

▷ **University of Oregon**
Art MFA
2022 Exhibition

UO ART MFA 2022

Art MFA 2022 Exhibition



Every spring our graduating MFA candidates' work emerges and activates the Art Department and the College of Design with an ethos of possibility and insight.



▷ Introduction

Each year the terminal creative projects from our MFA candidates elevate and activate discourse and pleasure in the Art Department and across the College of Design with an ethos of fearless possibility. Their creative research of new knowledge, or the rearrangement of old knowledge, brings with it the sense that new texts have been penned, and new discourses activated.

The *University of Oregon MFA Art 2022 Exhibition* culminates three years of independent research and experimentation by a cohort of eight artists whose various practices engage a broad range of inquiry, from expressions of the personal and diaristic to the examination and fictionalization of history, gender, magical thinking, cinema tropes, and the natural world.

Over the last three years these candidates have navigated generational complexities while trying to transform their experiences and transcend the moment. This year marks the 99th year of the University's MFA degree, making it one of the oldest programs in the country. As the program's centennial moment approaches, we watch The MFA Graduates of 2022 realize their creative perspectives while challenging their audiences to view the world through a new lens.

Jack Tuttle Snell-Ryan
Director of Graduate Studies



AGNESE CEBERE

Agnese Ceberè is an interdisciplinary artist working across video, photography, performance, and installation. She is concerned with the philosophical implications of perception and cognition in relation to embodiment and technology, as well as the performativity of the art object in the space of the exhibition and the implementation of the kinaesthetic field of both performer and audience. Whether using costume or camera to enact an altered perception (to feel differently), her work stems from improvisation and found objects.

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▷ there is something here

Tire tracks run across the hilly plain, weaving in-between the juniper and sagebrush. Mounds of trash, the odd relic here and there: an iron grate, a pile of shoes, broken glass and dismembered furniture, stripped animal bones shining white in the moonlight. The sound of howling coyotes and ATVs mingle with the rumbling of the highway, whose sound carries far across the open space.

The desert is the stage of Westerns. It is a place of Manifest Destiny for a colonial expansion, a place of damnation and transcendence, where cowboys are actors and actors take on the gestures of cowboys. At the same time, it is one of many locations of Native American survivance, where they continue to weave the past and the future into the present.

In the contemporary world of the western United States, the desert is a place of recreation that retains some of its outlaw nature. It seems to be a place that allows for transgression. This desert embodies freedom without responsibility, freedom from normal rules of conduct. There are traces everywhere. It is not a pristine wilderness; our messy lives are evident here and we can only guess at who has come before us. Regardless of the persistent remnants of human activity there are rarely any humans to be seen. The ground is dust and volcanic rock, with patches of dry grass. Rusted pieces of metal—wire mesh, cans—blend into the colors of the landscape. Fragments of plastic chairs mimic the bones strewn around, stand-ins for the dead, just as chairs themselves stand in for the body. Beyond a binary of image and reality, the desert traces are phantasms of the neither living nor dead. The real is in question as the temporal flux of past, present, and future are felt as one. Here, time feels endless, like being fully immersed in the virtual space of a fiction.

Landscape and land become enmeshed in our minds, even though landscape is already a cultural construction and the view through a VR headset simply an expression of that by technological means. Virtual reality, like linear perspective, is predicated on the single viewer. It is an egocentric technology narrated in the first person, yet to gaze is to be captured, enraptured by what is seen, wrapped up in it and entangled. The power of the gaze can be subverted via this unintended backchannel of affect, and control reversed. We look to possess but are possessed in turn. To be immersed is to live within the structure and not just look at it from a distance, to inhabit the wire mesh that holds it all together, hollow



as it is. Control is part and parcel of this illusion which determines and contains yet allows us to build and imagine. In my installation, an empty chair performs the posture of the seated body and becomes a device for self-projection while another may hold the inert physical body of a viewer. As muscle tone slackens, the virtual body moves further afield.





CAROLINE LICHUCKI

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Caroline Lichucki utilizes various conceptual and material approaches in order to create installations, sculptures, and drawings. These works speculate on moments of satire within cultic thought and mythology.



▷ Janet

Janet is a colossal maggot that has lived inside Earth for over 2000 years. She loves basking in the accumulation of your waste and decay. She slurps dregs, sludge, and scum. When she's feeling diaphanous and frisky, she entangles herself in the roots of trees within topsoil, engorging herself on mini morsels of maggots and other meek grubs to gain beef and brawn for the great journey downward.

Once she's gained enough mass, she begins to pupate. She pummels and sloshes through subsoil, bedrock, mantle, and finally the depths of hell. The brightest lava sings her sheath, forming an impossibly thick, resilient husk around her unapologetically effusive gushing body.

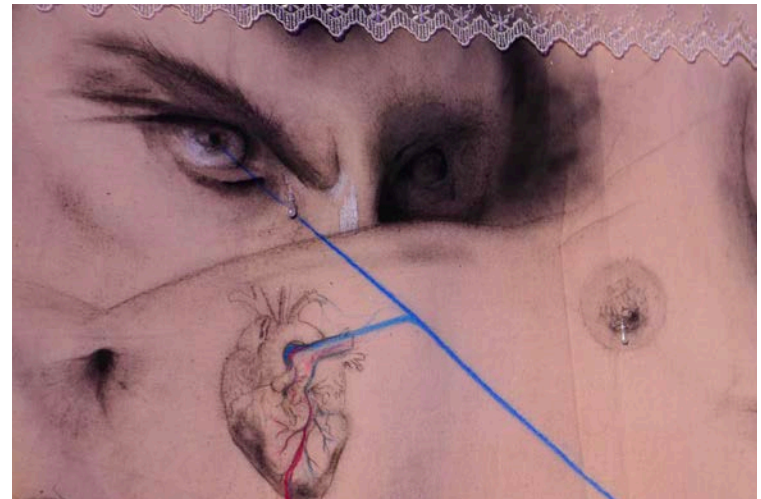
She has never died, and she never will.

We will never get rid of Janet.

You should know that during metamorphosis, the maggot's original body completely degenerates. An air bubble escapes the pupa, filling the puparium in order to create space for legs, head, and wings to develop. This is no painful transformation like the butterfly in its acidic puparial bath. Janet stews in an unctuous goo of ecstasy and bliss. She awaits the emergence of her new form.

When it's time, she utilizes her own flatulence to propel from Earth's molten womb, explosively birthing herself through Mt. Etna's volcanic canal. She splashes into the ocean off the coast of Sicily and drifts to shore.

Mopping the poop deck like a good sailor, young Thomas, an Italian Navelman on the S.S. MadreVerruca, looks up from his duty and spots a mysterious yet utterly lavish bulging black mass as the ship approaches land. Janet's crusty dermis begins to rupture and shed. The naval men panic. They scramble to make way for the quaking nugget mass.







DANA BUZZEE

MFA Art 2022 Exhibition

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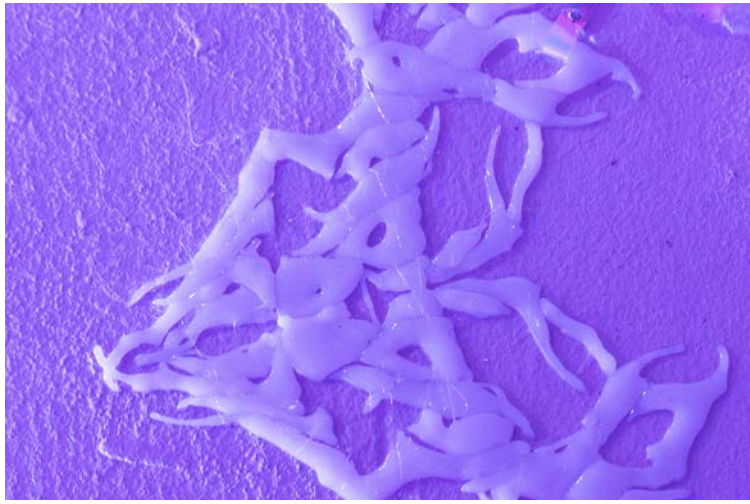
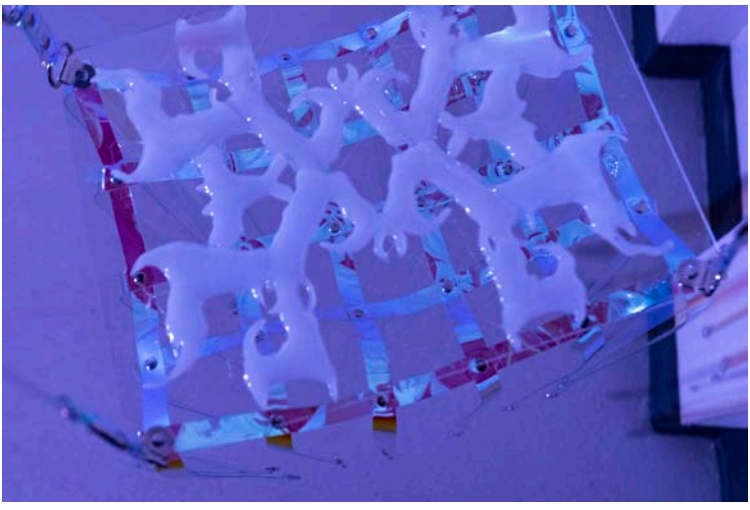
Dana Buzzee's practice is an attempt to rewild the sculptural field, through examining the seductive quality of "stuff" as a form of social control via counter cultural semiotics, and from the perspective of a post-apocalypse practice. Utilizing a wide array of fabrication techniques and materials, shifted out of time and out of place to disrupt conventional trajectories, Buzzee works towards outcomes that help potentiate divinations of what may follow the end of the world.

danabuzzee.com
[@danabuzzee](https://www.instagram.com/danabuzzee)



Dana Buzzee





▷ Notes from The Chthonic Underground

...what haunts are not the dead, but the gaps left within us by the secrets of others.¹

By way of a chthonian methodology that encodes systems of meaning into site and signals, Dana Buzzee's sculptural practice remediates subcultural and visionary archives into aesthetic entanglements, reflecting on intimacies of cultural meaning by engaging speculative futures, their own time, and the past through archived communities. Caressing the archival is queer pleasure, or *erotohistoriography*,² because *the process of touching... creates a relation across time that has an affective and an erotic component.*³ Buzzee ferries the labyrinthine, cruising to transform desire across temporalities and existences. Bare to the risk of elation or dismay, Buzzee interleaves cusps of existences, whereby hauntings can flourish.

Haunting is part of grief, grieving over the gaps left to and within each other by the unspeakable, *because we are in and of this fabric of undoing. Without shared remembrance, we cannot learn to live with ghosts.*⁴ The medium, par excellence, of haunting is plastics, formed anew out of ancient, decayed corpses, chthonic yet infused with extraterrestrial mores; plastics are forever. The work makes 'place together', deposits, but is also buried with, encrypted. In our intoxicated world, there's nowhere out except through.

How is it that so much of this toxic world, in [its myriad] forms... all laden with chemicals that damage us so sincerely, is encountered ...[pleasurably]?⁵ Buzzee's material praxes are a poetic trance through plastics—prophesied with astral lights, alchemical substrates, and sigils that open a portal into queer continuations. Buzzee indexes the virtuality of memory and the emotional fetters of things, eliciting their lyric potential: a haunting in reverse, suggestive of dreamworlds crossing the afterlife, or post-apocalypse we inhabit. Buzzee divines through *apocalyptic imagination*⁶ to remake the world, conjured as a queer site that allows us, despite the live burial under the heteronormative hegemony of the here and then, to dream the spatiality of a wherever; a cadence of solidarity.

An index of impermanence and a generator of difference, anachronism, and that anachronism par excellence, posthumousness, an Underground state, a necropastoral.⁷



Buzzee intoxicates sites of incantation, invites other temporalities, libidinal structures, voices from beyond, and close encounters; a network of object-transgressions that compere occult meanings. To make out with our "hyper-reality strangeness"; doom screaming of the real and what shimmers on the bleak horizon of our new dark ages, where ambiguity and desire co-mingle.

And taste... the gushing of the wave/ Far far away did seem to mourn and rave/ On Alien shores...⁸

Morris Fox

¹ Abraham, Nicholas. "Notes on the Phantom" in *The Shell and the Kernel*, vol. 1. Translated by Nicholas T. Rand. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1994. (171).

² Freeman, Elizabeth. *Time Binds: Queer Temporalities, Queer Histories*. Durham: Duke University Press, 2010. (95).

³ Dinshaw, Carolyn. *Getting Medieval*. 1999. (54-55).

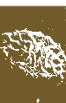
⁴ Haraway, Donna. *Staying with the Trouble*, 2016. (40).

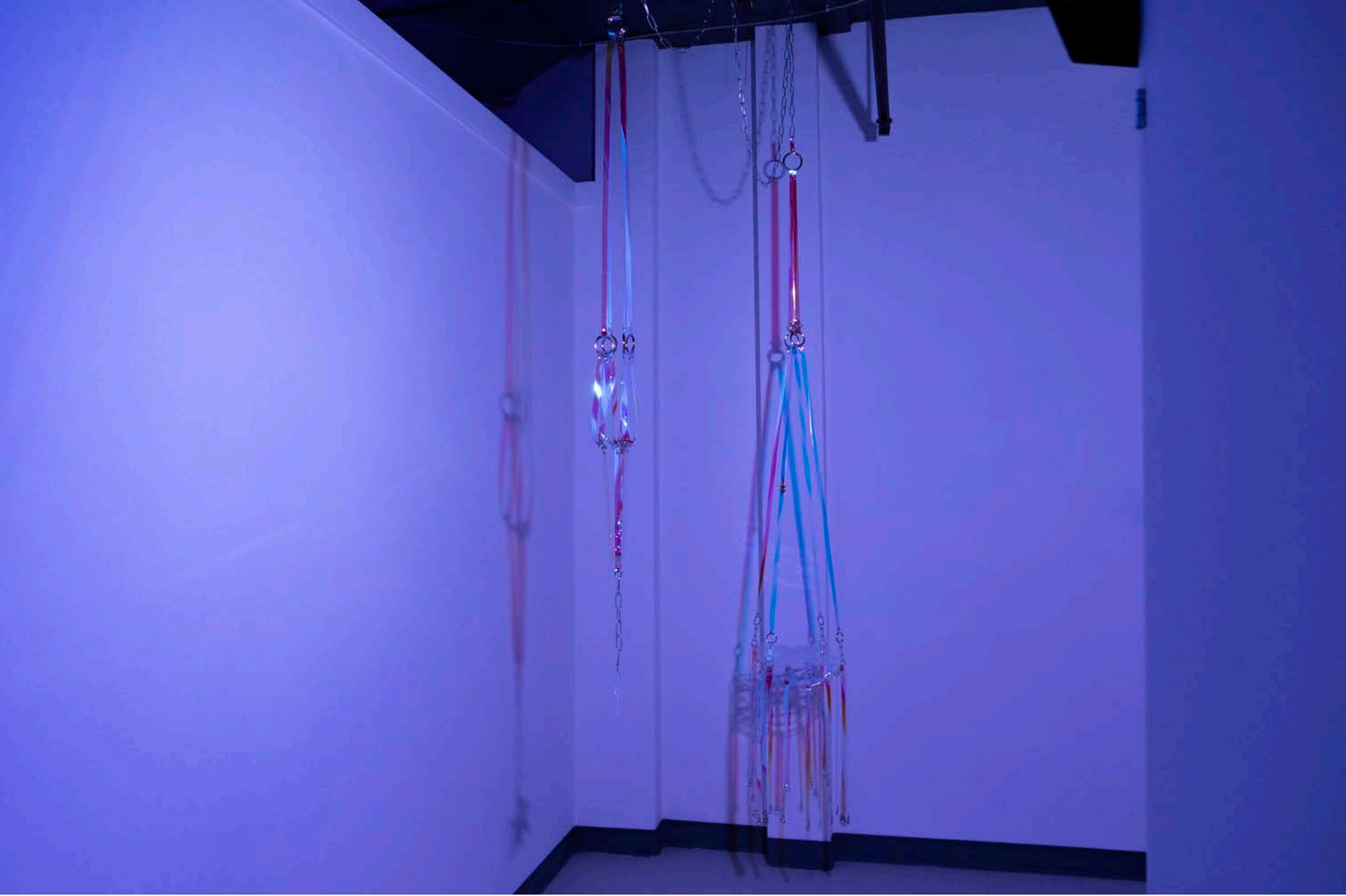
⁵ Chen, Mel Y. *Animacies: Biopolitics, Racial Mattering, and Queer Affect*. Durham: Duke University Press, 2012. (207).

⁶ McGrath, Brian. *The Poetics of Unremembered Acts: Reading, Lyric, Pedagogy*. Evanston IL: Northwestern University Press, 2013. (73).

⁷ Joyelle McSweeney, *The Necropastoral*. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 2015. (28).

⁸ Tennyson, Alfred. "The Lotus-eaters" in *Poems*. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Company, 1869. (69-70).





ERIN LANGLEY



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Erin Langley gleans, filters, and re-metabolizes found and cast-off materials into complex assemblages that reveal toxic histories. These bricolages examine unfathomable networks in cycles of proliferation, contamination, and decay. Pseudo-naturalistic, the forms are ambiguous and pulsating, suggestive of the necropastoral: graffiti on rocks, bowerbirds' mating displays, lingering pesticides in soil. The past consumes our futures and infects our present.

erinlangleyart.com
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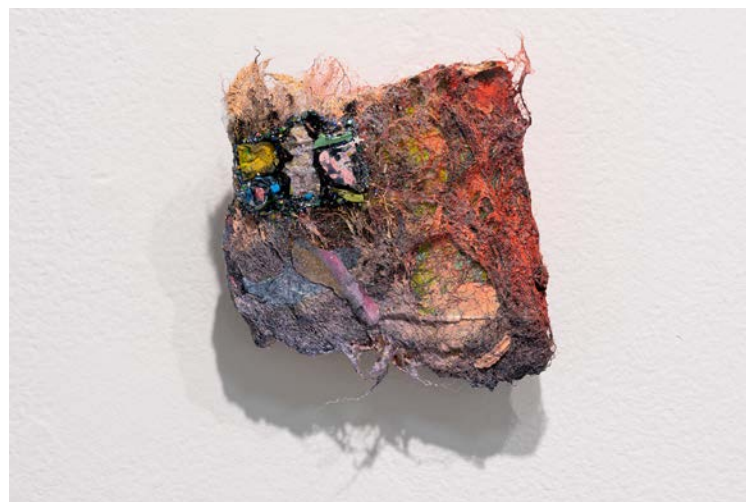


▷ Notes on Marks and Surface

Some marks are indicative and some are obscure. Most are both. Because there is graffiti there is graffiti cover-up—places where people who own or maintain property have attempted to obscure acts of vandalism with industrial paint. Offensive language and symbols require the quickest solution, and there is no time to waste. Often the cover-up does an adequate job masking the graffiti underneath, but a poor job at integrating the cover-up with the rest of the building, wall, what have you. It's rare that the cover-up matches the original paint, and who can be blamed? Any attempt at searching industrial paint colors by name is futile because these are cryptograms developed by robots to attach obscure language to colors in adherence with market trends and statistics beyond our grasp and control.

Our eyes are drawn to these blotchy areas of makeshift color—a skin is formed, but in no way suggestive of flesh. These marks—layered, zig-zaggy passes with an overloaded roller brush—have a haphazard, frenzied quality. They say *good enough!* while wiping their palms on the thighs of their pants and getting on with their day.

Roland Barthes wrote that there is no pure surface because everything is always, already, rough, discontinuous, set in motion by some accident. Once introduced to a surface, the splotches of not-quite-terracotta and almost-robin's-egg-blue—colors so innocuous in the can— suddenly assert themselves as highlight: spotlighting the blemish in their pathetic attempt at camouflage. The eye sore is covered, producing a new eye sore. The marks build up over the years, forming shapes—towns, cities, states, countries—ultimately obscuring the original surface of the exterior paint as it fades into obscurity.



The marks on the surface of the asphalt are made by workers in sturdy clothing with various colors of spray paint. White, usually, to contrast with the darkness of the asphalt, but sometimes (if you're lucky) fluorescent pink, orange, green, or yellow. The white marks say *there is something under here*. The fluorescent marks say **THERE IS SOMETHING UNDER HERE!** Upon encountering these marks, the general public becomes suddenly aware of their feet touching a surface—its contours, its textures—is this a highlight or a warning? A general sense of the subterranean makes itself seen but we can't be exactly sure how or in what exact way.

There are usually symbols, numbers, or letters that clarify things further to people who make and read such marks, but not to us, not to me. What is under there? Dirt, roots, pipes, carbon, wires, electricity, sewage, internet, water, pebbles, rocks, stones, and bugs with mandibles and pincers and infinite legs or none at all.

Someone will come by, later, with a machine and dig into the earth here. The machines are clumsy and imprecise—jackhammers, back hoes, skid steers—and we'll wait for them to do their work as we sit in traffic, or stumble across the safety tape and turned earth on foot to get where we need to go, plugging our ears at the sound.

Erin Langley





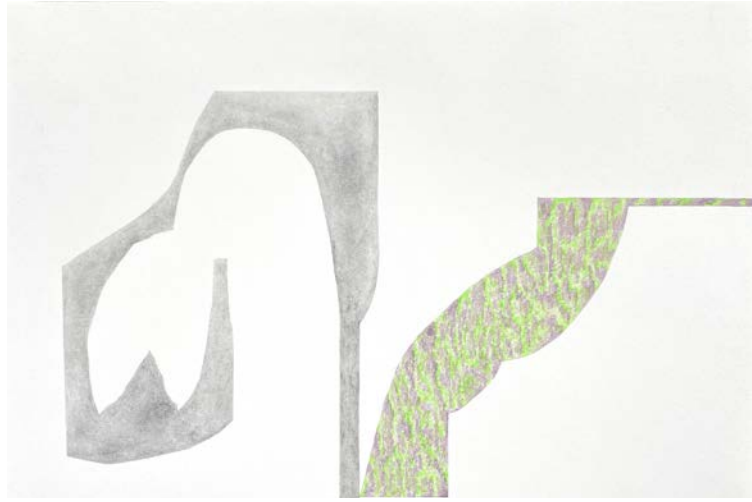
HANNAH PETKAU

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Hannah Petkau's practice is rooted in arranging: forming connections between material, form and process. Petkau's drawings, cyanotypes and sculptures utilizes forms derived from a single still life drawing of magnolias that have been repeatedly deconstructed, rearticulated and rearranged, in a never ending cycle.

hannahpetkau.ca
[@hannahsule](https://www.instagram.com/hannahsule)



▷ Slow Transformation of Forms: Hannah Petkau

When plant matter is fermented, it changes color, texture, and flavor, becomes tangier and deeper, maybe brilliantly hued. Things transform in the water: a layered composition of fruit, vegetables, spices, alliums, sugar, acid and salt balancing one another out. Brief, seasonal bursts are slowed down (a slice of summer is consumed later, as it can be only in winter).

I think of Hannah Petkau’s practice as akin to fermentation: interested in the slow transformation of forms, the lengthening and blurring of seasons, and the mysterious process of ceding control to the materials themselves.

She begins with the fresh, ideal magnolia: a recognizable silhouette despite the abundant diversity of the species, which yields a staggered blooming season as trees peak at different times. She draws a still life of a single bloom, standing in a vase she made, on tracing paper (the cucumber is quartered and eaten fresh, with a sprinkle of sea salt).

She then flattens the still life into forms, cutting out the negative space between the stem and the wall, the petals and the top of the vase. She re-arranges the pieces, and draws them as a new arrangement in which bright, acidic layers float, intermingled but still distinct (slices are submerged in a brine, swirling around the jar).

She returns to the forms, rearranging and eventually laying a delicate composition over cyanotype-treated paper. The paper is exposed to the sun and a slow photograph begins. It is plunged into cool water, swirling as the dark background turns a brilliant blue and the white silhouettes emerge. She tests different papers, exposure times, and compositions (the pickles are tasted at two days, one week, three weeks).

Through this process, the cyanotypes allow for an abundance of traces: the warping of paper suggesting ripples, the softness of a shape rustled by the wind during exposure, even the depths of the blues depend on the brightness of the sun that hour. In the iterative prints, these traces cycle in and out: a corner is folded or the wind intervenes in one but not the other.

In their use to document plant specimens by early female photographers such as Anna Atkins, cyanotypes have long been prized for their ability to “trace” through direct contact with the object and sharp, photographic details. The traces in Hannah’s work, however, are a route to multiplicity rather than to the essential: there is no one right print, and no platonic magnolia.



The collaboration of agentive elements like sun, water, delicate paper, wind, hands, and chemicals invites unpredictability. Like in fermentation, vibrant things are placed in a container together and given free rein to interact as they will, always producing something a little different.

As such, the prints prioritize relationality and balance. Forms, traces and materials each have their own will over the “final” product—though the series, like the magnolia’s blooming period or an ongoing fermentation, is never truly finished, merely moving through mediums and seasons.

RAE ROOT (PhD Student, History of Art and Architecture)







KARA CLARKE

Art MFA 2022 Exhibition

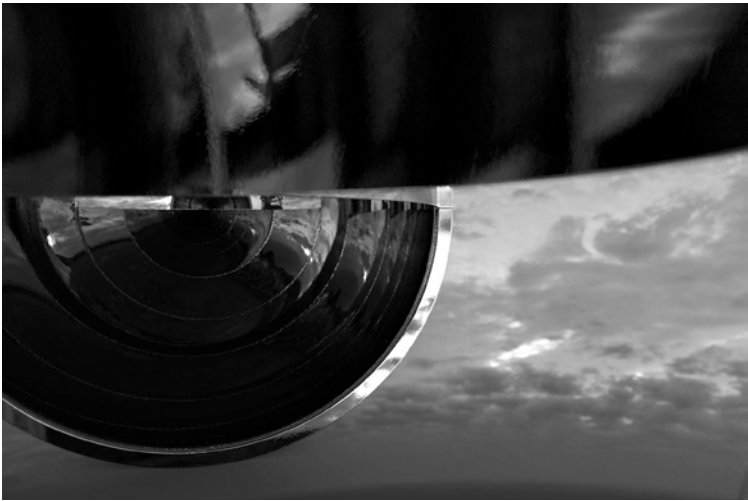
45



Kara Clarke explores connections between art and media history. By highlighting shifting processes of valuation she anchors her work between analogy and affect. Outcomes range widely, often taking the form of writing, sculpture and installation.

Kara Clarke





▷ **Kara Clarke: Essay**

*I don't want your future
I'll never return
I'll be born into the past
I'm never coming home
Why did you separate me from the earth?
What did you stand to gain?*

-Anohni, Why Did You Separate Me from the Earth?

This feels like leaving a note in someone's yearbook and I'm not sure what will do the trick. At this point, I'm not sure how to think about immediacy let alone the future. It's too overwhelming.

In 2016 *post-truth* loped into first place as the word of the year. For many young artists and emerging students, the highnoon of conceptual art is now over fifty years old. Facing both ongoing and unprecedented varieties of disaster, many of us have become embittered towards the condemnation of existing structures, longing to hold on to whatever shelter remains available. Others are unsettled, we know something inescapably important isn't working.

It might be surprising but, I don't think of myself as a science fiction fan. I think it's because I've always believed that anything was possible. I didn't have a desire to define what that might be, or if it could be better, faster or if *things* might become more frightening or convenient. I just don't care. But that's because I believed in what was possible.

So much of existing as an artist seems to be about performing a version of what you *have*. I've always had problems doing that consistently. In the past, I've reached back into historical moments in art or pop culture, or spaces in thinking to look for parts of time that I thought were interesting or significant or possibly overlooked. But I'm not sure that method is viable.

What is art supposed to do for us - and is that a fair question? I think it's supposed to rearrange our options. Our options for defining ourselves, our goals, each other, our expectations for feeling things or our expectations for interpretation. Art can store things that actually never existed. One of the things education and art and science have in common is that they store things that have not yet happened. Maybe one day in America, public education will exist.





NOELLE HERCEG

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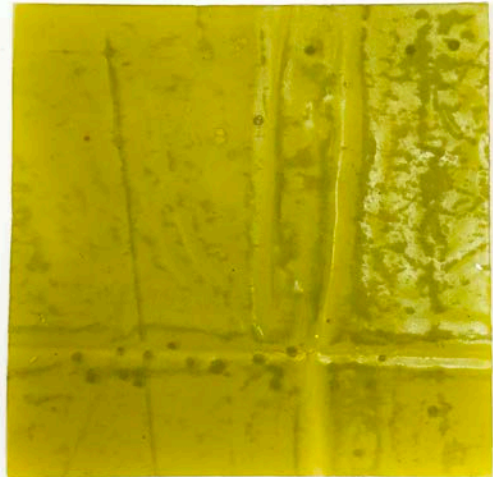
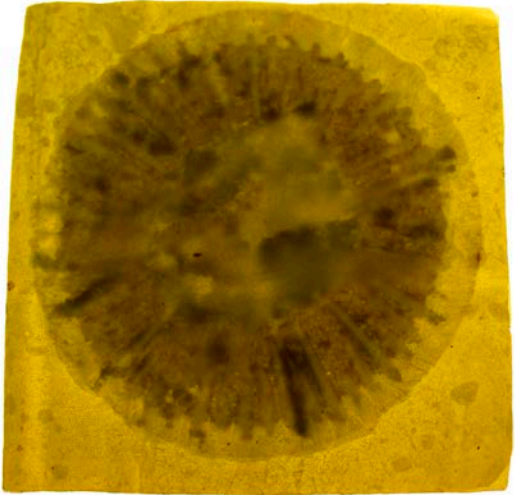
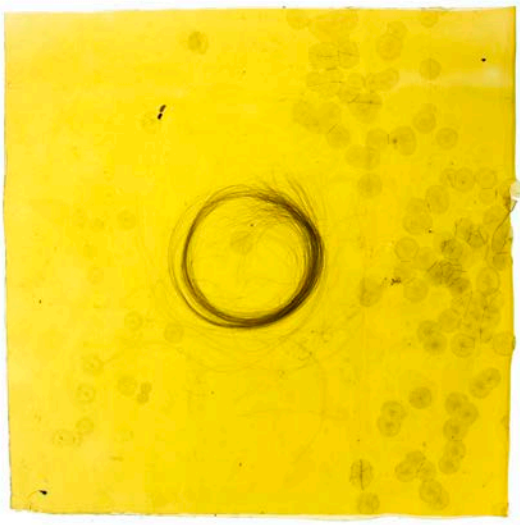


Noelle Herceg



Noelle Herceg is an interdisciplinary artist, often operating somewhere between sculptor and printmaker. Her fear of familial memory loss has guided her explorations in the copy, the trace, and the ephemeral. In recent work, Jell-O is used as a main medium to contain her body's leftovers, as well as other unseen and unknown histories and stories.

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▷ Notes on my ghost archive

i

The milk is sour.

The egg salad is spoiled.

The cookies are stale, and bread has molded.

A creak of the fridge door spews its sour at your nose. The rotten creeps into your mouth. And the mold down your throat.

These impossible urges. Keep the carton. Pile up the sauces. Hold on to the spinach, just one more day.

My habits hold hands with my ancestors'. Stocked pantry goods eventually spoil.

ii

My work is both an archive and anarchive, known and unknown collections of my every day.

An archive: accumulations of swept dust, fallen hair, laundry lint. Gathered beads of sweat. These materials are previous self-portraits, documentations of history, time, and processes. Traces of my environment, my meals, and my body are mapped.

An anarchive: the histories and processes unseen. An infinite collection that can't quite be contained. The evaporated sweat in the process of collecting it. The non-trackable debris when sweeping dust. The anarchive, or ghost archive, is an endless collection which

is impossible to gather. My body holds constellations of others' histories, influences, and intersections.

The world passes through us and leaves no proof but ourselves. We secretly shift. Even down to a molecular level, our cells are being consistently replaced. We shed ourselves over and over. Over time.

iii

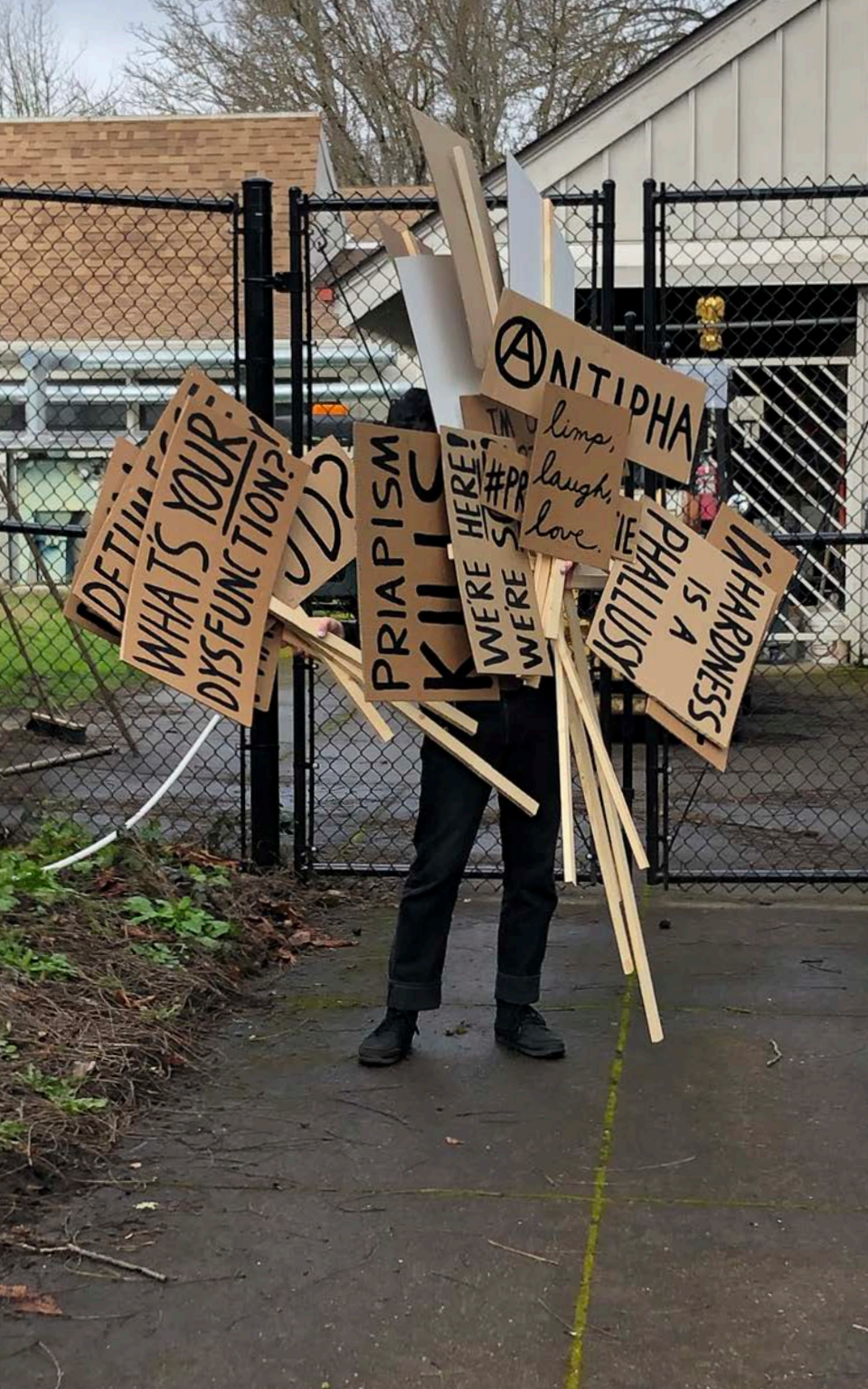
I am a ghost archive. Today, I consist of the people I met on my dog walk. The smells and taste of eggs I made for breakfast. The sound of music that's reverberated from what I heard on my running playlist this morning, in the car two days ago on the way to the thrift store, from the live show I saw last weekend; the magnificent church balcony six years ago; the lullabies hummed to me by my mother. The smells of that fridge.





TYLER STOLL

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Tyler Stoll's interdisciplinary practice investigates and orchestrates potential sites of rupture within the constitution of normative masculinities. Revolving around a manifesto titled *the future Is flaccid* and the movie musical *Grease*, his thesis work and the accompanying text develop the material conditions and formal qualities of flaccidity as a tool to undermine the phallus and the systems of domination it upholds.

tylerstoll.gay
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▷ **The future is flaccid: On Tyler Stoll's Queer Revolt**

Queerness is that thing that lets us feel that this world is not enough, that indeed something is missing. Often we can glimpse the worlds proposed and promised by queerness in the realm of the aesthetic.

-José Esteban Muñoz

Within the asphyxiating totality of imperialist white supremacist capitalist heteropatriarchy, queer infrastructures provide an effective and affective standpoint to disclose ways of being beyond the tyranny of the phallus. These queer revelations in the midst of the rifts and crevices of our present involve an estrangement from and exposure of phallic ideology, as well as a revolutionary claim for a new distribution of the sensible.

In that wake, Tyler Stoll invites us to see *Grease* again--or, better, to see it for the first time--both as the expression of a heterosexual culture that perpetually reinforces male domination, and as the presentation of a queerness, a *flaccidity*, that resists and persists in the vaselined movements of Danny Zuko. When seen through a flaccid gaze, Zuko's desperate attempts to stiffly uphold male heteronormativity have the queer effect of performing its immanent undoing.

Thus, insofar as Stoll's pieces are performances that unveil phallic impostures and leak a greasy, fluid embodiment, they invite us--and, specifically, cisgender men--to come into flaccidity ourselves by materially joining in its performativity. If we do so, we will see that we are all Danny Zuko, not only because we have been forced to drink the milk of white heteromascularity, but because our bodies are the site of our refusal to swallow it. It is in this embodied interruption that a community appears: a polity in which, beyond the binary cruelty of the Pink Ladies and the T-Birds, every-body can join the fight by chanting "We Go Together!"

However, Stoll reminds us that the sturdiness of the phallic totality should not be underestimated. If this queer formation is to avoid co-optation or dissolution, it must be aware of its constitutive and irrepressible fragility. To remind us of our collective vulnerability and power, Stoll has gifted us a flaccid manifesto: an open-ended call to inspire the continuing struggle until the current material conditions have been overthrown. A specter is haunting the

phallus--the specter of flaccidity--and its demand to the present and future is loud and clear: "Queers of No/All Gender(s), Unite!"

Operating as a revelation of the radical potentialities of queerness, the work of Tyler Stoll is, therefore, an aesthetic denunciation, a creative tactic, and a political rebellion. Stoll's pieces are provocations that expose the violent colonization and commodification of our sensibility through the imposition of erection as the sole horizon for desire, labor, and reality. They are attempts to (re)create flaccidity as a space for collective dwelling where we can unlearn and fight the rigidities of neoliberal heteropatriarchy. They are calls for a flaccid revolt to transition into the worlds promised by queer radicality which are already present as the invisible foreskin of our phallic contemporaneity.

Gonzalo Bustamante Moya





University of Oregon Art MFA 2022 Exhibition

May 6th - May 15, 2022 at Ditch Projects, Springfield, OR
May 20 - May 29th, 2022 at Ditch Projects, Springfield, OR

Department of Art Faculty + Staff

Hiba Ali, Jonathan Bagby, Alida Bevirt, Mika Boyd, Michael Bray, Chad Bush, Rebecca Childers, Isami Ching, Colleen Choquette, Joe Coleman, Sonja Dahl, Jovencio de la Paz, Tannaz Farsi, Julietta Gil, Brian Gillis, Ethan Greenbaum, Damon Harris, Wendy Heldmann, Maia Howes, Colin Ives, Steven Joshlin, Ron Jude, Anya Kivarkis, Sylvan Lionni, Charlene Liu, Christopher Michlig, Donald Morgan, John Park, Jack Snell-Ryan, Risa Saavedra, Michael Salter, James Schauer, Jeremy Schropp, Reanna Schultz, Stacy Jo Scott, Rick Silva, Jeremy Smith, Jessica Swanson, Ying Tan, Jessie Rose Vala, Laura Vandenburg, Terri Warpinski, Ty Warren, Amanda Wojick, Sun You.

2021-22 Visiting Artist Lecture Series

Amy Brener, Catherine Haggarty, Dianna Frid, Lumi Tan, Amy Yao, Andrew Thomas Huang, Pei-Hsuan Wang, Justine Kurland, Lezley Saar, Michael Sherwin, Yuji Hiratsuka, Shawna X, Liz Magor, Elissa Auther, Lewis Watts.

Special thanks to:

Department of Art Head Amanda Wojick, Director of Graduate Studies Jack Snell-Ryan, Graduate Committee members Hiba Ali and Colin Ives. And SPECIAL thanks to the graduating MFAs who anchored a generational pandemic and prospered. Congratulations to this resilient group of cohorts.

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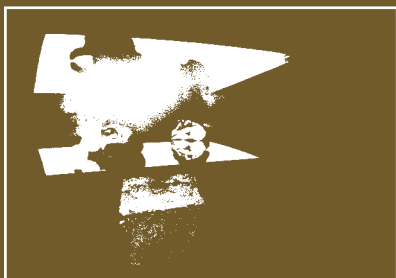
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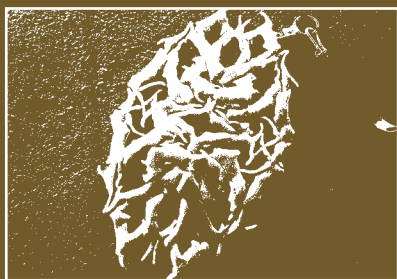
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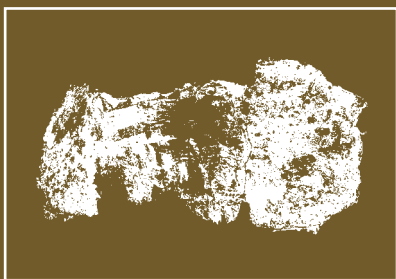
Agnese Ceberè 04



Caroline Lichucki 12



Dana Buzzeo 20



Erin Langley 28



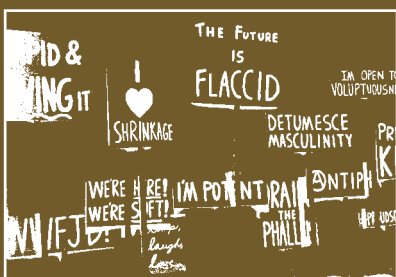
Hannah Petkau 36



Kara Clarke 44



Noelle Herceg 52



Tyler Stoll 60