MAY 1 THROUGH 17, 2009
UNIVERSITY ART MUSEUM, UNIVERSITY AT ALBANY
MASTER OF FINE ARTS THESIS EXHIBITION

Supported by the Office of the President, Office of the Provost, the College of Arts and Sciences, and University Auxiliary Services.

Cover: Jake Winiski, Model (detail), artist’s studio, 2009, mixed media, dimensions variable.

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Terry Bot-Sonja

I draw in space, defining with tuli and organs. My work is simultaneously about revelations and about this future. I paint elegant shapes deep into the centers or off-centers of each piece, these are heartbeats, connectors and pauses. There is a lot of turmoil, with its own inner order. As I work, the reenactments that generate new parts change as the formal components of each work grow. I try to remain faithful to my first vision, impulsive or memory, yet I am not sure that this is ever truly possible.

M. Braun

I create three-dimensional graphic compositions by making and assembling objects from our American culture. They are toxic and wasteful collections of kitchen objects. These works maintain guilt and prostitution about the places we inhabit. American celebrations and fears converge, acknowledging the comfort of here and the turmoil of elsewhere. While ears rage in the world, I am wearing new pants.

Tara Ebeling

The mind filters our existence’s deering memories into fictions. It recreates and renews its past, imparting parts to make a whole. This is the space I create. A landscape of retrieval and excavation. Once-familiar friends morph into our self-made anthropophia. Film plays in a loop until it dissolves. These objects manifest the anxious lines of every moment. Life streaming through the void of consciousness like a flickering image on a screen, destined to disappear.

Evan Green

These paintings are meant toerrals to this anxious time of our lives. They represent an aggregation of routes to draw, set from a lifetime spent stealing moments of observation and insight, ferried away in my journals. A kind of testimonial, they are testimonials on the phenomenon of intuition and circumstance. I am compelled to explore and meld the ephemeral and marginal into a kind of architectural splendor. Through a dialogue between drawing and embroidery, I attempt to change people’s behavior. These inscribed textiles advocate my quotidian desires and values like mantras. If repeated and acted on faithfully, my vision will be brought forth into existence.

Indigeaux

Sails, slight, low, time, and don’t forget to swal low. Acts of futility and elements of massochism. Eleven hundred and eighty-six days of tempest with you.

J.C. Jogerst

My work stems from holding opposing thoughts, a cognitive dissonance. As a folk psychologist, I gather images from quetzal colored culture. My objects are saturated with dynamic tensions between our animal natures and the suppressive power of culture. In Derridean modulations melded with personal memories, I fabricate and recontextualize objects into a metaphoric rebus.

Jodie Nadeau

We have a different understanding of an image of a man with a child than we do of that same man with an ax. Meaning is constructed. Images shift into temporary unions, I cannot allow a hierarchy. On this field nobody wins: disenchantment consumes me.

Stanley Boyd Palmeri

I place people in a moment, become the provocateur, and invite them to interact. Participants are integrated into common activity and unite through the place of creation, creating a “social sculpture.” My events offer a fountain of youth, an opportunity to indulge in the Peter Pan Syndrome, and a discharge of childishness. My situations invite play, bad behavior, and destruction. The scenarios are activated by props, props that are apocalyptic as well as metaphors for myself.

Rob Servo

I am responding to the shapes of my panels as a soloist responds to a jazz chart. The elements that build these panels meld together to reveal symbolic images of various stories of desire. The irregular shapes of the panels, mixed with colored lights, torn board, and frame, are the means to the emotional atmosphere of the work.

Jaxe Winski

I create imagined worlds, hybrids between photographed constructions and painting, just as enigmatic as the realms they depict. Each image is a moment in a story, describing the transformation of a place as beautiful as it is grotesque. Light and atmosphere shift and flow with the rhythm of the space. Soft distractions become already figurative, small spaces transition to dramatic landscapes; each change part of a fantastical scene, describing worlds in flux.

Aryn Zev

Far: The illusion of imperfection or disarray. It is a matter of scale, really. Nanoscience and astronomy reveal an intrinsic pattern and order to our world. Our body is a composition of atoms. To me, to you? Our sense of scale expands, dissolves. Our understanding abstracts. Our bodies like bugs. Our buildings like museum glass. We no longer trust our eyes.

Near:

Joelle Nadeau

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