Celebrations, Wishes and Hopes

Student and Alumni Newsletter

Summer 2011
Letter from the Executive Director

Lines from the League, the student and alumni newsletter, features the art, lives, and inspirations of our artists. This issue is dedicated to Mafalda Brasile Hicks and Clara Mirkin, two women who never met but who celebrated life through their families and art. Lines also acknowledges the wishes and hopes of our artists expressed through drawing, sculpture, and collage. We’ve briefly told the history of League printmakers in hope of inspiring you to help us fulfill our wish list. Lines from the League is more than just a newsletter; it is a link from us to you, a reminder of your artistic beginnings and hopes for the future.

It turns out that next month will be ten years since I was appointed Executive Director, which feels like a milestone by itself. I’ve been coming to the League on a daily basis for over 32 years and I have to say, I don’t know anyone more fortunate than I feel right now.

My first encounter with the League came in September 1979. I had always loved art when I was growing up, and as a teenager I was very involved with photography. But when photography stopped feeding my passion, and a brief flirtation with acting offered no promise, I decided to go back to visual art and learn to draw. I signed up for Robert Beverly Hale’s Artistic Anatomy class, and I remember how clearly I realized I was in the right place—exactly where I was supposed to be. The next day when Mr. Hale showed up for his first lecture, I knew it was going to take a long time to understand what he was talking about. I made a personal commitment to study drawing for three years before I even picked up a paint brush. I was tending bar at night, taking drawing in the afternoons, and all was right with the world.

The first fork in the road came in the fall of 1982. Seeing that bartending had no future, and knowing that any career as an artist was a long, long way off, I began looking for work. I asked League Executive Director Rosina Florio if there was any work available, and faster than I could ask the question, she said, “No.” So that was that. I started getting temporary office work during the day, while finally moving on to painting with David Leffel at the League at night. Then one day in November 1982, I came home to find a message from Rosina saying that she wanted me to come and work at the League. She wanted me to be the new bookkeeper. “Okay,” I said, “That would be great, but I need to tell you, I don’t know anything about bookkeeping.” “Don’t worry,” she said, “Just remember that one and one equals two, and you’ll be fine.”

When Rosina passed away in 1996, key staff members were asked by the Board to handle day-to-day operations under their supervision. We got through that summer while undergoing an asbestos abatement of the building that had been scheduled months before. Classes were held at the Carnegie Hall studios across the street.

Space will not permit a recounting of the next five years, but I can say it was one hell of a roller coaster ride until July 2001, when I was appointed Executive Director. As much as I had learned and understood about the League up to that point, everything that followed—every program launched, every word written about the organization—is the result of constant consultations with the League’s faculty, Board, staff, students, and members. My ability to assimilate the information they provide may be my strength, but it has been their experience I have acted upon. The most influential group, of course, has been the League’s faculty. It must be stated in the most declarative terms that the identity of the Art Students League lies within the faculty. They bring with them the knowledge of 25,000 years of art history that they convey to their students in the here and now. Visual art is a language with an intrinsic grammar and vocabulary. Our instructors, all masters of that language, bring their unique visual dialects and lifetimes of experience to their students. Free from academic or administrative curriculums, they teach with the same passion they bring to their art.

As I’ve said, it’s been a fantastic journey. Part of the experience of being at the League is the awareness that art has no boundaries; that the more one understands process, design, and the possibilities and limitations of materials, the more one perseveres and allows oneself to fail in order to succeed. One learns to see and understand visual language no matter what aesthetic philosophy one adheres to, and realizes there are no limits to what can be accomplished. The truth is, we’re just getting started.

Ira Goldberg
Executive Director

NYCulture
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Calendar of Fall Gallery Events

September 6–23  
Instructors Exhibition  
Reception: September 8, 6–8 PM

September 13  
Lecture: Hans Hofmann  
With Tina Dickey, 7 PM

September 20  
Presentation: Encaustic Art  
With Deborah Winarski, Joanne Mattera & Dr. Gail Stavitsky, 7 PM

October 1–28  
30 Artists from 30 Years: A Juried Exhibition of League Alumni  
Reception: October 4, 6–8 PM

October 18  
Lecture by Robert Kipniss

November 7–23  
Grant Winners Exhibition  
Reception: November 8, 6–8 PM

November 15  
Perspectives: Antonio Mancini  
With Sharon Sprung & Pam Koob, 7 PM

December 5–23  
Holiday Show and Sale

Cover images are from recent Merit Scholarship winners and subjects in this issue; clockwise from top left:  
Charlene Tarbox, Of the Earth Kimono, 2009, monotype with etching ink on Nepalese papers, 29½ x 45 inches  
Mafalda Brasile Hicks: Styrofoam sculpture, 15 feet tall  
John Parnell, Female Nude Leaning On Chair, 2010, charcoal, 18 x 24 inches  
Matthew White, Stephanie (left), 2009, concrete, 66 x 30 x 30 inches; Raven (right), 2010, plaster, 78 x 36 x 24 inches plaster  
Shiho Sato, Dante (left) and untitled (right), both: oil on panel, 20 x 16 inches  
Maya Hardin, Via della Fornacezza, 2008, 4-plate color etching, 18.75 x 15 inches, Permanent Collection of The Art Students League of New York
On March 2, 2010, the Art Students League lost former student and accomplished artist Mafalda Brasile Hicks; but beginning next year, Mafalda’s presence will once again grace the League.

The Hicks family has generously donated Mafalda’s skeleton to the League, carrying out her wish to serve as a model in future art classes. Her skeleton is currently under study and preparation at the Anthropology Department of Texas State University and will be sent to the League next spring.

This article describes the fascinating story of Mafalda’s life, as well as the skeleton donation process. This is the first such bequest to the school. The skeletons used in the classrooms are plastic molds purchased by or donated to the League. The League does own real skeletons, which are displayed in glass cases in the main office and the second floor drawing studio. The casing protects them from the wear-and-tear of student use.

This article has been adapted from the writings of Mafalda’s children—Kathe, Melodie, Deirdre, and Richard—and her husband, Dr. Richard B. Hicks.

Mafalda Brasile Hicks (1918-2010)

Born in Newark, New Jersey, Mafalda Brasile was a multi-faceted artist, gifted with talent in both singing and drawing. As a child, she sang on live radio; as a young woman, she studied visual art at the Newark School of Fine and Industrial Arts. During World War II, she used her artistic talents to serve the Marine Corps in North Carolina, drawing maps and developing visual training aids. She also sang with the big band orchestras, entertaining military troops.

In the late 1940s, she moved to New York City, where she again regularly sang on live radio (NY station WHN). She also designed packaging for the Advance Pattern Company, which sold popular sewing patterns through J.C. Penney. When she wasn’t working, Mafalda studied painting at the League.

In 1961, Mafalda and her husband, a psychoanalyst, moved to La Jolla, California, where they raised their four children. Although focused primarily on her family, she always found time to practice her art—whether working in her downtown San Diego studio, or painting en plein air the landscapes of La Jolla and historical buildings of San Diego.

Living in California also gave Mafalda the extra opportunity to explore her maternal Navajo ancestry. She often visited California’s Indian reservations, connecting with native families and appreciating their art. These roots and values were integral to Mafalda’s way of life and artistic creations.

Mafalda’s Art

Mafalda’s experience in various media and her love of children led her to teach clay-modeling classes to elementary students, as well as design sets for children’s theater productions. She also used her painterly eye and experience in the fiber arts to knit colorful clothing for her whole family.

At the age of 70 she began a new artistic phase: large-scale Styrofoam sculpting. She volunteered as the resident-sculptor at La Jolla Athenaeum Music and Arts Library. For the next 20 years—until she was 90—Mafalda created 26 large sculptures for the Athenaeum’s annual fundraising events. Her eclectic creatures include the goddess Athena, a fifteen-foot Alaskan totem pole, a figure of Ganesh, the many-armed Shiva, the archer Herakles, the winged lion of St. Mark, and a life-sized camel, jaguar, and Chinese dragon.

Mafalda’s sculpture of Ellen Browning Scripps graces the window of the Athenaeum Educational Wing to this day. In 2007, the Athenaeum held a one-woman retrospective of her sculptures, A Tribute to Mafalda Hicks.

The Donation Process

As described by her daughter, Melodie Hicks Arterberry

My mother was an artist whose priorities were her art and her children—and her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Thirty years ago, when she attended class with me at the Boston Museum School (where I was studying sculpture), she told me that the smell of turpentine was one of her favorite sensations. Later, while gazing appreciatively at the skeletal model, she said, “That’s what I want done with my body.”

Of course it was uncomfortable to hear this from one’s mother, but it stuck with me. Last year, when my mother’s death looked imminent, my siblings, father and I discussed what would be done. Each of us had heard, at one point or another, the same request: to have her skeleton donated to the League. My
mother’s recollections of the League seemed to represent a seminal period of her life, when she developed life-long relationships, engaged in deep philosophical discussions, and, most importantly, made art.

Because I was there when the time came, I took the responsibility to carry out her wish. Due to legal, medical, ethical, and sanitary concerns, that which originally seemed like a simple, noble, personal and important request, turned out to be quite unique and not-at-all-easy to implement.

My first call was to the League, where Denise Greene was extremely grateful and supportive. However, neither of us was familiar with the process. My research began locally, in Los Angeles, and quickly branched out to the nation. I called mortuaries, art schools, medical schools, universities, and government agencies, among others. Most people were sympathetic and impressed, but had no clue how to help, and some seemed quite uncomfortable talking about it. After dozens of discouraging calls, I made the interviews more personal by calling the Boston Museum School and my father’s alma mater, New York Medical College, but still no luck.

The effort started out on my own, but my daughter Kate Paradis became very involved. Without her, I doubt I would have had the perseverance to complete the task. Dealing with the loss of my mother while trying to solve the technical problem of skeletonization was almost more than I could take. Kate and I spoke to multiple people at more than thirty agencies. Finally, the people at the Smithsonian Institution led us to some helpful connections, including Texas State University and forensic anthropologist Diane France. Only then were we able to outline a workable solution.

On my return to Normandy, where I live half the year; I witnessed the beauty of the colors and textures in the landscape. It gives me both sadness and joy to know that my mother’s atoms and molecules are mingling there, giving the phrase ‘Mother Earth’ a new resonance for me. Although this is one of the most difficult tasks I have ever undertaken, I was motivated and consoled by the idea that at the League, my mother may enjoy being in the presence of the smell of turpentine for many years to come!

**The Solution:** Skeletonization & Articulation

Two main processes are required to bring the cadaver to the proper condition to be a skeletal model at the League: skeletonization and articulation.

The first process, skeletonization, brings the cadaver to the skeleton condition. The first option for skeletonization is manual and takes four weeks; the other is natural decomposition and takes two–three years.

The manual process is usually carried out by museums of anthropology where the skeleton is cleaned, studied, and displayed. The Museum of Anthropology at University of New Mexico was interested in how my mother’s Native American heritage might show up in her bone structure.

With decomposition, the receiving agency, usually a university, buries the body and conducts forensic study. My father chose the decomposition method, feeling it was more in keeping with my mother’s wishes. Texas State University at San Marcos was extremely grateful for the donation.

The second process, articulation, reassembles the bones of the skeleton. This takes about two months. Articulation can be done so that the joints move with varying degrees of flexibility. I felt that for the League, some mobility would be important to study gesture and proportion. An articulation agency may cast certain bones to be used in medical education. In my mother’s case, they were interested in her hip fractures and the holes in her skull due to a subdural hematoma.

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**THE COMPLETE STEP-BY-STEP PROCESS**

1. The body was transferred from the hospital (Scripps Memorial, La Jolla) to the mortuary (El Camino Mortuary, San Diego).
2. The mortuary organized the transport of the body (arranging for the container, preservation, air travel) to the receiving agency (Texas State University, San Marcos). Cost of sending agency: $4,000. The body will be interred for two years and then studied.
3. After forensic study is completed, the bones will be sent to an articulation agency (France Casting, Fort Collins, Colorado). Cost of articulation: $4,000. Some agencies pay ‘royalties’ to the family each time they make a cast from the original mold. Mafalda’s family has not chosen the royalties option.
4. The assembled skeleton will be transported by tracked mail service to the League.

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In Celebration of Myself  
by Anne Richter

I was drinking coffee alone in the cafeteria at The Metropolitan Museum of Art, and I started talking to the solo gal beside me. Pat was an artist from Abiquiu, New Mexico. We had one of those intimate conversations strangers can have about how they survive.

One line struck me. Pat said she had been in fifty shows, and had spots of success here and there, but it “wasn’t cumulative.” Sounds familiar. Very few artists make it into commercial galleries and give up their day jobs to live off their art. However, Pat still enjoyed making her art in spite of severe economic and health hardships.

I thought, why burden my life with the art world’s expectations? I stopped being bothered that every time I had a show people asked, “did you sell anything?” It was helpful for me to hear Frank O’Cain say, “Keep showing, don’t worry about sales.”

I used my seventieth birthday as a grand excuse to celebrate myself by having two shows in New York City. I paid for the gallery space for one. The other was at a beautiful corporate headquarters where my mentor worked. The installations were simple. I was thrilled by how portable my artwork was; it was sculpture folded into garbage bags and the paintings rolled into large cardboard tubes used for poured concrete. I taped the paintings to the wall and when the position was correct, I used an electric stapler through tabs I had placed on the paintings.

It was rewarding to see my work on big walls outside my studio. I loved it. The openings were like birthday parties with lots of old friends I hadn’t seen in a long time and painting buddies from the Art Students League. Sales? A few! That was nice, but not my objective. What I wanted most was an audience.

Why am I an artist? Art has always been the core of my life and living a creative life has been my goal. Teaching courses in creativity for ten years taught me how broad my definition of “creativity” could be. Role models have also been critical because they’ve shown me creativity in action. They

(continued on next page)
The Altar of Shame

Or, What Happens After the "Red Dot"?

by Renée Larson

The Altar of Shame by Mary Ryan received the Red Dot during Mariano Del Rosario’s Collage and Assemblage class exhibition in 2007. The work was subsequently included in the show, Art with Attitude, during the Columbia County (N.Y.) Council on the Arts’ 2007 ArtsWalk. After that, it found a home in the Missing Peace Art Space in Dayton, Ohio.

The Altar of Shame is a deeply felt, personal protest against American war—against the current wars, but also against a history of wars. In Mary’s hands, the found objects in this altarpiece trigger images and memories of national shame, beginning with the government’s mistreatment of Native Americans. “I grew up in the sixties and I thought naively that by now the world would have found a way to live peacefully,” she writes. “It saddens me that not much has changed.”

She continues, “The images and objects in this altarpiece are reminders of our shame, showing that we have not learned anything from history. Our sorrows are too late and too shallow as we continue to put guns in the hands of children and send our young men and women into wars to be killed or maimed for life. Our best and brightest have fallen by the hands of assassins, and we still abuse, torture, and detain prisoners without due process. We watch populations worldwide die of disease and starvation while we are silent witnesses to these and more atrocities.”

ArtsWalk 2007 was a ten-day festival of painting, photography, sculpture, applied arts, dance, music, and theater in Hudson, New York, and The Altar of Shame was selected for a show within the festival. The show’s curator, Bob Laurie, whom Mary did not know, e-mailed her after seeing her piece in the League’s Phyllis Harriman Mason Gallery. He was looking to the tradition of work by William Hogarth in England; Daumier, Toulouse-Lautrec and Picasso in France; George Grosz, Käthe Kollwitz and the Weimar artists in Germany; and William Gropper, Ben Shahn, Jack Levine, Philip Guston, and Robert Cenedella, among others, in the United States.

Art with Attitude exhibited Mary Ryan’s altarpiece alongside work by Robert Cenedella, Jack Levine, Jules Feiffer and George Grosz.

Back at the League, Mary noticed that Max Ginsburg had posted a card on the bulletin board advertising a show in Dayton, Ohio. The political context of Ginsburg’s painting caught Mary’s attention and made her wonder if her own work would be similarly well-received there. On a whim, she contacted the gallery—Missing Peace Art Space—and asked if they would be interested in having her work. She was impressed with the gallery’s mission of teaching social justice to high school students, and thought The Altar of Shame might be a jumping-off piece for youth to learn from history.

Mary donated The Altar of Shame to the Missing Peace Art Space to contribute to the discussion of peace. Regarding her donation, Mary says, “I am so happy that it has a home that may inspire people to think about what we do or what we have allowed to happen in our world.”

More of Mary Ryan’s work can be found at www.maryryanartist.com.
"Extremely healthy and extremely lucky," says Naomi Schulman about her mother—but that’s just one way to describe the vibrant Clara Mirkin. Born December 14, 1904, the five-foot-three "pack of dynamite" painted until her 105th year. She passed away in January 2010. In memory of her inexhaustible love of painting and the League, her family established the Clara Mirkin Memorial Scholarship for women painters working in an abstract style.

Mother and Artist
Raising with her sister and two brothers in a beautiful home in the Bronx, Clara did not seriously pursue art until she was a mother herself. She was the first in her family to pursue art, but her enthusiasm ensured that she would not be the last.

Her husband, Sam Mirkin, worked in the millinery business as Clara lovingly raised their daughters, Naomi and Susan, in their Brooklyn home. "She was a sincere and wonderful mother...and a great cook!" says Naomi, recalling her mother’s daily hot lunches. More important though, was that "she was somebody you could talk to. She had wisdom and a good sense of what was right."

Clara at the League
Once Naomi and Susan were old enough, Clara began full-time classes at the League, driving herself from Brooklyn. From there, it didn’t take long: "She was a sincere and wonderful mother...and a great cook!" says Naomi, recalling her mother’s daily hot lunches. More important though, was that "she was somebody you could talk to. She had wisdom and a good sense of what was right."

"At 104 and in a wheelchair, she was still going to the Met or the Morgan."

Clara Mirkin, Portrait of the Artist, 1972, oil on canvas, 36 x 30 inches

studied at the League as a child, continuing as an adult. She met her lifelong partner at the League, and also has a scholarship established in her memory for women artists working in the realist tradition. Clara’s influence rippled even beyond her children, as Naomi’s daughter Linda also took classes at the League.

Her Love of Life and Art
The Mirkin family eventually moved to a Park Avenue apartment. After her husband’s death in 1980, Clara continued to live there—indeedly—for the next thirty years. She also began to travel to Europe regularly, often with Elderhostel (a non-profit group that assists with educational travel), and occasionally on her own.

Granddaughter Melissa Gray describes her as having "devoured art books," and as being "a real museum-goer—and not just in New York, but in Spain, Italy, France. She was tireless! At 104 and in a wheelchair, she was still going to the Met or the Morgan."

Her Secret to Longevity
According to Melissa, Clara consistently enjoyed life’s pleasures—ranging on a steady diet of "buttermilk, cream, and ice cream (Häagen Dazs or Schrafft’s)...noodles, white flour bread, and Ritz crackers with peanut butter and jelly...Jarlsberg cheese, meat (not lean!), and a scotch on the rocks every single night until she was at least 103. And she smoked a pack a day until she was about 79."

She stayed in shape by regularly "schlepping her canvases and paintbrushes" down to her studio in Union Square, which she kept until her nineties. Indeed a healthy and fortunate woman, Clara passed away in her home. When caretakers inquired about her daily medicine, they were surprised to find only one bottle of aspirin and one of vitamins.
A game of queens; pregnant women on dice; beautifully-rendered features of newborns; sugar and salt; the movement of time; lasting and ephemeral. These phrases and images describe Noa Shay’s (pronounced Shy) work. Her sophisticated treatment of these symbols invites us to venture deeper, under the forms; to examine the rich juxtapositions of opposites: the strength of women with the vulnerability of newborns, the permanence of sugar and salt throughout the world with its soluble nature. Her images are made memorable by her development of the tensions between linked pairs of opposites.

An artist from Israel, Noa creates work from many layers of inspiration: music, culture, place, identity, friends, and strangers. She works with various materials, including clay, stone, paper, resin, metal, sugar, and salt. Noa says that each material has its own life, its own tendencies, its own potentials, so each work demands its own discovery of the form it will take.

Chess began to take form after Noa saw 3D sonograms of babies in the womb. It was further inspired by her recollection of an Israeli song based on the poem Chess by Hanokh Levine. It expresses the turbulence of Israel. In the first stanza of Levine’s poem, translated here, the audience is left contemplating the innocence of babies alongside the knowledge that some will never grow old because kings play chess with their lives. (Note that in Hebrew, ‘black’ and ‘white’ are colors, and don’t carry racial connotations as in the United States.) With these memories and images, Noa created a chessboard with missing squares, black and white squares with fetuses, with the Chess poem written in Hebrew.

Chess by Hanokh Levine
Where has my son gone
Gone is my dear son
A black soldier beats a white soldier
He will not return, my father
Return my father will no other
A black soldier beats a white soldier
Tears indoors and silence in the green
The king is playing with the queen

Noa followed her ‘game of kings’ with Game of Queens, a series of pregnant women on dice. They were inspired by the ‘Venus’ fertility figurines from ancient times. She uses fertility as a metaphor for transformation, creativity, and strength. The exaggerated bellies are used to depict the emotional and physical weight on the women. The appearance of strength and self-determination shown in the women is contrasted by the surrender of their bodies to pregnancy—a gamble of biology, of choice, of life. The piece seems to ask, “How much control?”

Expanding on the themes of pregnancy, time, and control, Front/Five Matriarchs is a relief piece made in salt and framed by steel. The name alludes to the four matriarchs of Judaism (Sarah, Rebecca, Leah, and Rachel) and to the contemporary peace movement in Israel started by four mothers of soldiers. Again, Noa used the tension of opposites: the permanence of steel juxtaposed against the instability of salt, suggesting...
the freezing of time (as in the biblical story of Lot’s wife); the vulnerability of the fetuses, which might eventually become the hardened front line of some future war, giving double meaning to the “front” used in the title.

Softening her viewpoint from the harshness of kings and strength of queens, Noa then returned her attention to fetuses. The fetuses represent tenderness. She explains, “the child, which is a theme I have been dealing with in my work, is a symbol of hidden wishes, hope for a future, innocence and renewal.”

Alongside six other emerging sculpture artists, Noa was chosen to participate in the League’s first Model to Monument program (M2M). This program places the work of League artists in public spaces. Noa’s sculpture Wish has been placed in Riverside Park South on the Hudson River promenade between 62nd and 63rd streets. The motif of water and the Russian folktale, The Tale of the Golden Fish, inspired her sculpture of a fish with a baby’s face in its mouth. In Pushkin’s version of the tale, a poor fisherman catches a wish-granting golden fish, but his wife’s greed ultimately overwhelms their good fortune. The complicated threads of wish fulfillment attracted Noa. “It’s a story about wishing,” she says, “about wishing for what you desire, wishing for too much, being caught in a net.”

Sculpture—her form of expression—incorporates time, permanence, movement, and viewer involvement. She says, “Beyond concepts, people relate to sculpture because it does something to your body, your physicality. It makes you feel and move. Each sculpture has a different sense of movement, pace.” Sculptures are permanent and transient, representing culture, time, place, and memories; they are records of the past and present. She has layered meanings in her work but it is important to her that the viewer finds his or her own meaning. Her work is a dialogue between artist and ideas, forms and materials, and ultimately between the piece and the viewer.

More of Noa Shay’s work can be found at www.noashay.com.
The Art Students League prides itself on the long roster of distinguished artists who have served on its faculty. By 1900, students from across the country had come to the League to study with painters such as Thomas Eakins, William Merritt Chase, Kenyon Cox, John Twachtman; and sculptors such as Augustus Saint Gaudens and Daniel Chester French. Over time, the League established an equally influential role in the education of American printmakers.

In 1907 the League hired Charles Henry White to teach an etching class. White had studied with Joseph Pennell and James McNeill Whistler in Paris. The League was the first American school to teach lithography and the second to teach etching.

With the arrival of Joseph Pennell to the League in 1922, a full-fledged graphics program took form. Already regarded as a senior statesman of American printmakers, Pennell sought to establish a graphic arts department to rival the best he had seen in Europe. After his death in 1926, the program continued to thrive under instructors Charles Locke, Eugene Fitsch, and Allen Lewis. Collectively, they taught a generation of printmakers that included James Allen, George Bellows. They remain in use today.

Harry Sternberg, who enrolled in George Bridgman’s class at the League from 1922 to 1927, taught printmaking for the next 30 years. As one of the advisers to the Graphic Division of the Works Progress Administration, Sternberg pioneered experiments in silkscreen techniques. His passionate involvement with art and politics attracted artists such as Blanche Grambs, George Grosz, and Thomas Hart Benton. Michael Pellettieri, who entered Sternberg’s woodcut class in the 1960s, remembers his strong advice to broaden his studies at the League to include anatomy and painting.

Two years before Sternberg joined the staff, Will Barnet enrolled on an out-of-town scholarship. He studied with Stuart Davis, but switched to Harry Wickey’s etching class and Charles Locke’s course in lithography, which had surpassed etching in popularity by this time. The League recognized Barnet’s student work by purchasing two of his lithographs. He was appointed the League’s professional printer in 1935 and printed for artists such as Jose Clemente Orozco, Louis Lozowick, and Sternberg. Barnet taught graphic arts and composition at the League from his appointment in 1941 to
A New Generation of Printmakers

A new generation of printmaking instructors was in place at the League by the mid-1960s. Seong Moy had studied at the League in the 1940s with Cameron Booth, Harry Sternberg, and Vaclav Vytlacil. He also worked with Hans Hofmann and Stanley Hayter. Moy’s groundbreaking work in color woodcuts established his reputation in the early 1950s.

Michael Ponce de Leon, who joined the faculty in 1966, shared Moy’s interest in experimental techniques. Like Moy, he had studied with Sternberg, Booth, Vytlacil and Barnet. A consultant to the famous press manufacturer Charles Brand, Ponce de Leon invented a hydraulic press that allowed him to create three-dimensional, shaped prints. Sylvie Covey, his class monitor for seven years, noted that he was thoroughly openminded about students’ interest in experimenting. For example, Covey spent a year creating a circular montage of prints ten feet in diameter, and later experimented with triangular and arrow-shaped printing plates.

Brazilian-born Roberto De Lamonica became a League instructor in 1967. His prints had been exhibited in Britain, Spain and Italy, and were acquired by the Stedelijk Museum of Amsterdam, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Museum of Modern Art. Covey recalled De Lamonica joyously raising students’ works above his head to share their achievements.

That triumvirate represented contemporary trends in printmaking. Equally important, they continued the established tradition of graphics classes that began with Barnet and

Support the Printmakers of Tomorrow

Year after year, the printmaking class concours at the League and printmaking exhibitions throughout the country showcase the effectiveness of League instruction in a broad range of media and approaches—but that work is often achieved on antiquated equipment. The lithography press is 100 years old; the relief press is about 150 years old and can be operated by only a few students; and the antique proofing presses were designed mainly for small works. New presses would allow more students to create a greater variety of work. Please see below to learn how you can support the League’s continuing leadership of American printmaking.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

The League has a goal of raising $75,000, which can only be reached with your help. Here’s what the printmakers need:

- Lithography Press ($15,000)
- Relief Press ($15,000)
- Proofing Press ($15,000)
- Support Equipment ($12,000)
  (includes a power wash to clean silk screens, two plate backers, two inking slabs, and drying system)
- Three “Your Name Here” Printmaking Grants ($6,000 per year)

If you would like to help today’s and tomorrow’s printmakers continue their training and groundbreaking experimentation, please give what you can by mailing the attached envelope or by donating online at http://www. theartstudentsleague.org/Donate.aspx. By pooling the gifts of our members and friends, the League is able to reach its goals. Please know that all contributions are gratefully appreciated and 100% tax-deductible. On behalf of the League printmakers, thank you.
From the New World
by Lizabeth Buckley

During the 2010 Christmas season I was involved in an outstanding creative and education opportunity: Mark Caruso and Jerry Kozinsky of Orchestra of St. Luke's education programming were looking for an artist to interpret the music of Antonin Dvorak and John Philip Sousa. From the New World had been one of my favorite symphonies since I was a kid, so the idea of having it be the springboard for visual artwork was really exciting.

An audience of 400 New York City public school children came twice a day to watch the drawings develop as the symphony played. An orchestra member spoke to the kids beforehand, so they had an idea of what the music was about. It was really an over-the-top experience. I think it was my fifteen minutes of fame. After each performance—it was held at The Kaye Playhouse at Hunter College—I went out in the audience and talked with the kids. A young Indian lad broke my heart when he told me the music and drawings made him sad, as they made him remember his grandmother. Kids asked for my autograph and told me, "I want to study art and draw as well as you do someday." I received a marriage proposal from a darling five-year-old boy. The kids were completely enthralled. It is something I'll hold on to forever.

Before the performance, I spent a week in the library and on-line, learning about Dvorak's experience in the United States at the turn of the last century. From the New World celebrated his excitement about living and traveling in America, but was also about the profound homesickness he felt for his homeland, Bohemia.

When Dvorak came to America, the Civil War had been over for more than thirty years, so slavery was no longer institutionalized. However, Dvorak employed a musician's assistant, who was the grandson of a former slave. When this man's grandfather was freed, he became a town lamplighter. Dvorak's assistant used to accompany his grandfather on his evening rounds. The lamplighter had learned the spirituals when enslaved, and passed the songs on to his grandson. When Dvorak heard his assistant singing Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, he thought it was so beautiful that he asked him to sing it over and over. It led Dvorak to deeply study this music, and one can hear reminiscences of it in From the New World.

Dvorak predicted in 1900 that black music would become the basis for a truly American music. His assistant, Harry Burleigh, became a prominent black composer; who taught many famous black musicians including Louis Armstrong. His influence was felt for generations.

I drew interpretations while the forty-piece orchestra played From the New World. Four separate drawings illustrated the different movements. I had to draw very, very quickly, as the individual pieces were very short—between four and seven minutes. A professional cameraman kept pace with me. My hand and the drawing were projected on a twelve-foot by nine-foot screen above the orchestra.

In my design I wanted to depict a black woman whose life was bound in slavery, but with hope could perhaps sometimes rise above, or transcend, pain through her song. I also wanted to show that through her bondage she is part of the earth; that the sadness is from the world, but that her music belongs to the heavens. To see more art from the Orchestra of St. Luke’s Dvorak project, visit www.lizbuckleyart.com.

On View

Sol Schwartz: Drawing in the Dark at the Norman Rockwell Museum
July 9–October 23, 2011

Former League student Sol Schwartz is currently exhibiting his spontaneous drawings, which capture the energy of live musical performance, at the museum of another former League student: Norman Rockwell. In more recent years, Schwartz has been drawing from his seat in the audience at performance centers including the Tanglewood Music Center, Shakespeare & Company, Berkshire Theater Festival, and Jacob’s Pillow.

Not only are these drawings vibrant because they are done on location, but Schwartz says they are completed “while a performance is underway, sometimes in the pitch dark.” He works with relatively simple media—pencils, ball point pens, Japanese sumi brushes—and prefers not to alter his work after the show: “I try to capture the spirit of the concert, that ineffable nature of a great performance.”

How did he begin this unique path? According to Schwartz, “It happened by accident. I used to make little sketches in the corners of my programs when I attended concerts.” Many performances and thousands of studies later, Schwartz has drawn or sketched musical illuminaries including Yo-Yo Ma, Seiji Ozawa, and Itzhak Perlman.

The Norman Rockwell Museum is located at 9 Route 183, Stockbridge, Massachusetts, 01262. The Museum is currently open daily from 10 am–5 pm, and until 7 pm on Thursdays. For more information, contact the museum at 413-298-4100.
Gifts to the League, June 1, 2010 – May 31, 2011

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To Whom it May Concern:

We are researching the life and works of Daniel Maloney, who taught at the Art Students League during the 1980s and 1990s. A companion of Lincoln Kirstein and friend of Paul Cadmus, Daniel was the brother of a deceased friend of ours, Charles (Barney) Maloney.

We have a number of Dan’s works and know he was a talented and productive man with an interesting life. We are trying to piece together Dan’s life, travels and work. Unfortunately most of the people he knew are now deceased.

We would like to know if the Art Students League has any of Daniel’s works in its collection. We would like to know also if the League has any information on Dan, aside from the brief biographies in the 1987-88 and 1990-91 yearbooks, of which we have copies. Also, are there any older, possibly retired but still living, staff members or students who knew him?

If you have any information or artworks of Dan, we would appreciate hearing from you.

Daniel Ablett & Richard Albano

If you have information on Daniel Maloney, please send an e-mail to friend@artstudentsleague.org, and we will forward the information to Daniel and Richard.

Thank you.

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