

### **Nanette Carter**

“The world of ideas” is a phrase I love to use when talking about art of the late twentieth and the early twenty-first centuries. Abstraction opened new horizons and vistas for artists to be inventive. The creative instincts of artists were liberated to define new worlds.

Looking online through the Parrish Art Museum collection, I was drawn to works that exemplified this idea of creating new worlds for the viewer to traverse. Color, form, line, texture, and the materiality of these elements were integral, along with their positioning and their impact on my sensory perception. Once I chose them, I discovered that I had selected works by thirteen women and nine men.

I grew up going to Sag Harbor in the summer, and I recall visiting Guild Hall and the Parrish. During the '70s and '80s, the summer schedule for these two institutions always featured white male artists. So much so that I thought there were no white female artists of the same caliber. I also recognized that artists of color were not on the walls. I knew that there were brilliant artists of color. One of them, Frank Wimberley, lived down the street from me in Sag Harbor. I am so pleased to have Frank in this exhibition, along with the first collage artist I ever viewed, Romare Bearden. Both were great influences on me, and to this day I am known as a collage artist.

When the curatorial team at the Parrish invited me to the museum to view, up close and personal, the works I had chosen, I was exhilarated. It felt like Christmas. Having the works brought down one at a time from storage as though they were offerings was quite magical. Finding out that some of my choices had not been seen since the late 1990s made it that much more special. This has been a rewarding experience for me on so many levels, and I am honored to be a part of this historical moment for the Parrish Art Museum. Happy 125th Anniversary!

### **Pamela Council**

With this exhibition, I have the opportunity to share a formative context of my artistic practice as I present a new context. Thank you. Most of my great-grandparents made the Great Migration to the Hamptons, and my childhood here was fundamental to my development as an artist. Here, kinship was not black and white. In my work, I create dedications and offerings to the unsung, including my blood relatives and fictive kin.

Similarly, Dan Flavin's works pay tribute and homage. And the gift of his work to the Parrish Art Museum was a tribute itself, with Dorothy Lichtenstein donating *the nominal three (to William of Ockham)* in memory of Roy Lichtenstein and Dan Flavin.

As I bring these works together within this space, creating a room full of glow, I work with rememory, acknowledging and re-activating the dynamic influences and ties that arise from being raised here. The memories made in particular buildings and communities are what I call in here, as I request material support to return home to the East End. In issues of land, space, art, and architecture, remembrance and reparations go hand in hand.

Roy Lichtenstein's Southampton studio has always been the ideal vision of the place that I want to work and build. As a child, it was the first professional artist's studio I ever visited.

At Dia Bridgehampton's Dan Flavin Art Institute his work illuminates and is sheltered by the former home of the First Baptist Church of Bridgehampton. I have familial and personal ties to that institution, having lived for years on the property of the church's current location. The

church's yard and parking lot were my studio, my playground, my stage. I have long admired Dia's work as a model of stewarding the art and legacies of conceptual artists. Archiving is a caretaking practice, and one of remembrance.

So, in this room and with this fragrant offering aglow, I call on the memory of all of these ancestors, Dan, Roy, and the many Aunties.

For partnership, for offerings, for alliance, for healing, for ground, for grounding, for groundbreaking, for planting, for sowing, for nourishing, for sharing the praxis of preservation, for reparations, for sweetness.

*Auntie* was originally commissioned by Souleo for *Dionne Warwick: Queen of Twitter* in the Newark Arts Festival. I am referencing Ms. Warwick's tweet "I am everyone's Auntie. ❤️" I have used this neon in various altars and living spaces.

### **Robert Gober**

Frank O'Hara's slender book *Lunch Poems*, published by Lawrence Ferlinghetti's City Lights Books, the Pocket Poets Series: Number 19, sat on the far edge of my work table for most of last year. Often under papers, maybe bills to be paid. Reading it off and on. Seeing it out of the corner of my eye—the bright orange and the smart type.

A talisman.

A 6 1/4 x 5 inch flag that waved.

### **Mary Heilmann**

I met Chuck Close in 1963 when he was at Yale, sharing a studio with Richard Serra. His picture of Ross Bleckner is beautiful, as are all of his photo works (including one of me).

Louisa Chase was a friend, and another beautiful talented artist, with a provocative personality. I saw her when she lived in Sag Harbor near the end of her life.

I met Susan Rothenberg when she first moved to New York and took over my loft on West Broadway. We stayed friends, and for a while she lived in East Hampton before she moved out to New Mexico and married Bruce Nauman. Bruce was a friend of mine in California; we studied together at Davis. Once when he came to New York for a visit I went up the street to meet him at a café on West Broadway, and Susan came along with me to have a drink and they briefly met. A while later, when they were both showing with Angela Westwater, at a gallery dinner Angela made sure that they were sitting together, and the rest is history.

I loved Eric Freeman and his work. I met Eric through Ross and really loved spending time talking to him. He was beautiful and made beautiful art, and we lost him way too soon. Stephen Mueller lived in New York way on the West Side, not too far from where I live in Tribeca. I visited him in his studio and I loved his work and we became friends. I was so happy to be able to be with him in his studio. We traded works and I have his hanging on my wall in the living room.

William King was my teacher at Berkeley when I was in grad school, and he really liked me and liked my work. I was having a hard time then because I was trying to do pretty radical work,

mainly inspired by Eva Hesse. My art department was quite conservative and I was a little provocative (which was kind of the style for girls then). I got along well with Bill King. He came to Berkeley for just a period of time, but he had a studio out on Long Island near me. I never saw him after graduate school but I thought about him a lot.

What I love about our scene in the East End and the Parrish is the wonderful community. It is local, friendly, and historical with the angels up in heaven like Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, Lee Krasner, and Elaine de Kooning. I like it because of all the memories and the history, and it keeps growing. It's really happening. And we can't forget the ocean.

### **Sam Moyer**

Lynda Benglis was one of the first female sculptors I discovered as a teenager. I remember watching a video of her making one of her bow pieces and thinking, "She just does it—she lets the material do what it wants, while knowing what she wants it to do."

When I was in art school, I had two very informative and supportive studio visits with Benglis, after which she hired me to work as her assistant. The first task assigned to me required a drive from New Haven through the North Fork to the Hamptons to maintain one of her sculptures. I had never been to Long Island before, and I was blown away by the beauty of the landscape, which reminded me of Indiana and the shores of Lake Michigan, where I spent my summers growing up. Not long after that drive, I began living part-time with my family on the North Fork, a place that continues to inform my work to this day.

Benglis's work is at the root of two essential components that run throughout my own practice: it introduced me to a landscape that has literally infused my work, and it provided me with a visual guide to cultivating my own collaborative relationship with material.

### **Ugo Rondinone**

For the exhibition *Artists Choose Parrish* I have selected *Devil, Devil, Love* by Alan Shields. *Devil, Devil, Love* is a grid of brightly colored painted belting, colored sewn lines, beads, and painted wooden dowels. Hanging from the ceiling, the work exposes and subverts ideas about front and back, flatness and volume, painting and sculpture. Shields was making three-dimensional paintings with a sewing machine, undermining notions of painterly machismo.

My contribution, *the alphabet of my mothers and fathers*, is made of twenty-six panels arranged as a grid on all four walls of the gallery. Each panel holds a set of preindustrial farming and kitchen tools that I collected in the past three years from different farms and garage sales on Long Island. The tools have been gilded and organized on white painted plywood at ninety-degree angles.

The work is dedicated to my Italian parents, who in the early 1960s immigrated to Switzerland. It is also an homage to all the Italian Americans who in the late 1800s and early 1900s were attracted to Long Island by economic opportunity, the availability of farmland, and alternatives to the harsh living conditions on the Lower East Side.

The juxtaposition of the works represents contradictory, codependent, and complementary values; it allows for the two artworks to be seen as a whole and part to part, simultaneously.

### **Cindy Sherman**

When I was looking through the collection with the purpose of choosing something, I was really looking for anything that reminded me of my own work, something that could have connected the two.

The Parrish and the East End of Long Island in general are rife with local artistic history. It's very important to me to be part of that history, to have made a home for myself out there.

### **Leslee Stradford**

Sometimes I think of Motherwell's work. His mature work inspires me the most, with its simple shape and free-flowing gestures. I saw his work every day while walking through the Art Institute of Chicago to class.

As an abstract expressionist painter I too touch on political, historical, and philosophical themes.

While abstract expression has dominated my recent work, I still research what paint can do and what it wants to say through me.

### **Michelle Stuart**

Maybe it reflects my childhood, but the only art museum was the old LA County Museum on the other side of town, near USC, difficult to visit. My family went occasionally. It wasn't an important museum, Los Angeles wasn't an important place before the war. The big war.

When I went to the museum, I gravitated toward Albert Pinkham Ryder; he represented the modern to me. That was before I saw Duchamp later in school. The most advanced painters in the museum were Ryder and Ralph Albert Blakelock. I remember William Merritt Chase.

As for literature, we were taught the usual nineteenth-century writers, Melville not among them—he hadn't been rediscovered yet. My favorite was Edgar Allan Poe. I read his bizarre mysteries, so advanced for his time, years before Sherlock Holmes was conceived. I memorized his poems "Annabelle Lee" and "The Raven"; they remained forever engraved in my psyche, coupled with Ryder.

An artist cannot erase her first transference to the other side. The shadow side, the mystery in life that cannot be solved; it is within us. It beckons us to create and then try to solve enigmas and wander in our secret world. Some of us like to make that world visible; artists share it with others.

The two pieces of mine come from my *Women's Series*, but I felt that they had a strong relationship to both Ryder and Blakelock, in the poetic, "alone with the universe" feeling that both painters have always given to me. *Emaline Had Childhood Incidents* represents a bleak, rural childhood, of children misunderstood and used by people who didn't understand women or even abused them. I do not think about these ideas when I create; I just build an idea out of my psyche and see where it takes me. It is like writing a poem rather than anything else. *Gothic Tale: Adeline* appears to be a poem about the nineteenth century, when Poe and Ryder expressed themselves, while I find it to be about today, the disassociation that many young people feel that is manifest in the romantic as salvation.