

THE NEW YORKER

March 3, 2020
By Sarah Blackwood

The Uncanny Domestic Spaces of Becky Suss



Becky Suss's small paintings prod reconsideration of art forms, such as children's literature, that are often considered secondary to the work of real aesthetic genius. Photograph Courtesy Jack Shainman Gallery.

On a recent gray and cold Sunday evening, the painter Becky Suss welcomed me into her studio in Philadelphia's Fishtown neighborhood. I had stopped by to see the paintings she was finishing up for her show "Where They Are," which is on view at Jack Shainman Gallery, in New York City, through March 28th. Suss and her husband, the photographer Micah Danges, work out of an old garage on an industrial block full of them. The two-story space is scuffed up and forbidding on the outside, but, inside, it's full of color and texture—bright paint drippings on the gray plywood floor, large and striking in-progress canvases on the wall, rolls of art works covering cluttered large work tables—and mammalian warmth. Their sweet old mutt, Baja, greeted me, wearing a lifting harness that helps her to get up and down the stairs. While I scratched her ears, I caught sight of a corner that Suss and Danges have blocked off for when their baby son joins them in the studio: a small love seat, a jumperoo, and a couple of kid-size book racks. "We weren't totally prepared when he started moving around and we realized how much he could get into here," Suss told me, with a laugh. She is thirty-nine, but has the fresh look of a teen-ager, and was dressed comfortably in a pullover gray hoodie and jeans, her long, wavy hair in a low braid.

Suss's best-known work—her flatly depicted, slightly uncanny domestic interiors—circle around the significance of homemaking and homemakers, which are terms that she uses with both affection and provocation. She is, as she told me, "fascinated by the complete dependence on and dismissal of domesticity," and, now that she is a mother herself, she is haunted by the generations of women in her family whose intellectual and artistic abilities were mostly channelled into homemaking. "There's this really rich inheritance of managing domestic space and life," she said of her family. "Even the shift for me in thinking of this as a 'heritage,' thinking of it as something generations of women have done—it was their livelihood—that little bit of shift in language has been very important to me."

In her new show, Suss turns her attention to children's literature, another undervalued cultural form, and how it encourages children and caretakers to imagine the domestic spaces that outline their worlds. The series of mostly large-scale canvases draws inspiration from an idiosyncratic selection of classic children's literature: E. L. Konigsburg's ["From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler,"](#) Salman Rushdie's ["Haroun and the Sea of Stories,"](#) James Baldwin's ["Little Man, Little Man."](#) Some of these are

books that Suss read as a child, others she has been collecting and planning to read to her own child as he grows. The show nudges Suss's long-standing interest in the domestic both further inward, psychologically, and outward, socially and historically.

The title "Where They Are" refers to the educational philosophy of Lucy Sprague Mitchell, who founded the Bureau of Educational Experiments, which is now named Bank Street College of Education, in 1916. Mitchell championed a then-revolutionary child-centered educational philosophy that emphasized the "[here and now](#)": the everyday and familiar, the routine rather than the fantastical. One of the most famous students, Margaret Wise Brown, wrote the children's-book classic "Goodnight Moon," which was indelibly illustrated in simple shapes and bold, flat color by another Bank Street student, Clement Hurd.

Like Hurd's famous illustrations, Becky Suss's paintings can be deceptively simple. "I've always been a stacker and a flattener," she told me. She works large—most of her paintings are around seven feet tall, and some five feet or more wide—and she uses pattern and distorted perspective to explore how memory alters the shape of domestic spaces that one once knew, or imagined, intimately. Suss is an enthusiastic champion of representational painting, but she insists that her work is "not a window." Scale and distortion are two ways for her to kindle this realization in a viewer: to bring them back to the object in front of them. But they also, she offers, "validate the distortions of remembering. So instead of thinking of a distorted image in your mind as a lapse in memory or a misremembering—no, these distortions *are* the story."

Suss pursues this idea in "Houseboat on Dull Lake in the Valley of K," based on Rushdie's oddball children's novel from 1990, which her father read to her. The painting strikes a compromise between honoring the realistic details that are authentic to the world the book depicts (for example, a traditional Kashmiri khatamband ceiling) and exploring her memories of the world she imagined as a child, which were also influenced by stories her father told her about his own experiences travelling to Kashmir in the nineteen-sixties. Another painting, "Behind the A-Z," was drawn from Zilpha Keatley Snyder's Newbery-winning novel "[The Egypt Game](#)," which, as Suss remembers, inspired her and her friends' neighborhood play for months. "I realized I can't distinguish remembering the book from remembering trying to play the game from the book in the woods behind her cul-de-sac. It's just all in the soup."



"Houseboat on a Dull Lake in the Valley of K." Art work by Becky Suss / Courtesy Jack Shainman Gallery.

Suss punctuates these large canvases with a series that includes small paintings of children's books, and explained to me that she thinks of them as anchoring "the viewer's physical relationship in front of a big painting." They help remind viewers that the dreamlike, philosophical worlds of the large paintings all stem from a somewhat lowly object we could easily hold in our hands. The small paintings feel comforting and familiar: Suss reproduces the penultimate page spread from "Goodnight Moon"—done in grayscale—which asks children and their caretakers to say goodnight to the stars and the air. She sets a scene from "Pat the Bunny" against a navy-blue floral background that recalls a calico print. She pays homage to Hurd in a striking pink-and-blue painting drawn from "[The World Is Round](#)," a 1939 collaboration between him and Gertrude Stein.

Evoking modesty in both technique and subject, the small paintings attend to the genealogy of caretaking and the everyday shapes that care takes: ordinary fabrics, simple language, routine. They prod reconsideration of art forms, like illustration or children's literature, that are often considered secondary to

the work of real aesthetic genius. Likewise, they prod whatever false distinctions have been erected between feminized domestic culture—with its floral prints, privacies, and mundanity—and Art with a capital “A.”

These “everyday” spaces of feminized domestic culture are not simply sweet and comforting, however, and Suss’s work addresses this head-on. In a painting inspired by Frank Gilbreth, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey’s “Cheaper by the Dozen,” from 1948, Suss depicts a quandary related to heterosexual family life: What’s the relationship between the lighthouse that stands on the family’s vacation property (arguably a symbol for fatherhood: disciplinary, phallic, overpoweringly bright) and the mysteries of the slowly moving night sky (the feminized rounded space that surrounds)? In “Miss Beanpole’s Apartment,” an evocative painting drawn from Baldwin’s “Little Man, Little Man,” from 1976, a lovely interior calm takes shape (and changes shape) in tension with the state-sponsored violence of the world outside the character’s Harlem apartment, signified by the locked front door.



L: “Miss Beanpole’s Apartment.” Art work by Becky Suss / Courtesy Jack Shainman Gallery. R: “Bathroom (Farmington, CT).” Art work by Becky Suss / Courtesy Jack Shainman Gallery.

As our conversation was wrapping up, Suss pointed out that most of her large paintings are still made with the “teeny-tiniest brushes,” which require and produce a kind of meditative patience to use at this scale. She hopes the viewer can feel “the way the labor has been applied to the canvas.” This emphasis on patience, process, interiority, and domesticity is what the most spectacular of the show’s paintings also explores. In “Bathroom (Farmington, CT),” Suss depicts one of the final scenes in “From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler,” in which the young protagonist, Claudia, takes a bath in the titular character’s remarkable bathroom, which has floor-to-ceiling black marble and mirrors and a sunken tub with gold fixtures. The canvas is almost entirely covered with a kinetic and stark black-and-white marble pattern. It’s visually overwhelming and sets enough off-kilter that the scene—which many readers will know well—starts to open up in new ways.

The painting renders both the ongoing infinity-mirror feeling of developing selfhood and the strangely enfolded experience of caretaking and children’s cultures. In “Bathroom (Farmington, CT),” viewers might meditate on the wonderful Claudia, who famously learns to keep secrets and take her time in that bathroom. But they also are encouraged to consider E. L. Konigsburg, a B.A. in chemistry turned suburban stay-at-home mom, writing a book about the complexities of art and attribution. Or the anonymous Italian High Renaissance craftspeople who produced the vases that Suss places at the scene. Or, of course, all the caretakers who have devoted time and energy to read and tell stories to children. Put another way, these images help us feel the labor that not only Suss but so many others, named and unnamed, have applied to their various canvases.

OBSERVER

February 20, 2020
By Karen Chernick

How a Museum Inspired a Book That In Turn Gave Birth to a Painting



Becky Suss, *To be Titled*, 2019, inspired by the book *From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler*. Becky Suss.

Thousands of kids scale the grand 5th Avenue stairs leading to the [Metropolitan Museum of Art](#) expecting to see a fountain full of pennies, an ornate 16th century canopy bed, and a bronze sculpture of an ancient Egyptian cat. They're retracing the steps of Claudia and Jamie Kincaid—protagonists of beloved chapter book, *From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler*, 1967, in which two runaways from Connecticut secretly live temporarily at the iconic New York museum, which celebrates its 150th anniversary this year.

Contemporary painter Becky Suss went to the Met a lot as a child. Her grandparents lived nearby, and it became a default destination during family visits from Philadelphia. "The idea of camping out or hiding out at a museum, when I was a kid, was a very resonant idea," Suss told Observer. "The book really stuck with me because it touched on this place that I was familiar with, but was still really exotic and of another world."

Suss recently created a life-sized painting based on a scene from the classic novel, as part of a series of large-scale interiors from children's books that she read as a kid. The series debuts on February 21 in a solo exhibition, "[Where They Are](#)," at New York's Jack Shainman Gallery and includes scenes from Salman Rushdie's *Haroun and the Sea of Stories*, *Number the Stars* by Lois Lowry, and *Little Man, Little Man* by James Baldwin, among others.

The interior she chose to paint for *From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler* is not from the museum, as one might expect, but of Mrs. Frankweiler's floor-to-ceiling black marble bathroom—a sumptuous space that Suss found hard to resist. (The most memorable Met scenes, which have captivated readers-turned-museumgoers for decades, may be best left to young imaginations, anyway.) The painter does wink at the museum, though, by accessorizing the rim of the sunken bathtub with two Renaissance Italian urns from the Met collection.

“Making the decision to make this painting about [Frankweiler's] home and not the Met, I thought I really want to nod, I want to gesture towards that space, too,” says Suss. “I liked the idea of having this little anchor that suggests a relationship to the museum, and a relationship to somebody who collects art from that time period and from the general location of Michelangelo.” While squatting at the Met, Claudia and Jamie try to solve the art historical mystery of a sculpture that may or may not have been made by Michelangelo. The urns, from a scene at the end of the book, could help clue Claudia in to the answer.

Urn also feature in the book, when the brother-and-sister pair hide their belongings in a big one during the museum's opening hours. But most of the Met scenes that kids remember best no longer exist. The canopy bed where the kids slept is now in storage, and the Fountain of the Muses that once decorated the museum restaurant (and which Claudia and Jamie bathed in, using powdered soap from the restroom) now graces Brookgreen Gardens in South Carolina.

Some landmarks are still around, though. “The sarcophagus where Claudia hid her clothes is still there,” Elaine Lobl Konigsburg, the book's Newbury Award-winning author, [wrote later](#) for a special publication produced by the Met. “And so is the urn where Jamie hid his trumpet.”

Konigsburg knew the Met well. For a whole year, while she took Saturday art classes in the city, she dropped her kids off at the museum. She joined them afterwards, to stroll through the galleries together. Their visits eventually inspired the book, after Konigsburg spotted a single piece of popcorn on an antique chair behind a velvet rope—and let her thoughts run wild.

“How had that lonely piece of popcorn arrived on the seat of that blue silk chair? Had someone sneaked in one night—it could not have happened during the day—slipped behind the barrier, sat in that chair, and snacked on popcorn?” Konigsburg mused. “For a long time after leaving the Museum that day, I thought about that piece of popcorn on the blue silk chair and how it got there.”

She used that kernel to craft a book that has made generations of curious youngsters hungry for visits to the Met—either real, or imagined.

From Konigsburg to Suss, and far beyond, the Met is an enduring source of inspiration. For kids lucky enough to climb the impressive granite stairs of the century-and-a-half-old institution, the museum has even, on occasion, offered tours and activities based on *From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler*. It won't be lining its galleries with sleeping bags, though. “You can't, of course, camp out here,” a special [Mixed-Up Files issue of the Met's Museum Kids magazine](#) warned readers. “But you can have an adventure each time you visit.”

whitewall

Winter 2020

TO WATCH

Becky Suss, *Wharton Esherick Bedroom*, 2018, oil on canvas, 72 x 84 inches, courtesy of the artist and Jack Shainman Gallery.



Becky Suss

Revisiting the magical interiors of the stories she grew up with.

By Katy Donoghue

Becky Suss remembers, as a child, looking forward to reading chapter books with her father in the evening. Whether it was *Cheaper by the Dozen* or *Haroun and the Sea of Stories*, she would listen along, imagining images in her head—as we all do—of the scenes, spaces, and places described on the page.

When she had her own child, she started putting together a library for him, revisiting the books she so loved growing up. She wanted to find a way to marry her time as an artist and role as a mother, and decided to work on a series depicting the magical and memorable interior spaces from some of those stories.

Whitewall visited the Philadelphia-based artist, who was recently awarded a Pew Fellowship, to learn more about the new paintings that will be on view at Jack Shainman in February 2020.

WHITEWALL: *What was the starting point for this new series?*

BECKY SUSS: Before I had a kid, I'd be working here 12 to 13 hours a day, seven days a week. All I did was work. My mind was in my workspace all the time. And I can't do that anymore.

Becky Suss, *Untitled (Portugal)*, 2018, oil on canvas, 84 x 60 x 1.5 inches, courtesy of the artist and Jack Shainman Gallery.



I was looking for content for new work and at the same time had the idea to build a library for my son—revisiting stories, chapter books, not illustrated picture books. This [*gestures to the painting on the wall of her studio*] is from a Salman Rushdie children's book, *Haroun and the Sea of Stories*. My father and I read this together probably when it first came out in 1990. I loved reading chapter books with my parents, and with my dad, in particular. Whenever he was home, because he traveled a lot for work, we would go on to the next chapter. The biggest draw to doing this was just the magical imagery that I remember. This was a magical-feeling book that described beautiful faraway places. I got it on audiobook and listened to it. I remembered the spaces, and I was sure there would be some really wonderful domestic spaces that could be really wonderful paintings.

So this is a scene from when the father and son in the story stay in a houseboat on Dal Lake in the Valley of K. One of them stays in a bedroom with a wooden carved peacock for a bed, and the other in an adjacent room with a wooden carved turtle bed. There are all these descriptions of the houseboats and the room, and that resonated with me. I was like, "What a great weird painting that would be."

WW: What are the other books you revisited?

BS: I did *Cheaper by the Dozen*. The Gilbreths were real people—it's basically not a fictional story at all; it's a memoir by two of the kids. Frank Gilbreth pioneered the field of efficiency in motion studies. He was a pretty famous consultant, and my dad's a consultant, and so he really liked reading it to me and my sister.

I read that, and I got to the scene where they visit their beach house, a transformed lighthouse. Frank Gilbreth was always trying to get his children to learn constantly, like when they were in the bathroom they were told to put a record on the Victrola in Italian or French so that they would be learning subliminally all the time. But in the summer, he would say, "I promise, I'm not going to do that to you." But of course, he couldn't help himself, and he painted astronomical charts all over the walls of the inside of the lighthouse and hung photographs from the Harvard Observatory two feet off the floor, because his theory was that the kids should always be learning no matter how little they are.

WW: This new work and your past series deal with the domestic space. What attracts you to that?



Portrait courtesy of Jack Shainman Gallery.

BS: One of the last shows that I had, I was really thinking about how domestic spaces are these conventionally female-oriented spaces. They are spaces that historically women have designed, that they've pieced together, that they composed, that they've cleaned and maintained. And they're completely relied upon by all of us. We spend the majority of our time at home in those environments. Our kids are raised in those environments. They teach us a lot about the world, but they're completely dismissed. How could something so foundational be so dismissed, right? And I thought, at the gallery, in this male-dominated space, I can elevate it and put it on the gallery wall. While this is certainly a departure from that, I feel like a lot of things regarding children are pretty similar. It is completely dismissed despite how foundational it is.

One of the things that I always love about making paintings that are of domestic environments is that they're very familiar—to kids and to people who don't always look at art. My other thought about this was that it'll be a magical thing for any kid to come and see these paintings. Imagine some kid gets dragged to the gallery with their parents and they've read this book. They see it and there are secrets embedded in the paintings for them. I always love when little kids will run up to a painting—it's amazing to see what they're drawn to.

One of the exciting things about visiting this sort of content to me is that when kids are little and they start to be told stories or read narratives, they don't have an image that's necessarily attached to it. As adults, we're pulling from what we've already seen. And kids get to completely imagine it for the first time.



Becky Suss, *Rhymes of Early Jungle Folk* by Mary E. Marcy (Wharton Esherick), 2018, oil on canvas over panel, 14 x 11 inches, courtesy of the artist and Jack Shainman Gallery.

ART

Becky Suss Paints Wharton Esherick's Dream-Like Home and Studio

Suss's vibrant paintings celebrate the legacy of the painter, sculptor, and furniture maker known as the "Dean of American Craft."

Samantha Mitchell 2 days ago



Becky Suss, "Bedroom (Wharton Esherick)" (2018), oil on canvas, 72 x 84 inches (image courtesy the artist and Fleisher/Ollman, Philadelphia, photo by Claire Ittis)

PHILADELPHIA — Wharton Esherick was a painter, sculptor, printmaker, designer, poet, and furniture-maker who developed a unique style that came to define the American Studio Furniture Movement of the 1960s, notable for its contemporary reinterpretation of traditional materials and methods. While Esherick, who died in 1970, was classically trained in painting, his self-taught practice of woodworking, which he insisted was a fine art rather than a craft, defines his legacy.

In a contemporary moment in which artist and collector alike champion self-taught and folk artists, Esherick's idiosyncratic style finds renewed relevance in the paintings of Philadelphia-based artist Becky Suss, who similarly champions the importance of craft. In 2018, during a residency at the [Wharton Esherick Museum](#) — formerly Esherick's home and studio in Chester County, Pennsylvania — Suss created a series of vibrant paintings based on the house-museum's interiors. These works are now on view in [Becky Suss/Wharton Esherick](#), at Philadelphia's Fleisher/Ollman Gallery, alongside a selection of Esherick's art and personal items.

In its acute celebration of the hand-hewn, the exhibition offers an opportunity to meditate on perception and perspective, to observe private moments of discovery within the work of both artists, and to experience the relationship between functionality and artistry.

Known for her meticulous, obsessive rendering of interiors, Suss's style references American vernacular art, with its focus on patterned detail. In the past, she has explored elements of her own history, recreating interior spaces from memory. Her compositions exude a dream-like, wistful sensibility while creating visually challenging relationships between texture, color, and scale: the paintings are of recollections rather than spaces themselves.



Becky Suss, "Drop Leaf Desk (Wharton Esherick)" (2018), oil on canvas, 72 x 84 inches (image courtesy the artist and Fleisher/Ollman, Philadelphia, photo by Claire Iltis)



Becky Suss, "Dining Room (Wharton Esherick)" (2018) Oil on canvas, (72 x 84 inches) (Image courtesy the artist and Fleisher/Ollman, Philadelphia; Photo: Claire Iltis)

That dream-like quality also emanates from Esherick's aesthetic: wiggly, Deco-inspired curves and angles give his furniture a playful creativity that riffs off of austere Shaker frameworks, all faithfully rendered in Suss's paintings. Originally from Philadelphia, Esherick received formal training in painting from the Pennsylvania Museum School of Industrial Art (now University of the Arts) and the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts before moving with his wife to more rural environs in Chester County, where he began exploring wood as a central medium. From woodcut prints to wooden staircases, Esherick's works developed in line with craft traditions, incorporating elements of Pennsylvania Dutch design into his German Expressionist-influenced style.

The perspective in Suss's paintings is often from a slightly lowered eye level, like that of a child, giving her interior spaces an uncanny, dollhouse-like sensibility. Three large paintings present interiors at a near-lifesize scale; they operate as portals into the Wharton Esherick House, providing a real sense of its complexity: challenging acute angles in the architecture, dense natural textures of rock and wood, braided and woven textiles. Suss's obsessive rendering maintains intense focus on every detail of Esherick's carefully constructed interiors, from the upholstery to the floorboards to the stacks of notebooks and papers on his desk.

Surreal on another scale are small paintings of Esherick's maquettes — miniature preliminary models for furniture — nonchalantly sitting on shelves between art and design books. These paintings are small windows to a secret world, depicting tiny shelving systems. The actual maquettes are displayed elsewhere in the gallery, as are various playfully designed stools and chairs that appear in Suss's paintings. These sculptural elements enhance a feeling of familiarity and unreality in her interior paintings, like a vision made manifest. It blurs the timeline between these two makers: perhaps the objects were sculpted from the paintings.



Becky Suss /Wharton Esherick at Fleisher/Ollman Gallery. (Installation view) (Photo: Claire Iltis)



Becky Suss, "Maquette #2 (Wharton Esherick)" (2018) Oil on canvas, (72 x 84 inches) (Image courtesy the artist and Fleisher/Ollman, Philadelphia; Photo: Claire Iltis)



Becky Suss, "Theodore Dreiser, Of a Great City (Wharton Esherick)" (2018) Oil on canvas, (72 x 84 inches) (Image courtesy the artist and Fleisher/Ollman, Philadelphia; Photo: Claire Iltis)

A shared appreciation for the dynamic qualities of wood grain flows seamlessly from 2D painting to 3D sculpture. Esherick's wooden objects are carved with a sensitivity to the grain's undulations, and Suss revels in its patterning where it appears in Esherick's home: bookcases, floors, walls, chairs, and ceilings vibrate with vivid veins of warm browns and yellows. A series of small paintings depict four woodcut prints by Esherick, hung in hand-carved wooden frames on an unpainted wooden wall. Rendered through Suss's flattened perspective, these surreal, *trompe l'œil* investigations of Esherick's influences — the Expressionist woodcuts, the Deco frames — demonstrate a deep collaboration between the artists.

Both artists present elements of the everyday as worthy of awe. This echoes the practice of American Shakers, who considered every act a small devotion to God, an opportunity to honor their own faith. In tackling Esherick's legacy, Suss continues to present the interior, domestic realm as an object of fascination. This parallels Esherick's career-long elevation of craft, which brought elements of traditional American design into conversation with German Expressionism. In creating his home and studio as a work of art in itself, Esherick celebrated a limitless creativity that blurred the line between function and form.

Becky Suss/Wharton Esherick continues at Fleisher/Ollman (1216 Arch Street, 5A Phila., PA 19107) through January 26, 2019.

'In My Room' at the Fralin lures art viewers into the great indoors

BY JANE DUNLAP SATHE 20 hrs ago (0) 2 min to read



"Living Room," a 2015 oil on canvas by Becky Suss, can be seen in "In My Room: Artists Paint the Interior 1950-Now" at the Fralin.

Becky Suss

If You Go

"In My Room: Artists Paint the Interior 1950-Now"

Through Sept. 30

The Fralin Museum of Art at the University of Virginia

uvafralinartmuseum.virginia.edu

(434) 924-3592

If you'd like to bring more art into your life but you've always felt intimidated by gallery settings, it's time to head for the great indoors.

Through Sept. 30, the Fralin Museum of Art at the University of Virginia is presenting "In My Room: Artists Paint the Interior 1950-Now." The new exhibition is taking the concept of the landscape and switching the perspective around. This time, the focus is on rooms and other indoor spaces that can offer multiple ways to engage and layers of insights to consider. And the interior you end up exploring may be uniquely your own.

"We bring our own biographies, our own experiences, to the art," said Matthew McLendon, the Fralin's director and chief curator.

The exhibit, co-curated by Rebecca Schoenthal and visual artist and former art critic Ryan Steadman, includes works by Andrew Wyeth, Alex Katz, Richard Diebenkorn and Becky Suss, to name a few. The scenes depict everything from sitting rooms to stadiums. And as you move from painting to painting, pay attention to any details or aspects that stir your curiosity. Do you find yourself wondering where that hallway leads, or whether someone's shuffling back to rest on that rumpled pillow?

"There are so many layers — layers we can investigate," McLendon said. "You can investigate it from a design standpoint and how much design changes over time.

"You're looking at unpeopled interiors. What happened in that room? What's going to happen in that room? You've made a connection."

And if you're still looking for that elusive toehold in the art world, you've got this. There's nothing in this exhibition that you're supposed to "get" or react to in a certain way. Your engagement with the works is completely your own.

McLendon said he hopes "In My Room" can strip away the intimidation factor that keeps some people out of galleries. Art belongs to you as much as to anyone, and McLendon said this exhibition is accessible because "there's already a comfort level."

"I think people are often intimidated by art," he said. "But we know what a room is. I'm hoping people who think they don't understand art, or it's not for them, hopefully they'll take that feeling of comfort and say that art is for them."

Attend with a friend or two, and you can share ideas about the works. That's part of why Charlottesville's First Fridays phenomenon is so popular; it offers a stimulating opportunity to reflect on and converse about something outside your hectic daily routine.

"Art can be a solitary moment just between you and the object, but it can be a social moment as well," McLendon said.

And if you've always assumed galleries are stuffy places, take heart; you won't be asked to buy something or move along. You're expected, and encouraged, to take whatever time you feel is right to linger and look.

You've got the luxury of time to look at the works individually, to step back and observe them in context with each other, to see how the light strikes them and make your own connections.

"These experiences can help take you out of the stresses of everyday life. It can give you license to slow down," McLendon said.

"You are invited to come in the museum and sit down for a long time. We just get to step out of our own frenetic lives and have a different experience with time and duration."

And, sometimes, we just need a quick reboot in the presence of something that's simply beautiful.

The works in this show "are aesthetically pleasing," McLendon said. "We're not necessarily surrounded by beauty these days. I think we need that.

"We're giving people license, giving people permission, in a place where they know they're welcome."

Beauty can smooth down the rough edges of a stressed-out soul. But that's not to say the Fralin backs away from tough topics. Visual art's focus on perception has a way of bringing both the head and the heart into play. Because art offers a safe environment for discovering viewpoints and validating individual experiences and reactions, it's a comfortable place to talk about things that make us uncomfortable. Challenging exhibits that bite into politics, death, injustice, pain and other controversial subjects we'd rather avoid.

"We're one of those places you can have a difficult conversation in safety and comfort," McLendon said.

The New York Times

ART & DESIGN

What to See in New York Art Galleries This Week

MAY 18, 2017



Becky Suss's "Blue Apartment" (2016), at Jack Shainman Gallery. Credit Courtesy of the artist and Jack Shainman Gallery, New York

BECKY SUSS

Through June 3. Jack Shainman Gallery, 513 West 20th Street, Manhattan; 212-645-1701, jackshainman.com.

What's in a home? At the very least, a portrait of its occupants, and a fertile memory bank — of rooms, light, objects and relationships — for frequent visitors. This much is demonstrated by the captivating, often large paintings in "Homemaker," Becky Suss's excellent Manhattan debut at the Jack Shainman Gallery.

These views of comfortable middle-class interiors — most of them from her grandparents' now-demolished Long Island home — are eerily still and shelter-magazine neat. The furniture, rugs, books, art and artifacts are placed just so, yet they set a lot in play. Representing a range of world cultures, they appear to be tokens from the travels of well-educated people: They conjure a complex mix of delight, taste, openness and an admiring, seemingly benign colonialism.

Stylistically, these scenes are superhybrids. They have the detail and sweetness of folk paintings; a scale that's sometimes Abstract Expressionist; the sharp-focus of photography and the geometry and spatial tricks of hard-edge abstraction.

In "August," with its facing armchairs and end tables beneath a framed rubbing from Angkor Wat, the vividly grained parquet floor recedes at one angle through a door and at another through a broad archway. In "Blue Apartment," a nearly flat blue-patterned rectangle sort of resolves itself into a covered bed. These rooms and their contents must have helped Ms. Suss become an artist. We sense their hold on her and are alerted anew to the ones that haunt us.

- ROBERTA SMITH

HYPERALLERGIC

GALLERIES

Paintings that Revel in the Wonder of Our Domestic Spaces

Becky Suss’s paintings at Jack Shainman Gallery boldly usher the quiet comforts of home into the white-walled space.

Claire Voon | May 18, 2017



Becky Suss, “August” (2016) (all images ©Becky Suss, courtesy of Jack Shainman Gallery, New York unless otherwise noted)

Pristinely kept and replete with beautiful objects, the domestic spaces that [Becky Suss](#) paints are like photographs in interior design magazines that leave you coveting the lifestyles of strangers. But unlike those glossy spreads, the Philadelphia-based artist's oil paintings feel familiar, even though you've never stepped inside these particular bedrooms, libraries, and hallways before.

Seven of these large-scale works are currently on view at Jack Shainman gallery for Suss's solo show, [Homemaker](#), where they boldly usher the quiet comforts of home into the sterile, white-walled space. Books, seashells, and other evocative trinkets such as a saxophone mouthpiece line shelves; a sliced grapefruit nestles in a bowl like a ritual breakfast for one; a closet door stands ajar to reveal soft flannel shirts and an unmarked box of potential secrets.



Becky Suss, "Red Apartment" (2016)

Suss began painting her detailed rooms after her grandparents' passings, memorializing the rooms of their house in vivid oils as a way to process her sudden inheritance of their countless belongings. For *Homemaker*, her new paintings are less faithful to reality: the rooms blend actual, lived spaces with Suss's imagined visions as well as details she looked up online.

In the expansive "August" (2016), for instance, a small library on the left emerges from memories of her therapist's office, while the marble mantelpiece in the central living room is a copy of one in her current house. The view out the window of apartment buildings is a replica of that in David Hockney's "Mr. and Mrs. Clark and Percy," minus the British painter's wispy foliage. For "Blue Apartment" (2016), Suss drew upon the architecture of an Upper East Side apartment belonging to her parent's friends, and filled the cozy bedroom with a number of her personal possessions.

These diverse sources aren't made explicit, but Suss's paintings immediately feel unreal because of their flatness, broad perspectives, and use of three-fourths scale — which makes these rooms seem enterable from afar, but up close, are clearly diminutive, and even dollhouse-like because of Suss's playful colors. But her careful and deliberate construction of them also lends them their sincerity and heartfelt associations of a relatable home. Her paintings celebrate the everyday environments that we may take for granted, and urge us to behold the wonder in our domestic spaces, which are stages for us to air our identity without bars. Our gaze is kept moving by the many curious objects and busy patterns, which encourage a meandering of another kind — to mine our own memories for places that hold meaning. Further inducing this psychological wandering are Suss's many connective furnishings, like doors, archways, mirrors, and windows that create continuous realms, like abstract, labyrinthine spaces of the mind.



Becky Suss, "Hallway" (2017)

The show also features about a dozen small-scale paintings of book covers and decorative objects, such as vases and wall art, that appear in her larger paintings. These extend the fictional architectural spaces into the gallery so it, too, becomes her own constructed, personal space — one that we can actually walk around in — with these particular, chosen articles speaking to her own associations of home.

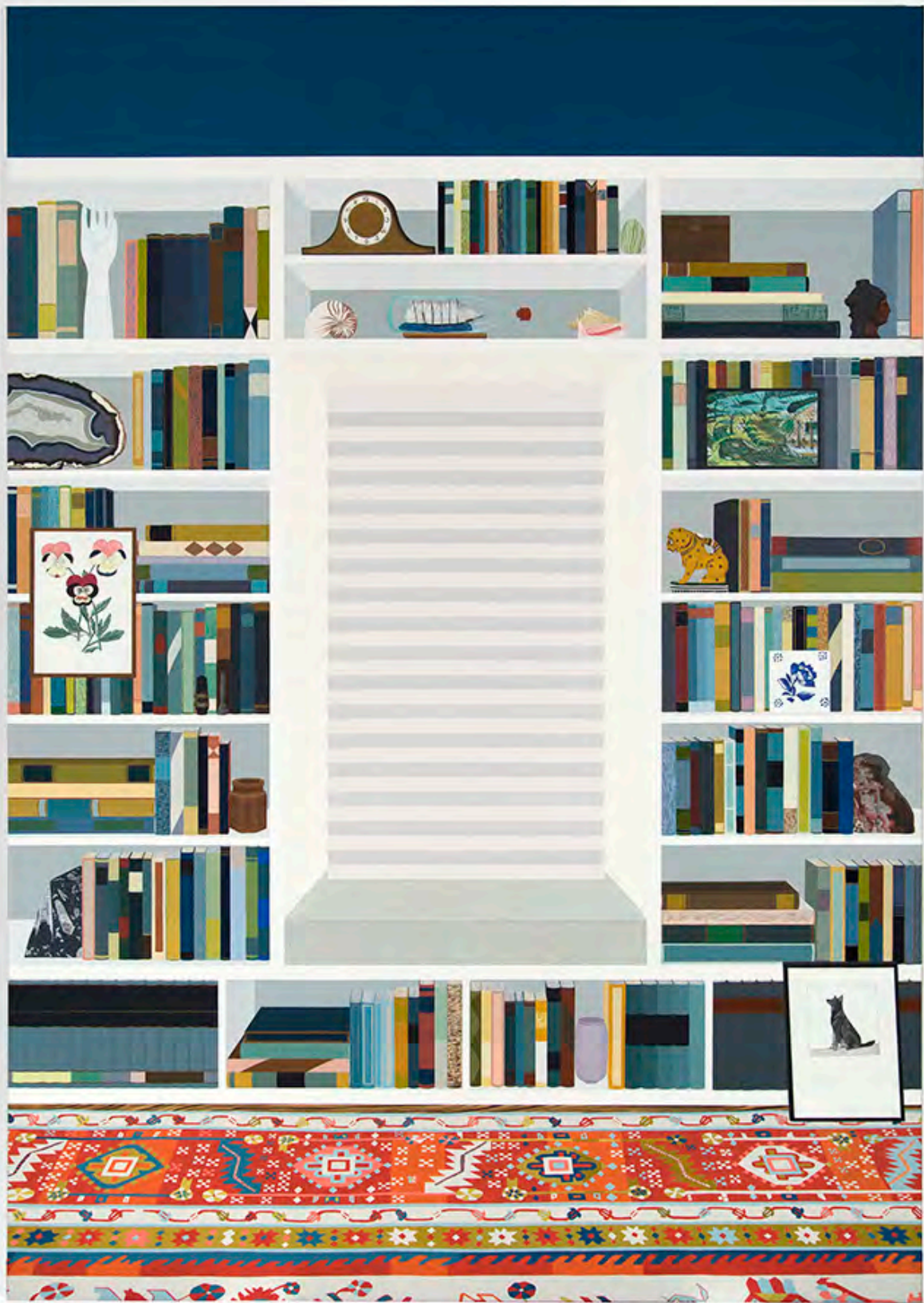
Two paintings of embroidery are especially personal: the original needlepoint of an American flag by her great-grandmother who was a suffragette; and one of the Irish phrase of allegiance, “[Erin Go Bragh](#),” that hung in her grandmother’s house. Suss painted them partly because she wanted to honor her own family of women homemakers — a word, she told me, for which she has a slight disdain because of its traditionally gendered meaning. With *Homemaker*, she reclaims the term, devoting herself to the domestic space, but to domains that are utterly of her own and that are fully under her control. The title is also a proud assertion of her sustained labor and successful career as a working female artist. More broadly, it is a testament to her power and presence today in a system that has always catered more to men.



Becky Suss, “Bathroom (Ming Green)” (2016)



Becky Suss, "Bedroom with Peacock Feathers" (2017)



Becky Suss, "Home Office" (2016)



Becky Suss, "Blue Apartment" (2016)



Becky Suss, "Still Life" (2017)



Becky Suss, "Stars and Stripes For-Ever" (2016)



Becky Suss, detail of "August" (2016) (photo by the author for Hyperallergic)

Interview

ART

AT HOME WITH BECKY SUSS

By HALEY WEISS
Photography JACQUELINE HARRIET

Published 05/09/17



BECKY SUSS IN NEW YORK, APRIL 2017. PORTRAIT: [JACQUELINE HARRIET](#).

"I know that that word elicits a sort of cringe from a lot of people," says Becky Suss of "Homemaker," the title of her current exhibition at Jack Shainman Gallery in New York. Suss admits that even she, at first, was resistant to using the term—one that's often used to diminish women—to describe her new body of work. But that very "recoiling" is what convinced her she had to, and is part of what spurred her to paint large-scale domestic interiors, void of people but replete with objects. In doing so, she elevates the domestic sphere, honoring its importance and acknowledging its invisibility in daily life. "If I have any goal for having that title

be a success," says Suss, "it would be that people can leave the show with a little more respect for that word than they did when they walked into it."

Suss, who primarily painted landscapes before focusing on interiors and items related to her own family history, describes creating this body of work as "running on instincts." After undergoing a multi-year period of psychoanalysis and the trauma of the 2016 election, Suss found a new compassion for her mother's choice to leave school and build a home, and a new respect for the women who shape lives through the spaces they furnish. She painted hyper-detailed works "that in some ways are the stages for everyday life, the backdrop to what we do every day, of our own stories," and small-scale "satellite" paintings that point toward specific objects within the larger canvases. From the pile of a rug and the squares of a quilt hung on a wall, to a Hamsa hung above a bed or a ship in a bottle placed on a bookshelf, one cannot escape the feeling that every thing has been meticulously placed. You can imagine who lives in these rooms, while recalling the halls and items that construct your own experience.

Each choice Suss makes is a meeting of the aesthetic and storytelling. An apt example is *Mary* (2016), a satellite painting which depicts a book by Sholem Asch that sat in Suss's great aunt and uncle's house, which she frequently visited while growing up. The simple question of "what is that?" unfurled histories both personal and broad. Asch, a famed Yiddish writer, was related to Suss's great aunt, and his son, Moses Asch, was the founder of Folkways Records (now Smithsonian Folkways Records), which released hits by Woodie Guthrie and Lead Belly, and happened to be the soundtrack of Suss's childhood. ("I thought every kid listened to that until I was 25 and was like, 'Oh, you didn't have those children's records?'"") This experience of Suss's is one that many face, blindly: homes and their objects hold histories, if one only asks. As Suss puts it, that book was "the key to a story that was in plain sight for my whole life."

Interview recently spoke to the 36-year-old artist on the occasion of her show's opening, a few weeks after visiting her studio in Philadelphia.

HALEY WEISS: How do you feel about domesticity now?

BECKY SUSS: There's a way to look at it that has to do with how I think about the domestic within the context of the gallery. I can talk about that in a sort of art speak way, and I do have feelings about that and how it gets to be this thing that is simultaneously completely undervalued and absolutely relied upon. I was talking about it with my mother last night; it's this perfect example of how women don't get to win either way, it's a lose-lose situation: they're absolutely, completely depended on, and yet dismissed at the same time.

When it comes to my personal understanding, I wish I could live two parallel lives. I wish that I could live in that domestic space. I grew up in the '80s and '90s with the feeling that, "I'm supposed to be a professional," and that there's something wrong with being a woman who makes the decision to be a homemaker—not because my parents deliberately did it to me, they just wanted me to have every option, but I think I internalized, "I have to be a success." What that means is that I have to be a professional. Looking at it now, I can absolutely understand my mom. She was in graduate school for religion and the big shot professor in the department basically groped her. She felt like, "Here are my two options: I can leave or I can put up with this." There wasn't a third option; you couldn't get him fired, you couldn't get him spoken to by the administration. It was 1969 or 1970—it wasn't not going to happen. That being said, my mom was really happy with the decision that she made to stay home with us, and that was something that up until very recently had been really hard for me to understand. So when I think about the context of my own life, I wish that I could have these two parallel lives sometimes, because I really would love to spend the time managing my own domestic space, whereas in reality I spend 12 hours a day painting. But, to be able to paint these domestic interiors in some way scratches an itch. There are parts of making these paintings that are really greedy for me. I find a 100,000-dollar rug online that I will never have and would never buy, and I can just put it in the painting and I get to look at it. The owning it isn't a big deal. I kind of feel that way about the domesticity, too: I get to spend 12 hours working through, organizing these spaces. They're in a much more pristine, controlled context, because my actual home, in a week it's covered in dog hair and dust and the cat's scratching at the wooden shelf—it's totally different.

In terms of the painting world, I do feel like sometimes there's a dismissal of subject matter: "What is it? It's *just* a room. It's *just* a domestic interior. What does it mean?" There's this idea that somehow it's not terribly meaningful. But so much of our time is spent in these domestic spaces; they are where the scenes of our lives play out. Again, it's something that's undervalued. It's taken for granted in some ways, like it's an undeserving thing for a big painting to be made about.

WEISS: That's why I found it refreshing when you said, in your studio and now again, that if you like something online, you can just add it your painting. There's no shame in that. Things can be beautiful and you can want to see them, and I think that ties into the building of a domestic space. There's value in the aesthetic; we build these places for our comfort, to reference our history. You have a lot of cultural icons in these paintings too. It's about how people display their past and live comfortably in the present.

SUSS: Yes, and though some of the objects are chosen because I like them, a lot of them reveal a story, even to me. I will pick something because aesthetically, it's what the painting needs and I like it, and then I'll research it—whether it's an object, a houseware, a lamp or a pitcher, or something like that—I'll find out who designed it, and it'll be such an interesting story.

WEISS: Like the wallpaper.

SUSS: Like the William Morris wallpaper [in *Hallway*, 2017]. To look into William Morris a little bit more, when this is something that is sort of ubiquitous—certain neighborhoods in Philadelphia have a lot of foyers that have William Morris wallpaper—and find out that he was a socialist, he had this background as an activist, but then, when he really made it and he had a factory, he was conflicted. He wasn't the greatest guy. He had better standards for his workers than a lot of factories, but he didn't go all in with the ideals that he talked about. It's amazing when I pick something for an aesthetic reason or a sentimental reason—I don't shy away from the use of that word because I like it, I think it's very useful and it's meaningful—but then I'll research it and realize, "Oh my god, there's this whole other rich story to it." That helps me to build on my understanding of what it means, what stories objects can reveal.

WEISS: You also have this painting of a cookbook [*The New Moosewood Cookbook*, 2017], and you have another one in the back room [*Victory Cookbook*, 2017]. I don't remember seeing those before, so how did they become a part of the series?

SUSS: They are new. I like to have these satellite paintings, which are the small paintings that relate the larger paintings. I think that they anchor your position in the space of the gallery and expand the space depicted in the painting into the gallery a bit, because it stretches it out, and you can understand a kitchen [near] a cookbook. The other reason is, when I was talking to you before about the embroidery and thinking about this space of domesticity—these women's spaces being taken for granted, and then also completely dismissed—I feel like cookbooks are a wonderful example of that. *The Moosewood Cookbook* is a book that a lot of people relate to and a lot of people have, so people have their own specific associations to it. The other thing is, as much as somebody will use a cookbook, they're not valued in the same way that novels are. They're treated in a completely different way. I have a Fannie Farmer cookbook that was my mom's that I think was her mom's, and I will love that and always have that, [but] it's not valued in the same way.

WEISS: You've used the metaphor of keeping the window open in these paintings, which you do for the time period by not including super contemporary objects, but also the unknown light source. I always just assumed the people were out of the house at the time, and it's waiting for them to enter, but what if they don't return? There's a creepy, haunting aspect.

SUSS: Absolutely. All of those things I think about a lot. It's also just an intuition. When I think about these paintings, and that neutral light source and the empty house, I didn't start doing it consciously, but I go back and I think about the way that my house felt in the middle of the day when I came home from school and nobody was there. There was something very specific to that sort of emptiness, and I think about that a lot with these paintings. I don't think I did that deliberately, but it reminds me of it, and I always felt like that time of day was always really weird.

WEISS: I think of coming home sick from school in the middle of the day—

SUSS: Oh, yes, being home from school sick, for sure—that's very much the way that this [looks].

WEISS: You're confronted with, "This person, who I love and see when I'm home at night and in the morning, they're here for a lot of the day. What are they doing?"

SUSS: And thinking, in some ways, "It'll be so fun if I stay home from school"—not fun, but I never liked school. Even though I did pretty well, I was always was trying to not go to school. When I would stay home, I remember there was always a little bit of a disappointment, like, "This is all it is?" I've never talked about this before, but it's really accurate.

WEISS: It goes back to the whole appreciation of the domestic space, that this life is largely invisible to you. And even when it's made visible, it's this weird, uncanny thing.

SUSS: And it's completely common at the same time, which, I hope, is one of the things that comes across in the paintings.

WEISS: I think it opens up some empathy, too. It makes me think of my mom, at home, when I was off at school. You've said that the characters absent from these paintings are still you, your family, and family friends, and you've talked about maybe doing something more fictional in the future. One place I see that is in the worn chair in *Hallway*, because you think, "Who sits there on the phone?" Are you thinking about those things? Is that something you're interested in yet?

SUSS: I really work on a continuum and I'm not deliberately thinking, "Okay, this is over and the next thing starts." It's very hard for me to do things that deliberately at least immediately. Usually I'll recognize that I'm doing it, and once I recognize that I'm already doing it, then I can push it a little bit more. It'll surface when I start imagining characters that can offer up different things. My family has a lot of shit and so do my parents, so who knows if I'll ever run out of those things, but I feel like it will give me so much more ability to tell stories, build compositions, and build exciting spaces in the paintings. It is very hard for me to do something without objects that I care about, but maybe caring about them turns into something different that has to do more with building these characters in my mind that don't ever actually manifest in the painting, but their decision-making and their objects do. Even though I never really followed up on it in any professional or adult capacity, short stories have been really important to me, and I read them a lot. I took this one workshop in undergrad and I still think about all of the things that we did in that class. The idea of narrative building, even if it's only for me to have and eventually use, is not something that's outside of what I think about.

"HOMEMAKER" IS ON VIEW AT [JACK SHAINMAN GALLERY'S 20TH STREET LOCATION](#) IN NEW YORK THROUGH JUNE 3, 2017. FOR MORE ON BECKY SUSS, VISIT HER [WEBSITE](#).

Pogrebin, Robin. "Becky Suss's Painted Memories Have a Solo Show in Chelsea." *The New York Times*. 27 April 2017. Online.

The New York Times

Becky Suss's Painted Memories Have a Solo Show in Chelsea

By Robin Pogrebin - April 27, 2017



Becky Suss with her dog, Baja, in her Philadelphia studio. Her first solo exhibition opened in Chelsea on Thursday. Credit Agaton Strom for The New York Times

When her grandparents' Long Island home was sold and demolished, the artist Becky Suss ended up with much of its contents in her Philadelphia studio: sculptures, paintings, pillows, vases. So she started painting rooms filled with them.

The resulting body of work — large-scale flattened images of domestic interiors — was exhibited at the Institute of Contemporary Art in Philadelphia in 2015 and featured at the Independent Art Fair in New York last year.

The Manhattan dealer Jack Shainman is now giving Ms. Suss her own show at his West 20th Street gallery. “They’re just exquisite works — the compositions, the colors, the light,” he said.

Though the paintings’ lack of perspective create a childlike charm, Mr. Shainman described them as “very sophisticated.”

“The grid within the grid within the grid,” he said. “The whole painting is a play on formalism.”

The show, “Homemaker,” features new paintings that grew more out of the artist’s imagination than her personal experience. “I had been thinking about bringing the home into the gallery and having the art in the home and the home in the art,” Ms. Suss, 36, said in a telephone interview.

“It’s a step away from the autobiography of the previous work,” Ms. Suss said. “Thinking about how paintings can become this place where distortions that happen in remembering things become legitimized, flattened into a new object.”

Having grown up just outside Philadelphia, Ms. Suss returned after graduating from Williams College, joining an artist collective. She worked in her studio by day and as a bartender at night before earning her M.F.A. from the University of California, Berkeley.

She doesn’t have to tend bar anymore. “I get to just be an artist,” Ms. Suss said, “and that just feels totally unreal.”

The Shainman show is a major step forward; it features several large paintings as well as about a dozen smaller works. “It’s definitely a whole other level of exposure,” Ms. Suss said.

Although the body of work is new, Ms. Suss said it still feels connected to her original series, which captured pieces of her past. “Whether it’s a place that I remember or a place that I’ve imagined,” she said, “the physical act of having gone through making it releases it from being precious — something I have to hold on to.”

INTERIOR DESIGN

Spring 2017



the psychology of space...

Witness her meditative, detailed domestic tableaux, and you could conclude that **Becky Suss** is an architect. But she's a celebrated painter having her first solo show at Jack Shainman Gallery in New York, April 27 to June 3, the oil on canvas *Blue Apartment* among the large-scale works.

Becky Suss

ICA - INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART, PHILADELPHIA
University of Pennsylvania, 118 South 36th Street
September 16, 2015–December 27, 2015

In her 2011 memoir, *Why Be Happy When You Can Be Normal?*, Jeanette Winterson observed of the genre: “Part fact part fiction is what life is. And it is always a cover story.” The act of covering, then, in Winterson’s book and in Becky Suss’s first solo museum exhibition, refers not only to concealment but also to adaptation. In a body of recent paintings and ceramics mostly prompted by the demolition of her deceased grandparents’ home on Long Island, Suss integrates the material facts, fictions, and revisions that constitute her memories of the domestic spaces of her childhood. Seven large canvases depict individual rooms at three-quarter scale—a dining room, living room, bedroom—complete with (re)collections of art, literature, and furniture. Each presents a closely cropped tableau with flattened perspectives reinforced by a focus on patterns that confirms the scenes’ static midcentury period. *Bedroom (Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám)*, 2015, for example, depicts 1950s-era palm-leaf wallpaper, bright wood grain, and a concentric-semicircled bedspread. The objects featured appear desirably without wear, and the books’ spines are blank, withholding information. This is reiterated by the glazed ceramics displayed on the floor—including *Untitled (stack of books)*, 2015—the invitingly glossy surfaces of which deflect attention from the fact that they are stripped of identifying information, bringing these period rooms out into the visitors’ personal space.

Two small, square paintings of the artist’s garden in Philadelphia, *Kensington, Winter*, 2010, and *Kensington, Summer*, 2010–11, together interrupt the show’s hypnotic sense of frozen time. The skeletons of trees in snow followed by bursts of wiry green have greater perspectival depth and an emotional immediacy absent from the domestic canvases. Their concise portrayal of the vitality of change contrasts with the exhibition’s overwhelming melancholia.

— Becky Huff Hunter



Becky Suss, *Bedroom (Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám)*, 2015, oil on canvas, 84 x 60".

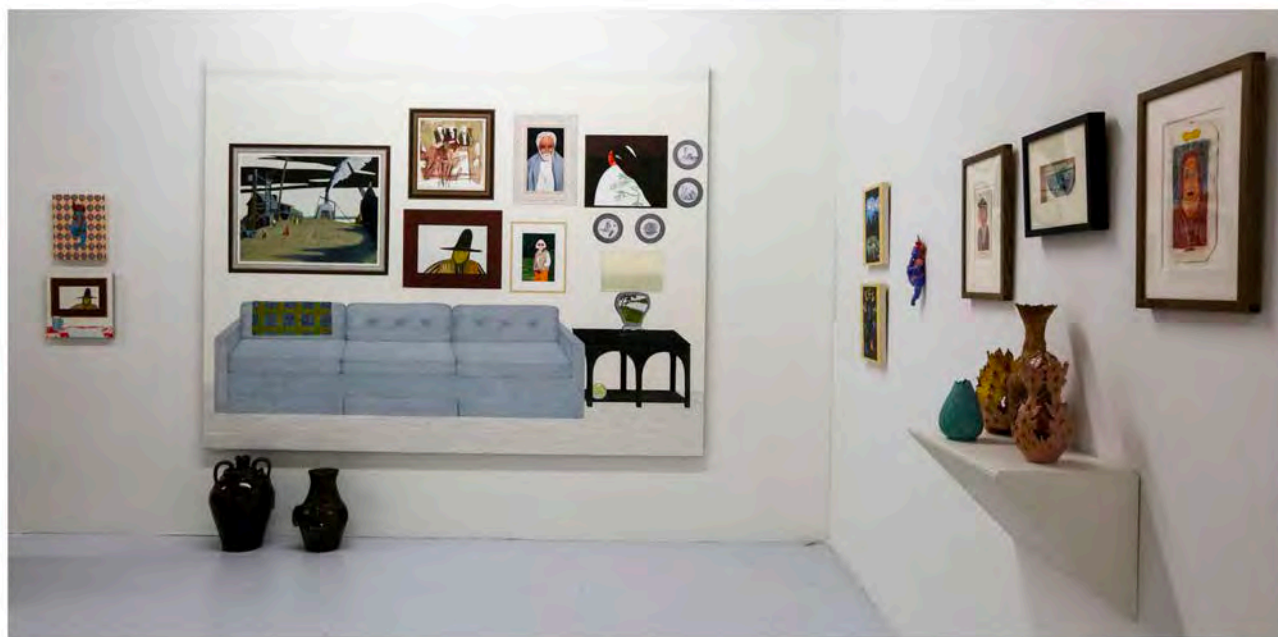
ART & DESIGN

Review: Independent Fair Is More Conventional, but Still Eye-Catching

By MARTHA SCHWENDENER MARCH 4, 2016

The Independent art fair, which runs through Sunday, began as a more provocative alternative to the bigger art fairs. Now in its seventh year, it isn't quite so independent anymore. There are two iterations in New York — one in November and the one now in TriBeCa — as well as one in Brussels, which opens next month.

There are overlaps between 45 galleries exhibiting here and the other, larger fairs; there are also a number of fairs considerably more indie in scope and ambition, including *Spring/Break*, at Skylight at Moynihan Station. But the Independent has moved from Chelsea to downtown; the light pouring through the windows and open plan of the fair, along with work ranging from the self-taught to the ephemeral, make the fair a welcome respite from the windowless casino-warren in other exhibition spaces.



The exhibition space for the Fleisher/Ollman gallery of Philadelphia, a first-time exhibitor at the Independent art fair. Nicole O'Connell for The New York Times

Fleisher/Ollman

Fleisher/Ollman is on the ground floor in Independent Firsts, along with a handful of other first-time exhibitors at the fair. Founded in the '50s to showcase self-taught artists, this Philadelphia gallery is showing the wonderfully composed paintings of Becky Suss, who had an exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Art, Philadelphia last year. Ms. Suss's paintings, which often depict the inside of her grandparents' home, play well against the self-taught artists also in the booth, like James Castle, and illustrate the blurring in contemporary art between outsider artists and everyone else.

HUFFPOST ARTS & CULTURE

28 Art Shows You Need To See This Fall

From Boston to San Francisco and everything in between -- here are the art exhibitions you'll be talking about this fall.

🕒 09/01/2015 10:38 am ET | **Updated** Sep 28, 2015

Priscilla Frank

Arts Writer, The Huffington Post



Katherine Brooks

Senior Arts & Culture Editor, The Huffington Post.



As we approach Labor Day and the unofficial end to summer, the only thing motivating us to open our laptops and begin another day anew is the thought of a new season of art exhibitions. Well, maybe that and the promise of cooler temperatures. But the slate of fall art shows is considerably high on our list of autumnal things to look forward to.

In anticipation of fall, we scoured the calendars -- one editor on the East coast, one writer on the West -- and came up with 20 exhibitions (and eight honorable mentions) we're excited to ogle over the next few months. Whether you're in New York or Los Angeles, New Orleans or Detroit, St. Louis or Fort Worth, here's your guide to getting down with art in September and beyond.

Speak, Memory: Becky Suss's Painterly Anthropology

by [Louis Bury](#) on December 19, 2015



Becky Suss, "76 Meadow Woods Road" (2012), oil on linen, 72 x 120 inches (courtesy the artist and Fleisher/Ollman Gallery, Philadelphia) ([click to enlarge](#))

In his 1973 essay "Approaches to What?," an underground classic of documentary aesthetics, French writer Georges Perec opposes the drive to find meaning primarily in "the big event, the untoward, the extra-ordinary: the front-page splash, the banner headlines."

Beyond the "daily newspapers" that "talk of everything except the daily," Perec wonders, "How should we take account of, question, describe what happens every day and recurs every day: the banal, the quotidian, the obvious, the common, the ordinary, the infra-ordinary, the background noise, the habitual?"

Perec's lament may feel quaint in an age where traditional newspaper journalism is on the decline and social media makes it easier than ever to glimpse the minutiae of others' lives. But [Becky Suss](#), in her first museum solo show, at the [Institute of Contemporary Art in Philadelphia](#), manages to use the analogue medium of painting to conduct a breathtakingly fresh Perecian investigation into her relatives' forgotten suburban houses. With a stylized anthropological eye, Suss reimagines and anatomizes a set of familiar rooms from her upbringing, especially those of her late grandparents' Long Island home, in a way that brilliantly demonstrates how painting can help us better see those

parts of the world that have been hiding in plain sight.



Becky Suss, "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám" (2015), oil on canvas, 14 x 11 inches (courtesy the artist and Fleisher/Ollman, Philadelphia. Photo by Aaron Igler)

Across the show's seven large paintings, each of which depicts a household room, Suss achieves differentiation within the canvases through her beguiling use of pattern and texture. With brocades, plaids and foulards, with repeating seashells, fronds and florals, with intricately textured carpets and shrubbery, Suss's patterned décor, somewhat in the manner of Matisse, introduces bounded vectors of visual energy into otherwise restrained and ordered domestic interiors. At its most extensive, such as in "Bedroom (Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám)" (2015), the use of pattern and texture encompass nearly the entire surface of the painting, dividing the canvas into contiguous and overlapping rectangles of loud, heterogeneous design. The décor stands out as distinctive, but not always in the flattering way its inhabitants might have hoped.

While the depicted décor sometimes verges on questionable taste, Suss's paintings never do. "Bedroom" (2013), for example, centers on a massive green-and-white leaf-patterned bedspread that occupies a full two-thirds of the canvas. If the bedspread were its own artwork, it would be of a piece with the Pattern and Decoration movement, whose work came to be maligned as over-embroidered during the post-Minimalist '80s. But the painting as a whole, with its quiet internal symmetries and deadpan humor, views the ornate bedspread from just enough of a critical remove to endow the work with a visual and intellectual moderation that Pattern and Decoration-influenced works often lack. That critical distance, slight but unmistakable, allows Suss to view the familiar as exotic, rendering her relatives' rooms beautifully strange.



Becky Suss, "Bedroom" (2013), oil on canvas 84 x 60 inches (Private Collection, New York)

The paintings' flattened architecture, evocative of early Modernist experiments in non-traditional perspective and of David Hockney's California pool paintings, contribute to that sense of estrangement. The sense of depth, especially — the rigidly simplified, sometimes gawky furniture; the faintly inaccurate room proportions — is always subtly amiss. This gentle perspectival eccentricity becomes most pronounced in "76 Meadow Woods Road" (2012), wherein numerous interior windowsill decorations sit directly in front of voluminous exterior bushes and trees, with only a minimum of visual depth separating them. Figure and ground collapse, press up against the flattened picture plane in a thicket of greens, browns and grays that contains only nooks and crannies of negative space.

This dense jumble of interior and exterior objects constitutes a canvas-wide window view that doesn't feel much like a view at all. Jungle-like, the statuary and the trees clog up all available lines of sight. A similar sense of visual plenitude, with minimal unoccupied space, pervades both "Bedroom" and "Bedroom (Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám)," as well as the smaller "Kensington, Summer" (2010-11), which depicts a backyard garden with a meticulously rendered palimpsest of overgrown greenery. But even in the more aerated canvases, the paintings' many patterns, textures, and leafy sections still give the sense that something is being camouflaged, hidden, not shown. For example, the background wall in "Living Room (Yogi 2)" (2013), a mostly-white and therefore innocent-seeming room, stops just short of the canvas' left edge to reveal a peek of the non-white space beyond; like an ever so slightly drawn curtain, it teases with the prospect that as-yet undisclosed secrets might lay behind it.



Becky Suss, "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám" (2015), oil on canvas, 14 x 11 inches (courtesy the artist and Fleisher/Ollman, Philadelphia. Photo by Aaron Igler)

What, exactly, do these alluring painted rooms hide? The people who once inhabited them, for one thing. Though the paintings depict artworks of human bodies (sculptures, paintings and photographs), they do not depict any actual human bodies using the living spaces. Similar to families who keep a room of furniture so nice that they never allow their children to use it, Suss's reconstructed rooms don't feel like *living* spaces. It is as though she took Fairfield Porter's wistful domestic interiors, hardened the lines and colors, and erased the people: scrubbed of nostalgia, we see their contents with unnerving clarity.

In particular, Suss's unpeopled domestic views sharpen the focus on the sundry knickknacks, tchotchkes and artworks that populate them. Not only do the exhibition's large paintings contain a mishmash of objects diverse in visual aesthetic and cultural provenance, exemplified by the windowsill statuary in "76 Meadow Woods Road," but many of the show's small paintings are still lifes of a lone decorative object depicted in a large painting, as if the smaller works were detail views rather than stand-alone canvases. What's more, Suss's little clay sculptures, arranged at intervals along the museum walls, which also depict objects from the large paintings, serve, in a fitting curatorial touch, to brighten the spotlight on the curious decorations.

A partial list of those decorations: an ersatz ancient Greek vase; Pueblo pottery; kitschy lamps; reproductions of prototypical Modernist paintings; a bust of an Easter Island head; family travel photographs; decorative gray-and-white plates; a fantastical portrait of a green-faced man in a sombrero and a poncho; a cartoonish portrait of a penguin in profile; a realistic portrait of an elderly woman out on a hike; books in both spine- and frontal-view; framed and hung military regalia. The list, far from exhaustive, represents the quizzical souvenir traces of a generation's worth of family living. The specific cultural provenance of each item on the list matters less than the aggregated sense of mismatched variety.

In her dispassionate treatment of these decorative objects, Suss is at her most pointedly anthropological. Perec contrasted the exotic with what he termed the "endotic," that which is internal and native to a place, but Suss again and again zooms in on the exoticism, the utter foreignness, of that which we take for granted as native, normal, ours. In this light, even something like pattern, so common in household décor, becomes a form of visual exoticism, an attempt to avoid the appearance of quotidian monotony. But it is Suss's eye-catching souvenirs, products of tourism, that are especially notable for the way they appropriate and pre-digest the exotic aspects of other cultures.



Becky Suss, "Living Room (six paintings, four plates)" (2015), oil on canvas, 84 x 108 inches (courtesy the artist and Fleisher/Ollman, Philadelphia)

Suss's imaginative reconstructions, X-rays onto exoticism in its many domestic guises, ultimately suggest that her family's mid- to late-20th-century suburban milieu lacked an indigenous visual culture. Or, more precise, it possessed one — aspirational and sentimental bric-a-brac — but it was founded upon cultural appropriation and a class-based fear of bad taste.

Nowhere are those motivations more apparent than in Suss's series of five 14 x 14-inch copies of Modernist paintings, one of which, André Masson's "The Sun" (1938), is also depicted hanging in her relatives' hallway in "1919 Chestnut (Three Cities, The Mother, Kiddush Hashem, Salvation, The Apostle, Mary, Nazarene)" (2015). Suss' reproduction of a reproduction differentiates itself, however, by virtue of a painted silver border not present in her relatives' wall hanging, a kind of quotation mark that signals knowingness with respect to the line separating good taste from bad. Indeed, in the context of the show, it is striking that all five of the Modernist reproductions, untamed swirls of color and shape, eschew pattern, as if pattern carried with it the taint of decoration, inadmissible in serious art.

Anxiety about the intersection of aesthetics, taste, and class is as old as art itself, but Suss's exquisite family archaeology gives such concerns a unique, self-directed emphasis. How best, the paintings ask, to express love for someone or something that is imperfect, flawed, maybe even a bit problematic? Because Suss positions herself at a slight, but not severe, critical remove from her relatives' rooms and their contents, it can be difficult to discern exactly how much affection her

harsher judgments contain. More than a little, you get the sense. But that affection is hidden, reserved, composed, in such subtle details as the painstaking care of her brushstrokes. For Suss — as for Perec, an expert in tender detachment — to anatomize is a way to express regard. To paint so magnificently well is an act of scrutiny that is also an act of love.

Becky Suss continues at the *Institute of Contemporary Art* (University of Pennsylvania, 118 S. 36th Street, Philadelphia) through December 27.

MUSEUMS / PHILADELPHIA / REVIEWS

Becky Suss: The Impression Remains

Posted on September 14, 2016 by LIZ AYERLE



About this time last year Becky Suss's (<http://www.beckysuss.net/>) first solo show was set to open at the ICA in Philadelphia (<http://icaphila.org/exhibitions/7466/becky-suss>). Upon entering the room, one felt a curious sense of abandonment; this is because there are no figures in the all too human spaces Suss gives us. The expansive bare walls of the Eleanor Biddle Lloyd Gallery were the perfect setting for her large scale work. Some paintings are as big as seven by nine feet installed alongside smaller still lifes consisting of ceramic vases and stacked books placed neatly on the floor. The show has long since closed but the impression it left with me remains.

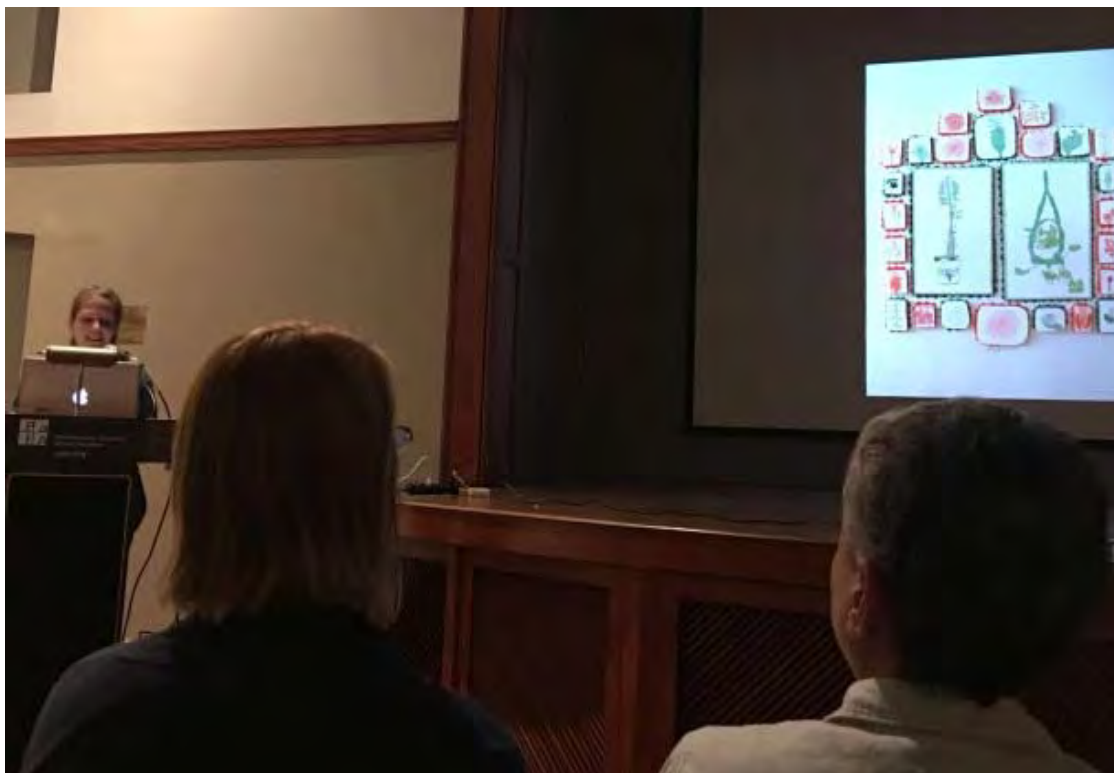
This was my first visit to the ICA but as it turns out the timing was fortunate. While I was getting to know Philadelphia's art institutions better I was also thinking a lot about the role of memory and trace in my own work. Suss paints flat surfaces using vibrantly colored patterns to inject an element of play between interior and exterior spaces (<http://www.fleisher-ollmangallery.com/artists.php?id=49&page=1&img=2>). The palm print bedspread (<http://www.beckysuss.net/portfolio/paintings/2015-ica-philadelphia/>) and fern like wallpaper are treated in much the same way as a garden view. The mid-

century modern rooms feel familiar. They are both generic and specific enough to give the viewer that haunting sense of déjà vu. Like the eerily deserted airport terminals of the Langoliers, Suss's rooms seem frozen in time. Later that day I left the ICA, went home and began to write a blog entry (a blog entry that I never completed).



Left Reading Room, 2012 from the artists website, Right: image from the slide presentation (Just prior to beginning works for the ICA)

Finally summer at PAFA rolled around and in yet another spot of good luck Becky Suss turned out to be a visiting artist. During her talk she opened up about the process she uses to build an image placing the work in an even richer context. As she puts it, "I always flatten, I always pattern, I always stack." One of the reasons her paintings feel both personal and generically "of a moment" is because she uses family keepsakes in combination with research documents to build an image.



The body of work she presented at the ICA began with the death of her grandfather, who she described as, "the last of a generation." Surrounded by his books she saw his possessions as artifacts, only, some of them were missing. As Suss moved through the presentation and the slides progressed you could see her work shift away from strict adherence to reality. Embracing

Suss speaking at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Summer 16'

elements of the
imagination she

began to construct spaces that “felt” true, inserting objects her grandparents “might” have owned. She finished the talk with two paintings completed after the conclusion of her show at the ICA. These included a fictional bathroom with teal color tiles and an apartment reminiscent of one remembered from childhood.

Suss’s works are unabashedly nostalgic. She is mining her own family history and combining it with plausible elements of fiction in order to reveal things concealed by time. What can we learn from the intersection between memory and imagination? The more we understand about the way humans form memories, the more we understand their changeable nature.

By Liz Ayerle

Suss will be speaking again at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts this coming December. [Click here for more details. \(https://www.pafa.org/VAP\)](https://www.pafa.org/VAP)

[Click here to listen to a radio lab \(http://www.radiolab.org/story/91569-memory-and-forgetting/\)](http://www.radiolab.org/story/91569-memory-and-forgetting/) on memory loved by both Becky Suss and post author Liz Ayerle

Tags: [Becky Suss](#), [Elizabeth Ayerle](#), [fleisher ollman](#), [ICA Philadelphia](#), [Memory](#), [Philadelphia Artists](#), [Philadlphi](#), [Vox Populi](#). Bookmark the [permalink](#).

Becky Suss (Philadelphia, Pennsylvania)



Becky Suss, Living Room (six paintings, four plates), 2015, oil on canvas, 84 x 108 inches. Courtesy the artist and Fleisher/Ollman, Philadelphia.

What: [Becky Suss](#)

Where: The Institute of Contemporary Art in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

When: Sept. 16, 2015 to Dec. 27, 2015

Why: Philly-born and Philly-raised, Suss reimagines the domestic spaces of her relatives, flattening the physical spaces of her memories and filling them up with skewed perspectives and historic kitsch.

Also on view: Josephine Pryde and Christopher Knowles

TITLE MAGAZINE

Becky Suss

at the Institute of Contemporary Art
through December 27th
by Samantha Mitchell



Posted: October 18th, 2015 • Filed under: [Reviews](#) •

Writing on [The Fulbright Triptych](#) (1974), Simon Dinnerstein's epic autobiographical realist painting, Jonathan Lethem articulates its ability to condense and expand a single moment: "It functions as a time capsule and a mirror for its viewers' souls, and so, despite personal and historical referential elements, has become permanently contemporary and universal." The painting is an ambitious interior, depicting the artist and his family surrounded by the objects that composed his life in the studio at the time: artwork, tools, photographs, postcards, plants, and a view flattened by the frame of a window. There is something unique about the intimacy created by paintings of interior spaces, where personal objects, however impersonal to us, create a common thread from artist to viewer, subsequently activating our own landscape of memory.

A similar kind of suspension of personal space and time carries through Becky Suss' paintings. While her interiors are absent of living presences (save one dog), they communicate in the language of timeless objects, hyper-real textures, and the geometry of interior design, simultaneously flattening and expanding the spaces she depicts. In her current exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Art, University of Pennsylvania, Suss focuses almost exclusively on the austere, mid-century modern interior of her grandparents' home. Through seven large-scale canvases, nine smaller studies, and an assortment of ceramic pieces, Suss creates multiple portals into these spaces, [largely culled and interpreted from her own memories](#). With a focus on individual objects found in these spaces – wiggly vases, hypnotically patterned textiles, various sculptures of the human form – these shapes appear in both paintings and sculpture. Among the painstakingly detailed and dimensionally flat canvases, these objects seem to form a constellation of meaning between the 3D and 2D work throughout the exhibition.

What makes Suss' objects so engaging is that while they are highly rendered and often recognizable as discrete things, they are often ambiguous and impersonal, at least to the viewer. Her approach keeps its distance, while the canvases are large enough to physically enter the spaces. Absent are indications that these spaces are timeworn or lived-in, gestures of nostalgia one might expect from representations of the home of beloved grandparents. This is partially due to their particularly modern design aesthetic – I imagine it would be difficult to represent these kinds of *objets d'arte* as well-loved and handled – but also comes from the artists' distinctive approach to pattern, perspective, and space. In *Bedroom*, the entire space of the painting is consumed by a bedspread, printed with a hypnotic, Matisse-like green and white pattern, which extends directly into the sides of the canvas in an awkward, arresting way. It puts the viewer in an impossible, almost aerial position, considering the bed from above, lost in its jungle of a bedspread, which is – save one small fold at the end – completely formless. Despite their lack of specificity, there is an intimacy created by the strange, dreamlike perspective that defines these spaces, allowing them to become more personally resonant with the viewer.

Another element that articulates a narrative thread is Suss' recreations of other works of art. On one wall, she displays five meticulously recreated post-impressionist lithographs (a few of which appear in other paintings as well) deviating from their originals through slight distortions of line and the addition of

metallic borders. This odd detour into quasi-plagiarism illuminates an element Suss plays with throughout: the muddiness of reinterpretation via the imperfect vehicle of memory. These prints clearly resonated with the artist within the walls of the spaces she depicts and are appropriated in the same way as other elements, despite their identity as discrete, famous artworks.

When depicted in Suss' cool style, these domestic scenes shed emotional attachment or the kind of imperfections and idiosyncrasies that make things specific and personal. At the same time, the visual relationships and tensions that the things in the paintings maintain belie a different kind of attachment. Particularly effective is *Bedroom (Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám)*, where a layered dimensionally patterned blanket butts up against the sculptural banana-leaf wallpaper print and the marbled wood grain of the floorboards. The patterns jockey for space, the only reprieve found through the spatially confusing reflection in a mirror, where an open door offers an out. The hypnotic claustrophobia becomes almost narrative.

Suss shares a vocabulary of small interior objects with a number of contemporary artists, including [Paul Wackers](#), using these forms to be both topically engaging and aesthetically complex. They can operate as commercially recognizable references to affluent, artistically minded homes. Suss seems to seek the deconstruction of modernist aesthetic while simultaneously relying on it, emerging from an intense attraction to its simplicity of form while using it to articulate an interest in subtle kinds of chaos. While Wackers uses this domestic vocabulary to allude to something extraterrestrial or psychically challenging, Suss taps into the subtle deviations of dense pattern to create a kind of hyper-reality. The objects remain true to their basic nature, but the obsessive detail lavished upon them flattens their form and sharpens their boundaries. In *76 Meadow Woods Road*, a series of figurative sculptures are arranged on a windowsill, facing the viewer before a landscape of trees and shrubs vibrant with stippled marks. Before this chaos, the figures appear pensive and alive, their monochrome bodies absorbing the information behind them. An effect of the dizzying array of pattern and texture throughout Suss' work is that everything seems to pulse slightly, each shape humming or buzzing in place as we scan the vast surface of the paintings. This ruffles the distanced approach to the scenes that Suss creates, introducing a sense of instability and unease in these highly composed and serenely static interiors.

Suss mentions a recent fascination with memory reconsolidation in an interview with ICA, articulating how memories are essentially altered with each recollection, as they are created through new neural pathways each time we call them to mind. "I find this mechanism similar to the process of painting itself," says Suss. "If I think of the distortions and inaccuracies of both my memories and the paintings themselves through the lens of this theory, I can understand the final product as its own legitimate and accurate depiction of itself, not a skewed or distorted version of something else." In this way, the paintings too become unstable, a process of remembering for the viewer as well. We too can access these rooms, wander around in a stranger's house, and create our own relationships in the context of individualized interior landscapes.

[Samantha Dylan Mitchell](#) is an artist, writer, and teacher living in Philadelphia.

© 2015 Title Magazine. All images are copyrighted by their respective authors.

Powered by Wordpress. Designed by [WPSHOWER](#)

Galleries: Becky Suss' art dreams mid-century dreams

By Edith Newhall, For The Inquirer

POSTED: December 06, 2015

At a time when exhibition titles tend to stretch into lines of prose, the decision to call Becky Suss' first solo museum show simply "Becky Suss" seems not only a good omen, but a perfect introduction to paintings that make just as strong an impression on their own - I had previously seen them in group shows in and around Philadelphia in recent years - as they now do together on the walls of the Institute of Contemporary Art. As organized by associate curator Kate Kraczon, Suss' crisp paintings also echo the architecture of the Eleanor Biddle Lloyd Gallery on the ICA's second floor. It's an enclosed, meditative space that complements the orderly calm of Suss' images.

Though small, the earliest paintings in the exhibition, both from 2010, portray the same view of a rectangular backyard in Kensington, one lushly green in summer and the other brittle and snow-covered in winter. They hint at the large, spartan paintings to come three years later, a body of work inspired by Suss' recollections of her grandparents' mid-century house on Long Island, but filled with liberal spoonfuls of poetic license.

In one such painting, *Living Room (Yogi 2)*, Suss offers an ostensibly straight-on view of her grandparents' living room, with its minimalist fireplace of white bricklike tiles alongside which collected objects have been artfully positioned - the head from a Mexican sculpture, a fragment of white coral, a Native American vase incorporating white patterns. The room's whiteness is further emphasized by a West Highland White terrier stretched out on the white carpet, with a sliver of a window in the background revealing a white birch tree on an emerald lawn.

Interestingly, though the rooms Suss paints are spacious, she typically makes much of one large element in a scene, and that element is often composed of a pattern, such as the aforementioned brick pattern of the fireplace. She likes to bring the outdoors indoors through the use of windows and mirrors.

Those two tendencies come together particularly dramatically in her 2015 painting *Bedroom (Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám)*. The banana-palm-leaf-patterned wallpaper on a back wall, which Suss based on the Beverly Hills Hotel's iconic decoration, dwarfs the room's other, more modest appurtenances, among them a twin bed and a bedside table with a lamp and books. A full-length mirror offers a reflection of an interior entranceway framed by an outdoor railing.

One senses this room is the artist's inventory of her past, and curator Kraczon more or less confirms this in her essay for the exhibition, revealing that the lamp was Suss' mother's girlhood lamp and that one of the books is a volume of poetry the artist admired as a child.

Suss brushed up her skills as a ceramicist in preparation for her show, and her glazed low-fire ceramic vases and stacks of lifesize ceramic "books" and glazed stoneware iterations of pre-Columbian Mexican and Maori heads, all placed on the floor at strategic intervals, have the clever effect of making Suss' paintings look like windows into other rooms.

Which, come to think of it, they are.

Institute of Contemporary Art, 118 S. 36th St., 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. Wednesdays; 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Thursdays and Fridays; 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays. 215-898-7108 or www.icaphila.org. Free. Through Dec. 27.

Arboreal musings

If you have yet to familiarize yourself with the work of Ellen Harvey, a British-born Brooklyn artist, there's no time like the present.

Harvey is perhaps best known for her haunting monochromatic installations in which architecture and landscapes, especially ruins, are reimagined through the use of hand-engraved mirrors and lighting (and that is the half of it - she also counts painting among her many media).

Besides her installation "Metal Painting," at the Barnes Foundation, which runs through Jan. 4, Harvey is having her fourth solo show at the Locks Gallery.

"The Museum of Ornamental Leaves" comprises new works such as *The Forest of Obsolete Ornaments*, pairing sculptural casts of the leaf molds used for ornamental architecture detailing with her own two-dimensional images of trees, as well as earlier works that are featured in her recently published, 302-page monograph, *The Museum of Failure*.

One of those works is a life-size version of a souvenir stand, *Alien Souvenir Stand* (2013), which was part of her exhibition "The Alien's Guide to the Ruins of Washington, D.C.," at that city's now-closed Corcoran Gallery of Art. Her interpretation of what an entrepreneurial alien would sell to tourists visiting the ruins of contemporary Washington seems corny and obvious when separated from its original context. On the other hand, her painting *New Forest/The Internal Revenue Service Reforested*, in which she imagines the abandonment of the Andover, Mass., IRS complex, and its subsequent swallowing by nature, is an eerie, unforgettable image.

Locks Gallery, 600 Washington Square, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Tuesdays through Saturdays. 215-629-1000 or www.locksgallery.org. Through Saturday.



Becky Suss's Cold, Cold Ground at Space 1026

By guest writer *May 24, 2011*

By Diana Jih

[Becky Suss](#) embraces remembrance and her *artistic* seasonal affective disorder through a series of multi-textured oil landscapes at her first solo exhibition in Philadelphia, *Cold Cold Ground*, on display at [Space 1026](#). Her wintry mix of iced-over hidden streams and snowed-in backyard gardens calls to mind the past season and the missing places of spring. Those places exist once again in these recreated memories. During her First Friday opening, “Green River” and “wish you were here” twinged my nostalgia for pockets of rural New England I’ve happened upon in previous years.



“Green River” - Oil on canvas - 16” x 16”

Suss trespasses on my emotions and lays claim to these scenes through the richness of her palette, accuracy of overlapping natural textures, and submission to the sentiments these landscapes stir in us all. The steel-cold, grey shadows covering the softness of the snow mimic the bite of frost on your lips and the chill of winter in your bones. The chipped ice popping through Suss’s blue-black “Green River” captures the idea of the river’s memory melting away with time.

photo of them or simply recalling the image in the mind. The viewer's emotional response to the landscapes attests to the honesty of its memory activation, which for the modern viewer relies not only on personal and collective narratives but also competing images—historical, photographic, remembered, and imagined.



"Emerald Street" - Oil on canvas - 16" x 16"

While literal tufts of early spring grass gouge through the purity of the white painted blanket of snow in "wish you were here," literal branches and sticks stab through the layers of paint to great effect in "Emerald Street."

The beast of a beaver's den in the foreground of this piece emerges life-like yet impossible from the winding composition of celestial waterfalls. A few of Suss's most spirited previous pieces, like "[Snake Hill](#)," often feature twiggy and rocky mammoths whose

texture, scale, and perspective disorient and challenge the viewer. Suss references Cezanne's initial ventures into Modernism's multiple perspective still-lives, as she admits to taking on a "snow perspective," with the first snowfall of the season transforming her perspective on landscape. Having worked on her MFA in Berkeley, CA, she confessed to withdrawals from seasonal landscapes and an inability to escape being seasonally affected. With "Emerald Street," she admits to "predictably wanting spring" and transitioning from winter to spring as the snow thawed in her mind and on her canvas. A visit to 1026 before the show closes on May 27 allows you to revisit experiences of winter richly symptomatic of Suss's seasonality and modern explorations of memory.