

VISION  
TO  
PAGE

# WRITING COMPETITION

words on art in support of the SAN DIEGO ART PRIZE

## *Congratulations!*

Writers were invited to pen their observations about any or all of the **San Diego Art Prize** recipients — Raul Guerrero, Yvonne Venegas, Jean Lowe, Iana Quesnel, Ernest Silva and May-Ling Martinez — whose work has been featured in the “**Innocence Is Questionable**” museum exhibition at the **California Center for the Arts, Escondido**. Contest submissions could be in any style of writing, and creativity was encouraged in all formats. The exhibition continues through Sunday, May 31st.

The winning entries were selected from all received by **North County Times** editorial staffers Pam Kragen, Laura Groch and Gary Warth.

As winner of the Adult Writer category, **Louisa Garcia** will receive \$300 courtesy of the **San Diego Visual Arts Network**. **Sarah Nichols**, Junior Writer winner, will be awarded \$100. Many thanks to everyone who entered!

For information on the San Diego Art Prize and the Vision to Page writing competition, please go to:

**sdvan.net**

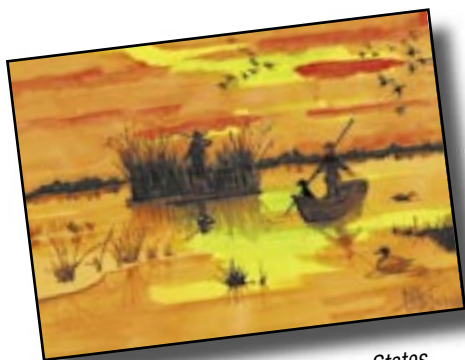
### 1st Place Adult Writer

**LOUISA GARCÍA, Carlsbad**

*On the work of Yvonne Venegas*

#### *BEAUTIFUL BRIDES*

*¡Ay Dios Mío!  
you look so beautiful  
pink tongue held out  
tasting the Holy Spirit  
i will be watching you  
stealing colored moments  
into my tiny box  
images turned inside out  
upside down despite attempts  
to overexpose the moment  
yes, my dress is fancy  
and my face is painted  
a smile of solidarity  
will you trust that  
it will be a glorious record  
of promises made  
shooting memories under  
long windows that only allow  
the most flattering light*



Special recognition goes to Roger States of Valley Center for embellishing his entry envelope with an original watercolor landscape.

### 1st Place Junior Writer

**SARAH NICHOLS, Escondido**

*On the complexity of May-Ling Martinez*

At the California Center for the Arts I realized that by just “browsing” the museum — strolling through the corridors, glancing at each piece of art for a mandatory moment — you can’t even scratch the surface of most pieces. This is especially true of the work of May-Ling Martinez.

Martinez’s art has a vaguely disturbing tone — the kind that makes most people hurry away after a single uncomfortable impression, to find a more pleasant piece of art. Pictures of people cut from 1950s magazines and books are joined to diagrams of machines, knots and molecular structures, all intertwining almost as if to form a larger diagram. Hand-drawn arrows connect a stamped diagram of a human heart to a girl’s severed neck. Machinery and square knots surround a pair of girls on a swing. A family is eating dinner — but under the table we see that robots have replaced their bottom halves.

These are not pieces I would want hanging in my bedroom, but they possess a unique allure, a dark fascination. They are certainly worthy of more than a compulsory glance. The more you look, the more you see. You learn things from spending a few extra minutes with a piece of art. For example, I was caught off guard by the shocking impermanence of some of Martinez’s work.

One piece was made up of a few dozen small framed collages similar to those described above, all arranged to flow into each other, with common elements linking each picture to those around it. I spoke to a docent — another enriching experience you can’t get from browsing — and learned that every time the compilation is moved to a new showing, Martinez completely rearranges the pictures and gives the assemblage a new title. I learned that one of her sculptures, composed of precariously placed old furniture and adorned with stacks of old books, was not glued together. All the parts are loose — every time they move the sculpture, she rearranges the entire thing. The docent said that the title of each book used has significance, and that Martinez intentionally changes the meaning of her sculpture every time she puts it together.

You cannot begin to comprehend the complexity of an artist, of a medium, of even a single masterpiece, until you spend time with it. People say that when they go to museums, they don’t stop and look closer at a piece of art unless they see something they like. I say that they don’t see much they like because they refuse to stop and look.

**www.nctimes.com**

**NORTH COUNTY TIMES**

*Real News • Really Local*