Featured Special Exhibition

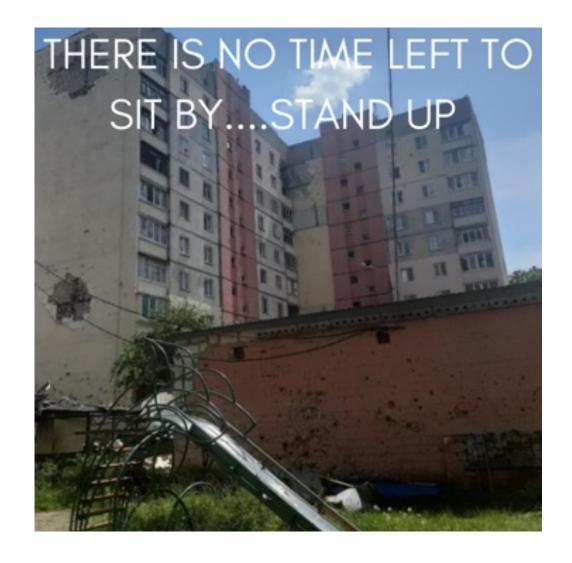
THERE IS NO TIME LEFT TO SIT BY.... STAND UP

CONTEXT Art Miami

11/29/22 -12/04/22

The story of the once peaceful residential neighborhood of Irpin, Ukraine, where the battle of Irpin took place, is told through original paintings and poetry as a storyline by the Artist Cheryl Fudge.

Some of the poems are written on the back of the paintings to signify hope that all of these atrocities will soon be 'behind' them.



At the center of this exhibit is a bullet ridden Children's slide from a once peaceful residential area in Irpin, Ukraine.

On February 27th 2022, Irpin endured an invasion and occupation by Russian forces. Over the course of 1 month and 1 day, 290 civilians and 50 soldiers were killed.

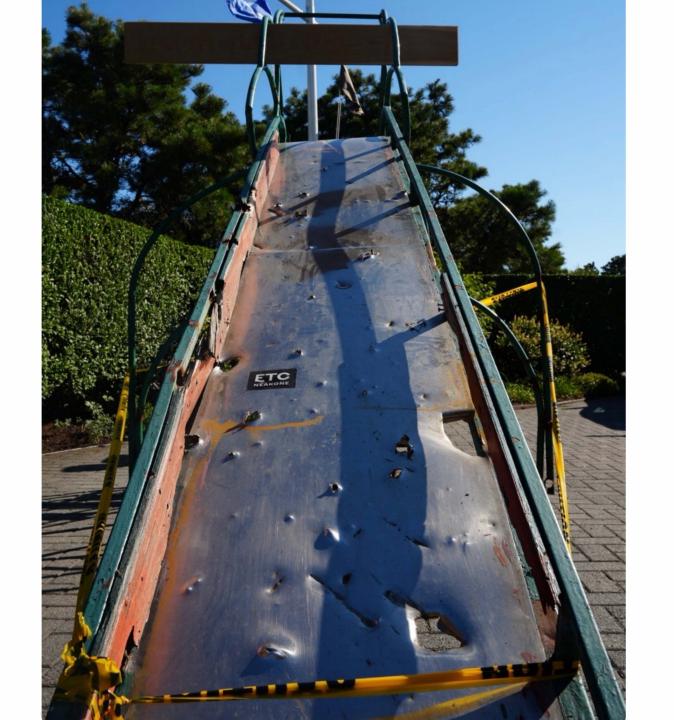
With the approval from the Ukraine authorities,

Nantucket Cares, a 501(c)(3) non-profit, brought the slide to the US to raise awareness about the atrocities still happening in Ukraine.

Cheryl Fudge's art and poetry tells their story.
The small wooden children's chairs were created by Susan Jositas
and ChiChi Villaloz.

Right to left on the exhibit, the days before, during and after the invasion, with hopes for a bright future.







Title: SHE/HE/THEY/THE SLIDE SPEAKS

Artist: Cheryl Fudge

Medium: Painting with original poem on vintage canvas

100% proceeds donated to Nantucket Cares for Ukraine

Poem on canvas:

I greet u with a force, with significance and indifference and in stillness...reflecting the truth

That buried in this land, the spread of the roots held by many large amounts of regrets

Where carefully designed martyrdom A catalyst for layers upon layers Followed the course

Can more of this be prevented from occurring? LOOK AT ME and see in your reflection a lasting impression in me of the highest form of your human spirit

THEN ANSWER...



Title: CONSEQUENCES

Artist: Cheryl Fudge

Medium: Acrylic Reworked Vintage Canvas with Poem, Cuts, Hole

Size: 1.5 x 15.5, 17.75 x 21.5 framed

100% proceeds donated to Nantucket Cares for Ukraine

Poem on Canvas

During that time between awake and asleep
Do I really anticipate things getting better by my doing nothing?
I have a dream
that all men and women are created equal There is a
consequence to not looking and not saying anything
The possible outcomes that will continue...

Is there a safe place left to stand up? Everyone I know knows someone who was hurt, or killed, or maimed

What does it mean in this context you can not know living on some type of perch like a very unusual bird ... Pregnant with the possibility
You will change the world, my world...
You say there is power in that tree, intelligence in the universe.
When you see a comet, you are instantly changed, in awe of it, If you see it

This is how the powerless turn powerful This is the point of no return



Title: RIDE

Artist: Cheryl Fudge

Medium: Reworked Vintage Canvas

Size: 19.5 x 23.5, 25.5 x 28.5 framed

100% proceeds donated to Nantucket Cares for Ukraine

On back of canvas

This is dedicated to all of the civilians thrown in to this invasion.

That in the very near future,

they have a semblance of normalcy and great life moments with the ones they love.

Poem on front

A Young Ukrainian civilian/soldier's letter of love to his girlfriend:

When this is over let's fly above Paris

the city of lights

Australia, Maldives

go find paradise

Live, travel, adventure, bliss,

Kerouac knew all of this

I want to take u on a ride

want to take u on it right now

Amsterdam we'll be riding high

Whiskey at the Emerald Isle

Learn to tango in Buenos Aires,

The glamour and art in South Beach, Miami

St Lucia, Nantucket and Hawaii

Bali have our own dance party!

I want to take u on a ride

want to take u on it right now

Find a secluded cove at Emerald Bay

Chart uncharted beaches, volcanoes, mountains and lakes,

Surf Costa Rica, Zuma, Hossegor France

Nazare, O'ahu, Jeffery's Bay

See Edinborough Castle, Para Valley to New York,

Machu Picchu, Marrakech to County Cork

I want to take you on a ride

Want to take you on it right now



Title: ZELENSKY'S WARRIOR NECKLACE

Artist: Cheryl Fudge

Medium: Vintage Wood Pieces on Wood Board *Size:* 24.75 x 19

100% proceeds donated to Nantucket Cares for Ukraine

Poem

Thrown in to rapids with no way ashore No food, no dry clothing, no land in sight to even look for...

No paddles to approach the drop of a waterfall no one could have seen, a log jam that's deadly if you don't navigate in between

There are broken boats and bodies of innocent children too how do you navigate around those? This gruesome crime scene? The murder of the innocent? Most of them you knew

The bully in these rapids tried to make us no longer visible, but they didn't know who we are. We have brave men and a great leader Who quickly learned to let our boat rise and not fill with water

Who anticipate the dangers Take precaution as a force Keeping us from broadside to the current And away from rocks

The more turbulent the water the more buoyancy the life vest needs. They put a warrior necklace on us of Respect, of Decency. Put a moral compass on the world, and a life jacket on us Said soon you will have gas, light, water, comfort, and food. You are safe. We see you Then Zipped us all up...

On front of painting end of poem



Title: OH MOTHER

Artist: Cheryl Fudge

Medium: Reworked Vintage Canvas Size: 13.6 x 10.5, 18 x 16 framed

100% proceeds donated to Nantucket Cares for Ukraine

This piece represents the heavily-shelled, clearly residential apartment building in Irpin, Ukraine where our slide is from.

The poem written on the back of this piece signifies my hope that all of these atrocities will soon be 'behind' them.

On back of canvas

Words that evoke such a good feeling in others Mother, home, love, father , son, friend, daughter... no longer apply here.



Title: I SHOULD NOT BE HERE

Artist: Cheryl Fudge

Medium: Acrylic on Reworked Vintage Canvas

100% proceeds donated to Nantucket Cares for Ukraine

Poem

Oh no no no I can't hear Moby's memory gospel without you Also a reminder of your sex, I should not be here

Haven't dared to think of you had to somehow weaken all of your influence into something forgotten, pushed aside
You are not the person I am with

Oh no no no Oh no no no

Selecting me as if I had a purpose I was on the very edge The first edge Over vast expanses always on the brink of falling. There was life Then the impact.



Title: A DISSONANT CHORD

Artist: Cheryl Fudge
Medium: Vintage wood pieces on wood panel, Painted Vintage frame

Size: 18.5 x 15.5, 29 x 25.5 framed

100% proceeds donated to Nantucket Cares for Ukraine

Poem

All stars have planets You were my largest My most luminous star My VY Canis Majoris

You have seen the Einstein rings Described The blue sunset on Mars Now a dissonant chord A half step apart Quasars emerging galaxies in the massive black hole...

The human heart emits an electromagnetic field eight feet in diameter from your body I think I could feel yours did I ever tell you that? When the Russians fired on civilians you should not have been there. There are parts of the moon there are parts of me That are now colder than liquid nitrogen...



Title: I GO BACK IN TIME

Artist: Cheryl Fudge

Medium: Acrylic painted board, vintage wood pieces

Size:18.5 x 18.5, 20.5 x 20.5 framed

100% proceeds donated to Nantucket Cares for Ukraine

Poem

In the beginning, every day I would search our history my ability to perceive what happened, skewed...

I do not look at a time where stars always burn out, separate and black holes evaporate

But I go back in time where

The atmosphere was electric for you too..

Go back further to a point of no return that now can never be explained

Go back to a full moon

naked

Where we swim and we

can't get enough of each other, stay up all night..

You said The hottest stars shine blue,

the coolest stars glow red.

This is a program that does not work well for my recovery..





Title: STAND UP FOR THE CHILDREN

Artist: Susan Jositas & ChiChi Villaloz Medium: Vintage Wood Chairs with Photographs

100% proceeds donated to Nantucket Cares for Ukraine

Small children's chairs sit amidst the rubble of a bombed out apartment building.

Each is no longer a chair for the delight of a small child, but a symbol of horror, engulfed by smoke. Lives destroyed, altered, innocence stolen.

Stand up for the children.

Artists:

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- ChiChi Villaloz @chichiaspen (Instagram)

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