

Artworks - Classes - Consultation

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Catalogue of Paintings

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- Sales options. 25% down and quarterly payments up to three years at 5% annual
- Rentals: Rent paintings for 1/3 of the value per year, paid quarterly. Rental paid may applied to a later sale of the same piece, or credited toward purchase of another work.
- The rights to and ownership of the image is always retained by the artist unless otherwise negotiated.
- Shipping and other expenses may be attached with clear terms.



Jamie Bollenbach

"We Will Never Not Have Been"
18 Paintings, 2003-2015

Stanford Art Spaces
Reception May 21st 4:30
Paul G. Allen Building
Stanford University
Curated By Dewitt Cheng

JAMIE BOLLENBACH

Danielle III (2015)

Oil on canvas, 24"x 24"



\$2475

April 2018 Seattle

To collection of Monty Morgan and Mari Pinyuh, Seattle



Jamie Bollenbach

"Amanda III" o/c 2015
18 Paintings 2003-15
Stanford Art Spaces
Paul G. Allen Building
Reception 5/21 4PM

JAMIE

BOLLENBACH

Amanda III (2015)

Oil on canvas, 40"x30"

● Collection of Sarah Sledge and Senator Tom Begich, Anchorage, Alaska



JAMIE BOLLENBACH

Danielle II (2015)

Oil on canvas, 24"x20"

\$1600

April 2018 Seattle



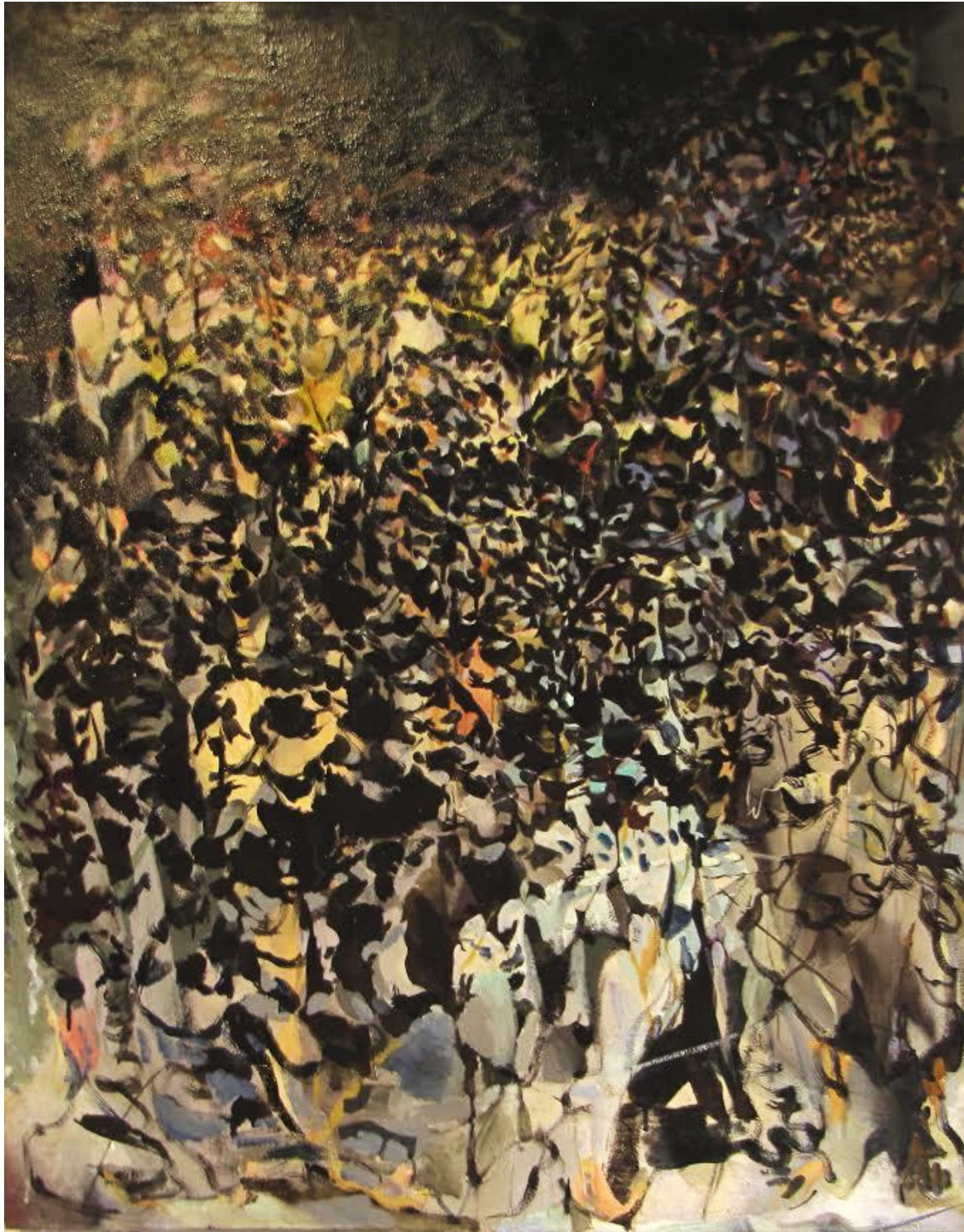
JAMIE BOLLENBACH

Untitled (2011)

Oil on panel, 32"x 47.5"

\$4235

April 2018 Seattle



JAMIE BOLLENBACH

Priscilla I (2003/2015)

Oil on canvas, 42"x 33"

\$5665

April 2018 Seattle



JAMIE BOLLENBACH

Amilla II (2002/2011)

Oil on canvas, 65.5" x 65.5"

\$9625

April 2018 San Francisco, Cosio



JAMIE BOLLENBACH

The Americans' Planes are Much Prettier than the Germans' (2011)

Oil on linen-covered acrylic panel, 40.5"x 40.5"

\$5775

April 2018 Oakland, CA Cizek



JAMIE BOLLENBACH

Patricia (2008-9)

Oil on canvas, 60" x 72"

\$10,175

April 2018 Seattle Studio



JAMIE BOLLENBACH

To Be Titled (2015) *Unfinished State, Pre-show

Oil on canvas, 48"x 70"

\$9100

April 2018 Seattle Bollenbach Art Labs



JAMIE BOLLENBACH

Population (2006)

Oil on canvas, 33"x 45"

● \$8100

April 2019 Seattle BAL to collection of Loretta Lure, Madrid.



JAMIE BOLLENBACH

Population II (2011)

Oil on canvas, 30"x42"

\$4750

April 2018 Seattle BAL



JAMIE BOLLENBACH

The Bombers (2008)

Oil on canvas, 52"x32" ● collection of Kellie Green and David Bond, Seattle



JAMIE BOLLENBACH

Priscilla II (2003/2011)

Oil on canvas, 65" x 48"

\$7750

April 2018 San Francisco, CA Cosio



JAMIE BOLLENBACH

Wilderness (2005-11)

Oil on canvas, 54"x 62"

\$8100

April 2018 Seattle BAL



JAMIE BOLLENBACH

Sara XXVII (2005)

Oil on canvas, 65"x 48"

\$10190

March 2022 San Francisco, CA San Francisco, Cosio



JAMIE BOLLENBACH

Kayla (2011)

Oil on canvas, 72"x48"

\$8580

April 2018 Casa Madrona



JAMIE BOLLENBACH

Amanda II (2015) *Unfinished State, Pre-show

Oil on canvas, 24"x36"

\$3400

April 2018 San Francisco, CA Cosio



JAMIE BOLLENBACH

Julianna II (2015)

Oil on panel, 20"x16"

\$1550

April 2018 Seattle, BAL

San Francisco Area Arts Writer and Curator of "The Amplitude of Time," DeWitt Cheng, Interview with Jamie Bollenbach, June 2015.

Q&A with Seattle painter Jamie Bollenbach. His show at Stanford Art Spaces ends Friday, 7/17.

DC: Your current show of eighteen paintings at Stanford Art Spaces is entitled We Will Never Not Have Been. Could you talk about what that means to you, and what the 2003-2015 painting series name, The Amplitude of Time, means?

JB: It's charming, archaic and incomplete- Robert Graves quoted some literary critic: "The only proper subject of Art is what remains of the beloved."
And so we do love: a person, an idea, an event, a thing, an object, a color. But these remains don't lodge themselves in our minds tidily: we become blobs and fragments of sense-memory and ideas: moments, shapes, proportions, streams of language, numbers, colors, angers, scents. "The Amplitude of Time" is a phrase from Walt Whitman - and it described to me the fluid waxing and waning of present, past and future in our minds, quite unlike how machines measure our experience of it. "We Will Never Not Have Been" describes the unerasability of human beings - even with names forgotten, half jokes, graves unmarked, a familiar scent passing in a wind, we resonate in each other like the waves of stones thrown into a pond. What persists - what remains of the beloved in our consciousness, even uncertain and mutable, it grows into meaning, and it is good to cultivate it. The paintings are collections of these remnants, from both observed, remembered, anticipated, and imagined sources. Only living consciousness -you might call it kinetic mindfulness- can create meaning, even if the mortar and bricks of this are more like soft jelly and smoke.

DC: Your artist statement and comments you made at the show reception refer to the basis for these enigmatic semi-abstract works as figure drawings. "... They begin as portraits worked from life in my studio in Seattle: direct observation of a person blended later with the uncertain memory and re-imagination of that experience." Cubist portraits, which some of your works suggest, also derive from direct observation, but your paintings seem less analytical, more physical; embodied rather than cerebral (though they're certainly intellectually informed). Some Futurist works also come to

mind—as does the fictional painter Frenhofer in Balzac's story, *The Unknown Masterpiece*, who at his death leaves behind a chaotic jumble of a canvas with only a woman's foot identifiable. Do you, like Cézanne (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Le_Chef-d'œuvre_inconnu), identify with Frenhofer? BTW, apologies for my censorship of your painting with—ahem—breasts; this is dignified Stanford, not raffish Berkeley!

JB: It's too embarrassing now to die of a broken heart, but I am wrapped up in a less gothic version. There's a desire in there to find something transcendent (the most beautiful!), what is uncertain but irreducible, the mark and illusion that I find impossible to dismiss, the twist of the brush that suddenly blares that this color is the cheek of the woman who you loved, and that this feeling might connect to all human experience.

To resolve the image too much is a false certainty that is alien to real experience. We are not fully represented by videos, photographs, or formal portraits. Our senses fully integrated with our conscious intellect show us something else, ideas and senses more emotionally bond, more physical- the curve made by my hand is superior to me to any isolated idea of that curve- more fluid, more material - there is no red more itself than this physical red that I see- but it is all as real as it can be, as closest I think to what actual experience in the mind, over time, is like.

I do share a bit of the changed relationship to time with the Cubists and the Futurists, but I have no interest in the sweeping ideologies that followed them. I'm not out to erase the old or to deny the new. I want to think in the synthesis of material, appearance, illusion, the hand and eye and real stuff in the world, what only direct perception can help you think, to see what is in front of you, to dive utterly into the incredibly rich information of your eyes and visual mind and what the paint teaches you, and to somehow synthesize it coherently.

As for the censorship: understandable! Exposure to a nude person in the half light in an 8 ft painting might suggest that the emotional and the philosophical might be tied up, inseparable, that the human body can't neatly pruned away from the Almighty Idea. And what would happen to important religions like Capital and Technology if the mere human being was the locus of meaning?

DC: Describe your working process. How do figure studies transmogrify into these hallucinatory and tremulous landscape membranes? Your process sometimes continues for years. Do you have an intuition about where the paintings is headed, or are these decisions made on the fly, during the process?

JB: For most of these, I draw live from a model for several sessions, and this becomes the structure for later work. The composition is discovered along the way, although I often sketch out general compositional ideas. As I add color and gestural line that I hope will evoke the person I drew, I keep open opportunities to develop resemblances that fit: a wavering blue landscape, a tight room with dappled light, a space that can be pushed into an infinite distance. Certain objects last: a red oval cloth on the floor, the form of an old couch, but being overly specific would elevate details over the mood- a mood built over time by both observed form and color and also the abstract music of painting. I take that initial point and push it back into what appears like a Diebenkorn or DeKooning or Mark Tobey-like space. Everything has to count. The most figurative elements, edges of the body layered close to each other, can begin to flutter through simultaneous contrast. I like how a touch of this takes the image out of stasis. Observation and memory and re-imagination and visual symbol all swirl up and compete to rise in my consciousness, I negotiate among them and edit heavily, leaving a result that I feel is, in essence, an abstract portrait of a real person, but where the image is not limited to just that resemblance- or it might be a beloved, half-understood imagined scene blended coherently with abstract tones and forms. It never ceases to amaze me that the last 30 minutes often makes the painting after years passing and hundreds of hours of work. It completes in the same way a portrait does- when a sudden moment of recognition appears.

DC: Discuss the two paintings about aerial warfare, "The Bombers" and "The Americans' Planes are Much Prettier than the Germans'." You live and work in Seattle, home of Boeing, and I overheard you telling a visitor that aircraft aficionados could easily identify B-17 Flying Fortresses from the tiny silhouettes in your cloudscape. Are you tempted to do more history paintings, if I may categorize them thus?

JB: There is this huge history, the bombing campaigns: hundreds of thousands of civilians and flyers dying in fire and incredible violence that has a special place as a subject. A while back I was writing about my father, a meteorologist and Captain in the Army Air Forces in WWII, when I realized that I knew far more about the bombing campaign and that particular aircraft from my family history than I did about my actual family. My identity is wrapped up in this particular plane. The B-17 is a particularly charismatic aircraft, an ur-form of the American part of the war, representing us at our best, destroying genocidal fascism, and our worst, dropping fire at industrial scale on cities of ordinary people. I've talked to living

veterans of this war over the last few years. The stories are often hypnotic, noble, horrific- one pilot had to fly low and lead an entire flight of ten loaded bombers to erase a single house whose dinner lights he could see. I tell the story of my uncle, a navigator, shot over Norway by a FW 190, and the drama of the straggling, burning aircraft sputtering on two engines back to England, his friend pulling a souvenir Luger on the pilot to get my uncle closer to the hospital.

But as a student of mine who put three combat tours in Iraq put it, those stories, in their very drama, fascination and glory, can kill. It's a dangerous subject: the beautiful weapon, the tale of honor, can appear as a war goddess, like the Vargas girls on the noses, a song and call to new wars. But I'll come back to this subject because without art, the vast scale of this history is hard to recognize; movies or video game portrayals focus on drama. I wanted to explore the subject with only hint of drama, to see in the sky itself the mood of terror, tiny planes in the dangerous vastness flying on an uncertain, endless mission.