Mary Beth, aka The Feral Housewife is a firm believer in the healing aspects of art, both in its creation and its consumption. Utilizing non-traditional art supplies, vintage magazine images are carefully selected and prepared to communicate with denizens of the present world. Empathy, irony, innuendo, shock and awe are all fair game in her attempt to liberate minds and souls from preconceived notions and artificial constrictions.

She is especially drawn to outsider artists who use unconventional training and supplies to make a statement about the world around them. She is impressed by their courage to respond to the structured confines of "fine art." Her collage work was initially in the form of journals, and they served as a powerful healing force in response to life’s ups and downs. Truly, Art Saves Lives.
corey & stacey bechler  
**hap the surfing bird**  
clay, glaze, Metals, telephone wire, and assorted woods  
27"h x 15"w x 40"d  
$1200

When the pressures of the world begin to pile up and he starts to get tight and feeling the early stages of Coming Undone, "Hap" the Happy Bird seeks out his happy place surfing along-side Daniel Belardinelli. They grab their boards and head to the beach to become one with the waves, both putting themselves nicely back together.

char bickel  
**untethered with wings**  
painted silk collage  
21"h x 17"w  
$750

For a long time she had danced the puppet master's dance. It was a good dance, traditional, formal, predictable. (A little jerky.)

On the day that she looked in the mirror to admire her new starry shirt, she saw that she had grown wings. She put on her red socks and gloves, cut the marionette strings, and made up her own dance.

Then she realized that we are all made of stars, and our souls are dancing bears.
Mr. Potato head, while he was born in the 1950’s, had a deep appreciation for the old style burlesque theatre. The singers, dancers, magicians and animal acts stirred him. But he was especially moved by ladies who removed most of their covering and pretended you might see something they didn’t intend you to see. --- He immediately saw the possibilities when he spotted Mrs. Banana head working as a trainer in the education department of an ice cream parlor. He was able to convince her that her skills could be turned into the art form used in the old burlesque theatre. ---She is now the star of the new Potato head Theatre. She has become the undone champion with an international following. While her appeal is universal, Ms. Banana Head’s manipulation of her peel is a supreme personal artistic interpretation of the art of coming undone.
richt branstrom

**a parliament of hooters**
found object sculpture
height ranging from 15" to 29" with bases
$1200-$1825

When I've got the funk inside there’s only one way I really know how to get it out: I’ve gotta make things. I don’t know about you, but for me, coming undone happens naturally. The true challenge, I believe, is in the process of keeping it all together! I’m very fortunate that my therapy is my work since the output of my work is the byproduct of my therapy.

andrew cangelose

**get out of your way and let it happen**
drawing / collage - mixed media - graphite, ink, acrylic, colored pencil
15.5"h x 19"w
$395

The art of coming undone scatters you, scatters your parts, aspects of yourself.... It ultimately extends you, expands you. You are rearranged. There are parts, aspects, elements that are apparent and there are those that are subtle. The rug is pulled out from under you. It gives you the opportunity to "look under the hood." It's discovery. It's an opportunity to have enough of a viewpoint to look from every aspect. You get to create your future you. There are so many directions to go. Now that's exciting!
linda chamberlain  
the art of coming together  
mixed media  
24”h x 24”w, 9 panels  
$1200

The Circle in my painting represents earth and even though we exist in our separate domains quite well/not so quite well, we need to step back and see the bigger picture of the "whole" and how we all connect. A thought for humanity especially in this time of our fractured social climate. We literally need to practice 'The Art of Coming Together.'

dana constand  
the winds of change are blowing  
watercolor  
23.5”h x 23’5”w  
$625

The winds of change are blowing. If you don't like the weather, change is good, count on change.
"COMING UNDONE” happens here, happens daily. Losing It, Making Do, could be crash with no fix.

Each day at the end is Undoing of yesterday. Each morning’s first THANK YOU is Beginning Again.

The beginning again is the start of tomorrow. Tomorrow keeps happening due to: LOVE WINS.

My days come undone and then go back together my tomorrow’s all joyous Because, always, LOVE WINS.

Each day at its end, the “UNDONE” of the morning; each day at the start: the renewal of hope.

No matter the news or the noise or the weather no matter the challenge I’ve learned that LOVE WINS.

LOVE WINS is the wonder LOVE WINS is my radar LOVE WINS is my pathway LOVE WINS is my hope
Art can make connections. As with Daniel's work, my piece depicts a significant life-altering event. Although our interpretations are visually different from one another, there are certain commonalities within our experiences and our approaches to art. Both of us had a traumatic back injury caused while doing something we love, in a sport outdoors. He was surfing. I was competing in a downhill ski race. His broken back required having a vertebrae replaced by a cadaver's. I fractured two vertebrae and cracked another resulting in having to wear a body cast for nearly six months.

He ponders over having someone else's bone in his body. I wonder how my competitive career path might have been different had I not flown off the top of that mountain course in Colorado going 60 mph and crashed at the Junior National Ski Championships.

With this piece and in my art practice I continue to explore and utilize the environment. In the process of creating a work and discovering new materials I think through and find more connections.
Often when I fire my sculptures they are made up of multiple pieces which are reassembled after firing. Sometimes a part breaks making the rest of the piece useless, but the remaining tiles are often quite beautiful and I cannot bear to throw them out. Some of those pieces have made it into this sculpture along with two other elements that are significant to me. The whale is made from a board taken from the home I grew up in. The bright Mexican tiles in the sculpture come from the same house. Our son purchased the house from the estate of my parents and remodeled the bathroom using the bright Mexican tiles. These three elements, my raku-tiles, the board, and the Mexican tiles, meant too much to a dumpster diver to throw out and I am happy they have come together after coming undone.

If it is necessary to give this piece a meaning beyond personal I imagine it to be Neptune lifting a giant whale out of extreme depths so the animal can breathe.
laura delind

who let the cat out?
linocut print
28"h x 22"w
$300

As a print maker, I have many less than perfect prints that never make it out of my studio. I save them for no other reason than it upsets me to throw them away. But so far I’ve done nothing with them. They just sit quietly in a pile under my press.

Prompted by the “The Art of Coming Undone” challenge, I’ve approached these less than perfect prints in a new way. I’ve torn them up and made a collage of them. Once released from their original contexts (and confines), they are no longer quiet. They are, instead, the stuff of active discovery.

Making my piece, “Who Let the Cat Out?”, got me to realize that many of the things we’ve found to be unacceptable or unusable (i.e., things that have come undone) should be reconsidered. They can give us the freedom to reevaluate, to create, and to play. If we let them, they can offer up the space to explore new relationships (of color, pattern, perspective, purpose) and an opportunity to rethink what we first thought to be unworthy.
This print was done from a Prismacolor pencil drawing I did 30 years ago. I don’t ever re-work old images, but this came in response to a gallery show request for a piece interpreting a drawing from Daniel Belardinelli. His small painting was titled “The Art of Coming Undone.” It is a deeply meaningful and successful piece for him, but his idea was so complete it didn’t call to me to embellish it more.

My old artist self portrait did call to me though. I scanned it into Photoshop and the “Undoing Art” began. I erased a lot of the original edges, deconstructing the original rectangle. I created a new edge (complete with bird avatars) by adding the border. This doing/undoing involved many painted layers and color adjustments in and out of the computer. I printed it on metallic gloss paper to undo/re-do it even more.
As a child I used to love lying in the grass, looking at the sky, and finding shapes in the clouds. That adoration has morphed into a passion for mixed media, intuitive abstraction paintings. I typically begin each piece with journal writing and build up layers using paint, inks, mark making, and collage and then I sit back to study the piece and find those shapes or images that speak to me. When asked to create a painting based on my interpretation of “The Art of Coming Undone” I knew it was a topic I could relate to. As a child I was diagnosed with a progressive neuromuscular disease called Charcot Marie Tooth. It causes muscle atrophy, loss of balance, pain and weakness. I now rely on a wheelchair to safely get around. My manual dexterity is also compromised. Much of my current body of work revolves around the topics of loss, isolation, depression, fear, betrayal, sorrow, perseverance and overcoming adversity.
A year ago I was hit by a truck while crossing a street. I had minor injuries except for my head which was the first thing to hit the pavement. In that moment my brain unraveled in random places. For the next few months I tried to live as normally as possible while fragments of my brain went off on their own adventures without my permission.

The back of the piece is from the actual drawing I made of the accident the same evening as I was released from the emergency room.

"Wait! I'm coming undone. Irate! I'm coming undone." Korn

My piece is inspired by Andrew Wyeth's painting, Christina's World. American realist painter Andrew Wyeth (1917-2009) is called "the painter of the people" because of his popularity and deep sympathy for humanity and the struggles of life. My piece is a what if? What if Andrew Wyeth had come undone when he was painting Christina's World? Well, this is my take on that haunting painting.
maya james

post administration: a self portrait
acrylic/mixed media
3 - 8"h x 8"w
$350

Sometimes I feel like an alien; but most especially when, in 2016, Donald Trump was elected on a campaign of sexual assault and I became a survivor of acquaintance rape, I swapped in and out of two horrifyingly abusive relationships (both emotionally and physically), I lost my best friend in a deep conflict, fought depression, started the Black Student Union at my college, got married (sort of?) and divorced (sort of?), was published in the New York Times in a group writing piece about “First Encounters With Racism”, started a music career, ended a music career, battled gas-lighting from my family after a deep patriarchal rift, and somehow got out on the other end, intact, just 21 years old this May 13th.

“Nevertheless, she persisted.”
to be done, one must come undone…

the art of done is a quiet voice
it’s a vehicle which affords one the opportunity to be creative, experiment or vent
to be creative, experiment or vent in an atmosphere without pretense, fear or criticism

the art of undone is a loud voice
it’s a vehicle which affords one the opportunity to share the creative, experiment or vent
to share the creative, experiment or vent and be exposed to the pretense, fear and criticism

then one is beguiled because they have a small victory, a small accolade and people respond
without this process, one can never be truly done…

for me, this process is my art
whether my voice is quiet
to be creative, experiment and vent with various medias, genres and technologies
whether my voice is loud
to share the creative, experiment or vent and be exposed to pretense, fear and criticism

then i would never have been beguiled, i would never have had a small victory, accolade or response
without this voice, i will never be done- or is that undone
The art of coming undone is a courageous and brutally honest process. Take a project that is finished and although quite suitable, destroy it because the project is no longer exciting, suitable or 'enough' for You….although the project may be considered wonderful by others. It requires abandoning all that is known/safe for the unknown. A very risky endeavor. This idea can be applied to the life of an individual or a piece of artwork. My piece involved finishing a painting that was very good but because it wasn't 'enough' or inspired or exciting enough for Me, was destroyed. Destroyed with a garden hose, bricks and rocks. What remains is paper as thin as parchment that lay, like skin, on a wooden board. The remaining ghost images have been lifted and re-formed into an entirely different world. A world that I never would have anticipated. The process of reinvention is risky and scary but also exciting and empowering. For me, the art of coming undone is to let go of an idea or image that although may feel safe, familiar and acceptable to others, no longer feels inspired or authentic to Me. I don't regret taking the risk. It has always proven to be the better choice. Every. Single. Time.
Sometimes we outwardly demonstrate the unraveling of our inner turmoil. As an onlooker, we may exude a false appearance of calmness, though actually be struggling with our own inner turbulence.
I like the idea that I heal myself and grow spiritually through art, thus was captivated by this year’s project, inspired by Daniel Berlardinelli’s piece, the Art of Coming Undone. I’ve been working on some pieces of art these last few years inspired by the heart. I started with a human styled 3D paper pulp heart, and then used that same heart confined in a barrel of recycled paper clay bricks. The heart theme became cast metal but with a hole inside, in which one could look and see a reflection of themselves looking back. I then created a series of 1D mixed media pieces, and with those came the hands. The moment I saw The Art of Coming Undone I knew my piece must be The Heart’ of Coming Undone. I want to capture the gift of giving my heart to the world, coming out from my self imposed limitations, and becoming more vulnerable and... “undone”.

In The Heart of Coming Undone I have lost that look of the corporeal heart for that of the ethereal energy of love, compassion, and prayer. The hands symbolize the material world of flesh and matter which have a truth of expression shown by their daily undertakings. We humans can do mighty things with our hands: build, play, handshake, hug, direct, kill, birth, gift, get, and pray, to name a few. With our actions and intentions, not always good, we give a gift of ourselves, both corporeal and spiritual. Our energetic happenstance is expressed beyond our physical boarders and far beyond the boundary of our imagination. The red vertebrae on the lid is in keeping with Berlardinelli’s mortal quest for answers and his, almost identical, repeated slogan under the lid reveals a response of energetic light from within.

I created The Heart of Coming Undone by repurposing a wood vessel I found at a charity shop. I removed all its prior etchings with exception of those in the hands, for mortal time and actions of the hands are indeed etched upon our flesh. The whole affair is a Prayer Wheel. A Prayer Wheel is a container in which one can place their written prayers and then spin the vessel in order to energize and send out those prayers. Each time someone adds their own prayer and spins the wheel all of the prayers inside are energized once more and become expressed to the universe. I invite you to add your own prayer.
“Art Coming Undone” speaks to me of the need of our minds to find relationships among things, visual or phenomenological. Juxtaposing disparate objects that are beautiful in and of themselves can force creative associations, freeing our mind of the detritus and clutter that we must deal with daily.
cynthia marks

homage to belardinelli with bird

low-fired earthenware with glaze & underglaze

19”h x 13”w x 13”d

$1200

I am drawn to color+process. Each piece begins with historical research; usually Mycenaean vessels dictate form and art history for the surface. My goal is to create a form so full, it seems as if a life was trying to erupt, and a surface with much complexity, drawing the viewer in for close examination and question.

The Belardinelli story lends well to conceptual creating, everything is there--color, shape, texture, line the occasional outlandish thought. The piece for "The Art of Coming Undone" is hand built earthenware, made using coils with a sculpted bird stopper. Surface embellishment was created in multiple layers and four firings using glaze and underglaze. When making a vessel, like Belardinelli, I am consumed by research into the written word, life and works of the fellow artist as it translates to my interpretation.
When I first saw Daniel Belardinelli’s art work it took me back 35 years when I taught art at the elementary level (art on a cart). Those thirteen out of thirty-five years of teaching were some of the most rewarding years. To see the faces of the kids as I rolled in my big old cart was so cool. Daniel's art work is like that of the early elementary kids that I taught; filled with uninhibited fun and emotion. Seemingly, Daniel's art world lives in that small time period before peer judgment and opinions become so important. When I started drawing/painting for this show, I struggled. My drawings looked too much like my art work or too much like Daniels. I finally decided that I was thinking too much, so I cranked up the tunes and "let it rip". Daniel Belardinelli’s art work has inspired me to incorporate more whimsical imagery not only for this show but future paintings.
In the wild cosmic dance of creative destruction, everything - from stars to the cells of our own bodies - is in a constant state of change, coming together and coming apart. The idea of static permanency is an illusion, the Maya of the dimension we live in.

(a poem)
It's just a dream.
Big moon mandala,
Jacaranda leaves swaying
on the shores of ancient lakes. The stars are falling,
spinning, reeling,
wheeling light in night,
roaring through the emptiness. It's all there,
becoming, unbecoming, coming down.
Stay with me, stray with me beside the inland sea,
the tribe tattooed,
the painted mind,
the eye within the eye,
tranced and dancing,
stay.
Packing up our home and moving/driving 20 hours straight through to Texas yesterday. Even though I’m so overwhelmed and exhausted, I never feel undone—my life has been a series of learnings that I have implemented as a challenge for transformation. I look up to the sky and pray to channel the experiences into a new awareness and direction. I give up my little worldly worries and poof! I begin anew.

"Maybe the journey isn't so much about becoming anything. Maybe it's about un-becoming everything that isn't really YOU, so you can be who were meant to be in the first place." Paulo Coelho
My painting is titled “Biko”, the corpse of Stephen Bantu Biko. He is one of my personal heroes. He published articles in South Africa under the penname “Frank Talk”. Biko coined the expression that swept the world in 1972; “Black is Beautiful”. He invented Black Consciousness Theory and it clearly threatened the peace of mind of the murdering thugs maintaining apartheid in South Africa. He was banned from speaking. (Free speech is extremely dangerous and is always the first right men and women must lose when an oppressive regime of lunatics who think they are smarter than the rest, attempt to control huge populations of people. Lenin and Mao Zse Dung only had to murder 100 million of their own to create a sense of equality and peaceful community in their home nation states.) They caught Biko at a roadblock in September of 1977. The police beat him viciously over an extended visit. Naked and manacled, chained to the steel floor of a Land Rover and bleeding profusely they drove him 750 miles, from Port Elizabeth Town to Pretoria to a prison hospital wherein Biko became completely undone. Desmond Tutu attended his funeral. Mandela was still in prison. The Irish Rebel Band, Simple Minds, was quick to see Biko as a brother, sacrificed in an expression of hate, much like the variety the so called Royal Family has shared with the Irish for over 10 Centuries. I still play this album; “Street Fighting Years” in my studio….love the bagpipes and I never want to forget the death of “Frank Talk”, Stephen Bantu Biko
Greg Nachazel

A Nude Basquiat Painting Coming Undone and Descending a Staircase

Oil and mixed media under a varnish
20"h x 16"w
$500

Marcel Duchamp painted: "Nude Descending a Staircase", in 1912. Brooklyn born Jean-Michel Basquiat was an authentic genius and a creative Volcano of humble primitive visual expression. His influence in the Fine Art world was immense and he shook New York City with his own personal brand of quixotic charm. Many great accomplished artists flocked to him. He survives in the unconscious and very active subterranean memory of artists still working. Basquiat and his art became a catalyst, a deep well that many drank freely from. In his brief visit with the living he rubbed his thoughts with the finest minds while rejecting traditional pathways to expressing himself in two dimensions. He was multi-dimensional with a thirst for getting Higher and Higher. Heroin finally helped him exit this world at age 27 and his work will endure in praise for ages to come. Memory of profound visual art is a: "Beautiful Thing and a Joy Forever", to borrow prose from John Keats (1795-1821) poem, "Endymion". In the end all visual arts converge in the collective memory of mankind, as if, it were a centrifuge....a cosmic blender....here...drink this mixed media tribute! Have a "taste", right here at Michigan Artists Gallery, courtesy of our Patron and Friend and gallery owner, Sue Ann Round
nancy adams nash
off -leash (the art of coming undone)
acrylic on wood panel
36"h x 30"w
$1250

Everyone at some point in their life decides that the expectation of freedom is worth the fear of launching into the great unknown...and this animal has reached "escape velocity."

collen o’rourke
the undoing of sweet eileen
layered collage/vintage sheet music
52"h x 28"w
$2100

“The Undoing of Sweet Eileen” is a piece I made in response to my daughter’s anxiety. She began having episodes when she was thirteen. The panic attacks started soon after. She told me she felt like she was drowning; like the walls were closing in, like she couldn’t breathe, like her world was coming undone...all these feelings were simultaneous. In this piece, she is sitting in shallow water, surrounded by trees, in an open space. The dragonfly resting on her knee represents change – change in her emotional maturity and self-realization. Here, she’s in a peaceful place, a place where she can find the calmness she needs. Redone
My first instinct when developing this project was to take Daniel Belardinelli’s “The Art of Coming Undone,” and use its influence in a literal vs. figurative sense. I wanted to portray a slightly different concept from the original as far as execution, style and technique. I was also deliberately flouting the conventional rules of drawing and perspective to give the viewer the “feel” of where the inspiration came.

If you look at “Spinal Tap,” everything in it is actually “undone.” I ripped pieces of fabric, attached them to an unfinished, rustic frame and left the embroidery around the head of the figure looking literally “undone.” If you were to separate the glass from the painting…it would also be “undone” as its two separate pieces…thus…in a sense, only until it’s is combined….does it become a unified piece.

I then focused on Daniel’s other pieces such as “Trapeze,” “Collateral Damage” and my personal favorite, “Disordered and Driven” to combine an overall influence of his raw vision. His work is seemingly determined by the emotional grief concurred through his experiences with health and personal struggles. I wanted my piece to be slightly dislocated and fragmented as far as form and function, while keeping the colors vibrant and intense. This allows the viewer to feel slightly cumbersome and yet enlightened at the same time. While I encouraged the outsider art vibe and utilized Daniel’s stylistic manner, I also integrated many of my own techniques into the structural composition to come up with a piece that I feel captured us both.
stephen palmer
**sheriff hoaster**
mixed media
40"h x 14"w
$595

For The Art of Being Undone, I decided to use the human form for my piece, “Sheriff Hoaster.” Where my fish represent the ‘undoing’ of our environment, this companion piece is a human – in a position of authority – that is responsible for this undoing and imbalance in our world. Like my fish, this piece is made of vintage found objects, assembled, wired and named. The lack of facial features implies the responsibility of all of us.

elizabeth paxson
**extinction**
dominos/mixed media
33"hx 10"w
$1200

*(poem on body of Extinction)*
Green cathedrals fall, roads strap and bind the land choke out bird song all cries of wildness gone.

You, too will not be spared, you are not immune, even if you live as kings lay ruin upon ruin of all our sacred sustenance know you too, will come to broken wings.

Where all connected is untethered and undone, threads pulled from warp obliterate design, life’s fragile tapestry will not realign.
Perusing old wedding photos from the Victorian period to the turn of the century, I thought about how marriage meant an unraveling of the dreams of many, if not most women. The choices for women were few: marry, or become a nun, whore or an “old maid.” Those who bucked the system needed moxie and resources if they did not want to end up destitute. Even today, women who do not marry or want to have children are often looked upon with derision, pity or both. I created this hand-made book with a humorous slant to illustrate the “undoing” of women and girls as they navigate the restrictive rules of marriage and adulthood, using a collage of altered vintage photos and old sheet music. The book has ten pages, nine with two sides.
A vintage wedding photo showing three couples begged for some off-beat alterations. The three brides are politely seated, while their husbands stand stoically behind them. I have added chain collars and leashes around the brides' necks, held by the men. The central bride has not put on her collar yet, and looks sideways to where it sits waiting. For most women, unless they were wealthy, a life of restriction, child-bearing and servitude was the price of marriage. If they were rich, their wealth generally became the property of their husbands, once they “tied the knot.” “Coming Undone” could mean losing her virginity, (it was not unusual for women to be married as young teens,) her fortune, and her dreams. Fairytales always seem to end with the wedding, when the real story is only just beginning.
When was the last time I saw my mind? Because it’s been gone for a while now, it’s hard to tell. Maybe it was in that moment right before my back was wrenched. Or maybe it happened far earlier when, as a child I would lie awake in my bed consumed in horror and wonder by the complexity of the crowded city and world around me. Maybe I last saw it leaving sometime in the fall of 2016. Maybe I’ve been losing it every day since.

Losing one’s mind is an ongoing balancing act. My piece explores that tenuous balance between “keeping it together” and falling apart. This, I’ve realized is a process more than a single act. A bouncing dot on the continuum of sanity. Art and music have always been my lifeline in this turbulent and confusing world, but the tether that they provide is relative to what they are tied to. So I’ve come to realize that perhaps the best I can hope for is to move through this dance of life with humor and grace and not hold on so tight that my lifeline breaks. I breathe and I smile.
joan richmond
**undo again**
acrylic on paper
14.75”h x 18.5”w
$400

When we come undone, pieces of ourselves fall apart. This Still Life image displays the pieces. As we look at them, we choose which ones we need to reassemble in order to become whole again.

sara rodeck
**falling to pieces: a quilter’s dilemma**
fabric/mixed media
24”h x 21”w
$175

As a quilt artist, I have been often faced with so little time for my art. Outside responsibilities and family needs have been in the forefront of my days. Therefore Falling to Pieces: A Quilters Dilemma, represents my frustrations in balancing art and family time.
To “come undone” is to be unbound, open, laid bare; to be stripped down to the essence of your being, your spirit. The true self emerges after being drained of everything. This is when you understand who you are and what you value.

“Acceptance” is a combination of personal experience and artwork created by Edvard Munch. Munch wrestled with his own and his family’s mortality and expressed these feelings in his paintings. His painting, “Madonna” 1894, also titled “Loving Woman”, represents women as both divine and flesh-and-bone. The woman’s exaggerated cheekbones and deep set eyes show the union of love and death. I used white underglaze on the piece rather than flesh tones in order to highlight the spiritual side of the human experience.

“You don’t have a soul. You are a soul. You have a body.”
–C.S. Lewis
leanne schnepp
coming undone: amelie”
stoneware clay bust stained & glazed
25”h x 20”w x 15”d
$1800

“Coming undone” can mean “to reveal”.

“Amelie” was inspired by Matisse’s painting, “Green Stripe” 1913, also titled “Portrait of Madame Matisse”, a painting of his wife, Amelie. She was an artist herself, owning a milliner’s shop. Before her marriage to Henri Matisse, Amelie had shown a gift for designing, making, and modeling hats for a fashionable clientele. In June 1899, she found a partner and opened a shop of her own on the rue de Château dun.

While the sculpture itself represents the painting, the sprouting plant is her mind working on her next design to reveal her newest creation.
To “come undone” is to be unbound, open, laid bare; to be stripped down to the essence of your being, your spirit. The true self emerges after being drained of everything. This is when you understand who you are and what you value.

The Immaculate Heart of Mary is a symbol of maternal love. When both of my children were born with chronic illnesses, I saw, very clearly, that the most important thing in my life was to care for them. My life is dramatically different from what I had envisioned but it is infinitely richer for it.

“Sometimes in tragedy we find our life’s purpose… the eye sheds a tear to find its focus.” -Robert Brault
Malala Yousafzai is a Pakistani education advocate who, at the age of 17, became the youngest person to win the Nobel Peace Prize. She was awarded the prize along with Indian activist Kailash Satyarthi. Malala was named by her father after a legendary 19th Century Pashtun warrior heroine, Malalai of Maiwund. Her father being an educator, she understood the value of education, especially for women, while living in Pakistan after the Taliban occupation. When Malala was 11 years old, the Taliban banned girls from attending school. This fueled her drive to promote girls’ education around the world. “I truly believe the only way we can create global peace is through not only educating our minds, but our hearts and souls.” Creating a bust of Malala Yousafzai was a great challenge and honor. I wanted to communicate the importance of this living hero but at the same time depict her as a young girl who has sacrificed much. She shows her physical injuries in her eyes - one eye being larger than the other. She continues to work to bring peace and education to girls around the world. Never to be UNDONE
leanne schnepp
little blessings
stoneware clay stained & glazed
4.5"h x 4.5"w
$150.each

To “come undone” is to be unbound, open, laid bare; to be stripped down to the essence of your being, your spirit. The true self emerges after being drained of everything. This is when you understand who you are and what you value.

These "Little Blessings" are reminders of the blessings we are given each and every day.
brian schorn
re-composition I–VII
wooden chair, enamel, acrylic, hardware
49"h x 8"w x 1.5"d
$1900 or $325 each

“Re-Composition I–VII” is informed explicitly by a life-threatening accident that befell self-taught artist Daniel Belardinelli. The accident resulted in a shattered seventh cervical vertebra that needed replacement. Upon awakening from surgery, Daniel was told that the shattered vertebra was replaced with a cadaver’s. Based on this experience, Daniel was inspired to create "The Art of Coming Undone" where the seventh cervical vertebra was painted red.

Therefore, “Re-Composition I–VII” is a contemplation on that traumatic experience. Using an old, discarded chair (cadaver) cut up into one-inch squares; seven works were randomly re-composed into new seven-inch by seven-inch compositions. Each composition was then randomly assigned a single, painted, one-inch square red piece. All seven re-composed works are vertically hung, in alignment, as the seven cervical vertebrae of the spine. The brass grommets have been added to suggest the foramina (holes) in each vertebra where the nerves and muscles pass through.

Randomness and order are especially relevant to this work and the interpretation of Daniel's experience. The random placement of the red pieces is akin to the random person's vertebra that was placed in Daniel's neck. Hence, his questions: "Who am I now? Am I male or female?" Am I nice or not?" The process of "coming undone" incurs both chaos (randomness) and order (precision/grid). Since both of these factors come together as re-compositions, it is the artist's intent that they provide a balanced union, abiding with a sense of interconnection, thus offering wholeness to all.

individual unit
joyce sloan
the art of falling apart together
mixed media book
10”h x 8”w x 6”d
$625

There is an art to living but it is usually only realized when we are falling apart. And it is hard to execute elegance, class and style when that is happening. When things are going well we generally skate blissfully on the thin ice surface of pleasure, not quite noticing as the temperature warms. By the time the ice cracks we are usually too far from the shore of balance to make it back before we fall into the frigid waters of disarray.

So, thinking about the Art of Coming Undone provoked thoughts of how that would look and feel like if we had the presence of mind to be present and mindful during the very unruly process of coming undone.

joyce sloan

tough love
mixed media/mirrors
24”$h x 18”w
725

Love that comes from experience and wisdom
From battles of the heart melting with the healing balm of spirit
Love that is relentless and constant – regardless of our ability to let it shine forth
Love is present even if it’s tough to see – I call it Tough Love
History often exposes wrongheaded human perspectives, but it usually takes a long time. We are in the consciousness of a perspective and social construct of color and race in our culture. It is not unlike conquerors of the past who sought to spread and impose a point of view onto those deemed less than or the "other." Displayed is a level of ignorance that is dull, banal and absent of diverse ideas, empathy and color. Seemingly, the concept of coexisting in harmony, unity, space and time, with those artificially relegated as walls obstructing the purity and degree of their happiness, is a non sequitur. But what goes missing are those rich, beautiful experiences of things unknown, the creative compositions of color, shapes and forms of the endless possibilities of what it means to be human and the blessings bestowed upon us to have had a chance to experience this thing we call life.
dawn thomas
the dance
acrylic on canvas
25"h x 25"w
$750

When the 'Art of Coming Undone' opportunity arose, my mind naturally went to the beautiful little pile of bones I had found and retrieved from the foot of a big old apple tree the previous summer.

Admittedly, I became a little 'undone' when these turned up missing. (Where did you last HAVE your bones?) After multiple searches and looking at certain individuals with suspicion, all to no avail, I set out in pursuit of more bones. I encountered many nice people in this pursuit and I acquired quite a collection to choose from. Sure, I could have chosen from the cougar or wild boar skulls, which now accent my décor, but I instead chose the four jaw bones. Something about '4' was relevant to me. Perhaps it was the four loved ones I had lost (along with my three dogs and a kidney) that year of my undoing.

Believe me when I tell you, there was no art to my coming undone. It was raw and it was ugly. As a two time cancer survivor, I think I can assert with some authority that physical pain does not compare to the emotional pain of losing loved ones. It pierces you to your soul. You now carry black voids in spaces loved ones once dwelled.

After trauma, tragedy and loss, when all of the illusions of meaning to which we clutched are ripped away, and after all you knew and trusted are revealed as the impostors they were, one must create new meaning and perspectives. One must rebuild. To make sense of the senseless. Hope from despair. To make good from bad.

And miraculously, the pain does eventually begin to fade, and glimpses of beauty come back into view.
Even if it is in bones and black voids.
To face it head on and say, "Ok, I'll dance." That is an art. The art of becoming redone.

See art work on the next page.
dawn thomas

the dance
acrylic on canvas
25”h x 25”w
$750

dawn thomas

the dance II
acrylic on canvas
10”h x 10”w
$225
Sarah Tierney

**Headwind**

Fiber mixed media: sculpted by hand needle felting primarily wool, and other natural fibers

32"h x 24"w x 24"d

$3000

Suffering is so very personal yet universal. Sages, religious gurus, writers, artists, and humanity through the ages have analyzed and tried to make sense of suffering. Why are we so aware of our suffering? The last decade of my life has been rife with suffering and I often felt like I was in a ferocious headwind of loss, grief, physical and emotional pain. The look I created on the woman’s face depicts the way I felt when I recently received information as to how serious my Father’s health condition was. It felt at the time like electric paddles had shocked my heart with the thought of losing my Dad. All the intellectual study and spiritual belief didn’t alleviate the pain I experienced at that moment. The serene Buddha meditating in the back of the boat shows a contrast to the turbulence, taking life as it happens and understanding life is suffering. One thing I have figured out personally is that I don’t have the answers and I don’t know if there is purpose to suffering or if it’s a roll of the dice, but love and kindness buffers the storms of life and humanity still has to hold on to a ray of hope.
Artists are vessels for the emotions of the universe. Into each piece we pour our responses to the joys, hopes, dreams, fears and sorrows we're experiencing. When we are overloaded, things can come undone or to a textile artist, "unraveled"! These free-form or "analog" stitcheries are free and automatic markings that speak the silent language of my soul.... inner sensations that find external expression through the spirit.
mitch truemner

**coming undone under the covers**

deep on canvas

30”h x 24”w

$950

The very first time I’d come undone was when that monster under my bed would start by picking his teeth, grunting and groaning just loud enough for only me to hear. I had a fear of letting my arm or leg drift off the edge of the bed, knowing he was probably hungry. The horrors of what would happen. The tearing of my limbs, the blood, my guts strewn to the four corners under my bed mixing with the dust bunnies, candy wrappers and forgotten underwear.

If only he’d eat my teacher, Mrs. Mulders instead. Better yet, what about gobbling up the 5th grade bully Billy Hopp, who smelled like liverwurst & egg salad sandwiches. Unfortunately, he was my monster. It was up to me to control my fears. I had to restrain from coming undone by feeding him my apple flavored jolly ranchers covered in lint. Monsters like jolly ranchers & lint almost as much as they like appendages. Well, at least that’s what I told myself until morning came. It was only then that he would retreat to the dark corners and wait for his favorite little boy to return.
margaret white

where the heart is
mixed media/animated: hold frame and gently raise & lower red orb with the other 26"h x 20"w $900

“The Art of Coming Undone” was pretty much my un-doing at first! It is the other side of the moon from my usual imagery. I dug deeply and remembered these little jumping figures I used to do with my elementary students when I taught at that level. I related to many of Mr. Belardineli’s motifs, his saturated flat color, and his incorporation of calligraphy.

margaret white

leaping lizzie
mixed media/animated: hold frame and gently raise & lower red orb with the other 26"h x 20"w $900

After I completed my first piece, “Where the Heart Is”, I just HAD to do one more UNDONE character! The result is “Leaping Lizzy”! Lizzy says, "My feet is backward and my glasses are very green, my teeth look just like fence-posts, with spaces in-between
steve wirtz
the art of being overdone
laminated paper & wire
sculpture
25"h x 22"w x 12"d
$800

Buttered scones
Game of Thrones
There’s a foodie in my castle

I’ve snap-chatted my Instagram
 crackers and stuffed my
 Facebook full of Twitter
 What a hassle

But we’re trending
We’ve Marie Kondo-ed our
townhouse and drank kale
smoothies on the run

Our goat yoga post went viral
and the dog’s half poodle... and
in therapy
Has this been overdone?
michelle tock york
the undoing, the mouse and me
clay/found object assemblage
26"h x 16.5"w x 10"h
$900

I love sweet little mice when I see them outdoors, but when they are in the house, I become completely “undone”!