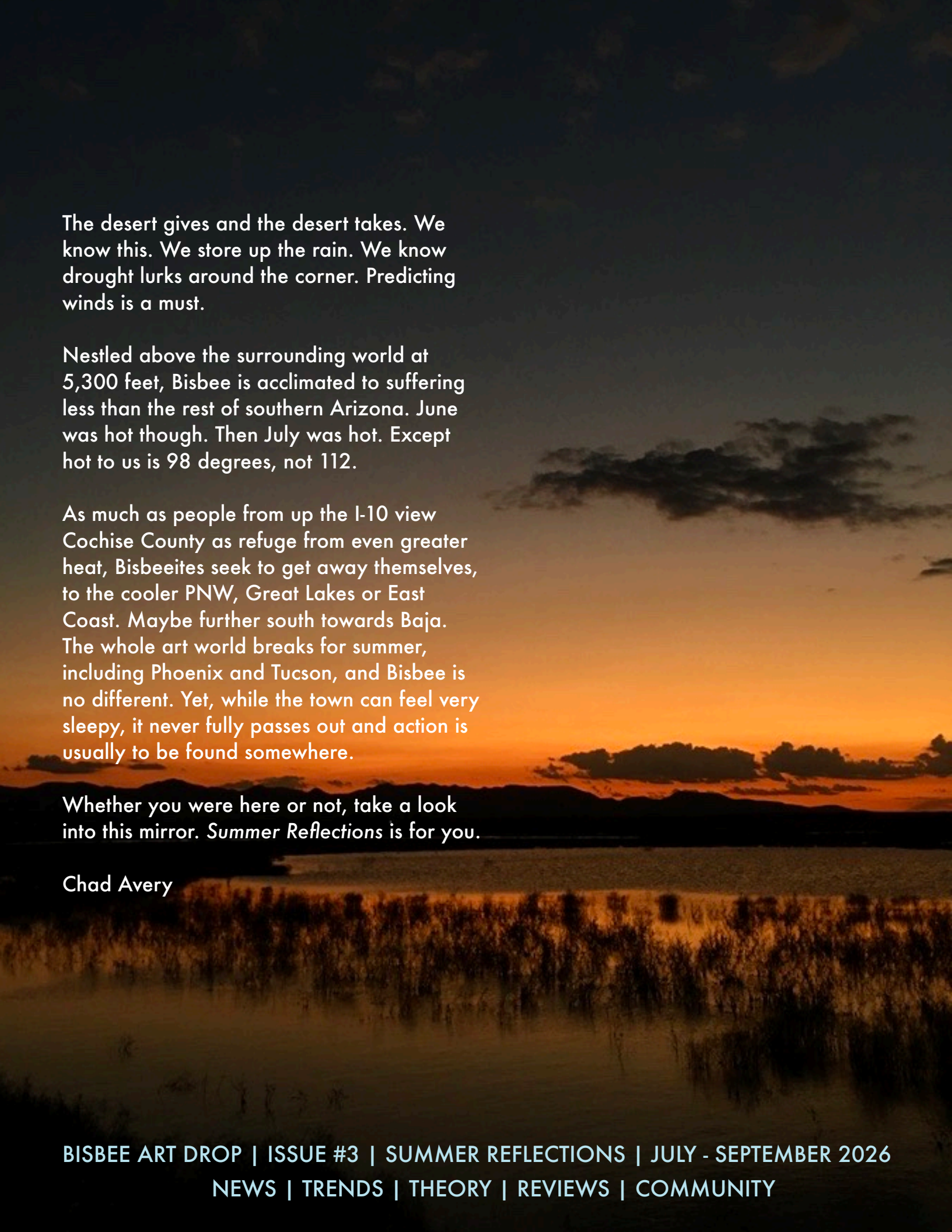
BISBEE ART DROP
SUMMER REFLECTIONS



BISBEE ART DROP

ISSUE #3 | JULY - SEPT. 2026

I. CHIMERA 27 | ORIGINS > FUTURE
II. BILL MEAD | GRAVITY & WONDER | ARTEMIZIA
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The desert gives and the desert takes. We know this. We store up the rain. We know drought lurks around the corner. Predicting winds is a must.

Nestled above the surrounding world at 5,300 feet, Bisbee is acclimated to suffering less than the rest of southern Arizona. June was hot though. Then July was hot. Except hot to us is 98 degrees, not 112.

As much as people from up the I-10 view Cochise County as refuge from even greater heat, Bisbeeites seek to get away themselves, to the cooler PNW, Great Lakes or East Coast. Maybe further south towards Baja. The whole art world breaks for summer, including Phoenix and Tucson, and Bisbee is no different. Yet, while the town can feel very sleepy, it never fully passes out and action is usually to be found somewhere.

Whether you were here or not, take a look into this mirror. *Summer Reflections* is for you.

Chad Avery

CHIMERA

HIMERA 20 SEVEN CHIMERA 20 SEVEN CHIMERA 20 SEVE

CHIMERA 20 7 GALLERY

CHIMERA 27

ORIGINS »»» FUTURE

[Analyzing the Prospects of Bisbee's Biggest Gallery]

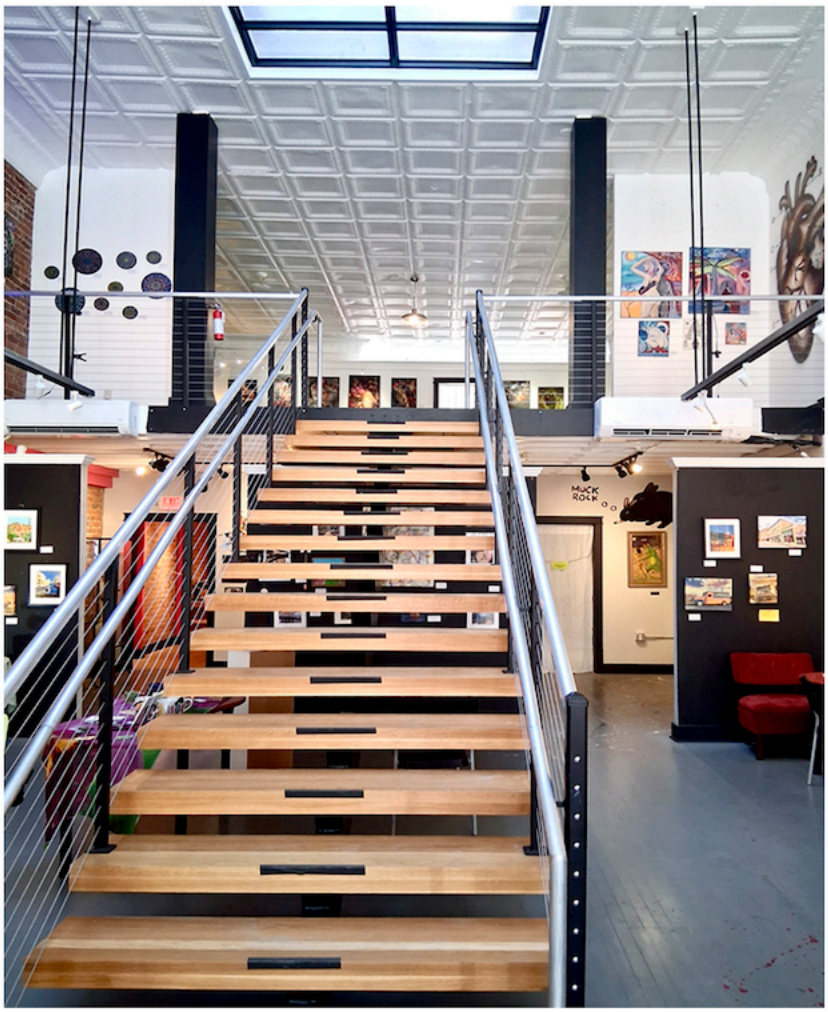
CHIMERA Twenty 7

ERA 27

CHIMERA 27 GALLERY / BISBEE, AZ

EST. 2024

Those born outside of Bisbee have no choice except to ask each other: what brought you here. Or who. Some hear a rumor and just show up. Some are lured by family or friends. Some knew Bisbee is an art colony and rolled the dice. Some pass through on their way to somewhere else and don't escape.





Art Drop launch / May 2026

Origin is unavoidable, so I asked this question first to Krista Woodford, curator of the semi-new **Chimera 27 Gallery** on Main Street in Tombstone Canyon. And while she and her husband, Rylan, are dreamers, they didn't arrive on a whim. **The couple married in Bisbee** and instantly fell in love with the town's historic charm, artistic flavor and open-minded attitude, courtesy of a 1970s hippie-driven transformation from mining to art colony.

"To find a place where kindness is valued is rare," Woodford told me in the gallery on a warm August afternoon.

The fact that the Woodford family, led by matriarch Suzanne, has emotionally invested in the town boosts the odds that they are here for the long run. Taking over the former Artemizia building in 2024, Chimera 27 filled an art hole in the heart of Main that sorely needed filling, and although two years is a short sample in the gallery world, enough time has elapsed to understand the project on a deeper level. I already want to know what's next, but not before reflecting on what Krista has enjoyed most about the experience.

"Seeing people become friends at the gallery. Couples sharing their first kiss."

As for the space itself, its primary advantage is sheer size, which creates unlimited versatility and allows the gallery to be - yes - a chimera. With over 50 feet of continuous floor length, 20 foot ceilings, a second level, multiple enclaves and kitchen, the venue can host large group exhibits, pop-ups, musical performances and special events. We stood up Kenneth Ober's 17 FT yellow chair for my Art Drop launch party in May 2026. Throw in a towering brick wall spanning one side of the building and the acoustics turn heavy.

"The addition of live music has been an unexpected bonus," Woodford mused on the development of Bisbee's audio scene.

Yet all of the nooks and crevices created by Chimera's segmentation keep the cavernous space more intimate than one might expect, and intimacy is part of the gallery's recipe for bringing artists and art-lovers together. Woodford has, "a personal affinity for someone possessing a creative vibe with an undercurrent of empathy." She likes most things "weird, quirky and fringe," opening the door to a wide range of styles, but also realizes a balance must be struck with general appeal.

Her method for selecting artists includes "a lid for every pot" philosophy.

Woodford's empathetic roots extend from top to bottom at Chimera. When asked what she is most



proud of so far,
she cited an artist's first sale,
or a larger sale that altered how an artist views their own value. She named Elizabeth Morales, who hesitated about exhibiting, as one example and I happened to witness a sale. Morales mentioned how difficult it was to consider herself a "real artist." We told her she is now, if not before.

"I love being a gallery of firsts," Krista admitted, either a first date or first gallery appearance.

If you're starting to think I'm sugarcoating Chimera 27, you should know I don't do that. The gallery has traveled a long way in a short time, but still suffers growing pains stemming from its overwhelming demands and limited experience of the professional art world. Signage and lighting remain issues, albeit solvable ones. The sword of size cuts both ways, and rotating new exhibits with larger work into the entire space is out of range for now.

Woodford acknowledged that her pace and vision won't please every artist, and outside Chimera's front door, Bisbee faces its own challenges due to its far-flung location at the bottom of Arizona. This area and its visitors, generous and passionate as they are, can only support so much art and the paths to growth - importing more non-local artists to elevate the quality of art - run contrary to Bisbee's local first mentality. Maintaining a delicate balance requires engaging people beyond the transactional in what remains a cutthroat market.

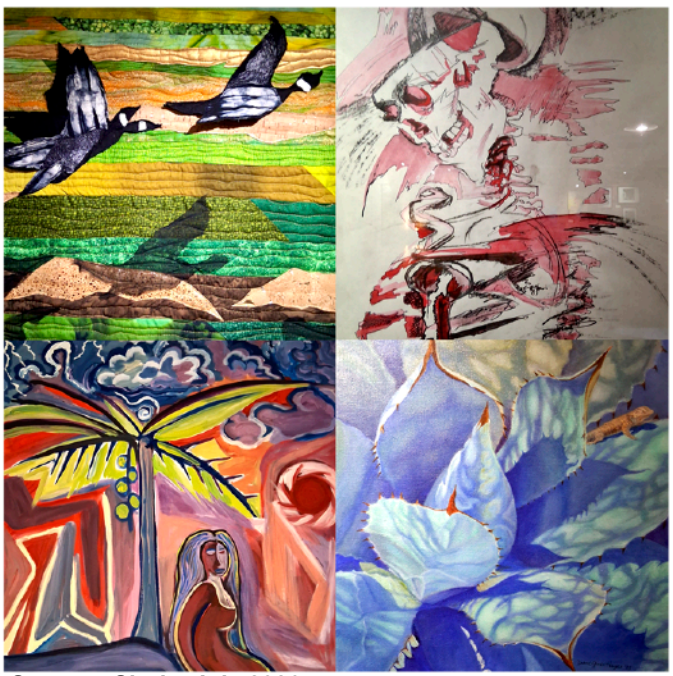
Chimera will remain "primarily a haven for Bisbee artists."

So what Future is being formed in Chimera's present? With a new mayor and consulting agency, Woodford (and myself) wants to see Bisbee arts at the forefront of new advertising. More attention on Main Street culture. Targeted digital ads to the big markets of Phoenix and Tucson, especially during peak winter and summer windows.

There's work to do on their end too. The goal, if the plan holds true, is to relocate from Mesa within the next five years and join the community full time. Woodford highlighted her "core four" artists who keep the gallery running day to day - **Camille Q. Moreno, Fauve Parise, Pablo Pencil and Stella Rees** - but a permanent presence here will fundamentally change the gallery's options. The event schedule will expand, and Chimera is planning for solo shows with local and regional artists in the mid-term future. A big step towards maturity. And more open calls, music and special events, like the wild Prowl Party in March 2025 and September 2026's double motorcycle event with **Object Garage**.

Woodford knows she can get "pie in the sky" about elements of hardcore gallery life, but Chimera 27 is following a long-term plan for sustainability. The venue and location are supreme, and the family ownership is committed. Krista mentioned that she's faced life challenges and fought off personal struggles to emerge stronger. Now, her art "is shining light on others."

I'm hoping for enough light to propel the future of Bisbee arts.



Richelle Seiland *Skeleton in Pink*
Anne Moats *Lamar Valley Geese*
Diane Given Hayes *Under the Mesquite Tree*
James Mustard *Woman Under the Palm Tree*

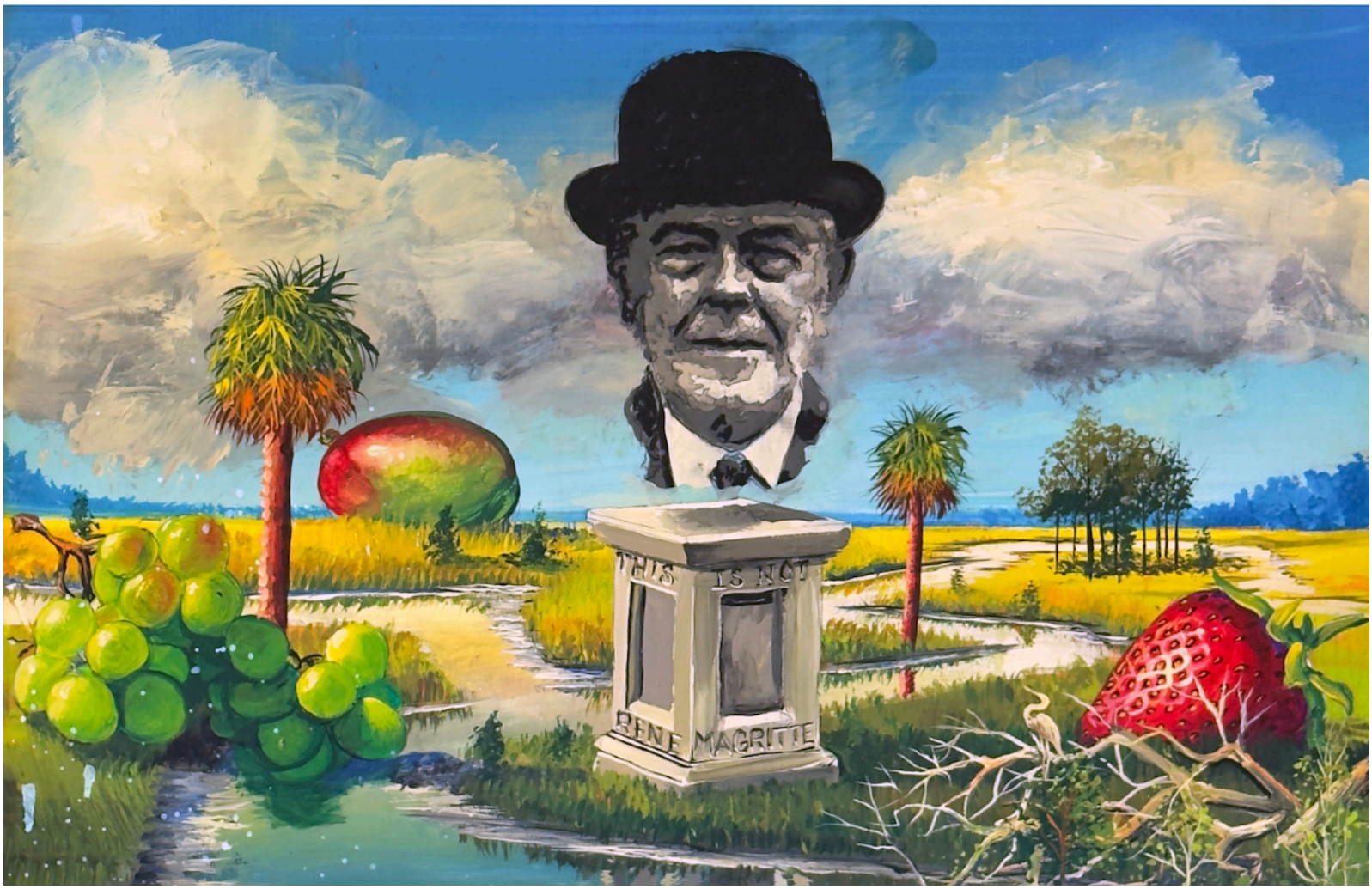
Summer Sizzle, July 2026


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COLLECTION | GALLERY 818 | MURAL LABYRINTH | SCULPTURE GARDEN

BILL MEAD: GRAVITY & WONDER
JUNE 27 - AUGUST 16 | 2026

BILL MEAD
Gravity & Wonder

From afar, the desert will always endure the mainstream perception of a lifeless land. None are actually so. Some are mostly lifeless. Most experience a short rainy season that sustains the rest of the year. And a few, like the American Southwest, get drenched for months.

A heavy season in the Southwest turns surreal. The jungle blooms from nowhere. As of now the entire land is tropical green, from the mountain ridges to flat border washes. Every ocotillo is leafing. Every flower is popping. Cacti are crowned with white, yellow, red and bright pink pedals. Equally vivid orioles and cardinals fight to rule a hackberry tree. Hummingbirds zip through the air like a military training base while sulphur butterflies flap their huge wings over the flower patches. I measured a black witch moth six inches wide.

What Hieronymus Bosch might have painted were he born a naturalist.

When I attended Bill Mead's reception for ***Gravity & Wonder*** at **Artemizia's 818 Gallery** in late June, the Sun was still scorching Bisbee with consistent 90s. By the time I returned for a second observation, monsoon had sprung and turned the area surrounding the former schoolhouse into the background of Mead's paintings. At this show Bill Mead was monsoon aftermath, the ciénega upheaval that emerges from the sand and rocky soil.

Peak cool.



I Can't Hear Over the Smoke





Into the Fray

It's easy to reduce Mead's paintings to a Bosch-Magritte cocktail, and sometimes his paintings are what they say they are. One of them, *Anonymous Bosch*, features Magritte's bowler-hatted totem holding up tomatoes for eyes and an orange wedge for a mouth, so I don't even have to analyze. In *This is Not René*, Mead floats Magritte's own head on a pedestal. An oversized pipe makes a central appearance in another painting.

Like many of Magritte's pictures, Mead multiplies his version of *The Son of Man* into what seems like half of his show, and a large show at that. Except these clones are dressed down, sporting silk or Hawaiian shirts beneath blazers as they cheers you, making me feel like I just arrived at a backyard barbecue. Sometimes only their phantom hands offer you a piece of fruit, if a giant lizard or grasshopper doesn't grab it first.

This body of work - and most of Mead's style - tastes light and smooth, unlike much of Surrealism (although not so much with the playful Magritte). A good amount of surrealism verges into darkness. It's a realm of existentialism, angst and torment, where we fight our subconscious demons or attempt to surf our wildest dreams. Confusion, isolation and Death are common themes. Although skulls punctuate Mead's focal points and ravens perch everywhere, the world they inhabit remains lush and breezy. Storks nibble on pancakes. Everyone gets fruit and veggies, a melon or red pepper. The vibe is relaxed as Mead hands your eyes more to feast upon, possibly to fatten you up, but probably just to be a good host.

If he's mixing Bosch's worlds, it's over 90% Earthly delights with only a dash of Hell.

From what I've been told, Mead claims to be a fairly straightforward painter despite his allegorical flow. I could have went and asked him, but this is more of a review than an interview, and direct interpretation breaks a painting's mystery. Whatever turmoil Mead suffers within, it shows up only in traces on the surface of his work. These attempt to disorient, reconfigure and reimagine, but not disturb, shock or frighten.

One painting does strike me as far from the rest, where the music appears to stop: *Memento Mori Melody*. From a stack of three concrete cubes - the lone appearance of true geometric forms - a skeleton's arms and legs reach out to play a cello in an open field. Atop the upper cube rests a skull tilted sideways and decorated with hawk feathers, a sacred object in most cultures. The Melvins skull band and another painting that serves up a skull in a martini glass aren't nearly as solemn.



1. 2. 3.
Sometimes a Cigar Is Just a Cigar
Pigtails In Paradise
The Lonely Hunter



1. 2. 3.
I Can See Clearly Now
Two Fisted Drinker
Eyes Are the Windows to the Soul



1. 2. 3.
Camera Obscura
Memento Mori Melody
Slice of Life

Engaging, cerebral and colorful as they are, Mead's work looks at home inside someone's home or outside on a wall (he is also a well known muralist). These visions are idyllic, proportioned the way Mead views the world, or as I often feel, the way he wants the world to be. The feeling I return to is, *refreshing*. A sunny summer dose of Surrealism.

BISBEE ART DROP


SUMMER REFLECTIONS


HOTELIA
ALL WEEKEND!!!
JULY 23-25 > 2026
BISBEE INN
HISTORIC HOTEL LA MORE
A CERTIFIED RESTORATION
DROP
BISBEE ART
45
ART IN ALL THE ROOMS
LIVE MUSIC / TATTOOS
NO NORMALCY
ODDITIES
NEWS | TRENDS | THEORY | REVIEWS | COMMUNITY
NO NORMALCY
NO NORMALCY
NO NORMALCY

They say “don’t stay at this hotel.” It’s haunted. Different. There’s no TV in the rooms. Personally I think you should stay at **The Bisbee Inn**, especially when every room has been taken over by the creators of Hotelia, a three-day artistic carnival that bottles Bisbee’s unorthodox essence.



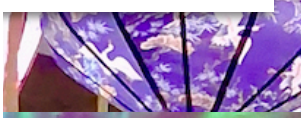
Upon entering Friday night I met **owner John Michael** and local artist **Ken Boe**, who promptly led me upstairs to see his fluorescent diptych, then immediately left. Here I found Leah Berard, Observer reporter, and her friends lounging in a pillow pit. Soon I was in the pillow pit too. Before I could roll back over, two hyper girls entered the room - one screamed that she was hyper - picked up the magic wands waiting on the bed and proceeded to violently bash a piñata hanging from a parachute ceiling. Once beheaded, however, the empty rainbow horse revealed no prizes (candy and toys went unnoticed on the bed). They screamed, we yelled, and a dog sat quietly in the middle of swirling balloons.



My first five minutes inside Hotelia.

Back down the hall, in Jellyfish Dreamland, I met **Em and Sierra**. While I want to see more locals in the next Hotelia, the pair are two of a dozen Tucson personalties ranging down to Bisbee for a free stay, a good time and a marketing opportunity. Every one of them is a hustler. **Em**, for instance, is a dancer and fire eater for **In-Rave**. Together with fellow performer and creative partner **Sierra.Misc**, they crochet and weave various lifeforms, clothing and decorations. The rotating jellyfish, fitted with internal mirrors and lights, are tests for centerpieces of a future event.

Also hanging out upstairs was **Erica’s Wanderland Ranch**, also working in textiles but pairing plush creations with pop references. I never ran into Erica despite my attempt to find everyone involved. With its come-and-go nature, **Hotelia functions like an artistic Animal House**. You intend to visit this room and someone leads you down that hallway. Friends appear, or a new raucous sounds off.





As I stood in Erica’s room a booming voice filled the hotel, so I headed downstairs to see what Ken Boe and **David Alexander** were about to do.

Boe’s electronic-backed riffs formed his latest entry into the Poetry Normalization Project, and wandering from room to room as his philosophizing emanated through Hotelia created the effect of the walls themselves bellowing at me.

Megan Gersch’s holographique light room was ideal to absorb the strangeness. Wall to wall shimmering tassels illuminated by projectors conjured a psychedelic experience.

And the altered reality is, many people attending Hotelia on Friday and Saturday night are not sober. Hanging outside is part of the ride, a necessary gear in the engine. Half drinking break, half smoking break, half fresh air break, the Bisbee Inn’s front steps **above Brewery Gulch** make for a chill spot, especially on a misty night. Since the environment is constantly moving, 20 minutes changes a lot too.

Once reloaded, back inside I go.

Some visitors may be disappointed that Hotelia is heavier on the crafts than arts. Others and myself observed that people seem to exit with polar reactions: get it or don’t. No, fine art is not the idea at the moment. Creating experiences, experimenting and connecting is. Sometimes you need to recharge, or change viewpoints, or experience novelty, or whatever.

Hotelia might do that for you.

Whatever they do, everyone is a spirited creator in Hotelia, like **Gabu**, a Rhode Island native who was offered the chance to roadtrip West and seized it. One pass through the Grand Canyon and Joshua Tree was enough to lure her over, and she ended up in Tucson, where her style fits the city’s gritty, support-local ethos. Designing, silkscreening, cutting patterns and reusing vintage, **Planet Gabu** builds her clothing line from the ground up, adding custom stitching, appliqué and embroidery to lounge wear on the darker side. Gabu travels all around, hitting music festivals in California and makers markets in Arizona. Check her out if her vibe feels familiar.

Hotelia’s living nature may be its finest feature. The sum of its parts takes over as workweek turns to weekend, as day turns to night, as monsoon rain dampens the July heat. Each night the show begins around 6 or 7, featuring whoever wants to jump in, but whoever they are, they probably know **Zane Nichols**, quasi leader of Hotelia. Unkle Dill I should say.

HEELLOOOHH!!!!

(You will understand if you are here.)



Erica, Wanderland Ranch

JELLYFISH DREAMLAND

Unkle Dill has built himself a little clown army inside Hotelia, and they show up big on Saturday night. It's easy to see why when his big heart and rapid wit are on display during his guitar set. Dill has been through some things, and seen some stuff, and you can feel it when he drops serious soul into his ballads despite constant joking between verses.

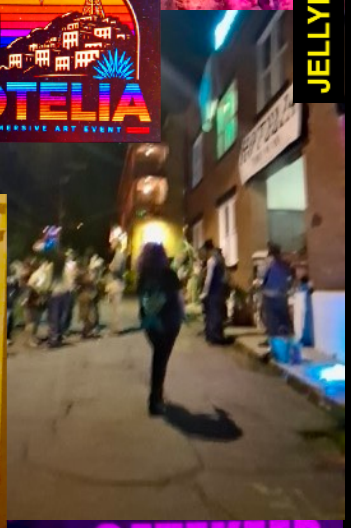
Finally the night crescendos as the incomparable Kitty Christ takes the makeshift stage inside the hotel's parlor, complete with colorful hanging lanterns. I've seen performances before and was wanting more. These ones were crazier. Praise the Lord. Emo-glitch-punk-rage. Better than hyperpop. Don't come to Hotelia without seeing Kitty Christ.

A caution note for attending future Hotelias. Being a multi-day event, Thursday starts off cozy. Friday has more energy as people start showing. Saturday is maxed on chaos. The Gulch is full. Groups of people wander in and out. Performances stack up. Things get given away. Or somewhat destroyed. I could feel the exhaustion kicking in and I didn't even create a room.

Between rainstorms and lightning, everything inside and out, another unusual summer weekend in Bisbee, Arizona.

THE END
JULY 2026















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BISBEE ART DROP ZINE

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2

Logan's layers gave me a puzzle to connect. He's always struggled with regulating energy, whether too much or not enough. As a kid he ran barefoot up and down the gravel driveway of his Kentucky farm. Round-the-clock gymnastics became the center of life as a teen, but the regiment ceased at college, triggering deeper chemical imbalances. He spent anywhere from five days to two weeks under psychiatric care - memories are inexact - and afterward his therapeutic collaging gained momentum, from one wall to every wall of his apartment. His cut-and-sew dolls, built piece by piece without patterns, began a similar way, multiplying from an X-Mas gift for his cousins to 9,328 and counting.

Things get stuck in Logan's mind and need to be worked out, especially textures and shades of light, manipulated dimensionality. Sunrise and sunset in one collage. Slices of music, TV and mood combine in flow with the ripping / tearing / matching of paper pieces. Collages (and dolls) are not flat, 2-D processes, but "puzzles with no design, scattered in 100s of magazines."





3

1

Mark Logan's ***Macroseed*** is a microcosm of paradoxical phenomena.

The first became apparent upon arrival at this one-night Saturday popup in late August. During Friday's setup we got into candid details about his history and process, and Logan explained that the underlying factor is a battle to filter his thoughts. While the works on display emerged from a nonstop mind, this show's presentation was focused and refined compared to his initial Monachopsis in June 2025. Eight modestly-sized collages and only a small display of his signature "Stitches" dolls directed the spotlight onto his newest ceramic creations lining one side of Central School on properly spaced pedestals.

Some pieces look like they were found in the tomb of a punk rock Pharaoh. Others on the ocean floor or growing in the forest. Flocked vessels provide a counterintuitive sensation, reminiscent of Meret Oppenheim's furry teacup. Color selection mixes the vivid and muted.









Material mostly comes from Angelika Johnson of One World Travel, herself one of Bisbee's first-wave artists who seeded what the town is now. Mark named a swirling bay after her in return.

Technically, ***Macroseed*** was informed by microscope images of seed pods. "I keep coming back to seeds," he told me after I kept noticing various influences, like sea creatures or alien artifacts. On another level, he believes times of suppression and turbulence require seeding for future progress: "Things grow when buried."

And Logan himself is entering a new phase of growth. After leaving the workaholic retail environment, and receiving at least some of the physical and mental assistance needed post-Covid, he's now surrounded by positive structure at Cochise College, with access to facilities that allow him to advance faster than learning in isolation. Experimental ceramics also provides an ideal evolution for the tactile puzzles that stimulate his mind in a way that is both calming and uplifting. The potential is high.

Looking back, the process of life can make too much sense, defying the chaos that leads to the present. Mark arrived with his husband (and artist), Hywel, in 2003 because he visited his aunt in Marana as a teen and knew of Bisbee's free-spirited attitude. Before leaving Kentucky, they also visited the Cincinnati Art Museum and viewed a younger Takashi Murakami. Logan found Murakami's goofy yet serious style inspiring and believed "I could do that too." Decades later, after many open and closed doors, the path almost seems precise.

The power of reflection should be obvious. Hindsight isn't a mystery. It's time and experience. Yet growth maintains an unpredictable and enigmatic quality. Infinite variety from the same source, like a collage of seeds.

We actually worked in the same buildings, 40 Main and the Allen block on Subway. Tell me about your experiences running a business in Bisbee. What made you get in and what made you get out?

"I wanted to have my own store for a long time. When we first moved to Bisbee I was able to put my Stitches dolls in Atalanta's bookstore and set up a folding table out front. I did that for about 4 years. It was really helpful to see what people responded to and test out pricing and all that. Then I became part of a co-op for a while, and a member of that group moved out of a tiny storefront in the old elks lodge building on Main, so she suggested I might move in there.

Time passed and a bigger storefront opened up and I shuffled over. Then 40 Main Street opened up and we moved in there and lived above it. It worked out but only if it was a non-stop treadmill. I couldn't keep up that pace and so we closed and moved to a small town in Vermont. I opened a storefront there but we really missed the desert and so we moved back. I tried a few different iterations of brick and mortar retail until 2020 when I went online only. Now I setup at the farmers market and have dolls at East Meets West on Main. Not having a retail storefront has given me time to go back to school at Cochise College in Douglas and learn some new mediums."

How did your art snowball into Macroseed?

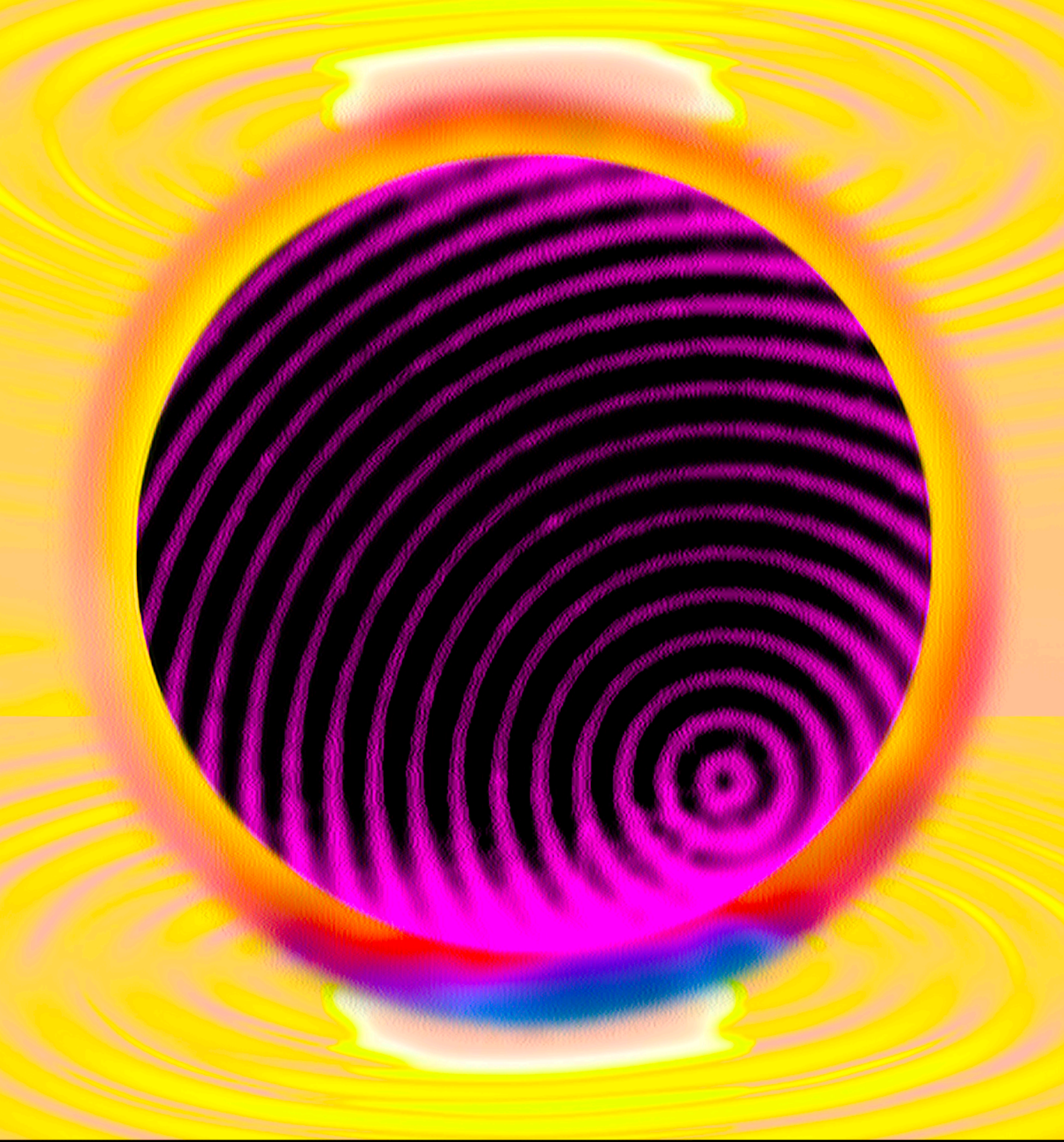
"This time period feels like a seed time to me. It feels hopeless sometimes and trending in a bad direction in the world at large. But also I've been trying to reconceptualize it as a time when seeds can be planted that can blossom when conditions are right. That thought and literal seedpods and seeds sort of meshed together into Macroseed. Like, beautiful flowers come from weird beautiful seeds that take care and tending and the right seasonal conditions to grow. I'm really overtaken with ceramics these days. The possibilities are almost limitless and it's a very different kind of sculpture to shape."

What do you desire in a future Bisbee? Your personal thoughts and a bigger picture.

"I just want to stay curious and cultivate hope when/where I can. I think my Stitches dolls can give people comfort and joy. My collages can maybe inspire people to see the world in a very different way. I think my ceramics can challenge expectations of what is possible with clay.

I would like to see a Bisbee that maybe more carefully cultivates community and kindness. I was lucky enough to be here before cell phones and the Internet really became a daily concern. I was in Atalanta's one day and a reporter was writing a story about Bisbee. He asked something like, "why do I like living here?"

I said Bisbee is a good place to watch the clouds rolls by. I meant that literally but also metaphorically. I suppose whatever happens, I would hope for in a future Bisbee, that it's still just a good place to watch the clouds roll by."



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