

stories five



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Martin Azevedo

Pat Collentine +
Susan Larsen

Michelle Davis

Eileen Macdonald

Eddie Overturf

December 1–29, 2016

Reception with the artists:
Friday, December 2, 6–8 p.m.

COVER BACK LEFT TO RIGHT:

COLLENTINE + LARSEN, *BUTTE LAKE WAVE*,
ETCHED ANODIZED ALUMINUM, 14" X 14"
X 1", 2016

MACDONALD, *TITLE STATE SERIES III*
(DETAIL), WOODCUT+PAPER, 26" X 40",
2015

COVER FRONT LEFT TO RIGHT:

OVERTURF, *TRIAL*, ETCHING+WOODCUT,
12" X 9", 2016

DAVIS, *UNTITLED*, CYANOTYPE+GUM
BICHROMATE, 16" X 12", 2016

AZEVEDO, *BUILDING STEAM*, RELIEF/SILK-
SCREEN/MIXED MEDIA, 100" X 90", 2015

About this book

Stories Five is the fifth annual 1078 Gallery *Stories* group exhibition held in December. It's a festive, holiday event that brings together five different artists with strong links to Chico (as always, some have moved away, others have stayed around, and still others haven't been here so long). 1078 publishes a small book to accompany the exhibit and makes it available at the reception. The five artists (this year, one of the artists=two people) are given prompts for the book—but not for the art, for which they are given free rein to reveal their own stories.

This book is a brief document of the five artists as they have been and are now: it is small enough to hold in your hand or put in a large pocket.

Production

DESIGN: Laura Kling

PRINT: University Printing
Services

EDIT: Thomasin Saxe

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Thank you.

MARTIN AZEVEDO:
IN THE OFFICE



Martin Azevedo

I grew up in the Central Valley of California and now find myself back there after several years in Ohio and one in Alabama. This return has been bittersweet.

On the one hand, I am in my home state, where friends and family are at arm's length and I can make a short trip into the Sierra Nevada and experience the mountains again (how I missed the "real" mountains of the West).



FROM LIFE:

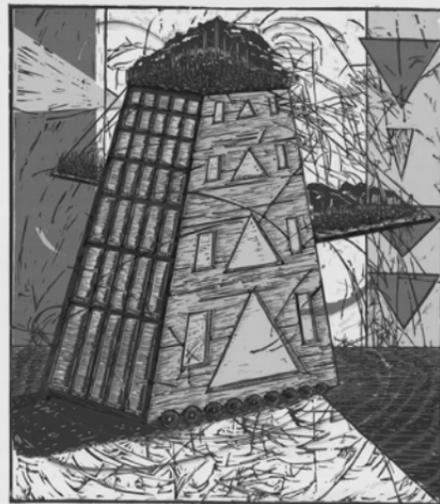
“ON A HIKE NEAR A SMALL CABIN MY FAMILY OWNS IN THE SIERRA NEVADA. I HAVE BEEN GOING THERE EVERY SUMMER SINCE I WAS AN INFANT.”

On the other hand, I forgot how dry California can be and what it feels like to run in 113-degree heat with the air burning at my lungs. I forgot what it is like to find everything coated in a fine layer of dust a day after cleaning. I long for the sight of streets crowded in tight

by trees. I am constantly looking at blue skies and waiting for a midday thundercloud to roll in and unleash itself on the land.

This last year has made me more aware of my surroundings and has made me thoughtfully consider the space I live in and how much that can affect my work. I remember growing up in the country—staring at yellow and brown fields of dirt and wheat, digging massive holes, and building structures to pass the time. Aside from mimicking comic books and cartoon strips, I believe altering the landscape to be one of my first creative endeavors.

I wonder how the places I have lived, including Chico, have come together to form my current visual language and how a return to a familiar yet bit forgotten landscape will affect that language going forward. □



THE ENEMY IS EVERYWHERE
(RELIEF/SILKSCREEN, 2015)

Pat Collentine + Susan Larsen



PAT COLLENTINE
+ SUSAN LARSEN:
SELFIE, TUOLOMNE
MEADOWS, YOSEMITE

The summer of 1986, the family traveled to Europe. Our daughter was an exchange student in Germany that year. Our Christmas card was a photo taken in Berlin at Checkpoint Charlie. The Berlin Wall was colorfully graffitied throughout West Berlin, except at this section where the East German guards kept it painted white. Checkpoint Charlie is now a museum, but then it was still like you see in spy movies.

The guards on West Berlin's side paid no attention as we walked through a strange 100-yard-wide "no man's zone" to an East Berlin guardhouse. Armed

soldiers watched us intently from towers. We entered a small room with a uniformed officer behind a window who asked, staring us directly in the eye, “Why are you visiting Berlin, the capital of East Germany?” The first feeling was why were we there? It was hard to justify being curious tourists wanting to see a striking sculptural radio tower we viewed from the West. Walking from Checkpoint Charlie we passed blocks of empty buildings cleared to prevent people from tunneling to the West.

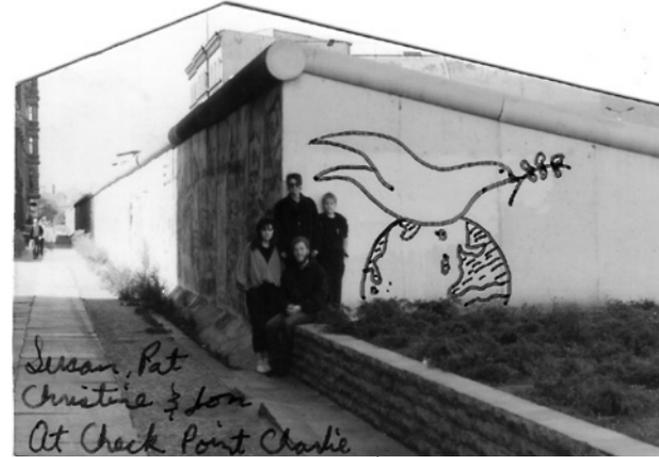
KOLOR BAR BLACK+WHITE
BERLIN RADIO TOWER
(MIXED MEDIA, 2013)



In 1990, four years later, we visited Berlin just after the physical and political wall had collapsed. We came to share the experience of the new unified Berlin. Approaching the Wall, we heard a cacophony

of hammering chisels before we ever saw the pockmarked Wall. We took part in a citywide party atmosphere hammering off our souvenir chunks—symbols of the past, a promise of a unified Germany and a changed world.

On a recent return to Berlin, we had difficulty identifying the location of the Wall. Sections are saved in museums for remembrance; old guard towers are open to the public. Berlin has become a model of cultural diversity and rich humanity. □



FROM LIFE: FAMILY CHRISTMAS
CARD AT CHECK POINT CHARLIE
(PHOTO AND INK, 1986)

Michelle Davis



MICHELLE DAVIS:
WITH A 1951 KODAK
RETINA "THAT'S
OLDER THAN ME"

It's a lucky thing if you are fortunate enough to know what interests you at an early age. My brother, Mitch, knew he'd be a chef by 7th grade. I have always been a drawer, and when I won a drawing contest in the 1st grade, I knew art was my thing. By high school, I was drawing and painting watercolors in photo-realism style, painstakingly recording every detail from photographs in magazines. Now, I call that "lens-based" work. I admired my friend who did loose watercolors and wished I had the ability to do the same. I love to visit a Franz Klein, a Helen Frankenthaler, or an Armando painting; I get lost in them and it's freeing, like a vacation, but my place remains lens-based.



FROM LIFE: MOOSE LODGE, ORLAND, CA

While we are born with two lenses in our heads, we can't fix in memory what we see and reliably recall it very often. The cell phone's camera and storage have exposed our flawed design, which explains part of our love for the device.

In college, I learned how to make black and white photographs. That once-removed—by way of non-color—reality very much intrigued me. Straight color photography, whether analog or digital, is my least favorite to create, mostly because it's too similar to the



PENELOPE
DREAMING
(GUM OVER
CYANOTYPE
PRINT, 2016)

real experienced image in the mind. The fidelity of the camera lens and its invoking of memory is a beautiful thing. It sets up so many possibilities of tweaking reality, where something uncommon or even uncanny can occur.

Now, my art-making practice has made a circle: I am using watercolor paper, paint and brush in conjunction with the

lens, digital editing software, and chemistry formulas that date back to the 19th century. Alternative photography is a long and complex way to make a photograph, with many opportunities to mess up and lose hours of work. It's more like a triathlon than a 10K run, at least for me, but making something in the visual language, something that speaks to me and to others, is what I enjoy most. □



EILEEN MACDONALD:
RESIDENCY AT GLASGOW
PRINT STUDIO

Eileen Macdonald

I grew up in Alligin (population 30), a remote coastal village surrounded by a dramatic glaciated landscape, in the northwest Highlands of Scotland. Due to its isolation, I had very little exposure to popular culture or art as a child, but I did spend a lot of time drawing and gathering objects from the seashore.

The first prints that I saw were etchings by Bruce Onobrakpeya. A relative had moved back to the village after living in Lagos for 10 years. The Nigerian prints and sculptures



FROM LIFE:
ALLIGIN VILLAGE,
SCOTLAND

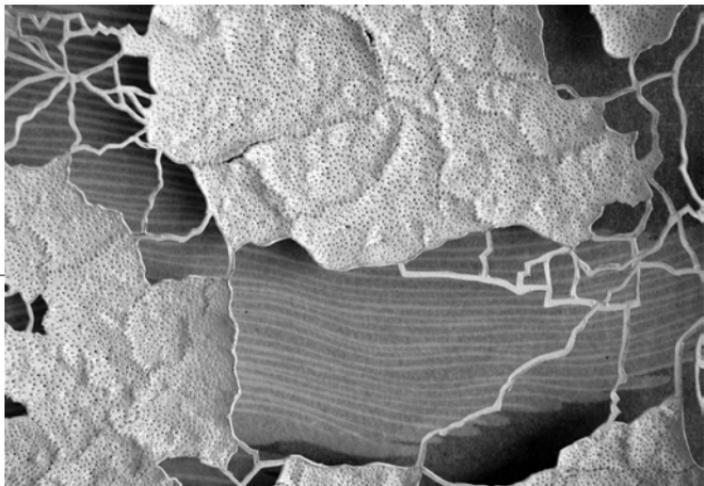
that she'd collected contrasted with the pictures of boats and landscapes that decorated all of the other homes. It was my first experience of seeing art that I didn't understand; it piqued my curiosity.

The importance of moving away, travel, and education became very clear to me at a young age, but it wasn't until I was 15 that I decided to pursue an artistic career. It took me a long time to realize how much the landscape that surrounded my childhood has impacted the aesthetic choices that I make in my work.

My daily life centers around printmaking and art in general, whether I am teaching, creating, or traveling. The technique and physicality of making a

print has always been paramount, and most printmakers will admit to having a love of paper and tools as much as ink. I have two different approaches to working, which help me find balance in my studio practice and my daily life. I enjoy the social aspect of working alongside others in a communal print studio—the dialogue and sharing of discoveries seems necessary. The work that I make from paper allows me time to be slow, quiet, and alone—it's somewhat meditative and definitely a form of escapism. □

STATE SERIES IV
(DETAIL, WOODCUT
AND PAPER, 2015)



Edie Overturf

Some paths are less direct than others. I stumbled into registering for a printmaking class when working on my BFA. I did not know where it would go, but I knew I needed to fall deeply in love with the medium. (This is similar to how I have approached romantic relationships: I have to have this person in my life, so regardless of the outcome, I dive head first.) I knew I needed to dive in, make mistakes, make better work, and make more mistakes.



EDIE OVERTURF:
SELF-PORTRAIT



FROM LIFE:
THE EVERY
DAY

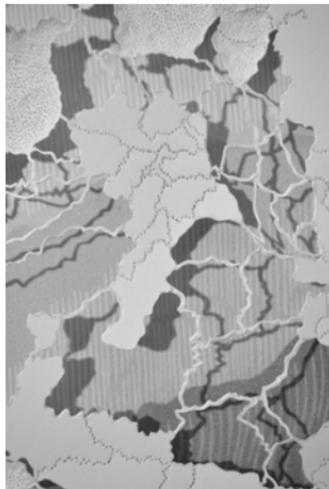
By diving in I realized I didn't want to leave the learning environment, where the energy of discovery is palpable. I saw the path that many of the MFA students were on while I worked on my BFA. Those career goals became my own, as the continuation of my own studies in image making and gaining experience as an instructor became a priority.

The pursuit of my MFA occurred in Chico. During those three years I reconsidered my materials, I studied abroad, I got my heart broken, I broke a few, and I became a teacher. The classroom energy was restorative and being present for the "aha!" moments with students was rewarding. After completing my MFA, I felt I was ready for my job as a professor.

When I graduated in 2006, the economy was not good and jobs were not plenty. In hindsight I was far too young and naive, but I was crushed that the dream job I had worked towards for eight years seemed out of reach. I moved back to Illinois to figure out the next move. I am now thankful that I had five years of printing in t-shirt sweatshops, food service, partying, reading, art making, traveling, and experiencing life before coming back to teaching. I would not be the artist and teacher that I am today without all the stops along the way. □

YOU'RE DOING THAT WRONG
(ETCHING AND WOODCUT, 2016)





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