

SOUNDS OF SILENCE

Sumiye Okoshi

These I have heard: These I try to paint:

The sound of the mountain, yes the voice of the mountain,
The sound of Nature and her voice;
Of rain, of dew settling on leaves,
Of wind, of waterfalls, the ocean waves,
Falling leaves, the pop of flowers as they open,
The mute communion of stones.

To the city dweller, amid the din and bedlam these sounds and voices can scarcely be heard. Here and there, deep in the roaring canyons of skyscrapers stand churches, our places of refuge: I wonder if the Creator's great voice can still be heard.

I search and try to formulate some pictorial means by which I can affix some of these elusive images. In the last four years, I set myself to do a series of pictures on canvas in a discipline whereby I paste on a multiplicity of elliptical forms, individually hand-cut and colored, and arranged to create the desired image.

Sumiye Okoshi
55 Bethune Street
New York, N.Y. 10014

Tel: (212) 924-1167