

The Women's Caucus for Art New Hampshire Chapter

A small group of women in the arts banded together in 1995, to create the WCA/NH Chapter. At that time, there were few opportunities for women artists and few available support systems for New Hampshire's women artists. The National WCA offered the potential for supporting many of the needs, so creating a statewide chapter seemed like a good way to go.

The first statewide meeting was held in March of 1995 at New England College and the original goals of the group were set to include education, resources, and networking as well as exhibition opportunities. In 2001, WCA/NH started having monthly Art Shares at Borders Bookstore in Concord, where members and non-members could get together and share their current projects and ideas. In 2015 we started the statewide Art Share project we call Pods. We now have five Pods spread throughout the state and one specifically online. Pods connect artists with one another and create community.

Our work continues to center on organizing a variety of exhibitions, while strengthening the network of connectedness for our members. WCA/NH offers several open members' exhibitions and one juried exhibition each year. To date, we have presented about 100 exhibitions.

WCA/NH members are an amazing group of talented artists, a rich cross-section of artists, representing the best of what is happening in American art today. We are a thriving networking organization for New Hampshire women in the arts with over 100 members. Our mission is to create community through art, education and social activism.

Membership is open to all artists, from student to seasoned professional. Our members include painters, sculptors, ceramicists, mixed-media artists, photographers, fiber artists, stained glass artists, video and digital artists, printmakers, jewelers and bead artists—the list is endless. For more information see our website wcanh.org and for more about the National Women’s Caucus for Art go to nationalwca.org.

Gloria Steinem once said, “We all know things the other needs.” This is what WCA is all about.

*Artworks in this catalog are presented
in alphabetical order
by the artist’s last name.*

Lisa Almeida

Helena's Nightmare is a tapestry of wool weft and cotton warp, inspired by an image by photojournalist Aris Messinis, taken the day Russia invaded Ukraine. Helena is a schoolteacher. On that day, the world as she knew it ceased to exist. The hauntingly traumatic look in her eyes compelled me to honor and memorialize her as a testament to the savagery of war.

Helena's Nightmare



Cynthia Arieta

My paintings always have a story to tell. They are about the world we live in, how we might react to it and how it touches us on a deep and personal level. They are always about beauty; not the sweet beauty we often think of when we hear the word but the real beauty of life itself. This painting of the wren on a dumpster embodies our encroachment on the wildlife we coexist with, while also depicting this idea of beauty. The dumpster is both lovely and sad, a metaphor for the way humans have treated the planet. And while the dumpster is in a state of decay the wren is very much alive, almost as if it is posing proudly for the photograph, almost joyfully, almost with defiance. We see it and we understand. We create pollinator gardens and hang up bird feeders because we can recognize ourselves in this little bird; we are also fragile and resilient.

Resilience



Liz Auffant

This painting was inspired by the way butchers in small towns along the coast of Portugal display their cuts of meat. During my travels, I found the scene to be a harsh contrast between beauty and cruelty and I wanted to capture that same feeling with painting.

A Butcher Shop in Portugal



Oil paint's natural ability to layer is the driving force behind my ongoing series of rain paintings. I enjoy the challenge of first creating a background, letting it dry and then layering the "rain layer" on top to create the "rain on glass" effect.

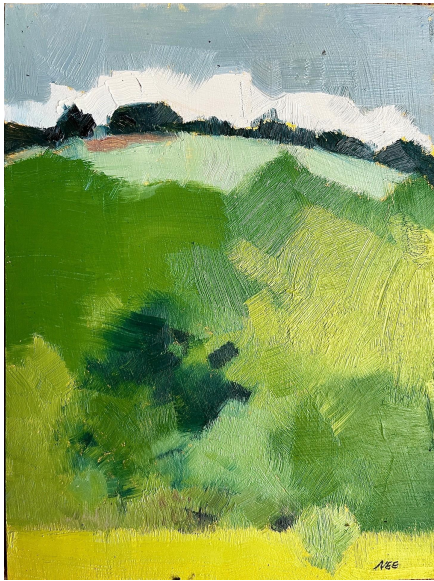
Offshore Voyage



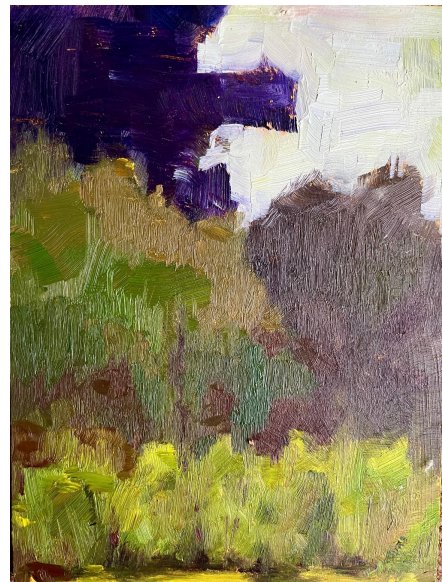
Sheila Nee Booth

The beauty of the earth sustains us and has been the inspiration of my art throughout my life.

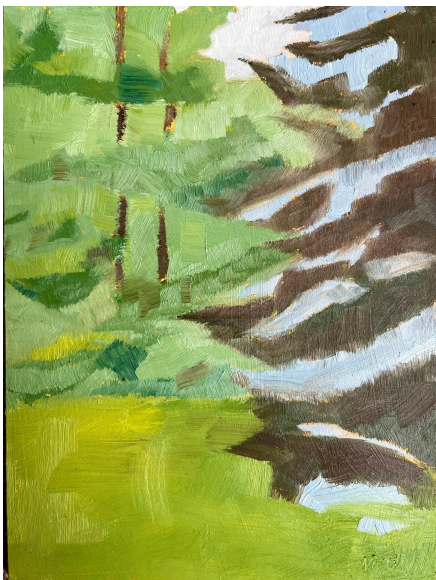
Early Morning Clouds



Dark Pine Over Blueberries



White Sky in Her Woods



Shari Boraz

The metamorphosis of a monarch butterfly is used as a metaphor for the growth and development of human potential.

Monarch Resurgence



Michelle Bowers

Created during the pandemic this collage illustrates a rain chain and water clock where time is measured by the flow of liquid into a vessel. It embodies contrasts between natural and artificial, realistic, and illusionary space, illustrating a longing and need for balance.

Measuring Time



Betty Flourney Brown

Reflecting our earth's dense molten core, I painted a color field of reds and oranges in my studio. Then on location in Essex, Massachusetts, I added the local colors, shapes and textures of the marshes and land over the field. My process is to juxtapose abstraction with realism. The expanse of sky and land offers me a vehicle to bring attention to an environmental message about our fragile, beautiful earth in hopes that we can protect it.

Red Sky in Morning, Essex



Judith Cassell

Over the course of several years, as I drank my morning coffee and perused the *Boston Globe*, I was drawn to the pictures of suffering children. Every day there would be another little face staring back at me. I started clipping their pictures and as one became ten and ten grew to over a hundred, I stopped counting but continued clipping. I was haunted by these little faces and knew I had to do something to show they were SEEN. I turned to the outlet I know best, my work. *Suffer the Little Children* is part of a body of work titled *Book of Sorrows*.

Suffer the Little Children



I want to thank and acknowledge the brave photojournalists who risked their lives so the world would have to bear witness to the suffering and despair of our most cherished.

Suffer the Little Children, Addendum I

This piece is a continuation of *Suffer the Little Children*. In addition to photos of forgotten, suffering children, I also wanted to record the mass shootings that have occurred in our schools and mention the places where our children have suffered, endured, and died. It may be hard to view this work but necessary in order that our youngest victims have at least been SEEN.



Donna Catanzaro

Looking around my house at my possessions I was struck by my collections of useless objects. They provided a bit of joy at one point, but now they just remind me of how cluttered my life is. I'm also aware of how I've contributed to the climate crisis by purchasing and collecting all this stuff. So now I'm creating art with these useless things to keep them out of the landfill, plus spread the message about the worsening condition of our planet. I hope that by using only what's on hand I can redeem myself for harming the planet by buying all this useless crap.

Say a Little Prayer for the Earth



Pamela Chiasson

Wider than the Sky is about the freedom to soar; the freedom to be who you are. The feathers in my work represent protection, flight, individualism, strength, restoration, and freedom.

Wider than the Sky



My horse series represents being brave, being strong, being beautiful, being courageous, to persevere, having freedom. Remember there's beauty in your bravery.

Refining Grace



Delaney Conner

In an effort to reject the insinuations often thrust upon the female form, this work presents a highly rigid and resolutely geometric portrait of a woman, without a stroke of curvature. This work's depiction of a fractured facial profile aims to highlight the oftentimes nonexistent boundary between one's ability to feel beautiful and overt sexualization when externally perceived. By abstracting identifiable features and removing individual characteristics to varying degrees, this work re-examines our perceptions on "appropriateness." The artist's mission is to create broadly familiar subjects that reflect femininity as part of the whole rather than the individual. The textures and micro-patterns in the threadwork accent the idea that there is no definable limit from where the fabric that we wear ends, and our inner, more personal, and emotional inner weavings begin. This work aims to call attention to our perceptions of ourselves as well as how we perceive and pass judgment on others.

Aren't You Embarrassed?



Hannah Cole Dahar

A Devotional for St. Afra is a vertical triptych of the patron saint of converts martyred by fire. Her chain consists of pearls, sterling wire, and stylized honey locust thorns.

A Devotional for St. Afra



A Devotional for St. Hedwig



A devotional necklace to honor St. Hedwig, the patron Saint of Poland, widows, and orphans, is suspended by sterling and pearl chains draped with resin tears. Tear shaped pearls and chalcedony drop from the bottom.

Danielle Festa

Aleka Artemis is a survivor of childhood sexual, physical, and emotional abuse and developed the first of seven autoimmune chronic illnesses before she was out of her teens. Aleka wanted to channel the strength of her middle name, which is also her *yiayia*'s name, with a reference to the Greek goddess Artemis, the huntress. It was so fitting when she also wanted to wear the cutwork camisole, handmade by Yiayia Artemis. Allowing me to use the actual camisole in the portrait was that much more meaningful. The abstracted lines in the background are meant to represent the persistent trauma of her past. Using her cane instead of a bow signifies her strength in accepting her disabilities and incorporating silver foil represents Aleka's resilience, grace, and elegance in the face of innumerable challenges.

Aleka Artemis



Nicki French

Many of us do not care for silence for we fear that we may not be seen or heard and possibly even forgotten. However, there are times where silence allows us to be seen and heard even more than all the sights and sounds around us. The key is knowing when silence will permit us to be seen and heard even louder and bolder than all the sounds and colors of the world.

I believe *Silence* shares this concept in that this bust was seen and heard (felt) loud and clear among the growth of the ivy, and especially with the ivy growing across the lips.

What are your thoughts on silence and how it impacts the world around you? Do you fear not being seen and heard and even possibly forgotten?

Silence



Rebecca Hastings

A rather disturbing photograph of a Halston Fall Collection figured into *Sizing*. The models, basically human hangers, were so specter-like and shapeless that I began to think of the haunting message this sent to women, especially young women. Stark, exposed bones and flat chests are necessary to wear the newest fashions. Such unhealthy messages about body image motivated me to create a series of handmade paper garments to draw attention to eating disorders. The wooden hangers, from which the garments hang, are collaged with eating disorders statistics. According to the National Institute of Mental Health, eating disorders are the highest cause of death in females ages 15–24.

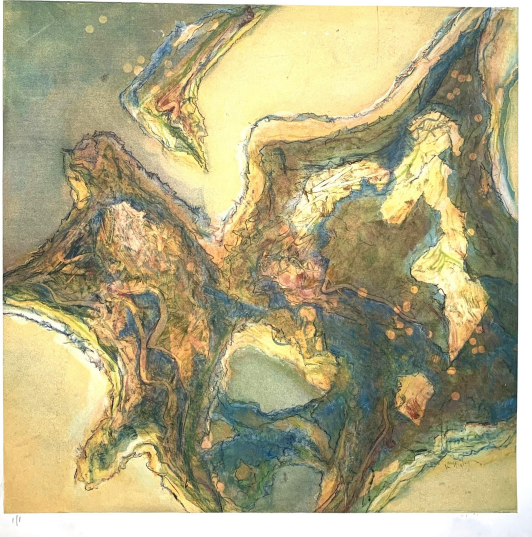
Sizing Things Up



Kate Higley

Upon returning from a trip to Yellowstone National Park, I kept thinking about the microbial mats found in the hot springs. Taking over a hundred years to grow, they thrive in an environment that cannot support other life given its extreme temperatures. These thoughts fit with my concerns with global warming, as well as my artistic focus on abstract imagery. I was horrified to see that some park visitors had carved their names into these beautiful and fragile colonies. I left those out of the work.

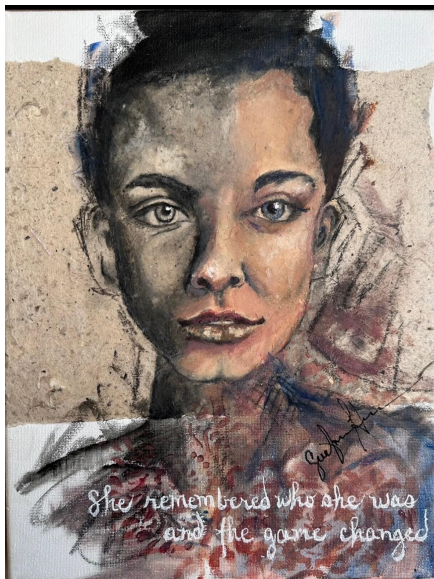
Yellowstone Thermophiles



Sue Ann Hum

Specialty paper, Stabilo pencil, charcoal, inks and acrylics came together to interpret the phrase “She remembered who she was and the game changed,” as a part of my *She Said* series.

Game Changer



C.M. Judge

The body holds evidence of its history. Two women, one in the springtime of life, the other in winter, embrace the possibilities of each other's lives—or is it one woman who holds both her youth and her agedness in her own hands, own memory, or projected memory?

Her Life Unwrapped

Jane Keddy

These two pieces are part of a series of twenty-plus fabric panels illustrating and honoring the variation and importance of women's work during the past 150 years.

Using textiles and hand-colored photographs, the work intends to preserve some of the manifestations of women's creative handwork along with a distillation of methods and techniques I have explored over the years: my own printed and dyed fabrics, hand stitching and other embellishments.

Mothers is a tribute to the universal occupation of motherhood: childbirth, child-rearing and the domestic chores that are the backbone of home and family. Much has changed in this role over the years, but nurturing still resides at its core.



Women's Work, Mothers



Fly Girls is a tribute to the labor of women as a necessity during the world wars when they filled nontraditional jobs. The biases against women in the workforce were temporarily dissolved, and women proved their competence as welders, mechanics, pilots, etc.

Women's Work, Fly Girls

Valerie Long

This encaustic painting is of Crane Beach in Ipswich, Massachusetts. Crane Beach is a huge preserve with swimming on the ocean, marsh, bike trails, dunes, and the Crane estate. Growing up in Essex, Massachusetts, during the summer my family and I would typically go to the back side of Crane Beach in our boat to be by the dunes. This beautiful area was a wonderful place to visit growing up. Art has always influenced human expression and artists raise awareness of important issues that affect change in society. As an encaustic artist, I consider my work organic and sustainable.

Crane Marsh



Pep Manalang

This is a painting depicting my feelings regarding the sudden loss of two of my sisters, Ginny and then Mae, one year apart (2014 and 2015). That was followed the next year by the loss of a nephew, who had once lived with me and my husband. Just three months after that my eldest brother passed away, too. The first loss was a shock, as it must be the first time one loses a sibling. But the second loss, my sister Mae, was even more of a shock as she was only 59 years old, and we had grown up together. I had a lot of guilt for neglecting her because she always had time for me. Even when she was in college and I was still in high school, she always included me in her outings and parties.

The last time I saw her was at one of our family Sunday lunches. As she was leaving it occurred to me that maybe I should hug her, but she had already started down the stairs, so I let it go.

Things were complicated by the fact that I live in a different country than the rest of my family. I left the country on August 12 and Mae passed away on August 30, 2015. Of course, I had to fly back as soon as I heard. I was not able to see her body as she had already been cremated.

Of seven siblings, there are four of us left. For a while there we would say goodbye to each other with the admonishment, "Don't die."



Little Did She Know

Marcia Wood Mertinooke

This object represents the invisible labor of women and the responsibility and expectation of that labor to be carried on by each generation. The background pattern is made of the faces of my grandmothers, mother, and myself.

Oil on cradled panel.

Hand Me Down



Maundy Mitchell

Knitted Together is a collection of individual digital portrait photographs of people knitting or crocheting different red garments. Each portrait is printed on canvas and framed. In each portrait, the red yarn goes out of the frame at the bottom, to be displayed as a 3-dimensional work with a single strand of yarn coming from the bottom of the piece, connecting visually to the strand in the photograph. Each piece of yarn leads to a single large ball of yarn on the floor of the display.

Some red garments are at their beginning or short, some will be near the end or long. One wraps around a person's neck. One is held in front of her body and is riddled with holes. These portraits each give the viewer an insight to an important element of a person's life, hinting at subjects from birthing to caregiving, to sexuality, health, or how they live their lives, perhaps guarded or on display.

This body of work is about individuals, humanity, and the idea that we are all connected. Our lives are different, we approach life differently, but exist on earth together.

Below: *Knitted Together: Kieran*

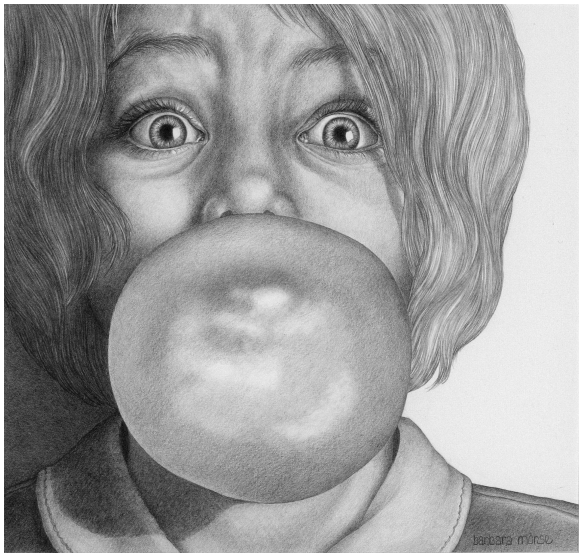


Top: *Knitted Together: Jody*

Bottom: *Knitted Together: Michael*

Barbara Morse

Breaking Point



Lucy Mueller

It started during the Covid winter. Everything outside was grey, evergreen, or white with snow, so I cleaned up my shop: 4" x 4" lumber, trim from recent repairs, knobs, handles, unworn sandals. Power tools made it satisfying. I made four outdoor sculptures. Each one had to be bright RED!

Stepping Up



Amy Nolan

Peri Teapot is a self-portrait of sorts about aging and going through life changes. It is coil built, carved, and paddled, then layered with colored slips over multiple firings to build up the surface and create texture. My formal art training began with figure drawing. I immediately fell in love with gesture studies. They are about line and immediacy; the quick precise motion of your hand honing in, finding the nuances that make your drawing look like the person being drawn. When it's right, the whole drawing comes alive. I bring that sensibility to my clay work, beginning with a quick gesture in clay. Slowly, the gesture is refined, paying particular attention to subtleties that animate the piece and reveal character, like the hand on a hip or tilt of the chin. My teapot series is my purely sculptural take on the teapot in ceramics and its rich history. When I build these pieces, I like to think about the metaphor that tea steeping in a teapot is like a person and their emotions.

Peri Teapot



Ira Panc

Twelve hand-drawn ceramic plates depict the torn apart Ukrainian soul. The fragmentation is intentional. The arrows represent different directions where Ukrainian people have been displaced, distracted, and diluted.

Trilogy (Soul)



Melanie Platt

Folly Beach from the Pier



Sunbathing on Folly Beach



Marcie Pope

My people: they hold me up, humor me, and fill my heart with love. My paintings are my poetry, visual tributes and observations that connect disparate parts to a hybrid whole.

Prospect



Allyson Poulin

My work is mainly focused in darkroom prints/enlargements consisting of 35mm and 120 film. When not shooting in a more traditional manner I use a mirrorless camera but edit to emulate the look of film. Works are inspired by personal struggles and connections to past places.

Body Talks

Kay Read

In this series on dung, I play with the beauty that lies behind the seeming ugliness of dung. In actuality, dung plays a universally central and beautiful role in the foods that keep all creatures healthy. Eating produces dung and, as gardeners know, dung is an essential food for growing robust gardens. Other cultures besides the Aztecs have recognized the importance of recycling excrement, often equating feces with the beautiful, naturally balanced processes of death and decay, which feed life. In all beauty lies ugliness.

In *Big Beast*, imagine the Universe as a giant, living, crocodilian beast perhaps a bit like the Aztec Goddess, Cipactli. This cosmic Beast ate and digested creatures, feeding more with her dung. Likewise, do all beings. Further, as we and Cipactli die and decay (even cosmoi die), we feed others enmeshed in the ongoing recycling processes of existence. Our cosmos is like the Aztecs', and dung proves essential for a beautiful, healthy universe.

In *Dung Series, Piece 2: Sickly Cephalopod - The Broken Universe*, imagine the Universe as a large, sickened cephalopod. His tentacles reach out; but he has been weakened by the dying off of the coral reefs, which are being battered by human-made heat and synthetic waste. He tries to feed on shrimp, his natural food; instead, shrimp are feeding on his decaying body. His inadequate dung is as ephemeral and beautiful as decaying old lace. If the Universe becomes unbalanced, then death and decay will overcome the life-giving process.

Big Beast - The Healthy, Hungry Universe



Sickly Cephalopod - The Broken Universe



Colleen Rudolf

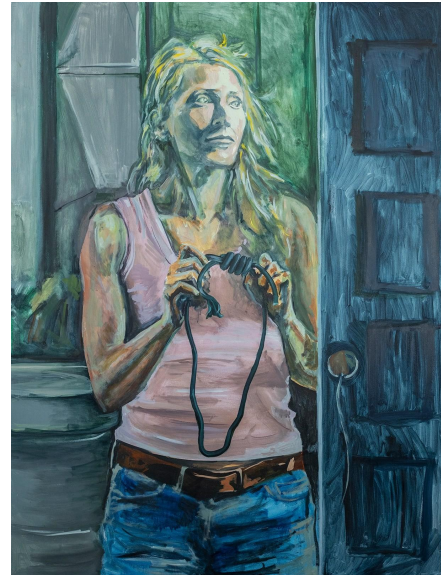
“We can’t have an awareness of the beauty of the world without also a tremendous awareness of the wounds; that we see the old-growth forest, and we also see the clear cut. We see the beautiful mountain, and we see it torn open for mountaintop removal. So one of the things that I continue to learn about and need to learn more about is the transformation of love to grief to even stronger love, and the interplay of love and grief that we feel for the world. And how to harness the power of those related impulses is something that I have had to learn.”

—Robin Wall Kimmerer excerpted from her interview with Krista Tippett

Memento Mori



In Knots



Maryellen Sakura

This is part of a series of reimagined landscapes affected by ongoing climate change and the poor planning of man-made structures. This piece began with a memory of snorkeling in Vieques by an abandoned pier. The pier was intended for large cruise ships. Less than ten years old when the plan failed, it again became a home to many aquatic creatures. It demonstrates man's failure to comprehend the damage wrought by greed and the persistence of nature.

Echoing the Unknown



Marcia Santore

Flying fish, reaching hands, contrasts of color and reflectivity, thoughts around what can be grasped or only grasped for, what can be gathered and what slips through our fingers and is lost.

Gathering

Ann Saunderson

I work intuitively. Turning the panel, painting and turning again till something begins to appear. In the end I felt a kind of humming, an interior voice. Hence the title.

Voices of the Angels



Harbinger

The challenge was to work with a centered composition that didn't touch the edges. I set this up deliberately as I usually work with angles that provide movement and deep space. This form quietly floats.



Patricia Schappler

The pandemic isolated us from our loved ones so insistently that I had begun thinking about flood myths. Leaving aside the darkness, I focused on the myth as symbolic of change, a reaching towards rebirth, a meeting of East and West. The mantra “Two by Two” floated in the periphery of my brain as solace. And when my nieces could join me again, their physicality and sensuality, their contentment in being presented. We draw ourselves, as threads of bigger surroundings. We used to talk about the sacred and profane in art history classes years back when I was a student and I remember wanting to join the two, why couldn’t the vulnerable, odd, painful, everyday, also be miraculous? The phrase “Two by Two” has been repeating in my head, a mantra of survival, change, and rebirth, a symbol of hope. This drawing is part of a series of graphite drawings that share a place of resiliency.

Two by Two



Patricia Schappler *(continued)*

Graphite takes me to a place of mystery and intimacy.

Queen nods to the queens of Egypt and is part of an ongoing graphite series titled *Two by Two* loosely inspired by the flood myths which mark an era of destruction, followed by new birth. In the biblical story, Egypt might be considered a birthplace and as such, a container for hope. Using the parameters of the human figure in proximity and engaging the idea of longing, I paired the one life with another, leaning into the raising of the “living spirit” through body gesture, pattern, and light.



Queen

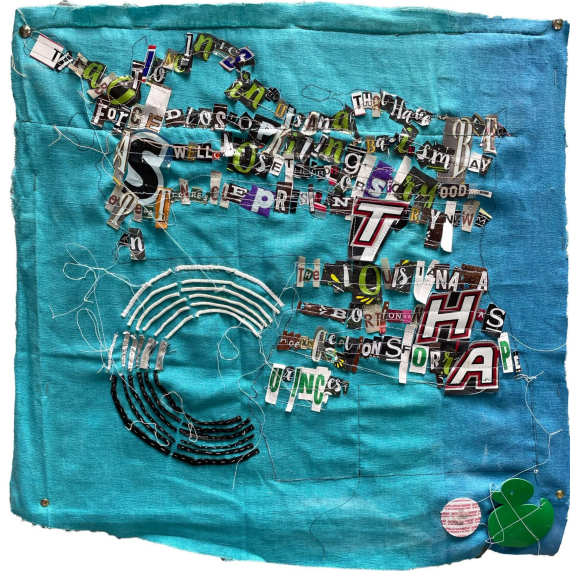
The flood myth suggests the protection of limited human life amid destruction, a story which worried me growing up: Who would be saved, what would happen to all the others? Loosely based on this myth and the idea of partnership, *Owen's Ark* slows time, gathering a group unlikely to befriend each other, yet settled and sharing space within pattern, texture, and proximity. The window looks out onto not one, but many branches multiplied. I imagine instead of the turbulent tossing, a sharing of story and a slight rocking.



Owen's Ark

Sarah Schneiderman

This one-of-a-kind assemblage comprises fabric, letters from plastic and other packaging, medical debris, and baby powder. The letters spell a statement from Operation Rescue President Troy Newman and a detail of the law: “The abortion clinics [in Louisiana] that have...been forced to stop killing babies may as well close their doors for good.” The Louisiana abortion ban has no exception for rape or incest.



*Forced to Stop
(Anti-abortion Trigger Law—Louisiana)*

This wall-mounted assemblage is made of non-recyclable trash and other reused materials mounted on board and coated with thinned PVA. The use of trash reflects the subject’s belief that climate change is not caused by human beings whereas science shows otherwise.



*Yet Another Climate Denier
(45’s Secretary of Agriculture #1—Sonny Perdue)*

Helen Obermeyer Simmons

Time Travel



Sophia Singer

With my work, I aim to draw attention to the relationship between humans and the natural world. I am inspired by the similarities between the two. My goal is for my images to reveal the unity between the human body and the more than human world. This photograph embodies all that my work represents. The delicate spiral of the wisteria vine is seen emulated by a human hand. Everywhere we look, we see shapes created by nature mirrored by our own bodies; we are nature and nature is us.

Untitled (Vine Hand)



Jeanette Staley

The jaguar was originally painted by Audubon in 1849 which is also the year that Wisconsin criminalized abortion as a felony offense.

During the later half of the 19th century the medical profession united with legislators and eventually clergy, all white males, of course, to criminalize women's healthcare. The Comstock Act (1873) criminalized women learning about their bodies including menstruation and birth control. Legislation was also created refusing admittance of women to medical schools such as Harvard and criminalizing homeopathic and herbal remedies practiced by poor women to induce menstruation when pregnancies were unwelcome or dangerous.

I reinterpret the jaguar using charcoal that is both organic and fragile, messy, and ethereal. She emerges from a collage background of bible pages and 19th century wallpaper design. The jaguar expresses her displeasure, railing against the confines of subjugation and the weight of patriarchy. Audubon is internationally renowned, but only very recently have we considered his anti-abolitionist views and enslavement of human beings. His complicated history was intentionally deleted from his legacy, from history, like the criminalization of women's healthcare.

Ode to Domesticity



Jeanette Staley *(continued)*

Vintage valentines and other love letters create a textured background on which I painted a section of Maria Sibylla Merian's *Plate 18* from her Suriname collection. In 1699 Maria Sibylla Merian traveled to Suriname as an artist, entomologist, and single mother. She was novel in her approach to documenting the life cycle of insects, birds, and animals as she couched them within their natural world, documenting the life cycle of the plants as well as the insects. Although she was revered by the European scientific community of her time, her work sought after by the most ardent collectors, her documentation of the bird-eating tarantula was not to be believed until it was confirmed over 100 years later by a male naturalist. She continues to be excluded from the history books documenting entomology, art, and women's histories.

Love Letters



Erin Starr

In an organic and abstract way my painting represents the beauty of our oceans and how they are changing. When I am working on a painting, I reflect on how the elements of nature were once linked together. The circles are symbolic of life's balance. This balance is now broken due to climate change. We can dream of a better world, or we can make changes to slow the process of climate change and bring our oceans back to life.

Underwater Dreams



Diane St. Jean

My paternal grandparents were Polish immigrants who met and married in Lowell, Massachusetts. Their first child, Alfreda, born in 1917, died during the 1918 influenza pandemic. Their second child, Irene, was born in 1920, and my grandmother returned to Poland in 1921, bringing Irene to visit the family. Tragically, Irene died of dysentery while they were there, at just 17 months old. I can only wonder how the traumatic loss of the two baby girls impacted the lives of the parents and the brothers born later.



Going to Poland, 1921

Generations separate us from the youth of our grandparents. We can never know them as their younger selves. This thought inspired me to use the slow process of linocut portraiture to revisit my memories and deepen my reflection on family bonds and traumas. My maternal grandmother worked in a woolen mill in Franklin, New Hampshire, for much of her life. This portrait is based on a wedding photograph that shows her in her best clothes, with the cloche hat and bobbed hairstyle that were so fashionable in the 1920s.



Wedding Day, 1924

Joanne Stowell

Regardless of the series, my work is unified by one overarching theme: reality. I choose to embrace the chaos and the mundane. I capture the struggles of being a mother and a human being, as well as the quiet moments that often go unappreciated. Every piece tells a story. Often my work is not meant to be pretty, as reality is not always pretty. Some may say much of my work appears dark, but to those I must respond that, just as with life, a sense of humor is often required.

My work ranges from scenes of daily life and intimate moments to large works celebrating the strength of mothers through their postpartum stretch marks. I work primarily in oil and vary from small scenes to large pieces full of emotion. My style is contemporary simplified realism and I use black outlining throughout most of my work. I have always been drawn to the boldness of the black paint and the outlining pulls my work slightly closer to illustration and storytelling.

Always There for You



Carol Van Loon

This is part of a series I call *The Crinoline*.

What is a 60-plus woman doing, prancing about in a crinoline skirt? It was fun, sometimes I felt sexy, other times it was just “ha-ha, take that.” Swathed in crinoline I could be that self I imagined myself to be, not who faced me in the bathroom mirror every morning.

At some point during Covid I was told that I would be on a spiritual path for the rest of my life, no constraints. After seeing a self-portrait by a photographer I admire, in which she was wrapped in lace, I was struck by the beauty of it. I went searching for a crinoline skirt. So much for constraints.

It was something I could do alone, though I did have help with this image. I was always available; it was a bit of fun, and I have discovered that I have very photogenic feet. I don't need to photograph my “older” face; the crinoline hid my aging body with its fluff. I could be 32 again.

After looking at some of the images, a friend told me I was rockin' it. My last fling as a woman of a certain age? I hope not.



Departure

Elsa Voelcker

This image, shot with a medium format camera and printed on gelatin silver paper, is one of 36 printed for a show entitled *Piercing Portraits*. I wanted a way to practice making portraits of people I did not already know. A friend gave me the idea to hold shooting sessions at tattoo and piercing parlors offering free 8x10s to volunteers. Piercing had become quite the fad. I was interested in finding out if it were addictive and why people got piercings. Allison was a piercing and tattoo artist working to put herself through college. It took three rolls of film for her to let me get this final image of her.

Allison



Jill Snyder Wallace

My work is mixed-media fiber assemblage in the *Imagined Habitat* series addressing climate change and our world facing dire consequences.

Panel II



Panel IV



Panel VI



Julie Waltz-Stalker

I paint with oil and watercolor on various surfaces. My work is deeply rooted in emotion and fluctuates between representational and abstract. Delving into themes of identity, growth, and interdependence, I seek to find beauty within chaos and to translate psychological states into physical form.

The Stories We Tell Ourselves



Mind Trap



Hey Boomer



Acknowledgements

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Jurors Laura Morrison, past president of national Women's Caucus for Art
and Gail Smuda, founder of the New Hampshire chapter of WCA

New Hampshire Chapter President Valerie Long

Exhibition Chair Kate Higley

Publicity Diane Paul and Rebecca Proctor

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