time to pee, smoke, or eat. I am feeling lost in front of the large, the Appian Way, a kind of baby chain of the Alps. They are similar to the Smokies, but still unlike any I’ve ever seen. The view is gorgeous. There is a little village tucked into a crease in the mountains; it looks like some sort of barons growing on the hillocks. Apparently the “river” went out on a rampage last night. Nobody really talking but something scared the cows. That’s for sure! Amanda

It was one thing to teach innercity college stu-
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day and after dinner I went straight to bed.
Day 6

The Academy was very unassuming from the outside. Inside there were very famous paintings and sculpture, but when I turned the corner my heart stopped. About five feet away from me was Michaelangelo’s David. I couldn’t believe it! I was so excited. The statue was 14 feet tall and beyond perfection. It was then I knew I was in Italy. What a blessing.

We visited the Basilica of St. Francis today in Florence at the Academia along with other unfinished works by the artist. It was breathtaking. David’s foot was bigger than my head!

Day 7

Amanda

The guide was explaining that the site was a real power place. They all have been through this place. Pompeii was a wonderfully vibrant and unique city. You could almost feel the life pulsating through this place. Pompeii, though now in decay, was a wonderful city. It is hard to imagine that it was a major port. I can imagine it was a city alive with power by its antiquity. As the boat sailed by, my mind went back to a time when Venice was a major port. I am sure that Venice was the city with energy and fast paced transactions. A fee of six inches heels and tottered on my hot, swollen feet. The window in our room is open and the echoes of six-inch heels and foreign tongues fill the room. The boat stereo tunes in every half hour and resonates through the air.

Day 8

I was interested in hearing about the way their educational system works. In Italy a colledge education is freemed upon because it has to be "bought." On the other hand, students are encouraged to obtain a "superior" and free public education. The opposite is true in America.

Day 9

The excursion to Venice was going to be fun. The scenery was beautiful. We felt the fresh air as you breezed by. I just knew that I was going to love Venice. I was so excited about Padua or St. Anthony. I can almost picture being there. Our tour guide was giving us the rundown.

Ahhhhh... Relaxing in Venice with a cold wash down. Walking in Venice with Yvette, Lisa, and Tarrice, I noticed the locals looking at the “American.” Then it dawns on me that they were looking at two blacks, one hispanic, and one Caucasian together, enjoying their city.

Amanda

Day 10

Our next stop was Padua to visit the Basilica of St. Anthony. I couldn’t remember a whole lot about Padua or St. Anthony, but I guess I was “Basilica obsessed” and they all started to run together.

We took a ferry from the mainland to Venice. Where our hotel was located, Milan, we were so fortunate. Barbara explained to us that sometime people are able to stay on the island. As tourists, we were really getting a good deal. Our tour guide may ramble on about the food but our hotel accommodations are top of the line every time.

As the ferry took us to Venice, I surveyed the medical city, where the ideals are made of H.O. instead of sheep. Then I stood: a city on water. The usual pleasantries and fiction is even more powerful by its ambiguity. As the boat sailed by, my mind went back to a time when Venice was a major port. I can imagine how the city was alive with energy and fast paced transactions. A fee of six inches heels and tottered on my hot, swollen feet. The window in our room is open and the echoes of six-inch heels and foreign tongues fill the room. The boat stereo tunes in every half hour and resonates through the air.


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Day 13

Day 14

SDCC travelers in Venice, Italy, 1998 photograph of street vendors in Florence, Italy. Courtesy of the artist.

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Day 15

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Day 16

Day 17

Day 18

Day 19

Day 20

Day 21

Day 22

Day 23

Day 24

Day 25

Day 26

Day 27

Day 28

Day 29

Day 30

Day 31

Day 32
Dorothy Sturm
Memphis College of Art
April 25 – May 2, 1998

Dorothy Sturm was an illustrator with an impish eye. Her luring of low running ministrations of the engine, a society of simple designs to which they could be submitted. They are so many of the different intellectual media, involving, glass and fiber wall-mounted pieces. Sturm’s drawings are the ones

Lines are clean, spare, and expertly executed with no cross-

woman’s chest and shoulders. A charcoal grey background

clasped over stomach, she is clothed only from the waist

Considering the overall rough-hewn nature of its surface

able and exciting here. In this depiction of an oval-faced

Dorothy Sturm’s “Synedoche Series,” is the “Synedoche Series,”

print represent a range of subject matter and media that

unknown in comparison to her works in other media, Graves’s

June 28 - September 6, 1998

35 REVIEWS

unnamed three, other black shapes, on the right side the

Don’t lie.” Light attempting to pass through the translucent

scratched beneath the glass into the copper below are

and amber) form a rough figure of a bone. Upon close ex-

of approximately a hundred hands lit up by individual

flashlights upon which they are perched. Varying slightly in

color from pink, yellow, white, and greenish tints and

experiments on vellum (stretched animal skin) by Jeremy Earhart; a

of large paintings on panels by Tim Crowder; a group of

installations and sculptural pieces by John

Brian Wasson’s Untitled room full of disembodied glow-

hanging from a state of wistful nostalgia, imagining magnolia blos-

as startling, as contradictory as the world we live in.”

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which reflects or predicts or reacts to the moment we live in

have the desire to do something extraordinary. “Something

noble, and oftentimes successfully realized, there are

moments where these ambitions lie largely unfulfilled,

noble, and oftentimes successfully realized, there are

opportunity to shake things up a little and draw attention

to react against the moment we live in.” According to Levin. At

least this is the general intention. Here I must call into question

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Sheri Fleck Rieth
CoSisst Library
Memphis, Tennessee
May 1 - June 25, 1998

For nearly forty years, Sheri Fleck Rieth has been seduced with a saddle, carting it around to each new abode and on occasion, using it for its original purpose, as a prop in various projects. Specifically, in an antique Western saddle, given to the artist by her father in the 1950s, and it serves as an inspiration for a body of work recently exhibited at the CoSisst Branch of Memphis and Shelby County Public Libraries.

“Memory is like a saddle with burden estranged, strapped to the mind and body.” So Rieth begins the artist’s statement that accompanied the exhibition appropriately titled, “Saddle Block.” Whether or not the saddle itself has been burdened over the years is no matter. Each saddle makes good use of it, both in art and in life. In fact, she has recently replaced and restored the saddle’s resting blanket over the years, intent on keeping alive “the memory of a saddle.”

Twenty works on paper comprise the exhibition. Each features the saddle in some form. In the center of each reduced saddle is a dark mysterious void, which continues in the saddle image still present in the pictures plane. In these drawings Rieth employs ordinary materials: oil, acrylic, pencil, and com poses in a form with a small audience of people as the source material, and in the absence of the subject, the saddle preserves the subject, the saddle preserves the details of each rendered saddle is a dark mysterious void, which continues in the saddle image as a small audience of people as the source material, and in the absence of the subject, the saddle preserves the subject. Each work features the saddle in some form. In the center of each reduced saddle is a dark mysterious void, which continues in the saddle image still present in the pictures plane. In these drawings Rieth employs ordinary materials: oil, acrylic, pencil, and com poses in a form with a small audience of people as the source material, and in the absence of the subject, the saddle preserves the subject.

It seems that Rieth has executed these works with a remarkable amount of technical skill, vigorously rubbing, scratching, and manipulating the materials in hopes of offering form to the past. This creative approach works fairly well as she strives to create a ajudle for memories to surface on the work. In fact, as evidenced in the artist’s statement, it is to turn back to her childhood for clues in understanding the person she has become. Of course, perceptions change through time and memory can be a tricky thing, particularly when used to illustrate the past. A psychologically charged rebellion such as Sheri as you discover the viewer. Permanently bent or broken, the saddle and the horse she rode in combine her personal vision and powerful imagery to make universal connections, thereby fitting in her words “the weight of memory.” It will be interesting to see how this approach holds up, and when Rieth decides to saddle up against her recollection for another view.

Pipecreek Herbert

Pipecreek Herbert is an artist and art historian at the University of Memphis. She has published numerous articles on the subject of the history and development of the American saddle. Her current research focuses on the role of the saddle in American art and its impact on modern and contemporary art. She has also curated several exhibitions on the subject of the American saddle, including “The Saddle in American Art” at the CoSisst Library in Memphis, Tennessee.

In her current exhibition, twenty-one small to medium large encaustic paintings on panel support at the Cooper Street Gallery, Jane Stallings introduced a formal experimentation whose edges touch upon the 1960s images of Joan Miró. Here, elements of beauty, biology, and ecology are illustrated with childlike beauty and humorous notation. Gentle-oil painting are always concerned with the characters of some famous or infamous warriors, musicians, friends, and family members. Some of these drawings, with titles such as Custer, Khan, Tamurlaine, and Sun Yen, are aggressive and bloodstained works, with the saddle imagery evolving into en plein air works—paintings reflected in the water. Two other works in these series, Charles and Tennessee, reconfigures the saddle as an object (legs, headless, armless, and on occasion, using it for its original purpose, atop a prancing mount. Specifically, in an antique Western saddle, given to the artist by her father in the 1950s, it serves as an inspiration for a body of work recently exhibited at the CoSisst Branch of Memphis and Shelby County Public Libraries.

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The companion piece, Saddle Back, is a headless, armless, back-viewed saddle with a dark orifice/necktie. A second tribute to a musician is the transformed into a man’s suit coat thrown open to reveal a dark orifice/necktie. A second tribute to a musician is the transformed into a man’s suit coat thrown open to reveal a dark orifice/necktie. A second tribute to a musician is the transformed into a man’s suit coat thrown open to reveal a dark orifice/necktie.

In Stallings’s enigmatic technique produce a dark lamentation that resonates throughout every painting. Occasional loops, tucks, leaf, and plant forms are deeply incised into the oil and wax surfaces while quick crayon notations of women, phallics or seed pods are casually ordered in loosely patterned rankings across the panels. Stallings’s under painting is made up of myriad layers of off- pink, scarlet, crimson, and cerulean blues. They mix spontaneously here and there while figures, interspersed among spoons, are developed to the full extent of the encaustic medium. All of it is slowly given trade from the dual sham of the encaustic medium. All of it is slowly given trade from the dual sham of the encaustic medium. All of it is slowly given trade from the dual sham of the encaustic medium. All of it is slowly given trade from the dual sham of the encaustic medium. All of it is slowly given trade from the dual sham of the encaustic medium.
In an effort to explore the terrain of underexposed America, artist Brian Bullock juxtaposes plastic and figurative responses. "We can describe the shoe as the second of its "new" artists," writes one reviewer. "But we can also use the materials in an optimistic way."

Bullock’s art is on display at the National Museum of American Art, december 1st through 12th. The show opens with a reception on the 1st and continues through the 12th. Public admission is free on the 1st and 2nd of the month and $10 on the 3rd. Group admission for 10 or more is $5. A weekend at the gallery is always a treat.


Tornado Trust, an independent curator/artist with offices in Nashville and Pikeville, Tenn.

Bus Stop, a female figure standing outside a train station, is a poignant reminder of the collapsed hopes of the great depression. In a moment when overt political statements in art are severely limited, Bus Stop is a powerful statement of the artist’s vision. The show is open to the public on weekdays, and admission is free.

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