

Silvermine

EVERY PICTURE
TELLS A STORY

February 28 - April 4, 2024

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This exhibition includes the works of sixty-seven artists who combine art and storytelling. Each artwork on display is accompanied by a text that gives you a glimpse into the artist's imagination, revealing the hidden narratives and motivations behind the work. The viewer is invited to embark on a journey of discovery, where every picture serves as a portal into a rich and enchanting story.

Each with its own tale, the exhibit showcases a wide range of two and three-dimensional art, transporting viewers into the fascinating worlds created by the artists. Every piece is a testament to the power of storytelling, showcasing how art can transcend its physical form to evoke emotion, provoke thought, and spark the imagination. Whether it's a sweeping landscape, a contemplative portrait, or an abstract composition, each work offers a glimpse into a world of wonder and possibility.

Every Picture Tells a Story celebrates the narrative, inviting viewers to engage with art in a deeper, more meaningful way. It reminds us that behind every brush stroke, the direction in which a camera is pointed, and the decisions a sculptor makes lies a story waiting to be told. Art has the extraordinary ability to capture the essence of the human experience in all its complexity and beauty.

EXHIBITING ARTISTS

Aaron, Christine	Ettinger, Patti	Moore, Day
Ahrens, June	Fehlinger, Susan	O'Connor, Julie
Anastasio, Tom	Fradet, Cecilia Moy	Paik, Carol
Bailey, Mary	Freeman, Lisa Lee	Paper, Hank
Balcombe, Sarah	Gage, Michele	Ringer, Barbara
Barrett, Susan	Giuliani, Leslie	Rosenberg, Jack
Bogdonoff, Stacy	Hyon, Nash	Scroggins, Lisa
Bouyocos, Carol	Johnson, Paul Eric	Shaffer, Rosalind
Breakstone, Nancy	Karpinskaia, Natasha	Shapiro, Barbara
Brown, Janine	Katz, Judith Orseck	Sharp, Susan
Burroughs, Miggs	Kennedy, Brigid	Siff, Marlene
Butler, Karen	Keogh, Elisa	Sissons, Narelle
Buxton, James	Killgore, Elizabeth	Sommer, Susan
Cadoux, Louise	Kourkoulis, Linda	Stang, Susan Hacker
Cavagnolo, Sharon	Krasno, Jean	Steinberg, Judith
Chiang, Eric	Lake, Ron	Stillman, Susan
Clinard, Susan	Lasar, Nancy	Tucker, Pamela
Cox, Joan	Leach, Cate	Visoky, Mitchell
delPerugia, Béatrice	Loebell, Robert	Welz, Gregg
DeMartini, Elysa	Maas, Rita	Wheeler, Joan
Eber, Frances	Mauro, Janice	Yamaoka, Michael
Eskell, Camille	Mehrbach, Carl	

Christine Aaron

Begun during the pandemic, while enduring shelter-at-home orders, I began the *Marking Time* series (2020 to present) with materials I had on hand. I thought about the myriad stories experienced world-wide during a global experience, what connects and separates us and wonder what I will hold onto from these difficult months. The *Marking Time* series explores themes of recollection and reparation. Collected objects that resonate, evoking memories of people, places, and experiences. Birds' nests, thorns, eggshells, vintage dress patterns and sheet music. Seed pods, rusty metal pieces, burned scraps of paper. I layer and collage materials onto tiny tea bag canvases, then stitch and pierce with thread and thorns. They are daily meditations, composing and reclaiming memory and personal history brought into my current experience. It is reparative, healing and acts as a psychological and emotional anchor in tumultuous times. I find meaning through the making.



Marking Time
mixed media, collage, hand stitching on teabags,
42 x 42 inch, \$475. each

June Ahrens

Tears, a series of new work, is a melding of many of the pieces I have created over the years. It's a distillation of the feelings and frustration we often confront on a daily basis. I am using my visual voice to express these concerns: gun violence, war, poverty, loss and anxiety. They are overwhelming to consider and there are no easy answers. However tears can be cathartic and cleansing, as well as uplifting. There should be no shame associated with tears on any level.

We started our lives with tears and if we allow them to, they will continue to fall until our end. In this series I have chosen to use a method I call "direct installation": (materials attached directly to the wall without any intermediary surface or causing damage.) Every component of the piece is installed by hand each time the work is shown. This experience is repetitive and meditative and a necessary and intimate step for me.



Shattered
recycled glass, 25 x 27 inch, \$2,000.

Tom Anastasio

In the midst of this instantaneous digitized world, we sometimes forget our place in the grand scheme of our perceptual cosmos. Visual meditation of the cosmos can provide a quiet reminder of the vast space that surrounds us hopefully, promoting an internal sense of peace. The physical universe can be the stimuli that provides a perceptual intuitive inspiration in the making of a work of art. The viewer needs nothing more than a clear and quiet mind while gazing at *Quiete Mentale*. The viewer should relax and allow the painting to fill the scope of their vision. The serenity of visual meditation is most akin to the centuries old practice of star gazing. We open our minds to feelings of awe, wonder, and insignificance. Hopefully provided with the intuitive serenity of meditation. This resulting in an acquired *Mental Quietude* of conceptual self-exploration.



Quiete Mentale
Sumi ink, gold, gesso, Suminagashi on Unryu
24 x 18 inch, \$1,795.

Mary Bailey

No More Bullshit! is literally a warning sign. It's message is simple and bold. It's time to stop bullshitting and wake up and do what needs to be done to save the planet from the ravages of global warming. My visual aesthetic is inspired by the eye-catching, colorful "Welcome to Fabulous Las Vegas" sign and others like it found in Las Vegas and Atlantic City. I also use the striped patterns, and bright red, orange and yellow colors found in traffic signs and road construction barriers to shout out my message. This piece is one of an ongoing series of wall-relief works that combine word and image. No More Bullshit! was completed in May 2023 before the East Coast, unlike other areas of the country, had been plagued by smoke from wildfires. Less than a month later, I was horrified to literally wake up and smell the smoke.



No More Bullshit!
wood, paint, 25 x 19 x 3 inch, \$3,500.

Sarah Balcombe

The winter temperature has dropped to almost single digits, the gray of a nearby body of water is reflecting on the walls of my studio and I am engaged in a staring match with a painted canvas. The image that I had constructed two years prior was beginning to bother me as much as the falling snow outside. A limited palette dictated my next move. Piling the white onto the canvas with an extra wide brush I was aware that beneath this cover-up poses a woman, not quite young but not old either. Layering pale colors upon her foundation, I was surprised by the evolution of an architectural form beneath the frosting of an arctic winter, her existence completely erased.



Cover-Up
oil, acrylic, charcoal, 36 x 36 inch, \$1,500.

Sarah Barrett

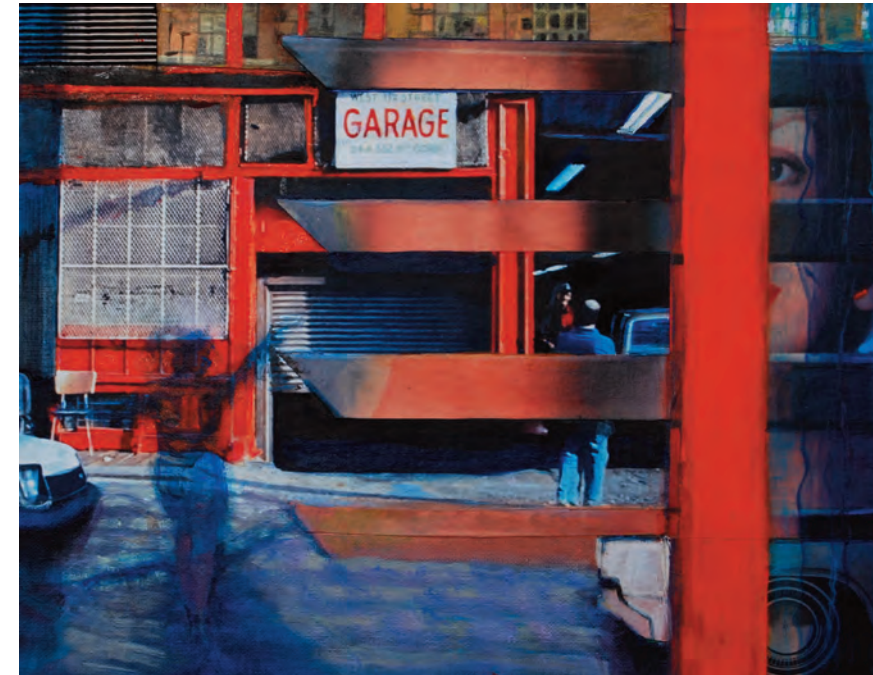
The suggestion of a narrative can be implied; the story imagined in the viewer's mind's eye. The inspiration for this work came from photos I took some time ago on late afternoon walks around the meat-packing district in lower Manhattan where I would always feel like a witness to all the interactions spilling out on the sidewalks. This mixed-media piece was created by collaging and painting acrylic medium photo transfers on canvas along with scanned Life Magazine photos and book cover fragments. The layering of materials became a metaphor for layers of time. Figures come out from the shadows and doorways, trucks and cars are moving in and out, as the late afternoon light pours out across the street; shifting, as a figure lurks in the old structure. Like a film noir movie, I worked in a rather monochromatic palette to create a moody, nostalgic, mysterious, textural and high-contrast set. The fluorescent lights inside the garage suggest an interior drama.



Garage 1 (Urban Diary Series)
mixed media, acrylics mounted on cradled panel
12 x 16 inch, \$850.

Sarah Barrett

I am a long-time fan of Hitchcock movies and the way the viewer is often made to feel like a detective pouring through evidence hidden in the most ordinary of settings. And there's film noir's ubiquitous "blind shot," where a character is seen through the slats of venetian blinds, with the alternating points of contrast providing visual storytelling. Like Hopper, I share a fascination with dramatic lighting effects and strong contrasts between light and dark as they can display the strangeness and pathos of ordinary life. Using the same snapshot transferred onto canvas and painted as *Garage 1*, I created multiple layers by adding old *Life* magazine images scanned onto archival stock. The collage process was integral in implying a story with a shifting, fractured narrative structure. I added painted elements like the blue female figure, shadows and sheer curtains to build the layers. The narrative is implied— the viewer reacts to visual prompts without a universal take-away.



Garage 2 (Urban Diary Series)
mixed media, acrylics mounted on cradled panel—
11 x 14 inch, \$750.

Stacy Bogdonoff

I grew up the oldest of four children, spanning eight years, and we were all close. Three of us were girls and someone talked to someone else almost daily. We checked in with each other, asked each other about our kids and their challenges, took each other's sides during divorces, took care of our older parents, and always gossiped about the third one when the conversation was only two of us. Three years ago, I lost one of those sisters and it shook my world. I think about her every day and there's a certain time each morning, when I'm putting on my make-up, that I always reach to call her. Just because she's dead doesn't mean I can't talk to her. This piece is about losing her.



One Less

linen, dropcloth, paper, wire, silk, paint,
47 x 36 inch, \$3,000. each

Carol Bouyoucos

If the changing landscape shapes our future, where will we find safe ground and a place that will sustain us? Will we disappear as a species?



Crossing to Safety
digital print, 20 x 20 inch, \$1,200.

Nancy Breakstone

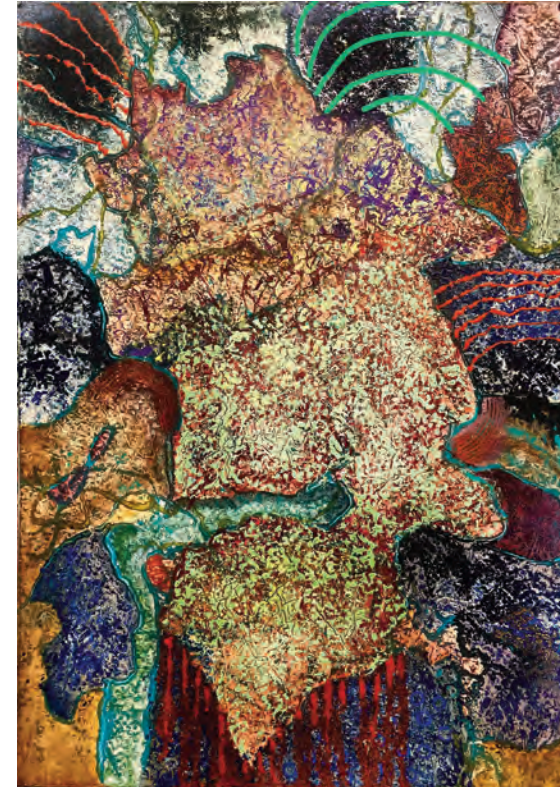
I took this shot one afternoon in Havana, Cuba. I was walking around exploring and noticed that, even though the buildings were bright and colorful on the exterior, the interiors that I could see told a different story. The colorful painted exteriors hid reality. The people who live there are poor. In this shot I could see that the marble staircase, which I imagined was once a beautiful and bright entranceway, was no longer that. The gentleman in the photo had just walked in and took off his shirt. I wondered, did he live there? Was it some kind of old hotel? Why was he taking his shirt off? I had no idea. The light above him appeared to be coming from an opening in the roof as I couldn't see any light fixtures. It appeared to be the light of the day. Was there a hole in the roof? To this day, each time I look at the photo, I still wonder about his situation and the history of that building.



Changing
photograph, 24 x 22 inch, \$350.

Michael Brennecke

In a world where it is increasingly difficult to tell if our fellow inhabitants are actually human beings, I find that this dilemma sometimes spills over into my painting. Generally, I develop paintings in a non-representational way. While the overall sensibilities of space and color are derived from the natural world, they are skewed more, in my mind, to landscape rather than figurative. However, in the process, there sometimes begins to emerge a sense of animal if not human presence in the composition. An inadvertent anthropomorphis. It becomes a choice then, how to deal with this; obliterate or accentuate? But to be clear, just the presence of a body with hands, feet, eyes, ears, and mouth, does not make something actually human. So I'm not even sure what this Frankenstein is. I guess that leaves it in the eye of the beholder.



Is it Human?

oil on panel, 30 x 21 inch, \$2,800.

Janine Brown

In this body of work, I explore the rural property where I grew up just outside of Mason City, Iowa, and the faded memories of my childhood. The images were taken after the death of three family members: my father (1975), my mother (2008), and my brother (2022). By exploring my past, I examine the rural life that I left behind when I moved to New York City in 1989. A life that was filled with memories of a working farm that has also been left behind. The original image was an aerial photograph of the farm commissioned by my mother the year after my father's death.



Homestead

phototransfer on Rives BFK paper, 14.25 x 21.25 inch, \$400.

Miggs Burroughs

Portraits of three citizens experiencing homelessness. Hiding and revealing their faces in a gesture of shame for being perceived as something less than human.



Shame

lenticular, 18 x 48 inch, \$1,800.

Karen Butler

I have escaped to a night club, where people can gather without hearing the news or wearing masks, like in the old days. The warm dark starlit ceiling and bluesy bands of color flow. The dancers are embraced by the music and glide in their personal worlds while the singer and watchers share a moment together. I like to capture strangers together in a moment. My work is figurative and narrative, I like to tell a story. I look at how people are affected and how they relate to their surroundings. The washes are the environment that surround the figures in my paintings. I ask the viewer to stop for a moment and read the visual story.



Jazz Singer

watercolor on paper, 26 x 37 inch, \$2,500.

James Buxton

My sculpture *How Ya Living* tells a powerful story using the colors of the Black Liberation Flag. It reflects on history, especially the African diaspora. I've included symbols like a slave ship's wheel and a noose to show the struggles of the middle passage. The colors I chose emphasize ideas of freedom and strength. By seeing this sculpture, I want people to think about the hardships faced by those who made that journey. I want them to appreciate the resilience and courage of those ancestors. Their story is a vital part of our shared history.



How Ya Living
mixed media, 48 x 37 x 8 inch, \$14,000.

Louise Cadoux

In a codependent relationship both individuals are stuck. Their lives are stuck in mutual dependency. They each gain something from the relationship but the price is a distorted self. I wanted to show this dynamic by making these two joined vessels. They look like they're struggling to get away from each other but they can't. All the baggage and the gems in the middle keep them together.



Codependency
wire, aluminum, wire mesh, paint, rocks,
16 x 14 x 14 inch, \$1,200.

Louise Cadoux

Deity is a towering figure seen from a child's perspective. Can it be a god up there? The child sees big feet, a spiraling upward shape, finished by a little knob. Is that a head?



Deity
wire, clay, wire mesh, paint, sinkers,
24 x 6 x 6 inch, \$1,400.

Sharon Cavagnolo

What do we see or expect when we look in a mirror? *Mirror, Mirror* is a room taken over by reflective surfaces that create a somewhat disturbing atmosphere. Some reveal our physical exteriors as a daily aid to procuring the image we present each day. Physical expressions only suggest what lies within. Reflections of our interiors and surroundings change emotive qualities with dark shadows or screaming excessive light revealing unwanted age lines like an unfortunate FaceTime video or Zoom call. This is a constant bombardment as time passes for each of us.



Mirror, Mirror...

gouache, ink, graphite on board, 24 x 30 inch, \$4,200.

Eric Chiang

Human beings are born to face this frigid expanse of universe. In addition, following the physical laws, human laws, and our internal drives, we inevitably hurt others and ourselves - every single one of us has wounds. This painting uses cellos to represent humans, (emphasizing the voices of humans). All cellos in this painting have "wounds" and are all "broken" externally and/or internally. Further, they still can't escape the predetermined fate of facing this frigid, expansive universe alone. The key point of this painting is "Facing this freezing universe and existences, do we quietly lick our own wounds and let our lives gradually disappear? Or, can we connect and band together for the Ode to Joy?"



Are We Born Connected, No.3
gouache, ink, graphite on board, 24 x 30 inch, \$4,200.

Susan Clinard

The Waiting Room...what are we waiting for? The metaphor is as layered as humanity itself. Overall the figures give us a glimpse of our shared fears and desire to find identity and connection in our complex lives. My hope is that we can see ourselves in not just one figure but in all of the figures.



The Waiting Room #3
wood, ceramic, metal, textile, 54 x 98 x 48 inch, \$35,000.

Joan Cox

In a quaint coastal town in Cape Cod, where the gentle murmur of the waves mingled with the whispers of the night, two women stand on the moonlit beach, their hands delicately entwined, creating an intimate connection that transcended words. The moon hangs low in the sky with twinkling stars all around. The beach at night becomes a stage for the unspoken poetry of friendship, love and understanding between them. This captured moment in time illuminates their memories of shared laughter, whispered secrets, and the unbreakable ties that bind their souls together. As the two women hold hands, their connection seems to transcend the physical realm.

It is a connection of kindred spirits, a silent conversation spoken in the language of watercolor. This delicate painting evokes a sense of wonder and unity, inviting viewers to ponder the deep bonds that exist between individuals who find solace in each other's company, whether they be sisters, lovers, or friends.



Starry Night at Long Nook Beach
watercolor monotype, 24 x 32 inch, \$1,850.

Beatrice del Perugia

I am a UN Child. My father took us all over the world and I remember Afghanistan well. I did a series of paintings of the bazaars as I remember them. This is Sar-e-Now Bazaar the closest to our house in Kaboul. I could ride my bicycle there. I remember the horse-drawn carriages we could ride, the smell of Kabab being grilled, the mountains in the background. In my paintings, the grey shapes are usually the women in chador.



Friday Market
acrylic on board, 16 x 16 inch, \$575.

Elysa DeMartini

The elements of denim and rope serve as metaphors for the complexities of human connections and the resilience of the human spirit. Much like the threads of tightly woven fabric, our lives are intricately interwoven with others, creating a network of relationships that shape and define us. The denim symbolizes the fabric of our individual stories. Just as denim evolves and develops character with each wear, our experiences leave imprints on the canvas of our lives, creating a unique texture that tells a personal story. The worn, faded and paint splatter of the denim mirror the scars and marks that make us who we are, showcasing the beauty in imperfection. The rope symbolizes the strength and durability of these connections, representing the bonds that withstand the tests of time and adversity. The twists and turns in the rope reflect the twists and turns of our lives, the challenges, triumphs & the unpredictable nature of the human experience.



The Ties That Bind

worn denim, rope, 192 x 48 x 48 inch (site specific), \$3,000.

Frances Eber

Trilogy (a poem written in collaboration with AI)

In the canvas of thoughts, a trilogy unfolds, / A triptych painted in hues untold. / Orange whispers of moments bright, / Yellow dances in the softest light. / Blues, a tapestry of memories deep, / A time machine within, where emotions seep. / Soft tissues weave the threads of time, / Organic matter, a poetic rhyme. The default mode network, a journey through, / To the past, where ruminations brew. / Painful echoes in shades of grey, / A haunting visit to yesterday. / In the end, a spill of tears so clear, / The canvas weeps, shedding a silent tear. / Forgetting how to wail, the colors fade, / A poignant finale, emotions laid.



Trilogy (triptych)
oil, cold wax on wood panel, 12 x 27 inch, \$1,500.

Carole Eisner

My sculptures engage with their surroundings' space and natural light, often reflected off of lacquered metal. Every curve and angle is a conversation between my materials and the natural light that bathes them. I seek out pieces of rusted, weathered steel, remnants of old bridges, and forgotten structures and breathe new life into them. Welding and reassembling these fragments into something different yet still resonating with the echoes of their past. With each twist of metal and restructuring, I'm exploring the essence of malleability, pushing the boundaries of what these materials can become. Whether my sculptures stand tall or crouch in smaller forms, each one tells a story of transformation and rebirth—a testament to the beauty found in the discarded and overlooked.



Mosquito
painted, welded steel, 16 x 18 x 19.5 inches, \$15,000.

Camille Eskell

As a first-generation American and the youngest of three daughters from a Middle Eastern Iraqi-Jewish family from Mumbai (Bombay), I explore my cultural history and familial heritage in the ongoing The Fez as Storyteller series.

Delving into the convergence of these three ancient societies, I examine the compounded patriarchal systems and enduring inequitable gendered traditions across generations. In *Queens of Babylon*, a sub-series of the Fez as Storyteller, I was inspired by the crowns found in the tomb of Queen Puabi of Ur of ancient Mesopotamia (modern day Iraq), resulting in these digitally collaged pieces. With my family roots from that region, I use these and other symbols as a metaphor for women's strength and dignity. The assorted designs in the works combine motifs from the Ishtar Gate of ancient Babylon, garments and accessories from my personal archive, and in the corners the ancient symbol that became the Star of David.



Queens of Babylon: Re-find Your Power
digital collage on archival paper, 10 x 10 inch, \$750.

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Queens of Babylon: Take Back What's Yours
digital collage on archival paper, 10 x 10 inch, \$750.

Patti Ettinger

To be honest, I have no idea exactly where this piece came from. For quite a while I have been exploring the relationship between humans and animals. Especially wondering why humans perceive our intellect to give us infinite powers when in reality animals have sensory abilities that far exceed ours.

While the concept of the "Seeing Eye Dog" was where I started, I ended up in a very different space. Genetic engineering, cloning, and cosmetic surgery are just some of the topics that seem to have arisen.

While drawing is my typical medium, this work insisted on incorporating collage. I wanted to contrast the reality of the dog's eyes with the suggestion of a face with line.

A shout out to George, my friend's German Shepard for allowing me to take his photo and granting me permission to use it in this piece.



You Are My Eyes #2
mixed media, 20 x 16 inch, \$900.

Susan Fehlinger

Perhaps no other neighborhood in NY City better illustrates the challenges of climate change than the Hole—All of those extremes are already happening here. Sitting along the border between Brooklyn and Queens, the Hole is a poor, sunken neighborhood, about four miles from Kennedy International Airport, with small buildings surrounded by vacant lots, wild-growing reed grass, and streets dotted with potholes and abandoned cars. It is not connected to the sewer system — residences rely on septic tanks and cesspools — and the streets flood just about every time it rains. As rising sea levels elevate the groundwater table, drainage and sewage flooding are becoming more severe here, even though the neighborhood is miles from the ocean. The Hole is facing a central question that many environmentalists and city planners say other flood-prone regions around the city and country could confront some day: Can the neighborhood be saved or should residents move out and abandon it to the elements?



Dumont Street
oil on canvas, 30 x 30 inch, \$1,800.

Cecilia Moy Fradet

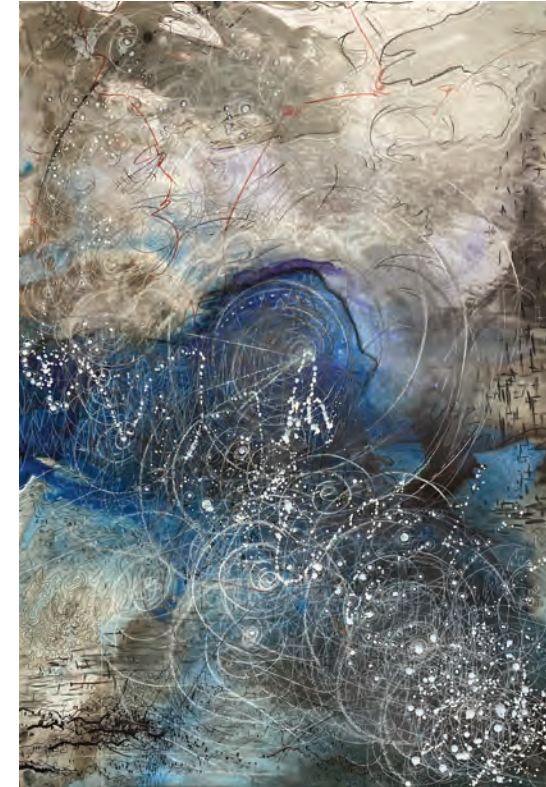
The first bloom of the season felt like this side of paradise. It was a long winter, had some difficult times and I was ready for indications of life, hopeful signs that promised me some good cheer. The colors started off with shades of icy blues and grays, along with dark greens and purple. Memories of the Persian silk tree that grew in my backyard as a young adult stayed with me to this day, the soft fairy-like blossoms showed up as shades of pink and blush. My paintings feel like time travel, occurring over time in layers, forms are covered over as new shapes and lines come into the picture. As a visual storyteller, these images remind me of what sweet dreams are made of, this side of paradise where a cheerful space waits.



This Side of Paradise
acrylic on canvas, 40 x 30 inch, \$2,100.

Lisa Lee Freeman

Resonance is a deeply personal artwork. My process starts with an ink pour to generate geographic forms, which I turn into abstract maps by adding details with pens, pencils, paint, and collage. I never know what shape the ink will take, but this one surprised me. It looked like a silhouette. I continued with my process, adding gestural lines with fistfuls of pencils to channel the energy of the artwork, and it produced a series of vibrating loops, which reflected my state of mind. At the time, I was dealing with a health scare and a family emergency. The title comes from a potentially devastating natural phenomenon where vibrations from one source sync up with and amplify the vibrations of another. A famous case is a bridge that collapsed from vibrations created by marching soldiers and wind. It's a metaphor for the multiplier effects of the chaotic times we live in as day-to-day human dramas play out against a backdrop of global crises that shake us to our core.



Resonance
mixed media on paper, 42 x 39 inch, NFS

Michele Gage

I delve into the intersection of problem-solving, nature, walking, and watercolor. Inspired by my neighbor's captivating gardens, my focus gravitates toward the untamed edges where plants assert autonomy. Here, the natural world meets the pixilated realm in a unique fusion.

The process begins with the chaos of daily walks captured through imperfect photography. Embracing the challenge, I select the most challenging images with elusive clarity. Guided by the venerable grid, I embark on a journey within each square, constructing abstract paintings that capture the essence rather than the precise depiction of the scene.

In this iterative process, problems are not obstacles but opportunities for discovery. Sometimes, the solution emerges before every square is filled, resulting in a harmonious blend of abstraction and representation. *Joe's Border* clicks into place, offering a distinct reconstruction of the experiential, where every stroke celebrates the beauty of imperfection and the allure of the unpredictable.



Joe's Border

watercolor on paper, 35 x 48 inch, \$1,500.

Leslie Giuliani

My paintings are a kind of coded narrative. The symbols, characters and repetitive geometry make the paintings feel simple at first glance. The foundational geometry suggests the importance of order, or the need to find order, but the symbols, shapes, glyphs, and characters defy interpretation, remaining somehow indecipherable. Like dream sequences, the more certain one becomes about the narrative being hinted at, the less certain one becomes. Sometimes amusing, sometimes disturbing, the imagery has the power of a lost primal language—but what does it mean? My titles are arrived at after the piece is complete. I go with my first impression the images and their sequence suggest. Another day, another glance might produce a different association and a different title. That the “story” can change keeps the work alive for me. To me, this piece suggested the central character's perplexity at their non-stop shifts in focus between random thoughts, desires and obligations.



Life's Little Distractions

encaustic, embroidery on microfiber, 45 x 33 inch, \$1,800.

Nash Hyon

My interest in a plant's ability to produce chemicals that we have turned into beneficial drugs was because my husband had cancer. One of the drugs used in his treatment was derived from the Mayapple- a plant that grew in our yard!

Yarrow, portrayed in this beeswax (encaustic) painting using a floral lace, is also one of those plants. It has a long history of medicinal use and grows in many countries including Hungary. I inherited this lace from my Hungarian grandmother.

Yarrow (white) combines my artistic process, personal history and my interest in and reverence for our natural world.



Yarrow (white)
encaustic, lace on panel, 30 x 30 inch, \$2,795.

Paul Eric Johnson

quahog
chowder
little neck
cherrystone
on the half shell
Ben Franklin
at the Union Oyster House
short rake and bull
tongs

beneath a rippling surface
primitive life in the mud
filtering the seas for sustenance
ebb and flow
a moment of the sun and moon
neap and spring

wampumpeag
power and status
currency of the fur trade
two quarts fried
my lunch at the Dairy Queen



Reimagine New England no. 8
archival pigment ink, 30 x 40 inch, \$1,675.

Natasha Karpinskaia

This piece is about the beginning of life, of building one's house with hopes and aspirations. And everything begins just with the first pillar.



The Pillar
monotype on paper, 22 x 15 inch, \$475.

Judith Orseck Katz

There's what we see and what's pulling us from outside. Why do we do what we do? Is it in our hands? Is it hereditary? Is it what we were taught, who taught us? Is it imprinted in our genes, is it the double helix or what about a Svengali? And what about religion, God, chance, is there such a thing as chance? Is everything all planned out, is there such a thing as fate? And who's pulling the hidden strings on the world's stage? Is it China or Iran or Russia or Hamas. Who's tightening the rope around whose neck. Who's going to a concert in the desert.



Who Pulls the Strings
unglazed porcelain, thick cord, marble,
41 x 21 x 21 inch, \$4,000.

Brigid Kennedy

Thinking back to my childhood, growing up, the fifth of six children, in an old colonial house built around 1850, I wanted to capture an indelible memory: the baroque, 1930's (?) wall paper in the dining room. This set the tone for so many family gatherings that now seem almost dreamlike. Because of its wallpaper, the dining room was a lush, elegant, and jewel like setting. I rediscovered these rich design details and colors in a family photo taken on Thanksgiving day by my father who was an avid, amateur photographer. Although most of my family was in the photo, I left them out here and just included my big sister as she had a sullen/shy teen look on her face which offset the ebullient jewel box of a room perfectly!



Jewel Box

oil, acrylic on Yupo synthetic paper, 14 x 11 inch, \$2,400.

Memories, like dreams, are constructed in one's mind — some parts clear, some vague and some just plain nonsensical. In 2014 I spent time in the UK, photographing places from my childhood that were meaningful to me, in order to share my memories of growing up in the north of England and Ireland.

Our home where I grew up was in Belfast, Northern Ireland, but we spent many glorious weekends and school holidays at our cottage in County Sligo, on the west coast of Southern Ireland. I loved it there. There was a town, but really, it was a rural community of hard-working folk, mostly farmers and their families, living simply, living proudly. My family would often visit some of these farms, these people who had become our friends. The adults would gather around the fireplace and the children would play. There were no TVs and no "mod cons," just a lot of laughter and much fun and contentment. Looking back, it was a magical time. It was romantic. I still yearn for those.

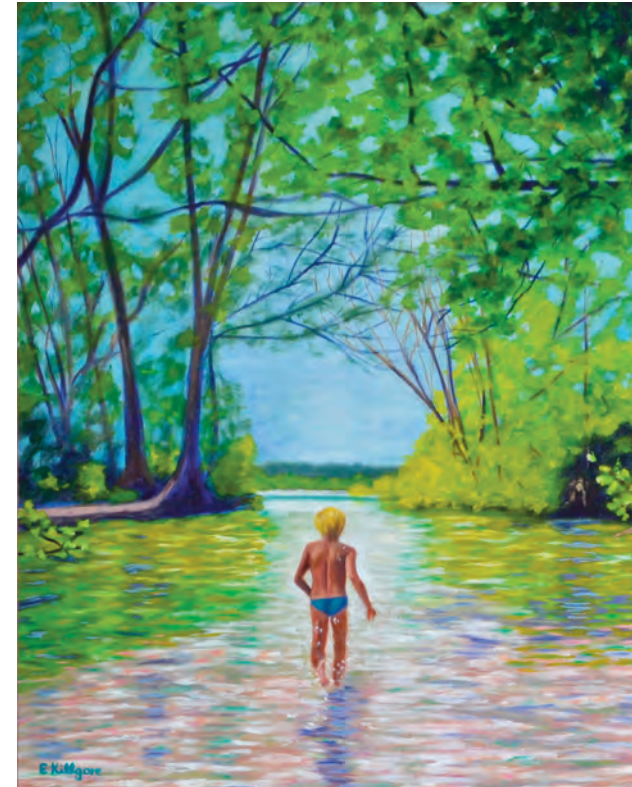


EVERY MORNING...

archival photographic print, 15 x 21 inch, \$900.

Elizabeth Killgore

This painting depicts the best of my childhood. Running after my brother in the warmth of the day, through the shallow water to eventually reach the deeper water ahead. And then to swim for hours, cooling off, and on to explore until dark. It was pure carefree joy. I tried to make the soft colors mixed with the vivid colors paint that feeling of beauty and freedom that we feel as children. And I wanted to show the energy and excitement of running with abandon until your running turns into a dive and the cool of the water. Let us all find that joy in nature, again, whenever and wherever we can.



Joy
oil on linen, 23 x 19 inch, \$1,800.

Linda Kourkoulis

Using barnacle shells as a basic form to create an architectural framework, this image seeks to revisualize the concept of a pregnant woman's body from passive, bounded space towards boundless energy, agential and in constant flux. tones of red and blue referencing various cultural associations for representing earth, sky and heaven, body, blood, and water.



Container of the Uncontainable

etching, auatint, silkscreen, monoprint on Rives BFK paper,
30 x 22 inch, \$375.

Linda Kourkoulis

These monoprints are part of series that explore cultural and societal influences on women's experiences of being pregnant, initiated by the enduring reference to women's bodies across cultures as containers or vessels. The project began with a poem, "The Container of the Uncontainable" by George Seferis, that refers to the Virgin Mary as Mother of the infinite, and uncontainable deity. Read in its original Greek, the word container may be read as land or country, thereby associating Mary with the earth, aligning more closely with Indigenous philosophies and diverse ways of knowing that view spirituality as part of life's continuum.

This image of partial enclosures is composed of limpet and barnacle shells. Seeking to revisualize the concept of a pregnant woman's body from passive, bounded space towards boundless energy, agential and in flux, the underlying screen-print of a tree canopy, suggests natural networks of connectivity upon which the etched copper plate was printed.



Container of the Uncontainable II

etching, auatint, silkscreen, monoprint on Rives BFK paper,
30 x 22 inch, \$375.

Jean Krasno

This big band song depicts a train pulling into the Chattanooga train station with celebrated dancing, bands playing and the Andrew sisters singing along. Jazz has always been one of my favorite genres of music from even my high school days when we used to go to Rush Street in Chicago, sit in the gallery for under-aged aficionados and listen to the likes of Miles Davis, Amad Jamal, and other greats.



Chattanooga Choo Choo

collaged lithographs, oil pastel, pencil, 22 x 30 inch, \$1,500.

Ron Lake

I get lost on purpose when I come down from my Vermont gallery on the way back to CT. This old Cadillac was in a salvage yard on the side of the road somewhere near Bennington. This new thing I'm doing called "focus stacking" lets you get insane depth and very detailed focus. What better technique could possibly exemplify this image. This car is a history lesson on that was then and this is now.... Who remembers directional vents, for heat and a real speedometer. This Cadillac is circa 1960 and one of the first to have power windows, over there on the drivers side. It also has the slider bar that gave you 5 more radio stations, and a hidden cigarette lighter, that was spring loaded to pop out. Ah such luxury.....

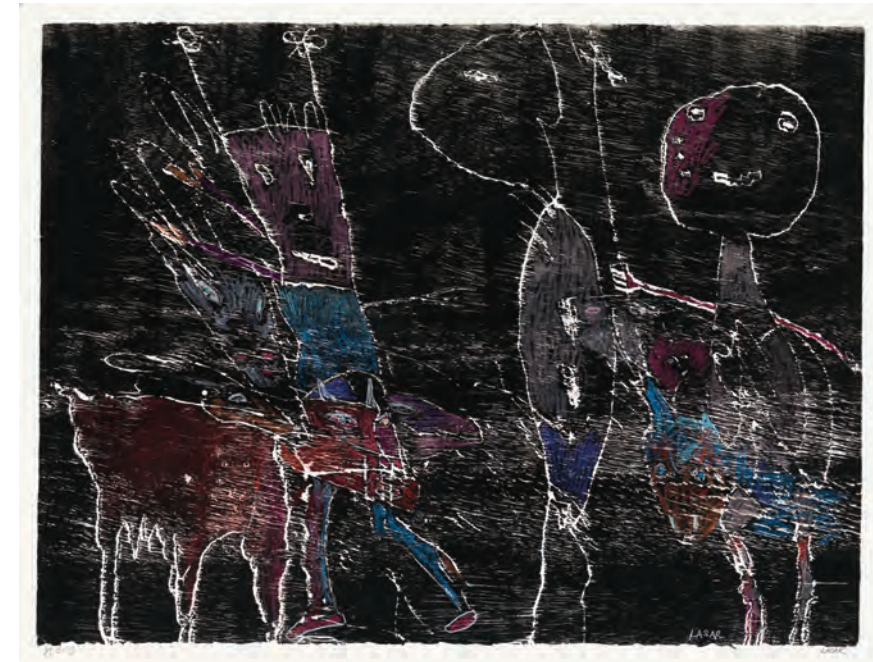


Bring Back My Cadillac

color photograph on varnished paper, 30 x 60 inch, \$3,500.

Nancy Lasar

For centuries immigrants, itinerants, vagabonds, gypsies and migrants have to take to the road by desire or necessity to seek a better life. They cross rivers, deserts, mountains and oceans with little on their backs, facing dangers unknown and unfathomable with lack of food and sanitation. They are sometimes shunned, disparaged and displaced. They often flee prosecution and imprisonment as well. They are bewildered. Frequently in shock and unable to comprehend what will come next. Today the scope of migration and displacement is overwhelming and impossible to ignore.



Exodus: On the Road Again #2
woodcut, color pencil, 22 x 30 inch, \$950.

Cate Leach

The porcelain figure is delicate. Her glaze is shiny and brittle. She feels constrained. At any time, she might “lose her head” in rebellion to the confines placed upon her. It seems that this has happened. She is no longer content with the demure restrictions and expectations placed upon her by society. She has had it! She has lost her head! In its place has grown an abstract, cubist extension of her new self. She has new thoughts, daring thoughts, bold thinking. She embraces the abstract and unknown. The cubist tendrils of her new freedom have liberated her.



Girl in a Box
assemblage, 8 x 14 x 3 inch, \$900.

Cate Leach

With a curtsy the young dancer acknowledges her teacher and mentor. With humility and gratitude, she lowers her gaze in respect. He in turn watches from a distance. Between them stands the architecture of the life she has created since his death many years ago. Subsequently, she has applied the focus and discipline of ballet to the dedication and challenge of making art. Images of her paintings, prints and constructions appear through the windows of interiors. These are the interiors of her inner creative life. She has learned his most essential lessons. He is pleased.



Reverence
assemblage, 17 x 32 x 3 inch, \$1,500.

Robert Loebell

This piece tells the story of my son's wedding, inspired by Bruegel's Wedding Dance (with a joke in title from Game of Thrones' "Red Wedding"). I wanted to create a narrative about the wedding that showed the energy of the people dancing, using a series of my photos. I was also interested in getting the images themselves to feel like they were a part of the wedding by creating movement of the pictures in the composition.



Purple Wedding Dance
purpleheart wood, 18 x 33 x 2 inch, \$2,500.

Rita Maas

Shortly after my mother's death, I found myself sorting through a box of negatives she had saved from when she was a young woman, before she was my mother. While handling these fragile objects I wondered what these negatives meant to her, why she had saved them. As she was not longer there to ask, my questions remain unanswered.

Photography is often associated with preserving memory, yet memories themselves are intangible; you cannot touch them. The memory attached to these pictures are now inaccessible.

For this project, I chose to place the negatives on a scanner bed and scan them as objects, not as images, or "as is." I intentionally obscure from the viewer what is pictured. Fingerprints, dust and scratches, on both the film and the scanner bed, hold the traces of those that have touched them over time. While every picture tells a story, it is not necessarily ours to tell.



Cabin

pigment ink on Hanhнемühle Photo Rag paper,
16.75 x 12.75 inch, \$650.

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Swim Caps
pigment ink on Hanhнемühle Photo Rag paper,
16.75 x 12.75 inch, \$650.

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Friends

pigment ink on Hanhнемühle Photo Rag paper,
16.75 x 12.75 inch, \$650.

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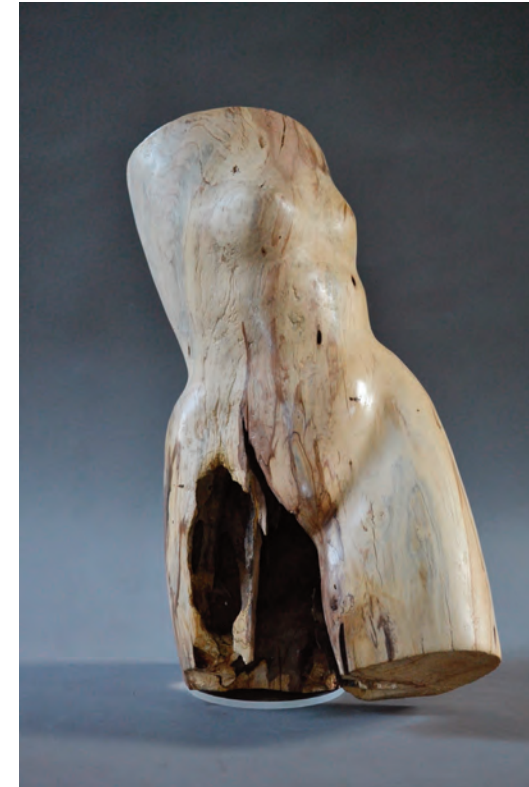
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Christmas in Jackson Heights
pigment ink on Hanhнемühle Photo Rag paper,
16.75 x 12.75 inch, \$650.

Janice Mauro

As I found it, the natural rotting of this dogwood branch had a certain beauty and explosive quality that spoke to me. The lean of the wood helped carry the force that would occur in such violence. The softly carved torso morphs into this thrust and disfigurement, allowing the viewer to experience a crushing visceral reaction. Still others may feel at peace, knowing time is the master of change and all living beings will eventually pass through the cycle of life.



What Once Was
dogwood, 18.5 x 9.5 x 9 inch, \$5,200.

Carl Mehrbach

Being pushed against a wall is worrisome. Why surround me? Why restrict me? Why create a barrier that locks me into a corner? What do you want from me? This painting is starkly lit. Its atmosphere enticingly warm, yet it is fearsome. Here is dichotomy: atmospherically warm yet worrisomely restricted. Bullies use messages of restriction to create heightened fear, the kind that makes people pee in their pants. I can imagine a bully mindlessly using vigor in order to control. Here the dichotomy is stark: Bullies control with negative energy, but this space is positively illuminated, it blazes with light. Denying a painting's story is impossible. Visualization is storytelling. There is no such thing as a non-representational painting. I choose to paint "abstractly" in order to clarify the vast emotional and psychological landscapes that reside within myself and my viewers. Our landscapes sit quietly, waiting to be tapped.



2023 No.11
oil on canvas, 50 x 38 inch, \$3,075.

Day Moore

Views from the bottom of the ocean. I'm asked frequently about what inspires me. The serenity below the surface, the beauty of the surroundings and looking up to the surface while seeing both the undersea world reflected back and the world above reflected downwards. My work is often referred to as abstract when in reality they are paintings based on what my camera sees as I ascend through the ocean to reach the surface.



Portal II

pigment, ink, watercolor on paper, 60 x 55 inch, \$3,000.

Julie O'Connor

This was taken in Paris, France on 2/16/2020, our last trip overseas before the pandemic. My husband and I had just come back from a Jan Van Eyck exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts Ghent, Belgium. After a long day, we entered the lobby of the Hotel Meurice. Dalí spent a month here, yearly for 30+ years, and Picasso's wedding banquet was held in the Salon Pompadour. Le Meurice c1835, calls itself the "hotel of artists and thinkers." This truly is the case, as famous guests included Piotr Tchaikovsky, Rudyard Kipling, Placido Domingo, & Yul Brynner. This was the night after the first person in Paris died from COVID, and the lobby was evacuated. I felt compelled to take this photo, inspired by the artists that stayed at this hotel and the lack of human presence. The clock on the wall evokes Dalí's Persistence of Memory, and the combination of the oddly placed work on the ceiling and the traditional crystal candelabra on the table give the photograph a surreal, disjointed feeling.



Salvador Dalí Was Here
digital archival photograph sublimated onto aluminum
18 x 18 inch, \$400.

Carol Paik

My work focuses on overlooked, unwanted materials, so I decided to make use of the ancient felt-tip pens that had accumulated in the bottoms of my drawers. I clearly recall how thrilled I was, as a child, by the vivid color these produced when first touched to paper, and then how quickly that glorious line turned scratchy and faint, making it impossible to fill any area with uniform hue. I learned to re-cap the pen, let it rest, make the most of those first few lines. As an adult, well acquainted with the limitations of these pens, I decided to embrace the peculiar way in which they lay down color. These drawings were made over the course of several weeks, and they tell a story of childhood visions and disappointment, and how my ideas of beauty and desirability have changed. They are also an homage to these pens: their ink is nearly gone and their tips fuzzy and dry, but every day when I picked them up they still gave up a few strokes of brightness, they still left a lovely mark.



Diminishing Returns 1
felt-tip pen on paper in artist frame
20 x 16 inch, \$500.

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Diminishing Returns 2
felt-tip pen on paper in artist frame
20 x 16 inch, \$500.

Hank Paper

All these men with their faces buried in the news - and a woman who's looking off. What is she thinking? Maybe she's the news. At least she is in this image.



In the News
c-print, 24 x 24 inch, \$650.

Barbara Ringer

People are strange, when you're a stranger. The urban landscape is a maze and there's a lot to remember, and to watch out for. Whether it's the subway or a school bus, a little girl's first foray into adult spaces is something she never forgets.

First day of school, or last day of innocence? To this day I fear all forms of public transportation.



Room For One More
photograph, 17 x 17 inch, \$450.

Barbara Ringer

My images evoke the darker moments of childhood, the ones that burrow into the subconscious and dictate later anxieties, phobias, and fears.

A child is caught between two worlds and has only toys in her arsenal. Her understanding of the outside world stems from what she sees through tenement windows or coming out of a black and white television set.

Are childhood memories of trauma real, or are they twisted narratives retro fitted to make sense of fear? Only survivors get to tell the story.

Sometimes it's easier to remember episodes from tv shows than the ones from real life. In the television world, problems could be solved in thirty minutes, bad guys were punished, families were whole. So many stories, showing what the world should be. My available channels were different.



Regularly Scheduled Program
photograph, 17 x 21 inch, \$500.

Jack Rosenberg

The vessel is a reliquary or holy vessel for holding (usually) ashes or human remains. Using the same imagery of the painting HUDS (Hands Up, Don't Shoot!), the final work could in fact, speak to the past, present and future.



HUDS Vessel
stoneware with in-glaze reduction lustre
16 x 12 x 12 inch, \$7,300.

Lisa Scroggins

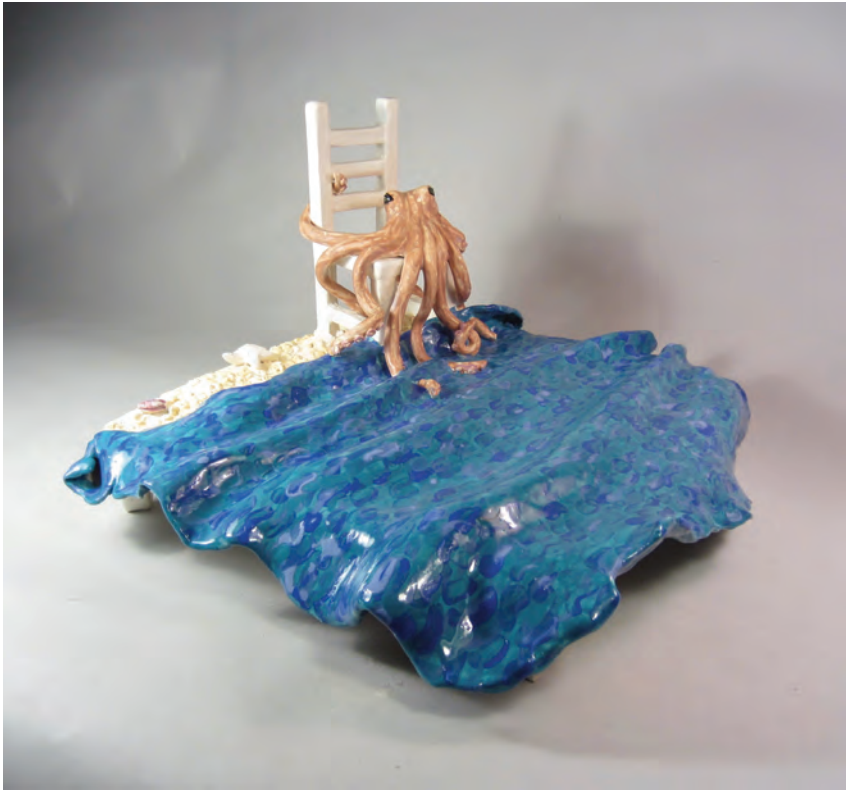
As a young adult I kept a vibrant salt water fish tank for many years. Of all the inhabitants that lived in this waterscape it was the octopus that captured my imagination the most and has inspired some of the more personal narratives in my art. This magical creature filled me with such wonder as I watched its daily life for hours at a time. In *Octopus Ascending*, the scene is set with the creamy yellow clapboard from my family's home of 35 years. This octopus represents my nostalgia and longing for this moment in my life as it makes its way up the ladder to the open window (portal) back to that time many years ago when our home was abuzz with family life and my parents were alive. This tableau conveys the complexity of my emotions about love and loss associated with the past and the passage of time since, thus allowing in delight at a time of sadness and the enchantment of magical memories.



Octopus Ascending
ceramic, glazes, 13 x 10 x 5 inch, \$2,000.

Lisa Scroggins

This surreal sculpture, at its heart, is about curiosity, bravery, and growth. The juxtaposition of the octopus, the kitchen chair, and the water creates a moment that challenges the norm, allowing these elements to take on new life outside of their usual context. The intelligence and curiosity of the octopus gives it courage to leave its environment to explore this utilitarian human object. The transient nature of this exploration, allowed by the tide's ebb and flow, emphasize the fleeting nature of such momentary decisions as when the tide rolls back out it will carry the chair away and the octopus will return to its world beneath the water. The sea is represented as a rippling sheet, shimmering blue on the surface but also liftable to allow one to see a world beneath, the octopus's home filled with mystery and hidden depths. (A nod here to surrealism and the painting - Dalí at the Age of Six..Lifting the Skin of the Water...). It takes courage and bravery to step into the unknown.



And the Tide Rolled In
ceramic, glazes, 7 x 12 x 12 inch, \$2,000.

Rosalind Shaffer

An argument with bitter words distorts the heads of the two participants in *Burning Words*. The malleability of clay is the perfect vehicle to create the amoebic undulating forms of this piece. The strong words shouted by one, creates a shrinking reaction in the other. Although they are both just heads, their 'body' language tells the story of their tense interaction. The jagged outline of their hair and the irregular edges of the base accentuate the chaos of the moment. Anger is met by submission and fear on the part of the other, and their exaggerated shapes add to their story.



Burning Words
porcelain, glaze, 10 x 12 x 11 inch, \$900.

Barbara Shapiro

How much longer will we be seeing images like this? How uncomfortable are we as a society with the aging process? With the sky rocketing use of products like Botox used both as a preventative measure for people as young as their 20's and 30's hoping to ward off wrinkles and those who wish to erase the marks of time and hoping to meet their younger self. But as we know none of us is immune to the passage of time. The two people in these dry points were created and printed separately; they were not intended to be placed together. But for me the chemistry of these two was palpable. I saw them as a long-separated couple living a distance away from each other who had recently begun corresponding. The look of love and concern is made even more poignant for me given their age. "To me, fair friend, you never can be old, For as you were when first your eye I ey'd, such seems your beauty still..." -Shakespeare



Love Letters

dry point on printmaking paper, 19 x 25 inch, \$450.

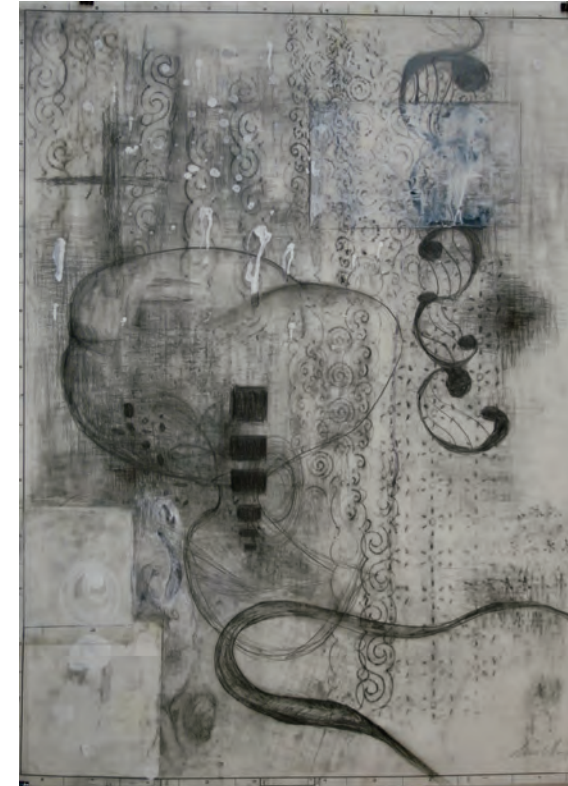
Susan Sharp

I have been thinking of my grandfather as of late with the tragic news of the war in the Middle East. At the young age of 18, escaping pressure from his father to be a rabbi, he left his home in Colash, Poland and boarded a ship for America around 1900. In time he brought his large family over.

He wasn't a believer in organized religion but he became an ardent Zionist, raising money and on his numerous trips to Israel fraternized with such Israeli leaders as Golda Meir and Moshe Dyan.

He started an embroidery factory and made beautiful decorative lace as well as emblems for soldiers during World Wars I and II. I have much of his lace embroidery and began using the patterns over the years in my prints and paintings.

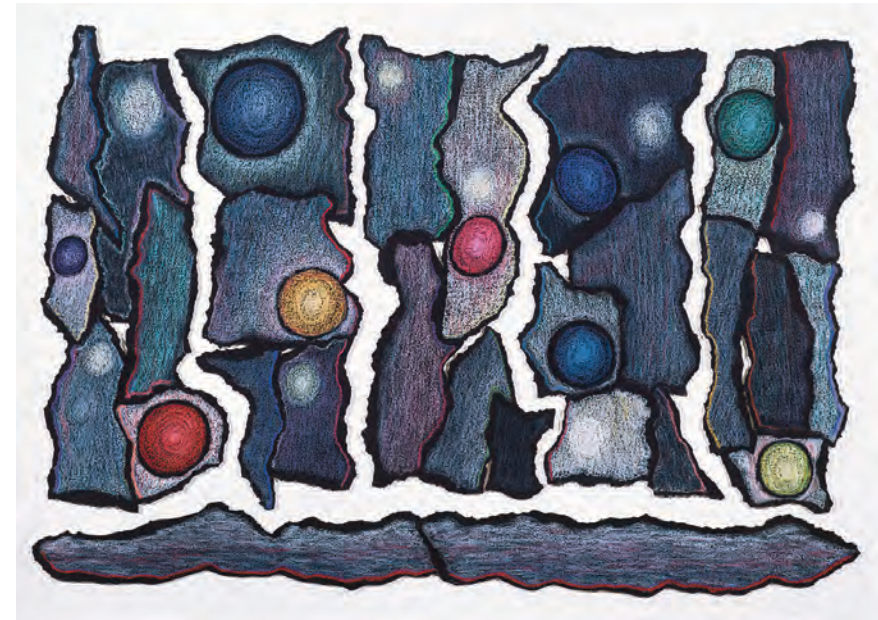
My work entitled Colash is on architectural drafting mylar. The lace patterns are made from rubbings integrated with collage and paint.



Colash
mixed media on drafting mylar
44 x 34 inch, \$8,000.

Marlene Siff

Trying to resolve and reach an acceptable agreement between opposing sides, is one of life's difficult challenges. My husband Elliott was the inspiration for this work on paper. He was a master of the art of negotiation. He always found a way to solve the problem and make things manageable and acceptable. I gave this work on paper to him as a birthday present. I loved his interpretation when he viewed it for the first time. He said, "the vertical shapes are all the issues and the shape below is the bottom line." Elliott was always so proud to show the work and tell his interpretation to everyone who came to his office.

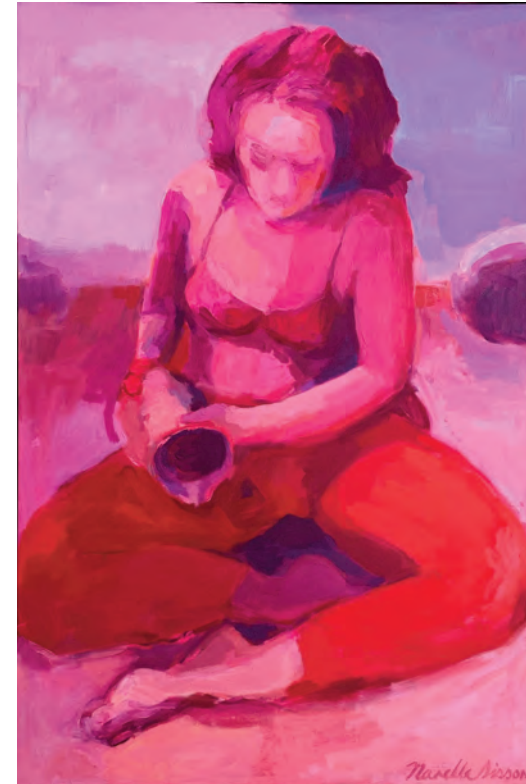


Negotiation

watercolor, oil pastel on torn Arches 300 lb paper,
42.75 x 58.25 inch, NFS

Narelle Sissons

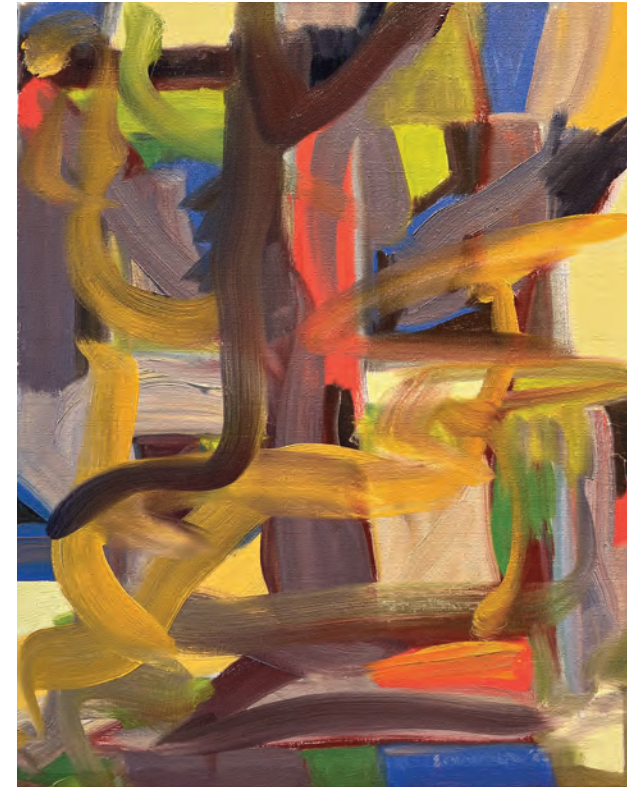
This painting tells the story of water that has been collected from a natural source and used to benefit life in the home. This activity is timeless, being practiced continuously from the stone age to the present day. The container could be a Greek vase, a Chinese porcelain jar or contemporary pottery. This work expresses the value of this precious resource, clean pure water, which is essential to life, yet threatened by industrial pollution and environmental degradation.



The Water Jug
oil on canvas, 36 x 24 inch, \$2,400.

Susan Sommer

Many times it is music that is the framework for my inspirations. Stature alludes to an upright postural, while thinking about the figure at rest. The painting was painted in one sitting.



Stature
oil on linen, 20 x 16 inch, \$2,500.

For those of us who grew up during the Cold War, Cuba was a place of darkness and evil. It was ninety miles away, a threat to our security. But as we grew older and learned more about its history, we realized the story had many more sides to it. Cuba had been colonized by one country after another for centuries. There had been rebellion after rebellion, leader after leader. Most were corrupt, occasionally one was not. It was not a story writ in black and white.

So when I traveled to Cuba a few years ago, I was thinking about how I could suggest this complex layering of experience in my photographs. The day I arrived, I was sitting on a bus looking out the side window. I could see what was directly outside that window, overlaid by other reflections from both the front and opposite window of the bus.

What I was seeing was a collage, a visual metaphor for the Cuban experience. And that was when I knew how I would photograph Cuba.



Cuba/Layers 1
archival pigment print, 10 x 13 inch, \$650.

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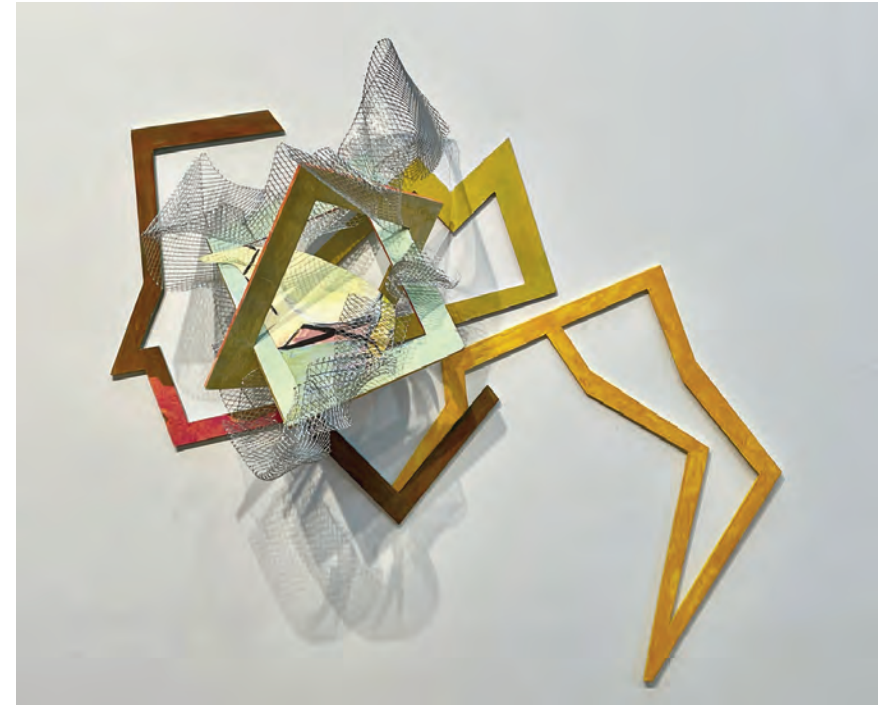
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Cuba/Layers 10
archival pigment print, 10 x 13 inch, \$650.

Judith Steinberg

No Dead Ends is such a good example of my process. It is part of a series that has been happening over the last few months, and feels like a true gift.....one move leads to the next.....an addition is followed by a take away; anything and everything seem possible. It is full of "what if's" and "yes, but's", which guide and move my story and my days.



No Dead Ends
foamcore, wood, acrylic, wire mesh
46 x 32 x 10 inch, \$2,000.

Susan Stillman

The content of my paintings is usually inspired by the landscape and the effects of changing light. No narrative. No story. Intense color. A few years ago we visited Charleston SC for the first time. A visit to the 18th century plantation house, Drayton Hall, was a very moving experience. Most historic homes and the southern plantations have taken great pains to reconstruct the way of life of their time, filling the spaces with antique furniture and timely objects. Drayton Hall is completely empty, and the painted surfaces have been left to wear away, revealing multiple colors from different eras. The effect is ghostly and the empty, light filled spaces conjure the legacy of suffering that must have occurred with almost 100 slaves supporting the plantation. You also feel the abrupt end to the wealth and privilege of that era.



Ghosts of Charleston #1
acrylic on canvas, 54 x 46 inch, \$5,500.

Art history contains many depictions of the self contained light source. Often in depictions of the holy, a scene's brightest light and centre of interest will be a saint, a baby, or other stand in for godliness.

On a less religious level, a lit building in a night landscape is often a beacon of safety or warmth. It offers brotherhood, safety, civilization as opposed to the wilderness of the forest.

I enjoyed using this "light beacon" motif in this still life. Chopsticks, a small bowl and a take out container are the characters in my narrative. Someone has opened the box and inside, there must be something wonderful. Why else the light?



Take Out
oil on canvas, 12 x 12 inch, \$1,100.

Pamela Tucker

What began as a simple still life depicting pitchers, mugs and other miscellaneous kitchen objects, became a metaphor for those lost or isolated in an unclear environment.

As I worked on the painting the mugs and other items, I began painting out extraneous objects one by one. I began focusing on the pitchers and their closeness to one another. One pitcher seemed to be shielding the other. Their spouts seemed to be just touching in a light kiss. The background surrounds them as if a blue grey cloud.

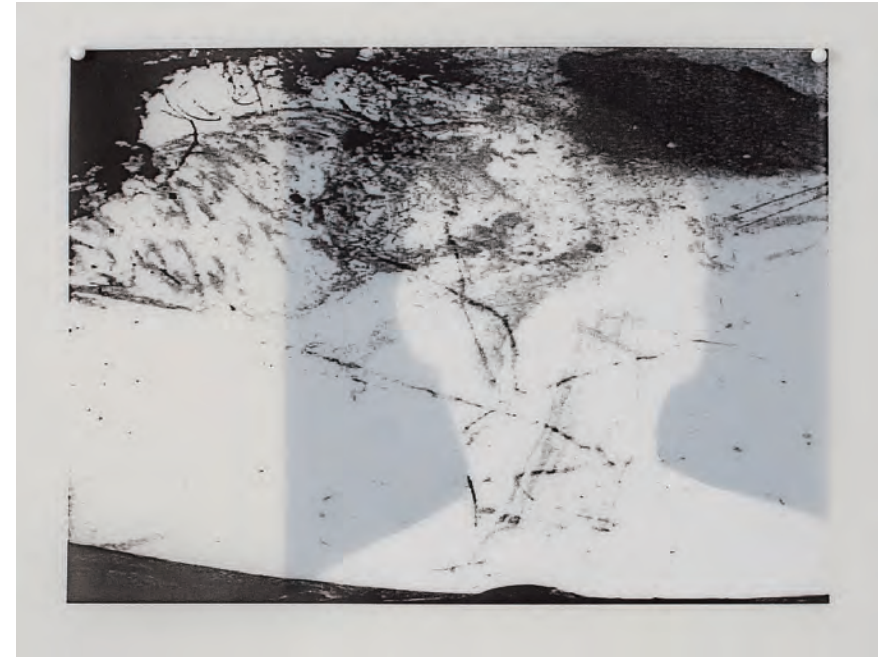
You could call it anthropomorphising the objects but I think of it more as me imbuing my painting with emotion.



Refugees
oil on canvas, 20 x 20 inch, \$1,200.

Mitchell Visoky

These are part of a series of images that explore the idea of identity and being anonymous, not seen. We have all experienced times when we are overlooked, not picked, or not heard. The image is unidentifiable and generic. We all want to be noticed in some way.



Man in Fog
acrylic, vellum, pins on paper, 15 x 17 inch, \$800.

Mitchell Visoky

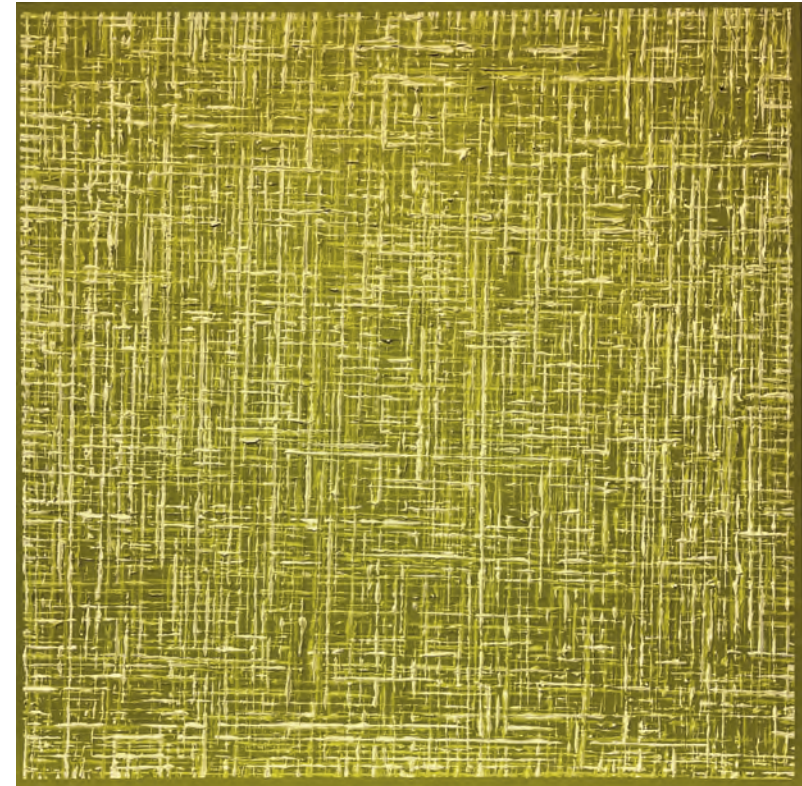
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Man in Fleck
acrylic, vellum, pins on paper, 17 x 15 inch, \$800.

Gregg Welz

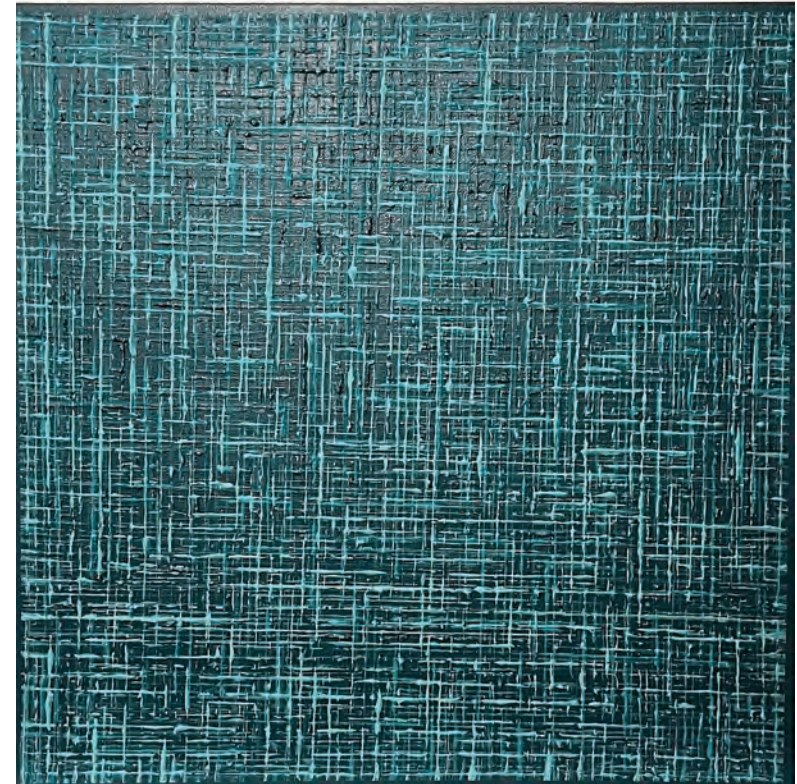
In my latest series, I draw upon the intricate beauty of nature's tapestry, exploring the rich interplay of color and texture. Shoal echoes the organic allure of tidal pools, invoking images of delicate periwinkles and dancing seaweed. Fern is reminiscent of forest floors adorned with moss and ferns. Inspired by the rhythmic art of weaving, I meticulously construct each piece, layering textured hues in a methodical left-to-right, top-to-bottom progression akin to crafting fabric. Building upon my previous exploration of repetitive patterns within the grid, I now delve deeper into the tranquility of this process, evoking a sense of calm within the viewer's experience and inviting contemplation and connection with the subtle rhythms of the natural world. Through my work, I aim to capture moments of serene beauty, inviting viewers to immerse themselves in the intricate harmony of color and form.



Fern
acrylic on canvas, 20 x 20 inch, \$1,000.

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Shoal

acrylic on canvas, 20 x 20 inch, \$1,000.

Joan Wheeler

Mahsa Amini was a young woman in Iran who was arrested by the "morality police" and later found dead and badly beaten. Her crime? Appearing in public with a few strands of hair escaping from her hijab. Women across the world reacted with sorrow and outrage. In protest, starting in Iran, but soon spreading across continents, women began publicly cutting off locks of their own hair. This is but one example of the oppression of women over centuries and across cultures.

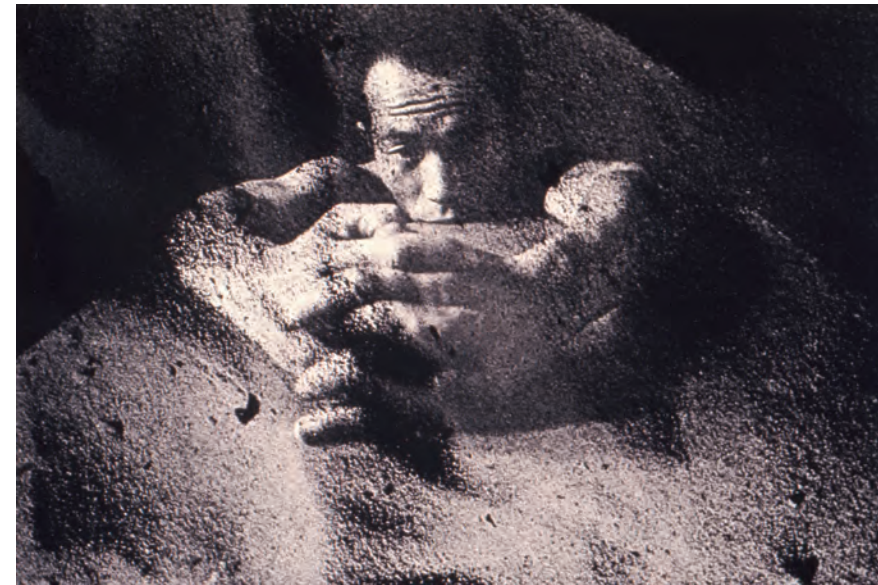


A Question of Morality/Mourning Mahsa
fiber, 30 x 44 inch, \$2,500.

Michael Yamaoka

I had become familiar with the work of the Japanese photographer, Eiko Hosoe, who had published an iconic monograph of black and white images of the very famous and controversial Japanese author, actor, and political figure Yukio Mishima. My friend Shig Ikeda, who I knew from our student days at Art Center in California, and as a fellow photographer in New York, bore a striking resemblance to Mishima, and I wanted to further explore some of the visual themes of Hosoe's work using Shig as the model.

Mishima (as personified by Shig in these images) was both revered and vilified in Japan, as an emotional and disruptive force in the country's cultural and political landscape, and was best known in the West for his novels and his dramatic, public ritual suicide. In these two images, I sought to illustrate the many layered, conflicted inner life of this complicated man with suggestive images superimposed in the camera, long before the invention of Photoshop.



Spiritual Confrontation
digital photograph on paper, 22 x 28 inch, \$2,000.

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The Prison of Obsession
digital photograph on paper, 27 x 22 inch, \$2,000.

Silvermine Guild of Artists

Silvermine has been a place for artists to gather since 1906 when visionary sculptor Solon Borglum moved to the area and held annual exhibitions in his studio. He created weekly artist-critiques called the Knockers Club. Formed in 1922, The Silvermine Guild of Artists was incorporated in 1924 as a not-for-profit to provide a permanent and supportive community of artists. Guild members represent artists that have a high level of accomplishment and are selected through a jurying process.

Silvermine Guild of Artists has been a hub for some of the most talented artists in the Northeast. Guild membership has grown to almost 300 artist members nationwide, and has included such renowned artists as Abe Ajay, James Daugherty, Carlus Dyer, James Flora, James Grashow, Robert Kaupelis, Alice Neel, Gabor Peterdi, Charles Reiffel, James Rosenquist and honorary member Faith Ringgold.

Since its inception, guild membership has been a selective peer jurying process. As a result, the guild has held its membership to high standards with many members having work represented in permanent collections of some of the world's most prestigious museums, as well as prominent private and corporate collections.

Silvermine Galleries

Silvermine Galleries represents the Silvermine Guild of Artists. Our Galleries have exhibited art luminaries including Joseph Albers, Gabor Peterdi, Milton Avery, Elaine deKooning, Clement Greenberg, Alice Neel, Louise Nevelson, Larry Rivers, Christo and Jeanne-Claude, Faith Ringgold, James Rosenquist, Chuck Close, Philip Johnson, and many others.

The Galleries continue to expand on our heritage through compelling exhibitions of art by emerging and internationally recognized artists. A distinguished list of curators have juried many of our landmark exhibitions, among them are Dore Ashton, Milton Avery, Bill Carroll, Tom Eccles, Andre Emmerich, Jennifer Farrell, Henry Geldzahler, Patricia Hickson, Hilton Kramer, Beth McLaughlin, Barbara O'Brien, David Ross, Holly Solomon, Allan Stone, Ann Temkin, and Marcia Tucker.

Our exhibitions are accompanied by programming that encourages appreciation of art and its role in society. Our layered approach is tailored to make our exhibitions meaningful, accessible, and enjoyable for diverse audiences of every age and background and always offer opportunities for visitors to connect with art, and each other through an exploration of ideas.

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