

1ST ANNUAL WOMEN'S EXHIBIT

She says....

"I could give a damn about god or the devil..."

Invited artists

Radically

Aligned

Women

Jurors: Jacquelyn Flowers

Meidor Hu

Susan Schultz

For Now

Practice daily
the art of tightrope
walking a thin line
between lonesome
and holy solitude

-Angie Flanagan

Poetry and Prose by

Angie Flanagan Bella Freedman Nancy DeLucrezia

MOTHER

In bible school my mother was infected by the story of Abraham and Isaac,
convinced that, like Abraham, God had given her a
challenge.

But He was already testing her — she knew mad fathers like Abraham well.

Her childhood reads like a bad dream.

It's impossible not to conjure her

ex-military/pet-rabbit-eating/

alcoholic/shouting-in-German father

as some kind of physical monster,

when he was just a psychological one.

Cruelty twists limbs into unnatural shapes:

a raging alcoholic becomes a werewolf, a sadistic countess becomes a vampire,

but a man who kills his child can be following the voice
of God.

What kind of god told my mother to leap from the second story window?

Each step forward,

her innards screaming,

Asking where was God to stop her from shattering her bird-bones?

As she stepped into the

window-frame, a cool summer breeze

whiffing through her short hair, around her ankles,

she saw not god, nor his absence, nor her garden below,

but the cosmic expanse, magnified in her

myopia, each cluster of stars ahead

coalescing as a wasteland stretching before her

(but she could only see its shimmering pieces);

a storm blowing through her, and what it sang—

prophesizing apocrypha incomprehensible to me:

a new Genesis, commanding her to survive.

- Bella Freedman

The Artist Becomes a Mother

Expression. To accept the fickle hand of doubt
lost in the demands of imagination
It gets dark in the heart of earth's shadow
witness to her own creeping eclipse
A hungry mystery. The She
I Am cried from visceral gut
hidden under shelter of shame

The gift of breath. The gasp of a broken seal

Conception. The motherhood seed
Brave the tight spaces. The strange fleshy slip
a new body born through her hips and
she's given everything but her secret
name. Strength without force

Creation. Her birth. Her death

-From A Women's Garden by Angie Flanagan

BEAST

I am a beast.

I wipe my fingers on my clothes,

I bathe in cold rainwater facing the southern vivie.

I piss on my plants.

I move a lot of rocks.

My past is full of boring clichés,

The usual enculturated delusions, greed and lust.

But my delusions are mine to mine,

My greed for only comfort,

And my lust for nothing short of liberation.

I am a product of a system

that can go fuck itself into oblivion.

I am a reverent and grateful escapee

Whom they have miserably failed to take down.

I dance with my shadow and feel the heat.

My days are numbered; I focus on number one.

I have no shame –

I gave it all to good will.

I could give a damn about god or the devil.

My shakti supersedes them both.

I am in agony. I am ecstatic.

I can no longer tell them apart.

I used to listen to so much propaganda.

Now I listen to birds and frogs and rain.

My scars are deep but I have built a temple,

A refuge from the things to come.

And in the merciful, quiet moments

I wonder if it's all but a dream.

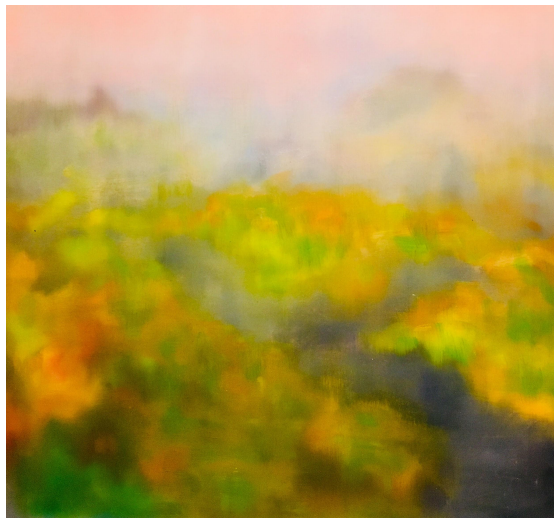
And then I ask myself

What part of me could possibly think it matters.

- Nancy DeLucrezia

My dad thinks he might have killed her. One day, he thought of her in his Los Angeles apartment and called her up, quickly realizing it would have been the middle of the night in Australia. There was no answer. Hours later, he received a call from his family: Granny was dead of a heart attack. Did the phone startle her out of sleep, into death that night? Did it hurl her from dreams swirling with strange colors, images of her little village, her fur coats and delicate silks, the biblical beasts she sculpted that terrorized my young father? Perhaps she never left those dreams, suddenly finding herself young again, her bones not so brittle, her hair dark and long and in curls, dressed in shining satin, at a ballroom in St. Petersburg. Perhaps she is celebrating because she just completed her doctoral training, and from the crowds of her friends and cohorts emerges not the languid, lanky form of my great-grandfather, but the lithe, young, king of Tasmania, his dark face broken in a joyful grin at finally reuniting with his lost love.

- Bella Freedman



RAW artist Kaylie Pickup, *Glow Glowing*, oil on board

24" x 24", \$533



R.A.W. Collective Statement

Radically Aligned Women is a collaborative guild of artists that aims to explore what it means to us to be radically aligned as individuals within a collective. We strive to reach beyond our comfort zones and bear witness to the darkness and light within us.

In our bodies, on this island, we are lighting fire to the norm and shedding layers of doubt and fear. We are becoming louder and more authentic with each step. We intend to stir emotion and strip down to be as personal as possible. We are raw.

As artists, we recognize the power of the feminine nature and evoke that strength through abstract, realism, and the realm in between.

We aim to explore what RAW means to us through the lens of Peggy's active expressionism, Rose's experimentation with unfamiliar or misaligned forms, Claudia's witness of strength and vulnerability, Mae's reflections of Hawai'i nei's raw life force, Ilana's exploration of the emotional boundaries of color and form, and Kaylie's portrayal of women's daily engagement in power and love.

RAW is a collective of interdependent artists that identify with the female archetype in various degrees. We represent artists creating in union. We recognize that our focus in the studio is necessary and worthy of our time and others'. We raise each other up in solidarity with each diverse voice.

adare

Ilana moidel acevedo

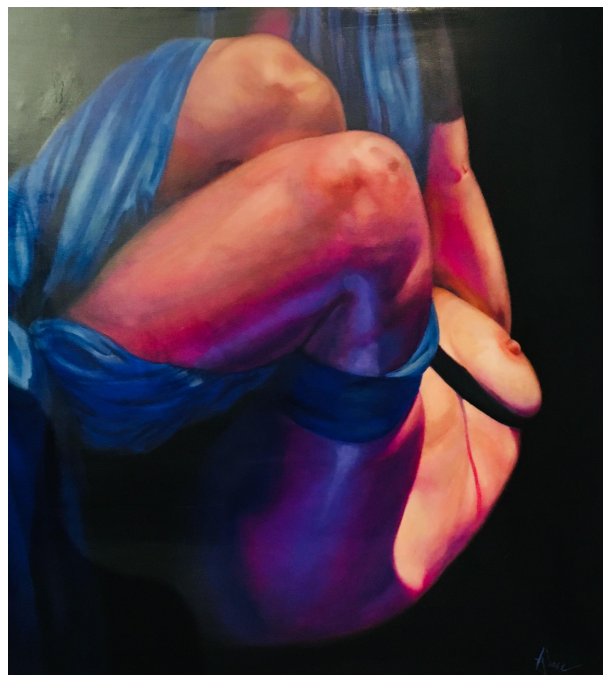
claudia centorame-hagan

arorya

mea desmon

kaylie pickup

margaret stanton



RAW artist Adare, *Unbound*, Oil on linen 6' x 4', \$10,000

Granny

My great-grandmother, Granny, described in great detail to my young father the wondrous night she had, where she had gone out to a fabulous party and had been wooed by the (nonexistent) king of Tasmania. She had just moved from Israel to Australia to live with the family at the insistence of my grandma, who, ironically, despised her. My dad loved her because she was wild, honest, and cruel, some sort of pseudoglamorous Baba Yaga who might give you cosmic guidance or might chuck you in a stew and gnaw on your bones. She was four-feet-ten-inches tall but wore spike heels to make up for it, dyed her white hair into cotton candy clouds of pink and blue, and wore huge-brimmed hats burgeoning with silk flowers and several exotic birds' worth of feathers. In those weathered photographs we have, her round little face peers out from under below those decorated hat-brims, smiling a mean toadlike grin. Maybe that's just the way I see her now, because I know the kind of person she was: inordinately cruel to her daughter-in-law, my grandmother, who had dropped her life as a promising scholar, athlete, and artist to become the subservient wife of my insecure grandfather. She was hateful, calling my grandma *shmata* on her wedding day: this word is Yiddish for 'old rag'.

Granny was a strange woman. One might argue it was her who instilled that insecurity in her son, as she reprimanded him constantly for becoming a scientist instead of a doctor. It was 1917 and, though it seems bizarre and impossible, with money from one of her brothers, she left her tiny village to become a doctor in St. Petersburg. My dad always mentions that when he was studying the Russian Revolution in school, Granny said: "Stevie, I was there! I go to St. Petersburg to become doctor and ze Revolution is happening, so I marry your grandfather for his money instead." It doesn't seem like she loved my great-grandfather, or anyone, really, except her multitudinous fictional admirers: all the men of her little village, the doctors who attended on her when she was ill, amorous glammers she conjured at parties, and of course, the king of Tasmania. She pictured herself a blossoming starlet and dressed herself as one even when she became an old little Russian lady, withering and shrinking into a curling figure that, in another context, one might imagine picking mushrooms in the Taiga to boil in her cauldron of cannibalistic soup.

YVONNE YARBER CARTER

ETHEL MANN

THU NGUYEN

MEGAN BENT

ANGIE FLANAGAN

JOY RAY

NANCY DELUCREZIA

MONIKA MANN

DAYVA ESCOBAR

GINGER SANDELL

VIOLET MURAKAMI

juried artists



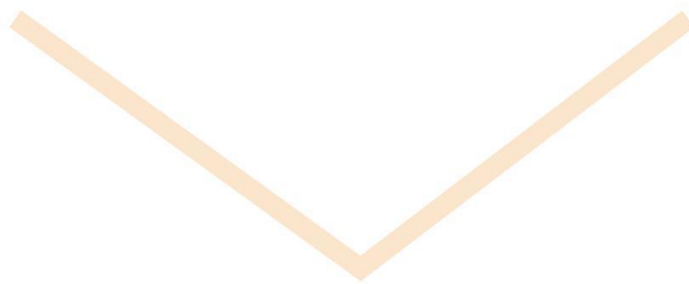
Joy Ray "Safehouse" Spray paint and string sewn to canvas,
45" x 45" x 0", \$1500.00

EHCC is a 501 C-3 Tax Exempt organization within the state of Hawaii.

Thank you to our team of volunteers & supporters

- Your contributions are tax deductible -

And thank you to Yvonne Yarber Carter
as the Juried 'Vocalist Artist' for her participation at the opening reception



This exhibit is a collective voice of women for women