

IV

POTLATCH PRESENTS

IV

COMMEMORATING
FOUR SHORT FILMS BY
DANA ARNETT

MYRTLE STEDMAN
STEVEN MANN
MICHAEL RAY CHARLES
ROY BOY

**As a major conference partner of the 1997 Biennial Conference
of the American Institute of Graphic Arts and underwriter
of the films chronicled in this book, Potlatch Corporation proudly
continues its commitment to the creative spirit of the
graphic arts community. We remain dedicated to providing the
highest quality coated printing papers available, with our
ultimate success rooted in our partnership with you, our customer,
in the creation and realization of your vision.**

F O R W A R D

by Dana Arnett

The question of reciprocity between culture and the artist's manifestations within its walls, is a far-reaching one. And a little like the chicken and the egg conundrum. The most fitting and truthful approach, it seemed to me, was to capture on film artists in their environment, so that the viewer could retain an essence of how and what they create within their context. The idea was to present flesh-and-blood profiles as a microcosm for discussion of our theme here today.

What you're about to see are snapshots of four artists whose lives and work are as distinct and contrasting as their age, race, gender and socio-economic standing. The one distinction they share is that none has yet reached celebrity critical mass. This was encouraging in two ways. It allows us to glimpse the creative process of artists whose sole motivation is an uncanny desire to fan a deep internal flame, whose lives embody their work and meld with it.

I was also emboldened by the graciousness with which I was invited into their lives and into the space where they create. Artists of more prominence may not have been as forthcoming. Yet I believe they have as much depth and richness as any highly visible artist. By being given entree to plumb their worlds, I was able to document, unvarnished, the iconography of four inspired and inspiring works in progress. I am grateful to them for allowing me to watch them sweat, as it were.

From a technical perspective, all of these artists met the unofficial criteria as subjects for this film. But each one came to it from a unique and fresh

perspective, wildly different in everything from world-view to front-window view. Somewhere along the way, through a kind of serendipity, I discovered that viewed as one body of work these artists gave the whole a shape and continuity, an interlinking thread that I had not anticipated. Most in evidence is how their work has managed to capture a certain Zeitgeist, whether from the past, the present or the future, and that each has divined the way and the means to hold fast to it without compromise. Here are the untold stories of these powerhouses of inspiration and industry. I believe that they act heroically in the singular pursuit of their art.

Ultimately, it is my hope that these films might open up our minds to the meaning and scope of what defines an artist in our culture. If you keep with you a small glimmer of their energy, I will consider this work a success. I thank Potlatch for their support and generosity in underwriting this project. And finally, to the artists involved, I say thank you. These films pay homage to your spirit, commitment, and to the power of your work.

Myrtle
Stedman



Myrtle Spa



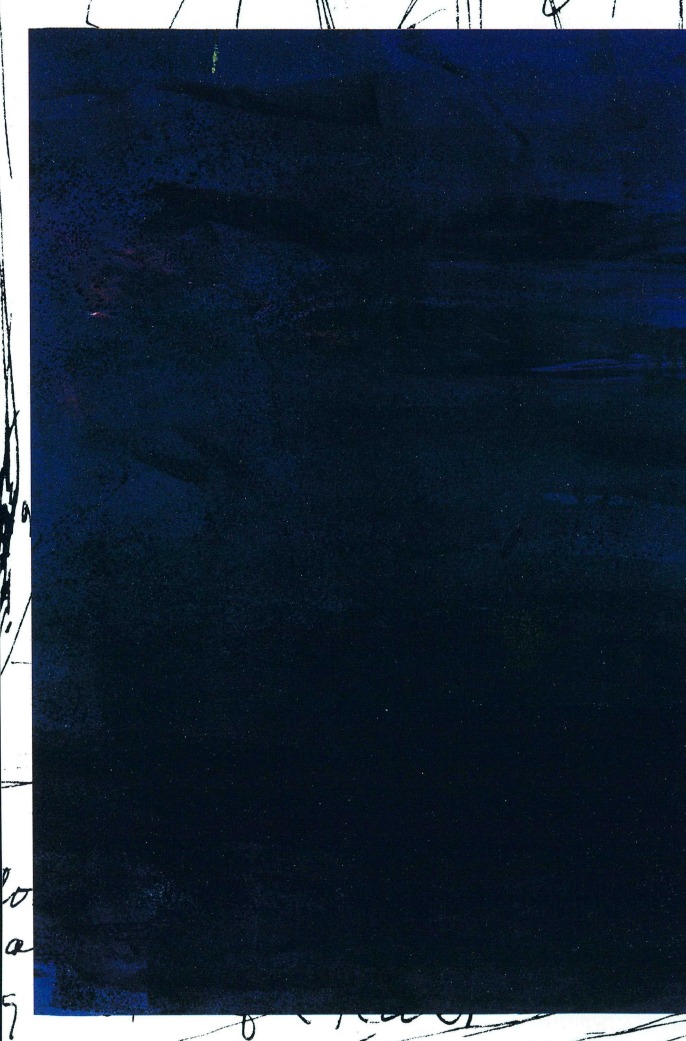
In an age of digital boundary-pushing, energizing art to new frontiers, there is Myrtle Stedman. Aged, diminutive, graceful, she stands terra firma in unadorned contrast. Her world springs with the same organic purity that distinguishes the traditional New Mexico adobe architecture she helped champion.

She is a painter, a writer, and an architect with artistic appetites as expansive as a New Mexico sky. At 20 she married “an education,” an accomplished artist, who inspired and challenged her to step out of his shadow to cast her own bright light. For Myrtle, art and life are one seamless adventure to unearth the mysteries of the creative mind. “I am so crazy to understand how the mind works. It just fills me all the time with the things I want to say and do.”

It is a comfort and gift that Myrtle Stedman lives tucked snugly in the New Mexico mountains of Tusuque, living in the adobe home she built with her own hands. She rises before dawn daily filled with the rapture to create anew. At 89, she is both innocence and heirloom.







Imagine - if you can
an infinite death-
like before-time
rest —

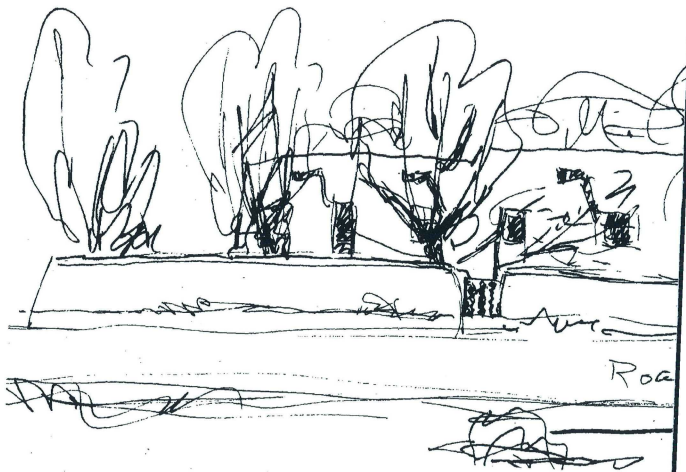
Virgin Mind in semi-
conscious repose.

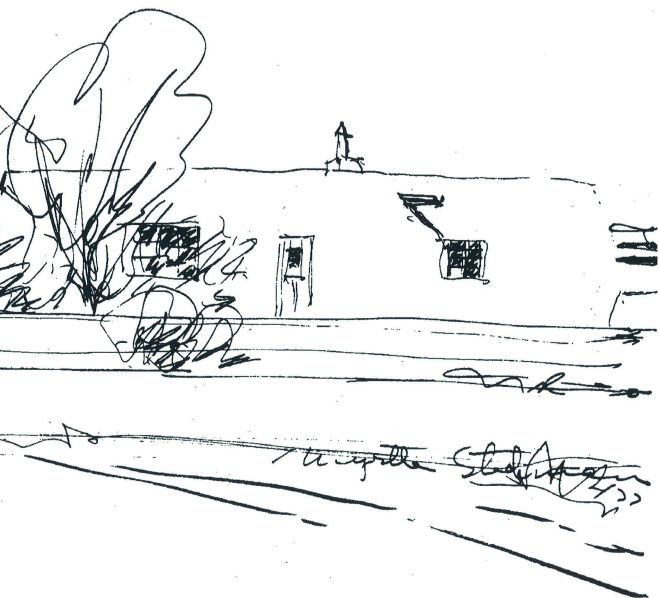
Close your eyes and
all is darkness
as far as you
can see.

Watch for there is a
quickenings and
a flickering of light
to be observed.

Then rest again while
you contemplate
what you have
seen.

But look for the
darkness quicken
again and light
is at hand.







Morada restoration, 1954.

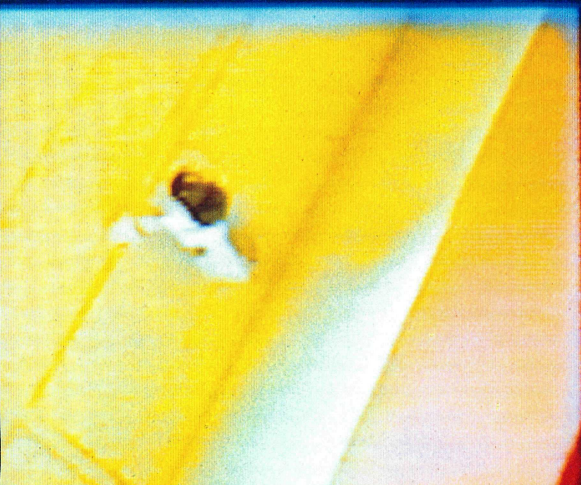
by Myrtle Hedman
①

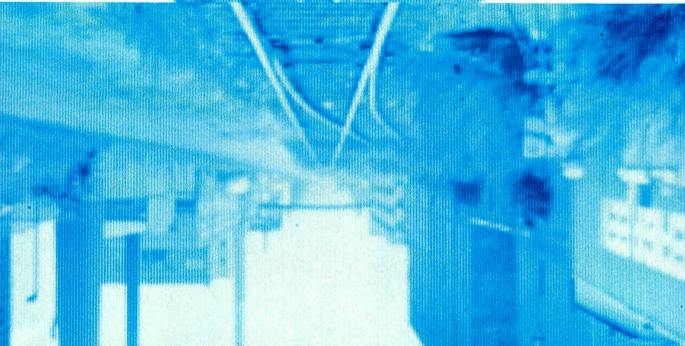
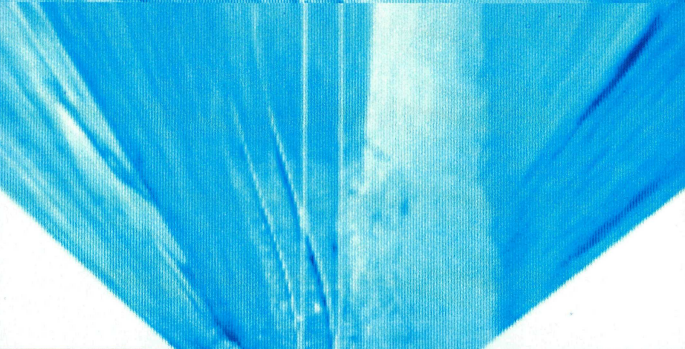


STEVEN MANN

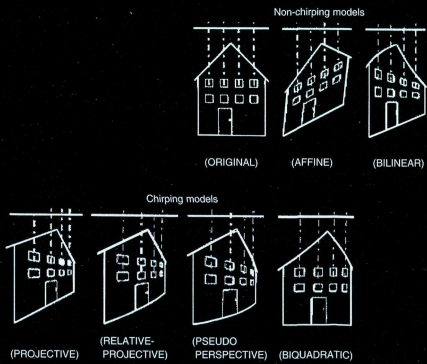
SHOOTING BACK, 1996

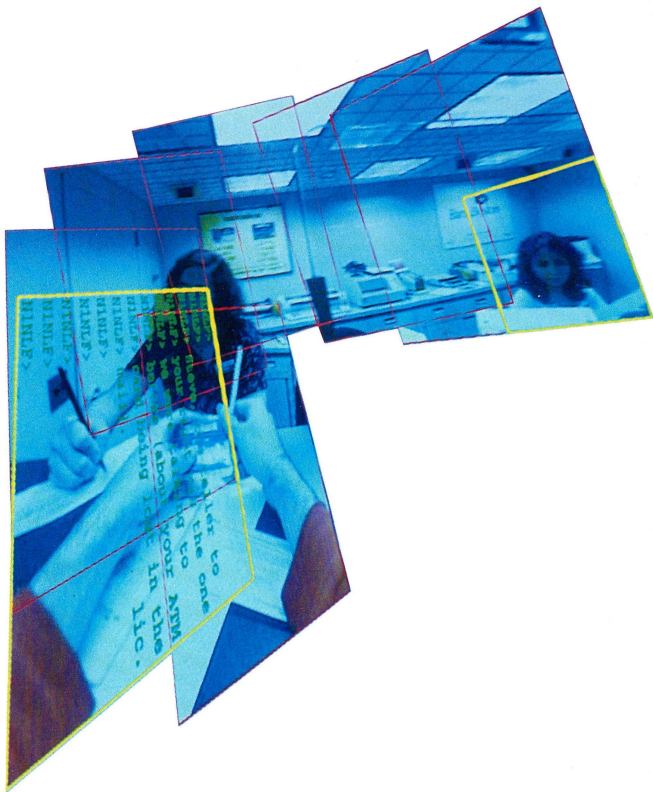
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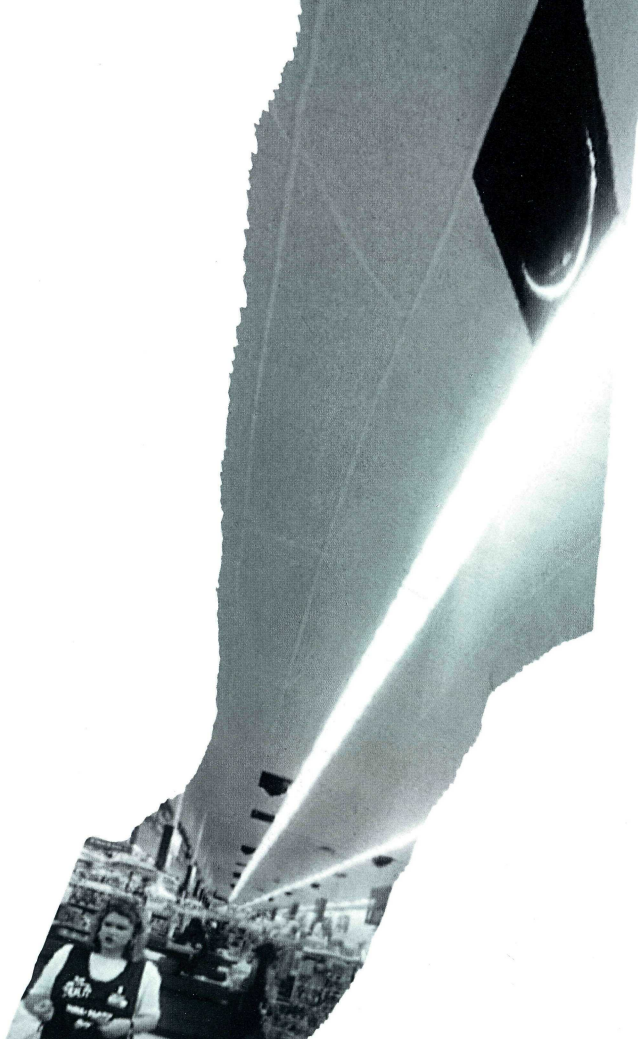


IMAGES SEEN THROUGH THE PENCIGRAPHIC IMAGE COMPOSITE (PIC),
A RECORDING OF LIGHT RAYS PASSING THROUGH A GIVEN POINT IN SPACE.





PIC VIEW THROUGH STEVEN MANN'S TETHERLESS "COMPUTER-MEDIATED REALITY" EYEGLASSES. AS HE TURNS HIS HEAD, A COLLECTION OF IMAGES IS SEAMLESSLY STITCHED TOGETHER, CREATING AN ENVIRONMENT MAP THAT IS TRANSMITTED TO HIS WEB PAGE. THESE IMAGES ALLOW PEOPLE WHO REMOTELY NAVIGATE TO EXPLORE AND INTERACT IN THIS NEW COMMUNICATION MEDIUM. ON RIGHT: SECURITY OR TOTALITARIANISM?



Recently

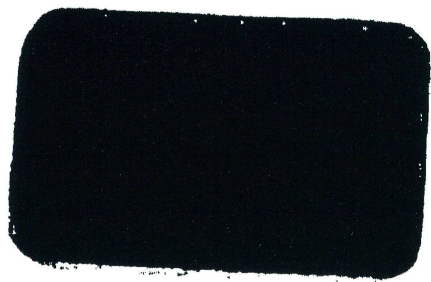
Apple 2.5in floppy disk



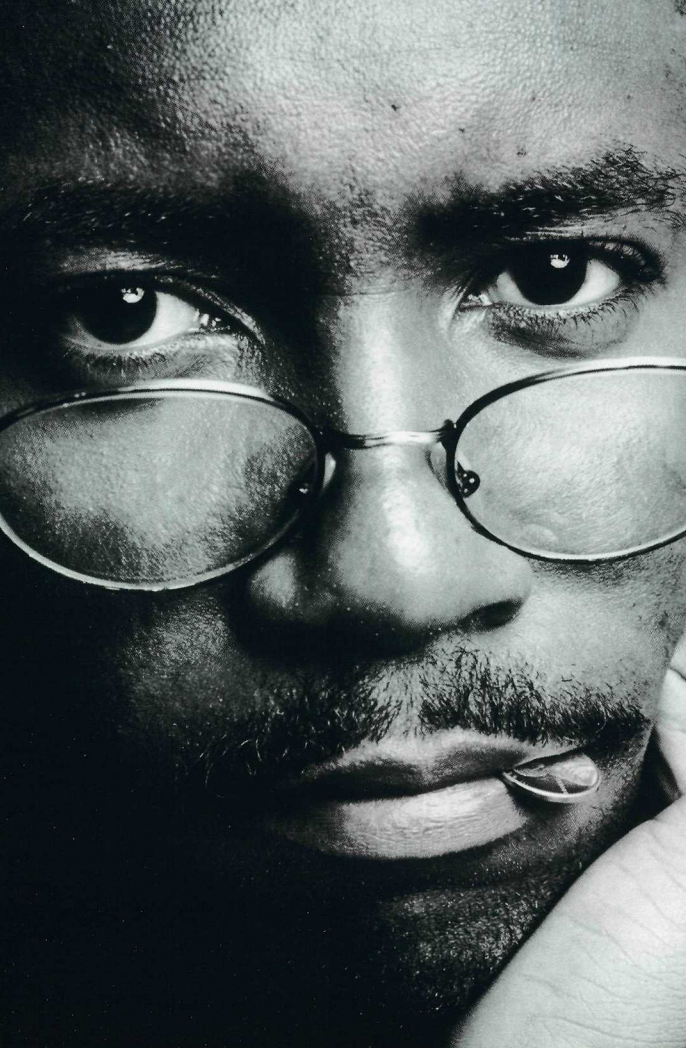


COMPOSITE IMAGES SENT VIA LIVE VIDEO FEED THAT JOURNEYED THROUGH A SERIES OF WORK STATIONS AND CREATED THESE STILL FRAMES ON STEVEN MANN'S WEB PAGE.

For your protection
a video record of you
and your establishment
may be **transmitted** and
recorded at remote
locations



ALL CRIMINAL ACTS
PROSECUTED!!!





MY MANAGER, STEVEN MANN'S REFLECTIONIST PERFORMANCE PIECE HELD A MIRROR UP TO SOCIETY AND ITS SUBVERSIVE USE OF MEDIA CENTRALIZED COMPUTING WHICH DENIES THE INDIVIDUAL THE PRIVILEGE OF ACCESS. HIS WEARCAM PROVIDED HIM COMPARABLE INFRASTRUCTURE AND BECAME HIS PERSONAL INFORMATION SPACE, THEREBY DECLARING SOVEREIGNTY THROUGH THE ILLUSION OF HIS OWN SUBVERSION.

MICHAEL
RAY CHARLES

Join



DIST. BY LIBERTY-PEPPER

Club

e a ball.

MICHAEL
R A Y
CHARLES
95



Take away the media hype. Remove the protests of the politically correct. Still the anger of a not-insignificant segment of the African-American community. What remains then of Michael Ray Charles? One 29 year-old black artist toiling in earnest to understand his heritage and environment through his art.

Since his work hit the walls of the most prestigious galleries of Houston and beyond, and the consciousness of the shocked art community, Michael Ray Charles has been trying hard not to defend himself.

Michael challenges the notion of black identity with the images of hauntingly refurbished rubber-lipped Sambos and grinning pickaninnies and then brazenly "cosigns" them with the ultimate token symbol: a penny.

He is an observer of contemporary pop culture and a recorder of this country's ignominious past. His work demonstrates how present-day stereotypes, though more subtle and sophisticated, still inform our lives. "We're not looking at grotesque caricatures anymore, we are looking at Deion Sanders smiling next to a Pepsi can." Modern-day black face. Sports as entertainment industry equals minstrelsy of the '90s. Consumerism propagating racism. The past is the present, he warns.



Oop's, from the Liberty Bros. Permanent Daily Circus series, 1995




Vote Black, 1993






Untitled, from the Forever Free series, 1995

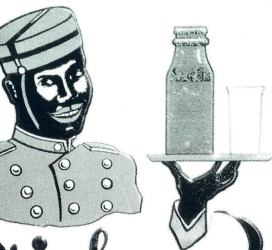
Drink **JIM ED'S**
BLACKBERRY
PUNCH
5¢
ICE COLD



WHITE ONLY



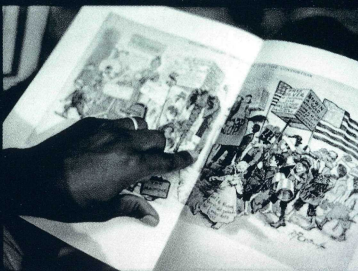
If you like
CHOCOLATE MILK



Drink
SAMBO

FRESHING • PURE • NOURISHING

PRODUCTS CORPORATION • BROOKLYN, N.Y.

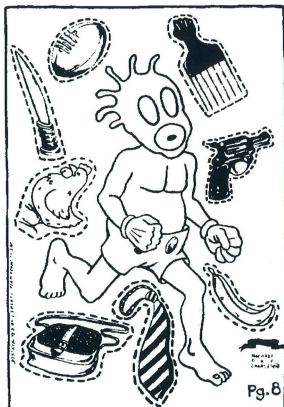


"ISE IN T



HOUSE!"

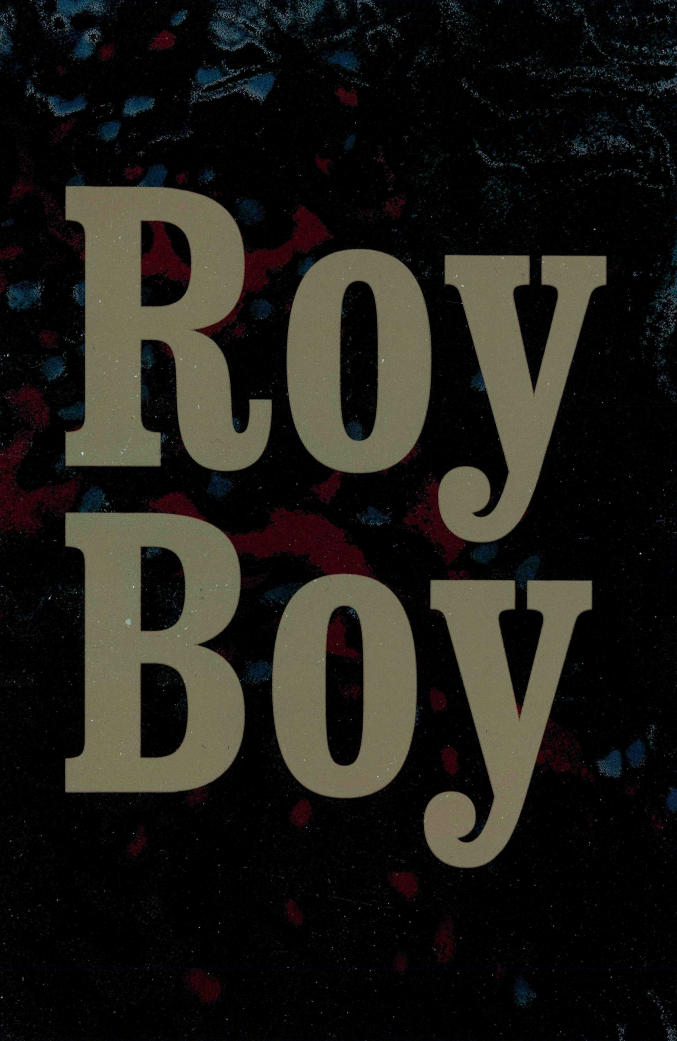




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CUT AND PASTE





Roy Boy

**Down the bleak and
ravaged stretch of road
that lies smack in the
middle of gritty, ghoulish
Gary, Indiana, “murder
capital of the world,”
there is the Badlands.
Lording over it is the
maestro of the unrefined.
Swallow him whole. Make
no mistake. There is no
other Roy Boy.**





Welcome to The BADLANDS ART STUDIO

"ENTER
AT YOUR OWN
RISK..."



After spotting his first tattoo, a careening search for self-expression began. Time and again he rose from the ashes. Premier tattoo artist. Animal tamer. Photographer. Musician. Writer. Videographer. Producer. Racecar driver. Flack. In his domain he is a mythified presence, an outlaw with special dispensation to freely walk tigers and pythons down lawless streets.

At 51, he has respect. Today he is guru to the disenfranchised youth of Gary. His illustrated body, once a freak show aberration, presaged with bull's eye accuracy this generation's bent for expression by pushing ink across its body. For them, his gospel hits a chord. "Just as a king wears his crown, the common man can experience this, too." Unlikely savior.





WORLD FAMOUS
HARDCORE

SINCE



1969

GYM

DEATH ALLEY, INDIANA

P-E-R-C-I-N-G



DLANDS

CREDITS

Portrait of Myrtle Stedman by Joanne Rijmes, 1984
Monotype series photography by Dan Morse, 1997
Morada restoration photograph by Don Wolf
Portrait of Steven Mann by Terry Maday, 1997
Photographs of Steven Mann's digital work by Bart Witowski
Portrait of Michael Ray Charles by Patrick Demarchelier, 1996
Photographs of Michael Ray Charles and icons by Sharon Seligman ...
Portrait of Roy Boy by Charles Simokaitis, 1997
Roy Boy portfolio photography by Charles Simokaitis
Myrtle Stedman's work is published by Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, New Mexico: 800.243.5644. Michael Ray Charles' artwork is courtesy of the Blaffer Gallery, The Art Museum of the University of Houston.

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VIDEO CREW (Steven Mann Segment) Co-Director/Videographer: Terry Maday; Producer: Richard Sims; Gaffer: Chris Glomp; Sound: Steve Lebeau.

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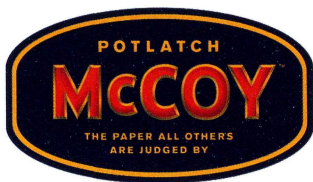
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Concept and design by: VSA Partners, Inc.

Copy by: Rose Spinelli



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