

Courthouse Artwork Selected Concept: *Trees*

Artist Marie Jones

Beautification, Arts and Sciences

Jana Weldon





Agenda



- **Public Art Process Overview**

- Background of the Courthouse Artwork Project
- Selection Panel Review
- Directions for Artist Proposals

- ***Trees, Artist Marie Jones***

- Inspiration
- Materials
- Artists Words and Poem
- Panel and BPAC responses to date



Overview: Background

Courthouse Artwork Project

- The new Flagstaff Municipal Courthouse is nestled into the historic downtown
- The area for the artwork is on the east elevation facing Beaver Street within a traditional red brick framework





Overview



Selection Panel Review

- Jessica Cortes, Court Administrator
- Heidi Lofgren, Deputy Court Administrator
- Brent Harris, Chief Prosecutor
- Rose Toehe, Coordinator for Indigenous Initiatives, City of Flagstaff
- Chris Verrill, Executive Director, Theatrikos (across the street)
- Dr. Ricardo Guthrie, Director and Associate Professor, Ethnic Studies, NAU, Artist (at recommendation of Southside Community Association)
- Marianna Gronek, Pastor, Epiphany Episcopal Church (a block or two North)
- Anthony Garcia, BPAC Chair
- Sandra Lubarsky, BPAC Vice-Chair



Overview



Selection Panel Review

- Chose three finalists to produce proposals
- Provided key community input
- Evaluated Proposals

Direction to Finalists

- Envisioned is a pictorial artwork that will belong to the City as a whole, respond to the historic downtown, and have a certain gravitas and balance appropriate to a courthouse.
- Incorporate implicitly or explicitly community stakeholder input and learnings from site visit to create site specific work.



Overview: Community Input

Think about downtown Flagstaff. Think of walking on Beaver St. Think of walking on Cherry Ave. Imagine what kind of movie you would be in and why?

- I imagine a quiet, moving story, focused on relationships and healing and goodness. Not on grand, abstract principles, but on the power of each person to endure life's difficulties, celebrate life's beauty, and contribute to making things whole. My thinking runs along the lines of a Wendell Berry novel like "A Place on Earth."*
- I suppose it would be a Western, given the history of Flagstaff stretching back hundreds of years since European immigrants moved in, brought the railroad, and turned it into a nexus of trade for sheep, cattle, lumber, and countless other items. The indigenous communities surrounding Flagstaff and the nearby peaks have utilized this area for centuries earlier for survival, trade and religious purposes.....*
- Back to the future, because it has maintained a historic feel yet has modern amenities.*



Proposal: Inspiration

Trees

Powder-coated steel and rusted Corten steel
Flagstaff Municipal Courthouse
Marie Jones/Ideahouse

Wendell Berry's poem begins "I go among trees and sit still",
echoing an experience felt by residents and visitors alike
when we go to the forest to reflect and reset.

The perspective on the iconic Ponderosa Pines is personal,
an eye level view of the unique bark patterns we recognize,
even when abstracted as here. Rich colors glow in morning
light and soften in afternoon shadow, offering a changing
view of a scene we may sometimes take for granted.



TEAM FLAGSTAFF



WE MAKE THE CITY BETTER



FLAGSTAFF
MUNICIPAL
COURT



Proposal: Materials



The top surface is 1/4", laser-cut Corten steel

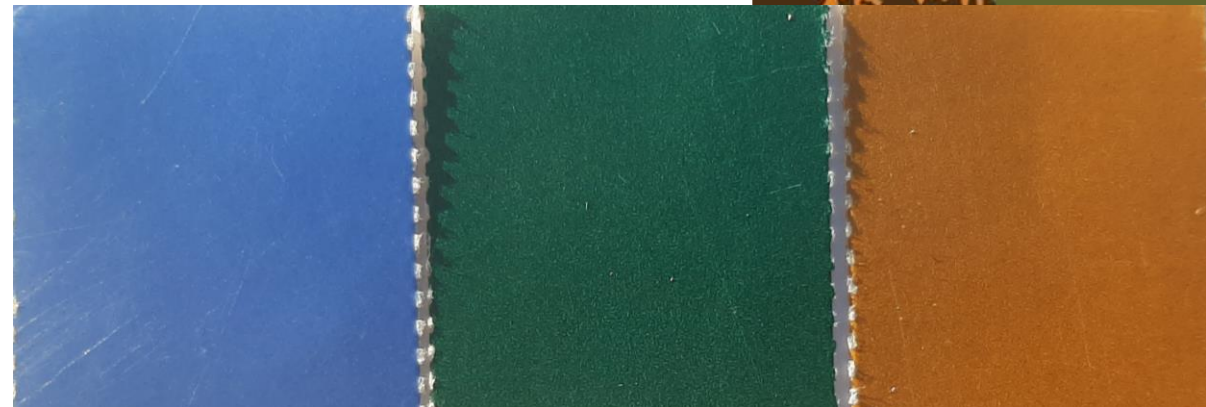


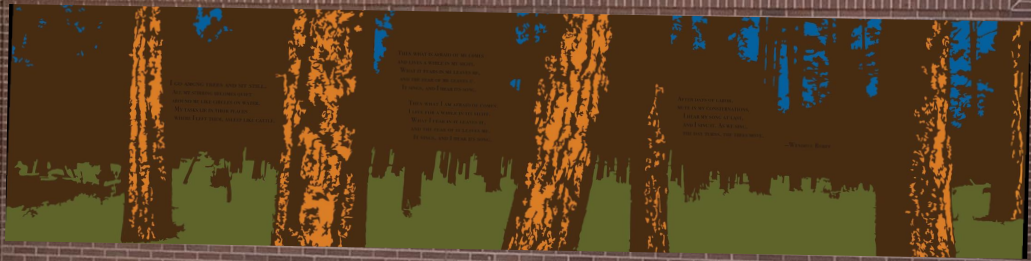


Proposal: Materials



- Coated steel panels sit behind the Corten, showing through the precision laser-cutting
- The color may have reflective properties
- Cut Corten atop of the colored metal panels creates positive relief detail and depth.





FLAGSTAFF
MUNICIPAL
COURT

AMERICAN
CONSTRUCTION

DANGER
CONSTRUCTION AREA
KEEP OUT

AMERICAN
CONSTRUCTION



TEAM FLAGSTAFF
WE MAKE THE CITY BETTER



10-7a
AMERICAN
CITY OF FLAGSTAFF



FL
M
C





Proposal: Materials



I GO AMONG TREES AND SIT STILL,
ALL MY STIRRING BECOMES QUIET
AROUND ME LIKE CIRCLES ON WATER.
MY TASKS LIE IN THEIR PLACES
WHERE I LEFT THEM, ASLEEP LIKE CATTLE.

THEN WHAT IS AFRAID OF ME COMES
AND LIVES A WHILE IN MY SIGHT.
WHAT IT FEARS IN ME LEAVES ME,
AND THE FEAR OF ME LEAVES IT.
IT SINGS, AND I HEAR ITS SONG.

THEN WHAT I AM AFRAID OF COMES.
I LIVE FOR A WHILE IN ITS SIGHT.
WHAT I FEAR IN IT LEAVES IT,
AND THE FEAR OF IT LEAVES ME.
IT SINGS, AND I HEAR ITS SONG.

AFTER DAYS OF LABOR,
MUTE IN MY CONSTERNATIONS,
I HEAR MY SONG AT LAST,
AND I SING IT, AS WE SING,
THE DAY TURNS, THE TREES MOVE.

—WENDELL BERRY



The text is etched into the surface of the Corten, not cut through, providing a more subtle effect.



THEN WHAT IS AFRAID OF ME COMES
AND LIVES A WHILE IN MY SIGHT,
WHAT IT FEARS IN ME LEAVES ME,
AND THE FEAR OF ME LEAVES IT.
IT SINGS, AND I HEAR ITS SONG.

THEN WHAT I AM AFRAID OF COMES,
I LIVE FOR A WHILE IN ITS SIGHT,
WHAT I FEAR IN IT LEAVES IT,
AND THE FEAR OF IT LEAVES ME.
IT SINGS, AND I HEAR ITS SONG.



Proposal: Materials



Readable when on adjacent sidewalk.

I GO AMONG T
ALL MY STIRRIN
AROUND ME LIK



Proposal: Words from the Artist



I Go Among Trees

We are drawn to Flagstaff for the forest. The experience of being among the pines is the subject of this piece. There are many ways to look at trees—this piece takes the human, eye-level perspective and abstracts it into patterning that reflects the feeling of moving among the pines....





Proposal: Words from the Artist



From the street, rich color peeks through rusted steel to portray an abstracted experience of being among the pines. The morning sun brightens the color, the afternoon shadow deepens it.

For the pedestrian viewer, a Wendell Berry poem etched into the rusted steel reveals itself....

I GO AMONG TREES AND SIT STILL.
ALL MY STIRRING BECOMES QUIET
AROUND ME LIKE CIRCLES ON WATER.
MY TASKS LIE IN THEIR PLACES
WHERE I LEFT THEM, ASLEEP LIKE CATTLE.

THEN WHAT IS AFRAID OF ME COMES
AND LIVES A WHILE IN MY SIGHT.
WHAT IT FEARS IN ME LEAVES ME,
AND THE FEAR OF ME LEAVES IT.
IT SINGS, AND I HEAR ITS SONG.

THEN WHAT I AM AFRAID OF COMES.
I LIVE FOR A WHILE IN ITS SIGHT.
WHAT I FEAR IN IT LEAVES IT,
AND THE FEAR OF IT LEAVES ME.
IT SINGS, AND I HEAR ITS SONG.

AFTER DAYS OF LABOR,
MUTE IN MY CONSERVATIONS,
I HEAR MY SONG AT LAST,
AND I SING IT, AS WE SING,
THE DAY TURNS, THE TREES MOVE.

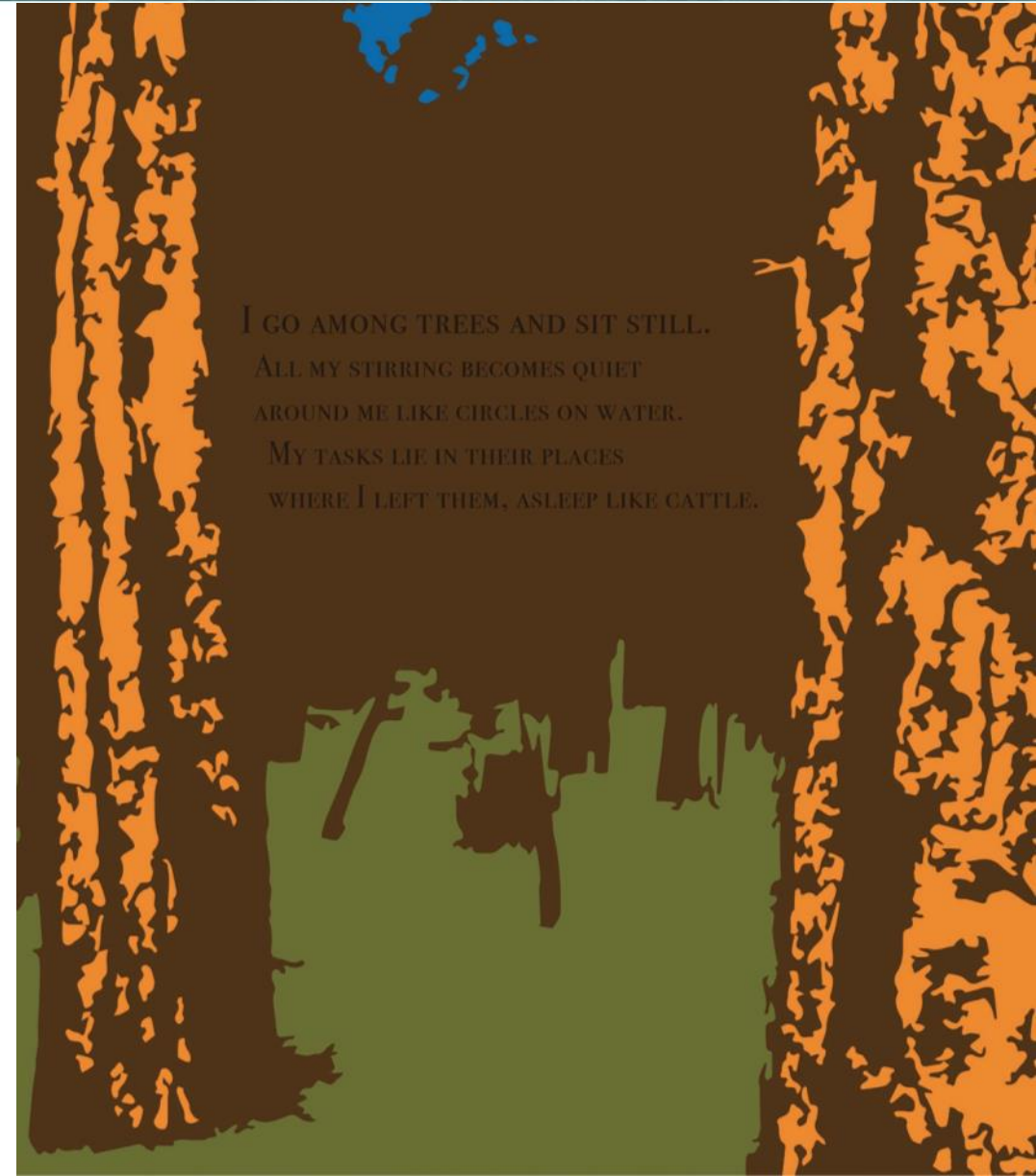
—WENDELL BERRY



Proposal: Words from the Artist, the Poem



....Though we find our own meanings in poetry, the suggestion of facing concerns and recovering personal peace is beautifully told, and possibly relevant and comforting to anyone headed to court. For those not entering but just passing by, it may simply speak to how the forest resets us after a long day or week.



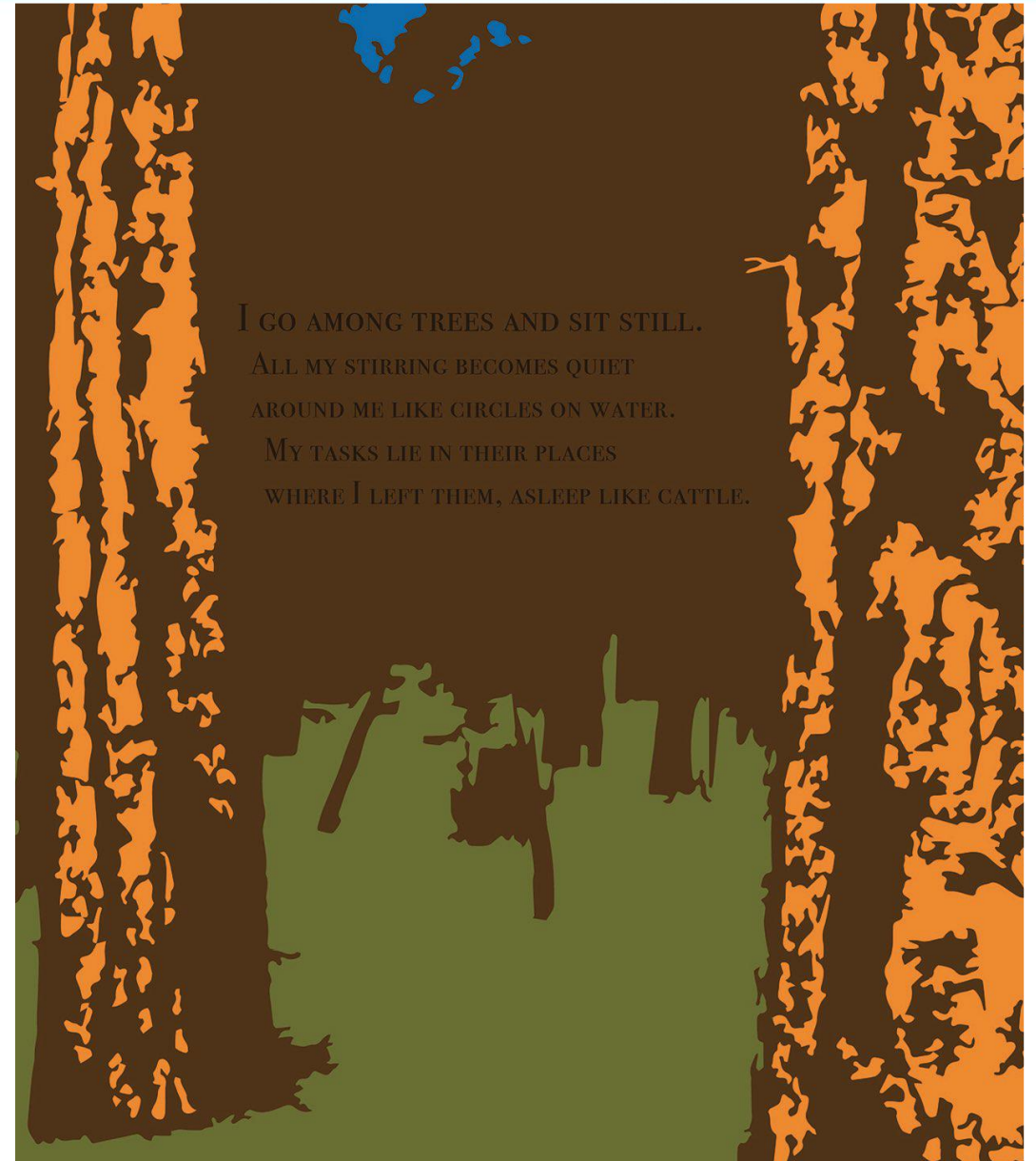
I GO AMONG TREES AND SIT STILL.
ALL MY STIRRING BECOMES QUIET
AROUND ME LIKE CIRCLES ON WATER.
MY TASKS LIE IN THEIR PLACES
WHERE I LEFT THEM, ASLEEP LIKE CATTLE.



Proposal: Responses



- Translations
- Other poems
- Yellow metallic shimmer
- Enrich sidewalk in front of piece





Questions

Comments