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As an honest inquiry into the American landscape, Aristotle Georgiades's recent work explores the rural landscape surrounding his home and studio, which is quickly being surrendered to encroaching suburban sprawl. In works that evoke nostalgia for a disappearing place, Georgiades, who teaches sculpture at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, reminds us of how the hidden gesture of politics can affect American vernacular icons such as the farm and the industrial village.

Eight large sculptures composed of industrial felt occupied the gallery, seeming both imposing and vulnerable. Fabricated aluminum appears to support the almost floating, hand-sewn felt. Both materials are neutral and flat, creating monochromatic three-dimensional cartoon drawings. The gray slab-like fiber buckles and folds in places, the crinkles and creases offering a subtle commentary on suburban sprawl through a delicate mapping that nods to imminent cultural erasure.

A first generation Greek-American Georgiades is a Pittsburgh native who has identified with the politics and issues of labor for nearly two decades. An emerging artist during the era of Reaganomics, he narrates how history repeats itself: the artist, the worker, and the landscape are silently tied to an American Dream of a place where judgments of one's work ethic and hard-won values in the political sphere are tied to the economy and agriculture traditions.

Georgiades, who avidly collects vintage toys, reminds us that the simple and small can also be monumental and complex. These sculptures also serve as memorials, especially when sculptural gesture is at play. *Ladel, Bucket* sets up a visceral tension between the subject and the minimal presentation of the work. The interpretive leap in scale and meticulous craftsmanship bestow a feeling of permanence and solidity on what seems a fragile memory.

Georgiades uses iconic farm tools—the pail, the bucket, the funnel, the watering can, and the wheelbarrow—as form. These objects offer a nostalgic undertone along with a sense of humor. With their Minimalist edge, they evoke monochromatic monuments in a disappearing landscape. The sculptures, both familiar and foreign, possess a clearly defined presence, leaving us to wonder if we stumbled in the land of misfit toys.