



Artist Biography

Grew up in New England in the '50s and '60s. Had a paper route at nine and kept one or two jobs from then on. Liked to draw in grade school though the notion was lost to sports and girls. I was severely challenged in science and math so I decided to try for a degree that required both. A Liberal Arts approach was big back then and The Humanities provided a welcome balance to my tortuous major. Literature, Philosophy, Music and a certain reawakening in The Fundamentals of Design. Despite all this fun, the pragmatic degree endured.

Marriage , two splendid daughters, divorce, and a thirty three year career. Aesthetic pursuits found pleasure in house and garden to make fine living if not fine art. Did make my own darkroom and pursued black and white images for some years.

A few years back while spending an extended stay at my house in Brazil, a mounting boredom together with readily available broken tile everywhere, led to teaching myself mosaic technique that could be installed directly onto the houses' stucco walls. I stole images from Matisse cutouts because I love them and I had a lot of blue and white tile. A vertical stream of waves of water and yellow fish were installed on a main beam, while high on the kitchen walls, four works were placed to anchor an intended Parthenon frieze. Well, I had found the low door in the wall. It was my entry into the world of making art....maybe. There was a keen sense of working in a discipline known for craft, but also of a history of modern art that had broken thru such orthodoxies.

A year passed before finding a space at Fountain Street which was ideal for community, convenience, and cost. Worked there seven days a week learning something with each piece. A year later with all the uncertainty, I moved out to see if I could finish my first painting....at home. Surprisingly, it's been wonderful, with one exception....community.

Stephen Bergeron

2017 Addendum

Settled into working daily at home. Color and line in abstraction drive the works. Figurative works have their day too.