

B. Ingrid Olson

Forehead and Brain

Albright-Knox Art Gallery
March 10–June 17, 2018
Gallery for Small Sculpture

Organized by
Godin-Spaulding Curator & Curator
for the Collection Holly E. Hughes

Introduction

Kate Zambreno

BODY PARSED, THREE ROOMS — To write an introduction is to double oneself. Is to fold one's thoughts into another. To fold one's body into another body. To fold one's text into another text. What is my body and what is your body. What is my text and what is your text. What is my space and what is your space. We have to remove our limbs in order to fit inside this book. How to write an introduction for a book that will be destroyed after a certain period of time. Only those who are in the dark room can read it. Is this utopian, I wonder. I stay inside a dark room and write. Time has a different insistency now.

I read Elizabeth Grosz's *Architecture from the Outside*. I copy half of it down in my notebook, and then can't read my handwriting. From her introduction: "One cannot be outside everything, always outside: to be outside something is always to be inside something else." I like thinking about this but don't really know what this means. I write this out on a pad of paper; my hand hurts. I am in the room reading. I am on the couch. I type this out on my computer, and my laptop becomes part of my body. I am inside this book; I am inside this room; I am inside this body; I am outside this book; I am outside this room; I am outside this body. In my notebook I write this down again, to try to understand it: One cannot be outside everything,



always outside: to be outside something is always to be inside something else.

I ask the man in the room with me what I should write about. I say, Do you remember when I spoke about this book, the one that had open windows and doors. Does it have open windows or doors or does it have no windows or doors. I say, Do you remember when I was inside of it, and I could not go outside of it, the book became my body, or was my body always a book. While waiting to write my notes on this book, I drink a green smoothie that he made for me. I name a future and imaginary child. I become the couch, scattered with books and notebooks. I look at boots online for my feet. I write three emails. I look at a photograph on my phone of a pregnant body. I google “Why does my baby have red cheeks”? I receive a package in the mail. I write this introduction while very full, and crouched over a pillow on the couch, and in another position, my legs in the air. I write this introduction while wearing leggings and an open robe, my breasts accessible. I write this introduction while wearing the same white set of overalls with coffee stains for four days. My body is a sentence. These gestures are ellipsis.

Time has passed. It’s been years. I have been asked to add a note to the second edition. My feelings about the book remain the same.

FORHEAD AND BRAIN — I realized I was extremely miserable when I wrote the previous introduction. Now I am extremely happy. Or perhaps I was happy the entire time. I read a paragraph and then have to rest. I lie down on the sofa. I lay the book down. I lay myself down because I am now the book. I write a sentence and then have to check my email. After I write I am hollowed out. Do I even have a brain. I put the book up to my forehead and lay it on my brain. I put the book on my crotch and take a photograph. I wonder whether the book is a container, and what it is a container for. Perhaps it is a container for thoughts. Perhaps it is a container for language. Perhaps it is a container for memory. It is something like a brain. Is the mind a room. I spend time looking at images of the illustrations of the brain from Vesalius's *The Fabric of the Human Body*. I want to write about the Dark Room of this Book, furnished with a stretched cloth. A frame




with cloth stretched over it is a painting. A frame with cloth stretched over it is a body. A frame with a cloth stretched over it is a window or a table. The body is a house. Vesalius was one of the first to dissect human beings in a surgical theater, not just animals as before, because of religion. He dissected the brains of convicts, most likely. He thought there was just fluid in the ventricles, not the soul like everyone else. Medical illustrations want to make the body an open window, so we can see the structures within. What is a skull but a vitrine for the brain. What occupies the theater of the forehead is the front matter, the dura, the folds. Now we know something of what the cerebral cortex stores, in future mappings of the frontal lobes: movement, speech, memory, intelligence. I look at an illustration of his horizontal dissection of the brain. The strange illustration of the man with the beard and nose, his head hollowed, like he is awake or surprised.

UNHINGE NAME TURNS MEMBRANE, BODY TO COME—
When the question is raised of writing an introduction, one thinks that the books that need introductions are those that are opaque, and are thus impertinent to introduce. This is supposed to be an entrance or window. I wanted to have four cells on this page. Four cells would be a grid or window. The book is a dark room entitled *New Essays*. I wanted this writing to be all interior. The self must be more than what is inside and outside. What is not the self.

When writing *The Passion of GH*, Clarice Lispector was going through difficulties in her family life, but the work eludes the autobiographical. It is only of a faceless woman alone in the room. She is frustrated by this “room.” What can contain her. What is “narrative.” What is “I.” What is a “book.” Who is to say. The room is unstable and becomes the narrator. “Before I entered the room, what was I?” G.H. asks. “I was what others had always seen me be, and that was the way I knew myself.” When she enters her maid’s room, she observes that the room was the portrait of an empty stomach. She enters into a dialogue with a cockroach which she decapitates with a door, then ultimately ingests its oozing entrails. One must ideally stand up when reading this. A text must be vertical, and should be ingested within the body.

Over the period of hours that I have written this introduction I have lost my body, my human frame.



Franz Kafka wrote his story “The Judgment” in one sitting from September 22 through September 23, 1912, from 10pm to 6am. He writes in his diary that his leg grew so stiff from sitting over that 8-hour period that he had to physically pull them out from under the desk, like he had been cut in two. He felt, he wrote, such a fearful joy like the language came out of him so freely, like he was advancing over water, like he was not even a body. The story “The Judgment” takes place mostly in two separate rooms, the father is in bed, and the son is at his desk, and he goes back and forth, and they flow into each other.

I go back to my book. The psychotic person has their boundaries collapsed, and cannot distinguish between outside and inside, self and other. I have read this quoted in another introduction, because it is not likely you have read it, as the book is out of print. When Shulamith Firestone was found dead in her 5th floor walk-up in the East Village, the authorities thought she might have been dead for some time, but her family did not permit an autopsy. She was thought to have a version of Capgras Syndrome, where one fears that loved ones are actually doubles, wearing masks of the former's face. When I first moved to New York City, I would walk to her apartment and stand outside, looking through the window, and sometimes would stay there for some time.

HEAD, HOUSE, LIGHT — Can a text be a house. Can a paragraph be a room. Can a sentence be a window. Wittgenstein's sister, Gretl, thought helping to design her large city house in Vienna would be a good activity for her brother, the philosopher. Wittgenstein was still recovering from the war, and, he thought, philosophy. He was working as an assistant gardener at a monastery outside of the city, and was mulling one of two possibilities for the future: either becoming a monk or committing suicide. He was in a form of exile, owing to what has been referred to as the Haidbauer incident, when working as an elementary school teacher at a village school in rural Austria, he hit an 11-year-old boy, one Josef Haidbauer, so hard on the head during class that the boy collapsed unconscious. There was a hearing, in which the judge requested a psychiatric examination—Wittgenstein fled, although he returned a decade later to apologize to the students, who were now older. Except for hitting the slower students, Wittgenstein was a wonderful teacher: he designed buildings and steamships with them, dissected animals, took long treks in the woods and identified plants, took the train to Vienna and discussed the various architecture of the buildings there. Even though he was a steel heir, he had given his fortune away, and slept in the kitchen, eating only oatmeal out of a pot he never cleaned. Of course, his family was concerned. There is a letter from his brother Paul, the one-armed pianist, to one of Wittgenstein's friends, worried that his brother was not eating correctly for his colitis. He was supposed to only assist



the architect, who had studied under Adolf Loos, on the design of the house, one of those cold modernist constructions of three white cubes. He was put in charge of the interiors: windows, doors, doorknobs, and radiators. As befitting the fastidious philosopher who once studied aeronautical engineering, he became absorbed in the project and completely took over, even moving into the small architect's office to live there full-time. He had to design the door handles himself, which took him a year. The heights for the door handles were minutely designed according to door type. It took another year to design the radiators. Each of the large vertical windows was covered with a metal screen, moved by a pulley system Wittgenstein designed. He insisted that everything be designed according to exact proportions—including having the ceiling raised by 30 millimeters. He even wanted to make his own version of a head that he had disliked in one of the sculptures that were commissioned for the entrance way—his sister placed the plaster cast of the head he designed in the house. Of course, upon its completion, she didn't want to live there, and eventually the house was sold to the Bulgarian embassy. After finishing the house three years later, he returned to Cambridge and philosophy, wanting to work now on visual space. In his later *Philosophical Investigations*, he imagined thought as taking place in a room. "A person caught in a philosophical confusion is like a man in a room who wants to get out but doesn't know how." Wittgenstein himself liked to think in Spartan surroundings—sometimes a chair in a room was all that he needed.



unhinge name turns membrane, body to come, 2018

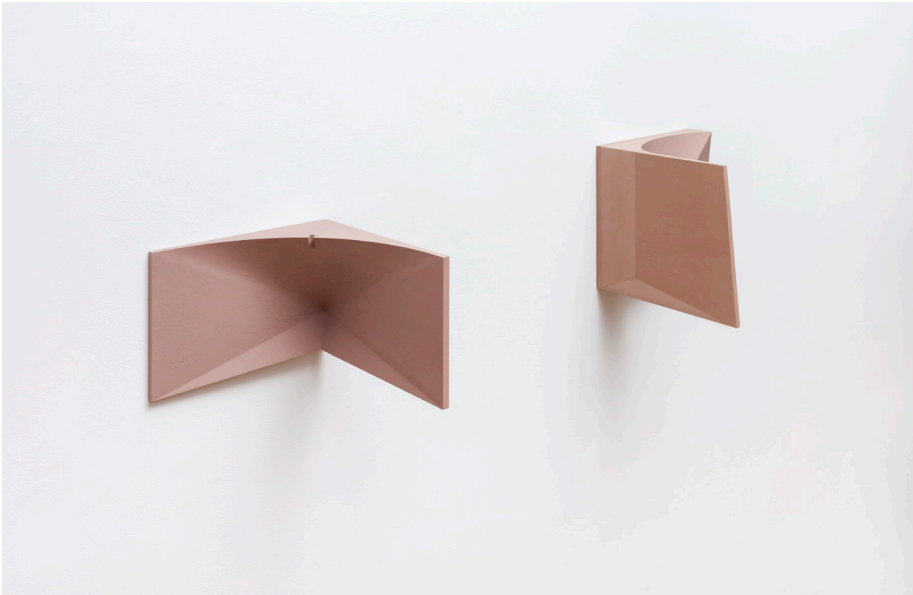
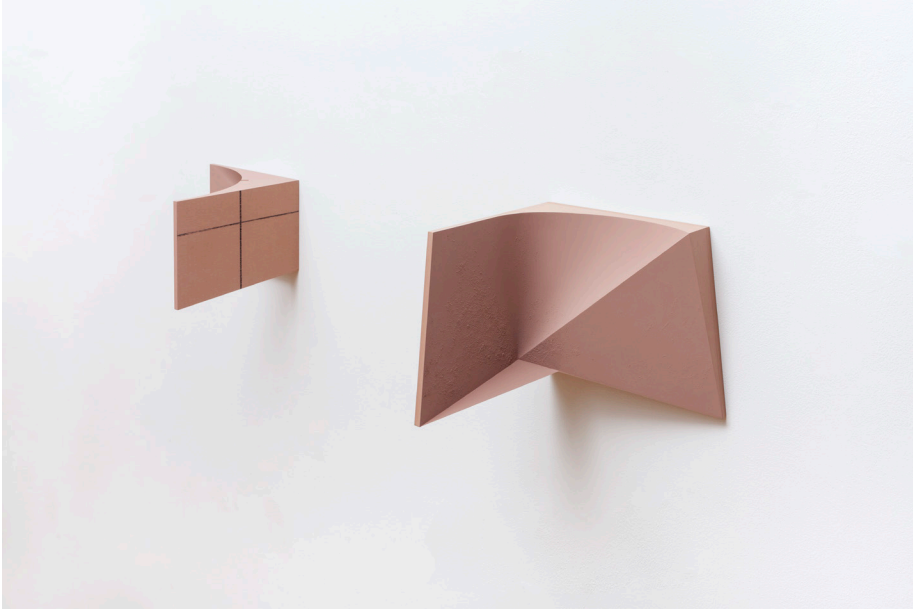






Vertical Column Whet Girdle, 2017





Waxed void, endless house, 2018





Turned In Double Corner, 2017



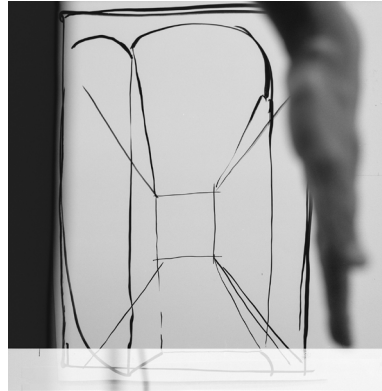
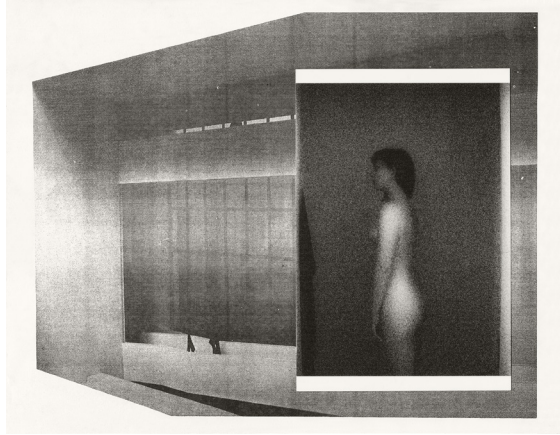
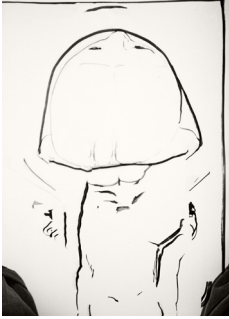






(top) *Forehead and Brain*, 2018
(bottom) *Hinge, Threshold*, 2018





(clockwise from top left)

Endnote, 4, 2018

Endnote, 1, 2018

Endnote, 3, 2018

Endnote, 2, 2018





Endnote 7, 2018



1

Introduction by Kate Zambreno
(*Head, House, Light*), 2018
Gelatin silver print
23 x 13 inches (58.4 x 33 cm)

2

Introduction by Kate Zambreno
(*Body Parsed, Three Rooms*), 2018
Gelatin silver print
22 ½ x 12 inches (57.2 x 30.5 cm)

3

Introduction by Kate Zambreno
(*Unhinge name turns membrane,*
body to come), 2018
Set of four gelatin silver prints
14 x 10 ¼ inches (35.6 x 26 cm) each

4

Introduction by Kate Zambreno
(*Forehead and Brain*), 2018
Gelatin silver print
17 ½ x 11 inches (44.5 x 27.9 cm)

5

unhinge name turns membrane,
body to come, 2018
Ceramic, PVA, acrylic, paper,
epoxy putty, metal, and Polycrystalline
13 x 7 x 5 inches (33 x 17.8 x 12.7 cm)

6

Future body, cement, 2017
PVA size, acrylic, vinyl paint,
and sand on polyurethane foam
27 x 13 ¼ x 4 inches (68.6 x 33.7 x 10.2 cm)

7

Source and crude bone, 2017
UV-printed MDF, PVA size,
Plexiglas, and screws
30 x 18 ½ x 7 ½ inches (76.2 x 47 x 19.1 cm)

8

Vertical Column Whet Girdle, 2017
UV-printed MDF, PVA size,
Plexiglas, and screws
29 ¼ x 19 ¾ x 6 ½ inches
(74.3 x 50.2 x 16.5 cm)

9

Body Parsed, Three Rooms, 2018
Modeling clay, epoxy putty,
paint, and aluminum panel
11 x 36 x 19 inches (27.9 x 91.4 x 48.3 cm)

10

Waxed void, endless house, 2018
PVA size, acrylic, vinyl paint,
and sand on polyurethane foam
Left relief: 7 x 10 x 10 inches (17.8 x 25.4 x
25.4 cm); right relief: 9 ½ x 11 x 11 inches
(24.1 x 27.9 x 27.9 cm)

11

Open Corner, 2017
PVA size, acrylic, vinyl paint,
and sand on polyurethane foam
10 x 17 x 3 inches (25.4 x 43.2 x 7.6 cm)

12

Turned In Double Corner, 2017
UV-printed MDF, PVA size,
Plexiglas, and screws
27 ¼ x 20 ½ x 6 ½ inches
(69.2 x 52.1 x 16.5 cm)

13

Lightning's poinard tip,
the shutting eye, 2017
UV-printed MDF, PVA size,
Plexiglas, and screws
28 ¼ x 19 ¼ x 7 inches
(71.8 x 48.9 x 17.8 cm)

14

Midriff Hrif, 2018
Composite plywood,
epoxy putty, and acrylic paint
27 x 17 x 3 inches (68.6 x 43.2 x 7.6 cm)

15

Perimeter of Two and One, 2017
UV-printed MDF, PVA size,
Plexiglas, and screws
31 x 21 ¾ x 7 ½ inches
(78.7 x 55.2 x 19.1 cm)

16

Forehead and Brain, 2018

PVA size, oil stick,
and polyurethane foam
4 x 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 3 inches (10.2 x 24.7 x 7.6 cm)

Hinge, Threshold, 2018

Epoxy putty, paper, PVA size,
Polycryl, and steel
11 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches
(29.2 x 11.4 x 14.6 cm)

17

Head, House, Light, 2017

UV-printed MDF, PVA size,
Plexiglas, and screws
20 x 14 x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches (50.8 x 35.6 x 16.5 cm)

18

Endnote, 1, 2018

Gelatin silver print
11 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 14 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches (29.2 x 37.5 cm)

Endnote, 2, 2018

Gelatin silver print
10 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 7 inches (26 x 17.8 cm)

18 (cont.)

Endnote, 3, 2018

Gelatin silver print
9 x 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches (22.9 x 22.2 cm)

Endnote, 4, 2018

Gelatin silver print
8 x 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches (20.3 x 14.6 cm)

19

Endnote, 5, 2018

Gelatin silver print
9 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches (24.8 x 19.1 cm)

Endnote, 6, 2018

Gelatin silver print
8 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches (22.2 x 16.5 cm)

20

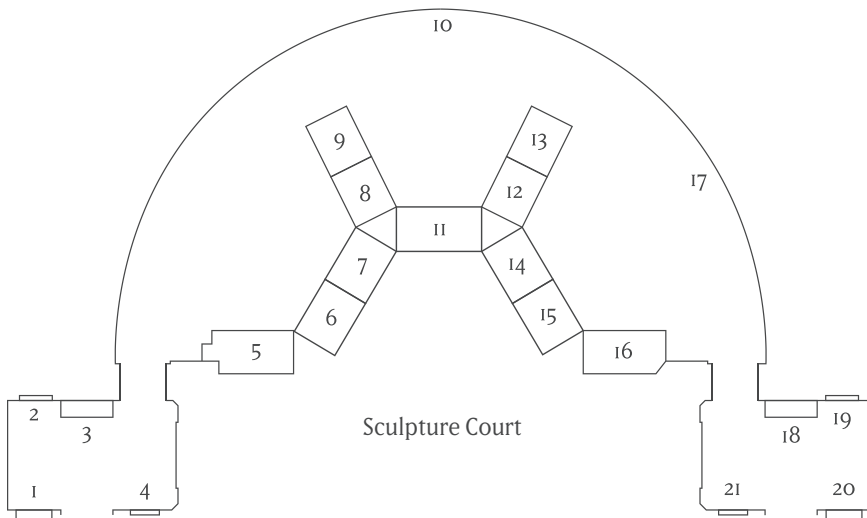
Endnote, 7, 2018

Gelatin silver print
15 x 10 inches (38.1 x 25.4 cm)

21

Index, Errata, 2018

Gelatin silver print
26 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 15 inches (66.7 x 38.1 cm)





Thinking Space

Holly E. Hughes

Godin-Spaulding Curator & Curator for the Collection

B. Ingrid Olson builds on the idea of the relative position of one's own body to surrounding space and the ways in which chance, the passing of time, and the "power dynamics of seeing, versus being seen," come into play.¹ She addresses these concepts in sculptural and photographic works in which she employs the proportions and capacities of her body as compositional tools. Yet, the components of this exhibition, entitled *Forehead and Brain*, are a departure from previous work. Here, Olson considers not only ways to compress her own body in a space—and ultimately the picture plane—but also the body as it relates to existing architecture. Following a site visit to the Albright-Knox in December 2016, the artist conceived of the installation based on her initial impression of the rounded wall of the museum's Gallery for Small Sculpture, which she equated to a mental, perceptual space. To her, it felt like the interior of a forehead, with the cases serving as cognitive recesses—segments of the brain—"where individual thoughts, impressions, sensations, and memories are tucked away."²

This installation utilizes the Gallery for Small Sculpture's existing framework and architectural interventions to interrupt the experience of looking, a gesture Olson describes as "similar to a footnote taking a reader out of an otherwise engrossing experience."³ She conceived of the work in this gallery with an end goal of making viewers more conscious of their own bodies in the space, disrupting a passive viewing experience. Here, marginalia, endnotes, and other structures that guide the eye, or complicate information and referents, take hold. The site's history also inspired this notion; the hemicycle originally served as a lecture hall and then, from 1962 until 1992, as the museum's library (fig. 1).



Fig. 1

Albright-Knox Art Gallery Library located in the 1905 Building (now the Gallery for Small Sculpture) in 1962. Image courtesy of the Albright-Knox Art Gallery Digital Assets Collection and Archives, Buffalo, New York. Photograph by Sherwin Greenberg.

For Olson, thinking through the presentation of these works was not unlike the process of writing a book. The configuration of the gallery allowed her to conceive of the installation in three sections: Introduction, Body (each object functioning as a chapter), and Endnotes. Olson engaged writer Kate Zambreno to pen an introduction to the exhibition that she then made into an artwork in which she focuses the viewer's attention to the structure of the page. Zambreno's four-part essay—each section named after the title of a work in the exhibition—is self-aware, reflective, referential, and at times, a successfully strange preamble composed in fits and starts that correlates the body with text and space.



When Olson began taking photographs, she employed a digital camera but never felt entirely satisfied with the results. She began to consider analog means of image capturing after a friend lent her a camera to try. The camera was accidentally preloaded with slide film—an oversight that Olson only

realized when taking the exposed stock to be developed. Upon getting the cross-processed negatives back, she was pleasantly surprised by the seemingly eerie results, the sharp contrasts of light and dark and unpredictable color. About this early discovery, Olson says, "There's a lot of things that happen in film that could not happen digitally . . . it was a happy accident that put me on this track." ⁴

Olson's creative process is performative. She is continually drawn to the erratic nature of cross-processing slide film and the bright flash of 90s-style point-and-shoot cameras—tools that support her inherent desire to break up the pictorial plane and create a disorienting image. "Using slide film is a gamble," she commented. "Sometimes the results exceed my expectations. Other times, the content or composition of an image might be striking, but the exaggerated color of the film is too acrid, or the deepened contrast makes a darker image illegible. . . . But I think it's still worth it to me in order to get the unexpected results."⁵ She also incorporates drawn images, sculptural prosthetic props, found items, and repeated gestures to activate, transform, and question the means by which she can occupy space. The resulting photographs often come across as isolated, fragmented, spatially collaged crops of various body parts. From a female perspective, her imagery challenges to what extent archetypal myths, stereotypes, or social constructs can inform one's reading of particular gestures, forms, or textural elements. Leslie Kanes Weisman, who has been instrumental in creating and promoting universal applications for design practice and pedagogical models for teaching, reinforces this sentiment, stating, "Physical space and social space reflect and rebound upon each other. Both the world 'out there' and the worlds inside ourselves depend upon and conform our socially learned perceptions and values."⁶

How do we conceive of spaces in which ideas and information are shared, such as a museum or library, as gendered? When Olson first encountered the Gallery for Small Sculpture, the curved wall of the hemicycle immediately stood out to her. It became the perfect environment in which to tease out her underlying concepts. Given that structural design often embraces right angles and sharp meeting points, the idea of a rounded space suggested to her an injection of a "feminine

quality into a masculine structure.”⁷ Additionally, the gallery’s structure brought to Olson’s mind the *Endless House*—a never fully realized project by visionary architect Frederick Kiesler (American, born Austria-Hungary, 1890–1965), who conceived of his curvilinear concrete structure as devoid of corners or any other type of tectonic seaming. Explaining his vision for the design, Kiesler wrote:

It is endless like the human body. There is no beginning and end to it. The “*Endless*” is rather sensuous. More like the female body in contrast to sharp-angled male architecture.

All ends meet in the “*Endless*” as they meet in life. Life’s rhythms are cyclical. All ends of living meet during twenty-four hours, during a week, a lifetime. They touch one another with the kiss of time. They shake hands, stay, say goodbye, return through the same or other doors, come and go through multi-links, secretive or obvious, or through the whims of memory.⁸

Kiesler’s *Endless House* was also the inspirational starting point for Olson’s corner reliefs. In *Waxed void, endless house* (p. 16), for example, she chose to draw the viewer’s attention to the nuances of corner construction. The artist has extracted from Kiesler’s theories “the idea of creating an organic space in something that is continuous. . . . In the reliefs, I am seeking to combine a feminine form or more organic form with a very rigid structure, like a rectangle or frame.”⁹ In her architectural reliefs, Olson aims to depict space by way of a scaled-down, stacked, or condensed arrangement that is analogous to how she compresses three-dimensional volume in her photographs.

Olson’s current sculptural practice grew out of a discovery she made while in a former studio. She came across a pencil tray in a desk drawer, perhaps left there by the previous tenant. Its crossbars and interior chambers seeded an idea that has evolved into a series of sculptural reliefs. Holding the tray up to the wall, Olson realized that its perpendicular joists had a relationship to both the crossbars of canvas stretchers and the crosshairs of a camera’s viewfinder. Initially, she turned the original object into an artwork, painting yellows and greens

over the top of its existing surface, and then made a sequence of five black casted sculptures from it (fig. 2). Furthermore, the artist perceived each compartment and its slightly curved recesses in relationship to the body and began to cast and subtly alter just the interior curve of the original tray. This led Olson to imagine the concavities of sculptures she wanted to execute as areas in which one could press in a forearm, a shin, a thigh.



Fig. 2
if given in the dark, 2014.
Ink, gouache, acrylic, sand,
and wood, 9 x 5 1/2 x 13/16
inches (22.8 x 14 x 2.2 cm).
Collection of Andrea Baccin
and Ilaria Marotta.
Photographed by Roberto Apa.

The surfaces of Olson's sculptures vacillate between smooth to granular. The works are often hung at corresponding heights to their referenced body parts, emphasizing their relation to the human figure. The inward curves of *Future body, cement* (p. 12), look as though the viewer could potentially insert him or herself into the work, possibly squeezing his or her legs into the pair of semicircular hollows. Many are painted a color the artist thinks of as "internal flesh," which is also the natural color of the resin-based foam used to make them, and others are of less visceral tones. Additionally, the matte surfaces of the sculptures are light absorbent, which offers a softer counterpoint to the reflective Plexiglas enclosures of

the photographs that surround them. According to the artist, "it is often by comparison that things can be seen for what they are: soft next to rigid feels even softer, dark next to light feels even darker. . . . Things defined by their opposites, or at least by comparison."¹⁰



Olson's photographs take on a first-person perspective and consistently address embodiment and reflection, all the while considering proprioception, phenomenology, and performativity. She constructs these images looking directly down or at herself, often contorting her figure into the picture plane against a backdrop of amassed studio debris. Photographing her body from this vantage point, Olson seeks to "jump between an interior, direct experience and an exterior, pictured existence. By holding the camera pressed up to my face, the perspective within the images is primarily subjective, as seen through my eyes."¹¹ And in many ways, the viewfinder functions as a prosthetic eye.

Similar to her reading of architectural space, Olson routinely thinks about our likely gendered associations with materials—leather, steel, and wood as potentially masculine; velvet, glass, and clay as possibly feminine. She aims to invert these relationships by creating seemingly androgynous or dually sexed works, which she achieves by intermixing imagery or using found objects and her sculptures as "prosthetics." She arranges these fragments or their reflected images on her body, yet frequently the flash of the camera whites them out. For instance, in *Turned In Double Corner* (p. 18), Olson utilizes one of her corner reliefs as a vaginal edifice, articulating a sardonic commentary on the gendered psychology of space. Functioning like collages of haptic physicality, Olson's photographs simultaneously contain her presence, as well as her absence.

Through these works, Olson builds on Kiesler's sentiments regarding the ways in which a body, physically and experientially, relates to its architectural surroundings. For him,

visual obstacles were the most confining of all. To this end, walking and meandering around the studio Olson might pick something up only to set it down, continually searching for a relationship between her body, space, the object, and the yet-to-be-composed picture plane. From a bird's-eye view of her work in development, one might think she is taking part in a scripted theatrical performance, yet it is all improvised. As she searches for kismet relationships through the camera's viewfinder, each image reveals itself through slow looking, one frame at a time. As a final presentation, the artist places her images within the confines of a Plexiglas perimeter, yet they are open and faceless, as if you could step into and become part of the work—a sentiment they share with the sculptural reliefs. About the photographs' relationship to her sculptures, Olson has said, "Since I am already thinking through the recesses in the body and containers, they function like frames, containing the body. . . . There's a moment of stopping, a little perimeter, that delineates the space between the image and the viewer."¹²

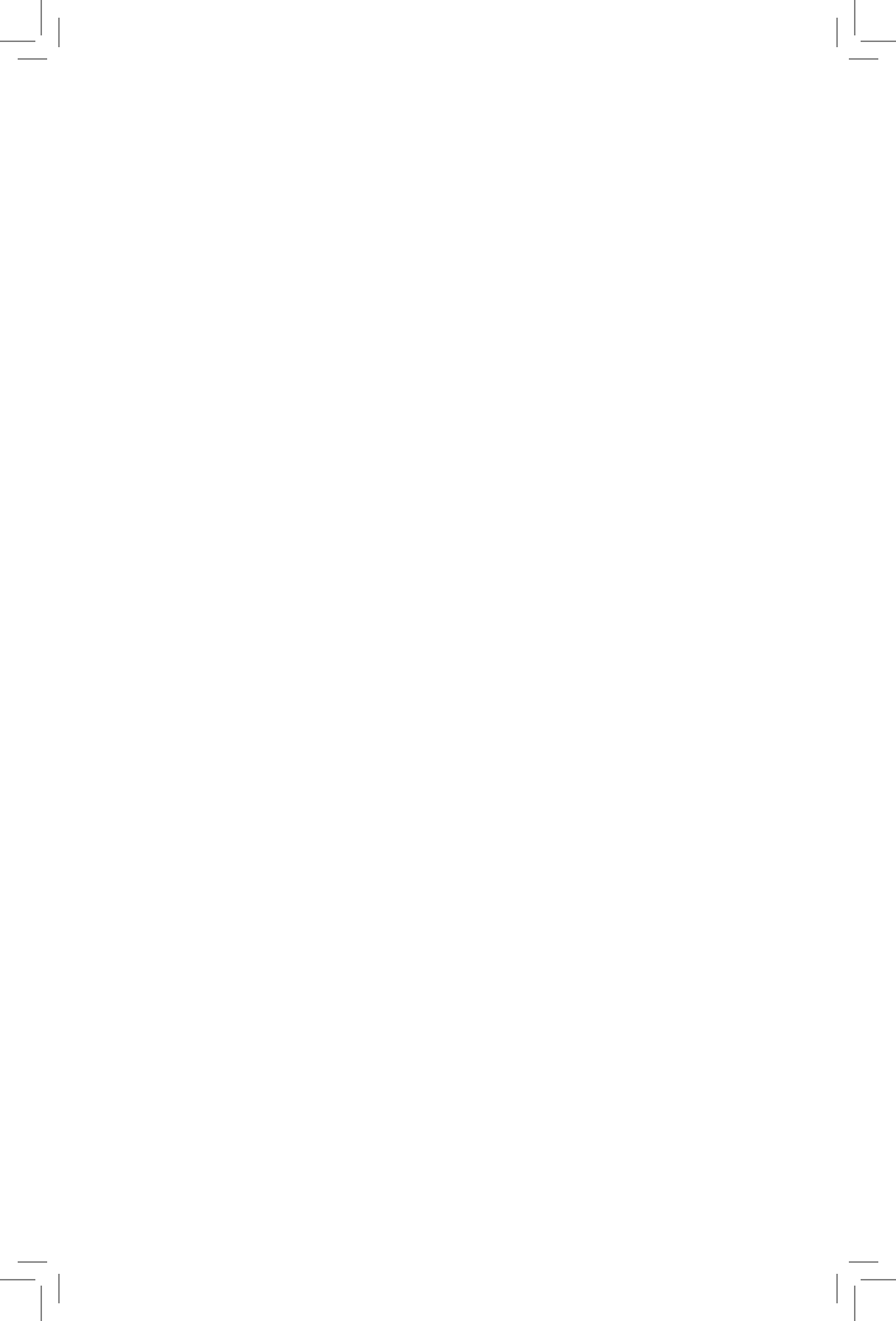
In the final section of the installation, Olson brings together a group of photographic and collaged drawing "endnotes" that relate visually and conceptually to the ideas expressed in the body of the exhibition. Their seemingly gestural, narrative qualities point to Olson's experiences with drawing as a young artist. William J. O'Brien, who taught a ceramics class Olson attended at The Art Institute of Chicago, indicated to her that working with clay was intimately related to the practice of drawing. As Olson describes, "you can refine it, you can have it be messy, you can have it just be a draft, but it is also very much about the connection of like thought to hand and physicalization of thought formation."¹³ Such methodologies, which have made their way into her photographic process, allow the artist to sketch in space and translate mental imaginings into physical objects. The constellation of materials created for this section brings Olson's practice full circle, revealing further the unpredictable nature of her process as it relates to chance and unseen elements, and allows her to collapse and condense space additionally.

In his 1962 description of the *Endless House* for the Japanese magazine *Bokubi Forum*, Kiesler articulates his vision for

creating a space in which one must “make room and comfort for those ‘visitors’ from your own inner world . . . the ritual of meditation inspired. Truthfully, the inhabitants of your inner space are steady companions, although invisible to the naked eye, but very much felt by the psyche.”¹⁴ *Forehead and Brain* is a descendent of Kiesler’s voice. Here, Olson invites the viewer take part in the act of looking—a distinct and welcoming thinking space in which to peruse and decipher the lexicon of her mind’s eye.



1. B. Ingrid Olson, email message to the author, November 9, 2017.
2. Olson, email message to the author, November 15, 2017.
3. Olson, email message to the author, November 9, 2017.
4. Olson, in conversation with the author, May 22, 2017.
5. Ibid.
6. Leslie Kanes Weisman, “The Spatial Caste System: Design for Social Inequality” in *Discrimination by Design: A Feminist Critique of the Man-Made Environment* (Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1994), 81.
7. Olson, in conversation with the author, May 22, 2017.
8. Frederick J. Kiesler, *Inside the Endless House: Art, People, and Architecture—A Journal* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1966), 567.
9. Olson, in conversation with the author, May 22, 2017.
10. Olson, email message to the author, November 9, 2017.
11. Ibid.
12. Olson, in conversation with the author, May 22, 2017.
13. Ibid.
14. Kiesler, “The ‘Endless House’ A Man-Built Cosmos,” in *Frederick J. Kiesler: Selected Writings*, ed. Siegfried Gohr and Gunda Luyken (Stuttgart: Verlag Gerd Hatj, 1996), 127.



Voices in Contemporary Art:
B. Ingrid Olson in Conversation
with Holly E. Hughes

Thursday, May 17, 2018, 6:30 pm

Auditorium

Free with museum admission

On the occasion of her first solo museum exhibition, *B. Ingrid Olson: Forehead and Brain*, the Chicago-based artist will discuss her practice with Godin-Spaulling Curator & Curator for the Collection Holly E. Hughes.

This program is made possible with support from The Phyllis L. Goldman Memorial Endowment Fund.



Albright-Knox
Art Gallery

1285 Elmwood Avenue
Buffalo, New York 14222-1096

B. Ingrid Olson: Forehead and Brain
Gallery for Small Sculpture
March 10–June 17, 2018

This exhibition is organized by
Godin-Spaulling Curator & Curator
for the Collection Holly E. Hughes.

The Albright-Knox Art Gallery's
exhibition program is generously supported
by The Seymour H. Knox Foundation, Inc.

Images and work courtesy of the
artist and Simone Subal Gallery, New York.