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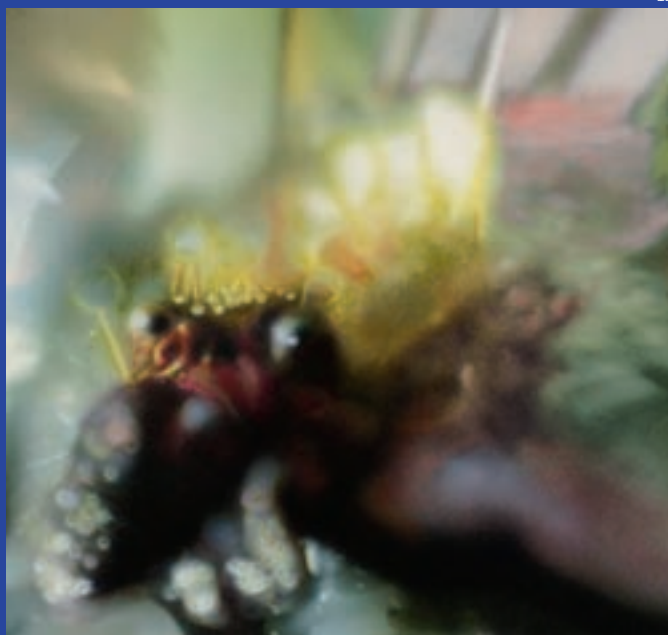


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Cover: Jake Winiski, Model (detail), artist's studio, 2009, mixed media, dimensions variable

 UNIVERSITY ART MUSEUM
UNIVERSITY AT ALBANY State University of New York

MFA
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.

We are pleased to present the work of Terry Bat-Sonja, M. Braun, Tara Ebeling, Evan Green, Jennifer Hunold, Indigeaux, J.C. Jogerst, Joelle Nadeau, Stanley Boyd Palmieri, Robert Servo, Jake Winiski, and Aryn Zev, Master of Fine Arts degree candidates for the spring semester 2009. The 60-credit M.F.A. is the terminal degree in studio art. A tradition since 1983, the M.F.A. exhibition is an important way in which the University Art Museum and the Fine Arts Department collaborate to enhance the academic environment at the University at Albany. The exhibition represents the culmination of these students' intensive training and study in fine art practices. It provides an opportunity for them to exhibit in a professional museum setting and to share their efforts with the academic community, alumni, audiences of the Capital Region, and beyond.

We are very grateful to the Office of the Provost and the College of Arts and Sciences for support of the exhibition and this publication, as well as to the museum staff for their hard work and dedication throughout the exhibition process.

It is a great pleasure to announce the creation of the Ann C. Mataraso Endowment Fund. Established in honor of Mark Greenwold, Associate Professor of Art, the fund will support future M.F.A. exhibitions at the museum. Ann Mataraso received the M.F.A. degree in 2002. As a non-traditional student, Ann found great meaning and fulfillment in her studies at UAlbany. Her generous gift affirms the significance of the M.F.A. exhibition experience for our students. We are deeply grateful for her far-sighted support of the museum and its programs.

Danny Goodwin, Chair, Art Department
Janet Riker, Director, University Art Museum



1. Terry Bat-Sonja, *Wedding* (detail), 2009, tulle, mesh, rope, ribbon, foam, wool, plastic tubing, acrylic, 16 x 16 feet

2. Evan Green, *Holden* (detail), 2008, enamel on canvas, 60 x 46 inches

3. M. Braun, *Dwell*, 2008, wood, metal, plastic, resin, latex, enamel, extension cords, neon and fluorescent light, dimensions variable



4. Tara Ebeling, installation view, 2009, dimensions variable

5. Jennifer Hunold, *Daily Journaling Project* (detail), 2008-09, embroidery floss on linen, 54 x 37 inches

6. Indigeaux, *Symbiosis I*, 2009, digital print, 20 x 26 inches

Terry Bat-Sonja

I draw in space, defining with tulle and organza. My work is simultaneously about recollections and about the future. I paint radiant shapes deep into the centers or off-centers of each piece, these are heart-ways, connectors and pauses. There is a lot of turmoil, with its own inner order. As I work, the reminiscences that generate each piece change as the formal components of each work grow. I try to remain faithful to my first vision, impulse 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 anxious objects. These works maintain guilt and cynicism about the places we inhabit. American celebrations and fears converge, acknowledging the comfort of here and the turmoil of elsewhere. While wars rage in the world, I am wearing new pants.

Tara Ebeling

The mind filters our existence's devolving memories into fictions. It recreates and redefines our pasts, knitting parts to make a whole. This is the space I aspire to create. A headspace of retrieval and excavation. Once-familiar friends morph into our self-made archetypes. Film plays in a loop until it dissolves. These objects manifest the anxious loss of every moment. Life slipping through the web of consciousness like a flickering image on a screen, destined to break.

Evan Green

These paintings bear witness to this anxious time of our lives. They represent an aggregation of notes to self, drawn from a lifetime spent stealing moments of observation and insight, ferreted away in my journals. A kind of testimonial, they are totemic ruminations on the phenomenon of intuition and circumstance. I am compelled to explore and meld the ephemeral and marginal into a kind of autobiographical valentine.

Jennifer Hunold

Drawn from such matriarchal traditions as the sampler, quilting, and tapestries, the works idolize the ideal of a home complete with moral decency and 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

Suck, spit, lie, love, and don't forget to swallow. Acts of futility and elements of masochism. Eleven hundred and eighty-six days of loneliness with you.

7. J.C. Jogerst, *One More Time Mrs. Fritchie* (detail), 2009, house paint, acrylic, enamel, wood, canvas, bronze, t-shirts and hardware, dimensions variable

8. Joelle Nadeau, *Carl*, 2009, acrylic on paper, 39 x 25½ inches

9. Stanley Boyd Palmieri, *Gang Bang*, 2008, video (color, sound) 3:21 minutes

10. Robert Servo, *Three for Me*, 2009, oil, cut paper, spray-paint, acrylic, colored pencil, foam, cardboard, and LEDs on panel, 27 x 17½ inches

11. Jake Winiski, *A gilding man (heads, teeth, and a pig)* (detail), 2009, India ink on three pigment prints, 23 x 16 inches each

12. Aryn Zev, *Small World*, 2009, video (color, sound), 6:22 minutes

J.C. Jogerst

My work stems from holding opposing thoughts, a cognitive dissonance. As a folk psychologist, I gather images from quotidian American culture. My objects are saturated with dynamic tensions between our animal nature and the suppressive power of culture. In Darwinian meditations molded with personal memories, I fabricate and recontextualize objects into a metaphoric rebus.

Joelle Nadeau

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

Stanley Boyd Palmieri

I place people in a moment, become the provocateur, and incite them to interact. Participants are integrated into common activity and unified through costume, 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 toys, props that are antagonistic 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 veiled stories of desire. The irregular shapes of the panels, mixed with colored lights, torn board, and foam, are the means to the emotional atmosphere of the work.

Jake Winiski

I make images of 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 ebb and flow with the metamorphosis of the space. Soft abstractions become absurdly 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. The human eye sees things separately, concretely.

Our sense of scale expands, dissolves. Our understanding abstracts.

Shifting the focus...

Near:

Understanding atomic structures does little to alleviate the daily sufferings of subjectivity. Keep things clean, look pretty. Crop, control. Our buildings like museum glass, our bodies like bugs.

Nearer:

My body cropped into composite parts. A lover's body. A stranger's body. Resonant to me. Anonymous to you. What does each part signify? What meaning does it carry?

To me, to you?

We no longer trust our eyes.

