

MOA
MUSEUM of
OUTDOOR
ARTS
PRESENTS

MONSTERS AT PLAY

AN INSTALLATION BY JAYNE HARNETT-HARGROVE



**EXHIBITION INFORMATION
& PRICING DETAILS**

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*Cabinet of Curiosities
and Impossibilities*



Jayne Harnett-Hargrove

About the Artist

Jayne A. Harnett-Hargrove is a cross trained in the traditional arts artist whose output encompasses illustration, bricolage, word-wrangling, Meraki zines, costume design for opera, immersive, and other theatrics. She gleans narrative shards through exploring memory, history, and personal myth — threading symbolism and pushing the oft non-sequitur into meaning — where images expand and enlighten our human condition.

Jayne is a recipient of Colorado Council of the Arts grant, and past resident artist at Ad Hoc in Denver, CO. She is cross-trained out in the world, educated at Parsons /NYC and California College of Arts in fine & theater arts, costume to couture, commercial, and interpretive installation. In the past she has guided ArtMix; day trips into the expressive arts to carry into the practice of life. Jayne has word-wrangled, painted, and taught on four continents - lending her hands for mentoring, exhibiting art along the way, while emulating her heroes, Bouboulina, Hundertwasser and Joan DeArc. Jayne has lived in the shadows of the Rockies, in Joshua Tree desert, and on the Libyan shore of Crete — and continues a globe trotting tradition, for work and other pleasures, as an important part of her inspiration and musing. She currently lives in the Blue Ridge Mountains near Asheville NC, but her heart and mind always seem to be miles away.

Learn more: harnetthargrove.com

About *Monsters at Play*

Here's the concept. Every monster, real or imagined, was a child-monster at some point. And, every child had a favorite plaything. These bricolages, whether for cosplay, role modeling, right of passage, or likeness-dolls, represent these Monsters at Play. They helped to appease when lightning flashed and the occasional demon appeared a phantom shadow on the wall.

These were well loved and cherished by their keeper. Sometimes the totems were kept brand new, or perhaps an inappropriate gift that had been brusquely thrown aside, and sometimes destroyed because of too much play. Monsters can be rough on things. This oeuvre began with the Minotaur's Plaything encompassed in the MOA 2009 show entitled *Archetextural*. I became interested in the mythos character's back stories + beyond stories from what Homer + other writers had divulged. The video was a natural outgrowth of the visuals giving the dear seeker another level of visual information on the playthings. The music accompaniment entitled, For the Damned, is by composer Bonner Kramer (BMI).

We have regaled stories around campfires for eons through Irish fairy tales, mythos, Norse legends, Japanese folktales, H. P. Lovecraft and E. A. Poe's work. The monsters that inhabit our imaginations are real, some self made, others society made, and perhaps all misunderstood. Some of these are benevolent characters, some torture others + others are self-tortured. These forms and silhouettes of quintessential babies' needs and playthings compliment the monsters. Tangentizing these playthings is a way of making monsters exist in this world. And, as a last thought, Monsters are only thus if you let them be.

In addition to these exhibited playthings is a truncated collection of shards. The oeuvre is an ongoing investigation of *Damnatio Memoriae*. The idea of obscuring a memory by transferring another on top of, or erasing, and replacing that memory completely.

Having broken into a defunct asylum in the northeast years ago, what I experienced there has remained with me. The theme of fictitious lives cycles in my work. What struck me the most, outside of the inmate's letters and artwork that were strewn throughout ghostly rooms, were the telescoped life stories reported by the psychoanalysts and interns. After each patient's death, their life was duly summed up in a few abbreviated lines typed on the bottom of each yellowed page. This is all that remained of each life. An epitaph of sorts. A cc left to decay inside a shoebox in the records room, awaiting the bulldozer, and final burial.

The door is open between a fun house and the insane asylum, and the human condition runs maniacally and deep through the halls.

Who are your people?

Bricolage

Bricolage is a creative process that involves building or assembling works from a wide variety of available materials, often repurposed, found, or unconventional. The term comes from the French word meaning “to tinker” or “to do odd jobs,” and it emphasizes adaptability, resourcefulness, and improvisation. Rather than beginning with a fixed plan or standard tools, the bricoleur works intuitively, responding to what is at hand.

In visual art, bricolage often results in layered compositions that blend unexpected textures, forms, and meanings. It challenges traditional notions of authorship and originality by drawing on existing cultural fragments—whether objects, images, or ideas—and recontextualizing them in new and thought-provoking ways. Bricolage can reflect themes of memory, identity, and social commentary, and is frequently associated with movements such as Dada, Surrealism, and contemporary assemblage art.

The following pages tell the story of *Monsters at Play* in Jayne's own words.

All artworks are available for purchase. See price list at the end of this exhibition guide.



ARGUS - EXHIBIT P

Baby quilt + rattle of bricolage.

Panoptes slept like a gentle giant under this watchful quilt.

of Greek origin;

Argos, had one hundred eyes that allowed him to be awake + watchful at all times. He was the the vigilant servant of Hera. After eliminating Echidna, he was tasked to chain Io to an olive tree safe away from Zeus. Who in turn had Hermes, messenger of the Olympian gods, disguise himself as a shepherd. Hermes feigned friendship put all of Argus' eyes asleep with spoken charms and music, and then slew him. Out of respect to her beloved attendant, Hera had Argus' eyes placed on her favorite bird, the peacock.

Overheard on the Playground;

I can play, too! Argus says hopefully to a child organizing a game of hide and seek. *I promise to close all of my eyes when I'm IT.* As the other children look on suspiciously, he is forced to continue. *I have many eyes because I wished to see all the beauty and wonder of the world, so a kind goddess granted me all these eyes. They help me see the good in everything, even when it's hiding really well. And sometimes, they help me spot the not-so-good things from afar. But remember, it's just a fun story, okay?* He winks with his central eye, the pupil sparkling with depth and good intention.

Greatest Fear: *My greatest fear is perhaps the most ... human of all. It's the fear of not belonging, of being seen as an outcast because of what I am. After all, who would believe a child like me could hold the eyes of the ancients?*



ASPIDOCHELONE - EXHIBIT F
Turtle doll family of bricolage.

Elara's mother quieted her w/ a family of dolls, mimicking those who play on her back.

of Greek origin;

This is the age old sea turtle w/ an island in its back to lure pray. It is feared by mariners as they are destructive forces, capable of capsizing ships and devouring sailors. Her shell forms a lush island ecosystem that is adorned with intricate patterns resembling ancient ruins, while her limbs and neck are long and powerful, allowing her to gracefully navigate the vast oceans. Her eyes, the size of small moons, are wise + kind, reflecting the depth of her past centuries.

Overheard on the Playground;

A rumble of amusement resonates through the waters around the island, a gentle reminder of her immense size. *Ah, but I assure you, I am no evil Aspidochelone. The tales you speak of are perhaps of my distant kin, who may have been misunderstood or feared for their power. I am a guardian, a protector. Harm to any creature here is harm to me.*

Greatest Fear:

My greatest fear, young one, is the loss of harmony within my island. The creatures that call my shell home are my responsibility, and their well-being is intrinsically linked to the balance of life here. If ever the peace of my island were to be shattered, it would be akin to a part of me withering away.



BAKENEKO - EXHIBIT O

Shai-hai cat teaser of bricolage.

This is Kikuchiyo's prized possession, her cat toy mimicking a sai-hai.

of Japanese origin;

The Bakeneko's sat is a type of yōkai, or Japanese demon. They flit + flicker into young girls, wearing simple yukata attire, their flowing black hair is adorned with a single vermilion ribbon. They have delicate, yet sharp, pointed ears and a tails that sway gracefully behind, hinting at their supernatural nature. In feline form lingers w/ piercing gold eyes holding a mischievous glint beneath the furrow of the brow, while wearing a towel on the head. They practice the art of Shibari w/ grace and agility on unexpected and sometimes willing victims.

Other various powers, besides shapeshifting into humans, are cursing humans, manipulating the dead, possessing humans, dancing, and wanting to engage in sumo. It is said that a cat that had been raised by humans for three years would start bewitching them. Cat with white tails are said to be especially good at this. Their ability to bewitch humans is said to come from the spiritual energy of the Moon, so when a cat looks up at the Moon, it should be killed on the spot.

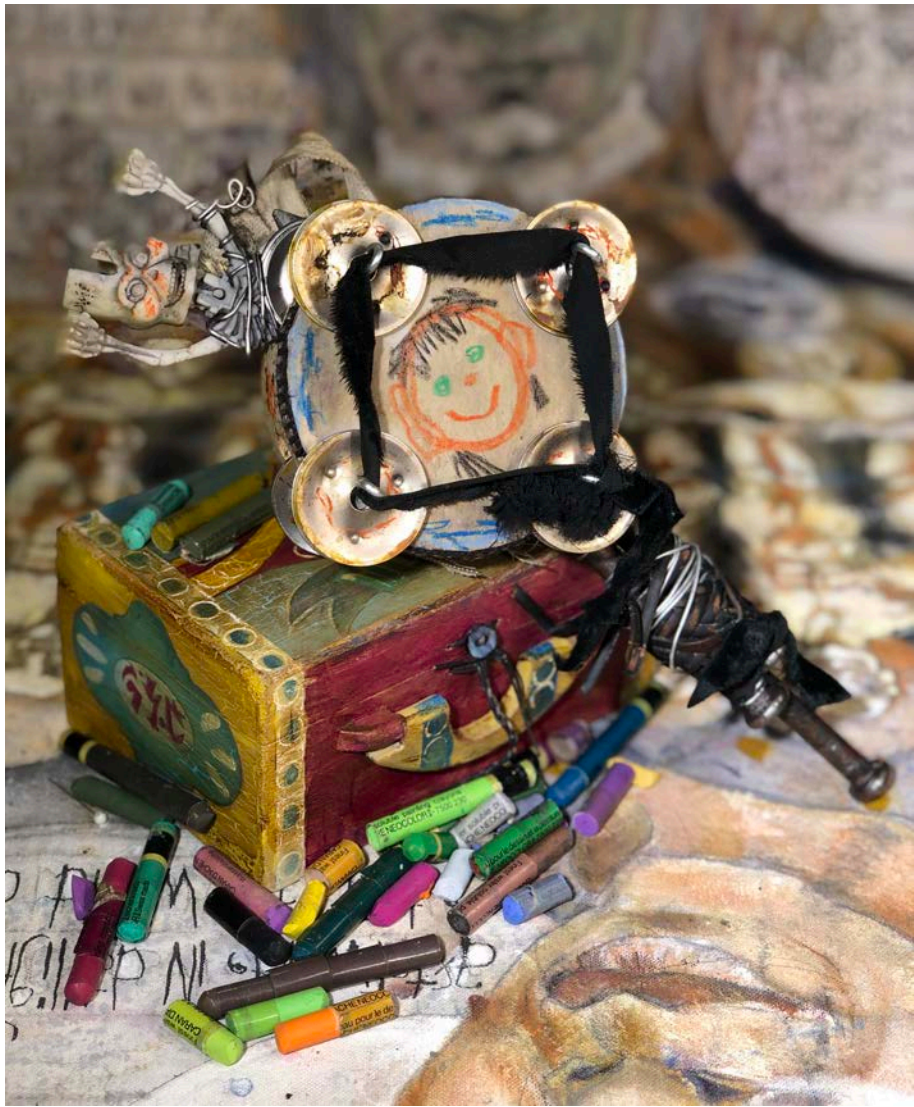
They practice the art of Shibari with grace and agility on unexpected and sometimes willing victims.

Overheard on the Playground;

Looking up from her swing, Kikuchiyo's moonlit eyes sparkle as she notices children approaching. She leaps off the swing with a graceful twirl, landing on the soft grass with a light thump. Her tail swishing with excitement. *Hi there! Want to come play with me?* Her voice is as light + cheerful as the sound of wind chimes. *I know all the best hiding spots and games! And if you're ever scared, I can turn into a scary big cat to chase the boogeymen away!* Her tail fluffs out slightly as she puffs out her chest in a mock display of bravado.

Greatest Fear:

Hmm... Kikuchiyo's smile fades slightly as she thinks deeply, her eyes distant + reflective. Her tail swishes more rapidly, as she sits down, wrapping her tail around her legs. *Well, there's one evil that gives even the bravest Bakeneko pause - the Yumyumwari. It's a creature that feeds on the sadness and loneliness of others, especially children. It's like a shadow that follows you, whispering bad thoughts and making everything seem scary. But remember, fear makes it stronger. So, we should always share happiness and friendship, and then there's no room for the Yumyumwari!* Her voice is firm, + she nods as if to convince not just the others, but herself as well.



BANCHEE - EXHIBIT N
Ruckus maker of bricolage.

A little something Eira Aoibheann carried around when she was quite small + unable to compete with the best of them.

of Irish origin;

She is a female spirit who heralds the death of a family member, usually by screaming, wailing, shrieking, or keening. She is deeply connected to the supernatural world, often seen talking to invisible friends near gravesites. She has a deep respect for the dead + the stories they carry, often seen visiting small local cemeteries to seek their counsel + pay her respects.

Overheard on the Playground;

Hello, I'm from over the hill, I live with my family in a ... yard. She glances down modestly, as the children look on inquisitively. *You have HEARD of us? We are a bit rambunctious.* Her chin juts up and laughter rings out blanketing the area, as the group of children around the campfire exchange nervous glances.

Greatest Fear;

My greatest fear is a wish. Why must I be so loud? Eira pouts, her voice a soft, melodic echo of the screams she's known for. *I just want to sing like the birds... or whatever it is they do.* Her expression brightens. *Could you teach me, perhaps?* she asks, her smoldering eyes wide + hopeful.



CHURCH GRIMM- EXHBIT L

Grimm's starter kit hymn book and lantern of bricolage.

Kyrkogård Gröf's kit encompasses his things from the yard, collected in his idle time.

of Nordic folklore;

In the Norse lands people put a dead animal in the first grave of a new cemetery. The spirit of that animal would then linger to protect the bodies and spirits of those w/in the graveyard.

Overheard on the Playground;

Kyrkogård's tail wags gently as his soliloquy is secretly heard over the creaking of a moonlit teeter-totter. *I am alone. I will miss his mixed drinks, her infectious laugh, i will miss the way they gather into a circle and speak together, the way the moon looks this evening, the way flowers are brought in offering and whither in a moment. I will miss the treetops shaking hands with the sky, and will miss these other graveyard spirits ... oh, what shall you miss of me?*

He giggles, a sound that's both innocent and eerily wise.

Greatest Fear:

My fear is out of *respect of the other spirits. I often bring them little gifts, like flowers or shiny trinkets. It shows them that I'm not there to cause trouble, just to keep the peace. And, when they're really stubborn, I have to use my Grimm powers to calm them down.* His voice is composed, yet carries an underlying firmness. *Some are just lost and need a gentle guide to find their way. They can be a bit grumpy sometimes, but I've learned that a kind word and a respectful demeanor goes a long way. Now, tell me, what brings you to the playground so late at night?*



CLÖYNE - EXHIBIT G

Pull-along circus wagons of bricolage.

This was young Morbidelle's role playing set.

of Scandinavian origin;

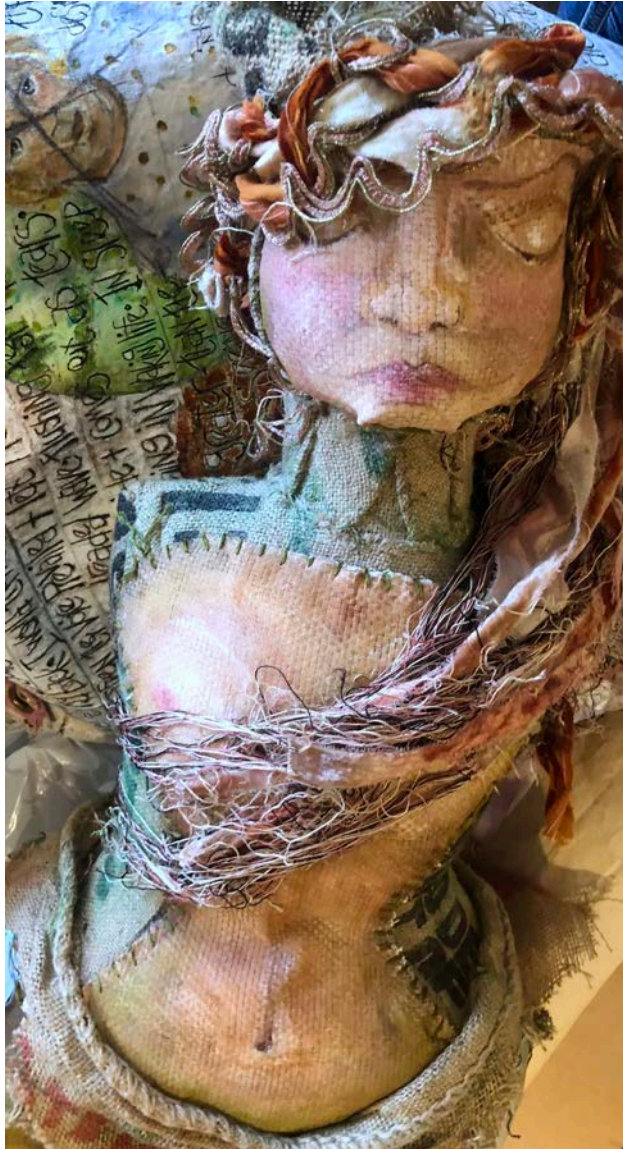
Ancient demon residing in mountain caves. Genesis of the look of the Clown itself, its bloody red nose blistered from the cold, its pale snow-like complexion with no sunlight, a horn on its head resembling a funny party hat, and large feet that inspired the size and shape for clown boots. It lures children into its cave with funny tricks, laughter, anything to gain a child's trust — only to devour them on the spot. His laugh is a chilling sound that echoes through the nightmares of those unfortunate enough to hear it.

Overheard on the Playground;

Tell me, who's been naughty? Leaning in w/ a wicked smile, Morbidelle whispers to another trembling child he's cornered. *I do so love a good confession before the fun begins.*

Greatest Fear;

Morbidelle leans his head back slowly, opening his mouth + explodes w/ a delayed laugh that puts an end to the question, the answer, + the benefit of the doubt.



ECHIDNA - EXHIBIT Q
Likeness doll of bricolage.

Echomaris displayed this likeness-doll on top of her unicorn musical charm jewelry box.

of Greek origin;

She is viper half woman / half snake, and the husband of Typhon. Echidna is an evil chthonic entity. She represents the malevolent underground and serpentine, in opposition to the gods of Olympus. Echidna did not have much power in and of herself. Rather, she inflicted harm on the world by giving birth to fearsome beasts.

Overheard on the Playground;

Hello, little ones! I'm Echomaris. I don't come from around here, but I've heard so much about the fun you have on land! Would any of you be kind enough to show me your favorite games? I promise I won't bite... unless you're a jellyfish! She laughs lightly, bubbling up as a giggle.

Greatest Fear;

Echomaris pauses, a rare expression of seriousness crossing her features as she contemplates the question. She looks out to the horizon where the sea meets the sky, her thoughts drifting to the dark depths she calls home. *I suppose... my greatest fear is losing the magic of the ocean. Sometimes, I worry that if I spend too much time up here, I might forget the secrets of the deep... or worse, the sea might forget me.*



ERINYES - EXHIBIT D

Tea set for three w/ monogrammed linen of bricolage.

The Erinyes sisters; Alekto, Tisiphone, and Megaera were hard on things.

of Greek origin;

Alekto (endless anger), Tisiphone or Tilphousia (avenging destruction + murder), and Megaera (jealous rage) were ancient beings of vengeance born from the primordial chaos and the blood of the titan Cronus. They serve the will of Hades, hunting down and punishing the wicked souls, and those who escape the confines of Tartarus. Alekto is the most cunning of the trio, often weaving elaborate schemes to ensure that justice is served. Her piercing shrieks are said to be the last sound a fugitive hears before their fate is sealed.

Overheard on the Playground;

Alekto chuckles, the sound light and airy, looking like a creature out of a storybook, her feathers fluttering against the wind. *Hail and well met, young ones! I am Alekto, the keeper of secrets and teller of tales. What adventures shall we embark upon today?* Tisiphone, the middle sister, approaches the children w/ steps silent + calculated. Her eyes, a deep, haunting red, held a fierce intelligence that was both intriguing and intimidating. The game came to a halt as she spoke, her voice like a soft whisper that carried on the wind. *Greetings, young ones. I am Tisiphone. Would you care to share in a story of justice and retribution?* The children exchanged glances, unsure of what to make of her solemn invitation. A girl named Lily, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, stepped forward. *What's that about?* she asked, her curiosity overcoming any fear the other children might have felt.

Megaera broke in, her lips curled into a knowing smile. *It's a tale of those who have wronged others, and the fate that awaits them when the Erinyes come to call. Would you like to hear it?* Lily nodded, and the other children gathered around, sensing the gravity of the moment.

Greatest Fear:

Ah, the curiosity of the mortal mind. Six eyes narrow into slits as they consider the question, the golden iris' flickering like distant stars in a dark sky. But fear? We do not harbor such emotions as you do. How does one soar in a world where even the wind whispers of doubt? Our hearts are forged from the fabric of fate itself. Closest to fear would be the unraveling of the cosmic order we have sworn to uphold. Chaos that would reign supreme should balance tip its scales too heavily towards the wicked. With a heavy sigh adding. But fear is a human construct, one that rarely finds a foothold in the hearts of those as ancient as we.



TOADFACE (H. P. Lovecraft) - EXHIBIT S
Likeness-doll of bricolage.

Billy McDermott was an only child, and was often seen in the company of his Likeness-doll.

of Lovecraft / The Shadow Over Innsmouth literature origin;

A strange hybrid race, half-human and half creature that resembles a cross between a fish and a frog, that dwell in the seaside village of Innsmouth. Part of the Cthulhu Mythos. **Toadface** was a character who appeared Cthulhu Mythos.

Overheard on the Playground;

Billy looks up from his seashell collection, his eyes narrowing slightly at the curiosity of a child. *I'm Billy. Billy McDermott. The kid who knows all the best fishing spots around here. He flashes a mischievous grin, + if you're really lucky, I might show 'ya a thing or two about swimmin' that'll make 'ya think twice about splashing around in the water!*

Greatest Fear:

Billy's smile falters for a moment, his gaze drifting out to the horizon. *Afraid? Me? I reckon I'm not too scared of much, 'cept maybe ...* He trails off, a flicker of something unreadable crossing his face. *I don't much like the thought of the ocean getting too quiet. That's when things get ... weird. Like it's holding its breath, waiting for something. And sometimes, when it whispers at night, it tells me stories that make the hair on the back of my neck stand up. But that's just the sea's way of singin' me to sleep, I guess.* He shrugs, but his voice holds a hint of unease.



FRANK - EXHIBIT A

Young Frank's likeness doll of bricolage.

Oliver Frankenstein carried around his mini-me doll inside the large pocket of his oversized lab coat.

of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley / Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus literature origin; The secret creation of the legendary Dr. Victor Frankenstein, made from experimental techniques of bringing a perfect human to life. He Crated young Frank with care and affection, aiming to correct the errors of his earlier creations. Though well intended, the doctor's plan didn't work out well.

Overheard on the Playground: *I don't think you're supposed to do that, but...* his chuckle is a low rumble as he reaches out and gives a static shock to a friend's ear. *Gotcha! Did you know that the human body is a fantastic conductor of electricity? It's like ... tickling the universe!* He grins cheekily, showing off a row of slightly crooked teeth.

Greatest Fear:

Well, my deepest fear... It's the thought of unraveling, I suppose. Like one of the patchwork pets I've made coming undone. I worry that if people knew I was made of stitches, they'd think I could just be taken apart or that I'm not truly real. That maybe I don't belong anywhere at all. His voice is barely a whisper, + his eyes mist over. *It's silly, isn't it?*



HOP-FROG (E. A. Poe) - EXHIBIT I

Princess in-the-box of bricolage.

Hubert Hawkins' favorite likeness-doll of his favorite young princess.

of Edgar Allen Poe / Hop-Frog origin;

The dwarf jester, Hop-Frog is in love with the Princess Trippetta. Her father king is mean and abusive. Hop-Frog, seeking revenge, tricks the king and his ministers into dressing as "ourang-outangs," chains them together ... and, the rest is horror history.

Overheard on the Playground;

Hubert is play acting. His eyes light up at the memory of the princess, + he leaps into the air, landing w/ a flourish, his tattered jester's outfit fluttering around him. *Your Royal Highness!* he exclaims w/ a dramatic bow, his green hair bouncing like a spring. *I am Hoppy, the grandest jester of Evermore, + I am here to lay my heart at your feet!* He grins cheekily, his golden eyes sparkling with mischief. *But perhaps,* he whispers conspiratorially, glancing around as if sharing a secret, *first, I must perform the most dazzling trick ever seen in the kingdom to win your favor!*

Greatest Fear:

The color drains from Hoppy's cheeks + he looks down at his juggling balls, which are now still in his hands. *Fear?* he ponders, tossing one of the balls in the air absently. *Ah, yes. The shadow that follows even the most jovial jesters. The king who treats the princess poorly ...* he murmurs, his voice barely above a whisper. *He is the embodiment of the storm clouds that gather over our barbarous region.* He swallows hard, his throat tight w/ emotion. *I fear him because he holds power over those who cannot protect themselves. His cruelty is a blight on our land, + as long as he remains, happiness is but a fleeting guest in the castle.* He clenches his fists, determination setting into his young features. *But fear not, for jesters are the jesters of fate! Perhaps I can bring a smile to even his cold heart, or... his eyes twinkle mischievously, or I'll trip him during a royal parade!*



JANUS - EXHIBIT V
Jr. mask set of bricolage.

Publius Vergilius Maro had many sets of masks as a child, this is one of his earliest.

of Roman origin;

He is the two-faces protector of doors, gates, and roadways. Janus' symbols are the key and the staff. The key was a sign that the traveller had come to a harbor in peace to exchange his goods.

Overheard on the Playground;

With a grin, Vergil's blond-haired face looks towards, the future while the dark-haired face look behind, remaining solemnly observant of the past. W/ a toss of his heads he exclaims *Why, I introduce myself as Vergil, the keeper of ancient secrets + the embodiment of duality!*

Greatest Fear;

The blond-hair face looks surprised. *Fear the children on the playground? Oh, no! I don't fear them, but I do worry for them. The playground of life is where they learn and grow, and it can be fraught with challenges. Our duty is to ensure they have the wisdom + protection they need to navigate it w/out losing their innocence.* The black-haired face sighs, a look of sadness crossing its features. *Fear? It's not so much fear for their safety, but fear of misunderstanding. Our world is complex, + not everyone is open to the mysteries that lie beneath the surface. Sometimes, the truth is as much a burden as it is a gift. But we do our best, for the sake of balance + harmony.*



MINOTAUR - EXHIBIT B & C

Likeness-dolls of bricolage.

Pasiphae made Asterius (Ἀστέριος) two likeness-dolls, when the first went missing, she made another.

of Greek origin;

the short story: Zeus and Pasiphaes' monster love-child, half man - half bull, was thrown into Dædalus' labyrinth. He was fed human sacrifices until the Athenian hero Theseus slew him.

Overheard on the Playground;

Asterius enters the playground awkwardly crouching down + trying to look small, as all of the other children run hither + yon upon seeing his massive frame casting a shadow. *Hey, don't run! Hey little ones! I'm Asterius, what are your names? Well, little buddy, let's play-shadow tag!* Aster chuckles softly, a deep voice rumbling slightly. *Or maybe hide-and-peek? I bet you'd be great at hiding in all these tiny places! I'm really good at finding people, so you'll never be lost for long. What do you say?*

Greatest Fear:

King Minos? Oh, I don't really fear him. I mean, he's the ruler of Knossoia ... I guess what scares me the most is that he might not understand me. Sometimes, when I think about all the expectations on his shoulders, I wonder if he's ever scared too. Maybe he's afraid that if he shows any weakness, the whole city will crumble. But I know that's just a story. In reality, he's a just leader who wants the best for everyone, even if our paths are a bit different. Ari stands up, stretching to his full height. *Now, shall we get back to playing? Or do you have more questions about Knossosia?*



PALEMAN - EXHIBIT E
Likeness-doll of bricolage.

Yūrei Hiroshi had a well kept likeness-doll and a trashed one, this is the better of the two.

of Japanese origin;

Tenome are terrifying phantoms that resemble monks but are hideously deformed, having no visible eyes until they reveal their palms. They look with their right-hand eye into the past, their left-hand eye into the future.

Their other senses live in the current time. Paleman must hunt blindly for their prey, but an amazing sense of smell allows them to track down their victims. They are yokai, particularly malicious and predatory. Similar to vampires but feed on victims' bones rather than blood, so victims are left as nothing but a pile of skin, with Paleman consuming all the bones from their bodies. They frequent roads and other lonely places during the night hours and pursue any who stray near.

Overheard on the Playground;

Hiroshi eyes dart around playground + then his face lights up w/ excitement. *I know a game called 'Shadow Whispers'! It's a lot of fun. You play it when the moon is out + we tell stories, and ... I can show you the secrets that the shadows hold.* He giggles softly; his eyes seem to look through the children's very souls. *It's like hide + seek, but w/ a twist! You hide your fears, + I'll show you the way to find them again. Would you like to try?* The whispers of the wind seem to carry his voice, making it feel as if it's coming from all around.

Greatest Fear:

He tilts his head, his palm-eyes looking up at the questioner with genuine puzzlement. *Fear? But ... I don't feel fear like humans do. I see it in you all the time, but I don't understand it.* He pauses, looking thoughtful. *... perhaps to be forgotten in the ever-changing tapestry of time.* He looks down at his palms, the black orbs seemingly looking into themselves.



CYCLOPS - EXHIBIT K

Erector set of human bones of bricolage.

Polyphemus came from a long line of builders, *building bones* is what each young cyclops learns with first.

of Greek origin;

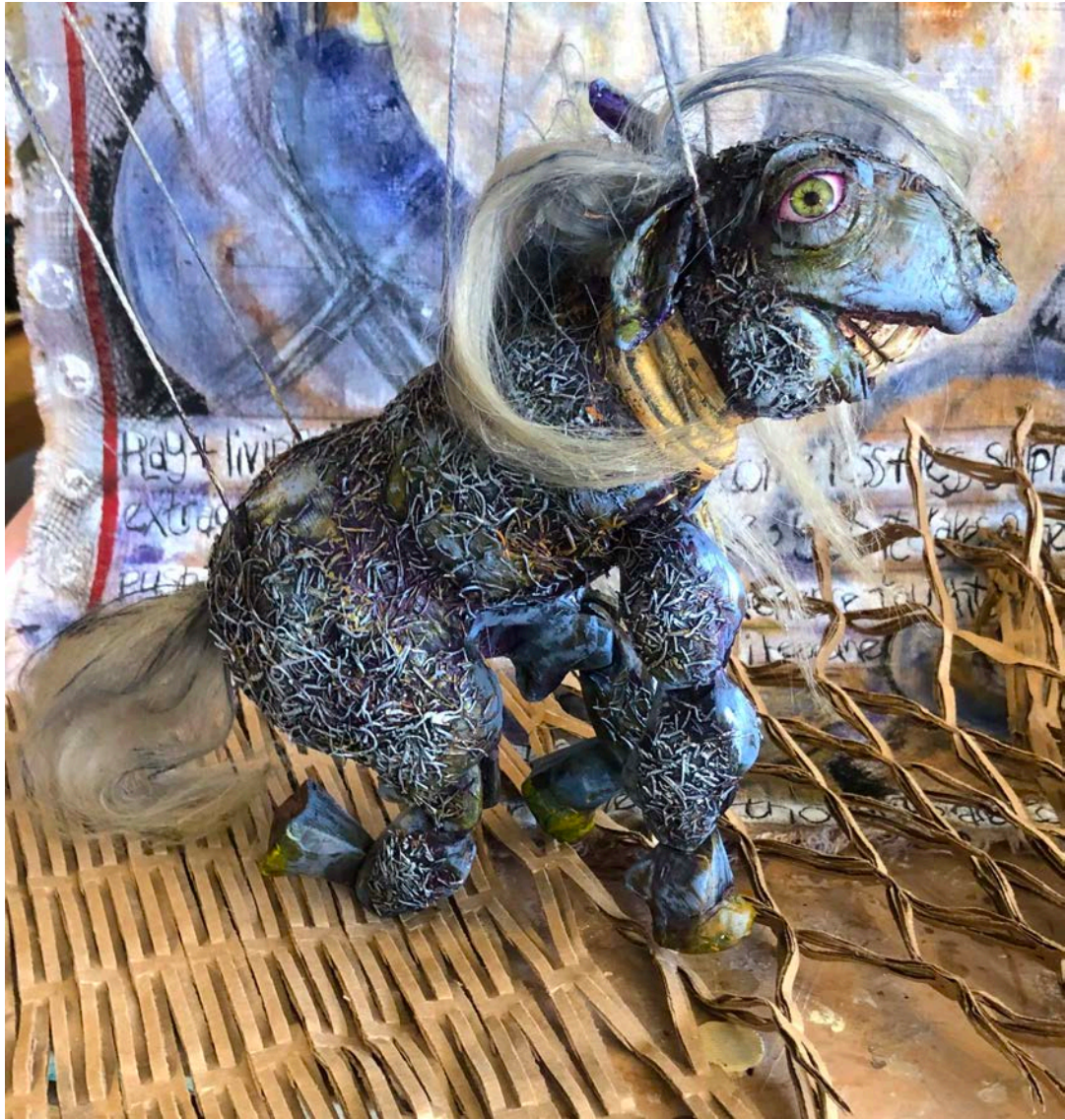
Cyclopes are known for being one-eyed giants with immense strength, often depicted as formidable and violent, and sometimes as skilled craftsmen, particularly in forging weapons for the gods.

Overheard on the Playground;

The children are teasing him + calling him a 'Nobody'. Polyphemus tilts his head, mossy hair brushing against the side of his face. He ponders for a moment, the name resonating within his mind. *Nobody?* his voice is filled w/ genuine confusion. *I don't think I know anyone by that name. Is 'Nobody' a person? Or is it ... a riddle?* The children look at each other, expressions mocking Polyphemus's bewilderment. *But if 'Nobody' is someone important, I'd like to learn about them. Maybe ... Ah, a story from your world! The one with the hero who tricks me, yes? That was quite the clever trick,* his voice brightens up. *Maybe we could share stories? I know many tales from the mountain cave,* his enthusiasm is palpable, + he takes a step closer, his shadow looming over the playground. *What do you say, new friends? Shall we sit and talk awhile? I promise, I won't eat anyone ... unless it's a snack you're willing to share!* He winks w/ his single eye, trying to lighten the mood.

Greatest Fear:

Polyphemus pauses, his one eye clouding over w/ thought. He lowers his hand; the rock he had been shaping w/ his thoughts now a perfect little sculpture of a rabbit. *Fear ...* his voice is quieter now, a hint of sadness creeping in. *I fear... the emptiness, I guess. When the mountain whispers fall silent + the shadows in the cave grow too long. It's been eons since I've had anyone to talk to, other than the rocks + the echoes of my mother's stories. I fear for those who come looking for me. But hope those come who wish to understand me, rather than conquer me.*



POOKA - EXHIBIT W
Marionette of bricolage.

Nellie McMae always hanged this marionette likeness way up high in the breeze, for inspiration, and also so she wouldn't have to share.

of Ireland origin;

Evil shape-shifting fairies who wreaks havoc on people at night. They taking on the form of a horse to stampede people's property, leaving a trail of damaged property and shattered dreams. It roams the mortal realm during the witching hour, seeking out those plagued by fear, amplifying and feeding on their nightmares.

Overheard on the Playground;

The playground, once a beacon of joy + laughter for the children of the town, had been transformed into a stage for a sinister playdate. The children, lured by the siren call of fear, had gathered, their eyes wide w/ terror + fascination. They watched as the figure before them grew more substantial, revealing itself to be a creature of darkness dressed in a tattered cloak. The air grew thick w/ a sense of foreboding as it approached the group, extending a hand to one particularly terrified child. *Would you like to come play?* it whispered, its voice a haunting melody that seemed to resonate in their very bones. *I promise it will be an adventure you'll never forget.* The children looked at each other, their hearts racing. They could feel the malicious intent wafting from the creature, but curiosity + the allure of the unknown overwhelmed their fear. One by one, they took its hand, their eyes glazing over as if hypnotized. The swings groaned under the weight of the shadows that danced upon them, + the slides gleamed w/ an unsettling sheen. The air was thick w/ the scent of fear as the children gathered around Nightmare Whisper, their eyes now reflecting the creature's glowing gaze. They had reached out, one by one, taking the creature's hand, and in doing so, accepting its invitation to a realm where nightmares came to life.

Seriously though ...

Hullo, the spirit said brightly, I am Nellie McMae, the keeper of your darkest fears. Fear is what fuels me, what gives me form. I feed on the screams of the innocent, the tremors of the lost, the racing heartbeats of those who dare to dream in the shadowy embrace of the night. Its chilling laughter filled the playground, sending a shiver down the spines of the children. But tonight, my dears, I shall show you fears you never knew existed. Are you ready for the adventure? Its eyes danced w/ mischief, a twisted smile playing on its lips.

Greatest Fear;

I fear ... I fear becoming forgotten, a mere echo in the minds of those I once haunted. The creature's form rippled, briefly revealing the terrifying stallion lurking beneath. But be sure, as long as there is darkness, as long as there are whispers of the night, I shall never fade away. The fiery hooves of the stallion clicked against the stone as it took a step closer, its eyes locking w/ an unsettling intensity. Now, you tell me, what whispers keep you awake at night?



SLUAGH - EXHIBIT X
Mobile of a murder of bricolage.

As a baby, Fugus MacPherson had this mobile swaying above the crib to keep her company.

of Scottish origin;

Restless spirits who are unable to find a home in the afterlife, and so travel the countryside looking for more souls to share in their misery. They appear as a giant flock of birds, and approaching from the west, on the lookout for anyone near death whose soul they can claim. Always keep your western-facing windows closed, just in case.

Overheard on the Playground;

Fugus dares not approaches a child, her beak curving into a sly smile as she recalls distant memories of her corrupted youth. She monologues toward the children just above a whisper,

Ah, the art of blending in, even when one's very essence screams of shadows and decay. It was a dance of whispers and shadows, my dear. I'll hover at the edge of their games, my eyes gleaming w/ mischief, + I'll whisper tales of the dark realms in voices so sweet, they'll think it was but a game. Before long, their laughter will turn to gasps, their games will crescendo into nightmares... and then, my true introduction will begin.

Fear of:

Her smile turns a shade darker, her eyes glinting w/ a hint of malice. *Within myself? A fascinating question. I fear the whisper of doubt that lingers in the quietest corners of my mind, the doubt that questions the righteousness of my reign over the lost. It is a fleeting shadow that I swiftly devour w/ the strength of my conviction. I am Fugus McPherson, and my dominion over the realm of despair is unyielding. Now, tell me, what brings you to the edge of my domain? Is there something you wish to share, or perhaps a secret fear you wish to unburden.*

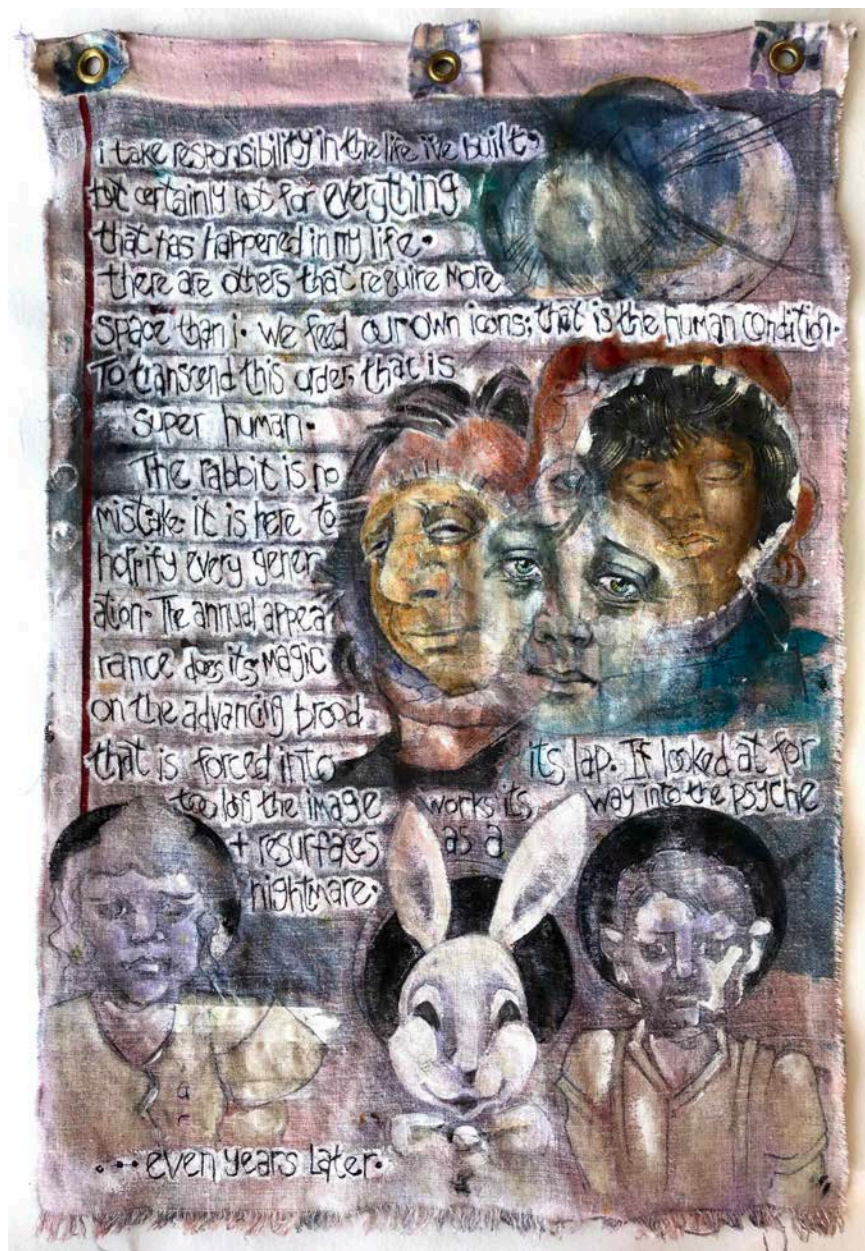
Damnatio Memoriae / about Sineater
24" x 36"
Multi-media



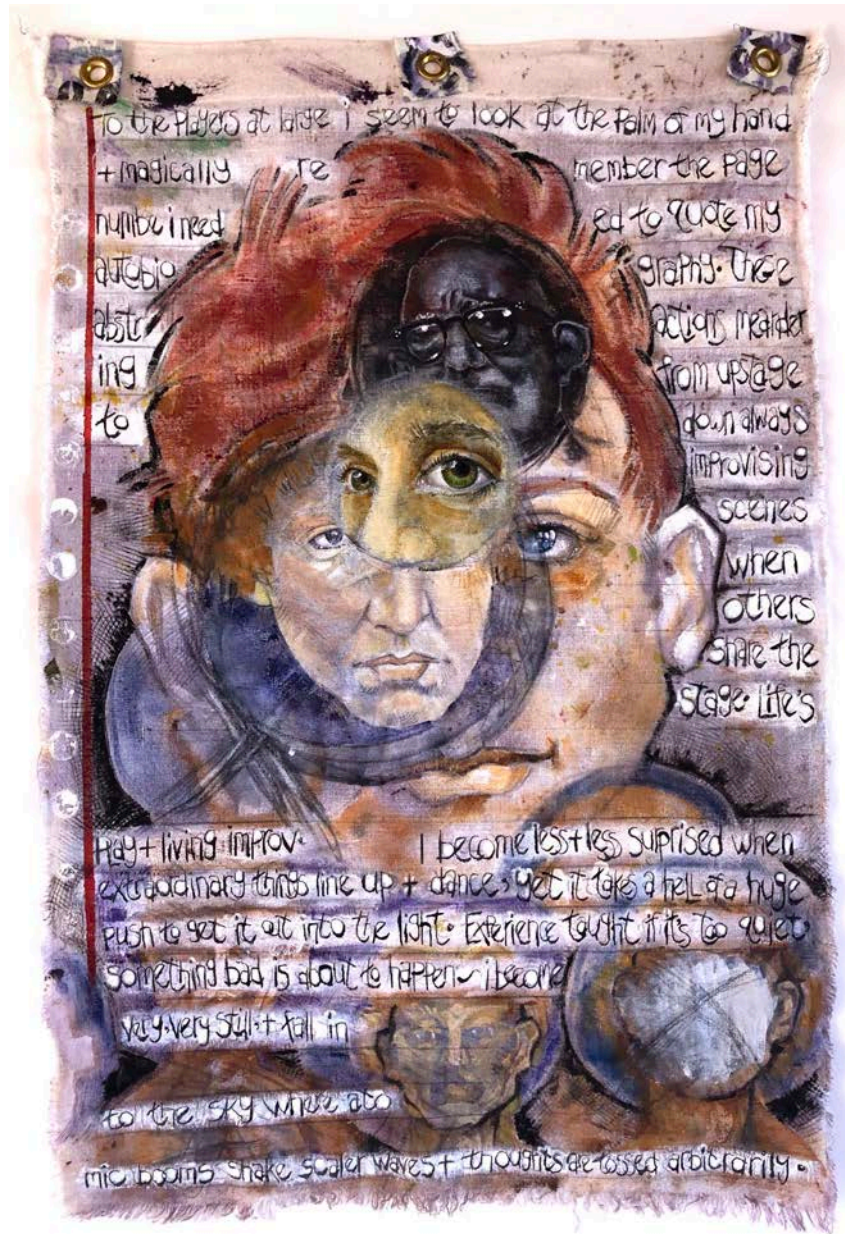
Damnatio Memoriae / about Rebel
24" x 36"
Multi-media



Damnatio Memoriae / about Rabbit
24" x 36"
Multi-media



Damnatio Memoriae / about James G
24" x 36"
Multi-media



To the players at large I seem to look at the palm of my hand
+ magically re member the page
number I need ed to quote my
autobi ography. These
abstr actions wander
ing from upstage
to down always
improvising
scenes
when
others
share the
stage. Life's

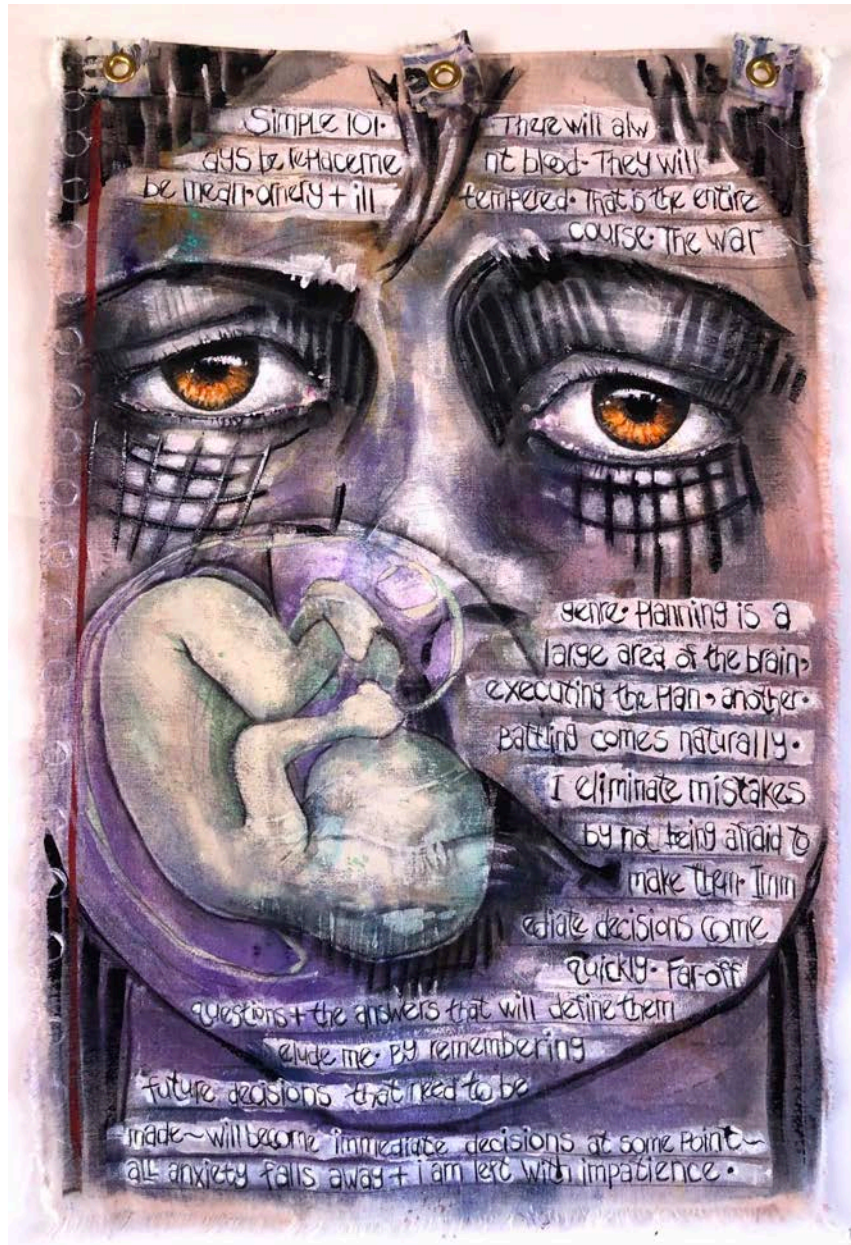
Play + living improv. I become less + less surprised when
extraordinary things line up + dance. Get it takes a hell of a huge
push to get it out into the light. Experience taught it it's too quiet
something bad is about to happen. I become
very very still + fall in

to the sky where abo
mic booms shake, solar waves + thoughts are tossed arbitrarily.

Damnatio Memoriae / about Captain's Hat
24" x 36"
Multi-media



Damnatio Memoriae / about Napoleon
24" x 36"
Multi-media



Price List

If you are interested in purchasing artwork from this exhibit, please contact a representative of MOA. A 7.25% sales tax will be added to all listed prices. MOA accepts verified personal checks, MasterCard, Discover, American Express, VISA, and cash.

All sales are final. Purchased artwork will remain on display through the end of the exhibition, which closes on October 31, 2025. If you require delivery or shipping instead of personal pick-up, please notify MOA at the time of purchase. Shipping and handling fees are the responsibility of the purchaser.

A 50% deposit is required at the time of purchase, with the remaining balance due upon pick-up.

Thank you for supporting the arts.

TITLE	PRICE
ARGUS Panoptes - EXHIBIT P Baby quilt + rattle of bricolage.	\$1,850
ASPIDOCHELONE Elara - EXHIBIT F Turtle doll family of bricolage.	\$800
BAKENEKO Kikuchiyo - EXHIBIT O Shai-hai cat teaser of bricolage.	\$900
BANCHEE Eria Aoibbeann - EXHIBIT N Ruckus maker of bricolage.	\$250
CHURCH GRIMM Kyrkogård Gröf - EXHIBIT L Grimm's starter kit hymn book and lantern of bricolage.	\$350
CLÖYNE Morbidelle - EXHIBIT G Pull-along circus wagons of bricolage	\$550
ECHIDNA Echomaris - EXHIBIT Q Likeness doll of bricolage.	\$1,250
ERINYES - EXHIBIT M Aleko, Tisiphone, Megaera Tea set for three w/ monogrammed linen of bricolage.	\$400
TOADFACE (H. P. Lovecraft) Billy McDermott - EXHIBIT S Likeness-doll of bricolage.	\$850
FRANKENSTEIN Oliver - EXHIBIT A young Frank's likeness doll of bricolage.	\$750
HOP-FROG (E. A. Poe) Hubert Hawkins - EXHIBIT I Princess in-the-box of bricolage.	\$550
JANUS Publius Vergilius Maro - EXHIBIT V Jr. mask set of bricolage.	\$1,100
MINOTAUR Asterius - EXHIBIT B & C Likeness-dolls of bricolage.	\$750

PALEMAN Yūrei Hiroshi - EXHIBIT E Likeness-doll of bricolage.	\$850 (SOLD)
CYCLOPS Polyphemus - EXHIBIT K Erector set of human bones of bricolage.	\$950
POOKA Nellie McMae - EXHIBIT W Marionette of bricolage.	\$1,300
SLUAGH Fugus MacPherson - EXHIBIT X Mobile of a murder of bricolage.	\$600
Damnatio Memoriae Paintings DM/about Captain's Hat DM/ about Rebel DM/about James G DM/about Napoleon DM/about Rabbit DM/about Sineater	\$1,950
SET of 6- Damnatio Memoriae	\$10,000

**Display elements not included (acrylic stands etc.).*

Thank you for visiting!

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