

LINES from the League



Letter from the Executive Director

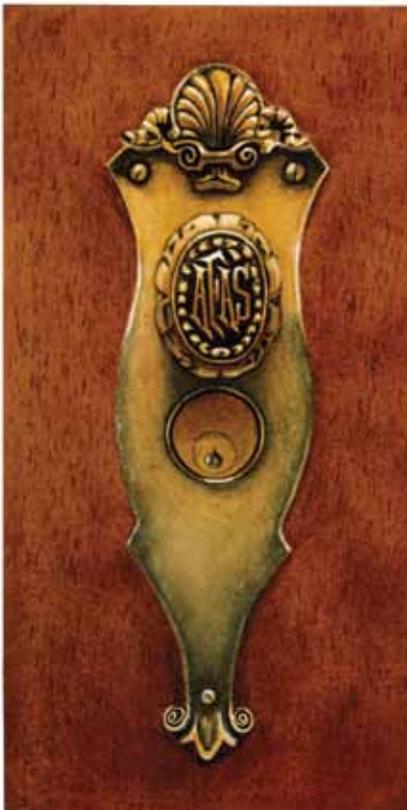
The fall season is in full swing here at the League. I hope you've been taking advantage of what's been going on or will be coming in soon. If you live too far away to get to 57th Street or the Vytlačil Campus, please stay in touch through the League's Facebook page and other social media and enjoy this issue of Lines from the League.

Our fall lecture series has featured League instructor Timothy J. Clark sharing his insights on Sargent: Portraits of Artists and Friends, the exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, and a panel and film about League alumnus Al Hirschfeld, the subject of an exhibit at the New-York Historical Society. In late October, I will moderate a panel in conjunction with The Society of American Graphic Artists' Centennial Exhibition, which runs from October 22 through November 6 in the Phyllis Harriman Mason Gallery. And our 140NOW anniversary celebration on October 17 promises to be a night of art and revelry!

Among our new classes this fall is "Drawing Fundamentals" with Alex Zwarenstein. This 12-session class introduces students to the elements of drawing in all its forms. More new classes will be offered in the new year. As always, the League continues to offer classes for everyone from beginner to professional in from drawing, painting, sculpture, printmaking, and mixed media. Study with us for an afternoon—or for a lifetime! Please read the letter below from student Joan Haskell to get a feel for the excitement of studying at the League.



Ira Goldberg
Executive Director



Dear Mr. Goldberg,

Please allow me to thank you and the League for a most memorable year as a student in the watercolor class of Frederick Brosen (Sept. 2014–May 2015).

From the beginning when I had little experience in the medium, I progressed to a level of competency that contributed to my selling a painting (for the first time), which was exhibited in the class show of March 3–9, 2015.

Without the institution, guidance, and amazing talent of Mr. Brosen, I would still be a beginner. His class was not simply about technique but also included art history, significant painters and styles, the New York art scene, galleries, and most critical of all, discerning what makes a great subject. I will always consider him a mentor.

Enclosed is a copy of one of my paintings from the class. How truly fitting that, at the League, art is everywhere—even the doorknobs!

Again, my thanks to you, the League, and Frederick Brosen for a wonderful year of art.

With kind regards,
Joan Haskell

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Ira Goldberg

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Letter from the Editor

The League is a wonderful lesson in history, culture, anthropology, and art. Being here is like taking a trip around the world. This issue of Lines introduces you to a Persian with a PhD in environmental psychology, a Bulgarian architect-designer, a shepherd from Italy, a Japanese artist with a travel bug, and a Lebanese sculptor.

In addition to world travel, time travel is a part of every issue. I'm delighted to introduce you to Mary F. Zawadzki who holds a PhD in Art History from The Graduate Center, CUNY. Her research is motivated by her belief that visual culture in America during the 18th and 19th centuries is much more nebulous than what the traditional categories of "fine arts" and "applied arts" have led us to believe. This has led her to conduct research on American illustration and graphic design, the working methods and education of American illustrators and wood-engravers, various printing methods, and alternative forms of art and aesthetic education in America. She has published in The Mid-Atlantic Almanack and teaches art history, visual culture and museum studies at Seton Hall University. This past summer Mary taught the seminar 19th Century American Art History at the League. In Lines she introduces us to Fanny Y. Cory, who came to the League in 1896. Two former students, now beloved instructors, Jack Faragasso and Gregg Kreutz, share stories of the League in the late 1960s and early 1970s. It's been almost 50 years since Vivian Faulkner took life drawing classes at the age of 12 and the results of her training are beautiful.

With the introduction of the Art & Society section, artists respond to current events and everyday life is viewed through art-making. Aaron Bell's WMD is his way of addressing the issues of human rights and inhumane behavior. Patrick Morelli presents us with "We are One," in response to civil rights issues and terrorists acts. Richard Baker, a child of Harlem, expresses the fears we all share and the need to have his art speak for the individual and the individuals that make a community. Liz Buckley introduces us to the pain and joy she experiences as a creative reminiscence teacher.

Andrea Demera and Noah Landfield reflect on their lives as artists. Seeds of the League teens share their hopes and dreams as future artists. And, "seedlings" share the joy of art. "Movement and Mindfulness" is the latest in Nicki Orbach's series on How to See What to See. Finally, we cap this weighty edition of Lines by presenting our grant and scholarship winners from 2014 and 2015. Each year upwards of 13 grants and 33 merit scholarships are awarded from nearly 300 applicants.

Every issue is filled with your stories, please write,



Denise L. Greene
Editor

Revelation and Transcendence

Aida Izadpanah

I have always identified as an artist, but early in my life I was not allowed to pursue a formal education in art. Nevertheless, I found ways to free my expression and have been painting in one way or another for as long as I can remember. Being an artist is inseparable from my identity, similar to the way one may feel about one's family: It has always been there and will always profoundly shape my life experiences.

When I lived in Iran, I studied art in private classes with Aydin Aghdashloo and Hassan Abasnejad. I also earned a master's in city planning from Tehran University. After a long bureaucratic struggle, I was able to come to New York in 2005, to earn a PhD in environmental psychology. For both degrees,

I studied people's interactions with natural and created contexts.

During my first year in New York, I painted at home. Then, after learning about the Art Students League, I began taking classes. I vividly remember entering the League for the first time, breathing in the smell of paint in the hallways. Until 2014, I continued taking classes in drawing, clay sculpture, abstract painting, and mixed media. For the last two of those years, I was a teaching assistant in Bruce Dorfman's painting and mixed media classes. I consider Bruce to be my mentor.

In 2014 I was awarded a month-long painting fellowship in Paris sponsored by Fantasy Fountain Fund, the Art Students

League of New York, and Paris American Academy. Since returning from that experience, I have been painting independently in my own art studio overlooking Union Square Park. To help support myself as a full-time artist, I am teaching porcelain painting, and also designing floral arrangements, another form of sculpture dealing with composition, color, and form. One of my dream projects is to create an immersive installation that combines the multiple textured fields of my abstract paintings with sound and light effects. I have begun to take initial steps toward this goal.

Over nearly 20 years of making art, I have developed a diverse repertoire of media and styles, including acrylic, oils, mixed media, watercolor, photography, floral design, and porcelain painting. I see my abstractions as texture-field paintings. I am very attracted to different layers of texture, so I incorporate a lot of mixed media, including sand, pebbles, and various acrylic mediums.

Usually I work on a large scale, such as 70 x 70 inches, or bigger when I can manage it. As for a process, an undercoat of mood color unfolds first: perhaps this is serene or agitated, depending on the moment's energy. Next I build layers of texture using various constructive materials, such as cement, sawdust, and wood chips. Intermittently, I inscribe into these layers fragments of poems or words (in Persian or English) that may be on my mind or in the air. Sometimes I scratch into these layers to reveal glimpses of their underbellies. Often I stain and age them. The parts are not nearly the sum, nor is the creation ever fully complete without the viewer's input and energy.

Inspiration is drawn from my immediate environs. For instance, when I first moved to New York City, I spent a lot of time waiting in subway stations, as most New Yorkers do. But with my newcomer's eyes I began to notice little details in the corroded pillars of the platforms: many different layers of paints from the past, rust, oxidation, and who knows what else. I eventually began shooting a series of close-up photographs of these patches,

From top: *Walls 2*, 2011, acrylic, mixed media, 36 x 80 in.; *Walls*, 2011, acrylic, mixed media, 60 x 40 in.





Revelation 32, 2012, acrylic, mixed media, 64 x 64 in.

Rousseau, Henri IV, and the oldest square in the city, Place des Vosges. These were not simply landmarks to me, but opportunities to reflect deeply on the figurative and literal residue left by such sites of distinction. These honored persons and places invite us into philosophical dialogue concerning the passage of time and what meaning might be derived from our brief interval. The creeping erosion of verdigris on the outdoor statuary and the imperceptible cracking of aging facades inspired a unique range of colors and textures in the painting series I started there, *Transcendence*.

I was lucky to have my own private studio space in Paris, and I began the series almost immediately after I arrived. On the second day of I made my first trip to the Louvre. There I stood for a long time before the ancient Persian Frieze of Archers, a brick panel of relief sculpture spanning over 15 x 12 feet. This 2,500-year-old treasure from my homeland once adorned a wall of the imperial capitol palace of King Darius I. Although its turquoise and gold glazing has faded over the millennia, the piece just seemed differently brilliant to me on account of that. The feeling of standing there close to that ancient piece from my homeland was inspiring and humbling. I couldn't help but fixate on the very substance of the frieze—on its and my own transience, yet existence in the present moment.

Making art has taught me to trust my feelings and abilities. The creative process has a lot of ups and downs. In moments when I feel down, I think about the mission I have to fulfill as an artist: to be continually creating despite the myriad forms of resistance, to inspire others through my art to seek meaning in the mundane, and to “let the beauty we love be what we do,” as the Sufi mystic Rumi wrote in his and my native Persian language. Art is not a business like running a store is, for example; rather, it's about the feeling, the emotion, the necessity to express oneself through forms that one might always be adjusting. This is how you find your own voice. Once you have the feeling that this is your life, then you really have to put your faith in starting the journey. These ideas may be easy to express and understand, but that should not fool anyone into thinking they are easy to live by. This takes constant dedication and focus, and a willingness to sacrifice many other concerns that our culture will impose on us. 🌱
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which later became sources of inspiration for several of my recent painting series, starting with the 2010 series titled *Walls*.

In my 2011 series, *Revelation*, I delve deeper into these strata by more extremely juxtaposing constructive elements with the deconstructive phenomena that they evoke. These paintings reflect and seek to inspire meditations on the movement of energy through color, texture, and space. They are also characterized by restless practices of scraping and carving away at impressions of incompleteness. I had a solo exhibition with this series in 2013 at Seyhoun Gallery in Los Angeles.

In my current series, *Transcendence*, I employ similar media and techniques to further deepen my inquiry into matter itself and into what matters. This work aspires to a natural state of presence and acceptance, to the primary essence of experience, as Persian poet Sohrab Sepehri describes it: “Words should be washed to become the wind itself, the rain itself.” I like to describe the paintings of *Transcendence* as a meditation on itselfness. I had a solo exhibition with this series in 2015 in Narthex Gallery in New York City.

Making art is a way of living for me. Over time this was no longer a choice but a

fact of life. I love being constantly involved in processes of creation, thinking about my next projects, and so on. Being present and interacting with my immediate environment is a great source of my inspiration. Having a regular schedule to be in my art studio helps greatly. I also keep nurturing my vision as an artist by seeking out good art to look at in galleries and museums.

Some of my favorite artists are: Franz Kline, Mark Rothko, Helen Frankenthaler, Willem de Kooning, Robert Motherwell, Clyfford Still and, from my native country, Sohrab Sepehri and Marcos Grigorian. Among contemporary artists, I greatly admire Bruce Dorfman's mixed media art and Andy Goldsworthy's site-specific sculptures, and again from Iran, the highly diverse work of Parviz Tanavoli, Monir Farmanfarmanian, Hadieh Shafie, and Shirin Neshat.

The 2014 Fantasy Fountain Fund Scholarship to work for a month in Paris, a city that is itself a work of art, was the trip of a lifetime for me. Visits to museums and walking around this history-rich city provided immediate and lasting inspiration for my work. Paris is embellished with intricate sculptures of noted individuals and endlessly interesting architecture. I saw statues of Delacroix, Chopin, Stendhal,

Between America and Bulgaria

Anthony Kirov



Dialogue, oil on canvas, 31 x 26 in.

I was born and grew up in Bulgaria. Many decades of my life I spent in this beautiful country with old traditions, but unfortunately within the boundaries of the communist system.

Bulgaria is a country with an ancient history. Thousands of years ago its lands were inhabited by the tribes, known as Thracians. The Thracians were brave soldiers; they loved to cheer, celebrate, and drink wine. They wore variegated clothes, a lot of gold ornaments, and they tattooed their bodies. Thrace was considered the native land of Dionysus, god of wine and gaiety. Also, the ancient legends have preserved the memory of the mythological singer and musician Orpheus. The traditions of the Thracians had a big influence on the formation of Bulgarian culture.

The first Bulgarian state was created over 1,300 years ago and passed through dramatic economical, social, and military events. In spite of it all, the Bulgarian people succeeded in keeping their traditions and spirit shaped mainly by the relationship of the land, the family, the peasant's work, and the love of nature. The tints of nature are reflected in the folk-style cloth, with bright colors, bold combinations, and motifs with various stylistic nuances. Themes in paintings were connected to the peasant life, built on folk tales, songs, legends. The mystique of folk rituals, the love vow, and folk heroes are preferred subjects for Bulgarian artists.

With the growth of Christianity, Bulgarian art started to develop in the directions of iconography and frescoes. In Eastern Orthodox Christianity, the images on the icons and

frescoes were important and used in church interiors. The spirit of these traditions have been a part of my mind since my childhood.

After graduating art school in my teens, I realized that I'm good at math and technical subjects, and I had to make a decision in what direction I would continue. Since I already had an art education, I decided to study architecture and design.

For many years, I worked as an architect-designer, but I always found the time to paint. I understood that many skills as an architect might be useful in the field of fine arts. My colleagues and art critics used to tell me that by profession I'm an architect but by spirit I'm an artist. Over the years, this statement became more and more true.

I was inspired by some Bulgarian artists and by Van Gogh, Gauguin, Kandinsky,



Picasso, Chagall, and others. I was also interested in the work of American artists: Rauschenberg, de Kooning, Warhol, Pollack, Basquiat, and others. My thinking was formed by the magic realism of Gabriel Garcia Marquez, as well as others such as Coehlo, Dostoevsky, Chekhov, Bulgakov. My inspiration also comes from life in all its aspects: nature, people, human relations, and the feelings they evoke. I like to express objects in more dynamic and interesting ways than they appear in real life. I'm satisfied when I can combine the rational and the irrational, reality and myth. My goal is to recreate a new world, where colors, lines, and forms are a vision different from the reality. I love to use symbolic elements in my works.

My medium of choice is oil on canvas. The oil paint gives me the feeling of vividness, control of the colors—the way they can be blended. I feel as if the paint “remembers” the feelings I put in while I’m using it.

While I was living in Bulgaria, I participated in numerous exhibitions in Europe, and I sold a lot of my paintings. It was good financial support for me and my family. But I had problems with the presentation of these exhibitions, because I lived behind the Iron Curtain and there were a lot of restrictions on traveling abroad. During the totalitarian regime, art was subordinated to party

ideology. Socialist realism was in conflict with Western contemporary art, which was blamed for formalism, subjectivism, and decadent naturalism. Art styles, such as expressionism, cubism, abstractionism and others were deemed decadent and reactionary. Artists were required to have social engagement and to present subjects that were approved by the party leaders. I didn't agree with this policy. I was willing to meet and see the democratic world and Western contemporary art.

After the fall of communism in Eastern Europe, I had the opportunity to move to the United States—that was 14 years ago. My first art show was at Agora Gallery. I was happy and excited about my first meeting with American artists and viewers. The owner of Agora Gallery told me about the Art Students League and advised me to visit it. Later, I found out that this place is known for its broad attraction to artists from all over the world and as an educational center of art.

I enrolled and very soon I shared with my friends that this is the place where I would like to be 24/7. In every corner of the building, you can feel the spirit of art. The contact with people from different nationalities and

different generations gives opportunities for a cultural exchange.

The help of the instructors is very important. For most of the years I've spent at the League, I have been attending Charles Hinman's and Mariano Delrosario's classes. I'm happy to take their advice and also to have my colleagues' opinions about my work.

According to my friends here and in Bulgaria, I'm gradually changing my style of painting and broadening the themes in my work. I had a chance to participate in many exhibitions in New York and New Jersey, and I'm happy when some of my paintings are embraced by art collectors.

My goal is to combine Bulgarian spirit and tradition with the achievements of contemporary American and Western art in philosophic, emotional, and spiritual aspects.

As a conclusion, I would like to say that I admire many Bulgarian artists who, in spite of the totalitarian regime, succeeded in becoming well-known to the world. I'll mention some of them—the artists Vladimir Dimitrov-Maistora, Zlatju Boiadjiev, Svetlin Risev, and the



most famous, Christo (Christo Javacheff); the opera singers Nikolay Gyaurov, Ghena Dimitrova, and Boris Hristov; the jazz player Milcho Leviev; the folk singer Valya Balkanska, whose most popular song *Izlel e Delyu Haydutin* is a part of the of Voyager Golden Record selection.

I'm blessed that my life is dedicated to art. It gives me a meaning and a reason to exist. 🌟

From top: *Spirit of the Temple*, oil on canvas, 33 x 30 in.; *Day and Night*, oil on canvas, 30 x 34 in.

Poetic Harmony

Shiho Sato

Born in Yokohama, Japan, I moved to Mexico after earning my bachelor's degree in global studies with a thesis titled, "Transformation of the Identity of Chicanos," and started my art career by drawing and painting as documentation of the moment. During that time, I traveled around Central America, South America, Africa, and Europe, while painting and writing about my experiences. Then, in 2006, realizing my strong interest in figurative expression, I moved to Europe in search of expertise in traditional realism and spent eight months studying life painting and drawing with Ted Seth Jacobs. The following two years were absorbed by independent study in Madrid (Prado), Zürich (Kunsthhaus), and Berlin (Gemäldegalerie), and I executed ten large-scale copies of old master paintings.

"...the world is composed of complex elements that are actually in harmony."

In 2009 I moved to New York City in search of its art community and enrolled at the Art Students League, where I studied with Michael Grimaldi, Costa Vavagiakis, Harvey Dinnerstein, Michael Pellettieri, and Jonathan Shahn. My work expanded to include sculpture, mixed-media, and print-making. Using different mediums creates traces of my reflections and responses during the creative process. As the work develops, I enjoy watching something poetic emerging. Since 2013, after completing the League's four-year certificate program, I have been exhibiting around New York while continuing to broaden my range of expression.

Working on art brings me a strong awareness that the world is composed of complex elements that are actually in harmony. The harmony I feel in the process is touching and beautiful, and gives me the impulse to keep creating.

To create art forms and shapes requires not only technical skills but also ability in serene self-analysis. An artist must undertake severe construction and deconstruction of her own inner world. Successful work contributes



Above: *Sound Anonymous 11*, 2015, oil, 15 x 9 in.

to others as a means for reflecting on the ideology of the time we live in. It creates a new perspective through which we contemplate the world, and that offers others a strong foundation for living. It is my dream to transmit such a spirit through my work.

SOUND ANONYMOUS SERIES

Late at night, when it gets quiet, there is a subtle but constant sound that comes through the window into my room. It is the sound of the city in the distance. Like machinery in standby mode, the whole city breathes quietly. Somehow, I find the sound comforting and relieving. In the *Sound Anonymous* series, I looked for the sources of the sound, hoping to create the impact of the moment when the paintings are viewed together. 🌐

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From top: *Longing*, 2015, Kozo paper, 12 x 5 x 7 in.; *Sound Anonymous 1*, 2013, oil, 40 x 30 in.



Reflections on Sculpting, Abstract Form, and Emotions

Fortuna Szpiro

I was born in Lebanon and grew up with three brothers and a sister in the Jewish neighborhood Wadi-Abu-Jamil in Beirut. My father had immigrated from Basra, Iraq, and my mother's family came from Syria. They met in Lebanon. It was a good childhood, with no tensions between Muslims and Jews. My father had a welding workshop and was on very good terms with his Muslim employees. I went to school at the Alliance Israélite Universelle, where my mother was one of the head teachers. Of course, this meant that none of my classmates dared to cross me.

After the Six-Day War, my father decided that we should emigrate to Israel. We had not suffered at all during the war, but my father was afraid that this might not be true forever. In Israel, I first went to high school in Bat Yam and then completed my baccalauréat at the Lycée Français in Netanya. I then studied French literature and history of the Middle East at Hebrew University in Jerusalem and pursued my studies to get a master's degree in communications. Following that, I served as press attaché at the French consulate in Jerusalem for 17 years.

Sculpting in stone had been my passion long before it became my full-time profession. It started more or less as a hobby while on a two-year sabbatical with my family in Philadelphia, from 1984 to 1986. During that time, I studied at the Philadelphia School of Art. Back in Israel, I joined Paul Taylor's Create-A-Space Studio in Jerusalem and then Reuven Sharf's studio in Kibbutz Hulda, situated halfway between Jerusalem and Tel Aviv. I spent several weeks during three summers at Madeline Wiener's Marble Sculpting Symposium at the Marble Institute of Colorado.

Since 2012, I have been working at the Arts Student League in New York City. I feel very lucky and grateful to be there. At the League, I have met many talented people

of all ages and races and from various countries. For almost three years, I have had the privilege of learning from excellent instructors like Leonid Lerman.

There is something very enjoyable and satisfying in doing what you really like. I find that making art involves the physical and spiritual inner forces that exist in me and that I want to express. My sculptures combine many aspects of my personality: sensuality, intuition, softness, rudeness, spontaneity, and technical abilities. The result is a piece of art that contains and combines many of these contradictory elements. Stone has a special meaning for me; like a human being, it needs to be handled with prudence and patience. If you apply too much force, it may break. But if you treat it with care, it will reveal its wonders. Viewers are free to interpret the piece according to how they feel at the particular moment of their lives.



ABOUT STONE

I work in various stones that come from all over the world: Brazil, Turkey, Israel, the United States, Egypt, Italy, and Afghanistan to name a few. The color, texture, roughness, or smoothness of the stone are important to me because they reflect the diversity that exists on the planet and in its peoples.

Stone carving is a great challenge: It is a delicate medium and at any stage of work it could break. This is particularly true toward the end, because this is when the stone reveals itself and becomes vulnerable ... like a human being! The artist conducts a constant dialogue with the stone, and she needs to be sensitive and attentive at each touch. In my opinion, working with stone is the ultimate communication between human beings and inorganic material. It teaches even the brash and arrogant how to be gentle and patient.

Stone is full of mysteries and surprises. The initial rock may seem rigid, hard, and inflexible, but under the skilled touch of an artist it becomes soft and delicate. Even though it appears at first as an incoherent mass of gray matter, it possesses its own logic and harmony, which it reveals only gradually during the sculpting process.

FINDING MEANING, CREATING EMOTIONS

Creating an abstract form is not an easy process. First, one needs to invent, not copy reality. Second, one needs to find meaning and create emotions that can and should go beyond race or culture in order to produce connections among human beings. In spite of our differences, everybody should be stimulated according to his or her state of mind. This complexity is best achieved in abstract forms because the possibilities are unlimited. The beauty of the abstract form is that one can interpret the final piece any way one desires, according to one's own inspiration and mood. This freedom, to interpret it in an individual manner when viewing the sculpture, gives the piece its ultimate richness.

I usually choose not to name my sculptures because by attaching a title, one limits the viewer's imagina-

tion. Without a title, the work opens to the mind's eye, allowing it to inspire people in different ways. My own inspiration and respect go to artists like Jackson Pollock, Henry Moore, Georgia O'Keeffe, Isamu Noguchi, René Magritte, Constantin Brancusi, and many others who went their ways with courage and determination.

PLEASE TOUCH

My sculptures are more than just a visual experience—you are welcome to touch them! Contact with the stone is a powerful experience. Try it and see how it affects the way you conceive the sculpture and how you connect to it. But do keep in mind: Sculpting is a long and difficult process.

This past summer was an exciting time for me. Leonard Tourné Gallery exhibited my work, and I was chosen to be exhibited in the Sculpture Garden at Art Southampton. 🌟

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From left: *Norwegian Rose*, *Utah Stone*





Bruno Lucchesi From Shepherd to Sculptor

I always had something artistic within me, ever since I was a young farm boy in the mountains of Lucca, Italy. I played around with the local earth-clay and also, while I tended my family's sheep, I carved sculptures in wood with a knife, creating many detailed figurines, which I enjoyed very much.

When I was 17 years old, I met a Yugoslavian artist in my mountain village, who saw my work and insisted that I enroll in an art school because he felt that I had talent. I enrolled in the Art Institute of Lucca soon afterwards. My work was so advanced that

I graduated two years ahead of my classmates. From Lucca, I moved directly to Florence and got two jobs, one working in a ceramic factory making intricate, delicate ceramic sculptures, and the other teaching at the Florence University. I also made several public commissioned monuments in my spare time.

Mario Moschi was my mentor. He was a classical sculptor, with "old school" traditional values, strong structure, and a touch of modern Art Deco style to his work. I watched and helped him and learned valuable practical and technical ways of making bas reliefs and monuments.

Clay is my favorite medium. I love how clay feels in my hands with its quick responsiveness when I am shaping my ideas into realization. The flexibility of clay, of being able to add or take away in an instant, enables limitless speed of developing my concepts.

I am inspired by the human figure. Capturing its ever-changing forms and situations gives me great satisfaction and challenge, especially expressing a pose in a moment in time with its instantaneous movement.

Shortly after I moved from Italy to New York in 1960, the director of the Whitney Museum of American Art came to my



studio and invited me to exhibit in their Annual Exhibition 1960: *Contemporary American Painting and Sculpture*. After this successful exhibition, the Guggenheim gave me their fellowship for Creative Sculpture in 1962. These events led to representation by my gallery; my sculpting career has continued ever since. My true enjoyment, my motivation for sculpting, is expressing and liberating the many thoughts and ideas that come into my mind. I am always thinking about my next project.

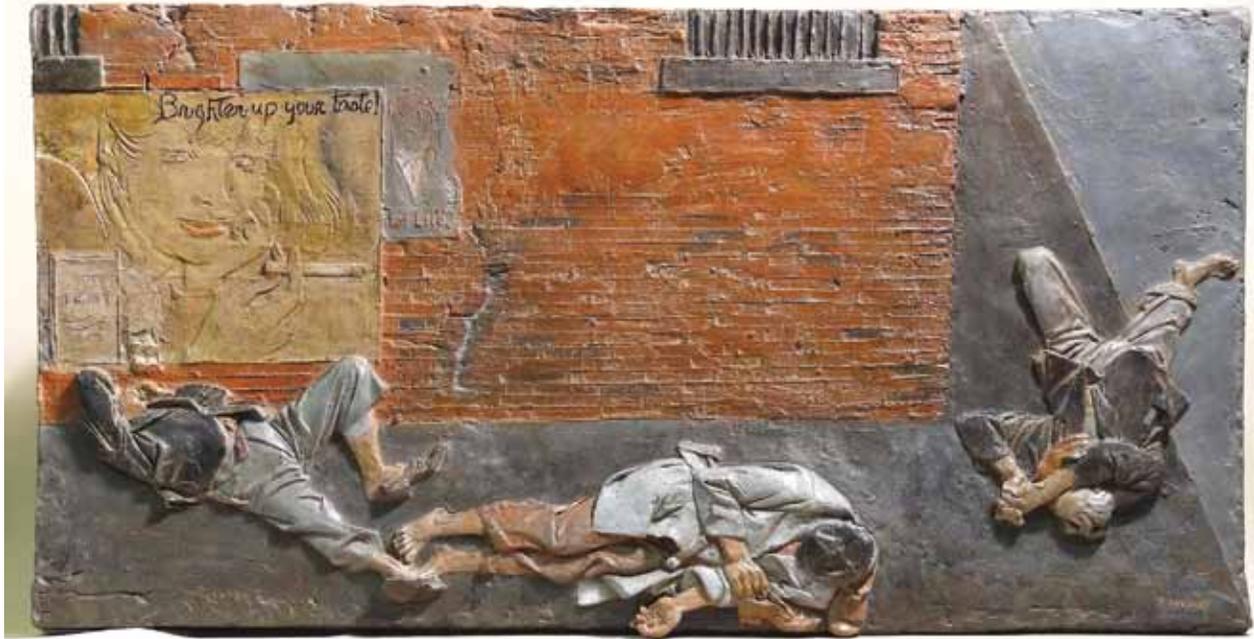
To support myself over the years, I have worked hard in my studio every day. In addition to my studio work, I have published six books. And I have taught sculpture at the New School, at the National Academy, and at workshops worldwide for years.

Constantly looking at my surroundings and taking in the life around me has enriched my sculpting experiences immensely. Hence, a life's lesson, in my personal view, is to always keep one's eyes open. Looking and taking in from life has provided me with the creative ideas that I have developed and expressed in my work. For me, going to my studio breathes life into my blood, somehow, and I feel so fortunate to be able to take on great personal artistic challenges in clay and in bronze, which, in turn, have brought me immeasurable satisfaction. These days, I add even more fun into my days by taking painting classes at the Art Students League of New York, exploring the two-dimensional process of portraying the figure. 🎨

www.BrunoLucchesi.com

Opposite page, from top: *Spring Cleaning; Track 19*
This page, from top: *After Shopping; Park Bench*





Above: Bruno Lucchesi, *Bowery*

Education via Travel

Ann Rosow-Lucchesi

I was born in Hartford, Connecticut to two fine, loving people, Arline Mischel and Gerald Rosow. I was the fifth child after four boys. My parents loved to travel, and I was fortunate because they brought me wherever they went. Seeing how people lived in various countries had a huge impact on my life, widening my view of the many possibilities and opportunities available around the world. I saw firsthand different cultures, people, art, and places of worship. I tasted foreign foods and walked vast lands. Traveling was more of an education for me than sitting in any classroom. Being on many continents, seeing how each culture functions, feeling unfamiliar waters, tasting local spices, visiting museums, and entering various houses of worship and artists' studios have all contributed to the development of my deep interest and appreciation of traditional art. I must say, I love the life and infinite opportunities in New York City, especially taking classes at the Art Students League.

My travels around the world stimulated my interest in art. Additionally, my mother, who was very cultured, surrounded our home environment with sculptures, paintings, and objects. Once I focused on sculpting, my first professor, Lloyd Glasson, taught me traditional basics, and then my dear husband, Bruno, enhanced my sculpting world immeasurably.

Bruno and I met at the University of Hartford. He went there in 1989 to teach a five-day sculpture workshop, and I enrolled. Afterwards, I went to Pietrasanta, Italy, where Bruno lived part of the year, and our relationship blossomed. For us, sharing art with each other has made living in this world together so beautiful. We understand each other and each other's needs artistically, working side-by-side in harmony, and we work well together, too. 🌍

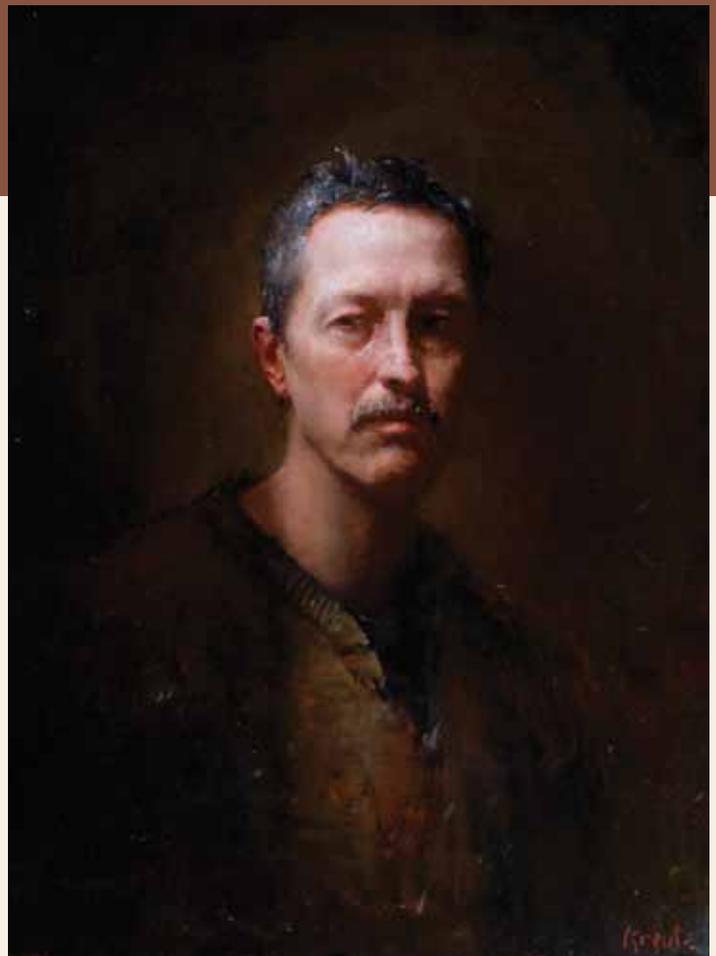


Right: *Daydreaming 2*
Below: *Playground*



Class Struggles

Gregg Kreutz



In 1973 I was an independent, happy, self-assured painter. Then I signed up for a class at the Art Students League.

Even though up to that point I had never taken an actual art course, I felt confident that I'd taught myself most of what a painter needed to know. After all, I could paint from a photograph and make it look exactly like the photograph. What better measure of an artist's ability could there be? I took great pride in being self-taught (I'd never heard the expression, "He who is self-taught has a fool for a teacher.") but I wasn't entirely arrogant. I could imagine that there were a few painting skills left to be learned. So I decided to go up to 57th Street and learn them. As far as I was concerned, it didn't matter how much time it took to do that. If rounding out my painting ability took as long as two months, I didn't care. I would persevere.

So off I went.

My aesthetics then were consistent with the aesthetics of the time: Realism was permitted but it had to be either photo-realism (everything nice and flat), distorted realism (giant heads, enormous mouths), or surrealism. The idea that you could just paint what was in front of you without distorting it or flattening it hadn't occurred to me or, as far as I knew, anyone else. I figured if you painted something as mundane as a still life, it had to be an ironic still life.

In other words, you could paint an orange next to a pot, but it needed to be a levitating orange or an exploding pot or— even better—both.

Therefore, I was not prepared for what happened when I arrived at the League and wandered into the gallery where Frank Mason's class show was hanging.

It was like being hit by a truck.

Here, all over the walls were dozens of paintings of figures, still lifes, and landscapes all painted in a fluid, painterly style—all filled with light and motion and excitement and not a drop of irony in sight. Somehow the paintings' creators didn't feel obliged to comment on consumerism, or banality, or meaninglessness. They didn't even seem to want to celebrate the flat surface! Instead, these students' paintings (and I had a hard time accepting these were the students!) were all about getting depth onto the canvas and making the pictured space resonate with paint and light.

I couldn't believe that people were still allowed to paint this way. Wasn't this kind of thing illegal? Hadn't the twentieth-century's powers-that-be effectively banned such forms of expression? But these painters, instead of worrying about what was allowed, seemed to be blatantly doing exactly what they wanted.

After taking it all in, I decided I wanted to get on board.

Rushing down to the office, I signed up for Frank Mason's class and began counting the seconds till I could begin.

I arrived at the classroom the next day chomping at the bit. I couldn't wait to learn the interesting tricks that I had just

seen on display in the class show. I liked the idea that I could add some new skills to my already extensive painting knowledge. The class monitor showed me to my spot, I got out my paints, set up my canvas, looked at the model, and started painting.

It was at that point that the course of my life took an unexpected turn.

As I pushed the paint around on the canvas, there came from somewhere deep within me a growing, disturbing sensation, a dark, bubbling-up-from-below kind of suspicion that all my artistic confidence and cheerful belief in my ability was based on absolutely nothing. In fact, what was slowly growing into a troubling, nauseating certainty was that I didn't have any idea how to paint. Not a clue.

Looking at the model and trying to figure out how to transfer her character and dimensionality onto the canvas was, I now knew, way beyond my powers. And look-



ing around the studio at the other painters and what they were painting didn't help matters. Here were the creators of the class show, just seen the day before, all busily painting away, all swinging their brushes, squinting at the model, and all producing, without any seeming effort, more brilliant, dazzling work. I looked back at my canvas and realized that I'd come face-to-face with a moment of truth. A crossroads.

I had only two choices: 1) I could pack up my stuff and go back to photo-copying, or 2) I could admit to myself that I didn't know anything about painting, abandon every aesthetic assumption I ever had, and start over from square one—a humble, incompetent, clueless beginner.

Three months later, I was even more humble. Nothing I did on that first canvas or any subsequent canvases turned out to have any merit whatsoever. And it seemed to be getting worse. While everybody around me was busy creating glorious symphonies of light and space, my paintings looked like particularly unattractive arrangements of mud. And shallow mud at that.

And the situation wasn't helped by the rigid caste system that was in place in the classroom. There was a definite hierarchy. The best painters were at the top and they were, not coincidentally, special favorites of Frank Mason. Those at the bottom (like me) were the untouchables—students who sent out a kind of force field of incompetence that kept everyone at bay, as if whatever we were doing might rub off.

We untouchables plodded along though, unloved and unadmired, and basically untaught. Frank Mason never even seemed to consider helping someone on such a low rung. But then again his teaching style wasn't particularly one-on-one anyhow. Typically, he would swoop into the classroom, his booming voice announcing his arrival, and proceed to the easel of one of the elite students. Frank was a huge guy (or so he seemed to me). Big in every way. Articulate, opinionated, and eager to pontificate to an admiring throng. And "admiring" was the key concept. The class worshipped him like a god and hung on his every word. And, when he picked up a brush, we all gasped

in awe. The man had amazing power in his hand. He could transform any painting he encountered into a shimmering dynamic of drama. Watching him pull a picture out of humdrum middle tone and send it into the stratosphere of transcendent light was better than magic. Sometimes it felt like seeing Lazarus rise from the dead.

So if I was to learn, it had to be from watching Frank and watching others. No direct assistance would be offered by anyone. And sure enough, just when I thought the cause was hopeless, one dark late afternoon at the back of the studio, I figured out a way to get a little drama going on my canvas. It wasn't much. Just a tiny amount of glow on the flesh, but it was enough to make me think there was hope. Paint, I realized could be pushed around by me and made to glow. Hosanna!

Unfortunately, just as I cracked the code, something happened in the class that pulled the rug out from under my further development.

A few weeks before, a student named Leroy (one of the class stars) had taken pity on me and given me a tip. He'd noticed

that I was trying to get a drawing I was working on to look right, and he said to me, "Make clean lines." That's all he said. No amplification. No clarification. I didn't know quite what he meant but, no matter, I clung to the advice like a drowning man. "Clean lines," I would say to myself, "make clean lines."

A few weeks later (as it happened, right after my painting breakthrough), Frank Mason was roaring by and he happened to glance at what I was doing with my pad and charcoal. He screeched to a halt.

"Let me show you something," he said, snatching up my pad and grabbing my charcoal. He then proceeded, with the gathered class looking on in awe, to use the side of the charcoal to blur in big shapes and pull the darks together and soften edges and almost sculpt the model out of dark and light.

A KNOCK-OUT PERFORMANCE

Like everybody else, I was dazzled by the brilliance. But a troubling thought occurred to me. Even though in Frank Mason's class you weren't supposed to directly ask Frank questions, let alone make a criticism, I was so curious I found that I couldn't help myself. "But what about," I asked, "clean lines?"

The class gasped in horror. They were already surprised that Frank had deigned to come to my spot, but now this person of no rank had asked a question. Of Frank. And not only a question but a question that seemed to be critical of what Frank had just done. It was unprecedented. Everyone held their breath waiting to see what would happen.

They were not disappointed. Frank looked at me. Looked around at the class. Looked at the drawing and then, his face darkening into a rich burnt sienna, rose up to his full height (about eight foot nine) and boomed, "Clean lines! Clean lines! You wish it had clean lines!?" He then proceeded to vent about people who cause trouble and ask questions and bother him about clean lines. Until this moment, I'd never seen anyone actually sputter with rage but here was some serious sputtering.

And that was it for me and Frank Mason. He literally never spoke to me again. Nor, for that matter, did anybody else.

Who knew that there was a rank below untouchable?

I plodded along, though, painting away, clinging to my breakthrough and trying to expand it. But it was tough being a pariah, and I might have given up painting all together except for a lucky break.

There was a girl in the class, a kindly girl who for some reason didn't treat me like a particularly contagious leper. Her name was Denise Golinger.* She was an independent spirit and a great painter, and she pulled me aside one day and suggested I leave the class.

She thought I'd gone far enough with Frank and suggested I study with David Leffel. Leffel had just started teaching a morning class at the League, and Denise spoke very highly of him.

So off I went.

And the rest is history. At least history to me! I found David to be a warm, helpful, brilliant guy who selflessly guided me out of the doldrums into a beautiful world of color and light. He, like me, was a veteran of Frank Mason's class, and like me had learned a lot from him.

Looking back now at my Frank Mason experience, I feel that, whatever else there is to say about him, it needs to be stated that Frank Mason was an authentic genius.

And a national treasure. This was a man who carried the torch for realistic, painterly painting through the dark days of anti-realism and carried it almost all by himself. Only a few people at that time were treating serious representational painting with any respect. Few people felt that the skills of giants like Rubens and Velasquez needed to be emulated and continued. And maybe to do that, maybe to swim that aggressively against the tide, required a little arrogance, a little egotism, and a lot of grandiosity. (I don't think you can have a little grandiosity.)

Now, of course, I teach my own class at the League, and as I teach I try and remember what it was like to be at the bottom of the heap. It's so easy to forget the trials and tribulations of starting out as a painter. So when I see a new, frightened-looking student with lowered eyes and trembling hands hovering next to their easel, I always make a concerted effort when they ask me a question not to sputter. 🙄

**Harry and Ethel Golinger established the Denise Suzanne Golinger Scholarship Fund in memory of their daughter. Her father wrote, "Denise loved to study art at the League and often spoke fondly in praise of her instructors Frank Mason and David Leffel."*



Artwork by Gregg Kreutz. From beginning of article: *Self-Portrait; Studio; Studio 2*



Painting by Jack Faragasso



Jack Faragasso, the Reilly Method, and Bettie Page

Adapted from Jack Faragasso's notes

After being discharged from the U.S. Army, Jack Faragasso enrolled at the Art Students League of New York and studied with Frank J. Reilly, both in New York City and Woodstock, and learned how to paint landscape and the figure outdoors. Frank Reilly's artistic heritage is linked to the French Academy, with a strong influence from other highly regarded artists, such as George Bridgman. He also taught photography, as it was necessary for executing illustrations and portraits. Reilly was, and still is, regarded by many as one of the finest teachers of drawing and painting in the country. Jack Faragasso continues as the foremost authority on the Reilly system of drawing and painting.

Jack had a history of freelance work before studying at the League. This included making copies of drawings by Hal Foster (using the grid method) in both the Prince Valiant and Buck

Rogers comic strips. His most impressive contributions in the field of illustration were his paperback book covers, one of the few commercial outlets left for realistic representational painting at the time. Storyboarding and commissions became a regular part of Jack's daily routine. Jack created many iconic illustrated book covers, ranging from *The War of the Worlds* to *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. The sci-fi, pulp-inspired illustrations form a large component of his artistic oeuvre.

I studied with Frank Reilly in the early 1950s. At that time there were very few art instructors teaching realistic representational art. Mr. Reilly was one of them and many considered him the very best. His students turned out remarkably good drawings, paintings, illustrations, and landscapes. Since his teaching was so opposite to everything else going on in the artistic world at that time, Frank was the most despised and disliked of all League instructors. The squabble between Frank, other instructors, the League board, and other classes teaching radically different forms of art—abstract artists and expressionists dominated the art world at this time—got worse and worse. He resigned and set up his own school in the Steinway Hall building on West 57th Street along with 300 students. However, he died shortly afterward, and the teachings of representational art, which dated back to the founding of the French Academy in 1648, seemed to be broken for good.

Some students tried to hold the school together but were unsuccessful. Eventually, they asked me to be director and instructor and I accepted—teaching morning, afternoon, and evening classes for five days a week. However, due to many unforeseen circumstances, it was futile to continue at Steinway Hall, and we negotiated with Stewart Klonis, executive director of the League, to return the student body to the League. Stewart agreed, for he felt the League should represent all different views on art. Bob Schulz took the morning class, and I took

the evening class. This was in 1968, and I have been teaching Jack Reilly's work as well as my own for 46 consecutive years. Thus the link going back to the French Academy remains intact. I felt I was an important part of it. Now, there are dozens of schools and individuals teaching representational art. Bob Schulz died at an early age and was replaced by George Passantino, who died a few years later.

As for me, in addition to teaching at the League, I have painted hundreds of paperback book covers, mostly in the sci-fi genre, as well as many "fine art" paintings. So far I have written three books, *The Students Guide to Painting*, *Mastering Drawing the Human Figure From Life Memory* and *The Early Photographs of Bettie Page, the Making of an American Icon*. The Bettie Page book contains not only the photographs I took of her in 1952 but also describes student life and times as well as current events.

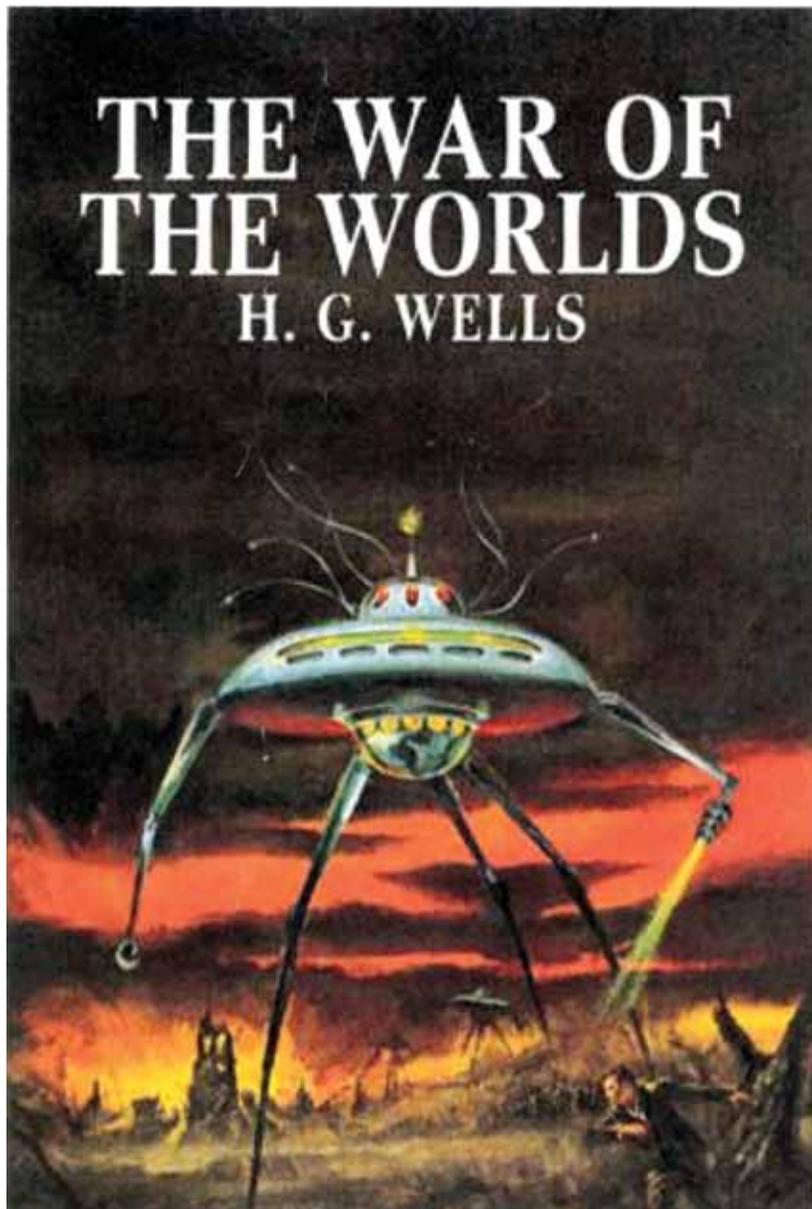
The League, and Jack Reilly's classes in particular, had a noteworthy history of well-known pupils who would go on to become renowned artists, actors, and together with their friends and relations would undertake other endeavors within the arts and entertainment fields. The Barrymores had been students at the League. Charlton Heston posed and modeled for life drawing classes during the 1940s. Gene Hackman had been a Reilly student in later years. One day, Richard Kollmar walked into the League and joined our painting class. Kollmar was a well-known Broadway producer and voice of radio's Boston Blackie. He was married to Dorothy Killgallen, former newspaper columnist and TV personality on the *What's My Line?* show. Together they had a morning radio program called *Breakfast with Dorothy and Dick*, where they discussed Hollywood and New York café society personalities from the confines of their luxurious 16-room apartment. When Richard realized the lack of exhibition space available to League students, he established a small gallery specifically for a select group of students. It was Richard who arranged to have Bettie Page, who became renown as a pin-up model in the 1950s, model for us at the studio. Page later had a turbulent and troubled life but experienced a renewed rise to fame in the early 2000s.

THE REILLY SYSTEM

Frank Reilly is known for the unique six-line figure. He is especially noted for developing a means of organizing the palette, based partially on the work of nineteenth-century colorist Albert H. Munsell, separating color into hue, value, and chroma. He organized the figure-painting palette by creating nine values of neutral gray as a control, with corresponding values of red, orange, and flesh tone. A value-based palette was also developed for landscape painting. 🎨

www.faragassoart.com

Opposite page: Painting by Jack Faragasso with black and white reproduction from *The Early Photographs of Bettie Page: An American Icon*. Right: Book cover by Jack Faragasso



Remembering John R. Ferone

Vanessa Hernández Artunduaga

In 1949 John Ferone, a native of Jersey City, signed up for classes at the Art Students League of New York under the GI Bill, after having served in the Army Air Corps in such events as the invasion of Normandy during World War II. From 1950 to 1954, John studied painting with Frank Reilly and from 1979 to 1990 with Jack Faragasso, a former student of Frank Reilly. Over the years, John developed his skills in pastels, watercolors, and charcoal, but oil paint was always his preferred medium, due to its slow-drying quality. While at the League, John had the opportunity to engage in friendly critiques and study alongside other aspiring artists from all corners of the world, which in turn enriched his own creative experience. During his attendance at the League, John learned to truly observe and capture the beauty in all faces, both young and old. According to him, one does not need to be born with a special gift in order to paint well or create; with the right amount of humility and self-determination, anyone is capable of improving their technique and painting ability day by day. 🎨

Artwork by John R. Ferone



Movement and Mindfulness

Nicki Orbach

Viewing art and creating art involves you as a whole person, not just a disembodied eye. Both involve a type of self-awareness that encompasses conscious and preconscious attention, intuition, a kinesthetic sensibility, and an awareness of the experience in the present moment. How we think, feel, and experience the world influences the way we see and paint.

This world is filled with objects to which we apply names. The ability to categorize helps us to make instantaneous decisions,



Figure 2



Figure 1

since we don't have to figure out each individual visual experience every time we encounter it. We know what to expect. However, when we view art, seeing within categories can be limiting and actually ob-

scure what is seen. As Paul Valery says, "to see is to forget the name of the thing one sees." We are looking at things through a bias of names and the preconceptions that attend to those names. We actually don't see things as they really are. One skill that is helpful when looking at a painting is to first just look, without using words. Then add meaning or a narrative later. Art critic Roberta Smith says, "I learn from everything I look at, good, bad, or indifferent. I follow my eye reflexively; if it is drawn toward something, I pay attention and try to find out why. You train your eye, build up a mental image bank, and constantly try to pinpoint why some things are convincing and others aren't."

Viewing a scene involves sensory, cognitive, and motor processes. Seeing is action. There is only a small portion of the retina, the fovea, where we see things in sharp focus. Figure 1 illustrates what we can make out in the visual scene if we fix our eyes on the woman's face. Her face would be in sharp focus but as things get farther away, they get harder to make out and the colors are grayer. This part of the visual scene is in our peripheral vision. We fix on something in the environment to see it clearly, and then our eyes move to the next point of fixation in order to see that part in sharp focus. This allows different parts of the visual field to appear on the fovea over time. Alfred L. Yarbus performed a number of experiments in 1965 pertaining to eye movements using Ilya Repin's painting *The Unexpected Visitor* (Figure 2). He asked his subjects to just look at the painting, and he recorded

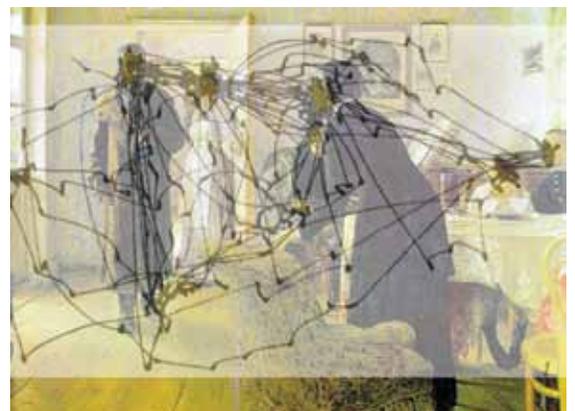


Figure 3

in Vision and Painting



Figure 4

their eye movements. Contemporary writer and curator Sasha Archibald placed the scan path on top of the painting (Figure 3). The blobs are where the subjects stopped moving their eyes and fixed on an area of the painting; the lines indicate the movements of their eyes. We move our eyes for many reasons. Sometimes things—such as a small red circle in the midst of gray circles or a black shape on a white background—just seem to pop out towards us and call for our attention. Paul Klee's painting *Fire in the Evening* (Figure 4) demonstrates the idea of popping out, or visual weight. Contrasts in value, color, line, shape, size, etc., have strong visual weights. We can experiment with this idea by looking at a painting and trying not to look for—or think about—subject matter or its meaning. Let your eyes wander and sometimes linger across a painting. Try not to consciously direct your eyes to move; let them move in relation to what attracts them. Practice this way of looking frequently, so it is incorporated into your behavior. Without thought, look and feel viscerally and take great joy in observing hidden rhythms and patterns that slowly emerge.

The process of painting shares many of the characteristics of vision. Both vision and painting involve movements in time. When we discussed “Zen, Painting the Landscape,” in the spring 2015 issue

of *Lines*, we looked at how a Zen monk painted the landscape. More than his eyes were moving. He developed a mind-body sense, where mind and body were connected as one. They are not thought of as separate entities, as they are in Western philosophy. His body movements and eye movements sensed such things as the type of line he was creating. He sensed the angle the brush was held, the pressure exerted on the brush, and the movement, speed, and direction of the brush. He felt the interaction of ink, water, paper and brush handling, in the present moment, resulting in landscapes such as Shutoku's (Figure 5). In painting, as well as in vision, the monk was in a state of mindfulness. *Mindfulness* is a term used in psychology and Buddhism, and it relates to a relaxed awareness of the mind and the body within the present moment. Mindfulness is observation without preconceptions, judgement or elaboration. According to François Jullien (in his book *The Great Image Has No Form*), “The brush is the conduit, transmitting the vital rhythm from its center, the painter's heart, out beyond his

arm, to meet the reactive materialities of ink and paper. The art of painting stems from the integration of a vital rhythm and not from a capacity to represent. Painting stems from a kinetic-energetic apprehension.”

Through the movement of his body, the monk was able to convey a subtle sense of the landscape. Perception, cognition, and action were intertwined and dependent upon each other. Cognition does not come from the mind alone. The cognitive process is an interaction of the mind, the body, and the world. Movement and the body interacting with the environment can influence how we see and the meaning of what is seen. Movement, whether it be of the body or of the eye, has a cognitive function. 🌱

*“To see is to forget the name
of the thing one sees.”
Paul Valery*



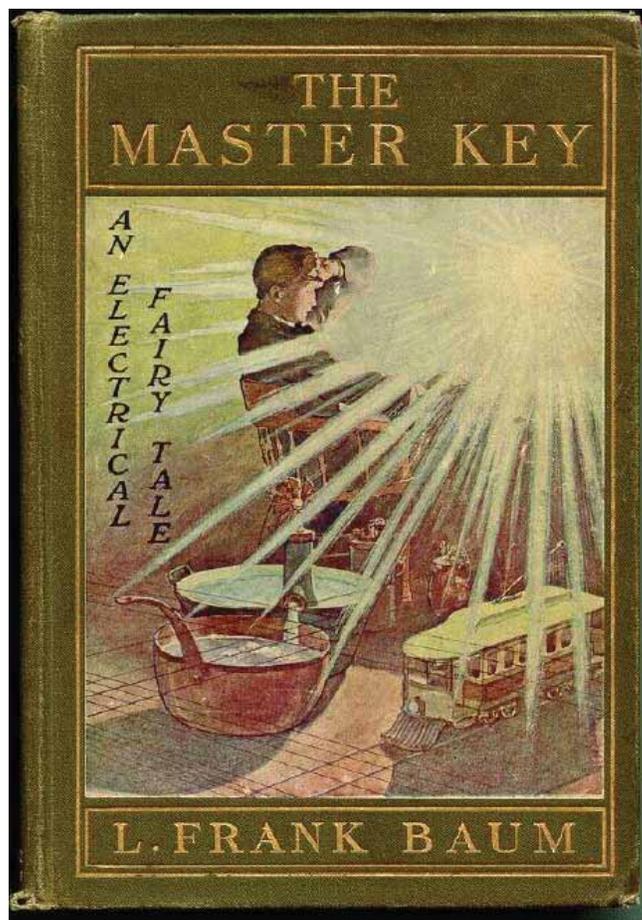
Figure 5

Fanny Y. Cory

Mary F. Zawadzki, PhD

In 1896, nineteen-year-old Fanny Y. Cory, from Helena, Montana, was accepted into the Art Students League. Even though she did not complete her training at the League, by the turn of the century, she had gained tremendous popularity for her whimsical, art nouveau-inspired illustrations done for some of America's most renowned publishing houses. Her illustrations can be found in many popular magazines of the time, such as the children's magazine *St. Nicholas Magazine*, *The Century Magazine*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and *The Saturday Evening Post*. Cory was also a prolific book illustrator, supplying artwork to L. Frank Baum's *Master Key* (1901) and *The Enchanted Island of Yew* (1903), and her own *The Fanny Cory Mother Goose* (1913), among many other books. In the 1920s, and after more than a decade-long sabbatical to raise her children, Cory became popular as a syndicated cartoonist of the comic strip, *Sonny Sayings*, first with the *Philadelphia Ledger* in 1926, and then with King Features in 1935. That same year, King Features contracted Cory to illustrate their *Miss Muffet* strip to compete with the popularity of Harold Grey's *Little Orphan Annie*. Twenty years later, in 1956, Cory retired from illustration and concentrated on painting for her own enjoyment for the rest of her long life.

Cory's career was extraordinary. Not only did she take an extended break at the height of her popularity to raise her three children—something that would usually end a woman's artistic career—but she began another artistic career a decade later, which would prove to be more lucrative than the first. Finally, she did all of this on an isolated ranch in Montana, miles away from the large, eastern publishing houses, during a time when mail service was not as comprehensive as it is today.



“RUN AFTER SILLY NICK!”

From top: Fanny Y. Cory, cover illustration for *The Master Key* by L. Frank Baum, 1901; Fanny Y. Cory, “Run After Silly Nick!” from “Why the Sea is Salt,” by Mary Bradley, in *St. Nicholas Magazine* 26, no. 11 (September 1899): 925.

Fanny Y. Cory was born on October 17, 1877 in Waukegan, Illinois, to Benjamin Sayre Cory and Jessie McDougall Cory. She was the youngest of four children who survived to adulthood along with her two brothers, Jack J. Campbell Cory and Robert McDougall Cory, and her sister, Agnes Lalia Cory. According to family accounts, the Cory household struggled financially because her father was a traveling salesman who did not spend much time at home and who did not adequately provide for his family.¹ In 1887, her mother died of tuberculosis, leaving little Fanny with her father and her sister. Soon after their mother's death, Agnes contracted tuberculosis from taking care of her mother, leaving her handicapped and fragile for the rest of her life and killing her ten years later.

Two years after Jessie's death, the little family moved to Helena, Montana to live with Robert, who had relocated there a few years before in search of gold. It was here that she received the encouragement to pursue an art career from the art supervisor of the Helena public school system, Mary C. Wheeler.² According to her children, Cory started to draw at a very young age, but received very little encouragement from her parents to pursue an art career. It was the combination of Wheeler's encouragement and Cory's desire to support herself and her ailing sister that she endeavored to become a professional artist.³ She got her chance to receive formal art training in 1895 when her brother, Jack, a successful political cartoonist, and his new wife, Bertha, invited Fanny and Agnes to stay with them in New Jersey. Jack encouraged his younger sister to pursue art and even paid her tuition. Later that year, Fanny enrolled in the Metropolitan School of Fine Arts and, after six months, was accepted into the Art Students League. Unfortunately, Cory never completed her training at the League. Her sister's health was rapidly declining and she



needed to make a living to support herself and her Agnes.⁴

With her student portfolio under her arm, she first approached the publishing house of Harper & Brothers, which quickly turned her down. Cory sold her first illustration to The Century Company, which featured her artwork in their illustrated monthly magazine for children, *St. Nicholas Magazine*. The art superintendent for Century, Alexander W. Drake, originally offered her \$12.00 for her first drawing, but lowered his offer to \$10.00 when Cory protested that it was too much. This initial sale provided her with continuous work for The Century Company, especially for *St. Nicholas*. It also gave her the exposure and experience that she needed to obtain additional illustration jobs with other publishing companies in New York City. She quickly became a highly sought-after artist for magazine and book illustrations for children and adults.

In 1897, Agnes died of a hemorrhage caused by tuberculosis, leaving Cory alone and distraught. She remained in New York until 1902, when she moved permanently to Montana to be with her brothers and their growing families. Within two years, Cory married Fred Cooney and moved to a remote ranch on Canyon Ferry Lake. She continued to illustrate for the eastern publishing houses, receiving new assignments and sending her finished work by post. In 1905 she became pregnant, but lost the child in childbirth. From 1907 to 1910, Cory gave birth to three children, a girl named Sayre and two boys, Bob and Ted. She finished the illustrations that she was working on and refused to accept any new projects. Instead, she completely devoted herself to motherhood and ranch life.

Her children's education was extremely important to her and her husband. The



From top: Fanny Y. Cory, *Miss Muffet*, Date unknown; Fanny Y. Cory, *Sonnysayings*, October 11, 1928

couple hired tutors to live on the ranch with them, and also lived separately for some time so that their children could be closer to school.⁵ It was precisely this desire to give her children a good education and to help them fulfill their dreams that forced Cory out of her decade-long sabbatical. In order to help pay for her children's college education, she embarked on a second art career as a syndicated cartoonist. Again with her brother, Jack's, encouragement, she contracted with the *Philadelphia Ledger* in 1926 to draw the comic strip *Sonnysayings*. *Sonnysayings* was a weekly strip that featured a witty, five-year-old boy, Sonny, and his nameless baby sister and her doll. Drawn

in a loose, sketch-like style, written in the language of a young child, and from Sonny's point-of-view, *Sonnysayings* became extremely popular with parents. Its popularity led to international syndication and a book; most importantly, it was picked up by King Features in 1935. That same year, Cory was also contracted by King Features to draw the illustrations for their daily, *Miss Muffet* strip. Both strips ran until June 30, 1955, when she retired due to her failing eyesight and severe arthritis. She spent the next 15 years of her life on Camano Island, Washington, where she moved to live closer to her daughter, son-in-law, and grandchildren. Cory died on July 28, 1972, just shy of 95 years old.

Fanny Y. Cory utilized her talents not for self-aggrandizement or fame. Rather, she used her artistic abilities to provide a better life for her family. Cory is truly a "Leaguer" to remember! 🍷

1. Bob Cooney and Sayre Cooney Dodgson, "Fanny Cory Cooney: Montana Mother and Artist." *Montana: The Magazine of Western History* 30, no. 3 (Summer 1980): 2-17; and Dave Walter, "Fanny's World: The Life and Art of Fanny Cory Cooney." *Montana Magazine* (May-June 1988): 4-12.
2. Cooney and Dodgson; Walter.
3. Cooney and Dodgson; Walter.
4. Walter.
5. Walter.

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Mary F. Zawadzki, PhD, 18th and 19th-century American art history and visual culture



WMD

Aaron Bell

I worked as an art and creative director for several years until a medical situation forced my retirement. With the loss of one of my vocal cords, my speaking ability became greatly limited. A driving desire to communicate and express brought me to the realization that I could accomplish this as an artist. Today, it is my art that has become my strongest and richest voice for telling stories and expressing thoughts and feelings that I believe need to be shared.

My formal art study and training began when I registered at the Art Students League in 2008. But, unquestionably, the

real background training has been the accumulation of my life's personal encounters and observations. When I'm seeking to better understand the value of what I'm currently doing with my art, I inevitably fall back on conversations and observations experienced and shared from being around so many creatively charged individuals during my advertising career.

Without a doubt, life's circumstances led me to the doorstep of the League and opened up a world of possibilities. Wonderful friendships. Great experiences. I've had the opportunity to study with very capable and stimulating instructors that clearly are world-class athletes as well as world class coaches. Each of them has imparted their own individual nuggets of gold-laced wisdom.

I was fortunate to have been a student in Frank Porcu's anatomy drawing and ecorché classes and to have been in the audience for his phenomenal Wednesday evening demonstrations. The clear, reassuring instruction in Ellen Eagle's workshops helped me develop a level of confidence and competence in pastel painting that I would never have imagined possible, especially since I had never painted before. The diversity of expression that Rick Pantell and Bill Behnken introduced me to as a student and monitor in their classes has made printmaking a personal passion. I credit Leonid Lerman for being instrumental in providing me with an understanding of movement found in volume and form existing in a three-dimensional space and the relationship of planes created within. Frank O'Cain has demonstrated how to generate rhythms of movement while making marks that evolve from deconstructed observations. He has given me clarity by making parallels between classical art and abstract forms. I thank Deborah Winiarski for sharing her ability to break down and define the essence and core value of a work, and for always keeping me on point. She has encouraged me to step outside the box when considering artistic solutions. I thank her, too, for her continued emphasis on making the work "you." All are invaluable assets to me now.

In addition to the contributions that these instructors have made to my artistic growth, Bruce Dorfman has been a critical, if not the main, reason for my continued belief in the work that I am currently doing. He immediately showed a sensitivity and understanding to what it was that I was attempting to say, better than I myself knew. The notion of having a voice has never resounded more clearly than when Bruce expressed it. He has challenged me to question: "What are you doing? Why are you doing that?" His critiques alone are worth more than the price of admission to his class. Bruce's ability to articulate things



with a blend of humor and frankness has caught me off guard, making me assess and reassess decisions that, at the time, I believed to be fine as they were. His critiques, his challenges, have been compassionate support and encouragement.

Dimensional mixed media, the combining and layering of multiple and diverse materials, allows the work to stimulate more of my conscious and unconscious senses. When creating the work, I feel that I am part of the story that I am trying to tell. I think that recognizing the relationships of the parts, whether familiar or foreign, aids in tapping into the emotional and psychological feelings about the work that might not surface were these catalysts not present. It feels natural to me.

I'm inspired by everyone, artist or otherwise, who is not afraid to take a stand on issues that impact the very essence of who we are as people and by those who choose to openly challenge violators of human rights. I am inspired by and I applaud those who champion the dignity of all and of everything that has been given the gift of life.

My current work, *WMD Made in the USA...100 Years of Lynching: An American Pastime*, is driven by my need to address issues of human rights and inhumane behavior. I want my art to tell stories that I believe need to be seen and expressed. I believe many of our citizens are in total denial or completely ignorant of America's history as enabler and conspirator of terrorist acts,

notably torturous lynchings against American citizens. Criminal behavior against humanity, perpetrated by "good citizens" from all walks of life, nurtured from generation to generation, decade to decade, continues to surface, as daily events in newspaper headlines, late-night news shows and Internet video clips demonstrating mankind at his lowest.

My images are graphic. They are not intended to be soft or forgiving. I want to express the passionate feelings and emotional sufferings of a violated people as they may have experienced them. Paintings such as *Springtime in America*, an arrested moment just before a happening, insist that viewers "be there," that they enter the psyche of the victim who is tied at one end of the noose as well as question the psyche of the executioner at the other end. *Sermon for a Sunday Picnic* elevates the awareness of the false tenets of those Bible wavers espousing the righteousness of these sickening displays of a false Christianity. *Uppity Gal* is based on the true story of Mary Turner.

My work expresses the reality that being Black in America, whether a uniformed



war hero returning home or a helpless pregnant woman, was assurance that you could be the next candidate to be violated. The one constant element in all of these paintings is the rope. It has been America's "weapon of mass destruction," applied without restraint and with the most evil intent, resulting in the murder and terrorization of hundreds of thousands American citizens of color. These works of mine do not possess any magical mind-changing powers, but they are meant to remind us of behaviors that should never have been and of what I believe people who possess a moral compass will emphatically not allow to be. As a nation and as a people, we have been, and are, in great need of healing. My hopes are that these images inspire us all to promote

behaviors of tolerance, and compel us to challenge and condemn any and every despicable act against human rights and humanity in this country and throughout the world. 🌱

Previous page, from left: *Springtime in America*; *Sermon for a Sunday Picnic*
Above: *Uppity Gal*

UPPITY GAL

In May 1918, a white plantation owner in Brooks County, Georgia, who was known to abuse and beat his workers, quarreled with one of his colored tenants and the tenant killed him. A mob formed to avenge the death but could not find the suspected man so they lynched another colored man, Hayes Turner. His 21-year-old wife, Mary Turner, who was eight months pregnant, threatened to have the members of the mob arrested. The mob turned on her. They tied her ankles together and hung her from a tree head downwards and set her on fire. Her abdomen was split open so that the unborn baby fell from her womb to the ground, its head crushed under the heel of one of the mob. This story was recorded by the Anti-Lynching Crusaders in 1918. The full story can be found on Strangefruit.org.

Almost 100 years later, in 2015, the Mary Turner Project (MTP) is a diverse, grassroots volunteer collective of students, educators, and local community members who are committed

to racial justice and racial healing. That commitment involves educating people about the presence, effects, and multiple forms of racism with the goal of eliminating racism. Much of MTP's work centers on research driven community engagement and action relative to past and current racial injustice. The group works to create a free, searchable, web-based database on U.S. slavery and all known lynchings in the United States. As part of their ongoing work, the MTP also organizes an annual Mary Turner Commemoration each May. That multiracial, multigenerational event is attended by people from all over the country. It involves a shared meal, a short program, reflections from the descendants of the 1918 lynching victims, and a caravan out to the site of Mary Turner's murder. There the group shares thoughts, poetry, song, and prayers. The public is always invited to this historic event, which takes place in Hahira, Georgia. 🌱

Patrick Morelli

Molly Congdon, *Gazette* Reporter

Originally printed in The Daily Gazette, Schenectady, New York, Spring 2015



On Saturday, March 21, 2015, crowds filed into Shenendehowa's High School West in Clifton Park, New York for *SHENsational*, a celebration of diversity implemented by Superintendent L. Oliver Robinson a few years ago. The event recognizes and encourages the contribution and involvement of diverse communities and cultures. It is hosted by the district's Cultural Diversity Committee to acknowledge and celebrate the array of backgrounds, cultures, and viewpoints reflected in the community.

This year's gathering, however, had one element that previous years did not: the unveiling of five 7-foot "WE ARE ONE" figures, which were created by middle school students. These painted bodies have perfectly round heads with the words "WE ARE ONE" written within the center of these circles. The rest of their anatomy consists of squared-cut wood. They resemble astronauts in spacesuits or the pink-and-blue people pegs popped into the colored cars in the board game *Life*, except these have arms and legs.

Father Figure

The man behind these faceless characters is internationally recognized artist Patrick Morelli. The sculptor, painter, and site-specific architectural designer's work is visually dynamic and full of emotional depth. His resume is impressive to say the least. He is the creator of the 10-foot bronze father-and-infant *Behold* National Monument, unveiled in 1986 by Mrs. Coretta Scott King on the first national celebration of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday. It overlooks the tomb of the slain civil rights leader at the King National Historic Site in Atlanta and is viewed annually by over 1,000,000 visitors from the United States and around the world.

"There were 700 reporters from all over the world that day at the King center — the first national celebration in United States history that was a holiday for an African-American," Morelli said. "I met [Nelson] Mandela's daughter from South Africa and her husband, who was a prince; deceased correspondent for ABC [News] Peter Jennings; [Vice President] George Bush, Ambassador Andrew Young, civil rights activist Jesse Jackson. It was like a who's who of everybody in the world."

Patrick Morelli is also the man responsible for the "Eagle Rock September 11th Memorial," which was dedicated on October 20, 2002, by New Jersey state officials and 200 families of 9/11 heroes at Eagle Rock Reservation, Essex County Park, in West Orange, New Jersey. It overlooks the former site of the Twin Towers.

The 120-foot granite "Wall of Remembrance," designed by Morelli, commemorates the more than 2,900 heroes and casualties of the terrorist attacks on the towers, the Pentagon, and the four airline flights. It is under review by the National Park Service for possible designation as a National Historic Site.

Several of his sculptures can be found in the Smithsonian Institution's American Art Museum.

Change in career path

His career path surprisingly began on the corporate side working within the World Trade Center, but then he started going to the Art Students League of New York, an art school on West 57th Street, at night — where almost every famous artist out of New York has passed through at some point. So he transitioned from expensive suits to jeans with plaster dust on them. "It's a great place to learn and work

because there are no requirements. You just walk in off the street, sign up, pay your monthly [fee], and you could do sculpture, painting, and whatever," Morelli said. "All of a sudden, I found myself in my early 30s really, really wanting to quit corporate business and go into art, so I did."

These slightly larger than life universal human figures of "Mr. and Ms. Globehead" were born in 1990 when Morelli — who had a studio in Manhattan's Tribeca neighborhood where music videos were frequently shot outside his window — was asked to participate by the superintendent of District 22 in Queens to come in and teach students by engaging them in a project. That's when he invented the "WE ARE ONE" figures. "They are universally appealing; it's unifying," Morelli said. "They are not only beautiful but do some good for us without being preachy or moralistic."

Students go to work

In stage one, the students start off by coming up with designs on a sheet of paper. Then in stage two, they put their ideas on a 20-by-30-inch foam core piece in preparation for the final 7-foot permanent figure.



It became its own movement that spread like wildfire. “I brought the project to 16 schools in Queens, Brooklyn, Manhattan, and each school did its own set of figures. There’s about 60 figures floating around New York City even now 24 years later,” Morelli said. They were exhibited at several locations in the city, including Sotheby’s, the National Arts Club, and the Tweed Gallery at City Hall—where Mayor Rudolph Giuliani had them held for his inauguration.

These creations were even acknowledged by President Bill Clinton in the form of a letter from December 7, 1993, where he stated: “Through the arts and humanities, we gain a deeper understanding of ourselves and of our society. Exhibits like this one also provide us with the opportunity to better appreciate people of other cultures and to discover all that we have in common.”

SHENSational

Morelli has moved to several different locations including Manhattan, New Jersey, Denver, and finally Albany about five or six years ago. “I’m cursed with a wife who continues to get promotions,” Morelli said with a chuckle. After getting settled and opening a fine arts museum in Amsterdam one year ago, he decided to continue with “WE ARE ONE.”

This was the first year that Shenendehowa participated in the “WE ARE ONE” project. “In the near future, little by little, I’m trying to expand this so that it fulfills the true vision by becoming a national and even international project that’s promoting tolerance and human understanding,” Morelli said. “The guideline I tell students is to pretend your design is on a T-shirt, and you travel all over the world.”

He was awestruck by students at Shenendehowa. “They were remarkable in professionalism and the imagination



of their design,” Morelli said. “I’ve seen a lot of designs to date, and they have been spectacular too, but these middle school students had over 50 pieces in the foam-core stage and they exhibited them in the Gowana Middle School library, and the teachers came in and voted on which five would go to the 7-foot figures. I could have easily selected 30 of them. Many of these designs, if they were submitted for a national competition among professionals or to a magazine, could compete easily — [they were] just astounding.”

Morelli is hoping that in two to three years the project will spread statewide, with every district in New York contributing at least one figure leading to a “WE ARE ONE” Day celebrating art and diversity. “That’s basically my master plan for world conquest,” Morelli joked. More often than not, people forget what is truly important. “America has taken a real turn after WWII when we were kings of the world and so widely respected. But since then, it seems that there’s been an erosion of basic values, trust and belief in the American dream,”

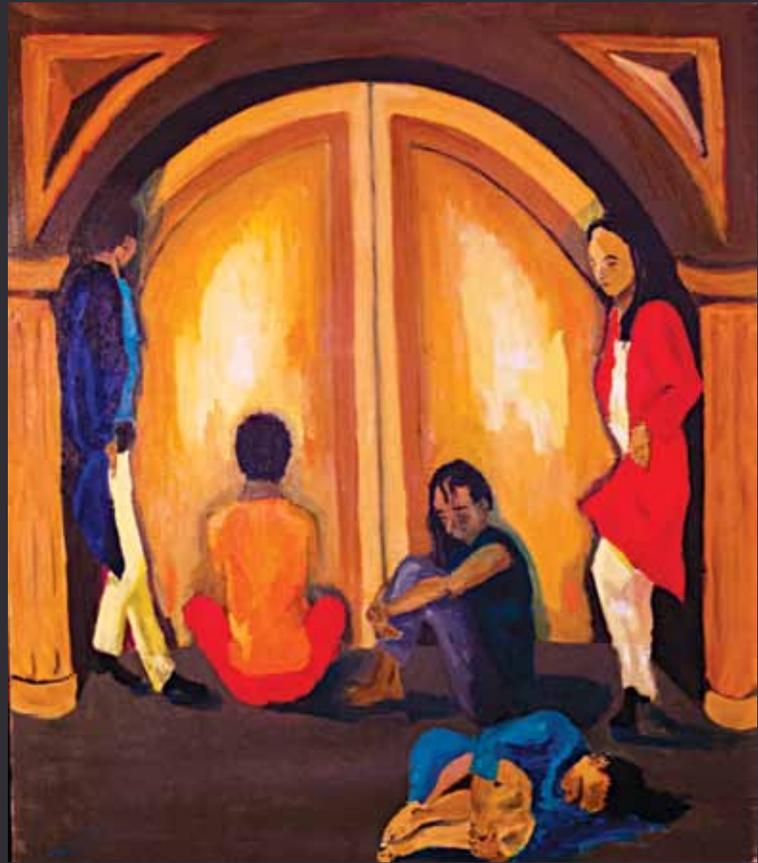
Morelli said. “I think more than ever it’s really important for our country and worldwide to celebrate our basic humanity. Not politics, not religious dogma or ritual, not corporate logos, but the basic human values of sharing, courage, doing the right thing. . . . Hopefully these works of art will endure and inspire generations to come.”

A&E is televising a remake of the *Roots* saga in 2016 for which the *Behold* monument was inspired by the baptism scene in the movie. 🌐

www.morelliart.com

Opposite page, from top: People read the names on the Eagle Rock September 11th Memorial; Patrick Morelli stands in between two of his students, Jiyeon Kim and Kunglee Park at SHENSational.

Above, from left: John Amos, Coretta Scott King, and Patrick Morelli unveil the Behold Monument at the Dr. King National Historic Site in Atlanta in 1986.

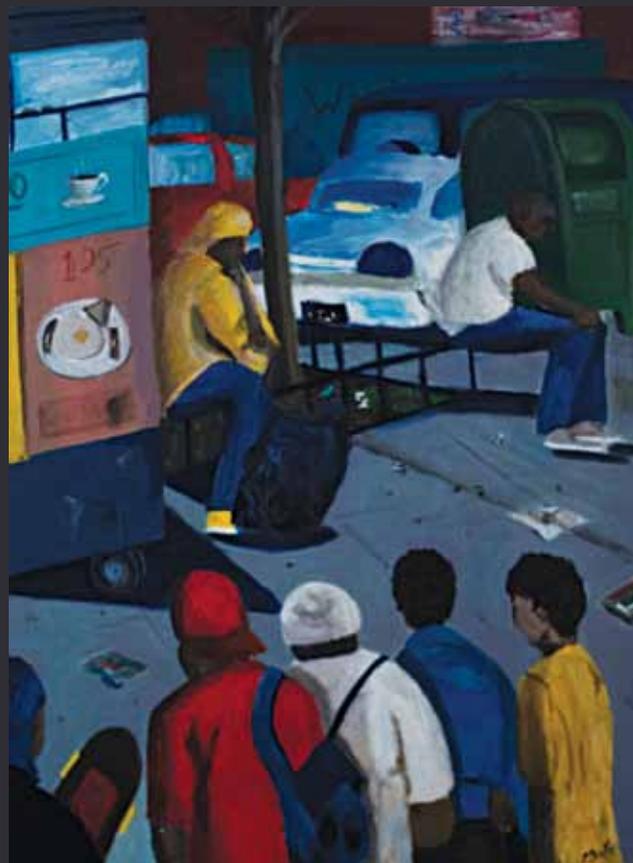


Richard Baker

“When I look at Harlem I see colors, the colors of the people and the street.”

I am a child of Harlem; this is where I was born and raised. It is where I taught myself to draw and went to school. After a number of years, in the Bronx for college, in Newark, New Jersey, for law school, the Upper West Side of Manhattan and St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands for my career, I returned to Harlem, a mere block and a half from the rooming house I grew up in with my parents, two brothers, and a sister.

Harlem has been a part of shaping my character and my art. As a young child I wanted to be an artist—it was my escape, my haven, and my soul. I drew the pictures in comic books, encyclopedias, magazines, and then my family and the people and things in my neighborhood. I wanted to attend the prestigious New York City High School of Music & Art, so I submitted some of my drawings and was accepted for further testing. I walked into the panel of art teachers with a pencil and eraser and was asked to draw a model who was sitting on a chair on top of a table. They supplied paint and brushes, and I was then told to paint a picture of a stuffed duck. It seemed like forever until I was called down to my junior high school office and told that I was accepted. The three years that I spent at Music & Art introduced me to oil paints, watercolors, sculpture, ink, printing, etchings, block cuts and for the first time, a community of artists. I read in the local Black newspaper, the *Amsterdam News*, that a new museum was to be



opened in Harlem and, brimming with the confidence of youth, I took four of my paintings to the curator. They were all accepted and exhibited in the new Studio Museum in Harlem within its first few months in 1968.

I was however, afraid. Afraid, that as an African American artist I could not make a viable living as a fine artist. I needed to escape the very humble existence that was our life, so I set off for New York University and then Rutgers University, School of Law. At the conclusion of a successful career in law I returned to my passion, painting, and my early inspiration, Harlem. I also walked into the Art Students League of New York, an institution that has honed the skills of some of this country's finest artists. I had the good fortune to enroll in the painting and life drawing classes of Robert Cenedella, who has helped me to shape and sharpen my ideas and approaches to painting.

My artistic influences are Henri Matisse, Toulouse Lautrec, Paul Cezanne, and Vincent Van Gogh, the artists whose work populated the museums and speech of my teachers. It is through them that I embraced my love of color.

I have loved music, and most significantly jazz, since high school. It is jazz that provides the background when I paint. Music inspires me and sets my mood, whether it is Miles Davis,

Wayne Shorter, or the more avant-garde, such as John Coltrane, Pharaoh Sanders, and Yusef Lateef.

When I look at Harlem I see colors, the colors of the people and the street. I hear and see the colors of the music and the grace and beauty of the movement of my people. I have started a series of paintings titled *Harlem Dance*, capturing the movement and spirit of dance.

Art must speak to something for me. There is too much happening in the world for me to allow my art to be a hollow and empty voice. I have seen and lived in poverty and powerlessness and felt the despair and anger of my people, and that is what I seek to paint. Yet I try to let my art speak subtly. I want my messages to reach out to you, but not in an overt way. Instead, I hope my paintings are open to many interpretations. This is the mission of my art, to bring Harlem's past and present to life on my canvas. 🌍

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Copy of article in The Cascadia Subduction Zone. This article appeared in the April 2015 (Vol. 5, no. 2) issue of the literary quarterly.

From left, starting with opposite page: *At the Stoop; This Door Is Closed To You; Paris Blues; When*

Creative Reminiscence

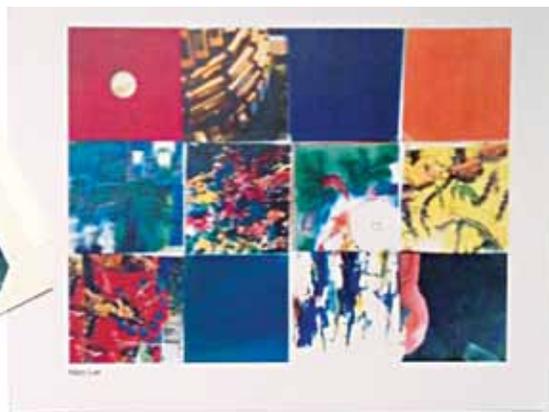
Lizabeth Buckley

League artist Lizabeth Buckley takes her art to elderly communities. Certified to lead classes in “creative reminiscence,” she uses art to aid those living with Alzheimer’s and dementia. She has studied at the League for the past several years with teachers Dan Gheno and Michael Grimaldi, among others.

My grandparents were involved, supportive, fun-loving older people. My grandmother traveled the world, visiting Russia and Africa long before doing so was popular. So I always had a very positive attitude and sensitivity to old people. As my grandparents and parents aged, I saw the prejudice of ageism. The culture of twenty-first century capitalism is not one that respects its elders.

My interest in people with Alzheimer’s and dementia specifically started when my mother was diagnosed with Alzheimer’s. It’s a disease that has earned its reputation as “shattering.” I started reading a lot about it. The only positive information I found, by reading and attending seminars, was that the last part of the brain to be affected by Alzheimer’s—the amygdala—holds our emotions and influences our creativity. Because this has been proven in study after study, there is a growing emphasis on bringing poetry, the visual arts, and dance to those with Alzheimer’s. Private and government sponsored research proves that stimulation of the amygdala benefits those with Alzheimer’s for hours and days afterward. It actually increases their memory for a while. I became certified by a few organizations, and I now lead “creative reminiscence” classes. (I hesitate to classify myself as an art “teacher”—I’m not building knowledge with sequential classes but am trying to create an experience for these folks.)

It’s well known that very old people may not remember what they ate at lunch but can vividly recall childhood stories. I love hearing their stories firsthand. Most of the people I work with are in their eighties, and they grew up in Brooklyn or Manhattan, right in the middle of the Great Depression. Part of art therapy with elderly people is to get the wheels turning a bit through the art projects and the conversation they engender.



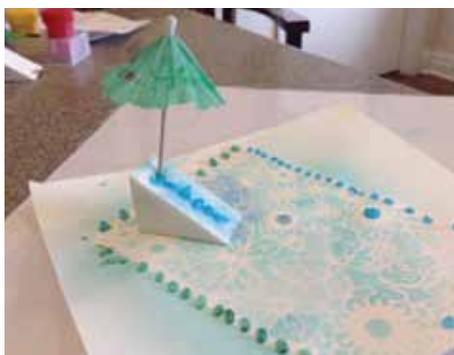
Ultimately art therapy is about increasing their self-esteem. It’s glorious when that happens. Someone will start out very grumpy but leave with a feeling of satisfaction.

Necessity is the Mother of Invention ...

I’ll use anything I can to jump-start my groups’ memories and the stories. I bought a fragrance that was popular decades ago and treated the ladies to a splash for starters. If I can get a hold of music from their generation, I’ll play it. However, getting money for art supplies for my programs is almost impossible. It shouldn’t be, given that private assisted living facilities charge upward of \$350 daily. I gave up trying, however; it wasn’t worth my time and energy. That’s when I really started getting creative. I use out-of-date Art Students League workshop

posters, the laminated ones that advertise the League’s workshops abroad, to double as place mats. I set them up around the table to signal that it’s “art time.” One of the women, an astute reader despite her disability, saw the poster for Dan Thompson’s workshop in Florence and told me that she wanted to go along. Another woman asked me why I put the posters out on the table, as the dates were old.

Some of our best projects recycle old Art Students League catalogs. I cut out the artwork. After discussing with the group what they like about the images, we use them in a montage, maybe adding words. I’ve had people pick images and put them down on paper that’s been folded into panels. Then I ask them to alternate the images with a panel of solid color, which they paint. When the paint is dry, I fold the paper. In doing so, it becomes a five-sided montage to hang from the ceiling. What amazes me is the striking images they always pick. It’s my belief that having Alzheimer’s makes it natural for them



Students of Lizabeth Buckley's creative reminiscence class and their artwork.

to disassociate an image from its meaning, color, and form.

Personally, it's quite a thrill to introduce my group to some art history. We discuss the emotions that art brings forth. For example, I showed them Vermeer's *Girl with a Pearl Earring*—some are absolutely mesmerized by that portrait. One woman just kept tracing the face with her fingers, as if she wanted to internalize that beauty.

People Die ...

I have to keep in mind that not all sessions yield inspiring interactions. From time-to-time, the group just isn't going to jive or the interest level isn't there.

A difficult hurdle is getting over people dying. Of course, you know going in that most of these people are in the final phase of life ... but it is still a terrible jolt when



someone you've grown deeply fond of is no longer there.

Some Things Happen That Are Hard to Witness ...

Two of my folks were extremely attached to each other: Joe and Annie. He had a patrician bearing—literate, well-spoken, deeply thoughtful. I don't think he made it to high school. Grew up poor, on the Lower East Side. I mistook him for a white-collar type, though he worked for the post office all his life.

Annie was just pretty nasty-looking, no other way to say it. Her hair stuck out all over, like her teeth did. She was like a kind little witch. They were absolutely inseparable. They sat by each other. He looked out for her, totally devoted. He told me repeatedly how beautiful she was.

After I came back from a two-week break, they were both gone. Annie's family moved her to another facility, and Joe just died after that. Love does NOT belong only to the young. I cried my eyes out over that one.

Looking Forward to the "Meet Me at MoMA" Program ...

The Museum of Modern Art is internationally recognized for its commitment to programs for hard-to-reach groups, including those consisting of people with mental health issues, the blind and partially sighted, and individuals with dementia. The program began in 2006 for individuals with dementia and their caregivers. Its aim is to use art to enhance the quality of life of the participants by stimulating their minds and providing opportunities for communication, personal growth, and social engagement. The director of the assisted living facility where I work wants to have my group participate in this program.

I sat in on one of these sessions during my training. It's simply marvelous. MoMA staff seats the group in front of various paintings and conducts question-and-answer sessions. The group's insights are spot-on. For example, one group was seated in front of Andrew Wyeth's *Christina's World* and a participant commented that Christina's rear end was too big for her body. The museum leader remarked that the comment was indeed valid: Wyeth himself said that he had drawn Christina from sketches of varying perspectives and was not quite 100 percent on board with the results.

One more thing: I've developed private discounted classes for the nurses working in hospitals and homes, as a way to say "thanks" for their invaluable work. It's all about restoring energy and optimism. 🌟

www.lizbuckleyart.com



Dimensions, 2015, acrylic on canvas, 30 x 40 in.

The Shape Life Takes

Andrea Demera *Interviewed by Julia Montepagani*

A little over four years ago, I started out as a receptionist in a wholesale bakery in the Bronx, later moving on to my own desk and some accounting work. I was living on my own with no real direction. What started out as getting a job to figure out what to do next turned into four years of devoting all my time and energy to work.

At age 23, I realized I wasn't doing anything worthwhile with my life and I was stuck in a rut. So, I thought long and hard and prepared myself as much as I could, and I finally got the courage to quit my demanding desk job. I bought a small sketchbook and started drawing. It wasn't instantaneous, but I knew something was up. I kept filling up the sketchbook and doing so kept building up my resolve. Until one day, while browsing the internet for schools, I stumbled upon the Art Students League and decided to check it out. It was the best decision of my life. I think the idea was always in my head, it just took a while to realize it.

Before the League, the most I did was doodle. But I always liked making things. Whether it was sewing up a tote bag or making and recycling jewelry out of odds and ends, there was always a desire to make something. I used to paint birdhouses whenever I had free time after work. Then I started at the League and fell in love with the environment and with the openness of the class. That really did help with develop-

ing my skills, being able to put anything I thought of on a canvas.

When I first started, in Ronnie Landfield's class, I used Bristol paper and India ink pens. It was similar to drawing in my sketchbook and I was familiar with ink so I figured I'd give it a try. I also tried out watercolors with my drawings, but they didn't really do it for me. I tried acrylics next but I'll admit I was intimidated by the canvas so I continued my mixed media run on Bristol paper. It took a couple of months before I finally started on a canvas with just acrylics. It was the medium that I felt I could work with instead of trying to force it. It just made more sense and felt more natural to me.

I've always been drawn to lines and shapes. I find it fascinating that everything is made up of simple lines and that those simple lines turn into complicated figures and forms. When I was younger, I would doodle in the margin of my school notes and whenever I drew triangles, they would always form a cool-looking shape or pattern. Colors are new to me in a way. I've always been a shy and reserved person, always avoided attention. Since I've started painting though, there's really no holding back or hiding anything. I let everything flow onto the canvas.

My paintings are mostly unplanned. I might get an idea while I'm on the train commuting to school or home. Or I might just bring in a blank canvas and start paint-

ing whatever comes to mind at that moment and build off of that. Sometimes I see a color somewhere and end up really liking the shade and start with that. I tried planning a color scheme once, and I couldn't come up with anything until I stopped trying. Sometimes I might come up with a shape, pattern, or color in one painting and start a whole new painting, borrowing ideas from the previous one. It's still a learning process; I'm always learning something new. Sometimes I forget I haven't been doing this forever, because of how far I've come. My compositions used to make up a scene of some sort but as I went on, they devolved into just shapes, lines, colors.

I used to avoid the question of where am I going from here, but since I started painting it's something I'm actually interested in figuring out. Ideally, I'd like to keep on painting and inspire others the way I've been inspired by other artists. I'd like to be "discovered" and get showcased in well-known galleries, and get paid for all of it... Who wouldn't? A little bit more realistically, though, I'd like to earn a master's in fine arts and make a career out of my skills, even if it means not actually painting as my job but being able to incorporate art and adding a bit of color to the world. Like a lot of my paintings, where I'm going is a work in progress that takes form the more I work on it. One thing I can say for sure, I'm definitely keeping art as a constant in my life.

It's inspiring to me that painters, musicians, writers, and craftsmen of any sort can create something from almost nothing. Also, as clichéd as it sounds, the city inspires me. I've always been fascinated by the lines and shapes everything is made out of, the structure of everything. My mother keeps me inspired. She's the hardest-working person I know and she was the first to teach me that creating something with the bare minimum was possible.

I've been supporting myself with part-time jobs since I left my last serious job, trying to fit anything around my school schedule. The last job I took was working a midnight shift as a custodian. A job is a job, and sometimes it's hard, but it's worth it to keep painting. Moving back in with my parents helped, too, and they've been extremely supportive of my art. I'll forever be grateful for that. Maybe I'm crazy for wanting to go the distance in art, but I'm definitely willing to work hard for it. 🌟

On Being an Artist

Noah Landfield



Nepperhan, 2014, oil on canvas, 72 x 132 inches

I've had a direct experience with art as a way of life. There are artists on both sides of my family. Growing up, I was often surrounded by art studios, paintings, sculptures, drawings, art materials, artists, galleries, openings, art books, et al—the artist's life. My father, Ronnie Landfield, is an artist who currently teaches at the Art Students League. His studio was one floor below where we lived in Tribeca. His studio always felt like ultimate freedom, a place in which it seemed anything was possible. At the same time, this place of freedom was also how my family lived. My dad sold his art and that's how the family was supported. As a kid, I never really thought too much about it, it was just natural, but as I got older I understood just how unusual it was.

My experiences growing up have had an impact on my ideas about what art can be, and what it means to be an artist. To me, being an artist is directly related to a way of life or a different sense of living, and this somewhat unorthodox approach appealed to me pretty early on.

When I had just finished high school in New York City, I was given the opportunity to spend the month of July at the Vermont Studio Center, by the generosity of an "art angel" at my school. The

independence I felt in my own studio that summer really jump-started my journey as an artist. That fall I attended the School of Visual Arts and began figuring out what I wanted to say with my paintings.

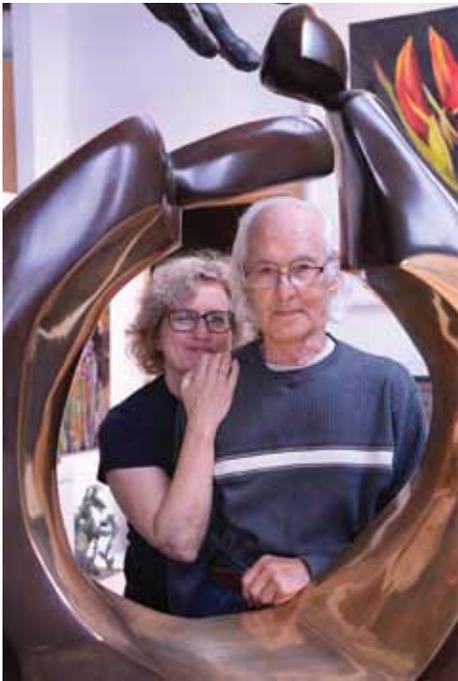
I've had the great fortune to meet and work with many amazing people throughout the years. Many of them have inspired and helped me a great deal. In fact, I cannot stress enough how grateful I am to have had all the help I've received, as it is so important to young artists to gain traction and support. One of my teachers at the School of Visual Arts, Jack Whitten, was a great voice to have as a young artist. His approach to art making is almost akin to scientific discovery. His studio felt like a laboratory where research about materials and processes go hand in hand with the art that's made. He has helped me in many ways and is a constant inspiration to me. Mentors like Jack and my father, Ronnie Landfield, are truly hard to come by and have been so valuable to my development as an artist and as a human being. 🙌

www.noahlandfield.com

Two Dogs and a Little Clay Dust

A brief story about Maddy Segall and Richard Marx

Madeleine Segall-Marx



When he handed me his receipt, I knew who he was. We had friends from the League in common, and I was familiar with his sculpture that had graced the League lobby until the day it was stolen. It was the Nathaniel Kaz evening sculpture class, and I was monitor, back then in 1979.

What took me by surprise was his personality. We in the class had always been pretty casual, tucked away in the basement, working with our dust and our muck, with stored works from the day classes poking and pushing us. At night, the sculpture class seemed like its own insular universe. But when Richard Marx entered, handed me his receipt and looked around, his frown wasn't all that was coming. He proceeded to complain about the two large dogs curled up on the side, gathering their share of dust. They belonged to a student, an older woman who always wore red lipstick that never understood the concept of lip boundaries. No one had ever complained about the dogs, so they were a part of our usual evening composition. Richard said that the Art Students League was no place to bring dogs, that he himself had two large dogs and that he would never think of bringing them to class. Mostly what I heard was that he had dogs, and I love dogs. We got married.

But before that, both of us had stories about how we came to be at the League. After getting a BA in anthropology/zoology, I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life. After a few years, I drifted into the League and took a variety of classes—drawing with Gregory d'Alessio, painting with Knox Martin, pastel with Daniel Greene, anatomy with Robert Beverly Hale, naming just a few. (Hale's lectures I attended with my brother, who was in med school at the time, and who loved to hear Hale explain anatomy.) But it was in Nathaniel Kaz's class that my life took a forever turn. I loved his stories about himself and his satisfaction with his life, and I loved his work. In the years I spent in Kaz's class, I learned everything I could from him and, because I felt so safe in this environment, I let myself jump into Alice's rabbit hole of art, a place foreign to my family and upbringing.

Richard had spent some years in Kaz's class, too, about ten years before we met. He

had worked full time in the public health field and at age 35, he added the making of sculpture to his life, in a serious way. On that fateful night in 1979, he came back to the League to have a model to work from, and I suppose to gather whatever energy and knowledge there was to be had from fellow students and from the instructor. He was a SoHo pioneer, having bought a loft for four sandwiches and a necklace, or something like that, in 1969, when downtown was the Wild West. So here was a man with a loft full of clay and large plaster bodies going every which way, and two big dogs, all under a fair amount of dust. How could I not marry this man?

By 1979, the Art Students League was like family to me. Still a student, I was on the Board of Control. One evening during one of our board meetings, which were held in the library, and then in the basement, I was called to the phone in the office. It was Richard, saying something not all that interesting. When I got back to the meeting there was food and drink and balloons, a surprise to celebrate our marriage! Most of all, I was so happy to have had time with Rosina Florio, deputy director, and with Stewart Klonis, executive director, who came to our wedding one year before he retired.

Kaz introduced me to Pietrasanta, Italy, and there I learned how bronze sculpture was made and how marble was carved. Six years after my first visit, I returned to this Tuscan town, with our one baby in tow, to show Richard the delights of graduating from resin to bronze. After that we returned about every other year for many years. Our kids grew up there as much as anywhere, and though we gave up that frantic pace of bronze making at some point, my closest friends are Pietrasantini, still.

Richard had a parallel life working in the substance-abuse treatment field, both for the State of New York and as an administrator at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York. When I first introduced him to Pietrasanta, we realized that this little town, mostly known internationally for its sculpture production, was actually pioneering treatment for heroin addicts, who came from all over Italy to the little clinics that were popping up. When word got around of Richard's

“other” expertise, he was literally sucked in to this early endeavor in Italy, and, long story short, our Italian friends from those days have been the torch bearers of substance-abuse treatment all over Europe.

Though both Richard and I have a background in figurative sculpture, we have never made a work together. That may be one secret to remaining happily married for decades. He makes form by going across the skin of a work until he comes to a plane. I make form by throwing and banging, pressing and pulling.

Richard was an early member of Viridian Gallery and was represented by Vorpal Gallery in the heady days of the SoHo art scene. Our growing family changed the configuration of the loft many times over, and there is still a “studio” in there, but that often doubles as a large closet. We have a place two hours north in Hyde Park, New York, as well, with a big barn full of artwork that we open to the public from time to time. We’ve worked in our studios both in the Hudson Valley and in New York City for more than three decades. We were members of the Woodstock Artists Association, among other local endeavors. Today, Albert Shahinian Fine Art of Rhinebeck represents both of us.

Myself, I look somewhat back on years that included three public sculptures in New York City, teaching figurative sculpture at Barrett Art Center in Poughkeepsie and other places, and time spent as president of the National Association of Women Artists, working with other artists to help ourselves and also to create, always, something new and interesting. I developed, over time, an urge to make some statement relating to the world around. This differed from my years of self-absorbed puzzling over form and color. So I embarked on a two-year project that took me more than ten years to complete. It’s about standing in the other guy’s shoes, instead of shooting him. You can see much of the project at www.listeningto-theenemy.com.

So. Richard and I have been married 35 years as of April 2015. To commemorate this happy event, I bought a spectacular beaded Yoruba sculpture from Nigeria, from a guy on the street. Richard and both our sons, Orian and Eden, actually like the sculpture as much as I did. A perfect family.

We have a life that is blessed. Without the Art Students League, this life would never have been. 🍷



Previous page, from top: Richard and Maddy in loft, with *Kings Bow Down*, 2015; Kaz in class with an opinionated student and Maddy, 1978; Maddy’s sculpture *The Children’s Ride* in Downing State Park at Bleecker St. NYC for NYC Dept. of Parks, 1995–96, ht. 8 ft., fiberglass

This page, from top: Richard and Maddy in loft, with *Kings Bow Down*, 2015; Maddy with *Aquila (Eagle)*, NYC, 1985; Sculpture



I have been a stained-glass designer for over 40 years and credit my success and love of the medium to my ability to draw. Everything about creating stained glass—its integral structure and the shape of each piece of glass, which develops the beauty of the whole—has its foundation in drawing and makes a window compelling or not. Drawing from nude models was the best way for me, as a young person, to learn to draw and to see. The Art Students League gave me the time, space, and freedom to build the skills that have supported my artistic dreams.

Almost 50 years have passed since my first Saturday classes and even now, as I walk through the Art Students League's timeless portal, I am welcomed by a historic and collective sense of encouragement. It always feels that way; that is why I visit. The only thing that has changed over the years is the growing collection of paint spatters that grace the studio floors. 🌈

tallpoppy@sbcglobal.net



A Portal to Stained Glass

Vivian Nast Faulkner

Each time I visit New York City, I am drawn to the north side of 57th between 7th and 8th Avenues, to the Art Students League. I tell myself that I want to see the exhibits, to see what kind of art is happening, but it's really something more intangible that attracts me.

I started taking life drawing classes at the League when I was 12, on Saturday mornings, when I would ride the subway into the city by myself. Carrying my sketch paper and conte crayons, charcoal, and pencils, I would make my way into the building feeling like I was entering a unique portal. Moving through the foyer to the studios wasn't just a time warp (although its history does begin to melt the edges of your reality). As an artist, to be in a place that is dedicated purely to creating art and is essentially without rules or requirements, is like traveling to a distant shore where you can spend time with your muse and explore and realize, unfettered, the landscape of your gift. I loved going there and I learned a lot.



Opposite page, from left: Divine Mercy Parish, NE window; Dentist's office, installation view. This page, clockwise from top left: *Siamese Cat*, Brooklyn Heights, NY; Yoga studio, single; *Rondel 2*.



SEEDS OF THE LEAGUE

Seeds of the League is an arts education program for youth and young adults. Through coordination with the New York City Department of Parks & Recreation, experienced League students are selected as teaching artists to work in Parks & Recreation centers around the city.

Offering structured after-school arts programming where little or no art instruction has previously been available, the program aims to instill a sense of teamwork and creativity, and to help driven art students to hone their talents and take advantage of the city's resources. Seeds also partners with high schools and organizations to provide scholarships for study at the League.

The program is ongoing and could not have been implemented without major funding from the Jack Kamen Scholarship Fund and the Chervenak-Nunnallé Foundation. We are also most grateful for additional funding from the Greenberg Scholarship Fund, Akiko Hoshino Scholarship Fund, a gift from the Leon Lowenstein Foundation, Inc. and the many individuals who contributed to Seeds of the League.

Where is She Now!?

By Denise L. Greene

I'm pleased to share wonderful news about one of our first "Seedlings," **Lakisha Davis**. At age 14, Lakisha was recommended to study at the League by Abbey Merrill, a board member from the Society of Illustrators and Mary Polemarhakis, the director of the NYC Parks public programs. Her beloved father, who introduced her to his love of art, passed away a year earlier. Holding tightly to the memory of the bond they shared, Lakisha channeled her loss into her art. Together with her mother, Abbey, and Mary, we encouraged her talent and interest in art and talked with her about possible careers in the arts. However, we thought we weren't doing enough. She drifted in and out of the League for two years.

This past June, I received a call from Mary to let me know that Lakisha was accepted into the University of Hartford on full scholarship based on her art portfolio. When I called to congratulate her and ask for updated images of her art, she said she used the work she made at the League and that she took time off to concentrate on her academics. Lakisha is the first in her family to attend college. She wants to be an illustrator. Thanks to the Chervenak-Nunnallé Foundation for funding her League scholarship.



Lakisha Davis
Chervenak-Nunnallé Scholar

Seeds of the League Scholars—Summer 2015



Zienna Brissett

Zienna Brissett — Jack Kamen Scholar

I've been creating portraits of people I know using various mediums, including oil paint and pastel, for about four years. I'm driven to practice different facial features and, more specifically, hair colors, especially red hair. Every experience at the Art Students League is invigorating and has provided me with a space in which to hone my skills in portraiture.

Tiffany Vargas

I major in illustration at the High School of Art and Design and in 2014, I was awarded a Gold Key at the Scholastic Art and Writing Awards. I really enjoy drawing in pencil and charcoal, and painting in oils. The Art Students League has helped me improve my oil painting even though it's one of the areas in which I struggle most (despite my fondness for it).



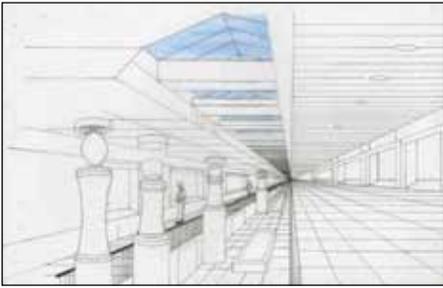
Tiffany Vargas



Alshante Baker

Alshante Baker

My love for art and illustration is without a doubt unexplainable. I spend a lot of time on my art pieces in order to make them as clear, professional, and understandable as possible for the audience. I seek a career in the art world, but I know that I cannot do it without the help of both my illustration teacher and the League.



David Bermudez

David Bermudez

Like Michelangelo, I believe the body is a form of architecture. As an aspiring architect in The High School of Art and Design (HSAD), I wish to learn and improve how I draw and paint realistic objects and people, as well as the designs and visions that I may want to create in the future.

Emely Yauri — Jack Kamen Scholar

As a soon-to-be graduate of HSAD, I had to take advantage of the opportunity to study at the League one more year; I know I will not have any better opportunities to work from life than at the League. Although I enjoy working from a model, I also like to have the freedom I need in order to stay enthusiastic about my craft.



Emely Yauri



Christina Abraham

Christina Abraham

Whether it is master paintings or art supplies, being surrounded by art has always centered me. Art has always been a creative outlet for me and has given me the feeling that art is something I am meant to do. Ms. Jimenez, my teacher at HSAD, has been a big inspiration for me; she encourages me to create interesting compositions and to try new techniques, including mastering proportions. I can't imagine a better way to spend my summertime than at the League.

Sarah Velandria — Jack Kamen Scholar

Other than majoring in illustration at HSAD, I have worked to broaden my artistic horizons by taking classes at Cooper Union, FIT, and the Art Students League. I have also volunteered at the first Art and Design Draw-a-thon and the Art Spiegelman brunch, and I recently earned the Adobe Certified Associate certificate for Photoshop CS6—proving that I can also navigate my way around digital art. My aspiration is to gain work in the art field, whether it be freelance or in a professional workspace.



Sarah Velandria



Shania Molina

Shania Molina

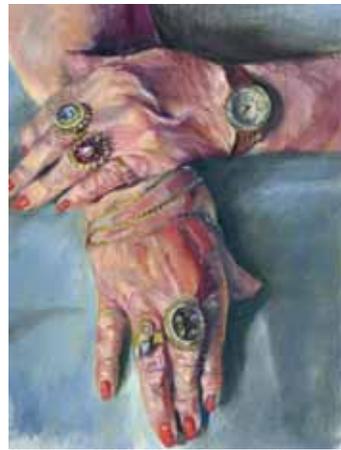
I am a very lazy person, especially during the summer. Attending the Art Students League over the summer makes me more productive and allows me to improve my art for myself as well as to build my Advanced Placement portfolio. Plus, the League has something that is difficult to find outside of school: a good model to pose for you for more than 20 minutes.



Shelly Chen

Shelly Chen

I am major in illustration and an aspiring artist. My favorite painter is Rembrandt. I love his painterly style and the way he is able to convey emotions through his work.



Kaitlyn C. Amable

Kaitlyn C. Amable — Jack Kamen Scholar

I've always had a huge passion for the arts and a desire to learn about every medium possible. I've been taking art classes every summer since I was in elementary school. As an illustration major, I am interested mostly in life drawing, painting, and watercolor. The Art Students League has a great program and immensely talented teachers; I have not yet been to, nor heard of, any art school quite like the League.

Allison A. Arias

As early as the age of six, I was introduced to fine art at the School of Visual Arts (SVA). After taking fine art classes, I realized I absolutely loved how cartoons looked; reading comic books only added to my admiration. At the Educational Alliance, I learned about character design and storyboarding. My future plans include applying to the Rhode Island School of Design and SVA. Ultimately, I would like to pursue a career as a comic book artist and cartoonist.



Allison A. Arias

CITYarts Pieces for Peace project

Taking part in the CITYarts Pieces for Peace project, the children of the After-School Program at the NYC Parks J. Hood Wright Recreation Center were asked to create pictures of peace for a mosaic to be presented on the CITYarts website. Under the tutelage of artist and teacher Anne Simmons from Seeds of the League, students produced watercolors, which were then scanned and digitally placed on the form provided.



Exquisite Corpse Project



With teacher Amy DiGi

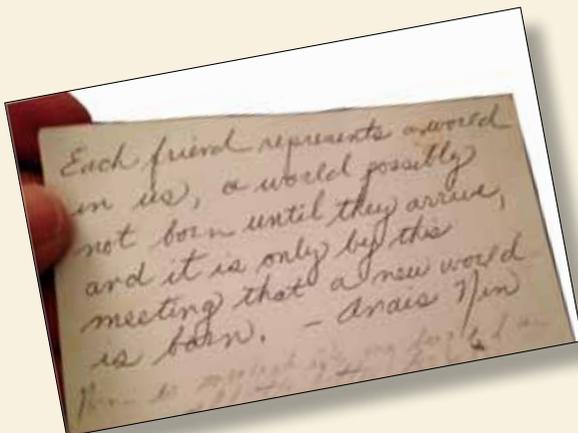
Norma Adler:
November 30, 1929–June 30, 2014

Norma Adler pursued a career in advertising, and later developed an advertising and marketing industry executive search business in Manhattan. Following her love of art, she enrolled in the Art Students League at the age of 60, and found her passion in abstract art and a community at the League. She lived life fully, enjoying theater, travel, social action, and a circle of close friends. As we remember her, she remembered us and created the Norma Adler Scholarship. In May 2015, we awarded the scholarship to Julia Montepagani.

For many, many years of mornings in Studio 16, here at the Art Students League, I had the great and edifying pleasure of watching Norma Adler create lovely, intelligent, and intensely probing paintings. These paintings were always a clear reflection and expression of Norma herself: lovely, intelligent, and intensely probative. Norma loved to discuss and question her work, my work, the work of others that she loved and others that she hated, art history, exhibitions, and the current fate of the world. As with her paintings, she was caring and constructively judgmental simultaneously. Her paintings, no matter the medium or process, dwelled in the intricate language of line and translucent monochrome, and they will endure. I know that we were comfortable and pleased in each other's long-standing company and confidence. Indeed, I was—with Norma Adler—an instructor instructed, with elegance. —Bruce Dorfman

Vibrant, thoughtful, intelligent, caring—these are the words that first come to mind when I think of her. Norma expressed her love of life through her Art, her wit and her laughter. She was a dear friend.

The quote below—written in Norma's own hand—speaks to the value she placed on friendship in her life. —Deborah Winiarski



From top: Norma Adler with instructor Bruce Dorfman; artwork and note by Norma Adler

2014–2015 Grant & Merit Scholarship Awards



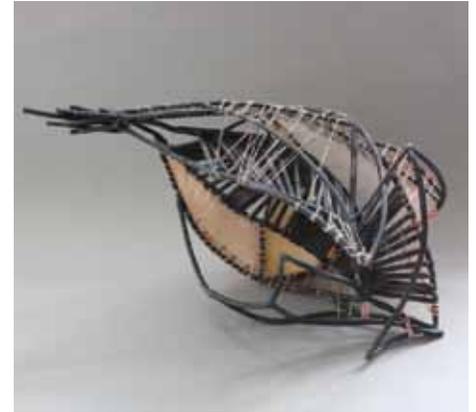
Keiko Nakamori

Xavier Gonzalez and Ethel Edwards Travel Grant
(\$15,000 and full-time tuition)



Satoshi Okada

Hudson Valley Art Association Prize
(\$500)



Natsuki Takauji
Nessa Cohen Grant

(\$5,000 and full-time tuition)



Rick Perez

Xavier Gonzalez and Ethel Edwards Travel Grant
(\$15,000 and full-time tuition)



Thalia Chantziara

Gregory Lysun Grant
(\$3,000 and full-time tuition)



Ken Shih

Ann & Bruno Lucchesi Grant
(\$3,000 and full-time tuition)



Yasuaki Okamoto

Edward G. McDowell Travel Grant
(\$10,000 and full-time tuition)



Beñat Iglesias Lopez

Nessa Cohen Grant
(\$5,000 and full-time tuition)



Jeffrey Atwood

Kuniyoshi Award for Printmaking
(\$5,000 and full-time tuition)



Rodolfo Edwards Garces Lloyd Sherwood Grant
(\$3,000 and full-time tuition)



Kathleen Gefell Centola
Kuniyoshi Award for Painting
(\$5,000 and full-time tuition)



Lillian Bayer Will Barnet Printmaking Scholarship



Judith Carlin
Joseph Bartnikowski Scholarship



Martha Ives
Will Barnet Printmaking Grant
(\$3,000 and full-time tuition)



Carole Hallé
Milton & Sally Avery Arts Foundation Grant
(Two-month Vytlacil Residency)

Judges

Xavier Gonzalez and Ethel Edwards Travel Grant
Kuniyoshi Award-Painting
Joel Carriero, Artist • Christine Wächter-Campbell, Gallerist

Edward G. McDowell Travel Grant
Milton & Sally Avery / Vytlacil Residency
Merit Scholarships – Semi-Abstract/Semi-Objective Category
David Kapp, Artist • Stephen Talasnik, Artist

Gregory Lysun Grant
Hudson Valley Art Association Proze
Merit Scholarships – Realism Category
Shelley Farmer, Gallerist • Stone Roberts, Artist

Lloyd Sherwood Grant
Merit Scholarships – Abstract Category
Work-Study Merit Scholarships
Claire Sherman, Artist • John Woodward, Gallerist

Nessa Cohen Grant
Will Barnet Printmaking Grant
Kuniyoshi Award-Printmaking
Ann & Bruno Lucchesi Grant
Jill Burkee, Artist • Masaaki Noda, Artist



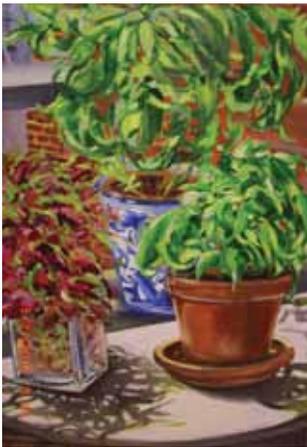
Cecilia Cozar Casteneda
Gerda Karr Scholarship



Guetty Lesperance
Angelo Bona Scholarship



Michael Wilson
Sidney Glusman Scholarship



Susan DeCastro
Ruth Eckstein Scholarship



Takayo Futamura Janet and Russell
Doubleday Scholarship



Alba Sanchez-Alvarez
Adolf H. and Ada Aldrich Scholarship



Joanna Grabiarz
Jack Bilander Scholarship



Maureen Guinan Fitzgerald
Gail von der Lippe Scholarship



Judy Gussoff
Vivian A. Frankel Scholarship



Mollie Hosmer-Dillard
Ruth Katzman Scholarship



Amy Rosenfeld
Henry Matisse Estate Scholarship



William McDonough
George A. Rada Memorial Scholarship



Ezra Cohen
Charlotte Howard Porter Scholarship



Andrea Packard
Catharine Lorillard Wolfe Scholarship



Fulvia Zambon
Antoinette Jacoby Scholarship



Jeffrey Tocci Anthony Palumbo Scholarship



Yael Medrez Pier
Richard Lillis Memorial Scholarship



David Tumblety
James C. Johnson Scholarship



Colleen Pike-Blair
Ventura Family Scholarship



Rudy Bravo Sol Tanne Scholarship



Lin Yang
Hyman Stenzel Scholarship



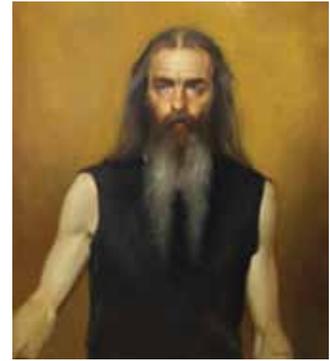
Aaron Bell
Margo L. H. Hammerschlag Scholarship



Toshiko Kitano Groner
Marion R. Netter Scholarship



Marsha Herman
Trudy & Henry Gillette Painting Scholarship



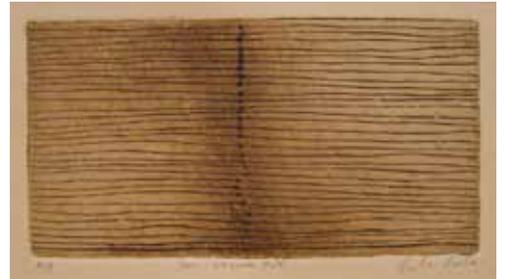
Yana Golikova Joan Tait Scholarship
(for work-study)



Robert Clark (Reginald Marsh and Felicia Meyers Scholarship)



Alex Haskel
Manuel Infante Scholarship
(for work-study)



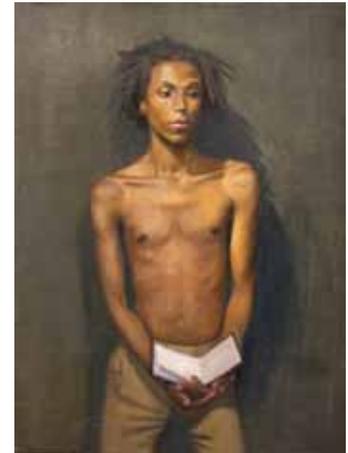
Pinku Roy-Bari
The Zena Kaplan Scholarship



Joaquin Croxatto Richard Lahey & Carlotta Gonzales Lahey Memorial Scholarship



Marjorie Steinmann
Vaclav Vytlacil Memorial Scholarship



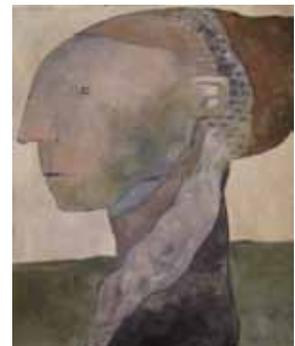
Kyunghee Kim
Doreen Booker Bibro Scholarship
(for work-study)



Katherine Robson-Sharkey
Martha T. Rosen Scholarship



Alanna Burns Evelyn Page Scholarship
(for work-study)



Chika Yoshi Robert Y. Kimura Scholarship
(for work-study)

2015–2016 Grant & Merit Scholarship Awards



Susie M.M Amato Xavier Gonzalez and Ethel Edwards Travel Grant
(\$15,000 and full-time tuition)



Yoshifumi Ito Edward G. McDowell Travel Grant
(\$10,000 and full-time tuition)



Naomi Lee Baumol Nessa Cohen Grant
(\$5,000 and full-time tuition)



Anne Richter Xavier Gonzalez and Ethel Edwards Travel Grant
(\$15,000 and full-time tuition)



Takashi Uesugi Nessa Cohen Grant
(\$5,000 and full-time tuition)



Yolande Heijnen Gregory Lysun Grant
(\$3,000 and full-time tuition)



Sabina Blohm Kuniyoshi Award – Painting
(\$5,000 and full-time tuition)



David Tumblety
Ann & Bruno Lucchesi Grant
(\$3,000 and full-time tuition)



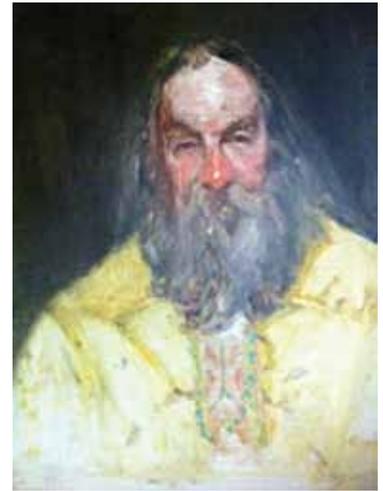
Lin Yang Doreta Kesson Masterton Grant
(\$3,000 and full-time tuition)



Joaquin Croxatto Will Barnet Grant
(\$3,000 and full-time tuition)



Rosemarie Gallinari
Kuniyoshi Award – Printmaking
(\$5,000 and full-time tuition)



Joyce Faucette Farmer
Hudson Valley Art Association Prize
(\$500)



Robert Clark Marianne Brody Gaston
(\$3,000 and full-time tuition)



Janine (Nina) Heath
Marilyn Laurie Grant
(\$3,000 and full-time tuition)



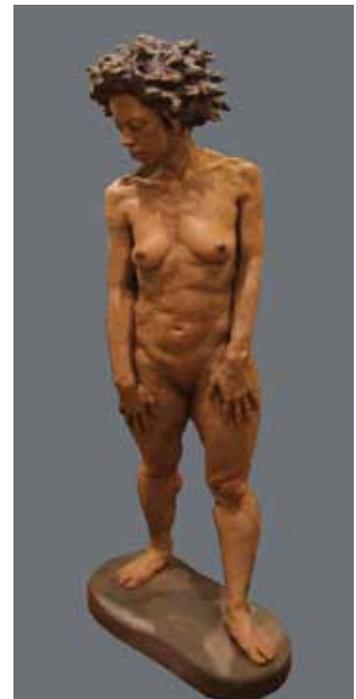
Kathleen Gefell Centola
Joseph Bartnikowski Scholarship



Sheila Berger
Gerda Karr Scholarship



Bruna D'Alessandro
Sidney Glusman Scholarship



Ramon Sierra Vytlacil Residency



Mary Garone Hyman Stenzel Scholarship



Elizabeth Del Carmen Osorio Romo
Elizabeth Cady Stanton Blake Scholarship



Ana-Maria Morar
Marion R. Netter Scholarship



Yonca Eda Erdik
Will Barnet Printmaking Scholarship



Martha Ives Ruth Katzman Scholarship



Sallyboon Matthews
Janet and Russell Doubleday Scholarship



Maria Isabel Turban Donn Russell Grant
(\$2,000 for artist materials)

Judges

Xavier Gonzalez and Ethel Edwards Travel Grant
Kuniyoshi Award – Painting; Donn Russel Grant; Vytlacil Residency
Morton Kaish, Artist • Chip Holman, Gallerist

Edward G. McDowell Travel Grant; Marilyn Laurie Grant
Merit Scholarships – Semi-Abstract / Semi-Objective Category
Joianne Bittle, Artist • Sally Morgan Lehman, Gallerist

Gregory Lysun Grant; Doreta Kesson-Masterton Grant
Hudson Valley Art Association Prize; Merit Scholarships – Realism Category
Iona Fromboluti Wils, Artist • Michael Davis, Artist

Marianne Brody Gaston Grant; Will Barnet Grant
Merit Scholarships – Abstract Category
Work-Study Merit Scholarships
Eric Aho, Painter • Sarah Walker, Artist

Nessa Cohen Grant; Kuniyoshi Award – Printmaking
Ann & Bruno Lucchesi Grant
Marc Mellon, Artist • Amy Park, Artist



Yuki Sakaguchi
Roberta Goode Scholarship



Jessie Taylor
Charles Blaze Vukovich Scholarship



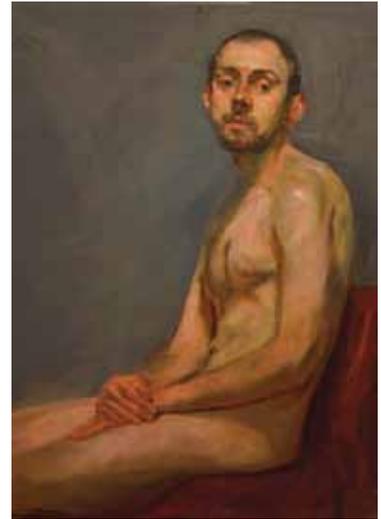
Michal Givati Trudy & Henry Gillette
Sculpture Scholarship



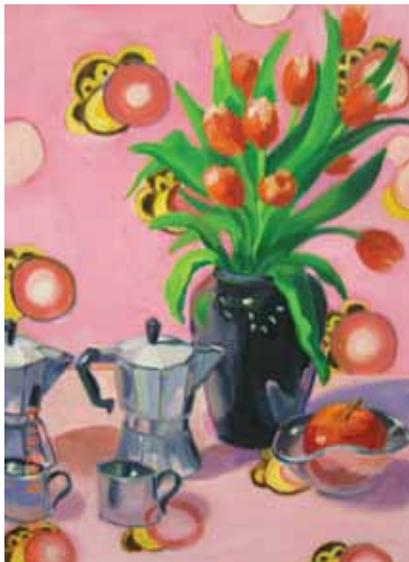
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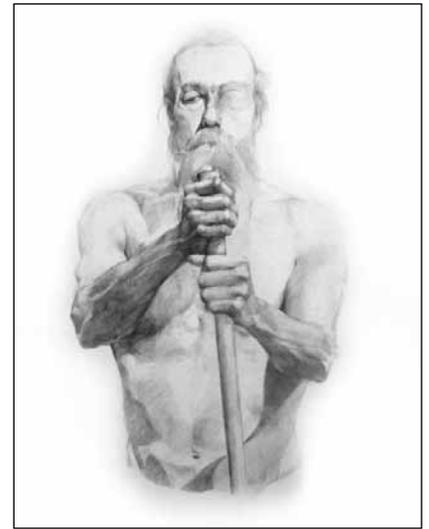
Vidhi Mehrotra
Reginald Marsh and Felicia Meyers Scholarship



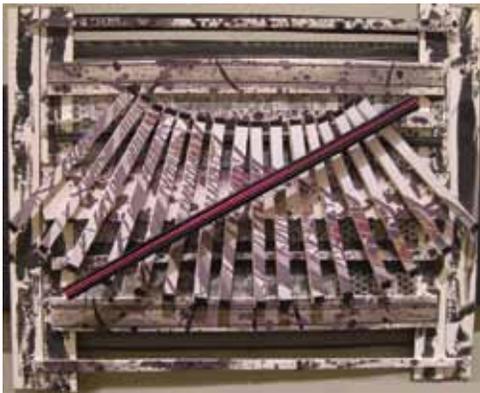
Kie Soo Park
Charlotte Howard Porter Scholarship



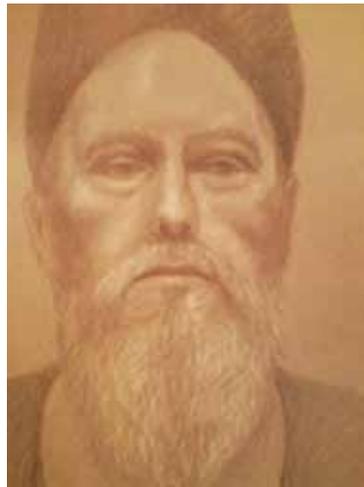
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Norma Adler Scholarship



Junko Kanno
Manuel Infante Scholarship
(for work-study)



Dana Pasternak
The Zena Kaplan Scholarship



Cathy Blake
Doreen Booker Bibro Scholarship
(for work-study)



Noah Jordan
Robert Y. Kimura Scholarship
(for work-study)



Gerald Todd
Margo L. H. Hammerschlag Scholarship



Susan Wolfe
Vaclav Vytlacil Memorial Scholarship



Nathalie Madelaine Gregoire
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Welcome New Members

Elected to the Membership of the Art Students League at the April 2015 Membership Meeting

Armando Acevedo	Alex Flikshteyn	Michelle H.S Lim	Alena Pagliuco	Talia Sivan
Biljana Ally	Josefina Garcia	Alfric List	Dana Pasternak	James Steere
Alyson Fendel Breier	Fran Goodman	Charles MacDonald	Marielos Perez-Longo	Suzanne Sunshine
Joaquin Croxatto	Bill Graziano	Maureen McAllister de Hormaza	Sandra Purnell	Masaru Suzuki
Bruna D'Alessandro	Eugenia Hauptman	Grace Mellow	Barbara Rosenthal	Thorne Taylor
Priscilla De Leeuw-Barrowclough	Toby Heifetz	Jennifer Mitchell	Liora Salter	Maria Turban
Jacqueline de Weever	Deborah Held	Robert Montgomery	Adesina Sanchez	Shobha Vanchiswar
Patrick Delince	William Hislop	Ana-Maria Morar	Alejandro Sanchez	John Zuleta
Elaine Denton	Yamileth Huryasar	Margaret Neuer	Raul Sarmiento	
Susan Doubilet	Louisa Lama-Aknin	Jaron Newton	Robert Scarpati	
Terry Finch	Veronica Ledovsky	Jonadab Oomon	Evan Schwartz	

2015–16 Calendar: League Dates to Remember

October 5–17

October 14

October 22–November 6

November 13–December 1

November 26

December 2

December 7–22

December 25

January 1

January 18

Grant Winners Exhibition

Members Caucus Meeting

Society of American Graphic Artists Centennial Exhibition

Merit Scholarship Exhibition

Thanksgiving Day (League Closed)

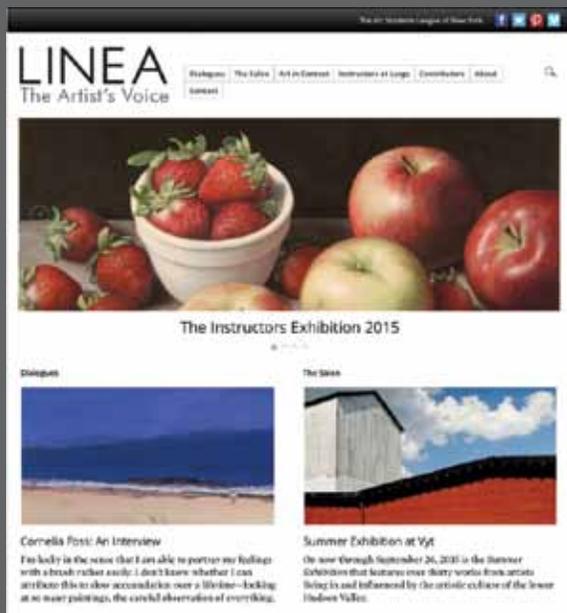
Annual Members Meeting

Holiday Show and Sale

Christmas Day (League Closed)

New Year's Day (League Closed)

Martin Luther King, Jr. Day (League Closed)



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Stay in E-Touch

If you've enjoyed *Lines*, you'll want to keep up with League members and events online by visiting our website, www.theartstudentsleague.org. We've added a Members page with key dates and an *In Memoriam* section.

From the League's website you can:

- Join our E-mail list
- Become a Facebook fan
- Subscribe to our YouTube channel
- Follow us on Twitter & Pinterest
- Join our Alumni Group on LinkedIn



Kikuko Morimoto

Kikuko Morimoto was the teaching assistant for Bruce Dorfman during summer 2013 and fall/winter 2014. Her work *Vivace* was selected by Bruce Dorfman for inclusion in the League's 2015–16 catalog. By oversight, it was omitted from the catalog. *Lines from the League* is pleased to present it now.

www.kikukomorimoto.com



Vivace, 2012, mixed media, 32 x 38 in.

Artwork by Isabel Tomlinson, Student of Susan Cirigliano

Isabel Tomlinson's artwork was also accidentally omitted from the League's 2015–16 catalog. *Lines from the League* is pleased to present it now.





The Art Students League of New York

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