

APPENDIX C: Artists Statements (excerpted from the museum's Gallery Notes)

This is artwork that is made out of blood; it is made out of life laid next to death.

Ned Broderick

Somewhere between a bottle of whiskey and Vietnam my nightmare began. With scratches of line and bursts of color I have tried to rid myself of that nightmare and its long reaching effects. I have tried to draw a map for myself from the past to the present, from sickness and anger to peace and health.

Richard Bartow

As a painting or drawing nears completion I have a fear that I may only have screamed and not really communicated my feelings and experiences. When I know I have communicated I am content and fulfilled as an artist. I love color, deep, rich, intense and vivid color. Color is almost godlike to me. It soothes and numbs, explains, speaks and confuses.

Theodore W. Gostas

People say that my art is both shocking and healing. I think they mean this in much the same way as the gate to heaven in Dante's *Inferno* is found by plunging into the depths of hell. Instead of covering up the pain, you experience it until the end. Others who have not had the same experience can nevertheless feel the experience through my art. I believe this kind of art puts them in touch with something deep within, something genuinely human; there the community is created, isolation broken and that is socially healing.

Stephen Ham

I was at a showing one time, listening to the comments being made about *Memory of War* and heard someone say "this is sickening." I felt pleased because that's what I wanted to say with this art, war is sickening. *Woman in Grief* is my ex-wife. Many of us came home, got married, and ended up with ex-wives. The bronze represents the anguish of the mothers and wives who also had to endure a place called Vietnam. The mothers who would never again see their sons. The mothers who would see their sons, but would never again have their sons as they were before the war. The sons they remembered, but who were never the same. The wives who couldn't share or understand their mates' off-and-on madness. The boyfriends they remembered, but who were never the same. Many people talk about Vietnam, but very few remember the wives and the mothers. Don't forget them... they also suffered.

John Miller

When I returned to the World, I thought I'd leave Vietnam behind me and go on with my life untouched. By the time I realized Vietnam was a part of me as real as my brain and heart, it was too late to talk about it. Out of necessity writing and painting became my work.

Mary Louise "Lou" McCurdy Sorrin

Let me leave you something.
I entrust to you my dreams and flaws.
Keep a silent day for yourself.
I give you a record of ancient scars
Never honor or glorify it
These scars of life are of love
Are the shaping of my form
Keep watch of my living face.
Made only of clay and spirit.

Richard Yohnka