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ArtAscent

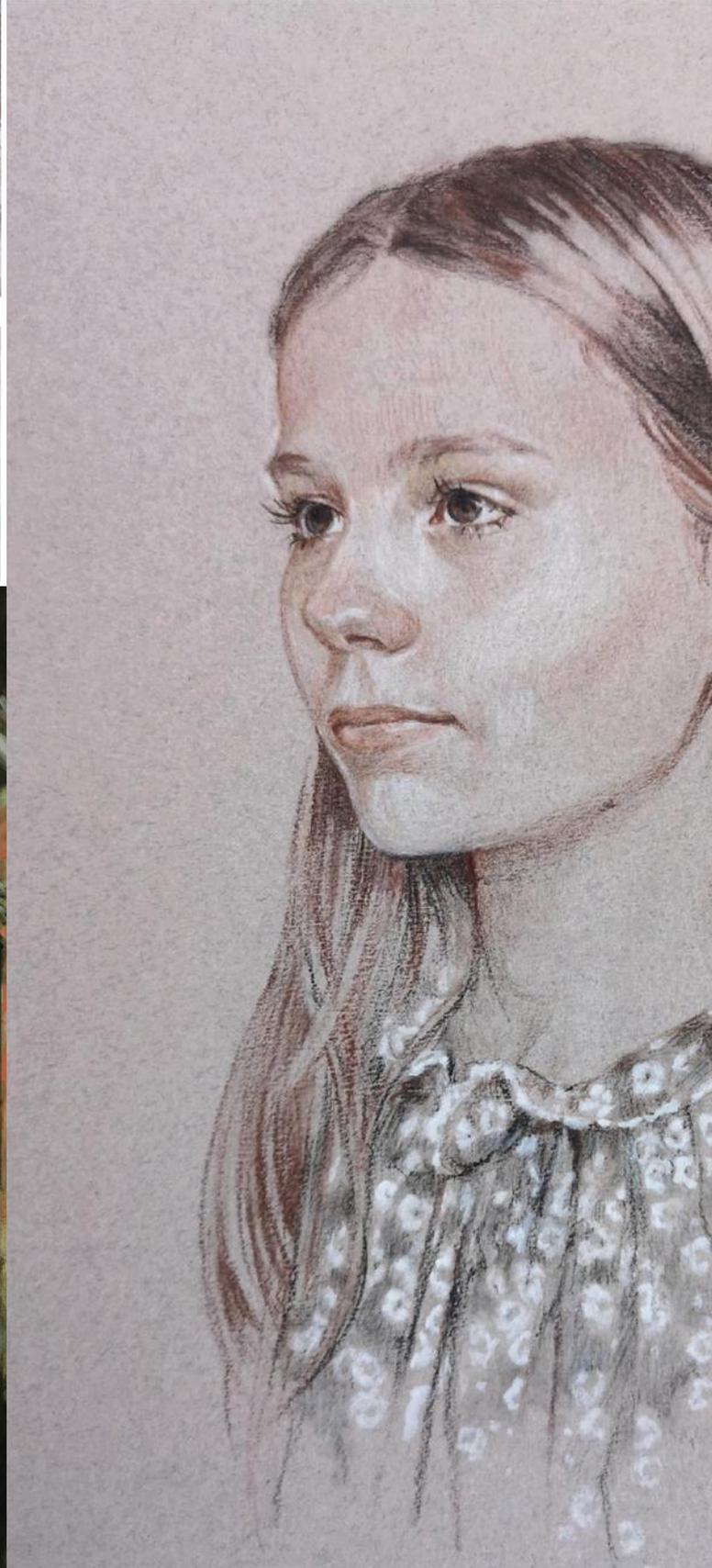
Art & Literature Journal 47 February 2021



FEATURE:
Portraits



72





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Portraits

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info@ArtAscent.com [ArtAscent.com](https://www.artascent.com)

Foreword and Artist Profiles

Oleksandra Osadcha is a freelance art historian, art critic and art exhibition curator living in Kharkiv, Ukraine. She earned her Master of Art degree in art history at Kharkiv State Academy of Design and Arts, where she is also currently researching her doctoral thesis.

Cinzia Franceschini is an Italian Art Historian specializing in History of Art Criticism, with a second degree in Communication and Sociology. She works in museum education departments and as a freelance writer. She writes about contemporary arts and social sciences, mostly about them at the same time.

Magdalena Riegler holds a bachelor's degree in Theater, Film, and Media Studies. In 2019/20, she did an exchange year in Berlin, Germany, at the Freie Universität where she focused on film studies. Magdalena is currently living in the Netherlands, working on her master thesis, and obtaining a second Bachelor in Circus and Performance Arts at the Fontys University in Tilburg (NL).



On the Front Cover

Joelle

by Brian McClear



On the Back Cover

I May Not See You, But I See The World

by Luan Quach



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ArtAscent
Art & Literature Journal

Showcasing outstanding
artists and writers from around the world

Portraits

Foreword

How can we describe ourselves without the help of a mirror? Is it possible to reflect on our identity without knowing our actual reflection? And how can we utterly understand the others' temperament without investigating their aspect or their facial expression? It is a dilemma inherent in the nature of humankind and has been addressed by art through the genre of portraiture. Portraits from every age are instruments of investigation; they tell us something elusive about their protagonists' lives, desires, and culture.

When we look into the eyes of the ladies portrayed by the genius of Leonardo da Vinci, we do not see merely a celebration of their beauty or an attempt to make their virtues immortal. At the end of Quattrocento, Leonardo started paying attention to the soul of the sitters: the art of portraiture became authentic psychological research. He broke the barrier between visible and invisible, between the image of the humans in the external world and the inside of their soul, connecting them through the medium of painting.

This breaking point represents a revolution in the conception of human nature: portraits became an instrument to explore the soul of others and ourselves. Each individual has been conceived as something unrepeatable, with particular morphological features and emotions from this point forward. Artists started looking at themselves in the mirror, in a loop of reflections like in Escher's compositions, or distorting their image according to their mental states, as in a Bacon's self-portrait. They also started pondering on their identity through the representation of their symbolical objects. In this sense, is there a more intimate self-portrait than Van Gogh's *Bedroom*, even if the artist is not present?

The aim of the 47th volume of *ArtAscent Art & Literature Journal* is to explore how contemporary, emergent artists deal with the theme of the portrait, investigating how they look at the others and themselves, and how, like in Leonardo's portrait, which follows with its eyes the viewer, they also look at us.

By Cinzia Franceschini



Brian McClear

<https://www.mcclearart.com/>

Justine

Oil on canvas | 152.4 x 76.2 x 5.1 cm | \$5,200



Artist

Brian McClear's portraits seem like a planned snapshot. Even if the depicted individual is posing, it still feels like they are caught in a moment. Some eyes look at the viewer directly, who might feel observed. Therefore the painting is reversing the situation, and suddenly the observer is the one being looked at. They create a private moment of exchange, an exchange of life stories.

Portraits have the ability to create a story in the observer's mind—especially through eyes brought to life on a canvas. Think about Johannes Vermeer's *Girl with a Pearl Earring* (around 1665), or of course, the *Mona Lisa*. It is a powerful exchange that happens through the artist's hands into our consciousness, years or centuries after the painting was created. To go even further, this interaction between a portrait and the observer can change through life experience. One might see something different looking at the same painting, days or months later—depending on the individual experiences between seeing a painting for the first, second or third time. The same intriguing and openly inviting eyes can be found in Brian McClear's portraits.

Even though the paintings are colourful, they obtain a deeper secret. Something that makes the eyes stay and think about what the portrayed person might have done before being captured, or what they are thinking at this exact moment – paused to invite someone else in an already passed moment.

The liveliness and play with colours in Brian's portraits grace the bodies in the paintings through tattoos. It seems to give them wisdom and strength, something from their past to hold on to, without taking over the vulnerability of being captured in a moment of silence.

The tattoos are just another invitation to a chapter of a stranger's life, a space for the observer, a blank page to fill—open for personal interpretation.

The background is less loud than the captured individual. The colours are neutral and sometimes even blurred. This detail encourages the interaction and relationship of the portrayed and the one looking at the painting, as there are no distractions that might disturb this moment of intimacy.

Brian gives us the possibility to create amazing stories on our own with his strong and mysterious portraits.

Brian McClear grew up in Ohio (USA) and received his Bachelor of Fine Arts from Columbus College of Art and Design (Ohio). After his graduation, he moved to New England (USA) and worked as a freelance illustrator. He is currently living and working in Connecticut (USA). Some of his awards include the Fusion Art's Artist Spotlight Solo Art Exhibition in September 2017 and the 'Best in Show' winner at the West Hartford Art League's 13th regional exhibit.

By Magdalena Riegler

Brian McClear

Cheryl

Oil on canvas | 101.6 x 76.2 x 5.1 cm | \$4,200



Artist

Chad

Oil on canvas | 101.6 x 76.2 x 5.1 cm | \$4,200



The childhood memories are often vague, almost faded, as old photos in one's family album. And yet, as B. Fulton Jennes's poetry demonstrates, they occur to be those tiny puzzles, which construct our identity and nourish our imagination as we grew up.

As B. Fulton Jennes notes, her recent focus was on referring back to the "outlandish" images and episodes from her girlhood. Those flashbacks can uncover unsettling, odd moments deeply imprinted in our subconsciousness; however, sometimes, it takes decades for us to fully realize the true meaning behind them and the reason for our bond with that particular impression. As a celebrated Spanish writer Carlos Ruiz Zafón (1964-2020) wrote in his well-known *La Sombra del Viento* (The Shadow of the Wind) novel, "One of the pitfalls of childhood is that one doesn't have to understand something to feel it." Therefore, B. Fulton Jennes seeks to articulate and transform her personal evocations into a collection of poems. This completely resonates with her general creative strategy, which accentuates the autobiographic background of the subject and motifs she draws inspiration from.

The featured poem "Mr. Byrd" isn't an exception to this tendency; it portrays a real person, an old friend of the author's father. His unusual appearance, vividly described by B. Fulton Jennes, had traces of numerous horrific injuries, made him a personage who fascinated a child's mind. The author shares the horrifying stories of those traumas. However, she doesn't get carried away by expressing her own reaction to them in metaphoric and intuitive epithets.

The narration in a rather descriptive, neutral manner keeps our attention on the personality of Mr. Byrd without turning it into a mere abstract reason for moralization and far-reaching conclusions. Injuries

here are not romanticized but seen for what they are – a challenge to the accumulative effect of which a person can surrender. The only subjective moment the poet allowed herself was the final stanza, in which she openly expresses the way she relates to the protagonist in contrast to the reaction of the rest of the family.

The portrait genre is mostly associated with lyricism, idealization; and such portraits of failures and unanswered vagaries of fate, as B. Fulton Jennes offers us, are not so common. But their candid impulse is a wise reminder of the complexity of life we often need to have enough powers to confront.

The inaugural Poet Laureate of Ridgefield, Connecticut, USA, B. Fulton Jennes serves as an educator and poet-in-residence for the Aldrich Contemporary Art Museum, Ridgefield, where she develops poetry programming and events. She also leads poetry workshops and poetry-related special events for the Ridgefield Library. Her pieces have appeared in *The Comstock Review*, *Tupelo Quarterly*, *Connecticut River Journal*, *Connecticut Literary Anthology 2020*, *The Naugatuck River Review*, *Stone Canoe*, and other publications. In 2020, her poem "Lessons of a Cruel Tide" was awarded First Place in the 89th Annual Writer's Digest Writing Competition. Her chapbook *Blinded Birds* is forthcoming in 2021.

By Oleksandra Osadcha

Writer

B. Fulton Jennes



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ArtAscent

Mr. Byrd

wore an eye patch to cover the black hole left when a big buck careened over the hood of his car one morning, its skull smashing the windshield, its antler gouging his eyeball right out of the socket—*Lucky it didn't impale his brain*, my mother said—just taking what it wanted before stumbling back into the woods.

Then there was his right hand: pinkie gone, ring finger missing from the first knuckle up, the casualties of a table-saw accident when a plank slipped, ferried fingers into the blade.

Unabashed, he used his hands for emphasis when he talked, spread both palms in the air, fingers fluttering like birds, the right hand an incomplete mime of the left, a one-legged stork that still flew with its mate for life.

The last time I saw him, only the thumb and broad palm of his ruined hand remained: when another workshop accident claimed the remnant of his ring finger, he jumped back, stupefied, cried *Fingers? You want fingers?* threw his hand into the whirring blade, fed it a feast of flesh, bone, blood.

Whenever Mr. Byrd's name came up at dinner, my sisters circled index fingers around their ears, my mother buried her face in her hands, my father shook his head in silent horror.

But I understood. Sometimes you surrender things that the universe wants. Sometimes it gives back to you: a perfect dovetail joint, a day with air the only obstacle.



AJ Schnettler

Silver

They/Them: Evelyn Spon

Colour positive film and hand written statement | 45.7 x 30 x 1 cm | \$383

Nonbinary is

The feeling of creative dissonance

The feeling of moving differently, thru space depending on how feminine I present

The feeling of throwing on shorts and a T-shirt if I'm running late or buying groceries, then going out in a dress and full makeup later that same day

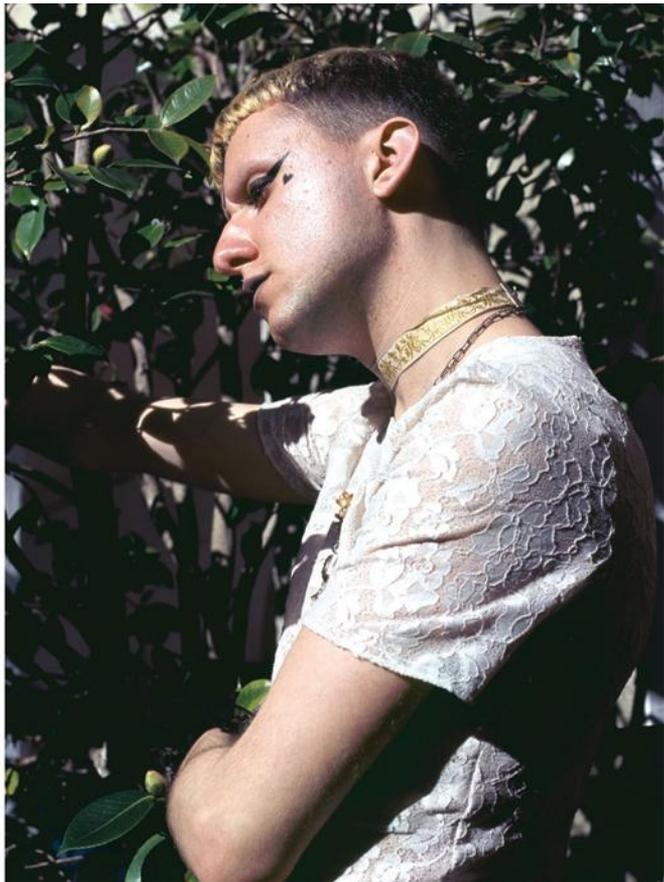
The feeling of knowing my own Truths whether or not they are immediately visible

The feeling of disconnection from a mainstream gay culture of repackaged masculinities

The feeling of not always having the energy to correct people when they misgender me

The feeling of considering taking just enough Estrogen to make my features subtly more feminine

The feeling of lace over a flat chest.



AJ Schnettler, as they describe themselves, is a nonbinary and multi-racial photographer and printmaker. AJ's work opens up the possibility for new conversations and different ways of understanding how our society and culture is structured.

It encourages a reflection of how we are educated and raised. What became socially acceptable and what not. Their work reflects on how gender-identity and social norms are formed in and through our society.

In AJ's latest work, they captured individuals through a camera lens. With each portrait comes a handwritten note from the portrayed person. The notes describe what nonbinary means to them and their personal life experiences relating to it.

All photos except the self-portrait are taken outside. The portraits depict each person in a genuine and honest form. The combination of intimate portraiture and unique handwritten letters creates a private place for the reader and viewer to conduct a conversation with the art piece—without letting it be a soliloquy. Getting in contact with these portraits is a constant interaction between the viewer seeing, the viewer reading, and the person's thoughts and experiences depicted in the image.

The photos can remind of the portrait work from Andy Warhol, as they have a similar message of a perfect moment of imperfection—the images stay solid with their message but do not create a fairy tale. That is a key notion of the portraits and what makes them

so mesmerizing. It is the unapologetic honesty and realness of human beings captured in a split second. As described in one of the letters: "Nonbinary means I get to be unapologetically ME."

These people are themselves; no fancy filter, no additional lighting, and no make-up artist disrupted these moments. A reflection of being, simply being without trying to fit a society-made-criteria.

AJ's portraits speak—with and without the handwritten letters—about, but not solely what nonbinary can be. The artist was born and raised in Long Island (USA), and in 2019 they graduated from the San Francisco Art Institute with a Bachelor of Fine Arts in Photography and a Minor in Printmaking. AJ Schnettler is currently living and working in Oakland (USA).

From 2017 to 2020, they had numerous exhibitions in San Francisco (USA), and a list of their awards include *Still Photography Award* (2019), *MindCatching Teaching Award* (2019), *Paul Sack Building Award*, Honorable Mention (2018 and 2019), and *Rising Leader Award* (2016 and 2018).

By Magdalena Riegler

Silver

AJ Schnettler

They/Them: Gem Williams

Colour positive film and hand written statement | 45.7 x 30 x 1 cm | \$383



Nonbinary, one of my favorite words. It speaks to me. My whole life, I've never been able to fit into any boxes. Being mixed race, gay, and nonconforming made sure of that. Coming across the word 'nonbinary' felt like coming home; being neither this or that is a familiar feeling. Breaking apart social conventions is my life goal and here's another tool I can use to do it. Nonbinary isn't just about not being entirely a girl or a boy, it's about fighting against a society that wants to bump me out. Nonbinary means fighting against white supremacy, the evil that enforced our society's current ideas of gender in order to erase other cultures. It means fighting against cisheteropatriarchy, the system that controls how we relate to others and ourselves, forcing us to build barriers around ourselves. It's about fighting capitalism; the system that diminishes our worth. Nonbinary is love and acceptance, warmth to heal us from a cold society. Nonbinary means I get to be unapologetically ME.

Artist

They/Them: Roi Cedric Ragudo

Colour positive film and hand written statement | 45.7 x 30 x 1 cm | \$383

Roi Cedric Ragudo.

To me non-binary can be as simple as deciding to live one's life as free and true oneself as possible. I am me-gender, I am simply myself. Despite any parts I may have been born with, who we are is often affected by how society views us, but how we identify ourselves is entirely about how we view ourselves. We exist outside strict definitions and that is very powerful but also vulnerable, which is why I admire non-binary individuals because they are able to live their lives honestly. And living openly as non-binary is a statement made to society that says we can be more than what we were told to be.

Ragudo



Silver

AJ Schnettler

They/Them: Carl Kang

Colour positive film and hand written statement | 45.7 x 30 x 1 cm | \$383



Being tired of the traditional stereotype of genders. I found out that I just don't want to be categorized, by any tags. I just don't know why peoples link specific things to genders. Like men should be more responsible, masculine, women must be more sensitive and "feminine". I think they all are just good characteristics that anybody can have. I don't think genders ~~can~~ should decide which kind of person you are. People have rights to decide who they are rather than go with the stereotype that the society holds.

Carl Kang

Artist

They/Them: AJ Schnettler

Colour positive film and hand written statement | 45.7 x 30 x 1 cm | \$383

What is nonbinary? What does the word mean to you? Why do you identify this way? These are the questions I've been asking everyone I've met with. I've been thinking about what that means to me. Why do I identify this way? What is nonbinary?

I grew up questioning everything, including why girls could only do some things and boys others. ~~There~~ I never felt like I fell into either category of girl or boy, male or female, man or woman. But I didn't want to have to change in order to fit into these categories. I felt insecure as a female, but I didn't/don't want to be male. I never felt girly enough to be female, but also never a "tomboy".

I was introduced to the word 'nonbinary' as a freshman in college, at SFALL. I won't lie, I was one of the people who thought it was weird. But after a while I realized that these people didn't have to worry about fitting into these categories. Yes, it is ~~way~~ more than fitting into categories, but it is a push against social standards that says you cannot tell me who to be. It took me a year of thinking to fully realize I wanted that mental freedom, I don't want to fit into these categories, I want to be me. Since identifying this way, and changing my name and using they/thou pronouns, and allowing myself to do things I wouldn't when identifying as a female such as buying male clothing, I have felt more free. I have been happier.

So what is nonbinary?

Nonbinary is happiness.

Nonbinary is freedom.

Angelina Jennifer Schnettler

AJ Schnettler





Niko
<http://niko.me.uk>

Bronze

In One Ear and Out the Other



Artist

Through sculpture, Niko Kapa investigates the inseparable relationship between the artist and the artwork, a bond that in his practice is authentically symbiotic. His artworks embody a reflection on the artist's identity and parallels on his creative work.

Niko creates sculptures that can represent the author himself and also exist as independent art objects. His artistic research is original because it intangibly explores the author's identity without ever explicitly showing himself. In his sculptures, conceived as portraits, we can perceive the artist's presence, but it is always a fact of traces: the body of the artist is concretely omitted. They are "self-portraits created in absentia." In *One ear and out the other*, the artist's profile emerges from the brass sheet as a shroud. In *Law of Identity*, the sculpture is built based on the artist's head, but we could not know the real aspect of his face. The artist is invisible. He just leaves echoes of his gestures in his art. That raises questions about his unnecessary, between his permanent and ephemeral nature, his anonymity: is the authorship in art superfluous, an issue that could "go in one ear and out the other?"

Niko's sculptures force us to experience a sense of vulnerability. His creations are not adamant constructions but made of broken pieces, smashed shards, or precious materials as brass sheets that deal with physical and psychological fragility and failure. They are portraits that depict the fluid, dynamic, impermanent nature of identity. Niko finds a way to define himself through his work, as he declares in *Law of Identity*, where he identifies himself with the material and the tool he uses: the artist is his own labour.

The topic of identity explored through self-reference, where the artist is represented by his own medium, is not new: it has been a source of inspiration for authentic artists such as Velázquez, which in *Las Meninas* hid himself in his own painting, or for contemporary masters like Escher, that in a kind of recursive Droste Effect, reflected about his role of the creator through his own, twisting, creations. The art practice of Niko, with his struggle between fragile and permanent materials, his imprinting technique like a symbolic, alive gesture, his interest in the ephemeral, also seems to have absorbed the cultural background of Arte Povera.

Born in Greece, Niko Kapa studied at the Royal College of Art in London, and he currently lives between London and Dubai. Being an artist, an architect, and researcher, he explores human experience and its interrelations with the environment with a broad perspective. Looking at his sculptures, it would be impossible not to question our level of self-awareness, our weakness and strengths and, like with all great portraits, embark on a journey of self-discovery.

By Cinzia Franceschini

Niko

Law of Identity

Bronze



Artist

In One Ear and Out the Other (progress)





Diana Belenky

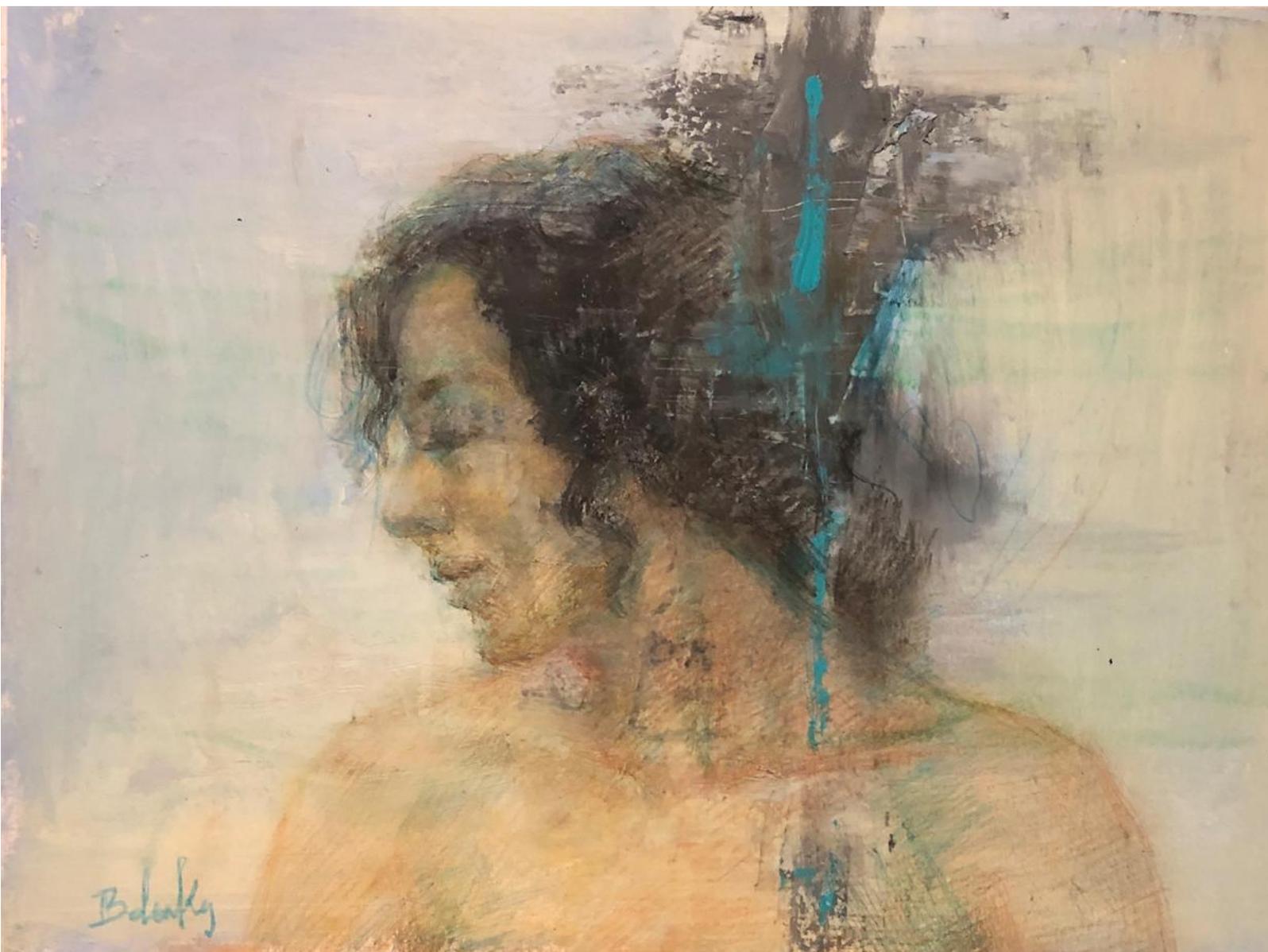
www.dianapaintings.com

Divine Masculine

Oil on canvas | 24 x 30 cm | \$800



Luminous Dreams
Oil on paper, unframed | 8 x 11 cm | \$600





Alex Steiner

Warring Warhol

I fucking love Andy Warhol. That's what I used to think... Back then, simplicity was appealing. It was avant-my-guard. Perfectly positioned by our self-centred polaroider "artist." Clean lines and opaque shapes, defining where we stood. A cotton candy back round juxtaposes our guarded subjective expressionism. Our restrained smiles performing for their buyers. My brother in Dad's business armour, eyes searching with kind distrust. My tight smile and blue eyes questioning. Why did things need to be so complicated, anyway? Why couldn't anything be clear or simple? Why did adults blend every colour into pallets that complimented their shade, alone? I longed to live in those cartooned snapshots, taken in the flashes of my youth.

Our portraits lived in the spectacular mansion coined home. A gallery where we'd spend the holidays but never lived. We'd each been given one featuring our sibling as if that somehow painted us as equal. Only, in my young mind- I believed it. We'd hide away in the attic all day watching movies and consuming fast food, forbidden back home. No critics littered that space—just our portraits complimenting childhood's designs. At night I'd lie awake, bargaining with a G-D I didn't believe in. If he'd just let me trade places with that girl upstairs in the attic, I'd paint myself into whatever he wanted me to be.

I did not see the divorce coming. I just couldn't understand why someone I never remembered not knowing could be so happy not knowing me. How could I have

been so wrong about the very elements that portrayed my life? The idea they wanted nothing to do with me. Just that portrait of us, and anything else I never cared about. How could I have loved something for being simple? When it was just so simple? How could I trust myself when I couldn't trust my own eyes?

Only, this isn't a story about Andy Warhol or the trends influencing our markets. This is a story about divorce. Not just my Dad's divorce but divorcing oneself from the ideas that decorated our childhood's museums. Divorcing, from the dreams we mistook for realism. Re-tracing the very shapes and lines that defined the contours of our holes. The art of unseeing what we mistake for comfort, painted in easy strokes.

After all, these paintings aren't inspired works of art. Rather, they're copies. Boring copies of the spoiled spoils and the hunger they insidiously devour with envy's appetite. Art that advertises celebrity culture, disguised as expressionism, but absent of life's soul. Its' value changes as fast as its' owners miraged marriages. Only the loud colours and systematic juxtapositions remain. And, I used to be one of them.

Culture and art have a way of encapsulating our fantasies and dreams. Even those craving attention, devoid of authenticity. It makes for a great artist, but shitty art. Once I appreciated that, my taste began to change. And, shaded with perspective... A critic was born.

I had fallen for it all: the status ho's, the pre-conceived quos. The mistake seemed so obvious now. I must've been Dada to have modelled for these lithographed lies. Flashy collectors of new money gimmicks, winking at their servitude, more over any meaning or significance. Its' subjects: exploited conduits dressed in elementary colours, defining their captors and muses.

An assault irreparably stained and dragged across pristine canvasses of possibilities. Layers of excess muck squeegeed through prefabricated screens that mimic literal "snapshots" of inspiration. Blocking and obscuring places to create light and shadows, the way real painters learn to do. Juvenile taste and a betrayal of acquired taste. Fast-food ideas inspired by gluttony itself.

A masterpiece minus the master reproduced in under a minute. Rebranding social constructs, we detest and inflate. Simplifying everything and anything, until even primary colours reveal artificial integrity. Reproduced polaroids and the polarized ideals of their groupies. Everything cult, with no culture at all. A popularity contest dressed up and dumbed down. Relics of celebrity fandom disguised as talent. All, in the name of "Art," and the money empty canvasses confuse it for. Portraiture's dying art, amongst another factories' production line.

I used to think we saw portraits as we are. But portraits reveal where we are, too. Angles are confused by

our positions and their inflated values. Transferences' masterpieces, triangulating our perspective. The elements that create a masterpiece, and what pieces of ourselves we have yet to master. How palatable our tastes prove to be when there is no art left.

Mastering ones' thought process and diverting oneself from practices that don't promote talent or benefit inherent worth is a skill. No quick fix to produce talent or self-worth, only the humbling practices of earning your trophies or critics. I think of that portrait of my brother and me. The hopes and dreams we mistake for realism. Those two innocent subjects painted into objectivity valued more than they ever were in the flesh.

The impressionists rarely appreciate expressions beyond themselves. "Pop" art that never longs for theory, nor talent. Beautiful wives and useless children that star in their collections, rather than their lives. People who price their wars with Warhol's, rather than the holes their wars leave behind. The casualties of casual practices and the portraits they reveal in others. Those kids leftover when no art remains.

These days simplicity appeals to me less, and the easiest solutions never seem to create worthwhile assets. Life is as complicated as the subjects posing for their portraits. And what you see portraited is rarely what you pictured. That's why I fucking hate Andy Warhol.



Lisa Cutler
lisacutlerphotography.com

A Dream

Archival pigment print on Hahnemühle paper | 12 x 18 cm | \$1,200



Boy Chasing Fish
Archival pigment print on Hahnemühle paper | 26 x 18 cm | \$1,200





Natalia Timokhina

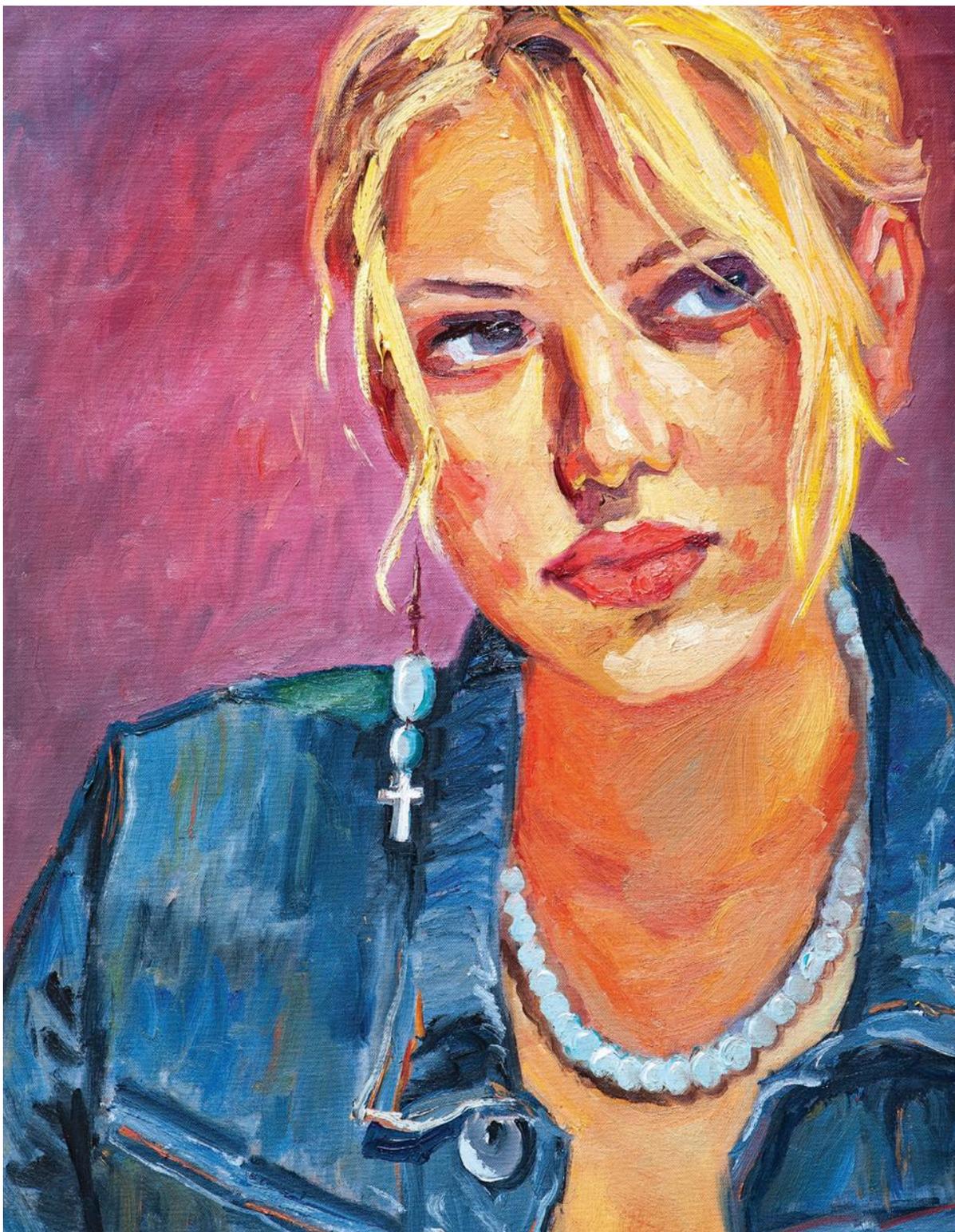
<https://NafetiArt.com>

Salvador

Oil on canvas | 100 x 80 x 2 cm | NFS



Denim
Oil on canvas | 80 x 60 x 2 cm | \$1,400



Natalia Timokhina

Cora

Oil on canvas | 90 x 70 x 2 cm | \$2,900



Sixth Sense

Oil on canvas | 100 x 80 x 2 cm | \$2,900





Diane Leonard

dianeleonard.com

Summer Stories

Oil on linen | 30 x 30 cm



In My Grandmother's Garden
Oil on linen | 24 x 24 cm | \$5,500





Charlotte Ashenden

charlotteashenden.com

Chatham in a Red Coat

Watercolour on paper | 45 x 30 cm | NFS



Polly
Watercolour on paper | 45 x 38 cm | Sold





Louise Eastin

www.louisemoses.com

Ellis Funeral Home

My shoes are black and have a strap to hold
my socks and feet in place but Georgy's shoe,
right next to mine, has laces that have come
untied so I use the side of my black

to nudge his brown until he pulls his feet
onto the wooden folding chair to tie
the shoe then fiddles, fiddles, fiddles with,
his laces and his socks but he's only

six and the boys have tucked in shirts and me
and Pam have pink ribbons and all our hands
and faces are clean and the hard flat chairs
will squeak if we wiggle so we don't.

Old cousins are in the back, babies in
that place by the bathroom and we won't
get up and go because we all just went
and so we sit and think about the room

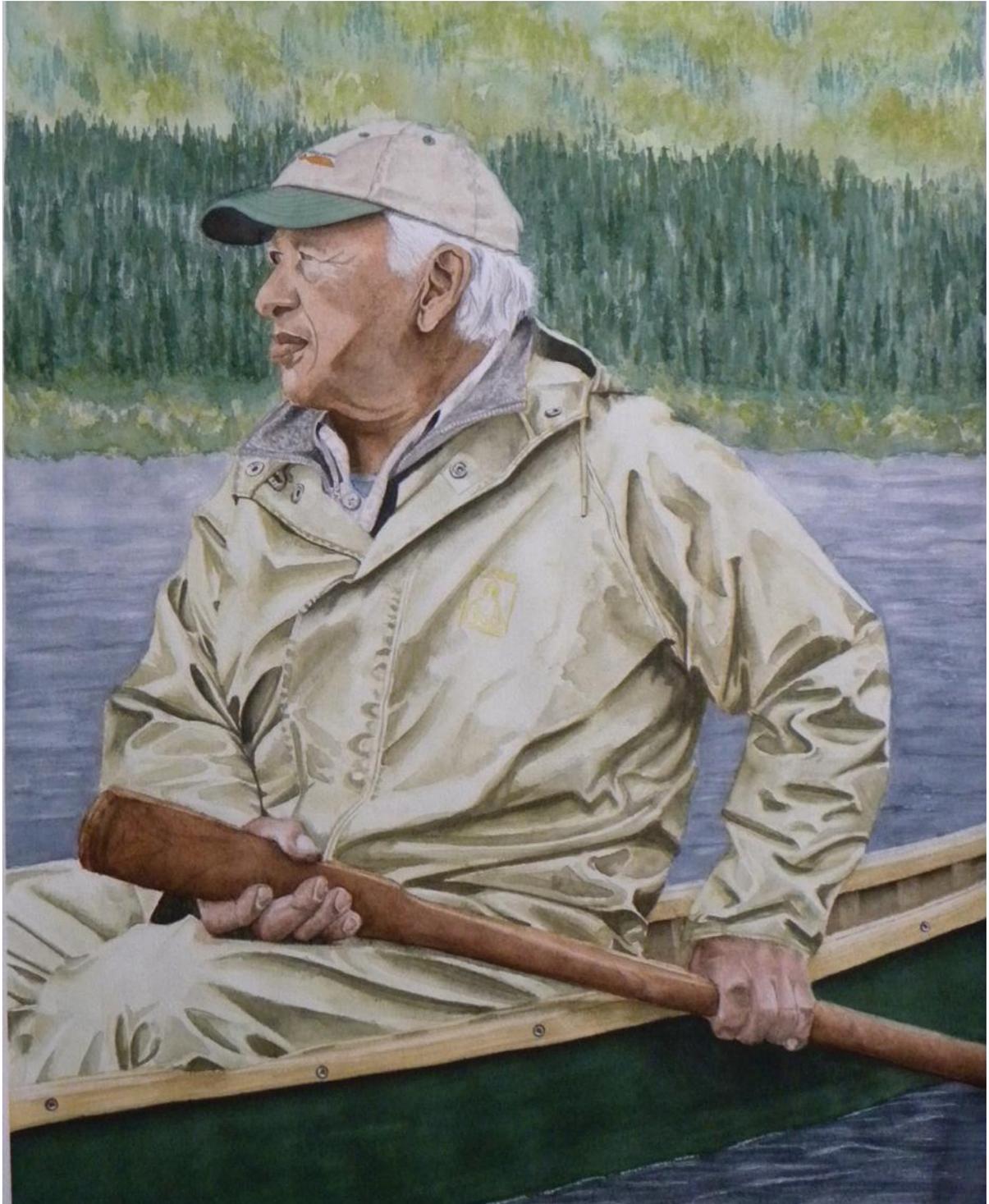
across the hall with couches and parents
and too many flowers and we don't like
the way it smells. Grandfather doesn't either—
he likes rocking chairs and fires, and porches

but then it's not really him in the box—
those hands are still and the man has a suit.
Grandfather doesn't wear suits—his hands
are never still but shake, shake, shake because

that's what his hands do and he eats a raw
egg on his corn flakes every morning and
we can watch him mix it, and he's very
neat and cleans his bowl and thinking about

cornflakes makes me feel empty, and scared and
my chest hurts and I just want to go home.

Churchill River
Watercolour | 40 x 50 cm | NFS





Luan Quach

www.luanquach.com

Calm, Cool and Collected

Watercolour on paper | 40 x 50 cm | NFS



Counting My Blessings
Watercolour on paper | 35 x 50 cm | NFS





durga Garcia

www.durgaGarcia.com

Coming Home

Archival photography | 76 x 50 cm | \$1,200



Prom Dress on the Farm
Archival photography | 48 x 60 cm | \$1,200



NEXT SPREAD: *Emma with Kasjmier (Cashmere)*
Archival photography | 48 x 60 cm | \$1,200







Chrystal M Phan

www.chrystalphan.ca

Ian

Oil on canvas | 61 x 76 x 2 cm | NFS





The Shadow of My Father's Beard

My father's beard, a shadow at 5 a.m.,
briefly bristled my cheek while my mother lilted,
"Rise and shine," in the dark of day number four
for child number four to fish with the week's ruler
of a 100-acre Florida lake, a hot field
of lily pads floating on water as dark
as ripened plums—where Old Granddaddy lurked,
king of a mythic domain beyond taxonomic rank.

I preferred picking water lilies to plumbing
the depths for a ghost, but my father side-pinned
a cricket between his thumb and pointer finger,
and stuck the hook, in the back, just behind the head,
and threaded it—the legs churned, and I looked away,
slapping at gnats that weren't there.
Shoved in the shade of the boat's middle seat,
the cricket box stayed mute (did they know?).
The cork float bobbed, sleep-blurring the pole (was it cane?)
out of my hands, and my father grabbed it; I looked down,
pulling hard on the ribbons (were they turquoise?)
of my mother's straw hat until the brim flattened
on either side of my head, like folded wings.

He pan-fried supper and showed us how
to bite the tip of a crisp bream tail
dotted with salt and peppery cornmeal.
Night after night, the porch song wore down
as the cricket box emptied; the last of them clung,
for no reason, to the fine wire mesh.
Day after day, my father iced and packed
headless fish, silver-clean and fin-stiff,
in his metal chest: home-bound treasure for the freezer.

At 5 a.m. today, a lone cricket's chirp
stop-started, like a song skipping on vinyl,
and boxed me in, irked, until I passed my hands,
moist with coconut oil and sweat, over my face—
the faint scent of Florida and the summer of
seersucker over blouses and shorts
with grown-up back zippers and rickrack trim,
and my father reaching out to pluck a pale lily,
out of purple water, just for me.



Eve Methot

<https://www.linkedin.com/in/eve-methot-9574397>

Old Woman Chios
Photography | \$250



Mr. Castonguay 83 Year Old
Photography | \$250





Lisa Donneson
www.lisadonnesonphotography.com

She's Having None of It
Photography | 33 x 48 x 1 cm | \$200



Lemon Icing
Photography | 33 x 48 x 1 cm | \$200





Mardi Quon

My Naughty Nana Lorraine Eva Cornish 1908-1965

written by her naughty but nice granddaughter Beauty Girl

Lorraine Eva Cornish beckons me to follow her story. She demands I ask for more, to wonder why at thirty-one years old, she is waiting for a verdict in her court case. The date is June 1939. She is my nana.

Her husband Freddy is filing for divorce, initially for misconduct, which means she failed to fulfill her duties as a wife, but then it became more. The scandal about to unfold was greater than Freddy and she marrying without telling his family. To protect his reputation, Freddy engages a law firm to gather proof that Lorraine was not who she said she was.

Unraveling the events surrounding the courtship, marriage, and divorce, another story emerges. Lorna, or Lorraine as she now calls herself, has married many men. She has told many lies and created stories so believable these men have tripped head over heels into her bed.

Having sworn to tell the truth, Lorna, with her long, flowing ringlets falling across her face, coyly answers Freddy's solicitor's questions. Lifting her hand from the deep pocket of her leopard-skin coat, she turns her head ever so slightly, flicking the ringlet away, with enough intention to catch the attention of the judge.

"Yes, your honour, but I had grown tired of Freddy."
She pouts.

Lorraine Eva Elliott was born Lorna Cornish. In the dead of night, she deserted her family, leaving three small children in the care of her first husband, Francis. Those present have no idea what she had done before she stepped into the courtroom.

The police, the lawyers, even the husbands have yet to uncover how one day, three years ago, she picked up her bag and walked through the front door of her Macquarie street home in Prahran and never looked back. Three children cried for their mother behind that heavy wooden door while their father, my grandfather, slept in the one comfy chair.

Lorna kept her head held tight against the cold wind and walked, aching for her son, her firstborn, who had died from pneumonia two years earlier. No one mentioned him; no one comforted her. A gaping hole exists in her chest where love once resided. They gave him his father's name Francis, and she has now taken her daughter's name, Lorraine.

Laurie, as nana called my mother rather than Lorraine her given name—the oldest surviving child of Francis and Lorraine Bourke—has put her two younger siblings to bed. They huddle close to keep warm. The children learn to care for themselves.

Francis waits before moving young Dorrie in to help with household duties. Lorna is soon forgotten, but his hurt and anger do not subside. He becomes a cruel and bitter man forcing my mother to run away and stay away until he died forty years later.

Francis Bourke, my grandfather, is not mentioned in the court proceedings for this bigamy charge. Nor are the children. No one knows of their existence.

Those in the courtroom, like the journalists, are intrigued by my naughty nana, petite, pretty and articulate. They watch her every move and hang on to her every word. Her voice is lyrical, almost childlike, a deceptive ploy to conceal her cunning.

The judge has heard the story glittered in gold of how she, Lorraine tired of her husband "Freddy" as she called him, stumbled from his bed, and from Myer's bed into Victor's bed.

Victor made promises of travel interstate, a fresh start. Talk of war breaking out was beginning to frighten her. She has seen the broken man her father became after years in the trenches in France, and she was scared that the men around her may end up the same.

Freddy requested a divorce on the grounds of misconduct, yet it was he who drove her to Myer's boarding house the night of their wedding, where she slept with Myer for the next few nights until Freddy could find a place where they could begin life as man and wife.

Myer laughed at Freddy. With hands in the air, he shouted, "I slept with her on your wedding night."

Nana confided with a detective that she was afraid of Myer, and she married Freddy to get away safely. Myer was known for his violence, arrested on many occasions for street fighting and crimes and on the wanted list for desertion from the navy. A puny little runt, he instilled fear in many with his fearless antics. It makes sense she was afraid of him.



When Victor said he would marry her in February 1939, he had no idea that Lorraine was married to Freddy and Myer. Discovering this news, he scarppered, never crossing paths again with Lorraine. The marriage was cancelled, according to public record.

"Bigamy," they said. "Guilty as charged."

Nana was sentenced to four months jail to be served in the women's section at Pentridge Prison in Coburg.

The press ran hot across the country—a woman charged with bigamy. A beautiful woman who, when photographed for her mug shots, stood head held high in her leopard-skin coat, her hat donned with a flower and her high heeled shoes taunting the men watching as she left the room.

Nana found her way into the hearts of two more men and served another nine months in jail.



Simona Zecca

www.simonazecca-art.it

Sofia

Acrylic on canvas | 50 x 60 cm | \$1,300



Heartbreak Hotel - Room 1
Oil on canvas | 50 x 60 cm | \$1,700





Jana F. Jaros

Bracing Thoughts

Acrylic on canvas | 88 x 66 x 1.9 cm | \$1,600



Stronghold

Acrylic on canvas | 66 x 88 x 1.9 cm | \$1,600



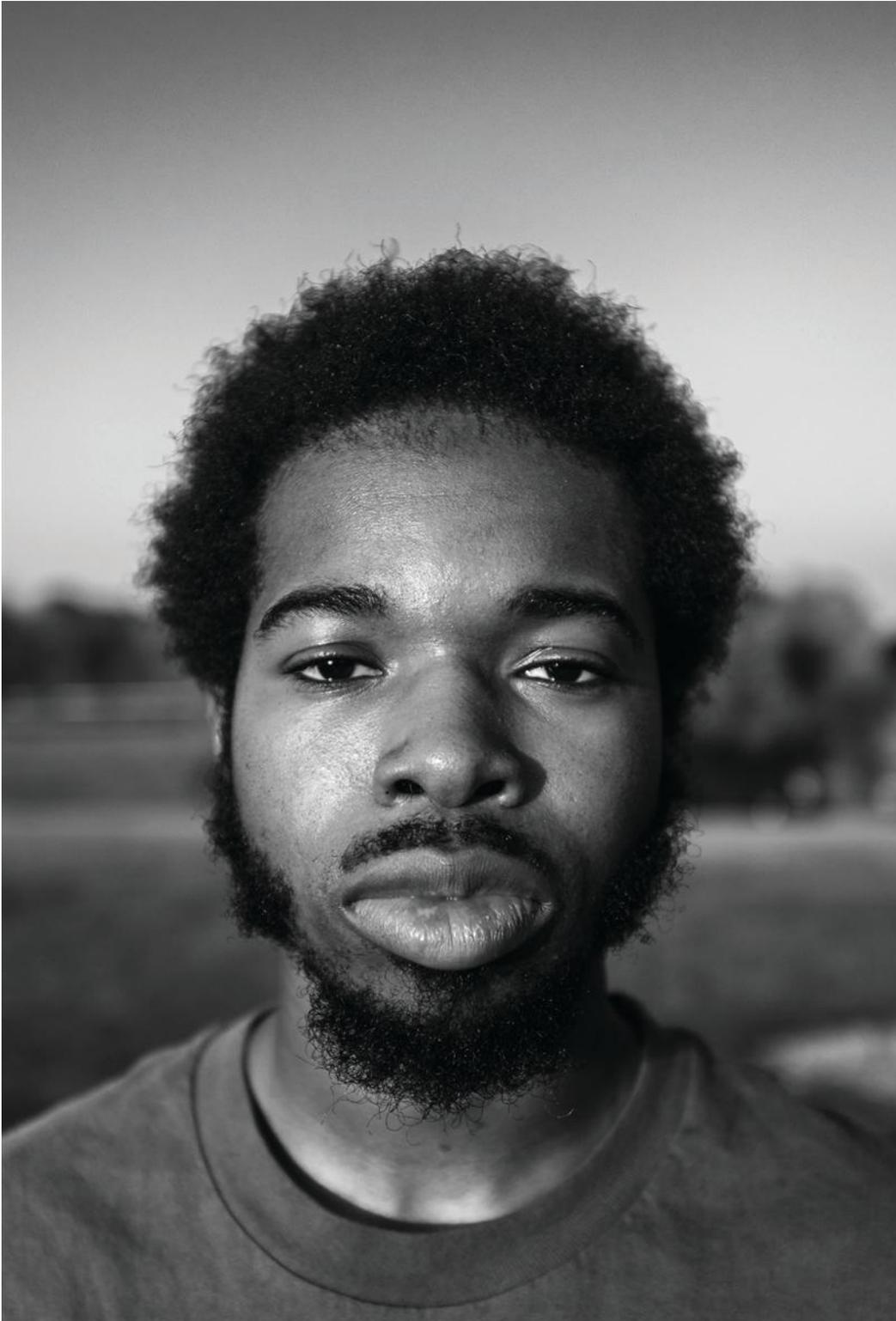


Adil Akhtar

<https://adilakhtar.com>

Tristin, Gods Warrior

Photography | 33.1 x 48.3 cm | \$500



Unavailable
Photography | 33.1 x 48.3 cm | \$500



Adil Akhtar

Nature's Essence

Photography | 33.1 x 48.1 cm | \$500



Portrait

It's not about her face, translucent blue eyes
that aquiline nose or moistened lips just waiting to be kissed.

But the slope of her shoulders in Modigliani pose
toes pointing inward
in hesitation

It's not about her smile, an earlobe with pearl earring
a kiss curl on a pale forehead

But the question she asks
with silence
for you to save her

It's not about Adam's reaching touching fingers
in Michelangelo's creation

But the strength of muscles in a reclining Atlas
to hold the world aloft
with assurance

It's not about the king on his throne in robes
of red velvet trimmed with ermine

But about the kindness of his actions
between sittings sharing with the painter
tea and sympathy

It's not about the gilded frame
around her portrait

But about its placement
beside his lonely bed
where he can tell her of his love
each night before he sleeps



Emma Coyle

<https://www.artsy.net/artist/emma-coyle>

Linda no.1

Acrylic on canvas | 122 x 152 x 3 cm | \$21,200



Binary 030
Acrylic on canvas | 152 x 72 x 3 cm | \$24,000





Nadide Goksun

www.nadidegoksun.com

Ahmet

Photography, archival pigment print | 17 x 22 cm | \$1,250



Ebru

Photography, archival pigment print | 17 x 22 cm | \$1,250





Cheryl Mattice

<https://www.facebook.com/cheryl.mattice>

Archer

Watercolour | 51 x 51 cm | \$250



Dex
Watercolour | 40.6 x 30.4 cm | \$200





Kirstin Poulsen

<https://www.bykirstin.com/>

Layla

Ink on paper | 38 x 46 cm | NFS



Tension Between
Ink on paper | 28 x 35.6 cm | NFS



Kirstin Poulsen

We Cannot Coexist Any Longer

Silkscreen print on paper | 76 x 112 cm | \$2,000



Remain
Silkscreen print on paper | 79 x 57 cm | \$1,500



1/3

'Remain'

Keshi-fela



Emily van Lidth de Jeude

<http://emilyartist.ca>

BOTH PAGES: *(dis)robe: Nursing Gown*

Acrylic on reclaimed altered gown | 152 x 152 x 152 cm | \$4,500





Emily van Lidth de Jeude

Woman Story untitled #24

Graphite, acrylic, and wax on reclaimed house paneling | 107 x 107 cm | \$1,800



Woman Story untitled #15
Graphite, acrylic, and wax on reclaimed house paneling | 107 x 122 cm | \$1,800





江峰 Jiang Feng

<https://www.jiangfeng-mine.com>

BOTH PAGES: *U.S. (Unwholesome Shelter)* 「美」國
Photography | 27 x 40 cm | \$200







Josephine Florens

josephineflorens.com

Hurt

Oil on canvas | 50 x 40 x 2 cm



Aljohara Jeje



White
Art photography | 100 x 70 x 1 cm | \$2,000





Debra J Soule
djsouleartstudio.com

Progeny

Oil on canvas | 76.2 x 101.6 cm | \$2,900





And Then There Were None
Micron on paper | NFS





Lena Pitelina

<https://stihi.ru/avtor/iraida2689>

Bad Habit

His cheekbone
Right one
Jazz in December
He saw me looking at him.

We are still there
And he is a little bit monster
Or John Constantine type
When the Hell comes here
Into the fist row
Of a music hall.

And he is near the door
Light on his cheekbone
Right one.

Saxophone, piano, drums
His old jeans
Darkness in his eyes
Nothing after it.

No opportunity of somebody
He recognizes my smell
I know his touch
Adore his voice
And breathing over my shoulder
Left one.

No heart behind the ribs
His handshake
With a pianist
Who whispers him my name
I remember that day.

A broken boy
With an evil smile
Wild hair
But not an exorcist.

Jetta Williams

www.artalive.ca



Blaze

Pastel on pastel paper mounted on cradle board | 76 x 76 x 5 cm | \$1,350





Matina Vossou

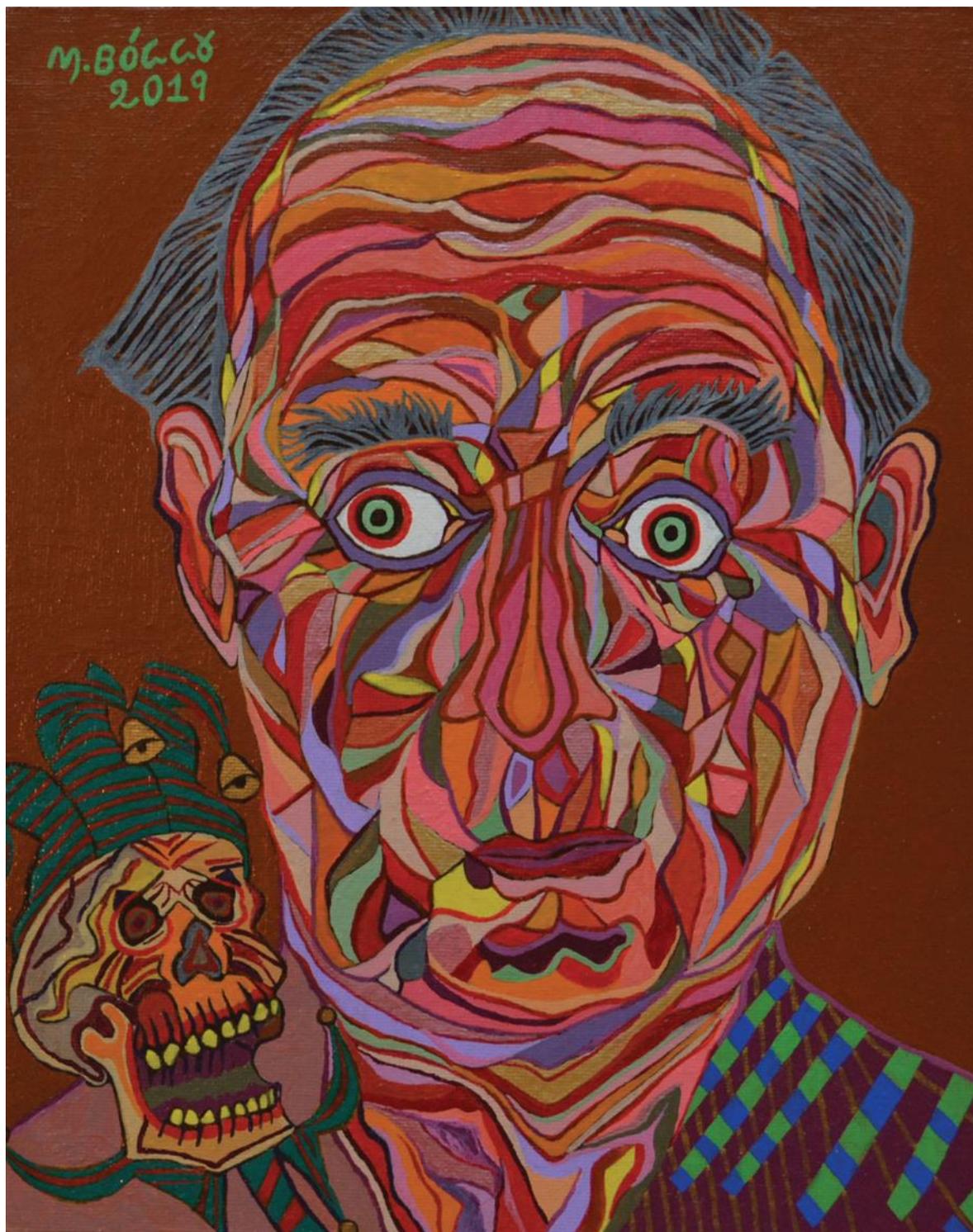
<https://www.saatchiart.com/account/profile/1398719>

The Forever Young Pain & Laughter of an Aging Time

Acrylic on canvas | 30 x 40 x 1 cm | NFS



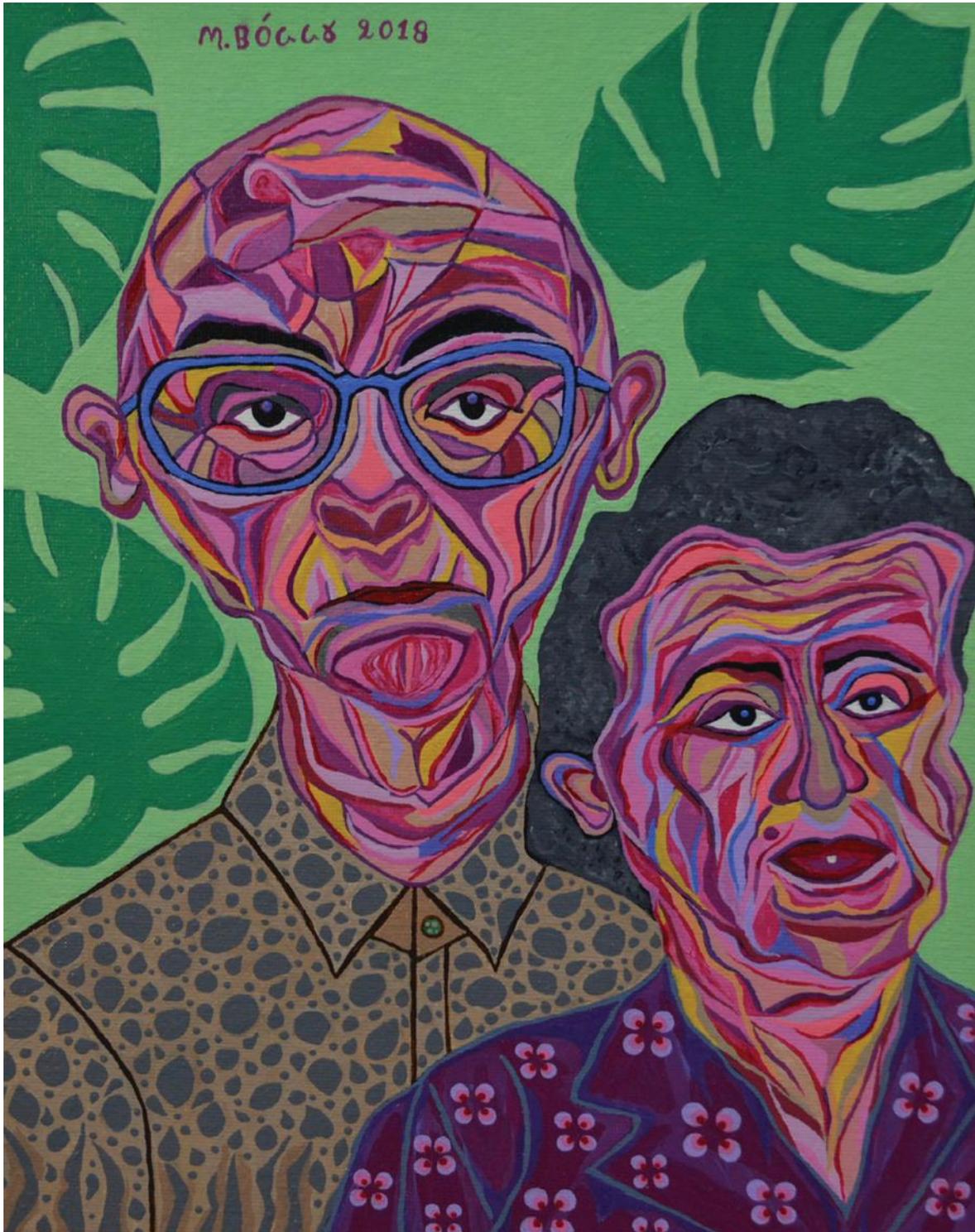
The Retired Jester
Acrylic on canvas board | 30 x 24 x 1 cm | NFS



Matina Vossou

The Couple

Acrylic on canvas board | 30 x 24 x 1 cm | NFS



Enthymeme
Acrylic on cardboard | 23 x 55 x 1 cm | NFS



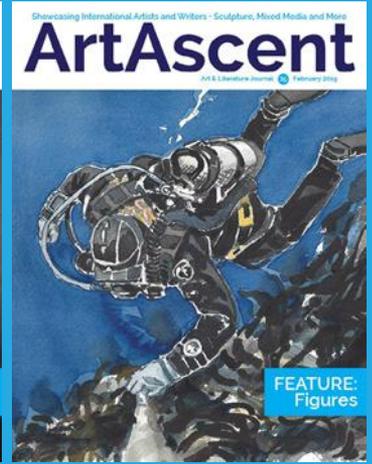


Suzan Mandla

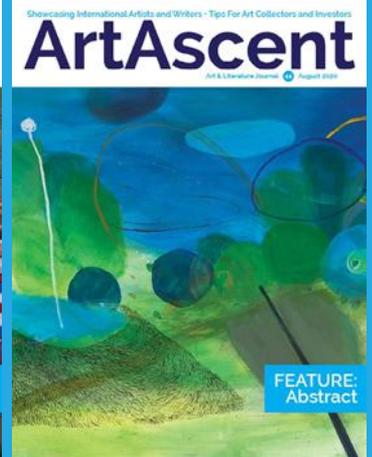
Vanishing

Photography | 48 x 53 | NFS





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