

Artist



Residency



Exchange



Top to Bottom: Mia Brownell • Paulo Buornos (Photo by Nancy J. Pasis) • Casol Cloos • Ron Emke
Jody Lafont • Paul Francis • Ditty Todd Knox • Martin Kruck • Zeibe Sotterick

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Hallwalls Inc.
2495 Main Street, Suite 425
Buffalo, NY 14214
716/835-7362

Pyramid Arts Center
Village Gate Square
302 N. Goodman Street
Rochester, NY 14607
716/461-2222

Wayne County Council for the Arts
2 Broad Street, PO Box 164
Lyons, NY 14489
315/946-5078

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Table of Contents

Thank you	1
Introduction: <i>Artist Residency Exchange: Western New York 1996</i>	2
<i>Mia Brownell</i> , by John Worden	3
<i>Comisao de Frente for Paulo Buennos</i> , by Ted Pearson	4
<i>Livingston Notes</i> , by Carol Cloos	5
<i>What I Did On My Summer Vacation</i> , from <i>Welcome to the Sausage Factory</i> , by Ron Ehmke	6
<i>Investigating Mortality: Photography of Paul Francis</i> , by Donald Jackson	8
From <i>Waiting for Rain</i> , by Darby Todd Knox	9
<i>Art, Life and Hypnosis: the Video Work of Jody J. Lafond</i> , by Margaret Wagner	10
<i>Aspects of a Certain History: the Work of Martin Kruck</i> , by Gary Nickard	11
<i>Casting Spirits: The Paper Creations of Zerbe Sodervick</i> , by Karen vanMeenen	14
Biographical Notes	15
Administering Organizations	16
Host Organizations	16

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ADMINISTRATING ORGANIZATIONS

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RESIDENT VISUAL ARTISTS

Mia Brownell, Erie County
Paulo Buennos, Erie County
Paul Francis, Erie County
Martin Kruck, Erie County
Jody LaFond, Erie County
Zerbe Sodervick, Wayne County

RESIDENT WRITERS

Carol Cloos, Monroe County
Ronald Ehmke, Erie County
Darby Todd Knox, Livingston County

ARTIST GUEST QUARTERS

Jackie and Al Felix, Erie County
Kathy Sherin and Bob McCabe, Erie County
Cathy Feinen, Monroe County
Visual Studies Workshop, Monroe County
John and Sheila Chanler, Livingston County
Joe and Patricia Tucherello, Livingston County
Dale and Kathe Hartnett, Livingston County
Finger Lakes DDSO, Wayne County

ARTIST HOSTS

Paul Martin and Peter Sowiski, Buffalo State College
Tom Melizzi
Sharon Stanley, Mount Morris Library

CATALOGUE ESSAYISTS

Gary Nickard, Erie County
Ted Pearson, Erie County
Karen Van Meenen, Monroe County
Margaret Wagner, Monroe County
John Worden, Monroe County
Donald Jackson, Brooklyn, NY

CATALOGUE PHOTOGRAPHERS

Elizabeth Davis, Erie County
Kevin Schoonover, Wayne County
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Hallwalls Contemporary Arts Center
Just Buffalo Literary Center
SUC Buffalo, Fine Arts Program
SUNY Buffalo, Photography Program
SUNY Buffalo, Casting Institute

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PANELISTS

Visual Arts
Alberto Rey
Joseph Daun
Pat Bacon
Lida Suchy
Deborah Weeks Carson

LITERATURE

Lorna C. Hill
Kathleen Wakefield
Norm Davis
Josie Claire
Pat Matthews

ARTIST RESIDENCY EXCHANGE: WESTERN NEW YORK

1996 Catalogue Introduction

Hallwalls Contemporary Arts Center, Pyramid Arts Center, and the Wayne County Council for the Arts are proud to present the results of the third year of *Artist Residency Exchange: Western New York*, an artists residency and re-grant program that directly benefits visual artists and writers in the counties of Erie, Livingston, Monroe and Wayne. ARE:WNY sponsored six visual artist residencies and three writer residencies in 1996.

The program is made possible by a remarkable consortium including 18 arts, culture and service organizations in the five county area, and the New York State Council on the Arts, which have united in support of residencies for individual artists. In 1997 Niagara County joined the ARE consortium, further extending the reach of this program.

ARE:WNY is built upon a fundamental belief that individual artists are the heart and soul of the arts in New York State. One of the great needs of artists in western New York state is support for artists to do their work. Funding cutbacks in recent years have often been at the expense of support systems for individual artists offered by government agencies, foundations, and arts organizations. Throughout the United States, communities are coming together to create new programs such as ARE:WNY in support of artists and their work. In a recent study titled *Financial Support for Artists*, ARE:WNY was listed as a noteworthy new program, one of many new efforts in which a consortium of organizations have come together to develop new support systems for cultural production.

The primary goals of ARE:WNY are:

- To offer to artists in the western region of New York State much needed facilities, time to develop their work, technical assistance, and financial support.
- To create a unified support system for arts activities in the region which unites contemporary arts centers, libraries, arts councils, and regional organizations.
- Share administrative and artistic resources, relieving the strain on individual organizations, and improving services to artists.

- To increase public interaction and knowledge of artists and their work through an optional service component, publication of a catalogue with documentation and commissioned essays about each artist, and increased publicity and visibility in print and electronic media, and the World Wide Web coordinated by the administering organizations.

Artist applications were solicited in the four participating counties in 1996 by an open application process, supported by vigorous outreach (partially via a growing multi-county arts database of 1,700 artists) to artists in each county. The program grants were awarded by two panels of five regional artists, one for visual arts and one for writing, representing a diversity of arts backgrounds and populations. The criteria for artist selection are: quality of work, as demonstrated by support materials submitted by the artists; the ability and willingness to satisfactorily complete the residency; the feasibility of the artists' goals for the residency; and the degree to which their accomplishment furthers a public appreciation of the arts.

This catalogue is the result of the six visual artist residencies and three writers' residencies awarded and completed in 1996. Each visual artist was paired with a guest essayist for this catalog, to help convey the artist's work to the community. What started out as a re-grant program for artists became an important way for artists to interact with new communities, and for artists to present their work through exhibitions and readings.

The excitement of the ARE:WNY artists was matched by that of the hosting organizations that formed a network of support for the artists. All of the artists were made to feel at home in their newly adopted communities through the enthusiastic effort of the host organizations. These organizations not only provided working facilities for artists, but also brought the artists into contact with other artists, and with the community at large. These stories and more unfold from the artist's experiences and those of all of the organizations that are a part of ARE:WNY. We hope that this catalogue conveys a lasting sense of the effect these residencies had in their host communities throughout western New York.

Mia Brownell by John Worden

Reading the List of Ingredients

Digestion can be understood in two radically different ways. It can be approached analytically, as a process made up of known components, ranging from the digestive tract to the molecular level. It can also be approached by direct experience.

The act of painting can be understood in these two ways. You can analyze it, and you can experience it. It's the difference between reading the list of ingredients on the can of soup to try to figure out what the soup will taste like and actually tasting it

Mia Brownell's series of paintings initiated during her ARE:WNY residency is named *Digestion*, exposing a cliché. The title suggests an emphasis on analysis and critique, and the artist would probably agree. I would argue, though, that her recent paintings move between both types of understanding — the analysis and the experience. Brownell gives us the label of ingredients and then invites us to taste the soup. As her work matures, it becomes less involved with the ingredients and more experiential.

Brownell's use of richer color, more free-flowing shapes, interplay between elements, and free-form associations are evidence of her evolution from analysis towards the experience itself.

Body Parts

This evolution in Brownell's work is not just due to the maturation of the artist. It also has to do with the contradictory aspects of the act of description and analysis. The analysis of digestion faces a kind of irony that the component parts do not "do" anything until they come into contact with one another. The same "inertia" happens when our digestive tract is simply illustrated. Our internal organs, when considered abstractly, simply sit there on the piece of canvas. It is their interaction with external elements — the food — that begins their function of digestion.

Even when she is concentrating fully on describing the elements that comprise digestion, Brownell slips us this irony that digestion is a function, not a thing. Furthermore, the function does not happen in a void — it is experienced.

Stomach Ache seems at first to fit comfortably in the mold of passive analysis. The digestive organs are highlighted, and the elements of food are catalogued. But, as this title implies, the painting is about the after-effects of a process — and in this case, the process does not go smoothly. Undigested bones and pieces of food have an unpleasant

feeling attached to them.

The confusing planes of Brownell's paintings use illusion to force us to experience our acts of observation. In *MMMM...Bananas and Apples*, the bananas are doing cartwheels, while the psychedelic background is folding into itself. We don't know what is top and what is bottom. The shifting between background and foreground causes a kind of queasiness akin to being seasick.

This use of flatness and optical illusion in her work is exciting. It denies the part that wants to stand outside the painting in one place. The grid of the tablecloth in her paintings is more than the comforting repetition of evenly divided space — it also becomes a slippery slope that disproves its independence of our location as observers. As I move looking at the painting, the perspectives and illusions change. I can no longer be the omnipotent and impartial observer.

Desire Fuels the Consumption

For Brownell, the primary catalyst to make her work more experiential is the element of desire. This is a more sensual approach, and no story is complete without it. *Dreaming of Those After*

Dinner Mints, for example, uses luscious colors and flowing rhythms to create this atmosphere of invitation, desirability, and ultimately, human choice.

For us, eating is about choice. In our modern day culture, we are quite used to the notion of eating as the satisfying of desire. We have hiked up the desire part so much that it seems to contradict the notion of eating as a simple natural requirement of staying alive. Brownell is right to complicate the analysis of digestion with the analysis of consumption, which is very much based on desire.

Stomach Ache embodies this dilemma of desirability and choice. The painting goes from the anticipation of the meal, the promise implied by the empty setting to the threat of overindulgence. But then Brownell sticks

us with the end result: our eyes are bigger than our stomach. This undigested clutter, seen from further aback, appears to be a monster rising out of the broil, with a mouth gaping open, attacking the nicely laid tablecloth grid that usually reassures us with thoughts of picnics and regularity. The ultimate desire is perhaps religious in its intensity. I love Brownell's religious overtones and source of inspiration. Her treatment of fabric is directly influenced by her studies of Renaissance paintings, where drapery and cloth becomes an expression of reverential passion. The sensuality of the fabric, as it comes alive with the luscious paint, is intoxicating, much like the "mysterium tremendum"



From the series *Digestion*, exposing a cliché

described in the religious ecstasies of St. Theresa.

Consuming the Divinity

In the end, we must live with the results of our choices. The purr of desire eventually collides with the bite of indigestion. I am reminded of other clichés — “We are what we eat,” or “Eat or be eaten.” Consumption without moderation can operate much like a virus consuming its host. Here, the promise of fulfilled passion becomes the brutal facility offered by Social Darwinism (I wonder here, too, if natural selection operates on a metaphorical level as desire and choice.)

Setting takes all of this into account. The painting seems to start with the idea of a simple elegantly laid table setting — one plate, a fork on one side and a knife on the other side. This elegance beckons us with its reassurances of habit and the promise of fulfillment. The concept of food associated with the setting is a torrential ribbon of color — as bright and cheerful as a birthday party. Yet this same ribbon of color has no end to its bountiful blessings. In one blink of the eye the same

cheerful quality threatens us in its abundance and our inability to control or stop it from growing until it overwhelms and destroys the host.

The ecstasy of Brownell’s work holds out the promise of divine revelation. Like the smooth-talking serpent in the selling of the biblical apple, we want to take a bite. And yet, with these paintings, the mythology of the serpent is also the ouroboros — the image of the snake swallowing its own tail. This sounds ominous. On the other hand, the ouroboros signifies each end as necessary for each new beginning.

Finally, these paintings are partly about digestion and partly about what it means to paint. The common denominator seems to be what it means to be human — to desire, to choose, to act and to live with the results. Brownell is maturing, and willing to digest her own analysis. Her colors are luscious and seductive. Her joy and spontaneity in the act of painting emerge to the forefront. The analysis of digestion has become a celebration of experience.

Comissão de Frente for Paulo Buennos by Ted Pearson

1.

At home and not in paradise purview the wild iris

Ted Pearson

The trajectory of Paulo Buennos’ oeuvre can be plotted as a continuing series of arrivals, habitations and departures. Shelter as such is not at issue, much less any putative claims of attachment. As Antonio Porchia pointedly asked, “Would there be all this seeking if the found existed?” The issue, in several senses of the word, is Buennos’ ardent attention to the practice of human location and renewal, by which the geometric space of formal abstraction and representation is transformed into the anthropological space of social construction and habitation. In “traditional” societies, *home* is typically conceived as a matrix of genealogical and property relations within which the individual subject is bound by the contingencies of Name and Place to a given, if co-extensive, community. In “modern” societies, *home* is conceived both hyper-extensively as “homeland” or “nation” and hyper-restrictively as a spatio-temporal refuge from the exigencies of the public sphere, and even from those of community itself. In this light, Buennos’ work has proven equally resistant to the proprietary blandishments of family and home and to the existential “romance” of homelessness. It is, however, work that insists, without polemic, on maintaining the mobility of concepts within a demonstrably human, heterodox, and arguably habitable world.

2.

Agora a gente sabe, mas não pode dizer alto.

Brazilian Saying

If Buennos’ work describes a trajectory, it also enacts an itinerary. This itinerary importantly locates his practice as much among the social and cultural spaces he has inhabited, as between and within the geographical places to which he has travelled. In Oppen’s words, “We are not coeval / With a locality / But we imagine others are.” Hence, to be always in the midst of others, as we are always already within purview of the Other, is to be both subject to, and outside of, the power that place as such confers. It is one thing to make one’s way wherever. “Now we know, but we must not say it out loud.” It is quite something else to “name” wherever [*Da*] one is, and thereby invoke wherever else [*Fort*] one is not. *Here*, in other words, makes *There* possible; and this double enunciation (enunciation of the Double) both signifies and gives rise to the desire for what and wherever one is not. Hence, insofar as a socially abstract trajectory can be translated into a culturally

specific itinerary, Buennos’ constant point of departure is the problem of transforming a given space into a constructed space (*un espace propre*) and of constituting the quotidian, as he finds it, therein.

3.

There are things We live among ‘and to see them Is to know ourselves’

George Oppen

One begins in the midst of things. The anxiety that famously attends the appearance of a “blank” page or an “empty” canvas derives in no small part from the knowledge that similar fields of possibility, permission, and deferral have been traversed, delimited, and inhabited by others. *If* one begins, it is the discipline of art (not the habit of art) that takes account of and also resists received practices. In their place, one locates and directs one’s attention to the context and particulars oneself inhabits. In Buennos’ work, attention progresses from a vision of surfaces perceived as such to a vista of features, forms,



and relations that emerge, first, as topography, and then as a space one might enter, walk around in and, provisionally, live a life. It is, of course, an imaginative life; but one that is practiced, nevertheless, in the world and largely in the company of others. By re-locating the site of inscription from the vertical plane of a standing wall to the horizontal plane of a floor (itself at least figuratively opposite the surface of the earth on which we dwell), aesthetic space is re-

inscribed in a social space from which the possibilities of performance, interaction, and mobility emerge.

4.
Relation is the principal thing
Piet Mondrian

From the two-dimensional space of drawings and paintings wherein he once envisioned rooms, streets, cities, nations, and the ebb and flow of people, Buennos proceeded to articulate these visions in the expanded space-time of performance art and site-specific installations. Traditional materials such as paper, canvas, wood and glass for stretchers and frames, became material for the fabrics, furnishings, costumes, windows and mirrors of an enunciated habitation, an anthropological space populated by performers, audiences, bystanders, and passers-by. The oils and pigments of his early paintings became the essential oils that he often employs to "color" or scent the surrounding air; and the graphic (hence textual) and rhythmic (hence musical) elements of his pictorial practice became the verbal (written, spoken, sung, embroidered) and acoustical elements available to performers. Significantly, then, Buennos' recent series of drawings may be said to graphically revisit his artistic beginnings while concurrently revising the graph of his by now extensive itinerary. By combining cartological and pictorial elements drawn from personal, social, and geographic spaces, objects and texts, Buennos has elected to locate his work on a scale irreducible to *literal* installation. Hence, they are complete installations in themselves, within the imaginative space of the literal drawings they formally "inhabit."

5.
I know what I have given you.
I do not know what you have received.
Antonio Porchia

The erotics of Buennos' work is also and importantly its ethos. Heraclitus observed that the oracle neither speaks nor hides its meaning, but gives a sign. Similarly, Buennos' work neither demands nor refuses the viewer's attention, but rather offers itself to (and as instance of) a thoroughly sensualized intellection. Of necessity, this offer is fraught with desire; albeit a desire whose recognition and acknowledgment are dependent on the very attention that it seeks and requires. In these remarks, then, I have not attempted to describe the work, or to delimit its art-historical context. Rather, at Paulo's generous insistence, I have tried to attend to certain aspects of the conceptual discourse it clearly proposes, and, I believe, compellingly enacts. Having viewed his work (in situ and as documented) and having experienced the quickening and alteration of attention to aesthetic and social space that it offers, I want to cite a passage from Michel de Certeau, not only as a conclusion to this essay, but also in homage to Paulo's tenure at Finger Lakes DDSO. "Since Mallarmé, scriptural [graphical] experience has deployed itself in the relation between the act of moving forward and the death-dealing soil on which its wandering leaves its track. In this respect, the writer [artist] is also a dying man who is trying to speak. But in the death that his footprints inscribe on [the surface], he knows and he can express the desire that expects from *the other* the marvelous and ephemeral excess of surviving through an attention that it alters."

Livingston Notes *by Carol Cloos*

I knew that my father would want to come to Livingston County with me. Driving around its back roads, I am not surprised to find him in the car, telegraphing comments and questions: *Ask him what he uses for fertilizer... Alfalfa's pretty, but you don't hold it in your hand like a tomato.* Since my father had existed almost as a spirit for the last several years, his body's absence does not detract from his presence.

Last spring I had told him about receiving the residency, as I told him all news during my hospital visits, not able to tell from his silence and stare if he understood any of it. At his funeral in August I read a passage from Thomas Jefferson that reflected my father's character and his life as a farmer: *Those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God, if ever He had a chosen people, whose breasts He has made his peculiar deposit for substantial and genuine virtue. It is the focus in which He keeps alive that sacred fire, which might otherwise escape from the face of the earth.*

"Chosen" I would debate, although never Jefferson's reverence for the land. I've come to Livingston County because of its open fields and strong agricultural tradition.

Mists everywhere. September days are clear and warm, nearly 80 the afternoon I arrive, but nighttime temperatures drop, leaving mornings heavy with dew and haze. Walks through pastures call for shoes that can take a soaking, and I, a former farm girl, have somehow

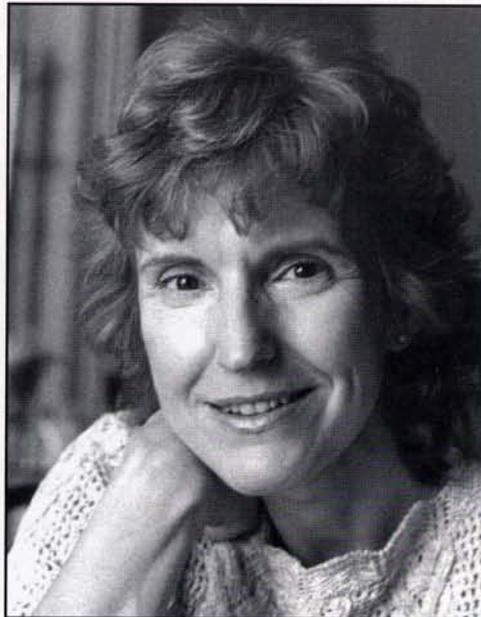
worn the shoes of a city rube. Another reason I'm in Livingston County—to be brought up sharply by the physical intensity of country, once again.

In the town of Lima, a stretch of low-lying muckland is often misted over much of the day. Very eerie, I'm told. Joe Tuchrello grows four hundred acres of potatoes here, the second generation of his family to "go to the muck," as natives say. After the morning's drizzle, the soil is a rich ebony, with satiny patches like the skin on chocolate pudding.

Near a shed, four women and two men are stationed along a noisy ascending conveyor, culling runty or blemished potatoes and rocks. Pebbles and dirt spew out, covering my face and camera lens with grit. My eyes blink and water.

Years ago in New York I saw a haunting production of Caryl Churchill's *Fens*, about potato harvesters toiling in marshlands in the east of England. They spoke to one another across a field obscured by mists, created by the theatre's fog machine.

Today in South Lima the air is clear and I'm disappointed, although another drama fills my head: I am a child helping harvest our small crop of potatoes, gathering "the tinies," delighting in getting dirty. My mother and grandfather, Brooklyn natives, listen to a Dodgers playoff game on a radio wired up out to the field. They sit and



sort into my father's categories: Bests, Seconds, The Nuns (misshapen potatoes for the Sisters of St. Francis and us), Junk.

A tall, white plume—almost incandescent—rises above grey morning wisps along a lower road. I drive down. An alfalfa mill, according to the sign. The plume's sharp grainy smell is fragrant, to me, although some residents consider the odor of drying alfalfa a stench.

I'm fussing with f-stops when a pickup truck skids out of the mill and pulls up behind my car. The driver bolts out and grills me. I tell him I'm a writer, I just like the look of the...is it smoke? *A writer for who? Who knows, I think. I warn you, trespassers have been arrested here.* I survey the road's shoulder. Clearly public space. The man calms down. I ask his name. He's the mill's owner. He leaves. I take several photographs. I leave, remembering that the Comstock canning plant near Mt. Morris has a sign prohibiting photographing on the premises.

"It's that salt mine trouble," one local resident tells me. Another has a different take: "Everybody's worried about the DEC and the environmental types."

Webbing out under much of Livingston County—more than a thousand feet below the surface—is Akzo Nobel's Retsof salt mine, the largest in this hemisphere (6,500 acres). A section collapse in 1994 caused earth movements severe enough to undermine roadways, a bridge, some structures; severe enough to split local consensus about the presence of the mine, in operation over a hundred years.

Sinkholes formed in fields. In places, yellow and blue flames flickered as methane, seeping from deep in the earth, burned. To have photographed that against an evening sky—beauty and catastrophe, an Anselm Kiefer vision.

At a farm in York acres of beets have been harvested by an enormous mechanical "puller" parked in the distance. A still life of random beets is left behind in the field. Some, cut in two, bleed and

glisten against the dark soil. Their variegated burgundy rings resemble slices of gemstone, yet what rock is this hue?

In a memoir, a Holocaust survivor told of escaping from a camp. After staggering through woods, he came to a small field with beets, the first vegetables he'd seen in so long. He pulled one up, kissed it and bit through the tough, gritty skin. Red juice streamed from his mouth, mixed with his tears.

Wednesday, seven a.m. The riders assemble at McQueen's Switch, along an abandoned railroad off Papermill Road. The hounds are released, the riders go off. Sheila Chanler and I drive to Triphammer Road to see if we can catch the chase coming over the high ground enfolding a streambed. We wait, listening for the "speaking" of hounds, the pounding of hooves in the cold, damp air. No sound but roosters and the breeze. The misted scene—trees, hilltops, gully—seems as heady as scent of fox to hounds. On horseback on a morning like this would the quarry matter? It could be griffin. Is it beauty the riders hunt?

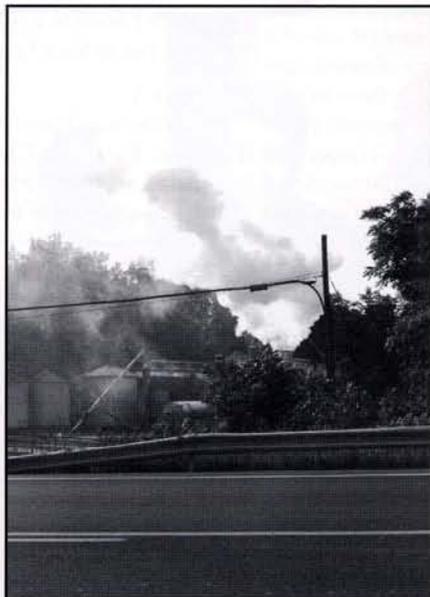
At dusk, haze veils the Valley, muting red and lavender sunsets. Another evening finds a shaft of orange blasting through low-hanging grey. Driving back to Geneseo, I struggle to keep my eyes on the road. Sky wins out and I pull over.

The words mist and mystery come from different roots, *meigh* and *myein* respectively, although both have to do with blinking or shutting the eye. Surfaces, inevitably, leave much to the imagination.

My father probably wonders whether the Italianelle pepper he grew was the Retsof pepper Tom Melizzi described to me last week.

Akzo-Nobel has decided to close mining operations permanently. What of the caverns far under my feet? What enchanting, haunting stories from that world will survive?

Yesterday I passed a large trailer of beets on its way to the Comstock plant. The dull brown globes looked like a load of rough gravel. All value disguised.



What I Did On My Summer Vacation (from Welcome to the Sausage Factory) by Ron Ehmke

DAY 1

Writers & Books is closed on Mondays, so I'm taking the day to get acquainted with my new surroundings: the beautiful two-story house in a neighborhood I will never be able to afford in my lifetime, the garden filled with flowers I am allergic to. My host, a widowed art teacher named Cathy, asks, "Now, what exactly are you supposed to be doing this month?" and I try to explain the intended purpose of the residency: taking writers and videomakers and visual artists from, say, Erie County, and moving them to, say, Monroe County for 30 days in some kind of free-form cultural exchange program, in the hope that this will somehow help them "do their work," whatever that is, and "immerse themselves in the community," whatever that means. This makes sense if you are a photographer from Olean and you want to take pictures of the waste products dumped in the water outside factories in Rochester and then develop the photos at Visual Studies

Workshop, but I really ... don't ... need anything to do my "work," which pretty much consists of sitting in a chair and talking about things that have happened to me.

Cathy is confused. "Well, don't you have to teach some kind of classes, or anything?" and I explain that I was planning to do that but it didn't really work out, so, no, I'm not really expected to perform any sort of actual labor during the month. And I'm not obliged to produce anything, although I have several ideas for projects I would like to work on: a publishable version of an older monologue, performable excerpts of a new one, the completion of a novel my friend James and I started in 1982. "So, now, they're paying you to do nothing?" Cathy says. And I get nervous about where this line of questioning is heading, so I change the subject: "This is a really nice house you have. And how long have you had your cat?"

But my real motivation for applying for this residency and leaving Buffalo for a month, which I don't say out loud, was to make good on my promise to myself when I left my Hallwalls job 2 years ago to treat writing seriously, as a career and not just an expensive hobby. For most of the last year, too much of that "career" has consisted of working behind the scenes for The Rock Star. My unofficial role in this job is to shape and maintain the myth of The Rock Star: her troubled childhood, her stubborn independence, her precedent-shattering success. I write press releases which get sent off into the void, and a few months later they come back in the form of newspaper articles, and then I take the newspaper articles and quote them in new press releases, and then a few months later the cycle repeats. I type and retype interviews in which The Rock Star says: "I don't know why anybody would work for somebody else if they could work for themselves." And I think: I'm working for somebody else! I work for The Rock Star! And I worked for Hallwalls for 8 years so other people could do their work, and then I spent another year and a half writing a book about all the work those other people did, and now the book is done, so now I'm gonna take a month and just work for myself. A leave of absence from real life: No boss to report to, no responsibilities except the ones I set for myself.

I can do a lot in a month! Articles, short stories, the new monologue. I will develop a daily regimen involving a morning of exercise and meditation; during breakfast I will read a different article each day in the New Yorker by a writer whose work I admire, then I will head to my office at Writers & Books and write from 9 to 5, Tuesdays through Fridays, taking off an hour for lunch at one of the neighborhood's several hundred coffeehouses. Before the sun sets I will jog or ride my bike through unexplored sections of town, then I will cook elaborate meals for myself, and at night I will attend parties and cultural events, introducing myself to strangers and building up a network of ties for my career. I will do my work, and then I will immerse myself in the community. The possibilities are endless.

DAY 2

Woke up today around 10 or 10:30, took a long shower and went downstairs for breakfast. Somehow I spaced out and shot a whole hour or two eating cereal and reading an essay about The State of Fiction Today in The New Yorker. It was about a bunch of writers I've never heard of, so I kind of skimmed it and then looked at the cartoons for another hour and a half.

Noticed Cathy has two VCRs in the living room. This means I could dub a few tapes from Rochester Custom Leather while I'm in town. They have a much better porn selection than any store in Buffalo, and those things are way too expensive to buy.

When I saw it was 3 in the afternoon and I was nowhere near ready to go to the office, I decided to go for a walk instead. Already, in a sense, I have done much more than I thought I would by this point, just kind of absorbing material for future reference.

DAY 3

It was raining when I got up this morning, so I didn't think it would be a good day to take the computer over to the office. Spent the day

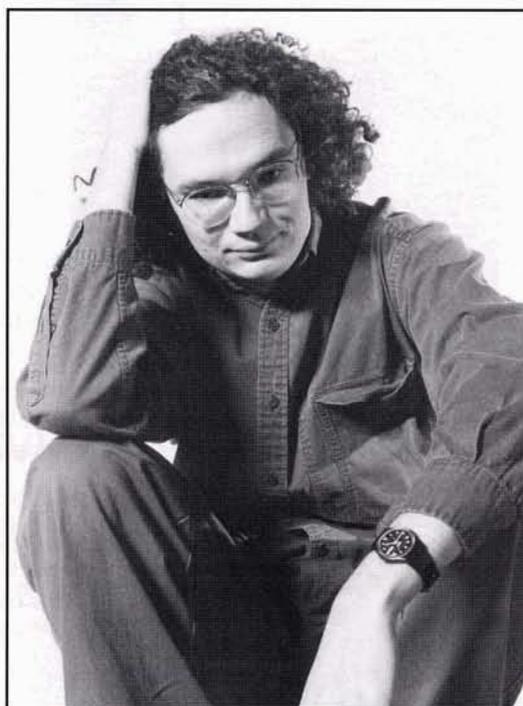
watching cable television and thinking about things I could do later this month.

DAY 4

Got a ride from Walter around noon to bring the computer to Writers & Books, and then we went to lunch to celebrate my having accomplished something. I'm beginning to think it's pretty ambitious to write an entire novel almost from scratch in a month, especially since I'm off to a pretty late start and I don't even have the disks here yet, but at least I can get started.

DAY 5

On the way home from my first day at the office yesterday, I stopped in at Rochester Custom Leather, which is only a couple of blocks away from Writers & Books, and signed up for a video membership. I brought home *Bad Boys in Blue*, a pornographic parody of my



favorite tv show, *Cops*, and a tape of some wispy kids I thought Don would like, planning to dub them late at night, but then I discovered that Cathy's second deck is a Beta. This won't be bad for future home use, since I happen to have one of the only remaining Beta decks in Buffalo—a survivor of the brief period when I thought I would make a political statement about life in the electronic era by using an Apple IIe, watching Beta tapes, and listening to 8-tracks in my car, but this really made me feel isolated and lonely, so I gave it up. But the Beta thing poses a real problem right now, since blank tapes are pretty much impossible to find—as I rediscovered this afternoon, walking up and down Monroe Avenue looking for video stores which might carry them, or at least pre-recorded ones I could tape over. This took up the entire day and I never made it into the office.

So far my immersion in the Rochester community has consisted of trips to four porn stores and one Blockbuster in search of an obsolete format of videotape, and signing a

Green Party petition to get Ralph Nader on the ballot. All of this was financed, in some obscure way, by state and/or federal tax dollars.

DAY 11

Played Tetris for two hours this afternoon at the office. At one point I thought I heard someone coming up the stairs toward my desk and pretended to work on something, but it was a false alarm. Eventually I pulled out a stack of the work I have brought with me from the Rock Star's office, and did that for a while. So far this month has been almost exactly like a month in Buffalo, only the house and neighborhood are nicer, and the local pornography is better.

DAY 15

I've pretty much given up on reading New Yorker articles because they're way too long, and besides Don has brought me a year's worth of back issues of *Details*, which are much easier to read, and have lots more color pictures.

DAY 16

Got an e-mail message from my writer friend Tony, who says he, too, is leaving for a monthlong residency, only his is in a country village outside London where he is working on his next Broadway play, so in my message back to him I don't really bring up the fact that I haven't written a single word for the first half of the month....

(to be continued)

Investigating Mortality: The Photography of Paul Francis

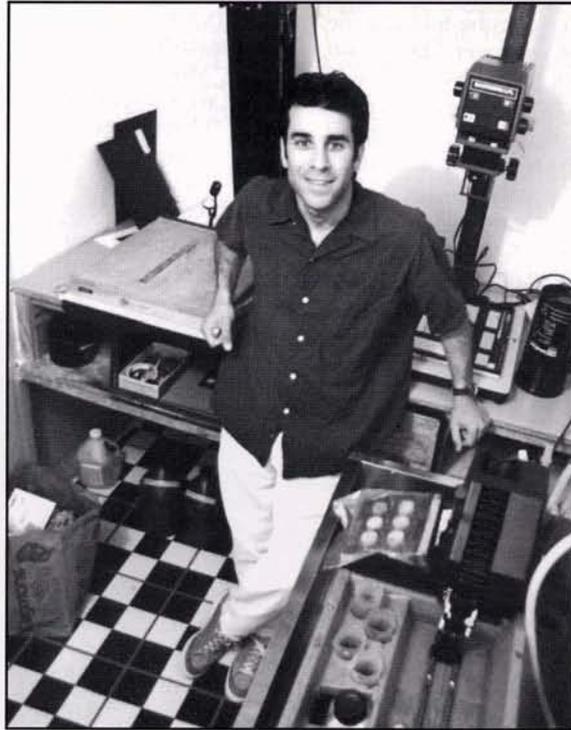
by Donald Jackson

Paul Francis' images of death show both courage and tenderness. They handle the cadaver as the remaining document of the lives of individuals, as players off stage with their own stories. These are portraits of masks and costumes of those who once lived and did ordinary things. These are images of eternal slumber, painlessness, yet the photographs search for some part that is alive. Earnestly looking beyond their own disbelief, Francis's photographs take a bold step in examining often contradictory taboos and fascinations surrounding death.

Popular images of death can fall into two categories: heroic or macabre. In the course of an average day one may see Goya's *Horrors Of War*, Time/LIFE's 1996 report on the theme, or images of killing and death in a local movie theater. Artists such as Andres Serrano and Joel-Peter Witkin have reintroduced the theme of death within contemporary photography. Paul Francis's work acts in response to the depersonalization resulting from a popular culture oversaturated with violent entertainment. Francis also examines historic attitudes towards death in the United States. Death was once not so removed as it is today. It was once common to have a relative who recently passed away propped up for a family photo. The heroes (or antiheroes) of our media culture cannot become heroes without spilling some blood. Francis shows us his outrage by having us contemplate the grief after the glory, by asking us to look upon these images with compassion. "I believe losing that connection with something that is so essential to our life experience has only been detrimental..."

Looking at death squarely is uncommon and uncomfortable, but once beyond the initial shock one may see into the workings of nature or of truth itself. We live on indefinite time, the ultimate scale on which we judge the deeds of a lifetime. "By visually examining how we are after death I feel the images express who we are during life." Without serious consideration of death how can we have any contemplation of life? We can talk about it at a safe distance from ourselves or those we know. Even when it pains the heart to think of the mystery, the unknown void beyond our known world.

After spending several weeks in medical labs and morgues pursuing his vision through the smells of formaldehyde and death, Paul

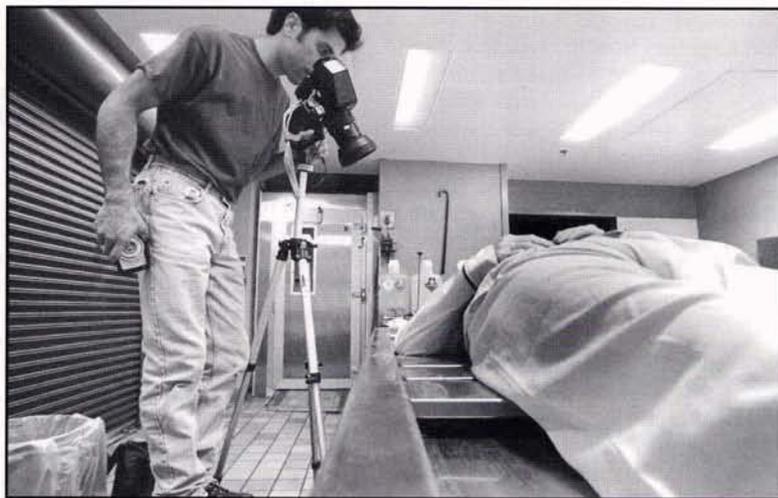


overcame these barriers through the directness of photography and a compassion and respect for the space he was allowed to enter. Francis leads us through the different stages of decay and even dismemberment so that we can see the final state of this vessel we all travel in. We are pulled into the world of the dead by not only our own fascination but by acute awareness of our own mortality. The viewers must grapple with their own thoughts of loved ones past and present. One image that stands out is the image of a young woman's hand, her ring finger cut where a wedding band once was. Francis came upon this image accidentally when he backed into it while photographing another body. The woman had died shortly after she got married. Each image tells a story and we are forced to make sense of the happenstance of life.

Francis' work is a constant reevaluation of process. After permission is given to enter the morgue or the medical lab, Paul takes hundreds of shots from which he broods

over to select only the most effective. He is also very conscious of the presentation of the works. Using color reproductions on Dura-trans, a transparent image base, he mounts them away from the wall and illuminates the pictures from behind by a single light bulb within the

darkened gallery space. This evolves from a refined sense of his work and a need to disrupt our complacency about the human condition. "I wish to examine and bring forth what we should understand as an important eternal study of mortality. At the same time debunking the superficiality of contemporary lifestyles. I am currently working on having these images in a book format in order to bring about a more intimate confrontation between my images and the viewer."



The metaphysical implications are that the body is essentially transparent, and that we live as though unaware of this fact. Simultaneously, some Anima or life-force persists. This design creates a dynamic between secular and sacred spaces enveloping the audience in meditation.

From Waiting for Rain by Darby Todd Knox

Jack said a silent prayer for the souls of Petey McCandless Warren and his tragically imbalanced mother, Claire. He held tight to the steering wheel, pressing his fingers together in earnest, his Catholic's awareness of the posture of prayer plaguing him. He glanced in the rearview mirror, making sure he could still see the headlights of his brother's Ford pick-up. Better to take both trucks he told Charlie. They could go their separate ways when it was over. Jack said, "Follow me," and Charlie just nodded. Jack couldn't conjure up a shred of trust for his brother but used the rain for his excuse. Charlie's truck had a cap over the bed, his own did not. The body of the girl, shrouded in a paint-spattered dropcloth, was carefully laid out in the back of Charlie's truck, protected from the weather. If Charlie panicked, if he turned off and tried to run, the girl would be his alone to deal with. He hadn't lagged more than a hundred yards behind. But Jack had stopped worrying about his brother for the moment. He was thinking instead of Claire Warren.

When he was a boy, he would wake up in the middle of the night thinking of Claire, startled out of sleep by the quiet that had finally settled over the house. The Aunt's kitchen radio blared news and ads and swing all day, turned on as they lit the fire under their first screeching kettle of the morning and left on until they did their nightly vigil of window and door locking, stove checking. Strains of late night baseball on the front porch finally over, his brother sleeping soundly, nestled in the spoiling attentions of the Aunts and his father's begrudging acknowledgement se. He had been noticing that everything seemed off and found himself frightened. Colors were muddied by subtle degrees and voices were too loud or too soft, leaving him straining for understanding or cringing from excessive volume. In class that morning, he discovered that he had forgotten how to read, that the letters seemed to jumble and blur when he tried to make sense of them. His teacher hugged him under one solid, powdered arm, a thing he had never seen her do before, and told him not to worry while the worry spread across her own face like a flood.

It was there on the playground that Petey approached him. Everybody knew of Petey, knew the story of his mother, but he was protected by the system of small town checks and balances. His grandfather, Pop McCandless, owned more land than any man in that part of state and his father, Dr. Daniel Warren, handsome and soft-spoken, was the only dentist in Ransom. His mother Claire, Pop's only child, was remembered with clucking sympathy. If she had been the daughter of a poorer man, a homely woman married to no one in particular, her son would have suffered as an outcast, tainted by his mother's mania. But instead, Petey was petted like a spaniel by town matrons and watched by the men to see how he would one day spend his father's money and run his grandfather's land.

Jack remembered looking up at Petey that day, squinting into the overcast sky that burned a bright white behind him. Even from the ground, Petey looked small for his age. He was two years older than Jack and three inches shorter. Jack looked him over hard, not trusting his own eyes, found Petey to appear sharp-featured, elfin. He smelled like vanilla.

"Your mom died," he said, speaking more directly than even the Aunts.

"Yes," Jack said, not knowing if he should say more. He was currently familiar with awkward silences.

"My mom is dead, too." The silence was filled. "It'll be two years next Sunday that she did it."

"Gee," Jack said, stuck on the "she did it" part. Nobody said his mother did anything. They said that God or the cancer took her, like a passenger on a train.

"Meet me here after school," the small boy said. Jack noticed a fine web of blue veins under Petey's pale skin.

"I have to get my brother. He's in the second grade," Jack said.

"Bring him too, then." Petey turned to walk away.

"Hey," Jack called after him. Petey turned back around and Jack realized he had nothing to say. "What's your name?"

"Peter McCandless Warren," he said, as if he were throwing out a lifeline. "But you can call me Petey." Jack wrapped his arms around that name and held on for dear, dear life.



Pop McCandless had been dead now for about fifteen years, Petey almost thirteen. The land was all leased out under direction of distant cousin from Duluth that couldn't decide whether to sell. The big billboard signs, one on each side of the road, announcing the McCandless land—'More Potatoes Per Acre Than Anywhere Else On Earth'—were all but forgotten. The rusted metal frame that survived was brought down last winter by a tractor trailer truck that lost its way in a whiteout and careened off the

road.

Jack still missed Petey, wondered if he would've marched into middle age with his childhood nickname or if he would've grown into Pete or Peter. It was strange how he survived his mother's suicide but Pop's death unraveled him like a spool of cotton thread. Maybe it was because he was there, had found Pop slumped over the wheel of the tractor, had held him while he died in the back of the pick up truck, cradling his head against the rough ride over the rutted farm road while a Mexican named Roberto raced them to the hospital. After two years of fits and starts and a depression that terrified his father, Petey declared himself ready to take over the farm. Jack agreed to help during the summer when school was out, would have done anything for his friend. Petey all smiles, an eagerness to him that had been lost was back. It looked as if it might work. He planned a long weekend in the Adirondack Mountains before the spring planting got underway. Wanted to visit a girl he met in college, said something to Jack that made him think Petey was carrying a proposal. When he was two days overdue, Jack and Dr. Warren called the state police. Almost two weeks later, hikers found Petey's bear-mauled, decomposing body half way up a mountain. He had just turned twenty-three.

The McCandless land was hallowed ground, a place made holy to Jack by the memories of Claire and Pop and Petey. It was the place, more than any other, that he grew up. He learned how to work on the acres of black muck but the swamp that bordered the fields, a wild place thick with sumac, willow and swamp maple, smelling of decay and skunk cabbage, alive with deer and fox, coyotes and rabbits, belonged to the two boys who declared their own. There was a fleet

of pirate ship willow trees, a deer hunter's blind high in another tree that was the look-out post. There were mysterious pools that never dried up, even in the peak of the summer heat, that covered over with a green scum of duck weed and led to much speculation about fish that could see in the dark and gillmen. They found fox dens and rabbits holes, sat silently for hours waiting for deer to come through so that they might see their dappled fawns. There were tadpoles and frogs, snakes and insects of every kind. They set up trip wires made of vine and stalk to see if potato spies had trespassed during the night, trying to steal Pop's trade secrets. When they got older, they jimmied the lock on Pop's hunting cabin—a shack really, built on stilts and rarely used because Pop had lost his taste for guns. They sipped his whiskey and smoked stale White Owl cigars that made them throw up on the edge of the swamp.

Sometimes Petey would talk about Claire as they sat out on a willow bough or on the roof of the shack, suspended between earth and sky as he believed his mother to be. Jack knew his own mother waited in Purgatory as the Aunts had told him, waiting for Judgement Day, good enough to go to Heaven. But what did she do there, Jack asked. Sleeps like a cat in the sun, I imagine, Aunt Gracia said. And Jack, reminded of their calico cat Sasha dozing on the front porch, was contented. But Petey found evidence of his mother's presence in everything—her favorite smells of honeysuckle and lilac, bright yellow finches and the cobalt blue bodies of dragonflies. When she had been alive, she pointed out everything to Petey, loved color and the quick movements of birds, could spot a sandy brown fawn against a newly planted field. Told him that she would be with him always, no matter what, just before she went into the hospital for yet another month. He believed she was his guardian angel, always close by. Jack was sure Petey had come to this on his own, neither his father or Pop had put it in his head. For them, Claire was just dead because they had failed to keep her alive.

Jack remembered the morning Petey left for the mountains, early April, the last time Jack would see him alive. He had to scrape the frost off his windshield in order to see the milkglass sky. They met for breakfast at the Blue Ribbon before Jack had to get to school. They talked about the farm, planned. Petey said he was going hunting for a wife and Jack laughed. They shook hands, hugged in the parking lot before Petey got in his pick-up. As Petey pulled out, Jack asked Claire to watch over him and it was Claire that he cursed when Petey didn't come home.

But Petey was never far. He lurked in the shadows of Jack's mind, a permanent part of his consciousness that was as real as anything he had been born with. He thought he understood now what Petey

meant about his mother, hovering close by. Jack worried over these restless spirits, brought them flowers, talked to granite. Dr. Warren had retired to Arizona and married a woman who created wildlife scenes on anything that would hold paint. He sent Jack a card at Christmas and a check to cover the flowers that of his athletic skills. His father would be out of the house or asleep but either way mercifully absent.

From his bed, Jack would picture Claire from the photographs Petey has shown him. She looked square at the camera, as if confronting it, her eyes and mouth turned up at the corners in a conspiracy of a private joke. He would think later that she looked a bit like Audrey Hepburn. He would try then, with her image clearly in his mind's eye, to express everything he felt for her—his gratitude, not for taking her own life but for being in the first place so that Jack could have Petey for a friend. The dark side of that thought troubled Jack and he would be the only motherless boy he knew, except for his brother. It was complicated too by the rush of infatuation he felt when he saw her picture, listened to Petey's stories.

Petey had come looking for him, when Jack was back to school just two days after his mother's funeral. He was sitting in the grass watching the older boys elbow and scramble across a well worn patch of earth under a basketball hoop. Normally, he wouldn't have been allowed to sit. Even the older girls that clustered together in tight knots, bound by gossip and the knowledge of crushes, could not sit on the lawn and braid grass and dandelions but had to walk around the yard. But today he could just sit, unable it seemed, to find the energy to do anything el Jack delivered to Claire's and Petey's graves on their birthdays. Jack paid for the flowers himself, getting extra for Pop, cashed the check and put the money in the donation box at St. Joe's, the church his mother had loved.

He wondered now what Petey would think of this latest catastrophe, if he would forgive him for making his memory an accessory to this new death. As Jack approached the right hand turn that would put him onto McCandless gravel, he pulled the truck as far onto the soft shoulder as he dared and slowed the truck to a stop. He felt an old grief pull on him, felt his eyes fill up with hot tears. It had been ten years since he had been on this land and he was back only to violate it with the worst of human weakness. He felt a rush of seconds thoughts, breathed deeply, felt almost hopeful. Maybe, he thought, maybe... Headlights blazed in his rearview mirror, grabbing his attention. The weight of obligation crept up on him like the shadow of a killer.

"I'm sorry, Petey," he said, as he put the truck back in gear, the ghosts of the McCandless-Warrens crowding in around him.

Art, Life and Hypnosis: the Video Work of Jody J. Lafond

by Margaret Wagner

Jody J. Lafond has been a prolific videomaker for over ten years. Through phone conversations, videotapes and paper documentation, my introduction to Jody J. Lafond and her work have been both intriguing and thought provoking. Via telephone, I finally had an extended conversation with her about her work and life.

The connections between art and life are important in understanding Jody J. Lafond's creative interests and development. At times the video artist presents intensely personal narratives with stylistically simple, elegant imagery which focuses the viewer on broader themes all of us can identify with. It is the sincerity of the personal and autobiographical elements included which evidence the seriousness and commitment this artist has to her work.

Intensity is visible in the videography of all Lafond's video works. Her tight, almost cramped compositions insure that the viewer focuses on the methodical and/or contemplative actions happening on screen. The subject of the works may never be fully revealed, but pieces and mannerisms of individuals provide a sense of character development. This form of camerawork could be compared to Sadie Benning's use of the Pixelvision camera, but Lafond isn't technically forced into these formats; hers is a conceptual choice. Her full-color, still and/or slowly moving images create a calm and understated presence in her pieces. In a previous review of Lafond's work, Elizabeth Licata describes Lafond's use of the video camera as "a gentle yet insistent intruder continually probing the cul-de-sacs of her (Lafond's) world" (The Squealer, 1995).

In the past few years, Lafond has also been experimenting with image manipulation and video montage. In 1993, her tape titled *Ticket to Tokyo* contained more digital manipulation than any of the previous works. Though there were structural problems in this piece, the imagery captured a sense of exoticism typical of a Westerner's fantasies about Eastern cultures. The seductive images overlaid with a revealing narration about Lafond's experiences and daily activities in a country and culture where she was clearly the Other, display a sincere level of humility. When the themes addressed in this work break from the personal, the visual structure seems to resemble decoration rather than representing introspection. However, in her new work, Lafond successfully expands her image manipulation in conceptually challenging ways.



The most recent video work, *From Time to Time* (a work-in-progress), returns this artist to what she does best, penetrating, close-up shots, personal narrative and parody. Starting the story in the year 2156 AD, the narrator (artist) proposes to "solve today's problems by looking at yesterday's problems." The physical and conceptual structure of this piece allows Lafond to combine her broad interests; personal (human) development, class issues, sexuality, media satire, etc., in a manner which does not seem controlling or confrontational. The possibility of solving present day problems sets a refreshingly optimistic tone not present in much of the Postmodern, theory-based video work prevalent in today's artworld.

Through eerie, painterly images combined with a coaxing over-voice the viewer and subject of the work are taken back to the late Twentieth Century. Two characters, the patient and the hypnotist, have an ongoing dialogue during the process, which expands the understanding of the visual through descriptions of sounds and scents present in these memories. In each segment where the subject is depicted in the

present (2156 AD), the viewer is confronted by a fragment of the subject's portrait in a still frame. Distorted, blown-out images reference the quality of present day video telephones and their odd sense of time displacement. During the flashback sequences, viewers who are familiar with Lafond's work will recognize elements from earlier works, or more appropriately, her life.

Similar strategies of fiction and revision have been used before by Lafond successfully in *Jacqueline Nocal* (1987) and *Beyond the Curve of the Earth* (1995). However, even in this work-in-progress it is evident that there is more of a synthesis of the artist's personal understanding of her creative strategies and her life experience. Lafond's quirky but compelling sense of humor is free to inflate this parody of traditional filmic structures. It is through this revisioning, or possibly fabricating, of the artist's past experiences and video works that we hope to find solutions for our own problems and dilemmas. This new work displays a level of maturity and sensitivity to narrative structure which the earlier works only began to develop. Although the work is incomplete at this time, one can imagine the many possible avenues Lafond may choose to take.

The growth and maturity of Lafond's work can be attributed to many things, but it is important to recognize the significant impact that granting and residency support can have on an artist and their work. Jody J. Lafond has benefitted from several grants and residencies. The timing of the *Artist Residency Exchange* support may be coincidental, but it is apparent that significant development occurred during the time of this residency. *From Time to Time* (a work-in-progress) is a video work which will prove to be a benchmark in this artist's career and the completion of it is highly anticipated.



Detail from *From Time to Time*

Aspects of a Certain History: Martin Kruck by Gary Nickard

Civilizations are often haunted for protracted periods by certain aspects of their histories. Motivated by this phenomenon, Martin Kruck, a Canadian artist descended from recent German émigrés, is driven to confront and exorcise the dark shadow of Europe's Nazi era. Canada, like the newly re-unified Germany, has, in recent years been forced to come to grips politically with an alarming revival of Neo-Nazism as well as a spate of anti-Semitic revisionist historians. In reaction to these developments it is of paramount importance that all aspects of culture, including the arts, grapple with the meaning and root causes of this particular history in order to discourage (if not prevent) its reoccurrence. Seen in this light, Kruck's often esoteric and obscurely treated engagement with this subject matter can

neither be viewed as mere camp titillation, nor should it be seen as a superficial flirtation with Modernism's dark side; rather is it a genuine personal crusade to exorcise an historical *bete noir*.

If we are to overcome the terror of a history which holds us transfixed in its cold penumbra, it becomes clear that an examination of the most potent visual symbols of that history is in order. This analysis is of singular importance since the cultures of the former Allies remain fascinated with the surface appearance of the Nazi era, while simultaneously endlessly celebrating their military triumph over the former Axis powers. Kruck's images force the viewer into a deeper level of awareness of the nature of those visual symbols, and bring to

mind Bertolt Brecht's ominous reaction to the Allies' triumphalism; "Do not rejoice overmuch, you who put the bastard down, for the bitch that bore him is in heat again."

Within several discrete but interrelated bodies of work, Martin Kruck presents the viewer with a probing and scathing analysis which, while remaining resonant with an inherently German cosmography, confronts the disturbing and still deeply ingrained aspects of Modernism which led to Nazi ideology in the first place. These aspects of Modernist ideology, which made Nazism seem rational and even inevitable to its adherents, are to this day often "swept under the carpet," or worse yet even admired, in considerations of the events of that era. In particular, the ardent Modernist's faith in infinite progress and endless technological advancement, as well as faith in sweeping simple solutions to universally held fears, both real and imagined (or planted), which would grant societal "security" from perceived internal and external threats, can now be seen to draw to a frightful, but logical extremity in the vast civil engineering projects, the "military-industrial complex," the monumental police and prison systems, as well as the Darwinian social engineering and eugenics projects undertaken by the Nazi state.

In Kruck's challenge to the viewer to comprehend the incomprehensible horror of this past, he spares neither the viewer, nor himself, for in this work, as in much of conceptualism, personal history is of great importance, as he attempts to make certain that half buried family memories are not left peacefully at rest to disappear into the mists of time. The participation of some of his parent's family in the regime can, therefore, be viewed as a justifying aspect of his obsessive concern with such controversial subject matter, a factor which lends authority, as well as an air of personal authenticity to this work. This is however only one of the recurrent themes (or as in Wagnerian opera "leitmotifs") running through this work.

In his central leitmotif, Kruck wrestles with the root causes of Nazism, which he sees as inherent in the nature of Modernism itself. Modernism is an absolutist ideology, wherein reductive strategies are employed to reveal previously invisible "simple truths." These are employed in turn to justify sweeping generalizations, which are often characterized as natural laws or conditions, which are then in turn employed to enforce particular social orders. These ideas are the foundation of "scientism," a kind of fundamentalism which posits science as *The* source of absolute truth. Like the religious fundamentalist, the scientist sees the truth as found rather than constructed. This is a metaphysical perspective and totalizing ideology which requires "faith" and "true believers" whose conformist adherence to over-arching "super truths" which "explain everything" and "satisfy everybody," must, by its very nature, require violent opposition to any and all difference. Kruck believes, like the critic Paul Feyerabend, that "the idea of a fixed theory of rationality, rests on too naive a view of man and his social surroundings."¹ That the insistence upon the primacy of science as the final arbiter of truth inevitably leads to its dark side was pointed out by Friedrich Nietzsche; "...science, spurred by its powerful illusion, speeds irresistibly toward its limits where optimism, concealed in the essence of logic, suffers shipwreck."²

In a wartime speech, Winston Churchill tellingly characterized the

Axis powers and their conquests as a "Europe illuminated by perverted science." The science which he referred to was not so much deviant from its essential nature as totalizing and encompassing every aspect of social life. This totalitarian science formed an essential element of the enforced absolutism which lies at the core of the mass appeal of Nazism. For example, the hubristic notion of German racial superiority, "a fact irrefutably substantiated" by a vast and well organized array of egregious "evidence," is only one aspect of an ideology which is at its core fundamentally scientific. Basing its racial theories on the theory of Physiognomy, which holds that appearance is revelatory of such elements of human behavior as character, intellect and social worth, the Nazis systematically applied scientific structuralism to hierarchically sort humans in the assumption that eugenics should be employed to "scientifically engineer" a "better society" with the object of "improvements" made through "purification and regeneration." It should be pointed out that attempts at social engineering are not unique to Nazism and are in fact a feature of all late Modernist societies, yet Nazism remains the most extreme effort at employing scientism to erect what Max Weber called an "iron cage of bureaucratic rationality."

Another leitmotif within Kruck's work is an examination of the apotheosis of the romantic tradition in the work of Richard Wagner. The 19th century world considered Wagner to be an artistic radical. For example, Nietzsche initially drew a parallel between Wagner and Sophocles, characterizing his operas as "a re-birth of tragedy." Nietzsche contextualized Wagner as: "out of the Dionysian root of the German spirit a power has arisen which, having nothing in common with the

primitive conditions of Socratic culture, can neither be explained nor excused by it, but which is rather felt by this culture as something terribly inexplicable and overwhelmingly hostile — German music as we must understand it, particularly in its vast solar orbit from Bach to Beethoven to Wagner."³ This composer is still controversial due to Hitler's reverence for him and the political use to which his music was put by the Nazi state. Kruck, like Wagner, similarly invokes the symbology of Nordic mythology, extrapolating from it archetypes for societal trends which have become manifest within German culture. For example, the Nordic gods and their realm are destroyed in the fires of a predestined "Götterdämmerung" which arises with inexorable certainty from their epic struggle with powerful enemies. Seen from Kruck's perspective, German spirituality appears quite transitory and based upon flawed models, leaving the German people vulnerable and inevitably predestined to self-destructive episodes and follows Nietzsche's statement that "wherever Germany extends her sway, she ruins culture."⁴ In Wagner and in Nordic mythology, most of the heroes are in reality deceitful and power hungry — as models for German ideals, their legacy is one of certain descent into historical darkness. Nietzsche outlined the certainty of such a fate in his statement; "our destiny exercises its influence over us even when, as yet, we have not learned its nature: it is our future which lays down the law of our today."⁵

Kruck is fascinated in particular with the archetype of the Raven. This leitmotif invokes the animal consort of Wotan, to whom he was forced to sacrifice an eye for wisdom, which can be translated as *wissenschaft* (science). This metaphor brings to mind the aforementioned critique of scientism. In his *Welt Des Rabens*, Kruck symbolically interweaves the image of the Raven as it occurs in nature, as a



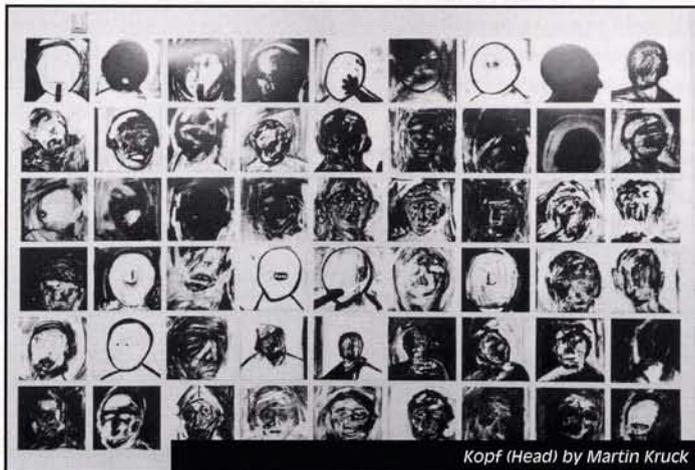
soaring predatory carrion bird, with the Wagnerian spectacle of the Nazi military's technological showpiece: the dreaded Luftwaffe. In describing this series as "...obsessive explorations of thought constantly transforming itself toward a dialogue with a history of events which, by lineage, I was denied...,"⁶ Kruck reveals the depth of his feeling about this multifaceted examination of these symbols. This point of view is presaged by Nietzsche's characterization of German culture as; "at the core... the beast of prey is not to be mistaken...the blond beast, avidly rampant for spoil and victory."⁷ In this work, the blackness of Kruck's characteristic tonality is reminiscent of the claim of his principal artistic precedent, Anselm Kiefer, that "Only the French use a range of colors and that he, belonging to the German people, is unfamiliar with such a practice."⁸ Also like Kiefer, Kruck employs the scorched-earth transformation of the land as a metaphor for human suffering, representing it with a consciously quoted pallet and Kieferesque views of charred fields, though now seen from the air.

The series *Welt Des Rabens* is imbued with a melancholic invocation of Wagnerian ceremonial fire. This is an inherently Nordic type of fire which purifies and cleanses those heroes who pass through it while consuming all unworthy chaff. This is the same perverse idealism which led to the slaughter of millions of people in ovens with the twin goals of acquiring lebensraum and the purification of the German race.

Thus the burning away of the memories of the Nazi state's victims is akin to the tribal strategy of Slash and Burn agriculture wherein fire is employed to regenerate the land. In ancient Germanic tribal culture, not only was this the principal method of subsistence, but it was paralleled by ritual human sacrifices by fire which were employed to ensure such regeneration. An historical example would be the aftermath of the defeat, during the reign of Caesar Augustus, of the Roman general Varus by German tribes united under the warrior Hermann, wherein the survivors of three legions were ritually immolated in wicker cages to purify the German soil onto which they had transgressed. Similarly by invoking Wotan's sacrifice of his sight for wisdom, Kruck implies that such wisdom is bankrupt and is paid for by historical blindness. In this way the viewer is forced to look without idealism upon German history and recall that this history's oft admired figures, taken together, form a path that leads with inexorable certainty to the conflagrations of the first half of the 20th century. It is also worth noting that the literal translation from the original Greek of the term Holocaust is "a sacrifice wholly consumed by fire." In *Himmel Von Paracelsus I & II* Kruck specifically engages the Nazi state's pathologic belief that in burning their victims, they were undertaking an alchemical purifying process, a meaning so frightful that one must cringe, first at the arrogant pretense of National Socialism, and then at the artist himself, so mercilessly haunted by the demons of German history.

In the work *Litho Stills*, Kruck's cruciform evolutions of gothically rendered symbols of flight and aircraft directly court the German national symbol of the cross. These sequences further invoke a blood sacrifice and bring to mind the national motto "Gott mitt Uns." In the work *Between Heaven and Horizon*, Kruck presents us with what he describes as "the opening of vision at the horizon, that region created by the eye that both confines within its limits and holds open to the limitless beyond, mocking human arrogance..."⁹ This work is akin to Anselm Kiefer's watercolor *Jeder Mensch steht unter seiner Himmelskugel*¹⁰ which depicts an overarching dome of sky being

given the Nazi salute by a diminutive figure standing almost lost in a blasted landscape. In Kruck's series of views of a blasted and soot covered landscape we see it "out over the wing" from an aircraft sweeping toward an ever receding horizon line. This nether region of vision, only perceptible during flight, brings to mind Kiefer's symbolic use of the figure from Nordic mythology Weyland, the master smith of the Edda. In the Edda's epic poetry, Weyland's talents are so valued that the King of Sweden captures and deliberately cripples him in order to imprison him on an island where he is forced to forge treasures for the court. The smith gains revenge upon the king by killing his sons, raping his daughter and then forging metal wings (an aircraft) to escape into a starred heaven. *Starred Heaven*, is a meditation on this theme by Kiefer which bears the inscription "Der



Kopf (Head) by Martin Kruck

Gestirnte Himmel Über Uns, Das Moralische Gesetz In Mir."¹¹ Kruck similarly addresses this starred heaven in both *Embellishing A Surrogate History* and in *Birthmark*, when he presents us with various evolutions of the ancient Nordic symbol of the star wheel or Swastika, a symbol of cyclic time now forever tinged with the quintessence of darkness as the result of the Nazi regime's use of the sign as their logotype. This symbol also invokes Nietzsche's doctrine of eternal recurrence, thus suggesting that these dreadful events could indeed re-occur.

In these works, Martin Kruck posits Nazi scientism as the direct product

of the efficient application of orthodox Modernism. In so doing, he conflates the Nazi use of this ideology and the technological superiority it produced with the moral implications of the conflagration it led them to ignite. Kruck proceeds from Wagnerian Nordic archetypes, to construct an elaborate morality tale about German history, an essential feature of which is his idea of the certainty of this history's predestined outcome of the Nazis being consumed by the very fire they lit to purify and regenerate themselves. Kruck's audience cannot but be disturbed by being presented with the signs and symbols of such a detested regime and such vile ideology, yet the artist, by wrestling with these subjects, confronts and exorcises not only a frightful bete noir, but simultaneously makes the viewer painfully aware of how aspects of the root causes of this history still lie deeply embedded in Western culture. Principal among these causes is the West's continued love affair with scientific rationalism, which in this light must be seen as suspect. In particular, such "new ideas" as biotechnology, genetic engineering and the Human Genome Project must, from Kruck's perspective, be viewed with genuine alarm, for all that is lacking for human society to re-embark down the ashen road to darkness is a lack of historical perspective, an unfortunate human trait never in short supply.

1. Paul Feyerabend, *Anything Goes, The Truth About Truth*, ed. by Walter Truett Anderson, (New York: Putnam, 1995).
2. Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy* (New York, Vintage, 1967).
3. Ibid.
4. Friedrich Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*, (New York, Vintage, 1969).
5. Friedrich Nietzsche, *Human All Too Human* (Middlesex, Penguin, 1977).
6. Martin Kruck, *Artists Statement* (1996).
7. Friedrich Nietzsche, *On The Genealogy Of Morals*, (New York, Vintage, 1969).
8. Mark Rosenthal, *Anselm Kiefer* (Philadelphia, Prestel-Verlag, 1987).
9. "God is with us."
10. Martin Kruck, *Artists Statement* (1996).
11. "Every human being stands beneath their own dome of heaven."
12. "The starred heavens are above, the moral law is within me."

Casting Spirits: The Paper Creations of Zerbe Sodervick

by Karen vanMeenen

One does not simply view the work of Zerbe Sodervick, one must enter it. Both her printed monotypes and handmade cast paper sculpture reach beyond the traditional confines of a gallery or studio wall, creating three-dimensional objects that dominate the viewing space and a complex of interwoven contexts that entices viewers to explore the depths of each work.

The art of making paper by hand is a process of re-creating, of re-configuring raw materials into a new state, a product with an altered physical structure and diversified applications. In Sodervick's work, combinations of found and appropriated materials such as denim, flax, ribbon, leaves and lace become a fantasia of papermaking, a composition of representational organic forms: silk and linen become the "skins" of slaughtered animals; kozo (a Japanese baste fiber, derived from the paper mulberry tree), cotton and abaca (a fiber of the banana plant) become a seasoned fragment of rock face.

For Sodervick, the process of making artwork is more important than the actual product. She likens her process to "kitchen work." In fact, much of her papermaking consists of mixing and blending ingredients, always with a heap of knowledge gained through experience and a pinch of experimentation. Later the sheets of paper are shaped and cast with other objects or augmented using an intaglio process. It is a ritual that, the six or seven months a year that the weather cooperates, Sodervick prefers to perform out-of-doors. It is no wonder that her work seems to emanate from the earth, taking form from its fruits, often exhibiting supporting structures of sticks and wood.



A native of the midwest, and now a resident of the town of Sodus, near the shores of Lake Ontario, both Sodervick and her work have been shaped by her "abrasive, agrarian" surroundings, terrain that "feeds [her] artistically." Sodervick has long made monotypes depicting rock strata. The use of metallic powders as well as litho, offset and etching inks create a canvas of varied hues and textures. Sodervick's experimentation with varied techniques allow for the inherent spirit of the materials to emerge, accommodating more than a hint of animism. The brighter-colored veins in her paper wall fragments are as fluid and alive, as full of light, as those of any animate being. She states that these monotypes remind us that "we only lease the land." The work suggests that although there are constant attempts by "civilization" to manipulate its geological features and forces, as well as its beings, to our seeming benefit, humans cannot curtail the great workings of the earth.

Cast relief sculptures that grew out of her work with monotypes also exhibit matrix-printed surfaces and are partially created on a printing press. Plates are inked and the cast paper is printed six to ten times to complete an image. These sculptures display an expanded richness in color, tone and texture, and invoke geological phenomena particular to Sodervick's experience. Just as she thinks of art as "like playing

chess," so her work operates on many levels. The layering of ink to create a monotype, the layering of paper pulp to create exquisitely detailed sculpture, is indicative of her work process as a whole.

It was a logical progression from a medium that Sodervick considers as having the capability to "push (rock) surfaces into a third dimension," to environmental sculpture. Sodervick's work speaks a vernacular language, emanating from the artist's regional surroundings, and informed by the situations she encounters. It is a vernacular that extends not only to the earth's natural forces, but to the effect of humans upon it. The conflict that resulted in a deer bait and shoot

program in Buffalo during her residency (much like that in Durand Eastman Park in Rochester, already familiar to her), inspired Sodervick to create an elaborate series of conceptual cast paper sculptures under the rubric of "Deer Management." The resulting installations are non-verbal narratives, telling stories of intersecting fates. The series effectively conveys Sodervick's distress over contemporary "land management" and "pest management" practices. The paper deer skins are tactile, two-dimensional metaphors for simplistic solutions, for the remains of governmental management tactics.

In "Rack of Deer," found wooden "hangers" display several life-size "skins" of cast handmade paper. Zippers and buttons are incorporated into the thin skins of golden, honey-combed paper, making them almost ready-to-wear. Barbed wire and two long sticks forming a cross support a splayed skin in the stark "Deer Crossing," a commentary on urbanization and our culture's encroachment on our remaining wilderness areas. The subjects of "Bagged Deer" are an assemblage of

dark skins of varying size with particularly rough edges, draped like windless flags from vertical wooden poles. Encased in large sheets of plastic, they invoke the bags routinely used by hunters to transport the carcasses of whole, freshly-killed adult deer. "Deer Stand IV" utilizes paper skins, unprocessed fiber and text to explore the commercial results of deer hunting. Limp linen fibers hang like remnant viscera from each step of a ladder, down one side of which is written in white, "FRESH DEER" and down the other, "SKINS."

Sodervick considers her work "apolitical," but it does give voice to the artist's obvious environmental concerns. She speaks of her work as telling a "metaphorical story," one of the "unbalances in nature." Her materials themselves speak to the hope of an earth in balance. Her transfiguration of found, discarded and appropriated objects into works of art is, put simply, recycling at its finest. Her work is also *about* paper, about the infinite possibilities inherent in a transformed and transforming medium.

During her residency in Buffalo, Sodervick began a series of monotypes entitled "Deer Spirits." Utilizing silk on vinal (a synthetic fiber) as well as handmade paper, they manifest a haunting collage of repeated and altered images. The disembodied "skins" of the installations are here captured on a two-dimensional surface, embedded in the depths of the paper. But the deer spirits are able to hover—in the visual spaces over

and between one another, even beyond the canvas of the prints, in a multi-dimensional universe of contrasting light and dark that transcends the expected limitations of the medium of paper. The images in the prints are illusory, reflective—the experience of them like trying to look deeply into a mirror, past one's own self, to no avail. The viewer realizes that they are an intrinsic part of the work, that their image is essential to the functioning of the mirror, and infinite because of it.

Engaging with this work is as much a process for the viewer as the creation is for the artist. Sodervick expects her audience, too, to exert some effort, to take time, to suspend many pre-conceived notions of technology, organic form and the ramifications of culture. Her pedagogical role is one of shared discovery, a joint journey of increased awareness. There is much to discover as one explores her work, from the rock strata monoprints to the sculptures of the "Deer Management Series." Those who agree to give in to the process may find that communing with and discovering the full scope of this work is not necessarily an easy task. Initially engulfed by the sheer aesthetic beauty of the textured forms, observers are soon subverted by the ultimate complexity of the work, of the metaphors and allusions to far greater, but not far removed, issues. The ramifications implied by the structure may sometimes be a bitter pill to swallow, but the message is beautifully packaged and irresistibly inviting.

This work is not used as a tool to sermonize. "There are two sides to every issue," Sodervick says, and to every artwork she produces. Nor is her work at all polemic. Quite the contrary, the monoprints, for example, at first appear rather fluid and benign. The implications of

her sculptural installations are deep-rooted, not overbearing. There is a subtle undercurrent of understanding, a functional dialogue and exchange of information between the artist and her audience.

Sodervick continues to discern connections between humans and their treatment of the earth and its inhabitants. In a final installation, "Gifts for the Home," created for the exhibition of the work of residency artists at Hallwalls, one end of a long narrow wooden corn crib houses the ubiquitous paper "skins." The opposite open end of the cage-like structure is piled with plain paper packages, tied up with string, bearing oil-penciled shorthand for cuts of meat. A brief wall text reads: "The bait and shoot slaughter of deer in Fontenelle Forest State Park will generate a large donation of venison for the Stephen's Center—a home for battered women. Winter: Omaha, Nebraska." There is deadly irony in the character of this "donation," and sensitivity and power in the manner in which Sodervick chooses to portray it—common threads that permeate her work, like the pulsing striations in her paper rock walls.

Sodervick speaks fondly of Buffalo as a liberal environment for artists legitimately creating work. Spurred by the work begun during her residency there, she is researching a process of applying Polaroid transfers to printed monotypes and experimenting with expanded incorporation of text into her work. Her artistic "journey," as she calls it, continues.

Quotations are excerpted from numerous conversations with the artist, as well as her printed statements.

Biographical Notes

Mia Brownell was born in Chicago and currently lives in Buffalo. She received her BFA from Carnegie Mellon University, her MFA from SUNY Buffalo. She also studied at the Parsons School of Design in Paris and the Ecole Nationale Supérieure des Beaux Arts in Paris. She recently completed a residency at the Vermont Studio Center. Her work will be seen in September at the MMC Gallery in New York City. Brownell was in residence at Finger Lakes DDSO in August 1996. She is currently Assistant Professor, Head of Painting, at Murray State University.

John Worden is a freelance writer for the Gannet Newspapers in Rochester, NY. He is currently the President of the Board of Trustees of the Erie Canal Cultural Center in Lyons, NY.

Ted Pearson is Curator of Readings and Residencies at just buffalo literary center and is the author of 13 books of poetry including *Evidence: 1975-1989*, *Planetary Gear*, and *Acoustic Masks*.

Brazilian native **Paulo Buennos** has recently exhibited his work at the Burchfield Penney Arts Center, Hallwalls Contemporary Arts Center, and SUNY Buffalo Center for the Arts. His residency was in the summer of 1996 at Finger Lakes DDSO.

Carol Cloos grew up on a farm outside Albany, and has lived in Rochester for over thirty years. Her poems and non-fiction have appeared in various literary magazines. In 1994 she received a NYFA fellowship. Her essay "Mask," which was published in the Gettysburg Review, was cited among Notable Essays of the Year in Best American Essays 1996.

Ron Ehmke is a writer and performance artist who is based in Buffalo New York. He is currently completing a trilogy of performances — *Not For Profit*, *City of the Dead*, and *Welcome to the Sausage Factory* — parts of which have been performed at Writers & Books and the Downstairs Cabaret in Rochester, and at Hallwalls Contemporary Arts Center in Buffalo. He was in residency at Writers & Books in the fall of 1996.

Paul Francis earned his BFA in Photography with a secondary degree in Art History at the State University of New York at Buffalo. He is currently working as a photographers assistant. He has exhibited widely in the United States including exhibitions in Washington, Nebraska, Colorado, and New York. His work is part of the permanent collection at the Burchfield-Penney Arts Center and in the Anatomy and Medicine Archives of the Smithsonian. His ARE:WNY

residency was at Community Darkroom in Rochester.

Donald Jackson has a BFA in Painting from Buffalo State College. He spent a one year exchange in Osaka, Japan studying Buddhism, Japanese, and ink painting. A native of Buffalo, he currently resides in Brooklyn, NY, and teaches English in Manhattan. He is currently studying Chinese and Shaolin Kung Fu. He recently published an article in Ticycle: The Buddhist Review.

Darby Todd Knox works and lives in South Lima with husband, illustrator and painter, Richard Harrington. She is currently working on a novel called *Waiting for Rain*.

Jody LaFond has been making videos for over 10 years. Recent exhibitions include New York Video Festival, Images Festival in Toronto, and The Knitting Factory in New York. She was in residency at the Media Center at Visual Studies Workshop in October 1996.

Margaret Wagner is an artist, educator, and critic currently residing in Rochester, New York. She is the Chair of the Fine Art Photography Department at the Rochester Institute of Technology; she received her MFA from the University of Colorado at Boulder.

Canadian-born artist **Martin Kruck** is a recent MFA graduate of SUNY Buffalo. Recent exhibitions of his work have been held at Joseph D. Carrier Art Center in Toronto, the Burchfield- Penney Art Center, Open Studio in Toronto, and Castellani Art Museum at Niagara University. He is a board member of Print and Drawing Council and Open Studio in Toronto. He is currently Assistant Director at Big Orbit Gallery. He was in residency at Visual Studies Workshop in December 1996.

Gary Nickard currently teaches at SUNY Buffalo.

Zerbe Sodervick was in residency at Hallwalls, Buffalo State College and Buffalo Arts Studio in June 1996. She received her BFA from the University of Nebraska-Omaha, and her MFA from Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, NY. Zerbe exhibits her prints regionally, nationally and internationally. Her work is represented by the Germanow-Coffey Gallery in Rochester, New York.

Karen vanMeenen holds a degree in Creative Writing and Literature from Binghamton University and is currently Managing Editor of *Afterimage*, *The Journal of Media Arts and Cultural Criticism*, published by Visual Studies Workshop in Rochester.

Administering Organizations

WAYNE COUNTY COUNCIL FOR THE ARTS

P.O. Box 164, 2 Broad Street, Lyons, NY 14489
315/946-5078 • Contact: Kevin Schoonover, Executive Director

Wayne County Council for the Arts is the lead service organization for Wayne County, located midway between the urban centers of Rochester and Syracuse. Bordered by Lake Ontario on the north and the Erie Canal on its southern end, Wayne County's population of 90,000 is comprised of ethnically diverse small towns and villages. The people of Wayne County live in a beautiful landscape of rolling hills carved out by glaciers millions of years ago.

The mission of the Wayne County Council for the Arts is to work as an agent for cultural development, providing direct services to individual artists and cultural organizations. WCCA fosters a positive environment for the production and appreciation of cultural activities in Wayne County and the surrounding region.

HALLWALLS CONTEMPORARY ARTS CENTER

2495 Main Street, Suite 425, Buffalo, NY 14214
716/835-7362 • Contact: Sara Kellner, Visual Arts Director

Hallwalls was founded in a West Side ice house in 1974 by visual artists as a place where artists could encounter and develop new work. During the 80's, Hallwalls began its evolution from a small grassroots undertaking into the region's largest multi-arts center, one of the most active and programmatically diverse members of the

national network of artists' organizations.

Hallwalls' mission is to support artists by supporting the creation and presentation of new work in the visual, media, performing, and literary arts, and to serve the public by making these works available to audiences. Hallwalls is dedicated in particular to work by artists which challenges and extends the boundaries of the various art forms, and which is critically engaged with current issues in the arts and, through the arts, in society. We believe that the right of freedom of expression for artists, and for free access to their works by interested individuals, must be protected as a fundamental and necessary condition of our mission.

PYRAMID ARTS CENTER

Village Gate Square, 302 North Goodman, Rochester, NY 14607
716/461-2222 • Contact: Elizabeth McDade, Executive Director

Pyramid Arts Center is Rochester's contemporary, multi-arts presenter, in its 20th year of serving artists and audiences of the region. The nationally acclaimed organization provides the Upstate New York region with unique visual, performing and electronic media art and is a forum for discourse about innovative and culturally diverse programs. The gallery spaces accommodate group, thematic, solo, educational and members exhibitions. The Pyramid offers support services such as: an artists registry, slide file, granting information, consultations, portfolio reviews and a student internship program.

Host Organizations

ERIE COUNTY SITE DESCRIPTION: VISUAL ARTS

Buffalo Arts Studios

2495 Main Street, Suite 500, Buffalo, NY 14214
716/833-4450 • Contact: Joanna Angie

Buffalo Arts Studios is a collective studio space for artists working in all media. Located on the fifth floor of a former industrial building, the studio occupies 13,000 sq. feet, with an adjacent 2,000 square foot gallery. Residency artists will have a 25" x 25" work space and access to facilities including a darkroom with equipment for B/W processing, a photo shoot area, welding equipment, intaglio and etching presses. The collective nature of the space allows for interaction between artists of all backgrounds, and for a support system for emerging artists. Residents will have 24-hour access to the facility.

Hallwalls Contemporary Arts Center

2495 Main Street, Suite 425, Buffalo, NY 14214
716/835-7362 • Contact: Gail Metlick

Hallwalls Contemporary Arts Center is a non-profit multi-disciplinary arts center which for 20 years has been supporting the development of contemporary art through the presentation of artists work, reganting and commissions. Hallwalls' Video Program will offer a residency artist full access to the Editing Suite, which offers 3/4" to 3/4" and Hi8 to 3/4" editing, Amiga graphics, and a Panasonic MX 12 video mixer. Also available is Hallwalls' on-line digital editing workstation powered by a Macintosh PowerPC and VideoVision Studio hardware. Hallwalls also has PPP access to the World Wide Web allowing an artist's work to be viewed internationally through the Internet.. Integrated with the suite is a production space and a video library with over 400 tapes by 300 artists around the world. The Video Program staff will assist the resident artist as necessary in the development of

a project.

CEPA Gallery

700 Main Street, 4th Floor, Buffalo, NY 14202
716/856-2717 • Contact: Bob Hirsch

CEPA Gallery (the Center for Exploratory and Perceptual Art) is a non-profit contemporary photographic arts center located in the Theater District in Downtown Buffalo. CEPA has one of the largest gallery spaces dedicated to contemporary photography in North America. CEPA is particularly committed to supporting projects and artists from groups that have been traditionally underrepresented in cultural spaces. For this residency, CEPA will offer black & white and color darkroom access at photography facilities of the University at Buffalo. (see below.)

ERIE COUNTY SITE DESCRIPTION: WRITING

Just Buffalo Literary Center

2495 Main Street, Buffalo, NY 14214
716/832-5400 • Contact: Debora Ott

In Erie County, the ARE:WNY writers residency will be co-hosted by Just Buffalo Literary Center. Just Buffalo is one of ten community-based literary centers in the country. Founded in 1975, Just Buffalo recognizes the contemporary writer as a cultural bridge among people, and supports the development, the study, and the appreciation of contemporary writing in its cultural and ethnic diversity, through performance, instruction and promotion. Just Buffalo presents readings and workshops by nationally acclaimed and emerging writers, facilitates the placement of professional writers in schools and community sites through its Writers-in-Education program, publishes educational resources, presents inter-disciplinary programs in poetry and jazz, sponsors annual writing competitions, and produces Spoken Arts

Radio broadcasts in cooperation with WBFO 88.7FM highlighting novelists, playwrights, and poets.

LIVINGSTON COUNTY SITE DESCRIPTION: WRITING

Genesee Valley Council on the Arts

Livingston County Campus

Building 4, Apt. 1, Mount Morris, NY 14510

716/ 658-4770 • Contact: Ellen Herzman

In Livingston County, the ARE:WNY writers residency will be co-hosted by Genesee Valley Council on the Arts. GVCA has long enjoyed a commitment to community based arts activities. Networking with a wide range of other organizations, GVCA will facilitate the writer residency process for Livingston County.

MONROE COUNTY SITE DESCRIPTION: VISUAL ARTS

Genesee Center for the Arts, Education, and New Ideas:

Community Darkroom

713 Monroe Avenue, Rochester, NY 14607

716/ 244-1730 • Contact Persons: Sharon Turner

Community Darkroom is a non-profit darkroom facility in its 18th year of existence. Located in a remodeled fire house on Monroe Avenue in Rochester, the facility offers three darkrooms, print finishing area, copy stand, lighting studio, and an intimate gallery space. Resident artists will be able to process and print (up to 16" x 20") black and white in 35 mm, 2 1/4, and 4x5 formats, and/or make color prints (up to 16" x 20") from slides using the ICP-42 Cibachrome processor. The cooperative nature of the facility allows for interaction with Community Darkroom staff, artists and the community at multiple levels. Residencies must be scheduled during the summer. Resident artists may reserve darkrooms 24 hours a day except when classes are in session.

Genesee Center for the Arts, Education, and New Ideas:

Genesee Pottery

713 Monroe Avenue, Rochester, NY 14607

716/ 271- 5183 • Contact Person: Tiffany Drabeck

Genesee Pottery was founded in 1972 and is located in an historic fire house on Monroe Avenue in Rochester. The facility focuses on ceramics education in the arts and community outreach to the underserved. Genesee Pottery offers a 60 cubic foot gas kiln, 3 - 12 cubic foot electric kilns, 6 kick wheels, 6 electric wheels, a slab roller, a clay mixer, a spray booth, and an extruder. Due to the community's involvement at Genesee Pottery, artists will have access to interactions with a variety of individuals. Residents will have 24 hour access to the facility, except for certain class times. Residents will be responsible for clay and firing costs.

Visual Studies Workshop: Media Center

31 Prince Street, Rochester, NY 14607

716/ 442-8676 • Contact: Robert Doyle

The Media Center, a part of Visual Studies Workshop, an internationally recognized center for photography, visual books and media arts. The Center offers access to production and post-production equipment at reduced rates for artists, independent producers and non-profit organizations working on non-commercial projects in video, film, audio and computers. The Media Center offers Hi8 to 3/4" and 3/4" to 3/4" editing suites, a small MIDI studio with narration booth, an Amiga 3000 digitizing graphics lab, 16mm flatbed editor, production equipment such as Hi8 video cameras and 16mm film cameras and technical support. Access to the facility is by reservation.

Visual Studies Workshop: VSW Press

31 Prince Street, Rochester, NY 14607

716/ 442-8676 • Contact: Joan Lyons

Visual Studies Workshop Press works with artists, photographers, writers and non-profit organizations on the production of books, prints, and other offset print projects. Artists in residence are provided with living and work space and technical assistance for up to a month to produce an artists' book. Residents will assume the cost of materials and will be charged for presswork and computer film at a reduced rate. The artist will own 90% of the edition produced. Facilities include a Macintosh computer lab, image setter for film output, graphic arts darkroom, offset production presses (18 x 25 maximum sheet size), and proofing press. Living space is provided at Visual Studies Workshop. Artists-in-residence have 24 hour access to the facility. It is advisable to assess your project with us before applying to determine suitability and probable costs.

MONROE COUNTY SITE DESCRIPTION: WRITING

Writers & Books

740 University Avenue, Rochester, NY 14607

716/ 473-2590 • Contact: Joe Flaherty

For fifteen years, Writers & Books has been offering quarterly workshops in writing, various outreach programs including hospitals and schools, as well as a bi-annual reading series featuring nationally prominent authors. Through Writers & Books local playwrights, poets, non-fiction, and fiction writers are given a forum to read their work publicly. Residents are given their own office space in our turn-of-the-century former police precinct building in which to write.

WAYNE COUNTY SITE DESCRIPTION: VISUAL ARTS

Finger Lakes DDSO

703 East Maple Avenue, Newark, NY 14513

315/331-1700 • Contact: Sue Epstein

Wayne County offers its resident artists the opportunity to work in seclusion. The prime facility location for the residency is at Finger Lakes DDSO - a large state facility which formerly housed a large population of people with developmental disabilities. The residency site in Newark is seven miles away from the Wayne County Council for the Arts office and gallery space in Lyons.

The residency site consists of a 1200 sq. ft. studio workspace. The building is no longer in use, but may be used by resident artists in the warmer months of July through September. There is also extensive space at Spring Farm for large scale outdoor projects. The Farm, which is located 3 miles from DDSO and 6 miles away from Wayne County Council for the Arts offices in Lyons, is primarily used for horseback riding throughout the year. A Crew Program is available the site to assist with tasks such as moving, cleaning etc. The artists' living space is a private room in a nearby residence building, with a shared kitchen facility and communal living room.

WAYNE COUNTY SITE DESCRIPTION: WRITING

Sodus Free Library

17 Maple Avenue, Sodus, NY 14551 • Contact: Gail Harder

The Sodus Free Library was originally the home of Sodus librarian Mrs. Carrie Colvin. After a devastating fire in 1991, the library was renovated and expanded in order to contain the entire book collection on one floor. With strong community support, the library reopened to the public in 1993 and enjoys a wide range of programs and community based services. The facility provides an eclectic "home" atmosphere with spaces available for solitary work. For more information contact Wayne County Council for the Arts. A copier, typewriter and fax are available.