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**One Word Poems & Other Interesting Colors**

Analog collage interrogating, reimagining, and appropriating art, body, and language.

When I was in sixth grade, my English teacher told me that art should not have words in it. **Fuck that.**

On my Grandmother's deathbed she told me to just get married or I would become an Old Maid. I love you Grandma, but **fuck that too.**

Someone once told me my body was disgusting. That I was not hot, I was *just* beautiful. That I am too sensitive. **Fuck them.**

These are analog cut-and-paste collages and small embroidered works. They manifest physically as interrogations and appropriations of language, art masters, and ideas of objectification and the feminine. Through repurposing materials, textures and techniques of creation traditionally associated with femininity, they are investigating contemporary femininity and what it means to be a female in our current moment. Many of the pieces incorporate appropriated images from auction catalogs and magazines, recontextualizing and renewing artworks by recognized artists.

Marrying text, photography, and collage, the *One Word Poems* and *Text Cutout* likewise reexamine recognized symbols and components of femininity. Taking these words and phrases or images and materials associated with artistry or femininity and divorcing them from their traditional application is in an effort to rediscover them through renewed aesthetics of balance, color, and form. Appropriated artworks become textural as letters overflow with cut floral elements. These floral illustrations, photographs, and drawings conjure the memory of my childhood; redolent with the scent of wisteria, peonies, and fresh cut roses from my Mother and Grandmother's gardens. As long as I can remember, an oil painting of a peony hung above the fireplace that my Mom painted. That memory functions as a kind of polestar. I'm engaging with that image in a new way. Finding new forms and techniques of design and photography and collage through which to make it sing again.

Simultaneously, I'm reimagining curse words and words that I've been called as a way to assert ownership over them. Particularly in the case of the *One Word Poems*, compiled from a list of words I remember being called in my life. Some that appear are complimentary, some far less so. But all repurposed and reimagined. The collaged elements are tucked within a cut out Futura font, chosen for its boldness and symmetry present in other artistic works from Barbara Kruger, Wes Anderson, and Ed Ruscha, but also the font found in many of the vintage cookbooks and advertisements used in my collages from my Great-Grandmother.

*Hues* and *Palettes* are large scale collages on paper and wood that are an exploration of color themes and recontextualizing images of femininity composed from magazine cutouts, advertisements, and other collected objects. The collages on wood incorporate appropriated palette colors from other recognizable artist paintings. These color studies associate the piece with recognized and influential artists. Similarly, in studies on color, it has been suggested that if a culture does not share a word to describe a color, we do not see it as distinct, or our perception of it is affected. Color names evoke individual memories and the colors we are drawn to tell our own narrative. The application of embroidery thread, collaged vintage cookbook pages, and objects passed down from my Grandmother challenge her traditional notions of femininity with the very materials associated with being feminine.

At the end of the day, I hope the visitor brings their own notions of femininity and reflections of self and can see them renewed in a new context.