

The Filter Gallery

Artworks Catalog

Opened September 2018

Closed December 2018

Soundsaped by Jonathan Meadows

Pastel on canvas mounted on gray painted wood, September 2018

Hearing colors, seeing sounds, smelling flavor, seeing aromas, these are some examples of mixing basic concepts of how one experiences the world. *Soundsaped* aims to reveal such concepts by presenting a different way of understanding the world: sound as colors. What sound then is soft red, bright blue, or hard orange? In answering this question each viewer has a different solution because everyone experiences the same events uniquely.

Further as these unique experiences expand, they are built up on the past, colored by what has come before. Through lifetimes of associations these interactions change and grow leading to an even more diverse view of the same event. Beyond, then, just what sound is what color is the important question of why a viewer sees that color as that sound?

1. *Hum*
2. *Siren's Wind*
3. *Motor Moment*
4. *Fun*
5. *New Play*
6. *Traffic*
7. *Cut*
8. *Green Kill*
9. *Air*

Train of Thought by Helen Lonman

Ink on paper, October 2018

Patterns are patterns. Humans are humans. One changes over time, the other does not. But when the two collide the result is *Train of Thought*. Traced here is the path of the artist as she encounters new places, people, and ideas and records these thoughts in patterns.

1. *Self*

Lines traced and lines made. The history of oneself is a path already walked. Already known.

2. *Change*

The wheel of time turns. One must follow or fall behind. So time marches on and change comes with it.

3. *Flow*

Float away all that is good above the cities chimneys. Change rips the past path away.

4. *Faith*

Confusion is a cause of turmoil. Belief is hope in all that will be resolved.

5. *Home*

The place one loves with all the heart.

Washed City Life by Nelson Parke

Carved plaster over wire frame, October 2018

Beautifully white, she sits
And a crime commits.
She has washed the city life
And cut the truth as a knife.

A pigeon is a city bird, often seen as filthy, disease ridden, and noisy.
Just the exact symbol of a city. That is the truth of the city, a forgotten or
ignored truth.

People flock to the city for the dreams they hold dear, so often told of a
life of riches and success. Yet the stories have been washed to hide the truth of
hard work, little pay, and a day-in, day-out existence.

So here sits a symbol of the city, washed of the truth and left with
nothing but a beautiful falsehood to tell the world.

Lens by Zihayr Tahan

Photoshopped and ink printed photograph, October 2018

This world are images that are viewed through our own lenses. These lenses are our own. Seen from different places, seen with different colors, seen as always different. We have the lenses of our own design. Lens that have been shaped to our own perspective and with our own intent. We have no one but ourselves to blame for the shape of the world we see, for the place of the world we see, for the color of the world we see. We each have our own len that we have chosen to wear.

Blown Up by Eden Kesselman

Ink printed photographs on wooden frames, November 2018

Details seen enlarged. Moments lost, forgotten, passed, remembered, cherished.

Small made big. I have here, blown them up.

1. *Wind in the Trees, Light on the Clouds*
2. *Cityside Morning Sky*
3. *Green and Gold Styled Park*
4. *Yellowstone Block Building*
5. *Turned Ripples of White on Pond*
6. *Quiet Evening of Blue Lake*
7. *Night Lines the End*

Reminders of the Past by Monte Dubois

Painted wire, November 2018

Drawn directly from the city, I discovered inspiration in the elaborate or, more often as the case maybe, simple, Victorian style lamp posts. A city remnant of a bygone era they reminded me of the fleetness of time and the symbolism of it in the flickering flame of gaslights. And how swift time is, when so much can of a sudden become so little.

I am reminded that through this time the paths become so twisted, far from the intended destinations once sought. The places, people, and things that are held close in dreams will change as time flows on.

Yet, through the swiftness of time, the flow of change, the past should always be remembered for it traces the paths taken and the dreams, like the flames once lit, that have now faded to nothing. The past is the lamp post that marks the way behind and points the way forward. And forward I must go.

Shutters by Zhou Chen

Treated and painted 2x4 pine wood and plywood. November 2018

Flung wide the shutters on a morn, so light.

Yet drawn tight closed come the dusk of night.

Closing Thoughts by Megan Walker

Film, December 2018

Unfortunately the Filter Gallery, after being open only a few months must close. It is with great sorrow that this announcement and following dismantling of all the installations began on December 7th, 2018 and is projected to be complete within two weeks. In gratitude of our visitors, patrons, and artists I have compiled these images of this gallery's progress over the past four months into the following film. And in recognition of the work these installations took, I remind viewers of the principles that created these art pieces: Beginnings, Experiences, Perceptions, Growth, Details, Inspiration, Recognition, and Endings.