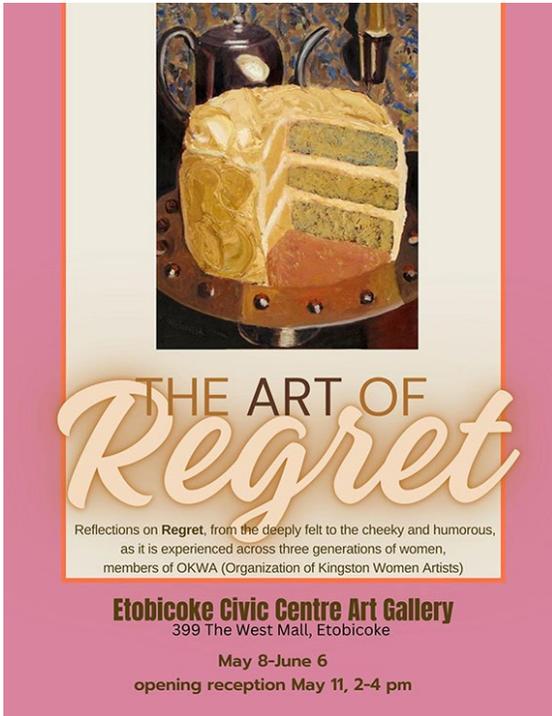


OKWA 2024 Exhibition: The Art of Regret



Regret today means more than personal disappointment.

For many, it has become an existential reckoning with global concerns such as climate change and technology.

Our exhibition reflects **Regret** as it is experienced across three generations of women, members of the Organization of Kingston Women Artists. The artists range in age from 28 to 80, and they draw on a wealth of personal, political and aesthetic viewpoints. The artists portray everything from personal regret (eating that last piece of cake!) to environmental concerns. Ranging from the deeply felt to the cheeky and humorous, the work prompts viewers to respond with curiosity and reflection, challenging them and entertaining them at the same time. Regret necessitates looking backward, but it can be a powerful incentive for change.

The Organization of Kingston Women Artists is made up of 60 professional artists from the Kingston area. A juried collective, founded in 1989, it provides a forum for the exchange of ideas through artist talks and annual shows. This exhibition showcases the work of 30 of these artists who have interpreted the theme of Regret as it applies to their own lives and to the modern world.



Aziz, Sylvat
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Regret as a Fragment ~ Oil on canvas \$3750

*“Regret”: Old English: **grētan** ‘cry out, rage’, or **grēotan** ‘lament’, of Germanic origin. Late Middle English: from Old French **regreter** ‘bewail (the dead)’, perhaps from the Germanic base of **greet**. Scottish English weep; cry.*

My work is based on collective experience and ethos. This image is premised on a calligraphic fragment in Kufic script, originating in 7th-century Iraq and having immense importance in the Islamic culture. This evocative fragment represents my regret, distress, and lament for the deliberate, systematic destruction of beauty and culture in three major peoples/societies: Iraq, Libya, Syria and continuing in Palestine.

N/A

Baker, Helen
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Harmonious Chaos ~ acrylic and oil \$1500

This piece reflects my love of swimming in Lake Ontario and the vibrant colours of summer. The abstract forms are inspired by fish, flowers and the energy that comes from observing the world from underneath the water. The process of making this painting pushed me to a new point in my creative journey. I renewed my commitment to my artwork, after starting later in life, and regretting not attending art school and joining the arts community.



Black, Diane
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Cloud Whale ~ Paper maché, oil paints \$1500

By putting a very human looking eye in a fanciful whale I am making that connection with human and animal. Their life is our life, their regrets are our regrets.

The Princess and the P(olymer) ~ Fabric, wood, watercolour \$350

I love the way fairy tales wrap up dire warnings in a delightful story. In this case, I twisted the old Hans Christian Anderson tale a little to reference how our use of plastics has played havoc with life in the oceans. The thought of our misuse and overuse of these materials makes it difficult to get a good night's sleep.



Bresson, Martine
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- Sinking** ~ digital photography \$400
I wish hadn't eaten that last Christian ~ digital photography \$400
Nothing Beside Remains ~ digital photography \$400

It is a process of inventing, selecting, exploring and manipulating all available material (including the found detritus of contemporary living); colour relationships, the placement of found and invented shapes, the contrast of flatness with the illusion of space and the figure/ground relationship are all configured. The aim is to eventually arrive at a point where everything works together in a lasting place made for visual exploration and further ongoing reflection.



Cain, Wendy
wcaïn88@eastlink.ca

- Vase in a Landscape 22** ~ Handmade paper and pulp \$1250
Vase in a Landscape 41 ~ Handmade paper and pulp \$1250



Carr, Barbara
barbecarr@hotmail.com

- In the Palace** ~ oil \$300

A solo young woman traveller, contemplating her situation. Is she regretting travelling alone, or regretting travelling with someone who is not in the picture, or regretting travelling at all? Perhaps she is homesick? Or perhaps she regrets that she must travel home the next day? What is/was the right decision?



Cassidy, Arlene
arlenejmcassidy@gmail.com

Flute Visions ~ acrylic \$350
An Archer and a Dolphin ~ acrylic \$225

In 2006 my son had a very serious fall resulting in permanent physical disabilities & was diagnosed with schizophrenia. 6 months before that I had a cerebral aneurism & have permanent deficiencies in short term memory. Before his fall, and my stroke, Eric had been displaying some signs of mental illness. While he was in the hospital, I found in the shed a huge stack of extremely intricate, robotic, detailed, ink drawings. In a condition of grieving shock, I threw them away, unable to deal with their intensity, which I do now regret. These pieces are part of a series inspired by my son's work.



Clarke, Ann
imafeira@yahoo.com

Big River ~ Acrylic & mixed media on canvas (diptych) \$22,000

An important aspect of painting is that it is not a time-based art. It is a vehicle for slow looking with the aim of revealing more over time.

It is a process of inventing, selecting, exploring and manipulating all available material (including the found detritus of contemporary living); colour relationships, the placement of found and invented shapes, the contrast of flatness with the illusion of space and the figure/ground relationship are all configured.

The aim is to eventually arrive at a point where everything works together in a lasting place made for visual exploration and further ongoing reflection.

N/A

Dalton, Liz Rae
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Divine Meditations: Grace ~ Encaustic, mixed media NFS
Divine Meditations: Winged Woman ~ Encaustic, mixed media NFS

I am inspired by the endless generations of women of the past who created works of art and design as forms of refuge, mediation, or solace. With my Divine Meditations Series, I invite you consider your regrets, worries, or sorrows. *Winged Woman* and *Grace* may offer respite.



Derby, Jane
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What Remains, #1 & #2 ~ oil on salvaged materials, plaster \$800, \$1200

I am part of a growing movement in contemporary art that uses “trash” as material for art making. I create sculptural bas reliefs out of salvage: wood, household cans, plastic, and metal, many of these objects sourced from my recycling box. They are combined with canvas, or embedded in plaster, and then painted or gouged. “What Remains” is part of this series. I love the transformative effect of combining the richness of oil paint with the debris of our culture, a call to look again at what we discard so easily

Ontario 5715 ~ salvage on plywood \$1500

My work is an exploration of the aesthetic qualities and thematic possibilities of recycled materials. *Ontario 5715* is one of a series of landscapes centering around a sense of loss. The somber tones, and the old Ontario license plate, serve as a memento mori to our wetlands, a vital part of our eco system that continues to disappear at the rate of 1000 hectares per year.



Dickinson, Phileen
phileen@phileendickinson.ca

No Regrets: Extrospection ~ Watercolour on paper & panel \$650

Regrets. We all have them...and if you let them, they will draw you down and hold you back. Don't dwell on them...examine them, view them from the lens of your own humanity and fallibility and then be enlightened and move on.

Indulge in bad puns, good friends, big ideas and celebrate your small triumphs. You are your own masterpiece.



Fawcett, Jane
janefawcett21@gmail.com

Invitation ~ Ink, graphite, charcoal \$450

Light and Space ~ Oil, cold wax \$275

For many years I have been a "hidden painter" insecure in showing my work. even though responses have been positive. Visits to studios, galleries, museums, clinics provoked regret that I had wanted to show my work and had rarely had the courage do so. Listening to Tom Waits singing “Invitation to the Blues” while working on this piece brought forward the title and a desire and willingness to be seen.



Jabre, Natasha
natashajabre@gmail.com

Tender Care ~ acrylic on canvas \$800

Untitled (Maternal Ambivalence) ~ acrylic on canvas \$800

After a painful period of breastfeeding, I grew fixated on some of my breastfeeding accessories. In particular, my breast pump, cabbages, and creams (the latter two used to stop milk production). These were haunting reminders that tending to my children could at times be overwhelming—physically, mentally, and emotionally. Painting these objects was a way to process that experience and, I hoped, to see the objects that haunted me in a new light.



LaRose, Michèle
www.michelelarose.ca

Shades of Grey # ~ oil on canvas NFS

Shades of Grey #4 ~ oil on canvas NFS

Since 2023, I have been regretting the fact that, more and more, people look at life in black and white terms. As in “this is good. That is bad”. We see this in politics, health care, education, religion and personal affairs. Life is far more complicated. It has many, many shades of grey, depending on circumstances, resources, personalities, or beliefs, just to name a few.



Thinking ‘in grey’ requires humility and openness to others. This series addresses grey and looks at the beauty of the many different shades open to us...if we take the time to look for them.



Leblanc, Armelle
amleblanccarty2@sympatico.ca

French Connection ~ mixed media \$700

I was born in France, to an English speaking mother and French speaking father. When I was 4, we moved to Canada and my brothers and I couldn't speak any English. As a result, our parents only spoke to us in English, so that we would be prepared to attend school. Over the years, I lost my ability to speak French fluently.

My regret is losing my French language and a thus, a big part of my heritage. This piece speaks to this, as I incorporate French text, a French/English dictionary page, a French post card and stamp, as well cultural images -(the Fleur de Lis and the Royal French Bee) into it. The texture of the piece is also representative of the old, crumbling walls of an ancient French building.



Loney, Zillah
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Iris Brown Solitary Indigo ~ Oil-based block print \$1500

My friend Iris is lost in a moment of private contemplation as she examines her aging face in the bedroom mirror. She feels quite alone now. Understandably she regretfully acknowledges that her vision has become so poor she can no longer quilt, garden, or enjoy the bright flowers that surround her. Perhaps the 3 vanity mirrors reflect a version of herself from the past, the present, and the future. Despite Iris's fear of future unknowns and sorrow from past regrets, the joy and beauty from a life well-lived will carry her through



Melhorn-Boe, Lise
transformerpress@cogeco.ca

House Guest ~ Textile artist's book, screen-printed \$800

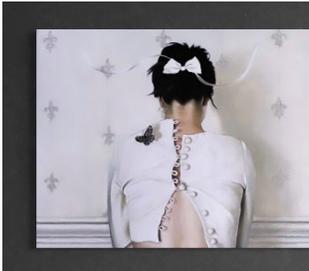
Elizabeth Bishop's poem, *House Guest*, is about a visiting seamstress who is very depressed. Why? She regrets that she was not allowed to become a nun! The poem was written in the 1960s, so I have chosen fashions from that decade. The coral coat is actually modelled on one that Queen Elizabeth wore. I wonder if she had regrets?



Moore, Brittany
brittanymoore089@gmail.com

Ambivalence ~ oil on canvas \$3500

Instinctively thinking of regret as a negative emotion, upon further reflection, I wanted to approach this theme with pieces that embody sensitivity. Both paintings embody an underlying compassion as the women represented in each piece live with their own forms of regret, turned acceptance.



Brittany Moore Continued...
Girl in White ~ oil on canvas \$1200

White is commonly thought of as a symbol of purity, cleanliness and innocence. Too much white on the other hand may signify coldness, surrender and fear. How you feel in a surrounding pigment of white is personal and individual.

White was never her colour.



Olson, Erika
erikaolson@yahoo.com
Betty Crocker Williamsburg Cake ~ oil on board \$950
Betty Crocker Bonbon Cookies ~ oil on board \$1200

"I shouldn't have. The last piece"



Paul, Nancy
npaul1000@gmail.com
Leaving Eden: Paradise Lost 1 ~ Acrylic, ink, pastel, washi on panel \$800
Dragonfly Dance: Paradise Lost 2 ~ Acrylic, ink, pastel, washi on panel \$800

The extinction rate of species today is hundreds of times higher than in the past and is accelerating. I choose though to temper despair with hope. The northern white rhino is functionally extinct with only two females left alive, but it might yet be saved through cryopreservation. The red-crowned crane, celebrated for its graceful courtship dance, was hunted to the brink of extinction for its plumage but a small population has been conserved.

Once, long ago, all living things on earth were interconnected and equal. The Genesis story and other myths of man's superiority had not yet been told. Then, there was no us and them, no separation and isolation. We were fluid and



kinetically charged, born to be of fur and feather as well as skin, to grow leaves and flowers and roots, to sing fly dive. This is my dream of our original paradise.

Nancy Paul continued...

Nereids in the Garden of Hippocampus Acrylic and ink on canvas \$700

My niece was a brilliant neuroscientist. She researched the hippocampus, the seahorse-shaped part of the brain most associated with memory. Sarah was delighted when I told her the starting point for this painting was an image of the hippocampus obtained by means of immunohistochemistry (*as reproduced in Portraits of the Mind, 2004*). The vivid greens and pinks of the antibody staining reminded me of a garden, the blue recalled the sea. I picture a silent underwater refuge in the mind where the sea dragon dwells and where we imagine what was lost might be found.



Rich, Leisa

monaleisa@bellsouth.net

Swedish Death Diet-y ~ textiles \$2900

As much as we might like to be, we are not immortal. In addition to their regular “stuff” artists leave behind a plethora of supplies, research, art works, and more when they die.

The practice of Swedish Death Cleaning is a way of dealing with all of that stuff BEFORE you leave this earthly plane. During Covid, I gained 30 pounds. I had a lot of clothes that didn't fit me any longer. I created this “deity” out of those clothes as a cathartic way of using up those garments, as a statement about the challenge of dealing with the 92 million tonnes of textile waste produced each year - most of which ends up in landfill - and as a talisman to remind me that excess anything is not good for the body OR soul.



Snowdon, Ginny

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Gifts of Regret ~ Mixed media, diptych \$1800

I dog-eared a page in a book recently because the sentence was so perfect and I wanted to re-read it countless times. In the full context of story and characters, here it was written,

“How sly the Gods.”

Isn't that the case; that there are times and experiences that you never wish to have and yet, over time, these very happenings become a personal catalyst for courage and change.

“Make the most of your regrets; never smother your sorrow, but tend and cherish it till it comes to have a separate and integral interest. To regret deeply is to live afresh.”

Henry Thoreau



Sutherland, Margaret
maggiethered@gmail.com

Acreage ~ oil on canvas (diptych) NFS
Lamb ~ oil on canvas \$5400

Maggie Sutherland is a romantic. A jaded one, but not without hope.



Tauchid, Rheni
rhenitauchid@gmail.com

February Field ~ acrylic on canvas \$2200

Every year, usually in February or March, I rethink my decision to settle in this part of the world. It takes until late May to shake the regret, the hostility and claustrophobia that permeates the tail end of winter for me. By mid summer, I'm in the throes of blissfully loving my home, until the dread sets in again as the dead, grey damp encroaches and makes me question it all over again. Seasonal mood yo-yo.



Van Geest, Mieke
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Can I Regret My Invisibility? ~ digital photography, old windows (diptych)
\$800

Shadows of my self, reflected in old windows, like worn out structures of an old life, constraining, limiting I continue to reframe my self, with time
Can I regret what I wasn't?

The sense and state of Invisibility can occur through various personal impacts, framed within the story of each one's life, whether through cultural or psychological confines or traumas.

As an immigrant, language barriers create restraint in communication, causing disconnection, withdrawal, and when serious enough: invisibility.

In my photography, by including myself in the images, I make myself visible. But invisibility lingers in memory, tinged with regret.



Williams, Linda
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Holding Up ~ Clay \$800

Regret stands beside grief inside the body. Pretending, draining, bent, sinking anchorless. Gravity on soft wet clay sags the gesture into stillness, like the gravity of regret on the sinking spirit. Folding inside out searching for what remains of hope, pride and self.



Overcome ~ Clay \$800

Regret hovers before and after grief. First the desire to freeze time, squeezing tight, but no matter how tight, what you are enveloping is already leaking away. Lost like water down the drain. Regret is the moment you know you could never have held tight enough.



Winik, JT
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All We Ever Wanted ~ oil on panel \$2350

Love is everything, or is it?

It's a burning-hot summer's day yet this couple stands frozen, their feet firmly rooted in the earth. He's lost his shirt, she's lost her smile, and together they've left their pasts behind them. Their mutual future stretches ahead, its arms embracing countless years with visions of diapers drying in the wind and love-letter promises buried in attics. But is this what they wanted or is it everything they feared? Perhaps this is the moment when "all we ever wanted" might not be enough. Yet, with the tilt of her head and his supporting arm behind her, we sense there's no dividing them. They stand as one, with dignity, rising to whatever comes their way.



A Special Occasion ~ oil on panel \$2350

Special occasions come with expectations. We dress in our best with painted lips, bow ties and shiny shoes, anticipating a day primed for attention, laughter, dancing, and joy. But sometimes, for whatever reason, the grander the dreams, the deeper the disappointment. And so, this couple poses, not with a clumsy façade of merriment but as best they can, tolerating the seconds ... waiting to breathe.



Withrow, Julie
jwithrow3@gmail.com

Face Off ~ oil stick on board \$350

I think this piece, three portraits of regret, speaks for itself. It represents different aspects of personal regret. There is little one can do about the reasons for regret. The bad choices are all in the past. All one can do is face it and move forward.