COMMON AREA

2017 ART STUDIO MFA THESIS EXHIBITION

COMMON AREA IN CONJUNCTION WITH FROM THIS POINT FORWARD
MAY 27 — JUNE 30, 2017
OPENING RECEPTION: JUNE 1, 2017, 6 - 9PM
JAN SHREM AND MARIA MANETTI SHREM MUSEUM OF ART

UC DAVIS
Common Area, the 2017 Art Studio MFA Thesis Exhibition, presents the work of eight artists engaged in questions about the world they live in. Their art weaves together ideas about permanence and impermanence, order and chaos, the real and the imagined, with a broad range of materials and disciplines. This is the first year that the Art Studio MFA exhibition has been held at the Jan Shrem and Maria Manetti Shrem Museum of Art, alongside the research of fellow graduate students in the arts at UC Davis, under the umbrella of an exhibition of the whole entitled From This Point Forward.

Faith Sponsler and Yuan Chen utilize processes of chance to construct environments that reference the temporal nature of life, the interconnectedness of all living things. Both are collaborators with their materials. They enact processes that exert a will of their own, yielding art forms which serve as evidence of growth and entropy, life and death. For Henry Bell, Arielle Rebek, Benjamin Ehrmann, and Vincent Pacheco, memory and time are explored in real and imagined records of personal histories. Through photography, painting, installation, and video, their work concerns itself with the poetics of place. Their work explores eclectic personal narratives, spanning absurd, conceptual, and formal ends. Questions about the nature of perception itself informs the work of Muzi Rowe and Mike Cole. Their work investigates the very act of making, including in its final form process as subject. In their work, drawing, photography, painting, and sculpture serve as maps or souvenirs of lived experiences.

John Cage said, “Look at everything. Don't close your eyes to the world. Look and become curious in what there is to see.” This group of artists has done just that over the course of the past two years. The work in Common Area does no less than invite us to examine the world we live in and how we wish to shape, in large and small ways, the unfolding of our futures.

The Master of Fine Arts Degree in Art Studio, established in 1969, is a two-year, critically engaged studio program that provides an opportunity for interdisciplinary study in the visual arts. As part of a small tight-knit community, students explore a wide range of media and approaches to studio practice. The Art Studio Program faculty share responsibility for the graduate program. Current faculty members engage in a broad range of disciplines including sculpture, photography, time-based media, painting, drawing, printmaking, ceramic sculpture, and include Darrin Martin, Hearne Pardee, Shiva Ahmadi, Lucy Puls, Annabeth Rosen, Young Suh, Robin Hill, Tim Hyde, and Gina Werfel.

The exhibition catalog for Common Area marks the third year of fruitful collaborations between the Art Studio Masters of Fine Arts students and fellow MFA candidates in the arts, under the direction of Robin Hill (Professor and Graduate Chair in Art Studio Program). Each artist partnered with an essayist, engaging in an extended dialogue about the artists' process and practice. The results, eight interpretive essays, are featured in this catalog alongside the artists' own statements.

FOR MORE INFORMATION
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My work is made and continues to exist after it’s construction in a state of directionless direction. The energy I put into my work transfers through to the viewer, but due to the approaches I take in mining my own semiotic inclinations, never does so in a predictable manner. I force interactions of materials that are embedded in my foundational memories. These materials and memories are linked through the early acts of attaching significances to objects. The imagery in my work is drawn from misremembered and internally recontextualized ideas of collective image culture. Bringing these components together into a single piece creates a chimera; structured and specific, not didactic. I utilize the frenetic and articulated process in my practice to explore hidden contradictions and overlooked relationships between material, image, identity and class.

This reflects my ongoing interest in the constantly shifting and often illogical or contradictory internal narratives involved in the process of self-identification. By creating objects using materials and imagery linked to my own formative memories, I am able to explore the act of examining my identity in a physical way. In doing so, I create access points from which to explore the constituent elements of many different identities. While the individual’s memory of an object-interaction is unique, the physical object itself is materially accessible.
Searching for words to describe his practice, Henry Bell throws out the term “hyper-referential” in an off-the-cuff manner. In many ways, however, the term is well-suited for attempting to find a label for a body of work spanning installation work, hand-embroidered quilts, painting, neon, sculpture, and more. While referentiality often treads the unfortunate boundary between tribute and appropriation, finding artistic meaning in this boundary is the space in which Bell crafts his aesthetic. Bell’s referentiality, in a sense, “cannibalizes” the textures of pop culture, genealogical myth, and American kitsch, topics that have held deep significance for the artist since childhood. Indeed, his ingestion and subsequent regurgitation of these influential images and themes moves beyond referentiality or appropriation and becomes an integral part of his self-described “blasphemy.”

In Quilt Diptych with Two Chairs, Bell merges qualities of Rauschenberg’s “Combines” of the 1950s with his own principles of punishment and penitence. The “punishment chair” or “cucking stool,” an early instrument of public humiliation, is represented in the ready-made chairs affixed to the quilts. The sensational notion of a commercialized tool of torture is not lost on Bell, who emphasizes this aspect by incorporating quilts printed with images of popular Disney characters. The work, while referential, also speaks to a quality of sentimentalism for the past inherent in many of Bell’s works.

Truly, an aspect of sentimentalism permeates Bell’s practice—both a fondness for it as well as an intense loathing. In Puritan Floor, Bell’s reverence for the handiwork of early American craft is both honored and gleefully subverted. His use of bright enamel paint in lieu of traditional wood stain jolts the eye and the primary colors give the floor an almost innocent simplicity. Some floorboards are covered in steel spikes, brightly colored and acting as inverted nails, creating a labyrinth of inviting and forbidden space. Puritan Floor recalls the gravel courtyards of Catholic churches, on which devotees drag their knees across in penitence and supplication. Although Bell dismisses the idea of an all-powerful God, the subtextual sadomasochism of the Catholic faith informs the majority of his body of work.

Inquisition Barbecue encapsulates Bell’s complicated relationship with Americana, Catholic guilt, and excess with all the subtlety of a hammer. The stereotypical poolside beach chair becomes an instrument of torture, covered with metal spikes. The inclusion of pink bondage handcuffs trivializes the suffering of the sitter, emphasizing the twisted relationship with pain and sentimentality. Bell becomes the artist turned blasphemer by both idolizing and skewering the romanticized vision of the revered idyllic American life—tantalizing and repulsive because of its promise of comfort and its ultimate inability to provide it.

Blasphemy, penitence, sadomasochism, and American sentimentalism come across violently in Henry Bell’s practice. While some could interpret Bell’s preoccupation with these themes as a component in his search for catharsis, Bell himself is reluctant to attribute such absolute meaning to his work. “Maybe I’m looking for something engaging,” he muses while preparing his air-brush for a night of studio work. The air-brush is intuitive, responsive, and free. Forms and thoughts are conjured without even touching canvas. Quick and rough. For Bell, this gives him comfort. “It’s nice,” he says, under his breath.
Through sculpture, painting and installation, I visualize life's struggles through the representation of tension, breakdown and fragmentation. My artwork seeks to communicate via the senses and emotions which lie beyond the conscious and analytic.

The mystery and emotional atmosphere which lingers around struggle is reflected in my work. Struggle in the knowledge of human fragility and vulnerability relative to their physical and mental environment.

Throughout the process of making and dismantling my pieces, I search for engagement through energy, force and flow. My work exists as traces of imaginary ruins in a state of disrepair.
The Language of Struggle

by Darcy Padilla

For some, art is the language of struggle. More so, when your mother tongue is suppressed by politics and culture and the words of your adoptive home do not convey what is inside of you. At the age of 31, Yuan Chen left China to begin anew, studied poetry and art, discovered sculpture, and then began her conversation.

To visit Chen's studio is to enter the darkest place in one's mind. Variations of black paint smear the walls. Lost materials are found then bound by rope and wire, dipped in black paint leaving hints of color to reflect on their origin. They exist suspended and stretched from floor, walls, and ceiling. The tension is not only seen, it is perceived and felt. Chen's art is a reaction to the energy of people and things around her and an action inward that reveals her unconscious mind -- an intuitive empathy. That we all struggle and share in complex feelings such as depression and frustration is the beginning of her process. Chen's method of working is in the moment, this lack of planning allows for her work to be in a way pure. The beauty of this spontaneity results in art that is dependent not on logic but emotion.

When Chen considered the aftermath of the Presidential election she created a more contemplative piece titled "Spring Rolls." Personal clothing given to Chen are tightly folded and wrapped in rice paper to resemble the Asian appetizer. On the floor they are small, contained, and isolated, a succinct social commentary at first glance. But it is layered with individual and historical perspective on identity and the immigrant experience in America. Arrived with only the clothes on your back, stereotyped by occupation and cuisine, in time the commendation is reserved for the next other; the hurt remains. (I was pleased to find out that spring rolls are traditionally served in China during a spring festival to remember and pay respect to ancestors.) The artwork questions how we view others or ourselves. The simple materials together resist simple labels.

Remembering Chen's studio I am comforted by the acknowledgement of our shared humanity: persisting yet dangling on the proverbial string. And I expect that for Chen the conversation will continue and nothing will go unsaid.
MIKE COLE

Armies of felled branches snap
counter to cool moss dunes under alternate boots.
Ferns kissing cuffs.

Climbing a big dead pine, he found the road.
After, smelling the same as that tree, ate a plum tart.

or

How to settle on a place to stay—
Longing

"I now perceive my job to include allowing people to vent their rage."

Three

"If ever proof were needed that we fought for a cause and not for conquest, it could be found in these cemeteries"

Amount of Sanitation

Three

by Cody Stetzel
My practice challenges both my physical and emotional capabilities to communicate the subconscious and the preposterous. The performance arranges my body as the armature and moves to realize the potential of the materials. The questions, though often abstract, have developed from memories of psychoanalysis, intuitive behavior, and social constraints. My work embodies a complex narrative that broadens my present interpretation of the courageous, and at times, humiliating acts.
Ben Ehrmann
by Joy Miller

Unglamorous and unoriginal observation: the typical viewing habits of most, at this point in history, are cursory at best. The amount of visual content that we are subjected to through our internet usage practically demands swift thoughtlessness: otherwise we would all keel over trying to figure out the cultural and personal ramifications of some Honey Boo Boo gif. Or, maybe not. Regardless, the decision to dedicate time and quality brain waves to digital content, can feel burdensome, but in the rare instances when one loses their self in time and viewing, the sense of burden is replaced with startling wonder.

Digital video artists are thus posed with the question of how to seduce or drag someone into their fabricated realm long enough for them to swirl it around in their mouth, spit it out, and then have it swim in the back of their mind for the rest of the hour (or if lucky, the rest of their life), sometimes declaring that it smacked of aged oak, sometimes wondering if it existentially shook them.

In his Pink Face Series, Ben Ehrmann answers this question with a soft and vulnerable nakedness, the whites of his eyes and the blacks of his pupils jutting out against the pink paint that covers his body, the floor, and the walls. The digital recordings of Ehrmann's performances hardly look like Facebook/live events, nor any other ShapChat/Instagram/what have you video content—instead they demand that you wonder what they actually are, what the portrayed character is up to. He's not selling anything, he's not telling you about his new morning workout routine and how best to do push-ups, he's not telling you about the amazing, high-fiber smoothie he made just this afternoon. He's not really telling you anything at all and he's hardly even asking for your attention.

Instead, the character recalls one of Beckett's, someone who doesn't appear to know why he's doing what he's doing, but knows for sure that he is doing it and will keep on doing it, until perhaps, he stops doing it. And so, a viewer who spends time with the Pink Face Series will look at a pink painted man putting on lipstick from the vantage point of a mirror, they will see him covering himself in pink paint and breaking eggs on his body. Viewers will watch him hopscotching through piles of canvas stretchers, blowing pink bubbles and popping pink balloons. To some extent, these acts seem equal to one another, Ehrmann's face revealing very little about the emotional experience of the activities, as if in each instance we were simply witnessing an animal approaching a self-assigned task for the mere purpose of stubbornly carrying it out.

Sitting through the series, a viewer may begin to uneasily wonder, what is the difference between this pink painted man banging his head on the wall and myself, mindlessly plucking out chin hairs in front of the mirror late at night? What is the difference between myself and this man who doesn't quite seem to know why he's doing what he's doing but insists on doing it anyway? At that point, a viewer may mosey away from the screens displaying Ehrmann's performances, but later imagine themselves akin to that pink man staring into space and wonder exactly what it is they themselves are doing and why they are doing it.
Why does one move to the mountaintop? Is it for seclusion? To get away from it all? Or is it to connect with every moment of living?

It is a popular idea with my generation. Most of my friends are quitting their jobs and going back to the land. They’re growing their own food and making art. I am doing the same.

When you arrive at the mountaintop, the first thing you’ll notice is the stillness. The unbearable quiet. And you will take a breath. Then you will see that you are not alone and that you have neighbors. And you will see their trash scattered on your gravel road by a hungry black bear. You will see what kind of breakfast cereal they eat. You will notice what brand of laundry detergent they use to keep their clothes smelling fresh. You will realize, at that moment, that this experience isn’t utopia, it can’t be — that romantic concept doesn’t exist anymore. And it will become clear to you that this is just a place, like any other place, and all that’s left to do is ask yourself 1) Why have you been running? 2) What have you been running from? And 3) What will happen if you stop?
Vincent Pacheco

by Gary Snyder

The man in his cabin speaks to the experience. He isn't sad. He isn't depressed. He is just there — present in the stillness of his surroundings. And he is a foreigner in this landscape. It is hard to pinpoint what happens when the world of man and nature intersect. Something is lost. And a searching begins — for something we vaguely remembered. A bear disappears into nothingness. There are footwear relics at our front door. If we are lucky, we will get to see what snow looks like at midnight. The man in his cabin knows this.

Vincent Pacheco captures the struggle of this intersection. He is present and unguarded — an outsider trying to figure out what happens when we simultaneously immerse and isolate ourselves from nature. I suppose it's what humans have always done. We once slept in open fields. Now we hide under blankets on our leopard-print sofas, safe and sound. It is the wilderness that frightens us, as it should. After all, it will push over our mailboxes and it will blow the windowpanes off our homes. It is unruly. It is unpredictable.

So what happens when animals leave the wilderness behind and seek shelter? Perhaps we move into ourselves. The fear subsides and we have a moment to contemplate existence. To contemplate stillness. The man in his cabin is trying his best; he is locked indoors, trying to understand what it means to be wild. Will there ever be a reunification? Or will we keep building shelter, on an even grander scale? It is impressive, our skills of building and hiding.

There are corners now. And bright lights to show us the way. They light up the night. They interrupt the quiet.

The way I see it, Vincent Pacheco's work is no longer an intellectual or rational exercise. There is something in his nature that he is trying to get around, get close to. He bravely, and dare I say — naively — fought is way up the Sierra Nevada and laid claim to a piece of land in our Northern California forest. He followed those before him and his intention was to answer our greatest existential question. He thought he would find his answers in a place, amongst the Ponderosa Pine, the Cedar, the Manzanita. He used his artist toolkit, the only one he owned, to understand what exactly it was that he subscribed to.

It is not in our best interest to just favor the nice side of the phenomenal universe. Buddhism says we are all students of reality, whatever it is. Pacheco is allowing himself to be shaped by the land itself, both the light and the dark side of it. The play of the ridges and the streams, the Raven overhead. The tracks of those who walked the land before him, and the litter that marks their heavy-footed path. He has clambered to make work about it. All of it. Years have passed, the pine has been invaded by the bark beetle, and Pacheco has yet to find existential clarity.

I am a poet and not an art historian. I do not claim to know where Pacheco's work sits, or will sit, in the larger context of that institution. Perhaps, in the end, it is not meant for that world. This is inner work, a private journey that Pacheco is traversing, alone. He is trying to understand his place in the natural world. He is studying his interactions with the landscape — how he is being changed by it, how he is influencing it. This is just part of the work of becoming who you are, where you are.

The man in his cabin is at the river's edge of understanding. And he strides forward, shedding his ego, killing his idols. He is an artist, like so many of us.
And when the shadows begin to speak, I know where I stand.

I'm interested in how light communicates and creates, and how its language influences perception of the surrounding world. The foundation of my process is observation; I notice and respond to the operation of light upon place, material or object. In both natural landscapes and constructed spaces, I study light and experience an emotional, often spiritual impression. Out of a desire to record singular moments, my work takes the form of photographic gestures.

I avoid the literal reproduction that marks camera photography. Instead, I work directly with light sensitive materials, without the barrier of a camera body. This process generates a unique residue of light that transforms an experience. The illusion and materiality of photography itself is central to my investigation as I shift between control and disorder to find the limitations of my media.
Arielle Rebek is a photographer without a camera. She uses traditional photographic materials such as cyanotype and fiber based photo paper. However, Rebek's goal is not to reproduce an explicit image. Instead, she desires to define space and time according to the operation of light.

In this sense, light is her true medium and contained spaces are an arena for that light to behave. While conventional photography hinges on the resultant photograph, Rebek's work focuses on the process of capture. A desire to perceive this elusive process drives Rebek to relinquish much of her control to the performance of natural elements. Aesthetics are largely left up to chance when recording the effects of luminescent behavior. The resultant images represent the contact between light and photographic material within a given scenario. Remnants of lucid forms often inhabit these images. A windowsill or a lone piece of furniture remains legible among a momentary dance of light and shadow, reminding the viewer that light dictates what we see and what we don't.

While Rebek is primarily concerned with the operation of light within space, her experiments frequently involve direct contact between photo material and individual objects. These objects echo the space they inhabit—a rectangular block within a contained interior space or a large boulder amidst a rugged landscape. By wrapping these objects in light sensitive paper or fabric and exposing them to light, an imprint is made. These imprints create an optical illusion in which a form protrudes outward toward the viewer. These images emanate notions of multidimensionality. While a traditional photograph transforms a three-dimensional experience into a two-dimensional image, Rebek's work captures this moment of transformation and extends it back into three-dimensional experience.

Rebek's work represents a desire to seize an enchanting liminal moment while reminding one of the inability to freeze time. As she has stated with regards to her work, "Every photograph records a moment that will never happen again". With this realization, Rebek fully observes these moments down to the exact moment of light perception. The viewer of her work is then given the opportunity to observe the photographic process and question the relentless movement of time.

Ultimately, Rebek's work communicates an ambition to observe and understand a fundamental force of life. With an understanding that the movement of time is out of her control and specific moments are never truly within her grasp, Rebek documents a space of transition. She is forever chasing light with no intention of holding it captive.
I photograph, build and categorize. Through this process, I explore the ever-increasing speed with which our technology evolves, rendering previous innovations obsolete. My desire to collect things and respond to them through the act of making is driven, in part by my fear of mortality.

From Kodak's Brownie to iPhone, there was a century of incredibly rapid development. The proliferation of such technology has rendered photographers, somewhat obsolete. I utilize discarded remnants of technology, treating them as archeological artifacts, used by humans and aged by time. Each seemingly futile object has certain functionalities and vice versa. Moving fluidly between subject, material and medium I search for a sense of meaning in it all.

What is the experience when life terminates and one ceases to experience? I cannot copy and preserve my sentient mind, so I choose to create with my hands, leaving the imprint of imperfections to a form that exists, ages and eventually vanishes. An experience is so malleable and ephemeral that my futile attempt in capturing this experience shapes the foundation of my process.
The Studio Tour
by Emily Clark-Kramer

Muzi Li Rowe's studio resembles a science laboratory where each table has a station for an ongoing experiment. The outstanding colors are black, white and shades of grey. There is an order to the way everything is arranged, a logic specific to Rowe's mind. There are grey, flat files in the corner and grids of digitally printed photographs on the wall. The pictures are of an unidentifiable technology. Is it important to discover that they are images of camera lenses from cell phones? They are seductively beautiful images, portraits of a mode of perception that seems older than it is.

What does it mean to be human and understand what we have created?

Rows of old cell phones line a bookshelf in the artist's studio. At the top there are flip phones with retractable antennae from the 1990s which layer down to more recent touch screens on the bottom. Overflow phones in various states of disrepair tile the floor in front of the shelf. Rowe has disassembled them in order to extract their camera lenses. The phones have either malfunctioned or been updated by their owner. Either way, they are deemed obsolete, but does that mean they have lost their function? Rowe's process asks what their purpose becomes now as they still remain objects that exist in the world.

What does it mean to translate by sculpting, a piece of a device meant for transmission? And what does it mean to imitate by hand, something that is and made by a machine?

A pristine toaster oven used to bake polymer clay models rests on one of the tables surrounded by blue silicone molds. The clay models are hand sculpted recreations of the lenses, similar to the images on the wall. The cast black resin objects mimic the rectangles pinned to the wall. A group of repurposed aluminum cans wait on the table also, to help hold the molds. These cans, rescued from the recycling bin, have a new purpose.

What gets lost in visual translation of something hard to explain in words?

Against another wall, a Toyo View Camera and lighting rig are set up to take portraits of objects. Rowe will make tintypes by using a wet plate process, and is excited by the margin for error, so much can happen in the process that is unpredictable. She implements an old process in the life of photography and she is photographing the newly defunct. By recreating their image, she is creating not only a portrait, but an additional single object as a result that represents the thing, that is not the thing. An object (the tintype) that represents that which was photographed (a cell phone). The results of her process bring imperfections to light, in both models and photographs: markers of humanity.

The research and process seem to be most important, as opposed to the result.
They stopped running and stood in the great jungle that covered Venus, that grew and never stopped growing, tumultuously, even as you watched it. It was a nest of octopi, clustering up great arms of flesh like weed, wavering, flowering in this brief spring. It was the color of rubber and ash, this jungle, from many years without sun. It was the color of stones and white cheeses and ink, and it was the color of the moon.*

I often wander the line between personal memory and the physical memory of objects and the spaces I temporarily inhabit, both natural and manmade. Collecting and processing materials from these environments, I explore the recording of transformation and the visual palimpsests created by them. The volatile combination of the media I use yields chance imagery and an overlay of marks, retaining the memory of object and place that are overwritten with time. Actions and relationships are visible and remembered, while operating within a world of decay, regeneration, magic, science, and deception.

*All Summer in a Day, Ray Bradbury
Faith Sponsler’s studio is an ephemeral world, a map of organic and ever changing shapes that travel across the walls and floors. Colors merge, morph, and interact with one another as they drip and flow across surfaces. Sponsler’s goal is not so much focused on preserving pieces, but rather finds satisfaction in the ephemerality and chance operations involved in her work. The result is a compilation of works that are both organic and mysterious.

Inky layers, lines, and forms are made from the tannins Sponsler gets from oak galls (growths found on oak trees) that she collects. Through combining tannins and iron, Sponsler creates Iron Gall ink. The marriage of the tannins and iron create somewhat uncontrollable results, but Sponsler embraces this recalcitrant process. Non-organic materials are also incorporated into the work as Sponsler often uses suspended rust or ferrous sulfate for iron compounds. These materials converge and react with one another to create pieces that move and transform rather than remain static. Change and perception of change are forefront in Sponsler’s oeuvre.

The interaction between materials is conscious and meant to be observed. Sponsler often implements an active drip through which suspended rust gradually drips onto the floor, creating a stream of color and texture. Here Sponsler creates the mechanism responsible for the composition, but observes rather than try to directly control what design is forming from the dripping pigments. The ephemerality integral to Sponsler’s work is made observable as the active drip creates a composition that moves, grows, and changes color over time.

Sponsler is a collector, discovering objects and bringing them back to her studio to be incorporated into her work. Whether they are pieces from nature, or discarded tools, there is a conscious emphasis on collection of objects and the specific origin stories that relate to each item. Sponsler has an emotional connection to objects through which she has pulled ink, color, and form as she has vivid memories of where she found items in her trove. The rusty nails, the old lighter fluid can, and oak galls are still connected to the locations where they were discovered, but soon become part of a second space as they’re incorporated into Sponsler’s work. Oak galls and rusty discarded nails can be found in many places, although admittedly, I rarely noticed them until my introduction to Sponsler’s work. This is the impact of Sponsler’s art; taking these seemingly ordinary objects and re-forging them for new purposes. For Sponsler, these objects have efficacy and intention.

Sponsler is interested in Theoretical Alchemy, which is in many ways reflected in her work. Specifically, she pursues transmutation: transforming one material into another. Even if this alchemical goal is unreachable, in trying to pursue it, Sponsler discovers some incredible results along the way. Sponsler pushes the limits of expectation and possibility, choosing rather to think beyond the impossible when working. French philosopher Henri Bergson once stated, “The eye sees only what the mind is prepared to comprehend.” When faced with Sponsler’s oeuvre the eye takes in only what the mind can process, but the expansion of your mind is encouraged.
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Faith Sponsler: Memory and Metamorphosis by Virginia Van Dine
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Arielle Rebek: Liminal Illumination by Corrie Hendricks, Art History MFA 2017
Mike Cole: Three by Cody Stetzel, Creative Writing MFA 2017

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Pia Camil, Sadie Barnette, Marc Johnson, Sharon Louden, and Michael Kimmelman

IN MEMORY OF
Freemond E. (Pete) Gadberry, a retired fine-arts teacher at Vintage High School, in Napa, Calif., who gave a $1-million bequest from his estate for the art department's efforts to recruit and support graduate student artists. Mr. Gadberry, who graduated from the university in 1967 with a master's degree in fine arts, died in 2006 at the age of 69.