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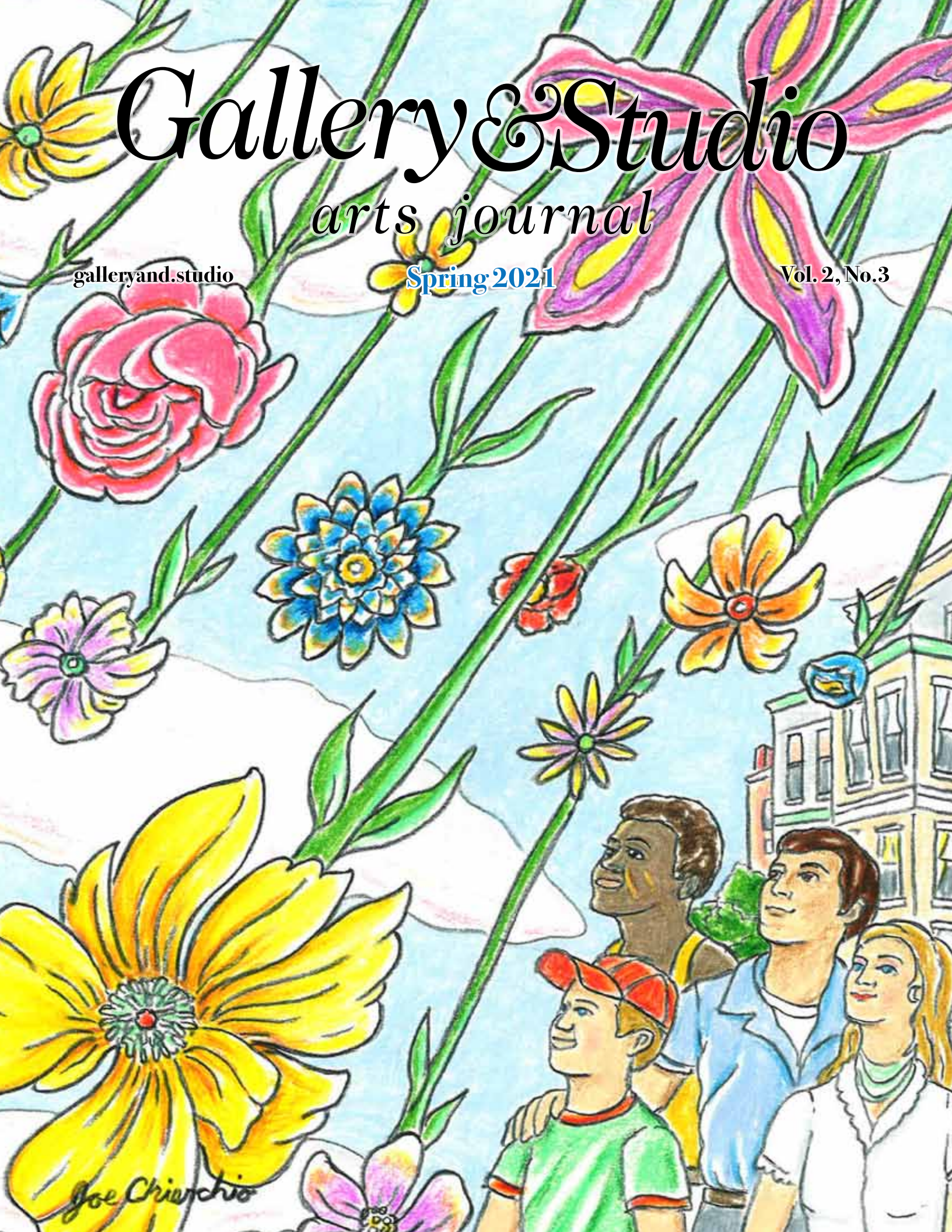

With great sadness we inform you of the passing of Ed McCormack, Founder of *Gallery&Studio*

Ed McCormack was born in 1943 in the Lower East Side of New York City. As a teenager, he made a handy living creating portraits and caricatures at the Washington Square Outdoor Art Show. He later exhibited his works on 10th Street where they were reviewed in the *Village Voice* and *The Wall Street Journal*. In the 1960s, he became a feature writer and columnist for *Rolling Stone Magazine*, touring with and writing about rock & roll groups and other celebrities.

In the 70s, Ed returned to the visual arts as a writer and a contributing editor of Andy Warhol's *Interview* magazine. He wrote books on artists and for several other publications, in particular *ArtSpeak* magazine. In 1998 he created *Gallery&Studio* magazine with his wife Jeannie.

Ed McCormack touched a lot of people's lives. If you have a story or comment about Ed that you would like to share with us, please leave a message on the magazine website: galleryand.studio/ed

Ed's writing and art will be featured in the summer issue.

—The Editors

Gallery&Studio
arts journal

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Unsay Their Names

by Derek Kannemeyer

Derek Kannemeyer has spent most of his life as a poet, writer and teacher. He was born in 1949 in South Africa. In 1956 his family moved to London to escape the brutal atmosphere of South African apartheid. He has resided in the US since 1975.

A few years ago Kannemeyer began photographing street scenes in Richmond, Virginia as well as what remains of the natural world in the city, particularly along the banks of the James, the river that dramatically bifurcates the city. And then the Black Lives Matter protests happened last year, an event that has effected the city's landscape in an altogether different way.

Kannemeyer set about to visually document how these protests led to the dramatic removal of the city's iconic Civil War statues. Almost all of these statues were erected in the Jim Crow era early in the last century. The photographs here are just a small sample of the ones that will appear in Kannemeyer's "Unsay Their Names," a book of essays and photography that will see publication later this year. —Ed Cowardin

In *Unsay Their Names: The Colorful Fall From Grace of a City's Statuary*, I document the changing face of Richmond, Virginia in the wake of George Floyd's death, and the ensuing Black Lives Matter protests. As, across the country, outcry hardened into action, the causes broadened; the targets became local. In Richmond, spray-paint transformed the city's statues. Two easy to reach Confederate effigies were flung to the ground. Columbus was pitched into a lake. The city hired contractors with cranes to cart off a half-dozen others. Support for the policy was strong, even impatient (Trump won only 15% of the vote here); the mood at the statue removals was festive.

July, Jackson

The first statue removed by the city was Stonewall Jackson's, on July 1st. The contractor, afraid for his life, wore a bullet-proof vest. But the crowd—predominantly white—was patient, and very supportive. The work crew took several hours to get this first operation right, and by the end blue skies had blackened into rainstorm. We witnesses remained, drenched, motionless, waiting to erupt into applause.

At the center of the action was Monument Avenue. A hundred years ago, the street was created as a showcase for Lost Cause statues. By 1925, there were five of these, each towering over a traffic circle. The Lee Memorial, the first to be erected, was their centerpiece. With its great grassy verge, it was also the only one where visitors could gather and loiter. And soon, the activists, the pilgrims, the tourists—ordinary Richmonders of all stripes who wished to bear witness—were doing exactly that.

These people, and the city's remade spaces, are the subjects of my photographs. I wished to construct a narrative of social history in the making. But this is also a book of commentary. I wanted to research and to reflect: to know more about the names we were saying and unsaying, and about what brought us to our summer of reckoning. I appended dozens of short articles, illustrated by photographs, and I told some of my own story, which fits startlingly well within the larger tale. But then—our American history being what it is—so I suspect, would yours. *G&S*

↑ *above:*

July, Lee

By July there were tee-shirt vendors, and booths where you could register to vote. There were free classes, and creative protests; as the activists moved in, it became a well-organized events venue. The pilgrims still flocked here, but so did the tourists. On the walls, the painted slogans overlapped and thickened, outshouting each other for attention.

← *left:*

August/November, Lee

By late summer, Lee was the last Monument Avenue Confederate left standing. This is not city-owned land, and the state, having ordered the statue removed, still faces legal opposition. But the authorities were now giving the activists free rein. During the day, there were fewer late year visitors: casual strollers, mostly, and hoopers, and crunchy activists, some tending the burgeoning vegetable gardens. It was an affably occupied zone. The graffiti, continuing to thicken, remained lovely, even if in places it looked as if it had seen too many dye jobs.

To order books: derekkannemeyer@gmail.com

Crafting Commonality: Co-creating with Frontline Arts

by David Keefe

"Cutting Uniform"

On a hot September day, I stood under our pop-up tent with art supplies strewn about a folding table, the campus lawn buzzing with students. I picked up a pair of scissors in my right hand and a swath of military uniform in my left hoping the students passing by would notice, and I cut the uniform in two. The fabric fell to the table with a thud. The weight of experiences embedded in the uniform equaled the anxiety I had from once wearing it. I looked up and an older student wearing an American flag and eagle on the front of his shirt was staring back at me. He asked what I was doing, and I rattled off "I am facilitating a workshop, deconstructing the uniform to reclaim it into something different, making paper out of our military uniforms and telling stories." He carefully said he was a veteran that served in Iraq, only a couple of years after me. I invited him to cut, and we started to talk about our past.

Not 5 minutes later, an 18-year-old freshman stopped, picked up a uniform, started cutting without hesitation and said through her chewing gum, "I think you are all heroes, thank you for your service." A wave of tension rippled through me. She immediately asked why I joined and as the words 9/11 came out of my mouth, she quickly responded that she was only 7 years old when 9/11 happened. Two others that stopped by picked up scissors and uniforms from the table and turned to join the conversation. One had long hair covering her shirt that read Veterans for Peace and the other wore a grease-smudged custodial shirt. The custodian turned to the young freshman and said, "It's been 50 years and I haven't spoken to anyone younger than me about the war, but the only heroes are those that never came home." The woman veteran next to him corroborated his statement saying that the term hero is just propaganda to perpetrate a never-ending war in Afghanistan.

"Migration 2"

He responded with "damn straight," while the first veteran aggressively ripped a large piece of uniform and uncomfortably shook his head. The young student looked at me perplexed, "there's a war in Afghanistan?"

Just at that moment, a tall white-haired man dressed in a suit and tie walked up to the table and asked what we were doing. I explained that we were making paper from what I refer to as trace objects, objects that can be traced back to the moment it was witness to the same experience of the beholder. He took a piece of uniform in his hand and asked if he could also cut it into pieces. The younger student looked up at him and quickly responded, "of course you can!" He introduced himself

as an Academic Dean and that he never served in the military, but his Father was injured in WWII. The conversation hummed along with stories from different backgrounds, experiences and sets of values molded and shaped by tradition, culture and environment in the same space.

Frontline Arts has been facilitating alliances and engaging people through participatory craft workshops, generating the opportunity for everyone to witness and create with one another. The craft of papermaking and printmaking applied as a transformative process of deconstructing and reclaiming trace objects into a new platform for collective communication, thus creating a new narrative is our connective practice. Material and story are simultaneously broken down, exposing the fibers and structures that create narratives. Here, there is potential to put these fibers and stories back together as art, reclaimed and crafted alongside each other as a new co-created narrative of commonality.

"Migration 1"

"Material and story are simultaneously broken down, exposing the fibers and structures that create narratives."

Hundreds of these workshops with veterans over the years have not only built connections between veterans and society, but also led to new relationships for sustained impactful projects at Frontline Arts. Such as the Migration Project, where community gatekeepers lead workshops for migrants living in the South Bronx, Harlem and Queens, to make paper and prints from Mexican flowers and herbs, immigration documents, and the clothes that they wore while crossing borders. With the Scrubs Paper Project, the respective gatekeepers lead workshops with those affected by the pandemic to make paper and prints from their clothes, including healthcare workers' garments. Many of Frontline Arts' workshops now include members from these different communities around the same table. The narratives of struggle and trauma carry across the differing communities, very similar to the stories that created connectivity around the uniform.

The uniform pieces continued to fall. After a few minutes, the Dean heaved that his Father never had any respect for him because he missed the draft for Vietnam and, compounded with an illness brought on by the war, it led to a very traumatic childhood. The first older student veteran perked up and commiserated about a similar traumatic childhood due to his Mother's life-long silent distress from her time in the military. The custodian joined in and said how he reluctantly visits the VA hospital to treat his PTSD, but hates waiting in "long-ass lines." After a collective sigh from the group, the Dean turned to the freshman and asked how classes were going. As she cut, tears streamed down her face, about how scared she was, being alone and away from her family for the first week of school. I thought that was pretty heroic of her. *G&S*

"Scrubs"

You can learn more about Frontline Arts at frontlinearts.org

Hermitage Museum

by Norman A. Ross

I have visited the State Hermitage Museum in St. Petersburg 25 times. Inside the Winter Palace, on St. Petersburg's Neva Embankment, it is clearly one of the four greatest museums in the world, in fact, perhaps the greatest. The Louvre, the most visited museum in the world, like the Hermitage, is in a former palace, but most of the vestiges are gone, while the Hermitage remains glorious.The British Museum has the most diverse and historically significant holdings in the world, but only a very small number of paintings; you have to visit the National Gallery if you want to see a world-class collection in London. And our own Met, with its enormous range, lacks the palatial surroundings and works by such artists as Da Vinci and Michelangelo.

Although Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum has the world's most extensive collection of Dutch Masters, the Hermitage has the largest collection of Rembrandts in the world, with roughly 35, while the Rijksmuseum only boasts 22! The Prado's collections of Murillo, Velasquez and Goya are incomparable, but it lacks the vast array of antiquities, silver, porcelains, and so many other genres held by the Hermitage–and, for instance, only one Rembrandt. For Chinese art, the National Palace Museum in Taipei is unrivaled; but, like so many other such museums, its collections are limited to its own culture. The Hermitage is truly an incomparable repository of world

Mikhail Piotrovsky, in front of a Rembrandt

Façade facing Palace Square

culture and art, including Spanish and Chinese art, all set inside some of the most magnificent palaces open to the public anywhere.

The Hermitage houses more than three million works, a small portion of which are displayed at any one time in more than 350 exhibition halls. Visitors will find monuments from Ancient Egypt and of the civilizations of Central Asia, Persia, and the Russian steppes; the world's greatest collection of Scythian gold; important collections of Byzantine art; and an enormous assemblage of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings, as well as an incomparable array of old masters, including both Da Vinci and Michelangelo! (One can only guess at how the Hermitage's curators were able to recreate so faithfully the Vatican's Loggia long before the invention of photography.) However, despite its importance as a center of culture and a source of knowledge, the collections of the Hermitage are, sadly, not nearly as well known as those of most other important museums around the world. This is perhaps the effect of the museum's geographic isolation, compounded by the political insulation of the Soviet era and the foreboding reputation still retained by Russia in the post-Cold-War era, plus the complexities and costs of making a visit.

The Hermitage, founded in 1764 by Catherine the Great, the German princess turned Russian Empress, first opened as a public museum in 1852. Strangely, its first public exhibition did not occur until 1917, the year of the October Revolution. In the ensuing two decades the museum staged no more than one or two public exhibitions a year. In 1937 there were six shows, and between 1937 and 1940 there were 20. During the Second World War exhibitions were reduced; it was not until 1954 that there were more than two or three in a single year, but by 1971 the museum was mounting as many as 20 a year.

The nature of exhibits at the Hermitage changed significantly after the fall of the Soviet Union, which essentially began the day, in August 1991, when Gorbachev was arrested (which led me, my wife and our two

daughters to register at the American Embassy in Moscow, passing 56 tanks on the way). Until then, paintings of the Czars were not much in favor, but a few years later I stood amidst many such portraits, some of which had been painted in the very same grand ballroom in where I was standing! It was in Palace Square, now virtually encircled by the Hermitage, with its new (old) buildings, that the name was changed back to St. Petersburg from Leningrad. I didn't understand a word being said by its mayor, Anatoly Sobchak, but it was thrilling to be there, flags flying, balloons and people dropping from hovering airplanes.

EXHIBITION CATALOGS

Starting in 1917, a printed catalog was produced for each exhibition of the Hermitage. Although some were quite modest, consisting of as few as three pages and rarely exceeding 100, one catalog had 600 pages. The catalogs were generally printed with few or no illustrations. Most texts

An entrance to one of the old palaces

Main staircase

were exclusively in Russian, though several were bilingual, and a few, for foreign exhibitions, were in foreign languages.

During most of the Cold War era, Soviet book exporters were limited to those materials bearing a price, which was required to be printed on the back cover of every book. Since many of the Hermitage's exhibition catalogs were distributed free, they were never made available to the commercial book trade, and it was effectively illegal to

Norman Ross in Moscow in 2018

export them. Moreover, print runs were small and publicity for shows was limited. Thus, those who mounted each show and those who viewed it, were the only ones likely to obtain a copy of the catalog, and it seems a certainty that virtually no library outside of Russia holds even a substantial collection. It is for this reason that, about 20 years ago, I microfilmed all of the catalogs, from the first in 1917 until 1972, when the USSR joined the International Copyright Union. Copies are now available at the New York Public Library and other research libraries. *G&S*

Michael Chamblee's Vision and Victory

by Anne Rudder

"Combo"

I feel I am fortunate to call the gifted Michael Chamblee, "friend," as he has enhanced my life with his caring spirit and prodigious artistic talent. His experience has been one of "hard knocks," where he has overcome tremendous obstacles to survive and become a person of compassion and a vessel of courage and creativity.

A native New Yorker, most of his formative years were spent sleeping in the streets, calling home sixteen different places by the time he was 14. As a teenager, he faced a three-year stint at a penitentiary upstate, while there attaining his GED, reading copiously and honing rudimentary drawing skills he had learned as a youngster. Incarceration gave him time to explore the facility library, educating himself in a way he had never been able to do before.

He had started using drugs when they infiltrated Harlem at the end of the 1950s and began squatting with addicts, to live in abandoned buildings and acting as a drug "steerer" to feed his habit. Despite mainlining heroin during this time, he carefully listened to the music of Billy Taylor along with Symphony Sid on the radio and learned about jazz from a musician named Billy Steptoe. Glimmers of a new world opened to him even though he was suffering from an insidious addiction.

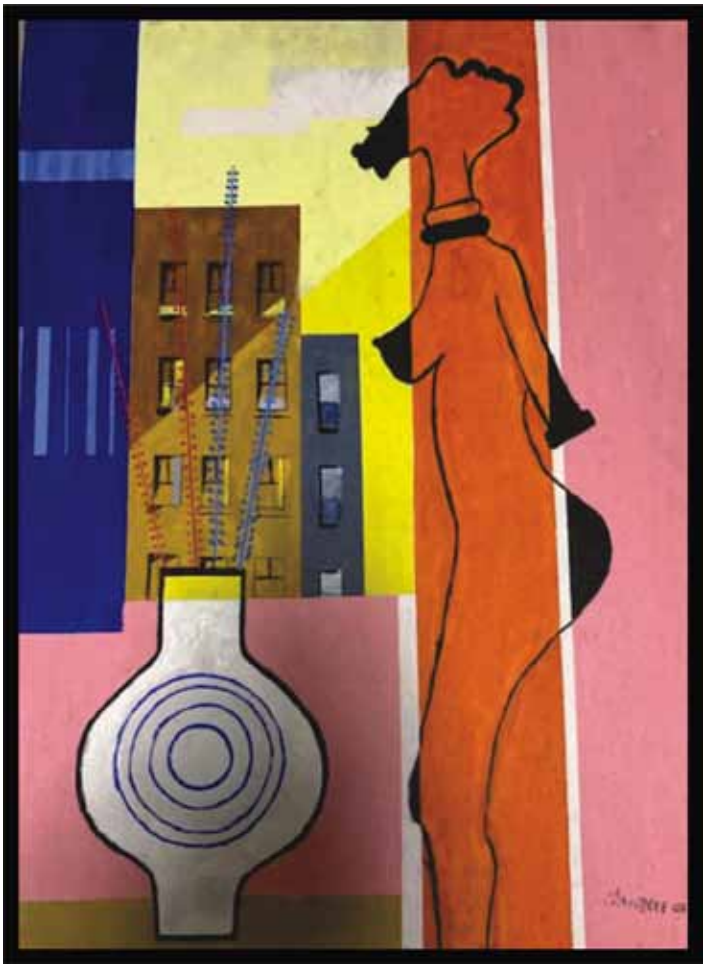
Chamblee never considered himself very religious but his mother would read the Bible to him every Sunday, from the time he was five years old, so he had some familiarity with scripture. He frequented the public library and his grandmother, who lived on W. 119th St., tried to protect him from the vagaries of the street. He worked intermittently as a roofer to earn money, all these influences giving his life some stability.

In 1972 he was still using drugs, influenced by gangs in the street, but in the Spring of that year he experienced a profound spiritual vision. He saw a light coming down from the sky with a hand pointing at him from above and heard a loud voice exclaiming: "that's it!" He courageously eschewed drugs from that moment on and determined to never do them again. He then

attended New York Technical College and Parsons, began teaching art to children and senior citizens through the Salvation Army and learned to play trumpet from a street hustler. He also taught himself to read music and took drum lessons through Jazzmobile.

His love of jazz increased and he began drawing jazz musicians in earnest, frequenting the 449 LA Club to hear and sketch them on a regular basis. His drawings hang in this venue, the owner of the club encouraging him to draw performers during hours of operation. He familiarized himself with the New Amsterdam Musical Association (NAMA), the first black musicians' union in America, formed before World War I, for African American artists who were not permitted in the 802 Musicians' Union, at the time, due to the color of their skin. NAMA gave him the opportunity to connect with other Harlem musicians, providing a place where creativity could be nurtured and prosper.

Chamblee gradually developed a distinctive, gestural graphic style, learning to manipulate line and color on the page, in pen and ink, to express what he wanted



"Nude at Window"

"Saxophone Solo"

emotionally. Partly influenced by the American modernist, Stuart Davis, and most notably, Wassily Kandinsky, his work conveys visually the vibrancy of the jazz musical form, in some ways adhering to Kandinsky's philosophy likening color to the keyboard…where "the soul is the piano with many strings" and "the artist is the hand that plays, touching one key to another, to cause vibrations in the soul."

He started creating musical motifs to insert in his compositions, and found a vocabulary for every instrument rendered in the works, using musical symbols to create visual combinations. This technique is most evident in his piece entitled "Combo" which depicts a musical group, along with one called "Saxophone Solo" where musicians forcefully push notes out from their instruments—the intimations of melodies coloring the air.

Because of the individual isolation resulting from the current pandemic, Michael Chamblee has been unable to frequent jazz clubs to sketch and enjoy live music. He is working at home and hopes that the situation will improve over time so he will be able once again to relish the ambience of intimate musical venues, with social distancing an uncomfortable memory. He is optimistic and looks forward to returning to his craft in a live club setting, sharing with all of us his lively musical artistic impressions. *G&S*

Contact WSAC (wsacny.org) about upcoming exhibitions which include Michael Chamblee's work.

Yunie Mojica: Young Spirit, Old Soul

by Roger Parris

A few years back I heard that Londels, a popular Harlem restaurant was featuring a jazz band. Surprised since it isn't their usual policy to have live music, I decided to spend a Friday evening there having dinner and checking out the music. When I walked in the door, Yunie Mojica, a young alto saxophonist was leading a band and blowing the house down. Dinner became an afterthought as I settled down at a table not far from the bandstand. Only in her late twenties she had the musical vocabulary of older, more experienced jazz musicians. Between sets, I introduced myself and that was the beginning of my education about her devotion to music on and off the bandstand. She possesses the insight and wisdom of an elder musician and musicologist. Due to Covid 19, I conducted a phone interview with her. These are edited excerpts from the conversation:

photo by Ana Yatskevich

Roger: What age were you when you first heard jazz?
Yunie: 5 years old. My father was Puerto Rican and he played EL Gran Combo and Tito Puente. He also played jazz. In high school, Windsor High School in Hartford, Connecticut, I began playing clarinet and really got into playing jazz. They had two jazz bands. Played clarinet and then alto.

photo by Akinfe Fatou

Roger: You attended University of Hartford and Jackie Mclean Institute. How was that experience for you?
Yunie: A really good experience. It opened me up to the lineage of the jazz music scene. Renee Mclean, Jackie's son, taught a Music History course where he would teach about Africa, dynasties of Egypt and the slave trade. Started me having a foundation of how and where the music began and Steve Davis, trombonist and alumnus of the Institute taught me how to feel comfortable at auditions. There were other alumni teaching there. Nat Reeves, the bassist and Jimmy Greene who plays saxophone. They were torch bearers for Jackie's pedagogy.

Roger: When did you decide you wanted to be a professional musician and which musicians influenced you?
Yunie: In high school. Sonny Stitt, Charlie Parker, Sonny Rollins and Dizzy.

Roger: Could you talk about being a woman in a male dominated profession?
Yunie: While I was still in the Institute I hooked up with Raynel Frazier, trombonist and we formed a sisterhood. We produced concerts in Hartford – UMOJA JAZZ SERIES. It was faculty supported. I also played in them. They were my first professional gigs. Learned about producing and bandstand etiquette. When I came to New York I was fearful but the male musicians never made me feel uncomfortable. Began Master classes with Barry Harris. Got a gig with Charlie Persip's Big Band for 2 years. Played with Jack Jeffers, Josh Evans and the DIVA Jazz Orchestra.

Roger: The DIVA Jazz Orchestra. How did you get to be part of that ensemble?
Yunie: Sharel Cassity. She recommended me. She plays saxophone and she looked out for me. We played Newport and a concert in Cleveland.

Roger: Which women influenced you?
Yunie: Early on, Loreen Campbell, my public school teacher. Later, Tia Fuller,

Camille Thurman. We used to play at jam sessions together. Also, Shimrit Shoshan, a fine pianist. Unfortunately, she died.

Roger: What musical format do you prefer working in? Solo, trio, quintet?
Yunie: Quintets and Big Bands? In quintets, I'm on the front line. I can harmonize and there's more space to improvise. Big Bands, I like the communal setting, the different parts and the camaraderie of the band.

Roger: You worked with Spike Lee. What did you do?
Yunie: Worked on his TV production, *She's Gotta Have It*. I was one of the band members in a night club scene and spent one day recording and syncing the music with the filmed scenes. Took all day.

photo by Akinfe Fatou

Roger: You are one of the educators at Swing University, Jazz at Lincoln Center. What do you like about teaching?
Yunie: I've been doing it awhile. Gave private lessons. I taught for Jazz House Kids in Montclair, New Jersey. Taught some tough Middle and High School students. I love to empower students especially kids and show how music can

photo by Akinfe Fatou

take you places mentally and physically. Give them a sense of confidence. My mom and dad were both educators. They were an influence and Renee Mclean, my teacher at the Institute is a prominent person in my life.

Roger: You're a professional musician, a producer, an educator and concert and touring associate at Jazz at Lincoln Center. What have you learned about yourself?
Yunie: I learned how to stop getting in my way(laughs) and embrace being a jack of all trades. And I learned to listen to my parents.

Roger: What's your advice for a young person who wants to pursue a music career?
Yunie: Learn foundational skills like scales and harmony. Learn the culture of the music. I try to relate to them where they're at and whatever creative path you're drawn to, be true to yourself. *G&S*

Facebook: Yunie Mojica (Musician)

"Beauty Where None Was Expected" Poster Art of the 1890s

by Mary F. Holahan

"Beauty where none was expected" is how one observer praised the colorful posters that blazed forth from every spare Parisian wall and kiosk, bus and train side, billboard, and shop window in 1893. Gone were the black and white advertisements of earlier decades. These stylish posters—often featuring an attractive young woman as the centerpiece—enticed passers-by to cabarets and theaters, tempted them to buy an endless array of goods, and extolled the latest books and magazines. Especially noticeable might have been Jules Chéret's Pantomimes Lumineuses, worthy of commentators' rhapsodizing about brilliant hues of "geranium red, midnight blue, crushed cherry, and bright lemon yellow." Every poster, they said, called out like "a trumpet in prismatic colors." Casual strollers and hurrying workers delighted in the kaleidoscopic experience, which art journals referred to as art for the common people. The passion for this new art form among the public, collectors, dealers, and galleries inspired printers to issue small versions of the posters (some as large as 8 feet) suitable for personal framing, and the press to invent a novel French word: affiicheomanie, or poster mania.

Chéret was the son of a Parisian letterpress typesetter. Apprenticed at age 13 in a commercial lithography studio, Jules Chéret received minimal art training but lots of hands-on experience. When he was 22, dissatisfied with his opportunities in Paris, he spent seven years in London. There he had enough success illustrating sheet music and perfume advertisements that he returned to Paris and founded his own shop, soon handing off the business side and concentrating on poster design, painting, and decorative arts. His technical advances in color lithography throughout the 1870s brought about the striking chromatic ranges and inventive designs of late 19th century poster art. He perfected the dappled effects that enliven his prints' highly-saturated colors.

In Chéret's hands and, more famously, in those of Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec and Alphonse Mucha, art posters crystallized the spirit of a Paris extensively re-designed under Napoleon III. Modern buildings replaced antiquated ones. Sunlight flooded new boulevards and vistas, parks and plazas. Electric lamps illuminated the night. Although poverty still constrained the working class and international tensions simmered, the urban middle class was eager to share in France's thriving, and now exuberantly advertised, economy. It would be remembered as La Belle Epoque, a time of national stability and cultural vitality.

Chéret's poster promised a quintessentially modern entertainment. The Pantomimes Lumineuses ("luminous pantomimes") were an early form of animation that debuted in 1892, three years before the first motion picture. A rotating device (the théatre optique) projected

Musée Grévin, Pantomimes Lumineuses, 1892, Jules Chéret (1836–1932), Commercial lithograph, composition: 7 9/16 × 5 1/2" sheet: 12 1/4" × 8 5/8", Delaware Art Museum, Gift of Helen Farr Sloan, 1986

images hand-drawn on celluloid onto a screen, creating the illusion of motion.

Sound effects and a piano player accompanied this 15-minute marvel, which enthralled half a million visitors to the Musée Grévin over a period of three years.

Parisians would have recognized Chéret's characters as the lovesick clown Pierrot serenading the flirtatious but uninterested Columbine, from Pauvre Pierrot (Poor Pierrot), a pantomime popular in France for over 300 years. In his almost monochrome costume, the translucent Pierrot contrasts with the radiant-in-yellow Columbine. As she lifts her skirt coquettishly, daisies spill toward a tambourine, mandolin, and mask. Everything floats weightlessly in space. Columbine hovers mid-pirouette; Pierrot dances in the air. They are fantastical apparitions levitating before our eyes, as they will be in the pantomime. Flowers spring flame-like from Columbine's bonnet, her hair flies outward, and

even the spikey outlines of her dress and pompoms on her slippers burst with energy. The intersecting fields and slashes of red, blue, and black in the background—further evidence of Chéret's mastery of a limited palette—suggest modern abstraction.

Despite an abundance of praise, there were detractors as well. Some writers complained about posters' defacement of streets, and "low" art at odds with the standards of the Academy. A few male critics (who assumed all viewers to be male) railed against the overt sexuality of "licentious" figures such as Columbine. They asserted that these women were so joyous, even orgasmic, that they threatened men's moral corruption and, at their worst, prompted male autoeroticism. Mostly,nobody listened, and by the early-1890s poster mania had crossed the Atlantic.

In 1890, the Grolier Club in New York City—which today remains dedicated to the graphic and book arts—presented "An Exhibition of Illustrated Bill-Posters." Of the 100 works included, 45 were by Jules Chéret. One reviewer noted that the European prints outshone the seven American selections, which displayed "little individuality of style." But soon American artists and advertisers eagerly took up the European convergence of art and commerce. By 1892, a journalist reported that vibrant posters "now give a zest to every chance ramble through the streets of NYC." What became known in America as the "poster craze" was in full swing.

Miss Träumerei, 1895, Ethel Reed (1874–1912), Three-color commercial lithograph, 20 1/2 × 15 3/8", Delaware Art Museum, Gift of Lucinda and David Pollack, 2015

Dazzling posters like Ethel Reed's bold black, white, and yellow composition beckoned viewers at newsstands and bookstores. Here, a young woman plays the piano while gazing slightly below the sheet music. The score is mysteriously devoid of notes, as if her imagination has taken over. The graceful arch of her exposed neck and shoulders echoes throughout the image in the piano's contours, the billowing outlines of her dress, and the ascending globes and escaping tendrils of her hair. She sits apart from us, behind stems of imposing chrysanthemums. The flowers' intense yellow and the leaves' jagged edges keep us from intruding further.

Born in Boston, the largely self-taught Reed was in demand by the age of 18. She was a keen observer of prevailing art trends: her sinuous lines spring from Art Nouveau, and expanses of flat color from the current taste for Japanese prints. Reed's use of various typefaces is typical of the Arts and Crafts movement: the author's name curves wave-like over the title, and Reed's signature within a rounded-off rectangle intersects a white line of drapery folds.

Many alert readers and music lovers would have detected the nuances in Reed's image of a contemplative young woman absorbed in a musical reverie, enclosed in her own inner world of sight and sound. The author of the book, Alfred Morris Bagby, was also a pianist and music patron. The surname of his novel's title character means "dream" in German. Träumerei is also a piano piece by Robert Schumann, frequently performed—and beloved by amateurs—in the 1890s. Despite its original composition in 1832 as a song of childhood, Träumerei came to be associated with romantic intimacy and introspection.

Reed's talents made her an internationally acclaimed artist and celebrity. She moved to England in 1896, where she had initial success, but after 1900 she apparently stopped working. In his deeply researched biography, The Beautiful Poster Lady: A Life of Ethel Reed (Oak Knoll Press, 2013), William S. Peterson relates that Reed's unsuccessful marriage and professional setbacks led to her alcoholism and other medical problems. She died of an overdose of sleeping pills in 1912.

The literary poster craze gradually declined with the turn of the 20th century, as book and magazine covers designed to resemble posters took over the marketplace. Posters advertising other consumer goods and theatrical performances adapted to changing tastes. Propaganda posters dominated during the two World Wars. Gradually, memories faded of the time when Parisians and New Yorkers enjoyed "...the originality, the elegance, the freshness—in a word, the art—of the pictorial posters which adorn our blank walls..." *G&S*

Delaware Art Museum:
delart.org

A Cartoonized & Photoonized New York City

by Alex Hadley

The world of comic books is a world of extravagance. Gallant, brave heroes and heroines swoop in to save the day in fantastical ways, showing the differences between them and the average person, who can only hope to be a little like them. They offer something unattainable to the average person while simultaneously trying to make it seem as though they could be a part of a "world of heroes." What is described in comic book stories is not necessarily true, but there are grains of truth, nuggets of possibilities and seeds of dreams. Peter G Pereira with his collection of innovative comics, allows the regular person to become the hero.

Pereira's journey into the art world started at a very young age when he discovered a love for colors and finger painting in elementary school. He continued to expand his art repertoire into as many fields as he could; drawing, oil painting, sculpture, comics and so much more. While oil painting would be what he came to enjoy the most, it is his unique comics that captured our attention.

During his youth, Marvel and DC comics began their rise to fame. A golden age of comics when the great creators like Stan Lee and Jack Kirby were bringing us adventures that would captivate young and old minds alike with terrific stories of great heroes battling evil.

They tried to tackle real world issues using fantasy, but these comics did not depict the real-world struggles of the average person.

Pereira wanted to mix his love of comic books with his love of all art and so created comic strips about regular people who live in New York. His unique comics combine photographs of real people along with comic style drawings and dialogue to create a one-of-a-kind genre of the real world in comic book form. In his own words he "cartoonizes and photoonizes" in his books New York IN TOON TOO: An Original Tapestry woven from the fabric of New York Day in the Life Stories and Our Town Cartoons and Photoons: NYC Comic Book Reality Narratives, Art Illustrations and Photograph Photoons.

His creations exist not just to tell the stories of the people he meets, but also as a way of interacting with them and the world they inhabit. He brings his imagination to bear on their lives as well as intertwining his own story with theirs, telling stories that may not have been told otherwise. Not stories that are grandiose like regular comic books, but subtle stories of everyday events and people. Not great deeds of other-worldly proportions but great deeds of regular person-to-person interaction.

Pereira's work can sometimes be a puzzle waiting to be solved. What is the message in these works? He says that he does not necessarily have a message for people, rather just a request to keep looking. "Take from the art what you can, keep

looking and keep your mind working to come to your own conclusions about what it all means."

While Pereira deals with the daily life in bustling New York City, he also makes references to history, philosophy, art, literature, politics, news and popular culture and much more. For instance he acknowledges other comic book artists. In his AprilToons 2021, the first image depicts a bookstore with only two words said by a cat and a man: "Nick?" "Boo?" These are names of two famous comic book artists, Nick Spencer (who turned the usually perfect Captain America into an evil, Hydra sleeper-agent) and Boo Cook, the British Cover Artist. The second image is of the 'Hulk ' saying "Jack Kirby I presume" and the response is "Ditko?" Jack Kirby was the artist and writer who invented the character of the 'Hulk' but the original strip only lasted 6 issues. When the 'Hulk' was revived, Steve Ditko took over the drawings for a while until Kirby retook the helm again. In this way Pereira details the changing of the guard in the comic world.

For Pereira art is not just making something for others to see but a way of life. It helps him interact with those around him, meet new people, tell new stories, and get new perspectives. That along with having new eyes look at his stories, telling him how it makes them feel, what they take away from it, and what it changes for them, if anything, is what continues to drive him to create. He is a driven man who loves art in all its forms and do not expect his creative juices to stop flowing anytime soon. I am very sure Peter Pereira will be creating for the rest of his life, so please take the time and have a little peek at his work. *G&S*

For commissions and more information, please visit: petergpereira.com

Getting My Head Measured

by Doug McKeown

I was in biology class when the wall phone went off with a buh-woop-woop. A phone call during class was unusual, and we all watched as Mr. McDonnell got up from his desk to answer it. He turned and looked directly at me. "Yeah, he's here. Okay." He hung up. "McKeown. You're to report to Home Ec. to get your head measured."

The whole class laughed. Well, it was funny. But I was mortified. I was fourteen, at least a year younger than the rest of them, and in 1961 a sophomore boy reporting to Home Economics class for any reason was hilarious. Only girls took classes in cooking and sewing. And what's funnier or queerer than getting your head measured—and what did that even mean? Blushing, I got up from my desk and went to the door. Mr. McDonnell repeated I was to go straight to Home Ec. and added that I should report the results to the main office before coming back to class. I walked out into the empty hallway and heard him say as the door closed, "Alright, settle down."

I had a long walk ahead of me because the Home Ec. classroom was around the opposite side of the school in the same area as the gym and boys' health class. At the end of the hall, I turned right to walk down past the cafeteria, dragging my feet all the way. I couldn't understand it. I never heard of such a thing. Why do these weird things always happen to me? Could our doctor have ordered this for some reason? I turned right again at the next far corner and went down the final stretch to the room containing only girls. I had a fear that I wasn't considered masculine enough, and some meaningful difference between boys' and girls' head sizes would prove it. That's crazy, I thought, and anyway, why call me out of class like it's an emergency? Maybe the home Ec. teacher would explain.

But no, they didn't know about it in Home Ec. When the door opened I heard a little shriek and caught a glimpse of a girl in a slip running through a doorway to the back room. A stern teacher demanded to know what I was doing there. I stammered that I was sent by the office to get my head measured. A chorus of giggles.

While I stood there looking down, the teacher held a hat sizing chart and told one of the girls to put the tape measure around my poor egg-shaped head and another girl to record the result. I could not get out of there fast enough.

It finally dawned on me what must have happened as I was walking back past the cafeteria and nearing the auditorium. I'd been preparing to play Grandpa Vanderhof in a school production of You Can't Take It with You, and I was determined to be convincing in the role of a 78-year-old. I was a stickler for realism, and I knew exactly how I was going to do the makeup, I had it all figured out, every wrinkle and jowl. But I was worried about my hair. White shoe polish would not do. I wanted my hair to look like Robert Frost or Carl Sandburg. I mentioned this to my aunt Jane on one of her visits out from New York, and she, being a visual artist, understood right away. She said she would try to contact a theatrical wigmaker in New York for me. She must have found one. She must have called the office right from the wigmaker's shop.

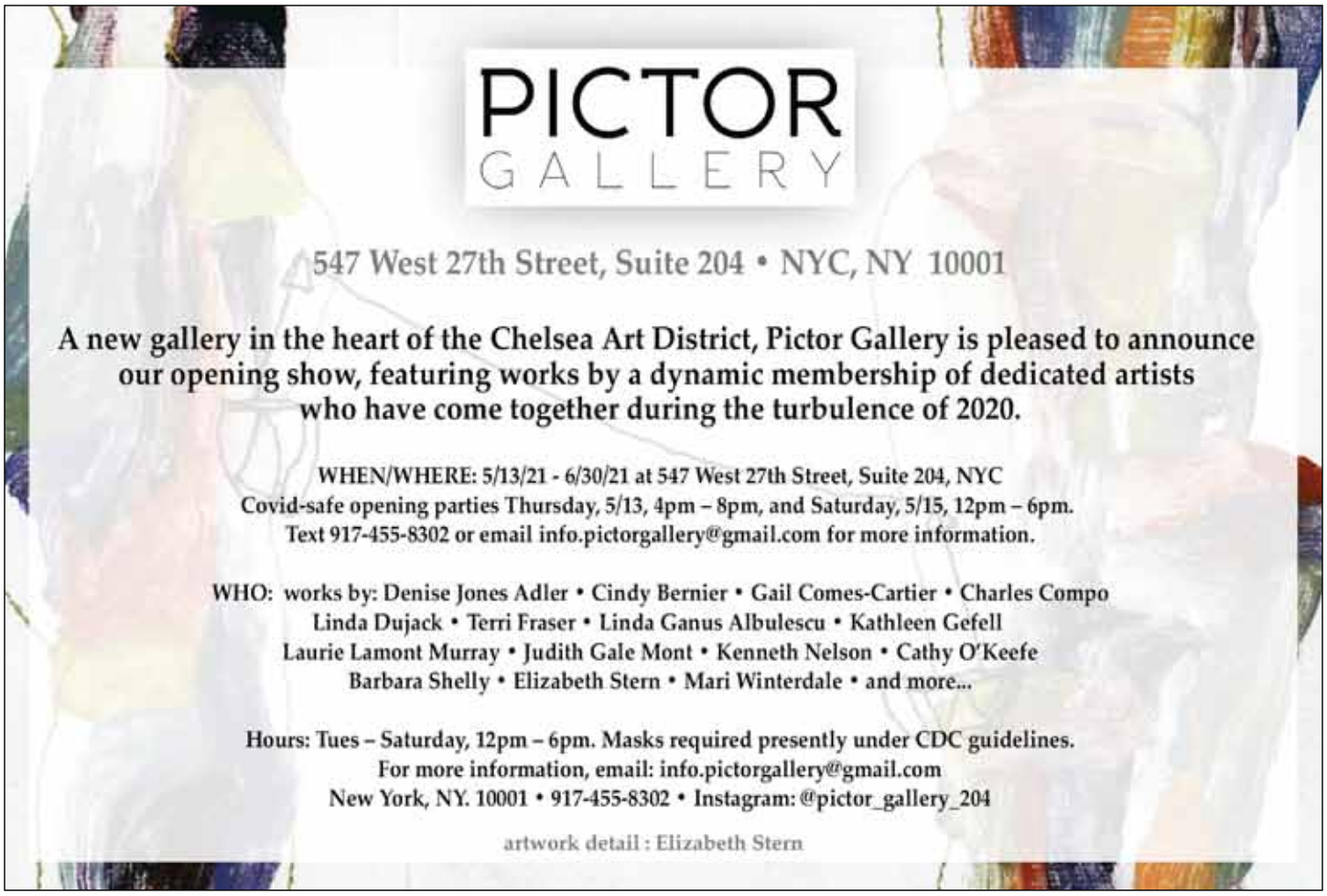
At the office I reported the girls' measurement of my head. I didn't know if I could stand much more ridicule. I felt emasculated. Still dragging my feet, I made my way down the hall to Biology. I had to go back into that room of teenagers with a macho teacher who had a reputation for flirting with the girls and who did not discourage my reputation as a weirdo. I just had to survive this ordeal somehow. Then, while I was turning the handle on the door, it came to me. This was an entrance, I was making an entrance. I took a deep breath and opened the door. Mr. McDonnell stopped speaking and turned to face me from his desk. The whole class looked on expectantly, ready for another good laugh.

Standing there in the doorway I made the announcement in a clear, firm voice: "7 3/8."

A roar of laughter greeted my ears like a panacea, a soothing balm, a drug with a little kick at the end. Going back to my desk, I was blushing again, but this time not from embarrassment.

Wig or no wig, Grandpa was going to get all his laughs. *G&S*

Douglas McKeown is the facilitator of Queer Stories, an on-going column initiated and edited by Robin Goldfin in Memory of Holden McCormack



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**

Grace Coudal: Art, Sexuality, Nature, and the Internet

by Anaís Cezanné Caro

"To Be Held by You, 2021"

"Intimately South Intimately West"

In 2016, I made my first zine at the behest of a friend's newly created "Zine Club" at our high school. We sat around tables in our school's art room with scattered supplies and created to our hearts' desires: drawing, cutting, pasting, painting. Today that inspiring friend is 22-year-old Chicago-native Grace Coudal. Her sold-out debut photography book, *Intimately South Intimately West*, self-published by Coudal, is a collection of 35mm photographs taken on a road trip through the American Southwest. Its pages are filled with an alluring mix of handwritten journal entries, fascinating landscapes, and portraits of both Coudal and her close friend/road trip companion, Dante Tsuzuki.

In the book's melange of nude and clothed portraiture lies Coudal's deep-rooted passion for merging art and sexuality. Her interest in sexuality sparked in high school when she started following sexologists and sex educators on digital platforms. In fact, if it were not for her love of art and design, she imagined herself becoming a sexologist. With this passion, Coudal intrinsically blends sexuality, intimacy, and nature in her art, allowing the viewer to reflect inwardly and to question their ever-changing identities. Yet, most of all, Coudal's work enables viewers to feel celebrated and supported in the process.

With its blend of nature and intimacy, *Intimately South Intimately West* was a venture into the "deep curiosity of the unknown." It is an appreciation of the twists and turns of life, identity, love, sexuality, adventure, and adversity that directly mirror the endless roads, mountains, and streams Coudal traveled. In a way, we all travel these roads in our lifetimes. Is not everything in life uncharted? Is not our identity always unknown, even when we think we know ourselves? Coudal does not shy away from these uncomfortable questions in her work but instead steers towards them, warmly embracing what comes.

Besides taking road trips in a converted van and creating her photography journal, Coudal is currently a senior at the University of Michigan Ann Arbor, majoring in Art

& Design with a minor in LGBTQ+ Studies & Sexuality. She also creates multimedia artwork, such as her work entitled "But do you even know how to take my bra off?," a dress she designed out of thrifted lingerie garments. For this specific piece, she aimed to "bring what is often underneath, hidden, and intimate to the forefront," a theme often present in her work.

Coudal is also a founding member of two digital collectives: STAA. (@staa.co, on instagram) and Between Girls (@itsbetweengirls). Both focus on creating spaces to explore "intimacy and identity through honest conversations." However, just like the uncertainty of life that she embraces, putting work about sexuality online is not without its own unpredictability. Coudal explains her relationship with social media as a "constant flux." One that shifts from not wanting to utilize platforms that actively censor sex workers, educators, artists, and activists to understanding that the internet can be a great place for creating educational content accessible to large audiences. Despite the negatives and positives of the internet, Coudal understands that censorship cannot hinder her success as she strives to create art that is not just provocative, but also feels relatable.

This sentiment is evident in

Coudal's understanding of art as a universal tool that ascends past all boundaries of language and geography. Some of the most innate parts of human existence (sex, love, identity, and nature) are seen in her photography. The work parallels our own natural reality, and, as such, it is easy to see oneself projected onto its pages. Just as Coudal is constantly trying to create a body of work that she hopes is good enough to make others feel celebrated, represented, and seen, we are each in a constant endeavor to feel celebrated, represented, and seen. G&S

All photographs by Grace Coudal.

"Intimately South Intimately West"

Coudal will be debuting her BFA Thesis photography series about queer intimacy in early May 2021, which can be found, along with her other work on GraceCoudal.com and on IG @gracecoudal.

Caddie Couch and Related Phenomena

by Woody Sempliner

My cousin, a stagehand, reports that, while working on a run of Wagner's "Ring Cycle," she spotted a sticker on a colleague's car that read: "Life is short. Opera is long." This bumper born riff on "Ars Longa Vita Brevis," though light and funny, carries as much truth as its Latin parent. (Wagner, you know). But opera's length does not take away from its value for those who can find time for it in their brief tenure on the planet. Lifetimes and art forms come in infinite varieties. Take, for example, *Caddie Couch*.

But first, an epiphany.

On an interstate, somewhere in the heartland, I once came across a motorcycle club on the move. There may have been twenty bikes, some with a single rider and some carrying what you could assume to be a husband and wife team. Everyone appeared to be well fed, and their bikes — all big touring motorcycles — were perfect. They gleamed. You could feel their collective rumble in your chest. The riders gleamed, each in matching leathers custom-made in the club's colors and on their backs in raised letters the name of the club. What was that name? It could have been: Rolling Thunder; Mamas and Papas; Columbus Wheels; Collective Guilt; The Wagnerians. It was beautiful. They were beautiful.

I am not sure if I passed them or they me, but, in the relative quiet after, I heard a radio spot promoting the National Endowment for the Arts with the tag line, "Because a great nation deserves great art." It certainly seemed at that moment that this nation, "great" or not, and with or without the NEA, would have its great art. It wells up like crude oil.

Whether gasoline-powered vehicles have hurt or bettered human existence, they have transformed it utterly and, along the way, consumed and shaped a huge amount of artistic energy. Cars, with their headlight eyes and chromium mouths, are anthropomorphic. For the last 100 years we have roamed the planet peering out of these mechanical representations of ourselves and have invested in their appearance – a big hint at who we think we are.

OK, so: *Caddie Couch*. Jerome Roestenberg has made four of them. The first two have long since gone out into the world — one, by last report, to a London pub.

My friend, David Heinlein — photographer, teacher at Parsons School of Design and jazz drummer — had been making images of Roestenberg's work for a long time before, being asked to somehow capture the uniquely kinetic splendor of the fourth *Caddie Couch*. The third couch, made from the back end of a wildly finned 1961 Cadillac, provides a place to sit in the front reception room of Roestenberg's shop. (Artists who have gone to art school call their shops, studios; Roestenberg calls his shop: 'Jerome's Auto Collision'.) Destined to serve a higher purpose than its predecessors, *Caddie Couch IV* would require of Heinlein more than a still photograph. It transforms into a bar. To see that happen, you've got to have video.

Heinlein is an artist whose work ethic, visual awareness and attention to detail in photography, mirrors those of Roestenberg in the re-sculpting of bashed up automobiles. Heinlein and Roestenberg like each other. They both rode the same model of mini-bike when they were kids, for goodness sake. They like cars, and both have a tendency to take things a step or two further than is required. 'Jerome's Auto Collision' is more than fine for getting a ding taken out of your fender, it's also where you would go to restore that long forgotten XKE unearthed in a barn somewhere in Pennsylvania. For Roestenberg, the elements of auto body work — steel, aluminum, polyester fillers and fiber glass — are more than tools of the trade, they are media that can be applied creatively to anything. The shop itself is a case in point. Its exterior is clad in glossy white steel panels. There are portholes in the doors. The effect is car ferry nautical. And Roestenberg's custom signage exhibits a virtuosity that far exceeds any gauge of commercial functionality.

So it is with the fourth *Caddie Couch*. Unlike couches I, II and III, IV's couch part is roughly where the back seat of the original 1959 Cadillac might have been. It is upholstered in bright red, vat dyed leather. The rest of the car's remaining rear end, including its very large trunk lid and large-as-can-be fins with tail lights that suggest jet propulsion, is painted a rich, sedate blue and finished off with both original and customized chrome. With a multi-buttoned remote control, Roestenberg can turn on the tail lights, illuminate the floor beneath in an assortment of colors and, most importantly, activate the bar function which unveils itself dramatically like a big Vegas dance number. An illuminated bar on two levels, made of glass or its equivalent, emerges from the depths of the Cadillac's trunk — an assortment of boozes on the top shelf, and on the lower shelf an ice bucket, a wine rack and a decanter of sherry, surrounded by a set of glasses that bear the inscription: "Cadillac Club."

If you know anyone who might need this sort of thing, please contact 'Jerome's Auto Collision' in Port Washington, NY. *G&S*

David Heinlein's video
of Caddie Couch VI's bar
will soon be posted on our website.
Info: heinleinstudio@gmail.com


NY EMPIRE STATE


COCKTAILS
NY EMPIRE STATE

Requited Love...and then Some! The Pre-Raphaelites

by Shelly Reuben

Regretful though it may seem, there can be only one "first time" for every oh-so-exquisite experience. A first time to read The Count of Monte Cristo (or your favorite book). A first time to hear Rachmaninoff's Second (or your favorite piano concerto). A first snowfall. A first love.

Certainly, I felt a kind of first love as I stumbled, unprepared, upon the Pre-Raphaelite collection at the Delaware Art Museum. So stunned was I, that I felt as if I had been slapped in the face by a stranger. One who, after he got my attention, begged my forgiveness and whispered into my ear, "Come with me."

I did.

And in that instant, the Pre-Raphaelites won my heart.

In two instants, I was wandering from canvas to canvas, agog and aflutter as I read label after label, learning not only about the paintings, but also about the mid-19th century artists who had committed themselves to producing "thoroughly good pictures," and whose lives intertwined like vines in the William Morris paper on the walls behind the art.

Reality being what it is, I can never have another "first time" with the Pre-Raphaelites, but I can introduce these magnificent artists to you and, living vicariously, enjoy the experience again.

So...Chin up. Eyes open. Take my hand. Let's go.

We walk into a small room with walls papered in voluptuous beige flowers with dark green leaves. The painting in front of us is Mnemosyne, 1881, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The label beside the frame relates that Mnemosyne was the goddess of memory and mother of the muses. It is stunning. The model is draped in green velvet. She has pale skin, inward-looking eyes, and colossal wavy red hair. She looks as strong as a titaness, but as delicious as a dream. The label goes on to explain that the model for Mnemosyne was Jane Morris: wife of textile designer and founder of the Arts and Crafts Movement, William Morris (wallpaper), and mistress of the artist (Rossetti).

Interesting, we think. But not earth-shattering.

We move on to a much smaller painting, The Waterfall, by John Everett Millais, depicting a narrow gush of water between immense brown rocks. Beside the waterfall sits a lonely woman wearing a brown hat and – the only splash of color in the painting – a voluminous bright red skirt.

We read on the label that the woman, Effie Ruskin, was married to influential art critic John Ruskin, who, contrary to the conventions of the times, believed that art should be "true to nature." His unwavering support of Pre-Raphaelite artists such as Rossetti and Millais brought them credibility and fame.

A few feet away, we gaze upon The White Cockade, also by John Everett Millais. In it, a woman is sewing the white badge of the Jacobites onto her lover's cocked hat. The model, the label tells us, is Mrs. Effie Millais.

Wait a second.

We revisit the previous painting. Our eyes widen, and...yep. In that one, the woman is Effie Ruskin.

Returning to The White Cockade, we read that John Ruskin invited John Everett Millais to Scotland in order to paint his (Ruskin's) portrait, whereupon Millais met Effie, and they fell in love.

Fast forward to Effie leaving John # 1 to marry John # 2.

The plot thickens.

In the next room, we are greeted by a small, elaborately framed ink-on-paper by Rossetti. It is a preliminary drawing of Lancelot for "The Lady of Shalott," to be included in Tennyson's book Poems, published in 1857. The label informs that the model for the study was Pre-Raphaelite artist Edward Burne-Jones, another of John Ruskin's favorites.

Love's Messenger, 1885, Marie Spartali Stillman (1844–1927), Watercolor, tempera, and gold paint on paper, 32 x 26", Delaware Art Museum, Samuel and Mary R. Bancroft Memorial, 1935

Stay with me on this, because there's a painting across the room that I want you to see. The artist/model is Marie Spartali Stillman. It is a self-portrait of a beautiful woman in elaborate renaissance clothing looking down at a white dove perched on her right hand.

What does the label tell us? That beside being an artist, Marie Spartali Stillman modeled for both Dante Gabrielle Rossetti and Edward Burne-Jones; that Burne-Jones was a brilliant painter in his own right; and that Spartali Stillman's cousin, the sculptress/model Maria Zambaco, had been Burne-Jones' lover.

And (are you ready for this?), Burne-Jones' study of Maria Zambaco for his painting The Beguiling of Merlin is in this very museum.

Where, though?

We turn left. We turn right.

There!

We see an exquisitely executed watercolor of a woman with exquisitely sculpted features.

Nimue, the label tells us, is an enchantress who seduces Merlin into

Study for the Head of Nimue in "The Beguiling of Merlin", c. 1872-1873, Edward Burne-Jones (1833–1898), Watercolor with gouache on paper, mounted on wood, 30 × 20", Delaware Art Museum, Samuel and Mary R. Bancroft Memorial, 1935

teaching her how to cast spells. She then uses one of his own spells against him to imprison him in a hawthorn bush…more fact than fiction (the label continues), as in real life, Burne-Jones' affair with Maria Zambaco almost destroyed them both.

Histrionic? Yes. But stay with me. Not far from Nimue is a copy of Beata Beatrix by our old friend Rossetti, painted by his studio assistant Charles Fairfax Murray. In it, a beautiful (of course) woman with burnished, coppery Pre-Raphaelite hair and a solemnly ecstatic look on her face, is surrounded by an ethereal light. Our eyes dart to the label. We learn that the model for Beata Beatrix was Elizabeth Siddal, who married Rossetti (lover of Jane Morris) in 1860, and took a fatal overdose of laudanum in 1862.

But we aren't done yet.

On the same wall is a very, very small watercolor called Holly Family, delicately (if awkwardly) portraying the Virgin Mary, the Baby Jesus, and a haloed male figure standing beside them in a cramped room. The artist, so sayeth the label, was Elizabeth Siddal. The same Elizabeth Siddal who married Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The same Rossetti who was befriended by art critic John Ruskin. The same Ruskin whose wife Effie left him for his protégé, John Everett Millais. The same Millais who, along with Rossetti and Edward Burne-Jones, did illustrations and designs for textile designer, William Morris. The same Morris whose wife, Jane, was Rossetti's mistress and whose friend, Edward Burne-Jones, posed as Lancelot for one of Rossetti's drawings. The same Burne-Jones who had a disastrous love affair with Maria Zambaco. The same Zambaco whose cousin, Marie Spartali Stillman, posed for Burne-Jones and Rossetti, and whose paintings were on display in these rooms.

The mind reels. Not only from the brilliant, vivid, romantic imagery, but also from the inescapable drama of it all. And from the connections.

Replica of Beata Beatrix, c. 1900-1910, Charles Fairfax Murray (1849–1919), Oil on canvas, 34 x 27", Delaware Art Museum, Acquisition Fund, 1985

La Bella Mano, 1875, Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828–1882), Oil on canvas, 62 × 46", Delaware Art Museum, Samuel and Mary R. Bancroft Memorial, 1935

Always…the connections.

I end by giving you what had once meant, and still means, so much to me.

Out there, on William Morris-covered walls in museums throughout the world (including Wilmington, Delaware; London, Manchester, and Liverpool, England; and Ponce, Puerto Rico) are gorgeous Pre-Raphaelite paintings. Waiting for you to discover them.

Without me.

In real life.

For the very first time. *G&S*

Shelly Reuben's books have been nominated for Edgar, Prometheus, and Falcon awards. In her crime novel, Spent Matches, she created a fictional museum overflowing with Pre-Raphaelite paintings, which allowed her to introduce these remarkable artists to a new generation of readers.
For more about her writing, visit www.shellyreuben.com

Interview: Ruth Tenzer Feldman

by Dr. Bill Thierfelder

Ruth Tenzer Feldman

When I moved to Portland, Oregon, five years ago, it turned out that one of my neighbors was the creator of young adult novels that I'd seen recommended in the library of my former hometown of Sayville, Long Island.

Ruth Tenzer Feldman's journey, from her childhood in Long Beach, Long Island, and Long Branch, New Jersey, to a highly respected author (biographies, history books, and YA fiction), and now living in the thriving arts community of Portland, Oregon, is a fascinating one. She tells us that she was "born and raised within walking distance of the Atlantic Ocean" and that she still wonders what she would be like if she had grown up in Indiana. "One summer when I was little," she writes, "I had a whopping case of whooping cough. My mother let me play for hours on an isolated beach. I thought that the ocean made me well, and I still sit by the ocean every chance I get."

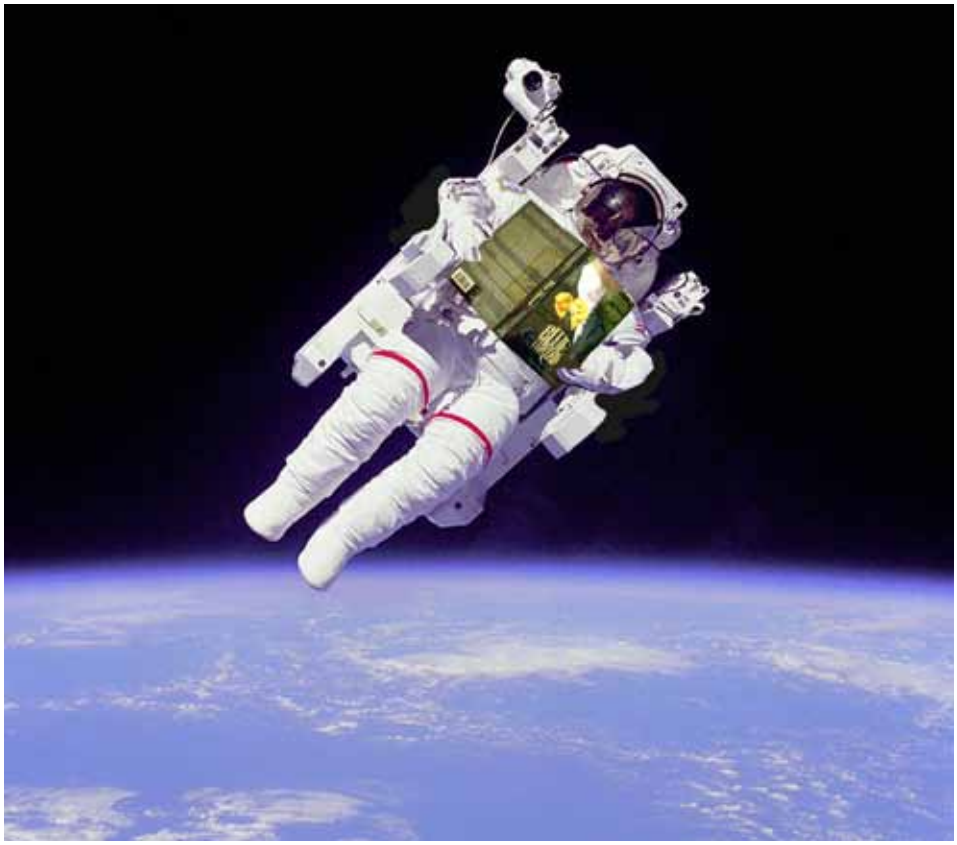
Other intriguing details include: "I crave pistachio nuts...I keep a collection of magnetic spiders scattered around my home, just for fun...I like to eat with my fingers."

My recent chat with Ruth delves more into her life's story and her work.

G&S: Could you tell us a bit about your journey as a writer?
RTF: I earned my first money as a writer when I was a Long Branch High School correspondent to the Asbury Park Press. They paid me 10 cents per column inch–big money back in 1964! Thirty years later, I really got serious about writing. By then I was a legislative attorney at the U.S. Department of Education, drafting bills to send to Congress on behalf of the President. In the meantime, I'd studied international relations in college and graduated from law school; gotten married; lived for a year in Bologna, Italy, then another year in Leiden, The Netherlands; and settled down in Bethesda, Maryland, to raise two sons who now have sons of their own.

G&S: Does any —or all of that— figure in your writing?
RTF: Oddly enough, the presidential documents I drafted taught me much about tone and point of view. Ronald Reagan "sounds" very different from Bill Clinton. Living as an American among the Italians and Dutch heightened my understanding of ethnic and cultural stereotyping. But the greatest influence on my writing came from my Polish-Hungarian grandmother--my Nana. She made soup out of chicken feet and told me folk tales from Eastern Europe. I conjured up my own tales then and played with imaginary friends. Now I call them characters.

G&S: What eventually brought you to Portland?



Blue Thread In Space

RTF: My husband's sabbatical teaching at the University of Washington took us to Seattle, where I became enthralled by the Pacific Northwest. Years later we settled in the heart of Portland, Oregon, down the street from Powell's bookstore. I still feel awe whenever weather allows Wy'east (the Native American name for Mt. Hood) to capture the skyline.

G&S: When did you start writing professionally? Were you a late-bloomer?
RTF: I surprised my second-grade teacher by writing a science report from the point of view of my eyeball, and over the decades I wrote dozens of magazine articles, but my first book (a biography of Thurgood Marshall) wasn't published until I was 52. After ten nonfiction books, I had an urge to go beyond facts to search for truth. The result was Blue Thread, The Ninth Day, and Seven Stitches–three companion novels that you can read in any order. Each one entwines two worlds that are centuries apart, an heirloom prayer shawl, and a time-traveling woman with a passion for pursuing justice and a yen for cucumbers.

Blue Thread Saga

G&S: How has the COVID pandemic impacted your creativity? Are you using any of that experience in your writing?
RTF: During the first six months of COVID, it seems my muse hightailed it to Jupiter. Thanks to my writer's critique group–The Scrivas–I have started to write again, this time a novel free of fantasy. Instead, I am using elements highlighted during this pandemic: chance, change, confinement, irony, loss, compassion, and courage. *G&S*

www.ruthtenzerfeldman.net

Paint and Healing: A Granddaughter's Perspective

by Monique Prior

As a little girl, we often visited our grandparents at their beautiful Victorian home in Ridgewood, New Jersey, the very house in which my mother was raised. My grandfather, Victorino, would regularly greet me with his usual Brazilian kisses on both cheeks. And then, without fail, he'd pull back, look at me warmly while gently holding my shoulders, and say with enthusiasm and sincerity, "Monique! Have you been painting recently?"

I could never quite figure out why my grandfather always greeted me with that same question. Had I been painting? Sure, here and there, but why did it matter? Did he pray that his granddaughter would pursue a creative career the way he had? Did he want me to like what he likes? None of my theories were correct. My grandfather simply wished one thing for all of his grandchildren: that we did not lose sight of our passions during the hustle of life.

Victorino, lived his life according to similar rules, but not until much later in his life. As an artist himself, Victorino understood how one's art is often pushed aside to make space for the more pressing matters. School, making a living, raising a family– these were the things that hindered my grandfather's artistic journey.

Monique and Victorino

"Portrait of Monique, Victorino's Daughter"

Victorino grew up on a coffee plantation in Espirito Santos, Brazil. He was an artist at a young age. With just a measly set of colored pencils to entertain him after his daily chores, worlds of color and expression opened up. His father, on the other hand, disapproved of artistic pursuits. As an adult, Victorino became determined to prove to his father that his art would lead him to success. After college, he took English classes in Rio de Janeiro to prepare himself for his lifelong dream of moving to the United States. In the meantime, he temporarily supported himself with an illustration job at a children's magazine

At age 30, Victorino moved to New York City. As a newlywed, he was eager to get his career rolling. He took private art classes at both Pratt Institute and the School of Visual Arts while interviewing for advertising agencies on Madison Avenue. Within 10 years he had a fulfilling job and was earning tenfold what his father ever envisioned. Now an American suburbanite with a mortgage and four children, Victorino couldn't remember the last time he had sat down at a blank canvas without the relentless pressure of creating a compelling corporate ad campaign.

His art took a backseat while his children grew and his career flourished... until the spring of 1983. That spring, on my mom's 18th birthday, her sister Monique —Victorino's youngest daughter— died of a rare heart condition. Monique, a gifted ballerina and violinist, was just 15 when she died. After enduring the nightmare of losing her and having a family paralyzed with pain and loss, Victorino spiraled into an intense depression. He quit his job and found refuge in a familiar but forgotten place: his studio. At home, he lay on the couch all day and night, virtually neglecting his family entirely, as he obsessively processed intrusive thoughts of guilt and regret. Art was his only solace.

Victorino, the man, was born 39 years before his youngest daughter;

Victorino, the artist, wasn't born until after her death.

During one of our long late-night chats when I was a teenager (more than thirty years after Monique's death), tears rolled down his cheeks as he recalled that dark time in his life. "I was very sad," he said, "but my sadness was fuel to make art, so that's what I did. Eventually, my sadness got smaller and my art got bigger."

His first few paintings after the tragedy were distorted self-portraits that echoed his emotional distress. Yet, after some time spent painting and healing, his somber imagery evolved into a bright and colorful display of his passions and loved ones. He painted what he found exciting, from political personalities to his favorite literary figures. His paintings were often of his wife, his children, grandchildren, native country, or the occasional nameless woman he found beautiful. Many were of Monique.

Victorino's first public art exhibit drew hundreds. It was held at an old horse stable in Ridgewood, New Jersey, in 1994. The exhibit was entitled"Rio Earth Summit,"and was inspired by the recent earth summit hosted in Rio de Janeiro regarding deforestation in the Amazon. The exhibit was vibrant and alive. Amazonian birds flew off the canvas and richly colored mammals danced in a celebration of life. Though inspired by his concerns for the environment, his pieces were enlivening and uplifting. From big cats to tiny insects, each canvas playfully depicted the robust biodiversity of the Amazon using oils, lyrical linework, and splashes of color.

"Doña Flor"

"Girl in Mirror"

For Victorino, art wasn't just a career, it was an uncompromisable part of his everyday life. He processed his thoughts not by talking or journaling, but rather by being in front of his easel with a paintbrush in hand. Art beckoned him to retreat to his passions and rediscover his family life. These were the same passions and family joys that seeped onto his canvas. My grandfather's art was born from tragedy, but his happiness was born from his art.

As his granddaughter, the only Victorino I knew would contentedly paint at his kitchen table, on a Saturday afternoon, while classical music played throughout the house. When we painted together, he would whistle happily the whole time. Even the paintings I was prepared to throw away were each a masterpiece in his eyes.

Victorino died last spring at age 90. My brothers, sister, and I held his hand and kissed him on his final day. Although Victorino is no longer with us, my grandfather taught me a valuable lesson. He allowed himself to live his life driven by curiosity and passion. In my childhood, I never appreciated his simple and sincere sentiments like, "keep painting," or, "love is great," or, "life is beautiful." He was practically obsessed with these overly idealistic and simplistic phrases as if life was nothing but beauty and love. Yet, as I've become the woman I am today, I've slowly realized that what he meant by this was, don't let your soul get muddled by the daily happenings of life.

Now as I bear the same as his daughter, and the legacy of his talent, I strive to live my life according to his simple rule: always make time to paint. *G&S*

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Akara Lukas:
A Taste of Thai Film Scene

by Benedict Carrizzo

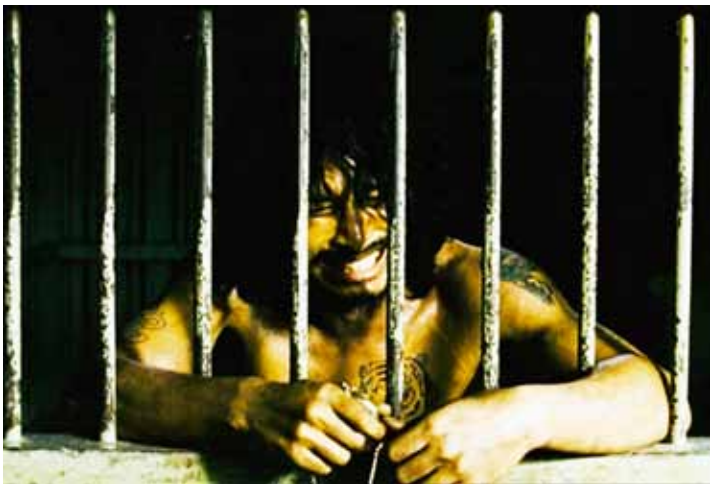
photo by @mrkheang (IG)

In 2017, while I was studying in Milan, Italy, I had the privilege of meeting someone who really expanded my understanding of film. Prior to that encounter, I had a limited, America-centric understanding of that industry.

Unbeknownst to many American movie-buffs, there's an exciting world of cinema and television beyond the major markets. You may have heard about the British detective-dramas or Bollywood musicals, but have you ever seen a film produced in Thailand? Or, even better, have you heard of any names within that niche? If not, check out the work of Akara Lukas (Akara Amarttayakul), a Thai movie star.

Born in Bangkok, Thailand, Lukas starred in baby powder commercials as a little boy. He then moved to the United States at the age of eleven, to his mother's consternation, to live with his aunt and explore the world on his own terms. The transition was difficult for him, as he knew little English and was the only Asian boy at school, but he persevered through the bullying, he says, through a fighter's spirit.

"That ordeal had pushed me to learn English much faster through listening to music and watching television and reading magazines and some newspapers on my own. I never uttered a word of being bullied to any of my family member, because I always preferred dealing with



above and right: Akars Lukas Showreel "Muay Thai Fighter"

problems on my own, even while I was younger.

After graduating from college, he moved back to Thailand to pursue a career in acting. There, he starred in several films. He found his first leading role, *Mae bia* or The Snake Lady. In it, he played Chanachol, a married man who slithers into an extramarital affair with a strange woman. Her protector, a venomous snake, eventually kills him. Love scenes were awkward, Lukas attests, not just because of the reptile in the room, but because he was still inexperienced, stiff and clumsy as an actor (and, of course, fifteen onlookers weren't helpful, either)."

Later on, Lukas found more leading roles, most notably "Necromancer" and "Muay Thai Fighter," which are his proudest achievements. In "Muay Thai Fighter" he plays a boxer who gets embroiled in the dark, disturbing world of underground fighting. Without the help of a stunt double, he throws swift punches, kicks with gravity-defying force, and dodges the death-ensuring whack of a machete. Because of his performance, which was presented at the Miami Film Festival, he won four awards, including The Suphannahong National Film Awards for Best Actor, which is Thailand's equivalent to the U.S. Academy Awards.

To prepare for these roles, Lukas researches his characters extensively. He exercises vigorously to preserve his pure-muscle, Bruce Lee-like build, and does a daily mindfulness practice consisting of "dynamic meditation" — a mind-body connection technique. As a Buddhist, Lukas is a far cry away from the dark characters he plays on screen. He says acting gives him a valuable insight into the human condition, and keeps him on the right path.

For me, I think being an actor, I am not only evolving as a performer, but also as a person as well. Being an actor had taught me a lot about character, human interaction and the consequences of choosing a certain path in life. It's not that I'm not already learning from my own life experiences, but I get to learn a whole lot more, because I experience each character so vividly.

That self-awareness has not only enhanced Lukas's acting career, but also his other ventures: modeling and singing. This year, he released his first single recording called "Our Love is Like a Universe" on Youtube, amassing thousands of views and hundreds of "likes" in just a few months. This ballad —an antidote to the suffering and pandemonium of 2020— was inspired by the George Floyd murder, which he says was a "big deal" in Thailand. Now, he's working on a new Thai TV series inspired by recent events called "State Quarantine," along with a plethora of other projects. Because of his talent, dynamism and perseverance, Lukas has become the star of movies, TV shows and music videos. With more soon to come. If he continues in his upward trajectory then, who knows? We may end up seeing him in a worldwide blockbuster flick.

If I hadn't met Lukas, I likely wouldn't have discovered him on my own. The United States hasn't always been receptive to foreign films, especially eastern ones. But the tides are turning. In 2019, Parasite was the first South Korean film to receive Academy Award recognition. And there's a yearning within Hollywood and the broader American film culture to cast more actors of color. Perhaps, one day, Asian films will be platformed as highly as their American counterparts, but that's a game of wait and see.

Until then, we have all of the means necessary to educate ourselves on foreign films and their casts. And so we should, starting with Akara Lukas. *G&S*

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