

CALL TO MURAL ARTISTS
Request for Proposals

DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS: November 30, 2022, 4:00 pm PT (late submissions will not be accepted)

All submission material must be EMAILED to:

Debra Soule
Arts & Culture Program Manager, Carson City Culture & Tourism Authority
dsoule@visitcarsoncity.com
775-283-7498

MURAL OPPORTUNITY

Carson City is seeking an artist or artist team to design and fabricate a mural on aluminum composite panels that depicts Samuel Clemens (aka Mark Twain), a Carson City legend. The mural to be installed on the exterior Robinson Street wall of the Nevada State Museum, Carson City, NV. Photographs and additional information about the mural location are provided.

PROJECT AWARD

The project budget is \$10,000 for the creation of a mural. The artwork budget shall include but is not limited to all expenses related to the planning, design, materials, fabrication, and transportation of the mural panels to the installation location, and includes incidentals such as: food, lodging, per diem, and travel etc. The mural will be installed by a professional sign company. Installation costs will not be borne by the artist.

The project will be awarded in two separate payments of \$5,000. The first payment will be processed upon receipt of the signed commissioning agreement. The final payment will be processed upon completion and delivery of the mural panels.

PROJECT BACKGROUND

Carson City is holding the first Mark Twain Days festival from April 21 – April 23, 2023. Samuel Langhorne Clemens, known by his pen name Mark Twain, was an American writer, humorist, entrepreneur, publisher, and lecturer. It was in Carson City that Samuel first penned his name as Mark Twain. This mural is intended to be a depiction of Mark Twain highlighting his wit and humor, and his literary achievements. The mural is to be installed prior to the festival and be a showpiece for this new annual event. Additional background information about Mark Twain is provided.

PROJECT TIMELINE:

Request for Proposals Release	November 4
Request for Proposals Deadline	November 30
Panel Review of Proposals Period	December 5 to 12
Panel Review Meeting	December 14
Notification of Award	December 16
Paperwork Completion	December 19 – 22
Artist(s) Fabrication of Mural	January 5 – March 5
Delivery of Mural Panels to Site	March 6 - 11
Installation	March 13 – March 20 (weather dependent)
Unveiling / Ribbon Cutting / Media with Artist	March 27 – April 7

EVALUATION PROCESS

A project panel that includes a Board of Supervisor member, Cultural Commission member, City staff member, and a historian specializing in the history of Mark Twain, will review submissions and make a recommendation on the selected artist or artist team. The City will review and approve or decline the recommendation.

The selection panel may request additional information to be submitted and/or ask additional questions during the interview. The lead artist shall be present (remotely) for the interview. If applicable, the artist's key team members would also be encouraged to be present for the interview.

EVALUATION CRITERIA

All proposals will be evaluated using the following criteria:

Artist qualifications & experience (including references)	0-20 points
Project design, aesthetics and appropriateness to the project	0-20 points
Proposed schedule and management	0-5 points
Budget	0-5 points
Total possible score	50 points

The proposal with the highest total evaluation points may be invited to enter into contract negotiations with the City. If an agreement cannot be reached, the second highest rated proposal may be contacted for negotiations. This process may continue until successful negotiations have been achieved. The City reserves the right to terminate negotiations with any Artist should it be in the City's best interest or to select none of the proposals.

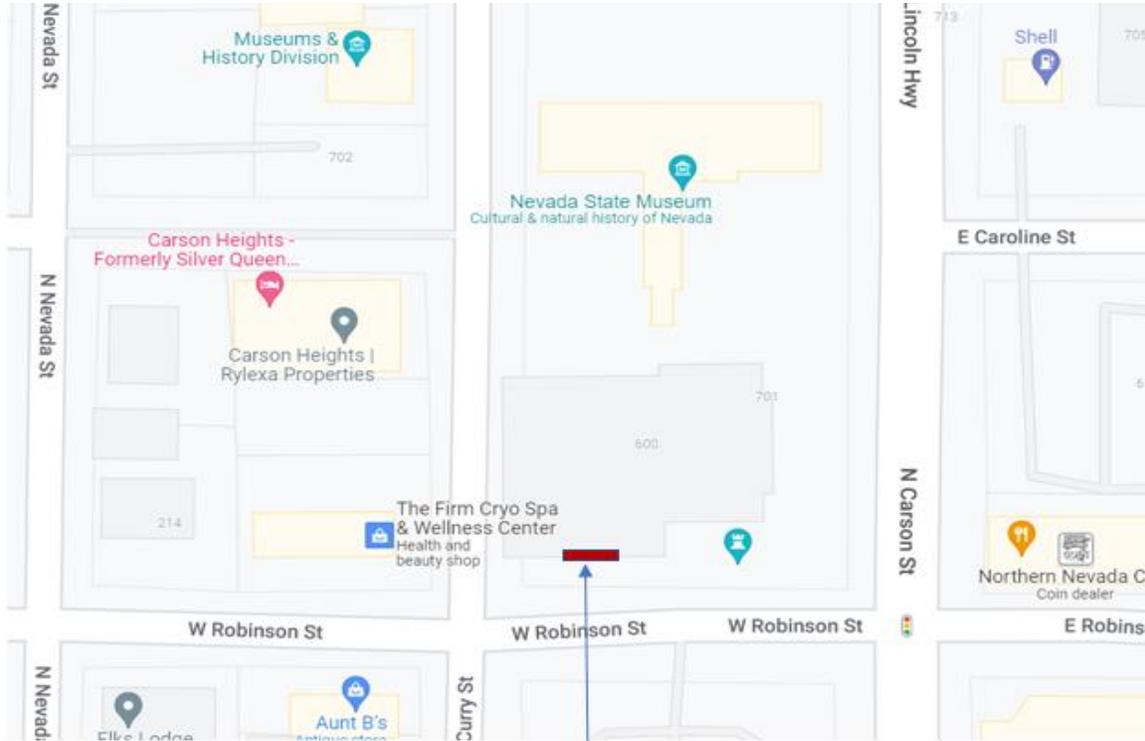
SUBMISSION REQUIREMENTS

Applicants must submit the following via email to dsoule@visitcarsoncity.com. All application materials should be labeled with the artist's name and sent as a PDF.

- Contact Information: Name, address, phone number, email address and website (if applicable) for all members of the team
- Resume(s): Current professional resume for all members of the team, detailing professional artistic accomplishments, descriptions of previous work, and/or relevant employment.
- Description and color images of at least two previous public art installations
- Two professional references (each team member will need to provide these)
- Detailed written description of the proposed design and artistic content of mural including materials, project approach, and timeline
- Description of artist's experience in working with aluminum panels
- Detailed rendering of proposed mural artwork to scale
- Detailed budget

MURAL LOCATION AND DIMENSIONS

The mural is to be installed on the Guild Addition, on the Robinson St side of the of the Nevada State Museum, 600 N Carson St, Carson City, NV.

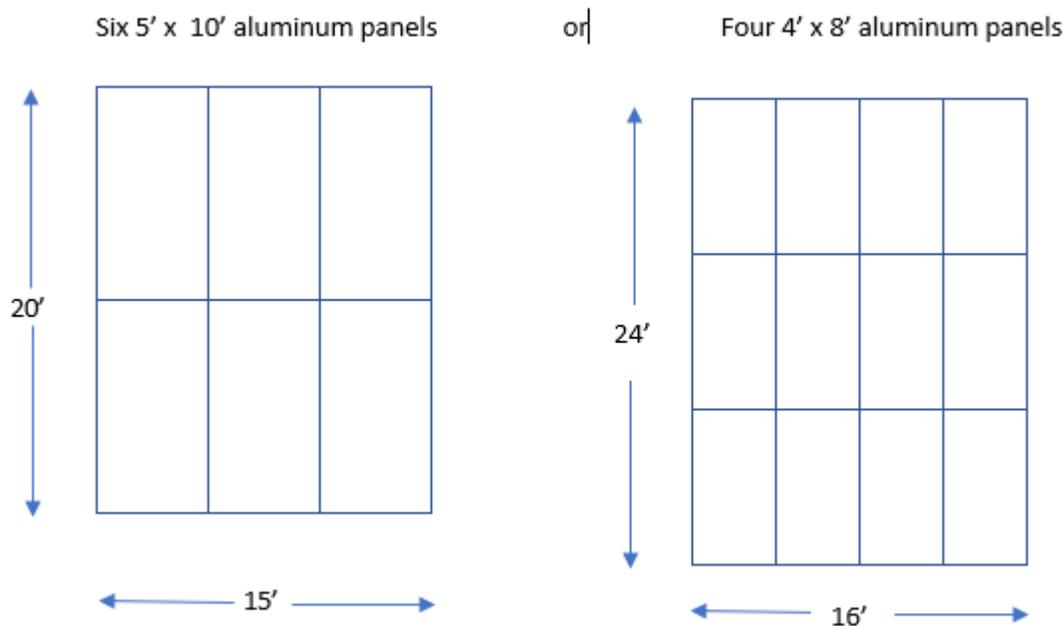


Proposed mural location



MURAL SIZE AND MATERIALS

The mural is to be created on aluminum composite panels with a thickness of at least 3mm (Dibond panels or a comparable product). These panels come in a variety of sizes, so the final mural dimensions may range from 15 to 16 feet in width and 20 to 24 feet in height. The overall orientation of the mural should be portrait so that it is taller than it is wide.



Background information about Mark Twain and his Significance in Carson City:

Samuel Langhorne Clemens was born in Florida, Missouri on November 30, 1835. Mark Twain was born in Carson City, Nevada on February 3, 1863. Though most know this is one and the same person, the name Mark Twain and his writings, tall tales and witticisms are known throughout the world while Samuel Clemens has been reduced to a trivia question. So, how did Samuel Clemens become known as Mark Twain? As with all writings of Mark Twain, there's much humor to the story.

Twain began his literary career writing letters to the editor of the Territorial Enterprise in Nevada. On January 31, 1863, published in the February 3rd edition, he humorously detailed the 48-hour party he attended at the home of former California Governor J. Neely Johnson. It was quite the party with plenty of libations. Not known as a teetotaler, Twain could have been feeling the after-effects of his non-stop partying when he signed the letter "yours dreamily," using his new pen name Mark Twain. Thus, his new persona and career was born.

Samuel Clemens arrived in Carson City by stagecoach in July of 1861, accompanying his lawyer brother Orion who had just been appointed the Nevada Territorial Secretary by President Abraham Lincoln. Orion asked Samuel to serve as his secretary. At that time, the population of Carson City was 2,000 souls. The home Orion built, and in which the 25-year-old Samuel Clemens first lived, still stands today at 502 N. Division St within the west side historic district.

Finding little to do as secretary, the restless and energetic Samuel decided to keep himself amused by writing, becoming an unsuccessful miner, and creating havoc wherever he went.

His book, "Roughing It," tells of his adventures in Nevada — the Wild West. It was during this time in 1861 he admitted to starting a wildfire at Lake Tahoe by leaving a small campfire unattended. Although he writes of watching a very big fire from his boat on the Lake, no one knows for certain how many acres were burned.

During his time in Carson City, Samuel was quite the controversial character creating many admirers — and enemies — as a result of his writings and storytelling which could be highly exaggerated. It was difficult to separate fact from fiction since there was generally a kernel of truth - his attempt at humor.

Writing for the Territorial Enterprise brought Samuel fame. He covered the Nevada Constitutional Convention in Carson City in 1863 and was one of the "eccentric group of journalists, lawyers, bohemians and businessmen who mocked the legislative process." The group was described as "bawdy, raucous, and satirical."

He was elected as the honorary tongue-in-cheek President of the Convention by this eccentric group and tried to use his influence to move the capitol to Virginia City where he then lived. He did not succeed, even though all sorts of dirty tricks were played as was the nature of Samuel.

Now better known as Mark Twain, he quit the Territorial Enterprise and on Sunday May 29, 1864, he and a friend climbed into a stagecoach to travel to San Francisco where he embarked on his international journeys and speaking tours. He flourished as an author and lecturer returning to Carson City and Virginia City in October of 1866 and again in April 1868 where he was once again welcomed, and his discretions forgiven. He was, after all, now famous.

During his adventures in Carson City, Virginia City, and most of Northern Nevada, Twain learned many lessons that launched his career serving him well. It was here he became a "journalist," critic, entertainer, lecturer, and writer. He did not publish his first book, "Innocents Abroad" until 1869, followed by the works to which so many children are introduced to him: "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" published in 1876, and "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" in 1885. Over his lifetime, he published 28 books always using the name Mark Twain — the name that became his while living and writing in Carson City.

— Ronni Hannaman, Executive Director of the Carson City Chamber of Commerce

The following is reprint of the letter written by Samuel Clemens when he first signed his name – "Yours, dreamily, Mark Twain".

In signing his famous "letter from Carson City" on January 31, 1863, the man directing the pen morphed from Samuel Langhorne Clemens to Mark Twain with just a few wriggles of his wrist. The world of literature had gained an immortal. This was the first known use in writing of the nom de plume "Mark Twain." The letter was directed to the editors of Virginia City's Territorial Enterprise, Twain's employer. It is an early example of his devilish wit and skill with the pen.

— Jim Reed

LETTER FROM CARSON CITY

January 31, 1863

EDS. ENTERPRISE: I feel very much as if I had just awakened out of a long sleep. I attribute it to the fact that I have slept the greater part of the time for the last two days and nights. On Wednesday, I sat up all night, in Virginia, in order to be up early enough to take the five o'clock stage on Thursday morning. I was on time. It was a great success. I had a cheerful trip down to Carson, in company with that incessant talker, Joseph T. Goodman. I never saw him flooded with such a flow of spirits before. He restrained his conversation,

though, until we had traveled three or four miles, and were just crossing the divide between Silver City and Spring Valley, when he thrust his head out of the dark stage, and allowed a pallid light from the coach lamp to illuminate his features for a moment, after which he returned to darkness again, and sighed and said, "Damn it!" with some asperity. I asked him who he meant it for, and he said, "The weather out there." As we approached Carson, at about half past seven o'clock, he thrust his head out again, and gazed earnestly in the direction of that city - after which he took it in again, with his nose very much frosted. He propped the end of that organ upon the end of his finger, and looked down pensively upon it - which had the effect of making him appear cross-eyed - and remarked, "O, damn it!" with great bitterness. I asked him what he was up to this time, and he said, "The cold, damp fog - it is worse than the weather." This was his last. He never spoke again in my hearing. He went on over the mountains, with a lady fellow-passenger from here. That will stop his clatter, you know, for he seldom speaks in the presence of ladies.

In the evening I felt a mighty inclination to go to a party some where. There was to be one at Governor J. Neely Johnson's, and I went there and asked permission to stand around awhile. This was granted in the most hospitable manner, and visions of plain quadrilles soothed my weary soul. I felt particularly comfortable, for if there is one thing more grateful to my feelings than another, it is a new house - a large house, with its ceilings embellished with snowy moldings; its floors glowing with warm-tinted carpets; with cushioned chairs and sofas to sit on, and a piano to listen to; with fires so arranged that you can see them, and know that there is no humbug about it; with walls garnished with pictures, and above all, mirrors, wherein you may gaze, and always find some thing to admire, you know. I have a great regard for a good house, and a girlish passion for mirrors. Horace Smith, Esq., is also very fond of mirrors. He came and looked in the glass for an hour, with me. Finally, it cracked - the night was pretty cold - and Horace Smith's reflection was split right down the center. But where his face had been, the damage was greatest - a hundred cracks converged from his reflected nose, like spokes from the hub of a wagon wheel. It was the strangest freak the weather has done this Winter. And yet the parlor seemed very warm and comfortable, too.

About nine o'clock the Unreliable came and asked Gov. Johnson to let him stand on the porch. That creature has got more impudence than any person I ever saw in my life. Well, he stood and flattened his nose against the parlor window, and looked hungry and vicious - he always looks that way - until Col. Musser arrived with some ladies, when he actually fell in their wake and came swaggering in, looking as if he thought he had been anxiously expected. He had on my fine kid boots, and my plug hat and my white kid gloves (with slices of his prodigious hands grinning through the bursted seams), and my heavy gold repeater, which I had been offered thousands and thousands of dollars for, many and many a time. He took these articles out of my trunk, at Washoe City, about a month ago, when we went out there to report the proceedings of the Convention. The Unreliable intruded himself upon me in his cordial way and said, "How are you, Mark, old boy? when d'you come down? It's brilliant, ain't it? Appear to enjoy themselves, don't they? Lend a fellow two bits, can't you?" He always winds up his remarks that way. He appears to have an insatiable craving for two bits.

The music struck up just then, and saved me. The next moment I was far, far at sea in a plain quadrille. We carried it through with distinguished success; that is, we got as far as "balance around," and "halt-a-man-left," when I smelled hot whisky punch, or some thing of that nature. I tracked the scent through several rooms, and finally discovered the large bowl from whence it emanated. I found the omnipresent Unreliable there, also. He set down an empty goblet, and remarked that he was diligently seeking the gentle men's dressing room. I would have shown him where it was, but it occurred to him that the supper table and the punch-bowl ought not to be left unprotected; wherefore, we stood there and watched them until the punch entirely evaporated. A servant came in then to replenish the bowl, and we left the refreshments in his charge. We probably did wrong, but we were anxious to join the hazy dance. The dance was hazier than usual, after that. Sixteen couples on the floor at once, with a few dozen spectators scattered around, is calculated to have that effect in a brilliantly lighted parlor, I believe. Everything seemed to buzz, at any rate.

After all the modern dances had been danced several times, the people adjourned to the supper-room. I found my wardrobe out there, as usual, with the Unreliable in it. His old distemper was upon him: he was desperately hungry. I never saw a man eat as much as he did in my life. I have the various items of his supper here in my note-book. First, he ate a plate of sandwiches; then he ate a handsomely iced poundcake; then he gobbled a dish of chicken salad; after which he ate a roast pig; after that, a quantity of blancmange; then he threw in several glasses of punch to fortify his appetite, and finished his monstrous repast with a roast turkey. Dishes of brandy-grapes, and jellies, and such things, and pyramids of fruits, melted away before him as shadows fly at the sun's approach. I am of the opinion that none of his ancestors were present when the five thousand were miraculously fed in the old Scriptural times. I base my opinion upon the twelve baskets of scraps and the little fishes that remained over after that feast. If the Unreliable himself had been there, the provisions would just about have held out, I think.

After supper, the dancing was resumed, and after a while, the guests indulged in music to a considerable extent. Mrs. J. sang a beautiful Spanish song; Miss R., Miss T., Miss P., and Miss S., sang a lovely duet; Horace Smith, Esq., sang "I'm sitting on the stile, Mary," with a sweetness and tenderness of expression which I have never heard surpassed; Col. Musser sang "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" so fervently that every heart in that assemblage was purified and made better by it; Mrs. T. and Miss C., and Mrs. T. and Mrs. G. sang "Meet me by moonlight alone" charmingly; Judge Dixson sang "O, Charming May" with great vivacity and artistic effect; Joe Winters and Hal Clayton sang the Marseilles Hymn in French, and did it well; Mr. Wasson sang "Call me pet names" with his usual excellence (Wasson has a cultivated voice, and a refined musical taste, but like Judge Brumfield, he throws so much operatic affectation into his singing that the beauty of his performance is sometimes marred by it - I could not help noticing this fault when Judge Brumfield sang "Rock me to sleep, mother"); Wm. M. Gillespie sang "Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved thee," gracefully and beautifully, and wept at the recollection of the circumstance which he was singing about. Up to this time I had carefully kept the Unreliable in the background, fearful that, under the circumstances, his insanity would take a musical turn; and my prophetic soul was right; he eluded me and planted himself at the piano; when he opened his cavernous mouth and displayed his slanting and scattered teeth, the effect upon that convivial audience was as if the gates of a graveyard, with its crumbling tombstones, had been thrown open in their midst; then he shouted something about he "would not live alway" - and if I ever heard anything absurd in my life, that was it. He must have made up that song as he went along. Why, there was no more sense in it, and no more music, than there is in his ordinary conversation. The only thing in the whole wretched performance that redeemed it for a moment, was something about "the few lucid moments that dawn on us here." That was all right; because the "lucid moments" that dawn on that Unreliable are almighty few, I can tell you. I wish one of them would strike him while I am here, and prompt him to return my valuables to me. I doubt if he ever gets lucid enough for that, though. After the Unreliable had finished squawking, I sat down to the piano and sang - however, what I sang is of no consequence to anybody. It was only a graceful little gem from the horse opera.

At about two o'clock in the morning the pleasant party broke up and the crowd of guests distributed themselves around town to their respective homes; and after thinking the fun all over again, I went to bed at four o'clock. So, having been awake forty-eight hours, I slept forty-eight, in order to get even again, which explains the proposition I began this letter with.

Yours, dreamily,

MARK TWAIN

[reprinted in *The Works of Mark Twain; Early Tales & Sketches, Vol. 1 1851-1864*, (Univ. of California Press, 1979), pp. 194-98.]