

ILLUSTRATION BY RON LIBERTI

**ENO MILL GALLERY**

**APRIL, 2022**



# ABOUT THE EXHIBIT

In the Triangle, artists are considered to be fundamental to the quality of life and unique character of our communities, but they are one of the most impacted groups of rising costs of living, especially housing. To highlight this issue, the Orange County Arts Commission and Orange County Department of Housing and Community Development asked visual and literary artists living in Orange, Durham, Wake, and Chatham counties to respond to the following questions through visual and written works:

- What does the idea or experience of “home” mean to you?
- What has your experience of “home” been as an artist and person living in the Triangle?
- Is “home” a place of comfort, safety, and warmth, or something else?
- Is “home” positive, negative, or something in between?

Works by 54 visual artists were selected for the exhibit and 16 writers were selected to read their submissions aloud during the opening event at the Eno Arts Mill on Friday, April 1, 2022.

While the goal of this program was to highlight affordable housing through art, it ended up being about much more than that. It was about belong, the cultures and traditions our neighbors have brought to our communities, and the relationships we have with our communities. Many works tackled the the COVID-19 pandemic and our feelings towards home, ranging from security to suffocation.

I'm so very thankful to the artists and writers that participated in this exhibit. The very nature of being an artist is being vulnerable - every day they put their life's work out for public scrutiny and criticism. This exhibit asked them to take that one step further and disclose their feelings on a topic that is so very personal. I'm honored that our gallery, which has only been open for seven months, was considered a safe and worthy location for such important work.

Art is a unifier. We can “discuss” hard, polarizing topics through art, and somehow it difuses the controversy, allows us to see and hear life through someone else's perspective, and reminds us that we are all human. I look forward to future conversations we will have through art, while highlighting the wealth of talent we have in our “home” in the Triangle.



Katie Murray  
Director, Orange County Arts Commission  
April, 2022

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# LITERARY ARTISTS

*Dylan Bradshaw Angell, Durham*

## ANYWHERE I LAY MY HEAD/AN ARCHIVE OF ROOMS (A SAMPLER)

1)

I am the only one of my siblings who was born in a house.

The landlord lived next door and had previously allowed her six dogs to live in the house by themselves. My parents were permitted to live on the property for free if they helped clean and fix what the dogs had destroyed.

My pregnant mother took to walking the dogs. My father pulled up carpet and removed clawed trim. I was born in the bathtub.

Every time I have been told this story, I have imagined the dogs howling, harmonizing with my first cry.

2)

When I was four I went with my family to look at a house that we were moving into.

A family still lived there-- the people who we would soon replace.

The parents had two children who were around my age. The father was getting ready for work, I remember him awkwardly tucking in his shirt as we walked in. The mother was ironing clothes. The kids were getting ready for school.

It felt as if we weren't meant to be in the house at the same time as them. Like they were the real family and soon we would be taking over their roles, enacting these same scenes.

3)

My family moved into a bigger house when I was a teenager.

The house had an old swimming pool with a rubber liner. I often placed my boombox on the windowsill of my bedroom to funnel music towards the backyard.

I spent my summers contorting my body into the shape of cannonballs and can openers to a soundtrack of John Coltrane and Charles Mingus.

I was learning to play the trumpet. At dusk I often attempted a jagged interpretation of Taps as my neighbors sat down for dinner.

4)

During my first week of college I woke to a knock on the door. A woman I had never seen before said--if you know anyone in New York or DC you should call them to see if they are alive.

Planes were crashing into buildings.



## ANYWHERE I LAY MY HEAD/AN ARCHIVE OF ROOMS (A SAMPLER), continued

Earlier that week I had moved out of my parent's house and now I was making collect calls on a payphone trying to reach them.

The lines were overwhelmed.

They were just an hour from where I was, far from where the cameras were pointed.

Class was canceled. I laid in the grass.

I didn't know anyone and I had nowhere to be.

5)

I dropped out of college to hop freight trains with two friends. Our first trek was from North Carolina to New Orleans.

Once we arrived we stayed in a squat that had been abandoned and was left empty.

It was an open house for anyone who was passing through.

In the front yard were the remains of a burnt car.

The first floor was completely boarded up. We located a piece of wood and angled it against a window that had been left open on the second floor. We took turns balancing as we walked up the piece of wood with our backpacks and water jugs. We pulled the wood inside once we were in so we could easily use it for getting back down.

Most nights we woke to the sound of someone trying to kick in the front door. We decided to stay still so as to not make a sound.

They never made it in.

6)

I returned to North Carolina and spent the rest of the summer sleeping on a couch on my friend's front porch.

A group of stray dogs roamed the neighborhood. It may have begun with me tossing a piece of pizza crust or french fry but I began waking to the warm body of a small dog at my feet.

Even though I didn't have the means to regularly feed him, he followed me. Friends asked me what his name was but I said he didn't belong to me.

He was just a stray who had taken an interest.

Eventually I made a leash from a piece of rope. I began collecting leftovers from the restaurant that I worked at. One night at work I was portioning beef patties.

I looked at the box and decided on a name. I called him Angus.

# Pam Baggett, Hillsborough

## STRIPES

First published by *The Massachusetts Review*

Outside my mother's bedroom window  
in the memory care unit, sparrows  
and Carolina chickadees play hide-and-seek  
in holly bushes lit with winter's red berries.  
Across the lawn, the low brick building  
of assisted living, a Coke machine against one wall,  
shaded by the patio roof. When I ask my mother  
what she sees, quick and sure, she says,  
*Stripes*. Not on the birds or bushes, not shadows  
cast across grass. Not on the drink machine,  
surely not the rows of brick, too far away  
for macular degeneration to allow her to see.  
I follow her eyes to a set of vents on the HVAC unit  
wedged between the hollies. *Yes, stripes*,  
I say, wanting to praise her.

She knows colors and shapes but can't remember  
worrying about electric bills in winter.  
Doesn't recall how I had to replace the heater

at her old home after she'd moved in  
with my sister. Stopping by the empty house,  
I found it almost cold enough to freeze the pipes,  
called a friend who sold us a unit at cost,  
installed it on his day off for free. Because  
he'd spent more holidays at our house in high school  
than his own, because he loved my mother,

who can't make associations anymore,  
from heaters to holidays and happy memories.  
From Coke machines to the drugstore where she bought  
cherry sodas my sisters and I sucked through straws  
as we read Superman comics, Mom chatting  
with Mrs. Sidberry who worked at the lunch counter.  
These days, the Coke machine is just a red box,  
the stripes simply stripes, the birds not sparrows  
and chickadees but little round things hopping about,  
no relation to the ones who do that thing they do  
that some of us call *flying*.

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## MINIMUM SECURITY FOR RICHARD

It could've been Pullen Park,  
mothers, children, grandparents laughing  
and arguing at wooden picnic tables—  
except for guards who fingered rifles,  
and couples who made out  
as if they sat on midnight couches,  
hands as far up skirts as the women would allow,  
deep-throat kisses framed by razor ribbon.

Richard told his same lame jokes,  
as if it were another Saturday night cruising  
Highway 70, a girl in each boy's lap  
as joints burned to roaches and the radio blasted  
Aerosmith, Skynyrd, Zeppelin. As if prison  
were no different than school, where he did time  
until he turned eighteen last year, cutting  
class to get trashed in the parking lot.

No worse than home, that tobacco field rat-shack,  
father blind from radiator whiskey  
and him the only child of nine  
his mother's whippings could never break.

If he could've jumped into my yellow Chevette,  
we'd have joined our crowd to drink and play cards  
at Charlie's cement-block duplex down a dirt road.  
Instead, I brought store-bought cookies,  
a pack of gum, an hour's news from the outside  
before the time's up announcement blared  
and guards gripped their guns,  
eyed women's breasts and girls long legs  
as we trailed toward hot cars in the parking lot,  
and our men lined up to be herded inside,  
probed for weed, foil packets, pocket knives.

# Bartholomew Barker, Hillsborough

## THANKSGIVING TABLE

We build upon a base—  
first an autumn tablecloth,  
a harvest runner, place-mats,  
dishes and finally food:  
turkey, dressing and pie,  
and we celebrate—  
mostly the stories  
steeped in the wood.

Playing tug o' war  
over a fragile bone—  
giving flight to a wish.  
Spilling gravy  
on expensive lace.  
Sitting on telephone books  
beside the grown-ups—  
feeling all grown up.

But there are deeper  
memories ingrained  
from generations passed—  
Christmases and Easters,  
birthdays and wakes,  
wars and peace,  
arguments and grace,  
all remembered in the oak.

## SELF PORTRAIT

A derelict cabin in the woods  
yellow linoleum curls in the kitchen  
strategic pans hold leaking rain  
but behind the pile of moldy clothes  
a spiral staircase

Down like a drill into the earth  
to a room with piles upon piles  
of books— hardcover and paperback  
bright new and faded old  
smelling of dust and drought

Down again to an arcane museum  
with walls of unlabeled paintings  
tables topped by collected curiosities  
a busted harmonica— strange coins  
holy passports— rocks and stones

Down again to where tree roots  
barked like branches to be climbed  
twist along rivers with sandy banks  
of rocks smooth flat and perfect  
warm as summer in childhood

Down again to an open field  
under a night sky with a leather chair  
and writing desk beside a fireplace  
and on the mantle— lit by candles  
the portrait of a woman

Closest to the sun  
at the center of the world



# Jonh Blanco, Durham

EXCERPT FROM

RATIONING SPLITTING SOAP, A POEM.

Lee  
Patrick  
Danny  
Jacqueline  
Justin  
Damacio  
Daniel  
Ray  
Gage

Mikey  
David  
Byron  
August

Mike  
Matthew  
Mark

Nick  
Kevin  
Kael

Michael  
Matthew  
Nicolas

david  
Alex  
Frank  
Brandon  
Donal

Mark  
Tucker  
Vince  
Alex

Parker

My earliest installation was a force field in the form of a blanket tucked carefully around the entirety of my body. I sealed myself between my blanket and bed and chased the flashes of light from the static. As a child I made many things, but that force field I regard as a powerful work of art

The gravel lane like  
one long walk on papa's tobacco farm  
guarded by wild berries

An unlit match like a nose.

Paint Eat More Ass, light box triangle, karaoke stage  
with stage lights.

To reveal a thing. Grand ceremony.  
Boots Riley and the Coup  
sorry to bother you film  
Richard Lewontin scientist author  
when you act out of fear, your fears come true.  
Ryan Herron ad uncomfort

permission to lose control, and  
wow the world keeps going.

meticulously putting the many contradictory things  
together.

to lie about my age  
I am four thousand years old.

EXCERPT FROM  
RATIONING SPLITTING SOAP, A POEM., continued

reconnecting disconnected things. The truth is so easy  
to tell  
evil shooter; mental health diseased human being  
video install idea is  
Phil Donahue chippendales on monitor opposite of  
Ellen's interview on Oprah  
(post coming out) on monitor, and in between cultural  
taboo. On one  
hand we  
are fine with white men stripping, but not with same sex  
relations.  
Temporality.

When half moon is split horizontal to my feet.  
A muffled loud in a small wood box.  
In-between Time notyet /Has been/not yet  
reoccurring dream as a child - colorful shapes in outer  
space coming  
together  
fitting like a puzzle, and then when I would reach the  
last piece it  
would not fit,  
and it would jumble, scramble itself again, and repeat  
when bad things  
happen.  
That which is too much to bear.

Make a vacuum chamber for my balloon arts objects.  
Find the intersection of AR and live performance.  
Title project The Darkened Door

to free the tasks from  
I'd like to acknowledge  
ancestors  
all of those who  
born  
fell  
ingested  
like us  
we had suffer  
  
rock, a null space  
fo,  
zipped  
up sack

I don't want anymore violence and aggression.

# Katie Bowler Young, Chapel Hill

## EXCHANGE OF LETTERS

First published by *The Midwest Quarterly*, Summer 2020

Sometimes the child I once was writes to her father in prison.

He is already a too-late-to-get-to-know-someone. I saved  
every letter he sent. Decades later, asked: Would you mind  
if I read my old letters? Wanted to know who I was

in those years. My father never could have prepared me  
for learning he discarded my letters. I felt myself falling again  
into a distant place, where years ago I stood alone on a road  
during a long walk. I had just heard unsettling news,

was doing that thing we humans do: trying to make sense  
of the senseless. I came upon a field I had briefly known.  
Suddenly, it was empty, the brown land barren, cotton gone.  
The skeleton of a homeland. I will never know how many years

might pass before I stumble there again, falling into  
that fallowing season I believed would never end.

---

## PATH

From *Through Water with Ease*, Louisiana Literature Press, 2019. First published in *The South Dakota Review*, 2010

Down the road, a path through the woods  
leads to graves where tombstones are  
too weathered to be read. Beside the path,  
a tree I'll never know by genus or species,

its roots torn from the ground by a strong wind  
years ago. Now a mound over which the earth  
has grown, upon which some vines have grown  
in their own twisted way.

I like to think that some of our languages  
will last, our words like rocks polished in tumblers.  
And what of our children and their families?  
And what of the people who will live here

decades from now? And why can't anything  
go on in my heart that hasn't gone on  
in my heart before? Years ago,  
the Occaneechi lived on the land

we now call home. They too would have seen bottom  
in a drought in a summer in which our rivulet  
ran dry. I stand beside it now, in a year  
in which water is too plentiful

to be sacred. The sun overhead casts a long shadow.  
I stretch my arms and bend my knees.  
Even my longest shadow will disappear  
when I walk amongst the trees.



# Sabrina Cali, Raleigh

I unpacked the last box today.

The system now is painfully efficient.

Last box unpacked is the first to be repacked, as we move again.

I pull the rest of the collapsed boxes from the back of the closet,  
each like an old friend, called upon yet again, for another uncertain journey.

We're moving again, and there's not much we can do about it.

The city is "making room" for the influx of new jobs and new out of  
town tenants who will, without contestment, pay the increased rent.

"You should be lucky you're getting such a great rate" they say.

"I think the increase is more than fair in this market" they say.

The jobs here now aren't paying any more and the people here now  
can't afford to live in their hometown.

I have traveled from the East Coast to the West, and back again.

I have seen the same look on the same faces as "home" is torn from  
its roots and repackaged for the more "revitalized" community.

I will miss feeling safe in this bed,

I will miss these 4 walls that I've considered sanctuary for the last  
year.

I will miss the way the trees look on my way into town.

I've learned better than to call a place "home", after all these years.

We learn to pack our loves into 2'x3' boxes.

Prioritize our tools over our childhood memories,

Downsize enough to make it all fit without sacrificing all the pieces of  
ourselves.

The next place may be smaller,

the next place may be farther,

the next place, will likely not be the last place.

I packed the last box today, we move again tomorrow.

# Morrow Dowdle, Hillsborough

## RESTORATION

You need no money, no builder,  
No instructions except for what  
Is written in the heart.  
If it is falling, set it upright.  
If there is rot, remove it.  
Save what's salvageable –  
Floor planks that can hold the weight,  
Two nicked chimneys, still  
Pillars of their community.  
Fortify what is crumbling.  
Remove the dirty secrets  
From between the walls.  
Raise the ceiling to contain  
What joy could invade.  
Place windows facing the street  
So that you're never alone.  
Cut a door for the potential guest,  
Set a table to serve them.

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# Arden Dowdle, Hillsborough

## FALL IN OCTOBER

the leaves are  
spitting on me  
in october in october  
in october  
the leaves are  
spitting on my hair  
in october in october  
in october

# Susan Gladin, Hillsborough

## GETTING TO KNOW YOU

I crawled around in your belly with a baby in mine, scooching sideways along your dirt floors in shallow crawl spaces sprinkled with construction debris and detritus from animal intrusions. I knew where the pipes came in –water and LP gas-- and where they went as they climbed the walls to our kitchen, bathrooms, and furnaces. I knew how to light your pilots and turn shut-off valves against water leaks. I wound heat tape to keep your pipes warm, and during long power outages I drained them to prevent freezing within your walls.

During the 40 years we spent together we shored up your foundation and corrected some of the wonky ways you were put together at the turn of the century. Your ceilings were low, but they held the heat, and air conditioning later solved summer sweltering. Despite the shoring up, you leaned this way one season, and that way another as the ground froze and thawed beneath you.

We joked that you'd earned a place on the "National Register of Crappy Old Farmhouses," but we loved you then and I love you still, though I no longer shelter within your walls. Peter bought you in 1978 and though advised to tear down and build anew, the charm of your beaded walls and wide planked floors convinced him otherwise. I came along a few years later after he'd expanded the electrical beyond your four outlets and added running water to replace a wellworn path to the old spring.

You became my home after you'd been plumbed, primed and painted, with a new porch out front, and a toilet where the woodburning cookstove had been. The outhouse became our toolshed. But despite the initial improvements, water still froze in your new toilet at night.

When I got pregnant we added back-up heat and an upstairs bathroom. Eventually a large addition provided for the two daughters you'd welcome. I joked that we'd build on all four sides to hold you up.

You sit proudly on a small knoll above sloping pastures that give way to dense forests. There we harvested firewood to warm your walls. We fenced your fields for horses and sheep, and built a large barn that welcomed musicians and artists for decades. You held us all, and then you held Peter as he died and me as I grieved. Some of my healing came from the care I gave to you afterwards.

One of the daughters you raised takes care of you now. The laughter of her two children fills your walls as my daughters' once did. But you'll always be home to me. The pipes and wires in the belly of my new home confound me. I'll get to know her as I came to know you, but relationships take time and I don't have 40 years to spend here.

The power will go out one day and I'll need to drain the pipes. I have a lot to learn.



*Linda Haac, Carrboro*

## WRITING AT THE DINING ROOM TABLE

Nothing can match the envy of one writer for another writer's more handsome studio. Finding the perfect place to write is a necessity, a desire so intense it can wear you down.

Writers, like myself, need space to accommodate not only their unfinished work but also old newspaper clippings, as well as other stray bits of papers holding their jottings, along with all the tossed away candy-bar wrappers.

Many writers I know, however, have no studio at all in which to write. They write, instead, in the middle of the house. For example, the dining-room table. The dining-room table does possess a certain kind of elegance, I guess. Such a table has the quality, in many ways, of the Last Supper about it, fitting for a poor soul grappling with how to put his or her words down on the page.

Amidst the china and the silver, the writer pounds out rebellious prose, twisting it into submission, plotting various murders, carrying out numerous love affairs, waging political war, experiencing religious fever. Here is where a writer can travel through his own stages of the cross.

Such an activity can cause a great strain on the family, however. Where I live, I know entire families, in fact, who have been forced to eat in the kitchen because the writer-in-residence has taken over the last corner of the dining-room table. Nowhere is left for the family to set out a Sunday dinner or invite anyone over for a round of bridge.

I never write in our dining room, but I have written while resting on our living-room couch as well as at our breakfast-room table. Since we've moved into a new house recently, I now write in a small office in our basement. I rather like it. The office is quiet. This, of course, is the main point for a writer.

Writers, after all, tend to have an unnatural desire for stillness, which is why, I guess, the hush of a formal dining room is so enticing.

# Adam Haas Hunter, Durham

## ON A STREET, I ONCE LIVED

I.

On a street I once lived  
In a place I once knew  
With a dog I once loved  
A bed I once drifted away in.  
Gazing at the ceiling  
Thinking of what will become of me.  
Me. Me?  
Me, the tall, skinny, poor, sickly, adventurous terror.  
That swam and hiked and played in the same mud  
Of those so ancient in our minds.  
Who once lived in this place  
that they knew and loved.  
Where they slept in furs and long houses.  
Whatever happened to them?  
Them, those who had a civilization  
And now are no more.  
So, what's to happen to me? Me.

On this street I would look to the skies for answers  
Or more along the lines of hints  
The question, why? Was a determining factor for me  
Me. Me?  
Me, the kid on the lunch plan at school  
Who did walk a mile to the bus stop  
In the snow and up hill,  
Who had all Wal-Mart clothes  
Who didn't wear Nike shoes  
The same me who didn't care.  
Okay, sure- a little bit, other kids talk.

But on that street my mind flew.  
I was any and everything.  
It didn't matter that I lived in a double-wide trailer  
With old aluminum siding that paint never stuck to;  
Where the weeds were growing up the side of the porch.  
And so what if it was inhabited by my broken parents?  
Living their lives.  
I wouldn't call that living really  
It was their habitat  
A whole world created by them and for them only.  
In which I didn't fit.  
Never did. Hopefully never will

The parents in this house on this street...  
Where the habit/at devours  
Where you drown in drink and burn with bitter resent.  
Therefore  
Fists fly, empty cups knocked on their sides  
Just leaving a few drops of brown liquor  
To drop on the already stained pink carpet.  
And me. Me?  
Me  
I'm in the middle only waste high  
But fists swinging none the less  
Screaming for peace. Screaming "Why?"  
The story of my life- Why?  
Why does this happen to me?  
Why don't I care more?  
I don't know.

## ON A STREET, I ONCE LIVED, continued

But off this street is the river,  
The hills, the creeks, the deer,  
the moist green moss topping bench sized boulders.  
And Me  
Exploring it all.  
No shirt, dirty denims, a buzz haircut  
And a companion on four legs I could never escape.  
Boo Boo, the loyal beagle hound  
with bright green eyes, a sharp nose  
and love for everything I do.  
My best friend.

II.  
Floating through the tall comfortable trees,  
Forgetting what's behind me  
Only worried about the next step ahead.  
Because I don't know what to expect.  
Valleys made from years of wear and tear  
Much like the valley I see people all around me in.  
Once again I ask myself, why?  
Why aren't people as comfortable as me,  
In the trees out here.  
Grounding ourselves in the dirt- only to reach up  
Towards the light of the day, the stars of night:  
Knowing that this is all you really need.  
If you're so lucky to fall upon the finer things in life  
In that next unknowing step... beautiful  
But why be truly troubled with anything more than  
the ground you are standing on and the sky above.  
This is my river.  
The all knowing, completely truthful flow.  
Where my thought and troubles and worries can flow.

III.  
The dark path of night  
Leading me back home for bed  
The moon putting a faint glimpse of light  
On either side of the road...  
And as I look up- the trees get taller  
The light fades into a deep unknown.  
That I know- that I travel through every day.  
Still I don't trust the dark  
Keeping all of my focus ahead of me.  
And with each rustle of leaf and whistle of wind  
My heart runs faster. But I refuse!  
I know what's around the corner  
The road will dip down into a foggy valley.  
The trees will make a wall around the vast and steamy  
bath  
And in the walls of trees- Oh- that's the excitement  
As I walk down into the base of this small holler  
The walls light up for me.  
Flashes from the tree tops- a roman stadium  
With walls forty feet tall the crowd goes wild.  
A smile leaks onto my face.  
Any fear in my body escapes  
Back into the leaves and into the wind.  
Now I know I will leave an impact on this world  
It has impacted me.  
AS I leave the valley- back into the line of trees  
The fear creeps back in and I arrive  
back on my street.  
But the lights...



# Fred Joiner, Carrboro

## GULLAH

when I think of you,  
I think of all the questions, spiraled  
into the bottom of a sweetgrass baskets.  
on my plate, i think of the okra, tomatoes & corn  
all gone. I sift the last grains  
of rice for answers, like the last words  
of a saltwater prayer  
I think of the fictitious distance  
the blood darkened Atlantic  
put between our tongues,  
massa still means bondage, burden  
gumbo still means okra somewhere  
in the eye  
How long before your body's story is  
bleached like the seashells and tabby  
at the Point or before every acre  
of my legacy is subdivided? I think  
of history's skin sold at the market,  
of the mirrors in the faces  
on the golden Coast,  
of crumbling schoolhouse  
in the palm

## GULLAH

They say your body is  
barren and bleached  
like seashells  
on the hips of your beaches.  
But I see the history in spiraled  
sweetgrass, at the market,  
wrapped around your waist  
Even in a dream,  
the crumbling schoolhouse I see  
in the palm  
of my grandfather's hand  
is somehow whole.  
The off-island eye,  
cuts and captures,  
like a shutter's blade,  
clears a path, frames  
moves people the color  
of earth.  
Like the spine  
of the Mid-Atlantic,  
every island  
along our golden Coast,  
is full of life, Live  
Oaks and folks  
that will  
Not be moved.  
of my grandfather's hand.

# Pamir Kiciman, Chapel Hill

## TOWN TALES

Chapel Hill is a dog town. When you're out and about, walking the trails or getting gas, dogs prevail. The only cat I saw belonged to a woman. She had her cat on a leash and was out walking it.

When I rented a furnished room there in January 2021, it was dog sounds heard across the watershed that stood out. That and Chapel Hill's benches! The blue bench on Merritt's Pasture under the tree and the extra-large one on its own platform, right at the edge of a watershed on the Piedmont Trails behind North Carolina Botanical Gardens.

Then there's the impressive tree canopy. Ubiquitous deer, camellias, sunflowers and wildflowers and their perfume. Can't forget the dogwood! All the rivers, streams and creeks crisscrossing the land.

I like how the air feels verdant, scented by hardwoods. I love the laidback farm vibe and driving around in the quieter, open ranges of Chapel Hill and Carrboro or around Hillsborough, letting my car take the sloping, curvy roads like it hadn't spent its whole life in Florida!

I did a ton of driving in the spring and into the summer of 2021 when the house I was renting a room in turned out to be a hellhole of chaos, dysfunction, alcoholism and mental illness.

The search for new living quarters turned into a personal nightmare, took over and derailed my life, right when I was attempting to establish a new life and income. I looked relentlessly for the right house with the right room. In Carrboro I heard, "Graduate students wanna live with graduate students." In Chapel Hill the chorus was, "Students wanna live with students." It was hard to find listings for furnished rooms in Hillsborough.

By definition I'm a senior citizen, although I don't subscribe to that. The ageism I faced was stunning. I was without a clue at first how unbelievably harsh the rental market is in Orange County.

One mature owner sat us down and interviewed me while taking notes. He didn't bother to get back to me even though he said he would. One owner took 90 minutes of my time on the phone, then said we'd first meet at a neutral location before he showed me the place. Another time, I toured a farm for over 90 minutes so I could maybe live in the tiny house and take care of chickens. That was just the first go-around if my candidacy was going to be taken seriously. Even one place without internet!

I was going to vomit if I heard, "tell me about yourself" one more time. My sleep declined that I'd worked so hard at regulating. Often, I was priced out, exposed to the ugliness of privilege, had emails and voicemails ignored, and discovered that the niceness of people I'd first noticed as a newcomer could be a veneer. There are layers of subtle and not-so-subtle exclusion.

Ones you don't see when people are walking their dogs. Or cats.

# Pamir Kiciman, Chapel Hill

## MOUNTAIN TALES

I have housing trauma. Home and belonging aren't about birthplaces, borders, passports, ports of entry or permissions. Still, you are here. Your body, being and possessions need a place. A place that isn't free because it's been parceled, bought and sold, built on and changed, zoned and rezoned. It has become real estate. In the wilds no such thing exists.

My ancestors are nomads. They take their yurt with them. Land? It's open. That's the thing about the wilds, wherever you stand, it's available. If you have the means to cover your head and build a fire, then you're all set. The steppes of central Asia are populated with nomads living like this, following the seasons, existing under big tents as communities.

The housing trauma I have started in Florida with two bully owners back-to-back. One where we rented while my son finished high school, and the last who sent me packing with a lease nonrenewal at the end of December 2020 without cause. Before that, this owner acted in such ways that I became suicidal for a few months, after not sleeping for a week with heavy anxiety.

While still renting from the first bully, I had to evacuate in 2017 because of Hurricane Irma. Not expecting anything to be left, I packed the car with everything I couldn't live without and it all fit, in an aging, basic sedan!

Irma veered and when I got back, I looked at all the possessions pulled into the center of the rooms, away from the windows.

I looked and decided I didn't need them. It was too much to worry about. Too much responsibility. Too hard to take care of. Too burdensome. Too damaging to the planet.

Redundant possessions, piled on top of other artifacts of consumerism, and at the bottom of it all materials and memories of a life. A life that shifts. Climate change is here. Living at sea level is a questionable choice.

What thin idea is it that our stuff is vital? It must be kept, placed, packed, moved, placed again, cleaned, repaired and carried to the next place. No! I systematically downsized possessions, don't have furniture, prefer borrowing it together with an address.

I have nomadic bloodlines. My ancestors are nomads from Central Asia. I've read that in the languages of the region my name can mean 'undulating grasslands,' or 'feet of the sun,' and 'roof of the world,' referring to the spectacular elevation of these peaks and valleys. My name is even in the atlas! I am a whole vast stretch of steppes and prairies. I am even a river! A giant range with deep river valleys and glaciers and peaks touching over 24K feet, in three zones northern, central, and southern. Mountain is my name!

Yet, when I first arrived in the U.S., I was only a nomad without a credit history.

Now I am a nomad in North Carolina from Florida, seeking to write and make art on higher ground.

# Sarah Roberts, Chapel Hill

## FRONT YARD

The glass is warped on the window facing our front yard. From a certain angle, I can see her standing, and if I move my head left and right, she waves to me. Sipping coffee, I watch how the morning gold reaches her crown. I follow the shadows, tracing the crevices of wrinkles she's so rightfully earned.

To her, I'm a worker bee, zipping between house and car, turning lights on, off, and back on again, reminding children of socks and backpacks, rolling bins to and from the curb, always busy. Her favorite days are when I can sit in the grass at her feet, lean my back into her and connect. Root to root. She'll tell me stories of time long forgotten, of loved ones lost, and of those she saved from beneath. She remembers when they built this house in 1960. The digging and brick laying and hammering in of aluminum siding. She reminds me not to get too frustrated about the cracks and shifting floors, and laughs when I say my home is "just settling".

"There's no such thing" she'll say, "the only thing we can settle into, is the acceptance that the world is unsettling. Like those rocks below, born from volcanos, they are in a constant state of motion and becoming."

I close my eyes, and think about the angled roofline and new cracks reaching up the walls. Today I don't want to fill them up with glue and paint. Instead, I want to slip inside, and let the veins of wires behind the plaster carry me. To reveal cobwebbed corners of lineage between dirt and mortar. To go down under the boards and nails and swim into the soil til I find her. Her oak roots that spread wider than she is tall. I will pull myself along her rope-like fibers, letting her lead me, until I come up for air back at her base.

I tell her that she's my best friend. Her hundred-year-old hands drop a few leaves, gently brushing my shoulder. She then shakes a few acorns loose, and they ping on the ground near my feet. I scoop them up and hold them in a basket I've made with my shirt. I carefully scrape and gather shreds of bark to steep for tea and go inside to my kitchen to roast the acorns and boil the water. When I return, I carry this small feast of tea and nuts, these parts of her, and I sit beneath her branches.

"A toast" I say, raising my mug and looking up to her. "To the greatest home I've ever known."

# Cathey Stanley Davis, Hillsborough

Home began, for me, as two branches of a Japanese maple tree that diverged just enough to create a seat for a small child. These branches became my “reading nook,” combining my love of being outside (with my mother’s wishes that her children play outside) and the books I read voraciously, enamored with worlds beyond my small town in the foothills of North Carolina. My hometown of Forest City offers views of the mountains from many surprising locations. Drive over a hill between two farms and see blue ridges in the distance. Follow a curve of a wooded area and see a striking juxtaposition of a cleared field boasting tracts of rolling land, colossal and protective, in the distance. The enormity of the mountains made me feel safe, nestled between barriers, while also reminding me of entire lands just outside of my periphery.

Not wanting to stray away from the state or nature that I grew up loving, I latched onto the beautiful town of Hillsborough immediately upon graduating from the college down the road, UNC-Chapel Hill (where my love of literature had led me to major in English). While farther away from my beloved mountains, Hillsborough still had expanses of wooded areas, mountain trails to hike, Riverwalk to roam.

The day I knew I was home, however, took place a few weeks after I had moved in, settled my son into daycare, and was preparing for my first year of teaching middle school Language Arts. Reading Tom Robbins’ *Jitterbug Perfume* at Cup-A-Joe downtown, I listened to an animated group of friends chattering beside me, enjoying their lively conversation.

“What are you reading?” a warm voice inquired. I turned to see a future friend who I would soon know as Mike Troy, the first Poet Laureate of Hillsborough. This opening line led to an invitation to his table, where I met writers, artists, and former teachers in the area. Being invited to the table officially sealed my sense of belonging, love of Hillsborough, and dedication to this town. From the trees of my youth to a crowded coffee shop table, from the foothills to the piedmont, literature had once again, led me home.

# Henry Stevens, Durham

## THE H NOTE

In the white room, with its eggshell walls and cream colored couch, Anna played the alabaster piano, her fingers dancing on the ivory keys. Volker sank into the couch, listening to her sightread through her old music books, now two or three years unplayed. A few phrases coherent. A pause. A replaying. Another replaying. Satisfaction, and another few coherent phrases. Natalya sat on the floor in the living room, folding laundry.

“Anna, play Ballade Pour Adeline,” Volker requested.

“Let me take a look at it,” Anna said.

She found a weathered paper aged to buttery yellow. It was dotted with ghostly gray scribbles. A note here or there of how to play. Anna worked out the first bit from memory, but in the second section, she had a trouble. She played through it a few times and when Volker commented, he just said she was sounding better. But she and he both knew there was something missing. Finally he stopped her.

“Listen to him play it,” Volker said, rising to show Anna a YouTube video of Richard Clayderman performing his song. “Your mother used to play this for me. She can play it better than he can.”

Anna tried to play it like he did, with tenderness and a deep well of emotion, but she couldn’t. There was a massive run that led into the climax of the song, a climb straight up off the staff and into the hanging branches of ecstasy that escaped her inexperienced fingers. Anna paused. She squinted at the grey scribbles.

“Is that an H note?” she asked.

It was a note so far off the staff that she didn’t immediately know what it was. There was a letter next to it that looked for all the world like an H.

“It’s a B,” Natalya said.

She rose from her laundry and came into the white room. The sun had set enough that the golden beams fell through her window, licking across the surfaces in hues of sparkling gold, honeyed yellow orange, and amber. Natalya sat and began, without looking at the sheet music, to play.

The piano hummed deep notes under her left hand. Natalya picked out gentle staccato high notes with her left. Soft strokes like the sound of a pen scribbling a love letter, and the all encompassing throb of a pounding heart. Volker sat forward with his eyes unseeing to anything in the world but this glowing, golden woman. Anna felt that long lost feeling from when she was a child and her mother a goddess. They tensed as Natalya began the final, climbing run toward the B.

And when Natalya played the H note, it was’t a B. It was a note struck through with feeling like no note Volker or Anna had heard before, or have heard since. And Natalya danced on that note for a few, tantalizing seconds, before it was gone, and it was left to live in myth. Always too short.



# Billy Sugarfix, Pittsboro

Recently, I had blood drawn. The phlebotomist—trying to distract me as she made the jab—said, “Got big plans today?” I shrugged—a really dumb thing to do when you have a needle in your arm—and said, “Just cleaning the house.”

Surrounded by tongue depressors and cotton swabs, the word “house” echoing in my mind, I thought about how in the past doctors made house calls, whereas now caregivers make home visits.

That led me to a question: Are home and house interchangeable?

As a songwriter, I always turn to music for answers.

KISS, in their uncharacteristically thoughtful ballad “Beth” had the lyric: “You say you feel so empty, That our house just ain’t a home.” I know what they mean. Still, I hope Beth figures out the specifics of her living situation before she needs a caregiver.

Judy Garland blows the idea of homes being tied to an edifice out of the water entirely with her song “Any Place I Lay My Hat Is Home,” suggesting that anything from a tree limb to a rearview mirror could fill the role.

I’m no Judy Garland, or Peter Criss, but having studied their work (and about a million other songs), I’ve formed my own ideas about home.

Ahem.

Home is your special place, one that you have great respect for—but it’s respect on your terms. You don’t have to look nice or mind your manners. It’s a refuge from common courtesies and norms (wearing clothes) that are otherwise expected. It doesn’t have to have four walls, but that definitely helps with the not wearing clothes part.

Like folk rocker John Cougar Mellencamp, I was born in a small town—in Kentucky to be exact—but I moved to the Triangle in 1988. I’ve left several times for larger cities, where there were different opportunities. But, as someone with a small-town background, I never really felt comfortable or (you guessed it) at home in them. I’ve always come back, and any future sojourns will be viewed as sabbaticals.

Why? Because, even though it’s ever-expanding, I get a small-town feel from the Triangle. Faces and voices seem (and often are) familiar, people speak in stories, it has a welcoming vibe that I haven’t found anywhere else. On top of that, there’s an unbelievable wealth of resources for the arts in terms of venues, supportive media, and a community that values creativity.

In fact, my phlebotomist seemed to be hoping for a more creative answer to her query about my plans. “Cleaning the house,” she repeated with the enthusiasm of a six-year-old presented with a plate of lima beans.

Feeling optimistic and creative after successfully having given blood without passing out, I said, “Well, at least I have a home to clean.”

She paused, holding the blood filled tube. “That is sooooo true.” She nodded and looked me in the eye. “People need to remember stuff like that.”

# VISUAL ARTISTS

*Selina Akter, Raleigh*



## QUIET RETREAT

Mixed media on wood | 8" x 8"

Like so many others, Covid-19 put a barrier between me and my father during his last days on this world. Only way to visit him was through the window of his nursing home cabin. He left us for a while. Now, I sit down by my window and send prayers to him that he may receive through his window in eternity.



## 3010 NOSTALGIA LANE

Acrylic on canvas | 7" x 5"

I came across house number 3010 on my way home from a busy workday. Right away, it took me 30 years back in the memory lane to a small house in a small town, where I grew up. Who cares how small the place is, if it is full of love and kindness for each other!

# Maya Barton, Chapel Hill



GREAT BLUE HERON

Watercolor | 12" x 16"

Working full time, I would find that my loved and named Koi in the little pond at our front door would go missing. Distressed, I checked all the possible causes, and found the oxygenation of the water, the filter, the PH, the nitrogen content... all was well. Then the pandemic hit, and I started working from home, and that is when I grew intimate with my pond and its inhabitants, and led to my discovery of 'The Koi Thief'.



RED SHOULDERED HAWK

Watercolor | 12" x 16"

Among the visitors to my little pond, of which I have a full view of from my corner office, are snakes: the black snake, the copperhead (who knew they swim), and the beautiful striped ribbon snake. I was partial to him since he was a baby when he moved in, and everything I read said he was harmless. We also have a very romantic red shouldered hawk couple, nesting and making babies in our tall oaks. The painting is when I saw 'The Snake Charmer' lure out the ribbon snake not to admire his beauty, but to feed her young.



## Bethany Bash, Durham



### THIS HOUSE IS A TRAP

Watercolor and pencil on paper | 12" x 9"

Although I have lived in the Triangle since 2007, this painting is about my experience during 2020-2021. In the pre-vaccination days of the pandemic, I stayed home with my partner and our two young children 24/7. Eventually the "home" that was considered a safe-space away from COVID, also became a claustrophobic confine.

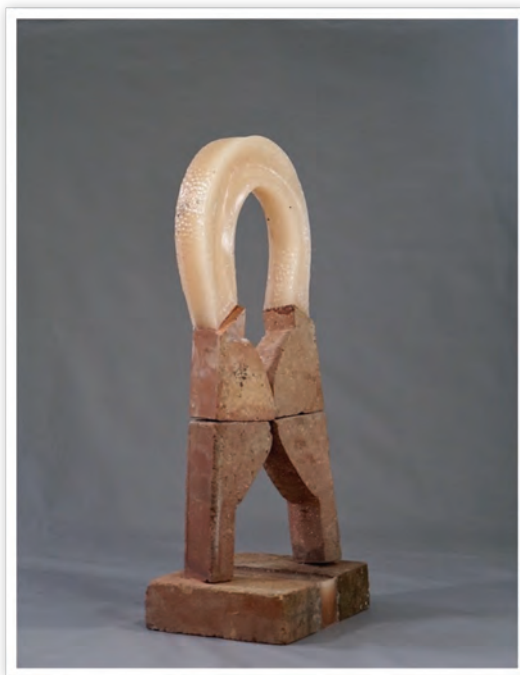
## Ivana Milojevic Beck, Raleigh

I grapple with a continuing foundational question between my Serbian and American home. This tension is at the center of my struggle to mold a present existence into a future resolution between two disparate worlds. My focus is on the women in my family: my grandmother, mother, daughter and me. I work to portray the resilience, flexibility, and adaptability that has been passed down the line. I imagine the female form, strong and balanced, resting as the foundational material for generations to come. I find parallels between structural, foundational home building and women's physical and mental power as mother, wife, and daughter. Materials that I continue to use - brick, wax and mortar - remind me that what is strong and durable can also be vulnerable and ephemeral. This reality in which the two opposite states coexist is also true of the human condition and its relationship with nature. We often show our strong and dominant side while concealing what is passive and fragile.



### CONTEMPLATION

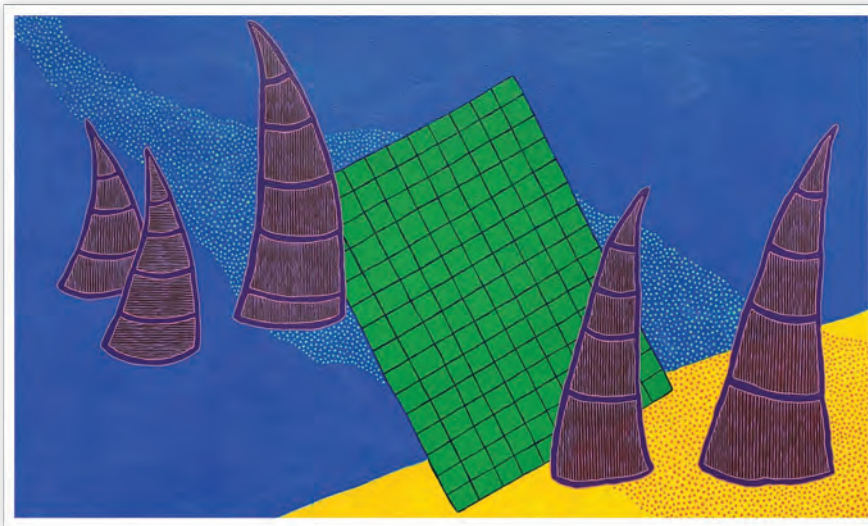
Brick and wax | 7" x 5" x 16"



### UMBILICUS

Brick and wax | 23" x 8" x 8"

## Freddie Bell, Hillsborough



### REMEMBERING A PLACE

Acrylic on canvas | 16" x 28"

I painted this piece shortly after moving to the Triangle after living in Los Angeles for five years. It's about looking back on one place I called home, while transitioning to a new home. It's about growing and changing and following the tides of life, as well as settling into an area that I knew I would call home for many years to come.

## Foster Bullock, Fuquay-Varina



### DISTRICTS

Oil on canvas | 30" x 40"

My work is an exploration of the built environment through my study of architecture and are an abstraction of the building materials and textures that create homes and surround the interiors and exteriors of our housing in the Triangle. My work is intended to elicit a desire to touch and be touched, just as we want in whatever place we call home. Yet, as the gallery space is one where touching the canvas is unfeasible, so too is housing out of reach for many of us in the Triangle.



# Ryann Carey, Hillsborough



## FILTERED

Watercolor | 11" x 14"

Home /hōm/ (defined by one introvert):

1. A gentle place allowing a filter from what is going on in the world.
2. A place where one can look out but not be looked in upon.

"For some, home is their entire world." - one introverted cat



# Ray Everett Dahlia, Pittsboro

## SOFT COMFORTS

Acrylic on canvas | 10" x 20"

The work embodies the acceptance of loving yourself in your own skin. Always comparing one's self to everyone else leads to finding flaws rather than embracing what you have now. Your body is your home, and learning to love what carries you through life is not easy. But with Soft Comforts I declare that my body is soft, my body is welcoming and supporting, my body exudes comfort. And I love it.

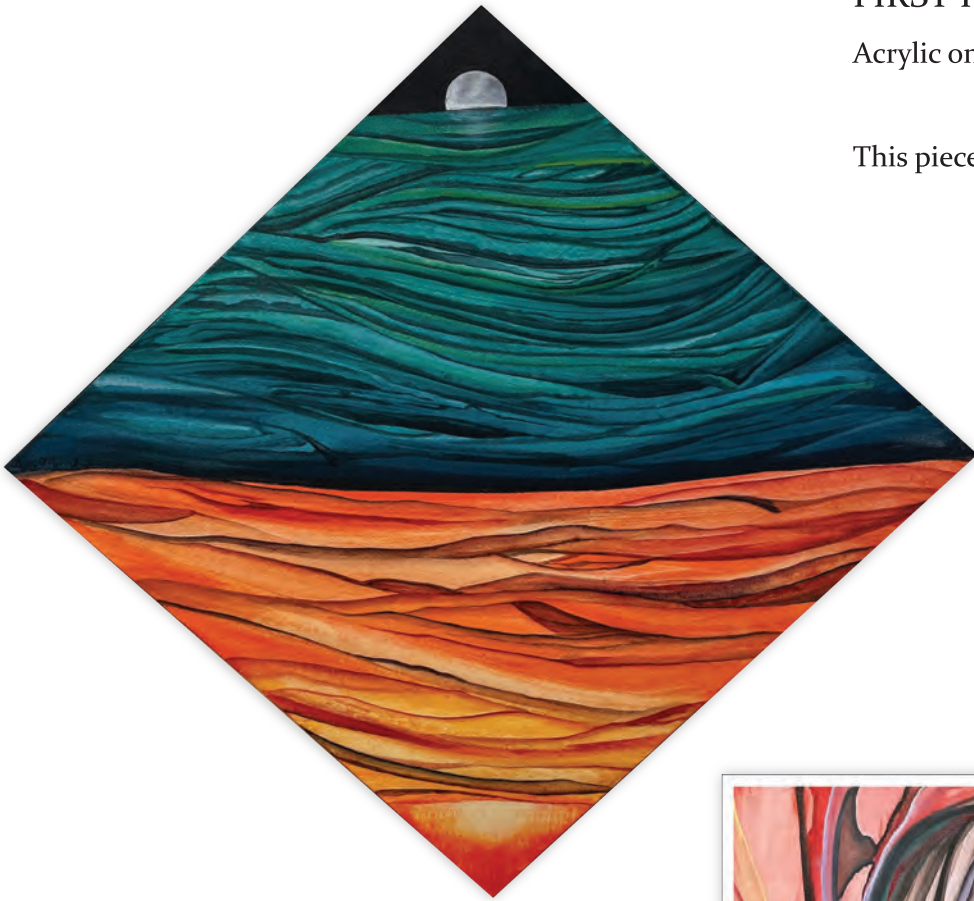


# Erin Dillenschneider, Moncure

## FIRST HOME

Acrylic on canvas | 24" x 24"

This piece symbolizes Egypt, my place of birth.



## STRESS PORTRAIT

Acrylic on canvas | 24" x 30"

This is a form of self-portrait, depicting all of the stress and emotions swirling around me throughout the last two years of home isolation.



# Max Dowdle, Hillsborough



## ORANGE COUNTY

Oil on birch panel | 32" x 48"

Within the scope of Orange County the concept of "home" works on two levels. Orange County, the place, has been home to me and my family for the past six years and we've never felt more comfortable. Formally, I wanted to create a work that acts as a personal history of layered memories that evokes that essential sense of "homeness." On a more tactile level, this painting allowed me to freely delve into a grab bag of painting techniques to nail down the desired effect. Orange County is home, but paint is home as well. This piece recognizes both of those elements, and weaves them into a single, coherent vision.

## CROSSING THE ENO

Oil on birch panel | 36" x 48"

Living in Downtown Hillsborough necessitates the crossing of the Eno River when leaving or returning home. This happens sometimes multiple times a day, at any time of day. While traveling, I am struck by the bridges, the flow of water, and the light in the trees, and this inevitably awakens memories of similar river crossings undertaken in my life. This work overlays and collapses those memories into one compact, dynamic vision that serves as a representation of all rivers, all crossings, all journeys.





# Elaine Evans, Durham



## GHOST

Mixed media | 12.75" x 4.5" x 24"

I often wonder about a home's ownership through the years. I wonder how many people called it home and who they were. Some older homes have been through many different owners. I like to imagine who the people were through the ages and how they felt comfort in this dwelling.



## LIVING IT UP IN THE 30S

Mixed media | 6.5" x 3" x 17.5"

I show a woman from the past in the Sunshine State loving her simple home and palm tree. She is very comfortable and warm there, not wishing for anything more.



## DAHLING

Mixed media | 12" X 5.5" X 21

I like to imagine how a flamboyant woman of long ago would decorate her home to showcase herself as a beautiful and stunning individual. Thus, I used a picture of her dressed to the nines above her golden mantel. Sometimes we imagine ourselves as something we're not. Our home is our safe place where we can be whomever we want.

# Paget Fink, Chapel Hill



## MUSHROOM HOUSE

Archival digital collage illustration | 10" x 10"

This piece is a fantastical take on the relationship between nature and home. I live in the forests of Chapel Hill surrounded by magical mosses, mushrooms, insects, and stones that I consider to be as much a part of my home as the interior of my house. The symbiotic relationships in nature are in many ways echoed by the ways in which my family incorporates these natural tokens into our daily lives through collection, play, or simply taking the time to notice them as the seasons change as we care for the land that surrounds us.



## FLYING HOUSE

Archival digital collage illustration print | 9" x 12"

This piece connects to the mythology of home that permeates literature, especially folklore. I am interested in how my subsistence-farming ancestors would have envisioned home as less of a place rooted in everyday life and more of a possibility that exists only in dreams. My grandfather literally sailed 1000s of miles away from his Texas farm at the age of 16 when he joined the crew of a cargo ship that passed through the Panama Canal in pursuit of such a dream.

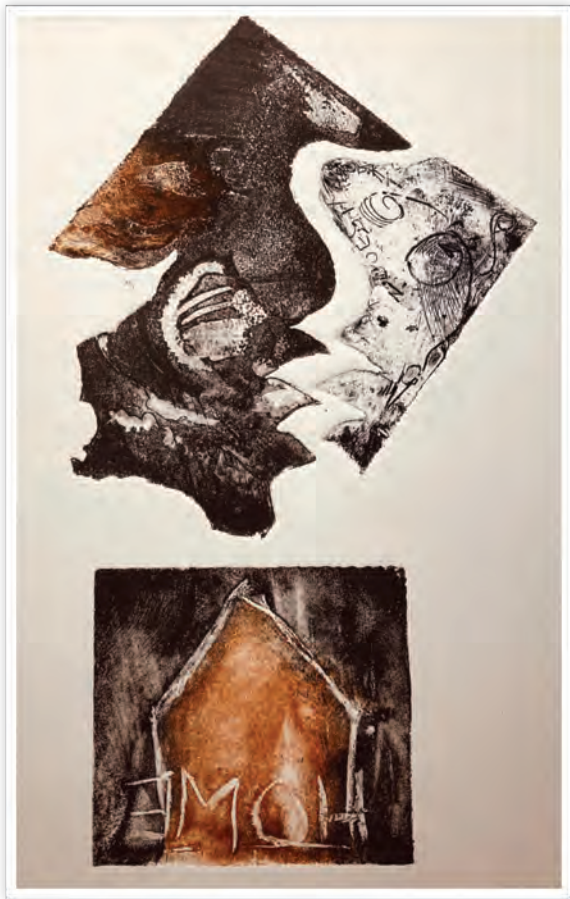


## DREAM HOUSE

Archival digital collage illustration print | 9" x 12"

This piece is a meditation on the transformative power of making a temporary home in another country. I lived for a year in Rouen, France, surrounded by old Norman houses that resembled the one in this artwork. I was forever changed by my new, yet temporary, home and look back with fond and rose-colored memories of that time in my life, even though the struggles of learning a new culture and language were a daily challenge.





## Steven Fishman, Mebane

### THE LONG JOURNEY HOME

Cur Plate Intaglio | 11" x 14"

The theme of "home" is a powerful one on several levels, symbolically and metaphorically. For me it relates to more than just the physical place, it also reflects an inward search where we conjure our innermost reflective powers: past, present, and future. The symbolic nature of home, as ground zero for our creative musterings, takes on new sacred significance.

## Bob Goldstein, Carrboro

### UNTITLED (POST-HUMAN #1)

Six-layer screen print | 25" x 19"

During the pandemic, I worked from home and imagined a time in the future when pandemics and our own divisiveness might mean an end to humans. I made this work as a warning, and as some small reassurance that life would continue without us, with lush, green plant life taking over our former homes.



# Meredith Haggerty, Hillsborough

## GUEST INSTRUCTION FOR A FELT HOME

These are the instructions for participating in *A Felt Home*, located in the classroom. I love the felt boards and pieces my daughter uses to create and receive little worlds, and I'm excited to use this material to explore my sense that home is always changing. Home has always felt like a space composed of varying combinations of materials and feelings, including memory, uncertainty, and hope. *A Felt Home* is intended to explore participatory practice. The invitation for visitors to arrange and rearrange the piece throughout the exhibition might be an opportunity for someone to make themselves at home within a space dedicated to the arts.



# Anne Brownlee Hobgood, Hillsborough



## HOME IS COMMUNITY

Mixed media, wood, metal, antique drawer | 16" x 19" x 4"

When I think of home, I think of community and a sense of connectedness and belonging. When I moved to Hillsborough 6 years ago, I knew no one, so I immediately linked up with welcoming local artist groups such as Hillsborough Arts Council, Orange County Arts Commission, and the Orange County Artists Guild. Everyone I encountered was interesting, friendly, welcoming, open-minded, helpful, and kind: people eating at local restaurants, shopping at downtown stores, standing in line at the post office, volunteering at historical sites, attending art openings, enjoying music at Last Fridays, participating in parades, organizing positive marches, and strolling on the Riverwalk. This small town community is my home.



## R. Scott Horner, Chapel Hill



### SOFA UNDER THE STAIRS

Acrylic on canvas | 24" x 24"

The old red couch lost its position as star of the living room, and now lives under the stairs. It still has some use left. Sometimes we seek out that soft, well-worn retreat tucked into a tight spot. Even within our own homes, we need space for escape.



### FLOATING BY

Acrylic on canvas | 36" x 36"

Home is the secure place we lay our heads down at night while the world outside continues moving. Despite our increasing connectivity, many events pass by without us even knowing about them.

## Dawn G. Hummer, Chapel Hill

### IT TAKES A VILLAGE

Handwoven textiles on walnut bases | 20" x 5"

My pieces are responsive to the voices within the walls of an individual home echoed outward into the community and were inspired and created by the longing of "community" during the isolation of the pandemic. It Takes a Village celebrates the beauty of differences within our homes in one community.



# Adam Haas Hunter, Durham

## SELF PORTRAIT

Acrylic, oil pastel, paper, wood | 52" x 26"

My work is a response to the last two years of my life and the search for home. Landing in Durham in August of 2020, the subsequent year has had me confronting the loss of my sense of home that began from an early age. Being here has created the space for me to recall and address the effects of trauma on relationships, psyche, and the fragility of the human body and spirit. Home is taking on a new meaning and I'm sure I'm not alone in this struggle. Discovering my internal iconography gives me a sense of comfort and hope. The pieces I create are never predetermined and always take on meaning for me as I go.



# Samir Khengo, Chapel Hill

My submissions approach the idea of home - both in the sense of a house and in the broader sense of community belonging - specifically from the perspective of a wheelchair user. Finding wheelchair-accessible housing and activities is difficult, and inaccessibility poses a barrier to both physical participation and social belonging. On the flip-side, this means that when I \*do\* find a place or activity that is welcoming and accessible, I feel extra connected and enthusiastic about it. My photos celebrate two places - LEVEL Retreat in *Open* and Coker Arboretum in *Around* - that have captured my love and enthusiasm by being (relatively) accessible to me. *Between* highlights curb cuts, which are common enough that most people probably don't think much of them, but are absolutely essential for navigating streets and sidewalks in a wheelchair! *Between* also features some crosswalk art, a reference to the important impact of art and artists on even the most seemingly mundane parts of local life.



OPEN

Photography | 6" x 8"



AROUND

Photography | 6" x 8"



BETWEEN

Photography | 6" x 8"





## Russell Knop, Hillsborough

### MY HOME IS A VESSEL

Stoneware Pottery | 14" x 12"

This stoneware piece is self-contained, yet open and welcoming to others. In regular light, the vessel is quiet and subdued. However, in sunlight, the exterior becomes iridescent and reflects a vibrant energy, much like the feeling of collaborating with other artists. The design is both whimsical, which invites joy and fun, and classic, which creates safety and stability. At the end of the day, the vessel can transform to a burial urn, allowing one to rest in peace, along with their special memories.

## Kaidy Lewis, Hillsborough



### THE CLOTHES LINE

Acrylic | 16" x 19"

It is so symbolic of human rituals, time, and the endless loop of past and present. In many States of America, washing lines are seen as an eye sore. In Europe, they are the art aesthetics of urban living. They charm me as a human endeavor of spirit and care predominantly used by women in their homes. My 'Clothes Line' represents the beauty, the strife, and poignancy of humanity. Our domestic pets look on...



### HOME

Acrylic | 10" x 19"

'By the seaside' emerged this year as I thought of my favorite things, which are pots and trinkets and highly coloured gifts often from friends that become chipped but remain equally precious to me because of the people. Then the coast of Cornwall, UK, was painted in as a background as it so often does with me; a piece of 'home' that speaks of 'home' to me. I just returned from Topsail Island, NC, and the same magic occurred. My 'list' slipped off my shoulders. I breathed in the sea and walked. The sea is an innate home for many. 36

## Kaidy Lewis, Hillsborough



### ROOTS

Oil | 31" x 41"

This was one of my first paintings made in my new house in Hillsborough. The location is wooded and serene. I can hear modern life in the form of cars but it is the birds that sit closer and the trees I see first thing each day. As an immigrant, the ancient forest behind the house appeared to whisper to me. Be still like a tree. Find your 'home' within and where you are. Make roots here.

Note: any women I paint represents a whole woman, an embodiment of the feminine.

## Ron Liberti, Carrboro

### REACH FOR THE STAIRS

Multi-layered screen print | 16.5" x 22"

"Reach for the Stairs" is a screen print I've been working on for years, in every house I've been rented out of. The main collaged image represents my dream of being able to afford to own my own home/studio here in Orange County, where I've lived and worked since 1991. Our creative community, which is so vital to the area, has helped build this region's reputation as a fantastic, invigorating and inspiring place to live. I only wish the talented and hardworking artists and musicians, whose backs this reputation was built on, had more affordable housing options so we can remain calling this place our home.





## Louis MacKinney, Raleigh



### FRONTERA

Acrylic and soil on canvas | 36" x 48"

This work emphasizes the difficulties faced by some people to remain in their places of origin. These difficulties prompt them to search for a new place they can make their home; however, unfortunately many die in their attempt to arrive in their new



### LA BORBOLETA Y EL MAÍZ/ BUTTERFLY AND CORN

Acrylic on canvas | 36" x 48"

In this work, I imagine the migration journey of a person, who can carry with them something from their culture - food, for example - something that makes them feel as if they were back home. The Monarch butterfly and corn in this painting represent those objects that could help someone feel at home (in this case, Mexico).

## Red McNamara, Zebulon

### A BIG LITTLE CITY

Mixed media | 24" x 30"

The concept of "home" to me extends beyond a house. It is everything that makes me who I am. There is family and community, history and continuity, tradition and new experiences. This piece, like all my art, is inspired by those feelings. I have chosen a vintage mirror, made in NC to represent history and continuity. Within the image, my family and community honor the tradition of welcoming the New Year. Celebrating in Downtown Raleigh was a new experience for me. When I look into the mirror, I am part of that moment again. My goal is for the viewer to share in that experience.





## Textile installation | 4' x 4' x 4'

This is a small tent made from a tablecloth I found discarded at a bus stop in Chapel Hill. Home has been precarious and much of my art practice is making small mobile tents to try and feel secure in a space of my own. A space of safety and protection. The exterior of the tent reads: *Who are you to kick me out? This junkman knows a thing or two about how to make a home out of nothing. Out of scraps. Gimme the scraps and I'll make a palace. I'll build it out of my red heart and the red clay. It will be beautiful.*

Oil on canvas | 16" x 20"

Home is a dismal word. It strikes me with fear and anxiety. I'm an artist with a family that has rented in the Triangle for three years now. As a first time homebuyer, with no equity, my family cannot compete in this market. We've been looking for two years now, looked at over 20 houses over the past six months and watched prices drastically increase at the hands of "investors," companies that "renovate" homes, and out-of-state buyers. Every house, at any time, has seemed to be too much of a financial burden for us but the market will not let up. This painting is a self-portrait displaying the desperation and pressure of an artist to perform and provide during this market. The quotes are actual quotes from our home searching experience over the past 6 months.



# Kelly Oakes, Hillsborough

## RONALD'S PLACE

Oil on canvas and panel | 28" x 28"

(Written by Ronald) These last two years have been stressful and trying but the key to achieving my goals is the relationships I've developed over the last few years. Rebecca Tate, and Ms. B. at IFC Community House were directly responsible for me getting enrolled in Section 8. Yvette Mathews and the advocates at CEF helped to provide me with leads to available apartments. Alycia Brown with Orange County Department of



Housing was relentless in helping me wade through the confusion I was confronted with daily. Asta Crowe with Chapel Hill Friends Meeting helped me get established in my new apartment with furniture, utensils, dishes, etc... These advocates and the work they do increases the credibility of the organizations they represent.



## UGANDA MEMORIES

Oil on canvas | 16" x 20"

*It is the obligation of every person born in a safer room to open the door when someone in danger knocks.*

- Dina Nayeri

Fighting in eastern Democratic Republic of Congo has driven over 11,000 Congolese refugees, mostly women and children, into Uganda. Refugees from Uganda relocate to the U.S., usually through nonprofit organizations who offer resettlement programs to find housing, furnishings, schools, and employment. Refugees do not voluntarily choose to migrate, but are forced to leave their home countries because of circumstances outside of their control. They experience multiple stressors that impact their mental wellbeing, including the loss of cultural norms, religious customs, and social support systems, as well as changes in identity and their concept of self. It is

important that we have a better understanding of the complex interplay of these vulnerability factors that may eventually lead to preventative measures and lessen the burden of mental illness in this growing population. 40

# Cedelia Obenshain, Hillsborough



## BEHIND THE WALLS

Encaustic | 12" x 12"

This piece comes from the strangest place I have ever lived. In a transitional phase of my life, I attempted to find a more fulfilling life on a farm. The home was confusing, full of rumors, suspicion, and a slow-burning sense of everything falling apart.



## SUNDAY

Watercolor | 12" x 14"

I grew up in Hillsborough. My favorite thing in the world are Sunday morning walks with my family and friends. We go to Cup a Joe and walk the Riverwalk enjoying nature and talking. It always feels like heaven. One Sunday I painted the street from a bench.



## ABSENCE

Watercolor | 9" x 8"

I moved to a charming small house in Chapel Hill last year. My neighbor in the odd log cabin next door was very interesting. The whole place was an extension of their personality. His life seemed very full. He had a boat, dogs, biked, and had the coolest rain barrel. Now that he has moved on from this life, we miss his presence. He added so much to this community



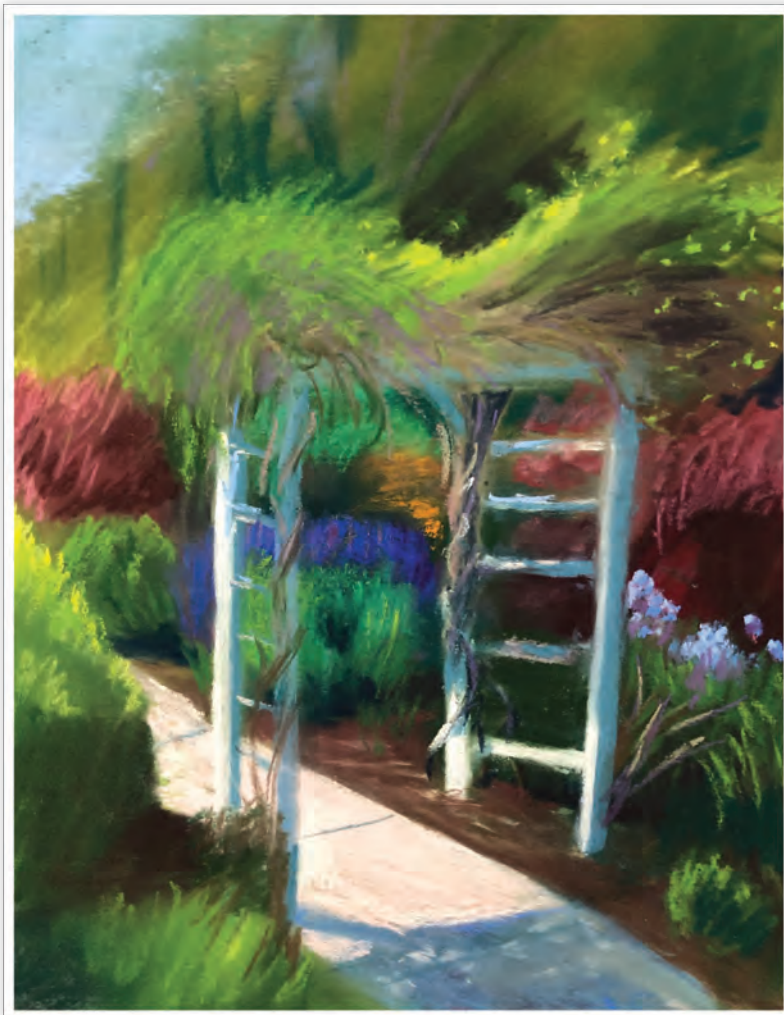
# Kathryn Olive, Durham



## FARM BLANKET

Acrylic | 18" x 24"

A blanket of snow provided a blessed day of rest, a period of refuge from the world of farm work just as our home provides a feeling of warmth and retreat. For many, housing in the Triangle is inside the four walls of the place they call home. For generations, our home is the family land on which the house was built.



## DOWN THE GARDEN PATH

Pastel on Paper | 9" x 12"

My southern garden is what makes our house a home. In spring, the garden path leads us to a place of refuge, peace, natural beauty, and outdoor relaxation.

# Lily Koto Olive, Raleigh



## PATHWAYS

Oil on canvas | 16" x 20"

This piece represents my journey of growing up in NC, moving to other parts of the country after college at NC State, living abroad, meeting my Eastern European husband in Germany and marrying him in Romania in 2016, then traveling back to the USA in 2019. This chronicles all the many doors and avenues we had to go through to obtain a Greencard for him in order to be together and back in my home, as a family. It illustrates the maze of paperwork and literal physical travel it took for us to be able to be together in the space of my home country.

## HOME THESE DAYS

Acrylic and watercolor on paper | 18" x 24"

This piece represents the recent experience of having moved back to NC three years ago. I returned home with my partner who is foreign and had never stepped foot on American soil before agreeing to move home with me to be close to my friends and family. What we envisioned has been completely different from reality, and we are left with a feeling of constant uncertainty. The pandemic has prevented him from being able to return to Europe to see family and friends,



and now with a war in Eastern Europe, our overall sense of stability has been constantly rocked by global events. We feel as if life itself is morphing and changing daily, represented by the shifting shapes in the house



# Renzo Ortega, Carrboro



GALAXIA

Acrylic on canvas | 30" x 40"

I am an urban person, where people's homes are next to each other. One of the things that impressed me with housing and living in Orange County is the land space between housing and the lack of sidewalks. For some people it is a luxury, but those distances isolate you and impact your interaction with people. The distances between stars in the Galaxy are far, and it's beautiful looking at the starry sky. However, I think there is no need to live in isolation, and for this reason, access to community public spaces is always a need.



ORANGE COUNTY

Oil on canvas | 14" x 12"

This painting is about the housing crisis and gentrification, how long-time residents of Orange County cannot afford to own a house or even rent. Developers building condos and apartment units that local people cannot afford to live in. This painting represents the need for affordable housing in the area.



OLD OWNER VS. NEW OWNER

Acrylic on canvas | 16" x 20"

This painting responds to the speculation and rising real estate prices. This uncontrolled situation is pushing out residents that have been in the area for many years. Decreasing their chances to purchase a home close to their workplace and generating long commutes. In the long run, this situation will affect global warming and increase the area's carbon footprint.

# McKenzie Peterson, Morrisville



## SWING AND MISS

Acrylic | 24" x 30"

This image should be recognizable to residents of Durham and other growing areas in the Triangle. The quasi-gargantuan cranes loom over the city. Many renters might prefer “mediocre” and “homey” over their suspicious promise of “luxury.” If these facades are the only housing solution, then I’d call luxury apartments a “swing and miss.”



## MORNING COFFEE

Acrylic | 24" x 30"

You know that time in the morning when the light floods the room and everything glows? To me, this is home. In the past two years, I have lugged my possessions between three different states, four different addresses, and most recently landed in the Triangle. In each new place, I have only felt at home when I could steal a morning to sip coffee and enjoy the morning sun. This is also the window of my childhood home. At the onset of the pandemic, I resented this view. An unplanned pandemic had banished me to my parent’s house. I was lucky.



# Boots Quimby, Pittsboro



## HOME

Acrylic | 20.5" x 24.5"

The comfort of a warm blanket to snuggle under on the sofa while watching TV, sitting in front of the fire or chatting with family at the end of the day. That feels like home to me.

# Sudie Rakusin, Hillsborough



## BARK AND TWIG

Mixed media on unfinished wood, paint, tissue collage, artificial flora | 22" x 16"



## PERIWINKLE AND PRIMROSE

Mixed media on unfinished wood, paint, tissue collage, artificial flora | 16" x 14"



## PRINTEMPS

Mixed media on unfinished wood, paint, tissue collage, artificial flora | 24" x 20"

My decorative tables are a homage to Mother Nature. They are a love letter and an apologia. Having one of these garden tables in your home is welcoming the outdoors inside. It's a constant reminder of how the earth, the flowers, the trees, and plants work and live in harmony with one another, giving to one another to stay healthy and strong, no one taking more nutrients than they need to survive. Living with one of the tables is to be surrounded by the vibrancy of color, the movement of branches, stems and leaves and the designs inspired by the geometry that nature unfolds. They are a symbol of our inter-being with all of nature

# Mary Ann Rozear, Durham



## PRAIRIE STORM

Oil | 26" x 26"

This piece represents the isolation felt at home during the pandemic.



## DANCING IN THE WIND

Watercolor with collage | 26" x 38"

This piece represents the happy feeling of returning to one's place of comfort. Represents the isolation felt at home during the pandemic.

# Joy Salyers, Hillsborough

## CRIB VIEWS: LOOKING FOR LIGHT

Acrylic and mixed media on wood panel | 18" x 18"

Jacob Ham, director of the Center for Child Trauma and Resilience, says that emotional neglect is ubiquitous and has perhaps the greatest impact of any cause of trauma.\* This piece is a ritual of healing from my own PTSD as well as an indictment of the American ideal of upward mobility. It references my frequent uprooting as my parents moved us to pursue opportunities, being left with friends and neighbors (and sometimes in my crib in an empty apartment) so my mother could work. It speaks to my lifelong struggle to connect with the idea of home as what Ham calls "the pervasiveness of childhood neglect" bled through and penetrated all aspects of my adult life. While the particular view from the crib is different, far too many of us have similar stories of well-meaning families who didn't or couldn't pay attention to us. In my work, the constellation of trauma is surrounded by a crew of magical beings, pointing toward the "true North" of learning to be at home in my skin. How can we broaden our collective magic to heal the system itself?



\*in *The Opposite of Trauma Is Presence*, an interview with Rabbi Shais Taub



# Marcela Glade, Carrboro

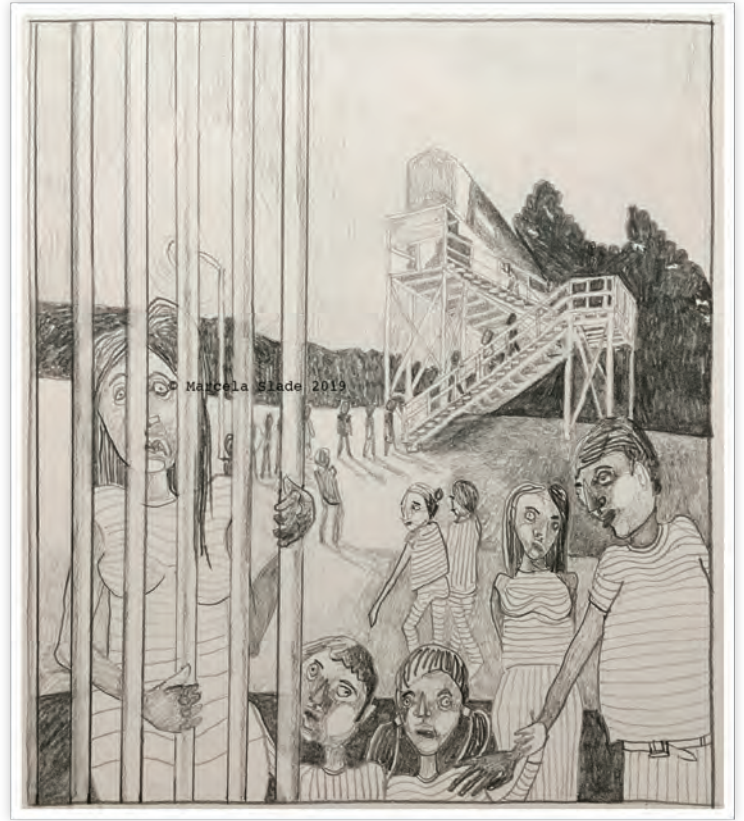


## SILER CITY, NC

Pencil on paper | 8.5" x 11"

This piece is an image I drew after dropping off free produce boxes to people in need of groceries. I went to people's homes to drop off produce boxes on a hot summer day. These were neighbors who live and work in my community and I noticed my home was so different from theirs. It made me grateful.

The little girl who you see here first ran to see who was at the door. I heard her running from one end of the trailer to the other, the sound of a chair being pushed up against the door, her running to report to someone in the back room, and then running back to open the door and receive the box. The stairs were very uneasy and the trash around the front entrance was mostly alcoholic beverages.



## BORDERLINE /

## TEXAS BORDER WITH MEXICO

Pencil on canson | 14" x 17"

This drawing depicts the border between my home, USA, and Mexico, our neighboring country. I put stripes on some of the people in line, giving reference to the concentration camps in Auschwitz, since these border facilities are more like jails. People in this image are looking for a home because they are displaced for many reasons.



# Ellie Snow, Hillsborough



## REFUGE

Acrylic paint | 30" x 40"

I've come to call the hundred acres of undeveloped woodland around us "home." It's not all ours of course, but it's given my family endless hours of exploration and comfort these past two years. During the darkest days of the pandemic, the woods became our refuge and our teacher, comforting yet endlessly new.



## HOME IN THE MOONLIGHT

Acrylic paint | 12" x 16"

I often paint at night, and this is the view of my house as I leave my studio. Each night the sky is a different color, the moon is in a different spot, the stars and leaves come and go... but the windows are always full of warm light, my kids are tucked in their beds, and my husband is there to greet me. I can't believe my luck.



## Madison Speyer, Carrboro

Each of my pieces are part of my two most recent bodies of work, *Searching for Harmony* and *We Carry Each Other Always*. These pieces attempt to record and make tangible the emotions I have felt while living and growing up in the Triangle area and the American South at large. While there are moments of melancholy, which can be seen more in the piece *Dissolve*, most of my experiences living here have consisted of tender, beautiful moments with the people I love. Some of these people are featured in my pieces *Repose* and *Truth*, showing the calm I feel around these people and the home I have found in my relationships with them.



DISSOLVE

Archival pigment print

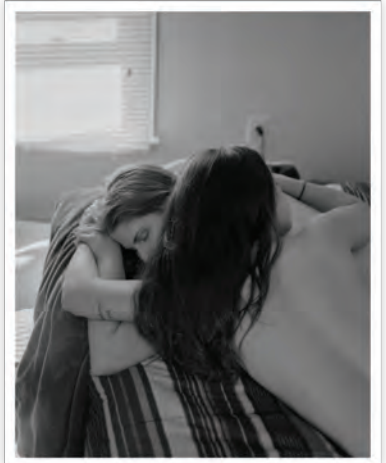
11" x 17"



TRUTH

Archival pigment print

8" x 10"



REPOSE

Silver gelatin fiber print

11" x 14"

## Sara Swanger, Durham



SHELTER FROM THE STORM

Acrylic paint, ink, chalk pastel | 11" x 14"

This piece represents storms we all face in life. Sometimes home is a literal shelter from a storm, but often, it is those around us that give us "shelter" from the storms of life.

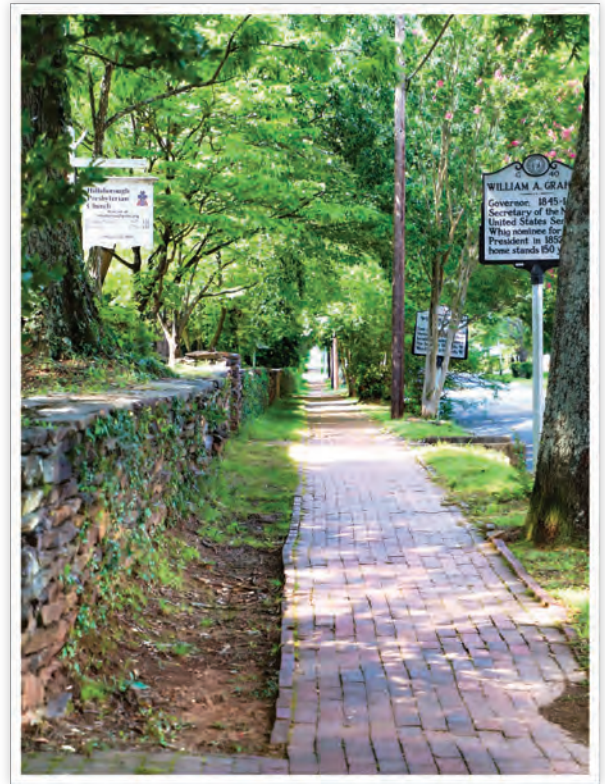


# Tracy U. Thompson, Hillsborough

## HISTORY AFOOT

Photograph | 11" x 14"

This wasn't a planned image. It caught my eye while waiting to meet a friend for lunch. As I gazed between the trees and down the rugged sidewalk, I envisioned my ancestors walking towards me. In the next moment, I pictured holding the hand of my future grandchildren walking this same rocky beautiful path. A blissful feeling of comfort and love blossomed on my face in a gentle smile. This is home. My hometown.



## Allison Tierney, Pittsboro

### UNTITLED (KNITTING IN FRAME)

Acrylic, fabric, canvas, found knitting, frame, thread | 26" x 15.5"

I utilize interpretations of the home and interior design approaches as a means to explore identity. I'm interested in people's relationships to the objects they put on display and how a sense of self is curated and refined through the things we keep and use to make a home. A picture frame is an iconic symbol of the home. Its job is to protect whatever it is housing while adding to the aesthetics of room it hangs in. This work uses the frame and other manipulated materials to represent the complex and evolving relationship one might have with the idea of home.

# Natalia Torres del Valle, Hillsborough

## MOTHER FLOATING MOUNTAIN

Acrylic, ink, pastels, gold, resin on wood panel | 12" x 12"

My piece reflects an abstracted form and colors that remind me of my parent's island of Puerto Rico. Although born here, I have always felt I have two homes and feel a constant pull to the island, which I have not been able to visit since the beginning of the pandemic. I hope that through my carrying on of traditions - music, food, art - my children also feel this duality and call both North Carolina and Puerto Rico home.



# Barbara Tyroler, Chapel Hill

## HITACHI, BILLOW OF AFTERGLOW 闹中取静

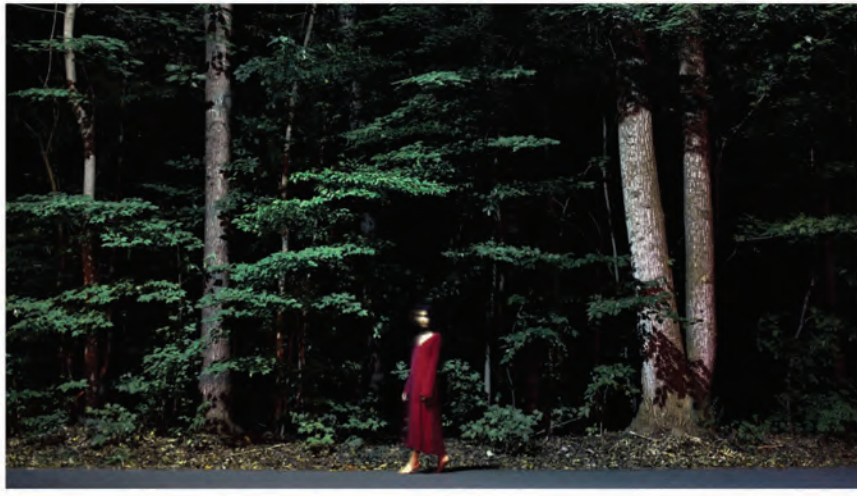
Photo composite | 30" x 40"



Hitachi symbolizes the demolishing and reconstruction of the city as it was constantly changing and evolving towards modernization, an altered outdoor space, a disorientation. Hitachi combines the gentle flute player from a preserved public park with the demolition machinery.



## Alex Velez, Mebane



### THRESHOLD

Photograph | 20" x 30"

These woods face the house where I live, and every night the trees are illuminated by a nearby streetlight. There is something rather mysterious about the way the forest meets the edge of the road, and I wanted to create an image that called attention to this threshold, where what is familiar ends and what is wild begins.

## Jan-Ru Wan, Chapel Hill

Growing up in Taiwan, but living in NC for the past 25 years, the idea of home is inseparable from my own identity. I use the shape of the house and related images to question and reflect on the idea and identity of home and my own existence. In my works, I orchestrate layers and layers of detailed images of household materials, such as keys, on shapes of houses made from silk, kimono, and thread. With these elements, I intend to trigger viewers' memories of home and personal identity.



### ROOF OVER MY HEAD

TC1 jacquard woven with roofs image printed on silk organza and cotton, found keys dipped in wax

9' x 4' x 8"

WOMAN + HOME =  
MARRIAGE, WOMAN =  
MARRIAGE - HOME

女 + 家 = 嫁, 女 = 嫁 - 家

Dyed and printed images on non-woven material, printed mirror, found kimono

8' x 4' x 2'





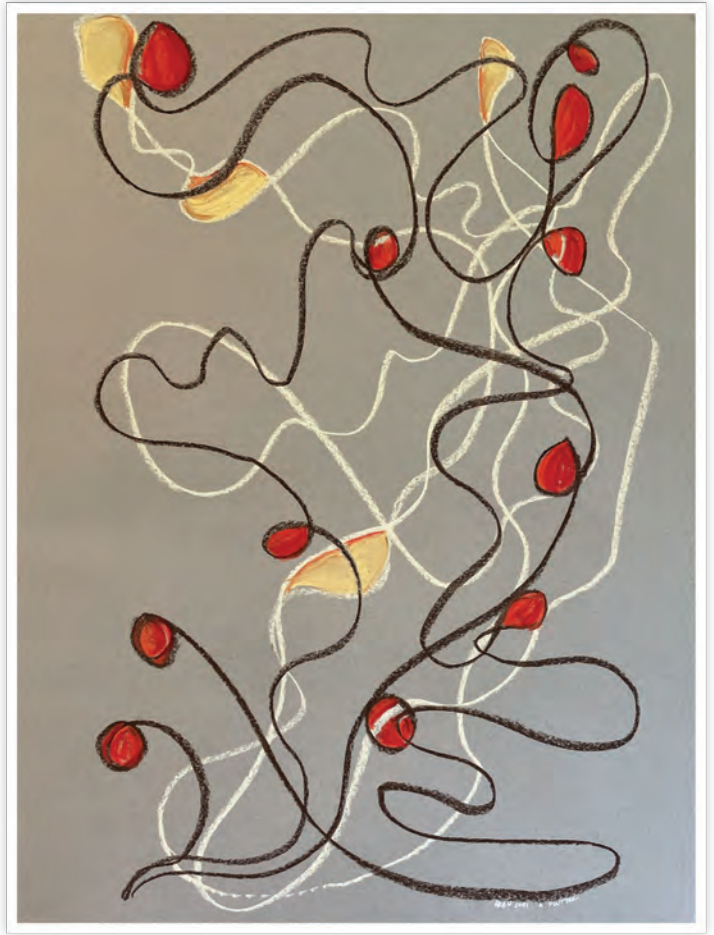
# Heather Washburn, Chapel Hill



## HOMEGROWN RADISHES

Watercolor | 10.5" x 14"

This watercolor relates to home because here in the south we are all about our gardens and growing our own food. The comfort of pulling fresh radishes out of the earth and cleaning them under the cool water of my kitchen sink takes me back to spending time with my grandmother snapping beans on her porch and picking produce out of her garden. These memories and the radishes always feel like I am home.



## CARDINALS A FLUTTER

Soft pastels | 18" x 24"

Home to me is family. This pastel was inspired by cardinals playing in branches outside my studio last winter. It's my belief that when cardinals come to visit they are the spirits of family members reminding you that they are near and they are bringing you a message of love.

## Emily Eve Weinstein, Chapel Hill

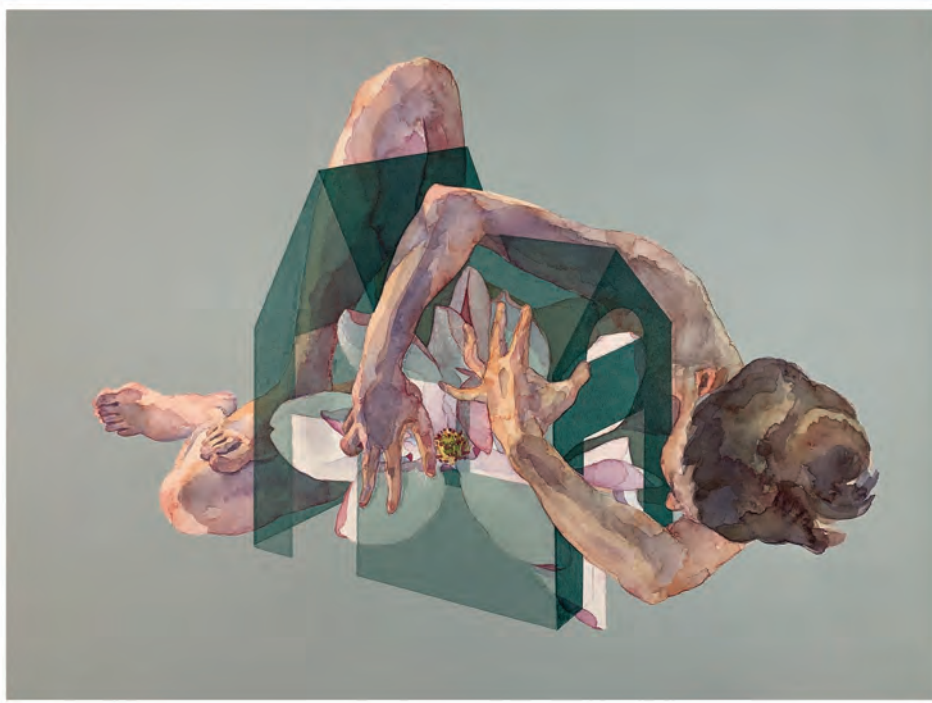


### POET'S RETREAT

Oil on canvas | 18" x 18"

No matter the neighborhood, if the habitants have art in their hearts the vision comes through. There are stately mansions with no sense of beauty and humble shacks over-flowing with charm. This painting captures a moment between night and day.

## Georgia Paige Welch, Durham



### GIMME SHELTER

Watercolor, housepaint, screen-print  
12" x 16"

I created this piece in early 2020 when the pandemic hit. It represents how I felt during that uncertain time: exposed, vulnerable, and anxious. I was seeking beauty and refuge in home and the unfolding spring as an antidote to fear.



# Coretta White, Raleigh



MINI ART VILLAGE



ABANDON AND SCARED



IT TAKES A VILLAGE

Mixed recycled materials | 1.5' x 1.6' x 1'    Mixed recycled materials | 1' x 1.5"    Mixed recycled materials | 3' x 3' x 3'

When I first returned to the Triangle in 1989 from being honorably discharged from the military, I was a homeless, pregnant veteran with two children. I was also a victim of domestic violence.

*Abandoned and Scared* represents the pain, hurt, and horrors of being alone and struggling. After ending up in a domestic violence shelter with my children, I left NC in an effort to flee from my abuser. It represents how my children and I felt abandoned with no one to understand what we were experiencing or believing it was as bad as it was. We suffered in silence.

*It Takes and Village* and *Mini Art Village* represent our return to the Chatham/Wake county area when I gained a brand new family in the arts community of the NC Arts Incubator. I called them my village. I felt safe. They took care of me and they built my confidence in family and friends again. I designed villages that represented my new idea of "home." I came from a very dark place to a very safe and happy place, and I want to share this hope with others who may need to know the importance of what a happy home can be. Do not give up hope.



# Jennifer Rebecca Winterrose, Raleigh

BIKES ON THE PARK BRIDGE

Watercolor and gouache on birch board | 9" x 12"

Making my home in Raleigh has been both fraught with issues and blessed with little surprises. One of the earliest surprises was the abundance of small parks, trails, and greenways. No matter where I have lived in Wake or Durham counties, there has been a trail close by to explore. Then, when I met my husband, we began to explore them together. It feels like I can go so far and yet stay close to home at the same time.



# Donn Young, Chapel Hill



## SUNRISE 9TH WARD NEW ORLEANS

Photography | 20" x 24"

This piece is from the essay 40 Days and 40 Nights - The story of Hurricane Katrina, a natural and man-made disaster that brought an American city to its knees, its effect upon civilization, and the rebuilding of a society. Some people view this photograph as hope for the future, some are moved by the destruction. I want people to know the photograph shows what was once someone's living room; look closely to see the concrete porch stairs on the right, many cinder blocks from the foundation of the home throughout the image, and other homes in the 9th ward neighborhood. For three years, I revisited the people and places affected by Katrina and documented how they responded and rebuilt their lives and the city of New Orleans. Most of that time I was homeless and shared a collective consciousness with my fellow returning citizens; we all returned to New Orleans because it was our home. The completed essay opened in August 2008, at the Louisiana State Archives.

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# Donn Young, Chapel Hill

These pieces are from *State Street - In Search of Human Rights*, a photographic essay dedicated to documenting the human condition that illustrates individuals and families as they contend with issues of housing, health care, education and economic survival.



## LEAD PAINT FOR BREAKFAST

Photography | 13" x 19"

*Lead Paint for Breakfast* was created for the Valley Advocate newspaper. My assignment: document low-income housing funded by the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) program in Chicopee, Massachusetts. *Lead Paint* was created in the living room of this child's home. Look close to see the lead paint on her fingers.



## MODONNA OF DESIRE

Photography | 13" x 19"

*Madonna of Desire* was created during my work with University of New Orleans urban anthropologist Dr. Martha Ward. I created a day-in-the life photo essay documenting the daily routine of residents living in the largest housing project in the U.S., "Desire" in east New Orleans. *Madonna of Desire* was photographed at the entrance of her home, which doubled as her daycare center.