



LISA HOKE
COMMON SIDE EFFECTS
 Co-Curated by Judy Pfaff
 October 7 – December 4, 2016

ESTHER MASSRY GALLERY
THE COLLEGE OF SAINT ROSE
 1002 Madison Avenue
 Albany, NY 12208

JEANNE FLANAGAN, DIRECTOR
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GALLERY HOURS
 Monday–Saturday 12–5 p.m.
 Wednesday–Thursday noon–8 p.m.
 Closed academic holidays

ESTHER MASSRY GALLERY
THE COLLEGE OF SAINT ROSE

EXHIBITION CHECKLIST:
 Arranged clockwise, beginning left of entry.

1. AISLE 3B, 2015–2016
 cardboard packaging, glue, hardware
 120 x 60.75 x 84.75 inches
 Courtesy of the artist and Pavel Zoubok Gallery

2. COMING ATTRACTIONS, 2015
 cardboard packaging, glue, hardware
 108.75 x 196 x 12 inches
 Courtesy of the artist and Pavel Zoubok Gallery

3. \$10 OFF, 2016
 cardboard packaging, glue, hardware
 126 x 228 x 48 inches
 Courtesy of the artist and Pavel Zoubok Gallery

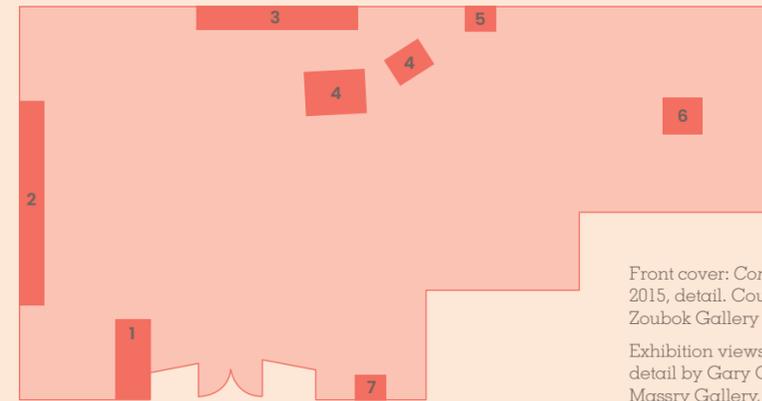
4. AISLE 1, 2015–2016
 two elements
 cardboard packaging, wheels, glue, hardware
 108.75 x 48 x 39 inches
 9 x 60 x 54 inches
 Courtesy of the artist and Pavel Zoubok Gallery

5. BLACK AND WHITE AND RED AND YELLOW, 2016
 cardboard packaging, glue
 21 x 15 x 3.5 inches, framed
 Courtesy of the artist and Pavel Zoubok Gallery

VERTICAL GALLERY INSTALLATION

6. DON'T HANG THE CREPE YET, 2016
 cardboard packaging, plastic chain, hardware, bamboo, glue, wheels
 324 x 240 x 408 inches, variable
 Courtesy of the artist and Pavel Zoubok Gallery

7. BLUE GUM, 2015
 cardboard packaging, glue
 24 x 18 inches, framed
 Courtesy of the artist and Pavel Zoubok Gallery



Front cover: *Coming Attractions*, 2015, detail. Courtesy of Pavel Zoubok Gallery

Exhibition views and back cover detail by Gary Gold, Esther Massry Gallery, 2016



Lisa Hoke by Jeanne Flanagan, 2016

“I AM AMAZED AT HOW MUCH IS PRODUCED IN OUR SOCIETY THAT IS PAINTERLY, HOW MUCH DESIGN GOES IN. IT’S ALL THROWN AWAY.”

LISA HOKE was born in Virginia and is an artist based in New York City. Hoke has recently created installations at the American Academy of Arts & Letters, New York, N.Y.; Sarasota Museum of Art, Sarasota, Florida; Oklahoma City Museum of Art, Oklahoma City, Okla.; North Carolina Museum of Art, Raleigh, N.C.; McNay Art Museum, San Antonio, Texas; New Britain Museum of American Art, New Britain, Connecticut; Brattleboro Museum and Art Center, Brattleboro, Vermont; D’Amour Museum of Fine Arts, Springfield and Massachusetts Museum of Contemporary Art (Mass MoCA), North Adams, both in Massachusetts.

Her work has been featured in more than 20 solo exhibitions and numerous group shows in the United States and internationally. She is the recipient of a Joan Mitchell Award and the Edwin Austin Abbey Fellowship from the National Academy Museum, New York. Hoke’s work is in the public collections of the Whitney Museum of American Art; The Johnson Museum of Art; Cornell University; The Oklahoma City Museum of Art; The New Orleans Museum, Louisiana; The Orlando Museum, Florida; and D’Amour Museum of Fine Arts, Springfield, Massachusetts, amongst others. In the spring of 2017, Hoke will create a work in the lobby of the Memphis Brooks Museum of Art, Memphis, Tennessee. The artist is represented by the Pavel Zoubok Gallery in New York. For more information, please visit www.lisahoke.com.

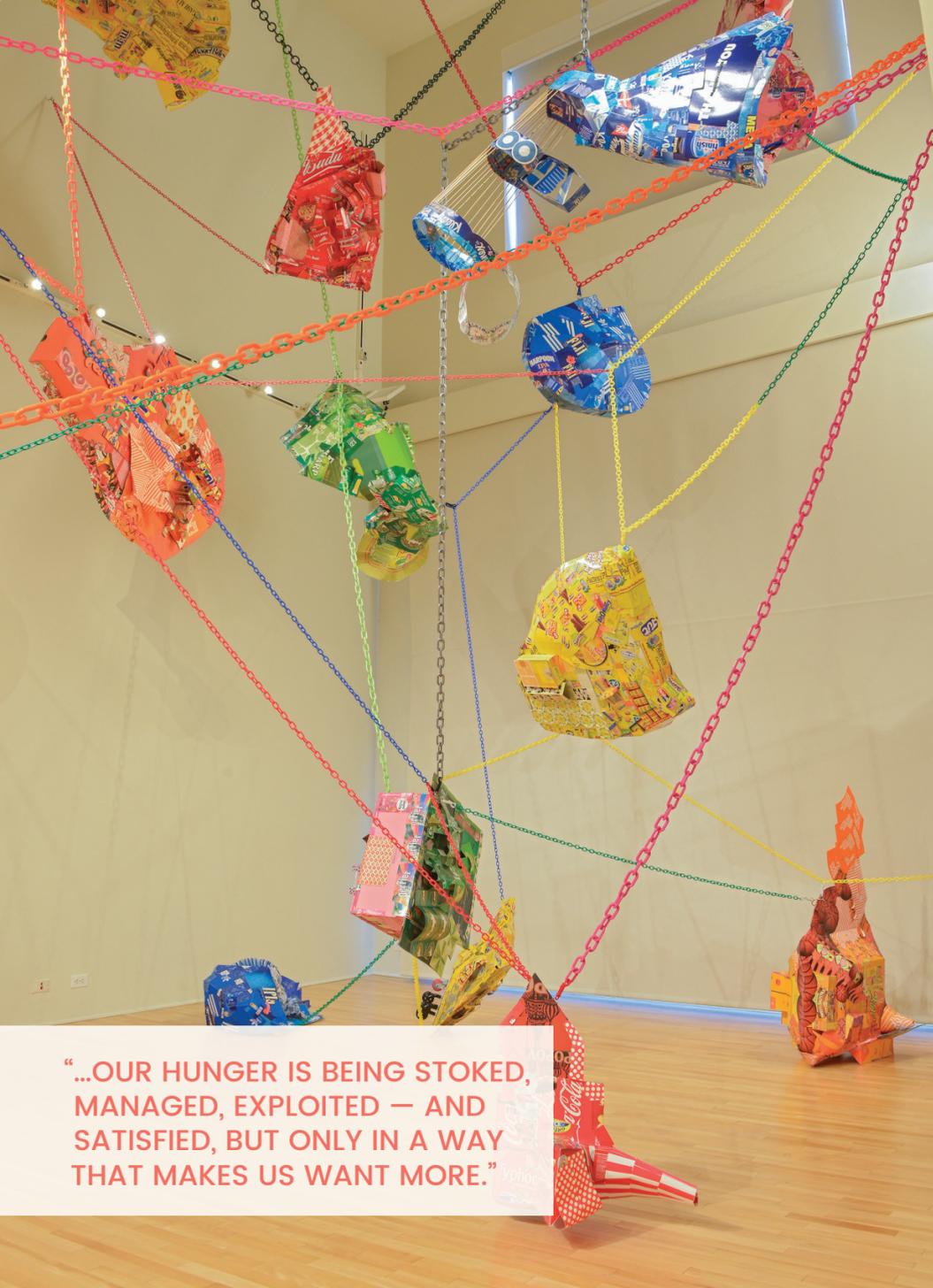


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“...OUR HUNGER IS BEING STOKED, MANAGED, EXPLOITED — AND SATISFIED, BUT ONLY IN A WAY THAT MAKES US WANT MORE.”



ATTENTION SHOPPERS

BY NANCY PRINCENTHAL

Among Lisa Hoke's early sculptures, from the late 1980s, were iron castings of perishable things – a coconut, a squash – suspended by wire: spare compositions reduced nearly to pure, taut contour. “To Tie the Air In Knots,” a phrase looped into the hanging strings of another kind of early sculpture, names a maneuver Hoke's work has performed from the start. Spatial complexity is still a hallmark of her sculpture, but it has long since become much less austere. By the early 1990s, color had entered it, for example in the form of pink and yellow plastic lawn chair webbing woven through automobile exhaust pipes. A curtain of long zippers with multi-colored cloth bindings formed a tapestry begging to be undone, one pull at a time, into pure chromatic confetti. Fragments of clothing, hoards of buttons, and tangles of thread stiffened like cotton candy were all marshaled into bodies of rich color.

By 2000, drinking cups and straws were among Hoke's repertory of found forms, and by 2010, she was making vast wall-hung reliefs from paper and plastic cups. With these reliefs, color became an avalanche, surging through entire rooms in drifts of red, purple, blue, green and yellow. Assembled onsite from salvaged packaging and serving materials, including printed cardboard boxes, cartons, containers and cups, these installations swept across walls and jumped corners, and sometimes assumed fully sculptural dimensions, as with stacked cups that reached out to thirsty views.

Hoke continues to make wall works, though now, as in *Coming Attractions*, they are discrete. Borrowing the scale and visual muscle of murals and banners, they are hugely exuberant and just a little alarming, like an acrobat in a highwire act juggling just one more plate, or bowling pin, or flaming torch. As were sections of the earlier reliefs, *Coming Attractions* is organized around a portion of the spectrum, in this case red and yellow, and reminds us that color is unstable and bossy; its neighbors are never free of its influence. Moreover each culture's language – and each individual's perceptual and affective disposition – divides the spectrum differently. My red is not yours; I can't even really know what yours is. The same is true, broadly speaking, of taste and appetite, the drives Hoke explores in her current work. The readymade graphics of her materials are meant by their commercial producers to be seductive, and Hoke only bumps up their appeal, organizing them into tapering cones, telescoping cups, fanned plates and pinwheeling spirals of the most dizzying allure.

Also among Hoke's new works, in a striking departure from the recent reliefs, are substantial freestanding sculptures made from the same found materials. They include *Aisle 1*, an upright assemblage in brown and gold; *Aisle 2*, in red and oranges, and sporting a giant cone – it suggests a megaphone – of French fry cartons; and *Aisle 3*, mostly low-lying composition of blues and greens. These sculptures' contours, by turns scalloped,

fringed, boxy and wavelike, defy resolution, just as the spaces that open up inside them resist logic; inner surfaces twist like extra-dimensional Mobius strips. As soon as form comes off the wall, Hoke observes, it becomes a species of either landscape or figure. Looking down on the more horizontally oriented sculptures, one sees the quilted texture of cultivated land viewed from an airplane, or tiny townscapes, or cresting ocean waves. Regarded head on, the taller sculptures suggest, at least to me, birds. I see coxcombs and tail feathers.

Hoke, who splits her time between New York City and rural New Hampshire, is comfortable with the association. When I suggested it, she thought of Anne Lamott's wonderful (and very funny) guide for aspiring writers, and specifically its anecdote of a father coaching his ten-year-old son on a daunting wildlife report. “Bird by bird, buddy,” he advised. “Just take it bird by bird.”¹ Hoke admits that this bit of wisdom lurks beneath her studio practice; the construction of the sculptures is accretive and deliberative. It is also intuitive. Pieces are gathered, trimmed, glued and screwed into place bit by bit – and removed, retrimmed, repositioned and replaced. She is a formidably resourceful artist, with long experience working in public and on the fly. Though she now relishes the freedom and flexibility of a solitary studio practice, she also harbors performance-like habits born of making installations while curious viewers, and anxious curators, watched and waited.

One especially felicitous idea Hoke hit upon with the new sculptures is visible if you squat and peer underneath: they are mounted on skateboard wheels. An elegant solution to the problem of getting the sculptures to sit just a little off the ground and also to be easily maneuvered, the wheels exude a whiff of teen spirit, of agility, speed, and a touch of sass. Even more important to Hoke, the movement that is implicit even when the sculptures are stationary establishes a link to parade floats, and from there, as she puts it, to a category of social gathering that bleeds into advertising.

Among the oldest of broadcast forms, parades and their pageantry honor national holidays and cultural solidarity. They cheer athletes, astronauts, politicians, war heroes. Of and for crowds, and power, they are generally for male power in particular. Or, looked at from an alternative historical perspective, floats and parades evoke Mardi Gras and, in turn, the medieval Carnival, ancient Greek festivals and world of raucous women. The poet and classicist Anne Carson traces a rich tradition of female noisiness through Greek verse, as in a poem by Alkaios “that begins with the urbane and



orderly sound of a herald summoning male citizens to their rational civic business,” and “ends with an otherworldly echo of women shrieking in the wolfthickets.”² Art historian Jo Anna Isak follows this heritage through Rabelais and Bakhtin and their studies of medical festivals to consider what she terms “the revolutionary power of women's laughter.”³

Such laughter, with its celebration of unlicensed desires, can surely be heard in Hoke's current work. But so can a word of warning. “Attention Shoppers,” Hoke's title for this exhibition, puts us on notice: our hunger is being stoked, managed, exploited – and satisfied, but only in a way that makes us want more. She does not conceal the trade names and slogans printed on her materials, and they form a kind of telegraphic ode to indulgence: Sugar Babies. Cheerios. Coke. We Are Happy To Serve You. They also appeal to our visual taste; as Hoke notes, the designs they feature, by turns elegantly subtle and deafeningly loud, derive from graphic experiments undertaken in the art world, to which she returns them, still flaunting their passage

through consumer culture. Speaking to an educated appreciation of form, line, color and an art historical lineage including both modernist abstraction and the post modern appropriation of commercial imagery, Hoke's new works also address our hunger for baser things: candy, soda, fries, beer. Art doesn't usually admit it knows us this well. It's a little unnerving, but also deeply pleasurable.

¹ Anne Lamott, “Bird by Bird: Some Observations on Writing and Life” (New York: Anchor Books, 1995), p.19
² Anne Carson, “The Gender of Sound,” in *Glass, Irony and God* (New York: New Directions, 1995), p.125
³ Jo Anna Isak, *Feminism & Contemporary Art: The Revolutionary Power of Women's Laughter* (London: Routledge, 1996)

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