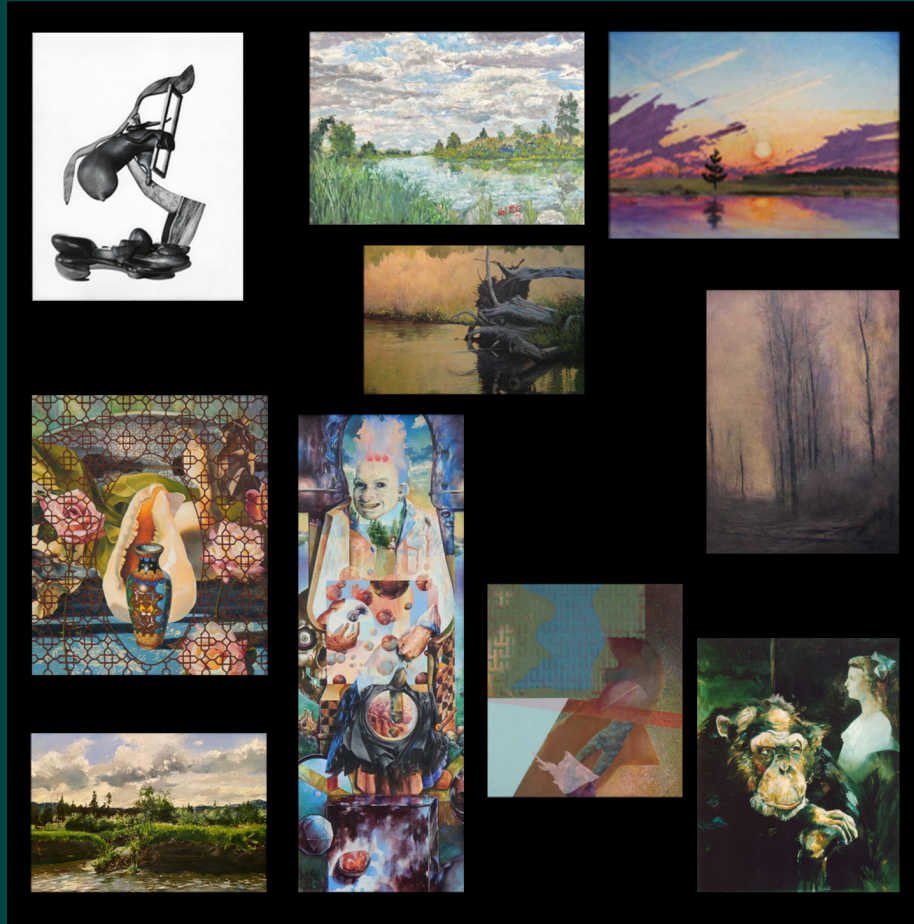




ZEN SEKAI GALLERY



Works by William Elston, William Dubin, Robert Flanary, Curt Hanson, Robert Herrshoff, Tom Holt, Debra Noah, Charles Palmer, Val Pate and Stan Taft

OUT OF ORBIT

The Fort Wright College Art Wars

November 12, 2021 - January 11, 2022



ZEN SEKAI GALLERY



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OUT OF ORBIT: The Fort Wright College Art Wars

Special Exhibition

Works by:

William Elston
William Dubin
Robert Flanary
Curt Hanson
Robert Herrshoff
Tom Holt
Debra Noah
Charles Palmer
Val Pate
Stan Taft



ZEN SEKAI GALLERY

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The Fort Wright College Art Wars



The World Is A Stage

Situated to the west of downtown Spokane, where the Spokane River snakes north, lies the historic Fort George Wright, named after a controversial General, a veteran of the Civil and Indian Wars. Fort Wright had been underutilized in the years just after it had been built in the late 1800s. It had served various military capacities through World War II, and in 1960 was partially deeded to the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus Christ, on the condition that they use the property to provide an institution of higher learning. Fort Wright College of the Holy Names began life as an all girls Catholic finishing school, but in order to boost enrollment soon began recruiting men.

In the story that I want to tell, Fort Wright served both as backdrop and player. It became a locus for a loose association of artists in the late 1960s and early 70s, and as a site where micro-instances of larger historical forces played out over time. This same group of artists fanned out to diverse locales and continued their artistic pursuits after this brief period. They maintained connections, carried on feuds and reconciliations, and grieved the loss of individual members. The larger forces, of which they were but a reflection, have also played out in interesting ways, as I hope to demonstrate.

Sucked Into The Vortex

Lest I get ahead of myself, allow me to say that I'm not an independent observer, but a participant in these unfolding events. I'm an artist, and not a historian, so my account is primarily from my own perspective. I've tried my best to parse the various threads of others' narratives, but with the distance of almost half a century and the forgetfulness that time bestows, the narrative has flaws.

I first attended Fort Wright College as a high school student, in a program FWC then used as a recruiting tool. I have vague recollections of drawing landscapes in charcoal, in the woods behind the art building, and of sitting in an office with an elderly nun discussing Jacques Maritain and other Catholic existentialists.

After spending a year in Montreal, and matriculating at Baron Byng High School, I returned to Spokane. I had seen an exhibition of paintings by Stanley Taft at the Avant Guardhouse, Fort Wright's art gallery, and decided to apply to their BFA program. I put together a group of figure studies. My application was accepted and I was given a partial scholarship. At my suggestion, Curt Hanson soon followed. At the time I lived on the South Hill, and Curt lived in historic Brown's Addition. We soon moved into an old 4 bedroom house with leaded glass windows and big dark-stained cross-beams, located on Division just below Sacred Heart Hospital. Curt Hanson and I had been friends since 4th grade.



The Players

The head of Fort Wright's art department was Sister Paula Mary Turnbull, a sculptor and lecturer in art history. The Head of the Graduate School was Benjamin Franklin Moss III, a second generation Abstract Expressionist, and a product of Boston University. Charles W. Palmer had recently been hired as a painting instructor. Stan Taft was an MFA student with teaching duties. Another instructor, Ken Hoffman, was only there briefly. A few other artists were added to the mix, John Dilg replaced Ken Hoffmann the year after I arrived. There were prior connections between the principals; both Ben Moss and Charlie Palmer had been at Boston University, and Charlie and Stan had been at California College of Arts and Crafts. The aforementioned Bob Gilmore had been at Boston U as well, where he and Palmer had studied with Walter Tandy Murch, the celebrated still life painter. Moss may have studied with Murch as well, but I don't recall him mentioning it. Other CCAC alumni joined the MFA program, including Michael Barnard and Peggy Gruen.

Later the group would be joined, as we shall soon see, by William Dubin, Robert Flanary, Tom Holt, Val Pate, Debbie Allison (Noah) and Robert Herreshoff.

Robert Motherwell wrote that art is a "war of world views". Art, and painting in particular, became factionalized very quickly at Fort Wright, with a sizable number of students aligned behind Ben Frank Moss III, who represented the last gasp of AE and Bauhaus design orthodoxy. A smaller number of students aligned with Stan Taft and Charles Palmer, representing a skills based approach to figurative Surrealism. This is a necessarily simplistic account of the differences, as the reality was far more nuanced. The differences could also be seen as generational as well as philosophical. It was a time of hardened postures, the better to sharpen one's rhetorical arsenal.

The Wednesday Night Massacre

Into this mix came William Dubin and Don Rich, who had been invited to Fort Wright as part of the school's Artist Residency program. Both were in their late 20s or early 30s. Both had been friends of Stan Taft at CCAC, and both were sculptors and draughtsmen working in a highly refined style of biomorphic abstraction. Bill Dubin had shown at the Dilexi, an influential San Francisco Gallery. Don Rich would have a large show at the Oakland Art Museum. Bill Dubin would later work with tooled and lathed metals to construct elaborate kinetic sculptures, still Surrealist in intent, but loosely influenced by 19th century model steam engines. These were eventually shown at Bryan Ohno Gallery in Seattle.



Both Bill Dubin and Don Rich were deliberately confrontational, challenging the assumptions of mid-century Modernism. They were also contemptuous of the trappings of academic professionalism that Ben represented. There was evident conflict between Ben Moss and the visiting artists, even before their arrival. One sticking point was that Don Rich had submitted, as part of his resume, all of the exhibitions that he had been rejected from. It was a direct affront to Moss' idea of professional protocols. There were other slights coming from Ben, including a refusal to meet with Rich and Dubin to welcome them to the College, and to the MFA program that he headed. These were important figures from the Bay Area Art World, and Ben Moss refused to treat them with the same courtesy and deference that he showed other visiting artists from the east coast.

The conflict came to a dramatic head during an evening critique and discussion held in a large classroom that had two doors leading to the hallway, called "the Quad". Don Rich had been drinking, and both artists were aggressive in their presentation, telling students that they should do anything that the development of their art required, including taking drugs. (I should note here that Dubin and Rich were not necessarily advocating using drugs, but rather were insisting on a radical commitment to one's art.)

An argument soon ensued between Ben Moss, Bill Dubin and Don Rich. The heat grew more intense as its content became more obscure. At one point a student, Shani Marchant, who was partially deaf, stood up and yelled "you're all a bunch of male chauvinist pigs" and then stormed out of the room. There were two doors in the Quad that lead to the corridor between the art and biology departments. Soon after Shani's departure, Ben Moss stormed out of the room by one door, closely followed by Don Rich through the other door. Don had every intention of meeting Ben in the hallway and punching him in the face. Those remaining in the room couldn't see what transpired in the corridor outside. It apparently did not result in fisticuffs, but I have not spoken to anyone in the years following that knows who or what separated them.

The Surrealist contingent, including Stan Taft, Charlie Palmer, Don Rich, William Dubin and, surprisingly, Sister Paula Mary Turnbull, followed Curt and I to the house on Division. We had several couches, armchairs and pillows arranged in a semi-circle, and we sat around drinking and passing joints. Sister Paula Mary was handed a joint and asked "what am I supposed to do with this?" Mary Anne Drew, the student that had passed it to her, said in her acerbic way "you either smoke it or you pass it on!" She passed it on. She was clearly excited about being there with fellow artists, with whom she felt great affinity. After she had left, Don Rich, well into his whiskey, told an off-color joke that made Charles Palmer laugh so hard he couldn't stop. He was gasping for air and looked like he was going to choke to death. The night petered out and entered the rarified realm of legend.



This critique, along with the events surrounding it, became known as "The Wednesday Night Massacre" by many of those in attendance. There were immediate consequences, in the form of a series of small punishments. William Dubin and Don Rich went back to their studios in Oakland. Bill and I began a correspondence that lasted for the next 50+ years, and have been friends to this day. At his recommendation I spent a year at CCAC, after marrying the woman I had been living with. Curt shortly followed and audited classes at the school. In time we moved back to Spokane, and I was shortly divorced. While at CCAC I met Robert and Donna Herreshoff, who had been friends of Bill Dubin. Herreshoff shared Jeremy Maas' book on Victorian Art, and I had heard that there was a contemporary revival of Pre-Raphaelitism a few years before my arrival. Shortly after my divorce, Bill Dubin invited Stan, Charlie, Curt and myself, to a slide lecture by art historian and Gerome expert Gerald Ackerman, which was held in Don Rich's studio. Dubin began pursuing a serious interest in 19th century art history, and was sharing the research with us. He contributed to Vernon Swanson's book on Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, for which he was credited. He also amassed a slide library of paintings by obscure academicians, numbering in the thousands, many of works no longer extant. We recognized in our moment something similar to the latter half of the 19th century, when the academy was struggling to mediate change. It was as if there was a still-open wound that needed to be sutured.

It is almost impossible to explain to young people entering their art studies today what it was like then. Much of the art of the 19th century had been suppressed, and was simply absent from textbook surveys of World Art. However there began a period, beginning in the late 1960s, of growing revisionism of the art historical narrative, and the impact of that change on our generation was like a disease against which we had not been inoculated. New research and rising prices in secondary markets produced a flood of new books and catalogues, exploring the French and British Academies, the Munich School, the Symbolists, Realists and Naturalists. If the Pre-Raphaelites could refer to the artists that they had rebelled against as "slosh", we could certainly apply the same term to the Abstract Expressionists that preceded us.

Comings and Goings

The "Wednesday Night Massacre" was a defining moment, after which people began to disperse and move on. A few short years later the Board of Regents at Fort Wright decided to eliminate the Master of Arts program. Ben Moss rallied a large contingent of students and a handful of faculty to resign or withdraw en masse and create The Spokane Studio School, in the top floor of a building on Riverside. Stan Taft was among this group. I saw this as an opportunity to continue my own studies at Fort Wright, after the scholarship funds had dried up. I proposed to Sister Paula Mary that I teach classes



in exchange for tuition toward my remaining BFA requirements. Charlie Palmer had remained at Fort Wright, and there were several new hires, including Robert Herreshoff. Together we lobbied for the hiring of Bill Dubin, but Sister Paula decided to hire another "AbExer", a man who'd gone to school in Kansas on a golf scholarship.

One of my first students at the newly reformed art department was a painter and mountain climber named Val Pate. Val and I became friends and took frequent, long bike rides out to Charlie's place in Deer Park. Charlie had married Debbie Allison (Noah), and she became a part of the group of painters. The Spokane Studio School experiment lasted only a short while. Stan opened a frame shop, with a small gallery. Artists gravitated around the shop, occasionally holding group critiques. These sessions included Stan, Charlie, Curt, along with new additions Bob Flanary and Tom Holt. Flanary had gone to high school at Joel E. Ferris, where both Curt and I had gone. He was a few years younger, so I didn't know him well. Holt was a California transplant, part Native American, and tied to the soil.

Stan was a key figure in this story. As mentioned before, he was instrumental in drawing Curt and I to the Fort. He had helped to get Charlie Palmer hired. He was responsible for bringing William Dubin and Don Rich into the circle. I remember one day at the frame shop in particular. Stan had done two small landscapes, both about 18 x 24 inches. They were straightforward, almost simple in conception. One had a cow or cows. To the rest of us they were a revelation. Nearly everyone that was part of the group was suddenly buying French easels and painting en plein air on the Little Spokane River or at Turnbull Wildlife Preserve. It was as if these two paintings had provided us with our marching orders. For some of us it was an order that was never rescinded. Stan claimed that it was Curt that instigated the plein air excursion. It seemed right for the time, and I remember a show that we were involved in at Joanne Prigmore's Juniper Tree Gallery, in Spokane. Curt had written in the guest book "The sun shineth, and the landscapeth away!"

The group began to geographically disperse, starting around 1974-5. I went to Olympia, to teach painting workshops at The Evergreen State College. I returned a year later and in 1977 got a job doing scenic painting for The Spokane Story. I hired Tom Holt to assist, and we did that for the better part of a year. By this time, Stan Taft, Curt Hanson, Bob Flanary and Curt's cousin Robert Moore had moved back east, first to Connecticut, then to New York. Several of us had passed around a book, *The Twilight of Painting* by R. H. Ives Gammell. Gammell had studied with prominent American Impressionist painters, and had spent time in Parisian ateliers. He was a direct connection, through his artistic lineage, to the techniques and practice of the French Academy. Many of us assumed that the author of *Twilight* was dead. It had been published in 1946. We



learned otherwise when Robert Moore had a chance meeting with a friend of Gammell's in Williamstown, where Gammell had a retreat. Bob Moore was introduced to Gammell and began studying with him. Curt followed shortly, and studied initially with Robert Cormier, a former Gammell student. He eventually started studying with Gammell, until Gammell's death in 1981. Not long after, Curt moved with his wife Barbara to Connecticut, where he lived and painted until his death in 2017. Tom Holt had long ago moved to Silver City, New Mexico, where he died a month after Curt. Stan Taft began teaching at Cornell University in 1985, after a stint at State University of New York, and an Artist Residency at the University of Iowa. He has taught in the Art Department at Cornell University in Ithaca, NY and at the Cornell University program in Rome, Italy.

Another Perspective

Robert Flanary was drawn into Curt's orbit at approximately the same time as Tom Holt showed up on the scene. Robert met Stan then as well. I'll let him provide details, as they give a more thorough account of the movements of these artists than I could give:

"I graduated from Ferris in 1971. The following summer of 1972 took a trip to New York City, staying with relatives on Long Island and commuting to the museums, art stores and galleries in the city every day for a month.

"As soon as I arrived at my uncle's home in Baldwin NY, I learned that he and my father had arranged for me to meet Charles Pfahl, a realist painter whom my dad knew I admired. It was a huge surprise and unbelievable experience to meet Mr. Pfahl in his studio and to have lunch with him and his model. He directed me to see the exhibit of paintings by his teacher, John Koch. Those paintings opened my eyes to the quality of an atmospheric light in oil painting I had not seen so clearly until then.

"When I returned to Spokane from my trip to New York I devoted myself to drawing in masses of value and tone to achieve atmospheric depth and later a series of paintings. It was during the time I was making these drawings 1972-1973 that Curt contacted me and later I met Stan. I had a joint exhibit of drawings of this type with Curt at Stan Taft Picture Framer Gallery in Spokane.

"Later in the fall of 1973 after meeting Stan, we three, Stan, Curt and myself went Landscape painting along the Little Spokane River. When I was involved, once, all us and once or twice, just Stan and me. Some of that work was exhibited at the Atrium's Juniper Tree Gallery in Spokane, and reviewed by Allegra Askman (now Allegra Berrian McFarland) of the Spokesman Review. I think this was 1974. Stan closed his



shop and moved to Davis, CA around this time. Later, after he moved to Greenwich, CN, we joined up there and painted landscapes at Todd's Point a couple of times. My plan since 1972 was to move to the east coast and Stan's invitation to join him in Greenwich was a perfect opportunity. During that time Curt and his cousin Bob Moore moved out to Connecticut as well. This was in 1975.

"I can remember clearly all of us were together during the Bi Centennial in New York Harbor for the Celebration in 1976.

"I moved from Greenwich to Boston in 1977, setting up a North light studio at 10 Museum Road where I set up casts and drew charcoal studies during the day, and worked at Trinity Church in Copley square at night. During this time, Curt ,Bob Moore and myself were together in Boston learning all we could about painting and drawing from the members of Gammell's studio which Bob had recently joined.

"Sometime before I moved to Boston, Curt and Bob had moved to Brooklyn. Curt decided to join me and return to Spokane. His intention was to stay, mine was to drive back to Boston. While we were in Spokane, Bob Moore went camping in Massachusetts. That is where by complete accident he met Gammell, in Williamstown MA, and immediately accepted an offer by Gammell to fill an opening for a student at his studio in Williamstown and later at the Fenway Studios in Boston. I was on my way back to Boston with Stan by car in an old Ford Country Squire with Salmon decals on the side, nicknamed "Humpy". Curt changed his mind and returned soon after to Boston. He set up his studio in an apartment near the Red Sox baseball park. Bob was at the Fenway, I was at 10 Museum Road across from the Boston Fine Arts Museum and Curt was drawing in his apartment. The three of us spent time together in each others' studios, including Gammell's when he wasn't there. We all met and visited the other artists' studios including Sam Rose, Robert Cormier, Tom Dunlay, David Lowrey.

"In 1979 I went to Europe and returned to the U.S. in 1980, and finished up my BFA at Fort Wright . I got my teaching Certification at Eastern Washington University in 1981. I retired from teaching in 2019, having begun in 1981. I have continued to paint since the early days in Spokane."

Robert Flanary, 2021



Further

Tom Holt spent time working with me on the Spokane Story, a theme park boondoggle sold to the City Council by some carpet baggers from California, in the aftermath of Expo '74. After the Spokane Story job concluded, I moved to New York with Corrin Fearn, who I later married in a small ceremony in Boston's Fens, attended by Curt and some of the Fenway Studios crowd. We had traveled through Canada on the way to New York and visited Curt in Boston. Curt was not yet living in Fenway Studios, but introduced me to several of Gammell's current crop of students. Many of them would stay with me and Corri in New York when they were visiting the city. After nearly two years in New York, we decided to move to Boston. Fenway Studios was in the process of being co-oped, and we thought we had a good chance of getting in. At first we rented an apartment on Queensberry Street, and I shared a studio with Samuel Rose, a second generation Gammell student. Sam became a principal mentor, though his frequent alcoholic binges were a challenge. Eventually the co-op went through, and we acquired a studio. Both Curt and Robert Moore were still there. After about 3 years in Boston, Corri and I moved back to Spokane and were shortly divorced. Tom had also returned to Spokane, after spending time in Boston and Philadelphia. He would shortly move to Silver City, then to Klamath Falls and then back to Silver City. Robert Moore stayed in Boston, involved with the Gammell estate after Gammell's death. Curt was in Connecticut, Stan in Ithaca. Robert Herreshoff was living in Ukiah CA, Bill Dubin would soon move to San Diego then Tucson, Debbie (Palmer) Noah had remarried and was working in glass, Charlie remained in Spokane, teaching at the Spokane Art School, and Val remained in Spokane. In 1985 I moved to Seattle, and from 1983 to 2015 I showed in one or another of the top three galleries in that city. My primary gallery through most of that period was Davidson Galleries, where Curt, Stan and Charlie had also shown briefly.

In Conclusion

This is a long and complicated history, but there are a few interesting takeaways. What drew Curt Hanson and myself to Fort Wright was the possibility of studying a skills-based approach to figurative Surrealism, primarily with Stan Taft and Charles Palmer. We became aligned with other members of this loose knit group because of commitments to craft, challenges to what we considered a flawed historical narrative, and a notion that art was primarily a way of life, not necessarily a career, a job or a hobby. If one were to be an artist, they had to live it and breathe it; painting-do, not painting-jitsu. It is interesting to note that Curt and I did not find those same skill assets remaining at CCAC. The process of deskilling was already underway. Later, a dean from the San Francisco Art Institute came to FWC as a visiting instructor, and claimed that



they no longer taught fundamentals of drawing there. He referred to paintings as wall interruptions.

All of that being said, we really did, in those early years, think we were on the verge of a revolution. I still believe that we were, but the commercialization of the art market, already well underway, and the inertial effects of massive cultural investment would throttle this revolution for a half century. This active suppression was chronicled in part by sociologist Diana Crane, in *Transformations of the Avant Garde: The New York Art World, 1940-1985*. It was remarked upon by Robert Hughes, who in a Seattle Town Hall lecture called figurative art "Modernism's dirty little secret." Still, despite numerous road blocks, the artists in this exhibition managed to effect successful careers, in academia, in regional art scenes and in exhibitions too numerous to count.

After a half century the concerns that these artists voiced, in their work and in heated discussions to whoever would listen, are finally finding large and global audiences. Here is a list of emerging trends in the contemporary art scene that these artists anticipated by decades:

The Contemporary Atelier Movement

The Contemporary Plein Air Revival

Revisionist Art Historical Narratives (Which began with a reexamination of 19th century academicism.)

A Critical Reassessment of Modernism

Reskilling in the Art Schools

A Resurgence of Interest in Skills-based Figurative Surrealism and Psychedelic Art

In many cases these developments are taking forms that the artists in this exhibition might not fully approve of, but that's to be expected. Let a thousand flowers bloom, as Mao Zedong put it. The world has changed in the half century that has passed since Fort Wright College's Art Wars played out. Even Benjamin Franklin Moss III spent the latter part of his life painting landscapes, albeit imaginary and abstract ones.

Addendum

At the virtual opening of this exhibition, Stan Taft made some remarks about Ben Moss that temper the view of the man presented in this narrative. Stan commented that he



had visited Ben Moss's studio during his high school years, that Ben had encouraged him to apply at Fort Wright College for graduate study, even though it was mid year. He made the larger point that Ben Frank Moss had created and provided the context within which the above narrative plays out. This cannot be overstated. I think that the strength and resilience of the artists that came out of the Fort Wright forge was largely due to the tensions, the point/counterpoint, that existed at Fort Wright during those years. Ben presented the hard wall against which we busted our heads on a daily basis.

I saw the opposite in Gammell's atelier. The Twilight of Painting presents Modernism as a glitch, a mistake that must be corrected as soon as possible, if not elided altogether. Although Gammell had been an officer in World War I, he did not see the historical exigencies of which at least one shade of modernist attitude was the result. Nor could he accept that Modernism also presented an array of ideas that were worth considering on their own merits. Although Gammell may have known a great deal more of art history than he imparted to his students, one hears from them a truncated and crippled historical narrative that primarily highlights Gammell's lineage and by extension theirs. That the Academy itself was capable and did succeed at mediating change during its long history becomes lost in Gammell's pre-masticated version. This flawed historical understanding explains Gammell protégé Richard Lack's coining of the term "Classical Realism", an oxymoron if there ever was one, to describe their movement.

Both Abstract Expressionism and Gammell's academicism present aesthetics as endgame, and they both concern themselves with a variation of "the proper way to make a painting." Aesthetics is reduced to static and immutable laws, rather than a fluid and conditional set of concerns by which we can resolve personal experience in a way that those who follow can relate to and understand. I think that Curt Hanson's years at Fenway Studios in Boston provide an illuminating example. He was certainly interested in the repository of 19th century technical information that Gammell represented, which he sought out first under Robert Cormier, later under Gammell. Curt also formed a long friendship with Fenway resident György Kepes, a Hungarian born painter, photographer, designer, educator, and art theorist. Kepes was one of the more interesting figures that had taught at the Bauhaus, and the editor of six anthologies of modern art theory, called the Vision + Value Series. I believe that it was Kepes who was the primary influence on a series of imaginary urban landscapes that Curt painted towards the end of his stay at Fenway Studios. These paintings were full of atmosphere and indeterminacy, and I believe served as transition to his later Tonalist palette and approach.

Another asset that Fort Wright provided, and which was extremely important to myself at least, were the interdisciplinary classes offered in the social history of art, by Sister Paula Mary Turnbull and Sister Edith Riehle. Sister Paula was first and foremost an artist, but one with deep, first-hand knowledge of the art of the past. Sister Edith was a



consummate historian, had poured over incunabula in dusty European libraries, and could come at her subject from myriad directions. Together they emphasized that to understand anything, one must first be flexible. New knowledge is by definition disruptive. This was perhaps Fort Wright College's big lesson. I think that it served us well.

William E. Elston, 2021



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DEBRA NOAH

RUBY VASE AND CANDY DISH

15 x 9 x 1.5 inch (h x w x d)

blown glass, early work



DEBRA NOAH

OUT OF THE POND

18 x 12 x 1.5 inch (h x w x d)

blown and solid worked glass



DEBRA NOAH

HOLLOW HORN w/ LID

4 x 8 x 1.5 inch (h x w x d)

blown and solid worked glass





ROBERT FLANARY

UNTITLED, 2021

24 x 18 x 1.5 inch (h x w x d)

Oil on canvas



ROBERT FLANARY

ALONG THE BLACK RIVER, 2021

12 x 16 x 1.5 inch (h x w x d)

Oil on canvas

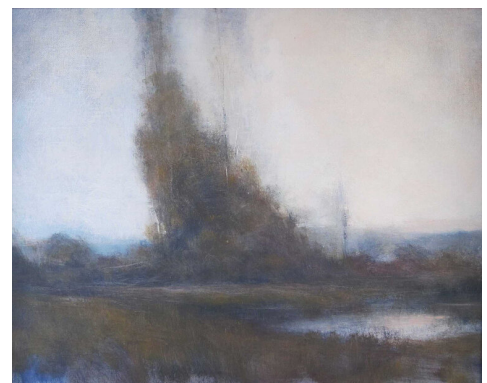


ROBERT FLANARY

UNTITLED, 2021

16 x 20 x 1.5 inch (h x w x d)

Oil on canvas





WILLIAM E. ELSTON
TERRITORIAL WA, 2021

36 x 48 x 2 inch (h x w x d)
Oil on linen



WILLIAM E. ELSTON
BOTHELL LANDING, 2014

30 x 40 x 2 inch (h x w x d)
Oil on canvas



WILLIAM E. ELSTON
CANOPY, 1999

48 x 70 x 2 inch (h x w x d)
Oil on canvas





VAL PATE

THE MEIJE, 2020

24 x 36 x 2 inch (h x w x d)

Oil on canvas



VAL PATE

BEN NEVIS, 2019

24 x 36 x 2 inch (h x w x d)

Oil on canvas

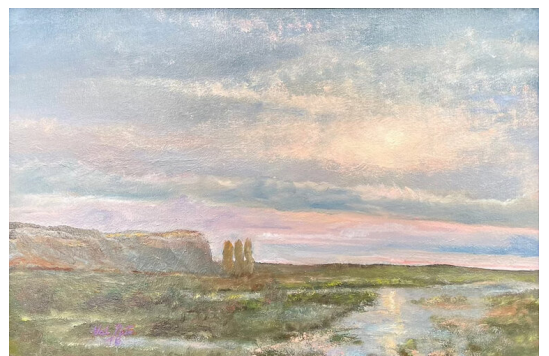


VAL PATE

SPRING AT STAGELINE RANCH, 2018

12 x 18 x 2 inch (h x w x d)

Oil on linen panel





WILLIAM DUBIN

SWEETWATER IN 2021#9, 2021

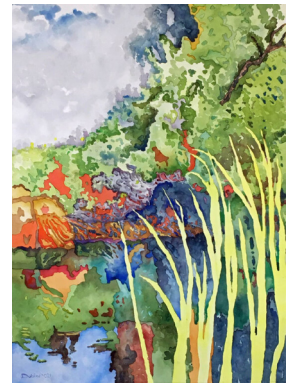
20.5 x 28.3 x 1.5 inch (h x w x d)
watercolor on paper



WILLIAM DUBIN

SWEETWATER IN 2021#7, 2021

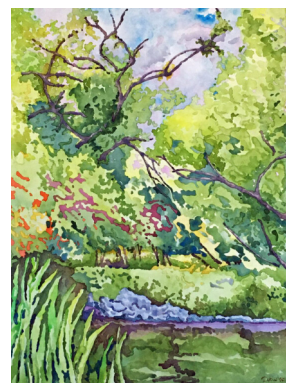
28.3 x 20.5 x 1.5 inch (h x w x d)
watercolor on paper



WILLIAM DUBIN

SWEETWATER IN 2021#8, 2021

28.3 x 20.5 x 1.5 inch (h x w x d)
watercolor on paper





WILLIAM DUBIN

SWEETWATER IN 2021#14, 2021

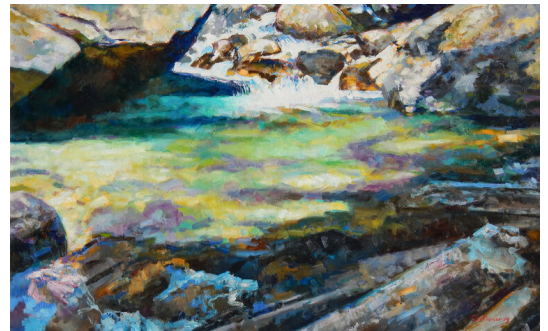
28.3 x 20.5 x 1.5 inch (h x w x d)
watercolor on paper



CHARLES W. PALMER

Big Rock Pool, 2014

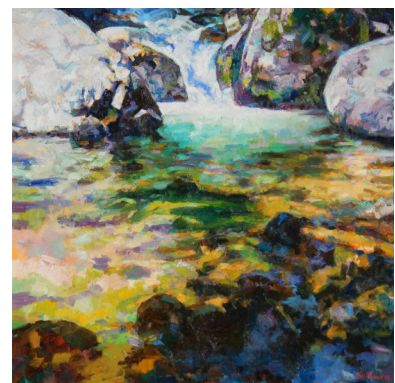
38 x 60 x 2 inch (h x w x d)
Oil on canvas



CHARLES W. PALMER

North Idaho Waterfall, 2014

48 x 48 x 2 inch (h x w x d)
Oil on canvas





CHARLES W. PALMER

STORM WAVE, 2002

44 x 53.5 x 2 inch (h x w x d)

Oil on canvas



TOM HOLT

UNKNOWN, unknown

20 x 29 x 2 inch (h x w x d)

Oil on canvas



TOM HOLT

UNTITLED, unknown

20 x 30 x 2 inch (h x w x d)

Oil on canvas





TOM HOLT

UNTITLED, unknown

21 x 30 x 2 inch (h x w x d)

Oil on canvas



STAN TAFT

VILLA D'ESTE, TIVOLI, 2021

32.5 x 23 x 2 inch (h x w x d)

oil on aluminum panel



STAN TAFT

FERRAZZE (VERONA), 2021

23 x 32.5 x 2 inch (h x w x d)

oil on aluminum panel





STAN TAFT

ROMA-3, 2021

23 x 32.5 x 2 inch (h x w x d)
oil on aluminum panel



CURT HANSON

WILD ROSE, unknown

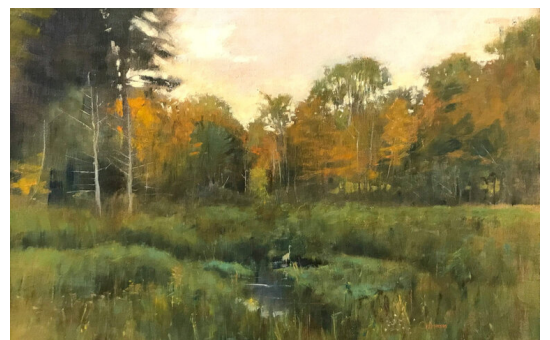
24 x 18 x 2 inch (h x w x d)
Oil on canvas



CURT HANSON

Autumn Heron, unknown

24 x 36 x 2 inch (h x w x d)
Oil on linen



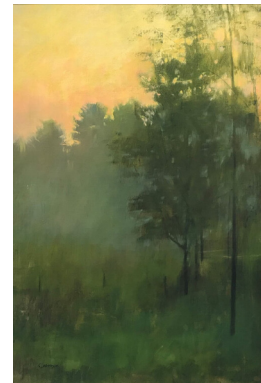


CURT HANSON

SPRING DAWN, unknown

24 x 16 x 2 inch (h x w x d)

Oil on canvas



CURT HANSON

TUFTS OF GRASS, unknown

24 x 36 x 2 inch (h x w x d)

Oil on linen



ROBERT HERRESHOFF

FROM GUALALA, 1987

11.3 x 15.5 x 2 inch (h x w x d)

Oil on canvas





ROBERT HERRSHOFF

UNTITLED, unknown

9.5 x 13.5 x 2 inch (h x w x d)

Oil on canvas





ZEN SEKAI GALLERY

OUT OF ORBIT

Period Works



ROBERT E. MOORE

Size unknown, 1970s



ROBERT E. MOORE

Size unknown, 1970s



ROBERT E. MOORE

Size unknown, 1970s





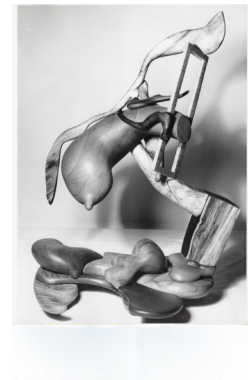
WILLIAM DUBIN

Size unknown, 1960s



WILLIAM DUBIN

Size unknown, 1960s



WILLIAM DUBIN

Size unknown, 1960s





ROBERT FLANARY

TODD'S POINT, date unknown



CURT HANSON

Dragoon Creek, 1972



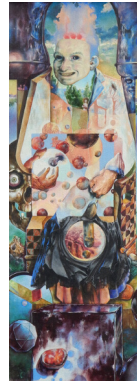
CURT HANSON

Untitled, date unknown





WILLIAM E. ELSTON
GOODY TWO SHOES, 1970



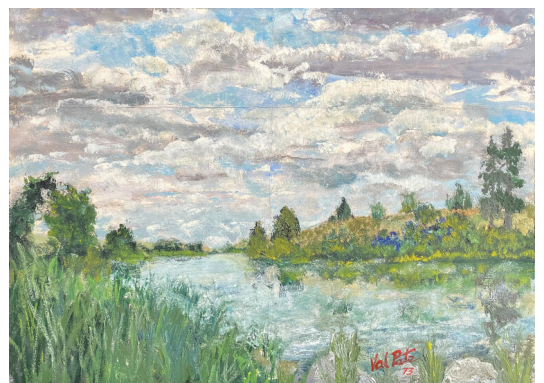
VAL PATE
SUMMER AFTERNOON, 1974

10.5 x 14.3 inch (h x w)
Oil on paper



VAL PATE
SPOKANE RIVER, 1973

10.5 x 14.5 inch (h x w)





STAN TAFT

Unknown, 1971



STAN TAFT

Armoge Wall, 1970

17.5 x 16 cm (h x w)



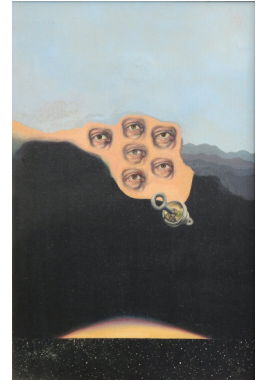
TOM HOLT

UNKNOWN, 1980





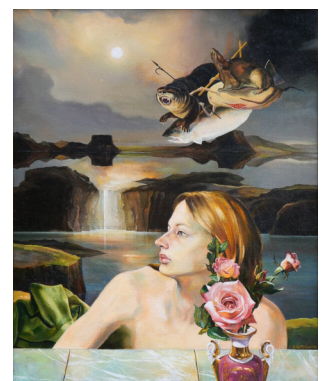
CHARLES W. PALMER
VOYAGE, date unknown



CHARLES W. PALMER
Untitled, 1970



CHARLES W. PALMER
Untitled, 1970





DEBRA PALMER

ENIGMA, date unknown

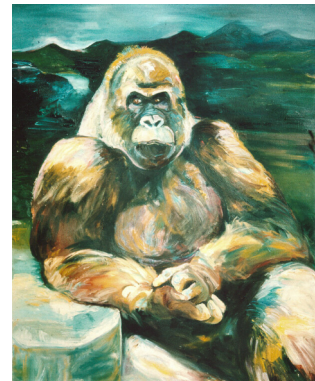
48 x 36 inch (h x w)



DEBRA NOAH

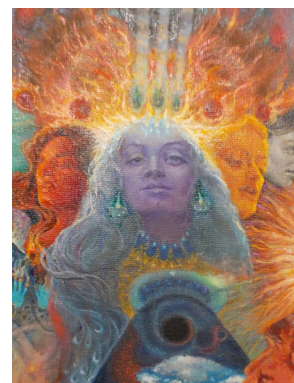
NOBLE GORILLA, date unknown

48 x 36 inch (h x w)



ROBERT HERRESHOFF

Size unknown, date unknown





In Memorium

This exhibition is dedicated to the memory of:

Curt Hanson (1949 - 2017)

Tom Holt (1946 - 2017)

Robert E. Moore (1956 - 2003)



“The sun shineth, and the landscapeth away!”

— *Curt Hanson*



ZEN SEKAI GALLERY