



site95

Journal

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Issue 04

Editor in Chief **Meaghan Kent**
Associate Editor **Sara Maria Salamone**
Creative Director **Tyler Lafreniere**
Copy Editor **Jennifer Soosaar**

site95 is a non-profit organization established to present alternative exhibitions for emerging and established artists in temporary urban locations. Drawing upon available space in major cities, site95 will present over five projects per year, each extending up to two months. The impermanent sites create a platform for artists and curators to present innovative ideas in different contexts and allow viewers to experience new work not native to their location. Exhibitions will offer openings, educational talks and tours, screenings, and performances. site95 will also distribute an annual publication to include an archive of exhibitions and feature the online monthly journal with contributions by writers, curators, and artists.

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Submissions

Please send proposals via email to info@site95.org

Cover Image

Russell Maycumber
EZ Virtue, 2012 (detail)
Clay sculpture, Sumi ink on paper, clothespins, string
Dimensions variable
Photo credit: Cary Whittier

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From the Editor

“Perhaps your eyes deceive you, living as you do in gleaming, glossy, modern Miami! History is all around us. One need only take a moment, perhaps relaxing in a favorite chair with a pot of tea and a snack, to think of all the familiar things that surround us always. These things aren’t history — they’re always present, from the 17th Century until now, and that’s what the Old Masters teach!” Jan Peeters, “On Familiar Things” by Hunter Braithwaite.

History is all around us. As we walk to the subway, eat at our favorite restaurant, or drive down familiar streets in our hometowns, memories are triggered. These moments that fill our minds can serve as reminders of an important lesson or profound experience, they could be meaningless or perhaps something unresolved.

In developing this issue and its correlation to the exhibition at Launch F18, recently opened in Tribeca, New York on April 7, I was interested in these themes and issues of fragmentation and recollection. Memories in the form of fragments from our everyday surroundings signaled how I approached and connected the works together. My own familiarity with the artists and writers, how I met them, and how I became familiar with their work certainly played a role in how it came together as it developed in a very non-linear way, much like the works themselves. With their work, I was most interested in how an idea can be deconstructed or broken down into an object or small detailed drawing and how that object or drawing can be translated back into another experience or recollection for someone else.

My great thanks to everyone involved in this very special issue -- the artists in the exhibition at Launch F18: Russell Maycumber, Christina Pettersson, and Brian Wondergem -- to Dane Mitchell for his insightful interview, and to writers Liz Mund, Daniel McGrath, and Hunter Braithwaite for their generous and thoughtful contributions.

More to come,
Meaghan

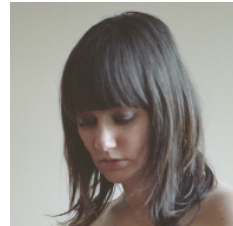


Exhibition view: “Russell Maycumber, Christina Pettersson, and Brian Wondergem”
site95 @ Launch F18, New York, NY, April 7 - 28, 2012, photo credit: Cary Whittier

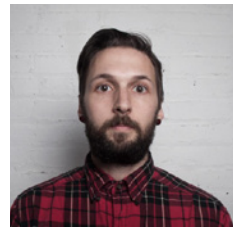
Editorial Staff



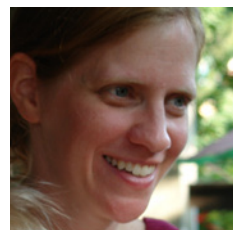
Meaghan Kent is the Director and Chief Curator of site95. Kent was a gallery director, for the past ten years she has worked in galleries including Casey Kaplan, Andrea Rosen Gallery, and I-20, managing the careers of internationally emerging and established artists and coordinating exhibitions locally and worldwide. Prior to her move to New York, Kent completed her MA in art history at George Washington University, Washington DC and her BA at the College of Santa Fe, New Mexico. During this time, she worked as a professional intern and assistant at several institutions, including, The Phillips Collection, Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, *Art in America* magazine, and SITE Santa Fe. She has written and curated independently, most recently creating “Dead in August,” a Brooklyn based project that presented exhibitions, screenings, and performances. Originally from Northern Virginia, Kent is based in Brooklyn, New York. photo credit: Cary Whittier



Sara Maria Salamone has always had a keen interest in art. After completing her BA in Photography from Hampshire College, she became avidly involved in the art scene in Albany, by joining the Board of Directors for the Upstate Artist Guild and becoming Photo Editor for *Upstate Magazine*. Salamone began expressing interest in curating and produced a handful of exhibitions and most recently crafted a successful group show entitled “Beatus Abjectus,” at Space Womb Gallery in Long Island City, NY, in 2009. She was awarded an Honorable Mention by Aerial Shamburg in the 29th Photography Regional of the Capital Region and a Dean’s Scholarship, awarded on merit, to Parsons the New School for Design, New York. Salamone will be receiving her MFA in Photography and Related Media from the New School for Design in New York City this August. Salamone originates from Albany, NY and currently lives and works in Brooklyn, NY. photo credit: Jessica Yatrosky



Tyler Lafreniere was born and raised in the town of Camden, Maine. From a young age he expressed his greatest love for sculpture, drawing, art and creating badass design. Since childhood, Lafreniere has continued through on the path to mastery. Stopping at Hampshire College in Massachusetts and Goldsmiths, University of London to study fine art and design, Tyler refined his skills working with various artists, printmakers, and design shops including Fire Haus Studios and The Chopping Block. Lafreniere’s most recent achievement has been the extremely well received art zine *Gypsé Eyes*, now well into its 5th issue. Lafreniere currently resides in the Brooklyn, NY where he continues to work as an artist and freelance designer with his own company Kids With Tools.



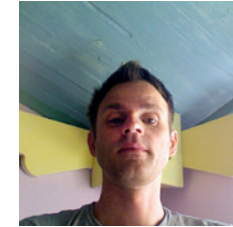
Jennifer Soosaar is a scientist whose published works include articles and textbook chapters. She delights in helping people understand concepts outside of their knowledge comfort zone -- especially those of artists and scientists who are creating new ways of understanding or relating to the world. Jennifer has a Ph.D. from Yale and is currently from Philadelphia (via Texas, Virginia, Michigan, Connecticut, Bermuda and Ireland).

Contributors



Daniel McGrath is an adjunct professor in the art department at Webster University and University of Missouri, St. Louis. In 2005, he received his Master of Arts from King’s College London, University of London. He is co-director of Isolation Room/Gallery Kit. He is a contributing art writer for *Art Papers*, *Art US* and *St. Louis Magazine*. McGrath lives and works between Oxford, United Kingdom and St. Louis, Missouri.

Contributors (continued)



Russell Maycumber lives and works in St. Augustine, Florida where he completed his BFA at Flagler College in 2006. Maycumber was included in “Everything Must Go” at Casey Kaplan, New York last summer. He has shown extensively in the Jacksonville and St. Augustine area including Nullspace Gallery, Anchor Gallery, Florida School of the Arts, and the Crisp-Ellert Art Museum.



Miami-based artist Christina Pettersson creates drawings, video, and sculptural installations. Pettersson is currently an artist-in-residence at the Deering Estate, Miami and had a recent solo exhibition at the Art and Culture Center of Hollywood, Florida. Group exhibitions include “New Work Miami 2010,” Miami Art Museum, “Florida Contemporary,” Naples Museum of Art, and “How to Read A Book,” Locust Projects.



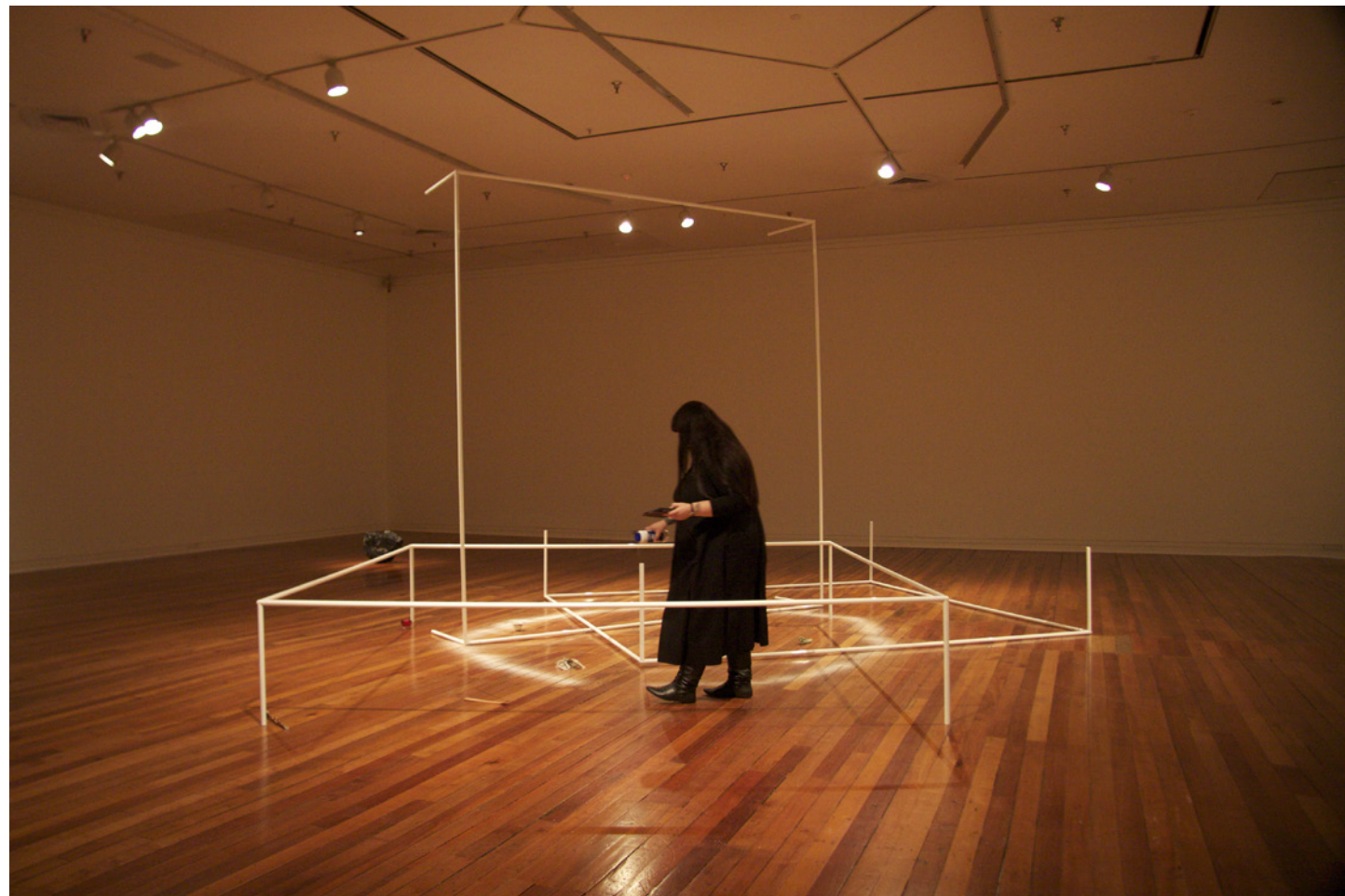
Brian Wondergem is a sculptor and installation artist based in Brooklyn, New York. Wondergem completed his MFA in sculpture at the Yale School of Art. He has shown internationally and in New York including a recent solo exhibition at Kidd Yellin Gallery in Red Hook, Brooklyn. Additional exhibitions include: Socrates Sculpture Park, the Hudson Valley Center for Contemporary Art, ABC No Rio, Apartment Show, and Gallery Aferro. In 2010, Wondergem participated in Art in General’s Eastern European Residency Exchange Program, where he worked with the Croatian Council of Artists to create a series of public works in Zagreb, Croatia.



Hunter Braithwaite is a freelance writer based in Miami. He has covered the arts in Shanghai, Paris, New York, and Miami for various publications, including Artforum Online, ARTINFO.com, Artslant.com, CNN.com, *NY Arts Magazine*, *Whitehot Magazine*, *Time Out Shanghai*, and *City Weekend Shanghai*. He is a contributing editor at *Asian Art News*. In 2011, he founded the contemporary art site *Thereisnothere.org*.



Liz Mund is a writer, designer and teacher currently living in Denver, Colorado. Her work is playful and poignant, drawing on personal experience to connect the subjective and objective experience. Liz has been published in several trade magazines and is completing an upcoming mythic fiction novel, “Beyond the Goat Tree.”



Accessing Art Through Memory, Interview with Dane Mitchell by Meaghan Kent 4.2012

New Zealand born artist Dane Mitchell has researched and collaborated with artists, writers, shaman, witches, and perfumers to create work that affects our senses and perceptions of the everyday world. His work asks the viewer to use memory and imagination to understand the pieces and makes us question what to see and what to believe.

Meaghan Kent: Your work hovers between seen/unseen, what was the impetus in creating this kind of work?

Dane Mitchell: I have been interested in ephemeral phenomena that sit on the threshold of perceptibility for some time. I've been working in this terrain for maybe the last five or six years now. I'm trying to explore a form of plastic invisibility in much of my work — many of the projects explore and probe thresholds of invisibility through materiality.

MK: "Faith" or "Belief" in the artwork often comes into play. Are there particular artists or writers that influenced these ideas in your work?

DM: Michael Taussig's thinking around the interstices between revelation and concealment have been influential I think. Taussig discusses at length the notion of concealment as a revelatory and enigmatic agent, suggesting that this reverse enlightenment "...brings insides outside, unearth[s] knowledge, and reveal[s] mystery. As it does this, however, as it spoliates and tears at tegument, it may also animate the thing defaced and the mystery revealed may become more mysterious" I.

Avery F. Gordon's research around 'conjuring' as a sociological tool of analysis and her thinking around the notion of haunting as being a constituent part of modern life are key underpinnings to the exploration of the unseen in practical outcomes for my work I think. Gordon suggests that magic — usually portrayed as the antithesis of the modern — is also something that is at home in modernity. Conjuring draws attention to invisible realms and invites us beyond the immediately discernible into the space of memories, experiences and questionable representations. Gordon also suggests that the unseen holds a visual power — disappearance being a strong force both politically and aesthetically; a citation I am interested in thinking through further.

I've also been investigating ways in which memory and intuition play a decisive and critical role in producing 'images' which refer to realms of

Exhibition view, "Radiant Matter II," Dunedin Public Art Gallery, Dunedin, New Zealand, May 28 - August 28, 2011
Gateway to the *Etheric Realm*, 2011, Powder-coated steel, spell materials, 236.22 x 236.22 x 127.95in (approximately)



experience, which are liminal or beyond the capability of sensory perception. I'm interested in an art experience which might be displaced temporally and spatially to the extent that it can be accessed only through memory, and reconstituted only through imagination. Henri Bergson's thinking has been influential, he suggests "[m]atter...is an aggregate of 'images'"II, which when considered through a process of encountering a subject beyond perceptibility, allows an 'image' (i.e. the work, installation or otherwise) to be more than the sum of its parts, more than a representation — it opens it up to the complex workings of the past being conjured up and pulled forward — invoked — in the memory of the viewer. Bergson's suggestion that an image is "a prearrangeable juxtaposition of things already known"III — that images are saturated by the past beyond the threshold of visibility — allows me to think about the invisible as active, as charged, to allow for an interplay between "mystic states" and "corporeal techniques"IV. This framework allows for the conflation of images to play out in the memory of the viewer, such as in previous work of mine in which nothing is seen, yet by employing mystical practices (performed by specialists), an 'image' is suggested to the viewer through an unseen action, and remains beyond the threshold of visibility. Also, still with Bergson, he usefully suggests that absence is defined in relationship to the thing it is not — which opens up a terrain of possibilities with regard to the invisible 'thing' being defined in relation to perceivable qualities: "one

must still define these denuded things negatively in relation to perceivable qualities: a lightless vision, an immaterial touch, an impotent touch, an ineffectual impulsion, a colourless light" V.

MK: You have been able to travel quite a bit with residencies including the Berliner Künstlerprogramm DAAD, Berlin, Germany, the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Zealand and as a visiting artist at the Dunedin Public Art Gallery, Dunedin, New Zealand. How have these different locations motivated your work?

DM: This is quite hard to gauge in the work once presented, but I am heavily influenced by the specifics of context, beyond focused spatial considerations of each exhibition space. I generally work with specialists in a given location to realize projects — specialists such as witches, shaman, feng shui geomancers —the locale, and local knowledge brought to the projects by these specialists always affects the outcome. I am often asked to draw on my own biography by these practitioners, so I'm always implicated. For example, my ancestry links me to Dunedin, by way of Scotland in the 1800's, and so for the particular exhibition in the public gallery of this city, I was asked to call on my dead relatives by the witch to help open a gateway to the etheric realm in the gallery.

Etheric Realm Spell Materials, 2011, Frame, glass, rubber, salt, dragons blood, smoke, rosemary, water, dirt, feathers, 570.87 x 50.197 x 3.937in



MK: And what happened? Are you often surprised with the results of the projects?

DM: The results are always surprising, yet interestingly, ritual is an underpinning to these discursive belief systems, so there are often crossovers with regard to process and protocol. The process of making the work is always incredibly involved, I'm often in the position of confronting belief and find myself entangled in some esoteric practice where I'm being spoken to in tongues, being cleansed, encircled in fire or whispering to walls.

MK: Your most recent project "Radiant Matter" was installed in three different spaces in New Zealand. How did the exhibitions change in the different venues and what was your approach in organizing them?

DM: It was actually three completely separate bodies of work that I connected under the one title "Radiant Matter" — the exhibitions were shown consecutively at three public gallery spaces.

MK: How did the catalogue develop, were there any challenges in putting your work in print?

DM: Each of the three exhibition venues had small budgets to produce

some sort of printed material, but I was more interested in a single publication being the site where all three shows amassed, and so with the Berliner Künstlerprogramm DAAD co-publishing alongside the host institutions for these particular exhibitions, we were able to deal with the large amount of content. There were certainly challenges in documenting the more ephemeral, experiential aspects of the project — though I have worked a lot with printed material — and the designer found amazing ways to demarcate, point and tease out the project in printed form. The contributing writers are certainly responsible for making it such a seamless translation from space to print — Cay Sophie Rabinowitz, Chris Sharp, Ariane Beyn and Aaron Kreisler all contributed fantastic texts to the publication.

MK: How much research is involved in developing your work?

DM: There is always a large research component that often goes unseen in the outcome — or more so, is imbedded in the work in some way. Working with practitioners of the occult takes much time, planning and negotiation, as does working with perfumers. Much of my studio time is spent negotiating with these elements and agents. I am very much interested in the threshold of revela-



tion and concealment, so it's important the lengthy research undertaken is internalized in the work, not laid out as proof.

MK: One piece that is particularly interesting is the perfume series where you created a scent with French perfumer Michel Roudnitska and had it installed at a gallery. How did this project come about?

DM: I have worked with Michel on five scents, or perfume pieces thus far, and this area of making has been incredibly compelling. I approached Michel when I was a guest on the Berliner Künstlerprogramm, and went and spent time with him in the south of France to work on the first of these perfume pieces, titled "The Smell of an Empty Room." To call a space 'empty' is a convention for describing a space that is filled with something we do not wish to name — an olfactive vacuum is a terrestrial impossibility — the resulting scent made use of a synthetic ozone aroma molecule to build an smell-object I've likened to cartoon air.

I'm interested in the sculptural possibilities of the molecular, and have been thinking about perfume as a sort of cognitive object, a thought-object that takes shape in the brain. Smell grasps at some extremities of the indefinable, which may emanate from an object, place or circumstance — assuming a position most closely akin to a sixth sense. Illuminating the

unseen, perfume dwells on many thresholds — of vision, of physicality, of affect, of time, of dimensionality. Michel was attuned to my exploration and was keen to work with me to develop some ideas. He's in his sixties, and was trained by his very famous perfume father Edmond, who was responsible for some very famous accords and perfumes for Dior in the 1940's and 50's. Michel's knowledge is alchemical and arcane — handed down through family lineage.

MK: What are you working on now?

DM: I'm working on two new projects concurrently — for the Gwangju Biennale and Liverpool Biennale. Both take place in September, so some juggling is involved. As I write this I'm headed up to Gwangju to make a site visit — to meet shaman, and Feng shui geomancers; and in Liverpool, right now I'm collecting local ghost stories and am in conversation with a local glassblower about working in July to read these into molten glass, to give shape to the stories by reading them into the glassblowers blow-pipe. There is also a small group show at THE COMPANY in Los Angeles which opens in April, and a group exhibition of work by contemporary New Zealand artists at the Franfurter Kunsterverein in October.



Dane Mitchell was born in Auckland, New Zealand in 1976. "Radiant Matter I," "Radiant Matter II," and "Radiant Matter III" were shown concurrently at Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth, New Zealand, Dunedin Public Art Gallery, New Zealand, and Artspace, Auckland, New Zealand in 2011. Additional solo exhibitions include: "The Story of a Window" (Collaboration with Matt Keegan), Neon Parc, Melbourne, Australia, and Minor Optics, daadgalerie, Berlin, Germany. Group exhibitions include: Singapore Biennale 2011, The 29th Biennial of Graphic Arts, Ljubljana 2011, Slovenia, and the Busan Biennale 2010, Korea. He will be included in the upcoming Gwangju Biennale and Liverpool Biennale. The artist currently lives and works in Auckland and Berlin.

I Taussig, M. (1999), "Defacement: Public Secrecy and the Labor of the Negative" California, United States: Stanford University Press, p. 3-4.

II Bergson, H. (1911), "Matter and Memory" London, United Kingdom: Swan Sonnenschein, p. 81.

III Ibid. p. 223.

IV Mauss, M. (1936) (1960), "Les Techniques du Corps in Sociologie et anthropologie." 2nd edition. Paris, France: University of France Press.

V Lawler, L. (2003), "The challenge of Bergsonism: Phenomenology, ontology, ethics." London, United Kingdom: Continuum, p. 5.



Exhibition

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Russell Maycumber, Christina Pettersson, and Brian Wondergem
site95 @ Launch F18, New York, NY
373 Broadway (between White Street and Franklin Street), 6th Floor
April 7 - 28, 2012
Opening: Saturday, April 7, 6-8pm
Press Preview: Saturday, April 7, 5pm

site95 is pleased to present its first New York exhibition with work by artists Russell Maycumber, Christina Pettersson, and Brian Wondergem. The exhibition will be held at Launch F18 in Tribeca, New York. Special Artist Projects will accompany the exhibition in the site95 April Journal issue.

Russell Maycumber's work shifts between drawing and sculptural objects that hover between the architectural and figural. His drawings, in particular, are ink and brush on paper made primarily on Post-it notes and torn sheets. The comic-like imagery relates to R. Crumb and Raymond Pettibon but through the use of ready-made and torn paper, images are broken up and fragmented to make unusual hybrid figures, stories, and scenes. Maycumber lives and works in St. Augustine, Florida where he completed his BFA in 2006. Maycumber was included in "Everything Must Go" at Casey Kaplan, New York last summer. He has shown extensively in the Jacksonville and St. Augustine area including Nullspace Gallery, Anchor Gallery, Florida School of the Arts, and the Crisp-Ellert Art Museum.

Miami-based artist Christina Pettersson creates drawings, video, and sculptural installations. "My Dear Leona" is a series of meticulously rendered graphite drawings from 2004-2008 that juxtapose hand drawn text in Type-writer font with small detailed images. The work derives from found writings of Pettersson's Great-great Aunt Leona. Each drawing reads like a clue, forming a dual sense of intimacy between the artist and her deceased aunt, and the artist and the viewer. Pettersson is currently an artist-in-residence at the Deering Estate, Miami and had a recent solo exhibition at the Art and Culture Center of Hollywood, Florida. Group exhibitions include "New Work Miami 2010," Miami Art Museum, "Florida Contemporary," Naples Museum of Art, and "How to Read A Book," Locust Projects.

Brian Wondergem is a sculptor and installation artist based in Brooklyn, New York. Wondergem plays with our sense of familiarity by combining everyday objects and materials in unusual ways. His surrealistic sculptures stage the gallery setting into a kind of fractured environment. Wondergem completed his MFA in sculpture at the Yale School of Art. He has shown internationally and in New York including a recent solo exhibition at Kidd Yellin Gallery in Red Hook, Brooklyn. Additional exhibitions include: Socrates Sculpture Park, the Hudson Valley Center for Contemporary Art, ABC No Rio, Apartment Show, and Gallery Aferro. In 2010, Wondergem participated in Art in General's Eastern European Residency Exchange Program, where he worked with the Croatian Council of Artists to create a series of public works in Zagreb, Croatia.

The exhibition is free admission and open to the public, for special exhibition hours please check www.site95.org and Launch F18 or email info@site95.org.



Exhibition view: "Russell Maycumber, Christina Pettersson, and Brian Wondergem"
site95 @ Launch F18, New York, NY, April 7 - 28, 2012, photo credit: Cary Whittier



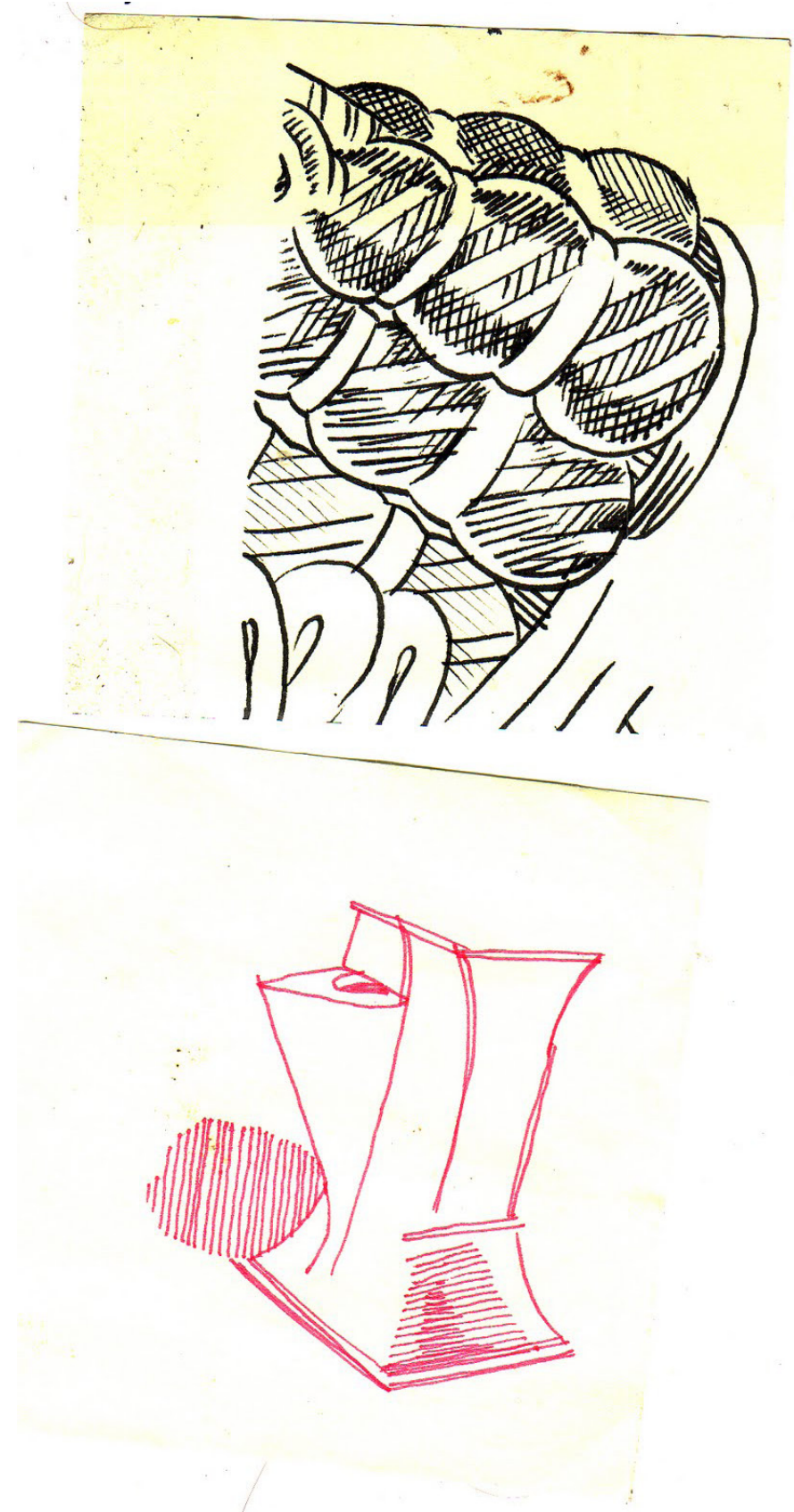
Christina Pettersson, *My Dear Leona*, 2004-2008
Graphite on paper, framed 20 x 20in each, photo credit: Cary Whittier



Russell Maycumber, *EZ Virtue*, 2012 (detail), Clay sculpture, Sumi ink on sticky notes and paper, clothespins, string, Dimensions variable, photo credit: Cary Whittier

Long Lasting Flavor

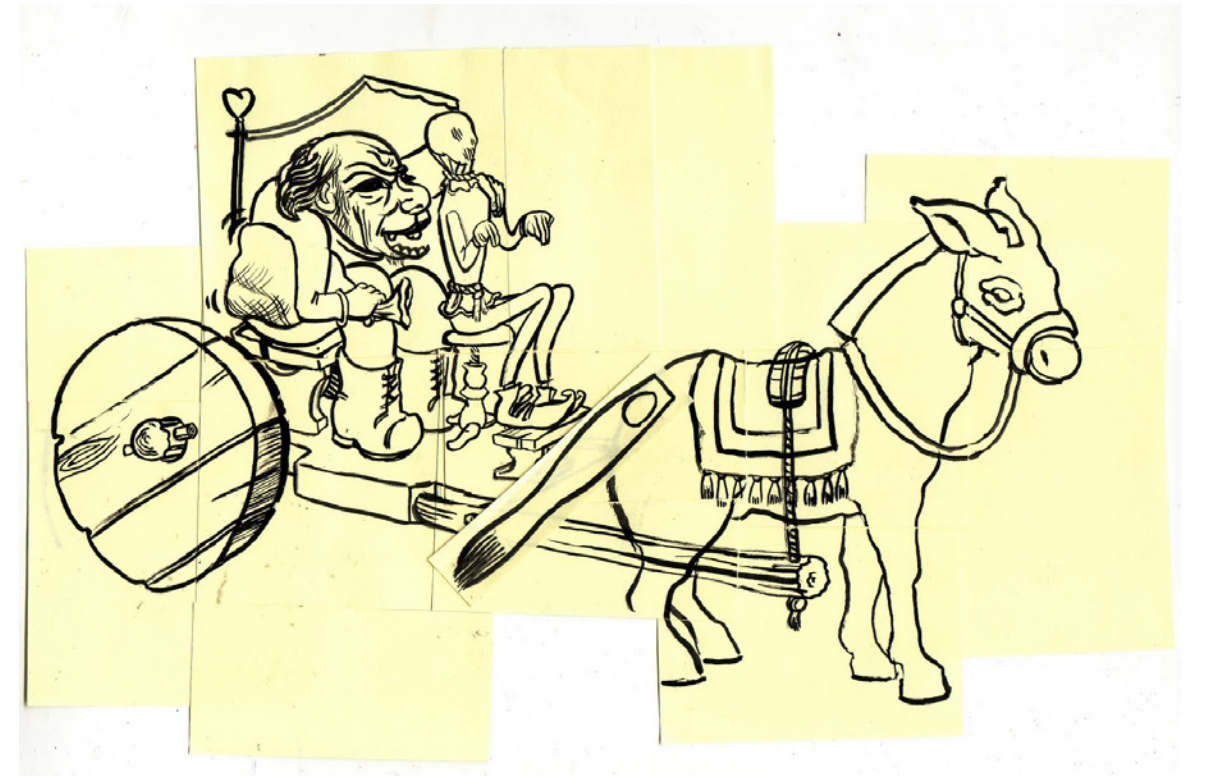
I saw a red bikini top against olive skin and black hair shine with wet. I saw it bob with washing white water. She was alone, impaled wave after wave. I watched her grow weak, slowly her strength drain. With every wave another few feet further. I watched and did nothing. I felt the same force on my legs pull me through grains of sand loose in the slur of froth. Finally a man swam to her with a cheap foam body board. She took it immediately, exhausted. As she came to shore, I commented that I couldn't tell if she needed help, and she explained. She explained how she suddenly felt no bottom. She swallowed water in her panic. As she told the story, I could see she had bright green chewing gum in her mouth.



Gina Take a Bow, 2012
Sumi ink on sticky notes and paper, 3 x 6in

Lyon Turin Exp

Its judgment day and shiny brass trumpets sound the alarm for the commute back to the promise of a bicameral bliss horizon. People project themselves into objects. Imaginary vessels receive and perceive refreshed, metastasizing around desire. Amongst the vacillation, lethargy displaces momentum. Digits fumble for a reset, between orgasm and sleep, Lyon and Turin.



Artist Project

Excerpts from: My dear Leona Christina Pettersson

Sept. 26 -- 08.

My dear Leone :

It is simply ages since you have written me - and I want this to bring a return immediately, do you understand? What are you doing with yourself anyway? I cant remember whether you have graduated or not - but it must be sort of lonely in Ton. with so many of the young people gone to college.

It is something terrible in Lockport - everyone with the college craze -- a fortunate thing perhaps - but rather hard on those left behind.

You know, don't you - that George has gone to Williams -? I think it is perfectly grand but oh my! People have the opinion I ought to be very disconsolate - and wear deep mourning. On the contrary I never felt more like having a good time - and what more, I intend to have it. 'f such a thing is possible.

The Sunday after he left - either three or four of the fellows here suggested calling. Well there was one I prepared to receive. just for fun - but he was suddenly called away on business - and in consequence I was left in the soup - much to my annoyance.

Then last Sunday, the same one decided to come - but I skidooed for an afternoon walk to the cemetery, to take my measure. My aunt was angry with me - the man - rather chagrined (?) and he had to leave with his box of candy. I would have liked the candy heap much. But that evening - some one else turned up. He was so hard to entertain that I had to call Bess in to my assistance. She was "stung" that time so it came in real handy. We managed to kill time some way or other.

The same fellow was "nice" to me at a reception last night - and I don't know when I've had such a giddy - good time. You see Leone, its a new experience for me - finding out that other fellows are worth something after all. It makes me tired - the ideas I've carried for the last few years.

Next month, I begin to go back and forth, so I shall spend the evenings in Buffalo, and expect to enjoy life there. hope so at least.

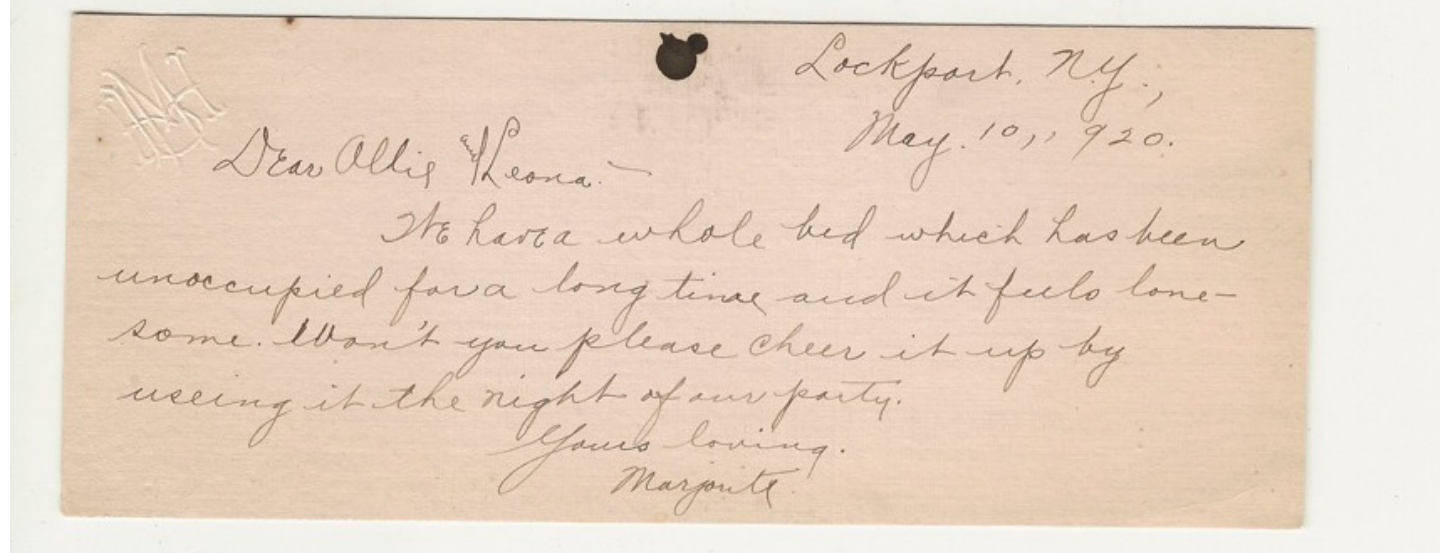
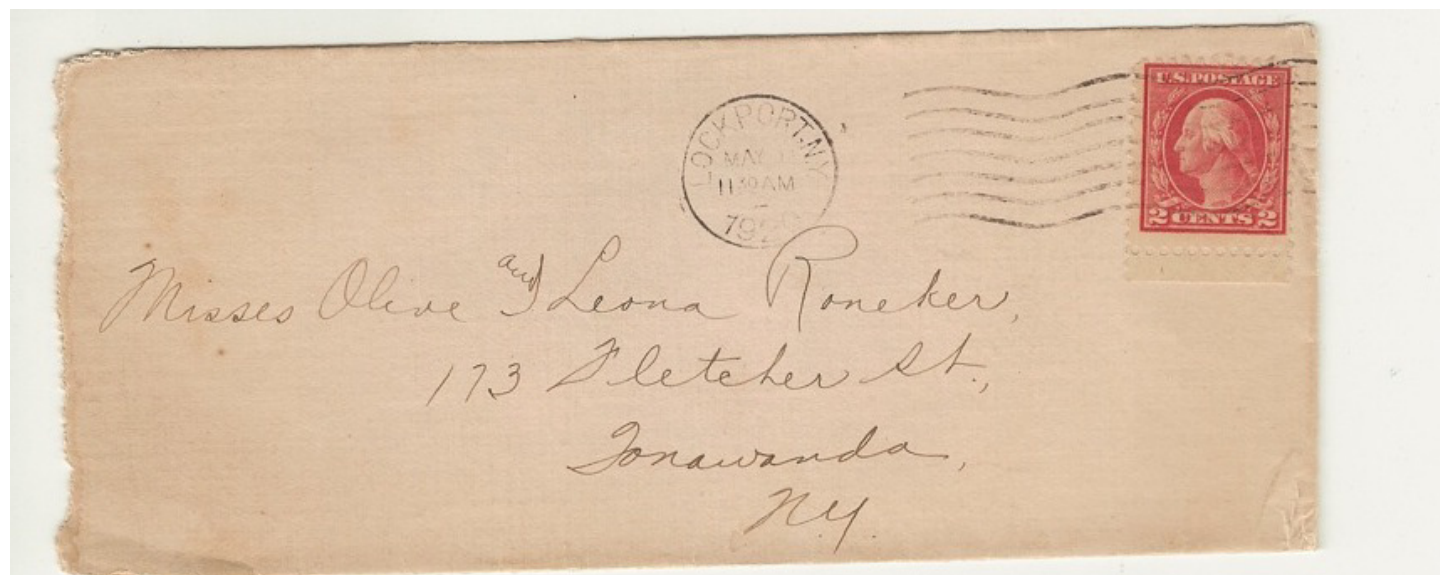
George wrote me about his hazing. I thought I should die laughing at that letter - funniest thing I ever saw. Don't they make one do ridiculous things though? He like it immensely - and I know he will get along splendid. Probably he has told you all about it himself.

Did you know that Bess and I went up to Ton. one afternoon, to go canoeing with Clyde? We gave the most awful hints that we wished to see you girls, but they didn't work at all. Clyde seemed positively deaf to our suggestions - but it really wasn't his fault.

Well, my dear - time to ring off. Be a good girl & write to tell me all the news. How is Irene? I presume she is gone too, but when you write to her, give her my best, etc.

Yours,
Arlie Leona Morton
49 Main St Lockport, N.Y.





Lockport, NY
May 10, 1920

Dear Ollie and Leona,
We have a whole bed which has been unoccupied for a long time, and it feels lonesome. Won't you please cheer it up by using it the night of our party?

Yours loving,
Marjorite

Dear Leona

You should take up writing as a profession as you started out by saying you did not feel like writing and then you filled up two pages So I see all you want is a start Speaking of gardens I have one up at Camp We don't have to cultivate flowers as there are plenty of wildflowers But I planted some head lettuce radishes onions beets and turnips They are all growing and I hope to eat some of them sometime this summer

Last week Mr Moon and I went to Glenwood Springs as they were holding their annual Strawberry day It's just a gathering of the natives with street fakers Hot dog stands and Bronco Busting But I had the pleasure of a real bath One that you could not get even in Atlantic City As they have the hot and cold water running right out of the mountain And it makes one feel fine Then at night they held a dance Something like you see in the movies Only they didnt any one get shot Although some of them were half shot

Havent heard from Lee I suppose he is to busy playing golf in the daytime and bridge at night If he was out here he would not have time for either Conway owes me a letter but he is also busy in a different way But I am kept posted by some of the Boys and get all the scandal and prize fight news

I was just out and fed my horse You wanted to know what I called her Well what I call her some times I would not want to put down in writing But just now she is on her good behavior and naturally I call her pet names

The sun has put on a new lens and it sure burns But we most always have a breese and that helps out and the nights are always cool

Dont play with the fireworks next Saturday as you might get your fingers burned and then I would have to wait for an answer

Yours truly
EJR



Endless Caverns

go away for a while
then come back to see,
how much has changed
inside you, and inside them

previously
there was a great deal
of meaning in those caverns.
now they sit there as empty as ever -
vacant wet rocks.

people go in there and things will happen
that you don't witness
or understand

but who are you
to close the door
on those spelunkers?

they are the ones
who navigate the underworld
and are mining
the Earth
for all its hidden secrets.





Incident at the Laundry, 2012, fabric, wood, metal
Dimensions variable, photo credit: Cary Whittier

Incident at the Laundry

let me lay down
inside your pile
of warm laundry.
if I roll within
your clean fabrics,
I will surely become
young, again.

I can live here
among the driers at
the Laundromat,
and cast a smoke screen
over the conditions
of my callous heart.

the trajectory of my life
will be talked about like a myth
told to children
regarding the dangers of living
for careless pursuits.

As the fool who haunts the laundry
everyone can laugh over
the thoughtless mistakes
I have made.

instead the stains come out,
and I end up a solitary figure
standing in the rain
outside the Laundromat
having abandoned everything
I had longed for
or held in high regard.

Writings

My File By Liz Mund

I stood in front of the expansive window, exchanging stares with the enormous bucks grazing in the open space on the other side of the glass. I would miss them.

The house was on the market for two days. It was no surprise that it sold so quickly, magnificent as it was. The shocker had been that my parents were selling the house at all. The move had been out there in the future somewhere, but I hadn't prepared for it, hadn't readied myself to say goodbye—to the deer, the physicality of the structure, the memories—and all that storage...

After a period of mourning; I vowed to be just as in love with their next home, and to come collect my stuff from their garage. Over the years I had surreptitiously stashed boxes, bags of clothes and other miscellaneous junk in recesses of the house, and I was discovered when the time came for them to pack. I made countless trips up the mountain, mystified as to how in the world I had ever possessed this much mass. Boxes just kept coming, piling up in the back of the car. Finally, I ran out of creative places to situate my dog safely and was forced to bring the lot up the three floors to my miniscule apartment. I set aside a few hours to go through it all—sort and laugh, sort and toss, sort and save, sort and cry.

I sat on the floor in stunned disbelief for a full minute, scissors dangling from my fingers, gaping at the contents of the first open box. It was My File: ELIZABETH; the folder that had lived in Dad's metal cabinet for the last thirty odd years, nestled safely between CANCELED CHECKS and FAMILY SS NUMBERS.

Shock was all that registered at first. Were they giving me the complete record of my life? Did that mean now I was in charge of it? I knew the day would come, but like the house; I had clearly not been prepared for it.

When I collected myself; I pulled the file out of the box, smiling wistfully at Dad's scrawling all caps script in the tab. (It had been how I uncovered Santa's true identity: the eerie familiarity of the handwriting on the presents.) As I went through the papers and photos that had been so carefully tucked away; I found a past just different enough than the one I remembered. The memories whispering from this history weren't foreign, but accented, and I could feel my parents touch on each one. These were not the same memories I had documented, or thought to—but the ones Mom and Dad had.

I read through poems pondering the world's beginning, essays arguing that cats and dogs actually did get along, and stacks of 'What I am Thankful For' notes. Five Thanksgivings I was thankful for my family, one year for my cat, and one year I was really, really thankful for Teddy, my cabbage patch doll. He was awesome, and in the third box...

I found two letters to me from Mom and Dad before I left for college, both unbearably sweet. Dad wanted to spend time together before I left and to make sure I know that he believes in me, and my many talents. Mom, telling of her faith in me, in whatever path I chose, and that even though we don't always communicate so well, she loves me.

Then there was an essay I wrote in college: *"I'm Lazy, But It's OK, I'm the youngest"*. I forgot about that one. I imagine I sent this to Mom and Dad freshman year as evidence of my growing and changing young mind. I wonder if they took it that way. I'll ask them, right after I thank them for taking such good care of "ELIZABETH" so I could have her back when I grew up.





**“I’ll Be Your Mirror”
By Daniel McGrath**

Monsoon rains, cold chill, high winds... So we must be in LA again. Only it is March and the good folks at Monte Vista Projects allowed me to harbor the good ship: “I’ll Be Your Mirror” in their East LA exhibition space (March 17-April 15). Monte Vista Projects is run by a revolving group of artists. They change from one season to the next but the space has been the first-est with the most-est on various occasions. Andrea Zittel and recently Dawn Kasper (see her Whitney Biennial installation) have both shown here. So naturally I was extremely excited to be part of their programming as a curator. The crew is a motley assortment of graduates from universities around town, all very gracious hosts. It’s a tiptop artist’s run space. My “Mr. Fixit” contact there happens to be an old colleague named Jay Lizo. Incidentally, he built the minimal yet cool housing for the Charles Ray piece (Thanks Jay!) and facilitated much of the tour. The show I put together is conventional in many ways and represents the things I like first and foremost. It started life in a space in St. Louis called the Sheldon Theater--then it spread like a rash to LA. It’s basically a snapshot of interesting artists (and their work) who deal with doubles and doppelgangers in various ways. Slater Bradley’s “Dark Night of The Soul” most explicitly broaches the subject with his Doppelgänger Benjamin Brock playing an astronaut lost in New York’s Natural History Museum. In various degrees the other works address the subject of doubling. Hannah Greely’s “Doug,” a resin cast of a bottle of Budweiser caked in mud, in addition to imbibing you to see double, serves as both subject and material. Pablo Helguera’s “Artoon” mocks the anthropomorphic tendency of artists seeing their work as living extensions of themselves. Jay Erker’s impasto-ed posters of the Jonas Brothers add a touch of teenage fandom to the mix—how can you tell the Jonas brothers apart? You can’t. They are as interchangeable in the band as the band is with any other boy band. Her paint gushes over the boys’ obscured faces like a libidinous waterfall of liquefied taffy. However the poster captions help to identify the gooey facials. It’s all good fun, go see for yourselves and make it worth Jay Lizo’s day to invigilate the space all weekend. It’s open by appointment too, apparently.

“I’ll Be Your Mirror” is on view through April 15, 2012 at Monte Vista, Los Angeles, California.

Monte Vista is an artist-run space in Highland Park. Since July 2007, Monte Vista has hosted exhibitions, lectures, events, and performances. The space is self-determining—there is no “manifesto”—but the general aims are to provide a platform for art and conversation to Los Angeles, emphasizing experimentation and artworks that contribute to non-traditional dialogues.

montevistaprojects.com

Exhibition view: “I’ll Be Your Mirror,” Monte Vista,
Los Angeles, California, March 17 - April 15, 2012



Exhibition view: “I’ll Be Your Mirror,” Monte Vista,
Los Angeles, California, March 17 - April 15, 2012



3.12.12 Featured Artist: E. Brady Robinson
Transfer, 2011

My work is informed by a culture of instant and mobile image capture. I use the camera to examine my environment and record fleeting moments of existence. *Transfer* is based on the concept of “the drift.” The snapshot aesthetic is utilized as means to quickly record, document, and observe. Exploration of the formal qualities of the snapshot is met with rigorous editing and purposeful sequencing. The installation is a deliberate re-contextualization of sequential shots and describes a territory where the social/cultural landscape, personal experience, and pure aesthetics meet.

E. Brady Robinson received her BFA in photography from The Maryland Institute, College of Art in Baltimore, Maryland and her MFA in photography from Cranbrook Art Academy in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. Her photographs have been exhibited nationally at Orlando Museum of Art, Cornell Fine Arts Museum, Katzen Art Center at American University and Florida State Museum. Reviews include: “Afterimage,” *The Washington Post* and *HOY Santo Domingo*. Select collections include: Corcoran Gallery of Art, Orlando Museum of Art and Spanish Cultural Center in Santo Domingo, DR. Recent exhibits include: “Transformer Art Auction 2011” at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, “Remote” at Civilian Art Projects and “FLASH” curated by Amanda Maddox for FotoweeekDC. Robinson is Associate Professor in the School of Visual Arts and Design at University of Central Florida. She maintains a studio in Washington, DC and Orlando, Florida.

Artist website: ebradyrobinson.com





3.19.12 Featured Artist: Jenna Ransom

Nature is both inspiring and impossible to comprehend. It can be romantic, magical, colorful, and dark. Through painting, I explore these mysteries within invented landscapes. I believe that there is no ultimate meaning in this world. My vision is not based on beautiful iconic images rather I see the world as decomposing and taking on new shapes. In my created environments, nature is important, not to mention, liberating, seductive, raunchy, and sweet. My reality is based in imagination, dreams, desires and memories.

When I was young, I spent every weekend in rural New Hampshire's White Mountains. Dark nights and endless woods led my wild imagination in circles as if I were lost in a daydream. Feelings of passion and fear were equally haunting. Daily, I explore those vivid memories through drippy paint, suggestive symbolisms, and repeated imagery. My technique is a "wet on wet" process where the paint and water blend into each other creating almost intangible imagery. The backgrounds are built up of acrylic layers that have been repeatedly sanded down, resulting in a dream-like atmosphere. I tape and mask some images so there is heightened contrast with the loose markings.

Jenna Ransom lives and works in Brooklyn, NY. She received an MFA in painting from Pratt Institute in 2005. Since then she has participated in the Bronx Museum's Artist In the Marketplace residency, Abrons Art Center Artist In Residence program, and The Vermont Studio Center. She enjoys reading and riding her bicycle at the same time.

Artist website: jennaransom.com



3.26.12 Featured Artist: Hannes Bend
“Eclipse” at Charest-Weinberg, Miami, Florida,
March 30 - June 2, 2012

Hannes Bend was born in Neustadt, a small town on the Baltic Sea in northern Germany. An affinity for the dramatic natural landscape, one that similarly inspired the German Romantics, runs through his art. It should be mentioned that Caspar David Friedrich painted the area surrounding Bend’s childhood home. However, the younger artist’s sublime has been contaminated by the twentieth century—industrial modernization and globalized popular culture—forcing classical tropes to grapple for contemporary relevance. The sky and the ocean, long expanses of contemplation, have been recast as negative space encroached upon by society. While not hopeless, the situation is far from ideal.

For “Eclipse,” Bend stages a multimedia recreation of the contemporary sublime and its lower, fractured shadow. The gallery overflows with wreckage dredged from the Osborne Reef, a failed manmade reef off the coast of Fort Lauderdale. The reef began in 1972, when the Broward Artificial Reef Inc. Company (BARINC) began dumping car tires in hopes that they would foster marine life. With close to 2,000,000 tires today, the Osborne is now an ecological catastrophe. Two videos bracket this well-intentioned dystopia. “Eclipse,” 2012 shows blue sky interrupted by passing cars, industrial equipment, and the underbellies of passenger airplanes. “Aquadome,” 2012 juxtaposes different watery environments: the shoreline, the Osborne Reef, aquariums and swimming pools. As “Aquadome” flits from the submerged cemetery to the bourgeois appropriation of nature, recalling both Friedrich’s “The Sea of Ice” and Dan Graham’s “Death By Chocolate,” the viewer must accommodate both natural continuation and societal entropy. It is not just a phonetic link that attaches these water pieces to bathos—the lofty treatment of the commonplace. His work joins us as we search high and low for that which is worth saving.

Hannes Bend graduated from the Fine Arts College Berlin Weissensee in 2007. He has had solo exhibitions in Berlin, New York, and is currently an Artist-in-residence at the Fountainhead Residency in Miami. “Eclipse” is his first solo exhibition with Charest-Weinberg.

Gallery website: charestweinberg.com

Artist website: hannesbend.com



Top: View of Osborne tire reef in 2008
Bottom: Video still: Aquadome, 2012



4.2.12 Featured Artist: Jean Seestadt

In my site-specific installations I am interested in pushing the fragile tradition of paper cutting into a public context. The environment or viewer will eventually break down each piece and turn the artwork into litter. Because the street is not a precious space the viewer can approach the work however they'd like whether that means touching it, ripping it, taking it, or taking care of it. The piece does not work without people feeling free to do whatever they want with the object. I deliberately avoid providing any context or description of the artwork for the viewer. I prefer that viewers encounter the work as an interruption of their space that they must then interpret or ignore of their own volition.

Jean Seestadt is a Brooklyn-based artist and an MFA student at Hunter College. Seestadt hails from Minneapolis, MN and received her BFA from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago in 2007. Her work has been exhibited in United States and Europe, including shows in New York, Chicago, Minneapolis, Umbria, and Oxford, England. She has been reviewed in several publications including the *Huffington Post* and *Brooklyn Street Art*.

Artist website: jeanseestadt.com

City Sidewalk (image I), 2012
Paper, Dimensions variable



Top: *Wave Hill (image II)*, 2011, Paper, Dimensions variable
Bottom: *Fire Hydrant (image II)*, 2011, Paper, Dimensions variable

Feature

Jan Peeters and Hermann Wundrum: On Familiar Things by Hunter Braithwaite

Recently, I had the pleasure to break bread with Prof. Jan Peeters and Hermann Wundrum, the two minds behind the excellent, *On Familiar Things*. Over the course of an afternoon, we discussed the current ramifications of painting from the Dutch *Gouden Eeuw*. The following is a transcription of that conversation.

Prof. Jan Peeters is on research leave from the art history department at the University of Utrecht. His new book, *The Sacred Kitchen*, about domesticity and religious reformation in 17th century Dutch painting, is available from Cambridge University Press. Prof. Peeters is an occasional advisor to Haarlem's Frans Hals Museum.

Hermann Wundrum is an acclaimed art historian of Golden Age painting. His books include *Familiar Feasts*, *Humble Foodstuffs*, and most recently the *Golden Table*. He is formerly an Andrew W. Mellon Postdoctoral Curatorial Fellow at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Wundrum has previously been professor of art history at the University of Amsterdam and the College of William and Mary.

Hunter Braithwaite: Can we begin with an introduction? How did you arrive at this point, both as gentlemen and scholars? How did you meet?

HW: I was born in 1954 in Holset, a village near the Vaalsberg in the Netherlands. Nearing my twenties and floundering I took up an apprenticeship with my uncle Willem, a furniture maker.

In the spring of 1979 I made my first visit to the Rijksmuseum, traveling with a few friends. This was when I first laid eyes on Jan van de Velde the second's "Still Life with Tall Beer Glass." It awakened something within me, and it's an experience I'm still trying to piece together. Only a few weeks passed between my visit to the Rijksmuseum and my acceptance to study art history at Oxford University. I stayed on at Oxford for quite a long time — I've always been known for my loyalties — where I earned my masters and then doctorate. There were a few interceding years, where I took a job editing for a university press before accepting a job at the University of Amsterdam, where I stayed for more than a decade.

Beginning in the mid-nineties I worked for a time at the Stadel Museum in Frankfurt, as a consultant in acquiring paintings by Old Masters. Traveling for the Stadel had me running all over Europe, tracking paintings and bidding at auctions of behalf of the museum. By the end of the nineties I decided enough was enough. When the College of William and Mary asked if I'd be interested in joining the faculty to teach two courses on the Old Masters I could not refuse. It was an easy offer to accept, with Jan already on board with their art history department.

My days in Williamsburg were some of my finest, professionally. Jan and I greatly enjoyed our time as professors adjunct, often talking late into the night at the Green Leaf over glasses of Chimay and soft pretzels loaded with spicy mustards.

JP: Yes, indeed! Many of my scholarly peers see me as a kind of devotee of Old Europe, and intellectually I suppose I am, but one cannot forget that I completed my doctorate at the University of Wisconsin, eating cheese fries with my American colleagues and playing Boggle by the lake with my then advisor, now dear friend Jane Hutchison. As a boy I always imagined that I would one day spend time in the United States. But I never lived my dream until I went to Wisconsin, still one of my favorite places (so like the Netherlands in some ways), after finishing up at Peterhouse, Cambridge, where I studied the History of Art. I developed a real fascination — maybe an obsession — growing up in Leiden, where my parents were Lecturers in Economics and Politics. I had so many opportunities then to lurk about Leiden's many comic and baseball card shops, as so many artists have done, growing from there into my love of the figurative and domestic. And then —

HW: Jan, did I mistake you, or did your phrasing suggest that you too were an artist, once?

JP: A-ha! My dark secret, as we've always said. [HW & JP chuckle over their bagels.] When I was a teen I imagined myself in the company of Claesz and van Hoogstraten, as I whiled away the hours in my bedroom, copying Asterix strips. But in the end it was my fascination with art history that both humbled me and revealed my true path: I knew that I simply did not have the gift for producing art myself, but at Cambridge and Wisconsin I realized that I had a natural talent for conveying my excitement about art to others, which is why I was drawn to teach.

HW: Jan and I met at the University of Leiden, where both Rembrandt and Jan Steen were once students, in 1988, is that right?

JP: I think it was '89. Francesca had just retired. Hunter — could you pass the butter?



Jan van de Velde II, *Still Life with Tall Beer Glass*, 1647

HW: Oh, was it really? Ah, yes. I remember now. At the time I was teaching at the University of Amsterdam. I had been invited to Leiden to lecture on the festival scenes of Jan Steen. There was a faculty dinner following the lecture where I met Jan, who had read my book. We were fast friends!

JP: Your book was something like a revelation, a work of real honesty and integrity among what I still see as a lot of high-minded nonsense. Indeed, it was Hermann’s friendship that rekindled my love for teaching and studying after several years of what you could call dead-end academic fellowships around Europe. During those years, despite my growing scholarly output, I had trouble finding my way, professionally. The trouble was, as I learned through hours of discussion with Hermann and our small cohort, was that I had ignored the simplest path of all: to use my academic work as a way to invite others to rediscover classical painting, to pay attention to the ways artists capture and amplify the everyday.

HB: Speaking of the everyday, how do you feel focusing on art *history* in a world that seems all too contemporary?

JP: Perhaps your eyes deceive you, living as you do in gleaming, glossy, modern Miami! History is all around us. One need only take a moment, perhaps relaxing in a favorite chair with a pot of tea and a snack, to think of all the familiar things that surround us always. These things aren’t history — they’re always present, from the 17th Century until now, and that’s what the Old Masters teach!

HW: Just think, Hunter, earlier this morning at brunch the three of us were chatting over tea, clementines, bagels, fig jam and tubs of whipped Philadelphia! Our world and the world of our Old Masters are entirely different, of course. Just think of how we can walk a few blocks to Trader Joe’s for chocolate-covered coffee beans, and small jars of saffron, cumin and cardamom. These are the things that turned the Netherlands into the financial capital of the world. Today, they are groceries. Jan and I have been very lucky to build our careers around the legacies of our favorite painters and to spend a bit of time among their paintings.

JP: A considerable amount of time!

HW: I might add, that in terms of sheer skill, technique and fidelity, many of these painters have never been bettered. It’s important to me that we remember their craft, in a world today where Jenny Holzer can take a phrase, turn it into a neon sign, and be done with it. It’s scandalous.

JP: Indeed. I admit that my own opinions on art sometimes border on the conservative — my apologies to the artists on your blog, Hunter — but I am often alienated by contemporary artists. I have always thought, throughout my career, that even though artists may not have a distinct role in every society, they nevertheless reflect the everyday in their work, whatever their message. But what is the everyday for these artists? Is modern life so terrifying? When I go to contemporary museums, most of what I see is enough to send me down to the café for a hot chocolate.

HB: The inclusion of consumer goods in these paintings, both in a central and peripheral manner, suggests an oscillation between resisting and embracing consumerism. Did these artists find themselves in opposition to the Mercantilism, or did they cooperate with it, even exploiting protocapitalist processes for their own gain?

JP: It’s clear, on a material level, that Dutch artists of the time relied deeply on mercantilism. The brothers de Bray sketched on Japanese paper, straight

from the Dutch outpost at Dejima! The very earliest coffeehouse of the time, where many artists whiled away the hours, sourced coffee beans, flour, marijuana, and sugar (critical for making stroopwafel and drop) from warmer climates.

But as goods and money flowed into the 17th Century Netherlands, social strata began to shift. The upper classes became wealthier, and the economies of the lower classes began to stagnate. Naturally, as societies liberalize in this way, visionaries can become malcontent: the real Mercantilists read their Roger Coke, while many painters like Dirk van Baburen read Abbie Hoffman. So the Dutch painters were indeed in an odd kind of tension. Their patrons obviously relied on mercantilism — international trade and credit paid the high costs of the painters’ portraits and church embellishments. The painters relied on mercantilism too, for materiel, processed snacks, and marijuana, but they, as van Baburen did, denied the qualitative values of mercantilism and capitalism more generally. What I find most interesting, as the painter Job Adriaenszoon Berckheyde describes in his utterly charming 1672 painting “A Dealer in His ‘Office,’” are the unofficial economies that cropped up around artists and their hangers on. You could call it “homegrown Mercantilism!”

HW: And the painters were sometimes reliant on the merchants, themselves! Frans Hals’s portrait of Willem van Heythuyzen is extraordinary. Holbein’s Double Portrait of Jean de Dinteville and Georges de Selve is among the best.

JP: Yes, indeed. Holbein’s Double Portrait is one of my favorite depictions of friendship that crosses class lines (something dear to me, as I was once a scholarship student at Peterhouse). Holbein, de Dinteville, and De Selve were known to stay up late into the night after their transactions were finished, playing Xbox until the Ambassadors’ duties called them away. Moments like that might lead one to conclude that these painters “cooperated” with Mercantilism or protocapitalism, Hunter, but I think the question itself is too normative. The answer is simply that these artists did what they could — they “Kept on Truckin,” as a famous comic of the day put it — day to day. And that day to day is what Hermann and I are most concerned with in our work. I am not much of a dialectical scholar, despite a brief flirtation with (a young lady in!) the fashionable Cambridge Marxists of the 1970s.

HW: Oh, Rachel, was it? I remember she had quite a good nickname for you.

JP: Oh, my.

HB: What was that, Professor Wundrum?

HW: One spring Jan declined an opportunity to join Rachel in a protest at the Chancellor’s office.

HB: What were they protesting?

HW: Oh, they probably stopped buying vegetables for their cafeteria from a local farm.

JP: They were upset about the wages paid to custodial staff.



Frans Hals, *Willem van Heythuyzen*, c. 1625

HW: At any rate, Jan stayed in his dorm to study and from then on Rachel called him “Yawn” Peeters! Y-a-w-n for our transcriber. Decades later, a few students took to calling him the same in Williamsburg. But in kind jest.

JP: If those students didn’t return year after year with gifts of kroketten and instant coffee, I’d have taken it personally!

HB: Can you describe the path to becoming an artist? Supposing that financially independent painters were few and far between, how did most pay the bills? Did they have day jobs?

JP: Then, as now, it was not uncommon for young artists to blossom from notebook doodlers into masters of common feeling. Van Hoogstraten immortalized this feeling in his self-portrait of himself as a young sketcher of rock musicians. It takes no art historian to see how far he came! Take the famous portrait by Jan Davidszoon de Heem’s, the young Student in His Study — one of my favorite paintings to visit at the Ashmolean at Oxford, there among so many young students.

HW: Mine, as well.

JP: It’s a popular version of the same theme, so popular among these artists whose artistic educations generally began (as so many modern artists’ have) copying comic books but sometimes — what luck! — matured under the tutelage of those we now know as the Old Masters.

HW: And to speak a bit of the path. Learning the trade of the painter was quite similar to learning another trade. Like the cobbler, the cooper and the luthier, the painter learned by apprenticeships and communion with guilds of craftsmen.

It would seem that making a living as an artist has always been difficult. Golden Age artists made a living in the same ways artists do today. Many were reliant on benefactors and enthusiastic collectors. Others were born of wealthy families – Nicolas Maes, Joachaim Stradart and Claesz’s rival in the ontbijt — Willem Claeszoon Heda.

JP: The mere mention of Heda always evokes his Banquet Piece with Mince Pie.

HW: Is it nearing lunch time, Hunter?

JP: I saved two clementines from brunch and brought along a bag of Nestle Flipz. Would you like some?

HW: You know me all too well, Jan! At any rate, it was seldom the case that painters, who in time have become our Old Masters, flourished by their talents. We must remember that some of our finest painters, Vermeer, Rembrandt and Hals, lived along the raw lines of poverty.

While he enjoyed a lengthy period of success, late in life Hals was bankrupted. After which he continued to paint, working on a few commissions, most famously the governors of the Haarlem almshouse.

There is bitter irony in the fact that an impoverished Hals was employed to paint his wealthiest neighbors. Their costumes were likely more valuable than all of Hals’s possessions combined. But of course he completed his portraits and painted them brilliantly, focused on the canvas rather than the contents of his pantry: half of a jar of Nutella. We can be sure that, at times, Hals was nourished only by his love of sunlight!

I must say, Jan, this is becoming quite the lecture!

JP: I’m having the time of my life! Moments like this are really what I treasure most: to sit among snacks and friends, discussing art. I almost feel, Hunter, that these artists of whom we speak sit here with us now, scooping handfuls of Ruffles from the bowl on the counter and listening eagerly to the way we remember them, almost as if they are old friends visiting again, laughing over old stories, half-forgotten through the haze!

