

Appropriation Art: Concept or Theft? • Artistic Integrity • A Studio in Bear Country

ArtAscent

Art & Literature Journal 19 June 2016



FEATURE:
Green



2

48



32



56



Contents

6 FOREWORD

8 FEATURE

Green

Outstanding artists and writers of ArtAscent's art call themed *Green*.

86 STUDIO SPOTLIGHT

A studio in bear and deer country

Catch a glimpse of the space in which creativity is born in this artist studio tour.

88 ART INVESTOR TIPS

Appropriation art: concept or theft?

90 ART INVESTOR TIPS

Artistic integrity

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Art & Literature Journal

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Foreword and Artist Profiles

Oleksandra Osadcha is a freelance art historian and art critic 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. An active curator of art exhibitions in her hometown, Oleksandra is interested in the issues concerning visual representation of sacred motifs in contemporary art.

Art Investor Tips

Rachel Cohen received a B.A. in English from Wesleyan University in 2006 and an M.A. in Art Therapy from Pratt Institute in 2012. Currently based in Brooklyn, NY, Rachel is the founder of NA-Plabs, an art advisory service dedicated to researching and promoting work from non-traditional contexts of creation. Previously, she managed a studio and gallery for artists with developmental disabilities. Rachel is also a painter and video artist.



On The Front Cover

Adamaris (from the Gift of Water series)
by Donna Jean Mayne



On The Back Cover

Supersize
by Robin Ay



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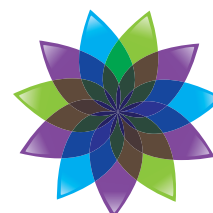
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Foreword

Probably, as kids, many of us used to entertain ourselves looking at the world through various coloured pieces of glass: the blue one made everything seem serious or even dim, the yellow always caused a smile, adding festiveness even to the gloomiest day. This unwitty game might appear senseless, but, in reality, it's the way we acquaint with the language of colour.

Goethe wrote, "Everything living tends to colour." Since the time of Newton, colours have almost lost their divine aura and ritual functions, as science resolved their mystery, claiming colours are just electromagnetic waves of various lengths perceived with our eyes. Nevertheless, even today, we can find numerous samples of colour symbolism in contemporary culture and art. Why does it remain topical even in our technocratic age?

Springing from keen observations of nature, colour symbolism is deeply rooted in our subconsciousness. This can be clearly seen in the meanings related to the colour green. In the spectrum, it occupies the middle position between warm and cool colours, having a refreshing effect on our mood. Associated with plants, forests and leaves, green traditionally signifies life, freshness, nature and fertility. Nowadays, these connotations are widely used in various graphic symbols due to the rise of ecological awareness. For sure, as any other phenomena on the Earth, green has an opposite side that refers to the negative things such as jealousy (named "green sickness" in Shakespeare's *Othello*) or illness.

Having a striking variety of interpretations, green, like a great actor, plays hundreds of roles in art: from calming verdure of Impressionistic landscapes to the uneasy green in Vincent van Gogh's *Night Café*, expressing "the terrible human passions." We invite you to join us in this research of the essence of green that we've launched together with artists and writers on the pages of the 19th issue of ArtAscent Art & Literature Journal.

By Oleksandra Osadcha

Ashley VanGemeran

www.ashleyvangemeran.com



Green (Detail)

Mixed media with resin on canvas | 24 x 19.5 x 1.5" | \$750



Artists are often compared to Demiurge, since all of them, in certain sense, are the creators of parallel artistic realities. Key traits of the artistic realities are subjectivity and conventionality. Abstract painting of the 20th century brought those features to their extreme, shaping up a pure visual language, inherited by such contemporary young masters as Ashley VanGemerer.

Celebrated German art historian Wilhelm Worringer saw the source of the abstraction in "[...] a great inner anxiety of man in the face of the external world." It is a sort of refuge that allows overthinking all existential challenges of our days. Its artistic logic is dictated primarily by the essence of the material – its fluidity, texture and interaction with the base that allowed expressing the author's inner states. Thus the western tradition of action (or gestural) painting evolved between the late 1940s and the early 1960s.

In her pieces, Ashley follows the route made by such great artists as Jackson Pollock and Jason Martin (from a later generation). Pollock demonstratively rejected the communicational function of painting, insisting it was artist's intention that matters first for the interpretation of this or that piece. The same way, Ashley distances from the "reality" we have in our minds, forcing the viewers to accept the only doubtless reality – the reality of paint. Fascination with its tangibility and visual qualities inspired her to develop her own deeply intuitive painting technique, defined by relief character and use of traditional and non-traditional medias.

For the featured work, *Green* (2016), the artist used pieces of floral printed silk and tissue paper covered with sage and mint acrylic tints. Glass rocks, candle wax, body lotion and shampoo create a multilayered, almost sculptural effect; furthermore, the paintings surfaces are

enhanced with high-gloss resin. The pulsating rhythm of colours reinforces the impression of the frozen moment. Time is an important category in Ashley's art, which she transfers to canvas from her live painting performance.

Despite the work's spontaneous and non-narrative character, it's difficult for a viewer to avoid visual associations – our brain automatically looks for the elements that resemble the details of the surrounding world. Pronouncedly chaotic and polychromatic textures address directly our sensors, reminding of organic substances. In this context, green palette is endowed with ecological implications. This way, we've demonstrated the possibility of abstract painting to generate new meanings, engaging the public into prolific dialogue.

Ashley VanGemerer is a multidisciplinary artist, based in Central Maryland. She obtained her Bachelor of Fine Arts degree from the Corcoran School of the Arts and Design at the George Washington University in 2015. Her artistic practise incorporates a wide range of disciplines – from painting, sculpture and book arts to photography and performance. Ashley has been an active participant of various group shows and performances since 2012. As a student, she received Linda and Douglas Rosenbaum Scholarship from Corcoran College of Art + Design.

By Oleksandra Osadcha

Ashley VanGemeran

BOTH PAGES: Green (Detail)

Mixed media with resin on canvas | 24 x 19.5 x 1.5" | \$750





Osiris is an Egyptian god of the afterlife and of resurrection at the same time. He was traditionally shown with a green complexion, since green is connected with the idea of rebirth. This ancient symbolism celebrates the regenerative power of nature, becoming an inspiration for this writing by Salvatore Arnoldo.

The title of the text (Another Green World) was borrowed from the song and album by English musician Brian Eno. However, its main character (The Green King), as a metaphorical embodiment of Nature, is connected with the personage of the Green Man – one of pagan vegetative deities. It was a popular motif in the architectural ornamentation since the Middle Ages, usually depicted as a man having his facial features closely intertwined with foliage elements. This exactly correlates with Salvatore's descriptions of his hero.

In the piece, the Green King is shown in decadent manner, living out his final days. Such attitude leads the readers to thoughts of the present decay of our ecology, making us almost feel its agonic state with our skin. However, this doesn't turn the atmosphere of the text into a somber one: the depressive tune fades into the background, allowing more optimistic connotations to step into the stage.

The origin of the Green Man is often linked with the Greek god Dionysus. Superficially, Dionysus is the god of fertility and wine; however, his myth also involves the motif of resurrection. Analogically, with the help of colouristic and mythological references, the writer gives us a hope if not for a "happy end," but at least for the chance to start everything from the beginning after the transformation. Yet, as in all grabbing examples of literature, the end remains uncertain, leaving space for our imagination.

Probably one of the most noteworthy things about Another Green World is the expressiveness with which Salvatore brings back to life ancient mythology and connects it with our contemporaneity. This allows him to produce the impression of the unseen side of the reality, which is widely used by such outstanding representatives of the magic realism movement in literature as Jorge Luis Borges and Gabriel García Márquez. Addressing to the deepest part of our psyche, where key archetypes and symbols are born, makes the author's point even more persuasive and efficacious. The writer feels any creator has the responsibility before the society, concerning the ideas one bring through his art.

Salvatore Arnoldo, 23, resides in Phoenix, Arizona. His pieces are already familiar to the readers of ArtAscent, as some of them (A Portrait of the Future and The Agony and the entropy of information considered as an invaded alien presence) were published in its April and February issues of 2015. At the moment, Salvatore is working on a new novel.

By Oleksandra Osadcha



Another Green World

The Green King has retreated, into the swamps; resting on furniture of moss, lying in beds of lugworms which seep up out of the tender, black mud of the banks to heed him. His shattered royalty. He's seated on a throne made from a broken tree in the middle of the swamp, a jagged sitting-stool blackened and splintered from a lightning strike long ago. And he thinks, his face cradled in his mossy, green fist; meditating on demise, inevitable entropy. The quiet waters settle around him, touched by the eerie green-yellow light, which moves through the canopy, hitting slow-drifting lily-pads and lattices of fallen foliage and tree branches. He is alone, wounded and never dying, forever bleeding. Paying the price of his own immortality; the bargain the elementals such as himself made with mankind, to be joined in marital bliss – til' death do they part. He wasn't so lucky as the other gods; to be forgotten, to fall into irrelevance and slip back from whence they came into the planes of collective imagination. Back to mystic ether.

His is a slow death. As long as the plants and supple ecosystems of Mother Earth remain, he will still draw breath, in order to watch over them. To honour his end of the bargain; his duty. No matter how polluted, destroyed, and abused he is by his mortal spouse. Who has forgotten their agreement, who poisoned him and eats his flesh with reckless abandon. He who was once both King and Mother, the hermaphroditic godhead; who nurtured life in prehistoric caves and took it away in violent upheavals. Who maintained an order.

His robes hang tattered and ruined from his form, the regal purple of royalty emblazoned with fading golden runes and glyphs from ancient languages long forgotten. And his head hung low, the leaves on his face turning, his eyes going hollow and dead. The two branches which protrude from his forehead like antlers have long since ceased to grow vegetation, they'd greyed and withered. And his body is a twisting of gnarled ivy and browning vegetation, with his every wheeze you can see his insides, through growing ruts and fissures, getting blacker and blacker. This swamp is one of the last pure places on earth, and it is to be his hospice.

Another Green World (cont.)

He shudders violently, a tremor running through his form, and he begins to cough. He leans from his throne, hacking and wheezing into his hand, spattering decomposing black and brown ooze across his palm. Finally he retches over and regurgitates a rotted vegetable into the waters of the swamp, and another, and another. After the spell passes, which was merely one of many in recent years, he leans back on his throne, wheezing, desperately trying to catch his breath. At one time, the vegetation that spilled from his mouth would give life, now it is only decayed, carrying disease and rot. His eyes roll up like the agonized Christ toward the light drifting through the canopy, black slime dripping down his chest and neck from his open, gasping mouth. Chlorophyll tears drip from the two dead eyes, shimmering emerald on the fading colour of his face.

And he sputters, from wet, trembling lips: "No. I will not die..." And again, "I will not die..."

He wipes the black slime and bits of decomposition from his face with the back of his hand, and continues, "I will only change. There have been many such seasons on this world; atmospheres of ammonia, planes of molten rock, and earthquakes which tore earth asunder..."

Slowly he shifts his weight off of the throne and dips down into the water, sinking in waist high, and he wades through his domain. He murmurs, his voice echoing in a low, somber way throughout the entire swamp, "This is not what troubles me..."

He moves through the waters, feeling slithering tadpoles and worms and snakes massing around his slow, lumbering legs. He angles himself around trees and moves with purpose, a swell of passion rising up in his chest; as withered and broken as it is. He feels more tears welling up in his eyes, and he takes a fist and dries them, "It is not me, but my bride, my husband, who will die. Who is dying while I lay here in despair."

He wades through miles and miles of swamp, his robes catching and tearing away on floating branches revealing the naked, vegetable form of the Green Man. He who passed through man's churches and town squares, leaving his face in stone on their dwelling places. He who was worshipped and venerated by the ancient tribes. He who is as old as the rocks and trees.

Finally the swamp terminates, its banks washing up onto an embankment. He climbs out of the swamp and crawls up the embankment, emerging from the trees into an open field. The sun shining on his decrepit body and already he feels rejuvenated. He stands erect, chirping birds land on his shoulders and field mice scamper at his feet, and he lifts his hand west, toward the nearest town.

"I have not given up on you, my love." He says, the sun enchanting his withered vegetation with new life, a vibrant green miraculously washing over his body, "I will swallow all of your poison until you have no more left to give, and offer you green from my mouth in return."

Jesus Olivero

www.jesusolivero.com



Formicidae Lasius Flavus

Borosilicate glass | 6 x 11 x 12.5" | NFS



Throughout history, humanity's relationship with nature has varied from fear to worship to rivalry. Nowadays, as we are facing the threat of climatic catastrophe, society introduces a new strategy by popularizing ecological trends, particularly in culture. Showing the possibility of harmonious co-existence with nature is the main goal of the environmental art activists, like Jesus Olivero.

In order to reestablish balance in nature, it's important to achieve it in our society, which is impossible without rejecting consumerism and dozens of mental bonds we have. On the topic of commitment to the earth's destiny, French philosopher Pierre Teilhard de Chardin noticed, "[...] there is also no feeling which awakens so belatedly, since it can become explicit only when our consciousness has expanded beyond the broadening, but still far too restricted, circles of family, country and race, and has finally discovered that the only truly natural and real human Unity is the Spirit of Earth." And Jesus Olivero sees the possibility of contemplation, offered by art, as a chance to return this long-forgotten feeling of integrity with the surrounding world.

The artist says his concern with the magic of nature and intricate biomorphic forms was connected with some bright childhood memories, as he grew up "climbing trees to get fresh fruit and was always catching and raising insects." Jesus saw that the weird and eye-catching aesthetics of insects' anatomy could be perfectly embodied using plasticity of his favourite material – glass. To go further, we have to note Olivero isn't a pioneer in this sphere: such masters as Massachusetts-based sculptor Wesley Fleming or Karen Willenbrink-Johnsen from Washington State are also known for their hand-made glass figures of living creatures. But, unlike those artists, Jesus declines the mimicry artistic strategy, preferring crafty stylization that doesn't suppress the "voice" of the media. He sticks to accentuating the gloss and smoothness of hot sculpt glass and the organicity of its transparent or brownish colouring.

Jesus believes the devastation of ecosystems can be stopped if we manage to evoke the viewers' empathy by showing amazing parallels between human life and natural elements, or between human life and actions of some species. To underline those parallels, the sculptor applies metaphorical language. For instance, he represents the informational ocean we are drowning in everyday as an installation of bottles with paper stripes inside that are connected to each other and to an old-school cell phone with threads (Txting), or little toiler ant with bucket and caterpillar instead of feelers and legs (Excavator, pages 2-3).

The artist overcomes ego-centrism and individualism so typical for Western masters. Looking at his pieces, we almost forget about the author's presence as it makes room for the green message – the message of Peace and Care of the Earth.

Jesus Olivero is a Venezuela-born sculptor, who lives in Houston, Texas. He graduated from the Rochester Institute of Technology in 2015 specializing in glass and environmental studies. He has also leveled up his qualification during workshops connected with his sphere of interests – glasswork. In 2014, Jesus was awarded with Corning Museum of Glass scholarship.

By Oleksandra Osadcha

Silver

Jesus Olivero

BOTH PAGES: Txting

Glass, fabric, paper, thread, cork, sand, cellphones | NFS





Silver

Jesus Olivero

BOTH PAGES: Formicidae Observatorium
Borosilicate glass | 12.5 x 11 x 12" | \$750





Bethany Taylor

www.bethanytaylor.com



Runoff Verdure

Jacquard digitally woven photo tapestry and fiber-based drawing installation | 108 x 288"



Life often puts us before complicated dilemmas when we hardly know how to act. Gandhi said, "Silence becomes cowardice when occasion demands speaking out the whole truth and acting accordingly." In such a situation, art works can be the optimal way of articulating your position, as proved by pieces of Bethany Taylor.

The interdisciplinary method Bethany Taylor follows is very much in the vein of contemporary art, interlacing techniques of drawing, collage, sculpture, digital art and installation. After avant-garde had fully developed the specificity of visual language, art has radically changed its route, stepping into the territory of philosophy and addressing multiple topical issues of politics, media or psychology. In case of Taylor's oeuvre, it's ecology that appears in the focus of her attention, namely in the installation *Runoff Verdure*.

The title of the project derives from the French name of the greenery tapestry scenes ("verdure") popular during Baroque and Rococo (between the 16th and the 18th century). Their design was based on plant compositions with lavish flora, animals and lakes. The artist refers to this tradition in her central Jacquard woven tapestry made from a collage of two photographs taken at the Santa Fe River, Florida. This river is being "killed" with industrial toxins, resulting in algae-surfaced water. The latter explains the colours' choice for the work, where blue and green prevail.

To indicate the disastrous consequences of the uncontrolled pollution, Bethany places fibre-based "drawings" of snakes, fish and other chains of this ecosystem around the central large scale piece, including people drinking contaminated water. Connecting all parts to the large landscape with strings, the author reveals their interdependence; refined and ascetic "graphicity" of the lines make all images look even more fragile.

Curious spatial organization and plenty of details unwillingly transform perception of the installation into continuous process, as our eyes absorb the whole narration second by second, centimetre by centimetre. It's a sort of art action that is going on in our heads while watching *Runoff Verdure*. Ecology has been a wide-spread theme in Actionist art since the 1960s, often applying shocking methods in order to get public attention (it's enough to think of Joseph Beuys). Though admiring his potential for social changes, Bethany avoids radicalism of Beuys' projects: fear and disgust never help to open up the hearts of others. And even colour symbolism of nature and heart (that are both associated with green) prove one can't exist without another.

Florida-based artist Bethany Taylor earned a BFA from the University of Southern California and an MFA from the University of Colorado at Boulder. She works as an Assistant Professor of Drawing and co-coordinator of the Workshop for Art Research and Practice at the University of Florida. Her works have been exhibited at numerous venues across the USA and abroad (Italy, Ireland, Finland). She received an individual artist's grant from the Seattle Arts Commission and has several works in the Seattle Arts Commission Portable Works Collection. Bethany is one of the founding members of SOIL collective and gallery in Seattle, Washington.

By Oleksandra Osadcha

Bethany Taylor

Runoff Verdure (Detail)

Jacquard digitally woven photo tapestry and fiber-based drawing installation | 108 x 288"



Artist

Runoff Verdure (Detail)

Jacquard digitally woven photo tapestry and fiber-based drawing installation | 108 x 288"





Flooded

Organic soft pastels on canvas | 24 x 24 x 1" | \$650



Beauty In Rain
Organic soft pastels on canvas | NSF



Suzan Mandla

www.smandla.wix.com/photography

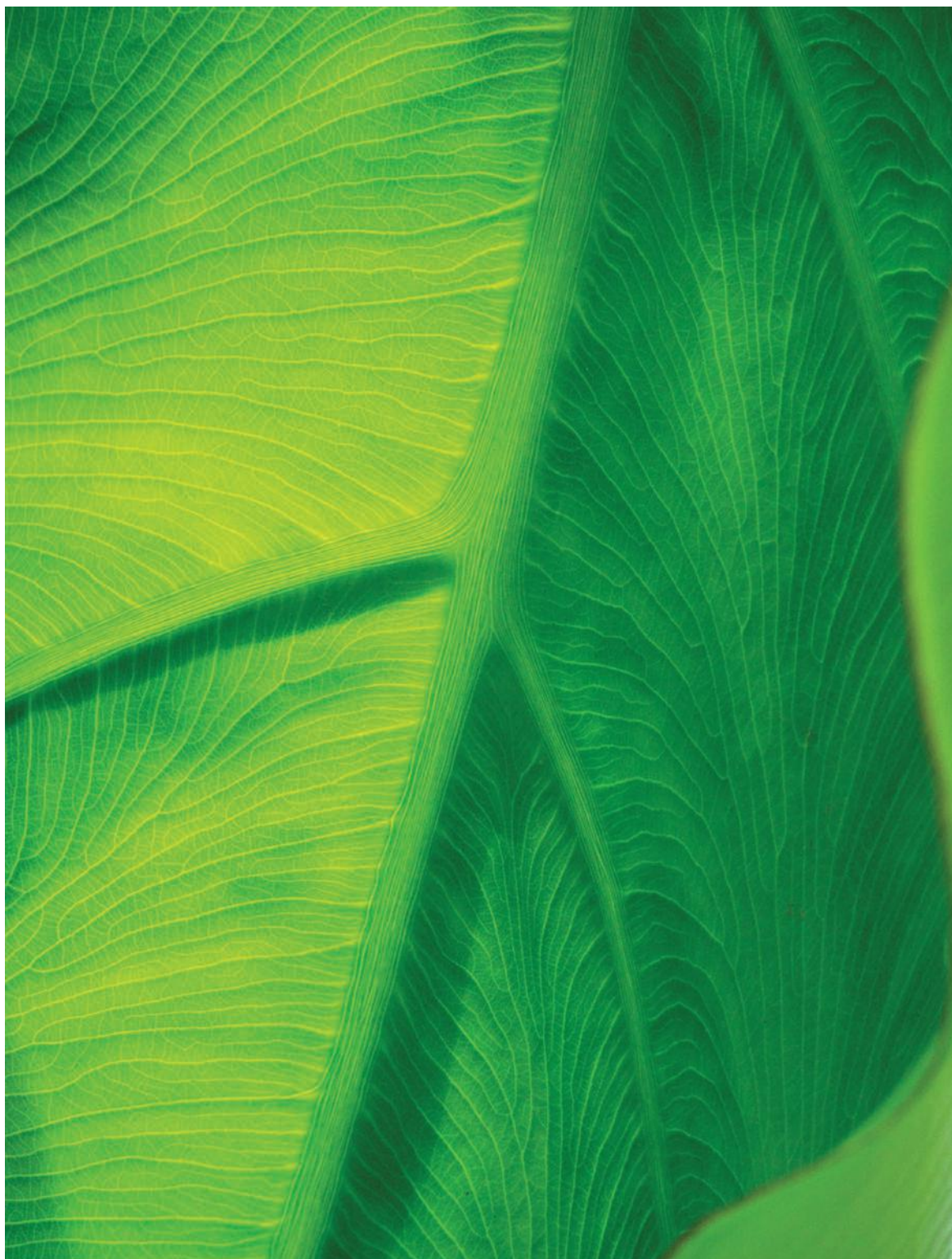


Queues

Chromogenic print | 11 x 14" | NFS



Topography
Chromogenic print | 11 x 14" | NFS





Pickled. Olives. For Breakfast.

His mother was at the Civera Restaurant. Here. In Valencia. What are the chances of that? She was friendly. No, cordial. Like she always was: exuding casual intimacy, in the manner of canines at the dog park sniffing familiar snouts and butts. And it had been such a perfect day, a morning of museums, a flirtatious waiter for lunch, an afternoon stretched out on the sand, occasionally refreshed by the soothing spa of the Sea.

My friends got me back to the hotel. It must have been a cab we swam in. I fell asleep I don't know when. Dizzy. Drunk. Dreaming of martinis. Dry, just a whiff of vermouth, shaken, definitely shaken, not stirred, four plump olives to a glass.

I woke at 3:00. Feeling green. All shades of green. Stomach threatening puke green.

Drowning in the Mediterranean green. Jealous, envious, bitter, sweaty as the jungle, foul as slimy seaweed, hunter khaki camouflage and drab, raw and sickly green green green. Married? He's getting married? How can that be? I haven't even met my rebound yet.

I sought refuge in the bathroom, only to see my face in the mirror. Bloated eyes. One brow smeared with shadow. More green, courtesy of Estee Lauder. My cheeks swelled with sunburn.

Do you know her? You'd like her; she's a dear, that Giselle.

I couldn't help myself. Free Wi-Fi is like a drug. Google. Facebook. Link me in. Sure enough, there was his face, his profile, in a relationship. And plenty more. I get that she's an ABD, adjunct prof, former actress, budding playwright. TMI.

Out loud, I composed imaginary tweets and emails, excoriating public posts, even blogs. To indifferent hotel furnishings I ranted, I said things I shouldn't have.

Dear Giselle: You don't know what you're in for.
Dear Giselle.

Giselle. What a stupid name.

I went back to bed.

By morning, things looked different. Up early, we browsed Mercado Central, my friends and I. They sought out palmeras, churros, café con leche. But I was drawn to olives.

The man with the olives was tawny-skinned; he smiled brighter than the morning. He had a voice that charmed my demons. In his hands, a worker's hands, rustic, earthy, open, he offered nature's nurture without guile, without scheming, simple, proud, no negotiation, no apologies. A single euro bought a cheap – a humble – plastic cup bursting with colour and flavour: brown Arbequinas, Andalusian Queens like emeralds, and black Aragonian Empeltres, moss-tinted Araucos spiced with rosemary; Manzanillas, little apples, purplish green from Seville, pearls like asparagus, like clover, like ferns, like jade, the forest, the spring; sweet and sour and tart, brined in wine and sea salt; capers on the side, and blazing pimento, slivered onion, marinated carrots, baby cukes. All in a single cup. Pickled. Olives. For breakfast.

The night had been for exorcism. Day, as always, vowed acquittal. The olives, fruit of peace and wisdom, worked their restorative powers.

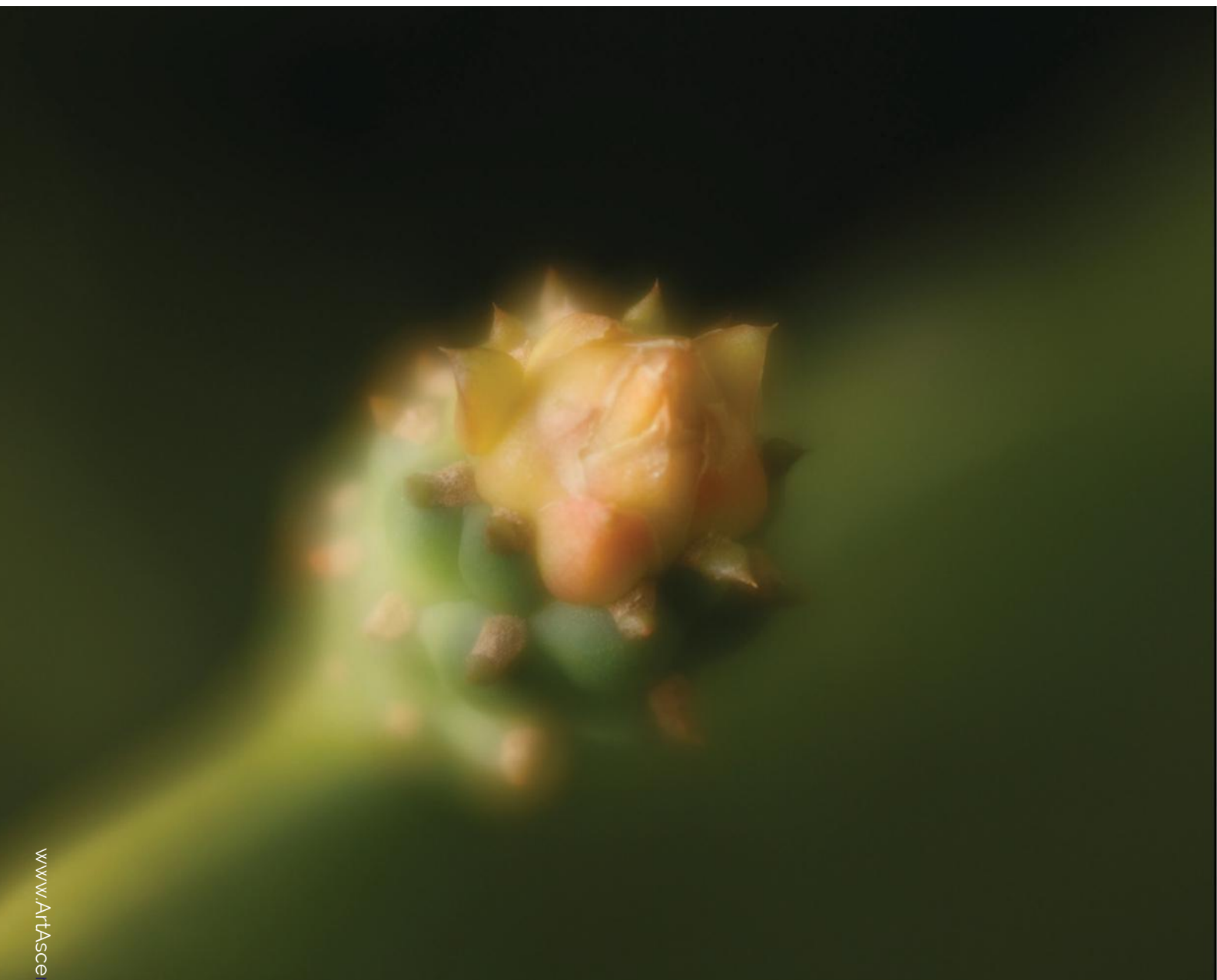
In the next aisle, a vendor was hawking pans, demonstrating how pa'ella is made, and there, fingering the goods, was his mother. Again. I resisted the urge to seize a pan, knock her over the head, upset her perfect coif, shouting tell him this for me! as metal collided with bone. No, I was at peace, mad gin having been replaced by cured ripe fruit. I made nice, insisted that she take this jar of olives, just purchased from the stall across the way. I summoned my friends, my allies, compadres, aiders and abettors, to take pictures: my arm through hers, kisses cheek to cheek, forgiving smiles all around. Perfect for a social media blitz proclaiming good will, hinting at a secret rendezvous, a reconciliation á l'Euro-pa perhaps? Surreptitious videos that made their way to YouTube only minutes later. The fallout was delectable. Almost instantaneous. Precious, his mother might have said.

From the olive vendor, god of exquisite taste, I must beg forgiveness for my cyberblast.

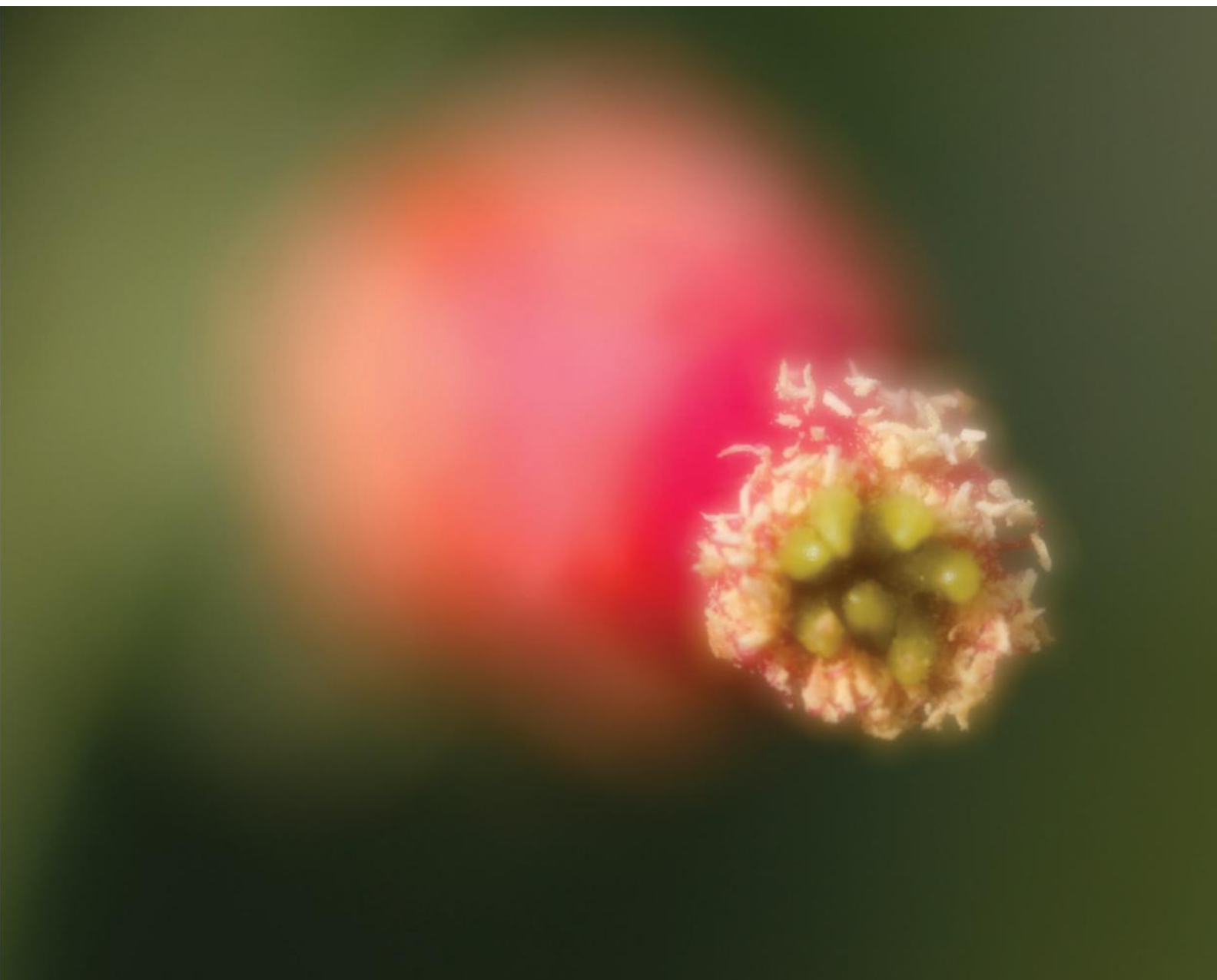


Cactus No. 2

UltraChrome Ink on Ultra Premium Luster | 10 x 8" | \$50



Cactus No. 3
UltraChrome Ink on Ultra Premium Luster | 10 x 8" | \$50



Robin Ay

Cactus No. 1

UltraChrome Ink on Ultra Premium Luster | 10 x 8" | \$50





My Missing Piece

A secret you buried so deep
Brought you no sweet peace

For years it was hidden within
Quietly seeping through your hollow veins

With time this part of you became all of you
And the distance between us grew and grew

Eventually we simply became passing shadows in life
Causing each year to hurt even more than the last

I had long given up on your single truth
Until the day your mournful moment came upon us

Your final words not a loving goodbye
Instead a mystery to solve

Left with sincere sorrow and your cloudy clues
I followed the stone path protected by the pure green grass

Only to find my other half had long since left us
Now an angel safely resting beneath the emerald meadow

I stand alone attempting to piece together our special bond
My one true feeling stemming from her heart's harmony

Questions that will forever be unanswered fully overtake me
As I try to understand the realm of your reasoning

I will never know why you waited so long
For now I am the one who will never again be whole

A weight we could have shared
Now my shadowy yet safe secret



Intertwined

Ink and colour on paper | \$2,000



Spring
Ink and colour on paper | \$2,000



Yuri Hyun

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Upcoming Joy Without Noise

Ink pen, coloured pencil, design marker,
acrylic on bristol paper | 11 x 14" | \$650

RIGHT PAGE: This Is Your Life

Ink pen, coloured pencil, design marker,
acrylic on bristol paper | 19 x 27" | \$1,000







Conservation Goddess

Acrylics on canvas | 24 x 30 x 1.5" | \$600

RIGHT PAGE: Oceanic Goddess

Acrylics on canvas | 24 x 30 x 1.5" | \$600







The Big Brother

1

The party was wonderful, and she felt too young and very grown up at the same time. Everything buzzed around her, and she felt bursting; with what, she didn't know. But everything was bursting and coursing through her veins. People floated in and out of the warm room like swirling ballerinas, wearing moustaches and carrying curvy glasses of red wine. She hadn't liked red wine, until tonight. Everyone was laughing, with each other, with her, with sweet intoxication. A bearded man (or was it a boy?) smiled at her quietly from across the room, and made everything burst harder than ever. She looked down at her hands; cheeks flaring like the evening sun outside. The bearded man-boy made his way toward her, slowly, and when he came close enough, everything stopped bursting. That's when she saw him, from across the man-boy's shoulder, bulldozing his way through moustaches and glasses, destroying everything in his wake. She realized then that she hated him with every ounce of her soul; with every strangled breath she took.

"Home," he said. "Now."

"No," she said.

He was standing so very close and seemed so very tall – turning the man-boy into nothing but a boy.

"You're ruining everything."

"I'm taking you home, now."

"Why?"

"I'm your brother."

The man-boy had disappeared and people were no longer laughing with her, but at her. As he lifted her up and carried her out of the house, dragging along mustached, drunken stares, she decided to hate him for life.

"Please remember that time when we were kids and you told me you loved me. Loved me, loved me. And I told you that wasn't possible, because I was your brother," he said with a small laugh once they were outside.

She looked up at him, taking in his slim face and wispy beard. His eyes were green, just like hers. It made her sick.

"I hate you," she said, turning her back on him.

"You can't hate me," she heard him say.

"I'm your brother."

2

Her heart fluttered like the wings of a butterfly locating a particularly beautiful flower, settling down on fragile petals. The double doors were large and wooden and solid, and she struggled to see how she was supposed to take the massive step through them, all on her own. She looked down at the bouquet in her hands. Wild-flowers stuck out at odd angles, fitting together without matching. A summery breeze fluttered in from the churchyard, bullying the slim, weak little things. Some of them had slender, soft petals of the palest and warmest white, same as her dress. The very same flowers had adorned her father's coffin only a year ago, in this very room. She looked over at the empty space to her right, where he should have been standing. Everything was bursting inside her once more, but this time the room was very empty and she felt very alone. It was not a man-boy waiting for her inside; it was a man this time, a proper man. Only she couldn't see him through those doors. Her father's scruffy face smiled down at her in her mind, kind green eyes crinkling after a joke that no one understood. Goosebumps skipped up her naked arm when someone touched her hand. Looking up into her brother's eyes, she saw that they were kind and so very green, and even crinkling with a soft smile. His beard wasn't as wispy as it once had been.

"Shall we?" he said, offering her his arm.

She laced her right arm into his. Every ounce of her soul burst with relief.

"When are you going to stop carrying me?"

"Never," he said, winking.

"I love you."

"I'm your brother," he said, pushing the double doors open with a grin, "you have to."

3

Her heart was bursting, and she knew it. It wasn't long now. The car screamed and whirled its way through traffic and up the steep hill toward that big ugly building at the top. She'd sworn she would never end up there, and wasn't planning on doing so, even now. He was gesticulating and shouting by her side, cursing everyone in his way to hell and back again. Looking down at the limp hands in her lap, she realized she didn't recognize them anymore. They were spotted and bony, but had lived a good and long life. A life of bursting butterflies and red wine, of tears both good and bad and every other kind, and love in every shape and form. They pulled up by the entrance and he stormed out, wrenched open the passenger door and lifted her into his arms, cradling her like a child. She laced her thin arms around his neck and smiled up at him as they rushed inside. In his green eyes she saw her stupid sweet brother, her mild and smiling father, and now a tired old man.

"You can put me down now," she said quietly, feeling the last air in her lungs flutter out of her. "It's time to go."

He stopped, struggled to his knees in the middle of the crowded lobby, and held her tightly.

"Okay," he said, looking down at her, "okay."

He tried to smile, but failed.

"I love you, you know," he said. "My darling sister."

"Of course you do."

She closed her eyes comfortably.

"You're my brother."

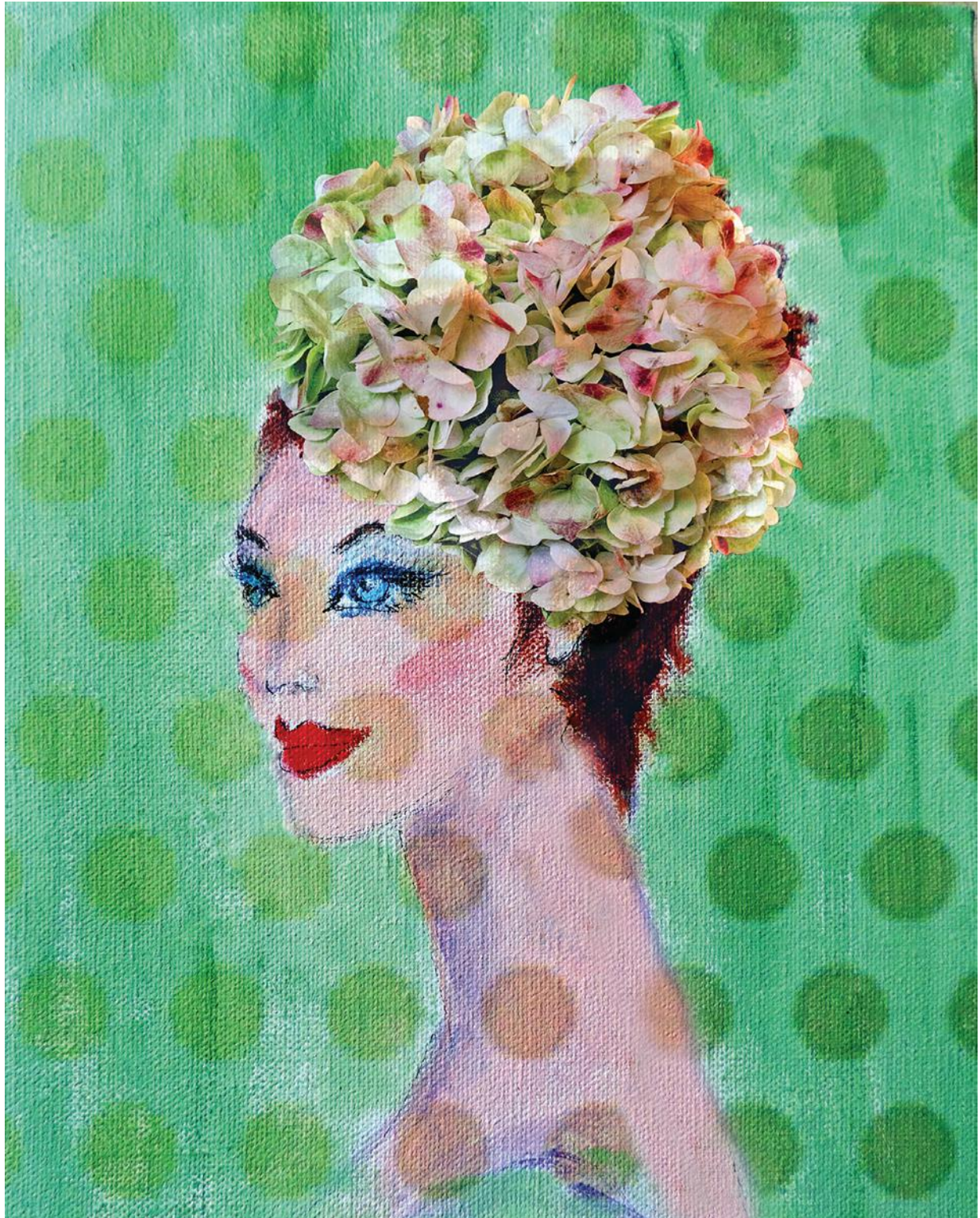


Refined Chic

Mixed media | 30 x 24" | \$600

RIGHT PAGE: In Full Bloom

Mixed media | 24 x 18" | \$275





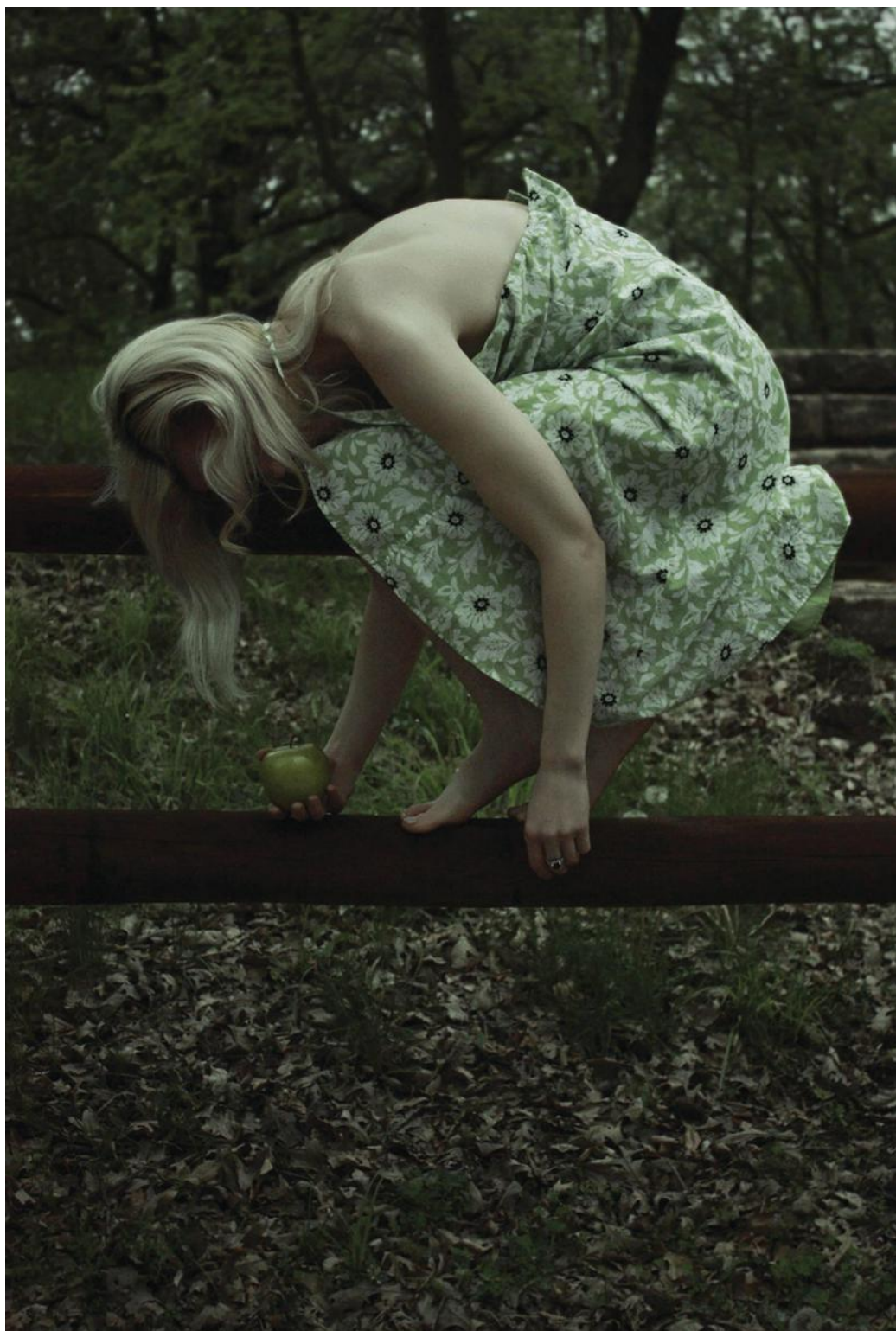


The Days of Barefoot

Hahnemuhle Fine Art Baryta | 16 x 20" | \$400



Slipping Out of Safeness
Hahnemuhle Fine Art Baryta | 12 x 18" | \$270



Olga Bakhtina

www.olgabakhtina.com



Green Siesta

Oil on canvas | 27 x 27 x 4" | \$700



Red Kimono
Oil on canvas | 24 x 30 x 4" | \$700





Envy

Digital illustration | 11 x 14"





Fabiilli Luciana

www.lucianaart.com

Green With Envy

Acrylic on canvas | 47 x 57 x 1.5" | \$45,000



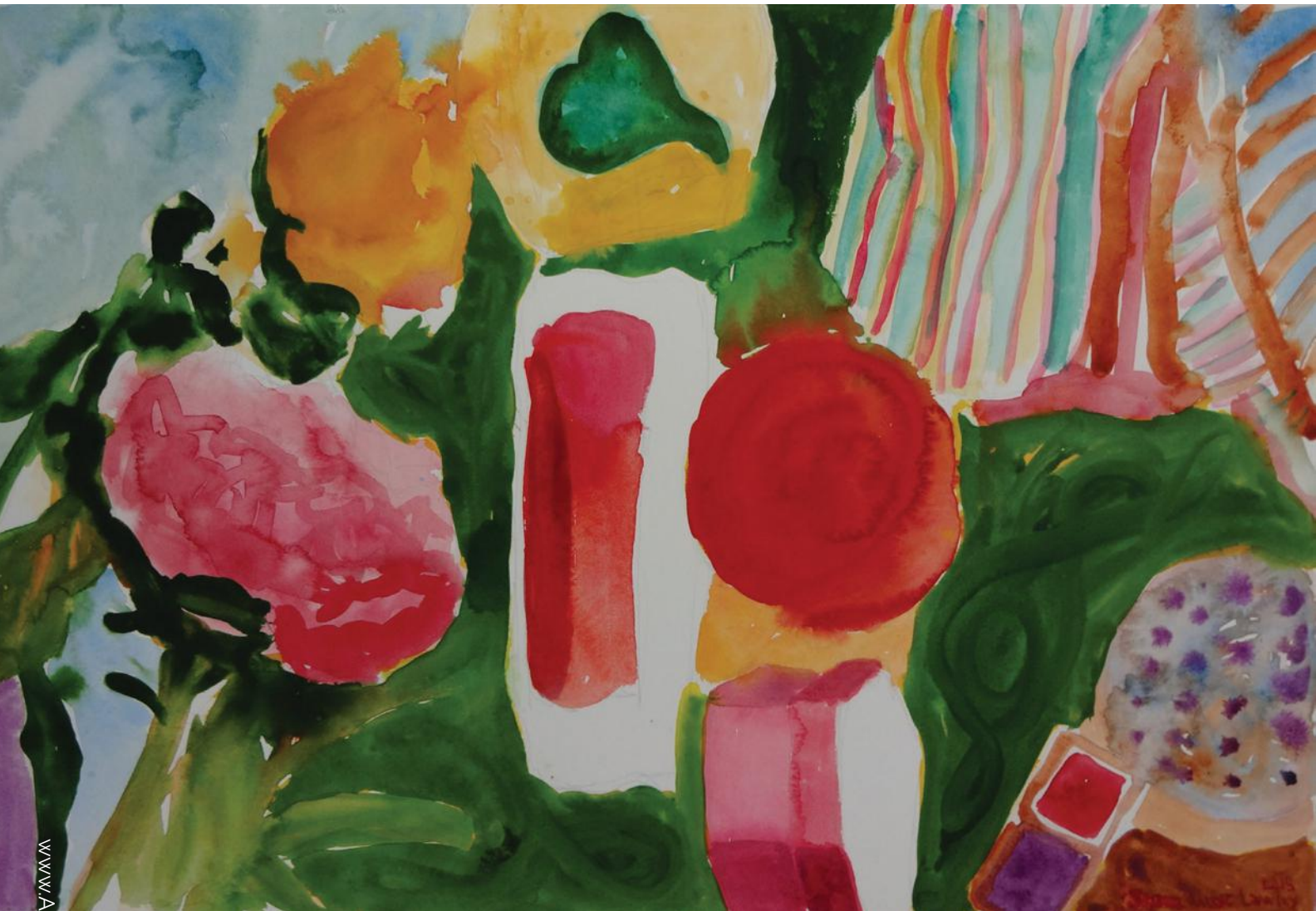
Simon Lawley

www.s-s-a.org/member/?u=simonlawley

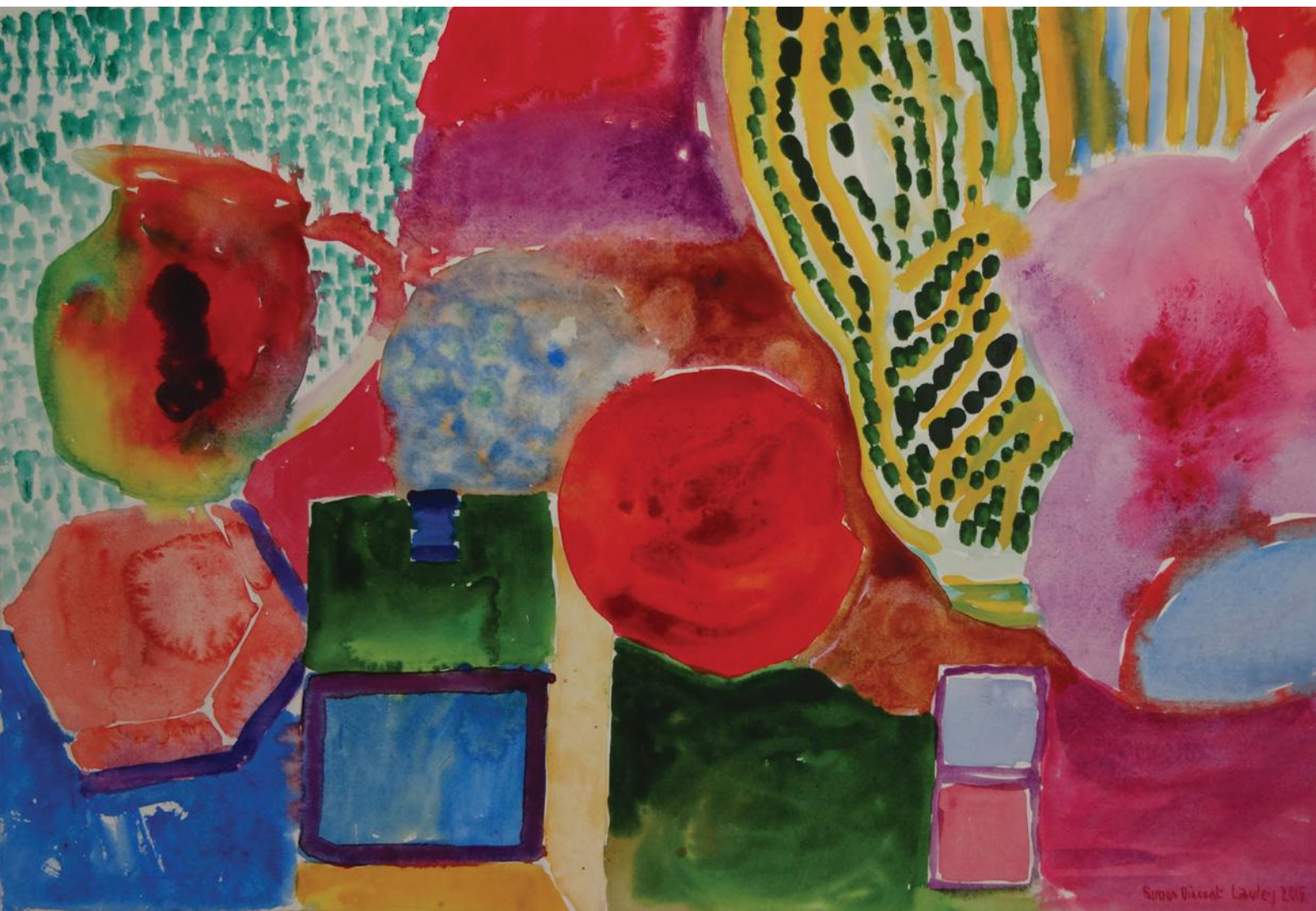


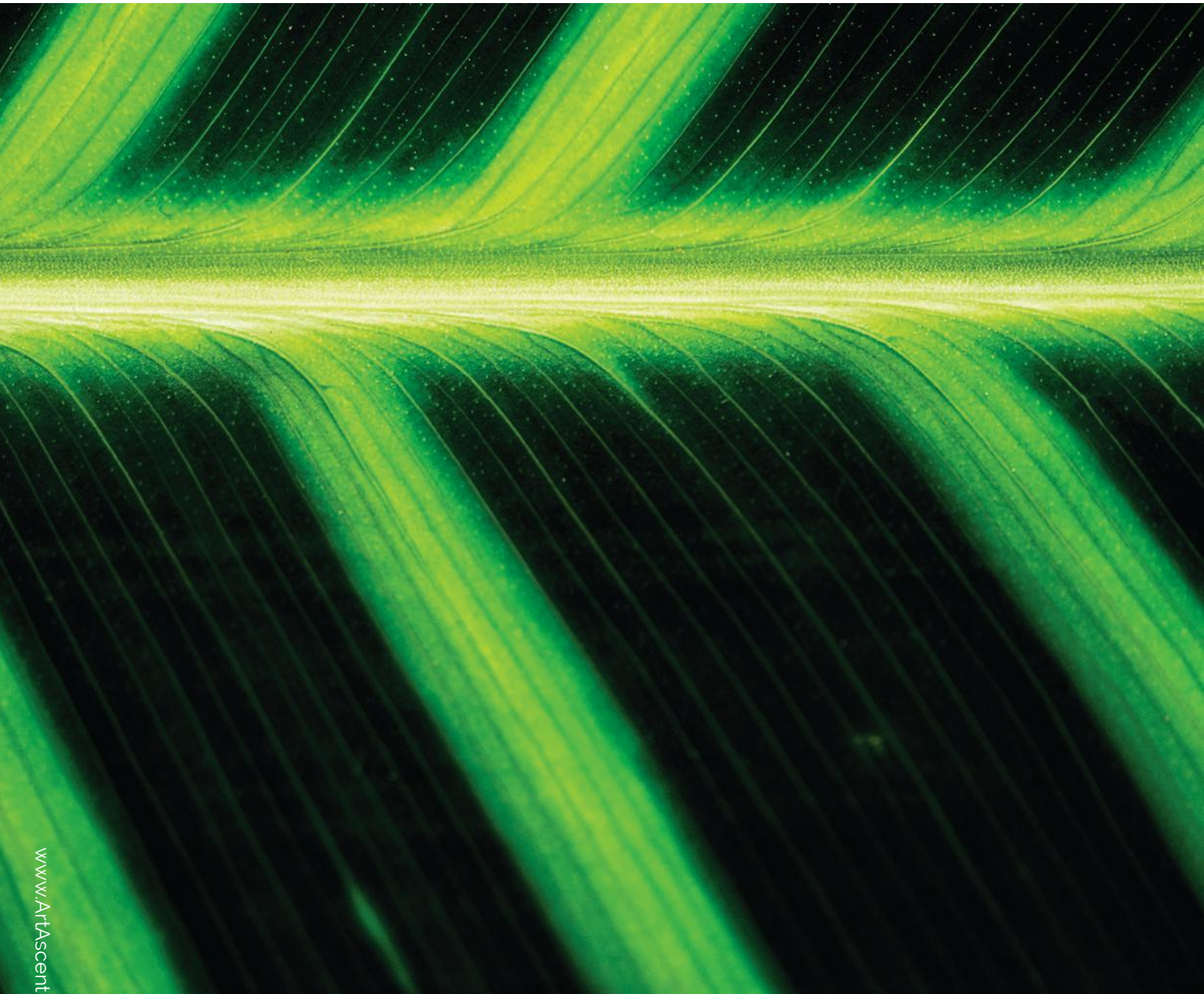
Garden Still Life

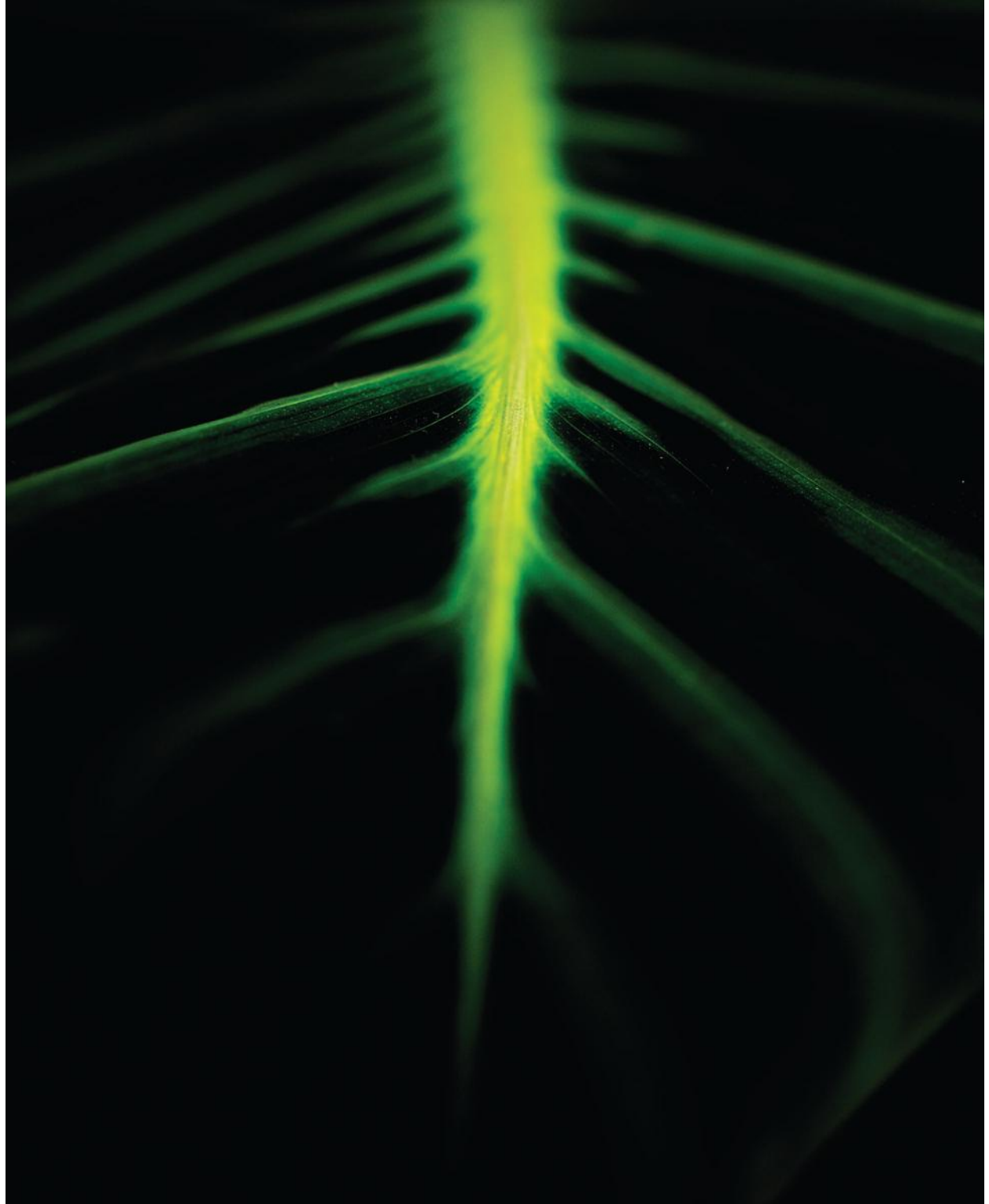
Watercolour on paper | 10 x 15" | NFS



Lemon and Green Towel
Watercolour on paper | 10 x 15" | NFS









Rainbow Eucalyptus

Oil on canvas | 3.4 x 4.5 x 1.62" | \$24,700



Jardin de Dalias
Oil on canvas | 2 x 2 x 1.62" | \$5,000



Mattie Mallernee

www.mnmphotoart.com



Golden Glory

Photography on canvas | 20 x 30" | \$599





Elder

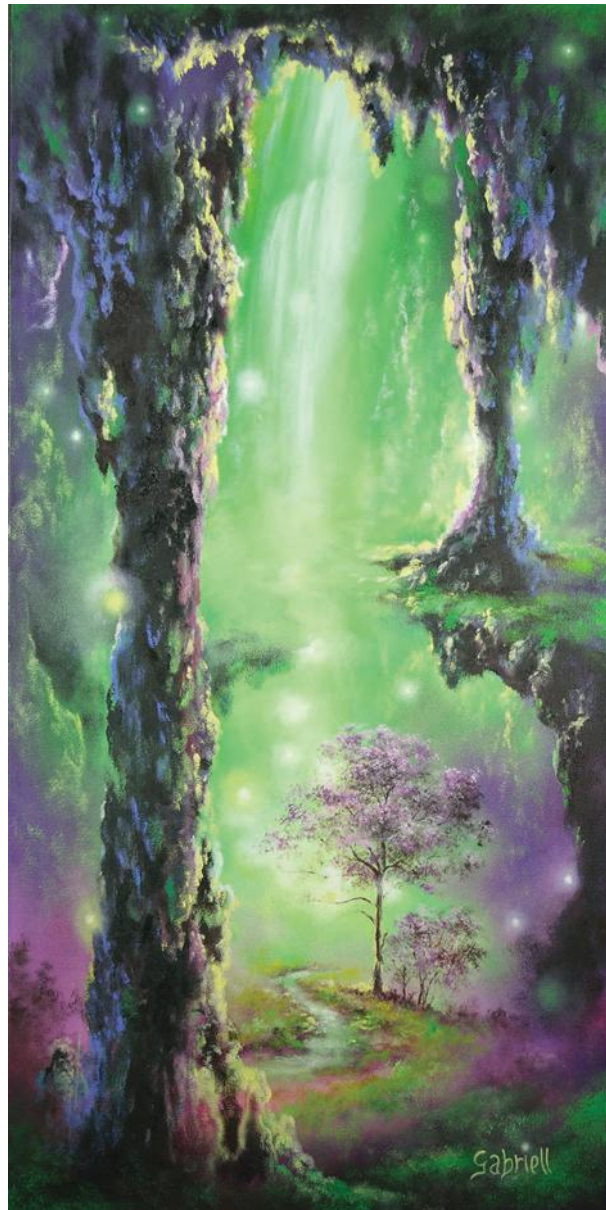
in memory of Andy Towl (1911-2012)

At 98
you arrive early.
Your thoughts grow roots
in the air, humid
with silence. You've come
this misty afternoon
to remember someone who
was younger than your oldest son.
You remember more –
years of these pine benches,
these windows, these plain
uncolour walls. Life greening
up outside. Simple sconces,
light opening its arms
transforming ceiling into ceiling/
sky. Your spirit,
here, loosening
itself from body. Staying
awhile. Staying a while.



Healing's Path
Oil on canvas | 30 x 15 x 2" | \$1,000

RIGHT PAGE: Quietude
Oil on canvas | 40 x 30 x 1" | Sold





Katie King

www.kingkati.wix.com/artstore



Lucky Clover

Photography | 10 x 15" | \$500



A Stroll Past the Dump
Photography



**Borealis**

Paper mache and mixed media | 16 x 7 x 6" | \$225





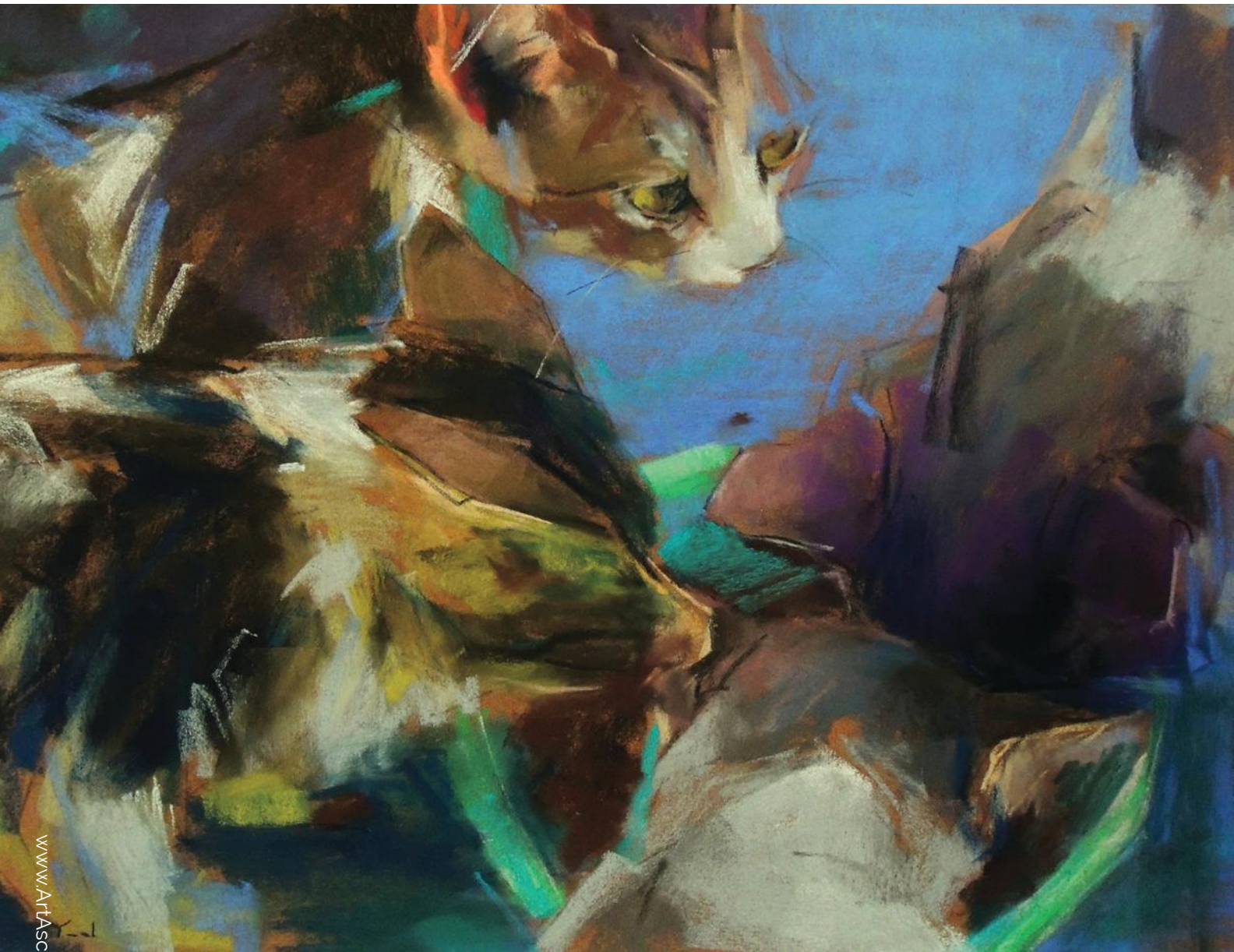
Homestead

I shut down the electric lights
and in the faintest of firelight and candle light,
I found improvement in sight. Not eye sight,
but insight to hindsight and foresight,
and the sweetness of life revealed in the night,
by what others would call inadequate light.
Absent technology's synthetic obscenity,
I think as I bask in my new-found serenity,
How dependent we are on the modern amenities,
that we don't know the basics,
and have lost our identities.
Yesterday's laundry I took from the line,
nearby in a heap, smells of wind and sunshine.
And I think how advancement
has caused our decline. That's fine,
I'll keep one foot on the other side of the line,
until it's my time...
I cook eggs on the woodstove in a cast iron skillet,
A small garden spot, I manually till it.
Emergency water container, I fill it.
I'm thinking this lifestyle will save me, but will it?
Or will the establishment kill it?



Sharing Lunch #4

Soft pastel | 12 x 16" | \$500

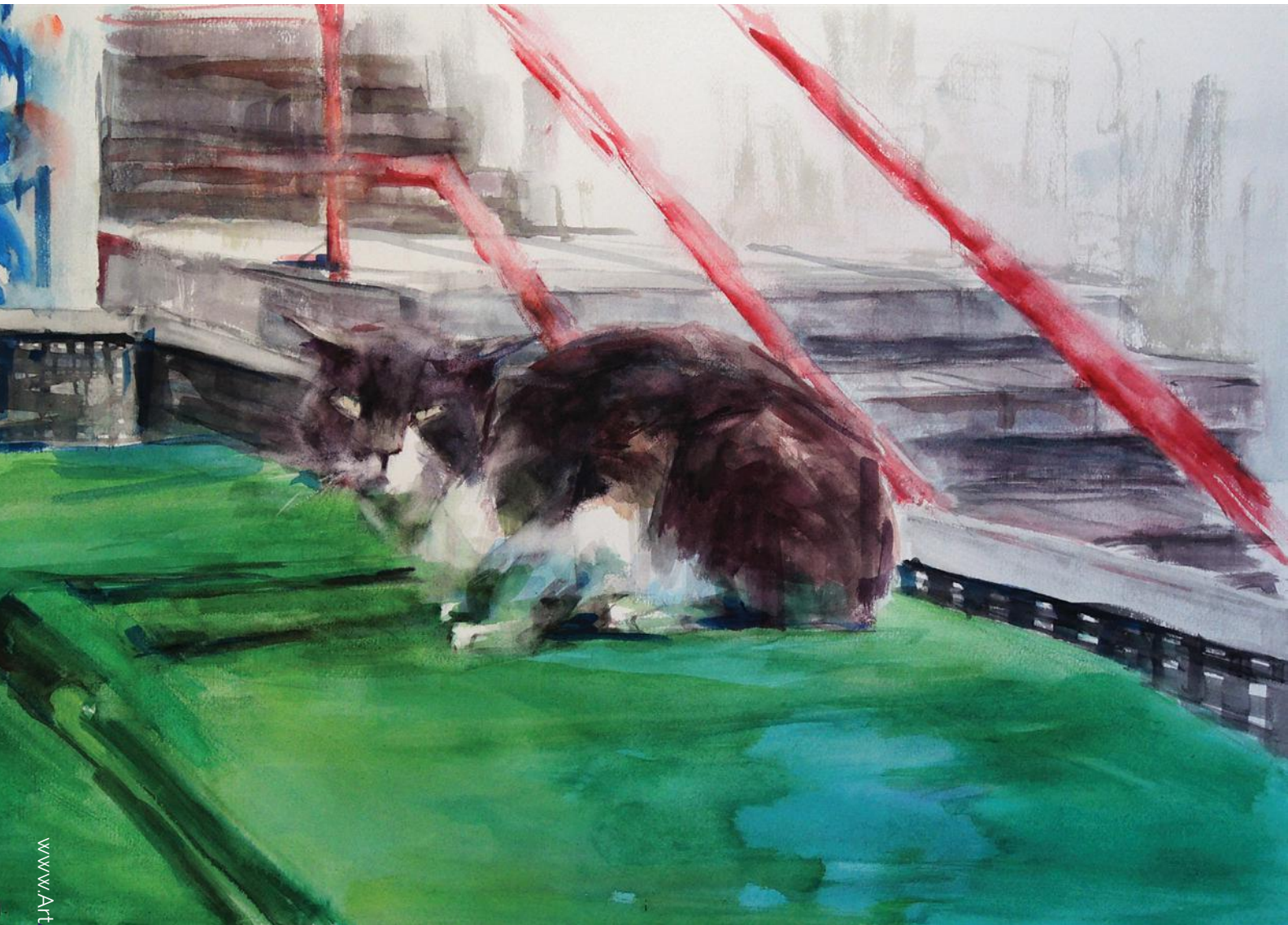


Dumpster Cats
Soft pastel | 25 x 18.5" | NFS



Yael Maimon

Private Dumpster
Watercolour | 15,5 x 22" | NFS





Shelflife

Flour pours, Salt sprinkles, Water binds, Yeast rises
Carefully combining ingredients, the baker builds a tiny loaf
Lastly adding Heat to breathe life into the dough as it slowly grows
With pride the freshly baked bread is placed prominently on a shelf
Customers pass by as they search thoroughly for imagined perfection
Gently they prod, cautiously they squeeze, closely they inspect
One by one the other loaves are chosen and disappear
Destined to become sandwiches, toast or simple snacks
To not be picked marks the beginning of the end
It may not happen the first night or even the second day
But Death will take form as just one tiny green fuzzy spot
Quietly multiplying internally with no rhyme or reason
Until the sickness creeps outward as it climbs up the crust
The decay becomes unmistakable as mould quickly consumes
No longer serving a purpose the loaf is tossed in the trash.

Rusty Sherrill

www.dropr.com/portfolio105028



Secret Surf Spot of Death

Acrylic on canvas | 36 x 48 x 1" | \$15,000

RIGHT PAGE: Greed

Acrylic on canvas | 48 x 60 x 1.5" | \$39,000

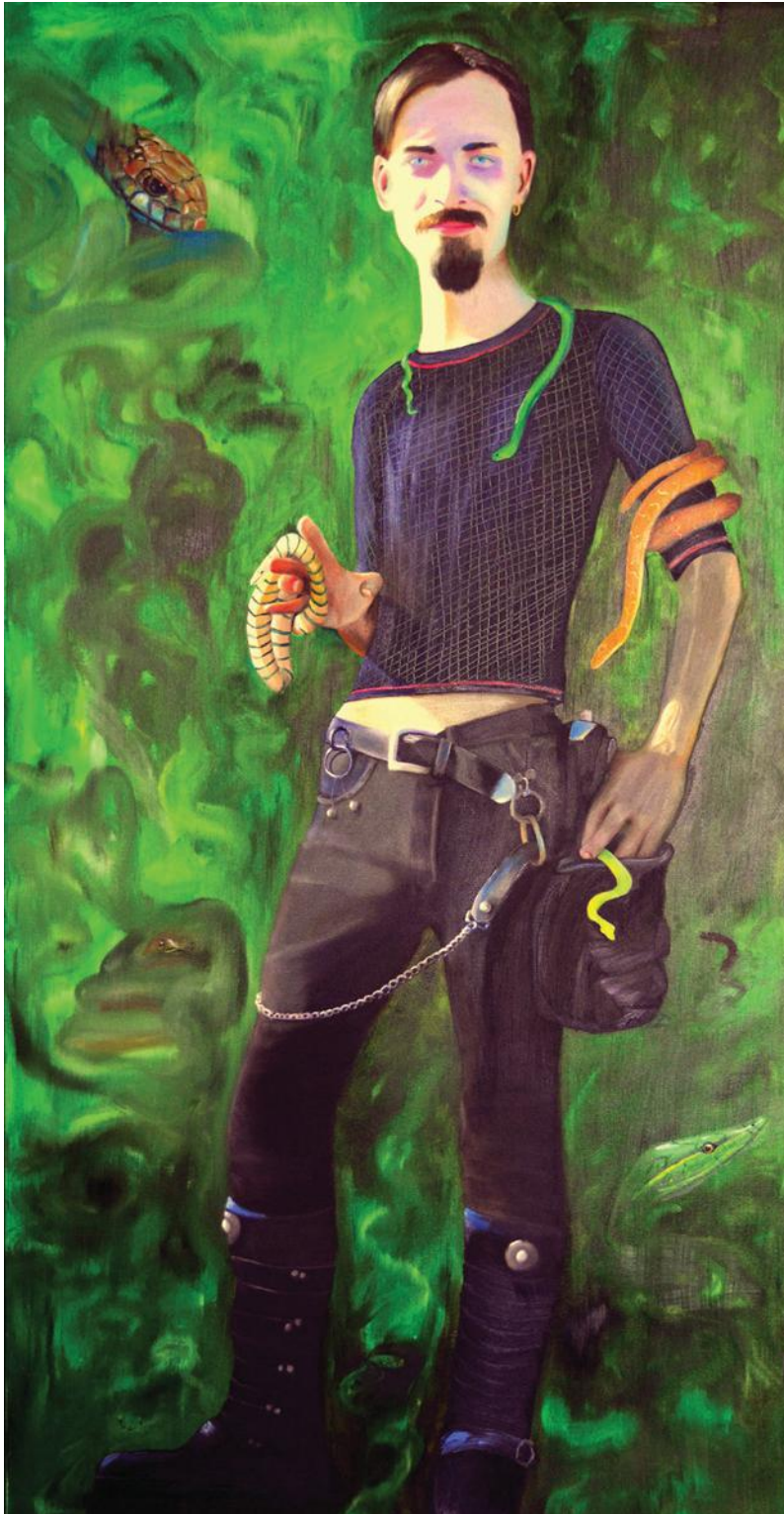






Snake Man

Oil on gallery stretched canvas | 48 x 24 x 2" | \$6,000





Lawn (Rabbit Men)

At night the rabbit men are on my brown grass, pacing
an odd sort of dance, covering ground
like the old man I knew who shuffled the Areopagus to
find Paul's footprints
Shuffled the smooth stone worn smoother by his slide,
slide, scratch from the grit in his holiday sandals

I don't know how, but the rabbit men knew about the
families around the Acropolis, waiting for Easter to arrive
walking with candles in lanterns with me too new
amongst them to know where there was safety and
what to fear

Maybe the rabbit men and Asterios have an understand-
ing. (Theseus lied. As usual.) I think I sensed him there in
the shadows, but I couldn't tell what was menace and
what was indifference and what was care

The rabbit men shuffle my lawn and celebrities queue to
buy islands. The 70 people I know are all faces in maga-
zines, and they are all terrible

The rabbit men move on from mine to the guy's next
door, and I watch the moisture leave the ground, drain-
ing upward into their lithe and shadowy forms. It serves
him right, I think

But I know that, in the end, the rabbit men will come for
us both, green lawns or no

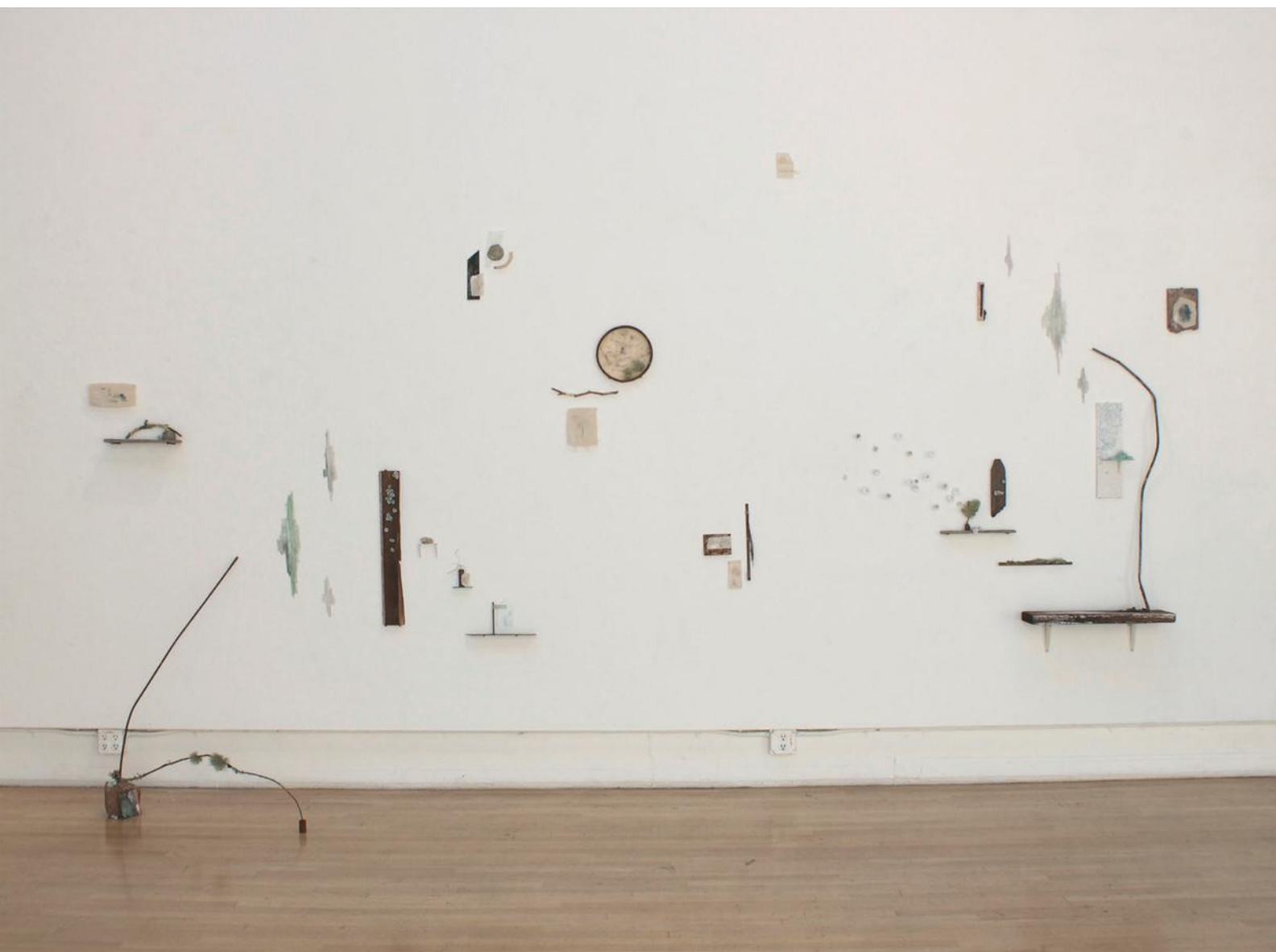


Turning [A Change of Feeling Under Different Light] (Detail)

Mixed media | 168 x 72" | NFS



Turning [A Change of Feeling Under Different Light]
Mixed media | 168 x 72" | NFS





Arbre de la Vie

Acrylic and mixed media on canvas | 30 x 30 x 1.5" | \$1,100





Shaken Down, Shaken Up

Ahn Li's no longer the green
rice seed
waiting to sprout

in the green waters
of the paddies
water buffalo trample through.

Recalling the trees
shaking
off leaves turned jade,

pale moonlight
exposes
black green nothingness.

Hung by his feet,
Ahn Li
trembled as cops, parents, drug lords

shook his frail body
till his greenbacks fell
to frigid ground.

No one knows where he
found Yankee dollars—
not jaded leaves, but greenbacks.

Ahn Li hated his boyhood,
being shaken
down constantly,

the leaves of trees
torn off. Tormenting winds
shook them

up explosively,
but they waited
for snow

in coats of yellow or red
or orange
after they cast aside their

jaded green paint
in paleness
below the haloed moon.

Shaken down, shaken up,
Ahn Li
fidgets as the greenstick bone fracture

of the wind tears
once green leaves
into bits and pieces.

All memories fade.
All grass
no longer greens.

Life for Ahn Li is better
now he
is a man.

Donna Jean Mayne

www.DonnaJeanMayne.com



Adamaris (from the Gift of Water series)

Bronze | 27 x 31.5 x 21.5" | \$17,800



Adamaris (from the Gift of Water series)
Bronze | 27 x 31.5 x 21.5" | \$17,800





Girl in a Green Dress

She wears a pale green dress in watered silk for Lysander's funeral. Her mother, being a potter, would have called it celadon, her grandmother, being a bit of a lush, would have classed it chartreuse. But, to Mae, it is her new green dress with a handkerchief hem and a cross-over (minimizer) bodice. Lysander picked it out with her the day they decided to get wed.

But now there will be no wedding.

If only she hadn't been deep in trying to fiddle the taxes when he first yelled for help. If she hadn't plugged her iPod firmly into her ears to get the very best from Tom Petty's Highway Companion in full throttle, she might have heard his screams. And, as it keeps battering through her mind like a woodpecker in the apple tree, if she'd been out there helping him with his bees none of this would have happened.

The autopsy showed a sting on Lysander's neck. It perplexed the lab for some time until their young intern announced, "I reckon it was one of those carpenter bees. They are quite rare, and I have no idea why it would be among the regular honey bees." She flushed slightly; it was her first breakthrough in demonstrating her expertise. "If only someone could have got to it within the first 20 minutes with vinegar, it might have stopped the poison entering the blood stream," she added with a new found confidence.

No one mentioned the vinegar to Mae, she would have disputed it anyway with: "bicarb for bees, vinegar for wasps."

Mae now has Lysander's death certificate. Cause of Death: Asphyxia due to a carpenter bee sting. The certificate is tucked squarely in the bottom of her canvas tote bag as she makes her way to the red brick Methodist chapel.

The rain started earlier in the day and Mae had no choice but to pull on her sun-shiny yellow Doc Martens. They were another of Lysander's suggestions. "You need something better than those old wellies of yours, Girlie," he said last month in Market Street when they were shopping for rhubarb, "look at these, just the job, and they've got purple spots – right up your alley."

And so he bought them for her, and while they don't really go with celadon (or chartreuse) green silk, they match Mae's conflicting feelings this damp funeral morning.

Strains of a whiter shade of pale float down the aisle as she clomps her way to the front pew. Mae is Lysander's only mourner. She smiles up at Clive, the organist, and nods. The funeral is brief and, as Lysander is trundled back down the aisle and out to the cemetery for burial, Clive begins to belt out Mungo Jerry's In the Summertime and Mae knows, in that instant, that Clive will be her saviour.



Tina Ybarra

www.tybarra23.wix.com/tinaybarra-artshow

Feathered Migdal
Mixed media | 24 x 30" | \$800





Maestro

Oil on canvas | 35 x 28 x 2" | Sold



Taste of Life
Oil on canvas | 35 x 28 x 2" | Sold





Moss and Bark Painting 1

Dehydrated moss and bark, repurposed frame | 18 x 18" | \$350



Moss and Bark Painting 2
Dehydrated moss and bark, repurposed frame | 26 x 26" | \$500



Studio Spotlight

A studio in bear and deer country

I am a painter. I love colour, light, expression, beauty and mystery. I love the experience of seeing paint flow, change and create beautiful compositions. I love pure abstraction, because it feels closer to reality than objects, scenes, portraits or ideas.

A few years ago, I built my dream studio. It is perched on a hill overlooking a wild



field, chaotic wood with fallen trees. In the winter, it is hard to get to, but I love stomping through deep snow to light my fire. The studio is open with north facing windows and a 14-foot ceiling. If I keep the door open while painting, deer and bear pass by and peer in. I have bumped into bears while walking back to the house. The space has no telephone, music or noise as I work best in silence – you can call the hooting owls and twittering birds quiet. The wild tangle outside always reminds me that nature is abstract, and it is up to us to see meaning in it. For me that is what painting is all about – finding



meaning in chaos. I love nature – not only

for inspiration, but she is my teacher when it comes to painting. I try to mix natural colours, infuse the paintings with light and depth, use natural flow of paint and highly textured surface created with sand and gesso. I like to partially dry my work then wash off layers with a garden hose. This technique is freeing and exciting. Good thing I am out in the country – my technique is extremely messy!

By Heidi Thompson

Heidi Thompson is a Canadian citizen, was born in Vernon, B.C. in 1956, the area she still calls home. www.heidithompson.info





Art Investor Tips

Appropriation art: concept or theft?

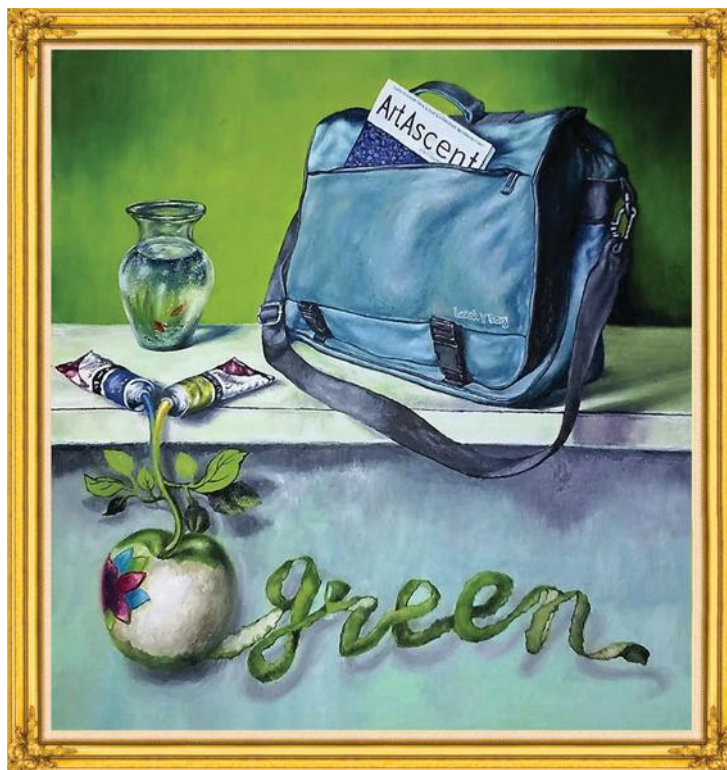
Every few years, appropriation art “bad-boy” Richard Prince releases a new body of work that pushes the boundaries of what constitutes an original artistic concept and what constitutes theft of ideas. Every time, the controversial works prompt a discussion as to what legally defines appropriation art, and what ethically defines it on a cultural level.

At its most basic, appropriation artists take another artist’s creative product and transform it into a new piece. As opposed to referencing works cited or quoted in a written work, appropriation artists are typically in no way required to make reference to the original piece’s context or artist.

Legally, appropriation of a creative work must meet several requirements, which often depend on local laws. First of all, the transformation element is essential. In the U.S., if the new work transforms the original piece, it falls under “fair use.” This means that the original work is used to create a new work, therefore, the appropriation artist is protected from prosecution. Essentially the piece has been re-contextualized to hold new meaning.

Often, this is accomplished by adding something to or changing the original artwork’s presentation. In Prince’s notorious “Canal Zone” series of 2008, the artist took photographer Patrick Cariou’s published photos, blew them up to large-scale, and added additional painted and collaged elements on top of the photos. Cariou sued, claiming that his original works were being used for pieces that were being sold for millions of dollars, but the court found that Prince’s work met the requirements for fair use.

While Prince has been pushing the envelope when it comes to appropriation since the 1970s, many famous artists have used the technique in their works – some even finding themselves faced with lawsuits, like Prince. Barbara Krueger, whose large-scale text works often use collage images for the background, won a 2000 case filed against her by a photographer, and Jeff Koons was victorious in a 2005 case brought against him, also by a photographer.



In fact, appropriation goes back even further into art history. In the early parts of the 20th century, Marcel Duchamp made waves in the art world with his readymade objects. In his works, Duchamp would use objects like bicycle wheels and shovels, and present them as artistic concepts, essentially transforming them by presenting them in a new context, and signing them as he would a traditional painting or object.

His contemporaries working in cubism like Pablo Picasso and Georges Braque also experimented with collaging existing items into a work – without necessarily even altering the original objects. Surrealist and Dada artists continued this experimenting with using appropriated objects in different media.

By the mid-20th century, artists like Robert Rauschenberg used silkscreens of texts and images in collage and paintings in addition to repurposing objects like beds for installations that predicted the trend that would re-emerge in the 1990s. In the 1970s and 80s, artists like Elaine Sturtevant recreated original artworks like Andy Warhol's *Flowers* (1965) by hand painting them.

While the legal definitions of appropriation offer some guidelines, there is still a split in the art world as to whether appropriation art is ethically acceptable. For example, Prince's most recent series of others' Instagram photos on large format canvases incensed many who were featured in his works in addition to a number of art critics, because he didn't ask for permission to use their images while selling his versions for six-figure sums. On the other hand, Sturtevant's work was celebrated in a 2014 career retrospective at New York's Museum of Modern Art.

It's likely that whether appropriation is acceptable or not will be debated for years to come as technology allows for even more ways to access and manipulate others' creative products. That being said, these works tend to do just fine in the global art market, and many are highly sought after by collectors in some ways because of their controversial nature.

By Rachel Cohen, LCAT, ATR-BC

Pictured above (frame excluded):
Apple and Bag #1
by Glenn Leung

Art Investors Tips

Artistic integrity

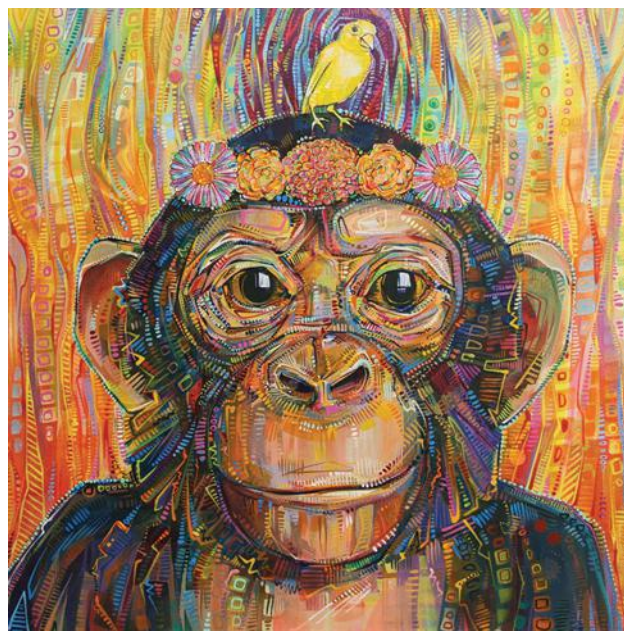
When artists create art that resonates with who they are and how they view the world around them, we say that they artist have artistic integrity. Seasoned art collectors recognize it immediately and are naturally drawn to those who possess it.

Many artists try different styles depending on their mood or when they are learning new techniques and starting out. There is nothing wrong with it. However, in order to be perceived as a professional, many art consultants recommend that an artist have a distinguished style and a clear artistic voice. They emphasize having a cohesive body of work that looks like it came out of the same artist without a shred of doubt.

This painting style is usually developed through years of practice and by developing an affinity to certain colours and a way of doing things. There usually is a process of evolution, which leads to a certain distinctive style. It is hard for many to settle for just one style or one genre of work. This confuses the viewer, not to mention it equally becomes frustrating to the artist as well. It is like being a teenager trying out many different personalities and not knowing who he or she really is yet. In other words, such artists are all over the map, and their work is not taken seriously.

The following five characteristics are often FELT and SEEN oozing out of the art of those mature artists who have managed to form artistic integrity in their art.

1. Their art is created with love and enthusiasm. For example: Renoir's depiction of women in his paintings. Gwenn Seemel's art (a living French/American Artist) celebrating wild life and the Chinese Year of the Monkey. She regularly paints human and animal portraits.



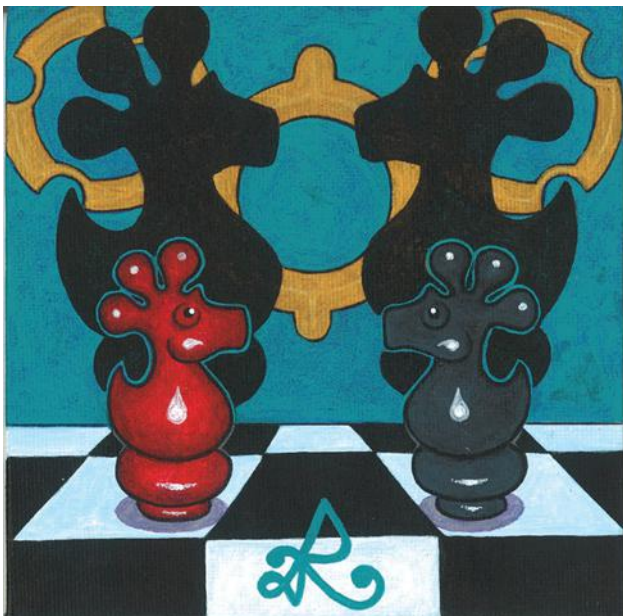
Gwenn Seemel – Chimpanzee Canary

2. The quality of their work is uncompromisingly superior and consistent (the effort). For example: Tamara De Lempicka's elegant paintings. Sunita Khedekar's paintings (a living British Artist) celebrating life and nature. She regularly paints geometrical abstracts enmeshed with figurative art.



Sunita Khedekar – Pet Girl

3. The body of work looks cohesive in recognizable style (done by the same person). M.C Escher's woodcuts and pencil drawings. Frida Kahlo's portraits. Roopa Dudley's chess themed paintings. You don't have to be an art expert to identify the artist once you have seen their work somewhere.



Roopa Dudley – Chess-Nut Paradise

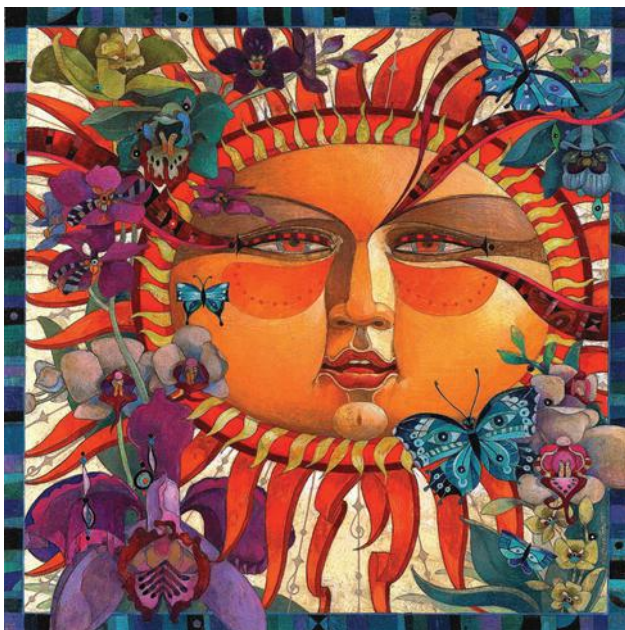
4. The work looks and feels authentic (even if the subject in question is painted a thousand times by other artists). For example: van Gogh's Sunflowers. Lempicka's Portraits and Goya's Cartoons. For example, how can a common thing like sunflowers look distinctly different from the hundreds of others that have already been painted? In "Sunflowers & Cottages Scenic View," the Canadian-born Artist Cathy Horvath captures the magic of Sunflower wonderland without compromising her authenticity.



Cathy Horvath – Sunflower & Cottages Scenic View

Artistic integrity (cont.)

5. The art is created with conviction and means something to the creator even when it is created to look decorative, cartoon like or abstract. It evokes a certain feeling (joy, horror, melancholia, anger, desire, disgust) in the viewer. For example, David Galchutt's Eden. It is a perfect example of when design meets imagination. Making an ordinary subject like a sun into an extraordinary work of art.



David Galchutt – Eden

It is interesting to observe that children are authentic when they create their work freely without worrying about being judged. They are not creating to sell their art, to impress others or to get an award. They create their work with enthusiasm and love for the subject they are consumed and preoccupied with. That subject or concept dominates their thought process till it is spilled out on the paper for the whole world to see and in doing so affects viewers. It has a certain rawness to it.

In other words, any artist who has a solid body of cohesive work created to share their inner world, philosophical views, perceptions or concepts with the world in an authentic or innovative fashion is generally perceived by other artists to possess artistic integrity. For such artists, mediocrity is not an option, but something that must be actively avoided. It is the search for their inner truth that keeps them going and is their number one priority.

By Roopa Dudley

Author of: A Strategic Painter: Mastermind Your Craft

www.RoopaDudley.com

Collect them all.



Next issue theme feature: **Patterns**

Get your copy this August

CALL FOR ARTISTS AND WRITERS

This call theme is "Patterns." A natural or accidental arrangement or sequence can be portrayed with realism or symbolism, or can be abstract. Share your vision and you may be published in the next issue.

The selected artists and writers will be published in ArtAscent magazine and showcased in our online exhibition for at least two years. Additionally, four of these creatives will be featured in article profiles.

All 2D and 3D artists may apply including writers, painters, photographers, digital artists, installation artists, ceramic artists, jewelry artists, sculptors, fabric artists, and others.


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