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## Inside, Outside, In-Between.

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Inside, Outside, In-Between

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A thesis

presented to

the Faculty of the Department of Art and Design

East Tennessee State University

In partial fulfillment

of the requirements for the degree

Master of Fine Arts in Studio Art

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by

Aurora Pope

May 2008

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Mira Gerard

Patricia Mink

Catherine Murray

Keywords: painting, encaustic, garden, memory, landmark, time, alchemy

## ABSTRACT

Inside, Outside, In-Between

by

Aurora Pope

The artist discusses her Master of Fine Arts exhibition, *Inside, Outside, In-Between*, held at the Carroll Reece Museum on the campus of East Tennessee State University, Johnson City, Tennessee, from February 26 through March 13, 2008. The works included in this exhibition are a collection of paintings that employ the use of traditional and non-traditional materials to explore the connections between place and memory.

These pieces are investigations into materiality and process, combining local beeswax, sticks, garden soil, charcoal, and ashes together with oil, shellac, oil pastel, pencil, and other traditional artists' materials.

Ideas discussed include materiality, process, composition, cropping, collective and selective memory, landmarks, archaeology, gardening, borders and boundaries, parietal Paleolithic art and the art of the Abstract Expressionists, ritual, alchemy, time, liminality, and the influences of Michelle Stuart, Mary Frank, and Cai Guo-Qiang.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to express my gratitude to my committee: Mira Gerard, Catherine Murray, and Patricia Mink, for their wisdom and guidance.

I would also like to thank Anita DeAngelis, Travis Graves, Scott Koterbay, and Peter Pawlowicz for their endless inspiration and enlightenment.

I thank Gabriella Reeves, Taimi Olsen, Daniel Dudley, Nancy Milligan, and Wanda Rahm for listening to my musings and reflections with interest.

Above all, though, I thank my husband and son: Brian and Kevin Pope, for their continuous love, support, and patience.

DEDICATION

*In Memory of my father, Clifford L. Reeves, for  
planting a rose garden and teaching me to question.  
With all of my love....*

## CONTENTS

	Page
ABSTRACT .....	2
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS .....	3
LIST OF FIGURES .....	6
Chapter	
1. INTRODUCTION .....	7
I Remember .....	7
2. THE GARDEN .....	11
The Materials .....	11
The Garden Wall.....	15
3. THE STUDIO .....	18
4. ALCHEMY .....	26
CATALOGUE OF EXHIBITION .....	29
WORKS CITED .....	42
VITA .....	46

## LIST OF FIGURES

Figure	Page
1. In Mezzo .....	13
2. La Borsa .....	14
3. Il Ritorno .....	16
4. Passare .....	18
5. Portare .....	18
6. Il Corridoio .....	20
7. Il Segreto .....	20
8. Il Turista .....	21
9. Via .....	23
10. Ne la Foresta .....	24

## CHAPTER 1

### INTRODUCTION

In 1976 Mary Leakey discovered 3.6 million year old bipedal footprints forming a trail across volcanic ash on the Laetoli steps in northern Tanzania. They are believed to have been formed by a group of relatively short, small-brained individuals that we call *Australopithecus afarensis*. The prints were marks that were left behind by these ancestors of ours trying to escape from a nearby eruption; this terrible event has provided us with what is to date one of the oldest and most important pieces of evidence that we have of *afarensis*' existence and behavior. They record a traumatic occurrence that took place at a particular time and in a particular space, and they do so with traces of toes, arches, and heels that are so very similar to our own.

The footprints have been reburied because of preservation concerns.

#### I Remember

My paintings frequently begin long before I ever set foot into the studio, when I find myself captivated by the palette of the east Tennessee winter, by the particular color of the soil in my garden, or by a distinctly curved branch that catches my eye. These visual cues in my surroundings inspire a connection between what is already present and the potential for transformations that can take place. They speak to me not only of specificity but also of possibilities; and through them my work becomes deeply associated with where I am.

Over the course of my lifetime, I have lived in eight different towns, three different countries, four different states, and at least seventeen different homes. I began gardening about eighteen years ago; it has become one of the first things I do when I am yet again unpacking



boxes. Putting a shovel in the ground and planting something allows me to claim space. As the garden takes shape and the plants begin to grow, my relationship with that bit of soil deepens, and then I am home. I am forty years old now, and as my relationship to space has become more and more of a curiosity to me, it has also become a fundamentally important part of my work. I have become increasingly curious about the ways in which memories attach themselves to particular places; this body of work is an exploration of that connection.

In the 1920s the philosopher and sociologist Maurice Halbwachs first developed his concept of social or collective memory. He observed that collective memories provide the framework upon which individual memories can hang. They are our mechanism for the orientation of when and where, of time and space. These memories become associated with landmarks, and the landmarks begin to act as mnemonic devices (Halbwachs 64). Even when they are allowed to fall into disuse and ruin, landmarks can still operate as memory markers (*“That was Aunt Sarah’s old shed. Remember her? She used to....”*). This connection to the landscape might be the difference between watching something happen and being a part of it. By leaving traces of my presence on my surroundings, by leaving my “mark”, I am creating memory.

In my studio, a painting passes through a continuous sequence of shifts and changes while it is taking form. I take deliberate actions that lead the painting from one stage to the next. There is opportunity at each juncture for radical decisions that bring an entirely new composition into being. The struggle I go through resolving each piece often leads to it bearing “scars” - the results of past decisions and actions. Following Halbwach’s ideas on memory, the visual result

of such an event becomes a temporal signature and not just a spatial indicator. It “marks” time; it is the visual manifestation of an assertion. It becomes a pivotal moment or the “landmark” that holds the piece’s history – that elusive textural, structural, and sometimes even visceral encrustation of the surface. Each of these marks, whether freshly made or a scar from a past painting episode, exists to record the simple fact that it even happened.

When I began graduate school I had been painting exclusively on panel for several years. I enjoyed the solidity of the surface and the cleanness of the edges. Ironically, those very qualities finally drove me to try something else. I began experimenting with paper. The permeability of the paper’s surface is very exciting. It can be made translucent by applying shellac or wax, transforming it into something akin to leather or skin. Paper also provides a malleable support. I can fold it, crumple it, burn it, and almost sculpt with it. I can also bury it in the garden and allow it to undergo the workings of the elements for a time before being used in a piece. The combined actions of decomposition and weathering make it a fascinating surface on which to work and adds a layer of metaphor to the process as the painting experiences the cycle of internment and rebirth.

I often begin preparing the surface upon which I’m going to paint by stitching sticks onto paper or fabric or by sewing pieces of paintings to other pieces of paintings. Once this ground is assembled, the painting process begins. Often, it becomes as much a subtractive one as it is an additive one. I scrape away previous layers of paint or scratch into the surface to peek through to a previous level, using the painting’s history to create new lines, then, and new marks. Sometimes this exploration leaves gouges and holes. Sometimes the paint I have removed leaves

a fine mist of obscuration, like a fog. This is a give and take process, an alternating sequence of revealing and obscuring.

The sticks I include in my paintings become lines. Beeswax, clay, and ashes are mixed into the paint, acting as color as well as texture. The materials I choose demand a certain openness on my part. They stretch the limits of my creative abilities as their behavior is difficult to predict. My studio becomes the stage for a strange sort of balancing act. I make the decisions as to on what surface I am going to work, what materials I am going to include, and at what scale I am going to work. I begin with a plan for mood, an aim for palette, and an idea for imagery and composition as well; but I remain detached enough from these things to give the painting some free reign. This process entails a sense of urgency, though. The acts are deliberate ones that can not be completely removed. They have an immediate effect and are undeniable.

This layering process is the painting's history. It is constantly rewritten and redesigned. It is only in the final telling that the story is decided. It is only when I can step back without my hand twitching to do something else; when my eye doesn't look for that something that should be just there, but isn't, that the process is allowed to conclude. In the meantime, the painting's surface has become a heavy thing, thick with story.

## CHAPTER 2

### THE GARDEN

#### The Materials

Shortly after beginning graduate school, I stumbled across the paintings of Michelle Stuart. I was intrigued by her use of site-specific materials and the fact that her paintings, though certainly not representational in the traditional sense, can still be considered landscapes simply because of their materiality. I began my own investigation into non-traditional materials by sewing sticks onto my painting supports. Soon I was mixing dirt and soil from my garden and charcoal and ashes from my fire pit and wood stove into my paint, and I found that each of these materials brought its own voice to the work.

There is no more obvious a material that can speak to a sense of space than the dirt itself. Dirt is, in fact, the earliest source for artists' pigments. It is likely that ochre, which varies in color from red to purple, was being collected and processed into powder as early as 250,000 years ago, as evidence recovered from the *Homo erectus* shelter of Bečov in Czechoslovakia would indicate (Marshack 188). Within the last century, artists such as Antoni Tàpies, Jean Dubuffet, and Robert Rauschenberg were including dirt in their work. Regions often have distinctly different soil conditions resulting in different colors of dirt. The lighter colors of the soil in southern Georgia mark the geological period during which the region was under sea-water; it gives way to the "Georgia red clay" further north, halfway up the state. Here in east Tennessee, though, the dirt is yellow. Each of these areas has its own "earth tone". Using this soil immediately attaches the painting to its locale. As I work dirt onto the surface of a painting,

through rubbing it in or applying it wet, the surface truly becomes a “ground;” as I mix the dirt into my paint, this becomes an act of burial.

The plants in my garden not only are great fodder for surface compositions, they often contribute an anecdotal history to the work as well. Several relocated here with me, either as transplants or as propagated cuttings from their parent plants. The young willow tree whose pruned branches often wind up stitched into my paintings is, in fact, the fifth generation descendant of a willow tree that was dying in the yard of a friend of mine. Willows are very easy to propagate from cuttings, naturally possessing the plant hormone that promotes growth and root production. I planted a cutting from my friend’s dying tree at a house where I was living at that time. It grew quickly, forming a nicely sized young tree by the time I left; and when I moved away I took another, new cutting from *it* to be propagated. With each subsequent move, I brought a cutting with me. The tree I live with now is four years old. The sticks it donates to my paintings invoke not only a sense of the place I am in currently but also the memory of all those other places and all those other gardens. I sometimes include sticks from two climbing roses I have in my garden. One is a wild and thorny apothecary rose that scrambles and reaches over the northern edge of the garden. The second is a Cherokee rose. Both came with me from Georgia and, like the willow, carry their own distinct memory markers of space.

I use the sticks when they are still green to take full advantage of the flexibility they possess at that fresh state, but they kink and swoop anyway as only an organic object or mark can. They also have bumps and knobs and grooves that then become part of the painting’s

surface. As I sew them on, they pucker and move the paper or fabric in unforeseeable ways; the once two-dimensional flat surface may begin to curve inward or outward from the wall in interesting, unexpected, and sometimes frustrating contortions. As the ground is stitched around them, the surface itself is pierced by the needle; the sticks are smothered beneath it, like bones in a skin. Though attaching the sticks is an additive process, they are hidden behind and beneath the surface, becoming lines on it as well as the structure behind it. They are the roots that dig through the ground beyond our sight (Fig. 1).



(Fig. 1) *In Mezzo*

I include beeswax in the work, enjoying its potential for surface texture, transparency, collage, and broken color. Its unpredictability corresponds well with the other materials I am using; and the aroma and warm golden hue make it an incredibly seductive medium. Much of the wax I have used in this body of work is from regional bees that are kept by Bob Calkins, in Elizabethton, Tennessee. It is a beautifully colored wax with deep, rich yellow accents. The yellows of the wax will differ according to which variety of nectar was collected by the bees. These yellows, in turn, affect the resulting palette I finally use in a painting, as their relative warmth shifts the warmth of the colors I mix. As the wax melts and its aroma fills the studio, I

often receive visits from inquisitive bees if the windows or doors are open. The melting and fusing of the wax began to feel almost like an agrarian ritual, like a beckoning to these mysterious creatures. It was with this encaustic process that the reason I was using these materials really began to coalesce into an *idea*. It is through the use of these site-specific natural materials that the painting then becomes a product of the place in which it was made...as if *it* were a plant.



(Fig. 2) *La Borsa*

When the power company cut a large section of the woods across the street from my house, I used sticks from that clear cut in *La Borsa* (Fig. 2). We burned some of the wood from the cutting event in our woodstove and I included charcoal and ashes from that fire in the piece. In this way, the materials I used not only became a direct record of the painting's place of origin

but also served to document the particular events that took place. The moment is arrested, stopped in time, frozen in the painting. It marks a memory, speaking directly to events that took place across the street from my home, as well as to events that took place in the studio as sticks were sewn to the underlying canvas, wax was melted, charcoal was pulverized, etc.

Ultimately it occurred to me that sound can be as site-specific as the dirt and the ashes and the charcoal I was collecting for my work, and my husband and I decided to start making audio recordings of the outside of our home. The sounds accompanying this exhibition are particular to my surroundings and include passing trains, traffic noise, tree frogs, crickets, owls, squirrels, and various other forms of wildlife. The recording was created on January 24, 2008. It is set to repeat at 24 hourly intervals, returning the revolution of the day upon itself, and further orienting the work in its particular time and space.

### The Garden Wall

We began constructing a privacy fence during the summer of 2007. As I watched its long, slow crawl around the yard, I began to appreciate the extent to which it was going to alter the appearance of the immediate landscape. A compositional element of our surroundings, it, in effect, ‘frames’ them. It is line enclosing a shape. Suddenly, there is an inside and an outside, two distinct places where before there had only been one. The fence demarcates space; mandates detour; and enforces the edges of the shape it encloses. It lies across the land, seeming to bend the landscape, puckering it and molding it into new shapes and forms. The fence has become part of my meditation on the organization of two-dimensional space. I am interested in how such



acts of organization might affect the surface of a painting. How might this fence translate into the language of two-dimensional design? In what manner do the edges, boundaries, and enclosures that I use in my work organize the organic nature of these paintings?

The fence can be moved, scratched over, emphasized, or erased. Each of these possibilities would change the resulting composition of the landscape. This is also the function of a mark within one of my compositions. The fact of its ever having simply existed gives a different context to everything that occurs around it, before it, and after it.



(Fig. 3) *Il Ritorno*

In *Il Ritorno* (Fig. 3), a rip occurred as I worked on the painting, and I chose not only to save it, but to emphasize it, making it an important component of the composition. It functions as might a landmark in a three-dimensional environment. As anomalies occurring during the painting process, marks such as this rip are points upon which the history of the painting can hang. Like my fence; the simple fact of its being forever changes a painting. Thus, the fence-building

propelled my meditation on space and on the interrelationship between mark-making and memory. Changes that occur within a landscape, such as the growth of a tree or the building of a fence, prompt a recollection of events associated with that change. The landscape changes in tandem with the paintings, and the paintings become a way to quantify changes in myself as they occur.

### CHAPTER 3

#### THE STUDIO

*Passare* and *Portare* (Fig.4 - 5) are two pieces that were generated through the process of working on a very large surface area and then selecting passages of it to cut away and further work into finished pieces. The cuts created new edges enclosing individual paintings, which I then worked on as distinct pieces until I felt they had reached a point of resolution. It became apparent as I worked on the separate pieces that they were very individualistic. I was not trying to create paintings that were meant to be displayed together, but the altogether dissimilarity of them to each other gave me pause. As this was an experiment, I was very excited by the results and the autonomy that each of the paintings had developed.



(Fig. 4) *Passare*



(Fig. 5) *Portare*

This “cropping” process also illustrated the selective aspect of memory. I was erasing and recreating sections of this large surface area into new compositions. I was re-inventing. In

light of our fence-raising activities, the cropping of this piece raised questions about what it means to set one area apart from another and the reasons we choose to mark our lines in the places that we do. The globular shapes in the paintings became more than simple elements of two-dimensional composition. They took on personalities as they moved through their spaces, becoming exiles, travelers, wanderers, visitors. In short, they were individuals moving through their immediate surroundings, surroundings that had been cut short by my actions of cropping. This cropping 'event' had created two distinctly closed systems where once there had been one.

In recent months I rediscovered a box of old curtains I had forgotten I had. This box had come from an acquaintance of mine, and the curtains had belonged to his grandmother who was recently deceased. I decided to try to paint on them; and discovered that the surface accepted the wax beautifully, stiffening, but also becoming semi-transparent. These qualities created a paradox: the very nature of a curtain implies that it can be pushed aside, but this waxed surface was instead quite rigid and solid. The semi-transparency belied its nature as something that might have been intended to cover, obscure, or to make private. The curtain was a surface that could suggest, reveal, and maybe even allow a small peek. Suddenly, my curtain was a window.



(Fig. 6) *Il Corridoio*

The painting *Il Corridoio* was the first one of this body of work to be painted on a curtain (Fig. 6). As the curtain surface took on a warm, translucent glow, the transparency of the wax created a depth that was fitting with the idea of passageways. Painting on a surface that already has a history was also terribly interesting to me. I was, in effect, painting on an artifact. I soon began collaging with the curtain fabric as well by fusing it onto the surface of semi-finished pieces, allowing it to alternately hide and reveal (Fig. 7).



(Fig. 7) *Il Segreto*

Over the course of producing this body of work, I began exploring the possibility of composing without a rectangular format, and several of my pieces were composed within irregular shapes. The parietal paintings of the Paleolithic caves flowed into each other (and over each other) with no discernable boundaries at all. Mosaic and fresco art might cover entire walls and floors. It was not until relatively recently in the history of art that we began to box imagery into distinct picture planes. Painting directly on the walls was replaced with painting on separate surfaces to be hung on the walls, and those surfaces generally had 90 degree angles. In case the edges of the paintings were not sharp enough and abrupt enough to contain the images residing within them, frames were added as well. The paper and curtain fabric I have been painting on have allowed me to experiment with my edges, working on surfaces that are outside of the rectangular format generally associated with traditional painting. Interestingly enough, I have found that the interior edges of the compositions take on the chore left behind by the missing exterior edges (Fig. 8).



(Fig. 8) *Il Turista*

As elements move through two-dimensional space, lines and edges become boundaries, and tension occurs when the objects come in contact with, or are adjacent to such boundaries. I am interested in discovering at what point an object's proximity to an edge creates this visual anxiety, and about the cause of it. Could it be that this tension is brought about by the image appearing to be an arrested happening (Fig. 8)?

The ethnographer Arnold van Gennep was best known for his work on ceremonial rites of passage, which he defined as the "ceremonial patterns which accompany a passage from one situation to another or from one cosmic or social world to another"(10). These he divided into three subcategories: the *preliminal* being rites of separation from the previous state of being, the *liminal* being the rites of transition between two states of being, and the *postliminal*, the rites of incorporation into the new state (11). The liminal area is a threshold. As part of a physical structure, it might stand between chaos and order or between profane and sacred. It might act as an obstacle or as a passageway, but it is always an area of transition (Pedley 58). Liminality poses an uncertain situation in which orientation becomes questionable and identity becomes blurred. While in this state, the individual no longer can claim to be part of any one place or group. He or she is suddenly truly alone and in no-man's land. As my investigation of two-dimensional space continued, the lines and edges of the paintings began more and more to signify thresholds and demarcated areas.

*Via* came about as an expression of these ideas (Fig. 9). The title has a dual translation, meaning both "away", as in banishment or a sending forth, and "path, way" or "alley." The painting is a representation of movement as well as of a location in and of itself. The irregular

format adds to this expression, creating the impression of doors and windows, perhaps, but leaving it as just an impression.



(Fig. 9) *Via*

Mary Frank's paintings offer just this sort of ambiguity. The figures populating Frank's landscapes also bear a certain ambiguity in relation to each other, often issuing *from* each other, in fact. Frank seems to have knocked down the membranes between things, understanding that no-thing is really what it appears to be, that everything bleeds into everything else. There are no closed systems; there is only reciprocity and becoming. Together with the ambiguity of the painted space itself, the physicality of Frank's triptychs seems especially to explore the conceptual differences of *inside* verses *outside*. The triptychs can be opened or closed at will, allowing the physical boundaries between artist and viewer to fall away. The viewer touches, and the mysteries of the "other side" are revealed. The importance of this act, the act of touch, deserves to be further considered.





(Fig. 10) *Ne la Foresta*

The materials I use and the manner in which I work creates a significant amount of texture, making a painting's surface especially important (Fig. 10). I feel that texture is the compositional element that takes a two-dimensional work of art beyond the realm of the visual and into this realm of the tactile. Texture is what inspires us to touch, and it is at this point the relationship between the piece and the viewer takes on an added intimacy. The viewer is given the invitation to explore further. Touching is a way to try to achieve a greater understanding of what is nearby: to understand the physical make-up of a thing, perhaps. Touch is a means of communication, of connection. It creates a bridge between that which is being touched and the one doing the touching. This rapport surpasses the boundaries and makes them fall away; the detached can then become re-attached.

Archaeologist David Lewis-Williams theorizes that the act of touching the surface was probably equally, if not more so, important to Paleolithic artists than was making the resulting images. The manipulation of the surface of the cave wall transformed it into a permeable

membrane between the artists and their spirit world (214-219). Over 20,000 years ago in Cosquer Cave on the French Riviera, the walls were covered with what archaeologists call “finger-flutes” or “macaroni,” marks that were made by individuals trailing fingers in the mud that lined the cave walls. Many of these marks are above any height that could have been conveniently reached and must have been made with the assistance of some sort of ladder or other construction. Creating finger-flutes was, then, no idle activity (214). Similarly, Radka Zagoroff Donnell wrote in 1964 that the art of the Abstract Expressionists defined the space of the observer by means of “intrusion”. The tactile quality of their work served to emphasize the convergence of the picture plane with the space occupied by the viewer. The sheer physicality of the artist’s marks defined the space surrounding the work and also revealed the hand of the artist within the space in which they were made (240-241). The marks encapsulate the moments of their making. Through their tactile quality, they call for the viewer to touch, thereby connecting him or her with those moments and those spaces in which they were made. They become points of passage.

## CHAPTER 4

### ALCHEMY

Alchemy has been understood as being the process by which alchemists sought to understand longevity. They did this by trying to transform materials into other materials. So, it may be one of the world's strangest ironies that gunpowder was discovered by Chinese alchemists during their search for the Elixir of Life (Kelly 2-7). Today it is one of the primary materials that the contemporary artist Cai Guo-Qiang uses to compose his "gunpowder paintings". These paintings are made by igniting a series of small flares and then guiding the direction and speed of the burn by using an "air-blower" (Cai Guo-Qiang 251). He conveys that the unpredictability of this medium fascinates him, saying that "For the artist, the methods used in making a picture invariably constitute a part of its content as well as its form," and refers to the "furious wrangle between forces and materials," in which he seeks to find "a live expression of the complicated interchanges between the evolving images and the original textures" (251-252). This "furious wrangle" is Cai's process. The paintings that result from it are byproducts, just like the gunpowder that created them. They are records of the events that created them.

Detachment becomes essential in creating such mutable and unpredictable work. When I decide to cut my paintings, bury them, rip holes in them, cover them with dirt and ash, or fuse entirely new layers to them, I have to discard any sense of preciousness that I have given them. In order to take some of the extreme actions that I have taken with these pieces, I have had to allow them the autonomy to react in their own way to the process. It is only with this detachment that they can honestly reflect the happenings that occurred along the way during the

event of their making. The process and the event itself are of central importance. Scars become part of it; the mistakes, accidents, and fortuitous events combine to inform evolving compositional associations. In this way these paintings mark the particular moments and particular space in which they came to be. They document.

Art critic Derek Guthrie visited the ETSU campus a year ago, and he made the observation that the life of a painting begins after the moment it is completed. This is probably the essential difference between installation work and other forms of visual art. Installation work creates an event within a space and time, an occurrence that takes place within that intersection of when and where. Once that occurrence is finished, it is gone. If there is no object to document it, to mark it, it will fade once the memory of it having been there has faded. A painting, however, records the event of its creation. It is the 'evidence' that something has happened. Its physicality encapsulates the story of its genesis, and it is a venue for that moment's revisitation. Through its very existence once it leaves the studio, the painting continues to 'become,' all the while carrying with it the memory of its conception. It is, in effect, a landmark.

As the artist, I can decide when my paintings have reached visual resolution and when my work on them is finished. I fully expect them to transform as they age, however. In the end, the process is unending, as boundaries are crossed between one state of being and another. The materials with which these pieces are composed ensure their nature as landscapes, but also designate them as milestones of my own life and of my own process of becoming. I am intrigued with how they might alter in appearance, and I love the idea that time will be making

its mark on them, just as it would on any landmark. Crispin Sartwell says that “patina” is the way an object “responds to the world...” (128). It is the continued transformation of an object as it touches and is touched by the universe.

## CATALOGUE OF EXHIBITION

This catalogue represents *Inside, Outside, In-Between*, the exhibition for my Masters of Fine Arts, comprised of sixteen paintings completed during 2007 and 2008. The exhibition was installed at the Reece Museum on the East Tennessee State University campus in Johnson City, Tennessee from February 26 to March 13, 2008.



**Pezzettino 1** (*“Little Piece 1”*)

Oils, water-soluble oil pastels, beeswax and rainwater on a paper and curtain fabric support, measuring approximately 22” x 16” (2007 - 2008).



**Il Corridoio** (*"The Corridor"*)

Oils and beeswax on curtain fabric and  
canvas support, measuring 72" x 48" (2007).





***La Borsa*** (“*The Bag*”)

Oils, beeswax, ink, dirt, ashes, sticks, and charcoal on curtain fabric and canvas support, measuring approximately 43” x 56” (2007).



***Il Ritorno*** (“*The Return*”)

Oils, beeswax, ashes, charcoal, oil pastel,  
and graphite on paper and curtain fabric  
support, measuring approximately 30” x 36”  
(2008).



*Il Segreto* (“*The Secret*”)

Oils, beeswax, pigment, charcoal, oil pastels, and thread on paper and curtain fabric support, measuring approximately 69” x 72” (2007-2008).



*Il Turista* (“*The Tourist*”)

Oils, beeswax, charcoal, ashes, oil pastels,  
graphite on paper and canvas support,  
measuring approximately 36” x 36” (2008).



*In Mezzo* (“*In the Middle*”)

Oils, beeswax, charcoal, ashes, oil pastels, ink, thread, and sticks on paper, canvas and curtain fabric support, measuring approximately 69” x 48” (2007-2008).



*Le Necessita* (“*The Necessities*”)

Oils, beeswax, dirt, charcoal, ashes, oil pastels, ink, and graphite on paper and canvas support, measuring approximately 36” x 38” (2008).



***Passare*** (“*Passing Through*”)

Oils, beeswax, charcoal, oil pastels, and  
painters’ tape on paper and canvas support,  
measuring approximately 47” x 36” (2007).



*Ne la Foresta* (“*In the Forest,*” Wortcunner)

Oils, beeswax, shellac, sticks, graphite, thread, dirt, charcoal, ashes, and graphite on paper, measuring approximately 41” x 37” (2007).





*Via* (“Alley,” or “Away”)

Oils, beeswax, shellac, sticks, thread, graphite, dirt, charcoal, and graphite on paper, measuring approximately 67” x 58” (2007).



*Portare* (“Bring”)

Oils, beeswax, charcoal, and oil pastels on paper and canvas support, measuring approximately 36” x 36” (2007).



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## VITA

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- Education: Masters in Fine Arts, Studio Painting  
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- Artium Baccalaureatus, Anthropology  
University of Georgia, Athens, Georgia 1989
- Professional Experience: Graduate assistant, East Tennessee State University, Johnson City,  
Tennessee, 2006-2008. ARTA 1110 – 2-D Design
- Selected Exhibitions: *Inside, Outside, In-Between*, Carroll Reece Museum, Johnson  
City, Tennessee - 2008
- Fibers, New Work by ETSU Fiber Art Program*, Tipton Gallery,  
Johnson City, Tennessee - 2008
- Marks* (ETSU Graduate Students), Carroll Reece Museum,  
Johnson City, Tennessee - 2008
- The Artistic Revolution*, Carroll Reece Museum, Johnson City,  
TN and Gray Fossil Site Museum, Gray, Tennessee - 2007
- New Works*, solo exhibit, Downtown Kingsport Association,  
DKA Gallery, Kingsport, Tennessee - 2007
- A Sense of Time and Place*, solo exhibit, Allison Gallery,  
Tusculum College, Greeneville, Tennessee - 2006
- Art Night*, Carol Grotnes Belk Library, Appalachian State  
University, Boone, Tennessee; purchase award - 2006

*An Evening with the Arts*, Downtown Kingsport Association,  
DKA Gallery, Kingsport, Tennessee - 2006

*ETSU Painters Show*, Nelson Fine Arts Gallery, Johnson City,  
Tennessee - 2006

*An Evening with the Arts*, Downtown Kingsport Association,  
DKA Gallery, Kingsport, Tennessee - 2005

*What was Seen and What was Said*, solo exhibit, Renaissance  
Center, Kingsport, Tennessee - 2005

Collections:

Penn Virginia Corporation, Kingsport, Tennessee

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