lumber room | COOLEY

JESSICA JACKSON HUTCHINS
CONFESSIONS

SEPTEMBER 2 – NOVEMBER 8, 2015

ONE EXHIBITION, TWO SPACES:

LUMBER ROOM
419 NW 9TH

DOUGLAS F. COOLEY MEMORIAL ART GALLERY, REED COLLEGE
3203 SE WOODSTOCK

SPECIAL EVENTS

SEPTEMBER 27: PUBLIC RECEPTION, LUMBER ROOM, 1:00 – 4:00 P.M.

SEPTEMBER 29: ARTIST TALK BY JESSICA JACKSON HUTCHINS,
REED COLLEGE CHAPEL, ELIOT HALL, 6:30 P.M.,
FOLLOWED BY A PUBLIC RECEPTION AT THE COOLEY GALLERY

NOVEMBER 7: ARTIST BOOK RELEASE, CONTAINER CORPS, 4:00 – 6:00 P.M.
800 SE 10TH AVENUE

JESSICA JACKSON HUTCHINS: CONFESSIONS

September 2–November 8, 2015:
One exhibition, two spaces: the lumber room, and the Douglas F. Cooley Memorial Art Gallery, Reed College

September 27: Public reception, 1:00–4:00 p.m., lumber room

September 29: Public artist talk, 6:30 p.m., Reed College Chapel, followed by a reception at the Cooley

November 15: Artist book publication party, 3:00–5:00 p.m., Container Corps

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Confessions

The lumber room and the Douglas F. Cooley Memorial Art Gallery, Reed College, are proud to present Confessions —internationally recognized artist Jessica Jackson Hutchins' first comprehensive West Coast exhibition.

Hutchins' raw, enigmatic sculptures are constructed from household furniture, textiles, and an assortment of everyday materials and objects. Often growing into monolithic expanses heaped with plaster, clay, and paint, the sculptures become embedded with familiar articles such as clothing, newspaper clippings, paper cups, and utensils. The works are alternately domestic and massive, refined and ecstatic, and their vigorous eclecticism speaks to Hutchins' investment in subjects as diverse as: Chinese landscape painting, poetry, sports figures, and punk.

In her most recent paintings, Hutchins stretches semi-transparent and printed fabrics over large, gridded stretcher bars, often reversing the works and using the backs of the grids to frame accumulations of paint and plaster, or arrangements of pillows, dishware, and other commonplace goods. At times Hutchins prints the surfaces of her paintings with the very chairs, tables, and musical instruments that populate her sculptures; here, objects become images, transferring their deconstructed likenesses across various substrates. Hutchins also stitches and weaves the paintings with letterforms and ambiguous shapes made from paper and clay. All of the works possess multiple literary and spatial perspectives.

Confessions is a collaboration between the artist and two distinctive visual arts spaces: the lumber room, an exhibition and artist residency space founded by collector Sarah Miller Meigs, and the Cooley Gallery, Reed's intimate academic museum, curated by Stephanie Snyder. Together, the lumber room and the Cooley present interrelated aspects of Hutchins' work in response to each venue's ethos and architecture. The lumber room iteration is comprised of work solely from Sarah Miller Meigs' collection of Hutchins' drawings, paintings, sculptures, and videos, from 1999 to the present, including a new commissioned sculpture. The Cooley Gallery features recent large-scale paintings and furniture-based sculptures, some fresh from Hutchins' studio, as well as a group of related collages.

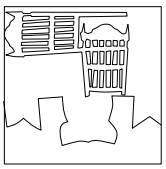
Inspired by Hutchins and her work, the exhibition's collaborative ethic is rooted in a desire for transparency: around collecting, curating, and making, and the care, circulation, and elucidation of artworks. Together, Meigs and Snyder seek to offer visitors a rich experiential engagement with Hutchins' work amidst their shared personal and professional concerns around autonomy, motherhood, experimentation, and community.

In conjunction with the exhibition, the lumber room and the Cooley Gallery are publishing an experimental book by the artist. The book is designed by Gary Robbins and printed at Container Corps, Portland, with project participtation from Heather Watkins.

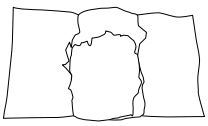
Jessica Jackson Hutchins was born in Chicago in 1971. She received her MFA from The School of the Art Institute of Chicago in 1999. Since her first exhibition in New York in 2004, Hutchins has exhibited throughout the US and abroad, at institutions such as the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York (2010); Institute for Contemporary Art, Boston (2011); the Eli and Edythe Broad Art Museum, East Lansing, MI (2013); the Hepworth Wakefield Museum, UK (2013); and The Aldrich Contemporary Art Museum, Ridgefield, CT (2014). In 2013, a monograph of the artist, Jessica Jackson Hutchins: Everything Erblaut , was published on the occasion of her exhibition at the Hepworth Wakefield Museum, UK. The artist lives and works in Portland, Oregon.

COOLEY

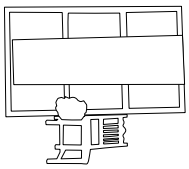
DOUGLAS F. COOLEY MEMORIAL ART GALLERY, REED COLLEGE



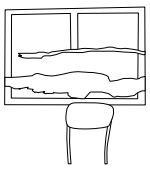
CHAIR, 2015
60 × 64 inches
Print on fabric, canvas
Courtesy of the artist



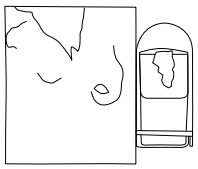
Hearts & Watches, 2015
35¾ × 53¼ × 2 inches
Paper, newspaper, paint, glue
Courtesy of the artist



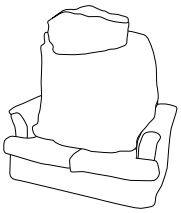
Might, 2015
71 × 89 × 18 inches
Wood, fabric, oil paint, watercolor, chair, ink, glazed ceramic
Courtesy of the artist



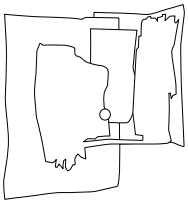
Seascape, 2015
68 × 48 × 11½ inches
Acrylic paint, collage, mixed media, fabric, chair, plate
Courtesy of the artist and Marianne Boesky Gallery, New York



Third Eye, 2015
47½ × 56 × 6 inches
Acrylic paint, collage, mixed media, fabric, cord, chair, glazed ceramic
Courtesy of the artist and Marianne Boesky Gallery, New York

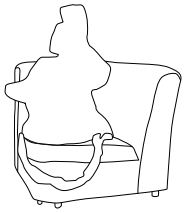


Ultrasuede Wave, 2015
85½ × 64 × 41 inches
Sofa, oil stick, glazed ceramic
Courtesy of the artist and Marianne Boesky Gallery, New York

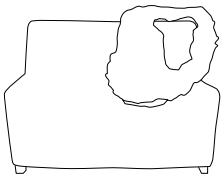


Visual Encyclopedia of Stimulating Sexual Fun, 2015
38½ × 39 ½ × 7 inches
Paper mache, wallpaper, mixed media on paper
Courtesy of the artist

Bored to Death, 2013
57¼ × 27½ × 36¼ inches
Chair, plaster, paper mache, gesso, ink, collage, fabric, glazed ceramic
Courtesy of the artist and Timothy Taylor, London

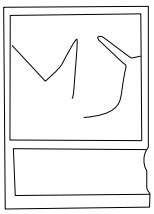


Three Graces, 2013
47¼ × 36½ × 35½ inches
Paint on sofa, glazed ceramic, fabric
Courtesy of the artist and Timothy Taylor, London

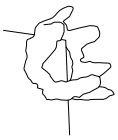


SAP, 2012
43½ × 59 × 34¾ inches
Sofa, watercolor, fabric, mixed media, glazed ceramic
Courtesy of the artist and Timothy Taylor, London

COOLEY GALLERY FOYER

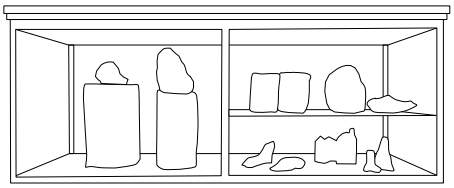


The Ark, 2015
48½ × 35 inches
Paint, ink, collage, cord with cheesecloth
Courtesy of the artist and Marianne Boesky Gallery, New York

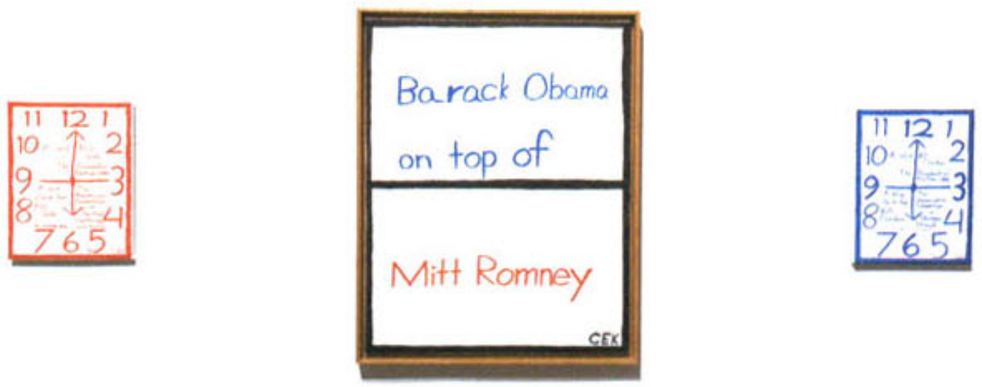


Crown, 2000
5½ × 10 inches diameter
Mixed media collage
Courtesy of the artist

REED LIBRARY CASEWORKS



Studio artifacts, 1999–2015
Mixed media
Dimensions variable
Courtesy of the artist



View of "Christopher Knowles," 2015. From left: *A Red Clock for Bob Dole*, 2009; *Untitled*, 2012; *A Blue Clock for Bill Clinton*, 2009.

Knowles's narration, again and again to a disparate cast of would-be buyers. No one wants to buy a watch; not once during the entire day of hawking described during the six-minute-long film does a passerby bite. While this kind of repetition is a well established strategy of contemporaneous video art (think of William Wegman's exercises in cheeky deadpan, for example), Knowles's repetitive structure conveys an indexical processing of the passing of time, a meditation on the correlation between the watch as an object that physically marks duration and the word *watch* that spans the length of the sound track—a series of moments from the protagonist's day, ticked off one by one in Knowles's steady monotone.

Knowles's use of time-marking appliances (alarm clocks, wall clocks, and digital watches, as well as calendar motifs, reappear throughout his oeuvre) is frequently documentary in its effect—the clock repurposed as a barometer of culturally and personally resonant occurrences. Here, *A Red Clock for Bob Dole* and *A Blue Clock for Bill Clinton*, both 2009, feature text detailing the 1996 campaigns of the presidential candidates for whom they are respectively named, scrawled between the four hands of the compass-like clock faces. (The works' minimal primary palettes and white grounds also demonstrate the influence of political signage within Knowles's practice.) These were installed to flank *Untitled*, 2012, which bears the words BARACK OBAMA ON TOP OF MITT ROMNEY, arranged exactly the way the phrase suggests.

The timepiece motifs of these works echo that of *Untitled*, 1986 (not on view), arguably the most iconic of Knowles's typings, his virtuosic compositions that recall, and often formally surpass, Carl Andre's celebrated typewritten graphic poems, but whose content is considerably less oblique. Knowles's drawing renders the contours of the artist's Casio stopwatch as a grid of meticulously typed red and black lowercase *c*'s, save for its face, which shows the date "12–27 FRI" above the hour "4:30," presumably the moment at which the work was started or finished.

Knowles is equally methodical in the construction of his more illustrative paintings, which depart from time as their explicit subject. Of these, the artist's Parzifal works are exemplary, and were a highlight of the show. Knowles maps the works' compositions in his head first before filling in quadrants completely, one color at a time, with single layers of acrylic, oil markers, and felt pens. *Parzival #12*, 1989, depicts a pair of sleepers with limbs entwined, lying before a row of white-lab-coated institutional figures who observe them (and the viewer) from the composition's background. The feet of one of these individuals—a nurse?—dip into the teal horizontal plane on which the sleepers lie, bridging the predominately blue foreground and the industrial cement-gray floor on which the other recessed figures stand. The resulting image is both disconcerting and tender, as though the lovers are oblivious to the close observation of their embrace, or have decided to disregard the intrusion.

"Does he ever speak normally?" another visitor asked me with apparent sincerity as we listened to Knowles's recitations, leaving me at a momentary loss for words. The dubious taste of discussing expressive normality within the confines of someone's retrospective notwithstanding, questions of authorship haunt this work and color our reading of it. Yet the exhibition provided an eloquent rejoinder, simultaneously establishing graphic order within an irregular and often chaotic language and time-stamping a compelling individual daily experience.

—*Cat Kron*

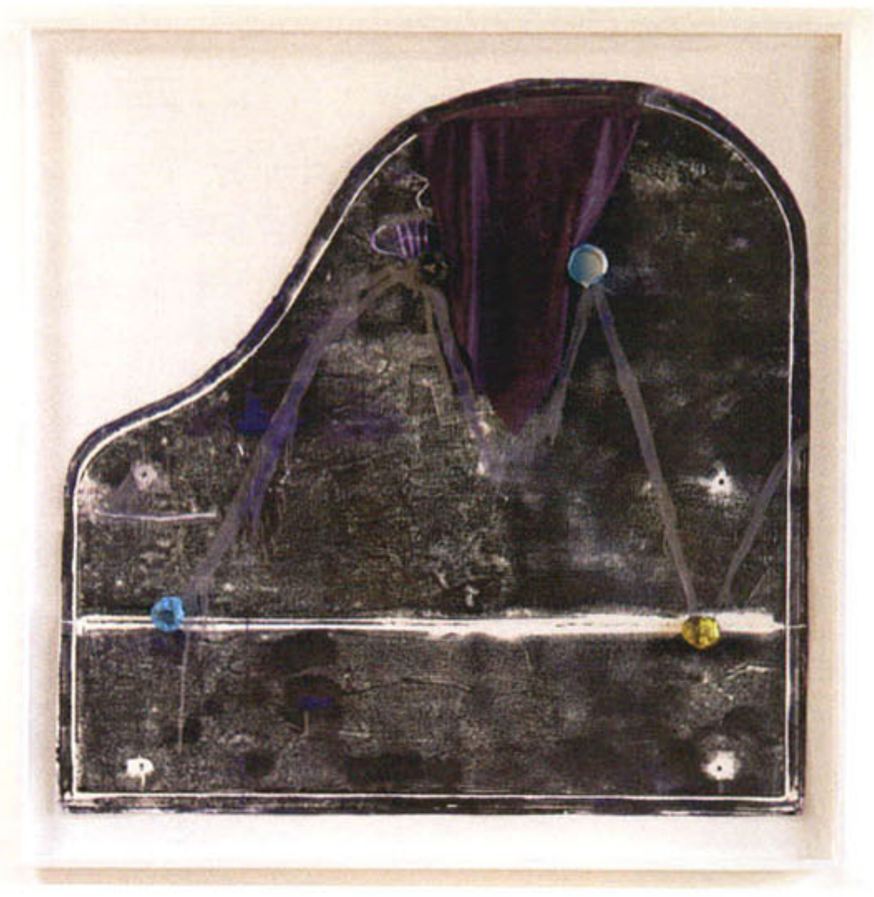
PORTLAND, OREGON

Jessica Jackson Hutchins

LUMBER ROOM/DOUGLAS F. COOLEY MEMORIAL ART GALLERY, REED COLLEGE

Widely known for her sculptures deploying old couches and cast-off furniture as host bodies for plaster obelisks, papier-mâché appendages, and homemade ceramic vessels, Jessica Jackson Hutchins for this occasion commandeered two Portland venues for a joint exhibition that amounted to something like a pocket retrospective of her work to date. "Confessions," organized by Portland collector Sarah Miller Meigs and Cooley Gallery director Stephanie Snyder, offered Portland viewers a chance not only to commune with a hometown hero on an intimate scale but also to decipher how Hutchins's crusty, blobular syntax has come into being. How is it that this work burns so cleanly through the fog of global art?

At Reed College's Cooley Gallery, the works on view were largely recent, dating from 2012 onward. Exemplary among Hutchins's numerous sculptures utilizing various seating elements, the wall-mounted *Might*, 2015, presented a grid of braille-like painted dots and some rough crosshatched lines on a swath of fabric attached to the backside of a hefty wooden stretcher. Smears of gray and mustard-colored paint were brushed across the verso of stretched canvas visible behind the fabric, and a sideways chair laden with a lumpy, dark-blue-green ceramic vessel was mounted to the frame's bottom. Immediately



Jessica Jackson Hutchins, *Untitled (Piano Print, M)*, 2010, oil-based ink, ceramic, textile, found object, 54 × 55 × 2½".

in front of it was the freestanding *Three Graces*, 2013, a bulbous purple-, pink-, and acidic-yellow-glazed ceramic figurine resting on a sectional marred by matted paint (in shades of white and tapioca) and three teardrop-shaped burn marks. While the sculpture was ostensibly based on a photograph of colliding football players from a relatively recent *New York Times* Sports section clipping, the work's classical underpinnings, intimated by its title, were reiterated by the urn form that rested atop the main ceramic mass, and by the peach-colored garland hanging below. Hutchins's signature combinations of disparate materials and chronological references were unpredictable, even thrilling.

Across town, with a selection of works drawn entirely from Meigs's private collection, the Lumber Room exhibition delved into the artist's back catalogue. From 1999 came a series of collages, some made from Scotch tape and cut-up playing cards, arranged with a light touch suggesting a grunge Richard Tuttle; from 2006, two pieces stemming from a prolonged Darryl Strawberry obsession. Among the more recent works was *Rope Stanza*, 2013, a tarp painted eggplant and forest green with punches of yellow draped over a bent utility ladder, with a ceramic sack-form placed in the improvised tent's "lap." Strands of macramé suggested umbilical cords, and on the work's side sat an algae-green pile of glazed ceramic, all of which gave the assemblage a witchy, salt-watery cast. The eggplant hue was a holdover from *Untitled (Piano Print, M)*, 2010, a mostly black print made from the lid of a grand piano, decorated with wads of turquoise-, bister-, and lemon-colored clay and some scrawled lettering obscured by a scrap of sheer purple fabric—bandit bandanna, veil, or pubic triangle, depending on one's frame of reference.

The double-chambered show evidenced a sensibility that has evolved in dramatic bursts over the years, both conceptually and literally. As Hutchins's pieces have enlarged, her connection with the tangled roots of sculpture has also come to the fore. Her grammar seems particularly grounded in a holy trinity of postwar American artists: Johns, Rauschenberg, and Twombly. From Johns she has taken the half-scrutable erotic semiosis, the occasional exposed stretcher bars, the affixed "balls," and the household objects; from Rauschenberg, a warmer, looser reliance on at-hand materials and the newspaper-based collage-as-rebus; and from Twombly, a certain mystical fogginess, the decidedly nongeometrical classical references, and a romantic employ of names from antiquity etched in rustic graffiti.

Hutchins's shapes feel bracingly unauthored—a fungus of papier-mâché pimpled with decoupaged magazine clippings of wristwatches, a ceramic anemone with a wrinkled silk scarf. Rarely abject, her works are gropingly, spreadingly alive, rife with nuances by turns erotic, pious, funny, and gross. Out of the humble materials of plaster and old upholstery, she has birthed a vernacular, a brood of hodgepodge bodies who dream of olive trees and ancient light.

—*Jon Raymond*

VANCOUVER

Owen Kydd

MONTE CLARK GALLERY

At what point does a picture cease to be one? Owen Kydd previously pondered this question through works he describes as durational photographs, which utilize extended single-shot video recordings to present static pictures of unmoving objects. The selection of new works on view here, however, marked a significant turn toward large-scale photography; the most salient feature of these works is that of their having been printed on adhesive-backed mural paper. These new works prompted a separate question: What is the point at which a depiction loses coherence?

Owen Kydd, *The Boss*, 2015, self-adhesive digital print, 64 × 95".

Destiny and Gabriel (all works 2015) makes use of adhesive to present its composition in an unconventional manner. The black-and-white photograph depicts a woman walking toward a man sitting on a blanket under the canopy of a tree. But by wrapping the print around a convex corner of the gallery wall, Kydd obscured what would otherwise have been the photograph's fulcrum: the figure of Destiny in the foreground. Architecture here became an impediment to visibility by folding the picture plane. Meanwhile, the adhesive color print *The Boss* pushes its pictorial limits in postproduction. In this staged picture of two men, the eponymous subject wears nice leather shoes and a jaunty newsboy cap, while the laborer to whom he is talking wears sneakers and a sleeveless shirt, and holds a vape in his right hand—a commonplace sight. The work's subject is seemingly the dynamic between a superior and his subordinate. Yet Kydd complicates what would otherwise appear to be a "straight" photograph by distorting the second figure: He has sutured two different frames (taken in close succession) in Photoshop, causing the image of the second man to break down, resulting in a "frozen" appearance similar to that generated by a bad connection on a streamed video chat.

These large-scale, seemingly pedestrian depictions both recall and depart from those of Jeff Wall, in whose studio Kydd once worked. Kydd addresses his debt to Wall explicitly, remixing motifs from the senior artist's oeuvre while pursuing his own investigations within the format of video recording. In addition to the two photographs, the show included two videos, *Split Ring* and *Diptych*, as well as the mixed-media *Moth* (the third adhesive work of the trio on view), which includes a video element. Unlike the earlier durational photographs, all of these videos explicitly involve movement. The most cryptic of the works on view, *Moth* consists of a monitor mounted atop an adhesive digital print. A photograph of the eponymous insect has been digitally mapped onto a wire frame to produce an animation that reveals in slow motion the beating of the creature's wings, which would otherwise be undetectable to the human eye; the process is the inverse of the animation technique Eadweard Muybridge employed in his *Horse in Motion* of 1878, but yields similar results. The large-scale photograph behind the monitor, which depicts a young white man in a gray hooded sweatshirt looking down, is compositionally reminiscent of Wall's *Young Man Wet with Rain*, 2011 (down to the figure's shadow, which stretches along the asphalt ground before bending to extend up the cement wall