

WHOSE DREAM IS THIS

# Jim Peters

a retrospective

to be passionately accepted









***Diver*** (detail) 2002/7  
Oil on canvas, wood, wax, wire, 29" x 36" x 3"



# Jim Peters

a retrospective

This catalogue was printed on the occasion of the exhibition:

## Jim Peters

a retrospective

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Exhibition curated by John Wronoski

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*Nightadoration (scene from an imaginary play)* (detail) 2013  
Oil on canvas, wood, wax, wire, 30" x 27" x 12"



# Jim Peters

James Salter

It's been pointed out that Jim Peters's paintings of the nude or better to say naked model have something in common with Pierre Bonnard's, inasmuch as in both cases they are of a perfect intimacy and are of the painter's wife.

Bonnard's paintings of his wife in the bathroom have a loving sensuality not as idealized or exuberant as the nudes of Renoir. They are sexual but tender. Bonnard glorifies his wife in the light of the everyday. The surroundings, the bathroom and what is seen of the house, are bourgeois, comfortable, and unpretentious. Marthe, the wife, seems even-tempered and without ego.

Peters's paintings are nothing like this. They are of a young woman of today – these times – whose temperament can be evident as she is rendered again and again, boldly but with reverence even when she is lying suggestively across a mattress or bed with its chalky sheets, and for what other reason would she be lying there? One never tires of her, the paintings say. She has little concern for where she is. The rooms or enclosures are shabby, unpainted or many times repainted. Sometimes we are in an artist's studio or a makeshift bedroom, the old Chelsea Hotel or some attic in *Our Lady of the Flowers*. There is a dismissive disorder. It is like a rehearsal on a bare stage for some intensely erotic play. At other times the interiors are complex and evocative. Can they have just made love with her wearing glasses? There are broken blinds on the window. It's clearly urban, but there's a sense of the sea.

In Chicago, when Simone de Beauvoir was in love with and living with Nelson Algren, there was no tub – she had to go to one of his friends' to take a bath. There's a photograph of her that was stolen, that is, taken without her knowledge in which she stands before the sink, completely naked, her back to us, her arms raised to fix her hair. Except for the cliché of a woman fixing her hair, it's an image – hips, legs, the full expression of womanhood – prefiguring those that have been painted by Jim Peters.

In the paintings it seems there is also a suggestion of the Orient – Japan or the pre-war French colonial life – some of the things that evoke this are the simplicity, the poise, the silent concentration on subject, the decorum. Sometimes the painter and his model are shown together. They are demonic figures making love, as in a shunga painting, or preparing to, or thinking about it, she somewhat diffidently, or thinking about other things entirely, or sleeping, or merely seeming wanton. They have a small child who is sometimes seen. They are inseparable, the three of them. The paintings are the profane pages of their life.

They are also like the films of Wong Kar Wei, the gorgeous color, the sheer envy they arouse. You don't fully understand what is going on, but the images and implications are dazzling. You know exactly what they mean.

He paints the way I think.



*Show Off* 2003

Wood, wax, oil, 18" x 24" x 4"



# ‘To be Passionately Accepted’

John Wronoski

## I

Most of Jim Peters’s art does not invite easy access. It is deeply, perhaps essentially, private in a way that is surprising for such ostensibly frank and open work, and far more complex and subtle than its overt genre characteristics might initially make it seem. Almost always, his subjects are turned away from the viewer, sometimes distracted, often absorbed in their own thoughts, or, when there are two figures in a scene, they are interacting with each other directly. Their agenda has nothing to do with a possible viewer; a moment has been recorded that we were never meant to see. Even the conventions of voyeurism, which still slyly invite a viewer to eavesdrop on the private or the forbidden, as in the work of Edward Hopper or Eric Fischl, are almost always absent. During the longest period of his working life, Peters typically placed his subjects uncomfortably close to the field of the viewer, crowding him out, in effect, and asserting that the space in which they reside is theirs, not conventional pictorial space. His interiors – and almost all of his work is set in a room – are claustal, dark, hard, and dingy; they have become the way they are through a long process of private activity, neglect, entropy, of life idiosyncratically lived, of an unconcern with what might be going on in other domiciles nearby or how life is being lived there. There is a kind of squalor to them, the squalor of the life of artists, whose fundamental indifference to everything but their passion is evident in the antiquity of the cheap, almost caricature- or Guston-like appliances scattered here and there among the pictures, the spare furnishings and unwholesome mattresses, jerry-rigged antennas and bald light bulbs, and pictures tacked to chipped and peeling walls onto which their occupants have had no qualms about writing or painting directly if the need or whim arose. These are lives that take place orthogonally to the life of the viewer and to the vast majority of ordinary society.

Anthony Powell remarked, “No one knows what goes on inside of a marriage.” The marital relationship is inherently a sort of *folie à deux*, developing its own laws and defining its own trajectory along lines that are necessarily opaque to those outside – which is not to say that they are necessarily transparent to those within the relationship either. After all, there is a fundamental level on which everyone’s life is a mystery, even to him or herself. Peters’s work, until recently, revealed something of the secret life of lovers at the same time that it despaired of ever adequately entering the private life of the beloved. Many of the quiet, solitary, intimate moments he has depicted are, in fact, the work of his fevered imagination, the result of an unrelenting need to know what his lover is doing, feeling, or thinking, and at precisely those times when she is not with him, when she drifts back into herself and the compacts of love slip into abeyance, or at least so he might have imagined. Of course, that is a futile effort, and the very seed of obsession, but it is also the desperate root of all knowledge: to know what is happening where I am not. As Kierkegaard said, “If I imagined two kingdoms adjoining one another, with one of which I was fairly well acquainted, and altogether unfamiliar with the other, and I was not allowed to enter the unknown realm, however much I desired to do so, I should still be able to form some conception of its nature. I could go to the limits of the kingdom with which I was acquainted and follow its boundaries, and as I did so, I should in this way describe the boundaries of this unknown country, and thus without ever having set foot in it, obtain a general conception of it. And if this were the task, and if I was indefatigable in my desire to be accurate, it would doubtless sometimes happen that, as I stood sadly at my country’s boundary and looked longingly into the unknown country, which was so near to me and yet so far away, that some little revelation might

yet be vouchsafed me.” If what we so achingly crave to know is still denied us, at least we may have discovered something about ourselves in the process; and this is, perhaps, all the revelation we can hope for.

The unknown kingdom of Peters’s paintings is as much his own memory, and perhaps his own desire, as it is the private world of his beloved, a place of moments not so much lost as always eluding our grasp, which suddenly emerge like a great cat in the jungle of experience and then slip back into the loom of time, forever colored with the spontaneous exhilaration that no amount of conscious effort can ever recapture. As often as we can say, “Verweile doch, du bist so schön,” the moment is always lost already, and the fury with which we chase it down only drives it further away. Or perhaps it never comes at all.

Peters’s fixation on the scene(s) of memory and the fury of desire operates on numerous levels in his work. The repetitive subject matter and the use of the same figure over and over again in various settings and dispositions are recapitulated temporally, and then vertically, in his constant process of wiping his canvases and repainting them, often leaving traces of the lost earlier work within the new painting, a procedure (if you will) that sometimes takes place five or six times on a single surface. The effect is often a visual environment in which seemingly extraneous elements – from no longer existing images – persist against conventional pictorial logic, and which certainly alludes to the vagaries of memory, or conversely, to the freedom of fantasy. Often Peters depicts the ghostly residues of the process by which the present scene has come into being within the finished work – and “finished” is almost always provisional with Peters – like footprints left on a dusty floor, visual echoes of what has transpired leading up to the present arrested image. In these residues one feels the furious compulsion of memory, shuffling and reshuffling its contents until just that thing that is plaguing the artist emerges, but by means of which he is already affecting the verisimilitude of his recollections. The decay and the creative power of memory, two constant and natural processes, are at work from the moment of inception to alter what we have experienced and to put it irrevocably out of our reach, but also to consolidate it as that thing which has the power to compel. Peters thematizes the process of mutation in his very method, which sifts by subtle degrees into the work itself.

In Peters’s work, the boundary between life, including fantasy life, and art is labile, a fact that he consciously addresses in the innovative body of work in which he has seamlessly inserted large-scale photographs into the fabric of a painted environment or, conversely, extended a “real,” i.e., a photographic, scenario, into the fantastic world of paint. Ironically, the photographs in these paintings are the elements that do not feel so “real” next to the painted portions. The latter have an energy, a vitality, or a “soul” that the other lacks, and the mere fact that Peters is devoting rapt attention to the often mostly empty spaces adjoining the photographic components suggests a dissatisfaction with what the photograph, or life, can do vis-à-vis art or imagination. We have the feeling that if the figure were to step from the photograph into the painted space, it is there that she would suddenly come to life. While Peters may be conceding that the artist cannot do what light itself can, he is simultaneously saying that experience without memory, vision without desire, is empty. We feel like we’re looking at something artificial, or hollow, in the photo, the echo of a faded memory. Of course, a photograph never contains what we think we remember, in spite of our faith in its faithfulness. The dynamic or the tension between the photograph and the paint reveals that the effort of the artist to realize (to make real) the images or memories that plague him is doomed, but it also makes it clear that he is not depicting reality, that the purpose of painting is not to depict reality at all, but to create reality from inadequate sources.



In the hybrid photo/paintings, Peters draws our attention to the fact that he is making an image of an image – the latter of which can be as simple as a retinal image, though the phenomenology remains the same. In these works he is frequently depicting what is, in reality, a painted environment, mainly walls, and which are the “same” walls that extend out of the photographs. He is painting paint, or an image of paint. His fascination with painted surfaces is evident throughout his work, and accounts for content that is as captivating in its way as his central figures, often complex and minutely realized to the extent of constituting quasi-abstract digressions from the central subject, and which often invite narrative understandings of their own, not just of the passage of time that has made them what they are, but in the frequent suggestion that they are self-contained iconographic spaces, a sort of induced pareidolia. Like the processes by which the surfaces of the cave paintings in Ajanta, with which Peters has asserted a particular affinity, have become pertinent visual elements interacting with the artist’s creation (a phenomenon well known in the ageing of works whose patinas or verdigris become part of our reception of them), his depiction of the fortunes of paint reflects a self-consciousness in his process that results in what might be seen as meta-painting, or a level of attention to the meaning of painting itself from which his overtly realistic subjects distract us. Whereas artists like Mondrian, Malevich, or Ryman might draw our attention to the minute subtleties or textures of the paint on a surface, or Rodchenko or Reinhardt to relative densities and values that arise from the nature and potential of the painted medium, Peters’s work, especially because his own surfaces are relatively unarticulated, even flat, conveys almost trompe-l’oeil evocations of the possibilities of paint, like an illustrated survey of what paint can do or become.

***Henna Afternoon***  
***(Toulouse)***

(detail) 2008

Oil on canvas,  
60" x 50"

(Earlier state of  
*Pas de Deux*, 2008)



Aspects of Peters's work are excruciatingly, exquisitely, realistic, but no single work extends the realistic conceit throughout the canvas. There are always reminders that we are looking at paint and at the process of making paint communicate in certain ways, even that while doing so we are accepting historical and visual conventions that just a slight turn of the head might be sufficient to banish, and this nagging, always present "technical" aspect of the work keeps us squarely in that region of tension between art and reality, or history and memory, that is Peters's special realm. The tendency for the casual viewer is to see the work at face value, where it is so real, and so specific, that it seems merely to depict the private life of a few individual humans, much as we read in Kafka's hunger artist, whose absurd and obsessive relationship to food is rendered so plausible by the great writer's art, the story of a real, if quite singular, individual, instead of a significantly more universal allegory.

Peters's paintings have often been seen as discomfiting. On the one hand, that should be no impediment to embracing them as works of art, on the other, I think the reasons for that are perhaps more reasons why genuine art simply isn't for everyone, regardless of its universality.

1) Peters's subjects are often engaged in some stage of sexual activity or its aftermath, with male members in various states of attention and not discreetly hidden from view, and there are, apparently, still citizens among us who find this to be a problematic state of affairs, at least in the realm of art. To put men and women on equal footing in a historical practice, viz., the depiction of the nude, which has been almost exclusively devoted to the celebration of sexual property, either individually or socially, could certainly perturb a retrograde sensibility.

2) The foregoing notwithstanding, Peters's subjects are not especially calculated to arouse their viewers. Presumably this would be unproblematic, but naked bodies that do not self-evidently satisfy accepted standards of erotic expectation, but which instead seem to have been created to rebuff or embarrass the viewer or to gratify only the idiosyncratically loving gaze of the one viewer for whom they truly exist, are disconcerting. I rather think that in identifying just that curve or just that disposition of limb that excites or ratifies the love of the artist, Peters has in fact told us something more relevant about what matters to each of us than any number of more conventionally depicted nudes could ever do, but this requires finding viewers who are as attuned to profound specificity as he is himself. His subjects are not necessarily exemplars of universal beauty. They are, rather, singular individuals who have been depicted as though they were such exemplars, in what one might regard as the response to an almost Kantian imperative. They have been portrayed by an eye more devoted and hand more loving than almost any bodies I have known in art, and they are therefore more real, more human...and more threatening.

3) His subjects seem to be living in a way that makes it clear that for them sex is an essential matter and one indulged whenever the desire might arise, unlike most people with ordinary lives, jobs, families, etc. He is offering a disturbing glimpse into the Bohemia that would upend the world if it could, reprioritizing the obvious values that everything civilization has achieved has been at pains to suppress or to compartmentalize into approved times and places. Sex, like art, is a realm of freedom, though it, too, has largely been coopted by the banal forces of commerce.

4) His subjects make it evident that they don't give a fuck about money or work or possessions or order or schedules or regular habits, at least not as commonly understood; that, in fact, they do not regard such things as fitting concerns for human beings at all. Do the people whose lives are devoted to them not

profess to want nothing more fervently than to escape into perpetual weekends, holidays...or retirement. Obviously, having the courage of one's convictions, or even knowing what they are, is not for everyone, and for that perhaps we should be thankful.

5) Peters does not portray his women as objects: it is precisely because he's showing them as subjects that the ordinary reaction to the nude in art, even to the sexually engaged nude, is not invoked by his work. We are uncomfortable seeing someone who is distinctly a subject in her own right somehow objectified (in that she is portrayed nude and as an object of the artist's clear desire), or at least the "fun" is thereby sucked out of the viewer's philosophic relationship to the object.

6) To look patiently upon an obsession that spans a lifetime, particularly the obsession with one's own unique truth, especially when it results in image after image that might seem simply repetitive to viewers without an emotional stake in the matter, is perhaps a bit much to ask of an art audience nowadays. It is said that the average amount of time museum-goers spend in front of a picture is twenty seconds. That factors in the several minutes an art-besotted enthusiast might accord to a particularly sumptuous canvas.

Jim Peters's work represents a strong difference of opinion from the common view of what is beautiful and worthwhile, and it has, accordingly, tended to be misunderstood, or spurned, or seen with the resentful eyes of guilt, disappointment, or indignation. Those who didn't love, who didn't work for the joy of it, who forgot the meaning of play, who accepted the values of the "adult" world without ever having examined them, of course they are not likely to embrace, or even to see, what is sublime in his art. And yet it is precisely them that it awaits.

## II

All of this said, it's clear that there are historical aspects of Peters's work that elude generalization. Even a cursory view of the development of the work suggests that it falls into three basic periods: an apprenticeship in which the artist is searching for a perspective on his theme, a mature body of work in which the same subject recurs repeatedly in a variety of dispositions and environments, and the more recent body of work produced subsequent to the artist's divorce and remarriage, which extends and transforms some of the basic themes and approaches of the previous mature work.

The early work is characterized by manifest overtones of anxiety, both in the appearance of its subjects and in the often complicated scenarios in which they are depicted almost as prisoners or victims, sometimes including obscure apparatuses and generally tending toward allegory. The work is extremely interesting and would merit close analysis on its own, but in the overall context of Peters's work, it is merely transitional.

The largest body of work, that of his first mature period, some of which has been transformed into new images in recent years, consists mostly of fantastic re-creations, projections, or investigations of his domestic life during the time of his marriage to artist Vicky Tomayko. It is here that Peters gradually comes to an intimate understanding of his subject, which enables him to portray her as a being quite independent of his perceptions or hopes, or even as resisting the confines of his eye (e.g., *The Blue Divan* [p. 39]), sometimes actively asserting her own agenda (e.g., *Her Emanations* and *The Present*). The work often seems fraught with the tension between reality and an imagined relationship to his subject. The palette of these works is typically dark, even extending to the flesh of his figures, the



surfaces of which take on locally abstract qualities, and which often run to shades a good deal more ashen, or even black, than to those within the normal register of skin tones. Many of these works consist of blacks, grays, and neutrals relieved by only a single primary or secondary color, which naturally tends to dominate the scene (e.g., *Truro Mother* [p. 29], *Henna Afternoon (Toulouse)* [p. 5], *Red Studio* [p. 34], *Night Visitor*, etc.), often lending them a consistent, if spare, emotional cast as well, ranging through humility, wistfulness, suspicion, anxiety, and tranquility. If one work might be said to typify the emotional constellation that underlies the work of this period, perhaps it is *Readers*, in which both members of a couple more or less engaged in sexual congress are at the same time reading books, as if they are still not clear as to what it is that they want from their relationship and are furiously taking some last-minute counsel from literature, or consolidating the models on which they'd based their ideal of love. In either case, they would seem to be making love at cross purposes.



*Readers* 2004  
Oil on canvas, 72" x 50"

The peculiar tensions and resolutions in the art of this extensive second body of work are complex and, as in any real art, beyond the explicit control, or even the understanding, of the artist. The distance and occasional discomfort exuded by his subject might equally reflect the relationship of the artist to the failures of his own domestic and erotic life, projecting them as her self-consciousness in his depiction of her putative state of mind. That she never faces the artist/viewer might well testify as much to his inability to establish the human connection he craves with the object of his love, as to her emotional recalcitrance. The constant, almost compulsive, practice of effacing his canvases during this period would seem to reflect the inadequacy of the lived relationship to that which the artist has equally compulsively imagined and failed to realize. In trying to create the ideal he has imagined in his art, he always runs up against the contradiction of the reality that simply does not comport with it, and the inevitable dissatisfaction might result in the repeated effort to make them come to terms in the artwork. Psychoanalytically, the action against the fantastic portrayal of the beloved could well reflect the artist's embarrassment or guilt about his failure. In any event, Peters's subjects here are, if highly suggestive, impenetrable, ultimately because he has made them that way.

The current body of work, which dates from 2008 to the present, and which itself shows a developmental arc, represents a new orientation toward the artist's (new) subject. His palette has brightened, if not necessarily expanded, and the arrangement of his figures as well as his perspective on them has fundamentally changed. The usually subtle sense of anxiety that carried over into the first mature work is gone, and his new subjects are at ease, if sometimes contemplative, demonstratively engaged with each other, and often playful. There is a manifest joy in the work, which is apparent even in its new means of applying paint, the brightening of outlines or eschewing them altogether, Peters's at least occasional recourse to a more spontaneous mode and tempo of painting than in the previous work, and in tending, if not to invite the viewer into the scene, at least not to repel him. The subject now sometimes faces the viewer or, when engaged in her own thoughts or activities, is portrayed in a state of repose, contentment, or concentration. The artist himself, both as character and as onlooker, no longer gives the impression of being a foreign element in the work, or an interloper in his own life, but rather a figure fully immersed in his relationship to his subject, the unfulfilled desire for which might be said to have animated the earlier work. Fantastic reconstruction of the private life of his subject has given way to direct portrayal, reflecting, in part, the active role its principal subject, the poet and artist Kathline Carr, now takes in its creation. In fact, the work itself is often literally collaborative, incorporating photographs co-created by Carr or texts she has written, as well as bearing witness in general to the constant dialogue of the artists. The large-scale masterpiece *Whose Dream is This?* clearly embodies their fundamental artistic and emotional symbiosis, and even invokes some of the symbolic or allegorical elements of the earliest work, but in a self-contained way that refers only inwardly into the lives of the protagonists, a distinct and vibrant enrichment of what had been tightly confined and often unshared emotional territory in the previous body of work.

The art of Jim Peters represents a focused life-long effort to understand love, the objects of his own passion, and himself, to depict the subtle and hidden sorrows and joys of marriage, to explore the elemental yearning to be at one with another, and, finally, to reveal what it is to realize that yearning, to live the ideal that had driven him through decades of fevered questioning, imagining, and self-recrimination. Seeing the incarnations through which his obsession has passed placed side by side is the visual *Bildungsroman* of a uniquely driven, yet oddly universal soul, the record of a long and turbulent journey of self-discovery. I can't take my eyes off of it.



***Bed Tent*** 2011

Oil, conte, wax, photo (collaboration with Kathline Carr) on primed paper, 29" x 40"

# Whose Dream is This?

Nick Flynn

You've been inside this room, you've felt this before. She will, some part of her, always, be turning away from you, some part will always be leaving, will never be yours – maybe no part of her, maybe none of her, ever was. In here, in this room, the TV is never on, the bed is never made, no one ever wears clothes, not in here, not together. What is this? Simply another annunciation, the moment before what we call God has sent his Angel down to tell you how your life is now forever changed...? Hold onto that moment, paint it – the before – because once the Angel touches your shoulder, once She whispers the word into you, it will be impossible to turn back, there is no going back, there never was. Back is simply the ground we stand on, back is each blade of grass, back is the beautiful uncut hair of boys, pushing up into her back from below...

~

If you find yourself back in Paris one day you could make your way here (*you've been in this room, you've felt this before*). You could stand on the sidewalk & point to the window, *There, right there, the torn curtain, we lived inside that, for awhile*. The key is likely in the same hiding spot the key was always in, you could let yourself in, the bed will likely be in the same place, there really is no other place for the bed to fit – you tried, remember?

You could lay in bed & look out the window, you could close your eyes, why not?

Even if I stood over you afterwards, in this same room, on this same mattress, it would not be like this – our bodies never collapsed, we never despised our bodies, not for long, yet we were as spent as drying paint.

~

An ancient Buddha said “A painted rice cake does not satisfy hunger.” Dogen comments:

“There are few who have ever seen ‘this painting of a rice cake’ and none of them has fully understood it.

“The paints for painting rice-cakes are the same as those used for painting mountains and waters.

“If you say the painting is not real, then the material phenomenal world is not real, the Dharma is not real.

“Unsurpassed enlightenment is a painting. The entire phenomenal universe and the empty sky are nothing but a painting.

“Since this is so, there is no remedy for satisfying hunger other than a painted rice cake. Without painted hunger you never become a true person.”

~

Painted hunger. The light is sepia, which means all this is remembered.

Your lover asleep under a mosquito net, in that *chambre de bonne*, naked.

The point is not that we are invited in.



The point is not that we are allowed to watch.

By now two other lovers are in that bed, a parade of lovers has passed through that room, through that city, through our minds, by now.

Through our minds.

We have our clothes off, we are in a bed, we aren't fucking, not at this moment, but we have. That's not the point, that's not what this is about, at some point we are all naked.

Her hair is still orange. The light is always low.

~

*aside:* Why is there a silent E at the end of the word ORANGE? Is it simply because ORANG looks odd? Which means it is not simply about sound, it means that the word ORANGE is a thing in itself (*the paints for painting rice-cakes are the same as those used for painting mountains and waters*).

Her orange hair. The hair is not hair, it is paint, yet we know her hair is orange. At the opening she will, at some point, stand beside the paintings, some of which also have photographs of her incorporated inside them, though the photographs are black & white.

Maybe before her there was another muse, maybe a small parade of muses, and they too would stand in the middle of the gallery at the openings, surrounded by memory.

~

My hand reaches up to you, a body that says *not yet not yet once more again please please please again & again*.

In a room, in an echo, in an opening.

The walls push in. Outside the window it is night, outside the night is, well, that's like asking what's on the far side of the moon, like asking what's beyond the bend in the universe. We cannot imagine it. Of course your lover's ass contains it, the bend in the universe and the whatever unnamable beyond. Of course the cock replicates the tides, sure, why not, the body as we always say is ninety percent water. We could say this is just a moment, just a room, just two lovers, people are fucking (or not) behind every window, it's just what we do. Yet each of them, of us, contains the universe, which is just beyond these walls, it mirrors the curve of the earth seen from 35,000 miles, just as the wall contains all the hands that manifest the wall, just as the parade of lovers coming before & to come . . .

~

If you can say, *Touch yourself while you look at me*, if you can say, *I want to see you make yourself come*, if you can let her hold your wrist while you jerk off, resisting for a moment falling into each other, allowing her to see you, for once.

We want to see ourselves at the moment of adoration, we want to be adored, yet none of this matters, it is only a threshold into something larger than ourselves. Than flesh.

We want this moment to stretch into forever, we want it to press out from these walls, these sheets, that clock, of course we can make this everything –

We set up the tripod, we hang the mirror, we glance at ourselves, sometimes we catch ourselves glancing, our own eyes while fucking, we look into ourselves as strangers, uncomprehending, as if the answer were there. Is this who I've been all along? Is this the me outside of who I am?

~

We had the talk again last night, laying beside you, about whether anything in this universe has any meaning beyond what we ascribe to it. Whether whatever we ascribe has any meaning at all.

For example: if you place your body flat on your back in the exact spot a woodcock alights from at dawn in what we call it's *elaborate mating ritual* (of course you will have to wake before dawn to find that spot), if you lay still in that exact spot, your back pressing into the grass or the grass pressing into your back (depending on how you feel laying there), if you can lay there quietly enough then that same woodcock will land on your chest when it returns from its airborne fuck.

We talked about whether lying on the ground makes you more, or less, a part of the earth, whether you are or are not part of it, whether it matters whether you lie your body down or not. Whether we can press our foreheads together & know each other's thoughts, or if this is just one of the games (lies?) we tell our children.

~

If he could only crucify himself in the same way he crucifies me, if he could only open his mouth and fill it with paint as he opens mine, if he could be the one to kneel, on all fours, if he could see his own ass, in all its beauty, in all its horror, in all its ridiculous glory, if he could only let the paint have its own life, outside of his hand. This is what happens – imagine walking down a hotel hallway, each door numbered, the numbers either going up or going down. Someone has just stepped out of a shower, someone has cracked the window, the TV is off. Sometimes you have to keep doing the same thing over & over, even if you couldn't explain to anyone why. Maybe you say, *I am wired this way*, maybe you say, *This is the way the world works*, maybe you say nothing.

*notes:*

“grass is the beautiful uncut hair...” Whitman, ‘Song of Myself’ (approximately)

Dogen, “Painting of a Rice Cake.” [the epigraph to Gary Snyder’s *Mountains and Rivers Without End*, via Mark Conway]

# [Driven to Paint:] Jim Peters’s [Unusual R]id[e]

Cynthia Huntington

Jim Peters’s Id

a woman nude in paint is and volume figure, a nuclear form with a degree of darkness.

... Whose dream is it, then? time unfinished, obscured. the necessary theatre of the incomplete.

He adds he changes he adds he draws the process of incarnations. years later memory bathed in light

December



June  
August  
now

more  
more than

natural  
being finished.

stop  
posing  
and

remain

This poem is an erasure. All words are taken, in the order they appeared in the article, from  
“Driven to Paint: Jim Peters’s Unusual Ride,” by Ellen Howards in *Art New England*, Oct-Nov 2009.  
  
Below: “*Rest/All* no longer exists as a physical painting. It was altered and twice painted over,  
eventually becoming *TV* (p. 48). Many other paintings lie buried beneath my work” - Jim Peters

***Rest/All*** 2009  
Oil on canvas,  
46” x 63”  
(Earlier state of  
*TV* 2011 [p. 48])





**No** 2007

Oil on canvas, 52" x 40"

Private Collection, Boston, MA

# Capturing Love: Jim Peters's Figure Paintings

Ellen Howards

After graduating from Annapolis and studying Nuclear Engineering at M.I.T., Jim Peters embarked on a career in the United States Navy. In the quiet hours spent below decks while serving aboard an aircraft carrier, this promising young physicist began to draw. He fell in love with painting, went to art school, and never looked back.

Peters has taken his foundation in classical painting to create an edgy modernist vision. He is a superb draughtsman, and master figure painter. With Peters, line is paramount, followed by volumetric modeling, then texture, which he achieves by a constant scraping down of the surface with a palette knife, or a power-sander. His work reflects centuries of art historical referents, yet the vision and execution are his alone. Peters captures intimate moments in enclosed spaces, which contrast architectural backgrounds with curvilinear figures. He uses color sparingly, and so its effect is heightened where it is applied. Above all, his paintings are about love, and the love of painting.

Two paintings in which the importance of color and line are nearly equal, are *Red Studio, Blue Sky* (1999-2000) (p. 34) and *No* (2006) (opposite). Each has its own emotive feeling: *Red Studio* evokes a warm, receptive, open figure and space, while in *No*, a cool, singular, detached figure, stands in a clarified, abstract, blue background.

In *Red Studio, Blue Sky*, the lithe figure, on her knees on a mattress, looks out from her studio window wistfully at the city below. She rests on one arm, the other bent at the elbow, her hand gracefully holding a cigarette, whose smoke rises to better outline her profile and separate it from a red brick wall. While she is nude, the form is presented such that no erotic details distract from the sinuous curves of the figure, and her slightly canted head looks content, dreamy. The verticals created by her supporting arm and legs are echoed in the vertical blocks of color representing a black column and the window, which is painted on a separate panel attached to the main painting. The figure is rendered in grays tinged with yellow, pinks, and a touch of burnt sienna in her hair. She is crouched on a translucent white bed, which looks more like a drawing than a painting, and heightens the contrast with the figure. Beyond this, the architectural details of the studio are more complex, and somewhat abstract. There is a light bulb at the center, a recurring object in several of Peters's paintings, and an area with paint jars and brushes. A black vertical beam leads to a horizontal beam near the ceiling, which helps delineate the vibrant abstract wall of orange, red, white, yellow, brown, and gray, in a technique which blurs drawing and painting.

While the figure is the subject around which the room is created, the effect of the architectural elements and use of color create the illusion of depth in a rather flattened space. There is a sense of openness and light to the figure and the space, which is nonetheless rather dark overall. The vertical elements are balanced with the horizontal, the light balanced with the dark.

For years, Peters often would add extra panels of wood to the side or top of a painting – creating a window and its view – in order to bring the figure out of her rectangular enclosure and into the room. Or he would add pieces of metal, plates of glass, and sculptural objects to expand the two-dimensional painting into



a three-dimensional environment. Earlier paintings, including *Untitled (Reclining Figure)* (1985) (p. 26-27), *Shrine of the Annunciation* (1986), and *Window in Auvillar* (2001) (p. 33), are good examples of these additions. No includes a piece of wood which extends the line of the painting upwards to continue the composition beyond its rectangular frame.

No presents a ground of graduating hues of blue, which balances the standing figure with equal value. Should the figure step out of the picture, a lover of abstract art would still enjoy its energetic, rectilinear composition. The background incorporates some of the principles of classical perspective, yet in this piece the illusion is minimal and the planes of color are flat, with surface texture and color taking over its importance. The light source is implied by the color, suggesting that somewhere off the canvas there might be a door. Centered in this vibrant modernist blue setting is the figure, modeled yet flatter than many other figures in his work. She is still, calm, a small rectangle of yellow highlights her face, a halo of red shadows her dark red hair. Her elbows and knee continue the rectilinear forms, and just above the contour of her foot is a man's outstretched arm, pushing her away. A small translucent speech bubble floats from his direction, with the word "no."

She wears a swimsuit with vertical black stripes and a black waistband, which echo the linear compositional elements. She has just pulled down the top of her swimsuit, though her fingers obscure her breasts. In such a still painting, the restrained inclusion of pentimenti suggest that her fingers are moving rapidly as she begins to remove the top of her swimsuit. She appears distant, or is it that her lover has distanced himself from their union?

In this portrait, the vibrancy and movement are achieved by the use of linear angles and blocks of color. The bursts of blues, the touch of yellow, the planes of color, make this a lively painting. A darker palette would turn this quiet drama into a somber one. This is an unusual confluence of flat planes, a modernist setting with a classical realist figure. The color draws the viewer in, the composition draws the eyes around the canvas to her figure, and then to her invisible mate, who introduces emotional tension to the piece.

Several years later, his work begins a gradual transformation in palette, gestural line, and painterly style. *Kate Reading* (2008) (p. 42), reveals this transformation. In this nearly life-size painting, Kate Carr, his wife, lies on a bed reading a book with a contented look on her face. She is nude but for the hint of tiny bikini underwear and a pair of red-and-white striped knee socks. On the wall her name, Kate, is written. The bed is center stage, a circle of blankets envelope the figure, with floorboards, walls, and a receding hallway to ground the space. Here, Peters's palette and style are evolving slightly: her red hair punctuates the painting, but he includes red stripes in the sheets and in her striped socks, heightening the overall color scheme.

Jim Peters's paintings of couples explore the many emotions, tensions, and expressions of love in physical form. *Golden Room* (p. 31), *Whose Dream is This?* (p. 59), *Shadow* (p. 47), and *74 Rue de Charonne* (p. 43) extend the visual drama of his single-figure paintings. Many of his paintings, drawings, and sculptural constructions, depict the couple in various stages of sexual activity. His palette is often subdued, reminiscent of northern European paintings in which the subjects emerge from darkness. The vigor of his line and shading animate the forms. The restrained use of color then ignites the composition, heightening the contrast between light and dark.

In one of the mid-career paintings, *Golden Room* (1994) both figures are standing, the male pulling off his shirt, the female with her hand on her neck, drawing the viewer's eye up to that spot. In this moment before getting into the bed, both figures are calm, yet their poses suggest movement – as if caught by a camera in a moment in time. The lovers' quiet anticipation is illuminated by a rich sunlit golden hue reflected on the walls and onto the floorboards. They stand on a red rug, or a shadow of the bed itself, symbolizing the foundation of passion.

The dynamics of new love and discovery radiate from *Whose Dream is This?* (2009). In this enormous raw-canvas painting, the central figure, Kate, floats on a loosely defined black oval ground, her arms outstretched, her head thrown back, her long red hair falling down into space. The black background area enhances this remarkable figure, which appears to levitate from an undefined ground. She looks up at the male figure, with his head so tentatively sketched that it is barely present. In contrast, his torso, erect penis, and a red anatomically correct heart define his presence. Their emphasis among sketchy details might beg the question: what force is driving his dream? The raw canvas includes prior sketched lines where the painting might have gone – and the writing on it asks the question “Whose Dream is This?” Closer to the bottom, in smaller white letters, are the words, “to be passionately accepted.”

All around the painting, little surprise images, symbols and words appear: near the remains of an earlier arm position, in outlines, is the word “YES.” Grapelike clusters of protons and neutrons float around, reminders of Peters's science background. The name “Ginsburg,” floats near to top, against a partial brick wall. Poet names Apollinaire, Dumas and Picabia can also be detected. For all its symbolism and clues (Kate is a poet), the viewer's eye will return to the central figure, which gleams with presence, real, ethereal, and symbolic. The flaming red in her hair, and his heart, ignite the painting with passion. Her position is sexually and emotionally open, her dramatically lit head recalls cabaret faces by Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec. The painting is aglow with emerging discovery of the beloved, who has appeared as a dream, just beginning to materialize, in an early transformation toward full realization of the new relationship. As spectacular as the female figure is, the painting retains both an openness and a sense of incompleteness: the story begins here, the setting is immaterial, the drama of possibility and magic is all hers.

In *74 Rue de Charonne* (2009), the circle of love is complete. The theatre of this relationship is the bed that nearly fills the entire room. The darker palette, with a predominance of grays with blue and pink undertones contrast with the burst of the beloved's sensuous, long red hair, which leads up her back to her contented purring face at the apex of the painting. The female figure leans in to the body of her lover, who lies horizontally across the bed, his penis resting in full view, his arms crossed, with one hand cupping her breast, the other hand holding a cigarette. The smoke rises up in the shape of an inverted bell, which echoes the form of the light fixture illuminating them. The emotive, romantic force of this painting draws the viewer back in and around the canvas, making it a masterpiece of contemporary romantic realism.

Here, the modeling and emotion of the woman might recall Eugene Delacroix, but the surety with which the artist experiments with line and form is entirely Peters's own. In this intimate night scene, too much color would be distracting in a story richly yet succinctly told. It is a story you want to read over and over; it is a joyous painting, resonating with those best moments of mutual physical love. As in his other works, little objects add whimsy and symbolism. If you look long enough, you'll find a pencil and an open book at the woman's left hip, she is a writer. A photorealist or neoclassicist might have painted over them to clarify

her contour, but Peters uses his own artistic vocabulary. Follow the vibrant, luxurious long braid of her red hair down her back and find a lightly painted little blue arrow, pointing to her derriere. From any distance, these details could remain invisible. Her foot is slightly out of proportion. There is a finely rendered pink band-aid on her right thigh. The folds in the blankets form a circle around the couple, the angles made by their limbs create a repetition of triangles, lending movement to the figures, though they are at rest.

In this radiant portrait of lovers the artist has captured a perfect moment in their lives. Yet as fully rendered as the male figure is, his head is again obscured. It is only suggested behind her shoulder, a round pate. His face is invisible; she is the dominant subject of the painting. This is the moment of pure knowledge, of viewing the beloved in the clarity of love: we see what is most beautiful in her, as the artist sees her. His face is irrelevant; its presence is implied in her glow, in his creative act as painter.

The lines are carefully rendered – we may see Degas, Cezanne or Picasso before Cubism. Peters plays with gesture and texture in his brushstrokes, his layers of paint, with areas of nearly raw canvas, areas with matte paint and with glazed surfaces, making the blacks even more black. In this painting, he has captured the beginning of love: she is not the dream, nor the ideal, but the culmination of longing, and they retreat together to form this world of two.

Her hair is the fiery glow of passion, her heavy-lidded eyes contain all the emotion of the moment; she is in a personal paradise. The room is in Paris, but the world the couple has created is complete within the circle of their bed. Though the colors are dark, this is a joyous painting. Like the camera on the bookshelf, the artist has captured a moment in time, one that will never recur.

Many of Peters's couples are engaged in sexual union. Yet to call his work erotic art would be to debase it, because it is not voyeuristic, it is not vulgar. It follows a long tradition of nudes as classical goddesses, nymphs and lovers in the history of academic painting. His is done in the context of a marriage of the most intimate moments that bind man to woman at the deepest level of physical expression.

In *Shadow* (2012), another camera illuminates the beloved at the center of his life. The camera inhabits the shadows in the foreground, and could at first be overlooked, because the dramatic female figure glows at the apex of the triangular composition. Here, the arrangement of bended knees and elbows nearly transform the triangular composition into a cross. She turns to her lover, removing her bra, her face mask-like and foreboding in the low-angled light.

The male figure in the foreground, with his elbow touching the floor suggests that he were symbolically sinking towards death and darkness as his young beauty, and his future, looms above. He is already spent, it seems, his left hand placed over his heart, his right forearm holding on to her leg. He looks up at love and sees the shadow of his own death behind her. The dark shadow follows the line of her legs, up the wall and over her head. The shadow becomes the third figure. The specter of death looms over her, though the shadow does not reflect her figure, but rather that of an elongated other. The inevitability of death closes in on them, in a room with no visible means of escape. *Shadow* is the most dramatic and symbolic painting in the exhibition.

Peters has introduced a different palette, using an uncharacteristic green for the walls, speckled with reddish-orange, its chromatic complement. He wears a sleeveless blue shirt, his head shape reminiscent of Picasso's capped Harlequins. The shadow in this interpretation as symbol harkens back to Rembrandt, to

Northern European 15<sup>th</sup> and 16<sup>th</sup> Century prints, which feature a figure symbolizing Death, as a skeleton, a demon, or a ghostly shadow following a female figure, or surprising two lovers; its dramatic presence appears in works by Goya, Picasso and his Spanish predecessors.

On the wall, a mirror at an extreme angle reflects only a dark corner. The mirror can be a negative symbol in a painting; in some religious traditions, the mirror is covered in the house of the departed. This is either to keep the spirit from flying into the mirror, rather than up to heaven or wherever it is meant to go, or it symbolizes that vanity is to be abolished in the time of mourning. The mirror is sometimes seen as a positive reflection of a man and woman's attention to their appearance, to remain attractive for one another. In earlier generations, one superstition held that if a camera captures your image, it captures your soul. Because these are the only objects in the painting, their symbolism yields various interpretations. Usually Peters's cameras symbolize the artist, whose job it is to capture images and stop time.

This painting is imbued with elements of art historical masters and traditions. But the dramatic piece is the singular work of Jim Peters, and could be confused with no other. *Shadow* is a masterpiece of technique, spirit, an emotional tour-de-force. None of his other domestic scenes explore the looming inevitability of mortality.

*Whose Dream is This?*, *74 Rue de Charonne*, and *Shadow*, tell the progression of a magical, mature new love drama. In these recent paintings, the ongoing story of the artist's life unfolds. It starts with the dream – the foundation of romantic love – moves to the fulfillment of the union and the creation of the world of two, and then on to this most dramatic and foreboding image of the lovers, the shadow of death lurking over them, the woman standing, her older lover looking up from below, holding on to her, and to life itself.

For over thirty years, Peters's passion as a painter has been to render the intimacy, tension, and passion of long-term love. As his work matures, so do his paintings continue to evolve.





**Kathline Carr**

***Birdshot*** 2010

Charcoal, acrylic medium, wire stitching, wax,  
photos (collaborations with Jim Peters) on paper, 38" x 25"

Private collection, Boston, MA

# Collaboration and Negotiation: The Ties that Bind

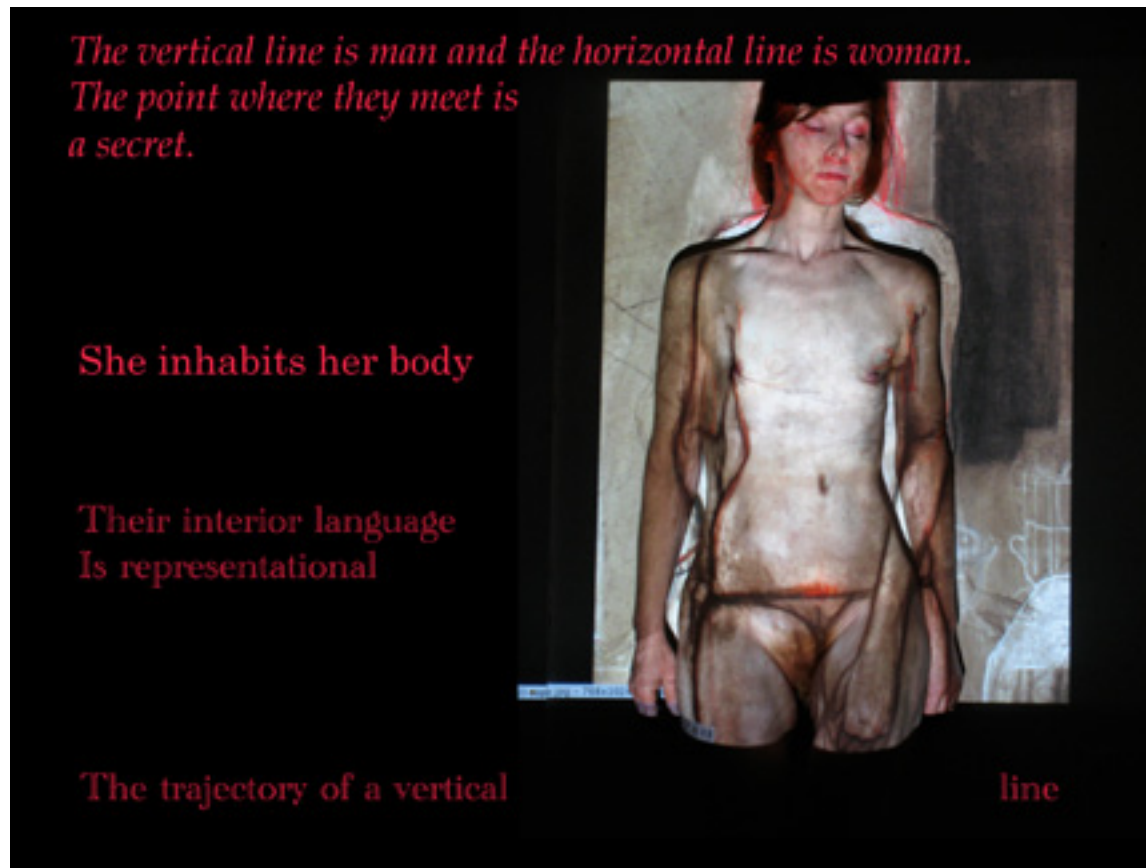
Kathline Carr

In Père Lachaise Cemetery, a couple of blocks from the apartment we were staying in, Jim and I looked for Unica Zürn's and Hans Bellmer's gravesite, amidst the statuary and map-laden tourists. On our circuitous route, we took video footage of the search and a flock of blackbirds moving from tree to tree. Hans and Unica are not on the list of important dead, so a combination of perusing the maps of others and dumb luck finally got us there. They are a touchstone couple for us. Bellmer was more perverse, Zürn more mentally unstable than the two of us are; but there's a temperamental resemblance. Zürn was a writer, taking on a visual practice as well, in the form of exquisite drawings that are at once trippy and technically complex. She and Bellmer collaborated as lovers and sharers of close space: I am speaking particularly of the rope works, clearly assembled and photographed in their studio apartment. Zürn is tied up like a roast and photographed, her flesh reconfigured in a mass of soft folds.

To live with Bellmer, Unica left her children behind, and she was stripped of her parental rights. Bellmer, who was almost certainly an alcoholic, and Unica, a diagnosed schizophrenic, lived together in poverty until she jumped to her death from their sixth floor apartment at age 54. They are buried together under a granite slab engraved with "My love will follow you into eternity." The bindings become more symbolic of the intertwining of their lives and practices, the more one learns about the way they lived together. The binding joined and constricted them, fused their respective madness into a multi-headed hydra writhing on the fringes of the mid-century surrealist art scene in Paris.

Jim's and my collaborative practices grow out of a similar binding, a continuation of a self-imposed exile from what one might picture as a normal cohabitation, where people live separate yet intersecting lives. We are the reverse: the intersection is broken by the occasional demands of society, which we avoid if we can. Our art practices are necessarily close, with our present studios under one roof, as always. Friend and former advisor Jill Magi once dubbed our live/work quarters as a "test kitchen," and that is an apt description. We carry our studios with us wherever we go, making deposits in our photographic seed bank as we travel.

The first series of photographs Jim and I acknowledged as collaborations came out of a sojourn in Paris, in 2008; our modes of working made it difficult to identify the photographer in much of the work. Questions of authorship came to a head as we began using the photographs in our own respective work, and we felt a precedent needed to be established. The deeper discussion arrived at the body as intellectual property. From a theatrical or performance-based standpoint, either of us using these photos carte blanche would be somewhat dismissive of the partnership in which they are devised. The nature of the photographic sessions is an intimate theatricality, with one or the other of us directing the action, or creating scenarios in play. The collaborative photographs differ from photos from life that Peters has used in the past: they are not snaps taken around the house, and are not incidental, they are not stand-ins for a modeled pose. They are not stolen moments captured of a fitful muse. They are not wholly autobiographical either.



**Kathline Carr**  
***Superexposure*** 2009  
 Digital collection, images  
 (collaborations with  
 Jim Peters) and text,  
 approx. 10 slides

As in his paintings, autobiography in our photographic work is a subtle and elusive thing. Viewers, critics and writers have attributed his paintings to his former wife, and subsequently me, rather across the board. She and I pan up in the sieve that people shake the paintings through; in fact the truth is inscrutable, unreadable by onlookers. They can only guess. While it is true that Jim's work has always been somewhat imbued with his domestic situation, the way he and I work and live is more actively engaged in an entwined sensibility. The paintings reveal this passionate closeness, for those who know, and the photographs in the paintings do too. But you need to know nothing to look at the work, any of it. It is a story that can be borrowed or elaborated on by the viewer, and should be. What you need to know is the photos are ours, we co-author all of them, for better or worse.

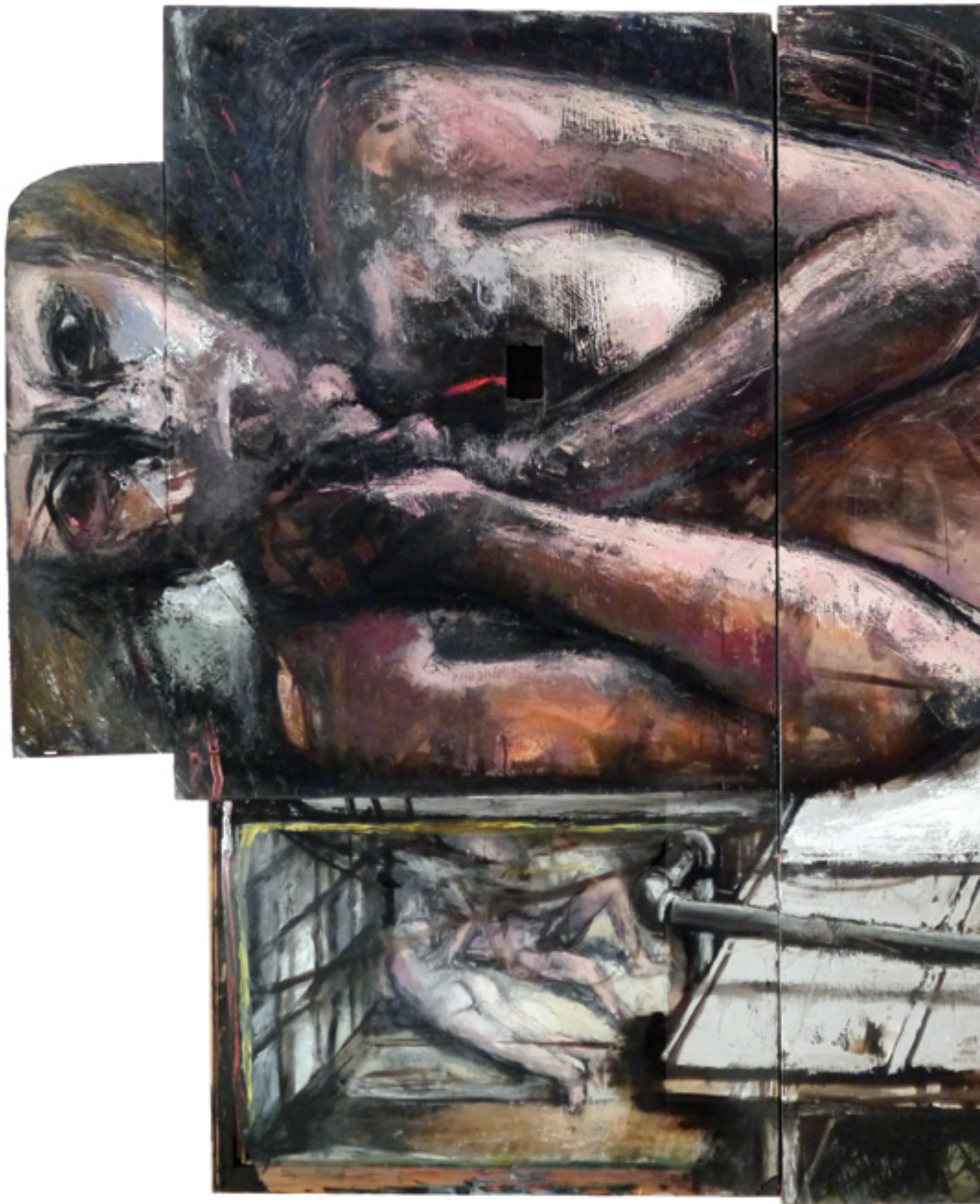
In *Subcutaneous Reckoning* (p. 52-53), we have put together a text-image piece relating some of the subtexts under our search for the origins of Bellmer's and Zürn's "mad love." After five years, it might be apparent to some that Jim and I are not afflicted with some madness, manifesting itself in a mid-life whim fueled by boredom, or an unfortunate tendency to womanizing. At the time we took the photos for *SR*, we were feeling very outcast; I felt particularly exposed. The very presence of my body when it first appeared in his work invited a slew of verbal abuse and shunning. My vulnerability is palpable in the *Subcutaneous* pictures, as I am marked with dark birds or nude in a public site. The scenes we depict in our digital work reckon with vulnerability, exposure, passion and lust. Sometimes they are domestic in nature, other times, not. It is a product of our living and working closely, foreheads pressed together, and to the lenses of our respective cameras.





***The Cabinet*** 2011  
Oil on canvas & wood, photo (collaboration with Kathline Carr), 20" x 16"



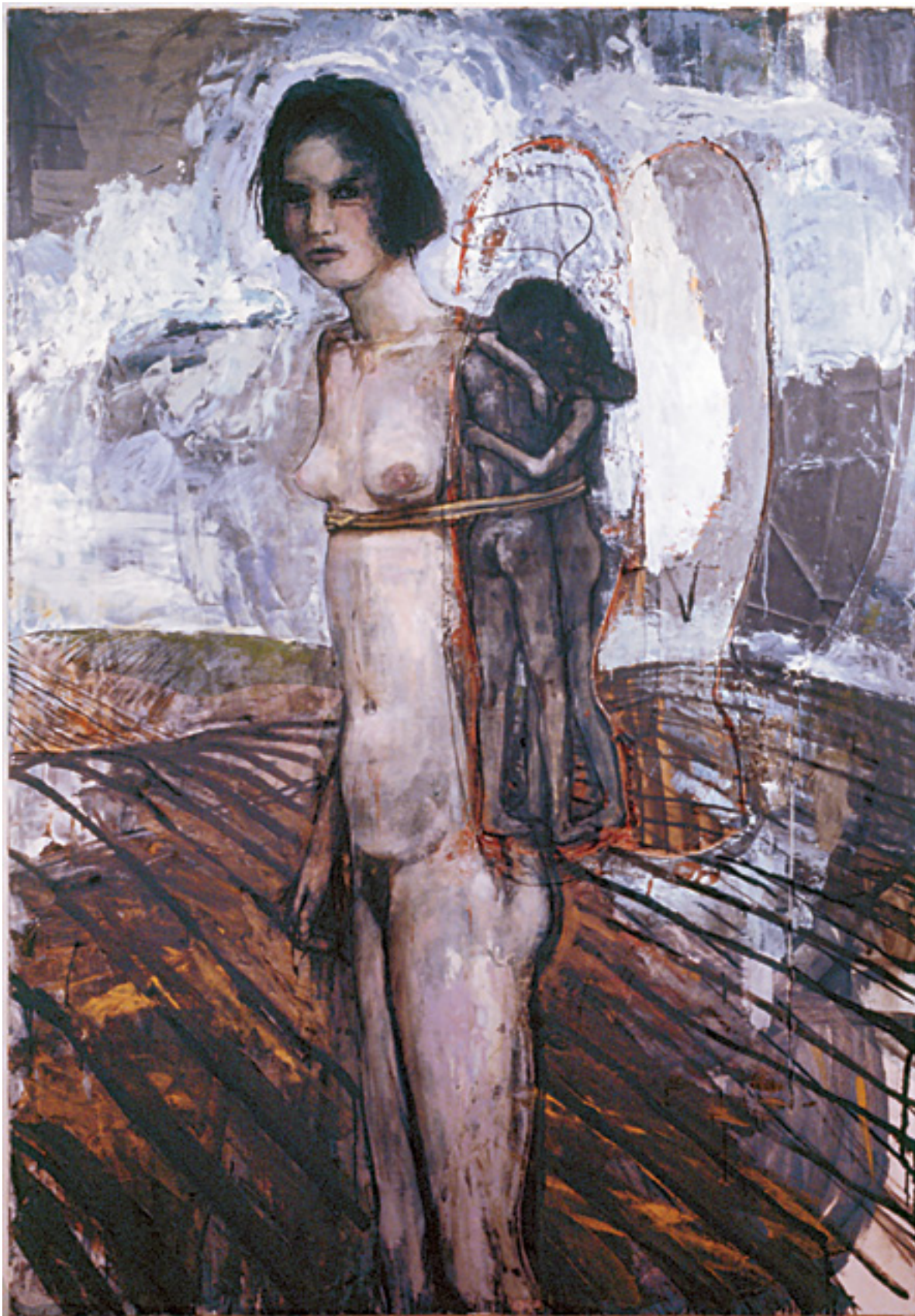






*Untitled (Reclining Figure)* 1985  
Oil on canvas, wood, metal shower stall, plexiglass, 68" x 108" x 8"





**Baggage** 1993  
Oil on canvas, wood,  
glass, 60" x 40"  
Private Collection  
Philadelphia, PA





*Truro Mother*  
1996/2007  
Oil on canvas, wood,  
72" x 50" x 2"





*Fanny on the Bayside* 1999

Oil on canvas, metal, wood, 48" x 54"

Collection of Sally & Chris Lutz, New York, NY





***Golden Room*** 1994

Oil on board, 14" x 14"

Collection of Benton Museum, University of Connecticut, Storrs, CT





***Yellow Wall*** 1999

Oil on canvas, wax, tin, paper, glass, 48" x 48" x 1"

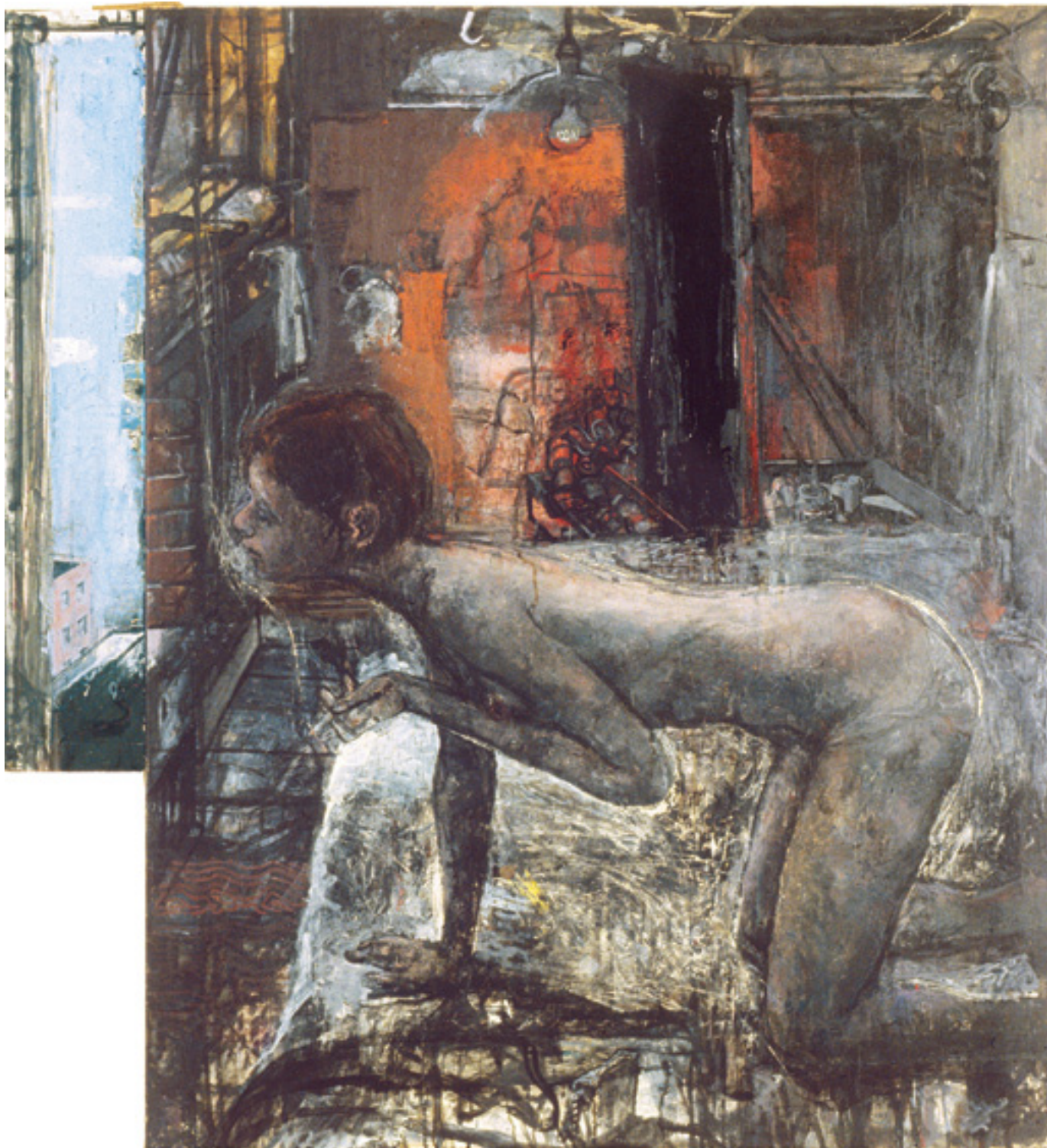
Collection of Herman Sandler, New York, NY





**Window** 2001  
Oil on canvas, wood, wire, 38" x 32" x 4"  
Collection of Annie Mullins, Truro, MA





***Red Studio, Blue Sky*** 1999

Oil on canvas, 60" x 54"

Collection of Sarah Lutz & John Van Rens, New York, NY





*Diver* 2002/7

Oil on canvas, wood, wax, wire, 29" x 36" x 3"



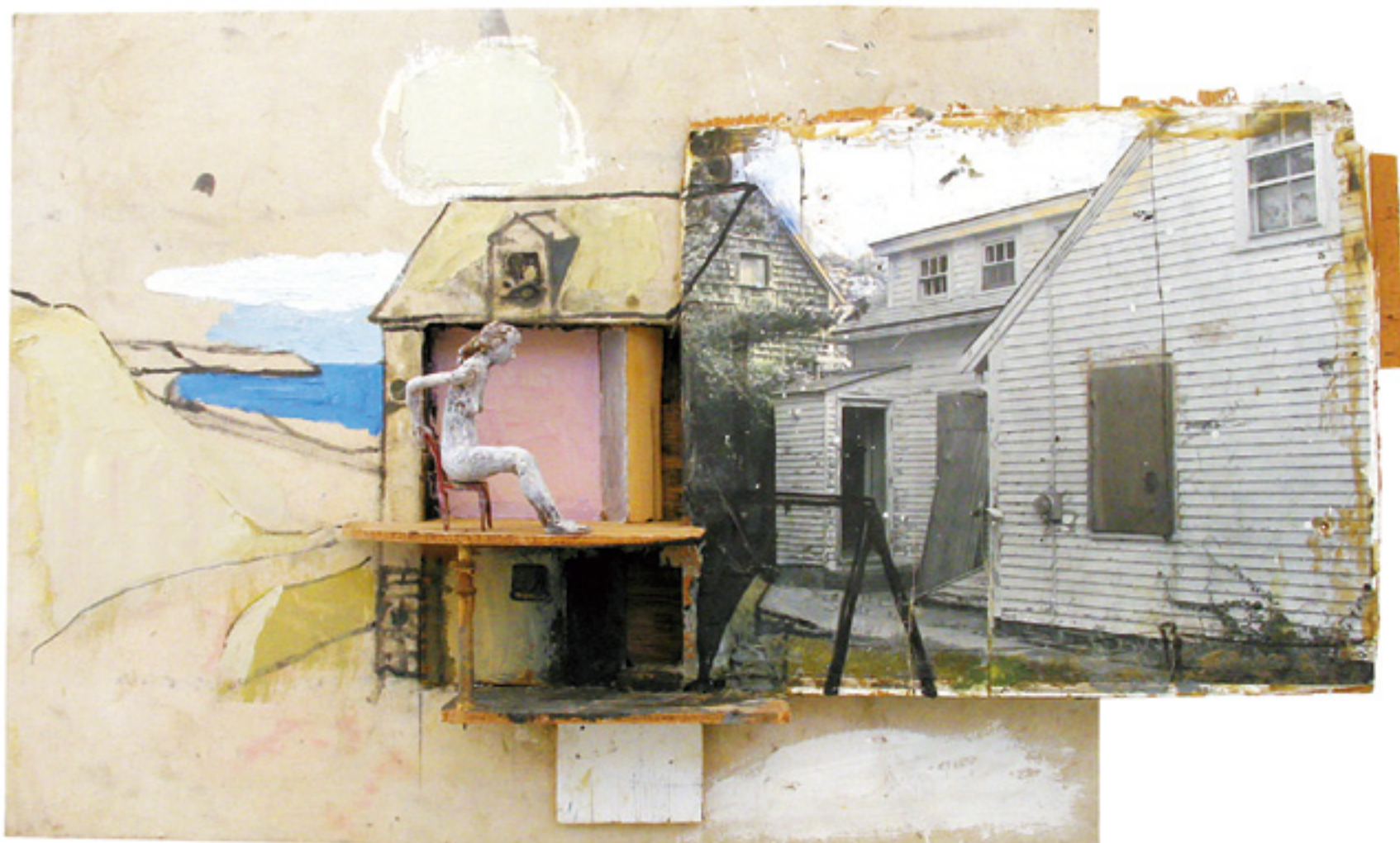


*Bath in Italy* 1987

Oil on canvas, graphite, wood, 16" x 13" x 2"

Collection of Anna Poor & Francis Olschafskie





**Sea Barn** 2002

Oil on canvas, wood, photo, wax, 14" x 22" x 4"

Collection of John Ellis, Gloucester, MA



***Black Curtain*** 2005

Oil on canvas, wood, wax, 20" x 20" x 7"

Private Collection, New York, NY





*Blue Studio with Divan* 2003  
Oil on canvas, 50" x 60"





***Open Heart*** 2004/7

Oil on canvas, wood, wax, glass, 21" x 25" x 8"





*Night Bather* 2002/7  
Oil on canvas, 80" x 100"





*Kate Reading* 2008

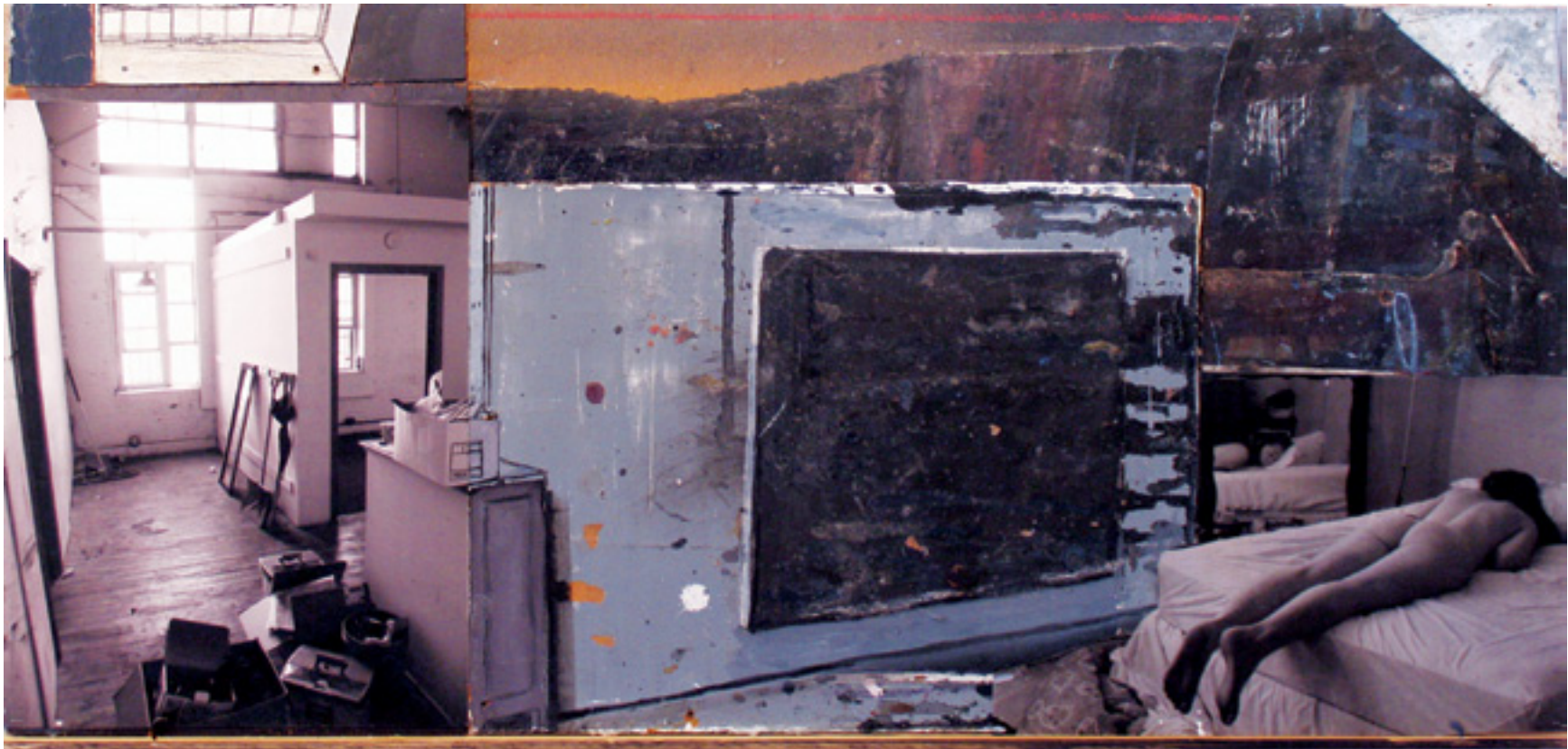
Oil on canvas mounted on panel, 48" x 66"





*74 Rue de Charonne* 2009  
Oil on canvas, 50" x 60"  
Private Collection, Boston, MA





*Studio with Black Painting and Figure* 2011

Oil, wood, glass, photo (collaboration with Kathline Carr), 14" x 26"



**Wig** 2010

Oil, wax, shellac, paper, photo (collaboration with Kathline Carr), 13" x 19"





***Pedestal*** 2006

Oil on canvas, photo,  
glass, 60" x 45"

Collection of Provincetown  
Art Association and Museum





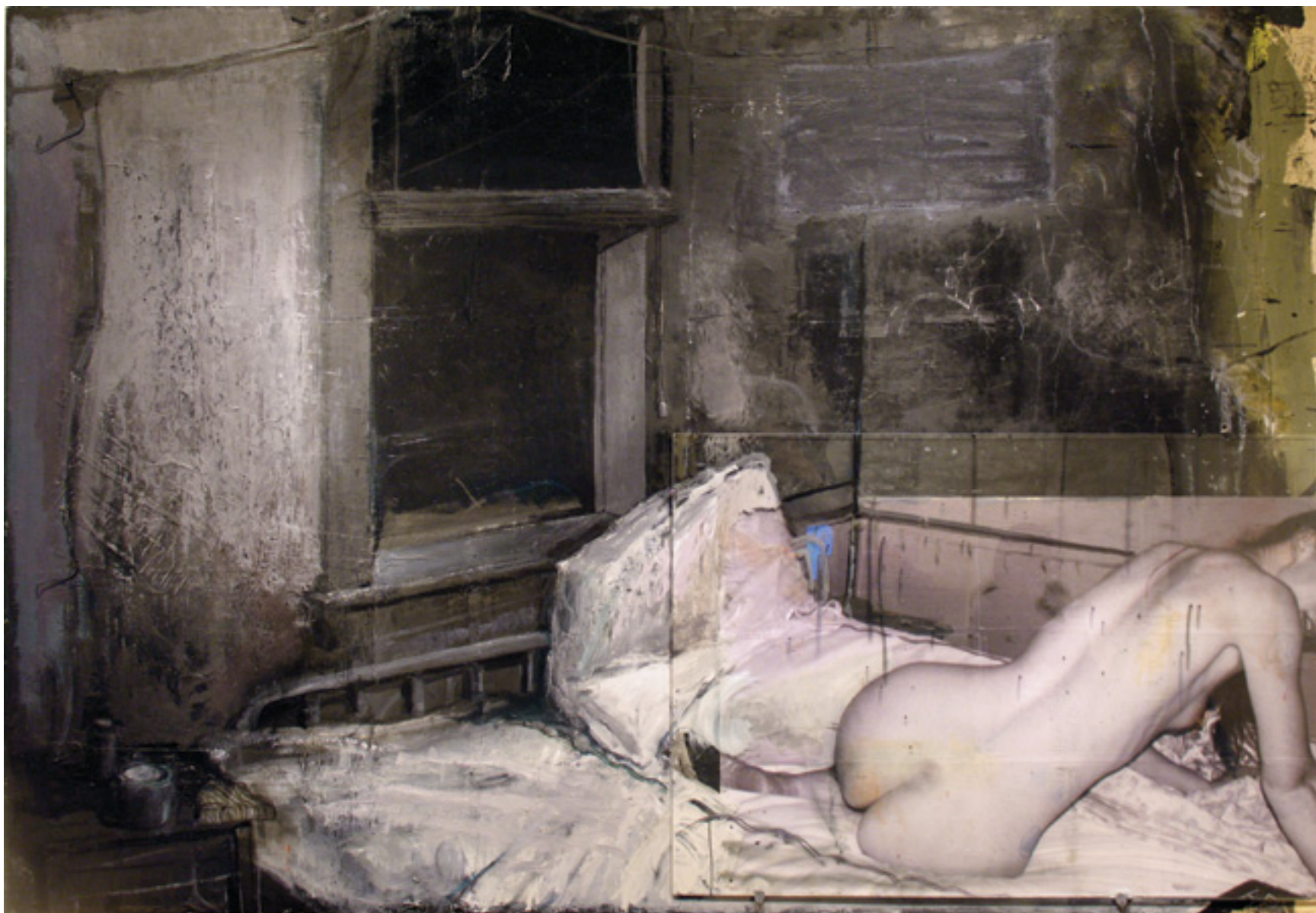
*Shadow* 2012  
Oil on canvas,  
72" x 60"





*TV* 2011

Oil on canvas, photo (collaboration with Kathline Carr), glass, 46" x 62"



***Black Window*** 2010  
Oil on canvas, photo (collaboration with Kathline Carr), glass, 60" x 80"  
Private Collection, Boston, MA





*Two Black Windows* 2010

Oil, conti, wax, photo (collaboration with Kathline Carr) on primed paper, 29" x 40"



*Nightadoration (scene from an imaginary play)* 2013  
Oil on canvas, wood, wax, wire, 30" x 27" x 12"





Kathline Carr & Jim Peters  
*Subcutaneous Reckoning* 2010  
14 pages, clear tape binding, taped assemblage of digital images and texts  
(Dedicated to Eric Rohmer (1920-2010), filmmaker, and Tami Engstrom, murdered February 7, 1991)

This page, counterclockwise from top left:  
Cover, p. 1-2, p. 3-4, Rear Cover  
Opposite page, counterclockwise from top:  
p. 5-6, p. 9-10, p. 7-8



## Prey

I dream I am a two-dimensional object in several films,  
a beam cuts through blackness, projects my suspended limbs.

The Ohio murderer is asking for clemency. After stabbing her  
many times, he left her liver in his car. His passenger

didn't desire (him) his touch, *let me out she cried (he said)*  
Clemency. On paper, human decency—won't negate her death.

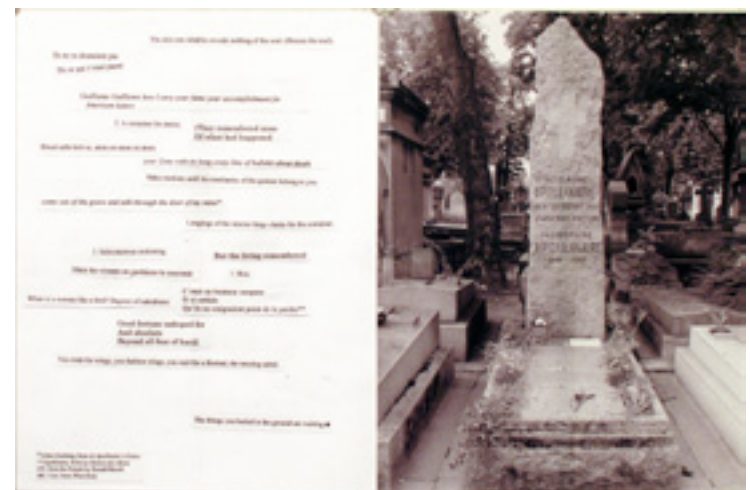
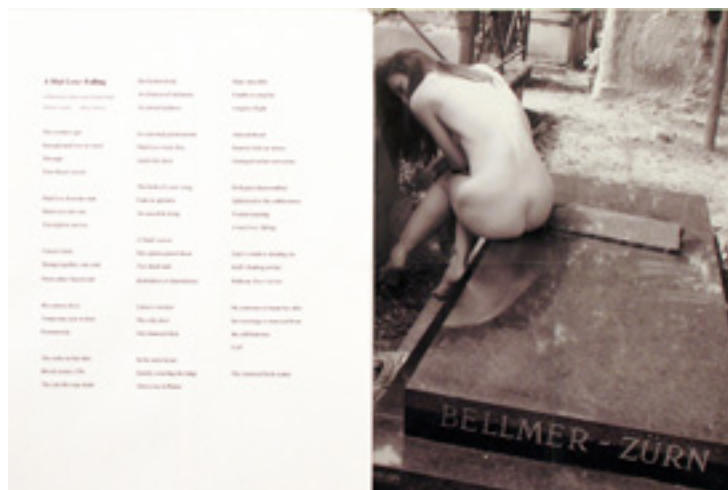
Her intestines were found wrapped in her coat, *obviously insane—*  
The state worries lethal injection might cause (him) the killer pain.

A branch poised over my windshield looks like running legs.  
The radio blares news clips. *Clemency for killer*, it says.

Women are not yet safe, are still prey. Lethal injection might hurt.  
*Don't act like prey*, we are told. Conceal apparent sexual attributes.

*Obviously insane*—don't accept rides from strangers,  
no eye contact. She was oblivious (of him), to the danger.

The branch touches the car, sounds like fingernails.  
In a dream, I have sisters attached to my hands, like paper dolls.







*Study in Gray and Red* 2012  
Oil on canvas, 28" x 21"



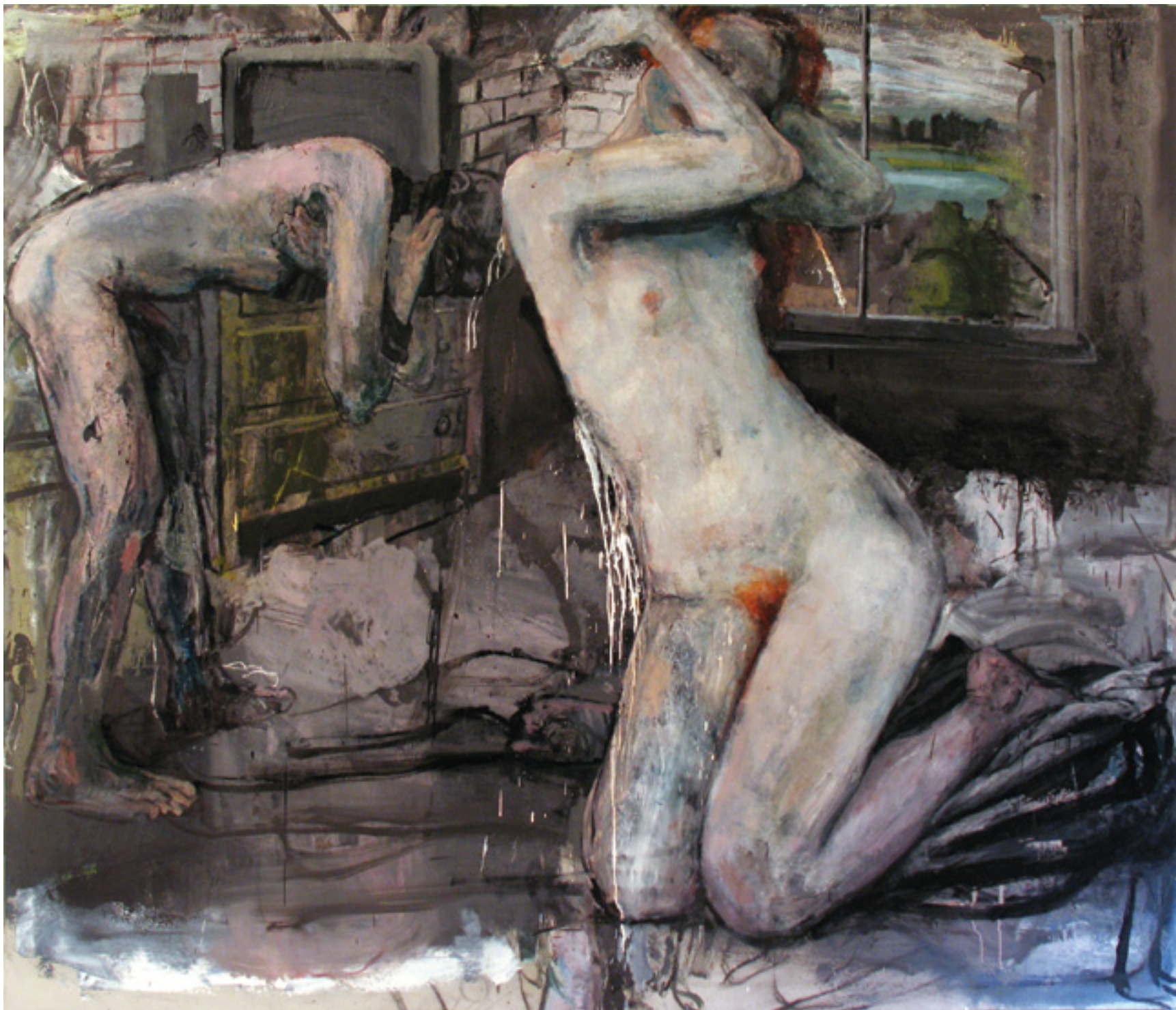
*Nightswimmer* 2010  
Oil on canvas, 66" x 52"  
Collection of Alan Dinsfriend, Truro, MA





*Evening Blue* 2013  
Oil on canvas, 36" x 42"





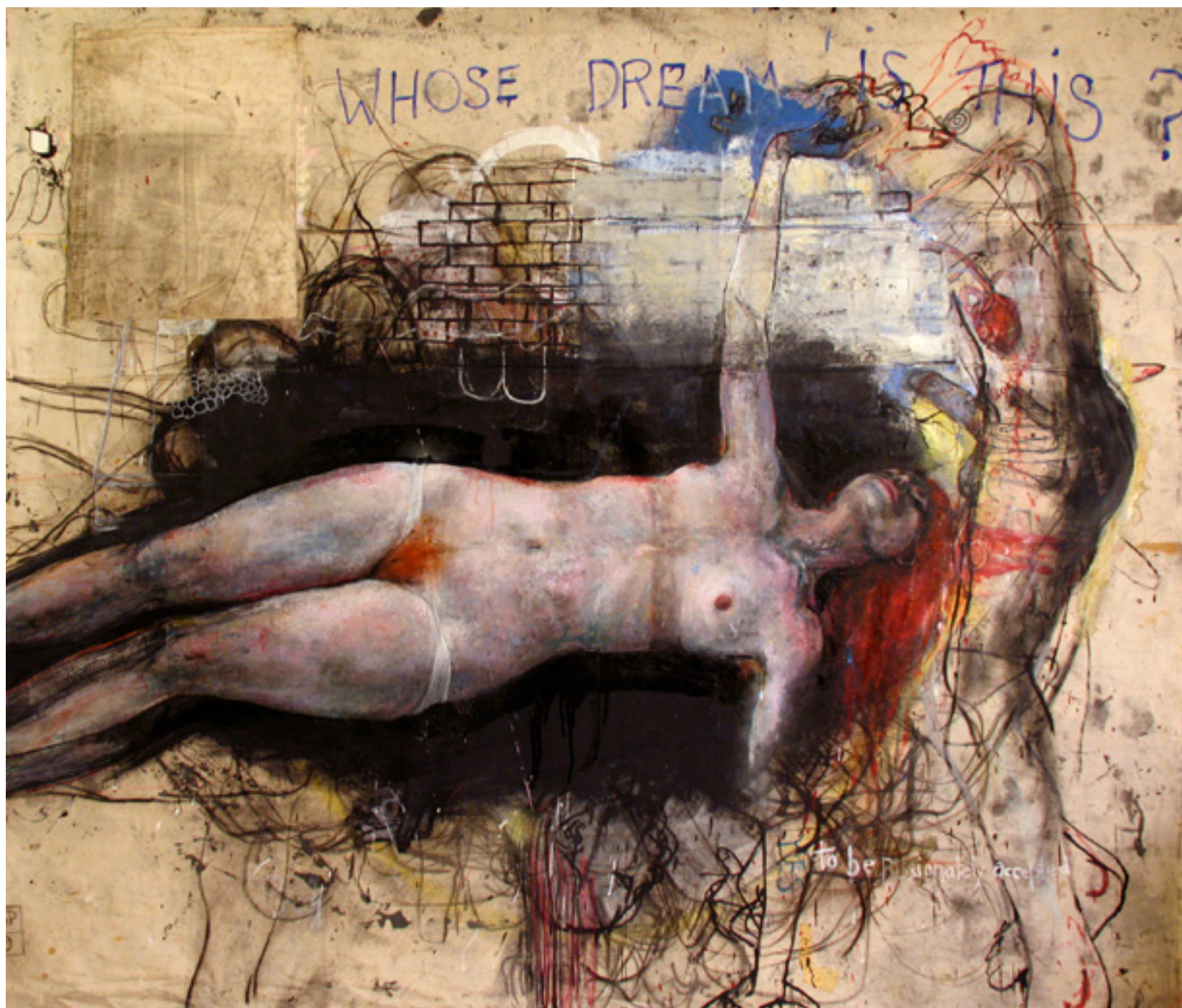
*Lust in the Brick Room* 2013  
Oil on canvas, 72" x 84"





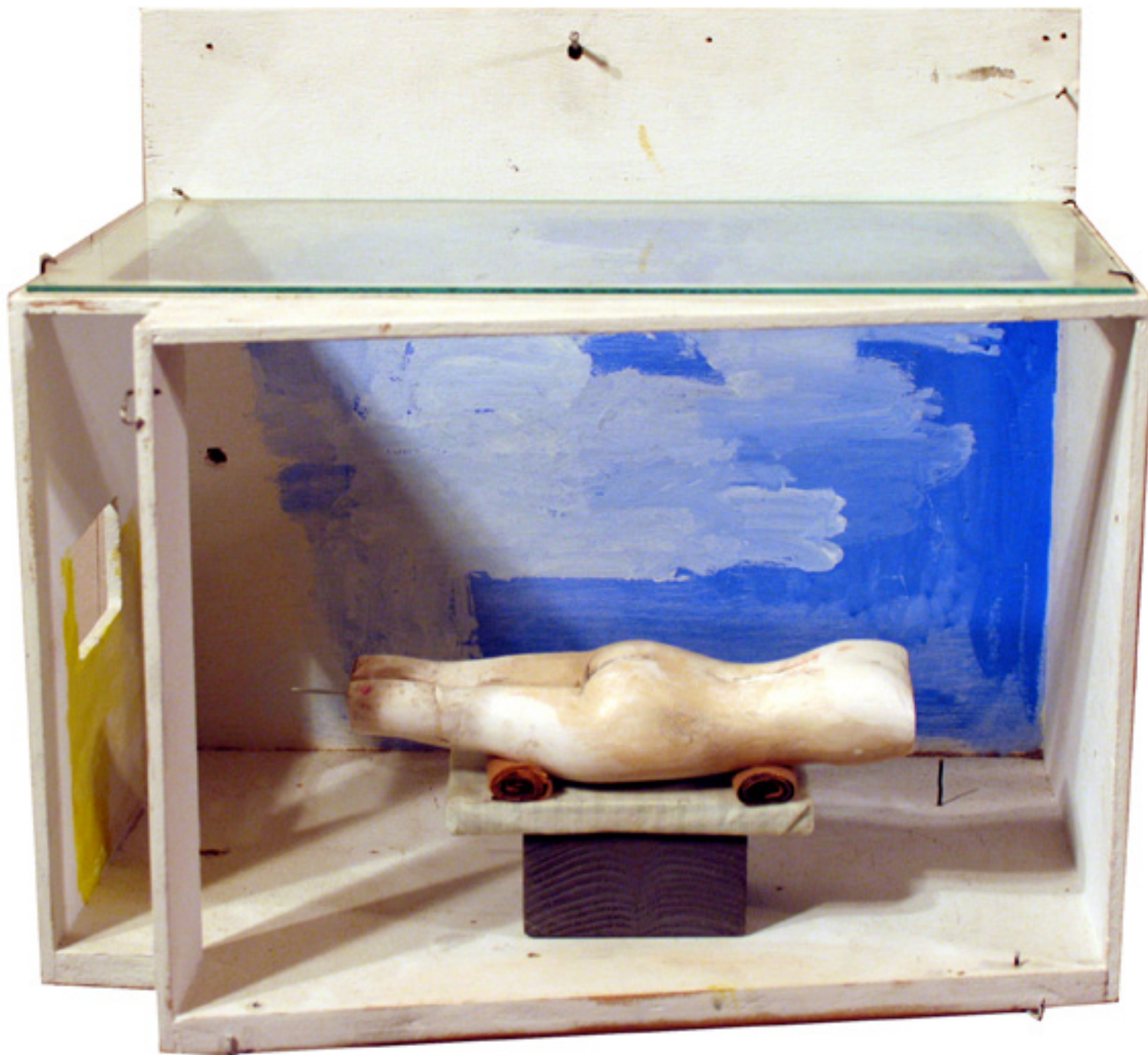
***Whose Dream is This?*** 2009  
Oil on canvas, 92" x 110"  
(earlier stage)





***Whose Dream is This?*** 2009  
Oil on canvas, 92" x 110"





***Requiem*** 2011

Plaster, wood, glass, gouache, 12" x 14" x 12"

Collection of Kathline Carr, North Adams, MA

# About Jim Peters



Jim Peters was born in Syracuse, NY, in 1945. He graduated from the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, MD in 1967 (BS, Atomic Physics), and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, MA in 1969 (MS, Nuclear Engineering). He began painting while serving on the aircraft carrier USS John F. Kennedy and, using the G. I. Bill, graduated from Maryland Institute, College of Art, Baltimore, MD in 1977 (MFA, Painting). A painter and constructionist, he has exhibited regularly in NYC at CDS Gallery (since 1986) and ACA Galleries (at present), in Cambridge, MA, at Pierre Menard Gallery, and in Provincetown, MA at artSTRAND Gallery. Awards include Fellowships at Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown (1982-1983 and 1983-1984), Massachusetts Artists Grants (1985,1988), Adolph and Esther Gottlieb Foundation Fellowship (1999), and Massachusetts Cultural Council Artist Fellowship (2002, 2008). He has work in many collections world-wide including William Benton Museum, University of Connecticut, Flint Institute of Art, and Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, NYC. Jim Peters lives and works in North Adams, MA, with his wife, the artist and writer Kathline Carr.

Jim Peters is a member of the Visual Arts Committee at the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown. He presently teaches drawing at the Rhode Island School Of Design and painting at the Massachusetts College of Art and Design’s MFA Program in Provincetown.

## Education

- 1963-1967 United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, MD, B.S. (Physics)
- 1967-1969 Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, MA, M.S. (Nuclear Engineering)
- 1975-1977 Maryland Institute, College of Art, Baltimore, MD, MFA (Painting)

## Solo exhibitions

- 2012 “New Paintings”, artSTAND, Provincetown, MA
- 2011 “Jim Peters – more Fusion”, artSTRAND, Provincetown, MA
- 2010 “Jim Peter – Fusion/2010”, artSTAND, Provincetown, MA
- 2009 “Jim Peters – Paintings, Constructions, Drawing s- 2000-2009”, University of Massachusetts at Dartmouth, Gallery, New Bedford, MA  
“Recent Works of Jim Peters”, Pierre Menard Gallery, Cambridge, MA
- 2008 “Jim Peters; New Works”, artSTRAND, Provincetown, MA
- 2008 “Jim Peters; new work”, Pierre Menard Gallery, Cambridge, MA
- 2007 “Jim Peters 1974-2007”, a mid-career retrospective, Pierre Menard Gallery, Cambridge, MA  
“Jim Peters and Friends”, MPG Contemporary, Boston, MA  
“New Works: Paintings and Photo/constructions”, artSTRAND, Provincetown, MA  
“New London Redux”, Hygienic Art Galleries, New London, CT
- 2006 “Jim Peters; New Works: Paintings, Constructions, and Drawings”, MPG Contemporary, Boston, MA  
“Jim Peters; New Works”, artSTRAND, Provincetown, MA
- 2005 “New Painting and Constructions”, artSTRAND, Provincetown, MA
- 2004 “Paintings and Constructions”, DNA Gallery, Provincetown, MA  
“New Paintings and Constructions”, MPG Contemporary, Boston, MA  
“Living with a Queen”, Cape Museum of Fine Arts, Dennis, MA
- 2003 “New Works; Jim Peters”, DNA Gallery, Provincetown, MA
- 2002 “Jim Peters, Then and Now”, CDS Gallery, New York, NY  
“Jim Peters, Paintings and Constructions”, DNA Gallery, Provincetown, MA
- 2001 “Paintings/Constructions: from Quercy and the Languedoc”, CDS Gallery, New York, NY
- 2000 DNA Gallery, Provincetown, MA  
“Drawings and Prints”, Gallery Bershadt, Somerville/Boston, MA  
“Jim Peters: Works”, Mazmanian Art Gallery, Framingham State College, Framingham, MA
- 1999 “Jim Peters, New Paintings”, CDS Gallery, New York, NY  
“Jim Peters”, Berta Walker Gallery, Provincetown, MA  
“Constructions and Paintings, Jim Peters”, Gallery Bershadt, Somerville/ Boston, MA
- 1997 “Jim Peters, New Paintings and Constructions”, Berta Walker Gallery, Provincetown, MA
- 1996 “Small Works Plus One, 1983-1996”, Fine Arts Work Center, Provincetown, MA
- 1995 “Paintings and Constructions”, Berta Walker Gallery, Provincetown, MA
- 1994 “Process/Painting, Jim Peters”, Gallery 53, Cooperstown, NY
- 1993 “Jim Peters, New Works”, CDS Gallery, New York, NY  
“Jim Peters, Paintings and Constructions”, Berta Walker Gallery, Provincetown, MA  
“Jim Peters”, Kubiak Gallery, UCCA, Oneonta, NY
- 1992 “Paintings of Jim Peters”, Loyola College, Baltimore, MD
- 1991 “Jim Peters”, CDS Gallery, New York, NY  
“Paintings and Constructions”, Berta Walker Gallery, Provincetown, MA
- 1989 “Jim Peters Paintings”, Atrium Gallery, School of Fine Arts, University of Connecticut, Storrs, CT  
“New Paintings”, Bayer Fine Arts, Provincetown, MA  
“Jim Peters”, CDS Gallery, New York, NY
- 1988 David Brown Gallery, Provincetown, MA



- “Jim Peters”, CDS Gallery, New York, NY
- 1987

“Jim Peters”, Michael Maloney Gallery, Santa Monica, CA  
“Jim Peters, New Works” CDS Gallery, New York, NY
- 1986

“Jim Peters”, CDS Gallery, New York, NY
- 1984

Hudson D. Walker Gallery, Fine Arts Work Center, Provincetown, MA
- 1979

Cummings Art Center, Connecticut College, New London, CT

Selected group exhibitions

- 2013

“One of a Kind /Artist’s Books”, AC Institute, New York, NY; Owens Art Gallery, Sackville, NB
- 2012

“One of a Kind /Artist’s Books”, Dalhousie Gallery, Halifax, NS  
“Faculty Exhibition, MassArt MFA Program”, Hudson D. Walker Gallery, Fine Arts Work center, Provincetown, MA
- 2011

“Chain Letter” Samson Gallery, Boston, MA  
“One of a Kind /Artist’s Books”, Pierre Menard Gallery, Cambridge, MA  
“Perspectives on the Provincetown Art Colony”, Cape cod Museum of Art, Dennis, MA  
“Rhode Island School of Design Faculty Biennial”, Rhode Island School of Design Museum, Providence, RI  
“The Tides of Provincetown: Pivotal Years in America’s Oldest Continuous Art Colony”, New Britain Museum of American Art, New Britain, CT
- 2010

“Visual Arts Committee Exhibition”, Fine Arts Work Center, Provincetown, MA  
“Faculty Exhibition, MassArt MFA Low Residence Program, Provincetown, MA
- 2009

“100 Years of Figure Painting”, ACA Galleries, New York, NY
- 2008

“On the Edge/Drawings”, ACA Galleries, New York, NY  
“Visual Arts Committee Exhibition”, Fine Arts Work Center, Provincetown, MA
- 2007

“Museum School at PAAM Faculty Show”, Provincetown Art Association and Museum, Provincetown, MA
- 2006

“The Naked Truth”, Collector’s Art Gallery, Rye, NH  
“Faculty of the Low Residency Master of Fine Arts Program at Fine Arts Work Center (Mass College of Art), Provincetown, MA  
“Visual Arts Committee Exhibition”, Fine Arts Work Center, Provincetown, MA
- 2005

“Two Continents and Beyond: Waterways”, Istanbul Biennale, Istanbul, Turkey  
“Erotica”, Fine Arts Work Center, Hudson D. Walker Gallery, Provincetown, MA  
“Portfolio Show”, artSTRAND, Provincetown, MA  
“Museum School at PAAM Faculty Show”, Provincetown Art Association and Museum, Provincetown, MA  
“Drawing Show”, Schoolhouse Gallery, Provincetown, MA  
“Jim Peters and Vicky Tomayko”, Art Haus, Ethan Cohen Fine Arts, Truro, MA  
“Sight-Specific“, DNA Gallery, Provincetown, MA  
“Faculty of the Low Residency Master of Fine Arts Program at Fine Arts Work Center (Mass College of Art), Provincetown, MA  
“Visual Arts Committee Exhibition”, Fine Arts Work Center, Provincetown, MA
- 2004

“Sexy Beasts 1963-2004”, curated by Robert Knafo, Ethan Cohen Fine Arts, New York, NY  
“Figure in Sculpture”, curated by Joyce Johnson, Truro Center for the Arts at Castle Hill, Truro, MA  
“Park Your Art: Mobile Art Peace”, Miami, FL  
Melbourne Art Fair, Ethan Cohen Fine Arts, Melbourne, Australia  
“Alice Neel Documentary Project (benefit auction), Robert Miller Gallery, New York, NY

- Poster commission and exhibition of sketches for Samuel Beckett’s “Endgame”, directed by Andre Gregory, The Provincetown Repertory Theatre, Provincetown, MA
- 2003

“Re Do China”, curated by Pan Xing Lei, Ethan Cohen Fine Arts, New York, NY  
Cherrystone Gallery, Wellfleet, MA  
“Inside”, curated by Helen Miranda Wilson, Provincetown Art Association and Museum Provincetown, MA,  
Scope Los Angeles, Ethan Cohen Fine Arts, Los Angeles, CA  
“Ice House Project: Passion”, Ethan Cohen Fine Arts, Truro, MA  
“Peaceable Kingdom”, DNA Gallery, Provincetown, MA  
Visual Arts Committee Exhibition, Fine Arts Work Center, Provincetown, MA
- 2002

“Inter-sex-tion: Couples in Mixed Media”, DNA Gallery, Provincetown, MA  
Scope Miami, Ethan Cohen Fine Arts, Miami, FL  
“Selections from the Permanent Collection”, Provincetown Art Association and Museum, Provincetown, MA  
Visual Arts Committee Exhibition, Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown, Provincetown, MA  
“Erotica and the Like”, CDS Gallery, New York, NY  
“Building the Collection, New Gifts and Acquisitions”, William Benton Museum of Art, University of Connecticut, Storrs, CT
- 2001

“Visual Committee Show”, Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown, Provincetown, MA  
“Painters Invitational”, Provincetown Art Association and Museum, Provincetown, MA  
Cherrystone Gallery, Wellfleet, MA  
“Tell Me a Story”, Cahoon Museum of American Art, Cotuit, MA  
Faculty Exhibition, PIAI and Cape Cod Community College, Provincetown Art Association and Museum, Provincetown MA, and Higgins Art Gallery, Cape Cod Community College, Barnstable, MA
- 2000

The Collection of the Provincetown Art Association and Museum, The National Arts Club, New York, NY  
The Art Show ( CDS Gallery), Seventh Regiment Armory, NY,NY  
Former Fellows 1968-1984 Small Works Show, Hudson D. Walker Gallery, Fine Arts Work Center, Provincetown, MA  
“Great Expectations, A New York Happening for Castle Hill”, Ethan Cohen Fine Art New York, NY  
Cherrystone Gallery, Wellfleet, MA  
“Visual Arts Committee Exhibition”, Fine Arts Work Center, Provincetown, MA  
“Classic 2000”, Schoolhouse Center for Art and Design, Provincetown, MA  
“Mount Royal 25th Anniversary Exhibition; A Tribute to Babe Shapiro”, Maryland Institute, College of Art, Baltimore, MD
- 1999

Cherrystone Gallery, Wellfleet, MA  
“Provincetown, 100 Years an Art Community”, Lamia INK, New York, NY
- 1998

“The Age of Drawing: an International Scene”, CDS Gallery, New York, NY  
“Former Fellows, FAWC”, Fine Arts Work Center, Provincetown, MA  
“Painter’s Eye” (selected by Gregory Gillespie), Provincetown Art Association and Museum, Provincetown, MA  
“Cheap Thrills”, DNA Gallery, Provincetown, MA
- 1997

“The Art Show”, Seventh Regiment Armory, New York, NY  
“Connections Boston-Provincetown”, New Art Center, Newtonville, MA  
“Domestic Bliss”, DNA Gallery, Provincetown, MA
- 1996

“Juried Show, by Deirdre Scott”, The Painting Center, New York, NY
- 1995

“The Young Ones”, CDS Gallery, New York, NY
- 1993

“Four Painters: Developing Vision”, Plymouth State College, Plymouth, NH

	“Fine Arts Work Center Twenty-fifth Anniversary Show, ” Provincetown Art Association and Museum, Provincetown, MA
1992	“Baring Up: Embodiments of Strength and Spirit”, Higgins Art Gallery, Cape Cod Community College, West Barnstable, MA “I, Myself and Me”, Midtown Payson Galleries, New York, NY “The CDS Collection”, CDS Gallery, New York, NY
1991	“Lost and Found, the Painterly Images”, New York Studio School, NY, NY “Fine Arts Work Center Visual Committee Show”, Fine Arts Work Center, Provincetown, MA
1990	“Crosscurrents II”, East Hampton Center for Contemporary Arts, East Hampton, NY “Students of Babe Shapiro”, (in conjunction with “Babe Shapiro, a Twenty-five Year Retrospective”), Maryland Art Place, Baltimore, MD “Faculty Exhibition”, Foreman Gallery, Hartwick College, Oneonta NY,
1989	“Fables and Fantasies”, Duke University of Art, Durham, NC “American Art Today: Narrative Painting”, Florida International University, Miami, FL “The Art Show”, Seventh Regiment Armory, New York, NY “Contemporary Provincetown”, Provincetown Art Museum, Provincetown, MA and Murray Feldman Gallery/Pacific Design Center, West Hollywood CA, “Massachusetts Artists Fellowship Winners”, Artists Foundation Gallery, Boston, MA Gallery Artists, Ianetti Lanzone Gallery, San Francisco, CA “New Artists, New Drawings”, Lyman Allyn Art Museum, New London, CT
1987	“To Objectify the Subjective: The Contemporary Symbolist Sensibilities, ” The Bronx Museum of Art, New York, NY
1986	“Short Stories,” (curated by Judd Tully), One Penn Plaza, New York, NY “Saints and Sinners: Contemporary Responses to Religion”, DeCordova and Dana Museum , Lincoln, MA “Thirteen Americans”, CDS Gallery, New York, NY “Further Exposure”, CDS Gallery, New York, NY
1985	“New Horizons in American Art: 1985 Exxon National Exhibition”, The Solomon R Guggenheim Museum, New York, NY “The Ten Year Anniversary Show”, College of Art, Maryland Institute, Baltimore, MD “Southern Exposure”, Brockton Art Museum, Brockton, MA “The Neo-Figure”, Yares Gallery, Scottsdale, AZ
1984	East End Gallery, Provincetown, MA
1983	“Ten Fellowship Artists”, Marisa del Rey Gallery, New York, NY “Drawings of Seven Connecticut Artists”, Slater Museum, Norwich, CT
1982	Mohegan Community College, New London, CT
1981	“Three New London Artists”, New Gallery, New London, CT
1979	“Arts Tower Artist’s Reunion”, The Arts Tower Gallery, Baltimore, MD
1977	“Three Figurative Painters”, The Arts Tower Gallery, Baltimore, MD

Awards

2008	Massachusetts Cultural Council Individual Artist Grant (Painting)
2002	Massachusetts Cultural Council Individual Artist Grant (Painting)
1999	Adolph and Esther Gottlieb Foundation Individual Artist Grant
1985,1988	Massachusetts Artist Fellowship Awards
1983	First Prize, Painting, Annual Regional Juried Exhibition, Mystic Art Association, Mystic, CT

1982-1984	Fellowship, Fine Arts Work Center, Provincetown, MA
1967-1969	Atomic Energy Commission Fellowship
1966-1967	Trident Scholar, U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, MD

Selected Collections

The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York, NY  
William Benton Museum, University of Connecticut, Storrs, CT  
Centro Cultural Arte Contemporáneo, Mexico City, Mexico  
Mohegan Community College/Three Rivers Community College, Norwich, CT (mural)  
Center for the Fine Arts, Vero Beach, FL  
Provincetown Art Association and Museum, Provincetown, MA  
Flint Institute of Art, Flint MI

Teaching

2008-present	Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, RI (Spring: Foundations, Drawing)
2007	Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, RI (Winter Session: Painting)
2005-present	Mass College of Art, Low Residency Masters Program at the Fine Arts Work Center, Provincetown, MA (Studio Major Instructor-Painting/2D)
2003-2007	Museum School at the Provincetown Art Association and Museum, Provincetown, MA
1999-2003	Provincetown International Art Institute, Provincetown, MA, Instructor: Painting
1995-present	Fine Arts Work Center, Provincetown, MA Instructor, Drawing and Painting, Summer Program
1990-1994	Hartwick College, Oneonta, NY, Artist in Residence, Instructor (part time)
1991-1992	School of Visual Arts, New York, NY-Advisor, MFA Illustration Program
1985-present	Fine Arts Work Center, Provincetown, MA Visual Arts Committee (Chairman 1985-1989, 1994-1998,2000-2009)
1984-2006	Castle Hill Center for the Arts, Truro, MA, Instructor, Drawing, Painting
1981-1982	Mohegan Community College, New London, CT, Instructor: Art Appreciation, Art History
1979/1981	Connecticut College, New London, CT, Summer Instructor: Drawing and Painting
1976-1977	Maryland Institute, Baltimore, MD Teaching Assistant, Mural Painting
1970-1971	Old Dominion University, Norfolk, VA, Freshman Math, Extension Division

Lecturer/Artist Residencies

2013	Provincetown Art Association and Museum, Fredi Schiff Levin Lecture Series, Provincetown, MA
2012	Brown University, Providence, RI, “Blend: the Jumping Together of Knowledge” MassArt Low Residency Program, Provincetown, MA
2009	University of Massachusetts at Dartmouth, New Bedford, MA Massachusetts College of Art and Design, MFA Program in Provincetown, MA
2008	Western Connecticut State University, Danbury, CT Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, RI



2006 Western Connecticut State University, Danbury, CT  
Brandeis University, Waltham, MA

2005 University of Vermont, Burlington, VT, creative writing class studio visit  
Brandeis University, Waltham, MA  
Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, RI

2004 Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, RI, Graduate Painting and Digital Media  
Cape Museum of Fine Arts, Dennis, MA  
Fine Arts Work Center, Provincetown, MA

2003 Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, RI, Visiting Committee for external review of undergraduate and graduate work, Painting Department  
Nantucket Arts Council, Nantucket, MA  
Fine Arts Work Center, Provincetown, MA

2002 Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, RI  
The New York Studio School, NY  
Fine Arts Work Center. Provincetown, MA

2001 Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, RI (Junior Critiques)  
Massachusetts College of Art, Boston MA (Junior/Senior Critiques)

2000 Framingham State College, Framingham, MA

1998 Williams College, Williamstown, MA

1997 Brandeis University, Waltham, MA

1995-1998 Fine Arts Work Center, Provincetown, MA

1995 Vero Beach Center for the Arts, Vero Beach, FL

1994 Provincetown Art Association and Museum, Provincetown, MA

1994 Plymouth State College, Plymouth, NH

1992,1994 Hartwick College, Oneonta, NY

1993 Dartmouth College, Hanover, NH

1992 Loyola College, Baltimore, MD

1991 Mohegan Community College, Norwich, CT  
Berkshire Community College, Pittsfield, MA  
Fine Arts Work Center, Provincetown, MA

1989 University of Connecticut, Storrs, CT  
Parson School of Design, New York, NY (MFA Program)

1988 Duke University, Raleigh, NC (panel discussion, moderated by Donald Kuspit)  
Montserrat College of Art, Beverly, MA  
Mohegan Community College, Norwich, CT

1987 Massachusetts College of Art, Boston, MA  
DeCordova Museum, Lincoln, MA

1986 Rhode Island School of Design, Providence RI

1985-2004 Fine Arts Work Center, Provincetown, MA

Selected Bibliography

2011 Forman, Deborah, *Perspectives on the Provincetown Art Colony*, 2 vol., 448pp., Atglen, PA: Schiffer Books LTD, 2011, 7pp text with 8 color plates

2009 Howards, Ellen, “Driven to Paint: Jim Peters’s Unusual Ride”, *Art New England*, Oct.-Nov., cover story

2008 *Jim Peters, New Work 2008*, catalogue with essay by Kathline Carr, 74pp., 52 color images, published by Pierre Menard Gallery, Cambridge, MA

2007 *Jim Peters 1974-2007*, catalogue with essays by John Yau, Ann Wilson Lloyd, and John Wronoski, 78pp., 67 color images, published by Pierre Menard Gallery, Cambridge, MA

*Art New England*, Cover Image (No 2007), June/July 2007

Brown, Susan Rand and Consoli, Grace, “Provincetown Review”, *Art New England* June/July, p. 16

2006 Yau, John, “The Light of Love”, *Provincetown Arts*, vol. 21, p. 44-46

McQuaid, Cate, “Intimacy and Distance”, Art and Reviews, *Boston Globe*, Apr. 20, p. E8

Petro, Jon, “Jim Peters”, *Blank Canvas*, Issue 5, p. 6-37

2005 Veronica, Marina, “Provincetown’s Big Art”, *Arts Media, Boston’s Cultural Magazine*, July/Aug. 2005, p. 11

Rose, Sally, “Artists Uncoil at New Home”, *Provincetown Banner*, May 6, p. 41

Liese, Jennifer, “Any Name is a Vessel, forming artSTRAND”. *Provincetown Arts*, vol. 20, p. 42-47

2004 Friedman, Jon, “Thigmofilic: The Love of Touching”, *Provincetown Arts*, vol. 19, p. 54-56

McQuaid, Cate, “Trips in Time and Space”, *The Boston Globe*, Aug. 13, p. D26

Van der Wende, Andre, “A Public Display of the Intensely Personal”, *Cape Cod Times*, CapeWeek, Dec. 10

2003 LeBow, Ellen, “Taking a long quiet, sweeping look ‘Inside’”, *Cape Cod Voice*, Jan. 30, p. 34-35

Wood, Ann, “Close to the Bone”, *Provincetown Banner*, Aug. 28, 2003, p. 41,50

On Display; “Jim Peters: Narrative Paintings and Constructions”, *Lip*, Sept. 4, 2003, p. 22

St. John, Hadley, “In Search of Everyday Beauty”, *The Inquirer and Mirror, Nantucket*, Oct. 9, 2003, p. 1D,10D

Pan Xing Lei, “Re-Do China.” (Catalogue), Ethan Cohen Fine Arts, New York, NY, 128pp.

2002 “Goings on About Town”: Art Reviews: “Jim Peters”, *The New Yorker*, May 20, 2002, p. 22

Glueck, Grace, “Erotica and the Like at CDS Gallery”, Art in Review, *New York Times*, Mar. 15, 2002

McQuaid, Cate, “Shedding Light on the Tensions of Intimacy”, *Boston Globe*, Aug. 30

LeBow, Ellen, “Intersecting Couples at DNA”, *The Cape Cod Voice*, Oct. 24, p. 44

Harrison, Sue, “Love is in the Air and on the Walls”, *Provincetown Banner*, Oct 10, p. 34

Forman, Debbie, “What Does It All Mean?”, *Cape Cod Times*, Cape Week, Aug 30, p. 13

Catalogue, *DNA Gallery Editions*, “Jim Peters; Paintings and Constructions”, 24pp.

Johnson, Ken, “Jim Peters, CDS Gallery”, Art Guide, *New York Times*, Apr. 27, 2001, p. B32

Reviews, “Jim Peters”, *The New York Observer*, Apr. 16, 2001, p. 16

Jim Peters, “Gregory the Kid”, *Provincetown Arts*, vol. 16, 2001, p. 71

2000 Moyle, Sabrina, “Reviews”, *artsMEDIA*, Apr. 15, p. 19

1999 Parcellin, Paul, “Jim Peters” Reviews, *Art New England*, Aug./Sept. 1999, p. 41

Glueck, Grace, “Jim Peters at CDS Gallery”, Art in Review, *New York Times*, Oct. 15, 1999, p. B41

Ranalli, Daniel, “The Art Community in Provincetown”, *Art New England*, Aug./Sep., p. 24-26.

Miller, Joanna and Emma Ross, “Watching Her, Watching You”, *Shovel*, June, p. 14

Nickerson, Cindy, “Exhibits Showcase Leading Men of Provincetown Art Scene”, *Cape Cod Times*, Aug. 8, 1999

Wildman, David, “Pulse: Two Artists Bend the Traditional Frame”, *Boston Globe* Aug. 23, 1999

Tilghman, Chris, “Two Paintings by Jim Peters”, *Provincetown Arts*, Summer 1999

1995 Mandell, Pamela, “Portrait of an Artist: Jim Peters”, *Provincetown Magazine*, July 20, p. 33-35

Foreman, Debbie, “The Peters Principle: Jim Peters Talks About Erotic Art, the Meaning of Family and His ‘Crazy Energy’”, *Cape Cod Times*, June 24

1992 G.H., “The CDS Collection at the CDS Gallery”, *Artnews*, Reviews Sections, Summer

Dorsey, John, “Paintings in the Loyola Exhibition”, *The Baltimore Sun*, Jan. 21, p. 1D, 3D

1991 Lloyd, Ann Wilson, “Jim Peters at CDS”, *Art in America*, October, p. 158-159

Vasari Diary, “Obsessed with Women”, *Artnews*, May, p. 26

Tallmer, Jerry, “Eye on Art: For the Love of Women”, *New York Post*, Mar. 22

1990 Slivka, Rose C.S., “From the Studio”, *The East Hampton Star*, July 19

Lloyd, Ann Wilson, “Reviews...Jim Peters”, *Contemporanea*, Oct., p. 100

Gordon, Alistair, “Surrealistic Views of Unnatural Nature”, *Newsday*, July 27, part II, p. 17

1989 Brigham, Ann, “Contemporary Provincetown”, *Cape Cod Antiques and Arts*, Oct., p. 19

Nickerson, Cindy, “Exhibit Proves Provincetown Still Vital Art Colony”, *Capeweek*, Sept. 29

Lloyd, Ann Wilson, “Provincetown and Wellfleet”, *Art New England*, Sept., p. 21

Busa, Christopher, “The Bi National, Postmodernism in Provincetown”, *Provincetown Arts*, p. 127-135

Lloyd, Ann Wilson, “Provincetown”, *Contemporanea*, *International Arts Magazine*, July/August, p. 22-23

“Goings on About Town”, *The New Yorker*, Apr. 17, p. 15

1988 Nickerson, Cindy, “Provincetown Artist Looks at Meaning Behind Form”, *Cape Cod Times Magazine*, Sept. 2

Lloyd, Ann Wilson, “Jim Peters, the Human Factor”, *Prelude*, *New England’s Fashion Magazine*, Summer/Spring, p. 43-44

Peters, Jim and Jon Friedman, “My Studio, a Photocollage”, *Provincetown Arts*, p. 122-127

1987 Faxon, Alicai, “Saints and Sinners”, *Art New England*, Mar., p. 25

Wolff, Theodore, “Those Summer Shows”, *Christian Science Monitor*, June 29

1986 Widger, Marion, “Saints and Sinner: DeCordova Exhibit Documents the Role of Religion Today”, *Middlesex News*, Dec. 1

Jillen, “Jim Peters: An Artist of Force and Feeling”, *Cape Cod Antiques & Arts*, Dec.

Stapen, Nancy, “DeCordova Show has Mass Appeal”, *Boston Herald*, Nov. 21

Klein, Ellen Lee, “13 Americans”, *Arts Magazine*, Nov.

“Books in Brief”, *The Sciences*, Sept./Oct. (Reproduction)

Tweeton, Leslie, “Artists in Residence”, *Boston Magazine*, June

Peters, Jim, “Special Places – The Edge of Raw Nature”, *Art New England*, Summer

Lloyd, Ann Wilson, “Jim Peters: Unsettling Constructions of Emotion, Tension and Conflict”, *The Review*, Jan./Feb.

1985 Tully, Judd, “New Horizons in Art: Exxon’s Best National”, *Art/World*, Oct.

“Album: New Horizons in Art: 1985 Exxon National Exhibition”, *Arts Magazine*, Oct., p. 132-133

Kramer, Hilton, “Exxon Exhibition at the Guggenheim”, *New York Times*, Sept.

Foreman, Debbie, “Jim Peters Unfazed by Success”, *Cape Cod Times*, Sept. 26

Wallach, Amei, “New Horizons in Guggenheim Exhibit”, *Newsday*, Sept. 15

Dennison, Lisa, “New Horizons in American Art”, (exhibition catalogue), The Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation, New York

Busa, Christopher, “Who Are the New Artists of Provincetown and What Are They Thinking?” *Provincetown Arts*, Aug.

Novak, Josephine, “New Art is Nurtured in Graduate Program”, *The Evening Sun*, Feb. 7

Kahn, E.J., “85 Faces to Watch in ‘85”, *Boston Magazine*, Jan.

1984 Muro, Marc, “A Place to Create at the End of the World”, *The Boston Globe*, Sept.

Ryan, Margaret, “Association Hangs Colorful Show”, *The Advocate*, Mar. 8

1983 Yau, John, “Ten Fellowship Artists from the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown”, *Arts Magazine*, Apr.

About the Authors

**Kathline Carr**, writer and visual artist, earned her BFA in writing with concentrations in visual art and feminist philosophy from Goddard College, and holds an MFA in painting from The Art Institute of Boston. Her writing has appeared in *Calyx*, *Earth’s Daughters*, *Hawaii Review*, *CT Review* and elsewhere; recently, she has exhibited in Boston, Toronto, and New York City. Carr is represented by artSTRAND Gallery in Provincetown and lives in North Adams, Massachusetts with her husband and sometimes-collaborator, Jim Peters.

**Nick Flynn** is a poet, author and playwright. Flynn’s latest publication, *The Reenactments*, is an account of the author’s experience during the creation of *Being Flynn*, the film version of his highly regarded memoir *Another Bullshit Night in Suck City* (2004). One of his poetry collections, *Some Ether*, won the PEN/Joyce Osterweil Award for Poetry (1999), and was a finalist for the *Los Angeles Times* Book Prize. Flynn’s poems, essays and non-fiction have appeared in *The New Yorker*, *The Paris Review* and *The New York Times Book Review*.

**Ellen Howards** is on the writing faculty of Emerson College. She was the former Editor-in-Chief of *Art New England* magazine, and has been writing about art for fifteen years. She has studied art history in Paris, Florence and Rome.

**Cynthia Hutchinson** is a poet, memoirist and a professor of English and Creative Writing at Dartmouth College. Huntington received her M.A. from The Bread Loaf School of English at Middlebury College. Collections of poetry include *The Fish-Wife* (1986), *We Have Gone to the Beach* (1996), *The Radiant* (2003, winner of the Levis Poetry Prize), and *Heavenly Bodies* (2012 National Book Award finalist in poetry). In addition she has published a memoir, *The Salt House: A Summer on the Dunes of Cape Cod* (1999). Huntington was named Poet Laureate of New Hampshire in 2004.

**James Salter** was born in 1925. Author of *The Hunters* (1956), *A Sport and a Pastime* (1967), *Light Years* (1975), *Solo Faces* (1979), *Dusk and Other Stories* (1988), *Burning the Days* (1997), *All that Is* (2013), and other works, he is among the most eminent living American authors.

**John Wronoski** is a dealer in rare books and manuscripts, literary archives, and art. He has published nearly one hundred catalogues devoted to books and art and has curated dozens of exhibitions both in commercial galleries and in museums.





*Nightswimmer* (detail) 2010  
Oil on canvas, 66" x 52"  
Collection of Alan Dinsfriend, Truro, MA

**Provincetown Arts Association and Museum (PAAM)**  
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28 June - 11 August 2013

