

Manual Arts
Louis Eisner
Slag Pots
February 14 - April 16, 2022

JERUSALEM

Once molten with the glorious promise of industry, dumb metal slag pots await new marching orders in an abandoned warehouse. Clerestory windows gloominate their steadfast fealty to insolvent landlords.

JOY RIDE

Still chuckling with pedal-to-metal sagas of disorderly conduct, the runaway jalopy belches gasps of exhaust as it gallops through the fog...witless to the fate awaiting all caught in the undertow of time.

LAST BITE

The ebbing tide is sucked by a sinking sun through hollowed sea cliffs, carrying with it vanishing recollections of the vanishing day. In the morning the sun will return the tide back to shore for another day-load of memories.

RAMBLING HAND

The fingers rallied with common cause and won their independence. They were the ones who lead the rebellion that freed the hand from its body. Now they each turn their own direction, to split the hand in five.

THE PIETA

Floundering bait fish are cradled by the wooden bow of a rowboat, exhausted by a day of self-sacrifice for a fisherman who is not to blame...for he knows not what he's done.