



**PA**

Issue 84 | May 2017

**THE NEW FEMINISTS**

**Victoria Selbach**  
**Interviews**  
**Elizabeth A. Sackler**



Painting by Victoria Selbach  
*Woman as Warrior* Group Exhibition  
at Zhou B Art Center, August 2017





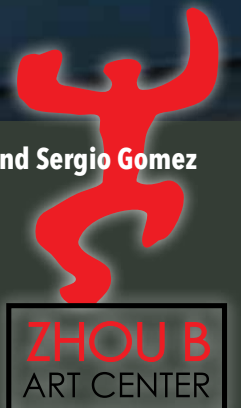
Painting by Shana Levenson  
*Woman as Warrior* Group Exhibition  
at Zhou B Art Center, August 2017

**Woman as Warrior | PoetsArtists Group Exhibition | August 18, 2017 | Curated by Didi Menendez and Sergio Gomez**

Sylvia Maier  
Yunior Hurtado Torres  
Gary Justis  
Raymond Thornton  
Felice House  
Elizabeth Claire Ospina

Irvin Rodriguez  
Shana Levenson  
Victoria Selbach  
Omalix  
Matthew Cherry  
Donna Bates

Stephen Wright  
Marco Gallotta  
Carmen Chami  
Daniela Kovacic Muzio  
Devon Rodriguez  
Miranda Graham



ALLISON ZUKERMAN

*Pirate*

oil, acrylic, and CMYK ink on canvas

54x72

2017





Debra Livingston | *Laura Lipstick* | photography

# Poets *Artists*

[www.poetsandartists.com](http://www.poetsandartists.com)

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Natalia Fabia | *Fruitful Goddess* | oil on canvas | 96x60 | 2016





Lorena Kloosterboer

## TITLE'S JUXTAPOSITION BETWEEN JOY AND LUNACY



Lorena Kloosterboer

## SELBACH'S MATRILINEAL EXPEDITION



Lorena Kloosterboer

## LEVEILLE'S VISUAL SLANT TOWARDS HEIGHTENED AWARENESS



Dorielle Caimi

## MY BEEF WITH FEMINISM

### Poets

Nin Andrews  
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Grace Cavalieri  
Denise Duhamel  
Amy Gerstler  
Bob Hicok  
Ana Menendez  
Sheida Mohamadi  
Samuel Peralta

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Jan Brandt  
Dorielle Caimi  
Matthew Cherry  
Tenley DuBois  
Heidi Elbers  
Katherine Fraser  
Rose Freymuth-Frazier

Marco Gallotta  
Amanda Greive  
Yunior Hurtado Torres  
Coffee Kang  
Jennifer King  
R. Leveille  
Cheryl Magellen  
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Frank Oriti  
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Judy Takács  
Patricia Watwood  
Pamela Wilson  
Allison Zuckerman

### Interviews

**Elizabeth Sackler**

**Daena Title**

**Natalia Fabia**











Dance | oil on linen | 32x20 | 2013





*Anticipation* | oil and acrylic on canvas | 48x60 | 2017



*Bored Apple Picker* | oil, acrylic, and CMYK ink on canvas | 40x48 | 2017







Allison Zuckerman | *Before the Storm* | oil, acrylic, and CMYK ink on canvas | 72x54 | 2017

Allison Zuckerman | Picnic | oil, acrylic and CMYK ink on canvas | 108x84 | 2017







Elizabeth Sackler  
Photo Credit: Jurgen Frank

# A Conversation with Elizabeth Sackler

by Victoria Selbach



On April 25, 2017 I sat down with one of my Sheros, Elizabeth Sackler, an activist for social justice, equity and equality. Elizabeth is deeply involved in the social justice communities and adds fuel to far reaching feminist action. She is the founder and president of the American Indian Ritual Object Repatriation Foundation and the visionary and impetus behind the Elizabeth A. Sackler Center for Feminist Art at the Brooklyn Museum. As Judy Chicago says, 'Elizabeth Sackler is a force to be reckoned with'. After a warm welcome we jumped right in....

VS: The 'New Feminist' issue of *PoetsArtists* wants to tap into what's happening on the New Feminist frontier. The work being done at The Elizabeth A. Sackler Center for Feminist Art seems to be the epicenter of rising feminist action as well as feminist art. I imagine you, Elizabeth, with your finger on the pulse and hands in the mix, bringing people together, instigating awareness and change.

ES: A lot of my work at the museum now is feminist social action oriented. In terms of feminist art in the gallery world, I don't work in those universes.

VS: That's exactly why we wanted to talk to you. For me, the Brooklyn Museum is not only focusing differently than the gallery scene but you're redefining what it means to be a museum. The way you're approaching activism and community involvement is redefining 'museum'. I see the Brooklyn Museum as a 'change agent'.

ES: Yes it is and it is because of the Elizabeth A. Sackler Center of Feminist Art. I was very fortunate to have a great partner in Arnold Lehman who was the Brooklyn Museums director at the time that I brought him my idea for the Sackler Center. That vision was not for a gallery, but for a center. There's a difference between having a gallery where you have only art and having a center where you have everything. Where you have lectures, where you have different kinds of exhibitions and where you can really break ground. That was really my interest.

My concept was to use Judy Chicago's Dinner Party as the fulcrum to the center in addition to offering it permanent housing. This was for Judy a critical moment. She said, 'Hurrah, it's done' and I said, 'No, it's just beginning.' Because for me, The Dinner Party is a launching pad for every conversation. The one thousand and thirty eight women of The Dinner Party represents one thousand and thirty eight disciplines. There isn't any area of life that it doesn't touch. It is educating us about the past women who were feminists in their own right, even though the word didn't exist, who were really breaking ground and doing things. Many of them of course were punished for it. Many of them were killed for it. We have this horrible history of oppression and women faced it with the grit and the will and the desire. Women who couldn't be stopped. You can't help it. You just go ahead. Didi Menendez, would know that. If your D.N.A. is made like that, then whatever your vision is that simply has to be and if that means change, that means change. The Dinner Party for me is a launching pad for all our programs and dialogues.

The Sackler Center layout breaks down with the Dinner Party Gallery at its nucleus, then the Feminist Gallery, the Herstory Gallery and the Forum. The Herstory Gallery is next to The Dinner Party and historically we've had small exhibitions there that have been extremely important.

Catherine J. Morris, The Sackler Center's Senior Curator, produces more exhibitions each year than any other curator in



the museum. We bring forward Herstory.

The Herstory's very first exhibition used pieces from the museum's Mesopotamia collection to reflect back some of the very early women in *The Dinner Party*, women from Greece goddesses. It was the first time in the museum's history that there had been interdepartmental loan; where one department gave art for exhibition to another. That changed the functioning of the museum. It became in what academia is called interdisciplinary.

It was very interesting because when I signed the agreement with the Brooklyn Museum, in 2001, I didn't expect to see changes in the museum until the Sackler Center opened. And it changed immediately, absolutely immediately. Suddenly curators were looking in storage. What had they neglected, or overlooked, or put aside? Within a year of signing the agreement the museum exhibitions started to change.

It took four years for the Elizabeth A. Sackler Center for Feminist Art to be built; we opened in 2007. The space had housed the Brooklyn Museum costume collection and the Schenck House. So it had to be emptied. The costume collection was gifted to the Metropolitan Museum. Which is how I knew The Brooklyn was really serious about a center for feminist art!

VS: It's amazing that while we see you breaking down walls and shifting conversations and building connectivity on the public platform you were also doing that inside the museum.

ES: And as we were doing that the museum changed and the curators changed. It was interesting because the curators were not jealous of all the focus on the Sackler Center, to the contrary, they were extremely excited because it was new energy and it was bringing life to departments that had sort of been drifting along.

VS: Sounds like you were fascinated by what other departments could offer to Herstory and they knew you wanted to tap into them and they loved that.

ES: And they were very very excited by what we were doing.

VS: Just out of curiosity, when you joined forces with the Brooklyn Museum were most of the in place curators male or did you inherit a lot of strong women curators?

ES: There were men and women curators. Amy G. Poster, for example, was the head of Asian Art at the time a very strong curator. I don't know what the exact gender balance of curators was.

When Arnold invited me to join the board in 2000 there were about twenty five men and about four or five women on the board at that time. Now we're thirty eight and the majority are women, two thirds are women. The museum's entire senior administration is women with the exception of David Berliner who just came on as COO. The board officers are now all women. When I came on the board officers were all men.



VS: I noticed currently at the Brooklyn Museum, perhaps for the first time in the history of any museum, the three main shows, all major current exhibitions, are all women artists. It's so powerful.

ES: Yes, It's a great moment. It's a really incredible moment. We've always had two women shows going on in the Sackler Center but with 'Marilyn Minter: Pretty Dirty' and 'Georgia O'Keeffe: Living Modern' accompanying our 'We Wanted a Revolution: Black Radical Women, 1965-85' it's a full sweep throughout the museum. We've taken over the whole museum. That was the idea, to take over the museum. So far so good.

VS: While you were making all this happen has there ever been a moment when your jaw dropped because you were actually watching feminist progress being made right in the room where you were sitting?

ES: I think what dropped the jaw for me was how rapidly the Sackler Center had external influence. It was within months of opening. I hadn't expected that we would have such an impact internationally, for galleries, for women artists, for feminist artists all of a sudden. There's still not parity, as we know, but the improvement has been significant. Of course I watched as immediately the Whitney started looking and the Guggenheim started looking and the Met started looking. You can see that it's changed. It's changed, but we still have more to go. It wasn't so much jaw dropping but it surprised me how quickly it happened. I thought it might take a year or two. I didn't think it would take a month or two. Well it just goes to show you how hungry everybody is for women's work. It really has less to do with the fact that maybe I had an impact by coming up with something. More it shows that there is an audience who is really hungry for this work. It taps into that. People really want it.

VS: We know how important it is for global solution seeking to get women's voices into every arena right now.

ES: Well that's true we have a long way to go.

VS: You work on that every week, every month every time you do a program.

ES: That was very important to me. That is why we created the Forum in the space too. We have The Dinner Party Gallery, the Herstory Gallery, The Feminist Gallery and the Forum. I wanted a space that would seat about forty or fifty people. The Brooklyn Museum auditorium seats four



hundred. I knew that we would have a lot of programming, that was going to be very important, and if you have a hundred people in an auditorium that seats four hundred it looks like nobody is there. So we have our Forum. The museum at the time didn't understand the importance of programming to the Sackler Center. The Sackler Center programming to me was always integral. Because the museum didn't understand the import it actually gave me leeway the first year I was out there every Saturday and Sunday doing programming and inviting people to speak. I was basically curating the programming and all of a sudden the museum looked up and realized, wow, Gloria Steinem was in the auditorium and it was sold out, and talking about sex trafficking, and we've got something going here. The programming now is integral to the museum. Rebekah Tafel and I continue to do the social action portion. Our 'States of Denial: the Illegal Incarceration of Women, Children and People of Color' started almost four years ago, before mass incarceration and state sanctioned violence was headline news.

VS: I see a great photo on your desk of you picketing...it looks like you have always been an activist.

ES: Oh my gosh, that's when I was 15. We were picketing the FBI building for voting rights in Selma Alabama. I grew up as an activist. I went to The New Lincoln School up in Harlem on 110th street my whole life. It was all about civil rights and social action. My parents were about equity and equality, moral and ethical action. I was brought up to do this. And because my father and my family had so much to do with museums I was able to watch my father negotiate and deal with museums so that I was prepared to negotiate with the Brooklyn Museum. I watched my father do it for decades.

VS: While watching him your brain must have been firing

on how to bring the two together. Bringing social action to museums.

ES: I knew how to do it. I watched him do it. It's like anything else, you have to be trained to do something so that it really works and I was well trained. I'm not a philanthropist. I consider myself a human rights activist with means.

VS: So you are a 'firsty' yourself.

ES: Yes, I guess I am. Definitely.

VS: How do you respond when women question if feminism is outdated?

ES: Nobody has ever said to me that feminism is outdated. The world that I live in is a world of feminists and feminist artists. But it was very interesting, on January 12, 2017, there was a panel discussion at the Museum of Modern Art just before Trumps inauguration. Catherine Morris, our wonderful curator whom I adore and I love working with her and we're very close, was speaking. She had said before the election she had started to wonder whether or not we needed a center for feminist art. Then she said 'but clearly we do.' And everybody burst out laughing. I raised my hand after a little bit and I said that's why I created the Sackler Center to exist 'until we live in a world of equity and equality and justice'. I never doubted the need for it.

I think there were generations of women and young women who felt that we had reached post feminism. Catherine, even was wondering about it. And that sort of surprised me, but that's cool, that's fine. What I have adored about Catherine is what she has brought to the Sackler Center. When she came she asked 'What do you want me to do?' 'what's my mission?'



And I said, 'We're ahead of the curve, we're writing the canon, we are breaking new ground and I want you to make sure that we stay ahead of it.' MOMA and the Whitney and the Met and the Guggenheim all have money and we did not. But we have something they do not have and that is a commitment to community, a commitment to diversity, a commitment to taking risks. They have different commitments. Catherine keeps us ahead of the curve. How she has, and with the grace and intelligence that she has, is by opening the dialogue to not just feminist art as a category but what is the content of feminist art, what is feminism and what is feminist in art that we don't see because we've been trained to see through patriarchal eyes. Even going back to classical times, in Egypt and in Greece, there is the power of women and we don't see that. We're not taught that in art history. It doesn't take that point of view. So Catherine has really broadened the conversation about feminist content, and what it means to have feminist content. Our current exhibition, 'We Wanted a Revolution; Black Radical Women 1965-85', is absolutely outstanding. We have completely busted open art history with this exhibition. To have black women artists, who in the 60's and 70's were already moving along in new directions, breaking ground, who often not even to this day, were not included in art history. It's like Hanson not having any women in their art history until the 1980's. Black women artists have been continuing to suffer from the same lack of inclusion and in fact omission and erasure. So what we are doing is exciting.

VS: These certainly are interesting times. With the social and political upheaval people are really starting to open their eyes. It has increased empathy and people want to reach out. But at the same time there are all these other walls being built perhaps between half of the women in America. How do we include them, bring them into the conversation?

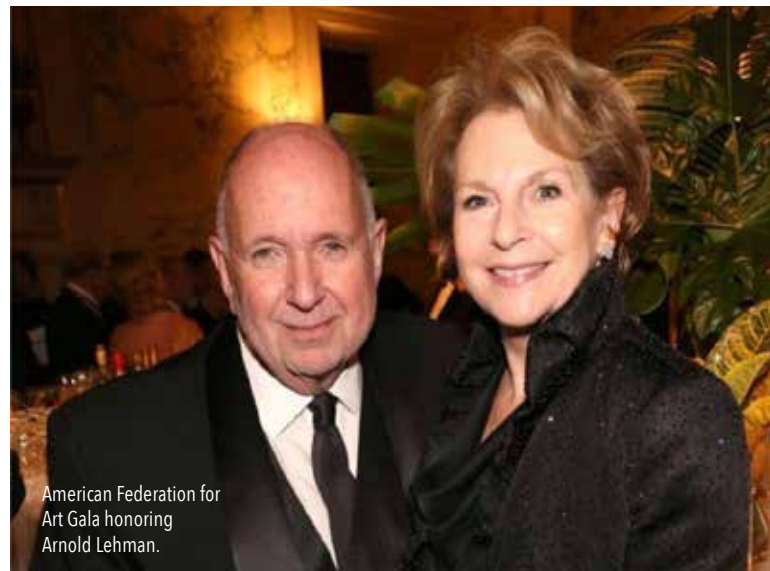
ES: I haven't the foggiest idea. This goes back to the Reagan era. Civics was not taught after the Reagan era in public school education. As a result we have a citizenry, no matter what color, no matter what economic background who went to school and did not ever learn how the government works, what the different parts of government are, how checks and balances work and what our civic responsibility is. As Obama said in his closing statement the Constitution is just a piece of paper. What brings it to life is the population, is involvement



Picketing the FBI Building, NYC, for voting rights in Selma, AL (published in *EBONY* magazine), MAY 1965



With Judy Chicago at the opening of 'Judy Chicago A Survey' NMWA, Washington, D.C. 2002.



American Federation for Art Gala honoring Arnold Lehman.

of people. What happened was a. we aren't learning that it was a requirement and b. didn't understand how our government functions as a democracy. That it all is grassroots. That it all starts with the congressman or with your school board person. That it all gets built from the ground up not from the top down. This has been a huge wake up call. I was reading on Twitter what somebody wrote if Trump has done anything he's woken up the entire population. This may be his only contribution of his presidency, but it's big. It's great to see people opening their eyes and becoming active.

When I opened the Sackler Center to the women who were having trouble with the word feminism, I would say, if you believe you have parity now, you are not only going to hit a glass ceiling, you're going to hit a cement ceiling and you're going to end up with a migraine.

VS: And you might be sitting in a place where you are quite fortunate compared to others. If you can't see the disparity for populations of women other than yourself then you somehow have blinders on.

ES: Yes, It's been very interesting. I think the question of 'intersectionality', which is a term women of color are using, and 'privilege' which is popping up, is really beginning a new conversation.

It's been very interesting to me. I graduated from high school in '66. I grew up in Harlem in a highly integrated school, the most integrated school in the city. There was no sexism. There was no racism. I encountered none of that till I went off to college. It was very very surprising. At that time I was sleeping in front of the White House for voting rights in Selma Alabama. It's what we did. It's what you did. When I read Ta-Nehisi Coates's, 'Between the World and Me' it woke me up in a new way. His writing is so incredible I think for the first time I had an inkling of what it was to be walking in those shoes. More and more, I don't know if it has to do with age. I'm not quite sure what it has to do with. My parents were young adults of the Depression. I'm a first generation American. My grandparents owned a grocery store in Brooklyn. My father was a genius and

my mother never let us forget that whatever he earned was his, and how fortunate we were to experience the things that we experienced, traveling, art and so forth.

My father used to say to do x, y or z was a privilege. I would hear him say it in a speech for example when the Sackler Wing opened at the Metropolitan Museum. People now use the word honor, 'it's an honor to introduce so and so' or 'it's an honor to be here today'. My father would talk about privilege, not as having privilege or being privileged. He didn't use the word that way. But rather that it is a privilege to be able to... And it was very clear that we had to recognize that. I would say it has been a privilege for me to open a Sackler Center. It was a blessing for me to start the Repatriation Foundation. We're coming up at a time of so much just discourse. I understand a lot about it because of the way I grew up.

I walked into 'We Wanted a Revolution' in the Sackler Center and I just had to stop and take it in because for me having that exhibition at the Sackler Center is what the Sackler Center is all about. It is totally what it is all about. It is bringing the voices and bringing the people and bringing the art to the people that have heretofore been ignored.

VS: I hear in your voice, that although you have spent your whole life as an activist, this moment is bringing up an enormous amount. What we're experiencing as a country is urging women to excavate their pasts and try to make sense of where we are.

ES: Well I'm horrified with this country. I feel like we're looking at a Nazi regime. I recognize things. I see a dismantling of our democracy. It is a horrifying time and yet so many are sustaining the protests, sustaining the resistance and learning what it is that they have to do to hang on to their rights as Americans.

I was actually at Gracie Mansion at the opening of 'New York 1942' and was speaking after the First Lady. I talked about ICE and I said I recognize that we are a sanctuary city and that the NYPD will not assist ICE with deportations of immigrants. But I



**We Wanted A Revolution** Opening Dinner April 20, 2017.  
Photo credit: Elena Olivo

said to the assembled crowd, 'NYPD will not assist ICE but they will also not deter them. And if the NYPD will not deter them, then we have to'. We have to put our bodies in between ICE and those people who are being rounded up.

VS: How do you address these issues at the Sackler Center?

ES: I started 'States of Denial; The Illegal Incarceration of Women, Children and People of Color' in March 2014 and somebody had asked me why I was doing it at a museum.

Then a couple weeks later on March 20, 2014 Holland Cotter's article; 'Door to Art of the World, Barely Ajar' in The Times' Museums section talks about inequity and injustice in the museum world. He writes, 'Even unbuilt, the Guggenheim Abu Dhabi feels like a white elephant, corralled on the Island of Happiness with others of its kind: an Abu Dhabi branch of the Louvre designed by Jean Nouvel, and a performing arts center designed by Zaha Hadid, all constructed by people who will most likely never get in the doors and whose art is still hard to find in comparable museums in New York. Yet it would take a real cynic not to speculate about how this might be different. What if seemingly incompatible institutional features – humane local wisdom and custodianship of treasures of art – could be made to coexist? We'd have museums that are on the right side of history, and in which the future of art would be secure. That ideal is worth storming an empire for.'

And that is exactly what the Sackler Center does. It works with the community, it takes our art and our art history and it puts the two together so that we can see the past, so that we can

see the future. And so I was thrilled with this article because then next time the question came up I was able to answer the question adding not only because I think it's relevant but so does Holland Cotter. And as Arnold Lehman did so does our new director, Ann Pasternak. We are working on ideas about how to do that. For me 'We Wanted a Revolution' is an ideal example.

VS: I know that it's very difficult to be everywhere and see what's going on right now. But I can't help but think that knowing what I'm going through, and what you are speaking of, and when so many women are soul searching and looking at everything that they've experienced in their lives that brought us here, and so many feminist artists are digging down deeper maybe than they ever have before, there's got to be amazing work being made right now. Are you sensing or hearing about feminist artists doing new bodies of work?

ES: I don't function in that world that way. I don't go to art fairs. I don't go on many studio visits. I know a lot of very well-known women artists. They are also of my generation, many of them are older.

VS: Do they call you and say, Elizabeth you have to see what I'm doing I'm so upset or I'm so moved or I'm so engaged in this.

ES: People don't call me to come and see. I'm not a collector. My father was a great collector. My father was a real collector. It's true I have a great collection of Judy Chicago works that I put together as a curated collection but I don't consider

myself a collector. So I don't get those kinds of phone calls. I find that artists are like writers. You get pregnant with an idea and it needs to gestate. I'm writing in my head long before I ever sit down to a pen or computer. It needs to form. It needs to take shape. So I don't find that women artists talk about how what they are working on right now is a result of the other. At least not the photographers and artists I know.

VS: I suppose I'm still a bit of an optimist. I think women artists across the country, with all they're going through right now, must be making great art. Maybe it won't surface right away. Hopefully it won't take twenty years to shake it out.

ES: You will see it and I probably will not, just by virtue of our chronological ages.

VS: Do you have any other projects that you're pursuing from an activist standpoint that you want to highlight? I loved the fact that you went into prisons to engage incarcerated women in artmaking and then brought the work into the museum.

ES: Yes, 'Women of York: Shared Dining' was incredible. Mass incarceration is an enormous human rights violation. Obama was starting to roll it back and whether or not that's going to happen I don't know with privatized prisons and the new administration.

VS: I learned a lot by watching the Sackler Center panel discussion. The stories about the young girls in foster care getting incarcerated for not making their beds. This is information that needs to be heard.

ES: We have a huge huge human rights problem in this country. We always have. Whether it's been against the First Peoples, Native Americans, whether it's been against African-Americans. The good news is it's all bubbling up to the top. The great news is that people are seeing it. People who either weren't paying attention, didn't see it, didn't know, were too busy doing whatever, buying shoes, are now seeing it. And that's a great thing and it's the only way we are going to make progress. Progress right now is going to have to be rolling back a whole bunch of things in order to move forward.

Last night I was listening to the first half hour of Obama at the University of Chicago. He was there talking to students. The fact of the matter is that for twenty minutes he spoke clearly, eloquently and with a point. I thought, my God, have we actually forgotten what it is to have a President who is speaking in full sentences, in full paragraphs, with a clear point, Awkward actually speaking English that you can understand?

VS: And with some deep thinking behind it. Some heart and soul behind it.

ES: Just sentences, forget the heart and soul, we're talking about being able to put together sentences and have information and a vision. But in any event I don't want to end there.

I think there's a lot of work to be done and I think it's great that there are new generations of people doing it.

VS: Thank you for being a ringleader and an instigator, for making sparks fly and things happen.

ES: It's been a pleasure and it's been a privilege.



2014 Sackler Center First Awards honoring Anita Hill. Photographed with Anita Hill and Gloria Steinem.





FRANK ORITI  
*DeerJerk*  
oil on canvas  
40x30  
2014

# GETTING THERE

Anas and I had Oreos this morning, as we do  
once a week, on the bench outside his store,  
sharing them so we don't get fat  
(ter). Now and then, for a change,  
Nutter Butters. Anas keeps a picture  
of his mother above the register.  
Right before he was shot three years ago  
by a thief, he focused on her face.  
Asked weeks later by a cop  
what the man looked like, Anas thought  
but didn't say, *Home*. He told me that.  
I told my wife, who told her mother,  
who told her mother, who said, *How lovely*.  
Even in her senility, her eyes sparked  
to the word home. Anas' wife is dead,  
his mother, grandmother, but I've leant him  
three generations of women  
admiring his thoughts. Below  
being a man, he's Anas. Beneath  
being Syrian, he prefers Paris.  
Under wanting to get even, he doesn't.  
Retribution is like playing catch  
with an egg. How far would we get with war  
if every man first asked his mother,  
Can I kill? Most of whom would say,  
"It's may I kill. And no, you may not."

Bob Hicok's most recent book is *Sex & Love* (Copper Canyon, 2016). *Hold* will be published by Copper Canyon in 2018.

Bob Hicok

# A BOY'S LOVE FOR HIS MOTHER'S LOVE OF POLITICS

Originally published in *Boulevard*.

My mother won't die  
in the next fifteen months. She has trouble  
breathing, trouble making it from the table  
to the counter, but she won't die  
in the next fifteen months. She has  
bad knees, lungs, heart. She weighs  
way more than she should. Her blood pressure  
and cholesterol are high. She can't  
levitate. Can't change from a solid to a gas  
and back. Seven kids have passed through her,  
four of us C-sections, all of us  
treating her body like rugby, and one  
may have been or still be a very large cat.  
But she won't die. She'll have doctors  
implant Julianne Moore in her if need be,  
who seems happy and optimistic in interviews.  
Or sew her to a dirigible. She'll ask my father  
to wire her to a light switch and read  
by her eyes if he has to, but she's not  
going to die in the next fifteen months. A woman  
is about to be president. Half the country's  
about to feel wanted by or despite  
The Constitution. Half the world's  
about to see themselves in TV's unblinking mirror.  
There will soon be a vagina in the Oval Office.  
Leading to the obvious question:  
why oval? Fifteen months. Four hundred  
and fifty days. A countdown to fairness.  
And after that? You know what happens  
after that -- democracy will still be an idea  
that makes me cry in movies, the only place  
really attractive people can figure out  
how to make it work. And yes, my mother will die  
eventually and probably badly, but how many of us  
die well, even though it's among  
the easiest things we'll ever do, requiring  
no knowledge, training, or experience,  
no ropes or wrenches, no water or lightning  
or guitars? All bodies know how to die,  
just as everybody knows you've got to be nuts  
to want to be president. Which means equality  
is the right of women to be crazy too.

**A BOY'S LOVE FOR HIS MOTHER'S LOVE OF POLITICS:** the sad sequel

Oops.









*Second to None* | oil on canvas | 58x46 | 2012

Sheida Mohamadi

## THE SNAPSHOT OF LOVE-MAKING

It all began with my big buttocks  
the wind's gibe at the door  
and the reflection of pink bras  
in your liquid eyes.

All that is left of that confused Friday now  
is a messy bed  
inside out sheets  
and the incomplete love-making of rain and leaf  
in the day's breeze.

Quite a few Tuesdays were drowned  
as we kept puffing in the station of a Thursday  
fretting over that Friday.  
Friday,  
memory of a half-finished smile  
in the outstretched sunset of exile!

How far, how many tides low and high, of heavy sighs  
how many eddies of apprehension  
separate the Mediterranean of my body  
from protrusion in your embrace.

Our century's capital sin  
fell prostrate before love with no commitment. . . .  
As you sang in Day of Love:  
"My love, eternal, everlasting"  
and I would think, amid smirks, of "only this hour" and  
"not yet the time,"  
that I would stay, forever, faithful!

I now know that  
upside down words  
leave confusing perceptions in their wake!  
that everything – from the touch of the emerald-eye boy  
to the wet kiss of the black-clad man  
and the shades of the deserted Friday –  
tells me that nothing is forever!

Days pass by and you do not pass this way  
this city has eyes that do not see  
and no news of you

or of my mother's melodies.  
And yet  
You are there wherever I turn  
as is the wall, the road, tomorrow's promise,  
and I am still in caught in yesterday's bed  
sleeping hard.

Perhaps the sin took shape in our innocent gaze  
when the connection we made between a few love poems  
and the book that bridged peregrinations and poetry.  
left nothing untouched.

Then seasons alone turned  
turning our hair white  
and – need I say it –  
distanced our hands  
carving deep and dark grooves along the faces of days.

And now. . .  
you outstretched mysterious frown  
get off this train  
off this whimsical compartment,  
come to the Once-More Station  
to the mystery of those smiling words  
to the lines along our palms  
as the palm-reader gleaned that day  
and the countdown to our coming together  
inside the rusty clock of that painting  
and the luster of our forms  
through the snapshot of a love-making.

Sheida Mohamadi, poet, fiction writer and journalist, was born in Tehran, Iran. She is the first Poet in Residence at the Samuel Jordan Center for Persian Studies at the University of California, Irvine. She was also a Poet in Residence at University of Maryland in 2010. Sheida has been a member of Pen Center USA since 2010. She has published five books. *The Moonlight Opened its Heart, Lady!* (2001) and her second, a novel titled *The Legend of Baba Leila*, was published in 2005. Her third book *The Snapshot of Lovemaking* is a collection of poems was published in 2007. Her most recent book is *Crimson Whispers* (2015). *I Blink and You Are a Peacock* is currently published in Jordan Center for Persian Studies at University of Irvine California spring 2016. Sheida's Poems have been translated into several languages. She was recognized as one of the most notable contemporary Persian writers of 2010 by the Encyclopedia Britannica (Encyclopedia Britannica Book of the Year 2010, page 268). She also edited and wrote for the women's page of *Saffeh-ye Zanan* an Iranian newspaper from 2002-2003 and at *Farhangestan-e Honar Monthly Review* in 2003, both in Tehran, Iran.





Photography from the  
*Lonely Man* and  
*Lonely Woman* series



















*A Habit that Refuses to Die*  
oil on wood panel  
30 inches diameter  
2017

Influenced by both classical and contemporary iconography, Amanda Greive's dramatic hyperrealist paintings include beautifully bizarre and artistically innovative compositions of women posing with flowers. Greive eloquently captures emotional authenticity while faithfully expressing fundamental truths. In her work, Greive examines the myriad of conflicting emotions embedded within the human condition, especially in regards to the isolation and anxiety born out of gender-based stereotypes. These masterful paintings aim to shine a light on the pressures women face to conform to widely imposed sociocultural ideals. The flowers adroitly symbolize society's paradoxical views on women, superbly capturing the dichotomy of being fragile, decorative, and sexual, as well as strong, tenacious, and adaptable. -LK



*Hannah* | oil on wood panel | 30 inches diameter | 2016

Danielle Calimi | *Concave* | oil on canvas | 48x30 | 2017





# SARAH HAD A CHILD

—when I was too old.

I laughed at God. / Then I denied it.

Why are women so difficult?

Here comes God as three men,  
and I laugh at him/them.

That's why he/they decide for me and  
other women.

That's why he/they gift me a child I don't want  
to admit I want.

Or just don't want. / What am I allowed to say?

I'll deny it before it's said. God came  
to my home as three men.

I didn't see him/them.

I just heard him/them.

And I laughed, and I denied it, but I laughed.

Sarah Blake is the author of *Mr. West* and the forthcoming collection, *Let's Not Live on Earth* (both from Wesleyan University Press). An illustrated workbook accompanies her first chapbook, *Named After Death* (Banango Editions). In 2013, she was awarded a literature fellowship from the NEA. She lives outside of Philadelphia with her husband and son.



## ATHENA'S BIRTH

If a woman has a cesarean, her vagina can be swabbed, to smear over the newborn's face, to form the microbiome, to train the body.

But what if you didn't come out of a woman's body?

I came out of the head of the king of the gods, but could he be as powerful as any part of any woman? Or, what is power?

I would've sprung from under a fingernail, as long as it belonged to a woman.

I would've torn through a woman's knotted calf.

## WENDY

*He really is wonderful, isn't he? See how well he sails the ship.*

What I mean is  
the ship is the least of it.

What I mean is  
I call him captain in bed.

What I mean is  
the sex is good.

You looked at the stars,  
too, I'm sure.

You wondered at  
"straight on 'til morning."





Daena Title | *Miss Selfie* | oil on canvas | 27.5x45 | 2017

## TITLE'S JUXTAPOSITION BETWEEN JOY AND LUNACY

Daena Title's bright, energetic paintings focus on the strong seductive force of contemporary female icons. Loose, powerful brushstrokes and vivid colors help define Title's fascination with the ambiguous misrepresentation of beauty, feeling particularly drawn to the way heightened expressions of joy can cross a line into an ostensibly distorted or crazy appearance.

Playfully linking personal insights with frivolous visualizations, Title's intense expressionist pieces adroitly portray aspects of the inescapable love-hate relationship between women, and the consequent impact of those interactions on our self-esteem. By uniting representational and abstract styles, Title aims to break the rules yet remains both playful and honest in her quest to tell a story, offering dramatic, emotional content steeped in a strong dose of irony.

Title's vibrant painting, entitled *Miss Selfie*, is part of her Beauty Pageant series which examines to what measure women's looks are evaluated and judged by the world around them, and why women generally care about their appearance more than men tend to do—and most importantly, what this says about our shared values.

Motivated by her ongoing struggle with women defining themselves and their self-worth in terms of their beauty or lack thereof, Title channels her frustration by examining societal conditioning—in particular, the rivalry promoted by beauty pageants.

Seeking to capture the obvious contradictions, Title finds that these competitions—which value external appearance as the most important quality—both instill confidence and promote a loss of self-worth, and ultimately harm society at large.

The underlying premise of *Miss Selfie*—based on a photograph Title took during a televised pageant broadcast—is the fine line between appearing happy and crazy. Scrutinizing the women's faces, Title asks a lot of probing questions about their true emotions and personal motivations at the time of this event.

Fascinated by the sociocultural and psychological role the selfie plays in today's society, Title questions why, despite international media attention and knowing this moment will be on view on the Internet for a long time, these contestants still feel the urge to take one. Title suspects the selfie not only validates a specific moment in time, but also links it to an unsatisfactory and perhaps deficient inner life—yet, at the same time, keenly aware her painting is similarly seeking public outward validation of a moment captured inside a moment.





## **Drowning Barbie, Exploring Beauty Queens & Wonder Woman An Interview with Daena Title**

by Jan Nelson

I met Daena on Facebook in the Fall of 2016 in a group managed by the publisher of PoetsArtists. We traded contact information and several emails where we laid out a framework of thoughts to guide us. Five months later, I am sitting down to write up the email conversations we had.

JN: I see very strong feminist imagery in your work. Tell me where that comes from.

DT: it's not that I pick Feminist issues and paint them, it's that I get obsessed with something (perhaps a photograph or the idea of painting underwater reflections) and then 4 paintings in I look at them and go, "Oh. I get it. That's..." and inevitably it's some Feminist diatribe.

I have been an ardent Feminist since I gave up being a cheerleader in 1972, and I guess it just permeates my soul and there's no escaping it.

JN: How did you get here? I see that you were very active in theatre early on.

DT: It's a checkered past. From theatre, to screenplay writing. It wasn't until I weaned my first son that I wanted to return to art, which I'd loved precollege.

I see that my art is semi-narrative and dramatic at times, but otherwise don't see much of a connection to theatre days. Theatre was so social and collaborative. Things I was happy to trade away for quiet time alone in my studio. How about you?

JN: Checkered is a good term! I also have a theatre

background, and share your viewpoint that the time in the studio is a good trade-off.

DT: I recently survived a bout with breast cancer, and I find that's moving me down a new, as yet unclear, path. Funny that, two moments where my art is being launched, and both tied to my breasts. Hah! How essentially female of me.

JN: Ah yes, you mentioned the birth of your first son as a catalyst to returning to art after a long hiatus. Congratulations on being a survivor! My wife, Connie, is also among your ranks. What can you tell us about the shift that is happening for you?

DT: Yes. It's a plague. I'm sorry to hear that. For the art, my hope is to be less didactic and more joyful. I've come to the conclusion that the way to contribute as an artist is to bring joy to others.

I loved that old saying from the movie tycoon (Samuel Goldwyn) in the 40's, "If I wanted to send a message, I'd call Western Union". As if anyone even knows what Western Union is today. But hope I can be less didactic somehow in future. I love my Beauty Queens, but I'd love to paint animals for example.

JN: Well, your palette sure imparts emotional feeling, I think

you experience your own joy in working with color. I am reminded of the Fauvists. Tell me about that.

DT: Totally devoted to color, yup, and obviously grew up on the Fauvists and Der Blaue Reiter and early Kandinsky. I just don't understand neutral colored art. But a high chroma surrounded by neutral support, that's a piece of heaven that I would love to explore more.

I remember seeing Matisse's portrait of his wife at MOMA as a child and saying-- Oh gosh--that's how I see. A shock of recognition. (It was, I suppose, on loan from the Statens Museum for Kunst in Denmark)

JN: For years, B&W best expressed my responses to the world. I am not sure why that was, what the drivers were for it. Today, color is more interesting to me and is increasing as a part of my vocabulary, though when I look into most of my imagery, it seems that the palettes are pretty subdued. I wonder if there is a connection between that and my earlier preference or self-selection of working in B&W? It seems that we have a different way of seeing the world of color.

DT: I will sometimes use black or white as a color, but rarely use black to create a value scale. And often, not white. Also, I usually paint with a full spectrum palette.

JN: Let's talk a bit about process. I plan ahead, doing compositional work in the prep stage with my cameras. I think the discipline was developed by the relatively high cost of film and dark room time. Getting everything right before releasing the shutter was critically important to me, and even now with wonderful digital cameras, this process persists. I am very deliberate. The process of painting or drawing also has parallels with my photography, the works start to emerge like a photograph in the developer tray in a dark room, layers and time bring them to the point where I feel they are complete. Tell me about your process.

DT: I am more impatient and improvisational. Like you I plan out most of the composition ahead of time, but do not set the values or color. Those are discovered as I work. The painting tells me where it needs to go. It is more a path of happy (or unhappy) accident and discovery. In fact, I often put in too much, and then have to eliminate and simplify.

JN: I recently completed a studio space which frees me to change my processes from working one-at-a-time to doing a series of works simultaneously, as well as the potential for increasing the scale of individual works. Being able to move between pieces as drying times dictate is something I've not had the liberty to explore. How that added capacity adds to or changes my processes will remain to be seen. What about you?

DT: I am trying to work on more than one piece at a time, but inevitably I end up obsessing about one of them until it's first draft is done. It's a battle because I'm very impatient and I hate waiting for paint to dry, even when I know I should.



*Wonder Woman At The Disco* | mixed media on canvas | 48x24

Jan Nelson is known for his contemplative oil paintings and dramatic drawings and photographs portraying yesteryear's industrial endeavors upon which nature and the passage of time have left their visible mark. Earning a Master of Arts from the University of Wisconsin in 1977, Jan also spent time living in New York City attending New York University, working on a series of drawings under the mentorship of fellow artist and friend Don Eddy. Jan's work is in several private collections, notably the Herndon Collection, and has been exhibited at the Minnesota Museum of Art, Joslyn Museum of Art, Appleton Museum of Art, Knoxville Museum of Art and the New Hampshire Institute of Art as well as several invitational and juried shows internationally. His work has also appeared in *Poets & Artists* magazine. Most recently, Jan co-curated "Industrialism in the 21st Century" for the Nicole Longnecker Gallery in Houston, Texas. The author resides in Gig Harbor, Washington.





Purple #1 | ink jet print | 12x18 | 2017



excerpt from **THE INDEX OF WOMEN**

His baby teeth she saved  
in a tiny box that once held a ring...  
teeth like chips of china  
flecked with dried blood.

She made careful note of:  
-everyone's favorite foods  
-what it pleased them to be complimented on  
-their preferred places to sit  
-how their egos required to be assuaged.

She was the only archaeologist on the team  
small enough to crawl into the cave  
to see the toppling white piles  
of ancient skulls and bones  
and view the looming cave paintings.

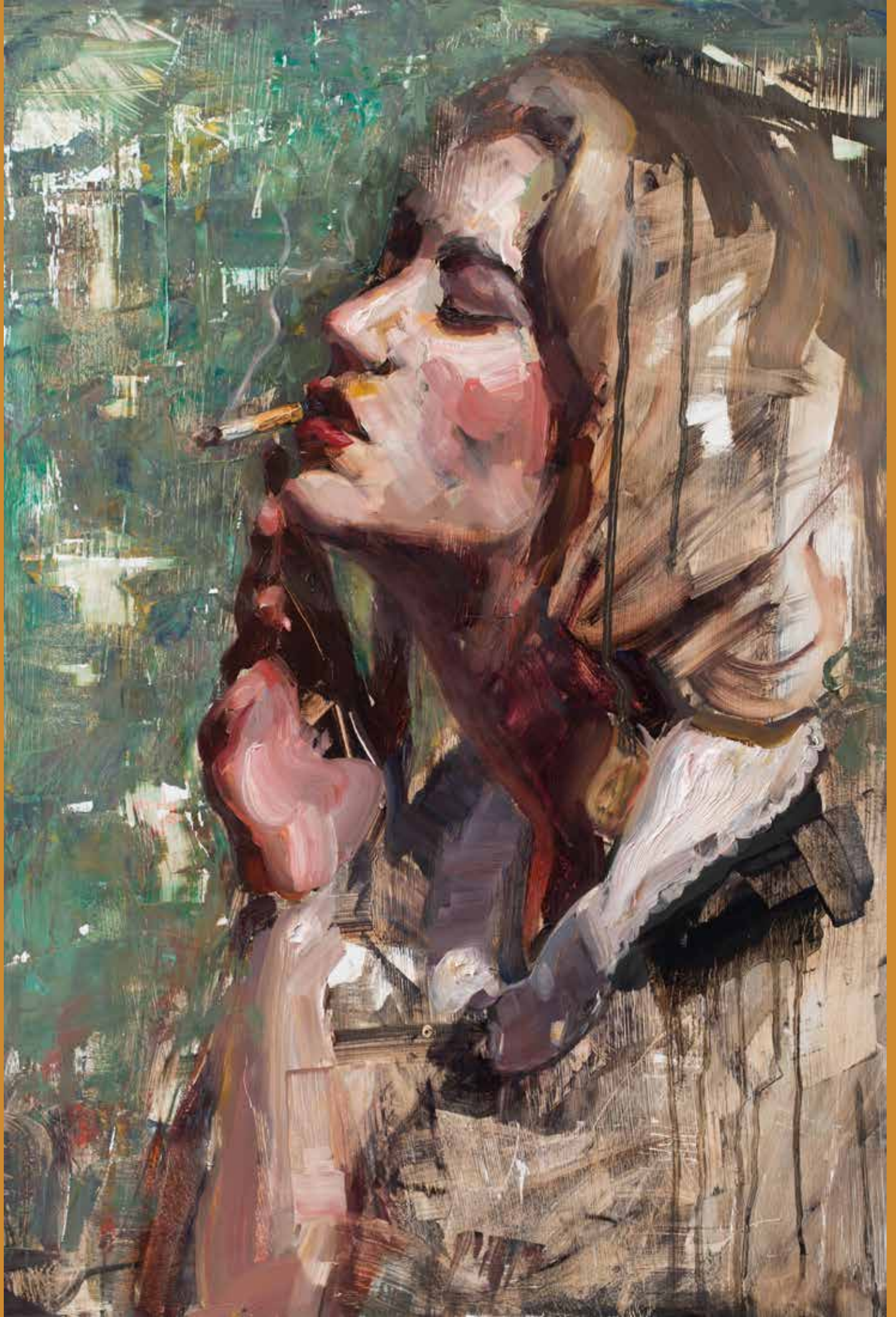
Hers was a different brand of beauty.

C- Section and Tampon Palace are names  
she and her band mates are currently  
considering.

Equally at home reading  
the dead sea scrolls or *VOGUE*,  
or making critical acquisitions on her cell,  
the first thing she does when she gets home  
is wriggle out of her control-top pantyhose.

Fridays, she tends those floating in coma.  
Tuesdays, she shrouds the dead,  
who are cooling at last,  
their eyes sometimes wide with surprise.  
Thursdays, she wipes down the newborns,  
birth gunk stuck to their skins,  
then weighs and swaddles them.

On her day off she's the happiest drunk at the bar,  
and when she slips off her jacket  
during her third beer, we scrutinize her tattoos.  
She claims they date from her time in exile,  
when she had left her mother's house and lands,  
wandered forty days and nights,  
and ended up here.



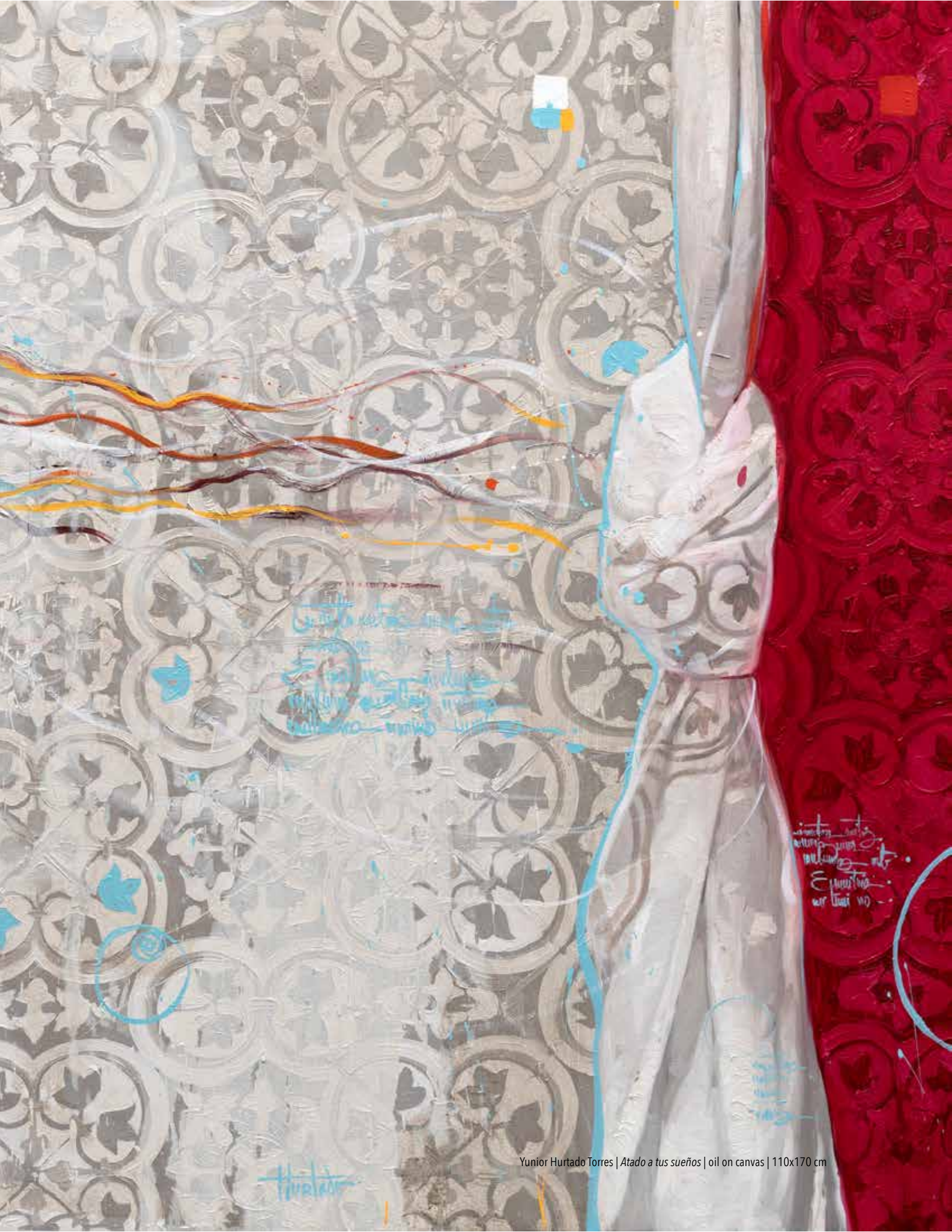


Matt Talbert | *Rock Star* | oil on linen panel | 9x12



*Por Todo* | oil on canvas | 180x180 cm





Yuniur Hurtado Torres | *Atado a tus sueños* | oil on canvas | 110x170 cm



*Balloons* | oil on panel | 18x24 | 2008







## POETICAL DEATH

You think I am only interested in you, oh self-centered human. How you cry when I take the young girl. Wasn't it that pervert Poe who said, "The death of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world?" Willard Motley wrote, "Live fast, die young and leave a good-looking corpse."

You probably thought I didn't notice your gendered thinking. You probably thought all these years I was a man—the way you drew me in a cloak, my grim walk helped along with a scythe. You probably thought when I peered from my hood that my male gaze was just like yours.

Your vulgar TV shows are an insult to my powers. Only ten percent of your characters are women, mostly young, those who other humans deem "hot." And of these ten percent, half go on to star as the corpse—washed ashore, their makeup somehow still intact. Raped, kidnapped, naked on display in slabs at the morgue. A concerned member of the patriarch slides each beauty from a wall the same way she once slid open her fridge's vegetable drawer.

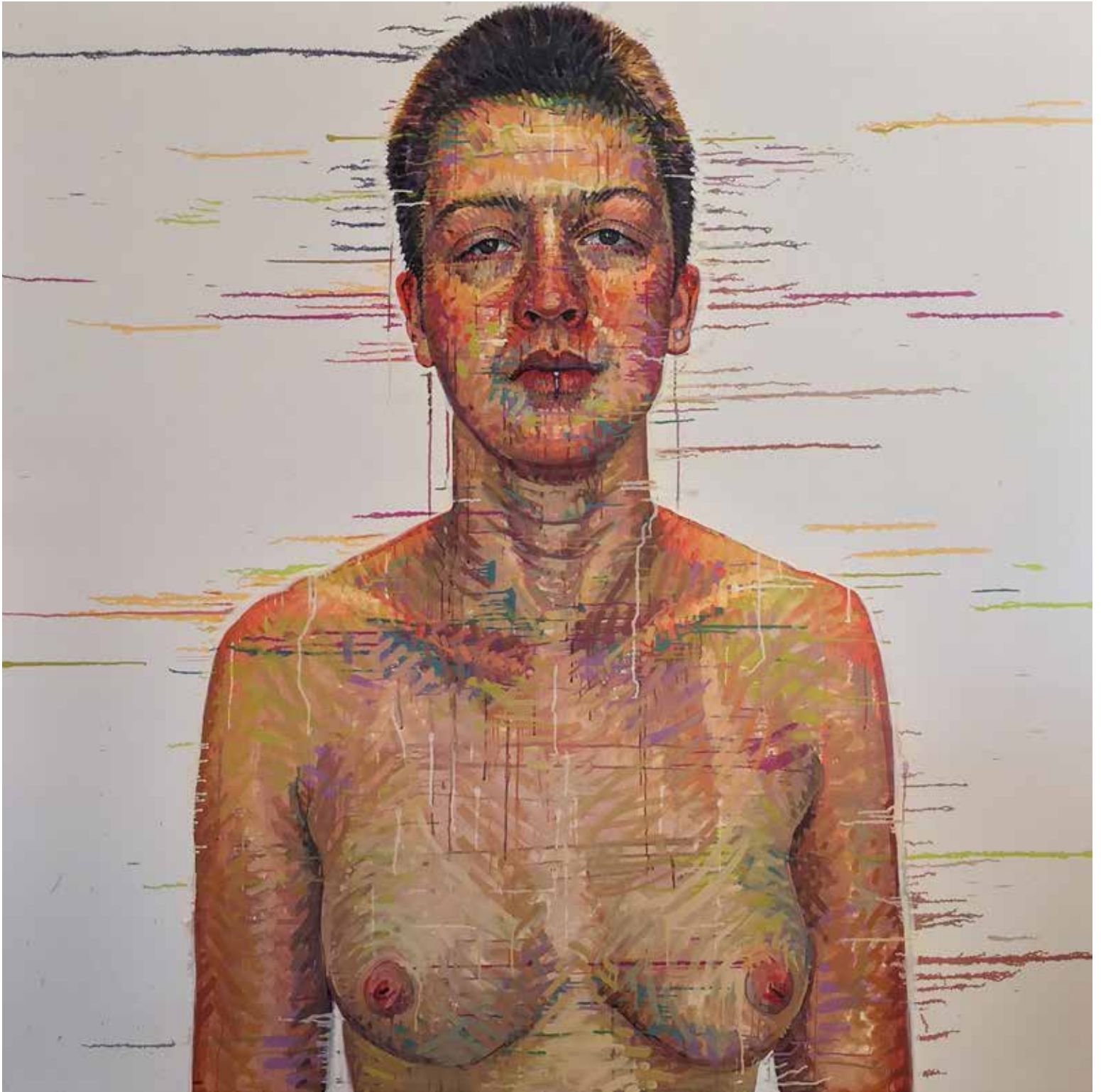
Caravaggio painted rotting fruit—and that, humans, is what I find "the most poetical." Consider the fallen mangos decaying on the lawn, raccoons eating the delicious garbage. Consider the grape made raisin, the plum made prune, the dried peach in your granola. The date or the fig, which you will see as a woman too: young and seeded, then dried out and preserved, the innards of a Newton.

I saw you take that selfie with the statue of Elizabeth Montgomery as Samantha of Bewitched. You were feeling particularly mortal, like Darren, but did you ever stop to think about how few statues of women there are? Not only in Salem, MA but also in New York City where Alice in Wonderland was the only female statue until Gertrude Stein—at last, a "real" woman!—was erected in Bryant Park.

I wasn't surprised you bought that pink size 2T t-shirt that boasted "I Am A Little Witch" under the silhouette of a conical hat and broom. Always an admirer of witches, you thought it would be a great present. But the parents of the girl pointed out the obvious subtext, obvious to everyone but you. "Are you trying to say my daughter is a bitch?"

I know these conflicts are the ways you humans fill out your days to try to forget the dying grass, the dying seas, all the animals and birds, the robin's egg fallen from the nest, the roses browning in your vase.

And, of course, it's true I am coming for you—young man, child learning to read, whiskered grandfather, mother of three. I live in the double helix's faulty twist of cancer and arrhythmia, strokes and cystic fibrosis. I lurk in traffic and bullets, in knife blades and riptides. I am here to do my job, round you up. Hello, dear soldier and cyclist, dear obese night watchman and scrawny addict. Hello, all you men, who statistically die first, who whistle by the graveyard of pretty girls.



# ELEGY FOR A YOUNG WOMAN ASSASSINATED IN IRAN

Yours the first death, the messenger, the voice,  
Crying out of Persia,  
By a single shot from this life untimely ripped.  
Louder now than that gunshot grows the noise,  
Neda, rohat shad,  
Anguished lamentation, by sorrow swept.

Where now your heart, bullet sequestered  
Like a stricken love  
In your severed auricle? Sister, you fell  
Burning, but with that fall you shattered  
Our glass lives, removed  
From our unseeing eyes the folded veil.

For now we cannot mourn you at Haft-e Tir  
Or Behesht-e Zahra,  
Instead commemorate you from our homes.  
With prayer we recall you fallen, martyred  
As if in Karbala,  
Solitary voices raised, no longer alone.

Thus we offer up our invocation  
To your final breath.  
Beyond the seventh and the fortieth day,  
Let resound life's majestic insurrection  
Against this first death –  
Be not afraid, be not afraid, be not afraid.

Samuel Peralta is a physicist and storyteller. His writing has been spotlighted in *Best American Poetry*, selected for *Best American Science Fiction & Fantasy*, and has won multiple awards. He is the creator and series editor of the acclaimed *Future Chronicles* series of speculative anthologies, now covering a score of bestselling titles. Apart from his publishing projects, he remains heavily involved in the high-technology industry, and is an ardent supporter and producer of independent film. [www.samuelperalta.com](http://www.samuelperalta.com)



*Judy finally grew a pair (Self Portrait) | oil on canvas | 36x48*



*Heather* | oil on copper | 36x30



*Twins by the Trees* | oil on panel | 18x24 | | 2017

Katie Miller's vibrant, ultra-sharp realist paintings of children immediately attract the eye due to their exceptional compositions, bright colors, and exquisite artistry. To Miller, hyperrealism isn't only an artistic genre but also a philosophical concept concerning the blurring of the real and artificial, the true and false, particularly in today's sociopolitical and media landscape.

In her ongoing series, entitled HYPERREAL, Miller explores the fusion of real and fake, of natural and artificial, and how these opposing concepts challenge us to discriminate original from copy. In this series of paintings Miller uses settings considered to be "recreational simulacra"—such as zoos, casinos, theme parks, and living history exhibits—to create environments that function as backdrops for the exploratory, open-ended narrative she conducts through her art.

Miller's delightfully dynamic piece, entitled *Twins by the Trees*, show two young girls in what, at first glance, seems a natural environment. However, upon closer inspection we notice that the children are standing in front of a fence holding a printed banner which, in turn, hides real trees in the background—an artificial setting within a natural one. Self-conscious postures and expressions convey that the toddlers are highly aware of being on display.

Miller's painting *Girl behind a Tinsel Veil*—part of her Enduring series—explores social pressures, such as gender roles, affecting children. The broad sociocultural symbolism of the veil serves as basis for the narrative; the girl's face is hidden by a cheap, mass-produced tinsel streamer symbolizing the expectations and pressures of today's beauty standards on increasingly younger girls. -LK



*Girl Behind a Tinsel Veil* | oil on panel | 40x24 | 2014



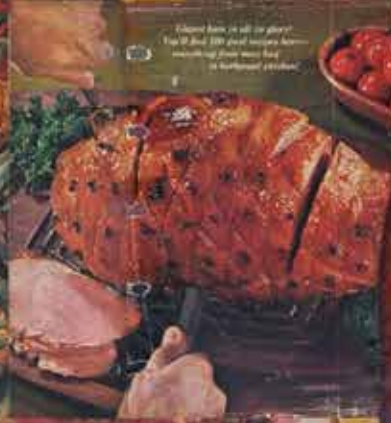
## SELBACH'S MATRILINEAL EXPEDITION

Victoria Selbach paints the female figure in celebration of the heroic spirit in all women. Through her art, she examines the complexities that ultimately contribute to who we are and how we behave. Selbach's series, entitled *Generational Tapestry*, examines the myriad ways in which previous generations of women influence who we are today. She celebrates the mothers and grandmothers on whose shoulders we stand today, whose actions and teachings continue to influence new and future generations of daughters, granddaughters, and great-granddaughters. Selbach marvels at the continuum of the generational matrilineal legacy that shapes our identities and binds us together.

In her *Generational Tapestry* series, Selbach breaks away from traditional methods and paints young female figures on top of collaged backgrounds that include vintage keepsakes emblematically placing the figure on top of the historic legacy that shapes and supports her. The cherished keepsakes lovingly made by Selbach's own and her friends' grandmothers' hands offer but a fractured glimpse of the maker's identity, yet define the world in which she lived, forming a base for a partial memoir on which Selbach builds new narratives.

In her piece, entitled *In Our Mother's Grace*, Selbach seeks to examine the impact of religious doctrine and devout faith passed on through the generations. The Catholic prints in the background are family heirlooms—holy portraits that inertly stare at fractured and often lost connections to subsequent generations, while their cultural indoctrination continue to shape identities and affect actions. Delicate handmade Eastern European table linen and elegant embroidered hand towels find new life as backdrops for a kneeling female figure, who turns—perhaps in embarrassment—to hide her face, her nudity, in a symbolic gesture that shows the involuntary impact of the inheritance of previous generations.

*Our Mother's Bounty* shows a carefree nude reclining on embroidered linens that reference the unused table linens and guest towels so often kept pristine for visitors or special occasions. The backdrop of vintage cookbook images represents the universal importance women place on providing abundant nourishment for their families. Besides offering recipes, old cookbooks also advised and instructed readers on household gender roles, appropriate entertaining, and other domestic duties. Educational images within the collage highlight a strict hierarchy of women baking, tossing salads, and setting the table while men fire the grill and carve the meat as eager well-behaved children keenly watch and learn. While feeding the family is still a priority for most women, the contrast between the liberated female figure and the other images referencing the restrictions placed on previous generations of women is amusing, yet serves as a valuable reminder of how far we've come.





Victoria Selbach | Generational Tapestry *Our Mother's Grace* | acrylic and mixed media collage on panel | 48x36 | | 2017



## RECKLESS

You seared in noon sun  
having called 911  
after you'd pulled into traffic  
without checking the side view mirror,  
after you'd pulled over to park  
to call the divorce lawyer  
to say you were lost, after you'd been  
too scared to make that unprotected left—  
your heartbeat like the samba setting  
on the electric organ  
that you would turn to “fastest”  
when you were a kid so you and your sister  
could jump around in a flailing dance.

You'd rammed the back passenger door  
of a silver Honda just like your own,  
the Jamaican nanny oddly calm, saying  
Don't worry, love. You looked into her Civic's window,  
the empty car seat, and asked, Where's the baby?  
afraid a child had been thrown. The nanny,  
thank goodness, explained she'd just dropped  
the child at preschool. You'd apologized  
and apologized. The nanny must have thought,  
Here is another crazy white lady  
and maybe you reminded her of her boss.

Now you'd never get in to see  
the best divorce lawyer in Miami.  
Your friend had called on your behalf—  
and the receptionist explained it was this appointment  
or else—because this lawyer preferred  
to take on divorces of rich people  
and you were not rich, though rich is relative,  
of course, and you were probably rich  
compared to the nanny who said that the Honda  
was her boss's third car and she took the bus to work.  
Like me, she hated driving in Miami  
and favored the side streets

Denise Duhamel's most recent book of poetry is *Scald* (Pittsburgh, 2017). *Blowout* (Pittsburgh, 2013) was a finalist for the National Book Critics Circle Award. Her other titles include *Ka-Ching!* (Pittsburgh, 2009); *Two and Two* (Pittsburgh, 2005); *Queen for a Day: Selected and New Poems* (Pittsburgh, 2001); *The Star-Spangled Banner* (Southern Illinois University Press, 1999); and *Kinky* (Orhisis, 1997). She and Maureen Seaton co-authored *CAPRICE* (Collaborations: Collected, Uncollected, and New) (Sibling Rivalry Press, 2015). A recipient of fellowships from the Guggenheim Foundation and the National Endowment for the Arts, Duhamel is a professor at Florida International University in Miami.

like the one were on, the one that was a “Terrace”  
rather than a Street or Avenue  
which is why even the police  
were having a hard time finding you.

The nanny sat in her boss’s air-conditioned Honda  
drinking a cup of gas station coffee  
while you stood in that sun, punishing yourself—  
no sunscreen or hat—and half-hoped  
the police would arrest you  
so it wouldn’t be your job to file and dissolve  
this marriage. You were half out of your mind  
since you hadn’t slept in 48 hours  
and you’d lost track of how many Xanax you’d popped  
which seemed to be having their opposite effect,  
your samba heart clumsy and frantic.

And only after the police finally came  
and wrote you up—a ticket for being reckless—  
after the nanny had driven off, did you realize  
your car wouldn’t start, the crumpled transmission  
kaput. So you called Triple A and climbed into a tow truck  
and the kind driver gave you water and asked,  
Lady, isn’t there anyone you want to call?

So you called your little sister in Massachusetts  
who said she’d come and bring you  
to another divorce lawyer herself in a rental car  
while yours was being repaired. You’d learn  
you were head of household, more like a man  
than a woman, and your husband, like a 50’s housewife,  
would get half of what you had.

You called the nanny a few days later to make sure  
she still had her job and she did. Your sunburn blistered  
then started to flake away.  
Soon you’d be poorer, or half as rich.  
Soon you’d be saner and get back  
to wearing sun block and visors.  
But first you’d spend nights  
peeling away a layer of your own skin  
your troubled forehead emerging pink and raw.



Photo Credit Victoria Saint Martin

Jan Brandt is a multifaceted artist working in mixed-media, textiles, printmaking, and painting. Applying a feminist approach, her work ties art and science together, boldly defying and skillfully blurring the delineation of the theoretical distinctions between art and craft. In her flamboyant and intriguing assemblages and installations, Brandt seeks to offer new interpretations of biological concepts giving a condensed, macroscopic, and larger-than-life view of carbon-based cellular growth. The three-dimensional hybrid assemblages in Brandt's BioLab series are stitched, embroidered, and constructed using recycled fabrics, handmade pompons, and wooden embroidery hoops—the latter representing petri dishes out of which intemperate scientific experiments mutate, multiply, and expand. These quirky and somehow unnerving "biological experiments" seem to escape their habitat, slowly but surely invading their surroundings. We rather expect these visually appealing, colorful, organic-looking structures to spontaneously proliferate and spread out until they completely fill all available space. -LK





# HOW TO BE A LADY

*Nothing looks more incongruous than a tanned, muscular arm emerging from a delicate lace sleeve.*

I was seven years old and thought “incongruous” must mean something like “fabulous.” The big blue book where I read this line had a title I’ve since forgotten. Let’s call it *How to be a Lady*. It belonged to my mother – an old etiquette book that she bought or someone gave her shortly after she arrived in Los Angeles in 1964.

I was fascinated: So many do’s and don’ts! A lady does not wear linen after Labor Day. A gentleman does not allow his lady to walk on the street-side of the sidewalk. Do smile, do say thank you, do not raise your voice. When your husband returns home from work, do be bright and sweet-smelling. Don’t talk about unpleasant things.

The book was divided into sections, with advice on entertaining, leisure and personal grooming. If you had this kind of face, I learned in the pages of the blue book, you compensated with this kind of makeup. Another kind of face required a different intervention. And no kind of face was fine just as it was.

It wasn’t just the blue book. Everyone had a list of suggestions for little girls in the 1970s. There was my aunt: *Girls shouldn’t run because their ovaries will become detached. And, some years later, my older cousin: Ladies don’t shave their thighs because stubble can irritate their husbands.*

In middle school, I won a book in a contest. I forget what the contest was about. But I never forgot the book’s title: *Christian Beauty*. It was a paperback and featured a blandly pretty woman on the cover.

Inside, I learned that a Christian woman dresses modestly and doesn’t wear any makeup, so as not to “tempt men.” So maybe that’s the face that was fine just as it was, except it wasn’t.

Where, I wondered, was the book written for you and me? Where, for example, could a woman go for advice on how to respond to a man who commanded her to “smile”. Where was a book to suggest: *When a stranger on the street says, “Smile, honey”, go ahead and, without smiling, respond: “What is there, at this moment, to smile about, motherfucker?”*

A book that would condense “What to wear to social events” “Hosting Dinner Parties”, “Makeup” and “What to Wear” into a single chapter entitled: “For crying out loud, do what you want and stop listening to the advice of strangers!”

A book that reminded women that confidence is always in season, that study pays longer dividends than beauty and that if you spend a lifetime worrying about pleasing others, you will soon forget the shape of your own desires.

But then, it would still be an advice book. And perhaps the problem is not the content, but the form. Or maybe the thirst for counsel speaks to something even deeper and older; maybe it’s an unlodgable artifact of our sex’s long memory of vulnerability and dispossession. In that case, even if magazines and books stopped telling us, little would change. We would still want to know, in our helpless bewilderment, how simply to be.

# HOUSE IN THE CLOUDS

What if you called yourself  
His, at home on the 15th floor  
All sky and water,  
Picasso and Kenny Scharf, Miami  
never looking so gorgeously kept.

What if the first thing he tells you is  
“I want to take care of you.”  
And what if you  
recoil then reconsider  
because, well, look,  
The desk that floats above the ships:  
You look good in it, he says so.  
And the balcony with piped-in  
Concertos and the walk-in closet waiting  
To disrobe you.

His Mercedes, stamped with numbers that mean  
Nothing to you, his  
Bespoke suits, \$300 bottles of wine, prime rib and oysters  
The night in Montepulciano, the long morning  
Drive through vineyards stopping to speak  
Italian at the private estate, drinking  
From the barrels in musty cellars  
In the dark underground  
Grazie, signore, lei è molto gentile

Wrapped in silk and cloud  
Living high above the earth  
Inside your steel shell  
What would you call yourself then?

Ana Menéndez is the author of four books of fiction: *Adios, Happy Homeland!*, *The Last War, Loving Che* and *In Cuba I Was a German Shepherd*, whose title story won a Pushcart Prize. She has worked as a journalist in the United States and abroad, lastly as a prize-winning columnist for *The Miami Herald*. As a reporter, she wrote about Cuba, Haiti, Kashmir, Afghanistan and India, where she was based for three years. Her work has appeared in a variety of publications including *Vogue*, *Bomb Magazine*, *The New York Times* and *Tin House* and has been included in several anthologies, including *The Norton Anthology of Latino Literature*. She has a B.A. in English from Florida International University and an M.F.A. from New York University. A former Fulbright Scholar in Egypt, she now lives in Surfside, Florida.



*The Booand Baby Sitges* | oil on canvas | 48x36 | 2017





*Gumbo Beginnings* (Humble Beginnings Series) | oil on panel | 18x24 | 2017

Patrice Robinson makes the human figure the focal point of her paintings, often juxtaposing vibrant colors against darker ones to emphasize bold, philosophical narratives. Robinson's figures habitually appear lost in thought, withdrawn from the viewer, or sometimes appear in tight close-up, accentuating the idea we all live different lives despite our innate similarities and shared experiences. Building upon her own life experiences, Robinson skillfully incorporates universal emotions—such as loneliness, fear, and heartbreak, as well as hope, growth, and passion—into her subject matter, highlighting how the past influences the present.

Aiming to bridge social anonymity and emotional distance, Robinson's portraits illustrate the complexities of life generously sharing her psychological, spiritual, and autobiographical narrative with the viewer. Illuminating contrasting concepts—such as the conscious versus the subliminal, multiple personalities versus one-dimensionality, self-determination versus mind control—the atmosphere surrounding Robinson's figures provoke deep emotions and invite us to connect with her narrative on a deeper level. -LK

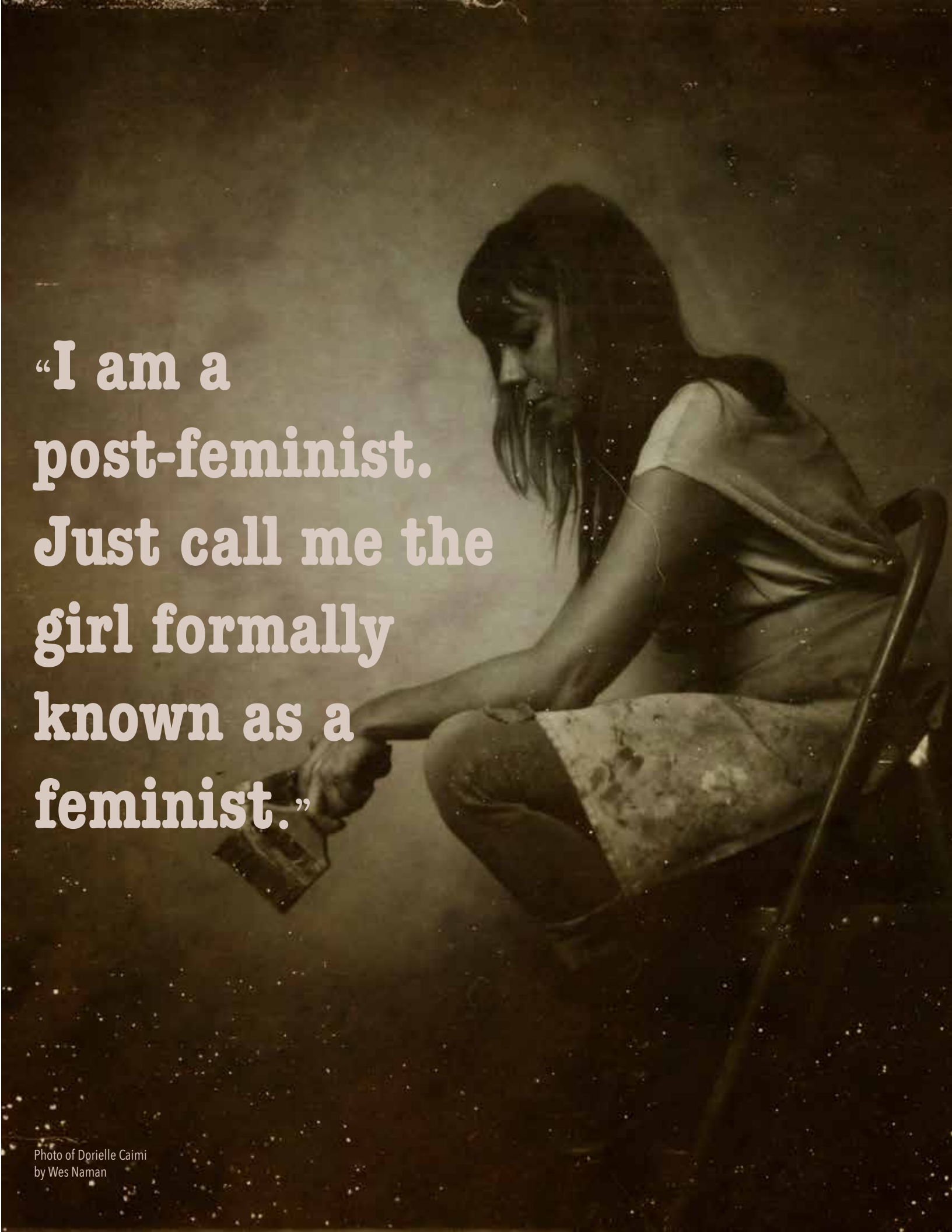








Patrice Robinson | *What's Bad is Good* (Jekyll & Hyde Series | oil on panel | 10x10 | 2017



**“I am a  
post-feminist.  
Just call me the  
girl formally  
known as a  
feminist.”**

# MY BEEF WITH FEMINISM

I have spent my life as a sincere participant in the Feminist movement, or, more accurately, participating in the principles behind much, if not most Feminist ideals. I flew out to Washington D.C. to partake in the Women's March earlier this year; I have taken numerous women's study and ethics courses; and my life's work (my art) is rooted firmly in the study of women. Also, I am a woman. In short, I am a fierce woman's rights activist. However, I have never been fond of the word "Feminism." It never seemed to get down to the heart of the issue of inequality. So it is with much thought, heart, reflection, and research that I write these words: I believe that word "Feminism" has become obsolete. I fear that we are using an old word in a new zeitgeist, and I am wary of the implications of using the word "Feminism" in these sweet gender-bending days of now.

When I was at the Women's March, I saw so many men and women wearing t-shirts that said: "Feminism: the radical notion that women are human." In a visceral response, I found myself pondering this question: why bother with the word Feminism, then, if its main concern is to transcend gender and make being human the primary concern? Why use a word that constantly points to gender as primary?

The greatest indication I have that our sweet old lady-friend-of-a word, Feminism, is getting tired is evidenced by the rise of the LGBTQ movement. Feminism is having a hard time holding us all together in one neat little gender package. I am not sure how many more letters we are going to add to the LGBTQ acronym, but I am sure that people are beginning to transcend gender.

The problem with the word Feminism is that the very word itself forgets the masculine. It champions the female as independent. But independence does not exist; it's a mirage; it's the ego's way of assigning the individual value. The truth is, we are not independent beings; we are interdependent. We need each other as social beings for survival. I champion the men who have walked the streets wearing t-shirts that say "I am a Feminist" (Bravo! or Brava! Not sure which one applies here). But I don't think it's fair to them to continue using this word. And I don't think it's fair to us. Men have to be brought to this table. But why would a man come to a table where a defining attribute of his being (at least physically) is completely absent?

Fighting for equal rights now has changed. As Emma Watson declared in her address to the U.N. in 2014:

"Men don't have the benefit of equality either. We don't often talk about men being imprisoned by gender stereotypes.

When [men] are free, things will change for women as a natural consequence. If men don't have to be aggressive in order to be accepted, women won't be compelled to be submissive. If men don't have to control, women won't have to be controlled.

It is time that we all perceive gender on a spectrum, instead of two opposing ideals."

She goes on to admit, however that "we are struggling for a uniting word."

And what is that word? Well, currently the best we have is "Feminism."

However, the word Feminism ironically cannot encapsulate the ideals from which it departed. It is an exclusive, one-sided ideal. When our mothers' mothers used it, Feminism was a novel bomb shelter. It was a way for women to build a protective construct around themselves so that they could have the freedom to explore themselves without the constructs of what society said a woman was. Since then, Feminism has stuck around doing what our foremothers didn't want it to do: namely seeking to label women as this or that. That's why Feminism has been through so many conflicting waves.

We cannot fight for equal rights from one side, and the very nature of the word "feminism" will always suggest one side, over and over again, unfinished, un-whole, like the Yin and Yang castrated from half of itself. It is an unwise word. It is a Catch-22, self-fulfilling-prophecy-of-a-word, and it is hurting our cause because it isolates us. It's a Catch 22 because we want to be seen as human first, regardless of our sex, but the etymology of the word ironically points directly at our sex before it has time to address the human who just so happens to have a vagina. The more we keep parading around as Feminists, the more we are carrying around our old baggage unable to move into the light of interdependence.

There are those who would argue with me that I must not understand what Feminism truly means. I do. Let's break down some history, shall we:

1. Feminism: This term dates all the way back to 1837 when Utopian Socialist, Charles Fourier, first coined the term "Féminisme."

2. First-Wave Feminism started roughly in the late 1800's and focused on legal issues that women faced, primarily women's right to vote and own property.

3. Second-Wave Feminism came into play in the 1960's and broadened the debate to a wider platform of issues, which delved into women's sexual identity, domestic abuse, marital rape, reproductive rights, etc.

4. Third-wave Feminism came about in the 1990's as a reaction to the perceived failings of first and second-wave Feminism by proclaiming that women basically should not be defined by their sex altogether. This form of Feminism came into play when non-heterosexual women and women of color started voicing that the old waves did not portray them accurately.

5. Fourth-wave Feminism takes spirituality into theory and attempts to take on politics, psychology, and spirituality of women's issues: this includes things like taking a serious look at body shaming, sex work, plus-size fashion, and reproductive justice.

6. Post-Feminism, though not "anti-feminism" directly challenges 2nd and 3rd wave feminist ideologies.

Now here is where things get tricky:

7- Infinity. There's Liberal Feminism, which seeks individualistic equality to men. There is Radical Feminism, which is extreme, and basically blames men for everything. Libertarian Feminism, which proclaims women as self-owners, exempt from external interference; Separatist Feminism, which doesn't support heterosexual relationships; Lesbian Feminism, which is closely related to Separatist Feminism. Conservative Feminism is conservative to the degree of the society around it; Ecofeminists claim that men's control of land is responsible for the oppression of women and the destruction of the environment; Marxist Feminists argue that Capitalism is the root cause for the oppression of women; Anarcha-Feminists think we should struggle against the hierarchy. Other forms of Feminism include but are not limited to: Indigenous Feminism, Third-World Feminism, Africana Feminism, Transitional Feminism, Neo Feminism, Post-Colonial Feminism, Post-structural Feminism, and, my favorite, just because I love lipstick: Lipstick Feminism (which believes that makeup and revealing clothing are a form of female empowerment).

Ok, let's take a minute for some water.

These are all concerns that surround women, yes, but the basic nature of all of it is that they call for a multitude of voices to be heard. None of them is totally correct, and none of them is totally wrong. This is because women, like men are not singularly anything. However, with Feminism constantly trying to wrangle us up into a group, we keep arguing over semantics instead of treating these issues, not as women's issues, but as complex human issues.

Outside of the Men's Liberation Movement, I don't see men squabbling over a term so profoundly as I do Feminism. It's becoming very clear to me that the word Feminism has evolved into something completely new, like a cell that has split into so many different factions, that it has taken new form altogether. What is that form: it's humanity. It is a human call unto itself that cannot be defined by a singular and, in this case, polarizing term.

As I write this now, I am terrified. But I'm not terrified of men. I'm terrified of women. I'm afraid they will think I've forsaken them and their cause. But, anyone who knows my life's work (my art), knows that I am a champion for the rising of the feminine. It finally occurred to me that being afraid of saying I wasn't a Feminist for fear of being attacked by women was a very ironic hypocrisy. When I realized I wasn't free to say that I was not a Feminist, I realized that Feminism is tripping at the finish line. I realized that Feminism is creating chains,

despite its intentions not to. If women are starting to feel inclined to say things like "I'm so sick of Feminism. Women's this, women's that- just fuck off," (as my friend screamed on Facebook one day) it is an indication that the word Feminism is teetering in a territory where it doesn't belong, and we need to look at that. And just as our mothers had to let us go into the world and think for ourselves and express our thoughts, so too does Feminism need to let future generations grow up and express their thoughts. It has to let young men and women move into the uncharted territory that awaits us.

I think people are afraid to let go of the term because they are afraid that we will repeat the past if we don't keep fighting for history as Feminists. After all, how can we forsake our familial traditions of hard-fought feminism, right? But I am not suggesting that we throw the female babies out with the bath water (let alone miraculously delete centuries of recorded human history); I am, however, suggesting that we get the babies out of the tub, and let them grow into their next phase of life. How about we stop using that word and start looking for a new word? Let's face it, not everyone is willing to accept the label "Feminist" but most are willing to accept the label as "human." Being human is our defining, transcendent common experience first, then our gender may or may not come into play. I strongly believe that this is where our mothers' fight has lead us: for people like me to be free to say this.

It is very clear to me that this is the next step our fore mothers hoped for: putting Feminism to rest because it has unearthed new (or ancient) truths about human nature. I'm not going back into a practice of Feminism; I'm moving into a practice of being a human with both my masculine and feminine traits revered and intact. I'm going to perpetuate that practice because that is my divine right, and because there are too many experiences that both men and women share that transcend gender. I, personally, would like to stay open to those human experiences. I can understand that Feminists want to fight for a good cause, but even a good intention well-played will lead into new territory. And how are we to traverse this new terrain? The tricky part is knowing when you're flogging a dead horse, and the scary part is being willing to get off and find a new one, or maybe even buy a hybrid vehicle.

There is so much energy that we are wasting by defending Feminism. We keep telling skeptics to look past the word and reach behind it for what it represents: fairness, justice, truth, equality, communication, agency, etc. But these are not "FEM-inist" topics of interest; these are human topics of interest. Human first; gender second. This is a concept where Feminism will never truly be able to arrive, unless it wants everyone to be feminine, and I don't think that's what we are wanting. But, for good measure, let's debunk some Feminist ideals:

Believing that plus-sized women are beautiful isn't Feminist, it's healthy human thinking. On the reverse side: believing that men can be attractive for a multitude of reasons outside of their physical build is also healthy human thinking. Women's reproductive rights

are not a Feminist issue, they are a human issue. Respecting her choice to follow through with a pregnancy or not isn't Feminist; it's human respect and trust that she knows when she is ready to become a mother. Standing up for badgered, raped, and killed women is not a Feminist issue; it's good human virtue, and it profoundly involves the people who are doing the badgering, raping, and killing. Fighting for women's equal wages is not a Feminist fight; it's necessary to elevate the human race.

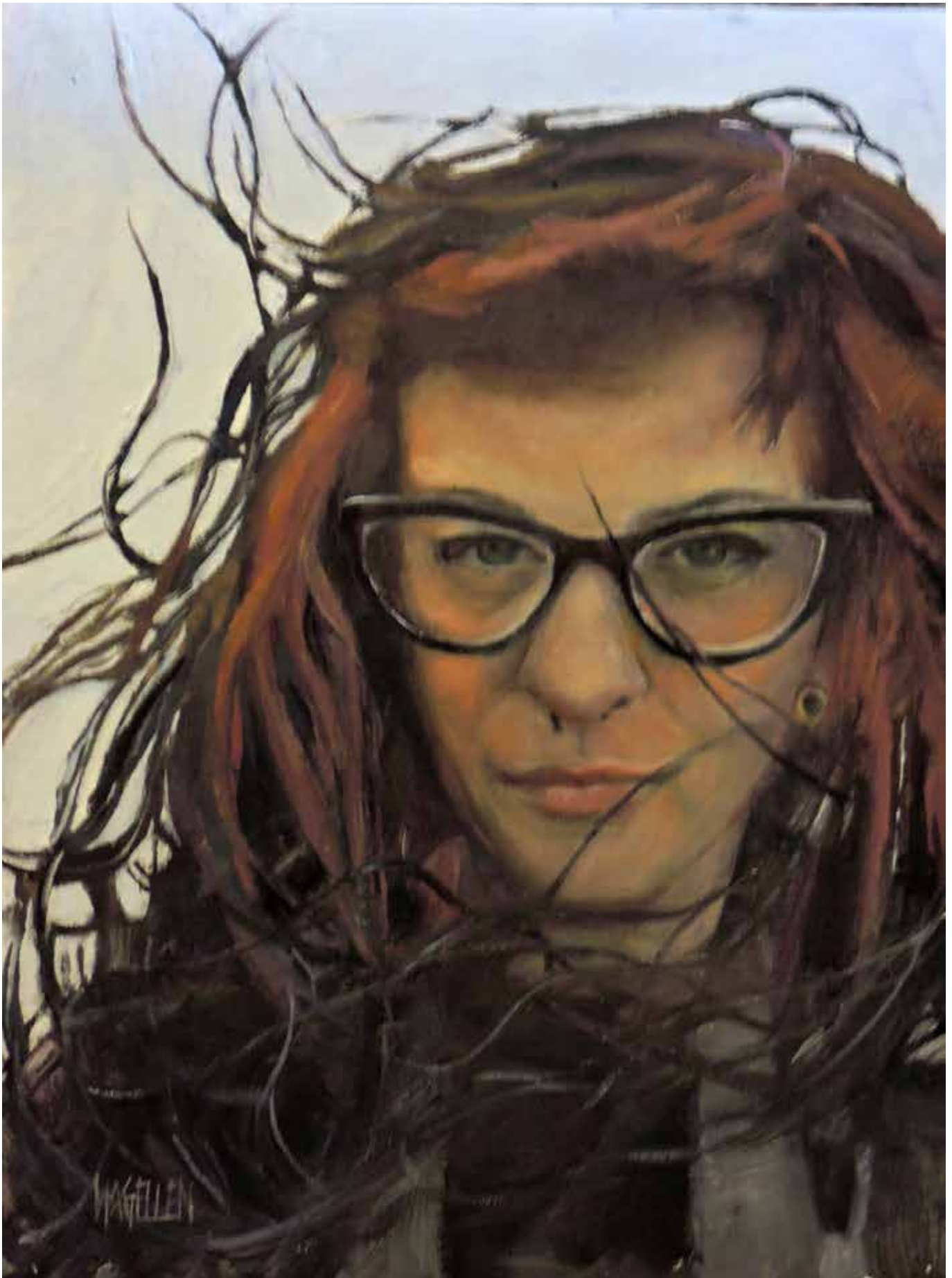
Allowing women to participate in politics and write policy isn't "Feminism," it's allowing for more voices to be heard within the human race for a better understanding of itself. Understanding that all women are not the same isn't "Feminist;" it's agreeing to disagree and understanding that all people are not the same. Saying that these wars are Feminist in nature completely takes the root cause out of the equation. It puts up a wall between the masculine and the feminine. It's as if we are constantly looking at effect, without looking at cause. Everything that happens to women affects men and everything that happens to men affects women. There is no war for Feminism; there is only a war for human rights: for who we authentically are as human.

If we can get rid of the word Feminism, then we can get rid of the baggage that it holds, we won't have to waste time arguing about it anymore; men will be more inclined to get involved; and we can come together and start solving the bigger problems in the world that involve the wiser brains and hearts of both men and women (penis and vagina aside).

And finally, Feminism is a divisive word. It's very existence keeps us in a weird woman-shaped box and ties us to our sex in a very imbalanced way. It consequently ties men to their sex and reminds all of us constantly of our sexual differences, which there very well may be but not in all cases. Feminism is a name for an army; and trust me, this is not a war we want to wage. It would be like the dog that chases its tail: the dog can wage war with its own tail all it wants, but ultimately it's waging war on itself (and probably also becoming dysfunctionally dizzy). I used to be a Feminist, but I am no longer a Feminist; I am a human rights activist and I should be free to say so. This is because at the root of Feminism, all we are asking is to be seen as human: Human is Primary, Gender is Secondary. "Feminism" embodies only one side of gender and the absence of the other. It cannot be used to efficiently imply equality and wholeness because that simply just isn't what that word can do. And finally, I am not wasting anymore time arguing with women and men about semantics. If I am not free to say that I am not a Feminist, then Feminism has failed.

I think we need to allow ourselves the chance to be free: Free to evolve into whatever comes next: free to bury the hatchets of the past; freedom to prove ourselves through our actions, and freedom to allow people to say who and what they are and what they are not. Freedom to be free, to change, to love, to be wise, and to evolve. Let's put that on a T-shirt.

Cheryl Magellen



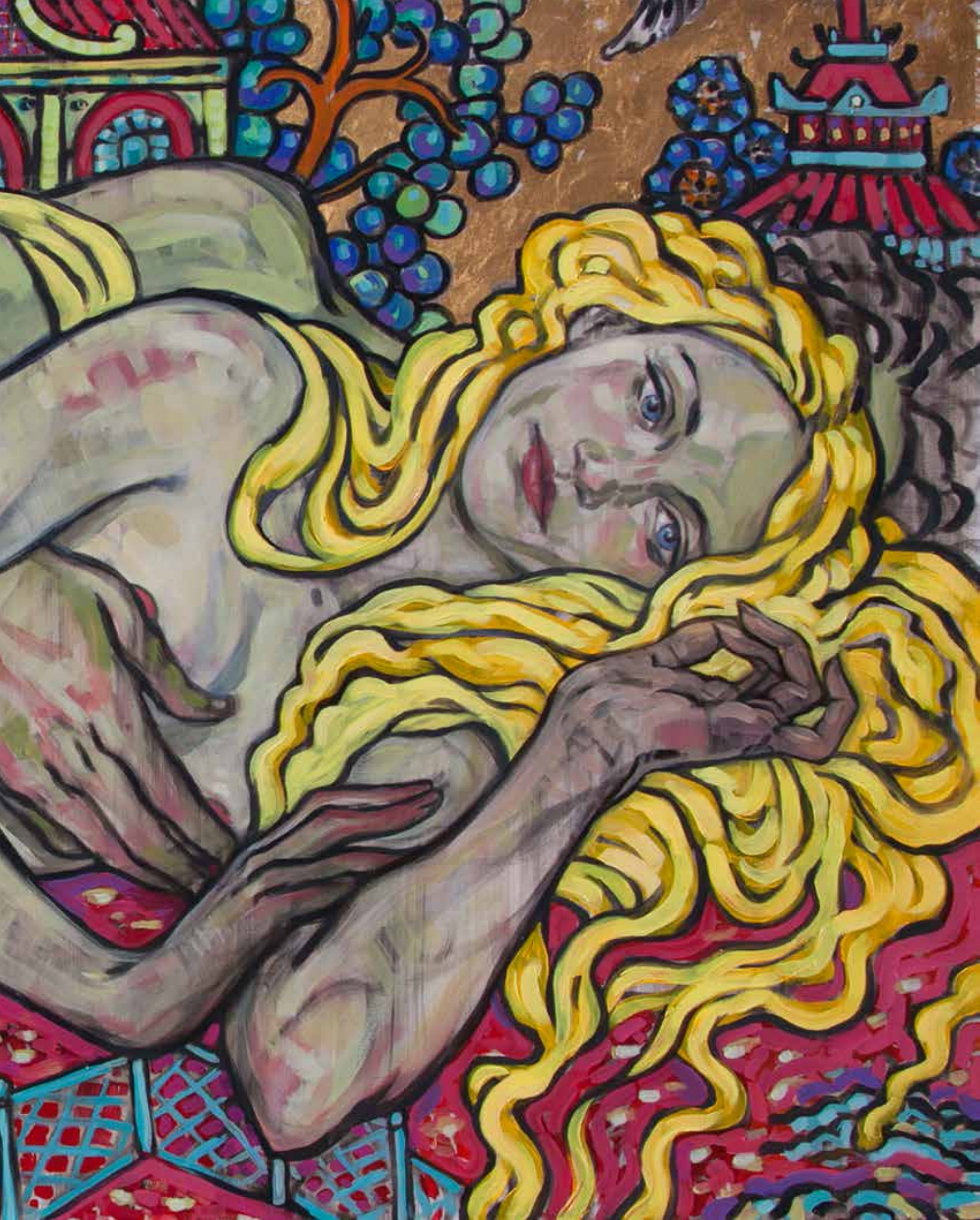
*Dylan's Answer* | oil on linen | 12x9 | 2017





R. Leveille | *A pretty girl / her underwear* | oil on canvas and gold leaf | 30x48







Lorena Kloosterboer

## LEVEILLE'S VISUAL SLANT TOWARDS HEIGHTENED AWARENESS

R. Leveille's modernist paintings hover between Pop Art, Expressionism, and Art Nouveau, using expressive brushstrokes and a lush, colorful palette to create strong pictorial content that conveys a powerful message. Leveille inducts the narrative of each piece by strongly delineated figures, adding powerful design elements and text, so that the visual content doesn't crumble under the weight of her subject matter. She succeeds at directing the viewer's focus of attention towards both visual and analytical content.

Leveille's paintings invite the viewer to look beyond the archetypal female figures and engage with the story that plays out in quite palpable terms, supported by witty symbolism and well-chosen, relevant words or sentences. Touching upon personal themes, such as sexual identity, sensuality, feminism, and today's sociocultural and political currents, Leveille firmly uses her paintings as megaphones, sharing her point of view and asking for awareness.

Leveille's painting entitled *We are Happy to Serve You* examines the paradoxes of the artist's ongoing love-hate relationship with sexist stereotypes, reflected within the title through its subservient wording. It depicts the French actress Carole Bouquet as she appeared in the 1981 James Bond movie *For Your Eyes Only*—a movie Leveille loved when she first saw it. Watching this film again recently, she felt sickened and repelled by the glaringly barefaced as well as abstruse sexism, yet still feels attracted to the imaginary stereotype of the "quiet, strong-looking man."

Working out her conflicting emotions through this painting, Leveille seeks to convey her admiration for resilient, beautiful women, yet adds an element of bitter irony disguised within the extravagance of the woman's pose and background design. Many women today are confronted with their younger selves' passive acceptance of social norms as expressed in yesteryear's stereotypes that lead to an unspoken yet tangible celebration for our inner growth and newfound awareness which was dormant just a few decades ago.

Leveille's painting *You Can Do Anything* speaks of a deep-seated anger and frustration many women as well as men share. Numerous amongst us, including Leveille, have survived sexual assault and many more of us have suffered under sexual harassment. The entitlement-fueled behavior of sexual predators—using both verbal as well as physical force—inflicts deep wounds in those they target and forever scars them.

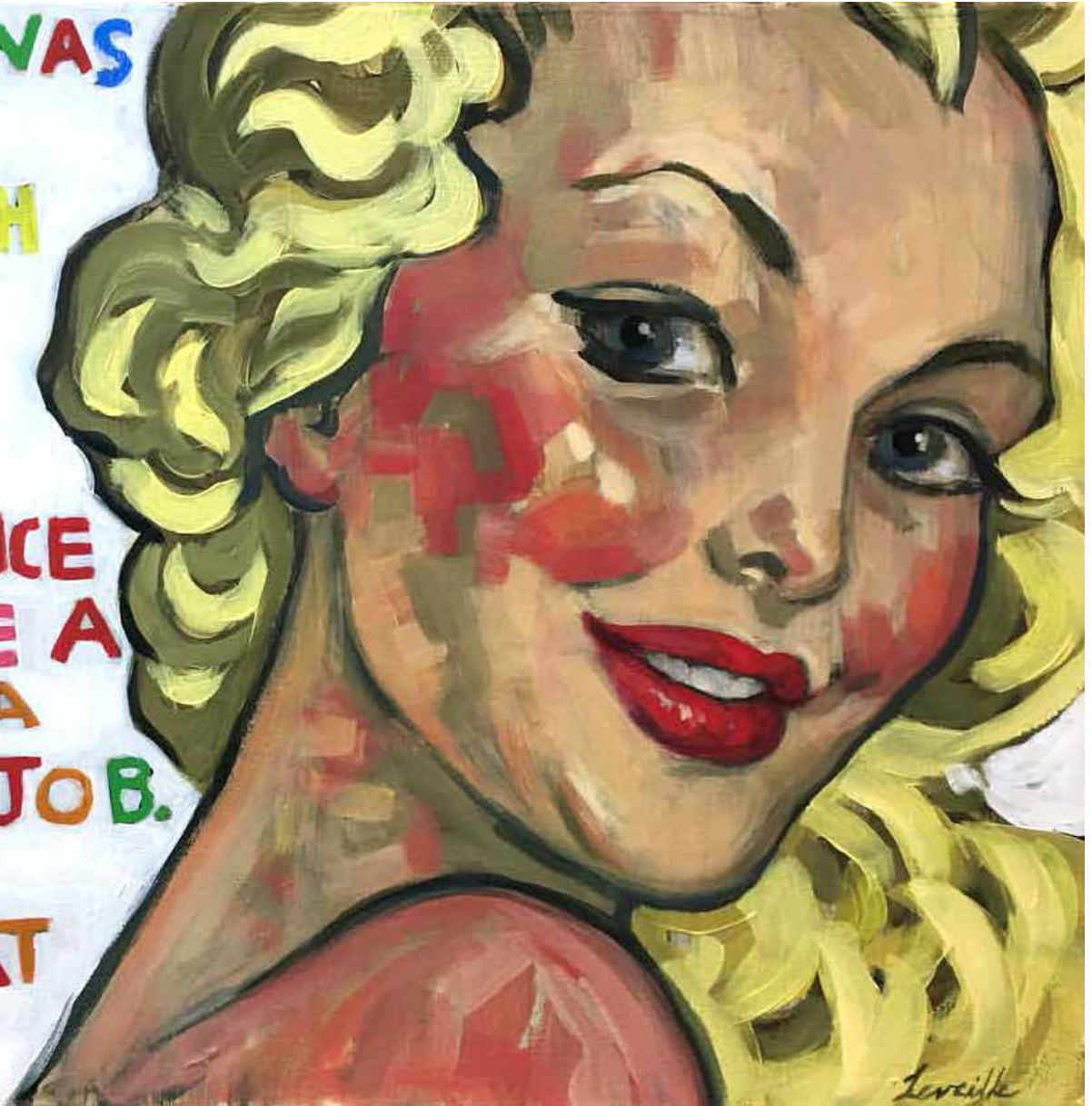
Most of us do not tolerate aggressive, predacious behavior—whether by word or deed—rejecting and distrusting those who conduct themselves in this way. Yet sadly many are still willing to overlook this type of behavior and find reasons to tolerate, condone, and even justify the infamous words depicted on the canvas—disgustingly depraved statements that allegorically defile the portrait of the artist and her young daughter. Leveille is not alone in being horrified that so many seem to condone the pervasive rape culture that is sustained and even encouraged by those in power. As a woman and a mother, Leveille feels compelled to express her anger, despair, and utter disgust, resulting in *You Can Do Anything*, a solid, beautiful, and authentic interpretation of her present state of mind.



Photo of R. Leveille  
by A. Amato



AT 15 I WAS  
FORCED  
THROUGH  
THE  
FEAR  
OF  
VIOLENCE  
TO GIVE A  
MAN A  
BLOW JOB.  
I STILL  
FEEL AT  
FAULT



R. Leveille | *Getting Fucked* | oil on canvas | 11x14

LEFT  
R. Leveille  
*We are Happy to Serve You*  
oil on canvas  
40x60

*Tea and Approval*  
oil on canvas  
30 x 48

Jennifer King



*Chartreuse* | oil on canvas | 54x54









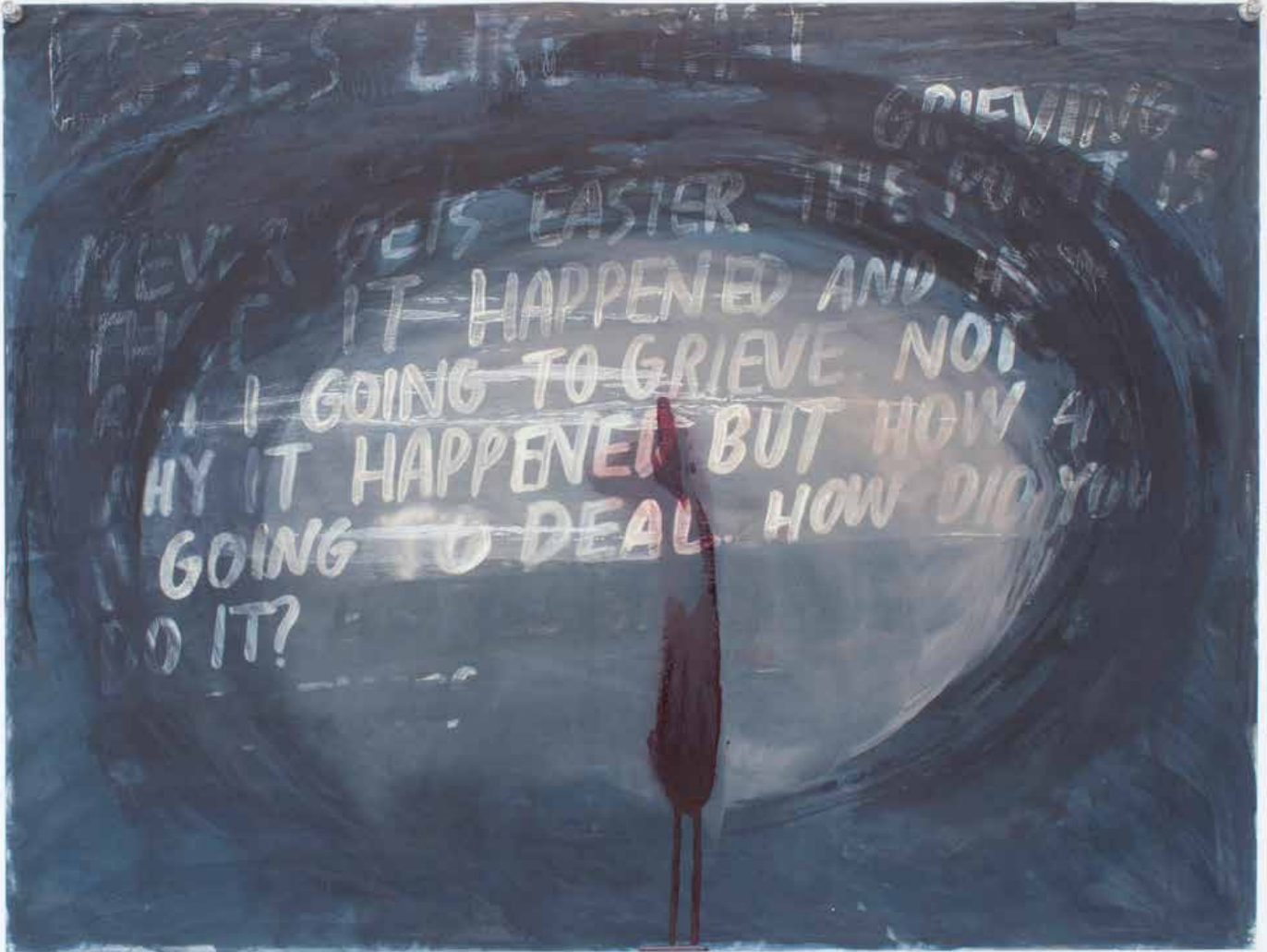
*On the Seventh Day Rest* | watercolor on paper | 24x36 | 2013



*Your Vision has Come and Gone* | watercolor on paper | 18x12 | 2014



*La Eternal La Actual o La Falsa* | watercolor on paper | 18x24 | 2013







*Illuminate The Darkness* | oil on dibond | 36x24 | 2017



## THE MARRIAGE after Octavia Paz

This is a story about a man who marries an orgasm. *No, it's not what you think*, he says.

*Please understand.* But how can he explain? Would anyone believe it?

He should have known the first time he met her, he thinks: the waves of swear words spilling down her lips, her look of kiss my ass, her scent of wet leaves, sweat, and dirt. It made him crazy. What else can he say?

*She's wild*, his friends smirked. As if they knew. But he'd never liked those suburban gals who knit and pray and stare at the ceiling all night. But these days he's not so sure.

Each night when he comes home, he suspects something is amiss. And it always is. She's not there. She returns late at night. *Where have you been?* he asks. She doesn't answer him. So he asks her again, and that's when she changes. It happens so fast, and once it starts, there's no stopping it. Her soft skin grows fur, her head sprouts horns, the buttons on her blouse burst off and fly across the room like seeds. She charges after him, lunging again and again, letting loose such curses. *Hush!* he tells her. *What will the neighbors think? What if someone knocks or calls the police?* he asks.

After a while, he has no choice. (Or so he says.) He takes out the ropes, the bowls of food and a packet of cigarettes. He talks to her softly, crooning her name. She's tired by then. She's hungry, too. And she really wants a smoke. She lets him get close. She lets him do with her what he wants.

But the mornings after, the house is in shambles. The tables and dressers are cracked and splintered. Clothes are torn and tossed over chairs and lamps. Even the family photographs are shattered into glass splinters that shimmer on the bed sheets and floors.

Sometimes he tells her, *I can't live like this anymore.* Her eyes fill with tears. Her voice, a whisper, she begs him, *please, please.* Then she showers and washes the night from her hair. She slips into one of her silky under-things and stands there, hosing her hair with a hot wind. *How can I resist?* he thinks. *What man is as lucky as this?*

He bends to kiss her again and again. *My life, my love, my forever after*, he says. *Don't leave me again. Please.* And she promises she'll stay. She won't go anywhere. She will cook dinner and wait for him to come home. There is nothing she would rather do than wait for him to come home. She smiles and bats her eyelashes. He loves it when she bats her eyelashes at him. And he almost believes her. He almost believes she's his.

## ORGASM after Frank O'Hara

I am not an orgasm. I'm a poet.  
Why? I think I'd rather be  
an orgasm. But I'm not. Well,

not today. My husband is in  
bed, reading the Times.  
When I bend to kiss him, he  
says, "Lie down, why don't you?"  
And I do. The orgasm does, too,  
or at least, thinks about it. Together  
we slide beneath the sheets.  
"You're still reading the news," I sigh.  
"Yes," he says. And absently  
pats my arm. "What's happening?"  
"Donald Trump," he begins.

That's when the orgasm leaves.  
It doesn't care for Donald Trump.  
Neither do I. I feel so lonesome  
then. So bereft. I walk to my  
desk and begin to write lists of  
random words. Then lines. They  
undulate in slow, loopy waves.  
They do not tell the truth.

They say that I live in Costa del  
Sol, a luminous city of lust and  
sand. I am the sexiest woman  
alive. The last real blond. Today,  
wearing a peach-colored gossamer  
gown, I stretch out beneath the  
ylang-ylang trees to warm my  
nut-brown thighs, and wait for  
my beloved to drop in. Hours  
go by. The phone rings. The  
woman in my poem lights up

a Virginia Slims. "Fuck it", she  
swears, and reaches for her cell.  
It's my husband calling to talk  
about the latest Breaking News.  
I stop writing and stare at the  
cigarette butts spilling out  
of the crystal ashtray. Outside,  
the world races by. My mind  
turns to dust and crows. I sip weak  
coffee and give the dog a biscuit.  
I call the poem, "Orgasm," even if  
there's not a single orgasm left  
in that glowing seaside town.



## Talking About Women

### An Interview with Natalia Fabia

by Walt Morton

WM: One focus in your painting is women's bodies, and you've been doing this for years. Is this interest feminism or figure painting or fashion or what?

NF: All of the above. I have been drawn to women since I was a child. I would ask my father to draw "girls" for me since the time I was three years old. So I've always been interested in women's faces, features, bodies. And I have always loved fashion magazines and enjoyed fashion design. When I was younger, I'd do makeovers on friends, complete hair and make-up and wardrobe and that early interest was a kind of preparation for my current complex photoshoots, where I create reference images for paintings.

WM: The word that comes to mind in your paintings of women is "fearless." Your women are naked or tattooed or playful or mysterious or magical. They have permission to do whatever they want with their bodies. Is that your political message?

NF: There's a fearlessness in not worrying too much about what other people are thinking about you. And also owning and freeing the part of yourself that you find beautiful or exciting. There are all kinds of female archetypes – like the virgin and the whore – that don't match up to the reality of actual roles women can hold. It's a very male way of thinking to shame women for being open with their sexuality. Some people think that to be respected





Sugar Mountain | oil on canvas | 96 1/4 x 66 | 2016

or esteemed you have to hide your sexuality and femininity, including some women that call themselves feminists but deride anything overly feminine. I think when women are open and unafraid they are inspiring. And sometimes my painting is about making beauty from female insecurities. Women recognize this. They connect with my art because it's often how they feel inside, or want to feel. Not what society is always telling them to be. There's no shame. My women are vulnerable and yet predators at the same time, they are the freedom to choose.

WM: Can you expand on that? You mean women are normally repressed by culture and your work is revealing another way for women to see themselves?

NF: It reminds me, my good friend and muse (Strawberry) was raised in a Mormon patriarchy where she was taught her virginity was like a gift for her future husband. If she gave that gift (sex) away beforehand, then she could only give her husband a bad

present that had been used already. She was taught to not show her shoulders and knees because men, if they saw them, were supposedly incapable of controlling themselves. She was told her place was in the home and that is all. I feel my art is like a big fuck-you to all of that patriarchal control. Reject that and say yes, to freedom! The political idea is this: if you free a woman from repressive societal constructs then she is less willing to be dominated or held back from anything she wants to do. It's just about freedom.

WM: Should a viewer of your work, male or female, see the women as sexual?

NF: I am interested by the idea of voyeurism. But the women I paint are "sexy," which is not quite the same thing as sexual. I am intrigued by the controversy sex creates but I don't really think about trying to make my work "more" sexy than feels right to me. My art work shifted in recent years to focus on broader personal life-experiences, like being a mother and losing my

*My women are vulnerable and yet predators at the same time.*

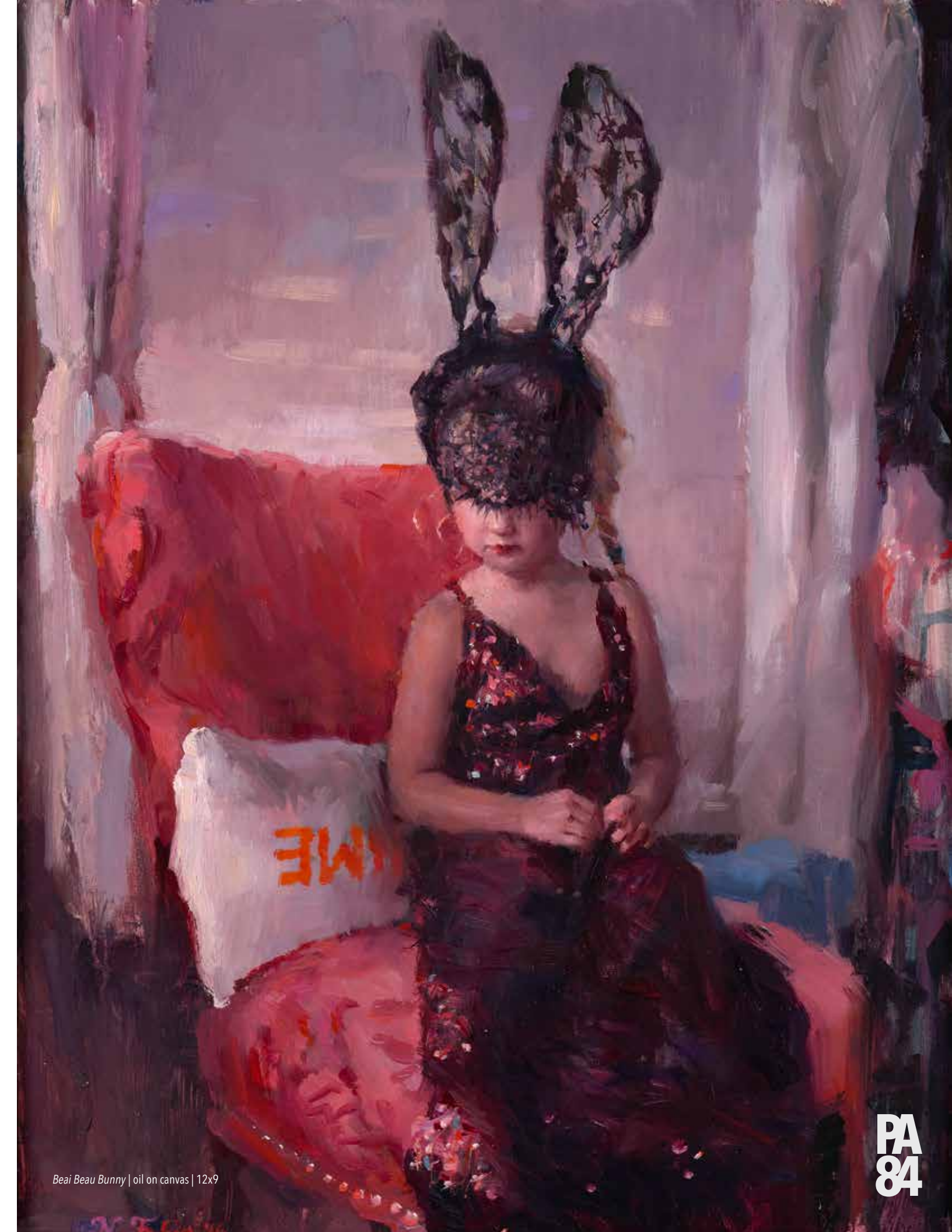


brother. But I continue to explore themes related to women and sexuality. My women are unapologetically sexy because I don't think that the female form, or the nude female form needs to hide her sexuality. Neither one is an open invitation for sex. It's just the body. Women can own their own sexuality for their own sake and enjoyment. I always tell my models they don't have "to be" sexy. Because they already are sexy. That thought is really empowering and liberating.

*It's different with a girl shooting women because it's not about the desire of the male spectator. My intention was completely generous. I got off on making my friends and models feel good and have fun, being beautiful and strong and confident.*

WM: Some of your paintings are nature scenes of women together in environments like the forest, etc. Are these tribal "girl power" gatherings? How should we interpret them?

NF: What I appreciate about nature is it feels timeless, spiritual and magical. Nature offers the best color, atmosphere, harmony, mood. You can't ever fake or manufacture what nature gives you freely. So yes, it's tribal in showing things greater than yourself and the connection of all things. Tribal in the fact that we should bond and support one another. Defend and help each other. I feel that we are all women of different environments, representing different things like the historical myths of water nymphs, forest nymphs, etc. We are all from different modern environments and have lost some of that Rudolf Steiner (Waldorf schools) idea of nature as a place for free play. Belief in things



Beai Beau Bunny | oil on canvas | 12x9



Knowingness | oil on canvas | 60x84 | 2016

greater than yourself and the connection of all things, that idea can help you find more energy in your art work.

WM: What is the influence of old-school classical oil painting on your work? A lot of those historical painters were men, what aspect of femininity do you think they missed?

NF: When I started painting, I wanted to be just like those historical male painters. It's funny, but it didn't even faze me that they were men and I was not. I love the model-painter relationship, and I had a romanticized idea of those old masters (Toulouse-Lautrec) painting and having relationships with their models. Historically, the high-art muse was often a lowly actress, performer, or prostitute. In college I made many of my male friends jealous because I could easily go up to girls at bars and ask for their phone numbers to model for me. They'd pose for me (for free) and we would have fun, sometimes even become great friends.

WM: Are you painting some aspect of the feminine psychology that men are not?

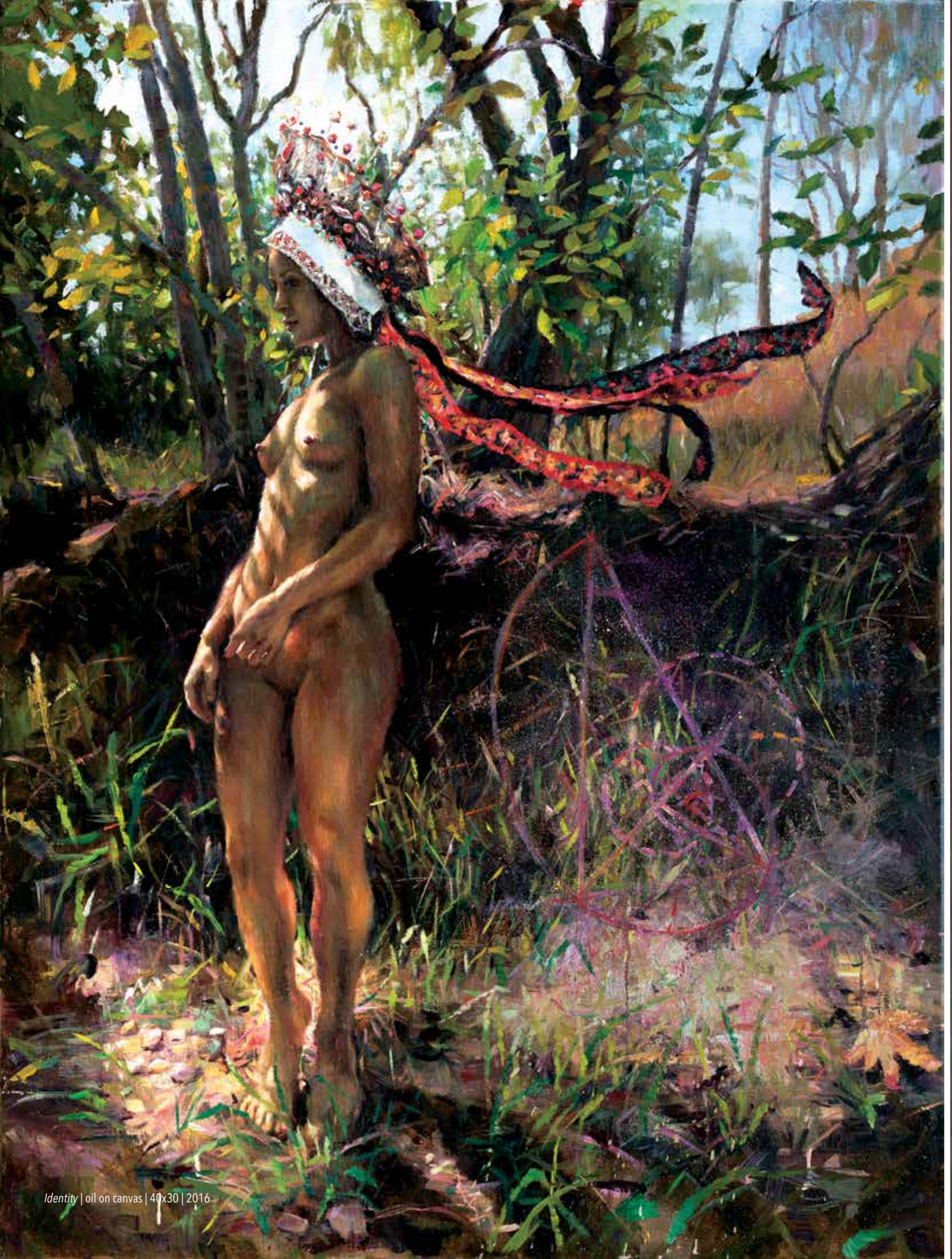
NF: Even the most empathetic man trying to paint a woman still

has no idea what it's like to be a woman and all of the things we go through. Women are labyrinthine. A woman will notice things about another woman that a man would totally miss. I have been told I capture women more accurately because of that. Also because I bring out their fun wildness. One of my oldest friends who is a model says: "People always get so excited to be a part of Natalia's thing because it's so fun to be viewed through her lens." I have my own ideas. I'd imagine a man painting a woman would be totally from the male perspective of capturing sexual desire or love or maybe a Freudian memory of their own mother. I don't know a man's mind but I am completely different in coming from a female point of view and understanding life as a woman. Maybe it's like this: what I am trying to do is get at women from the inside – what if one of Henri Toulouse-Lautrec's women were to paint herself? What would that look like?

WM: You can be a delicate colorist as in "I'm OK" or blast out hot-rod color as in "East Village Sparklers." What's your design thinking about color, especially when it comes to painting women?

NF: I am obsessed with color and light. I can intentionally go





*Identity* | oil on canvas | 40x30 | 2016



Rainbow Mamas | oil on canvas | 24x18 | 2016





overboard with it. I keep some restraint but usually can't help but give into color. I use a lot of color, but try to control it. Still, when it comes to the women, I want to keep women soft and natural; keep them true rather than force effects.

*Sometimes people I truly love,  
I have a hard time painting, like  
even my dad. There's too much  
emotion involved.*

WM: You're not afraid to break the rules, inject stardust and move away from realism to magical realism or fantasy. Are your women real or imaginary creatures?

NF: My work is on the thin line that exists between our reality and a fantasy. The women are real to me, but I also make them something more. Not just capturing ordinary reality. And they are also whatever the viewer makes of them. I want to create possible worlds and many times the models are just a way to help create that vision. Fortunately, my models understand and vibe with my concept.

WM: What about works like your painting "Nap" (2009)? It feels like a modern reboot of traditional men's pin-ups, like what Gil Elvgren did in the 1950's.

NF: I am heavily influenced by pinups. I love vintage Gil Elvgren and Zoë Mozert, Alberto Vargas, George Petty, Earl Moran. If you aren't careful, that pin-up influence can lead you to make your models look like a deer caught in the head lights. But way back in high school I did paintings of Betty Page and later, my "master copies" were of Gil Elvgren. I made my school friends dress up in my garage and took disposable camera photos. There is fun to that, the fashion and performance that feels sexy, powerful and freeing. It's different with a girl shooting women because it's not about the desire of the male spectator. My intention was completely generous. I got off on making my friends and models feel good and have fun, being beautiful and strong and confident. Later, I would be so excited to show the model the result (a finished painting.) Eventually, I saw this as a problem, because I couldn't worry about pleasing the model rather than creating the painting that needed to be made. I need to do what the "painting needed."

WM: You're not afraid to live large and if you want something, you do it. I see this in your art as well, but where do you draw the line? What do you censor – or think "I won't paint that."

NF: I don't think there is anything I won't paint. Oh, I won't paint big teeth or smiles because that anatomy always looks bad. But seriously, it can be hardest to paint things that are too emotional. Like things that scare me or things that make me sad. Sometimes people I truly love I have a hard time painting, like even my dad. There's too much emotion involved.

WM: You have a great relationship with your young daughter. How has that affected your thinking about women, mothers and daughters, and putting the female universe together in art?

NF: My daughter, when I stop and listen and look through her eyes, I see more. I realize the beauty in simple things by sharing them with her. Going through pregnancy and birth and breastfeeding and all of that awesome craziness it definitely changed the way I viewed myself and women and gave me so much respect for how powerful and strong we are. We can handle so much. And now watching our daughters and wanting them to have positive views of themselves and their place in the world, I hope they can feel free and strong and fearless in who they are and what they want to create. My last show was about expressing those ideas.

WM: What do you think is the biggest challenge in painting women, as a subject in 2017?

NF: There's no special challenges, but if you over-think it as subject matter it might be a problem. Over-done femininity can be cheesy. Also, at this moment there's too much focus on social media. Having said that, I also think women as a subject for art can be reinvented over and over, and will have a wide audience which relates to the subject of women until the end of time.





Gals | oil and gold leaf on canvas | 48x36 | 2015

# TELECOMMUNICATION

They called her brazen  
She wore a gold whistle  
Around her neck  
Like a cross  
Which caught  
The sun  
Whenever she walked

They called her crazy  
She knew so much about passion  
She saw a painting of a field on fire  
And thinking it real desire  
Ran into it

She carried a gun  
Put her dress on backward  
Left the house in the dark  
Wore shoes with no tops  
Changed the game to say her name

She shouted so loud  
The things she believed  
Made them all happen  
A bitch who wouldn't stay home  
Or keep her mouth shut

So powerful they lied, saying  
Her mother had to  
Come back from the dead  
To make her children their lunch.

Grace Cavalieri is a writer/producer/broadcaster. She's been on public radio interviewing poets for 40 years; and she's been a writer for 50 years. Her new book is *WITH* (Socomondo Press, 2016.)







*I'd Rather Be Ashes Than Dust #5* | oil on panel | 14x11 | 2017



HANNA OWENS



COFFEE KANG



PATRICE ROBINSON

Born in 1987 in the small town of Waterville, Ohio, **Erin Anderson** was immersed in art from a young age. Enrolling in her first art lessons at seven years old, she spent her early years learning to paint and draw copying works of the old masters and spending summers drawing from life at the Toledo Museum of Art. In 2009 she earned a B.A. in Psychology and Entrepreneurship from Miami University. Upon graduation she decided to enroll in an independent program called The Waichulis Studio and later moved to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania where she lives and works today. Her work has been featured in national publications as well as exhibitions throughout the U.S.

**Jan Brandt** is an artist working in mixed-media, textiles, printmaking, and painting. She holds a Bachelor of Science in Environmental Design and a Bachelor of Fine Arts, both from Illinois State University in Normal, IL. She is the owner of Jan Brandt Gallery in Bloomington, IL. Brandt has curated exhibitions since 2012 and in 2017 began featuring Visiting Artists in on-line exhibitions through "The Guest Room". Brandt's work has been exhibited in San Francisco and Davis, CA, Chicago and Peoria IL, New York City, Oberlin, Ohio, Indianapolis and Evansville, Indiana, as well as in her local community of Bloomington-Normal, IL. Her work has been published multiple times, including three Studio Visit journals, American Art Collector, and will be included in Creative Quarterly, the Journal of Art and Design, Issue 46, Spring 2017. Brandt's work will be featured on the Women's Caucus for Art website in May 2017. Two of her textile installations will be shown during The Venice Biennale at ARTism3160 gallery. Brandt's work will be featured in a traveling exhibition, "Toybox" originating at the Illinois State Museum in Lockport, IL in June 2017.

**Dorielle Caimi** was born in Alexandria, VA, USA in 1985, raised in New Mexico, and currently lives and works in Albuquerque, New Mexico. She completed a BFA (Summa Cum Laude) in Painting from Cornish College of the Arts in Seattle, WA in 2010 and a Master Class in Painting at the Art Students League of Denver, CO. in 2013. Caimi's work has been shown and featured internationally, and in publications such as PoetsArtists, American Art Collector, Fructose, Combustus, Juxtapoz, and Printer's Devil Review (cover). She was recently awarded the William and Dorothy Yeck Award in 2015, juried by Franklin Sirmans, for work that "visually responds to painting in the 21st century." Her works have been acquired by Miami University Permanent Art Collection, The Tullman Collection, and The Art of Elysium Charity Auction. She is currently

represented by Gusford Gallery in Los Angeles.

**Matthew Cherry** is an artist living in New England. He received his MFA from The School of the Art Institute of Chicago. He is currently a Professor and the Chair of Fine Arts at Lesley University College of Art & Design. Cherry straddles the worlds of contemporary art practitioners with observational artists interested in figural constructs. His concepts and narratives are integrated and woven with a formal additive/subtractive process layering washes, glazes, marks, and drips that are accumulative and serve as a summation of documented thoughts, impulses and reactions. Balancing representation with abstraction, expressionism and pure mark making, the blend creates a final object with the process integral to the purity of its intent. His energies and oeuvre focus on the depiction of the face, head, bust and body, usually depicted in direct and frontal positions. His work contributes to a dialogue on identity, individuality, masculinity/femininity, sexuality, gender, beauty, time and aging, relationships, the mundane or ordinary as contrasted with the ideal, and the self in reference to pop culture as documented from friends, family and random people he connects with in life, on the streets and via social media.

**Tenley DuBois** is a Seattle-based artist who spent several years in the Tech and Financial fields. In her second act, Tenley returned to Art school and graduated from the Drawing and Painting Atelier at the Gage Academy of Art in Seattle. Tenley has exhibited in the Puget Sound area, California, and New York, where her work can be found in private collections.

Born in 1985 right outside of New Orleans, Louisiana, Heidi Elbers knew she wanted to be an artist in her early years. She earned her B.A. from Southeastern Louisiana University in 2008 and graduated at the top of her class. While at SELU, she had music and art scholarships and played flute professionally throughout the New Orleans area. She also studied at the New Orleans Academy of Fine Arts. In 2008, she moved to New York City to attend graduate school at the New York Academy of Art. After completing her MFA in 2010, she moved to Bushwick where she is an active member of the art community. Aside from her studio practice, she currently works as the Director of Exhibitions and Alumni Affairs at the New York Academy of Art.

**Katherine Fraser** grew up in Maine as an only child, and finds that experience often reflected in her work. She is a



**LORENA KLOOSTERBOER**



**ANA MENENDEZ**



**JAN NELSON**

graduate of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and of the University of Pennsylvania. As a student she received the Thomas Eakins Painting prize, the Cecelia Beaux Portrait prize, and the William Emlen Cresson Memorial Travel Award, among others. Since graduating in 2002 she has been exhibiting throughout the Mid-Atlantic region, as well as nationally. Her subject matter comes from memories and experiences that feel in some way universal. By portraying singular figures in sparse settings, she explores the idea that being alone can make us feel more alive, and connect us to our true nature.

**Rose Freymuth-Frazier** was born at home in an old miner's cabin in Nevada City, California, a small gold rush town in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains -- a far cry from her German-Jewish roots. Her maternal grandparents had fled Nazi Germany for the Dominican Republic, where her mother was born.

After immigrating to the United States, her grandfather became the head psychiatrist at numerous state-run mental hospitals around the East Coast and her grandmother pursued abstract photography. Years later, after settling in the hills of California, her mother became a ceramic sculptor and met her father, a mental health worker and skilled draftsman in his own right.

She shares with her German grandparents the tendency towards order, structure and attention to detail as well as a rigorous attempt to analyze the world through her work.

Her paintings address themes such as child development, female sexuality, loss of innocence, domestication, gender roles, androgyny and body image in American society today.

**Marco Gallotta** is an Italian-born, New York City-based artist. He received his associate's degree in fashion illustration and a bachelor's degree in general illustration from the Fashion Institute of Technology. He grew up in Battipaglia, a town in the Campania region of southwestern Italy, before moving to New York City in 1998. His artistic craft consists mostly of paper-cutting techniques, drawing, painting, and digital art.

Today, Marco resides with his wife and daughter in New York City, where he finds inspiration in its urban landscape, distinct artistic facets, and diverse population. He currently practices his craft in an intimate studio workshop in West Harlem. His vast expertise in mixed media techniques add

to his work a unique combination of artisan craftsmanship and graphic sensibility. Watercolors, inks, and graphite are applied to photographs that are then cut out. Layers of cut-out photographs, paper and other materials are strategically overlapped to create ingenious compositions.

His clients include actor Will Smith, Nike, Vogue, the United Nations, Radio City Music Hall, Academy Award winner Ennio Morricone, NBA player Gigi Datome, fashion entrepreneur Renzo Rosso, television celebrity Samantha Bee and the renowned fashion house Chanel.

**Amanda Greive** graduated with a bachelor's degree in visual arts from the University of Illinois at Springfield in 2008 and has exhibited her work both locally and nationally. She has exhibited her work at Arcadia Contemporary Gallery in Los Angeles, Abend Gallery in Denver, Colorado, and Woman Made Gallery in Chicago, IL. Most recently, she was a finalist in the 12th International ARC Salon and was awarded an Arcadia Contemporary award. She will have work in upcoming group shows at Arcadia Contemporary in Culver City, California and the Strawn Art Gallery in Jacksonville, Illinois, as well as a solo exhibit at the Victorian Home Art Gallery at Olivet Nazarene University in Bourbonnais, Illinois. She was a juried member of the Chicago Artist's Coalition's HATCH project for 2011-12.

**Yunior Hurtado Torres** was born in Villa Clara, Cuba in 1977. At 11 years old he began to study Fine Arts at the vocational art school, Olga Alonzo, in Santa Clara, Cuba, where he studied painting, drawing, sculpture and printmaking. In 1996 he began attending the Oscar Fernandez Moreira Academy of Arts, in Trinidad, Cuba, graduating in 1999 as a painter, sculptor and art restorer. In 2000 he was hired as a professor at the academy. In 2003 he returned to Santa Clara, his homeland, to teach painting workshops at a local art school.

He has been involved in more than 20 group and solo exhibitions in Cuba and abroad, receiving numerous awards and citations. His works are widely collected in Europe, particularly in Denmark. He currently lives in Lima, Peru.

**Coffee Kang** is a LA-based artist, originally from Shanghai, and an MFA candidate at California Institute of the Arts in photo and media program. Her art practice has shifted in different social contexts from consumerism, capitalism, gender identity, to most recently the relationship between machines and human bodies. Though the topics differentiate through her works, they all come from her observations and



**MARCO GALLOTTA**



**KATIE MILLER**



**AMANDA GREIVE**

reflections to her personal stories, entering into conversations about broader social issues. She refuses to label herself as any category of artists to achieve the goal of “inclusiveness”.

**Jennifer King** is a Los Angeles based figurative artist, working primarily in oil paint, and considering themes of female identity, power, and femininity. Having graduated from California State University Fullerton with a BFA in Painting and Drawing, she is now graduating from Claremont Graduate University with her MFA.

Dutch-Argentine artist **Lorena Kloosterboer** (the Netherlands, 1962) creates contemporary realist still lifes, focusing on glass and ceramic pieces, sometimes accompanied by birds. During the last 3+ decades, Kloosterboer has participated in over 100 gallery and museum exhibitions in Argentina, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, Estonia, France, Germany, Japan, the Netherlands, the United Kingdom, and the United States, winning numerous awards. Her artwork has been published in books, catalogues, and US and international art magazines, including *Southwest Art*, *International Artist*, and *American Art Collector*. In 2014, Kloosterboer’s book entitled *Painting in Acrylics—the Indispensable Guide*, was published worldwide under different titles and in several languages. Five of her bronze statues enjoy permanent public installation in Wassenaar, the Netherlands.

**R. Leveille** received a BFA from Pratt Institute and has been a guest speaker at Rhode Island School of Design and a guest artist by invitation to shows and events in Melbourne Australia, France, Japan, Spain and Italy.

Born in Tasmania, Australia, **Debra Livingston** graduated with a Doctorate of Creative Arts, Photography, from the University of the Sunshine Coast, Queensland, Australia in which she teaches photography and graphic design. Her practice utilizes both traditional handcraft mediums with an emphasis on photography to express both narrative and biographical concepts. Her evocative portrait work suggests a poetic visual doorway that asks the viewer to transcend the past, present, and future which to challenge the reality of space and time. Debra is a published artist who has exhibited extensively in Australia and internationally represented in public and private collections. With numerous honors in drawing and photography, include selected as a finalist in 2015, a semi-finalist in 2016 and 2017 for the international HeadOn Foundation Photographic Portrait Awards in Sydney, Australia.

**Cheryl Magellen** began her love affair with the drawing of portraits and figures by copying the faces of pop star personalities from magazines as a teenager. When she graduated from college, her BA degree in Fine Art focused on life drawing in graphite. It was not until 2010 that she added color to her world. Looking to fast-track her knowledge of color and paint, she nested under the wings of over 18 artist high-fliers in Oregon, California and recently the Scottsdale Artists’ School in Arizona. She can currently be found working out of a small studio space in the southwest corner of the Sonoran Desert, hundreds of miles from nowhere.

**Katie Miller** is an American artist born in 1984. She is best known for her colorful, hyperrealistic oil paintings of children. She was raised in New Hampshire, Florida, and California. Miller graduated from Maryland Institute College of Art in 2007, with a BFA in painting and a minor in art history. In the summer of 2006, she studied traditional fresco and egg tempera in Umbria, Italy, at the International School of Drawing, Painting, and Sculpture. She earned her MFA from Hoffberger School of Painting, Maryland Institute College of Art, in 2011.

Miller has had two solo exhibitions in Washington, DC. Her work has been shown in art fairs including Pulse Miami, Volta Basel, The Armory Show, and (e)merge. Group exhibitions include the Smithsonian Institution, John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, and Fort Wayne Museum of Art.

She is a winner of the Wynn Newhouse Award and an artist grant from the State of Maryland. Her work has been published or reviewed in publications including *The Washington Post*, *Washington City Paper*, and *New American Paintings*. Miller’s works are represented in public and private collections internationally, including The Rubell Family Collection, Miami, and 21C Museum Hotels.

**Wes Naman** is an Albuquerque based, commercial, portrait and art photographer who, since his “Invisible Tape Series”, is now well known internationally. He has won the loyalty of many fans by mixing into his images a dark sense of humor with a dedication to creating photographs that not only make his clients happy, but make him happy—often an element missed in the photography world these days. Wes’ imagination is limitless, and, combined with his technical background and experience, allows each one of his images to be art, not just another picture.

**Patrice Robinson** was born and raised in Brooklyn, and works full-time in NYC. She’s a self-taught visual artist. Her primary





**VICTORIA SELBACH**



**PAMELA WILSON**



**Bob Hicok**

medium is oil paint which she uses on wood panels. When painting a portrait, Patrice likes to work in loose layers, building up the painting slowly, until she's ready to define and highlight key areas. She is influenced by contemporary realists such as René Magritte, Lena Danya, Alyssa Monks and Kehinde Wiley.

**Frank Oriti** was born in 1983 and raised in the suburbs of Cleveland, Ohio. He earned his B.F.A. in Two-Dimensional Studies from Bowling Green State University in 2006 and returned to his hometown shortly after. For the next year and a half he worked at one of Cleveland's steel mills and continued painting in his spare time. In the fall of 2008, Oriti headed to Ohio University where he began creating work inspired by his past experience in the blue-collar work force. He graduated with his M.F.A. in Painting in 2011. In 2013, Oriti was featured in The New York Times and was also the recipient of the Cleveland Arts Prize Emerging Artist Award. Recently, his work was featured in the prestigious BP Portrait Award in London's National Portrait Gallery. He currently lives and works in Cleveland, Ohio.

**Hanna M. Owens** is an artist and organizer based in Chicago. Her work finds words to translate what happens in the 6-8 cubic inches of air that hover immediately outside of our skin and however many inches are below. She is currently on the curatorial committee for exgirlfriend gallery in Berlin and completed the RAIZVANGUARDA Artist in Residency Program in Bordeiro, Portugal in 2016. Her interdisciplinary work has been exhibited at spaces including the Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago; Institut für Alles Mögliche, Berlin; ISSUE Project Room, New York; La Centrale Galerie Powerhouse, Montreal; and in festivals such as the Ann Arbor Film Festival, MIX NYC 28 Film Festival, entzaubert Queer Film Festival, and Rapid Pulse International Performance Art Festival. Her work has been published in Selfish Magazine, JERKPOET Poetry Digest, Angulos: Island(s), Hand Job Zine and Be About It Zine. She is originally from Baltimore and has been clean from drugs and alcohol since November 1, 2005.

In June 2014, **Elizabeth A. Sackler** became the first woman to be elected by the Brooklyn Museum Board of Trustees as the Museum's Chair. She is President of The Arthur M. Sackler Foundation, NYC; founder and President of the American Indian Ritual Object Repatriation Foundation, President of the Elizabeth A. Sackler Foundation; member of the Board of Trustees of the Brooklyn Museum, and the founder of the Elizabeth A. Sackler Center for Feminist Art, the first museum devoted to female artists and feminist art, located at the Brooklyn Museum.

**Victoria Selbach** challenges perceptions with her powerful larger than life-size paintings of contemporary women. In the new series 'Generational Tapestry' Selbach excavates the legacy of her foremothers to explore what has defined the feminine experience and questions how it is passed on to our daughters. Selbach's work has exhibited in museums, galleries and collections nationally, including the Heckscher Museum of Art, The Butler Institute of American Art and the Tullman Art Collection. The Huffington Post reviewed Selbach's work in an article by Priscilla Frank, 'Finally, Artist Paints Female Nudes As They Really Are'. An archive of work is available at [victoriaselbach.com](http://victoriaselbach.com).

**Matt Talbert** is a contemporary oil painter living in Orange County, California. †While he grew up at the beach, he attributes much of his artistic development to his years spent in New York City. †Working in the basement of the famous Pearl art store on Canal street and meeting a wide range of artists from all disciplines was indispensable. †Matt became well known for his work depicting the craft cocktail culture, where he collaborated with the best bars and bartenders across the country. †Now Matt's primary focus is†expressive paintings of†the human figure exhibited in galleries such as†Abend Gallery and Arcadia Contemporary. †Matt was a finalist in the International Artist†Magazine's "Favorite Subject" Competition and the Portrait Society of America's Member Competition. †He has been featured in the PoetsArtists Magazine,†Los Angeles Magazine, OC Weekly, Imbibe Magazine, Locale Magazine and Societe Perrier. †Matt earned his BFA from the Laguna College of Art and Design and is a member of the Portrait Society of America.

**Judy Takács** began her art career in 1986 with a Bachelor of Fine Arts in Illustration and Portrait Painting from the Cleveland Institute of Art. On her eighth Best in Show award over the past few years, she has curated, juried and exhibited in solo, group and juried shows at the Butler Institute of American Art, Zanesville Museum of Art, Evansville Museum, Salmagundi and National Arts Clubs, and at art centers, colleges and galleries throughout Ohio and the nation. Her paintings are in the permanent collections of Susquehanna University, Artists Archives of the Western Reserve and the ArtNEO Museum.

Her paintings have won awards nationally and she has received recognition from the Portrait Society of America, Allied Artists and the Art Renewal Center. A Signature Status painter with the Akron Society of Artists, Judy is also archived with legendary Cleveland artists at the Artist Archives of the Western Reserve.



**NATALIA FABIA**

She is past chair and now serves on the New Media Relations Committee of the Cecilia Beaux Forum of the Portrait Society of America and has participated in the Women Painting Women exhibitions.

In 2013, Judy the Ohio Arts Council granted her the Award for Individual Artistic Excellence for her ongoing traveling painting project, Chicks with Balls: Judy Takács paints unsung female heroes...now 40 portraits strong and growing. Her paintings, projects and contributions to the figurative art world are noted on Wikipedia. As a life-long painter of people, Judy has found that fascinating individuals find their way into her paintings. Her goal is to depict a living, breathing soul whose presence invites viewers to linger, connect and think.

Raised on Long Island, lifelong Feminist **Daena Title** received a Bachelor of Arts in Art History and Theatre Studies from Wellesley College, and then lived in Manhattan until 1991 where she worked as an actress and a writer. Title then returned to painting as the best avenue with which to control her artistic message, mine her ongoing fascination/obsession with the relationship between women and society, and indulge her love of color and design. Her work, which focuses on the powerfully seductive force of modern female icons, has been shown in gallery and museum spaces since 1998, including recent group exhibitions at the Carnegie Art Museum, the Long Beach Art Museum, The Oceanside Museum, the Riverside Museum, the Torrance Art Museum and the LA Art Fair. Title has received critical praise for past solo exhibitions from the Los Angeles Times, the LA Weekly, and the Huffington Post among other publications and is proud that her work has been featured in several PoetsArtists shows and publications, is part of the Brooklyn Museum Elizabeth A. Sackler Center for Feminist Art Online Feminist Art base and the Tullman Collection of Chicago. Title currently resides and works in Los Angeles.

**Patricia Watwood** is a figurative painter based in Brooklyn, NY. Watwood is a leading figure in the contemporary classical movement. Her subjects are primarily women and figures, often using allegory and mythic imagery. With a classical academic training, her work prioritizes craft, observation and aesthetic design. Her work is in public and private collections worldwide, and has been exhibited at the Beijing World Art Museum, St. Louis University Museum of Art, The New Britain Museum of American Art, and the Forbes Galleries, among others. She has produced instructional DVDs including "Creating Portraits from Life," with Streamline Art Video. Watwood has taught at New York Academy of Art, gives



**ELIZABETH SACKLER**

lectures and workshops across the country, and is a featured art instructor with Craftsby.com. She earned her MFA from New York Academy of Art, and was a founding member of the Water Street Atelier. website: [patriciawatwood.com](http://patriciawatwood.com)

**Pamela Wilson** has built a reputation for works of art that transcend the commonplace to enter the realm of the otherworldly, the sublime unknown. She develops haunting images which create a remarkably compelling narrative. The physical and emotional isolation of her characters has emerged as a hallmark of her work. She explores the great chasm of the psyche, the abyss that opens when you seek to understand the complex human in modernity. Her characters are often called "odd or mad," or similar terms denoting something out of alignment with ordinary reality. She believes that letting ourselves explore the inherent "distortions" in reality is part of what gives us heart, and balance. Addressing "beauty" in a painting feels too passive, and what she is seeking is a psychological moment, a different kind of beauty, beauty in absurdity.

Pamela received her MFA from the University of California, Santa Barbara, where she was awarded a Regents Fellowship, the Abrams Project Grant, and a Regents Award for her Thesis Exhibition. She is currently Mentor Faculty at Laguna College of Art & Design (LCAD) as part of the MFA Program.

Exhibiting consistently since 1992, her work has been the subject of 23 solo exhibitions, spanning the United States, and Australia. She has exhibited in many museums, including the National Museum for Women in the Arts, Washington DC, and a solo exhibition at the Arnot Art Museum, Elmira, NY. Her work is included in many prestigious collections, and she has been on the covers of several well-known art publications, including American Art Collector Magazine (twice since 2014).

**Allison Zuckerman** was born in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania and currently lives and works in Brooklyn, New York. She graduated from School of the Art Institute of Chicago, earning her MFA in 2015 and graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 2012 with a BA. Her work has been shown at Kunstsforeningen GLSTRAND and the SPRING/BREAK Art Fair, which was also her curatorial debut. Her first solo show opens April 27th at Kravets Wehby Gallery. Allison creates work that is suspended between high seriousness and ridiculousness. The theatrics of feminine emotion, pushed to the brink of hyperbole, ignite her mischievous, irreverent, cannibalistic, and cyclical artistic practice.



## Poets

Nin Andrews  
Sarah Blake  
Grace Cavalieri  
Denise Duhamel  
Amy Gerstler  
Bob Hicok  
Ana Menendez  
Sheida Mohamadi  
Samuel Peralta

## Artists

Erin Anderson  
Jan Brandt  
Dorielle Caimi  
Matthew Cherry  
Tenley DuBois  
Heidi Elbers  
Natalia Fabia  
Katherine Fraser  
Rose Freymuth-Frazier  
Marco Gallotta  
Amanda Greive  
Yunior Hurtado Torres  
Coffee Kang  
Jennifer King  
R. Leveille  
Cheryl Magellen  
Katie Miller  
Patrice Robinson  
Frank Oriti  
Hanna M. Owens  
Victoria Selbach  
Matt Talbert  
Judy Takács  
Daena Title  
Patricia Watwood  
Pamela Wilson  
Allison Zuckerman



Painting by Dorielle Caimi