

On the Blue Shore Of Silence:**Benefit exhibition for Parley for the Oceans, in support of The Vortex Project**

26 June – 3 September 2014

Tracy Williams, Ltd.
521 West 23rd Street
Reception:
Thursday, 26 June, 6-8pm

Fitzroy Gallery
195 Chrystie Street
Reception:
Thursday, 26 June, 6-10pm

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE:

Tracy Williams, Ltd. and Fitzroy Gallery are pleased to present *On the Blue Shore of Silence*, a benefit for Parley for the Oceans in support of their initiative, The Vortex Project. Titled after the poem by Pablo Neruda, this exhibition delves into the open sea. Featuring work by over 50 artists, the show consists of sculpture, photography, painting, video, and works on paper. As a group, the artworks are evocative- in some instances more in essence and atmosphere than in physicality- of the power and enchantment of the ocean.

In light of our waning oceans ecosystems, this exhibition will donate a portion of sale proceeds to The Vortex Project, in an effort to amend the devastation and restore bio-diversity in the sea. Together, we hope to initiate a greater discussion and deeper awareness surrounding ocean and marine life conservation.

Parley for the Oceans: Parley is the space where creators, thinkers, and leaders come together to raise awareness for the beauty and fragility of our oceans and to collaborate on projects that can end their destruction. Please learn more about Parley at www.forthеоceans.org.

The Vortex Project: Founded in 2013 by the non-for-profit organization Parley for the Oceans, with collaborators like Bionic Yarn, and Sea Shepherd Conservation Society, with partner organizations including Plastic Pollution Coalition, The Ocean Alliance, MARE, and Warner Babcock Institute for Green Chemistry, the initiative addresses the fast-growing threat of plastic pollution. The Vortex Project retrieves plastic from the shorelines and oceans, recycles it, and turns it into smart consumer products to create funding and awareness. Details at www.thevortexproject.org.

Participating artists: John Baldessari, Martin Basher, Colby Bird, Barbara Bloom, Carol Bove, Jonathan Brand, Matthew Brannon, Ernst Caramelle, Ana Cardoso, Vija Celmins, Nicole Cherubini, Anne Chu, James Collins, Alikea Cooper, Will Cotton, Anna Craycroft, Wim Delvoye, Steve Di Benedetto, Mark Dion, Richard Dupont, Keith Edmier, Michelle Elzay, Ian Hamilton Finlay, Joe Fyfe, Simryn Gill, Paul Heyer, Noritoshi Hirakawa, Veronika Holcova, Kyung Jeon, Michael Joo, Jon

Kessler, Win Knowlton, Ivo Kocherscheidt, Kinke Kooi, T. Kelly Mason, Jessica Mein, Domingo Milella, Alyssa Pheobus Mumtaz, Murad Khan Mumtaz, Kate Newby, Tim Nickodemus, Rachel Niffenegger, Jennifer Nocon, Adam Putnam, Alexis Rockman, Alexander Ross, Mika Rottenberg, Brie Ruais, Dana Sherwood, Gibb Slife, Pat Steir, Tavares Strachan, Diana Thater, Rirkrit Tiravanija, Morgane Tschiember, Sandra Vasquez de la Horra, Marko Velk, Stas Volovik, Lawrence Weiner, Robin Winters.

Special thanks to: All the participating artists, Night Gallery, Los Angeles, Eleanor Harwood Gallery, San Francisco, Longhouse Projects, New York, Sperone Westwater, New York, Andrea Rosen Gallery, New York, Cheim & Read, New York, David Nolan Gallery, New York, Simon Preston Gallery, New York, Casey Kaplan Gallery, New York, Thierry Goldberg Gallery, New York, PPOW Gallery, New York, Marian Goodman Gallery, New York, Nicole Klagsbrun Inc., New York, McKee Gallery, New York, John Baldessari Studio, and Western Exhibitions, Chicago.

Sponsors: Perrier-Jouët — The Glenlivet — Absolut Elyx

On the Blue Shore of Silence, Pablo Neruda

I need the sea because it teaches me,
I don't know if I learn music or awareness,
if it's a single wave or its vast existence,
or only its harsh voice or its shining
suggestion of fishes and ships.
The fact is that until I fall asleep,
in some magnetic way I move in the university of the waves.

It's not simply the shells crunched
as if some shivering planet were giving signs of its gradual death;
no, I reconstruct the day out of a fragment,
the stalactite from a sliver of salt,
and the great god out of a spoonful.

What it taught me before, I keep.
It's air ceaseless wind, water and sand.

It seems a small thing for a young man,
to have come here to live with his own fire;
nevertheless, the pulse that rose
and fell in its abyss, the cracking of the blue cold,
the gradual wearing away of the star,
the soft unfolding of the wave
squandering snow with its foam,
the quiet power out there, sure
as a stone shrine in the depths,
replaced my world in which were growing
stubborn sorrow, gathering oblivion,
and my life changed suddenly:
as I became part of its pure movement.