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**Other stuff second.**

90 degrees. Scorching sidewalks. Singed grass. And it isn’t even June.

But despite the weather, art still happens in River City, and some of it pays artists. Check out UrbanArt Commission’s web site for some impending deadlines (June 2) for public art projects at Dave Wells Community Center and Auction Street Traffic Circle (May 31). Although you may not be able to act fast enough to get proposals in for these projects, new ones are posted regularly. Many of the projects are limited to Memphis area artists, but not all of them. The best idea for artists is to bookmark the UrbanArt Commission site, urbanartcommission.org and check it regularly. While you’re there, take note of the artist services program for 2005 that includes monthly sessions on topics such as working with architects and engineers, working with community organizations, organizing and maintaining grant documents and other helpful information on being prepared for public art projects.

Most of UrbanArt’s projects are permanent, site-specific architectural enhancements, but this spring the commission, with a significant grant from First Tennessee Bravo! Awards, commissioned its first temporary art work, and it’s a great one.

In conjunction with Memphis in May’s international partner Ireland, Irish-born, London-based artist Anita McKeown recorded Memphis sounds on a 21 minute, 7 track CD entitled “Memphis 45s,” which includes edited ambient recordings of the river front, music making and business, trolley loop, streets and parks around town, trains, planes and buses, and conversational snippets from international tourists and locals. From May 7-14, listening posts were set up around the city. Meanwhile, some of the 3000 CDs, distributed free of charge in various sites during May, may still be available at UrbanArts (525-0880). A website, memphis45s.com, will be active beginning May 31 and on line for two years.

**There is bad news and good news on government arts funding.**

The Memphis City Council allegedly cut all of the mayor’s special grants out of next year’s budget. This will make life unexpectedly tougher for many social agencies and arts agencies that have received funds annually like the Memphis Arts Council and the Black Arts Alliance.

The city and county mayors have tried several methods, none enthusiastically received, to convince citizens of Memphis and Shelby County to embrace solutions to the perpetual cycle of property tax increases that drive people to developments further and further into the hinterlands, which then require new infrastructure and new property tax hikes to support them. The situation has been exacerbated because the governor solved the state funding shortfall, by hoarding a percentage of sales tax normally sent back to municipalities. But in the absence of common sense and in the reality of overwhelming influence by developers on municipality, county and state, the immediate government response is more, and more visible (garbage, weeds in parks), slashing of budgets and the prospect of yet another tax drain on home owners.

For arts groups, the bright spot for government support is the Tennessee Arts Council, which is funded largely by revenue from specialty license plates and therefore relatively invulnerable to the agonies of state tax receipts. I know this gets repetitious, but do pay attention to Tennesseans for the Arts at tftarts.com for ways to maintain the health and growth of TAC. The group, which has individual and institutional members, will hold its annual meeting in Nashville on June 23.

Up the government ladder, the House of Representatives has approved a $10 million increase in the NEA budget and a $5 million increase in the NEH budget for FY 2006. All the new money will trickle down to state and local arts agencies.

And, thinking of the feds, artists are encouraged to enter designs for a new postage stamp featuring a duck. Yup, a duck. You may not be aware that the duck stamp competition has been held annually since 1949. Me, either, though upon reflection I’ve affixed flocks of fowl on letters over the years. Organized under the aegis of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the judging will take place in Memphis during September in collaboration with the Greater Memphis Arts Council and Ducks Unlimited. For more information call the US Fish and Wildlife Service at 703 358 2000 or go to fws.gov and click on the link in the left column for the duck stamp program. It’s all there. May opportunities never cease.

And don’t forget about the NUMBER: opportunities. Let us hear from you.

Leslie Luebbers

Leslie Luebbers is director of the Art Museum at the University of Memphis (AMUM).
The William J. Clinton Presidential Center – Little Rock, Arkansas

This past April, 140 years after his assassination, the $90 million Abraham Lincoln Presidential Museum opened in Springfield, Illinois. Filled with state-of-the-art audio and video exhibits, the New York Times described the museum as “a high-tech multimedia Lincoln experience". The facility joins the previously completed Lincoln Presidential Library as part of a $150 million downtown redevelopment project. Counting this new addition, there are now twelve presidential libraries in operation, and, as the “multimedia Lincoln experience" description might suggest, these facilities have come to be valued more as destinations for tourists than scholars. As such, the architecture of these facilities has historically been unremarkable – mundane, predictable offerings from staid corporate design firms. Only I.M. Pei’s design for the John F. Kennedy Library and Gordon Bunshaft’s design for the Johnson Library might have qualified as exceptions to the rule, each however flawed in its own particular way.

The new William J. Clinton Presidential Center, dedicated on a rainy day in November 2004, fortunately breaks from the tradition of uninspired, bombastic architecture for these centers. Designed by the Polshek Partnership (in association with the local office of Witsell Evans Rasco Architects), the New York-based architecture firm has raised the bar for this building type, providing a facility that succeeds at both the architectural and urban design levels. Borrowing the theme from the former president’s campaign for his second term, the slogan “building a bridge to the 21st century” has been given a literal interpretation by the designers. Siting the building parallel and immediately adjacent to the abandoned railroad trestle that crosses the Arkansas River, the glass and metal building borrows its strong structural form from this bit of Little Rock’s past, successfully melding tectonics with its unmistakable symbolism. Boldly cantilevering some ninety feet toward the river, the bulk of the building seemingly hovers above ground level, allowing the landscaped site to glide beneath it. Entering the 80,000 square foot building through the lobby at ground level, the two floors immediately above contain the exhibition spaces, while the floor below houses a café and provides an underground link to a separate building located to the south housing the presidential archives. An apartment used by the Clinton family when they are in town is located on the top floor.

While the complex is certainly stylistically bold, it cannot be called avant-garde by any stretch, it is a sensitive and well conceived, finely executed example of Modernist architecture. Where it is on the cutting edge for this kind of building, and what makes this effort particularly successful, setting it apart from its predecessors, are three aspects of the design that may not be initially apparent to the casual visitor. First, as the client, President Clinton charged the architects with making the facility energy efficient. In an age of rapidly diminishing natural resources, the building earned a silver certification rating from LEED (Leadership in Energy Efficient Design). Using active (solar generated power) as well as passive (double-wall construction on its west-facing façade) systems, the building seamlessly integrates principles of sustainable architecture in its design. The building also succeeds as a work of urban design. By locating the facility downtown on a formerly derelict parcel, the project has helped to revitalize the city’s deteriorating core. Rather than placing the building in Fayetteville on the University of Arkansas campus, or across the river in North Little Rock, the decision to locate the facility where it is has made a valuable contribution toward reclaiming an important part of the city’s historic fabric. The project also leads by example in the field of historic preservation. Choctaw Station, the 19th-century rail depot on the site has been carefully renovated by the local firm Polk Stanley Rowland Curzon Porter Architects to house the Clinton School of Public Service, giving new life to a historically significant edifice.

Dating from 1899, the disused Rock Island Railroad Bridge...
that provided much of the inspiration for the project’s architecture will also be restored as part of the master plan for the site. The scheme developed by Hargreaves Associates, landscape architects for the project, calls for the structure to be renovated and converted for use by pedestrians and cyclists, connecting the complex to North Little Rock across the river. This feature, as well as several others, is similar to what the firm has previously proposed for the riverfront development in Louisville, Kentucky, there reclaiming an abandoned span over the Ohio River. Like the Louisville project, the 28-acre, $25 million dollar park surrounding the Clinton Center provides a varied list of outdoor amenities – amphitheater, playground, scholar’s garden, as well as active and passive park spaces. When compared to many presidential library complexes, this scheme works to tie the facility to the adjoining city rather than to distance itself from it.

While the facility does succeed as an iconic work of architecture that responds to its environmental and urban contexts, the exhibitions housed within the main building are the most disappointing part of the visit. Designed by Ralph Appelbaum Associates, the exhibits chronicling the Clinton presidency unfortunately fall back on tired and uninspired tropes in an attempt to provide an insight into the life of the 41st president. Obvious in the way it panders to the expectations of voyeuristic tourists, the displays rely heavily on objects intended to satisfy the curious – the presidential limousine, the First Lady’s inaugural evening gown, even Clinton’s saxophone – join case after case of presidential ephemera to provide the viewer with a superficial glance into the Clinton White House. The exhibition culminates with the detailed full-scale reproduction of the presidential office, apparently now de rigueur for presidential libraries. The decision to treat it as a free-standing object rather than attempting to integrate it into the building was a good one in that it avoids the diorama-like effect typical of such efforts.

As superficial as the exhibition portion of the Clinton Library may be, its overall contributions toward what a presidential center should, and can be, are significant. One can only hope that future facilities of this kind will strive to make the kind of positive contributions to the built environment that this complex has. By providing leadership in the areas of energy efficient, sustainable design, historic preservation, and the value of architecture in generating urban revitalization, the Clinton Presidential Center has set high standards for the efforts of those who follow.

Jim Lutz
Jim Lutz is a professor of architecture and architectural history at the University of Memphis.

Photographs by Michael Hagge
Michael Hagge is a professor of architecture at the University of Memphis.
**The Ozark Foothills Are Alive With Film, Music and More**

Film festivals have proliferated in the U.S. and elsewhere recently, for both artistic and economic reasons. Most cities—even smaller ones—have at least one film fest, and many have multiple events. The growth and visibility of the larger festivals, like Sundance, and the growth of the so-called “commercial” independent film production companies, like Miramax, have in turn diversified the offerings in many local movie theaters. Until recently, for example, most people saw documentaries on home video or public TV. But thanks to their festival success, films like “Super Size Me,” “Capturing the Friedmans” and “Spellbound” had successful theatrical releases.

Fewer independent films show in smaller towns and rural areas, however, where the largest theater might have only four to six screens and even major Hollywood releases can arrive several weeks after their national rollout.

The four-year-old Ozark Foothills Film Festival is working to remedy that situation with an interesting program of films and other events that run for three weeks each spring with programs in Batesville, Heber Springs and Searcy, Arkansas.

The 2005 festival, held from April 1 to 17, included many typical festival offerings: film screenings, filmmaker appearances and parties. As in previous years, however, the Ozark Fest used film as the jumping off point for a full-blown cultural event that also included art exhibits, live music and readings. And while many of the programs appeal to a mainstream audience, festival organizers Bob and Judy Pest are also committed to presenting new and innovative work, much of it produced in Arkansas and the surrounding region.

In fact, the Ozark Fest presents almost everything with a twist—not to mention a filmmaker or other special guest.

Lovers of silent film classics enjoyed one of the festival’s opening weekend highlights: two performances of the Alloy Orchestra, who were making their second appearance in the Ozarks. The Alloy Orchestra is an ensemble of three men who compose soundtracks to accompany films from the silent era and perform them using both traditional instruments (keyboards, banjo, accordion, etc.) and a vast array of so-called “junk” percussion, such as a metal bedpan. Alloy performed The Black Pirate, a 1926 adventure starring Douglas Fairbanks, and Steamboat Bill, Jr., a hilarious Buster Keaton film from 1927.

Another example of the festival’s “let’s give the audience something they’ve never seen” attitude was a full program of events commemorating “The James Dean Era,” including lectures, parties, an exhibit of memorabilia and screenings. The centerpiece of those events was the screening of rarely seen early television work of James Dean; in addition, several special guests attended the festival to discuss Dean’s work, including biographer Dean Dalton and archivist David Loehr of the James Dean Memorial Gallery.

The Ozark Fest has earned a reputation for outstanding documentaries, many with an Arkansas connection. One standout this year was Burying the Past: Legacy of the Mountain Meadows Massacre, a documentary about an event in Mormon history that is little known but was a tragedy of huge proportions. In fall of 1857, Mormon settlers in Utah, along with their Indian allies, attacked a wagon train bound for California from Arkansas. More than 120 men, women and children were killed. The film explores efforts by descendants on both sides to reconcile and commemorate the massacre—after years of a de facto cover up by the church—the results of which left some participants unsatisfied and suspicious.

Director Brian Patrick, a University of Utah professor, discussed how his learning of the Mountain Meadows incident led to the film’s production many years later.

Another program, “Films from the Foothills,” presented a diverse program from local filmmakers ranging from Terrorism: Let’s Not Fall Asleep at the Wheel, a public service announcement directed by John Carey to Curse of the Brown Recluse, a comic documentary directed by Cyndy Hendershot and Michael Bowman.

As in previous years, the Ozark Fest took advantage of its close connection to the Indie Memphis Film Festival and the Starkville, Mississippi-based Magnolia Film Festival, a very informal film circuit that digital filmmaking pioneer Rick Schmidt has dubbed the “Southern Film Triad.” Each year, all three festivals select and exhibit some films that have shown at the other two events. The arrangement benefits both the festivals and filmmakers, especially those from the region, who have an opportunity to significantly broaden their audience.

This year, the Ozark Fest presented two programs from the 2004 Indie Memphis Festival: a series of fictional and documentary films made by local Memphis filmmakers and Bluegrass Journey, a documentary. Filmmaker Seth Wochensky represented the Magnolia Fest with his documentary Shoot the Moon about a traditional livestock and junk auction in Western New York State.

Festivalgoers who wanted to explore new ways of experiencing and appreciating film had plenty of opportunities. One thought-provoking selection was Miniature Graceland, a multimedia work that included video, spoken word and music, presented by Alison Moore, Phil Lancaster and the Likely Stories Band. An actual miniature Graceland in Roanoke, Virginia, inspired Moore’s short story, which is set in Arkansas.

Another unusual program was “Foreground Music: Stage Center Music in Independent Film,” a collection of six short independent films distinguished by their innovative use of music. After the screening, filmmakers/composers Dominic Traverzo (Last Gun Story and Four) and Hans Stiritz (Before) discussed their approach to filmmaking.

Even people who go to film festivals for a chance to see movie stars could find something on the Ozark Fest program; this year, attendees had an opportunity to meet noted actor Judge Reinhold at a dinner and reception in his honor, and join him at a screening of the classic Hollywood comedy Beverly Hills Cop.

Organizers of the Ozark Foothills Film Festival continue to spread their reach through new programs and films series that tour throughout the state of Arkansas. For 2005, an entirely new event is the T Tauri Film Festival, designed to foster young filmmakers and exhibit their work. At this year’s T Tauri, to be held July 27 through 30 in Batesville, young filmmakers attending will have an opportunity to learn about film, judge the festival entries, watch films, have their own films screened and receive awards.

Emily Trenholm
Emily Trenholm is an organizer of DeltaSota’s Indy Memphis Film Festival.
Untitled Then and Now: Interviews with Lain York and Casey Gill

Nashville

Untitled began in 1991 as a collective group of artists, dedicated to providing an innovative arts experience to Nashville. Untitled sponsors five one day shows each year: winter, spring, summer, fall, and the summer Glow show. The group meets every other Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. at the Plowhaus in East Nashville.

Discussing yesterday’s Untitled with Lain York, former Untitled exhibit committee chair and member since 1992.

Alicia Marie Beach: How many artists did Untitled have when you first joined?
Lain York: About twenty people went to the meetings, and there were about thirty participants in the shows. Untitled seems to fall apart easily. It reaches a critical mass and then falls apart. In 1995, there was a resurrection show consisting of eight artists, and in three years, the membership rose to 250.

What is the biggest difference between Untitled then and now?
That’s the beautiful thing about Untitled. It is what it is. It will never be any more. The group will do bigger, crazier shows, but it will always be Untitled, and the current group is a more organized and focused group than in the past.

Were venues ever a problem?
In the old days, there were always certain venues available to us; in the 90’s we had The Canary, Marathon Village, and 328-Performance Hall. In some instances, we had to wire because of the lack of electricity, but we mostly showed at restaurants and bars. We always brought in walls and lights, but now it is a sleek and streamlined event. The shows used to run until whenever, now the show is a strict 6-10p.m. exhibition.

Why do you think artists and businesses respond to Untitled?
It is a do-it-yourself aesthetic. Businesses like to be associated with art and culture, and artists need venues. Untitled wanted to show everyone that artists could be responsible. We did not want to burn any bridges. We wanted to show people that we were responsible, and we went over the top. We worked hard on the presentation, and I think people responded to that.

Should artists think of Untitled strictly as a learning experience or as a professional gallery experience?
Untitled started as a response to needing more venues. Untitled shows have been put into a new context. The do-it-yourself ethic is something that commercial galleries and museums are going to have to reckon with. This is the new phase of American art. I love the idea of shows that take the curator out.

Discussing today’s Untitled with Casey Gill, the current group facilitator of Untitled: Nashville.

Alicia Marie Beach: What does the non-profit status mean for Untitled?
Casey Gill: We are now eligible for state and federal matching grant programs.

What will Untitled do with these grants?
We would like to start having workshops. We have some great artists in the group who could learn a lot from each other. This way classes can be affordable to all. We would also like to have a special needs grant program for individual artists. This could be for someone who had an opportunity to be in a show, but needed money, or if an unfortunate event occurred, and money was needed.

Is Untitled limited to the Nashville area?
Primarily we serve the metro area. We do have artists from outside the city that are involved, but we have only shown in Nashville. We have had contacts in Bowling Green and other cities who have been interested in doing cross-city collaboration.

Does artwork ever need to be omitted from the show?
If you bring it, we will hang it. Untitled is completely uncensored and completely unjuried. If the size of the venue is large enough, we can transform any place into a show. We bring in our own walls and lights to hang the show.

Who gets a part of the commission?
The artist receives 100% of the profit. During summer, there is a special show, The Glow Show, which is our yearly fundraiser that features artwork that is all black lit or self-luminous. 10% of sales benefits the group.

For further information visit www.untitlednashville.org

Alicia Marie Beach
Alicia Marie Beach is a Nashville artist.
Memphis

In five recent exhibitions, students graduating from the University of Memphis, Memphis College of Art and Rhodes College looked deep into memory and contemporary culture. With eyes and minds wide open, they broached the difficult, revealed the hidden away and devised ingenious ways to explore their inner and outer worlds.

MCA master thesis candidate, Matt Manzo, simultaneously played over 130 small screens of violence on a wall at Second Floor Contemporary. Jousting knights, terrorists, uniformed soldiers and freedom fighters were all there. Some of the screens appeared to move forward and briefly take center stage (for their fifteen seconds of notoriety) and then recede again into the background melee. Three gold plated “carnival” masks posted in front of the projected images played a constant, multi-layered stream of explosions and human voices, some electronic, some childlike and others muffled. In less experienced hands this installation could have degenerated into channel surfing ad nauseam. Instead, Manzo managed to simulate individual egos dissolving into group-mind careening out of control.

For her MCA thesis work, Kayce Bayer made large white globes to fit over the heads of performers who walked around an upscale East Memphis mall. These “globe heads” went casually about their business as they looked through materials in brief cases, talked on the telephone and sat in the lobby and at tables in the mall’s food court. Bayer recorded and projected shoppers’ reactions onto a wall-sized screen (also at Second Floor Contemporary). Reactions ran the gamut: disapproving head shaking, guffaws, apprehension and most hopeful for the future of humankind (and interspecies and intercultural communication), were the animated teenagers who attempted to communicate with these alien life forms.

John Rodriguez’ animation short, “Natural Reverie,” is a fully realized universe of unique life forms, architecture, vegetation and robots. Whether these clips are metaphors for Rodriguez’ inner world, future world or alternate universe, his highly developed 2-D and 3-D animation skills tell a universal story of the need to relax, reflect and connect with one’s environment.

Articulate as well as artistic, Anna Huffman described her six large digital prints (MCA master thesis) in her artist’s statement in this way, “Grief … is imperfect and difficult but neither ugly nor shameful. Learning to be patient and kind with one’s own mind and body is the important, if unsung, work of a human life.” Huffman’s powerful self portraits “Grief I-VI,” shamelessly record the naked face and body of grief; she waves her hands as she wards off unexpected emotions, retreats from the world, assumes the fetal position and cradles her body to comfort and resensitize it.

Memphis College of Art’s BFA candidates also broach complex feelings and ask difficult questions. One leathery finger rises straight up out of Todd Fischer’s, “The Package,” a concoction of cellophane tape wrapped completely around what looked like stained, folded cloth or butcher paper. Oozing and ambiguous, this was a “Package” we would prefer never to see in our mailboxes. Fischer’s artist statement consisted of just three words – “I was adopted,” so his sculpture could be an ironic depiction of a “bundle of joy” being rejected by its biological parents. “Yuk” and “Yes” were frequent reactions to this skin-crawling, darkly comic suggestion of the endless cycle of rejection/anger/retaliation being played and replayed across the globe.

For her BFA work, MCA student Jill Evans’ “In the Chrysalis” was part mummy, part sleeping beauty and part soul-searching. Seven hundred plus hours and thirty-five body casts into the work, Evans created an exact duplicate of her own body peacefully sleeping. The artist dressed her alter ego in ancient looking gossamer and painted her skin
to simulate rotting flesh. This unsettling sculpture and Evans’ artist statement/poem (“And what if the Caterpillar dies? …Waiting for the chance to emerge, it will never come”) are powerful expressions of life’s biological drive and inevitable decay.

In “Waterfall” and “Part II,” MCA student Danielle Spradley simulates the mutable qualities of falling water and memory. Her freehand drawings of figures from family photos become silhouettes of people from her life, some long forgotten, some half-forgotten versions of her younger self and images of her mother who passed away when Spradley was 13. The artist printed these silhouettes onto 3 x 12 foot sheets of free hanging Japanese masa paper dyed translucent blue. She describes her beautiful masa paper prints as, “A waterfall ever changing and moving … etching itself into me.”

In another notable BFA work, Lauren Montague asks questions about her origin: “From whom, Where?/Tell me/ …Am I/A machine/…Look in/Find out/Then tell me.” Using an ingenious mix of material and genres, Montague cuts sheet metal into strips, which she weaves and bends into ample body parts. For her completed sculpture, “Plate Metal I,” the artist transformed her huge metal basket into a Henry Moore reclining nude.

For this year’s Rhodes senior thesis exhibit, Molly Chapman lathered cosmetics onto panels, and Leila Mahfooz covered the back wall of the Clough-Hanson Gallery with golden glitter. Mahfooz’s small onion-dome shaped cutouts allow us to glimpse the Middle Eastern world behind the shiny facade. There we discover expressive calligraphy fenced in by wire and Mahfooz enclosed within a golden cage. Other cutouts reveal nothing but darkness. The artist describes her Middle Eastern heritage as a “golden wall that entombs me …. And a golden cage that inhibits,” and Mahfooz’ art suggests the deadened feelings and aborted ideas of such an existence.

Molly Chapman painted this spring’s most intensely saturated and thickly impastoed paintings with finger nail polish. Premixed colors (the choices were endless) spilled over the sides of her panels onto the wall of Clough-Hanson. Chapman’s “Megalast” was a viscous swirl of pinks, reds, corals and violets occasionally accented with dark mauve bubbles.

University of Memphis’ BFA candidates not only successfully mounted their own show, but they cleaned and repaired the 318 South Main building in which they exhibited. Some of this show’s most evocative works were Carolyn Bomar’s monoprints. Bomar reads widely and incorporates the ideas of many disciplines into her work. For example, her line drawings on vellum (2004) suggested the endless brachiation of nature: capillaries of blood vessels, fingers of rivers across a delta and/or the bronchia of lung tissue. For her BFA exhibit she also created worlds within worlds. From dozens of monoprints enhanced with soft pastels, Bomar chose nine “Nebula 1 through 9” with intense billowing patterns. These works can be simultaneously read as the explosion of a bomb, atmosphere displaced by the detonation’s intense heat, shifting patterns of clouds above a child on a hillside and the birth and death of stars some light years above the child’s head.

Barbara Talan’s twelve black and white UltraChrome photographs explored the poignant, bemused and sardonic emotions evoked by the 1950’s fashion artifact, the Maidenform Bra. For example in “I Dreamed I Found Utopia in My Maidenform Bra,” a woman stands assertive and proud in her bra and a more contemporary confidence boosting fashion, the dark straight lines of a female executive’s pants suit. In another “Finding of Utopia,” a housewife eyes a newspaper onto which she has poured a bottle of Prozac tablets. And in “I Dreamed I Got What I Asked For in My Maidenform Bra,” a young woman with a beatific expression looks through the
kitchen ceiling into the heavens as she hopes and prays for more.

Talan’s work tellingly counterpointed Nicole Tucker’s C-Print depictions of the punk-rock lifestyle and fashions. Taken together, Talan’s Maidenform bras and Tucker’s photographs of high-heeled boots, tattoos, torn stockings and black tape criss-crossed over nipples reminded us that the emotions underlying every generation’s signature fashions are conflicted and complex.

Other accomplished University of Memphis BFA works included Jamie Dunham’s watercolors which define form not with shape outlines but through subtle gradations of color and variations of brushstrokes. Javon McBride’s seven-foot sculpture, “Illiteracy and Ignorance,” is a roll of rusty fencing topped by a stack of encyclopedias and wrapped around with chains. The artwork’s monolithic shape, that icon of wisdom just beyond reach, reminds us of the ways knowledge is being dissused, forgotten, hidden away, censored, taught, out-of-print, ignored.

L. Taray Jennings’ “Head of a Memphis Girl” is one of the most powerful works produced by students this spring. This portrait of a young female African American boxer exudes power and graceful strength. Jennings’ close-up of the boxer shows just enough of the arms and breasts to suggest a lithe, lean body. This photograph is more physically affecting than Jennings’ full frontal nudes who, by comparison, look passive, disdainful and artificially posed. There is no battered face (not yet at least), no huge muscles and no in-your-face counter cultural statement designed to shock or titillate. This boxer’s vibrant body and quiet, even gaze give us a glimpse into a counter culture that makes us want to know more.

Five master thesis candidates exhibited at the Art Museum of the University of Memphis. All their work is strong, including Christina Kushch-Katrakis’ ten oils on canvas that weave a complex story of self and society. With skilled brushwork and a developed sense of color and design, she paints the angular body and gestures of a harsh ballet instructor, “Bibilina Pavlovna Smiting the Students;” the flurry of young lamb’s fur as it fights its status as sacrificial animal, “Pieta;” and the complex shades of bruising in “The Chosen,” a diptych of Katrakis’ battered face and body (the artist was beaten by an unknown assailant in 2004). In “The Altarpiece of the Lamb;” blood pours down the center of the canvas into a stark white bowl. Cigarette-smoking, knife-wielding men and women have killed the sacrificial animal. Read from left to right, Katrakis ended her story about the bloodletting of the innocent and gender/culture expectations with a plastic doll lying arms and legs akimbo in a child’s toy sailboat. In “Letting Him Go,” the artist released Barbie’s naked, unblemished, perfectly proportioned boyfriend, Ken, into open water.

Find some steel cargo pods, silos, dumpsters and other large industrial containers on Airline Road in Memphis. Aim your digital camera close and shoot pictures of the accidental spills, corrosion and peeling paint on the surfaces of these objects. Resaturate your images in Adobe Photoshop, and if you have the complex sense of design and painterly sensibilities of Jeff Morris, you create eighteen UltraChrome photographs whose textures, expressive line quality, and color fields rival those created by the abstract expressionist masters.

In Bonnie Tate’s listening booth I waited for a slit of light to bring a modicum of visual reference. It never came. As I sat and moved in blackness, I became more aware of my body. I could more clearly hear the shape and timbre of the audio-taped words of the men and women who describe what life is like without sight. Tate’s pitch black listening booth, taped voices, Braille descriptions, and large C-Print portraits of these subjects’ passionate (Mildred Stockton),
deeply meditative (Jeff Smith) and animated (Roy McLuen) faces trump viewers’ presumptions about the look, feel, and sound of blindness.

Also notable are Antics of the Suit, Ryan Jackson’s sardonic nod to contemporary politics. In 12 inkjet prints Jackson, immaculately groomed and impeccably dressed, engages in a series of ineffectual, misinformed and ill-considered behaviors. As stand-in for the oblivious or self-serving businessman/ bureaucrat/politician, the artist puts together a brick foundation with wads of chewing gum (“Best Defense”) and jumps over a low track hurdle with needless fanfare and concentration (“Expectations”). With eyes and mouth taped shut, he points his finger in opposite directions (“FAA-INS-CIA”) while standing on a huge stump of a recently felled redwood (“Puppet”). And in “Goldfish,” still self-assured, still in his position of power and still impeccably groomed and dressed, Jackson levitates high above the “trickle down” devastations his behaviors have produced.

Virginia Overton’s 3,600 pound art gorilla, “Making It,” could not be ignored. With a very big nod to Duchamp, Overton suspends her father’s 1957 John Deere tractor a foot off the floor of AMUM’s main gallery. Stark white walls frame the dirty wheels and signature yellows and greens of this industrial design that is embedded in American consciousness. A John Deere tractor suspended from the ceiling of a gallery space? Not a problem. Once the logistics for hanging an industrial behemoth were figured out, this was art that commanded a cavernous space seldom fully utilized. This was art that gave viewers a keener sense of heft and bulk. This was art that worked.

Carol Knowles
Carol Knowles is a Memphis writer and art critic.

Jeff Morris, Untitled, UltraChrome print, UofM, MFA
Christina Kushch-Katrakis, “The Chosen,” oil on canvas, UofM, MFA
American Anthem: Masterworks from The American Folk Art Museum

The Recollection Community Art Project

Nashville

American Anthem: Masterworks from the American Folk Museum is a beautifully mounted exhibition recently shown at the Frist Center for the Visual Arts in Nashville. Located in the old post office downtown, the Frist Center possesses a grown up museum quality and seems strangely reverent for Nashville, a city usually associated with denim glitz. In a town that proclaims itself as the “Country Music Capital of the World,” it is surprising to find such a traditional, sophisticated art venue. At least it is surprising to those who grew up in and around Nashville, where the only exposure to fine art came in the form of traveling exhibits presented in the basement of the Tennessee Performing Arts Center or at the Tennessee State Museum and Cheekwood Gallery and Gardens. Not to slight these venues, which have shown a variety of Impressionist exhibitions and a particularly impressive collection of the work of Andrew Wyeth, the city has never had a strong presence in the world of the visual arts.

American Anthem, on loan from and organized by the American Folk Museum in New York, consists of over 130 objects, including paintings, quilts, teapots, furniture, photographs and love letters. The exhibit begins with works from the 18th century and ends with the self-taught artists of the 20th century. It includes art objects created by enthusiasts, the mentally ill, families and entire communities. These works were made primarily by self-taught artists, although the exhibition does include artists with some formal training. The aim of this exhibition, according to Frist Center literature, is to focus on “…the early years of our nation, when functional objects were enhanced with decorative elements to bring beauty into people’s homes…examining ways in which artists celebrated national events and documented cultural changes that affected the lives of all Americans…[and exploring] the purely expressive dimensions of folk art, with a particular focus on self-taught artists of the twentieth century.”

The exhibition was nothing if not graciously mounted: wall tags were clear and unobtrusive, the presentation sumptuous, yet spacious enough not to interfere with the viewer’s experience of the objects themselves, and proper research was obviously executed in an attempt to relate the objects to the viewer. However,
something was missing.

Teapots in glass cases, quilts artfully stretched on walls and weather vanes on pedestals; it just didn’t seem right. A number of exhibitions of folk art have been mounted in recent months, such as Coming Home! at the Art Museum of the University of Memphis in the fall of 2004 and The Quilts of Gee’s Bend at the Memphis Brooks Museum of Art during the spring of 2005. These shows, including American Anthem, have taken deeply personal art objects out of their original domestic environment and put them into the context of the museum. Of course, there is nothing wrong with that, nor is it an uncommon practice; an art connoisseur stands a better chance of seeing a major altarpiece at a museum than in a religious center. The museum has become a kind of religious institution in its own right, a place to gather for the silent contemplation of and hushed conversation about the majestic, and art pieces placed in museums are instantly enshrined.

The works contained in American Anthem deserve this kind of recognition. “Lady on A Red Sofa,” from 1798-1835, attributed to John S. Blount and “Miss Frances A. Motley” from 1830-33 are two wonderful examples of a folk art portraiture genre in which the cult of domesticity is effortlessly combined with the patriotic ideals of a fledgling republic. The problem is that these objects were already validated through everyday use. They had a function in the households in which they resided. They were imbued with family history. This context, now lost, is part of what made these works special. They were not created for grand spaces and hushed congregations or for thematic and chronological representation; they were created for domestic settings and the enjoyment of those who treasured them. Traversing the exhibition, the viewer is presented with themes of patriotism, constancy of style and movement, religion, beautiful women, and above all, the need for the presentation of self, but the works themselves are overwhelmed by the museum, which distances them from their essence.

Additionally, the disconcertingly pristine quality of these works forces the viewer to consider that perfect preservation might not be a result of superior craftsmanship but of curatorial contrivance. Even more disturbing is the thought that perhaps the reason that some of these objects survived in such good condition is that their owners did not want them and that the “best” masterworks have been lost to time, utilization, admiration, and love.

The air of lost context is perpetuated in The Recollection Community Art Project, a collaboration between resident artist Sherry Warner Hunter and sections of the Nashville community, Frist Center visitors who are invited to share their thoughts on the installation by posting comment cards to corrugated steel sheeting in the back gallery, and the Frist’s Outreach Community Partners. Like the objects included in American Anthem, these works are highly fetishized with a strong attention to detail and an emphasis on personal meaning. The project consists of several sections: Community Trees, towering structures created by families across Nashville, Starry Night; in which tin stars are dedicated to loved ones; Houses, which speak to neighborhoods and a sense of place; Stars and Stripes, a large flag constructed of bottle caps that is representative of what else—freedom; and Changing Families, a collection of concrete and mosaic figures that represent nontraditional families.

The problem plaguing these projects is the same that plagues American Anthem. They are pretty, visually intriguing and possess an undeniable artistic quality, but their placement in the hallowed museum precincts detracts from their effectiveness. The viewer knows that they were created by community effort; however, little can be known about the community aside from its authorship. The exhibit talks about a sense of place without convincing the viewer that it exists.

The works of American Anthem and The Recollection Community Art Project are directly tied to the time, place and people involved with them. When the projects are removed from their defining relationships, they lose the quality of impermanence. In a world where much contemporary art is designed to provoke a reaction or make the public aware of some intangible reality, seeing such uncontrived, personal works displayed like this is sad, not because they are done poorly, but because they have been transformed from communal expression into objects of regard.

The attempts made by the Frist Center and The American Folk Museum are admirable. The objects contained in this exhibition are undoubtedly worthy of public contemplation. However, the problem is not what to display, but how to display it. The Frist presentation is slightly to the left of “right,” but it is difficult to imagine what would make it better. Would the work be comfortably seen on walls of corrugated steel sheeting as in Coming Home! or suspended from the ceiling as in The Quilts of Gee’s Bend? There is a caution to be observed: these objects are worthy in their own right; they must be presented without inflicting institutional value and bias if their essence is to be preserved.

Natalie Harris

Natalie Harris is a graduate student in art history at the University of Memphis.
**trans: Leandra Urrutia and Andrea Prince**  
On the Street Gallery  
March 25 - April 20, 2005

**Memphis**

Merriam defines trans as: “characterized by having certain groups of atoms on opposite sides of the longitudinal axis of a double bond or of the plane of a ring in a molecule.” The key word is opposite. What is witnessed in the show “trans,” at On the Street, is an interplay between the opposites of three-dimensions and two-dimensions. The works of art take on the roles of one another as Andrea Prince’s painting, “untitled (transference),” cascades to the gallery floor and into the viewer’s space, and Leandra Urrutia’s sculptural “factals” take on the aspect of hung work as they rest against the wall on a pedestal.

Andrea Prince’s paintings are images of structured, organic chaos. Her understanding of “creation mythology and scientific theory” is evident in the spiraling, dipping and exploding forms. The vortexes seen in many of the works dive toward viewers, sweeping them into an imaginative and incomprehensible area of the human mind and the universe. Prince’s works communicate ideas of energy, beginnings and journeys, as she explores and charts the space she interprets. Her more dynamic canvases, “untitled (unleashed)” and “untitled (transference)” bring the audience into her imaginative space and convey a sense of ancient myths or the continuations of DNA strands; there is a sense of time passing as the viewer absorbs the perpetuation of culture and biology. The multiplicity of the organic forms reinforces themes of creation and scientific theory.

Urrutia’s sculptures reveal an interest in the abstracted human body. Her works imply two becoming one and question identity through sex: what becomes of man and woman as they join into one? Do they become one sex or two parts creating a whole? The two works that give the most opportunity to play with understood norms are “coupling II” and “solamente I.” In “coupling II,” the undeniably embracing human limbs are attached to a primordial form with the voids facing one another. The work demands to be rethought and completed. Which of the factals are to be placed in the void, what creates an aesthetically pleasing as well as emotionally connected combination? The large “solamente I” resembles two breasts protruding from an organically shaped sphere. In between the two breasts is a wide channel, long enough to fit three of the factals. Man, woman, sight, taste or sound? The possibilities become endless, each combination constructing a different couple, a different life.

The arrangement of the works clearly divides Urrutia’s from Prince’s. The works could have been more closely placed, allowing for the three-dimensional and the twodimensional to interact more cogently. Prince’s paintings appear to reach toward the viewer, or possibly, Urrutia’s pieces. In turn, Urrutia’s works appear to be straining towards Prince’s works and the viewer. The gallery, On the Street, is a large space that prevents a sense of intimacy between the bodies of work, but the open space allows for a flow among the pieces, permitting the viewer to engage in Urrutia’s bodies and the more sculptural aspects of Prince’s paintings.

Sarita K. Heer  
Sarita K. Heer is a lecturer in art history at the Memphis College of Art.
7th Annual Graphic Design Student Exhibit
April 8, 2005

Memphis

In early April, the University of Memphis graphic design program turned the gallery space at 522 South Main into the setting for its annual student exhibition. Graduate and undergraduate students submitted a variety of work to be critiqued by design guru, Christopher Vice, chair and an assistant professor at the Herron School of Art and Design at Indiana University and member of AIGA Indianapolis, an organization that supports creative professionals. The show consisted of more than 25 pieces of work that inspired viewers to consider the students’ use of typography and color treatments and their professional future in the field of design. More importantly, the show said something about the form and function of contemporary graphic design.

Form. All the pieces in the show revealed their creators’ education. In other words, all of the work followed a predictable path of fundamental construction with design elements like color, proximity, size and space. The show exhibited the students’ range in terms of designing for particular media like magazines, CDs, brochures, traditional posters and so on. The exhibition illustrated that the students have the ability to produce aesthetically pleasing material and to find their way around various computer programs and tools for designing. All of these things may help the students find success while working for particular clients, but what happens to graphic design when it’s created from a perspective of function over form?

Function. It was obvious that most of the pieces in the show were created for informative purposes and aesthetic pleasure. However, among the graphic artists were a few who entered pieces that made the show a worthwhile investment of viewers’ time. They shared excellent technical abilities with their colleagues, yet they were able to transcend pure form and position their graphic designs as functional, thought-provoking art rich with personality and political tone. “Connotation Poster” by Dana James, an undergraduate student, was one of those pieces. This work kept the viewer’s attention much longer and provoked serious consideration about the topic of industry and environmentalism as it pertains to what type of world children may see in the future. Yes, the piece was informative, but it functioned on a much more profound level. Kevin Cates, a graduate student, designed a piece entitled “Don’t Vote.” This work opened a subtle dialogue with its observers about the past presidential election and presidential candidates in general. The piece extended an invitation to meet the artist, see his thoughts and walk away expressing your own. “EM” by E. Mauricio Olivera, was a book that incorporated elements like photography, poetry and geometric shapes and read much like a provocative biography. Again, the technique was evident, but the piece left the viewer with the opportunity to interpret and the opportunity to think.

Perhaps graphic design becomes pure art when it’s generated for a personal function or when its form becomes complimentary to the artist’s perspective and opinion. The pieces mentioned were the stronger were the ones with something to say about the world we inhabit. Otherwise, designing for aesthetic pleasure becomes generic in a world that’s already saturated with an aesthetic consciousness.

Jeremy K. Houston
Houston is a student in journalism at The University of Memphis.
Eden: The Lost State Project
Jean Hess
Association of Visual Artists
January 6-February 19
Chattanooga

The small and medium sized mixed media pieces in Knoxville artist Jean Hess’s dramatically-titled exhibition, “Eden: The Lost State Project,” in Chattanooga’s Association of Visual Artists (AVA) storefront gallery formed a show that was much more intimate than its forceful title might have implied. Paper collage elements were gracefully combined with natural materials like leaves, petals, bark and mica, each embedded in acrylic resin, which was often built up into a number of layers. The results of this process at first glance looked like encaustic: sometimes cloudy, sometimes clear, sometimes emulating the positive and negative silhouettes one sees after closing one’s eyes on a sunlit scene. In a few of the works, Hess’s considerable drawing and painting abilities could be glimpsed in small passages of oil and acrylic or graphite among the collage elements. But “Eden: The Lost State Project” seemed to rely more on the actual and less on the rendered, meaning that in reproduction or viewed from a moderate distance, the works appeared crisply illusionistic, while a careful, close up examination revealed objects such as buttons and other stand-ins posing as the mechanics of molecular structures in nature, where one might have supposed they would be drawn or painted in. Perhaps this was intended to evoke a feeling of loss of innocence in the viewer, suggesting, as it were, that Eden must now be manufactured.

Overall, the exhibition felt passive, with works that were more like daily journal entries than apocalyptic predictions. The arrangement moved around the room in a regular rhythm and the predominance of squarish forms, innately referring to the grid, further suggested the imposition of order on the natural world. Glancing around the gallery and seeing a number of pieces of similar size and shape, one might have assumed that the theme of the show (almost predictably) might be carried out through a catalogue of lost species or examples of lost habitat. On examination, however, most pieces seemed to carry those stories together in subtle explorations of the relationships of maps, science and other analytical systems to nature. This is intelligent, pleasurable and beautiful work by an artist who brings a background in anthropology to the consideration of what is being lost in the built environment.

Body of Water: Chris Ballentyne
Cheekwood Museum of Art
April 1-May 29
Nashville

Chris Ballentyne’s Body of Water in Cheekwood Museum of Art’s Temporary Contemporary series was an almost perfect small show. In a gallery that doesn’t quite work for installation art and is not big enough to handle a show containing disparate aspects of an artist’s oeuvre, Ballentyne’s exhibition made an impact with room to breathe.

This exhibition is a body of work on the theme of what Ballentyne calls “cultural landscape.” The unnatural physical surroundings of suburbia (and the muted assumptions of one raised in their midst) are expressed in several distinctly different manifestations, each complete enough to stand on its own. Large and small paintings in faded shades of greens, browns and blues, and one large white floor sculpture, were all tidy edges and smooth surfaces, cohesive in appearance, with little repetition and no pieces that could be dismissed as “filler.”

Ballentyne’s paintings and sculpture (all completed in 2005) could be described as clean and bland, with a low-key hipness that corresponds to a white t-shirt and gray work...
pants sort of aesthetic. They are people-scapes seen from above—places where the hand of man is evident, even though there may be no people present. The easy-to-read style is appropriate for seemingly didactic scenes like “Untitled (new neighborhood),” a manicured green space with driveways and no houses, or a Figure-8 shaped swimming pool against a brown desert background. What’s depicted seems distant, even numbed-down: no prickly grass around one’s ankles on the manicured lawns, no hot breaths of air rising from scorching sand. The flawless paint surfaces are achieved by applying acrylic to paper mounted on panel. The smooth pools of paint enhance images so stylized that they are akin to simple computer animation or textbook charts and graphics. Ballentyne’s one sculptural offering is a knee-high white wooden ramp/wave. Its smooth curve is topped by a piece of quarter-round molding that abruptly and elegantly ends the momentary fantasy of a skateboard-turned-surfboard skimming up its face. In “Backyard,” which depicts a brown chasm that has opened in a green yard and a house teetering on its edge, Ballentyne seems to be giving us a playful illustration of the startling events brought about by California mudslides. “Split Home” is a visual conundrum in which a house sits next to the excavation meant for its foundation. Two other pieces deviate from the clever formula to further illustrate Ballentyne’s meditations on the interplay between nature and humans. One naked wood panel covered with thin acrylic wash contains several tiny surfers in a vast green sea whose waves are formed by the grain of the wood. On the facing wall as one enters the gallery, just beyond the white sculpture, is the largest painting in the show, made even larger by the fact that it runs off the paper onto the wall, as if it has escaped the artist, which only serves to point up the controlled nature of everything else in the show.

Susan W. Knowles

Susan W. Knowles, an independent curator, has organized numerous museum and gallery exhibitions. She serves as the Tennessee editor for ArtPapers.
Jan Hankins
Gallery 314
April 29 - June 19, 2005

Memphis

“More than any other time in history, mankind faces a
crossroads. One path leads to despair and utter hopelessness.
The other, to total extinction. Let us pray we have the wisdom
to choose correctly.” Woody Allen

O.K., by now, it should be well-established that Jan
Hankins is one of the finest painters in town, if woefully
underestimated and underserved, but hey, what’s new? His
art dumpster-dives disposable and mass-mediated culture,
and its reordering defies categorization, often unduly
pigeonholed as surrealism. It seethes with apocalyptic
urgency and pulp decadence, while manifesting a sort of
clunky, dirt-under-the-fingernails workmanship. It is neither
pretty nor decorative, and a palette of blood, flames and
smoldering carnage will most certainly clash with any sofa.
The artist’s biting political commentary — e.g. this work at
Gallery 314: an indictment of the Bush administration for its
Iraq misadventure — won’t get him in any designer showcases
and marginalizes him commercially.

Thus, Hankins is an indefatigable veteran of exhibitions
at practically every ramshackle alternative space and leaky
hole-in-the-wall gallery in memory, including several that I
produced. The last was Calculus of Risk for Delta Axis at
Marshall Arts in May of 2003, opening only two months into
Bush’s preemptive war to rid the world of Saddam’s
WMD…er, rather, to spread democracy to Iraq. At that time,
Hankins’ gargantuan canvases, beautiful and terrifying,
boiled over with images superimposed one on top of another,
seemingly giving expression to the maddening onslaught of
skin-crawling anxiety, rage, desperation, foreboding, help-
lessness, etc. One could, if he so chose, single out and
meditate upon any number of brimming signifiers, but under
the weight of the moment, the inclination was simply to sur-
render to the flood.

Two years later, Hankins’ canvases have become much
more pointed and illustrative. For instance, “Bush does
Baghdad” portrays the grinning president during a 2003
Thanksgiving day photo-op at Baghdad airport, after widely
circulated images of him serving the turkey and trimmings.
Only here, plopped in the center of the richly garnished
serving tray, is not the holiday bird, but Saddam Hussein’s
foul head, when it might as well be crow. “KB Root of All
Evil” depicts Vice President Cheney, whisked into a waiting
armored Humvee by embattled US soldiers as he clutches a
satchel bursting its seams and spilling filthy lucre, while a
pink Halliburton logo flutters overhead. The picture is ludicrous,
since everyone knows the #2 wouldn’t be found anywhere
near a war zone.

All right, I am ambivalent over Hankins’ newfound liter-
alness, because, in many cases, the allusions are so
wooden, like those mentioned above, as to pound you over the head. I am reminded, too, of the immaculately crafted photographs of Ryan C. Jackson — on view at the recent MFA thesis exhibition at the Art Museum of the University of Memphis (AMUM) — each one a staged composition that focuses on a specific characteristic of our beloved commander-in-chief, leaping over a ridiculously low hurdle and the like.

Commonly shared national or cultural crises often oblige universally explicable symbolism from artists — e.g. Goya’s Disasters of War, the work of social realists during the depression era, Carrie Mae Weems’ From Here I Saw What Happened. On the other end of the spectrum is the kind of hyperbolic and half-hearted overtures to relevance typified recently by George Condo’s allusions to “political injustice, war, suffering” in the Commercial Appeal (March 20, 2005), regarding the meaning of his disassembled appliances at Delta Axis’ Power House. To Hankins’ and Jackson’s credit, the masses have long since succumbed to bland submission and timid optimism regarding the bitter costs of war, thus unyielding provocations are certainly in order. I only hope that the appropriate audience, not just those predisposed to progressive principles, finds its way to the galleries.

I am, of course, in accord with Hankins’ politics and social activism, outraged by the 1600 US military deaths, 12,348 casualties (icasualties.org/oif), the lives of as many as 24,324 Iraqi civilians (www.iraqbodycount.net), not to mention a couple of hundred billion dollars. Especially when the administration’s calculus was all wrong, or worse yet, trumped. It turns out that ideologues dreamt this war and cooked the intelligence to support it, which was promulgated by media lapdogs to bait the public’s fear and acquiescence, and further still, to effectively marginalize the voices of dissent. But for the indulgence of American exceptionalism and blind nationalism, would this not be a scandal? This is precisely why Hankins’ work remains so fearless and poignant.

This tightly squeezed exhibition of paintings is the debut offering from Gallery 314, inside the South Main storefront of bookseller Kevin McLellan, who intends to host art events every other month. In the past, Hankins has drooled at the idea of building a Humvee inside the dank interior of Power House up the road, and no one who has witnessed his multimedia installations — say 2001’s Out of the Janitors Closet at AMUM’s Artlab — would doubt his capacity to pull off a riot there. But, to my memory, he still hasn’t held an exhibition at the legendary P & H Café, which is, usefully, the only new alternative space with a bar and a jukebox.

As it stands, Hankins says that this is his last show in Memphis. Whether true or (I plead) not, I get the idea that Hankins is somewhat crusty after years of doggedly producing this epic work and broaching such perilous stands and pretty much towing his own to get it before the public, only to feel the pinch of anticlimax, disenchantment and disaffection when it’s all said and done.

I can relate, brother.

David Hall
David Hall is an artist, writer and curator who lives and works in Memphis.
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