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The restaurant where SUBTLE isn’t on the menu.
Elizabeth Lide, Putting the House in Order, detail of MM’s wall of 180 papers. Elizabeth Lide, Putting the House in Order for the Working Artist Project fellowship 2015/2016. Elizabeth Lide used papers, fabric, threads, clothes, film, and objects passed to her by family and friends, archiving and examining how holding on to these materials has influenced her work and how she lives. For information, www.elizabethlide.com.

The etymology of the word nostalgia is from the Greek nostos (homecoming) + algos (pain), referring to a literal homelessness. Johannes Houter, a 17th century physician, coined the term in 1688, and diagnosed nostalgia as a disease from which students and military away from home would suffer. The contemporary definition of nostalgia has expanded to “a sorrowful or excessively sentimental yearning for return to or of some past period or irreparable condition;” this sentiment frequently hand-in-hand with bittersweet feelings, twinges of that homesickness, melancholy, or regret.

Nostalgia pulls the heart but comes from the fuzzy archive of the mind, which manipulates facts into fantastical memories, a memoiberged past. This misrepresentation of the facts of the past is a bit like “fake news” for the brain, and can be beneficial or problematic, depending on the memory. When we think back on good times, are we getting it right? Experiences can be remembered as brighter than the reality, or darker, leading to happy and comforting emotions, or alternatively, sadness and depression. Nostalgia can get you sidetracked — as we examine our past critically, exploring other hypothetical avenues, we may think — if only we had done something different, then the present may not exist as it presently does. Nostalgia can even invite action as we backtrack to find that time or place that may have never existed as we now recall it.

Suzanna Boyim, in her influential book, The Future of Nostalgia, has a name for the type of nostalgia that desires to reclaim the past in the present. Restorative nostalgia, as Boyim puts it, emphasizes “nostos (returning home) and attempts a transhistorical reconstruction of the lost home,” stressed to recreate or return to the past. Restorative nostalgia can be dangerous, reactionary, even revolutionary in the hands of some. Restorative nostalgia is “Make America Great Again.” Boyim details another type of nostalgia as well — reflective nostalgia. Reflective nostalgia thrives in algos, the longing itself, and delays the homecoming — wistfully, ironically, desperately. It is with reflective nostalgia that we recall the past, even long for it, but also let it inform our future.

In this issue, I wanted to offer a critical look at nostalgia and its types, its strength, power, premonitions, and pull in contemporary society. As you turn through the pages of issue No: 90, take note at the nuanced way each of the authors and artists are harnessing and approaching nostalgia — personally, universally, reflectively, and restoratively.

On the cover, see a detail of work by Elizabeth Lide, a paper piece that is part of MM’s wall of 180 papers installation in her exhibition Putting the House in Order. This collection of a lifetime’s worth of inherited objects functions both restoratively and reflectively, as she presents and conceptualizes nostalgic objects from her past that have influenced her work and life.

Logan Lockner’s article, “The Closet as Archive: Reframing Queer Nostalgia with NEWSPAPER,” chronicles the history of an underground queer photography magazine from the 70s has been contemporarily resurrected. Lockner argues nostalgia for the “long gone alleged golden age of queer promises,” while exploring how this longing is manifested in present-day queer spaces.

Mike Stasny presents illustrations, ready for coloring, of vintage mechanized figures — the medium (featuring a trenchy resurgence currently) is itself a nostalgic recreation of a childhood activity, of afternoons spent idly passing the time with coloring books and crayons galore.

Then there’s a compelling conversation during an interview between artist and educator Joel Parsons and Jesse Butcher that delves into the intricacies and specificities of nostalgia in art history. They discuss works by Felix Gonzalez-Torres such as the forever-maintained candy sculptures and come up with a concept called “micro-nostalgia” that links to contemporary internet art and our cultural obsession with social media.

Dorothy Joiner’s review of Art Wiper’s Illustrated Talks at Whitespec references the artist’s reflective use of 17th century mezzotint techniques in his prints depicting mid-century modern living. Meredith Kiose also insightfully critiques The High Museum’s Cosmopolitan: The Power of Place in American Art, 1785-1930, through the lens of the current United States political climate, articulating the divide between the seen and unseen in the selected, nostalgic representations of this period.

Nostalgia is a loaded subject it seems, especially for a fleeting and intangible feeling. Nostalgia has the potential to energize future progress and yet is simultaneously able to dismantle years and decades of work in a return to the past. Personally, I’m feeling a bit nostalgic for nostalgia, but I can’t exactly place that either. I’d like to see you with a quote, by the novelist and New York contributor Peter de Vries that perfectly encapsulates these sentiments.

Nostalgia isn’t what it used to be.
Springfield is a historic town in western Massachusetts, famous for its visual artists. This year’s Arts (on) Site (up) event (from about 70%—from 70%) supports the Arts (on) Site (up) Food Court (for 70%—from 70%) and the Arts (on) Site (up) Education (for 70%—from 70%).

Regional Update: Memphis

The spring art market in Memphis, the largest in the region, saw a growth of 30%—from 30%—in attendance this year. The market included a diverse range of visual and performing artists, with new and returning vendors.

 Memphis is a thriving arts community, with a growing number of galleries and art spaces, and a greater diversity of opportunities, all within a very reasonable cost of living. Memphis is home to the Shared Art Making Facility, a space for artists to create and collaborate. The facility will begin (in blocks of two weeks to three months throughout the year, with shorter sessions in the Residency Program that will launch in the newly renovated Crosstown Concourse Building in January 2022).

Regional Update: Nashville

UrbanArt Commission is hiring three local artists (Sparks and Lance Turner are the recipients of the grant. Their diverse practices range through figurative, abstract, and socially engaged work, digitally activated mural work and social practice. It is a progressive group representing some of the strongest artwork in the area.

Maritza Davila, Carl Moore and Jennifer Sargent, are all strong, deserving pillars who have outstanding practices and have supported and built up the local art scene throughout their careers.

Regional Update: Chattanooga

The Chattanooga community is an art-driven city, with a vibrant arts scene, and a focus on community and social engagement. The city is home to the Shared Art Making Facility, a space for artists to create and collaborate. The facility will launch in the newly renovated Crosstown Concourse Building in January 2022.

The exhibit will be on view (to neighborhood conversations around connectivity, sustainability, livability and opportunity across the city) from March 15 to June 17, 2022. The exhibit includes works by a range of local and international artists, including paintings, sculptures, digital media installations, and performance art. The exhibit aims to engage and inspire visitors, and to promote the city as a hub for creativity and innovation.

Regional Update: Mississippi

Mississippi is a state known for its rich history in visual arts. This year’s Arts (on) Site (up) event (from about 70%—from 70%) supported the Arts (on) Site (up) Food Court (for 70%—from 70%) and the Arts (on) Site (up) Education (for 70%—from 70%).

Natalie Tyree is a designer and educator living and working in Oxford, MS. Who, What, Wear? is an exhibition that will feature Olive Leonhardt’s work. The show will run through April 28th and the Student MFA Thesis Exhibition by Preston Tolbert which runs through April 28th and the Student MFA Thesis Exhibition by Preston Tolbert which runs through April 28th. The exhibition will feature process based sketches and drawings showcasing works from the perspective of fashion design.
For the Wolfes, a landscape of Family Memory

People know about The Wolfe Studio in Decatur, Alabama, mostly through its roster of artists in residence. The building used to be a train station in the 1800s. Now it’s the headquarters of a large arts center that was founded in 1946 by Karl Wolfe’s parents. The Wolfe Family Legacy exhibition, which opened here in May, looks at the lives of Karl Wolfe and Bebe Wolfe and how their work shaped the studio.

The Wolfe Studio was established in 1946 in what were then the rural outskirts of Decatur, Alabama. It was run by Karl Wolfe and his wife, Bebe Wolfe. The studio was a place where artists could come to work and live, and their families could come to visit. It was a place where the Wolfes could connect with their roots and with their community.

As an exhibition curator for the Wolfes’ legacy, I’ve been exploring their story for many years. The exhibition is a celebration of their lives and work, and it’s also an invitation to visit The Wolfe Studio and explore the art and history there.

The exhibition includes a variety of works, including paintings, sculptures, and photographs. It features works by the Wolfes, as well as other artists who have lived and worked at The Wolfe Studio. The exhibition is a way to honor the Wolfes’ legacy and to inspire others to continue their work.

The exhibition is open to the public and is located at The Wolfe Studio in Decatur, Alabama. It will be on display through the end of the year. I hope you’ll visit and enjoy the works and stories on display.

— Sherry Lucas, a longtime feature writer in Jackson, Mississippi, has a passion for the arts and sharing their stories.
The Closet as Archive: Reframing Queer Nostalgia with NEWSPAPER

The concept of “coming out of the closet” frames queerness through a spatial metaphor: the space inside the closet is conceived, occluded, and dark, and performing the speech act of “coming out” supposedly opens the door to self-acceptance and cohesive personal identity. The narratives of life and mutability of desire, however, prove that coming out is a much more fraught and far less linear process than we have been led to believe. Outside of the realm of metaphor, coming out of the closet can be simple. The closet in this story is not a lonely, shameful hiding place but a shared space where erotic longing into a tool for critiquing the present as well as the past. The colossal shadow that history has transformed the original into a doubly commodified identity performance.

The Closet as Archive: Reframing Queer Nostalgia with NEWSPAPER

was first published in New York from 1969 until 1971 as an underground queer photography zine. At the conceptual art scene started emerging downtown in the late 1960s, Steve Lawrence, Peter Hujar, and Paul Thek drew upon the influence of Earth Catalog of alternative exhibition space in print. Groups of two or three people gathered throughout the gallery, slowly and almost reverently unfolding copies of the issue. Downstairs, in a slightly musty unfinished basement, some chairs were arranged in the dark in front of a hanging bed sheet. Vintage gay porn showing scenes of a buff blond man masturbating and, later, of group sex, were projected from reels of 8mm film onto the wall. The setting was a collective pursuit and, perhaps most alien to me, unmediated by digital technology. It was not only homophobic stigma and police crackdowns that erased shared queer spaces like this one but also changes in technology and, most personally, individual behavior. The nostalgia I felt while sitting beside my friend watching someone who was 25 years older than I am and almost reverently unfolding copies of the issue. When I took a seat beside an artist who I’d encountered upstairs, we shared a brief mischievous glance. It was too dark in the basement to identify who else was in the audience aside from the people immediately next to you, lending the space an almost indulgent seediness. I switched for a few moments before realizing that I had never seen gay porn in any context other than online, and despite the screening’s slightly campy feel, this realization caused a wave of melancholy to wash over me. If the metaphorical closet is a lonely place to hide, this dark basement was something entirely different: a shared space where erotic longing was a collective pursuit and, perhaps most alien to me, unmediated by digital technology.

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Photography by Patrick Dlabick for NEWSPAPER Vol. 5, No. 3., 2017; B&W Newsprint, 23 x 34”

Photography by Carlo Baltrusaitis for NEWSPAPER Vol. 5, No. 3., 2017; B&W Newsprint, 23 x 34”

Logan Lockner is a writer based in Atlanta. He is associate editor of BURNAWA Y and contributor to publications including Art Papers and Photograph.
Interview: Joel Parsons

Joel Parsons is an artist, writer and curator based in Memphis, Tennessee. He is Director of Clough-Haney Contemporary Art Center and Professor of Art at Rhodes College.

When we encounter nostalgia in art, how can we evaluate it? I'm automatically suspicious of nostalgia. I think most queer art people — unchekced nostalgia is how we get "Make America Great Again." Like, what good old days are you talking about? Because I guarantee they weren’t good for a lot of people. If that’s critically ignoring the nostalgia, if the nostalgia points toward a way of reorienting with the past or creating a better future, then we can talk. But pure nostalgia is pretty scary to people in minoritarian positions. Maybe that’s why a lot of queer art seems to focus on creating better futures and opening up new possibilities in the present moment, rather than revisiting a sepia-toned past. To me, that’s a more productive use of energy.

When I consider nostalgia in art, I immediately think of photography, which I love but consider a morose medium: the idea of freezing, passing moments to capture that immediately disappear.

What about Felix Gonzalez-Torres’ photo billboards? They’re queer, but can they be nostalgic? I had never thought of that way. They always read as so immediate to me. The image of the empty bed feels like it’s about right now, the lover who just left a moment ago, the bed still warm. The flying bird as well — there are no signifiers of specific time and place in those images, and I think that’s intentional and I think that puts up a kind of buffer against nostalgia. But then you’re right, they’re photos and that places them in the realm of memory, the past.

Maybe they’re a kind of micro-nostalgia? Is that thing? A small-scale nostalgia for a specific moment, purposefully out of context. Not about The Past writ large but about one encounter or instance of time. That makes it less safe and more active than something purely nostalgic. It challenges the present moment in a way that pure nostalgia can’t. I’m saying nostalgia is a straight person’s game? Or a game for people who haven’t really been confronted with their position within the power matrix. I’m not sure if I believe that but it’s interesting to think about.

Micro-nostalgia is an interesting concept. Especially within pop culture and social media. Is nostalgia becoming an obscurosum that is detrimental to our moving forward as artists or can we conceive of new ways to consume this information without necessarily reflecting how it was delivered? (I’m trying to say I don’t always enjoy Art about the Internet.) Yeah, maybe the ability to access so much of our own personal histories through social media is shrinking the capacity of nostalgia in some way. The perpetual scroll and the timeline, the timelines encapsulated in posts. Are those posts where micro-nostalgia lives? Certainly the more aware I am of the complicated ways that power circulates, the less inclined toward large-scale nostalgia I am. Maybe Felix, once again, points the way forward by giving us a way to unlock that content from the timeline, to flatten or expand time and let moments exist in perpetuity.

Certainly, and with Felix Gonzalez-Torres the space. We are a product of the time, therefore we give back credit were it is due: time. We are synchronized, now and forever. I love you.

Though this text is never displayed with the actual art object does it affect the work for you? Or can this be similarly read as a form of treepassing? Our communal micro-nostalgia need to have everything explained in full so that we personally feel a sense of completion? Yeah, I really love that piece. It’s so simple and so elegant but it keeps confusing me. He drew two clocks at the top of that post and I understand that having tattooed on my body. We are a product of time. But of course the clocks in that piece aren’t synchronized, they run a bit ahead of or behind one another, and then’s for ever. I think this correspondence with his lover was an expression of an ideal, an example of the way love can make the beloved and everything they touch into an ideal. There’s a powerful and strategic denial in that letter. That denial and that ideal were functions of survival for queer people living through the first onslaught of AIDS. The art that followed the correspondence is, in a way, more realistic, more humane. I’m making a jump back into our topic and completely glossing here, but maybe in his personal or romantic life Felix could make room for something like nostalgia (or the related thing that we’re calling micro-nostalgia). Maybe it was useful, he way nostalgia conjures an ideal that shields a person to reality. Maybe that was survival. But the new edge of reality already cuts into his art. I think that’s because unlike correspondences with his lover, the art goes out into the public realm. When it does that it indicates his politics and his desires, and it would be weird to have the status quo to co-opt an uncheckerd ideal. Felix resists the status quo because it functions as a bulwark against progress.

Joe Parsons

Felix Gonzalez-Torres, “Untitled” (Perfect Lovers), 1991. Wall clocks and paper on wall. Overall dimensions vary depending on installation. Clocks: H 74 cm × 28 cm × 1 cm; overall: 77 cm × 234 cm × 1 cm; overall; Toypic Space: dimensions each © The Felix Gonzalez-Torres Foundation. Courtesy of Andrea Rosen Gallery, New York

Jason Butler is an artist and educator currently living in Memphis, TN.
Although there are some exceptions to the rule, I don’t like thinking about my past and feel very conflicted about looking at images from my own personal history. Looking at different versions of who I was, people I was with, places I have been - generally make me uncomfortable. I feel exhausted from the pulling forces of who I thought I was, who I really was, what I thought I was going to be, etc.

My heart generally defaults to the negative aspects of my story. If I look at an image of a good time, I think, “what the hell am I doing with myself now?” and if the image represents something negative it further drives home, “see… shit sucks”. On extremely rare occasions, for example, I will go back to where I received my BFA and feel on the verge of a panic attack.

I consider myself an almost irritatingly joyful person, my life is a good one and I find it curious why looking at my past causes this exhausting pain. I once heard the quote, “nostalgia makes a demand on the present” which to me challenges the notion that nostalgia isn’t something that has a positive connotation for everyone.

Keeping this in mind, I’ve always been fascinated and take deep pleasure in something I call “borrowed nostalgia”. Escapism has always been a main focus in my work, and borrowed nostalgia is a form of escapism formed from aged, old looking, and sounding artifacts - think old sepia photos, aged browsing magazines, or the sound of old recordings complete with vinyl pops and scratches. It forces me to ask the question, “why do I love “oldness” aesthetically, but feel looking at my own history so hard to do?”

This collection of coloring book images plays on borrowed nostalgia by using vintage wrestling posters and antiquated technology such as typewriters as composite material. The actual subject matter is almost arbitrary, but what is important is the images have a suggestion of “oldness”. Transforming the images into coloring book form is a further reminder of youth and could be argued as a nostalgia-evoking media just by its nature. Enjoy.
Inside jokes and obscure allusions can be found at most graduate exhibitions, and *Raw Dill* is no exception. There's just more of it. Crowding two gallery spaces and over 3,500 square feet, the show crams together solo-worthy amounts of work from five artists: Lindy Erkes, Jon Nowell, Lauren O'Connor-Korb, Katie Rothacher, and Taylor Shaw. With apparently little edited out in service to theme, the cumulative effect is a glimpse into a contemporary MFA program.

I recognize tropes that are difficult to avoid in my own work and throughout my graduate program: ritual fetish, material schizophrenia, pop-culture nostalgia, a preoccupation with the artist’s body that borders on navel-gazing. There are a few one-liners, like O'Connor-Korb’s sagging soft-sculpture *Strained*.

A lot of work appears to be slyly unfinished, most frustratingly Nowell’s *Bohemian Tautology*: a spare, indecipherable mosiac-arrangement of steel rods and utility fabrics.

A few pieces stand out to me as resolved and worthy of extended contemplation. Rothacher’s *Silver and Gold Visions of my Inner Self* resonates beyond the implications of its title. A ghostly paper portrait is repeatedly shredded and rewoven into gossamer fabric. The pixelated icons, in their rainbow pastels, invite me to meditate on the tangibility of the craft object and the elusiveness of the self.

Gregor’s *Anxious Dreams* by O’Connor-Korb is the piece I think about long after leaving the gallery. A narrow wooden box, perfectly joined and sanded, hangs horizontally below eye level. It resembles an empty shelf. Inside, a noise moves from end to end. The label lists two ingredients: “maple, anxiety.” As I try to decipher the source of the audio recording (what I assume to be “anxiety”), I have a place to put my eye on the top of the shelf, along the grain, where the stress of the puzzle is eased, and I can admire O’Connor-Korb’s obvious knack for carpentry.

Though most of the work in this exhibition has little to say, a few pieces draw me in. Look for these moments of connection when my role as a viewer seems warranted, welcome. It’s the absence of this generosity that fosters the perception of the art world (and the programs that feed it) as frivolously self-indulgent.

My brother, a chemist, tells me that my studio art MFA is a “hobby degree.” My president releases a budget plan that eliminates the NEA. I worry that we have a serious PR problem in the arts, a communication problem we’re talking to ourselves.

I am not calling for an end to the MFA, nor would I ever condemn humor, absurdity, or introspective practices. I am certainly not advocating for over-simplification. If anything, the artist’s ability to tease nuance is needed now more than ever — beyond the bubble of art school, ourselves. We must reach out and assert our relevance.
Rediscovered by contemporary artists during the 80s, mezzotint, the first printmaking technique to achieve tonal values without hatching, cross-hatching, or stippling, was invented by a German amateur artist in the 17th century. Prized for the quality and richness of its prints, mezzotint was widely used in 18th century England to reproduce aristocratic portraits. But the medium lost popularity in the 1800s, largely in favor of photography and also perhaps because of the rigors inherent in its execution. Drawn by its velvety tonalities and sombrous chiaroscuro, however, Art Werger uses mezzotint with great success to create intriguing non-linear narratives of modern urban life. Like the omniscient narrator of literary fiction, Werger often hovers over his scenes much like a helicopter, recording incidents and fleetingly provocative images, provoking the viewer to weave tales from tantalizing sketches.

Pillar (1997) shows twinned rows of attached seats arranged back to back. Seen from above, the chairs form a vertical “spine,” on either side of which figures sit, as though unaware that they are being scrutinized. A few fold their arms in resignation or perhaps impatience, a woman holds a child, others cross their legs. Similarly depicted from a balcony at a sharp angle, Personal Space (2004) pictures strollers below, silhouetted against a syncopated grid of floor tiles. With foliage pushed to the sides and with minimal overlapping, the figures are for the most part emotionally isolated from each other. As though to underscore their anonymity, Werger reiterates several of them, such as the man in a suit near the bottom, who is repeated in the middle right. This witty repetition of figures recalls Honoré de Balzac’s retour des personnages, from one novel to another in his celebrated series La Comédie Humaine.

His procedure analogous to literary stream-of-consciousness, Werger displays further narrative skills in smaller compositions displayed in a grid, such as Life on the Go (2014), with embossed paper framing each vignette. Offering no coherent narrative, the collective resonates not only with the melodrama of Film Noir, but also with Scott McCloud’s concept of “closure,” whereby the observer creates imaginatively the missing fil conducteur between otherwise disparate scenes, as in modern comics. In one print a young woman riding in a car tilts her head back, eyes closed, mouth open wide in laughter, or is it a howl of pain? At her side a diagonal of light casts a spectral quality on a man’s profile. Is he a memory?

Other works are notably devoid of people. The viewer looks down at night on a street dotted with cookie-cutter houses in American Dream (2010), lights from the dwellings giving the sole suggestion of a human presence. Offering no means of escape, the claustrophobic roadway circles back on itself, broken only by cul-de-sacs — symbolic dead ends. Rising Tide (2015) shows rough ocean waves, illuminated by an eerie lunar light. Adapted from numerous photographs of the sea near the artist’s beach house at Montauk, Long Island, the work is a subtle reminder of global warming, which threatens to erode the coast line even further, as did super storm Sandy a few years ago.

At the Crossroads (2017) offers another admonition, this time against the surreptitious but growing efforts to suppress legitimate civil protest. Lithographic figures converge toward the intersection of two city streets. Hands raised as if in surrender, protesters grouped in random gaggles confront the curved line of a police barricade. Werger here exploits the universal symbolism of the crossroads as a site of danger, haunted by menacing spirits. It was at the crossroads that Oedipus killed his father, initiating his own fall into a fated destiny. The nation as well is at a crossroads, the artist suggests.

The most prolific contemporary artist currently working in mezzotint, Werger has achieved international recognition. At the first International Mezzotint Festival held in 2011 at Ekaterinburg, Russia, he received the Award for the Correspondence of Imagery and Technique. Together with this award, he was granted a solo exhibition during the second festival. At the third festival in 2015, he won the grand prize for Rising Tide. This prize will involve another solo show at the fourth festival in 2017.
Maynard Dixon (1875-1946), Red Butte with Mountain Men, 1935, oil on canvas, 95 x 213 in. Booth Western Art Museum, Cartersville, GA.

John Rogers Cox (1915-1990), Wheat Field, ca. 1943, oil on Masonite, 16 x 20 in. The John and Susan Horseman Collection of American Art.
How can you apply your love – and need – for art with your passion for helping people? That was the question I asked myself time and again until I discovered an article about the mental health profession of art therapy.

As a Registered Art Therapist, I have the privilege of working with people across the lifespan to assist them with their mental, emotional, social, and spiritual goals and needs. Whether a client is seeking to “get it out”, “let go”, or “connect with oneself or others, art therapists are trained to help people of all ages express, grow, and heal through the creative process and their art.

During a recent art therapy partnership with Juvenile Intervention & Faith-based Follow-up (JIFF) at the Memphis Brooks Museum of Art, I saw young men from the juvenile justice system allow art to open their minds, hearts, and hopes for their futures and their communities. From group discussions in the galleries to creating in the studio, these art therapy groups gave these young men a different language to uncharacteristically explore and express their emotions and life experiences through art – and later, through words. Similarly, clients frequently tell me they did not know they could express themselves through art, but that it was one of the most healing, helpful, and empowering experiences in their life or treatment.

When I tell people about my work, they often say something along the lines of “Oh! I’ve never heard of that. That’s interesting… but, it definitely makes sense!” It is a unique experience – and opportunity – to practice a profession that relatively few people know about. Nationally, there are over 6,000 credentialed art therapists (atcb.org). However, only a small percentage of those live and practice in the Southeast compared to more vibrant regions, such as the Midwest. From group discussions in the galleries to creating in the studio, these art therapy groups gave these young men a different language to uncharacteristically explore and express their emotions and life experiences through art – and later, through words. Similarly, clients frequently tell me they did not know they could express themselves through art, but that it was one of the most healing, helpful, and empowering experiences in their life or treatment.

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