



GOSS183
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Issue #107
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PUBLISHER | E.I.C. | CURATOR

Didi Menendez

POETRY EDITOR

Grace Cavalieri

DESIGNER

April Carter Grant

COVER ART

Cheney Lansard

CURATED BY

Rick Davidman
Jay Menendez
Alayne Sahar

Vicki Sullivan
Sybiline

FEATURING ART BY

Nicole Alger	Evan Goldman	Maja Obradovic
Donna Bates	Bert Heersema	Karen Offutt
Lauren Bergman	Bunny Hinzman	Laurence O'Toole
Michael Bergt	Felice House	Gail Potocki
Jodi Bonassi	Billy Hunt III	Megan Elizabeth Read
Heather Brunetti	Kaitlyn Hwang	Nadine Robbins
Teresa Brutcher	John Hyland	Buket Savci
Kaela Carson	JuliAnne Jonker	Viktoria Savenkova
Anastasiya Chybireva-Fender	Claudia Kaak	Sharon Sayegh
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Janine Dello	Sarah Lacy	Brita Seifert
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Lindsay Heider Diamond	Geoffrey Laurence	Svetlana Sokolovskaya
Kimberly Dow	Kim Leutwyler	Oceana Rain Stuart
Belinda Eaton	Junyi Li	Shawn Sullivan
Jeff Faerber	Amber Lia-Kloppel	Vicki Sullivan
Ingrid Capozzoli Flinn	Jessica Libar	Sybiline
Marianna Foster	Rachel Linnemeier	Daena Title
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Nanci Vaz France	Daire Lynch	Daniel Volenec
Daisy Fresh	Gayle Madeira	Thomas Wharton
Lisa Fricker	Stephen Mangum	Ellie Williams
Vinka Gašparuš	David Malesky	Veronica Winters
Grant Gilsdorf	Nicole Moné	

www.poetsandartists.com
GOSS183 PUBLISHING HOUSE
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Bloomington, IL 61701 USA

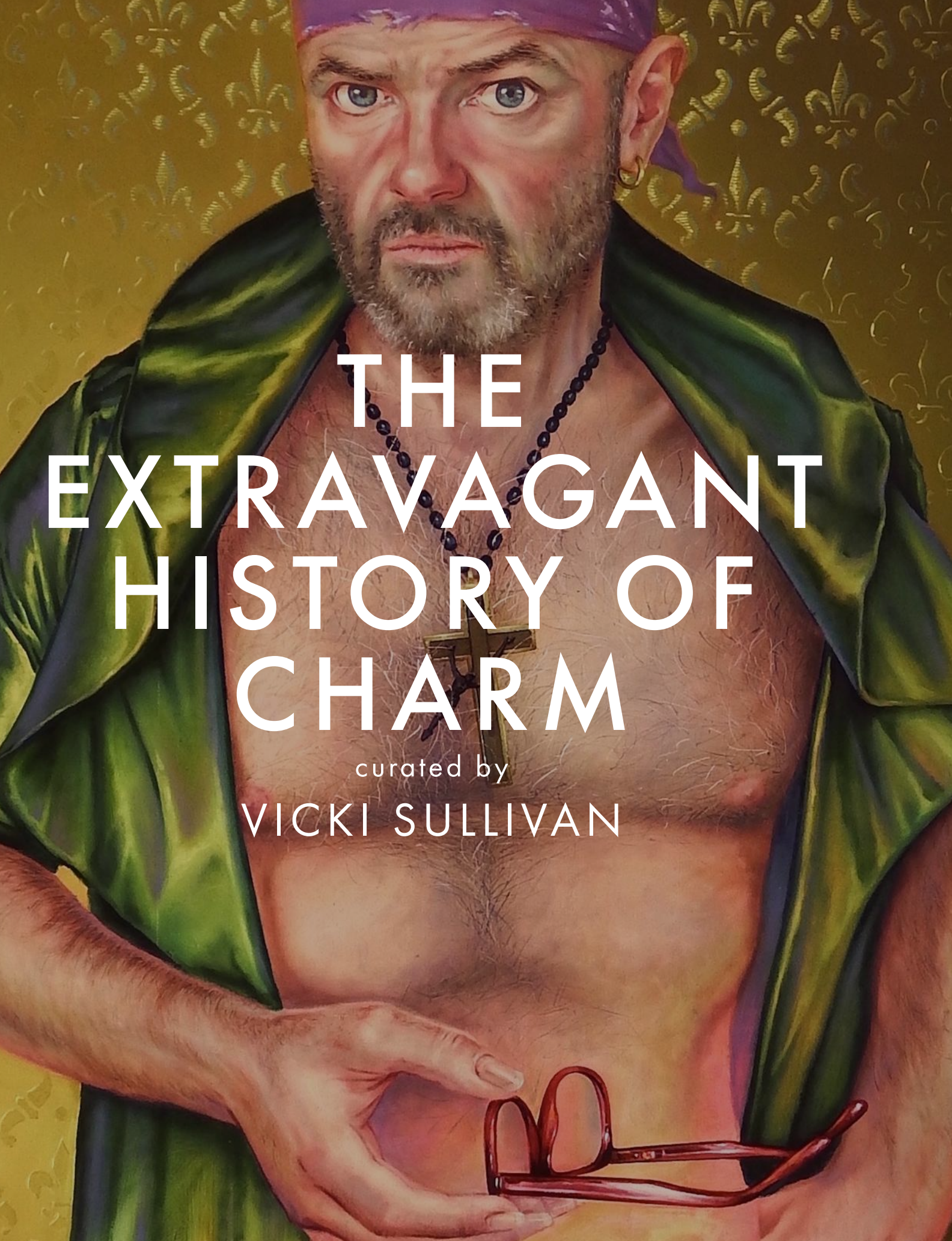
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YOU OUGHTA BE IN PICTURES – POETRY BY

Millicent Borges Accardi
celeste doaks
Maria Mazziotti Gillan

Barbara Goldberg
Michael Gushue
David Lehman
Linda Ann LoSchiavo

Stewart Moss
Max Ochs
Kathi Wolfe



THE EXTRAVAGANT HISTORY OF CHARM

curated by
VICKI SULLIVAN

Throughout the ages, “charm” has come to have several meanings.

Historically, it has not been uncommon for many people to want to feel protected against unknown evils.

For this protection, they resort to charms, amulets and symbols which are thought to have special characteristics against misfortunes, illness or even accidents and lovesickness. Lucky charms and good luck symbols are ancient—and often come from religious or spiritual practices.

Literally, amulets are “objects that are carried” and their purpose is to protect the person who uses it. There are many types of charms, but they mostly relate to attraction and good luck. ...

A charm can be a magical spell or an object that brings luck: it's also a quality of being attractive and pleasing. To charm someone is to attract them and win them over, to possess the power or quality of delighting, attracting, or fascinating others,

The works I chose for this call are filled with symbolic meaning... they invite us in to delight our eyes and enhance our senses, while considering the symbolism in each piece is a way to more richly understand, connect and go deeper into the work.

Suzanne Vigil's painting *What Makes Your Heart Sing*, evokes a sad pathos around a girl who stares sadly off into the distance, beside her a ballerina in a snow globe that symbolizes music and creativity. I wonder if she has seen the tiny bird outside her window, or is the bird watching her?

The subject of Laurence O Toole's painting *Reflection* sports a shiny green satin jacket juxtaposed with a purple pirate scarf, making him look kind of tough, whilst around his neck hangs a large cross. All four points of the cross symbolize protection from every angle of life and the union of all planes of existence. This charm represents salvation and sacrifice. The beautifully painted reflections on the wall patterns behind him and the shiny satin jacket show his expertise and control of his medium.

The subject of Jessica Libor's painting in oil and gold leaf, *Lady in Red*, is seriously dressed to impress in her red ball gown while holding her book... I wonder what she is reading and who is she charming?

Anastasiya's painting *Proverb* is literally covered in symbolic charms, adorned with rings, bracelets, necklaces and armbands. Her many pearls may be thought of as a metaphor for perfection and enlightenment. They are believed to attract wealth and luck as well as offer protection. Known for their calming effect, it is believed that pearls can balance one's karma.

In Veronica Winters' *Deeper and deeper asleep*, the subject, while sleeping, floats on a cloud and lies clasping the ribbon of a heart charm, which symbolizes love and deep affection. Clouds represent the heavens and also “good luck.” Since a cloud exists up in the sky and far above reach, it represents higher self of the dreamer.

Many of us have our lucky charms. They can be from a wide array of objects or symbols which we hope will have mystical powers to bring luck, attract love and ward off bad fortune.

JESSICA LIBOR

1. Lady in Red
7" x 5" oil & gold leaf on linen

LAURENCE O'TOOLE

2. Reflection
40" x 20" oil on canvas

ANASTASIYA CF

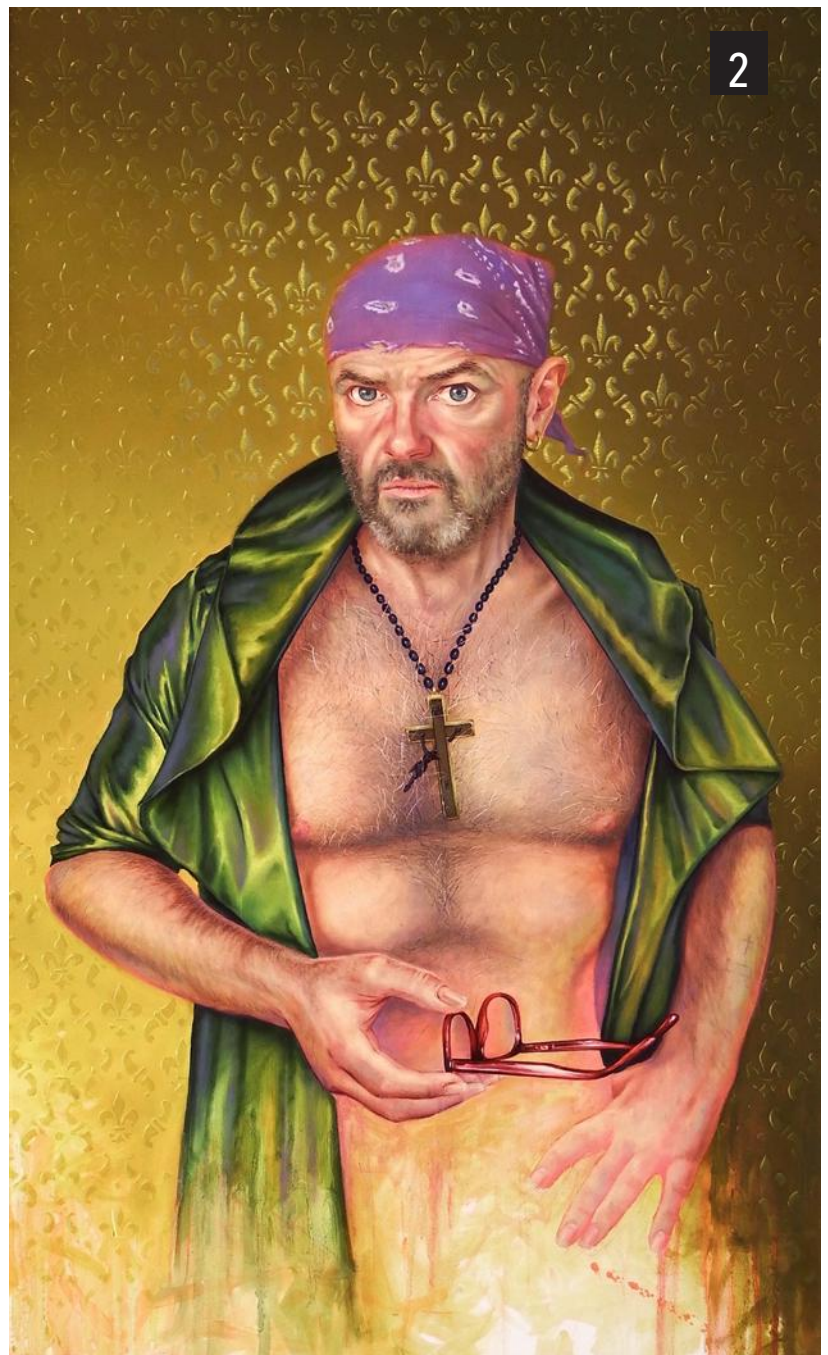
3. Proverb
30" x 20" oil on canvas

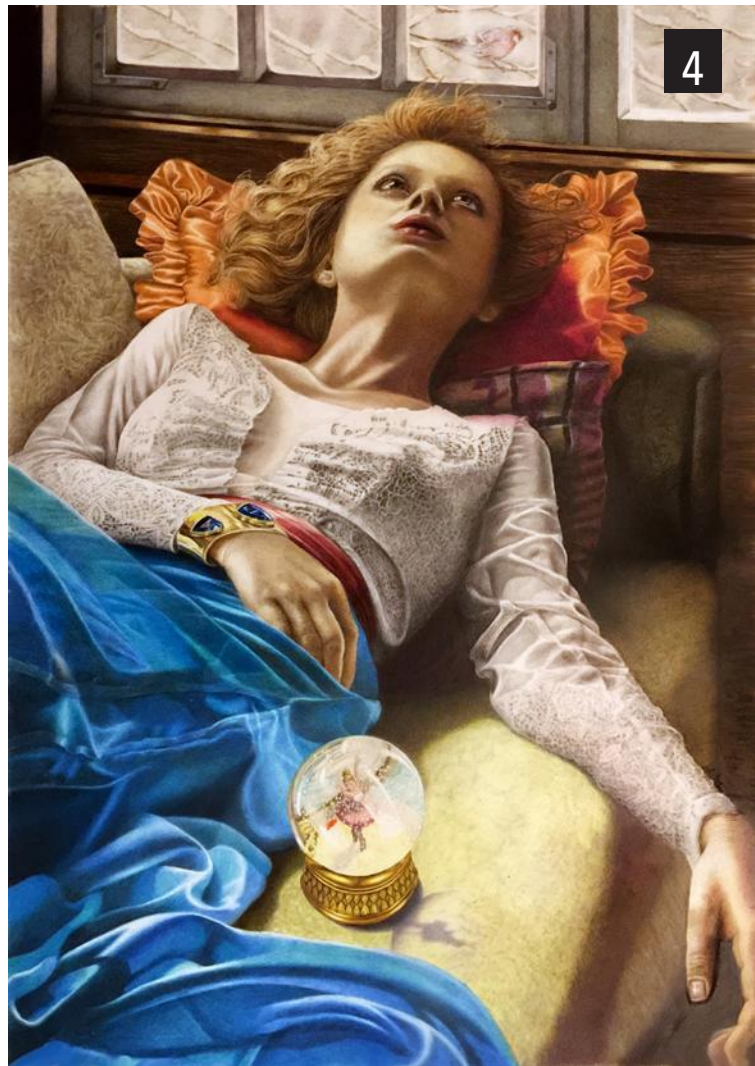
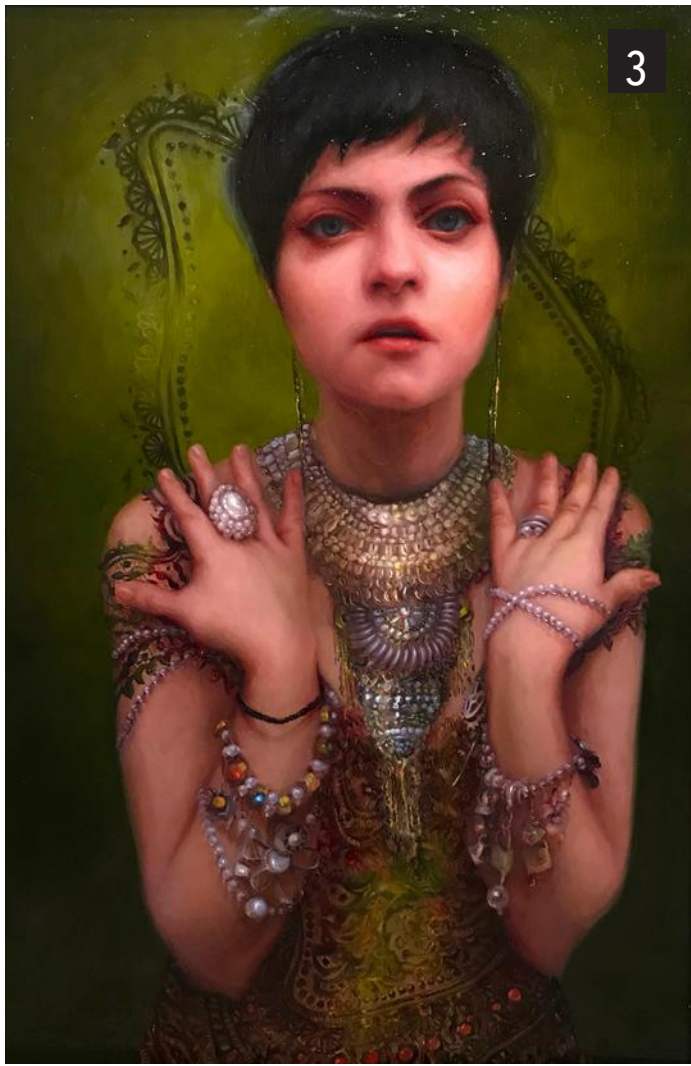
SUZANNE VIGIL

4. Makes Your Heart Sing
32" x 28" colored pencil

VERONICA WINTERS

5. Deeper and deeper asleep
16" x 20" mixed media on panel





A woman with long dark hair is the central figure, wearing a red headband with gold and green circular ornaments. She is adorned with a necklace of colorful beads and a large, ornate pendant. She holds a ginger cat in her left arm and a peacock feather in her right hand. The background is a solid teal color.

JUST CATS

curated by
SYBILINE

Being an animal that is at the same time soft, vulnerable, agile, devious, independent, playful, wild and seductive, the cat has always been immortalized by painters. Through the ages, it has been the subject of many stories, myths and beliefs. Despite this lot of superstitions, he has carved out a place for himself in our modern society. Today, he has become one of the leading pets.

All cats are not alike. In this selection of works, it is fascinating to see what the artists have revealed about them. *Can't we be friends* by Brita Seifert, shows that cats can be benevolent. Considered at a time as the enemies of mice, we are witnessing here a desire to make peace. Although the language of animals is unknown to us, this picture conveys a certain affection. Looking at it, I feel privileged to witness this scene.

Thee Maiden Millie & Baron Von Buster by Jeff Faerber has emphasized the majestic character of our loved ones... And let's face it, sometimes a little blown up. Of course, it is a trait of personality that the man respects in his cat. In order to satisfy kitty, he is secretly willing to serve as a stooge. Which makes me smile.

For its part, Veronica Winters' humorous *Purrfect Day* plunges us into a beautiful imaginary world. Combined with the finesse of the work presented, the atmosphere is light and relaxed. I have thought a long time about this painting. Time is suspended and the many details parade before our eyes. It makes me dream a lot.

In magic, a familiar is an animal with whom we live a total complicity. He is our best friend and we are his. In a family, he is clearly more attached to us than anyone else. He is always where we are and he willingly shares our activities and moods. *The Watchers* by Vicki Sullivan reminds me a lot of this. Together, the subjects seem to make a whole. The cat, motionless, will move only under the influence of his mistress. He acts as a protector. This painting is for me very captivating.

To me, *Bewitched* by Kimberly Dow is a work that goes in the same direction. However, the mistress of the place seems to receive privileged information from her partner. In this work, we feel that an external element is about to occur. The cat acts as an adviser. The mysterious but modern atmosphere makes our conception of witches rejuvenate.

Bookmark, from Nicole Moné, portrays a little more ambiguous relationship. Maybe the man is a wizard, or maybe not. The black cat always reminds of magic but the context gives us no clue. Anyway, I note in this artwork two nice people who share a beautiful moment. This scene is very realistic. As if I was sitting at the table of this cafe, I feel involved in the moment lived.

Severed Continuum by Gail Potocki also depicts a cat and its master. Hmmm... A cat and his master or a human and his master? Is it time to talk about a cat who appears as master of the game? Plunged into a completely surreal world, the symbols are numerous. What is the message of the artist? The work is as complex as it is striking.

Lynch's *Brittlepillar* represents the cat as a nocturnal creature. We see it emerged, quietly, faithful to its discretion. It observes. Under a moonlight, barely visible, it watches over us like a guardian angel. In this painting, the highlighting of a few touches of color, beautifully painted, is enough to materialize a presence.

The work entitled *Dinky* by Kaela Carson gives us a very honest portrait of the cat. One can imagine the subject as an indoor cat. For this painting, perhaps he took the pose on the arm of the sofa? Near the big window of the living room? Anyway, it releases all that a master seeks: calm, elegance and fidelity. Also, shadows and lights gives it a great look. Put to adoption, he would quickly find a new family.

Finally, Nicole Alger's work *Threesome* touches me deeply. When I look at this drawing, I see warmth and comfort. Beyond the subject, the sensitivity surrounding the work is only tenderness.

Looking at all the works presented, I can conclude that the cat is not done with inspiring ourselves. As an artist and spokesperson for these animals, here are three quotes I would like to share with you. Maybe they will awaken your creativity.

The time spent with cats is never wasted.
—Sigmund Freud

*A cat does not want everyone to like it.
Only those he chose to love.*
—Helen Thomson

*Are we really sure that purring is coming from
the kitty and not from our very own hearts?*
—Terri Guillemets

1



DÁIRE LYNCH

1. Brittlepillar
15" x 6" oil on panel

JEFF FAERBER

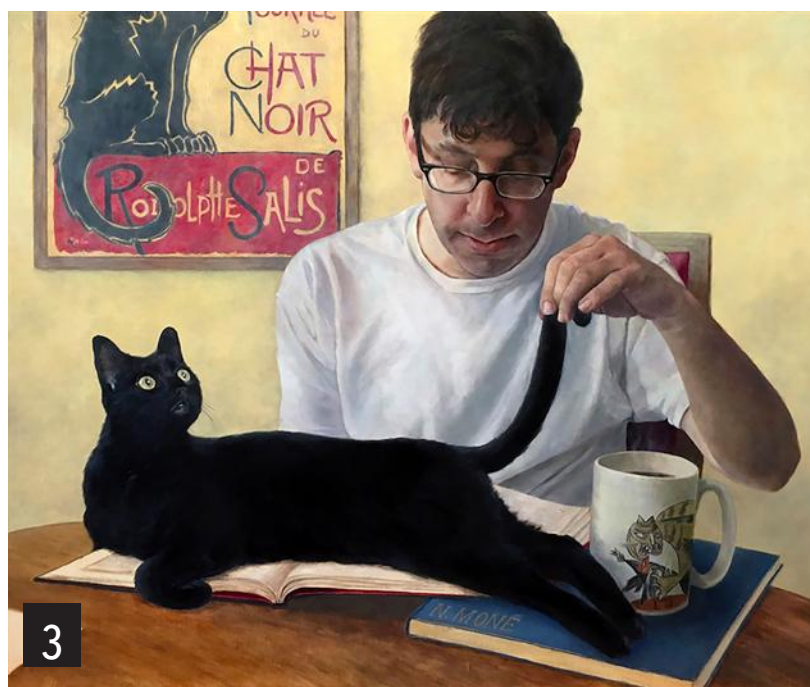
2. Thee Maiden Millie & Baron
Von Buster
8" x 9" mixed media on board

NICOLE MONÉ

3. Bookmark
24" x 30" oil

BRITA SEIFERT

4. Can't we be friends
11.8" x 15.75" pastel &
colored pencil on paper



3







SEVERED CONTINUUM



KAELA CARSON

1. Dinky
14" x 9.5" oil on panel

VICKI SULLIVAN

2. The Watchers
29" x 23" oil on linen

NICOLE ALGER

3. Threesome
6" x 5" charcoal & sanguine

GAIL POTOCKI

4. Severed Continuum
24" x 18" oil

VERONICA WINTERS

5. Purrfect Day
6" x 6" scratchboard

KIMBERLY DOW

6. Bewitched
30" x 29" oil

KATHI WOLFE

On Your Last Birthday,

we had tea at the Ritz. You weren't into society.
As a child, you wore jeans, played with your
sock monkey, ignored your dolls. Jane Austen
novels left you cold. "Only people in old
movies care about tea parties," you said. Still,
you were starring in your own picture. Liver
biopsy, chemo. Three, at most six, weeks left
before the movie ended. Wearing a coiffed
blond wig, blue cashmere scarf, you sipped
Earl Gray tea and ate a scone with clotted cream.

BARBARA GOLDBERG

Subtitles

There was always something forbidden
about foreign films, as though reading
subtitles afforded a glimpse into
the still untranslated adult world.
I had to board a bus, then walk up

Lefferts Boulevard, past outdoor fish
stalls and enormous-breasted women
guarding fruit. In this flourishing
neighborhood was The Circle, the one
theatre in Queens that featured

foreign films. It was here I saw
Kurasawa's Yojimbo, warrior gone amuck
with exquisite swordplay. A human wrist
carried off by a dog while the town
smolders, the wreckage so complete

nothing is left whole. This is the end
result of formal perfection—Samurai
turned mercenary; an old man trussed-up,
suspended from a tree, knowing he's safer
where he is. So when the man next to me

places his hand on my thigh, I sit in my
plush seat and say nothing. On screen
the hero drinks hot blood. Already he
is outdated. And in the dark, a touch
light and hesitant, perhaps imagined.



THE GAZE

curated by

JAY MENENDEZ



4



5



BILLY HUNT III

1. Kobi
12" x 8" photo mounted in acrylic
2. Anna
12" x 8" photo mounted in acrylic

FRANCIEN KRIEG

3. Delicate Flesh
39.4" x 47.2" oil on linen

GAYLE MADEIRA

4. Forest Bathing
23" x 23" oil

5. MEGAN ELIZABETH READ

- Favor
48" x 36" oil on linen





HODAYA LOUIS

1. April's Sun
24" x 36" oil, acrylic &
watercolor on canvas

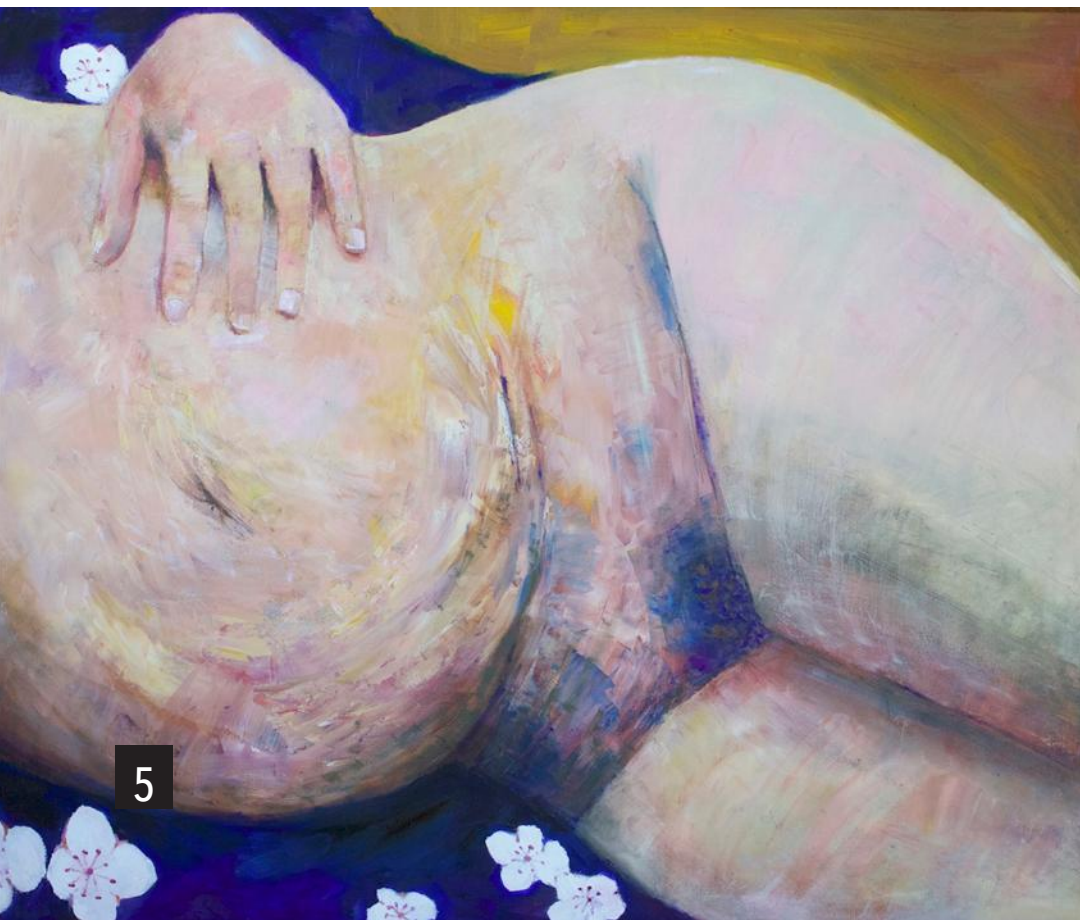
MATTHEW COOK

2. Annie
24" x 20" oil on aluminum
3. Paul
24" x 20" oil on aluminum

GEOFFREY LAURENCE

4. The Strongman
72" x 36" oil





EVAN GOLDMAN

1. James Dreaming
24" x 24" oil on linen

HEATHER BRUNETTI

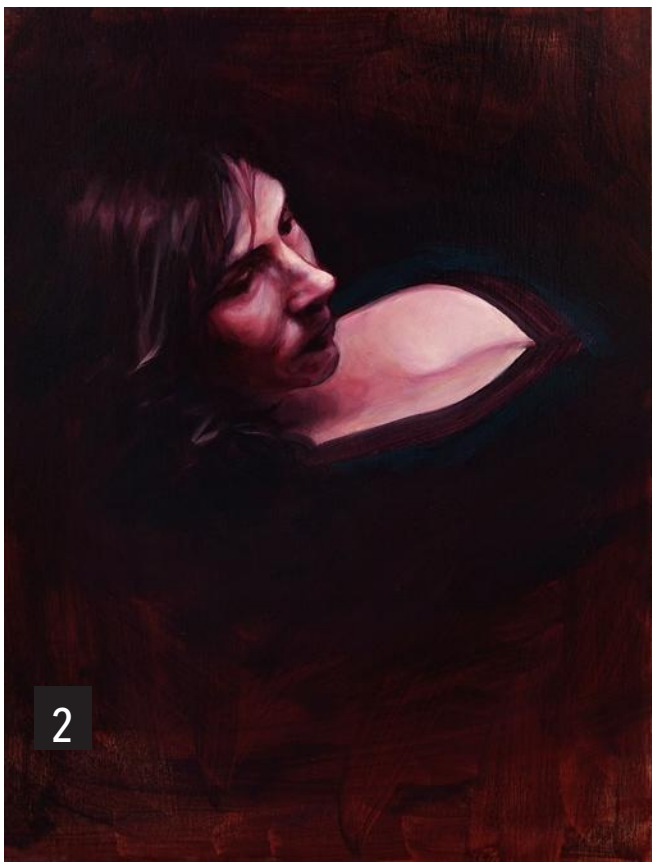
2. Butterflies and Cherry Blossoms
17" x 14" charcoal & gouache on paper

KIM LEUTWYLER

3. T. Chick McClure
40" x 30" oil on canvas
4. Watson
60" x 30" acrylic on canvas

KAITLYN HWANG

5. No Promises
24" x 30" oil





4

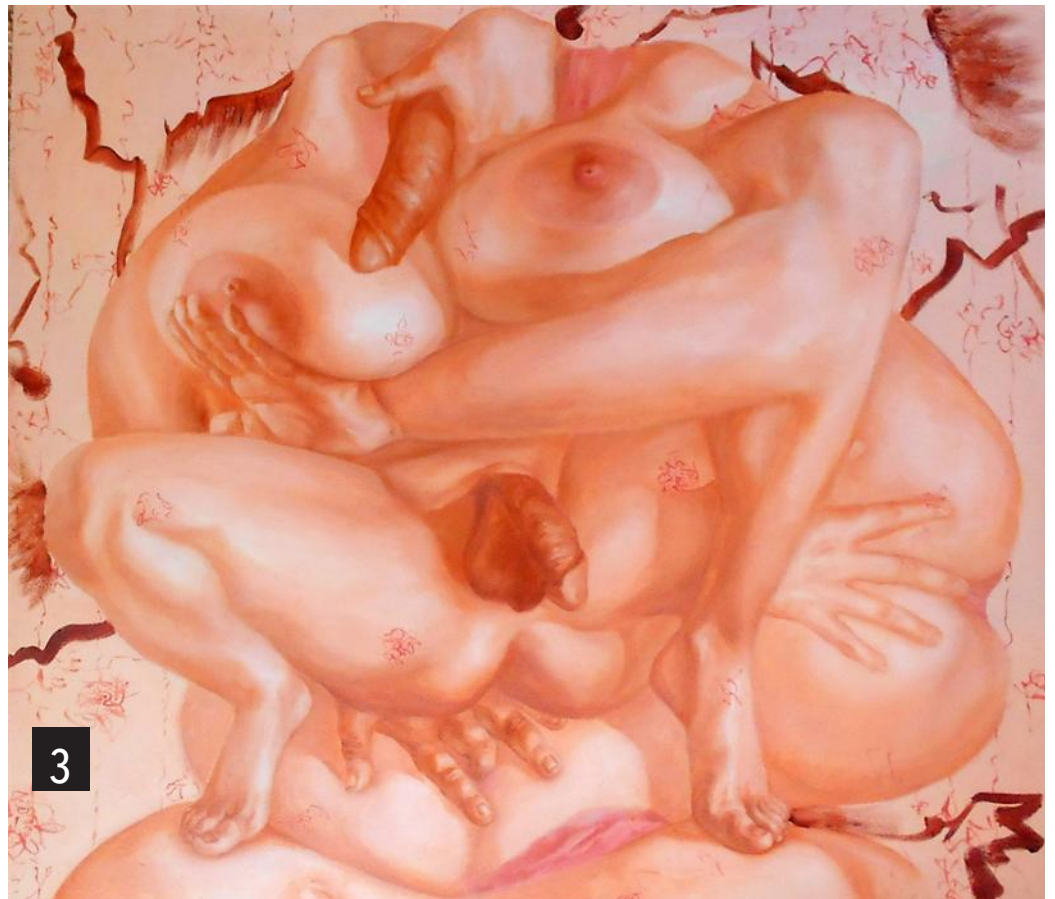
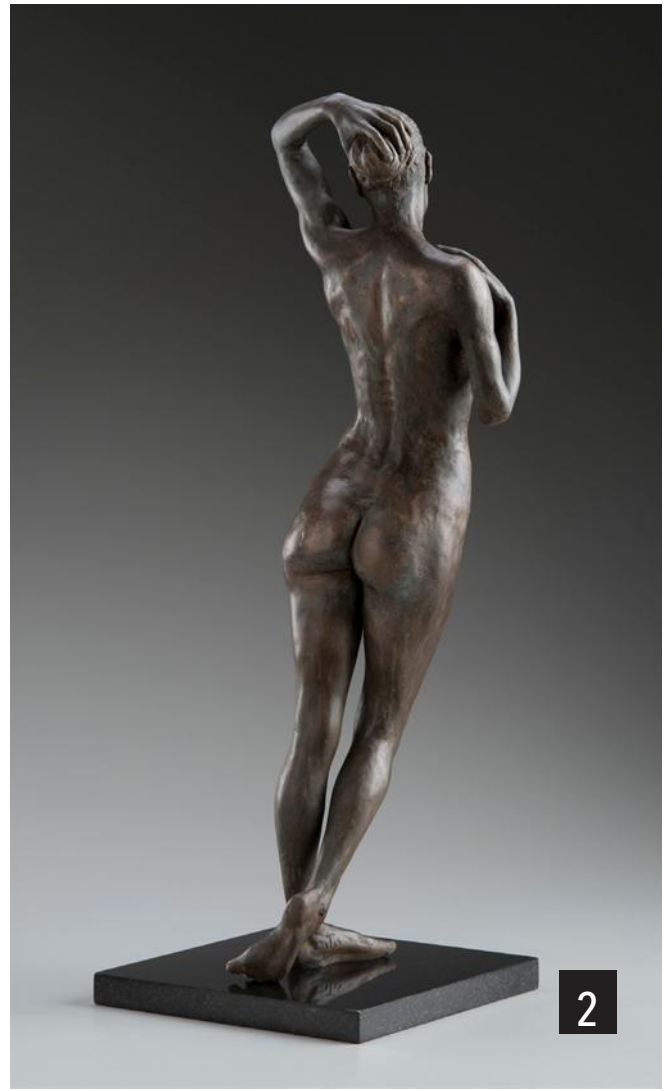
ANASTASIYA CHYBIREVA-FENDER
1. Chasing Rachel (diptych)
Right: Rachel Lost; Left: Rachel Found
each 36" x 24" oil on panel

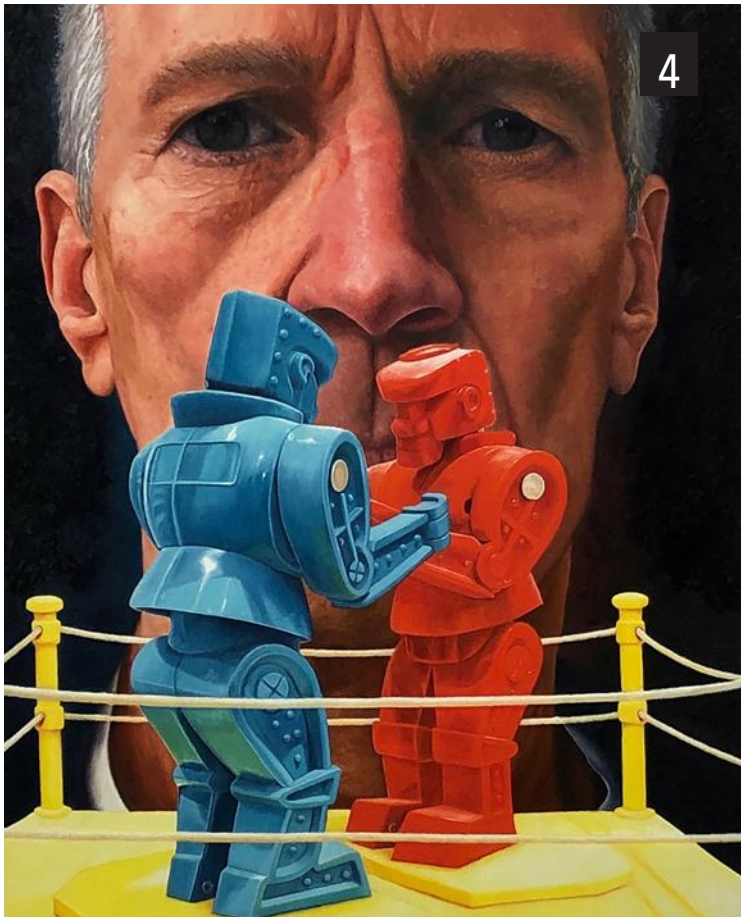
CHENEY LANSARD
2. Cameo I
15" x 11" oil on birch ply
3. Cameo II
15" x 11" oil on birch ply

VIKTORIA SAVENKOVA
4. Sergei
39.4" x 39.4" oil on canvas
5. Cherry
35.4" x 23.6" oil on canvas



5





OCEANA RAIN STUART

1. Eternal Seduction
46" x 15" x 26" bronze cold cast
2. The Woman from the Mountain
22" x 7" x 6" bronze cold cast

SVETLANA SOKOLOVSKAYA

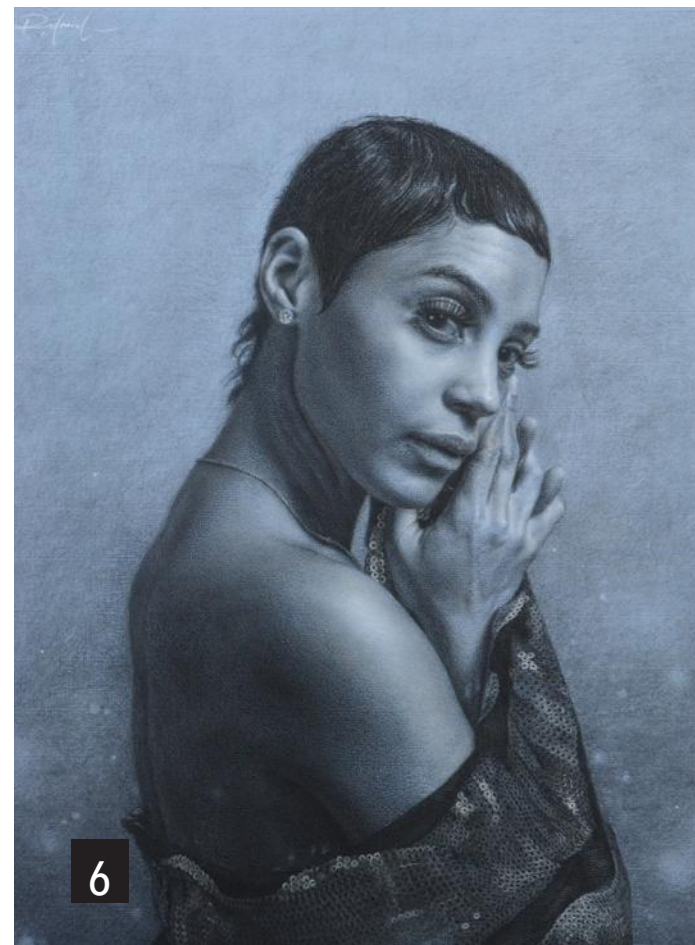
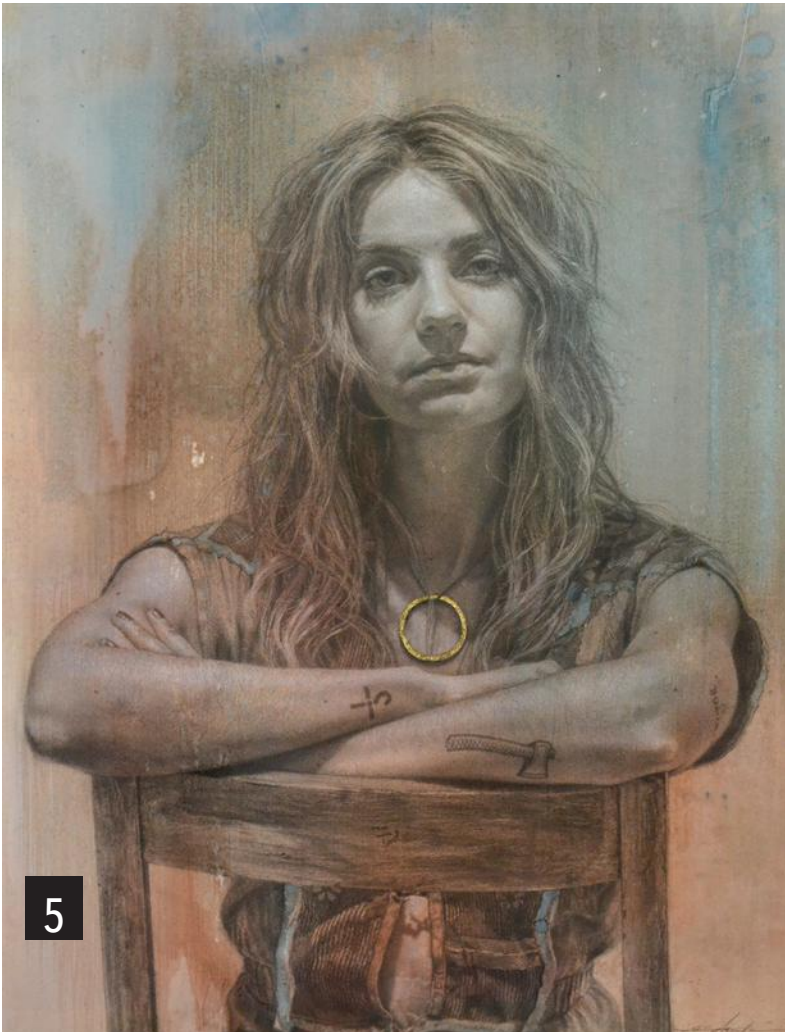
3. Adam & Ewa
31.5" x 27.7" oil on canvas

STEPHEN MANGUM

4. Break
60" x 48" oil on linen

ROGER DERRICK

5. Confrontation Friendly
24" x 18" graphite powder & pencil, white charcoal,
& 24k gold leaf on hand-toned paper
6. The Inner Child
20" x 16" graphite powder & pencil & white charcoal
on hand-toned paper



JUNYI LI

1. If I Were You
30" x 20" oil on linen

NANCI VAZ FRANCE

2. Bohemian Rhapsody
24" x 18" oil on linen panel

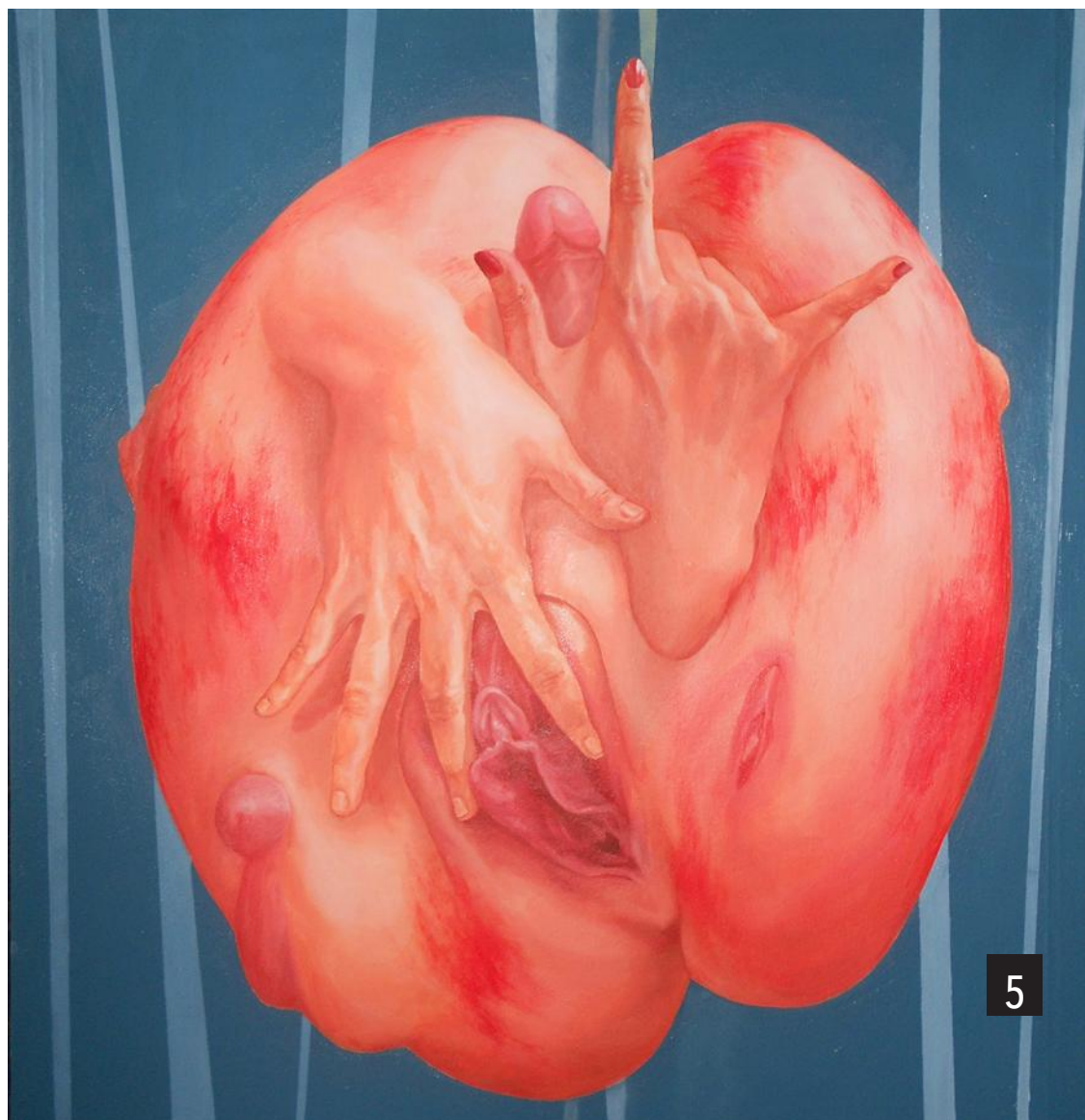
VINKA GAŠPARUŠ

3. Nude 1
27.6" x 19.7" oil on canvas
4. Nude 3
27.6" x 19.7" oil on canvas

SVETLANA SOKOLOVSKAYA

5. Adam's Apple
39.4" x 35.4" oil on canvas







3



LINDSAY HEIDER DIAMOND

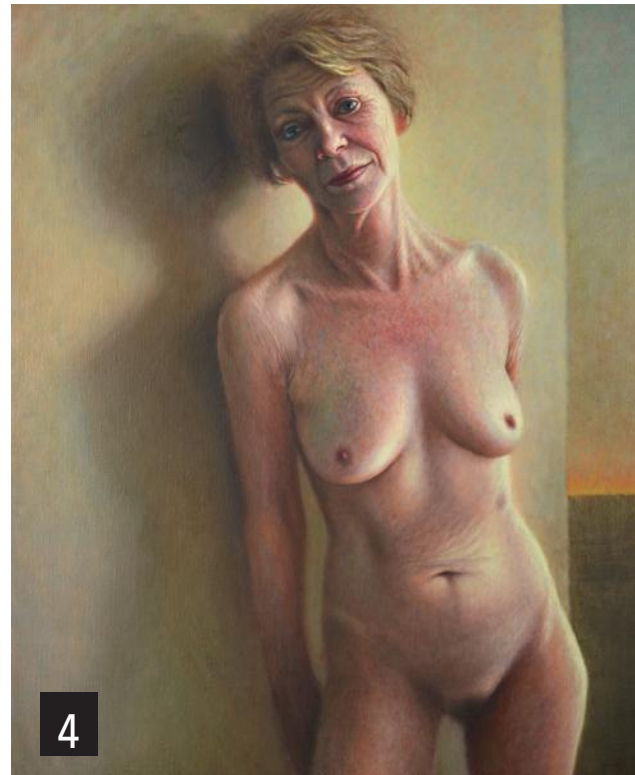
1. I Say Where the Fingers Go III
20" x 20" oil
2. I Say Where the Fingers Go VI
20" x 20" oil

SARAH LACY

3. The Oval Tattoo
20" x 16" oil on linen

FRANCIEN KRIEG

4. Fire Within
47.2" x 39.4" oil on linen



4

DONNA BATES

1. The Look
10" x 8" oil on alumacomp

LAURENCE O'TOOLE

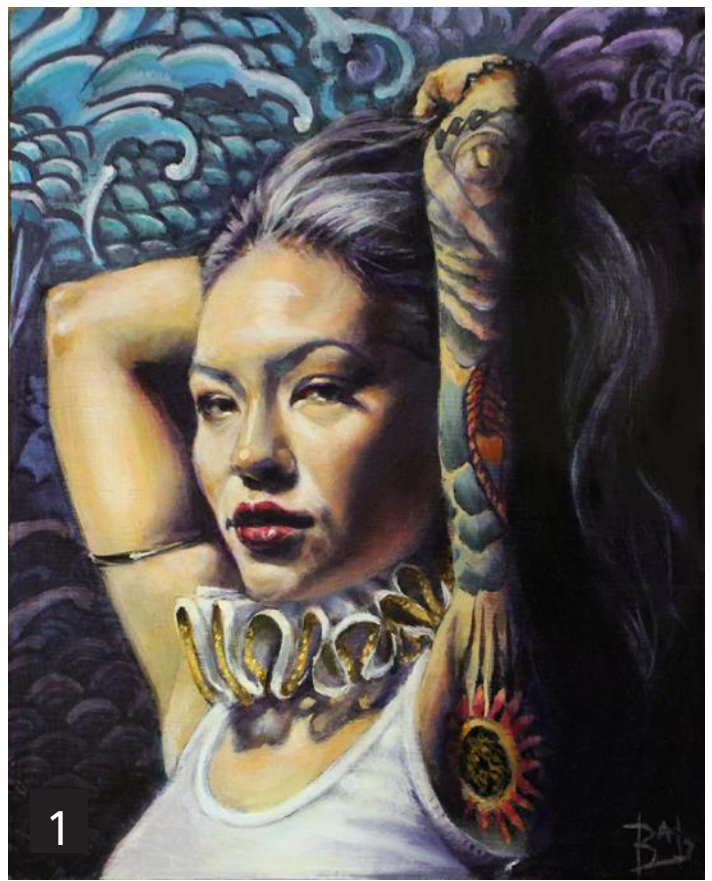
2. There is Nothing Pretty About a Skinny Girl
60" x 32" oil on canvas
3. One Hundred Miles of Uncontrolled Flesh
60" x 32" oil on canvas

MAJA OBRADOVIĆ

4. 21st Century Female Artist
11.8" x 16.5" watercolor, oil pastel, pencil

JANINE DELLO

5. Never Again
24" x 30" oil on linen









DAENA TITLE

- 1. Great Britain
26" x 20" oil & acrylic on canvas
- 2. Sweden
26" x 20" oil on canvas

DAVID MOLESKY

- 3. Boudoir
24" x 20" oil on linen

AMBER LIA-KLOPP

- 4. Susanna at the Dais
36" x 24" oil on linen



JODI BONASSI

1. Someone
40" x 30" mixed media

JANINE DELLO

2. Remains of Myself
28" x 20" oil on linen

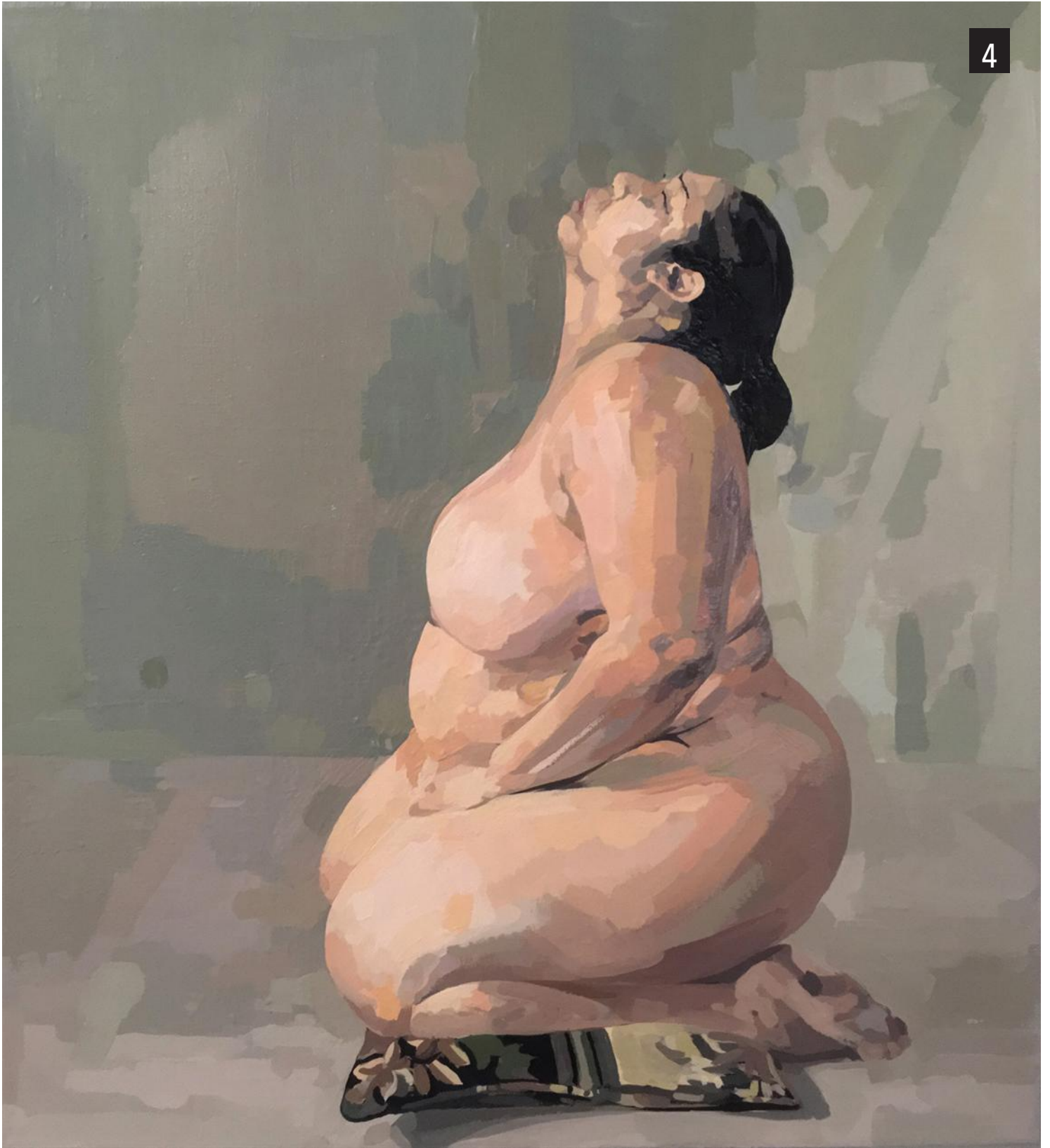
JOHN HYLAND

3. In Sleep He Dreams, in Dreams He Sleeps
12" x 8" oil on canvas

INGRID CAPOZZOLI FLINN

4. Nude on Pillow in Profile
20" x 18" oil







CURLS
curated by
ALAYNE SAHAR

Curls – Botticelli loved them; they were anathema in the sixties. This collection of paintings showcases interpretations of this hair type which has gone in and out of fashion since the beginning of time. The images represented are conveyed through a lens that spans multiple styles and mediums. The artists give us a glimpse of the variations and undulations of the subject matter through their own vision, reminding us that the concept of “Curls” is as infinite and varied as the human form. We are all uniquely different and collectively alike at the same time.





3

KIMBERLY DOW

1. Unabashed
20" x 30" oil

VERONICA WINTERS

2. Black Rose
15" x 15" colored pencil on matboard

JESSICA LIBOR

3. Allegory of Youth
24" x 16" oil & gold leaf on board

LISA FRICKER

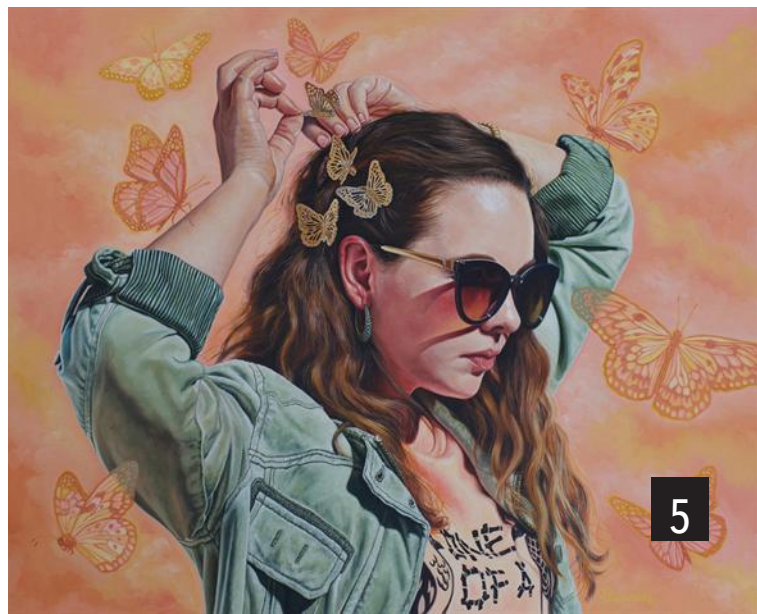
4. Golden
12" x 16" pastel on panel

RACHEL LINNEMEIER

5. A Fine Flutter
16" x 20" oil on aluminum



4



5

SUZANNE VIGIL

1. The Enchanted Forest
32" x 28" colored pencil

MICHAEL BERGT

2. Pomegranate Seed
20" x 14.5" colored pencil

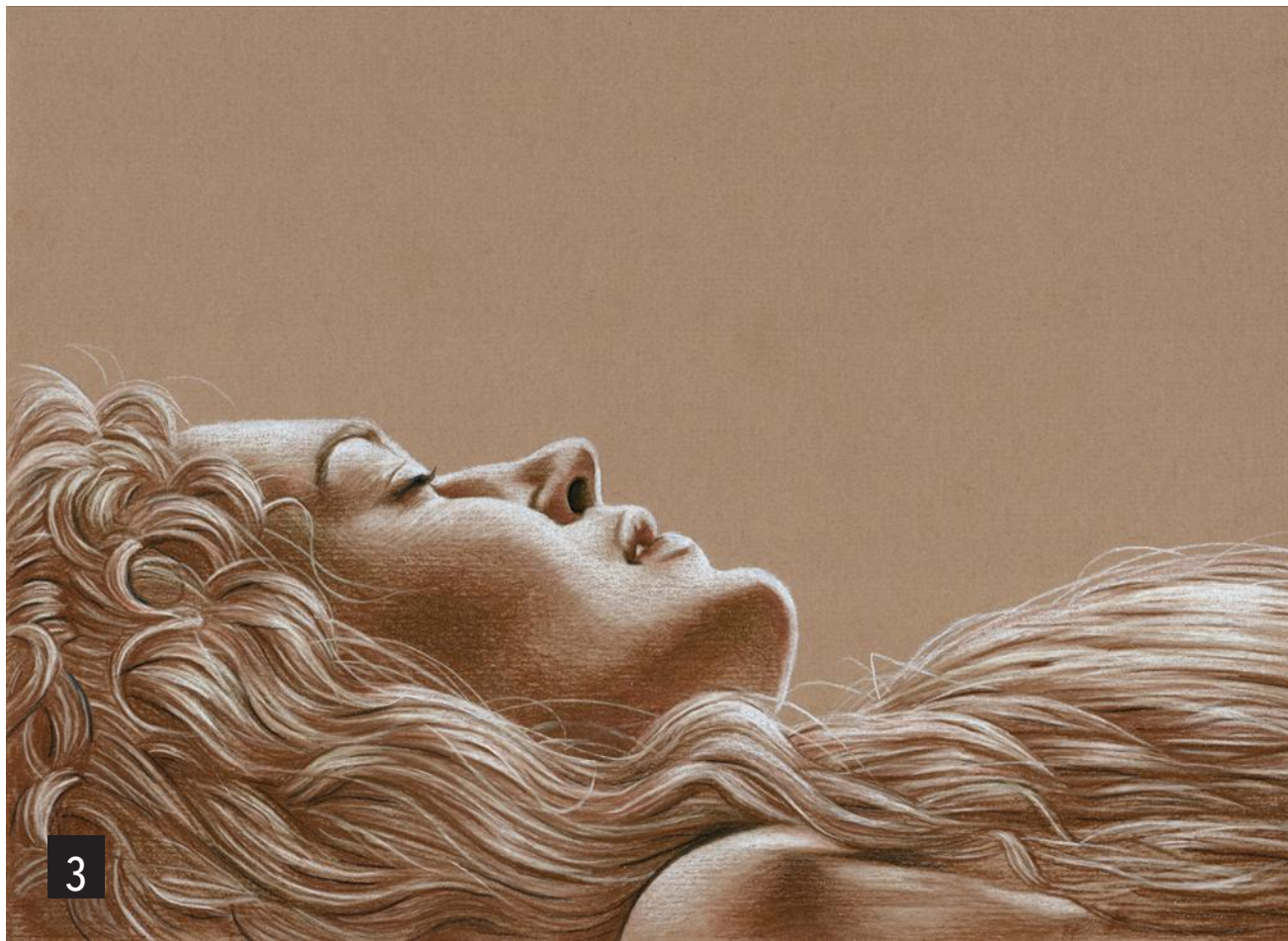
CLAUDIA KAAK

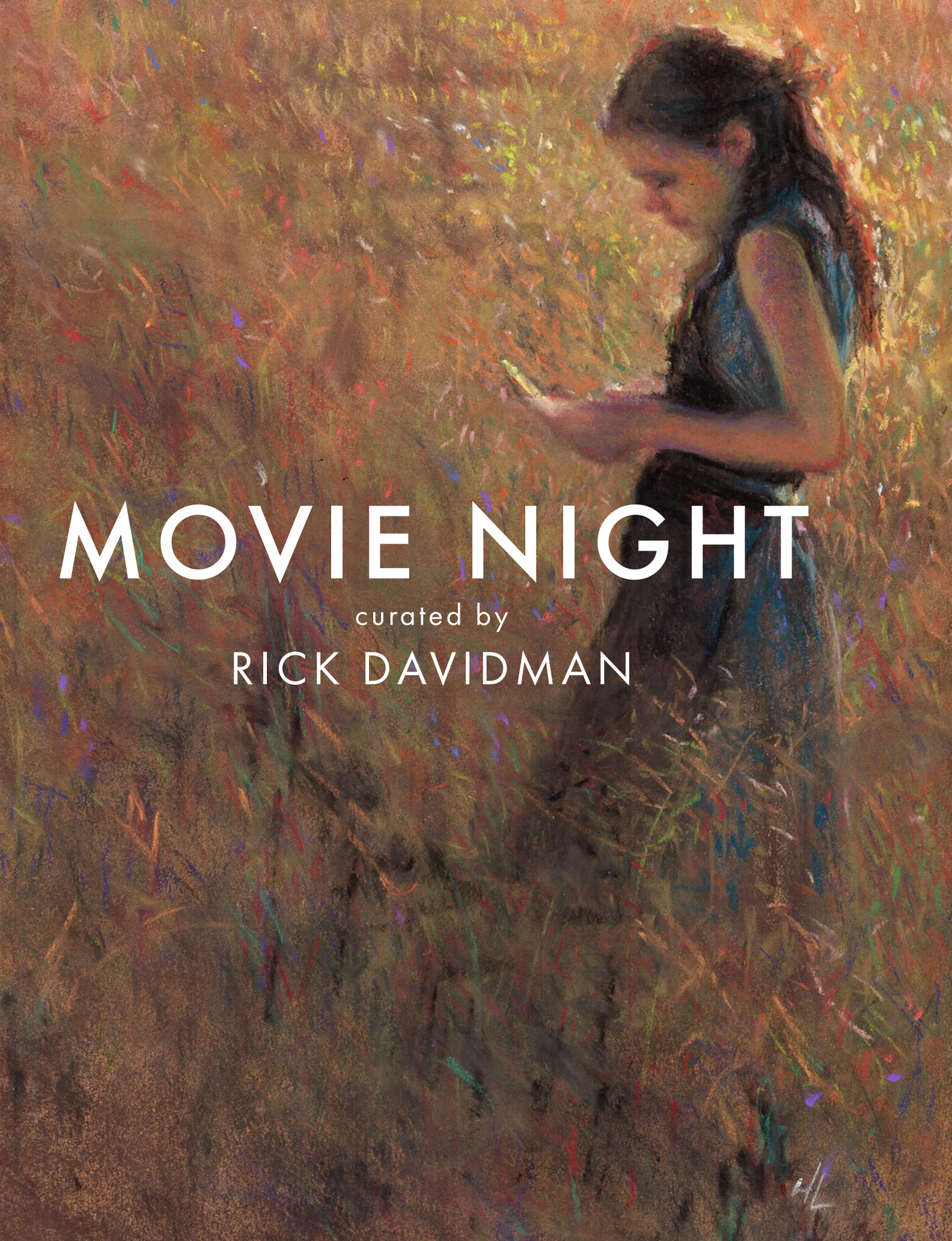
3. A Thousand Times Good Night
27.6" x 19.7" charcoal on paper

JOHN HYLAND

4. A Little Wash & Trim
8" x 12" oil on canvas







MOVIE NIGHT

curated by

RICK DAVIDMAN

HL

DAVID LEHMAN

Just a Couple of Mugs

1.

The man wears a double-breasted suit, the woman a collarless jacket and black leather gloves, with a single flower behind her left ear or a yellow bonnet with a dark brown band. The question is what they should do with the stolen money.

2.

Dana Andrews and Linda Darnell hate each other in a hotel room with sink in San Francisco. They just had a fight or gone to bed; maybe both. "I'm waiting for something to happen," he says. Then: "Nothing's going to happen." He takes off, goes to the Blue Gardenia, and catches the bartender's eye. "What'll it be?" "I'll have a double scotch." (Pause). "Make that a single scotch." (Pause). "I'll settle for a beer." Those are the best lines he gets.

In the Blue Gardenia, Jean Hagen recites a poem by Robert Burns. She can sing, too. "You're hired." "I get forty dollars a week plus bail money."

3.

The challenger shows his hand: three kings. In the ensuing melee, a watch with three diamonds is missing.

In the shabby hotel room, the down-on-his-luck guy with the loosened tie says, "I can change." Ha. She knows the only sense in which a man can change is if he is a football player in his street clothes heading to the locker room where he will don his uniform and helmet before practice.

In a side street, a pawnbroker makes an offer for the pistol that is aimed right at him. "Be careful with that thing," he says. "Do I look like a murderer?" the man with the pistol says. And the pawnbroker answers: "Do I look like a pawnbroker?"

The plan was foolproof. No one was supposed to get hurt.

4.

You professors can argue all you want about suicidal nihilism. I'm an insurance man and all I need to know is here in ten volumes, broken down by age, by occupation, by sex, by seasons of the year, by time of day, by means and by method.

Ann Sheridan walks out on her husband, and Dan Duryea claims he killed the old man not for the jade but because he had been hypnotized and was in a trance. The gun couple on the run are cornered and killed. Nobody knows what happened to the money. The ex-lovers unite in a beach café in Peru. Raymond Burr plays the heavy.

5.

"That was maybe one gamble too many," the lieutenant snapped. And then he went back to work, as though nothing had happened.





JESSICA LIBOR

1. Sleeping Beauty Awakening
10" x 8" oil & silver leaf

HODAYA LOUIS

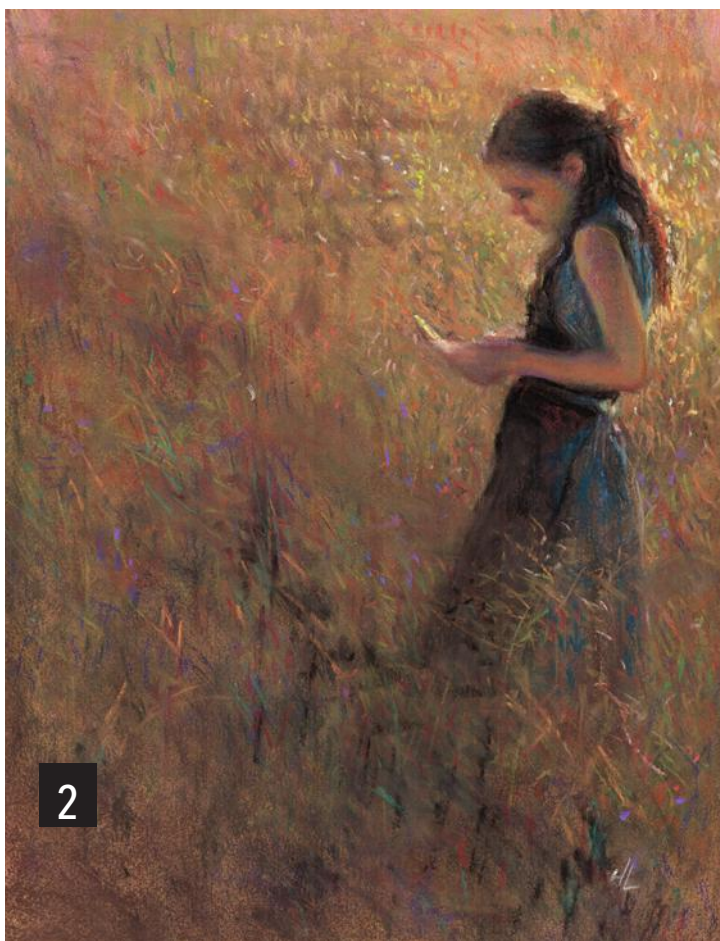
2. Ain't Them Bodies Saints
12" x 9" soft pastel on paper

FELICE HOUSE

3. Wilhelmina Munny in Unforgiven
48" x 48" oil on canvas

BELINDA EATON

4. Olive
32" x 23" oil on canvas



ELLIE WILLIAMS

1. Rosemary's Baby
11.7" x 8.3" oil on board

DANIEL VOLANEC

2. Metanoia
44" x 32" charcoal on paper

SHARON SAYEGH

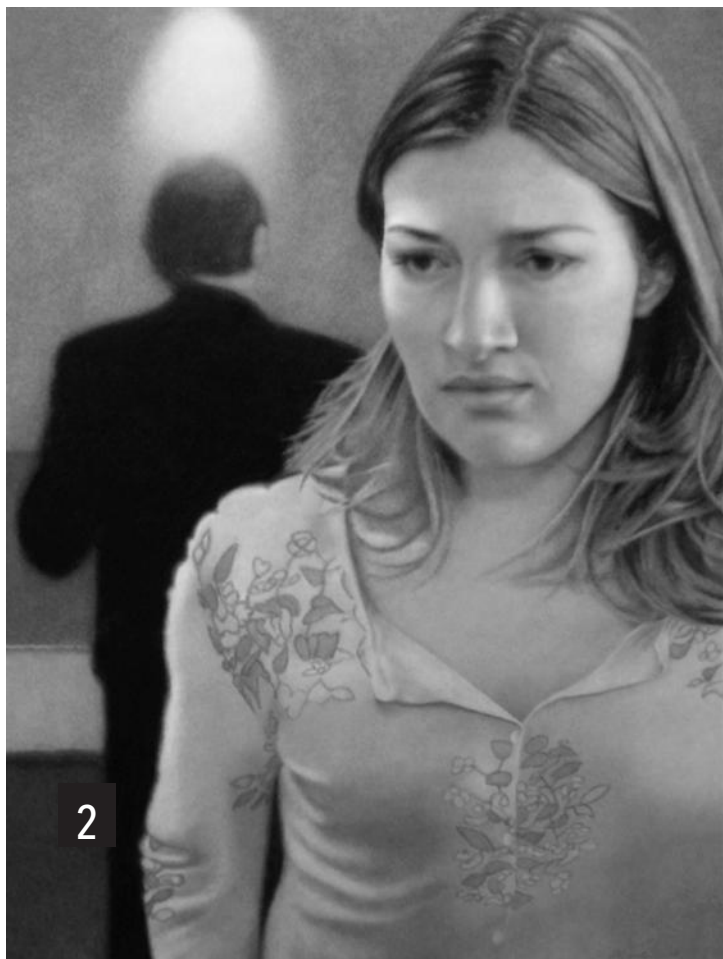
3. Something Wild
36" x 24" oil

GRANT GILSDORF

4. A Clockwork Orange, The Dark Knight,
Silence of the Lambs
48" x 60" acrylic on canvas

DAENA TITLE

5. Gone with the Wind
36" x 48" acrylic pen on canvas



4



5



LINDA ANN LoSCHIAVO

Why the Girl Can't Help it

"I'm 'that way'," said Jayne Mansfield to the press,
"About my fella, Mickey Hargitay!"

Across America, most mothers hissed,
"Don't be like her!" A movie star famed for
Her simmering stoked sex appeal was not
Most women's norm in 1956.

Was it a mystery, what sexpots do
Behind closed doors with Mickies, Ricks, or Dicks?

"The Girl Can't Help It" played in the drive-ins.

Those steamed-up windows indicated fun
Was causing perspiration. The theme song
Explained how sexiness turned bread to toast.
A symposium of screen stars proved Mom
Wrong. As car springs swayed, we gave it away.

celeste doaks
Dear Dorothy/Diana
~ after "The Wiz"

Dorothy, it was always about the Scarecrow. It was never about you
and your tired red shoes, clicking themselves into a wish, sparkling
into darkness. You whined about Auntie Em and Uncle Henry while he
wished for more between his cranium walls than spaghetti. You loved him then
as you do now. His fuzzy afro and yellow dandelion straw sticking out
of his pants like a dream. Even the child in me saw the whimsical way he gazed
at you, his brown fingers interlocked with yours. I loved watching you two ease
down those bricks, unstoppable, headed for the wizard. Skipping down
a road full of demise, a road full of promise, on a quest to be more
than shooting stars leaving your dust behind. And perhaps
the wizard didn't know, but you did Diana. You knew how fleeting
his star was. Even if he found his brains, his bright light was already
beginning to wane. Not you, the tin man, lion, or dancing trashcans could save
the scarecrow's delicate orb of light. He was always a constellation speeding
non-stop towards heaven.

MAX OCHS

Birdie Could Have Been a Star

Let me sing of my photogenic mother. Look,
that's her picture in the paper: camera angled
down at her high cheek bone. People said
you could have passed for Kate Hepburn,
but, even with your freckles and your red hair,
you were so shy, too reticent to be a movie star.
It's easy to see how Daddy got smitten, though,
listening to you, Birdie, pretend to play Chopin
on the player piano, fingers on keys as it rolled.
His high pheromone molecules flew through
tiny square holes of the screen door; his vinegar
scent poured into the soul of your Polonaise.

As with the lilac, whose virtue is its perfume,
who lives a week, then fades its bloom,
your bouquet shows little petals in a clump.

From your perch over the clutter you look
at myriad letter size sheets covered with words.
One of your paintings hangs on an oaken board,
but some of your work looks moldy lately.
Many of the good pieces have gotten looted.
The torn canvas collages stored in the cellar
are in need of sunshine and Daddy's vinegar.

Lilacious pink, so you named my hue.
In rains you get spongy, purple and plump.
Rain's tender hands held wee cups of dew.
I scourged you with earthy lilac wine.

Thank you, Mom, for being in my movie.
I begrudged you such a hard time. These days,
my children would rather see screens than me.
May as well all enjoy these days of paradise,
the starlit lilac land where Birdie lies.

Come, splash your blushing face with my spray.
When your erotic scent dries up, just drop away.

Thanks Birdie, for good books in the bookcases.
She doesn't like dust. Makes a pretty girl sneeze.
Now freeze the frame of my fair mother's heart.
No-strings loving lady who birthed me, please
just feel how dearly I hold your works of art.





CLAUDIA KAAK

1. Untitled Series 1, Number 5
23.6" x 31.5" oil on canvas

JULIANNE JONKER

2. Black Panther
24" x 24" encaustic wax

DAISY FRESH

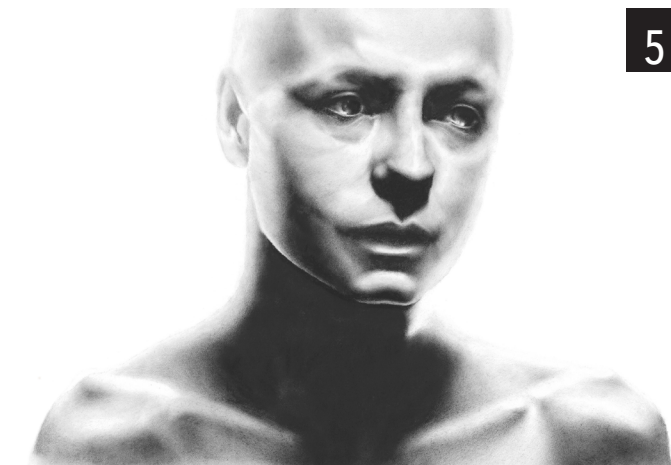
3. Femme Fatale 2
16" x 12" analogue photography

BUKET SAVCI

4. Into the Wild
12" x 18" oil on panel

BUNNY HINZMAN

5. Minority Report
8" x 14" graphite, charcoal & Conté on paper



1



BERT HEERSEMA

1. Clumsy
15.8" x 19.7" oil on canvas

TERESA BRUTCHER

2. Snow White, The Fairest of Them All
39" x 31.5" oil on canvas

SYBILINE

3. A Place Where Nobody Dared to Go
16" x 16" oil

BARBARA FOX

4. Casablanca
5.5" x 7" charcoal

2



3



4



STEWART MOSS

Pas de Deux

In the film “45 Years,” as the characters Kate and Geoff
struggle toward each other
 with the nuggets of love
they still carry in the secrets purses
of their hearts, their hands constellated by liver spots,
 Geoff’s chest bisected by the trespasses
of surgery, and his mind afflicted by nostalgia,
a word invented in the 17th century to describe the anxiety
 mercenaries feel about maybe never returning home,
the nearly frozen memory of his first love
haunts his marriage as an impediment,
 the sun having melted the snow
from the deep fissure that claimed her
while they’d hiked in the Swiss alps
 and the discovery of her remains coming to him in a letter
delivered past the lush fields, waterways
and dense copses of Norfolk.

As I watched all this on the screen,
the gestures and facial expressions
 of the long-married couple
like the contractions and releases in a modern dance,
perhaps a pas de deux played out amidst acts of domesticity,
 the making of tea, eating dinner together
at the kitchen table, or in the ungainly choreography of sleep
smoothed over by time and recorded deep
 in the motor nerves of the body,
it came to me that the first moment
of everything we love
 is our home, that hearing The Platters sing
“When your heart’s on fire” for the first time
is what we yearn for,
 as husband and wife dance to it 45 years later,
when smoke has gathered in their eyes and along their spines
from what has burned and is lost
 and never drifts away.

MARIA MAZZIOTTI GILLAN

Doris Day

Your movies always ended with marriage,
promising life lived happily ever after.
Rock Hudson was always your groom,
the handsome man who chased you
through numerous misunderstandings
until you agreed to be his forever.
In *The Rivoli* or *The Fabian Theater*,

we watched you, longed
with all our sixteen-year-old hearts
for your life, the luxurious white
peignoir, the roses on the breakfast tray,
the absence of any real tragedy,
a world without dead children

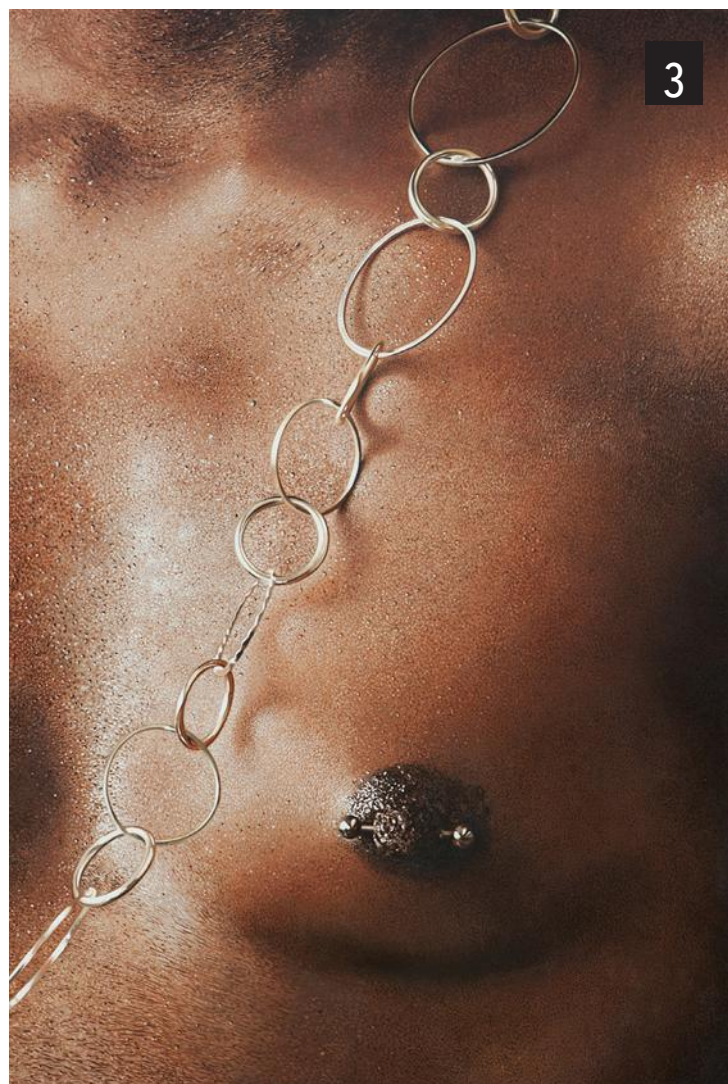
or atrophied love, your life lived
on the surface where everything
you ever wanted was finally yours.
We followed you adoringly down
that red-carpeted aisle, the white
wedding gown, the tiered wedding cake,

the limousine, the handsome groom,
and were shocked, then, to find
it was only a dream after all,
a celluloid fantasy we wanted to live out.
We tried for years not to know
that love often led to grief and sorrow,

that a house can be empty even
when it is full of people, that loss
is a burden we must carry alone.
Oh perky Doris, even you must have suspected
that what you were selling was counterfeit.
Where are you now, Doris Day?

Were you as fooled as we were
by those Technicolor moments,
some part of you wanting to believe
that your life, too, could be easy
and smooth, all scented cream
and satin, and that like *Sleeping Beauty*

you needed a man to wake you.
Are you longing now for sleep
into which you can escape
the monotony of marriage
lived in black and white?





VIKTORIA SAVENKOVA

1. Experience
39.4" x 23.6" oil on canvas

SHAWN SULLIVAN

2. I Will Not Be Ignored
20" x 16" oil

NADINE ROBBINS

3. The Color Purple
36" x 24" oil on linen

KAREN OFFUTT

4. Blue Velvet
24" x 18" oil on cradled panel

INGRID CAPOZZOLI FLINN

5. Romeo and Juliet circa 1968
12" x 12" oil on vinyl LP

LAUREN BERGMAN

6. What's Stopping You?
38" x 32" acrylic on paper





O'NEIL SCOTT

1. Into the Spider Verse
24" x 24" oil on panel

THOMAS WHARTON

2. Whatever Happened to Baby Jane
18" x 18" oil on linen

VICTORIA SELBACH

3. Shatter
50" x 32" acrylic on canvas & collage on wood

MARIANNA FOSTER

4. The Vow
24" x 18" oil on wood panel



MICHAEL GUSHUE
The Hunchback of Notre Dame

for Charles Laughton

Esmeralda: We are the Travelers, come from the East—
our wheels our hearth; our roots the blown leaves.
Our only possession: our tongue.

Wherever we went, the gadjo badgered us.
They drove us away, pelted us with stones.
We kept moving. The Romany, the wagon-born.

Now camped outside this city, this Paris,
our children's hands are white with cold.
I ready myself to amuse the crowds.

When I dance, mens' greed stains me.
Their eyes say I am beautiful. But I am
not beautiful. Justice is beautiful.

Frollo: The world itself is plague.
I'll scrape the wide earth clean,

down to white bone.
The men who swarm it are vermin:

gluttons who wallow like pigs,
rats that chitter and bite,

goats mewling after sex
in the dank stench of their rut.

What else is the body but
the rent soul's fouled garment?

It must be cleaned
like a wound. Everywhere

I look, I see disobedience,
I see the latrine and the brothel.

A herd jostles and chatters,
riotous and lewd and drunk.

There are the gypsies, obscene,
godless in their capering,

and who is that woman, dancing
in the square? What is her beauty

but the sheen of corruption? Yet
I cannot make myself look away.

Quasimodo: There is no refuge from beauty.
Her name meant emerald, but I did not

believe illumination was a power,
I believed there was nothing inside flesh

but more flesh, that light could never reach me,
no door would open to let in radiance.

Oh, I knew I was a monster, a knotted
horror. Then he ordered me to seize her,

carry her off. I was caught like a dog,
given a dog's punishment in the city square.

Staked to the wheel, left to burn in the sun—
I croaked my thirst. Then her two hands cupped

water for my dried tongue. A window opened,
a spear of light fell from the sky's transom.

When she was condemned to hang,
I saved her, carried her away

from the gallows, lifted her—a swallow—
to the cathedral's buttressed roof.

Until that moment I had been clay, raw clay.
How could she know she was my kiln?

Her fire remade me, her sigil cut
into my heart: a jar with no bottom,

hollowed flute, earth unearthed. I was a chasm
brought to light. Beauty uproots everything.

MILLICENT BORGES ACCARDI

Woman in a YelloX Dress

Saved up from Pledge or Dove.
It was that way in those days.
Women-folk collected stamps
and coupons. You got a tank of gas
and received Corning ware.
You hoarded grocery receipts
from Albertsons for red encyclopedias
and A tickets to Disneyland,
stored in a shoebox under the bed.
We had a den with deep shelves,
From birds' eye maple,
filled with starts and half-stops:
those multiple sets of volumes
from A to M, from A to D. Then the
stragglers of AB and AB.
On a whim, my mother saved up
for the yellow polyester sheath,
trim like the body of a bottle,
a treasure promised to her from soap
and furniture polish commercials,
the squeaky bright yellow pumps
that accompanied the lemon-colored
A-line drop dress, matched with
a heavenly scarf, that, when she wore
it, was as if she was every movie
star and every woman was vintage
Sophia-Loren-beautiful, on her way
to a Roman holiday in a topless
sports car, shrouded by her escape.

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