

STUDIO ART FACULTY



STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK AT BINGHAMTON

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Cover design: Don Bell
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This catalog was produced by the

UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY
STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK AT BINGHAMTON

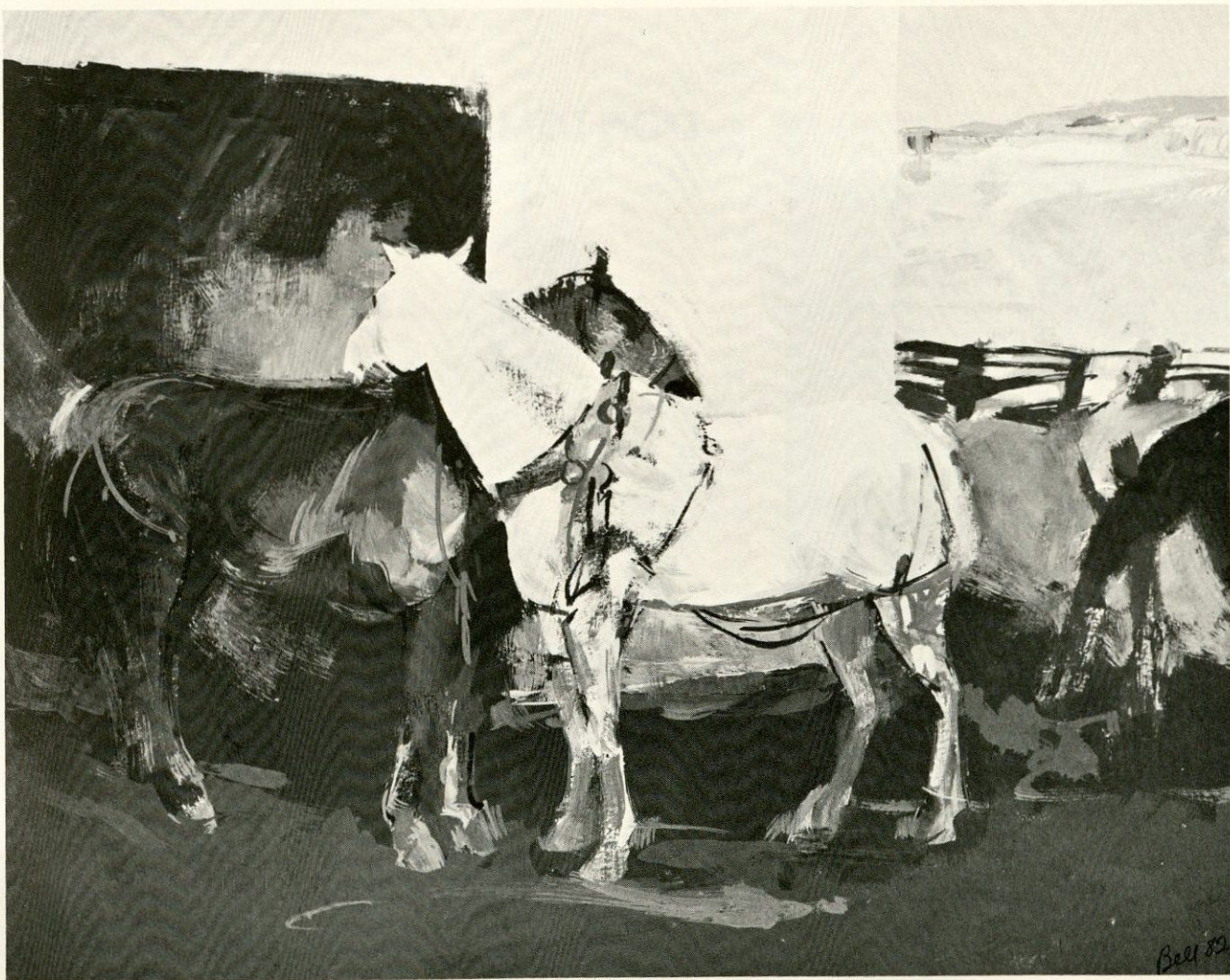
in conjunction with the
Studio Art Faculty exhibition
September 10–October 10, 1982



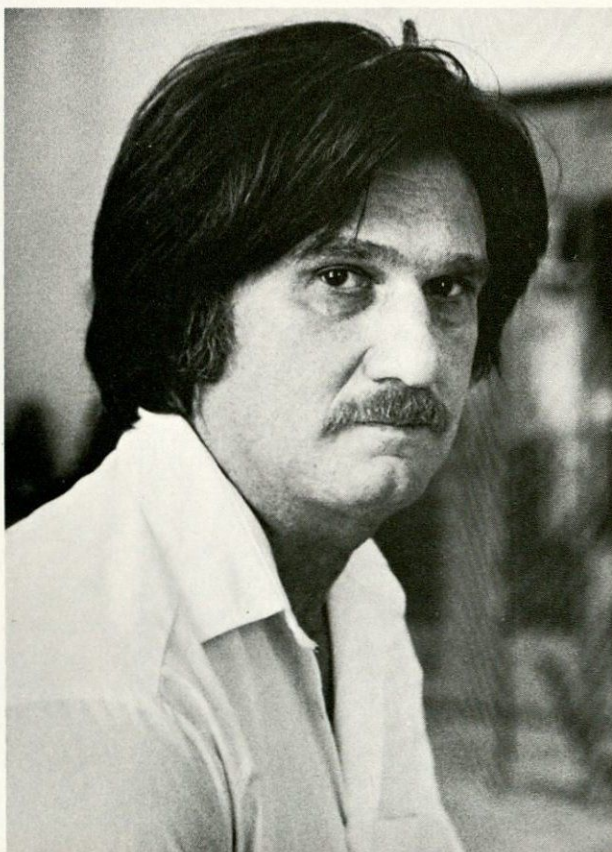
DON BELL

My association with the rural landscape is longstanding. I was raised in the country in Indiana, I owned a farm in the area until recently and take every opportunity to hike, run, or cross-country ski in the wooded hills in and around Binghamton. This intimate and direct contact with the out-of-doors is evident in my photographs, design, and paintings.

I now work with the landscape directly by drawing or photographing in the field. My paintings are several steps removed from those first hand experiences outside. The paint makes its own demands upon me in terms of color and form in the studio, so that the source drawing or photograph may not be evident in the final canvas. However, my contact with nature is a well-spring for everything that is honest in the work. The painting may seem to have come out of my head—that is the colors, shapes, etc....may appear to be graphic signatures of trees, clouds, and other recognizable things. Indeed, the original photo or drawing is left far behind during the painting process. Yet, I feel that the original connection between nature and final canvas is still here in the work because of the field experience.



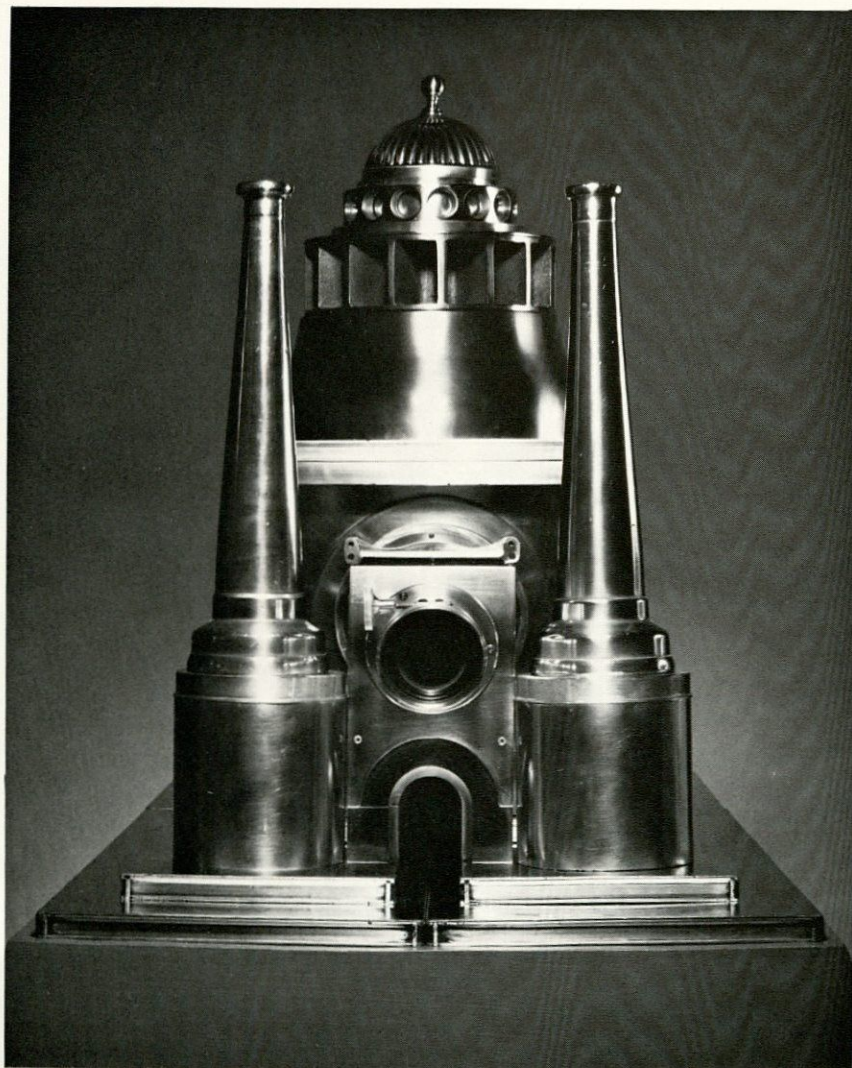
Maud and Grace, 1982
Gouache



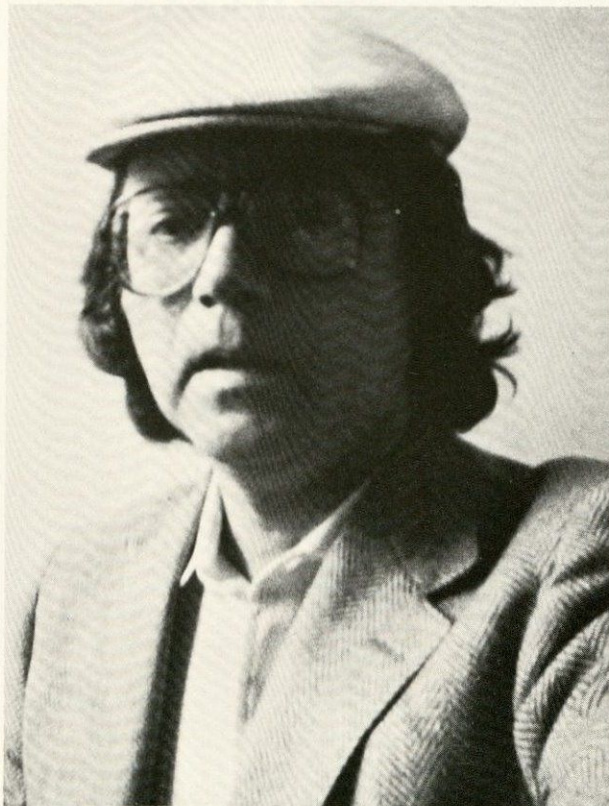
DON DEMAURO



Nude Portrait of Giorgio de Chirico, 1982
Charcoal pencil and collage



Winter Camera, 1980–81
Brass and bronze



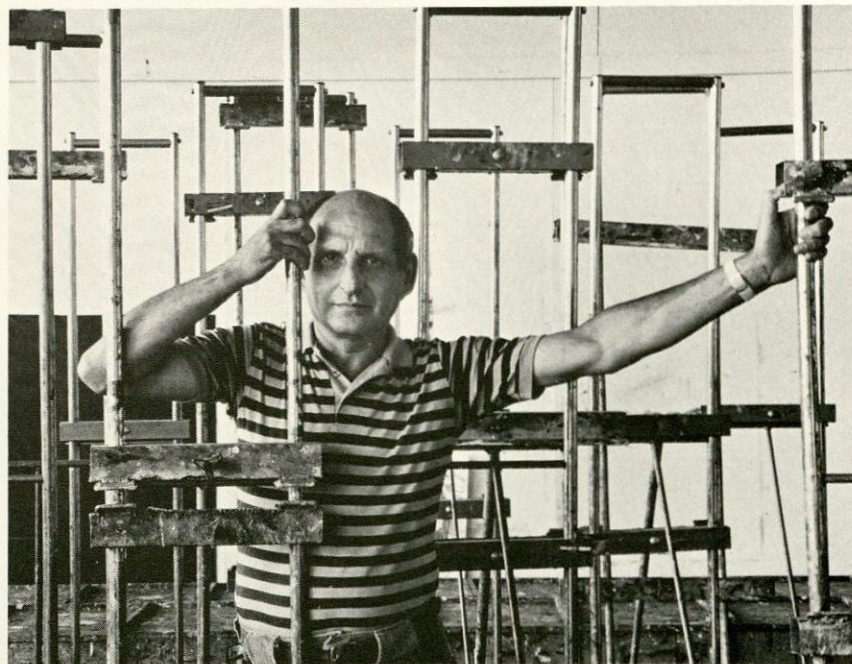
CHARLES ELDRED

I make things out of parts, attempting to evolve a whole, through successive generations of objects and private images, which is not only greater than the sum of its parts, but entirely unpredictable from them. They are small sculptures toward a personal millenium; ancient sculptures of the present from the remnants of a past uncivilization, all made here in the Valley of the Shadow of Opportunity with its hills and rivers, its seasons, smokestacks, green domes, gold domes, fittings, findings, fixtures, and its daily production of small, quietly bizarre visual events and happenstances. They are made by hand, with a deceptive whimsicality and relentless sense of nonsense, to be bright devices for a medieval mid-America in the Gray Ages.



Spring Rain, 1982
Oil on canvas

ANGELO IPPOLITO



Painting is a dynamic search for clarity and balance, with all elements working for one image.

A painting that has a compromise is a failure.



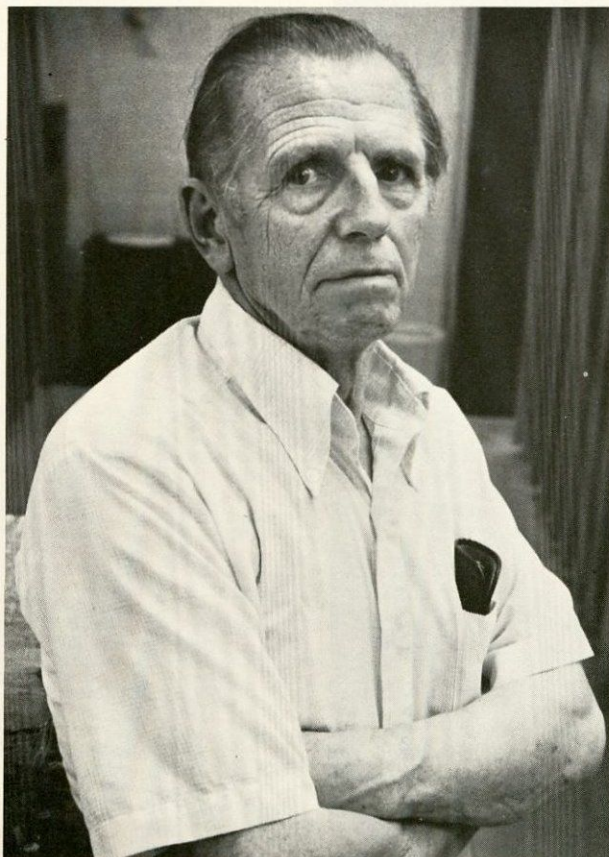
Figures In A Pool, 1982
Monotype and oil on paper

KATHERINE KADISH





Untitled, 1982
Maple



WALTER LUCKERT

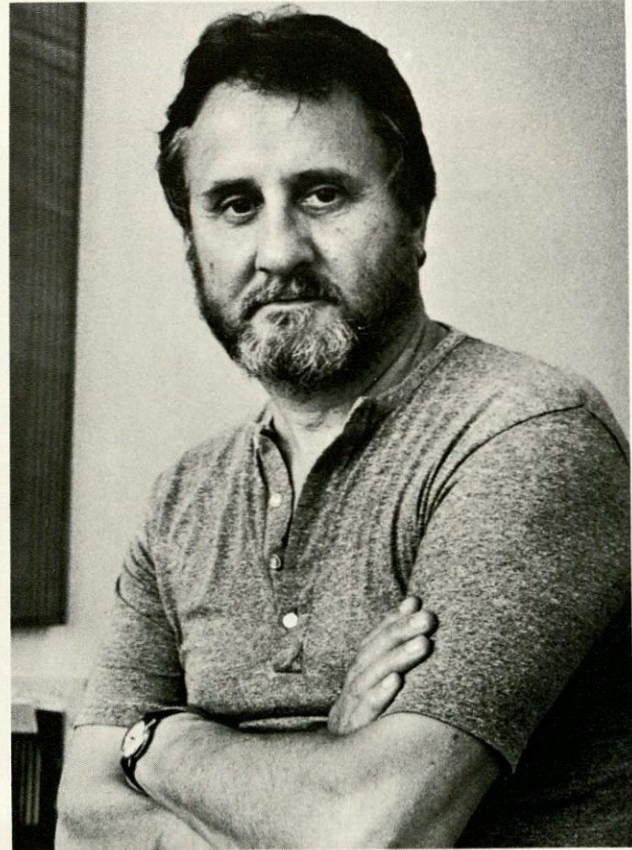
I was born in 1910 in New York and raised in Meiningen, Thuringia in Germany. I returned to America in 1921 where I completed my education. A decade later, I began working in the studios of Oskar Pfeiffer as a designer in silk and other fabrics. During this period in New York, I also worked on theatrical sets and costume design. In 1942, I made a temporary break with my work in order to serve with the Armed Forces.

Nine years after the end of the Second World War, I joined the staff of Roberson Memorial Center for the Arts and Sciences in Binghamton, as a gallery technician. It was at this time, 1954, that I began working in sculpture. I then joined the new University Art Gallery at SUNY-Binghamton at its founding in 1966.



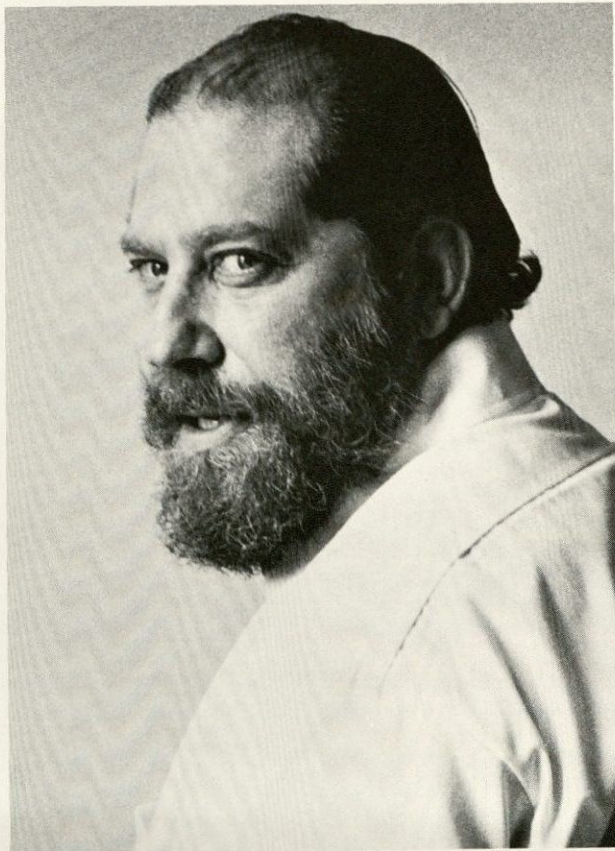
Portrait of Joyce Carol Oates, 1982
Monotype

AUBREY SCHWARTZ





Portrait Of An Artist As A Young Dog, 1981
Oil on linen



DAVID STEWART SHAPIRO

Painting for me is a way of seeing and thinking. It's a way of comprehending forms and their placement in space and, in so doing, finding a space of my own.

Paint surface fascinates me. I like to see the handwriting, the way the marks and brush strokes are made. This shows the personality of the artist and lets us see the process in which the painting is created.

I feel an obligation to the object. A direction toward the figurative image. My concern is in making a real space, one that I can believe and feel, where the air of the painting envelops me and has an almost physical presence.

LINDA SOKOLOWSKI



"I would like one day to fill my figures with the combination of Morandi's stable calm, Ingmar Bergman's screaming seclusion and Rogier Van der Weyden's dignified solemnity. I would like my people to be graceful by being totally unaware of the theater they so often play to, natural, unrehearsed, unselfconscious, and drawn so very well, that in their strangeness reward me with intense quiet." I borrow these two sentences from "Attempts for Quiet," my thesis submitted in 1971 in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the MA degree in printmaking at the University of Iowa. Perhaps I am that same person now living here in the area of Swan Lake, New York, with the strange sight of crumbling health spas once used by wealthy tourists, vacation spots left to collapse.

I am surrounded by many abandoned structures including pools, overgrown tennis courts, porched facades that provoke the feeling of people having left just yesterday, of an impending disaster that forced a hasty exodus. These spaces seem to wait for the people to return; they are slightly decadent Pompeii's without the beauty of cultural background of great monuments. Yet they exist with a weighted presence. There is a strong element of time held inside their boundaries. I could have chosen to ignore these ruins, this source, but sanity, past experiences, and visual enthusiasm forced me some ten years ago to explore these living, uninhabited landscapes reflected by water spaces. Spirit in work issues from that which can constantly be seen, felt, and reinvented.

Here, hundreds of paintings, drawings, collages, etchings, have attempted resolution and have left me with some rewards and many questions:

At what point does the problem of over-resolution destroy the quiet and presence of a work? When does quiet become death with unmoving air space?

Since formal solutions seem to result from a heavily rational process, not ignoring the instinctive, what kind of discipline does the artist place on logic?

Can the formality that often results from composites of images really be seen in nature? Is that kind of order intrinsically there; and how much of it is in the mind of the artist?

Since formality also results from working a piece over a long period of time, do solutions come from those lessons learned over a period of time and merely repeated; or does the artist approach each work as if he had never seen it before?

Fortunately, my work and my teaching leave me with many unanswered questions. And, now and then, when questions are answered in my studio, I cannot trace the source of the conclusion.



Untitled, 1982
Oil on paper

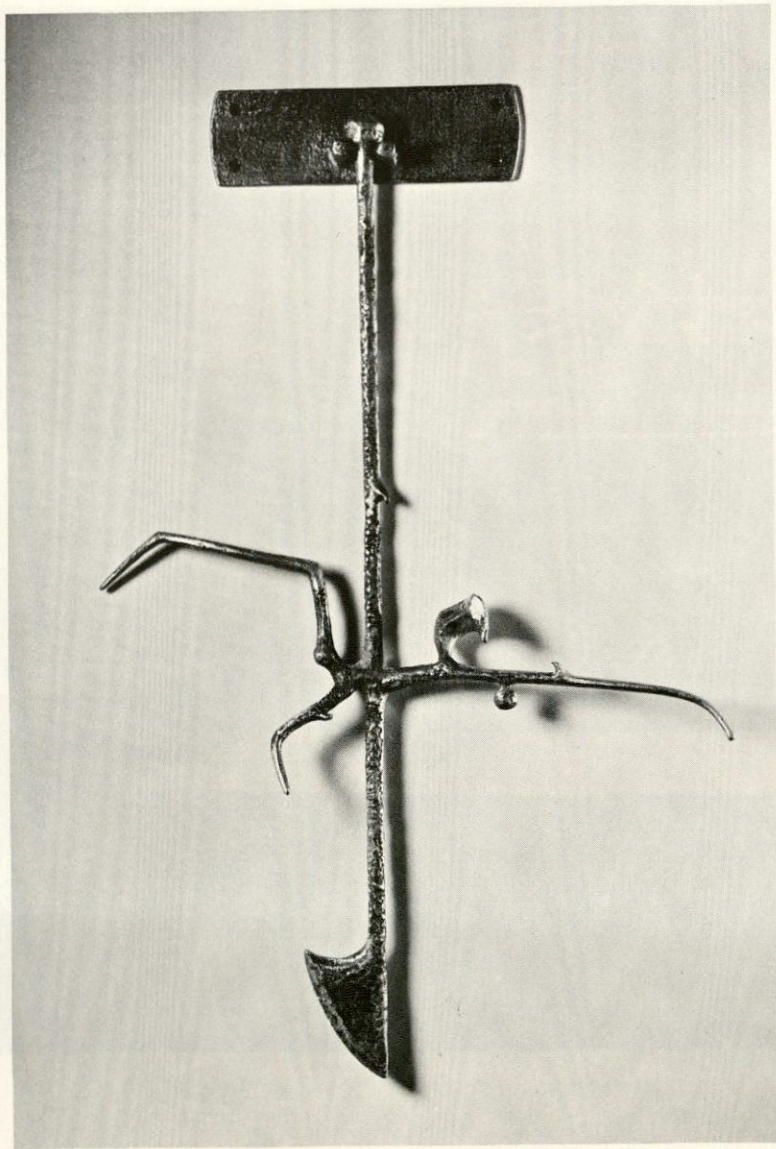


JIM STARK

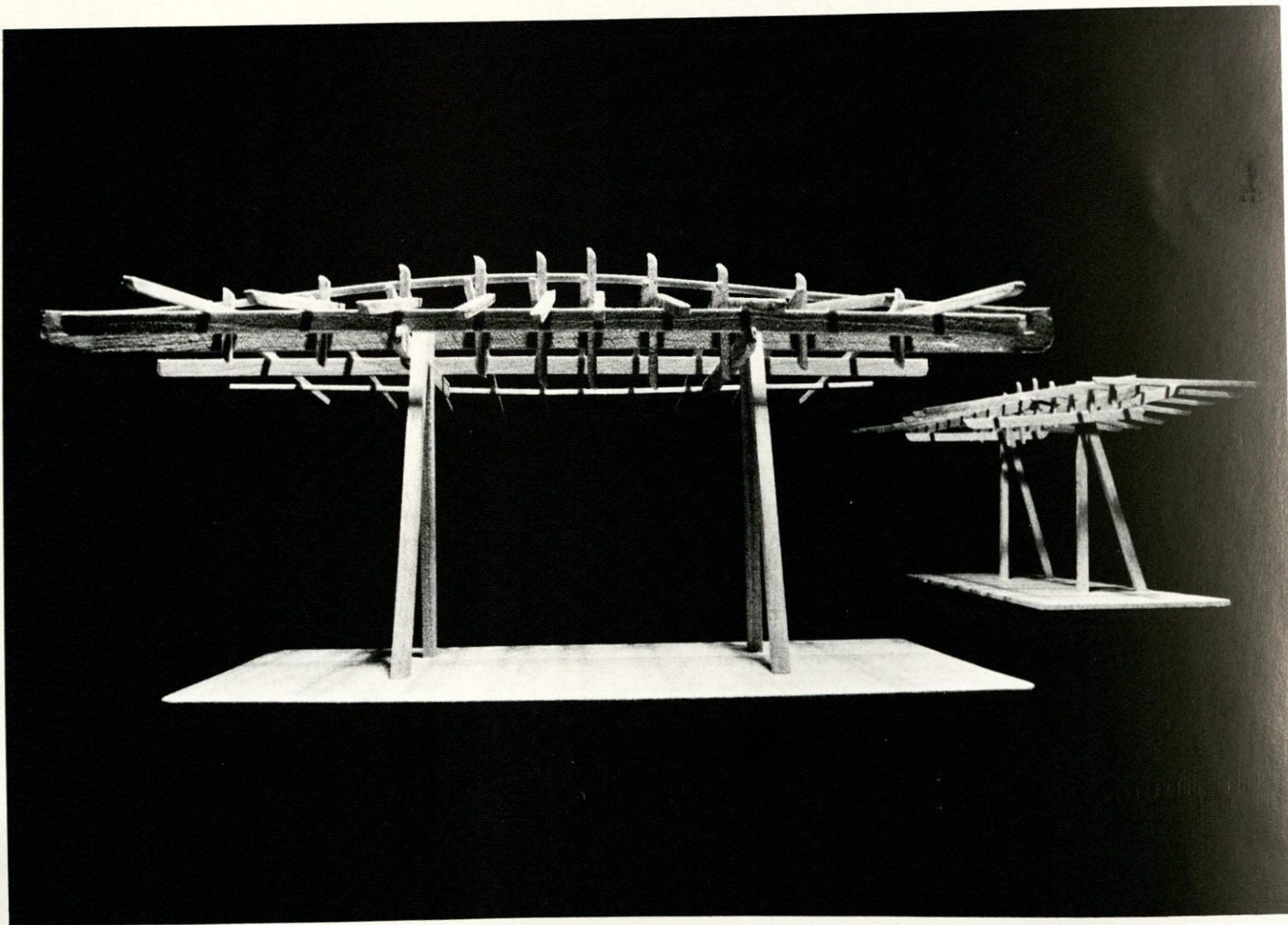
As much as is made possible; our intentions, through our activity, should not be to separate ourselves in order to direct process and thereby effect the work. As one in and of various communities; our time, this time again, requires that we sustain these memberships and histories.

It is most important; that the work is done, and made available, that the communication is complete; spoken and heard, made and seen.

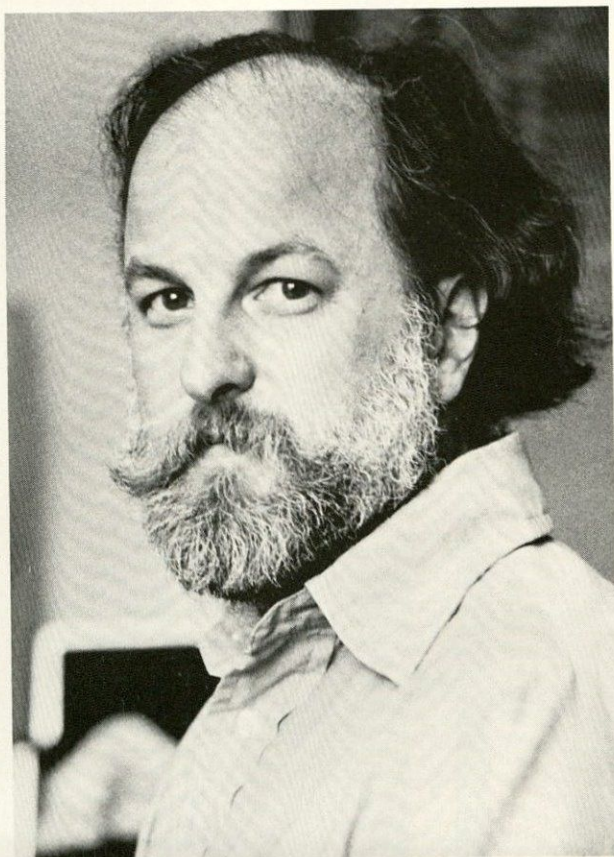
What I do is make sculpture; through investigation, manufacture, presentation, and response.



Wall Commutator, In Place
Cast DZR brass

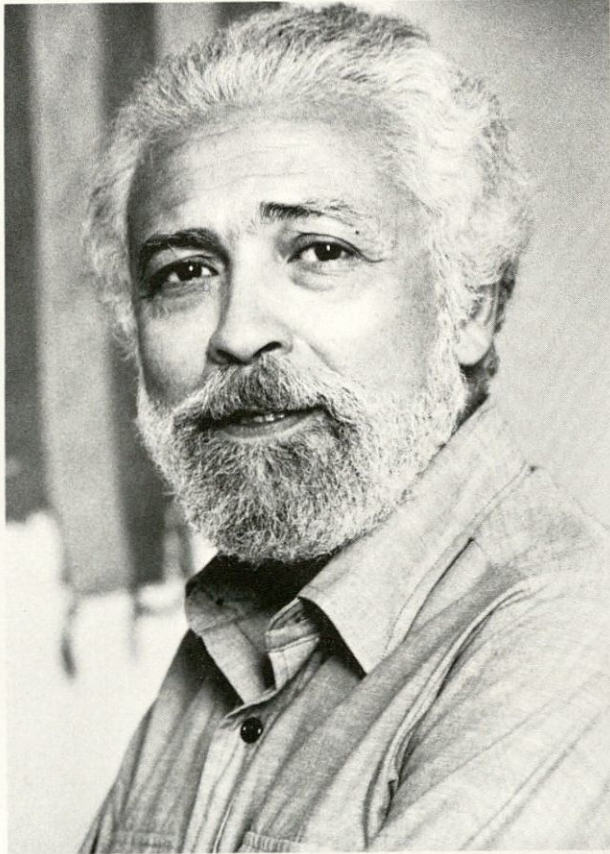


Trellis: detail of a proposed park along the
Chenango River



JOHN THOMSON

I've always thought that most of my design ideas are involved with the word 'elegance'. The problem is that when a designer uses the term, everybody naturally assumes he refers to the precious (and exclusive) aesthetics of high fashion. I don't. I use the word as it's often used in the sciences, meaning an extreme efficiency, and it's a recognition of beauty! It's not the fashionable beauty which results from a lot of intelligence being applied primarily to what an object looks like. It's another type where the intelligence goes into what the object is. Thus the elegance of bridges, boats, and fiddler.



ED WILSON

Study model of *Homage To Duke Ellington*
for SUNY-Binghamton Library

