



Left: Russ Orlando, *Cured*, 2013. Auto parts, salt, chain, meat hooks, metal, porcelain, school bell, Plexiglas, and mixed media, installation view. Below: Scott Hocking, *Coronal Mass Ejection*, 2013. Fiberglass, wood, steel, iron, rust, slag, coke, dirt, stone, textiles, lamps, and mixed media, installation view. Both from “Detroit.”



Robison created a dynamic energy that revealed surprising similarities of vision.

Walking into *Emanate* engaged our sense of spatial perception. It felt disorienting, even dizzying. There was no solid point, just the vision of gently curving, diaphanous green lines. But the curves were an illusion, just like the color. The clear monofilament was strung in grids across an octagonal room, creating flat planes that angled and intersected in computer-derived patterns. Presented with the challenge of designing an installation for an unusually shaped room, Steele was also given the opportunity to choose the color. Saturated green engulfed the space, as spotlights created glowing and sparkling reflections offset by shadows of darker green on the walls.

Impossible to appreciate from only one vantage point, *Emanate* had to be experienced from multiple positions. It was only by bending and crawling under the monofilament strands that the real impact of the work became apparent. There was no longer a reference point for the self, as perceptions of light, line, and shadow kept changing. The sense of being both caged and free suggested infinite possibilities in the universe. *Emanate* was about breathing out, and breathing in—and the ability to both alter and be altered by that experience.

Across the hallway, Carol Prusa’s domes extended their presence into surrounding space. Prusa focuses on the surface treatment of the forms, and each hemisphere is layered with designs rendered in silverpoint,

building the façade, watching it fall, and taking it apart.

Jessica Frelinghuysen’s interactive *My City is Your City* offered a portrait of the years she spent in Hamtramck, Michigan, a two-square-mile city nearly surrounded by Detroit. The installation filled a room with tree-like structures built from found wood and tin cans that viewers could hold up to their ears. There were train sounds, excerpts from a live music performance, and people sharing stories about their lives in this environment. *Sound-Collecting Suit and Backpack* consisted of the blue uniform that she wore while collecting

the sounds and a backpack with her audio recording equipment.

Russ Orlando’s mysterious blue-lit *Cured* read as a shaman’s attempt to heal a dying city. There was something of the curehouse in this installation, but rather than cuts of meat, auto parts hung on hooks from the ceiling, their metal encrusted with salt depicting various stages of preservation and decomposition.

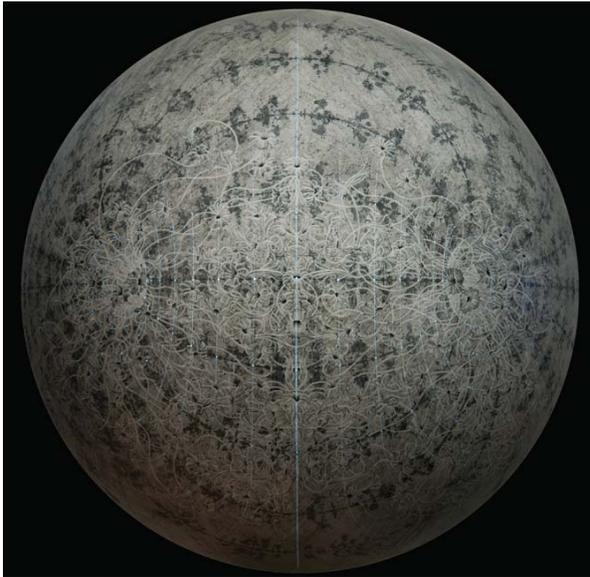
This diverse but unified exhibition, teeming with multiple ideas and inventive fabrications, offered viewers new insights into Detroit’s complex history.

—Elaine A. King

YORK, PENNSYLVANIA
Andi Steele and Carol Prusa
York College of Pennsylvania

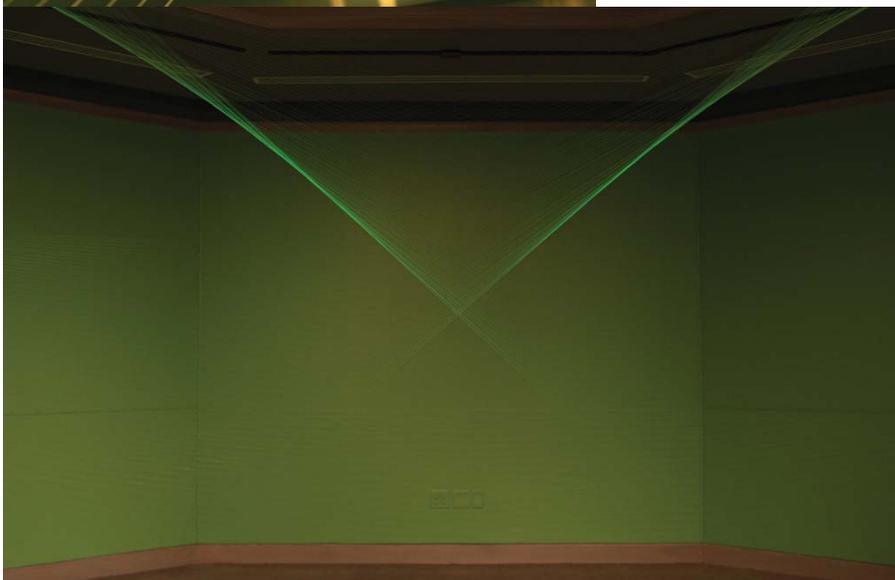
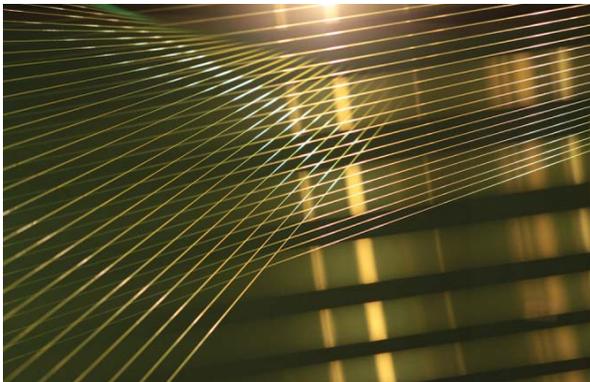
Andi Steele’s *Emanate*, an ephemeral installation of taut monofilament lines, transformed space into shimmering reflections and hovering shadows. Carol Prusa’s “Liminal Worlds,” a group of highly detailed acrylic hemispheres that clung tightly to the walls, also asserted an influence on their surroundings, though their effect was more subtle. By choosing to situate the works of two such seemingly different artists in adjacent galleries, York College Gallery director Matthew Clay-

COURTESY MATTRESS FACTORY AND TOM LITTLE PHOTOGRAPHY



graphite, aluminum leaf, and acrylic wash, punctuated by pinpricks of blinking fiber optic lights. The imagery is patterned and controlled, with delicate designs suggesting natural forms, Islamic ornamental motifs, and kaleidoscopic abstractions. Using symmetry as an organizing principle, Prusa invites viewers to go beyond the artistic and spiritual traditions informing her work and succumb to the allure of its underlying beauty. The intricate imagery of *Bridge* suggests flowers and chakras, implying an energy flowing throughout, while *Omphalos* feels more open, with large textured spaces that unevenly reflect ambient light. Each dome appears as a fully formed and self-contained universe. The only anomalous element was the occasional inclusion of small videos, whose immediacy detracted from the painstaking traditional processes characterizing the rest of the work.

Above: Carol Prusa, *Bridge*, 2012. Silverpoint, graphite, and titanium white pigment on curved acrylic with lights, 60 x 60 x 12 in. **Below and detail:** Andi Steele, *Emanate*, 2013. Monofilament, 119 sq. ft.



Underlying the works of both artists is a commitment to structure as a means of slowing down the world and creating a moment of reflection—whether by participating in an experience or taking the time to really look for what cannot be seen.

—Leslie Kaufman

MEMPHIS

Terri Phillips

TOPS Gallery

The pairing of a live bottom-feeder with bursts of natural sunlight reflected from above was just one example of the paradoxes inherent in both Terri Phillips's installation *Chapel of Yes* and its unique setting. Mississippi River catfish are a nocturnal, prehistoric-looking species that scour the muddy river substrate for morsels to feed on, often organisms long dead. Unlike most fish, they sink rather than float because of their weighty bone structure. The catfish, then, seems an appropriate mascot for an installation and gallery space searching for meaning and transcendence at the bottom.

TOPS, which opened in 2012, is located in the basement of a historic building in downtown Memphis, just one block from the Mississippi River. To find the space, visitors wander down rickety wooden steps and through a storage basement stocked full of salvage—industrial equipment, printshop materials, and old furniture—for-gotten relics waiting for repurposing. At the farthest, and lowest, end of the building, a former coal storage room has been transformed into a space for the display of art.

Entering a doorway widened with a sledgehammer, the coal-encrusted walls fell away as *Chapel of Yes* induced reverence. The experience began with a gleaming white epoxy floor that encouraged visitors to remove their shoes before they even realized the hallowed nature of the

TOP: COURTESY THE ARTIST / BOTTOM: MATTHEW CLAY-ROBISON