

And Also Wide:
Artist/Mother Lines
Flock Artist Collective



And Also Wide: Artist/Mother Lines

Flock Artist Collective

About the Artists



Aimee Bungard is an artist living and working in the hills of Appalachia just outside Pittsburgh with her guitar player husband, 3 freerange children, 2 Suesian mutts and 1 perfect Torti kitty. She considers Giacometti, Vincent, Frida, Hilma Af Klint, Tascha Tudor, Bukowski, Dylan, Townes Van Zandt and RamDass to be of the highest inspiration.

aimeebungardart.com



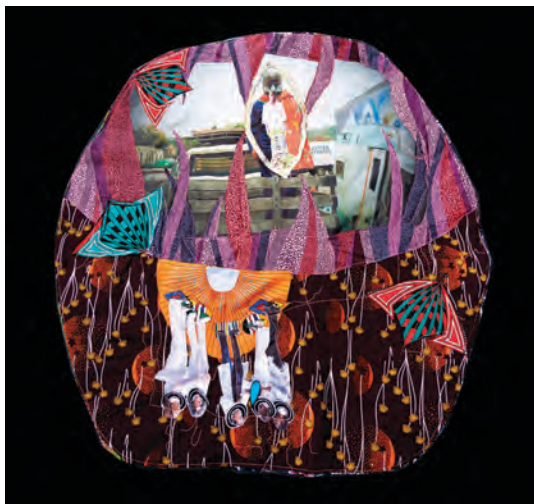
Alecia Dawn Young is an artist and scholar who believes the creative process is an invitation to heal. The founder of the creative wellness studio YOGAMOTIF, she believes that generating art and life are connected and invests her time in people, projects, and communities that explore these practices. Her work is grounded in the collective healing of Black m/others and embodied making that supports mental health. Alecia's career spans a commitment to community arts education and wellness, rooted in making, teaching, and researching in the visual arts.

Photo by Claire Brassil, Watershed Center
for the Ceramic Arts

aleciadawn.com

Alisha B. Wormsley is an interdisciplinary artist and cultural producer. Wormsley's work is dedicated to the expansion and creation of time and space and the rematriation of Black/ Indigenous Matriarch. Alisha is a mother, and founder of Sibyls Shrine, an arts collective and residency program for Black artists who M/other. Sibyls Shrine and her project, *There Are Black People In The Future*, both focus on the redistribution of resources and reimagination and rematriation of Black futures. Wormsley is a 2022 Guggenheim Fellow, 2023 Creative Time Commission Public Artist with Suzanne Kite and 2023 Anonymous Was a Woman and New York Foundation for the Arts (NYFA) Environmental Art Grants Recipient and Sundance Interdisciplinary Grantee. Wormsley is an Assistant Professor of Art in the area of Social Practice at Carnegie Mellon University.

alishabwormsley.com



Carrie Smith Libman is an artist living and working in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. She spent time in the Midwest, Southeast, and abroad before returning to Pittsburgh where she lives with her husband and three young children. She received her BFA in Sculpture from Washington University in St. Louis and her MFA in Sculpture from the University of Florida where she also taught Sculpture and Drawing. Her work is included in private collections across the US and she is an active member of Pittsburgh's art community. As a compliment to her studio practice, Carrie works in healthcare strategy. She finds endless inspiration in the intersections and overlaps of her creative practice, corporate America, and motherhood.

smithlibman.com



Christine Lorenz uses the tools of macro photography to create spaces for reflection on the common materials of our lived environment. She earned her MFA at the University of California, Santa Barbara, and BA at The Ohio State University. Her work has been featured by Lenscratch, Fraction Magazine, Vice, Photolucida, Refract Journal, Rogue Agent Journal, and Humble Arts Foundation. Her work is in collections including the Community College of Allegheny County and the Tomayko Foundation. In addition to self-publishing photobooks, she edits and designs book

projects for The Earth Of workshops of Arts Letters & Numbers. She teaches the history of photography and art writing at Duquesne University and Point Park University.

cmlorenz.com



Courtney Palmer Williams is a mixed media artist whose materials and inspiration are found and foraged in the natural world. Her love of making with mud and sticks, rocks and seeds started as a small child raised in the red clay soil of rural Kentucky and she continues to feel most at home surrounded by the lessons and gifts of her natural environment. Her work explores themes of nurturing and nesting, intuition and rewilding and is inspired and informed by her experiences as a mother of three, a doula and birth worker, and a community gardener and educator. She lives on the northside of Pittsburgh with her husband and her three children.

IG @bingalove



Eileen Alcalde is a self-taught mixed media artist and mother based in Pittsburgh, PA. Her work spans from intuitive abstract explorations to figurative pieces that delve into the beauty and challenges of modern motherhood. Drawing from her multicultural heritage as the daughter of Peruvian and Honduran immigrants, Eileen's work becomes a vessel for breaking generational and cultural cycles, while also seeking to decolonize the experience of Brown motherhood. Her abstract expressionist pieces serve as meditative landscapes, where harmony and destruction coexist. Working primarily with acrylic and oil paint, charcoal, and found objects, Eileen uses vibrant colors, bold lines, and movement to translate her observations and emotional responses to paper and canvas, inviting viewers into a world where identity, resilience, and maternal strength intersect.

IG @eileenalcalde



Janet Watkins is a self taught artist working in ceramics and mosaics. She is a member of Women of Visions Organization, and a member of The Craftsmen's Guild of Pittsburgh, where she currently serves as a board member. She was a panel speaker during the 2023 National Ceramics NCECA Conference. She co-curated the 2023 MAVUNO Exhibit in Sewickley PA. Her works are held by several art collectors in the region. Her sculptures have been shown at the Carnegie Museum of Art, Wilmer Jennings Gallery NYC, University of Pittsburgh Fine Art Gallery, Society of Contemporary Craft BNY, August Wilson Center, Moka Gallery, Kelly Strayhorn Theater, Sewickley Library Art Gallery, Pittsburgh Center Arts &

Media, Touchstone Center for Craft, Community College of Allegheny County, and the Pittsburgh International Airport.

ceramicsbyjanetwatkins.blogspot.com

Masha Solus is a watercolor artist living and working in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Originally from Moscow, Russia. She received a professional art education from the Russian State University named after A. N. Kosygin (Technology, Design, Art), Moscow - Ministry of Foreign Affairs in the field of art and design from September 2006 to August 2012. In 2014, she moved to Israel and studied conceptual art, including an internship at the Art Studio of Sasha Okun, an artist and professor at the Bezalel Academy of Arts and Design in Jerusalem. In 2022, she moved with her husband and daughter to America, where she continues to work as an artist.

mashageht.com



Megan Lindsey is a neurodivergent artist in Pittsburgh, PA whose work reflects the deep feelings of caring for a family with multi-layered disabilities. Her pieces are crafted from household garbage, children's artwork, and secondhand materials. She uses color to manifest the paradoxical joy effusing from the bonds that loving families form in times of turmoil and spiritual uncertainty. Megan founded the iconic Franktuary hot dog restaurant and played in indie rock band Good Night, States for a decade. She and her husband unschool their three young children, grow fruit and flowers, and raise chickens in the beautiful neighborhood of Garfield. She is a long time member of Hot Metal Bridge Faith Community.

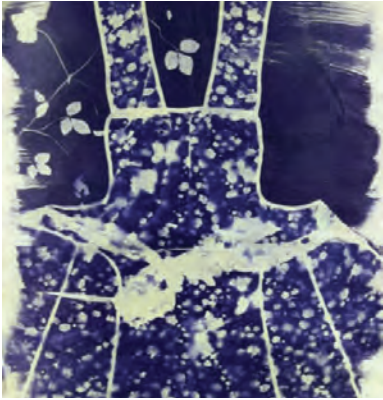
waexy.com

Megan Shope (b. 1979, West Virginia) is a public health professional turned mixed media artist living with her husband and three children in Pittsburgh, PA. Shope has a Bachelor's of Arts in psychology and a Master's in Public Health from West Virginia University. In 2018, following her mother's brain injury, she turned to art as a medium for processing grief, change, and loss. She creates collage, soft sculpture, and paintings examining the intersection of identity, motherhood, and caregiving. Her process includes examining,



uncovering, and visually remaking the layers of our lives-weaving together the good and the hard.

meganshopeart.com



Michele Randall is a native of rural Pennsylvania. Her work is influenced by her connection to environment, place, and time. Trained as a printmaker, Michele incorporates the physicality of process, repetition and pattern into her work. Michele has a BS and an MFA from Penn State University. She has taught a wide range of courses from the University level to advanced artist workshops at conferences and retreats. Currently, she works full time as an artist, instructor and mentor in encaustic, cyanotype, and mixed media. She is a member of Associated Artists of Pittsburgh and the International Encaustic Association.

michelerandallart.com

Naomi Chambers is a painter and sculptor born in Pittsburgh in 1987. She graduated with a double degree from the University of Pittsburgh majoring in Studio Arts and Marketing in 2009. In 2017, she and her husband worked with a collective of artists to open FlowerHouse, a community art studio and creative space in Wilksburg where they offer workshops for the predominantly Black community. In 2018, she had her solo exhibition, Communal Futures at August Wilson African American Cultural Center. She is currently Community Liaison with Alisha Wormsley's Sibyls Shrine, a residency for creative mamas.

IG @naomibdaygirl



Sandra Bacchi is a Brazilian-American visual artist based in Pittsburgh, PA. Working with photography, film, and glass, her work blends fiction and truth to explore human connections. Bacchi, originally a filmmaker, moved to the US to focus on her artistic career. She has exhibited nationally and internationally, including the solo show "Watermelons Are Not Strawberries" at Concept Gallery in Pittsburgh. Bacchi is a member of the Associated Artists

of Pittsburgh, serves on the Pittsburgh Glass Center board, is a Semi-Finalist for the National Portrait Gallery's 2025 Outwin Boochever Portrait Competition, and was an artist-in-residence at the 2022-2023 Distillery Residency Program.

sandrabacchi.com

Sophia Cardillo is an interdisciplinary artist, educator and doula. She creates work in textile, sculpture and performance art that provide form for the bodily experiences of giving, loving and suffering as she carries out her roles of mother and caregiver. In addition to serving parents through the entire perinatal period as a doula, Sophia facilitates support groups and healing, somatic storytelling workshops around themes of embodiment and mothering. She earned her BA in Urban Studies and Theater from Wheaton College, IL. She currently lives in Pittsburgh, PA with her husband and two children.

bidewith.com



Stefanie Zito is a mixed media artist who draws inspiration from ecology. She is a graduate of the New York Center for Arts and Media Studies and earned her B.A. in Studio Art from Messiah College. Stefanie is also a Certified Permaculture Designer. She was awarded a 4 month artist residency with Contemporary Craft for early 2023. Her works have recently been included in Fiberart International in Fort Collins Museum of Art in Colorado and Contemporary Craft in Pittsburgh, PA, Tenuous Threads at Atlantic Gallery in New York City, World of Threads in Canada, and International Art Textile Biennale in Australia. Stefanie lives in Pittsburgh, PA with her husband and two sons.

stefaniezito.com



There were six of us at first, and we found each other in a Zoom meeting. An artist community that was then called the Artist/Mother Network had posed a challenge: participants from across the US and beyond, at whatever stage of their lives as parents and as artists, would all find ways to stage shows of their own work, at roughly the same time. The goal was to raise the visibility of both sides of that work, supporting one another in balancing their often conflicting demands—beginning with the determination **to take up space**. In that project-launching meeting, of the crowd (hundreds?) of artists who participated, we found that six were either based in Pittsburgh or had strong ties here, and we started to brainstorm what we could do together. We invited a few more to collaborate, and nine of us mounted two shows in that first season. We found we had assembled a wide range of connections to different organizations, specializations, collectives and subcultures in the city—and by learning from each other, we were growing bonds among all of those groups. We extended our reach further in the second year, and twelve of us put up work.

In our third year, there are more of us. The opportunity to show in a larger, higher-profile space brought with it a time of reflection about just what it is that we're doing, and what we should call ourselves. We're still working on that first part. As for the second, we settled on something suggested by the more-than-human world. During the time of the year when starlings nest, they go about their days as individuals and small groups. When the migration season comes, the small groups get together to form larger ones, and the flock they create has a unified, dynamic volition of its own. A flock is one that is made of many, for a time. After its season is complete, the individuals disperse, and the cycle continues.

To work as both an artist and a mother requires dealing head-on with issues of gender equality, sustainability, and the socio-economic entanglements of caregiving. If we're to make progress in any of these areas, it must also mean addressing racial justice, neurodiversity and embodiment issues, nativism and ethnic discrimination, and being gender-expansive in our sense of who we are and what we do. We all live and work in intersectional places, and our lives are richer the more they converge.

To visualize the relation between artmaking and domestic life as an *orthogonal* suggests a straight vector, A to B, without substance, weight, or depth. But the lines that join these worlds are organic ones.

What do you call these kinds of line—traces of action, formed by negotiating the dynamic pulls of need and resistance from so many different directions, while grounded on both ends? What are lifelines shaped like?

They are lines thick like blood vessels, branching down into countless capillaries.

Lines that bend and loop back, flows forming oxbows, navigating shifting terrain.

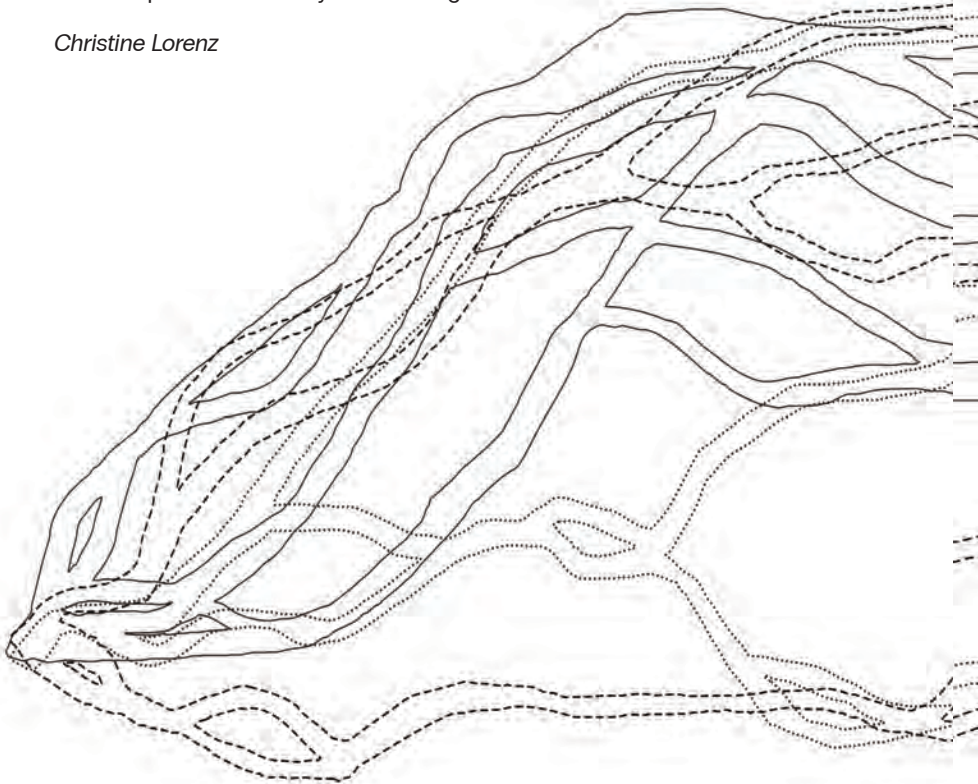
They jolt and glow like electrical arcs.

Lines pulled from either side sometimes so hard that fibers fray and snap.

They are threads that wind through mazes as we find our ways through, tethering us to the place we came from, leading the way back out when we've done battle with the monster of the day.

The pieces in this show are threaded through with the lifelines that we create by putting art into the world. Those lines are dynamic and organic. They merge sometimes, split sometimes, are pulled taut or left slack. Sometimes a knot forms that has to be picked apart with care, and it leaves a bend that won't smooth out. Sometimes thin spots show up that have to be reinforced. Sometimes they weave together, and they start to create something else, with its own dimensions. At times we have to follow these lines back to the source where they are grounded, the place we call home. Each to our own, distinct from any other. We find points where they can converge.

Christine Lorenz



Embodiment Exercises (to film):

Sustained eye contact with a Loving Gaze

1. Find a place of stillness for your body either sitting or standing in front of the camera.
2. Imagine a loving gaze on the other side (for example your child, your partner / co - parent, a maternal figure, a mentor etc.) Be specific - choose one person.
3. Make sustained eye contact with the camera lense imaging that person on the other side of the lens filming yourself for one minute.
4. How does their presence, the act of seeing and being seen, affect your body? Notice the physical sensations and even emotions that may arise. As much as possible try to relax your face and respond to the sensations from a place of honest curiosity. Then let those sensations or feelings go.

Object Improvisation

1. Choose a physical object that is dear to you or something you use everyday OR as a maker or artist consider choosing something you have made.
2. Film yourself as you spend time considering the object (gazing at it). Let go of your idea of its function. Try and see it for the first time. Much like a child or toddler picks up an object and plays with it - touch it, hold it, explore how you can use it.
3. Try to listen to your impulse or your gut. Inevitably the mind rushes ahead to think of something to do - what would be cool - try and let that go or wash over you. Come back to the present moment and let one idea lead to the next organically.
4. Find a way to end your experiment. Does the object return to its original form and function? Do you take it with you or leave it where you found it?

Intuitive movement to music

1. Choose a song you have some kind of emotional connection to, to play as you film yourself responding to it.
2. As the song starts - you may start by simply listening to the melody or the lyrics. Notice what sensations or feelings are coming up for you and where in your body they originate.
3. Begin moving, but in slow motion for the first 30 sec or minute of the song.
4. Slowly quicken your pace until you are in rhythm / moving with the song (whatever that means to you.)
5. If you get stuck or it is too overwhelming to know where or what to move - choose one body part and be specific (your right elbow, or left big toe, your belly button etc) - and let that part of the body lead the movement. You might imagine a string tied to it - pulling you up, down, and/or side to side - follow the tug of the string.
6. As the song starts to end, try and find stillness in your body again.

Zooming in on the body

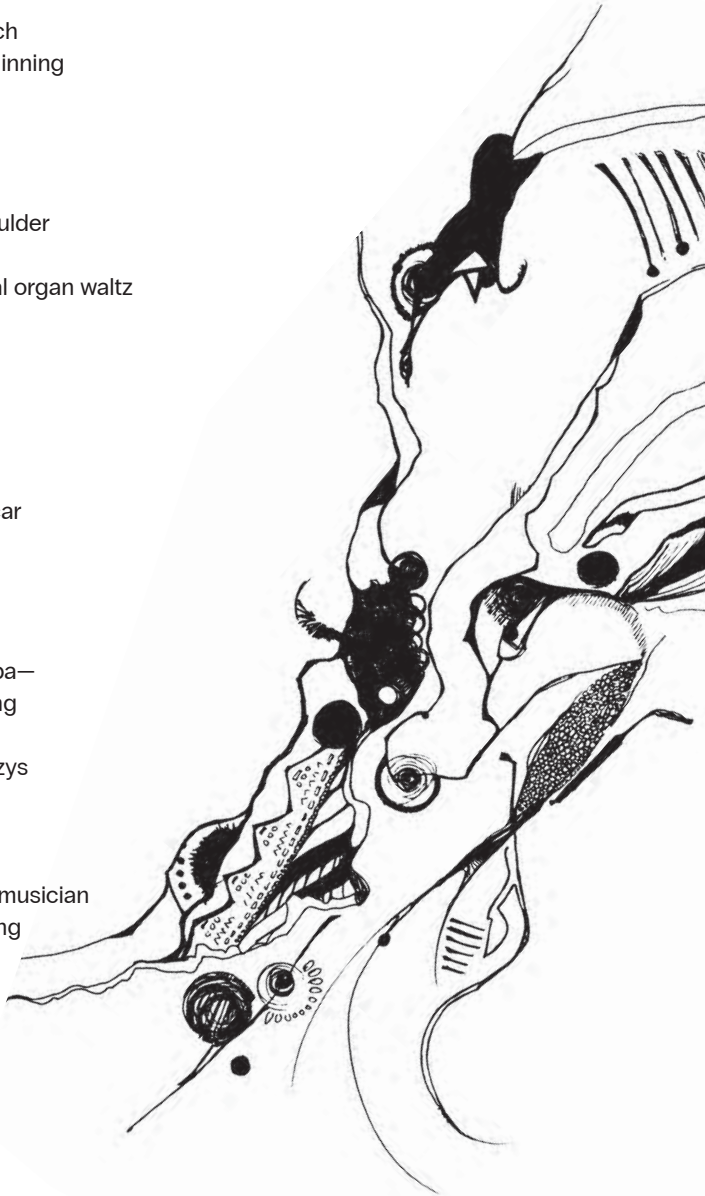
1. Choose one or a couple body parts or places in your body that you have connected to or noticed as you participated in the above exercises.
2. Frame and film that place or part of the body with the camera for one minute.
3. First film this part of your body in rest / stillness. From there notice how your breath may move that part of your body. Does it expand or contract? Let your breath lead you into a small dance (little movement) with that part of your body. Experiment with tempo, speed and energy.
4. Consider if there are any emotions stored in that part of the body? (i.e. stress, guilt, rage, joy, etc) Is there a color you associate with that emotion? Imagine that color like a light filling that part of your body? Can you expand the light and let it grow into other parts of your body? Simple notice what comes up, no right or wrong way.

Sophia Cardillo

Train Poem

for my lining
crimson and loamy
nudging the womb to stretch
into the morning of the beginning
bladder ballooned
yet battened down and out
lungs cleaved
two great gasping gunnies
flung over your uterine shoulder
symphony of chaos
playing late for the maternal organ waltz
capped off by a second,
even a third encore
micro chimerism
all this to say
16 (14,11) years later
—Rocking pleasantly along
working the sway of the car
into a cradle
even a robber baron
craves
one last tuck
goodnight, my baby bubba—
I am purposefully spelunking
Black Sabbath
plumbing the depths of Ozzy's
steel town gestation
on the recommendation
of my own
disillusioned boy-man of a musician
unbothered with the knowing
that he still
with lotus severed
can shift my organs
—neurons long dark
—sparkling to life

Aimee Bungard



A poem, a prayer, a thought, a wish for after bedtime

What kind of world
Are we leaving
Creating
Destroying
Imagining

And what if we stopped
Dividing, fighting, tearing down
And instead
Collectively
Individually
Relentlessly

Worked towards the kind of world
We imagined
Individually
Collectively
Barefoot and gap toothed
In the summer
In the grass
In the middle
Of childhood

What kind of world
Could we birth?

Carrie Smith Libman

Cloudy, with a chance of beauty

Last weekend our middle turned 15 and we decided to celebrate the birthday of our baseball fanatic with a Pirates game for the whole family. We were all looking forward to the game- special treats were purchased to take with us, the weather app consulted several times, the raincoats and sunscreen packed- just in case. Expectations low adventure like no other. As we walked to our car to leave it poured and I felt all of the excitement and anticipation rush out of me, like a deflated balloon. Full of promise and celebration one moment to be unrecognizable the next. I texted a few friends- "seriously?!" I steeled myself for disappointment- keep expectations low- be in the moment- be present and let go of the outcome. Therapy much?

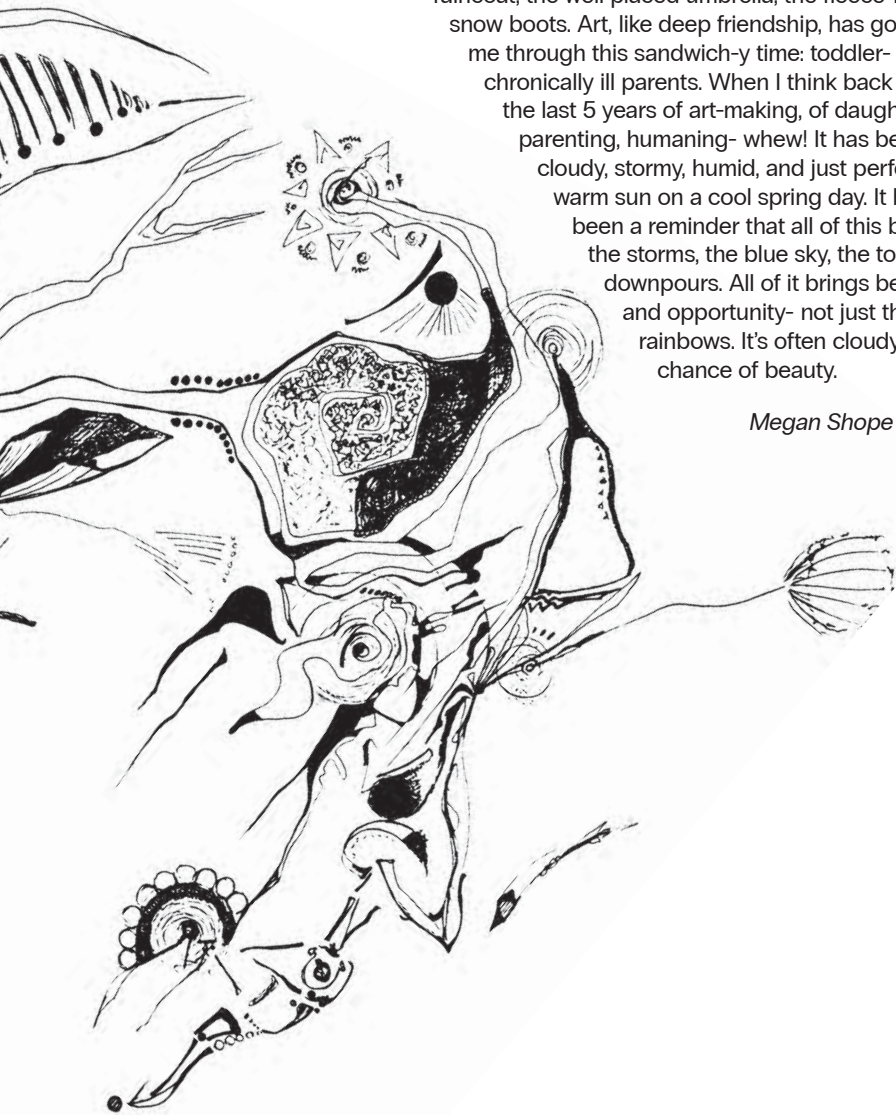
Once we arrived the skies had cleared and it was warm and sunny- too hot for the raincoat and jeans I was wearing, trusting the weather report that it was going to be cooler and rainy. We walked on- joining with the throng of fans from near and far- proud of our city and our team. This little team of mine. So fragile and inconsistent one moment, united and impenetrable the next. We made it to our seats- the highest in the stadium and then proceeded to experience a severe thunderstorm, a delay for potentially dangerous weather, sun and a double rainbow - followed by showers in the course of 2 hours. I texted said friends again- "this feels like a metaphor for parenting; for life". Isn't it though?

In the same month this spring I started teaching part-time again, our oldest started to drive, and my Mom was almost unresponsive, following a long battle after a brain injury 9 years ago. I drove to WV every week. We discussed hospice, POAs, and wept over conversations around how to end life well. And then, following another brain surgery, life seemed to come back and she is stable once again.

Longing for blue skies and some respite, the following month was one of the very hardest I've experienced as we navigated some new terrain with our teens. Where's the \$&*%&# rainbow?! "This too shall pass" feels super cliché to me and I mimic it in a sarcastic voice when things are especially bleak. Yet, ironically, I'm desperate for it not to pass - this season of new freedom and practicing adulthood for our teen boys; the pure joy of our newly turned 4 yr old covid baby. Our family of five under the same roof is all that I want one moment, and a one-way plane ticket to Europe to make art all alone, the next.

I began making art as my identity and roles were shifting drastically at almost 40. Creating art was one of the first times in my life that I listened to myself, trusted my own instincts, and did what felt good to me rather than what was "right" or "expected". My art-making has been a treasure trove of inclement weather gear. It has been the warm sweatshirt on a cold night, the waterproof raincoat, the well placed umbrella, the fleece-lined snow boots. Art, like deep friendship, has gotten me through this sandwich-y time: toddler- teens-chronically ill parents. When I think back over the last 5 years of art-making, of daughtering, parenting, humaning- whew! It has been cloudy, stormy, humid, and just perfect-warm sun on a cool spring day. It has been a reminder that all of this belongs- the storms, the blue sky, the torrential downpours. All of it brings beauty and opportunity- not just the rainbows. It's often cloudy, with a chance of beauty.

Megan Shope



Stefanie Zito created the sculpture **Life is Wide**
in the final months of Danila Rumold's life.

As any parent knows, having a tiny human suddenly show up and stay forever is a wild shakeup of life. The previous patterns of living that punctuated time become less rhythmic and more staccato with abrupt disruption and ample unpredictability. Upon welcoming two beautiful children into her family and care, Danila invited along with them a new arena of exploration and integration of art and life— that of art and motherhood. While it has been historically assumed that the roles of artist and mother were not wholly compatible given what they require of us, Danila discovered early in her parenting journey ways to integrate rather than separate the demands and duties of these roles. Her established and embodied listening presence, as well as her commitment to cultivating a contemplative life, pointed at and flowed into this integration like a 2 ply thread—strong yet lithe, woven through the scope of her robust art career and practice.

This thread is a through-line showcased in Danila's work in everything from sustainable material choices, to exploration of form and line, to treatment of surface, to the use of domestic tools as means of mark-making, such as with her washing machine drawings or stovetop prints. The visible history of weathering and wear, alongside a sensitive piecing together of elements, communicate Danila's dialogue with the works as they unfold and emerge into their own entities. Her call and response approach to making mirrors that of mothering as it involves patient listening, discovery through relationship, and meaning in the making.

Danila was her close friend, treasured mentor, and fellow artist/mother. Stefanie wrote this message for her memorial.

Motherhood necessitates holding together multiple truths at the same time, requiring deep wells of tenderness and tenacity, along with courage and fortitude to meet a multitude of shifting moments. Children tend to require our whole selves, not least of which is our full attention, considerable sacrifice, and invisible labor. The same is often true of artmaking. Art and life both also require intimate holding and unmitigated release. A recurring theme in Danila's work and life is her longtime interest in paradox and nonduality, which has continuously informed her making and mothering. While maintaining a regular studio practice can be more complicated upon having children, Danila demonstrates that the complexity can be harmonious and compatible rather than adversarial and fractured. Through labor made visible with the wear and tear of works, and materials that speak to a transience of time and impermanence, Danila's work bears witness to the reality that, in exploring these roles that require our whole selves, we can become more wholly ourselves.

Stefanie Zito

How many words can be lost in one year?

Starting last spring my family of five began a descent into autistic burnout that would last, as of this writing, 14 months and counting. The basic skills my children lost were: nearly all of them. Eating, sleeping, toileting, socializing, moving their bodies. The skills I lost were verbal. I had always had words, and then words became intolerable.

Burnout, like autism, is mostly invisible, and like all invisible sufferings, it renders the subject ripe for the breeding of self-doubt. The kids would have a good day, a good week, and I would determine that I'd made it all up. There is no autism. I am just lazy. Somewhere out there lies a hatch that, when opened, reveals a giant tube slide back to the colorful land of our first life.

Then we would again descend into madness and I would hope the neighbors could not hear our screams and howls. I would pray for a magic bean to plant in my garden, or a stone grotesquery I could install on the mantelpiece and sacrifice bits of myself to every night. I wanted fleshy payments to render us whole again; later I could say "See here these marks? This is what I was willing to give to save them." I wanted to be lauded for the salvation of my family, because that is what is valued in our culture: the crucified mother.

The neurotypical world exists so palpably in a state of exchange, in the trade and trade again of usefulnesses, that the bitterest pill to swallow was that the laws of a capitalist economy do not apply to the lives of the disabled. I had to learn to love my spouse and my children and worst of all myself for our very existences, as creations, and not as expectations, debts I was owed, or treasures I had, in my innocent cleverness, dredged up from the ocean of my vast privilege.

The loosening, and the losing—they are ongoing. All who have walked the path of shadow can remember the moment of bodily unraveling. The unclenching of that last fistful of hope. A terminal ache.

What can we control? Nothing. Who can we save? No one.



What then grows between the cracked slabs of our former consciousness? These fragile weeds, wild plants with hairy legs and dubious origins, the ones you were taught to pluck from the lawn of your intentions.

Lawns are false! A healthy biome embraces death, rot, disintegration as the fodder for new life. We know this inside our bodies, that microscopic galaxies spiral in our bowels. Outside, we look up and see our sun and moon slip into alignment for a briefly darkened afternoon.

If I am to write again I must start from the shadow lands, worlds without words, the places of unwriting. If I am to affirm my new identity and meet my old brokenness as it comes to claim itself, to name its true nature, I will have to trade abled for disabled. I have a left hand and I have a right hand and they will have to come to grips with each other's charms and charlatan ways. Mental ambidexterity now moves me forward and backward in time, soothing my nervous system so I can practice embracing all that has happened to me with radical acceptance and realist hope. It is a work of deep love and I wasn't worthy of it before. I am barely ready for it now, that is how I know it is love.

And you? Words are, in part, for the reader. What will you give up in the shadow lands, what self lies cocooned in your unwriteable words? Do you have the courage to disable your ego and begin anew?

If you are a mother this lesson has been written in the life force threaded throughout your body; it glows in the imprinted hearts that walk beside you.

If you are a man, it will be harder.

We descendants of the wordless goddess, the as yet properly written femininity; we who drag ourselves up the steps to the shrine of humility knowing we can't claim permanent asylum there; we of the dirty kitchen floors and the bladders that leak a slow truth: we simply dare you.

Megan Lindsey

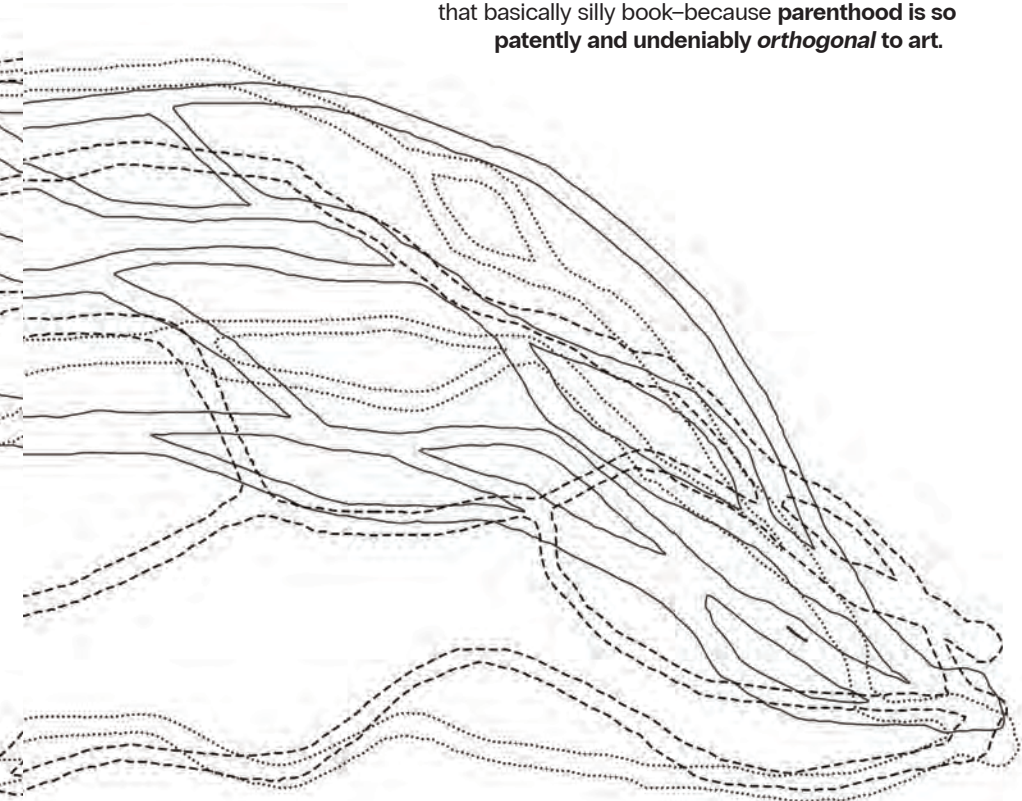


From Claire Dederer's **Monsters: A Fan's Dilemma**:

What the artist or writer or musician needs desperately is *time*. And what the family needs is *time*. This conflict is not necessarily solvable. In her aphoristic memoir *300 Arguments*, Sarah Manguso writes: "It can be worth forgoing marriage for sex, and it can be worth forgoing sex for marriage. It can be worth forgoing parenthood for work, and it can be worth forgoing work for parenthood. Every case is orthogonal to all the others. That's the entire problem." The art/family problem is, or feels, orthogonal. (Though that word makes me feel a little like I'm a project lead at Microsoft.)

The truth is, art-making and parenthood act very efficiently as disincentives to one another, and people who say otherwise are deluded, or childless, or men.

If you happen to read a think piece on the subject of parenthood and art, you inevitably will bump into some kind of reference to the "pram in the hall." ...The actual line goes like this: "There is no more sombre enemy of good art than the pram in the hall." It's become a literary cliché for a reason. The line chimes—like little else in that basically silly book—because **parenthood is so patently and undeniably orthogonal to art.**



For a collection of outstanding reading about the creative work of artist/motherhood, see the **Matrescence Reading List**, a lively annotated bibliography in zine form, by Flock artist Amy Bornman. It's available for purchase during the exhibition at Brew House, and at amybornman.com

To find out more about the important work of artist/mothers in the Pittsburgh region, see:

Sibyls Shrine sibylsshine.com

Artist Residency in Motherhood artistresidencyinmotherhood.com

Anthropology of Motherhood anthropologyofmotherhood.com

The artists would like to shout out to the **Thrive Together Network** for the Taking. Up. Space. initiative. Find more at thriveTogether.org

The unwavering support of Nanci Goldberg and **Ketchup City Creative** made the Flock artists' first two exhibition seasons possible

All photographs are by the artists, who retain copyright, unless otherwise noted

This publication was designed by Christine Lorenz

Cover and social media graphics illustrated with the assistance of Griffin Goldberg, based on the sculpture **Life is Wide** by Stefanie Zito



Brew House Arts (BHA) is a non-profit art center that provides creative space and support for people to connect and expand their relationship with the arts. Founded in the early 1990s in the former Duquesne Brewing Company facility by a community of artists committed to social awareness, BHA carries these ideals forward in its programming today. BHA helps artists grow professionally and creatively by connecting them to audiences, professional resources, and other arts organizations throughout the region and beyond. Housed in a 14,000 sq. ft. facility, BHA has the space, elements, and tools to support the imaginative work of a wide spectrum of creatives.

Brew House Arts Staff:

Natalie Sweet, Executive Director

Stephanie Garrison, Operations Director

Brent Nakamoto, Program and Marketing Coordinator

brewhousearts.org

Brew House Arts is supported in part by the taxpayers of Allegheny County through a public grant from the Allegheny Regional Asset District (RAD), Arts, Equity & Education Fund™, Fine Foundation, The Heinz Endowments, Hillman Foundation, Opportunity Fund, Pennsylvania Council on the Arts, The Pittsburgh Foundation, and PNC Charitable Trusts.

Brew House Arts
July 18-Sept 7 2024

