



2332

2332 HUNTINGTON BEACH ART CENTER

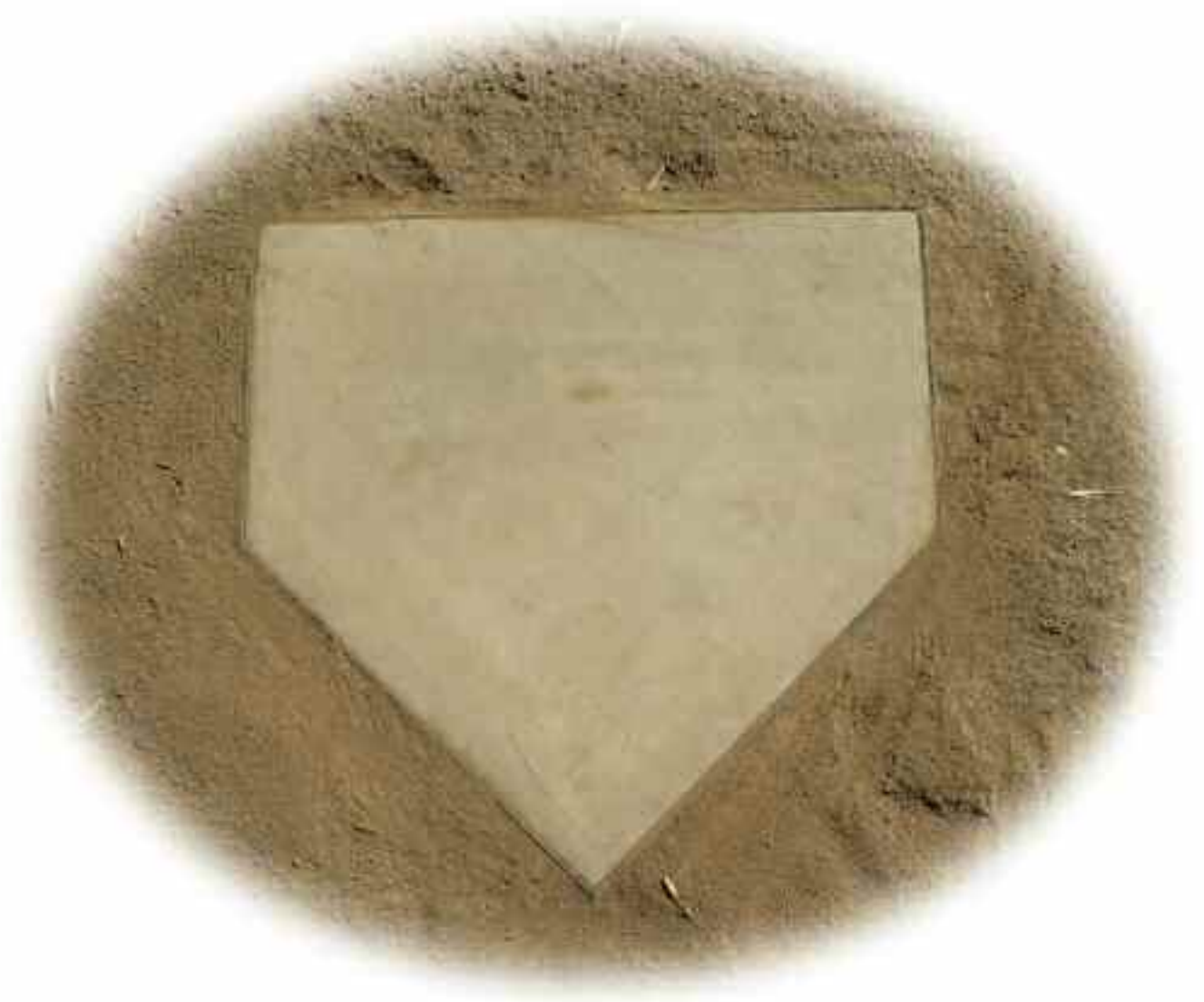
OCTOBER 18 - DECEMBER 21, 2008

2332

OCTOBER 18-DECEMBER 21, 2008

HUNTINGTON BEACH ART CENTER







- 4 — Curator's Statement
Darlene D. DeAngelo
- 5 — Executive Director's Statement
Kate G. Hoffman
- 6 — Heaven and Earth: Thoughts on Baseball, Art, and Other Altered States
Nathan Callahan
- 10 — Baseball and Art
Richard Chang
- 12 — Against Entropy: Baseball, Art and Life
Albert Wachtel
- 14 — Stuart Allen
- 16 — Travis Collinson
- 18 — Dean De Cocker
- 20 — Matthew Furmanski
- 22 — Jimi Gleason
- 24 — Robert Jacka
- 26 — Ian M. Kennelly
- 28 — Juan Thorp
- 30 — Michael Woodcock
- 32 — Checklist of the Exhibition
- 33 — Credits
- 34 — Acknowledgements





The Genesis of 2332

One of my first childhood memories is going to a ballgame when I was 4 years old. I clearly remember my dad tightly holding my hand as we went through the turnstile of the Phillies' ballpark. I questioned him, "Dad, baseball is played outside, why are we going inside?" My Dad, a man of great imagination, fantasy, adventure, and creativity, said simply, "Wait, be patient." We walked up a long ramp and when we arrived at the top, he looked at me and stated, "See, it's outside, but it's inside."

I looked out at the beautifully cut grass and my eyes (according to my Dad) opened as big as the field. Those steep bleachers, the smell of hot dogs and mustard, cotton candy, standing up and singing, and sitting inside of something that felt like outside.

My new cathedral.

Many years of sitting in a stadium and the base lines began to blur with the lines of art. No longer satisfied to merely watch the game and coupled with an obsession and growing passion for numbers, I saw works of art on the field. Even my baseball buddies noticed my discomfort and said that I was having less and less fun at the games. It was time for 2332.

Baseball talk with artists became an obsession like statistics. Paintings with grids, precision performances, drinking beer, the idea of home, singing off key, diamond shapes—I saw them all on the field and in artists' studios.

The first player was drafted 2 years ago, and the 9 man roster was not completed until 4 months before opening day of 2332. I acted as both coach and manager for the exhibition, drafting, signing, and bringing up my 9 boys of October one by one, following the rules and timing of MLB draft days. Once all 9 artists were selected, we went to baseball games, shared baseball memories and emailed each other to stay in touch. We discussed the correlation of baseball to art and although I never imagined that I would see a baseball in the new works of art created for this exhibition—the artists decided their own path to playing out a position, ultimately creating a grand slam.

Still inside, yet outside, art like baseball can be installed inside the walls of the galleries, but these works of art will carry you to other possibilities and beyond the walls. You will experience the game of baseball through the color of uniforms and food, the grids of a painting, a special moment frozen in time on canvas, the threads of a baseball, childhood memories and, of course, home.

*Darlene D. DeAngelo, Curator
Huntington Beach Art Center*

Darlene is a lifelong Yankees fan, as well as a fan of the 9 artists.

The Huntington Beach Art Center is pleased to present *2332*, an experiment on the impact of baseball on the creative vision of nine artists and three writers. A few statistics that you rarely hear today hark to the beginnings of the sport. The emergence of baseball in the United States began with the first baseball game played in Hoboken, New Jersey in 1846. Twenty three years later, in 1869, the first pro teams competed and two years later, in 1871, the first professional league was formed. Since that time, baseball has flourished to become not only our favorite national pastime, but also a highly complex business. The love of baseball and personal team loyalties have imbued the Art Center staff with a seasonal passion that for years has played out in spirited competition, especially during the pennant race. Curator Darlene D. DeAngelo pondered the process of attending games with artists, engaging in creative conversations and exploring the influence baseball might have on the work created. The baseball season is always full of surprises and the exhibition promises to provide the thrill of an 'out of the park' home run. We are excited to present the exhibition *2332* to arts fans everywhere.

A stellar line up makes up the team: Stuart Allen, Travis Collinson, Dean De Cocker, Matthew Furmanski, Jimi Gleason, Robert Jacka, Ian M. Kennelly, Juan Thorp, and Michael Woodcock, are the artists on the playing field. HBAC curator Darlene D. DeAngelo is the coach (the first female to ever coach a baseball team!) and Nathan Callahan, Richard Chang and Albert Wachtel are the sportswriters. With such immense talent, the catalogue and exhibition reflect both the individual and collective creativity that wins a world series. Kudos to the staff for the incredible teamwork displayed in preparation for the event. A special thank you is gratefully expressed to the Allied Arts Board, the City of Huntington Beach and the Huntington Beach Art Center Foundation for their ongoing support of the arts in Huntington Beach.

*Kate G. Hoffman, Executive Director
Huntington Beach Art Center*

Kate hails from a sports addicted family and is a rabid Red Sox fan.



MYSTERY

The nameless is the beginning of art and baseball. While the named is the mother of statistics, the nameless is the gateway to the mystery of everlasting hardball truth.

After an impossibly difficult catch in a field position he rarely plays, the Dodger's Nomar Garciaparra said, "That's baseball. You can't explain it. You can't figure it out. You find somebody who does and I'll call him a liar."

After several bad canvasses, artist Edgar Degas said, "Only when he no longer knows what he is doing does the painter do good things."

I asked 2332 artist Travis Collinson for some coaching about the mysterious spirit of the game. He suggested I see *Bull Durham*. At one point in this baseball movie classic, Susan Sarandon's character, Annie Savoy, philosophizes. "I believe in the Church of Baseball," Annie says. "I've tried all the major religions, and most of the minor ones. I've worshipped Buddha, Allah, Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva, trees, mushrooms, and Isadora Duncan. I know things. For instance, there are 108 beads in a Catholic rosary and there are 108 stitches in a baseball. When I learned that, I gave Jesus a chance. But it just didn't work out between us. The Lord laid too much guilt on me. I prefer metaphysics to theology."

Although clear about the metaphysics, Annie was mistaken about the statistics. There are 59 beads in a Catholic rosary, not 108. Sister Peggy of the Orange County Diocese confirmed it. She even counted her own rosary with me. "59 beads," she said. "That's all." For Annie's sake (and for Collinson's, too), Sister Peggy and I tried to reach the number 108 (subtract three Lord's prayers and a Gloria—multiply by two), but Annie Savoy's 108-bead rosary was nowhere to be found in the catechism. That's the problem with statistics. They rarely embody the truth of the game or the canvas.

There is, however, mystery remaining in a baseball's 108 stitches.

108 suitors coveted Penelope, the wife of Odysseus, in Homer's *Odyssey*.

108 sacred stars shine in Chinese astrology and Tao philosophy.

108 minutes is the duration of the first manned space flight.

108 holy temples enshrine Vishnu.

108 is the name of the Italian artist who paints huge otherworldly figures in public spaces.

108 Joya-no-kane chimes ring in Japan's New Year.

108 human sins are avoided in Buddhist belief.

108 poses are danced by Shiva.

108 is one to the first times two to the second times three to the third.

One, two, three strikes, you're out.

It could have been the mysterious precision of circumstance or even a revealing of the unnamed, in any case, on the 108th game of the 1963 season, Dodger outfielder Frank Howard walked. A basketball and baseball All-American at Ohio State, Howard was initially drafted by the Philadelphia Warriors of the National Basketball Association. At a mondo six foot eight inches 275 pounds, he chose baseball and the Dodgers instead—his teammates dubbing him “Hondo” after John Wayne’s mythological big-ass cowboy character from the movie of the same name. Hondo was big, but he was slow. Earlier in 1963, Howard was the designated Dodger Stadium photo-op prop at Nun’s Day, where he slowly scrawled autographs and grinned as the Nuns looked skyward in amazement at his hebetudinous immensity. You can bet they had their 59 beads with them.

Be that as it may, in the 108th game of the season, Howard, the biggest and tallest man in baseball, worked a walk on a 3 and 2 pitch and hovered over first base, standing tall and wide against the baseball canvas. No one could have expected what happened next.

“Bennett looks in for his sign. The windup.”

Suddenly Howard broke with the pitch. The stadium was silent. Even Vin Scully was at a loss. No one had ever witnessed a man so big trying to go so fast. The cadence of his stride was hypnotically slow. Time became eternity in the universe of Chavez Ravine. When Hondo kicked feet first into the air and slid, all 42,108 in attendance audibly

gasped. As the umpire spread his arms to signal safe, a human sound of awe-inspired joy reverberated from the stands and swept across the field. Frank Howard had stolen second. Let the mind rest at peace.

“It’s a long season and you gotta trust,” Annie Savoy said still trying to convey the mystery. “I’ve tried ‘em all, I really have, and the only church that truly feeds the soul, day in, day out, is the Church of Baseball.”

RITUAL

Like the Hindu sadhus, the holy men dedicated to achieving liberation through rituals of meditation and contemplation of God, I believe that heaven is more dangerous for a living soul than hell, as its highs are more illusory. A heavenly inspiration can be misplayed into the error of overconfidence, or worse yet invulnerability. While it may make its appearance as a fifth inning grand slam, heaven can exit in the ninth as the limp tail of a losing rally monkey. Heaven is not ours to own, but rather a frozen point of divine visitation: a hallucination, a dream. In baseball and art, an altered state of consciousness is the pathway for arriving at that point. The danger is in the illusion. Even so, unless art or baseball moves its audience into an altered state, it hasn’t been successful. Without rituals, we would have neither access nor escape from that state.

Disciples of baseball rejoice in many rituals—batting stance dances, rally cap origami, pitching delivery poses, rosin bag bounces, strikes of the umpire’s brush, deciphering batting average numerology—to find a path to heaven.

“Baseball still has more ritual than the



Methodist church," 2332 artist Robert Jacka told me, "as evidenced by the team that shares women's thong bikinis."

And so it came to pass that the Angels' wives gave me the stink eye—their monkeys limp, their team losing, and my team for the night, the Oakland Athletics, clubbing the Angels big time at the Big A. As a minor league political payback, Anaheim Mayor Tom Daley had gifted his club level suite to my friend Tim Carpenter, who at the time was a partisan batboy for Jerry "Moonbeam" Brown, the newly elected Mayor of Oakland. Tim and I, along with some friends from "The Tell" mural project in Laguna Canyon, were sitting in the stadium's most expensive, if not elite, seating. We were not there as Angel fans, but rather to sing the praises of Moonbeam's team, the Oakland A's, whose holy charisma had been established two decades earlier by the most artfully-named pitching staff in baseball, ever—Catfish Hunter, Vida Blue, Rollie Fingers, and Blue Moon Odom. Amen.

By an act of Austry, the Angel's wives sat in the suite next to us. Out of respect, we tried to stifle our more colorful pro-Oakland ritualistic cheers. But when the A's Jason Giambi rocketed a Tim Lincecum sixth-inning slider into the "Outfield Extravaganza" (the California coastline tidepool simulacra bubbling on a fiberglass rockpile that serves as the stadium's bogus signature piece and center field homerun depository), we erupted. Pounding the balustrade, speaking in tongues, and howling to the heavens, we chanted in faux Hindu reverence "Mekka-lekka hi mekka hiney ho", bowing like a mini-wave. "Long live Giambi."

Hence, the stare.

Giambi, for the record, later admitted to a federal grand jury that he took steroids and human growth hormone. That home run we watched was juiced. Like Basquiat on junk or Pollock on bourbon, Giambi was in an altered state. To his credit, he was wearing his lucky codpiece to break out of a batting slump—a gold lamé woman's thong with a flame-line waistband. Giambi continues this baseball ritual to this day, even going so far as to share the undergarment with teammates when they are in need.

By the middle of the seventh inning at Anaheim, the A's were leading 5-1. Yet, when "Take Me Out to the Ballgame" played, our group and the Angels' wives (Mrs. Belcher included) stood together, singing, smiling, rocking and exchanging knowing glances. That ritual transformed us into a congregation, not a club. Hallelujah.

As 2332 artist Robert Jacka told me, "At a game, you can observe small vignettes of people performing, or bits of historical information about little-known or unknown moments, then you will join together and sing. If that is not church than I don't what is."

It is the closest we can get to heaven.

The Angels won 7-5.

TRANSCENDENCE

Somewhere between mystery and ritual lies transcendence: the place that exists untethered to the material universe and the confines of time. Art, like baseball, gives us a window to this altered state.

"In your life, you work and you wait and you work and you wait," 2332 artist Michael Woodcock

tells me, “and then something connects. The art-making is what gets the artist to that connection—when something happens that’s so magical you say ‘AIIII right, there’s hope.’”

Like an artistic revelation, baseball’s action hinges on that connecting instant—an exchange from defense to offense where only instinct survives.

It takes less than one-quarter of a second for a rising fastball to cross home plate. On June 12, 1970, a sculptor of that slice of time, Dock Ellis of the Pittsburgh Pirates, pitched a no-hitter under the influence of Lysergic acid diethylamide.

“I was in Los Angeles, and the team was playing in San Diego, but I didn’t know it. I had taken LSD,” Ellis said. “I thought it was an off-day, that’s how come I had it in me.”

In a psychedelically ecstatic trance, Ellis flew to San Diego for his twilight start.

“I was zeroed in on the glove,” Ellis said, his concentration in the game sublimely focused on the trails of the ball and the tunnel to the plate where the foul lines became a vanishing point at the center of a 90-degree perspective.

Ellis’ heightened state highlights what 2332 artist Stuart Allen calls, “the mind-body disconnect.” Currently training for a marathon, Allen says, “When I stopped thinking about running while running, things changed. It’s a matter of the body performing the function without the conscious mind. It becomes a form of meditation. In baseball, this disconnect is critical because, like other reaction-based sports, there is no time to consciously process the events. Your body has to just ‘know’ what to do, without you

telling it.”

Artists, like ballplayers, develop their senses to unconsciously transcend the moment—zeroing in beyond body and mind to a territory transcending the confines of personal involvement. The audience is invited to experience this territory in an immediate, simple, and direct fashion with a gasp, an awe, or a cheer that connects to a unified consciousness released from the tyranny of the day-to-day. It is a consciousness that travels beyond the confines of the gallery or the stadium.

“As a child, even though TV was everywhere, my dad still listened to the world series on the radio,” 2332 artist Matthew Furmanski tells me. “Although it would have been easy to flip on the tube, and watch the game, we listened to it,” he continues. “We used our imaginations to ‘watch’ the game.”

IMAGINE.

“Two outs. Ninth inning. Ed Spiezio is batting for Ron Herbel. Ellis working on the veteran Spiezio. The game, right now, is at the plate. Dock looks in. Into his windup. The pitch. Spiezio swings. It’s a high fly ball deep to left center. Alou back to the warning track. He leaps. I don’t believe what I just saw.”

There, from the players’ perspective, in that artistic state of transcendence, it’s the ball and the heavens and the possibilities.

Nathan Callahan is a writer, a KUCI public affairs radio host and an avid baseball fan.



It's an age-old question. Can a sport be an art form? Or are sports strictly entertainment? Let's take the matter of baseball. It's one of America's—and the world's—favorite pastimes. Judging by the passion people have for it, plus the intricate aesthetics involved, it's clear that baseball is more than just a sport.

The art of baseball begins in the groundwork, the ritualized field work, well before the game. Like an artist prepares a canvas, consummate attention is paid to the way the playing field is prepared.

Fresh chalk lines are laid down the outer edges of the field, its preciousness revealed in its time-honored name, "the diamond." The lines are perfectly straight, from home plate to first, home plate to third, continuing down toward the foul poles. One can transpose aspects of a diamond jewel onto the ball field: cut, clarity, color and class.

The interior of the field is another place where art happens. Let's take Angel Stadium as our local example. There's fearful symmetry involved in the way the grass is cut. It's hardly a random process.

You can see it as you sit in the stands behind the plate, or nearly anywhere among the seats. Dark rows alternate, cross-hatched with lighter rows. The infield grass looks like a methodical, well-stitched quilt. Long swaths—actually exact, rectangular bars—emanate from the infield dirt, through the outfield, to the warning track.

The perfectly symmetrical lines remind me of the work of Agnes Martin. The New York/New Mexico artist laid down strips of subtle color in grids, often alternating dark and light, sometimes using different shades in an intermittent pattern.

Those alternating shades of green—plus

the interaction of grass and brown dirt—are also reminiscent of color fields. Motherwell, Rothko, and Still come to mind. The aesthetic ritual is repeated, yet in varyingly unique ways, on baseball fields across America.

At Angel Stadium, the sheer visual spectacle surrounding the game is also a kind of art. Colorful jumbo screens, LCD screens lining the edges of the Big A, red and white fireworks blasting into the sky. It's no coincidence that Cai Guo-Qiang, the contemporary Chinese artist, has selected gunpowder and fireworks as his explosive, visually captivating media of choice. After victories, the halo atop the Big A lights up, and flashes at predictable time intervals.

The crowd engages in the visual activity, too. The Angels' signature apple red is the operative color, and fans are usually decked out in it, from ballcap to sneakers. During "Think Red" week and the playoffs, a sea of red dominates the stands, manifesting a kind of group performance art.

Players' jerseys are also popular attire—Guerrero, 27; Anderson, 16; Hunter, 48; Rodriguez, 57; Lackey, 41; Figgins, 9. For closer Francisco Rodriguez, his number resonates with uncanny significance, since it's the same as the record for saves in a single season, a figure he strove toward and surpassed this past year.

We haven't even gotten to the workings of the game, the action on the field, which also is like performance art. There's the pitcher's windup, the batter's stance, the relaying of signs. The ballet of the double play.

Baseball is usually a graceful, sometimes bumbling, thing to behold. One could focus on the infinite number of statistics, as fantasy baseball players know too well—batting average, fielding percentage, hitter vs. pitcher,

lefty vs. righty, home vs. away, day vs. night. Two out, three on, three and two count. Jasper Johns was not the only one who knew his numbers.

And look at the way players dress themselves. Fashion statements are being made every day on the diamond. Though each team shares the same general uniform, no two players look exactly alike. A ball player can reveal or conceal his stirrups. He can wear his cap straight or tilt it sideways. Hanley Ramirez and C.C. Sabbathia often don that look. He can wear a beanie under his cap, like the easygoing, dreadlocked Manny Ramirez.

A batter can lather pine tar on his helmet. He may wear black or color-coordinated protective gear on his elbow, knee or shin. He may don batting or running gloves, or decide to go gloveless.

Pitchers too, are artful creatures. The use of the rosin bag, the digging of the dirt around the mound. Windups vary, from full delivery to the stretch, overhead, submariner and sidearm.

In short, baseball is a reflection of our individuality, as well as our endeavor as a society toward aesthetic expression, 162 times per year. Plus the post-season, of course.

I'm not the only one who sees baseball as a kind of art. Norman Rockwell painted a famous oil on canvas, "Game Called Because of Rain" (1949). Three umpires stare glumly at the darkening sky as long, thin raindrops fall, signaling a downpour.

The artists in this exhibition, 2332, all come from different backgrounds and utilize different approaches in their work. But they share one theme in common—baseball.

Jimi Gleason—who usually paints on a square or rectangle canvas—uses the rhombus shape in two acrylic paintings to echo the diamond shape of the baseball field.

Travis Collinson explores the concept of home in his work, as well as the comparison of baseball

to religious activity. He recalls a reference to "the church of baseball" in the movie *Bull Durham*, and states that artists, too, engage in a type of spiritual devotion when they work in the studio.

Robert Jacka has constructed an interactive, mixed media tribute to the seventh-inning stretch, during which fans typically sing "Take Me Out to the Ballgame."

Stuart Allen has crafted a series of prints that reflect the statistical obsessions in baseball. Depicting layers and layers of overlapping stats, he uses the colors of the game—green (field), red (ball seams), yellow (mustard), and so on.

The remaining artists—Dean De Cocker, Matthew Furmanski, Ian Kennelly, Juan Thorp and Michael Woodcock—all take on baseball in their own way.

The variety of inspirations and variances in media that baseball evokes are a testament to the breadth and depth of the pastime as an artistic subject.

And the fact that baseball can prompt so many differing visions, interpretations and expressions is a testament to curator Darlene D. DeAngelo's splendid idea of organizing an art show based on baseball. Indeed, it's a surprise that no one in our region has done it before.

To this I say congratulations to Coach Darlene and all the artists on her "team."

Oh, and one more thing.

Play ball.

Richard Chang is an arts and entertainment writer and visual art critic for The Orange County Register. He also writes for ARTnews and other publications. One of his earliest memories is hearing Vin Scully announce Dodger games.



The peaks of baseball and the plastic arts, like poetry, rest on metaphor, that fathomless comparability that undergirds both appreciation and understanding. Math is a metaphor by which science thinks. Baseball and other visual arts think plastically structured metaphors in the context of history. They live in relation to what is and was, using time-honored tools to shape responses to life that aspire to high art.

They share a primal universe. The magnificent cave paintings in France, honoring and possessing beasts preyed upon were for the eyes of gods rather than humans, perhaps. Michelangelo's last *Pieta* seems created for both. Marble cries out in it. Mary and her lifeless son change before our eyes from idealized Renaissance representations into anguished (as yet officially uninvented) Expressionist grief, pain so deep that it transforms flesh into visual feeling, mourning not just the death of a son or God but the very condition of mortality. The mother, child and expressionist transformation serve as metaphors that speak to the heart. When God sees that sculpture, pain and death will end. On our side of art history, that same relationship obtains in Abstract Expressionism where splashes, shapes and interwoven colors are not about paint, color or form but metaphors of the emotions evoked. The paintings are portraits of them.

Such relationships inform baseball, too, invoking courage, fear, sorrow and joy, adulation and disdain, hatred and love. That most valuable jewel, the baseball diamond, is the world, marked

by human limitations no less than access to stars, here seen not by looking up but by looking down. Games are artistic happenings, and, like art, baseball is best appreciated both as a singular entity, the product of great skill, and in relation to history.

In painting and sculpture, past treasures are found in caves, underground, in museums and reproductions, but until almost a generation of the last century passed the physical remains of baseball all but escaped us. We glimpse its middle early years in poorly preserved pictures. Numbers and verbal descriptions of the events are often more vivid than those pictures. Statistics are minimalist metaphors for those who can relate those vehicles to their tenors. Hornsby and Cobb sometimes approached a hit every second trip to the plate, batting "over four hundred"—a percentage—more than four out of ten times at bat, the decimal .400 plus.

Players' nicknames, like epic epithets, also teach us how to value them. "Fleet footed Achilles" used raw physical gifts; "Hector, tamer of horses," was a civilizer, an enlightened leader. Cobb, "the Georgia peach," was as fine at baseball as fresh fruit. Like an artist with a giant canvas, he painted the field, guiding hits to exact spots with his paintbrush bat. Walter Johnson, "the big train," threw hard as an engine that pulled countless cars. Ruth, the Babe, Gehrig, the Iron Horse, Cobb and Johnson—they were all real, but like epic heroes, coming early in baseball history,

their accomplishments are also mythical. Their statistics, though surpassed, are undiminished. The numbers are less important than their relation to other numbers of their time. When Ruth hit 59 homers, the combined total of the next two *teams* fell short. That is both fact and mythological.

The homerun accomplishes in a single cut what most players try to put together with singles, bunts, walks, steals, sacrifice flies. Homers both are and represent ultimate success. In the “real world” they mean nothing, but what exactly is real? Rome exists no more. Was its dominance real or vanity? Ultimately, reality entails entropy: lives end; things break; hills erode. Attempts to live meaningfully struggle against that fact.

On a wall in the present exhibition, in the upper right corner of a large square canvas as blue as the sky, a baseball hangs in mid-flight. It’s “out of here,” a homer, but thanks to the artist, Michael Woodcock, we see that homerun happening forever. We see its stitches crushed into fading by contact with the bat, as if we had the eyes of Ruth or Williams, the last hitter of mythological proportions, who batted .407 when nobody else came close and even hit .388 near the end of his career. His last hit was a homer—the most difficult kind, over the centerfield wall. The painting allows us to contemplate for all time such momentary thrills, and at the same time honor postmodern art, one small shape breaking the uniformity of one vast color. Did

the artist also intend the square canvas to be seen as a baseball diamond resting on its side? Intention doesn’t matter: it is. It represents a baseball diamond, with the viewer watching from the first base line. That homer poised in the upper right corner of the painting is in centerfield. It might as well be a portrait of the ball Williams hit, joining two great histories in one artistic moment.

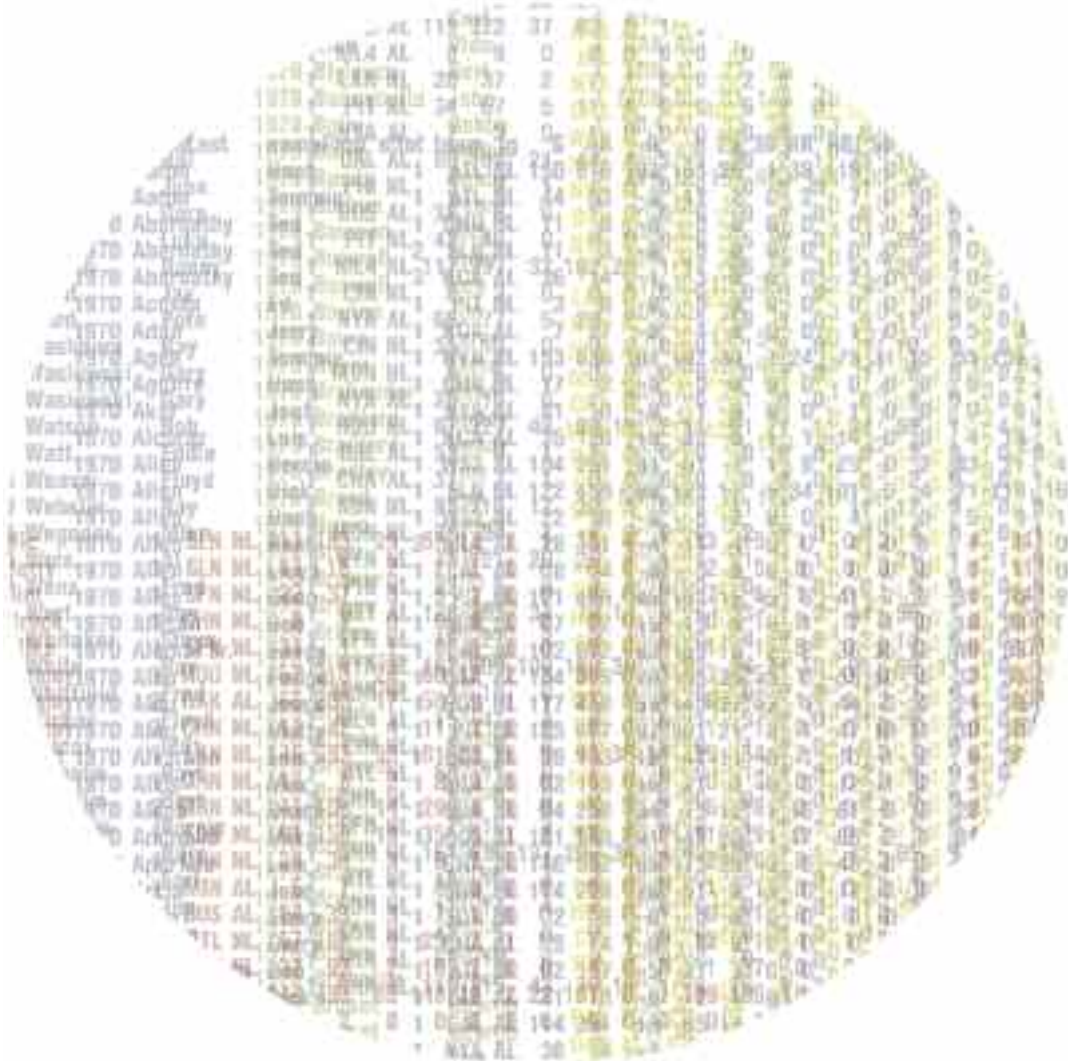
Not all homers are equal. With bases loaded they produce four runs. When necessary they are more valued and appreciated. Williams’ drew the Red Socks to within one run of the Baltimore Orioles. In the last of the ninth, Boston scored two more runs and won. The last hit of Teddy Ballgame was crucial. What a way to go. And it, no less than every centerfield homerun in history, finds expression in the painting.

Baseball and painting are visual arts deepened by an appreciation of their histories; that depend upon the skillful use of their tools, both delicate and powerful, to overcome challenges, and, metaphorically they share one aim, to create meanings that challenge entropy and like time approaching the speed of light aspire to fixed eternity.

Albert Wachtel writes and teaches creative studies and literature at the Claremont Colleges.



STUART ALLEN



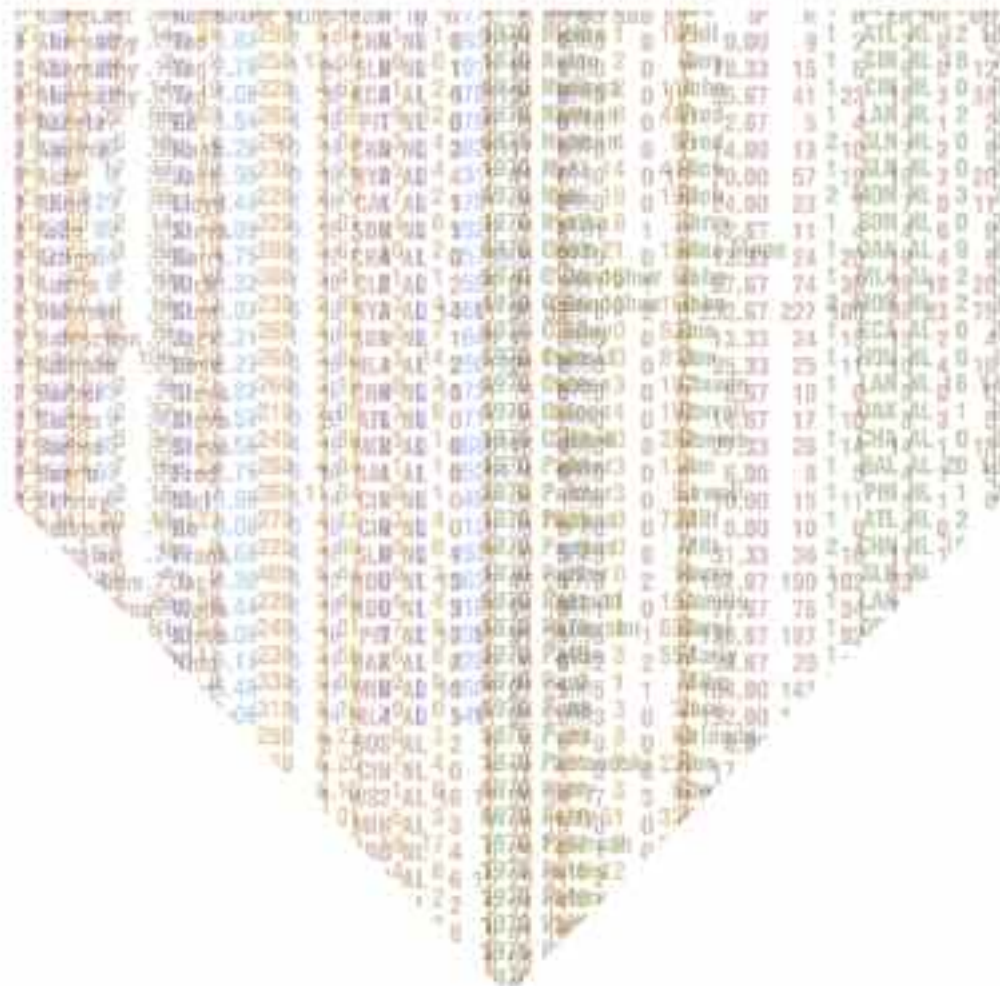
Batting Statistics, Major League Baseball, 1970 | Colors: Red Sox

Red, Mustard, Relish, Yankees Blue, Indians Grey, 2008

digital pigment print

30 x 24 inches

Courtesy of the artist and PDNB Gallery, Dallas, Texas



Pitching Statistics, Major League Baseball, 1970 | Colors:
 Ball Laces, Giants Yellow, Grass, Royals Blue, 2008
 digital pigment print
 30 x 24 inches
 Courtesy of the artist and PDNB Gallery, Dallas, Texas





Sofa, King, Cool, 2008

acrylic on canvas

40 ½ x 67 ½ inches

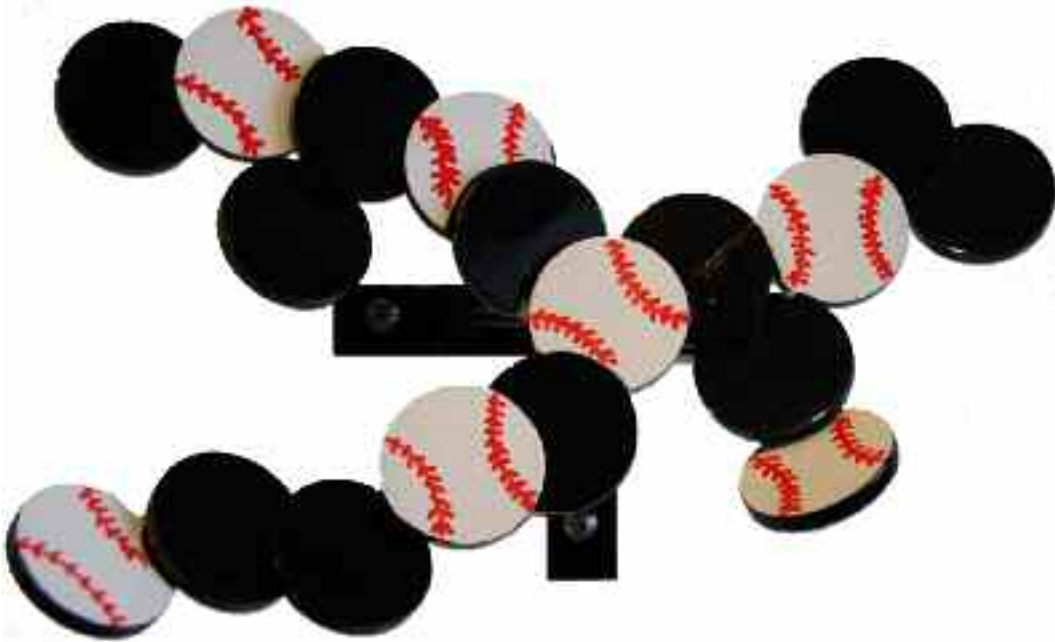
Courtesy of the artist



Behind, 2008
acrylic on canvas on board
13 x 11 ½ inches
Courtesy of the artist

Robin Collingwood

DEAN DE COCKER



Balls Out, 2008

acrylic and powdercoat on metal

9 x 14 x 8 inches

Courtesy of Limn Gallery, San Francisco, California



Why I do not play for the Los Angeles Dodgers, 2008 (detail)

mixed media installation

dimensions vary

Courtesy of Limn Gallery, San Francisco, California

MATTHEW FURMANSKI

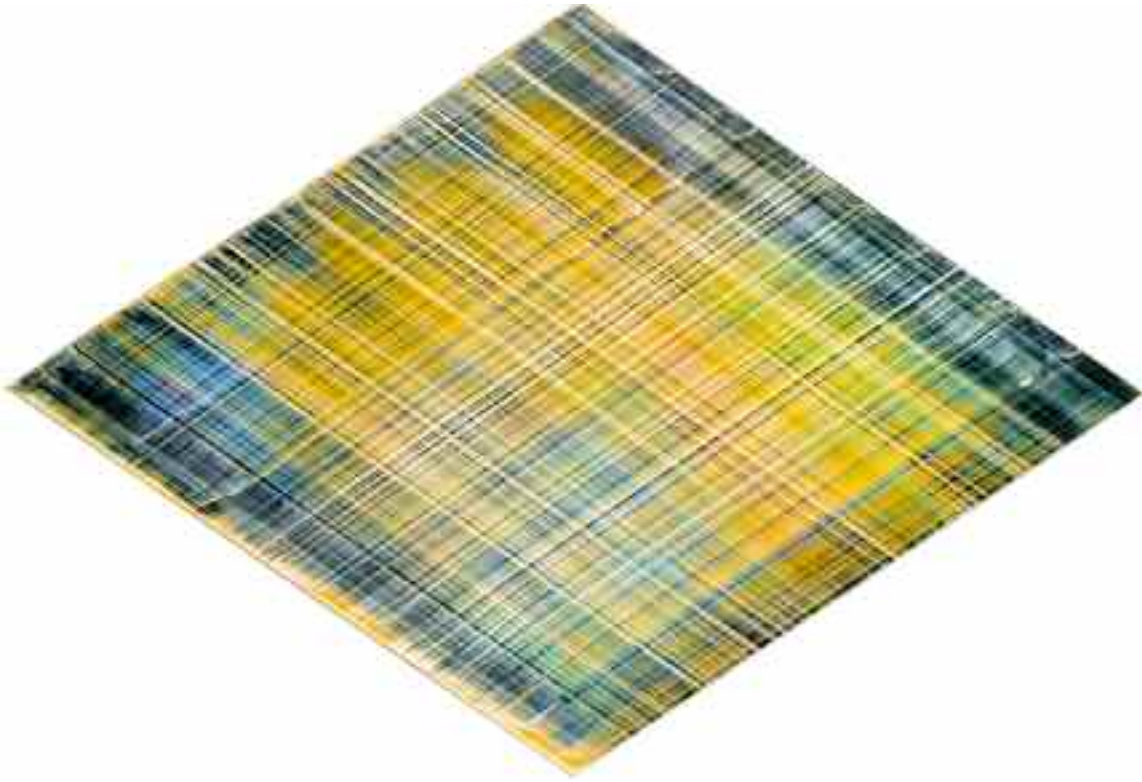


Quonset Studio, 2008
cotton twine and stainless steel
20 x 20 x 14 inches
Courtesy of the artist

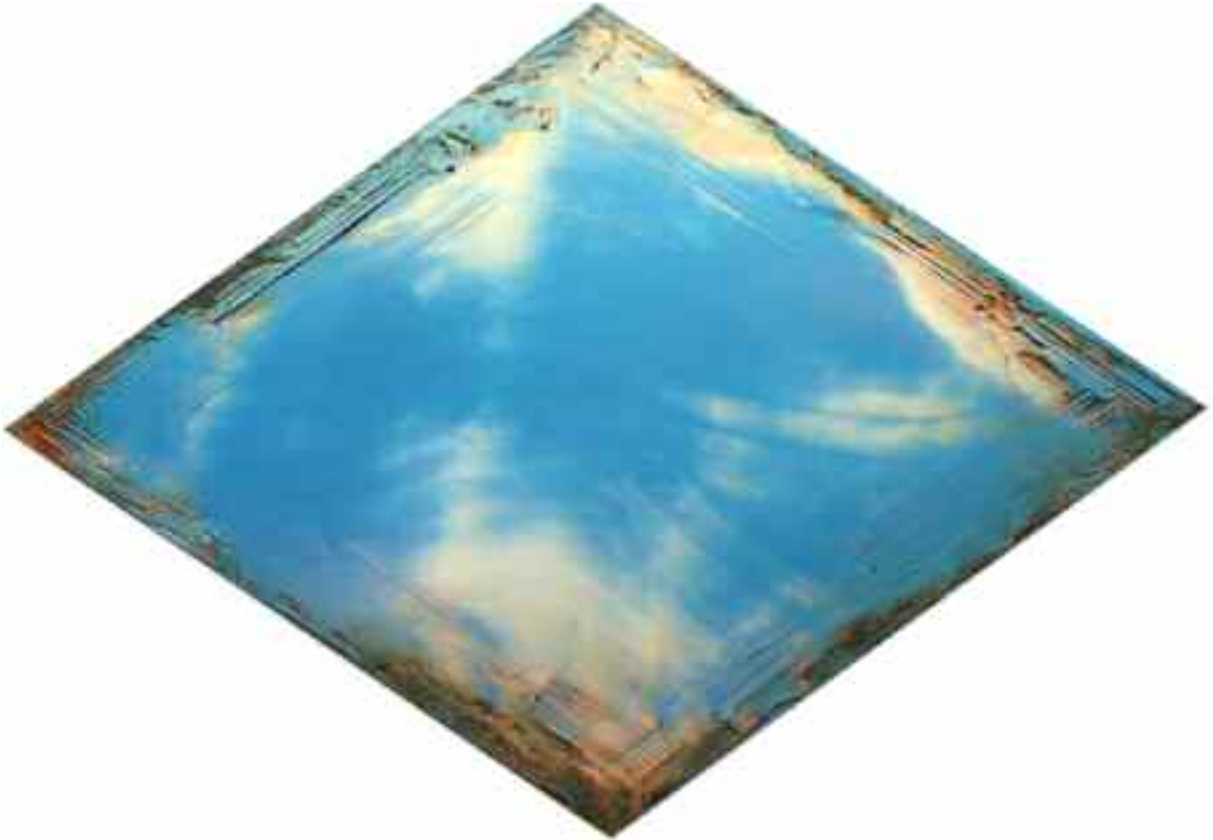


J&K Studio, 2008
stainless steel
60 x 20 x 20 inches
Courtesy of the artist

JIM CLAYSON



Fastball, 2008
acrylic on canvas
23 x 34 inches
Courtesy of Peter Blake Gallery, Laguna Beach
and Samuel Freeman, Santa Monica, California



Curve, 2008

acrylic on canvas

50 x 72 inches

Courtesy of Peter Blake Gallery, Laguna Beach
and Samuel Freeman, Santa Monica, California

Jimi Gleason

ROBERT JACKA



Seventh Inning Stretch, 2008 (video still)

digital video

2 minutes, 49 seconds

Courtesy of the artist



The Giants, 2008 (video still)
digital video
2 minutes, 49 seconds
Courtesy of the artist
Video credit: James Jacka

Robert Jacka

IAN M. KENNEDY



Full Count, 2008
gouache on Crane's 90# cover paper
20 x 26 inches
Private Collection

PLAYER	1	2	3	3	4	5	6	7	8	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
10 CRISP																
34 ORTIZ																
21 YOUNG																
25 LOWEN																
22 SMITH																
14 HARRIS																
TOTALS																
16 WALKER																
13 HARRIS																

Boomer's Last Outing, 2008
 gouache and graphite on Crane's 90# cover paper
 20 x 26 inches
 Courtesy of the artist

Tan Connolly

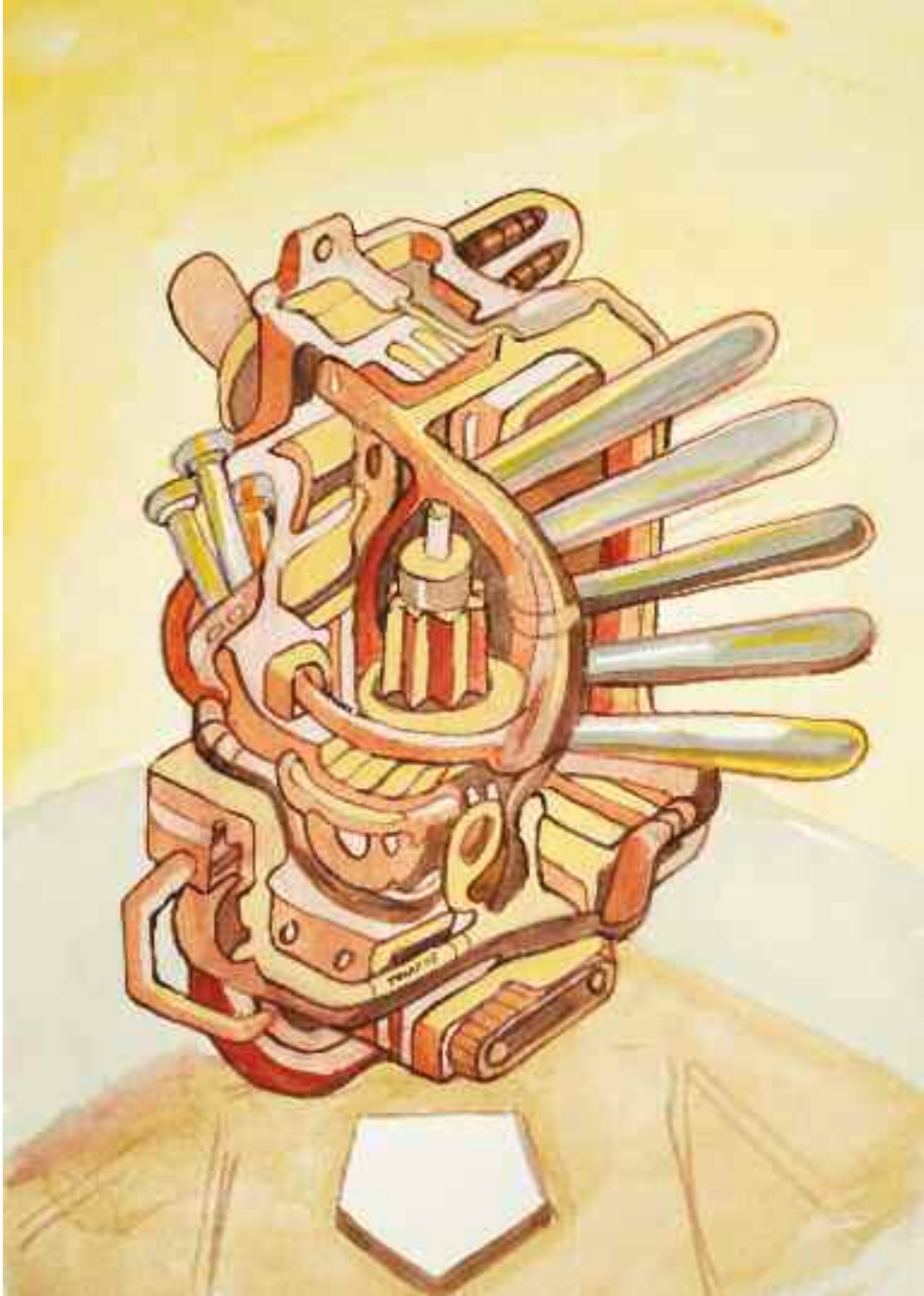


Mechanized Baseball (The Wheels), 2008

acrylic on watercolor paper

7 x 5 inches

Courtesy of the artist



Mechanized Baseball (Batter Batter), 2008

acrylic on watercolor paper

7 x 5 inches

Courtesy of the artist

THORP

MICHAEL WOODCOCK



Mudville, 2008
acrylic, graphite and ink on birch plywood
23 x 23 inches
Courtesy of the artist



July sky, (small), 2008
acrylic, graphite and ink on birch plywood
23 x 23 inches
Courtesy of the artist



MECHANIZED BASEBALL: THE EXHIBITION

All art is courtesy of the artist unless otherwise noted.

STUART ALLEN

Batting Statistics, Major League Baseball, 1970 | Colors: Cotton Candy, Pirates Gold, Cubs Blue, Fenway's Green Monster, Peanut Shell, 2008
digital pigment print
30 x 24 inches
Courtesy of the artist and PDNB Gallery, Dallas, Texas

Batting Statistics, Major League Baseball, 1970 | Colors: Red Sox Red, Mustard, Relish, Yankees Blue, Indians Grey, 2008
digital pigment print
30 x 24 inches
Courtesy of the artist and PDNB Gallery, Dallas, Texas

Fielding Statistics, Major League Baseball, 1970 | Colors: Astros Red, Dirt, Grass, Cracker Jack Blue, Beer, 2008
digital pigment print
30 x 24 inches
Courtesy of the artist and PDNB Gallery, Dallas, Texas

Pitching Statistics, Major League Baseball, 1970 | Colors: Ball Laces, Giants Yellow, Grass, Royals Blue, 2008
digital pigment print
30 x 24 inches
Courtesy of the artist and PDNB Gallery, Dallas, Texas

TRAVIS COLLINSON

Behind, 2008
acrylic on canvas on board
13 x 11 1/2 inches

In the Sun, 2008
watercolor and graphite on paper
8 x 7 inches

Mound, 2008
acrylic on canvas
48 x 40 inches

Sofa, King, Cool, 2008
acrylic on canvas
40 1/2 x 67 1/2 inches

DEAN DE COCKER

Why I do not play for the Los Angeles Dodgers, 2008
mixed media installation
dimensions vary
Courtesy of Limn Gallery, San Francisco, California

Balls Out, 2008
acrylic and powdercoat on metal
9 x 14 x 8 inches
Courtesy of Limn Gallery, San Francisco, California

MATTHEW FURMANSKI

Constantly Bran-Koons-Ski, 2008
bronze and stainless steel
14 x 6 x 6 inches

J&K Studio, 2008
stainless steel
60 x 20 x 20 inches

Quonset Studio, 2008
cotton twine and stainless steel
20 x 20 x 14 inches

Sisyphus, newborn, 2008
bronze
12 inches diameter

Studio portrait (Barron), 2008
stainless steel and wood
60 x 16 x 16 inches

Studio portrait (Charles), 2008
stainless steel
14 x 16 x 16 inches

JIMI GLEASON

Change-Up, 2008
acrylic on canvas
45 x 36 inches
Courtesy of Peter Blake Gallery, Laguna Beach and Samuel Freeman, Santa Monica, California

Curve, 2008
acrylic on canvas
50 x 72 inches
Courtesy of Peter Blake Gallery, Laguna Beach and Samuel Freeman, Santa Monica, California

Fastball, 2008
acrylic on canvas
23 x 34 inches
Courtesy of Peter Blake Gallery, Laguna Beach and Samuel Freeman, Santa Monica, California

Knuckleball, 2008
acrylic on canvas
50 x 72 inches
Courtesy of Peter Blake Gallery, Laguna Beach and Samuel Freeman, Santa Monica, California

Slider, 2008
acrylic on canvas
23 x 34 inches
Courtesy of Peter Blake Gallery, Laguna Beach and Samuel Freeman, Santa Monica, California

ROBERT JACKA

The Giants, 2008
digital video
2 minutes, 49 seconds
video credit: James Jacka

Historical Side Notes, 2008
digital video
5 minutes, 24 seconds

Seventh Inning Stretch, 2008
digital video
2 minutes, 49 seconds

7th I.S., 2008
digital video
25 minutes, 43 seconds

Take me out with Elaine Zellie and Nicol Sheen, 2008
digital video
8 minutes, 9 seconds

Take me out with the Shandin Hills Middle School Choir, 2008
digital video
3 minutes

Take me out with Teresa Raef, 2008
digital video
32 seconds

Town Ball Rules with Joseph Wansor, 2008
digital video
3 minutes

IAN M. KENNELLY

Armchair Bat & Ball, 2008
gouache on Crane's 90# cover paper
26 x 20 inches

Baseball Diamond?, 2008
graphite on Crane's 90# cover paper
20 x 26 inches

Boomer's Last Outing, 2008
gouache and graphite on Crane's 90# cover paper
20 x 26 inches

Full Count, 2008
gouache on Crane's 90# cover paper
20 x 26 inches
Private Collection

The Home Uniform, 2008
graphite on Crane's 90# cover paper
26 x 20 inches

JUAN THORP

Mechanized Baseball (Auto Bat), 2008
acrylic on watercolor paper
7 x 5 inches

Mechanized Baseball (Balk), 2008
acrylic on watercolor paper
7 x 5 inches

Mechanized Baseball (Batter Batter), 2008
acrylic on watercolor paper
7 x 5 inches

Mechanized Baseball (The Blocker), 2008
acrylic on watercolor paper
7 x 5 inches

Mechanized Baseball (The Bunt), 2008
acrylic on watercolor paper
7 x 5 inches

Mechanized Baseball (The Cannon), 2008
acrylic on watercolor paper
7 x 5 inches

Mechanized Baseball (The Catapult), 2008
acrylic on watercolor paper
7 x 5 inches

Mechanized Baseball (Double Play), 2008
acrylic on watercolor paper
7 x 5 inches

Mechanized Baseball (Fanatical), 2008
acrylic on watercolor paper
7 x 5 inches

Mechanized Baseball (Laser Eye), 2008
acrylic on watercolor paper
7 x 5 inches

Mechanized Baseball (The Net), 2008
acrylic on watercolor paper
7 x 5 inches

Mechanized Baseball (Power Glove), 2008
acrylic on watercolor paper
7 x 5 inches

Mechanized Baseball (Power Slugger), 2008
acrylic on watercolor paper
7 x 5 inches

Mechanized Baseball (Programmable Ball), 2008
acrylic on watercolor paper
7 x 5 inches

Mechanized Baseball (Runner), 2008
acrylic on watercolor paper
7 x 5 inches

Mechanized Baseball (Scoretron), 2008
acrylic on watercolor paper
7 x 5 inches

Mechanized Baseball (The Strike Zone), 2008
acrylic on watercolor paper
7 x 5 inches

Mechanized Baseball (Vending Unit), 2008
acrylic on watercolor paper
7 x 5 inches

Mechanized Baseball (Vid-Cam), 2008
acrylic on watercolor paper
7 x 5 inches

Mechanized Baseball (The Wheels), 2008
acrylic on watercolor paper
7 x 5 inches

MICHAEL WOODCOCK

Balldonna, 2008
acrylic, graphite and ink on birch plywood
23 x 23 inches

birth of a national pastime, 2008
acrylic, graphite and ink on birch plywood
23 x 23 inches

July sky, (small), 2008
acrylic, graphite and ink on birch plywood
23 x 23 inches

Mudville, 2008
acrylic, graphite and ink on birch plywood
23 x 23 inches

nine, 2008
acrylic, graphite and ink on birch plywood
23 x 23 inches

Pete Rose killed me, 2008
acrylic, graphite and ink on birch plywood
23 x 23 inches

untitled proof (9 cent stamp), 2007
ink on arches 140 lb hp watercolor paper
3 3/4 x 3 1/8 inches



Major Sponsors to the Exhibition:
 The Huntington Beach Art Center Foundation
 The City of Huntington Beach

This Catalogue is published in conjunction with the exhibition
2332

October 18 – December 21, 2008
 at the Huntington Beach Art Center
 538 Main Street, Huntington Beach, CA 92648
 714-374-1650 www.surfcity-hb.org

Copyright © 2008 Huntington Beach Art Center
 All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any
 form without the written permission of the publisher.

ISBN: 978-0-9797431-1-5

Catalogue Editor:
 Matt Murdock

Printing By:
 Claremont Print and Copy, Claremont, CA
 Print Run of 700 copies

Design By:
 Erin McGuinness, Design Monkey
 Catalogue Set in Geometric 415, Digital ICG, Optima, Zapf Dingbats, Futura Condensed

Photography Credits:

Stuart Allen	Pg. 14 and 15.
Travis Collinson	Pg. 16 and 17.
Dean De Cocker	Pg. 18 and 19.
Matthew Furmanski	Pg. 20 and 21.
Jimi Gleason	Pg. 22 and 23.
Robert Jacka	Pg. 24 and 25.
Brian Bresnahan	Pg. 26 and 27.
Juan Thorp	Pg. 28 and 29.
Rhead Lown	Pg. 30 and 31.







HUNTINGTON
BEACH

ART
CENTER

538 MAIN STREET • HUNTINGTON BEACH • CA • 92648

714-374-1650 • www.surfcity-hb.org