

"Lambertville Flea Market,"
oil on linen, by Glenn Harren



Life

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Video online

Getting personal at the New Hope Arts Center

For artists in "Continuum," it's who they know — and what they know.

By GWEN SHRIFT
STAFF WRITER

Three years ago, the New Hope Arts Center launched "Continuum," an annual invitational exhibit in which established artists bring in newer names whose work they support.

In past years, artists have exhibited intellectual connections — and at least one blood relationship.

This year's show, which runs through March 2, includes all kinds of artistic kinships.

In a tribute to networking at its best, Jay Eisenberg introduced Lauren Rudolph, whom he taught as a child. Glenn Harren and Merle Citron have known Heather Petrosky and Jennifer Finch, respectively, since the latter were kids. Joy Kreves is the mother of Ivia Sky Yavelow.

What matters most is the breadth and quality of the exhibition the connections produced, as well as individual accomplishment recognized by the show's organizers.

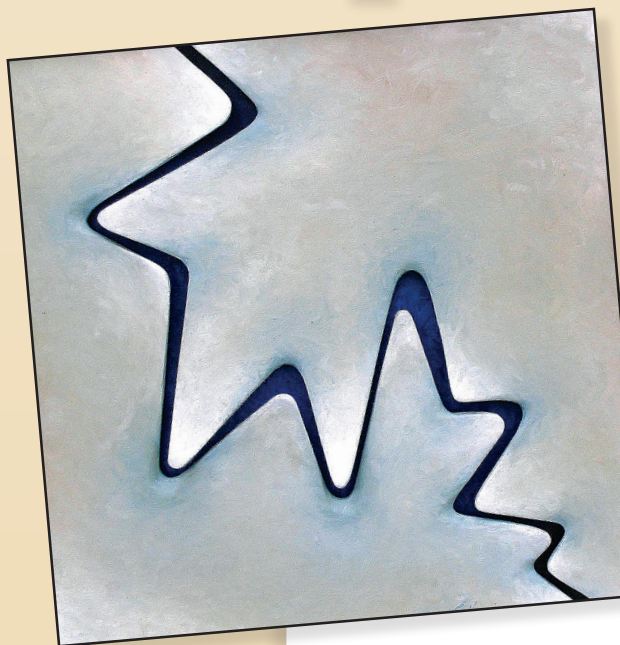
Stacie Speer Scott, for instance, had a remarkable year in 2013, producing works such as "To the Etruscan Mound," a collage-painting on canvas depicting an abstract landscape. The artist, and viewer, seem to fly to the heart of something great; the mood is anticipatory.

In "Etruscan," Scott's composition and technique mesmerizes the eye into a slow recognition of an earthy yet ethereal human form. Her works in this exhibit signal an ever-deeper, more-dimensional and inviting turn in her oeuvre.

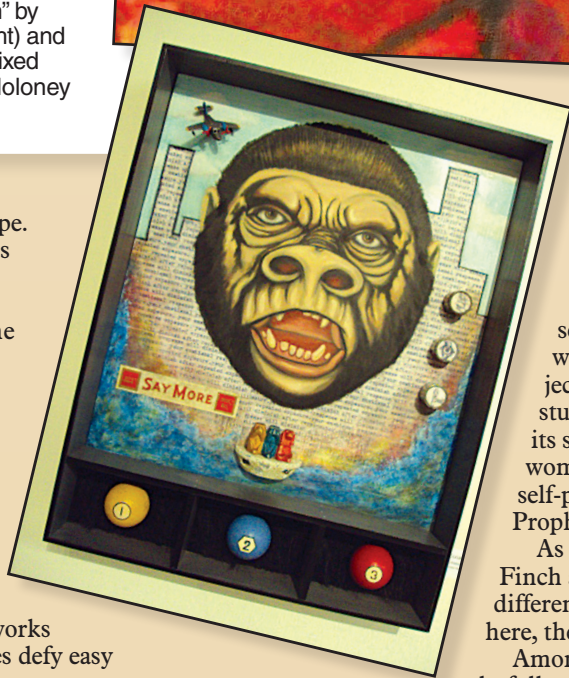
I'm familiar with the dynamic abstracts painted by Robert Hansen, and grateful for the introduction to the three-dimensional works of Robert Noonan, whose pieces defy easy categorization.

Are they sculptures that you hang on a wall? Installations in the form of paintings?

"Beautiful Dreamer" by Lauren Rudolph



"Resilience II," oil on carved wood, by Robert Noonan (above), "Revolution" by Robert Hansen (right) and "Desensitization," mixed media, by Susan Moloney (below)



In any case, Noonan's technique produces amazing works such as "Resilience II," a study of smoothly angular jagged edges overlaid with textural brushstrokes.

Eisenberg, represented here by several delicate portraits of musicians with their instruments, shares subject matter with Rudolph, his former student. In "Continuum," she exhibits spirited and mystical pictures of women; Eisenberg also offers a surreal self-portrait entitled "The Self-Fulfilling Prophecy."

As previously mentioned, Citron knew Finch as a child. Their careers developed in different directions, but in at least one case here, they take similar whimsical tangents.

Among Citron's works on view is a wonderfully painted still life with a tongue-in-cheek title: "Onions at Twilight." Nearby is Finch's "Hello Nellie," which captures an exuberant canine personality in the form of a leaping, longhaired dachshund. It's one of several dog portraits distinguished by the painter's sensitivity to each animal,

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This path to happiness is paved with pleasures, large and small

I once heard a wise and spunky woman say flirting is the art of enjoying one's self in the presence of another.

Now I'm no expert in the art of the coquette, but those words have always stuck with me. We don't flirt to get something — attention, acknowledgment or any other goal — but to savor the pleasure of being fully alive and fully ourselves. And in the moment, we revel in how much fun that is.

The truth of those words was recently affirmed for me when my friend T and I spent a weekend in New York at an event geared toward celebrating the beauty, sisterhood and power of women. For two days,

we shifted our focus from meeting the needs and expectations of others to exploring, among other things, what brings us joy and fulfillment. Luxuriating in a bath or nap or any other type of pampering, playing and dancing to our favorite music, savoring the connections in our intimate relationships, giving into those urges that seem too daring or fanciful — we were encouraged to pursue anything, big or small, that would bring more pleasure into our lives. And in tuning into those desires, we unleashed an infectious brand of magic.

From the cab driver who cut across the city to return T's phone when she realized she'd lost it to

the sumptuous meals that surprised us at restaurants we stumbled into to the men who engaged us in conversation everywhere we went, we wove a spell simply by being ourselves. T and I, along with two of her friends, had dived into this adventure, making plans and arranging logistics with little guarantee of how anything would work out. Even committing to the event seemed a bold, and potentially risky, step.

But almost every moment unfolded with exhilarating ease. And while we certainly weren't looking to attract male attention, what we experienced over and over was the alluring appeal of our joy. The taxi driver who chatted us up as he ferried us to day two of our event and appeared

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Naila Francis

Life in LaLa Land



My friends — (clockwise, from right) T, Kristy, Thomasa — and I were amused by all the attention we received along every step of our New York adventure without even seeking it.