Gallery&Studio

arts journal

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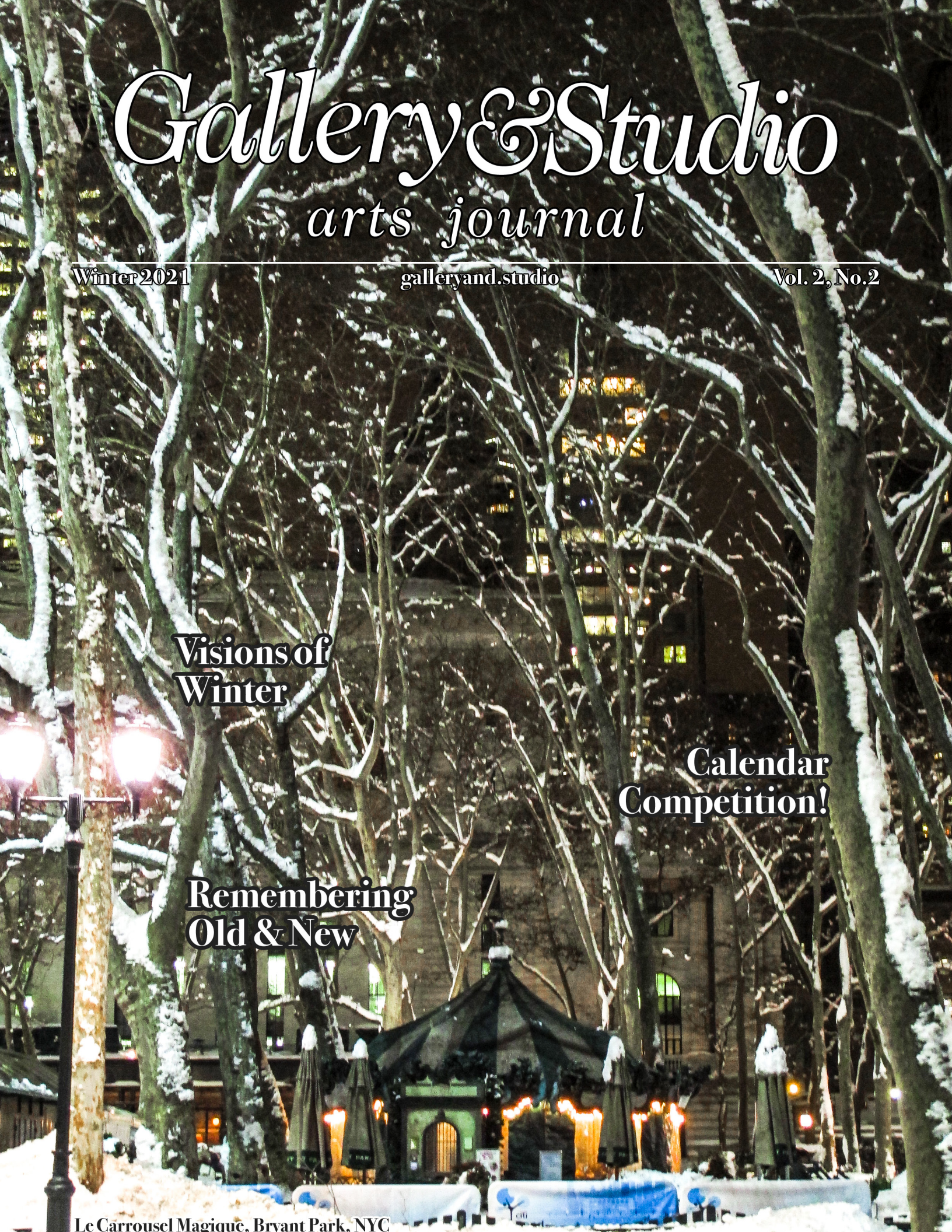

Visions of Winter

Calendar Competition!

Remembering Old & New

Le Carrousel Magique, Bryant Park, NYC

Gallery&Studio arts journal

In This Issue:

Our issues are printed quarterly and with each one, we aim to celebrate the season in some way. This issue comes at the completion of a long and difficult year. In all that we have endured, it is the seasons that keep returning and giving us a degree of certainty in an otherwise uncertain and constantly changing world. In this issue we celebrate the beauty of snow a fall on our cover, a winter photo essay inside, and Mary Holahan presents us with images of past winters from last century magazine illustrations.

In the news, there is a lot of talk of deaccessioning—selling off works from collections owned by museums as the pandemic reduces income streams. Artists are not the only ones suffering. The American Alliance of Museums stated that nearly 30% of museums are wondering if they will survive 2021. To this end, fundraising becomes even more critical. Our fundraising event this time is our inaugural calendar competition which will be distributed to museums, galleries, collectors, and curators. Please consider supporting our efforts.

As in all issues, we aim to keep art alive, by offering a diverse collection of essays from our writers. G&S is always growing and we appreciate comments, suggestions, even criticisms and of course we love compliments!

—The Editors

Contributing writers for this issue:

Mary F. Holahan, Ph. D.
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Gallery&Studio
arts journal

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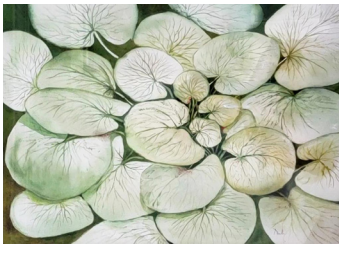

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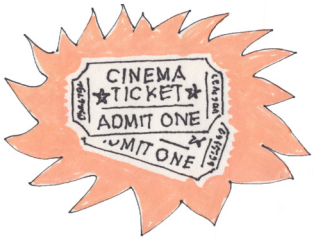

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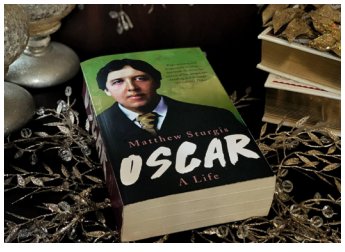

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Winter Tales

by Mary F. Holahan, Ph. D.

"New Year's Eve," 1928, Stanley Massey Arthurs (1877-1950), oil on canvas, 35½ × 26⅜". Delaware Art Museum, Louisa du Pont Copeland Memorial Fund, 1930. ©Artist or Publisher.

On a moonlit wintry night, a young man approaches the weathered door of an inn as his glowing lantern scatters reflections on the snow. A biting wind buffets his collar and the overhead sign. The inn's name, Traveler's Rest, and its candlelit windows promise sustenance and companionship. The house beyond, too, radiates warmth and safety. A red scarf draws our eyes to the man's open mouth and reveals his purpose: he is a night watchman—probably a rotating volunteer—stopping to call out the time and weather on his rounds. The rattle slung over his shoulder is for emergencies. Its clatter will alert townspeople to suspicious characters, fire, crimes, or other threats, and rouse all within hearing to come and help him confront the danger. His firmly-grasped walking stick provides not just secure footing but ready self-defense in an era before towns had police forces.

A century ago, publishers such as Brown and Bigelow commissioned leading illustrators, including historical specialist **Stanley Arthurs**, to create images for promotional items. Free calendars had the advantage of keeping a business's name on walls in homes and offices for a year. Most calendars had one image with a pad of tear-off monthly sheets. The subject matter had to be easily recognizable and both visually and emotionally satisfying to a broad segment of Americans nationwide. Historical scenes, real and imagined, were popular.

In 1928, many viewers—even without noticing 1798 on the inn's sign—would have recognized the white house and church steeple as the setting of an 18th or early-19th century New England town. Suffused with the blue shades of the night sky, the painting is a reminder of both the comforts and vulnerabilities of the early Republic.

The 1920s were the height of the Colonial Revival, when nostalgia for an idyllic past pervaded popular culture from patriotism and morality to literary tastes and architectural styles. The colonial and early national periods were idealized as a time of individual heroism and community cooperation. Exhausted by the losses of World War I and the 1918 influenza epidemic, many people were also apprehensive about social changes. Unmoored by increasing industrialization, advancements by Black Americans and women, and the perceived secularism of flappers and speakeasies, they would have responded to a scene of reassuring and predictable days. Others—perhaps aware of historical realities different from Arthurs' imaginary portrayal—might have simply enjoyed a glance at

a luminous evening in an old, picturesque village. In December, 1923, editor A. W. Rushmore of Harper and Brothers offered illustrator **Frank Schoonover** a commission: "We are working on another title...and have chosen Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates... Will you please read it over, and cook up a stunning color picture for the wrapper... (and) the colored frontispiece." According to Schoonover's archive, he sent the finished work to the publishers on February 13, 1924.

His painting depicts 15-year-old Hans Brinker in a speed skating race on an Amsterdam canal. Mary Mapes Dodge's novel about 19th century Holland centers on Hans, the resourceful son of a poor family. He earns enough money to buy steel skates, so that he and his 12-year-old sister Gretel can enter a race to win the "perfectly magnificent" silver ones. Gretel is the girls' winner. Near the end of his successful race, Hans withdraws and allows another boy to win, one who—unlike many of the Brinkers' well-off neighbors—had been kind to him in the past. Hans's gesture makes clear his generosity and integrity. The story is full of sub-plots, coincidences, and reflections of mid-19th century American ideas about Dutch history and customs.

"Cover and frontispiece for Hans Brinker or The Silver Skates," 1924, Frank Earl Schoonover (1877-1972), Oil on canvas, 35½ x 27½". inches, Delaware Art Museum, Bequest of Margaretta Miller, 1982.

The cover's brilliant colors, as well as inventive composition, draw us into the picture, and we feel like spectators along the canal side. Hans glides by, the sharp edges of his frayed green scarf flying, and his trousers a rough patchwork of patterns. His ungloved hands remind us of his poverty. He skates straight ahead with effortless grace. In contrast, his nearest competitor, well-dressed and with a gloved hand silhouetted against a canal boat mooring, skates awkwardly with his arms flying, head at an ungainly angle, and slightly off-course.

Schoonover's illustration mirrors Mapes Dodge's spirited description of Amsterdam on a race day. Onlookers were dazzled by "... (A) confusion of bright colors, (and) ceaseless motion... (as) a bright medley of costumes flitted by. (I)t looked from a distance as though the ice had suddenly thawed and some gay tulip bed(s) were floating along... in picturesque attire..."

He blurs the spectators' faces as they observe or try to keep pace with the skaters. He concentrates instead on a kaleidoscope of intense colors, stripes, plaids, and patterns. Mapes Dodge's descriptions of Dutch costumes mention black several times, but Schoonover hardly includes it, except for men's hats. For contrast, he uses white highlights. White women's caps. White snow on tree branches. Skaters skimming the "glassy plain," its blue depth emphasized by the white of fallen snow on the opposite bank.

Schoonover crops the top of the Dutch gambrel roof on the multi-colored house on the far side of the canal. He places windmills, one with decorative bands of color, smaller blue buildings, and a brick stepped archway nearby. These discourage our eyes from wandering into the distance and keep Hans front and center.

Schoonover's "stunning" color picture may have exceeded his editor's—and his young readers'—expectations. It certainly would have pleased Schoonover's teacher, master illustrator Howard Pyle, for whom such art ensured that "The stories of childhood leave an indelible impression, and their author always has a niche in the temple of memory from which the image is never cast out." *G&S*

Delaware Museum of Art
delart.org

On Remembering and Remembering Dreams

by Woody Sempliner

Remember the movie, "The English Patient?" Canadian novelist and poet, Michael Ondaatje, who wrote the book on which the film was based, was invited to be on the set during filming. But what attracted Ondaatje was not so much the intense crucible of camera locations as the relative calm of the screening rooms where the film's editor, the legendary and sage Walter Murch, viewed, studied and made notes on the uncut rushes of scenes shot the day before. Writing and film editing are kindred tasks, and these two formed a relationship that continued after the making of "The English Patient" and resulted in another Ondaatje book, The Conversations: Walter Murch and the Art of Editing Film.

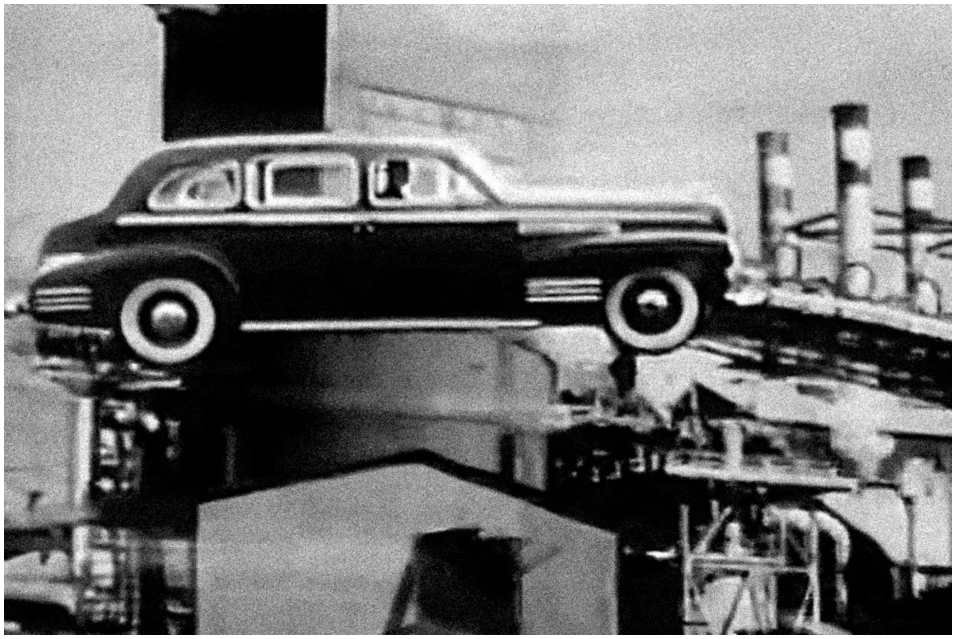
Fast forward to me (maybe in the car?) listening to a CBC interview with Ondaatje promoting this book, and an electrifying subject comes up: the curious relationship between films — particularly how they are stitched together — and dreams. I cannot remember if it was the interviewer or Ondaatje who brought this up. Memories, like dreams, are funny that way.

Part of what Murch says to this point in The Conversations is this:

"I believe that one of the secret engines that allows cinema to work, and have the marvelous power over us that it does, is the fact that for thousands of years we have spent eight hours every night in a "cinematic" dream-state, and so are familiar with this version of reality."

It is, when you think of it, a wonderful befuddlement that our conscious mind bumps into as we try, in the morning, to recount a dream and have to explain away an illogical transition that was so seamless in the more fluid environment of our dream-weaving subconscious, where the cutting, the splicing, the re-ordering of our memory is done.

Trained as a painter, printmaker and photographer, **Richard Myers** found in film a medium with which he could, as he has written, "…'paint' images from my dreams and personal memory." While, in The Conversations, Murch refers to the dream as a template for the construction of cinematic storytelling, the connection of Myers' work to dreams is thematic. "37-73" is dreams re-dreamed.



Limo Aloft in Rust Belt Dreamscape

Artist's son, the late Kelly Myers

The last time I saw "37-73" projected on a screen was, I think, four years ago. My mind seized upon the stark beauty of its black and white images, like the old friends they were, etched into memory from the first time I had seen this film decades before. Myers is the kind of artist/filmmaker for whom terms like 'underground,' 'avant-

Man with Cigarette

From left: Nora Croft, Marjory Myers (artist's mom) and Kelly Myers

garde' and the currently ubiquitous 'experimental' were originally coined. In the world of film as art, he was already a big deal by the time "37-73" was made, having been written about by such notables as Pauline Kael, Roger Ebert, Amos Vogel and noted by curators at major institutions in New York, Chicago and the west coast — a remarkable level of recognition for someone whose day job was teaching filmmaking at Kent State University.

"37-73" wafts spirit-like through its 60 minutes in loops that morph, like a succession of cursive 'e's circling back on themselves but never quite the same or in the same place as before. Exploring the artist's past it delves, we assume, into the old childhood neighborhood, the songs that were sung, the stories that were told, the images lurid, sweet and fantastic that once seen or conjured cannot be unseen, but with sites set on the impossible can be awkwardly, ardently almost re-created, like Frankenstein's "human." Myers' unerring sense of composition prevails from frame to frame but then, in the film's most delicious moments, is outdone by his masterly use of mattes to make a grand old limousine fly or naked ladies writhe in a sorcerer's pit. (I do not exaggerate.)

These phantasms, along with the entirety of Myers' massive body of work, are set in the Ohio rustbelt towns south of Cleveland —Massillon, Kent, Akron— and peopled by Myers' family, students and that tight circle of people lucky enough to be his friends. What a wondrous place it must be, this Ohio! And how great that, by hard work and a touch of brilliance, someone's offerings can transcend the American geographical prerequisites for success in art.

For this article I have limited my focus to "37-73," the one Richard Myers film that I have seen projected on a screen. This same film is poorly reproduced on YouTube. Also on YouTube is a better reproduction of "Akran," a 110-minute classic from 1969. All of Myers' films are distributed by Canyon Cinema in San Francisco. His films are owned by the Cleveland Cinematheque, The School of the Art Institute of Chicago and the New York Public Library.

Lastly, there is a beautiful book: *The Films of Richard Myers*, published by Kent State University. G&S

DVDs of the films may be purchased at richardmyersfilms.com

"Today's Feelings with Yesterday's Headlines"

by Marina Hadley

Joe Chierchio is a storyteller extraordinaire, telling vibrant, fun, narrative stories through his art. He has always known how to get a message across expeditiously. Chierchio was an art director in the top echelons of the New York advertising world for forty years. He was an original Mad Man, selling some of the most prominent brands to the general public.

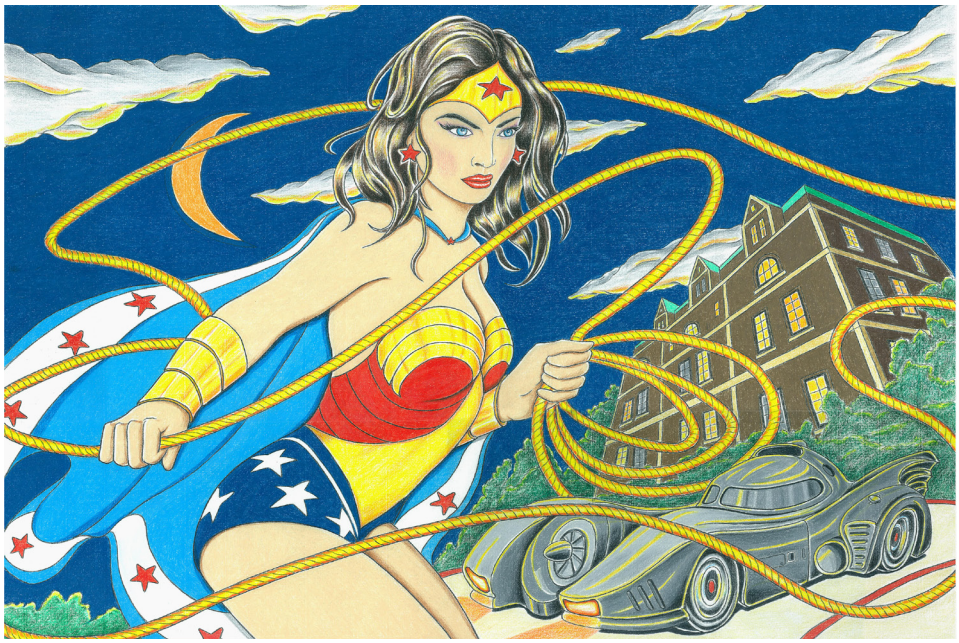
Once he left the high-octane world of advertising, he turned his attention to fine arts, starting with stone carvings and sculpture but eventually settling on drawings and paintings for which he is now known. Chierchio's art evokes nostalgia: vintage cars and airplanes, women, old Hollywood films and superheroes. He paints subjects that he himself enjoys, and he is certainly not alone in appreciating these themes. His work sells well in New York City and the Hamptons where he has a home. His work is also often featured on the front cover of Dan's Paper, a weekly lifestyle publication in the Hamptons, Long Island, N.Y.

Some of Cherchio's work depicts working-class scenes pulled from his days of growing-up in Brooklyn. They are no nonsense, reality-based scenes, perhaps a little moody but with just a hint of romanticism. Jeannie McCormack of *Gallery&Studio* says, "he depicts everyday people as heroes."

Women feature widely as well in his art. He draws women who are strong, very capable and sexy. A woman changing the tire of a Ferrari in 'Testa Rossa' and still looking immaculate or, in a nod to Rosie the Riveter, a woman working on a single 'Liberty' pop aircraft. It is a portrayal that should make any feminist proud.

He also loves cars and planes, particularly those of the 30's. He calls them "moving works of art." They evoke the good-old-days emotions and memories, or stories told by parents and grandparents.

"Casablanca"



"Wonder Woman"

Despite their bygone-era depictions, Chierchio manages to infuse his vintage images with a freshness that makes them feel current. "There is nothing new under the sun," he says, "but it's the way you replay it."

Chierchio's images evoke stories, capturing a fleeting moment in an intriguing before-and-after narrative that draws you into his scenes. He sells us a snapshot of a longer narrative. In his 'Female Heroes' series, Wonder Woman is already swinging her lasso to incapacitate the bad guy before Batman has a chance to park his car to jump out and flash

"Liberty"

his skills and muscle. You can easily hear Diana saying, "It's ok Bruce, I've got this." In her rather innocent way and taking the wind out of Batman's charging-white-knight self-image.

"The idea comes first," stresses Joe Chierchio, who also taught advertising at the School of Visual Arts in New York for many years, and he emphasized the importance of developing concepts and ideas before executing them. "You can't just attract attention; you have to tell a story."

His work is created using the extensive array of colors provided by Prismacolor pencils and watercolors on paper. He is proud to call himself an illustrator, continuing in the vein of Norman Rockwell whom he admires. His style is a souped-up version of Norman Rockwell–a little more Pop and way cooler. There is a very clean and streamlined feel to his work that makes it look easy to execute but hides the technical capabilities that underline his years of professional experience. He also sometimes uses multi-angled visuals, with different subjects on different planes, giving the overall feel of dynamic movement in a still image. A consummate professional, he strives to keep improving and promoting his work. It all adds up to the sense of drama and fun in his works. *G&S*

joechierchio.com
His work may be seen at the Southampton Arts Center, N.Y. until April 11th 2021.
www.joechierchioart.com

Oscar: A Life

by Madison Arsenault

Within the world of controversial figures of the past, a life of drama and scandal that stands out among the rest is the brief and brilliant life of Oscar Wilde. In *Oscar: A Life*, Matthew Sturgis sets out to explore the path of Wilde's life and art, from childhood influences to his firm footing within the clouds of aestheticism, and how, after years of withstanding public ridicule with little more than a characteristically witty brush-off, he was brought low by a scandal few could recover from.

Oscar: A Life reads as close to a firsthand account as a biography can, with a narrative so detailed, organic, and smooth, it felt as if I had stepped into Wilde's life to observe from the eaves. In the decades since the last major Oscar Wilde biography, a trove of new material has come into play, allowing Sturgis to pull back the curtain on Wilde's delicately arranged affectations and shed new light on the social, political, artistic, and historical influences that impacted Wilde's work and life. From his artistic struggles and triumphs to tumultuous friendships and romances, the complexities of an incredibly full life are woven together flawlessly, allowing for the most detailed, intimate view of Wilde's life possible.

Art was the axis of Wilde's life; without exception, every aspect of his life was influenced by his opinions of art. From the society he kept to the exquisite specificity with which he expressed his aesthetic leanings, art was the foundation of his being and the voice that spoke most clearly to him. He viewed everything through the lens of art, dismissive of what didn't please him yet eager to see beauty, within the ugliest parts of life, through his relentless romanticism. Even when his infamous relationship with Lord Alfred Douglas that led to the demise that perhaps everybody but he saw coming, Wilde couldn't stray from romanticism. He saw himself as something of a martyr, his exceptionally horrid downfall and punishment reduced to the challenge of his great role in the larger scheme of his perfect and forbidden love of Douglas.

While Wilde may have projected the image of having sprung into life fully grown with sophisticated tastes and scathing wit—and may have wanted us to think so—he wasn't. Born to revered Irish poet Speranza and nurtured amongst some of the biggest names in literature, Wilde's greatest influences included idealized ancient Greek culture and the likes of Swinburne and Baudelaire. Devoted to the philosophy of Art for Art's sake and a firm believer in the worthiness and depth of subjects deemed "shallow" by wider society, Wilde was a pioneer of the Aesthetic movement. As such, he was devoted in the deepest sense to his ideals of beauty and art and sought to express them in his life, regardless of public opinion. Naturally, his hyperawareness and calculation of his image were met with accusations of affectation. And it was affectation—but also completely genuine. Wilde's personal expression was true to his every whim and ideal, while also aiming to elicit a reaction. Genuine affectation. Paradoxical, no? Such was the life of the leading aesthete of the day.

Though it is common knowledge

that Wilde was hardly adored by most of his peers, Sturgis reveals just how much he was disliked and disrespected by the public with fantastic detail, exemplifying the joke he had become to many of London and literature's elite. In allowing himself to earn his initial fame by playing into the public's idea of him, Wilde became a victim of the culture he had helped foster. The instability of his life was nearly constant, swinging from lows of borrowing money from friends just to survive to living well in the wake of a brief success. His endless efforts to have plays staged or poems published were often met by unkept promises or denials. Even when successful, he was met with harsh criticism and accusations of borrowing directly from his greatest influences from those who refused to consider him anything but a silly aesthete. After letting the press make a joke of him consistently for years to gain notoriety, he had to fight to be seen as the talented poet, playwright, novelist, and uniquely intelligent thinker and conversationalist he was. In his own life, Wilde never seemed firmly established as anything but a personality.

In exploring Wilde's life, Sturgis draws sympathy from the reader, not for just Oscar himself, but for those who perhaps didn't get the best of him in his desire to live according to his ideals. His life was flawed in deeply complex ways and it appears he let little get in the way of his amusements, his inclinations often leading him down questionable paths. With periods of excessive drinking, spending, and parades of young boys, Wilde wasn't always thinking about how his actions affected his family. Though loving and not unkind, he often lived selfishly, applying his "Art for Art's sake" motto to his life in a more direct way than he perhaps should have, adopting an attitude of "Oscar for Oscar's sake."

Wilde's end was brought about painfully early, at age forty-six, nearly alone after spending a mostly unsuccessful few years exiled in Europe. Unable to focus on writing, he'd been drinking steadily by the time the medical problems arose. Though a devastating death for so incredible and talented a person, his few remaining friends didn't see how his life could become something happy again. It was their opinion that Oscar's death was perhaps for the best.

Oscar Wilde was a brilliantly talented artist who never failed to be true to himself. This astoundingly in-depth biography, by Matthew Sturgis, takes readers beyond the veil of Wilde's facade and encourages us to get to know the man behind the legend, cultivating an understanding of the environment, influences, and inclinations that could breed the likes of Oscar Wilde. Though my initially simplistic opinion of his golden presence within the history of literature has been challenged and expanded by *Oscar: A Life*, Wilde's presence is no less golden because of it. *G&S*

For more information about Madison Arsenault:
houseofcadmus.com
headofzeus.com
Photographs by Madison Arsenault

*The glorious **Bethesda Terrace and Fountain** at the northern end of the Central Park Mall is the only formal feature in the park's original blueprint that still exists today. The elegant fountain is centered by the Angel of the Waters, a statue designed by Emma Stebbins in1868, the first woman to receive a public commission for a major work of art in New York City. The winged tall female statue refers to an angel blessing the Pool of Bethesda and giving it healing powers. She is surrounded by small cherubs representing Temperance, Purity, Health and Peace. Photograph by **Brett Whysel***

Gallery&Studio
arts journal

CALENDAR 2022 COMPETITION

Be a part of the inaugural G&S Calendar!

G&S is excited to share with our creative readers the opportunity to be a part of a full color hanging calendar for 2022! We will highlight one artist each month and one additional for the cover. The winners of this competition will be selected by the Board of Directors.

Our aim is to use the calendar to promote the artists and their works via a network of selected galleries, museums, curators, collectors, and art communities.

The deadline is June 30th 2021 and the entry fee is $25 for three images.

For more information and to submit your artwork go to **galleryand.studio/competitions**

An Illuminated Poem by EdMcCormack

Home as the Soul of Art

by Christine Graf

"With A Longing"

Much of the art of **Eloise Shelton-Mayo** is about home but not in the traditional way. Mayo is fascinated with architecture and the theme that home is the locus of our lives. Weathering, decay and the ravages of time doing their work is at the heart of Mayo's exploration–like a billboard peeling layer upon layer of what came before, revealing an unusual beauty. Such as the Japanese philosophy of wabi-sabi where the rusted hammer and the cracked cup are revered.

Mayo unveils the broken, makes art from it and she, like so many artists, seeks to heal and renew what has been lost. To pay homage to that which is consigned to oblivion, the abandoned house. One work, "From A Window," is predominately executed in black, gray and white with hints of brown. An abstraction of a window surrounded by branches and bramble is creeping into a

collapsing house. The window appears on the left side and a smaller window is almost buried on the lower right side of the image. The entire piece is a reduction of elements and we are not sure what we are looking at except that it suggests wreckage. Scratched textures and a fallen branch in the center are so seductive that we forget the artwork is about desecration. Many artists are intrigued with the unloved, forgotten, the detritus of life. Mayo insinuates that in the breakdown of a house, a home even in its desolation, there is a new way of seeing; an opportunity to show beauty in all its form. Isn't that what art making is about?

Mayo's strong suit is composition. She can fill an artwork that creates wholeness with movement, texture and energy. In the piece, "With A Longing," there is an abandoned house, and another image that suggests some kind of structure but is indecipherable. Mayo's pieces are active, lively, while depicting breakdown. She uses a muted color palette that echoes of times past.

One could assume that a house is like one's body. A place that holds the spirit. And that whatever our body/home looks like, it can be a sacred place, a sanctuary. The wrinkled crone with a cloud of white hair houses a loving heart, although her house-body may be breaking down, but yet there's beauty inside her. Perhaps Mayo is hinting at that.

If making art is about transforming materials, whether it's an image that begins with loss and turns into an asset, into artistry, then that is the prize, the hope, the discovery of why one makes art. *G&S*

"From A Window"

eloiseshelton mayo.com

VOLCANO!
at the *PAM*

by Dr. Bill Thierfelder

Photomural image by Richard Gordon Bowen, May 18, 1980. Courtesy of the Bowen Family.

For the past year, as visitors enter the Arlene and Harold Schnitzer Sculpture Court of the Portland Art Museum, they are greeted by Richard Gordon Bowen's massive, awe-producing photograph of the Mount St. Helens eruption in May of 1980. The IMAX-sized image is the lead-in to dozens of paintings, photographs, and sculptures that were inspired by that mountain, both before and after the deadliest volcanic event in American history. From pre-contact Native American objects to contemporary art, the show traces the mountain's changing image and significance for local peoples.

Columbia River artist, Condor bowl, pre-contact, basalt, Gift of Mr. Henry L. Corbett, 51.204

In the same Court space as the photo mural, we see Native American pieces made from the basalt and obsidian of the volcano, which has erupted several times since the first indigenous peoples settled the Northwest nearly 12,000 years ago. Notable anthropomorphic figurines from pre-contact Columbia River artists as well as bowls depicting local animals like rattlesnakes, condors, and bighorn sheep whet the visitor's appetite.

The first known visual depictions of Mount St. Helens itself were created during the 1840s by Henry Warre, a British army officer, and Paul Kane, a Canadian-Irish artist. Their pictorial records give us a first glimpse at the once-was mountain.

By the 1870s Portland's leading artists celebrated the remarkable beauty of the nearly symmetrical cone rising from the surrounding landscape to meet the demand of collectors from around the country as well as local home-owners and businesses who wanted depictions of the American West. For example, the Oregon-born artist Grace Russel Fountain spent much of her earlier life, which included a stint as an artist for the Park service, depicting the raw grandeur of the Northwest mountain ranges. Her painting "Mount St. Helens" (1890) is a representative example of the regional response to the mountain's charisma during the final years of the 19th century.

One of the highlights of pre-1980 Mount St. Helens art in the show is a modestly-sized painting (18 by 32 in) by Albert Bierstadt. Bierstadt was constantly in pursuit of "splendid scenery" for his paintings. He already had world-wide fame when he journeyed to Oregon and Washington in the autumn of 1889, and when he saw the Mount he was immediately taken by its magnificence. He made numerous sketches that he later transformed in his New York studio, adjusting —as he often did— the appearance and visual angles of the site to create "beautiful pictures."

Then came May 1980.

Artists have long depicted volcanic eruptions because they are the most visually remarkable manifestations of nature's breathtaking power. Yes, hurricanes, tornados, wildfires, and earthquakes can be just as destructive and can affect much larger areas, but few are as mind-boggling powerful. The Pacific Northwest artists who witnessed the eruption in 1980 were bound to express their experience.

George Johanson (American, born 1928). Mirrored Porch, 1984. Oil on canvas. Lent by the artist, L2019.108.3

Albert Bierstadt (American, born Germany, 1830–1902). Mount St. Helens, Columbia River, Oregon, 1889. Oil on canvas. Collection of L.D. "Brink" Brinkman, LDB Corp, Kerrville, TX, L2019.94.1

For months after the initial eruption, ash and smoke billowed from the shattered mountain. The 4 ½ by 5 ½ foot "Eruption of Saint Helens from Cable Street" by Henk Pander captures the ongoing visual wonder of the event. This particular painting was based on studies he made on July 22nd, 1980.

Portland printmaker and painter George Johanson has adopted Saint Helens in many of his works, including 1984's "Mirrored Porch," making the eruption a timeless symbol of the city itself.

Another Portland artist, Lucinda Parker, has also used the eruption several times, including a recently completed painting called "The Seething Saint," imbuing her canvases with her distinctive color pallet and energy.

As soon as the smoke cleared, ceramic and glass artists gathered the abundant, silica-rich ash to use in their works. Included in the show are pieces by Portland's Bullseye Glassworks and Paul Marioni's "Mount St. Helens Vase," which he blew from pure ash the day

Columbia River artist, Anthropomorphic Figure, pre-contact, paint on basalt, The Fred and Rosetta Harrison Collection; Museum Purchase and Partial Gift of Mike Jungert, Shelley Engh, and Robin McGinn, 2001.21.1

after the eruption. Other artists used the shattered trees and plant life to produce sculpture or multimedia wall pieces such as the untitled 1983 composition by Charles Arnoldi made of branches gathered from the downdraft of the eruption.

Photography also became another medium for depicting the eruption's radical transformation of the landscape. In the final room of the show, visitors can take in the stunning images of Emmet Gowin, Frank Gohlke, Marilyn Bridges, and other local photographers, helping us in some small way to experience the savage beauty that resulted from the destruction.

VOLCANO! brings to life one of the most significant days in Pacific Northwest history, both for those who remember the eruption of 1980 and for those who know only its legacy. Putting that cataclysmic event in the context of what was before and what has happened since makes the show all the more engaging. *G&S*

portlandartmuseum.org/volcano-online

The Three Incarnations of Smalls Jazz Club

by Ed Cowardin

The Smalls Jazz Club, January 1, 2021. Covid-19 is still going about its horrific business in New York City, but as dusk darkens the semi-deserted streets in the West Village, five musicians are setting up to play to an invisible audience in a basement room on West Tenth Street. They will be paid for two sets of music. Despite formidable odds, the tiny and now legendary Smalls Jazz Club is still going about its business.

My introduction to Smalls took place on a steamy summer night, a year or so after it first opened in 1994. A good friend made the introduction. Unlike me, he lived in Manhattan and kept up with the changing jazz scene there. We went first to Bradley's, the popular Village piano bar at 70 University Place where so many of the world's greatest jazz pianists routinely took a seat at the club's nonpareil Steinway grand. (I lived 500 miles from Manhattan, but I knew about Bradley's because I was a hungry reader of critic Whitney Balliet's jazz columns and Joan Bennett's pithy, on the money jazz blurbs in the New Yorker.)

After a stirring set by the young pianist Jeff Keezer, my friend said we should check out one more place. "It's a new club in the West Village." Minutes later we were waved past a battered open door and the sixteen steps that lead to the basement home of Smalls Jazz Club. The musicians were on break, but the room definitely wasn't. It was packed with mostly young jazz fans, brightly lit and noisy. The vibe was electric and everyone seemed to be talking at once. But soon enough, like a monitor being turned to low, the talking began to fade. The musicians were back on the bandstand and ready to start another set.

First Incarnation

According to its own website, "Smalls Jazz Club was created in 1994 by the enigmatic Mitchell Borden, a former Navy submariner, registered nurse, philosopher & jazz violinist." Borden, who retired from Smalls in 2019, had little experience in business and an even smaller interest in making money beyond keeping the club open. He did have a transcendent, almost mystical devotion to jazz music, its history, its great legends and its universal appeal to different peoples and races around the world. He also lamented the shrinking number of clubs in New York that were paying higher rents that resulted in higher covers, and which left countless young musicians without a place to develop their art before a live audience. But when he learned that he could lease the small dingy basement on West 10th, he jumped. It was kind of a dump, but so what.

"When booking musicians, Borden especially liked players who, despite the closed doors at other clubs, were passionate about experimenting and making something new out of the classic jazz standards. "

Word of mouth spread quickly after Smalls opened. Patrons could usually find Borden outside on the sidewalk chatting or barking at potential customers. And if you didn't have the modest ten-dollar cover, Borden might let you hand over what you did have. He was known for letting temporarily homeless musicians sleep at the club. He welcomed others who showed up during the day when they were desperate for a place to practice or lacked access to a piano.

The saxophonist Charles Owens, who had a regular Friday night gig at the club for years, also often opened and closed it in those early years. In a recent radio interview, he said that the jam sessions the club encouraged would frequently last until six or eight in the morning. (Jam sessions provide a testing ground for young, inexperienced musicians in ways that formal schooling can't. They can encourage players to work harder, help overcome stage fright or "freezing up" when improvising, and can introduce young players to established older ones who are on the lookout for an exceptional young talent to add to their band.)

Some of the tonier neighbors and shops near the club were appalled by it, even though in those days it didn't even have a liquor license. (Likely some of these feared as much about racism and property values as anything else.)

When booking musicians, Borden especially liked players who, despite the closed doors at other clubs, were passionate about experimenting and making something new out of the classic jazz standards. And history shows that Borden had an exceptional pair of ears and sense of timing when it came to bookings. Players as diverse as Norah Jones, Joshua Redmond, Roy Hargrove, Chris Potter, Jeremy Pelt, Mark Turner, Brad Mehldau, Guillermo Klein and hundreds of others played at Smalls at the start of their careers. It was an amazing run that lasted until 2002. Then, shortly after 9/11, Smalls, too, came crashing down and declared bankruptcy.

Second Incarnation

Smalls was dormant but hardly forgotten by musicians and Mitch

Borden. Two years later the club was back for a second incarnation. Another quote from the Smalls website: "Smalls was taken over by a Brazilian bar owner who renamed the place 'The Rio Bar', which became a dismal failure. Frustrated by his failure, he approached Borden and asked him to re-open Smalls with him(self) as owner and (Borden) as manager." Once again up and coming jazz musicians in New York and even Europe were performing at Smalls.

The new arrangement seemed to work until early 2007 when the Brazilian declared he wanted to sell the club. That is when the pianist Spike Wilner enters our story.

Wilner, along with a friend of his and Borden, raised the funds to buy the club in a three-way partnership. Wilner had a knack for the business side of things Borden lacked. But all three partners developed a new vision of what Smalls should now be. They restored the basement, added chairs and better lighting and set up a new sound system that eventually included video. This meant that the club could archive each live show and offer them to schools and universities and fans who were willing to contribute to the newly formed SmallsLIVE Foundation. Soon enough, another generation of young jazz players and aficionados were finding a home at Smalls again. As usual, guest players would be asked to sit in, but the all-night jam sessions were a thing of the past. It still wasn't the most profitable jazz venue in town, but with the Foundation and a partnership that shared the jobs of booking, management and accounts, it was on a much more even keel, even after the partnership was reduced to just Wilner and Borden.

Third Incarnation

As I write, Smalls today is in what could be called its third incarnation. As the rich fled the city last year with their computers and servants and planted their families in second or third homes, ambulance sirens, death and bizarre illnesses became omnipresent in the city. The throng of ordinary people who keep it humming and make life here bearable were often left to fend for themselves. Most New Yorkers who work in the performing arts suffered. Jazz musicians, who lacked a sinecure at a university or a Lincoln Center, or lacked the skills to use digital technology, were left high and dry. In step with the city's concert halls and theatres, the city's jazz clubs began closing, too, some for good. But once again, Smalls was an exception to the rule.

The club never stopped paying musicians to present live shows for ten to fifteen socially-distanced paying customers –or for no customers at all when lockdown demanded it. But there were eyes and ears pinned to phones and laptops, also watching these shows. It was an invisible audience which the musicians, sadly, could neither see no hear, but knew was there. Some sixty thousand streamed SmallsLIVE when Wynton Marsalis took the little bandstand. However many of the concerts I saw were equally memorable. Some of my favorites were a group fronted by the great Philadelphia pianist, Orrin Evans which featured Caleb Curtis, a brilliant young alto sax player from Brooklyn; the astounding young jazz vocalist, Veronica Swift and her quartet; and tenor saxophonist Melissa Aldana and her phenomenal guitarist, Charles Altura, not to mention the brilliant pianist, Sullivan Fortner.

The pandemic has made the future status of such things, cherished by people, impossible to predict. Who knows if Smalls will still be open when you're reading this. But, damn, it better be. *G&S*

smallslive.com

The Car Ride I Didn't Take

by Robin Goldfin

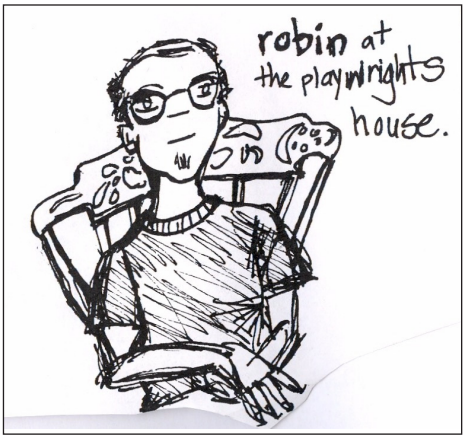
When Jeannie McCormack asked me for a story for the next issue of Galllery&Studio*, I said "Yes, and let's make it a column for the storytellers from* Queer Stories*," the group I help organize and that helps me write and tell stories.*

Queer Stories *originally developed in the 90's and early 00's as a gay men's storytelling group. We had performances in New York and few out of town venues. The idea was strong and simple: tell short, personal stories. Stories connect us to ourselves and each other in a way few other things can. In 2005, we published a book, edited by Douglas McKeown, the facilitator of the group and maestro-storyteller himself.*

The group disbanded in 2008, and for 12 years QS *was silent. But I had more stories to tell. And I would do it better with others, especially in these isolating Covid days. So I spoke to a few folks, some old, some new and we reorganized as* Queer Stories 2.0*—now* LGBTQ.

In Queer Stories*, some of us are writers, some not. For the purposes of this group, we are all storytellers. It's an ancient tradition and we bring a queer perspective to it, even when the stories are not about being queer.*

Queer Stories *in* Gallery&Studio *are dedicated in memory of Holden. Holden McCormack was the beautiful son of Jeannie and Ed who died in 1993 at age 30 of complications from AIDS. I witnessed the emotions and love of his parents. Love like that never dies. May the stories we write and tell here remind us that writing is often a conversation with the dead, and (in the words of Solomon's Song of Songs) "Love is Stronger than Death."*



Drawing by Crystal Skillman

Both of my grandfathers died when I was young. After that, my parents had a tradition of visiting their father's graves every June on Father's Day. My mother died over 20 years ago. That June was the first Father's Day my father would have to make the trip to the cemeteries alone, without my mother. So he invited me to go with him. He also invited his sister, my Aunt Joyce.

My father and his sister did not get along. They could not have been more different. They grew up in the Bronx and my dad loved working since he was a boy. At 11, he delivered groceries in a little red wagon for a quarter. He was smart, graduated from Stuyvesant H.S. Then he went into his father's business, became a traveling salesman. He got married and had a large family—supported a wife and six kids on a salesman's commission. I can't imagine.

My Aunt Joyce struggled with mental illness her whole life. She married once in the 1950's, but the man was abusive, so she left him and moved back home. And she never left. I loved her since I was a little boy—we were both dancers! My father had no patience for her: "She's not sick—let her get a job!" She couldn't keep a job; she couldn't keep friends. After her mother died, my Aunt lived alone on welfare and food stamps. I don't have to look much farther than my own family to see the haves and the have-nots.

My father and his sister would fight over the smallest things. I remember once going to visit my grandmother's house. My father opened the refrigerator and took out some cottage cheese. He ate the cottage cheese. It was my Aunt's cottage cheese! All hell broke loose—"Alfred, that's my cottage cheese!" Then in a huff we were out the door and going home.

So, in that year of my mother's death, when my father invited me to visit the cemeteries on Father's Day with him and my Aunt, I said, "No thank you." What I really meant was "Are you kidding me?! I am not spending the entire day cooped up in the car with you and your sister fighting. NO!"

So I didn't go, I stayed home. I was so pleased with myself for making the right decision. Later that night, I called my Aunt to hear how things went. She told me this: "Robin, it was a good day. First we went to *King David* to visit our father, Charles. Then we drove to *Har Nebo* to visit your Mother's father, Albert. At the cemetery, your brother—I mean your father [she always made that mistake] --got out of the car, went up to the grave and said this: 'Albert, this is your son-in-law Alfred. I came to tell you that in February of this year, on February 19th, your daughter Dollyann passed away. I know you loved her very much. And she loved you. I just thought you would like to know.' "

Then they got in the car and drove home.

My Dad was a complicated man. He was from the Bronx and once again, I had underestimated him. Some people will go a long way to talk to the dead. *G&S*

suddenlyaknocktheplay.com

How I (Almost) Learned To Live Without Photoshop

by Oscar Masciandaro

She was already in tears at the point she arrived at my studio. The agency I was working for at the time had a policy of showcasing portraits… silhouettes really, of their upper management on their web site. Audrey had come for her photo, visibly unprepared to sit in front of a camera. She'd recently reentered the workforce after an extended leave to have her first child. Besides the separation anxiety and stress of being back in a harshly competitive environment she was also dealing with the not insignificant amount of weight she'd gained.

"I don't even look like myself…" She said, almost as an apology.

Still, one of the reasons I love my job, as a portrait photographer, is that I get to meet complete strangers and, within the course of a few minutes, get to know them well enough to capture a bit of their essence. If I'm on my game, the photo they leave with shows a version of them that looks as if they'd had a great night's sleep and just run into their best friend. It's a well choreographed set of greetings, questions, pauses and insights, eventually framing an image and clicking a shutter release.

Audrey was going to be a bit of a challenge. Luckily we weren't all that busy that day so we had a chance to sit and talk. I made her a cup of tea. We compared notes on what having kids was like and how jarring it was that the world of advertising seems to impossibly coexist in the same universe as diapers and midnight feedings. By the time she was in front of the camera, she was able to center herself and muster enough of a Mona Lisa smile that she left with some degree of dignity.

"You're going to Photoshop some of this fat off, right?" For some reason most women say that as they walk out the door.

Among the hundreds of tools in my arsenal, 'Liquify' is one of the most notorious. It does exactly what it sounds like. Apply that filter and the entire image becomes fluid. There's even a cursor that looks like an index finger. Whatever area you touch the image becomes pliable enough to stretch or shrink or reshape at will. If Michelangelo had had Photoshop, I'd imagine that all the subjects of the Sistine Chapel would have looked like super models. But you use it at your peril. Audrey's silhouette wasn't how she remembered herself before the pregnancy and lack of sleep and the stress of a job search. Forgetting my own prime directive, I reshaped her to resemble what she might have looked like years earlier… before stretch marks and midnight feedings; sweat pants and Chinese food.

At first, she was ecstatic. She called me and expressed the same kind of joy and gratitude you might direct to someone who just saved you from drowning. And then things started to go wrong.

The managers at the Agency weren't happy with her performance. Rather than fire her outright, they hired another woman to do precisely the same job as she did and stoodback to watch them fight it out. After a few months of this and a particularly bad day, Audrey had had enough and stormed off, not to be seen again.

Her replacement, smug from winning what was almost a street fight, pointed to her image on the website… the one I'd lovingly retouched a few months earlier. The same one where I assumed the god like privilege of taking her back in time and transforming her from a size 16 to an 8.

And she said, "No way in hell was she ready for this job. Just look at all the weight she gained since she joined the company."

Ouch. Tools used without discipline and some degree of judgment (even with the best of intentions) come with consequences.

In 2020, every model on every magazine cover has been tweaked to perfection. In that world there is no cellulite. Hips and breasts magically snap to perfect ratios. Skin is flawless. Teeth, eyes, noses conform to olympian standards. It's a fatal embrace. In recent years, software has been created to automate the process. It's relatively easy to go from a raw photo to a Kim Kardashian knock off in just a few clicks.

To do less is to reveal your subject as being merely human, but it leaves the rest of humanity struggling to accomplish in real life what's so trivial to do with technology. And worse, do we really want a generation of people who look like second rate clones?

Gratefully, time has a way of clarifying things. As a portrait photographer, I have an innate love of how unique faces are. I know from life experience that after everything else is gone, an image may be all that's left. What a missed opportunity to try and blend everyone to some arbitrary beauty standard.

If I had to shoot Audrey again, I'd tell her that this is herself at this single moment in time; nobly trying to balance her relationships and parenthood with a career and doing the best she can. That's the kind of spirit that's worth capturing. *G&S*

oscarmasciandaro.com

Divining Dreamscapes

by Anne Rudder

"Fish of Ishtar"

April Bending hails from western Canada and for many years has resided in the warm climes of the Cayman Islands creating intuitive, emblematic paintings from memories. Bending, an empathic woman whose pictures are instinctive reactions to any subjects she may see before her eyes, received formal university training in Alberta and organized exhibitions at galleries in Toronto. Her father sparked her choice to become a painter, a vocation held sacred by her, where the images she today so sagaciously conjures, flow to us directly from her heart.

She paints from memory, not from an image placed next to her easel, filtering out what is unimportant in her subjects, unfettered by details, to create impressions spontaneous and paired down to essences so that our eyes are drawn to a spiritual relationship with them. Forgive the pun, but the artist spends her time "bending" realities of her subjects into dreamy flickers of our prosaic world, giving us permission to transcend and

travel to otherworldly realms. For a few beautiful moments we are transported.

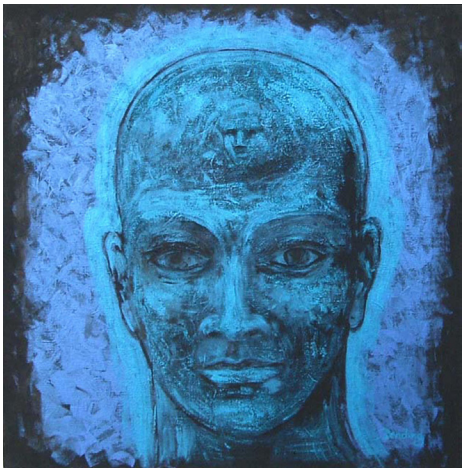
As an artist, her paint choices are spontaneous, with pigment happily moved and laid down by slight impasto applications along with dry brush. The color shines through, pristinely, on canvases primarily monochromatic in scheme, so we are drawn to the unconscious character of the subjects she paints. Her inspirations are the feelings she receives from people, expressed through the creation of texture on the canvases. Her attention to process guides final painterly destinations, and this augments the emotional resonances of the work. The "eyes have it" in her portraits of people and are expressive and highly luminescent, dreamlike gateways for portals to the soul.

She has participated in exhibits worldwide, including a showing at the 2009 Florence Biennale. One of her paintings was chosen for the New Art International Cover Award, an intimation of a sailboat floating through misty seas.

With waters as her motif, she has created numerous aquatic canvases with fish, wriggling and swaying in abstract grounds of painted oceans, as they avoid the fishermen's ominous hooks. Her years of living in the Cayman Islands have given her many maritime topics to mine for visuals that subliminally inform the works. Her depictions of koi are colorful and animated in contrast to the more subdued ocean fish she paints as if they were mounted. Subtle snail shells are juxtaposed in one piece, almost like rotating spirit swirls floating through the canvas, contrasting with the almost stationary fish. The representations portend the secret world lying beneath mundane existences, opening us up to questions of meaning.

Her blue acrylic, "Resolution," is a portrait of a human head, serene and wistful in demeanor with eyes bringing an intense gaze outward as the subject looks inwardly, a ghostly small face superimposed on the forehead by the artist. Perhaps the subject is recalling someone and trying to mentally resolve a difficult situation. This is just my reading of the piece and the artist's use of economy in expression will surely bring other interpretations to it.

An intriguing painting by Bending is "Fish of Ishtar."



"Resolution"

The artist superimposes a monochromatic fish on a wall of ancient stones. Ishtar, or Inanna the goddess of war and fertility for the ancient Sumerians. She could create and destroy. Here, the artist's painting of a fish could symbolize the unconscious and good fortune or refer to the Sumerian water god, Enki, lord of both wisdom and deceit. I believe she expresses a duality of emotion in this piece where this aquatic animal is both positive and negative, representing inventiveness as both a life affirming and simultaneously harmful force. The pairing down of subject to essence helps us to connect with the hidden human psyche that, to me, brings a richer meaning to the artist's enjoyment of painting oceans jolting us to connect with feelings. The simplified images are understated but hold a large treasure chest of meaning in their hidden safe.

Bending is also responsive to the severe issue of climate change, painting canvases of polar bears and underscoring their survival threatened by global warming. As a Canadian, she is most aware of the need for preservation of the icy Arctic and its natural habitat and she paints her subjects with a sensitive, imploring brush. Her innate feeling of compassion has also led her to teach art classes to men and women in prison where her kindness has helped to bring a spontaneous sense of healing to inmates, calming them through this positive outlet.

One might apply the proverb, "Still waters run deep," to describe Bending and her work. Although her pieces use imagery sparingly, the subjects intimate a wealth of profound meaning. When a person sails on the glistening ocean, the surface of the water is tranquil as the gaze is focused at the horizon, but this image changes when the boat dips below the calm surface. April Bending sails evocatively and knowingly across canvases for us, her art heralding larger themes about life that she understatedly allows to speak for themselves and consequently, in so many ways, she greatly enhances our world. *G&S*

aprilbending.com

Going Way Beyond Comfort Zone

by Anne Rudder

The multi-talented formidable painter, **Dellamarie Parrilli**, has given us bold exemplars of her great expressive heart in the exhibit, "Up Close and Colorful," now viewing on line through Cross Contemporary Partners, until October 2021. Computer technology allows virtual witnessing of this forceful display in this time of unending malaise and I am grateful for the opportunity to remotely view it despite the show title asserting intimacy.

Ms. Parrilli exulted in her budding music and dance life, but her promising career as an entertainer was cruelly curtailed by an autoimmune disease, her singing voice vanishing as a result. This was tragic, for when the malady struck, she had been formulating a one woman Broadway show about Judy Garland and then, in the face of this daunting situation, she had to find a new creative outlet, as she could no longer perform. Her Great White Way Dreams dimmed into the past.

But, the lights did not extinguish because she was a fighter repeatedly transcending serious setbacks in life; she picked up a brush and palette knife and without training, knowledge of painters, or preliminary sketches, began painting forceful abstract expressionist canvases in the studio, intimating the works of de Kooning, Pollock, Mitchell and other giants of this explosive genre, without knowing who they were. She connected with unvarnished feelings, as testaments to boundless emotion and statement of survival, as she made them accessible by intuitively moving paint on canvas surfaces —brush and knife singing, dancing, skipping, squiggling and sweeping bright colors across the picture planes. Paint was her new shield against hindrances as she discovered she could realize pieces of originality and power in this new way of communicating, taking viewers through forceful visual journeys from her inner life.

"This Girl is On Fire"

Not only are her pieces remarkable, but the titles she gives them are highly descriptive. One of the first art works greeting the viewer upon entering is "Joyfully Unhinged," a painting where white amorphous forms wiggle like paramecium under a microscope, floating crazily on a red drip and scumbled surface rather than on a lab slide. The artist delineates these forms gesturally, with white staccato dots and loopy lines overlaying a variegated, impasto red-hued ground making the entire painting vibrate visually. The result is a jubilant and slightly mad piece, enticing viewers to more liveliness as they explore the exhibit further.

Near this initial riotous painting are two cool colored ones in blues and greens. "Garden of Dreams" is a summer foliage brush-stroked

delight and next to it is found the soothing, subtle "In the Arms of Angels," where wispy touches of yellow green paint float dreamily on a tranquil ocean-blue ground like archangels about to appear in visitation.

Her acrylic, "This Girl is On Fire," is all hot yellows and reds around an anthropomorphic form conjuring up images of a shamanic woman being consumed by flames. The bright colors nearly cause visceral reactions making feelings of hot love almost palpable. Ms. Parrilli's companion piece, "Truly, Madly, Deeply," bears a strong affinity to "This Girl," in color, gesture and sensual theme, so that both art works together turn up the temperature in an already exhilarating show.

Another piece where the artist examines love is her painting, "Love in Action," characterized by white forceful calligraphic strokes over deep violets and blues. I found subtle connections to Adolphe Gottlieb's pictographs in this artwork and she alludes the painting is about choices, with questions considered of how we choose in personal relationships, and on a larger scale how we treat each other generally as human beings.

Ms. Parrilli has experienced deep emotional pain in her life and some of the paintings are dark in nature, in addition to demonstrating great chromatic intensity. Her piece, "Confronting Shattered Illusions," is particularly strong as rushing blue-smeared white color crashes up against bold downward palette knifed black strokes to create a composition of all-encompassing pictorial tension. The color forces do battle here, with movement truncated in an almost irrational maelstrom. I thought this work might be one of the ways the artist helps to integrate disappointments and tragedies in her past in a fruitful fashion.

"Never Again"

Also, the dark blue oil on canvas, "Into the Darkness of Lost Innocence," is Ms. Parrilli's treatment of the grave matter of child sexual abuse. The stark white stroke at the center of the canvas overtakes the dark indigo envelope surrounding it. This bright large calligraphic slash cannot be obliterated by the dark colors as the whiteness cuts through the center of the canvas like a veil torn. It could be symbolic of the child's ability to heal from trauma and experience love. This is just my own interpretation and I'm sure other viewers will bring their own ideas to the piece after seeing it.

Her somber painting, "Never Again," uses minimal color with short black lashes repeating throughout the pale green canvas surface in a rhythmic march across the picture. This is Ms. Parrilli's commemoration of the Holocaust, the dark repetitive almost uniform paint stokes serving as visual interpretations of Nazi soldiers jack stepping across conquered lands. Survivors of the Shoah raise a continuing cry in our modern day to remind the world never to let this horror repeat.

There are so many great pieces in this exhibit that I can only mention a few of them here. Dellamarie Parilli is a unique creative force, a self-taught painter, who comes directly up to viewers confronting them with profound emotionally charged art that moves the soul of anyone who sees her work. She awakens a fundamental connection to human feeling in us, greatly needed today, to stir hearts that have been really numbed for far too long. *G&S*

parrilli.com

MY BICYCLE MY MOVIE THEATER MY IMAGINATION

Starring **Shelly Reuben**

Once upon a childhood, movies weren't rated (and if they were, nobody told me), parents weren't worried that they would taint our tiny little minds, and cinematic magic was only a short bicycle ride from my backyard—where I raked the lawn—to a small movie theater in town.

I have many vivid memories of growing up in Glencoe, Illinois. But as much as I remember, I have forgotten even more. And I have absolutely no recollection of whom I went to the movies with.

Friends? Brothers? Sisters? Parents?

No clue.

Nor do I remember which films I saw. Instead, it's a jumble of titles from the mid-1950s to the mid-1960s—a melting pot of everything from *Forbidden Planet* to *Tammy and the Bachelor* to *Anatomy of a Murder* to *High Noon*.

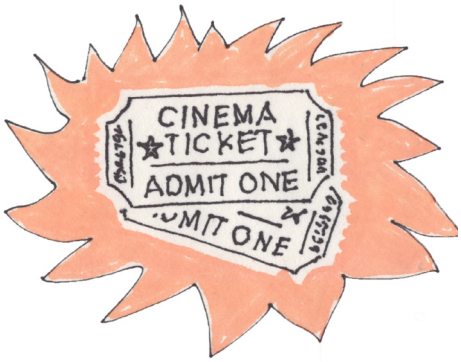
Did I have a favorite movie during those wonderful formative years?

No. Not really, because as a pre-teen and teen, none was as important as the experience of Going to the Movies. Like being able to say "I love to read," without having to point out a specific book.

Among my memories, my favorites revolve around buying tickets from an elaborate booth outside the doors to the theater, the popcorn-smell of the lobby, and the multitude of candies available that might or might not be as appealing in a similar display case at the Comics Store on the corner, but that were utterly irresistible in the lobby of the Glencoe Theater.

Like hotdogs at a baseball game, candy always tastes better when you're watching a movie. Add the jiggle of the contents inside a rectangular box, and better becomes best: Whoppers. Raisinets. Goobers. Junior Mints. Gum Drops. Juicy Fruits. Good and Plenty. Twizzlers. Sno-Caps. Jelly Beans. And, of course, Milk Duds (ah! Milk Duds!)

The distance between the brightly lighted lobby and the dark interior of the theater was a heart-stopping leap into the unknown. Temporarily disoriented by darkness, I was instantly rescued by a movie usher. She wore a neat uniform like a stewardess on an airplane. She was high-heeled, young, and pretty—usually a school friend of the daughter



of the theater's owner—always professional, and always wearing white gloves and holding a flash light.

In the annals of romantic adventure, there is nothing more suggestive of infinite possibilities than a white-clad hand holding a flashlight, leading a child down the aisle of a darkened movie theater to a seat where he or she will be transported into a world of...of *what*?

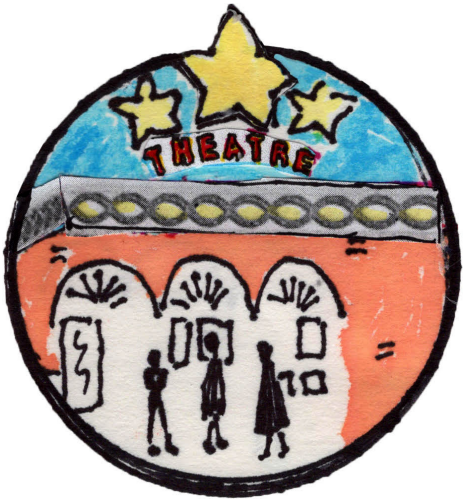
I remember walking on sticky carpets. I remember that the smoking section (yes! There was a smoking section) was always on the left. I remember the big question of where to sit. Up front near the screen? In the back, under the projection booth? Or in the middle?

Then, as now, my favorite seat was always in the center, on the aisle. Neither too far from nor too close to the screen.

In that long ago era before

multiplexes, a theater was dark before the movie began. Sitting and waiting was like being in an ante-room to adventure. When will the movie start? What will it be about? Will it make me laugh? Cry? Laugh and cry? Will I be frightened? Will I be inspired?

Anticipation was heightened when the silver screen finally came to life and we were treated (or tormented)—in no particular order—to a travelogue (boring). News of the World (stiff and stilted). And a cartoon (stupid). I hated cartons. Why was the Road Runner always battering Wile E. Coyote? Why was Bugs Bunny always humiliating Elmer Fudd? How could Sylvester survive after Tweety



had dropped a six-hundred-pound boulder on his head?

Clearly, I had no sense of humor.

Eventually, however, the feature film began.

During those delicious years, I can't recollect a single film that I loved, but I lovingly remember many film experiences. One stands out as being particularly relevant to grown-up me.

Long before I decided to be a writer, I must have believed that movies were inextricably intertwined with reality. So much so that if one ended in a way that I did not like (the princess dies...the philanthropist loses all his money... the orphan isn't adopted...the bank manager murders his wife), I would mutter as I watched the credits scroll down the screen, "That isn't the way it really happened at all!" And before I left the theater, I had rewritten the end of the movie in my mind.

Left to my own devices, Cyrano would have married Roxanne. The Count of Monte Cristo would have reconciled with Mercédès, and Camille would be alive to this day.

It was in the evocative darkness of the Glencoe Theater that, unbeknownst to myself, I was developing my imagination. It was there that I came to love stories, and it was there that the seeds for my love of plots was born...to the extent that when television began to broadcast old movies, I would read summaries of each in my TV Guide with such rapt attention that even now, I can describe the plots of hundreds of movie that I've never seen.

Plots. Plots. Plots.

Movies. Movies. Movies.

Candy. Popcorn. White gloves. Flashlights. Marquees with big letters shouting out names like Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Gary Cooper, and Audrey Hepburn.

And then, there was me.

Twelve. Thirteen. Fourteen years old. Pedaling my bicycle a mile away from the sweet security of my happy home to the beckoning allure of the Glencoe Theater.

Mysterious and exciting.
Life-enhancing and
mind-expanding.
Much-loved and
well-remembered.

A Corridor to the Unknown. *G&S*

Shelly Reuben's books
have been nominated for Edgar,
Prometheus, and Falcon awards.
For more about her writing visit
www.shellyreuben.com

Can't Stop The Music

by Rachelle Masters

Photo by Nicole Codorniz

I met Arlise Cardoso in the south of Brazil in a city called Porto Alegre, under the most unusual of circumstances. I was in a trauma hospital after being assaulted and robbed. She was a friend of a friend of a friend, so obviously a very close relationship. She showed up unannounced, to take me, a stranger, home to care for me while I healed from a skull fracture and a brain hemorrhage. It wasn't until later after eating several of her delicious home cooked meals and her guiding me while I learned to walk normally again did I find out she is a DJ and a photographer. She brings that same love and passion to her craft as she does to nursing people back to health. Music heals the soul, so why should I be surprised that she lives where the music is.

Arlise was born in Porto Alegre, but currently resides in a nearby small town called Cachoerinha. She affectionately refers to it as Little Waterfall, the English translation, and we had a laugh when I learned that despite its name, there are no waterfalls in the town. No one seems to know how the town got this name. She has also lived in Sao Paulo, and Madrid, Spain, where she mastered Spanish in addition to her native Portuguese. She has a wandering spirit, so she intends to return to Sao Paulo, as well as leave Brazil to learn new cultures and new languages. Her preference will be any large urban center full of people, movement, and noise. The objective - to live a life of travel that never ceases.

Arlise, at the age of 28, learned the basics of how to DJ by shadowing a friend who had a party. When it came time to play in clubs, she felt insecure, so she went to AIMEC Escola de Musica Eletrônica, to feel like a professional. She started so late because it was never her dream to be a DJ. She has always loved music, to the point of obsession. She knew that she wanted to work and live music, but never felt like she had the gift of music. Even though she had a violin, harmonica, and piano, she never learned to play. She was always

listening to and researching music and the bands who played the music she loved. Then she studied journalism so she could go into radio, but along the way she fell into photography, which became her passion.

As luck would have it, she photographed a friend's rock band, Topaz, and they became famous. Then she was hired to work for a magazine called Noize, and she stayed with them for 3 years. With her focus in photography, she was not thinking about DJing, but when the opportunity presented itself to DJ at that party, she embraced it. Many dream of being a DJ, but the industry is closed and hard to break into. It is many times more challenging for a woman than for a man. According to The DJ List, only 24% of DJs are female. Even more distressing, Digital DJ Tips claims that only about 10% of performers at festivals are female. Arlise's experience, in addition to the barriers to entry, has been that suitors all made it very clear that she would have to stop DJing as soon as she was in a committed relationship. Her response is that there won't be a committed relationship, or anything at all with men like this. Thankfully there are strong and resilient women like Arlise who will overcome these obstacles and pave the way for future women to perform.

Arlise's favorite music is all the music. She has tattoos of both the Rolling Stones' famous tongue and a chord from a song written by the band Audioslave, hinting that she has a strong affinity for rock. However, you will also catch her playing ska, samba, and artists such as Sia, Shakira, and an Argetinian singer named Fito Paez. It is safe to say that you can expect the unexpected when with Arlise, which might be the only thing you can consider her signature. When asked if she had anything particular she does to identify her body of work, she scoffed and replied that she finds it tacky. She is there to love the crowd, not to promote her brand.

Photo by Nicole Codorniz

Photo by Flavia Schwantes

Unfortunately for someone who loves to be around people constantly, it has been challenging with bars and clubs being closed for so long. She is hopeful that these venues will open up again soon, and she quotes Rihanna, "Please don't stop the music!" *G&S*

Instagram:
@Arlisao

A Gentle Augur of Seasons

by Anne Rudder

"Leaves"

"Autumn Leaves"

Recently Montserrat Contemporary Art hosted a magnificent solo exhibit by retired pathologist, Neela Pushparaj MD. She has spent her life as a true healer in medicine and now she shares that ability with us, as a fine watercolorist presenting a beautiful outing she simply calls, "Leaves."

Dr. Pushparaj allows her paintings to speak lovingly to viewers through applications of myriad colors on wet or damp paper, shapes emerging from negative space. She does not prepare her surfaces with preliminary sketches so that, in contrast, forms emerge spontaneously from feelings communicated directly through brushes. Intuitive, subtle chromatic choices convey spiritual depth and leafy subjects here are autumnally shaded; but unlike in "Les Feuilles Mortes," with raiment portending the coming melancholy, Dr. Pushparaj's leaves of red and gold soothe, as mature end-of-fall performance is brought to joyous conclusion, helping us move to a discontented winter less alarmingly.

The artist displays her impish humor in a painting she calls, "Soft Landing," where a friendly dragonfly alights on one leaf placed off the painting's center, anchoring the entire composition. Green tones contrast harmoniously with complimentary reds while the insect casts a subtle shadow on its supporting verdant landing pad. This insect is the star of the piece and the only element in it that is not vegetation.

In her semi-abstract rendition of Maidenhair fern, created over a week, Dr. Pushparaj paid tribute to her mother, this plant her parent's favorite. Here a sumptuous falling shower of greens caresses the purple fern that almost melts off the wispy branch in the picture's left side. Branch intimations are gestured throughout the piece, the leaves dropping in subtle ovoid shapes of diaphanous yellows and soft greens painted as a luminous waterfall. The vertical downward color thrusts are given dynamic tension from a diagonal in the composition, heightening the petals' descent.

"Gently Falling Leaves," a departure from the artist's abundant filling of surfaces with luxuriant foliage, evokes autumn more realistically where leaves on the birches are painted in quick orange strokes in downward urgent directions, contrasted with a tranquil leafy blanket gently hugging the tree trunk, in the piece's lower part. The brilliantly dashed oranges provide the drama juxtaposing with a soft ground of road, and field, and distant tree standing in pale woodland light, as compositional verticality is offset by bright horizontal strokes on branches, moving the eye in a left to right sweep.

Dr. Pushparaj tackles creatively any technical difficulties she may encounter in making her art. In one such painting, done in Poland, she first created a horizontal composition. She then found it needed something more than what was found in this iteration and turned the painting on its vertical axis, thus realizing a satisfying result.

Working with the color green, too, is sometimes challenging for her, but she handles this complexity adeptly in her painting of shamrocks done in her signature watercolor style. The little green flowers dance across the entire painting as the artist sensitively manages darks and lights in the repeated happy forms that anticipate springtime rejuvenation. With a mischievous grin, she tells us this piece is to honor her Irish-American son-in-law, although that dedication came after the painting was finished and was not a determining factor in its inception.

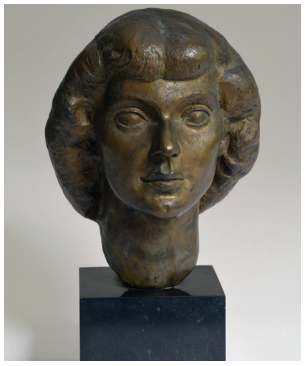
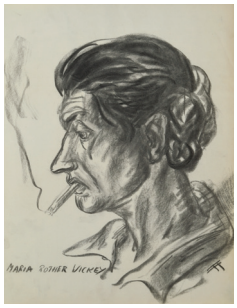
As a physician, Neela Pushparaj has spent a lifetime helping people heal. She came to watercolor painting late in life and now, in her autumn years, her talent has come to full glorious fruition. It is significant that this beautiful exhibit occurred at a time of worldwide sickness and my being able to view it is for me a testament of the triumph of life over death. Dr. Pushparaj's work makes people happy, soothes the anxiety of living in very tenuous times, and provides affirmation that there is still great beauty for all of us to enjoy. Her watercolors have a unique simplicity and directness to them that at the same time is spiritually profound. We need her to keep painting gorgeously, especially as we continue facing a serious malady that refuses to disappear. Her light filled work shines beyond our current darkness giving us hope for a brighter future. *G&S*

Neela Pushparaj can be seen in the year-round Salon at Montserrat Contemporary Art Gallery
montserrat.us







Ivan Gregorovitch Olinsky, *Portrait of An Artist*
Eugene Edward Speicher, *Portrait of Georgia O'Keeffe*
Ruth Blanchard Miller, *Untitled*
Vaclav Vytlacil, *Girl With a Red Bird*
Frederick Warren Freer, *Untitled*
William F. Draper, *Xavier Gonzalez*
William Zorach, *Untitled*
Helen Farr, *Maria Rother Wickey*

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