SPRING 2015 www.galleryandstudiomagazine.com VOL. 17 NO. 1 New York

GALLERY&STUDIO

SPRING HAS SPRUNG!

This issue features a celebration of museum shows here and abroad with reviews by Vernita Nemec, Norman A. Ross and Shelly Reuben

The Plains Indians—Artists of Earth and Sky—at The Met

Four Seasons Series, 2006 (Spring) Wendy Red Star (1981-), Crow, Billings, Montana, Archival pigment print on Museo silver rag on dibond, 35.5 x 37 in. each panel. Collection Nerman Museum of Contemporary Art, Johnson County Community College, Overland Park, Kansas. Photo: Courtesy of the artist and Bockley Gallery

Ed Brodkin

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Hampton Harbor; 30" x 10" acrylic on canvas

Eleanor Gilpatrick

Here and There

Paintings & Drawings

May 26-June 27

Eleanor Gilpatrick is a contemporary realist painter whose landscape paintings, still lifes, and portraits reflect her life in New York City, where she lives, and her travels over the years within the United States and Europe. A feature of many of her works is her edgy composition. The artist has also expressed strong views about war and peace in a series she calls "Issues of Our Time," which will include climate change in her next show.

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G&S Highlights

Dear Readers
After a brief interruption, we are thrilled and excited to welcome you back to Gallery & Studio; we used this interlude to add some features that we think you will enjoy. Although you will still see us in print, we are broadening our range to include a wide Internet presence. As before, we will tell you about new and familiar artists and introduce you to new galleries, but we will also be telling you about museum exhibitions, profiling artists, and interviewing people in the art world that you might like to get to know. Meet our new writers. Participate in our interactive features. Join us as we grow. Most of all, though, in the months and years ahead, we want to celebrate a broad range of artists old and new who have something vital to say in their work.
Do you have an opinion about an artist you discovered or an exhibition that you viewed? Write to us about it. We want to hear what you think. Learn what you know.

Welcome back!
Ed McCormack, Managing Editor
Jeannie McCormack, Editor and Publisher

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Street Scenes New York: The Literal World of Irene Kieltyka

"When I was five and other kids were drawing trees with simple circles and lines, I drew tree trunks with bark and roots sprawling below ground," says Irene Kieltyka, who thought of herself as an artist, even at an early age. A keen painter of nature since her childhood in Poland, Kieltyka is still obsessed with how to make her work true to what she sees.

Now in her mid-fifties, Kieltyka paints meticulously observed street scenes of New York. After our interview while walking to the

"Two Water Towers" oil on canvas

subway, she stopped suddenly to study the afternoon light on a building at 26th street and started taking photos. These will guide her when she returns to her Bronx studio and begins yet another painting of New York streets.

"I cannot walk anywhere and not notice what is happening," she says. "I look at the street, the colors, the light variations, but what I enjoy most are the shapes and patterns." Kieltyka, who is currently preparing for a show that will open at the Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences on May 14, paints in a quasi-photorealist style. Although she uses her camera to gather information, you would never mistake her work for a photograph as you might with more traditional photorealists who strive for every observable detail. Kieltyka's work is much more fluid, casual, and neutral.

Kieltyka is quick to point out that she is not looking for a narrative or any psychological interpretation of her work, not even a heightened level of detail. Unlike many of her contemporaries who work in the photorealist style, she is not interested in social commentary. Instead she is fascinated by the street, more precisely by signs, trees, people, traffic, even piles of garbage. "The street is the only thing we have in common," she says. "We meet each other on the street which is for all of us."

While living in Harlem a few years ago Kieltyka could see the Apollo theater from her window. "I was really lucky because I loved living there," says this inveterate observer of the world around her. The Apollo sign was a perfect vertical, a bright yellow sign with bold red letters. The sign is an image the artist has returned to in many paintings. In one painting dominated by the sign, she includes a man sitting on an egg crate with his back towards us, and scaffolding on a roof, a street light, and window frames which create a work dominated by rectilinear rhythms, strong colors and perpendiculars.

In a painting that features the Empire State Building, Kieltyka emphasizes that "it's all about light." By making the dark night darker and the lights in the building whiter, she imbues her painting with strong contrasts. "I needed the white car in the corner to be there for color and balance," she says adding that she enjoyed the light shimmering on the plastic garbage bags.

After completing an MFA at the Academy of Fine Arts in Warsaw in 2008, Kieltyka came to this country and worked as a museum guard on the night shift at the Guggenheim from 1994 to 2005. "It was great," she recalled. "I saw my first Richard Estes painting one night in the hallway in the office area. It totally captivated me. It was so well done, no propaganda, no sentimental story." The Guggenheim was the ideal employer for an impoverished artist. The museum adjusted her schedule so she could

"Sunshine After Rain' oil on canvas

take classes during the day at the Art Students League where she was encouraged by one teacher in particular, Harvey Dinnerstein, whose realistic work is in many museum collections.

After a visit to Poland, Kieltyka returned to New York and resumed work as a museum guard, though now at the Museum

"Apollo" oil on canvas

of the Moving Image in Queens. Like her idol, Russian realist painter Ilya Repin (1844-1930) whose reputation was the equal of Leonid Tolstoy in the 19th century, Kieltyka is incredibly prolific and hard working. After a midnight shift at the Queens museum, she sat across from three homeless men huddled together sleeping on the subway. Unnoticed she took their picture. "They are my Three Kings," she says. "My way of painting the 12th day of Christmas in New York City." —Bobbie Leigh

Irene Kieltyka, Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences, 208 East 30th St.
May 14 through June 4. Opening reception will be announced by the institute.
website: irenekieltyka.com

The Plains Indians—Artists of Earth and Sky—

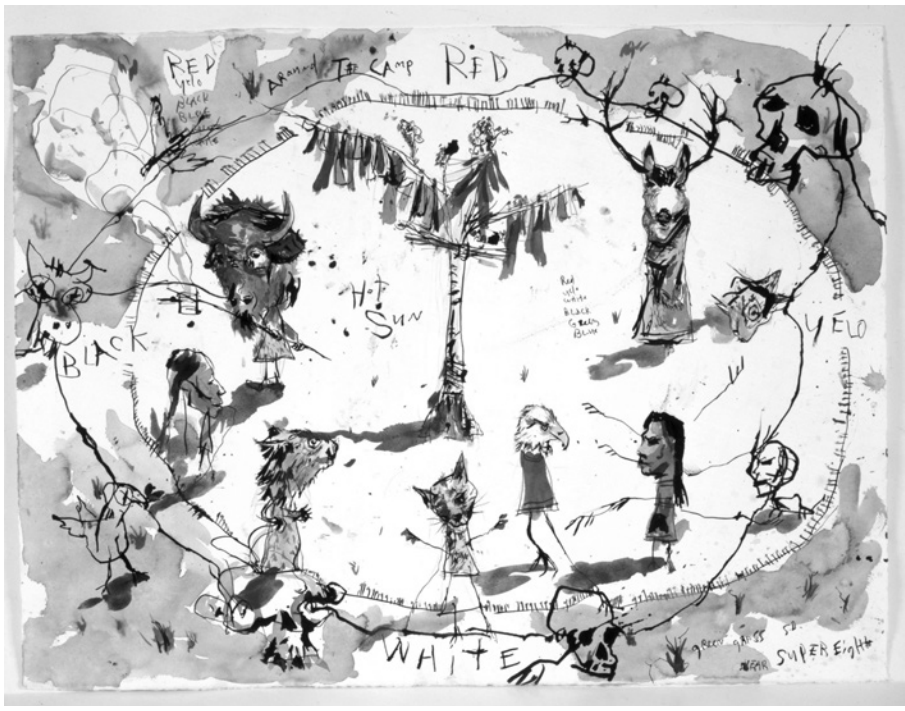
Memories of the Howdy Doody Show and Princess SummerFallWinterSpring fill my brain as I gaze at Wendy Red Star's "Four Seasons Series" - four large digital images of the artist satirically posed before artificial landscapes she has created akin to the Museum of Natural History dioramas, but reminiscent of Native American associations. These four works are part of an incredible exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In "The Plains Indians—Artists of Earth and Sky", one can view from March 9 to May 10 the historical with the contemporary – an outpouring of art by Native American artists and artists of Native American descent.

Many of the contemporary pieces in the exhibit deal more explicitly with the "white man's" treatment of Native Americans than do the historical examples. For instance, white man's "gifts" as shown in Jaune Quick to See Smith's mixed media work "Gifts for Trading Land with White People," a 14 ft. x 60 in. mixed media painting with objects. And Edgar Heap of Birds' enamel on aluminum piece ("Ma-ka-tal-na-zin"), made in 1990, which commemorates various Dakotas put to death. It is one of 40 commercially made signs that resemble nothing more than license plates of cars.

This is an exhibit unusual for the naming of individual artists, past and present and the treatment of the art and the installation as if it were all Fine Art and thus, helping us to see the objects in that way. The primitive, shamanistic and aesthetic skills of historic Native America artists are shown in conjunction with the art of contemporary artists of Native American descent whose art deals with politics in its self- referential aspects-- aspects that affect and influence their artistic interpretations of their history, their experience of living, their heritage today and yesterday.

The Metropolitan Museum show is divided into eight sections, with a focus on a chronology of objects reflecting ideas and events that affected the lives of Native Americans. From prehistoric times to "Life on the Great Plains" to "Death of the Buffalo" to the final section focusing on art by contemporary artists of Native American descent, the design of the show helps one better understand the tragedy in all that was destroyed and yet see the art that was saved by the oppressors, having often been given as gifts of pride.

The art of Plains Indian from the historical past to the contemporary present is included in this remarkable show, but I couldn't help but select my own favorites. I loved seeing the ledger art- pencil drawings on lined notebook paper, but I was saddened to learn that the paper and pencils were gifts from European Settlers who then took the drawings and later bound them into sketchbooks.



Around the Camp, 2001, Brad Kahlhamer (1956-), American Indian, Arizona Paper, ink, watercolor 22 × 30 in. (55.9 × 76.2 cm), United States, Simon and Carolyn Franks. Photo: Brad Kahlhamer, courtesy of the artist and Jack Shainman Gallery (Cat.133)

Horseshoes, 2014, Jamie Okuma, Luiseño/ Shoshone-Bannock, Commercial shoes, glass and 24k gold-plated beads, 12 x 8 x 3 in. (30.5 x 20.3 x 7.6 cm). Collection of Ellen and Bill Taubman Photo: Cameron Linton

52. Shield, c. 1850, Arikara artist, North Dakota, Buffalo rawhide, native tanned leather, pigment, Diameter: 20 in. (50.8 cm), Kansas City (Missouri), The Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art, Purchase: the Donald D. Jones Fund for American Indian Art. Photo: The Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art/Jamison Miller (Cat.55)

Black Hawk, a Lakota Artist, was paid fifty cents a drawing and some Native Americans sold their drawings for $2 each on the streets of St. Augustine after many had been taken there in an effort to assimilate and "educate" them. Still, seeing their drawings of daily life next to those of their shamanistic rituals and the belief in the power of nature held at that time is extraordinary. This exhibition is a fascinating mixture of past and present with the sense of autobiography coming through

Metropolitan Museum of Art-March 9 - May 10, 2015

Wind Spirit, c.1955, Blackbear Bosin, Francis Blackbear Bosin, Tsate Kongia, Blackbear (1921-1980), Comanche-Kiowa,, Oklahoma, Paper, watercolor, 23 x 33 5/8 in. (58.4 x 85.4 cm), Tulsa (Oklahoma), Philbrook Museum of Art and Nola Bosin Kimble Estate, Museum Purchase, 1955.9. Photo: Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art (Cat.123)

Kiowa Sun Dancer, c. 1930. Spencer Asah, Kiowa Tempera on paper, 9 7/8 in. x 6 3/16 in. The Fred Jones Jr. Museum of Art, the University of Oklahoma. Photo: Fred Jones Jr. Museum of Art, the University of Oklahoma, Norman; Acquisition

Calling on Wakan Tanka, 1962 Oscar Howe, Mazuha Hokshina, Trader Boy (1915-1983), Yanktonai, South Dakota Paper, casein 22 3/8 x 31 ¼ in. (56.8 x 79.4 cm) Vermillion (South Dakota), The University of South Dakota, donation from the artist. Photo: The University of South Dakota/John Lamberton (Cat.124)

the honesty of the voices in all the work.

Other favorites of mine included Rebecca Blackwater's ca. 1915 quilt of animals, objects and people stitched onto a black cloth background, a pair of beaded shoes ca. 1920 and a drawing of "A Man Receiving Power from Two Spirit Animals" by Wohaw, ca. 1877.

Though the Met has an outstanding presentation of the objects on the museum website, try to see the show in reality to get a sense of the objects themselves. The roughness of the leather that was stripped from the animals and tanned, yet drawn on so delicately and spiritually is important to experience; these qualities are not visible in the digital images of the art.

I quote this from the Met's website: "There was a distinct Plains aesthetic—"singular, ephemeral, and materially rich"—seen in the wide array of forms and media: painting and drawing; sculptural works in stone, wood, antler, and shell; porcupine-quill and glass-bead embroidery; feather work; painted robes depicting figures and geometric shapes; richly ornamented clothing; composite works; and ceremonial objects." Nations we have mostly not heard of are named as well as those familiar – mostly because of high school history classes and the movies- "Osage, Quapaw, Omaha, Crow, Cheyenne, Arapaho, Lakota, Blackfeet, Pawnee, Kiowa, Comanche, and Meskwaki are represented."

Curiously, the historical examples of real life objects of use- moccasins, pipes, and garments theoretically for everyday use, are incredible examples of art with aesthetic considerations as strong as the sacred. Finally one of the most impressive works is a contemporary ceremonial garment (2005) – digitally designed with Adobe Illustrator by Jodi Archambault Gillette, a Lakota who is Special Assistant to the President for Native American Affairs—a diplomat, an artist, a dancer who, when she performs, perhaps sends the strongest message of all about the importance of art in our Twenty-first Century world. —Vernita Nemec

Metropolitan Museum of Art,
1000 Fifth Avenue, NY, NY 10028
March 9-May 10

Rose Sigal Ibsen: Boundless Beauty

The paintings of Rose Sigal Ibsen bear the impact of both East and Western cultures. Ibsen is a distinguished American (Romanian born) Sumi-e Brush artist. There's a remarkable versatility to Ibsen's work beginning with the painting, "Cherry Blossoms." She takes us to a dream world where nature is celebrated. A canopy of blossoms drape the top of the of the painting while at the base, a pink path mantles the horizon line. We are suspended by the intensity of this magical place, and by her passionate, detailed brush strokes and the luminous light behind the blossoms.

In one of her most expressive and skilled watercolors on rice paper titled, "In Spring Everything Comes Alive And Children Are Playing," Ibsen shares her high spirited side. She demonstrates a child like, yet sophisticated approach to paint, mark making and confidence of line.

The painting is covered in dense showers of yellow, coral, gray, and white. Floating on top of the surface are sumi-e writings, and whimsical drawings that insinuate the human figure, implying that the sumi-e characters evolved into human characters as they ascend to the top of the painting where it gets lighter, while the calligraphy at the bottom is a message that grounds the painting. There is unfettered joy in this particular work, signaling to us that we are all connected to one another, through our words, our actions, the marks we leave behind. She invites us to be a member of her community.

In the piece titled,"Papa, Mama, And Baby Horse," she creates a sumi-e like family on gray, white and gold textured ground. The simplicity and nuance of the black line drawings against the ethereal background suggests a love of family, of connectedness and boundless beauty.

—Christine Graf

"In Spring Everything Comes Alive and Children Are Playing"

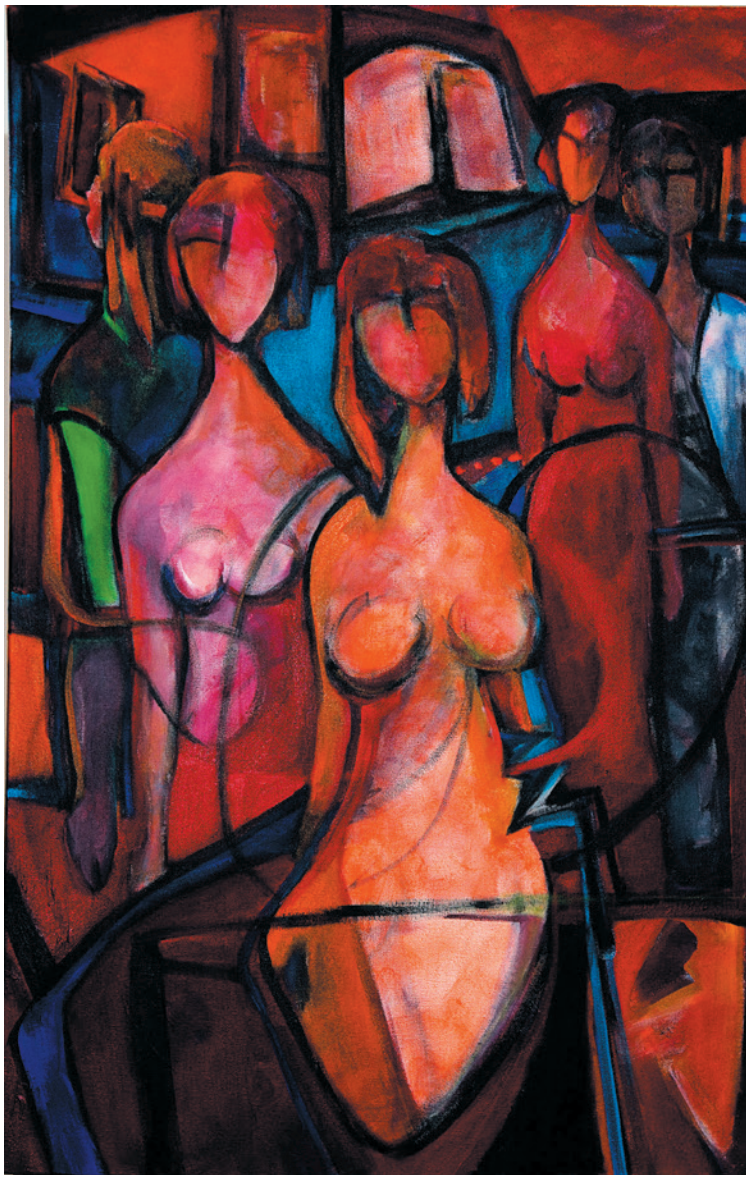
"Papa, Mama, and Baby Horse"

Her work is on exhibit at Hallmark Battery Park, 455 North End Ave., NY, NY 10282. For info: 212-791-2500.

Elaine Weiner-Reed Faces Deep Loss

Elaine Weiner-Reed's work in the New Century Artists Show, "Memories," mines human emotion with an abstract expressionist sensibility. Like de Kooning and Grace Hartigan, Weiner-Reed does not eschew the figure in her work and uses black gestural line to great effect. Here, it is one of the primary elements as she strives to break boundaries of emotional limitations. She allows red and black to predominate in this series, of figurative subject matter, rendered with minimum detail, in a range of hues and strong lines. She, thus, provides an artistic filter that is visceral, chaotic and painful as she tries to cope with and understand transient finality.

This artist has always been a fighter against the status quo. Undaunted by prosaic artistic minds throughout her career, she vigorously has created paintings and sculptures exploring uncharted places. In this show, her territory is the minefield of human emotions that erupts when there is a profound, personal loss, a rupturing of a seamless thread of existence broken forever, with which one must come to terms. Weiner-Reed accomplishes this here.



"Doors and Secrets"

A savage palette knife slaps impastoed red paint onto the canvas in "Primal Scream" as incised, powerful, blue lines, moving across the textured surface, coalesce in a contorted female form crying out for release from the anger of personal suffering. Manifested in many guises, the figure is a combative culmination of swirling and overlapping lines, abstracted in a variety of ways, with ephemeral facial aspects glimpsed throughout. The picture surface is scraped, showing underlying texture as if Weiner-Reed were removing trappings of mundane reality to reveal anguish underneath.

The linework in "Once upon an Allegory," is more contradictory than that in the other paintings in this series. The painting is a story of trauma where agitated forms juxtapose with the painting's complementary colors, creating tension in the piece. Color washes over white areas with black lines almost automatically drawn in the main female figure's torso, abdomen and thighs, expressing a corporeal narration to loss. The anatomy of the figure is distorted as if the emotions are in crisis and the figure's chest—the heart's seat—is filled with agitated drawing, as though the lines were a wound striking directly to the body's core.

Weiner-Reed uses intense, vigorous black and white lines in the painting, "Suspended Legacy," heightening its inner turmoil. Her compelling lines attack the painting's surface creating an image that looks as if it were shattered in a mirror. The artist paints both male and female forms with slashing strokes across the hip of the figure in the forefront deforming a sense of solidity in the composition. Could it be the artist is remembering happiness gone, when the cohesion of tranquil memories was destroyed and life changed irrevocably? Is the artist documenting a life cut short, unable to realize longevity? All these possibilities come to mind when I look at this painting.

With "Doors and Secrets," the female forms, their faces—masks—recondite and primitive, show just a slight indication of closed eyes giving them a quasi-mystical feel. Perhaps the clothed figures are the painting's subjects, the nudes, their psychological manifestations. Weiner-Reed strips away pretense in this painting and reveals emotional rawness where circular lines, highlighting the female forms, create tension as they share the picture plane with black rectangular portal outlines. Viewing this work, I am reminded of Rouault's use of black as the carrier of emotional content.

"Ancestral Whispers" shares some affinities with "Doors and Secrets" with its mystery, repetition of form, reticent faces and use of curved and angled lines. The painting conjures up visions of prehistoric art where the work on cave walls is infused with magic, the light flickering, as the painter tries to connect with spirits who have gone before. It is possible that Weiner-Reed is remembering the past where her recall of people is ghostly manifestation. The piece, almost monochromatic in execution, brings the black lines to the forefront, superimposed on thick paint and becoming the work's most palpable element.

Weiner-Reed delves into life's underlying painful context. She is not afraid to confront it as her work stretches the limits of human experience, destroying all constraints and exposing hidden themes. In this exhibit she uses strong color and line to express pain and sorrow when life is upended by loss. Her impassioned manipulation of paint has an intuitive quality to it that references so much of recalled history that is now, tragically transformed. Expertly accomplished through the use of figuration in these dramatic, abstract expressionistic works, the artist wrestles pain to the ground and vanquishes it, emerging emotionally victorious.

—Anne Rudder

Recently seen at New Century Artists, 530 West 25th Street

Las Meninas con las Niñas

We were in Madrid at the end of a long trip that had begun in Lisbon, worked its way through monasteries and castles in Portugal, down to Algeciras, across the Strait of Gibralter to Morocco and back, and finally we were standing in front of "Las Meninas" in Madrid. The year was 1988 and we were showing our two young daughters parts of the world we had seen before but which we experienced quite differently with them in tow.

In those days the masterpiece by Diego Velázquez2 was in a room by itself—a rather small room, but clearly getting royal treatment like no other painting in the Prado. As soon as we found ourselves in front of the painting, Juliet, our 10-year-old, said, "This is my favorite painting! That's the Princess Margarita in front. You can see the king and queen in the mirror on the door in the back. And that's Velázquez at the easel. He was painting a portrait of the king and queen3 when he realized the royal children and their servants were standing near him. He decided to paint a picture of the children instead, but added the king and queen in the mirror." She went on for what seemed like a very long time, her recital based on a slide she had seen at school in New York, and of course, what her teacher had said about the painting. "Princess Margarita was four when Velázquez painted her with her servants, one of whom was a dwarf. The red cross on Velázquez's chest [the Order of Santiago] was added after he died," she told us. "...by the king himself. Later Velázquez finished his portrait of the king and queen."

We remembered seeing the painting before, but hadn't given it nearly as much thought as Juliet's teacher apparently had, and clearly it had made a huge impression on her. Perhaps she had fantasized about being a princess herself. We hope she didn't harbor a secret desire to be a dwarf or a servant! ut this was clearly the highlight of our visit, if not for seeing the painting, one of the most important and enigmatic in Western art, than for hearing its description from our 10-year-old docent.

Our last stop before Madrid had been Granada, where we spent a day touring the ruins of the Alhambra. More than the Prado, our visit there had tied up the loose ends of our trip. Not only had we been overwhelmed by the intricacy and beauty of Moorish art and architecture at every stop in Morocco, we had also seen Mudéjar architecture (the melding of Muslim and Christian elements) at almost every stop in Portugal. One cannot comprehend the Monastery in Batalha, the Convent of Christ in Tomar, nor the Monastery of Jeronimos in Lisbon itself without an appreciation of the Moorish influence (often summarized in the term "Manueline"). We had also climbed to the top of the Giralda in Seville. Built in the 12th century, the Giralda is a copy of the Koutoubia, the minaret that is the pride of Marrakesh that we had seen during our visit to the imperial city (but non-Muslims are not permitted to enter).

More of a surprise, however, was the "Portuguese City" in El-Jadida, with its famous cistern. A tiny enclave in a city of 150,000 people on the coast of Morocco, we were getting a lesson in cross-cultural exchanges that was in our faces and not in a book. Add the French spoken ubiquitously in Morocco to the Arabic influences on Portuguese and Spanish (think alcohol, algebra and coffee) and you have another level of the exchanges.

In all three countries we also visited Roman ruins, another lesson in culture and history–or the history of culture! ("How many Romans had dark curly hair before they brought slaves from Africa?" Pete Seeger sang, so it was more than just cultural.) We also visited churches and synagogues in all three countries, including a beautiful synagogue in Tomar, not far from the Convent. There was even a kosher butcher shop in the middle of Rabat, opposite the synagogue. (But that was in 1988. Old synagogues still dot the cities of Morocco, but the kosher butcher is gone, as are most of the Jews, most of whom fled after the 1956 Suez invasion, long before our first visit in 1970). Mysterious hands maintain the synagogues these days, so on our most recent trip, in May of this year, we were able to visit three, in Fes, Marrakesh and Amazou, a small village near Zagora at the edge of the Sahara. From all appearances, in at least two, of them it seemed the congregation would soon arrive, but that was probably an illusion because I doubt it's possible to assemble a minion.

(Our older daughter provided one of the other highlights of our 1988 trip, when she married a young, handsome Berber in Marrakesh, in the famous Mamounia Hotel. That we were tourists and this was a show was unimportant. She was 13 and thrilled to be in a Berber wedding, not to mention a Berber wedding dress! But we had the marriage annulled before paying the bill.)

When we were driving back from Rabat to Tangier in 1988, we stopped at one of the myriad rest stops along the main road—a friendly tree. The road was two lanes wide with no services whatsoever and hardly even a shoulder. Spain and Portugal already had a number of four-lane highways by then, but there were no such roads in Morocco. However, what a wonderful place to visit, so we keep going back! (In 2014 there are several modern, limited-access, toll roads in Morocco, but very little traffic, probably because of the cost of the tolls.)

Museums in Morocco are nothing like European or American museums. While there is some 'art,' much of what the important museums exhibit consists more of crafts than of art. In Fes, for instance, there is a "Musée des Arts et Métier du Bois" (Woodcarving Museum), which we skipped. The "Dar Batha," a museum of Moroccan folk art, sounded more interesting, and included some wood carving, but no Goyas!. But most tourists do not visit museums in Morocco. Rather they focus on the shopping–and haggling with the shopkeepers–and they visit the obligatory mausoleums, old palaces, former madrases and similar edifices–even an occasional mosque where non-Muslims can stand in the doorway to view the riad (an atrium with a fountain).

In 1988 it was really impossible to walk in the Medinas of Fes or Marrakesh without a guide; it was too easy to get lost. Furthermore, if one didn't engage a guide, one was confronted every two minutes by someone offering to 'be your guide.' We learned "imshee," meaning 'get away,' and also chocrun–thank you.' But it was really impossible. All of the guides wanted very little for their services, but if you don't actually buy stuff they get quite annoyed because they get a commission for every purchase, including bottles of water, ice creams and the green lipsticks we bought the girls that turned red when you applied them. Magic! Every carpet store wasn't really a store, according to our guides, but only a place to learn about carpets while drinking free mint tea. The same with the leather shops and every other large store. Even the small stores invited you to 'just look around.' But as the day progressed and we hadn't bought any carpets or brass, the guide got more and more sullen and uninterested. Our favorite guide was the young fellow who said, pointing first to the left and then to the right, "Here is one old mosque and here is one new one." After that he had nothing further to say.

On our most recent trip we flew from Madrid to Casablanca, the main international airport, and then back to Madrid on our way home. Walking through the Medinas of Morocco is a unique experience, albeit we haven't been to Algeria or Tunisia or Egypt yet. But the Medina of Fes is one of the largest urban areas in the world that is car free, and in many ways remains as it must

Continued on page 17

Tiffany Chung: 'finding one's shadow in ruins and rubble'

"finding one's shadow in ruins and rubble", 2014 hand crafted mahogany wooden boxes, found photographs printed on plexiglass, LED lights, electrical wire, dimensions of 31 wooden boxes variable (ranging from 18 x 18 x 9 to 41 x 18 x 9 cm) edition of 3 + 1AP

We have all unfortunately experienced some form of natural or man-made disasters in our lifetimes, whether through personal experience or even just through the news media and the internet. These experiences are usually full of conflict, devastation and politics, and often accompanied by anger and blame.
Tiffany Chung is an artist who has conducted long-term research into the geographical shifts in countries that have been traumatized by war, human destruction, or natural disaster, with a particular focus on the growth, decline, or disappearance of towns and cities, and related issues of urban development, environmental catastrophe, and associated humanitarian crisis.

Chung's presentations of these disasters come across as factual and without prejudice in a very serene and elegant style. She does not apportion blame or show any negative emotion but only compassion and the truth as she sees it. It is hard to imagine beauty in disasters, but somehow she is able to find it and present it to us in her latest solo exhibition at Tyler Rollins Fine Art, "finding one's shadow in ruins and rubble."

Chung is one of Vietnam's most prominent and internationally active contemporary artists who is also a part of the upcoming 2015 Venice Biennale.

Her current exhibition in New York features multimedia works relating to the lingering effects of three natural and manmade disasters: the 1995 earthquake that devastated Kobe, Japan; the current conflict in Homs, Syria; and the battlefields of the Vietnam War.

Chung's project relating to the massive destruction in Kobe, Japan, a country in which she has worked extensively for many years, is interpreted through the notion of contemporary ruins, using archival video and photography as well as her characteristic map drawings.

The video and photography in this exhibition are shown in sepia tones, suggesting age and as seen from the future. There is no tabloid attempt at shock and horror but much more a calm removed reporting of just the facts.

Her meticulously detailed maps involve a complex layering of topographies from different historical periods, interweaving historical and geologic events, as well as spatial and sociopolitical changes, with future predictions and utopian visions. These are precise, colorful and yet organic in nature especially when first viewed from afar, offering cell and plant-like imagery. It is only as the work starts to coalesce into focus that it evolves into a precision map.

Map An Lôc region - former airfields and old rubber plantations, 2015, oil and ink on vellum and paper, 31½ x 25 in. (80 x 63.5 cm)

The section on Syria is presented via the installation of light boxes arranged as a chaotic cityscape of its own, showing images of the contemporary ruins and burgeoning refugee crisis in the city of Homs, the result of the current civil war in the country.

And thirdly, Chung shows her representation of the Vietnam War through her father's eyes, a former pilot for the South Vietnamese Air Force. Archival fragments relating to his wartime experiences are juxtaposed with Chung's current investigations of disused and ruined airstrips scattered about southern Vietnam. A particularly poignant piece is a topographical map including locations of old and now disused airstrips. They are reproduced on vellum paper which is infused with cloud-like designs suggesting perhaps her father's point of view from the cockpit.

Chung's triune of disasters is an exhibition of proof that the impact of violence can be depicted eloquently and artistically with understanding and sensitivity.

—Marina Hadley

Tyler Rollins Fine Art Gallery
529 West 20th Street, New York, NY 10011
Exhibition Dates: April 16 – May 30, 2015
Hours: Tues. – Sat., 10 am – 6 pm
website: www.Trfineart.Com

Many Facets of Photographic Art

Two particularly intriguing exhibitions at the New York Center for Photographic Art remind us of how great an art form photography can be. Black and White 2014 calls to mind Ted Grant's statement that "When you photograph people in color, you photograph their clothes. But when you photograph people in black and white, you photograph their personalities!"

Portraits 2014 runs the full gamut from black and white, to color, to combinations of both, and immortalizes subjects ranging from aged war veterans to noble wilderness lions... and just about everything in between.

Let's start with Colton Clifford's Grand Prize entry for "Girl at Bedside." The subject engages the viewer with a melancholy stare, eerily backlit by sunlight filtered through faded curtains. She's serenely sitting on the bed, hands neatly resting on her lap but it's her expression that's a challenge. She's as ambiguous as the Mona Lisa. Is the sun setting over a moment long passed or rising with muted joy on a day that's been a long time coming? There's no ambiguity with Robert Moran's "Daughter of a Slave-Timbuktu." A study in four shades of grey, the subject's deep black pupils burn in stark, diametric opposite to the whites of her eyes. Her fierce expression doesn't permit the viewer the comfort of staying in middle ground…you're either with her or against her.

Lisa Powers "Woman in Red, Portrait of Karen Green" presents a gorgeous muted palette of saturated reds, creamy whites and pale greens, blending and washing together as if from a real water color. The face is lit starkly from one side, a sharp edge splitting the profile in half. It's a painterly rendering expressed in broad colors and shapes.

My eyes play tricks on me when I look at Natalia Toskina "In Motion". It continues the retro theme, this time with layered reflections and muted colors. The figures bounce back and forth between strata of highlights and shadows, the bride behind the window eclipsed by the shadow of the figure looming outside. Her concerned expression blurs the narrative of what would normally be a happy occasion. There are winners and losers here although it's not clear who.

Bob Demchuk's "Billy the Inventor" stares back at us through a lens of it's own. The subject is literally looking through a magnifier. His thoughtful gaze seems like he's looking through the page examining the viewer even as we stare back at him. His skin, textured and lined with age frames a face that's still alert and curious. Go ahead, take your time and take a good look at me. I'll be doing the same at you.

Where "Billy the Inventor" was a tongue in cheek metaphor for a subject's relationship to the viewer, Cheryl Elich-Krumpelt's "Artpoetography the Takeover" has the gory, over saturated tones of a horror movie poster. The figure is screened behind shattered glass, eyes open and blank, almost bloodshot. Lips apart in an airless gasp. There's a suggestion of a tie around the subject's neck but the longer you look at it, the more it looks like a noose.

Phillippe Halsman was a Magnum photographer famous for celebrity portraits. In his heyday he was noteworthy for a particularly kinetic photo of Salvador Dali that consisted of cats, water and assorted furniture liberally being tossed across the frame. His "jump" series was particularly disarming as he managed to get dozens of the rich and famous, (Marilyn Monroe, Richard Nixon, the king and queen of England to name a few) to jump while being photographed and be frozen in midair. I suppose the theory was it's hard to put on airs when you're, well, in mid air. Sam Smith's entry is titled "Phillippe Halsman" but it's not clear, at least to me what the association is. Two figures in profile with the face of the rear figure partially eclipsed by a pure black silhouette. The implied suggestion is that it's almost a shadow of the rear figure captured onto photo paper.

If in some alternate universe, Botticelli lived in some random American suburb rather than the Italian Renaissance, his painting of the Birth of Venus might have looked like Zorica Purlija's "YMI Bedroom". The similarities are there, from the innocent tilt of the head right down to the full lips and incandescent eyes. If you need a nautical reference just substitute the surf and shell with her modest bikini top. Instead of a blue sky, the glow in the dark stars applied to the walls of her room stand in for the firmament. The expressions on both, wistful sadness.

I've lived in New York for most of my life but there are sections of the outer boroughs that still seem as remote to me as parts of Africa. Elisabeth Stiglic "Alan" looks like it was shot in the far outreaches of Brooklyn or Queens. The low, squat row of houses frame in a desolate street and empty sky. For an urban environmental portrait, the complete absence of other people is subtly unsettling. The figure's green t-shirt reflects the color of the trees; he's evolved to become a creature of this environment. I wonder how many orbits of that block he's made growing up there?

I find myself reflexively holding my breath every time I look at Dianne Yudelson "Under the Surface 11". The female figure, immersed in water gives no hint of distress even as bubbles serenely stream to the surface. Whatever the emotional statement, the rippled blue water and visual distortions applied by being submerged makes it a visual pun, a true watercolor.

In the black and white category, Anita Schiedeck "Beine" captured the grand prize. Apparently, beine is German for leg and as you may have guessed, the photo is a slightly enigmatic rendering of a pair of legs emerging from a shroud. The lace on the hem of the dress suggests Marlene Dietrich or some other femme fatale. It's a challenge to reconstruct the rest of the person based on a part. Perhaps that's the point.

Terri Gold's "Surma Family in the Omo Valley" could have been a page ripped from an issue National Geographic. The native figures look impossibly elongated and lean, every inch of the men's bodies garishly decorated with swirls and lines and exotic body paint. To the left, a woman nurses an infant looking forlorn and just a bit impatient at the display.

A lone figure with an umbrella is silhouetted against a snowy landscape. In Linda Sandow "So Many Journeys #4" the curved sweep of the foreground hems in his walk and defines his path. It's a single orbit. One cycle.

Len Speier "VW Bug, New York City" is a charming reduction of shapes and colors. The VW bug has long since attained icon status. Here, clever placement juxtaposes its curves in graphic contrast to a rectangular bank of white framed windows. There are barely three shades of gray in the entire image. The sheer minimalism makes this play out like a page from a children's book.

"#3 Time and Time Again" is a diptych by Henriette Mordrup. A airplane lies tilted unnaturally onto it's nose framed in by rows of onlookers. In the other a figure lies prone, his head dipped in manhole cover, one arm held high, mirroring the disposition of the plane.

A desolate, wintry landscape, bisected by a running stream, the trees in the background blurring and disappearing into the fog. David Morel's "Fog and Ice" evokes your worst notions of midwinter blues.

More a death mask than a portrait, Antonella Renzi's moody "Portrait #3" presents a solemn figure, eyes shut but with lids glowing luminously. The technology could be a pin camera or an old daguerreotype from the 1870s. That it's contemporary is probably it's biggest surprise, a modern subject rendered out of time.

"Bringing the Stone Tablets" evokes Moses descending from Mt. Sinai. Ralph Hassenpflug's desolate, ambiguous figure girdled with a wind blown shroud seems to pay homage to that.

Francine Meckler "Mongolia Highway" looks about what you'd expect a highway in Mongolia to look like. No pretensions here. The windscreen of the car frames in a herd of sheep, the road blocked and flowing off into endless steppes. In a world where some indefinable percentage of humanity is permanently stuck in bumper-to-bumper traffic, it's a delightful escape to be reminded of places where the sidewalk ends.

Finally, Anita Schiedeck "Tuba" presents a small world reflected within it's brass horn. Positioned and lit as it is, it almost looks like a rip in space, swallowing up the trees and houses as they spiral down and disappear.

—Oscar Masciandaro

website: NYC4pa.com

OP-ED: Howard Pyle: My Heart Goes Pitter Pat

I want to transport all of you—no matter where you live or how far you are from Wilmington, Delaware—to the Delaware Art Museum to gaze in wonderment at Howard Pyle's paintings. I have a problem, though. My magic wand is at the shop for repairs, and the only way I can do this will be…Motivation.

I have to convince you that, as a reward for every valiant deed you have ever done, you must visit this incredible museum and drink deeply of its art.

Why?

I'll start by telling you briefly about the Golden Age of Illustration, an era recent enough that your grandparents' bookshelves will have been filled with copies of books given to them by their parents, and illustrated by Golden Age artists.

Cast your minds back to those aged volumes: Gold embossed covers. Frayed cloth bindings. Deliciously thick ivory pages. And evocative front pieces, often covered with tissue-like paper that seems to proclaim, "This is Art. Handle with Care".

Many books on those old, old bookshelves—such as Robinson Crusoe, Arabian Nights, and Treasure Island – were illustrated by N. C. Wyeth, Maxfield Parish, or Frank Schoonover. They, and dozens of artists like them, were students of Howard Pyle.

Even Norman Rockwell, just 17 years old when Pyle died, credits him as a source of inspiration. In a 1962 Esquire magazine interview, Rockwell was asked what artwork he would take to a desert island, and instantly replied, a "Rembrandt or two" and "a good Howard Pyle."

So why do we remember Wyeth, Parish, Schoonover, and Rockwell, but we have forgotten Howard Pyle?

Generational stupidity? Cultural malaise? Mass hypnosis? I haven't a clue.

The antidote, however, is at the Delaware Art Museum, where Howard Pyle's paintings are on the walls, majestic, inspiring, and at long last, on permanent exhibition.

Let me tell you a little about Pyle.

First of all, he wasn't your stereotypical angst-ridden artist. He loved what he did, and he did it brilliantly. He adored his wife, and had seven children on whom he doted. He kept regular hours, never charged his students for their lessons, and was as generous with his wisdom as he was with his advice, to wit: "A subject… should hold some great truth of nature or humanity, so

"The Mermaid" - 1910, Howard Pyle (1853-1911), Oil on canvas, 57 7/8 x 40 1/8 in., Delaware Art Museum, Gift of the children of Howard Pyle in memory of their mother, Anne Poole Pyle, 1940

that a person seeing it would give a part of his life's earnings to possess so beautiful a thing". Pyle considered himself to be an artist first and illustrator second. Over much too short a lifetime – he was only 58 when he died – he produced more than three thousand illustrations and wrote (and illustrated) over twenty books.

He was passionate about his work. "If you are going to be an artist, all hell can't stop you. If not, all Heaven can't help you". When Howard Pyle painted a battle, it realistically portrayed the slump of a shoulder, the grimace of pain, the flutter of a scarf, and the pathetic vulnerability of a soldier's bare feet as he laid dead in the dust.

When Pyle illustrated gladiators fighting to the death, we see the tense muscularity of naked flesh, and we feel the savagery of an upraised arm about to thrust a knife into an opponent's heart. We smell sweat, we hear the roar of the crowd, and we see cruel streaks of sunlight cutting through the arena like the slashes of a blade.

His mermaids entice, allure, seduce, and captivate.

And his pirates!

Before Howard Pyle painted them, they looked, in reference books, more like prosperous merchants than lawless buccaneers. Pyle imbued them with style, romance, menace, and flair. He put gold loops in their ears and swords between their teeth. He made them fiercely virile, with cruel glints in their eyes, tattered clothes on their bodies, and adventure in their hearts.

"I have always had a strong liking for pirates and for highwaymen, for gunpowder smoke and for good hard blows", Pyle stated.

The look he created for pirates has extended, virtually unchanged, from the first one he painted to those portrayed in silent movies, in MGM musicals, in Walt Disney's Peter Pan, and even to our current love affair with The Pirates of the Caribbean, of which four sequels already have been made… With more to come.

Watch those movies. Visit the Delaware Art Museum and study Howard Pyle's pirates. After that, look at his Revolutionary War soldiers. His Golden Galleons. His gladiators. His Medieval Knights. His scoundrels. His lovers. And his mermaids. Then, appropriate to the 4th of July, stand in awe before his pensive and beautiful portrait of Thomas Jefferson signing the Declaration of Independence.

While you're at it, pick up a couple Pyle books: For a start, Pirates, Patriots, and Princesses and Robin Hood. Read them to your children. Honest to goodness pirates, outlaws, and archers are a thousand times more thrilling than any computer game. Better yet, bring your children, your grandchildren, your parents, your sweethearts, and your friends to the Delaware Art Museum, and personally introduce them to Howard Pyle.

Why?

Because the soul needs sustenance.

Because it is important that we integrate beautiful things into our lives.

And because Howard Pyle has produced magnificent works of art.

—Shelly Reuben

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A Treasure Trove of Memories at New Century Artists Gallery

Oscar Wilde once said, "Memory… is the diary we all carry about with us." In the exhibit, "Memories," curated by Basha Maryanska, seen recently at the New Century Artists Gallery, eleven artists provide intimate journals of the emotions and memories of their interior lives in vibrant colors. Maryanska plumbs her psyche to provide soulful impressions of places she has been. Although her images are abstract, they make reference to cities, such as Paris, perhaps on a rainy evening, Las Vegas, with nighttime glowing lights and Santa Fe, nestled in the foothills of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. Her colorful, mixed media piece, "Memories," is a tour-de-force with pigment scumbled, scratched, splattered and washed on a linen surface. The effect is textural and almost geologic where I am reminded of mountainous rock forms in the midst of an intense storm.

The painter and sculptor, Kathryn Hart presents her intimacies in all their raw power. Combining found objects with painted surfaces, her work is dramatic and sculptural as she examines the vulnerability of human beings with work incorporating canvas and cloth, with gashed, torn surfaces in her dense, dark pieces, reminding us of the human soul at midnight in a most solitary place where phantasms come as in the dreams of Francisco Goya. A surgeon's daughter, she is influenced by the techniques of that discipline as evidenced in her mixed media collage with objects entitled, "Barbarians at The Gate" where layers and lines of protection against an invading, threatening force desperately defend the subject through a broken, barred wooden gate, surgical strings curled like mine field wires, and painted burlap suggesting gauze staunching a wound, keeping the psyche safe from menacing memories.

Paola Bari's interpretations of memories are in contrast to Hart's—whimsical, fanciful porcelain painted tiles of the natural world in her depictions of cats, great and small, and the tiny denizens of the garden. Her tiles glisten with color and textures and her drawings of flowers and insects have an almost Japanese sensibility where she flattens the surface against the background tile colors, juxtapositioning detail with color. She humorously depicts the "Four Seasons" through highly stylized fashion heels, primarily painted with a complementary palette and drawn with a strong sense of pattern coming to the forefront in the design. A more relaxed, rendered piece, "African Landscape" allows Bari to paint with mostly loose swaths of color depicting the landscape on which she has superimposed a woman walking in silhouette on the road at sunrise, perhaps going to market. All of her pieces show a broad range of ability in drawing and composition.

The expressionistic paintings of Maria Maciega conjure up in me memories of work from two different art movements. The thick, impasto profiles and full faces Maciega paints in her "Cycle" pieces bring to mind both David Park and Karl Schmidt-Rotluff in their subject matter and compositions. She presents an ambient vagueness in her painting "Autumn" where the trees are almost ghostly, anthropomorphic images realized in attenuated paint strokes in Fall colors. The acrylic on canvas, "The Four Seasons Polyptych" has a cosmological feel with great energy in the applied paint surfaces as she truly provides impressions from the mind's eye.

Elaine Weiner-Reed's abstract figures bear an affinity with the legacy of Willem de Kooning. Her gestural entities display emotive linework, mining human emotions in energetic drawing, evoking deep feelings and memories, contrasting the strong black lines of the human form with softer, semi-ephemeral color washes with abstract expressionist sensibility.

Bozena Wiszniewski interprets the Australian landscape in simplified, spiritual abstracts conjuring up Rothko, Avery and Dove. Her palette is almost monochromatic, with an overall feeling of unity and rest. "Ocean and Lakes" is a quasi-color field piece with a reference to the exterior world, reinterpreted by the artist as almost palpable memories of nature. Wiszniewski uses line minimally to support the painted forms, all serving to highlight the naturalness of the land and sea.

Katia Gerasimov is an abstractionist whose concentration on color brings forth memories of particular places. She is world traveled and the colors, textures and atmospheres of all the frequented places have influenced her paintings in her interior pictures that are geometric in execution, as in "Terra Cotta" or diffused as in "The Grotto." Her oil "Moonlight" is particularly striking for its moody, mysterious scumbling where the viewer feels she is looking up at a tranquil night, the moon's subtle image faintly discerned in the dark, clouded sky. In contrast, drops and squiggles of paint, reminiscent of Mark Tobey's work, cover the canvas in "Kilim," bringing a tension to the picture, animating the palette colors. With a technique employing drawn, whirled incising into the acrylic surface, "Ribbons" exposes a mottled underlying collage, creating intensity in comparison with the work's subtle coloration.

Maureen S. Farrell's experience as an artist has informed her work with a unique perspective that integrates a broad range of watercolor techniques with other media. Her work delves into memories resulting in spontaneous, sometimes autobiographical paintings, particularly in her mixed media collage, "Crossing the Bay" where ghostly, black painted figures seem to forge their way across the body of water off the Maryland coast, the artist's home base. She superimposes the figures on the collaged map in the piece, contrasting the strong movement of the black strokes with the immobility of the printed map to great dramatic tension. The painting is authoritative, energetic, and in the execution of the figures, I am reminded of the power of Picasso's drawings of bullfights.

Beata Pflanz is multifaceted as an installation artist, poet, and painter. The world around her inspires her to reinterpret it through a wide range of techniques and subjects, creating an organic reality based upon memory and the interior life. Some of her works are atmospheric with diffused color; others are semi-cubist where she shatters the picture plane as in "On the Other Side of the Mirror II" where the smooth surface of a mirror is splintered into geometric shards. In the painting, "In Between," the maelstrom of forms is galvanized into a cohesive whole by the boldly painted arrow in the piece. Her ambitious house exterior, "I Live in My Own Painting" employs all her gifts of color and composition and when I look at it, I think of the body of work by the architect/painter Friedensreich Hundertwasser. "

Daniel Lai is witty and ironic, where memory becomes commentary on intellectual pursuit. Lai's wall sculptures are a critical eye, warning the viewer that it is dangerous to "think truly," His pieces debunk the status quo where his subjects, sculpted figures, resting on books opened in various contortions, have cracked surfaces as if their bodies were deformed by the plethora of information surrounding them. "Beware of What Your Read," shows the figure reading, propped on top of a book opened in reverse, the cover ominously sprouting shark's teeth, as if the open jaws were about to swallow the subject in a morass of information. Lai seems to say real thoughts are dangerous and revolutionary, upsetting to the unimaginative mind.

Kellee Wynne-Conrad paints with vibrant color in acrylic and oil pastel. Her floral images are impressionistic, expressive and referent to happy memories. The colors flow and the flowers burst upward from their stems, dripped and drawn on the canvas' surface. In "Sunshine," her purple tulip-like blossoms reach toward the lightness of the top of the canvas where complementary yellow intimates sunlight nurturing the radiant blooms. Her roots are found in the ambience of warm California, cheerfully infusing her soul and manifesting in her work.

In this exhibit, all eleven artists interpreted memories in an expressive gamut, sometimes somber, reflective, felicitous, or ironic, documented with consummate artistic verve. Individualistic, they mounted a show rich in attitudes and styles intriguing and delighting this viewer with their range of color and subject matter —Anne Rudder

The Museum of the Mind

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Remember the house where you grew up? Not the awful one. The wonderful one. It could have been your own house or apartment. Your aunt's, your best friend's, or somewhere you stayed with your family on a trip.

Wherever it was, it has to have been some place that awakened a spark in you: A dream. A longing. An urge to remember and to possess.

My friend Ed grew up on New York City's Lower East Side. His neighborhood was a hodgepodge of immigrant groups. Mostly Irish, Jewish, and Italian. He came from a burly, two-fisted clan that measured masculinity by the six-pack and condemned anyone interested in the arts as being unmanly and effete.

But Ed loved to draw. He loved to read. And he loved to visit his friend's apartment, because it was filled with books. Books piled high on shelves like offerings to deities of the intellect. Books in an atmosphere that somehow helped a boy who had not lived among them to grow up and conquer the world they represented.

My late husband, Charlie, told me stories about his family's summerhouse on Long Island. He spoke of riding his bicycle. Mile after mile after mile. Of fishing off the pier and waiting for his father to return from his city job so that Charlie could proudly display his weekly catch. He spoke of hedges grown so high the neighbors complained. Of the freedom and joy of being a child. And when he spoke, I could see in Charlie's gorgeous, diamond blue eyes, his house, his yard, and his cherished memories of being immortal and young.

I grew up in a suburb of Chicago. My father was an entrepreneur, a landlord, and an inventor. My mother was his aide de camp and all-purpose doer of everything else. He taught us how to dream. She taught us how to implement those dreams.

We lived in a big Tudor house that, if I tried to invent a setting for a family of seven, could not have been more perfect. We had a music room with Spanish tiles and a mahogany Steinway baby grand. There were diamond lead glass windows in our living room that reflected flames crackling in the fireplace, and there was a wonderful kitchen with cabinets that, in a moment of whimsy, my mother had painted alternating shades of white and pink. My sister Selma had her own bedroom. It had purple walls. It also had an attached bathroom that she didn't have to share, with purple tiles, a purple sink and even a purple tub. Our parents' master bedroom also had a private bath. And a dressing room, like in an old Cary Grant-Myrna Loy movie. Linda and I shared the bedroom with the pink butterfly wallpaper; and my brothers, Mikey and Chucky, slept in the room with the built-in bookshelves. It was from their window that I used to spy on Selma and her boyfriend when they swung back and forth in a hammock strung between two pear trees.

The Art Institute on Michigan Boulevard was my other home. My father had a lifetime membership there, so that is where we waited for him after we visited the dentist, before our ballet lessons, and whenever he was busy doing this or that. It had big, well-lighted galleries displaying Monet's haystacks, Picasso's Guernica, Seurat's Sunday in the Park, Breton's Song of the Lark, and the Thorne Miniature Rooms. My favorite place in The Art Institute, however, was not at an exhibit. It was in a niche behind an obscure wall on the first floor.

There, lined in plush red velvet and studded with brass, was an honest to goodness treasure chest. Like the one marked by a big black X on Long John Silver's map of Treasure Island. I would gaze, transfixed, through the brass grid that covered bright copper pennies, shiny dimes, quarters, and silver dollars, and I would fantasize about glittering diamonds, blood red rubies, and gold doubloons. A discrete sign above the treasure chest advised that all contributions went to The Art Institute School, but I never believed it. I knew that the treasure chest was there for me. To look at. To dream about. To bolster my belief that somewhere in the real world, there existed thrilling adventures worthy of the life I fully intended to live.

I have been back to the town where I grew up many times. During each visit, I could easily have knocked on the door of that wonderful old Tudor house, told its current owners who I was, and asked if they would be willing to give me a tour – for old times sake.

But I never have. I never will.

As long as I remain outside, my old bedroom will still be papered with pink butterflies; the bed in Selma's room will still be covered with a ruffled purple spread; Mikey and Chucky will still be whispering boy-talk across from their built in bookshelves; and my father will still be sitting with crayons and scissors at my mother's dressing table, making us magical cardboard cages which revealed a brightly colored parrot if you pulled the cage bars to the left or a snarling orange tiger if you pulled the bars to the right.

It is the same for The Art Institute in Chicago. I have been back there often, too. Guernia has not been exhibited over the stairs to the basement for many years; the Monets, Bretons, and Seurats are a little harder to find; the Thorne Rooms have been refurbished and restored. And the treasure chest is gone, gone, gone. Last time I visited, it had been replaced by an ugly Plexiglas box. But when I think about that wonderful old Tudor house … when I think about The Art Institute, Charlie's carefree Long Island summers, or the apartment of Ed's bookish friend, I realize that they are not really gone, and that nothing can really replace them. They will exist as long as we do.

Forever unchanged. On permanent exhibit. In the Museum of our Minds.

—Shelly Reuben

Shelly Reuben is an Edgar-nominated author, private detective, and fire investigator. For more about her books, visit shellyreuben.com.

In the Asian Tradition: Bernice Faegenburg

"Wisteria"

"Brush painting has permeated all of my work," says Bernice Faegenburg whose solo show will be at Viridian Artists Gallery, April 28-May 16. While the artist's brush paintings on rice paper are delicate and refined, her large scale pieces are dynamic, lively, and bold. Yet there is a recurring technique that unites the two—Asian or more often Japanese-style brush work using traditional sumi (black) ink.

In Faegenburg's house in Roslyn, Long Island, every conceivable space is covered with piles of brush paintings. She also has stacks of canvases lining her walls while her dining room table in front of a large bay window, where she prefers to work, is barely visible. As in her East Hampton house, there is a studio but it too is covered floor to ceiling with past work. In the last five years Faegenburg has continued to paint large works, some even huge canvas triptychs, as well as small rice paper paintings in ink and watercolors.

It's not just size that differentiates her work on canvas and paper. The large canvas paintings, that she calls "wild looking," are robust acrylics with mixed media. They tend to have an overall underpainting, a geometric grid, silk screening right on the canvas, dramatic brush strokes, and on occasion, transparent rice paper glued to the canvas. Also, they are brightly painted and far from her nearly monochrome rice paper paintings.

Mastering the art of brush painting on rice paper requires rigorous training and discipline —and in Faegenburg's case a willingness to discard work that doesn't measure up. She tosses out far more than she keeps. The challenges would defeat even the most intrepid painter. For a start, you have to load the brush with just the right amount of sumi ink, the same type used in Asian calligraphy. Then, you have to know how to create nuances with the black ink, from soft barely visible shades to strokes as black as night. To capture your image, whether it is a bamboo branch, cherry trees, or a plum blossom, it is necessary to use as few strokes as possible. Rice paper is highly absorbent so another challenge is not to make the brush too wet. In the end, what Faegenburg seeks is a harmonic composition of line, shading, and some color.

All three harmonies are visible in her wisteria painting, inspired by vines growing in her backyard. "I always start with the black lines," she says adding that in this instance they are very free and wavy." The vine leaves are various shades of green

"Bamboo"

while the wisteria blooms range from almost transparent to dark lavender. "Once the painting was finished and dry, I used a light blue watercolor that fades away gently," she says. All the nuances of color give the hanging vines a sense of movement, as if they were swaying in a gentle breeze.

This same movement is evident in Faegenburg's bamboo paintings where she concentrates on the distribution of light, shade, and color contrasts to create a lively image. "I like to imply a slight wind in my bamboo paintings," says the artist who might finish a brush painting in a day. Using long vertical lines to show movement, the artist is striving for a fresh and lively effect. Some of her other bamboo paintings are more subdued and have a meditative quality.

"What I try to do is get to the essence of things," says Faegenburg. "In Asian art, there is always a precise way of doing something. But I believe you have to be a bit free. You have to show yourself. Although it seems as if I am always painting bamboo, a major theme in my work, I am constantly reinterpreting, responding to what I see before me and what my brush stroke allows me to do."

—Bobbie Leigh

"Harbinger of Spring"

Viridian Artists Gallery,
548 West 28th Street, NY, NY 10001
April 28-May 16

Dreams Come to Light at New Century Artists Gallery

When we dream, we visit landscapes of the inner life, the unconscious world beneath our mundane exteriors, opening us to the elusive, fantastic realm that has always been documented by the artist's hand. In the exhibit, "Dreams," the artists visit this subliminal place, in a varied show strong with vibrant color, texture and energy.

Virginia Donovan's artistic study of nature influences her meditative, visionary images in her acrylic paintings in this show. "Awakening" depicts an almost embryonic form quickening in sweeping swirls of yellow lights over violet. In "Enveloping," a blue palette and scumbled brushwork draw the viewer's eye deep into a consuming mental visualization. Both paintings employ airy color, creating a feeling of freshness as if Donovan had transferred her plein air sensibility to these interior pieces.

Collaged photo and sketch fragments peak through Catherine Gerasimov's mixed media pieces, expressive of a vibrant inner life. The artist continues her experimentation with layering of paint and applied parts of her own history to create surfaces of dynamic movement through the energetic brushwork. Her palette is very selective and her use of paint, strategically dripped on the picture's ground, almost feels like musical notation in its lyrical application.

Mary Ann Glass applies encaustic with geometric forms in her work where the surfaces diffuse light and color contrasting with the subtle, photographic abstracts embedded and floating through the pieces. She opens the viewer to the unconscious world where the work's surface luminosities transport physical presence into a transcendent realm. Light pulses and shimmers off the pieces and I am reminded of Rothko's paintings in this aspect.

Kathryn Hart, in her mixed media piece, "Lunar Face," constructs a dramatic three dimensional entity on the anchoring picture plane. The painted surface textile is torn as if exposing wounds below the surface. It is a bleak piece, evoking a feeling of the desolate lunar landscape. Hart tears away at conventional reality, just as the beautiful luster of the moon, belies the barren, lifeless object that it truly is.

Classical depictions of women are found in Galina Krasskova's figurative abstract paintings. Emotive, spontaneous brushstrokes, where the inner character of the forms is brought to the surface, charge the work with palpable vitality. The use of bright cadmium yellow on the upper back and shoulder of "Seated Aphrodite," breathes life into this seated beauty animating the darker colors.

Iwona Kulagowska in her mixed media works brings the suggestion of human narratives to paintings that might otherwise be characterized as mundane portrayals of a boarded building wall and an urban alleyway. An impression or reflection of a door or portal brings the viewer into "Obraz 2" where one is invited to enter a dimension beyond the picture plane. In "Obraz 1,´three pieces of washing on a line, perhaps belonging to a child, bring a somewhat wistful, melancholy feel to the work due to the muted color scheme.

Central Park's vegetation seems to rise up growing and greening the city in curator, Basha Maryanska's expressionistic acrylic, "Spring in Central Park." The painting's execution possesses some of the whimsy of Klee's work as the early shoots of plantings overwhelm the buildings intimated in a flattened ground. White lines, drawn to delineate fleeting figures, turn the otherwise abstract painting, "Walking Shadows," into a scenario of people jostling and crowding out each other as they move along the city street. In both these paintings, Maryanska suggests the timbre of the city through her restrained, accomplished artistry.

Joanna Owidzkas's organic, wall hangings combine the folk traditions found in the fiber arts of Eastern Europe, with modern, geometric abstract forms. Her textile "Sunbeam," is quite striking for its use of light yellow fiber woven as an illumination of sunlight rising at the top of the piece. The glow of the yellow and white threads shines down on the rest of the woven composition, creating an art work of great luminescence. This work provides this viewer a powerful visualization of universal light bathing the natural world, creating an ethereal experience.

Maurice Perdreau's acrylic paintings are alive with amply textured surfaces. In one of his compositions, the artist allows a burlap cloth ground to peek through primary colors applied to the surface directly from the tube. There is a plethora of dynamic energy in his work resulting from his technique of thick build up of hues on the canvas. It is as if he dreamt of a conversation with Jackson Pollock and then awoke to expand on the dialogue.

Anna Pietruszka divides her untitled oils between subtle grays on half of the canvases, juxtaposed with textured riots of impasto color that are the results of energetic patches of hue applied with a palette knife. She then extends grafittoed lines into the colored paint and draws it over what might be seen as the suggestion of a horizon line, unifying the contrasting brights and darks. When looking at her paintings, I am reminded of sea grass standing at the ocean's shore, the water heavy with mist and thick fog, awaiting the approaching storm.

Agnieszka Szyfter in "Leona in Necklace," and "In the Mirror," depicts the same woman in profile, seen in different moods and attitudes. One, a singular profile, is reminiscent of medieval Ladies of the Court, where although the artist uses bold color, the rendering is serene due to the sinuous line work defining the outline. "In the Mirror," is fantastical, where the lady is both dressed and nude. Again, the face is calm in mirror image but both figures sport headdresses of serpentine decoration, helmet-like as if they were warrior goddesses, showing us a strong, sexual woman, but vulnerable beneath the surface.

Elaine Weiner-Reed always examines deep emotional undercurrents and she does so here in this show. In her piece, "Nightwatch," the artist reinterprets Rembrandt's militiamen, transformed into a portrait of underlying anxieties, slammed into the viewer's psyche. Weiner-Reed's use of chiaroscuro, umbers and reds in her painting, along with string adhesions dripping as jumbled, frenetic lines on the picture's surface allude to Rembrandt's masterpiece by demonstrating great movement and tension in the composition's forms.

The artists in this show all explored the territory lying beneath the surface through evocative, textured, dramatic work, connecting the viewer with the inner world, allowing thought and emotion to consciously bring the imagination forward. Here, the artists' dreams and thoughts are consummately realized.

—Anne Rudder

Recently seen at New Century Artists, 530 West 25th Street

LAS MENINAS CON LAS NIÑAS

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have looked 900 years ago (although when looked down upon from the nearby heights, as every tourist is obliged to do, the main thing one sees is 1001 Dish Antennas). But walking around Madrid is also a joy. The damage inflicted by Franco and his fascists has been repaired and the heart of the city is filled with old and beautiful buildings.

We found it hard to identify what makes the architecture of Madrid unique to Madrid. If one was parachuted blindfolded into Paris, I think it would take only an instant to place yourself. The Mansard roofs, les balcons–not to mention the aromas. London would be a bit more difficult, but you certainly wouldn't confuse the two. Nor, I think would you confuse Madrid with any other major European capital. But it isn't easy (for me) to identify the elements of harmony among Madrid's architectural gems. Perhaps Wikipedia can describe the architecture of Madrid in a way that we could understand. Though each building is unique, there is a commonality that makes strolling through the city a delight,; it certainly is not like walking up Third Avenue in Manhattan; that's for sure.

The Prado may be one of the premier buildings of Madrid, but I'm not sure it stands out architecturally except for its size and that it sits on its own site, set back a bit from the traffic and trees. But of course, it is the Prado. In 2006, celebrating the 125th anniversary of his birth, a hundred works by Picasso were arrayed down the center of the main galleries for 'Tradición y Vanguardia' (Tradition and Avant-Garde), a retrospective that attempted to show the viewer some of the Old Masters that had (apparently–but there is no documentation) inspired some of the maestro's familiar canvasses. The exhibition began in the Prado and continued in the Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofia.

Among the paintings in this unprecedented dialogue between Picasso and the past were Picassos borrowed from museums around the world (to supplement the Prado's relatively small holdings) interlaced with works by Goya, El Greco, Titian, Veronese, Poussin, Rubens, as well as Ingres, Delacroix, Manet and Degas. Picassos arrived from MOMA, the Kunstmuseum in Basel, the Philadelphia Museum of Art; the Centre Georges Pompidou and the Museu Picasso in Barcelona, among others (all of which I have visited, but if find it difficult remembering which paintings I saw in each).

In the Reina Sofia the exhibition focused, of course, on Guernica and its legacy, since the Reina Sofia has become the permanent home of Guernica after its years at MOMA while Franco was still alive and busy fascistising. And for the occasion, Manet's "Execution of Emperor Maximilian" was juxtaposed, not only to Guernica, but also to Francisco de Goya's emblematic work "El 3 de mayo de 1808. Los fusilamientos de la montaña de Príncipe Pío"which was the inspiration for Manet.

But for me, the most exciting moment in 2006, and I'm sure I wasn't alone, was to find myself standing in front of an opening in the temporary walls down the center of the Prado in which were arrayed the intermingled Picassos, Goyas and Rubens, and seeing "Las Meninas" opposite, hanging in majesty, while inside the central gallery were half a dozen of Picasso's infamous suite of parodies of Las Meninas borrowed from the Picasso Museum in Barcelona (which had its own commemoration of the 125th). One might think that a parody of the Velázquez was a sacrilege, but if Picasso could get away with paintings of a bull mating with his wife, why not 58 parodies of Las Meninas?a wonderful place to visit.

—Norman A. Ross

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Kathryn Hart: Unapologetic, Unadulterated and Unvarnished

Jute. Hemp. Burlap. Homely, homespun, humble—hardly the stuff of which dreams are made unless your name is Kathryn Hart. Yet such are the roughhewn type of raw materials that, more often than not, form the underlying layers of many of Hart's very sophisticated artwork. Homespun, it is not. Sculptural, it is.

The late George Canatta, an abstract expressionist painter and former teacher at the Art Students League, once said, "In the hands of an artist, childhood is never very far away." That is certainly true of Hart, whose equestrian background included those materials as stable and familiar components in her art.

"I use rough, raw, earthy materials," Hart explains, "because it suits what I am searching for in the series—art unadulterated about myself…Burlap is hardy and withstands twisting, pulling, tearing apart. I can form beings, breathing entities that are solid, yet full of air…. There is a tension created from this dichotomy.…Also, I love the smell of them. They smell of the earth." There are still other found materials; barbed wire, rusted hinges, hardware, and bones. Everything, it seems, could be grist for her mill.

Matter matters in these haut-relief mindscapes, of which many are monochromatic. Their 3-D dimensions plumb the depths of a captured inner darkness, sometimes liberated by flashes of primed unpainted canvas; others totally ivory, bursting with light, promise and hope, such as "Traction," a triptyque whose hinged panels—paintings in and of themselves—open to reveal a blinding landscape—ruffled, ripped and rumpled, stained and streaked with a trail of blood red. Hart has the unique ability of being able to combine extreme strength and extreme fragility within the same frame.

"Pregnant, empty space—ripe with expectations, hope and longing—often plays a key role. These open frames (as in 'Empty Fable,' 'Veiled Attempt,' 'Dialogue with a Madwoman,' and others) allude to the emotions around leaving (or being left) and staying. Exits and entrances. Emotions are different depending on which side of the open door you are."

The muscular physicality in her mixed media imagery encompasses both her paintings and her assemblages. The sculptural quality of her surfaces somehow manages to both conceal and reveal simultaneously. Hart's work seemingly erupts from beneath, rippling rents and wrinkles, bulging and burgeoning forms, some broken, some breaking out, from an undercurrent half hidden, but ominously present. Others weave the proverbial tangled web of crazily strung wire incarcerating non-figurative shapes. Fissures and tenuous, tentative threads, strings, slim cords are cast with abandon

"Empty Table" diptych 50x6x6 mixed media, burlap and objects on canvas nand wood

across a plane suggesting the inherent frailty of our mortal coil. Still others sport holes and geometries that incorporate their immediate environment, thereby becoming part of the work itself. Such are the windows into Hart's world, and within it, she molds mysteries.

Her work is autobiographical. As she explains it: "Each of my series is relevant and pertinent to my life at the time of creation. My life informs my art, so each piece is a real time reflection of my life, current struggles and emotional states…."

Hart works in series; her latest, "Unapologetic Presence," reflects her current life phase. In these images, she seeks to present "the search for an unswayable feminine identity amidst the white noise of society, family and personal experience. I am (finally) unapologetic about who I am. My search requires blocking out the external voices in my head to dig into my true identity."

Kathryn Hart, at first glance, would seem to be an unlikely candidate as an artist. The daughter of a plastic surgeon, she spent 15 years in the corporate world.

Artistically inclined as a child in a decidedly scientifically driven family, all of whom were in the medical field in one way or another, her initial creativity was stifled. Art school was not an option—not even a remote one.

She became a market researcher for major medical companies. "My job was to uncover the unseen need, find the niche not-yet-discovered, and focus on the gap, not what actually existed." That mindset seems to have permeated her artistic endeavors-- a theory she embraces. "The thinking, the search for hidden/ subconscious desires, focusing on space, not object-- that is similar." Right-brain thinking, she says, does constitute a "thread of continuity" with her art—the focus being on the idea.

After a few years, the world of big business paled before the prospect of mining her "real" self—as an artist. The idea of climbing still another rung on the corporate ladder left her feeling hollow.

"I had to create," she says, "because the need sprung from an internal well. I could say so much more in a piece of artwork than on a piece of paper…I think art is an experience. It is not necessary to understand it."

Tejo Cole wrote in his column "On Photography" (*The New York Times* Sunday Magazine, Feb. 22, 2015) something that seems remarkably appropriate to describe many of Hart's works: "What is dark is not empty: if you know how to see, there are glories in the shadows." That is not to say that there are not glories in Hart's light.

Hart explores her inner darkness and her inner light. In so doing she lays bare our own psyches. "The focus on primal emotions makes my work universal—accessible to everyone because its genesis is an emotional response." These "physical embodiments" of complex emotions compose the cloth that

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Recently seen at New Century Artists, 530 West 25th Street

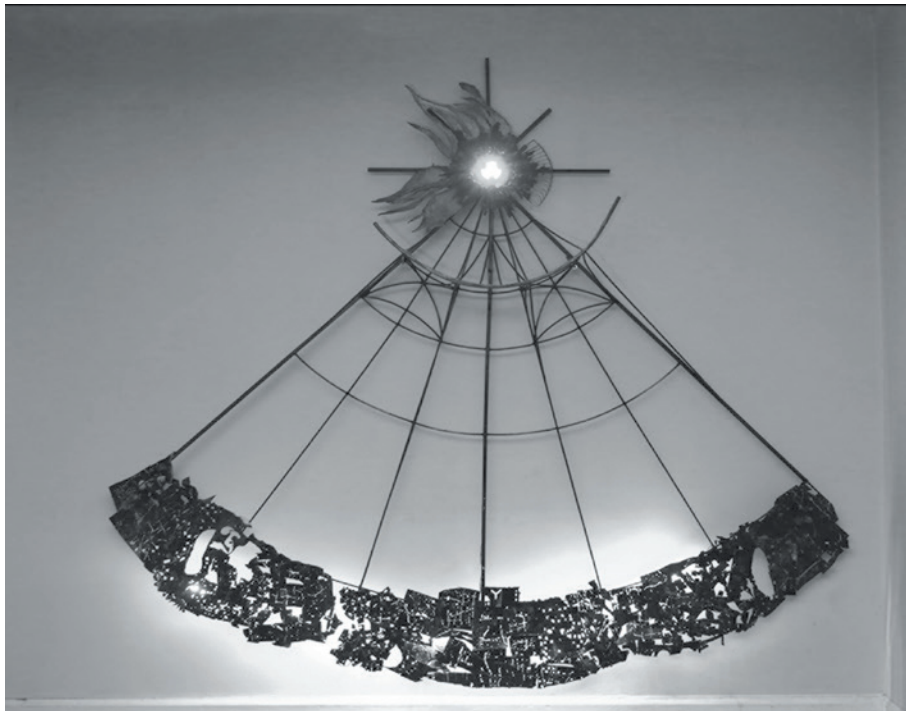
Viorica Colpacci and the Ladder of the Spirit

Viewing the artwork of the Romanian-born sculptor Viorica Colpacci, shown in her recent retrospective exhibition at the Romanian Cultural Institute, has set me to pondering the source of the power in the newest of her works. Her quest for understanding and exploring the spiritual nature of life has come clearly and strongly to the forefront of her art.

In Bucharest, she attended the venerable Romanian Institute of Fine Arts. The Institute has a distinguished history going back to 1864 and, at the time of her attendance, was named in honor of the important Romanian painter Nicolae Grigorescu. But as we know, the post-war history of the country took a turn away from it's earlier proud cultural stance. Socialist (and eventually totalitarian) governments were not fundamentally receptive to the free thinking nature of artists, and Colpacci was forced to make her exodus before things got worse, as they indeed did. She left in 1977, the year of a catastrophic earthquake, which made life in the capital untenable. She continued her studies in New York, at the Pratt Institute, and since then has remained active as a teacher, and with organizations such as the Sculpture Guild and the Association of Women Artists. Of late, she is at the core of the Romanian Institute of Orthodox Theology and Spirituality, here in New York, and their gallery Spiritus. The beginnings of her career have a clear bearing on these most recent works, as we shall see.

Is her spirituality a response to living under a repressive government during her formative years? Are those times now just a distant memory for a mature and accomplished artist? Are the early times an initiator of this spiritual path, a gateway to a creative calling? Have they set her onto the path which she now so confidently follows, if indeed 'follow' is the appropriate word? You would not be likely to consider her a 'Political' artist. If anything, she is the opposite of this. Her concerns lie on a different plane. Americans tend to discount the influences of governmental control, due to the open nature of the society in which we live. But for Eastern Europeans who grew up in a Socialist system, politics was an every-second concern. The basic relationships between people take on a different quality when your neighbor is likely to be an informer for the Securitate. But these kind of societies ultimately fail to accomplish anything except cause an opposite reaction. The spiritual essence of human life can be repressed only so long. People who retained the capacity to rebel did so, and thus the revolutions came. Colpacci's revolution takes the form of the inner spirit, the striving to overcome the divisions which keep people apart, and find a universal power which transcends this.

Colpacci has mastered a number of different mediums, and continues to use them with great facility. She has previously worked with glass, ceramics, metal, paint, but she has not been chained to a particular medium for any length of time. She could never be satisfied with a typical aesthetic style, nor with a single uniform medium. When she decides that a particular material has fulfilled her particular wishes, she is not afraid to give it a rest. She uses a particular medium until she feels she has found it's place in her spiritual quest, continuing the advancement farther down her own path. Perhaps it would be better to say farther 'up' her path, since it is apparent that this path proceeds toward a higher plane. In the new sculptures, she has largely abandoned the painting of surfaces, with the bright colors used previously, leaving them in a natural, weathered or subdued state. It is skeletal and simpler and perhaps less decorative. Previous work of painted steel forms using bright colors and color contrasts were highly luminous in their own right, but one can only think that this was not sufficient in its clarity for her. The search for a universal quality in her earlier sculptures seems tied much more to the materials. The new metalwork is presented more as itself. It is structural, almost like a drawing composed of thick steel lines. But her most recent works go farther, through the incorporation of lighting devices into the works themselves. Her desire to illuminate becomes literal, and the subtlety of this execution is in the light and luminosity and tranquility of these late works.



"Cosmogony"

The lights are diffuse, but also employ small point sources. One can think of stars, suns, glowing nebulae. The viewer is invited to contemplate planetary motions, elipses and orbits; Kepler's laws of motion without the math. The cosmos, but not literally. No galaxies of Vija Celmins, or faux-Hubble telescope images. She is suggesting to us that there is no ultimate difference in the quest of absolute science and absolute spirituality. The goal is that of complete understanding and complete experience. It is a circle in which the paths of science and spirituality meet in harmony, after journeys which begin in opposite directions; but the place of their meeting is the same. It has been called the Singularity, and I cannot disagree.

It is significant that Colpacci has used basic geometric forms as squares, circles and crosses extensively in her recent work. Her spiritual concerns have moved her to these forms. Any abstractness in her spiritual concerns are echoed in these abstract, yet universal forms, moving the works toward a purer, more elemental expresion. Circles contain squares, and triangles barely contain radiating lines which burst outward from their confines. We see large forms utilizing shapes employed in many religions. Mandalas and Celtic crosses come quickly to mind. Many of her titles are clearly Christian: "Trinity," "Crucifixion." These titles, with their references to an established religion, maintain a specific association that a particular

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Romanian Cultural Institute,
200 East 38th Street, NY, NY 10016
Opening: March 6, 7pm
March 6-24

KATHRYN HART

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Hart weaves on her artistic loom. The "living, breathing" bodies of emotions compose the "strong sculptural component" in her work.

"I reveal the underbelly of life, the aspects of ourselves we want hidden…" That said, Hart readily admits to "the strength in revealing our human fragility, not veiling it." Hart's humanoid forms, some of which look as though they had crash-landed on the surface, are "sutured and stitched, sometimes suspended in their own amniotic fluid of sewn threads and wires."

Color is symbolic, if severely restricted. Her palette is essentially a quartet representing the fabric of life, living and mourning: ebony black, earthen brown, ivory white and blood red. "More color would be a distraction, a decoration… Color would trump the texture and flatten the sculptural aspects of the piece." Less is more.

Hart resonates with artists who have physicality, power and poetry. Not surprising. Her own work has all three. Among her favorites: Brancusi, Calder, Noguchi, Bourgeois, Miro, Joan Mitchell, de Kooning, Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns, Louise Nevelson, Rothko, to name but a few.

"I need to create like I need to breathe," she says. "At best, I'd like for viewers to walk away with an intimate glimpse into themselves."

Preferably unapologetically.

—Diane Root

VIORICA COLPACCI

Continued from page 20

group of humans have created, in our continual attempts to understand the abstract nature of the Spiritual, through our many faiths and religions. Although she applies these titles to her recent works, the works themselves still do not seem 'religious' with a specificity to a particular religion. You don't need to be Eastern Orthodox, or even a Christian, to appreciate the message. They are approchable and comprehensible to a multiplicity of faiths and creeds. This is the universal thread that connects the imperfection of the human mind with the perfection that human religions seek to explain. Other titles are less faith-specific: "Cosmogony," "Sacred Sign"; the universal quality is more apparent. One work, titled "Pantocrator," perhaps best combines these two essences, being the name of a specific image of Christ in Eastern Orthodoxy, yet at the same time describing this image as being a representation of universal power or omnipotence. And the work with this title? A circle inside of squares, inside of another circle. All lit from within. I can't help feeling that the power evoked by the title extends beyond the specific Christian image, to that of the Universal. You be the judge.....

Which brings me to the most specific and quintessential of her works, "The Ladder." It is all spelled out here. It is the most direct expression of her desires, her clearest statement of desire and communication. It is her greatest gift as an artist, her creation of a pathway for the viewer to join her on her quest. For her, this ladder is still a tool, but a tool with a higher purpose, and not at all abstract in this purpose. It is her invitation to the viewer to climb higher with her, toward the light above, to the location where the earliest natural religions placed their sun god. Colpacci's sun is gentle and soft, welcoming and not blinding, not fearsome. This is a sun that draws you to it, to it's embrace, not to the doom of Icarus who dared to get too close. It is the Source above us, a gentle sun, the original Godhead. Colpacci is telling us that we are all welcome here.

—David Rodgers

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"Chelsea Night" oil on canvas

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