



# Things Left Unsaid

Women Artists Share Work about the Body, Memory and Pain



The Mary L. Fifield Art Gallery at Bunker Hill Community College presents

# Things Left Unsaid

## Women Artists Share Work about the Body, Memory and Pain

Each piece in “Things Left Unsaid” represents an act of courage. The nine artists in this multi-media, multi-dimensional exhibit have made visible something that is often minimized, silenced or erased from a woman’s life – pain, sexual desire, illness, body image, faith, and the longing for a better life. Each work is a signature piece that confronts issues both historic and contemporary, both local and global.

Some of these pieces are so deeply personal that viewers may feel as if they are being drawn into an intimate conversation with the artist. Others dwell on universal themes of memory, loss, and journeys into the unknown. Some of these pieces depict experiences that are difficult, even horrific, but the art is also suffused with the willingness to endure.

Maddu Huacuja’s powerful portrait of a young girl who has undergone female circumcision is a clarion call for action against culturally sanctioned mutilation while Roya Amigh’s ethereal paper patchwork examines female sexuality as a kind of lyrical folk tale. Two artists confront breast cancer: Ellen Grund with whimsical “boobie-ware” and Niloufar Keyhani with a stark rumination on chemotherapy.

Teresa Gifford balances found objects and altered photographs to reflect on dementia; Deta Galloway uses brightly colored forms and shapes in her painting to explore the political and cultural border between the United States and Mexico. While each artist has her own unique vision, common threads weave through the exhibit. For instance, broken glass is often used for female circumcision and Samantha Wickman uses pieces of colored glass in unsettling ways in her sculptural pieces.

Bianca Broxton and Jacqueline Quinn both use fiber and cloth to probe the depths of faith and exploitation. As if sitting in a large circle, these artists share their experiences, bringing them into the light so as to heal, mourn and take action together.

*You will note that there are no names or identifying text near the artwork; this allows you, the audience, to contemplate the pieces in their own context. We hope you as a viewer study the work and let it speak to you before reaching for this exhibition program.*

# Guiding Questions

Why do we leave things unsaid? Do you have things in your life that you have left unsaid?

What happens if we speak out loud of our anger, fears, hopes and dreams?  
What happens if we remain silent?

How does each artist in this exhibit use a different medium – fiber, clay, paint, cloth, etc. – to express her vision?

What threads or themes do you see in this exhibit as a whole?

Which piece speaks to your own experience of things left unsaid?

# Your Reflections





1. Maddu Huacuja, *Neither Girl Nor Yet Woman*, Circa 2000, Acrylic, pastels and charcoal on linen.

**About the Artist**—To paraphrase Orozco—if I hadn't been a painter, I would have wished I were a painter. I grew up in Mexico City, a city of fantastic architecture and public art, ancient and contemporary, which included the murals of Rivera, Orozco and Siqueiros, International Film festivals at the National Autonomous University of Mexico and archeological excavations of the Aztec city of Tenochtitlan. Our home was in Coyoacán, where Frida Kahlo lived, and her home "Casa Azul" was already a museum. My childhood was an art feast, and I was invited to the table.

I have been making art since I was an adolescent. I attended art schools, starting with the Art Student's League in NYC; later, Bezalel in Jerusalem and Avni Institute of Art and Design in Tel Aviv; and, finally I studied and received my BFA at the Mason Gross School of Art at Rutgers University, where my mentor and thesis advisor was Leon Golub. I have created a large body of work over the years, and much of it speaks to our extended communities and to my Mexican roots. I created installations for Day Without Art, AIDS, spoke at forums and created work on First Nations in

Seattle and Olympia, WA. While in Seattle, I combined my studio work with my work as a Spanish Interpreter in the courts, not only in my paintings but also by bringing together indigent Spanish speakers I met in the courts with the judges they sometimes had to face, introducing them to each other in my studio. I taught Spanish classes to the judges and lawyers, teaching them not just the language but also something about the people who spoke it; and I created a street clinic for the homeless Mexicans and others who lived under the bridges and had no recourse.

I have enjoyed being a featured artist for the Center for Art and Community Partnerships (SPARC/Massachusetts College of Art and Design) and teaching at Community Paint Nights. During the summer, 2016, I created murals on electrical boxes for "Grove Hall in Color," in my neighborhood, Roxbury, and participated in painting the Student Center mural at Northeastern University. I also created a photographic body of work on the Caribbean Carnival in Roxbury. My most recent work has focused on migrants and refugees, humans and others, including a solo exhibition *Open the Way* at The Mary L. Fifield Art Gallery, Boston, MA, October 10, 2019 – February 21, 2020.

**About the Work**—This painting is about the shroud of silence and secrecy covering female circumcision. To quote an excerpt from the poem "A Woman's Issue" by Margaret Atwood;

...Exhibit C is the young girl  
Dragged into the bush by midwives  
And made to sing while they scrape the flesh  
From between her legs, then tie her thighs  
Till she scabs over and is called healed.  
Now she can be married...  
The ones that die are carefully buried...

This is no museum.

Before they can marry, young (Maasai) girls must be circumcised, an operation in which the clitoris is removed. During the six-week period of recuperation, they are forbidden to talk to men or strangers, and are dressed so as not to look provocative. Maasai girls at this time are known as *Ormaisen*, which means 'girls in healing.' They paint their faces distinctively with white chalk, wear headbands made of cowrie shells which are symbols of fertility, and completely cover their bodies to indicate their state.

Circumcised Pokot girls completely cover their faces with white chalk and wear a leather cloak to conceal their bodies. They are called *Chemerion*, 'neither girl nor yet woman'. During the confined period, they are instructed by the older women on sexual matters and married conduct. Once healed, both Maasai and Pokot girls have their head ritually shaved and are then considered to be clean and ready for marriage, which usually follows soon after.

These are not legends.

A quick Google search for the question “What is a clitoridectomy?” One medical definition states, “A clitoridectomy is a surgical procedure, often performed by someone other than a trained medical professional, that involves the partial or complete removal of a woman’s clitoris. Similar to the male penis, the clitoris is a small organ found on a woman’s vagina and is the dominant source of sexual pleasure in a woman’s anatomy. As a result, after undergoing a clitoridectomy, most women can no longer function sexually. However, due to cultural beliefs in certain parts of the world, the procedure is a common rite of passage that marks a girl’s transition into womanhood.”

“Most women do not choose to undergo a clitoridectomy, as the surgery is typically performed on girls between the ages of four and eight. These girls are usually tied or held down during the procedure. Estimates suggest that approximately 130 million women and girls across the globe have been forced to have the surgery. Now considered a form of violence against women, the clitoridectomy has been banned in many areas of the world. Despite this, however, many cultures continue to practice the procedure.”

Until the abuse of women and children stops being acceptable; until the trafficking of women and children stops; until women and children are no longer sold and bartered; until the status quo stops being the abuse and exploitation of women and children; until violence against women and children stops being entertainment; until women and children can step out of their homes without fear; until women and children can step into their homes without fear; until women and children can say No! without repercussions; until all women can work for equal pay under healthy conditions; until women and children stop being abused, exploited and humiliated. Until then. Women: our mothers, our sisters on every continent; our daughters and their daughter’s daughters. We are each other’s stories.

## 2. Teresa Gifford, *In Her Mind’s Eye*, Assemblage with found objects and altered photographs, 2019.



**About the Artist**— Teresa Gifford has a background in fiber arts, painting, collage, bookmaking and assemblage. She is the owner of the Assemblage Studio in Green Bay, Wisconsin—a classroom and retail space that specializes in classes in bookbinding, art journaling, assemblage and collage. The studio opened its doors in April of 2006 and reflects a growing interest in the pursuit of the paper arts. The goal of Assemblage Studio is to encourage people to take their creativity to the next level and create their own art that is enjoyable and fun.

Gifford studied at the University of Alaska, and has exhibited in solo exhibitions in Anchorage dating back to the 1980’s. After moving to Green Bay in 2001, she joined several collectives, including the Women Who Run with Scissors and the Green Bay Art Colony, and began to experiment with art quilts, books, and assemblages.

**About the Work**—I have always been interested in “recycled art,” a medium defined by its (re)appropriation of discarded or used items. Each of my pieces have been altered, creating a dialogue between intended use and the identity of art objects. My works are comprised of a multitude of mediums and materials, coming from different sources. The end result is, I hope, one of elegance and delicate details. Each recycled part has its place, combining in a whole which encourages careful contemplation of its intricate details.

“In Her Mind’s Eye” is a deeply personal piece that attempts to replicate the disorientation and disintegration of memory

that many Alzheimer's and persons diagnosed with dementia feel. There are uncertain memories that hide in every drawer. The past invades the present; the present pervades the past. In the mind's eye, represented by the lightbulb in the center of the box, the faces of childhood loved ones, merge, converge and repeat, reflecting the common experience of reliving the past in the current moment. Physical surroundings and other people come to be experienced as suddenly threatening.

Objects that seem familiar in one instance are then experienced as confusing or even alarming. A person with dementia can feel increasingly confused; the result of this sustained sensation can be panic, or acute memory loss, or difficulty in thinking rationally. When someone can no longer make sense of their world or repeatedly makes "mistakes" in their perceptions and judgements, they often feel frustrated or angry with themselves and others.

People with dementia also have moments where they still feel normal and the world around them is experienced as happy, safe and calm. For many, however, this sense of "normalcy" is a reality of diminishing returns. This assemblage attempts to illustrate for the viewer how the experience of loss and conflicting emotions actually feels for the individual grappling with dementia. It also captures the innate courage and human dignity each person possesses as they continue to struggle with their respective diagnosis.

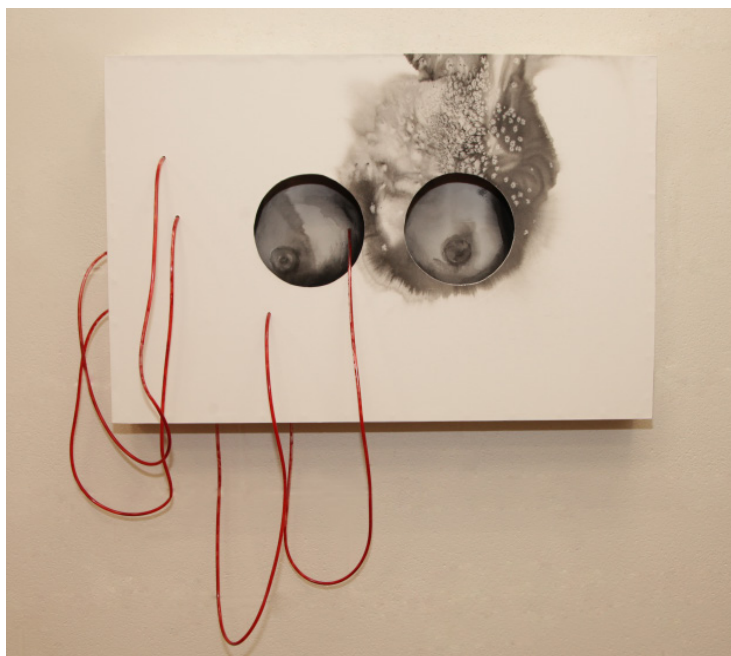
### 3. Bianca Broxton, *Tendrils*, 2015, Fiber art sculpture with synthetic hair.

**About the Artist**—Bianca Broxton is a local area artist with a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree from the School of the Museum of Fine Arts at Tufts University, Boston, MA. When not working at a production company, she's a cat mom, Unicorn lover, and jazz hand enthusiast.

**About the Work**—*Tendrils* is about the symbiotic relationship between identity and exploitation. The taking of one's identity is a violent act and is one of the first steps of exploitation. The history of conquest is the history of ghosts and *Tendrils* is a leftover trinket.







#### 4. Niloufar Keyhani, *Bloody Red*, Mixed media, 2019.

**About the Artist**—My work as a visual artist has long centered around pain and hope. My subjects draw from my personal experience, both as a child in war-torn Iran and as an adult who has survived cancer.

War was a constant and integral part of my life in Iran. During most of my childhood, my country was at war with Iraq. The reasons for war were beyond my comprehension as a child. What I did experience were gray days, constant fear and dark bomb shelters where I huddled with my family to escape the relentless bombing. Ultimately, my family had to flee from our home to the north of Iran. Although many years have passed since then, my memories of this painful time continue to greatly influence my work and my first printmaking series focused on war and its effects on women and children.

I was also greatly influenced by the work of German artist Käthe Kollwitz (1867–1945). In viewing her work, it was clear to me that she too had experienced war with her entire being. The sharp lines of her woodcut series help to communicate the pain of a mother who has lost her son in war. In my series, "Twenty-first", I worked with linocut and intaglio techniques because I found their sharp lines to be especially evocative of the feelings I was trying to express.

Getting and beating cancer added a new dimension to my art – that of hope and survival. This is demonstrated in my series "Point to Point", where I used mixed media in a collage format as a sort of puzzle in search of the one correct solution – the rebirth at the end of the process.

Through the creative process I am able to transfer the pain and fear out from my being and into my work. When I complete a piece, I feel drained but also healed. Likewise, my goal is to communicate not just the suffering but also the hope that comes from survival. While the creation of art is cathartic for me personally, my hope is that it can also provide solace and comfort to observers who have suffered in their own lives.

**About the Work**—I was diagnosed with breast cancer while Iran was suffering tough economic sanctions. Staying calm and positive, the most crucial part of the treatment had become impossible due to a scarcity of chemotherapy medicine. Each month, as the bloody red Doxil entered my veins, I grew anxious for the next chemotherapy session. Would I continue to be lucky enough to get this medicine injected to my fragile body?

#### 5. Roya Amigh, *I Sinned a Sin Full of Pleasure*, Paper, lace, thread, and pieces of cloth, 2019.



Detail of *I Sinned a Sin Full of Pleasure*

**About the Artist**—Roya Amigh earned an MFA in Painting from Boston University, Boston, MA, 2012. Her solo exhibitions include those at Greenfield Community College, Greenfield, MA, 2019; Babson College, Wellesley, MA, 2018; FiveMyles Gallery, Brooklyn, NY, and Iron Tail Gallery, Lincoln, NE, 2017. Group shows include Shiva Gallery at John Jay College, CUNY, NYC, 2018; Yangpyeong Art Museum, Gyeonggi-do, South Korea, 2018; the Museum of Contemporary Art of Crete, Rethymno, Greece, 2018; Brown University, Providence, RI, 2017; The Art Complex Museum, Duxbury, MA, 2017; Edward Hopper House Museum, Nyack, NY, 2016; Katonah Museum of Art, Katonah, NY, 2015, and Macy Art Gallery, Columbia University, NYC, 2014. She was artist-in-residence at Assets for Artists | MASS MoCA, North Adams, MA, Art Omi, Ghent, NY, The Millay Colony for the Arts, Austerlitz, NY, among others. Roya has been recently selected to receive the Massachusetts Cultural Council Fellowship in Drawing and Printmaking, 2020. She lives and works in Cambridge, MA.







**About the Work**—In the work titled “I Sinned a Sin Full of Pleasure”, I examine gender-centered storytelling through the folklore stories on the liberation of female sexuality narrated by women. I juxtapose it with the classical Persian literature centered on female guile written by men. I focus on sexuality and anxieties in Iranians’ lives by studying erotic desires and frustrations in response to social and cultural values, which resulted mostly from unconscionability and the absolutism of men of religion and state.

I am interested in discovering and exploring how simple materials can transform and metamorphose into stories. The simple materials I use create delicate, fragile, and vulnerable works, which I juxtapose with Persian miniatures and literature. Then, I recreate the images by gluing thread on paper – first I put the glue on with pin on paper, drawing my imagery with glue, then I put the thread over them.



## 6. Ellen Grund, *Boobie-ware (3 vessels), White stoneware, with glaze, 2014.*

**About the Artist**—Clay and health have intertwined for Ellen Grund, a Massachusetts-based potter. In 2001, she had to give up a research career due to MS and took a pottery class to explore other creative and professional outlets. She became hooked. She first studied pottery at the Sharon Art Studio in San Francisco, CA. In 2006, she began studying at Mudflat Studio in Somerville, MA and has been a studio artist there since 2014. She sells her work through the Mudflat Gallery and other outlets; she also does commissions. “Clay has rescued me twice: first after the MS diagnosis and then during the confusing turmoil of being diagnosed with breast cancer,” she said.

**About the Work**—Breast cancer made me re-evaluate what brings me joy in life. When I was first diagnosed I was raw and vulnerable, and would sit at the pottery wheel for hours and produce almost nothing. I was stuck, terrified, like a deer in the headlights. Then I realized I couldn’t make anything because I had to make something specific, something to express my experience through clay. “Boobie-ware” was born. Patterns of breasts started popping out around my pots and lids became breasts with nipple knobs. Some of the breasts were sliced across, expressing my horror about my upcoming mastectomy. There were also breast creamers with nipple spouts and sugar jars with nipple lids. At first there were quiet whispers and snickers around the studio - does she know her design looks like a breast?” As I opened up about my experience, the absurdity of it and especially the humor, many other women in the Mudflat Studio community became supportive and laughed along with me. Quiet women I sat next to in the wheel room for years confided their health scare stories to me; some were drawn to the healing work I was doing with boobie-ware. My brush with breast cancer helped me realize that I want to spend the time and energy I have doing what brings joy and fulfillment.

## 7. Deta Galloway, *Leaving Juárez*, Mixed media painting on canvas, 2019.

**About the Artist**—Deta Galloway is a multi-media and multi-genre artist whose works have been featured nationally and internationally for nearly four decades. Born in Jamaica under the sign of Cancer, she is of sun and sea. The riches of Mother Earth are her birthright and personal testimony. Greatly influenced by ancient tradition and the pervasiveness of natural mysticism, her vibrant and dimensional artwork incorporates wide-ranging elements—from spirit writing, to hierarchic symbols of nearly lost religious practice, to the mythologies of Western forms. Her poetry and prose have been featured on the BBC and in notable publications. Her live performances have been seen on festival stages, including the Indiana Women’s Music Festival, among others. Her fine art can be found in the permanent collections of the Smithsonian and the Museum of the National Center of Afro-American Artists, and in several private collections. Working from the praxis of aesthetics and experience, she is uninhibited in her exploration of the recesses of the human soul. As a trained nurse, deep healing from trauma and an insistence of universal freedom are the gifts she hopes to bestow to posterity.

**About the Work**—Ciudad Juárez is the most populous city in the Mexican state of Chihuahua. It faces El Paso, Texas and is a major point of transportation and entry into the United States. Commonly called “Juárez,” it is a place well known for lawless atrocities, fueled by a dark economy of drugs and human trafficking, especially perpetrated on local citizens, and largely on women and children. While it is a place of distinctive tradition, it is also marked by danger, violence and tragedy. As an artist, I am most concerned about the large number of migrants funneling into Juárez, with dreams of coming to the United States with their families, seeking a better life away from threats to their very existence in their respective homelands. Many who come to Juárez are refugees. For some, food, medicine, safe resting space and simple human dignity are basic needs that go unmet. Emotional comfort and safe passage are often denied. There are few safeguards against violence and displacement here. Fear and injury abound. In my painting, I attempt to resolve the ugly realities of Juárez. As a form of protest, but not denial, I have attempted to paint the dreams and hope-filled futures for all of those who cannot or do not “leave Juárez.” I have incorporated ancient protection symbols and spiritual anagrams. Remembering is an act of prayer. Calling upon all the innocents who lost their lives, or who continue to be endangered, is a way of offering an alternative to the devastating effects of trauma and pain. “Leaving Juárez” is a rally cry, an anthem for justice, a divination for freedom.





**A Poem to Accompany *Leaving Juárez***  
(About Lineage and Indigeneity)

These are our Testimonies  
Among the Living and the Dead  
The echoes of our prayers,  
From our lilting songs,  
From our labored breaths  
Still the memory of our earnest prayers  
Returns to comfort us

Again.

Oh, young ones  
That rush to the River,  
Where our Fathers redeem us,  
Beside the Rio Grande  
Lies the open fields  
Of human bones  
Cacti flowers cover,  
All over the ridge  
Coyotes breaking silence,  
The dead surrender to the earth  
While serpents watch  
The human hunted.

And our haunted memories live  
With each new shaft of daylight  
Let us look, and remember!  
The little feet are weary,  
So weary, very weary,  
Still walking beside

The road.

We are like these children too,  
And we follow on and on,  
Dust-ridden roads of hope,  
Sometimes endangered  
Hoping to fly away,  
Hold me when I stumble!  
When I falter, I shall not fear,  
Wipe my tears away  
Oh, please, give to me  
Some of that cool water!

Among the stones,  
As often as I wander  
Once, too, long ago  
You raised your torches of fire  
Above my head,  
Look upon me!  
As I lay dying, beside the road  
Oh, re-light this Torch of Memory,  
In your Love, for love of me  
Call out my name  
Now, as I wonder, wonder, wonder . . .



Detail of *Leaving Juárez*

Flesh and Spirit reside  
Inside the cities of crowded imagining  
Inside wooden, burning cities  
Through this heat of my night  
Rest from my agony  
Through my dreams,  
Until my death  
I shall grow and become old,  
Become a ghost on the road,  
Like you, entering *Ciudad Juárez del Norte*.

Gather me in your baptismal tears  
Feed from my vessel of Hope,  
My vessel of Honor,  
My vessel of Love,  
Take me to the places of my return  
*El norte, la mujer, Ciudad Juárez*.

And remember, a whisper  
Kissing your ears,  
Love saved your children  
And set us all

Free.

[January 30, 2020. Boston]



Detail of *Leaving Juárez*

**8. Jacqueline Quinn—*This Perfect Dress: Having Faith in a Time of Loss* (from the collection “Angels and Devils, with Demons on the Side”), 2018, Hand-embroidered and hand-beaded bodice with silk tulle inserts; sackcloth skirt with embroidered gold thread.**

**About the Artist**—Jacqueline Quinn is a fashion designer born in Dublin, Ireland, who moved to New York City 25 years ago. Jacqueline’s alma mater is the Grafton Academy of Fashion Design in Dublin, and she is currently studying to get her Master’s in Fashion and Fine Arts. Diverse in her background both creatively and artistically, Jacqueline has been the head designer for DKNY dresses and was most recently the creative director and designer for Betsey Johnson. She is currently designing her own collection, “Jackie.” Jacqueline cites the iconic Jackie Kennedy as a major style influence and is working on a book outlining Jackie Kennedy’s fabrications and fashion influences.

**About the Work**—These garments were created as a form of spiritual armor. When several people close to me began to suffer quite seriously from mental illness, I felt a profound need to protect both my physical and spiritual self. I created this dress, and several others in a collection, as a means of coping with my loved ones’ illnesses and providing a safe, perhaps sanctified opportunity to express my own grief. At this time, I felt my life and my faith being challenged in ways that were both new and terrifying for me. The deep gold and burgundy colors are inspired by traditional European religious paintings, most notably *The Temptation of St. Anthony*, in which psychological and spiritual harm appears in the physical form of a demon before the praying saint. The bodice is inlaid with rosary beads and appendage crosses—familiar signs of Catholic devotion. The entire bodice has been “gilded” with metallic paint in order to replicate the precious and fortifying properties gold encrusted objects hold in common belief and ritual practice. I used sackcloth for the skirt. This material represents the traditional garment of the penitent and signifies poverty and humility in religious practice. Wearing sackcloth is commonly associated also with putting “ashes” on the body. This has often been a form of mourning, and in my mind’s eye, it’s also a form of resistance: the public, external display of inner turmoil and strife. As such, sackcloth was worn as a token of mourning by the Israelites. It was also a sign of submission (1 Kings 20:31-32), or of grief and self-humiliation (2 Kings 19:1), and was occasionally worn by the Prophets. The gold thread running through the sackcloth signifies how the beauty of our faith and religious tradition run through our lives, even in our darkest and most difficult hours.







**9. Samantha Wickman, *The Cacophony of Broken Glass*, Porcelain, underglaze, glass, resin, 2018.**

**About the Artist**—Drawing heavily from personal experience, my sculptural work is a sustained meditation on what happens to people when they fall from the realm of the living into the kingdom of the sick by way of chronic pain and illness. Pain is a destructive, fiendish monster that threatens to and often succeeds in annihilating identity. It shatters the relationship between the body and soul; at worst, it shifts the balance until a person becomes nothing more than a lump of twisted flesh. Lacking means of ascent, the shadow beings I depict are floating, unhinged from the earthly world: desperately creating an existence from the flotsam and jetsam of ruin and disease, fashioning meaning and subsistence from whatever remnants they can find. They exist, the work exists, I exist, with all their flaws - proof that life in the kingdom of the sick, hidden in the shadows of an ableist society, exists - and that both beauty and meaning thrive amidst the chaos.

**About this Work**— *The Cacophony of Broken Glass*: A woman meshed with the landscape. Her abdomen is open, spilling out shards of glass. The landscape has a spire made of feet. The seed for this piece was an experience I had with Crohn's Disease. I was running late for work and picked up a poppy seed bagel for breakfast. Not long after eating it, I was

doubled over with abdominal pain; it felt like I had eaten a bagel coated in shards of glass rather than poppy seeds.

Years later, after being diagnosed with Complex Regional Pain Syndrome, I started thinking about pain and how we communicate about pain. I began to notice that my leg pain was like a silent cacophonous symphony that only I could hear. Its volume and intensity, its randomness and lack of pattern or rhythm were overwhelming and had the potential to override every other sensation I experienced, every other thought that ran through my head. *The Cacophony of Broken Glass* combines the two experiences to give physical form to express physical pain that might otherwise remain invisible.

**About These Works**— "*The Magic Mirror Series*" (following page)

1. *In The Dark of the Night*, Porcelain, underglaze, glaze, gold luster, mixed media, 2019-20.
2. *The Black Hole*, Porcelain, underglaze, glaze, gold luster, mixed media. 2019-20.
3. *The Secret Garden*, Porcelain, underglaze, glaze, gold luster, mixed media. 2019-20.

I developed the Magic Mirror series last year after a prolonged period of illness where I was essentially confined to my house. I had minimal contact with other people during this time and most of the contact I did have came via my iPhone (which had recently died and been replaced). I realized the phone had become my magic two-way mirror of sorts, my window to the world outside of my house, and in some ways, the only way the outside world could see me.

For people with chronic pain, illness, or disability, technology, like the iPhone, can be a double-edged sword. It offers many features that can help someone already struggling to better manage life, but at the same time, there are other features that can serve to solidify life on the periphery. Yes - the iPhone lets me see and connect with the outside world - and yes - the iPhone lets the outside world see in (if I so choose...) - but it can also enhance the sense of isolation and otherness that can come with chronic pain and illness, reflect back false or constructed realities, and further undermine the fact that we are, first and foremost, embodied beings, comprised of flesh, not ephemeral, digital footprints.





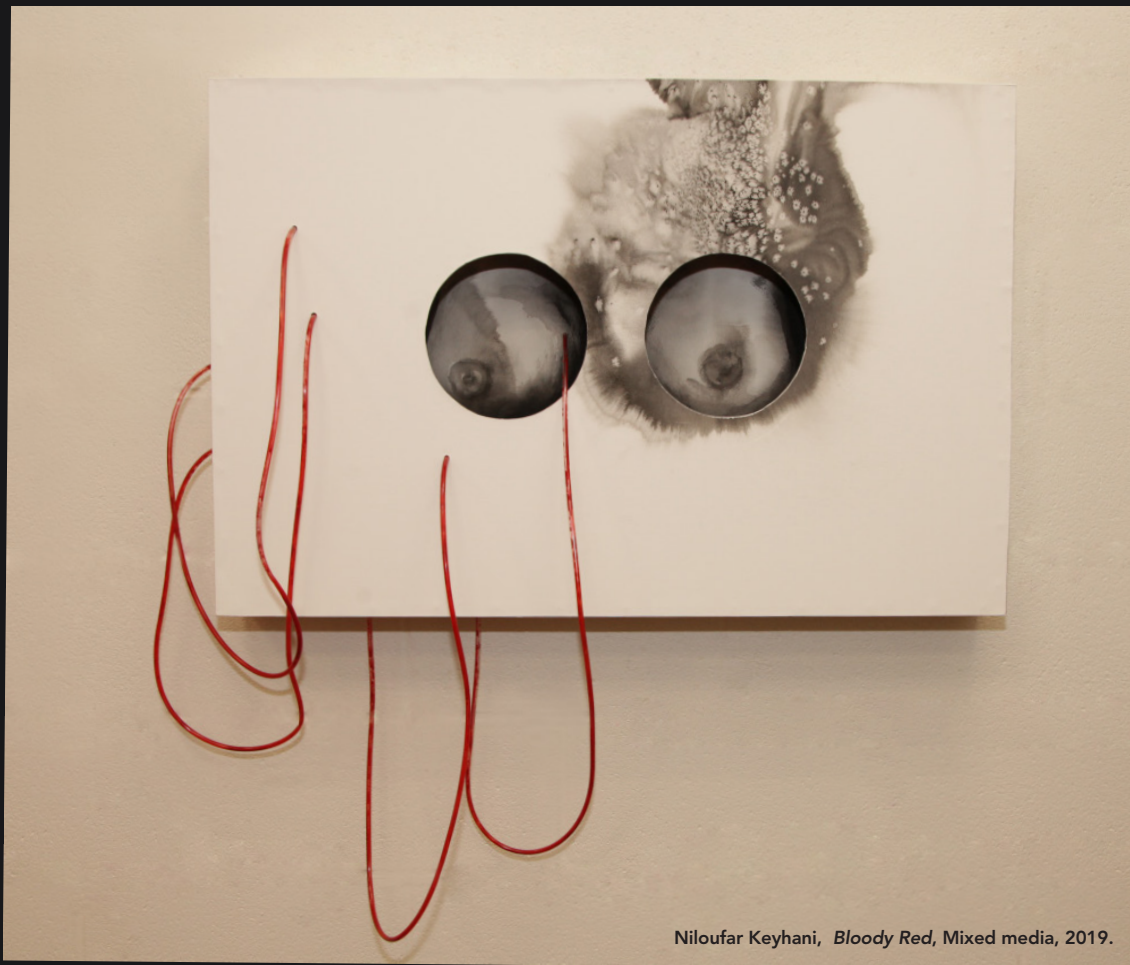
**The Magic Mirror: In The Dark of the Night**—A woman with mangled/missing legs lying on her back holding a cell phone over her face. This work was inspired by the countless very late and sleepless nights I've had due to physical pain. I would be laying on the couch or in bed, staring at the "mirror" and the cold blue light would illuminate my face - revealing only that part of myself - while the rest hid in the darkness, away from the phone's light, away from its gaze.

**The Magic Mirror: The Black Hole**—A figure covered in a black blanket/cocoon, holding a cell phone in left hand, with a Luna moth. This piece is a musing on the psychological effects of technology and how the same double edge sword that applies to physical pain can apply to emotional pain as well. The light of the phone offers the hope of connection but also heightens the darkness by comparison.



**The Magic Mirror: The Secret Garden**—A woman with thorn branches growing out of her body. She is seated and looking at a cell phone. The thorn branches are in bloom. This figure explores how the magic mirror can lead us away from embracing that the mind and body are inextricably intertwined. The woman is so focused on the phone, staring away into the mirror, that she does not see the branches of thorns that bind her have started to bloom.





Niloufar Keyhani, *Bloody Red*, Mixed media, 2019.

Roya Amigh • Bianca Broxton • Deta Galloway • Teresa Gifford • Ellen Grund • Maddu Huacuja • Niloufar Keyhani • Jacqueline Quinn • Samantha Wickman

**March 30 – December 18, 2020**

Library and Learning Commons,  
3rd Floor E Building, Charlestown Campus

Viewing Hours: Mon. – Fri., 9 a.m.–8 p.m., Sat. and Sun., 10 a.m.–3 p.m.



Charlestown Campus | 250 New Rutherford Avenue, Boston, MA 02129 | 617-228-2000 | TTY: 617-242-2365

Chelsea Campus | 70 Everett Avenue, Chelsea, MA 02150 | 617-228-2101 | TTY: 617-884-3293

Satellite Locations | East Boston • Malden • South End | Instructional Centers | Chinatown • Everett • Quincy | [bhcc.edu](http://bhcc.edu)

AFFIRMATIVE ACTION and EQUAL OPPORTUNITY POLICY Bunker Hill Community College does not discriminate on the basis of race, creed, religion, color, gender, sexual orientation, gender identity, age, disability, genetic information, maternity leave status, criminal record or national origin in its educational programs or in admission to, access to, treatment in or employment in its programs or activities as required by Title VI, Civil Rights Act of 1964; Title IX, Education Amendments of 1972; and Section 504, Rehabilitation Act of 1973 and regulations promulgated thereunder.