

PA

Issue 88 | September 2017



THE FAMILY EDITION
Curated by David Jon Kassan & Shana Levenson



Detail of painting by David Jon Kassan | *Dad* | oil

Poets *Artists*

www.poetsandartists.com

GOSS183 PUBLISHING HOUSE
604 Vale Street Bloomington, IL 61701 USA

PUBLISHER | E.I.C. | CURATOR

Didi Menendez

CURATOR

David Jon Kassan
Shana Levenson

INTRODUCTION

Daniel Maidman

DIGITAL SUBSCRIPTIONS

Magzter

PRINT-ON-DEMAND and PDF

Blurb and Magcloud

POETRY

Rusty Barnes

SHORT STORY

Ryan Krausmann
Dulce Maria Menendez

Copyright © 2008-2017 All rights are reserved by *PoetsArtists*, GOSS183 and contributing artists and poets. All artwork and images are copyright of the contributing artists and may not be reproduced without explicit permission. This publication cannot be reproduced electronically, digitally, in print or any other form, format, or media without the explicit, written permission and approval of the copyright holders. All images and artwork are used with permission of the authors/creators or their representatives. Unless otherwise noted all sizes are in inches.

FAMILY, LA FAMILIA, FAMILJE (ALBANIAN), RODINA (CZECH), PERHE (FINNISH), FAMILIE (GERMAN), FAMIGLIA (ITALIAN), "MISHPAKHA" (HEBREW)

Some of the most important paintings by an artist, are paintings that are done of their family.

Rembrandt portraits of his wife Saskia, Mary Cassatt's paintings of her family, Andrew Wyeth's paintings of his sons, Paul Cezanne's painting of his mother along with so many other artists who have painted their mother's (Picasso, Van Gogh, Chagall, Whistler), just to name a few.

Throughout the history of art, family has been a sacred subject for artists. Most early paintings were commission based illustrations from the Bible or portrait commissions for wealthy Patrons, which didn't leave much time for an artist to paint those that are closest to them. But when they did, there is a more personal connection that is present... something that is intangible.

For this issue of *PoetsArtists*, we are interested in exploring paintings that express that connectedness, or disconnection in some cases.

These are uncontrolled paintings that rely on just a rawness that is moments which the artist is connecting with their loved ones. Those quiet moments getting to know who they are in a deeper level. Life gets busy and we don't always appreciate our time we spend with our family.

- David Jon Kassan

Francien Krieg
Elizabeth Zanzinger
Yvonne Melchers
Anna Wypych
Ricky Mujica
Palden Hamilton
Kelli Kaye Fountain
Aleah Chapin
Anna Rose Bain
Annabelle Headlam
Karen Offutt
O'Neil Scott
Jennifer Balkan
Erin Milan
Jeremy Lipking
Jeremy Geddes
David Gray
David Alvarado
Jon Jaylo
Katie O'Hagen
Shana Levenson
Adrienne Stein
Stephanie Deshpande
Matteo Caloiaro
Daniela Kovacic
Rachel Moseley
Sergio Gomez
Teresa Elliott
Michael Van Zeyl
Nadine Robbins
Sarah Lacy
Irvin Rodriguez
Aram Gershuni
Lance Richlin

Paul W. McCormack
Tanja Gant
Conor Walton
Dorielle Caimi
Nicole Porter
F. Scott Hess
Bo Bartlett
Kenny Harris
Benedict Robinson
Gayle Madeira
Kim Cogan
Ron Francis
Linda Tracey Brandon
Elana Hagler
Mary Jane Ansell
Nicole Moné
Rose Freymuth-Frazier
Borja Bonafuente Gonzalo
Burton Silverman
Nanci France-Vaz
Sheldon Tapley
Alessandro Tomassetti
Carlos Gallostra
Robin Kappy
Soumalya Sarkar
Brooke Olivares
Anne-Christine Roda
Thomas Wharton
John Borowicz
Mario A. Robinson
David Jon Kassan
Judy Takacs
Alexandra Tyng
Jack Rosenberg

DANIEL MAIDMAN
Depicting Family

An interesting question: what makes family the clear subject of a painting? The art in this issue of Poets/Artists chooses family as its subject. In looking over this survey, we see artists, each in their own way, arriving at shared strategies.

Family Through Interaction

Perhaps the most direct means of conveying the sense of family is through depiction of people interacting in ways specific to the family. There are a lot of paintings here of the most fundamental familial bond: mother and child. Anna Rose Bain and Annabelle Headlam frame this interaction in terms of a portrait, in which the young mother and the toddler both face a viewing third party. Bain's *Motherhood* works in the idiom of the staged portrait, while Headlam's *Mother and Child* follows that of the antique snapshot. Francien Krieg's *True Identities* and Palden Hamilton's *Mother and Child* both situate the mother-child bond in a naturalistic space, with the subjects unaware of an outsider regarding them. Ricky Mujica's *Grandma's Hands* extends the bond across generations, to a grandmother dozing while her tiny granddaughter naps on her. Aleah Chapin isolates the interaction in her distinctive white void-space, allowing the dynamic swing of mother and infant to define the entire world of her paintings *Lucy and Lazlo* (one and two).

The other major familial link depicted in the multi-figure paintings in this group is that between couples. Like the mother-daughter link, intimacy between an adult man and woman is unmistakable. Nicole Porter and F. Scott Hess both show couples with hands touching. While Porter's *A Hand To Hold* depicts a warm amicability, Hess's *Dancing At The Edge Of Time* evokes an erotic swirl. Kenny Harris and Nicole Benedict Robinson both show couples not in physical contact. The old couple in Robinson's *Drishcoora*, *Maeve & Keith Robinson* occupies a shared space and reveals a mutual comfort, decades in the making, which takes the place of direct contact in the image. On the other hand, in Harris's *Portrait Of The Artist and His Wife*, a much younger couple are separated into two panels as in Renaissance portraits, and seem also psychically separated, suspicious of each other and of us as viewers. The standout painting

for me in this group is Dorielle Caimi's *Family*, in which a naturalistic depiction of a naked man and woman is half-obscured in a cartoon tussle. The man and woman move gracefully toward one another, fingers gently touching. His penis is at stiff attention, cheerfully adorned by blue cartoon sparks. Similar pink sparks decorate the woman's vagina. Their faces are hidden, and their gentle hands emerge from a cartoon dust cloud, surrounded by punching, kicking, and slashing cartoon hands, feet, swords, and bombs. I do not know any funnier depiction of the warlike dynamic of a couple which sets this quality in the context of the tender arousal and intimacy it fuels. Caimi's technique is sound, but she is primarily an artist of the great idea.

Family Through Home

A second strategy is the depiction of family in the home. Home is the space in which family arises; family is the group of people who share a home. We recognize people as family when they all make themselves at home in the same home. I don't particularly think much of home in defining family, but seeing one painting after another which, if a realistic space must be occupied, occupies home, powerfully foregrounds the home as a key quality of family. Consider the little boy playing dress-up as a priest in Daniela Kovacic's *Prayer*, or the little girl playing a miniature guitar, surrounded by toys, in David Alvarado's *Filthy Room Blues*. Erin Milan's *Jack* depicts a little boy reading in his rumpled bed as night falls, taking advantage of those last few minutes when letters are still legible by daylight. In Kim Kogan's *Banquet*, the figures are small, their faces indistinct, but the set dining room table and the streamers hanging from the chandelier vividly identify the space as home. Alexandra Tyng's endless fascination with the textures of walls and surfaces allow her to make the kitchen itself nearly the main character of *Point of Turning*. Adrienne Stein's *First Light* might not register as family at all without its nude model's situation on a domestic style of chair, in a simple white nook of a room, with early sunlight divided by an intensely mullioned window falling on her. She is a nude in a Hammershøi space. Her space makes her family.

There is of course a great deal of overlap among the

strategies; the grandmother and grandson in Mujica's *Grandma's Hands* are curled up in a cozy urban apartment, surrounded by books and a crucifix, skyline visible outside the window. Krieg's pregnant mother and young son are in the bath together.

Family Through the Telling Moment

This is woven throughout; there are certain trivial moments one would tend to observe only of family, and recognize only in family as terribly revealing of character. Two pieces in which it defines the work are Teresa Elliott's *Deliverance* and Jennifer Balkan's *Li'l Drummer Boy*. In Elliott's piece, adolescent brothers play in a broad pit of mud. It is not the playing in mud that is telling. Anyone would notice that. It's that they have both stopped and closed their eyes, resting in the bright sun, at the same moment, the head of one cradled against the side of the other. And in Balkan's piece, the little boy, dressed only in shorts, squatting over his drum, is caught looking absolutely goofy. This kind of goofiness lasts for a moment only, as the sketchy paint quality expresses. To catch its specific character at all, one must have been watching for a while, understanding the difference between one minute expression and posture and another. Only family does that.

Family Through Gaze

Balkan's method leads into the final major strategy, the painter's participation in the ancient idea that the way we look at family is different from the way we look at friends, acquaintances, and strangers. We know them better than we know anyone else; with a gaze infused with love, we see beyond the surface, beyond the appearances of things, to who and what they really are. The painter claims that he or she can retrieve this sense of profound and intimate knowledge, and transmit it through the painting.

Thus we see Katie O'Hagan's painting *The End of Apathy*, of a girl in a field, and from the gentle depiction of her hair in the wind, her hesitant fingers, her half-open mouth, we cannot help in assuming that this is O'Hagan's daughter. Similarly, the little girl in a red hooded cape walking through a snowy wood in Jeremy Lipking's *Little Red* must be his daughter. Who else would stop and notice? Children are terribly vulnerable, and ultimately it is down to their parents to love and protect them. Several painters - Elizabeth Zanzinger,

Yvonne Melchers, Anna Wypych and Kelli Kaye Fountain - depict infancy, entering into degrees of intimacy with their subjects that are ordinarily only available to family.

The young man in Aram Gershuni's *Itamar at 17* is depicted in the dim null-space of a portrait, in a physically realistic manner. There are no narrative cues that he is family. And yet he sits patiently and his face shows both consternation and defenselessness. He would only show that face to family, and even if he didn't, only family would see it anyway. The same is true for Tanja Gant's *The Better Half*, a profile portrait in which a man allows himself to be depicted at his least presentable: half-asleep, head sunk on his chest to make his double-chin bulge. This degree of openness occurs only inside of family.

Some of the artists turn their eye not toward the generations following theirs, but those preceding. Soumalya Sarkar, Thomas Warton, John Borowicz, and Judy Takacs are among the several who produce devoted portraits of their mothers.

In many of these pieces which emphasize family through the artist's gaze, the subject gazes back, also in a way that characterizes family. Younger family members stare with the annoyance, rebellion, or resignation of impatient offspring made to sit for portraits, as in Paul McCormack's *Daniel*, Nadine Robbins's *Beat (portrait of my son's tween ennui)*, and Shana Levenson's *Just the Beginning*. The subject's return gaze evolves in the older subjects to a deep simplicity and honesty. These subjects can hide nothing from their portraitists, and do not seek to. They have no façades to maintain, and can relax into being entirely themselves. Rembrandt trained himself, over many years, to approach himself that way. Something of his insight, cleansed of vanity and illusion, animates Mary Jane Ansell's striking *Jonathan Ansell* and Elana Hagler's simple and affecting *Dyeda*.

David Kassin and Shana Levenson have compiled a thoughtful edition of reflections on family by artists who take the subject very seriously. They are not serious in the sense of humorlessness, but rather in the sense that they give everything of their skills and talents and themselves to the work, and hide nothing. This is as it should be. We cannot hide ourselves from family; if we are fortunate, we are at home with them.





Elizabeth Zanzinger



Newborn | oil on panel | 7x5 | 2017

Yvonne Melchers



Sander@3days - Portrait of my son | oil on panel | 15.7 x 11.8 | 2017

Anna Wypych



Franciszek | oil on panel | 5x5 | 2016

Ricky Mujica



Grandma's Hands | oil on canvas | 30x40 | 2016

Palden Hamilton



Mother and Child | oil on panel | 32x28 | 2017

Kelli Kaye Fountain



Thrasher | oil on linen | 11x16 | 2016

Aleah Chapin



Lucy and Lazlo (one and two) | oil on linen | 84x60 | 2014

Anna Rose Bain



Motherhood | oil on linen | 30x20 | 2016

Annabelle Headlam



Mother and Child (1972 -2016) | oil on canvas | 12x9 | 2017

Karen Offutt



Offspring | oil on board | 30x20 | 2017

O'Neil Scott



Preschool | oil on panel | 24x18 | 2017

Jennifer Balkan



Li'l Drummer Boy | oil on aluminum panel | 16x12 | 2017

Erin Milan



Jack | oil on linen | 30x40 | 2017

Jeremy Lipking



Little Red | oil on linen | 40x24



Rain Shadow | oil on linen | 30x40

Jeremy Geddes



Misere 6 | oil on board | 18x18



Misere 5 | oil on board | 18x18

David Gray



Untitled | oil on canvas | 18x24 | 2015

David Alvarado



Filthy Room Blues | oil on linen | 24x30 | 2017



The courage to question oneself | oil on canvas | 5x4 ft | 2015

Putting On The Cuban

It is a tedious process putting on the Cuban. It is a long entailed detailed meticulous process depending on the occasion. The process changes depending on the Cuban. For my sister it means putting her house in order via Cuban mode by ordering certain delicacies not found locally in the Midwest and preparing family recipes.

I usually put on the Cuban for special occasions such as weddings and funerals. For funerals it usually is a quick process since there is no advance warning. In the case of weddings there usually is a few months of preparation putting on the Cuban.

I am putting on the Cuban this time around because the patriarch of the family is arriving for a week long visit. I took time off from my day job for this occasion. There are certain steps involved when I need to put on the Cuban. For me it entails losing weight gained from living in the Midwest where the butter is less likely to slip off my thighs unlike the frizzed haired girl who lived in the burning sun of Miami. There are also some plastics involved such as coloring my hair, putting on lipstick and maybe buying a new pair of shoes and a few new breezy blouses.

More importantly it involves placing all my ancestors in check starting from the Taino who were the first to greet Columbus in 1492 to the Conquistador who ravaged villages and a great great great grandfather who may have been a slave and worked the sugar cane fields or an invading Moor off the Eastern coast of Africa. Let's include the French, the Galicians, the Canary Islands, the Italians who spun gold, and ultimately the Asturianos who begat Menendez.

The Conquistador says to me with his Spanish lisp "son todos idiotas". "Let me gut them all out for you right now". The Taino coughs up blood and shows me the smallpox blisters covering his body as his rib cage extends out further and further until there is nothing left of him but bones. My other great great grandmother looks at me and tells me "Tuve a tu tataro abuelo en esa finca mientras que los tambores sonaban y despues cantamos y bailamos. Asi se hace hija! Azuca!"

The villagers in France and Spain are whistling and sweeping the floors about me. One of them is casting a net to sea, another is reciting a poem and yet another is pulling me away as if he were Fred Astaire and I were Ginger Rogers and we dance away from all of it on a shiny yacht off the coast of Havana with Hemingway as the sunset turns into a bloody mess.

It is not easy to keep all my ancestors in check on a normal day. When I put on the Cuban, I have to let them all run free through my veins fighting with each other sleeping all in one room just as we did when we took flight from "la revolucion".

Putting on the Cuban means growing up with guns laying around dressers and tables in our patriarch's home because of the family business. Therefore, putting on the Cuban means I have to be comfortable with the knowledge that the fanny-pack *is* packed.

Putting on the Cuban means I have to give my libido a quick jump start. Lucky the man who may be my partner while I put on the Cuban for all the whorish things he has ever fantasied are about to become true. But only in bed. Putting on the Cuban means I have to be ladylike during the day.

I started working on putting on the Cuban as soon as I found out we were receiving a visit. More importantly than the physical aspects of putting on the Cuban, it is a state of mind. It is what was twisted and instilled in me while I was growing up with the occasional *fuacata* back of the hand.

Katie O'Hagen



The End of Apathy | oil on canvas | 46x40 | 2017

Shana Levenson



Just the Beginning | oil on canvas | 28x26 | 2016



First Light | oil on linen | 24x18 | 2017

The Boy at the Fence

The dress hung off the lampshade of our unlit stand-up lamp in the beige living room. I knew it was for me – my only siblings were my two younger brothers. The Saturday morning light engulfed the room and bounced off everything except that awful dress.

“I’m not wearing that.” I sensed Mom was in the adjunct kitchen. Everything that I knew about fashion was absorbed from magazines and our dozen stores in the small town’s mall.

Her coffee cup hit the counter. “It’s in your size. I picked it up yesterday.”
“It’s black. I never wear black. You want all of us to live in Florida – that’s fine for you. But I don’t wear black in this heat swamp hell hole.”

She slammed her fist on the counter. “This is your grandfather’s funeral.”

“Our funeral was last weekend. This is a memorial service for all these town wackadoos we didn’t allow into our funeral.”

She came out of the kitchen and looked me in the eye. “Your grandfather developed this town from dirt to a healthy community. No one would be living here without him and all that he did. The residents – our neighbors - want to honor him.”

I let my eyes drop to the champagne carpet. “They just want to get into the club for free on a weekend without being members.”

She stepped forward and grabbed my hands. “Today’s service is the last thing that is required from you for this week. Next weekend you can swim in the club pool, or go to the mall, or I can take you to the beach, or you can have a sleepover. Next weekend is all yours. What I need from you right this moment is for you to take this dress, go into your room, and put it on. There will be bagels and fruit and orange juice at the club.”

I grabbed the dress with a force that shook the lamp. “I’m in middle school now – I’m too old for sleepovers!” I turned around and walked up our ivory stairs.

Later I would clip the black and white pictures from our weekly town newspaper of the service. The clippings have since yellowed, but the dress did look appropriate and dignified, and I looked respectful in it. What had upset me about Mom – what I ought to have said to her face – was that I did not understand why she did not spend the week between her father’s funeral and the public memorial service crying on our couch with a box of tissues, instead of busy-ing herself by shopping for me and having tea with the bored housewives in our dead-end town.

Dad started the air conditioning in the minivan five minutes before we piled in. I sat in the middle bench and my brothers were in the back. They did not fight in the car, which was a first. It was not out of somber grieving. It was the outfits – the suits, the ties, and the dress shoes that did not stretch and allow for shoving and flicking of each other. As we drove, the palm trees were still and numb. Every car on the four lane road was directed towards the country club.

The front-gate guardhouse was slathered in white roses and no longer projected any intimidation. Dad straightened his tie and nodded to the guard. The club’s pseudo-Victorian gate doors lurched open. Who where these black bars keeping out?

The minivan accelerated. Past the gate was the ever-present green manicured lawn. Our minivan drove up the man-made hill. The sky was cloudless and blue. We parked the car, and I got out and straightened my dress. My brothers went immediately into the air conditioning. “I’m going to walk around to the pool.”

Dad raised his arms. “We need to greet people at the entrance to the hall.”

“There aren’t any cars in the parking lot. We’re the only ones here. Grandma’s not here yet.”

Dad put his keys in his pocket. “Meet us back in the hall in exactly five minutes.”

I walked past the egg-yolk columns in the front of the country club, and around the building until I got out of earshot of my brothers and parents. I found a hint of the solace I sought. I wanted to be in the air conditioning, but being inside meant dealing with the staff and the launch of the onslaught of pleasantries and condolences ahead for me.

After following the four foot shrubbery I was within sight-line of the pool. The heat was ever present. The mid-morning sun reflected off the blue, inviting waters. I wanted to also be far, far away. Some place that was older than this thirty year-old suburb.

Just past the pool in front of me and the black fence after that were the unmoved natural trees that neighbored and homed this land before Grandpa built the club. Against the trunk of a tree was a kid’s bicycle and my eyes were targeted to it. The heat was coming down on me. But out from behind one of the trunks came a boy in a red tee shirt and black basketball shorts. He was under the umbrella of the trees’ shade just outside the club. He did not have the make or build of any of the boys I knew in school – and I knew every boy in town my age. He noticed me then but was not startled. He took a step towards the fence. My breath was lost. I kept my eyes on him. He walked all the way up to the fence and rested his palms on the bars.

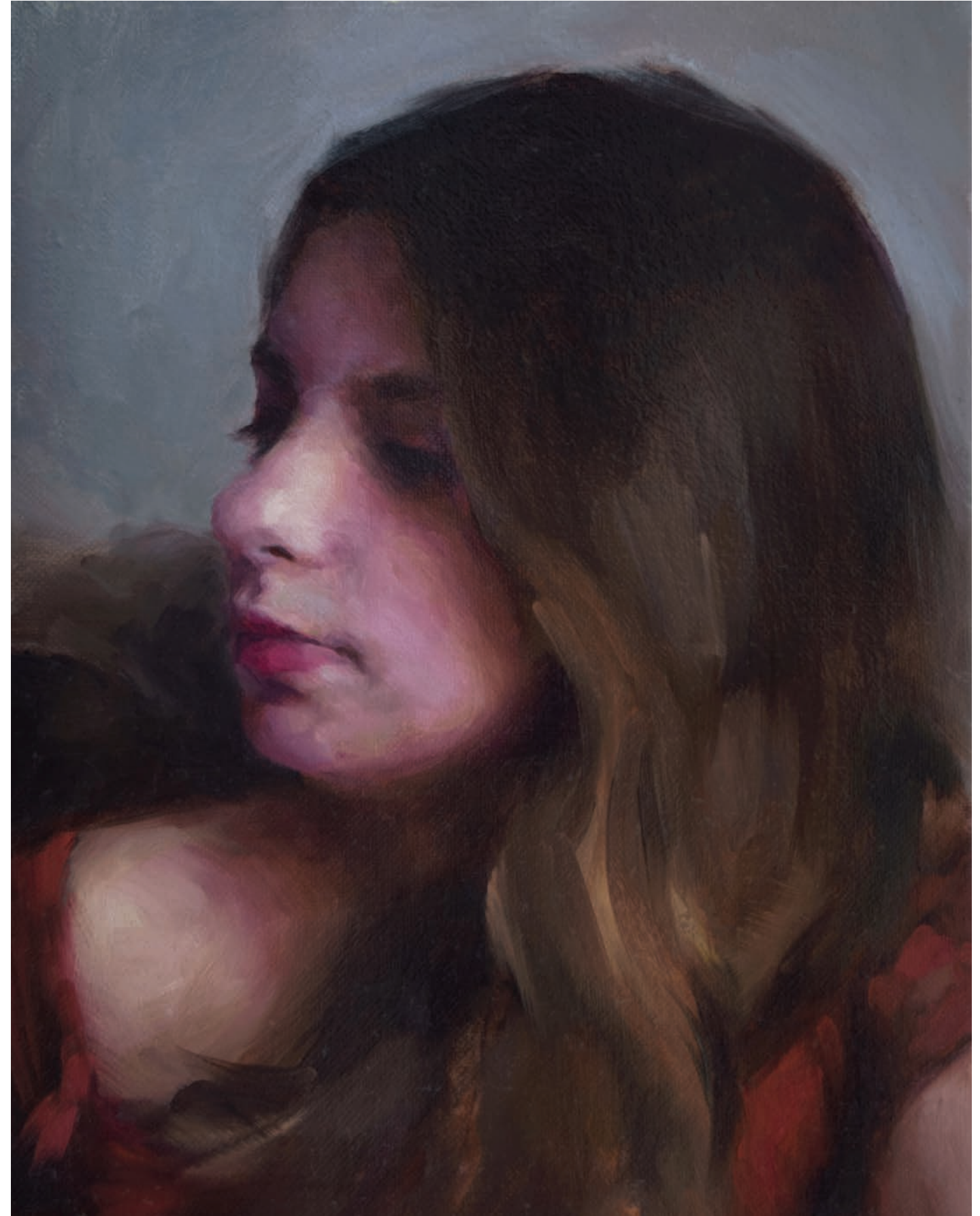
Our eyes were locked – intense but open. We processed each other to ourselves. Our bodies accepted each other. It was not silence – it was a calming sound and no one else within our space could hear it. Everyone that I would meet later that day did not present me with the sympathy and empathy that he did. He knew through that black dress everything I had to go through throughout this day. I wanted to walk amongst those umbrellas of trees – out in the world out there. Oceans were not further apart.

Within the next few minutes, I would turn around, head into the club, and find a seat in the hallway. I would sit for a minute and collect myself. Maps of distant places decorated the walls. The day officially started with the greeting of strangers and public presentations. Speeches would be made and honors would be bestowed. A fundraising effort was rumored to build a statue. The king of the town was dead, and I was his granddaughter princess. I was alive today but my heritage was dead. I would not even have a chance to think about the boy again until I was in the backseat minivan ride home at dusk – a moment that felt like hearing the last echoes of music as a parade passed on, no longer visible.

In that nothingness of me and the boy in front of me, I could find myself - not my title or my history but a personal, private, and true me. A moment that made me feel alive from the core outward.

There was a privacy in that moment. It was something that had not been experienced elsewhere. Family does not always feel like home. He – I just knew – had nothing to do with the rest of his day. He would spend it aimlessly riding his bike around this boring suburban town looking for sites unusual and noteworthy. He would not wait for me to conclude the services and functions I had for my day. I had more to do within myself – more letting go of childhood, more shedding. More finding in the world and in myself.

He broke my heart in a way. I knew a life in a society that was coming forward to me – a private high school, a prestigious college, living in bigger cities with rich histories and exploring the bigger world. Everyone I would know in the oncoming years would be members of this club. But he and I had an open moment – collectively being within our silence.



Summertime Portrait | oil on linen | 12x9 | 2014

Rusty Barnes

Sometimes I Say

Sometimes I say to you *suicide*
and you say slice by length not

by width, and judge carefully
the angle of the blade

at the rise and tumble of the vein.
If you wanted bravery you should

have broken my fingers. I am bravest
choking on my own blood. The white

fish that swim in the burl of my body
seek shelter in the granite of my

lungs. When I say to you *heart*
I mean brain and when I say brain

I mean give me a razor or speed
enough to hustle my heart into

infarction. Let's not bedazzle it to our-
selves on social media and complain

that no one pays attention. Everyone
is into their own slow suicide; the smart

ones among us simply hurry
the process. What we are after all

is the cause of our own deaths.
We tunnel after cures and burn

the pleasure from life with each detox
and every cleanse. I believe every

one deserves a dirty death. It's not
enough to howl into our hands

or fuck the grief to dust or die
alone in a garret apartment or

mobile home waiting for maggots
who will turn to flies. At least they love

our rot. Death means noise. Call
to Heaven-that-is-not-there.

Crack the wombs of statues,
cast your orgasms in granite.

Take the last mean words you
can muster—use them to trepan

your skull. That hole is important;
at the end of it all: let the sere light

in. Only then you'll be saved, if that
even matters to you after so long a trip.

Annihilation is not a punishment. No.
The ending is not a beginning of anything.

Matteo Caloiaro



Her Mother's Quilt. | oil on canvas | 36x36 | 2016

Daniela Kovacic



The Prayer | oil on canvas | 48x36 | 2017

Rachel Moseley



The Standoff | oil on wood panel | 18x24

Sergio Gomez



The Other Side (My son at age 12) | acrylic on canvas | 60x40 | 2014

Teresa Elliott



Deliverance | oil on canvas | 36x36

Michael Van Zeyl



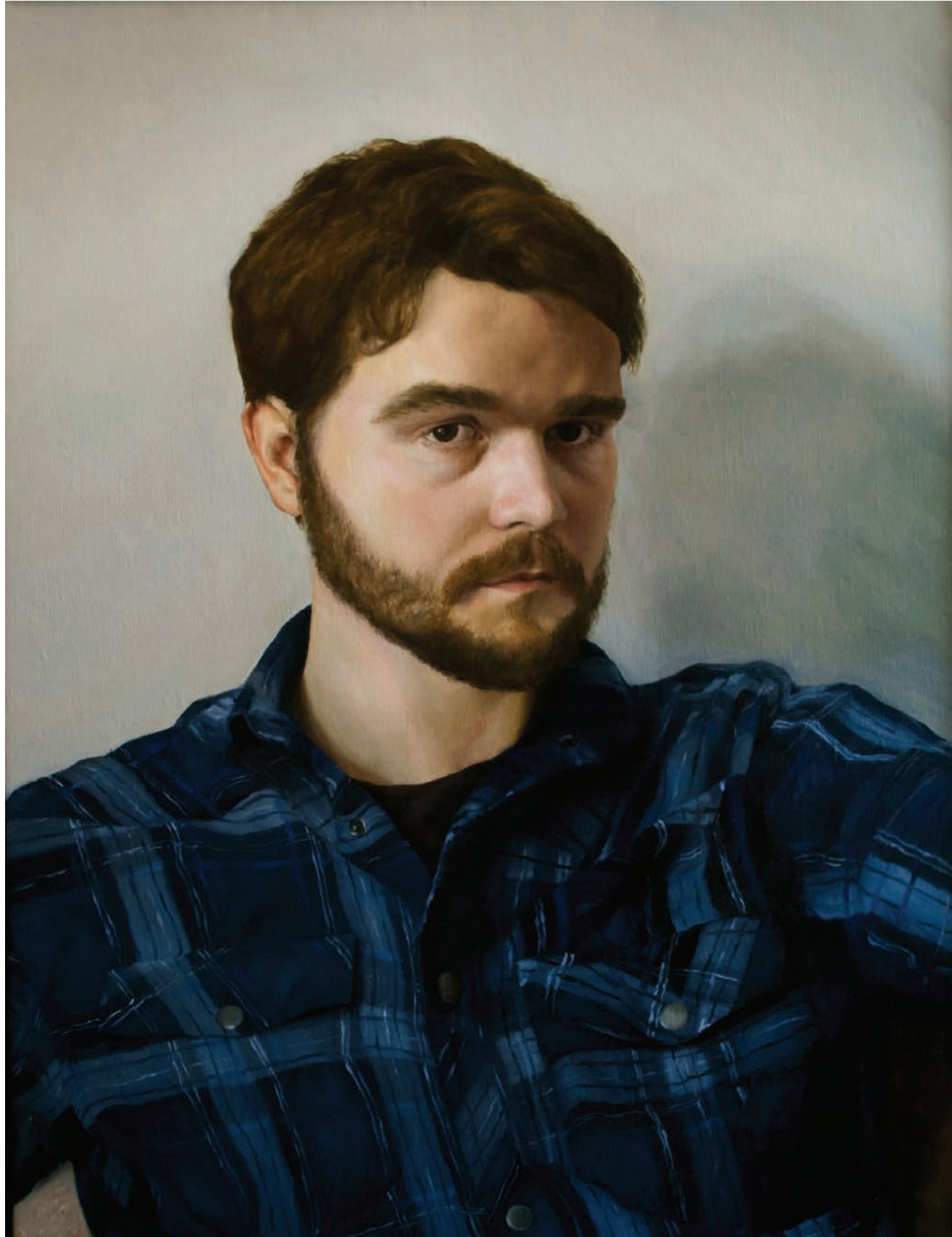
The Gamer | oil on linen | 36x24 | 2017

Nadine Robbins



BEAT (portrait of my son's tween ennui) | oil on linen | 12x12 | 2017

Sarah Lacy



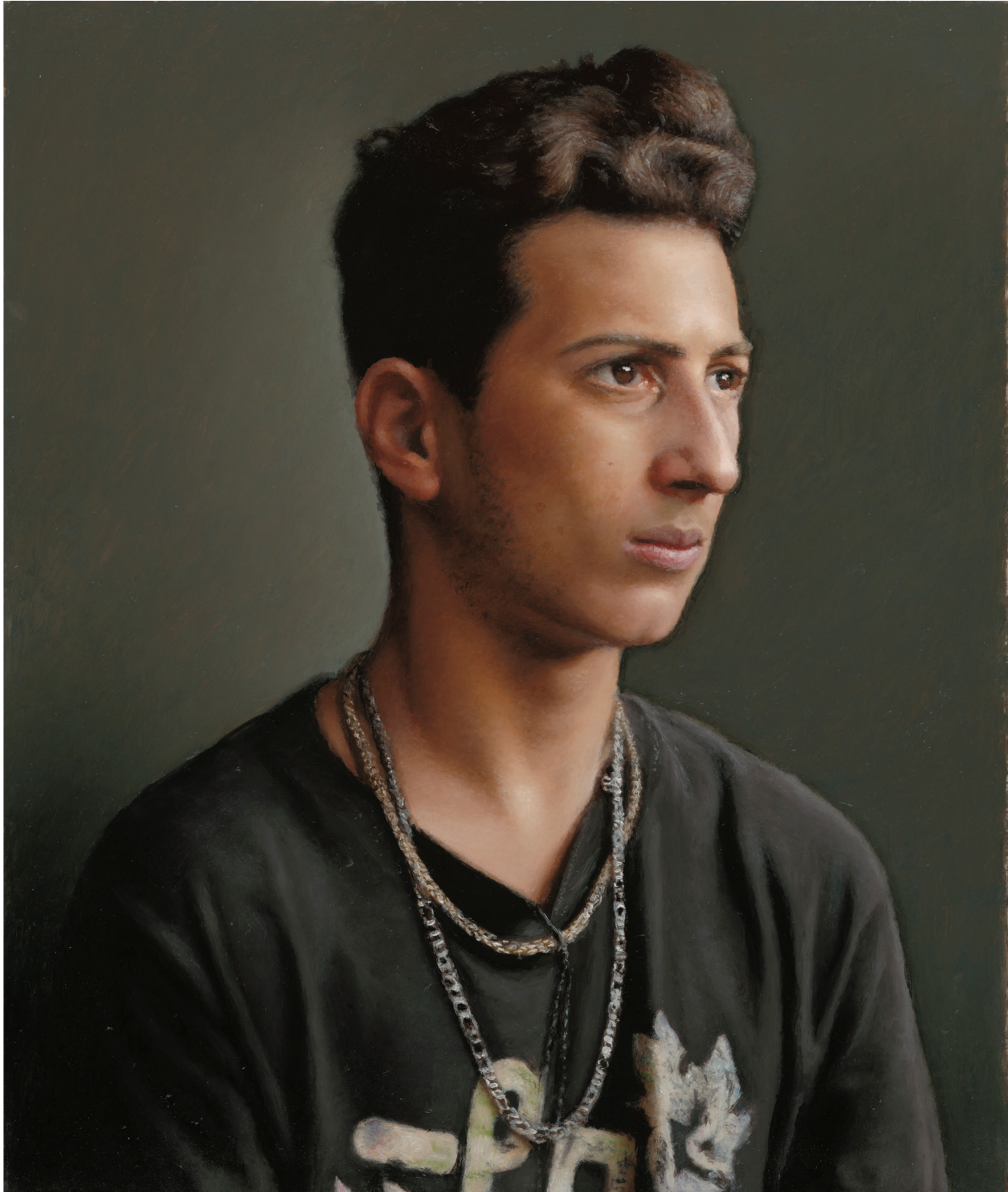
What Lies Beneath (My Husband) | oil on linen | 24x18 | 2016

Irvin Rodriguez



A Letter to my Brother | oil on canvas | 14x11 | 2017

Aram Gershuni



Itamar at 17 | oil on wood | 50x42 cm | 2017

Lance Richlin



Princess | oil on canvas | 24x20 | 2015

Paul W. McCormack



Daniel | graphite and white charcoal on toned paper | 29x21 | 2014

Tanja Gant



The Better Half | graphite on paper | 9x11 | 2015

Thunder Key

Sue says thunder is due and I am
the lightning bringing quick rain

and the inevitable tree fallen across
the power lines and phone lines

and the scruffy volunteer firemen
coming to the door and telling us

to go get out and the ocean spins
against the jetty like something alive

and someone is walking their dog
on the beach while lobster traps

burst open on the rocks like candy
from a wrapper and the surf is now

within a few feet of the running mutt
and I am the lightening of the sky

and the boredom on the TV screen
which brings nothing in but fuzz.

I am the interferon when no one else
is sick and I am the sick bastard

who doesn't care about this world
but instead the worlds I create.

I am not fit for children or family
and I am always way too fucking late.



Et in Arcadia Nos | oil on linen | 36x48 | 2010

Dorielle Caimi



Family | oil on canvas | 80x60 | 2017

Nicole Porter



A Hand To Hold | oil on canvas | 120x120 cm | 2014

F. Scott Hess



All The Goods Of The World | oil on canvas | 72x72 | 2013



Dancing At The Edge Of Time | oil on canvas | 41x54 | 2017

Bo Bartlett



Inheritance | oil on linen | 48x66 | 2010



The Box | oil on linen | 82x100 | 2002

Kenny Harris



Portrait Of The Artist and His Wife | oil on linen | 30x39 | 2017

Nicholas Benedict Robinson



Drishcoora, Maeve & Keith Roberson | oil on birchwood | 120x90 cm | 2017

Gayle Madeira



My Parents Relaxing at the Beach | oil on linen | 11x14 | 2015

Rusty Barnes

Ode to the 19th Year

Sometimes I wish for being slim
and fit again, to have a reliable

power: my two arms and legs
against the world like a steely

Colossus or a great gorilla,
confident again that my muscles

will do their part under my skin,
to react in time when danger

arrives or to intimidate the ill-bred
from attacking me or mine, but

long-toothed age now halts
my step and hunches my gait.

At my last physical I measured
out not only my age but my virility.

Only six feet one inch makes me
average after a lifetime of being

taller and here the rub comes:
What is left for me after forty-six

years but a slow senescence or
an even steeper decline? How I

wish again to be young, straight
again the way I remember myself,

not this knock-toed and hammer-
headed me who must look to

the next stone before he jumps
across the stream without the
grace of the ground to catch him
in his leaping and so carefully

and instinctually to return him unharmed
to the dirt from which he came.

Kim Cogan



Banquet | oil on canvas | 48x42 | 2015 | Private Collection



Cure for forgetting | oil on canvas | 42x40 | 2015

Ron Francis



Self Portrait of My Father | oil on canvas | 170x120 cm | 2007

Rusty Barnes

Listening to Hugo Winterhalter in the Early AM

In Japan a gull carries away
a kite string as the moon breaks

into a silent but yawing sea,
a warning to me to you to us all:

O Father you have gone where
I cannot find nor follow you,

pliant in your yeast-smelling blanket
coughing up your identity with

every wrack and sough. I sit beside
you playing thirties jazz and pop on

my tablet tears slicking the screen.
You have gone behind the blue

curtain past the barrier strange past
the stinking offal in the suicide forest.

O father what could I have done
but be here tight on your heels tapping

my fingers to the sounds of Benny
Goodman for seven hours in the car

awaiting your death or my leaving
whichever comes first. O Father

I wish I could invoke your smell,
the way your cigarette ashed onto

The sick-filled carpet on the edge
of what we could readily say,

blinded right now to our faults,
both of us sighing together against

the sea and into a heavy head-wind
at the edge of nowhere and every time

we batten the hatches the sea comes
up and washes you away down

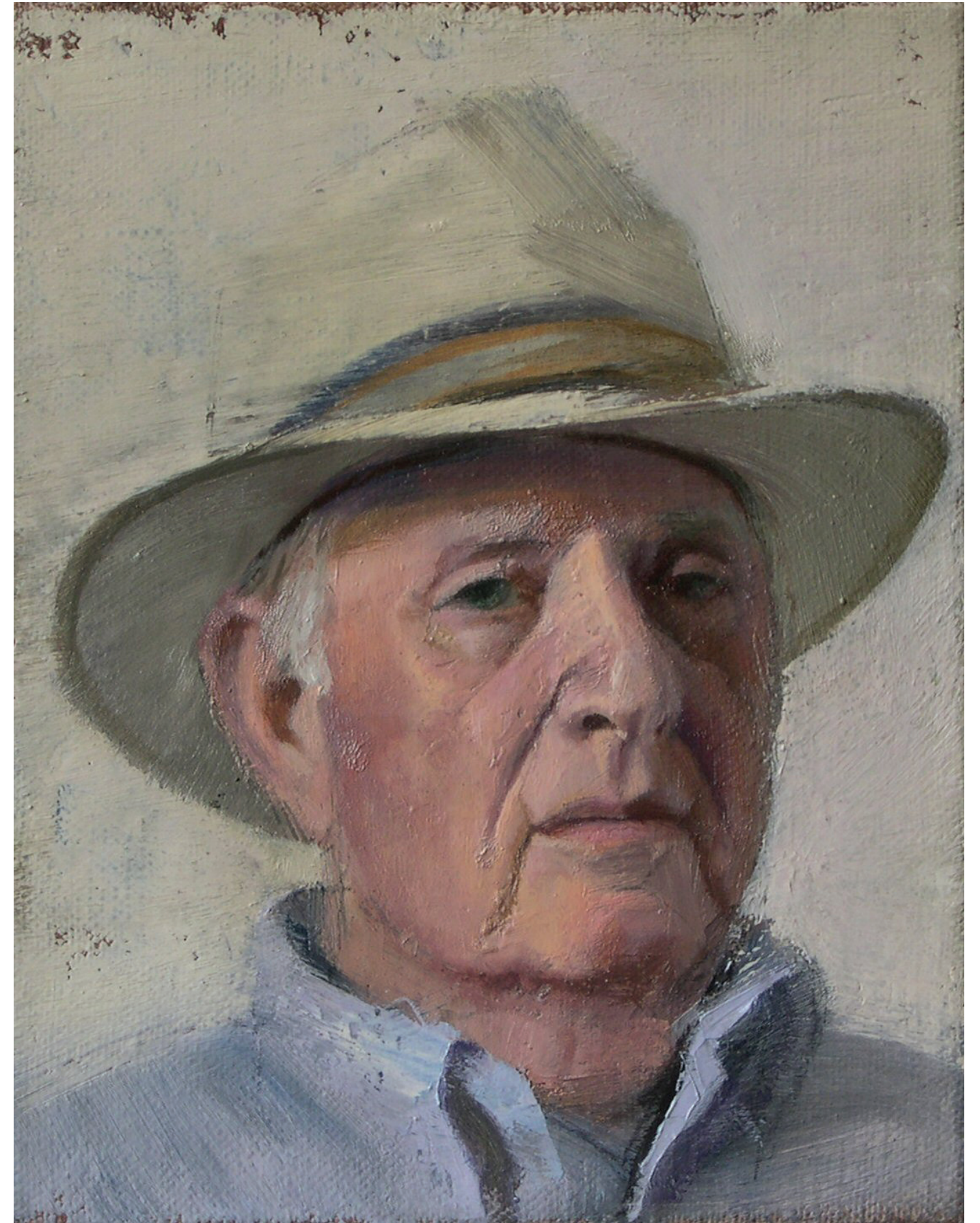
the nameless dreary paths of alphabet
and stone and, O Father, forever.

Linda Tracey Brandon



My Brother, Jim | oil on canvas | 30x24 | 2012

Elana Hagler



Dyeda | oil on linen | 10x8.5 | 2005

Mary Jane Ansell



Jonathan Ansell | oil on panel | 12.4 x13.4

Nicole Moné



Dad Looking Back (Portrait of the Artist's Father on his 78th Birthday) | oil on linen panel | 12x16 | 2017

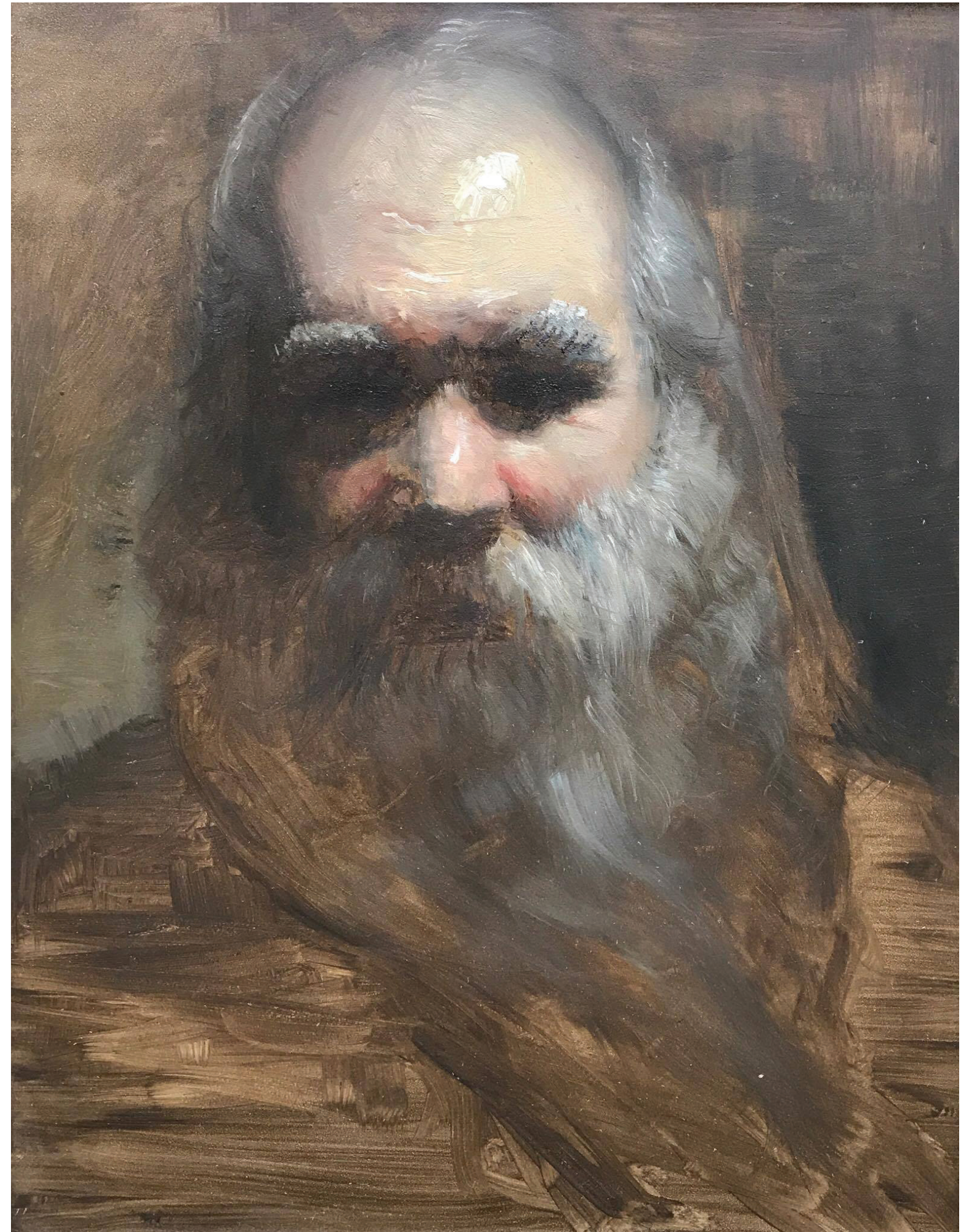
Rose Freymuth-Frazier

Portrait of My Dad, Bruce Frazier
oil on panel
12x16
2005

This was painted while I was studying with Odd Nerdrum on the North Sea in Norway. It was loosely based on a picture that had been in the newspaper in my hometown when my dad had been awarded Nevada County Employee of the Year.

There had been a fatal shooting at the mental health clinic in Northern California where he worked as a case worker for many years. He was first on the scene, actually passing the shooter as he left the building and coming upon multiple fatalities. My dad took heroic measures, including securing a daycare center at the clinic and was publicly recognized for this as Employee of the Year.

I wanted to get some of that grandness of his actions and personality in this quick painting.





Leaving on a Jet Plane

There's so many times I've let you down

So many times I've played around

Peter, Paul, & Mary

I want to say my mother loved my father. I want to say she did not divorce him all those times he let her down because she loved him. I want to say my mother loved my father more than she loved her daughters. I want to say my mother loved my sister more than she loved me.

My mother was a living doll. Everyone said that. She was petite with wild curls and her eyes are the color of a tropical forest. She'd always end a sentence with a laugh and she'd smile as she talked about anything at all.

My mother is now in the Alzheimer's ward in the Midwest. She still laughs out of the blue when we visit although she doesn't remember who we are or what she is doing there.

My mother left my father many times. The first couple of times we left by train to North Carolina to stay with a brother whom had been relocated there by the United States after leaving Cuba.

We packed our bags and a picnic with sandwiches with a few frozen cans of soda so they'd be cold on the train. We sat in the most economical seats available on the train from Miami to High Pointe. When my mother opened one of the frozen cans of soda on the train it burst over every single passenger. They all turned to look at the spics on the train. My mother apologized profoundly while wiping down with a tissue some of the fiasco she had caused. She went back to her seat and we did not open any other sodas and just ate our sandwiches dry until we arrived to our destination.

High Pointe smelled different than Miami. Since we were little we were closer to the ground and everything seemed old and new at the same time. It seemed as if we had not only left Papi behind but had traveled to another planet.

It was the first time we tried a peanut butter and grape jelly sandwich. Sure we had peanut butter before and we had strawberry jam with cream cheese sandwiches but never had we experienced peanut butter and jelly.

The American way of taking care of children was introduced to us. My aunt plunked us in front of a television and we were supposed to stay put while the adults talked in another room. I could hear my mother's voice trail from time between the Andy Griffith Show and sometimes I could not tell if she was laughing or crying.

We spent a summer in North Carolina until the next time my mother left my father again. There we were on the train again with cans of soda which did not explode. This time there were two brothers in North Carolina waiting for my mother.

Mami's brothers had two children each. Her youngest brother had two daughters contemporary with my sister and me. Her older brother had two boys. Because my cousin Luis was older than us by 5 years they let him take us for walks down the block and we would visit neighboring children along the way making friends when we could. There was a community pool down from the houses my uncles rented.

One night the six of us decided to walk over to the pool and when we got there we were clowning around and my sister fell on her head. Luis rushed her back to the house as she was yelling. My mother thought her skull had broken open and her brains were falling out of her head.

Mami had an education and emotional maturity of a eighth grader. She and her siblings were left motherless when she was five. She was sent to live with distant relatives and wore shoes which were too tight and had to stop going to school to help with whatever household she was living with at time.

It turned out that all the yelling by the adults and crying by the children was due to a tick. From that moment on my sister would be the official klutz of the cousins. It is not as if she had not had other disastrous things happen to her such as that one time a palm frond fell on her head as she walked down the block in Miami or that other time my mother accidentally spilled boiling coffee on my sister's two year old chest.

Maybe my mother loved my sister more because she felt guilty of spilling coffee on her baby. Maybe my mother thought my sister needed a mother more than the ten pound baby she had given birth to being me. Maybe I broke her. Maybe she thought if anyone was going to inherit my father's illness, it would be me.

The third time she left our father we could not take the train because we were leaving on a jet plane to California. And so we left in 1967 to Los Angeles. By then my mother's sister Tia Macuca was living there along with my mother's father and her older brother from North Carolina who had relocated.

The three of us dressed in our Sunday best when we left to fly the jet plane. We sat next to a man in a black suit whom told us he learned origami while stationed in Japan. He entertained us with little paper birds and questioned us just like the CIA. "What's your name? Where are you from?"

"My name is Dulce". My sister did not understand so I answered for her. "Her name is Ivonne. We are Cuban. The coldness which crossed across his eyes were reminiscent of something from his past. I pointed to my Mami who was sitting across the aisle seat. That is my mother." He looked at her and I could tell he thought she was pretty.

My mother was a living doll and now Papi's three girls were leaving on a jet plane and we didn't know when we'd be back again.



Claire in Italy | oil on panel | 14x10 | 1973

Nanci France-Vaz



Peace Within (My Sister Joann) | oil on dibond | 36x24 | 2017

Sheldon Tapley



Ann | oil on panel | 14x14 | 2010

Alessandro Tomassetti



Mamma (Regina Mundi) | ink pastel pencil | 25.5x18.5 | 2012

Carlos Gallostra



Patience - Portrait of My Mother | oil on canvas | 36x36 | 2017

Robin Kappy



Carried Forward | oil on linen | 24x36 | 2017

Soumalya Sarkar



Maa | acrylic on canvas | 18x24 | 2017

Brooke Olivares



Ay Que Frio | oil on panel | 24x36 | 2016

Anne-Christine Roda



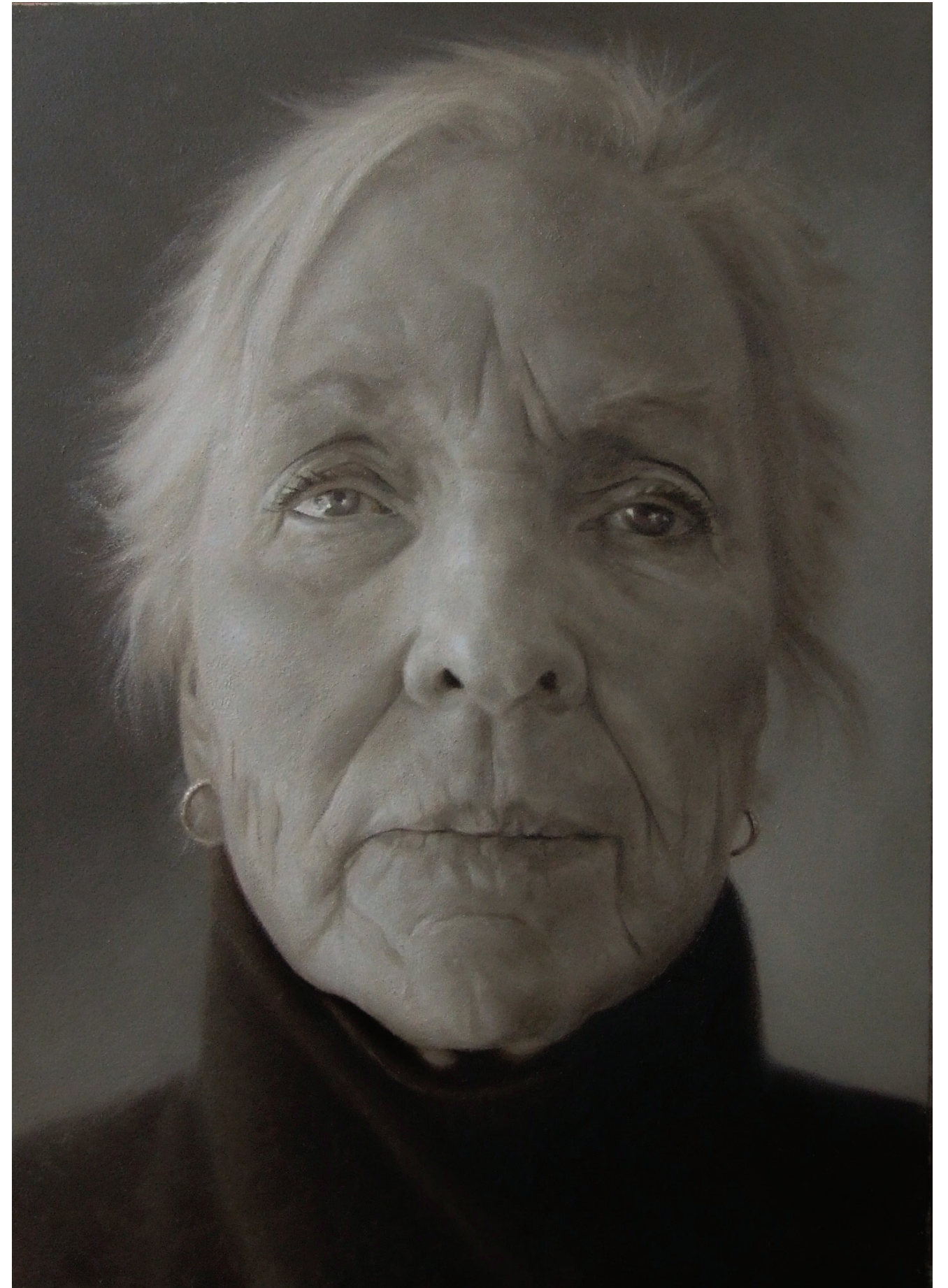
Josephine R | oil on canvas | diptych 40x28 each | 2011

Thomas Wharton



Mom at 90 | oil on linen | 19x20 | 2016

John Borowicz



The Artist's Mother | oil on panel | 7x5 | 2017

Mario A. Robinson



Altus House | watercolor | 18x24

David Jon Kassin



Letter To My Mom | oil on aluminum panel | 60x32 | 2013

Judy Takacs

Cancel Honeymoon
oil on linen triptych
41x22
2013

Summer of 2012, my mom was diagnosed with ovarian cancer.

For four years she fought valiantly and lived well until the disease took her life swiftly but not painlessly in summer of 2016.

During that early time when she was going through the first course of chemo she lost her hair. Never one to worry about physical appearances, for my mom, baldness was the least of the side effects associated with cancer, and she actually enjoyed the convenience of the turban.

Because she is my number one muse, I asked her to pose for me during her treatment. Ever the theatrical English literature professor, she took on this acting role with relish and posed with a passionate, melodramatic flair. I knew I wanted to include her deliciously knobby and arthritic hands, so they were prominent in the poses too.

I call this early time period, just following initial diagnosis and treatment, the Cancer Honeymoon.

Like with a honeymoon, you're new to this experience and just getting to know the cancer and how it fits into your life. Like with marriage, the statistics are not in your favor, but you're also optimistic that with luck and a positive attitude you've got what it takes beat the odds. You're well more than you're sick and the people you love are paying extra attention to you. It's not a wonderful time, but there's a lot of good to be found; you are able to laugh.

Depicted in my triptych are three phases of the Cancer Honeymoon, left to right are: Curiosity... Acceptance...Humor.





Point of Turning | oil on linen | 38x42 | 2014



Art and Legacy | oil on linen | 40x52 | 2012

Jack Rosenberg



A Family | oil on panel | 44x60 | 2017