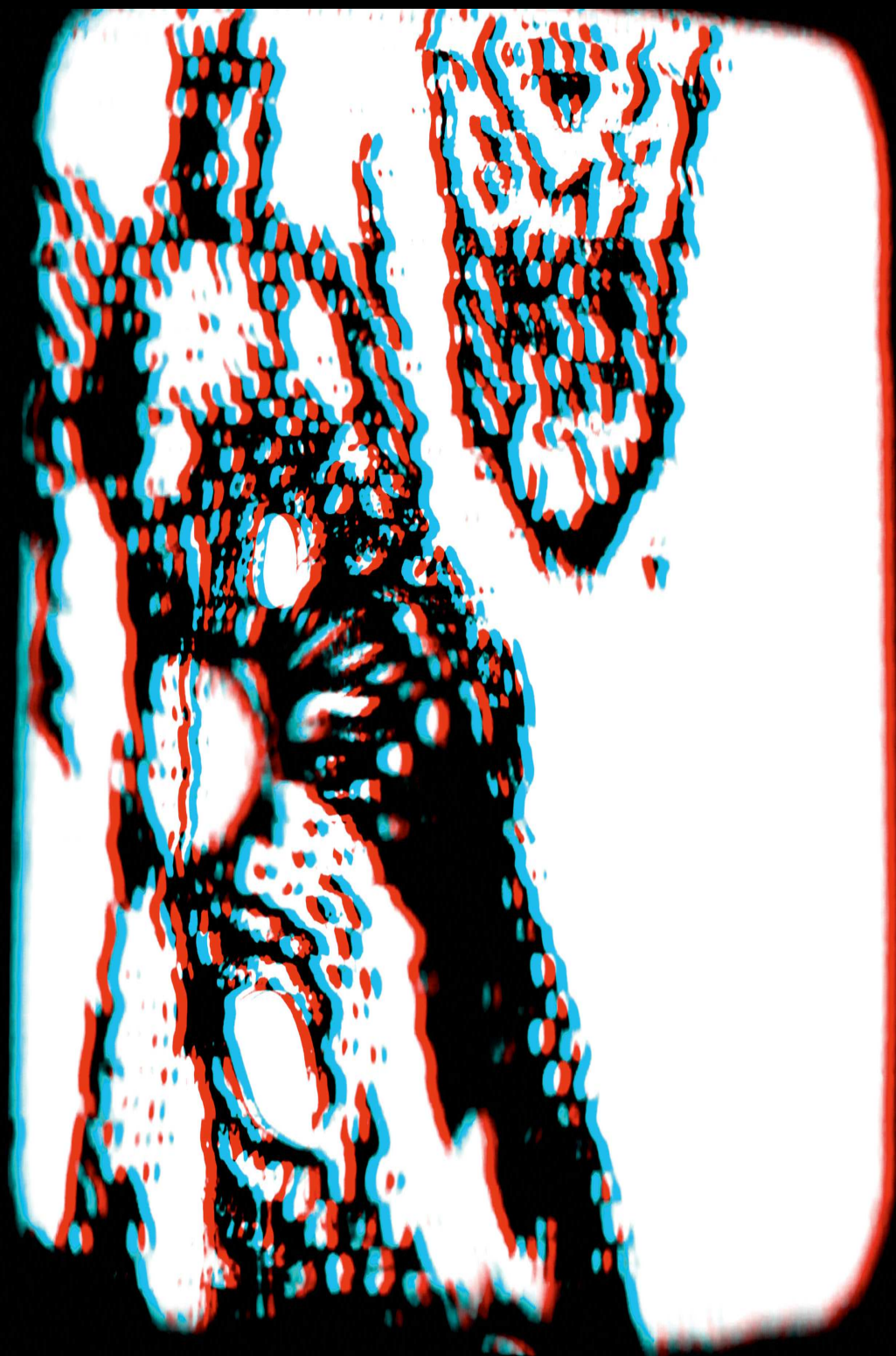


MICHAEL STICKROD



KRABBESHOLM





Michael
Stickrod

Stones Rise





Michael Stickrod, *Altoids Award* exhibition view (2008), Courtesy New Museum, New York. Photo: Benoit Pailley



Polaroid from *Vacation Money* (2003)

Robert Slifkin

I.

"I think both art and life are a matter of life and death."

- Walter de Maria

Like all good family home movies, Michael Stickrod's videos principally portray generational relations. Yet unlike their vernacular alter egos, Stickrod's movies never simply preserve precious family memories for future recollection (although they function perfectly well in this regard). Rather the primary memories documented in these videos are typically long past the moment of filming and what is represented is oftentimes the act of recollection itself, registered through layers of mediation. Again and again technologies of recording and playback appear alongside loved ones, suggesting a possible parallel between generations of media and family. Through their extended meditation on transmission—whether first-person narratives recounted to the artist, old audio cassettes rescued from the attic, or the act of painting portraits or transforming "live shit" into potable water—Stickrod's videos follow the cyclical routes between natural forces of life and death and the numerous artificial conduits that recycle and broadcast our living bodies back into a pre-assembled world, which is already in progress.

Life, death, and the various circuits of transmission that connect the two states of existence are repeatedly and powerfully juxtaposed in Stickrod's *Vacation Money* (2003). Following a series of still images taken from color Polaroids of the artist's mother, Sandra, sitting by the family pool with a small portable television set as faithfully nearby as her pet pug, we hear her voice

plainly declare "I used to be so scared of dying." As she continues to recount her fears of death and her recurrent disbelief at her continued existence through the years, the image format changes from family snapshots to an extreme close-up tracking shot of her arm and foot, the rainbow hued horizontal scan lines of the video footage, recorded from a television set (a small rectangular reflection is visible around the center of the screen), recalling the pre-digital age of VHS as well as the morality of the depicted subject. This succession of fragile media generations is reiterated in Sandra's description of her long-suffering father's steadily horrific decline to death entailing blindness, gangrene, amputation, and strokes. This bleak, Job-like voiceover is countered by brilliant digital footage of Sandra tending a small garden under the shade of a tree. This evidently more recent video (we hear at one point Sandra speaking to her son who is manning the camera) suggests that she has escaped her ancestor's fate, despite the looming wheelchair behind her. Yet the final pan of this pastoral scene, which follows Sandra as she stubbornly pulls her wheelchair along the lawn only to disappear as the camera moves past a large tree in the foreground, presents a premonition of the world without her presence. (She died in 2008 at the age of 64, the same age that her father died, of "complications from diabetes").

If the flowers in her garden portend the vital process of growth and decay, which along with

the serene spring setting, suggests the naturalness of death and assuages the preceding morbidity, the remainder of the video, which surveys Sandra's artistic output as a painter, reveals the redemptive capacities of the act of transmission in both its familiar and medial manifestations. Providing an almost textbook instance of the Freudian concept of sublimation in which traumatic anxieties are redirected to more healthy creative endeavors, Sandra's hobby, which she states, she began as if in "a trance" following her father's death, provides a crucial genealogical link between her attempts to evade her father's gruesome fate and her son's own artistic practices grounded in strategies of repetition and remediation. It also, one might argue, complicates the amateur status of her endeavors, considering not only the money she began to earn for her work, but the complex ways in which she redirected the earnings into summer vacations, expanding her artistic practices into what can easily be described as the fields of performance, "new media," and documentary.

Indeed, learning more about these vacations in Stickrod's *Vacation Tapes* (2008), the question arises, which was the greater artistic practice, the month-long road trips across America, conscientiously documented by Sandra on her portable cassette recorder, or the appealing paintings that paid for them? The video begins, as in its predecessor, with Sandra discussing parental loss, this time, the death of her mother when she was nine years old, only to quickly move on to her early career as a model where, she recalls, she had to stand on a pedestal, statue-like, further expanding her auspicious artistic faculties. Again a striking juxtaposition of video footage and voiceover sets two distinct temporal moments into alignment as Sandra describes the "fantasy-like" summer vacations afforded by her paintings against scenes from a Midwestern winter. Uncovering a lawn chair from a heavy layer of snow, like a long forgotten buried chest, she describes these trips as a "treasure." This act

of recovery dramatizes both Sandra's memories of the vacations as well as the redemptive capacities of the audio recordings she made during these vacations documenting the mileage, expenses, and most importantly conversations between her and her children, which serve as the primary soundtrack for the remainder of the movie. Time and space are compressed as these distant recollections and archival recording reverberate against the seemingly timeless tasks around the house, like cleaning the pool, that emblem of summer languor, now apparently in a state of dilapidated disuse. This ricocheting effect is itself dramatized in a scene in which Sandra carefully polishes the vanity mirrors in her bathroom, which, as she pivots one plane, reflects the image of her son filming her. It becomes strikingly prophetic when the playback of Sandra's voice announces that the family is passing New Haven, Connecticut, the city where Michael would go on to study art decades later. The movement across time and space is itself presaged by the rolling of the car wheels, and the axles of the cassette recorder suggesting how such technologies of recording and storage allow for a sort of time travel not only to recover past memories but, however unconsciously, into the future as well. Sandra's multifaceted (multimedia even), aesthetic practices reveal how vacations, like all art, are principally about *making* memories rather than their preservation, which always occurs after the fact.

The creative, fantastic exploits of transmission, transformation, and preservation recounted by the artist's mother and materialized in her striking paintings and meticulous audio cassettes find a distinctly masculine, lowly, and even sculptural pendant in Stickrod's movie focusing on his father's labor. *At the End of the Line* (2002) is ostensibly a scrupulous and colorful description of the some of the processes and personalities found at the Southerly Wastewater Treatment Plant, serving the region surrounding Columbus, Ohio. If the artist's mother was

able to ingeniously transform life's misfortunes into marvelous slivers of reality every summer for herself and her children, Stickrod's father, Richard, takes a more literal route in his account of the transformation of human excrement into something useful. In his voiceover he first uses the word "shit" to describe job-related politics and the sheets of plywood and large stones that get caught in the grates of the screen house before he invokes the term to actually describe the tons of fecal matter that course through the pipes of the plant. The movie follows the "wet stream" process of waste treatment in which a series of gravitational and chemical procedures remove debris and contaminants in the water. Stickrod père, who early on in his account declares that he has worked as a mechanic at the plant for over 17 years, speaks with a casual authority and demonstrates his extensive knowledge of the techniques of transforming sewage into potable water. He also seems to experience great joy when pointing out all the ways that the presumed purity of the final product can be compromised. This contamination is evinced in the caked debris that covers the machinery picked up by his son's camera. Applying the language of systems theory to the crude but nonetheless systematic waste treatment process one might say that the Southerly plant makes manifest the inevitable distortion that accompanies any transmission of information or material. Although the process is designed to produce potable water that resembles the element in its natural state (according to a brochure available to visitors of the plant, the treated water is pumped back into the neighboring Scioto River), as is evident by the various chemical treatments, the final product, while generally safe and clean, is a thoroughly mediated and impure product. Similarly, while the waste activated sludge, known as "cake" is either incinerated or sold, according to the handout as a "popular gardening product known as Com-Til" Richard warns us that he wouldn't be caught dead using it in his yard, as it still contains "live shit."

As the various tales of infection around the plant attest (twice we hear stories of coworkers like "Dimwit Denny" who get hit in the face with forceful streams of shit) working at Southerly can be a matter of life and death. Just as the massive 220 pound slabs of "human grease" distilled from the water treatment process serve as sculptural analogues to Sandra's portraits in oil (and the murky aeration basins provide uncanny doubles to her backyard swimming pool), the entire plant can be seen as a foundry of sorts, or perhaps more appropriately, the insides of a cassette recorder, where the various conveyor belts, gears, and tanks take in the still vital debris of living, and rather than recording and storing it, act more like eraser heads, transforming it into a blank, colorless substance which can be reused. One doesn't need to hear Richard mention the fetuses that occasionally arrive in the screen house to understand the mortuary-like aspect of the plant, made explicit in the pathogen filled tanks and the incinerator used to transform the cake into useable compost. At the Southerly Water Treatment Plant, life and death take on a distinct material form, becoming matter itself. This sludgy debris, like the aging industrial behemoth that conveys it along its belts and down its pipes into its tanks, becomes in Stickrod's film a monument to the precarious and ever-changing nature of all forms of life as well as the inevitable material transformations that awaits us all at the end of line ("it's always going downhill"). And yet, the film also subtly reminds us of the transformational capacities that occur every day in our own bodies, suggesting in a way the spirit of Sandra Stickrod -- both her creeping illness and death as well as her ever-transforming sphere of creative production -- as well as the limits of our own creative, mediating capabilities. After all, at the end of the line, most of what we produce is still "shit."



Self Portraits, Sandra Stickrod (1980), featured in Vacation Money (2003)
 Oil on Canvas stapled to mount board, each approximately 8 x 12 in, (20 x 30 cm)



Video Still, *Vacation Money* (2003), Digital video with Polaroid and oil painting image scans; sound, color; 10 min



Video Still, *Vacation Money* (2003)



Video Still, *Vacation Tapes* (2008), Digital video, digitized Super 8mm film with pastel, marker and oil painting image scans; sound, color; 23 min / pgs. 16, 17, video still, *Vacation Tapes* (2008)







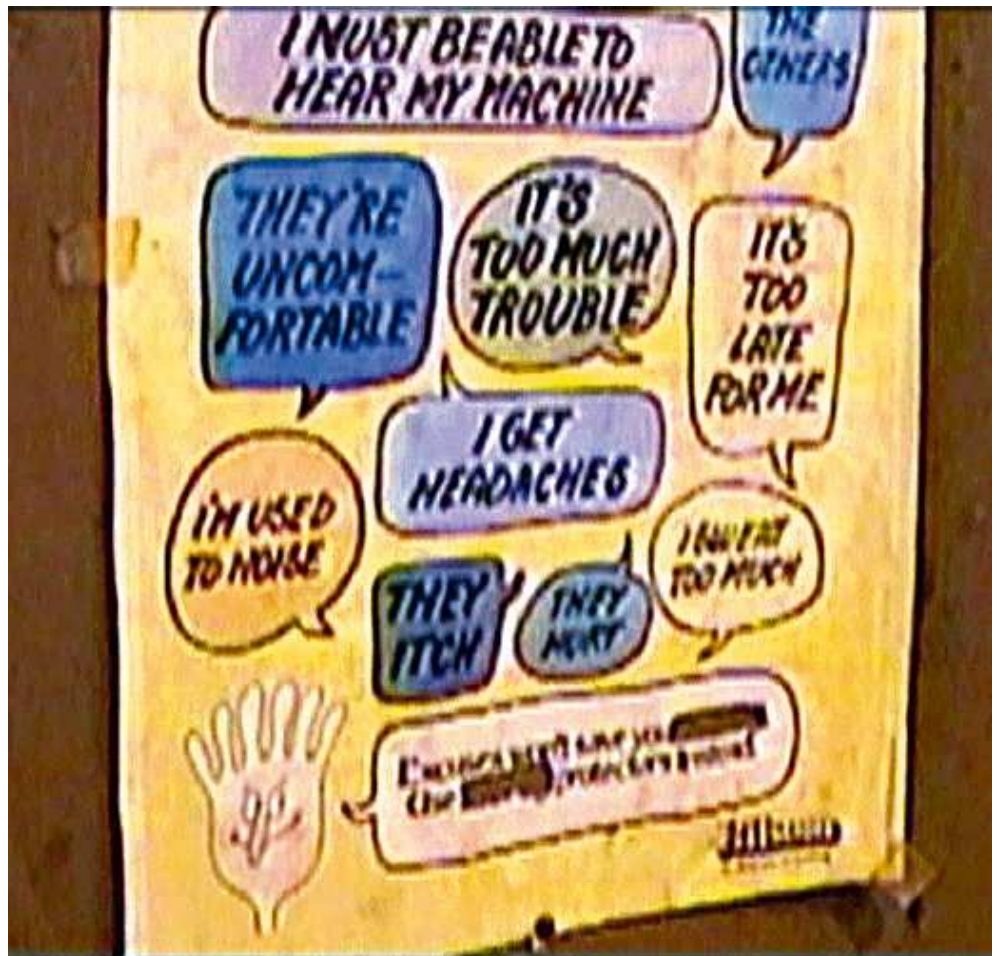
Richard Stickrod (2002)



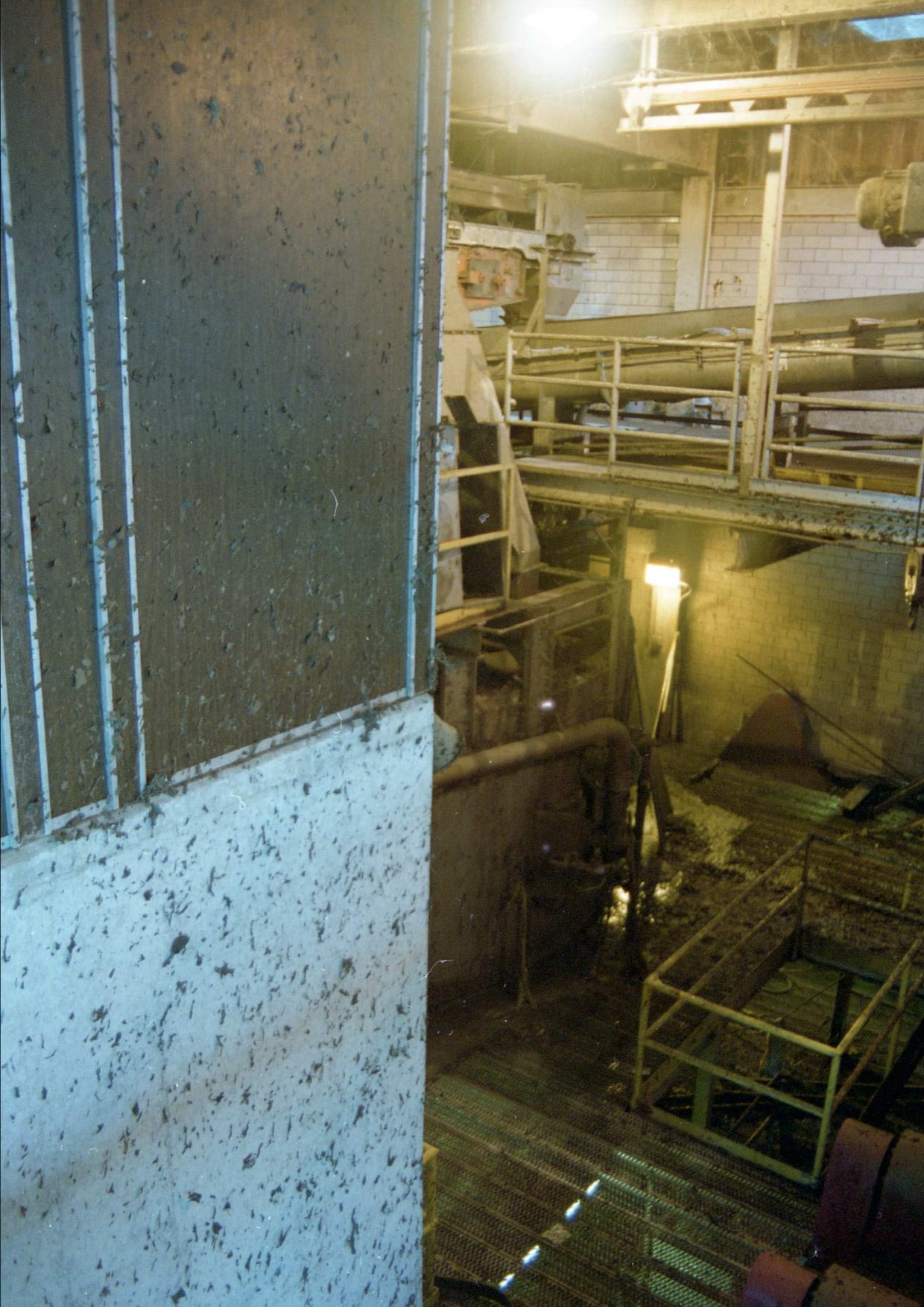




35mm still from *At the End of the Line* (2002), Digital video and videotaped 35mm photographs; color, sound; 11 min
Previous: pgs 20, 21 - 35mm still from *At the End of the Line* (2002); Opposite: video still from *At the End of the Line*



35mm still, *At the End of the Line* (2002)





35mm still, *At the End of the Line* (2002)



Upside Down Volcano in New York City (2012)

Archival print from video still, book, aluminum and Polaroid photograph, wooden frame, 13 x 17.5 in (33 x 44.5 cm)



Untitled (Waxy Witch) (2012)

Wood, glass, metal, twine, grass, acrylic paint, spotlight, magazine, 20 x 20 in x 8 ft (50 x 50 cm x 2.5 m)

II.

"If the film called history rewinds itself, it turns into an endless loop."

- Friedrich Kittler

Michael Stickrod's monument to forgotten vernacular psychedelia, *Untitled (Waxy Witch)*, traces the tangled genealogy of a medieval myth grounded in folk botany through its mysterious reappearances in the collective fantasies of modern popular culture and the artist's personal history. Set upon an upended hollow log, a hand-blown glass ball featuring a hand-painted likeness of the Looney Tunes cartoon character Witch Hazel serves as a receptacle for a crumpled photograph of a young woman in a sexy witch costume taken from the November 1976 issue of *Hustler* magazine (in observance of Halloween, naturally) found in the garage of the artist's father. The glass orb—itsself an object bearing wiccan connotations of crystal balls and spirit catchers—is penetrated by an actual broom, which Hazel rides, made to scale and out of a branch from a Hazelwood shrub, a plant whose medicinal uses to reduce dermatological swelling and inflammation have been known among many societies for generations.

This uncanny conjunction of actual witch hazel with its cartoon namesake registers the survival of what certain scholars have described as the "collective intelligence" of such "vulgar remedies" into the scientifically rationalized world of modernity.¹ Indeed the specific site of convergence between animated witch and naturopathic broomstick signals a longstanding method of medicinal application. In the Middle Ages, witches were believed to create hallucinogenic salves out of jimsonweed and other

plants whose side effects—or perhaps intended function—included the sensation of flying. These ointments were most effective (and least poisonous) when rubbed on exposed mucous membranes; apparently certain women discovered an alternative use for broomsticks as vaginal applicators and thus the association between witches, brooms, and flying was born.²

By taking an instrument of domestic labor (if not sexual oppression) and transforming it into a pharmacological delivery system (if not a vehicle of psychic exploration) these medieval women transformed a material object into a medium. In many regards their actions are not dissimilar to those prehistoric cave-dwellers who first discovered the potential of wooden sticks as a means of application of pigment onto a surface, thus transforming what was probably some sort of tool or utensil into a stylus and proto-paintbrush. In both cases a slightly modified natural object becomes a means of conveying viscous solutions manufactured from organic materials whose ultimate sensorial effects are increasingly regarded as magical and transcendental. One might argue that it is precisely at the moment when the primarily pragmatic and technical basis of these actions is lost to oblivion that objects like broomsticks and paintbrushes (and art more generally) become associated in the popular imagination with magic and transcendence.

Witch Hazel, who made her debut in 1954, playing alongside Bugs Bunny in the short film

"Bewitched Bunny," herself experiences a transformation at the end of the cartoon when Bugs, running away from his pursuer who intends to turn him into dinner, discovers a small satchel of magic powder behind a pane of protective glass that reads "IN CASE OF EMERGENCY BREAK GLASS." After shattering the glass Bugs hurls the powder at Hazel, turning her into a fetching young female rabbit who walks off arm-in-arm with Bugs (a similar fate befalls Hazel in the follow-up two years later "Broomstick Bunny" in which she mistakenly drinks a cup of "pretty potion" transforming her into a buxom redhead). In both cartoons the original medicinal salve—the proverbial witch's potion—transforms the hideous witch into an object of male (rabbit) desire, revealing an underlying mythic genealogy that similarly connects the unbridled eros of the flying witch depicted on the surface of the orb in *Waxy Witch* to her pornographic heir confined inside of it.

Stickrod's art draws upon such translations across time and space and between materials from a diverse spectrum of social settings. Repeatedly vernacular wisdom resurfaces in the guise of mass culture whose widespread dissemination via reproductive technology ultimately yields a new manifestation in a familiar relationship, so that the popular—understood in its broadest terms—and the personal constantly intertwine and fold back upon themselves. In *Waxy Witch*, for instance, the name of an efficacious "vulgar remedy" becomes a postwar cartoon character only to return to a new state of vulgarity as a photograph from Dad's porno stash, a trajectory, one might say, from folk to pop to Pop (i.e. dad as the original folk pop). If Witch Hazel's appearance on the glass orb represents a translation of the original transparent gel sheet which would have been the image's support in its cartoon existence, the glass ball itself represents another instance in which an obsolete media (cartoon gel, crystal ball, and—let's not forget—print journalism pornography) are

conjoined to summon forth the weak signals of a pre-modern past into the artist's personal history. This act of conjuring dead media suggests Stickrod's own investment in the *Ars Magica* (witches being arguably the original mediums).

This alchemic resurrection of media across generations is fundamental to Stickrod's video piece *Transformer Loop* (2013). As in *Waxy Witch* an icon of children's cartoons is summoned as a cipher for relations both historical and familiar through a complex network of temporal and medial juxtapositions. Here the logo of a popular children's toy, appearing on the back side of a trading card from the artist's boyhood collection, is transferred via laser printer onto a transparent acetate gel and subsequently guided by hand through a 16mm projector. The heat of the bulb slowly burns the acetate, corroding the projected image and fusing the isolated Ben-Day dots that constitute the logo into biomorphically fluid forms. This act of reanimation through remediation takes one final turn in its ultimate digital recording that runs as an infinite loop.³ In other words, the video documents a series of media transformations in which a mechanically reproduced offset lithograph on cardstock (the trading card) is digitally scanned and laser-printed (literally burned) onto a succession of acetate gels which are then taped together and projected in such a manner as to once again burn (albeit even more literally) the image, this time destroying rather than duplicating it, only to have its irreplaceable destruction itself mechanically reproduced and infinitely repeated (albeit in time rather than in space).

Through its iconography and its various strategies of remediation, the work is able to suspend multiple historical moments into a simultaneous and endless present: the Ben-Day dots recalling the era postwar comics (and its subsequent appropriation by Pop art in the 1960s), the vignetting of the 16mm projector suggesting a fading moment of amateur cinema (which has

experienced a revival of late in nostalgic digital photography applications like Instagram), and the Transformer toy itself whose emergence in the 1980s during Stickrod's childhood has only recently been resurrected through a series of blockbuster feature movies. Beyond thematizing the work's sustained and complex investigation into the dynamics of translation, the use of an early iteration of the Transformers logo brings to the fore the ways in which Stickrod's investigation of material and medial regeneration often entail a decidedly trans-generational component. For example, the trading card from which the work derives is from what has retrospectively been denoted as "The First Generation" (a name that only emerged after the revival of the series in 1993 with a "Second Generation" of robots.) On an only slightly more arcane level, one might understand Stickrod's blistered projections as recreating one of the Transformer's primary means of procreation. The chemical and visual transformation that occurs when the acetate support for the image is burned seems to echo the asexual act of reproduction performed by Transformers, known as budding, in which a new "protoform" robot is created from a bubbly liquid discharge that spouts from the chest of the spawning robot.⁴

Yet the simmering acetate simulating the robots' onanistic copulation suggests less the transgendered bohemia of Lou Reed's 1972 album *Transformer* than Neil Young's song "Transformer Man" (1982) in which the Transformer serves as a metaphor for the daily-growing mind and body of his son. Indeed Stickrod's frequent invocation of familiar relationship, especially those between a father and son, reveals that his commitment to the exploration of media past and present extends far beyond conventional postmodern practices that seek to critically explore technological mediation or search for obsolete forms freed from the from "the grip of utility."⁵ With their basis in materials related to childhood memories found in the family garage

(that great American mnemonic storehouse second only to the similarly rectangular repository of the individual frame on the filmstrip itself) the trans-generational networks demarcated in *Waxy Witch* and *Transformer Loop* become material metaphors for the oftentimes oblique and unintentional dissemination of knowledge from parental to child and vice-versa.

Unlike film in which the illusion of motion occurs through the sequential projection of still images, in *Transformer Loop* actual motion occurs through the immobility of the still image. If, as Stanley Cavell has noted, the movement of cinematic apparatus provides a trenchant allegory for the passage of time and even human mortality so that the progressive advancement of the filmstrip from one reel to the other dramatizes the existential fact "that as the past fills up, the future thins," Stickrod's endless loop of destruction and rehabilitation offers a somewhat less tragic view of the world, one in which the past is remediated only to be incessantly refigured back into a primordial slime through the searing heat of the projector bulb.⁶ It is, one might say, as if Optimus Prime met Icarus in Prometheus's old neighborhood. A childhood keepsake, saved first in the old-fashioned high-capacity storage device known as the garage and then, many years later, by the scanner and high-definition video camera can now, freed from the grip of material degradation and archival oblivion, exhibit a newfound profligacy. The trauma of a lost or destroyed toy becomes a spectacular lesson in the possibility of renewal for a new generation with no memory of analog photography, film, or television and the rhetoric of information scarcity that often accompanied their various modes of presentation (i.e., the unique print, the transient theater run, the punctual broadcast on Saturday morning).

The mediated father/son dynamic at the core of *Transformer Loop* is equally essential to many other of Stickrod's works. In *Peacekeeper* (2013)

the artist incorporates a group of cartoonish wooden fighter planes carved by his father into a framed assemblage featuring a pair of neon lights set against an enlarged color photograph the artist took while traveling in India. The figurines (toys might seem too benign a word to describe the sinister jocularly of the cigarette clenched smiles on their faces) relate to his experience as a member of the United States Air Force during the Vietnam War where his primary responsibility entailed flying into enemy territory on Chinook helicopters and being lowered down on a rope in order to disassemble downed jets so that the Vietcong couldn't obtain secret information about the aircrafts' cutting-edge technology. Stickrod père took up this hobby after retirement (and about the same time his son started art school), translating an object that represented the most vanguard technology, which he had already mastered the art of deconstructing, into one of the most rudimentary (which is not to say unskillful) craft traditions.

The theme of parental provision is explicitly portrayed in *The Babysitter* (2009). Stickrod created this large, rather ungainly sculpture in the backyard to his Brooklyn apartment working in collaboration with his then two-year-old son, Karl Oskar. Again, a simple and traditional medium (modeled clay sculpture) is almost literally supported upon a new media platform: in this instance a flat-screen monitor laying horizontal underneath the sculpture and playing a short video loop that shows young Oskar carefully working on the massive sculpture above. This recursive acknowledgment of the means of production is allegorized in the depiction of a mother bird feeding its baby perched on the apex of the bust-like mound. If any instance of remediation across generations entails a certain degree of loss and degradation (one can think of the translation of analog film to digital) the regurgitated meal that provides sustenance for the young bird provides the viewer with a lesson in the positive and generative potential

of trans-generational remediation (a lesson that was amplified in the cultural sphere for the generation of young people who first heard the glorious feedback from Jimi Hendrix's distorted Stratocaster).

A similar conjunction of natural and cultural forms of transformation and projection motivate a group of objects that Stickrod has exhibited at the Four Boxes Gallery at Krabbesholm. Underlying this recent body of work is an inquiry into the metamorphic capacity of rocks and minerals. In these works obsolete technology meets primordial material in various guises, perhaps most notably in the stone resting in the denim pocket of a giant slingshot that seems ready to fire its payload on a bust of Optimus Prime made from unfired clay which is placed somewhat precariously on the corner of a table-like structure (it will inevitably crumble and fall from its perch during its display). On the other end of the table rests a small box containing smaller stones assembled into a seemingly makeshift diagram a bullet-like form penetrating the surface of some other structure. On the floor nearby sits a stockpile of telluric artillery arranged in a crude spiral that resembles the icon for hurricanes on weather reports, a single ceramic piggy bank in the form of a gold bar lays in the center of the spiral while a second faux bar appears to have already hit its target in the neck. This dramatization of literal projection towards the wise and steadfast leader of the Autobots (whose antipathy towards rock and other popular forms of music was legion) thus suggests a material pre-figuration of his projected image in Stickrod's *Transformer Loop* (projectile stones serving as primitive film stills).

The rock pile itself, with its connotations of militaristic and meteorological velocity, points to one further means of propulsion across space and time: namely the surprising capacity for large stones and boulders to ascend to the surface of the Earth through a process known as

granular convection. This strange force (commonly called ‘the Brazilian nut effect’ because of the tendency for the largest nuts in a bowl to rise to the top of the pile) explains the commonly-acknowledged appearance of stones in farmers’ fields each season which leads in turn to the creation of various structures, from walls and houses to simple cairns. Returning to the theme of parental provision already examined in *The Babysitter*, here Mother Earth supplies an endless stream of material through a dual process of propulsion and transformation. Like a vast family garage combined with a geologic film projector the earth becomes an eternal archive of possible source material for artistic and technological production, bringing prehistoric material into the present in a continual loop of disintegration, sedimentation, storage, and retrieval.

The natural forces responsible for the creation of the stones themselves can be seen in a series of images Stickrod has produced based upon photographs of Scandinavian rocks taken from John Francis Kirkaldy’s classic pictorial guide to rocks and minerals, first published in 1963 and owned by the artist as a child (a 1974 reprint). The artist amplifies the variously striated and crystallized surfaces of the metamorphic rocks

by presenting these page facsimiles within layers of colored paper, so that bright geometric forms appear through incisions in the photographic prints and in other cases a banded template based on a mechanical reading aid used by the artist’s mother obscures and abstracts the depicted stones. As in all of Stickrod’s art, a familiar referent is aligned to an organic material with its own metamorphic and transformational qualities only to undergo a series of medial translations that find their own analogies in natural processes. In these works mediation is presented as being as natural as the weather and as inevitable as the constant dilapidation of all organic material, whether stones or bodies. Here is a world in which loss entails no debt and metamorphosis has no tragic consequences, where nature’s laws—rather than those of kings or parents or other mythical beings—determine what rises and what falls, what appears and what is fated to vanish. An alternate universe to our own whose denizens nevertheless continue to transmit messages to us from a long-forgotten past which often arrive, as Stickrod’s art constantly reminds us, in the most inauspicious forms and unprepossessing means of transmission. Of course, that is our problem, not theirs.

¹ See “Telling the Bees,” the brilliant exhibition dedicated to this subject at the Museum of Jurassic Technology, Culver City, California. <http://www.mjt.org/exhibits/bees/bees.htm>.

² John Mann, *Murder, Magic, and Medicine*, (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000), pp. 87-93.

³ For an extended discussion of the concept of remediation, see J. Bartor and Richard Grusin, *Remediation: Understanding New Media* (Cambridge: MIT Press, 1998).

⁴ For a comprehensive account of the various means of Transformer reproduction, see the entry on the subject on the Transformers Wiki at <http://transformers.wikia.com/wiki/Reproduction>.

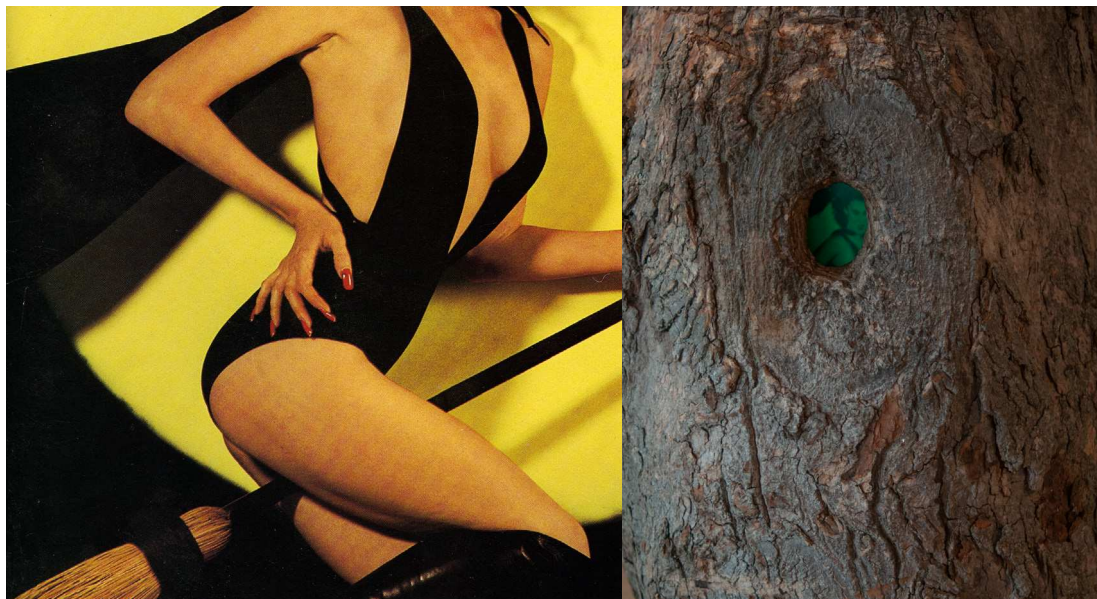
⁵ Rosalind Krauss, *A Voyage on the North Sea: Art in the Age of the Post-Medium Condition* (London: Thames and Hudson, 1999), 41.

⁶ Stanley Cavell, *The World Viewed: Reflections on the Ontology of Film* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1979), 72.

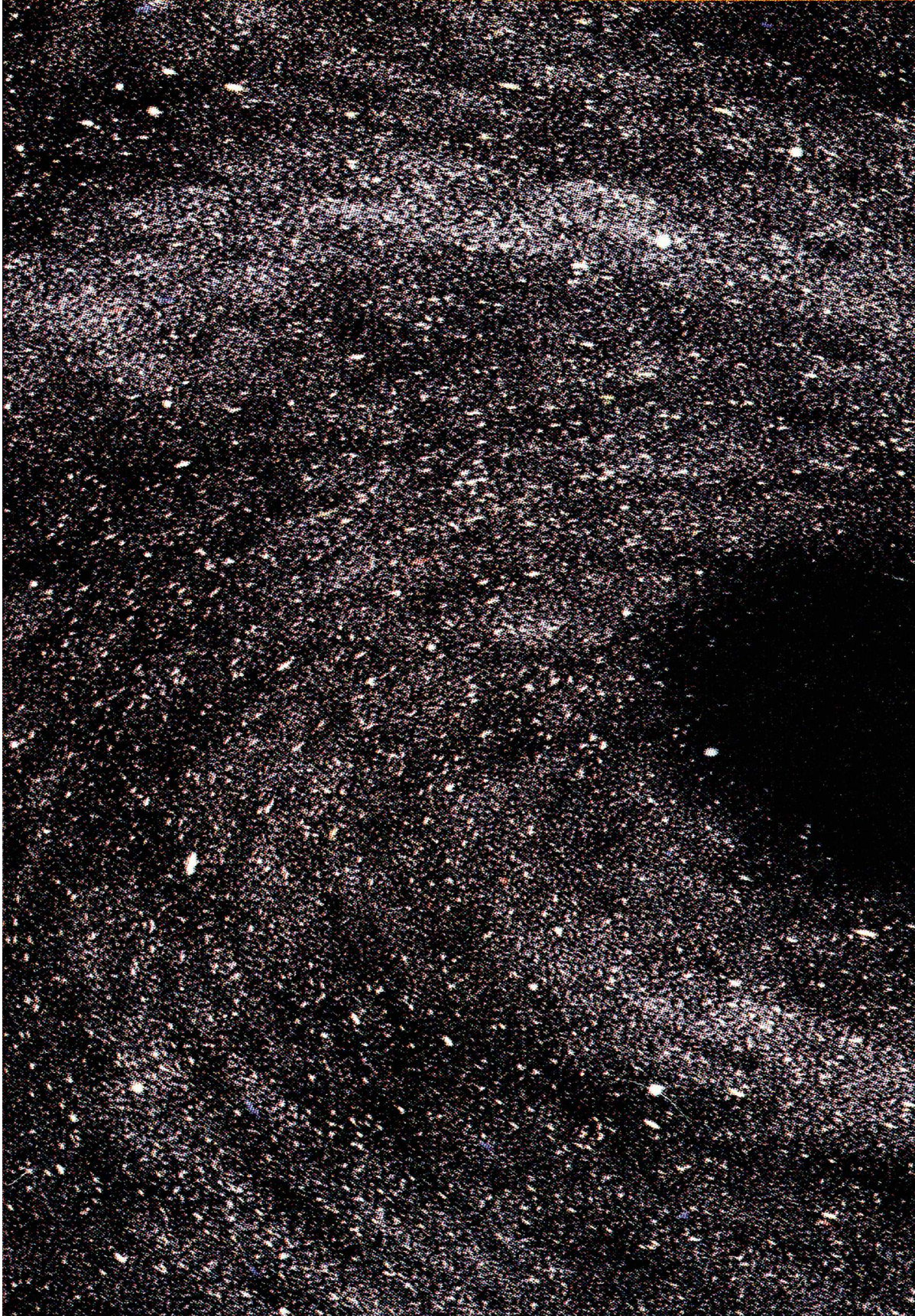


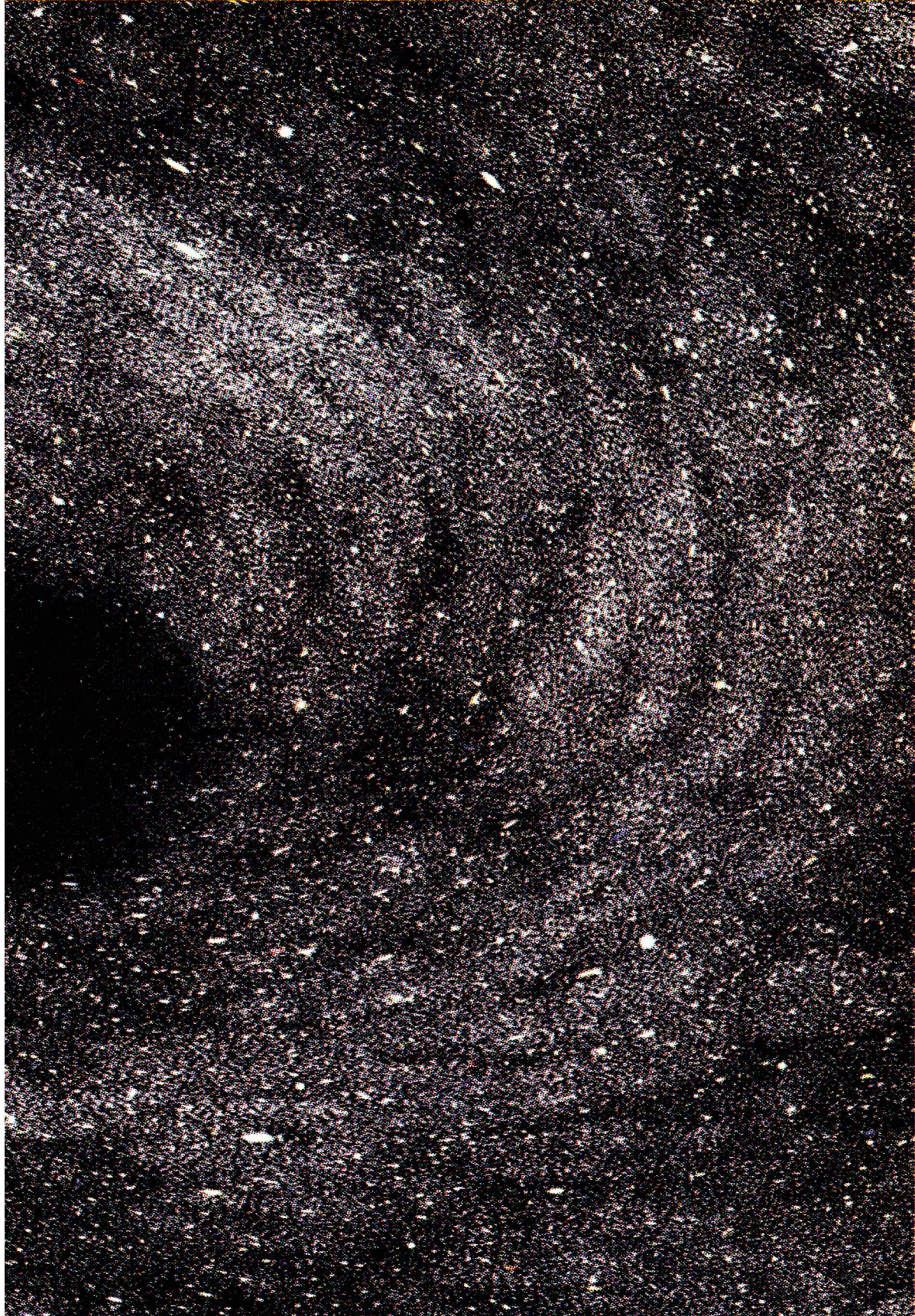
Untitled (Waxy Witch) (2012)

Installation view with *Black Hole* (2012), Archival print, wooden frame, 47.5 x 53 in (121 x 135 cm)



Untitled (Waxy Witch) (2012) details / pgs. 38, 39 *Black Hole* (2012) detail

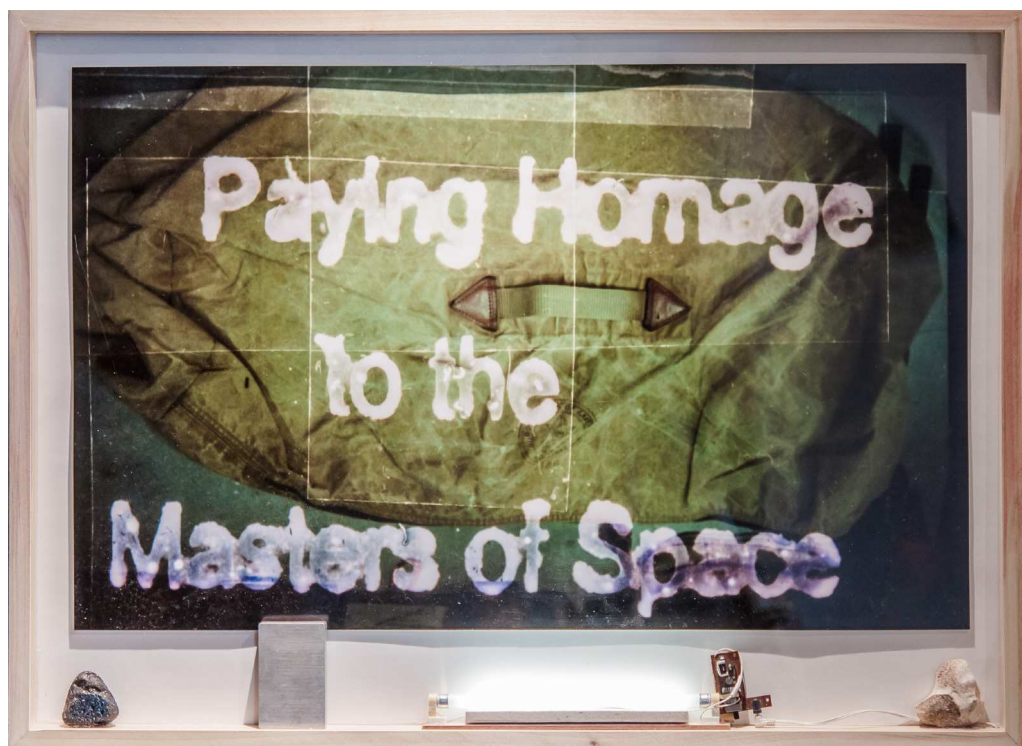






Land Where People Appear and Disappear at the Same Time (2012)

Archival print, wooden frame, 27 x 34 in (69 x 86 cm)



Paying Homage to the Masters of Space (2012)

Archival print, Aluminum, fluorescent light, Coal and Pumice, wooden frame, 27 x 37 in (69 x 94 cm)

PEACE KEEPER

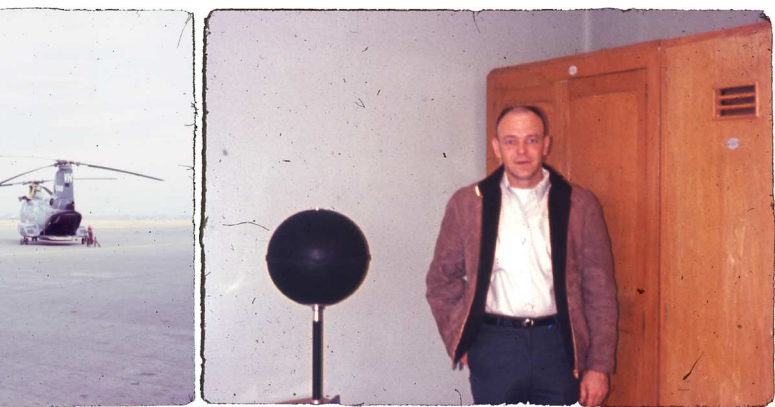




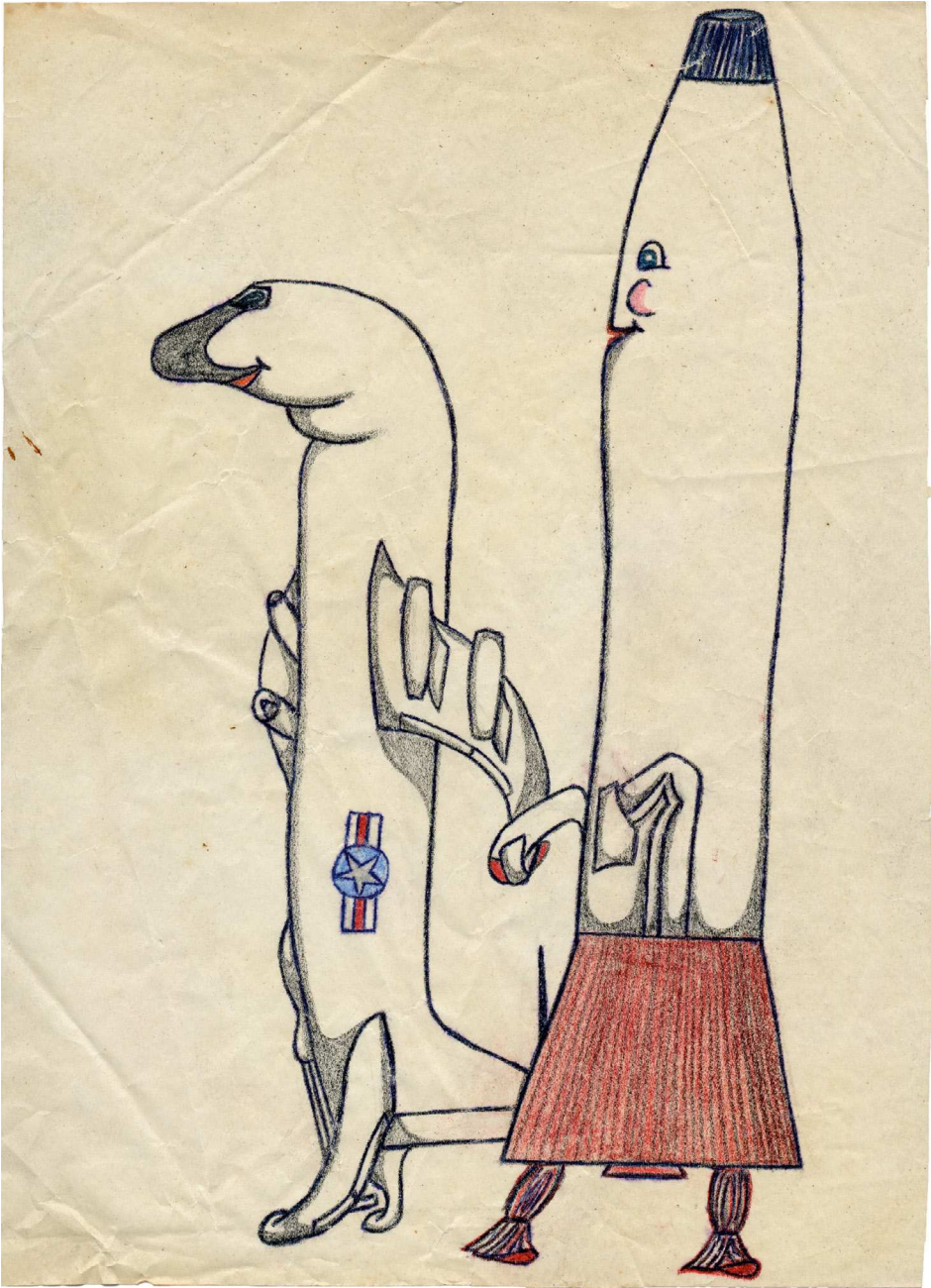
Above: detail *Peace Keeper* (2013), Wood, acrylic paint, canvas, neon light, archival print, frame, 28 x 27 x 5.5 in (71 x 69 x 14 cm); Opposite: *Peace Keeper* exhibition poster, designed by Other Means for Primetime; Pgs. 46, 47, *Peace Keeper* exhibition view with *Silent Hurdler* (2013), Archival print from 8mm film scan dry-mounted on Aluminum, solid orange Archival print dry-mounted on backside, 53 x 34 in (135 x 86 cm)







Richard Stickrod (1969)



Richard Stickrod, *Airplane and Missile Holding Hands* (1970), colored pencil on paper



Above: *Peace Bone* (2013), detail

Pg. 53, *Peace Keeper* exhibition view, *Peace Bone* (2013), styrofoam, gesso, glue, airbrush paint, florescent light, wood, surfboard fin, mirrors, 2 x 2 x 7 ft (61 x 61 cm x 2 m); pgs. 54, 55 *Silent Hurdler* (2013) detail



* K - DACH - OME - MA

* K - DACH - OME - MA

SAFETY FILM X

SAFETY FILM X

AM 500 ISO



CAFÉ FILM X



We Can Live on Hardly Anything, part 1 (2011)

Leather, grass, felt, bone, blow-gun dart, wooden frame, 18.5 x 24.5 x 4 in (47 x 62 x 10 cm)



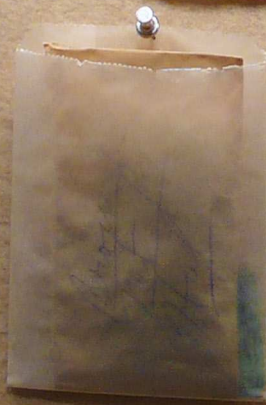
We Can Live on Hardly Anything, part 2 (2011)

Dry transfer lettering on paper, wooden frame 18 x 24.5 in (46 x 62 cm)



**BLACK VELVET
CANADIAN**

We left at 7:45
Hampton kept for
for 1/2 hr R. Co came
to say bye too
We love you &
Will miss you
Love
Sandra







Above (video still) and opposite *The Babysitter* (2009), terracotta bust on wood and metal pedestal with video monitor, 18 x 23 x 31 in (46 x 58.5 x 79 cm); Previous: pgs 58, 59 - *Bus Fire* and *Coast to Coast* (2010), mixed media on found frames, 14 x 16 in (36 x 41 cm)



**michael
stickrod**

FOUR BOXES GALLERY

KRABBESHOLM HØJSKOLE

**garden of
the gods**

3 - 17. MAJ 2013

FERNISERING 3/5 KL. 20.00

Opposite: poster for the exhibition *garden of the gods*, designed by Claes Møller Storm for Krabbesholm Højskole;
Pgs 64, 65, exhibition view of *garden of the gods*, ground floor with *Untitled (stones) #4* (2013), *Ecce Homo* (2013),
god save the queen (2013) and *Slingshot (Orco's revenge)* (2013), wood, bicycle inner tube, denim pocket, stone, 61
in (1.5 m) in length; pgs 66, 67, installation view of *garden of the gods*, ground floor with *Slingshot (Orco's revenge)*
(2013) and *Rock-pile (weather report)* (2013) Stones, glazed ceramic brick on top of lead block, 72 in (1.8 m) in diam-
eter; Photos: Per Andersen; pgs 68, 69, installation view of *garden of the gods*, ground floor at night



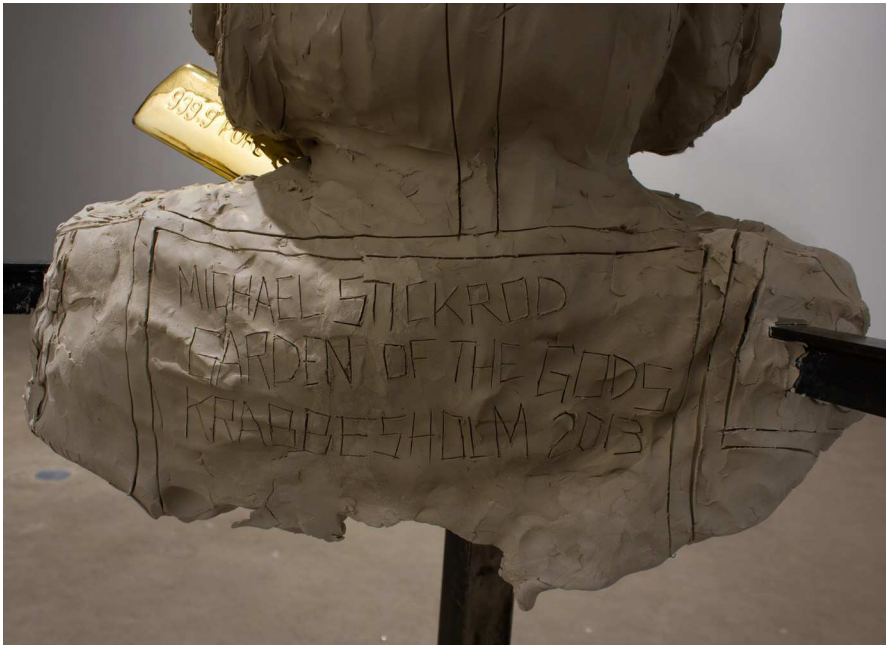














Ecce Homo (2013), unfired clay bust with glazed ceramic brick, on metal frame, 16 x 23 x 26 in (43 x 58.5 x 66 cm)
(detail opposite)



god save the queen (2013), found stones, wood frame, on metal frame, 20 x 22 x 5 in (50 x 56 x 13 cm);
Pgs 74, 75, *garden of the gods* exhibition view, *Untitled (stones), #1, #2 & #3* (2013)



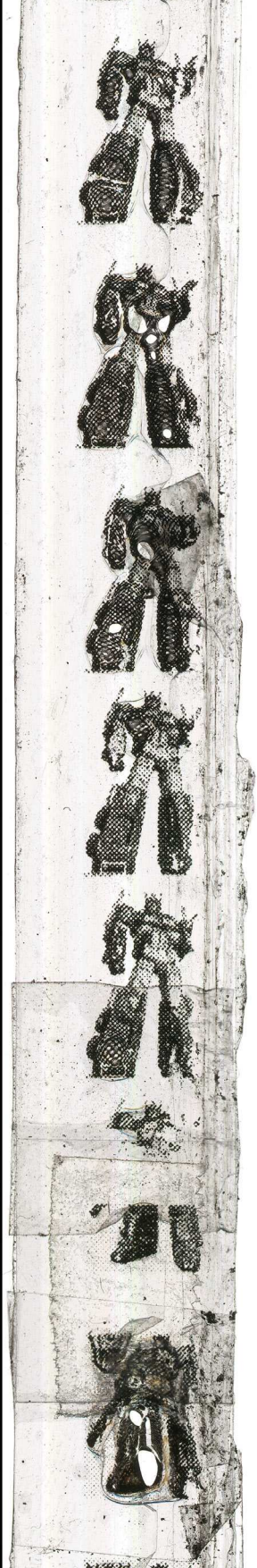
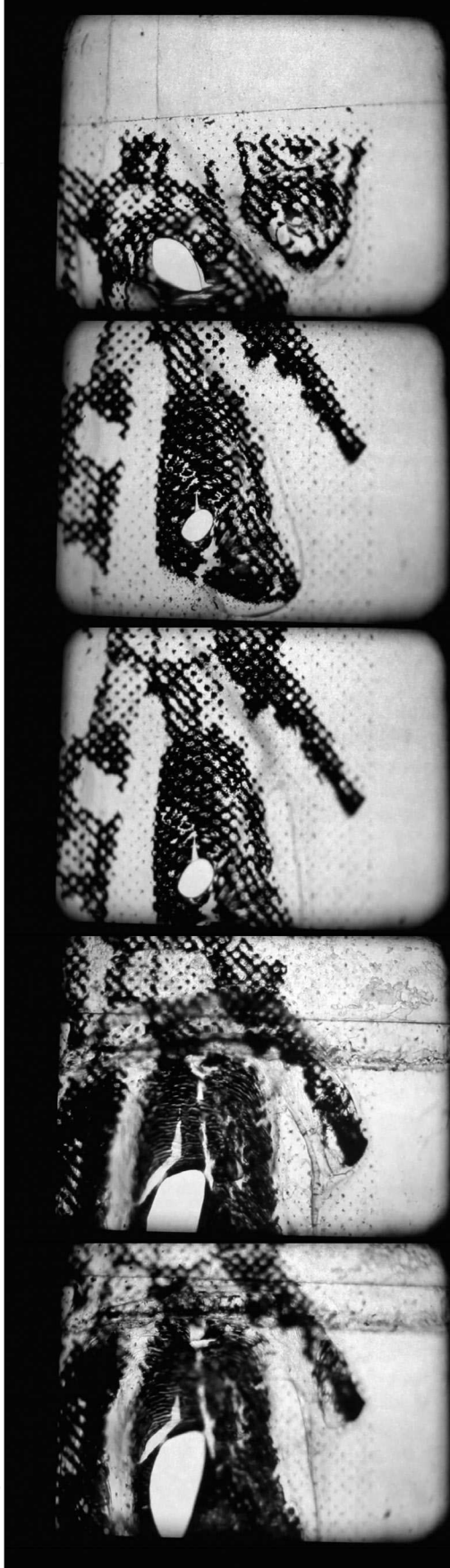


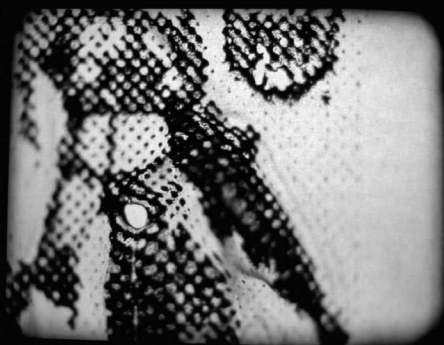


Untitled (stones) #1 & #2 (2013), Cut, layered archival prints, 24 x 32 in (61 x 81 cm)



Untitled (stones) #3 & #4 (2013), Cut, layered archival prints, 24 x 32 in (61 x 81 cm)







Transformer Loop (2013), Laser printed image onto transparent acetate gel, cut to 16mm for projection; silent, black & white; 3 min looped (digital transfer); exhibition view of *garden of the gods*, first floor photo: Per Andersen





Blackouts (1978) #1 (2013), Photogram transferred to archival print, 24 x 30 in (61 x 76 cm) each

Pgs. 82, 83, *Blackouts (1978) #1 & #2* of 3, exhibition view of *garden of the gods*, first floor photo: Per Andersen



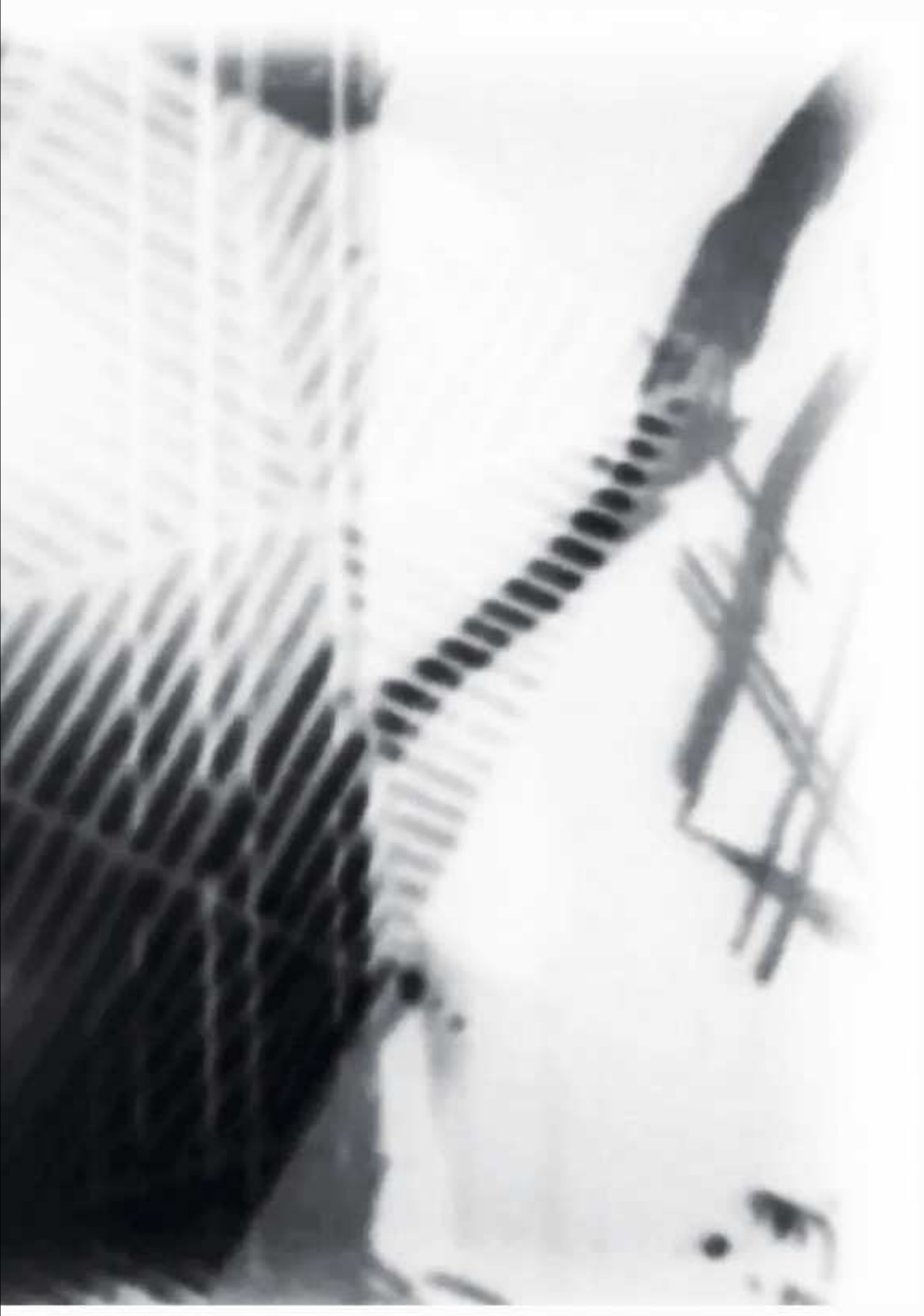


HH B'L'ing Trading Group 8 (2005-13), film still (with Amy Yao), continued on pgs 88, 89 & 90



HH B'L'ing Trading Group 8 (2005-13), Hand processed Super 8mm film; silent, black & white; 4 min (digital transfer);
Exhibition view of *garden of the gods*, second floor photo: Per Andersen





Michael Stickrod has exhibited his work in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Marseilles, Oslo, Copenhagen, Zurich, Brussels, Milan and Berlin. In 2008 he was awarded the *Altoids Award* and Exhibition at the New Museum in New York. His recent exhibition at Krabbesholm Højskole, "*garden of the gods*" was his first solo show in Denmark. He currently lives and works in New York City.

Robert Slifkin is an Assistant Professor of Fine Arts at the Institute of Fine Arts, New York University. He is the author of *Out of Time: Philip Guston and the Refiguration of Postwar American Art* which was awarded the Phillips Book Prize and his essays have appeared in such journals as *American Art*, *October*, *Oxford Art Journal*, and the *Art Bulletin*.



Thank you: Sandra Stickrod, Richard Stickrod, Erin Kirwin, Oskar Stickrod, Kurt Finsten, Michel Auder, Robert Slifkin, Stephen Naron, Matt Connors, Jay Heikes, Pat Palermo, Meredith James, Carrie Olson, Frank Heath, Per Andersen, Nanna Vestergaard, Ole & Jens, Claes Møller Storm, Chris Moukarbel, Amy Yao, Anne Eastman and Miso (pictured above)

Michael Stickrod: Stones Rise
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Krabbesholm Højskole
Krabbesholm Allé 15
7800 Skive
Denmark
Tel: +45 97 52 02 27
Fax: +45 97 51 22 69
post@krabbesholm.dk
www.krabbesholm.dk

Krabbesholm Bøger/Books:

Ideen Om En Stol/The Idea Of A Chair, 2001
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Ideen Om En Stol #2/The Idea Of A Chair #2, 2006
Tine Maria Kofoed: Billeder, 2007
The Essence Of Light, 2007
Martin Heidegger: Markvejen, 2007
Krabbesholm Højskole: 100, 2007
Goodiepal: Mort Aux Vaches Ekstra Extra, 2008
Goodiepal: Mort Aux Vaches Ekstra Extra, 2009
Søren Lose: Tomorrowland, 2009
Michel Auder: I Had Another Bird to Feed, 2010
Dan Graham: Works Between Art and Architecture from New York to Denmark, 2010
Am Nuden Da: Session_12_Words + Untitled, 2011
Krabbesholm Højskole Studios by MOS, 2013



Karl Oskar at Krabbesholm Castle (2010) / Opposite: *Blackouts* (1978) #3 (2013)

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