

If I'm thinking I'm probably feeling

Joey Fauerso

June 3-July 16, 2006

ROSWELL MUSEUM and
ART CENTER



If I'm thinking I'm probably feeling, 2005-06,
video projection and 454 oil and acrylic
paintings on paper, 50'x7'9"



Bitter Lake January, 2006, watercolor on paper, 10.5"x8"



Hilltop, 2006, watercolor on paper, 10.5"x8"



Isolated Shower, 2006, watercolor on paper, 10.5"x8"

Who really knows how long a person remains conscious when their head is cut off in a guillotine? Joey Fauerso's talented brother is a poet whose playful poem on such a head-rolling event inspires this installation. Neil Fauerso speculates on the possibility for multiple pleasures during a purported final ten seconds of consciousness. As he notes, "Ten. That's a long time."

Starting with a 35-second digital video of Neil's head, Joey Fauerso brings her considerable skill as a figurative painter to her metamorphosis of poem into paint. She uses her hands and eyes to thicken the experience of her brother's words to create an embodied gallery-sized presence. Precise yet painterly portraits are captured from electronic pixels; at least six portraits for every second of video. Just as 10 seconds is a long time to be a head without a body, Fauerso's 227 lusciously rendered and nuanced portraits invite us to meander through the complexity of human expressions. Face-to-face it is almost impossible not to make our own faces.

Joey Fauerso's pixilated gallery marks a sea change in contemporary artists' use of powerful imaging technology. For decades such corporate and government technologies have been associated with the sinister, the banal and, recently, biometric face recognition. Digital imaging is now readily available to compute-savvy tinkerers in the privacy of their own homes and studios. In Joey's hands it is literally turned on its head into a personal, intimate, life affirming, and welcoming project.

Fauerso is deft at introducing an enormous number of associations. Consider just one line of inquiry. Today's computers designate the horizontal as landscape format and the vertical as portrait. This is a legacy from hundreds of years of painting. Yet, Fauerso renders Neil's heads in the horizontal format of television screens, still-lives and landscapes. We also subliminally read into them the mass media sequencing of comic strips and graphic novels. In their frothy strokes, the echoing grid of 227 sky-blue paintings amplifies our cultural reading of them as changing weather on land, sky and sea. Both the head grid and the sky grid choreograph fluidity that is micro and macro, at once specific step-by-step expressions of face or weather and vaulting catapults into limitless combinations of human emotion and the possibilities of the wild blue yonder.

This elegant installation invites us to spin our own interpretations, to ask our own questions. What are the implications of Fauerso's incomplete grids? Her stretching of time into space? Her flexibility and adaptability? The obsessive nature of her endeavor? The haunting poignancy of Neil's awareness? The resonance of repetition and variation? Fauerso doesn't just lend her hands and eyes to Neil's detached head, she has constructed a means of inviting us all to see simultaneously in ways that are personal, historic, dramatic, everyday, political, and thoughtful.

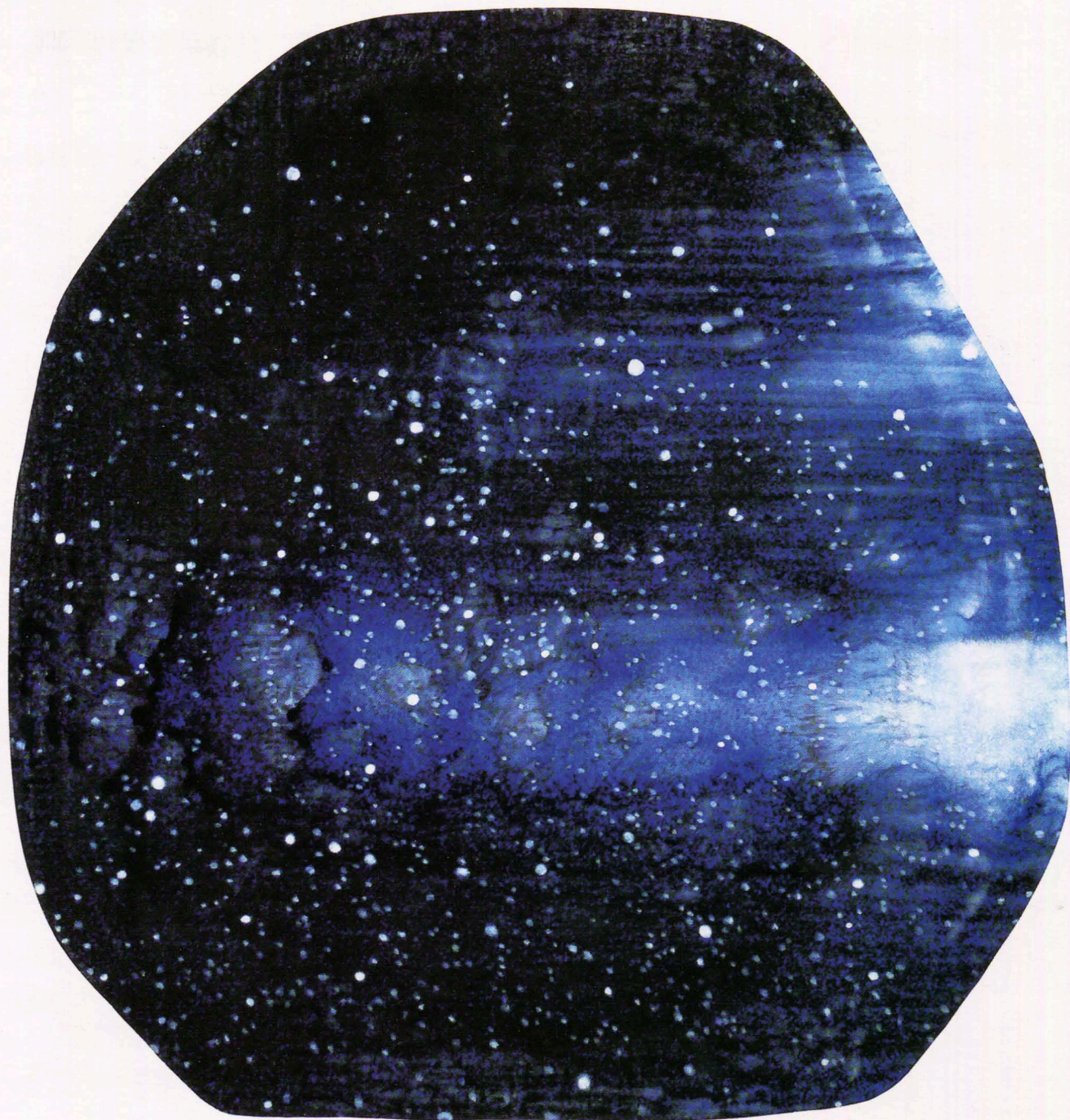
MaLin Wilson-Powell

May, 2006

*MaLin Wilson-Powell is a
writer and curator living in
Santa Fe, New Mexico*



still from Four ways to disappear, 2006, digital video, 3:39



Open (1), 2006, watercolor on paper, 41"x44"

Joey Fauerso

<http://web.mac.com/jfauerso/iWeb/joey>

Born 1976, San Antonio, TX

Education

University of Wisconsin-Madison, M.F.A. 2001

University of Wisconsin-Madison, M.A. in Art 2000

University of Iowa-Iowa City, B.F.A. 1998

Selected Solo Exhibitions

Western Exhibitions, Chicago, IL 2006

Women and Their Work, Austin, TX 2006

Roswell Museum and Art Center, Roswell, New Mexico 2006

In the Old Days When a Young Man Was a Strong Man, Finesilver
Gallery, San Antonio, TX 2004

Selected Group Exhibitions

The Sirens' Song, Art House, Austin, TX 2007

Drawing Inside/Out, Lawndale, Houston, TX 2006

New American Talent, Art House, Austin TX 2006

Pulse Contemporary Art Fair, Miami, FL 2005

Texas Painting, DiverseWorks, Houston, TX 2005

Blue Star 20, Blue Star Art Space, San Antonio, TX 2005

Amarillo Biennial 600: Drawing, Amarillo Museum of Art,
Amarillo TX 2005

Los Americanos, arcaute arte contemporaneo, Monterey, Mexico 2004

A Timeless Montage of Being and Conflict,

Parson's University, Paris, France 2004

The Golden Style of Being, Bamboo Lane, Los Angeles, CA 2004

All Over and At Once, The Pond, Chicago, IL 2003

CAM Exhibition, Blue Star Art Space, San Antonio, TX 2003

The Company We Keep, Inman Gallery, Houston, TX 2003

Come Forward- New Emerging Art in Texas,
Dallas Museum of Art, Dallas, TX 2003

Grants/Awards/Residencies

Golden Foundation Individual Artist Grant 2005

ArtPace Travel Grant 2005

Dallas Museum of Art Kimbrough Fund Grant 2005

Roswell Artist in Residence 2005

Ucross Foundation Residency 2005

Templin Award, The University of Wisconsin Art Department 2000

Vilas Award, The University of Wisconsin Art Department 1998

University of Wisconsin Academic (WARF) Fellowship 1998

The Schumacher Scholarship, The University
of Iowa Art Department 1995

Selected Bibliography

"A Conversation with Joey Fauerso", Wendy Atwell,
Glasstire, May 2006

Exhibition Review, Fran Colpitt, ArtUS, Jan/Feb, 2005

Exhibition Review, Anjali Gupta, ArtPapers, Jan/Feb, 2005

"Courting the Muse", Emily Spicer, San Antonio
Express News, Jan 9, 2005

"A Timeless Montage of Being and Conflict", catalog with
essay by Carol Kino, 2004

"Paris Review", Christopher French, Glasstire, 2004

New American Painting, featured artist 2004

"Allover and At Once", Michael Workman, Flash Art,
November-December 2003

"A Face-off With Portraiture, Joey Fauerso Deepens the Genre",
Wendy Atwell, Artlies, 2003

"The Art of Living", Anjali Gupta, San Antonio Current,
July 24-30, 2003

"Blue Star 18", Terrie Sultan, Exhibition Catalog, 2003

"Blue Star's SA Art Poetic", and "Birds of a Feather",

Dan Goddard, San Antonio Express News, August 17, 2003

"Body Art", Kelly Klaasmeyer, Houston Press, July 24-30, 2003

"Visual Art in Texas", Rainey Knudson, Glasstire, 2003

"Come Forward, New Emerging Art in Texas", Suzanne Weaver and
Lane Relyea, Exhibition Catalog, 2003

"pleaseandthankyou" (image), Perla Magazine 2002

Hair

They say that when your head is cut off,
clean as with a guillotine, you remain conscious
for ten seconds.
Ten. That's a long time.
Enough to recite the alphabet at least twice.
Enough to say the names of all the people
who truly meant something to you.
Or apologize for all your misdeeds in an earnest
general way: I'm sorry to all the people
I hurt. Long enough to remember some of the best times of your life,
those tiny moments that prick memory like ornament glass.
The time you drove a yellow convertible though fog so thick, you didn't realize you
crossed the Golden Gate bridge until you reached the other side. The time
you swam and made love at midnight in a river still and reflective as enamel to the
waterlog of submerged city sounds.

But what about the physical?
If you're thinking, you're probably feeling.
If not pain, then place.
Would those sweet thoughts pass if your head
was tumbling in spongy red dirt?
The kind that clouds like sea foam.
It would be kindergarten, when you were rolled up into a plush
12 foot rug of infinite dustiness,
except now the ground would be the rug
and it would go on forever.
If you were sputtering grit, would you be able to remember the time you
and your best friend watched glowing Greenland in the tin syrup light of an airplane?

What would you do?
What would you want your head to fall in?
Velvet box?
Baby pool?
Bonfire?
I'd beg to be dropped onto a catapult and launched in the air.
I'd play myself as a baby-faced blue blood,
my family's lawyer would plead for my last wish
across liquid oak and lamps sleeping in a forest canopy.

I would get it.
My head would drop into the catapult's mouth.
It would be lined with a simple cotton pillow.
Someone really on the ball would make sure it activated
right when my head hit the cushion.

My head would fly through the empty air.
The sky would be so blue it would almost feel liquid.
The expanse of the air and the insignificance of my tiny
head would be deeply fulfilling, I would feel assimilated
like those sea creatures that are mostly water
and are more a part of the ocean than anything else.
I would expire before my arc began to fall.
I would look directly into the sun.
My hair blown back, would feel softer than the strands of a peach.
My hair would be happy.
My hair would have more time to live and grow.

Neil Fauersto
2003

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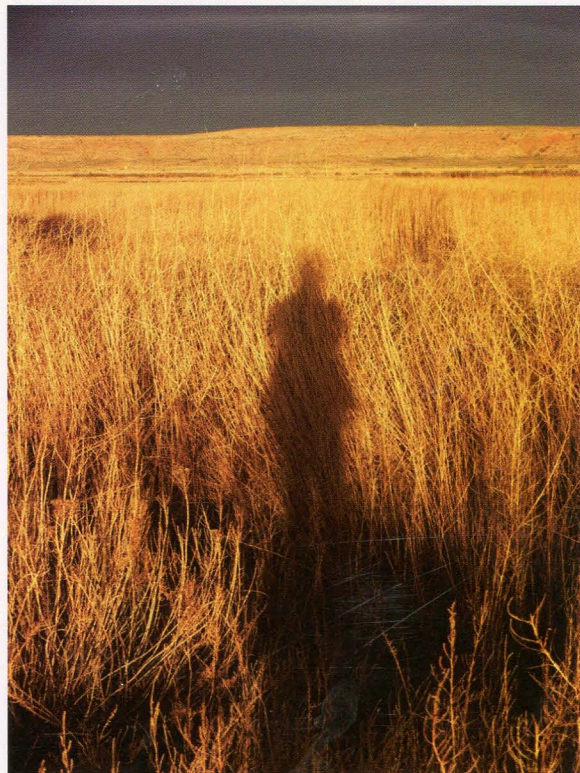
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The Gift of Time is provided by the
Roswell Artist-in-Residence Foundation
P.O. Box 1, Roswell, NM 88202

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Self-portrait at
Bitter Lake
Wildlife Refuge,
Roswell 2006

The Roswell Artist-in-Residence Program was established in 1967 to provide professional studio artists with the unique opportunity to concentrate on their work in a supportive, collegial environment for periods of up to one year. This "gift of time" allows artists to work without distraction in an effort to break new ground and focus on individual goals. The Roswell Artist-in-Residence Program serves as a contemporary counterpoint to the traditional arts of the southwest, reinforces the Program's interest in strengthening the vitality of art in New Mexico and has been a catalyst in broadening community understanding of modern art.