

NOTITLEANYTITLE

**notitleanytitle\***  
Department of Art, Master of Fine Arts  
Thesis Exhibition

\*notitleanytitle refers to a unique title-generating software designed by Jessica Ann that creates a new title every 28.26666666666667 seconds. These titles are refreshed and stored on: [www.notitleanytitle.com](http://www.notitleanytitle.com).

The renewing title reflects the diverse practices of fourteen graduate students, and represents the transitory interplay between technology and their lives. The title is present, but that presence is, at best, arbitrary.

Jessica Ann	Julie Rae Powers
Jonathan Capps	William Randall
Maria DiFranco	Boryana Rosenova Ina
Kyle Downs	Blake Turner
Brittany Faye Helms	Adrian Waggoner
Dan Jian	Nayeon Yang
Lillian Marie	Alana Yon

Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree MFA in Art.  
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**OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY DEPARTMENT OF ART  
MASTER OF FINE ARTS THESIS EXHIBITION  
URBAN ARTS SPACE  
COLUMBUS, OHIO**

**2.13 TO 3.17  
2016**

*NoTitleAnyTitle* is the record of an art exhibition at the Urban Arts Space in downtown Columbus, Ohio, in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts for the Ohio State University Department of Art.

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EXHIBITION TITLE RANDOMIZATION SOFTWARE  
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# NOTITLEANYTITLE

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# Introduction

*by Rebecca Harvey*  
*Art Department Chair*

The Department of Art at The Ohio State University is broad-based, both discipline intensive and boundary pushing, a modern laboratory in which to create and explore art and ideas. Established on a foundation of comprehensive artistic visualization, we strive to be at the forefront of developments in contemporary aesthetic thought, and practice.

The department serves as a place where students and faculty can experiment with material and content and where a diverse audience can take part in our exhibitions, public lectures, and educational programming. Our programs have a fierce commitment to purposeful connection that firmly aligns with the university's mission of education, research, and service. We exist in the center of one of the largest research universities in the nation, with concerns at once central and intensely individual.

The aptly named *NOTITLEANYTITLE* with its built-in randomized generator is apt for this particular group of intense artists. Already accomplished when they arrived they took everything that we threw at them and chewed it up, spat it back, and roared for more. A certain restlessness permeates the work, not content with current mores and notions of production of meaning they sought to expand, to shape shift and twist, questioning beauty and impermanence, the authority of gaze and the fluidity of identity.

Corners are turned, skin is wearable, the visual field becomes distorted, pieces are literally alive and growing. Questions are posited, not answered, about identities of all sorts; constructs of a person or a gender or an othered culture, identities of and in landscape, the ways in which both idea and material

are and can be supported or restricted. Abundance and waste are measured and tasted, weighed and placed in new landscapes, new constructs.

The MFA thesis show is the culmination of three years of thought and action on the part of our graduates. It represents coursework and studio work, lectures attended and digested, countless conversations with faculty and with each other, late nights, early mornings, traveling fast and standing still, amazing epiphanies and grinding defeats. The works chosen for the show fold in that multiplicity, of prior knowledge and newly built bridges, of paths at once long traveled and completely fresh.

With pleasure I present to you the tenacious, ferocious, oft times confounding, always engaging, OSU MFA class of 2016.



## Lillianna Marie

Lilli's works, equally photographic and sculptural, supply opening lines to viewers' imagination, while testing their perceptions. They wrap around walls, so that a viewer must turn the corner to understand them in full. They are aligned in pairs asymmetrically, to show what seem to be causes and effects; when viewed from up close though, they reveal entirely different narratives, with visual parallels. They may begin conversations and contemplations, but the journey of discovery is open to the viewers' perspectives.

Exemplifying her carefully considered process is her work, *Veil*. Thin strips of photographs of trees in a dense forest recline at about a 45-degree angle on the wall. She varies the degrees of detail and perspectival views in each, with some strips zoomed in on the bark, while others reveal the forest floor and trees farther in the distance. Along the same vein, some strips are closer to the viewer than others. She also cropped

several photographs so that contiguous strips are not sequential. By confusing the perception of depth and space, the work inspires a sense of being lost. Ingeniously, she has mimicked how one sees when disoriented: one only catches brief glimpses of some things, while others appear nearby and/or magnified. One also jumps to conclusions; at first glance, it seems as if the work is composed of one photograph that was sliced. Yet, she also includes triggers for reflection: the gaps in between the strips force the mind to look slowly and compare the strips, to reassess assumptions and consider what the eye really sees.

Putting into practice Hans-Georg Gadamer's ideas that an object exists as a historical reality, and that the search for its meaning is never-ending, Lilli claims that her objects exist in the "forever-present." As such, their physicality and technique welcome spectators' continual and adventurous engagement.

—ELIZABETH SANDOVAL





## Boryana Rusenova-Ina

Boryana Rusenova Ina investigates how landscape and architecture define perceptions of national, collective identity. Born in Bulgaria and having lived in Scotland and Central Ohio, one could define Rusenova Ina as “multi-local,” according to writer Taiye Selasi’s concept of identity. National identity becomes more complex in the context of multi-nationality. To avoid seeing the world in a literal sense, Rusenova Ina builds dioramas using photos, postcards, fabric, string, and foam core. Many of her dioramas reconstruct Bulgarian playgrounds, housing blocks, and landscapes drawn from postcards and other sources. As stand-ins for distant Eastern European home landscapes and cityscapes, these facsimiles serve a more universal purpose for the analysis of collective spaces as national signifiers. Using these constructions, Rusenova Ina removes the autobiographical and personal of original materials, thus, enabling viewers to analyze the hegemonic relationships between the human form and the spaces they occupy.

In his 1986 essay “Wonder Bread and Spanglish Art,” conceptual artist and thinker Luis Camnitzer

contemplated methodologies for immigrant artists from the periphery working in center nations. Camnitzer suggested one could either conform to the center culture’s hegemonic art trends or adopt traditional methods/ themes of the immigrant’s country, or, better yet, work with a more fluid application of both. Rusenova Ina clearly opts for the latter. Her works seem to converge at the meeting point of ideas of nations, former and current. Through this point of connection, Rusenova Ina develops works that tap into her experience of calling more than one place home. She avoids the personal and autobiographical to focus on signifiers of home and nation. The ensuing works serve as tools for the exploration of perception and nation. Analyzing familiarity and foreignness, distance and proximity, landscape and belonging, and other dualities inherent in her subjects, she uncovers the construct of national identity. These landscape (re)constructions, in a sense, relate to Boryana Rusenova Ina as a subject (re)imagined by the convergence of several collective imaginaries.

~ MABI PONCE DE LEÓN









## Maria DiFranco

Maria di Franco's work challenges societal preoccupation with beauty, health and body image. In her interactive installation, she invites viewers to wear garments bearing imagery documenting her battle with cancer. The artist embraces the allure and fantasy of high fashion to force viewers to acknowledge illness as a physical reality. The work functions on multiple levels... as a gallery installation, a participatory work inviting viewers to partake in the artist's vision, and as a performance.

The installation recalls a high-end boutique with a stylish wood-burned clothing rack that hangs from the ceiling at a comfortable distance from gallery visitors. Tempted by the beauty the display, viewers approach and interact with the installation. The artist, present at various intervals and wearing her own *skin dress* invites viewers to try on the garments and "wear her body." As viewers try on the garments, they uncover a Susan Sontag quote about illness. The words of this famously eloquent writer/ critic/ cancer patient double as a revelation to the participant of the physical reality of cancer. Moreover, viewers must see themselves and let others see them in the di Franco skin garments. Using the vehicles of high fashion and the imaginary

mental construct of body perfection, di Franco exposes physical vulnerability in her audience.

Rather than rarified couture embracing and enhancing preconceived notions of female beauty, di Franco's garments expose a hidden and less-desired side of the body. The garments enlarge hair follicles and expose scar tissue. Those who experience this installation/performance witness firsthand that cancer, beyond affecting bodily functions, also forces individuals to come to terms with new physical realities. Outcomes of this project arguably present a new physical awareness for viewer-participants. Potential illness can live beneath a veneer of health. A youthful body's external beauty and its ability to grow and heal quickly also carries within it a possibility of out of control changes inherent in cancer cell growth. Like Sontag's illness metaphor seared onto Franco's display boards, the ponchos over healthy participant bodies call to mind a body's ability to accept changes, treatments, and heal itself both of inner ailments and of society's pathological culture of vanity.

~MABI PONCE DE LEÓN







# Nayeon Yang

Themes of body surveillance, subjectivity, and race/ gender identity run through the video installations and sculptural objects of Naeyon Yang. Her pieces turn the tables on the practice of viewing art. Sometimes, the figures in Yang's projections appear to scrutinize and, perhaps, objectify the viewer's body. Playing with wrappings and separation, her work reveals and conceals. When Yang densely wraps her subjects, as in *A Grapefruit*, with its impenetrable layers of plastic cling-wrap, she forces audiences to assess the formal qualities of that interior subject remotely, through the shapes and imagined construct of the wrapping. Other works appear confrontational, turning the viewer's gaze into that of surveillance awareness. In the piercing video loop *Hero: The Architecture of this Body*, viewers are confronted with the uncomfortable realization of being observed, themselves becoming subjects. In this work, an objectified Asian female subject both stares and reveals herself to her viewers. In a sense, *Hero: The Architecture of this Body* repurposes the audience's perceptions of race, gender, identity—powerfully challenging those views. Yang plays with the sensitivities of her audience as they view a partially exposed gendered, foreign body. In a sense, the artist's controlling return gaze manipulates what she reveals to her audience to affect their perceptions of reality.



Naeyon Yang's most notable installation, *If the Earth is Too Flat to Be Round*, invites participants to enter and interact with the work. The three-channel video installation of cameras, projectors, and reflective Mylar beckons its audience to come closer. Upon entering the bright and ethereal square space, viewers recognize themselves in the video projections but are misled by the various camera views and mirrors tracking their actions. They can spot their self-projections yet cannot assess



distance or direction. Here again, the artist directs a piercing gaze to the viewer-participants as they confusedly search for the cameras and, hence, for the source of their own images. Projected images of the audience appear disjointed, repeated, disorienting, and sometimes non-existent. Yang's use of mirrors and disorienting projections makes

people look for their own reflections among those of others, even on the surfaces that literally projected specifically nothing in the space. Naeyon Yang actively engages her viewers to confront and examine subjectivity and power through different gazes in an effort to (de)center the self.

~MABI PONCE DE LEÓN



## Brittany Faye Helms

A potter from the Southern United States, Helms is most at home molding red terracotta clay, the color and texture closest to the paths of her childhood. A contaminated batch of clay and a deep practical sensibility to use that clay instead of discarding it, led her away from the food vessels she aptly constructed to embrace smaller, experimental repeating maquettes and then to build ever-larger works. Rhythm, repetition and balance are all at work in Helms' pieces; so too is the suggestion of the human body's systems of balances and counter balances.

In *Swag*—in which small multiple shapes fall upwards onto the wall, defying gravity—one feels the comfort and familiarity of hand shaped pieces coupled with a sense of weightlessness. *Colorful Stack* allows the abundance of clay objects to tilt, spill and pour as if captured in a frame of stop motion animation. Helm's use of small, hand formed pieces is of particular note because they create the sense of bulk yet also allow for imbalance at the artist's whim—a pleasing trompe l'oeil. Helm's work is inquisitive and compelling, always inviting the viewer's senses to play with how delightful a challenge to equilibrium can be.

~CINDY GAILLARD







## Dan Jian



Dan Jian's autobiographical paintings draw from family photos and mementos of place. Her works function as memory constructs. They derive from family stories she grew up hearing (and internalizing). Jian argues that appropriating relatives' lived experiences removes the possibility of fashioning a literal interpretation of an image or story. This distancing frees her to explore the potential of her chosen medium to inject its own new meaning into her work.

In the past three years, Jian investigated various painting media and techniques. She sought to "deskill" in order to move towards a more gestural, intuitive mark-making approach. Studying the cultural appropriation of Chinese paintings by

"Euro-American" painter Laura Owens, Jian is well aware that her work may be interpreted through an "East" cultural lens. Art historian Joan Kee argues that, rather than essentializing "Asianness" when curating artist works of a particular Asian heritage, one should "oscillate" between the various influences of an individual artist. Given Kee's oscillation theory, viewers should consider Jian's cultural self-appropriation of family photographs, Donald Duck, and more as explorations of the East/West construct pervasive in the U.S. Her work effectively makes use of the slippage between these two cultural constructs.

In a 2014 work, Jian appropriated a traditional Chinese ink hanging scroll in digital format. In

subsequent works, she appropriated personal imagery through oil on canvas. Both appropriations question East/West essentialisms. Other canvases reveal family snapshots sprinkled with various personal/ cultural iconographies - children, gnarled trees, flowers, open wash grounds, bright colors, flatness juxtaposed to floral pattern, and Santa Claus. *Zhen and Dog*, the last in a line of canvases installed edge-to-edge along a long wall, clearly illustrates Jian's play with cultural constructs through her appropriation of personal histories. Here, the inspiration source is a photograph of Jian's mother with a dog. The painting explores the many "realities" of the artist's mother as a woman, mother, wife, dog owner, U.S. resident, immigrant from China, and burn survivor. Painted on two

canvases, the work *(re)appropriates* a popular European modernist appropriation of Asian tropes. The large canvas works as a *studium* revealing a flat pink home interior with floral patterns. In that space, Jian paints Zhen's body in a striped sweater and the dog looking right. By contrast, Zhen's head points left on a smaller, adjoining white-ground canvas, the image's *punctum*, which both brings attention to and separates this component from the rest of the painting. Through *Zhen and Dog*, we see Jian's form, medium, and technique bypassing culture to construct meaning.

~MABI PONCE DE LEÓN





## Alana Yon



First a smell like seared caramel. Then an awareness that these projects have negotiated their position even with the gallery's white-washed walls. The fermented, skin-like floor stretches and cracks across a den-sized space. Nearby, mycelium branch beneath a plastic tarp. Thick yarns unravel from nests towards the ground. The work of Alana Yon requests observers' full sensory participation and engages multiple dimensions: macro and nano, visible and invisible, static and unstable.

This is art driven by symbiosis, an iterative relationship between artist and object, object and space. How does the atmosphere alter the art? What if the container is permeated by its contents? Each piece morphs beyond its formal genesis, defying boundaries at a pace likely imperceptible to the viewer. On display is not a product, but a process: work which to some extent, as Yon puts it,

is making itself. At what point, these organic objects prompt us to ask, does the creative act require a relinquishing of control?

*Mushroom Tent* depends on fungal fibers and the microscopic pores of the plastic sheet that veils it into place. *Skin*, which began as a liquid, was fed by Yon and cooked by the sun. In the presence of these projects, the observer becomes witness and, perhaps, participant: exchanging breath, casting a shadow, contemplating the spaces where crochet meets growing fiber. The art does not depend on the viewer but does engage her. The artist cultivates but does not complete, instead pushing the aesthetic and the biological into a conversation that unfolds into these draped, intertwined, soft, pungent, crackling forms.

~ELEANOR PAYNTER









## Jonathan Capps

Enticingly bright and smooth, Jonathan Capps' work is pure captivation. For his MFA project, he created sculptures from piles of what he calls "bubbles," tear-shaped spheres of glass which he painted and/or mirrored. As a result, they are playful yet fragile, delicate yet strong, straightforward yet complex.

Because the works are large-scale and spill onto the gallery floor, both *(Column) Pile* and *Play Pen* are reminiscent of Donald Judd's reflective and shiny cube units. While both artists work with basic shapes, Capps questions the impersonal, industrial, and symmetrical clarity of Judd's works. In *Play Pen*, for example, Capps mirrors his hand-blown bubbles, and places them within a wooden pen which he painted in a hot pink shade on the inside. Reflections of ceiling lights, of the pink sides of the pen, and of the viewers are multiplied in each piece, demonstrating how Capps' work shows art taking place in time and space. Appropriately, it is similar to the play pens of children, which little bodies hop into with abandon. At the same time, because these bubbles aren't shaped like play balls and because they are mirrored, they embody a sophisticated distance. As convex mirrors, the bubbles belong to the great tradition of one's represented in art since the Middle Ages. By creating shapes similar to the eye which look back at and reflect the viewers, Capps invites contemplation about perception and its capacity to become distorted. Significantly, he chooses to paint one of the mirrored bubbles pink; its reflections stunt the reproduction of others and warp perspectives, but also add a sense of whimsy. In the same vein, Capps invitingly leaves one bubble outside of the pen, tempting the spectator to toss it in with the others and to jump in as well. This asymmetry reflects the tension of the revered status of glass, and its capacity for fun.

~ELIZABETH SANDOVAL







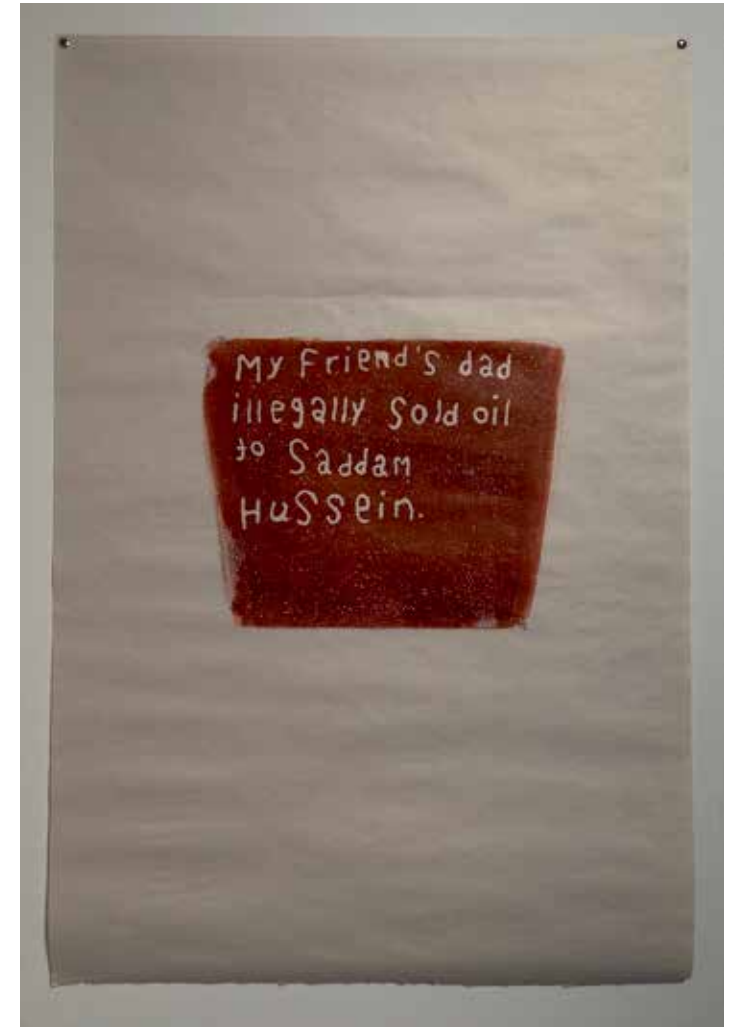
## Blake Turner

*Corridor* is built of crimson, of polystyrene, of facts. In these stacked coolers and the phrases stamped on newsprint, memories of a childhood spent near the Houston Ship Channel intersect with the effects of an industry that has consumed natural resources and the local communities which depend on it.

Connecting statements on Dow Chemical with reflections on family and poverty is the corridor itself, a towering space that holds the viewer in the world it recounts and insists on the tangible relationship between these intimate and scientific truths. Phrases about the uses of Styrofoam, AA meetings, and suicidal thoughts convey realities which are both embodied in the coolers themselves and flattened to hang as stark facts on the gallery wall. The coolers, which evoke geographic grids of warehouses and corner store beer runs, wear the inverse version of each phrase, creating a kind of unsettling mirror and suggesting the necessity of multiple points of view. Especially redolent is the handwritten appearance of the text; its unevenness enunciates its origins in personal history and suggests a degree of vulnerability.

Perhaps the entire narrative boils down to the print " $(C_8H_8)_n$ ", the chemical formula for polystyrene, the petroleum-derived substance which composes the coolers themselves and which functions as a character in this narrative of a port city childhood. Here, Styrofoam is the artist's tool and his object of study. The visitor who moves through *Corridor* experiences the convergence of personal and global narratives in a piece which is poem, history, portrait, and puzzle.

~ELEANOR PAYNTER







## Kyle Downs



In a time of acceleration, Kyle Downs has made a video-triptych that is measured. The opening minutes of his looping videos show a turtle slowly poking out its head and then dawdling off camera, setting the pace for *After Moving Stone*. The videos are projected onto three screens, heavy MDF panels adjoined, angled inwards, and resting on the floor. The three video channels illustrate the biology of a rugged, rural topography. Wide, crisp images of the landscape alternate intermittently with sharp, tight close-ups of insects in a barren terrain. The sunlight is always peeking over the horizon, as if the entirety was shot early in the morning or just before sunset. The light is golden and subtle, like the action taking place before the camera. Insects, bodies laying face down, covered in mud, breathing slowly, and a naked, white man swimming through a deep, clear pond of rainwater all unfold over thirty minutes. Each shot, however stoic, is iconographic.

A nude male figure, breathing slowly, lies facedown in



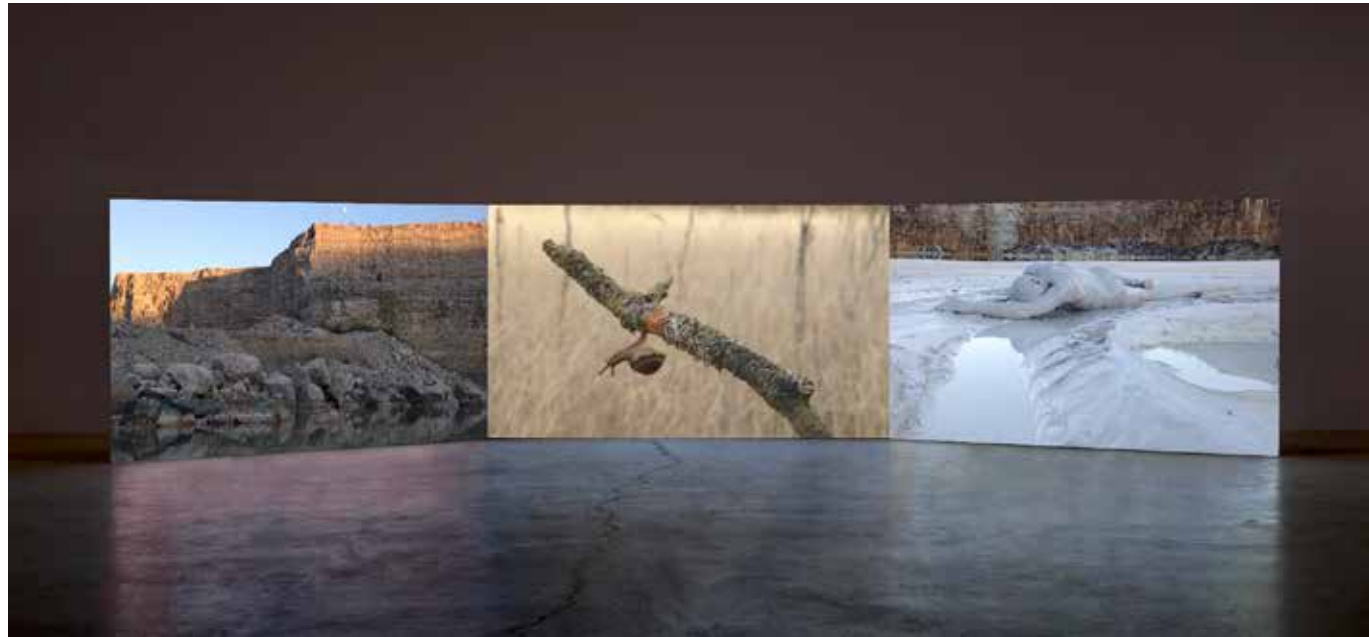
the mud. His body is covered in a cavern-black mud from the ground beneath him. This camouflage allows him to go unnoticed for some time. The shot lasts for more than five minutes; eventually his body becomes apparent. This figure reoccurs throughout *After Moving Stone*. In fact, he is the only human visible in this Anthropocene landscape. Emerging from the mud he eventually becomes cleansed. As if Christ-like, he swims through a body of water, nude. Downs' video poetically weaves references to landscape painting, Westerns, and Christian narrative while presenting the stark reality of human impact on the land.

For some time in the West, our image of the world has almost exclusively been from the perspective of the human. Seeing the world from the sky, the moon, and, eventually, from an omnipresent, hovering eye has dramatically changed our science, perception,

and culture. Only when we have seen ourselves from a distance does our propensity for contemporary self-annihilation and destruction become apparent. Downs began making *After Moving Stone* by surveying Google Maps. He looked for discolorations in the maps of central Ohio. On locating a blue or turquoise rectangle, he dropped a pin. These areas proved to be disfigurements of the terrain for the purpose of gathering stone; he was looking for, and found, rock quarries. These desolate landscapes set the stage for his work. When he found a quarry that appeared to be closed, he would visit it and shoot video. He aimed to arrive early in the morning or after five o'clock, windows of time when security might not see him. When all the capital is removed from a plot of land it becomes a scar of commodification. The stillness of these common landmarks is reflected in the videos.

—BLAKE TURNER





## William Randall



William Randall's work, *Methane Ghosts*, is a video documentation focused on Central Ohio's landfill. Projected onto the gallery wall, Randall's video connects the viewer to the subject of the landfill with only a few choice senses, relieving the distractive repugnance of smelling garbage and gas. In this format, he builds on the images with tone, music and sound as if arriving at uncharted ecstasy. The thematic aperture, developed through Randall's post-production work, gives rise to witness what is

conceived as the sublime. One shot displays a flock of birds ascending toward cloud and sky. In the distance, church bells echo strangely out of tune, a state of ascension from earth into the heavens. What is tested at this engagement of the holy and the sublime? Is it our moral or practical attitudes? The viewer should be confronted with a sense of dread or guilt, but may in reality feel lulled by the rhythm of the ritual. Captured by beauty and the grotesque, the viewer is polarized and magnetized



by the volume of waste being machined and structured neatly into a mountain.

Randall theorizes the landfill as a type of metaphorical garden, in that the first dumping grounds were the precursors and origins of gardens. In the case of *Methane Ghosts*, industrial machines, backhoes and plows tend to the "crops." The "garden" that Randall connects us to looks for the thing growing or building that eventually bares fruit. *Methane Ghosts* illustrates the by-product, the harvest of the decay. Methane, drifting out of spouts, rises like invisible spirits or lit ablaze like fiery blossoms.

Positioned on the outskirts of cities, landfills are hidden from thought, marginalized. The immensity of the landfill and collection of waste being built into a mountain presents an object of thought that would typically be ignored. The objects of our consciousness are only really believed into existence by reaction. Removed from the actual event, Randall has framed for the spectator the proximity to such awareness. Randall's command over edit and his prowess to elucidate grandeur creates a bias and a belief in the partial reality of film. As a viewer, one wonders why Mom and Dad never packed the Winnebago for a weekend trip to the local dump

~PETER MORGAN





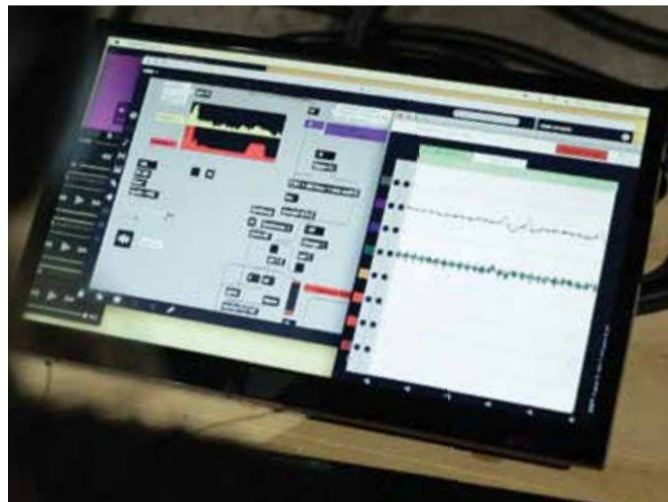
## Jessica Ann

I exhale. I inhale a little deeper, a little slower to calm my thoughts. The electric firestorm of a typical modern mind might overload the pupae, give the poor thing a neurotic hangover for it would know nothing of smart phones and web searches and the appointment I need to make for the dishwasher repairman. Slow down. Calm the mental weather patterns. Give this thing a chance.

And I think about the big things of course. Transformations—the pupae into moth, the human that is me moving forward in a slower progression. The importance of connection too, reaching out to the more elusive beings on the planet for, let's face it, we've learned a lot from dolphins, why not invite bugs for a conversation? Stop—no sarcasm. This is a chance to do something weird, something interesting, something that has the potential to...well, to what I'm not sure. The moment is filled with Ray Bradbury-like possibilities. By the end of the session will this thing know I hate pears? Will I start doodling peripatetic flight patterns?

Minutes pass. The pulses between it and me grow closer. The need to know what it might mean if we truly sync, if we are truly able to do this thing, slips away, revealing a tiny, improbable miracle.

~CINDY GAILLARD



## Julie Rae Powers

Being queer is a constant negotiation. Between the authentic, bruised internal landscape and the learned version of the external world. Between family expectations and independent individuation. Between the community of one's choosing and empty buildings of home. Between an ersatz nostalgia for what might have been and the hope for a better understanding of one's own power. Between mythologizing one's roots and respecting one's own heart.

In her photography, Julie Rae Powers explores all of these negotiations while pushing herself further into her own coming out and coming of age narrative. It's a stark, heartfelt and loving reminder that being queer is always a unique experience, forever custom-made to the times and region of origin, and should never be underestimated in its depths of raw, transformative vulnerability.

~CINDY GAILLARD







## Adrian Waggoner



Adrian's in-your-face installation work *For Sale, Sold!* is old-school rebellion meets contemporary pop culture. It sells the image of virility and the lifestyle of living fast and dying young. Interestingly, it includes decorative, drivable, wearable, and auditory items, such as three photographs of the artist/subject – one as a boxer, another in which he flings a wood pallet into the air, and the lastly, a life-size portrait cut-out. Clad in a leather jacket, black tee-shirt, and rugged boots, the artist sticks his hands into the front pockets of his jeans and stares challengingly at the viewer.

Because the items were for sale, Waggoner's work makes one consider the links between consumerism and art, and the functions of artworks. In this way, the installation is reminiscent of Claes Oldenburg's 1961 *The Store*, which sold fabricated food and clothing items, which were displayed in cases as in a store front. While commenting on art's turn toward materialism, he simultaneously hoped to value and "humanize" each object, to show that ultimately, "the reality of art will replace reality." By including a knowable person who stares back at the viewer, Waggoner's installation makes one question if Oldenburg's prophecy has come true: have we learned to value each object



and see everything all around us as art? In an age of selfies and when people can become celebrities through social media posts, does this rebel persona bridge the gap between canonical portraits and carefully crafted reality stars' personas? Is culture's reverence for these contemporary celebrities, and consumption of their brands, a form of art reality? By placing images of the rebel alongside less overt objects that he likewise labored over – like the pallet which he sanded, lacquered, and polished – Waggoner forces viewers to ponder both the humorous and complex ways that art imitates life imitating art.

~ELIZABETH SANDOVAL







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Complacency The Conversation



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