



*Gallery & Studio*  
arts journal

# Summer 2022

Vol. 3, No.4



# Gallery&Studio arts journal

## Just a thought:

What is the value of the arts? Many answers come to mind. The act of creating is an intrinsic, emotionally rewarding pursuit. Art enriches our lives. It may be healing. It may be spiritually rewarding. It allows us to communicate and connect. The process of creativity leads to new ideas. Art allows us to understand our history and learn about other cultures, societies, religions and perspectives. The UK government suggests that the arts is “a strategic national resource” with a measurable impact on the “economy, health and wellbeing, society and education.” In this magazine we have talked of the importance of the arts in recording the times, articulating the message and galvanizing change.

Recently though there has been an increase of people using the arts to volumize their own messages that are not directly related to the arts. Climate activists have recently glued themselves to paintings by Vincent van Gogh, John Constable and to Leonardo da Vinci's The Last Supper in the United Kingdom, a Botticelli in Italy, and in France, the Mona Lisa casing was smeared with cake. The Venice Biennale and the Cannes Film Festival this year was used by President Volodymyr Zelensky of Ukraine to promote the war effort. It is also not a new phenomenon, Tony Shafrazi infamously spray-painted, Pablo Picasso's Guernica at New York's MOMA to protest the release of a former American military man who was convicted of killing hundreds of civilians during the Vietnam War. It is yet another example of the perceived power of the arts in helping to deliver messages. We hope you enjoy this issue's varied messages and ideas.

Front Cover: “Yellow Betty” by Lou Patrou

## Gallery&Studio arts journal

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1632 First Avenue, Suite 122, New York, NY 10028 email: [info@galleryand.studio](mailto:info@galleryand.studio)

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER Jeannie McCormack FOUNDER Ed McCormack

FOUNDING MEMBER Margot Palmer-Poroner OPERATIONS Marina Hadley EDITOR Luce Skrabanek

SPECIAL ADVISORS Dorothy Beckett Michellina Celli POETRY EDITOR Christine Graf

DESIGN AND PRODUCTION Karen Mullen DESIGN AND TECHNOLOGY CONSULTANT Sébastien Aurillon

BOARD OF DIRECTORS Sébastien Aurillon, Linda Dujack, Christine Graf, Marina Hadley,

Jeannie McCormack, Carolyn Mitchell, Norman A. Ross

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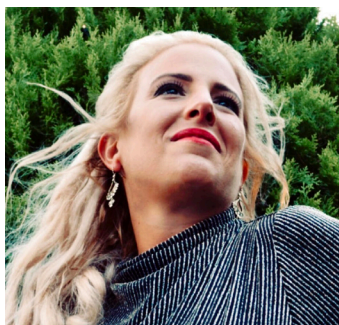
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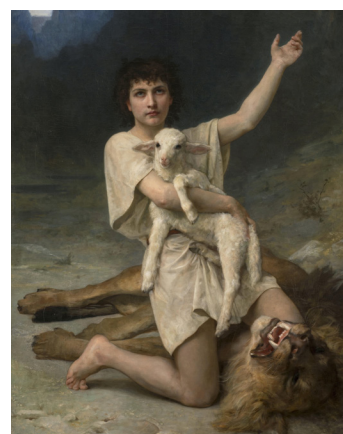
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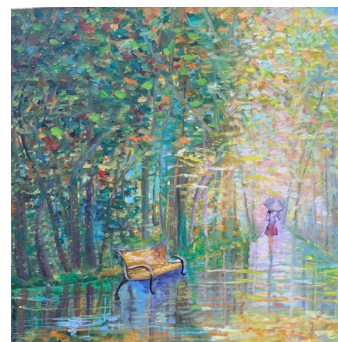
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# The Wild Blue Yonder

by Bobbie Leigh

**B**lue has many meanings. It can refer to the deep blue sea, the color of the Virgin Mary's cloak, a blue ribbon for first prize and even blue-chip stocks. Blue can also depict emotions as in the sad, impoverished people in Pablo Picasso's "blue period" paintings.

"Kind of Blue," a duo exhibition by **Linda Ganus Albulescu** and **Linda Dujack**, at the Pictor Gallery in Chelsea, explores the various intensities of blue and sometimes red in a group of deeply moving works. Ganus's paintings are large scale, mostly ocean landscapes, in oil on canvas. In contrast, Dujack's work is small scale, mixed media, drypoint, acrylic and profoundly symbolist.

What the artists have in common is a relationship to the early 20th-century European Blue Rider movement where painters used color to evoke moods and ideas. Both Dujack and Ganus in their work are responding to the emotional atmosphere of our time. They use color—every blue hue on the palette and sometimes red—to explore their deepest feelings.

One of the most arresting of **Linda Dujack's** work is the mixed-media *Gift from the Sea*. Among the 18 depictions of dresses, this sea net dress with a tiny waist and short sleeves against a blue background, has a tiny mollusk adhered to the skirt. In her *Devil with the Red Dress*, a small assemblage, the dress is on a hanger, the red is a softer red and the background is white.

Dujack's storybook red dresses, inspired by fairytales like Cinderella, reflect the artist's focus on women in society today and the stories that shaped them growing up, surrounded by happy endings or disappointments that ensued when "real life" caused a disconnect between past and present.

All her work is open to interpretation. As Dujack says "a dress can help define who you are and



*Linda Dujack, "Gift from the Sea," Monoprint, found objects, assemblage*

who you want to be. A dress can make you dream, dance, cry, or sing. What is so wonderful about a dress is that you can be anyone you want to be because a dress shelters daydreams."

Dujack is an award-winning printmaker and painter. She also works in collage, wood construction, and sculpture with found art. She worked for many years in the pharmaceutical business and later taught art to children at a private school. She often credits Helen Frankenthaler and Robert

Motherwell as artists who led her to explore fields of color. Like them, she has gone against the rules creating highly personal work.

**Linda Ganus** who has spent many years sailing, has a deep awareness of how currents, clouds, air, and atmosphere affect our perceptions of the ocean. Clouds, especially, seem to fascinate Ganus. In her dynamic treatment, they can be peaceful, angry, and even raging.

Although trained as a professional musician, who formerly played flute





Linda Ganus Albulescu, "Passage to Cythera"

with the New York City Opera, she favors the jazz of Miles Davis, whose trumpet introduced her to new forms of music. (No surprise that his best selling album is "Kind of Blue.")

The largest work in the exhibition is Ganus's *Passage to Cythera*, inspired by French painter Jean-Antoine Watteau. The 1717 work is an allegorical love story about young lovers who are about to leave the idyllic, mythical Greek island of love at twilight. Ganus's painting is infused with morning light. The billowing

clouds dominate the canvas while the sea is calm. Is this just a moment of peace, a tranquil time interspersed with turmoil? The painting seems to say better times are ahead in spite of the gloomy present.

With Ganus, color spreads across each canvas which can be read on two levels—as a seascape or as a reflection of an interior landscape, layered with feelings. Ganus's work is in many private collections and Manhattan galleries. She has degrees in both fine art and music and works in a

variety of media—drawing, painting, photography video, and sound.

Currently, Ganus teaches a course in music and art as an adjunct professor at Lehigh University and spends her free time sailing on her 32-foot sloop along the New Jersey coast. *G&S*

Recently seen at  
Pictor Gallery,  
547 West 27th Street, Suite 204  
[pictorgallery.com](http://pictorgallery.com)

# Precision Engineering The Art of Lou Patrou

by Marina Hadley



*"Hank" 38" x 50" pencil on paper, 2010*



*"Sylvie" 38" x 50" pencil on paper, 2010*

The English language is always evolving and at times it is hard to keep up with the latest trends in words. Using the adjectives such as “cool and funky” to mean excellent, admirable, unique and unconventional, may be old fashioned and to some it may mean exactly the opposite. Perhaps more modern substitutions can be words such as ‘lit’, ‘bussin’, ‘fire’ or ‘gucci.’ Whichever generational words are chosen, these are apt descriptions of Lou Patrou’s artwork, which are timeless or even ahead of their time.

One thing is certain, Patrou’s works are unusual and immaculate, whether they are paintings, pencil drawings, pastel sketches or digital designs. Jeannie McCormack, Editor of *Gallery&Studio*, calls his work “captivating.”

Lou Patrou is a pure American artist. He grew up in Rochester, New York and started doodling while in Junior High School. Self-taught, at an early age he found drawing cats and portraits of people fascinating. He enlisted in the U.S. Navy after his family moved to Pensacola, Florida, where he trained as a filmmaker and served for four years in an elite motion picture unit called Combat Camera Group, creating newsreels, interviews, documentaries. After he left the military, he moved to Los Angeles where he worked in the film industry, while always continuing to create his own drawings. Today he is

back in New York State, where he lives and works, solely devoted to his art.

When creating his pencil drawings, Patrou starts with conceptual ideas. For example, in the case of *Hank & Sylvie*, the portraits of a fictional couple inspired by the idea of cookie jars from the 1950s. He then spends years designing the minutia of each component part of the drawings. The faces, hair, eyes, eyebrows, mouths, cheek patterns, background style and colors are created, explored, changed, improved and polished continuously. Even the amount of pressure with which the pencil glides over the paper is gauged and accounted for. He explains this first part of his process as “precision engineering.”

He continues until the whole comes together into a synchronized end-product that is as perfect as he deems it needs to be. Once he has finalized the concept, he practices drawing each component part, using templates if necessary. He even ensures that his pencils are neither too blunt nor too sharp, knowing that if he overlaps any single line, it will detrimentally impact the exact tone and density of the line. Taking months of exacting precision, he finally hand-draws the original work to the “finish-line.”

The lines are crisp, the shapes are even, the colors are distinct and balanced. It could look like edgy digital work, except there is a bold naturalness, an organic





*"The Last Trip" 40" x 60" pencil on illustration board, 2017*

presence that makes them unique, hand-created pictures. He demands harmony which drives an artistic sensibility of quality that defines his work. So, when he does develop digital designs and patterns from these unique drawings, there is a richness that makes them stand out, and allows them to become available to a larger audience.

It is hard to categorize Patrou's art. Words such as pop surrealism, soft surrealism, pop iconic come to mind, but in truth, he is his own category. He creates art for his own satisfaction. He has always drawn what interests him and what pleases him. He has always been his own sharpest critic and the precision that he demands of himself has been the "pressure and the pleasure of creating the art."

He plays music as he works, creating the mood and inspiration he needs. Van Morrison, Patty Loveless, Iris DeMent, Emmylou Harris, Gregg Allman, John Prine, Taj Mahal; all great musicians who continued to evolve and develop their craft and catalog as they matured over the decades. It is exactly what Patrou is doing as he continues to challenge himself and evolve his art.

There is a new urban word "trill," which is a blend of the words true and real. It means someone or something that is genuine and authentic. Lou Patrou and his works are *trill*. G&S



*"Mustang Sally" 30" x 32" acrylic on watercolor paper, 2021*

patrou.com



# The Versatility of Roz Dorlen and a Trip to the Universe

by Chris Graf



"Montauk View"

As a practicing psychologist, Dr. Roz Dorlen understands the value and impact of multiplicity in human psychology. As an artist she explores feelings and moods by applying multiple approaches to art making.

This art journey begins in simple, serene surroundings. We enter her painting *Montauk View* onto a porch and watch the ocean. There is a bright, cobalt blue table facing front of the artwork that almost acts as a runway or diving board inviting one into the ocean itself. On the right side of the painting is an arbor of greenery.

This composition is pleasing because of the arrangement of the table, slightly off-center which pulls your eye towards the sea. One imagines many hours sitting and contemplating this calming scene.

Dorlen loves porches. The pieces titled *Vermont Porch* and *Vermont Winter Porch*, are about connection. There are no people in these vignettes yet one senses a presence. Two rocking chairs among a plethora of plants and a pair of boots are shown in *Vermont Winter Porch*. One can feel a friendly conversation was just had in the scene. Perhaps a couple

sitting and listening to birdsong. The simplicity of being present, hearing the sounds of the woods and all living things. In the work, *Vermont Porch* we see another porch covered in wood shakes in the warm glow of afternoon light. Thus there is a connection between the warmth of home and nature. In this approach she explores the familiar and known.

In another approach her brush strokes convey a more pronounced emotionality as in the piece titled *Echo Lake Park*. She begins her magic with soft, airy paint marks where a single figure is



“As an artist she explores feelings and moods by applying multiple approaches to art making”

walking in the rain. The light cast is a purplish-blue, trees reflected everywhere, as if the park is inside a mirror. Splashes of green, gold and white are dappled throughout the image, suggestive of Monet. This is no longer a picture of the rain, but the feeling of rain and the mist and mystery of it. One can sense that Dorlen is leading us into her third iteration of art making. She is calling us to light and movement, to the abstraction of park, rain, wet, blue, alone. Someplace less familiar than the porch and more appealing even if we are uncertain as to where she will lead us. We want to go to that magical interlude.

In her Spacescapes series, we enter a swirling universe of color, movement, energy. As if we are witness to the birthing of a star or planet. Dorlen takes us from the contemplative to the cosmic ballet of constellations, stars, galaxies and variations of light, the magnificent macrocosm of the material world. In the work titled *Birth II* circles and ellipses in red and blue swirls on black look like exploding stars creating new realms, creating intense energy, creating a mysterious beauty.

In the painting *Starburst*, pinks, gold, and orange splay from a black center in concentric circles of flecked paint. When we visit this celestial experience



“Echo Lake Park”

we see a connection, a linkage from the cozy porch to the misted park, to the universe birthing. All of it is about variety in the natural world. Dorlen's work shares an affinity for both the known, classic painterly technique and the unknown of abstraction. Her vision of the universe is fresh and exciting along with her versatility with each phase of her paintings. The universe paintings in particular excel in originality. We are the better for it as she helps us learn to love the planet earth, and guides us through all its multiple transformations. G&S



“Birth II”



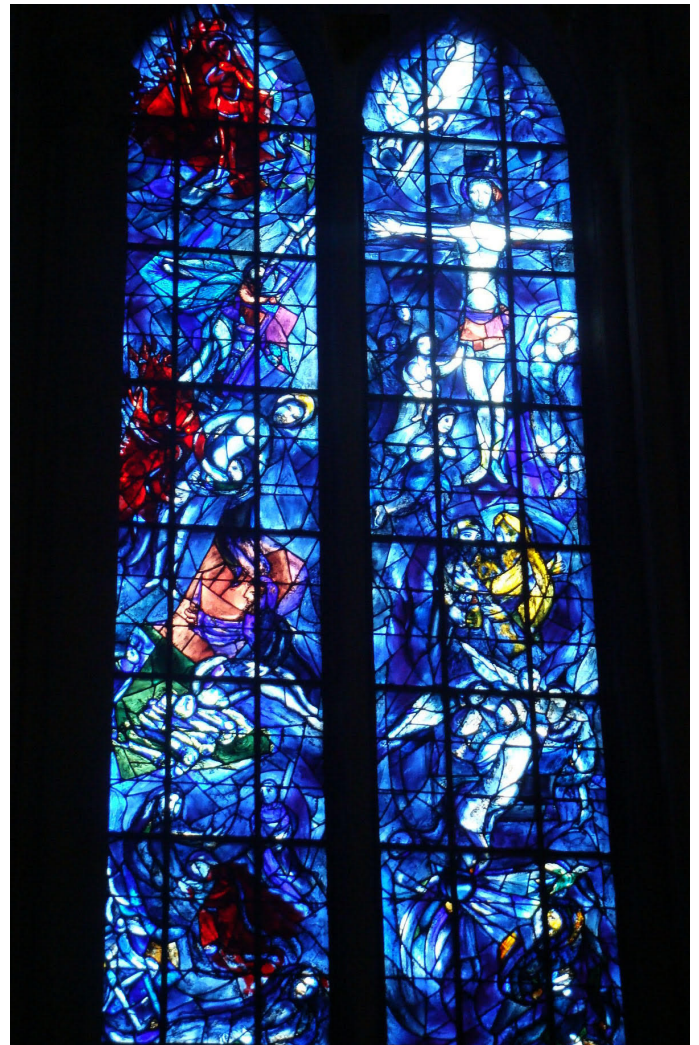
# Cathedrals and Churches

by Norman A. Ross

Like ruins, tombs and temples, to my eye and mind, churches and museum also serve as museums. The Vatican is one of the greatest museums in the world, although it is essentially a religious edifice, the Apostolic Palace, home of the Pope. Vatican visitors arrive very prepared for the well-known treasures, mainly the Sistine Chapel and the Raphael Rooms, but I'm sure most first-time visitors are not prepared for the enormous array of collections and magnificent works of art you are obliged to pass on the way to the highlights. The Vatican Museums are filled with incredible works of art acquired, commissioned and accumulated by Popes. Religious art or not (e.g., mosaic floors and maps, Greek and Roman pottery and statues, etc.), the art is overwhelming.

St. Peter's Basilica is also filled with world-famous works, especially Michelangelo's *Pieta*, as well as a myriad of not-so-well-known treasures. In 1970, during our first visit, there were no lines for St. Peter's, and it was possible to join a tour provided by Dutch nuns from the Foyer Unitas on the Piazza Navona. The nuns charged 50 lire per person (about 25¢) and advertised that the tours were mostly for non-Catholics. We certainly qualified. St. Peter's Basilica also has to be seen as one of the greatest museums in the world. One difference: the Vatican sells tickets online but it isn't possible to buy tickets for St. Peter's. Similarly, most churches and cathedrals around the world also do not sell tickets, although some charge tourists entry fees, and all churches have receptacles for donations.

I think that all of the art in cathedrals and churches is officially religious art, but the art can be appreciated by all. Much of the art in churches was donated long ago by local bourgeoisie demonstrating their piety and hoping to pave their way to heaven. Many such donors appear in paintings in prayer, usually smaller than Jesus, Mary and saints,



*Stained glass window by Marc Chagall in the Cathédrale Notre-Dame de Reims*

perhaps even identified by name. While its clear that many of the visitors to churches, especially on Sundays, are devout, in my observation more of the visitors these



*A capital at Vézelay, France*



*Choir stalls in The Mosque-Cathedral of Córdoba.*



days come for the art, starting with the architecture. They come with guides and guidebooks, singly, in couples and in groups, cameras and cell phones popping away. Some stop to light candles while others accidentally interrupt services. Some are witness to strangers' weddings, while others mingle among mourners.

Who can stand in front of Notre Dame, Chartres, the Duomo in Milan and a myriad of other magnificent cathedrals and churches and not be moved by the beauty of each? Think of Reims, Rouen, Amiens, Seville, La Sagrada Familia in Barcelona, St. Mark's Basilica in Venice, Orvieto, Pisa.... But there are hundreds (perhaps thousands) more, including medieval parish churches in France, St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna, and the little ancient Greek Orthodox churches in the Peloponnese, churches with bleeding Christs in Latin America and churches with beautiful wooden exteriors in Ukraine.

When we enter these buildings, the interiors overwhelm us. You don't have to believe in God to have an intense emotional reaction to the frescoes, statues, paintings, organs, pillars, stained glass windows, pulpits, and carved choirs, many of which are world-class works of art. The church of San Pietro in Vincoli (St. Peter in



*Moses by Michelangelo in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli in Rome*



*Saint John the Baptist Ukrainian Catholic Church, Hunter, NY*

Chains) in Rome, high on a hill, is a bit out of the way for most tourists, but the draw is an imperative for art lovers: Michelangelo's *Moses*, although we have to feign not noticing Moses horns as a bit of anti-Semitism. St. Teresa of Avila by Gian Lorenzo Bernini in Santa Maria della Vittoria in Rome is another such treasure.

The Cathedral of Córdoba, Mosque Spain (Cathedral of Our Lady of the Assumption), amazingly is inside a former mosque, known as the Mezquita (and as The Great Mosque of Córdoba), which dates from 785 CE, when Córdoba was the capital of the Muslim-controlled region of Al-Andalus. Taken as a museum, it's hard to stop being thrilled by the wonders of the Islamic art as well as the 16th-century Christian art. The Mezquita is famous for its red-and-white giant arches resting on 856 columns, described as a forest of columns in our Michelin Green Guide. We can only wonder what Córdoba's Roman temple and other ancient buildings looked like before they were dismantled to be used as construction materials for the Mosque. (Nearby we can see the remnants of Córdoba's large ancient Jewish community, former home of the philosopher Maimonides. There's also a small Jewish Museum.)

One of the greatest treasures among European churches is the Basilica di Sant' Apollinare Nuovo

in Ravenna, Italy, with its fabulous mosaics. But our favorite is the Abbaye Sainte-Marie-Madeleine de Vézelay, a Benedictine and Cluniac monastery in east-central France, constructed between 1120 and 1150. As you move around the nave, the capitals are so magnificent that each one requires a lengthy inspection and a photo, and you struggle with the desire to take at least one of them home, which we did (from the souvenir shop). *G&S*



*"The Ecstasy of Saint Teresa" by Gian Lorenzo Bernini in Santa Maria della Vittoria in Rome*

Photos are by Norman A. Ross



# A Salute to Feminist Art

by Julia Szabo

More than just a trusty provider of cinematherapy, Turner Classic Movies is also an easily accessible chronicle of art history. Exhibit A: the day I passed by the TV and noticed a dapper gentleman, circa 1950s, speaking from his office at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—a Technicolor talking head, surrounded by framed artworks. He was Dore Schary, then head of MGM, and the family portraits behind him—of his three young children—were all created by Mrs. Schary, the artist **Miriam Svet**. Grabbing my iPhone, I pinch-zoomed the paintings; one depicts the entire Schary family, with the coverall-clad artist standing by her easel, a latter-day Velazquez posed within her composition. (The coveralls, I later learned from her daughter, were made for Svet by



*Miriam Svet (far left) with one of her paintings, 3 March 1954. Photo by Los Angeles Examiner/USC Libraries/Corbis via Getty Images.*

the MGM costume department.)

Just as his talented wife commands her family portrait, Schary supportively placed himself in the motion picture frame so as not to obstruct our view of Svet's paintings, while he showed off MGM's forthcoming film attractions. Schary didn't mention his wife or her work—that



*"Betrayal" by Margaret Cosgrove. 1995, oil on canvas. Courtesy of Robert Conrad.*

would've been a conflict, as his job was to discuss movies starring Ava Gardner, et al—yet the paintings quietly stole the show.

The couple's eldest daughter, who appears in three of those paintings, is the acclaimed author Jill Schary Robinson. She writes: "I am lured by writers who write as if they consider the selection of every word, in the way my mother attended to the exact stroke of her paintbrush..." I've had the opportunity to examine, up close, Miriam Svet's exquisitely exact brushwork: precise, horizontal strokes of oil paint aggregating like scales on some splendid sea creature. Those meticulous marks conjured, among many other subjects, the likeness of a bona fide American icon that now resides in the National Portrait Gallery of the Smithsonian Institution: Carl Sandburg, captured in 1962 with a palette referencing his wonderful poem, "Honey and Salt."

Miriam Svet's husband was a proponent of "message pictures"—movies that "educate and inform as they entertain."

Working on the opposite

coast, in her NYC studio-within-a-studio-apartment, **Margaret Cosgrove** made message paintings that could double as set designs for the ultimate disaster film. That is, when she wasn't authoring 10 instructional books for young readers, including *A is for Anatomy* (Lutterworth Press, 1965), or teaching art to students of the Spence School, this writer included. The great environmentalist Rachel Carson would have recognized in Cosgrove a kindred spirit; her surrealist scenes, calling to mind the work of Leonora Carrington, issue a very real warning about wanton waste destroying our fragile ecosystem.

Her paintings are sobering chronicles of planetary death, foretold with an acutely Native American Indian prescience. Cosgrove was baptized in Sylvania, Ohio, with the middle name Leota, also her mother's name; in Cherokee, Leota means beautiful blue flower. There are no flowers in Cosgrove's painting titled *LaNdscApe* (undated); it's almost impossible to see the dwindling forest for the invasive,





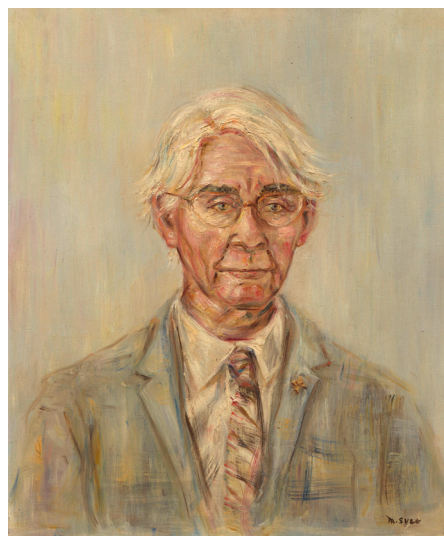
*Margaret Cosgrove, circa 1945, wears the uniform of the Cadet Nurse Corps. She chose to serve after studying at the University of Chicago and the School of the Art Institute of Chicago.*

industrial-strength electrical towers, rigs, and powerlines that multiply menacingly, while tree stumps bear sad witness; a leaden arch spells out a parting shot: U DIDN'T LISTEN. In Cosgrove's cosmos, the imperiled earth and sea leave nowhere to look but up—where the midnight-blue sky reveals twinkling stars that spell out BETRAYAL. Cosgrove isn't all gloom; *Flight of Bats* is her exalting, painterly tribute to this magnificent, mystical, misunderstood species.

Interesting, isn't it, how two great artists could so easily slip through history's cracks? Svet's portrait of Carl Sandburg sits in storage at the Smithsonian, like most artwork held by museums, out of sight and mind. (Her family members treasure the paintings in their possession; Schary Robinson's son, United Talent Agency CEO Jeremy Zimmer, proudly displays one in his office.)

Cosgrove's paintings were exhibited exactly once, toward the end of her life; at her death in 2015, several works went missing from her apartment (the door, alas, had been left unlocked). Her nephew, Robert Conrad of Oregon, took steps to protect and preserve his aunt's artistic legacy. Like all heirs of artists who didn't make plans for their work, he's faced with the responsibility of doing right by Cosgrove's artistic output.

Now, picture a simple solution for all women artists and their heirs: accessible legacy guidance from attorneys who give



*"Carl Sandburg" by Miriam Svet. 1962, oil on canvas, National Portrait Gallery, Smithsonian Institution.*

a damn, like the leadership of the 501(c)(3) Center for Art Law. There's also the issue of where to store the world's orphaned art. What if everyone who cares about culture joined together to establish the world's first museum built by women, for women artists, and called it by a name—MSEUM—that translates in several languages?

What if the picturesque property on which "The MS"

stands were to become an exciting destination, thoughtfully designed for state-of-the-art storage and innovative exhibitions—including the display of stored works—so they don't sit around unseen? What if the architect were the sublimely gifted Nina Cooke John, master designer of Newark's breathtaking Harriet Tubman Monument? And what if her blueprints would be realized by a league of extraordinary gentlewomen, a can-do guild called the National Association of Women in Construction (NAWIC)? All of the above is not a daydream! Construction will begin soon, in upstate New York's Delaware County. Visitors will see the work of Miriam Svet and Margaret Cosgrove, plus the artist who first inspired this project: my mother, Martha Szabo (*Gallery&Studio* Spring 2022).

Feminist artists, we're looking at you, and seeing you! Paula Slater, conjurer of immortality via magnificently monumental bronze portraits. Annie Shaver-Crandell, art historian and college professor emerita who teaches "Fearless Watercolor Painting." We also see artist Robin Antar, whose powerful carving capabilities, equally fluent in abstraction and realism, animate stone.

Identifying great women artists to exhibit is a cinch. Now comes the hard part: raising funds for an endowment to guarantee that "The MS" will survive and thrive long after its founders are art history. I hope you'll join us in securing the legacies of women artists, and creating a safe space for the enjoyment of their work. G&S

For more information,  
please visit [mseum.space](http://mseum.space)



# Handbags and Gladrag's with Heather Dawn

by Marina Hadley

“Good morning on this beautiful sunny day! You’re listening to *Handbags and Gladrag's* with Heather Dawn on WCR 105.5FM”

In front of a bank of switches, CD players, hard drives to her left, screens to her upper front, left and right, Heather Dawn sits like an air traffic controller, deftly orchestrating her programs at the Warminster Community Radio station studios in the heart of England.

WCR is one of over 200 radio stations that exists today in the United Kingdom, since OFCOM, the British regulatory body, started issuing community radio licenses in 2004. WCR has existed since 1996 when it was originally set up as a local hospital radio station with a Restricted Service License, which only allowed the station to broadcast a few hours a week. Changes in licensing laws, for which the radio station fought hard, finally came into effect in 2012. Today they broadcast to the local community of about 20,000 listeners in a 5-10 mile radius, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. They also have an ever-growing international audience listening via the internet, reaching as far as the United States and Australia.

In an era when radio may be considered passé by some, especially with the advent of podcasts, streaming services, as well as regular TV, the Covid-19 pandemic impressed on everyone the value of the local radio service which was able to provide very targeted and vital information. For many people, especially those who went through lock-down alone, it was often one of their few connections with their own town.

Heather Dawn is one of over fifty volunteer broadcasters who provide the station’s programming, that covers everything from pop, country, jazz, rock and roll music,

local news and weather. It even includes a 3-hour program every Saturday evening called “Teen Scene,” with music, chat and information provided by teen broadcasters Jamie, Izzy and Oliver.

Retiring from a long and satisfying career in banking, Heather Dawn was invited one day to the studios by a friend who was a broadcaster. A casual visit, led to helping in the studio and then to enrolling in a broadcasting course provided by the radio station for free. Free however



Heather Dawn

does not mean easy. It is a 15-week course encompassing regulatory requirements and restrictions, studio use, recording, editing, programing, presentation and broadcasting skills. Once certified, Heather Dawn started her first one-hour weekly show, with mentorship by a colleague, the Assistant Station Manager Lindsey Smith.

Today, nearly two years after her debut, Heather Dawn is now a regular presenter with two weekly two-hour shows. On Fridays she does *Handbags and Gladrag's* where she plays upbeat music to usher in the weekend and her latest show

on Wednesdays, “Diamonds and Pearls,” which features a wide variety of popular music with fascinating art facts and news in between.

WCR is based in what used to be public toilets, however today they are spruced up, smell pleasant and offer three well equipped studios, where in addition to the community radio service, they can also provide recording facilities, voice-overs and commercials to the public as well as broadcasting services at special events such as the Warminster



Lindsey Smith

Garrison, Health, Sports and Wellbeing Summer Fair, where they will play music and make announcements for the military families and local civilians who will be attending the fun day.

All the volunteers who help make WCR thrive every day of the year are an important part of creating the spirit of community in these difficult times. We raise our glasses and salute you. G&S

wcrfm.org.uk



# Eisenberg: My Ride or Die

by Caroline Steiger

My mind pre trauma was ordinary and therefore beautiful. People, places, and things were as they were and the portraits pleasing because the layers beneath were unknown and blissfully so. The hard truths of life had not touched me and why would they? Why would I let them in? I was blessed with a beautiful family, a successful career and all the trappings of an envied life. A rule player always. Who would want to deviate from what they know?

But it came unprovoked, violently, shockingly and my mind was forever slanted. My shock, rage and post-traumatic stress found me groveling through the stages of grief, vacillating between denial, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance. In truth, denial escaped me. The most powerful coping mechanism a person can have. This was lost when I could no longer deny the suffering, pain, and anguish of others.

For I had developed what I refer to as recognition. The ability to see in others what I felt myself. The disparity and reconciling of who I was and what I became. Have my two parts come to terms? At times yes, and at other times it is a forever work in progress.

The acceptance is what bites at me. What was and what is, a sad thing to ponder when life was always there for me, and I could not see it through my grief.

This journey to acceptance has been fraught but revelations have been made. I did not live Monday through Friday. I existed. The quest to live failed me at every juncture, but I managed to live nestled in the forty-eight hours of the weekends, behaving like a 'normal' person. However, my new normal became one of solitude and the thinking brought me to places I should have visited years earlier.



*Susan Emery Eisenberg*

It began with a visit to Palm Beach months after “that happened” and it just felt different. It was revelatory. It was necessary, and the path to who I am, began. If a soulmate could be a place, then Palm Beach would be it. And then I saw her, my Eisenberg. My first original piece, bought at consignment years earlier. I looked a little harder and then the pieces started to fit. What was pure beauty was now complicated and if a painting could speak it would have said “You’ve got this, I too was a blank canvas until I was brought to life.” Brought to life? If there was a moment this was it. My Eisenberg on acrylic, transparent in spots and obscure in others with the parallels between

me and the painting so apparent, I touched it, gently, to thank her for her patience and to give my gratitude to something which had previously, simply adorned a wall. Her and my accoutrements in a prior life, now so alike that she will be with me wherever I go. She is complex, changing with the light. She beckons me to look deeper and I do. I thank her always. She knows. Beautiful Eisenberg. She and I, my ride or die. G&S

clsteiger.com

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# Do You Know Elizabeth Jane Gardner?

by Dr. Bill Thierfelder

It wasn't easy being a woman artist in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Yet, through determination and a healthy dose of feistiness, Elizabeth Jane Gardner overcame numerous obstacles in a male-dominated system and emerged as one of the most successful American artists of her era. Once all but forgotten, today Gardner is again being recognized as an important figure in the art community of fin de siècle Paris.

Born in Exeter, New Hampshire in 1837, Gardner always showed a proclivity towards art and languages. After attending several all-women's academies in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, she taught French and art from 1856 until 1864 when she and a former art teacher—Imogene Robinson—left for France.



*Elizabeth Gardner circa 1860*

To pay the rent on her flat, she spent her days copying paintings by contemporary artists as well as the Old Masters that were displayed in prominent Parisian galleries. In short order, Gardner's small studio became a place where visiting

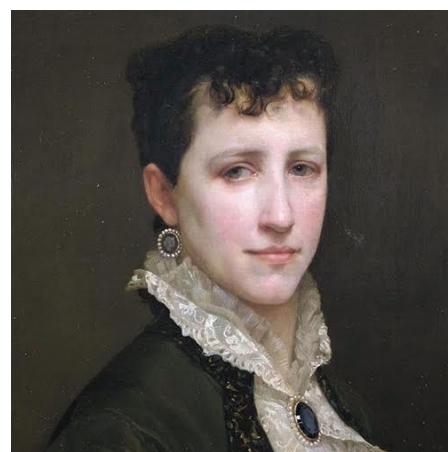
Americans and others commissioned copies of their favorite European paintings. Because she was fluent in English, French, Italian, and German, she was able to build great rapport with a variety of clients and she was never without work. She once wrote to her brother John: "One gentleman was so satisfied with a copy I did for him that he paid me more than I asked."

But Gardner also began producing a large body of original work, and by 1868, the 31-year-old artist was the first American woman to exhibit at the internationally famous Paris Salon. Indeed, she would end up showing her work at 25 Salons over the years and in 1887 became the only American woman ever to receive a medal at the Salon. Of course, all of this is ironic when you consider that she was denied entry as a student into the École des Beaux-Arts, the most prestigious art school in France. The school would eventually change its admissions policy in 1897, 35 years after Gardner had initially applied.

But Gardner was a very determined woman. She studied privately and—like her contemporary Rosa Bonheur—received a police permit allowing her to wear men's clothing in order to attend life drawing classes that included male nude models. Finally, in 1873, she was admitted into the previously all-male Académie Julian where she studied with William-Adolphe Bouguereau, one of the most famous French artists of his day.

After only a few months, Bouguereau, who was 12 years older than Gardner and already married with children, began a rather steamy affair with the younger artist—and for the next 17 years they carried on a very open and sometimes scandalous relationship. As the years slipped by, Bouguereau's wife and four of his five children died. His mother made

him swear that he would never remarry, so Gardner and he refrained from formalizing their relationship. However, when dear maman passed in 1896, the couple lost no time getting married, and they lived quite happily until his death in 1905. Gardner would go on to live another 17 years, passing away in 1922 at the age of 85.



*"Portrait de Mademoiselle Elizabeth Gardner," 1879, by William-Adolphe Bouguereau (1825-1905)*

Over the years, Gardner began to develop a style that was nearly indistinguishable from that of her husband's, something for which she was sometimes criticized. Indeed, at one point she said to a friend: "I know I am censured for not more boldly asserting my individuality, but I would rather be known as the best imitator of Bouguereau than be nobody!" That's a fascinating statement, isn't it? First, it tells us of the fame of her husband. He was well-known and prolific, leaving behind over 822 known canvases by the time of his death. Yet the statement also tells us something of the relationship she had with him. Was Gardner's artistic imitation the result of some kind of co-dependent fiasco or was she so comfortable with his style that she found it the most conducive to her various



subjects? Whatever the case, Gardner produced some truly beautiful work.

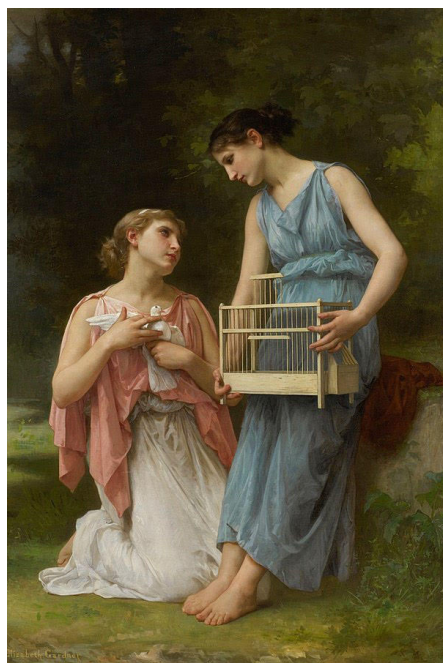
Probably her most well-known work in her lifetime was her monumental *The Shepherd David*, completed in 1895. That year, she wrote her sister Marie that the 3,5 by 5 foot painting would soon grace a full page in the art dealer Albert Goupil's publication listing the best pictures of the year. (You may remember Goupil as the employer of both Theo and Vincent Van Gogh.) Today this extraordinarily detailed work is on display at the National Museum of Women in the Arts in Washington DC.



*"The Shepherd David,"* ca. 1895 National Museum of Women in the Arts

Currently on loan to the Portland Art Museum, is another remarkable work called *Le Captive*. Exhibited at the Paris Salon of 1883, the nearly 4 by 6 foot canvas is typical of Gardner in that it depicts an anecdotal scene in a timeless, bucolic world. The captive of the title is the white dove, which traditionally symbolizes love, purity, and peace. But at the time,

it also was generally understood as alluding to the loss of innocence—both sexually and psychologically. The mystery presented in the painting is whether the dove is being removed from its cage or being put back in; there appears to be a tension between the two women regarding that issue. (As an interesting side-note, Gardner kept an aviary in her studio, so it's quite probable that the dove depicted in her painting was her pet.)



*"Le Captive,"* 1883

Another beautifully crafted painting is *La Confidence* painted around 1880. This 4 by 6 foot piece shows a whispered secret shared by two peasant girls. The painting was given to the Lucy Cobb Institute, an all-girls school in Athens, Georgia. It hung in the drawing room parlor of the school for years and was seen as having a "moralizing purpose" for the young girls enrolled in the finishing school. Today the work is on display at the Georgia Museum of Art on the campus of the University of Georgia.



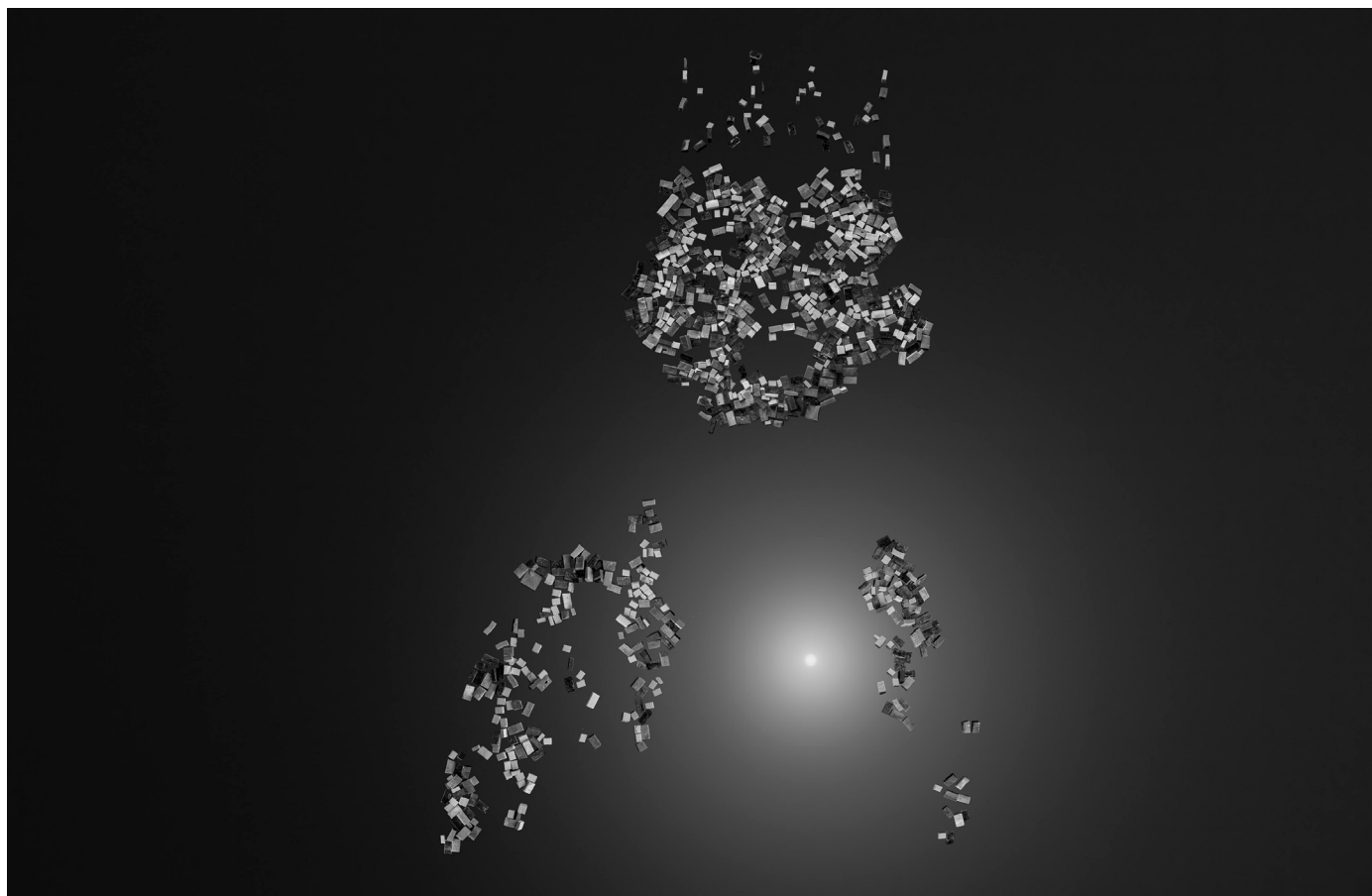
*"La Confidence,"* ca 1880

If you do a quick search of Gardner on the internet or in art books, the most frequent word you see to describe her is "academic." At one time that term —academic painter— was pejorative. Today, academic painters like Elizabeth Jane Gardner are being thoughtfully reconsidered as master craftspersons who anticipate, among other things, the emergence of photorealism in later 20th century art. And Gardner was a master —her use of light, her meticulous brush strokes, her accomplished sense of composition are exemplary. To study her is to learn about the circle of women in Paris —which included Mary Cassatt, Berthe Morisot, and Louise Breslau among others— who were truly trailblazers, who fought —and often succeeded— in upending the chauvinistic "boys club" of the late 19th century art world. G&S

Dr. Bill Thierfelder, Ph.D.  
Arts and Humanities  
makingwings.net

# Shattering and Reconfiguring the Complete

by Anne Rudder



"Specter of Belief #78," 2020

Marco Lando's powerful pieces were recently seen in his solo show, *Fragmentation*, at the Viridian Gallery. The walls were graced with digital giclée prints, post-apocalyptic interpretations of life to be lived in a new ominous age, the artist referencing alchemy and Roman mosaics as inspirations.

Among other influences, Hermes Trismegistus and the Symbolists inform these dark works in two projects. Readings of ancient mosaics of Ravenna in the sequence, *Specter of Belief*, and pain-filled photos of modern urban wastelands in the series entitled *Alchemy*. Shards are inferred with wholeness in an atmosphere of hope and faint

spiritual light, despite the threat of encroaching chaos.

In *Specter of Belief*, disembodied visages of emperors and pontiffs that appear as Lego-like ejected mosaic scatterings in a bleak universe are Lando's interpretations of Emperor Honorius' reign in the western Roman Empire as it faced plundering by tribes outside Hadrian's walls. The digital images are sinister commentaries on the sublime mosaics of Ravenna, the capital city of the western Roman Empire from 402 to 476. Here, they are portrayed as ghoulish face fragments topped by askew crowns and miters. The depicted eye sockets are now those of hollow rulers. Sol Invictus vanishes and

the Empire crumbles as there is no chance for the superior Roman power to return. The artist captures the despair and turmoil of the times in harrowing black and white.

In *Alchemy*, post-modernist skyscrapers are reduced to cold, empty shells, without romantic ornament. The Lipstick building melted in partly excavated ruins. These lost quasi-post Dresden scenarios of collapsed foundations and lit skyscrapers tottering under dark, full-mooned skies, infer alchemical transformations and juxtapositions where life at the full lunar phase produces monstrous visions, pulled tides, along with seed germinations. Although the world is bereft, the presence of our



shining satellite conjures up, for me at least, a white goddess, the Caesars toppled, ghosts of Thoth, the Egyptian god of the moon and reckoning, changing human realities into more profound spiritual understandings.

In the moon's eternal waxing and waning, hints come that despite catastrophe, existence is still possible, though hidden within heaven and hell's marriage, while the philosopher's stone is sought to purify and perfect. Lunar cycles indicate cosmic endurance with the redemption of human fallen states repeatedly creating never-ending insights. Lando's thespian background allows him dark visions of unfolding dramas on universal stages, with the action

dimly lit, and the audience as psychic actors within the plays and without costume cloaks. In the artist's digital remnants of edifices, form is knocked off the foundation of function and the modern utopia destructs bleakly, presaging economic and soulless conflicts.

The artist references Odilon Redon's noir charcoals, terrifying dreams in the night, psyche drifting in indistinct spheres of mental need, sorting out the body and soul's encounters with good and evil to bring clarity to the mind. With the presence of the moon, the viewer knows the destroyed phase of civilization will evolve as new human constructs, despite today being forgotten as linear trajectories. The

overarching presence of nature will determine survival on our fragile planet. We know, finally, to respect the eternal energies within which we reside, humanity kneeling to cosmic mathematical order that supersedes us, although today they seem corrupted. Subliminally, we understand angelic guardians protect a divine grid so future iterations will appear as holy to us, far beyond our limited current human comprehensions. *G&S*

[viridianartist.com](http://viridianartist.com)



*"Alchemy #32," 2017*

# Kathy Roberson: Enhancing the Performance

by Roger Parris



*Kathy and Arthur French, a founding member of the Negro Ensemble Company Photo by Michael Austin*

For over twenty years Kathy Roberson has been the wardrobe mistress or costume designer for New Federal Theater, Morningside Players, HADLEY Players, Black Spectrum Theater, NYC Shakespeare Festival Theater, AGM Theater Company and many others. She recently dressed the cast for *Five by Tenn*, five one-act plays by Tennessee Williams for Out of the Box Theater Company. Ward Nixon, the director, told me, “Kathy worked her magic with the fifteen characters in the show with clothes from the mid 1940’s to the early 1950’s.” Janet Mitchell, Artistic Director of AGM Theater Company, said, “I’ve had the pleasure of working with Kathy on several productions and have never been disappointed with the quality of her work.” As a playwright, I have worked with Kathy and among her many professional attributes, her acute attention to detail is phenomenal. In my play, *Nobody Knew Where They Was*, five of the characters are escapees from a chain gang in 1949 and wear prison uniforms until they are given regular clothing as the play progresses. When she brought in the prison uniforms during rehearsals, the cast were stunned, the uniforms were dirty, grimy, tattered and you could almost smell the brutality of the character’s tortured lives. That is why Kathy is always working. Directors know that her costumes are always going to assist actors in the development of their

characters. We met at a Harlem restaurant. These are edited excerpts from our conversation.

**Roger:** As a child did you dress up in your Mom’s clothing?

**Kathy:** Oh yeah, and I saw how my mother and Aunt Esther dressed. At my mother’s death, she was wearing white gloves because that was being a lady. I always had dolls. Still have them. Never dress them in jeans. Always dressed up. May have to move out (laughs). Have so many in the house.

**Roger:** What inspired you to become a costume designer?

**Kathy:** When I was about 13 or 14, my mother took me to the theater. Saw Diana Sands. Pearl Bailey doing Dolly. Saw what they were wearing and Dorothy Height, president of the National Council of Negro Women for 40 years, was best friends with my mother and Aunt Esther. They dressed. Never wore pants and my mother and Aunt Esther lived long enough to see some of the shows I dressed.

**Roger:** When I met you in the early 90’s, you were working at Bronx Psychiatric Center. Did that work experience influence your costume designing?



**Kathy:** You see real life. You know what's real and what's fake and that stirs my imagination.

**Roger:** What attracts you to the world of Theater?

**Kathy:** I was a dancer and without words saw how clothes enhance the performance. I always liked watching people.

**Roger:** What's your process for working in a production?

**Kathy:** My availability, what kind of show. Discuss the salary which sometimes takes so long to get, I forget I'm getting paid (laughs). Then they send me the script. Get actor's measurements and make sure costumes are within the context of the script. Check out if actors have any fabric allergies. Collaborate with the Director. Really make sure costumes align with the period the play is set in. Research at libraries for period pieces is important because bosoms may not be prominent in certain periods. I've had actors not wearing any undergarments at all (laughs). Making sure colors blend with different scenes. Correct glasses and jewelry are also important. Based on budgets sometimes I dress actors with wigs.

**Roger:** I don't feel that the behind the stage folks like stage managers, light designers and costume designers receive enough recognition. What are your thoughts about that?

**Kathy:** I feel directors and producers don't let costume designers do what we do. They don't let us do our jobs. Sometimes they don't know what we do. Awards time I feel we're recognized.



*Kathy, Arthur French and Louis Johnson Photo by Sir Louis*

**Roger:** What's your "secret" for dealing with various temperaments and egos?

**Kathy:** I'm crazier than they are. My mama always told me I was a Queen and beautiful. A famous actress locked me in a wardrobe closet because she was wearing production shoes home which wasn't allowed. She said, "I want to slap you." You have to have a sense of humor. They let me go but called me back to do all their Black shows.

**Roger:** What costume designers have influenced you?

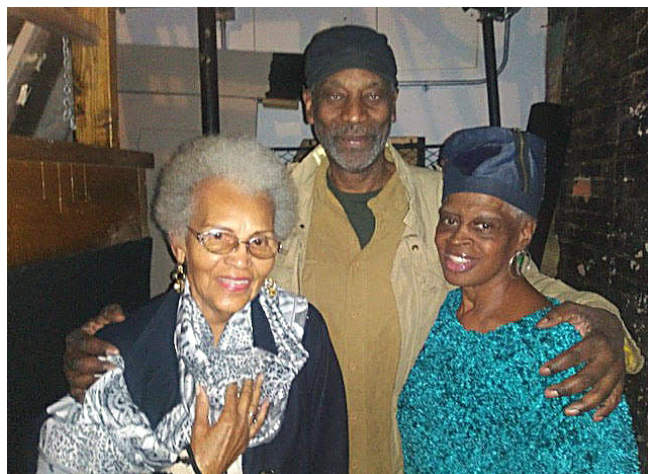
**Kathy:** Judy Dearing. She started as a dancer, and I did too. So, we just connected. Also, June Terry who is now 91.

**Roger:** Do you find young folks interested in becoming costume designers for the theater?

**Kathy:** No. they feel costume designing for the theater is beneath them. They want to do fashion designing and movies. Want to make beaucoup dollars. They should have internships starting in middle school. I interned at Mobilization for Youth. Woodie King did theater. Garrett Morris and Leon Pinkney were there. They also had music and dance. Many opportunities for youth. Don't see that same support for costuming now.

**Roger:** What would you like to do that you haven't done yet?

**Kathy:** A Cotton Club show and Moulin Rouge. The colors. Would love to do it. G&S



*Kathy, June Terry and Ajene Washington Photo by Sir Louis*

# One Year Later... Remembering Linda March

For Alan

by Robin Goldfin

I did not know her well. She was close with my best friend Alan, even more so than with Alan's wife Gila, though they were friends too. This was unusual since both women were Orthodox and Alan is not religious. But Linda was not usual.

Linda was an attorney who lived on the Upper West Side of Manhattan and also worked as a Court Examiner, a job she encouraged Alan to pursue after much of his work as a consultant and teacher for children with Autism dried up during the worst of the pandemic.

Which Linda survived. She contracted Covid early and recovered, but never fully recovered—her lungs were scarred, she had constant trouble breathing, she suffered lasting pains and complications. And then there was the City, her City—also not the same. Without theatre to go to, restaurants, friends to see, what was the point of living here? Better off in a condo near the beach in Florida.

Which she found. A two-bedroom penthouse a block from the beach with a swimming pool, so she could swim every day. Sunshine. Still, she had trouble breathing and suffered daily pains. Alan says she had a wicked, irreverent sense of humor, one of the things he loved most about her. They would speak almost daily on the phone. Linda joked about her own suffering: "That's ok, if it doesn't get better, I have the pills!"

Alan was driving home in New Jersey when he heard the news of a building that collapsed in Surfside, FL. He was worried when he heard they were doing work on the roof. They were doing work on Linda's roof. He phoned Linda. No answer. Linda was married to David for a few years and the two couples were friends, but then Linda and David divorced and the friends lost touch. But Alan stayed in touch with Linda. He knew she had an Uncle—a Reform Rabbi. Alan would try to contact him.

I remember Linda from Shabbat and holiday meals at Alan and Gila's. After her illness and before the vaccine, Linda came to their home for Rosh Hashana, and she requested no other guests—she was so cautious about getting reinfected.

When it became clear that this was Linda's building and the top floor photograph in the news was her apartment, Alan said "She's gone" and fell into grief for his friend. Gila recites *Psalms* every day and kept Linda in mind as long as there was some hope.

Then no hope. Gone. Linda has no one to say Kaddish for her—no spouse, no siblings, no children. We can only hope that at 1:30 a.m. when the building collapsed, she was in bed sleeping and never woke up.

Alan said Linda lived there only briefly—about three



Photo: Huper by Joshua Earle

months. She was always complaining about the noise. "They didn't tell me when I moved in that they would be working on the roof! I want to get out of here! But that's ok, if I don't—I have the pills!" Always joking. And trying to get out, to move somewhere else. Just not fast enough.

In Tolkien's *The Hobbit*, the company of dwarves, the hobbit and the wizard are pursued by goblins, from whom they escape and then they are chased by wolves. Bilbo tells us that out of this there came a saying, "Escaping goblins to be caught by wolves." Meaning, of course, out of the frying pan into the fire. Literally. They take refuge in some tall trees, while Gandalf sends down flaming pine cones, terrorizing the wolves. But then goblins return and redirect the fire and it threatens to burn our heroes in the trees; it looks like they are through. But suddenly, great Eagles descend from the sky to save them and they survive to continue their journey. Saved by magical creatures. But this is fiction, fantasy.

Linda March survived Covid. And despite scars and suffering, her sense of humor was intact: She had the pills! Then she left New York, for a warmer, easier place where she had lived before. But—escaping Goblins to be caught by wolves—she didn't survive Florida that night, and there were no great Eagles to swoop down to save her or the other unfortunate residents of that building.

There is an old Yiddish saying, "A person tries and God laughs." Meaning, of course, we make our best plans and then something else happens. But God is not laughing here. If anything, God is crying like the rest of us. So I'd like to let Linda have the last laugh here, with her wicked, irreverent sense of humor that Alan loved so much.

I imagine Linda's voice swooping down from heaven, like some great Eagle, now part of the Divine voice, her words a revelation—cracking like lightning, her laughter rolling like thunder: "ALAN! I didn't need the pills!"

Linda March. May her memory be for a blessing. May she rest in peace. G&S

Queer Stories in G&S are dedicated in memory of  
Holden McCormack and edited by Robin Goldfin.



# Whispers from Trees

by Anne Rudder

Margaret Grimes (1943-2020), painted as if blessed by the mystic coppice of Cernunnos, the powerful archaic Celtic deity, widely worshipped as the “lord of wild things.” Creating plein air woodland canvases, as a pictorial alchemist, she spent years carefully observing trees and branches, their lights and darks born from nature’s fractals, documenting arbors in detailed visual concerti. Her subject, often a singular tree complemented by a forest, was impressionistically colored by both her mind’s eye and brush, to integrate detailed iterations of landscape near her home of which she had an intimate understanding.

The artist communicated these insights throughout her life as a mentor of artists and painters. There was a recent exhibition entitled *The Marsh King’s Daughter* mounted in memoriam last February at Blue Mountain Gallery. In the past, Grimes had indicated that the examination of darkness was important to her as she created her monumental works. Here, her title for the Blue Mountain series, *I Feel*, helps us understand the inscrutability of the results of her palette; the tangled brush and dark evergreens were perhaps emotional windows to secrets kept and personal fairytales as tropes.

The foliage depicted reminds me of Michigan’s Upper Peninsula forests, where one may walk for hours on dirt roads, protected by fragrant conifers as lone companions, majestic deer, startling me from the thicket, interrupt the sublime rhythmic reveries of the hike. The forest’s spirit emanates throughout Grimes’s



“Winter Light, Baldwin Hill II,” 2018, oil on canvas, 14 x 11 inches

pieces in scumbled and glazed paints, evoked by tangled underbrush and deep green leaf-laden horizontal branches giving juxtaposition to the immense tree trunk verticals. This type of compositional choice brings formidable dramatic tension to the canvases, simultaneously arousing unease in the viewer as the realistic landscape cannot be clearly discerned, conjuring foreboding from nature, beguilingly rendered.

A question may be asked, “does the artist, through her treatment of darkness, manifest the welling-up of feelings in the paintings, based upon her own visceral experiences?” Grimes begs us to ask what the leaves

and brambles hide so well. Although she repeatedly observed the woods near her home to create her paintings, the details are cloaked in mystery, the responses to our queries are not overwhelmingly esoteric, but still bring to my mind Lord Byron, in the pleasure of the pathless woods where society does not intrude. Grimes’ documentations of nature stay with me through the divine intervention of her heart, the inklings of immanency, even long after the physical presence has departed. Her depictions of truth and beauty last through the artist’s thoughts and works, always guiding us as a great teacher and creator, handing over to us tools not to love humankind less, but to love nature more. G&S

[margaretgrimes.com](http://margaretgrimes.com)



# Frontal: New Work by Cara Perlman

by Kathleen Hulser

“No one really hesitates to take a school group to see female nudes but what if it’s a full frontal male?” asks Cara Perlman. How can a woman see a man stripped, vulnerable, with ephemeral strength and an individualized body? Eve offers Adam the apple with her loving eyes locked on him—a gesture of powerful connection, not concupiscence. This painting series suggests that women’s gaze on the male nude need not echo the greedy eye of so many conventional versions of the female nude. Nor the classical idealizing of fleshly forms. Perlman’s latest paintings invite us to see how women can create homoerotic registers to reshape our common visual vocabularies, in a realm of intimacy that includes but is not reduced to the sensual and sexualized body.

This new series —began in late summer 2021 by an artist with a long track record in a range of media— reflects the cloistered conditions of the pandemic. Perlman calls it her “romance of privacy,” taking the intimacy of two years of restricted space to study what is close to her in natural surroundings, far from her Tribeca studio. Her new studio in a

space not much taller than a Paris garret, meant painting at a scale that fits the knee walls.

Perlman’s sculptures have often dealt with the body, raising questions about physicality through the choice of materials. For example her fierce standing figure *Rock Thrower* from 1993 has a chicken wire skeleton. Perlman comments that “When I was sculpting, I did lots of figure work with ceramics, plaster, and soft materials.” She’s made inflatables, designed ballet sets and produced both experimental and documentary films, as well as being a founder of the artist-led cultural activist group Colab in the 1970s. Meanwhile, she continuously painted, creating quick finger-painted heads of such sitters as Tom Otterness, more recently bird studies and now this year-long phallo-friendly series.

Perlman avoids defining herself by deliberate flouting of conventions—no pigeon-holing could confine her imagination. Our eyes have been willy-nilly affected by the gay point of

view on buff bodies shown with hunger, sexualized down to the calf bulge. Often such work is as ideal as the marble athletes that embodied the Greco-Roman template for beauty. But that ideal beauty is suffused with soul, while the modern homoerotic more often pants with raw appetite. This is not how Perlman approaches her subject. Rather the paintings acknowledge traditions of the nude and quickly proceed to the important task: fresh observation and expression. Perlman says “This is in part a response to art history which in modern art developed a taboo about showing male nudity. For both men and women, this homophobic taboo inhibited the pleasure in describing the private parts of the other.”

Nudity is the vocabulary of familiarity, as much as sexuality. Perlman’s female gaze on the male body is close-up and human, finding the erect penis interesting but not fetishizing it. The artist’s figures are



Untitled, 2021, 25" x 26"



Untitled, 2022, 19" x 15"



Untitled, 2021, 29" x 21"



touchable yet transparent. She emphasizes a fleet body, treading the world with tenderness. This deliberately contrasts with the heavy masculinity of muscles, big bones and wide shoulders—the burly performance of gender that dominates the Western canon.

Early paintings in the series show her working to get control of painting flesh, especially white men's skin tone and the various states of the penis. Perlman loves fluorescents and her colors have been called smoldering and hot coral. Often a blazing furry pink outlines a body, more suggested than modeled, turning internal tissue into external border. The thematic figure alternates between erect slim sapling poses and wobbly shapes indicating

movements that often seem initiated by the flamethrower gaze of the painter. Indeed, the painter's feelings are the psychokinesis moving this body. A half swollen penis etched in pink appears poised: a stick of pastel ready—but not impatient—to draw pleasure. The full frontal focus whether pink or greenish radiates a genuine affection for the male nude, and even on one occasion adds a vagina to the genital close-up.

These works which Perlman calls “realism adjacent” focus on mundane poses: lolling about, shaving, peeing, pulling a shirt on, hauling up underwear. These portraits are self-consciously ageless. The body speaks its form and its animating intelligence.

Favoring malleable proportions, body parts balloon, shrink, and morph. Later iterations elongate and twist the body, flesh no longer adheres to a skeleton but carves its own path. For Perlman, distortions signal possibility suggesting that the body is not fixed, and the female gaze on it is not definitive. As famously proclaimed in the ironic Guerrilla Girls poster “The Advantages of Being a Woman Artist,” exclusion from the male art world could be taken as a gift because it allows originality. G&S

IG: @seaperl



## Gallery&Studio arts journal

### Fourth Juried Arts Competition

Our next juried arts competition is for visual artists of all media.

Theme: **“The Joy of Autumn”**

Submission: Up to 3 images per entry. Images must be of artist's own original work.

Prize: A review of the winning artist's work will be published in the Fall 2022 print issue.  
Images of runners up will also be published.

Deadline: **Sunday, September 25th, 2022**

Entry Fee: **\$20** for 3 images

For further information, guidelines and to submit entries please go to: [galleryand.studio/competitions](https://galleryand.studio/competitions)

# “A Jolly Abandon”

## Americans at Leisure in the 1890s

by Mary F. Holahan

In an 1880 campaign speech, presidential candidate James A. Garfield identified the two questions of civilization as “How shall we get leisure?” and “What to do with our leisure when we have won it.”

Americans soon had the answers. By the mid-1890s, hard-fought labor reforms had shortened work days, increased incomes, and provided regular time off for many industrial workers. The growth of corporations generated a workforce of business managers, office staff, and retail professionals. As a result, more Americans could afford a day trip or a week in the country. Leisure-seekers embraced outdoor activities, from team games to excursions among mountains and lakes. Railroads and hotels promised comfortable travel and accommodations. Such invigorating or tranquil relaxation remained out of reach for subsistence-wage earners, and legalized segregation excluded many Black Americans from such opportunities until well into the 20th century. But for the enlarging white middle class, “outing” was the new colloquialism.

From his home near New York State’s Lake George, novelist Edward Eggleston observed “many thousands who give themselves up to pleasures of every healthful sort—rowing, fishing, bathing, mountain-climbing, boat-racing, canoe-racing, steamboat excursions, moonlight sailing, lawn tennis, mooning on the piazza, and other outdoor recreations, to say nothing of indoor games.”

Journalists expanded their scope beyond elite society’s pastimes such as horse-racing and yachting. The sub-titles of two magazines indicated a wide-ranging definition of leisure—*OUTING: An Illustrated Monthly Magazine of Sport, Travel and Recreation*, and *RECREATION: A Monthly Magazine Devoted to Everything the Name Implies*. They included articles on specific sports, accounts of foreign and domestic holidays, and nature writing. Short stories, serialized novels, and poetry celebrated the joys and challenges of the natural environment. Columnists gave advice about outdoor gear and suitable clothing, and advertisers trumpeted the latest in both.

After safety bicycles with their two wheels of equal size and pneumatic tires replaced the high-wheel “boneshakers” favored primarily by affluent young men who alarmed pedestrians, the only sport to merit the description “craze” was cycling, initially called wheeling. When women school teachers in New York City made \$600 a year and men \$900, bicycles ranged from \$50 to over \$100. But costs gradually dropped, dealers touted installment payments, and bicycles were shared among family and friends. Throughout the country, articles about local clubs, gatherings, and races were often prefaced by the words “the bicycle craze has come to...”.

The carefree woman catching our eye from *Outing’s* advertising poster for June, 1896, swoops downhill under

a winking moon, as her headlight illuminates the issue’s theme. Her fearless independence is accentuated as she rides alone along the edge of a dark and dense forest. Her feet have left the spinning pedals, and she confidently leans back, barely touching the handlebars: she is a study in dynamic self-assurance. Her bearing recalls the observation in “The Moderns Awheel” (Harry A. Cushing, *Harper’s Weekly*, April 11, 1896) that “...in all this wheeling sport there is a jolly abandon.” The cyclist is both an embodiment of the New Woman, and a free spirit ready to challenge convention. The beribboned hat, unruly curls, billowing



*Outing for June / Bicycle Number, 1896 for Advertisement for Outing, June 1896, George Frederick Scotson-Clark (1872–1927), Commercial lithograph, sheet: 17 11/16 × 11 1/4 inches, Delaware Art Museum, Gift of Helen Farr Sloan, 1977*



“Journalists expanded their scope beyond elite society’s pastimes such as horse-racing and yachting.”

mutton-chop sleeves, graceful skirt over bloomers, and leggings signal her up-to-date style. Her equally elegant poodle runs all-out to keep up.

Women cyclists’ prowess and self-reliance elicited hostility at worst and ambivalence at best from both genders in various quarters. Some doctors obsessed over women’s anatomical “fragility,” especially during their “monthly weakness;” others panicked that bicycle seats would cause sexual stimulation. The Woman’s Rescue League, self-appointed enforcers of female morality, declared women cyclists “vulgar and indecent.” Numerous articles such as “Bicycling for Women: The Puzzling Question of Costume” pondered how women awheel could both protect their modesty and preserve their allure to men.

George Frederick Scotson-Clark, the artist who created this poster, was primarily a stage and costume designer and produced many theatrical advertisements. His *Outing* image captures both the cyclist’s literally free-wheeling attitude and the dramatic Art Nouveau swirls of her outfit, the better to induce viewers to spend 20 cents for the issue.

Women’s cycling enthusiasts outnumbered detractors. The demands of even the simplest riding attire advanced the Rational Dress Movement, which led to more functional and healthful women’s clothing for sports and everyday wear. Women formed their own professional racing circuits. Nationwide, their stars drew fans who applauded breathtaking speedsters such as the formidable Tillie “The Terrible Swede” Anderson. Kittie Knox, a Black Bostonian, defied entrenched prejudice and helped desegregate cycling. Today we remember not the critics, but Susan B. Anthony’s declaration: “I think cycling has done more to emancipate women than anything else in the world...I stand and rejoice every time I see a woman ride by on a wheel...the picture of free, untrammelled womanhood.”

In contrast to the speeding cyclist, Henry Sumner Watson’s fisherman on *Recreation*’s June, 1896, poster is the epitome of controlled movement and intense concentration. In one expertly orchestrated action, he keeps his line taut as he reaches for a thrashing fish. His perfectly balanced stance causes only a few ripples in the water. The dog—apparently accustomed to such calm proficiency—gazes expectantly at the successful catch. The man’s imposing height, in black silhouette broken by spare white strokes, dominates the design. Straight lines in the fishing gear, oars, basket handle, and tree in the left background reinforce a sense of stability. The fisherman’s “joyful abandon” in the wild comes not from velocity but mastery of his skill. For 10 cents, purchasers could savor *Recreation*’s articles and illustrations. Henry Sumner Watson specialized in hunting and fishing scenes, which later led to his editorship at *Field and Stream* magazine.



*Recreation June, 1896 for Advertising poster for Recreation, June 1896, Henry Sumner Watson (1868–1933), Single-color commercial lithograph, sheet: 16 9/16 × 13 7/8 inches, Delaware Art Museum, Gift of Helen Farr Sloan, 1977*

Nor were men necessarily alone in the enjoyment of the sport. In “A New Hand at the Rod” (*Outing*, May, 1890), “C.R.C.” asserted that “Woman’s hour has struck. I will go fishing.” Maine angler and sports promoter Cornelia “Fly Rod” Crosby helped popularize more practical fishing and hunting dress for women.

The presence of Black fishermen, notably in the South, infuriated enough people that Jim Crow laws around the sport were tightened. At the turn of the 20th century, similar segregation led higher- and middle-income Black Americans to establish their own vacation enclaves, including Highland Beach, Maryland, founded in 1893 by Frederick Douglass’ son Charles. By 1912, Idlewild, Michigan, was an active Black resort community.

In the 1890s, posters, trade cards, billboards, handbills, postcards, and newspaper and magazine advertisements competed for American eyes. Scotson-Clark and Sumner Watson created evocative images that validated art critic M. H. Spielman’s comment in *Scribner’s Magazine* (July, 1895) that a “poster of real beauty proclaims itself gently, but irresistibly...and...is an artistic triumph of which any artist might be proud.” G&S

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# Film, Memoir, Quarantine

by Woody Sempliner

Personal non-narrative films have always been, at least partly, memoirs and cannot avoid being a record of the times in which they were made. Films made during the last two years, while bearing tell-tale signs of life in the time of COVID, continue to fulfill their primary purpose: connecting filmmaker to viewer. Consider please,

*The Last Name of John Cage* — by Margaux Guillemard

In poem #1263, Emily Dickinson writes:

“Tell all the truth but tell it slant —  
Success in Circuit lies ...

The Truth must dazzle gradually  
Or every man be blind —”

In her film poem, *The Last Name of John Cage*, Margaux Guillemard builds a conceptual house of mirrors in which deflection, allusion, homage and imagination lead eventually to a disarmingly personal revelation. While not specifically about the pandemic, the film is nestled in it — a record of a fecund mind reaching out from confinement to connect disparate things. Filmic elements wear each other's hats and, as can happen with good poetry, one ends up feeling communicated with before one can figure out why or how.

The filmmaker's camera gazes out at what can be seen from a bedroom window as the voice of a woman, referring to herself as “probably” the filmmaker, lays



“If you look well in the southwest of the image, you can see a man. He's around sixty, sixty five years old. Yeah that one, the one wearing a red cap.”



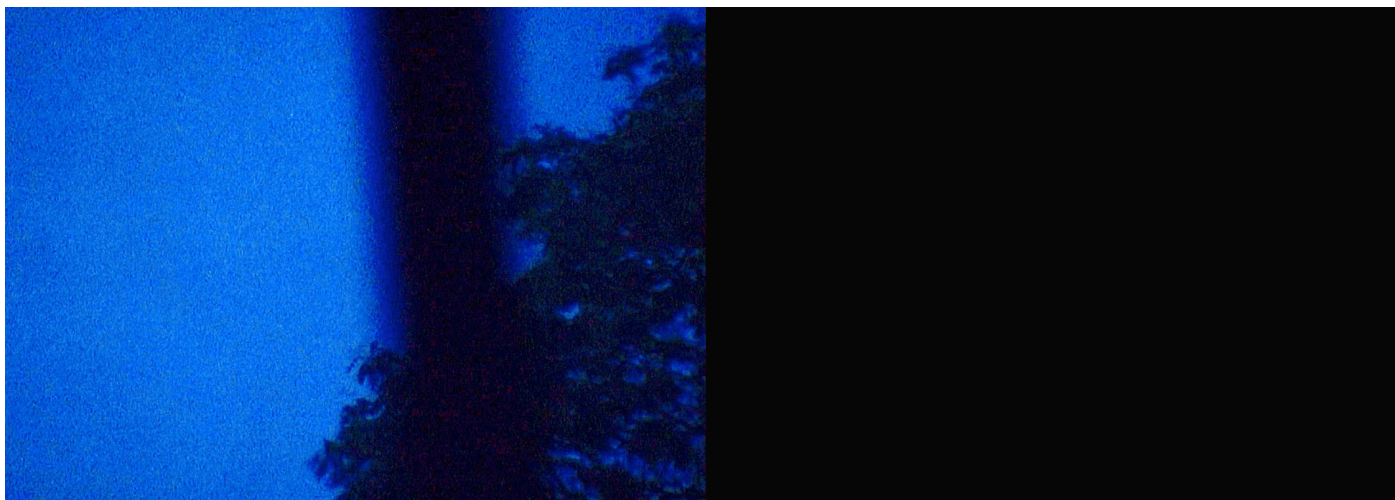
*“You Are About To Watch A Film”*

some foundational groundwork for the personal essay that is to follow. She goes on to tell the viewer what she sees in the images the viewer is also seeing, but her telling is “slant” and quite a thing apart. So begins an interplay of concept and contradiction, pitting sound against sight, word against word, while smoothly interlinking these elements one over the other like the discreet but unified layers of an onion.

The outermost skin of this onion is an homage to composer, John Cage, and his seminal piece, *4'33*, which, when “performed” for an audience was simply the observance of four minutes and thirty three seconds of “silence.” Cage's conceptual point revealed itself to be that silence was anything but silent. People coughed and sneezed, sighed, got up and left in a huff. Distant car horns honked. Trains rumbled beneath. Guillemard wraps Cage's conceptual arms around her little onion of a film like Harry Potter's *Cloak of Invisibility* — a deflector of sorts that provides a formal cover under which the filmmaker's message can build unobserved until it's ready to reveal itself. The piece, in deference to Cage, is exactly four minutes and thirty three seconds long.

Silence, the purported focus of the film, is abstracted here, represented on the visual side by grainy, crepuscular images of rooftops, fluttering leaves, darkened windows. The film is primarily verbal, weighted for sound. Voice-over dominates while visuals provide a subordinate counterpoint, sometimes with subtle twists of cinematic syntax — suddenly going to black as a sentence is cut off mid-phrase, or an abrupt, revealing but utterly simple change of lighting. In fact, what we are seeing, or more precisely hearing, is a vocal performance via the simplest of filmmaking tools:





*“Did you ever notice that the last name of John Cage ...?”*

practical light; unadorned setting; camera; microphone.

It would be churlish here not to acknowledge that there was once and may still be a movement in filmmaking called Dogme 95. It originated in Denmark in the 1990s and was a well-meaning but doomed attempt to lay out a list of rules that, if followed, would result in cinema that was inherently honest and completely devoid of artifice. But truth, like silence (see above), has forever been something that evades capture. No dogma has ever successfully reproduced it in any art form, especially film.

Whether or not any dogmatic system figured into Margaux Guillemard’s design for *The Last Name of John Cage*, the work is a rare union of truth, grace and cinematic economy packed into an elegant four minutes and thirty three seconds. G&S

*The Last Name of John Cage*

[vimeo.com/437214378](https://vimeo.com/437214378)

The filmmaker may be contacted via email:

[margauxguillemard.work@gmail.com](mailto:margauxguillemard.work@gmail.com)

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# Efflorescence, the Sea, and Sacred Geometry

by Christine Graf

The art department at Western Connecticut State University recently had its 2022 Master of Fine Arts Thesis Exhibition at Blue Mountain Gallery 547 West 27 St. New York, N.Y. .



Janelle Chandler, "Hibiscus: Hawaiian Red, color pencil and watercolor on hot press, 22" x 22"

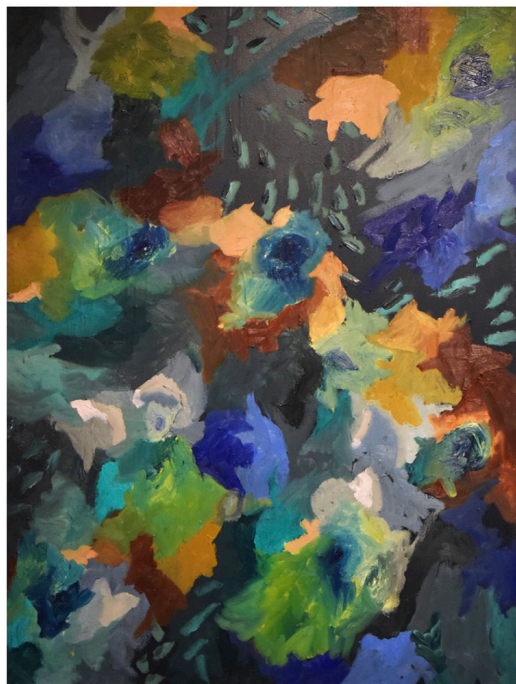
Janelle Chandler plays with our visual sense with her floral paintings created using colored pencil and watercolors. She takes us through a journey from large to small. In *Hibiscus: Hawaiian Red*, she leads the viewer into the center of the flower where a stamen sprinkled with yellow seeds leans to the right towards the light. We are intimate with "flower-ness" in this view, close enough to imagine its sweet scent. Because this flower portrait is abstracted, one is offered a fresh and unexpected vision. The red coloring of the bloom

is flecked with white strokes that could be light or glistening drops of dew. In this close-up we see yellow at the furled edges of the petals. Chandler invites us into the room where efflorescence lives. At the heart.

We are also offered a more classical view; a botanical rendering of the piece called, *Dahlia: Castle Drive*. She uses her skilled hands as we leap from the heart of flower to the study of flower, the classic shapes of color, leaves, petals. This presentation of beauty and contrast shows a caring appreciation of her subject matter.

Kelsey Gilmore thrusts us into the mystery and movement of abstraction. The piece, *The moon appears for the night travelers*, is a diptych. One is greeted with a pastiche of blues, greens and cool splashes of white. As a traveler of the imagination, Gilmore shares her nocturnal journey with quick brush marks in light green as if they were a smattering of stars breaking through clouds.

*Night Swim* offers a punch of russet that mingles with an electric cobalt blue and turquoise. One can feel the waves thrashing. Splashes of color rise and fall. Is this a night swim where lovers meet at the shore or is one alone feeling the rush of colors fill the body as one's arms swish through the water? If so, and as Ms. Gilmore suggests in her artist's statement, she does become one with the sea.



Kelsey Gilmore, "The moon appears for the night travelers," diptych, oil on canvas, 68" x 96"





Don Houston, "Two men on beach," oil on canvas, 50" x 60"

Water and the natural world coincidentally make their way into this show. In **Don Houston's** painting, *Man stepping into water*, we feel the coolness of the water as a radiant and beautiful man steps into the sea. His body is painted in golden, light-filled strokes. His hair is reddish-gold. This work has two moods to it; optimism in its beauty, yet a note of loneliness. As the viewer, one wants to give this man a backstory. Does this man swim everyday in the sea? Is he a lonely writer living in a cottage close by? Is a lover watching him from the shore?

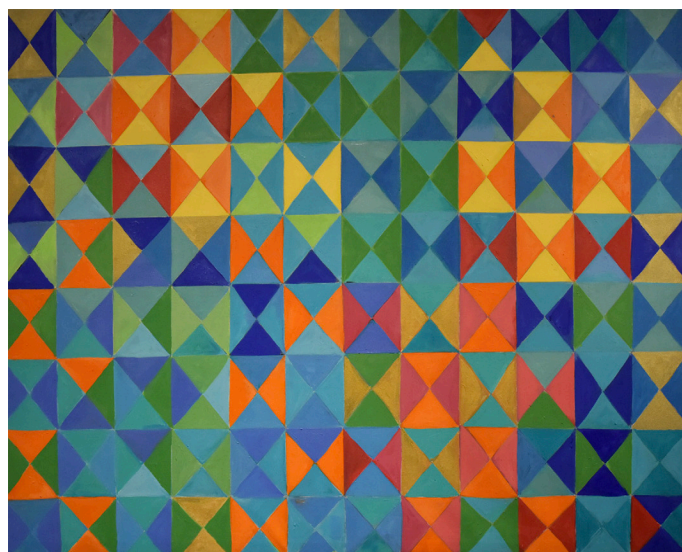
In Houston's second painting, *Two men on the beach*, one sees another light-filled view of the sea. Set between two boulders are two men in the water. Eddies and currents flow and Houston again uses a golden tint to them. The moment is illuminated. The work with the singular figure is lit from inside the skin tone while in the piece with the two figures, the sea is incandescent, with moving patterns. Is this second piece a counterpoint to the first? Either way we are lifted into the mystery of sunlight and water.

**Robert Hudson's** series of paintings titled *Bowtie* references a symbol used by enslaved people on their quest for freedom. He explains in his artist's statement, that when slaves headed North they would look for symbols on quilts to show them the way. The bowtie symbol indicated the necessity to travel in disguise; to change into clothes worn by a person of higher status to continue the escape on the Underground Railroad.

Hudson adds a contemporary twist of color

to the symbol of the bowtie—a relief, a moment of beauty in such a horrific period of American history. One could consider these pieces as "sacred geometry." The triangular and crisply painted bowtie shapes are presented in both horizontal and vertical directions. One asks the question, "is each triangle a prayer, a hope, a longing for a better life, for equality and freedom?" In the first *Bowtie* work, the colors are more vibrant with hits of bold, navy blue scattered through the pattern. There's a sense of containment in this work. As if this symbol must be preserved, revered, and saved as one of many symbols during the time of slavery.

It is interesting to note that the spiritual meaning of a triangle represents enlightenment, revelation and a higher perspective. Throughout history and art, triangles were important symbols in Buddhism, Christianity and Hinduism. In



Robert Hudson, "Bowtie I," oil on canvas, 48" x 72"

alchemy, the triangle represents the three realms of our existence that we encounter in our human experience. The body, mind and spirit. One looks forward to see if Hudson will continue his exploration of the symbols and signifiers of Black History. *G&S*

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