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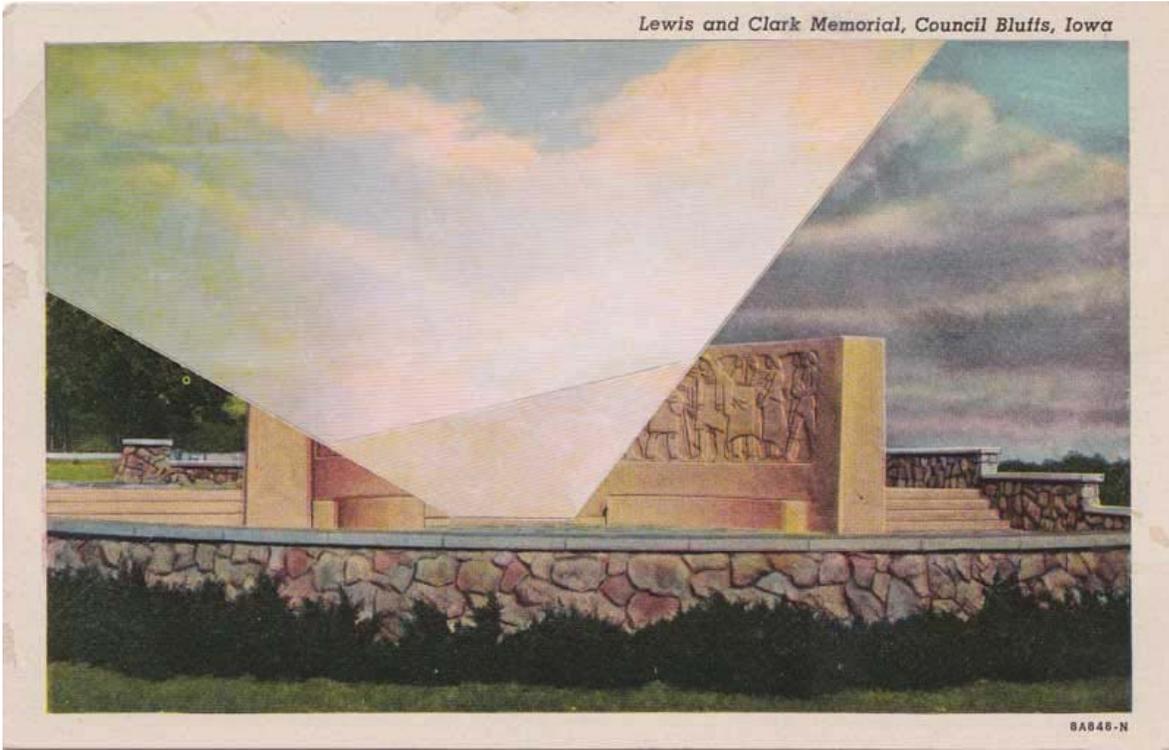
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Scott Dickson, *Emanating Monolith...* (reconfigured post card, 2013)

Remembrances of Altered States Past along the Appalachian Trail



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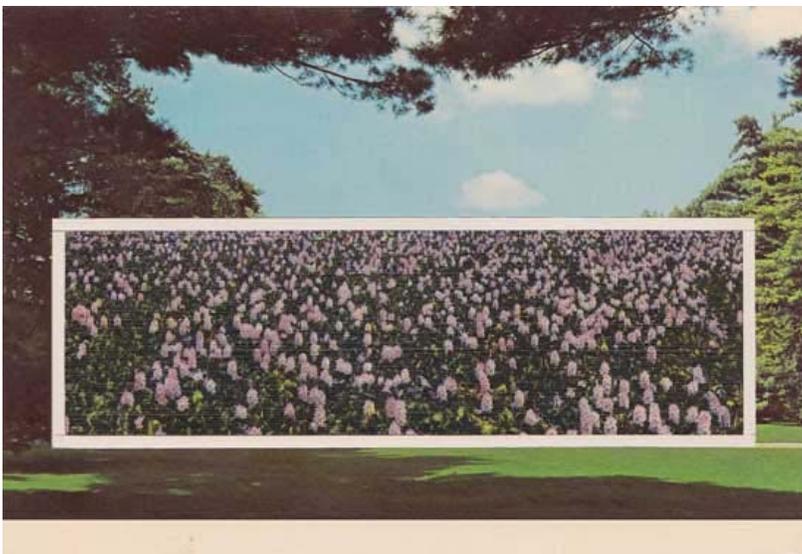
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Scott Dickson, *New View Two* ((reconfigured post card, 2013).

PLUG projects
 1613 Genessee Street
 Kansas City
 Scott Lachlan Dickson.
We Are Not This Body
 January 17- February 22, 2014

By **BLAIR SCHULMAN**

The Memory Palace is not a piece of real estate, though we all dwell in its rooms. The doors we open are fragments of our past, when we enter we see the décor as we choose. If the Memory Palace were situated among nature it might look like reconfigured landscapes created by Scott Dickson. *We Are Not This Body* depicts a 2,200-mile journey of several months along the



Scott Dickson, *Day After Day Our Experience Becomes Whole* (wallpaper, holographic paper, paint on wood, 2014).



Scott Dickson, *We Took the Sun...* (hand-cut post cards, holographic paper, paper, 2013)

new journey of exploration along the Appalachian Trail. These indirect observations of actual interactions include a walk through a summers' woods, intersected with line, color and shapes that recall time and place that exist in the abstraction of our recollections.

Using found postcards from early to mid-20th Century, Dickson reconfigures and re-imagines them on holographic paper, speckled paper, and wood to create two- and three-dimensional images. From these ideas, Dickson dips into a pool of Futurism, with perhaps a nod to Richard Serra. Consider *Day After Day, Our Experience Becomes Whole* as a miniaturized example. Futurism's early 20th Century Italian origins glorified modern technologies that sped up our lives, although mail-as-art form is an older tradition (Cleopatra rolled inside a carpet and shipped herself off to meet Marc Antony, anyone?). The postcard is little more than a quaint remnant of the past, and also a precursor to the Instagram of today.

We seem to be in the midst of a new era of art-making and Scott Dickson's work bears evidence to this theory. Artisans of many disciplines are taking ephemera from our past and retrofit them to adhere to the new ways of thinking and living we contend with courtesy of an incessant spin cycle of information. Let's call it Present-Past-Futurism for now.

Dickson's objects lead us towards a keyhole perspective. We see skewed images of hills, valleys, and monuments as our own recollection becomes altered. Both static and naturally occurring to view while questioning our own sense of recall. We stop and admire the views that catch our eye. *Waterspout Monolith, Monument to Cycles* is like a frozen curve projecting from the dells of the Wisconsin River.

Transparent Monolith, Monument to a Promise is another good example of a straightforward idea, gently enhanced instead of complicating itself. There's a wide slash of yellow striking through the center, as if a sun ray came crashing down onto a stone fixture. It's confusingly beautiful, as if it were always there, breathing fresh air into an otherwise staid image.

The factual elements of this four-month journey taken with Dickson's wife are almost beside the point. Selective memory becomes important; one's own experiences are reclassified. The files in our mind are arranged in pursuit of experience we gather, filter, observe.

The simplest re-workings are when this show is at its best. Viewing the line of postcards on three shelves along one wall (dozens of them) is a bit like a scaled-down version of their trek.

When pieces are overworked (*We Took The Sun and Remembered*) the added designs that run across the bottom are distracting. *Out of Hiding, We Made Our Crossing* offers the same elements of design, but do more to enhance the outdoor imagery I feel is the focal point of this show and why I like so much of the work.

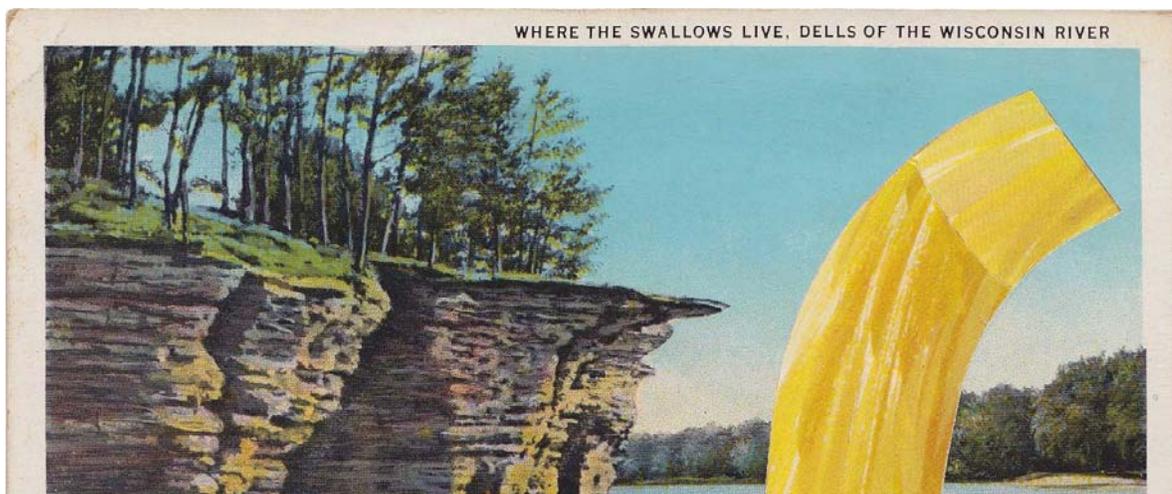
Transparent Monolith, Monument to a Promise is a simple wooden staircase with a swath of red color across part of it, but speaks volumes to me about childhood summers in *The Catskills of New York State*. Another color might provoke a different memory, but as it stands, I am nine years old again and can feel the humid afternoon bearing down. The views from my own Memory Palace are different than Dickson's and different from yours.

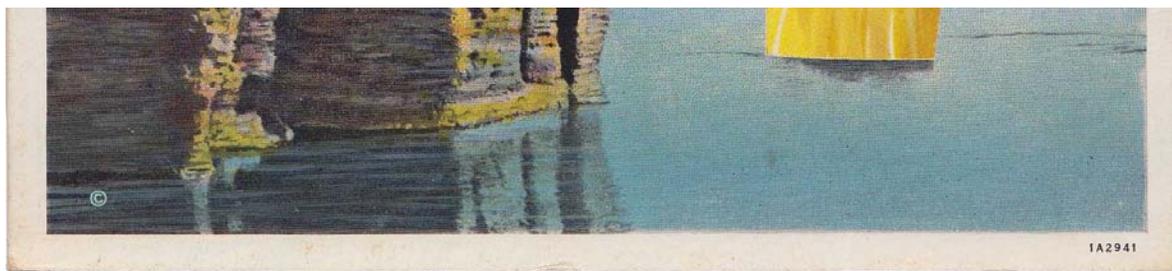
The value of this work comes from the experience of looking and remembering. Where a smell cannot be described, but is still under our nose, fresh as yesterday. Dickson's memories cleaves so well with ours it would be a miss to not look at his recollections and interpretations without a specific memory trigger. *We Are Not This Body* offers so much to see it would be difficult to not find something that recalls what keeps our Memory Palaces sturdy and everlasting.



Scott Dickson, *Out of Hiding...* (hand-cut post cards, holographic paper, paper, 2013)

Scott Dickson, *A Place (A Dream)...*(hand-cut post cards, metallic paper, paper, 2013)





Scott Dickson, *Waterspout Monolith....* ((reconfigured post card, 2013).