



In Memory of Jack Batstone
(1953–2006)

A cave, a fallen tree, a hollowed log create a retreat from the outside world, a reminder that nature provides all we need.

Jack's Hideout
Ceci Bauer & Justin Guarisco
cherry and willow saplings, plywood, 5' X6' X4'



The Pit had trees to sit in, hills to tumble down, mill pond to peer into, creatures to hold, earth ramparts to climb, and a great tangled sumac forest.

The Konsinki
Betty Beeby
watercolor, 13' X15''



As an art student fifty-five years ago, I painted my father's gas station and the memory of working for him.

Memories of My Father, 1951

Russ Bolt

casein and colored pencil on illustration board, 18" X 23" framed



In 1942 the U.S. entered the war, parents were busy, so we 10-year-olds had more freedom to play.

Lost and Found

Sue Bolt

acrylic and pencil on canvas, 30" X 40"



Long ago I twirled, arms outstretched, light body, enlivened step,
dancing with the world grounded in movement, not cement.

Shadow Dancing

Kathy Bruehl

metal assemblage, motorized, 6 and ½' X 5' X 5'



Being alone allowed me to live out stories; sculpey figures sprang
from having free spaces and my adoration of classical heroes
from myriad cultures.

Imaginary Figures

Katherine Cowell

sculpey clay, 36" X 40"



Disguised as a Bird
Up in a tree,
I travel by book and imagination
Free to soar unfettered:
Criticism cannot reach me
Where I hide
Among leaves and branches.
Please don't tell.

Me Disguised as a Bird
Diana Call
mixed media and fibre, 31"X 56"



In the doghouse of a big red bone hound, I took a nap where no one
could find me until they called the police.

The Dog House
Daniel Chingwa
beads on felt, 12"X12"



I like building things and painting.

Irah's Cabin

Irah Dhasaleer, age 8
mixed media, 3' X 3' X 4'



A window frames two treetop worlds: on one side a natural haven, on the other a place, like Lewis Carroll's in imagination.

Through the Looking Glass

Susan Glass
oil on glass with wood, 48" X 24"



When we were together, I felt safe. But at five, she moved away.

Under Connie's Watchful Eye

Dorothy Anderson Grow

monoprint with halftone etchings, collagraph and collage, 16"X22".



People who wear their coats in houses make me nervous.

Void

Jesse Hickman

mixed media, 18"X18"X72"



The merry-go-round spun world, sky, people, around
in a crazy, fragmented, twirling way.

The Babysitter

Pam Keller

fabric and sculpey clay, 8" X 12"X12"



I spent hours caring for dime store turtles, catching them flies and
finding worms; I didn't care for dolls, but I loved plastic horses.

Plastic Horses, Real Turtles, and Snake

Meredith Krell

oil on panel, 24" X 30"



The most intense experiences suspend time.

Untitled
Kim Krumrey
ceramic and graphite, 36”X18”



I learned to watch my shadow, the first form I could manipulate.

Shadow Play
Heidi Marshall
detail, mixed media triptych, 73”X73”



When I was ten, a summer storm downed a giant elm across my front yard, transforming a familiar space into a mysterious and exotic world where I took up residence for days.

The Downed Tree
Kate Marshall
oil on canvas, 20"X24"



I always thought of myself as an explorer, walking into danger to make it more exciting, my dog a companion and guardian.

Secret Spaces Diptych
Doug Melvin
detail, oil on canvas, 26"X31"



I never outgrew the need to escape into an unmarked world:
tiny images of things feared as a child and
the means of hiding from them or untangling their meaning as an adult.

Childhood Secret Spaces Box
Peggy Midener
mixed media/ wood and collage, 18”X23”



My golden ball (of innocence) was broken watching a commercial on
starving children, people my age, thin with sickly sores,
gray rags hanging off bones, sad eyes staring:
I wanted to throw up but a space inside me was born.

Innersphere
Molly Jo Noland
installation, 4’X10’X3’



Jim Harrison and I walked the back woods of Grand Marais to a secret spot, a tree trunk he'd spoken and written about, a vestige of 19th century logging days.

From The Boy Who Ran to the Woods by Jim Harrison

Tom Pohrt
pen and ink and watercolor
5"X7"



"He became a wild and unruly boy and so did his dog."

From The Boy Who Ran to the Woods by Jim Harrison

Tom Pohrt
pen and ink and watercolor
9"X11"



My father's on-going bedtime story about a squirrel's home in the woods was where I'd escape to find warmth and safety.

My Father's Story
Kay Root
assemblage, 30"X20"X15"



At seven or eight, I found fabric scraps could be trimmed, clipped and sewn into a cape, hat, or theater curtain.

Lines that Define
Sandy Selden
sewn fabric, 50"X 55"



Lucky for me we had property with miles of woods and fields:
I spent hours out there trying to figure out how to be cool as a cucumber.

Self Portrait, 1972
Kelli Snively
oil on wood, 17 ³/₄"X 21 ¹/₂"



Way back when I was a little nipper, if I wanted to be alone,
I'd run upstairs, gather my family of stuffed animals,
tuck them into my cozy double bed, and read out loud.

Marilyn's Secret Space
Marilyn Stockwell
watercolor on yupo paper, 20"X26"



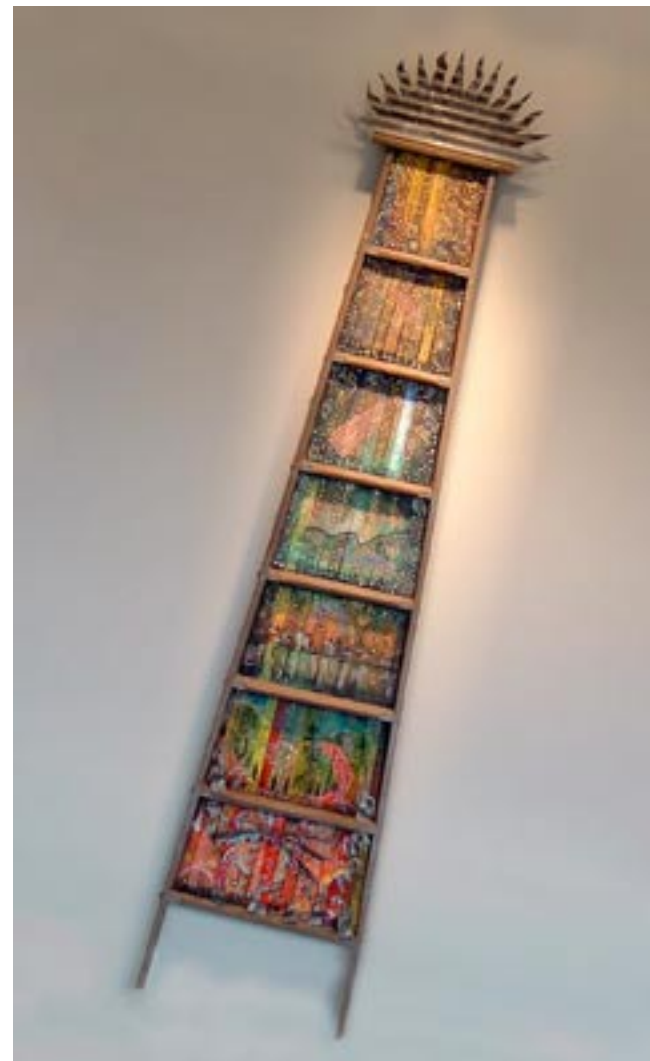
This piece is about innocence and violence. I used to draw little images on my tennis shoes (that's what we'd call them) with a ballpoint pen.

I hadn't thought about that in 40 some years or so!

Gun Play

Steve Toornman

ink and crayons on paper, 30"X 40"



Atop a ladder in an Old Mission orchard, I didn't work that much:
the plunk of cherries into buckets, sun on my back,

drone of migrant workers' voices, hypnotic on hot days.

Stairway to Heaven and Hell

Glenn Wolff

acrylic and tin on wood , 9'X 2'