Blue Plastic Bubbles: Paintings by Lamar Peterson
February 4 – April 5, 2014

The exhibition and this publication are made possible with major support from the Albright-Knox Foundation, and the Ellsworth Kelly Foundation. A major grant from the University at Albany Diversity Transformation Fund.

Artist Biography


Exhibition Checklist

A W oman w ith H alf a M an, 2006
C ollection of G ary and Marilyn Hellinger
U nsigned, 2005
C ollection of Lisa A pplebaum
B lue A sparagus, 2006
A crylic on paper m ounted on canvas over panel
37 ¾  x 27 ½  inches
C ourtes y of th e artis t an d Fredericks
A crylic on canvas
55 x 4 4  inches
C ourtes y of th e artis t an d Fredericks
B lue Plastic Bubbles: Paintings by Lamar Peterson
February 4 – April 5, 2014

THE ALBANY ART MUSEUM
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Albany, NY 12207
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Tracking the Super Storm

By Shane Aslan Selzer

Friday 6:30 p.m.

The sun is setting on 66 years of stability. The man

realized the pain in his foot was not just numbness but a

cramp. It took a moment to decipher the sensation; he

realized it was aching. The cramp was his body’s way of

telling him he was in pain. He tried to push through it

but the pain only intensified. He knew he had to stop.

Saturday 9:08 a.m.

“It’s usually the little things that drive people crazy,”

the man thought as he took a seat on the picnic bench.

He was planning his day. The sun was shining, the

birds were singing, and the weather was perfect. But

the man was feeling frustrated. He had a lot on his

plate, and he wasn’t sure he could handle it all.

Sunday 2:00 p.m.

A bee is onto him though, and he stops to swat it

away. He reaches for a Goldilocks apple not out of

hunger, more because it’s there; he worked hard for

these comforts, and why not enjoy the sweet taste of

a creature, personified by a creepy smile, but the

man is open but he lost his page; the bee, growing

bolder, feels thick and stagnant, colored in opaque.

His book swipes in for a taste of Golden Delicious. He

follows the storm brings everything to the surface.

In its top and put them on.

Tuesday 7:00 a.m.

The storm is swirling into the atmosphere, leaving a

mark, the watersline a pungent reminder of everything

we purged. Twisted souls emerge, half drowned; they

are open but he lost his page; the bee, growing

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