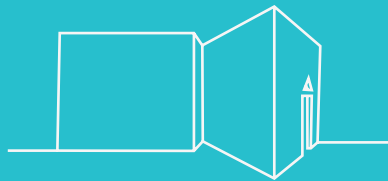
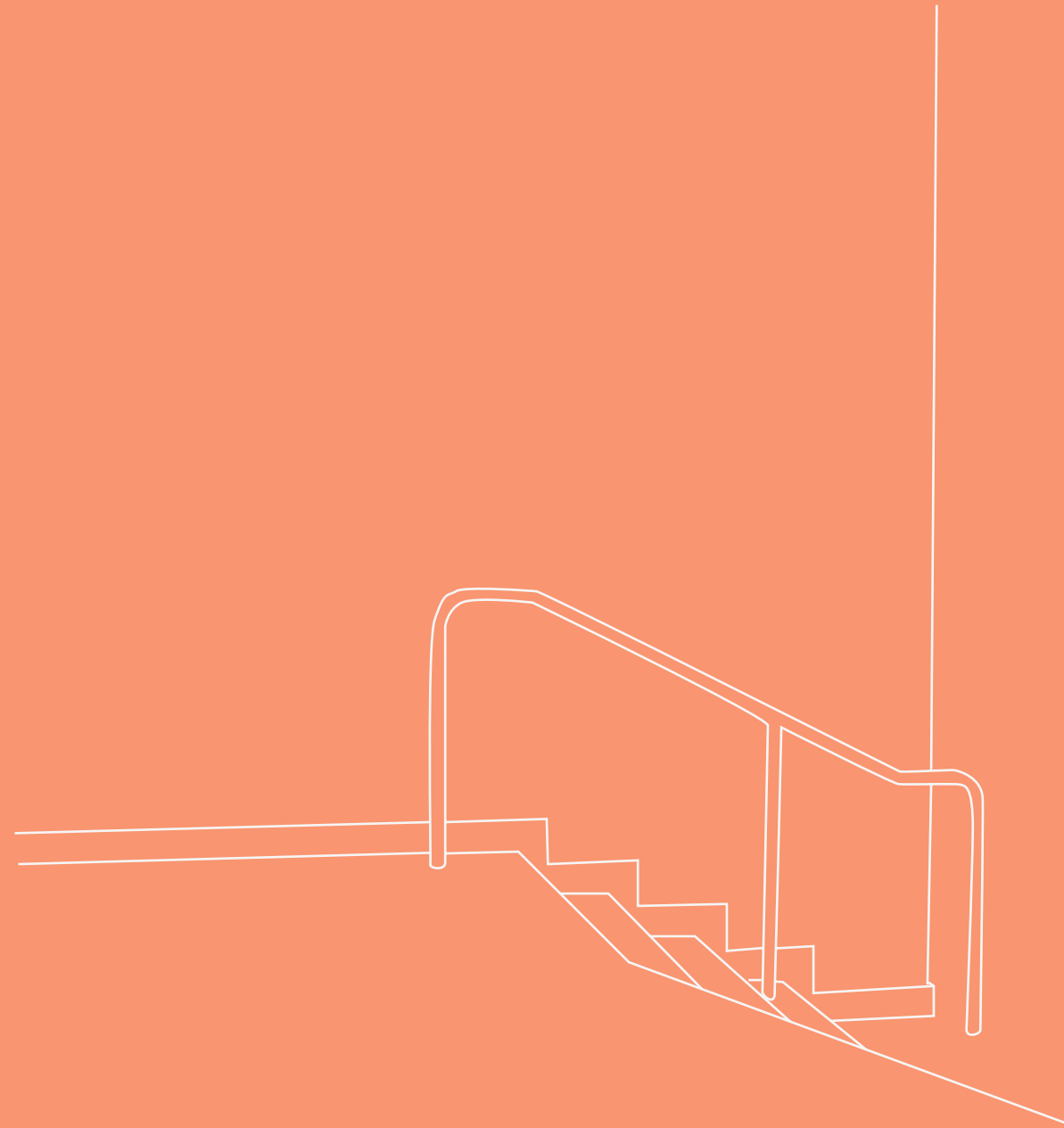




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THE OHIO STATE / DEPARTMENT OF ART / MFA 2015

PHASE SHIFT

2015 MASTER OF FINE ARTS EXHIBITION
DEPARTMENT OF ART AT THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Diana Abells
Natalia Arbelaez
Jeni Hansen Gard
TradeMark Gunderson
Christopher Harvey
Alyssa Johnson
Michael McDevitt
Shane McGeehan
Maija Miettinen-Harris
Peter Morgan
Liam Ze'ev O'Connor
Paul Scott Page
Sarah Schultz
Zac Weinberg

CONTENTS

PHASE SHIFT @ Urban Arts Space

The Ohio State University
February 17 - March 21, 2015

The Ohio State University Department of Art

258 Hopkins Hall
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Columbus, OH 43210

Cover & Illustrations

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Michael McDevitt

Catalog Design

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Dan Shellenbarger: 12, 29, 31, 37, 41, 43, 45, 49, 51

Chris Stone: 27

Department of Art, by Rebecca Harvey

7

Phase Shift, by Mark Harris

9

Artists

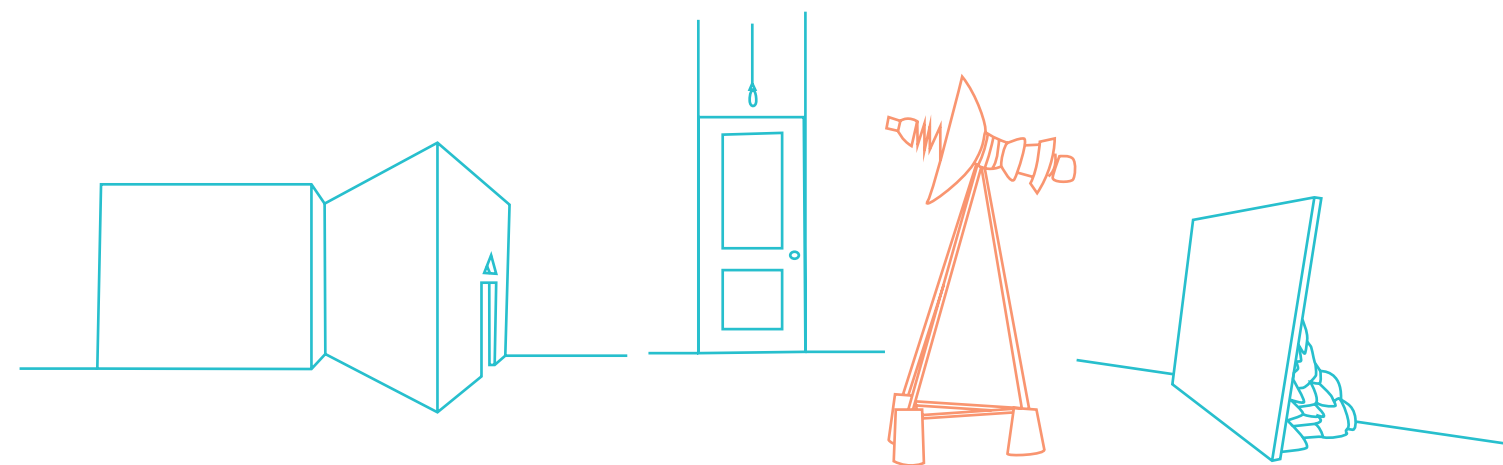
24

Vitae

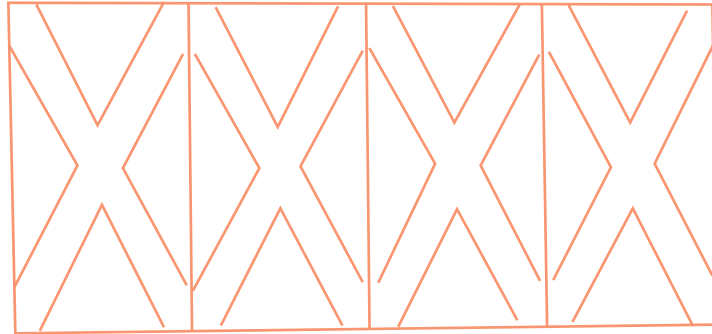
52

Acknowledgements

55



DEPARTMENT OF ART THE OHIO STATE



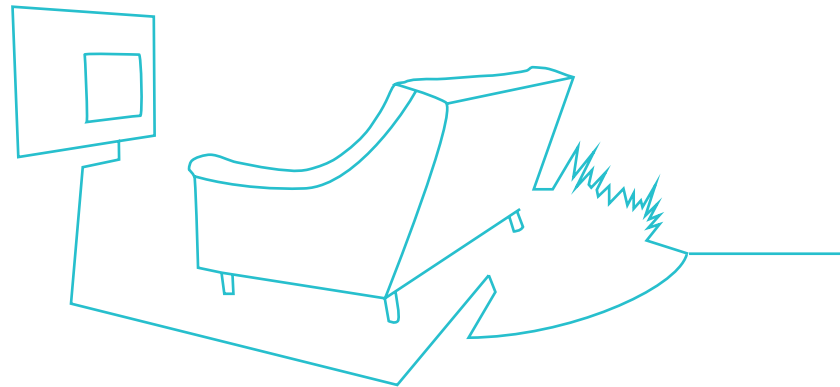
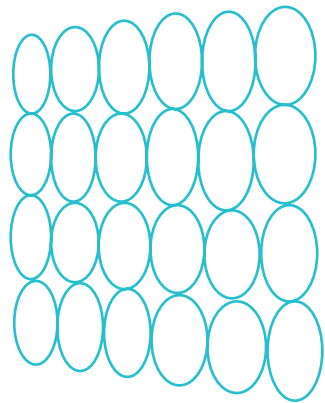
That an MFA program exists at all is a strange and wondrous thing, especially it seems to me, at a place like The Ohio State University. OSU is large and complex, ponderous and heartbreakingly sincere. We exist here, among engineers and poets and agriculturists and we flourish.

The students that come through our program are chosen for the ways that their work and their writing spark our imagination: they are our nascent comets, blasting and sputtering through the building, conflagrations of heat and wonder, the arc of their orbit with us for a brief bright time before they pull away, set loose in the world.

For those of us, the faculty who remain behind and watch as our talented and troublesome get ready to leave this place, the MFA thesis exhibition is a culmination of so many things, of studio visits and hallway conversations, of flashes of genius and brick walls. It is the dialogue of a three-year conversation of the near disasters and almost misses that are at the heart of the compulsion to push the work forward. And push they did.

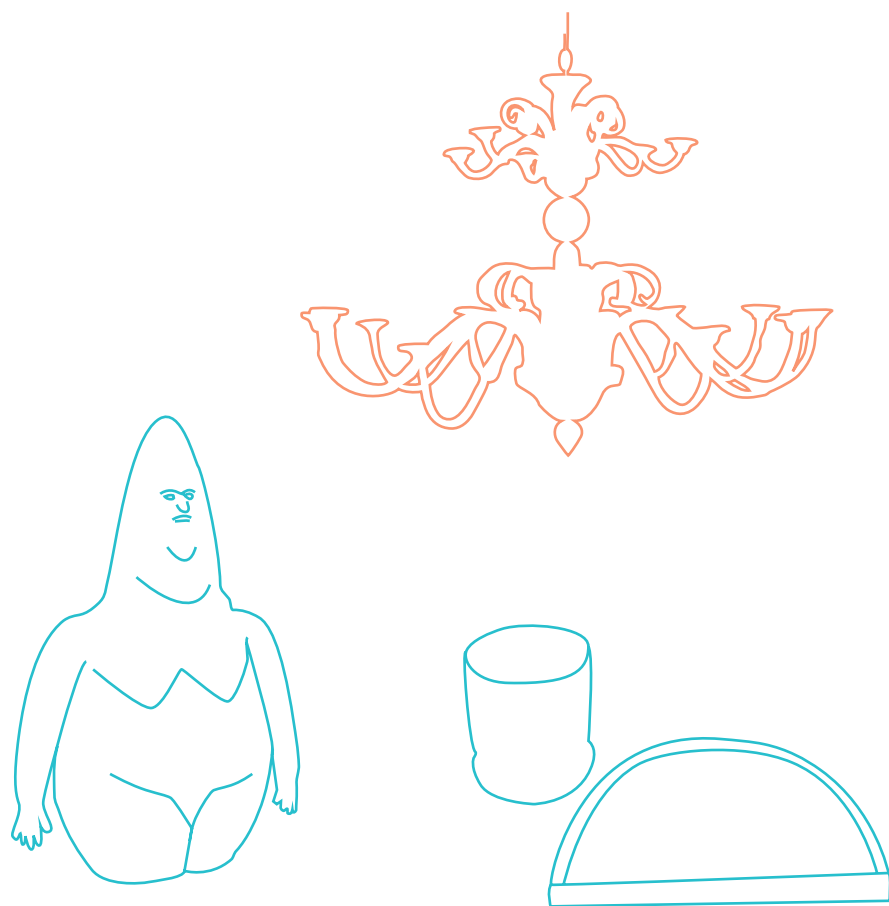
Therefore it is with great pleasure that I present to you the amazing, exhausting, often confounding, always captivating – The OSU Department of Art MFA Class of 2015.

Rebecca Harvey
Interim Chair
Department of Art



PHASE SHIFT

by Mark Harris



In the Urban Arts Space this MFA exhibition looks like an attentively curated group show that might have proposed unconventional treatments of narrative. Narrative is returning in provocative form in young artists' contemporary practice in European and North American cities, so it is not a surprise to encounter it in a leading MFA program. Where narrative is engaged through the modes of contemporary art practices that might comprise acts of writing, painting, sculpting and montage, or through concepts mobilized by time-based video, kinetics, or sound, is to encounter the deliberate entanglement of material with storytelling. Importantly, artworks are as much attempts at cancelling stories as telling them, since by the nature of working with materials they have also to narrate their own making. This is every artwork's privilege and limitation, for confronted with the matter of their pixels, clay, paint, and so on, it can't, unlike the text in a book, enable a frictionless escape into imagination. In front of an artwork we are always ourselves, looking, wandering around, facing, turning away from a cluster of things, of materials. This contributes to the density of the thicket in which materiality is productively entangled with the telling. Narrating certainly occurs, but its flight is weighed down by the ballast of having to be part of a thing in the world.

Writing in *Aesthetic Theory*, his unfinished last book, Adorno cannot conceive of an artist separated from their product since through its manipulation the material of the artwork bears the imprint of what the artist has done to it. The text is a little hyperbolic here, but his point is to drive home the idea that artmaking can only occur through a kind of mutuality: "The violence done to the material

imitates the violence that issued from the material and that endures in its resistance to form." No matter how much is imposed on the material it resists with its own properties. This mutual engagement of forming and resistance is itself a story that intertwines with any narrative content, and of course with the content that results from any decision to eschew narrative altogether. This fact has for a century been so embedded in artists' consciousness of their task that it has become a kind of discipline knowledge, an intrinsic lore that we take so much for granted that we barely give it thought. Those clichéd phrases about truthfulness to materials or about letting materials speak for themselves that continue to surface in student critiques are the somewhat redundant voicing of this deeply embedded intelligence.

In Diana Abells' carpentry and sheetrock video environments for exorcising childhood anxieties, the properties of materials are deliberately used to exert as strong a weight as possible on the intrinsic elusiveness of her video imagery in order to hold it to its mnemonic purpose. This drag on elusive video imagery by the expressionist-like geometry of her claustrophobic single-viewer rooms is for Abells a way of committing to the hard work of confronting childhood memories. With the diligence of a forensic investigator she consults family photos and footage found online to make models of interiors of which she has only vague memories. These models are then lit like sets and filmed to trigger the kind of involuntary memory that in Marcel Proust's case was provoked by his intense reflection on the taste of the madeleine cake dipped in tea, upon which the image of his childhood house "rose up like a stage set." Abells follows her conviction that such profound

memories can be provoked by the discipline of recreating the past. Through sheer force of will she would make happen what for Proust was only up to chance: "The past is hidden somewhere outside the realm, beyond the reach of intellect, in some material object...of which we have no inkling." One of these locations is a South Carolina hotel to which her family took her for a wedding; the other her childhood bedroom. To the first she appends commentary from an episode of a kids' television show that triggered the traumatic dream of being beheaded. On that occasion she was so frightened that she made up a generic account of a nightmare to excuse her shock to her parents. Here is a story of a persistent memory plaguing her that must be recreated through archaeology of the immediate past if it is to be escaped.



Diana Abells

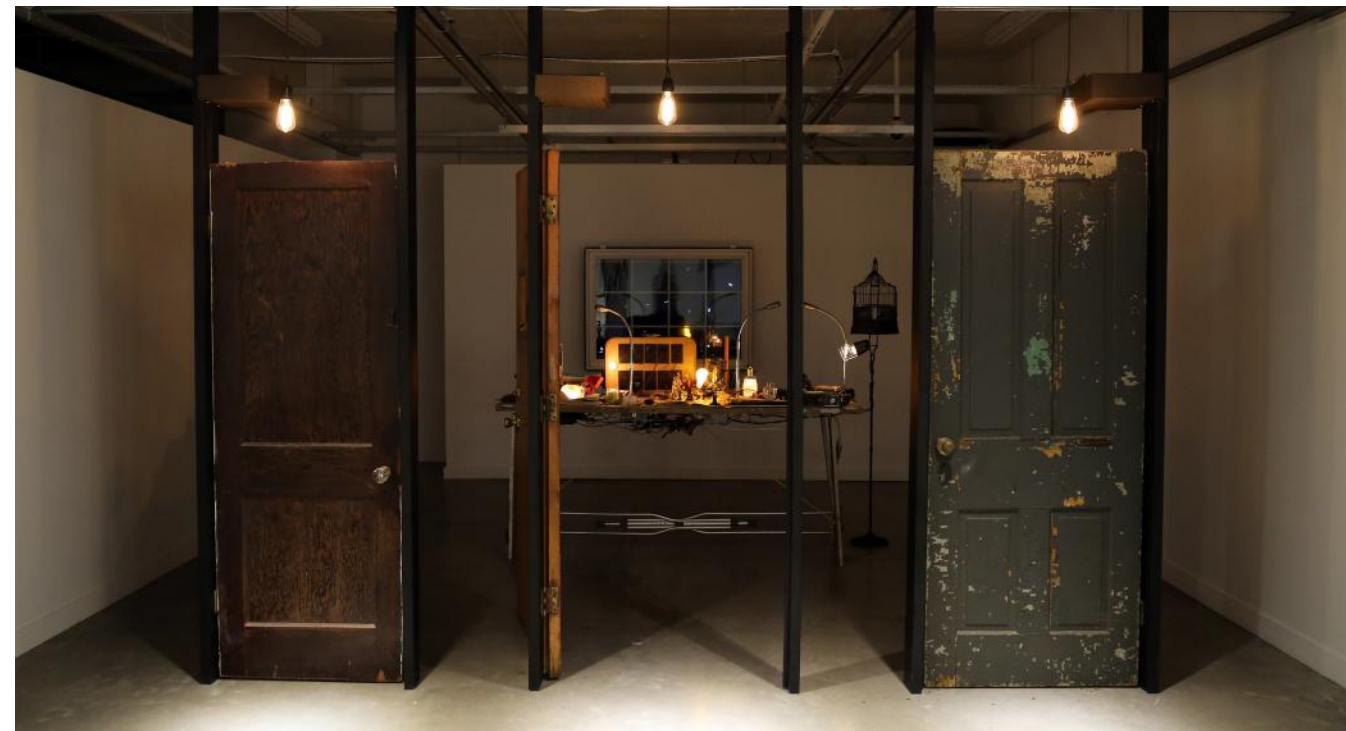
Abells' film of the model of her childhood room is seen from the vantage point of the bed in which she would wake and fall asleep. The changing lighting in the room shows it at night and at daybreak. She uses models made of foamcore and inserts in them dolls house furniture to recover control over her childhood. Through this work she returns to the point at which control was lost, as if revisiting that temporal point might calm it and enable control. This is not so far from Proust waking up in bed and enjoying the uncertainty of

figuring out, from reflection on the furniture of all the rooms he has occupied, where he might be: "...the good angel of certainty had made all the surrounding objects stand still, had set me down under my bedclothes, in my bedroom, and had fixed, approximately in their right places in the uncertain light, my chest of drawers, my writing table, my fireplace..."

There is certainly narrative purpose here, but it is complicated by forensics, by the stubbornness of incomplete memory, and by fear. There is the added complication of the awkward entrances and angles of the viewing rooms themselves, of the layered videos, of the collage of found footage with Abells' own video of fabricated models passing for real interiors. In spite of setting out to clear things, through the forming and resistance of materials the work acquires the hallucinatory quality, the lures and the deceptiveness, of what Roger Caillois called the dream adventure.

Victor Shklovsky's literary criticism, as well as his idiosyncratic synthesis of autobiography and fiction in *Third Factory and Zoo: or Letters Not About Love*, advocate a narrative of fragments, of somewhat discontinuous anecdotes that would cumulatively tell a tale that ends closer to the chaos of the real world than would a conventional story. There is with Shklovsky's writing of vivid fits and starts, of bursts of information and ideas, a startling materiality to the language and imagery that resembles the montage form of much contemporary art practice. We find this happening in both TradeMark Gunderson's and Michael McDevitt's installations, although their intentions and working modes are entirely different from one another. Each artist has constructed a room with a certain degree of verisimilitude.

Gunderson sets up a threshold of three entrance doors, two of which on opening emit startling birdcalls, while from the third issues the sound of a squeaking hinge, all heard from old intercom speakers. Once inside the space we are plunged more vigorously than with Abells' installation into the realm of the dreamwork where waking and sleeping states grow confused. A table covered in antiquated audio equipment, books and obscure objects reminds us of Walter Benjamin's interest in activating in the present the repressed promises of archaic artifacts. Amongst the strewn stuff are microphones from which we can hear a couple whispering. Several low-resolution videos pick up the whispered



Trademark Gunderson

narrative of a dreamlike story of wings shaking loose from birds' bodies to soar on their own. Against the back wall, behind an inset window, is projected a more expansive video of these independent wings.

Dream narration is oblique, non-sequential, illogical, all to arrive at a different kind of knowledge. Gunderson's environment of matter piled up on the table chaotically suggests a mad researcher or conspirator, as much as a lost dreamer, and reminds us of the kind of fiction passing for fact that is so masterfully achieved by the Museum of Jurassic Technology or in W.G. Sebald's writing *The Rings of Saturn*. Since this is a sound installation we are driven to try to remember what sound is like in dreams. In the videos the birds' wings are soundless, but the microphones whisper, the doors creak and squawk noisily. The three-door entrance, the dream threshold, is negotiated via the racket of birdcalls like an alarm bell waking the individual to the dream. This recalls Benjamin's conclusion to his 1929 essay on Surrealism: "For the moment, only the Surrealists have understood [reality's] present commands. They exchange, to a man, the

play of human features for the face of an alarm clock that in each minute rings for sixty seconds." This is one image of that "profane illumination" that Benjamin so desired as a condition of critical engagement with modern life, a kind of ecstatic agency that would enable the richest experience and transformation.

If Gunderson's dream room with its choice of three doors and piled up bric-a-brac resembles Giorgio de Chirico's surrealist visions more than any rational space, Michael McDevitt's room is grounded in humdrum domestic realities of television, sofa, sideboard, coffee table. This makes his narrative so much more insidious and alarming, for through the paintings on the walls, the comics in the newspaper lying on the coffee table, the embroidery of the blanket covering the sofa, McDevitt tells of three boys whose story intersected with his life and who thoughtlessly generated the vortex of events that led to attempted murder, suicide, and prison.

Through these twenty odd paintings, ceramic objects, comics, and other artifacts, all of them of kitsch or low aesthetic



Michael McDevitt

status, with which he furnishes this room McDevitt tells the story of the murder and its consequences in fragments. There is an echo here of Shklovsky's narrative of anecdotes, for in no grouping of these domestic items is the whole story available. In fact, they abrade one another like the fragments of news that start to pour in after any disaster as we try to make sense of what has happened. Each of McDevitt's artworks appropriates a different style of representation, taking on various moments of the story or retelling a part of it from another perspective.

As we sit on the couch we experience the event through the text of the room. It's as if the traumatic events that periodically affect communities seep into living rooms and infest their contents. At this point every object gazes at us accusingly... "What did you have to do with this?" ... "Couldn't you have done more to stop it?" ... as we sense some of the guilt of having our houses decorated by the misfortunes of others. Where every item in this house breathes the

tragedies that occur outside, we realize that McDevitt's work is a contemporary version of that nineteenth-century grand narrative form, the history painting. Unlike the grand machines that united nineteenth-century salon viewers, this work sets out possibilities for history painting in our fragmented and marginalized communities. This is a story of anywhere America, a banal sad tale of friends' lives suddenly going awry in the suburbs. McDevitt's concept for history painting is to set it in a typical living room of a family of modest means. On an old-fashioned cathode ray TV flickers an image of suburban houses looking as if it were made using early computer game technology. It pixelates and shudders in place, never leaving its one main scene. Adorno's notion that every cultural artifact is also a record of oppression and disempowerment is here given a base in the everyday. In McDevitt's world even kitsch, outsider, and debased representations have their roots in brutality and stupidity.

For visual art to narrate it would, for Adorno, have to enclose the artist's subjectivity within the object and its form, such that the story gets told through the impact that material and artist have on one another. The process of this mutual impact is itself another order of narrative, as mentioned earlier. It is never the case that an artist directs material from outside to enact his or her intention. For the work to become something more than a simple entity, with or without narrative, it will have resisted the artist's subjectivity in the process of being characterized by it: "The artwork becomes objective as something made through and through, that is, by virtue of the subjective mediation of all its elements." For Adorno the artist negotiates between a demand that inheres in the material being used and a potential discerned in that same material. Of all the artists in the show Chris Harvey may be the most deeply invested as a subject in the materiality and form of his installation, yet at the same time the least visible. He has disappeared into what is a prolonged meditation on how best to answer the call to account for one's life in the form of the artwork.

Harvey's *Apparatus for the Filtration of Cosmic Information* draws together a heterogeneous assortment of objects with the homogenizing visual language of white body paint and fluorescent orange markings. These objects are arranged like actors on a stage defined by a blue screen circle, half of which rides up the wall behind the objects. A number of these structures are made of conjoined components—baskets and bamboo assemble into the form of a ten-foot high radar dish; a cluster of large crystals made of Styrofoam rests as a lure beneath a box trap; a plaster alien skull appears embedded in a stack of circular pads; a mallet and basket of feather projectiles sit on a round side table. All are linked to one another by lengths of white rope that suggest a conduit or lifeline. That a sense of pulsing energy runs through the piece affirms that it can be taken as a wish-model for the channels taken by consciousness as it spreads out into the world. In a critique of mind-body dichotomies Mark Johnson and Tim Rohrer discuss animal consciousness (of frogs, owls, primates) as topologically directed, where imagination and logic drive creatures to seek out map-like patterns in their environment that might provide life-enhancing variations to prior knowledge. Harvey's wall notes give an idea of how unconventionally broad a field he would survey to locate his maps and how his own skepticism, as well as his more

farfetched beliefs, might be an important part of this process: "harmonics, rhythms, and visual music / invisible waves and signals from stars / cargo cults and cultural appropriation/ reckless metaphors in theoretical writing / talking animal cartoons and sci-fi sitcoms..."

As if in sympathy with Harvey's eclectic passions, Johnson and Rohrer advocate tolerance of an extremely broad consciousness net, stressing its inextricability from social life and belief systems: "...human cognition cannot be locked up within the private workings of an individual mind. Since thought is a form of co-ordinated action, it is spread out in the world, co-ordinated with both the physical environment and the social, cultural, moral, political, and religious environments, institutions, and shared practices. Language — and all forms of symbolic expression — are quintessentially social behaviors." We respond to Harvey's complex installation as a work of engrossing modern fiction in which real-life experiences, fantastically improbable beliefs, pop culture narratives, richly distorted childhood memories, and wish-images of unrealistic projections find embodiment in Styrofoam models of cartoon-like clichés of burning fire, children's trap, and three-eyed alien. Relatively impoverished forms, handmade from found objects, are tasked with dissolving traditional ontological and epistemological boundaries to allow thought and feeling access to unimaginable freedom.

Erich Auerbach opens *Mimesis*, his extraordinary reflection on the depiction of reality in European literature, with the celebrated comparison of Homer's *Odyssey* with the Old Testament. The Greek epic's lavish detailing of leisurely anecdote, ancestry, animal comparisons, and lengthy conversations, even in the midst of battle, contrast with the Bible's terse and charged dialogue, nail-biting suspense, and characters "fraught with background," who are deeply troubled by history and relationships. Auerbach discusses the psychologically intense engagements of King David's life and speaks of the Bible's narratives of how "...perpetually smouldering jealousy and the connection between the domestic and the spiritual, between the paternal blessing and the divine blessing, lead to daily life being permeated with the stuff of conflict, often with poison.

The sublime influence of God here reaches so deeply into the everyday that the two realms of the sublime and the everyday are not only actually unseparated but basically inseparable.”

Sarah Schultz periodically visits the exhibition to continue her incising of the text of Old Testament psalms into a wide backlit scroll impregnated with ash and linseed oil. In the exhibition this unfurls from the floor upwards and is rolled up as it reaches the ceiling. It is speculated that some psalms were written by King David, although the composition of the entire one-hundred and fifty took place across many centuries. Long part of Catholic and Anglican ritual, the psalms are central to Judaism and feature extensively in practices of daily personal prayer as well as in synagogue services. Schultz’s piece is a labor of love, of endurance work, and patient craft, attributed by her to a simple love of the psalms. She accepts their imperfections, their occasional vindictiveness, along with their selfless devotional aspect. The linseed oil that stains the paper is a reference to traditional painting mediums. The ash, on the other hand, has been collected by Schultz from the residue of burning her diary notebooks.

Here then is an unusually intense alignment of process and emotion where older personal writings are burnt to enable the inscription of devotional texts by unknown authors. Here is the enactment of an autobiographical narrative where the author enables herself to disappear as a subject. This is a kind of primordial work where the process is not much different from that of medieval scribes. There is in this task an acceptance that the meaning of the present, of actions and feelings in the present, is best kept in equilibrium by devotional process, or at least by what is as close to devotion as is possible in the contemporary world. From psalm one hundred and three we can find this acceptance of time’s effects: “As for man, his days are as grass; / As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. / For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; And the place thereof shall know it no more.” All sensations being transient, all experiences being imperfect, compromised, or fallible, Schultz suggests that the most dependable option is to devote days, body, and mind to recording the passage of time in a way that reveals one’s connection to temporality, to work on time’s coat tails as it were, to leave one’s imprint on time for which the unfurling

and rolling up of the scroll is analogous. In Schultz’s piece the rag paper is as the warp of time, on which is inscribed the weft of writing that slows down time but of course fails to stall it.

The psalms were written under conditions where poet authors asked for forgiveness, testified to their own faith, asserted the power of their community, and summoned support through praise of God. From Psalm eighty-eight—“O Lord God of my salvation, /...Let my prayer come before thee; / For my soul is full of troubles, / And my life draweth nigh unto the grave.” They are written as texts for a community, as a community voice, and the individual author falls away in this function. The interest in attributing some psalms to King David shows that our own age’s interest in literary subjectivity and biography imagines entirely different functions for authors than earlier. On such texts Michel Foucault writes in “What is an Author?”: “...their anonymity caused no difficulties since their ancientness, whether real or imagined, was regarded as a sufficient guarantee of their status.” Maija Miettinen-Harris’ abstract paintings of overlaid bands of brightly colored enamel employ routine procedures that could be derived from a lexicon of painting actions, if such a thing existed. She wants to withdraw her subjectivity from the production and appearance of her work so that the properties of her paintings can be appreciated without the intrusive distraction of an author.

In this way Miettinen-Harris’ work folds back into a historical grouping of works whose relative anonymity (there is obviously a painter behind them but not a signature style) shows them to be in the service of “painting,” a field of operations conducted by an open community of artists where the scrutiny of materials, procedures, and properties is made possible. Such work includes 1960s Op Art and Zero Group, 1970s Pattern Painting, and 1980s Radical (or Monochrome) Painting, but might also encompass the designers of 1960s psychedelic textiles and of Marimekko fabrics of Finland, where Miettinen-Harris is originally from. The withdrawn subjectivity and common purposes of these practices has a relation to Foucault’s “author function” as the term for the placeholder of discourses that are necessary to be circulated in a given community and time. One characteristic in particular seems relevant here where Foucault writes: “it does not refer purely and simply to a real individual, since

it can give rise simultaneously to several selves, to several subjects— positions that can be occupied by different classes of individuals.”

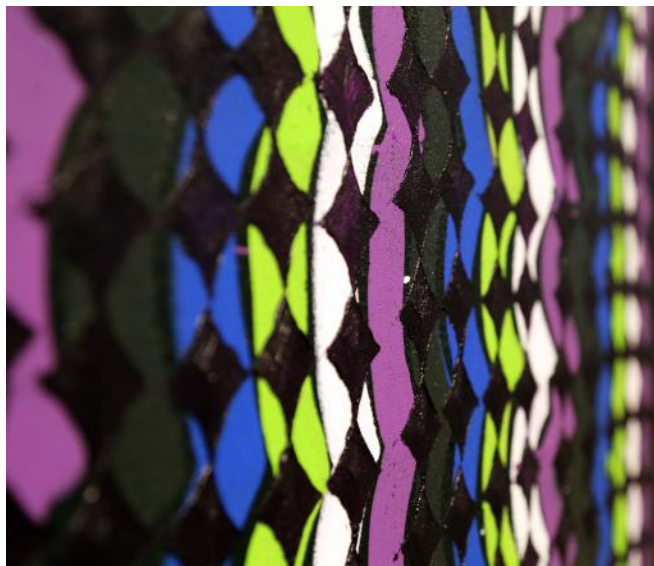
In Miettinen-Harris’ case the retreat from subjectivity enables the paintings to work in an optical, patterned way, without allowing any possibility of what Fredric Jameson called the “depth model” of modernity, the reading in of psychological complexity. With a question that might please Miettinen-Harris, Foucault quotes Samuel Beckett asking, “What does it matter who is speaking?” Her paintings are hung very close together to increase an opticality that is heightened by what could be referred to as estranged or discordant color, while her process allows chance imperfections to compound as succeeding lines exaggerate the accidental modifications.

Miettinen-Harris courts the irresistible facticity of textiles, their irrefutable presence, not meaning anything in particular, fabricated, indefinitely replicable, supple, mutable, able to be cut and sewn, worn and washed. In her paintings however, Miettinen-Harris allows an unsettling exchange between the “given” fabric and uncontrollable paint which drips and smears in places. There’s never any doubt these are paintings, their facture, scale, color are all part of painting’s world. But their determined two-dimensionality, flatness, pattern, silence, reserve, and indifference come from another world that is shared with textile design, printing, and fabrication.

If Foucault’s concept of “author function” as one who channels discourses needed by a community carries with it a hegemonic aspect, one of a top-down imposition of ways of speaking, this could be remedied by Michele de Certeau’s practices of everyday life which more closely overlap with the aims of social practitioners. For de Certeau we are always engaged in composing the text of our lives after our own needs and proclivities. Our lives comprise unnoticeable acts of resistance (the practices of everyday life) to dominant structures as we determine our own trajectories through cities, our own approaches to reading and watching television, our own ways of preparing food. Jeni Hansen Gard’s work facilitates and extends such practices by getting together a disparate group of eight urban residents to share food and discuss their lives. She uses her art to shrink the distances and boundaries in the city so that strangers might more fully interact. Drawing on her training as a studio



Sarah Schultz



Maija Miettinen Harris

ceramicist Hansen Gard has created a six-piece place setting on which two people are invited to share a meal. The plates they eat off are decorated with a map of their hometown Columbus. The set is designed symmetrically and packed in a leather sling so that the diners remain aware of comprising two parts of a whole. The meals take place over the month-long duration of the exhibition and start with the entire group of eight convening for a communal dinner. Participants are asked to keep a record of their conversation and of what they eat, as this forms the documentation seen on Hansen Gard's project blog.

Ecological thinking is embedded in Hansen Gard's approach as she asks what are the appropriate ways to live and work as an artist today. This perspective determines her choice of locally sourced food for the shared dinner and her use of repurposed lumber for the dining table she has fabricated for that first event. Hansen Gard is interested too in what makes us feel that we "belong" to the place where we live,

an important factor in life adjustment and contentment. The Norwegian ecologist Arne Naess writes about this in the discussion of his mountain retreat Tvergastein: "Being 'part of myself,' the idea of home delimited an ecological self, rich in internal relations to what is now called environment... Urbanization, industrialization, increased mobility...the

dependence on goods and technologies from where one does not belong...—all these factors weaken or disrupt the steady belongingness to a place, or even hinder its formation. There seems to be no place for PLACE anymore."

By testing the limits of the city, by going against the inherent tendency of any city to fragment its population into clans, Hansen Gard attempts to define a "place" for a group that started as strangers. With white porcelain, good food, an incentive to socialize, she offers a fresh start for these individuals. Hansen Gard is interested in testing a practice model for converting art into life, in a functional, purposeful aesthetic. Does the artist disappear in the process? After including herself in the first of the dinners Hansen Gard remains in the background. She sets a script in motion and lets it play out, where we are invited to understand food as portrait, protagonist, declaration, and identity.

Scott Page is the other artist here who makes the most of the city in which he has found himself. His urban photographs map arbitrary journeys made across Columbus, an environment which through its expansive sprawl, its indifferent architecture, and prolific 1960s street signage can yield mind-bogglingly prosaic street views of abandonment and yearning. Page recognizes these qualities and draws this melancholy into images that often show unpeopled sidewalks outside buildings of an unfeeling functionalism. A winter photograph of a drab care center is composed to show a view past a foreground tree through a gap in the single-story building to an empty bench and second leafless tree beyond. The drained emerald of the painted brick looks no less miserable than the browning grass of the dying front lawn. This feels like the last place on earth you'd want to end up needing care. In another image fading sunlight catches an old washbasin glimpsed through the window in the tan brick façade of an industrial building. A third photograph taken at dusk shows the lights blazing through the squared windows of a multistory car park that seems empty of cars apart from a handful on the roof. In another is a foreclosed house surrounded by four-foot high grass that seems to swallow up the modest structure. These are photographs of a profound desolation, in part the consequences of a city's disengagement with far-sighted urban planning.

What Lucas Blalock speculates of Chris Wiley's photographs touches on Page's vision: "...a bridge between the 'new' photography and the contingency of the street, but also, and maybe more intrinsically, between the romantic pull of the 'flâneur' or aesthete and...the pragmatic...These pictures flatten and contain the street, but in doing so bring a wider world into the dialogue surrounding photography's most contemporary problems." It's debatable whether anything like flânerie could apply to roaming around Columbus, the flâneur being the nineteenth-century Parisian type whose slow amble allowed the city's phantasmagoria of commerce to wash over and around him, untouched. Page makes of himself a blank recorder for these absurd irruptions into the wide spaces of the city. We know these buildings only too well, but Page's images make them newly unintelligible by generating wonder that these would have anything to do with human feelings and needs. Three large signs reading "Plaza Motel," oriented in different directions and in two different typefaces, overpower a smaller sign advertising "free in-room adult movies." With only a single car parked outside the building these are testament to a business's ailing fortunes. The five images that include people show them made insignificant, even overwhelmed, by the bland structures, like the man in a wheelchair moving up the alley outside a Chinese restaurant, or the workers taking a smoking break at the back of a mall warehouse. Returning to the idea of narrative that that this essay initiated, here is the

possibility of a bleak environment that may allow no stories to develop or be told.

The possibility of no stories, or an end to narrative, is certainly explored by Peter Morgan in a number of video tableaux vivants that freeze domestic scenes into an eerie atemporality. Filmed in single takes without any digital manipulation, these videos combine live action with projections to juxtapose discontinuous scenes and timespans. Morgan enacts subtle interferences with our attempts to make sense of the depicted spaces. In one a woman stands motionless before a kitchen window, while beside her, in improbable perspective, a curtain flutters. In another the artist's grandmother stands for minutes without moving in a bedroom. One video shows a figure holding out a card in a room glowing red while abutting it on the right is the projection of a woman walking along the lip of a riverbank. In the most complex of these we see the back of a seated man apparently watching a projected film made of a walk along a steam, while on the table in front of him a silver container rocks on its base. Morgan treats these interiors as sets where camera position, changes to furnishings in the room, and strategic projections make the space perplexing. Morgan is interested in challenges to perception, and in meditations on time's paradoxes that include the varying effects of duration on different kinds of entity.



Paul Scott Page



Peter Morgan

Other videos of his confirm an interest in cinema, after all the medium of the greatest illusions. In one a spotlight washes over silver foil laid out in front of a projection of light reflecting off water at night. This is reminiscent of the early scene in Fellini's *Casanova* when a character is shown rowing across what is the illusion of a stretch of water made from air blowing across black plastic. For Morgan our meetings with art should have this kind of theatricality where the experience of wonder is always countered by the transparency of its fabrication. He wants us to see ourselves being deceived, where the aesthetic response includes the pleasure we feel at simultaneously enjoying the contrivance and the lifelikeness of its artifice. Some of this knowingness extends to the intended response to his installation of four shimmering "paintings" in the hallway outside the gallery. These are constructed of stretched transparent fabric through which can be made out the crinkled reflective Mylar beneath that gives them the illusion of an iridescent surface. In their neutral appearance they mimic the idle décor of conference centers while alluding to the recent enthusiasm for "zombie formalism," the affectless recapitulations of mid-century abstraction.

The structure of Virginia Woolf's 1930s experimental novel *The Waves* sets up an extreme contrast of temporalities through juxtaposing human and non-human agents. Each section of the narrative, that tracks a group of friends from childhood to old age, is framed by italicized passages on the materiality of the sea over the course of one day, sunrise to sunset. The sea is felt as if by an animal consciousness—"They

drew in and out with the energy, the muscularity, of an engine which sweeps its force out and in again." The entirety of the friends' lives, often referred to as waves, is expended over the course of a day in the life of the sea. *Shamayim (there are waters)*, the first of Liam Ze'ev O'Connor's video installations, shows a long sequence of the sea and sky that slowly rotates on a large screen propped up on the floor against a pile of sandbags. O'Connor decided to invert the image of water and clouds after realizing that the Hebrew word for sky and heaven, *shamayim*, breaks down into "there" and "water." *Pillar of Cloud*, the second video, hung close to the ceiling, shows vapor trail and explosion footage taken from YouTube clips of rockets shot back and forth between Israel and Gaza. This reminds O'Connor of the passage from Exodus where a pillar of cloud guides the Israelites through the desert.

Like Woolf, O'Connor juxtaposes two temporalities—the endlessly repetitive cycle of waves approaching the shore, of no human origin, that he explains was introduced in Genesis with the firmament; and the hubristic weaponry whose split-second explosions form dissolving pillars of cloud. In relation to enduring natural phenomena, O'Connor is suggesting, our lives are barely registered traces, yet even so are filled with arrogant self-aggrandizement. In a middle section of *The Waves* Woolf inserts the violence of incisions—"as if the edge of being were sharpened and must cut,"—to unsettle the regularity of soft light, wet earth, and the routine lives of the protagonists. One character fancies his actions taking on volatile affect: "To speak, about wine even to the waiter, is to bring about an explosion. Up goes the rocket. Its golden

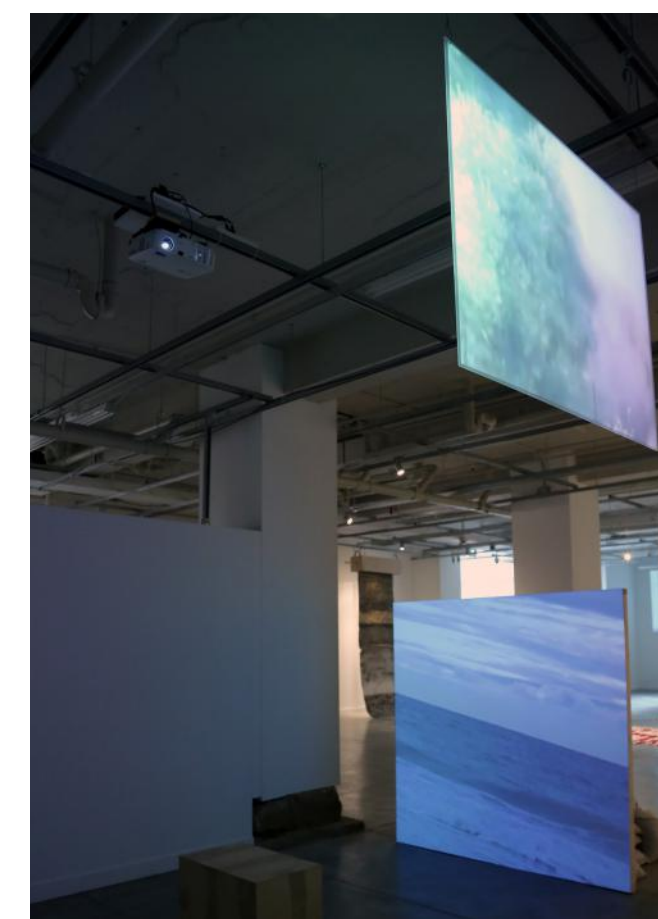
grains fall, fertilizing, upon the rich soil of my imagination." I think it is this vanity and overreaching ambition that O'Connor is highlighting here with his contrast between contemporary political history and inveterate natural processes. Woolf's intent is complex however, as the "throat cut," the "impaled" individual, the "tearing to pieces" reveal a retrieval of a different form of identity through a self-sacrifice to other subjectivities and to nature. As O'Connor might concur, the most obvious "cut" is the horizon line of his *Shamayim (there are waters)* video, in the contemplation of which we achieve an unusual degree of equanimity and a sense of understanding of the divine.

For her interest in the loss of subjectivity, in the dissolving of self into the flux of nature, in states of everyday intoxication, Woolf is an important reference for Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari's formulations of "becoming" in *A Thousand Plateaus*. The connection is most developed in the section "Memories of a Haecceity" from the chapter "Becoming-Intense, Becoming Animal." They define haecceity as a kind of individuality that is different from the self-contained form we typically associate with humans and things: "You have the [haecceity] individuality of a day, a season, a year, a life (regardless of its duration)—a climate, a wind, a fog, a swarm, a pack (regardless of its regularity)." It concerns entities becoming compositions with one another, taking on the open, or floating, temporality of Aeon rather than the measured temporality of Chronos—"The thin dog is running in the road, this dog is the road," cries Virginia Woolf. That is how we need to feel."

It's familiar knowledge that under hallucinogens we experience composition-forming with our environment, other people, other entities. For the Surrealists drugs were only of use as an insight to the more intense intoxications expected from everyday life in the city, from love, or from poetry and art. More than any other work in this show, Shane McGeeghan's immersive installation invites us to disengage from the external environment and experience different temporalities in a state of induced intoxication. This is provoked by viewing a complex colored fractal image of plantlike whorls, veil structures, receding spirals made by infinitely receding diagrams of the DMT molecule. We gaze at this image as we lie on our backs listening through headphones to a sound generated on binaural-beat audio

technology and based on the Theta wavelength. Sounds of this nature have been associated with meditative, creative and altered states of consciousness. The Theta wavelength of 4 Herz is too low to hear, but has been differentiated by McGeeghan so that one ear hears 60 and the other hears 64 Herz. The two channels of this soundtrack are therefore slightly out of phase with one another. Changing colored light reflects off water behind our head to provide the image with the illusion of three-dimensionality and pulsing forms. A smaller version of the print by which we are transfixed is framed on the wall outside the space.

McGeeghan's work follows his research interest into extreme hallucinogens and in one sense, steps outside art into the



Liam Ze'ev O'Connor

realm of fluorescent posters and head bedroom art. He is trying to see if the DMT hallucinations can be evoked by the fairground illusionism of lights and intricate design, generating a benign experience compared to the high-risk and extreme out-of-body hallucinations associated with DMT. The seemingly infinite detailing draws in the viewer. As you lie down, listen to the mildly mesmeric beat, and become absorbed by the intricacies of the overhead artwork the invitation to loosen your grip on subjectivity becomes more attractive. Perhaps there is sympathetic consonance here with Jordan Belson's estimation of the power of yoga mediation to induce deeper transformative trance states than anything offered by LSD. Hence McGeeghan's haecceity, in the sense meant by Deleuze and Guattari, consists of your consciousness forming a patterned composition with hypnotic sound and pulsing, psychedelically-colored visual complexity.

Wolfgang Haug's writing on commodity aesthetics introduces the concept of semblance- value to try to bring up to date Marx's formulation of the relation between use-value and exchange-value, which had locked onto the pre-advertising world of the industrial revolution. Once the production of goods for personal use develops into the accumulation of goods for their value in being exchanged for other commodities, or for their equivalent in money, there is the need for producers to enhance those commodities so that their exchange-value can increase. Haug explains that advertising and trademarks work on exchange-value so thoroughly that they detach commodities from any genuine use-value they might still have. They float free in a realm of semblances of use-values that work hard to make desire seem natural and objective: "That is endless successions of images, which want to be like mirrors, rush forth empathically, looking down into the depths, bringing secrets to the surface and spreading them out there. In these images the unsatisfied pages of people's natures are continuously turned open to them. The semblance...guesses people's nature, reads the wishes in their eyes, and brings the wishes to light on the surface of the commodity." Here of course is the narrative of the commodity, which rather like the story of a fairytale talisman— magic beans, lamp, or boots, for instance—is one that is taken up by communities through history, embellished and extended with new plot twists. In an extremely interesting aside, Haug speculates that the early-twentieth century acceleration of the advertising of innovativeness

to boost sales of products probably stimulated the market expectations for avant-garde art to be constantly renewable and iconoclastic. Advertising was internalized, he suggests, into radical aesthetic transformations. Long after the decline of avant-garde artistic revolutions, most contemporary art institutions still use this claim to innovation to explain their acquisitions of contemporary art.

Zac Weinberg extends the commodity narrative by introducing his work with a quote from Marx that analyzes the components of any machine—motor, transmission, and tool. To a large extent this has determined the organization of his kinetic chandelier whose rotation is driven by a long belt attached to a running platform. Thinking of the labor that underlays all objects, Weinberg has placed a treadmill alongside his chandelier. As the chandelier rotates, its mirrored surfaces reflect irregular light all around the room like a hyperactive disco mirror ball. Reminding us of how nineteenth-century merchants usurped the social position of the aristocracy and transferred their wealth by selling them status symbols like chandeliers, this object of Weinberg's broadcasts its own semblance value as entrancing reflected light. As if knowing that our deepest desires are for intense sensory gratification, Weinberg has it proclaim its semblance value as the art commodity most likely to satisfy this urge. Haug again: "Resistless, the consumer is served, either in the direction of the most thrilling and sensational or in the direction of the easiest, most effortless."

The ostensible function of this machine is to create the ephemeral experience of light. It is dysfunctional however, on any number of levels. It's a madly labor-intensive and impractically perilous way to make a mirror ball as this chandelier has a glass, rather than metal, core onto which the mirrored squares are attached. Since there is no way to discern this hidden structural component, we take it on trust as one more ornamental quality, as inessential perhaps as the surprise items that rested inside Fabergé eggs. Dysfunctionally it is a mirror ball masquerading as chandelier and a chandelier acting as a mirror ball. It is also a luxury artwork mimicking that most luxurious of commodities, a chandelier. There is one last dysfunctional possibility suggested by the work. That it is the reflected light on the wall that determines the mirror decoration and structure of the chandelier as well as the driving mechanism—that in

fact Marx's equation of motor, transmission, tool, should be reversed and have "gratification" as its first term. This would also helpfully reverse the passivity of the consumer who is typically sited at the end of the commodity chain and credit them with some agency. It would turn out to be customer gratification that determines what commodities are produced and not the goods that induce the need for gratification.

Alyssa Johnson's six red and blue paintings titled *Views From The House*, hanging on the wall opposite the entrance, usher viewers into the show. Usher and perhaps unsettle, for these are based on the design of the Confederate flag without its thirteen stars and white stripes. At five-foot four inches, the paintings match Johnson's own height while their width is proportionate to the dimensions of the United States flag. Their use of canvas drop cloths as supports, and alternating matte and gloss house paint for color, approaches painting as a set of operations that reference traditional labor skills, the functionality of materials, and the likelihood that racism is internalized in even the most mundane activities. By her title Johnson refers to the ongoing self-delusion of some African Americans favored by good fortune and wealth who blithely brush aside the impact of racism and the legacy of slavery. But the views to which the title refers also apply to

those of art institutions in the 60s and 70s, and the artists those galleries, museums, and universities chose to look after or ignore, as they tried to engage with the complexities of emergent African American contemporary painting.

The kind of painting to which Johnson alludes through her adopted hard-edge abstraction filled the remarkable exhibition *Hard Times, High Times: New York Painting 1967-1975*. Included in that show, Howardena Pindell spoke of the work she was making when she arrived in New York in the late 60s: "I started to look inward, doing drawings with templates of circles, and then spraying through the templates, making large stain paintings on raw canvas. When I was a child, I was with my father in southern Ohio or northern Kentucky, and we went to a root beer stand and they gave us mugs with red circles on the bottom to designate that the glass was to be used by a person of color. I see that as the reason I have been obsessed with the circle, using it in a way that would be positive instead of negative." To be effective as newly-charged images, the redemption of signs of oppression like Pindell's root beer stand circles or Johnson's Confederate flag geometry must retain some vestige of their original intimidation. Johnson coopts this flag by fitting it to the size of her own body, by aligning it with hard edge abstraction



Alyssa Johnson



Natalia Arbelaez

through removal of some of its features, and by rendering it with house painting supplies. These strategies show that no matter how thorough its recontextualizing and undermining, the schematic design of the flag remains defiled.

Deleuze and Guattari's concept of territory is functional here: "Can this becoming, this emergence, be called Art? That would make the territory a result of art. The artist: the first person to set out a boundary stone, or to make a mark. Property, collective or individual, is derived from that, even when it is in the service of war and oppression." Johnson deterritorializes this territorial flag, a marker of slaves as property and of the war to preserve slavery through ceding from the Union, by subjecting its dimensions to her own body and by subordinating its form to critical painting histories. The flag is deterritorialized as it is detached from its territorial function of rallying racists, and is reterritorialized by siting it amongst its probable enemies, left-leaning New York abstract painters, many of them African American like Sam Gilliam and Al Loving, both of whom in the 60s worked on diagonal stripe paintings that share a morphology with Johnson's images.

Elsewhere in the exhibition Johnson's video piece called *Centered* shows a three-second loop of Pam Grier in the Blaxploitation movie *Sheba Baby*. Grier's character Sheba is seen pointing a gun straight at the camera, and as spectators we assume the place of the villain on whom she is closing in. Where the master villains in Grier films are invariably white males and the demographic of curators, gallerists, critics, and collectors primarily the same, viewing *Centered* in a gallery points out the privileges and exclusions that the art world normalizes.

That same visitor demographic is confronted by a different kind of otherness as they look at the melting flesh of Natalia Arbelaez's awkwardly bulbous porcelain figure sculptures whose skin is covered in glutinous drips. These ambiguously gendered groups of passive entities, each with the unreadable inwardness of some kind of science fiction alien, appear locked into the iconic poses of museum or shop displays. But these are also descendants of ancient Peruvian sculptures and of the chubby "Baby-Face" Olmec clay figures to which Arbelaez has responded, surrogates for the lost gold sculptures of her home country Colombia, most of which were melted down by Spanish colonizers. Like the disturbing excrescences of Arbelaez's sculptures, the heavy physique of these naturalistic seated Olmec figures gives in to gravity.

Some of Arbelaez's characters are fat as balloons, standing unsteadily as if unsure whether to take off or collapse. Others are tethered to clay posts or are fused head-to-head with a second figure. Some are cut off at the neck, their macabre expressionless faces suggesting decapitation. All are glazed off-white without additional color. In these configurations the white takes on its Japanese connotations of death and confers a ghostly quality on figures too fat, decaying or partial to have mobility.

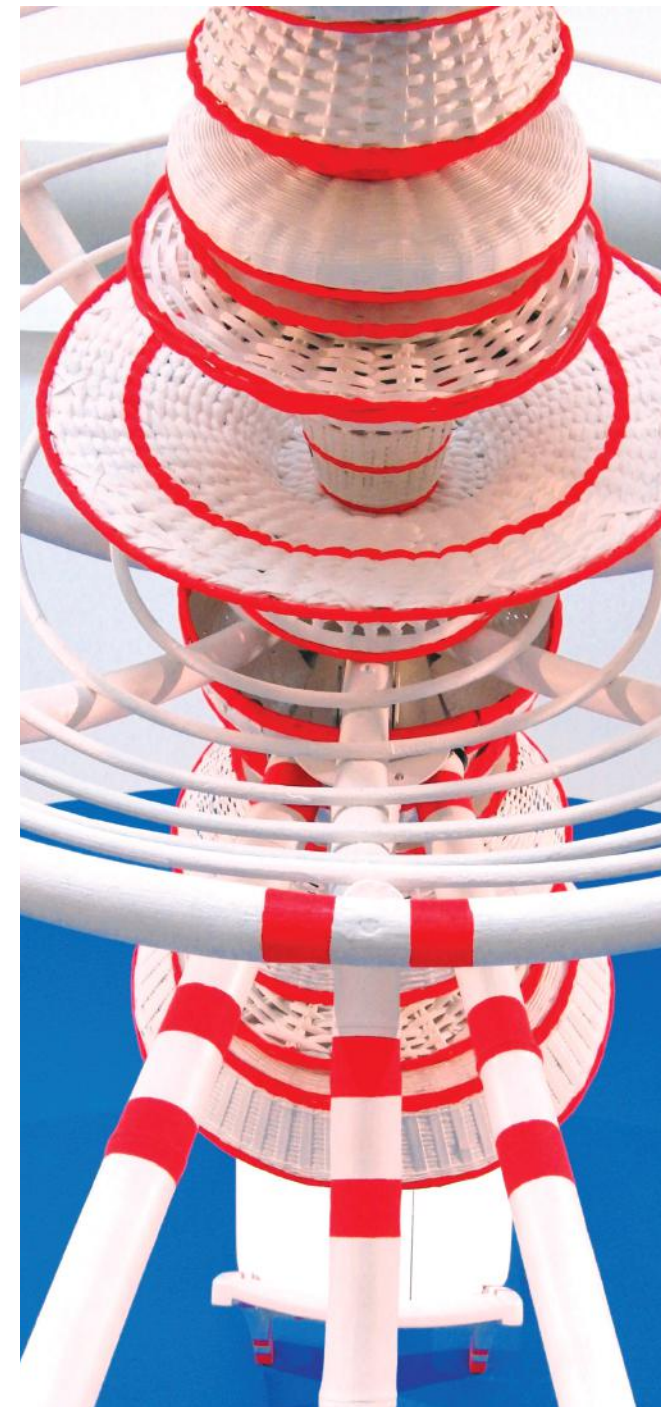
Perhaps this is Limbo for those who have not resorted to plastic surgery, a place where bodies can be allowed to wear out unimpeded en route to the afterlife. Arbelaez is interested in the way our bodies deteriorate with age and is struck by the disproportionate amount of plastic surgery enhancements that Colombians undertake, much of it to hold this deterioration at bay. All her figures have equally ruined flesh but in their display there is often the sense of a hierarchy where the staggered and symmetrical arrangement of figures

across the wall suggests an obscure system of ranking, akin to our own preoccupations with social differentiation, although without the clothing or decoration that might distinguish status.

Is it likely then that Arbelaez is interested in commodities of revulsion, in objects whose depiction of age and bodily degradation puts them well outside the possibility of offering up gratification? In comparison to Weinberg's playful critique of the mechanics of semblance-value, Arbelaez troubles the self-assuredness of commodities by mixing signifiers of esteem and worthlessness. The obvious refinements of touch and material that she brings to these delicately modeled figures only makes their aesthetic of grotesqueness more compelling and disquieting.

To the credit of the faculty and its students there is an extensive range to the work in this show without any overlap of treatment or subject matter. There is an evident commitment by the institution to enabling hybridity in the intersections of concept and medium and in the development of new visual languages, often personal in form, that don't require authorization of prior examples. In various ways I've had a twenty-five year engagement with The Ohio State University's MFA program. This has sometimes entailed the close contact of being a visiting artist but has more frequently involved an attenuated connection, living hundreds of miles away and relying on hearsay from those I know teaching there. Given this back history I'm delighted to have had this opportunity to talk with these graduating artists and reflect at length on their work. I've found the experience profoundly engaging and moving and feel encouraged by the energy of all involved. To return to the thread of narrative that is worked through this writing I'll close with a quote from Deleuze's essay on fiction called "He Stuttered" that I feel might apply as much to these visual artists as to any author. "This means that a great writer is always like a foreigner in the language in which he expresses himself, even if this is his native tongue...He is a foreigner in his own language: he does not mix another language with his own language, he carves out a non-preexistent foreign language within his own language. He makes the language itself scream, stutter, or murmur."

Mark Harris is a Professor of Fine Arts at University of Cincinnati.



Christopher Harvey

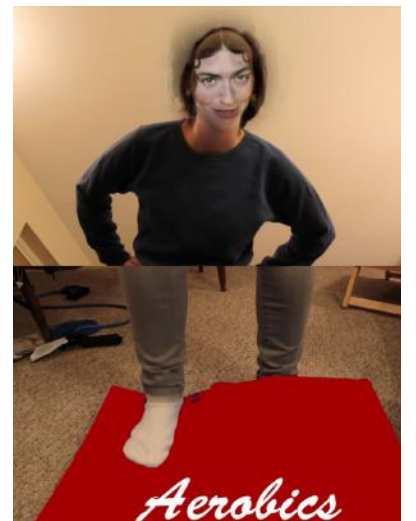
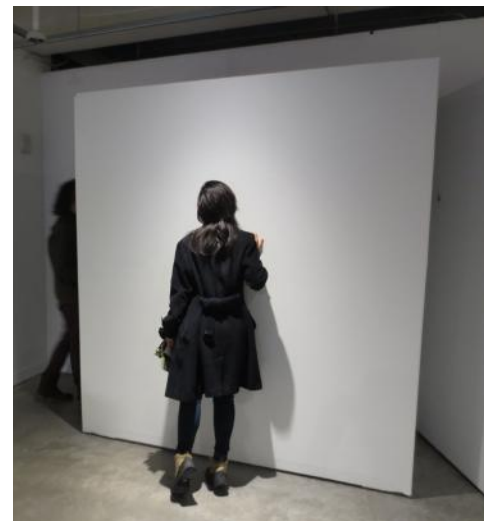
DIANA ABELLS

I am working at the border between what is familiar and unfamiliar, pitting peripheral vision against central vision, and domestic architecture against geometric space. I examine a childlike perspective of space where memory and sight blur together in a room to create a surreal experience. Childhood is a point in life where an understanding of the world is still in flux. With so many unknowns, perception of space could be more objective and authentic, but also more invented, as memory, misunderstanding, and architecture become intertwined in an attempt to understand something that is strangely familiar.

My work has taken on the combined form of video and constructed rooms. The video begins a narrative, an emotion, or a document from the mind's eye, and exhales it into the space. The rooms create a schematic, physical structure for the body to contend with and hold the content of the video. The architectural spaces surrounding the videos facilitate looking, moving, and containment. Together video and room represent the formation of a memory of place as they blend real-time perception with imagined constructions. The abstract is cast into an empirical world.

My Room

wood, drywall, video
2015



NATALIA ARBELAEZ

In creating figurative clay forms I'm representing humanity's struggle to grasp our immanent existence. Through the clay's rough, crude, and grotesque textures I'm referencing the human body's carnal existence. The gesture and state of decay of the figures intend to admit how futile we all are. Because of our temporal presence, humans have found the need to create transcending connections to a higher power.

My work demonstrates the various conditions that people act out to gain a connection to the divine; in presence, tradition, and ritual. In the hierarchy and the positioning of the clay figures I aim to represent humanity's ideas of man's position in relation to a higher power. My work intends to balance the grotesqueness of the figure with the beauty of aspiration.

Insignificant Grandeur

clay
2015

Clockwise from top: Classification, Top Cone Head, installation view, Shared.



JENI HANSEN GARD

I began my work as a vessel maker and now define myself as an experience maker with vessel in hand. I see myself as a facilitator working in the space between people and the food they consume.

I make functional objects intended for use in everyday life. I design the vessel to exist as a transmitter and later an artifact. I orchestrate the parameters surrounding their use through civic projects focused on several aspects of growing, cooking, eating and sharing food.

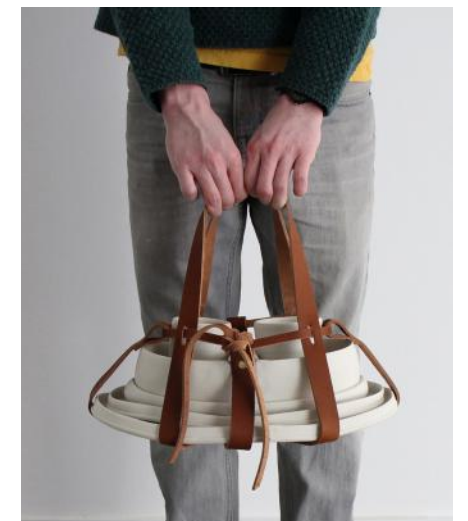
My work focuses on the moment of human interaction, the touch, and the intimate connection. I am interested in the interrelationship that forms between people, through the vessel in the presence of food consumed.



Partake Columbus

porcelain, glaze, wood, photographs, mixed media
2015

partakecolumbus.wordpress.com



TRADEMARK GUNDERSON

Artist Statement
(serves one to many)

INGREDIENTS

Music
Media
Interface
Installation
Technology
Performance
Found Sound
Digital Musicianship

METHODS

Play
Misuse
Collage
Hacking
Interaction
Subversion
Cut & Paste
Appropriation
Reimagination

DIRECTIONS:

1. Combine two or more ingredients using one or more methods.
2. Mix well.
3. Remix.

Variations for a Door and a Flight

doors, sensors, microphones, video loops
2015



CHRISTOPHER HARVEY

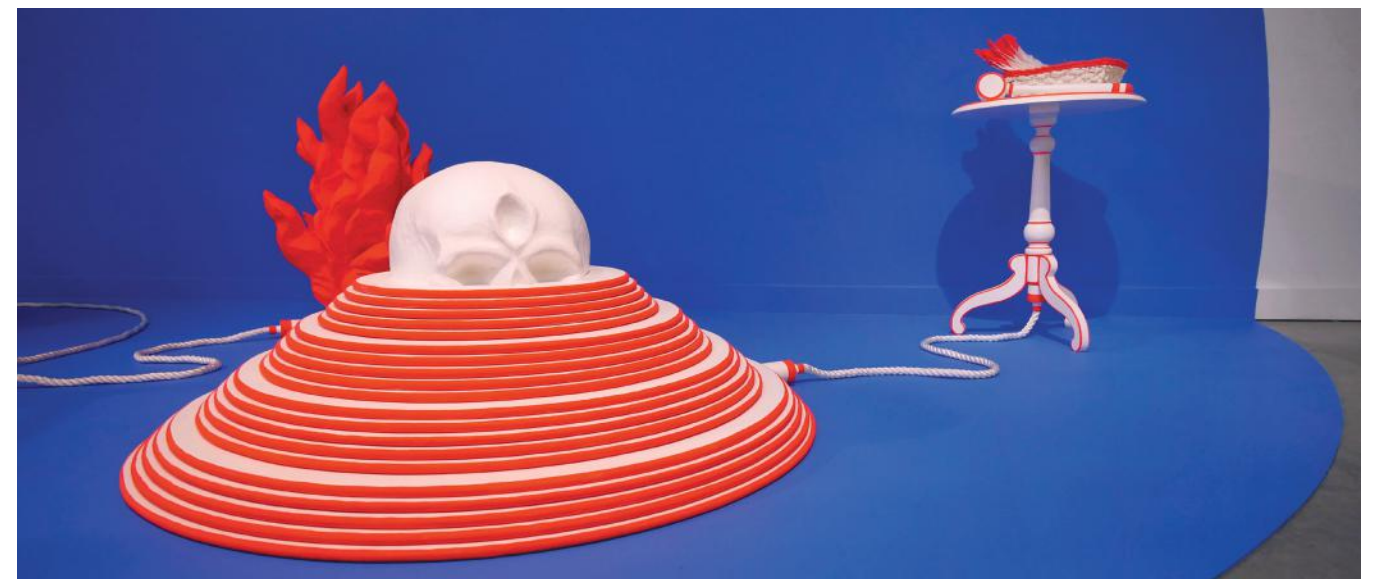
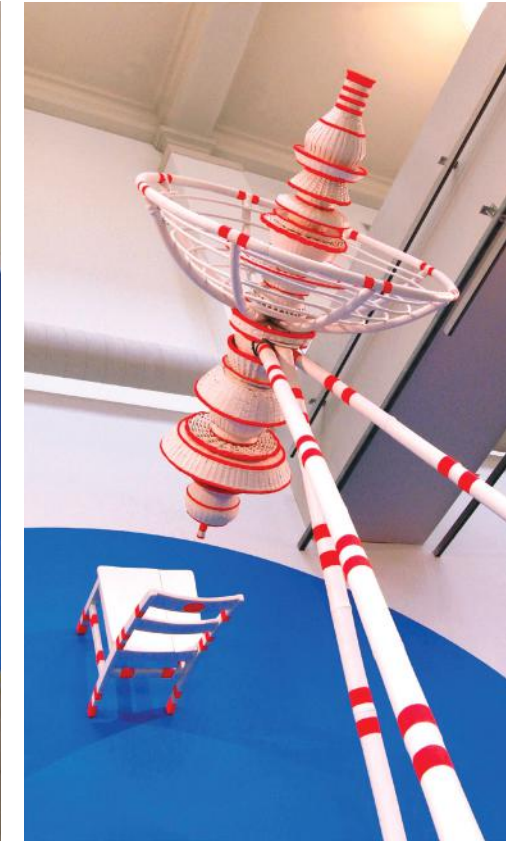
some things i was thinking about, in order of line length:

the problem of primitivism
surface, structure, idea and form
the false promise of convenience
the impossibility of being unnatural
harmonics, rhythms, and visual music
invisible waves and signals from stars
cargo cults and cultural appropriation
reckless metaphors in theoretical writing
talking animal cartoons and sci-fi sitcoms
the self-centering allure of axial symmetry
the bittersweet certainty of impermanence
the myth of identity and the vitality of myth
the role of projection in ordinary perception
nautical paint layers and visual hazard codes
chromatic vibration and the retinal experience
obsessive compulsive tendencies in physical art-making
pretending and believing as aspects of meaningful experience
psychic boundaries and the transformational power of suggestion
aspiration and inspiration as terms for both motivation and breathing
evidence of a neuro-biological basis for imagination in non-human primates

Apparatus for the Filtration of Cosmic Information

bamboo, wood, polystyrene, aqua-resin, plaster, found wicker and rattan, chair, paint, hardware.

2015



ALYSSA JOHNSON

I use painting as a critical practice, bringing form to my interests in the intersection of power, race and social relations. My practice is an investment into color theory as a means of investigating power and reveals my interest in the politics and dynamics of color (use). Through my paintings I aim to draw attention to hidden oppressive constructs rigorously at work in our society.

Centered
video loop
2014



MICHAEL McDEVITT

The narrative that unifies *The Shooting* is based loosely on events that occurred in my high school circle of friends. This work of fiction addresses questions of responsibility and culpability; questions that have stayed with me since that shot was fired decades ago. I wonder why my friend would have done such a foolish thing. I wonder if there was some way I could have prevented the events. I wonder how the entire community failed those three troubled boys. But mostly I wonder what my friend was thinking as he stood there on the doorstep of a stranger with a loaded gun in his hand.

The Shooting is also a rumination on the relationship between high and low art – between culturally esteemed fields such as gallery painting, installation, and theater and culturally undervalued fields such as comics, decoration, design, everyday objects, and handicraft. Integrated throughout the work's form and subject matter, there runs a quiet monologue on my own uneasiness about the position of my work within the gallery and fine art context. I am particularly interested in the ways in which comics and painting intersect. Rather than just appropriating a simplified cartoon style, *The Shooting* explores ways in which my painting can utilize the narrative strategies of comics to tell a story within a gallery installation.

The Shooting
mixed media
2015



SHANE MCGEEHAN

Within an altered state our minds deviate from regular waking consciousness, allowing us to perceive our surroundings in an entirely new way. My interest in such topics led me to a very powerful psychoactive compound known as dimethyltryptamine, or DMT, which became the influence of my work.

Altered States is a darkened space installation about psychedelia and personal experience. The work involves rippling water, pulsating lights, binaural beat audio, and a colorful fractal created by manipulating the structural formula of DMT. The viewer is offered two very different viewing conditions, and between the two the concept of an altered state is echoed: exterior or interior, public or private, standing or prone, commodity or experience, standard lighting or flashing effects, static image or moving image, and so on.

Altered States

digital art, photographic print, wood, audio, light
2015

Clockwise from top: installation exterior, installation interior, interior detail.



MAIJA MIETTINEN-HARRIS

In the past three years I have explored the ambiguous intersection between my paintings and the studio practice in relation to the theories of cultural marginalization, liminality, and power in the global world, but also how at the same time the work emerges from my immigrant reality while not being a reflection of my biography per se.

Above all else, on a surface of a painting I aim to infinitely renew the moment of encounter. I perceive the rejection of the illusionistic space creating a perpetual experience of here and now, where the access to the time construct of past, present and future is obstructed. Through the manipulation of all-over, dense, pattern-like configurations and the use of competing layers and forms- originating from my cultural heritage, with bold, yet also subtle color variations, I want the paintings to strike the viewer visually as well as viscerally. Where the configurations start falling apart and the imperfection of the hand become visible, I see vulnerability but also delicate tension and confusion. Distinct from the surface are the painted sides, because I invite the viewer to look at the painting from different points of view, drawing attention to the paintings' objecthood, while it is expanding to the space it occupies and ultimately to the viewers themselves.

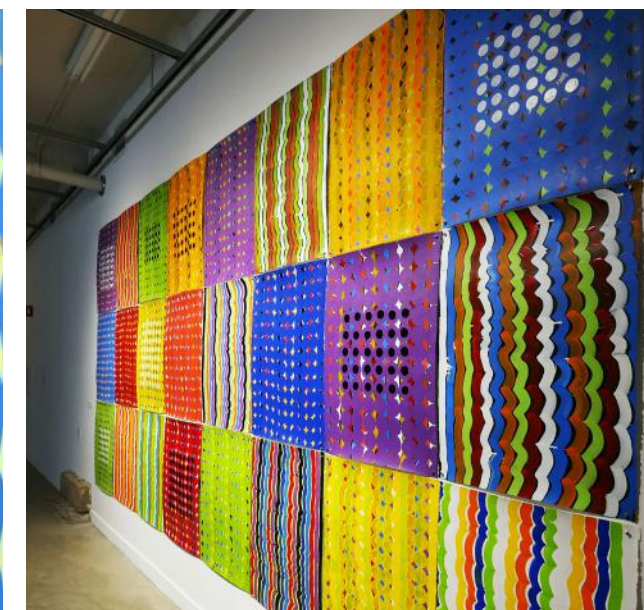
Straight Eclipse (I, II, III, IV, & V)

spray paint, enamel, acrylic, and oil on canvas
2015

Overdetermined

acrylic, enamel, and spray paint on paper
2015

Clockwise from top: Straight Eclipse, Overdetermined, detail Overdetermined.



PETER MORGAN

My practice is based in ocular exploration. By disrupting aspects of visual focus, I compose situations that filter or challenge the viewer's perception. Through sculpture, painting, or video, I investigate the natural phenomena of light and shadow, but most importantly edge relations, which engage the viewpoint and perception of the viewer. Architecturally, the interior and exterior of my work vacillates, revealing dimensions not entirely 3D or 2D but hinged halfway between. The experience resets the viewer's perception. A filter or obstruction becomes an apparatus to coax the act of viewing, slowing down and distorting the reception of parts. This new sense of perception and misperception creates a blind spot; a quiver in the eye and mind, leaving the viewer caught somewhere in the middle of truth and illusion.

Aimless Eclipse

projected video, mixed media
2015

No Deeper

digital video, mixed media.
2015

Video Series

digital video
2012-2015

Top to bottom: installation view of Aimless Eclipse and Video Series, No Deeper.



LIAM ZE'EV O'CONNOR

Pillar of Cloud is a looping video, sourced from the internet, that show rockets being deployed between Israel and Gaza. I edited these clips so that the endless explosions begin to look like clouds. The title, *Pillar of Cloud* is taken both from the Israeli name for a 2012 military operation against Hamas, as well as from the book of Exodus, where a divine Pillar of cloud guides the Israelites through the desert. I look at these "clouds," created from violence, and wonder if they are a perverse man-made recreation of the divine.

In *Shamayim (there are waters)*, the Pacific Ocean rotates along the horizon, exchanging sky for sea and blue for blue, in reference to Genesis 1:6, where "G-d said, 'Let there be an expanse in the midst of the water, and let it be a separation between water and water.'" In Hebrew the word for sky/heaven is *shamayim* which breaks apart to form the two words *sham* (there) and *mayim* (waters). In this installation, the roar of the ocean transforms and becomes the explosion of rockets and the rending of earth.

Pillar of Cloud

single channel video projection on plexiglass
2015

Shamayim (there are waters)

video loop, drywall, wood, 2 tons of sand
2015



PAUL SCOTT PAGE

Through my photography, I explore overlooked urban images of the banal. This exploration helps me to engage more deeply with my location in space and time. A dialog with the subject begins as mediation on color, form, and texture inspired by the complexities of the built environment. From this elemental morphology, the conversation may continue along cultural schemata. For me, architecture stands at a nexus of race, class, culture, and art. Societal investment in the built environment as well as its absence seems to be a reflection of social needs, exploitation, vision, neglect, generosity, valuation, and their opposites. Architecture is culture in its most concrete form.

It might be said that photographs of buildings, parking lots, streets, and other structures of the built environment, depict familiar and known subjects that are readily part of the everyday human experience living and working in urban spaces. However, a photograph shows that which does not exist. The referent of the photographic image is out of context, out of frame, flattened by the process, translated by hundreds of conscious and unconscious choices, mediated by the artist and the artist's equipment and materials - photographs are a "thing" unto themselves - separate and apart from that which existed at the time the image was made. My hope is that the new reality formed by my images may reveal hidden truths to the human condition experienced in urbanity.

Plaza Motel, Dayton, Ohio
archival pigment print
2013

Edward Hopper Was Here
archival pigment print
2014

Clockwise from top: Plaza Motel, installation view, Edward Hopper Was Here.



SARAH SCHULTZ

Ash, oil, salt:
mediums with potent histories come into dialogue with Biblical text and memory.

Burn, soak, scratch:
actions which together form a ritualistic labor.

Memory, text, labor:
the foundations of thought and process which connect mind and hand.

Tapestries, prayer rugs, relics:
imagery evoked through the combination of these components.

My art is about the spirit:
how it yearns and mourns and labors, how it is quiet and still and hopes.

I seek a form of making that exists as a palimpsest of sorts, working and reworking itself to form new meanings. Having left behind any form of pictorial representation, I am interested in the vestigial of the act and the presence of my hand that remains after the ritual is accomplished. Through the process of enacting these self-made rituals I am seeking to understand what space exists for ritual and religion within the context of a contemporary art world.

Ash & Oil
ash, oil, paper, wood
2015

Salt & Memory
salt, felt
2015

Untitled
oil, ash, paper
2015

Clockwise from top: installation view, Untitled detail, Ash & Oil detail.



ZAC WEINBERG

A glass chandelier, perhaps the most opulent manifestation of a functional commodity, was recreated, based on a digital image of an 18th century design. Following manufacture, the entire surface was covered in small squares of cut mirror.

A treadmill is a device on which the user moves in place at various speeds in a self-imposed laborious activity with the intent of attaining a better physique.

These two objects have been connected by a mechanical system that translates rotational motion ninety degrees.

Lit from four sides, the mirrored veneer of the chandelier creates a cosmic barrage of reflections onto the local architecture.

The exposed apparatus reveals the labor that drives this spectacle thus anchoring the spectacle to its source.

Mechanism for Spectacular Experiences

blown glass, cut mirror, thermal adhesive, steel, modified treadmill, kinetics
2015



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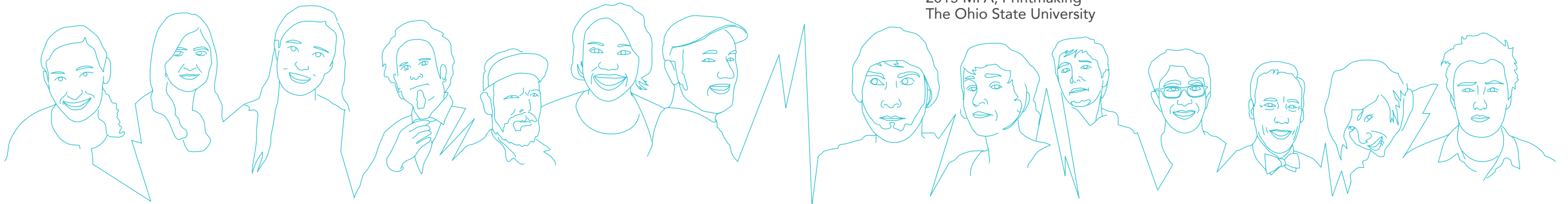
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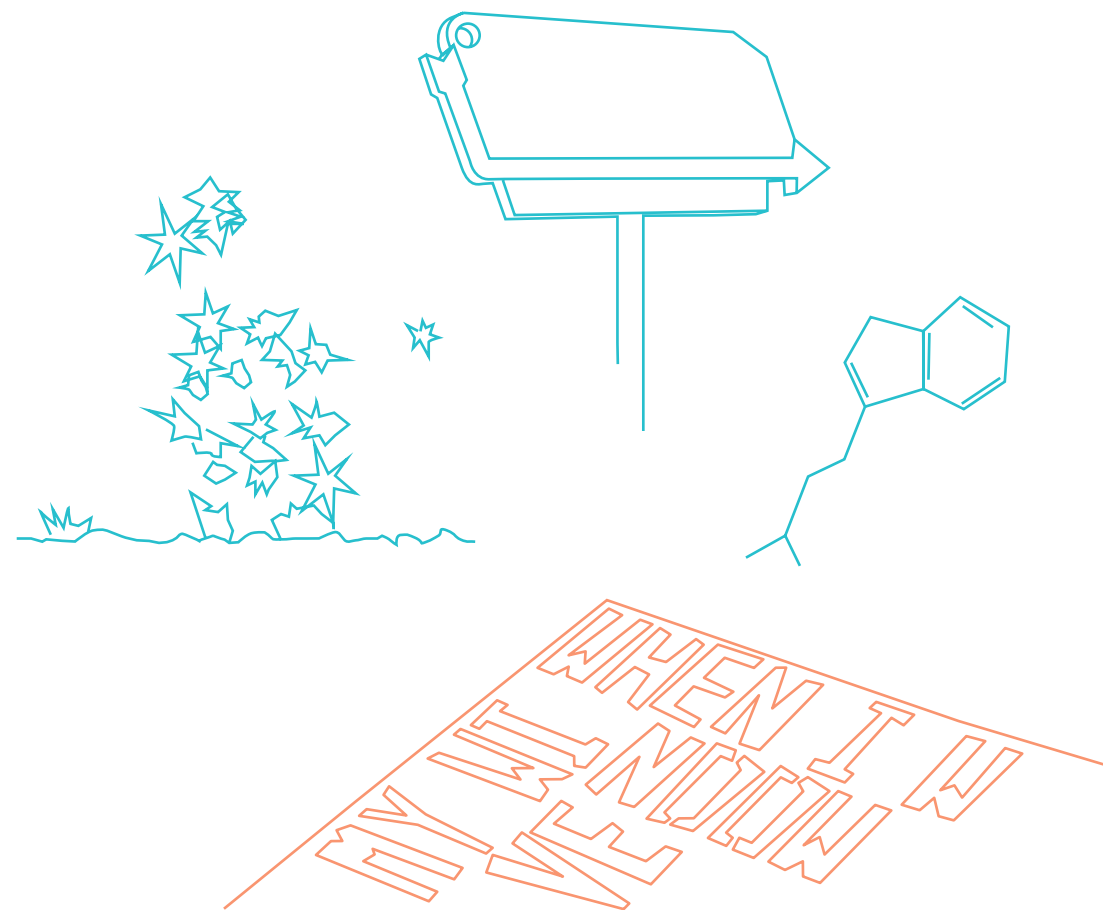
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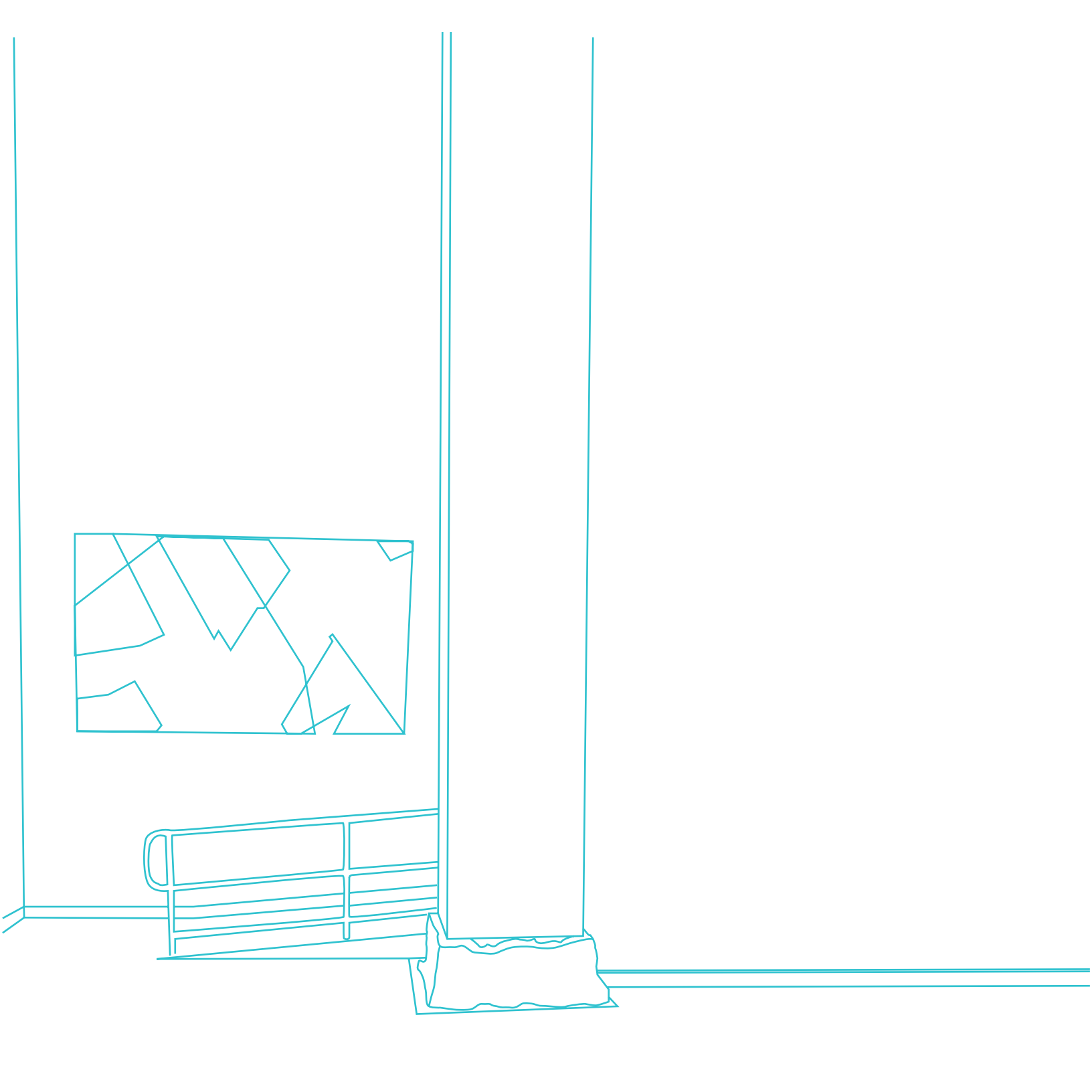
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