



ROOTED IN VERSE
July 22nd – August 24th, 2025

CLOCKWISE TOP LEFT: BRI SANDER, ANNY LAMSIFER,
ANNE THOMPSON, HOWIE POHL, PAVITHRA ESWAR

Artist Biographies & Statements

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**Council on
the Arts**



About the Jurors

Caitlyn Shea:

Caitlyn Shea began her love for Walt serving as the Birthplace Museum's Events & Media Director in 2019. She departed the museum in 2022 to become Director of Northport Historical Society. In 2024, she was ecstatic to return to the Birthplace as Executive Director. Now, she is focused on planning new creative and inclusive programming. Walt said he "contains multitudes". The museum celebrates his unique voice as an artist, inspirational spirit, and his Queer identity in the 1800s.

Shea is a visual artist and specializes in creative placemaking by painting murals that beautify businesses. She has served as a Juror for HAC twice and currently shows her work at Firefly Artists in Northport. She holds a Bachelor of Fine Arts in Painting and Art History from Adelphi University. She also attended Skidmore College, Pratt Institute, and New York's School of Visual Arts.

Margaret Guardi:

Margaret Guardi, current WWBA Curator and Historian, graduated from SUNY Oneonta with a post-graduate certificate in Secondary ed-English. She has filled many roles at the WWBA since she first volunteered in 1998, from Tour Guide to Tea Party Director, to Curator/Historian. For many years Margaret volunteered at the Huntington Historical Society where she was a Board member and Collection Committee member, and volunteers at the Davis Town Meeting House in Coram. Her knowledge of Walt Whitman, historic costume, and local history has enabled her to manage and exhibit WWBA's collection, archives and library materials, and work closely with student interns to make the WWBA collection more accessible.

Jack Canfora:

Jack's Off-Broadway plays include Poetic License, (59E59 Theaters), hailed by the Associated Press as "White-hot entertainment," and Jericho, (59E59 Theaters, a New York Times' "Critic's Pick") His regional productions include Place Setting (New Jersey Repertory), a finalist with plays by Teresa Rebeck, Elaine May and Edward Albee for Best Play, 2007, Newark Star Ledger, Tennessee Williams: A Life (w/ Harris Yulin) (Guild Hall), featuring Eli Wallach, Harris Yulin and Mercedes Ruehl, Jericho, (NNPN Rolling World Premiere: New Jersey Repertory Company, Phoenix Theatre, Florida Studio Theatre, UpstART theater) The Source (NJ Rep), Poetic License (NJ Rep), and Fellow Travelers (Bay Street Theatre), which was optioned by the Shubert Organization for Broadway. Jack is the recipient of two Edgerton Playwriting Awards, for Jericho (2010) and The Source (2018). He won the 2016 Webby Award for Best Writing in a Web Series



*Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass:
Verse from Song of Myself, 1855*

The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me he
complains of my gab and my
loitering.
I too am not a bit tamed I too am untranslatable,
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.
The last scud of day holds back for me,
It flings my likeness after the rest and true as any on the
shadowed wilds,
It coaxes me to the vapor and the dusk.
I depart as air I shake my white locks at the runaway
sun,
I effuse my flesh in eddies and drift it in lacy jags.
I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love,
If you want me again look for me under your bootsoles.
You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,
And filter and fibre your blood.
Failing to fetch me me at first keep encouraged,
Missing me one place search another,
I stop some where waiting for you.





Stephanie Angelo



Look For Me (Under Your Bootsoles)

Verse from Song of Myself, 1855

Ink, colored pencil on paper, 5" X 7"

\$150

Instagram: [@PopArtAngel](https://www.instagram.com/PopArtAngel)

Stephanie Angelo is a visual artist born on Long Island, New York, and raised in Connecticut. History and contemporary events are two main themes that infiltrate her work. Traditional motifs are used in conjunction with the bright flat colors and the bold lines of the pop artists, combining older styles and forms of art with one that is distinctly modern. She graduated from Villanova University with a degree in Art History in 2002 and has also studied the arts at the University of Siena, Italy, University of Amsterdam, the Netherlands, and the School of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, Massachusetts. Currently, she lives and works both as an artist and art restorer in New York.

Drawing from previous portraits I have done of prominent women's shoes, I was inspired by the Whitman line "I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love, If you want me again look for me under your bootsoles. You will hardly know who I am or what I mean, But I shall be good health to you nevertheless".

I want this piece to depict well-worn shoes, laid down at the end of my life, conveying the long journey made through various twists and turns. After the day is done this meandering is what makes us. Our walk becomes part of the earth we traveled on. Even as we proceed, a piece of us is left behind.



Toniann Bartscherer



Entanglement

Verse from Song of Myself, 1855

Multimedia 18" x 21.5"

\$4,500

After a 20-year career owning my own advertising business, I decided to yield to my life-long passion for art. Harnessing the skills I nurtured with my degree in Advertising art and design as well as my work experience, I decided to study under a Master Artisan in the Classical Method. This journey expanded my use of various mediums including oils, drawing and mixed media, as well as encouraging me to explore both plein air and still life portraits. I find oils to be so rich in body, are extremely malleable and offer a resilience different from other mediums. I gravitate towards authentic tangible objects, offering their own depth of experiences and emotions.

Art flows from within. Beauty is not in the moment, or the object of our attention, but in the transformative nature of the piece. My inspiration may not be the viewer's connection, just as one idea may inspire many other thoughts, but the conversation has begun. Thank you for listening. Whitman's poem, "Verse from Song of Myself, 1855," celebrates his union with nature, "I effuse my flesh in eddies...I bequeath myself to the dirt." "Entanglements" acknowledges this union with nature with a more cautionary perspective. Incorporating an eagle in flight. Its powerful, massive wings and expansive chest project strength, the long razor-sharp talons a formidable defense. The eye of an eagle, clear and precise, suggests foresight and vision. An inspirational symbol for our National Bird. The partially deflated balloons hint of a celebration but suggest the time for celebration has gone past; the vulnerability of a nation that can get jaded celebrating its victories. The eagle's talons, entangled in strings, illustrate the intertwined connectedness of humankind with Nature. Perhaps, an awareness of the fragility of the environment or fragility of a nation which fails to recognize how it interfaces with the world around it.



Patty Eljaiek



I Celebrate Myself

Verse from Song of Myself, 1855

Mixed media, digital C print, 11" x 14"

\$100

@pattemade

I am distracted by many things; words, a great face and strange nature among them. My motto has always been, "Work with what you have", manifested by using as many upcycled materials as possible.

By all accounts Whitman was the most photographed poet of his time. His fascination with photography resulted in 130 portraits of himself. One could argue that his poetry, like *Song of Myself*, reflects his place in the world and his belief of being a true part of everything and everyone. Being secure with who he was and his purpose.

He existed in a world where sexuality was not discussed openly and for many, not something that could be lived aloud. With his words, whether part of the LGBTQ+ community or not, Whitman lived and spoke in acceptance of everyone and was not afraid to celebrate love, in all its forms.

This portrait is inspired by the selected poem's 1892 version, specifically this opening stanza –

"I celebrate myself, and sing myself, And what I assume you shall assume, For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you."



Pavithra Eswar



Laughing in a Sea of Sadness

Verse from Song of Myself, 1855

Watercolor, 20" x 16"

NFS



The Garden of Words

When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd, 1867

Colored pencil, 8" x 10"

NFS

Pavithra Eswar is a junior at The Wheatley School whose art is inspired by the quiet power of connection; how a visual moment can awaken memory, emotion, and a sense of shared humanity. Her work has been recognized at the state and county level, including Best in Show at the 2024 Huntington Arts Council's juried Nightmare on Main Street exhibition and multiple honors in the NYSATA Legislative Art Exhibit. As a dedicated performer and National Tri-M inductee, she brings the same spirit of storytelling and expression to her work in theater and music. Pavithra sees art as both a stillness and a spark; an enduring gesture from artist to viewer, hand to heart.

These paintings interpret distinct emotions from Walt Whitman's poetry: self, sorrow, and fleeting human connection.

Laughing in a Sea of Sadness: A radiant face dissolves into sky and cloud, joy blooming through melancholy. It reflects Whitman's untamed yawp; laughter as rebellion, light pressing through grief. *The Garden of Words*: Lilacs grow across printed text as a bee hovers gently. Inspired by "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," this piece is an elegy in bloom; grief held within the natural world.



Deirde Faughey



I Depart As Air

Verse from Song of Myself, 1855

Video

NFS

[@painting_plus_Drawing](#)

Deirdre Faughey is a poet, writer, and teacher whose work blends personal observation with layered emotional insight, often exploring themes of memory, place, and social commentary. As both an educator and an artist, she is inspired by the quiet details of everyday life, moments of connection and disconnection, and the tension between the personal and the public in contemporary experience.

I Depart As Air is an animation inspired by a video clip posted on the New York City Ballet's Instagram account. Captivated by the dancers' fluid movements, I used still images from the clip to create pastel rubbings, then layered watercolor, pencil, and pastel to develop over 250 hand-drawn frames. Sequenced together, these drawings recreate motion through an intentionally imperfect, human lens. I paired the animation with an original guitar composition by my daughter, Norah Faughey Davison, and recorded my voice reading an edited version of Walt Whitman's *Song of Myself*. The result is a textured, layered piece that contrasts the grace of hand-drawn movement with a distorted personal voice, emphasizing the tension between natural and modern worlds. *I Depart As Air* is about the feeling of being lost in the noise of everyday life—while still trying to hold on to something real, something that moves and breathes with us.



Ron Friedman

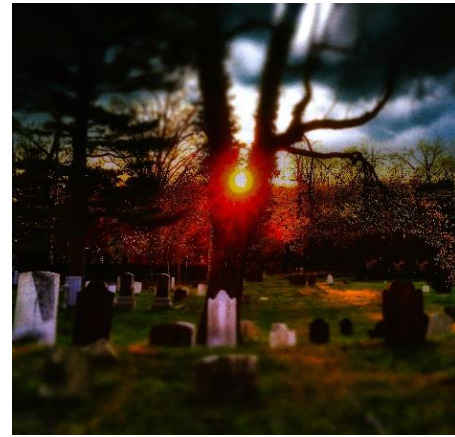


Osprey Over Me

Verse from Song of Myself, 1855

Digital photo , 18" x 24"

\$150



To Earth We Return

A Glimpse, 1892

Digital photo , 24" x 24"

\$150

Photographic inspiration came to me at the age of eight when Dad handed me a much hoped-for Kodak Brownie camera. My Brooklyn world came alive, multi-dimensional to me through that little plastic viewfinder, and I have never stopped taking pictures. The viewfinder's magic window gives me gifts of beauty, meaning, and emotion in the vistas I see in the everyday world around me. Emotion is sparked by everyday people, and the frame of the camera's vision speaks a visual narrative I feel inside, around their facial expressions, gestures, and subtlety of moods. My work blends nature and urbanity, and I seek out people, birds in flight, sunsets and sunrises, and the night sky--the endless nebula, the planets, and galaxies. With my camera in hand, I feel a youthful springiness in my movement around the world, thinking and composing. Ron Friedman, Centerport, New York May 2025

I photograph the vibrance and movement of life captured in single images. Everyday people spark emotion in my photos, and the frame of the camera's lens speaks a visual narrative I feel inside, around their facial expressions, gestures, and subtlety of moods. Beyond everyday people, birds in flight, the sun, galaxies and planets, and all my surroundings spark feelings that I capture in photographs. The black-and-white world is a playground of shadows, shading and isolating details that challenge the viewer's perception. In contrast, the world of photographic color is endless in its nuances of tones and depth. I work in both realms, always seeking the emotion and life forces that abound if only we take the time to find and savor them. through melancholy. It reflects Whitman's untamed yawp; laughter as rebellion, light pressing through grief.



Pamela Laurence



Another Day

Verse from Song of Myself, 1855

Oil, 48" x 48"

NFS



The Eye of God With Angelic Beings

A Glimpse, 1892

Oil, 25" x 30"

NFS

Color literally speaks to me. I look to paint messages from the unseen world which offer not only inspiration to myself but to the viewer. In private and corporate collections- the Clinton White House- teacher - always a student - lover.

There is a flow of life in my works - a childlike innocence that is not only meditative- but poetic. The more one looks at my work, the more one sees- bringing the viewer to a strong joyful and serene place.

"As within- so without."



Howie Pohl



Heckscher Park in Winter

Verse from Song of Myself, 1855

Silver gelatin film photo, 20" x 14"

\$375

@Howardpohl



Tree and Sky Calverton

When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom, 1867

Silver gelatin film photo, 20" x 14"

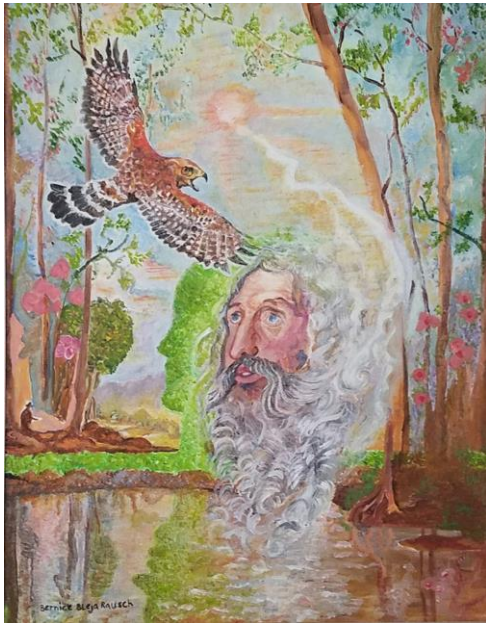
\$400

I am a traditional analog photographer using black and white film and printing in my home darkroom. My photographs typically document the effects of time on natural and man-made objects.

Most of my work captures the solitude and resiliency of nature. Even the one human in this set appears isolated. Heckscher Park in Winter reflects the withering effects of nature and the steadfastness of trees. Tree and Sky Calverton reveals the dark profiles of nature as the sun recedes.



Bernice Rausch



Nature Mystic

Verse from Song of Myself, 1855

Acrylic on canvas, 20" x 16"

\$300

I'm Bernice Rausch graduated from Parsons School of Design (Bleja). I got back into painting when I retired. Creating in Acrylic. People and Nature inspire me as an artist. Won some awards and ribbons for my work. Exhibited in Long Island galleries and Libraries.

The spotted hawk accuses Whitman of grabbing. He has to let go of his ego to feel the mystic union with nature and he achieves it. I think we all felt this union with nature something almost spiritual.



Kerry Sclafani



Electric

Verse from Song of Myself, 1855

Giclee print on archival matte fine art paper

9" x 12"

\$125

Instagram: @ksclafaniphotography



Together

A Glimpse, 1892

Giclee print on archival matte fine art paper

10" x 13"

\$150

Kerry Sclafani fell in love with photography as a teenager and for years has photographed her travels, family, and friends. As a trained archivist, she works to preserve, protect, and share the stories of the past. In particular, handling and identifying images of people and places that are long gone has provided a unique view on why photographs are such an important and powerful medium: not just as a visual document, but as a testament to memory, connection, and existence.

Working in the museum field has taught me how powerful the smallest moment can be. Evidence of presence: scrawled notes, fingerprints captured on negatives, a laugh caught mid-breath—these are the things that say "I was here. I existed." I spend a lot of my time thinking about memory: what we choose to keep and what future generations will know from those selections and that shapes how I see the world through my lens. Whitman has long been my favorite poet and these works represent how I interpreted and visualized individual phrases in the selected poems. Section 52 reminds us that we are all part of the whole and that nothing truly disappears; it just transforms and waits to be found again. Similarly, each photo I take holds a piece of the present, waiting to be discovered again in the future, echoing the message: this happened, this was loved, this mattered.



Kathrine M. Trunk



Effusions

Verse from Song of Myself, 1855

Pen, pencil, pastel, acrylic and chalk , 10" x 8"

NFS

I draw my inspiration from God's creation, namely nature and the human form. Beauty and truth captivate my creativity. "Verse from Song of Myself", 1855 drew my attention. I was drawn to the nature imagery of water (eddies) and the "lacy jags" of sea foam. Whitman becomes one with his environment as he floats on the water. I created "eddies" from his wispy, wavy hair giving it a dreamlike quality.



Frederick Woodward



Accusing Hawk

Verse from Song of Myself, 1855

Digital photograph, 17" x 17"

\$250

I am inspired by the interplay between image and word, image that evokes and gives birth to word, word that gives expression to image. In my art, I seek the unity of image and word, a unity typically severed in the western imagination, which has historically elevated word over image, exalting the one, denigrating the other.

The accusing hawk arrests me. I am pinned by his penetrating gaze. As one disposed at times to self-accusation, how easy it is to project accusation into its piercing eyes as it swoops into my life with a stultifying suddenness. In the presence of such vigorous and determined life, how small I seem, how foolish, how absurd.

Am I loitering in my own life? Have my words become cheap, all gab, all yawp? Have I become little more than a stolid observer of my life's unfolding? Am I missing the performance of a lifetime, the performance of my very own life? Oh, but there is a way forward: to embrace my clod status and bequeath myself to the dirt, like Adam (humanus), the earth creature, to the basic creational stuff, Adamah (humus), the earth, indeed, the very good earth.



Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass:

*When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard
Bloom'd, 1867*

O western orb, sailing the heaven!
Now I know what you must have meant, as a month since
we walk'd,
As we walk'd up and down in the dark blue so mystic,
As we walk'd in silence the transparent shadowy night,
As I saw you had something to tell, as you bent to me night
after night,
As you droop'd from the sky low down, as if to my side,
(while the other stars all look'd on;)
As we wander'd together the solemn night, (for something
I know not what, kept me from sleep;)
As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of the west,
ere you went, how full you were of woe;
As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze, in the cool
transparent night,
As I watch'd where you pass'd and was lost in the nether-
ward black of the night,
As my soul, in its trouble, dissatisfied, sank, as where you,
sad orb,
Concluded, dropt in the night, and was gone.





Gwen Carfora



Sailing the Heaven

When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom, 1867

Digital print, 20" x 20"

NFS

Tiktok: [@somberseraphim](https://www.tiktok.com/@somberseraphim)

Hello! I'm Gwen, a mainly self-taught and digital artist. I've been drawing for as long as I can remember, and I'm quite passionate— it provides a sense of joy and freedom to create, which I love!

This piece, 'Sailing the Heaven', is meant to communicate the sense of longing the speaker purveys throughout his midnight walk with the 'heavenly orb'. The speaker seems to find comfort and companionship in the star, and describes his soul as dissatisfied after it sets come morning. I wanted to really portray that sense of need within the central figure, who looks up at the orb as if to reach out to it.



Kelly Clancy-Nill



For Janet

When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom, 1867

Ink, watercolor and acrylic on paper , 20" x 16"

NFS

Instagram: [@book_of_kelly](https://www.instagram.com/book_of_kelly)

Kelly Clancy-Nill is a mixed-media artist, photographer, and educator who has been creating ever since she spent her first post-grad paycheck on a camera. Her work has been shown at the Art League of Long Island & Northport's Art Walk and she is a member of the South Bay Art Association and Bay Area Friends of the Fine Arts. She draws inspiration from the messy process & joy found in creating.

My piece was inspired by 'When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd'. I was drawn to this poem due to the imagery of lilacs. These were my late mother-in-law's favorite flower and when they bloom every Spring we enjoy taking time to stop and smell the lilacs and recall our favorite memories with her. For this piece, I chose to create many layers and add liquid watercolors directly to the paper so that I could not control or predict their flow. Such is life - a layered and unpredictable story that we cannot control. And in the end it is a work of art, like Janet.



Alicia Evans



Ode to Walt

When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom, 1867

Yarn on black canvas , 30" x 40"

\$1,600

Instagram: [@aliciafiberarts](https://www.instagram.com/aliciafiberarts)

Alicia Evans is an award-winning fiber artist and environmental advocate who reimagines trees and natural forms through intricate crochet and textile work. Inspired by the healing power of nature, her art offers meditative reflections on restoration, resilience, and the sacred connection between people and the earth. Through her work, Alicia creates spaces for quiet healing and environmental awareness.

"Ode to Walt" is my fiber-based interpretation of Walt Whitman's "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd" (1867), exploring grief, remembrance, and nature's quiet healing power. Soft lilac shades bloom against the black canvas, echoing Whitman's somber post-Civil War elegy. The pale gold moon—his "western orb"—hovers above in silent witness, full of unspoken sorrow. I chose to incorporate the handwritten title to weave a tactile intimacy, evoking the personal and historical imprint of Whitman's voice—like a scripted letter bridging past and present through visual language. By transforming his text into fiber art, I invite viewers to engage with Whitman's legacy anew, honoring the emotional resonance of this 19th-century work. This crocheted bouquet and glowing orb symbolize shared grief and nature's comfort. In silence, beneath the moon, we remember—and through beauty, we begin to heal.



Jim Finlayson



Peeking Through The Canopy

When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom, 1867

iPhone photography, 11" x 14"

\$125



Celestial Halo

When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom, 1867

iPhone photography, 11" x14"

\$125

LI Photographer working with iPhone & Polaroid materials/mix media. Images in regional/national publications & exhibitions. Photos part of the Polaroid Collection & The Fitch Collection at Yale.

I have always been interested in the boundaries between photography & painting. Shooting with iPhone & Polaroid cameras plus mix media I create images that are stark & graphic or reminiscent of oils and watercolors.



Shelia D Fox



Eye of the Orb

When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom, 1867

Fiber sculpture, cotton canvas, felt, solid plaiting technique, 13" x 18.5" x 6.5"

NFS

I have created fiber sculptures, reliefs and mixed media works in my South Huntington studio for over five decades. My art education includes The Art Students League, The Haystack Mt. School, ME, as well as an MFA in Fiber Art from The Tyler School of Art, PA. I have exhibited widely: Museum of Art & Design (NYC); The Textile Museum (Wash, DC); The British Craft Centre, London; UNESCO Galleries, Paris; International Textile Competition Center, Kyoto; The Staller Center, Stony Brook U.; and at the Heckscher Museum's 2022 Biennial, Huntington. My two Artist-in-Residence Awards were at the American Craft Museum and with the New York State Council on the Arts ("Artists in Schools – Suffolk County"). I am also a recipient of a NEA Fellowship Grant in Art/Craft (Wash., DC).

I am inspired by a specific traditional textile structure, which I uniquely expanded and have called "solid plaiting" since I coined the term in 1977. This dimensional plaiting allows me to explore principles of gravity and compression with soft materials as well as to create flexible structures that derive from both architectural and the gestural qualities of the human figure. I try to capture a sense of a living "presence" in each work combined with a sense of whimsy and the surreal.



Barbara V Jones



Lilacs Farewell

When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom, 1867

Acrylic on transparent panel, 18" x 9"

\$300

Instagram: @Barjones12



In Full Glory

When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom, 1867

Acrylic on transparent panel reverse technique, 36" x 24"

NFS

I am a self-taught abstract painter working with acrylics, pastels, and gold leaf on transparent panels. I practice a reverse technique known as "hinterglasmalerie" - a technique where paint is applied to the back of a glass panel and the finished work is viewed from the front. My inspiration is drawn from observing nature's amazing colors, fascinating shapes and repeated patterns which I internalize and interpret on the panels.

Poetry is a wonderful vehicle for communicating feelings and experiences. The use of rich language and metaphor can deepen empathy and understanding. This has been my personal experience with Whitman's elegy to Abraham Lincoln: "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed" I have always known this poem. As a student we were required to memorize each line, recite, discuss meaning, identify symbols. It was incorporated into the curriculum by a teacher who loved both Whitman and Lincoln. And now as an artist I am interpreting the words and the references on my panels. I can "see" the lilacs. Their blooming time is beautiful but brief as was Lincoln's life. I love this poem. When I re-read the words I am moved by the richness of its language and the sadness of its metaphors. I think mostly about the lilacs.



Anny Lamsifer



The Night Mystery

When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom, 1867

Mixed media, 22.5" x 18.5"

\$375

Currently a New York City based artist, I have slowly evolved from a deep appreciation of nature to a new appreciation for the human aspect of urban life. Throughout the past 18 years, I have exhibited and won awards with various art leagues, notably the Art League of Nassau County and the Huntington Art Council. In 2021, my art work was included in a group exhibit of NYC Urban Sketchers at Grand Central Station, and in 2023, at the New Amsterdam Library in NYC.

I have never felt that I could fully express myself in only one medium. I love the interplay of drawing and painting and I sometimes draw over a painting to get inspired or find a new direction.

I clearly envisioned the "western orb" of Whitman's poem both as a supernatural object and as a muse for his poetry; its bright light spanning the sky and giving life to the lilacs.



Bri Sander



Montauk Garden

When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom, 1867

Watercolor and mixed media , 19" x 15"

\$350

@bri.sandr

Bri finds creative inspiration by investigating the natural world through an intersecting lens of art and science. By transforming discarded waste into whimsical mixed media works, block prints, sculptures, and wearable objects, a lighthearted commentary on nature's beauty in the face of environmental destruction arises through her art. Bri's creative work is supported by Long Island Grants for the Arts through funds provided by the office of the Governor and the New York State Legislature, and administered by The Huntington Arts Council.

"Montauk Garden" represents an earlier phase of my art career, during years spent exploring watercolors and mixed media. This work symbolizes my emergence into the world as a creative force, seeking new connections, lasting change, and searching for the next door to open. The placement of two daisies facing each other represents a pair of living beings, communicating not with words but through the embrace of each other's petals in the wind.



Anne Thompson



The Light of Another Day

When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom, 1867

Acrylic on canvas, 10" x 20"

\$450

I have lived in the Huntington area for over 40 years and the beauty of this area is a constant inspiration to me. I try to capture the colors and mood of nature in my artwork which has been mainly traditional land and seascapes. Recently I have been painting abstract still trying to capture the beauty around us.

From high school English classes we learned that some of the poems in Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" express his feelings about the assassination of President Lincoln. In the excerpt from "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd", we see expressions and imagery of sadness and also hope that life will go on.

In my artwork, "The Light of Another Day", I've tried to express both emotions. Darkness is in the Western sky "full of woe" he writes. I made the Eastern sky bright showing the promise of hope as he stood on the rising ground in cool breezes. And as the 'sad orb' "dropt in the night and was gone", so will his sadness be gone. There are no lilacs mentioned in this excerpt but we can assume that as they last bloomed so will they bloom again in the light of another day.



*Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass:
A Glimpse, 1892*

A GLIMPSE through an interstice caught,
Of a crowd of workmen and drivers in a bar-room
around the
stove late of a winter night, and I unremark'd seated
in a
corner,
Of a youth who loves me and whom I love, silently
approaching
and seating himself near, that he may hold me by the
hand,
A long while amid the noises of coming and going, of
drinking
and oath and smutty jest,
There we two, content, happy in being together,
speaking little,
perhaps not a word.





Carol Savoy



5:00 A.M. NYC

A Glimpse, 1892

Watercolor , 15" x 17.5"

NFS

@cc-savoy

Carol Savoy lives in Huntington and works with watercolor. She is inspired by ordinary scenes that capture the beauty, reality, and emotions of everyday life.

This piece reflects a quintessential NYC scene in a luncheonette at 5am, under the "el" train. Through the routine activity of morning coffee or meal in a communal space, the regular patrons experience social connection, whether they talk, nod, or grunt to each other. The comradery shared amidst the daily grind and more gritty aspects of life are like that described in Walt Whitman's poem in the bar-room. Perhaps the warmth of the grown man and the young boy of the poem is felt in the back of the luncheonette where the young boy is helping his grandfather cook.



Bill Shillalies



Evening Deep Blue Night with Stars

A Glimpse, 1892

Ceramics, 20" x 20" x 3"

\$800

I was very fortunate to go to a college in northern Wisconsin. That was an environmental school. I remember doing many hikes at night in northern Wisconsin where the skies were full of stars. I went to Lake Superior and watched the ice develop and crushed on the shores.

My Art, I know I purposely do not copy nature but because of my life experience of growing up in Germany, going to the Adirondack mountains and snowshoeing, and spending a lot of time on Long Island beaches at night, that has been a major influence in my work and comes through in my material.



Toxic/Nature Studios



First Date

A Glimpse, 1892

Photography , 26.5" x 21.5"

\$250 (Photo Only)

@ToxicNatureStudios

Scott Schneider exhibiting under the name Toxic/Nature Studios is an artist with 15+ years of related experience, involving a daily practice of observing and documenting the environment, with particular attention to detritus (Toxic Gallery) found in nature (Nature Gallery) Committed to leveraging the power of photography to confront the viewer with sights that are otherwise overlooked. Also has crafted trash sculptural pieces (3D(isasters) Gallery) which are designed to challenge the viewer to make sense of the quantity of litter displayed in the #finditfillit containers.

Toxic/Nature Studios features environmental photography that celebrates the majesty of nature and laments its demise, in small moments. Using close-up macro techniques, the photographs express my appreciation and concern about the environment. As we become increasingly more distracted by our devices, we can have the tendency to overlook small disasters beneath our feet. Likewise, we can also fail to notice the beautiful moments present in nature or even the decaying beauty that can sometimes be found in everyday objects. I explore these concepts in the Toxic, Nature and Manufactor galleries on the website, ToxicNature.com. All photos are taken by me, Scott Schneider, with an iPhone, thereby leveraging the power of technology to observe rather than to distract. I hope that my art will inspire others to notice the world around them and to take action to preserve its natural beauty. Unplug. Look around. Get the small picture. Scott Schneider



Marie Winn



Of Oath and Smutty Jest

A Glimpse, 1892

Oil on canvas , 28" x 38"

\$700

My works are narrative, and as a 58 year long musician for the church, they frequently are of a religious nature, juxtaposing Catholicism and the laity.

Walt Whitman's "A Glimpse, 1892".

I hope my piece strikes as a group of people content in the familiarity of their simple setting. I hope the bar reads as perhaps an ecstatic backdrop of stained glass, hinting at the reverence there is in simply being among those we are so comfortable with.