

THESES

CONTENTS

A NOTE TO THE GRADUATES	4
MYTH FOR ALLIES: THESIS, DAY 79	6
ARTISTS	10
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS	40

THESIS @ Urban Arts Space

The Ohio State University
February 7 - March 20, 2017

The Ohio State University Department of Art

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Columbus, OH 43210

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Bill Randall: 16, 17, 34, 35,
39

THESIS



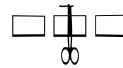
Allison Rose Craver



Tess Elliot



Nick Fagan



1. 2. 3.
sarah goetz



Jessie Horning



Emma Kindall



Yuanyuan Lu



Sean R. Merchant



Sa'dia Rehman



Hillary Nicole Reed



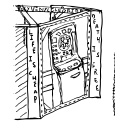
Cameron Sharp



Sam van Strien



Britny Wainwright



Andrew Wood



Melissa Yes

A NOTE TO THE GRADUATES

So here we are again, the circle once more complete and I write this both to you, the 2017 MFA graduates and for you, from myself and from all of us who have worked with you. It is for you alone and for you to share, for those who came before and for those who will come after. It is at once both a record and a celebration of your time here.



Although the MFA degree program itself has definite beginning and end dates the path around and through is different for each of you. For some of you it was the result of years of careful planning, testing the waters with visits and discussions with students and faculty, others dove in headfirst. However it happened, at some point, all of you decided that devoting several years of your life to this maddening, challenging, terrifying, glorious thing called Art could best be accomplished here.

You came here from across the

country and around the globe, how you found us and found each other is both complicated and mysterious, each of you drawn by a strange combination of what I can only characterize as a mixture of wish, assertion, and desire. As you leave here perhaps you will find as I have that one of the most unexpected and profound outcomes of your time here is the community that you assembled with your presence.

Several years ago we shifted the production of the MFA catalogue



into your hands and rightly so – it is after all your summation of who you were and who you have become, a map you have drawn in shifting sand. I am sitting here with this, this mostly finished catalogue that is now in front of



me. Looking at these images now, I am transported back to your studio and in the looking can see all of the pieces that came before. I remember all the tentative, courageous, disastrous, magnificent attempts, the long discussions, the questioning, the reasoning, the slow piecing together of what has become your work.

And now you scatter – off to new lives, new combinations of possibilities, bolstered and enriched and full of life. In every class there is the potential for one or two of you to pass quickly and lightly through the program. But for most of you, the path taken blazes an indelible mark. You are the ones who seized every drop on offer and roared for more. The class of 2017 was a class of uncommon fierceness. Perhaps your time here was indelibly shaped and shaken by world events, perhaps that is how it



should be: for it is now your job to shape and shake the world.

That degree that you began three years ago is complete, but the learning and the connections and the community that you have become part of is just beginning. Foster your ties and friendships, continue the conversations, remember always how to pick yourself up and try again. You are now one of us – forever part of the OSU MFA program in Studio Art.



Best wishes,

Rebecca Harvey
Professor, Chair
OSU Department of Art

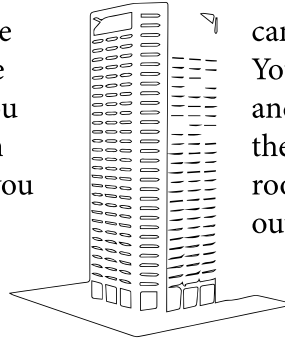
THESIS, DAY 79

Richard Fletcher

I will never forget that day. It was the time after the inauguration, but before the wall. You used to meet downtown every morning, all of you together, the whole group. You would tell me about it afterwards, describing the specifics of the weekly ritual. How you would grab coffee and then walk along the river for an hour. You were all so sad and angry, but still you needed this time to laugh together, arms around each other's shoulders, talking about your work and what you were planning next. You told me that you knew it would end, that it couldn't last, but none of us knew about the disaster ahead. Remember the nightmares? How you would wake in the middle of the night, sweat dripping down your face and beard, with her screams ringing in your ears and the image of her being pulled by her hair into the car and them driving off. You knew you all had to run, but how could you let her go after what she had shown you? There was so much guilt and shame after that. Then came the monitoring, the arrests,

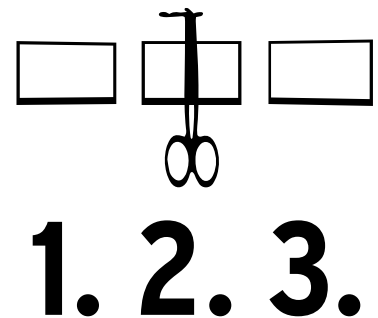
the deportations. First the meetings, then the phone calls stopped. Some of you left town. We never again met in person and then you stopped calling me. You disappeared. I always wondered if you went back home to the UK. All I have left now is the memory of that precious day when you invited me to join you.

We had met up early – Flynn had just resigned and you wanted to tell me how you thought this would be the beginning of the end. The investigation would have to start and then he'd be impeached. Then the time came for you to go to meet the group. You turned back to me and said: "Today, you are coming too - there is something you need to see with us". You started running to the river, with me struggling to keep up. When you arrived at the group, assembled by the benches, they all looked at you, then at me, a stranger, breathless and lagging behind you. You told them it was ok and that they should follow you as there was something they all needed to see. Leaving the river, we



came to a tall glass building. You gestured at the window and told us to look through the glass to the cavernous room below. We could make out some words on a wall.

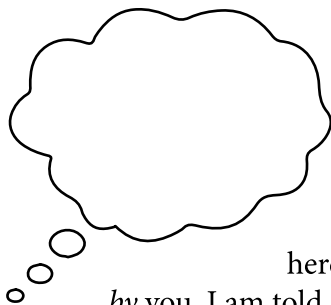
"This is for us", you said, "And don't you forget it!". Reading the three statements, well, they were more like instructions numbered 1, 2, 3, we laughed nervously as we realized your joke. Moving away from the window, ready to head back to the river, you stopped us. "There's more inside. Come on. Let's go in". Some of the group were worried about breaking the routine, the ritual. Others agreed. "Come



along with me", you said, "today we will hold a different kind of

parade!”

So in we went, holding our collective breath. After going down some stairs, we arrived at a long corridor with strange pictures and objects hanging on the walls on either side accompanied by small white plaques. “Come on, we have to move quickly. I have to introduce you to someone”, you whispered impatiently. There was palpable excitement in your voice as you led us down the corridor towards a set of open double doors. Waiting for us was a small middle-aged woman in a blue pantsuit. Her eyes glittered as she welcomed you. “You made it. Oh, and you brought the group. Good. Very good”. “Can you show them too?”, you asked. “Yes, of course. But first, let me explain. What you are about to see is only for you and your group. You have to keep it to yourselves and not tell anyone else.” At her words I felt everyone’s eyes turn on me. I looked at you and pointed at the door, suggestively. But you made a gesture with your hand indicating me to stay put. “Everything here



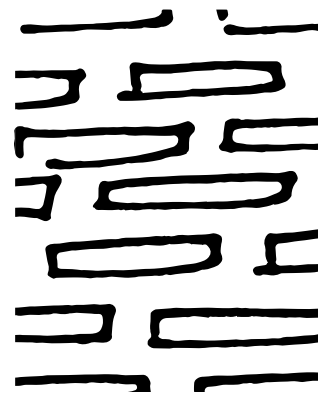
was made for you. In fact, although it may be strange for you to hear, everything here was made

by you. I am told it is called the *Myth for Allies* – I know it is an odd title - it supposedly has something to do with an ancient tablet or perhaps a chariot. I don’t really know. Anyway, I am just a caretaker here, I have no more I can tell you”. Then, with a twirl, she moved aside and pointed into the cavernous room we had glimpsed through the outside window. Slowly, all together, arms around shoulders, hands in hands, the group shuffled into the dark.

The sound was the first thing that struck us.

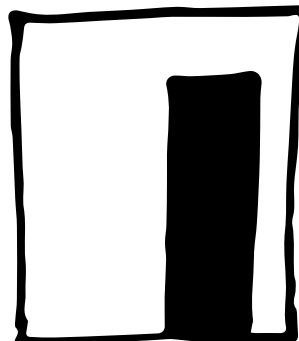
There was a faint echo of someone singing, accompanied by the pulsating rhythms of an intense workout session. At one point I thought I heard the opening piano theme to the old children’s

TV show *Bagpuss*. As our eyes became accustomed to the dark, we started to see some vague sources of

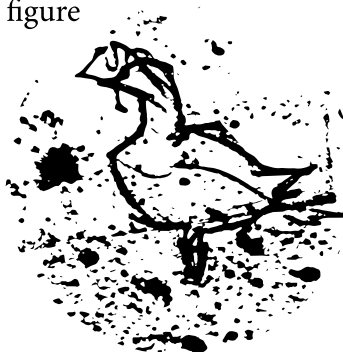
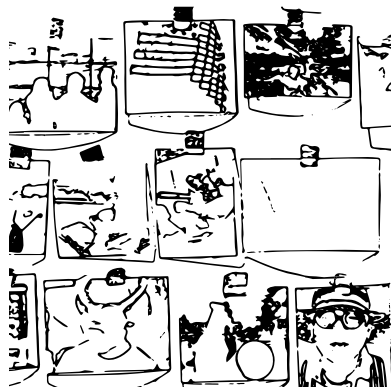


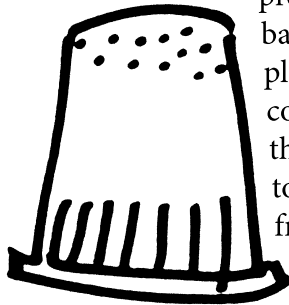
light. In one corner, a monitor with a moving figure was set above an armchair with an illuminated game controller with the subtle glow of a vitrine to one side. In another corner, the flicker of disco-lights accompanied

a cellphone, which on closer inspection was playing a video of a group of partially masked people involved in a weird parade. At the back of the room there were three large screens all connected in a U-shape and then behind us I could make

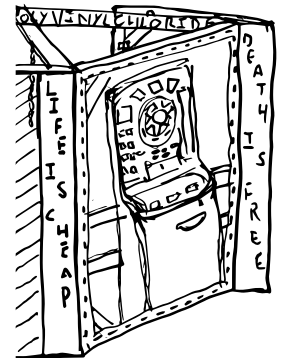
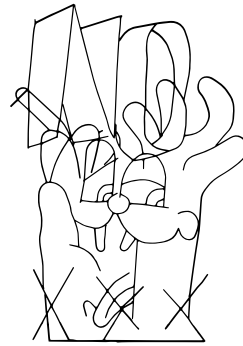


out three smaller screens with words and a figure dressed in red. As we examined the walls in this half-light, we could





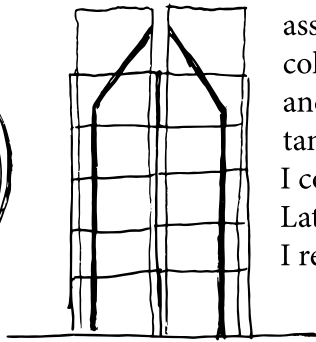
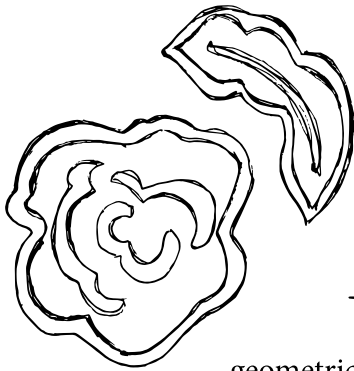
precariously
balanced on
plinths and then
colored blobs
that seemed
to emerge
from the floor.
Behind a
white wall
and a rickety



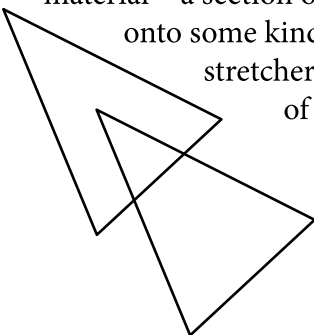
see ghostly faceless portraits of a
family, a building accompanied by
indecipherable text and a whole
wall covered in multitude
of

wooden house-like structure, there
was what could only be described
as an armored bicycle. At the
very center of the whole
assemblage there stood
colorful cut-outs of humans
and a black dog next to a
tangle of iron within which
I could decipher a word in
Latin and various body parts.
I remember you picking up
a bow and arrow which
you found hanging
on a wall and aiming

what it meant, this *Myth of Allies*.
Some of you started singing in a
kind of spontaneous karaoke and
you were still hugging each other
as the caretaker ushered us all out
into the morning light. We all know
what happened next – the car, her
abduction, the fear, the separations
and the sequence of disasters. But
you must understand, I needed to
write this down so that there was
some kind of record, no matter
how partial and inadequate, of that
moment of happiness you all felt
in the cavernous room. You once
told me that attention is the fuel
of experience and perhaps I just
wanted you to know that I was
paying attention. I don't know if
this will ever reach you. But if it
does, please share it with the others.
Tell them I remember. Tell
them not to give up. Tell
them to
stay allies
together.

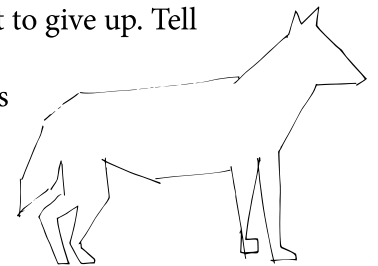


geometric forms. In
the center of the room
was gathered a strange assortment
of objects. There was a group of
things made from the same kind of
material – a section of wall built
onto some kind of bed or
stretcher, a series
of tile-like
objects



it at me, wryly demanding me to
explain everything I saw. The whole
group was buzzing and chattering
as our guide led us back into the
well-lit corridor.

In the light, I looked around at
everyone else. I had no idea what
had just happened, what I had
seen, what it meant, but I quickly
realized that you were all grinning
and vibrating with a special kind
of joy and excitement. You all
somehow understood exactly



ALLISON ROSE CRAVER

I find comfort in making, physically manifesting contemplation through labor. Though a gesture of generosity, the process is also compulsive, carrying the weight of an obligation. I am continuously navigating this dichotomy, negotiating the needs of my work with my own capacity to give; I empathize with the nurse. I feel deeply connected to and profoundly detached from the things I make, like a vital organ tethered outside of my body.



I am compelled by seemingly disparate images and observations. Sometimes they are deeply personal, sometimes they are sweeping and political. Often, they are both: scar tissue, soldiers in formation, capillary action, mending, protest rallies, the warmth and weight of our bodies. I want to articulate how material and form have the potential to simultaneously elicit tenderness, familiarity, and alienation. I am aided by the physical and emotive properties of clay and fiber. They respond directly to the pull of gravity and might bulge, swell, or sag like flesh. Through ongoing material investigation and labor my thoughts become sculpture.

It is unclear if my material or conceptual curiosity came first because they operate in tandem. When material confounds me, I turn to conceptual curiosity to keep me going. When the opposite is true, I yield to material investigation and process. I am grounded by the routines and demands of my studio, and my own capable body. I am my own foundation.

10,962

porcelain, waxed thread, chair, 72" x 36" x 38", dimensions variable, 2015 - (ongoing)

Sur/rendered

pulverized afghan blankets, unfired porcelain, wallpaper paste, army cot, 96" x 36" x 40", dimensions variable, 2017

On the mend

terra cotta, cotton, thread, synthetic hair, foam, borax, 28" x 16" x 45", 2017



TESS ELLIOT

I started building this game before I knew the ending.

There are many narratives I could embed in this world. Sometimes the reality feels like a game. Sometimes the game feels a little too real.

What Is Love? (Don't Hurt Me) is a platform to process trauma and a way to share a difficult personal experience regarding fantasy, love, and violence.

These themes are ubiquitous in video games but have been coded here with a specificity to my story. As a role-playing game, the viewer actively participates in its unfolding.

The installation is immersive, drawing the physical world into the virtual world and back from the virtual into the physical. It exists as two dark rooms within an enclosed structure.

The first room displays a collection of personal objects associated with and discovered within the game. The second room holds the game on a computer played with a

controller. Each viewer is encouraged to enter the space alone. A run-through of the game was projected onto the exterior of the structure as a special performance event.



What Is Love? (Don't Hurt Me)

Video game, computer, controller, personal objects, sheetrock, wood, plywood, plexiglass, LEDs, paint, tape, carpet, fabric, screws, stanchions, 8' x 9' x 16', 2017



NICK FAGAN

This work is about suicide and the different perception of it. From personally dealing with my own experience of attempted suicide to having friends that have attempted and were successful at the task. Each work is a view from

a different character in the tragedy of suicide. It may be about the after affect of a personal death of someone close and the weight if all the unanswered questions that arise. To the abstract narrative of what acuity happen at the time of taking there own life.

We tend to shy away forming talking about things like suicide only bringing it up in a unemotional way of facts. A taboo for sick people. I wanted to look at suicide and study it from a personal level to use the story's and my own experience to inform the viewer on this subject. I don't really care if you get this from the work. I'm done



NO

Steel Wood
Enamel, 46" x 84"
x 6", 2017

Too Busy To 86

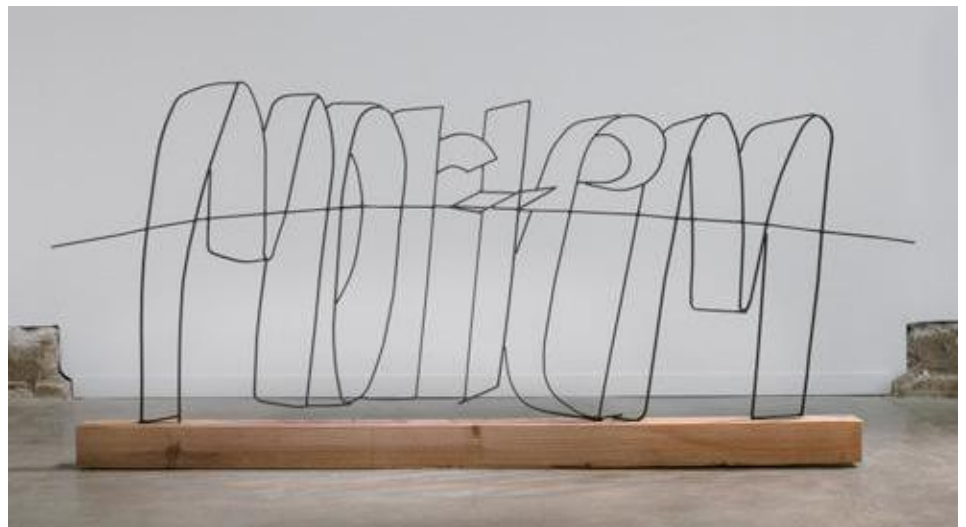
Latex Acrylic Enamel Polystyrene , 96" x
96" x 2", 2017

Weight

Latex Acrylic Enamel Polystyrene, 96" x
96" x 2", 2017

MOONDOG

Latex Acrylic Enamel Polystyrene, 96" x
96" x 2", 2017



Latin

Steel Wood Enamel, 120" x 46" x 6", 2017

Beauty Gazer

Steel Wood Enamel, 46" x 84" x 6", 2017



SARAH GOETZ

me and my army

3-channels, digital video, 9-minute loop, scissors, 2017

me and my army re-imagines the experiences of the actress Adrienne Corri – most famous for her role as a rape victim in Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange* – through the reenactment of actions from historical works of feminist art.

1. See *A Clockwork Orange* at the age of twelve.
2. Try to forget the scenes of sexual assault.
3. Fail.

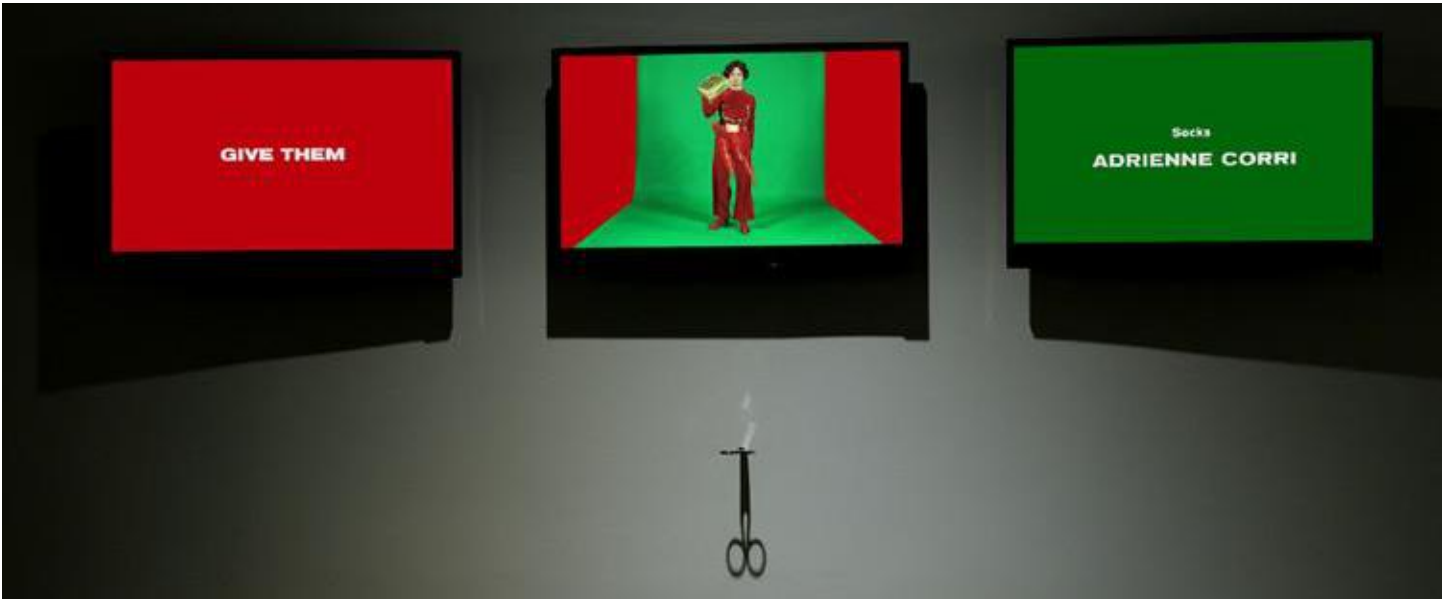
4. Come across many men who admire it for its art.
5. ~~Become Mrs. Alexander.~~
5. Become Adrienne Corri.
6. Give them back twice as good as they gave.



for now

vinyl, lift, windows at street level, 11' x 70', 2017

This work is a monument to the artist's last moment of belief in safety: when 6 years old, before the Oklahoma City bombing on April 19, 1995. This work is a monument to the artist's last moment of confidence in the idea of home: when 27 years old, before November 8, 2016.

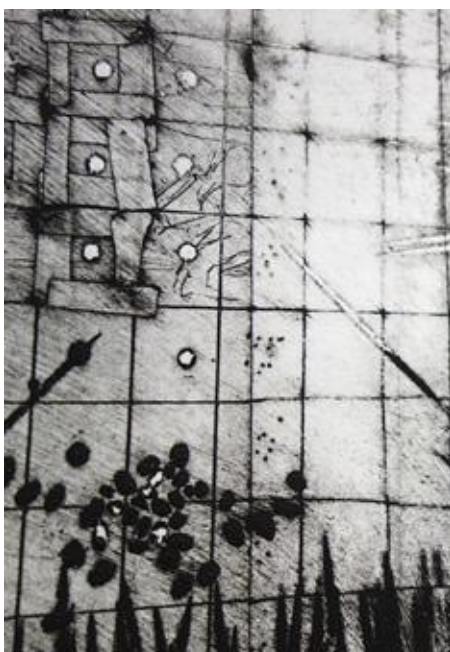


JESSIE HORNING

My recent prints are pictures that emulate how memory might look, feel, or function. I am interested in how these intangible mental processes can be evoked through visceral mark making on the surface of paper.

Each print is a collage of representational and abstract imagery that depicts an impossible space existing between the past and the present. Similar to how memories are combinations of disparate information from different parts of the brain, overlapping areas of ink

create moments of obscurity, while areas without ink bring clarity. Together, these formal elements evoke visual sensations that are similar to the fragmented, shifting nature of memory; the action of looking becomes an act of deciphering.



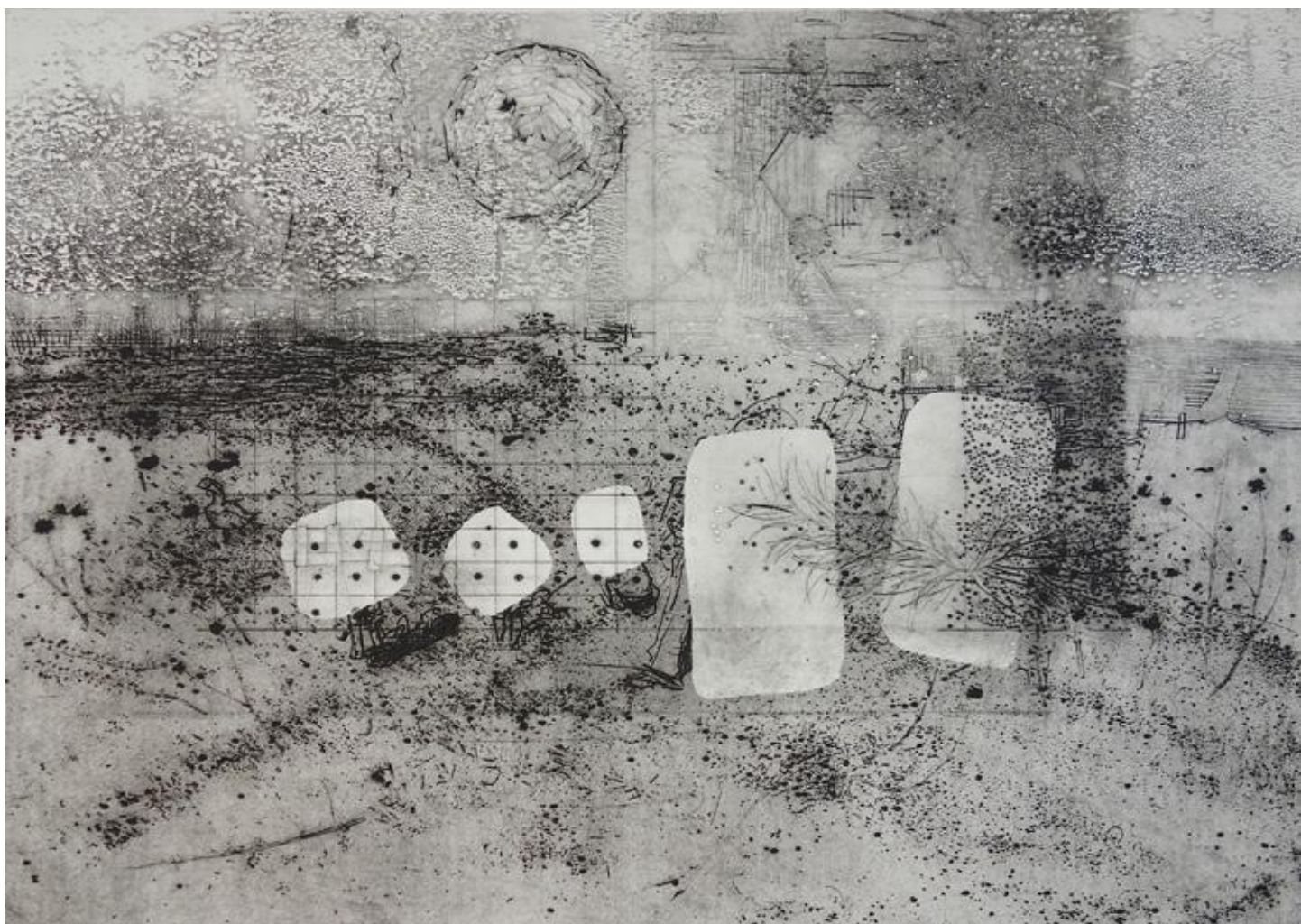
*Accumulation III,
detail*

series of forty sintra monotypes, 15" x 22" each, 2017



Accumulation III installation

series of forty sintra monotypes, 10' x 13', 2017



Untitled series, detail

sintra monotype, 22" x 30", 2017

EMMA KINDALL

This body of work is about her leaving, creating a mythology surrounding her imagined return, realizing she couldn't, mourning the loss, returning to her instead.



There are words at the back of my teeth (detail)

animation, 2017



Love her like a myth or a made-up place

wood, cardboard, paper, paint, 3' x 5.5' x 1.5', 2017



Anger in her eyeballs
wood, cardboard, paper, paint, 13' x 4' x 6', 2017

YUANYUAN LU

For this body of work, I am both literally and figuratively deconstructing the components of the Chinese garden. I am interested in exploring the structure and systems that were historically used to construct a Chinese scholar garden.

Growing up in Easton of China near these ancient sites I was fascinated with how the inside views were equally considered as the outside views and how fragments of mountains were carefully placed within the pattern design.

The elements from Windows, doors and furniture, etc. all had an integral relationship with each other. The gardens provided a structure and a refuge to contemplate and ask larger questions. Fragmentation and reconstruction serves as a means to better understand those lofty spirit pursuits of the historical scholars.



Windows (series)

Clay, 16" x 16" x 14", 2017



SEAN R. MERCHANT

I've been thinking of salt as a kind of embodied and transferable memory. Excavations of ancient seas, long dried up and now far beneath earth's surface, warrant salt that we sprinkle on food and that absorbs into our body. Salt we sprinkle on roads. Salt that then dissolves and leaches back into the soil when it's rained on. I keep these thoughts near notions of home. Notions that home, and our proximity to an

orienting center, changes as one disperses - or is dispersed - into life. Or, more specifically, notions and memories of my hometown; a rural place that seems to also be dissolving back into the earth. At times these memories are washed away like the residue left on the

skin, or in the mouth, after being in the ocean. It has a taste like perspiration, and it reminds me of the sea within the self.



Salt Box House

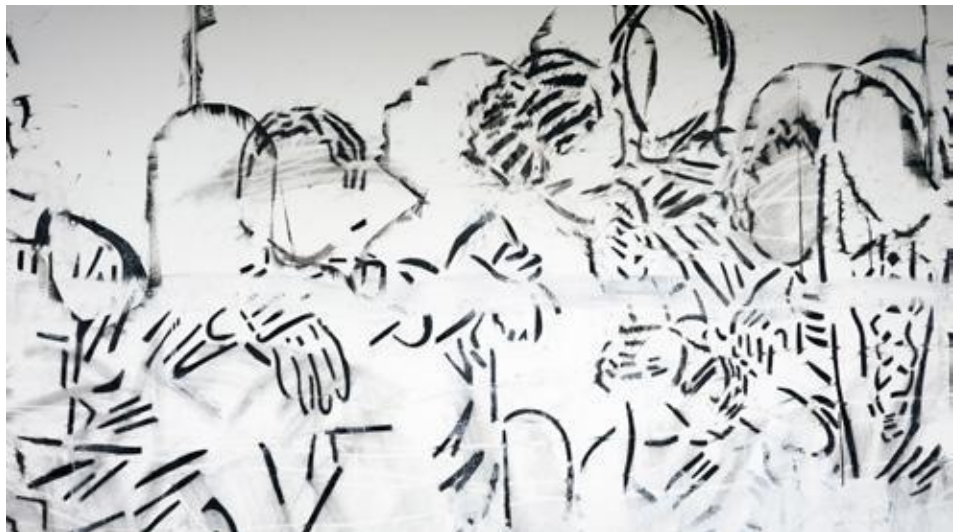
Steel, Wood, Window Glass, Salt, Water,
72" x 84" x 18", 2017





SA'DIA REHMAN

The wall drawing continued to evolve in the gallery and in my studio, rejecting the possibility of resolution and in support of the unfinished. My work addresses a void in contemporary visual art: the imagery of the Muslim family and its artifacts are essentially absent outside of depictions of war and violence abroad. Much of my work is rooted in narratives from my own experience and my family. For me the unfinished are these narratives and these thoughts, yet to be visible.





This is My Family

charcoal, ink, paint, cotton, velvet, and
tracing paper on walls, 432" x 144",
2017

HILLARY NICOLE PERHOT (REED)

The purpose of my research is to examine and gain an understanding of the space between knowing and not knowing as it relates to methods of serious play, repetition, failure, chance, and documenting lived experiences with a camera. Somewhere in the boundary where science meets poetics,

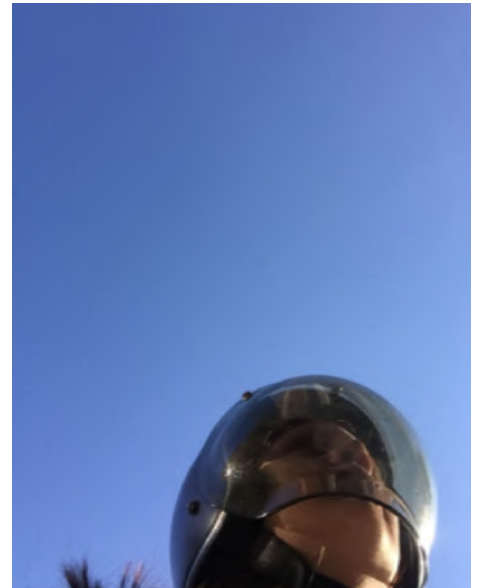
I set up a problem centered on these aforementioned subjects and explore it through designing camera obscuras, of small and large scale, which are used in performances. These often absurd or makeshift pinhole cameras become the documentarians of a performed trajectory. Through the use of specially

made analog cameras, and the structures that carry or propel them, I have discovered that futility and active engagement with materials are means that produce unexpected, compelling results. The work in 'Thesis' is a culmination of three years of the prolific fumbling and fervor of this process.

Series: Woolgathering and the Nodus of Whigmaleerie

The Pursuit of Flight

00:4:46, digital video, 2017





Imaging Machine for Land and Air

Wood, metal, plastic, cardboard, and unique pinhole cameras,
Variable dimensions, 2017

Imaging Machine for Land and Air

Silver gelatin prints on metal from unique pinhole cameras
mounted on machine, Set of six, each 16" x 20," 2017

CAMERON SHARP

There is a relationship between lived experience and the representation of lived experience. This relationship is complicated.

It engages, among others, ideas surrounding memory, truth, power, choice, sentimentality, nostalgia, presence, connection, sincerity,

desire, and loss. It is, at once, deeply personal and highly pervasive. This relationship leaves me curious.



detail from *Some Things (Ineffable Reverie)*

compendium installation, 38"x46", 2017

still from *Some Things (Ineffable Reverie)*

video installation, 10min 28sec,
dimensions variable, 2017





SAM VAN STRIEN

I am driven by the question of how - and where - I experience architecture. My work engages with this question through both my direct and mediated experiences.

This results in works that use rubbings of architecture, and the photographs and texts that I find in architects' archives. The work, shown together, as artefact and image, questions if

architecture can be adequately represented in images or texts, or if it exists only as concrete matter, as a place we can touch and see.



AEP: Model as Prototype / 'AEP To Build Tower On Marconi Blvd.'

Laser etched photographic print / Silkscreen printed microfilm scan, 19" x 29" / 29" x 19", 2016 / 2017



AEP: Place & Displacement

Charcoal, laser etching, tyvek, plywood, 72" x 94" x 3", 2016

BRITNY WAINWRIGHT

Decorative objects and identity are inseparable. This bond is often dismissed. I consider motifs, fabric, and furniture to be powerful parts of my lineage. Tied to my foremothers, these objects extend and preserve existence.

In search of context for my practice, I am faced with a larger dialogue dealing with histories of decoration and gender, and of medium and art. Frustrated with modernism's hierarchy of high

art over decoration I employ floral pattern in assertive ways to rewrite and challenge it. I question why decoration is excluded as a medium of power, and make my own floral resistance.

Thesis Installation

earthenware, wood, fabric, latex paint, variable, 2017





Lush Fume
 earthenware, bricks, slip, glaze, wood,
 40" x 36" x 28", 2016-17

ANDREW WOOD

Victor Pasmore Apollo Pavilion
grey.

Berthold Lubetkin couldn't
build his towers for the ground
was riddled with mines.

No shining beacon of labour,
for him, or for me.

Version II: all flat roofs, cheap,
leaks.

A plane takes off from Shotton
airfield, a thousand feet below
a man punches a dog.

Back in the air, someone jumps.

Free fall.

A parachute.

Smooth sailing.

Fuck.

Lands in a tree.

A crowd gathers, phones snap,
no ladder comes.

Later that night a man is
dragged from a nightclub by
two men. In the car park he is
assaulted, petrol, poured, set
alight,

or so I'm told.

One man remarks he needs
a slash... the fire is doused.
Another remarks Shearer is a
wanker. Everyone laughs.

Peterlee, a New Town.

gala

Wood, plastic, paint, paper, video,
super 8, and performance. Dimensions
Variable, 2017





MELISSA YES

Think about the body you
desire!

You are making it!

You are destroying it!

You are chasing it!

You are losing it!

It does not become you!

You become it!

Always be coming!



GET FIT to be coming!

multimedia installation with TV video
loop (09:17), projected video loop
(04:43), mirrors, kettle bell, rope, fabric,
roller skates, a feather, and GET FIT zines,
2017

Video Still from CRT TV video



Detail, video projection reflection on floor



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Arts Initiative

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Merijn van der Heijden, Interim Director
Christopher Gose, Deputy Director of Facilities and Programming
Jeremy Stone, Exhibitions Coordinator and Senior Preparator
Emily Oiler, Operations and Programming Manager
Erik Pepple, Communications Director

THE DEPARTMENT OF ART

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Carmel Buckley	Kris Paulson
Alison Crocetta	Dani Restack
Robert Derr	George Rush
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