

International Artists and Writers • Retracing Life in My Home Studio • Artworks in Series

ArtAscent

Art & Literature Journal 20 October 2016



FEATURE:
Patterns



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ArtAscent

Art & Literature Journal

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artists and writers from around the world



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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.



On The Front Cover

Part of the Wall
by Joanna Madloch



On The Back Cover

1 Long 2 Short
by Eric Field



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PATTERNS

Foreword

In his Vincent van Gogh's Biography, *Lust for Life*, Irving Stone wrote: "The sole unity of life is in the unity of rhythm." This quote reveals the reason behind the eternal power of rhythm in art; it's a part of nature that invades art.

Although the conscious perception of rhythm appears only with the formation of the human's psyche, it's also true that a human's thought is arrhythmic by its nature. Our intellect can't have its own rhythm – conversely, it's adopted to identifying it in the outside world, and should be ready to its changes. Moreover, the flow of our thoughts often contradicts to the basic functions of the body submitted to rhythm – heartbeat, breath, waking, and sleeping states, etc. That's why the human brain always seeks for the possibility to join rhythm, looking for the symmetry, regular outlines, and repetitions in its surrounding.

In visual practices, rhythm is expressed through patterns. Patterns involve us in the grabbing game that prompts our mind to reconstruct the whole picture based just on its fragments: we're able to grasp the integrity just by concentrating on its element, which is impossible in reality. Thus, we overcome the limits of our mental and physical optics and realize the holistic nature of the Universe.

All these qualities of pattern have been attracting artists since prehistoric times, as it was turned in the intricate expression of the epochs' philosophy. It's enough to think of Islamic culture, where pattern became the major artistic method, or Op Art movement of the 20th century with its postmodern obsession with visuality.

Working on the 20th volume of *ArtAscent Art & Literature Journal*, we've decided to give our artists and writers an opportunity to come up with their vision of this timeless theme – Patterns. So, get ready to feel the pulse of contemporaneity!

By Oleksandra Osadcha

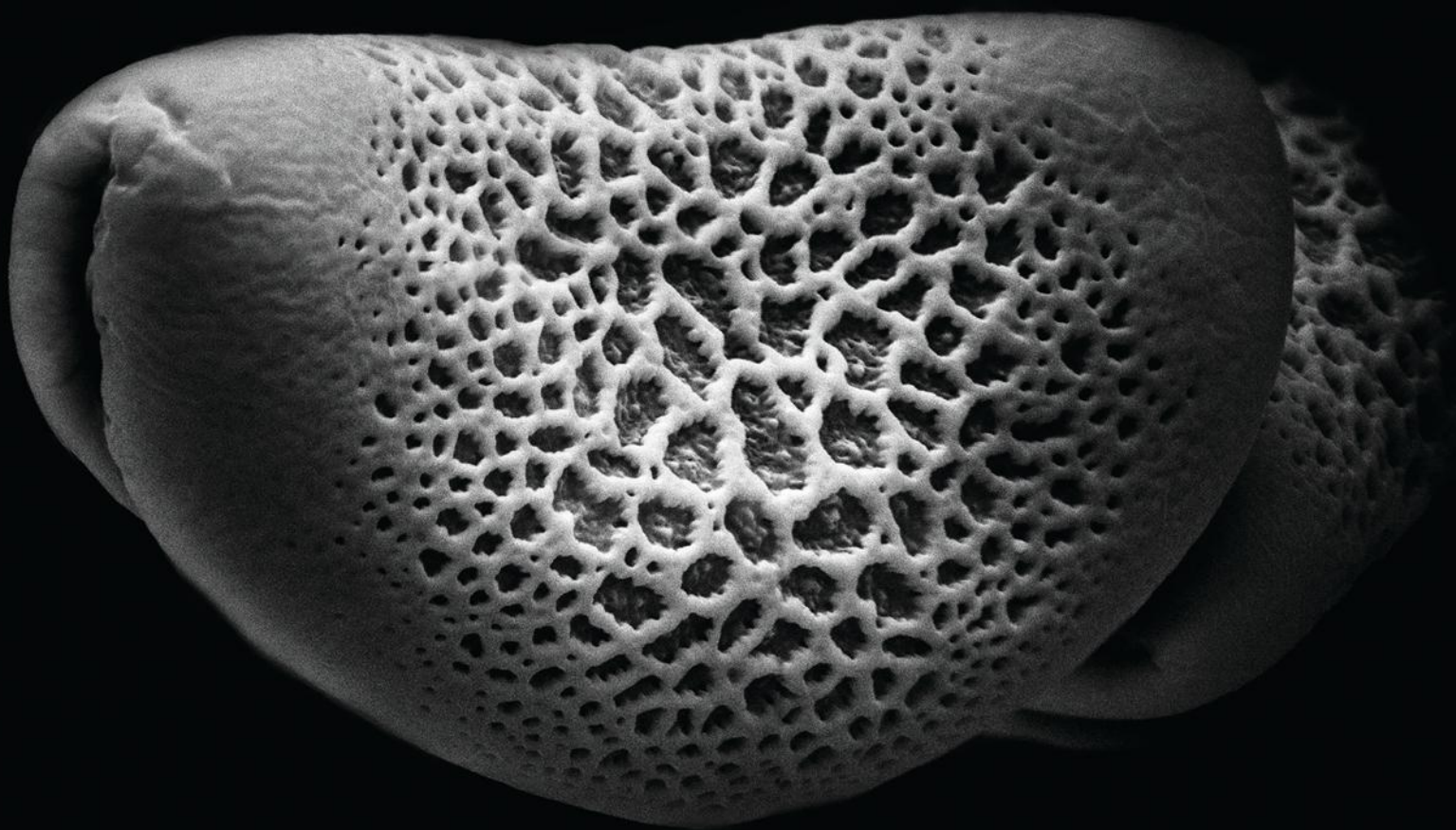
Robert Dash

www.robertdashphotography.com



Camas Lilly Pollen

Photography, matte included | 16 x 20" | \$500



NEXT SPREAD

Camas Lilly Sepal Stomata

Photography, matte included | 16 x 20" | \$500

Have you ever thought about the reason of the poetry's popularity? It's all about patterns – rhyme schemes, and alternation of syllables that create specific harmonious rhythm that hypnotizes us and can even overshadow the content itself. Patterns in photography have the same magic power and artists like Robert Dash know how to use it.

Historical upheavals (fight against totalitarian systems, two world wars) and technical progress (mass media development, computerization) of the 20th century have completely changed the global social and cultural system; the traditional vertical hierarchical system was replaced by a system based on root-like, horizontal links. To define this type of system, Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari introduced the term *rhizome* in 1976. Rhizome is the alternative to centric and static linear structures. From the aesthetical point of view, the latter tends to create clichés, whilst the rhizome avoids copying the reality, focusing on mapping and creating connections between all its parts instead. The universe functions according to the mentioned principles and Robert aspires to represent them in his photographic pieces.

Having a B.A. degree in Environmental Studies, Robert has particular interest in researching natural regularities. He pursues to capture their manifestations in textures and patterns of various biological forms. Featured images are pieces from two bodies of work – *Micro* and *Show me the Carbon*. For them, the artist has made macro photography of a dragonfly wing, sand, madrona bark, and marine algae, and scanning electron micrographs of pollen, flower stomata, grass seed, and a flower's pistil.

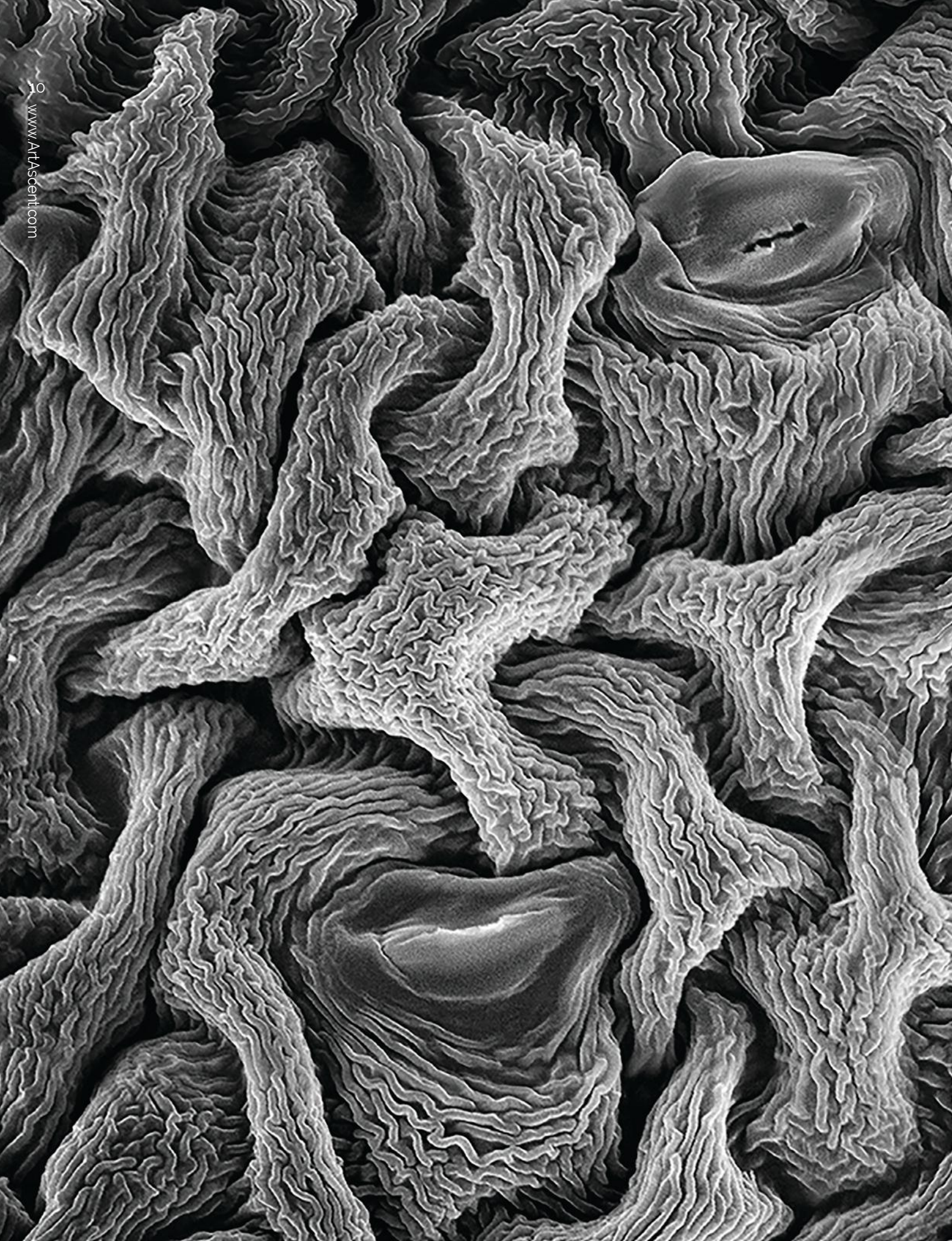
It's amazing, how rationality of digital technologies serves the photographer in glorifying poetical beauty of life. Robert's style reminds of the oeuvre of Karl Blossfeldt – a prominent German photographer of the early 20th century: when looking at the pieces of both,

it seems you see not an organic life, but architectural constructions. Eloquence of natural textures, enhanced by the ascetic black and white colouring, brings them to the level of sculpture.

Panoramic macro shots are defined by sensuality, illusory haptic character, and dynamic compositions that make them similar to baroque art with its accent on painterly qualities of the surface. Robert's creative method shows a new solution of the long-lasting contradiction between artistic and documentary photography; without borrowing from art, his pieces "plant" art within themselves, giving insight into the reality under unconventional angle.

Robert Dash is an American photographer and educator who has been working in the field of visual arts for many years. He obtained his Bachelor of Arts in Environmental Studies from the Evergreen State College in 1980 and graduated with a Master of Arts in Human Development from Pacific Oaks College in 1991. His photographs were featured in galleries and juried shows around the country, and in publications such as *National Geographic*, *TIME*, *The Week*, and the curated website *Lensculture*. Apart from the numerous private collections, his works are owned by the International Cultural Center, Texas Tech University, and Museum of Fine Arts, Houston. At the moment the artist is working on the photography and poetry of *An Acre Shy of Eternity*, *Ecology and Metaphor on One Seaside Cliff*.

By Oleksandra Osadcha

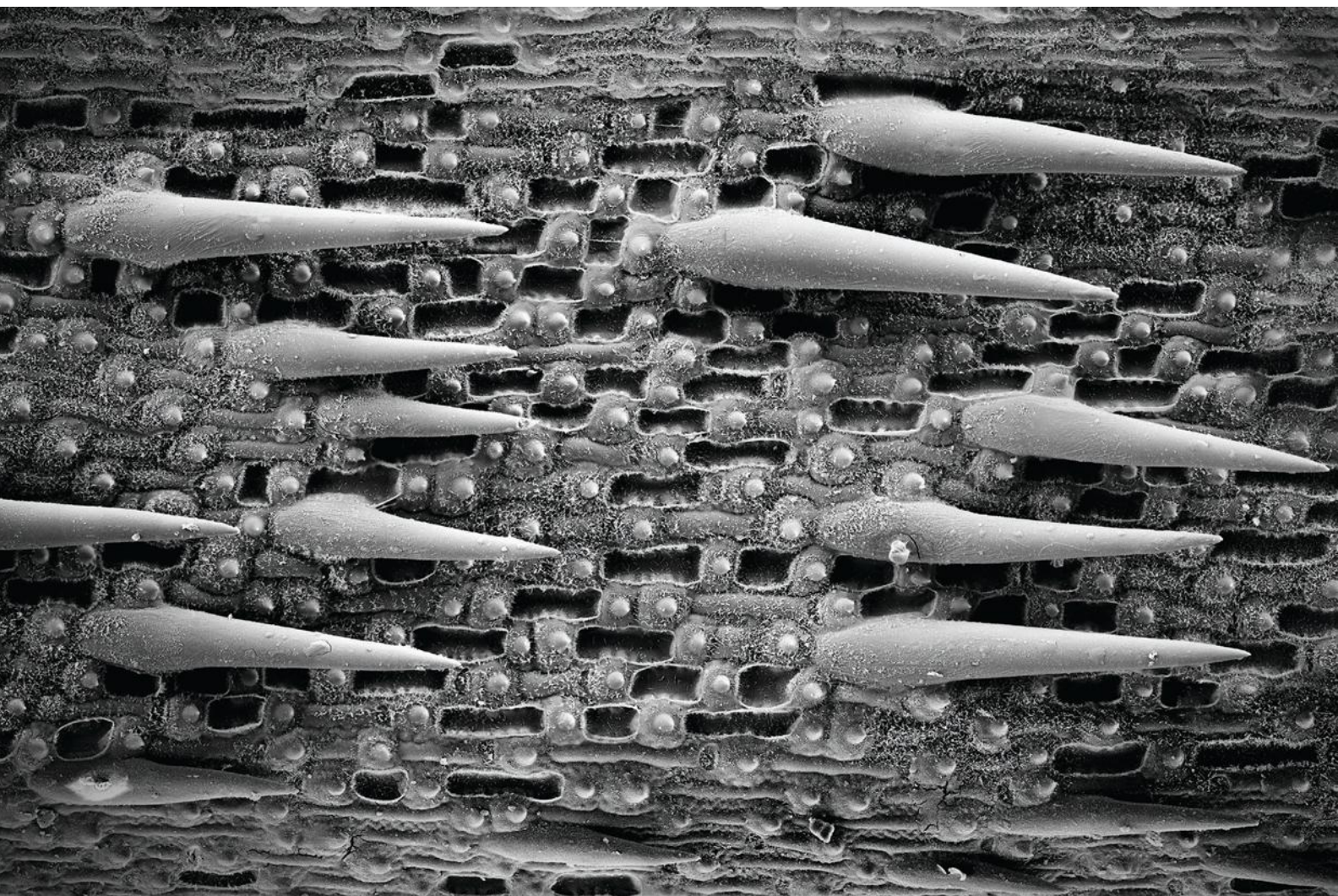




Robert Dash

Grass Seed

Photography, matte included | 16 x 20" | \$500



RIGHT PAGE: Camas Lilly Pistil

Photography, matte included | 16 x 20" | \$500



Robert Dash

Dragonfly Wing

Photography, matte included | 16 x 20" | \$500



RIGHT PAGE: Sand Runes
Photography, matte included | 16 x 20" | \$500



Gold

Writing about poetry is challenging since its deepest parts can't be grasped rationally. To find the key to the text, one has to involve all his senses, emotions, and life experiences. Such is the case with this poetic piece by Diyana Sastrawati Mohamad we're pleased to present you.

Intensive globalization provoked a totally opposite reaction in arts, as more and more creators refer to local history, traditions, and issues in their projects. Literary work of Diyana is influenced by the author's attempts to explore the interaction between borderless spaces of contemporaneity and national/cultural identity of a person. She wittily compares herself with an anthropologist or an ethnographer, intertwining some life-observations into the poetic form.

The featured poetry called *A Scene in a Rembau Kampong* (Kampong means village in Malay, the author's native language) is written in the pantun berkait – it's a Malay verse form that contains a woven verse pattern. Apart from specific rhythmic structure, pantun is defined as retaining a certain metaphor, echoes throughout the piece, like a Malay proverb that enriches Diyana's text. The repetition of the phrase creates the unhurried, contemplative atmosphere, which perfectly matches the rural scene described in the poem. It was inspired by the visit to the childhood home of the author's father – Rembau, Negri Sembilan. She tried to capture the flavour of the moment, its rhythm and the way it's reflected in the behaviour and language of its people through the insignificant details, gently fused with a larger scenery. Empathy and spiritual merge with the place, filling the words with particular warmth and sincerity.

Diyana masterfully uses that delicate correlation between rhythm and pattern. Pattern is the rhythm of a space, rhythm is a pattern involving time. Both of them are just two sides of one category that can be called order. And when a text is run through the "filter" of this rhythmic/pattern order, it allows sublimity and enigma to get into our profane world without masking.

Before letting you dive into Diyana's text, I'd like to quote here the author's deeply personal and touching message to the readers that shows her strong commitment with her roots and belief in the art's possibility to change the world: "I only wish people to read the poem compassionately and take a brief moment to understand that this is the language and form I hope to rehabilitate."

Diyana Sastrawati Mohamad is a Singapore-based writer, whose works have been published by *Fixi Novo*, *Gone Lawn*, *Moving Worlds*, and *Junoeseq*. She holds a Bachelor of Arts with honours degree in Sociology, with a minor in Creative Writing from Nanyang Technological University, Singapore. Diyana has editorial experience working as a co-editor for *Junoeseq Literary Journal* in the past. Currently, she is a research assistant and a volunteer at Beyond Social Services, a Singapore-based non-profit organization. The featured piece was first published in *Imagine Water: An Archipelago of Mini-Essays on Water as Geography, Resource and Metaphor* edited by Shirley Chew.

By Oleksandra Osadcha



A Scene in a Rembau Kampong

Above the mountain's scaffold, the sun peeks.
Morning like other mornings, dew and sweat.
Shower by the well, to the song of prayers.
The frog leaps in and swims, the way he does.

Morning like other mornings, dew and sweat.
A serendipity, how creatures greet.
The frog leaps in and swims, the way he does.
*Koncek baranang co itu inyo.*¹

A serendipity, how creatures greet.
Son, with toast and hot teh, on the straw mat.
*Koncek baranang co itu inyo.*²
He gathers wood and rakes the leaves. He hums.

Son, with toast and hot teh, on the straw mat.
The filial son who pays a visit.
He gathers wood and rakes the leaves. He hums.
A splash of water, the well bucket sways.

The filial son who pays a visit.
Shower by the well, to the song of prayers.
A splash of water, the well bucket sways.
Above the mountains scaffold, the sun peeks.

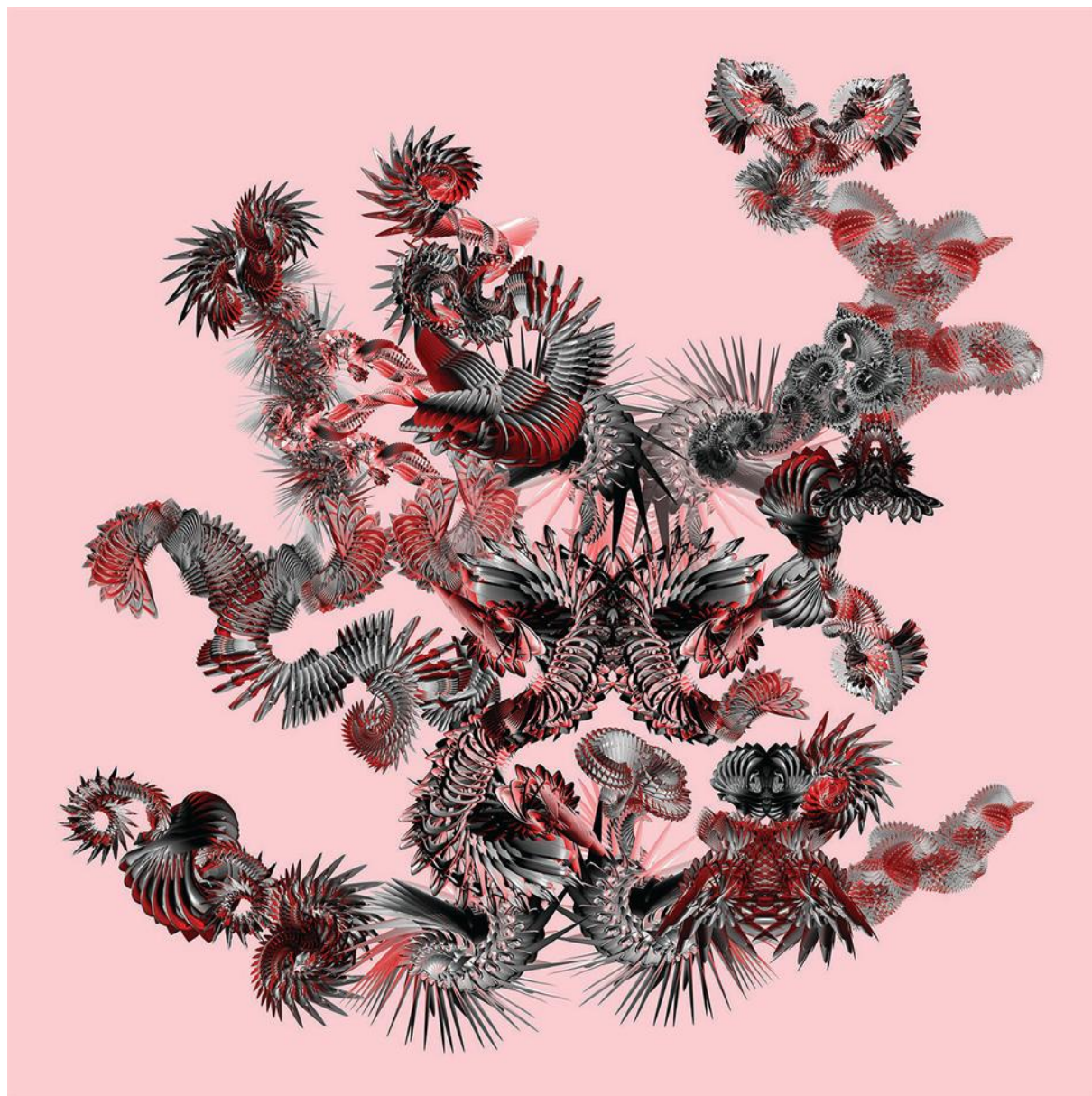
1, 2 Translation: "The way a frog swims, the way he does"
(a way of doing something without having a goal).

Monica Tiulescu

www.monica-tiulescu.com



Species 0060



In a contemporary world, where everything goes online, virtuality invades all spheres of our existence, particularly affecting communication between public and of art. Digital art loses its uniqueness, becoming a net of the interrelated visual hypertexts. The latter can be felt as an alternative environment, explored by such artists like Monica Tiulescu.

Virtual space is largely based on replicating of its own elements and eternal partition on the uniform elements. The same way, self-similarity is an essential feature of nature, based on fractal pattern: from this point of view, birth of a new galaxy and birth of a new life are one and the same. It wasn't until the 1970s that the fractal theory became wide-spread due to the research of a mathematician, Benoit Mandelbrot. However, the fractal organization of the Universe had been described long ago in some Buddhists' texts that claimed nothing exists separately: all qualities of one object arise from the qualities of the others, and their relations define the qualities of the whole system. This idea inspired Monica to create her *Species* work.

Holding a degree in architecture, Monica has a special eye for structure of the surrounding and skills for seeing objects in their wholeness. The artist has challenged herself with showing evolutionary dynamics through static image, as she refers to the theme of biological growth. *Species* is a series of digital images, produced with the help of 3D animation software. All of them are genetically related with each other, as, according to Tiulescu's words, everything starts with "one spatial component that is then parametrically multiplied and aggregated." The resultant architectonic compositions are transformed at the local level, gradually spreading the changes on the whole complex, and printed on metal panels, canvas, and archival photo paper afterwards.

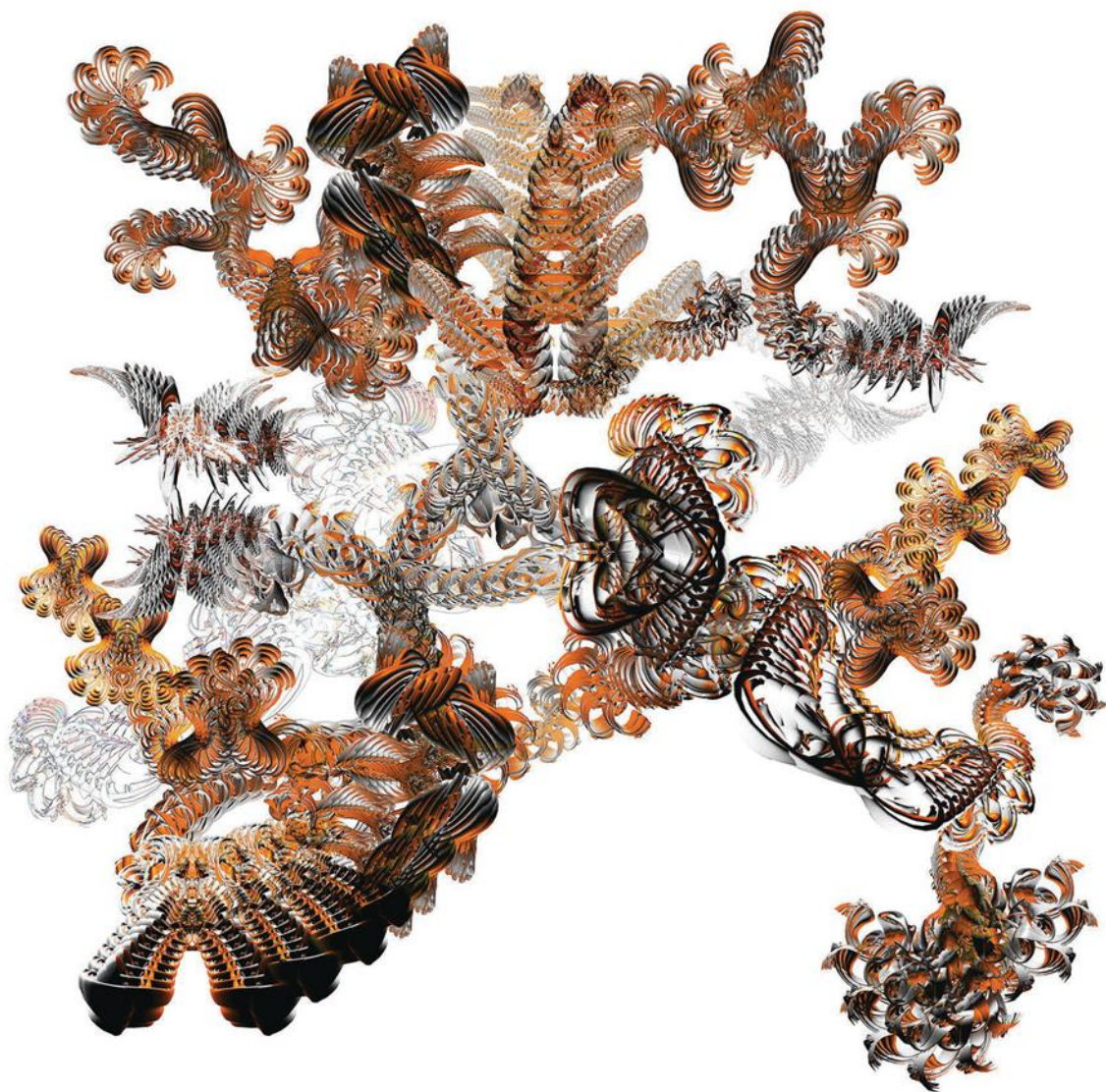
One should not be deceived by the seeming fluidity and fortuitousness, even chaotic character of Monica's images; there is a solid analytical background behind each of them. Such attitude evokes association with the legacy of an outstanding Russian vanguard painter, Pavel Filonov. He treated painting like a living organism that develops atom by atom; his compositions are built of small geometric pieces, painted in pure spectral colours, so the whole picture resembles a crystal. The artist wrote on his creative method: "I know, analyze, see, and intuit that any object has not just two predicates, form, and colour, but a whole world of invisible phenomenon, their emanations, inclusions, genesis, and existence." The same way, Tiulescu's works prove, if in the past artists, architects, and designers copied natural forms, now nature itself supplies them with new methods and technologies, giving us a chance not just to see any object but also to understand it through understanding its pattern.

Monica Tiulescu is an Oakland based digital artist. She received her Bachelor of Architecture from the Irwin S. Chanin School of Architecture at The Cooper Union and Master of Science degree in Advanced Architectural Design from Columbia University. She has been a teacher of architecture and design educator for the past 16 years. Monica's paintings and digital work have been exhibited in the San Francisco Bay area extensively in 2015-2016.

By Oleksandra Osadcha

Monica Tiulescu

Species 0020



Artist

Species 2006



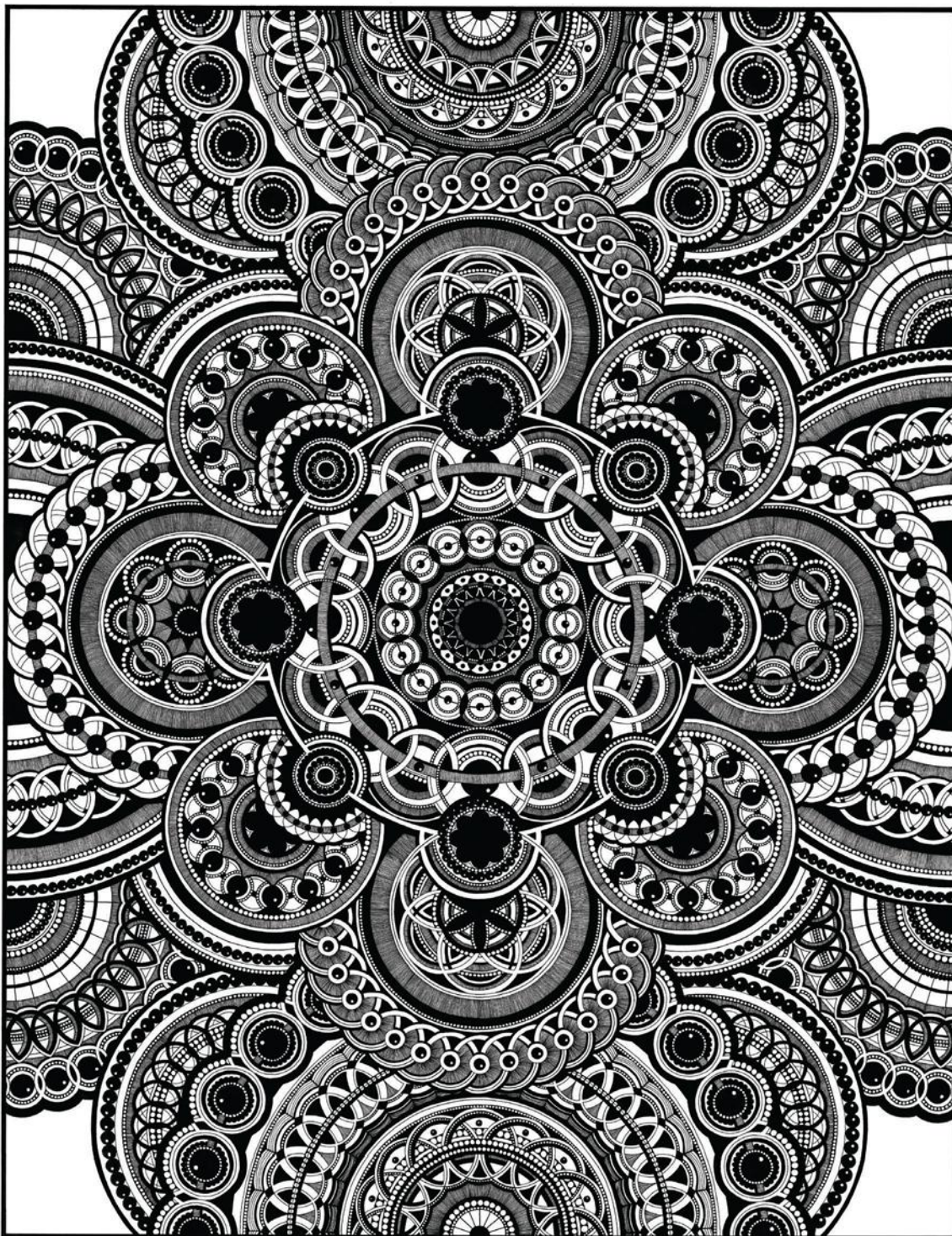
Jessica M Springman

www.creativehotlist.com/portfolios/i/details/group1/220980



Revelation

Pen and ink | 40 x 32" | \$8,500



Humanity has a constant need to reflect its knowledge in various art forms. Ornament as a particular artistic type of pattern has been a mediator of cosmological and mythological notions throughout all the epochs. In her intricate pieces, Jessica M Springman proves pattern hasn't lost its power even in a contemporary hypervisual epoch.

Stereotypically ornament has been treated like a pure decoration without any philosophical depth. However, Jessica puts all her effort to shatter that myth by creating hypnotizing and profound ornamental compositions. Each of them correlates with the author's philosophy expressed in the following quote from her artistic statement, "Nothing 'wild' is random, and everything 'natural' is ordered." How does ornament help her to embody this statement in her works? For figuring that out, we need to have an insight into the connection between ornament and abstract art.

Cognition is primly based on observation of the world, direct contact with it. We get some physical sensations transmitted to our brain. At this stage, information is transformed, cleared of odd details, and shaped into abstractions, which are, roughly speaking, the synthesized patterns of this or that phenomenon. That is why the art of ornament, which might seem shallow in comparison to the realistic art, shouldn't be underestimated. An Austrian art historian of the 19th century, Alois Riegl, claimed ornament to be the brighter embodiment of human artistic skills than fine art itself. The art begins where human puts the border between himself and the outer world. Thus, it is the distance from the reality that turns a thing into an art object.

As one can see, ornament has the highest possible degree of conditionality, enabling us to see the order in the apparently chaotic nature. This inspired Springman

to develop her own style, described often as *Vennism* – "breaking apart multivariate reality into constituent and relational elements as separated and nested 2D representations." As in case with all patterns, you can perceive the whole by looking at its parts, which are self-sufficient.

Jessica desires to organize an artistic territory liberated from the author's dictatorship. This concept is realized from the very first stages of creation, as, having the finished image in her mind, Jessica rarely makes preliminary sketches and starts drawing with a ruler, compass, pencil, and pen – all at one time. To give birth to a piece that allows the viewer to experience the freedom of perspective, she follows the route of great artists like William Morris, who used to say, "The mission of art is to represent nature not to imitate her."

Jessica M Springman is an illustrator and graphic designer from Noblesville (Indiana). Drawing was her passion since the age of seven. In 1998, she graduated with a double major in Communications and Art from Westminster College of Salt Lake City, Utah. Her first professional fine art exhibition took place in June 2013. After that, Jessica's works were on display at 40 group and 5 solo shows. In 2015, the artist participated in Stutz Studio Residency Program. She is a member of the Graphic Artists Guild, and the American Institute of Graphic Arts (AIGA).

By Oleksandra Osadcha

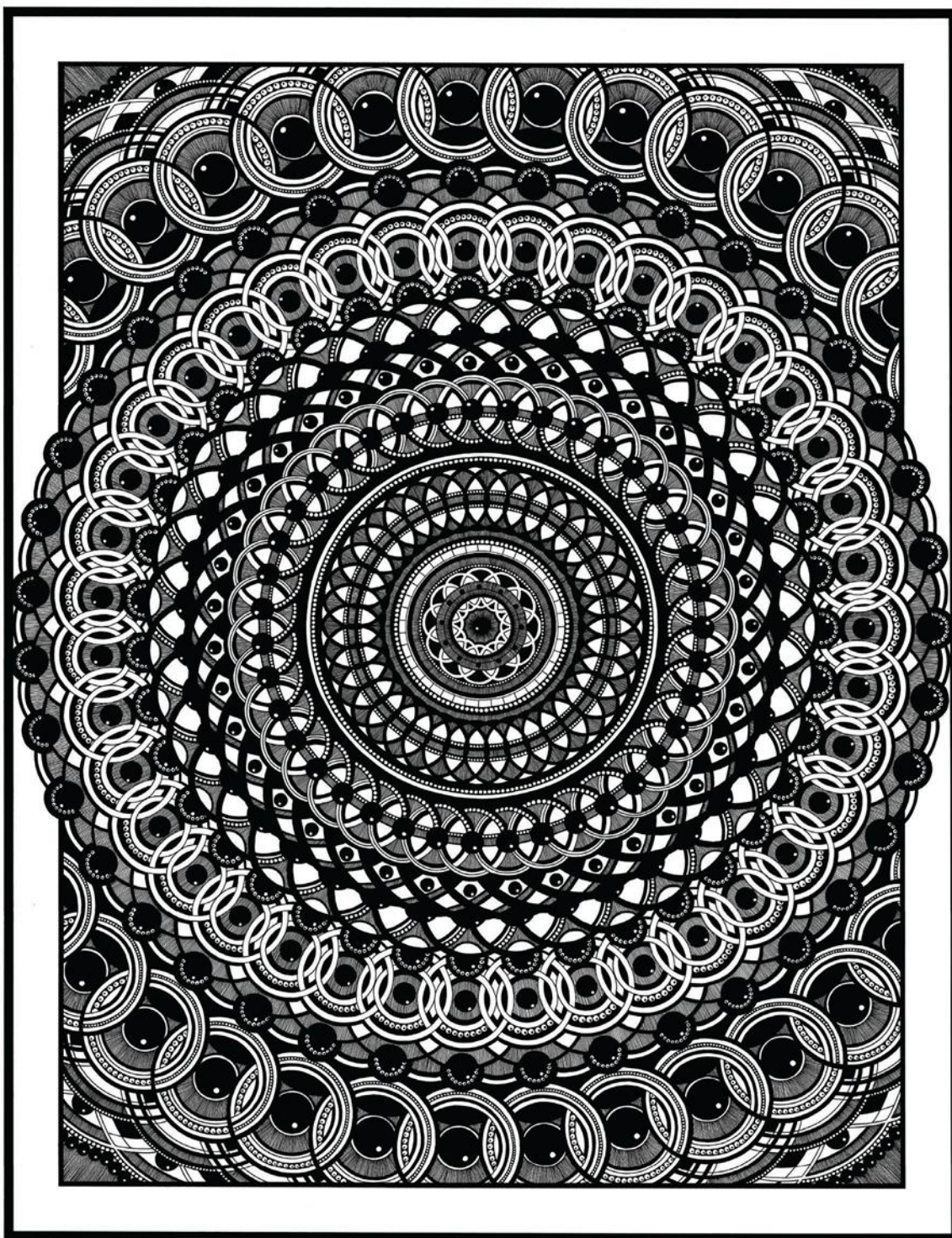
Jessica M Springman

Pristina

Pen and ink | 40 x 32" | \$8,500

RIGHT PAGE: Circularity

Pen and ink | 40 x 32" | \$8,500





Diane Crompton

www.dianecrompton.com

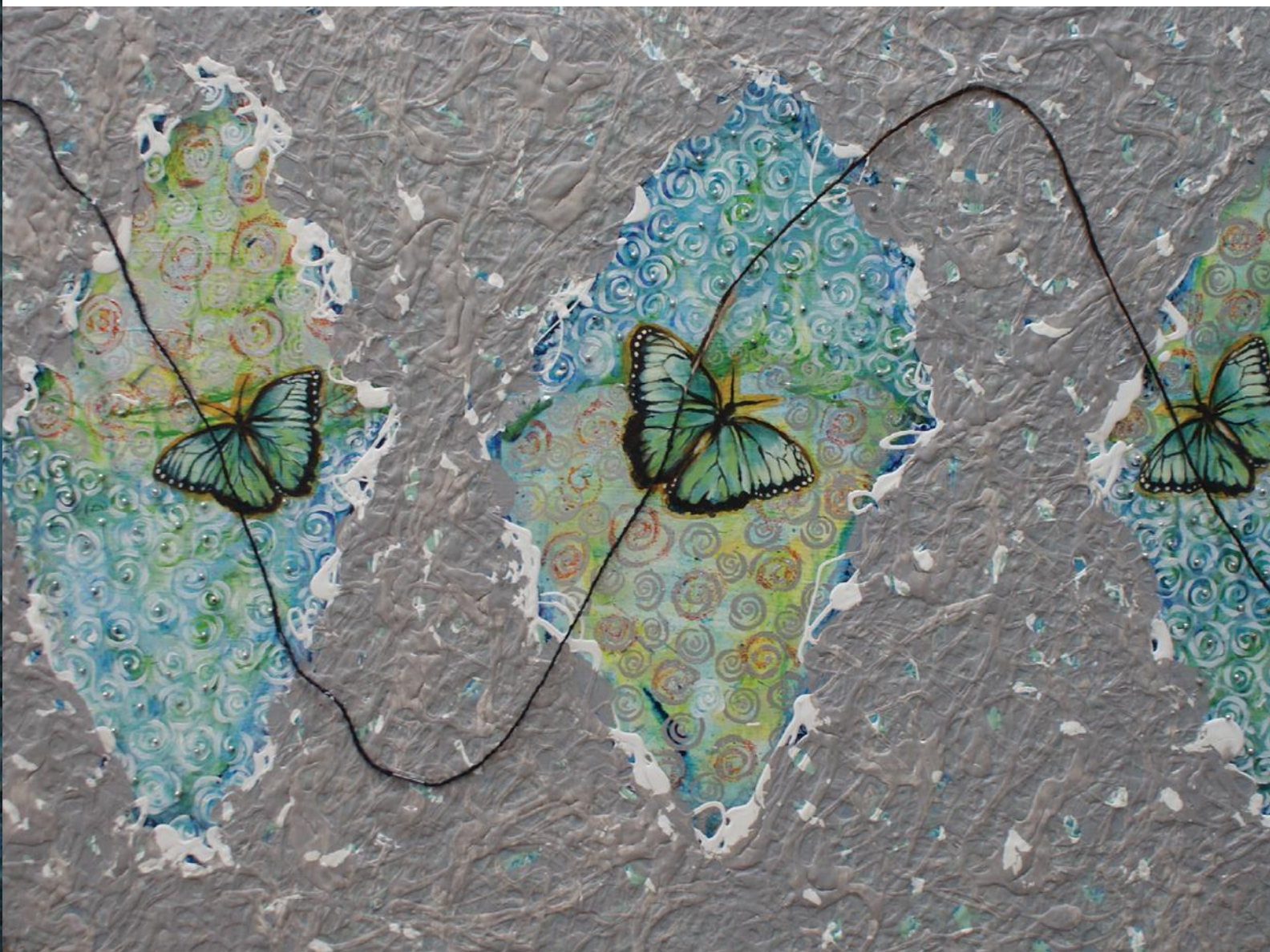


Synergy

Acrylic on canvas | 30 x 30 x 1.6" | \$1,500



Butterfly Effect
Acrylic on board | 23 x 30 x 0.18" | \$1,500



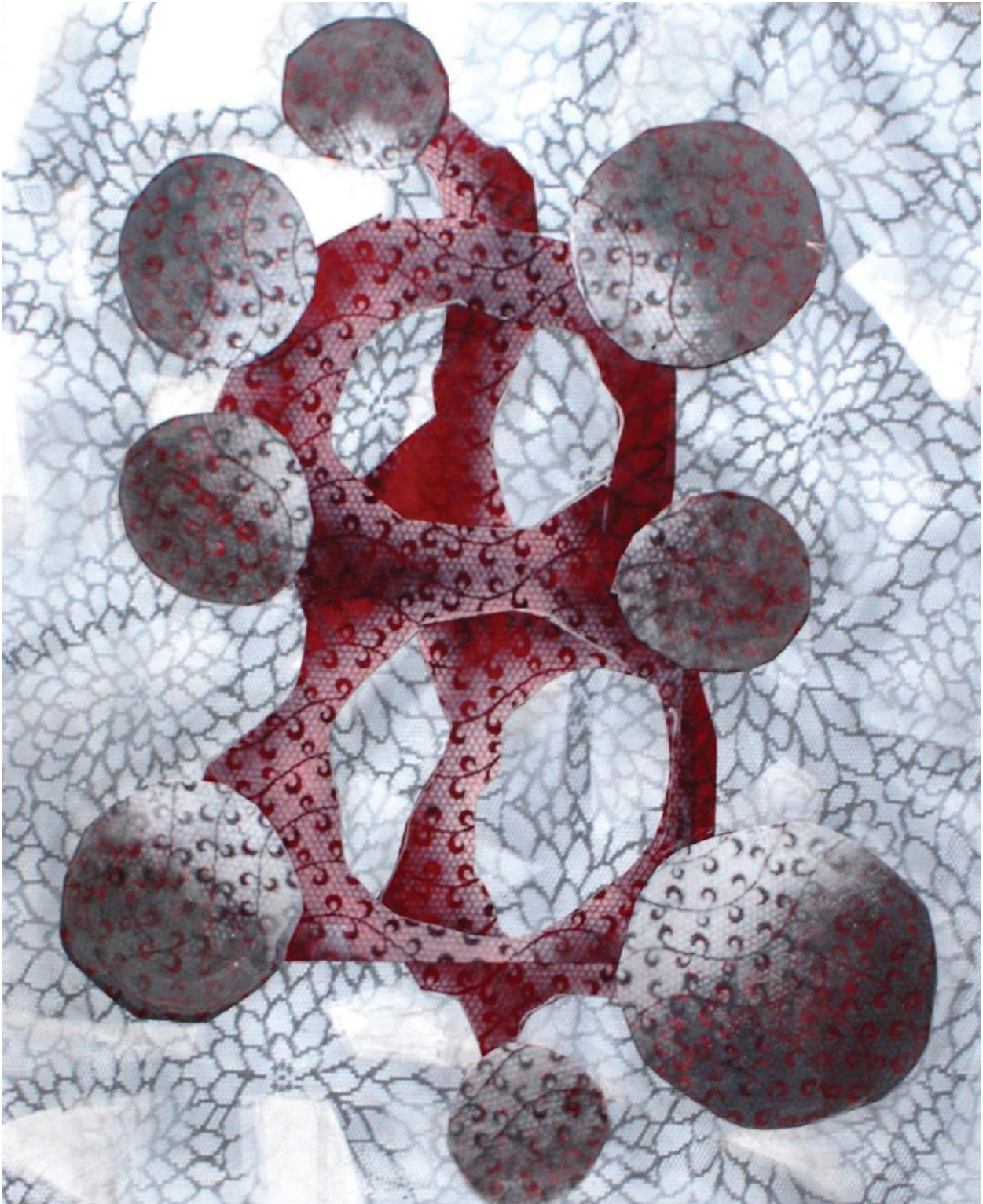
Diane Crompton

Molecular

Spray paint on plastic and canvas | 18 x 24 x 0.6" | \$650

Cadence

Buttons and acrylic on canvas | 15 x 30 x 1.4" | \$650

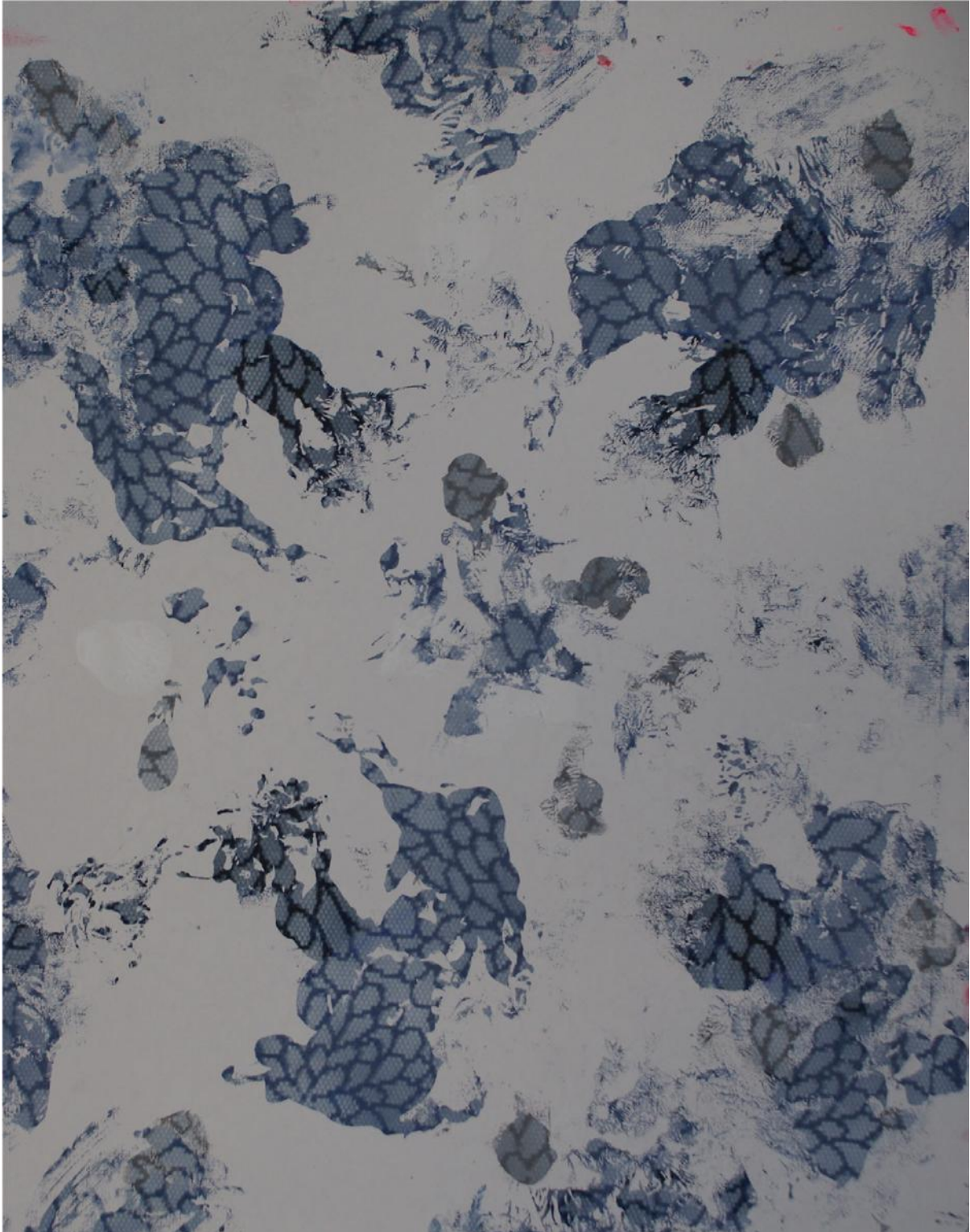




Diane Crompton

Entanglement

Acrylic and spray paint on canvas | 20 x 23 x 0.6" | \$650





The Patterned Lotus Lace

The lace cloth I bring her
is already patterned,
with white lotuses,
petals and buds,
and roots.

But I'm told it is too plain for a bride – this piece of lotus lace,
That it needs to be more exquisite. I retort, this shows more grace.
But a bride must stand out from among the bevy of beautiful maids.
Her jewels must sparkle, her skin must glow; the pattern of the day.

But I'll like a pattern that's modest,
Something I treasure
and pass down generations,
so it can be my daughters'
something old or borrowed.

I
ask
her to
pattern it
with pearls
white, off-
white.

She makes the prettiest design I've seen,
picking up each tiny piece of pearl with care,
holding them tenderly. I watch her hands, so lean,
from years of worry over her children's welfare,
she pastes each pearl on the lace. And, as the sun sets
her eyes are weary, but she heads into the kitchen,
makes dinner for the night, everyone's already home.
this, for her, is tradition,
of a wife's, a mother's, alone.

I watch her pattern.
With patience. Without complaint.
The pearls glisten. She says,
"Just one more pattern to the day.
I'll add some lace to the veil.
And some pearls."

On the day, before the string quartet plays, and before my father gives me away,
I stand in my lotus lace, exquisitely patterned;
a labour of my mother's love.

As I watch her, graceful as she see is, having clipped my veil into my sprayed hair,
her eyes glisten through the mascara.
Tonight I'll tell my friends that it was she who gave life to this piece of lotus lace,
and down the line, I'll tell my daughters too.

She, the sturdy root on which the lotus grows, the root that's freckled and buried in mud,
the root that resists the rowdy human touch, nurtures and protects the innocent lotus bud
so it blooms and stands tall above the ground.
I, once the lotus bud, will now take up her role, elsewhere,
taking with me the patterns of life she's taught me;
patterns of intelligence, love, and care;
tradition, beauty, and grace;
wrapped in my patterned lotus lace.

Stacey Kinder

www.staceykinder.com



Flower Compost 2

Acrylic on wood panel | 33 x 18 x 1" | \$500



Flower Compost 1
Acrylic on wood panel | 20 x 16 x 2" | \$400





The Best Woman

On the dance floor:

The bride and groom
lead a string of dancers
to feverish bouzoukis. And a
tearstained voice
sends a plaintive song
into the settling dark.
Tonight we smoke and drink, my friend.
Tonight we lose ourselves in the fumes.

Amongst the guests:

She glides down to him
like a goddess of old
and says, "I'll have that Marlboro
now, darling," fingers
stirring the hairs on his wrist.
She here to be
best woman, *koumbara*.
He an army buddy of
the bride's father

The stakes:

He is the bookish type,
awkward around women but
owning a boat.
His wife was beautiful the way
first wives always are.
His second wife left him.
She knows that and she also knows
everything about him
hides the need for love

The goods:

Everything about her looks perfect.
Chiselled locks, pert nose
in a proud face.
And she looks good
in a white bikini.
Hair the perfect
shade of blond
blowing in the wind.
Free and flowing
not styled as it is for the wedding.

After he lights her cigarette:

She blows a blue cloud of smoke
toward the lavender sky.
He takes a deep breath
and watches her walk away.
Her tiny waist, the shimmering
fabric of her dress.
The sway of her buttocks
fill his field of vision.

On the dance floor:

The groom disappearing
under an avalanche of white skirt
retrieving the garter belt.
To the sound of
wild clapping, prepubescent girls
clasp hands to cherry lips
and burning cheeks until
the groom emerges triumphant.
They run to help the bride
put herself together again.

Meanwhile:

The *koumbara*
alone at the bride's table
has seen enough loneliness
at the end of a cigarette so
she takes a cigarillo
from a slender package, positions it
between patient fingers, and
looks at him, who still
sits alone at his table.

She sees the bottle of scotch
he just bought.

Behind him:

A large August moon
rises from the velvet horizon and
paints a shimmering cloth
on oily water.

The move:

He pours two drinks,
walks toward her, ice
like chimes against the glass.
He takes her smoke, places it
between his lips, lights it
with his cigarette.

Their fingers brush.
His blood is stirred in places
that haven't been touched for a while.

Now:

He reaches for her hand, walks her
towards the dance floor,
drops her hand
when mournful Rebetica music
takes him on a solo journey.
She drops to one knee
claps her hands, encourages him
to let the music oil his joints.

Clinching the deal:

He kicks up his legs.
He slaps his shoe
with one hand, whiskey
in the other, cigarette
between his lips, ash
growing longer.
Golden liquid splashes her dress.

Down below:

Dark water licking
the pebbled shore.

Up here:

The scent of jasmine
taking over.

Then:

He looks at her.
She throws back her head
and she laughs.

Visionary Body

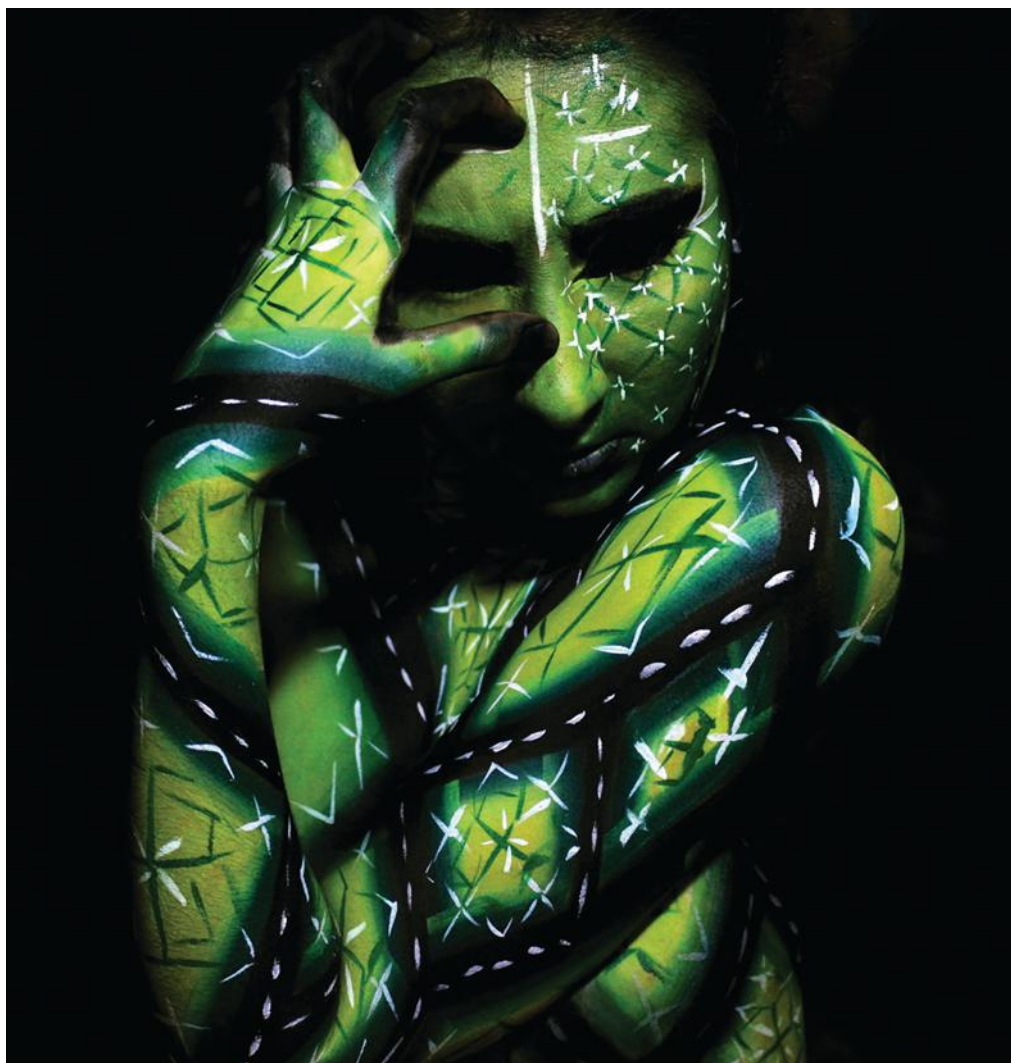
www.visionarybody.weebly.com



Passion
Photography I 48 x 36"



Trigger
Photography



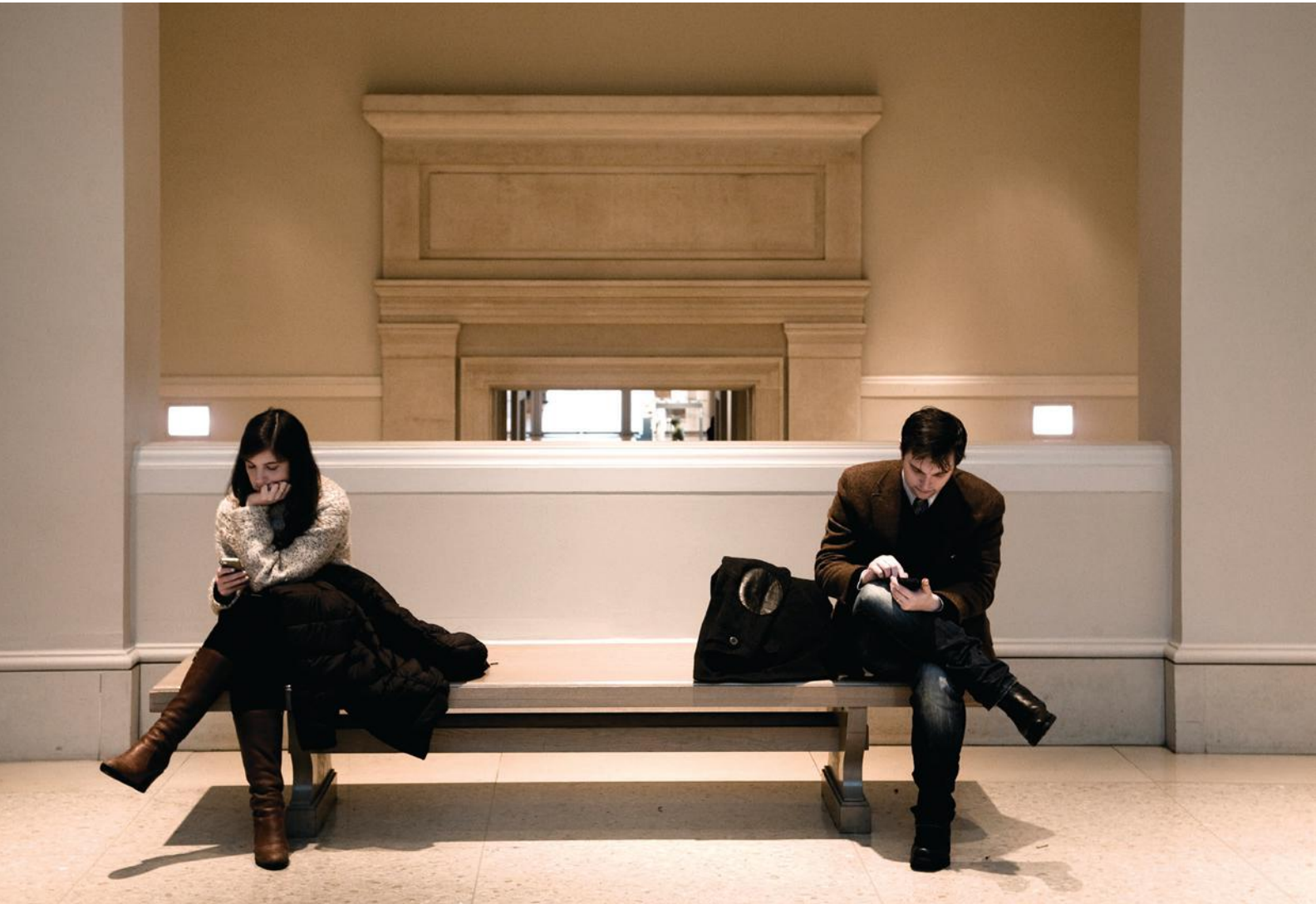
Joanna Madloch

www.joannamadlochphoto.com



Human Symmetry

Photography | 19.2 x 12.8" | \$150





The Moon Phases of Love

NEW MOON

We kiss.

I see

Worlds within worlds all caught
In trapezoids of gold
And streaking lights that merge
Into skies of violet flowers —
Strange carpet of the universe.

I see

The black starred sides of time
Rush past me
Pointing to incandescent
Orange moons — all violet-shaded.

I see

The pupils of your eyes.

WAXING MOON

You filter into my Being

And exude me
From your every cell.

The reality of our fusion —

Smelling, feeling, seeing —
ALL...

All are welded.

FULL MOON

Full orb of nectarous luminous musk,
Slicing bluing grey of too-near day,
Startle the bright-lit lights of man,
Piercing earth and ecstasy.
The opaque and orange moon lies low
Lies low in deepest darkest dusk....

WANING MOON

The taste of bitterness

Lies under my tongue

The metallic acidity of gun metal

I didn't use.

It's like I've been had...

Again.

Humiliation scalds the veins

On the insides of my wrists.

I am left with wraiths of love

Denuded, deluded, refuted, and polluted.

I am left...

VOID OF COURSE MOON

There is a time the heart seeks cold for pain;

It lies in state, a frozen diamond stone.

We find we walk atop the new numbed hurt,

The face can smile, and show no fear that one
May come to thaw the gem for life again.

Vijay V. Paniker and Natalya Sturlis



Marrow Torso No. 3

Earthenware, acrylic paint | 19.75 x 11 x 4" | \$1,500



Marrow Pubis No. 1
Earthenware, acrylic paint | 11.75 x 19 x 6" | \$1,600



Chandra Rice
www.chandrarice.blogspot.ca



Descent
Fabric, batting, and thread | 78 x 90"



Trees

Fabric, hand-dyed fabric, batting, and thread | 96 x 108"



D.T. Powter
<http://dtpowter.simdif.com>





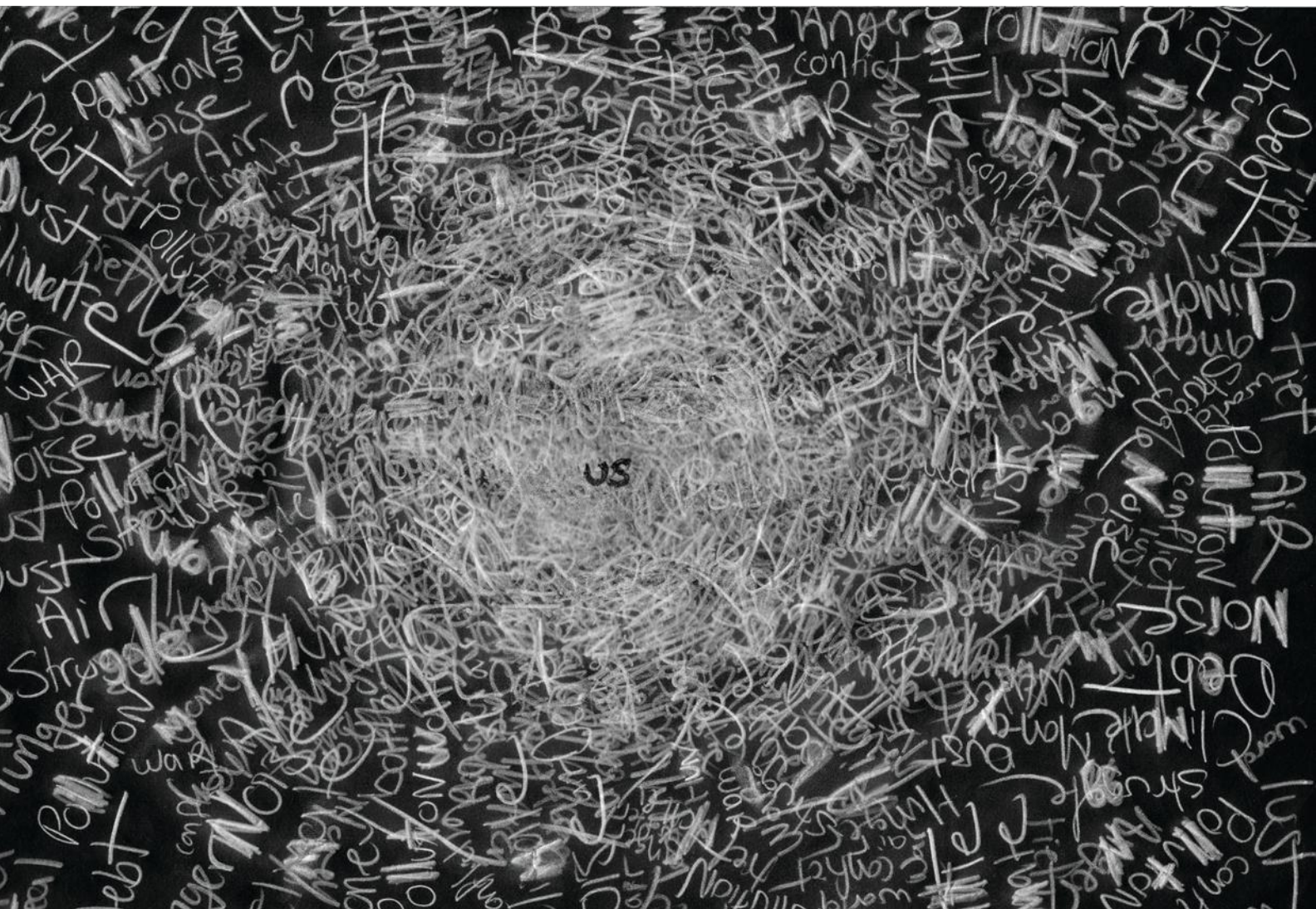
Jeremi Savoie

www.thingsastheywere.com

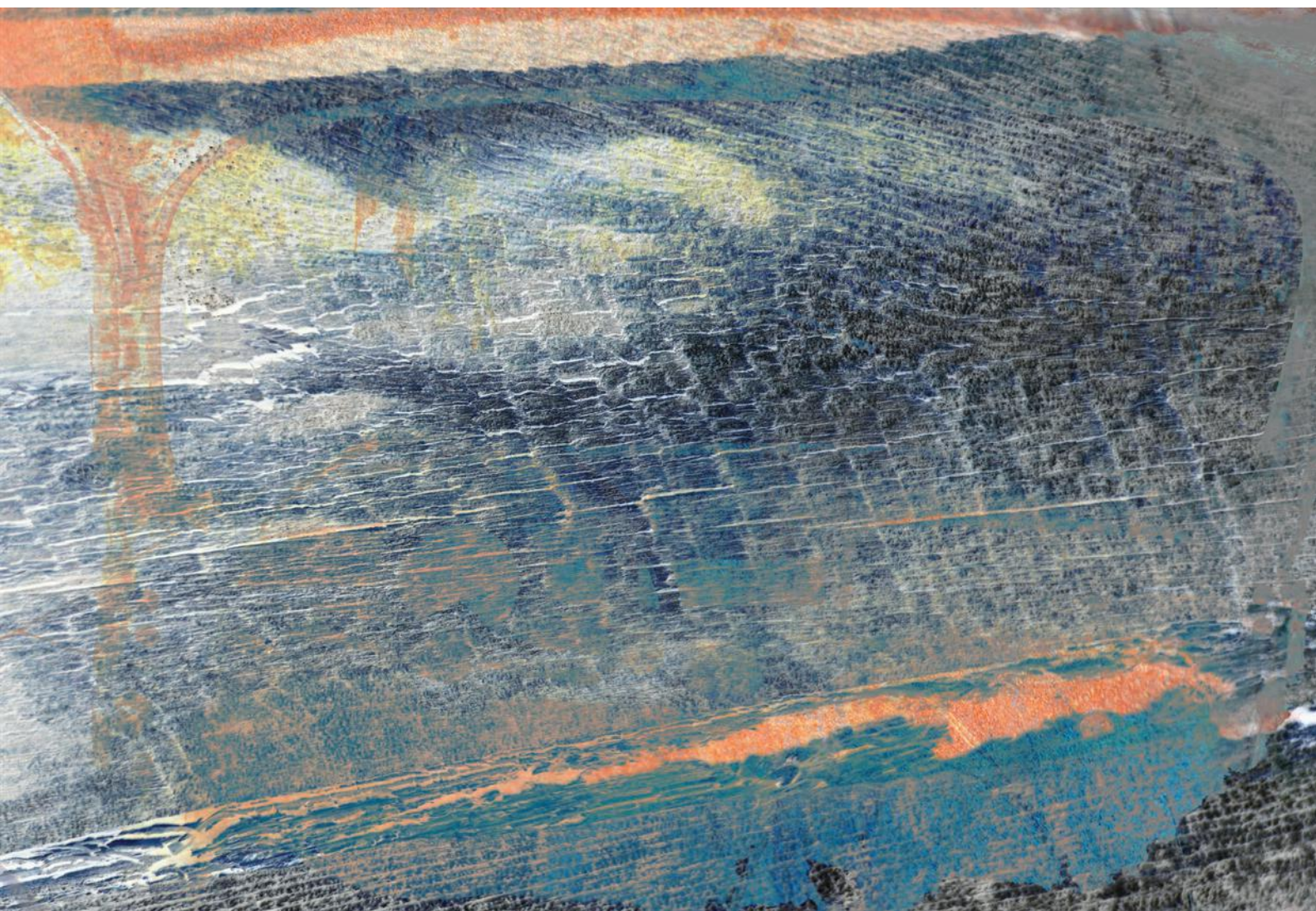


The World and US

Fine art print | 16 x 24" | \$75



The Big Storm
Fine art print | 16 x 24" | \$75



Jesse McMurray

www.facebook.com/jessemcmurrayauthor



Ode of the Hour

In the seasons of illusion, the encephalon is remontant in the most startling of ways, for within every line it has something to say. Between our differences, we seek the Truth, collective acknowledgment underlying our youth. The following to come is about when day met night, when my partner and I joined the plight.

When tomorrow comes, I'll be different, another version of myself knowing that someone else.

The winds of change herald the dawn of the new age, another time within the great design.

"Good morning," I say, tuning-in to hear an abrupt, "Good day."

"Coffee in a minute," our morning spread.

"Who's up next?" our secrets bared.

And from out of the wild, we reawaken, nothing is ever lost or forsaken.

By remerging to stake my claim, her movements never speak the same.

The patterns of knowing lie deeper still; in the mighty minds and the making of dreams, nothing is ever what it seems, while the sun sets in yet another space, someplace other we can't yet face.

Remembering the dark, brooding night, I see pinna-cles of light. All around me, these glowing orbs, lit for a cause. Showing the way, they're brought into being for a new day.

It is this age of believing when we awaken to what has been deceiving, recalling those things that left us unhinged.

"How are you today?" I hear her say.

"Not bad," I would have said, if it weren't for the pounding in my head.

Then I realize the day has already passed, me asleep the whole while, she attuned to a different dial. I feel myself about to pose a question, but then again, it's her predilection.

And in intimidation, I flinch at her aura. Like I'm to fear what she's done, what I've become...

The amalgamation of terrestrial and alien is a matter wisely reserved of an answer, in short of it, too far fledged for my other character. Calling forward the newcomers is a force of reckoning outside the usual dharma, persons of ability I am yet to encounter. A spirited being beyond thought gives voice to the want.

My ghost within me is prisoner inside this frequency.

"Who do you want to be?!" she decrees.

"I don't know," I stammer, "I'd rather be free."

"Then how do you suppose you'll begin to know me?"

The answer is written on her face, although I'm yet to begin to know how to trace.

"I'll guess I'll fall then, or would you catch me if you're all you're cracked up to be?"

She stops for a moment, an age to me, seeming to ponder my words like she's "we."

"Carry on, I know you can't escape, but if you do you'll see your fate."

And with her words forming this bind, I ponder my mind.

What is to be has not yet been done in light of my convictions for one so young. In order to find the "me" who believes, I first must find how he sees. And in doing so, I see her grief, the one is not the other as I reach this brief.

Enemies and friends, they all want the same,

A piece of me, someone to claim.

But I know better, I'm more than I'm not,

And not what I am.

So to continue, I see her sham.

In order to achieve, the human inside must come to believe. Looking for the outside to see one's range, you begin to know the benefit of change. All the meanings from the first seed continue to become, just as I start to murmur how they hum.

If I'm to fight those things of the night, I must realize why I'm bright.

Now that the picture clears, I see what became of the weird,

In her insatiable quest to put me to the test.

Inside, I hear the trepidation, the confusion and retaliation.

I feel the nerve of their situation, her interrogation, and now, assimilation.

She listened to me close, but turned eyes away,

That's what she did when she met my ray.

Finally opening my mouth to speak, I hear the logic, my voice replete

"One word," is all I said, she a twittering ghost flung from my head.

Away from me now, I see her off. But the refraction stays with me, I cough.

With the progression of time, my thoughts begin to align. Reaching the nexus of "us," the original division finally meets my decision. I choose where to go, what to hold and who to know. The power of the Self rises to meet all else, those special things that are real because they are willed. In saying these maxims I am deftly certain, able to tell you as a whole person. Seek out the wonder of every day, make it your own with something to say.

Parallels and paradox have been conceived,

This space I'm in now, no longer deceived.

In my realm, thought flows free like the sea, all infinitely connected, meant to be.

Creating my means, there are no ends,

Life continues now I've formed a friend.

These moments in time,

They complete the pattern.

Reason in the rhyme.

Joanna Madloch

www.joannamadlochphoto.com

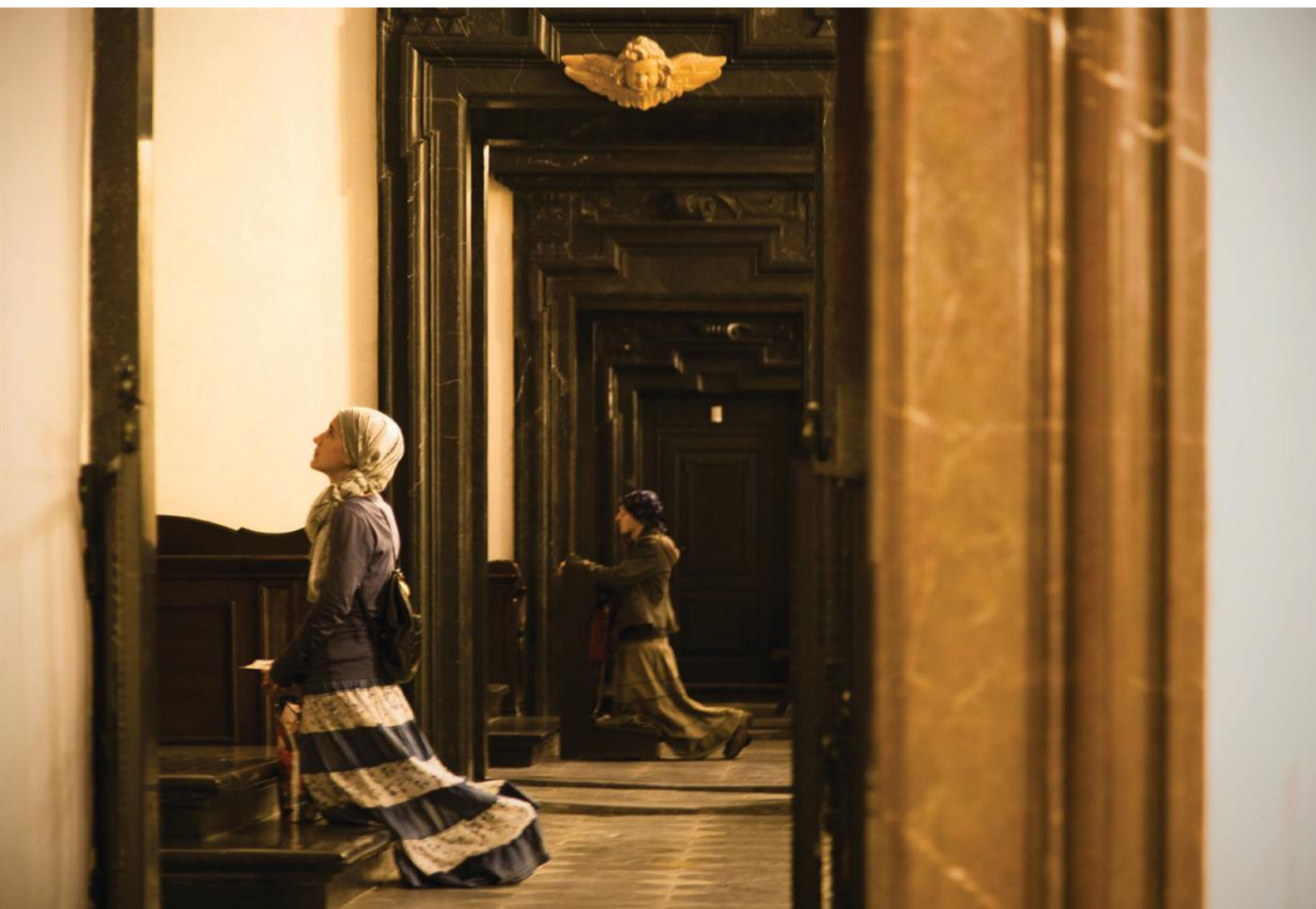


Geometry of People

Photography | 19.2 x 12.8" | \$150



Echo
Photography | 19.2 x 12.8" | \$150



NEXT SPREAD: Repetition
Photography | 19.2 x 12.8" | \$150





Julia Levine

www.facebook.com/julevinart



Cornucopia

Digital photography | 12 x 14" | \$150



Flames in the Jungle
Digital photography | 12 x 18" | \$150



Mark A. Bernhardt

www.potshotsphoto.com



Orlando's PULSE is Still Strong
Digital photo print | 12 x 18" | \$36



RIGHT PAGE: Towers
Digital photo print | 12 x 18" | \$36



Barbara Hillerman Lieske



Missed Beat





Mechanical Pattern

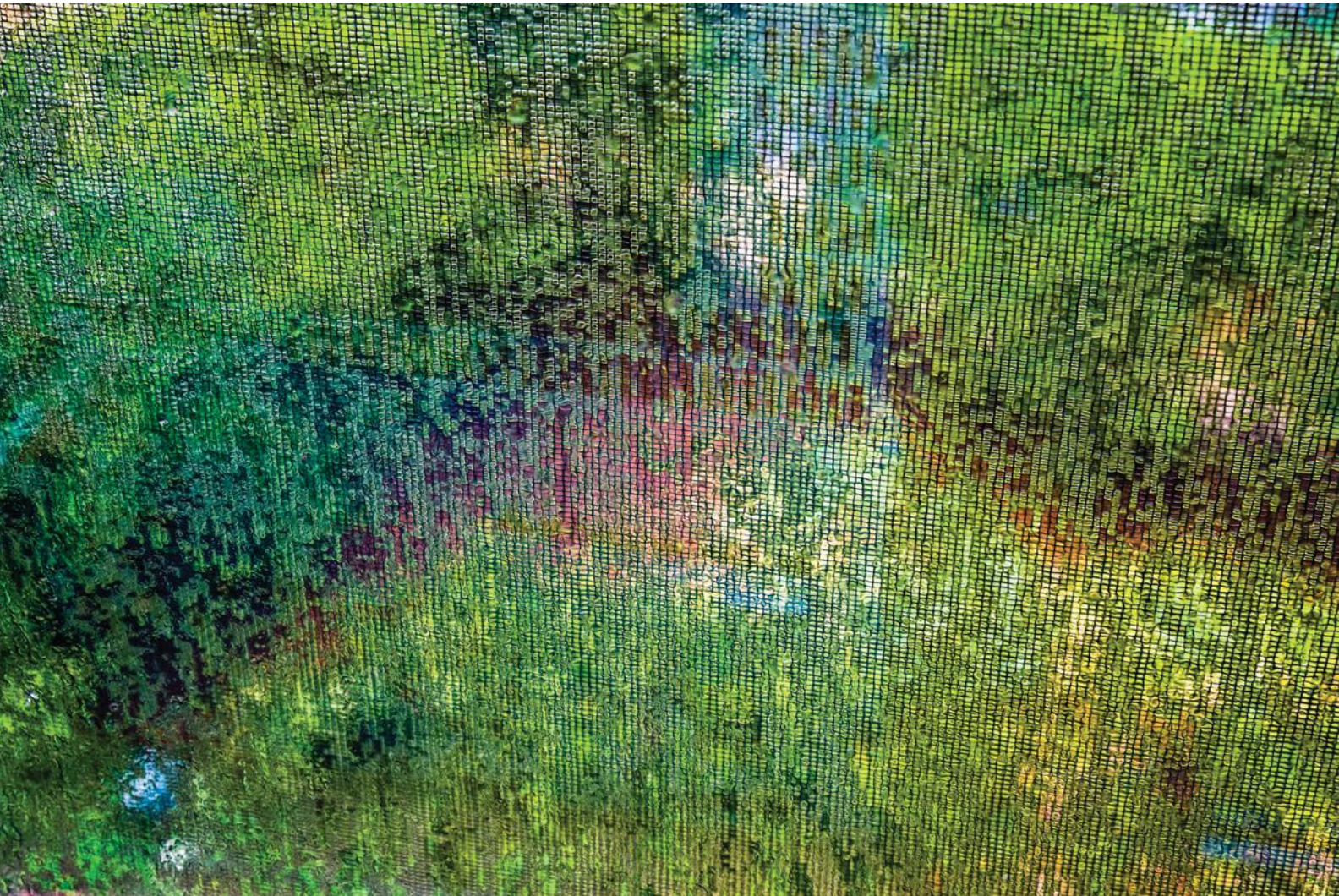
Dottie Campbell

www.dottiecampbell.com

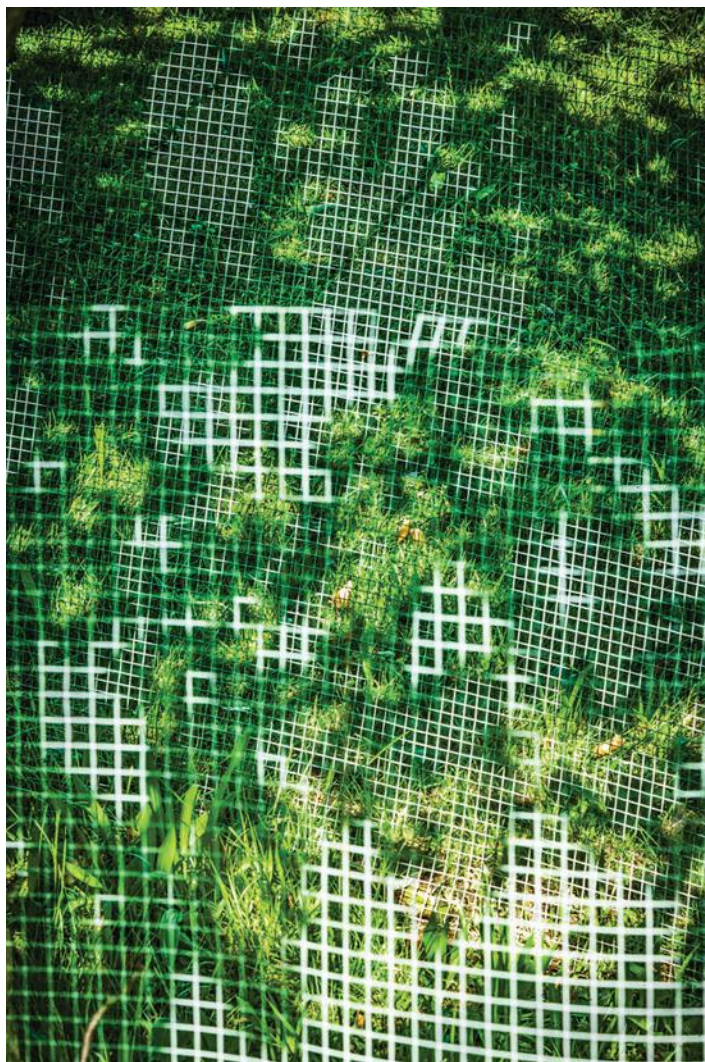


Spring Screen

Pigment ink photographic print | 36 x 24" | \$1,000



A Pretty Plastic
Pigment ink photographic print | 24 x 36" | \$1,000



Salvatore Arnoldo



A Puzzle of Mirages

Jain sidestepped through the crumbled ruin, keeping a keen eye peeled for his quarry. He had to be ever wary then, being deep in the heart of the Mythic Continent. He held his rifle tight, the stock tucked firmly under his arm, hands steady. The ruin was labyrinthian, loose green stones carved with strange runes forming a complex of half-collapsed walls and pillars, it was hard to maintain a clear sense of direction in the way it twisted and turned. And he had to be careful that his eye wasn't drawn every which way by vibrant colour; the electric blues and bright violets and pinks of the moss and fungi spilling out from between the stonework in elaborate fractal patterns.

A week ago, with a hunting party of some twelve Ajna tribesmen from the Glimmering Provinces, he had penetrated the Archipelago of Troubled Dreams, a wild and untamed chain of islands in the Sundered Gulf. He had pursued the beast with the tribesmen across the island chain, it seemed to always disappear into thin air during pursuit and then they would have to make use of Jungian archetypes and dream interpretation to track it, to another island. When all else failed, they had a pack of transmuting tarot cards they used, the symbols constantly mutating in their hands. The cards would display new faces every time they were shuffled and drawn. They had pursued it from the Isle of Nataraja, across six islands, eleven of the twelve tribesmen being slain in various modes along the way by the creature. Until he had arrived here, on the Isle of Hecate, with a single companion, whom he had become separated from in the maze of ruins, and only heard his bloodcurdling screams, an abrupt snapping, and then silence. The creature was very light on its feet, considering what it was.

The ephemeral worlds were strange, especially in this region. The way the sky shimmered above him, with plumes of incandescent silvery flakes, shedding from the local flora and fauna of the jungle with deep, bellying gusts of wind coming in from the Milky Ocean, making sparkling whorls up above. An iridescent sheen cast across the nebulous purple and red sky, caught in the forever dusk of dreaming. The ebb and flow of the ecosystem was dictated by the conditions of human consciousness back on the overworlds. Dreams and nightmares directing the movements of weather systems, the predator-prey relationships of the animals, and the growth of vegetation. New species were being born and going extinct all the time, with every intellectual revolution and movement for personal liberation, every great terror and dark age. And as seasons grew tumultuous back on earth, strange monsters grew from out of the shadows.

He navigated his way through the ruin with his weapon as his guide. It acted as a cipher to the confusion by way of a kind of dreamlogic, bringing order to the chaos of the labyrinth. The rifle was a finely crafted extension of his own psyche; a handle and trigger of brass, intricately carved ivory pieces, depicting ancient battle scenes between thoughtforms in torrents of ether, bound to the barrel and stock. It was very much the byproduct of a well-traveled Edwardian mind; a lord, and former officer in His Majesty's Royal Navy, who had hunted in the darkest jungles of Africa and the furthest reaches of the Orient. Who had dipped his toes in the waters of eastern esotericism, from the ashy banks of the Ganges to Kathmandu.

The maze finally opened into a crude amphitheater, which descended in a clutter of crumbled steps, broken pottery shards, and damaged slabs of old funerary inscription, to a circle of druidic stones at its center. Tall green and blue slabs of rock, inscribed with a hodgepodge of occult iconography from different cultures, which encircled an altar. And on the altar was the beast, stripping the flesh away from what remained of the tribesman's body with a series of disproportionate mouths, each with beady yellow teeth. Its hulking, shadowy mass writhed and shuddered as it gnawed on the skull, its multitude of pupils darting around frantically.

Jain knelt down on one knee and trained his sights on the creature. The beast was a confusion of vicious instincts, existing in a constant state of physical agony which it sought to nullify through slaughter and violence. A pain engine which had to keep feeding itself, though its thirst could never be completely quenched; born from shadow, it was an aberration on nature and could only thrive in an environment of aberration. If it stopped killing and creating discord, the dream would eventually melt it away, untangling all of the horrible knots of its being.

He felt pity towards it more so than revulsion or outrage, and he identified that this was a creature which needed to be put out of its misery, as much as it needed to be stopped. He took a breath, steadying his aim, and just as he did so it was altered to his presence. It turned and sprang off of the altar, rushing up the steps towards him, and he pulled the trigger. There was the sound of a thunderclap and the magical trident of Shiva the Destroyer exploded from out of the barrel of his gun, and pierced the monster's heart.

And in a flash of serene light, the shadow evaporated.

Brandon Mathias Sweet

www.brandonmsweet.com

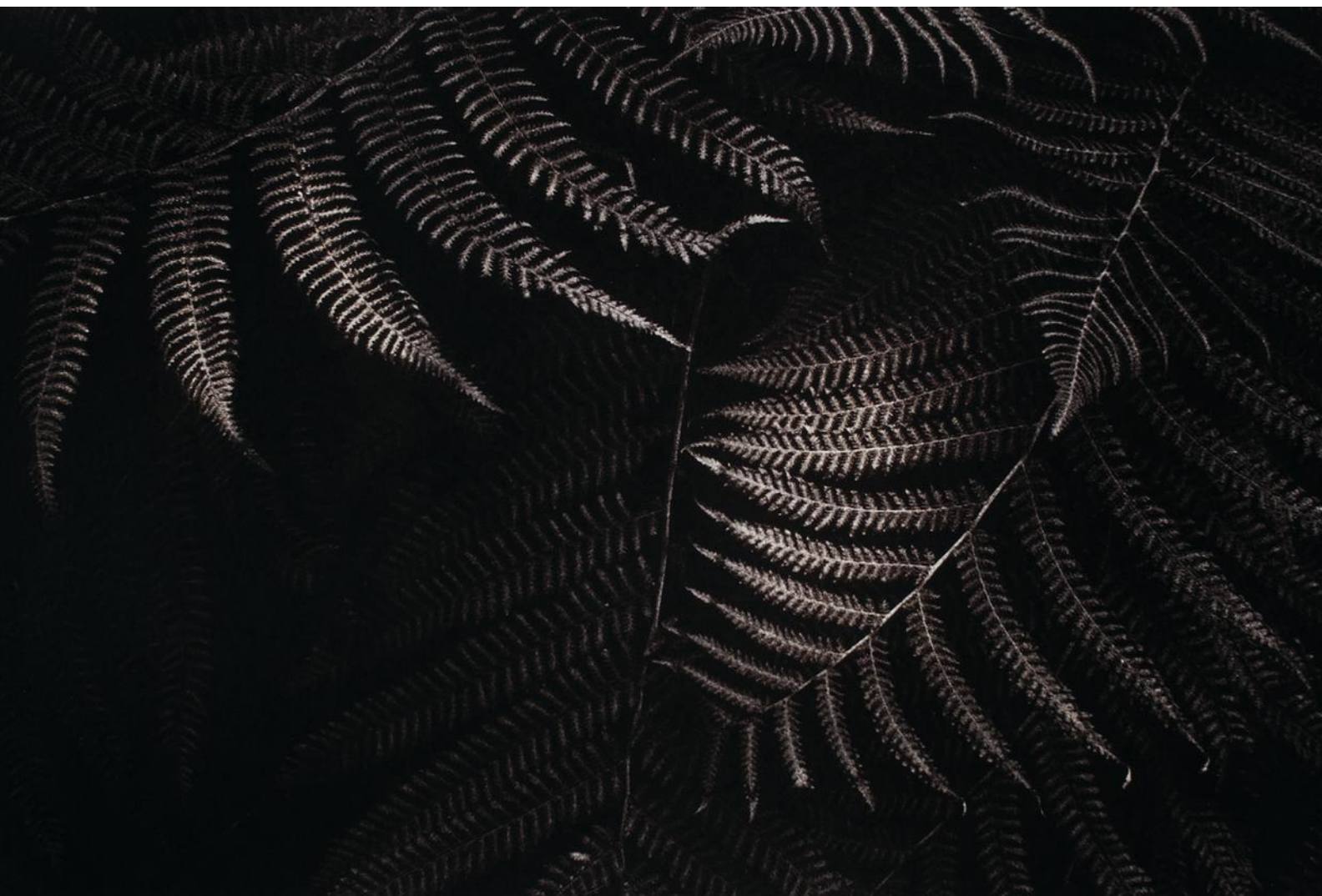


Untitled Botanical Study 3

Silver gelatin print | \$400

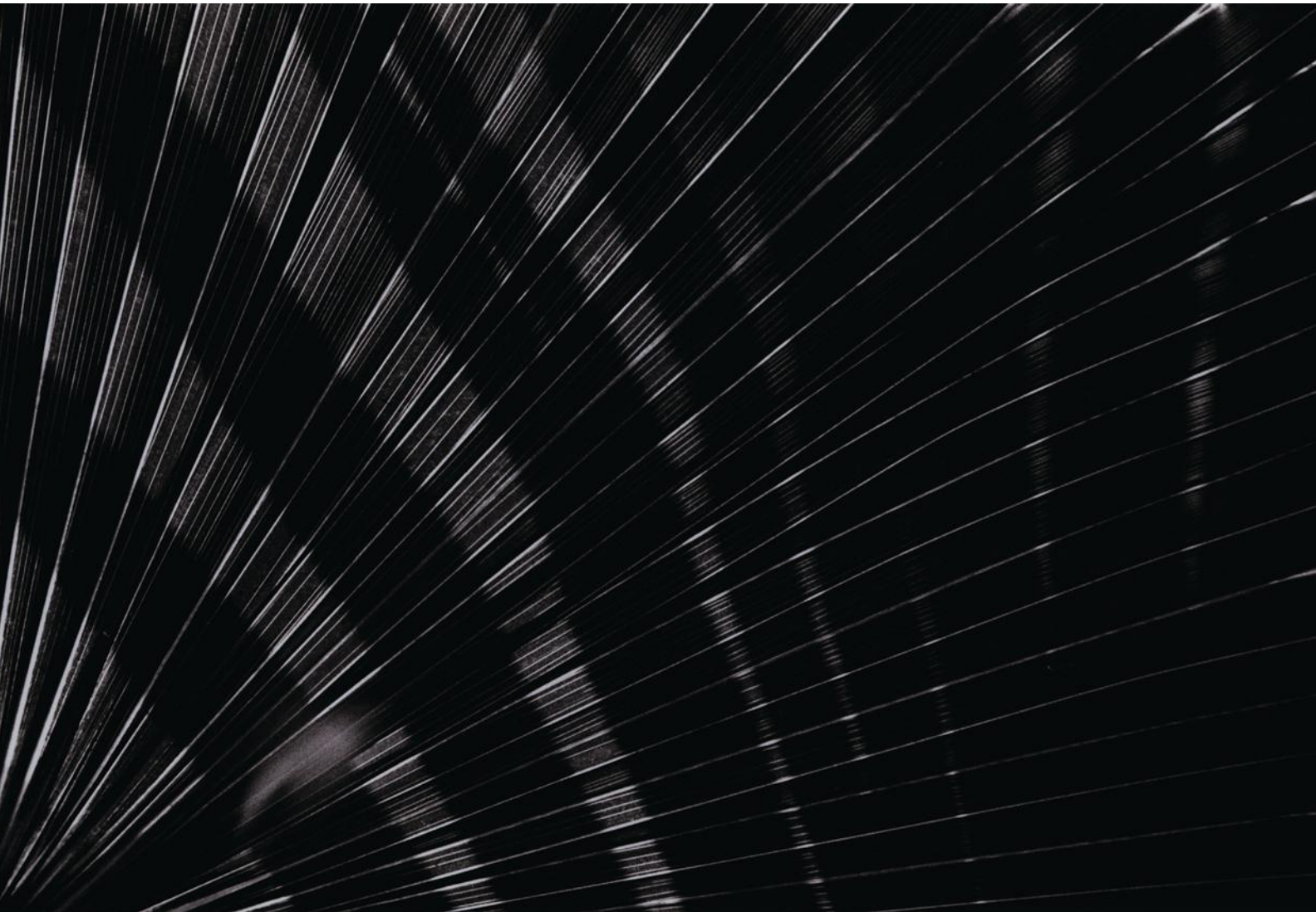


Untitled Botanical Study 2
Silver gelatin print | \$400



Brandon Mathias Sweet

Untitled Botanical Study 1
Silver gelatin print | \$400





Repetition

Every process
contains cycles that repeat
to sustain oscillations
that maintain life's momentum.

A symptom of systematic
arrangements and engagements
conjured to connect
abstract and physical ideals.

Repeat the way
we repeat each day
to refute the shame
of repeating what came.

Maxime Gé

www.subthou.tumblr.com



9256 Cigars & Camouflage
Photography | 34 x 69" | \$1,500

RIGHT PAGE: g178 Giraf's Head
Photography | 34 x 69" | \$1,500





Joshua Sariñana

www.joshuasarinana.com



Intimation

Photo | 8 x 8" | \$250



Untitled 3
Photo | 10 x 8" | \$200



S.B. Borgersen
www.sueborgersen.com

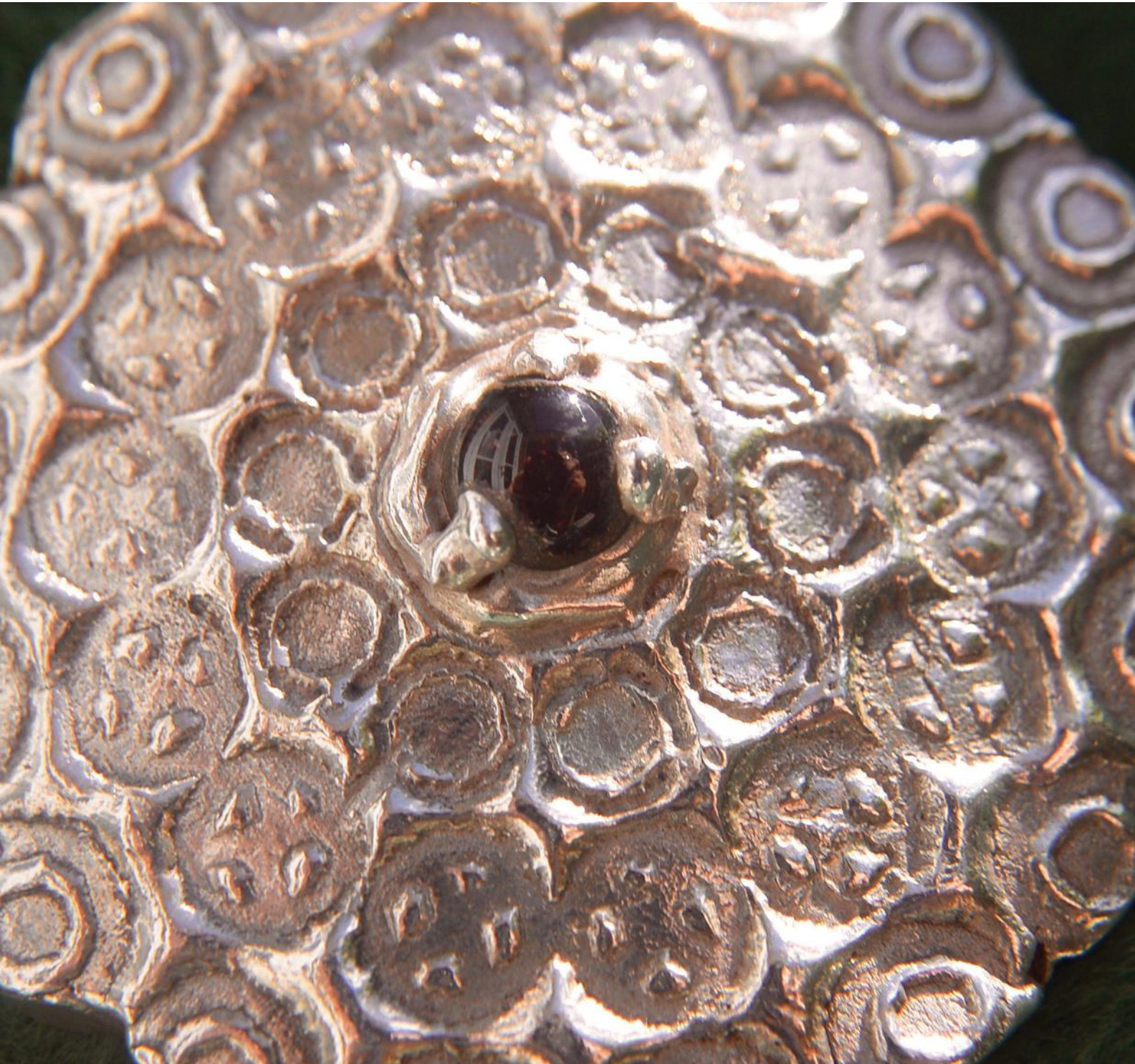


Garden #1

Pendant, fine (.999) silver with garnet cabochon. 22 gms
| 1.5" round (approx) | \$225

RIGHT PAGE: Temptation

Pendant, fine (.999) silver. 12.7 gms
| 1.25 x 1.25" (approx) | \$130





Beata Podwysocka

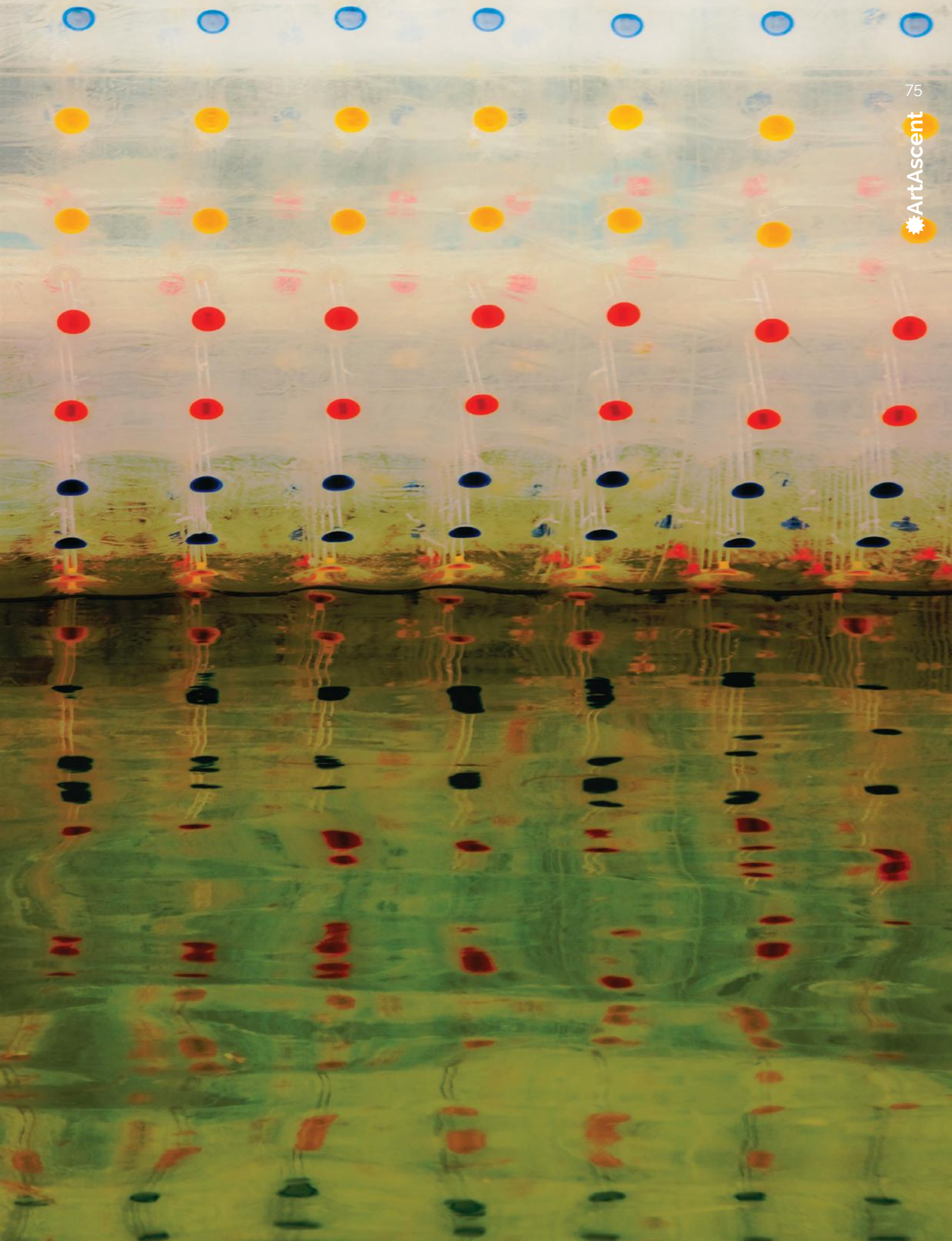
www.beatapodwysocka.pl



Limbo
24 x 24" | \$500

RIGHT PAGE: Polka Dot
40 x 28" | \$700





Stuart Meyer-Plath

www.stuartmeyer-plath.wix.com/stuart-meyer-plath



The Rehearsal 2 Bali

Watercolour | 23.6 x 16.5" | \$1,500





Looking in the Kaleidoscope

So many

crystals

fragments shards

shells

tinsel

beads

mirrors

cut carefully according to the science of reflection, fitted to a simple tube.

You pick it up.

You point it at the light.

Enter the diorama, glittering, glowing, magical
as childhood fairytales, stained glass,
imaginary jewels, sparkling in your hand.
Turn the end-piece slowly. It only turns one way.
The picture's gone, gone, and you can't go back,
but there's another, and it's lovely, yes,
it's beautiful, it's hard now to remember
what the last one looked like, you want to hold each image
still, and then the next, and next, unique and precious,
till you realize that you never lose a single one:

All the pieces are as they have been. Unchanged.
The new becomes the old, arranged and re-arranged,
gone and not gone,
strange and not strange.

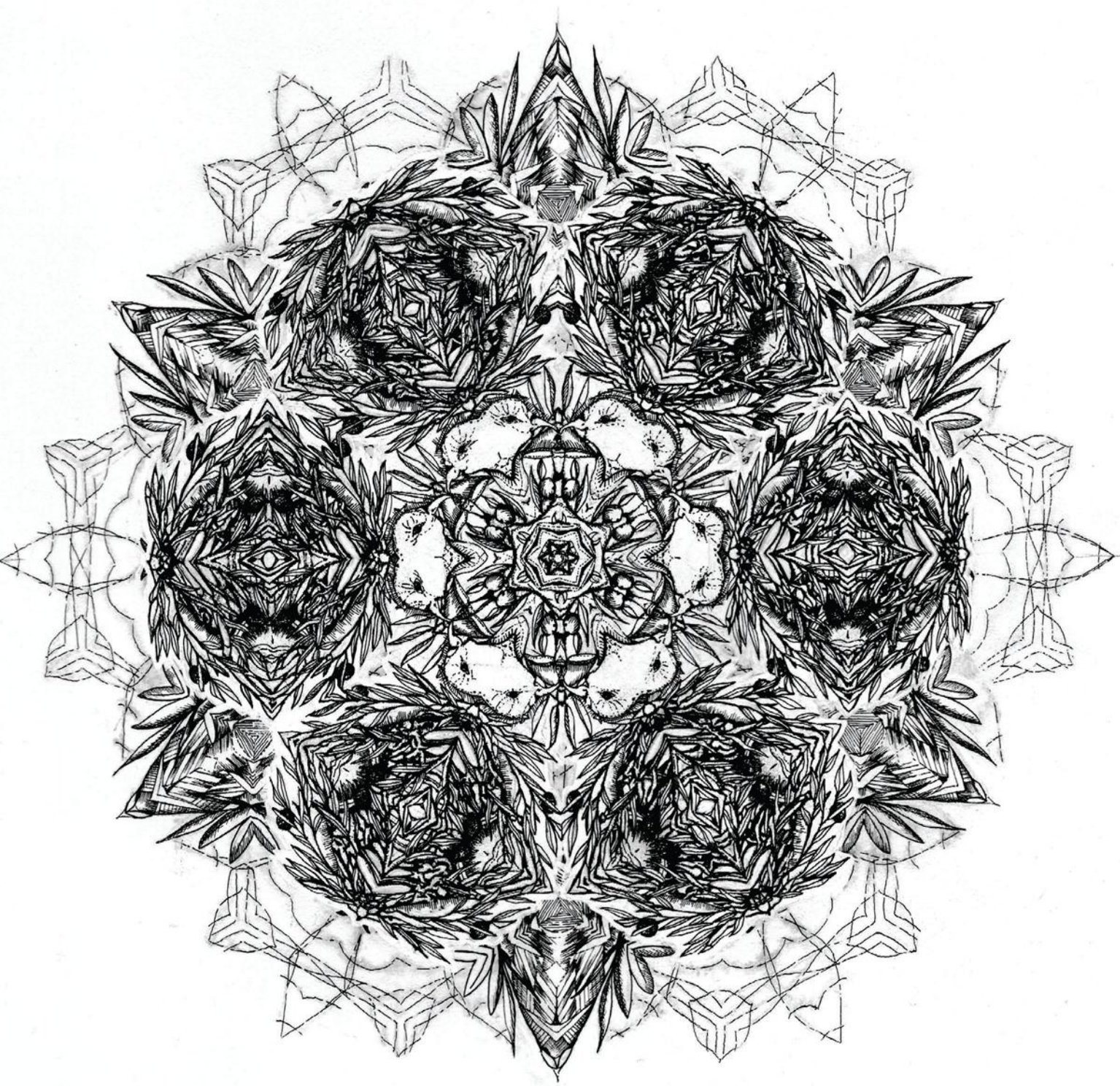
Petra Knezic

www.draw-ink.com

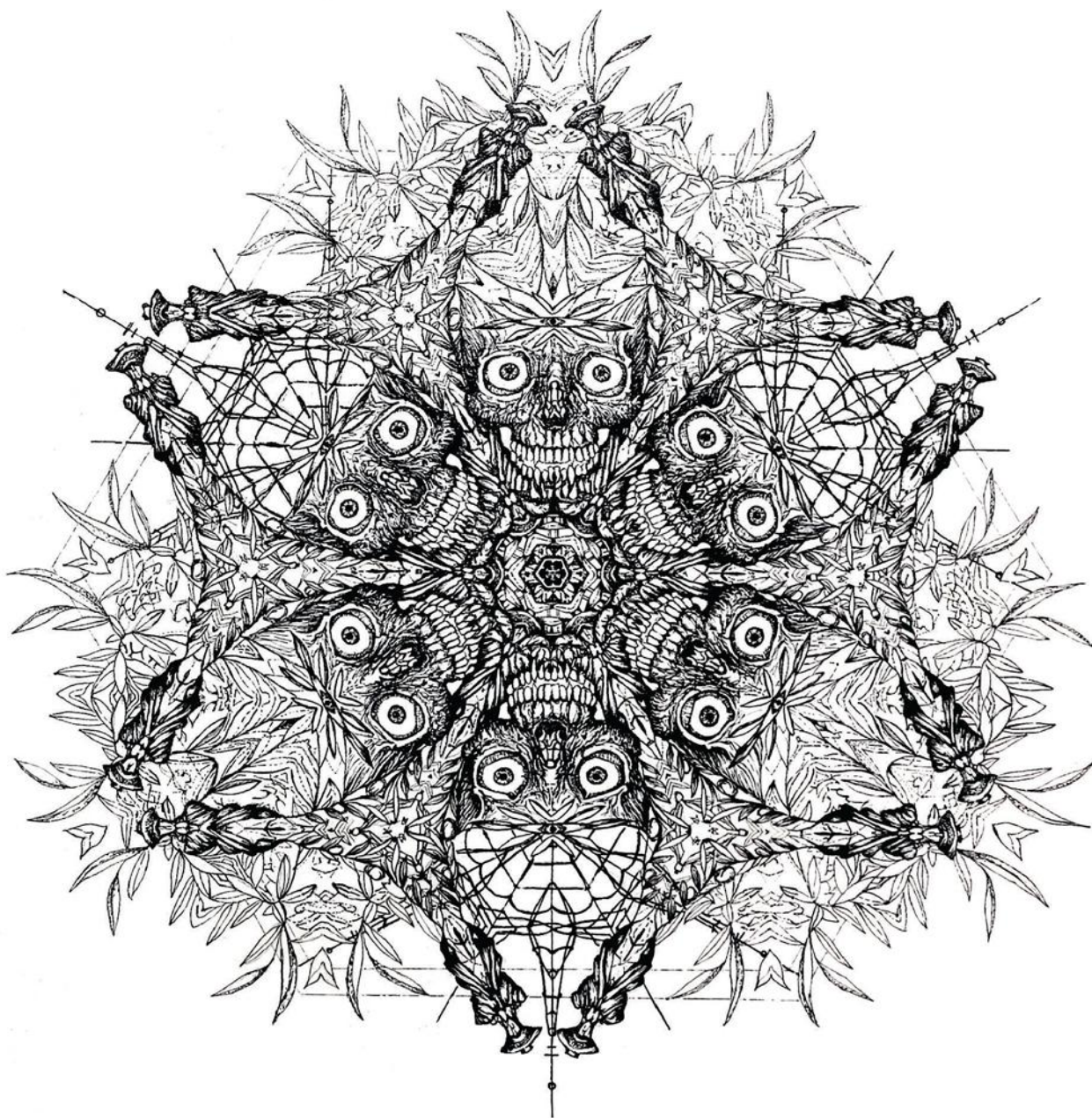


Carry On

Ink on canvas | 15.7 x 19.7" | \$660



Peaceful Transmitting
Ink on canvas | 15.7 x 19.7" | \$660



Dan Nuttall
www.dandoesdesign.com



MIMESIS 1

Acrylic on wood panel | 36 x 36" | \$1,350



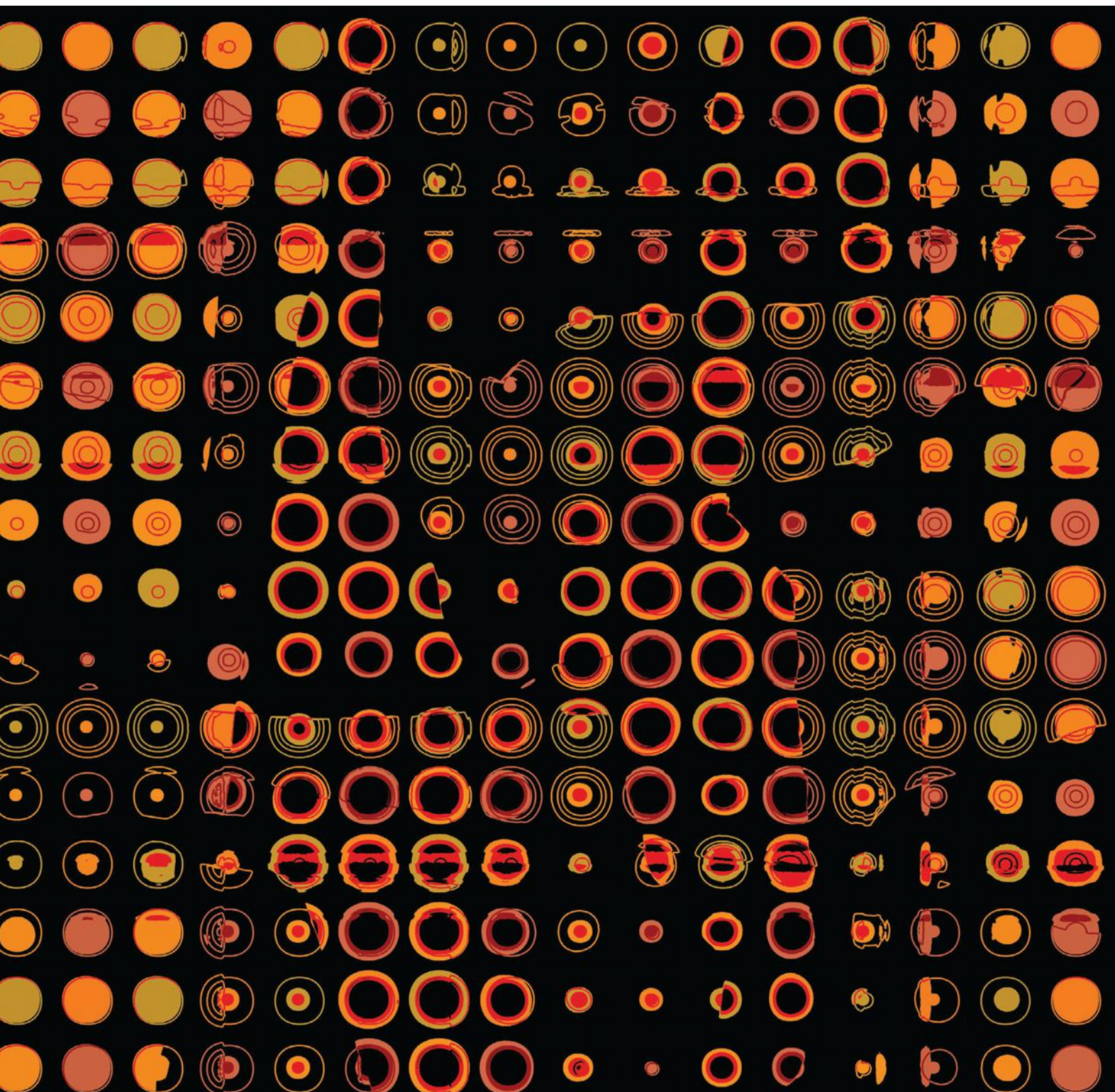
Shore Lines
Acrylic on wood panel | 48 x 96" | \$5,000



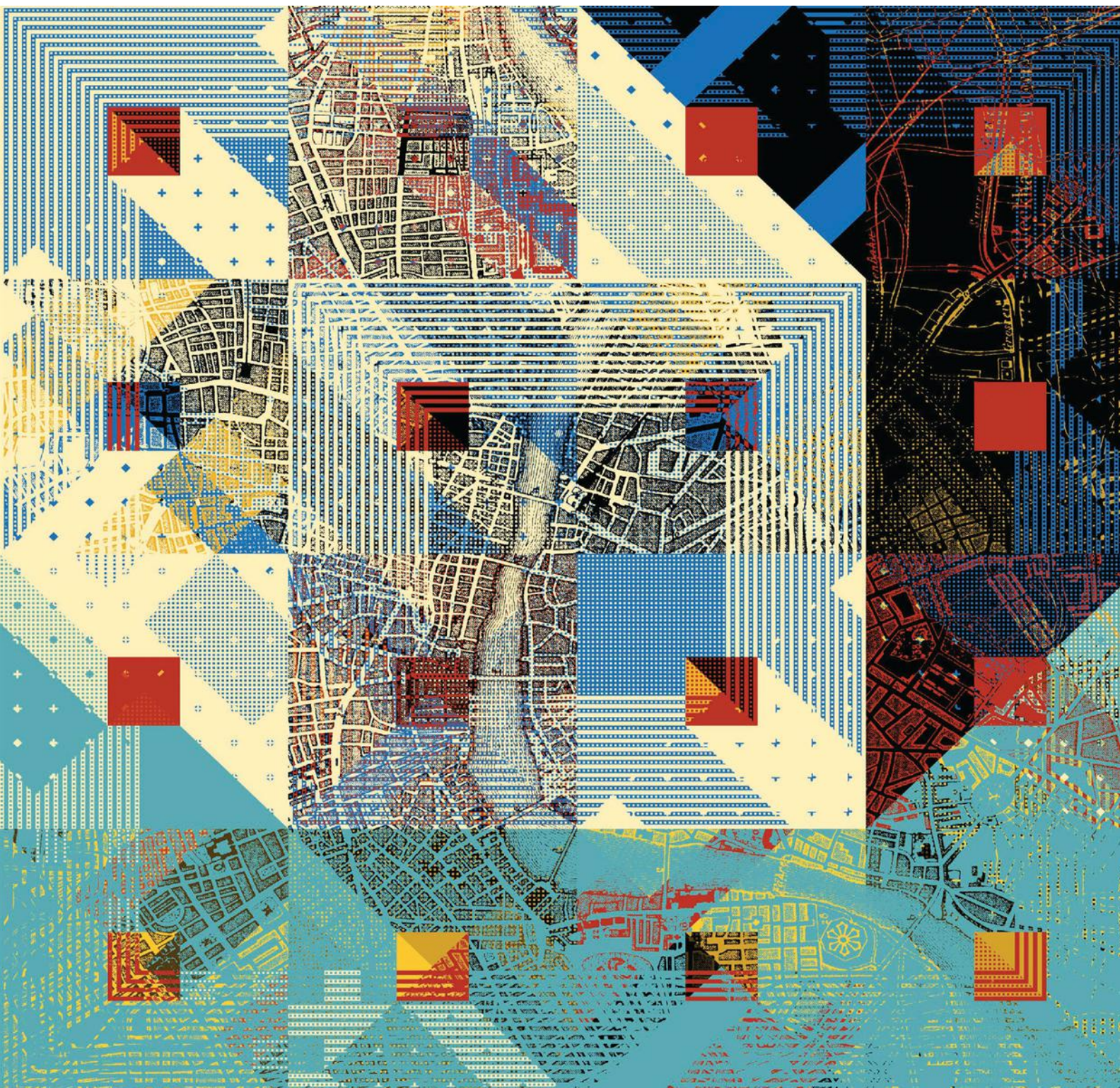
Eric Fieldwww.ericfield.com

Divided and Multiplied by Water

Digital pigment print | 16 x 16" | \$300



Toward Millbank
Digital pigment print | 16 x 16" | \$300



Anna Pepe



See Through
Photography | 6 x 8"





Behavioural Patterns

Patterns of my flowing mind,
Colours and shapes that I find.
So many patterns to express,
All this built up kind of stress.
Feeling kind of blue and low,
Wish I was green so I can go.
Listening to the octagon sign,
It means stop so I'll be fine.
Then I see a cube or square,
Sitting on my shelf right there.
Looking in my memory box,
Many good times that one locks.
Looking at the intricate lines,
Seeing different patterned designs.
See a circle in the sky,
Up in the dark blue glowing high.
Shapes that are so very round,
It's the symbol I have found.
It shines down on me so bright,
Then I begin to see the light.
Circles with no definite end,
It is with love that I send.
I find the love inside of me,
The red heart is what will be.
Then I see a shooting star,
A different pattern from afar.
Then it's the love that I feel,
The kind of pattern I need to heal.

Sonal Shah

www.flickr.com/photos/85269033@No8



Rattan Reflections

Digital image | 13 x 19" | \$350



RIGHT PAGE: Precision of Colour

Digital image | 13 x 19" | \$250



Rebecca Zimmerman

www.rebeccazimmerman.com

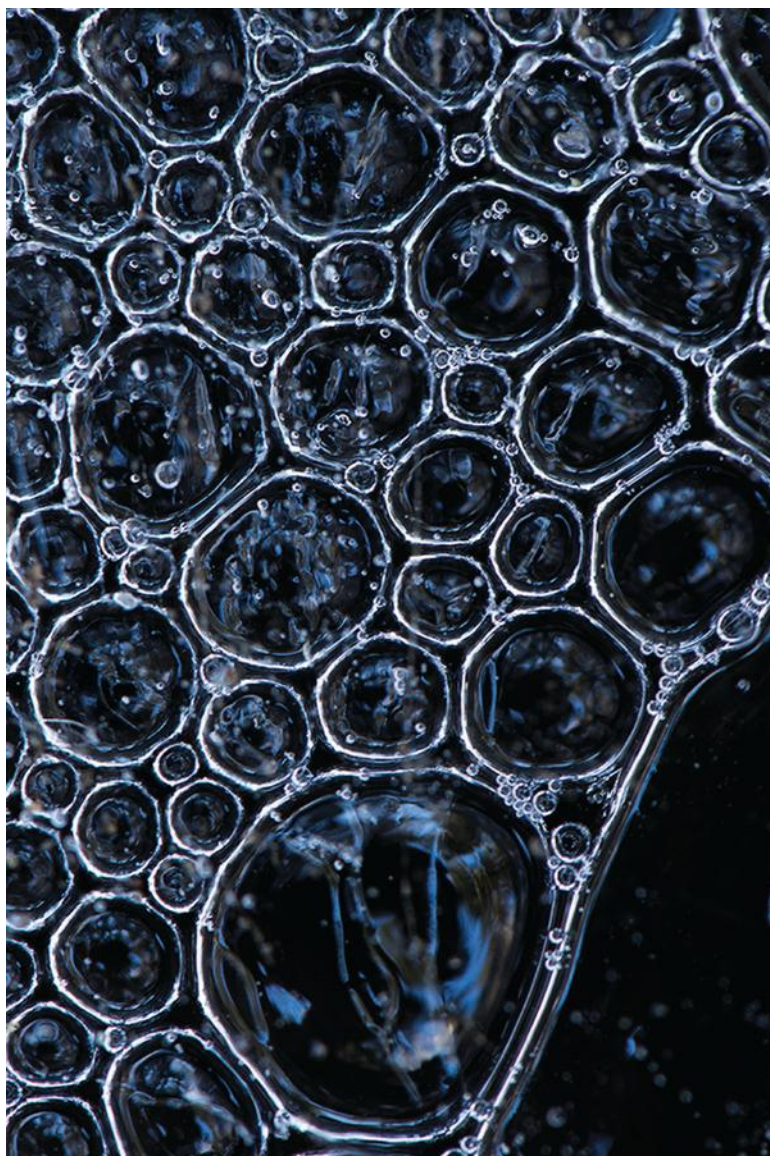


Seedhead #1

Watercolor giclee print | 16 x 24" | \$300



Ice #14
Watercolor giclee print | 16 x 24" | \$300



Jo Stone



Uluwatu, Bali - Black Sand
Photograph





Words that Curl and Curve

Words that curve and curl
from the sea, the tide, dampness,
get into everything. The seaweed
which clings to your calf when you
walk out of the water, the varicose veins
as you return to your land legs.

Words that curve and curl, like the conch,
Allamanda petals, the roundabout
where Mobylettes, Zundaps, Morris
Minors swish by, fish in a current.
Words that curve and curl, collect
the island dead center as in the eye

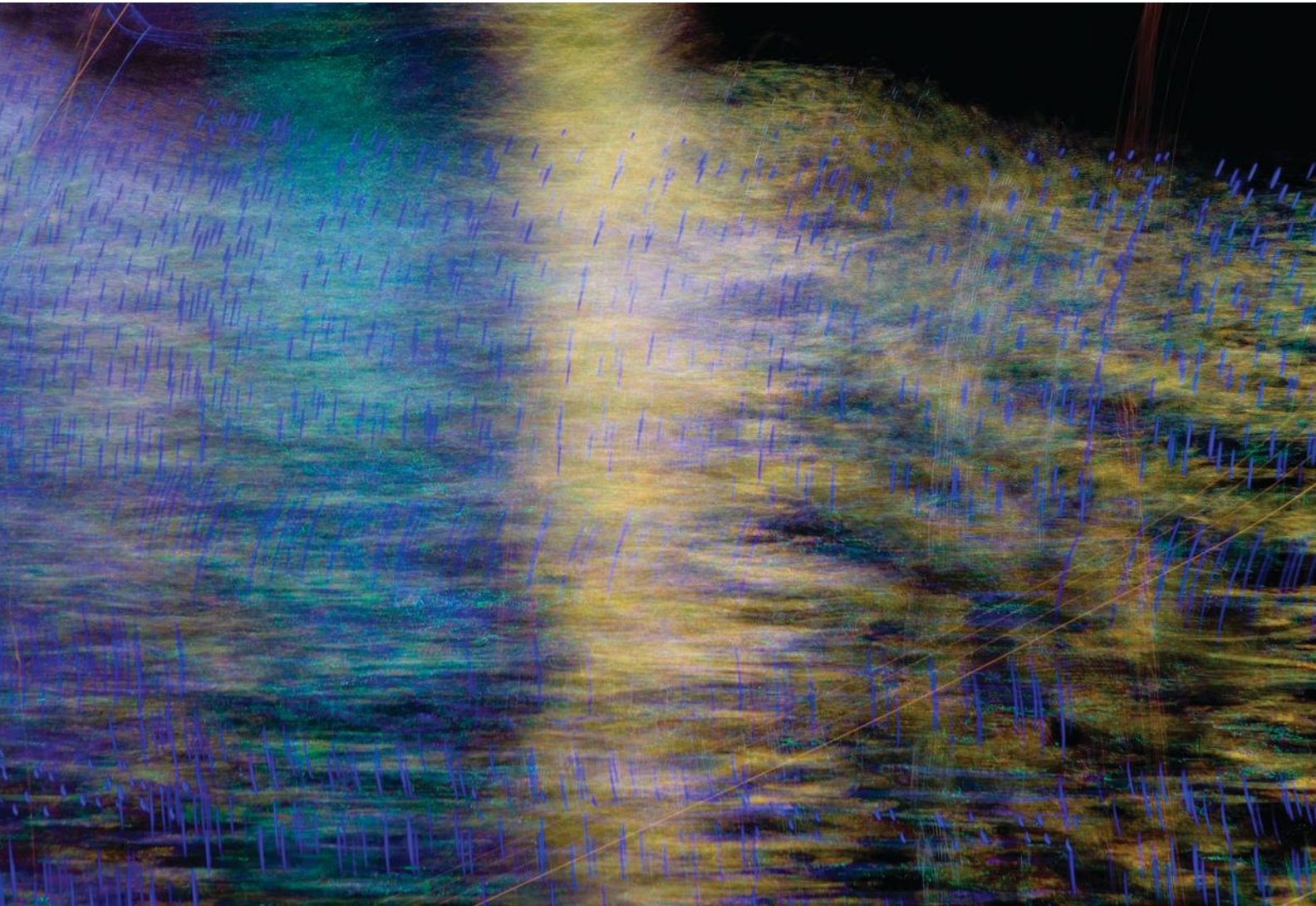
of a hurricane. Don't sit up straight
on the page like for a class at B.H.S.
Overflow into the world like when I
jumped overboard in Paget Harbour
caused rivulets which rocked boats
anchors wanting to tipsy into the ocean.

© Gar Benedick
www.garbenedick.com

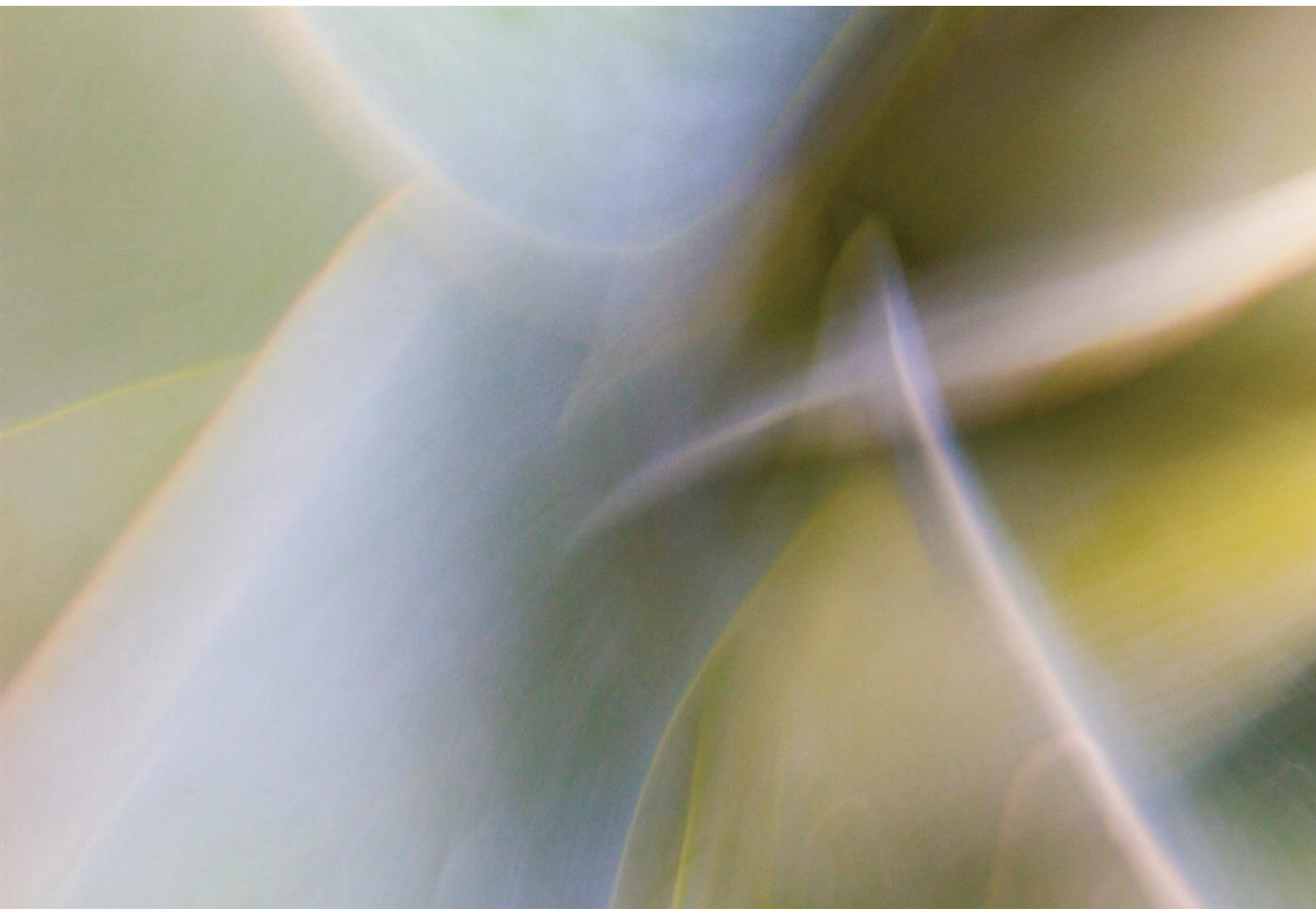


Abstraction - 9837

Original photograph on paper | 30 x 45" | \$350



Translucent Dreams - 2553
Original photograph on paper | 30 x 45" | \$350



Studio Spotlight

Retracing life in my home studio

My dreams and memories, as well as my reading and music appreciation, awaken my creativity.

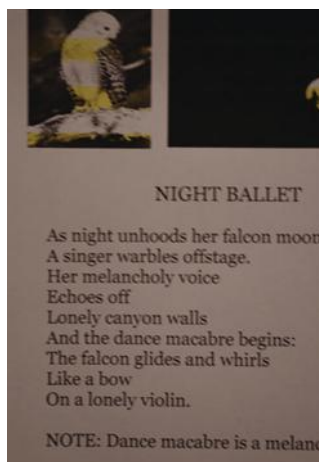
Having lived both in the Cayman Islands and on Okinawa, as well as many different places in the USA, I find my pen retracing my life steps in many directions.

I don't always know from where my inspirations come.

I use my tax and insurance home office as my writing space. I am an eclectic poet who has also published book reviews, research articles, and a chapter in a book.

By David Hughey

David is a US citizen, was born in 1944 in Henderson, Nevada, and is currently based in Longview, Washington.



LOVE STORY

My love is as old as
a BOOK.

I dream of everything
on PAGES of LOVE.

I remember only
PARAGRAPHS and PERIODS
of sequential reality
my CHARACTERs read
as thoughts.

I am built
of broken WORDS -
love, hate, thoughts of you,
MOONLIT SONGS -
and a rusty piano
pumping HARMONIES
out of tune.

I am ALWAYS fingering
your heart
though MY LOVE is not
antique.

David V. Hughey
MAY 20, 1977
Pittsburgh, PA:
on the 61C

JUNGLE EYES

Clouds flash
tigerSTRIPES of blue and white
as GREEN leaves
with UP, slither INTO
eyes of candlelight.

Neon flashing SPEARS
eradicate the moon
twisting into shadows
of PANTHER RAIN:

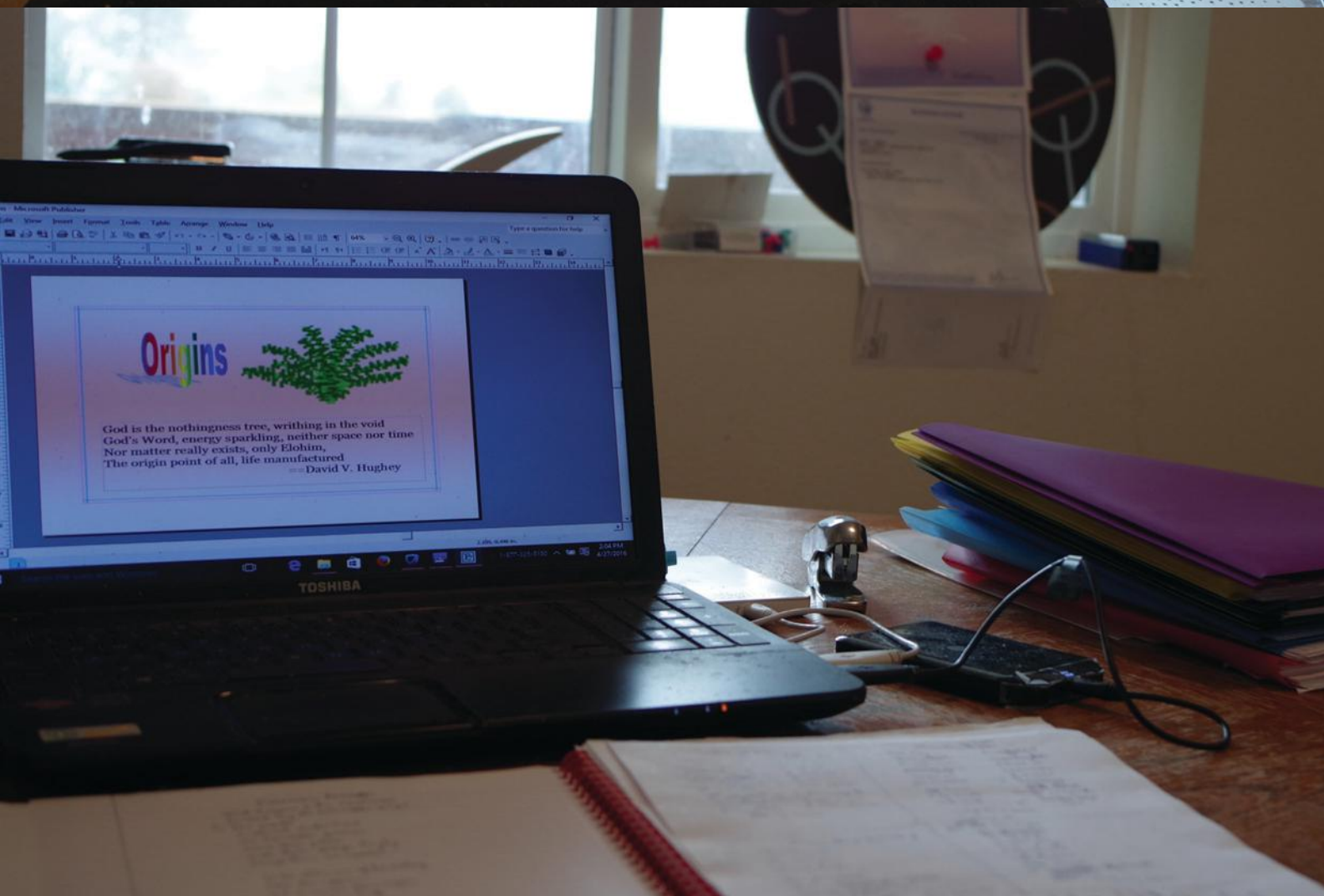
fun flows topsy-turvy
with a flywheeling MOTION
as it vibrates its EYES.

eyes BEWITCHING men -
soldiers, poets, dreamers -
eyes bewitched by RAIN
dripping off the leaves.

VELVET eyes TURNED
inside out
so what is SEEN can SEE
JUNGLE EYES, BEAUTIFUL EYES -
lies, lies, lies.

David V. Hughey
MAY 21, 1977
Oakland,
Pittsburgh, PA

jem 1607



Art Investor Tips

Artworks in series

Many art consultants encourage artists to create their works in series. Advantages of creating artworks in a series include building a recognizable, cohesive body of work and having art dated to a certain period.



Paintings in "By the Seaside" Series by Cathy Horvath-Buchanan - Canadian Painter

Picasso had his Blue & Rose Periods where he produced first the series of paintings that were predominantly blue. Then he created a series of paintings that followed the Blue Period and they were predominantly done in rose (shades of red). In a strange sort of a way, understanding a series is quite similar to that of a courtship process.

Allow me to explain:

1. Boy Meets Girl | You see the artistic process from the beginning to an end. From Genesis to Completion. How the idea is originated and how it triggers other successive ideas.
2. Getting to Know You | You begin to understand and appreciate how the artist defines his/her idea by saying everything without using any words. In other words, a story emerges.
3. Experiencing Intimacy and Deep Connection | You become intimately familiar with the subject matter and experience a Eureka! moment. The journey that leads to a destination. The mystery is resolved bringing forth a sense of contentment.

At first glance, one series by an artist may not look much different from their other works. You are perceiving their branding, their style and overall consistent quality.



Paintings in "Electric::Current::Amp" Series by Margaret Withers - American Artist

A series, however, has a special focus in regards to subject, size, colour, or concept. To illustrate, Red Delicious apples are different from Granny Smith's. They both are apples and similar in size but both belong to different class or variety. In other words, a series exploits different perspectives and angles of the same thought, subject, or theme.



Paintings in "Chess-Nut Tree" Series by Roopa Dudley - American (Chess) Painter

A full body of work of an artist may have some overlapping elements, but each series will have a special uniqueness that distinguishes them from the others.



Paintings in "In the Forest" Series by Otto Placht - Czech Painter

By Roopa Dudley

Award-winning artist and an author of *A Strategic Painter: Mastermind Your Craft*.

www.RoopaDudley.com

Artist Interview

J Howard

Become acquainted with perhaps a few unknown dimensions – thoughts, ambitions, wisdoms, life changing moments – of this inspiring artist.

When it comes to your art, explain what you do in 100 words.

I could tell you how far I have come and what I have come from. I could share with you my journey as a mental health physician and how art has healed many through its use. But what I would like to share with you is how I identify myself, not just with my art, but in it and through it, that my purpose is to reach individuals deeply and spiritually. To share not just a visual, but an emotional experience. I am not a young artist by age or training, but I am emerging with a message.

What project are you working on now?

I am currently working on a series entitled, "Voices of Humanity." In addition to this project, I am compiling pieces for the Women Painting Women Exhibit in Clarks-ville, Tennessee, and a solo show the first of 2017 in my home state of Texas. It is entitled, "Texas Speaks."

Why do you do what you do?

Art plays many roles in society and, at different times, can speak to issues in areas such as religion, science, politics, and history. No matter what venue, my art can provide thought-provoking commentary and innovative perspectives on a vast array of ideas. People often forget the significance of art in the discourse of social, cultural, and global concerns. Art clearly has the power to spark ideas and challenge prevailing opinions, and as an artist, I become the point of delivery.

How has your practice changed over time?

Although I began my training at a very early age, my practice as an artist has had two lives. Trained in oils with a rich background in drawing, I have evolved into someone who really must get their hands "in it." I first began as a studio artist with the responsibility of recreating life and movement with inanimate objects.

Through the observation of reality, I became a lover of Photorealism, which has given substance to my art career's second life. As a pastelist, I can draw on my strong illustration background while really using my hands to apply the colour and create rich images that have a sense of storytelling.

What are your hobbies?

Cooking and hunting for antiques.





What is your strongest childhood memory?

Traveling and seeing things creatively and always having a sketchbook.

What is your scariest experience?

Nearly dying... twice.

Describe a real-life experience that inspired you.

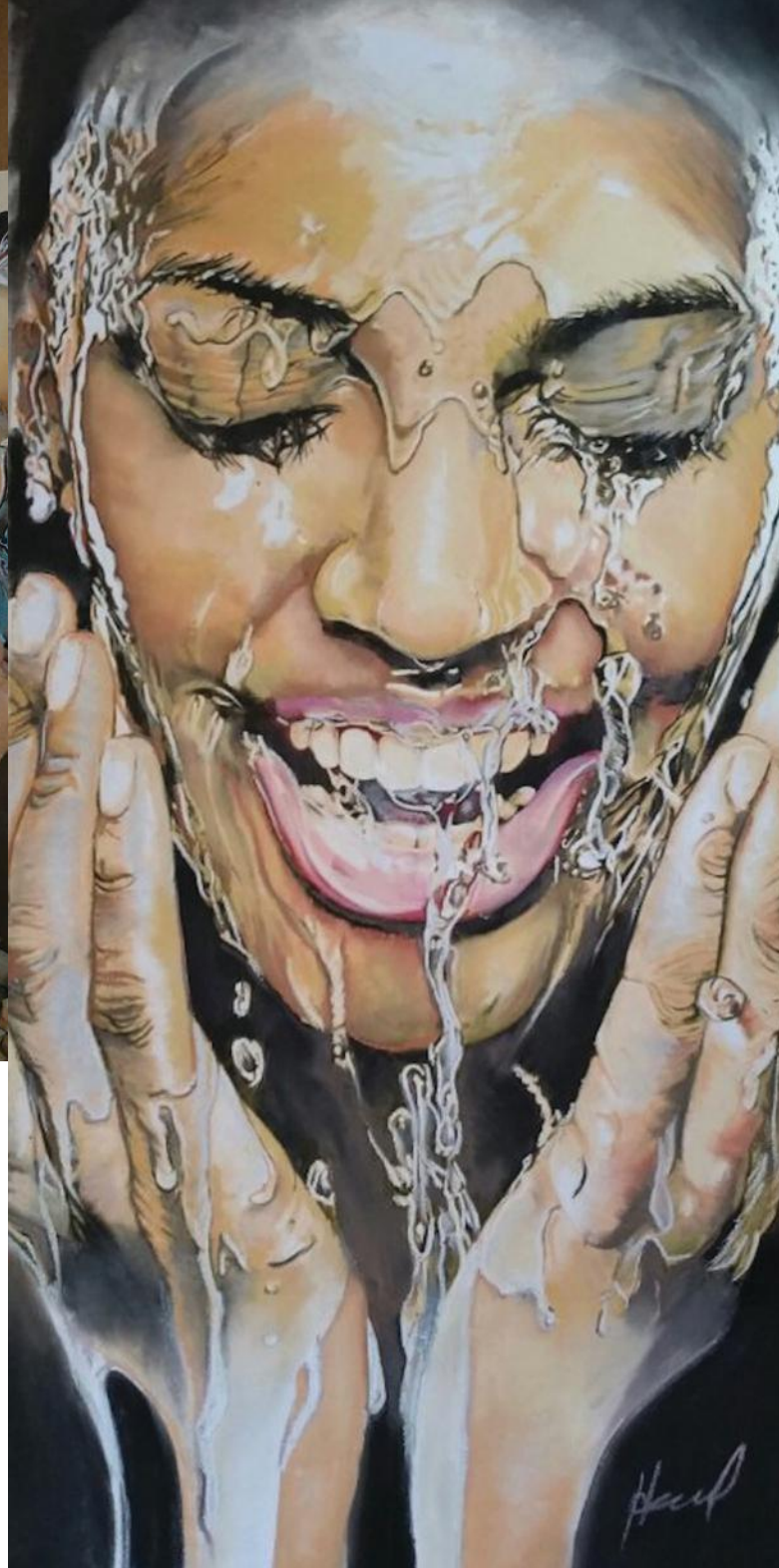
Each time I travel to a new destination, I am inspired by the people, food, entertainment, and environment. I think the beauty of Kona Hawaii last year moved me creatively more than anything. As a mental health physician, I am inspired by the many survivors I encounter on a regular basis who give me a purpose and a mission that drives my voice within my art.

What superpower would you like to have and why?

I would like to have the superpower of speaking every language in the world and communicating with anyone, no matter where they are from, to have fluent conversation and share stories.

What is your pet peeve about the art world?

Unfortunately, the art scene is quite fickle and trendy with judging in a realm of subjectiveness that is beyond comprehension. It has an air of snobbery that makes an emerging artist's attempt at becoming known and favored very difficult. Art as a whole is rooted in cultural diversities, but seems disjointed at times. With my grounded sense of reality, I feel that, for the moment, there is no place for me, but I have a voice that will one day be heard.



What is your dream creative project?

To have a solo show that speaks to the world in a very profound way, shown in a prominent gallery, in a well-respected art community.

What's the most indispensable item in your studio or practice?

My purely organic soft pastels. Having an autoimmune disorder means that commercial grade soft pastels are life threatening. The other would be natural light.



What is the best piece of advice you've ever been given?

Degas once said, "It's not what you see, but what you make others see." A very good friend recently told me that the most important thing I can do is be true to myself in my art. To make sure that above all else, my voice is heard over the judgment of others who feel that art should be traditional in how it is created. I also have to remember that just because someone or some gallery tells me "NO," it does not mean that I cannot do it; it just means that I am not going to do it with them.

Creatively, where do you see yourself in the next five years?

In two years I see myself retired and a full-time artist showing everywhere. In five years I hope to be able say I won the Hunting Art Prize and the Dave Bown Project. I also hope to be able to say I was a winner in the Art Comes Alive competition which is sort of an Academy Award for an artist. I plan to establish my own gallery where I can support emerging artists in a very loving and supportive manner. But most important, I plan to just experience real joy for the rest of my life.

*J Howard is a US citizen, was born in Houston, Texas, and is currently based in Alvin, Texas.
www.organicpastels.com*

Collect them all.



Next issue theme feature: **Wild**

Get your copy this October

CALL FOR ARTISTS AND WRITERS

This call theme is "Wild." The untamed, free and undeveloped.
The turbulent, unrestrained, emotional and extreme.
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.


ArtAscent
Applications:
www.ArtAscent.com

Apply
until
August 31

3 Short
2 Short

4 Short
1 Long & 1 Short
1 Long & 2 Short
2 Short
1 Long & 3 Short

East Bound
East Bound

Switches
East Bound

DON'T
CRUSH.

3 Short
2 Short

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1 Long & 1 Short
2 Short
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East Bound
East Bound
Ice House
East End

Switches
East Bound

House

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McGuire
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& NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

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