

## Exhibit provides mixed emotions and frees the mind

As I entered Frankie G. Weems Gallery in the Gaddy-Hamrick Art Center last week, I felt as though I had entered a time warp. Was I in the past, present, or future was the question I asked myself. Although I never found the answer to this question, I was quite content with my thoughts and feelings as I observed the works.

In actuality, I had not entered a time warp, and I assured myself that, yes, I was still on the campus of Meredith College as I took note of the fact that I was actually observing an exhibit of Women Artists of North Carolina. The art work on display was done by five women from the Winston-Salem area, and most of the work allowed many images to soar through my mind. As I observed the work, I was thrust back to my childhood, and I actually watched myself grow up through their self-expressions.

Alix Hitchcock's abstract, yet aesthetic and colorful images seemed to take me back to the playground. Most of her art seemed extremely child-like as she worked with mixed-media and collage. The series which was done in this fashion was entitled "Daydream" and the pieces included, "At Home," "At Play," and "At Night." They actually seemed to be the thoughts of a small child and what a child would put onto paper when given a box of Crayolas and asked to draw something pertaining to daydreams. Her works also included the use of monotype with colored pencil and mixed media and these pieces seemed to show the progression of life's many cycles. I was really impressed with Hitchcock's Horse series which was extremely abstract as the images still could be easily seen. Her use of color and dark images against light backgrounds really made her pieces seem extremely soothing to the eye.

Ann Carter Pollard used graphite and colored pencil to present her expressions through what seemed to be done on a more "grown-up" scale with a hint of child-like thoughts peering through at times. A "T" shirt series was done by her which seemed to stress the environment and saving the earth, but my favorite series was the Clown's War series. This consisted of three

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pieces which obviously were done in progression and showed the destruction of war. The first piece was very impressive as it was done in graphite only and, therefore, used no color. It pictured a clown wearing a gas mask and the simplicity of the image had a great impact on the theme which was being expressed. Clown War #2 used a little color and pictured mime Paul Legrand sticking his tongue out and wearing a T-shirt which read "It's War." Clown War #3 was the most impressive, though, as it pictured a skeleton with the American flag as his back-

on, but I'm sure that you get the picture. Each piece stood on a wooden stand of some type and was done in dark colors (usually black). The pieces were all harsh and pointy and did not make me feel anything at all, although her titles seemed as if they were supposed to spark some type of creative images from my inner-being. Her titles included names such as "Parable" (this one did not tell a story at all), "Guardian" (I did not feel protected at all), and "Conductor" (I did not hear any music at all). On to another artist in search of a more reassuring afterthought.

Anne Kesler Shields pushed me through life as I found myself away from the playground, far from the point

present as she mixed old art with new art. Her use of Reza-ye Abbasi, 1630, Persian with a Guess Ad and puzzle pieces to form an enormous piece entitled "Lover's Puzzle" was by far my favorite, but I don't know if that's saying much. I was not moved by her other sexually-oriented and somewhat depressing images which she created.

As I moved on, I was finally taken in by the work of Elsie Dinsmore Popkin. I think that it was her use of colors and contrast which actually drew my eye to her work. The media which she used was pastels, but her images were so solid that her pieces seemed to be almost lifted off of the paper. The colors which she used were extremely bright, with dark, almost black, backgrounds and this contrast seemed to create a very aesthetic and soothing image. It was Popkin's work which took me toward the future and the older, more "mature" life which we begin to envy during those "mid-term" and "finals" weeks. Her work soothed me and made me feel as though I was actually walking through these gardens and yards which she portrayed so beautifully.

Overall, many thoughts gushed through my head as I observed the artwork and I left the gallery with a refreshed feeling. Although three of the five artists did not impress me, I did like the way that the art gallery presented the works and set them up. The sculptures were scattered throughout with one main exhibit in the center and the paintings were basically displayed according to artist. This made opinions and thoughts flow smoothly rather than being scattered.

Dr. Bailey, head of the Meredith Art Department, said that this is the first of a series of shows which will feature different women artists from different regions. The series will culminate in the year 2000 with a show representing Meredith Alumnae throughout the century. The art exhibit will be running through October 23 and I would highly recommend it to those of you who need to take a break from the books and free your minds for a moment or two.



Meredith students support the women artists of North Carolina.

photo by Jetson

ground. His T-shirt read "Fighting Stops." Pollard's pieces left me with an almost unsettled feeling, so I quickly moved on to the work of another artist in search of something more appealing. Little did I know, it was only going to get worse.

Martha Dunigan's sculptures did not impress me at all. I felt as though after I had seen one, I had seen them all. She used simple types of media to create her subjects such as wood, cardboard, fabric, string, tar, wax, concrete, nails, tacks, steel, the list goes

where I did not feel anything at all, and toward those good ole' rebellious teenage years which we have all tried to push far from our minds. She used acrylic and water color over advertisements which had been blown up to life-size pieces. They reminded me of many of the posters which grace the walls of our lovely dormitories here at Meredith. Her pieces were huge and became more impressive and eye-catching the longer I stared at them. As I peered in awe, it seemed to me that she liked to tie the past in with the