“Life” — Sam Rein
Solo Exhibition at Barrett Art Center

By RAYMOND J. STEINER

IT’S ALWAYS A distinct pleasure for this viewer to come across a working artist from the “old school” — you know, someone who can draw, manipulate a paint-laden brush, compose a motif, vary a “signature”, avoid a hackneyed formula that “sells”…in brief, bring a two-dimen-
sional surface alive not only to the eye, but also to the spirit and soul. A humanist with wit, perception, and sensitivity, Sam Rein could not have chosen a more fitting title for this solo exhibition* since “Life” so aptly reveals his long love affair with the pathos and bathos of the human condition. This is an artist who not only loves his craft, but who also is in sympathy with the nature of being — whether it be person, object, or landscape.

Some thirty-seven works — charcoal, pastels, watercolors, gouches, acrylics and even a pencil drawing (“Reclining Nude, Head on Hand”) — make up this show, more than enough to showcase Rein’s versatility in motif, genre, and style. As much a master colorist as he is a draftsman — his black and white renditions are as commanding as are his paintings — Rein’s eye for transforming the commonplace into vivid imagery (“Track Three”; “Table Talk Al Fresco” — a charming genre piece of three oldsters conversing around an outdoor table) is compelling, inviting the viewer to enter, to participate in whatever is unfolding before the eye. Especially “present” in their “thereness” — what the early German aestheticians referred to as the ding an sich (the thing in itself) — are his studies of the female figure, his skill of transforming lounging women in various stages of dress or undress (a recurrent motif in each of the mediums), some appearing “distant”, others engaging the viewer.

Continued on Page 7
Peeks and Piques!

OUTGH AN ART critic “know” — or ought he “feel” — or ought he both? Ought he do both? Can he do both? Not really an idle question — and it’s been around for some time, most often discussed in journals dealing with aesthetics (such as the one I receive from The American Society of Aesthetics). Some have argued — cogently — for critics to not “define”, but rather to reveal one’s “impression” of a work of art (PETER). They contend that “beauty”, for example, is an indefinable abstract and, no matter how knowledgeable one might be, one simply cannot arrive at a definitive characterization of what it “is” (regardless of what the definition of ‘is’ is, ex-presidents notwithstanding). Critics, then, ought only know what they feel and can only ask, “What effect does it produce on me?” This argument is extended even more forcibly by those who claim that, when we come right down to it, not only can we not strictly define an abstraction — we can’t even properly define non-abstractions (HERDER). This is because, the argument goes, we “inherit” a language replete with both abstractions and non-abstractions and, as we are so far removed from the origins of words, that we only know “things” at second-hand, completely ignorant of the thought processes involved in the human effort of ‘defining’ things in the first place. They claim that some, especially critics, merely moth words and concepts without really knowing what they are talking about (pace, Socrates). Along these lines, I believe it was Ben Shahn who once compared critics to eunuchs — they knew all the technical moves and terminology, but couldn’t do it themselves. Nice image — and probably not too far off the mark, either. The conundrum of “knowing” or “feeling” becomes particularly sticky when we come to art. I’ve often discovered, for example, that the more I was moved by an artist’s work, the less was I able to put into words what I was seeing or of how it was done — “knowledge” failed me; conversely, the more I knew what an artist was ‘doing’, the less emotional effect I would experience — “feeling” failed me. Turning the question on its head, what ought art do? Make us know, or feel? Or, ought it do both? Can it do both? Some very latest “cutting edge” critics (DANTO, for one) even suggest that the very paradigm that brought the concept of “art” into being has collapsed, no longer applicable to what is now termed as “art” — indeed, he calls into question the very notion of “art,” claiming that since no rules can be brought to bear on a definition of it, any object has the right to be called “art.” He gives credit to what is called “Pop” art for the collapse, and to Warhol specifically for his “genius” in bringing it about (cf. his book After the End of Art). Thus, in this view, as far as “art” is concerned, we are back to a pre-Renaissance age, another period of “Dark Ages”, a time in the past in which people simply made things — usually for other reasons than for creating “art” since no one at that time had ever thought of placing these objects apart as “art.” Today, the line once drawn between a box of brillo and a picture of a box of brillo has, for some, blurred for all time and there is no longer felt to be a distinction between art and non-art. If Arthur Danto is correct in his assumptions, we might say we are now in a “Danto’s Inferno” where the terms “art” and “artist” are no longer relevant, each of us reduced to naked sinners maneuvering for position in a series of concentric circles of a modern-day, artscape Hell. So, then — ought a critic feel or know? Which would you, as an artist, prefer criticizing your art — someone who responds, or someone who pontificates? Raymond J. Steiner

Pastel Society of America

Workshops
January 25, 2009, Jeff Webb
Portraits and Figures
February 8, 2009, Christine Debarry
Floral and Still Life
February 15, 2009, Diana DeSantis
Landscape
February 22, 2009, Gabriela Delloso & Mario Robinson - Pastel Basics & Portraits from Photos
March 1, 2009, Christine DeBarry
Floral and Still Life

PSA National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South, NY, NY 10003; Call 212-533 6931;
email: pastelny@juno.com or log in at: www.pastelsocietyofamerica.org
Energy & Emotionalism in Art

By JEANNE HEIBERG

ONE OF MY favorite sayings concerning art comes from the novelist Leo Tolstoy, who defined it as “conscious communication of feeling.” A visual arts movement quietly growing for fourteen years, and accelerating since 2004, more than lives up to this statement. The artists involved call themselves “The Emotionalists.”

The concept began in the United States with a Polish artist, Lubomir Tomaszewski, who saw the need to bring more of the human aspect back into the arts. After previous vanguards of cubism, minimalism, and sensational tabloid-worthy exhibits featuring such phenomenon as “as a bicycle on a pedestal, a urinal, a giant toilet or hamburger,” Professor Tomaszewski began to incorporate into his own works, “a purpose that is visible in the works themselves... created not as a result of cold intellectual calculation and application of proper formulas or recipes, but rather of deep world experience” and that speaks “directly to the recipient’s emotions...art that resonates naturally and deeply within the viewer, observer or listener.

“Art can play an important role in individual and social life, if it has a positive relationship to mankind, if it’s helpful in building a better human being or a better society, instead of solely entertaining or surprising the viewer,” Tomaszewski teaches. “Contact with a work of art should enrich the viewer and allow for experiences that he/she never had before.”

Looking for this purpose in the work of others, Tomaszewski brought together a multi-disciplinary group of artists—painters, sculptors, print-makers, musicians, dancers and designers. He gave them a voice, saying “We believe that now is the time for change, to create art that is profound, strong, passionate...art that doesn’t require an elaborate explanation; art that involves the whole man, who he is and who he can become.”

While the emotionalists have been widely exhibited in the United States and Europe, Basha Maryanska of Athens NY, a member of the Emotionalist group, has been curating some of their shows throughout the USA and in Europe, with the idea that they have been gradually becoming a movement. Exhibiting her own work and acting as curator for many shows brought her into contact with other artists from Europe, Australia, and throughout the United States. She observed that, despite cultural differences, many artists shared feelings compatible with the Emotionalists, and saw that Emotionalism is larger than the existing group. For the past four years, since she began work as a curator, and at the same time expanded the range of showing her own work, she saw Emotionalism growing as an international movement.

With this vision, and the backing of the Professor, Maryanska invited artists to a show, Energy, the Art of Emotionalism, at New York City’s New Century Gallery. As curator she brought together artists from different parts of the world who show internationally, in order to show the universality of Emotionalism. She chose for its site Chelsea, Manhattan, “one of the most international places of the world where all arts meet and create new configurations,” she said. She wanted a showing “in the heart of this most contemporary art section in New York City, where artists from all over the world meet and where all the distant cultures come together.”

The invited artists responded passionately to the question about ENERGY, an issue currently so important to everyone. “It touches all of us,” Maryanska said, “so of course the invited artists were excited about expressing their thoughts, feelings and emotions in painting, graphics and sculpture.”

Professor Tomaszewski began working with energy twenty years ago. Trained as an engineer, he designed and installed a solar energy system in his Connecticut home. It cost $1,200 and has saved him $10,000 in the intervening years. Photos of this system are shown at many of his exhibits, along with his rhythmic moving sculpture in metal, wood and stone.

Emotions carry a lot of energy, an aspect of the arts that deserve more exploration. Einstein gave impetus to energy concepts with his E=MC formula; this easily applies to visual arts, poetry and writing. E means Energy, which translates into M, Matter, (or vice versa) as it is affected by C, velocity or speed, often thought of as light, the fastest moving observable phenomenon.

Scientists usually start with matter, and find ways to turn it into energy; huge colliders are being built to crash atoms at high speed to measure the resulting energy. Some practical, visual results of Einstein’s work are computers, cell phones, the high tech world we have today. The arts go in the opposite direction, turning the energy of ideas and inspiration into physical embodiments of paint, pigment, sounds, music, spoken and written words. The energy of ideas, meanings, emotions, and feelings are in these arts, and that is what differentiates them from random colors and shapes, sounds and babbling words.

All arts involve some form of matter. Visual arts need paint, pigments, color and shape, while music utilizes instruments and sounds. Poetry utilizes images, sensory memories of things seen, heard, tasted and touched as vehicles to carry things you can’t see, abstractions, emotions, qualities, feelings. One poet gives exercises in which you have a teacup full of friendliness, anger, nostalgia, joy, or a blizzard of desolation, hope or possibilities, a concrete block or a river carrying ideas. In poetry, energy builds with images until it explodes into an “Ah!” moment for the reader.

Maryanska has curated other shows, including a May, 2008 international exhibition of Emotionalism in Beacon, NY that proved so popular it was extended for an additional month. At this and other openings there表演ed and music—emotionalism is not only for the visual arts. Poet Robert Reidy reads while Mietek Glinkowski plays an electric violin, providing another apt expression of energy in art.

Helen Adler, granddaughter of Felix Adler, founder of the Ethical Culture movement, loves and writes poetry. When we spoke of some poems in literary magazines, she said, “I get so tired of all this stream of consciousness and obscure poetic writing that comes out of Academia—poets writing for themselves, from their own subconscious, that doesn’t move people unless they are exactly at that point.” After we liked, Adler continued, “Great poets evoke a resonance, a response; they touch each person.”

Her last statement might be the goal of Emotionalist writers. At present, however, it’s carried largely by visual artists such as Maryanska, Tomaszewski, and their enthusiastic colleagues. Earlier, in Poland, Maryanska carried out an emotional action during Solidarity, when Communist guns were trained on the Gdansk shipyards. When she and other artists were photographed placing flowers in gun muzzles, her secret work for Solidarity became known. To escape prison she was spirited out of Poland, and eventually came to upstate New York.

Tomaszewski, Emotionalist’s chief founder, now lives in Connecticut, in the Warsaw uprising during World War II. Perhaps heartfelt engagement in the struggles of difficult and terrible times equipped Tomaszewski and many of his colleagues to engage now with a movement called Emotionalism.

(Jeanne Heiberg lives in Athens, NY: jeannesarts@gmail.com).

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NATIONAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN CASEIN AND ACRYLIC 55th National Juried Exhibition at the Salmagundi Club, 47 5th Avenue, NYC February 16th — February 27th. Awards Reception Friday, February 27, 7pm

Slide deadline January 15th.

Featuring the ROBERT SANSTROM PRIZE-Gold Medal and $5000. Over $14,000 in prize money and medals.

Entry fee: Non-members, $20.

For prospectus: send SASE to: D. Wels, Corr. Secy., 1710 1st Ave., #245, New York, NY 10128

Requests for additional information:
Douglas Wiltraut, 969 Catsauqua Road, Whitehall, PA 18052,
610-264-7472 / doug602ku@aol.com

The office is closed until Feb 4.

We will check messages and email periodically. If you missed the deadline for calendars, opportunity listings or advertising, we can accommodate you online. Send an email to info@arttimesjournal.com

Four Seasons

an exhibit of art quilts by the California Fiber Artists presented by HUDSON RIVER VALLEY ART WORKSHOPS

at the Greenville Arms 1889 Inn
Sept 4 - Dec 31, 2008
Hours: Wed. - Sun. 10am to 4pm
11135 Route 32, Greenville, NY 12083

Because our Calendar of Events is prepared a month in advance, dates and times are subject to change. Please call ahead to insure accuracy. The county (and state if not NYS) where the event takes place is noted in bold at the end of each listing.

January Ongoing

Saturday 6-9pm, DINNER CONCERTS / Sundays 11am-2pm, BRUNCH CONCERTS Cafe Mezzaluna, 626 Route 212, Saugerties, NY (845) 246-5306 Ulster

Jan 9 - March 8 *BAD DATES* Shakespeare & Company, 70 Kremble St., Lenox, MA (413) 677-3053 change Berkshires, MA

Jan 9-25 “POLLYES” Center for Performing Arts at Rhinebeck, 661 Route 308, Rhinebeck, NY (845) 876-6750 charge Dutchess

Jan 22-25 POETRY INSPIRED BY ORIGINS EXHIBIT Hudson Valley Center for Contemporary Art (HVCCA), 1701 Main Street, Peekskill, NY (914) 788-0100 Thu-Sa 6pm; Su & Su 2pm Westchester

Thursday, January 1

BEFORE YOU BLINK: Photography / NEW YEAR IN SOUTHEAST ASIA New City Library, 220 North Main St., New City, NY (845) 634-4957 x1395 (thru Jan 31) Rockland

HILL RBYAK: Infrastructures and Dreams G.A.S Visual Art and Performance Space, North Main Gallery, 196 N. Main Street, Poughkeepsie 843-486-1378 (thru Jan 11) Dutchess

BRENT MCCULLOUGH: Photographer VanBuren Gallery 215 Main St., New Paltz, NY (845) 256-8568 (thru Jan 10) Ulster

ELKE ALBRECHT: Paintings Ceiling Gallery 1001 Madison Ave., New York, NY 212-978-6761 (thru Feb) NYC

ELLEN HOPKINS: Watercolors Chappaqua Library Gallery, 195 South Greeley Ave., Chappaqua, NY (914) 921-6642 (thru Jan 11) Westchester


FIELDWORK: Will Kefauver’s Landscapes In Oil Friends of Westchester County Parks, WPA Gallery, Ward Pound Ridge Reservation, Rts. 121 & 35, Cross River, NY (914) 864-7119 (thru Mar 16) Westchester

GREAT WOMAN ARTISTS: Feminist Art from the Permanent Collection Neuberger Museum of Art, Window Gallery, Purchase College, 73 Anderson Hill Rd., Purchase, NY (914) 251-6100 (thru Jun 7) Westchester

HERSTORY LESSON 3: REVEALING THE FERTILE GODDESS Brooklyn Museum, 1st Floor, 20 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn, NY (718) 638-5000 (thru May 31) NYC

HOLIDAY 2008 EXHIBIT Pymaon Cultural Center, 584 Rtes. 306, Pomona, NY (845) 962-8062 (thru Jan 18) Rockland

HOLIDAY FINE ART EXTRAVAGANZA Colonie Art League, Broadway Art Center, 488 Broadway / Arcade Building, Albany, NY (518) 489-0866 (thru Jan 7 Albany

HOWARD RAVIS: Photography Warner Library, Fitzgerald Gallery, 121 North Broadway, Tarrytown, NY (914) 631-7734 (thru Jan 31) Westchester

JULIA SANTOS-SOLOMON Exhibit Cafe Mezzaluna, 626 Route 212, Saugerties, NY (845) 244-2404-0108 (thru Jan 17) Ulster

KATHERINE GRAY: Paintings Abroad The Village Tea Room & Restaurant, 11 Plattekill Ave., New Paltz, NY (845) 255-3344 (thru Jan 11) Ulster


JULITA RUSSEN: Textile Art Museum of Art, Window Gallery, Purchase College, 73 Anderson Hill Rd., Purchase, NY (914) 251-6100 (thru Jun 7) Westchester

LUCILYN PATTIE EAKIN: Multimedia Theater Gallery, 1701 Main Street, Peekskill, NY (914) 788-0100 (thru Jun 25) Westchester

MAYA (MA) FIELDWORK: Will Kefauver’s Landscapes In Oil Friends of Westchester County Parks, WPA Gallery, Ward Pound Ridge Reservation, Rts. 121 & 35, Cross River, NY (914) 864-7119 (thru Mar 16) Westchester

ORIGINS Hudson Valley Center for Contemporary Art (HVCCA), 1701 Main Street, Peekskill, NY (914) 788-0100 (thru Jul, 26) Westchester

PATTIE EAKIN: Multimedia Theater Gallery, 1701 Main Street, Peekskill, NY (914) 788-0100 (thru Jul, 26) Westchester

SHELDRAKE: A Photographer’s Inspiration Sheldrake Environmental Center, 685 Walker St., Larchmont, NY (914) 844-1443 (thru Mar 2) Westchester

THE BELLES HEURES OF THE DUKE OF BERRY (thru Feb 8): ENGLISH EMBROIDERY FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART 1898-1900 (thru Mar 13) Metropolitan Museum of Art, 2nd St. & Fifth Ave., NYC (212) 555-7170 NYC

THE MAJESTIC HUDSON: Group Show Paramount Center for the Arts, Upper Gallery 2008 Brown St., Peekskill, NY (Jan 12) Westchester

To be Continued on Page 6
Memories of Clive Barnes

By FRANCINE L. TREVENS

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS was responsible for my meeting Clive Barnes. Tennessee was also responsible for my not dining with Clive at that first meeting. Those memories were revived at Thanksgiving week when I learned of the dance/theatre critic’s death.

It had been apparent for some time that Broadway was not what it should not have surprised when he died November 19 of liver cancer. Still, I felt a distinct personal loss. A long chapter of my past had closed: A chapter ranging from the mid 1970’s to the early 21st century.

I met Clive when we were both dance/drama critics; he for the prestigious New York Times, me for the American Film Journal. We lived in the same Manhattan critics. Steve Rothman, then publicist for StageWest, did an impressive job arranging for their transportation, snacks and entertainment at all the major publications to send critics.

We had a bit of a party in the lobby of the theatre on the arrival of the critics. It was a great time! We would down wine like a hurricane, blowing away memories of the uncomfortable business trip and providing a mellowing effect. All the critics were friendly, barbing and bantering with each other. Not in a mean way, but in a polite to me, including Ted Kalem of Time, Walter Kerr of the Sunday Times, and a bursa of others.

Clive was the one I was most nervous about. He had written the Times was a luminary light in my envious eyes. From reading his reviews I knew he had a great sense of humor and a barbed wit. He was utterly charming, appearing to me like more like a pugilist, overgrown, slightly rumpled elf than a famous critic.

Since both we reviewed Jacob’s Pillow and other New England venues, we easily exchanged stories, reactions and tales of letters received from irate actors or disgruntled dancers.

I dined that evening with Mr. William, Clive, Howard Hewes, (reviewer for the Saturday Review) and a small group of other local theatre people. Hewes noted he had gotten Tennessee to turn a story into a play for him, and I was at a press breakfast hosted by Paul Weidner at the Hartford Stage Company a year previously, when Williams said he wished “Cat” with the ending he had committed to new plays and new production values. Maybe in 2000, he was expecting a call from overseas where his son Chris was ailing.

Another time, when I was handling the off Broadway transfer of “Tallulah” with Helen Gallagher, Clive said he would be delayed, coming from another show, but to be sure to hold his seats. Clive smirked his approval.

I would run into Clive at various Broadway plays and he was always friendly and warm.

Whatever production I called him about he was always jolly and polite. Only once did he cut me off, because we would not start anything, particularly the play, until he got his seats.

The couple grumbled and moved. Clive smirked his approval.

As a result of the phone calls I made and his requests, said in her strident voice, “This isn’t very good.” From behind me I heard the familiar low chuckle of Clive Barnes. I turned to look into his smirking face. Mortified, I whispered my daughter silent. Clive whispered I was raising a potential critic. Neither Clive nor I ever mentioned the incident again.

Most shows I handled when I later had my own publicity office were not on Broadway. But a few off Broadway shows intrigued him, as did one play about a famous movie star. When Clive agreed to come to the showcase production, I saw him take two terraced seats in the 75-seat house, and awaited his arrival, slightly late, for the performance. When I walked him into the theatre I found a couple had taken the seats. Clive said he’d sit in the back. I insisted the couple move. They claimed there were no signs on the chairs. I lifted the torn sign from the floor beneath them. Clive did not want me to start anything. I agreed, but we would not start anything, particularly the play, until he got his seats. The couple grumbled and moved. Clive smirked his approval.

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Another time, when I was handling the off Broadway transfer of “Tallulah” with Helen Gallagher, Clive said he would be delayed, coming from another show, but to be sure to hold his seats — with no one in them, he added jovially. I told the ushers.

Clive was later than we had thought. It was past the hour and the house manager wanted to start the play. I insisted he wait another few minutes. The moment Clive’s cab pulled outside the theatre, I told the house manager to start the overture. Clive came huffing and pouting into the theatre, saying he had not waited for him. I explained how we explained how the overture. Clive came huffing and pouting into the theatre, saying he had not waited for him. I explained how we explained how the overture. Clive came huffing and pouting into the theatre, saying he had not waited for him. I explained how we explained how the overture. Clive came huffing and pouting into the theatre, saying he had not waited for him. I explained how we explained how the overture. Clive came huffing and pouting into the theatre, saying he had not waited for him. I explained how we explained how the overture. Clive came huffing and pouting into the theatre, saying he had not waited for him. I explained how we explained how the overture. Clive came huffing and pouting into the theatre, saying he had not waited for him. I explained how we explained how the overture. Clive came huffing and pouting into the theatre, saying he had not waited for him. I explained how we explained how the overture. Clive came huffing and pouting into the theatre, saying he had not waited for him. I explained how we explained how the overture. Clive came huffing and pouting into the theatre, saying he had not waited for him. I explained how we explained how the overture. Clive came huffing and pouting into the theatre, saying he had not waited for him. I explained how we explained how the overture. Clive came huffing and pouting into the theatre, saying he had not waited for him. I explained how we explained how the overture. Clive came huffing and pouting into the theatre, saying he had not waited for him. I explained how we explained how the overture. Clive came huffing and pouting into the theatre, saying he had not waited for him. I explained how we explained how the overture.
Calendar

Friday, January 2
EDDIE AKERS Exhibition Greenwood Lake Public Library, 79 Waterstone Rd., Greenwood Lake, NY (845) 477-8377 x 18 (thru Jan 24) Orange
GROUP SHOW Albany Center Gallery, 39 Columbia St., Albany, NY (518) 462-4775 Opening Reception: 5-9pm (thru Feb 7) Albany

Saturday, January 3
15th. FRIENDS OF PLEASES INVITATIONAL SHOW Phleides Gallery, 330 West 25th St., 4th Fl., NYC (646) 210-0055 Opening Reception: 3-5pm (Jan 17) NYC 21st CENTURY PERSPECTIVES: Printmaking / GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT: The Art Of Food Art Society of Kingston (ASK), 57 Broadway, Kingston, NY (845) 338-0331 Opening Reception: 5-8pm (thru Jan 31) Ulster
2nd ANNUAL WESTBORO ART ALLIANCE MEMBERS EXHIBIT Gallery Link, Enclave Public Library & Museum, 40 cent St., Ellenville, NY (845) 647-5550 Opening Reception: 12-3pm (thru Feb 4) Ulster
DECADENCE AND DECLINE: 2009 Windham Fine Arts Gallery, 5380 Main St., Windham, NY (518) 744-8850 Opening Reception: 7pm Greene
ENG TAY & HIDEAKI MIYAMURA The Harrison Gallery, Williamstown, MA Opening Reception: 5-7pm (thru Jan 28) MA
FIRST SATURDAY GALLERY STROLL Galleries in Hudson, NY Ulster
FIRST SATURDAY GALLERY STROLL Galleries in Kingston, Ulster
OIL, WATER, ACRYLIC TOO Piermont Fine Arts Gallery, 216 Lah St., Piermont Landing, Piermont, NY (845) 899-1907 Opening Reception: 2-9pm (thru Jan 30) Rockland
S.I. SALANT: Photography Valley Cottage Library, 110 Route 303, Valley Cottage, NY (845) 208-7700 (thru Jan 28) Orange

Sunday, January 4
ANNUAL MEMBER'S EXHIBIT & SALE Hopper House Art Center, 82 N. Broadway, Nyack, NY (845) 338-0774 Opening Reception: 2-9pm (thru Jan 29) Rockland

Monday, January 5
MATTHEW ZAPPALA winter woodcuts The Crawford Gallery, 121 E. Main St., Mt. Kisco, NY (917) 478-4227 (thru Feb 22) Ulster

Tuesday, January 6
ELLEN FISCH: Photography, Architectural Visions in Photography Jadite Galleries, 413 west 50th St., NY (212) 315-2740 Opening Reception 6-9pm (Jan 28) NYC
OUT OF THE KITCHEN & OUT OF THE BOX National Association of Women Artists (NAWA) Gallery, 80 Fifth Avenue 14th St., Suite 1405, New York, NY (212) 675-1614 (thru Feb 6) NYC

Thursday, January 8
2009 SMALL WORKS Upstream Gallery, 265 Main St., Dobbs Ferry, NY (914) 674-8548 (thru Feb 1) Westchester
FRIDAY, JANUARY 9
CHERYL VAN HOOVEN: paintings VanBuren Gallery 215 Main St., New Paltz, NY (845) 259-4752 (thru Jan 31) Orange

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Check out our Website: www.arttimesjournal.com

Read previously published essays.

ABSTRACTION, COMPOSITION & COLOR
w/ Jenny Nelson, January 9 - 30, Fridays

COLLAGE
w/ Pia Öste-Alexander, January 17 - 18

INTERPRETING THE LANDSCAPE
w/ Christie Scheele, February 28 - March 1

DRILLS, SKILLS & THRILLS FOR DRAWING & PAINTING
w/ Mariella Bisson, February 6 - 27,

RENDERING IN BLACK & WHITE
w/ Vince Natale, Thursdays

DRAWING, PAINTING & COMPOSITION
w/ Eric Angeloff, Thursdays

PRINTMAKING
w/ Kate McGoughlin, Fridays & Saturdays

ARTISTIC ANATOMY
w/ Michael Peery, Fridays

LIFE DRAWING
w/ Michael Peery, Fridays

SKETCH CLASS (No Instruction)
w/ Frank Duncan, Saturdays

By Tina Nguyen, photo (all) (Jan 19)

Sam Jungkurth
Nudes in a Geometric Landscape

January 27 — February 21, 2009
Artist’s Reception: Thursday, Jan. 29, 5-8pm
Blue Mountain Gallery
530 West 25th St. 4th Fl. NYC
646-486-4730 • Hrs: Tues—Sat 11am-6pm
www.samjungkurth.com

Continued from Page 4

HYBRID VISIONS: Collages Orange County Community College, Orange Hall Gallery, 115 South St., Middletown, NY (845) 444-2254 (thru Feb 13) Orange
VYTALICL RESIDENT SHOW Art Students League, The Elizabeth V. Sullivan Gallery, Vytlacil Campus, 241 Kings Highway, Sparkill, NY (907621) 247-4510 Opening Reception: 5-7pm (thru Jan 29) Rockland

Saturday, January 10
ALTERED REALITY Westchester Photographic Society, Cancer Treatment and Wellness Center, Northern Westchester Hospital, 400 E. Main St., Mt. Kisco, NY (917) 837-2361 Reception: 1-3pm (thru May 11) Westchester
BRENT MCCULLOUGH PHOTOGRAPHY Vanburen Gallery 215 Main St., New Paltz, NY (845) 478-4227 (thru Feb 22) Ulster
CONTEMPORARY WOMEN PAINTERS Carrie Haddad Gallery, 622 Warren St., Hudson, NY (813) 928-1915 Opening Reception: 6-8pm (thru Feb 15) Columbia
HISAKO KOBAYASHI: Exhibit Catskill Art Society, 48 Main St., Livingston Manor, NY (845) 486-4227 (thru Feb 22) Sullivan
MARK MACKENZIE: Photography The Photographer’s Place, 508 Main St., Beacon, NY (917) 478-7620 Opening Reception: 4-6pm (thru Feb 8) Dutchess
MICHAEL HARE & D. ALEX BIRD Woodstock Poetry Society, Woodstock Community Center, 45 Rock City Rd., Woodstock, NY (845) 676-7800 2pm Ulster
MICHELLE MARTIN: Strata Clay Art Center, 40 Beech St., Port Chester (914) 957-2047 Opening Reception: 5-7pm (thru Jan 31) Westchester
NEW HUDSON RIVER SCHOOL EXHIBIT & Historic Montgomery ARTISTS Exhibit Walkkill River School, 232 Ward St (17k), Montgomery, Montgomery Village Museum NY (845) 457-2071 Opening Reception: 5-8pm (thru Jan 31) Orange
SECOND SATURDAY CELEBRATION Beacon Arts Community Association, 30 regional art galleries, stores and restaurants, Beacon, NY (845) 838-4243 12-7pm Dutchess
SOUTHERN HERITAGE: Stories of Color Studio Montclair Block Gallery, Clark House, Montclair State University, 108 Orange Rd., Montclair, NJ (973) 744-1818 Opening Reception: 1-4pm (thru Jan 30) NJ

William & Shephard Mount: Little Angels! Little Devils! The Long Island Museum, 1200 Rte. 25a, Stony Brook, NY (631) 751-0066 x248 (thru Sep 13) Suffolk

Sunday, January 11
SCIENCE ROCKS: Photography Rockefeller State Park Preserve Visitor Center, Rt. 117, 1 mile east of Rt. 9, Tarrytown, NY (914) 631-1470 x 11 Opening Reception: 9-4:30pm (thru Feb 22) Westchester
THE BEST TALENTS OF THE LAST DECADE at the Belskie Museum Belksie Museum of Art & Science, 280 High St., Closter, NJ (201) 768-0286 Artist’s Reception 1-5 (thru Feb 13) NJ
THE OPEN WINDOW & THREE STRINGS LIVE PERFORMANCE Catskill Art Society, 48 Main St., Livingston Manor, NY (845) 486-4227 (thru Feb 22) Sullivan
WARREN HURLEY: Peaceful Landings La Bella Bistro, Main St., New Paltz, NY Opening Reception: 4-6pm (thru Feb 19) Ulster

OUT OF THE KITCHEN & OUT OF THE BOX National Association of Women Artists (NAWA) Gallery, 80 Fifth Avenue@ 14th St.), Suite 1405, New York, NY (212) 675-1616 Artist’s Reception: 6-8pm (thru Feb 6) NYC

Continued on Page 12

GAIL POSTAL
Contemporary American Icons

Feb 2, 2009 - Feb 27, 2009
Edward Williams Gallery
Petrocelli College
Fairleigh Dickinson University
150 Kotte Place
Hackensack, New Jersey 07601

Reception: Feb 1 2-4pm
Weekdays: 8:30am - 8:30pm
Saturdays: 9:30am - 2:30pm
Critique

“Life” — Sam Rein
Solo Exhibition at Barrett Art Center

By RAYMOND J. STEINER

Continued from page 1

(with direct “eye-contact”), reveal an endearing penchant for capturing the soft curves of the female form. As enticing as are Rein’s female nudes, however, even more arresting is his charming “Killing Time”, a quiet and loving rendition of an elderly woman painted in soft-edge outline, seated on a bench, her head tilted downward, seemingly oblivious to her surroundings and totally absorbed in reading a book opened on her lap.

Equally impressive to this viewer is Rein’s seeming ease of “updating” (or, perhaps, simply changing for effect) his style from the academic (or, perhaps, simply changing for effect) to the modernist handling of, say, “Repose”, a pastel that reflects a post-modernist influence in both color and form, or to the geometric “less is more” aesthetic in his watercolor, “Still Life With Mimi’s Peppermint.” Finally, if one still needed such persuasion as to Sam Rein’s range of expertise, one might consider that this exhibition features not only figure studies, genre scenes, and still lifes, but also a very fine landscape, “River View” (watercolor), that many a landscape painter might well be proud to include in his/her repertoire.

This is a show well worth seeing and I urge those who are visiting The Barrett House’s Annual Member’s Exhibition and Sale, to make sure to take the time to stop in Gallery Three to share in Sam Rein’s delightful view of “Life”. Do drop in — you won’t regret taking the time for a leisurely visit with this “old master”. 

“Life” — A Solo Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings, Pastels and Watercolors by Sam Rein (thru Jan 10): The Barrett Art Center, 55 Noxon St., Poughkeepsie, NY (845) 471-2550. A Holiday Member’s Exhibition and Ceramic & Glass Sale will concurrently be on view.

Visit our website: www.arttimesjournal.com to read previously published critiques with color photos.

Galleries are looking for you!

SHOW 4
A SHOW

Third Friday Open Mike: Jan 16 & Feb 20, 8 pm
All poets & writers welcome: 5 minute limit per reader.
Sign up beginning at 7:30. $3

THE FORM OF MATTER: January 22 - 25
at The Hudson Valley Center for Contemporary Art, Peekskill
A collaborative art & writing project featuring six 5-10 minute short poetry performances inspired by works of art in HVCCA’s “Origins” exhibition. Stage directors: Marx Mills and Tom Kramer. Performances at 6:00 on Jan. 22, 23, 24; at 2:00 on Jan. 24 & 25. Tickets: 914.788.0100 or email info@hvcca.org

THE BIG READ: ERNEST GAINES February 26, 7 pm
at Sleepy Hollow High School, 201 N. Broadway
A live teleconference with writer Ernest J. Gaines (“A Lesson Before Dying”) including a reading followed by Q & A.

Winter Writing Workshops
Fiction, poetry, memoir, creative nonfiction, and more, for adults, teens, and children. Call or visit our website for up-to-date schedule and registration information.

The Hudson Valley Writers’ Center
at the Philipse Manor Railroad Station
300 Riverside Drive, Sleepy Hollow, NY 10591
phone: (914) 534-5933 wweb: www.writerscenter.org

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Artwell Gallery
19 Water Street
PO Box 571 • Torrington, CT 06790
www.artwellgallery.org
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More Colorful Journeys
Watercolors by Peri Karkheck
February 5 - 22, 2009
Reception: Sa. & Su. Feb. 7 & 8, 2-6pm
PIERMONT FINE ARTS GALLERY
218 Ash Street, Pierungt, NY
845-398-1907 • Hrs. Thurs. Su 1-6, Fr & Sa 1-9
www.piermontfinearts.com
Valentina moves slowly, getting into position at the right of the stage, her face conveying anticipation for the lover she awaits. Her limbs force themselves to acquire the pose of a woman in distress, and her face moves into the proper angle so the audience can see her longing for a man she has not seen in years. Not everyone is here yet, and all they see is Valentina in a corridor, slightly askew, moving as if she is in quicksand. All eyes are on her. The crowd is growing larger. She is not aware she is performing before a crowd. Soon she relaxes and becomes a still life of a young lady who longs for the one she sees. She cannot hold her gaze, cannot take her eyes from the unending woe. However, she is wary of the dangerous man she knows she can never refuse if he asks her to be his forever. Then she dances, portraying the past so that onlookers will know how it has come down to one fateful meeting to determine if she will be alone or with the only one who can make her whole. The audience is enraptured by her devastated expression, her flexibility, her ability to enact each movement with perfect technique but with the realization that each step could be her last if he rejects her.

Movement One - "Closer"

Valentina sees Sergei out of the corner of her eye. His dark hair waves in the breeze as she shies away from as she curls over to avoid his gaze. He leaps toward her then pulls back, dancing not for her, but for the crowd, so they can see his glory before he shares it with her. He is powerful and lithe, but unable to give her balance as her arms reach to meet his, which are also outstretched. He leans forward on his toes, appearing as if he will fall, but he does not. Their fingers meet and the electricity of this touch, after so much distance, lights their bodies up from toes to face until their eyes are locked in an embrace as two pairs of hands grasp one another. Her eyes do not falter under his infernal gaze, telling her she is his and always will be. His eyes begin to melt as hers convey longing and vulnerable heart, just to him to a silent symphony of where hope is too distant for her to attain. Her arms reach forward then retract. She dances in circles while Sergei moves to the crowd for one last display of his power, but once his leap is completed he crumples to the floor and remains in a ball, too tightly wound for release from his burden. Valentina tries not to see her lover’s anguish but does. She wants to go to him, and makes a few steps in that direction, but as if pursued by an invisible assailant she retreats in a feverish rush back to where she was before he arrived, trapped in a pose of anticipation. This time, she awaits not rescue, but death. He, too, knows his fate as he rises and mournfully glides over to his entrance point, taking one last look at her and then dissolving into sorrow as she stands there, frozen in time, until the moment comes when she will be taken away. Too distraught to witness her destruction, he leaves.

Movement Five - "Lonely, Not Alone"

Valentina waits for a few moments before attempting to leave her corner. Only a spotlight washes over her face until their eyes are locked in an embrace as two pairs of hands grasp one another. Her eyes do not falter under his infernal gaze, telling her she is his and always will be. His eyes begin to melt as hers convey longing and vulnerable heart, just to him to a silent symphony of where hope is too distant for her to attain. Her arms reach forward then retract. She dances in circles while Sergei moves to the crowd for one last display of his power, but once his leap is completed he crumples to the floor and remains in a ball, too tightly wound for release from his burden. Valentina tries not to see her lover’s anguish but does. She wants to go to him, and makes a few steps in that direction, but as if pursued by an invisible assailant she retreats in a feverish rush back to where she was before he arrived, trapped in a pose of anticipation. This time, she awaits not rescue, but death. He, too, knows his fate as he rises and mournfully glides over to his entrance point, taking one last look at her and then dissolving into sorrow as she stands there, frozen in time, until the moment comes when she will be taken away. Too distraught to witness her destruction, he leaves.

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I RECENTLY CAME across a statement from a working playwright which laid out the case for trying to be a playwright in today’s world. It was fundamentally an appeal to the princi-

ples of creative individualism: “I have important stories to tell. No one can tell those stories, and that I’d better be working pretty damn hard at those stories, and that I’d better be pretty damn successful at it, so that the results prove their value to the world.

If I really do have important stories to tell, the importance of those stories had better be pretty significant, sufficiently so to be self-evident to the world, or I have no claim that my stories actually are important enough to deserve to be heard over the stories of the other billions out there. That means I’d better be working pretty damn hard at those stories, and that I’d better be pretty damn successful at it, so that the results prove their value to the world.

If I can’t do those to things, then I need to wrap my head around the idea that writing should be my hobby, not my life. That’s not going to be easy to accept. Anyone in that position is going to be prey to all sorts of wishful thinking and wish-fulfillment fantasies, some of which may manage to displace reality at some level. Hard thinking makes hard choices—never a pleasant prospect. In other words, maturity hurts. That’s the curse of being a writer in such a large world. When Shakespeare wrote for the London audience, he was only competing with maybe fifty other playwrights, counting the ones we never heard of because they never made it through the gate. In the modern world, each of us is competing with many thou-

sands at the least, not to mention the thousands upon thousands upon untold thousands of people competing for the attention of the world in other media. Ultimately, it’s much harder to be an individual in today’s huge and compressed world. The special uniqueness of any one voice is very tenuous when seen against the background of billions of other voices. A playwright has to be much more talented, much harder-working, and much luckier to stand out. And that’s just the way it is.

...
Culturally Speaking

By CORNELIA SECKEL

THIS IS OUR January / February issue. If you missed out on our advertising deadline, submitting calendar or opportunity listings, you can still do so. Send an email and we can place it online within a few days. Deadline for advertising materials for the March issue is February 19; calendar and opportunities, February 12.

It was quite a hectic month and I am truly ready for a break to re-create rationality and Helvetica, developed by Max Miedinger with Eduard Hoffmann in 1957 for the Haas Type Foundry in Switzerland, began to be used by corporations and governments around the world for signage and advertising. It is clear, readable, straightforward and simple. Today we see it more frequently than any other type style and people are now more in touch with typefaces given the use of personnel computers.

for the coming year. We expect more changes as we move through our 25th year with more opportunities for online advertising, and a chance for you to send us comments and video clips of cultural events you attend.

“Helvetica” a film distributed by Independent Lens and directed and produced by Gary Hustwit will be shown on PBS January 6 at 10pm (check local listings). This is a fascinating look at the “typeface that changed the world”. I found the film particularly interesting and appreciated the viewpoints of the many Type Designers who discussed various aspects of type, most specifically how type styles effect and reinforce the message and how it is important not to confuse legibility with communication. After WW II, people needed...
Maine, Texas, and Minnesota. The show was judged by Del-Bourree Bach who gave the top prize of $500 to William Giese for “In Your Eyes”. There were 13 prizes given in all. To date, over half of the paintings have been sold and the range in price is $20-$675 (about ½ under $50). Paul Gould, Director of the Gallery, said that there was so much enthusiasm that this will be an annual event. The show is also on their website www.hudsonvalleygallery.com.

Woodstock, NY held their 27th Annual Open House with lots of events, art openings and Holiday decorations. I got to The Kleinert/James Gallery for the “Annual 5x7 Show”, a benefit for the Woodstock Byrdcliffe Guild (paintings are sold for $100 and the artist is unknown until the work is purchased — a lesson in buy what you like, not the name). The Fletcher Gallery Holiday Group Show: Woodstock Artist Association Museum for Paul Abrams’ solo show and the Holiday Show; The Rondout Savings Bank for a show of work by Marlene Wiedenbaum and many shops throughout town. These wonderfully festive community events seem to take place in most towns — I hope you enjoyed the one in your area.

In Manhattan I was so pleased to see Hilda Green Demsky’s paintings at the Pleiades Gallery. Many of the paintings were on aluminum, one on copper and what a fabulous effect. Her work is exciting, colorful and powerful. Hilda does some wonderful art-related traveling and many of these paintings were done during her residency at Mt. Desert Island in Maine. Take a look for yourself at www.demskyart.com. Jessica Fromm’s exhibit, Linear Visions, was at noho gallery, also in Manhattan, and I so enjoyed the color and movement in many of her paintings. Take a look at www.jessicafromm.com. In Saugerties I saw Julia Santos Solomon’s exhibit at Mezaluna Bistro Latino and Gallery. What a blaze of color and energy in those oils, limited edition prints, and sculptures. Julia also had Birdhouses on display that were part of a show organized by Bernice Steinbaum (Steinbaum Gallery, formerly of NYC now in Miami) called “It's for the Birds” that traveled to museums around the country from 2004-2007. Each Birdhouse represented a reason why a person would immigrate to another country. Julia made several including a “money hut”, “education hut”, “resources hut”, “dream-house hut”, and “weather hut” and each had a Caribbean side, a North American side and a resident alien. Take a look on Julia’s website to learn even more about this established and accomplished artist www.santossolomonstudio.com.

The Van Buren Gallery, New Paltz, NY, owned by Kevin Van Buren and Toni Hokanson is, according to the owners, “more of an artist incubator rather than a traditional gallery.” There are computers and printers available for rent, classes & workshops, and gallery wall space for rent. Kevin, a landscape photographer, will be available for assistance with equipment and software.

I recently got a copy of A Very Smart Cat (Una Gata Muy Inteligente) published by Campanita Books and written by Mario Picayo. This delightful story, written in both English and Spanish, has bright, clear, interesting illustrations by Yolanda Fundora. The illustrations are truly paintings unto themselves and each one tells an intriguing story as well as illustrating the doings of a very smart and mischievous cat. I met Mario who is also a cultural activist, audiovisual artist and producer. He is the Publisher and Editor in Chief of Editorial Campana, an independent publishing house. Learn more about their titles at www.campanitabooks.com. He has done work with LART (Latino Artist Round Table), a not-for-profit organization founded in 1999 and whose principal purpose is to promote Latino culture in the United States and facilitate interaction between artists and writers living in the United States, Latin America (including the Caribbean) and Spain and Produced Gente y cultura, the award winning public television program.

Well that’s it for the month, enjoy the winter. I know I will. Remember that the office is closed until Feb 4. We will check messages and email periodically. If you missed the deadline for calendar, opportunity listings or advertising we can accommodate you online. Send an email to info@arttimesjournal.com.
Behind the Mirror: A painter of portraits and landscape, celebrating his life and work, was the subject of this lavishly illustrated volume published in conjunction with an exhibition currently at the J. Paul Getty Museum (thru Feb 8, 09), which will then travel to The Metropolitan Museum of Art (Sep 22, '09 — Jan 3, '10), and features the exquisitely-rendered illustrations of the Limbourg brothers commissioned by the Duc de Berry. A beautiful addition to any library! *****

Art and Love in Renaissance Italy by Andrea Bayer. 392 pp.; 9 x 12; 375 Illus.; 300 in Color; Bibliography; Index. $65.00 Hardcover. Dedicated to Philippe de Montmorency, and published as the accompanying catalogue to an exhibition currently at The Metropolitan Museum of Art (thru Feb 16, 09) which will then travel to The Kimbell Art Museum, Fort Worth, (Mar 15—Jun 14, '09), travel to the Kimbell Art Museum, (thru Feb 16, '09), which will then travel to The Metropolitan Museum of Art, (Mar 15—Jun 14, '09), to The J.Paul Getty Museum (thru Jan 2, '09), and to The Metropolitan Museum of Art, (thru Jan 2, '09), and features the exquisitely-rendered illustrations of the Limbourg brothers commissioned by the Duc de Berry. A beautiful addition to any library! *****

AMON CARTER MUSEUM: The 100 Best Illustrated Letters of Charles M. Russell by Brian W. Dippie. 216 pp.; 9/3 x 11/4 x 11/4; Color Illus.; List of Letters. $50.00 Hardcover. As much American History as an artbook, The 100 Best Illustrated Letters of Charles M. Russell is a measure of humor, wisdom and just plain good drawing. If you like the work of Russell, I guarantee that this delightful book will keep you absorbed for hours. *****

FURTHER BOOKS RECEIVED

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS: Revisiting the Glass House: Contemporary Art and Modern Architecture (Eds.) Jusscha Hough and Monica Ramey Beltrán. 208 pp.; 9 7/8 x 11 ¼; 209 Illus., 169 in Color; Bibliography; Index. $49.95 Hardcover.

NEW VILLAGE PRESS: Art and Upheaval: Artists on the World’s Frontlines by William Cleveland. 224 pp.; 9 x 7 1/8; 184 pp.; 9 7/8 x 11 3/8; 160 Illus., 110 in Color; Chronology; Selected Exhibitions; Bibliography. $64.95 Hardcover.

F&W PUBLICATIONS INC.: An Illustrated Life: Drawing Inspiration from the Private Sketchbooks of Artists, Illustrators and Designers by Danny Gregory. 272 pp.; 10 x 8; 200 Color Illus.; Index. $19.99 Softcover.


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What is Research in the Visual Arts? Obsession, Archive, Encounter (Eds.) Michael Ann Holly and Marquard Smith. 246 pp.; 7 x 9 1/8; 67 Color Illus.; Notes to Contributors. $24.95 Softcover. The latest release in the Clark Studies in Visual Arts, What is Research in the Visual Arts offers some thirteen scholarly essays which explore both practical and philosophical considerations that lie at the heart of the discipline. Comprehensive.****
The Good Daughter

By JOYCE FULLER

MY DAUGHTER SARA is 37, and living alone. She finds it intolerable if I say anything that even hints at criticism. How I long for her to be with a husband or lover, and, oh yes, a child. For both our sakes. Children don’t forgive their parents until they are parents themselves.

In many ways Sarah has been an exemplary daughter. She was nine years old, her sister 17, when their father died. The 17-year-old was half-way out the door, had a backpacking trip to Europe planned, her college applications done. She grieved for her father, but galloped away into life.

Sarah and I were alone together through massive waves of shock and loss. Evening after evening her father, so zestful of life, so abundant with questions and answers, didn’t come home.

He didn’t bring us news of the world, and his high hopes for it and us. He wasn’t there to listen and to love.

It was a struggle to keep afloat and impossible to remain dry-footed or dry-eyed. I’d heard about widows who were forgotten or even rejected, but that didn’t happen to us. Sarah’s father had been a generous and attentive friend; his old friends, our friends, continued to reach out. It was good I had to go on teaching.

Sarah and I don’t see a great deal of each other these days–she has an OK job in educational research. And she continues to talk about trying to find herself. What she means is —in a vacuum, as I see it. Several years ago I told her that that kind of thing is for earlier or later in life. Now she should be finding herself through connections to other people, in the real world. Surely, I’m right.

So much has seemed fine and bright in Sarah’s life. She always did well in school. I only complained that she sometimes stayed up too late studying when I thought she needed sleep. She spent her junior year in college in India. Her closest friend at the time of her father’s death was Indian. The Monen family was wonderfully supportive, but then Radha’s father relinquished his post at the UN, and they all returned to India. Sarah learned Hindi and how to play the veena, and she visited the Monens, often. But it wasn’t an easy year for her.

It isn’t only her mother who thinks Sarah is beautiful with her long, dark red hair, and the compassion in her eyes, dark-etched like her father’s. I have liked the men in her life that I have met. She was always the one who ended things. The last time was over five years ago, and I don’t think there’s been anyone since.

I think she’s depressed. She hardly talks about herself at all, and she cares less and less about her appearance.

On Mother’s Day Sarah presents me with a magnetic support band for my weak ankle, and she takes me out to dinner. I am on my best behavior. I have put on the band, and it seems to help, though I am more skeptical than she is.

“How your father adored you,” she says to her over dessert that I have and she doesn’t.

She raises an eyebrow. “I don’t really remember that,” she says. I’ve reminded her of her loss and of how much she wants to remember but can’t.

Recently I read an article by a woman who’d lost her father when she was a small child. She said that if her father had lived, she would have known sooner how flawed even the best men were.

“Sarah,” I say, “you know how much I respect you. I think you’re absolutely wonderful. I don’t want to sound critical — but maybe you expect too much of men. You need to give them a little more time, be a little more flexible.”

She looks at me, and then she looks away.

She says: “You don’t respect me. You don’t respect my feelings. You never have.” Her voice is careful, but the words are there.

I am shocked. My hands are heavy in my lap.

She hears my shock, and she goes slowly and her voice includes love, but she doesn’t stop. “I don’t think you understood what my father’s death meant to me. You never understood how lost I felt without him. You wouldn’t let me speak to you about it.”

“That can’t be true,” I say.

“What can she mean? I was always trying to get her to talk. I always tried to hear what she had to say. Just as I loved to hear her practicing on the piano — all her careful Chopin filling the house.

“I never forgot for a moment that you were a child who had lost her father,” I say.

Everything we did for years was connected to the loss of him. I had to make sure life had a good face for Sarah. I took her to plays and concerts I thought she’d like. I invited people to dinner as I had when her father was alive.

“I thought you liked all the parties we gave, the trips we took — all the things we did together. You never said you didn’t.”

She doesn’t say it now. She doesn’t say she didn’t like them. She doesn’t say she didn’t do them. They don’t seem to matter.

Sarah has always been considerate of me. I thought that showed we understood each other. We never had the kind of flare-ups, the confrontations I’d had with her older sister — over candy, clothes, hours, whether she could go to Woodstock or on a Washington protest march in a heavy rain.

None of that with Sarah.

In the second summer after her father’s death, I’d sent her to a camp run by Quakers, a beautiful place in Vermont. She didn’t want to go, but I insisted it would be good for her.

Now I see something. “You didn’t like going to that Quaker camp, did you?”

“No, I hated it.” She looks at me quickly.

“How could you hate that wonderful camp?”

“You were getting rid of me.”

“I guess I thought you would understand that maybe I needed some time for myself.”

“You never said anything about that.”

I had to keep going — for her sake and her sister’s. I had to be cheerful, positive. But that didn’t mean I didn’t miss her father. I knew we were all grieving.

I say, “Why didn’t you try to tell me how you felt? Was it entirely up to me to get you to talk?”

“Don’t you remember,” she says.

“The year Daddy died was the same year Grandpa died, and Uncle Max and Dan and your friend Jane. I thought everybody was going to die. I couldn’t afford to lose you too.”

The meal is over. Before we go off in our opposite directions, Sarah looks at me, and then she puts her arms around me, and it’s almost the way I hugged her in the early years, when I was the taller one. Surely those hugs were filled with my concern for her.

How much have I misunderstood? All the time I was taking care of her, she was taking care of me.

It is as if at this late date she is still struggling through the birth canal, and I am still pushing down. All those years I had thought we were managing well enough, my daughter was in pain. Grief over her father’s death is still dominating her life.

Am I wrong to think she is stuck in some terrible place I could try to dislodge her from? I am only a mother, a relic of the past. I don’t want to sound bitter. I am lucky to have near me this beautiful hurt person who gives her love to me.

It is not what I think I wanted. It may be the best that either of us can do.

(Joyce Fuller lives in NY, NY)
By HENRY P. RALEIGH

WAY BACK IN 1913. A fellow named Edward Bullough noticed there was something funny about fog. He was on a boat at sea when it entered a fog bank and everyone on board, including himself, got pretty antsy because you couldn’t see a damn thing. Even objects close by looked a bit blurry and misshapen. His wife, hanging on the deck railing but a few feet away, appeared in the swirling muck like one of the witches of Endor just as he had begun to suspect she was, anyhow. Right off the bat he labeled this effect ‘psychical distance’, a sense of being separated from reality and not being keen about it, either. Unfortunately Mr. Bullough also called this sensation a ‘disjointedness’ and much later a group of youths misunderstood his theory and applied it to mean things like, ‘Hey man, try dis joint, it’s far out’ — the ‘distance’, you see.

Now Mr. Bullough’s ‘psychical distance’ was actually an idea he had about the aesthetic response to art and early filmmakers apparently became very fond of it, especially the fog part. And, as you know, there hasn’t been a vampire, a werewolf, a Frankenstein, or Jack the Ripper film since “Nosferatu” that doesn’t have a generous lathering of fog all over the place. One of the obvious advantages of loads of fog, besides its creepiness, is its ability to conceal anything, from principals and be done with it’ — and that’s it. I must offer a caution here, some people think a fog loaded with gigantic floor-eating bugs has slipped out a window to another world opened by a military experiment and let it go at that doesn’t really satisfy. There were other confusions especially regarding the conclusion and I figure the writers got into lot of argument until finally one of them said, ‘To hell with it; at the end of 106 minutes the cast must be exhausted so we’ll have the lead human actor shoot all the remaining principals and be done with it’ — and that’s it.

I must offer a caution here, something to think about. You might recall that any film which has a scene for that doesn’t really satisfy. There were other confusions especially regarding the conclusion and I figure the writers got into lot of argument until finally one of them said, ‘To hell with it; at the end of 106 minutes the cast must be exhausted so we’ll have the lead human actor shoot all the remaining principals and be done with it’ — and that’s it.

For Artists, Galleries and Collectors

Call for Entries:

“First Response: Artists Imagine...America.”
How will Obama’s election change our world?
Curator: Jerelle Kraus, former Art Director of the New York Times
Entry Deadline: January 15, 2009
Exhibition: February 12 - March 1, 2009

“Art into Life / Life into Art”
Celebrating Women’s History
Curator: Midori Yoshimoto, Associate Professor of Art History and Gallery Director, New Jersey City University
Entry Deadline: February 2, 2009
Exhibition: March 5 - March 29, 2009

“In Your Dreams”
Reveries, Fantasies, and Impossible Wishes
Curated by Edward J. Sullivan, Professor of Art History and Dean for the Humanities at NYU
Entry Deadline: February 9, 2009
Exhibition Dates: April 2 - April 26, 2009

For information or prospectuses, Download a prospectus from www.penandbrush.org, or send SASE: The Pen and Brush, 16 E. 10th St., NY, NY 10003
For questions email: info@penandbrush.org

Founded in 1894, the Pen and Brush is a nonprofit organization dedicated to women in the literary, visual, and performing arts.

MAG FIFTH ANNUAL SMALL WORKS SHOW
May 6 - May 23, 2009
CALL FOR ENTRIES Work in all media
Max. 15” in any direction CASH AWARDS
Juror: Leslie Nolan, Executive Director Center for Contemporary Printmaking
For prospectus send SASE to: Mamaroneck Artists’ Guild 126 Larchmont Ave, Larchmont NY 10538 or download: www.mamaronekartistsguild.org
Entry Deadline March 15, 2009

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New York Artists is a not-for-profit organization dedicated to women artists in the literary, visual, and performing arts.
Opportunities


Sculptors: Arts Society of Kingston Gallery, 224 Main St, Kingston, NY 12401 (845) 331-6101 Seeking Sculpture entries for the 2009 Kingston sculpture biennial greenawood Walks. Call or visit website for information. www.artsocietyofkingston.com

Marked Deadline: Apr 15.


Artists: The Blue Heron Gallery & Laura Craig Gallery, PO Box 815, Wyalus, PA 18853 (570) 746-4922. Entries for 2009 Annual Juried Small Works Exhibition to be held at the Blue Heron Gallery & Laura Craig Gallery in East Stroudsburg, PA. Deadline: Apr 15. Call or visit website for more information. blueherongallery.net. Deadline: Aug 1.


Artists: Kalamazoo Museum of Art, Route 22 at Jay St., Kalamazoo, MI 49001 (269) 384-1117. Seeking wall work in all media for Small Works Show, May 6 - May 23, 2009. Max. 10 in any one category. Download prospectus or go online for more information. kalamazoomuseum.org. Deadline: Jan 16 & 17.

Artists: Mamaroneck Artists Guild, 126 Larchmont Ave, Larchmont, NY 10538 (914) 834-1117. MAMARONECK ARTISTS GUILD. Seeking artists for the Guild’s Contemporary Exhibition categories, Jan 25-Feb 22, visit website to download prospectus. www.kalamazoomuseum.org Deadline: Jan 16 & 17.


Artists: National Society of Painters in Casein & Acrylic, 909 Cataqua Road, Williamsport, PA 17702. Seeking artists for 55th Annual Juried Exhibition, at the Salmagundi Club, Feb 16- 27. for prospectus, Dr. W. Cousins, Corresponding Secretary, 1710 First Ave., 245, NY, NY 10028 doug602ku@aol.com. Deadline: Jan 15.

Artists: Smithtown Township Arts Council, 660 Rte., 25A, St. James, NY 11780. Call for entries for “A Pinch and a Dab”, an exhibit examining the American culinary tradition and foods of our ancestors. Deadline: Feb 15. Call or visit website for prospectus, or CD deadline: Jan 26; work to be hand delivered.

If you have an opportunity to list, email: info@attimesjournal.com or website ATT TIMES PO Box 703, Mt. Hope, NY 12546. Please follow above format and include deadline and contact phone number.

If you missed the deadline we can still get your listing online. email ads@attimesjournal.com
Words, Words, Words...and Music

By FRANK BEHRENS

I ALWAYS LIKE to play some quiet music while dining in the evening to help the mood and digestion. This very evening, I was playing a CD set with 40 selections of love songs from those old Andre Kostelanetz LPs; and by the time we were halfway through “I don’t know why I love you like I do,” that old nagging question arose in my mind, What makes songs like this last so long?

Of course, there were no vocals in these musical settings, but the words to many of them have become so inextricably bound to the melodies that it is impossible to hear the latter without the lyrics (or as much of them as one recalls) flowing right along. It is like trying to hear the last section of the overture to “William Tell” without hearing “Hi-yo, Silver, away!” far in the back of whatever part of the brain stores these things.

I might have mentioned in an earlier article that a childhood friend of mine had a recording of classical music with childish lyrics written for the selections. And to this day, I cannot hear Offenbach’s “Barcarole” without thinking of the overture to “William Tell” without hearing “Hi-yo, Silver, away!” far in the back of whatever part of the brain stores these things.

Yes, there are surely lyrics that stick in one’s mind as well as the melody to which they are set. Take “Tea for two.” Those three words make little effect alone; but when combined with the rest of the line—“Tea for two and two for tea”—the seven words form a strong DNA-memory link in the synapses of the brain. The line is the next best thing to a palindrome.

Another song title that comes close is “When I’m not near the girl I love, I love the girl I’m near” (from “Finian’s Rainbow”). These see-saw sentences are not super-clever but they do stick in the memory. In fact, they do not necessarily have to appear at the start of the song at all. It is enough that they come at the end of a refrain, as does the Finian song.

In the past, I have written essays about the clever lyrics of such artists as Cole Porter, Larry Hart, Noel Coward, and Ira Gershwin.

Examples of the clever lyric are all too easy to find, but they do not make the entire song. As Cole Porter, who has written lyrics for classics such as “Begin the Beguine” and “I Get a Kick out of You,” put it, “The value of a song is not in its verses, but in the combination of music and lyrics.”

In some cases, parallelism has no part of making a fragment of lyric memorable. What about “All alone, by the telephone” (Irving Berlin)? Why the devil does that stick around in the memory? It is followed by “Waiting for a ring, a ting-a-ling,” which follows the same pattern: a phrase, a pause, a rhyming phrase. Is it that little pause that does it? Or the anything but clever rhymes of “alone/telephone and “ring/ting-a-ling”? Who can account for these things?

Another attention-getter title uses a rhyme, “Rock around the clock” and the 1911 Harry Lauder standard “Roamin’ in the gloamin’” being good examples.

Nothing made Ira Gershwin more angry than some vocalist singing “It’s wonderful” instead of the “Swonder-ful” that is in the printed lyrics. After all, Ira knew what he was doing in using an unusual form of a phrase, while the singer obviously did not know or did not care.

This reminds one, of course, of the nonsense songs like “Mairzy Doats” (which is explained later as “mares eat oats”) and “Hot sot song” (which starts with a lot of what looks like Chinese characters). The form is always fun to sing to a person not in on the joke, while I have yet to meet a person who understands the latter. With “Zip-a-dee-doo-dah,” we have simply a catchy nonsense line that has its own appeal without any translation needed. An older example of the nonsense phrase is the 1891 British “Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-er,” a song of which everyone knows the title and not a single word of what comes after it!

And what about the use of antithesis? “I found a million dollar baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store” gives a neat contrast between lots of money and a few coins and is therefore memorable. “Red roses for a blue lady” is just as good. And “When the idle rich become the idle poor” is an example of a song (again from “Finian’s Rainbow”) that is never sung outside of the context of the show.

Now there are plenty of songs that have even more clever titles or tag lines but never lasted any appreciable time. But those that have just might owe their longevity to the very elements I have touched on in this essay.

If any Reader can think of more examples for each category—or indeed more categories with examples—I would be most grateful. My e-mail is fbehrens@ne.rr.com, and I thank you in advance.

Music

Poets’ Niche

SEVERED

Judy Steiner Grin

—Fly Creek, NY

She severed ties with them as soon as she was able to leave home and fend for herself.

They never took care of her; she told anyone who asked that her parents had died years ago in a tragic carnival accident.

After her youngest child finally left home, she decided to resurrect mom and dad. She realized she had a lot in common with them; maybe they weren’t such bad parents after all.

She couldn’t wait to tell her own kids the good news, but two of them weren’t speaking to her, and the youngest one didn’t leave a forwarding address.

Cathy Porter

—Omaha, NE

OCEAN PRAYER

Preacher man hops at my ear like a crow does roadkill.

His god seems short of cash again.

He offers up light that always seems to be somewhere else; says beware mimicry of flight.

So now I lay me down to sleep breathe the prayers I am and keep: though I shall never wait for Godot, I dream of dolphin ponies and ride. They and I curvaceous alive, erect into the ocean’s deep remarkable, fly, break surface. All is ocean still.

Daniel Beatty

—Lincoln, NE

FOOTNOTES

Blots of tears and lipstick smears; a heart, a line from Stein, let us be wobbled, etched and stretched, lost and tossed, placed into another space; words set, not in stone, erased, honed. at last a poem.

Gilda Kreuter

—Brick, NJ

ON VIEWING WINSLOW HOMER’S CIVIL WAR SHARPSHOOTER IN THE TREES

Only his stance, only his readiness I think the drunk driver, the wrong plane Hurricane at the door, construction brick of the building And no protection, no insurance, but the decision To shut down, stay home, head for the cellar And it can happen to those I care for Daughter in her first car, first plane trip, first love I visited the World Trade Center the Friday before look out the window, tell my friend Su high that in free fall You reach terminal velocity You float, the skydiver’s dream There’s a word for all of this But I can’t think of it

Greg Moglia

—Huntington, NY
continued...
By JOHN COYNE


The 2008 winner for first prize was Breyanna Faulkner, a student at Yonkers International Baccalaureate High School, for her mixed media work "My Inner Self Portrait." She was nominated by her teacher Grace Garcia.

Second place winner was Lauren Dominga Maria-Ramos, a student at Mt. Vernon High School for her charcoal drawing "Fear of Clowns." She was nominated by her teacher Stephanie Rosen.

Third prize went to Sara Cha of Ardsley High School for her "Untitled" work, saying, "The creative work you have shared with us contributes to our greater appreciation of the ordinary and extraordinary in life."

Two judges, both of whom were professional practicing artists and curators from Westchester County and not connected to the College, selected the three winners of the show. Emily Stern, Associate Professor of Art at CNR, made the point that this exhibition "provides artists a forum for critical feedback and dialog, the essential elements for growth. The exhibit also fosters recognition, independence, risk-taking, and self-confidence."

The works of these students were selected for the exhibition by their art teachers. "This exhibit is very advantageous to our students," explained Sr. Anne Therese Dillen of the Ursuline School in Westchester, "in that it offers them the possibility of showing their work formally in a wider context than that of their own in-school situation. It also gives them a taste of the importance of meeting deadlines and following directions, not just at the demand of their teachers, but for life in general."

Dr. Maxwell pointed out to the high school students attending the reception that two previous participants in the annual exhibition — Janine Napierkowski and Alexander Gizzo — are both seniors at the College and their work is currently on display in one of the College’s galleries.

In his presentation to the young artists, Dr. Maxwell pointed out that within the wider program of liberal arts in the School of Arts and Sciences, the Art Department “provided a nurturing and professional environment for women students to gain an understandings about the logistics of an art career, the choices and hurdles they may confront as art professionals, and the multiple and unique possibilities that studying the arts offers.”

By displaying their creative work in The College of New Rochelle High School Women Artists Exhibition, these students had taken their first steps in following their dreams of becoming artists and teachers of art.

(John Coyne is Manager of Communications at The College of New Rochelle)
ART TIMES

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“...true insight into the psyche of the artist...” —Mark Hoffstatter: Businessman
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ART TIMES

Calendar

Wednesday, February 11
ELLEN GRIESEDIECK, Artist & Founder of American Mural Project
Tremane Gallery, Hotchkiss School, 11 Interlaken Rd., Lakeville, CT (800) 433-3661 (thru Mar 7) Litchfield, CT

Thursday, February 12
FIRST RESPONSE: Artists Imagine... America
The Pen and Brush, 16 E. 10th St., NYC (212) 475-3669 (thru Mar 1) NYC

Friday, February 13
EVA WATSON-SCHÜTZE, Photography / BRADFORD GRAVES, Selected Works / GRAND OPENING: Selections From The Collection (thru Jun 14) / TAKING A DIFFERENT TRACK: Maggie Sherwood and The Floating Foundation (Photography (Apr 8) / Curry & Burnham Museum, SUNDAY: NEW FAIR HOPE, 1 Hawk Dr., New Paltz, NY (845) 257-8844 Opening Reception: 5-8pm (thru Jun 14) Ulster

SHAKESPEARE’S CLOAKS: Bardwarsen Opera House, 35 Market St., Poughkeepsie, (914) 475-5288 7pm charge Dutchess
UNEARTHING THE TRUTH: Egypt’s Pagan and Coptic Sculpture
Brooklyn Museum, 205 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn, NY (718) 638-5000 (thru May 10) NYU

Saturday, February 14
ELLEN GRIESEDIECK, artist & Founder of American Mural Project
Tremane Gallery, Hotchkiss School, 11 Interlaken Rd., Lakeville, CT (800) 433-3661 Reception 4-6pm (thru Mar 7) Litchfield, CT

SPOTLIGHT ON 11: Group Show
Mannarakon Artists Guild, 126 Larchmont Ave., Larchmont, NY (914) 834-1117 Opening Reception: 3-5pm (thru Feb 28) Westchester

Sunday, February 15
PRETTY FIRE
New City Library, 220 North Main St., New City, NY (845) 434-4997 1398 Rockland

ROBERT & SHANA PARKEHARRISON EXHIBIT, DIRECTORS CHOICE: Ann Conrad Exhibition; JURIED GUILD GROUP SHOW
Silvermine Guild Arts Center, 303 Silvermine Rd., New Canaan, CT (203) 966-9669 Opening Reception 2-4pm (thru Mar 25) Fairfield, CT

Monday, February 16
N.A.W.A. CELEBRATION OF 120 Years National Association of Women Artists Delaware County Community College, 901 S. Media Line Rd. Media PA (215) 675-1616 (thru Mar 13) PA

NATIONAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN ACRYLIC & CASEIN: Annual Exhibition
Salmagundi Club, 47 Fifth Ave., NYC (212) 205-7740 (thru Feb 27) NYC

Tuesday, February 17
OUR PRESENT PLANET: Group Show
The Mikhail Zakin Gallery, at the art school at Old Church, 561 Pierson Rd., Demarest, NJ (201) 267-716 (thru March 20) NJ

Wednesday, February 18
N.A.W.A. CELEBRATION OF 120 Years National Association of Women Artists Delaware County Community College, 901 S. Media Line Rd. Media PA (212) 205-7740 (thru Mar 13) PA

Thursday, February 19
THE BALLETS RUSSIES: Celebrating The Centennial
Wedgewood Athenium, 600 Main St., Hartford, CT (203) 278-2670 (thru May 24) Hartford, CT

Friday, February 20
N.A.W.A. CELEBRATION OF 120 Years Hub: Robertson Galeries Penn State University, University Park, PA 16802 (212) 673-1616 (Apr thru 26) PA

OPEN MIKE
Hudson Valley Writers’ Center, Phillips Manor Railroad Station, 300 Riverside St., Sleepy Hollow, NY (914) 340-5563 5pm charge Westchester

Saturday, February 21
CELEBRATING MANDELSSOHN AND DISCOVERING EDUARD FRANCK
Close Encounters with Music, Mahwah Performing Arts Center, Great Barrington, MA (800) 845-0778 6pm charge Berkshire, MA

Sunday, February 22
BRASS ROOTS TRIO: Con Brio GraceMusic, Grace Episcopal Church, 130 First Ave., Nyack, NY (838) 3297 4110 6pm charge Rockland

GOODNIGHT MOON & THE ROSEWAY BUNNY
Bardwarsen Opera House, 35 Market St., Poughkeepsie, NY (845) 473-5288 11 am charge Dutchess

Tuesday, February 24
CAST IN BRONZE: French Sculpture from Renaissance to Revolution Metropolitan Museum of Art, 82nd St. & Fifth Ave., NYC (212) 535-7713 (thru Mar 24) NYC

Wednesday, February 25
CHRISTINE OWEN & JUDY SIGNUCKI
Dutchess Community College, Middletown. Washburn-Grace Art Gallery, Poughkeepsie, NY (845) 431-9610 Opening Reception 5-8pm (thru Mar 29) Dutchess

Thursday, February 26
ADELE GRODSTEIN Oil Paintings
Fine Art Fine Arts Gallery, 218 Ash St., Piernmont, Landing, Piernmont, (940) 388-1507 Receptions during all gallery hours Thu & Su 1-6:30, Fr & Su 1-9 (thru March 10) Rockland

N.A.W.A. NATIONAL OPEN SMALL WORKS EXHIBITION National Association of Women Artists (N.A.W.A.) (Gallery, 80 Fifth Avenue 14th St., Suite 1405, New York, NY) (212) 675-1636 (thru Mar 29) NY

NINA WEINBERG DORAN: Photographs
Westchester Art Workshop, 27 North Division St., Peekskill, NY (914) 606-7100 Opening Reception 2-4pm (thru Apr 3) Rockland

Friday, February 27
HERNAN RAS: Works from the Rubell Family Collection Brooklyn Museum, 1st Floor, 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn, NY (718) 683-5000 (thru May 24) NYC

NATIONAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN ACRYLIC & CASEIN: Annual Exhibition
Salmagundi Club, 47 Fifth Ave., NYC (212) 205-7740 Receptions and Awards Ceremony 7pm (thru Feb 27) NYC

Saturday, February 28
REMEMBER SHOW
Kleinert-James Art Center, 34 Tinker St., Woodstock, NY 845-679-2079 Opening Reception 5-7pm (thru Mar 29) Ulster

Monday, March 2
SCNY SPRING AUCTION & EXHIBITION
Salmagundi Club, 47 Fifth Ave., NYC (212) 205-7740 (thru Mar 27) NYC

THEME SHOW: Salmagundi Object Project Salmagundi Club, 47 Fifth Ave., NYC (212) 205-7740 (thru Mar 27) NYC

Tuesday, March 3
N.A.W.A. NATIONAL OPEN SMALL WORKS EXHIBITION National Association of Women Artists (N.A.W.A.) (Gallery, 80 Fifth Avenue 14th St., Suite 1405, New York, NY) (212) 675-1636 Artist’s Reception: 6-9pm (thru Mar 20) NY

Thursday, March 5
ART INTO LIFE/ LIFE INTO ART: Celebrating Women’s History
The Pen and Brush, 16 E. 10th St., NYC (212) 475-3669 (thru May 10) NYC

HERB YOUNER Exhibit Upstream Gallery, 268 Main St., Dobbs Ferry, NY (914) 674-4548 (thru Mar 26) Westchester

Continued from Page 18