

CURATED BY
CHERYL WILGREN CLYNE

The Soap Factory
Minneapolis, Minnesota

superusted

Credits

The Soap Factory would like to thank *superusted* curator, Cheryl Wilgren Clyne, and all the artists involved in 2015's Midwest Biennial. This exhibition couldn't have happened without those most dedicated to The Soap Factory's mission and programming: Staff, Board, Volunteers, and Interns. Thank you!

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Curator: Cheryl Wilgren Clyne

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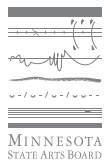
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Cheryl Wilgren Clyne is a multimedia artist, curator, social media director, and educator based in Saint Paul, MN. She received a BS in Architecture and Film and an MFA in Experimental Media Art, both from the University of Minnesota.

Working with hundreds of local, national and international artists, Cheryl has helped to transform spaces for public art, private collections, private and cooperative galleries, nonprofit organizations, film theaters, non-traditional venues and public engagement arenas since 2001. Cheryl has operated air sweet air since 2010, initially a gallery that has transitioned to a versatile art platform.

Since May 2014, she has been designing and curating *superusted*, The Soap Factory Midwest Biennial.

For *superusted*, Cheryl searched for artists whose works address challenges from this moment in time. Several of the artists she selected respond to relationships between nature and humankind, a focus that is prominent in her own art practice.

Cheryl became the Art Director for the St. Paul Saints on April 21, 2015. To the Saints credit, they may have pioneered this role, the first ever Art Director housed within a ballpark.

intertwinings

“In a dark time, the eye begins to see”

— Theodor Roethke

Sometimes the oil trains pass through the city under cover of darkness. But you can see them by day, too: seemingly endless chains of oblong black tanks passing through the metro. On traffic maps detailing the trains’ movement, their frequency is color-coded. Yellow stands for one to two a day, orange for four or five. The only red line, five to seven trains each day, begins in Northeast Minneapolis and runs all the way to Woodbury. The Soap Factory, home to *superusted*, the 2015 biennial curated by Cheryl Wilgren Clyne, sits just outside the half-mile evacuation zone federally mandated in case of a possible derailment in a high-risk urban area. North Dakota’s crude oil is highly flammable, and a series of accidents have put lawmakers and railway companies on alert. As a result, the crotchety rhythm of steel wheels grinding on metal rails that reach all the way from the Bakken shale to the East Coast and southward to the Gulf is slower now. For safety’s sake, the train’s speed was recently reduced to thirty-five miles per hour in urban areas.

The risk that rides along in each passing train finds form in Jessica Christy’s *The Rhythm of Instinct*. Christy gathered grasses that survived the fire in Casselton, North Dakota, where a train

derailed in 2013. In the tradition of early botanical studies, her cyanotype pays tribute to the resilient ground cover. In Heimdahl, site of a 2015 derailment, she picked up rocks and covered them in gold, as if to wonder: what do we value so vehemently to accept explosions and fireballs, again and again? At stake is a way of life so familiar it has become difficult to see clearly: driven by fossil fuels, supported by a web of train tracks crisscrossing the continent, buoyed by an instrumentalist attitude that casts land as resource and not much else. In boxes, Christy stores relics of experiences caused by human carelessness. As shadow boxes, they house symbolic relics of the dissonance that results when human actions invade the complex concert of intertwined ecological relationships.

Rooted in place, Wilgren Clyne’s *superusted* brings together seventeen artists from five Midwestern states to map and mine such relationships. Guided by the conviction that art should speak to what matters to us all, Wilgren Clyne whittled down a long list of possible contributors to a group of artists whose work is less interested in advocacy and more in how art can move us, viscerally and emotionally. Such movement is key for the ecological ethic at the heart of this biennial, whose theme resonates closely with Minnesota’s long-standing twin commitments to the environment and the arts.

Despite the serious questions *superusted* raises, the exhibition makes room for playfulness. Laura Primozić’s toy-like sculptures take us to a diminutive arctic where, in Unascertainable Reconstruction, outrageously ineffective structures attempt to prop up icebergs. The exhibition’s title, too, hints at an attitude that insists on play even, perhaps especially, in the face of an ongoing ecological crisis. As if afflicted by a kind of corrosion

itself, *superusted* drops an “r” and becomes something else entirely: a neologism that might lead to a new logic, a different way of making sense?

Speculation aside, there is much darkness and much love in *superusted*. The show shares this affective atmosphere with any number of contemporary artists and thinkers: from New-York based Triple Canopy’s “dark optimism” to Paul Kingsnorth’s “Dark Mountain Manifesto” and onward to Timothy Morton’s “dark ecologies,” darkness looms large as a sign of the times. Yet far from simply depressing, the melancholic zeitgeist serves a purpose: “Melancholy connects us to our fundamental being. Think of it. If I am anxious or sad, I don’t enjoy a comfortable relationship to the objects or people around me. They agitate me; they feel unfamiliar. ... Unmoored from these familiar things, I am forced to look within myself, into my most mysterious interiors. ... At this moment, when I am stripped of the familiar, I get in touch with what is most intimate: I am this person and no one else.” Though disorienting, melancholy enables intimacy. Let’s step into the dark, then.

Sonja Peterson’s *Ghost Ship* literally invites us to enter a dimly lit space. Drawing on her research on invasive species, the history of colonialism and more contemporary entanglements of global trade, her installation brings us face to face with the fate of creatures both displaced and out of place. Rich in literary references, *Ghost Ship* resonates with the archetypal motif of the night sea journey. Philip Olmstead’s photographic experiments similarly rely on the evocative power and texture of shadows: what we see is estranged, abstracted, and broken into fragments of a Gothic funhouse mirror whose reflections render barely recognizable shapes not only unreliable but slightly ominous.

A transformation of the familiar into the foreboding also occurs in Alexa Horochowski’s bronze casts of the remnants of biodegradable erosion control geotextiles. When human interventions leave land vulnerable, geotextiles serve to shore up the topsoil. Their organic fillings rot faster than the mesh that contains them. Empty clumps of the fabric remain, which for the artist are reminiscent of “human-scale hoods or emptied scarecrow heads (a metaphor for the decapitation of the earth).” As sculptures, they take on the permanence of archeological artifacts that might remain in a post-human future.

While Horochowski’s work with geotextiles was inspired by her commute to work in St. Cloud, Shana Kaplow’s ink paintings and videos begin at home, with the intimacy of ordinary objects. Both artists spin far-reaching webs of connections, affinities, and relationships from looking at what’s close to us. In Kaplow’s hands, the life of useful things—chairs, tables, stools—begins to shimmer, conjuring unseen histories that transform raw material into manufactured, even mass-produced commodities, shipped around the globe to the most profitable markets. But the life of these quotidian objects also extends forward, into the future. In Kaplow’s words, they “carry our stories into and out of our place in the world.”

The topographies of the home play a similarly significant part in Jennifer Rogers’ installation that pairs ceramics with embroidery. Her domestic landscape engages the history of desires for decorative objects steeped in the allure of the far away. Her work oscillates between longing and belonging, personal memories and cultural narratives, distance and intimacy. Dyani White Hawk’s art negotiates the near and far from a less domestic, but no less intimate vantage point. Equally rooted in

tribal history and the idiom of modern abstraction, the visual language of her paintings grows from the intersection of individual experiences and national history. Her concern for the land, its past, present and future, is palpable.

For Andrea Carlson, landscape is a protagonist in the ongoing power struggle over whose voices get heard and whose stories told. Her first-contact shore-scapes are steeped in postcolonial thought and thus the politics of representation. Carlson sees objects as nested in stories, which often double as cultural narratives, which are never innocent. Who tells whose story? Who listens? How do the silver screen and the museum as a "retention landscape" conspire to relegate relevance in passing on national history? Culture, after all, amounts to so much more than memorials and holidays. Culture lives in how we relate to each other, the distance we keep, and the vulnerability we hide or share with each other.

The way we tell the story of our relationship to the land is an intrinsic part of culture: do we consider ourselves separate from 'nature,' superior and hence entitled to risk our shared life world, or do we embrace an altogether different ethos? *superusted* does not broach these questions head on. They hover on the periphery, in dusky corners, not quite out of sight. When we look into the dark, our pupils widen, more light-sensitive rods are exposed on the retina, and peripheral vision allows us to see more. As anyone who has ever looked at distant stars on a moonless night knows, we sometimes see more out of the corner of our eye in the dark.

Digital culture's troubled relationship to what is conveniently dubbed "nature" and thus relegated to an elusive elsewhere

comes into sharp focus in Mandy Martinson's installation. Inspired by the words of a fourth-grader--"I like to play indoors 'cause that's where all the electrical outlets are"--Martinson presents us with an array of outlets that embodies the peculiar violence of technology. This violence "resides in the way it cuts the link between the person and sensory interaction with the world. It is ... 'a form of repression that denies our own sensitivity.' Tenderness and compassion are not allowed. Nature ... is treated 'in an instrumental way' and this does 'violence' to 'Nature and to our own and other people's bodies.' ... This is most obvious, of course, when we think of drone strikes and gas chambers. But ... this also deeply penetrates to the very core of daily life by way of the instruments we daily use to live that life." Martinson transforms ordinary objects into sinister little manifestations of what passes as normal, not violent, in this time and place.

superusted asks us to take another look at what we take for granted. Which belief systems are embodied in the everyday objects we live with, so familiar we no longer see them? Can we imagine what life might feel like away from charging cycles and battery lives, processing speed and data storage capacity? Our obsession with the speed of technology, the speed-space of Paul Virilio's thought, may seem to be about nothing but convenience at first glance. But if we look a little longer, maybe tilt our heads a little, we might notice that Marx diagnosed capital's desire to annihilate space through time over a hundred years ago. More recently, David Harvey has theorized postmodern time-space compression. Our life world is being colonized by capital: "capital cannot help but privatise, commodify, monetize and commercialise all those aspects of nature it possibly can. ... What gets destroyed is the capacity to be human in any

other way than that which capital requires and dictates." What could be more deeply human than the imagination? Margaret Pezzala Granlund invites us to imagine the fourth dimension, not by adding time as a variable but moving from a dot, to a line, a cube, a tesseract, a term coined by mathematician Charles Howard Hinton in 1888. Her three-dimensional models of what four dimensions might look like are spatial puzzles, displayed as objects for study and contemplation on a wooden table. A second table holds photographs of photographs that blend and blur urban landscapes, pools and other constructed environments. The images do not yield to easy identification; they court a degree of disorientation, a double take. The space between what we know, what we intuit, what we sense beyond reason slips and slides in and out of perception.

Similarly slippery, Lindsay Smith's paintings capture something elusive in peripheral urban spaces. "Time," Smith writes, "moves differently here." Listening to the rhythm of the body, she walks to visit over-looked and under-imagined spaces where she finds inspiration in the cracks and weeds. The resulting paintings emanate an eerie, otherworldly glow. Areca Roe likewise re-imagines Midwestern scenes: faux fur covers bluffs and bogs studded with plastic trees. Presented as stereo photographs, the miniature environments flaunt their playful artificiality. Roe's version of Nature 2.0 aims to take us to "a frozen space and time," suspended between longing and belonging, arrested in the force field between the illusion of a self-imposed separation from the natural world and the desire for a meaningful understanding of our place in it.

Far from frozen, Carlos de Groot's water circulation sculpture simulates a closed but emergent ecosystem. Motion sensors and timers interact with water levels to route, flood, and pump

liquid through an array of tubes and pipes. De Groot creates a miniature that models complex relationships between materials, topographies, and architectural structures while pointing to the inevitable limitations of any such simulation. While open-ended to a degree, de Groot's work exists within a network of known variables and parameters, a situation deeply at odds with the complexity we encounter in the intertwined ecologies outside the gallery walls.

It is from these very walls that Pritika Chowdry's word sculpture emerges: *Endlessly*. The adverb manifests the ideologies at stake in *superusted*. Do we believe in "nature's" infinite ability to regenerate? Do we buy into capital's promise of endless compound growth? Do we put our faith into human ingenuity, which, in the end, will save us all (or do we stumble over who the "us" in question is exactly)? Do we tire of conversations that cover all too familiar terrain but ultimately go nowhere while trains roll through densely populated city neighborhoods? Grammatically speaking, "Endlessly" calls out for something to modify. As an adverb, it never stands alone. Here it hovers, creeping into and out of the wall, suggesting but arresting a forever incomplete movement.

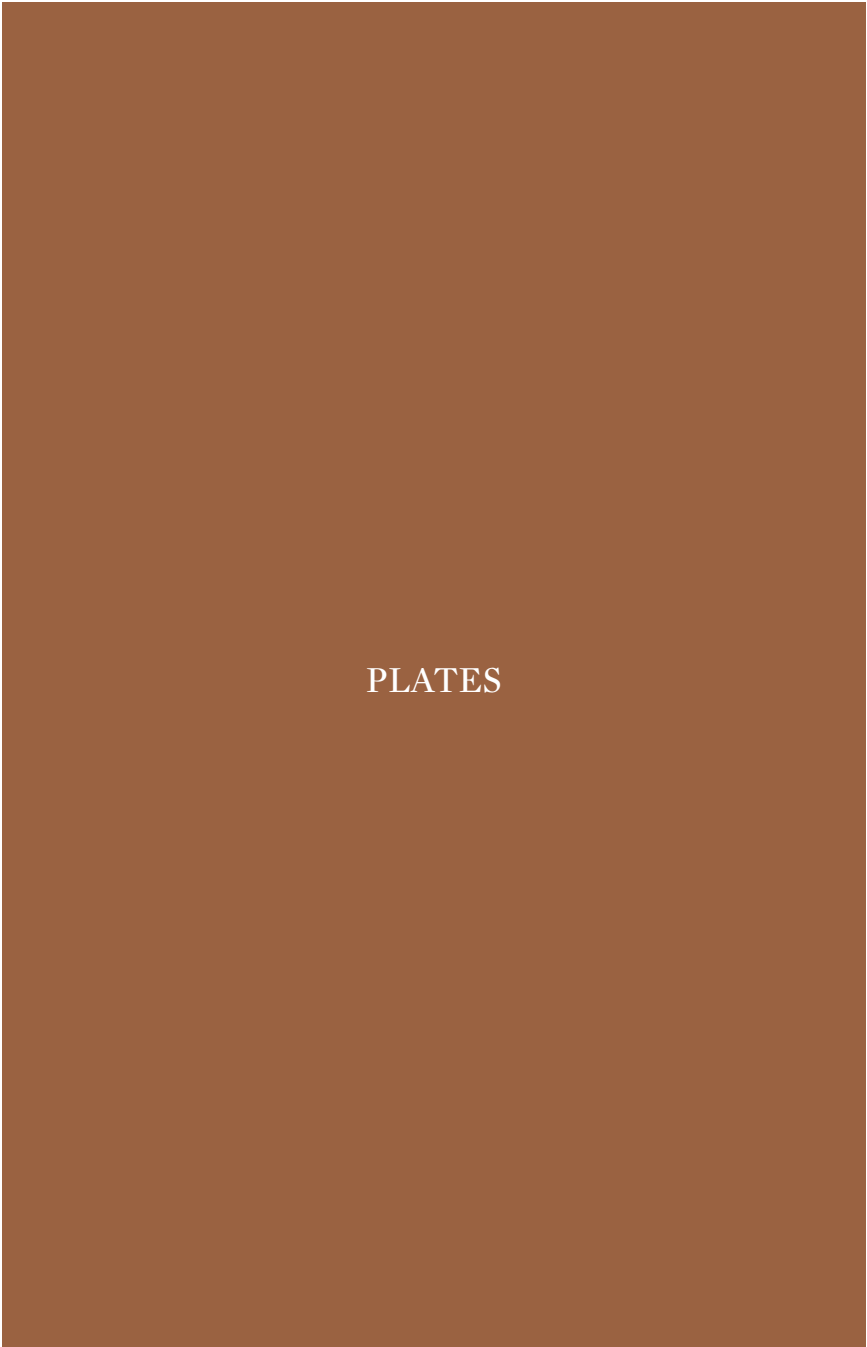
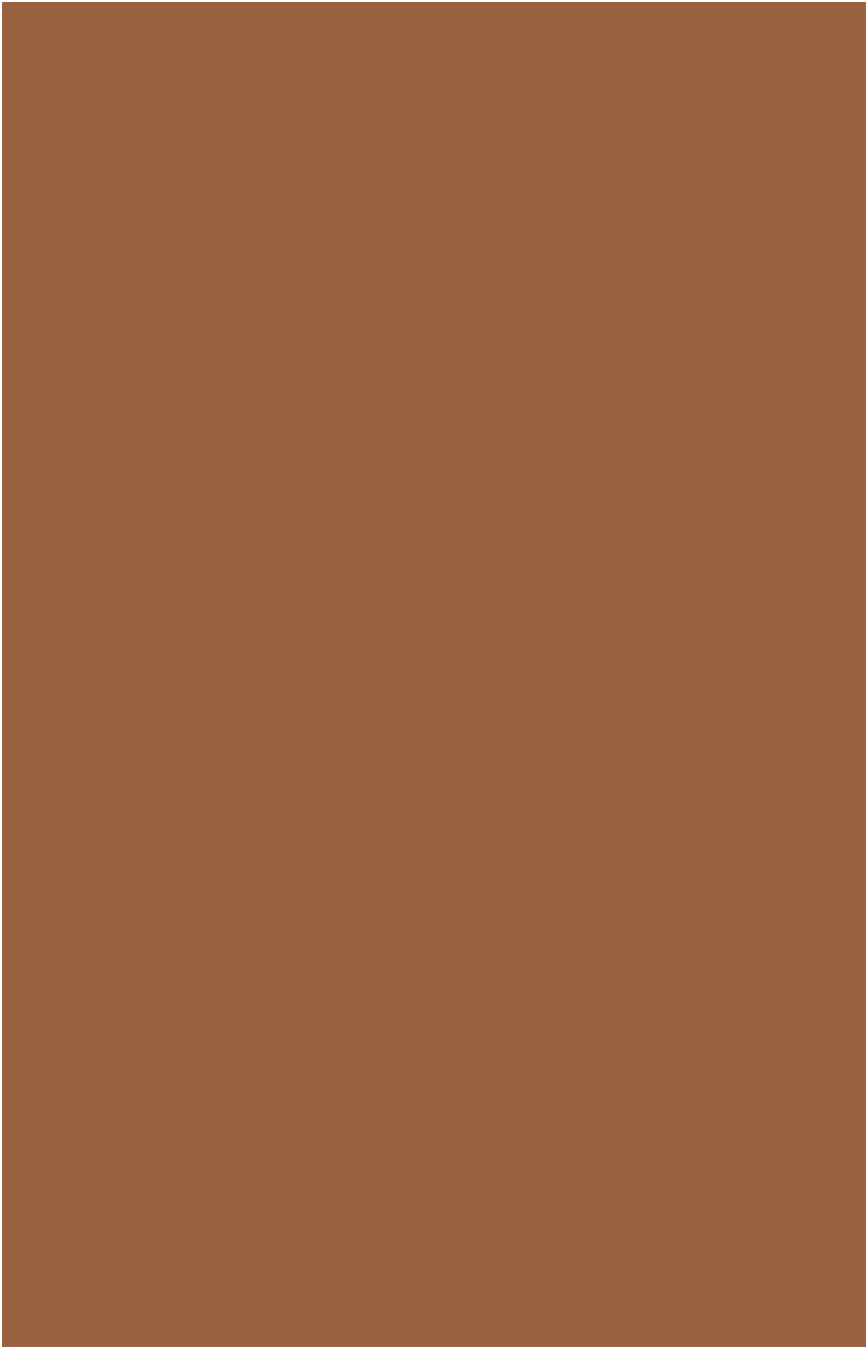
Such movement, from what is assumed to what is imagined, lies at the heart of John Fleischer's practice. Fleischer recounts a story, lodged somewhere in the space between memory and imagination, where a figure appears at a threshold, moves in unfamiliar ways, and departs. The observer has not yet grown the organs to interpret the performer's wordless gift. In *superusted*, Fleischer's performers ask us to feel our way through signs and gestures, actions and allusions that do not give in to making sense readily. Masked, they activate a

chalkboard-paint-covered stage at unspecified times. Their gestures remain cryptic. One figure twines wire into entangled webs that grow into strange, biomorphic shapes. The work asks us to linger in confusion, to resist, for a little while, the impulse to figure it all out. It is not futility that Fleischer's work flirts with; instead, a sense of "not yet" permeates the work, as if we are slowly drifting closer to something still un-nameable. Maybe Wilgren Clyne is right and we do need new words.

Her biennial takes us to a place where we can sense and think, dread and hope for, "the end of the world." That end becomes sense-able when the faith in the metabolic powers of the market stalls and the economic logic of spills and fireballs falters. That end, fata morgana like, shimmers when we reach the threshold where familiar stories crumble, when we face not just dark complicity but cruel optimism, a longing that actually is an obstacle to our flourishing. What happens when that world ends? Timothy Morton's one-word answer resonates through this Minnesota biennial: Intimacy. Things come really close. People do, too. After all, says Wilgren Clyne, "super-usted," could also mean "super-you" in Spanish: an amplified addressee.

Clarence White's writing corner touches on this intimacy. He asks visitors who are open to becoming collaborators, "have you fallen in love with any of the pieces here? Have you fallen in love with any of the people here?" In poems and letters, White records intellectual and emotional responses to *superusted*. The process is an invitation: For a moment, we could choose to let ourselves become vulnerable in the presence of another. How we manage the "too closeness" of the world, how we pace and space our encounters with others, with things, is part of the promise of aesthetics. So let's take stock, here in the dark: how

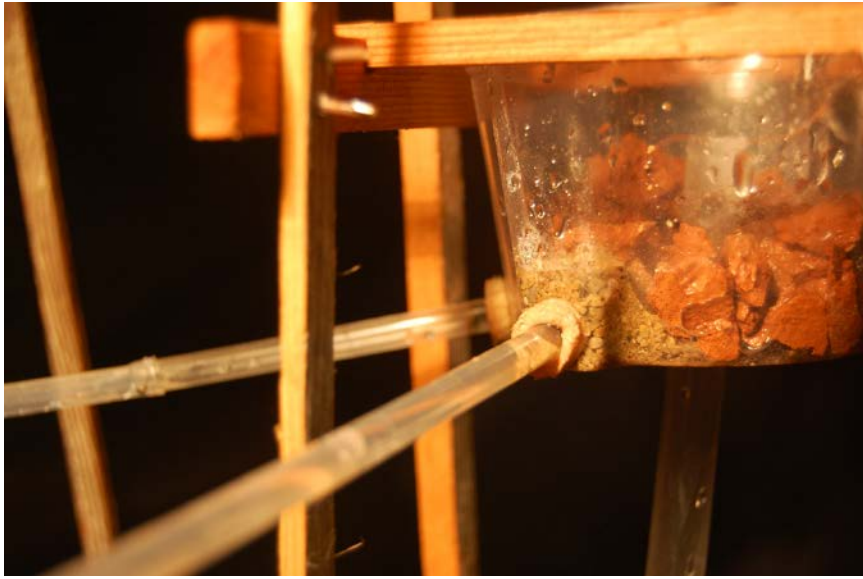
does it feel to live in this time and place, to witness black trains rolling on by? Crisis "is not exceptional to history or consciousness but a process embedded in the ordinary that unfolds in stories about navigating what's overwhelming." *superusted* tells such stories. Some make sense; some deliberately don't. Story-telling is a vital part of an ethics for the Anthropocene. Perhaps we need art to offer some equivalent of peripheral vision.











cw/lll

Dear... I don't even know what to call you,

It is not that I don't know, that I don't have familiarity with the word... or is it words? Maybe I don't know, like finding a word for God that is enough to say what you are, but not so full of boast and hubris that one would think--that I would think that I knew you better than the wisdom of the ages.

As I breath you in, it is more than the common name they have for you; you are what I make love to, with each breath in and out, what I see and look at, what I feel and what I make.

I can't help it. When I make my craft, my art, my act, my heart, I tell myself that I am creating in the image of that which I spy, but each time, it winds up looking like you, feeling like your breath--and mine.

YOU.

Is this what it means to be in love? We haven't really defined it, haven't really figured it out, no more than I have settled on a name for you. Others, on a day like most other days, cannot afford the fathom of the above, so far above that you come down from to share your love. You are so much more.

And as I talk, are you embarrassed? I would be. But this talk, it is what happens when you take a lover, a true love, FALL in love. Or maybe it is just me: Do I, from moment to moment, forget the "I?" "Eye?" Aye.

I love you. Sorry to be corny, but I do. Believe me. It's special.

And you are enough so that I can share you: with my best friend; with my distant cousin; with the races outside the human; outside the earthly terrestrial. Are you god? Don't tell me.

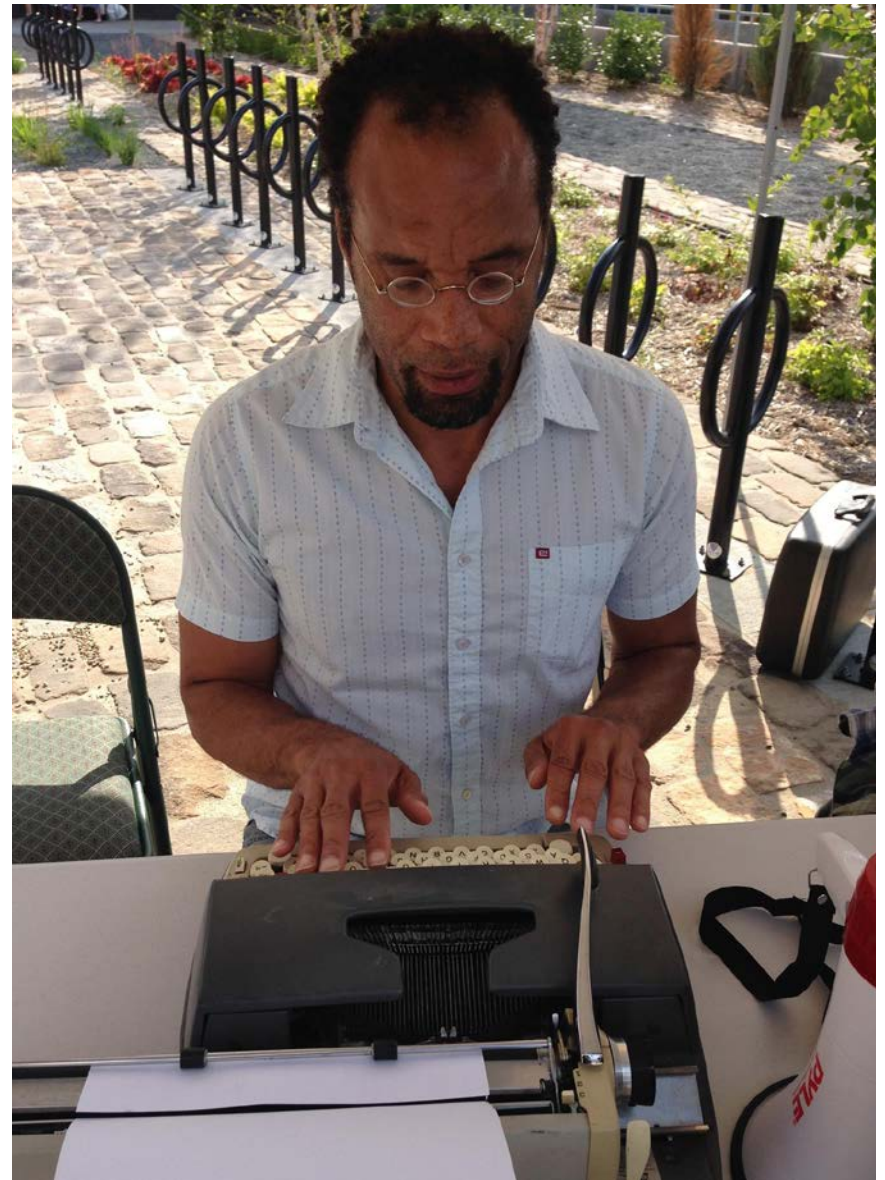
In the mean time, I will bask in your star--it above; imbibe in your sun-lit rays; dream for those spheres of rock, fire, ice and humor that wind around my head and my terra incognita and the lesser gods--if I could only count them all, write to each of them and make love with each of the, too. But for now, I will inhale this atmosphere that is filled with enough, what I need for today.

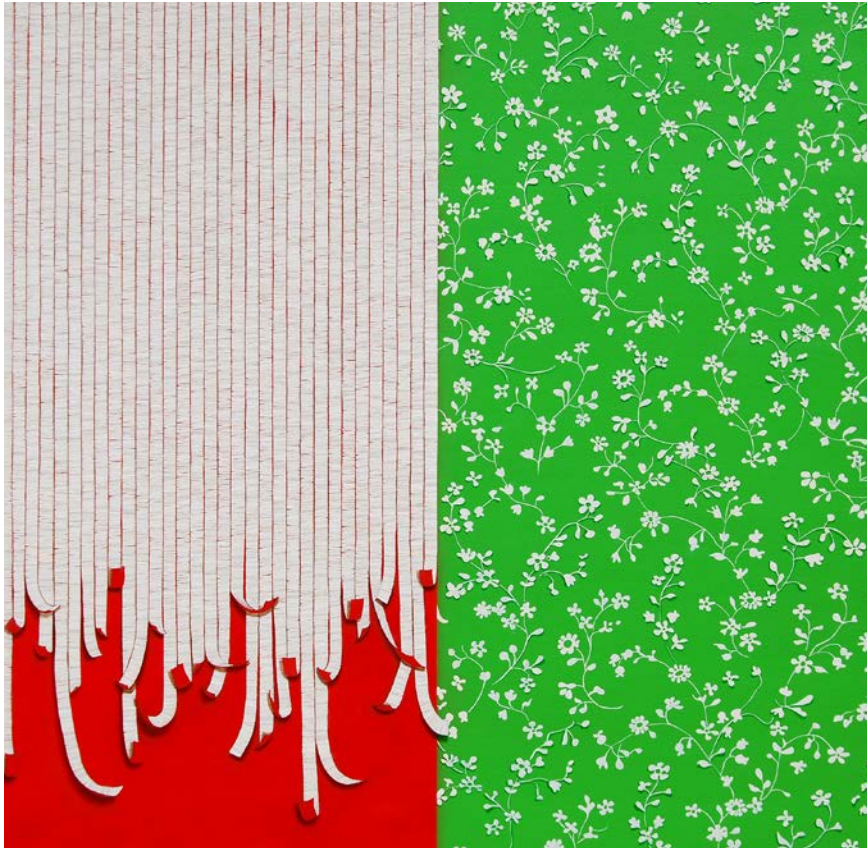
I know you love me, too. The attempts to separate us are paid with the wages of perpetual entropy, a death that one day they will suffer--I will suffer. But you are love; you will go on--and so will my love.

Be with me, today, Air, Sweet Air:

clwc

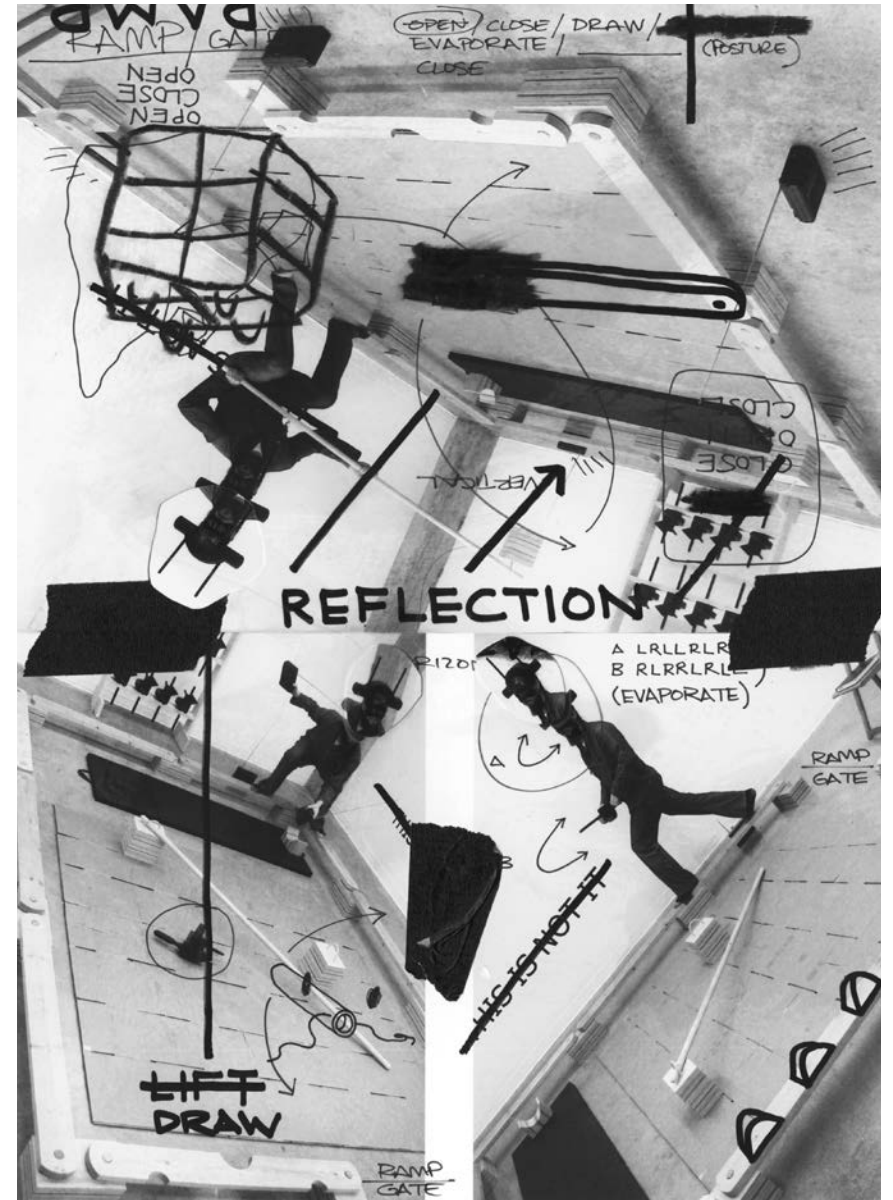
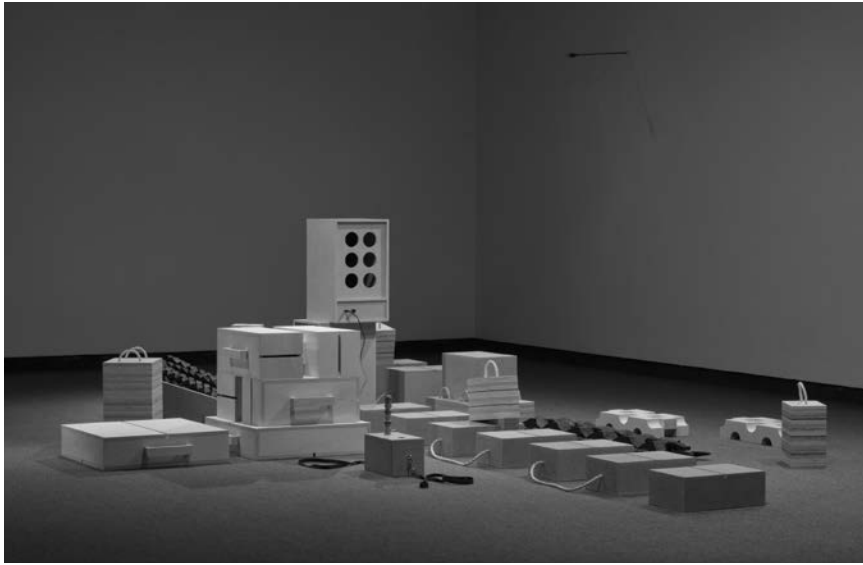
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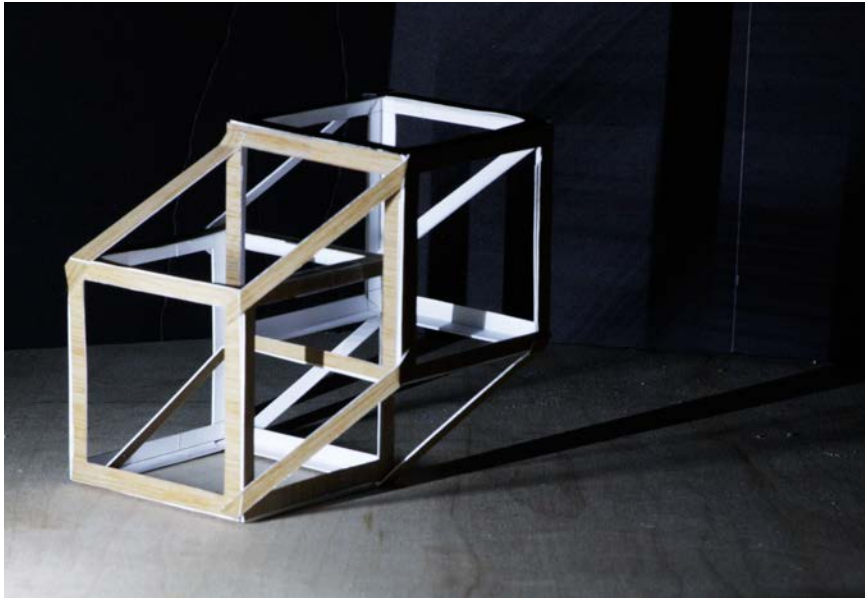




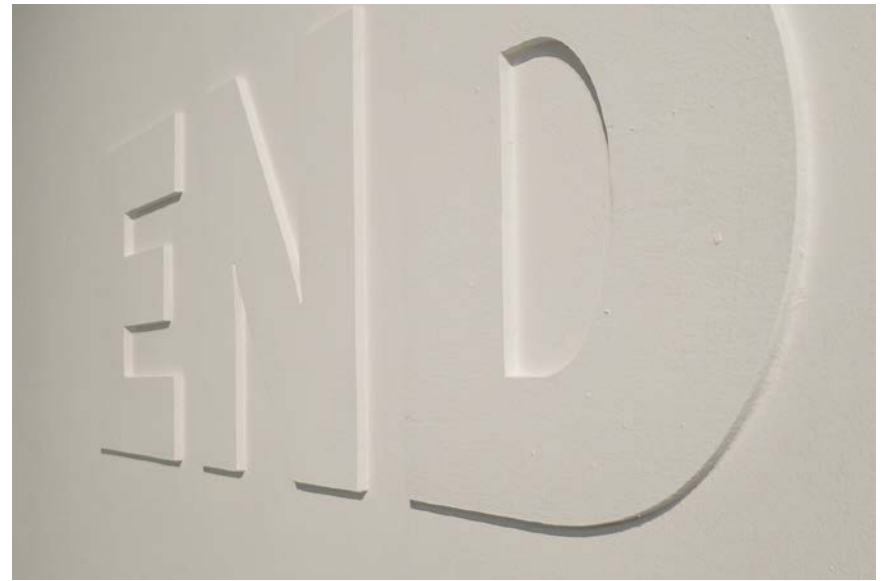


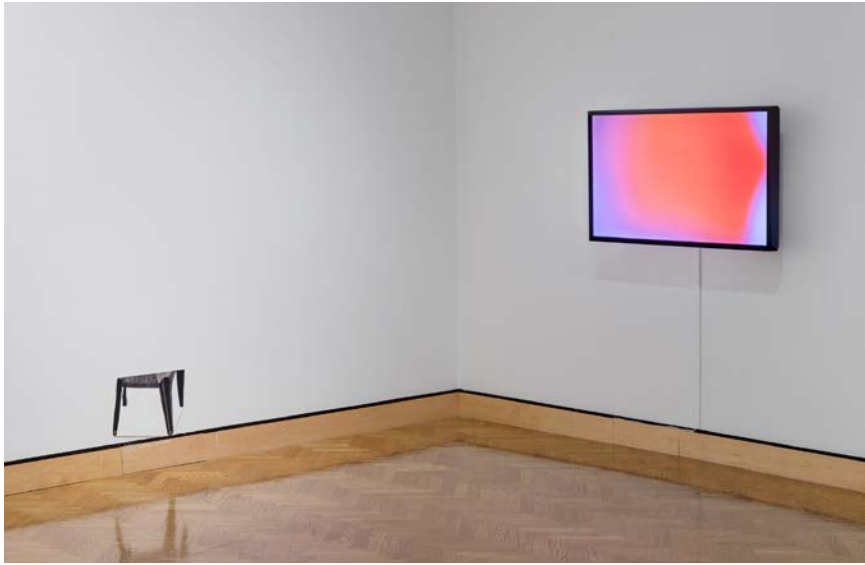






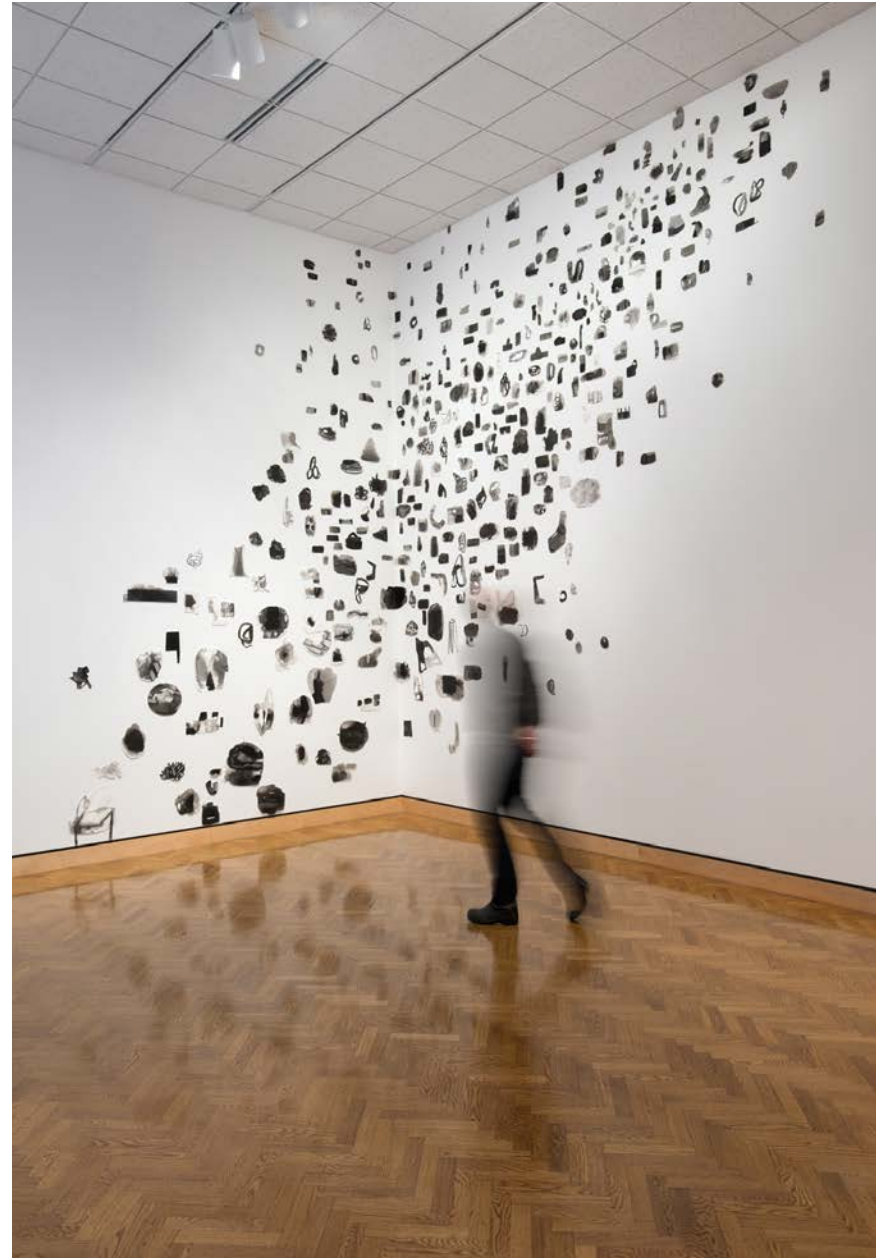




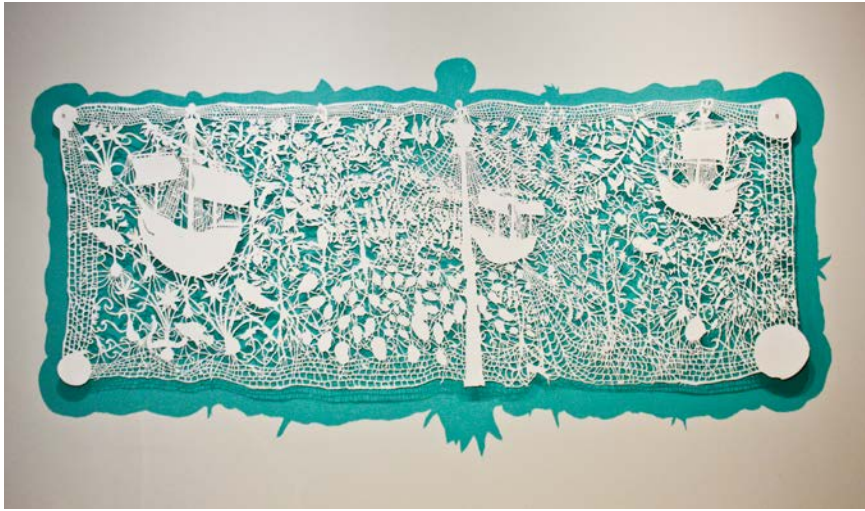


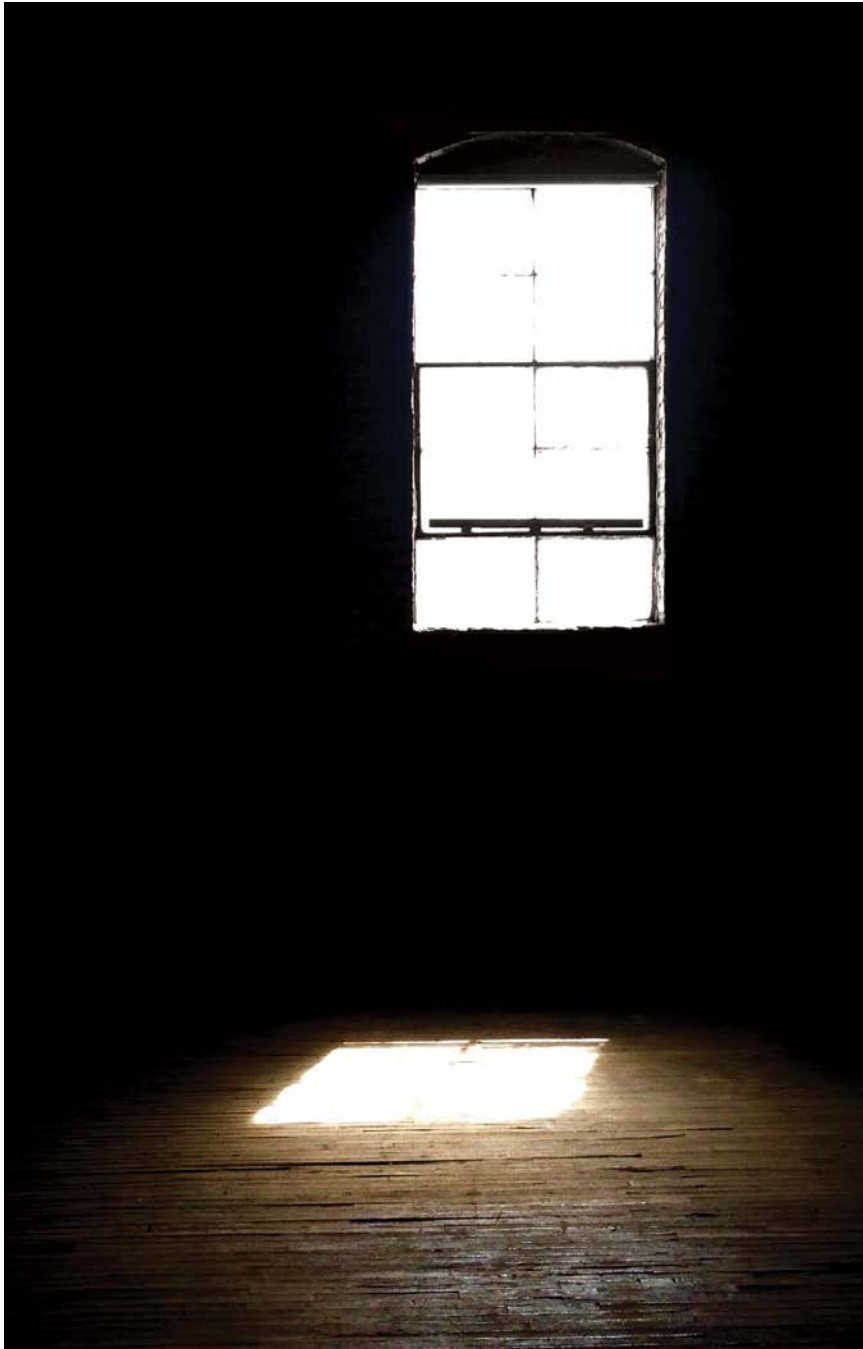
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Shana Kaplow



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Why superusted?

Neil Young's *Rust Never Sleeps*, released in 1979, has been on my mind during the development of this exhibition. Rust, both beautiful and destructive, left unchecked, without an action to slow or stop it, will continue and will change the iron it has oxidized. Years after *Rust Never Sleeps* was released, I owned a 1972 Volkswagen Beetle. While driving during the heart of a Minnesota winter, the clutch rusted off and fell with the floorboard to the street, right in the middle of a downtown Minneapolis intersection. Most of the rust had been hidden under a floor mat. There was nothing to be done, the corrosion of the metal had made the car undriveable, needing to be pushed aside so rush hour traffic could continue.

The Soap Factory is filled with rust, corrosion, a raw and beautiful space that continues to transform. There are many challenges at work in this space, which is part of the fascination.

Change is all around us, every day. We are hyper aware of all the changes, many are extreme, to the point of super-sized differences. This might be a thread that connects the artists in superusted.

As I met with the biennial artists, I tried to find words that described those selected. Super certainly fit, here are some of my favorite people and artists in the Midwest. An awareness that their work was changing developed, seeing progressions, how they were inspired by, or how they interpreted the world. Super and rust were relevant words to attach to the findings.

superusted, a made up word in English, combining meanings, a far from ordinary state of change, all lowercase, just as it would be in the dictionary.

As a bonus, súper usted means super you in Spanish.

—Cheryl Wilgren Clyne

Alexa Horochowski 20—21

Raised in the Patagonia of Argentina, Alexa Horochowski immigrated with her family to the United States at the age of nine. Horochowski received a Bachelor of Arts and a Bachelor of Journalism from the University of Missouri. In 1996 she completed an MFA degree at the University of Michigan. She has worked and exhibited in many regions of the Americas. Currently, she is Professor of Sculpture at St Cloud State University.

L _ Hood, 2015, Dismembered erosion control wattle, cast in bronze, in the process of patination at Anurag foundry, 26 x 10 x 11"

R _ Pahoehoe, 2015, digital image of hand-crafted necklaces, coins, and fresh flower offerings on a cooled lava flow of Kilauea Volcano, Pahoehoe, Hawaii

Andrea Carlson 22—23

Local artist Andrea Carlson has an MFA from the Minneapolis College of Art and Design, and completed her undergrad studies at the University of Minnesota. A frequent collaborator with The Soap Factory, her work has been exhibited all over the state.

L _ Ink Babel, 2014, Ink and oil on paper segments, 10' x 15'

R _ VORE (three works installed), 2010-2012, Acrylic, ink, gouache, and oil on paper, 44" x 180"

Areca Roe 24—25

Areca Roe is an artist and photographer in Minneapolis. She received her MFA in Studio Arts, with an emphasis on photography, from University of Minnesota in 2011 and her Bachelor's degree in Biology from Oberlin College in 2001. She currently teaches photography at various schools throughout the Twin Cities, and exhibits work locally and nationally. -- from MN Artists

L _ Lagoon, From O Pioneer series, 2012-2015, Photography

R _ Pigeons, From O Pioneer series, 2012-2015, Photography

Carlos DeGroot 26—27

Artist Carlos DeGroot cultivates life and growth in artificially constructed environments, while also allowing for natural deterioration, decay, and renewal. His ephemeral and entropic landscapes are developed around the life of water and carefully chosen plants; they include a textured range of materials from urban and "natural" terrains.

Clarence White 28—29

Clarence White is a grant writer living in St. Paul. He has worked as a writer for the National Farmers Union in Washington, D.C., the international organization Nonviolent Peaceforce, and several Twin Cities nonprofits.

He is a 2011–2012 Givens Foundation for African American Literature Retreat Fellow and was a finalist for mnartists.org miniStories flash fiction competition in 2008. He is the primary author of The Clarence White Blog and is a veteran of the Central Minnesota Writers' Workshop. White's work is featured in the 2013 Saint Paul Almanac and has appeared in other publications in the past 25 years. He is former bookseller at the Hungry Mind Bookstore.

L _ A love letter written to the air/sky/space/atmosphere written for the 2013 Northern Spark in Lowertown, Saint Paul.

R _ Typing poems for fans at the gate of CHS Field before a Saint Paul Saints game, 2015. A night helping fans write poetry on the machines, explaining to younger ones what the contraption does and no, there is no "return key."

Dyani White Hawk Polk 30—31

Dyani White Hawk (Sicangu Lakota), earned her MFA in studio arts in 2011 from the University of Wisconsin-Madison. She completed a BFA in 2008 from the Institute of American Indian Arts. White Hawk is a 2013 McKnight Visual Arts Fellowship recipient, a 2012 SWAIA Discovery Fellowship recipient and won the 2011 Best of Classification (Painting, Drawing, Graphics and Photography) at the Santa Fe Indian Art Market. She draws from her multicultural background and education to create paintings and mixed media works that speak to her upbringing as a Lakota woman in an urban American landscape.

L _ Resilient Beauty, 2014, oil on canvas, 48" x 48"

R _ Dream, 2012, acrylic and oil on canvas, 30" x 25.5"

Jennifer Rogers 32—33

Jennifer Rodgers is a gallery director and instructor at Coe College, as well as a board member for Iowa Art Works. She received her MFA from the University of Minnesota in 2007.

Roger's multi-media installations take the form of vast interior landscapes. Inspired by domestic spaces, natural patterns and complex compositional arrangements, these environments offer quiet, yet dramatic glimpses into the familiar. The process of making is a key component to the artwork and often involves simple, repetitive acts as a means to investigate the intersections between art and daily life.

L _ Hrellis, 2015, Clay, wood, fabric, embroidery thread, found table,
Dimensions variable

Jessica Christy 34—35

Jessica Christy is an artist and educator at Minot State University. She received her MFA from the University of North Dakota studying printmaking and mixed media. Her work is often influenced by the intersections of indigenous traditions and contemporary living, exploring the "dialogue of coexistence".

L _ Through the Window: My experience as a woman living in the Boom
(150 pieces), 2014, mixed media

R _ Through the Window: My experience as a woman living in the Boom
(150 pieces), 2014, mixed media

John Fleischer 36—37

John Fleischer studied art and educational psychology at the University of Minnesota. His work explores themes such as transformation, impermanence and regeneration, intermediate and transitional states, cycles, and ritual. John has exhibited locally, nationally, and internationally.

Although Fleischer tends to describe his work as sculpture, his studio practice also supports ongoing investigations into drawing, painting, sound, video, and performance. Through this multi-media approach, Fleischer explores both the performative aspects of image-making and the symbolic potential of the image itself.

L _ Fabulists (Installation View), 2014, Various woods, plastic wheels, leash, arrows, ripstop nylon, video, Dimensions variable

R _ Presencing (Preparatory Drawing), 2015, Ink, collage, and tape on photocopies, 15.5" x 11"

Laura Primozić 38—39

Laura Primozić is an artist in Bloomington, IL. She received her Master of Fine Arts degree from the University of Minnesota in 2010. Her work has been exhibited across the country, and she is currently the Instructional Technician at Illinois State University, Normal Illinois.

L _ Unascertainable Reconstruction, 2014, Porcelain, Metal, Wood,
Paraffin Wax 26" x 15" x 9"

R _ Unascertainable Reconstruction (detail), 2014, Porcelain, Metal, Wood,
Paraffin Wax, 26" x 15" x 9"

Lindsay Smith 40—41

Born in Davenport, Iowa, Lindsay Smith currently lives and works in Minneapolis. She earned her BFA from the University of Minnesota and is a recipient of the Jerome Fellowship for Emerging Artists.

L _ By Land, 2015, Gouache and water color, 16" x 20"

R _ By Sea, 2015, Gouache and water color, 16" x 20"

Mandy (Martinson) Hillborn 42—43

Mandy Martinson is a native of St. Paul, Minnesota. She received her BFA in photography from the College of Visual Arts in May of 2012. Currently, she is attending the Master of Fine Arts program at the Minneapolis College of Art & Design. Inspired by her father's work as a criminal investigator, Mandy uses photography, video, and installation to create her own personal investigations exploring the functions of evidence and complexities of human nature.

L _ 2002-2009 (detail), 2014, from Evidence series, mixed media

R _ Have you heard of Underwater Bagging? (From the PowerPoint series),
2014 17" x 22", Digital Inkjet Print

Margaret Pezalla-Granlund 44—45

Margaret Pezalla-Granlund received her MFA from the California Institute of the Arts in Valencia and completed her undergrad studies at St. Olaf College. She has exhibited locally and nationally, and her work has been included in exhibitions at the Santa Monica Museum of Art, the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, Angel's Gate Cultural Center, and the Peabody Essex Museum. She is interested in modeling the complex spaces of the natural and built landscape on scales both macro and micro.

L _ Trying to get it (detail), 2015, Installation in progress, Ink jet print on paper
Dimensions variable

R _ Orderly Tangles (detail), 2015, Installation in progress, Ink jet print on paper
Dimensions variable

Philip Olmstead 46—47

Philip Olmstead was born in Minneapolis, MN, and he graduated from the College of Visual Arts with a major in Photography in 2012. Philip's work has been shown in numerous spaces across the Twin Cities including the A to Z Gallery, the Northern Spark Festival: Nuit Blanche, the Burnett Gallery at the Chambers Hotel and other local venues.

L _ Shadow Still Life no. 1, 2015, Archival pigment print, 11" x 14"

R _ Mirror Still Life, 2015, Archival pigment print, 24" x 32"

Pritika Chowdhry 48—49

Pritika Chowdhry is a multi-disciplinary artist, curator, and educator. She has shown her work nationally in a plethora of solo and group exhibits. Born and brought up in India, Pritika moved to the U.S. in 1999. Pritika has an MFA in Studio Art from University of Wisconsin - Madison, as well as an MA in Visual Culture and Gender Studies; and has taught at Macalester College, and College of Visual Arts, both in St. Paul, Minnesota.

L _ ENDlessly, Wood, 18" x 84"

R _ ENDlessly, (detail), Wood, 18" x 84"

Shana Kaplow 50—51

photo credit: Rik Sferra

Shana Kaplow has exhibited/screened her work nationally and internationally. She has received several fellowships including, the 2013 Joan Mitchell Foundation Artists Grant. Shana is currently Associate Professor at St. Cloud State University.

L _ Endless Stack, 2015, Ink on paper, 192" x 48", photo credit: Rik Sferra

R _ The Table's Body, 2015, Ink on paper, 50" x 72"

Sonja Peterson 52—53

Sonja Peterson works as a Technology Administrator at the U of MN Dept. of Art. As an artist her work expands into installation, sculpture and large scale papercuts and multi-media dealing with hidden environmental and geo-political systems. She has recently been awarded Artist-in-Residence at the Bell Museum of Natural History and the American Swedish Institute. Recent solo exhibitions have been created with the support of a Minnesota State Arts Board Artist Fellowship '13 and the Jerome Foundation. Peterson has recently exhibited at the Ralph Burnet Chambers Gallery, Minneapolis Institute for Art, Weisman Art Museum, SELECT Art Fair, The Beijing Film Academy, The Armoury Gallery, Milwaukee WI, The Krasl Art Center in Michigan with many upcoming venues in the works.

L _ Manifest Destiny, 2013, Cut paper, 110" x 54"

R _ Manifest Destiny (detail), 2013, Cut paper, 110" x 54"