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Installation of oil on panel
Stone has relief salt and feathers.

Arminée Chahbazian

A peaceful dove appearing and disappearing into the space of paint and stone conveys a shifting narrative.

One's perception can be influenced by context, transforming the beauty of bird flight, and the poetry of air making contact with feathers into a potential threat. Bird becomes bomber. Its physicality can be fleeting, but its existence cannot be denied. The cycle of life is the hopeful continuum where nothing feels final.

Gulf

Mixed media
Acrylic, oil and motor oil on panel

John Bonick

There is a discrepancy between what is true and what is presented as true. And in-between those coast lines is a gulf filled with expectation, hope, trust, cynicism, and lust for power. It is also filled with imagination of illumined human behavior, self-delusion and disappointment. In some cases, it is filled with oil. Ignoring this condition and attempting to reach across that gulf is at once complete folly and our only choice.

Ghost Fence

22 wooden posts, silver paint

Eleanor Coppola

One of the dictionary definitions of "discrepancy" is "difference." Ghost Fence, refers to the discrepancy or difference between life and death. I created a series of 22 posts and placed them in a verdant meadow. The serpentine line of posts stand for 22 people I love who have died, beginning with my father at one end and my son at the other. This work is also a reminder to me of the discrepancy between the life I live in beauty and ease in the Napa Valley and the lives of so many who are struggling and suffering around the world.

Souvenir

Acrylic on plexi-glass

Erin Kellgren Temple

My painting memorializes our shared experience before the events of September 11th. Typically my paintings are stripped to the bone to white paint and architectural shapes. The play between the shadow on the wall and paint on the surface creates a moment of suspended perception and flickering meaning.

I wanted to paint the city skyline with the towers included to portray a shared cultural memory, the afterimage of our world before September 11th. We have been given horrific images of the World Trade Center; and ten years of political, economic, and military events have buried our ability to see those events clearly in our mind's eye. It's difficult to find meaning as the momentum of the world pulls you along. This quiet but ghostly image hopes to create a moment of reflection.

Safe as Houses

Ink, charcoal & collage on paper

Erik Shearer

September 11, 2001. Streaming news video online, a new morning ritual. Watching the second plane hit, a pixilated image from a video no larger than a library catalog card. Safe at home in Napa, in shock and distance and disconnect. Collapse. Dust clouds, debris, and sounds like the end of the world imagined by a nervous ten-year old raised on threats of a certain Apocalypse. And then, images of people jumping from the buildings. Pablo Neruda's poem, one verse, over and over as I watch the live stream on my computer:

And now behind this very page
I go and do not disappear:
I'll dive into clear air
like a swimmer in the sky
and then I'll get back to growing
till I'm so small one day
that the wind will take me up
and I won't know my own name
and I won't be anymore when I awake:
and then I'll sing in silence.

A poem for growing old, reflecting on a long life, and preparing for an inevitable death, but with a lyric grace revealing an ease with the passage of time. These lines rattling around my head as I watch and listen, over and again on this tiny screen: videos of people jumping to their death. Tumbling through clear air, flipping, spinning, diving, whirling, dropping, and disappearing. Losing a secret comfort in these words, of imagining a silent disappearance into death in the way that words become invisible when the page is turned. Me in my little house, removed, safe, an indulgent spectator for this and everything else to come.

Southwest France/Four Views

Watercolor on arches

Helen Berggruen

Traditional agricultural landscape forms the backbone of much of my work providing an aperture into an earlier way of life. For example, in rural France a road climbs a steep hillside, threading its way between ancient stone farmhouses or fields of recently turned earth to reveal broken stalks from last season's garlic crop.

One recent spring day I set up my easel at the outskirts of Saint Creac, a village in Southwest France. The territory was familiar. This time it occurred to me that if I slightly shifted my viewpoint, suddenly, beyond the horizon appeared two towers of a nuclear power plant, their twin plumes of white steam rising identically.

I climbed the winding road setting up the easel at different points along the way. As I approached the horizon, the towers grew. Eventually, the bland, anonymous structures loomed over the hillside below.

Determined to portray the ominous character of the towers, I found, on the contrary, that on paper they appeared innocent. At first they looked like Chiclets chewing gum; then in the next watercolor, rather like Frosty Freeze cones; and only in the fourth watercolor, close up, could one fully sense their presence and begin to consider their potential to cause devastation to everything nearby and beyond.

I wondered about the people living in the shadows of the power plant, shadows which at some level extend to include all of us.

***Boys Playing
Martyrs and Infidels
Cowboys and Indians***

Helen Wilson

I am interested in the stories we tell our children and how this affects who they became and how they live and die.

Deer Angel 1

Oil on canvas

Hung Liu

Many years ago, when I received my Chinese art education, it was very academic. “写生”- Drawing from life was the right way and the only way to make art.

Still-life, tangible things; life models – male or female, nudes or clothed, concrete; plein-aire, facing nature. Whatever you do, you must look at real things to create art. It ended up as Propaganda.

Decades later, I feel the line between life and death, or real and unreal/surreal, is thin. Sometimes they are overlapping and co-existing. Chinese writer Lu Xun once stated, “So called peace is really a short break between two wars.” We’ve been longing for peace forever. War becomes the norm; it seems to go on and on.

Dying is a part of living, and we carry on the spirit from the dead - our loved ones, animals, or plants, living with them, even partially for them. Hopefully, I can feel peaceful while I make works from life and death.

Rob Keller's Birthday

Photography, birth certificate, invitation
Flour, water, eggs, sugar, baking soda, icing

Rob Keller

I was born on September 11th, as were musicians Ludacris and Moby, and seventies actress Kristi McNichol. What had always been a special day for me became in 2001, a day marked by tragedy and loss that I witnessed firsthand as I happened to be Manhattan. Now on a yearly basis, the day is marked by solemn ceremony and public mourning. And while I acknowledge the weight of such an anniversary, I can't help but feel somehow cheated by fate. Forever September 11th will be synonymous with terrorist attacks and not the Beatles' album "Help" hitting #1 or Pete Rose breaking Ty Cobb's record for career hits, or Ford rolling out the first Pinto. In recognition of all that has happened on 9/11, I invite everyone I know to celebrate my 47th birthday this year with cake at the museum.

Shroud American

Oil on canvas

Matt Rogers

The American flag burka, depicted in my painting, *Shroud American*, portrays a symbolic veil of fundamental American values, and presents the question: Are American values shrouding other cultures?

The American flag is a loaded image, but to me, denotes personal democracy and the freedom, values, rights and privileges that inherently go along with it.

While "American democracy" and democracy in general, begin to evolve in the Middle East, the dream of it seems to remain hidden under the shroud of such traditions as the burka. Whether, for some the desire for freedom is a shifting mindset or more outwardly expressed by their actions and words, every reach for freedom leaves a heritage upon which future endeavors are cultivated.

Surrogate

Lumber, concrete and sod

Michael Hall

While in residence at the Headlands Center for the Arts, I became fascinated with the bunkers dotting the landscape of the Marin Headlands. The coastal defense bunkers remain in a dilapidated form today – resting military monoliths in the now public lands of the National Park Service. Facing the persistent Pacific Ocean, the bunkers are slowly giving way to erosion.

The video (in the gallery), “Reclamation” came out of an impulse to see that process through. As the video progresses, the bunkers slowly fade away and continue the bunker’s further dissolution into the landscape; highlighting their isolated and largely forgotten past.

The sculpture (outside the Museum), “Surrogate” is just that - a sculptural facsimile of the bunkers slipping into the earth. Upturned and off balance yet steady and sound in construction.

My interest in the bunkers, batteries and barracks is their former function as observation/defense outposts: always on guard, looking out for a threat that eventually never came. As objects of protection and defense they also carry the weight of militaristic control. They represent a balancing act we all must steady ourselves with at some point. In global or personal relationships we all, at some point, give up a portion of control for protection or stability.

Mi virgin

Linocut

Alondra Contreras

Hope is found even in moments when you've lost faith.

Power

Cut handmade denim, LED light, Shadow

Michelle Wilson

In *Power*, I am referencing the ubiquitous nature of petroleum. Its shadow is cast over America's overwhelming need for energy and petroleum-based products. Not only is petroleum a source of energy, it is intrinsic in the struggle for political and economic supremacy. In turn, its consumption contributes to spiraling conditions of pollution and global warming.

Our need for oil is so strong that we are willing to go negotiate with dictators, ignore human rights offenses, and go to war. We are willing to risk our health by ingesting petroleum-based chemicals, in lotions and cosmetics through our skin, in fertilizers and pesticides from our agriculture, and in forms such as Bisphenol A (BPA) in plastic water bottles, baby bottles, and reusable food containers.

Since 9/11 and before, others and I have complained about an ongoing pair of wars, yet have refused to make serious changes to our lives to curtail our use of petroleum, and by extension, the reason for said wars. Petroleum's presence in our lives is so overwhelming large we cannot see it. We will continue to remain in its shadow until each of us as individuals takes responsibility for our petroleum usage, and decides to limit it.

Warchild

Oil/canvas

Mitch Temple

I feel it's reasonable to respond to a grossly absurd sequence of historical events by painting my wife and kids. If as C. Wright Mills argues it's the job of inspired social scientists to "translate private troubles into public issues," then it's plausible that it's the job of inspired artists to translate their private joys into public issues.

This exhibition for me explores the gap between the call of society and the response of artists. To paint what I love creates the opportunity to engage this public discourse with a sense of commitment, possibility and hope.

Imperial America 2011

1956 customized Chrysler Imperial Sedan automobile, missile rack, 1/7th scale model of 1956 Redstone ICBM and other materials. Courtesy of the Artist and Brian Gross Fine Art, San Francisco.

Lewis deSoto

In our lives, everything that we see in our manufactured environment has an origin story. These origin stories intertwine and interrelate. Something that is designed to represent living the good life may have connections to other forces, other events, histories and politics.

The 1956 Imperial by Chrysler was the highest luxury automobile that the corporation made.

It was meant to represent beauty and the finest craftsmanship. What kind of "man" purchased Imperials?

In the ads, oilmen, engineers, bankers, men with property. In that same year Chrysler was enlisted by the US Government to fast track the development of an intercontinental missile, capable of carrying nuclear weapons to the Soviet Union.

It was the beginning of the discrepancy between the idealized notion of eternal beauty subsidized by the ability to destroy all of civilization within a few hours.

Rather than embody this distance abstractly, I choose loosely customized objects to stand before us and allow us to read their cues. I intend rift to be perceived in the world beyond the museum walls.

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Roadside America

Inkjet Print

Deborah Oropallo

The first time I drove past "The Hill of Crosses," I was overwhelmed by the magnitude of the un-orderly white crosses that represented the US death toll from the Iraq war. As I began to shoot through the zoom lens, I started to see that people had written on the crosses; names, dates, messages. There were hats and crutches left on some, drawings and faded photographs on others. Crosses were decorated with symbols in tile, paint or flowers. At that moment I could see; fathers, sons, brothers, daughters and mothers, of all ages, races and religions. This war has altered the lives of the families left behind, for generations to come.

As I turned to look back at the parking lot, I noticed...that the hundreds of commuters, who face this hill as they get on and off BART each day, at some point, stopped noticing. People rush home, to and from work, on their cell phones, running to their cars, barely taking a moment to look up. In much the same way that the brief, daily news bites, over an eight-year period, numb us to the harsh realities of war and mounting daily casualties. The *individual* soldier is now almost invisible. Distance and repetition perhaps give way to impassivity and indifference.

In this image the grass has been changed to red as a metaphor of the death tally of Americans killed in Iraq to date. The sign sits at the top middle of the hill, like a primitive scoreboard; a stark reminder on Roadside America.

With permission from the owner of the private property, activist Jeff Heaton put up the first crosses in November of 2006

PRESENCE/LOSS VII

PRESENCE: oil on wood
LOSS: oil, gut, gunpowder burns on wood

Robilee Frederick

The show, DISCREPANCY, informs our work as "living between war and peace." It is referencing 9/11, Afghanistan and Iraq, and the idea of "innocence and loss."

My response resonates with the history of my work, which is about memory and loss. The ephemerae of light, darkness and time has interested me for years. Those we have lost are not present but they still reside in us. They inhabit us. They are visible in our memories, in that luminal space between light and dark.

The title of my diptych is PRESENCE/LOSS VII.

PRESENCE contains drops of water. We humans are mainly liquid. Tears are water. The most important endangered element in our world is water.

LOSS is composed of strips of gut. Gut has a visceral quality that evokes the human body. The drops of water disappear as the gunpowder is lit. Symbolically the water is consumed and the burn marks are then symbols of remembrance.

PRESENCE/LOSS VII embodies that which is not visual; feelings, thoughts and memories.

Shedding Blood and Tears in a Time of Hope

Sibylle Szaggars

After the shocking and confusing events of September 11, 2001 and the ensuing war in Afghanistan, I started working on a series of flower paintings. The events had triggered recollections of my life as a child in post-war Germany, where I grew up in a culture dominated by memories of death and destruction. I began to think of the cyclical nature of history and the inevitable recurrence of wars. The blooming flowers held by fragile vessels that I painted provided me with a sense of hope; the constant renewal of nature presented a form of peace in a time of bombardment.

In "Shedding blood and tears in a time of hope" I revisit this former experience anew. In a time where our daily lives are over-saturated with images of horror and violence, we are forced to connect to political events while at the same time numbing to their emotional effects. Fear and devastation become normal, over-represented, while images of hope, peace, or renewal are missing. However, renewal always follows destruction; death is always followed by rebirth. With the horrible images of destruction and death the media provide every day serving as background, I once again turn to nature for hope.

Missing Center

Altered book

Sharon Anderson

The Persistence of Absence

Skyscrapers by Judith Dupré is a majestic photo book and "History of the World's most Famous and Important Skyscrapers." Page 67 begins with a description of "everyone's worst urban nightmare," the bomb that exploded in the World Trade Center on February 26, 1993. More history has happened since the book was published in 1996.

I cut out the photographic shape of the twin towers of the World Trade Center to create a negative space in its' place. The shape repeats through all the pages to create an empty space in the center of the book.

In doing so, I am thinking about loss and our collective grief after September 11, 2001, and how our view of everything has changed since.

Pathway Home Masks

The Pathway Home is a residential recovery program specifically created for veterans with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder returning from Iraq and Afghanistan.

Veterans at Pathway Home participate in multiple forms of therapy, including the creative arts. With the mask project, they are instructed to use the outside of the masks to represent how they are perceived by others and the interior of the masks to show how they feel or see themselves on the inside. For the writing component, the veterans are asked to express their feelings of self, most of which start with the statement "I am".

connectedDISconnected

Digital print/ongoing blog posts

Ann Trinca

My piece "connectedDISconnected" is an investigation of the relationship between images and tragedy, studying the question "to look or not to look" then responding with reflections of my own surroundings. The blog juxtaposes images that repel and offend us with something delicate and contemplative, scattering us on a spectrum of human experience, united at least by our differences.

Ten, One Thousand

Photopolymer Etching/Collage/Hand Coloring

Wendy Willis

My strongest memory of 9/11 is of the people falling from the World Trade Center buildings. It was the only image censored yet 200 fell that day, alone, in pairs and in groups. I didn't understand at the time that the people who fell were faced with the choice to breathe or not; to suffocate or fall; to burn or fall. Did they understand what happened? Did they know they couldn't be saved? This horrific memory has stayed with me these past 10 years and with it the feelings of the powerlessness of the nation, of every individual. No one could save them.

They made the brave choice to fall, and inadvertently saved many lives. Because of the people who fell from the North Tower, people in the South Tower began immediate evacuation of their building. Before the South Tower was hit by the second plane, 1400 people had been evacuated. My print, *Ten, One Thousand*, refers to the ten seconds it took to fall and is my wish to change the outcome for these brave men and women. Like the pond in the World Trade Center memorial, I imagine them falling into water and coming back up again, just as they do in this print.

Backstory/Kabul/New York/Baghdad

Oil on panel

Nancy Willis

I live in a beautiful place and create beauty in my work.
I see images of conflict, suffering and devastation and
see a discrepancy between the two.

I feel safe and yet imagine the fear of going to the
market, the studio or down the street and in a split
second my world becomes shattered. I do not feel
confident that I know what is really going on below the
surface of what I hear, read or see. So I take action in
the form of creating beauty to counter and assuage
suffering and my own feelings of helplessness.

Child / Soldier - War / Games

Hand-illustrations printed on linen textile, dyed linen textile,
cotton thread, drapery hardware

Sue Bradford

In this small world in which we live, children in our country can
purchase plastic rapid-fire guns and play War Games in the street
with their neighbors, while in other parts Child Soldiers are
compelled to take up arms and kill their neighbors - fighting adult
wars in the body of a child.

As our connections to the world become more direct we risk
becoming anaesthetized by repeating patterns of images and
headlines. This work compels the viewer to re-think that which
has become comfortable and expected.