



**Auction  
Block**  
a zoé strecker installation



# Auction Block

## ritual theater, market, and desire

By Zoé Strecker

While making this piece I tried to work fluidly between building objects and writing stories. Sometimes I had a story in mind and pursued a specific object that would fit. Often, however, an object entered my orbit and catalyzed a story. For example, a friend gave me an old-fashioned metal lunch box. While making the ceramic version I found myself remembering a street person in Cincinnati who caution-taped himself to phone poles near construction sites wearing a clown costume. So I imagined a plausible fictional narrative for Larry the Construction Clown, a highly disciplined performance artist completely unrecognized until after his death when it was discovered that his lunchbox was filled with meticulous notes to himself about his frozen posture pieces.

All of the stories make connections to longtime fascinations of mine, like the slippery designation of “art.” A person does interesting scripted things: on one hand, he is pitiable, like a street person; on another, he is a brilliant, misunderstood artist whose actions trigger conversations and critical writing by intelligent, informed people. In this way someone’s strange detritus (the clown’s lunchbox and note cards) achieve the status and value of saintly relics.

I have employed variations on the themes of object value and authenticity throughout *Auction Block*. There is a “souvenir” element from Marina Abramovic’s performance of *Balkan Baroque*

(with Angus cattle bones from Kentucky). James Dean's keys. A kitchen whisk from the wife of Colonel Sanders. Seabiscuit's exercise saddle. Rebecca Boone's sock darning egg. The World's Smallest Violin, commissioned by Johnny Depp. Thomas Merton's monastic robes. A Ralph Eugene Meatyard photograph of Guy Davenport. And so on. (One rule I made for myself was that everything must have some connection to Kentucky.) The cultural and monetary value of the items is difficult to nail down. These are not paintings with which we have a traditional aesthetic relationship. These objects require a story; some require legal documents or great leaps of faith. The stories we like best are laced with scandal or celebrity glitter or danger or humor. Gossip and its esteemed cousins in the great storytelling family, history and criticism, play extremely important roles in generating desire and value while the objects themselves are mere placeholders.

Or are they? We experience a thrill when we think that, just under that "cloth" before us are three rolls of undeveloped film found on Eudora Welty's dresser upon her death—vessels filled with images that no one has ever seen, magic vessels filled with the secret vision of an imaginative master. Or James Dean's keys from the night he died in a car wreck. One of my characters, Eunice, is certain that the authenticity would be obvious if she had intimate contact with the object. She says, "if I could just hold them in my hand, I could tell. Ten seconds—I could tell. There's an energy. I could *feel* the rebel comin' offa them keys." Her desire, however, is frustrated by the distance created by the object's value. "But how am I gonna get them?" she complains. "They're way up there and I'm way back here!"

We are all frustrated.

Because frustration is important for my purposes in this installation, I decided to borrow the sculptural technique of denying full visual access to a figure and apply it to objects—any objects, all objects—in order to draw attention to the elemental energy that comes with our desire to see beneath the folds. I wanted for my objects to create tension as they oscillate between visibility and invisibility, allure and distance. The vast range of familiar objects—a saddle, a hammer, a watch, a book—is plausible due to the high level of detail recognizable beneath the drapery. Yet the things themselves are absolutely inaccessible, hidden, suggested rather than represented. Upon close examination of the specific objects, the viewer finds that the concealing cloth is



**Auction  
Block**

a zoë strecker installation

actually made of clay. This realization causes doubt about whether there is anything at all underneath; there is also a certain degree of frustration since the illusory cloth can't be actually lifted.

In fact, there is nothing there.

In this work, it is important that the sculptural objects are inherently worthless shells (clay being mere dirt) but purported to have tremendous value as a result of the stories they somehow "contain" and/or catalyze. The stories, like the clay objects, are formal placeholders—because they are nothing, they could be anything.

In the installation, visitors weave among rows of long saw-horse tables filled with ceramic objects. Wood chips cover the floor like one might find in a barn prepared for an estate auction. There is a pervading sense of provisionality.

The stillness of this mysterious space filled with eternally replicated, half-hidden objects of desire is disrupted and energized by disembodied sounds of an auction—voices of auctioneers, bidders, random audience members, and an "historian" telling the story behind each object as it comes up for sale. Like a play, the parts are fully choreographed.

The purpose of the fictional auction characters is to provide a range of perspectives on the arc of desire as filtered through a social market system. There are British art buyers, young Lexingtonians, uptight business men, outspoken rural women, and so forth. They think out loud, chat with one another and generally give voice to the obsessions, worries and fascinations that are common to most of us. Occasionally they place bids. Some are triumphant, some defeated, some nervous, some cavalier. Everyone is acquisitive. Everyone has complex motivations.

Like malleable clay, desire takes the shape of its object. The specifics mutate, but the elemental force is eternal. If you call that massive force "the market," you can look at economic trends as a complex web of intimate conversations and exchanges. An auction turns the market into theatre in which anyone is an actor.



# “The art relic”

**Physical object:** a large cow bone

**Historian:** Up next is a contemporary relic of sorts. This large cow bone is a fragment of an important piece of performance art by Marina Abramovic. It is similar in value to a religious relic, like a chip of finger bone from Saint Francis of Assisi or a piece of unsinged hair from the head of Joan of Arc.

*[aside, confidential tone]* We sold a locket containing a single one of those hairs for more than you’d believe...

In her landmark performance of “Balkan Baroque” at the Venice Biennale in June 1997, Abramovic sat in the middle of a gallery washing 1,500 fresh bovine bones with a wooden bristle brush while she sang Yugoslavian folksongs from her childhood. On three walls of the space were large video projections of the artist, her mother and her father. Ms. Abramovic performed for six hours a day in a trance-like state. Her white dress grew bloody with the gore from the bones.

She won the prestigious “Golden Lion Award for Best Artist” at Venice for this compelling and original work.

**AUCTIONEER:** *[starts at \$2,000. Price goes down to \$500 before bidding begins. Creeps up and sells at \$4,000]*

**Sylvia:** *[quietly, thoughtfully, as if to herself]*

Strange. The cow bone is substituted for the artist’s body. Bone or body, they’re just parts of the whole. Bits of the art.

Can’t sell the artist’s body. Of course, that’s what she’s selling. That’s the medium.



*Cow Bone*, 2010, 18" X 9" X 5"

Wonder if the artist sold this bone to the current owner.

I wasn't aware this was on the list.

Shit. I wish I'd known.

Be nuts to bid without market data on other Abramovic items.

I'll not enter this fray.

**David:** *[very low voice, almost a whisper]* I had Caitlin look into this, but the item is so strange, so unclear to me.

I can deal with a painting. Even if I don't like it, I know it's art. Right? It's a painting. What else is a painting but art?

Well, the price is rising. Must be worthwhile.

I'm watching that buyer. Seems to know what's going on. Ah! There he goes, bidding again.

Hang tight David! Wait it out. Wait for something you really like, or at least "get" ...a little!

### **Two Friends G1 and G2:**

**G2:** This auction is stranger than I anticipated.

**G1:** Yes, and better. Down home auctioneers selling performance art relics! From Eastern Europe yet.

**G2:** Yugoslavia might be more like Kentucky than unlike it.

**G1:** Behind the curve.

**G2:** And certain that anything from here is worthless.



**G1:** Not true!

**G2:** Okay, but as a generalization. It must not be worth much if it's happening here.

**G1:** With notable exceptions.

**G2:** Let's not fight about this right now. Let's figure out who these people are; they're actually bidding!

**Eunice:** I don't understand! So this artist person just stood there in the middle of somewhere scrubbin' on a cow bone and singin' songs. I don't get it! I mean, that's art?!

This is just too bizarre. I can't see payin' one cent for an old cow bone. Shoot I can walk through Daddy's field and probably trip over five or six of 'em. Why would I want to pay for somethin' like that?

Oh my God!! That is ridiculous!

**Matt:** Cool but strange. Kind of have to believe in magic though. Like, the mojo is IN the bone, the power of the art IN the bone.

It's like, so the artist had this experience, and the audience had this experience watching the artist do their thing, and this bone was there too, so now it's a kind of souvenir.

I guess Jackson Pollack's paintings are souvenirs of some fun he had in his studio too. And they command some serious cash.

*[as if to somebody]* You think someone snagged this bone from the pile in Venice? I mean, would they miss it?

I guess there's no way to prove it was one of the original bones from the piece.

Could be any old bone.

Then again, would it matter? I mean, if I believe the story, then it will feel special to me.

But if it were a DaVinci sketch, a forgery would be a waste of money, even if I liked it.

But a bone. The artist didn't make it. It contains no obvious craftsmanship.

Too murky for me.

Shit! Listen to those bids!

Clearly, somebody thinks it's worthwhile.



*Riding Boots*, 2010, 15" X 12" X 20"

# "Rush Limbaugh's Cigars"

**Physical object:** cigar box

**Historian :** *(reads straight through his complete script as audience members speak to themselves and to each other).* Next up is a partial box of H. Upman Brand Petite Corona Cuban Cigars, circa 1973, containing 12 remaining cigars still in their original cellophane wrappers. The others were smoked, long ago, by a late night top 40 DJ working for KQV under the stage name "Jeff Christie." He frequently provoked his fellow DJs by inserting inappropriate political comments into his patter between tracks. Christie lost the rather expensive cigars in a bet about a local election with the DJ working in the next booth. Shortly afterwards, in 1974, he lost his job when the station changed ownership. Management said he'd never make it as an on-air talent, and he looked for work in sales.

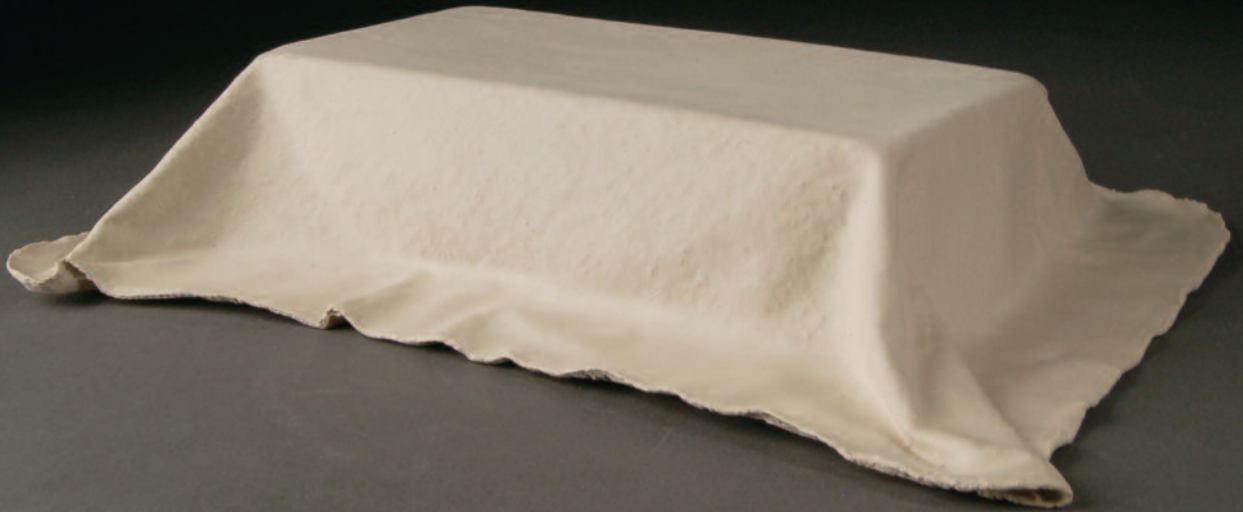
By the late 1980's the washed up DJ got a job as a political commentator and began working under his real name, Rush Limbaugh. He became a wildly influential conservative host for Premier Radio Networks. The rest, as they say, is history. A self-proclaimed cigar aficionado, Limbaugh always had one in hand during public appearances beginning in the 1990's.

The seller of this box of early Limbaugh stogies does not recommend inhaling or even lighting the cigars, which are stale and obnoxious.

Proceeds from the sale to support Democratic candidates for electoral office.

**Auctioneer:** "Let's go boys!" *[Starts at \$500. Price goes down to \$100 before bidding begins. Ends at \$7,000]*

*(Audience members talk to themselves and each other. Their voices overlap the historian's, the auctioneer's and the ring man's voices intermittently as they respond to what is being said, to the bids, or to their own thoughts.)*



*Cigar box, 2010, 13" X 11" X 5"*

**Sylvia:** Hmmmm. I have a client who deals in Nazi paraphernalia. Maybe he'd be interested.

Lovely that they still maintain the original aroma. You'd need to seal the case, I presume.

Could bottle the aroma and call it "obnoxious." *[weird, nasty laugh]* An aphrodisiac fragrance for republicans.

**David:** I gotta get out of here. Caitlin says to wait until...

**Two Friends G1 and G2:**

**G1:** That is weird. Who owns it now?

**G2:** Maybe the DJ who won the bet.

**Sylvia:** Can't bring myself to bid.

*[as if to the bid winner]* Enjoy!

**David:** My god.

I'm actually a little bit afraid of the things.

**Two Friends G1 and G2:**

**G2:** Oh yeah. Money goes to the democrats. Little old grudges festering away through time.

**G1:** The kind of money Limbaugh has, what does he care about a few bucks to the democrats. Just gives him another story to tell.

**G2:** I'd smoke those babies.

**G1:** Butch!

# “Seabiscuit Exercise Saddle”

**Physical object:** exercise saddle

**Historian:** Next item on the block is an exercise saddle owned by Canadian jockey Red Pollard (1909-1981). In 1936 when he was first paired with the thoroughbred Seabiscuit, neither horse nor rider was expected to succeed. Standing 5' 7" Pollard was tall for a jockey, and blind in his right eye. Seabiscuit was lethargic, small and knobby-kneed, unlike his grandsire, the great Man O' War. The unlikely pair went on to become legends with an impressive run of victories that lasted until Pollard was injured in an accident on another horse. On November 1, 1938, under jockey George Woolf, the humble horse made history and warmed the hearts of Americans who were suffering during the Great Depression, when he defeated Triple Crown Winner War Admiral in a 1 and 3/16 mile-race at the Pimlico Course.

Although there is no official verification of the saddle's authenticity available, independent assessors are satisfied by the fact that it is being sold directly from Mr. Pollard's estate. Actor Toby Maguire, who played Pollard in the 2003 movie Seabiscuit, borrowed the saddle and is said to have sat on it for hours in front of a mirror while developing the character. That loan to Mr. Maguire is the only known instance of the item leaving the Pollard property.

Please be aware that there is a reserve.

**Auctioneer:** Bidding begins at \$4,000. Let's go! *[Price rises quickly. Sells at \$31,000.]*

*(Audience members talk to themselves and each other. Their voices overlap the historian's, the auctioneer's and the ring man's voices intermittently as they respond to what is being said, to the bids, or to their own thoughts.)*



*Saddle*, 2010, 24" X 18" X 17"

**Sylvia:** *[as if on the phone]* Nige! The Seabiscuit Saddle is up. Where does Miriam want to start?

No, it's already to twelve five (\$12,500)

Ciao! *[kiss, kiss]*

*[to herself]* Spectacular piece of Americana!

I'll have a buyer in no time!

*[mumbles to self, as if making notes]* Wonder how we'll need to store the leather. In the dehumidified safe, of course. But will we have to saddle soap it periodically. I'll ask the conservators.

*[bids quietly and confidently]* Here.

Yes, again.

*[mumbles to self, as if making notes]* If questions of value arose in the future, DNA analysis could be run on both the horse's and the jockey's sweat.

*[after the bidding is over]* Well within our budget! Miriam will be thrilled.

*[on the phone again, triumphant]* Nig! Got it! Champagne on Sunday. Yes! *[kiss, kiss]*

**David:** This is on my list. Caitlin suggested a cap of \$22,000. Wonder why.

*[Bids several times]* Right here.

Me now.

Again.

*[to self]* Slow it down David. Slow down. You're just raising the price for yourself.

Crap. They are leaving me behind. I feel my face getting red. I hate to lose. I hate being outbid. Absolutely hate...it.



**Matt:** Okay, this is totally out of my league. I smell the money...

*[during the bidding]* **G1:** Oh my god. These prices...shocking.

And a stupid name.

I was in the casting line and people kept thinking I was Toby Maguire. I was a lot thinner then. Nope. No way.

Seems like the demographics of the crowd have shifted here.

She is missing the serious dough.

Oh my god.

**Eunice:** Ever'body knows that story. Well, least since the movie came out.

You know? Toby Maguire played that big tall jockey. I mean, he's not that big, but for a jockey he's huge!

I hear they eat like birds. The jockeys you know. And they vomit their food like bulemics!

Least they're gettin' paid to be thin. Course that'd be hard.

I don't care much about the horse, but it'd be something to have that thing Toby Maguire used! Though I'd rather have his Spiderman costume. D'you see that movie?

I want it! Here!

Oh! He saw me. Does that mean it's mine?

Okay. If I put some down and some aside...

Buford isn't going to like this. But what Buford don't know won't hurt him.

ME! Over here.

See now. That ain't fair. She's showin' her cleavage. That's the only reason he's paying any attention to her a'tall. And he'd gonna let her have this for little ta'nothing! I'm willing to bet...

He has no idea how much I want this. I have got to have this! This is somethin' I have wanted my entire life and I am here and I am ready and I am biddin' and he's ignoring me and I'm kind of hard to ignore.



*Goat Skull*, 2010, 11" X 8" X 6"



*Eyeglasses*, 2010, 9" X 8" X 1"



*Darning Egg, 2010, 6" X 5" X 2.5"*

# “Rebecca Boone’s darning egg”

**Object:** wooden darning egg

**Historian:** *(reads straight through his complete script as audience members speak to themselves and to each other).* Next up we have a rare object of simple beauty and great importance to Kentucky history, a cedar wood “darning” egg that belonged to Rebecca Boone, wife of the famous frontiersman Daniel Boone. The exact date of its manufacture is uncertain. It may have been whittled from a piece of kindling by the great American pioneer himself some cold January night as he sat by the fireplace in Virginia in the late 1750’s before he began to make extended trips into the wilderness west of the Allegheny Mountains. The egg was found in Mrs. Boone’s sewing basket at her death in 1813 and remained in the family until 1990 when it was sold to a collector of early Americana. Paperwork verifying the item’s provenance accompanies the object.

It is a longish egg-shaped piece of cedar wood used to support a sock from inside during the process of “darning” or repairing a hole in the garment. It is likely that the socks of the famous pioneer and his family were darned on this very tool.

The seller prefers that this piece is sold to a museum, historic society, or academic collection. However, there are no formal buyer’s restrictions and there is no reserve. I feel compelled to note that items with a direct and verifiable connection to historic figures like Boone are rarely available at public auction.

**Auctioneer:**

*[Does chant. Begins at \$2,000. Drops to \$1,000. Bidding is slow and serious. Finally sells at \$18,500.]*

*(Audience members talk to themselves and each other. Their voices overlap the historian’s, the auctioneer’s and the ring man’s voices intermittently as they respond to what is being said, to the bids, or to their own thoughts.)*

**Eunice:** What kind of chicken did that come from? (*chuckle*) Probably a rooster.

A darnin' egg! I ain't seen one of them in forever! Momma used to use one of them, remember? I always wondered, hell, just go get another pair of socks. (Heh heh.) You can get a whole bag of twelve for like \$5.99 at Wal Mart. (laughs) Well, I guess back then they didn't have Wal Marts. Hell, they didn't have no marts of any kind. No Kmart, Walmart.

Let's be real here. Now can you imagine paying admission into a museum and all you get to see is a piece of old cedar wood darnin' egg that belonged to Boone?!

She probably had her work cut out for her on that! Could you imagine Daniel Boone's socks? I bet those were smelly.

**David:** Sounds like it should be worth a mint. Stupid really, but the really big Boone items must be squirreled away in a museum somewhere. This must not matter much.

Not for me.

Damn! The price is getting good.

Better every minute.

Kind-of mercenary to jump in now, but all's fair...in love and war.

*[bids] [whistles through teeth to place bid]* Yeah.

*[to self]* and auctions are both love and war. Precisely why I love them.

*[bids again, loudly]* Yes. Yes here!

Okay, they are flying. I don't know.

Crap. Crap. I don't think...

Okay, they're done. I'm out.

It's okay. Keep it together. You're just warming up.

Slick back your hair. Look like you don't give a damn. Don't look at anybody.

**Matt:** That's hilarious. I guess we're supposed to be impressed that the old pioneer's socks might have touched this little wooden egg.

I'd go for his muzzleloader.

Or maybe the moccasins his Shawnee squaw made for him.

**Sylvia:** *[snorty and indignant]* Rarely indeed! Without a grandmother in the DAR, good luck!

*[in response to affordable bids]* Really?

I'd almost consider if it weren't such a dull thing.

A spinning wheel or coonskin cap, maybe.

No. Forget it.

### **Two Friends G1 and G2:**

**G2:** You love history. Why not invest in a little trinket?

**G1:** Pardon me?

**G2:** It's only up to *[pauses to listen to auctioneer]* \$9,000. Could buy yourself some conspicuous sophistication. *[does a fake suave voice]* "Want to come up to my place and see my historic sock darned egg?" This little item might improve your sex life.

**G1:** Fuck you. Buy it yourself.

**G2:** I think I will. *[yells to make bid]* HERE!

**G1:** Are you nuts? Did you not actually register for your number and sign the little thing that says you'll pay.

**G2:** You idiot. I used a false name.

**G1:** I saw you writing your real address.

**G2:** Oops.

**G1:** Lucky you, the bidding has surpassed you. Dodged a bullet. Go ahead, bid again.

**G2:** I might, just to embarrass you.

**G1:** I love you too.



*Whisk*, 2010, 14" X 6.5" X 3"



*Stirrup*, 2010, 7" X 6.5" X 2"

# “Lunchbox of Larry the Construction Clown”

**Physical object:** metal lunchbox

**Historian:** Next up is a metal lunch box carried by a character from Newport, Kentucky, known as “Larry the Construction Clown”. From the late 1980’s until his death in 2006, Larry loitered around construction sites in Cincinnati wearing a clown suit, make up, red nose, and a hard hat over his rainbow-colored wig. Witnesses observed the silent clown wrapping caution tape around street objects like parking meters, newspaper stands, utility poles, or fire hydrants; then he would stand inside the tape frameworks, and strike simple poses which he would hold for intervals of exactly one hour.

The local law enforcement psychologist diagnosed catatonia and determined that Larry was mentally handicapped but harmless. When he died in an alley one cold January night, it was discovered that his metal lunch box was filled with rubber-banded bundles of index cards. Meticulously handwritten on each card are instructions to himself about his performances. There are also notes about outcomes such as, “Chased away by cop” or “got charlie horse—tears ruined make up” or “welding crew threw money, seemed complimentary.”

Larry the Construction Clown has posthumously been embraced by the art world as a daring and profoundly original performance artist. A selection of his lunchbox notes were published in Artforum with an essay by Arthur C. Danto titled “Outsider Art: Naïve, strange, delirious, pained”.

We have for sale today the metal lunch box and its contents—two rolls of yellow caution tape and 365 index cards in twelve bundles.

Proceeds from the sale will go toward establishing a studio art program for mentally ill inmates of Kentucky prisons.

**Auctioneer:** Let’s go! *[Bidding begins at \$1,000. Drops to \$200. Goes up quickly to \$8,500 and sells to Sylvia.]*





*Lunch Box, 2010, 17" X 8" X 8.5"*

**Sylvia:** We've been watching this one since last year.

Adelaide is planning to pull a Garth Clarke on this thing. Talk it up, get the critics to write, and sit back and enjoy the swooshing sound of the price rising.

Oh, I'll have to call her later! This is moving.

Here! Sir. Over here.

Yes, again.

*[at end, when she's won it]* Thank you very much.

**Matt:** Sounds like he belonged in a rubber room.

I guess, if he wasn't hurting anybody, or himself.

Still, doesn't make it art. Is it art if I put French fries up my nose and ride my bike through the mall?

### **Two Friends G1 and G2:**

**G1:** Now this is bizarre!

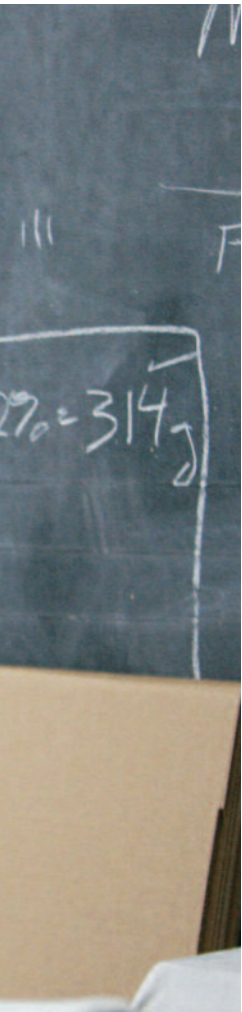
**G2:** Wonder if anyone ever filmed the guy?

**G1:** It would be fascinating to read the cards, but not at a price of \$8,000.

**G2:** \$8,500 actually.

*[as auction closes, mimics auctioneer voice]* Going. Going. Gone.





## ARTIST'S BIOGRAPHY

Zoé Strecker is a sculptor and writer who lives and works on a farm in Mercer County near the Kentucky River with her husband, potter Mike Frasca, and their two young daughters. She is currently Transylvania University's Visiting Assistant Professor of Art.

She makes conceptually-oriented sculpture and installation in a wide range of media and currently has several projects in progress in the studio. Her video documentary about Kentucky's only renewable energy facility, The Mother Ann Lee Hydroelectric Plant at Lock and Dam number 7 on the Kentucky River is in post-production and will be released in 2011 with support from The Kentucky Foundation for Women.

In the 1990's she completed a number of large site-specific sculpture commissions for public places like museums, schools, libraries, health clinics, parks, and churches in Kentucky, Colorado, Alaska, and Tennessee.

Zoé received a master's degree in sculpture from the New York State College of Ceramics at Alfred University in 1997. Her undergraduate degree was in English literature, from Grinnell College in Iowa in 1988 where she graduated with honors and induction into Phi Beta Kappa.

She has twice received Kentucky's most prestigious art award, The Al Smith Fellowship, among many other grants and awards. Strecker has appeared on Kentucky Educational Television documentaries and is a frequent columnist and editorialist for *Business Lexington*. Her selected poetry appears in *Through the Gap: an Anthology of Contemporary Kentucky Poetry* and she wrote the popular travel guide *Kentucky Off the Beaten Path: a Guide to Unique Places*.

# Index

## **Zoé Strecker**

*Auction Block*, 2010

Ceramic, audio, mirror, and wood

Size variable

## **Objects**

Individual ceramic items include:

Knit cap

Large piece of coal

Book on stand

Baseball glove

Small book on stand

Cobbler's tool

Bovine bone

English riding helmet

Hazardous materials mask

Small framed photo on stand

Shaker oval box

Bronzed baby shoe

Cow horn

Sculpted hand

Sunglasses

Diamond ring in jewelry box

Jumping stirrups

Tiny teapot

Goat skull

Vonnegut bound portfolio

Masonry hammer

Framed photo

Riding crop

Ming Dynasty lidded jar

Snaffle bit

18th century eyeglasses with case

Pentax 35mm camera

Kitchen whisk

Piccolo

Brace and bit

Child's tea set cup

Box of toothpicks

Feather crown in case

Cedar darning egg

Ring of car keys

World's smallest violin

3 rolls of 35mm film

Chromatic harmonica

Small Gideon's Bible

Syringe

Arrowhead

Wristwatch

Cowboy boots

Horseshoe 1 of 2

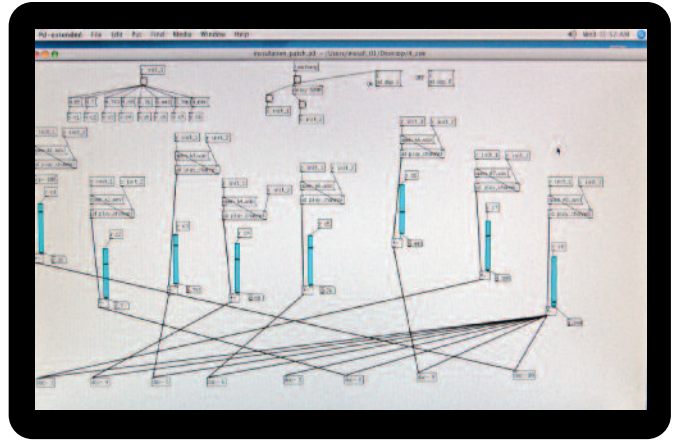
Horseshoe 2 of 2

Vial of Miles Davis' saliva

Stirrup

"Author's foul matter" (stack of 8.5" X 11"  
manuscript papers)

African mortar and pestle  
Mason jar of moonshine  
Bourbon bottle 12"X12"  
Spiral bound artist's sketch book  
Stack of 78 rpm vinyl records  
Stack of 45 rpm vinyl records  
Ceramic mortar and pestle  
Thimble  
Civil War uniform button  
Tailor's scissors, 3 pairs  
Ceramic bird-shaped water whistle  
Hard hat  
Stack of 4 books  
Bone from Big Bone Lick  
Thoroughbred exercise saddle  
Large squat vase  
Equitation dressage boots  
African portable "Safari" game case  
Manual typewriter  
Basketball  
English stirrup  
Lump of coal  
Monk's robe, belt and scapular  
Metal lunchbox  
Partial box of cigars  
Monkey hat (boxed)



### ***Auction audio tracks***

Track 1: Auctioneer

Track 2: Ring man

Track 3: Historian

Track 4: Audience members 1 and 2  
(pair of friends)

Track 5: Audience member 3 (Sylvia)

Track 6: Audience member 4 (David)

Track 7: Audience member 5 (Eunice)

Track 8: Auction background crowd sounds

## THANKS AND RECOGNITION

Zoé Strecker would like to recognize all those who contributed significantly to the creation of *Auction Block*. Thank you to Michael Frasca for pedestal design and construction and to Dmitry Strakovsky for audio programming and technical consultation. For excellent contributions to the soundtrack, thank you to professional auctioneers Ronnie Sims and Milward Dedman for their (usual) lively performances, to Tom Martin for providing smooth authority to the role of the “historian” and to voice actors Melissa Wilkeson, Matt Seckman, Karen Marsee, and Kris Olson who performed as auction audience members.

The Morlan Gallery would like to thank Justice Glass for the expert installation of the 180 square feet of the mirror required for *Auction Block*; to Barbara Grinnell for inspired graphic design; and to photographers Mary Rezny, Angela Baldridge, Lori-Lyn Hurley, and Mike Frasca.



Morlan  
Gallery



**Auction Block: A Zoé Strecker Installation**

FEBRUARY 19-MARCH 26, 2010

**Morlan Gallery**, Transylvania University • [transy.edu/morlan](http://transy.edu/morlan)