Les Christensen
You Don’t Love Me (Yet)
2000
plaster, mug handles, grout
6” x 15” x 12”
Courtesy of the artist

Happiest Day of Your Life
1999
Broken white plates, wood, grout
37 1/2” x 120” x 1 1/2”

Flight From Saditude
2001
as, 4,” x 8,” x 12,”

Dawn DeDeaux
Woman Eating Porkchop
1998
film installation
dimensions variable
Courtesy of the artist

Gerald Guthrie
Under Different Circumstances
2000
Mixed media
15” x 15” x 15”

Amy Jenkins
Almost Home
1998
three LCD video projectors, three laser disc players and discs, three pairs of speakers
dimensions variable
Courtesy the artist; Jack Tilton/Anna Kustera Gallery, New York

Barbara Kendrick
Caught
1993
human hair, ceramic tiles, wood
42” x 97” x 2”

Greely Myatt
Right
1997
Over the years, grave handling, names 24” x 6” x 1/2” (seventeen)

Nic Nicosia
Mid/Weekend 1997-1999
Aluminum
16” x 13” x 10”

Brian Wesson
Scale
2001
sculpture, plastic
12” x 12”

Ernesto Pujol
Crib
1997
wood, metal, cord
42” x 30” x 52”

John Salvest
Man Ray. Cadeau: cast iron and nails, 6 1/2” x 2 3/4” x 3 1/2”

Domestic Disturbance
August 25-November 4, 2001
Salina Art Center
224 S. 7th. St.
Salina, Kansas 67401
Opening Reception August 25, 2001 5:30 p.m.
Curator: John Salvest

Ernesto Pujol, Whiteness (Still Life) (1999), C-print, 8"x10"
DOMESTIC DISTURBANCE

The familiar is not necessarily the known.
— Hegel

Amy Jenkins, *Almost Home* (1998), video installation (detail on cover)

“Domestic Disturbance” is a search for artists whose work seemed to possess the same conflicting qualities as my own—unusual, comforting and unsettling, mysterious than any work of fiction could ever be. “The familiar is not necessarily the known,” Hegel wrote, as visual as well as verbal. Our family lived in it from December 1962 through December 1974. I carry that house around with me at all times. I can vividly recall all its details—wallpaper and upholstered patterns, tile and carpet colors, the smell of the hamper and the sound of the front gate closing. An inventory of furniture, appli-
cances, curtains, pillows, rugs, lamps, clocks, television, radios, houseplants and kitchenware specific to that house still exists in a climate-controlled storage compartment in my mind.

I stopped living there on a regular basis when I married and took my first real job. That was some ten years before my parents finally moved away. But I have never really stopped living there, even now. It haunts me like a sometimes cruel and sometimes benevolent ghost. No matter what house I have lived in or will ever live in, its sights, sounds and smells will always be overlaid upon that structure. Its foundation, leaky basement and all, is the foundation for all houses that follow.

The house in which I grew up was a two-story colonial style residence built by my parents’ company in suburban Long Island. It was designed by a company architect and built by the company’s own construction crews. The interiors were a study in compartmentalization: the living room, dining room, bedroom, bathroom and basement were all distinct areas. The house was not large enough for a separate service entrance or garage, so an apartment was constructed in the basement for use as a tool shed and storage. My parents’ bedroom and the rooms used as offices and play areas for my two sisters and me were on the second floor.

Despite the strangeness of these domestic daydreams, it is a relief to leave today’s troubles behind and to comfort in the belief that what is past is not completely lost. But my reveries are not entirely blissful. A tension exists between nostalgic longing and a creeping uneasiness. A lingering feeling as with a Raleigh with an unanswerable lacks me that my visit has been long enough and I am ready to return to the present.

In Domestic Disturbance, I was looking for artists whose work seemed to possess the same conflicting qualities as my own. In composing Domestic Disturbance, I was looking for artists who worked to seem the same particular conflicts as my own.

The only witness to the unusual events in Gerald Guthrie’s tiny room is a giant human eye—your eye. You, the viewer, are the human presence, free to inhabit these odd spaces and examine these strange things as an observer at once, somehow, both comforting and disorienting.

— John Salvest

Gerald Guthrie, *Under Different Circumstances* (2000), mixed media, 15” x 15” x 15” (detail)

Man Ray.

Cahier

1921-74

Cadeau

Cream and soy jar handles, mirrors, 28” x 40” x 60”