



# TOM JUDD

Evidence of a Collected Past: A Retrospect



FOREWARD

In the world of newspaper advertising (where I got my first job after grad school) there is a product called a "remnant ad". It is an ad that lies around unused in case space of equivalent size becomes available in the paper. There's nothing remarkable about these ads - on their own they could be overlooked. But in the paper's broadsheet they make the page complete.

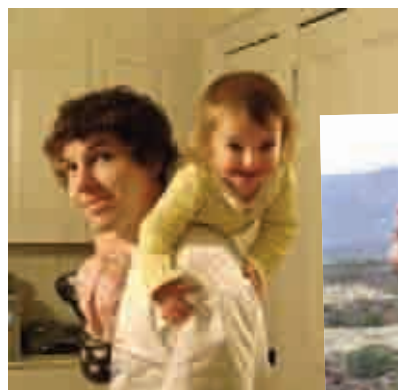
Tom Judd's eye for remnant objects and visions - things most often overlooked - is staunchly individualistic and somehow leads him to create a unified whole out of these odd components. His organic approach to collage, with found objects, photographs or painted subjects, results in exquisitely balanced works of art that reveal the woven threads of Judd's unique personal aesthetic and life experience. Reminiscent of Robert Rauschenberg's "middle years", the body of work in this exhibition, *Evidence Of A Collected Past: A Retrospect* are compelling to the extent the viewer feels he may just be peering into the core of Judd's being.

Eliciting familial, personal responses in the viewer appears to be a common theme often sought out in many pieces. In some of his work the artist has collaged antique, hand-written recipes. To Judd this is a tangible record of the act of preparing food; providing comfort for family and loved ones. In other work he is simply entranced with the color, and formal visual beauty he has stumbled upon in the studio - perhaps inspired by an old photograph or some strangely persistent memory.

Allen Sheppard, Director  
Allen Sheppard Gallery



*Auburn Indiana*, oil on found doors with digital photo, 75x60" 2003, Collection of the artist



## CHAPTER ONE

### Battle Ships and Guns....

My favorite picture of my father is of him standing in an open field of sage brush and rocks with a giant mountain behind him. He was standing where our house would be built on the foot hills of the Wasatch mountain range in Salt Lake City, Utah. I grew up in that pink cynder block house my parents built in about 1956. Everything was great until we moved to Winnetka Illinois, a suburb of Chicago where my father got a job for one year organizing the 1960 Republican convention that nominated Richard Nixon to run against John Kennedy.

Anyway, I was 7 years old and they enrolled me in Hubord Woods elementary school. It was immediately determined that I was not going to make it at Hubord Woods. I was supposed to transfer into the 3rd grade but I was failing all the placement tests they were giving me. What was most terrifying to me was the worried looks on all of the adult faces. They put me in a 2nd grade class and sent me to a remedial reading course that was in someone's house with adults who were learning how to read. I would go there after school. But I was really good at drawing! I would spend hours drawing battle ships with thousands of guns. The other kids would gather around my desk, I was sort of a star. I decided this is what I was going to do, I was going to be an artist.



Photograph: Sherrie Lefevre



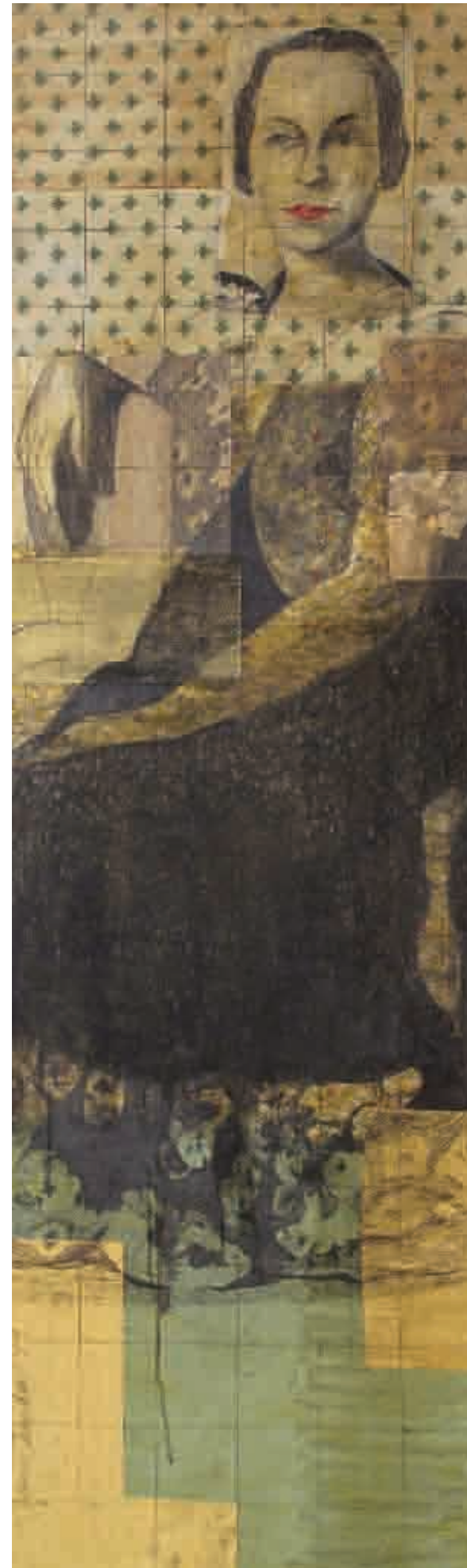
*Man's Head*, oil on plywood, 85x44" 1985,  
Collection of Jill and Sheldon Bonovitz



*Billboard Studies, #1,2,3,5, oil on wood panels, 10x30" 1994, Collection of the artist*



*Billboard, "Lost Vacation" Interstate 76, 20x30 feet, 1994*



*Mary in Mexico*, Graphite with collage and mixed media, 80x24" 1999, Collection of the artist



*What was Said*, oil on canvas, 90x80" 1997, Collection of the artist



## The Chalkboard Chronicles

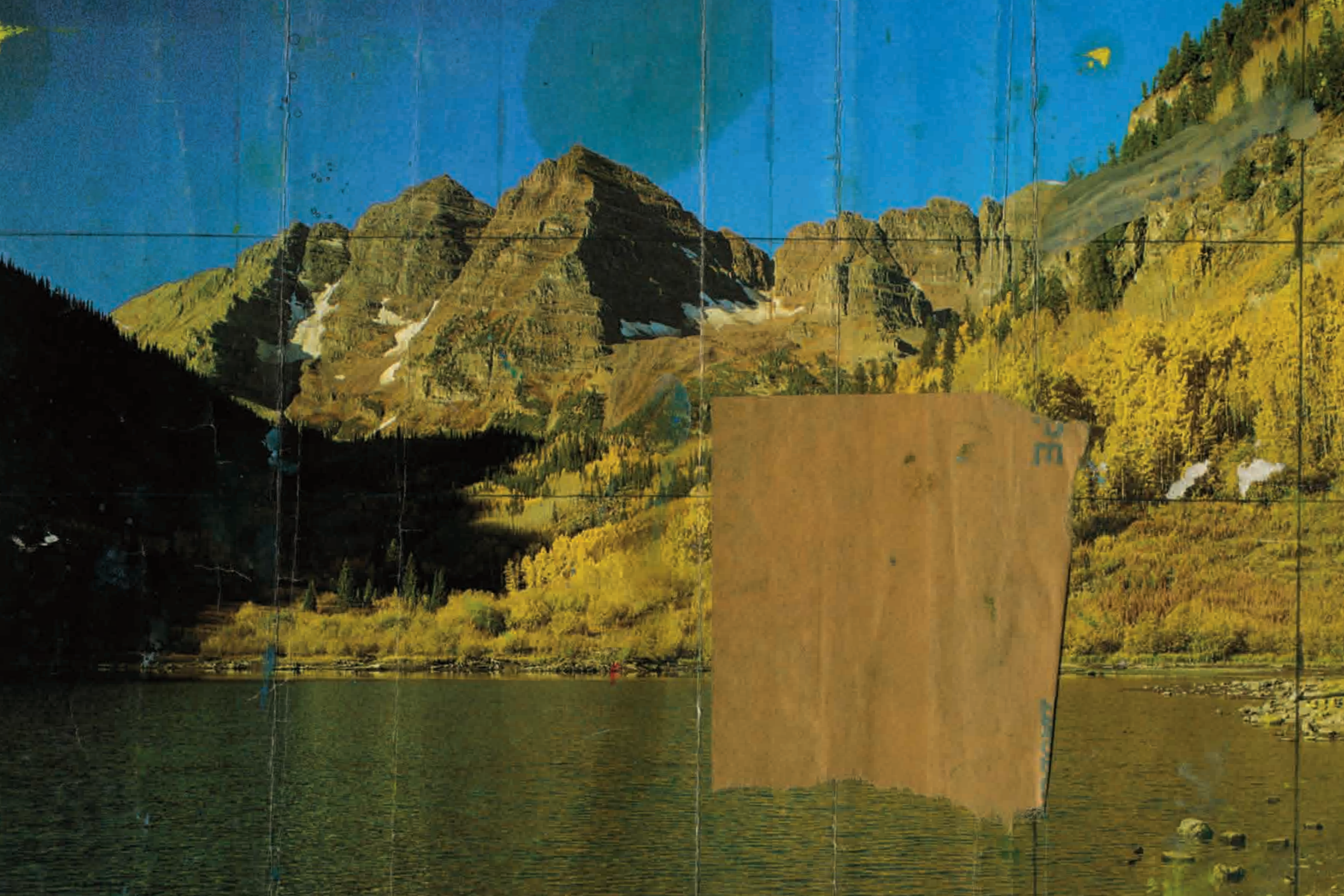
In 1997, I curated a show at the TZ Art gallery in New York City called "The Chalkboard Chronicles." The show included a month long rotating exhibit with three large chalkboards. Twelve artists were invited to do their art on a chalkboard. After one week the boards were erased and 3 more artists took their turn. The entire event was done in public view in the window of the gallery. The artists included: Spalding Gray, Christopher Brooks, Carol Diehl, Richard Hull, David Humphrey, Phillip Johnson, Drew Beattie and Daniel Davidson, Ilona Granet, Gary Komerin, Walter Martin and Paloma Muñoz, Elliott Puckette and Ray Smith.

"The Chalkboard Chronicles" explored the process of creating artwork in a public forum. It flew in the face of the concept of the cloistered artist working in isolation. The documentation of the project became the permanent record of the event and the art. This groundbreaking show gave a rare opportunity for the public to witness the creative process. It also challenged the artists in both working in public, and in having the product of their creativity erased after a short period of time.

The event was meticulously documented, with each artist being interviewed about their work on video before, during and after their event. The event was also photographed.

We are now in the process of taking the hours of original footage and producing a documentary film of the project. Enclosed is a trailer that filmmaker Jeff Wolfe and myself produced to give a compelling taste of the film we have in mind.

We welcome any feedback.  
Enjoy!





Hoss: You may think every picture you see is a true history  
of the way things used to be or the way things are,  
While you're ridin' in y our radio or walkin' through the  
late late show ain't it a drag to know you just don't know  
you just don't know  
So here's another illusion to add to your confusion  
Of the way things are

*The Tooth of Crime* by Sam Shepard



Mural for Fringe Festival, 12x40 feet 1999, Commissioned by City of Philadelphia



When I was first introduced to Tom Judd's work, two qualities caught my immediate attention: the vigorous and zestful energy of his drawing – it bristled with life – and the works' often zany, improvisational nature. It was capricious, and, thus, elusive, and almost always funny. The overall effect of a Judd on me was analogous to that wonderful feeling captured by Sam Shepard in his best plays, – of theatrical magic. That magic helped the work to transcend reality, and lodged it in different psychic ground. Like Shepard, Judd's art isn't so much "talking to us about anything," but rather about creating something, a genius that lies in the making of magical images rather than in particular ideas. In the final analysis, isn't Judd's an art that speaks more to the eye than to the mind?

Let me return to two words I used earlier to characterize Judd's art: energy and improvisational. The energy that pulses through Judd's work has been, and remains, a raw, quasi-spontaneous energy; but it's anything but uneducated. And, while his work often purposefully obliterates the distinctions between high and low art, a fact aided by its pictorial fragmentation, and, while Judd's artistic rootlessness sometimes makes his work elusive, there is in him a profound respect for the best of modern painters; Picasso, Matisse, and Philip Guston are three heroes.

He also admires the raw energy and pictorial magic of primitive art. To ally himself to that "untaught" tradition of primitive artists is likewise to proclaim an anti-elitist position in the art world, a place he is comfortable assuming, a place that not surprisingly places him squarely within pop culture. Tom loves country and western music, and the so-called road culture that goes with it; that's his psychic ground.

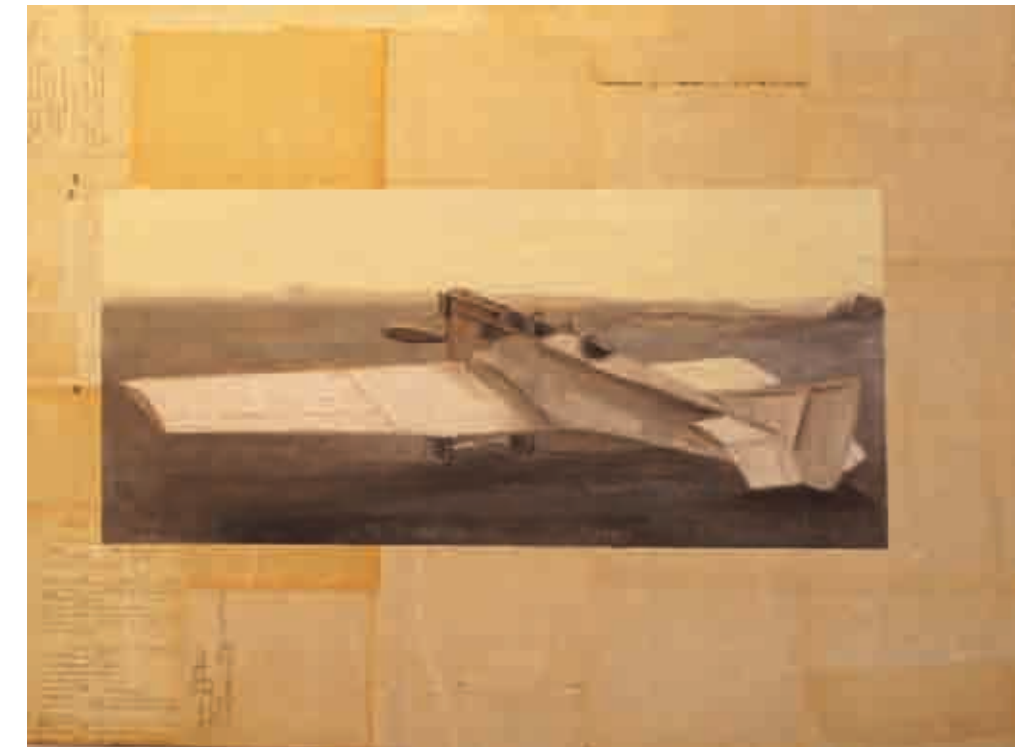
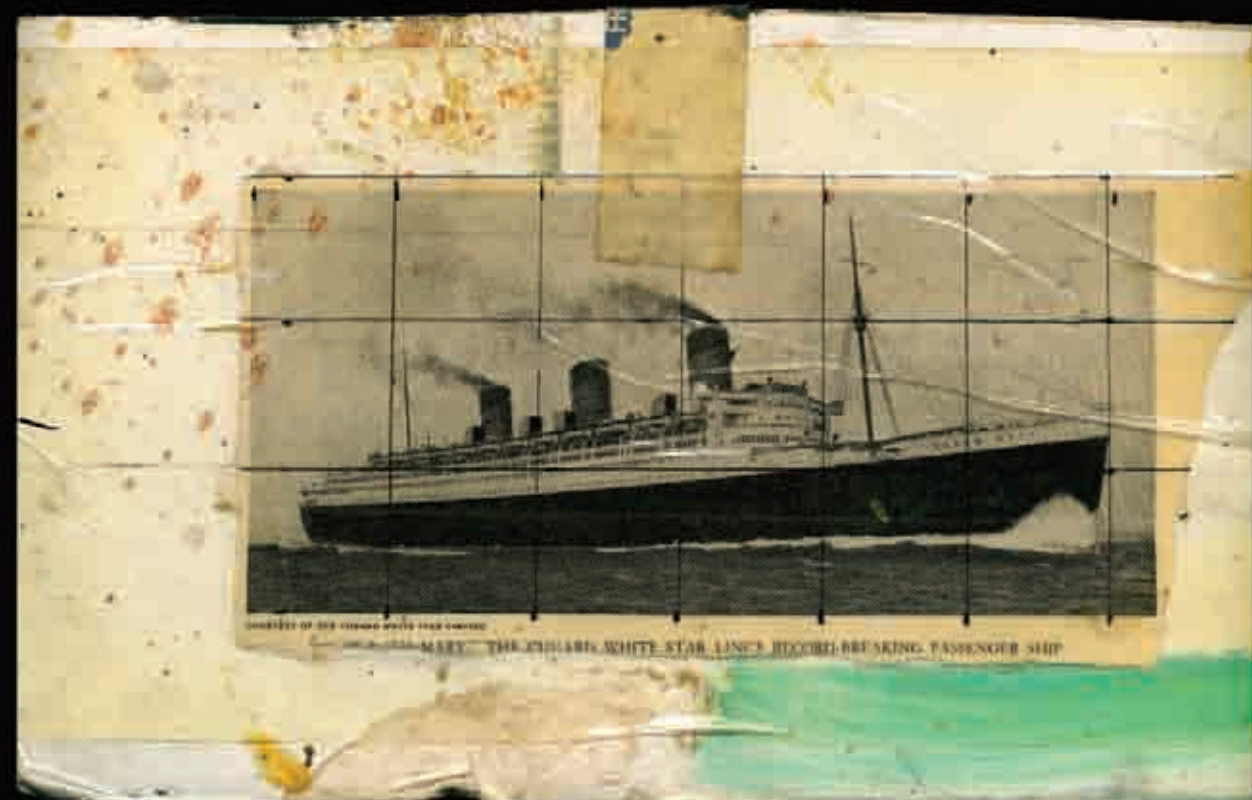
Tom Judd's art is hard to pin down; he's a bit slippery. It is one of his ultimate strengths. As Hoss sings in *The Tooth of Crime*, "you just don't know. So here's another illusion to add to your confusion of the way things are."

That's a healthy state of being. As Judd himself says. "Clarity can sometimes become very limiting."

Frank H. Goodyear, Jr.  
Director of the Heard Museum, Phoenix, Arizona

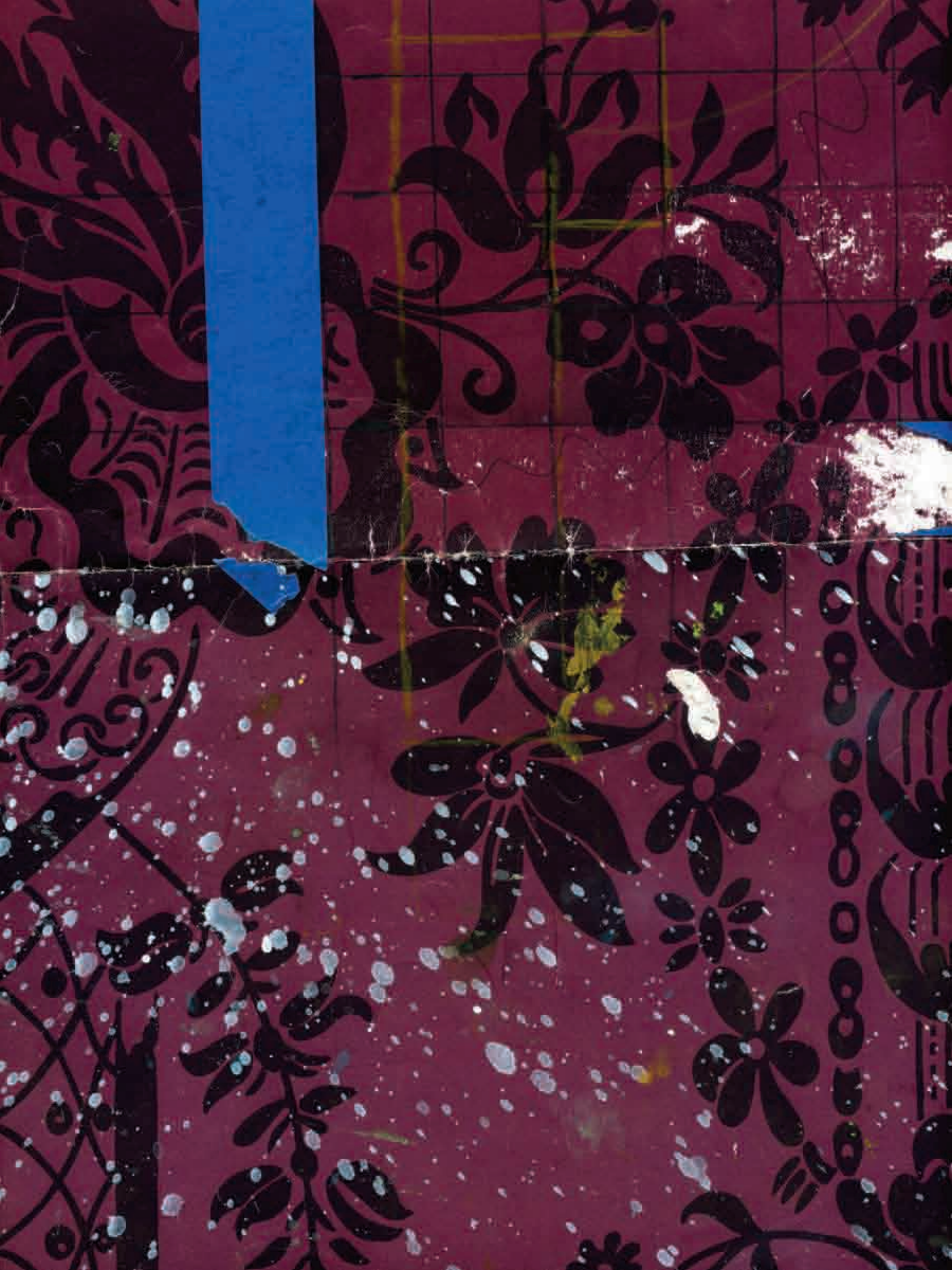


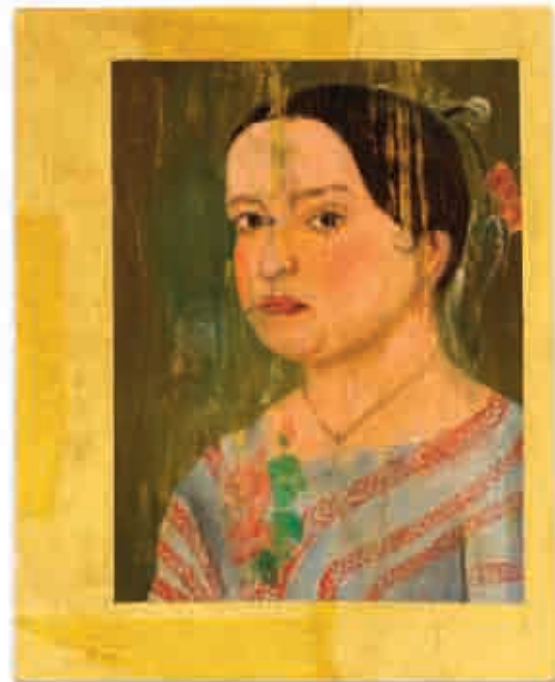
*Indiana*, oil on canvas, 48x48" 1999,  
Collection of the artist



*Air Rhodesia*, oil on collage on panel, 38x59" 2005, Collection of the artist

*Airfield*, oil on collage on panel, 30x40" 2009, Collection of the artist





*Portrait #1*, oil on collage on panel,  
40x32" 2005, Collection of the artist



*Portrait #8*, oil on collage on panel, 38x32"  
2005, Collection of the artist



*Nude*, oil on canvas, 50x34" 2000, collection of  
the artis



Tijuana weekend Shack underconstruction in Judd Studio, 2005

Tijauna shack being installed in Scott White Gallery, San Diego, 2005



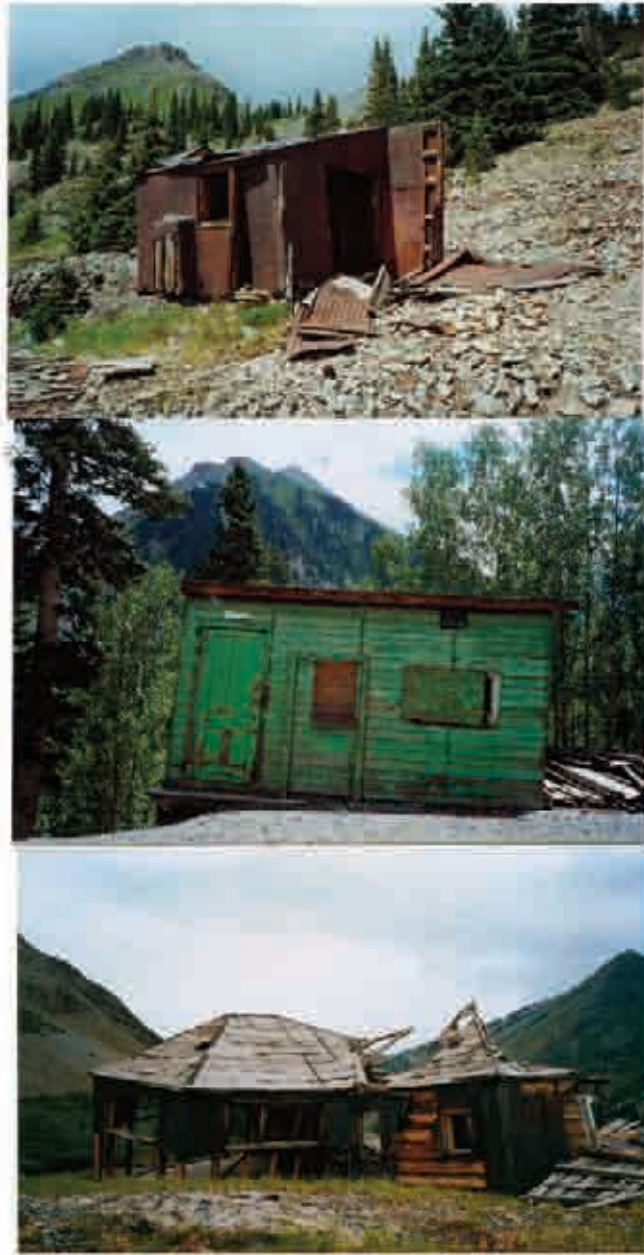
Returning, oil on canvas, 80x90" 2006, Collection of the artist



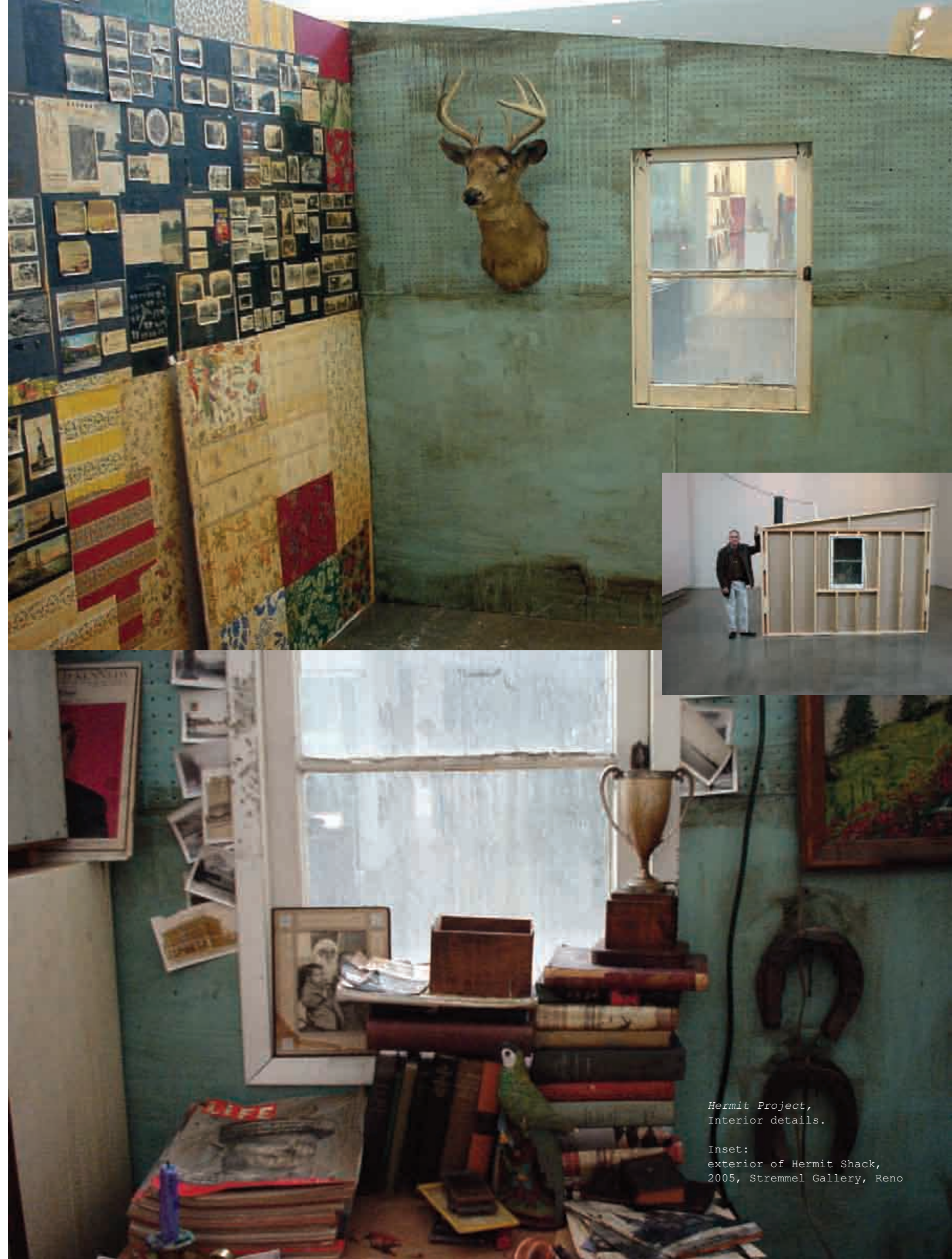
Judd studio 2006-2009



*Maiden Voyage*, oil on collage on panel, 72x80" 2009, collection of the artist



Abandoned mining shacks, Colorado, 2002



*Hermit Project,*  
Interior details.

Inset:  
exterior of Hermit Shack,  
2005, Stremmel Gallery, Reno





*Kiki's Dragon Fly*, oil on panel, 12x12"  
2002, Collection of Kiki Gaffney Judd

*Example*, oil on collage in vintage  
frames, 34x19" 2000, Collection of the  
artist



Tom Judd is a gatherer of images. Also of patterns, and colors, and textures. But his choosing is not random, nor is the placement of things in his paintings, though they play a good game of randomness in the casual overlays of wallpaper and fabric, the jockeying of competing details and focal lengths. This synthesis of elements that Judd-watchers will recognize in some way: glimpses of majestic natural vistas, maps, botanical specimens and related floral patterns, and here and there a bird, dragonfly or other creature that would be most at home in the outdoors. The results are contemplative, often elegant, even achingly beautiful paintings.

The melancholy flowing through these paintings feels distinctly mellow. There's an implied acceptance of the artists's need, and our own, for connection with the wellsprings of nature; alongside the knowledge that our means of connection may be inadequate, all our reproductions offering at most lukewarm, post-industrial comfort. That syllogism finds one embodiment in the cherries in the painting *Inaudibly*: bright-red and bouncy, popping from a central panel, they are echoes below in chalky outline, drooping like the willows in a 19th-century mourning-scene, fading from our visual grasp.

In other paintings, tape-like strips of wallpaper or paint seem to hold the painted flowers to the surface, as in a pressed-flower collection. Welcome to Tom Judd's album, they suggest, where preserved blossoms, amber-toned scenes, and bit of fabric remind us of what used to be. In the pages of this album, what is still directly available to us, in abundance, is beauty. The beauty of painted forms; of pulsing, integrated colors (the cherry-red, leaf-green and sunset-yellow of *Inaudibly* seeping into every disparate corner, for instance)-or the shocking beauty of mismatched colors and images; or the off-balance grace of knowingly placed elements. Yes, we have to make our own connections, but Judd is willing to point the way.

Miriam Seidel  
Corresponding Editor for *Art in America*  
Curator at the Gershman Y, Philadelphia

*Nocturnal*, oil on collage on panel, 36x28" 2006, collection of the artist



Who killed Cock Robin?  
I, said the Sparrow,  
with my bow and arrow,  
I killed Cock Robin.

Who saw him die?  
I, said the Fly,  
with my little eye,  
I saw him die.

Who caught his blood?  
I, said the Fish,  
with my little dish,  
I caught his blood.

Who'll make the shroud?  
I, said the Beetle,  
with my thread and needle,  
I'll make the shroud.

Who'll dig his grave?  
I, said the Owl,  
with my pick and shovel,  
I'll dig his grave.

Who'll be the parson?  
I, said the Rook,  
with my little book,  
I'll be the parson.

Who'll be the clerk?  
I, said the Lark,  
if it's not in the dark,  
I'll be the clerk.

Who'll carry the link?  
I, said the Linnet,  
I'll fetch it in a minute,  
I'll carry the link.

Who'll be chief mourner?  
I, said the Dove,  
I mourn for my love,  
I'll be chief mourner.

Who'll carry the coffin?  
I, said the Kite,  
if it's not through the night,  
I'll carry the coffin.

Who'll bear the pall?  
We, said the Wren,  
both the cock and the hen,  
We'll bear the pall.

Who'll sing a psalm?  
I, said the Thrush,  
as she sat on a bush,  
I'll sing a psalm.

Who'll toll the bell?  
I said the bull,  
because I can pull,  
I'll toll the bell.

All the birds of the air  
fell a-sighing and a-sobbing,  
when they heard the bell toll  
for poor Cock Robin.



Robin #1, oil on collage on panel, 32x36"  
2007, Collection of Lainey Moseley

## Chapter 2

"Yes, Sometimes I paint birds."

One year I asked for a pellet gun for Christmas. In Utah everyone has a gun. The schools actually close for deer hunting season..!

~~My~~ My family was not the gun or hunting type. My father didnt even fish. So my parents were a little mystified that I wanted a gun of any sort.

Christmas was a beautiful white Christmas that year. I woke up very ~~early~~ early with my sister Abbie and sure enough there was my new pellet gun under the Christmas tree. I couldnt wait to get ~~out~~ outside and try my new present. The Mountains were brilliant with snow and the clouds hung low hiding the peaks. So before breakfast I dashed out the door into the silent winter morning and headed into the grove of cottonwood trees next to our house. I immediately spotted a ~~Robin~~ Robin perched on a branch just twenty feet away. I pointed my new rifle and pulled the trigger. The bird fell to the ground. It lay still, blood spattered on the white snow. I stared down in horror, quickly covering the bird with snow and running back to the house.

I joined the family at the breakfast table. There was a lot of laughing and good cheer in the air. I ~~didnt~~ didnt mention anything about the dead bird.

The new pellet gun was retired to the basement, that corner where old toys end up collecting dust. I later sold it at a garage sale.



Photograph: Carleton E. Watkins



"Ideas" of Order, oil on collage on panel, 60x65" 2009, Collection of the artist

Astrid in Studio 2009

*Only this Evening*, oil on collage on panel, 12x12" 2009 collection of the artist



OF MERE BEING

The palm at the end of the mind,  
Beyond the last thought, rises  
In the bronze distance.

A gold-feathered bird  
Sings in the palm, without human meaning,  
Without human feeling, a foreign song.

You know then that it is not the reason  
That makes us happy or unhappy.  
The bird sings. Its feathers shine.

The palm stands on the edge of space.  
The wind moves slowly in the branches.  
The bird's fire-fangled feathers dangle down.

~Wallace Stevens, 1954~



*Summer Lake*, oil on canvas, 70x64" 2009, collection of the artist



*Diver*, oil on collage on panel, 11x10"  
2008, Collection of the artist



*White Gloves*, oil on collage on panel,  
12x9" 2009, Collection of yhr artist



*Berries*, oil on collage on panel, 40x30"  
2009 collection of the artist



*Botanical*, oil on collage on panel,  
36x34" 2009, Collection of the artist



Eggs



Gary Cooper



Moose #2



China Town



Swamp



Field Botany



Parrot and Ivy



Landscape and Dots

20x30, Mixed media on paper, 2009, collection of the artist

20x30, Mixed media on paper, 2009, collection of the artist



The Wall, collage on panel, 75x72" 2009, collection of artist



**SELECTED SOLO EXHIBITS**

- 2010 Tom Judd - New Work  
Clark Gallery, Lincoln MA
- 2009 Evidence of a Collected Past: A Retrospective  
Globe Dye Works, Philadelphia PA
- 2008 Cumberland Gallery, Nashville TN  
Stremmel Gallery, Reno NV  
Costello/Childs Contemporary Fine Art, Phoenix AZ  
La Salle University Art Museum, Philadelphia PA
- 2007 THE NEW WORLD, Projects Gallery, Philadelphia PA  
PAINTINGS, Mason Murer Fine Art, Atlanta GA  
WILD LIFE, Julie Nester Gallery, Park City UT  
Anne Reed Gallery, Ketchum ID
- 2006 Fiction, Julie Nester Gallery, Park City, Utah  
New Continent, Weber Fine Art, Scarsdale, NY  
Degrees of Perception, Robischon Gallery, Denver, CO
- 2005 The Hermit Project + New Work Installation, Stremmel Gallery, Reno, NV (Catalog)  
Tijuana Weekend Installation, Scott White Contemporary, San Diego, CA  
Field Guide, Anne Reed Gallery, Ketchum, ID
- 2004 Paintings, Lydon Fine Art, Chicago, IL
- 2003 Essential Ornaments, Franklin Bowles Gallery, New York, NY  
Tom Judd, Weber Fine Art, Scarsdale NY  
Tom Judd, Cumberland Gallery, Nashville TN
- 2002 Tom Judd, Sandler/Hudson Gallery, Atlanta GA  
Tom Judd, Stremmel Gallery, Reno NV
- 2001 Franklin Bowles Galleries, New York NY  
Edward Day, Toronto, ON  
Weber Fine Art, Scarsdale NY  
Gerald Peters Gallery, Santa Fe NM  
Butters Gallery, Portland OR
- 2000 When Reason Dreams: Drawings inspired by Visionary, the Fantastic and the Unreal,  
The Philadelphia Museum of Art, Philadelphia PA  
Doors, Associated American Artists, New York NY  
Small Paintings, Sandler / Hudson, Atlanta GA  
Tom Judd, Edward Day Gallery, Toronto, ON Canada
- 1999 Associated American Artists, New York NY
- 1998 Sandler/ Hudson, Atlanta GA
- 1997 Blackboard Chronicles, Drive Through Gallery, Salt Lake City, UT
- 1995 Tom Judd, Snyderman Gallery, Philadelphia, PA
- 1994 The Billboard Project, Coordinated by Snyderman Gallery, Philadelphia, PA  
Tom Judd, Philadelphia Art Alliance, Philadelphia PA
- 1993 Tom Judd, Snyderman Gallery, Philadelphia, PA
- 1990 Tom Judd, Philadelphia Art Alliance (catalogue), Philadelphia, PA

**SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITS**

- 2006 Revising Arcadia, The Landscape in Contemporary Art, Cornell Museum of Fine Art, Winter Park, FL
- 2003 Vanier Gallery, Scottsdale, AZ  
Dichotomy Robischon Gallery, Denver, CO  
A&C Fine Art, Inc., East Greenwich, RI  
David Floria, Aspen, CO  
Mira Mar Gallery, Sarasota, FL  
ADM Gallery, Philadelphia, PA  
Concept Art Gallery, Pittsburgh, PA  
Butters Gallery, Portland, OR
- 2000 Animals in Painting, Stremmel Gallery, Reno, NV  
Soma Gallery, LaJolla, CA
- 1999 Mira Mar Gallery, Sarasota, FL
- 1998 The Contemporary Landscape, Associated American Artists, New York, NY
- 1997 Festival of Masks, Snyderman Gallery, Philadelphia, PA
- 1994 Landscape As Stage, Locks Gallery, Philadelphia, PA (Curated by Raphael Rubenstein)

**PRIZES AND FELLOWSHIPS**

- 2006 Tandem Press, Fellowship Residency
- 2004 Millay Colony, fellowship for August
- 2001 Macdowell Colony, fellowship for July
- 2000 Pollock/Krasner Grant

**CULTURAL PROJECTS**

- 2003 Waterfront Marriott Hotel Commission, Seattle WA
- 1999 History of the World Mural, City of Philadelphia PA
- 1997 The Chalkboard Chronicles, TZ Art, New York NY
- 1996 Lost Vacation Billboard, Philadelphia PA

**COLLECTIONS**

- Reto Reitman, Hong Kong, China  
David Douglas Duncan, Cannes, France  
ARA Corporation, Philadelphia, PA  
Brookman, Rosenberg, Brown, and Sandler, Philadelphia, PA  
Kraft Food Company  
Philadelphia Museum of Art, Philadelphia, PA  
Redding Pretzel Machine Corporation, PA  
The Birmingham Museum of Art, Birmingham, AL  
The Klein Group  
The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, PA  
Ballard Spahr

**EDUCATION**

- 1973-75 Philadelphia College of Art, B.F.A.  
1970-72 University of Utah, Painting



Miss Gigounas' Fourth Grade Class, 1962

My artwork suggests the finding of an artifact from another time. It imparts a contradictory sense of loss and discovery on the viewer. It taps into a sort of longing that seems to all ways be in the background, if not the foreground, that memory of a some forgotten past.



Kiki and Astrid - Spiral Jetty,  
Great Salt Lake, Utah. 2009

*Evidence Of A Collected Past: A Retrospect*

November 13, 2009 - January 10, 2010  
Opening reception: November 13

Allen Sheppard, Curator

The Globe Dye Works  
4500 Worth Street  
Philadelphia

[tomjuddart.com](http://tomjuddart.com)