



KELCY CHASE FOLSOM

hereafter

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KELCY CHASE FOLSOM: HEREAFTER AND BEFORE

When considering Kelcy Chase Folsom, the artist, I first think of Chase the person. When we first met in 2015 he introduced himself as Chase. What does it mean to go by your middle name? The middle is between. So, does that signal flexibility, accessibility, a relaxing of formality, a signifying of individuality. It is an assertion. Most individuals do not go by their middle name. Did that fact catch my interest? Well, that and his vitality, his curiosity, his engaging intelligence and sense of humor. Chase radiates a forthrightness of being that is refreshing.

That fact is critical to his work as an artist. It is intrinsic to the man and fuels his art making process with originality and integrity. He writes that his romantic life is the substance of his work and notes that he is consumed by desire. A remarkable confession that is a meditation for him and a threshold for his audience. His work, as seen in his exhibition hereafter, generates from a very personal place of experience and longing. Yet, it is not cocooned in eccentricity and introspection. Chase is not obsessed or possessed. He is aware. He steps back and allows us to ponder the questions the work discloses. He tempers the inclination of the artist to resolve all questions his art poses and, thereby, opens the work to give on its own terms, as it challenges him personally and articulates for us a universal reveal of human emotion. There is a sense of consciousness embedded in the work that acknowledges the inevitability and the necessity of human desire as well as an awareness of its appeasement through art and poetry.

Material and process are at work here. Chase is a maker. His deep roots in ceramic material and practice have instilled an intuition that facilitates access to a wide range of possibilities. During a facebook live interview Chase said to me in answer to a question about materials: "I think a lot about how ceramic can be anything. You can make ceramics look like anything and that has always interested me. Things that aren't what they seem." One outcome of that insight is the giving to himself full permission to explore inter-disciplinary practice. Chase's method of bringing material and process to concept results in an immutable balance, while his adeptness at illusion continuously fosters mystery.

Chase points out: "These pots that stand in front of you are made of newspaper." They are not what you think at first. This fact confirms the observation that - in life we cannot always count on established assumption. Experience is continually inviting reassessment. Values are open to reevaluation.

Chase's exhibition, hereafter, is an installation that contains a body of work which is further entitled Myths, Stories and Lies. Chase's approach to his art via installation is, in his case, a salute to theater, where myths, stories and lies are common ground for truth. He compresses the time between dawn and dusk. He offers up illusions of physicality and tests the reality of gravity. As in theater, we are seduced into suspending disbelief.

Chase carves into his sculptures lyrics written by musical theater, genius Stephen Sondheim as an indirect way to provoke insight and meaning. Perhaps, it is that words must be cut into our material world or sung and not spoken directly in order to appease the sensitivities of the Muse and therefore be made resonate. Likewise, the thoughts and feelings housed in Kelcy Chase Folsom's work and, particularly, the eloquent, impassioned way they inform our own can only be made resonate by his art.

As the Director and Chief Curator of the Alfred Ceramic Art Museum, I want to thank Kelcy Chase Folsom for his magnificent, provocative exhibition. A curator is like an editor working with a writer to arrive at a point of publication. When the writer or artist is as gifted as Chase, I believe it is best to simply get out of the way as much as possible. I was on occasion a sounding board and certainly an enthusiast using my position as museum director and curator to facilitate Chase's needs. It was a great pleasure to see the exhibition become a reality. The exhibition was a distinguished success and the process of getting there an especially important and memorable experience.

Wayne Higby
The Wayne Higby Director and Chief Curator
Alfred Ceramic Art Museum
Alfred University
January, 2018

ABOUT THE TURNER TEACHING FELLOWSHIP

Kelcy Chase Folsom is the Ceramic Art Division, NYSCC at Alfred University, Turner Teaching Fellow, 2015-2018. The Robert Chapman Turner Teaching Fellow in Ceramic Art was created in 2005 as part of a gift from Dr. Marlin Miller Jr. (AU '54, HD '86) which established the Robert C. Turner Chair of Ceramic Art in honor of the late Robert C. Turner, Alfred MFA 1949. Robert Chapman Turner was an internationally regarded ceramic artist and a highly distinguished professor at Alfred University. The Turner Teaching Fellowship is a non-tenure, three-year position.



CLAY IS NOT THE THING, LOVE IS THE THING

In the middle of Hereafter, Kelcy Chase Folsom's solo exhibition at Alfred University's Ceramic Museum, one is confronted by multiple yearnings. Sandwiched between Dawn, a synthetic sunrise projection, and Dusk, a sculpture of conjoined toilets, is daylight: a quiet pathway of large clay vessel-like sculptures. Or so it seems. As in prior works, Folsom slyly marshals something as quotidian as newspaper into almost-familiar forms, but with a high degree of embedded affect. In his *Myths, Stories & Lies*, the technical language of the daily news is reconstituted as malleable material shaping body-sized vessel hybrids, which are then supported by a very different kind of language: romantic snippets from Stephen Sondheim musicals, carved like teenage lovers into furniture, a baseball bat, a ladder and other household objects. This assortment of objects, supports and words slowly reveal themselves to be less muted and more majestic. Actually, Folsom's vessel hybrids are belting out the standards, but I can't hear a thing. Perhaps I am too dense, too ashamed of unabashed love... or perhaps Folsom wants me, like him, rudderless in this wordy fog of sentiment. Either way, I realize simultaneously the unflinching power of love, the gravitas of song, and why musicals are so damn important to gay men.

Folsom's work leans into sentimentality like a big squishy hug, but also acknowledges the darker edges of love: loneliness, obsession and betrayal. In this way, his sculptures are slippery like musicals. They address materiality with humorous irreverence while hewing close to stoic forms (Roman amphorae, a sunset, a wise owl, weathervanes, spears and swords) and vice versa. His work shares affinities with the AIDS-era object pairs of Felix Gonzalez-Torres and the affective copies of Robert Gober, and like them, Folsom pursues ideas and emotions first before settling on a particular medium. While many materials will do, Folsom's history with ceramics is a special one that sings backup vocals in almost every work. Clay's

power of transformation is elemental in Folsom's practice. Just as the slick wet yuck of raw clay finds ways of becoming rigid, self-supporting sculpture or gleaming, precious vessel, so, too, do the mundane ephemera of a heart-struck bachelor's life elevate themselves as exquisite objects of contemplation. But in Hereafter, clay is not the thing—love is the thing.

ALCHEMY: TRANSMUTATIONS OF LOVE

Bit by bit,
Putting it together..
Piece by Piece-
Only way to make a work of art.
Every moment makes a contribution,
Every little detail plays a part.
Having just a vision's no solution,
Everything depends on execution:
Putting it together-
That's what counts!

"Chromolume #7/Putting It Together", Sunday in the Park with George



Fig 1 - "Solvitio Perfecta", illustration in *Donum Dei: Ortus diviciarum sapientie Dei*, 17th century. Image: Wikimedia Commons

A manufactured sunset, flashpoints of newsmaking history as black diamonds, magically warped bathroom fixtures, and spindly appendages mysteriously supporting precarious weighty vessels—Folsom's work in *hereafter* traces an alchemical vein. Whereas those medieval chemists are most known for laboring to convert base metals into gold, they also toiled esoterically on formulas for immortality, hermetic wisdom, ultimate gnosis and perfection of the human body and soul. Their art was a fusion of science, mystery, philosophy and witchcraft, but utmost, their work was grounded in belief of the transformative. Like them, Folsom chases after the spiritual connections to material transformation: the magic inherent in coercing one material to appear as another; the ability of the discreet artwork to substantiate an emotional act. Not seeking riches, his is a practice of crafting love spells.

The collection of *Myths, Stories & Lies*, upon first glance, appear to be large concrete vessels,

Fig 2 - *Heart-Shaped Bowling Ball*, 2016
porcelain, porcelain, crystal push pins, Pepto Bismol
17" x 11" x 1"

amphora of varying size that confront us with a bodily scale. Constituted by pulverized newspapers, the vessels carry the remnants of the everyday. Papery form that was once vibrant with the black and white triumphs and miseries of world events, is now a uniform gray mass. With surfaces as striated as granite or cast concrete, these amphora harken to gravestones and carry an elegiac tone. However, melancholy quickly gives way to absurdity and awe as these forms teeter miraculously on an assortment of flimsy supports: a cane, a broken high chair, a baseball bat, a tiny footstool, a laundry hamper and a folding rack. The graveyard and the home—such queer pairings scope across Folsom's practice. He replaces the alchemist's lab with the home as site of transformation. He subs the bain-marie for another condensing agent: heartache.

Folsom's work here possesses a strong connection to that of Robert Gober, whose poetic sculptures are built from exquisite distortions of material in service of sly trompe l'oeil representation. Gober addresses the mundane artifacts of everyday living—sinks, wallpaper, candles, clothing,



heart-
shaped
bowling
ball

furniture—with the home as a site of both panic and elation. Gober's wonky faucetless sinks, such as *Untitled* (1985) and misplaced drains force us to consider not only the movement of water and its unseen apparatuses, but also to question our relationships to functional forms and their embedded systems of use.

Folsom's approach might be a bit more tongue-in-cheek, but he also finds solace and seduction in the recreation of the familiar. *Little Bit of Me, Little Bit of You* (2012) and *Where Have You Been* (2013) initially appear to be giant striped printed-texture wallpapers, until one realizes the designs are hi-resolution scans of lint roller sheets taken from the artist's home and body, as well as that of his ex-boyfriend. Elevating the lowly in another work, *To Pry Them Apart* (2014), features two toilet plungers made of cast-glass and steel armature that appear to be sucking face. Folsom has often used the playful, sloppy aesthetic of papier mâché to index a more innocent time of childhood making, unhindered by the affliction of love. His *Darkest Hour* (Fig 4) series of pinwheels in pastel pink shades appear to be made scrappily, but composed in cast solid aluminum their cheerful nature gives way to a brooding heaviness. Similarly dark, his series of weapons *Impossible Power* (2014) look like they would only be useful in defending a kid's blanket fort. That they are made of cast metal—like their dangerous progenitors—only adds poignancy to their confused state of queer weaponry. Threatened with loneliness or heartache, how does one defend themselves? Perhaps the best defense is not to shoot or slay, but to simply preserve *Cupid's Last Arrow* (2015) as an reminder of how futile our desperate efforts can be in the face of fate, of how hopeless it all can be.



Fig 3 - *Cupid's Last Arrow*, 2014
ceramic (cast papier-mâché), glaze, hardware
30" x 17" x 13"



Fig 4 - *The Darkest Hour (South Wind)*, 2014
porcelain, powder-coated aluminium windmill
13" x 60" x 13"

A LITTLE LOVE LANGUAGE

"Now that we're alone
May I tell you
I've been feeling rather strange
Either something's in the air
Or else a change is happening in me
I think I know the cause
I hope I know the cause
From everything I've heard,
There's only One cause it can be
Love, I hear, makes you smile a lot
Also Love, I hear, Leaves you weak
Love, I hear, makes you blush and turns you ashen
You try to speak with passion, and squeak. . I hear
Love, they say, makes you pine away
But you pine away, with an idiotic grin
I pine, I blush, I squeak, I squawk
Today I woke too weak to walk
What's love I hear, I feel. I fear, I'm in.
[sighs]
See what I mean
[hums]
I hum a lot too
I'm dazed, I'm pale,
I'm sick, I'm sore
I've never felt so well before
What's love I hear..."

"Love, I Hear", from *Something Happened on the Way to the Forum*, Stephen Sondheim

Chock-full of pomp, gaiety, shrill excitement, dramatic thrall, and a feverish kind of happiness, musical theater is something I have avoided like the plague. I was an art-punk loner, and musicals always seemed to attract a certain kind of person, and outwardly gay person, a flamer. This distancing has long chafed at my own sense of guilt or shame: of being queer but not proud, of being scared to stand out too much in this straight world. Kelcy Chase Folsom's recent body of work forces me to give the musical genre another listen. Flamboyant, loud, annoying, petulant, proud—musicals give cover to a certain tone, aesthetic and way of being that thrives on emotional vulnerability and exaggerated personality. Such outward expressions of emotion are traditionally downcast by masculinity, and therein musical theater becomes a home for femme boys, gender-benders, queers and those who are just too big for the straight life.

Lyrics, songs, expressions and sayings—language

is rendered materially in Folsom's hands, and he liberates fully the bravado, levity and emotional affect from such words in his work. As seen in his titles, language is also one of Folsom's most critical tools. Intermittently saccharine or irreverent, his titles are stand-ins for an absent material, namely, the love story behind the work. And like the title of a standout song, they are just as often a barb/poke/jest/plee to an unnamed addressee...they pull on our heartstrings.

A previous work, *Just What Have I Done To Deserve This* (2011), is comprised of the entire lyrics to the Petshop Boys song of the same title. Written in liquid paint and peeled off, the lyrics become skin-like tendrils, which Folsom drapes over an archway, reminiscent of the mandatory photo prop at high school proms. In Folsom's hilarious "easy" series from 2016, the titles' meaning is slippery across varied forms: scribbled on a ceramic dildo, cheaply embroidered on a hand towel, sandblasted on a gravy boat. Does "easy" refer to simplicity and boredom, as the word spelled out in paperclips or



Fig 5 - *Untitled (instant)*, 2016
porcelain, glaze, Sharpie marker
7.5' x 3" x 3"



Fig 6 - *Just What Have I Done To Deserve This*, 2011
ceramic, steel, lyrics from the Pet Shop Boys song "What Have I Done To Deserve This" spelled out in interior latex paint
9" x 5' x 1.5'

monotonously rughooked suggests? Or does “easy” take on an unspecified sexual dimension as either a jealous barb at a loose lover or a laughing pride in one’s own sluttiness? Folsom keeps us wondering, but the multiplicity and vagueness point at love’s own fickle and obsessive nature, as Sondheim so perfectly captures in “Love, I Hear.”

While not new in his practice, the inclusion of text is his most direct and bold in Hereafter. The exhibition opens with two small twin works, Heart-Shaped Bowling Ball (2016), made of porcelain sheets held up with crystal push pins and soaked in Pepto Bismol. At once funny and lonesome/sad, the work is medicine for the heartache and winsomeness you are about to endure.

While the words are somewhat discreet, I find myself spinning around an object swirl of musical lyrics carved into the dumpy household things that prop up the newspaper pulp vessels of the Myths, Stories & Lies series. This is a strange place to find Stephen Sondheim. Or is it? Text is not only carved into the supports, it constitutes the metaphoric crutch of Folsom’s romantic persuasions. At the size of his body and looming, Forever Never Urn is supported by such a wishy-washy utterance carved forlornly around the chunky base of a petite footstool. A rotund vessel from, Unknown, perches perkily atop a beat-up wicker laundry hamper whose flap goofily warbles: “I’m changing/ You’re changing”. The lyrical source is a conversation about shifting notions of beauty between a mother and her artist son, from the song “Beautiful”, of Sunday in the Park with George by Stephen Sondheim. Here, Folsom seems to eschew its high-brow context—“Of course we’re all changing!” As it populates Folsom’s work, Sondheim’s language reifies Folsom’s emotionally and romantically-loaded context, but the artist also twists it into a darker, more complex rumination on self-gratification.

TIME AND TOGETHERNESS

All of Hereafter is nestled within the span of a single day, passing from sunrise to sunset, from dawn to dusk. Time, whether ephemeral or impossibly long, is a foundational component of Folsom’s oeuvre. Time is waiting; time is desire; time is desperate; time is together.

Sunrise opens the show with a view of the mechanical ways we create and recreate the fleeting and sentimental. Dream On, a landscaper’s stand holds a precise arrangement of plexi-glass sheets and flashlight to cast a small sunrise on the adjacent wall.

Passing through the day, across the gallery, I near sunset, a more imaginative experience. Behind a swath of gauzy cotton curtains dyed the palest pink, there is a toilet, the seat of which is stretched out in extraordinary proportion. In the nearby gallery stairwell, another divergent toilet stretches horizontally, becoming a prime bench. Seemingly porcelain, but actually composed of maple wood and automobile enamel, these commodes appear to lampoon the sanctity of the restroom. Time—for relaxation, for togetherness—coalesces in these Hot Seats. Folsom’s queer toilets are elongated, drawn out to accommodate a leisurely recline or provide space for one’s friends and lovers to join one another in happy defecation. I find myself wondering if the sleaziness of the urinal trough at the gay bathhouse has been transmuted into this more domestic form? Folsom asks the view to consider the time we spend so intimately with these grotesque porcelain objects—why aren’t they more contemplative or communal forms?

I am reminded of work of Folsom’s from several years ago that will stick with me forever. Using a New Yorker article by Daniel Mendelsohn titled “The American Boy” as his substrate, Folsom paints seven process scenes of How to Make Prune Juice (for two). The deeply maudlin work that charismatically forecasts a life of growing old together, seems a progenitor of the Hot Seat series. It is the ultimate wish fulfillment: boys making healthy laxatives, pooping together and

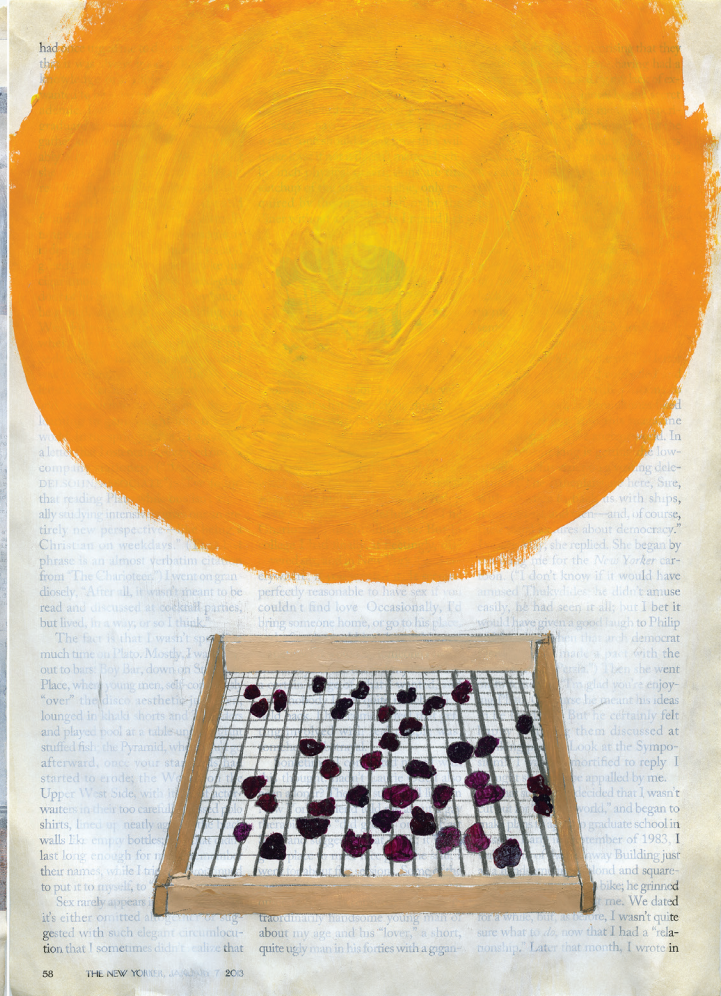


Fig 7 - *How To Make Prune Juice (for two)*, 2013
 acrylic and gouache on top of *The New Yorker* article by Daniel Mendelsohn title "The American Boy"
 7.5" x 10.75" each

living happily ever after. A lovely queer domesticity that also seems so impossibly out of reach.

Another gay forefather of Folsom's is the late Felix Gonzalez Torres, an ambitious young artist whose entire body of work focused on the AIDS epidemic and its impact on gay lives and relationships. In a seminal work, *Untitled (Perfect Lovers)* (1991) two clocks placed side-by-side are turned to the exact same hour. In another, *Untitled* (1991) a photograph shows two pillows that hold the memory of two heads in their wrinkles and folds. Bodies are present in these absences, and their relationship or togetherness as represented in these objects speaks to the silence and invisibility faced by most gay couples, as well as the historic refusal to recognize such affectionate bonds.

Closing the show, I arrive at dusk, *Vela*, an assortment of framed newspaper clippings, smeared and



splattered in charcoal and folded intricately to mimic nighttime constellations. With headlines focused on the Obama presidency and the death of Princess Diana, the artist offers cultural milestones as a way of marking time. These newspaper works look outward, but they represent a familiar theme of loss. Like Robert Gober's *Newspaper* (1992), stacks of hand-printed newspapers, neatly bound for delivery and unrecognizably different from the actual, Vela calls to mind the immediacy of headlines, which fade so instantly from memory, despite the historic or emotional weight of such bold words. Lady Diana, who was a gay icon before her tragic death, was credited with adding a touch of modern humanity to the British royal family. Similarly, President Barack Obama ushered in a new liberal era of American culture, with expansions of healthcare, civil rights protections and gay marriage. Chimerically hidden in each

sliding to a full stop like a bright Olympic skier in a hip-balm ad on TV and, after, the rumbling, the strike;

then the shoe desk, and one beside to help with left and right, and outside, from my vest, the brought matter-of-factly of the pipe, trick answer to the question of his fate hung like the tail of a from his solemn eyes as though books atid

advanced somewhere, his pipe was less than even the radio, being plastic. Good if the who would have no spot could feel that way, along with the clothes and the made him like other men. Also, he was not wrong.

—John

ten. Like nearly everything I wrote then, it was about an intimate friendship between two fourteen-year-old boys, one of whom was, reasonably, serious and dark-minded and creative, while the other was, inevitably, carefree and blond. I'd had this story, which was more or less than the other—I had a prototype of a kind of classical boy-love story, like the ones, a casual, parable of Renault's best friend with his handsome of parent E. J. Ford ("Pharos, whenever do you want?"), her settings ("Under the ancient olive tree the two young men were talking"), the characters ("speaking of Sokrates"), I'd seen him lately, even been to a particular in my college prep work, and I still remember the way he looked, the image of an undergraduate. "You have some diamonds?" I asked him. "I thought that lofty effort would persuade her that I would be worth carrying out. Feeling very much the same, I was embarrassed to ask her, whether she, too, had a kind of compulsion to write—though I secretly doubted whether she had the same source

as mine. For sympathy, I was a swimmer boy, and she wrote weekly, at the time, must have read a tactical alusion to your one letter came, and I was sure it was a piece as a writer. I had a few people get published or even 20, but don't worry. I have only one way to learn that is by reading. I'll try all the though, sample what seems to be your work. I'll have at first. I registered the "what may be done in the future as a writer. This show of confidence lulled the disappointing force of her

equally graceful but firm leave-taking:

Yes, you are right, I do have a compulsion to write and an very frustrated and unhappy if I can't get from doing so. But I think the reason is

my summer became more and more real and I was in my room as my parents were passing down the hallway. The sentence "Something tells me you are going to have a future as a writer" struck as a charm. I knew I had no right to expect anything else from her. Then, that December, she sent me a Christmas card.

I will never know why she changed her mind and wrote again, eight months after she said that she couldn't go on corresponding at the time, I was so excited by her overture that I didn't dare ask. But I kept up the now. When I read Sweet

after Renault's and-nineteen-early trying in 1923. She wrote me a letter, and I was sure it was a piece as a writer. I had a few people get published or even 20, but don't worry. I have only one way to learn that is by reading. I'll try all the though, sample what seems to be your work. I'll have at first. I registered the "what may be done in the future as a writer. This show of confidence lulled the disappointing force of her

Something else has occurred to me. Like all writers, Renault spent much of her time and energy on her friends, and I also learned later, were gay men, often ballet dancers and actors and theatre people. What she did owe her life in, as far as I know was children—or students. I wonder whether she wished for some. (In "The Chances", Laurie is described as

"Greek love" was used in a fantasy of Victorian "inverts" who, as Renault had done, projected their *posse* for an accepting society onto the distant past. The "Greek ideal," what could this mean in real life? When I pressed Murray on this point, he said, "She liked her friends to be coupled." I shut up and listened to the stories.

Toward the end of the evening, the conversation turned to the man, correspondents Renault had had. "People used to write her *all* the time," Owen said. "Married men who were secretly gay, closeted men—there were *thousands* of letters when she died." Someone else mentioned a prominent American politician who had come out to Renault in a way that had done all those things. I was nodding when I heard the name. I asked where all these letters came from and what had become of them. He said that they had been destroyed by Mary's death, in part to protect her, but what had written them. I thought of our own pages, blackening the next in the flames.

During the next couple of days, I met some of the men who had written Nancy's letter. Each showed me a precious relic, and each offered me a sake. Owen gave me an address with alphabetical tabs, in which he had scrawled notes on various stages of progress. (Under "T" there's a page which she wrote the word "Ideal" then a few lines with a sketch for that ended up in "The Mask of Apollo.") There were some copies of manuscripts ("Notes on Oedipus," "Notes on the Must Die"), given me by Roy Seng, theatre director who was making a stage play he'd composed in the shades of Renault and Alice meet in the Underworld. None of the dainty postcards of Renault that I had from as she wrote.

I took them all. That day I flew home. As soon as I got to him and shared a thought I wrote as I sat awake on a long bus ride. I thought, I told him, over the bus of the in the cargo hold below, why I favor of them contain, what lies they might alter.

Eventually, my father fell asleep. I remained awake, replying in my mind the events and conversations of the



"You've been ignoring the top jaw lately."

myth that justified my fears and limitations. The writers we absorb when we're young bind us to them, sometimes lightly, sometimes with iron. In time, the bonds fall away, but if you look very closely you can sometimes make out the pale white groove of a faded scar, or the telltale chalky red of old rust.

That was last year. As I write this, I'm sitting in my office. Hanging on the wall opposite my desk is a signed photograph of Mary Renault. When Nancy Gordon first wrote to me, she mentioned that she had it, and that she had been wondering to whom she might give it. ("I can't give it to just anyone.") So she sent it to me, and I framed it. It clearly isn't the same sitting as the one that appeared on Renault's dust jacket, the one in which she's crinkling her eyes against the sun. On the bottom she had scrawled, "With love from Mary"; but there's nothing at the top, no dedication. I suppose it was for Nancy and Gerald. Then again, when you're a writer, you never know who will end up reading you, or how I never pretend, when visitors ask me about it, that it was meant for me. But she is up there, watching me as I write. ♦

NEWYORKER.COM/GO/OUTLOUD
A conversation with Daniel Mendelsohn.

work is a glinty speck of black diamond. The toughest form of natural diamond, "black" or "carbanado" diamonds are believed to come from interstellar asteroid or meteorite impact collisions. Connecting these rare human gems to the celestial stars, Folsom preserves their legacies in the space of deep dusk. And while the growing darkness, the end of the day, is somber, it also just marks a time to rest. Tomorrow will cycle round and the news will again be new.

For Folsom, the sun will always rise and set on someone. And love will be complicated love. Searching for it, Folsom has been fooling us with materials, transforming the quotidian into powerful reminders of object relations, and chasing love down rabbit holes for quite some time. Folsom fearlessly turns a ceramic practice away from clay, re-centering materiality by relational proximity to his subject at hand. He transforms the seeming "nothingness" of everyday stuff into transcendent and sublime monuments of his romantic quest.

WRITER BIO

Aaron McIntosh is a fourth generation quiltmaker, cross-disciplinary artist and critical craft writer. He received his BFA from the Appalachian Center for Craft and his MFA from Virginia Commonwealth University. He has exhibited work widely throughout the United States and his critical writing has appeared in the Brooklyn Rail, Hyperallergic, and the Journal of Modern Craft. McIntosh currently lives and works in Richmond, VA, where he is Assistant Professor and Fiber Area Head in VCU's Department of Craft/Material Studies.

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