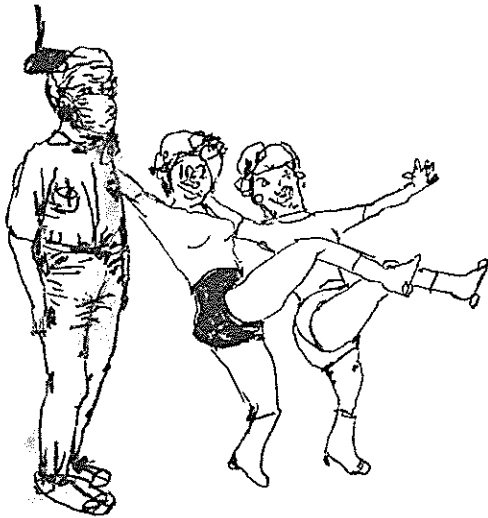


## Kathleen Henderson

### Artist Statement

When I was a little girl my parents and my brothers and sister and I would go to a restaurant called the Red Wing Diner in Massachusetts. I remember the red neon sign of a chicken whose wing would flap up and down, continuously. I thought it was so beautiful. One night a man in a checked suit and top hat came in. He came over to our table and actually pulled a rabbit out of his hat, a black and white rabbit. He let me hold it right there at the table. I looked out the window at the parking lot, which blinked red off and on from the flapping of the neon chicken, holding a black and white rabbit. That is the happiest memory of my childhood.

Many years later I read about an American soldier stationed in Kuwait during the first Gulf War. He had been there several months performing his military duties as required. Then one day in the desert he came upon a small child's shoe with the foot still in it. He never recovered.



Kathleen Henderson, *Doctor and the Dancing Girls*

E-mail to Jen Liese from Nina Katchadourian, curator of the Viewing Program at the Drawing Center, 11/7/12:

It's true that Kathleen Henderson's statement sort of stopped me in my tracks. ... I reviewed well over 1000 submissions at the Drawing Center in any average year, and ... hers stood out from literally hundreds of others.

... I do think it's important to make the point that the artist's statement alone is not the whole story. It's about the interplay that it had with the work. In Kathleen's case, her work (which on a small scale on a website looks very cartoony, and it's much less so in real life) seemed to stand in such stark contrast to the statement at first glance. But the statement helped me clue in to the violence and rawness in her drawings, which are a very important part of them, and she did this in a much more interesting way than that tired formula of the artist's statement that begins 'I am interested in.....' SNORE."

## ARTIST STATEMENT

////////////////////////////////////  
In fourth grade my teacher assigned an activity: write a professional horoscope for your peers. There were predicted doctors, presidents, firemen, veterinarians, and even astronauts. I was very pleased with my horoscope, as my classmates knew me well: Cashier. They knew about my store—Harland’s—my exceedingly normal alter-ego—Eveny Chefa—and my ceaseless commitment to imaginary customer service.

I took my store very seriously, using daily life as source material. I was fascinated by the redundant institutional banalities that structure our daily interactions, and the constant mutual reconfirmation of how things are supposed to work. A trip to the grocery store with my parents meant an opportunity to hone the language, objects, and gestures that cued people to relate to each other in a certain way.

I eventually came to study these systems in the field of cultural anthropology. And now, as a visual artist, my interest in sociality, inter-subjectivity, and knowledge production drives much of my practice. My process continues to resemble performative play, which informs much of my understanding of the world in a family of visual artists, actors, and musicians. I am interested in the contentious border between the *emic* and *etic*—the insider and outsider perspectives of a culture—and the impossibility of transcending constructions of self and other.

Additionally, I often borrow tools from ethnography, such as the interview, participant observation, and discourse analysis. However I do so with critical distance from research ideals of generalizability. As an artist outside the social sciences, I seek to explore race, knowledge, self, and power without relying on the objective, universal, or unitary. This pursuit continually leads me to confrontations with the societal valorization of the scientific method, as I knowingly exercise bias and prioritize ambiguous, heterogeneous, and subjective experiences.

I often use existing institutions and their codified systems as sites of intervention. My work takes cues from the visual, written, and spoken language of generic institutions like the museum, the classroom, or the doctor’s office. I consider these spaces in relation to the script, as it is known in performance—the written text of a stage play, screenplay, or broadcast—and psychology—the social roles or behaviors appropriate to particular situations that an individual absorbs through cultural influences and association with others. I examine the scripts of physical objects like the teller window; epistemological performances like the academic lecture; and promotional material like the printed advertisement. I ask: How does an object, utterance, space, or gesture address and constitute its subject? How do we assume and perform predetermined duets like the cashier-customer, artist-viewer, or professional-client? Such questions engage debates over standardization, authenticity, and sincerity in the late capitalist context.

Informed by the content at hand, my work involves interdisciplinary uses of performance, sculpture, video, photography, sound, writing and discursive programming. However, all my projects share a common origin in research and literature review. For a range of pieces I’ve worked with community radio practitioners, linguists, cashiers, acousticians, packaging designers, archaeologists, and singers. The desire to collaborate with individuals outside a fine arts context originates from an abiding interest in the cultural fluency one gains through lived experience—everyone is an expert in something.

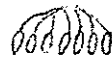


# Safety



# Orange

New work by Maren Jensen  
feb seventeenth - mar tenth 2018



*A twisted thing about desire is that it can burn hard and happy without context. No history needs to be consulted for a butterfly wing to drive Desire's wheels to California. Empty the land and call it vacant (as long as there is something empty for desire to claim, it will puff-up, and Pioneer)*

*\*Safety Orange is a shade of orange designed to contrast best with a blue sky.*

*\*There is a creosote bush in the Mojave Desert that is 11,700 years old.*

*\*Once I burned 111 gallons of gasoline driving fire wood to a protest against oil pipelines.*

*\*In the Red Pony by John Steinbeck, all the men in a wagon camp traveling west cry when they reach the California coast, not because it is beautiful, but because there is nowhere further west to go.*

*Did Desire tell settlers they would have to design a special kind of orange to keep their own cities from killing them?*

*Decorate with images of wildness and delirium, and fill up on a house made of air.*



*A digital remixing bio/statement (see glia.ca)*

**Sense** Nonsense

Jhave	is a	digital	poet	once again	based in
Montreal,	formerly	working	in	Hong Kong	
He plays	with	language	images	video	theories
dreams	disparity	code	wistfulness	tentacles	food
integrity	time	paths	love	&	intransigent
synchronicity		Glia	refers to a	neurological	substance
(a brain jelly);	it is more	common than	neurons.		Jhave
is a	nickname	created by	combining	the 'jh'	from Johnston
with the	'ave' from Dave.		That is	probably	all you
need or want	to know.		For details	please	click above
on C.V. link	or visit			Email me:	jhave @
glia.ca		the archives.			

Sense

Nonsense

wistfulness	intransigent	theories	working	created by	combining
images		the 'jh'	it is more	Montreal,	
need or want	poet	is a	Email me:		once again
love	language	Jhave	probably	or visit	substance
with		dreams	neurons.	&	click above
For details	glia.ca	nickname	neurological	paths	tentacles
digital	code	Hong Kong	is a	based in	synchronicity
Jhave	video		food	disparity	time
Glia	refers to a		in	to know.	common than
That is	the archives.	(a brain jelly);	from Johnston	with the	'ave' from Dave.
please	He plays	jhave @	on C.V. link	integrity	formerly
all you					

Sense Nonsense

the archives.	integrity	Glia		once again	love
language	Montreal,	refers to a		in	it is more
all you	Hong Kong	For details	code	Jhave	neurological
probably	combining	from Johnston		substance	on C.V. link
digital			theories	working	tentacles
nickname	please	(a brain jelly);	the 'jh'	wistfulness	&
to know.	poet	'ave' from Dave.	video	synchronicity	or visit
intransigent		with	disparity	formerly	click above
time	need or want	That is	images	He plays	is a
common than	jhave @	is a	with the	created by	food
Email me:	Jhave	neurons.	based in	glia.ca	paths
dreams					

# FURTHER®

*I only had one dream where she (my mother) was naked...She was vacuuming. It wasn't sexual. It was about cleanliness. -Nicolas Cage, Honeymoon in Vegas, 1992.*

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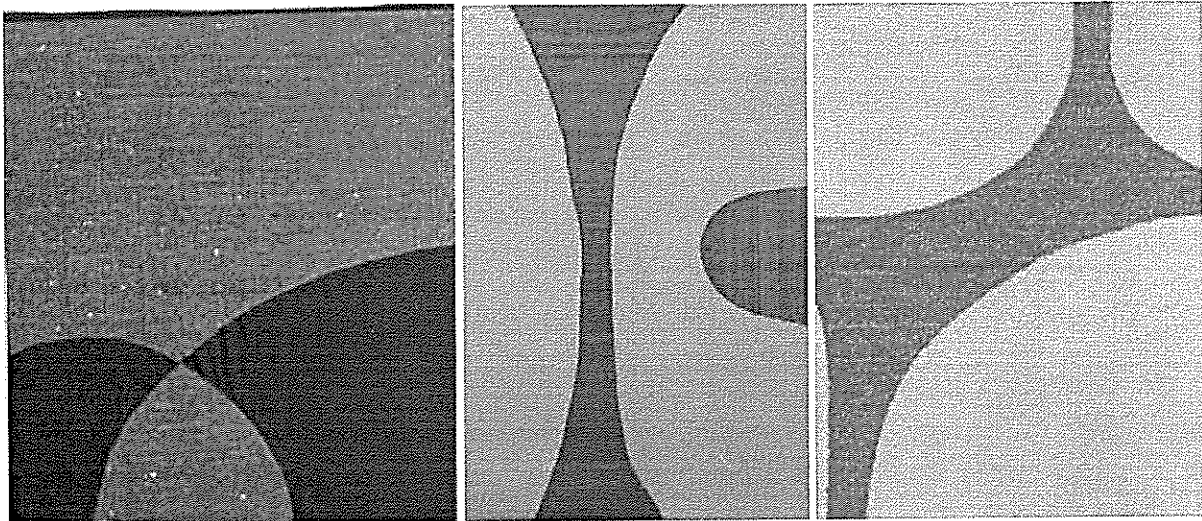
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Artist Statement  
Allyson Strafella\*

I began using a typewriter for its obvious function- to record my thoughts and ideas. Communicating is a crucial yet constant struggle for me. The more I typed, the more the letters and words on the pages began to take on a new function, a new language. My discovery of this new language created with my typewriter and paper was one made up of patterns and grids formed by punctuation marks: commas, colons, apostrophes, and brackets. It was as if the typewriter was experiencing a breakdown, and this breakdown was my breakthrough. I had discovered a new way to communicate. There is an endless source of information that can be created through a limited use of materials: paper and a typewriter. I became, and am still, intrigued by this process.



\*from *The Artist's Guide* by Jackie Battenfield

## Spencer Tunick

### Artist's Statement

Sometimes I feel like I am an explorer,  
Sometimes I feel like I am a criminal,  
Sometimes I feel like I am an artist.

I create my work under very stressful conditions.

While a lot of my work done by contemporary artists are very controversial,  
I feel that my nudes are not controversial.

The controversy lies in the fact that I am using the city as my landscape.  
The conditions in which I create my work are tense, crazed, and unpredictable.

My models are urban adventurers.  
I assist them in seeing the world in a different way.

I create dreams and I create memories  
That they will hold with them forever.

<http://www.thebluedot.com/tunick/>

No 1st person



PAMELA MICHELLE JOHNSON



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ABOUT

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Her goal is to invoke reflection on embracing a culture of complete and instant gratification

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## ARTIST STATEMENT

Teetering towers of hamburgers, drippy stacks of syrupy waffles, sticky piles of sugary candy... Junk food. It's the taste of America. It is what we eat. It is who we are. The insatiable American appetite is set on a path of consumption. Devouring to the point where we are left with nothing, nothing but the consequential garbage. Quintessentially American, junk food is not just part of our diet, it epitomizes our cultural ideals and social norms. Through my work, I strive to invoke reflection on a culture focused on mass-consumption and mass-production, where the negative aspects of overindulgence are often forgotten or ignored. The work questions a culture that equates fulfillment, pleasure and happiness with what we consume.

Whether it is gluttonous quantities of larger than life junk food or the solitary empty wrapper, abandoned soon after devouring was complete, the images are charged with social relevance. The work flaunts our culture back at us. It questions embracing a culture of complete and instant gratification while ignoring the consequences of our indulgences. The work questions many of our cultural ideals and social norms. These are the pictures of our insatiable appetites; they are the pictures of the consequences.

The heightened realism of these paintings serves to remind viewers that this is a mirror to our culture. Overbearing scale and gluttonous quantities, juxtaposed against foods that are both tempting and comforting, examine the conflict between enjoying the highly processed, artificially flavored bounty of American life and the progression to overindulgence and gluttonous excess. The work is both gross and enticing. Empty wrappers forgotten and abandoned in a world of nothingness, question the sustainability of our excesses. The use of intense lighting and deep shadows coupled with exaggerated scale and unique compositions updates the classical notion of still life painting and gives it a contemporary twist.

## **Lebbeus Woods**

### **Artist's Statement**

Over the past thirty years, my thoughts have followed a single line, in many parallel ways. It can be summarized in a single question: what is the place of one person - any individual - in the complex, ever-changing landscape of the world? It is a question without a fixed or universal answer. Still it must be asked. Answers, however provisional, must be attempted. This is particularly urgent for the apportioning and use of space, which every person needs, and which the work of architecture explicitly provides. The installations I have designed and made in collaboration with others explore the phenomena of change in material and spatial terms. They work within already strong sites in order to expose these sites' latent dynamism and the forces hidden within their stability leading to inevitable transformation.

The aim is not to disturb the stability, but to provide strategies for adaptation when transformation occurs. Even more, they celebrate change and the energies driving it, as the essence of existence.

<http://lebbeuswoods.net/>