

Lest We Forget—a visual memoir

Duluth Art Institute, Morrison Gallery

Open April 20 – June 18, 2017

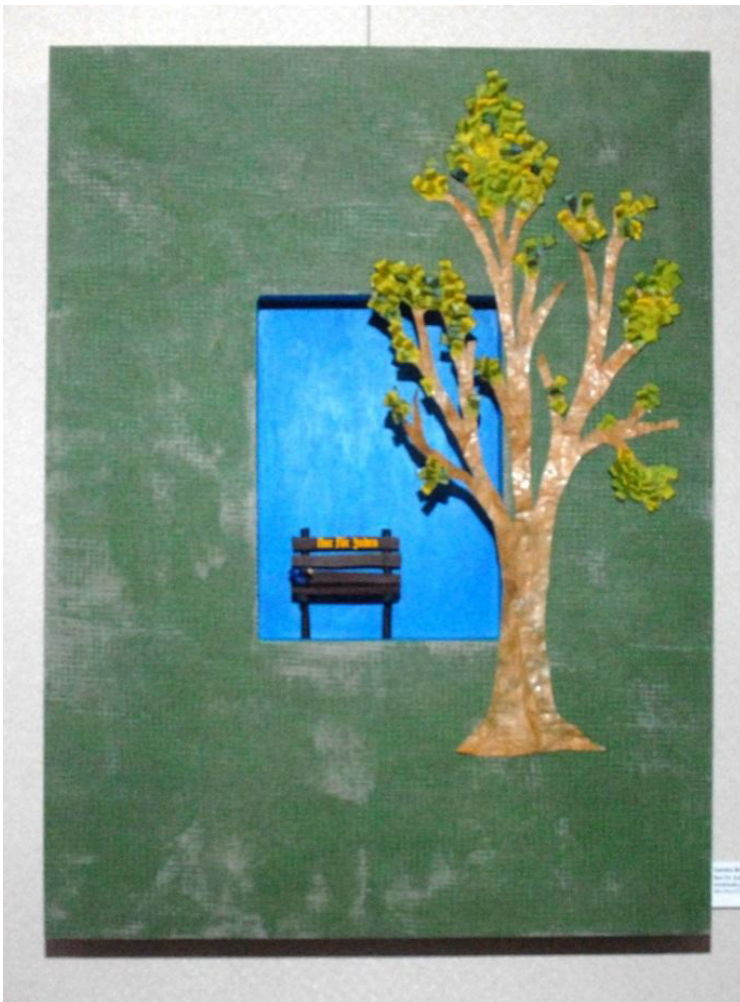
Twin Cities based artist, Sandra Brick creates mounted dioramas to illustrate the memoir of her husband Fred Amram whose Jewish family fled Nazi Germany as a refugee to the United States. Incorporating mixed media and fiber techniques the works form portals to Amram's world.

Sandra Brick:

With this exhibit, I commemorate the Holocaust. I call attention to all genocides – past and present. I want the viewer to say, “No more!” “Never again!” I want the viewer to become involved in the world.

In story excerpts from his memoir, my husband, Fred Amram, explores his experiences as a Jew in Nazi Germany and then as a refugee adapting to a new language and a new culture in the United States. Using mixed media, I translate his literary art to visual art. Can a picture really capture a thousand words?

Our immediate goal is to tell some good stories and to display quality art. Our long term shared goal is to sharpen the viewer's awareness of racism, to create a world without genocide.



Sandra A. Brick Nur Für Juden 2013 18" (w) x 24" (h) x 2.5" (d)
Handmade paper fimo hand-dyed silk ribbon

Fred MB Amram Nur Für Juden

Mutti and I strolled to Goethe Platz, an island of trees and flowers at the end of our busy street.

“Look. There’s a hat we could buy for Papa.”

“Would your father like that striped tie for his birthday?” But we never bought anything.

We saw a bright red dress that I promised to buy Mutti with my first earnings.

A few stores had the letter *J* painted on them. Others spelled out *JUDE*. I didn’t know why people were supposed to boycott those stores. Mutti always evaded my questions about the *J*. She just walked faster.

As soon as we stepped into Goethe Platz I ran ahead to my favorite bench hidden in an alcove surrounded by tall trees. It was shady spot and lots of birds lived in the trees. Mutti sometimes pointed to the nests, identifying types of birds. I gave them individual names like Gretchen or Hannelore. The birds whistled songs and Mutti whistled back at them. I think they liked Mutti’s whistles.

Suddenly Mutti’s eyes darted around nervously. “We have to go now.”

“Why? We just arrived. I want to play with the birds.”

“We must go now.”

Mutti was looking past my head so I turned around to see some letters printed on the top board of the bench. Words that had not been there before.

I sounded out the short words printed on the bench. “*N-u-r f-ü-r J-u-d-e n,*” I said slowly. Then I put the words together in a sentence. Only for Jews.

A week later all the other benches had words printed on them: “Only for Aryans.”

**Mark your calendar and join us for this
specially arranged tour with the artists!**