



JULIANNE HUNTER
WHERE THINGS GROW



Julianne Hunter: *Where Things Grow*
October 23 - December 9, 2024
Opening Reception October 23, 5 - 5:30 p.m.
Artist Talk November 13, 5:30 p.m.

Catalogue Essayist: Isabelle Ackerman

Handwerker Gallery
Ithaca College
953 Danby Rd.
Ithaca NY 14850
Director: Paul M. Nicholson
Preparator: Leanna Yacilla

Gallery Assistants:
Isabelle Ackerman, Caitlyn Argo, Gabriella Baiano,
Abby Costa, Lee Kreshtool, Flora Pierson
Madison Purslow, Angie Riel, Chloe Wiederhorn

Fall 2024 Interns: Isabelle Ackerman, Nico Mooney

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How
can we
gather
what we love
before
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leave it
behind?

It's merely
vapor trails,
dust spun up
behind tires,
dew
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Memories are the only wholly personal relics that we hold. These most fragile possessions are tucked away in the reliquaries of our minds while everything else that's ours is released, able to be held by others. Memories are ephemeral, colorless, and fade in the sun like summer flowers as autumn presses nearer. Like Maggie Nelson's recollections in *The Argonauts*, Julianne Hunter's work in *Where Things Grow* understands that words are inadequate to capture a feeling. Instead, she moves to preserve the last unspooling tendrils of impressions that sit with us long after a moment is gone, understanding the gap between the moment and the memory.

On the road, a gnarled and split tree snags your gaze as your car races by; too fast to understand but just wonderful and strange enough to wedge its way into your mind. *Where Things Grow* submits to the way a memory bends and distorts into something amorphous over a lifetime – those twisted trees are impossibly captured and printed in dusky green and brown, yellow lines tether us to unstable ground, clouds are pulled pink and blue and cream beyond the windshield. It's the memory of a feeling, the suggestion enough to catch in your lungs and pull a string deep within to activate the remembrance of speed, warm August evenings, good air through a rolled-down window.

It is huge; it is quiet; it is gone, changed in a second.



Impressions can never be recounted the same way twice; every time we tell a story, it continues to morph and undulate in its truth and color. Once a moment is gone, never again can we sink back in, accessing the moment exactly as it was. Through a photo or a journal entry, we might succeed in reacquainting ourselves with the emotion of an impression, but we can never reproduce it.

Hunter's abstractions sit comfortably in this disconnect. It is prickly work to acknowledge that we cannot return, but freeing when we understand the beauty in building atop our own storied ground to continue fashioning something nourishing.

And memory is strangely resilient – or at least, we as humans are – in the constant revisiting and renewal of our past. Hunter participates through her material processes, resurrecting old scraps of paper, beloved clothing, and recycled works as multicolored slabs that her monoprinted afterimages rest upon. The acts of imbuing meaning and essence-making are integral organs in her work, pressing sun and breath through each piece.

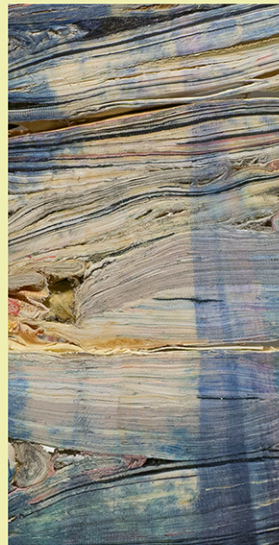
When a book lies closed with the contents tucked inside, we understand that to hold it in our hands is to acknowledge the breadth of knowledge inside, even though we cannot read every enclosed word at once. There is faith present here, fidelity to the unknown that we remain beautifully prostrate to.





The slim sides of Hunter's sculptures run unevenly, deckled and curled towards what they protect. They bottle time, allowing us to absorb a moment – or at least, as much of it as we can fill ourselves with – through a single glance. These pieces turn in the air like maple seeds alighting from a great trunk, never allowing us to take in both sides simultaneously. They might be the various versions of a memory, or the space between where an event happened and where we stand when our minds recount and reconstruct it.

We cannot be here and there at the same time. We are forced to split ourselves between the past and the present, playing a game of perpetual catch-up, chasing the moments we missed while we're still living them.





In the act of looking, the viewer is coaxed into the vortex of time that our memories and sight play in, constantly oscillating between the two to understand the world around us. Though we can never exactly reunite ourselves with who we were when our strongest memories imprinted upon the backs of our eyelids, we continue to try, casting our minds and souls back, over and over and over again. We are stubborn, diligent in the impossible search for our former selves. As we change and grow, we become our own confidants, and strangers to ourselves, too. We watch our lives as reruns from the greatness of outside and beyond; our memories become distant, dappled light that once played over someone else's skin.

Suspended in time, Hunter's work enters the canon of the divine mundane, reckoning with memory as something sacred, worthy of even our most futile attempts at restoration and recollection. Like the gnarled tree, we are resilient in reaching.

How can we gather what we love before we leave it behind?

It's merely vapor trails, dust spun up behind tires, dew in crisp morning air.





Julianne Hunter employs a material-focused practice concerned with bringing out the innate properties of her media in ways that simultaneously elevate and ground the work in natural, collective, and emotional planes. Hunter (b.1986) is an artist and educator, working primarily in printmaking, sculpture and papermaking. Hunter's work investigates themes of memory, growth, decay, and personal and shared histories using meaningful materials: sculptural works with paper and her own photographs. She currently teaches at both Cornell University and Ithaca College, serves as president of the Ink Shop Community Print Center, and is a co-founder of Show Pony Studio in Ithaca, NY. Hunter has held artist residencies at Scuola Internazionale di Grafica, Venezia; Penland; and Zea Mays' Printmaking. She has shown nationally and internationally at Williamsburg Art and Historical Center (Brooklyn, NY), Manhattan Graphics Center, Woodstock Artists Association and Museum, Herbert F. Johnson Museum of Art, Samuel Dorsky Museum of Art, Ann Street Gallery (Newburgh, NY), Limner Gallery (Hudson, NY), Saratoga Arts Center, Del Mar College (Texas), Hatton Gallery (Colorado State University), and Galerie de la Ferme du Mousseau in France, among others. She has been the recipient of numerous grants and prizes, including the Watts Prize for Faculty Excellence at Cornell, Cornell Council for the Arts Grant, Sojourner Truth Diversity Fellowship and Creative Research Projects Awards (SUNY New Paltz).





