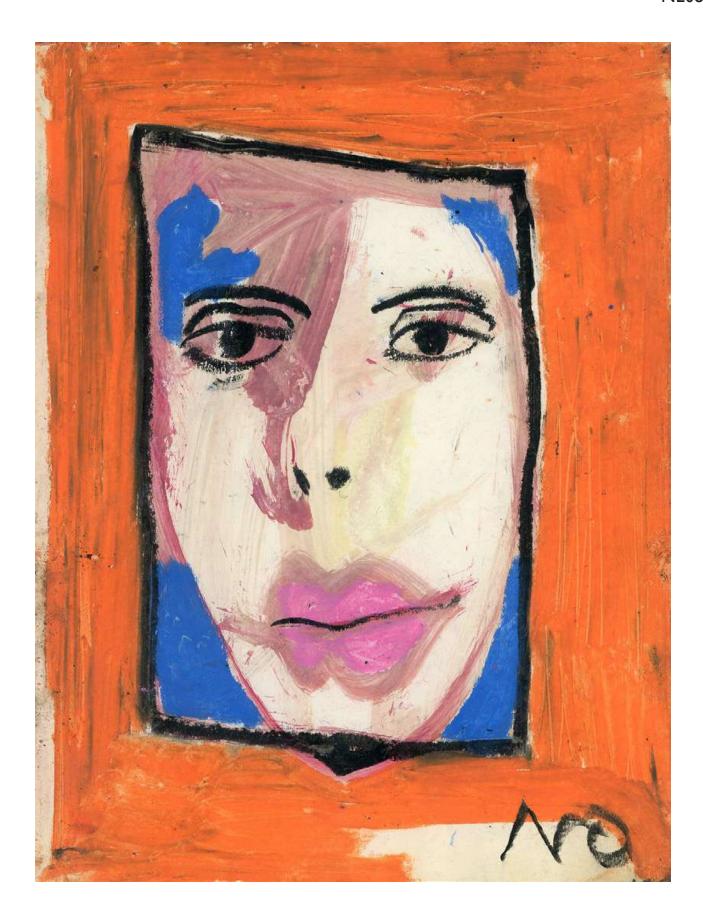
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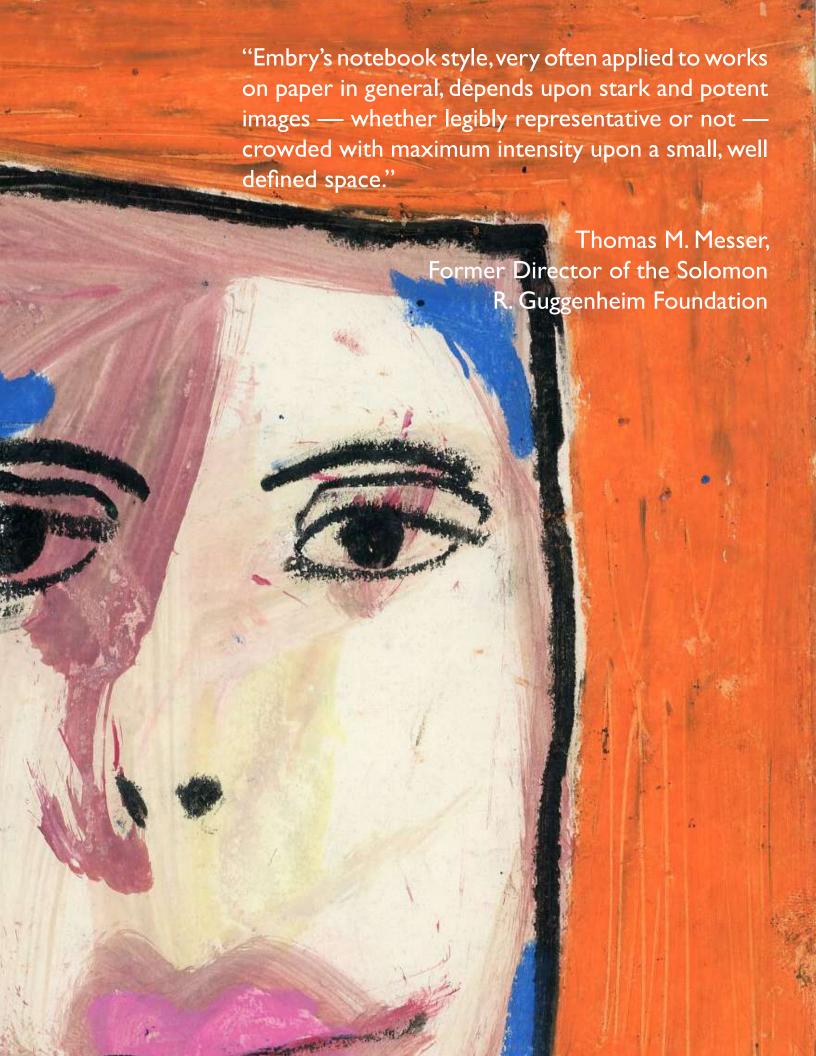


Norris Embry Available Work

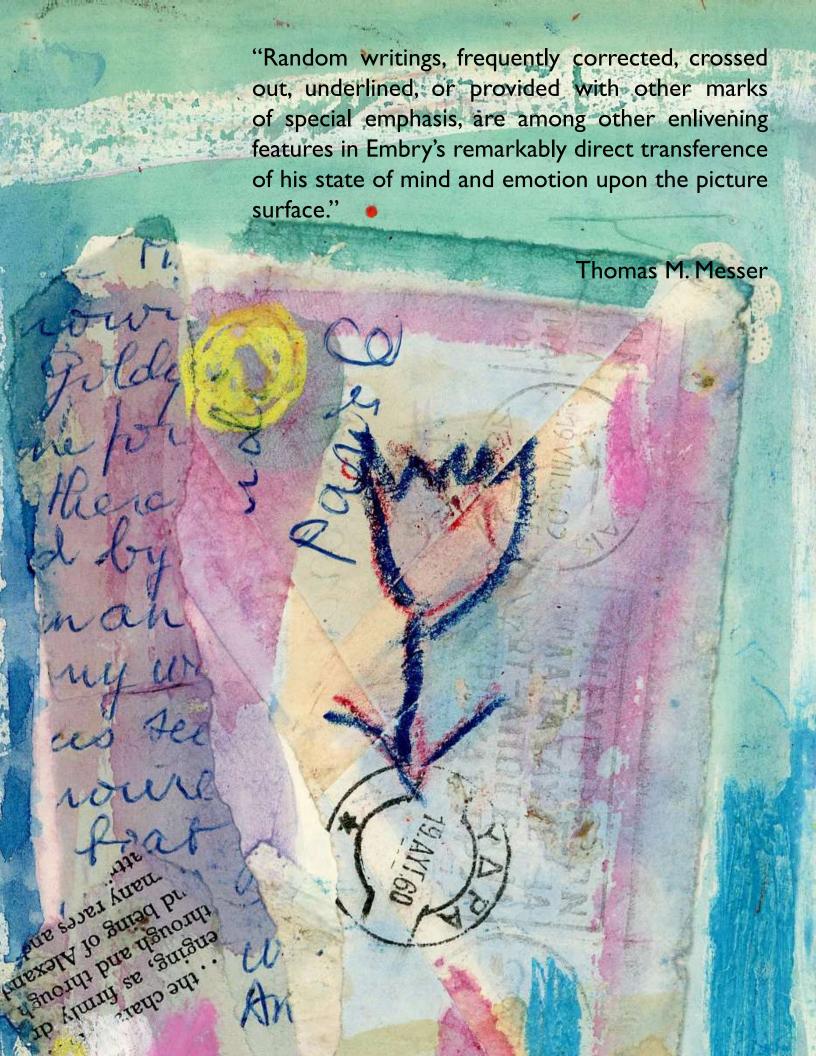
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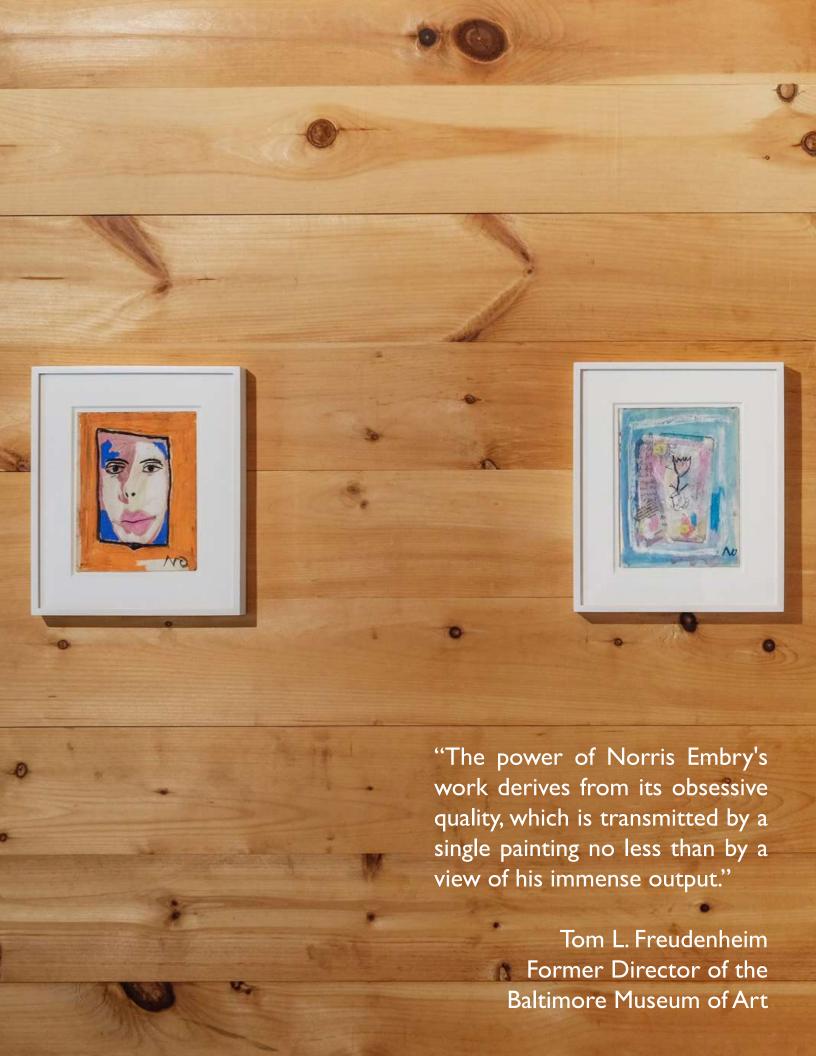








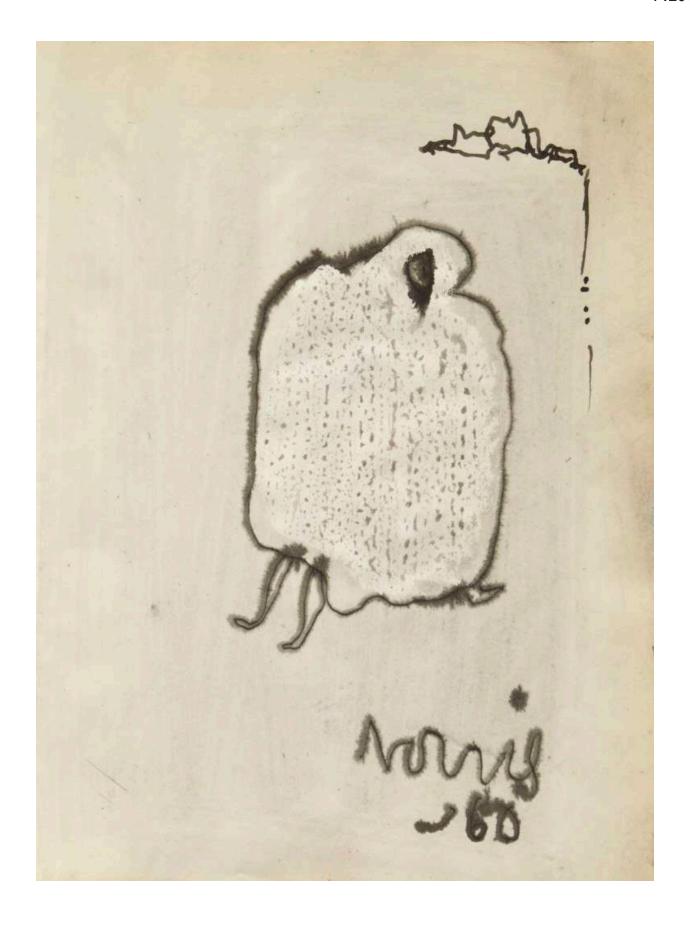




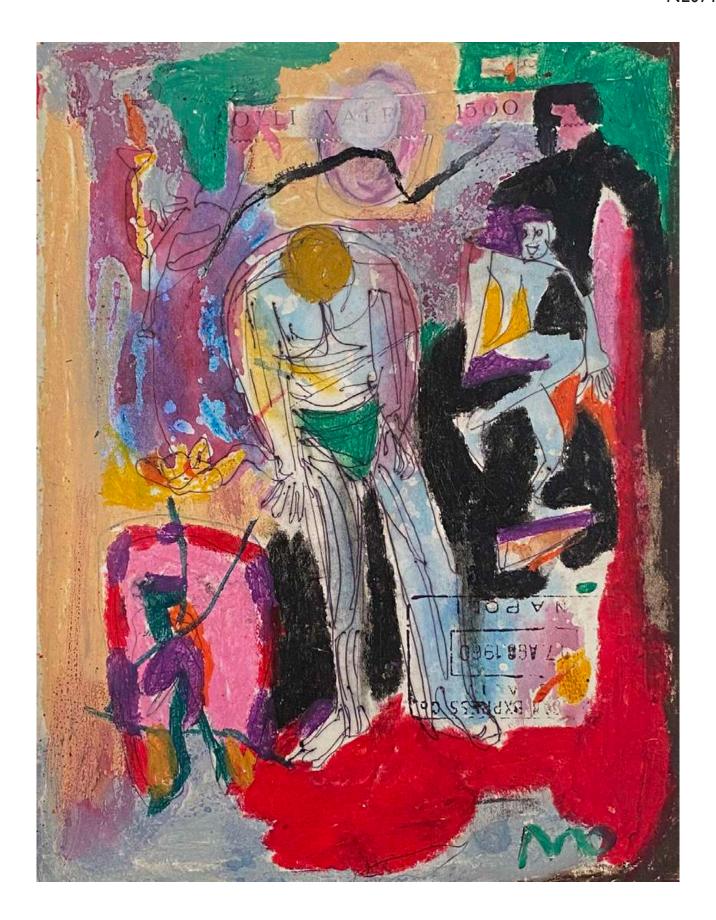




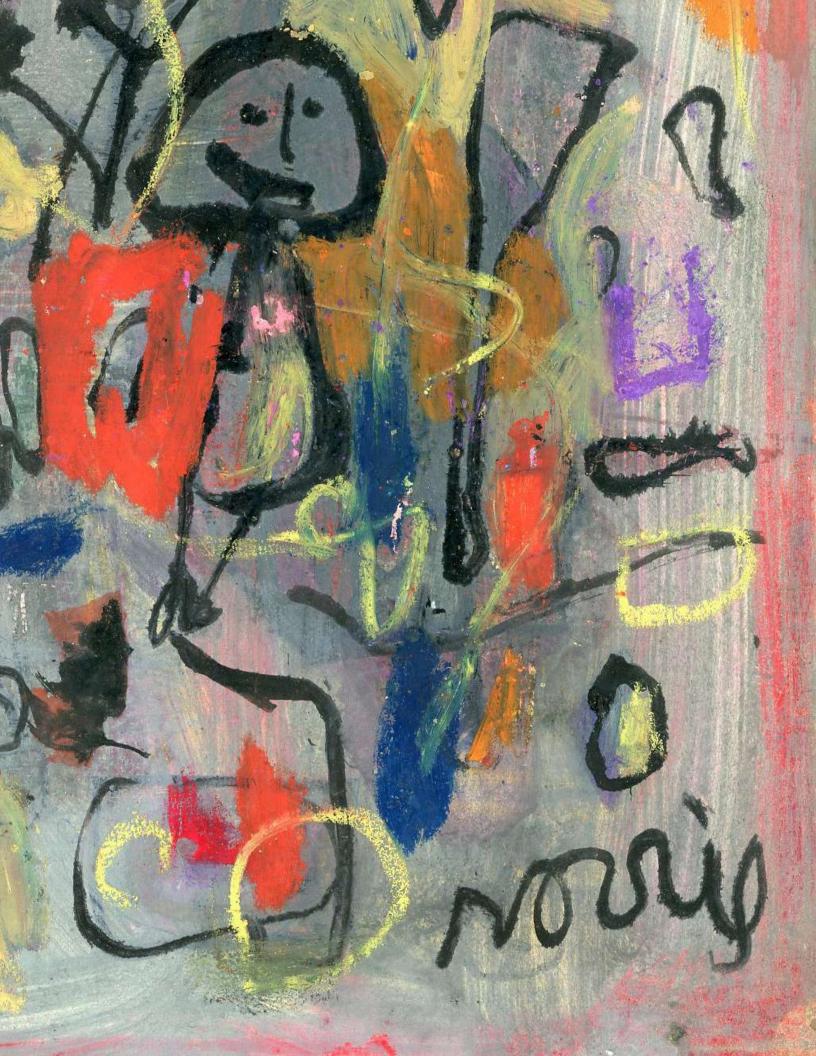








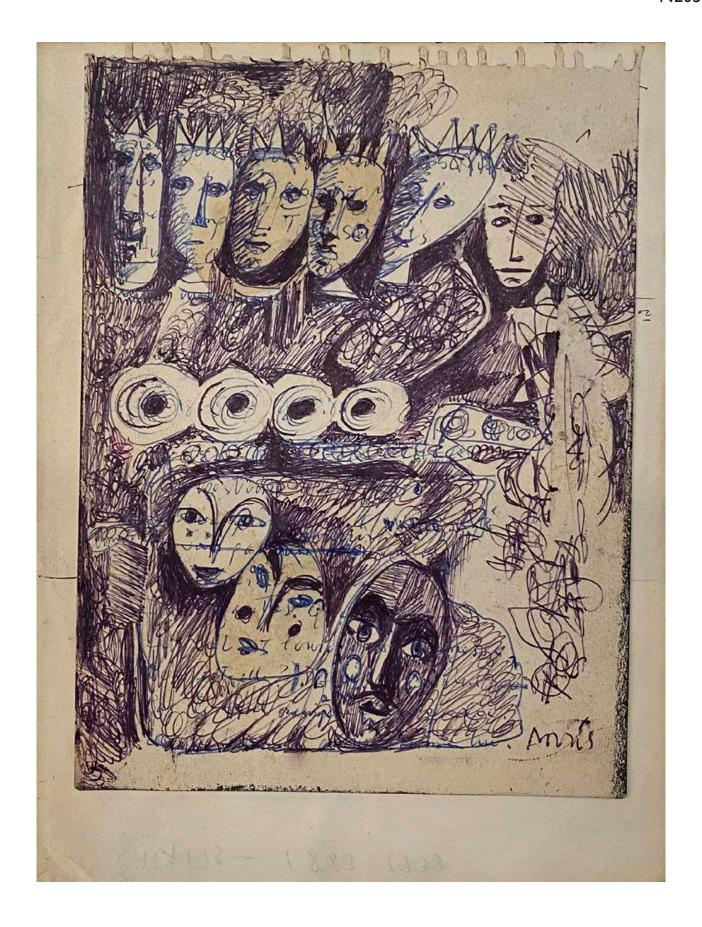




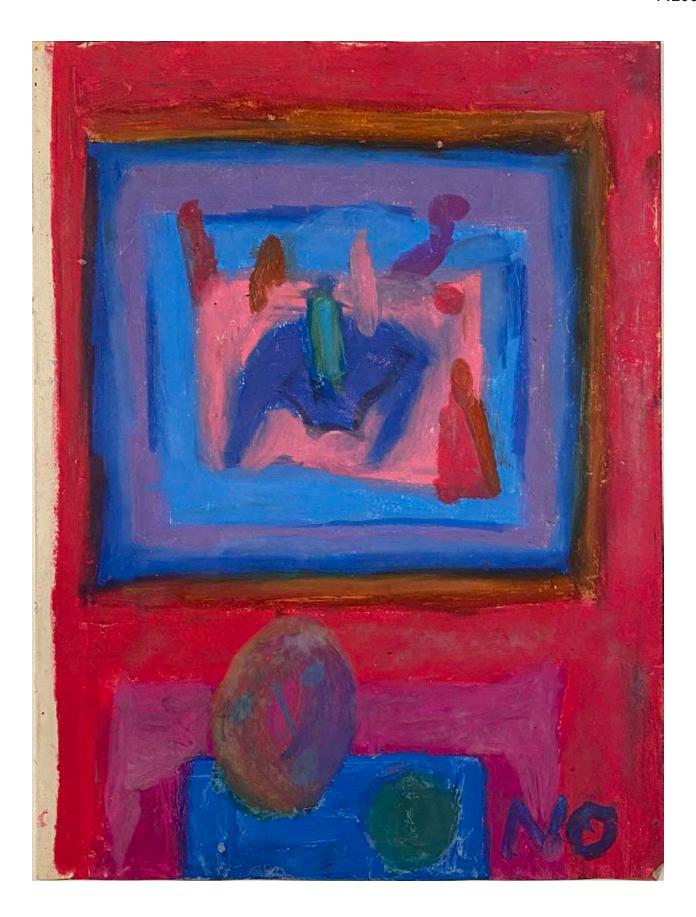
NORRIS EMBRY





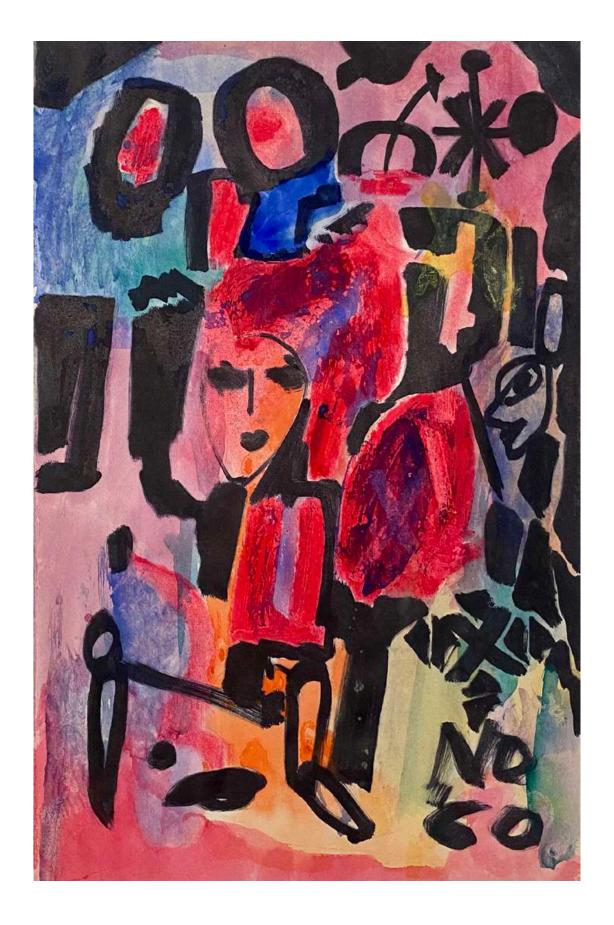


NORRIS EMBRY

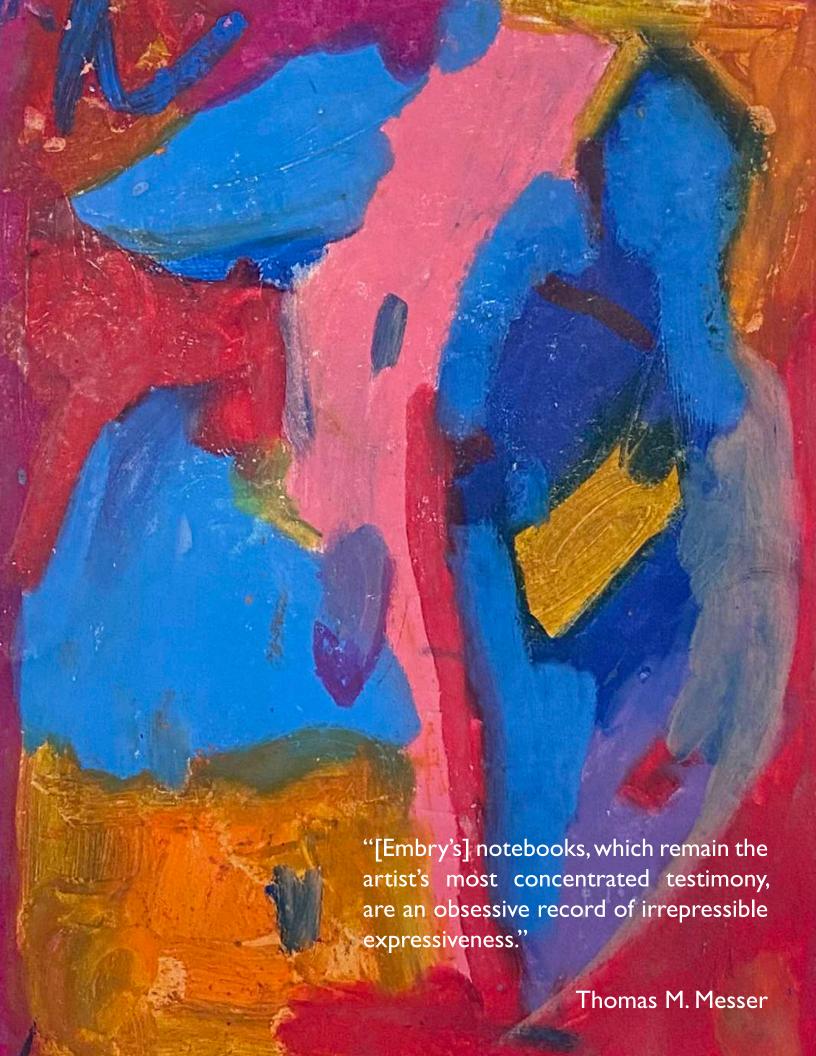






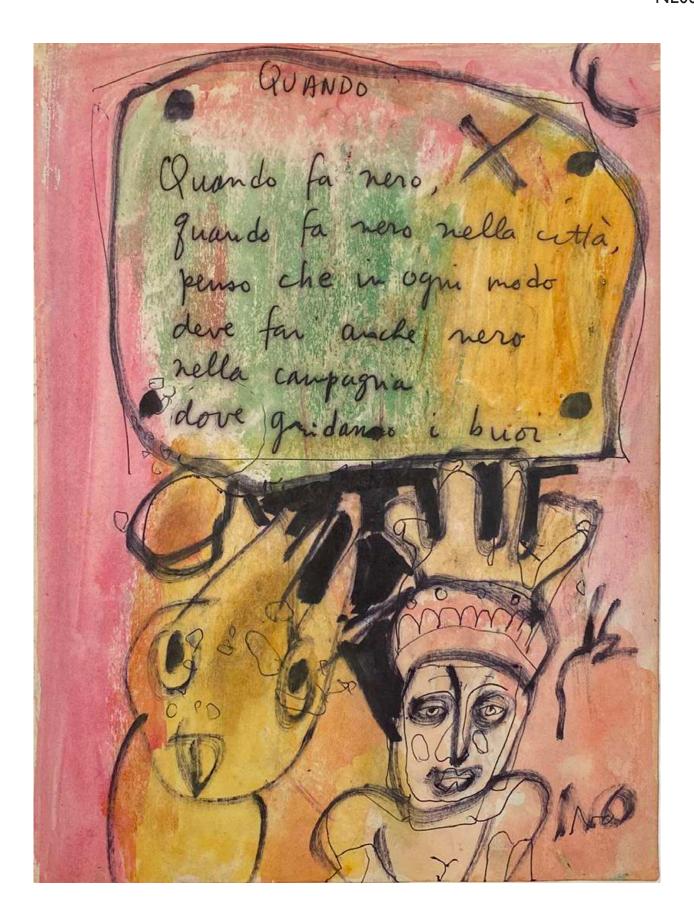




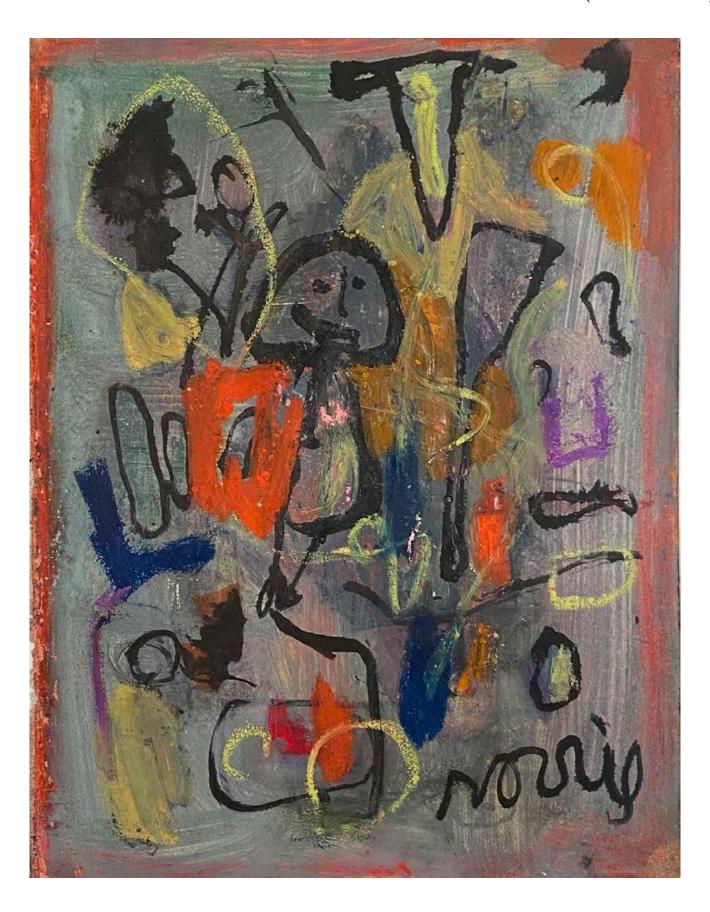




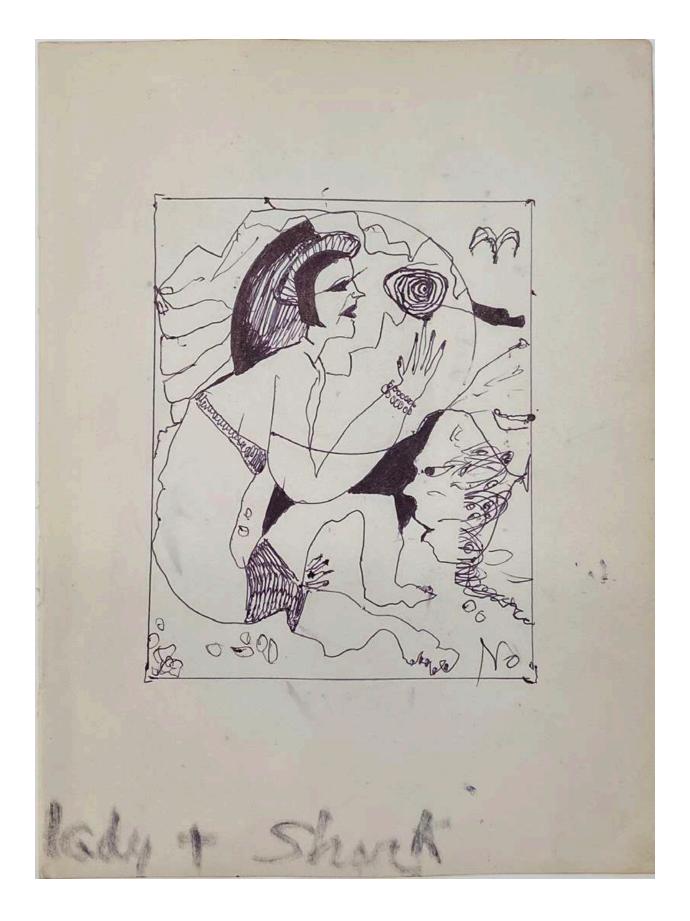


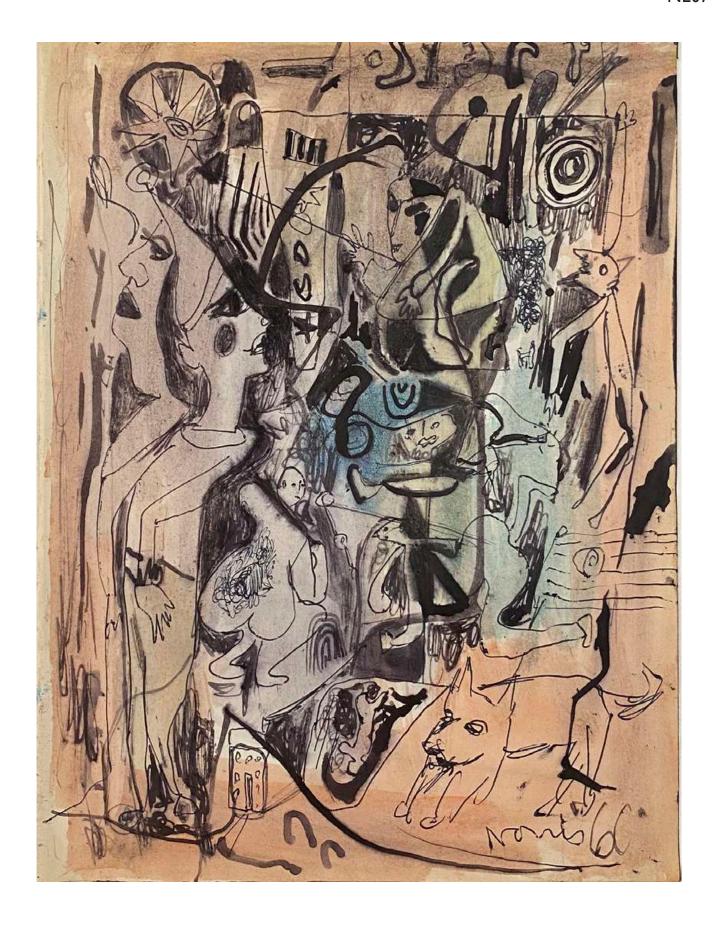


Untitled, circa 1960s mixed media on paper 8 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches (21.6 x 16.5 cm) NE070 (verso of NE069)



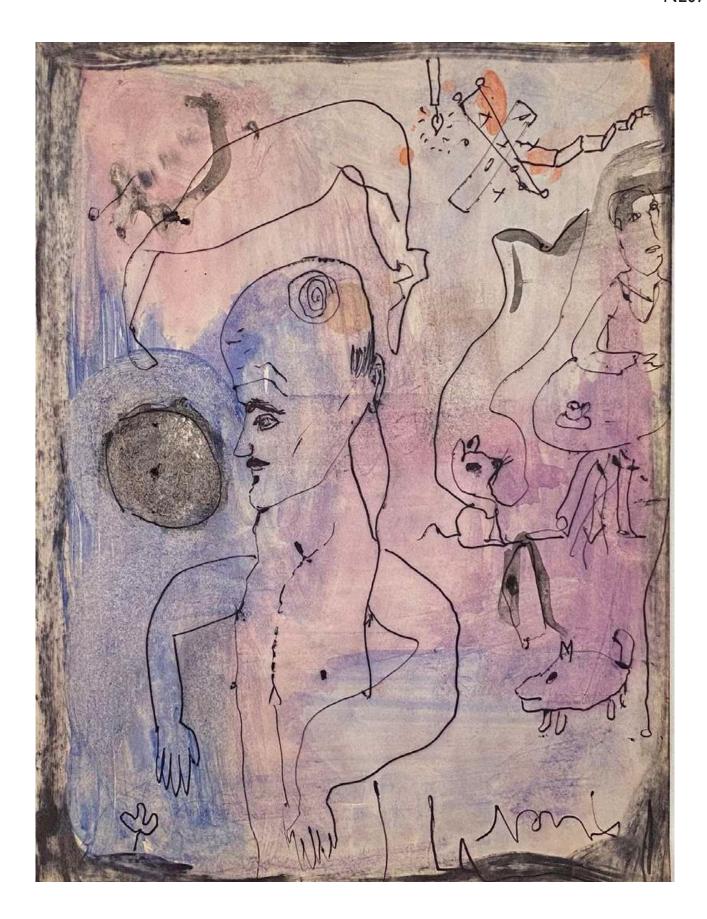




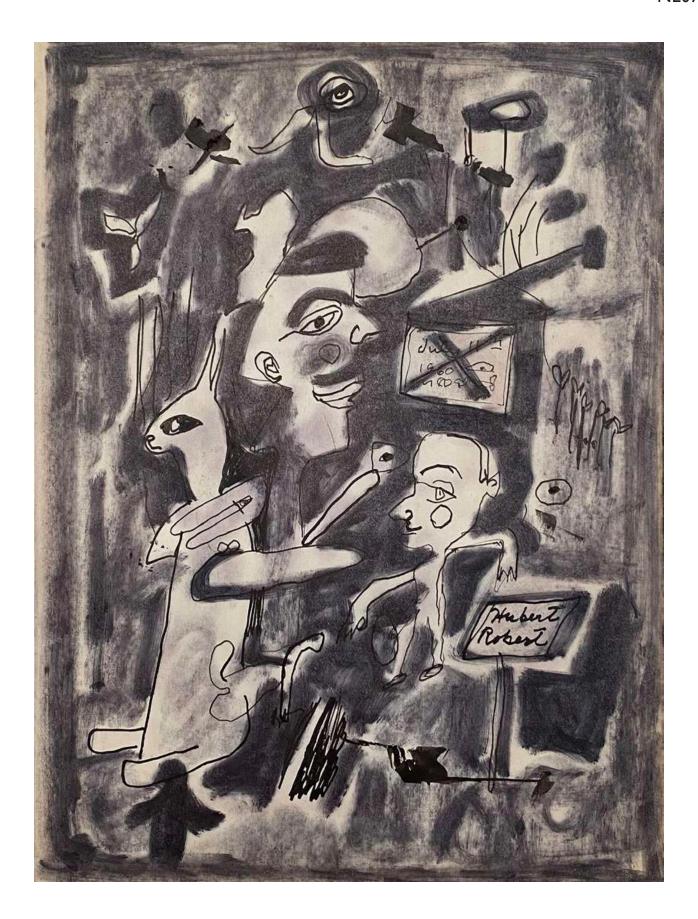


Untitled, circa 1960s mixed media on paper 8 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches (21.6 x 16.5 cm) NE075 (verso of NE074)

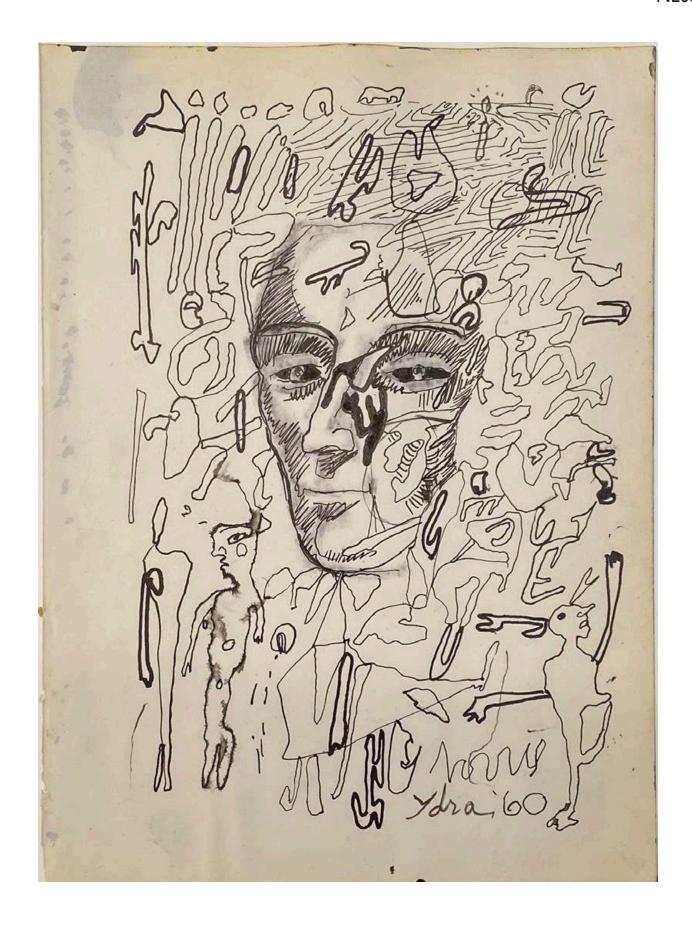


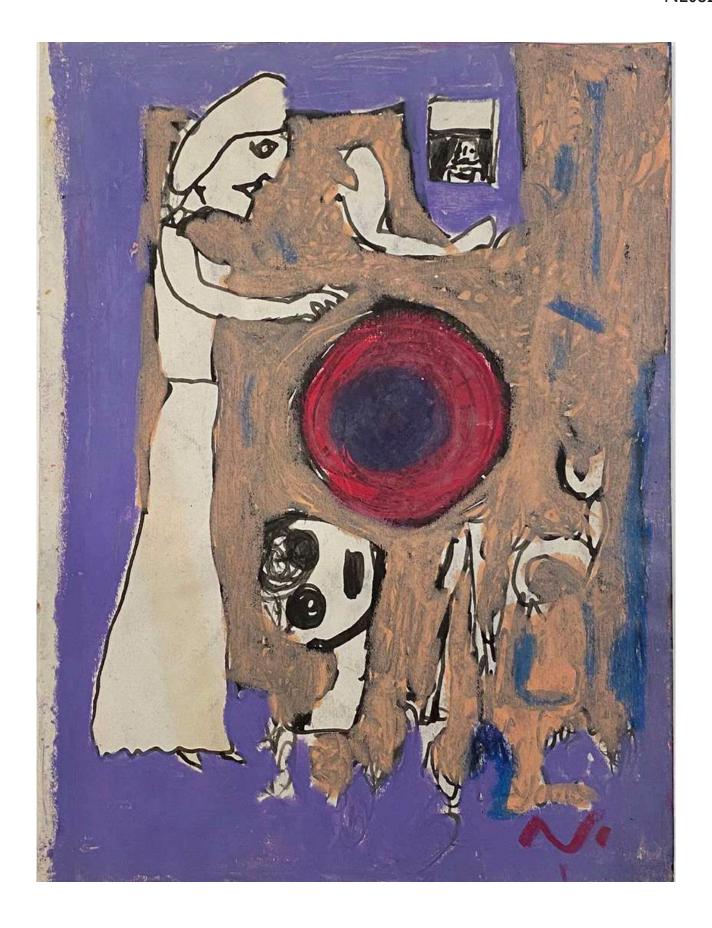




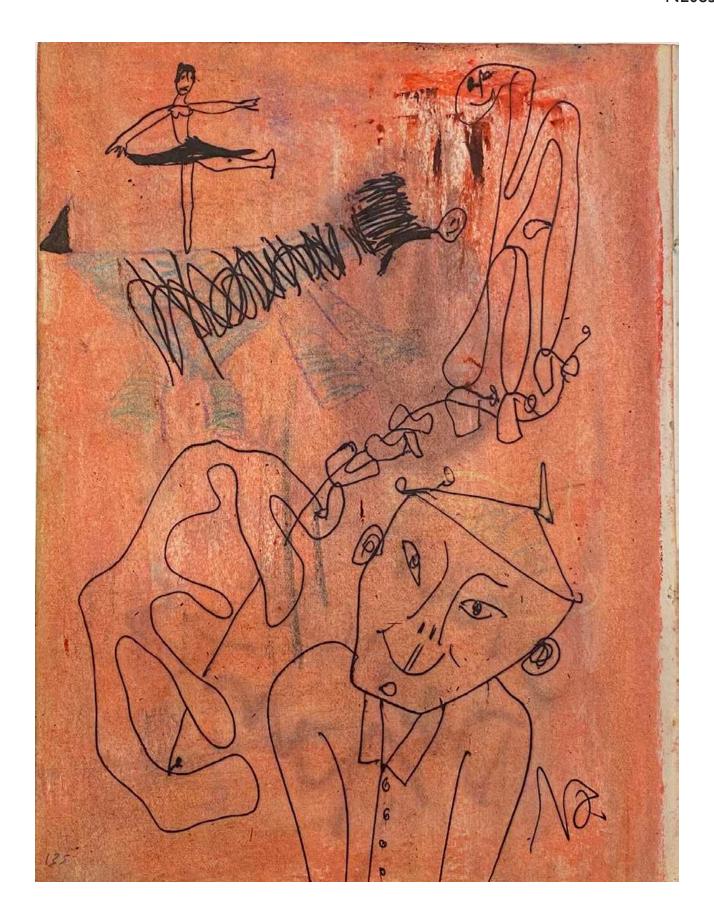


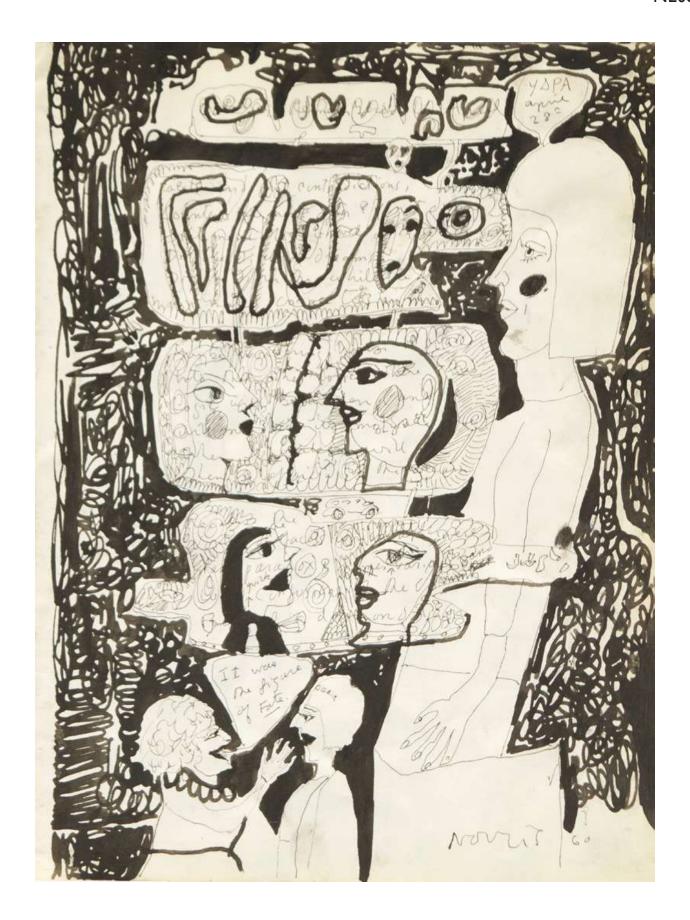


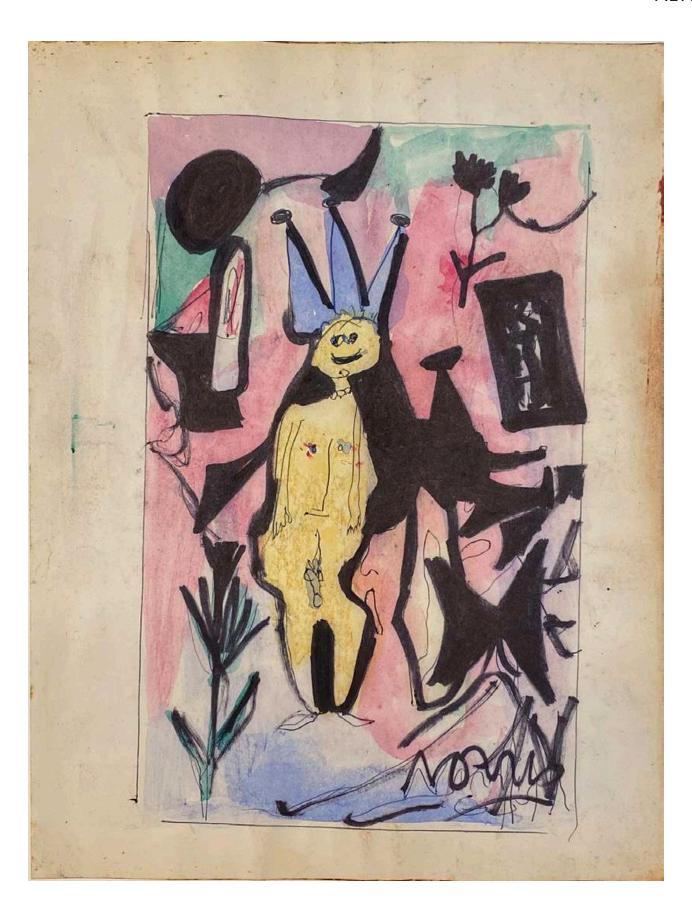


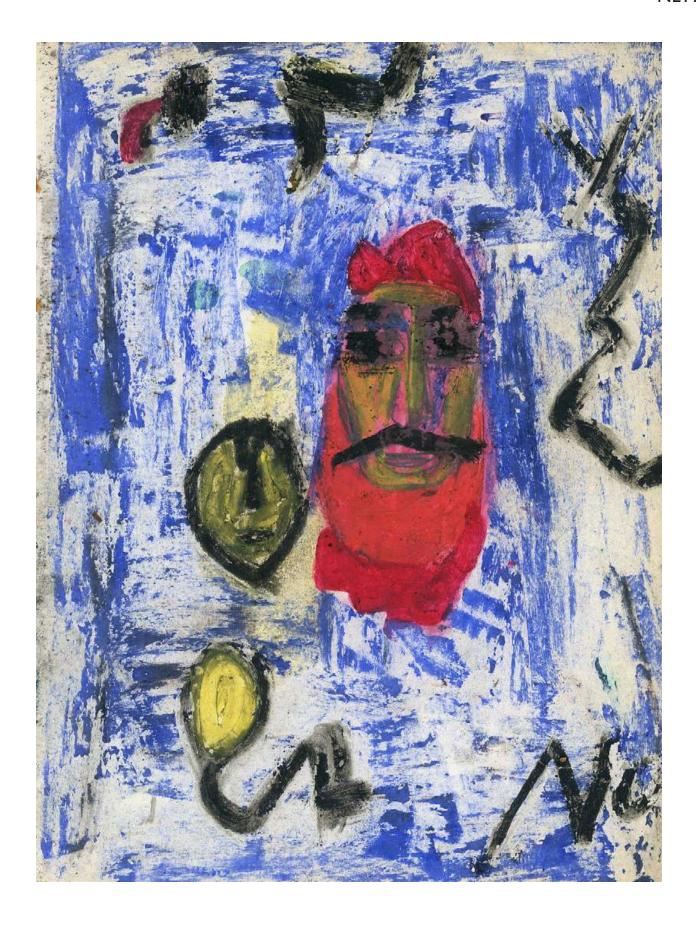




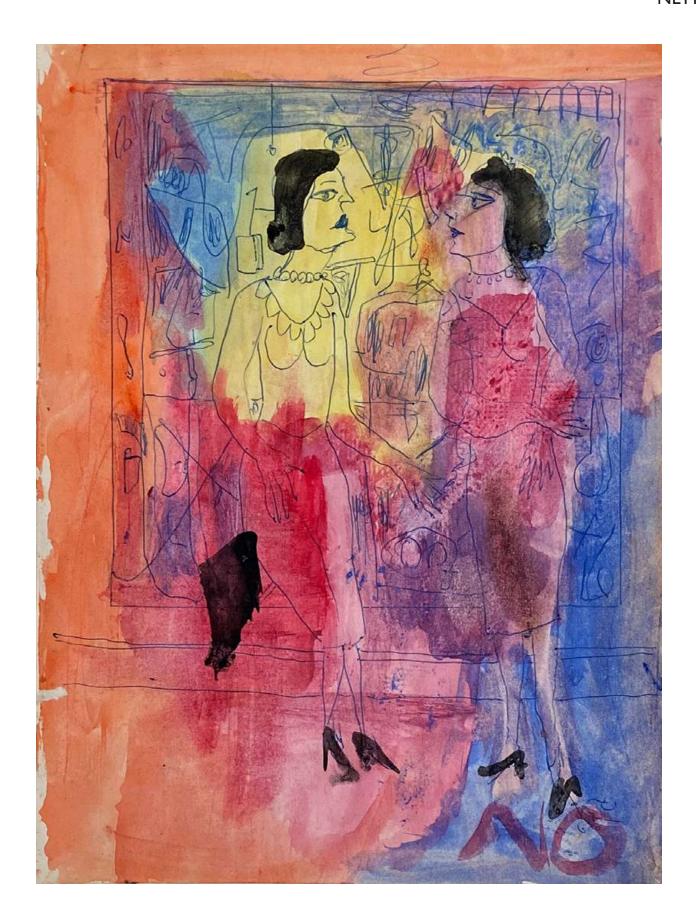












NORRIS EMBRY





John Beardsley / Catalogue Essay for Scios Nova Presents Works by Norris Embry May 5 – 8, 1996, NY

Norris Embry (1921 – 1981) was a prolific artist who filled notebook after notebook with densely-wrought, lavishly-colored compositions combining edgy figures and totemic faces with random shapes and written notations, all of which constituted a kind of visual diary of his life. He was also diagnosed as schizophrenic. But his art and his illness are not one in the same. There are undoubtedly points of intersection between them, but they may be too subtle and too complex for the art historian or the psychiatrist separately to describe. We should be wary of the now too casual yoking of creativity and insanity, an association that has been with us at least since the first century when Seneca, paraphrasing Aristotle, declared that "There is no great genius without some touch of madness." Creativity owes at least as much to outward as to inward conditions; it is as much an expression of cultural and social circumstances as mental health.

In the case of Norris Embry, this is especially true. Although he was largely self-taught as a painter, his work was hardly the unmediated expression of a controlling pathology. Nor, according to those who knew him, was its primary value to him as a diagnostic or therapeutic tool. Embry was cultured, well-read, and widely-traveled, with connections to artists in the United States and Europe that shaped his art as much as, if not more than, any illness. He studied for one summer as a young man at the Art Institute of Chicago and for a few weeks in 1949 with the Austrian painter Oskar Kokoschka in Italy. His work shows a familiarity with various European expressionist styles, especially the figurative expressionism of Kokoschka's early years, when he depicted distorted, even emaciated figures with dark outlines. Embry's work also suggests a debt to the abstract expressionism of the German artist Wols (Alfred Otto Wolfgang Schulze), whom Embry befriended in Paris in the early 1950s and whose painting blended networks of nervous lines and splotches of color and scumbled surfaces...

Notwithstanding the horror of mental illness, Embry seems to have recognized its potential for inspiring creative expression in other people. He developed a life-long interest in the art of the mentally ill, to which he was introduced through a German friend, a psychologist named Gertie Siemsen, during one of his extended sojourns in Europe. Siemsen had inherited a copy of Hans Prinzhorn's 1922 book *Bildnerei der Geisteskranken* (Artistry of the mentally Ill) from her father, which documented the pioneering collection of art by mental

patients put together by the Heidelberg psychiatrist in the late 'teens and early 1920s. This book became something of an underground bible for Surrealists such as Max Ernst and Andre Breton, for whom mental illness was one of the most compelling paradigms of unmediated creativity. From time to time, Embry too seems to have looked to the art of the mentally ill, perhaps as inspiration, perhaps as confirmation of the direction in his own work...

In the end, it may be impossible to say whether Embry's art was more disease-driven or culturally-determined. It may not even be that important a question. The more empathic response to his art might recognize it as an alternate world to which he retreated when he could. In this paradigm, his painting would not be seen as a direct result of his illness, but as an attempt to master it. It would be a strategy to give shape to an overwhelming mass of undifferentiated sensory data and an antidote to a life of extreme emotional isolation. This is the paradigm I prefer. Surely in his life Embry earned our empathy. In his death, let us celebrate his compelling and masterful art.



Outsider Art Fair, New York, 2018