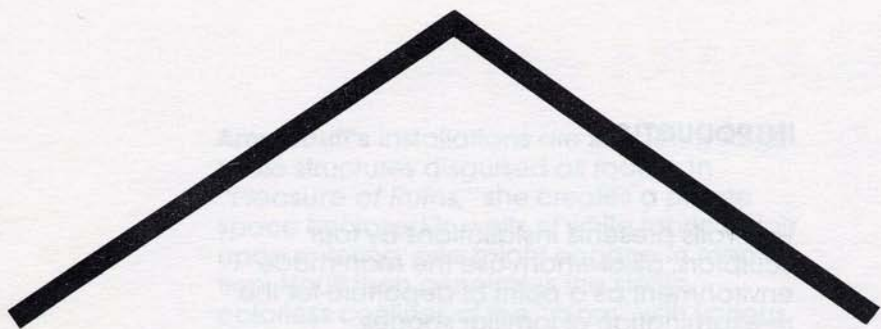


DOMICILES



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**BARBARA ASTMAN
PERRY KATHERINE BARD
ANDY YODER
AMY HAFT**

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ALL PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE ARTISTS

DESIGN - PAUL SZPAKOWSKI

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INTRODUCTION

Hallwalls presents installations by four sculptors, all of whom use the man-made environment as a point of departure for the re-examination of familiar spaces.

Barbara Astman's *The "Places" Series* are recollections of rooms she has visited or actually inhabited. These intimately scaled constructions transcend literal representation, presenting us with an enigmatic dialogue between personal revelation and formal manipulation. In striving to imbue a rather pedestrian medium with poetry, Astman forces linoleum and other synthetic floor coverings into compositions which parallel the formal qualities of minimalist paintings, while referencing the artist's nostalgia for places in her memory: "Overlaid onto specific sets of colors, is the era of each floor tile. *The Collectors* uses terrazzo asphalt tile in tans and creams, white plastic marble, and rose quartz tiles - all materials redolant of the pale, *House and Gardens* interiors of people such as Robert and Ethel Scull, the archetypal art collectors of the 1960's, the period in which all these particular tiles were first manufactured."

In *Small Talk*, **Perry Katherine Bard** transforms a traditional living room setting into a life-threatening environment, thereby undermining her reference. The ever-popular easy chair is replaced with what would most likely serve as an instrument of torture, being fashioned of brick and spiked wood and sporting an electric burner as its seat. Protecting our feet from the cold, bare gallery floor, is a carpet woven of electrical cords. Complete with male plugs, they snake out from the circumferences ready to strike at the unsuspecting.

Amy Hauff's installations are frequently large-scale structures disguised as rooms. In "*Pleasure of Ruins*," she creates a private space enclosed in walls of white fabric which, upon entering, one might engage in meditation. Hauff then penetrates the sterile, colorless confines of the "room" with various clues to a hidden puzzle, accoutrements suggesting another agenda which endangers the illusion of privacy.

Autobiography provides the stimulus for **Andy Yoder's** work. He recreates the backyard of his youth, where the familiar playground structures became sinister and every-day chores held unexpected dangers. In exploring the larger-than-life fears of his childhood, Yoder forces us to engage in a memory reinvented with the hope of revenge.

Perry Katherine Bard, Amy Hauff and Andy Yoder all presently live and work in New York City. Barbara Astman lives and works in Toronto.

Catherine Howe
Curator
Hallwalls

BARBARA ASTMAN

EDUCATION

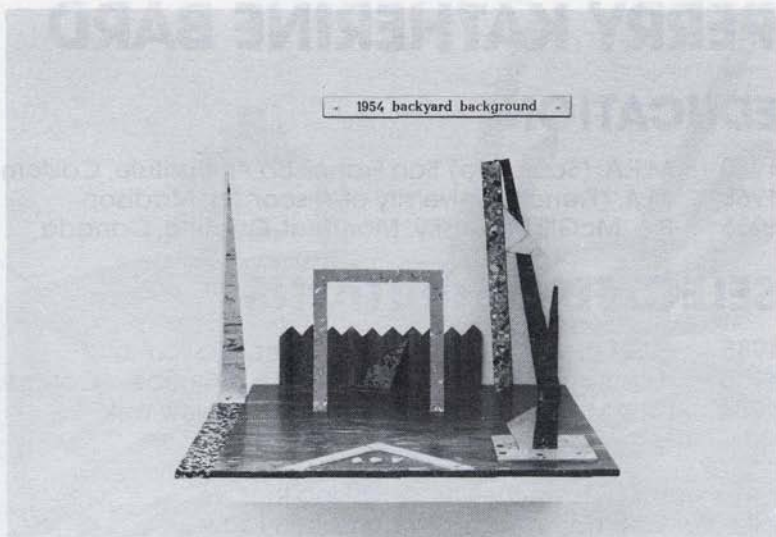
- 1970 Associate Degree, Rochester Institute of Technology,
Rochester, New York
- 1973 Graduate, Ontario College of Art, Toronto, Ontario, A.O.C.A.

SELECTED EXHIBITIONS

- 1985 Generation Polaroid, Forum des Halles, Paris, France
Recent Canadian Sculpture - Selections from the Canada
Council Art Bank, The Winnipeg Art Gallery, Winnipeg
- 1984 The Sable-Castelli Gallery Ltd., Toronto
Concordia Art Gallery, Concordia University, Montreal, Quebec

I believe one can enter a relationship with a specific place as intensely as with a person or object, and similarly, be affected by it. A given place takes it's particular meaning from an experience remembered, and memory creates the altered reality.

These pieces can be viewed as dioramas in the museum of my experiences in the world. I have a fascination with how different materials, shapes, colour, textures and smells feel, an intense involvement with how sensory devices work as memory triggers. Specific words, indices to memory, transform these somewhat abstract constructions into personalized tableaux. These words, such as "teaneck recroom neckroom" extend beyond being mere titles, and are an integral aspect of each piece, imparting a kind of personality.



- 1954 backyard background -

1954 backyard background, 1982
linoleum construction, 12x13x5"

Sometimes looking at the tiles provoked a flood of memories, and in other cases the memory was triggered by other causes, and the tiles searched out to explain the "places." A pink and purple speckled tile brought to mind the Lilac Festival in Rochester, New York, surrounded by my family and the familiar yet exotic aroma of the lilacs. The memory it creates for me is very full, and intense at that moment. The problem then becomes how to present that thought to others in a way that will hopefully induce a wealth of memories for them.

PERRY KATHERINE BARD

EDUCATION

- 1980 M.F.A. (Sculpture) San Francisco Art Institute, California
1968 M.A. (French) University of Wisconsin, Madison
1966 B.A. McGill University, Montreal, Quebec, Canada

SELECTED EXHIBITIONS

- 1985 Otis Parsons Gallery, Los Angeles, California
1985 J. Yahouda Meir Gallery, Montreal, Quebec, Canada
1984 New Museum of Contemporary Art, New York

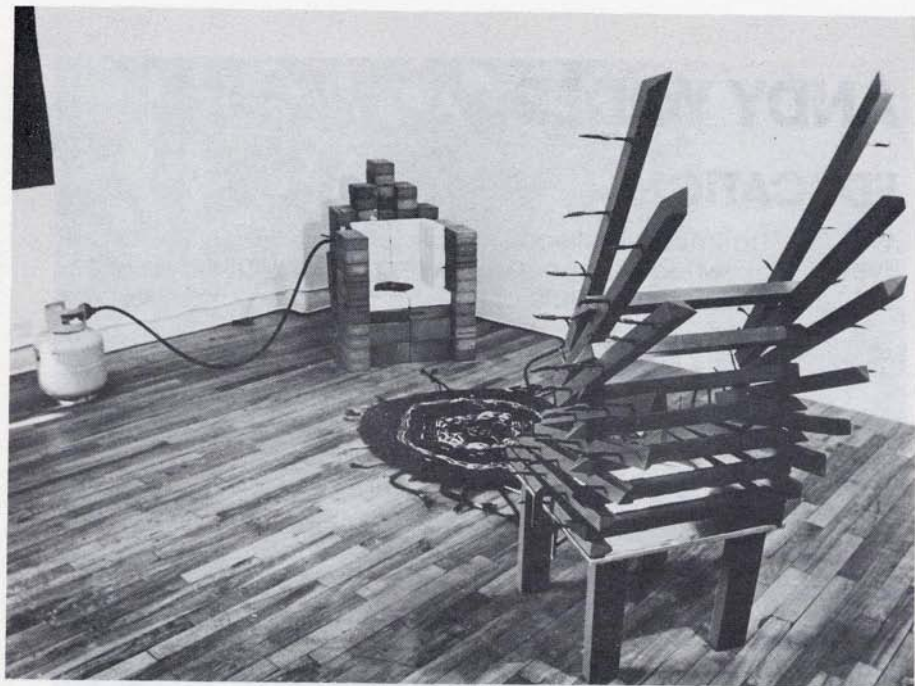
I was walking down the street thinking that we all suffer from narrowness of vision when I saw a blind woman coming towards me. She was tapping out her path with her cane. I became mesmerized by the sound of her cane and bumped into her. She laughed.

We live in the dark - and we live in a society that is technologically complex. We continue to write our own demise with the instruments of our progress. The materials I use contribute to this paradox in an effort to draw attention to it. Jean Genet describes being a thief in Germany as stealing in the void. To thwart the system, the system must be evident. I "couch my pieces in familiar forms and situations to gain complicity of the viewer. A table, a chair, a light, their relationship in a recognized and accepted structure allows me to manipulate, distort and deconstruct more freely...to disturb our highly civilized order, an order so ingrained that questioning it is never an issue. We are Plato's cavemen: we need to suffer the glare of looking towards the light.

To combine the visceral and the intellectual. To interlock image and material. To make a visual statement that resonates. To peel the onion.

"They give birth astride of a grave, the light gleams an instant, then it's night once more."
(Samuel Beckett. *Waiting for Godot*)

Perry Bard



Small Talk, 1985,
mixed media installation.

Clippings from a more visceral reality:

Dacca, Bangladesh

People fled screaming when scores of poisonous snakes, up to seven feet long, took over the town of Mymensingh, the Bengali newspaper *Sangbad* reported yesterday.

Traffic was diverted as nearly 100 hissing snakes searched for new hideouts after road repair workers disturbed their nest in the center of the town, which is 120 miles from Dacca. Nobody was bitten, *Sangbad* said.

Reuters

Ink Attack In Japan

Tokyo

A man hurled a bottle of black ink at the leader of the major opposition party yesterday while he was campaigning for the upcoming general election.

Fumio Adachi, reportedly a member of a right-wing organization, approached Ichio Asukata, chairman of Japan's Socialist Party, during a speech in front of a Tokyo railway station and hurled a bottle of black ink at the party chief and another lawmaker.

United Press

Blizzard Snar

PARIS, Dec. 31 (Reuters) -- The sands of travelers were stranded as snowbound across much of Europe.

Tanks Rescue German Drivers

Tanks rescued motorists in West Germany, and hundreds of passenger aboard two East German trains were stranded in a snowdrift for more than 48 hours near the Baltic coast. In some German communities, people without help at their homes were advised to share with their livestock.

2/11/76

ANDY YODER

EDUCATION

- 1977-78 Dartmouth College
1981 Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture
1979-82 Cleveland Institute of Art

SELECTED EXHIBITIONS

- 1985 "Faculty and Staff of the Skowhegan School,"
Colby College, Waterville, Maine
- 1983 "E-Z Home Improvements (Danger Playground)",
Cleveland Center for Contemporary Art, Cleveland, Ohio
"Eat At Art's," Spaces Gallery, Cleveland, Ohio

I grew up in Ohio. My family lived in a stone house surrounded by shade trees. In the fall, after the colors, each tree would drop most of its leaves on our lawn. They were big trees and big lawns, so I grew up doing a lot of leaf-raking. One time, I remember, we raked up a big pile in front of the swing set. When I pumped the swing up as high as I could, I let go and soared into the leaf pile. Big mistake; I came in for a hard landing, and practically knocked myself out. So, diving into leaf piles left a big impression on me.

For a couple summers, my brother and I took swimming lessons at the YMCA camp. I remember climbing to the top of the ladder and inching out to the edge of the highest board. It felt like climbing the gallows. Every instinct told me to turn around and avoid certain death, but too many people were watching and shouting encouragement.

So, leaf piles and swimming pools have a lot in common. Not only can you dive into both of them, the potential for getting hurt is pretty high. I'm not really sure how the idea to combine them in an installation occurred, except that I was trying to do something that would invite viewers to participate without actually letting them do so.

I think this idea may come from memories of looking at athletic equipment and lacking the confidence to use it.



"Cat House," 1985,
plywood and astroturf,
84x48x96"

AMY HAUFT

EDUCATION

- MFA School of the Art Institute of Chicago, May 1983. Major: Sculpture.
Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture, Skowhegan, Maine,
Summer 1981
- BFA University of California Santa Cruz, June 1980. Major: Art

SELECTED EXHIBITIONS

- 1985 "Confessions of the New Germans," Franklin Furnace, NYC, NY.
1985 "New Artists/New Work," Marianne Deson Gallery, Chicago, IL.
1985 Window work curated by Lucy Lippard, Printed Matter, NYC, NY.
1984 "Selections From The File," Artists Space, NYC, NY.

I, too, wondered whether I could not sell something and succeed in life. For some time I had been no good at anything... Finally the idea of inventing something insincere crossed my mind, and I set to work straightaway... What is it? In fact it is objects.

Marcel Broodthaers 1964

In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God, a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a 1000 years.

Ralph Waldo Emerson NATURE 1836

What ended 998 years earlier than it was supposed to?

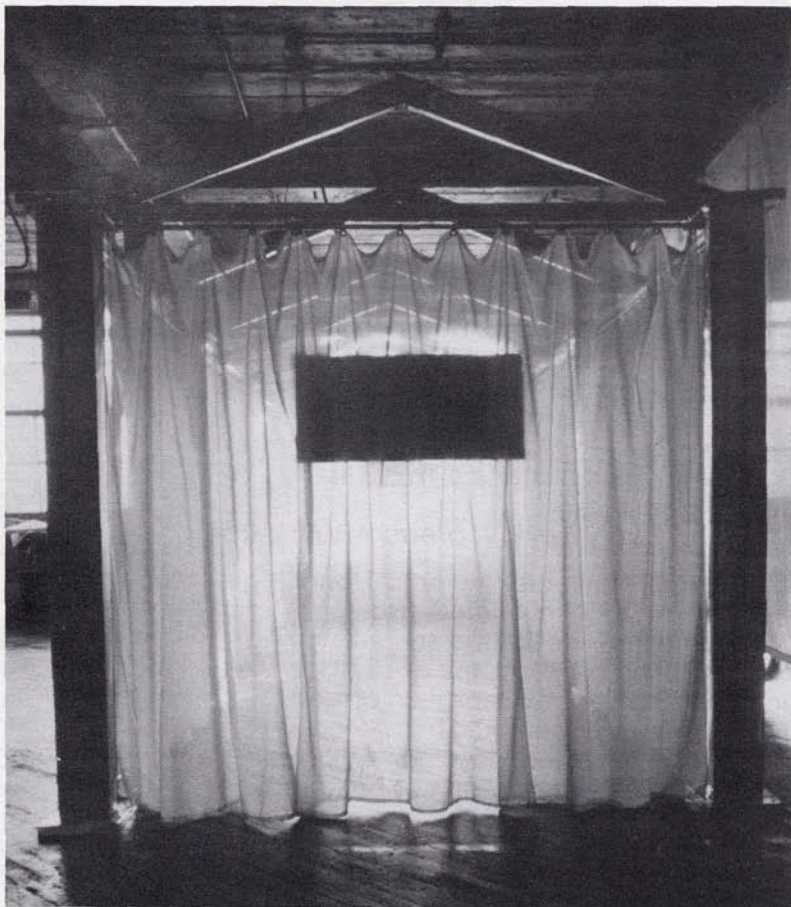
Question from the German edition of TRIVIAL PURSUITS

Morality and concepts of God-in-nature often proceeded in tandem. Landscape lovers were, presumably, more moral than city lovers, and viewing nature, or a painting of nature, was a moral act.

Barbara Novak ON DIVERS THEMES FROM NATURE 1976

...When Goebbels officially forbade art criticism in November 1936, it was for... putting the head over the heart, the individual over the community, intellect over feeling.

Susan Sontag FASCINATING FASCISM 1974



*"Pleasure of Ruins," 1986,
view of work in progress,
mixed media installation*

The forest, as usual, had little to intercept the view below the branches, but the tall straight trunks of trees. Everything belonging to the vegetation had struggled toward the light, and beneath the leafy canopy one walked, as it might be, through a vast natural vault, that was upheld by myriads of rustic columns.

*James Fenimore Cooper
THE PATHFINDER 1840*

...Hitler has contaminated Romanticism and Wagner...much of nineteenth century German culture is, retroactively, haunted by Hitler.

Susan Sontag SYBERBERG'S HITLER 1979

(On the entry of the German Army into Paris, 1940): (Daniel) was not afraid, he yielded trustingly to those thousands of eyes, he thought "Our conquerors!" And he was supremely happy. He looked them in the eye, he feasted on their fair hair, their sunburned faces with eyes which looked like lakes of ice...

Sarte LA MORT DANS L'AME 1949

A lake is the landscape's most beautiful and expressive feature. It is Earth's eye; looking into which the beholder measures the depth of his own nature. The fluviate trees next to the shore are the slender eyelashes which fringe it, and the wooded hills and cliffs are its overhanging brows.

Henry David Thoreau WALDEN 1854

...their slim bodies, their incredibly long muscular hips. He murmured: "How handsome they are!" ...and something had fallen from the sky: it was the ancient law...An unbearable, delicious sensation spread through his body; he could hardly see properly; he repeated, gasping, "As if it were butter - They're entering Paris as if it were butter" ...He would like to have been a woman to throw them flowers."

Sarte LA MORT DANS L'AME 1949

If someone thinks of a slice of buttered bread and wishes to communicate this thought, several means are open to him. He can show a slice of bread and some butter, or paint a slice of bread, and spread butter on it; or he can paint the butter on a real slice of bread. The image of a slice of bread and butter is assuredly not something eatable, and conversely, to take a slice of bread and butter and exhibit it in an art gallery changes nothing about its actual aspect, and it would be foolish to believe it was capable of allowing the description of any thought whatsoever to appear.

Rene Magritte as quoted by Suzi Gablik 1970

