

Welcome to the Mike Kelley Gallery at  
Beyond Baroque Literary Arts Center

# Only a Few Yards Away: A Virtual Exhibit of Photography, Paintings & Collage Holaday Mason & Celeste Goyer

wall texts by James Cushing

a presentation of the Wild Orchid Collective and Beyond Baroque

View Full Screen for best performance.

Follow the links on the bottom to move between rooms. Click on the artwork to learn more about it.

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## Introductory Notes

Photographs in this exhibit are selected images from several thematic series by Holaday Mason which focus on the blood mysteries, the human body as part of nature, and the field where the feminine & masculine intersect.

Paintings shown on virtual gallery walls are not to scale.  
Dimensions available upon request.

With thanks to Cahuenga Press poet James Cushing  
for his prose poems and selected quotes in response to the images.

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Holaday Mason  
Photography

### Moment of Freedom

The ceremony was huge and endless, and it was such a hot day, and I didn't want the cum laude girls' flowers to wilt in the heat, and this was back when they still had the reflecting pool, right there a few inches away from where I was sweating. You can understand, right? I was never happier in my life.

--JC

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Celeste Goyer  
acrylic on glass, detail

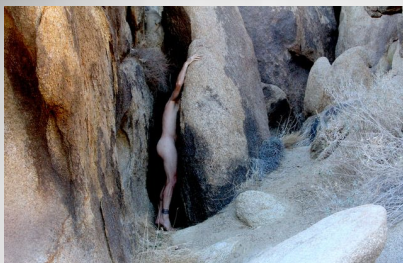
### The Secret Owl

The owl is the secret the painting keeps. What we see is only the owl's memory of the mouse he has just eaten, and the brightness of his appetite, which is strong enough to sink a ship.

--JC

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Holiday Mason  
Photography

Oedipus at Colonus #1

“When the god cried out those lifelong  
prophecies of doom  
  he spoke of this as  
well, my promised rest  
  after hard years weathered—”

— Sophocles,  
*Oedipus at Colonus* (trans, Fagles;  
Penguin, 1984) p. 289.

--J.C.

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Celeste Goyer  
acrylic on panel, ephemeral

The Man From Hiroshima #1

On a visit to New York, I met a  
photographer who had been born in  
Hiroshima and grew up there. Over  
tea, in hesitant English, he described  
his mother's recurring dream to me.

--J.C.

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Holiday Mason  
photography

### Crone Hair Cloud

The hand and the hair come from different times and cultures. The wood is actually butter. Those green stripes that look like grass? Slices of unplayable sheet music. I mean, you have absolutely no idea, really.

--J.C.

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Celeste Goyer  
acrylic on paper

Two Kayaks in a Cube of Ice

These kayaks are waiting for the Big Thaw. When it happens, the one full of red corpuscles will race across the lake, and the other one will sit in the men's lavatory, reading *Kayak* magazine.

--J.C.

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Holaday Mason  
photography

### The Shape of a Small Basket

The past wears red and stares at us,  
but the future wears nothing and  
looks only at the ground. The present  
is a question in the shape of a small  
basket.

--J.C.

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Celeste Goyer  
wearable assemblage

Life Before the Internet

Before the internet, your index and middle fingers needed brightly colored connector-strings so they could share valuable information about, for example, how to make a fist.

--J.C.

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Celeste Goyer  
ink & acrylic on rice paper

#### The Man from Hiroshima #2

This image comes from the same recurring dream the man from Hiroshima described his mother having. The figure is her mother, his grandmother.

--J.C.

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Holiday Mason  
photography

### Oedipus at Colonus #2

“For once his youth slips by, light on the  
wing

lightheaded... what mortal blows  
can he escape

what griefs won't stalk  
his days?”

--Sophocles,  
*Oedipus at Colonus* (trans, Fagles; Penguin,  
1984) p. 358.

--J.C.

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Celeste Goyer  
ink & acrylic on rice paper

First Marriage, Second Marriage

The first felt longer than the second,  
though they were both the same number  
of tears, sorry I meant to say years, not  
tears, you know, maybe you don't know,  
I sure didn't.

--J.C.

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Holiday Mason  
photograph

### The Winter's Tale

Now, my fairest friend,  
I would I had some flowers o' the spring  
that might  
Become your time of day; and yours,  
and yours,  
That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
Your maidenheads growing.

William Shakespeare  
[IV: 4:112-116]

--J.C.

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Celeste Goyer  
acrylic on glass, detail

### T.S. Eliot Takes Revenge

You thought it was only “yellow  
smoke” rubbing its muzzle and  
licking corners and curling its body  
around the house before falling  
asleep? You thought the Old  
Possum book was cute? I got a  
whole glaring of cats. This one’s  
made of flame and never sleeps.  
See his eyes burning burning  
burning burning

--J.C.

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Holiday Mason  
photography

The Problem with Movies Today

This still comes from one I forget the name of, where the guy rents a storage space and finds a woman living in it and she's actually his long-lost mom who gave him up for adoption years before.

--J.C.

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Celeste Goyer  
ink and acrylic on paper

Phil Spector and/or Michael Jackson

The glove, the gun, the wall, the broken woman, the little boy becoming a rock, they're all here, but no one has any language for it yet, so we each maintain our own dark quiet.

--J.C.

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Celeste Goyer  
ink and acrylic on paper

### Still Life with Shadows

How much of American history do we tacitly affirm each day as we walk from bedroom to kitchen, where two pieces of fruit sit cracking open on the counter? I cannot unsee their shadows now.

--J.C.

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Holaday Mason  
photography

Behind the Wall of Sleep

The suit and modest skirt should fool no one. The evidence behind that wall could put both these miscreants in maximum security prison for the next three hundred years.

--J.C.

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Holiday Mason  
photography

### The English Romantic Legacy

Even the inscription has been blotted out by the passage of time. Yet somehow the bright flower still asks, in its small voice, only for the heart's attention.

--J.C.

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Holaday Mason  
photography  
after Marina Abramovic

Negotiation

Dear Amy: Several weeks ago, my wife and I had an argument about “Stairway to Heaven” vs. “Whole Lotta Love.” Since then, we haven’t spoken. All she does is stare out the window. What can I do? Signed, Way Down Inside.

--J.C.

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Celeste Goyer  
assemblage with digital collage

*Sunset Boulevard Dream*

The movie, not the street. I'm in the house, standing in the living room next to William Holden while Erich von Stroheim plays Bach on the organ. Suddenly, an angelic Gloria Swanson materializes under a blue halo, looking angry as hell. We're really in trouble now.

--J.C.

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Holaday Mason  
photography

Herman Melville Apologizes to  
His Wife

Here I stand. I shall not allow the  
world to forget me. There are times  
and places for a man to be heavily  
clothed, but this is the here, the now,  
and there! The moment has gone!

--J.C.

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Holiday Mason  
photography

### Hair Ceremony

He covered his genitals in red underwear in the hope of attracting She Who Cannot Be Named. But he neglected the four supporting players in this scene: the gray house, the green grass, the black BBQ, the white table.

--J.C.

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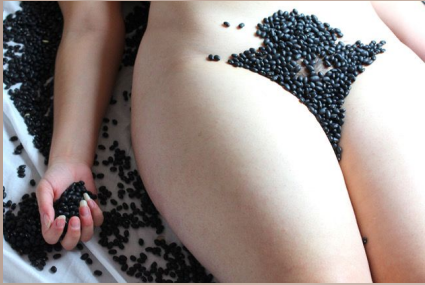
Celeste Goyer  
acrylic on paper, detail

### Underwater Punk Show

For a while in the mid 1970s, it was fashionable for punk bands to hold concerts in unconventional places, but nobody could top these guys, who only played in caves, fallout shelters, and tunnels beneath the reservoirs. I think they were all from Tarzana.

--J.C.

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Holaday Mason  
photography

#### Sustenance

“Ten properties of an object,  
according to Leonardo: light and  
dark, color and substance, form and  
position, distance and nearness,  
movement and stillness.” — Robert  
Bresson, *Notes on the  
Cinematograph* (trans. Griffin;  
NYRB Classics, 1986), p. 74.

--J.C.

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Celeste Goyer  
ink and acrylic on paper

### A Seat Left Empty at the Table

Sometimes fear is all there is. Sometimes  
fear is one of the things there is.  
Sometimes there are many things, so  
many that fear excuses itself and leaves a  
space in the shape of a man in a long  
monk's habit.

--J.C.

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Holiday Mason  
photography

### The Sidewalk Hand Dream

In the dream, a giant hand had emerged from the sidewalk near the trash cans, and a ghost-woman ran from behind it to dance on its muscles and sinews before running away. Four nights in a row! This was just before we moved to Hollywood.

--J.C.

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Holaday Mason  
photography

### The Economy of Light

“The things one can express with the hand, with the head, with the shoulders!... How many useless and encumbering words then disappear! What economy!” — Robert Bresson, *Notes on the Cinematograph* (trans. Griffin, NYRB Classics, 1986), p. 79.

--J.C.

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Celeste Goyer  
acrylic on paper

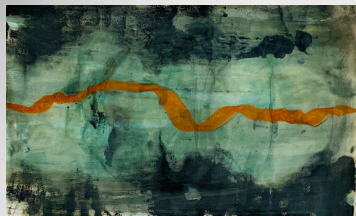
Ice Fortress 4000

In this retro-futuristic sci-fi fantasy, astronauts Saoirse Ronan, Amy Adams, and John David Washington land on Planet Ice in the year 4000AD to find that nothing is quite what it seems. RIYL *Solaris*, *2001*, *Forbidden Planet*.

--J.C.

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Celeste Goyer  
acrylic on rice paper

### Vision of the Divine Scroll

The saint had been asleep when the fire, caused by an unattended candle, began to consume his humble wooden shed. As he wiped the sooty sleep-sand from his eyes, it appeared: like a long ribbon of orange-gold, with divine words written as clearly as day.

--J.C.

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Holaday Mason  
photography

### A Lot Can Happen in a Week

One week ago, this guy headed out to his nine-to-five just like usual. Now he's trapped naked on the wrong side of a badminton net, with nothing but a borrowed umbrella between him and certain death. BAD-minton, get it? There's no escape from the bumper tent!

--J.C.

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Celeste Goyer  
acrylic and pastel on paper

They'll Keep Arguing Even After  
They're Dead

Dear Amy: My two brothers hate each other. All siblings fight, but that's all these two ever did — early childhood, elementary, middle school, high school, screaming and punching, punching and screaming. Our parents died but nothing changed. Now they're old men screaming filthy words at each other over ZOOM. What to do? Signed, Stymied.

--J.C.

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Holaday Mason  
photography

Pandemic Calendar

Monday was a couple of big ones, Tuesday & Wednesday were just a couple of little dark ones on the bottom, Thursday were three medium-sized ones and some more darks, but Friday and Saturday, whoa Nellie!

--J.C.

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Holaday Mason  
photography

### John Lennon's Request

The black-clad, white-haired figures function here only to balance the young woman's fierceness. Pay no attention to them. Listen! "I Can't Stand the Rain" by Ann Peebles is playing! Want to dance?

--J.C.

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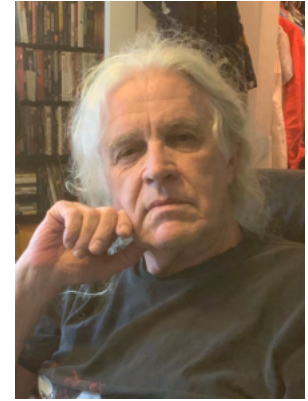
Video Theater: Dragging Time  
by the Wild Orchid Collective



HOLADAY MASON is a poet and photographer based in Venice, CA. Her fine art photography and portraits focus on the beauty of aging and humans as a part of nature. Images in this exhibit were selected from thematic series including: the Red Veil, Yoni, Crone Cloud, Nightie Dancer and Things on the Ground. She's the author of two chapbooks and five full-length collections of her poetry.



CELESTE GOYER is a poet and self-taught artist based in Los Angeles. Her abstract and figurative works are rendered mostly in acrylics, with collage, sculptural assemblage and photography also in the mix. Celeste's artwork and poetry have been published in print and online journals.



JAMES CUSHING's most recent full-length poetry collection is "Solace" from Cahuenga Press (2018). He holds a PhD from UC Irvine and was the San Luis Obispo poet laureate in 2009-2011. He is also a visual artist.



Thank you for visiting the exhibit. We hope you enjoyed the images. To view more work by these artists:

[HoladayMasonphotography.com](http://HoladayMasonphotography.com)

Instagram @holadaymasonphotography

[CelesteGoyer.com](http://CelesteGoyer.com)

Instagram @onward\_friends

[JamesCushingPoetry.com](http://JamesCushingPoetry.com)

Instagram @jimmcushing

With gratitude to Beyond Baroque for the opportunity.

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