

# Fairy Tales *Portrait Paintings by Elena Sisto*



21 August–17 October 1999

Maier Museum of Art

Randolph-Macon Woman's College

Lynchburg, Virginia

Front cover  
*Snow White*, 1998  
oil on linen  
24 x 36"

Back cover  
*Knight (Valiant)*, 1998  
oil on linen  
48 x 40"

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Throng" copyright © 1999 by  
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## Foreward

Elena Sisto's association with the Maier Museum of Art and Randolph-Macon Woman's College began in 1994 when she was included in the Maier's 82nd Annual Exhibition, *Making Connections: Approaches to Space in Drawing*, and participated in the exhibition's related Helen Clark Berlind Symposium. Since that time Sisto has returned to the College to lecture, give master classes in drawing, and critique students' work. With this exhibition entitled *Fairy Tales: Portrait Paintings by Elena Sisto*, she now presents herself through her paintings—20 canvases that display her virtuosity as a painter and her ability to portray her fairy-tale subjects with a paradoxical mix of comic exaggeration and dark psychological reserve. As a whole they represent a fantasy world, but with startling truths revealed. On the one hand these characters are the quintessence of myth and legend with each pared down to his or her most fundamental form and persona. They also, however, embody a contemporary consciousness that is both confounding and disconcerting. In presenting this remarkable group of paintings at the Maier Museum, the artist has come full circle in a relationship that has proven to be inspirational to students and thought-provoking for Museum audiences. In the end it is up to the viewer to decide if the fairy tale ends happily ever after.

It is fitting that Sisto's work be paired in this publication with a short story titled "Pan's Fair Throng" written by novelist Rick Moody. They have known and admired each other's work for years, and in asking Moody to write a piece in response to her work for the catalog Sisto believed that he would "reproduce and reflect the experience of the paintings rather than take them along one track as a narrative." So it is that paint and word come together in separate but related ways, with artist and writer bringing their own individual collective memories to their work and constructing through their respective crafts images that resonate of times past and present.

This exhibition and catalog would not have been possible without the commitment and hard work of many. The Maier Museum gratefully acknowledges Littlejohn Contemporary, Paula Eagle, and a private collector for so generously lending works to the exhibition. Thanks are also accorded Maier Director Karol Lawson, Museum Secretary Sharon Palladino, 1998-99 Collections Assistant Robin Short, Education Coordinator Mary Fitzgerald, and 1999 summer intern Rebecca Howell for their input and support. Finally, I thank Kathy Muehleemann for her insightful introduction, Rick Moody for his vivid and inspired prose, and, most especially, Elena Sisto for her enthusiasm for this project and for her obvious love of and dedication to the creative process.

*Ellen Schall Agnew*  
Associate Director, Maier Museum of Art

## Introduction

In his essay "Lightness" Italo Calvino writes:

But I know that any interpretation impoverishes the myth and suffocates it. With myths one should not be in a hurry. It is better to let them settle in the memory, to stop and dwell on every detail, to reflect on them without losing touch with their language of images.

It is understandable that Elena Sisto's images should inspire words from the esteemed writer, Rick Moody. His free-associative response to her images makes a compelling case for the idea of creative exchange between artists. The work is generous enough to allow another in, and once in, it is evocative enough to sustain the creative call-and-response with another's vision. Here we are privileged to see two artists at their best and in relationship through their art.

I remember first meeting Elena at a loft party in New York City. On her hip was the most entrancing little girl, her daughter Clara. I have never seen such a delightful and engaging little face. All of two months old. But then I looked at the mother and saw the same deep sparkle within. I was hooked. I look forward to every encounter with Elena Sisto because I know the conversation will cover ground wildly and with much depth and glee. The ready laugh and delight don't prepare one for the work. Her paintings always stop me in my tracks. I can't look at them enough, and they resonate long afterwards. It seems propitious that she has turned her imagery towards the dark and mysterious realm of fairy tales. With a deftness of hand and talent she can evoke, with seeming ease, the looming fantastic figures. But these figures are not trapped in a specificity. Rather they are like the Greek myths that simultaneously free and hold one in their thrall. They are not interpreted for you but rather exist just beyond reach. Like a parent with a child just learning to walk, the hands are held out enticingly and ready to catch, but with that gap that allows true reach and attainment.

*Kathy Muehleemann*  
Assistant Professor of Art, Randolph-Macon Woman's College



*King*  
1998  
oil on linen  
43 x 56"



*Prince Charming*  
1998  
oil on linen  
43 x 48"



*Hannan*  
1998  
oil on linen  
43 x 48"



*Stepmother*  
1998  
oil on linen  
48 x 36"

## *Pan's Fair Throng*

by Rick Moody

**F**airest monarch of our empire, *great king*, conduce in me, lowly tanner of hides, a righteous song as I embark to tell the tale of your origins, spinning for townfolk the narratives of the province whence you come, that savage Northern province of brigands upon highways who accost travelers with blunt, crusted foils called, in those lands, *squeegee*, or in due course how you came from the prolific farms of *Jersey* to rule over all this principality of scribes and divers musicians, how you brought probity to scoundrels of disputatious cast. Lead me as you have led others, eternal administrator, *make your tongue my tongue* as my inscriptions cover this stone and I tell of your reign, to those in the crib, to those upon sickbeds *rank and odiferous*; let it be me, the tanner, who paints your masterpieces, paints your portraits in tongues of men, as if tales were altarpieces of historical churches, let me be as a butterfly with your paintbrushes, as you *climb down from your folding chair*.

There was a king, born in the first third of our century, precocious stripling, much given to reverie and to silence. In his bedchamber, he labored, over problems mathematical and geometrical, never venturing forth, even should he chance to see a fair maiden dancing on the village green beyond his mullioned windows. He paid no mind to her jolly braids, nor to her furious dancing, nor to the particular brother of this particular girl, a woeful prince (for any comely lad of means was potential regent during our interregnum), whose acute melancholy was said to have been owing to his terror of ascending to the throne. No, the future king secreted himself in his chamber, covered with animal skins, studying magics and potions through which he might better the station of workers of fields and shopkeepers and salespersons of viands and pickled vegetables. The king's formula, *for the upstanding meritorious valor of aforementioned salespersons*, was said to have been called the *Formula of Surplus Value*, completed by him in quill on goat's parchment, under a candle that, according to spell of witchery, never burned down.

One day, our monarch, buoyed by the influence of a thick Turkic potion known as *espresso kaffee*, and because of faintest impropriety of speech that by and by inhibited the correct recitation of spells, turned the comely nervous prince—Maxwell Hennesy Charming, brother of the *flapper maiden* already mentioned—into a performing monkey, or hanuman. As I say, it was inadvertent. The king was making as to formulate a concoction of *creamy distillate* for his beverage. Nevertheless, wherefore Prince Maxwell, with fashionable opiated eyes and bulbous cheekbones, had dressed in long flowing garbs that might as well, in a dreamer's tossings, have been the robes of women, now, as hanuman, he became the *dandy*. Breeches of a dusty rose and a blue waistcoat with diamonds and rubies all upon it and stones as these days are called by the name *rhinestones*, such that he shimmered when he crawled on all fours or hung from a bough by

his serpentine tail. Wherefore Prince Maxwell had been known to help a blind woman of our village, Miss Hogg, ahead of the carriages thundering by at street trivia, only to be named *infernal scamp* on deliverance of her to the farther side, as *hanuman* the prince was a rake and a Lothario, and would as soon inflict his manly endowments on a maiden as he would devour a banana in payment for his games of chance. I tell you, *I never liked that particular prince*, when he was under the curse, and would occasionally seize his tail and dip it into inks or poisons.

The family of Charming, a lordly assemblage of counselors and barristers, made suit against the king for having turned Prince Maxwell into a *tree monkey*, and this case was duly heard, on a day marked by grand hailstones. *Well it is remembered in my village*, how we had to flee the collapsing of thatched roofs, the merciless raining down of godly disapproval, but the courthouse, never have you seen such astonishing manufacture, with steps made out of *the same pink marble used for imperial towers of clerks*, and a roof that held fast beneath all assault, so that the carriages in which the barristers arrived to disgorge the principals of this story pulled fast to the curbstone and lords hastened indoors. Two or three footsoldiers were yet crushed by the hailstones so that their brains ran out in the street, *each of them a mother's son, alas*. Yet I was lucky among townspeople to sit in witness of that trial, in a box marked for commoners. A rabid bitch kept us in our place by growling ceaselessly if any of us should so much as take modest breath.

The courtier Ebenezer Sloane served as the plaintiff's counsel, and his miserly and shifty eyes were such that all present agreed he'd have bartered away his mother's petticoats if circumstance permitted. So *wide* was he that his frilly collar scarcely closed about his neck and but a tiny residuary chin protruded from his mounds of bulk. When cogitating earnestly (which was not often) folds of skin on Ebenezer's forehead would move and bulge, as if flowing of the humors to the skull so required.

The king, of course, not yet so crowned, was merely a young knight given to solitary and religious pursuits, and among witnesses and barristers he had none of that splendor we lately associate with his personage. Charges against him were read out by a lady in the employ of the judge—though some say *it is more than employ* and that saucier pursuits in her instance might be more accurate. I'm speaking of Lady Calderon, Duchess of Fidget, who next declaimed, *Hear ye, hear ye, unworthy taxpayers of back alleys and fundaments of this very stinking mound of livestock droppings, we are gathered in this space to discuss the fate of this young magician, he of the oily pockmarks and unwashed parts, here to condemn in strongest terms what has confounded the very order of our local nature, an irrefutable slight against the family of Charmings, consisting of Maxwell Charming now deceased*

*or metamorphosed into a primate from Asia Minor, his sister, the lovely Andaluca Charming, a father, Lancer Charming, Esq., his wife, Lady Charming, all drug into these premises to seek restitution for the fact of their nobility and station infringed upon by this young man of origins foul and mean.*

The Duchess, that sow—with mane of black curls, eyes jaundiced from gourmandish quaffing of mead *eight days per week*; a bosom that would barely be contained in her evening gown; pearls like a profane rosary circumnavigating her patchy neck, her lips horribly pursed. It was evident from the first syllables of her declamation that any celestial muse of justice *would not necessarily adjudicate in this tragical matter*. And yet at the woeful charges an uproarious tumult issued from the cronies of the Charmings. Jailkeepers rustled their irons at the corner of the space. Dogs grimaced and spilled their putrid salivas about us. It was a pretty show. And sure the king turned even bluer than his constitutional imperial shade, for his very term seemed about to come due, and if not capital execution then such tortures as *being branded with fiery iron, eyes excavated with wooden spoons, leg eaten off by ravenous boar*. Yet the king was prepared to meet his woeful fate without complaint: he was humble before persecutors.

Just then the queen—*Heart beat softly! I have given away a portion of the end! May my listeners forgive me!*—or rather the young Andaluca Charming assumed the throne of witnesses before our magistrate so deaf and blind that it is said he lingered for days though the courthouse be emptied, and she was sworn in, *under enchantment*, because the likes of which she spoke had never been uttered in a courtroom before or since, *Your honors, worshipful townsfolk, I have nothing but love for that condemned man, my heart throbs at the apperception of his fine manly features, I would unsheath myself of these fetters of rank and privilege and live with him as a lover, adrift upon breezes of sentiment, I would have no more divisions between folk, I recognize none, there shall be only love!* Consternation upon the courthouse. In later times it was said that this enchantment was not the king's own, yet whichever the origin, its most devastating magic was upon the very head of our king, who loved Andaluca at once and from that moment forward, as a rich illumination hovered about her. Her braids, her fulsome lips, her downcast eyes. Who would not love the queen? Who would not kneel to declare for her?

The king thereupon rose to mount his defense, unaided by barristers.

*I am a lowly inventor of magics and alchemical poultices, he began, neither kith nor kin of any here on this terra firma, and my poor parents moldering six feet down, and I am called here for no reason but that I have increased the local population of apes by one, a feat which does not deprive the world of a living thing, nor does it infringe, as milady says, on the divine aspect of nature, since whichever way I chance to pivot is nature, and the same with you, for what is man but nature's most*



*Lady of the Court*  
1998  
oil on linen  
20 x 24"



*Gossip*  
1998  
oil on linen  
32 x 26"



*Queen*  
1998  
oil on linen  
26 x 32"

*frivolous plaything, and I would not undo my enchantment, but would rather accept my fate, yet that this young woman should perish in a foul grief at the loss of her brother, a prince, and so, out of respect for her loveliness, I vow to remove this curse upon hanuman and restore this savage to Prince Charming, meanwhile to insure the preservation of some qualities of his former apish state, namely a robust and amusing demeanor, so that he might talk freely with the fairer sex, and with passersby upon the street. If my fate is commuted until nightfall tonight I will total the figures and assemble the tinctures needed for this magic.*

The king, having no clear idea of how he had made the prince a monkey in the first instance—when, in like mishaps, he had changed a charwoman into hedgehog, and then, on attempting to return her to a former shape, had made her instead into a large smoking desk lamp—was agitated about the prospects for his next formula, but knew that his passionate affinities were enough to liberate him from the courthouse, as indeed a lady of the court, in sunshiney curls and clutching a velvet accessory in which were housed her several gold pieces rose up from the audience, in recognition of his fancy oratories, and cried out, *That man shall be king!* (For it had been said that the most just and enterprising of our many princes should ascend to rule.) This being a piece of prophecy that she was in no way equipped to repeat, as I have heard this selfsame heavily rouged and plucked woman of the court was later pauperized by making wagers upon sport between poultry. Next, the town gossip, Mudge, afflicted with a peculiar ocular condition known among surgeons as *wall-eye*, as with a smart additional set of bicuspid, this Mudge strode, all inflated as when the peacock in thick of venery attempts to impress his mate, into the street to cry to all who would listen, *New regent, romancer or necromancer? New regent chooses a Charming bride and dazzles all!* Those of us gathered likewise spilled out into a dripping besmirchment of hailstones and forthwith made riot in merry dancing.

The king, as sunset fast approached was not, of course, able to find any oath that would restore the hanuman—which beast he had caged in his bedchamber so that while laboring he was subjected to a torrent of abuse in an excessively ornamented verbiage, *Hey, fair and pungent youth, I would not be the damned prince again! I'm happy just the way I am! I'd rather be mummer before thy endless procession of monarchical brats than be again that cur!* Moreover, the animal made the king so excitable by tactics of percussive nattering and drumming upon the bars of his gaol that his lordship kept mixing the parts of lizards and the vomitus

of small birds incorrectly with the effect that his housekeeping, his Oriental rugs and French chaises, magically yielded to a sequence of stuffed antelopes. With this in mind, the king, short of time, saw no other recourse but to make appointment with the most feared and reviled citizen of our village, the pustulating warlock known hereabouts as Levi the Dispatcher.

The Dispatcher, as any here will assent, could not be found by searching, because such gray and black places as he sequestered himself were one day apparent down neglected thoroughfares and next entirely vanished. Only prayers of desperation, in combination with the production of ducats and other gold curios would produce the dreadful troll of a man. Thus, the king, not yet coronally adorned, walked the streets in rags muttering in low tones, *Oh, good gentleman Levi, I will give you a tenth portion of my treasury, should I ever ascend to the magnificence of rulership, if only you will dig me out of this infernal quackery into which I have plunged myself.* At which, finally, like lightning upon meadow, the foul warlock stepped out of a most ostentatious carriage called a *sport utility vehicle*, and confronted the incipient monarch, while picking encrustments out of his large nose, *Wait, let me be an answerer of riddles. Somewhere a neurasthenic lad is converted into a chimp and the bumbler who brought to pass this enchantment comes hither to have him restored. The further action of this drama? That shall cost you a pretty sum, my lordship, as you well know.*

The king's pockets were unfortunately spacious, indeed quite ventilated, and therefore he agreed to a special arrangement called margin (I have only passing acquaintance with the transaction), and this arrangement concluded the warlock rose, red curls like a kerosened halo, up above the streets to declaim the following lines of verse, no doubt composed by himself in a joyful interval, *Prince, oh prince, once so charming, your fine sports become alarming, yet since your future needs be firming, your apelike features we are harming,* during which moment, according to manifold witnesses, a jocose Prince Charming did suddenly appear upon the avenues of our fair city, smiling broadly and bestowing blessings on women of mean reputation, while here in our tale a ghoulish laugh issued forth from the warlock and he performed a number of somersaults and fell to earth before the king, saying, *It is done, and now I require of you a token of your esteem.* At which point the king ran him through with a dull blade. Manly act of a manly king.

And the king knelt down and prayed to the gods for whom we are justly pawns and made himself grateful. Promptly, upon returning to the court, he ascended to the throne, promptly he was trothed to the queen—until that felicitous day known as Andalusia Charming—and promptly, too, they produced a lovely daughter, the hunting princess named Diana, who wore frocks of blue and bows of red and who married a court musician. For some years all was right in the kingdom.

Wait just a moment, blessed auditor, bestow on me your forgivenesses, for I seem to have misplaced a portion of the tale, such a large helping, in fact, as to be said to constitute a *second tale*. Fervent apologies. I urge you to return to *the enchantment in the courthouse*, of which I have earlier spake, having to do with the queen's sudden and fervid declaration for the king, though he be the man who changed her own brother into a *performing monkey*, etc. and so forth. This forgotten section of the story, which I append, concentrates on the author of this particular enchantment, namely, the giant of Sandy Spit, known among neighbors and plaintiffs as Maurice.

*He wore foul jerkins instead of proper clothes*, to begin judiciously enough, blouses that had been sweated through with undignified perspirings for many fortnights or even months; he was fat, he was of such girth that when he ate too much his *own house* burst open along the joists; his breath smelled of goat's milk that has been left out in the hot sun to accumulate gobs of cheesy rankness, he rarely even wetted himself down nor wore a *gay cologne*. And further to his miserable condition Maurice was alone raising up three progeny, a girl in her middle years, flaxen like himself, name of Kurt, a secondborn girl and boy both with dark mien, like the giant's deceased wife, many years departed. Their names were Elsa and Stibb.

Nearly every inquisitive scamp who hears such tales requires to have satisfied *the exact largeness of the giant*, and so here I essay solution to the enigma, to common good of both young and old, both sober and them such as have spent entire days in public houses, *Just how big was the giant?* Since I only saw his children, I give surmise founded upon reports from travellers to distant precincts, who say of him, *taller than church spires, taller than the biggest oaks, taller than the cliffs at Mabon, tall enough to reach up to the green cheese in the night sky and steal himself a fermenting hunk, massive enough to light his pipe from the morning sun, giant enough to trample the oceans for footholds.*

As the giant was their father, headmaster of hearth, bringer home of manifold pork products including pork loins and pork lips and sausages, his three children had no choice but to love him, yet for some ages they had noticed that he was *very distantly sad*, given to fits of grave sobbing and beating of breast, which would then cause floods in nearby streambeds, this melancholia dating to the demise of his goodly wife, of course; these many years, he had stayed singularly awake into the caliginous night muttering *Love is an appellation known to all, and so why must I be so solitary unto the hereafter just my wee children but no woman such as might love me and care for me despite my accursed appearance? Why am I destined*

*to march unaccompanied along my path, all men fleeing my footfall?* Upon encountering him, sleepless and cross, in the morning, the children confabulated many wiles and stratagems to distract the giant from woe, including the imposition of elixirs such as *St. John's Wort* into his tea, which Maurice liked of such strength that it had been known to corrode iron kettles. None of these stratagems succeeded, alas, and the giant of Sandy Spit would therefore, in the midst of his fever, maraud upon the land, abducting children, devouring livestock, visiting horrors upon gentlefolk. In such a fell mood, the giant one day espied before him in the road, like a poisonous ant that needs be crushed before habitations of the day can continue, a small fleeing figure, namely *the once and future Andaluca Charming*, now queen of our demesne, who had been bathing in a small, clear loch, a reservoir of agreeable drinking waters much traveled by lithesome harvesters of corn and other truck, and having spent an afternoon feeding berries to one of these lads, the queen Andaluca, clad only in a womanly undergarment—as mischievous youths had absconded with her further draperies—she now fled home, hoping to arrive at the castle before her most admirable mother, thereupon to make appropriate tributes to the staff such that they might *neglect to mention* to her progenetrix this dishonored state.

Thunder upon the land. The giant caught glimpse of the small, curvaceous, and perfect queen, and soon fetched her up in his fulsome palms, and here the giant held her to his eyes, being much afflicted in the matter of nearsightedness, at which he immediately became a convert to the argument of Andaluca's beauty. She was like a smoky crystal with its flinching lights, she was like unto the handsome portraits that hung in house whereupon his parents had once begged for alms, she was lily of field, bird of air, she might *make wolves eat only herbs and sing madrigals*. Upon my honor, Maurice cried, and of course the sounds were audible across the land, as if a rogue city state launched *infernal bullets and arrows toward our cities, I believe a goddess has crossed into my wilderness and that I must devote myself to her service henceforth and always*. The queen attempted to reply, of course, but Maurice squeezed her so tightly in his fist she fainted dead away, and made no audible reply.

*Well aware is your storyteller of his dependence on conjuring and mysticism* in this song, yet elegance and divine symmetry demand that he should now admit that the giant performed next as any gentleman of honor would under like circumstances, viz., he too made an oath of *devilish properties*. Said he, over the sleeping body of the queen, now laid alongside a rutted winding track which snaked into the town, and here I must profess again that the poem is of his own composition as I myself prefer blank verse, *Witches, warlocks of the night, restore this sleeper to her sight, make him next she sees be hers, the giant here who offers prayers*. And with that he reclined beside her to await her waking and subsequent



*Warlock*  
1998  
oil on linen  
48 x 43"



*Giant*  
1998  
oil on linen  
48 x 40"



*Pen*  
1998  
oil on linen  
40 x 74"

## Biographies

eneration of himself. Yet he had squeezed her so tightly, that she didn't wake, *and didn't wake, and didn't wake, and didn't wake*, days commenced to resemble fortnights which soon resembled seasons, and she did not wake, and no traveler dared disturb the vigil of the giant. New roads were dug to circumnavigate his vigil, until such time as he came to believe he had *killed his fairest love*, his second love, and that, by arrangement of deities and constellations, he was therefore beyond *grace* and doomed to wander the earth, bereft, or perhaps to spend too much time in contemplation of ribald masques and plays. Off he marched in winter to relinquish himself to that paltry luck.

Thereafter, the queen, located by good gentlemen on horseback, was gathered onto a chestnut mare to be driven to town for a *grand adjudication*, namely the trial of that youth, much spoken of above, who would shortly be king. Sleeping, she was transported by these gentlemen, and sleeping delivered to her splendid parents, and she did not wake until, struck by a hailstone, she opened her eyes, to spy the next king of our land making his way up the steps, ascending to his destiny, which is to say *she opened her eyes to the felicity of love*.

Now, *the giant galloped amok upon the lands*, dear friends, as, in his madness, he tore stands of oak and birch and flung them this way and that, and a blindness fell upon him like a fever, and a terrible ringing like of a thousand bells did assail his ears, and he knew himself to have come to a fork in the road in the deserted netherlands beyond all our maps. No longer did wolves, nor bears, nor leopards harbor themselves there, idling in anticipation of smiting some passerby, no, life had fled and only the giant Maurice called it home, that complete oppositeness of light, at the edge of which his lonesome welps, Kurt and Elsa and Stibb, made themselves hoarse with beckoning. He did abandon them. And yet in his lonesome thrall, *nonetheless a ray of melioration*, though no sophistry or legerdemain or clerical bluster would raise him from his spot, for suddenly he conceived what the lonely man must always come to know *that he is but a dream of sleep*, his term mercifully instant and insubstantial; so the giant was a dream, yes, and with him such excellent figures of dreams past as Rapunzel, and Snow White, phantastes all, the fine prince called Valiant, arrayed beside the giant, each of these with recitations of his or her heroic pilgrimages, no differences between one and another, for all stories issue from one origin, one maelstrom, *the demingye Pan*; all things from his dark, implacable brow are fashioned; and this is the imbroglio, fellow citizens, for I have come to recognize myself as the dream the giant had, the giant dreams of me and I dream of the uneasy king, who knows his reign must one day end, each of us a fervency in another's sleep, *there is no teller of tales*, no protagonist, only the interior of a portrait painter in our village, who in the hours before uncovering the easel of her labors, before *she sleeps*, tells her own daughter *Once upon a time*.

**Elena Sisto** was born in Boston. She attended Brown University; the Rhode Island School of Design; and the New York Studio School of Drawing, Painting, and Sculpture. Her numerous exhibitions include one person shows at Littlejohn Contemporary, New York (1998); the Greenville County Museum of Art, Greenville, South Carolina (1997); the David Beitzel Gallery, New York (1995); the Stephen Wirtz Gallery, San Francisco (1993); and Germans Van Eck Gallery, New York (1991 and 1992). Group shows include *Art on Paper 1995* at the Weatherspoon Gallery, University of North Carolina at Greensboro (and also in 1984); *Single-Cel Creatures: Cartoons and their Influence on Contemporary Arts* at the Katonah Museum of Art, New York (1994); *Bad Girls, West* at the UCLA Wight Art Gallery, Los Angeles (1994); *The 43rd Biennial of Contemporary American Painting at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.* (1993); *Making Connections: Approaches to Space in Drawing* at the Maier Museum of Art (1993); and *Re: Framing Cartoons* at the Wexner Center for the Arts, Ohio State University. She has received two National Endowment for the Arts Visual Artist's Fellowships, a Hand Hollow Foundation Fellowship, and a Peter S. Reed Foundation Inc. Company Grant. Her work has been reviewed in *The New York Times*, *Art News*, *Artforum*, *Art in America*, *Modern Painters*, and *The Los Angeles Times*. She has taught at the Rhode Island School of Design, the New York Studio School, The Chautauqua Institution, Columbia University School of Fine Arts, and the Yale Norfolk Program.

**Rick Moody** was born in New York City. He attended Brown and Columbia Universities. His first novel, *Garden State*, was the winner of the 1991 Editor's Choice Award from the Pushcart Press, and was published in 1992. *The Ice Storm* was published in May 1994, with foreign editions published in the United Kingdom, Taiwan, Germany, Brazil, France, Italy, Spain, Israel, Japan, Holland, Portugal, and Poland. (A film version, directed by Ang Lee, was released in 1998.) A collection of his short fiction, *The Ring of Brightest Angels Around Heaven*, was published in August 1995. The title story was the winner of the 1994 Aga Khan Award from *The Paris Review*. Moody's third novel, *Purple America*, was published in April 1997, with foreign editions published in Portugal, Brazil, France, Germany, and the United Kingdom. An anthology, edited with Darcey Steinke, *Joyful Noise: The New Testament Revisited*, appeared in November 1997. In 1998 Moody received the Addison Metcalf Award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters. His short work has appeared in *The New Yorker*, *The New York Times*, *Harper's*, *Esquire*, *The Paris Review*, *The Atlantic*, and in other periodicals. He has taught at the State University of New York at Purchase, the Bennington Writing Workshops, the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown, and the New School for Social Research.



Maier Museum of Art  
Randolph-Macon Woman's College  
Lynchburg, Virginia



## *Exhibition Checklist*

Unless otherwise noted, all works are loaned courtesy of Littlejohn Contemporary, New York. Dimensions are in inches, height precedes width.

<i>Courier</i> , 1998 oil on linen 24 x 20	<i>Par</i> , 1998 oil on linen 40 x 74
<i>Duchess</i> , 1998 oil on linen 30 x 26	<i>Prince Charming</i> , 1998 oil on linen 43 x 48
<i>Finn McCool</i> , 1998 oil on linen 37 x 25½	<i>Princess</i> , 1998 oil on linen 48 x 43
<i>Giant</i> , 1998 oil on linen 48 x 40	<i>Queen</i> , 1998 oil on linen 26 x 32
<i>Giants' Daughter</i> , 1998 oil on linen 48 x 40	<i>Rapunzel</i> , 1998 oil on linen 40 x 30
<i>Giants' Son</i> , 1998 oil on linen 74 x 40	<i>Snow White</i> , 1998 oil on linen 24 x 36
<i>Gossip</i> , 1998 oil on linen 32 x 26	<i>Stepmother</i> , 1998 oil on linen 48 x 36
<i>Hanuman</i> , 1998 oil on linen 43 x 48 Private Collection, Colorado	<i>Teenaged Giantess</i> , 1998 oil on linen 40 x 48
<i>King</i> , 1998 oil on linen 43 x 56	<i>Warlock</i> , 1998 oil on linen 48 x 43
<i>Knight (Valiant)</i> , 1998 oil on linen 48 x 40	
<i>Lady of the Court</i> , 1998 oil on linen 20 x 24 Courtesy Paula Eagle, New York	