

BISBEE ART DROP

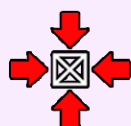
NEWS | TRENDS | THEORY | REVIEWS | COMMUNITY

May - June 2026 / **Issue #2**

Greetings Bisbee,

I'm Chad Avery, local artist and Futurist, and you're experiencing **ISSUE #2** of the **BISBEE ART DROP**. This project was in development for too long. The time to create a centralized portal for Bisbee arts and supply connective tissue to the scene is overdue, and the time to start is now.

Wake up > > > Bisbee Art Drop is a news-zine working towards > > > a **MULTIDIMENSIONAL MISSION** > > >



INFORM BISBEE'S SIZABLE & PASSIONATE ART COMMUNITY OF
NEWS & EVENTS BEYOND OUR TOWN, & CONNECT
THE INTERNATIONAL > NATIONAL > REGIONAL > LOCAL >

CONNECT THE LOCAL ARTS COMMUNITY OF COCHISE COUNTY TO
THE GREATER SOUTHWEST

PREDICT EMERGING TRENDS IN THE ARTS & SOCIETY

CREATE A CULTURAL WINDOW BETWEEN BISBEE & THE OUTSIDE
WORLD, IN-STATE & BEYOND, THAT PROMOTES BISBEE'S
STORY, BRAND & STATUS AS AN ART DESTINATION

INFORM > CONNECT > PREDICT > PROMOTE

Some days it feels like the ghost town it could have been. A historical soundstage stuck in the past. On other warm nights, when the shops and bars are open, when the galleries are in the mix and music floods the streets, when faux neon glows off the brick walls and delivery trucks rumble up Tombstone Canyon, Bisbee's heart can feel like downtown LA or Soho.

Ask around long enough in this town and certain other towns and places emerge with consistency. Part of a growing line of buoys, Bisbee finds itself floating on **The Creative Trail** winding coast to coast, from the Pacific Northwest to the Cali high desert to the Rockies, to Nashville and the tip of North Carolina. The kind of places that attract dreamers, tug at heartstrings and pull in drifters.

[illegible]

Cosmic luck would see fit that I was amongst the first to meet Andy on his 2025 return voyage to Bisbee. One October night he walked into **The Gallery at 40 Main**, and only several minutes were necessary to ascertain his artistic skills. He asked me what I thought of Bisbee. I told him the good, bad and ugly, and he left. More than two or three weeks couldn't have passed when I walked up the street one night and, to my surprise, strolled into Herod's new (and still empty) store **at 54 Main**.

How he got here actually makes a lot of sense when you follow the steps. Born in Oklahoma to young parents, Herod moved with regularity as his mom pursued a nursing career and his dad sought work in the nuclear power industry, keeping the squad roving around the Midwest. **He enjoyed the changes while they lasted, but was "over it" by high school.** The impression of moving and drifting, however, can be difficult to erase once established.

I had a feeling Andy has done some things. Making a jump to NYC and living in Brooklyn, he fell into the now-nostalgic Indie boom of the mid-2000s **with his band, The Comas**. "A fun, weird time," he recalls, leading to a publishing deal and opportunities in LA, where he relocated with some of his NY people. A show at a small gallery kicked off a new phase of screen printing and the art snowballed, but the music didn't stop. Hitting minor paydays on the type of songs that end up in commercials and movie trailers afforded him enough financial freedom to travel around the country, swapping between **LA and Asheville, North Carolina every few months**.

Then his publishing company was bought out and stripped, ending his future plans overnight and forcing a renewal of the visual arts... DRIETGALLERY.COM

DRIFTERGALLERY.COM

DRIFTER

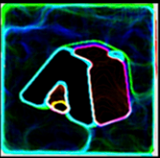


CHAD AVERY

[FUTURIST]

ARTIST / WRITER / GRAPHIC DESIGNER / PROMOTER

BACKGROUND: Millennial from Southern California
Arrived to Bisbee pre-Pandemic, relocated post



SPHERES OF INTEREST: Philosophy / Art History / Modern Art /
Fashion / Street Art / EDM / Hip Hop / Sci-Fi >>> **FUTURE**

CONTACT: chadaveryartist@proton.me

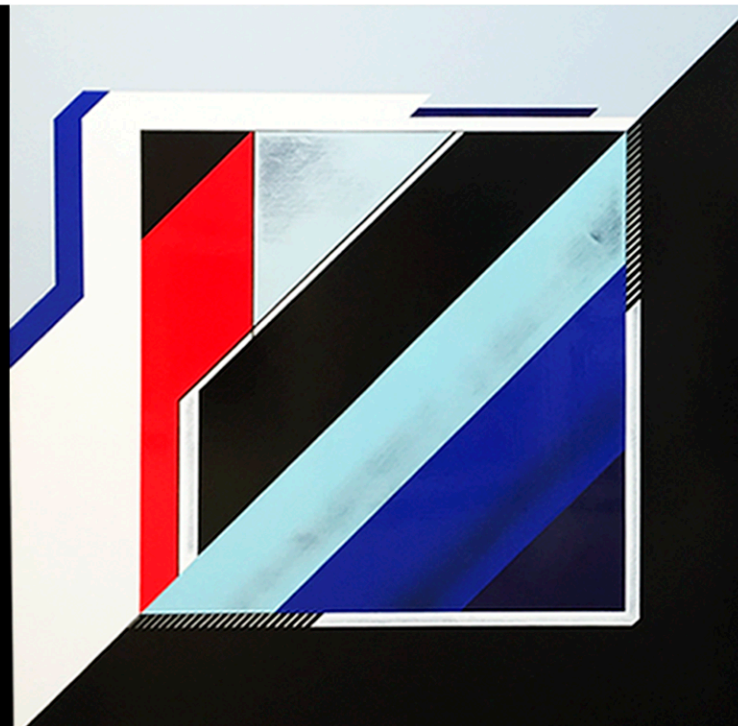
INSTAGRAM: [chadaveryartist](https://www.instagram.com/chadaveryartist)



Former member of 10 West Gallery
Santa Barbara, California

Assisted the short-lived
Gallery One Squared on Subway St.
in 2024-25

Later assisted Joanne Nohava @
The Gallery at 40 Main
until its closure in January 2026



*Moderna Squara, Acrylic on canvas
40" x 40", 2022*



CHLOE FOSTER



ASH DAHLKE



CHAR GREEN

FIGHTING THE MATERIAL WORLD WITH MATERIAL



MEL MALONE



FERNANDO SERRANO



DALE MILLER

MATERIAL CONVERSATIONS
CENTRAL SCHOOL PROJECT
APRIL - MAY 2026

I've followed many art and design magazines published around the world. Recently, it seems - I add "it seems" because everything that feels recent has usually been happening for years - the focus is hot on a new way of living in this new world. A pause in the madness, and whether that's even possible at this point. A readjustment from the digital precipice, as if we collectively (mostly) know that we are too close to going somewhere we don't want to go, and becoming something we don't want to be.

Slow pace is in. Authenticity is in. Substance is in. Material is in - and out.

With these thoughts in mind I arrived at **Central School Project** for **Material Conversations** with Ash Dahlke, Dale Miller, Mel Malone, Chloe Foster, Char Green and Fernando Serrano. I came expecting a quality exhibit, so I wasn't really surprised, but close to it. In scale and execution, *Material Conversations* is kind of a monster show, the kind of contemporary exhibit Bisbee needs four or five times per year.

At six feet tall, the acrylic semi-abstractions by **Dahlke** are a pure force. Bright and chromatic, sharp yet airy, her paintings blend memory and dream, with objects morphing and blurring into each other, then fading away. This shifting perspective is revealed by titles: *Whim//Bliss//Spark*, *Embark//Claim//Transform*, and *Tangle//Untangle*. Mazes you can get lost within.

We talked about the power of objects to contain memories, emotions and ideas. What possesses true value in the material world? How do we escape the consumerist materialism that now pervades our so-called civilization? This dilemma is found in both art and fashion, where the need to over-hype and over-consume has become baked into the industry itself, required for success. People buy so much stuff (I'm guilty) that it ends up in permanent storage as assets, freeported, no longer to be genuinely used in the physical world.

While Dahlke's works travel inward and outward in an endless loop, **Dale Miller** invokes the rawness of the physical landscape to generate inward sensation. His Southwest is ripe with tension, torn down the center by sunset, storm and shadow. The type of paintings that change with mood. If you suffer angst, you are likely to feel it within these works, and if you are searching for liberation, that could be found here too. Measuring the same height as Dahlke's, the pair amplified each other's impact with side-by-side placement and themes.

MATERIAL CONVERSATIONS



DALE MILLER

ASH DAHLKE

MATERIAL CONVERSATIONS / CENTRAL SCHOOL PROJECT / APRIL - MAY 2026



MEL MALONE > CALICO FOXTROT, MARBLE DANCE THEORY, RAMSES, PHANTOM

Just because it's a material world doesn't mean it must be *this world*, and most of the show veered into the non-traditional, especially the collective sculpture of **Mel Malone, Chloe Foster and Char Green**, all of whom work out of the Cochise College Douglas campus (where Dahlke teaches and curates the on-site gallery). Malone's biomorphic stoneware reminded me of the stacked manufacturing style of 3D printing, forms that might resemble the first structures built on Mars.

Or lifeforms themselves.

Chloe Foster's ceramics and sculpture are equally complex. A consistent contributor to the Bisbee art scene, Foster's forms assume all sorts of shapes, patterns and textures, pulsing life into the lifeless, albeit extremely slow life, like coral. Whereas Malone's angular forms remind me of Transformers, Foster's slightly softer profiles give me thoughts of immobile sea-creatures.

I prefer an art show where everything is strange, and even the most representational works in this exhibit traveled outside the ordinary. And the more I observed, the less ordinary they became. **Char Green's** potted cactus, with its silly eyes and prickly pear nose, started me off normal. An avian-inspired totem pole leaned into the unusual, then came her enigmatic busts and their fraught complexions.

Perhaps the most traditional work, however, was the most untraditional and most material, a diverse spread presented by **Fernando Serrano**. The newest and youngest member of Central School, Serrano combines found objects with painting, drawing, photography, ceramics, silver and jewelry making, weaving a personal story of being indigenous and queer in Bisbee across a wider history of colonialism and exploitation. Serrano played a role **in the latest documentary** covering The Bisbee Deportation, and his work is a staple in Object Hotel and around the town's art markets.

The chain installation at **Material Conversations** was a notable centerpiece.

The more I explored, the more I realized the weight of the commitment. Dahlke informed me of the nonstop, multi-day work-a-thon necessary to prep the space and walls, curate the artists and add the finishing touches. Without the synergy of its participants, who have worked together for years, the whole task would have multiplied in difficulty.

Stepping back further, this show is the result of synergy between the Bisbee arts community - Central School especially - **and the Douglas campus of Cochise College**, allowing for instructor and teacher-student relationships, as many Bisbee artists attend classes at the college to build up skills or access work facilities, bringing their increased quality back to town.

This exhibit was an attempt to reclaim meaning in the Postmodern physical world, but also to go beyond it, into the metaphysical. **Material Conversations** could've been alternately titled **Material Conversion**, because that's the root of the problem: **how to make matter work for your mind and not vice versa.**



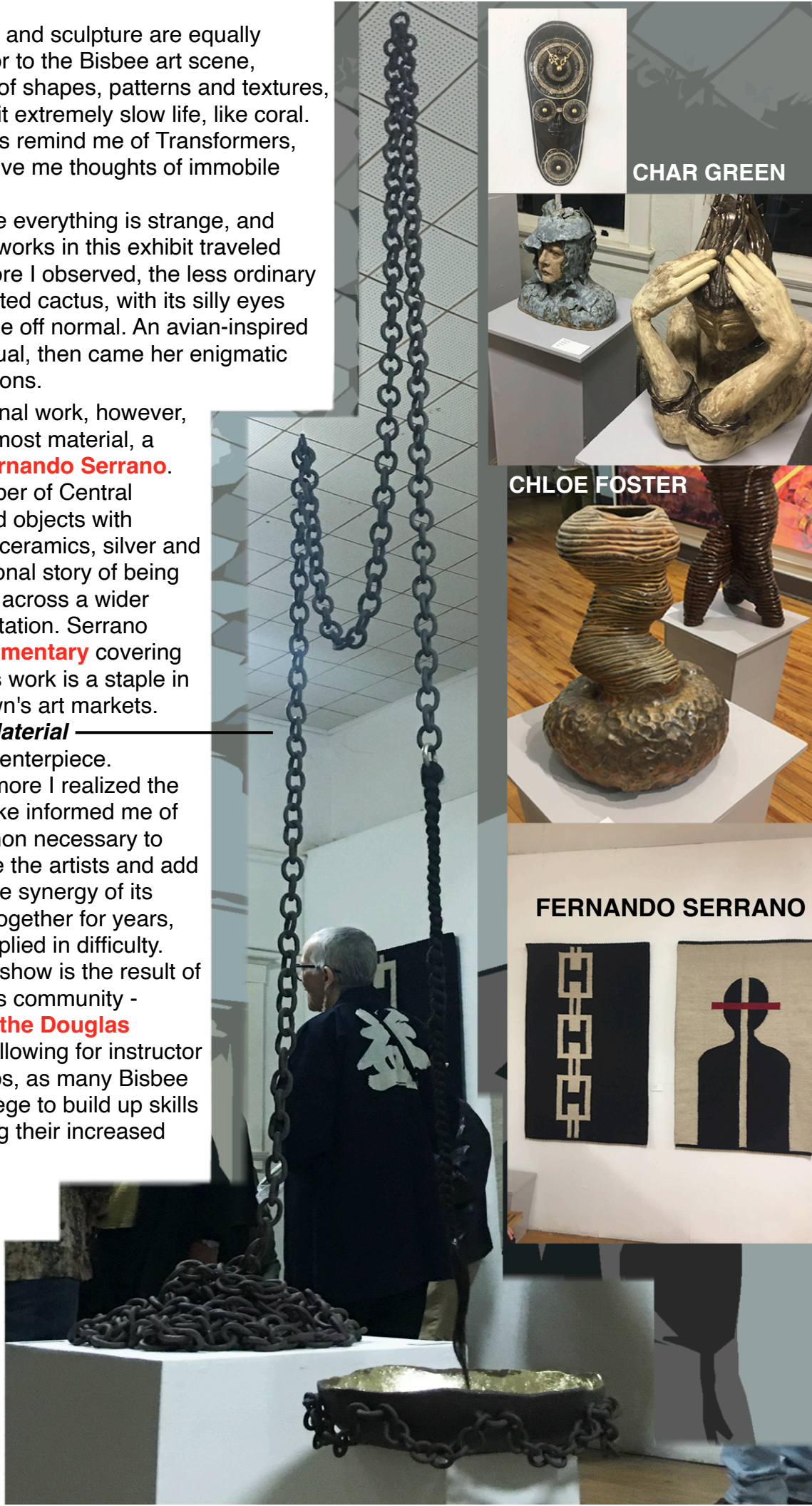
CHAR GREEN

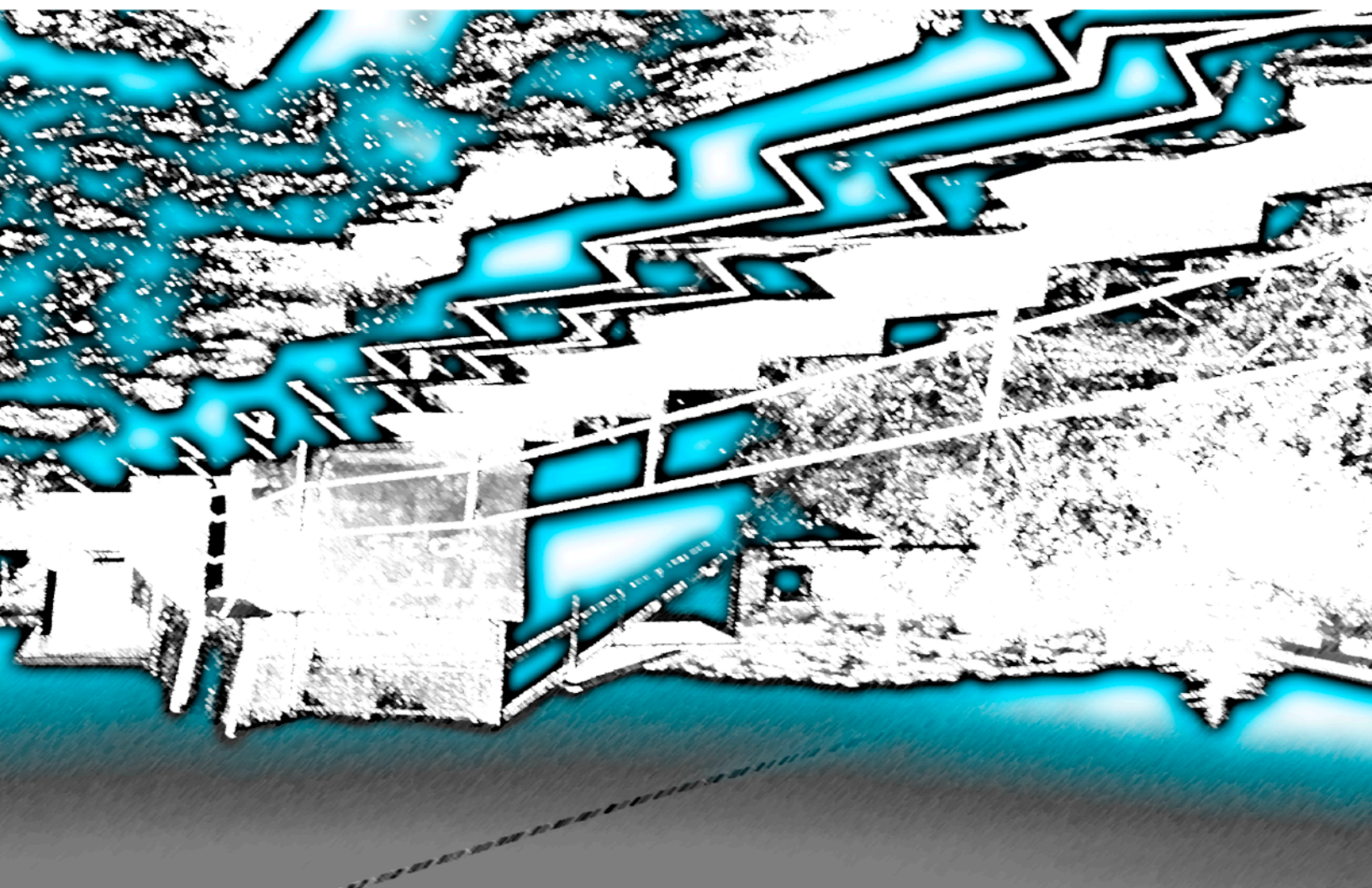


CHLOE FOSTER



FERNANDO SERRANO







ARTHUR BROOKS PAINTS A FEAST

PT 1.

I'm a Futurist, but I'm also a historian, so let's go back in time.

The year is 1984. The venue: **Cochise Fine Arts (CFA)**

headquarters at the Allen Block **on Subway Street**. A few of you were actually there. Some of us have heard the story by now. If not, CFA met its end one night when some disturbances occurred at a farewell party for the gallery, a party that stemmed from long-standing tensions between artists and developers dating to Bisbee's art revival in the 1970s. Loud music and minor damage was reported, although exaggerated from what I've been told.

Anyways, from this quasi-infamous anecdote sprung Subway Gallery.

Subway Gallery is the longest running gallery in Bisbee. The operation launched December 6th, 1986 and took on its first form at 45 Main, located at the top corner of Tombstone Canyon and Subway. As such, the gallery represents the first major artistic endeavor in town following CFA's disbandment (the Central School building was also being fought over at the time). Bisbee's artistic heyday wasn't all fun and games. To the contrary, many artists recall a divisive hierarchy between professional and amateur, those with degrees and exhibiting regionally or nationally and those who treated art as a hobby. **The original members of Subway Gallery came out of CFA looking for a more professional experience.**

Those involved in the initial exhibits included (but were certainly not limited to): Betsy & Ted Breault, Laurie Kintzele & Boyd Nicholl, Bill Panther, Kathleen Mae Pearson, Toni Sodersten, Philip Estrada, Peter Chartrand, Herb Gilbert, Dave Pennington, Carol Anderson, Marian Weaver, Manny Martinez, Rita Verri and Peter Young.

The gallery would be forced to shift gears again with the times, eventually landing at the bottom of the Silver King Hotel, next to Chuckleheads. While its location **atop Brewery Gulch** isn't ideal, the commitment of its artists and its co-op arrangement has allowed Subway Gallery to persist into the 21st Century. The space itself contains plenty of warmth and one easily feels the history oozing from Bisbee's pores.

This is really a longwinded but hopefully informative intro into **C. Arthur V. Brooks**, Artist of the Month at Subway Gallery, April 2026.

Arthur had told me months prior that he was painting up a storm for his next show, so I came prepared for his wide-ranging subject matter, but it took about 20 minutes for the vibe of **his Roaring '20s party** to hit. Most of that time was spent on greetings and paying attention to the actual art, including the works of **guests Kenneth Ober and Beca Reyes**. What diverted my attention every so often was a tall man donning a tuxedo and top hat. I saw next to me a close-up portrait of a stately hand holding a cocktail, adorned with a bold ring and cufflink, and that's when Arthur came up to welcome me.





Arthur's story is typical atypical Bisbee. Fleeing the increasingly crowded Charleston, South Carolina, he chose Tucson with his husband to be closer to family, and Tim (the husband) did what the artistically-inclined sometimes do once in Tucson: he led them to the weird, expressive, open-minded art colony at the border.

I met Arthur last year when he came into Gallery One Squared on a freezing January night with zero people out. Since then we've had enough interaction for me to know he's a diligent painter with a high output. Apparently this trait applies to most things. Buying what he labeled "a ruin" of a home in Warren, he and Tim spent the last five years remodeling while he continued to paint nonstop (although they live comfortably at a nice spread in Naco). On this night Brooks brought enough silverware and candlestick holders to power a '20s rager, and cooked some juicy hot wings to top off his spread.

I could tell in the moment how hard he was going. A true dandy in the best possible way.

And I did feel thrown back in time for a moment, even though much of Arthur's exhibit - a loaded wall of figures, animals, floral arrangements and scenery - did not involve the Roaring '20s, except for several Charleston dancers and Charlie Chaplin portraits. His subject matter is fairly standard, but the variety and execution made for a powerful personal statement. Standout pieces included the frontal view of a teapot being poured, a checker-boarded cat that is equally disorienting when viewed upside-down, a defensive rhino and some cool dunes.

Arthur revealed his personal favorite to me - *Habañero Peppers* - and it's easy to see why. Besides the teapot and his own hand, they are his most realistic work in the show.

Were this the only exhibit in town I might have still went home satisfied. I could have settled in, grabbed a bigger plate and a drink, found a seat and enjoyed what was a lively turnout on Charleston revival night. I felt time shift and slow as the vibe peaked..... but the outside world continued ticking and soon I was forced to jump back into the Bisbee streets, and the 21st Century.

[APRIL 11TH / 2ND SAT. ART WALK / 2026]





As this project develops, the rapid pace of art, even in a small town, is increasingly felt across time and space. Things happen, plans change, content is dropped and remade, possibly multiple times. Like the popup at **SamPoe Gallery** on **Subway Street**, this feature just popped up and displaced what used to be here.

One by one Subway guests informed me that the popup was happening, and since I missed their Valentine's popup, I was extra-curious to see what the duo was working on. Poe had previously admitted to me that their Valentine's show didn't go off as planned. I didn't ask questions - it happens - **but this night saw a nice show.** A full assortment of his wooden contraptions was on display, including a water boat that functions like a drinking bird, and Dismuke's art book, a labor of love that took four years to develop, was also thrown into the mix.

Since they popped up without warning, I initially assumed a small collection of colorful pieces to be Woolcott's.

Instead they came from the hand of **Jan Searle**, one of the artists who has dedicated a great amount of effort towards keeping Bisbee's scene alive over the decades. She's been involved with Central School and its annex, **Gallery 32** (now inside **Object Hotel**), since its inception, and the 30 street scenes she put on view at SamPoe were each created in a day.

What can be said of Searle also applies to **Sam Woolcott** and **Poe Dismuke**, who helped anchor Main from 2008 onward before moving aside to Subway Street. Both have poured buckets of time, sweat and metaphorical blood into the town, **and Poe in particular shared his experiences with me** when I assisted down the block at Gallery One Squared, shaping my actions now. After enduring a lot of back and forth over the last two years, the pair is taking a longer hiatus this summer and spending three months in Asheville, North Carolina, where they will lend their support to the artist community's rebuilding effort along the flooded riverfront.



Glancing at the graphic scenes displayed on other side of the room, I thought these might be Woolcott's, except they too belonged to a guest, someone I'm sure many know already. As with C. Arthur V. Brooks, **Scott Williams** was lured deeper into the Southwest by Bisbee's unusual vibe, a town that can feel off-the-grid despite being populated by cosmopolitans from around the country and beyond. And like many that drop down to Bisbee, Williams comes for family - his mom - and stays for more. Surely it feels nice to get out of Manhattan for a month. Return to fresh air. Greenery. Mountains. Bisbee functions as an escape pod from urban madness.

Then again, we enjoy the madness too. We search for chaos, explore the abandoned, scavenge the destroyed. Williams and I shared a cool talk about living in the East Village (**and LA**), what he teaches at Pratt Institute (**color and design theory in addition to drawing**), what he paints and draws (**collapsed buildings in particular**), and, of course, **Postmodernity**.



The experience added plenty of flavor to the night. Toned down lighting kept things on the chill side in this hybrid studio/gallery. These are the kinds of people and places you can be regularly exposed to in Bisbee - not infrequently. And these are the kinds of healthy environments people need to stay in and around. Any exposure to the art world provides a boost in energy. Every conversation, shared experience, learned lesson and new contact might contain a fragment of the future.

And you feel something that exists only in the moment, something that exists only for itself.

Drop, DROP, drops or DROPS may refer to:

Drop (liquid) or droplet, a small volume of liquid eye drops, saline (sometimes mydriatic) drops used as medication for the eyes

Drop (unit), a unit of measurement of volume

Falling (physics), allowing an object to fall or drop

Free fall Drop, or topographic prominence, the height of a hill above its surroundings

Computers and technology

Drop (SQL), a command in SQL queries to remove an existing database, table, index, or view

Drop (telecommunication), the portion of a device directly connected to the internal station facilities

Don't Route Or Peer (DROP) list, a list of spam sources

Drops (app), a language learn

Confectionery

Drops (confectionery), a sweets Lemon drop (candy)

sweet Hershey's Drops,

Hershey bar London drop

liquorice

sweet Drop (Eng. Salty

Cough drop, or throat

Sports

Drops Cycling Team, a

British women's profess

Drop (boxing), a type of

a type of kick in various

Drop goal, a way of scoring

calculation used to regulate

(disambiguation) Drop shot (disam

Music

Drop (music), a section in music where the music will **crescendo to** a climax, pause briefly, then resume

Needle drop (DJing), a technique used by DJs to cue music quickly

Drops, a J-Pop voice acting group under the label

Starchild

Drop, a term, used as a verb or noun, to refer to a music release

Bisbee Art Drop (zine), created by Chad Avery 2026 CE

