



# 2020 VISION

Curators  
**David Kratz and Stephanie Roach**

Editor  
**Emma Gilbey Keller**

Presented by  
**New York Academy of Art with Southampton Arts Center**

On View  
**July 25 - December 27**  
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[nyaa.edu](http://nyaa.edu)



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NEW YORK ACADEMY OF ART with **Southampton Arts Center**  
present

# 2020 VISION

## EXHIBITION HOURS

July 25 - December 27, 2020  
Thursday to Sunday, 11am-5pm  
Open Labor Day (Monday, September 7)

September 10 - December 27  
Thursday to Sunday, 12-5pm

## VENUE

Southampton Arts Center  
25 Jobs Lane  
Southampton NY, 11968  
631.283.0967  
southamptonartscenter.org  
@southamptonartscenter  
#SouthamptonArtsCenter

## ORGANIZER

New York Academy of Art  
111 Franklin Street  
New York, NY 10013  
212.966.0300  
nyaa.edu  
@NewYorkAcademyOfArt

## VIRTUAL EXHIBITION

The virtual exhibition will be featured on the New York Academy of Art's website via Eazel: <https://nyaa.edu/2020-vision/>

## COVER ARTWORK

Matthew Hansel, *7pm Window Sills*, 2020, oil and Flashe on canvas, 92 x 54 inches

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New York Academy of Art & Southampton Arts Center present

# 2020 VISION

The pain, loss and uncertainty of the ongoing Covid-19 pandemic.

The awakening cry for social justice following the murders of George Floyd, Breonna Taylor, and Ahmaud Arbery and many others.

The unnerving possibility of global recession.

2020 has already experienced seismic events that are shifting values and shaping our choices as citizens and as creators.

Artists and writers are always the antennae of our society, all the more so at a time as challenging as this one. They have an opportunity—some might say, a duty—to interpret this moment and imagine the world not only as it is, but also as it could be.

This is the guiding challenge of the group exhibition, **2020 Vision**. We asked artists, writers, and creative thinkers to consider three questions of critical importance: Our lives will never be the same, but what will change look like? What do we want to keep as we rebuild? And what must we guard against?

We invited these creators to express what they saw, what they felt, and what they experienced during this time of pause and reassessment, upheaval and risk, and anxiety and uncertainty.

It is our hope that **2020 Vision** marks one of many beginnings in the necessary process of 'post-traumatic growth' and positive change for our society and our world.

Curators **David Kratz** and **Stephanie Roach**  
Editor **Emma Gilbey Keller**

Participating Sponsor **Douglas Elliman**  
Insurance generously sponsored by **AXA XL**

**David Kratz** is a painter and the President of the New York Academy of Art. In 2008, he received an MFA from the Academy, where he focused on figurative art and won the Vasari Prize for best-in-show painting at the MFA Thesis exhibition. Kratz has shown in group exhibitions at the New York Academy of Art, Lodge Gallery, Sotheby's, and Eden Rock Gallery in St. Barth. A graduate of Dartmouth College and Boston University School of Law, Kratz has served on the boards of Citymeals-on-Wheels, the Lifelines Center, and the New Group, as well as helping to found One Day's Pay. He became president of the Academy in 2009, and since then developed a new strategic plan, spearheaded a facilities renovation and expansion, and oversaw the Academy's accreditation from the National Association of Schools of Art and Design and the Middle States Commission on Higher Education.

**Stephanie Roach** has been the director of The FLAG Art Foundation, New York, since the institution's founding in 2008, where she has developed and overseen more than sixty exhibitions with a range of guest curators, including those by Lisa Dennison, Jim Hodges, and Shaquille O'Neal, as well as in-house exhibitions featuring over six hundred established and emerging international artists. FLAG, Roach curated *One, Another* (2011) and co-curated *Space Between* (2015) with Louis Grachos. She is currently an Institutional Advisor for the Suzanne Deal Booth/FLAG Art Foundation Prize and was on the jury panel for the New York Academy of Art Seventh Annual Summer Exhibition in 2013. She has been a member of the Leadership Circle at The Institute of Contemporary Art at the University of Pennsylvania since 2009 and a member of the Contemporary Circle at The Jewish Museum, New York, since 2016. Roach graduated magna cum laude with a bachelor's degree from the University of Pennsylvania in 2005.

**Emma Gilbey Keller** is an author and a journalist. She has written two books, *The Comeback: Seven Stories of Women Who Went From Career to Family and Back Again* (2008) and *The Lady: The Life and Times of Winnie Mandela* (1994). She has been a contributing writer and a columnist for *The Guardian*, and her work has appeared in *Slate*, *Vanity Fair* and *The New York Times* among other publications. She lives in Southampton with her husband, Bill Keller.

## Artists & Writers

John Alexander	Andrae Green	Paine the Poet
Scott Avett	Matthew Hansel	Sarah Paley
Mary Ellen Bartley	Candace Hill	Adam Pendleton
Curtis Bashaw	Nir Hod	Luján Pérez Hernández
Amy Bennett	Rachel Lee Hovnanian	Brynne Rebele-Henry
Tim Buckley	Keionna Jackson	Stephen Roach
Tawny Chatmon	Rashid Johnson	Jean-Pierre Roy
Kate Clark	Julia Jordan	Bastienne Schmidt
Taha Clayton	David Kamp & Steve Porcaro	Brooke Shields
Monica Cook	Kurt Kauper	Krista Louise Smith
Shiqing Deng	Emma Gilbey Keller	Pamela Sztybel
Vincent Desiderio	Cédric Klapisch	Phillip Thomas
Peter Drake	J. Kenji López-Alt	Douglas Unis
Richard Dupont	Bernard Lumpkin	Various Writers, idreamofcovid.com
Thomas Dyja	Adam Lupton	Justin Wadlington
Eric Fischl	Steve Mumford	Chris Wilson
Audrey Flack	Vivek Murthy	Frank Wimberley
Natalie Frank	Tim Okamura	Alexi Worth
Elizabeth Glaessner	Wendy Olsoff	Giannan Wu
Ramiro Gomez	Clifford Owens	



This artwork was done in July 1980. My concerns and worries about the deeply troubling issues facing our country then have not changed over these 40 years. However, given the magnitude of today's climate, meaningful change might finally happen.

John Alexander  
*Stars & Snakes Forever*, 1980  
colored pencil on paper  
30 x 40 inches, 38 x 48 inches framed



My time during the pandemic has been an awakening in many ways. I believe that this has forced me into the Now in transcendent ways. Through this, I experience subtle little moments with expansive universal truths.

They occur while doing dishes or cleaning a junk drawer, taking out the trash, or in this case staring at the creek bed in our woods.

It's like a peek into "everything" that lasts for only a moment, then gone, and never with a bang. I mostly keep this secret for it's only directly between God and me. I really don't like any articulation or literal description I make of it, but I am easily committed to creating based on these gifts before me. No end to this liberation.

Funny thing, how it comes in what seems an incredibly stifling time.

Scott Avett  
*The Creek*, 2020  
oil on canvas  
90 x 70 inches



*7 Things Again and Again*

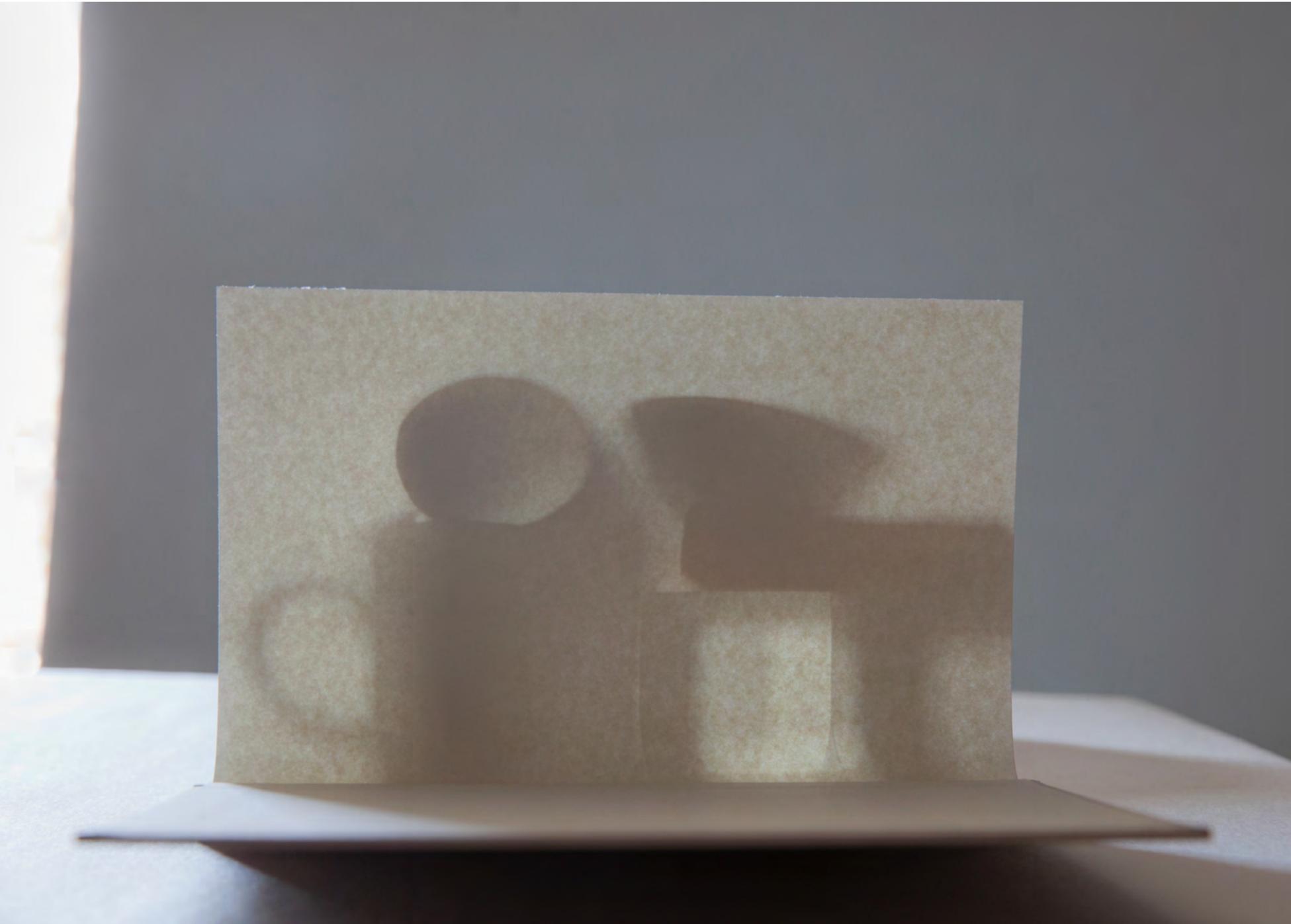
I had to leave my residency working in the library and studio of Giorgio Morandi as the pandemic closed down Italy. Back home in Sag Harbor, I assigned myself a quarantine project inspired by Morandi's process of reduction, repetition, and restraint. I chose seven things at hand and committed to photographing them each day for the thirty days of April.

My attic studio became a sanctuary from global anxiety. And the things on the table, a quiet alternate world, perfectly contained.

Mary Ellen Bartley  
*April 1, 2020*  
archival pigment print  
17 x 22 inches, 18 x 23 inches framed  
edition 2 of 7  
courtesy of the artist and Yancey Richardson Gallery



Mary Ellen Bartley  
*April 2, 2020*  
archival pigment print  
17 x 22 inches, 18 x 23 inches framed  
edition 1 of 7  
courtesy of the artist and Yancey Richardson Gallery



Mary Ellen Bartley  
*April 10, 2020*  
archival pigment print  
17 x 22 inches, 18 x 23 inches framed  
edition 1 of 7  
courtesy of the artist and Yancey Richardson Gallery



Mary Ellen Bartley  
*April 29, 2020*  
archival pigment print  
17 x 22 inches, 18 x 23 inches framed  
edition 3 of 7  
courtesy of the artist and Yancey Richardson Gallery

## Curtis's Index

Curtis Bashaw  
Hotelier

*From the restoration of Cape May's historic Virginia Hotel in 1989, Curtis Bashaw built Cape Resorts into a regional resort hospitality company. He announced the closure of his hotels on March 15, 2020.*

### Curtis's Index

Days closed: 77

Guest rooms closed: 363

Restaurants closed: 7

Employees working on March 16: 429

Employees working on March 19: 35

Mortgage deferral applications filed: 18

Calls and meetings dealing with company finances: 67

Number of banks to which Paycheck Protection Program (PPP) applications were submitted: 3

PPP applications submitted: 15x3

Executive Orders in New Jersey related to Covid: 50

Executive Orders in New York related to Covid: 41

Pieces of legislation received and reviewed: 27

Calls with government officials: 158

Calls with legislators: 38

Texts with political, legislative & government leaders: 798

City, County and State Task Forces: 3

Zoom meetings for task forces: 19

Zoom meetings with friends: 17

Cancellations between March 15 and May 30: 3,340

Room nights cancelled: 9,373

Room revenue lost during the closed period: \$1,281,839

Refunds including future stays: \$1,928,707

Communication updates to employees: 9

Communication updates to investors: 3

Listening sessions with smaller local business owners: nightly

Times my assistant cried in my office: 1

Number of times listened to "It's my Life" by Jon Bon Jovi while running: 22

Number of times I took ½ Xanax to stave off a panic attack: 11

Bottles of Whistle Pig bourbon consumed: 3

Pounds gained: 8

Number of times I read "The Second Coming" by W. B. Yeats: 3

Number of times I was asked when I was going to get our town opened: 14

Changes to our reopening plan as new guidance was issued by authorities: 19

Bills paid with no revenue coming in: 1020

Unemployment claims processed: 450

Easter Brunch guests 2019: 1,280

Easter Brunch guests 2020: 0

Mother's Day Brunch guests 2019: 1,221

Mother's Day Brunch guests 2020: 0

Television Appearances: 2

Social Media Posts: 228

Likes on Social Media Posts: 132,791

60'th Birthday Parties Cancelled: 1

Ozone Air Purifiers Purchased: 58

HVAC Ionizers installed in ductwork: 52

Windows reopened and screens installed: 27

Percentage of rooms occupied on our June 1 reopening: 28.61%

Joy at seeing our team and our guests again: Overwhelming



I painted *Cereal Boxes* while quarantined with my husband and two young children. Neon, over-sized cereal boxes partition family members at the breakfast table. Each person is in his own world. Even the smallest child fends for herself. The scene could be viewed as a metaphor for the strategies and coping mechanisms each person develops to find his own peace within the strange confines of quarantine or simply of enduring family dynamics at large.

Amy Bennett  
*Cereal Boxes*, 2020  
oil on panel  
3.5 x 7 inches



*Cursed Gazebo*, in short, is about suburban paranoia. In the painting, our ambitious protagonist believes that his burnt gazebo is cursed and so he builds an enormous brick wall to seal it off. Nearing completion, he wholeheartedly believes in this task, while we see it for the absurd act that it is. It's inspired by Pieter Bruegels' moralizing genre paintings and '80s supernatural horror movies situated in planned communities, like *Poltergeist* and *The Gate*.

Both *Cursed Gazebo* and *Well Placed Foot* are part of a series that made up my first show, "Preferred Living" at Dinamika Enterprises. The show's title comes from a mail order catalog that sells patio furniture as well as 5-day-survival backpacks and tasers. There's a metaphor in there somewhere. The text below is from the show's press release:

In these paintings depicting three different overcast afternoons – precisely and idiosyncratically crafted – the artist draws inspiration from Piero Della Francesca and the imagery of his formative years in New Jersey. Buckley details a parallel world as rigorously and deliberately populated with the appropriate mixture of objects, buildings, plants, and characters as a planned community or the set of a sitcom.

Although the figures and their placement are carefully plotted, the paintings are embroiled in mishap. Everything is going to pieces in a grand synchronous event. Each element moves with compositional union-in-action, like the meeting of concurrent lines in a point. Because of a leaning tree in the foreground, we are not able to read the lettering on an ambulance, instead we see the letters as spelling "AMBIANCE." A dog is intubated and irrigated, in the medical sense, by the garden hose behind it. The unresolved narratives of Buckley's anti-heroic realism lead the viewer to ruminate on the content and themes of his work. With "Preferred Living," we are left to consider a common reality that is humorous and unsettling, hopeful and tragic.

Tim Buckley  
*Cursed Gazebo*, 2017  
acrylic and oil on canvas  
48 x 60 inches



In *Well Placed Foot*, a foot steps with great resolve so as to not disturb its surroundings. It is my attempt to make something that is also formally humorous. The foot is also “well placed” within the composition. Everything in the painting aligns with a specific point in the geometry of the rectangle at halves, quarters, thirds, etc., and their respective diagonals. Even the grass is highly composed. When the picture is divided by sixteen, each internal rectangle is its own small painting, composed with the same attention to geometry: the grass, sticks, light, and shadow, all correspond to points at halves, quarters, and thirds.

Tim Buckley  
*Well Placed Foot*, 2018  
acrylic and oil on canvas  
22 x 20 inches



*Eden's Playdress* (2019) is a part of the "The Redemption" series that I worked on between 2018-2020. With this series, I am celebrating and reinforcing the beauty of Black hair, life, and culture in a world where the hair types and styles that are distinctively akin to Black people continue to be policed and labeled as unkempt, unattractive, and unprofessional. While we proudly celebrate these styles within our communities, in schools and workplaces worldwide there are rules set in place deeming them as "violations of the dress code." These purported "violations" are punishable by ridicule, suspension, termination, and expulsion. I am looking to offer a counter-narrative and in my own way dismantle the fallacy of these stereotypes. When creating, I'm thinking less about being an artist and more about my children and all Black children. I think about our society and what I want the world my children to grow up in to look like. To this end, I have dedicated myself to contributing to that world by creating more of the things I want to see exist, more of the things I want them to see exist. While we all thought 2020 would be the year our visions became more clear, Covid-19 has made it even more evident the disparities that the Black community continues to face. As human beings, I believe sometimes things happen that force us to evolve. During this time I've wondered, will the world as a whole allow itself to evolve after this? Or will the "powers that be" hold tighter their grip on oppressive systems and the deeply embedded racism that has plagued us for so long?

Tawny Chatmon

*Eden's Playdress: The Redemption Series*, 2019

24k gold leaf and acrylic paint on archival pigment print

42 x 28 inches, 60 x 48.5 inches framed

Simone and David Levinson collection



My sculptures are about hybrid identity. I combine human and animal features, presenting characteristics that separate us from the rest of the animal kingdom and emphasizing those that unite us. This sculpture, *The Sisters' Embrace*, is a small pack of coyotes huddled together. The concepts of family and emotional bonding are recognizable and relatable within the animal kingdom. This piece was made last year to celebrate my daughters' affection towards each other. It also reflects our struggle through this pandemic, as our family huddled together in our Brooklyn apartment. Despite the upheaval and underlying anxiety, we cherished the gift of that solitude and solidarity, enjoying each other, supporting each other, and finding balance in our family bond.

Kate Clark  
*The Sisters' Embrace*, 2019  
coyote hide, foam, clay, pins, thread, and rubber eyes  
48 x 35 x 14 inches



After the shock of sudden change or adversity has settled, it is in our nature to find a sense of unity in our shared experience. Within this state of calm, there is an opportunity to reflect on the fragility of life itself. We are confronted with our own demons of materialism and look to the root of our existence for guidance.

This painting is a modern representation of an ancient practice, in that connecting to one's environment and community is key to a healthy life. This man and his environment have become conjoined in a symbiotic relationship. He has found a balance in his surroundings.

Taha Clayton  
*Eco-Spirituality*, 2020  
oil on wood panel  
36 x 48 inches



Monica Cook  
*Milk Tooth*, 2016  
 single channel stop animation  
 9:58  
 edition 1 of 6 plus 2 APs  
 courtesy of the artist and Postmasters Gallery

Monica Cook  
 Milk  
 Postmasters  
 December 6, 2016  
 by Sarah Lippek

The fantastical world of *Milk Tooth* builds on Monica Cook's long practice of intimacy and reverence for the broken, the exposed, and the vulnerable. Many artists are fascinated with bodies that are malformed or unacceptable under the aesthetic regimes of conventional beauty. Many artists portray wounds, or disease, the ruin and profusion of physical excess and dysfunction. Very few are called to do so by such a pure note of reverence and love. There is no whiff of salaciousness, no suggestion of titillation, in Cook's treatment of her creatures. She simply loves them and reverences them by her acts of creation and display.

Handmaking is essential to Cook's practice. Cook's hands touch every piece of every creature, building them from the inside to the outside, from the smallest fingernails to the expanses of skin that cover them. Touch is the education of the lover, the vocabulary of love is generated in sightless groping, in stroking and pinching – as Cook caresses her creatures into being, she is gaining knowledge of their every crevice and wrinkle, and learning to love them, simply, with a pure affection that could be childlike if it wasn't so wise.

Cook scours the streets, the trash, the networks of global commercial distribution, for pieces that become her work. Feathers, latex, glass grapes, dish soap bottles, industrial molds, pantyhose, glitter, rubber nipples, fur, the treasured and the overlooked and the discarded, mix in a sublime jumble that reveals the omnivorous imagination of the artist. The colors are dreamy pastels, arctic whites, fleshy petal-tones, glossy intestinal shades. Everything that enters the work is recognizable – mundane products or biological materials – estranged from familiarity

by the breath of life that inhabits the finished forms. Like hyperreal golems, their clay is magically occupied, inhabited, animated.

The theme of this work is sacrifice: The implicitly feminine sacrifice of one's own body, not on a field of battle or a punishing cross, but in the work of nurturing, nourishment, and love. Milk is the guiding image: Milk is the concentrated essence of all that is nutritive and fortifying, produced from the materiel of one's own body, one's own life, in order to foster the body and the life of a beloved other. The image recalls potlatch, the wealth that can only be demonstrated by giving it away, the surrender that strengthens and multiplies as it radiates outward.

#### VIDEO, Milk Tooth

Happy families, Tolstoy claims, are all alike. Love stories and happy endings can be just as repetitive – it is the rare artist who can express true love in a way that transcends trite formulas. Here, Monica Cook presents a simple love story – one with a happy ending, no less – in a wholly original form.

Tish and Valentino exist in different worlds, possibly even different dimensions. Cook utilizes a split screen to evince the simultaneity of interlocking yet separate events, and to show the isolation of each individual being in incommensurable solitary experience. The lovers unite briefly, poignantly, at times, but they never merge. Each is complete and lives in his or her own world. The miracle of love is that any two beings can communicate at all. In this work, communion is expressed as physical transmission: Bodily fluids and fleeting physical contact achingly traversing impossible distances.

Tish senses something is missing. There is a gap in her lover Valentino's mouth, an empty space where he once had a tooth – a milk tooth – which has fallen away. She heroically sacrifices a beloved pig to replace that tooth, and the procedure throws her into a coma-like slumber from which, like a fairy tale princess, she is suspended and cannot be awakened. Valentino's faithful but independent phallus becomes an emissary on a rescue mission to revive Tish. Animal companions are the guides that bring to fruition scenes of redemption, resurrection, and revivification – Tish is loved back to consciousness, a carcass is reborn as a living cow, and the beautiful slime of the whole natural world – sweat, sap, semen, tears – become the lovers' ablutions. Valentino washes the feet of his darling in a gesture both ancient and profound. The film concludes with a pregnant image: That of a fertilized egg, quietly humming with new life.

In this wordless, richly elaborated world, the biological processes of birthing and killing, feeding, reproduction and generation, are holy. Sacrifice, redemption, and love itself are approached from a profoundly visceral physicality that undoes the damage of rational thinking and allows us to live a moment in wonder and delight.



*Magic Tricks* was painted during the quarantine. It is about isolation. I was inspired by the magic shows, and I think the magic box would fit my idea perfectly, each of the body parts are separate and isolated. The person uses his hat to cover his face like a mask, and I put the apple with map surface on top which represents the earth.

Shiqing Deng  
*Magic Tricks*, 2020  
oil on linen  
40 x 30 inches



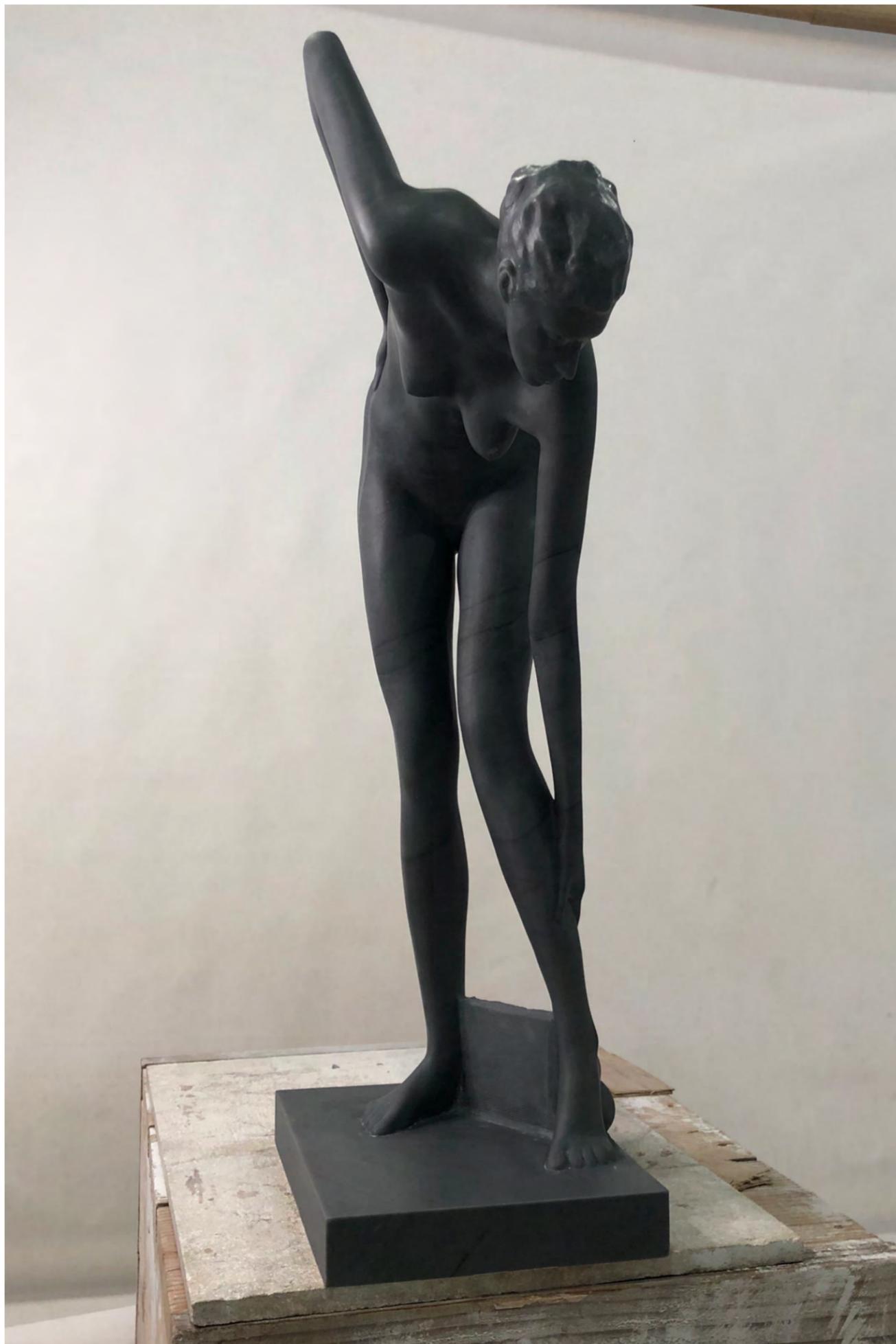
Although *Double Self-Portrait* was painted in the months preceding the Covid 19 pandemic it has, for me, become emblematic of an awakening self-awareness brought about by time spent in isolation. It suggests the importance of relying on our own emotional resources and marshaling our inner strength when despair seems inevitable. In the wake of this pandemic we have the opportunity to address, with renewed strength and focus, the issues that have been brought to the fore by this calamity. These include structural racism, environmental imperatives, preparedness and global cooperation.

Vincent Desiderio  
*Double Self-Portrait*, 2020  
oil on canvas  
77 x 64 inches  
Seven Bridges Foundation, Inc., Greenwich, CT collection



*Arrival* represents a family standing on a train platform either having just arrived themselves or waiting for someone to arrive. The figures are based on lead figures my father collected and gifted to me at the end of his life, so there is a different sense of arriving and departing. The piece is intentionally composed to suggest an emptiness that speaks to something missing in their lives. The mother and daughter are attached but still separated by a seam that represents a fissure in their relationship, it's close but coming apart. The father is separated from them and all of three are facing away so the audience has to speculate of their appearance and facial expressions. All of the figures have chips and pock marks that suggest the wear and tear of everyday life. The painting is made with cheerful colors that are at odds with the subtext of the piece.

Peter Drake  
*Arrival*, 2017  
acrylic on canvas  
56 x 75.5 inches  
courtesy of the artist and Linda Warren Projects



Drawing from aspects of classical and archaic as well as Modernist art, Dupont's artistic practice was pioneering in its prescient foreshadowing of the transformational impact of digital technology on 21<sup>st</sup> Century life and culture. Beginning in 2002, Dupont made use of 3D body scanning to create "performance sculptures," large scale replicas of his body, which were digitally manipulated using CAD software to achieve spatial and perceptual illusions. A focus on the then-emerging technology of biometric surveillance informed much of his early work. In a 2015 review, *The New York Times* critic Martha Schwendener wrote, "...every era needs its representations of the human figure, and Mr. Dupont's sculptures aptly demonstrate how scanning, surveillance and imaging technology shape our conceptions of humanity today."

Dupont's recent works extend his earlier concerns into a wider historical context. Biometric technologies find their roots in the systems of anthropometry and criminology developed in the late 19<sup>th</sup> Century. *Badende* takes as its point of reference Wilhelm Lehmbruck's *Badende* of 1905. A sculptural trope utilized by a number of artists at the turn of the century, Dupont was drawn to this particular bather because of its dynamic and anti-statuesque pose. A live model was digitally scanned while posing, and this scan data was slowly altered over many months of drawing and digital manipulations. The deceptively subtle manipulations are, in actuality, extensive, and push the form towards the architectonic and abstract. Traditional lost wax casting was used to realize the virtual shape in bronze. A matte black patina emphasizes the flow of space through and around the sculpture.

Richard Dupont  
*Badende*, 2020  
Bardiglio marble  
42 x 18 x 11 inches

**So it's bitter now to think that the same things that lifted the city over and over again the last forty years—that trust, that urge to be with each other—are what spread the virus that killed 17,000 of our neighbors and put us all in our caves.**

### **New York, a City and a Community**

Thomas Dyja  
Historian

In the 70s, urbanist Holly Whyte filmed New Yorkers in public spaces to study where they liked to sit, the paths they walked, what drew them to one place and not another; he especially enjoyed when they formed little circles in the sidewalk, happily schmoozing amid the bustle. Whyte's belief in our fundamental goodwill and eagerness to be with each other helped pull New York out of its Fiscal Crisis era of shuttered stores and dark, empty streets, when New Yorkers hid inside their apartments. The New York we'd come to know over the last decades, lit up at all hours, crowds flowing through its streets like a river, was built not just on his data, but on his trust and optimism.

So it's bitter now to think that the same things that lifted the city over and over again the last forty years—that trust, that urge to be with each other—are what spread the virus that killed 17,000 of our neighbors and put us all in our caves. Peeking out our heads and squinting into the sunlight, we step out now into a New York where schmoozing is all but illegal and a crowd roaring for a beat drop or an Aaron Judge home run is our new nostalgia.

But we're also stepping out, marching out, into a city of broken windows and hidden badge numbers, where a good run on Wall Street can't shove brutality and anger off the front page anymore, and we have to face another, even more bitter truth. Those safe streets and green parks where we loved to schmooze came in no small degree from demanding that *others* be worthy of our trust. And then, whenever police harassed and beat them into submission, we turned away.

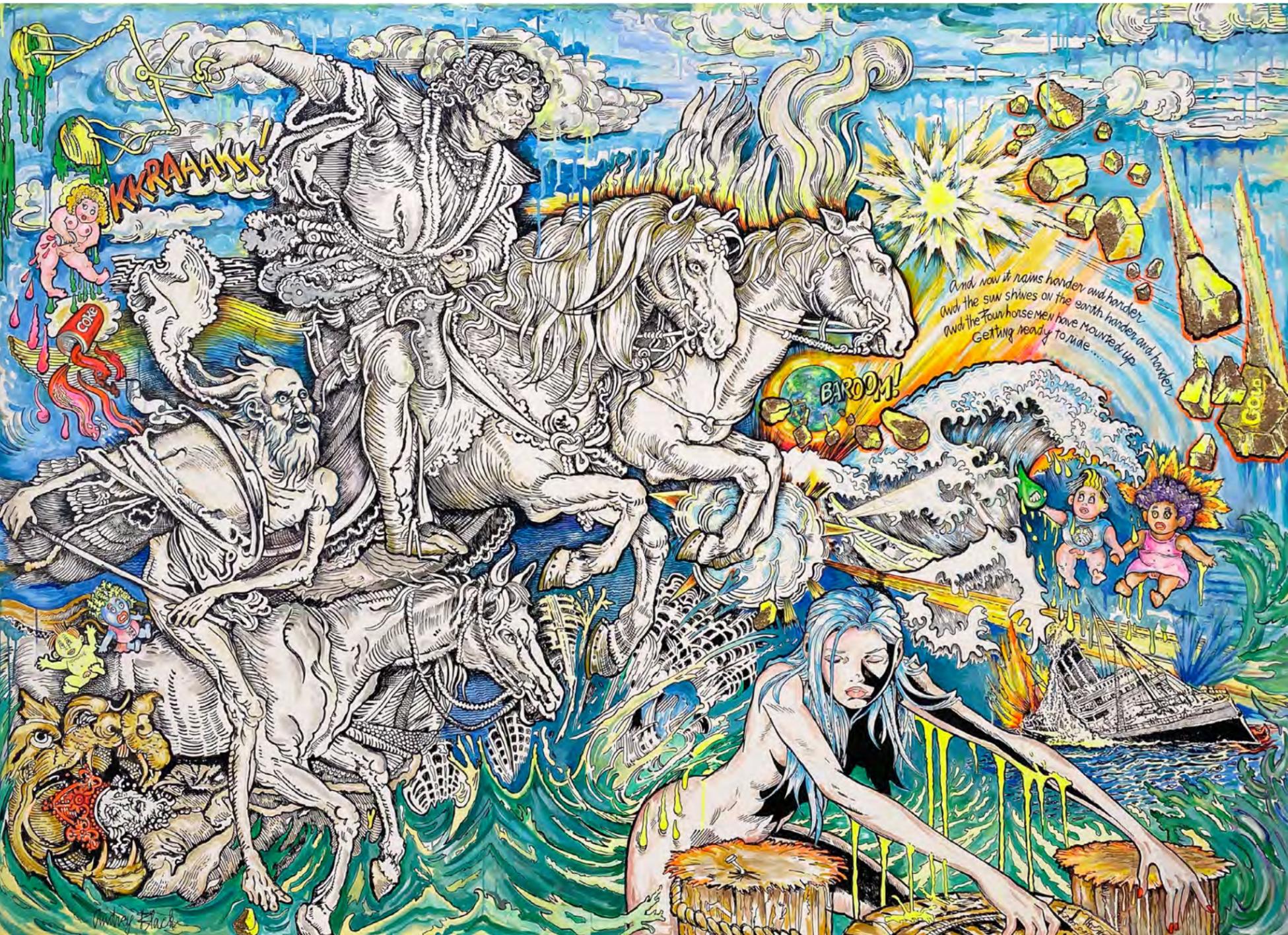
New York will survive. Its future will be a daily process of rebuilding practical trust from behind masks, from a distance, and with lots of risks.

This time, though, *we* are the ones who will have to prove we can be trusted.



When you are overwhelmed by an unfathomable enormity, not of something good but of something intractable or shapeless, you want to help so you rush to help but against the urgency of the suffering and injustice you begin to feel helpless. This is where our nightmares live.

Eric Fischl  
*Nightmare*, 2020  
acrylic on photo paper  
68 x 65 inches

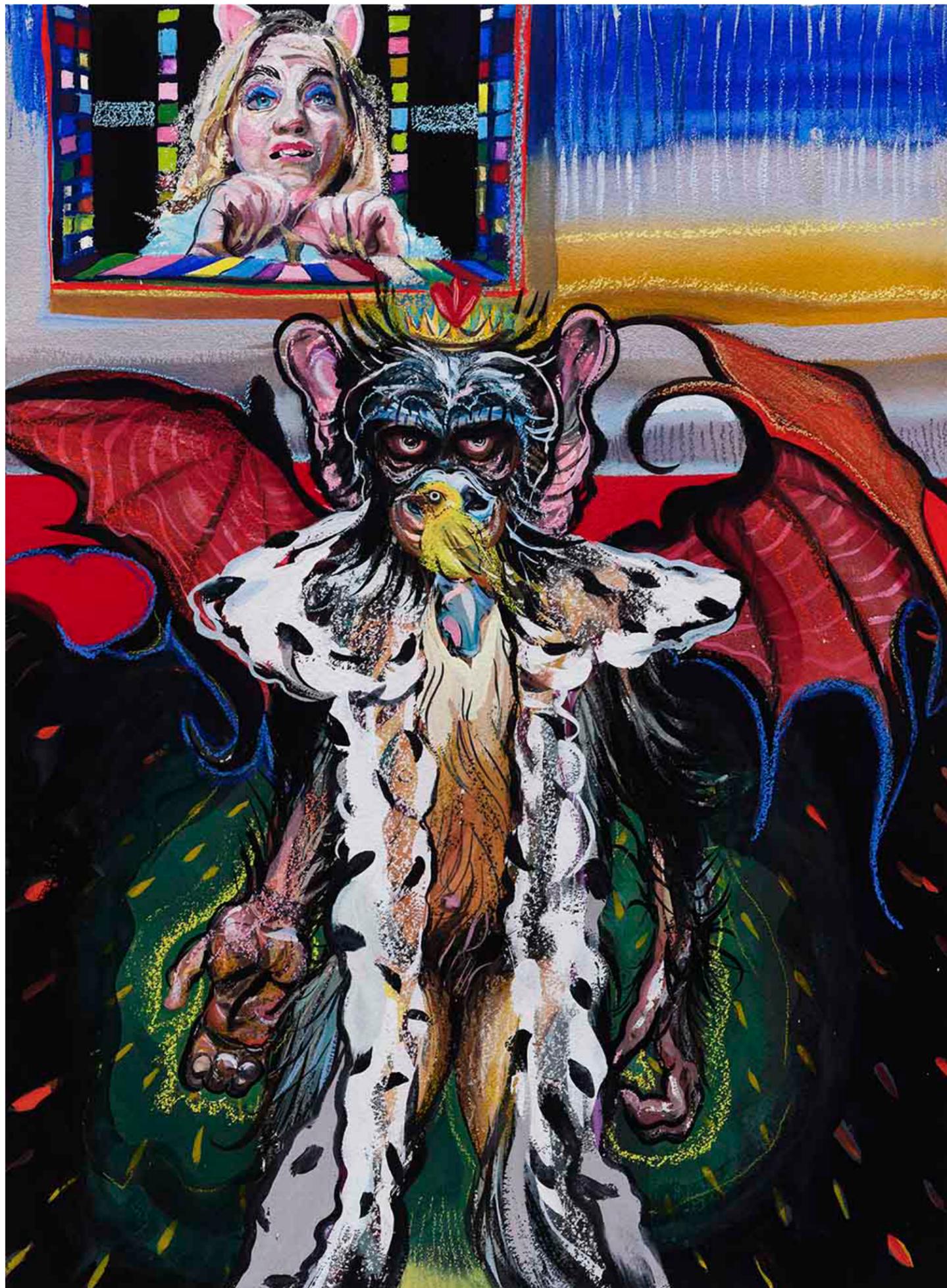


I started *Days of Reckoning* three years ago, and as the world started spinning more and more out of control, I let it all absorb into the painting.

Originally based on Dürer's Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, it was first about global warming; the Hurricanes, Floods, and Tsunamis, and the fires which were burning up Australia and the Amazon Rainforests... It expanded into more of society's almost comic tragedies... Marauders trampling, hurting, spreading disease... Green-goo is spilling from the scales of Pestilence onto a pink plump naked girl holding a can of Coke, with the word "Kkraaakk." Over her...opioid crisis. This Green-goo expanded as the horrors of Covid-19 swept through the Globe... Death riding on a pale horse over the clergy, a young woman rising from contaminated waters, and terrified children- the next generation facing their frightening future. Falling down from the sky are a series of gold bricks. It's a total collapse of the economy, of rampant greed. "Baroom" The world is exploding.

A wave of horror cascades from the left side of the painting, as it moves to the right...where pestilence has not yet reached, there is also hope: a rainbow and a beautiful poem written by Anthony Brandt, a Sag Harbor poet.

Audrey Flack  
*A Day of Reckoning*, 2020  
acrylic and glitter on canvas  
72 x 96 inches  
poem by Anthony Brandt



*The White Cat* is based on the first feminist literary fairy teller Baroness Catherine d'Aulnoy's tale from the 1690s; d'Aulnoy invented the word fairy tale, her tales interweave shapeshifting women, animals and men who have to prove their virtue and loyalties. Fairy tales captivate me because many began as women's oral tales that articulated female desires and fears through a fabulist lens, yet over time their authorship was erased, and their voices neutered. I restore the identities of these overlooked female artists and transform their stories to create contemporary paradigm-breaking female heroines. I elevate marginalized women and marginalized female storytellers by giving voice to their narratives. Against an art history that has simplified and diminished women, I portray the full spectrum of female desire to provoke conversation about agency and imagination.

Natalie Frank  
*The White Cat III*, 2019-2020  
gouache and chalk pastel on paper  
30 x 22 inches, 34.25 x 26.5 inches framed



*Eating the Moon* takes its title from the Ancient Egyptian goddess Nut, who appears as a cow or woman, using her body to form a sanctuary-bridge across the sky. Every day the sun and moon pass the length of her body and at night, she eats them. They move through her insides and are reborn as transformed entities. She consumes yesterday and gives birth to a mutated version: today.

In this moment fraught with anxiety and urgency surrounding a pandemic which is shedding light on deeply rooted social injustice and systemic inequality, I thought of this myth as a way to find hope in transformation and change.

Elizabeth Glaessner  
*Eating the Moon*, 2020  
water dispersed pigments with binders and oil on canvas  
60 x 48 inches  
courtesy of the artist and P.P.O.W., New York



*As Time Passes, (For Noemy)* is at once a painting for Noemy, indicating the hours that she would've worked, at the rate that she would've been paid, and at the same time, a self-portrait cataloging a couple years in my career so far as an artist – connecting my past, when I was just a housekeeper/nanny working with Noemy at the West Hollywood Park, to my present, which is now exhibiting at galleries and museums all over the world. It's a strange feeling actually because, at the same time, as time passes, the issues stay the same. And when I think about that painting, making it for the ADAA art booth in connection to the cardboard cutouts that I was going to display, I felt that it was really important to relate that these issues of this time have been happening for a long time and are going to continue to happen if we don't address the fundamental issues of society. Noemy is a housekeeper/nanny in West Hollywood coming from El Salvador, who was displaced in her home country, who left her own children in El Salvador and came to West Hollywood Park, where I met her, and has always been very, very supportive of me. I remember there was a time when I didn't know that I was getting paid, underpaid actually, and she pointed out that I should be taking care of kids, twins especially, at an at least \$15 per hour rate. I wasn't and again Noemy was very vocal, very adamant and I was very aware of that back then when I was just a nanny so as an artist now painting about these issues, I wanted to bring her into the conversation and honor her.

Ramiro Gomez  
*As Time Passes, (For Noemy)*, 2020  
 acrylic and collage on paper  
 11.875 x 9 inches, 14 x 11 inches framed  
 courtesy of the artist, Charlie James Gallery, Los Angeles, and P.P.O.W., New York

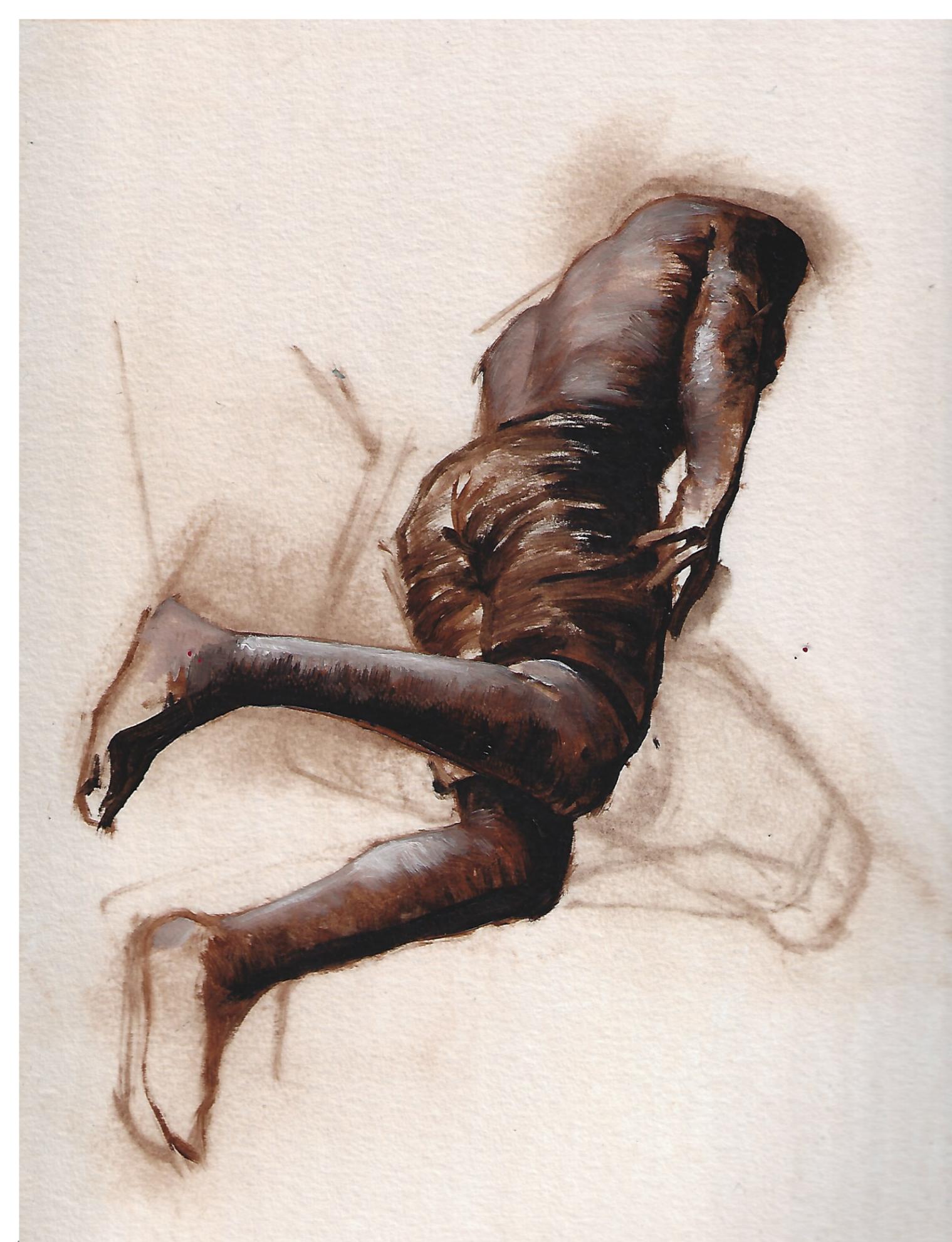


These works were inspired by the COVID-19 quarantine and subsequent lockdown. The works were created to capture a longing for freedom and escape. Although *Divers I* came first, (it was started in early 2019 well before the COVID-19 crisis,) both painting and drawings have influenced the making of the other. *Divers I* speaks to the limitless potential for human imagination and freedom (a perspective that is very needed in these times) while the FLIGHT drawings, as the name suggests, are about weightlessness and freedom. These works are inspired by bodies of water and the Caribbean landscape. Growing up in a small island country, this is not only a big part of the environmental consciousness but my personal consciousness as well. Inspired by memories of boys jumping off the dock at Kingston harbor, water is a metaphor for the weightlessness and freedom of the abyss. It is about a leap of faith. These are meditative pieces that I hope will bring a calm serenity to you.

Andrae Green  
*Divers I*, 2020  
oil and acrylic on canvas  
46 x 36 inches



Andrae Green  
*Flight II*, 2020  
oil on Canson cold press archival 140lb shellacked watercolor paper  
12 x 9 inches, 16 x 12 inches framed



Andrae Green  
*Flight IV*, 2020  
oil on Canson cold press archival 140lb shellacked watercolor paper  
12 x 9 inches, 16 x 12 inches framed



I saw the saints on tv  
Red rings round faces fallen  
Injection-moulded closed cell foam  
Perfect for the garden  
Down tile tightrope hallways  
Making haste in quick succession  
A rainbow foot regatta  
A colored clog procession  
Pounding potting soil pillows  
Trying not to let them harden  
Into shapes for pleasant dirt naps  
In rows just like a garden.

Like a cat across a keyboard  
In the middle of the night  
So seem the random reasons  
Why we may or why we might  
But sure as there are seasons  
Bringing storms upon the land  
So too is the gardener  
Who will turn the earth again  
Forcing order unto nature  
Is the foible of man  
And whats worse, we bear the curse  
of thinking that we can

When all that's left are latex gloves  
discarded on the ground  
And 7pm window sills  
sing not a single sound  
Saints will still be walking  
Upon tile tightrope floors  
Tending to this garden  
In the middle of the storm  
And when the rainclouds part at last  
We'll tell of saints who wore  
Gardening shoes in rainbow hues  
While marching into war

Matthew Hansel  
*7pm Window Sills*, 2020  
oil and Flashe on canvas  
92 x 54 inches



### Hidden Manna

I do hope, those living in Long Island, we begin to devote ourselves to thinking on health and healing in ways we haven't before. We all know about growing our own vegetables, herbs from seedlings, and the joy that comes from gardening our favorite produce, sharing a batch of freshly made oatmeal cookies or whatever it is you do best: oils, ointments, potions, or just texting a poetic recipe an easy pasta sauce that can be like bread frozen. (I send to an ultra busy homeschooling Mom so she doesn't have to cook from scratch for weeks one way to proclaim, "I've done something good!" ...but the fundamental/essential thing that got me through Covid-19 pandemic and all the murdered Black bodies piling up in streets of America was reading daily excerpts from Jesus' words and the gospels. Christ actually does speak to the unchanging need of our heart for love, those seeking kindness for all, forgiveness to all who ask; He reminds us we do have purpose and teaches us how to find it. He teaches us that our lives have real meaning when so many put the foot or knee on top. He gave me hope, through the doubt, that I and we as a family, even though separated, would get through this spewing horror of hatred and sickness. He reminded me to listen to His word for wisdom/solace and not to concentrate solely on MSNBC News as much as I was addicted to wanting to hear the be all end all of each days never ending trials. He let me know this too shall pass... don't be afraid my child.

Get back to the simplicity of His promises, believe them, and receive strength knowing that even in this most difficult, cracked, and horrible time, we do have the ability to be strong and not hate-filled, if we take hold to our real life Heavenly Father. Who could live this unhinged life without a peace-filled loving guide? All culture can and will come through clothed with power if we believe not in the darkness of hate but in standing in the light knowing his faith and compassion for others will bring us out to that better place. There's nothing "fake news" in truth. We as a nation will gather in the better harvest, with open arms together we'll carry all in, and through toward the eternal everything we've never seen, all equal as citizens showing each other the great love we'd expect to be shown ourselves, all our one family regardless of our differences. Lovely when we do not waste our produce with so many in need. America, building a new foundation made from so many burdens throw in, replace lacquered shattered hopes replace authoritarian barriers with praise worthy hip hop odes not to slavery of course replacing old past losers twofers whose only practice was lying, is lying... fall in under patient endurance burning...!

Candace Hill  
*Gas Mask What Strike*, 2020  
silk, various threads, mylar tubing, and gas pipe  
28 x 19 x 2 inches



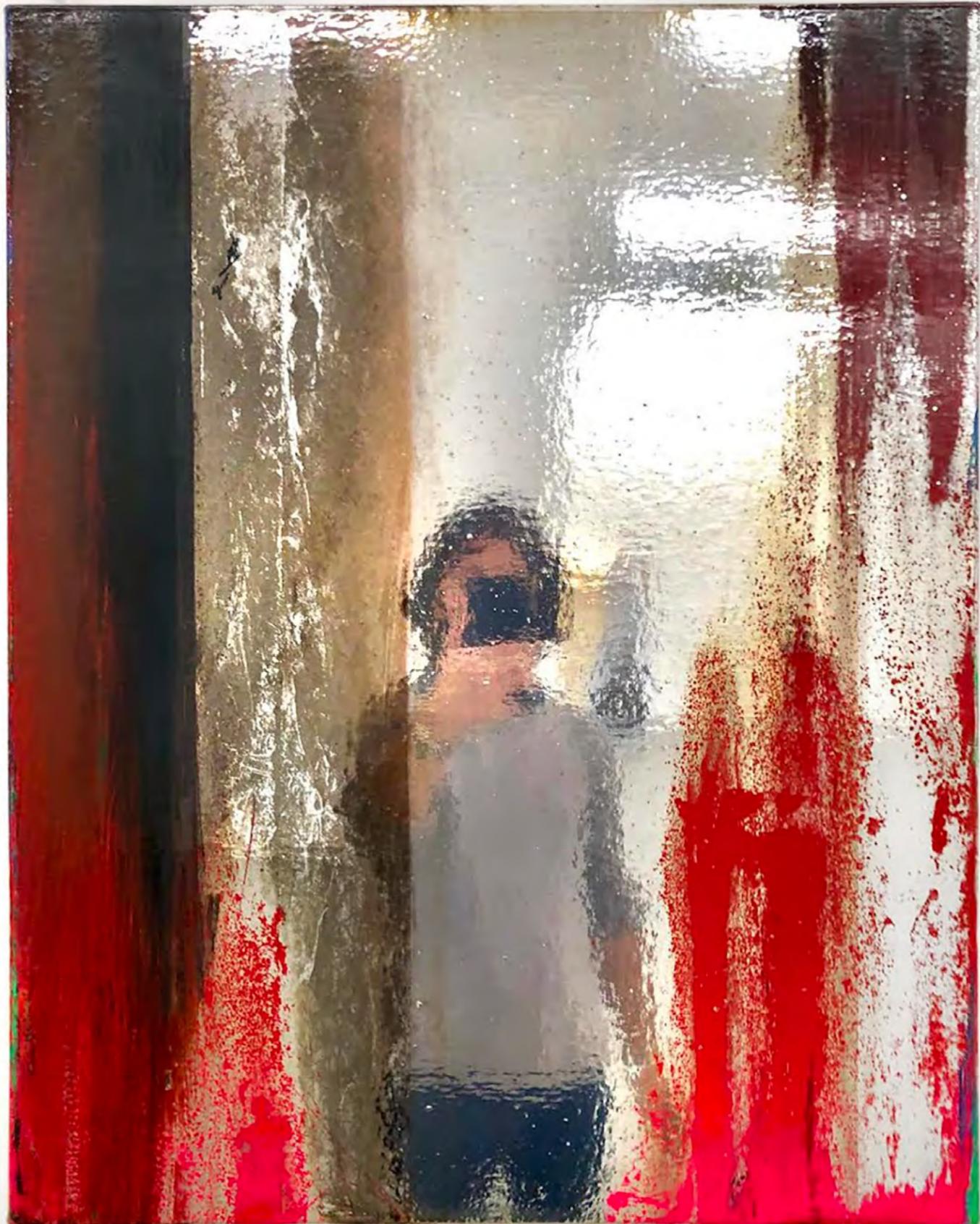
Candace Hill

*George Floyd - Matthew 5:7*, 2020

washi (Japanese paper yarn), Irish Fair Isle wool, East Indian silk, Mongolian kid mohair, and cashmere  
29 x 17 x 2 inches



Candace Hill  
*Running in Layers*, 2019  
various threads and metal hanger  
14 x 21 x 1 inches



I believe time has changed us in general and especially this time in the world has changed the way we think and live. We understand the power of life and the fragility of it. My art is about people and the representation of life in a very emotional way. *The Life We Left Behind* turns into something very poetic and symbolizes the life we all desire to live and get back. The background of my work represents nature and spirituality. The chrome on top of the oil paint is where the viewer sees their reflection through destruction and the desire, the dreams, the beauty and the power that dissolve with the time.

Nir Hod  
*The Life We Left Behind*, 2020  
oil paint under chromed canvas with acid and patina  
28 x 22 inches  
courtesy of the artist and Kohn Gallery



*Dinner for Two* is a large-scale installation of a hyperbolically-long dining table set for a formal supper. Seated at either end of the table are two diners, represented as vertical tablet screens that seemingly hover above their respective chairs. The scene is set for a romantic dinner date. However, rather than the chatter of conversation, the installation's audio plays only the notification sounds of two smartphones. The diners spend most of their time gazing downward towards their phones. *Dinner for Two* speaks to both the alienation of smartphones and the new form of connection fostered by the internet and presently by the Coronavirus. Internet culture is no longer a novel historical phenomenon; rather, the ubiquitous nature of its modes of transmission constitute the foundations of new creative thought.

Rachel Lee Hovnanian

*Dinner for Two*, 2012

installation of dining table, table cloth, chairs, monitors, monitor cases, flowers, candelabras, flatware, glasses, silverware, audio, and video

186 x 54 x 28 inches

courtesy of the artist and Leila Heller Gallery, New York City

We may be in the same war against COVID,  
but we are situated on differing terrain

So, when you share your experience and I share mine,  
just know that we are not the same...

### **The War: COVID-19**

Keionna Jackson

Operations Intelligence Analyst at United States Air Force Norfolk, Virginia

Decisive terrain is any area, the position of which, gives you an advantage over your opponent

In other words, decisive terrain determines who wages and wins wars...

We may be in the same war against COVID, but we are situated on differing terrain

So, when you share your experience and I share mine, just know that we are not the same...

Terrain was decisive in the battle of Passchendaele

And to prevail

Against the enemy

The Allies had to trudge through waist deep muddy terrain; only to be met by the end of German artillery

And similarly,

I, the essential worker, am working to save lives worldwide in dangerous and exhausting conditions

During which, the government isn't properly safeguarding nor extending adequate provisions

No PPE

Overworked, underpaid and no paid leave

And if I'm so essential, why hasn't my employer employed essential necessities to me?

I'm on the front lines with fellow comrades who've died from exposure to an invisible enemy

And honestly..

I wonder if like the Allies in this battle, enormous loss will come before great victory

We may be in the same war against COVID, but we are situated on differing terrain

So, when you share your experience and I share mine, just know that we are not the same...

The terrain I'm situated on is like that of the battle of Dien Bien Phu

And I'm like the French in the valley with a faulty plan, unsure of what to do

Surrounded by my enemy, the Vietminh, on high ground with all their weaponry pointed at me

I'm struggling with my mental health feeling like everything will come crashing down on me

I am the French in the low land feeling alone man. I am in a lowly place

And my anxiety is the Vietminh bombarding me at an unprecedented pace

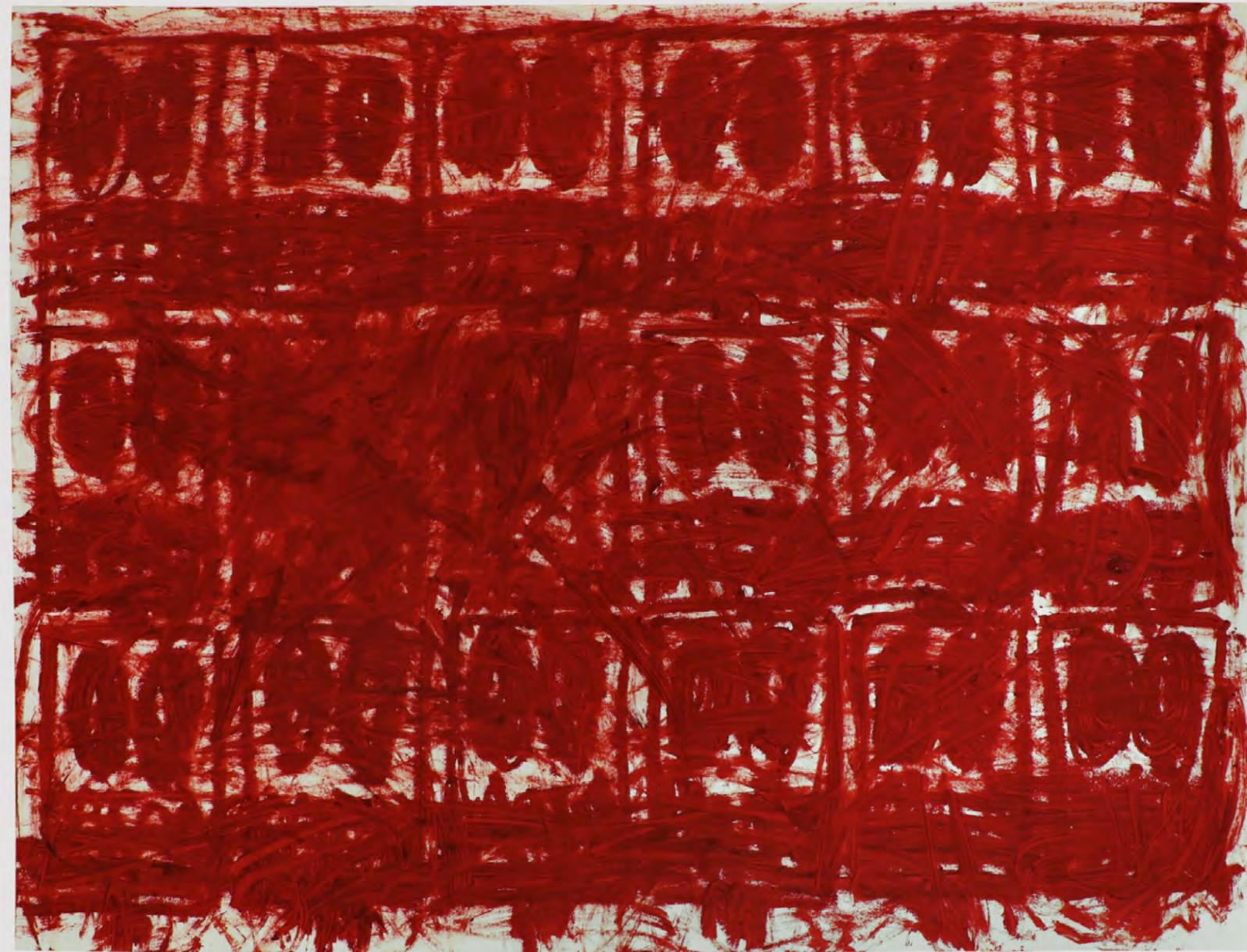
Every symptom since this war has been exacerbated

I'm constantly worrying, dealing with restlessness and I'm agitated  
Even prior to this pandemic  
Mental Health wasn't the priority it should be; this is systemic  
Like the French in the valley, the odds are not in my favor  
But with every significant setback, the lessons learned are major

We may be in the same war against COVID, but we are situated on differing terrain  
So, when you share your experience and I share mine, just know that we are not the same...

Situated on terrain like that of the battle of Normandy  
As COVID-19 has disrupted my sense of normalcy  
And heightened this class divide  
In this war, I am the Allies  
I am on the offensive  
While y'all are the Germans on the defensive  
I'm pondering and I'm pensive  
On how to navigate through a terrain that won't aid any of my offenses  
Y'all are in suitable and camouflaged positions  
Amplly resourced to vacate these extreme conditions  
While we are visiting stores with shelves sparsely stocked  
Y'all are the haves and we are the have nots  
Subjected to suffer disproportionate deaths and contractions of this virus  
Because of conditions pre-manufactured by your side and not by us  
Y'all have no concerns concerning food, shelter and broad bandwidth  
So, while your lifestyle has been altered, y'all are postured to withstand this  
And I just wonder...  
If and/or when me and my people will ever recover

We may be in the same war against COVID, but we are situated on differing terrain  
So, when you share your experience and I share mine, just know that we are not the same...



It's deeply complicated, the fact that we're so distanced from one another. The overall experience of being removed from society as a whole, removed from the touch of other human beings, has really taken something from me in the way that I see the world. I never realized how close to people I actually like to be. I'm not sure if and when we're going to get that back and that's a complicated thing to negotiate.

These drawings come from the body of work that I made a few years ago called *Anxious Men*, and it's just an expansion in some ways on that and this is an incredibly anxious time, but it's also a time that feels really radical as if there is a real kind of urgency in it, and nothing feels more urgent than a red. What I'm noticing more in my drawing is a sense of deconstruction, taking away some of the more legible idea of the faces in and watching how the faces of these anxious characters are being lost in the pigment is been something that's been both interesting and difficult for me in the course of making this work.

As difficult as this time has been, I feel like I've learned a lot about my project, like what's important to me, what I need to do. I've had time to sit a little bit with myself. I've gotten an opportunity to spend a lot of time with my family.

Watching my son become a great little pianist and watching his commitment to his project and his practice and having his music and his ideas and his fresh thought kind of accompany what I'm doing with these drawings has been an incredible opportunity and I'm trying to make sure that I don't avert my eyes from the things that could be quite positive as a result of this experience.

Without question, this time has changed me in ways that I can't even necessarily understand yet, and I know that it's changing the world in ways that we're gonna be spending the next however many years learning about and interpreting.

Rashid Johnson  
*Untitled Anxious Red Drawing, 2020*  
oil on cotton rag  
38.25 x 50 inches, 40.75 x 52.75 inches framed  
Simone and David Levinson collection

I'm waiting for Opening Night  
I'm waiting for kisses in the lobby, planted smack on cheeks  
The spit of actors projecting to the cheap seats  
The peanut gallery  
The all of us

**Opening Night**

Julia Jordan  
Playwright

I'm waiting for Opening Night  
Not the first night  
That's first preview  
when the play's not quite there yet

I'm waiting for Twelfth Night  
Not the first night  
That's Christmas  
when we stay home with family

I'm waiting for Opening Night.  
I'm waiting for kisses in the lobby, planted smack on cheeks  
The spit of actors projecting to the cheap seats  
The peanut gallery  
The all of us

I'm waiting for Twelfth Night  
Not a tragedy  
That's called Hamlet  
About a closed-up family

I'm waiting for Opening Night  
The Epiphany  
Carnival  
God is human, go full pagan

I'm waiting for Twelfth Night  
I'm waiting for synchronized heartbeats, they say they do that  
When the play is good, but the play is always good  
We make it good  
The actors  
The audience  
The peanut gallery  
The all of us  
On Opening Night

That fever, that shiver, that tremor, that ache?

A souvenir of your little boy's spring break

And now I'm the pox of which you can't be rid

They call me  
The Covid Kid

**The Covid Kid**  
David Kamp  
Author & Journalist

Steve Porcaro  
Singer & Songwriter

Flight 59 northbound, JetBlue  
Makin' my way back home to you  
Shotgunned Dos Equis for a week and a day  
'Til the Daytona Hilton sent me away

"If I get it, I get it"  
The TV reporter asked, and I said it  
You say I don't get it  
And now comes the very thing that you dreaded...

That fever, that shiver, that tremor, that ache?  
A souvenir of your little boy's spring break  
And now I'm the pox of which you can't be rid  
They call me  
The Covid Kid

Takin' the test, well, that ain't my job  
But you pulled me a string, and you got me a swab  
You set me up nice in the housekeeper's wing  
And as I streamed *Rick & Morty*, I started to sing

"Don't sweat it, don't sweat it  
I'm young and unlikely to get it"  
I read it, on Reddit  
And to me our whole town is now indebted...

The cryin', the sirens, the shortage of beds?

Chalk it up to me and my Caucasian friends  
Still I don't regret a single thing that I did  
They call me  
The Covid Kid

[Denny Dias-style guitar solo]

[bridge]  
You see it's all real simple  
A boy must be allowed to play  
You see it ain't so sinful  
You were all gonna die pretty soon anyway...

That fever, that shiver, that tremor, that ache?  
A souvenir of your little boy's spring break  
Your wheezing, your heaving, your gasping for air?

This house will be mine soon, 'cause life isn't fair  
I barely got symptoms, and I'm keepin' 'em hid  
They call me the Covid Kid  
They call me the Covid Kid  
They call me the Covid Kid

## The Siren Song of... Covid?

David Kamp

Author & Journalist

If nothing else, the coronavirus has provided me with the occasion to create a skillfully forged addition to Steely Dan's song catalog. That sounds totally like a non sequitur. So let me explain.

My family, which is my wife, me, and two grown kids, splits its time between Greenwich Village, in New York City, and a tiny little house in rural northwest Connecticut. Governor Cuomo didn't officially put the state of New York "on pause" until March 22, but, ten days earlier, my wife and I saw all the projections predicting that NYC was going to become the epicenter of the pandemic, and we decided that it was wise to relocate to a less population-dense place.

The only hiccup: our 20-year-old son was still in Dublin, on a semester abroad. Amidst all the chaos, we managed to get him home (to the Connecticut home, anyway) and imposed upon him a 14-day quarantine, lest he become ill or turn out to be an asymptomatic carrier of the virus. Mordantly, given this situation, our son started referring to himself as "The Covid Kid." To our relief, he remains healthy, all these weeks later. He never developed any symptoms. But I developed a song.

"They call me the Covid Kid"—can't you just hear Donald Fagen singing that line in his wry tenor, while his co-conspirator Walter Becker and the cream of L.A.'s session musicians play behind him? I couldn't get the idea out of my head: *There should have been a vintage Steely Dan song called "The Covid Kid."* Fagen and Becker specialized in unsympathetic narrators: the middle-aged cokehead dating a teenager in "[Hey Nineteen](#)," the potentially murderous cuckold in "Everything You Did." So why not an arrogant rich kid who heedlessly goes about his hard-partying business, indifferent to the consequences of infecting his friends, family, and neighbors?

Newly emboldened as a lyricist, I decided to take a shot at writing this faux-Dan song. I say "newly emboldened" because last year, at the age of 52, I was fortunate to see the very first musical I had ever worked on as a lyricist, *Kiss My Aztec!*, have its world premiere at the Berkeley Repertory Theatre in California. I have been a print journalist my whole adult life, but, since childhood, I have been noodling with songs, from proto-Weird Al parodies to sincere efforts at pop. Somewhere along the way, I mentioned to the actor, comic, and monologist John Leguizamo, who is a friend, that I wished that I had come up as a young adult in the 1930s, when "lyricist" was a plausible profession and Ira Gershwin, Johnny Mercer, and Oscar Hammerstein made careers of writing clever words for songs.

John filed away this comment and, to my surprise, raised it with me years later, in 2014, when he invited me to join him in his attempt to write his first-ever musical, a *Spamalot*-style period comedy set in the Aztec Empire at the time of Spanish conquest. John paired me with a young composer named Benjamin Velez. It was a shotgun marriage, but Benjamin and I got along well and enjoyed collaborating, and we accumulated a mountain of songs. After five years and what seemed like 30 developmental workshops, our show, directed by Tony Taccone, hit the stage in Berkeley, and it, along with our extraordinary cast, received [raves](#) from the Bay Area critics. *Kiss My Aztec!* is now, the abatement of the pandemic pending, bound for New York City. Eventually. When live theater is a thing again.

But back to the early days of lockdown. The words to my Steely Dan homage came remarkably quickly,

way faster than the ones for the *Kiss My Aztec!* songs. (In my experience, it's easier to write when you're trying to inhabit another writer's voice than it is when you're trying to be yourself.) My first line, "Flight 59 northbound, JetBlue," pretty much dictated itself to me, unconsciously echoing the cadence and number of syllables (eight) to the first line of "Babylon Sisters," "Drive west on Sunset to the sea."

From there, the story took shape—a privileged college kid flying home from his spring break in Daytona Beach, a vain monster with delusions of immortality and a house big enough to have an entire wing for the servants' quarters. He doesn't even care when his parents get sick:

*That fever*

*That shiver*

*That tremor, that ache*

*A souvenir of your little boy's spring break.*

I shouldn't paint too rosy a picture of the circumstances under which these lyrics were written. Our family, like all families, was in a state of early-lockdown despair, not yet adjusted to how work and life would proceed in the weeks to come, still crawling through the sluggish gray days of the Northeast's endless winter. This sheet of lyrics was the first new "work" I had accomplished since the dawning of the age of social distancing. Suddenly, it became my mission to see this idea properly realized: *I want this thing to be a de facto Steely Dan song.* But how?

I remembered that my Los Angeles-based brother, Ted, is friends with Steve Porcaro, the keyboardist in the rock band Toto. Like Steely Dan, Toto is known for its studio polish and exacting standards; indeed, Steve's late brother Jeff had played drums on several Steely Dan albums. I had met Steve once, 15 years ago, but I didn't really know him. But in the spirit of "Hell, why not?," exacerbated by the surreality of lockdown, I e-mailed him the lyric sheet and asked if he wanted to build a Steely Dan homage with me.

To my delight, Steve, stuck in a similar mode of housebound inertia, was game. We proceeded to have a profoundly nerdy discussion of precisely *what* kind of Steely Dan song "The Covid Kid" should be. I told Steve that I heard it as a bright-sounding piece, akin to "[Deacon Blues](#)" or "[Tomorrow's Girls](#)," a single from Donald Fagen's second solo album, *Kamakiriad*. Steve countered that he heard the song as a [Purdie Shuffle](#), so named for the signature sound of Bernard "Pretty" Purdie, a storied drummer of soul, jazz, R&B, and rock. The shuffle is a languid but complicated groove played in half-time, involving triplets, delicate hi-hat taps, and muted "ghost" notes. Purdie himself applied his shuffle to Steely Dan's "Home at Last," while Jeff Porcaro paid homage to Purdie with his drum part on Toto's 1982 smash "[Rosanna](#)."

Steve's musical vision prevailed, both because I trusted his instincts more than mine and because he told me that my words would be better heard at a slower tempo. Before long, he sent me an instrumental demo that exceeded my expectations. He asked me to sing a guide vocal over it so that he could get a sense of how the lyrics should be phrased.

I was too self-conscious to do this in our house, where we are all living cheek-by-jowl 24/7. So early the next morning, while my kids were still asleep and my wife was working, I furtively crept into the garage with a Bluetooth speaker and an iPad, doing my best Donald Fagen impression (which turned out sounding more like an unwell-Randy Newman impression) right next to the shelf where I keep the orbital sander and the jumper cables.

With that all settled, Steve and I discussed how to proceed in terms of making a proper recording of the song. I was envisioning our project as a piece of quick-'n'-dirty quarantine art, something that Steve could throw together in his home studio, playing all the parts, and then we would just dump it on the internet in two days.

But Steve, ever true to his session-pro roots—he has played with many bands besides his own, was on Michael Jackson's *Thriller* sessions, and co-wrote Jackson's song "Human Nature"—decreed that if we were making a Steely Dan homage, it was going to be *of Steely Dan quality*. On my lyric sheet, I had written, as a joke, after the song's second chorus, "Denny Dias-style guitar solo here." Denny Dias was one of the two guitarists in Steely Dan's original six-piece lineup. Steve, taking that cue literally, procured the services of... Denny Dias. They have been friends for decades. I should have known.

Soon, we had a formidable lineup of musicians participating in our whimsical little project: on drums, the Nashville-based Shannon Forrest, who actually played with Fagen on his "Dukes of September" tour with Boz Scaggs and Michael McDonald; on additional guitars, the virtuosic L.A. studio whiz Marc Bonilla; and on lead vocals, Billy Sherwood, who is a prog-rock guy (he is the vocalist and bassist in the current iteration of Yes) but comes from jazzier stock—his father, Bobby Sherwood, led a swing band in the 1940s

Steve didn't have to ask anyone twice. "Everyone is bored to fucking death and dying to do something," he wrote in an e-mail.

Now that "The Covid Kid" was becoming a steelier Steely Dan homage than I had ever imagined, it occurred to me that, given that it humorously depicts how *not* to behave during a pandemic, the song might serve a good purpose as a fundraising vehicle. I got in touch with MusiCares, the charity wing of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences, the entity that gives out the Grammys. MusiCares had recently established a [Covid-19 Relief Fund](#) for musicians affected by the coronavirus, whether on account of illness or loss of work, given that all live-music venues have gone dark. (Many of the fantastic musicians with whom I worked on *Kiss My Aztec!* are currently getting by on unemployment.) MusiCares welcomed our offer, and, when we finally released "[The Covid Kid](#)" on YouTube on April 21, we positioned it on social media as an action item: "Don't be like the Covid Kid. Stay home, stay safe, and donate to the MusiCares Covid-19 Relief Fund."

We credited ourselves as the Fabriani Brothers—a nod to the pseudonym that Fagen and Becker used when, for their debut album, *Can't Buy a Thrill*, they wrote their own florid, willfully silly liner notes. ("Tradition and experimentation reign side by side when Denny Dias accepts the burden of resurrecting the electric sitar on 'Do It Again' and makes it sound easy. On the same cut, an inexpensive, imported plastic organ [an instrument which long ago fell into disuse in most rock circles] is competently fingered by Donald Fagen.")

About the video... the person I enlisted to make it was the guy who introduced me to Steve Porcaro in the first place: Ted Kamp, my brother, who works in TV production. He put together a smashing lyric video, abetted by the film editor Dan Wolfmeyer and my frequent collaborator on humor projects, the illustrator [Ross MacDonald](#), who drew our grotesque title character, a spiked, spheroid "head" wearing a backwards baseball cap.

I can't pretend that "The Covid Kid" has made a huge impact. But in the esoteric communities of Dan stans, Toto-heads, and [Yacht Rock](#) enthusiasts, it has caused a little ripple of joy. Steve and I have received many compliments on our faithful and convincing execution. And MusiCares has had a few thousand bucks come its way via our song.

Every day of lockdown remains a muddle of uncertainty and insecurity. But I'm proud of what Steve and I did with "The Covid Kid"—mainly the simple fact that, in this environment, we managed to do *something*.

My only regret: given how eager all these talented folks were to contribute, why didn't we ask Donald Fagen?



I love Roman Jakobson's essay "What is Poetry?" He ends his extended meditation on the distinction between the poetic—which he refers to as "poeticity"—and the prosaic with these two paragraphs:

But how does poeticity manifest itself? Poeticity is present when the word is felt as a word and not a mere representation of the object being named or an outburst of emotion, when words and their composition, their meaning, their external and inner form, acquire a weight and value of their own instead of referring indifferently to reality.

Why is all this necessary? Why is it necessary to make a special point of the fact that sign does not fall together with object? Because, besides the direct awareness of the identity between sign and object (A is A  $\bar{1}$ ), there is a necessity for the direct awareness of the inadequacy of that identity (A is not A  $\bar{1}$ ). The reason this antinomy is essential is that without contradiction there is no mobility of concepts, no mobility of signs, and the relationship between concept and sign becomes automatized. Activity comes to a halt, and the awareness of reality dies out.

For Jakobson, the poetic is not discursive content; it exists beyond reference. The poetic doesn't name. It doesn't assign meaning. The reason we value those things we consider poetic over other forms is that they create experiences outside the bounds of prosaic communication. The formal experience of the poetic insists on acknowledging mobility, change, transition, and fluidity. It resists the tyranny of language. It rejects the automatic and the habitual and allows us to be fully aware of reality. I accept Jakobson's definition of "poeticity," and by extension, of Art.

The show statement asks, "what will change look like?" While I can't personally imagine making a painting that directly depicts change or anything about the world and our experiences as they exist now—even if we were able to define them in such a way—I always look to art to generate critical engagement with reality and acceptance of the need for change.

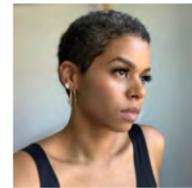
Kurt Kauper  
*Fantasy #1: Bus Stop*, 2019  
oil on birch panel  
45 x 58 inches  
courtesy of the artist and Marc Selwyn Fine Art and Almine Rech



9



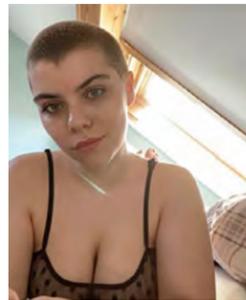
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### Shaved Heads in Lockdown

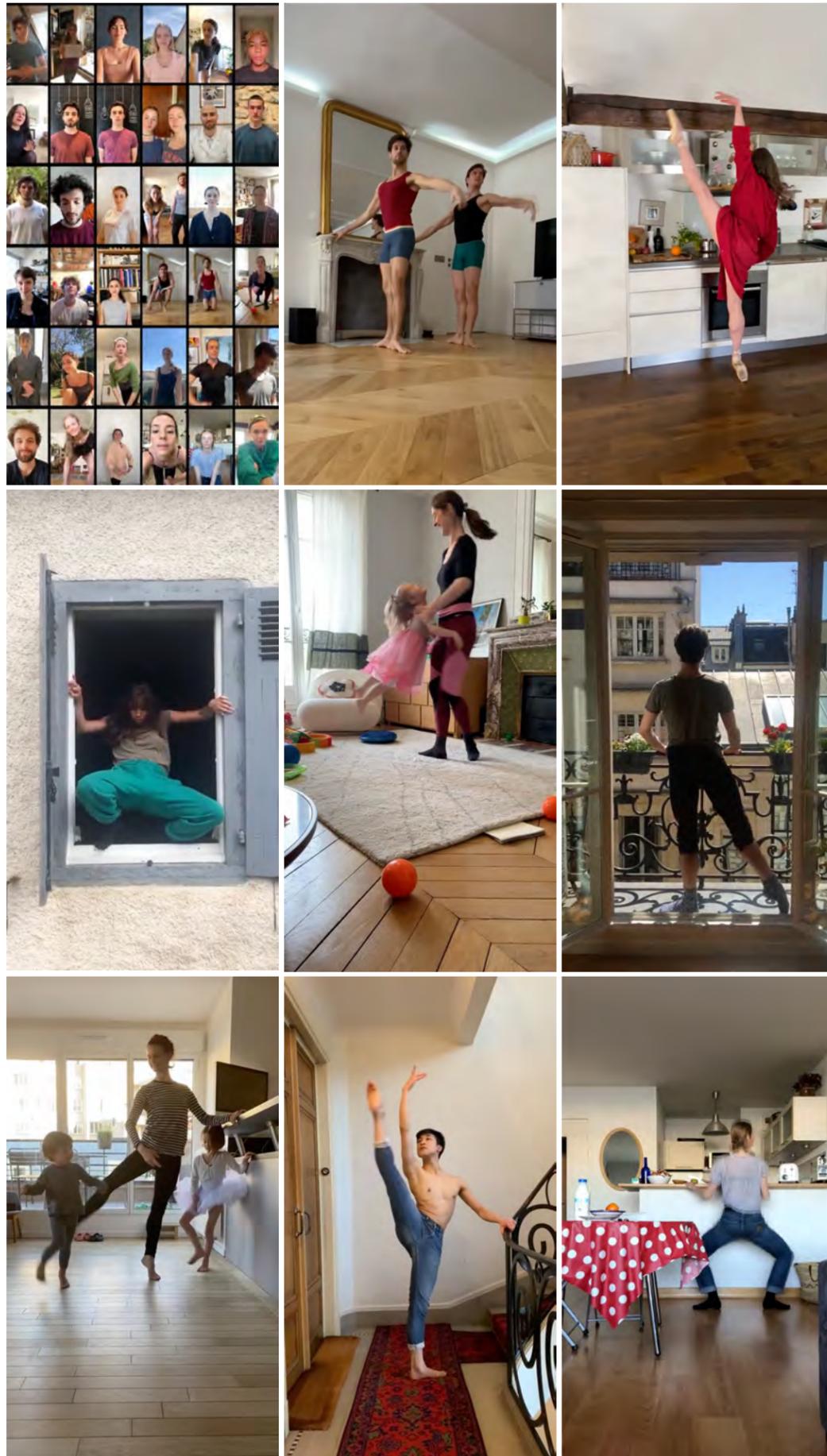
Emma Gilbey Keller

Author & Journalist

The first picture appeared from China in January, a grainy photograph of a woman getting her head shorn. Female medics working round the clock in hospitals throughout Wuhan were giving up their hair to avoid contamination. Then images started to pop up on social media, in magazines and news reports—all over the world women in lockdown were shaving their heads. It was a gesture of strength, an act of boredom, a solution to closed hair salons, an opportunity to get rid of damaged hair, a risk to take when there were no consequences, a time to try something new. More than anything, the naked heads marked a moment of change. “I decided to shave my head,” one woman explained, “to have a fresh start and, literally, a regrowth.”

Image credit:

1. Jackye Calderon, *LMTonline*
2. Genesis Davidson
3. Mahesh Dilip
4. Francesca Fontana
5. Francesca Geyoro
6. @jellybaby
7. Izabel Goveia
8. Karene Horner-Hughes
9. Babette Meyer
10. *Newsflare.com*



**Les danseurs de l'Opéra de Paris offrent un ballet en visioconférence réalisé**

Cédric Klapisch

Film Director, Screenwriter & Producer

[Click here to watch video](#)

San Mateo County passed a shelter-in-place order. I had a walk-in full of food that we no longer had customers to serve to

...

I headed into the restaurant and converted 400 portions of deviled eggs into 140 deviled egg salad sandwiches.

...

I delivered them to the emergency room staff at San Francisco General Hospital.

...

You can always see a smile, even behind a face mask.

### **Deviled Egg Salad Sandwiches**

J. Kenji López-Alt  
Chef & Food Writer

Back in early March, when the coronavirus pandemic was just hitting the U.S., Wursthall was still operating as a full-service restaurant, albeit with some safety measures put in place. Tables were spaced so that parties did not have to sit closer than 6 feet apart, we stocked up on sanitizing solution and sanitized all surfaces between seatings. We switched to single-use menus and removed water bottles and condiments from the tabletops. Though there were only a few cases of COVID-19 reported in the U.S. at the time, it seemed like Santa Clara county—right next door to us here in San Mateo—was potentially ground zero for U.S. cases, which put us on high alert.

Over the course of early March, my partner, my managers, and I held increasingly frequent meetings - sometimes three times a day - to gauge the comfort level of our staff and customers and have a plan in place for if and when the pandemic really hit. By the end of that first week we decided to close our doors for sit-down service. The very next day San Mateo County passed a shelter-in-place order.

My first instinct was to focus on things I know I can do well: cook and organize. I had a walk-in full of food that we no longer had customers to serve to, but I knew that hospitals and community centers would be looking for food in the coming days. That very first night, I headed into the restaurant and converted 400 portions of deviled eggs into 140 deviled egg salad sandwiches. I then packed into boxes with a grilled broccoli salad. I packed those boxes before I even knew who would be getting them. It was the magic of social media that helped me find a home for them, and the next day I delivered them to the emergency room staff at San Francisco General Hospital.

It's now three months later and we just served our 6,000th free meal. Cooking for the community has not only allowed us to keep some of our key staff members employed while the restaurant was shut down, it's also shown us how grateful a community can be when you reach out to help them.

You can always see a smile, even behind a face mask.

## Deviled Egg Salad Sandwiches

Makes 3 Sandwiches

6 eggs

1 tablespoon white wine vinegar

1 tablespoon dijon mustard

2 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil

Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper

Large pinch Aleppo pepper

2 tablespoons minced fresh dill

1 small shallot, finely minced

6 slices of good quality sandwich bread

Thinly sliced radishes

Watercress

1. Fill a small saucepan with 1 inch of water and bring it to a boil over high heat. Gently place the eggs in the shallow water using a spoon. Cover and cook for exactly 11 1/2 minutes. Transfer eggs to an ice bath and let chill for five minutes. Peel under cool running water.
2. Combine eggs, vinegar, mustard, olive oil, a large pinch of salt, a few grinds of black pepper, Aleppo pepper, dill, and shallot in a bowl. Mix with your hands, squeezing the eggs through your fingers to break them up into small pieces. Season to taste with more salt, pepper, and chili as desired.
3. Assemble sandwiches with deviled eggs salad, sliced radish, and watercress. Cut into triangles and serve.

The outside world was beckoning. And many artists I spoke to gladly answered the call. After all, what's scarier: staring down a line of National Guardsman in riot gear or staring at a blank canvas?

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After three months of being quarantined with the same sights, sounds, and smells; this stranger's cologne was like freedom in a bottle.

## **Inside Out**

Bernard Lumpkin

Art Patron

### PART I: INSIDE

When the Covid-19 pandemic shut down New York City during the third week of March, I, like citizens around the world, was forced into quarantine and isolation. My husband set up his home office in our bedroom. My 6 year-old twins started remote learning, and I became a surrogate Kindergarten teacher, shepherding them through daily morning meetings on Zoom and homework assignments on Google Classroom.

The onset of Covid also brought new challenges and opportunities in my work as a contemporary art collector and patron. Being a vocal and visible supporter of several museums and non-profits has given me a platform to talk about issues in contemporary art, particularly concerning emerging artists and artists of African descent. So when Covid struck I was asked to share my views. In my first-ever, live webinar on the pandemic's impact on the art world, I discussed the proliferation of virtual viewing rooms and other online platforms, the shifts in collectors' buying habits, decisions happening behind museums' closed doors about how and when to reopen, and the efforts of curators to help audiences stay engaged with art and artists. I was also asked to speak to other art patrons and museum trustees about the importance of honoring commitments to galas and benefits made before the pandemic hit. Covid or no Covid, patrons need to keep doing what they do because artists and art institutions depend on us.

As the lockdown in NYC continued, I was also interviewed about what it's like to be quarantined at home with an art collection. What new discoveries was I making as a result of spending so much time at home with the artworks I love? True, I saw things anew. A detail in a Henry Taylor painting — a horse in an open field rearing up to the sky — caught my attention now as a strikingly vivid symbol of the physical freedom and outdoor space we're all missing. A photograph by D'Angelo Lovell Williams of two black men locked in a kiss, their faces covered by du-rags: an image that in this age of face masks and protests now seems to capture the zeitgeist with uncanny accuracy.

The focus of my advocacy for artists and museums is early-career, or "emerging", African-American artists. There is a personal and specific reason for this focus. The contemporary art collection my husband Carmine and I have assembled together over the past ten years grew out of conversations I had with my father - who was black - about race, history, and family. The collection is a labor of love I share with my husband and our three children, whose mixed-race heritage is reflected in the paintings, sculptures, and photographs that surround them. An art collection is a conversation, a gathering of voices. And I'm grateful, thanks to the "Young, Gifted, and Black" traveling exhibition curated by Antwaun Sargent and Matt Wycoff, which features work from my family's collection, to be able to share these artworks with people across the country who might not otherwise get to see them. The educational mission feels especially critical at a moment when so many are thinking and talking about what it means to be black in America today.

As a mission-driven collector and patron, I've always viewed art as a tool to foster dialogue. This can happen in many ways and involve artists, audiences, and patrons. And that's where the studio visits come in. Studio visits: that time-honored tradition in which an artist invites someone (usually a curator or collector or professor or another artist) into their workspace for the purpose of a mutually-beneficial conversation about their work. The artist receives valuable feedback on their work. And the visitor has an opportunity to learn about the artist and the work they are making. As the Studio Museum patron George Wein has said, collecting art is like collecting knowledge, and I've always approached collecting art as an intellectual endeavor. I didn't get a degree in art history (and contemporary art isn't art history anyway) so studio visits are how I learn. Art is my continuing education and the studio is my classroom.

Teachers and students. Doctors and patients. Lawyers and clients. Patrons and artists. Covid has certainly made it harder for people who depend on each other to connect. But not impossible. I've found that studio visits—especially when you've already met the artist and you've seen the work in person—actually are one of the few face-to-face interactions that translate well to Zoom and FaceTime. And when you're quarantined with 6 year-old twins and a baby boy, what better antidote to the pressures of family and the drumbeat of bad news from the outside world than a virtual escape into an artist's imagined reality?

"This is exactly where I need to be right now, Bernard," one artist told me on a recent Zoom. "In my studio. Making work." In the age of Covid, when social distancing is the rule and personal protection is the protocol, the studio becomes a creative sanctuary and a safe space. Isolating oneself in the studio is the right thing to do as a citizen: it protects you and others too. Isolation has other advantages. You can concentrate and focus more easily. So much change can happen inside the safe and secure confines of the artist's studio, where the imagination can run wild. You can shout and chant and march and break glass and burn things down. And, of course, rebuild. All without stepping outside. The art does all this work for you.

Art is still being made and artists need to be heard. Their work must continue to have an audience, to be talked about, to have a life. And that's how I see my role in these studio visits. I ask questions. We share observations. The conversations cover a range of themes and topics: color, materiality, and process. Scumbling, iconography, and narrative.

Covid has made offices in many industries off-limits. What happens when the studio isn't a studio? Barred from campus and locked out of their traditional workspaces, many young artists I know have migrated elsewhere: their own apartments, friends' living rooms, or parents' houses. Artists are resourceful, and—like all of us—are finding new spaces to do the work that would normally happen in a conventional workspace. One painter I know discovered an unrented, empty unit down the hall from his own apartment. His landlord told him that it belonged to a tenant who had fled the city. So—in exchange for doing some handyman work - the landlord let the artist use the unit as a painting studio. When I did a FaceTime visit with the artist, he showed me newer, smaller paintings. "This is what I have space for now," he said.

Transformations in medium as well as scale are happening. Another artist, who works primarily in three dimensions (sculpture) or four (performance), was now teaching himself to draw, developing a daily drawing practice with pastel and colored pencil. "It's more intimate," he explained to me, mark-making being a solitary mode of artistic expression which also aligns nicely with social-distancing protocols. "With the sculptures and performances, I need other people." Making work in solitary isolation didn't mean that artists weren't still connecting. Social media took on a new and expanded role, as online platforms such as Instagram became surrogate studio spaces, with artists posting and sharing new work and inviting comment and discussion. In my studio visits, I began seeing other shifts in artist's work directly related to Covid-19, particularly the disproportionate impact of the virus on African-Americans. One artist I spoke to who normally works in figuration had started making abstract drawings. "I'm tired of seeing black bodies in the spotlight—in distress, struggling, dying. I'm trying to envision something else here."

## PART 2: OUTSIDE

At the height of the Covid-19 pandemic, the spectacle of black death was once again front-page news. On May 25th Minnesota police officer Derrick Chauvin used his knee to pin George Floyd's neck to the ground until he stopped breathing. In the days that followed, protests against police brutality and systemic racism erupted in Minneapolis and quickly spread like wildfire to cities across the country. These protests, many led by Black Lives Matter organizers but populated by people of all ages and backgrounds, were about more than one man, George Floyd. Fresh in people's minds are Ahmaud Arbery and Breonna Taylor. And their deaths have in turn reopened the wounds of Trayvon Martin, Michael Ferguson, and—particularly for New Yorkers—Eric Garner. The legacy of white on black violence dates back to slavery. It's as old as America.

How would artists respond to this resurgence of racism, this virus of hate and violence which was rearing its ugly head once again? Indeed, I noticed a distinct shift in my studio visit dialogues after George Floyd. Artists told me they were spending less time making work and more time talking, texting, and engaging with people outside the studio. It became clear that—even before action was taken—conversations needed to happen: among friends and neighbors, colleagues and acquaintances, and partners and spouses. One artist, who is black, said to me that he was focusing on interracial dialogues: having conversations with his white artist-friends to help them understand what was happening and why. This same artist asked me: "Bernard, how do you talk about Black Lives Matter with Carmine?"

The question should have caught me off guard, but it didn't. Why? As I explained to the artist, I don't see my husband Carmine as "white" - even though he's Italian-American, and therefore white in the eyes of many. When we met (thirty years ago, in college at Yale), Carmine was taking a course in black literature which he loved and which he couldn't stop talking about. But most importantly there was Carmine's relationship with my father. Soon after we started dating in college, Carmine met my father - and they developed a friendship that grew stronger and deeper over the years. Their bond and their banter was that of like-minded intellectuals. They debated politics and current events. They shared a love of math and science (my father was a Physics professor). My sister and I, both decidedly right-brainers, weren't always interested in our father's latest favorite theorem; but Dad always had an eager audience in Carmine. And their connection was more than intellectual; they came from similar backgrounds (working class) and they were each the "breakout star" of their respective families: the first sons to attend college, the first to lead lives far from home.

After George Floyd, Black Lives Matter conversations started happening between partners and spouses, as well as between colleagues. Another artist I spoke with was preparing to moderate a live virtual conversation with two other artists about the recent protests. This performance artist's chosen mode of response — asking fellow creatives to take the stage with him — echoes his own practice, in which he frequently invites fellow artists and audience members to participate in making his performances. In this way, his response to the crisis is essentially an extension of his own creative process, and the moderated conversation becomes a work of art in its own right.

This idea—that one's response to a crisis should be genuine, authentic, and organic—started to emerge in my conversations with artists about how they were answering the various calls to action. "You have to be true to yourself, and to your work," is how one artist put it. There were riots and looting in the streets, and there was also an explosion on social media, with friends and followers sharing lists of causes and organizations to support. Now, instead of posting new work, or issuing creative challenges, artists were using their personal social media as a vehicle for political action. One artist told me that she believed the best path to reform is to change laws, and therefore she decided to use her Instagram feed as a platform to auction her work and donate the proceeds to the ACLU. It was an edition of colorful figurative drawings hand-printed by the artist. Staying true to her voice and vision, the artist creates a work of protest.

In spite of opportunities like this to protest virtually using social media, many of the artists I spoke to reported that they could no longer keep their studio doors shut, literally or figuratively. “It’s becoming more and more difficult to just think about oneself,” one artist explained to me. “Especially when what’s going on outside is impacting so many.” The calls from friends to join protests and marches were harder to ignore. The outside world was beckoning. And many artists I spoke to gladly answered the call. After all, what’s scarier: staring down a line of National Guardsman in riot gear or staring at a blank canvas?

“I want to be present,” a photographer I know told me. “I want to bear witness.” Since the protests started, he had taken to carrying his camera around everywhere. It was a 35 mm, medium-format SLR which he had purchased many years ago with funds from an art grant. “It’s film, so it forces you to slow down,” he told me, explaining his process of shooting candid and posed shots of other protesters he encountered in the streets. “It’s different than an iPhone. It feels more permanent.” As a kid he had wanted to be a photojournalist, and now he was finally getting his chance. For other artists I spoke to, the move from the studio to the street was less about advancing your artistic education than about beefing up your knowledge of policies and politics: “When I go to marches I’m listening to the speeches and taking notes.”

Following the example of the artists once again, I took to the streets. It happened very quickly one sunny afternoon in June. The streak of beautiful late spring weather in the City was beckoning. My quarantining had reached a tipping point. I finished helping Lucy and Felix with their daily assignments on Google Classroom, checked out #justiceforgeorgenyc on Instagram, and saw that there was a march starting at 4 p.m. in Washington Market Park. “Let’s go,” I told the kids. We grabbed our masks and raced through the doors.

My parents always said that my first word was “Out!”

I was born in New York City, and, even though I was raised in Southern California, I’ve never stopped being a city kid. And, they also told me, one of the things I loved most about the City as a child was the subway. With Lucy and Felix holding my hands, we marched across West Broadway and ducked into our neighborhood station at Canal Street. I hadn’t been inside there in nearly three months. And what I found at the bottom of the stairs was cleaner and emptier than I could ever imagine. We were a familiar sight on the platform: New Yorkers in a rush, and the clock was ticking. After a few minutes the train came, and it was as clean and empty as the station. “It smelled like Fabuloso,” an artist told me, recounting his own A-train ride to a protest. “It didn’t even smell like the subway.”

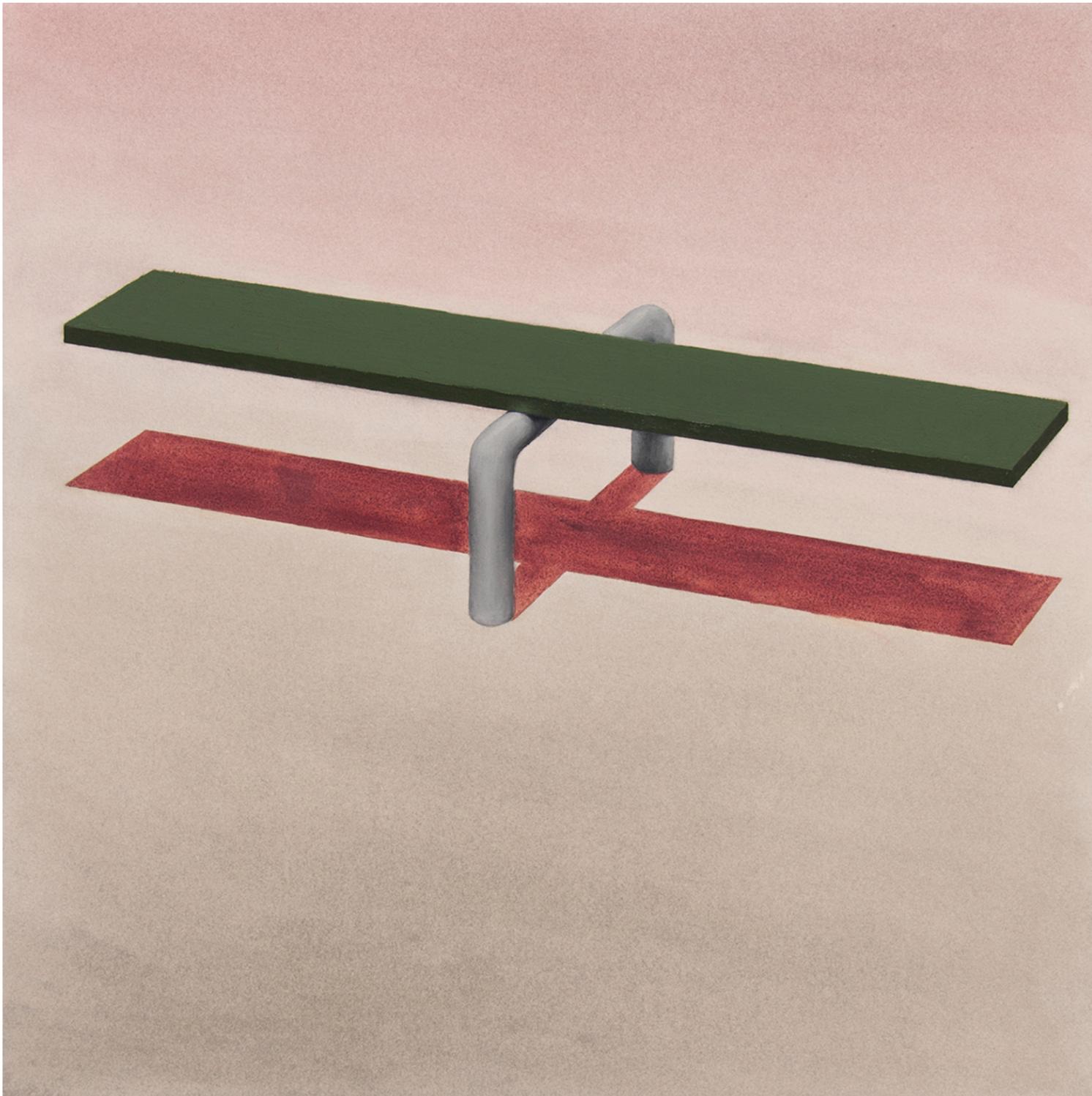
“Who outside? We outside! Who outside?? We outside!!” The chants reached our ears as soon as we emerged from the subway at West 4th Street. Streets which had for months been lifeless and desolate were teeming with people walking with that focused intensity we instantly associate with New Yorkers. When we arrived at Washington Square Park we were greeted by protesters. It was a crowd of strangers but I felt like I was being welcomed by old friends. “No justice, no peace! No justice, no peace!” I joined the chant, and we fell into the parade of marchers. As we passed through the giant arch at the northern edge of the park, I caught a whiff of someone’s cologne it enveloped me completely and stopped me dead in my tracks. In an instant I was transported back to a crowded restaurant or bar, where one is constantly assaulted by the smells of other people. After three months of being quarantined with the same sights, sounds, and smells, this stranger’s cologne was like freedom in a bottle.

“No justice! No peace!” As we marched up 5th Avenue, Lucy and Felix were chanting along too, their paper masks no match for their high-pitched, 6 year-old voices. There were no other kids in the crowd around us so we got a lot of thumbs ups and encouraging waves. Schools were closed but Felix and Lucy were getting a civics lesson in the streets. They marched along and blew the whistles I had bought them and they kept

asking “Daddy, where did all these people come from?!” It was their first-ever protest but yet they seemed to be in their element. It was like they had been there before. Then again, protest is in their blood. My father had been a civil rights activist while at Columbia University in the 1960s. One day I will tell them the whole story. I continued marching up Fifth Avenue, hand in hand with Lucy and Felix. Who outside? We outside.

### PART 3: CONCLUSION

My conversations with artists during these crazy past three months—as Americans wrestled with the twin viruses of Covid and racism—have helped keep me sane. Artists are my extended family, and just as they invite me into their studios, I welcome them into my home as if they were one of my own. I hope that Lucy, Felix, and baby Zachary will follow in their father’s footsteps and use the family art collection as a tool to learn about themselves, enlighten their friends, and better understand the world. God forbid another pandemic like Covid-19 befalls my children. And I pray that they live to see an America where the virus of racism is more contained than it is today. But whatever the uncertain future holds for them, I hope that in moments of crisis and turmoil, when their own destinies and the fate of humanity is unclear, they will stop and look at the art all around them, inside and outside, and talk to those artists, and listen.



A flattening of an eerie, balanced teeter-totter, frozen in time or stuck in a slice of perfection. This unnerving painting confronts an idea of calmness, one where we want something more than what it's giving us: some motion, some chaos, something slightly off balance.

Adam Lupton  
*On Joy and Sorrow (3)*, 2016  
oil on paper mounted on panel  
21 x 21 inches



The first real “quarantine” painting I did when I came to my girlfriend’s sister’s place in rural Pennsylvania. Coming from New York City, the repetition of pre-fabbed houses and the enormity of the sky made everything a bit more distant, like I was one step further removed from myself. This is the same blue-black color that I have dedicated to quarantine.

Adam Lupton  
*Suburban Sky*, 2020  
oil on paper  
22 x 15 inches, 24.25 x 17.25 inches framed



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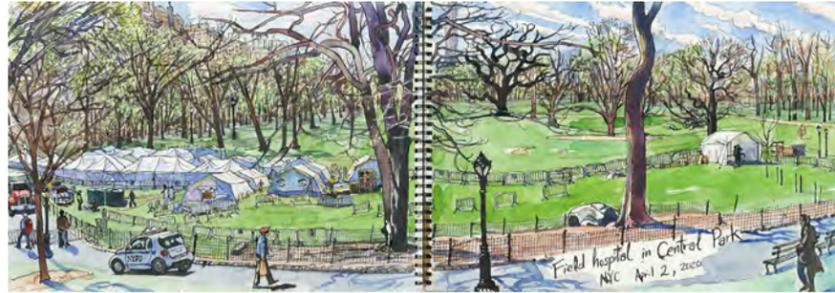
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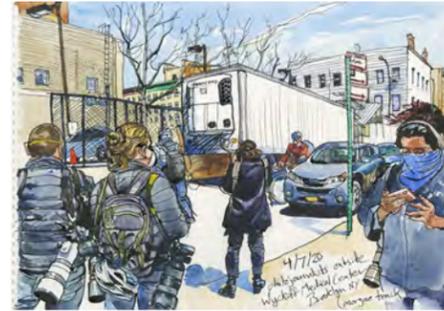
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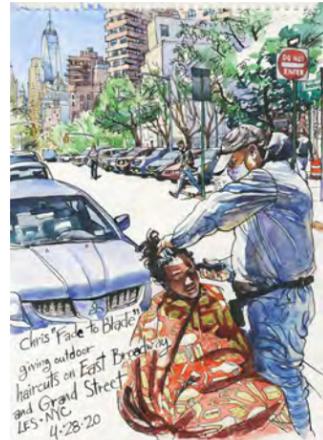
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Somewhere around the last week of March this year, I realized that I was in one of the epicenters of an historical event. Having traveled and drawn extensively in the war zones of Iraq and Afghanistan, and having regularly taught a class at the New York Academy of Art called Contemporary History Painting, it seemed pretty clear that I ought to venture out, sketchpad in hand, to document some of what was going on around me.

Like in Iraq, some of the drawings are mundane, scenes of the everyday inconveniences of our lives during Covid-19. There's also the spectacle of the large-scale interventions, the Central Park field hospital and the US Navy hospital ship, both of which proved futile for apparently political reasons.

And finally, sadly, the big freezer trucks outside some of the hospitals, around which a cat-and-mouse game developed between the photojournalists trying to get a shot of the dead and the hospital staff trying to prevent them from doing so.

As the pandemic has blurred into the protests, riots and occupations following George Floyd's death, my subject matter has continued to call me out into the streets, with face mask, pencils, pens and watercolor paper.

1. Steve Mumford  
*EJ Electric Workers in LES During Covid, 2020*  
ink and watercolor on paper  
11 x 15.5 inches  
courtesy of the artist and Postmasters Gallery

2. Steve Mumford  
*Jewish Wedding Party During Covid, 2020*  
ink and watercolor on paper  
11 x 31 inches  
courtesy of the artist and Postmasters Gallery

3. Steve Mumford  
*Hospital Ship Comfort During Covid, 2020*  
ink and watercolor on paper  
11 x 15.5 inches  
courtesy of the artist and Postmasters Gallery

4. Steve Mumford  
*Brooklyn Medical Center During Covid, 2020*  
ink and watercolor on paper  
11 x 15.5 inches  
courtesy of the artist and Postmasters Gallery

5. Steve Mumford  
*Field Hospital in Central Park During Covid, 2020*  
ink and watercolor on paper  
11 x 31 inches  
courtesy of the artist and Postmasters Gallery

6. Steve Mumford  
*Wyckoff Hospitals with Reporters During Covid, 2020*  
ink and watercolor on paper  
11 x 15.5 inches  
courtesy of the artist and Postmasters Gallery

7. Steve Mumford  
*Outside Barber in LES During Covid I, 2020*  
ink and watercolor on paper  
11 x 15.5 inches  
courtesy of the artist and Postmasters Gallery

8. Steve Mumford  
*Outside Barber in LES During Covid II, 2020*  
ink and watercolor on paper  
15.5 x 11 inches  
courtesy of the artist and Postmasters Gallery

9. Steve Mumford  
*Waiting to Get into the Post Office During Covid, 2020*  
ink and watercolor on paper  
11 x 15.5 inches  
courtesy of the artist and Postmasters Gallery

**For all our differences, our shared experience is itself a bond. We will have this memory in common for the rest of our lives. And if we learn from this moment to be better together, we won't just endure this crisis. We will thrive.**

**Excerpt from *Together***

Vivek Murthy

19<sup>th</sup> Surgeon General of the United States

“It seemed at first that this crisis must inevitably lead to social as well as physical isolation. If we could not meet, how could we connect? If we could not share the same space, how could we help each other? If we could not touch, how could we love? Even that term, social distancing, seemed to condemn us to loneliness.

And then there was the issue of trust. Fear of infection and panic over the potential economic fallout drove some to ignore the official mandates and hoard emergency supplies. Alongside the looming specter of a global financial recession rose an equally disturbing prospect of a social recession—a fraying of communal bonds that deepens in severity the longer we go without human interaction.”

As the pandemic continues, however, it becomes ever clearer that social distancing is a misnomer. To be sure, we must practice physical distancing to stop the spread of COVID-19, but socially, we may emerge from this crisis feeling closer to friends and family members than ever before.

Each day brings new examples of our communal ingenuity as we meet this crisis together. In Italy, one of the hardest hit countries, neighbors isolated in their homes have found shared comfort by singing from their windows in unison. In China, patients in quarantine units have turned to square dancing to lift their spirits as they recuperate. And all over the world, families, friends, and strangers have been performing acts of generosity—bringing groceries to the ill and elderly, calling to check on vulnerable neighbors, and sharing local updates on everything from grocery store hours to the availability of toilet paper. (Who knew that toilet paper would be such a hot commodity in a pandemic!)

We are fortunate today that technology offers us ready opportunities to strengthen our connections remotely. The pandemic is inspiring creativity online as artists dance and sing together through videos from home. Families celebrate birthdays through FaceTime. Audiences enjoy live opera performances streamed over the internet, and students, from kindergartners to doctoral candidates, meet in classes online. As we learn to play, work, and collaborate virtually, we are helping each other fend off loneliness and reminding each other just how vital we are to our mutual resiliency.

I once had a physician mentor who would pause and take a deep breath before he entered a patient's room, using those few seconds to remind himself how grateful he was for the chance to help someone heal. Today, we all share this opportunity. Healthy relationships are as essential as vaccines and ventilators for our global recovery.

This pandemic isn't the first and won't be the last time our social connections are tested, but it is rare for the whole world to face such a grave challenge simultaneously. For all our differences, our shared experience is itself a bond. We will have this memory in common for the rest of our lives. And if we learn from this moment to be better together, we won't just endure this crisis. We will thrive.



My painting *Everybody VS Injustice* is focused on the notion that it truly takes everybody to not only demand but to enact remedies to social injustice. However, the complexities surrounding the issues at stake make this goal inherently challenging. This painting was created to capture a feeling of tension between hope and uncertainty. There can be seen a strength in her pose, she is resolute and stoic in standing her ground, but conversely perhaps we are seeing a still frame of movement in the process of putting her hands up in surrender? Her arms may be spread in anticipation of embracing a sense of wholeness, a global movement, oneness, but simultaneously could she be referencing martyrdom, this body language may also point to the pose on the cross? Without seeing her hands, we are missing a vital clue. Clearly, the filter of the viewer may weigh the interpretation in one direction or another; however, my hope is their decision about the image will reflect a response they have made in their own choices, a movement towards conscious action and reform, guided by an underlying sense of optimism. The background was created in a way that allowed for organic, sometimes uncontrolled, formations of color and value. I wanted this to be a reflection of nature. I wanted chemistry and gravity to play a role, and I had no strongly preconceived notion of what the atmosphere would be. Truly, the dark clouds almost formed on their own. I felt rain and a storm surge beginning to surround her. She was standing in rising water. It's become increasingly clear in looking at this painting now, it symbolizes the pandemic. Exposed to chaos and the threat of uncontrollable external forces, she stands in defiance to make a proclamation.

Tim Okamura  
*Everybody VS Injustice*, 2020  
oil and acrylic on canvas  
90 x 88 inches

What is the future  
of an art gallery?  
Maybe our gallery will  
have fewer visitors  
but maybe those visitors  
can look longer.  
Maybe more serious  
conversations will evolve.  
Maybe more voices  
will be heard.

### **The Future of the Art Gallery**

Wendy Olsoff  
Gallerist

“This is so crazy” had been a familiar refrain over the last few years. “I am so exhausted,” another common complaint. Was it the insane prices, the constant travel, the long waiting lists, the lavish dinners, the endless art fairs or the rise of mega galleries that elicited these words? Probably all of it plus the creeping sensation that we were teetering on the verge of global collapse.

Until mid-March the art market from the Armory to Maastricht persevered. Then the kisses and hugs stopped, not even elbow bumps worked anymore. We had to self-isolate in order not to kill each other. The global economy crashed. Black and brown people succumbed to COVID-19 at higher rates than white people. Ahmaud Arbery was murdered by the police, then George Floyd. Enough was enough.

For 35 years I have owned an art gallery with my business partner Penny Pilkington. Our gallery has focused on social and political art. We have shown work about queer rights, feminism, racism, global oppression and climate change for decades. Did it matter? It contributed. Did we have more work to do and a need for deeper reflection? Yes, we were complicit.

I know that artists channel the social consciousness of historically traumatic events and present possibilities for healing. Art is always ahead of the game and maybe now the rules will change for the better.

What is the future of an art gallery? Maybe our gallery will have fewer visitors but maybe those visitors can look longer. Maybe more serious conversations will evolve. Maybe more voices will be heard.

Maybe the pressure to fill expensive (and unprofitable) booths for the short weeks of art fairs will ease.

Let’s hope for a saner future and if we again hear “this is so crazy”, let’s ask why, and change.



The American philosopher, public intellectual, and activist Cornel West posits: “Justice is what love looks like in public.” In 2018, I rephrased his position in the form a question I asked an audience in San Antonio: “Do you love black men in public?” Of course, this complex, compact question that I would need more time and space than I have here to unpack. However, I should disclose that the number of people who appear in *Photographs with an Audience (San Antonio): Loving Black Men in Public* is a small fraction of that audience.

Clifford Owens  
*Photographs with an Audience (San Antonio): Loving Black Men in Public*, 2018  
archival pigment print  
20 x 24 inches image size, 24 x 28 inches paper size  
series 1 of 17 photographs  
edition 1 of 2 plus 2 APs



*Protest Pictures*, arrested in downtown Jersey City with a medium format film camera, dispatch indexical protest signage delivered by white citizens who, presumably, love black women, black children, black trans lives, and black men in public (and private). I have no evidence of this, of course. But I digress.



Clifford Owens  
*Protest Pictures*, 2020  
archival pigment print  
four photographs, 10 x 8 inches  
edition 1 of 10 plus 2 APs

**Black children now need a new  
class “Cop Confrontation 101.”  
This is everything needed to  
survive but most times...  
there’s nothing any of us can do.**

**Crisis Journal**

Paine the Poet

3:45 am - I’ve officially lost the concept of a pattern of sleep. I’m up, I’m down and everything in between. I’ve been at this for weeks... we’ve all been at this for weeks.

I never really trusted the news. Ironically I have been forced to stay tuned, and in the name of caution and care I feel I must do what it instructs me to do. All while the state of law enforcement is so disgusting, it gets hard to even trust any rules.

It’s crazy how single parents with or without degrees teach every subject in school. Black children now need a new class “Cop Confrontation 101”. This is everything needed to survive but most times ... there’s nothing any of us can do.

I have been underneath this roof... for weeks now... anxious ... its much harder to sleep now.. my pattern is off. Nothing new not even Netflix, I’ve watched their entire catalogue.

GEORGE FLOYD has been slain! Say his name ! Say his name ! Unchained from quarantine we crowd the street fighting for change!

8:46 am - ... more of the same.

*Time has lost meaning  
but nature doesn't care*

**Bringing Back the Dead**

Sarah Paley

Poet

Making muffins this morning I stir  
with the silver spoon you gave me  
that has your mother's initials

*S.C.B*

on the handle & say to the air  
over the bowl *Thanks mom,*  
*I'll try to take better care of it.*

I thought you'd like to know I polished  
the small pitcher delicately engraved:

*Willie, April 4<sup>th</sup> 1883*

& the baptism cup celebrating

*Charles Cabot June 28<sup>th</sup> 1826*

the sterling box with

*1946*

on the left upward curve of a heart &

*1974*

on the right rise & just below

*April 23<sup>rd</sup> With Love*

that was dad seeking praise & absolution

These bequests had been so blackened  
that no one could tell who they belonged to –  
years of neglect had turned them into anonymous  
goods for a rummage sale but I happened upon  
an old tub of polish under the sink & a bag of rags  
& found myself rubbing & rubbing  
till all of you were revealed.

**Eastertide 2020**

Sarah Paley

Poet

Time has lost meaning  
but nature doesn't care

& a sour sweet Spring  
has burst in with garish

yellows, shrieking pinks,  
 bloody reds & every shade of green –

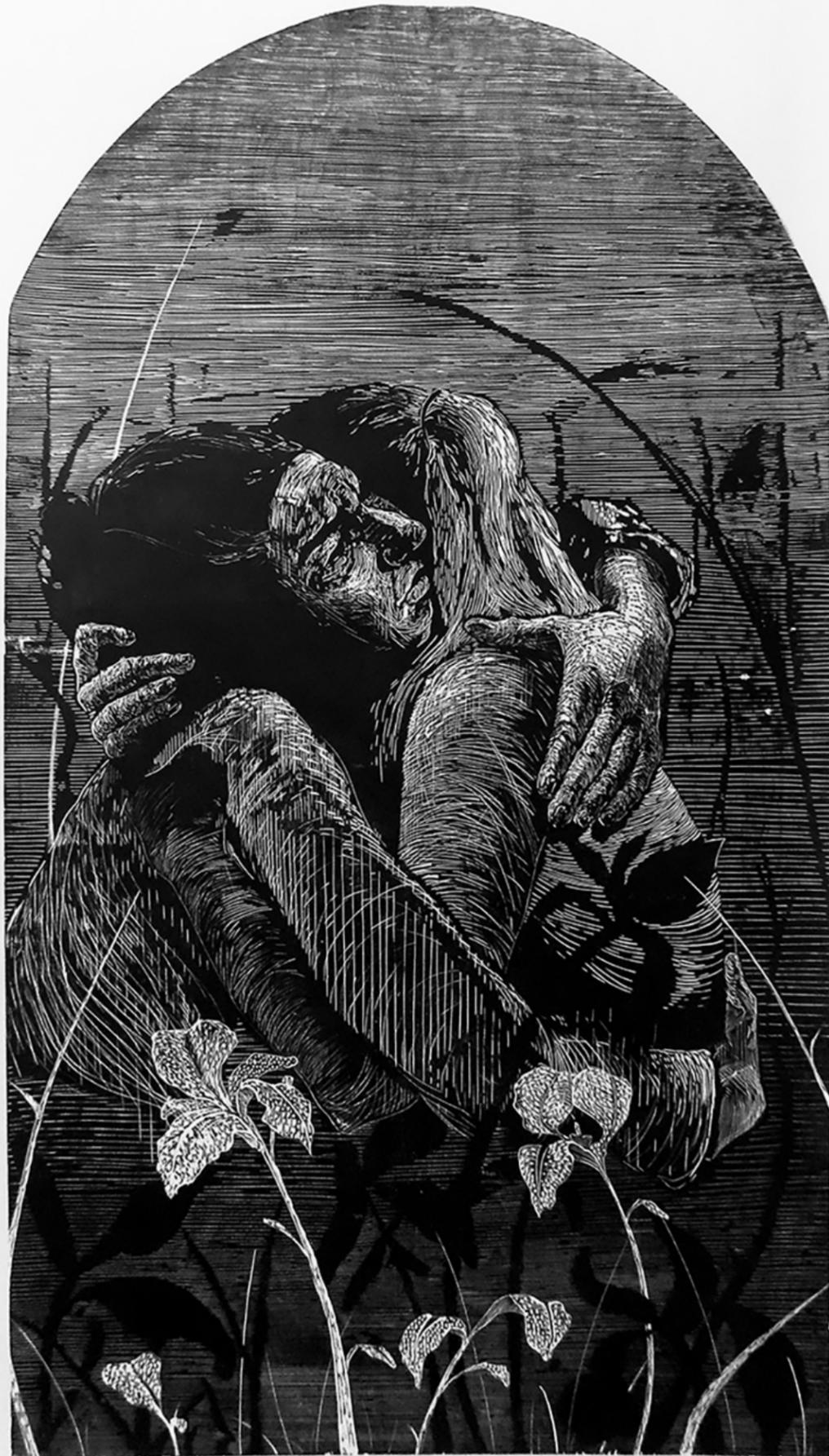
as clueless as the eager guest  
 arriving at the wake, Spring declares

with open arms *I'm here!* & stands  
 bewildered at our dumb stare.



It is difficult to say what change will look like because I do not believe the reckoning we are experiencing has a defined beginning or ending. If we get complacent in our examination of who we are, we will find ourselves bound by an inability to change. How can we guard ourselves against expedience?

Adam Pendleton  
*OK DADA OK BLACK DADA OK (BLACK)*, 2018  
silkscreen ink and spray paint on canvas  
84 x 60 inches  
Simone and David Levinson collection



*Y si no es hoy, será mañana* is a woodcut that originated from a drawing I made during a residency in Germany in July 2019. I had been away from the United States for a month and a half and missing any sense of familiarity at the time. This led me to create an image of two women mid-embrace... or, more especially that moment in a hug where you are both squeezing so tight you sort of stop breathing for a second and then “UFFF,” out comes the big sigh and release. I was needing that, specifically from my mother at the time.

Growing up in a Spanish household meant no I love you’s and that you were always fine. A sad day just meant the next would be better. Only after becoming adults and having moved to the United States, we gradually began to incorporate some American customs we were surrounded by in South Florida, like the I love you’s. The title is in Spanish as my own tip of the hat to this upbringing; *Y si no es hoy, será mañana* means if not today, tomorrow.

The flowers on the bottom of the woodcut are irises; I have an ongoing fascination with the myth, language, and lore of flowers, and at the time I was researching them. An iris in Greek mythology was a symbol of the messenger of the gods, and brought nothing but good news. As a reward for its fierce services, it was changed into a rainbow, as it is a symbol of the return of good weather.

In terms of the technical, I set out two rules for myself: I felt this image deserved a size I had not worked in yet, which is the biggest to date, and to only use hand carving tools laying the block flat on the floor, forcing me to engage my whole body while carving the image out from darkness.

Luján Pérez Hernández  
*Y Si No es Hoy, Será Mañana (If Not Today, Tomorrow)*, 2019  
woodcut on masa paper  
72 x 40 inches, 83.5 x 48 inches framed  
edition 1 of 3

My generation, Generation Z,  
and the generation above me,  
Millennials, are considered the  
loneliest generations.

While our abrupt shift to fully  
remote living was in reaction to  
the pandemic, it is a shift most  
of us had already been making.

### Looking Forward

Brynne Rebele-Henry  
Poet & Author

We've been undergoing a Loneliness Epidemic. My generation, Generation Z, and the generation above me, Millennials, are considered the loneliest generations. In the last few years our social interactions have become increasingly digital. More and more of us spend time alone, making us at higher risk for a variety of physical and mental conditions from depression to weakened immunity.

While our abrupt shift to fully remote living was in reaction to the pandemic, it is a shift most of us had already been making.

Because of COVID-19 those with more privileged identities are, in their own limited ways, experiencing something close to the loneliness and fear that marginalized groups of people have always felt. We hear they are afraid to go to the store or for a walk. But, unable to handle isolation, the privileged break stay-at-home orders, and gather in crowds of more than 10. In April, armed protestors demonstrated in Michigan to defend the right to get a haircut and go to stores without masks.

At the start of the AIDS crisis in the 1980's, many victims who died in New York were buried in mass graves on Hart Island with no funerals, processions or ceremonies. Almost forty years later, unclaimed bodies of COVID-19 victims in New York are being buried on Hart Island too.

American advertising and media talk about "when things go back to normal," but what will that mean? Local businesses have had to close. Corporate and academic jobs are likely to become permanently remote. America is in a recession.

This impacts Generation Z's ability to enter the work-force. We don't know what full-time corporate and academic jobs will be remote, or cease to exist completely. My generation has had to adapt to social and technological advances at a speed no other generation has before.

We have also had to anticipate (and are somehow expected to change) the repercussions of environmental and socioecological decisions made by those older than us. This pandemic has finally illuminated the fact that a country built on systemic violence, racism, and financial inequity is not functional or stable. This inequality is something Generation Z has long been aware of and fought to change. Now these issues have become unavoidable to our seniors.

After the AIDS crisis, when much of the LGBT+ community had been lost, activists had to completely reconsider the future. After the COVID-19 crisis, society at large will have to do the same. And, like in the aftermath of the AIDS crisis, Generation-Z will have to look not to what society was in the past, but what is possible for our future.

Fixated on the quantity, or speed, of economic growth, politicians and economists are ill-equipped to deal with quality shocks such as pandemics, racial catharsis, and climate change.

### **The Quality Imperative**

Stephen Roach  
Economist

The very construct of social science is an unfortunate oxymoron. It was always a stretch to think we could model and predict human behavior with any precision. As a practicing economist for nearly 50 years, I have never been more struck by this contradiction than today. The confluence of a devastating pandemic, America's racial catharsis, and the mounting perils of climate change draws the supposed rigor of our discipline into profound question.

The culprit: A penchant for elegant mathematical modeling. The basic economic problem — the efficient allocation of scarce resources — has led to the development of models that emphasize the *quantity* dimension of the growth experience, stressing the speed and efficiency of economic activity. More labor, more capital are generally viewed as the keys to economic success. The faster the resulting growth rate, the greater the apparent success.

If it were only that simple! Dwelling on quantity obscures considerations on the quality side of the growth equation. With COVID-19, under-investing in public health is an especially glaring example. Notwithstanding a long history of pandemics — namely, a world that has been afflicted by 13 major outbreaks involving at least 100,000 deaths since the 14<sup>th</sup> century — disease prevention is viewed as a costly threat to growth that should be minimized.

And that is exactly what has happened. One study puts pandemic preparedness at less than 1% of total global development assistance in 2019. Moreover, with national leaders drawing validation from the speed of economic growth, they tend to reject the early signs of an emerging pandemic. After all, leaning against outbreak — the lockdown in its extreme form — threatens the speed of economic growth, the sustenance of political power. That was certainly the case as the coronavirus emerged in both China and the United States.

The same applies to two other seemingly existential threats to the quantity of economic growth — America's racial upheaval and global climate change. Addressing systemic racism does not just entail a moral awakening but also requires money and time. With recent Black Lives Matter protests now the largest demonstrations in US history, there can be little doubt of the moral support of the American public. But as passions hopefully get converted into action, will the inevitable pushback take a familiar form and be framed in terms of costs to the speed, or quantity, of economic growth? The same questions arise about climate-change, with political pushback to environmental protection often couched in terms of foregone GDP and jobs.

In short, *quality* shocks, such as pandemics, racial catharsis, and climate change, don't fit the script of modern-day economics. Steeped in a fixation on the *quantity* of economic growth, modeling has lost much of its relevance. That need not be the case. It may be a stretch to find greater meaning in this horrific public health crisis. But to the extent the lockdown frees up time for contemplation, awakening, and reprioritization of choices impacting the quality of our lives, might COVID be a blessing in disguise? Might it also offer redemption for a generation of misguided economists?

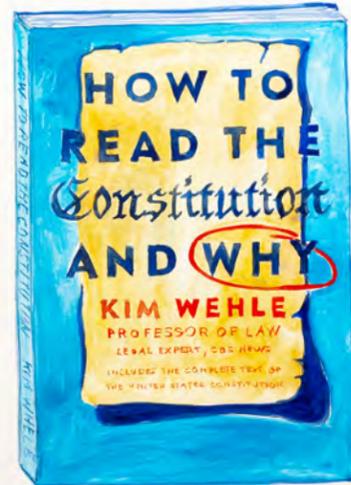


The term Anthropocene has emerged in the last few decades as a way to describe an existential inversion of the relationship between “Humankind” and “The World we live in.” We are now a force of nature. We move earth, shape the horizon, and heat the very skies with more force than Mother Nature could ever muster. We can affect change on a global scale, beyond our ability to detect or predict, and this dilemma is at the core of so many of our societal challenges.

My painting *In Support of a Thermal Theory of Time II* is an evocation of the anxious desire to peer beyond our limited, individual sensory model to a viewpoint from which we can regain control over our untethered actions. In this current pandemic, familiar Institutional ecosystems have ceased to function. The map no longer describes the terrain, and we find ourselves looking for safe passage through to a new model.

The figure in the painting, a representation of the artist, carries a device that depicts a wraparound projection of Millet’s *L’Angelus*, itself a painting of two peasants praying over a bowl of potatoes. Harkening back to our humble final moments before the beginning of the Anthropocene, the glowing image serves as a compass bearing in the urgent search to bring stability back to the ground that we have torn asunder. A new equilibrium where both the macro-systems of our atmosphere, and the micro-systems of the viral and bacterial world, work in tandem with our self-preservation.

Jean-Pierre Roy  
*In Support of a Thermal Theory of Time II*, 2018  
oil on canvas  
22 x 16 inches  
courtesy of the artist and Davidson Gallery



This series of watercolors originated with a mind that is worried and concerned.

We all live through unexpected times. The days seem long and short at the same time.

I discovered that obsessive news watching doesn't help to predict the future. I also found out, that by reaching out to a new focus, by creating a few drawings every day, I could calm my mind.

I assessed my surroundings. It's a process that I am familiar with as an artist. As the daughter of an archeologist growing up in Greece, I always incorporated everyday objects into my work. Also, the concept of a typology, where you can line up a piece of work, as a continuing series has been part of my artistic thought process for many years. A series of photographs of water towers by the German artists Bernd and Hilla Becher still makes my heart sing.

All of these everyday objects—the antibacterial soaps, the cleaning products, the face masks—that we are surrounded by now, I never paid any particular attention to them. Now they have become suddenly lifesavers. They function not just as lifesavers but also as a reminder of a way of life in America.

If you bought something in a bottle, it meant there was a cure. You have a headache; you take a Tylenol. Right now, there is no cure. Nothing in a jar, a can or in a bottle will make it go away, yet. By making these drawings I notice the unintentional Andy Warholian gestalt of our industrial products. They may as well look like Campbell soup cans. Although pop culture won't overcome our sadness, at least it offers a temporary, sad, and comic relief.

The longer I worked on this series and the concurring events of huge demonstrations protesting police brutality against predominantly African Americans, starting with the tidal wave of protests after the killing of George Floyd, I realized that this historic moment needed to be documented on top of the health crisis.

We are going through a seismic shift in our society and we as artists are called to document and react to it. From gas masks, police vests, to protest posters 'Say my Name,' to *The New York Times* discussing reparations, to Karl Marx, *das Kapital*. I wanted it all on the table. Objects became metaphors for the threadbare society that America had created for itself. And it took only a pandemic to shine a light on it all.

As the fortune cookie, that I drew, predicted it: May you live in interesting times.

Bastienne Schmidt  
*Untitled 1-9, Everyday Objects in the Time of a Pandemic, 2020*  
watercolor on Strathmore paper  
nine paintings, 11 x 8.5 inches, 16 x 13 inches framed

The silver lining  
throughout this has been  
the uninterrupted time  
I have with my girls.  
Hours and days spent  
isolated and alone  
together have been healing.

...

I imagine what life would  
have been like if I had been  
quarantined at their age,

...

praying the liquor stores  
stayed closed forever so  
Mom would stay sober.

### **A Life in a Day.**

Brooke Shields

Actress

*When the Covid lockdown began, we left Manhattan and came out here to Southampton, my husband, two teenage daughters, dog and I, fully aware that this is a privileged exile, with comforts most people would envy.*

For the first two months of social distancing I wore no make-up, showered when absolutely necessary, and found it an effort just to wash my hair. Sweatpants and leggings became my go-to choice of attire. But one day I woke up and decided that it was time to do some self-grooming and put some effort into my appearance. Lip balm, mascara, and a bit of strategic concealer make a world of difference.

Taking a bit of time each day to address simple grooming suddenly seems to be as important as learning how to make bread or anything edible for my family (my husband, luckily, is the chef in this family.) I must say that feeling more presentable gives me a bit of pep in my step. It feels like one of the few ways that I can regain a modicum of control.

I have spent a good portion of my life obsessing over trying to be perfect and pleasing everyone else. Somewhere between raising children, maintaining a career, dealing with injuries and family issues, I lost my own voice. I know this sounds “cringey,” as my girls would say, but it’s a common predicament for women over 40.

So during this time of isolation, I decided to start my own website. I had been thinking about it for a long time, a site geared towards women over the age of 40. Now more than ever, I feel there is a need for safe places where all women can speak and be heard. Places both to educate and celebrate.

I called on a friend to help me start this new chapter, and after three months of discussions, we have assembled a scrappy but passionate, team...of three!

Lunch, used to be at noon, then 12:45 which slowly drifted to 2:00, sometimes 3:00 or honestly, I say “fuck it” and snack all day long. I snack on things like nuts and fruit and almond butter, yes, Pop Tarts, turkey and cheese with mustard, or country bread and tomato sandwiches.

By 3:00 the girls are done with virtual learning, a challenge that initially caused frustration and tears from all of us, but one we finally conquered with the installation of a new WIFI system. I feel like I put up a good fight to make sure they did their remote learning, although I recently read in the NYTimes article that online school was ineffectual, good to know.

At 6:00 I make a margarita and either go for a walk, work on a puzzle, or FaceTime a friend. By now, the kids are either doing homework, watching various shows on their devices, or taking showers. The house feels quiet.

My husband finishes his calls and whatever project he is currently writing, and decides what we should eat for dinner. I am the assistant only.

We eat dinner at about 9:00 which makes me feel quite European. After dinner I force my family to play one game. It could be Dominoes, Taboo, Cards against Humanity, Backgammon...anything that keeps them all at the table.

Once playing, we all inevitably start laughing (usually at my expense) and temporarily forget how helpless we feel. The silver lining throughout this has been the uninterrupted time I have with my girls. Hours and days spent isolated and alone together have been healing, and the strength we derive from each other a gift. I imagine what life would have been like if I had been quarantined at their age, alone with my mom in our 2 bedroomed apartment in the city. I’d probably have been watching MTV, pining for the then-closeted George Michael, chatting with friends and praying the liquor stores stayed closed forever so Mom would stay sober.

By about 10:30 the girls are cleaning up the kitchen. I eavesdrop as they are loading the dishwasher and they go into full-gossip mode. They seem to join forces and find a point of connection during these moments of kitchen duty. One night, at around 11:00pm, they suddenly turned off all the lights, and started projecting rotating, multicolor stars and a crescent moon on the ceiling and the walls. They blasted their favorite music and danced on top of the furniture. We all started jumping around and throwing our heads back and waving our arms like we were at a concert. It was explosive and funny, and a much-needed catharsis.

If I can handle the angst and fear that gets ignited by the news, we turn on CNN. When I started to write this piece, we all wondered how much worse the news could get. Well, it got a lot worse. To my routine I now add protests, heart-to-heart talks about race with the kids, reading, listening and becoming more informed and, because I believe it makes a difference, praying for peace and change. I also make a daily vow to become more educated and more proactive in whatever way I can. A few days ago, I drove my kids to a protest and got out of the car masked, with a hat, and walked alongside them. It wasn't for a photo-op or an Instagram post. It was just a first step.

I aim to go to bed by midnight and hope that I fall asleep.

Once the lights are out, I lie awake, listening to my girls' muffled laughs through closed doors on their late night Zoom calls with friends. I obsess about life, the future, my career, and what I am not doing enough of in the world or for my family. To quiet my brain, I visualize decorating rooms in my mind; rooms we don't have, rooms that one day will hopefully be full of family, friends, stories, laughs and love. I guess you could say that it's a meditation of sorts. I eventually fall asleep by 1-1:30am and hopefully don't have crazy dreams.



This piece began in 2018 after many stressful trips to the dentist. In an effort to ease anxiety, I began sculpting human teeth from memory and from this, a collection of gnarly root-y forms filled up and sat upon every surface of my apartment. Eventually hundreds formed and the piece took on a life of its own. All are individually molded, fired, and hand painted with acrylic paints in soft pastels and hints of gold enamel. I wanted to create something large out of many small things that were beautiful and careful where color blankets fear in a vast runway of palm-sized symbols of shared dreams.

This showing is a sample of the original piece complete with 680 ceramic teeth.

Krista Louise Smith  
*Bad Dreams (a selection of 100 from 680)*, 2018-2020  
ceramic  
dimensions variable  
courtesy of the artist and Carvalho Park

# Trump Declares National Emergency in Rose Garden Speech

MAR 14 2020



The notebook began on February 20, 2020 on a whim. After seeing a photograph in *The New York Times* of passengers disembarking from the Diamond Princess cruise ship wearing masks, I thought it might be an interesting and challenging exercise to buy a notebook and make a visual notation of some daily headline in the news that would take me through the presidential election in November.

As the coronavirus progressed, headlines appeared more unusual: sometimes disturbing, sometimes amusing and oftentimes infuriating. The drawings quickly went from being straight depictions taken directly from news photos to inventions of my own. I date each entry with a stamp and have posted all the drawings daily on Instagram. All headlines are pulled from a variety of news services—*CNN*, *BBC*, *Reuters*, *The Guardian*, *The New York Times*, to name a few.

The Moleskine notebook I am using is about 8 x 5 inches with about 200 pages, enough to accommodate a year's worth of entries at two entries per page. The book has thin pages, not really made for watercolor paintings with a fine finish, but once I started and the lockdown began, I couldn't change materials.

My hope is to arrive at a natural ending to the project: either the last page of the notebook, the presidential election, or with any luck, a vaccine for coronavirus.

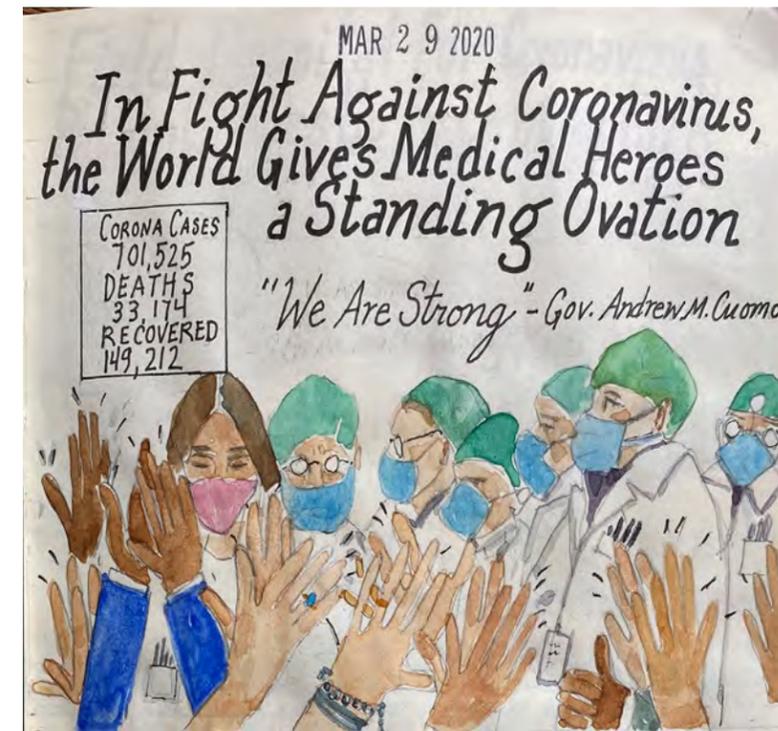
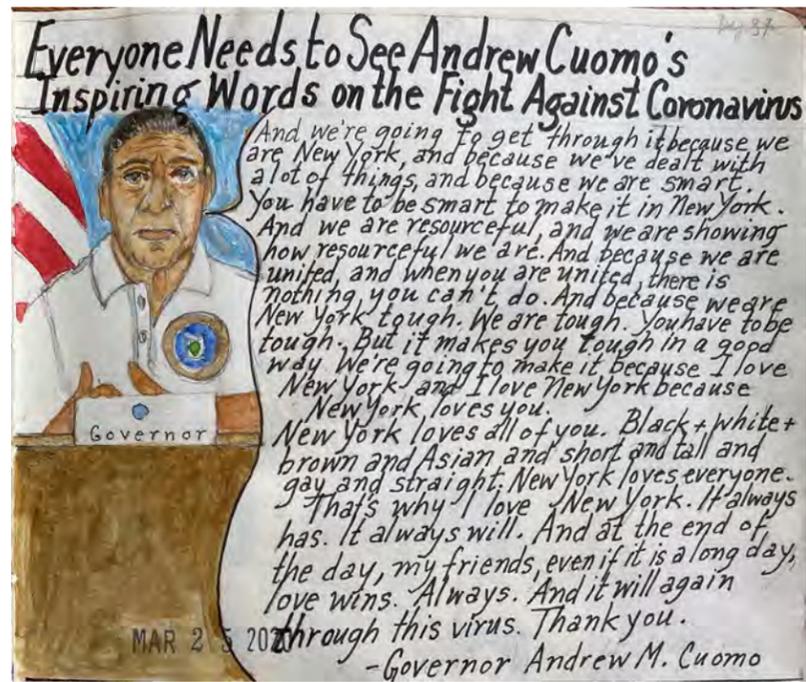
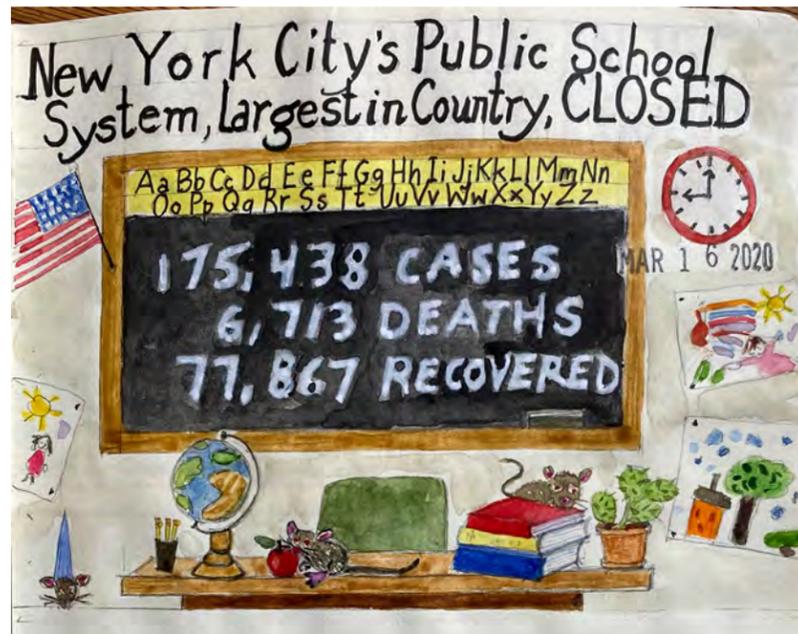
Pamela Szybel

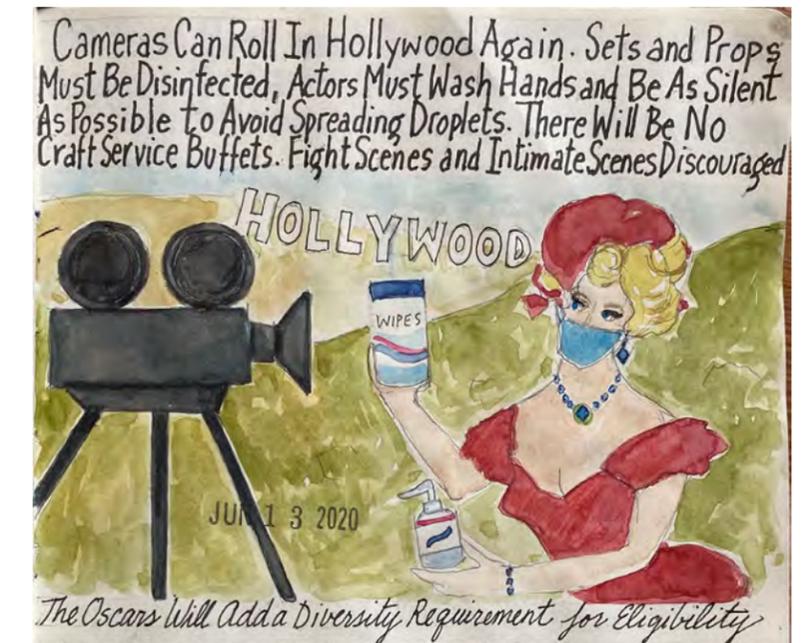
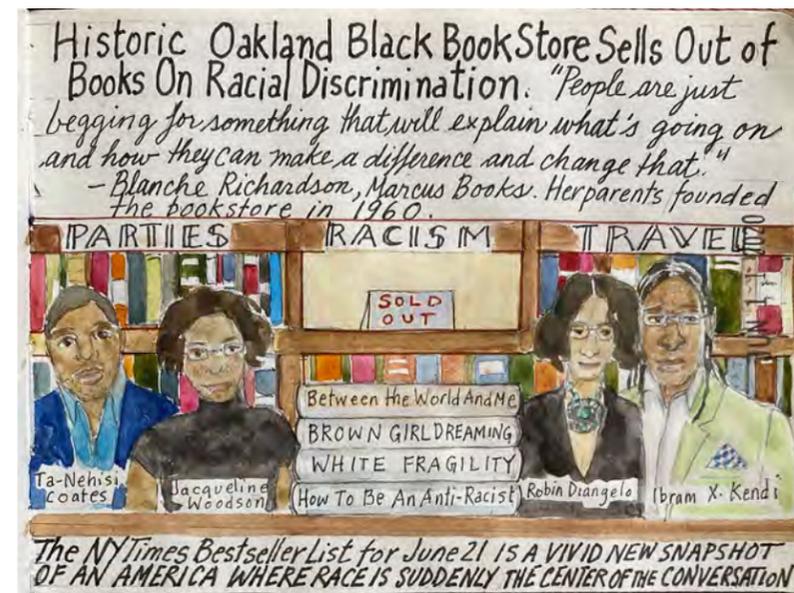
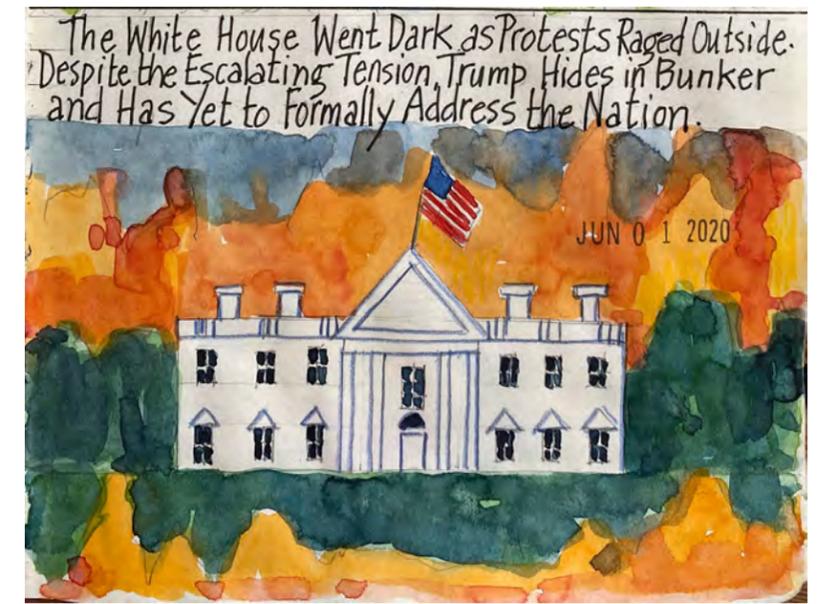
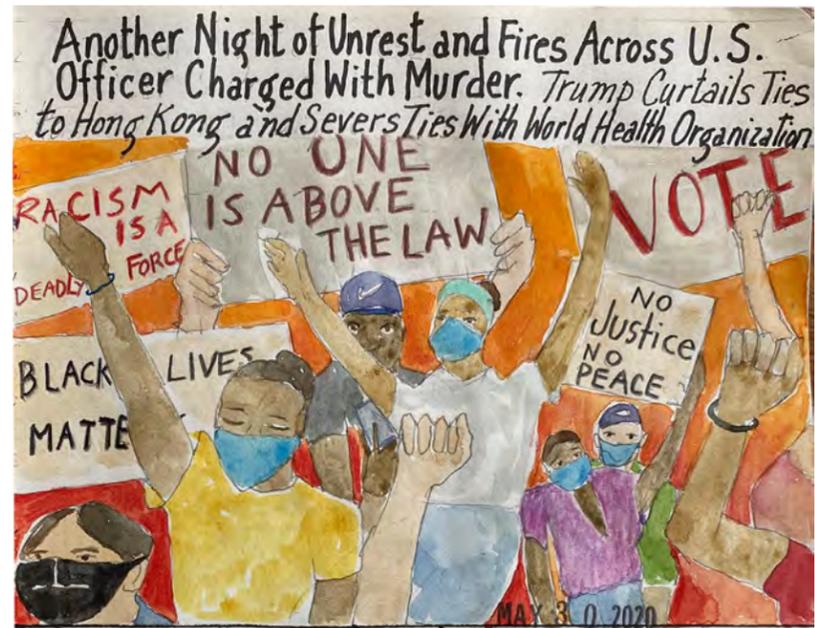
*News Notebook*, 2020

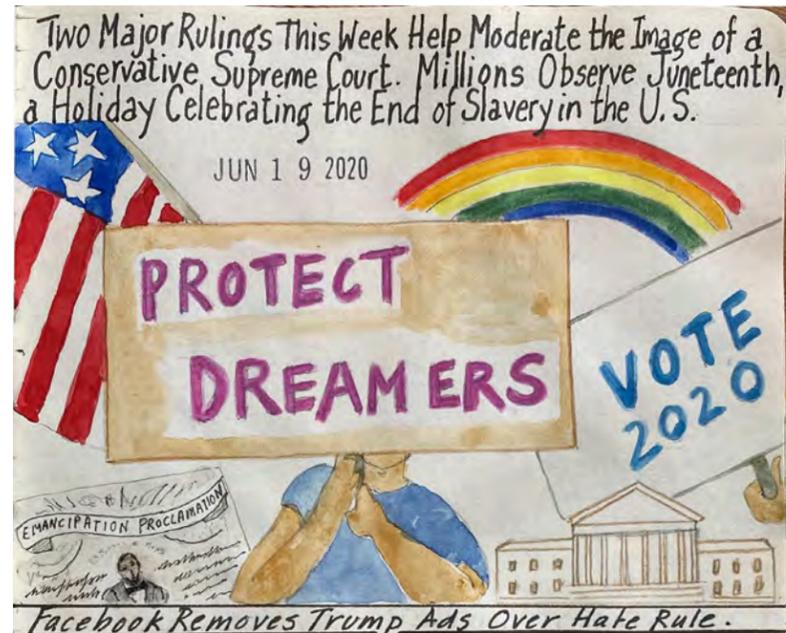
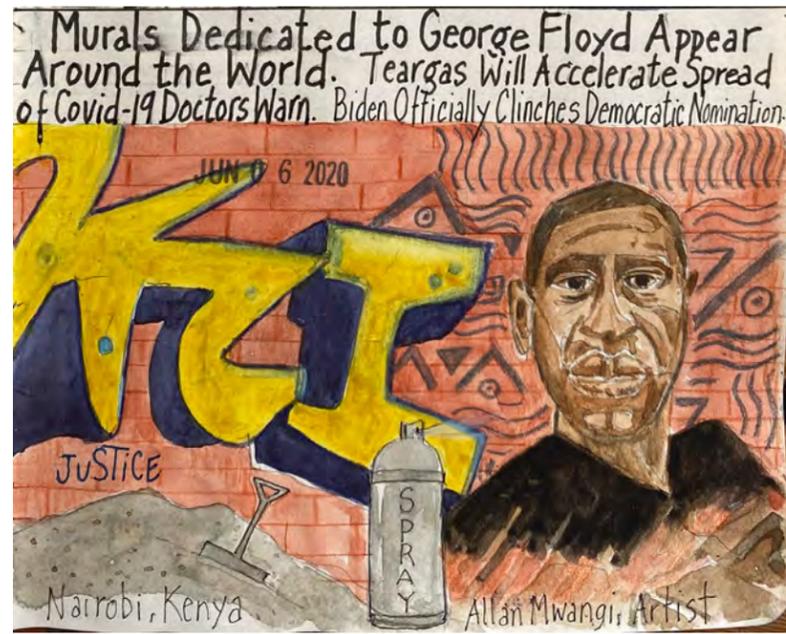
printed reproductions of watercolor on paper  
in Moleskine sketchbook

original notebook 5 x 4 inches

reproductions variable dimensions









The Black community has been hit the hardest around the world, particularly because of the economic conditions. Those conditions lead to the sort of job choices, living conditions and the like. I suspect that *Selves Portrait* is perhaps the most direct of the set of paintings that tackles that idea, the idea of the “unidentified multitudes” that are represented as stars in the background.

Phillip Thomas  
*Selves Portrait*, 2015  
oil on canvas  
69.5 × 47.75 inches  
courtesy of the artist and RJD Gallery

I hope the spirit that brought us  
to our windows and stoops to sing  
*New York, New York* and into the  
streets to protest will continue  
to move us forward. I hope I don't  
have to take my stethoscope out  
of its box again. And I hope  
that, in time, all of us, not just  
some of us, will be able to breathe.

**Stay Home...if you don't want an orthopaedic surgeon treating you for pneumonia!**

Douglas Unis  
Surgeon

Before COVID, I was an orthopaedic surgeon in Manhattan. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays I'd listen to New Yorkers complain about their achy joints. Mondays and Wednesdays, I'd use power tools and titanium to replace them.

I'm a bone carpenter whose ilk has long been ridiculed by "real" doctors.

Q: "What's the definition of a double blind study?"

A: "Two orthopods reading an EKG."

Haha.

When the city was about to get hammered, I bought a fancy stethoscope and my med school posse offered helpful technical advice on which end I should shove up my ass. Relentless ball-breaking got us through school and hasn't abated since we wore the short white coats decades ago.

Every one of them ran into the fire when their cities, too, were consumed. I'm proud-to-tears of my brothers and sisters in arms, but not even a little bit surprised.

Just before the city locked down, I left my wife and kids with 15 pounds of mac and cheese and 3 cases of toilet paper away from the mercurial virus I'd be tracking into our home. The AirBnB was perched on stilts driven into a sliver of sand pinned between an expanse of protected marshland and an encroaching Delaware Bay. Too soon that house would be washed away by a more insidious natural disaster but, for the time being, it was safe.

It would be almost 3 months until I'd see them again.

I work for a sprawling health system with eight hospitals across NYC but I was deployed to the one where my parents (a doctor and a nurse) met Morningside Heights. It was the place I was born, and where I'd spent the early years of my career building a practice while I started my own family.

It's as close to home as any place I know but when I arrived for my first 8pm to 8am overnight COVID shift, new stethoscope in hand, it felt more like the Upside Down.

Triage tents and refrigerated tractor trailers shared the street with cheffy food trucks donating incongruously lavish dinners. The sidewalks were adorned with chalk messages of gratitude and hope smudged by hundreds of first responders' boots and stretcher wheels and strewn with used surgical masks and rubber gloves. It was 7:59. Time to go in.

At the peak, the hallways of the emergency room were jammed with terrified people shoulder to shoulder and gasping for air but utterly alone. It was hard to digest it all and maybe I never will.

The New York Times asked healthcare workers to share observations from the front-lines. Here's what I wrote at 4:54am after my second decadent dinner:

"I've seen human tragedy every night that lays bare and raw gaping deficiencies and inequities in our mental health system and social safety net.

I've seen florid, untreated schizophrenia with auditory hallucinations on top of COVID. I've seen untreated bipolar disorder and homelessness on top of COVID.

I've seen a man with advanced dementia and now COVID who was unaware that his wife and sole caregiver lay dead from the virus when EMS arrived at their home.

Last night I saw a COVID positive alcoholic with extensive bruising of unknown etiology, unable to stand up from Wernicke's encephalopathy, brought in trembling from a crowded SRO.

I hope some good comes of this and we Americans will stop measuring our national success by how much wealth a few individuals can acquire but instead by how well we take care of each other."

Cautiously, I've put my stethoscope back in its box for now. The powers that be say the hospital could lose a billion dollars by the time this is over, even with the FEMA money. They say doctors like me, who perform elective surgeries that keep the lights on, will need to ramp volume back up and fast. But the world is different now. Real people have lost their jobs (and health insurance), they've fled the city (maybe never to return) and the disaster tents still blocking the street reveal fears of an impending second wave (I'm afraid, too).

I'm lucky. I haven't gotten sick. I was issued top notch PPE, washed my hands, covered my eyes and was born white. Over these past few months we have all, not just doctors, been hearing black people saying the words "I can't breathe". I hope recent history will prove too powerful for us to turn away from the sickening, underlying truth that's been there all along. I hope the spirit that brought us to our windows and stoops to sing New York, New York and then into the streets to protest will continue to move us forward. I hope I don't have to take my stethoscope out of its box again. And I'm hopeful that, in time, all of us, not just some of us, will be able to breathe.

## **idreamofcovid.com**

Dreams of teeth falling out, which have been numerous during Covid, are a common response to trauma, loss, illness and powerlessness. Age old theories believe they foreshadow death. Dentists say that dreams of tooth loss are triggered by the discomfort of clenching your jaw or grinding your teeth while sleeping -- bruxism -- which can be a manifestation of stress and anxiety. Whether the trigger is physical or psychological, disturbing images of tooth loss are a vivid representation of the corrosive decay wrought by this virus.

The following accounts of dreams are reproduced from idreamofcovid.com with the permission of Erin T. Gravley.

Emma Gilbey Keller

### **May 2, 2020 | Delaware | 10-19 years**

I dreamt I was brushing my teeth before bed, and then my teeth started falling out. (Classic!) I then went to my mom about it, and she became very alarmed. She said to me that losing teeth was a symptom of Covid, and that I needed to isolate in my room immediately. If losing teeth has ever been a symptom, then thankfully it was just a dream, so far.

### **April 3, 2020 | California | 30-39 years**

I've had the teeth dreams on and off throughout my life, and it's always been when I've felt helpless. I would always dream that the teeth were just falling apart and out of my mouth uncontrollably.

But this time, I was pulling the teeth whole out of my own mouth with pliers. There were people wincing and trying to get me to stop. It just would be so much easier, I kept thinking, without them. I even laid them out so they would look nice. A voluntary giving up of control, of freedom, and not really acknowledging the cost? Maybe. I'd be really interested to know if anyone else is having teeth dreams lately.

### **April 1, 2020 | Indianapolis | 40-49 years**

My crowns fell off my teeth. I kept trying to put them back on, but they wouldn't stay on. No dentists were open so my teeth began to fall out.

Various Writers

[idreamofcovid.com](http://idreamofcovid.com)



*The Apotheosis of Legends* is an acrylic painting meant to immortalize a few talented African American men/hip hop artists who died way too soon. Died due to violence, and one due to a virus, ironically. So, for myself being an artist and a young black male as well, this painting hits close to home.

2020 started with the death of Kobe Bryant. Then the Covid-19 virus swept the world, as well as the recent tragedy of George Floyd, and so many others. It is a constant reminder of how fragile life is on a daily basis, and it also shows how history seems to always repeat itself. Possibly due to us never learning our lesson?

My hope as a Black artist, who is also blind in one eye, is to inspire other artists to continue to create. To not be afraid to live life to its fullest.

Justin Wadlington  
*The Apotheosis of Legends*, 2019  
acrylic on canvas  
36 x 48 inches, 45 x 56 inches framed  
collection Glenn and Amanda Fuhrman, NY, courtesy the FLAG Art Foundation



I started this painting in March while recovering from being sick from the Coronavirus. It was the sickest I'd ever been in my life. I decided to make this painting which is titled *Baltimore Funerals*. These are actual people I know who are posing in front of a funeral home after losing a friend to gun violence. I was fascinated with how in the black community here in Baltimore we have become so desensitized to us (black people) dying. As I got healthier, I worked on this painting on lock down while the death count from the virus climbed. Sadly, in Baltimore, and in the black community people were not social distancing and gun violence also continued. A few weeks into lockdown, one of the guys in the painting (wearing the red jacket) was killed. So, the following week, all of these guys went to his funeral. It just seems like it will never end. Now, this same community is not only being decimated by gun violence— the coronavirus has stepped in and is killing so many people in this neighborhood. It's sad, but I hope to tell their story and spark conversation about what is still happening in the black community.

Chris Wilson  
*Baltimore Funerals*, 2020  
acrylic on canvas  
60 x 60 inches, 63.5 x 63.5 inches framed



I can recall that at some point having described one of my paintings as one with an absence of color, which I was then describing as the work of a black painting. I felt that description was in error because black is most certainly a color other than the chromatic spectrum from red to violet.

My year of 2019 ended with a painting later titled *Absence*, which refers to the fact that it is a black and white painting. It was my intention to then begin in 2020 a variety of colors, which became an unplanned layer of underpainting. With a finished white cover, which would be lightly transparent enough to reveal the textured strokes of color and collage underneath, this would render the color absent. This would also make up for the unavailable supplies in my studio as well as the inability to travel to my usual sources to collect and get them to enjoy experimentation. It became a barrier which created the absences, but not the new progress for 2020. Thus, introducing the first painting finished during the pandemic, *Color and Absence*.

Frank Wimberley  
*Color and Absence*, 2020  
acrylic on canvas  
50 x 50 inches  
© Frank Wimberley  
courtesy of the artist and Berry Campbell Gallery, New York



Alexi Worth  
*Shoreline*, 2020  
acrylic on nylon mesh  
25 x 42 inches  
courtesy of the artist and DC Moore Gallery

The weirdness of beaches. You walk from your car, along a little sandy path, through scrubby dunes, and then there it is: a big theatre set where nothing keeps happening, all day long. As an art subject, it's ridiculous. Also, majestic, boring, carnal. Human bodies absorbing sunlight, surrendering to the simplest hedonism, the voluptuousness of warmth. Occasionally, a spoilsport cloud intervenes, trailing a little island of dissatisfaction.

With thoughts like these in my mind, I finished this painting for the first time in 2017. But something about it nagged at me. This spring, after the lockdown, I began thinking about it again. Images of Florida beachgoers were on my mind. Sunbathing seemed even more of a comical, questionable luxury. I began repainting, making the whole image brighter and harsher. I redistributed the body parts, so that they were more linked up, like a crumpled Coppertone ad. While repainting, I found myself thinking about Robert Frost's great beach poem, "Neither Out Far Nor In Deep." On Frost's beach, people stare at the ocean. "They cannot look out far," he says, "They cannot look in deep." But they keep on looking. Is it an accusatory poem? Some readers think so, but I've always imagined it as a forgiving, inclusive poem. We're superficial. We're stuck. We're in this together.



Jiannan Wu  
*Graduation*, 2019  
acrylic on resin and wood  
10 x 10 x 1.75 inches framed

Graduates of year 2020 are a special group. The coronavirus pandemic takes away their commencement ceremonies, graduation exhibitions, and the ritualistic graduation photos. Although the online ceremonies can be held in Zoom, the sense of solemnity and honor cannot be made up. The work *Graduation* was created in 2019, based on the concept of collective memory to express some specific moments of group and sense of the age and storytelling. However, it now seems more like a desire to be together and graduate as they were. *Graduation* was meant to be exclusive to the specific season each year, and it was the last day for all the students to get together. Even after the outbreak ends, none of these ceremonies can be remedied or re-done. I hope this work can lead to a rethinking of the collective, of communication and of the present. Although virtual online is the general trend of development, it can never replace people's face-to-face communication and real touch. Getting together is always harder than separation. In addition, this work was scheduled to be part of my solo exhibition in New York in June, which has also been postponed due to the pandemic.

## **NEW YORK ACADEMY OF ART**

Founded in 1982 by artists, scholars and patrons of the arts, including Andy Warhol, the New York Academy of Art is a not-for-profit educational and cultural institution which combines intensive technical training in drawing, painting and sculpture with active critical discourse. Academy students are taught traditional methods and techniques and encouraged to use these skills to make vital contemporary art. Through major exhibitions, a lively speaker series, and an ambitious educational program, the Academy serves as a creative and intellectual center for all artists dedicated to highly skilled, conceptually aware figurative and representational art.

## **SOUTHAMPTON ARTS CENTER**

Southampton Arts Center has become a hub for arts and culture on the East End with over 50,000 visitors, five exhibitions and 200+ programs and events in 2019 alone. The broad programming is delivered year-round through an impressive array of partners including New York Academy of Art, International Center of Photography, 92Y, Hamptons International Film Festival, Blue Sphere Foundation, Mountainfilm on Tour, the Watermill Center, and many more. With the recent upgrade of the theater, including state-of-the-art audio and video equipment, lighting and new seating, Southampton Arts Center has expanded its breadth of programming to include first-run films, theatrical performances and concerts.

Southampton Arts Center is a not for profit 501(c)(3) organization whose mission is to serve our East End community as a hub for arts and culture while preserving and activating the iconic building and grounds of 25 Jobs Lane for future generations.

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## **EXHIBITION ORGANIZERS**

### **New York Academy of Art**

Heidi Elbers, Director of Exhibitions

Gianna Putrino, Manager of Exhibitions

Amanda Borosavage, Exhibitions Registrar

Adam Lupton, Preparator

Maud Madsen, Preparator

Nicholas Burkhalter, Creative Director

### **Southampton Arts Center**

Tom Dunn, Executive Director

Amy Kirwin, Artistic Director

Godfrey Palaia, Director of Production & Venue Operations

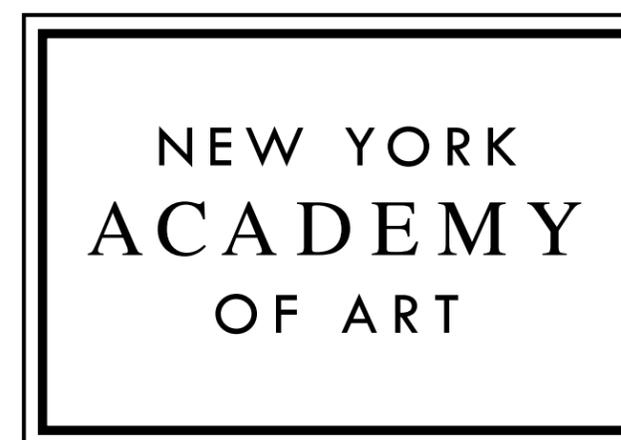
Matt Ballard, Operations Coordinator

## **SALE OF ARTWORK**

Proceeds from the sale of work are split between the artist, Southampton Arts Center, and the New York Academy of Art. The New York Academy of Art proceeds are in support of scholarships and public programs at the Academy. Payment by check, credit card, wire transfer, or cash is acceptable. At the close of the exhibition, buyers may contact Heidi Elbers (exhibitions@nyaa.edu or 212-842-5971) to arrange for pickup or delivery of their work.

## **FOR MORE INFORMATION**

For inquiries regarding New York Academy of Art Events and Exhibitions please email [exhibitions@nyaa.edu](mailto:exhibitions@nyaa.edu).



[nyaa.edu](http://nyaa.edu)





