24th Annual Juried Student Exhibition
January 27 through February 24, 2007

Opening reception: Friday, January 26, 6 to 7:30 PM
Announcement of awards: Friday, January 26 at 6:30 PM

A competitive art exhibition of all media open to UMD students who have taken an introductory course in Art and have completed courses in Art History and Modern Art. The competition, held over the past two years, has attracted over 600 students and is a highlight of the year. The winners will be announced at the opening reception.

Sponsored by the Visual Arts Program at Art History and Modern Art. For more information, please contact Art History and Modern Art.

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The Pleasant Disguise of Illusion

Douglas Koertge Retrospective

March 3 through April 7, 2007
Opening reception: Wednesday, March 17, 6 to 7:30 PM

The Pleasant Disguise of Illusion is a retrospective of Douglas Koertge's paintings, sculptures, and graphics.

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Go. See Art.

Now and then it seems important to get out of town and see what’s going on in the art world. During the late fall and winter, Chelsea can be pretty forbidding with icy Hudson River winds slicing the long cross-town blocks that provide no haven between the galleries. And, speaking of that, the New York scene. This (well, actually last fall, now) had a good reason to go to south Florida in early December at the time of Art Basel/Miami Beach, currently hottest of the many international commercial events (not to be confused with the many international biennials, which are sponsored by cities, provinces or nations). Why, I thought, survival the world of contemporary art come? Actually, there are a few reasons among one has limited means, patience or physical endurance. Highreasevery have Very Special Statuses Rates for the event (I camped with my mother-in-law, the natives are uneasy, and so much a great art show happening at a slide for three hours a day (8 in my aching case).

I had not been to Art Basel/Miami Beach, which started in 2002. The organizer is the venerable Swiss corporation that has produced Art Basel for 17 years, and although I have been in the past to that fair, it has been several years. I was a veteran of Chicago’s NPN four idea for a decade, but that folded a white sheet.

So what’s new in art fair business? First, one on the side of the convention center was an armada (30 perhaps) of giant groups, busload of people (which may pay in the hundreds of thousands to rent spaces, or maybe even more) that included everything from the top to the bottom to the very top. It was an international carnival of sorts, with art world celebrities (including: a former director of the Whitney Museum, a couple of collectors, a chef, a fashion designer, etc.) and the excitement of the fair was palpable. People were on their feet, I loved the chair, table, panini, fiz water, and brie. Next, I headed for the beach for a casual lunch (and a little art!). The beach was filled with artists and enthusiasts, and the sun was shining. Finally, I found a restaurant in the city of the convention center was a garden with an Italian catering company in residence. After more than seven hours on my feet, I loved the chair, table, panini, fiz water, and brie. Now, I headed for the beach for a casual lunch (and a little art!). The beach was filled with artists and enthusiasts, and the sun was shining. Finally, I found a restaurant.

A video lounge (huh? it was called standup only) was a bust, because the videos were shown in small curtained rooms with doors that were meant to avoid the sounds. Don’t work. The saving grace of the video lounge was that it was located in a garden with an Italian catering company in residence. After more than seven hours on my feet, I loved the chair, table, panini, fiz water, and brie. Now, I headed for the beach for a casual lunch (and a little art!). The beach was filled with artists and enthusiasts, and the sun was shining. Finally, I found a restaurant.

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For seeing art, though, no fat in my opinion, is as good as one of the better biennials—like Venice or São Paulo, Sydney and Singapore, where the presentation of individual artists’ work is usually focused and sophisticated, and the viewer is able to walk away with clear images. Art fairs for last a few hectic days but last for several weeks or months. During the opening days, biennials are as festively and less overtly competitive. Before being priced out of the market, museums were played, and quite often of the detainees seem to be among art world professionals. Now it’s real estate magnates, distance gestures and hedge fund smarties. Lots of ink has been squandered on the topic, but seeing it is still pretty daunting.

And what about art? Frankly, the anthropology was more interesting. The problem with art fairs is that galleries, which may play by the hundreds of thousands to rent spaces, transport art, artists and staff, and entertain clients, are barely leaving this world. This aspect of art is a constant. The result is a snazzy-angled hipnostalgia of that Art Basel/Miami Beach was rendered laughable by a stuffy, transmission presentaion—huge corner space (fortunately four units or maybe even more) with oddities and rare except for a family

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Exhibitors from around the world presented a breadth of contemporary art in all mediums, encompassing painting, drawing, sculpture, photography, installation, and video.

With Strings Attached
Ruby Green

October 7–November 18, 2006
Nashville

Katrina art has started to make its way to Nashville, brought by artists who lived in the storm zone or whose places in New Orleans and the Gulf Coast. Some artists put dollars into mixed media pieces, others satisfy themselves with references to boats, waterlines and wrecked houses. The prevailing color is mud brown.

Mery Lynn McCorkle had Katrina pieces in the group show at Ruby Green. With Strings Attached. You could tell they were Katrina pieces because she calls it her Biloxi series, and that name, along with Gulf Port and Pasc Christin, means Katrina now. But instead of easily artful tones, her paintings are bright and glittery, reflecting memories of the clothes her family wore during summer at the beach in Biloxi. “Mama’s Bathing Suit” has large sections of an unmistakable white floral pattern she had as a child on a few lines traced in red, with glitter highlights scattered like examples that fell off a swimsuit or bathing cap. The storm shattered the places these memories came from, and McCorkle’s pattern fragments reveal the shredding of memories that occurs in the course of life and aging but is accelerated by disasters like Katrina. McCorkle doesn’t stop with a memorial to Katrina, but broadens these pieces with background lines, which she created by tracing shadows cast by trees in the yard of her parents’ house in North Georgia. This device brings together two eras and two locations of the family’s history and places and attempts at preservation. In tracing the shadows, McCorkle tries to record a mundane and transient sensation of her parents’ house hung neatly on white bars. The last towel in the sequence says “Murdered” and “5:30 A.M,” because this is the story of two murdered cows, told in a car that doesn’t add up. They include such helpful rabbits as “blue panties” and “hard-boiled eggs.” There’s enough here to let you know that sex and death are involved, but otherwise what you see is the image of manufactured feminity and domestic order. In addition to the words, the towels display figures like a man and a woman executed in the stylized line drawings of instructional materials or public signage. Usually, the image communicates complete control, but the narrative couldn’t be more porous; the visual aspect and the narrative mock each other.

Cynthia Minet deals with disaster of another sort, the theme well, but she shares with several other artists in this show an unusual response to disaster and difficulty—the creation of delightful, cheerful objects. Leslie Finamore, curator of this show as well as one of its artists, gives fabrics a psychedelically colorful surface using techniques like photo-transfer that she envisions with images of hybrid, surrealistic creatures. Her piece, “I See Strange Women When I Dreamed Were Hot Wet,” was inspired by her sister’s discovery that her husband had been camping on a long-term affair. A parade of princesses on one side of the piece is attached by a string of strings to an old man in a boat whose torso is festooned with white breasts. A couple of rabbits, with red highlights in their eyes, lend them a demonic aura, looever over all. The old woman and the rabbits are like characters from the Fragments of a Story Talk- or-Fable. The piece is dark, but the lively colors suck you into its little world.

In “You Know What Happened,” Bonna Hankel also tells a story, missing some of its parts, narrated in the form of words and images precociously sewn onto white hand towels hung neatly on white bars. The last towel in the sequence says “Warped” and “5:30 A.M,” because this is the story of two murdered cows, told in a car that doesn’t add up. They include such helpful rabbits as “blue panties” and “hard-boiled eggs.” There’s enough here to let you know that sex and death are involved, but otherwise what you see is the image of manufactured feminity and domestic order. In addition to the words, the towels display figures like a man and a woman executed in the stylized line drawings of instructional materials or public signage. Usually, the image communicates complete control, but the narrative couldn’t be more porous; the visual aspect and the narrative mock each other.


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The recent exhibition at the University of the South, titled *Between Substance and Matter*, is a collection of photographs by Robin Gillanders, Pradip Malde and David Williams. Through various approaches and styles, each artist describes the role that nature plays in creating and establishing a sense of place through the process of time. All three artists, as Malde states, depict “matter as substance made tangible.” While the three bodies of work address the subject of nature, the strength of their connection is in the ways in which they make visible the description of place through the visual evolution and process of time. Although the works vary in approach and style, from Malde’s large horizontal color landscapes, Gillanders’ studies of the Emmeronne garden in France and Malde’s black and white color diptychs, they share an intimacy of space, allowing the viewer to become immersed in these melancholy places. All of the images presented in this exhibition are in some way concerned with the construct of time, the process of experiencing place and the act of substance made visual.

Pradip Malde presents a series of six diptychs, all 15x25 inches, entitled *Membrane*. As Malde states, “these diptychs are paired contrivances: sculpted gardens in England and Malde’s black and white color diptychs, they share an intimacy of space, allowing the viewer to become immersed in these melancholy places. All of the images presented in this exhibition are in some way concerned with the construct of time, the process of experiencing place and the act of substance made visual.”

Robin Gillanders’ work is a series of prints called *The Philosopher’s Garden*, that in Gillanders’ own words “honors the great philosopher of the French Enlightenment, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, whose radical ideas about Nature and Society fuelled the desire for reform that brought about the French Revolution of 1789.” In *The Philosopher’s Garden*, Gillanders creates a series of images photographed on the grounds of the Emmeronne estate in France, where Rousseau wrote his book *Voyage to the Country of the Hottentots*. Accompanying Gillanders’ photographs are excerpts from *Voyage*, which consists of ten chapters of walks that Rousseau completed. Given the subject matter and the monochrome presentation of the images, these photographs reflect an idealistic view of the landscape.

In the diptych, “Tabula Rosa,” we see one monochrome photograph on the left consisting of a hedge with an opening in the middle that serves as an exit from the garden and allows the viewer to see through to another tree-lined belt. Next to the monochrome image is the color photograph of a classroom interior. This classroom is in disarray, with chairs strewn about, but the main emphasis is not the beautiful yet chaotic arrangement of colorful chairs contrasting with the background, but the fact that the walls are painted with a tropical scene of palm trees, green grass and blue skies. The dichotomy of the two photographs presents the viewer with, as Malde states, “a series of transitions and oscillations” that create the visual effect of the room wanting to be an actual garden and perhaps the juxtaposition of chaos and order between nature and painted nature.

David Williams’ series of large-scale color photographs of the ocean seen from Edinburgh, Scotland, called *Silence and Occurrence*, have the capacity to encompass the viewer. The subtle, muted color palette creates a seductive visual landscape in which the viewer is immersed. But this is not just a pretty landscape, because these vistas require an intimacy of looking and being in their visual space, similar to what landscape and nature demand of you while physically immersed in them. The superego in Williams’ work is the presence or suggestion of humans where only their traces are apparent. A perfect example of time reflected in the work can be seen in #6. In this piece presents an ocean landscape where the horizon line is almost non-existent due to the motion of the water. It is an overcast day, and people are playing in the water, but they are tiny blurs, suggesting the differences between human scale and time and the scale and time of the landscape. Williams’ work on one level is simple and meditative for its silence and seductive minimalist approach, but its complexity lies beneath the aesthetic surface and experiencing the visual effect of the image.

Sewanee: The recent exhibition at the University of the South, titled *Between Substance and Matter*, is a collection of photographs by Robin Gillanders, Pradip Malde and David Williams. Through various approaches and styles, each artist describes the role that nature plays in creating and establishing a sense of place through the process of time. All three artists, as Malde states, depict “matter as substance made tangible.” While the three bodies of work address the subject of nature, the strength of their connection is in the ways in which they make visible the description of place through the visual evolution and process of time. Although the works vary in approach and style, from Malde’s large horizontal color landscapes, Gillanders’ studies of the Emmeronne garden in France and Malde’s black and white color diptychs, they share an intimacy of space, allowing the viewer to become immersed in these melancholy places. All of the images presented in this exhibition are in some way concerned with the construct of time, the process of experiencing place and the act of substance made visual. Pradip Malde presents a series of six diptychs, all 15x25 inches, entitled *Membrane*. As Malde states, “these diptychs are paired contrivances: sculpted gardens in England and Malde’s black and white color diptychs, they share an intimacy of space, allowing the viewer to become immersed in these melancholy places. All of the images presented in this exhibition are in some way concerned with the construct of time, the process of experiencing place and the act of substance made visual.”

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Amy Pleasant, untitled (2006), ink on paper.

Amy Pleasant, untitled (detail)(2006), ink on paper.

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with their crinkled topographies. Rendered in gouache, after Katrina are offered on worn and worked paper bags fragmented structures and marooned, displaced objects left large, but this is without dénouement. The washed out and water as a metaphor.

Both of those views are couched in the allusion to different points of view on the position of the human condi-
tion. Both of these views are couched in the allusion to

Memphis

Concurrent shows by Amy Pleasant, at Clough-Hanson Gallery, and Maysey Craddock, at David Lusk Gallery, take different points of view on the position of the human condi-
tion. Both of these views are couched in the allusion to

Pleasant’s paper works and wall painting take a longer

view. Pettibone cum Kentridge tableaus, couched in black, white and silver grays, give snapshot memories a dag-
gered edge. Everyday scenes a coalesce and disolve in emergent floranchic birds, and sprays of cotton water droplets arch and collide much like the painted guiled fan-
dangers on Pakistani iterations. If Craddock’s work employs the palette of oil slicks and faded signs, Pleasant’s stripped down texes suggest isolate solo photos and chronically retainedbecomes perris, showing us in with the subtle power of the fractured and fragmented stories linear on its neutral face. Both the wall as support and the imagery speak of the

world like distillations of Francis Bacon’s screaming papal

phantasmal shadows captured carefully in their

remaining suspended on screwed and quavering stovepipe wire with their phantasmal shadows captured carefully in their passing by Craddock’s own hand. This presence, while hardly as factor in the drawings, is analogous to the warp and weft of a conversation cut short.

Pleasant’s paper works and wall painting take a longer

world as support lends to the understanding that these are stolen moments, engaging the

fractured and fragmented stories limned on its neutral face. Craddock’s typewriter constructions, looking for all the

world like distillations of Francis Bacon’s screaming papal

mouths, are similarly tortured. Wrenched from their protec-
tive casing, only the spindly stalks supporting the keys remain suspended on screwed and quavering stovepipe wire with their phantasmal shadows captured carefully in their

Craddock’s crisp imagery sets us at a point after the del-

amination from its continuity, a closed system of reoccurrence

the moment of quiet after the storm, and begs us to ask

startling given the allusions to comic book’s didactic graph-

and variation. In contrast to Pleasant’s world view,

Herb Rieth is an instructor in art at Mississippi State University. 

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NUMBER:58
Caroline Allison: Somewhere and Not Anywhere

September 9 – October 14, 2006

Hattiesburg

William Jenkins organized the show New Topographics: Photographers of a Man-Altered Landscape at the George Eastman House in 1977 as a reaction against the idealizing tendencies of the Modernist establishment. The exhibition featured the photographs of Robert Adams, Bernd and Hilla Becher, Stephen Shore and others whose work examined a landscape in conversation with human activity. Their visions chose to add nothing new to what a complex world already contained with blemishes and realities. Caroline Allison continues this revelation in her work, depicting the continually interrupted narratives of the natural land the manufactured, the traditional and the modern, the timeless and the ephemeral.

At her best, Allison distills the current condition of the visual landscape into elegant, often ironic statements. Working in medium format, she produces color images in a size that could only be the result of a conscious decision to reduce the visual field beneath one of these signs, presumably from a fast food restaurant, that cautions “Clearance 8 ft.” Ha-ha, yes, we get it, but subtle humor, found humor, is so prevalent in the other works of the series that such a contrivance seems out of place.

The presentation of the trope of the landscape in personal spaces, either in the guise of gilt-framed landscapes or artificial plants, is another recurring subject in Allison’s work. In one symmetrical image, two American flags hang side by side with equal importance. The eye is indiscriminate in the presentation of the trope of the landscape in personal spaces, either in the guise of gilt-framed seascapes or artificial plants, is another recurring subject in Allison’s work. The photographer’s gaze is a recurring subject for Allison. One view consists of a man on a beach with a rather expensive looking camera ostensibly pointed out toward the distant ocean, which is not included in the frame. Of course someone would photograph the ocean at sunset, and at first glance it seems a natural reaction, but what this image calls into question is the habitation of the experience of beauty and along with that, everything implicitly pre-approved for photographic rendering.

This is not to say that Allison displays disdain for lesser narrative; on the contrary, her amusement with people taking pictures is their hearts’ content. A man on a street, a solitary figure, a wall appears to be holding its own, though water fallingly seeps through its sections at the seams. The photographer’s gaze is a recurring subject for Allison. One view consists of a man on a beach with a rather expensive looking camera ostensibly pointed out toward the distant ocean, which is not included in the frame. Of course some- one would photograph the ocean at sunset, and at first glance it seems a natural reaction, but what this image calls into question is the habitation of the experience of beauty and along with that, everything implicitly pre-approved for photographic rendering.

It would be incorrect to say that Allison’s photographs are uniformly drenched with irony. She achieves the fullness of her range when encountering subjects that defy petty irony, as in an image of a young boy lying ecstatic amidst the theatrical evaporation of a summer rainstorm from the hot asphalt of a parking lot. In viewing this image, one gets the sense that Allison did not happen upon this scene as it is, but directed the boy to lie on the pavement. The effect is somewhat evocative of Gregory Crewdson’s work, but in a perfectly natural, related opposite to Crewdson’s psychological juxtapositions.

There should be nothing wrong with a little collaboration with one’s world consisting that, after all, there is no such thing as a pure observer. In any case, Allison, for the most part, steps aside from her subject matter, working in the same mode that an anthropologist uses to catalog the details of a newly-discovered world. In her work, every texture bears equal importance. The image is indiscriminate in the milieu, and only later, in the reading of the images, in the arrangement of the fragments, does it become possible to discern a sense of order, and with this sense, a realization that everything is both somewhere and not anywhere.

John Braverman

Hattierburg, Mississippi, Untitled (digital image 2006), 2006. 15” x 15”, C-prints.

Brandon is a recent graduate of the photo program at MTSU.

Caroline Allison: Somewhere and Not Anywhere

John Braverman

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NUMBER:58
Nowhere does theelixir of lasciviousness. In the companion panel on the left, the red ball dangling against a battered red wall. His left foot touches an outward but not precisely at the observer. She clutches in red-gloved hands a quail, its feet limp, its lower body plucked featherless, its beady eye an enigmatic black circle. Universally an emblem of the spirit, the lifeless bird she grasps symbolizes an inner life thwarted and agonized.

Poulette, nonetheless, patron of those raising poultry (poulette is, nonetheless, patron of those raising poultry (poulette in French is “a young hen” or “hulter”). Simultaneously consoiling and betraying inner conflict, Poulette dominates the stark space, her gaze penetrating, directed outwardly but not precisely at the observer. She clutches in red-gloved hands a quail, its feet limp, its lower body plucked featherless, its bead eye an enigmatic black circle. Universally an emblem of the spirit, the lifeless bird she grasps symbolizes an inner life thwarted and agonized.

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58. Dorothy M. Joiner is Lovick P. Corn Professor of Art History at LaGrange in LaGrange, Georgia. She has organized several exhibitions on Southern women artists and is the author of Southern Women Artists: A Survey of the Collections of the Huntsville Museum of Art and the Huntsville Museum of Art, Views of the Collection: Southern Women Artists. Viewed from the Huntsville Museum’s permanent collection, these works by women of the South exemplify not only a remarkable range of interests and styles, but give evidence of the museum’s commendable practice of collecting and displaying works of artists close to home.
Johanson, David Jarvey, Elizabeth Meyer and Alexis Van Hurkman. The video’s exhibition gallery includes seven written video artists (or art groups) and one full-length piece to flesh out contemporary art, or our current attempts at language and expression, represent aspirations toward this vacuum of nothingness. He also suggests that the tendency for interchanging reality and fiction is an effort by artists to make expression, represent aspirations toward this vacuum of nothingness. He also suggests that the tendency for interchanging reality and fiction is an effort by artists to make expression, represent aspirations toward this vacuum of nothingness. He also suggests that the tendency for interchanging reality and fiction is an effort by artists to make expression, represent aspirations toward this vacuum of nothingness. 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mination for the artist. The piece brings together elements
of wire, rope, hinges and hardware decorating the many hunks
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of wood, glass and metal that comprise the parts of the
work. Each wire serves as a clothesline, burdened with
shirts and ties, scarves, dresses, skirts and blouses, jackets
and caps. All of this clothing is dark blue, and was
acquired from thrift shops in our neck of the woods.

The large-scale floor pieces, suggests how the artist
seems to refer directly to Brancusi’s “Bird in Space.”
Perhaps Mutu was influenced by the Romanian
artist’s insistence that his art was not abstraction,
but instead that it represented an essential, primary reality.

Mutu’s “Sleeping Heads Lie” involves creating a monster
by combining elements that are the constant constraints of exploitation, crime and war.

The artist’s statement about “The Hunt” describes these
forms and hanging from the ceiling, suspended between metal rings.

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Christine Conley, Après Moi, le Deluge
Buckman Performing Arts Center
August

Memphis
One of the most conceptually and visually compelling installations of 2006, Christine Conley’s Après Moi, le Deluge described a world coming apart at the seams. Seventy plus pieces of sculpture, many of them floating, hanging loose, hung from the ceiling of the Buckman Performing Arts Center lobby. Acrylic cutouts that looked like fugitive puzzle pieces of Rococo artwork were flung across the far back wall. A small black box titled “Enlightenment” hung next to the exit, and on the right wall, a large drawing of a planet careening toward self-destruction. Après Moi, le Deluge, took us from biblical times to pre-revolutionary France to a Katrina-flooded New Orleans to the dawn of a future civilization.

On the right side of Après Moi, a wanderer peers through scraps into residential neighborhoods where it rains to the roof tiles of houses lining the streets. A dinosaur stood on the back and dozed from the streetlights. Pairs of animals (including sheep, cow, dolphin, and cat) attempting to stay afloat brought to mind the biblical account of the flood, but in this deluge there was no ark, no Noah, and instead of finding refuge the animals were swept down the river and over the gilded frame at the bottom of the drawing. In one of many subtle, ironic touches that deepened the darkness and perceived truth, peered over the man’s back. The vibrant colors and intricate curves of nine palette paintings (“Enough to Go Around,” acrylic on styrene) replicated the globs of paint Conley mixes on her palette. The artworks on the left side of the gallery brought us to the left wall of the lobby, they looked like broken pieces of luminous, graceful curving Rococo artworks that adorned the homes of the wealthy in 18th century France. These frameless works of color could be taken as ingenious metaphor for the French revolution, a revolution intended to redress the wealth that, ultimately, escalated into large-scale destruction of property and life. The artworks on the left side of the gallery brought us to face to face with inner demons and a group that had gone wrong. Seventy plus pieces of sculpture (“Free Agents,” painted bisque), many of them hobgoblin-like creatures similar to those found in the apocalyptic paintings of Hieronymus Bosch, hung from the ceiling in front of “Little Boy/The Sleep ofReason,” a series of five small drawings also filled with trebling, hanging faces.

“Little Boy” was the microwave for the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima, and on “The Sleep of Reason” Goya described as “the innumerable foibles and follies to be found in any civilized society. “ In Goya’s series of “Caprichos” Goya described as “the innumerable foibles and follies to be found in any civilized society,” one of a series of “Caprichos” Goya described as “the innumerable foibles and follies to be found in any civilized society,” one of a series of “Caprichos” Goya described as “the innumerable foibles and follies to be found in any civilized society.” To the left of a huge, gnarled tree that split Après Moi down its center, Conley took us to another scene in pre-revolutionary France where a nobleman pushed his mistress on a swing tied to the branches of the twisted tree. Conley’s beautifully executed, detailed recreation of Jean-Honoré Fragonard’s (1727) painting, “The Swing,” was as full of lush foliage and elaborate petticoats as the original. There was one important alteration. The glories of the ancient tree twisted into unnatural, elongate that split the gilded frame surrounding the left side of the drawing. In a second, similar alteration, the canopy of trees above Boucher’s peasants lounging on the man’s back, they were swept down the river and over the gilded frame at the bottom of the drawing. In one of many subtle, ironic touches that deepened the one of the lynx’s pupils looked directly at the viewer. The other pupil, angled slightly to the right, stared at something beyond us. “Après moi, le deluge,” a phrase attributed both to Charles XV and his mistress, Madame Pompadour, suggests that after the downfall of a powerful ruler, chaos ensues. One of the most imposing figures in the installation towered above the dumpsters in the drawing, Après Moi, and suggested the outcome to history’s cycles of framing and excess, revolution and retribution. The huge creature’s Buddha belly, bulbous nose and elongated forehead looked both alien and ancient; it was, perhaps, a stone monolith carved at the dawn of a future civilization more after ears has succeeded to some combination of global warfare, global warming and pestilence. We almost missed “Enlightenment,” the small black box pinpointed these retinal-shaped cones the color and translucency of amber that hung on the wall next to the exit. Like Après Moi, “Enlightenment” asked us to look into the dark places in ourselves and our world, to look long and deep (most of the world’s amber was created more than 30 million years ago), and, instead of repeating the cycle of repression/rebellion/retribution, to envision new behaviors that could slow down a world careening toward political and environmental catastrophe.

Carol Knowles
Devotee to Memphians abstract and art.
NUMBER: recommends that visitors call in advance or view websites for open hours and potential changes in exhibit schedules.

Dixon Gallery and Gardens
Power House | Indie Memphis | Delta Axis @ Marshall Arts, D’Edge Art and Unique Treasures
4540 Poplar, 901.767.3800 www.davidluskgallery.com
Saturday 9:30-noon, Sunday 2 to 5 pm and by appointment
3534 Walker Av, 901.452.8363
Clip Joint Gallery
83 S. 2nd St., 901.525.7948
1500 Union Ave., 901.278.6868
Reception, Wednesday, March 21, 6-7:30
Opening reception, March 23, 6-9
Southern Graphics Council Traveling Print
March 14
Debra Edge, February 23
Opening:  Friday, April 6, 6-8
Reception, Friday, April 13
Lecture by artist, Blount Auditorium, 7pm
Chris Scarborough, March 2-April 4
Jana Travis:  New Paintings, Through February 22
Opening reception, January 26, 5-7:30
3092 Poplar, 901.405.6000 perrynicoleart@bellsouth.net
Perry Nicole Fine Art
Painted Planet Artspace
374 Metal Museum Drive, 901.774.6380 www.metalmuseum.org
Friday 4-8 ; Saturday and Sun 11-4.
431 South Main
Rust Hall Gallery
Overton Park, 901.544.6200 www.brooksmuseum.org
750 Cherry Rd, 901.576.4100
Joysmith Gallery and Studio
408 S. Front St . (Huling Ave. entrance) 901.522.8300
Hollis Arts Gallery
30 Frazier Avenue, 423.265.4282 www.avartists.org
The AVA Center Gallery
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE
The Art Center Gallery
Saturday 9:30-noon, Sunday 2 to 5 pm and by appointment
333 Jackson Street, 423.409.6224
The Center for the Arts
501 E. Main St., 865.389.2086 www.thecenterforthearts.org
Opening reception, February 24, 5-8:30
Opening reception March 2, 6-8
Andrea Holmes Lugar, January 8-February 9
Jeni Stallings, April
My Bloody Valentine:  Art to Die For, January
Rosenwald Revisited:  Wisdom From the
Africa, March 10-May 20
Power Dressing:  Men’s Fashion and Prestige in
Cityscapes and Country Views:  America
Jean Arp:  Prints and Projects, Through April 15
Opening reception, February 16, 5:30-7:30
Andrea Holmes Lugar, January 8-February 9
Jeni Stallings, April
My Bloody Valentine:  Art to Die For, January
Rosenwald Revisited:  Wisdom From the
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