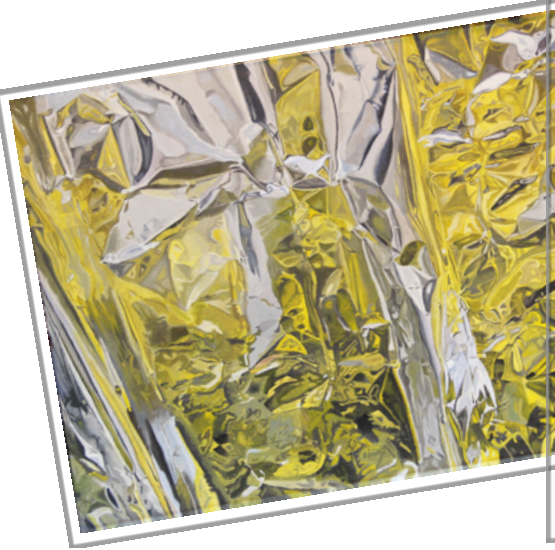


The Arts NEWSLETTER



AUTUMN 2019



**Right: A
self-
portrait
by Paul
Chapman**



Returning
to the art
world after

retiring from a teaching career in
Queensbury, Paul Chapman has
rediscovered his energy.

In many ways, art has been his
life's passion. Educated at SUNY New
Paltz, he graduated and did post-grad
work at SUNY Plattsburgh. Soon after
he began teaching art at Queensbury
Elementary School, and eventually
taught every grade level during ten
years. He then moved on to teaching
high school art, retiring as Chairman of
the high school art department.
Searching for a way to bring meaning,
relaxation and enjoyment to retirement,
he turned to art.

"I have found my niche. It
feels good," he said.

His art has been displayed
throughout the upstate NY area,
from galleries in Washington County
to Saratoga and beyond, and he has
sold many pieces.

"After retiring, I used my new
free time to catch up on some things
that I let slide over the years. After
awhile, however, I got reacquainted
with the production of art and
started painting again. It feels good.
I have found my voice. This is how I
will end my days. This is my future,"
he said.

Paul works in acrylic,
spanning a wide variety of subjects,
including realistic urban and rural
scenes, still life, abstract, nature and
figurative.

What captures the viewer's
eye is the skillful representation of
texture. His still life paintings of
cinnamon rolls and toast display an

amazing realism and attention to detail.

Paul has displayed his art at
many venues --the Barrett Art Center in
Poughkeepsie, the Limner Gallery in
Hudson, NY, the Wired Gallery in High
Falls, the Saratoga Art Center in
Saratoga, the Laffer Gallery in
Schuylerville, and the Shirt Factory
Gallery in Glens Falls, among many
others.

He also had a one-man art show
at the Crandall Public Library titled
"Paul Chapman Over the Years."



**Above: 12 Whole Grains, acrylic on
canvas**

North Country Arts (NCA)
Suite 114
71 Lawrence St.
Glens Falls, NY 12801

Visit us at:
www.northcountryarts.org
Like us on Facebook



Vanhornesville Feed Store, acrylic on canvas

Paul:

I drove by this feed store in the quaint hamlet of Vanhornesville many times, always noticing it. The doors and windows are open all day each day, regardless of the weather -- (hardy folks?). The construction of this building is outstanding -- limestones of varying sizes laid neatly in rows, singly and doubles to match other sized stones and to create a marvel of talented technique. I imagine this building is very old - sadly, I don't know the exact age.



Mine is the Big One, acrylic on canvas

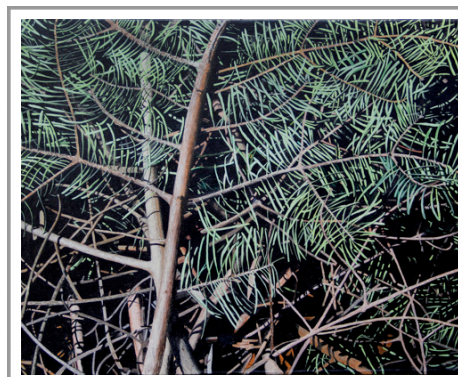
Paul:

Just for the hell of it, I did a painting of a single piece of toast - dry toast, hearty toast - symbolizing the breakfast I have when I meet with some of my friends on Wednesday mornings. There were also cinnamon buns that resulted in a contest over who got the larger bun. One would announce that he had the larger bun, probably because the waitress liked him better. Eventually, one person brought in a scale to weigh the buns to see if they are truly equal. Over time, they both switched to another favorite for their treat and the contest died a natural death. For me, it turned out to be good inspiration for a painting.

Branch Offcuts, acrylic on canvas

Paul:

A reference photo, taken in the bright sunlight, created sharp contrast, and led me to do this painting. The underside of branches present an interesting green-gray color contrast, and the needles are quite soft, all aspects I wanted to capture. When I was building my house, I planted saplings in the woods out back and left them there. One is still there, in the woods, very much smaller. Three are now planted in the open - and those are much larger. I always thought they were spruce trees but now I am not sure. The needles are like both fir and spruce, hence the vague title of the artwork.



Paper Work, acrylic on canvas

Paul:

This man is working on paper as it is being made behind him. I decided to paint this industrial process because of the noise in this area and this man's focus, with his ear plugs in, quietly making notations on paper.

More of Paul Chapman's art is at www.paulmchapmanart.com. You can contact him at paulchapman1@mac.com.

North Country Arts Juried Photography Show Winners

North Country Arts held its annual awards ceremony for its juried photography show July 11 at the Crandall Library Friends Gallery. Juried by Stacy Weingand, the winners were David Graham, Matthew Farenell and Don Polunci. The juried photography show is an annual competition that allows area amateur photographers to display their talent and allow the public to view their skills. Congratulations to all of the winners and thank you to all who entered.

Photo, left to right:

Stacy Weingard (juror), David Graham, Don Polunci, Matthew Farenell, and NCA President Judith Aratoli Tully.

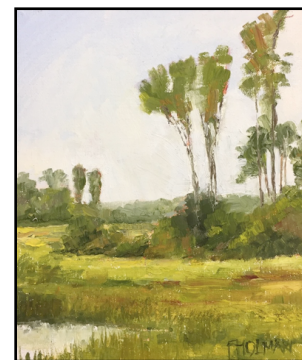


50th Anniversary Celebration Needs Volunteers

NCA will be celebrating 50 years as a non-profit organization in 2021. A celebratory event will take place at a yet-to-be-decided location in Glens Falls at the holiday season. Volunteers are needed to make this event be successful. If you would like to be on the planning committee, please contact Judith Tully, president, NCA, at jtully27@gmail.com. In early 2020 we shall be meeting to organize this event.

Fred Holman at Caldwell Public Library, Lake George

Through September, Fred Holman will be displaying his landscape art at the Caldwell Public Library, Lake George. Come see his beautiful renditions of regional landscapes. Display open library hours.



Jon Segan Displays at Mohawk Hudson Regional

Long time NCA board member Jon Segan has had his work, "And Then She Touched the Sound, Fixing it for All to See," (at right) selected to be in this years Mohawk Hudson Regional show at the Hyde Collection. The reception is the afternoon of October 12th.



International Dance Exhibit in Clifton Park

Dr. Jacqueline Touba is exhibiting her watercolor batik dancers of five continents at the Clifton Park Library through the month of September, 2019. The exhibition is part of the Saratoga Arts program of Art in Public Places. The exhibit is open during library hours. There will be a selection of dancers in traditional dress from Asia, Europe, Southern Africa, South and Central America and North America represented by Native American dancers. Preliminary to the paintings, Dr. Touba creates a pen and ink drawing from dancers and has published four coloring books from these drawings. The fifth book, of Native American dancers will be available at the Glens Falls Book Fair in November. Dr. Touba just completed an exhibition at the Lower Regional Arts Council Gallery in Glens Falls in July.



President's Message

Dear North Country Arts Members,

Together we have accomplished much in the last few months.

The 2nd Floor Gallery has featured the works of Bonnie Thomkins, shown an archival retrospective of Glens Falls and is presently exhibiting the works of Phyllis Brown. September's show will feature the artwork of Linda Buerkley. The NCA Gallery shows; "Metamorphosis," and "Light and Color Everywhere" were very well received. The present exhibit, "Squared," is very diverse; NCA always encourages artists interpretation.

The Photography Show at the Friends Gallery was equally eye-catching. The expertise of our hanging committee continues to coordinate the artwork creating visual masterpieces. The second Artists Studio Tour commenced in August with over thirty artists participating. It was a wonderful opportunity for visitors to have a first-hand view of the creative process. In addition to the shows that are scheduled for this fall, I am proud to announce that we are embarking of another collaborative featuring the poetry of one of our members, Bernice Mennis.

Our Board of Directors now has new members. Welcome aboard: Vice President Phil Casabona, Treasurer Maria Clara Castano, Secretary Anne Nelson, and Associate Board Member and Bookkeeper Jennifer Switzer. I want to thank our new officers for their commitment.

Sincerely,

Your President, Judith Aratoli Tully

Exciting Opportunity in 2020 For Members of North Country Arts

NCA is applying for a NYS Decentralization Grant administered through LARAC to create a program for three areas of the arts to collaborate: Fine Arts, Music and the Performing Arts, and Literature similar to the program produced three years ago called LAST CALL. This will be for September, 2020 called "**HOLDING IT ALL**" a collaboration of poetry by Bernice Mennis, set to music by composer Catherine Reid and John Anthime Miller, and an exhibition of North Country Arts members' art to be created based on one or part of one of the selected poems. Each artist may submit two pieces. This will culminate in an exhibit at the Crandall Public Library Gallery for one month and at the performance venue. Art may be for sale. There will be five juror's choice awards awarded at the performance. **The poems are included and will be available on the NCA Website.**

An artist can select one or more poems on which to base the art. Art can be based on a small part of the poem or more, and can be in any media. This is the initial announcement so artists can start thinking about this project for fall of next year. Details of where, when and how to participate will be forthcoming. "This project will be made possible with funds from the Decentralization Program, a regrant program of the NYS Council on the Arts with the support of Governor Andrew Cuomo and the NYS Legislature and administered by the Lower Adirondack Regional Arts Council." Decisions will be made in the spring of 2020 but the applications for the grant must be submitted by mid October, 2019. **THEREFORE IT WOULD BE HELPFUL TO KNOW HOW MANY OF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN PARTICIPATING SO PLEASE COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING AND SEND IT BACK TO jstouba@verizon.net BY OCTOBER 15, 2019 OR TO NCA GALLERY, 114, THE SHIRT FACTORY, 71 Lawrence St., Glens Falls.**

Artist Form of Intent to Submit. Return by Oct. 15, 2019 to jstouba@verizon.net or NCA Gallery, #114, the Shirt Factory, 71 Lawrence St., Glens Falls, NY 12801

Name of Artist: _____

Poem Chosen if decided: _____

email: _____ Medium _____

The Passageway

At what age does baby turn into boy and boy turn man?
I look at the children huddled together,
clutching their mother's skirt,
an empty bowl, a small possibility of rain, mother and child hiding
from men strutting,
guns slung on shoulder,
walking through the streets
emptied by fear,
young boys hiding who, in a few days or years,
will become those feared men.

What happens to that sweet and fearful boy
still bonded to mother and sister?
What ocean had he to swim
to get to this strange land
where nothing is familiar,
no one family, nothing sacred?
How does he turn into that man?

And is there
any way
for him
to return
to the motherland?

On the Theme of Exile

Each weary and abandoned cat who wends its way
to our window in the winter cold just wants shelter and food.
The last, Pumpkin Shalom, no different from the others.

But those who have come before do not welcome this new one.,
though I admonish with words from the Holy Book
to remember that they too were once strangers in a strange land,
exiles forlorn and hungry, seeking simple shelter,
the refrain repeated again and again in the Old Testament.
Someone clearly thought it important.

But still they fight, their own past now invisible in present luxury.
They do not want to hear the pain of the new wanderers.

In the news I see pictures of women
wrapped in brightly colored dresses
to which their small children cling
under the weight of all their lives.
they are fleeing from what was home
to what is not yet known.
A simple hope of safety an open door.

And isn't that true for all of us?

Yesterday it was the people of Sudan, Liberia, Zimbabwe,
and before that the Congo, three million dead,
and millions of refugees, Rwanda, Angola, Barundii . . .
Nowhere safe.

And before that the Palestinians, now, still,
and before that the Jews, and before that the Jews,
not so long ago.

(continued from previous paragraph)

What happens to memory?
How can what is so visceral
not touch us, our heart to another's heart,
the feeling of cold and hunger,
the heavy bags, the fear, the fist, the hatred of the other,
the stranger who was ourselves,
who is ourselves?

And More Questions

What are they fighting for,
fighting over,
those men
with guns
while women,
gather water,
plant fields,
cook food
to feed the children,
some of whom will become
the men with guns
who will destroy home and field.

Last night I saw men
with other instruments,
cellos, violins, French horns, oboes, flutes
playing with love and joy.

And of course it would be insane
for the cello to take up arms against the flute,
the viola to destroy the clarinet,
he piano to silence the violin playing so softly.

Instruments of war,
instruments of beauty,
what we carry, what we do with our arms
and hearts.

Call it the Ice Pond

Call it the ice pond
of the heart.
Call it skimming the surface tentatively,
Call it fear or pain or powerlessness.
Call it not being able to touch any creature
swimming below the surface,
familiar or strange.
Call it almost not remembering the summer
of movement - the beaver's silver motion,
the frog's surprising spring, the graceful sway of grass
Call it cold and distant.

In winter fishermen sit for hours on the frozen ice
before the small dark circle carved by their own hands.
They wait for the pull of the line.

These words are like that thin line dangling into the waters below
waiting for something to tug at my heart.

I Look for Signs

I look for signs of life.

The tiny red maple leaves suddenly appear on two branches,
the rose vine cascades under the wood pile,
the azalea spurts small green leaves.
I find Tania's cup and broken plate, buried in ash,
the crushed metal merry-go-round,
paintings and sketches, torn, parts missing,
almost beautiful in their new forms.

I handle each piece reverently,
place them delicately on the earth,
as if they are the treasure they are,
this small remnant, even the porcelain fragments
almost unrecognizable,
the warped and twisted metal,
and me seeing anew, defining again,
what is precious, what is life.

This morning I breathed sweetness
and didn't smell ash.

After the fire I knew our loss could be comprehended,
was not measureless, like mountains, rivers,
aquifers, springs,
like air and earth.

Nature's Fragments

And aren't we all gleaners on this earth
looking for fallen fruit left on the ground
when we are hungry,
or a lit house in the distance
when we are lost,
or a fire
when we are cold?

If the river is wide enough
jetsam and debris float in light and waves
making swirls of color.
Hard to name what is beautiful or ugly.

If I allowed this stillness to move more slowly
I could go into the disappearing landscape of myself.
One yellow leaf lands on my drawing pad
and a few grace my shoulder.
If I lay still on the earth, my body would make a print.
It would be called the place where no leaves fall.

A butterfly moves in the wind like a yellow leaf staying afloat
That's me there, afloat and flying,
silently singing the song of unknown birds.

When you first enter paradise move slowly.
You have never been here before.
You may never come again.

(continued from previous paragraph)

To meditate this is what you need to do:
Every morning
do nothing again and again

I finally got there today be going nowhere very slowly.

Song, Remembered From a Long Ago Vision

I am the doer
I am the giver
I am the earth
I can receive.

I am the sunlight on the mountains
I am the shadow under the trees.

I am the bird that's in that sunshine
I am the snake that's in that shade
I am the bird that sings so softly
I am the snake that moves so still.

I am the wind whose music dances
I am the earth that makes no sound
I am the sound that turns to silence
I am the silence that can be heard.

I am the roots that go deep under
I am the boughs that sway so high
I am the old one who seems too foolish
I am the child who seems so wise.

Sometimes I know my life's a circle
always flowing returning home
but something I feel I have no center
I am a sport lost and alone.

Then I go to my own mother
touch her earth and breathe her air
drink her water, see her bounty,
and I know my heart is there.

And I know my home is there.

NCA's Second Floor Gallery Fall/Early Winter 2019-2020 Exhibits

BY DENNIS WILSON -

Summer, 2019 brings with it two exhibitions to NorthCountryARTS City Hall Gallery. We hope all NCA members can drop by to enjoy viewing them. The schedule is as follows:

2019 WINTER 2ND FLOOR GALLERY SCHEDULE	DATES OF DISPLAY	RECEPTION
Linda Buerkley	9/9 - 10/18	9/13 5-7 p.m.
Gregg Figura	10/21 - 11/22	10/25 5-7 p.m.
Dennis Wilson	11/25 - 1/3	11/29 5-7 p.m.

Linda Buerkley

For years Linda Buerkley has worked tirelessly to support the arts in the Saratoga-



Glens Falls area. After graduating from both SUNY Buffalo and SUNY Albany with degrees in Art Education, Linda taught Art in the Shenendahowa School District for 36 years. She has also taught Art at Skidmore College, has been a docent at the Hyde Collection, and been a past vice-president and president of NorthCountryARTS when it was called the North Country Arts Center. In addition, Linda has juried many local art shows, and for 2018 and 2019 was a New York State Designated Educator for memory sharing and art journal writing at the Kingsbury-Fort Edward Senior Center. In 2007 Linda painted the fiberglass horse in front of the Saratoga Inn. In 2008 she also



Painted a window, "Small Adirondack

Animals," for the Glens Falls Centennial Project. The Hyde Collection in 2009 sponsored a program, "Degas," for which Linda painted a ballerina. A skilled photographer, Linda often photographs anything of interest to her, sometimes simply driving wherever she wishes to take pictures. Her photographs have been exhibited at the Saratoga Arts Council, at the NorthCountryARTS gallery, and at Bjsartworks in the Shirt Factory. Linda exhibits her photographs, monotypes, drawings and paintings at LARAC, NorthCountryARTS, Cooperstown, Old Forge, Albany and Schenectady.

For her fall exhibit, Linda will showcase her monoprints. The terms "monoprint" and "monotype" are often used interchangeably, but they actually refer to different processes. A monoprint is one of a series whereas a monotype is a single creation. Linda draws or paints on a smooth, nonabsorbent surface,



All artwork this page by Linda Buerkley



plexiglass in her case, and then places a sheet of paper over the plexiglass, transferring the image. Linda has ample experience making and exhibiting monoprints. The Glen at Highland Meadows has shown her monoprint work. In 2008, one of her monotypes, “Nesting” won three awards at a juried show at the Old Forge Art Center.



Gregg Figura

“...there are things that are not rational.” So says City Hall’s second artist of the fall, Gregg Figura, who describes himself as a “Conceptual Experientialist.” His art is a personal search for identity based on experience, belief, and living in a society of continual change. He seeks to bring value to that which is devalued through interactive installations and also through static art forms.

Gregg is a Magna Cum Laude graduate of the University of Florida, majoring in Printmaking and Drawing with an emphasis on Medical Illustration. His work has

been exhibited at Crandall Library, Saratoga Arts Center, the Hyde Museum, LARAC, and at Walt Disney World in Florida. As a graphic designer, Gregg has worked with the Solo Cup Corporation in Glens Falls, and with Lockheed Martin Information and Missile Systems in Orlando, Florida.



Gregg’s belief is that the viewer is the ultimate interpreter of the art. For Gregg, the act of creation can be “personal, confusing, intuitive, and mysterious.” Often he does not understand his own work. He uses imagery which is iconic and monolithic, but which is designed to change in order to reflect his belief that change is constant. The materials he uses in his art are all designed to reflect changing light: broken glass, discarded plastic, colored cellophane and others. Change is

then seen in form as the light passes over the images. Gregg draws his subject matter from mental imagery rather than still life. Among his images are:

Man as Giver
 Agreements and Treaties
 Time: Subtleties to Subtleties
 What will happen if...
 The Face of God



All artwork this page by Gregg Figura

Dennis Wilson

NorthCountry Art's last artist of the fall is Dennis Wilson who will exhibit his various chip carvings. Unlike Linda and Gregg, Dennis did not major in Art when he was in college. He holds degrees in Theatre and English from Illinois State University, and taught in international schools as well as at North Warren Central in Chestertown. After retiring in 2002, Dennis and his late wife attended an art fair in Ludlow, Vermont where they saw examples of the chip carving of Wayne Barton who taught a class in it at the Fletcher Farm School for the Arts and Crafts in Ludlow.

Dennis took Wayne's class and has been chip carving ever since. A form of decorative relief woodcarving, chip carvers incise floral, geometric and free form patterns of many kinds into soft woods like basswood and butternut. Common in northern Europe during and even before the Middle Ages, chip carving is rarely done today but seems to be gaining in popularity. Dennis carves beautiful designs into plaques, plates, lamps, Christmas ornaments, coasters, boards, clocks, jewelry boxes and even small stools. A couple years ago he started teaching chip carving at Lake Luzerne's Adirondack Folk School and is presently developing his 2020 teaching schedule there. Interested artists may access the folk school's website, www.adirondackfolkschool.org.



Awards have so far eluded Dennis, but he was the recipient of a 2018 LARAC Individual Artist grant to chip carve images from children's literature along several long boards which were then placed above both the entrance and exit to the children's room in the Chestertown library. Patrons can look up as they enter and see Winnie the Pooh, Pinocchio and a unicorn among others staring down at them. As people exit the children's room, they can say goodbye to the Big Bad Wolf and The Grinch!

A plaque Dennis carved, "Flower Burst," was juried into the 2016 MHR 80 exhibit at the Hyde and was critically acclaimed. Most of the carvings Dennis will exhibit at City Hall will be various abstract designs carved into basswood plaques. He loves drawing and then carving abstract, geometric designs because of their beauty which reflect the beauty of nature's geometry. Another favorite subject is the green man image-a human face surrounded by leaves, branches and flowers.

Be sure to attend these exhibits and in particular the receptions when you can discuss the work with the artists themselves.

Sitters Needed for Gallery

It has been difficult this past summer to enlist sitters for the gallery and many times the gallery has been closed because of this. Please consider donating your time to North Country Arts by volunteering to be a sitter. Even if you can only do it one or two times per show, it would greatly help the Board in filling time slots and keeping the gallery open. It is especially important that the gallery be open for the Shirt Factory Open Houses in the fall and for the holiday shopping season as well as other weekends this fall and winter. Many times the same people generously donate their time when there are other members who could be contributing as well. There is a sign up sheet at every art drop off for sitters to volunteer. NCA is obligated to be open Thursday, Friday & Saturday afternoons if we want to maintain our first floor location. Therefore, all members need to step up to the plate even when not exhibiting, for the gallery also serves as an office & storage of our records.

Clay Concepts Studio Fall Classes

The fall session of the Pottery Wheel Classes & Hand Building Workshops at Clay Concepts Studio is located in The Shirt Factory, Suite #312. Visit the website <http://www.clayconceptspottery.com> for class descriptions and info. To register for a class, email clayconcepts@yahoo.com

Studio Tour 2019

NorthCountryArts held its second Artists' studio tour this August. Again this year, the tour was made possible in part with funds from the Decentralization Program, a regrant program of the New York State Council on the Arts with support of Governor Mario Cuomo and the New York State Legislature and administered by the Lower Adirondack Regional Arts Council. This year we received a grant of \$4400.00. We decided not to solicit ads to save space in the brochure and the result was a simpler, easy-to-read, less expensive promotion piece.

The tour was expanded to two days each weekend responding to comments by attendees last year. Artists in the City of Glens Falls and Queensbury were open on August 3 & 4 while those in northern Warren County were open August 10 & 11. Artists were given 25 brochures to distribute to their buyers. Those that took advantage of this reported larger attendance and more sales.

We promoted the tour through ads in the Post Star, Chronicle, The Sun and The Hill Country Observer. An article also ran in the Lake George Mirror.

Some artists grouped together in one location like the Shirt Factory. Helga Grobel and Lyn-Rae Ashley were with Charlene Leary, and Joe and Dorie Stevenson hosted Emily Latterell. Over \$4,000.00 worth of art was sold. Attendance ranged from

very few people in outlying areas to over 40 in more popular venues. The shops and the venues that were open on a regular basis saw fewer visitors, while those locations that are not open year around tended to get more visitors. More people visited on Sunday than Saturday.



We received many comments from the artists and visitors on marketing and how we might make the event and the experience better. The committee is meeting to discuss this year's event and to suggest changes for the future.



**Council on
the Arts**

Many thanks to all the artists who opened their studios and participated:
from Glens Falls/Queensbury – Betty O'Brien, Bev Saunders, Dave Francis,

Dolores Thompson, Dorie and Joe Stevenson, Emily Latterell, Jacqueline Toubia, Jane Starr Wells, JoAnn Johnson, Lili Marsh, Mike Huskie, Phyllis Brown, Suzette Usher, Susan Beadle and Susan Rivers, and from north Warren County – Betsy Krebs, Charlene Leary, Diane Golden, Fred Holman, Helga Grobel, Janelle Beaulieu, Jessica Phillips, Judy Brown, Kathryn Davis, Lyn-Rae Ashley, Nancy Austin, Russell Palubniak, Ruth Ward, Sandy Jabaut and Susanne Rinus.

NCA Fine Arts Exhibit - December, Crandall Public Library. Artists may submit one work. Crafts, photography and sculpture are ineligible for this show due to space limitations. Work must be ready to hang with wire on back. Fee: \$15 for members, \$25 for non-members. (Become a member at drop off and save). Drop off - Saturday, November 30, 10 a.m. - 4 p.m. at Crandall Public Library. Reception, December 5, starting at 5 p.m. Show runs until the end of December.

Shirt Factory Holiday Open House Dates -

1st open house: Thanksgiving weekend, November 29, 30 and December 1.

2nd open house: December 14 & 15. Contact billiejean@madeinupstateny.org if you want a table at this open house, organized by The Shirt Factory management.

NCA Board Members

Officers

Judith Aratoli Tully: President, Gallery Committee and Youth Visions Program Coordinator

Phil Casabona: Vice Pres. and Gallery Committee, Juried Show Expressions

Maria Clara Castano: Treasurer, 2nd Floor Gallery Chair

Ann Nelson, New Board Member, Secretary

Others

Nancy Austin - Newsletter Coordinator and Designer, Marketing Committee

Elizabeth (Betty) O'Brien: Gallery Committee

Bev Saunders - Labels and Programs

Jon Segan: Juror's Choice Fine Art and Photo Show Coordinator at Crandall Public Library, Gallery Committee, Hanging Coordinator

Sheri Snedeker: Gallery Committee, Mailings

Dolores Thomson - Chair, Marketing Committee

Dr. Jacqueline Toubia: Marketing Committee, Grant Writer, GFArtsDistrict Rep, Juried Art Show, Expressions Coordinator

Non-Board Volunteers

Robin Brewer: 2nd Floor Gallery Assistant

Russell Hillard: 2nd Floor Gallery Assistant

Fred Holman: Associate Member, Studio Tour Coordinator

Emily Latterell: Membership Chairperson

Susan Rivers - Marketing Committee

Jennifer Switzer - Bookkeeper

Jim Tubbs: Gallery Committee

Adelaide Walsh-Leibold: Gallery Committee

Dennis Wilson: 2nd Floor Gallery Exhibit Writer

Stewart's Shops

2019-2020 North Country Arts Schedule

Changes

NCA Gallery, #114, The Shirt Factory

Show Dates: September 28 - November 2

Reception: September 28, 5-7 p.m.

Rejoice

NCA Gallery, #114, The Shirt Factory

Drop Off: November 2, 1-5 p.m.

Show Dates: November 9 - January 4

Reception: November 9, 5-7 p.m.

Special Opportunity for the Holidays at the Shirt Factory

A Collaborative Exhibition - NCA & LARAC at The SF Gallery

All media, up to three pieces, \$10 hanging fee, 4 ft. limit

The number hung will depend on available space - one from each artist will be hung at all times

November 29 - December 28, 2019

This period includes two Shirt Factory Open Houses

Drop Off: Saturday, November 23, 12 p.m. - 4 p.m.

Pick Up: December 28, 12 p.m. - 5 p.m.

Reception: December 7, 5 p.m. - 7 p.m.

Fine Arts Exhibit, Drop Off: November 30, 10 a.m. - 4 p.m.

Crandall Public Library

Reception: December 5, beginning 5 p.m.

Show runs through the month of December

The Sweetheart Deal

Drop Off: January 4, 1-5 p.m.

Reception: January 10

Show Dates: January 10 - February 8

Pick-up: February 8



North Country Arts
Suite 114
71 Lawrence St.
Glens Falls, NY 12801

info@northcountryARTS.org
www.northcountryarts.org

TO:

Non-Profit

US Postage

PAID

Permit No. 33

Glens Falls, NY

Bob and Linda Zila To Display Quilts at the Ruplin Gallery, Town of Chester Library

In October Linda Zila will be showing some of her award winning quilts in the Ruplin Gallery of the Town of Chester library. These will be a retrospective of winning quilts that Linda has shown in various venues

over these last few years. Of exquisite exposition, they range in size and composition and are not to be missed. These quilts will reside in the library for the entire month of October, 2019.



Then in November of 2019, Linda's husband Bob will exhibit in this same Ruplin Gallery in the same Town of Chester library his photos of the beautiful islands of Hawaii. Bob and Linda have made three trips to the golden isles and have photos from Oahu, Maui, the Big Island, Kauai and Molokai to share. The enchantment of the Hawaiian Islands is hard to capture in photographs. The challenge is to communicate the scents and tastes and sounds and music of paradise in visuals that both please and

appease the senses. Come have a look and tell us how close we have come to accomplishing this gargantuan task. If nothing else, you'll have a good time viewing and drifting among "my isles of golden dreams."

Additional Poems from “Holding it All,” by Bernice Mennis

A Faith I Live By

Not the second coming, this is a rapture from the earth.
It is a faith I believe in because I know
what it means to be lifted by beauty.
above the tall pines, their needles glistening with morning light.

This is a faith I believe in because I know
the shadow of darkness moving under the white light of ice.
Above, the tall pines, their needles glistening with morning light.
High and low reflected here, no way to separate heaven from earth.

The shadow of darkness moves under the white light of ice,
its edge like fine lace from the old country.
High and low reflected here, no way to separate heaven from earth.
The rapture to be wrapped in a cocoon of love
transported into darkness.

The thin edges like fine lace from the old country,
not a second coming, this is a rapture from the earth.
The rapture to be wrapped in a cocoon of love
transported into darkness.

What it means to be lifted by beauty,
this is a faith I live by everyday.

Playing the Piano, After a Long Absence

The thought came when I lost the G.
An important note. I would, of course, press down on the key
whenever I read it on the music sheet,
forgetting that it was dead, expecting a response,
For awhile I didn't really miss the G,
could hear the anticipated sound
hanging in the air and in my mind's ear.
When the lower D went I felt bad
but reconciled myself with the thought that the B flat
was more important in most pieces I loved,
which was true, except that then it, too, went.
Losses are not contained, they continue.
Soon whole sections of music stood silent
though my fingers continued to press
the flattened unresponsive keys.

I would occasionally remember the weaker notes
and press a hard and heavy finger down on delicate white.
Sometimes I would sound. But in the gesture
what was sweet and soft was lost,
and in the waiting for the note to slowly rise,
rhythm and spirit sunk a bit. Still there was enough.

Today, in this hot and humid summer,
it's even worse. More notes lie fallen.
I picture a battlefield. It's just loss, I think,
and wonder how much of any life can be lost with spirit
staying intact. At what point, I questioned,
while playing a diminished Pachelbel,
do we despair and stop playing?
How much imagination can fill how much empty space?

I continued to play and thought of Beethoven,
stone deaf and still he could hear music within his mind's ear,
could create whole symphonies. It's clearly possible.

That's the key, I thought, still playing and coming
to a particularly beautiful section where everything seemed
suddenly whole. To hear the deeper notes that still resound
within us, no matter how much is lost.

And the more I played, the more limber my slow fingers.
The G actually returned.

I thought of my travel cross country with my first tape recorder,
my companion unable to hear through the muffled sounds.
But on that whole long trip,
I sang along with Emmy Lou and Janis, Joan and Dylan.

What can I say? I knew the music and I was happy.

The Lake at Early Dawn

In the early dawn
I row toward the rising sun
to reach the remaining mist
at the far end of the pond
before warm touches cold
and mystery disappears
into water.

From the corner of my eye
I see the loons for whom I have searched.
Have them been created through my longing,
a mirage disappearing when I turn my boat?
They slip under water
and quietly disappear
with no trace.

I move toward dark figures at the far end
who become, as I approach,
what they always were: rock on top of rock.

Suddenly two loons appear by my side,
their dark black heads,
their patterned intensity of black and white.
One begins to rise, a ballerina,
with webbed toes touching water,
wings outstretched into air,
she of both air and water.

Their cry of longing in the air,
like my gaze into the distant mist,
disappears and comes again, and again.

I row far out to see the mountain
I know is there and take comfort
in what is unchanged.
I think of the one I love,
wishing her here, by these waters,
hearing the sound of loon,
seeing the mountain
lit by the rising sun.

And I think of my sister,
no longer here on earth,
how she loved birds, in nest or flight,
and loved the sea.
I see her swimming
her small strong body
moving beyond my vision,

I know our beloveds are immortal
in heart and memory,
but today I feel their presence
in all they have loved,
how each time we who still walk this earth
and swim these waters see what was loved
we remember the one who loved,
a mystery within and beyond our reaching.

Leaves and Thoughts

The golden leaf, falling from the tree
now curling through the air
now landing in the stream and moving on the waters,
will never return to that branch
cutting across the sky.

Golden birds shake off their wet wings.
where the leaf has fallen, the pulsating bud.

Clear raindrops like red berries
hang from thin brown tendrils
float in air
drop to the ground.

Everything outside me burst a seed within.
Last night the dark heron silently moving overhead
split into the fiery pink sky that had been gray black for days
and me thinking all birds had already flown south,
and me, now, moving south on the highway.

The pampas grass gray fire, like chimney smoke rising
in front of a glorious dawn, El Greco's steel gray,
shimmering in light, and those two hawks overhead are,
I swear, dancing to Ackerman's guitar.
They must be hearing the same music
moving through my ears.
And now the grass is vibrating with Kitaro's deep sax,
and the blackbirds - ten, thirty - float
like black leaves in the blue blue sky.

Radiant, moving like the geese,
nothing, everything, will be lost.