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ArtAscent

Art & Literature Journal 48 April 2021



FEATURE:
Winter



48



68



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Winter

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Foreword and Artist Profiles

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

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

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



On the Front Cover

Uki

by Jetta Williams



On the Back Cover

River Study 11

by Chris Brooks



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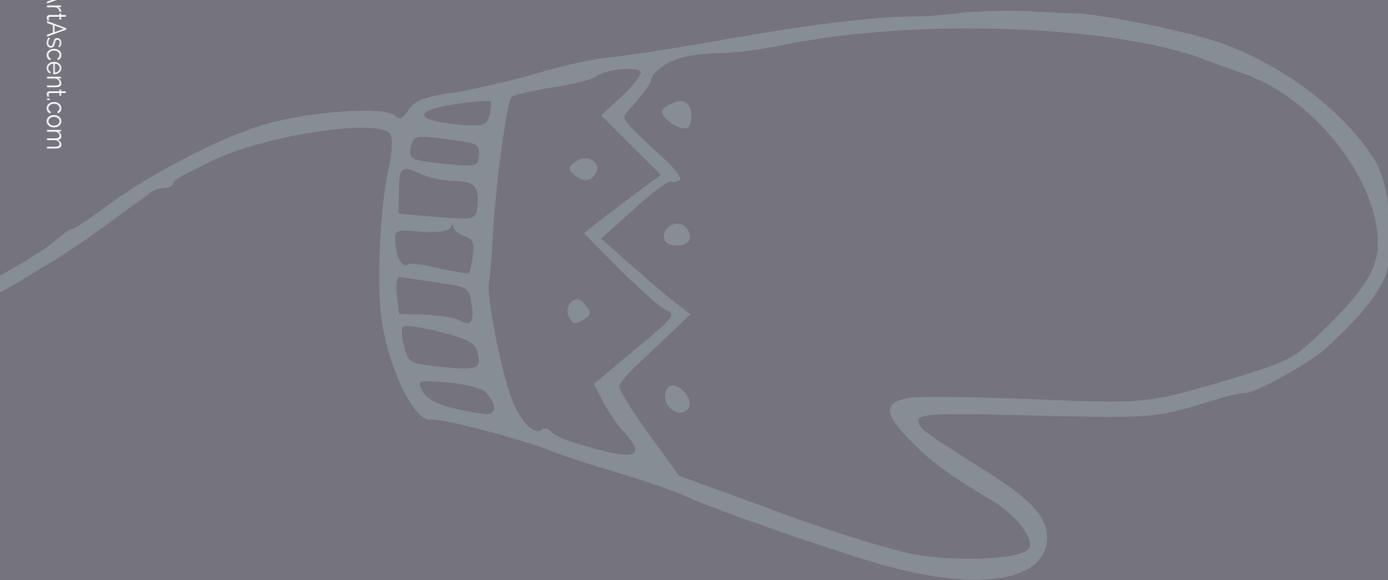
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ArtAscent

Art & Literature Journal

Showcasing outstanding
artists and writers from around the world



winter



Foreword

“There’s a certain Slant of light in Winter Afternoons,” said the great poetess Emily Dickinson in a well-known poem written in 1861. It is a light that oppresses, afflicts, and swallows, like “heavy Cathedral Tunes.” It is a light that distinguishes the winter landscape, which illuminates and at the same time darkens it, embracing the skeletons of its dead trees. It inspires the poets, artists, and all of us, when we face the arrival of the first cold and duller days full of silence and memories.

Winter is more than a season: it is a state of the soul; a mood that hard to shake off when the days get shorter, the horizon becomes dark, and hands hide in the pockets coats.

Nevertheless, winter also brings positive sensations. In Danish culture, the feeling of cosiness that accompanies wintertime is called *hygge*. A steaming cup of tea, the fireplace, and watching the snow through the window fill the atmosphere with *hygge*. Like a poetic synaesthesia, winter contrasts the cold of the outside, the sudden darkness, with the warmth of inside, the conviviality of our most intimate relationships.

Whatever our human efforts and feelings towards this season, winter has a life of its own, connected with nature. A reserved and austere character, with an intense frown, winter teaches a lesson. It invites us to essentiality. What it does with trees, taking their leaves off and showing their internal, essential, architecture, it does with human beings. It forces us to a simpler life, to unpretentious habits, to rediscover our elementary needs. A season that purifies, like its icy and transparent air, like a crystal.

The 48th volume of *ArtAscent Art & Literature Journal* investigates how artists and writers interpret winter and its intrinsic metaphors. Like seeds under the ground, winter jealously keeps the secret of spring, of rebirth. It seems to whisper that we will have better days.

By Cinzia Franceschini



Suzette Dushi
suzettedushiphotography.com

Gold

Pink Umbrella
Digital photography | 40 x 60 x 1 cm | \$800



Artist

The silence of the streets covered with snow, the outdoor games despite the frost, flower buds that are peeking out from tree branches: looking at Suzette Dushi's digital photographs means exploring the deepest and most emotional components of winter.

Winter subtracts everything from nature: light, bright colours, vitality. Despite this, the artist brings out these qualities in her images, capturing the joyful and nostalgic aspects of this time of the year. Winter then becomes a time of contemplation and hope, not of darkness and loneliness. Lethargy turns into a period of reflection, a break which forces us to think about the passage of time; still landscapes become an invitation to enjoy the quietude of winter atmosphere.

Inspired by these parentheses of reflection and silence, walking after a fresh snowfall with her Canon Eos 5D Mark iii and her 24-105 lens provides a revitalizing ritual at the basis of the artist's practice. All artworks created during these moments, *Snow Angels*, *Pink Umbrella*, and *Spring Snow* are. appear as single frozen frames, expertly chosen for their distance from the chaos. Suzette's *Winter Series* arouses the same sensation in the viewer: her photographs call for self-reflection and awareness.

Even if with a similar conceptual framework, these photographs explore a wide range of wintertime impressions. In fact, the snow, the common denominator throughout, turns into a metaphor for different situations and emotions that physically involve us. In *Snow Angels*, the metaphor speaks directly to the child hidden inside us, evoking nostalgia for the spontaneity and light-heartedness of childhood. In contrast, *Pink Umbrella* speaks to our inner side as

adults. Suzette does not perceive winter as a lonely season. A moment of solitude, in the silence of the snow, turns into a splendid moment to herself. *Spring Snow* opens up yet another perspective. The snow reveals the first flower buds of the season. Suzette captures the exact moment of transition as winter prepares to melt, finally giving space to spring and hope.

Snow has always fascinated photographers, for its aesthetic qualities and for its ability to envelop and mute the world. The famous 20th century French photographer Robert Doisneau, for example, often captured the charm and joy of Paris in the snow. The same inspiration has been taken by Gianni Berengo Gardin, a renowned Italian photographer, took the same inspiration in his 1960 series *Venezia Sotto La Neve*, depicting a silent Venice in the wake of a snowstorm. Suzette's work recalls the same extraordinary nature of this event.

Born in Istanbul (Turkey) in 1957, Suzette Dushi studied photography at the International Center of Photography of New York. She has shown her work in the U.S. and internationally, including at the Istanbul Biennial, the Islip Art Museum, and at the 13th Julia Cameron Award for Women Photographers. Suzette's photographs find colours in the pure white of winter, and the triumph of life even in a dormant season,

By Cinzia Franceschini

Gold

Suzette Dushi

Snow Angels

Digital photography | 40 x 60 x 1 cm | \$800



Artist

Spring Snow
Digital photography | 40 x 60 x 1 cm | \$800



Gold

Suzette Dushi

Solitude

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



Artist

Bench
Digital photography | 40 x 60 x 1 cm | \$800



Gold

Try to imagine a lake in wintertime. A thick fog envelops the landscape, where the water, the ground, or the sky begins no longer recognizable. Paula Bonnell's poem evokes this image.

A sensation, *Early Morning* embodies all the mystery, the stillness, the silence of the winter season. If spring enters confidently, without knocking, winter comes slowly. It takes time, strength, habituation, physically and emotionally. It gives the first signs of cold and dark, and at a certain point it envelops everything, like some foggy mornings. A confusing season, winter fascinates in its imminent evolution.

Paula captures this particular moment. In her poem, she depicts a winter not at its maximum force. No snow or harsh frost, winter advances, first taking lakes and fields, embracing them in a silent hug. *Early Morning*, combined with a previous poem called *November*, creates an imaginative diptych dedicated to the first cold. Not merely a sequence of poetic images, these poems create a metaphoric composition of what people could feel in this period of transformation, fluid like a lake. Paula attempts to share with the reader the same intimate experience, through the use of powerfully evocative and musical words.

The writer's style merges the visible and invisible, natural elements (trees, birds, shores, and anything that inspires her) with impalpable memories. The poetess also masterfully blends different art forms: poetry, music, and most of all visual arts. In fact, *Early Morning* represents a natural landscape, but the epiphany

started with a painting by the Norwegian artist Gunnar Normann hanging on her walls. In winter fog, the shoreline and the water of the depicted lake seem to mix with each other. In the same way, words and painting powerfully mix on the poetess' page.

Paula knows the importance of inspiration in her literary practice. Like a deep breath on a winter morning, an inhalation of fresh air, it arrives like a gift, an image, or a sentence in her head that she decides to follow. As a poetess that concretely works with images, she took inspiration from art, too. Black-and-white photography, like that of Ansel Adams or Cartier Bresson, and the already mentioned etchings of Gunnar Normann, provide sources for her inspiration. Severe and symbolic, black-and-white technique has the power of showing the essential structure of elements, just as poetry does. It shows the geometrical outline of winter trees, even if in the fog.

Raised in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, in a family who loved music and art, Paula Bonnell worked as a lawyer for years. After winning a book-publication prize, she decided to dedicate herself body and soul to literature. Her voice speaks of winter by celebrating its changing and reflective qualities.

By Cinzia Franceschini

Writer

Paula Bonnell

www.paulabonnell.net



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ArtAscent

Early Morning

The lake is cold
Fog qualifies the outline of the trees –
pensées of foliage
exuded by the limbs
reveal the watery truth
of trees, upright kindred
of these depths, sharp as knives.

These exhalations float, seemingly
fraying and assembling, woollen above water,
water qualified in air,
sitting, as clouds do, on air.
They give pause.
Water, unmitigated, is the underlayer
of this scene, its fathoms and fathoms
reaching down, invisible.

In this chill air
the lake speaks in fogs,
the trees in clouds;
the liquid depths,
the hardy trunks
converse –
across the water, across the unseen shore –
in horizontal diffusions
meeting in mid-air
in silence
here in the early light.



Dina Torrans

www.dinatorrans.art

Silver

Prevail

Copper and wood | 62 x 38 x 99 cm | \$1,000



Artist

Dina Torrans explores the senses that nature can meet us with and creates a place of wonder and reflection. Her sculptural details make you want to take a deeper look and still get lost in the simplicity of ideas.

Dina works with nature's found footage and draws inspiration from her environment. Her sculptures grab the audience's attention and make us aware of the various relations we can have to our surroundings.

She plays with nature's perspective. In her work, *Prevail* and *Sleeping through the Winter*, Dina gives us a different look at the cold and, for some people, darker months. We all know that feeling of the first sunbeams on the skin after a long winter and the need for a long walk without the heavy winter boots on our feet, but would this feeling of appreciation be with us without those cold months? Her sculptures give us the opportunity to reflect and appreciate the darker phases of the year, the clearness and silence, the possibility of bringing us closer, with a cup of tea on the sofa, and a chance to recharge our batteries.

Dreaming in Colour, on the other hand, can make you feel the colours of spring, how the change in nature brings with it a lift in the mood and eyes of the hunched-over body we all became so acquainted with during the winter season. Pops of colour appear around and in us, as in her sculptures, so bold and almost teasing in their modesty. She shows us that nature does not sleep through winter, it prepares for spring, growing, eventually working its way up to meet the sun until finally the first blooms softly kiss the winter goodbye, just as Dina's sculptures greet their audience.

Many artists view nature with a curious eye, becoming inspired by it, perhaps none more so than the Avant-Garde queen and Fluxus movement artist Yoko Ono. Ono's 2015 installation *Golden Ladders* portrays a similar sense of calmness and strength to Dina's work—depicted through nature's happenings. Both artists spark interest in their audience through a playful lens without just letting the minds wander by, they capture their audience's thoughts and trigger sensations and memories.

A Toronto-based artist, Dina has worked as a multimedia artist for over 25 years. She graduated from The Art Centre at Central Technical School in Toronto and has received multiple awards throughout her career. Included in many private and public collections, Dina has shown her large body of work in multiple solo and juried group exhibitions at various galleries, notably The Canadian Sculpture Centre, Fischtein Fine Art, The John B. Aird Gallery, The Elaine Fleck Gallery, and Artscape Toronto.

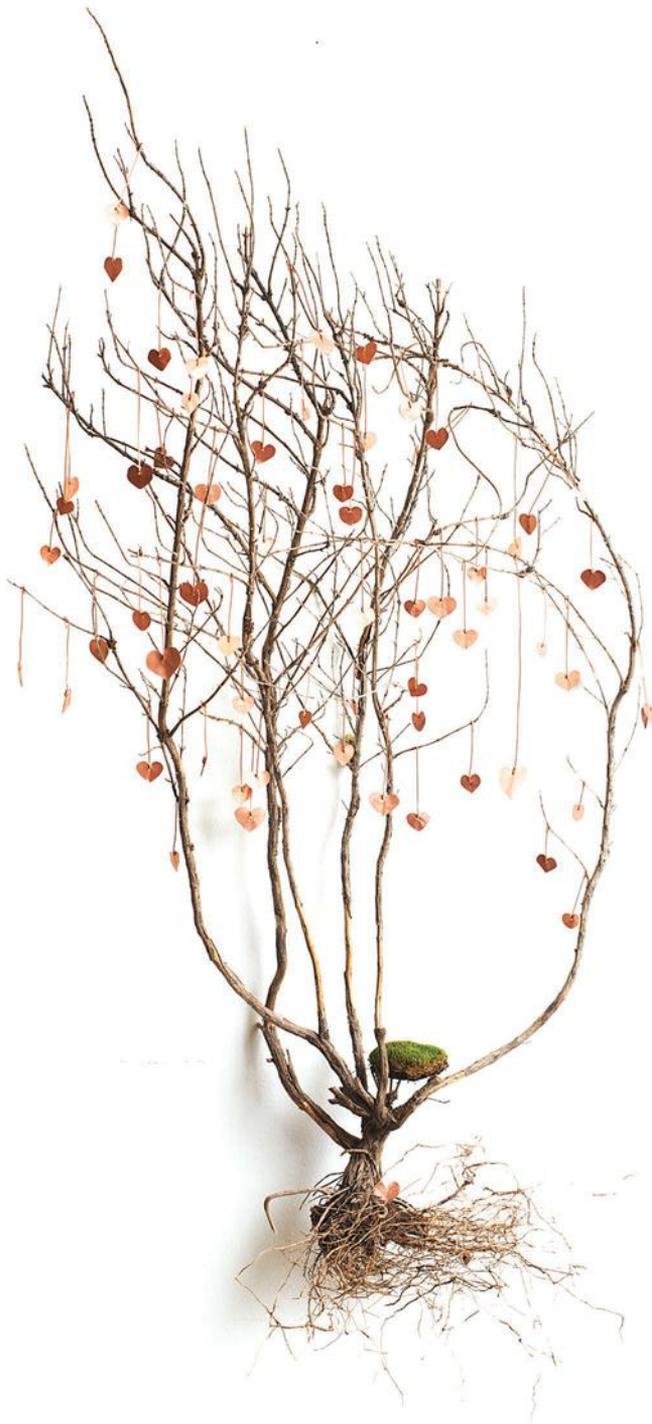
By Magdalena Riegler

Silver

Dina Torrans

Sleeping Through The Winter

Mixed media | 86 x 40 x 30 cm | \$1,200



Artist

Dreaming in Colour
Mixed media | 140 x 90 x 70 cm | \$3,000





Chris Brooks

www.chrisbrooks.art

Bronze

River Study 26

Fine resin | 14 x 91 x 3 cm | \$2,200



Artist

Typically associated with stillness and quietness, winter also embodies a veiled and bridled energy. That duality of the season intrigues and draws the attention of artists like Chris Brooks.

The perfect allegory for that hidden potential of winter is an image of a river. With its surface frozen, that powerful flow continues beneath the ice. The water element captivates Chris, becoming the central topic of his oeuvre. Inspired by the natural richness of Alberta, the region where the artist resides, he claims, "The intention of these riverscapes is to ignite our tactile desire to connect with water. Inspiring a consideration of the reciprocal commitment we have with water." The works from the series *River Study* featured in this issue are completely in line with the artist's concept.

Chris defines his artistic method as "landscape sculpture," initiating dialogue with natural materials themselves and drawing inspiration from their complex visuality rather than just their use. Using fine resin, the artist creates semitransparent compositions to capture the multitude of river landforms. He casts each rock and layer of ice from resin and locates each between several layers of tinted material. Blending different hues shapes the sculptural depth of the constructions, creating tension between the flatness of traditional painting format and tangibility in the final result.

Quite a popular medium, fine resin captures fleeting natural impressions often further developed into statements on environmental issues. Looking at Chris's pieces one can think of a popular Australian artist Mitch Gobel, who also uses resin for his projects dedicated

to the fragility of natural habitats. And yet, while Mitch favours discussing this problem through metaphysical subjects, detached from figurative representation, Chris balances between abstract expressivity and references to concrete objects: first we perceive the images as harmonious combinations of textures and colours, gradually starting to recognize familiar shapes in them.

As German philologist and Orientalist Max Müller wrote, "While the river of life glides along smoothly, it remains the same river; only the landscape on either bank seems to change." And Chris aims to reflect that permanence and transience of the Universe, manifested in the water element.

Chris Brooks is a visual artist from Canada. He started his training at the Ontario College of Art and Design in Toronto, Canada, specializing in Sculpture and Installation. After graduating in 2004, he worked briefly as a moldmaker's assistant in an industrial setting before choosing to move west to Calgary, Canada. Member of Canadian Arts Representation since 2019, and the Alberta Society of Artists since 2020, Chris' pieces have shown in solo and group shows in the U.S. and Canada and have featured in several publications.

By Oleksandra Osadcha

Bronze

Chris Brooks

River Study 13

Fine resin | 14 x 91 x 3 cm | \$1,700



Chris Brooks

Artist

River Study 24
Fine resin | 40 x 40 x 3 cm | \$800





Nathan Cole

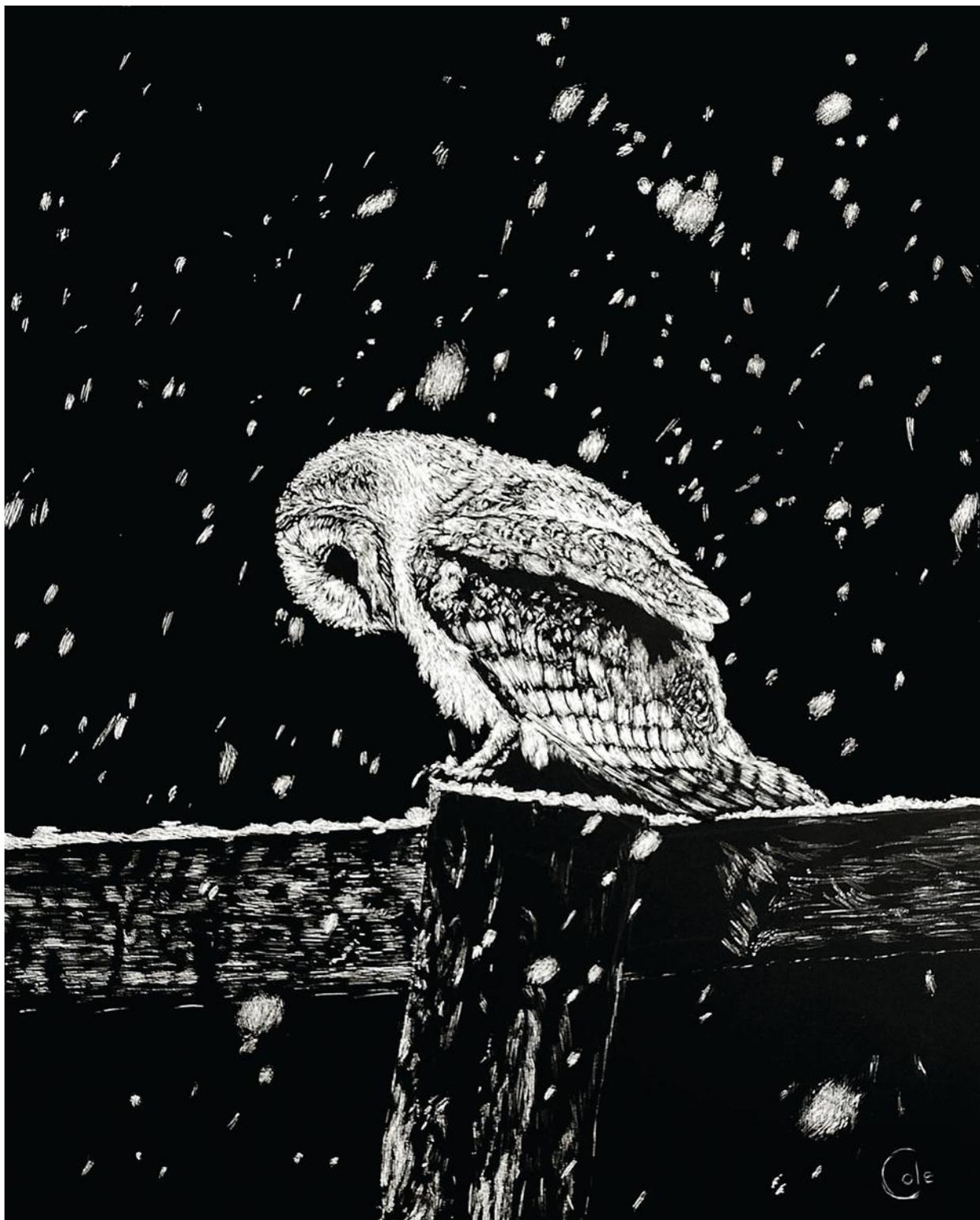
<https://www.artworkarchive.com/profile/nathan-cole>

The Snow Monkeys of Japan

Quill on scratchboard | 45.7 x 61 cm | \$2,400



Snowfall at Night
Quill on scratchboard | 20.3 x 25.4 cm | NFS





Courtney Skolka

www.courtneyskolka.com

Hydrangea

Digital photography | NFS



Cattail Garden
Digital photography | NFS





Karla Linn Merrifield

<http://karlalinn.blogspot.com>

Triptych: Dispatches from Florida's Winter

Close Encounter

A marvel in the planetary world
of owls who weep
is your nervous laughter
leaned into the bosom
of a shrieking constellation.

Brilliant galactic diadems
of my turtle eyes
on black satin of deep space.
I orbit twin reptile moons,
returning the primal gaze of night.

2/29, Southwest Florida Forest

Now is the dawn when fog
becomes dew; spring's pig frogs thrum.

Weighted spider webs drip;
green anole leaps; he sips.

Armadillos leaf-litter rustle,
dampness dances.

From moist invisibility of owls,
we know how.

Primordial Astronomical Chart

Jupiterstarwanderer

Venusstarwanderer

Conjunctionlovers

Trystcelestial

Cosmic

Awaited

If I can etch the moonless
cliff stone toward Spring Equinox,
as another proto, retro-, petro-poet,
I will complete the spell, signing
cave walls, signing a sacred palm:
To the future.



Rich DiSilvio

<http://richdisilvio.com>

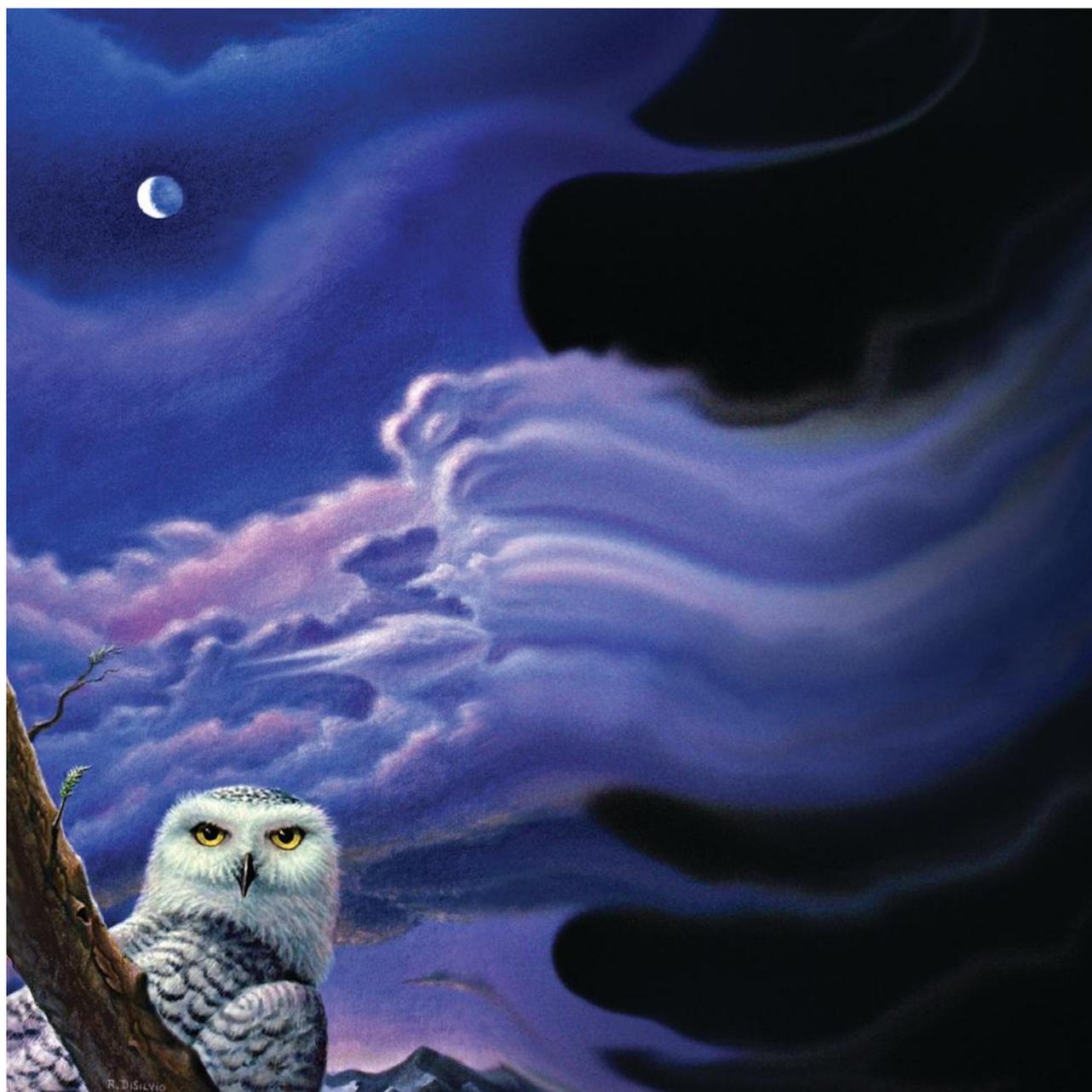
Horned Owl at Sunset

Oil on canvas sold as giclees on canvas | 60 x 25 cm | \$150



Snowy Owl Fantasy

Oil on canvas sold as giclees on canvas | 45 x 45 cm | \$150



Rich DiSilvio

Serenity at Sunrise: Blue Jay

Oil on board sold as giclees on canvas | 76 x 38 cm | \$200





Looking North

Near at hand, the mud
is black and oozy. The waters
do not disdain to silver it as
they return to the shore, angling
to enter the branches
of the birches, slow liquid
entering passages into the leaves,
which waggle and flirt with the
light, expending themselves as
they slowly dry. The leaves,
abandoned by warmth from
the ooze-water, now have each
day less of the fragrant sunlight,
and sadden as they droop and
part company with the valiant
branches, dropping to bed
themselves in mud, rich,
quiet, fetid. Yet the ramifying
uprightness of trees, each unity
dividing into many-handed, many-
many-fingered skeletons, waits
sentinel, patient, rooted, windbathed,
at the edge of the marsh, the stand
filigreed against the nonentity
of sky.



Inesa Antanauskiene

www.inartstudios.com

Vigorous

Acrylic on canvas | 100 x 100 x 4 cm



Sunlit
Acrylic on canvas | 140 x 70 x 4 cm



Inesa Antanauskiene

La Dance Blanche

Acrylic on canvas | 100 x 100 x 4 cm



Miguel Barros

<https://miguelmoraisbarros.wixsite.com/miguel-barros>



Cold and Soft Winter IX

Oil on paper cut and collage | 32 x 32 x 4 cm | \$600



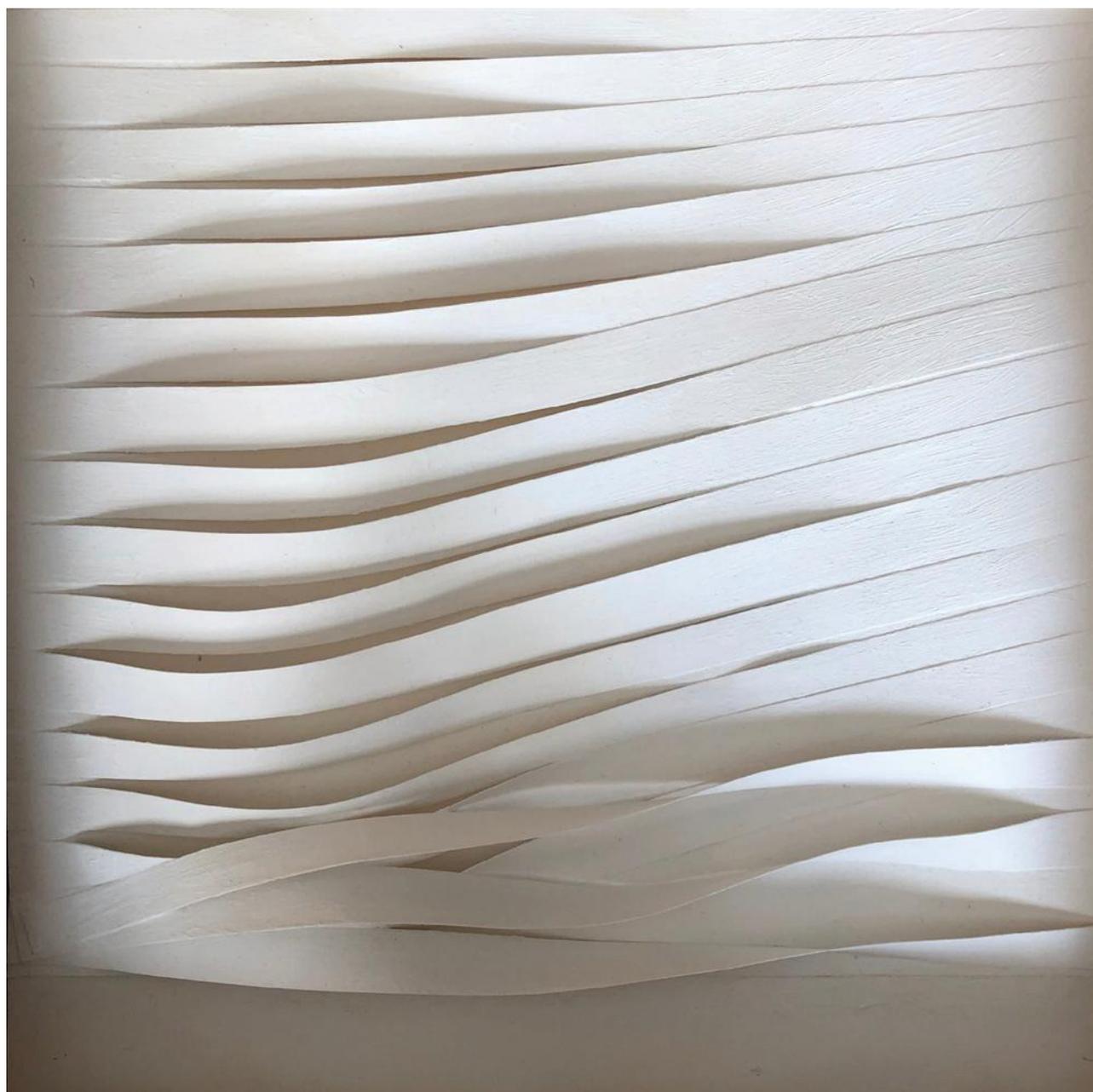
Miguel Barros

Cold and Soft Winter VII

Oil on paper cut and collage | 32 x 32 x 4 cm | \$600



Cold and Soft Winter II
Oil on paper cut and collage | 32 x 32 x 4 cm | \$600





Susan Fraser-Hughes

<https://www.susanfraserhughes.com>

A Winter Retreat

Grey skies
Heavy rain
Snow
A want
A need
To curl beneath blankets
And not emerge until the days begin to lengthen
But what it doesn't bring in colour
Winter brings in time
The time to rest
To read
To visit and replenish
To care for our souls
To remove ourselves
From noise and all unnecessary distractions
To be within our quiet place
Attending as needed
To hurts and past experiences
Attending not with force
But with kindness
Compassion
Forgiveness
And just as a seedling emerges out of darkness,
Charting an unseen course as it journeys towards the light
So too can we
Emerge from winter
Refreshed
Reenergized
And ready to embrace everything
The new season has to offer



Inner Landscape 1
Charcoal on frosted Mylar | 24 x 24 cm | \$1,000



Stefanie Heider

Last Day of Winter 3

Polaroid SX-70 | 10.8 x 8.8 cm | \$300



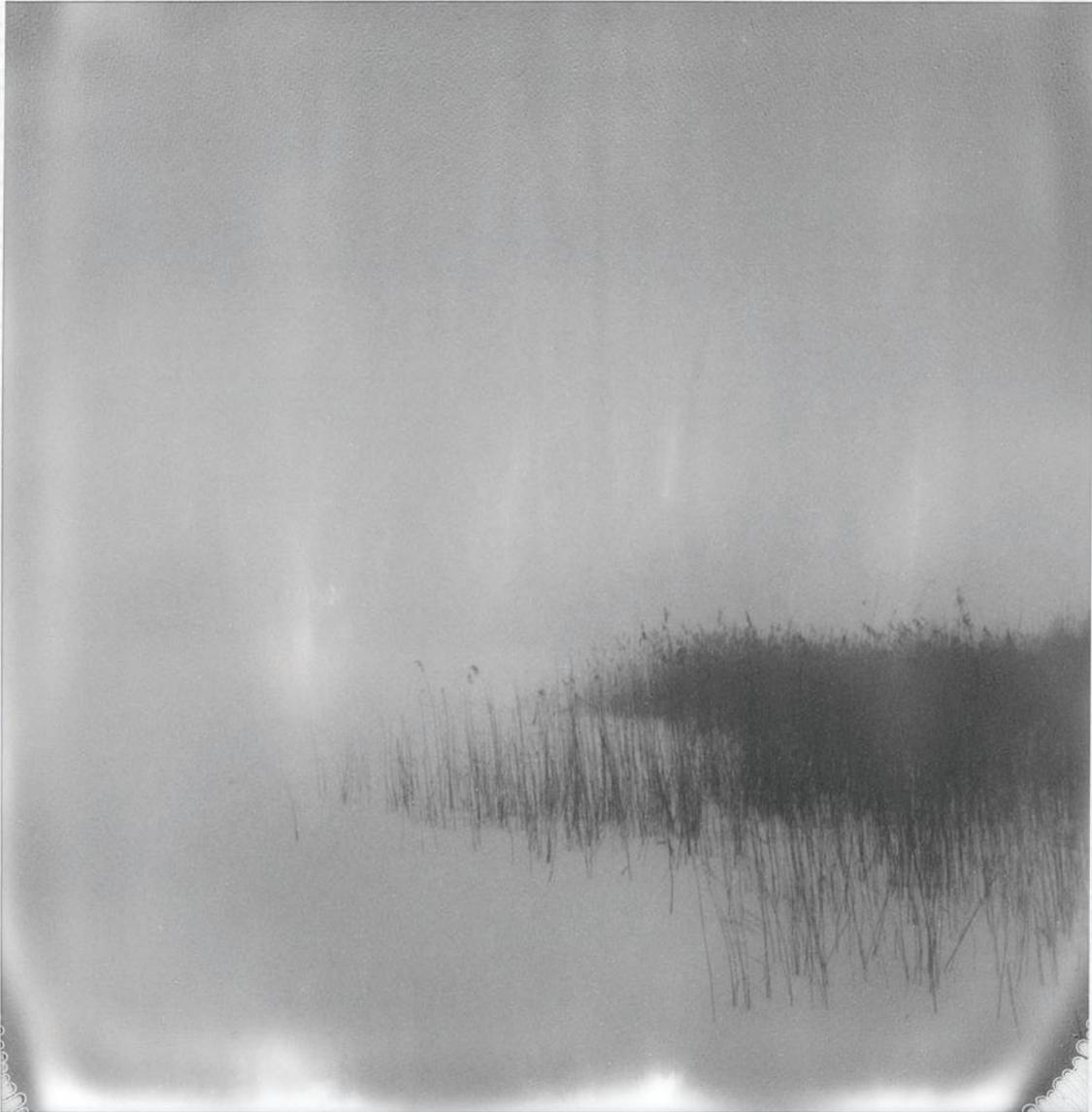
Last Day of Winter 4
Polaroid SX-70 | 10.8 x 8.8 cm | \$300



Stefanie Heider

Last Day of Winter 2

Polaroid SX-70 | 10.8 x 8.8 cm | \$300



Last Day of Winter 6
Polaroid SX-70 | 10.8 x 8.8 cm | \$300





Eric Goldstein

www.ericgoldsteinart.com

November

Mixed media, thread, plaster, and acrylic paint | 101.6 x 76.2 cm | Sold



9:30 Rain

Threads, acrylic paint, and plaster | 101.6 x 76.2 cm | Sold





Theodore Heublein

www.theodoreheubleinart.com

Morning Light 6

Watercolour on paper | 41 x 51 cm | \$1,100



Morning Light 4 Oregon Blue
Watercolour on paper | 41 x 51 cm | \$1,100





Pete Armstrong

petearmstrong99.com

Enquiry Desk, Unnamed Police Station, Winter

The door bursts open and in comes the cold, followed by a frantic young man, all waving arms and exasperation, glowing red in just a cotton shirt.

"Someone's nicked my coat!"

The Sergeant contemplates him with eyes chilled by steady experience. Faultless uniform, jacket indoors as per, hair in a tight bun, serious face. She's seen most of it, but never someone as lightly clad as this on such a bitter day. This is new.

"I'm sorry to hear that, sir. When did you last see it?"

"In the cloakroom, I was only in for a minute, now it's gone. It's too cold out there for shirtsleeves, too cold by half."

"It is a chilly one today, sir. Do you have any ID?"

He presents his wallet on the desk: Mattias Anderson, credit card, season tickets, proud member of the library. Mattias Anderson is cold, he rubs his hands together, shivers as numbness melts and feelings return under the police station's municipal-issued, regulation, convector heaters.

"I say, that looks like my coat right there."

A rich fur hangs on a peg beside the enquiry desk. Thick and warm, soft and expensive.

"Oh no, sir, that's the super's. You can't have that."

With these words a luxuriant moustache comes out of a side office to have a shufti at what's going on. Clearly the man himself. Willing to help, but not to sacrifice his fur. There are limits to civic assistance offered even by a super.

Identified and recorded, Mattias Anderson leaves the station just as a man in a dark suit enters it. He has to brave the winter day once more wearing only his house clothes. New fallen snow glistens white on the pavement, ice shimmers from the eaves, glittering sparkles fall from the sky. Our hero freezes in a frosty fairyland.

No, no, no. Mattias doesn't like where the story's going at all. He's most unhappy, too cold, wants a rewind. Way back to when he first saw the fur. Get the author on his side. Try again.

The sergeant nods helpfully.

"That coat has just been handed in, sir. It must be your one. Why don't you take it now? Save you filling in all these forms."

This time Mattias leaves with the coat, nodding hello to the dark suit on his way out. Much better. Snow still glistening white; ice still shimmering; still glittering, falling sparkles, but now the author's pet is warm and cosy, wrapped in finest mink, or squirrel, or whatever it is.

He walks tall, struts down the middle of the pavement, drinking in admiration from the populace on all sides. Proud king of all he surveys. Who doesn't look up to a man in fur? This is living.

But sadly, this version won't last either. The author doesn't like it, too easy, not enough conflict. So Mattias finds himself back at the unnamed police station again, half-naked, fur on its peg, form in front of him. Shame. He was enjoying that. Where's the story going this time?

Now the dark suit has come in and we can hear him making his presence felt with the tight bun and the luxuriant moustache at the enquiry desk.

"Someone's stolen my wallet," in a high-pitched squeal of outrage.

"I'm sorry to hear that, sir. When did you last see it?"

"Put my hand down to my back pocket and it was gone. Broad daylight. What are things coming to?"

"Things are coming to a pretty pass, indeed sir. What's your name, sir?"

"Mattias Anderson."

There was a pause. Even police sergeants and supers can put two and two together if given a peaceful moment.

Three pairs of eyes swivel towards the back of the station, but it's too late.

Anonymous antihero, wallet, fur, all gone.

Exit stage left.



Jan Creelman

www.jan.creelman

The Fence Has Not Been Torn Down
Batik on Ginwashi | 62 x 46 x 1 cm | Sold



I See You
Acrylic on canvas | 36 x 46 x 0.4 cm





Jennifer Pazienza

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

Keswick Ridge Winter 2021

Oil on canvas | 10.2 x 11.4 cm | NFS



Fresca 2021
Oil on canvas | 182.9 x 182.9 cm | \$6,800





Beth McCoy

Lenabethe.com

Beautifully Trapped: 18 hours of Snow

Winding Roads
Inundated with Snow
Never to be Touched
Terrified of Breaking Down
Everlasting Beauty
Relishing the Moment
Relinquishing Control



Freezing Wisps
Photography | \$300

Beth McCoy

Snowstorm
Photography | \$300





Forest Path
Photography





Christine Jiwon Ra

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

Subzero

Ceramics and glass | 21.5 x 21.5 x 7 cm | \$3,000





Drift
Ceramics | 19 x 19 x 8 cm | \$2,500

Christine Jiwon Ra

Thermometer

Ceramics and glass beads | 16 x 2.5 x 0.5 cm | \$1,000



Nikki Raitz

<https://nikkiraitz.com>



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Abandon

Photography | \$425



Nikki Raitz

Quicksilver Lover
Photography | \$425



Escape
Photography | \$425





Sonya Marie

Winter Diary

I never saw a more beautiful winter in Seoul than I did as I traveled with my sister and realized it was one of my favorite winters in my life.

My sister constantly reminded me not to eat too much airplane food. No matter what, do not eat it. That made it easy for me to not admit that I was anorexic and struggling after a suicide attempt. I was coping through Copy Mechanics with alcohol and movies.

It was just us and few other passengers in all red seats. I don't remember if I slept or not the entire flight. We arrived the next day in another country. We flew from east to west without stopping, knowing the west wind delayed the way we flew west around the earth. As we got off the airplane, there were dozens of drivers with signs as we rushed through gates to pick up our two large suitcases. We had to jump on the bus to Chenonan and, of course, at that moment I was beginning to forget everything I had left in the past year before winter.

Winter is the beginning of the new year. It was what I felt as I looked outside of the bus window and saw a beautiful white sky. It was the best thing I had seen beside road trips through mountains on the East Coast

to the Midwest in my home. Driving was slow in a rough blizzard and nobody would move. We asked the driver if it was okay to stop at the restroom and he said no, however he would let us off the bus to go to the restroom and come back because nobody moved on the road. We jumped off and left our luggage to run to the restroom as fast we could. My sister warned me restrooms were different from home. I understood as I saw and stood to pull my pants down, then straddled my legs to pee through a hole in the ground and without toilet paper. I had to shake my legs off before pulling up my pants to zip them.

My sister signaled me to hurry up as traffic was beginning to clear up. I decided to skip washing my hands and warmed up to run with her. The driver was releasing the brake to start off and shouted at us as he saw us leaving the restroom. The blizzard hit our face as we ran as fast as we could and saw the cars starting to move more quickly. I thought it was beautiful outside as we continued to run. White Sky. White rain. White wind. Snow surrounded us. The driver opened the door and we jumped on. I was chuckling as my sister was anxious about the possibility of being stuck without money and bags. "We made it," I said to her.

We finally arrived in Chenonan and took a taxi to a street by the kimbap shop next to the alley leading up to the apartment. I was asking my sister to eat there but she insisted on going to the apartment, settling first then meeting a friend there to eat. Before we left, she warned me the food is mostly spicy and might make me cry. We were walking down the alley to the kimbap shop as I was memorizing where we were, as snowflakes fell. We opened the door and there were two women who stirred big pots in front of us at the end of the room.

We sat at a long table set with metal chopsticks. One of the women served us as my sister ordered kimbap and soup. It was not just kimbap and soup, there were four more small dishes to add to the soup. I was struggling to get better at using chopsticks to add ingredients in the small dishes to my soup and pick up rice as my sister watched and encouraged me to try hard. My tongue filled with kimchi spiciness but felt warm inside my mouth as it flowed through my cold body. My cheeks smiled as I got served hot water. People actually serve hot water here everywhere in winter but not at home, only cold water in winter at home. My eyes were filled with tears, but I didn't cry.

The next day, I noticed bowls and chopsticks at doors in the hallway when my sister closed the door on the way out. She explained that they were takeout food; whenever we ordered takeout, we'd leave the bowls and utensils at the door when we finished, and someone would pick them up. We walked down to the bus stop and waited with a tracking device showing when and where the bus was. Motorcyclists, babies in covered strollers, and elders carrying rugs on their backs passed by. My sister encouraged me to memorize where we were going in case I wanted to go on my own while she worked, but she was excited to take me to her classes where she worked.

I was beginning to be hungry later as we walked fast through a crowded sidewalk with street food and shopping tents. My sister stopped and ordered tteokbokki as I was looking at warm orange red covered rice cakes on a skewer. Then we went inside the Cat Cafe where she had coffee and I had tea. I thought Cat was just the name of the coffee shop, but there were actually cats roaming around free. I started to admire how beautiful winter was in this progressive foreign city.



Catherine Owens

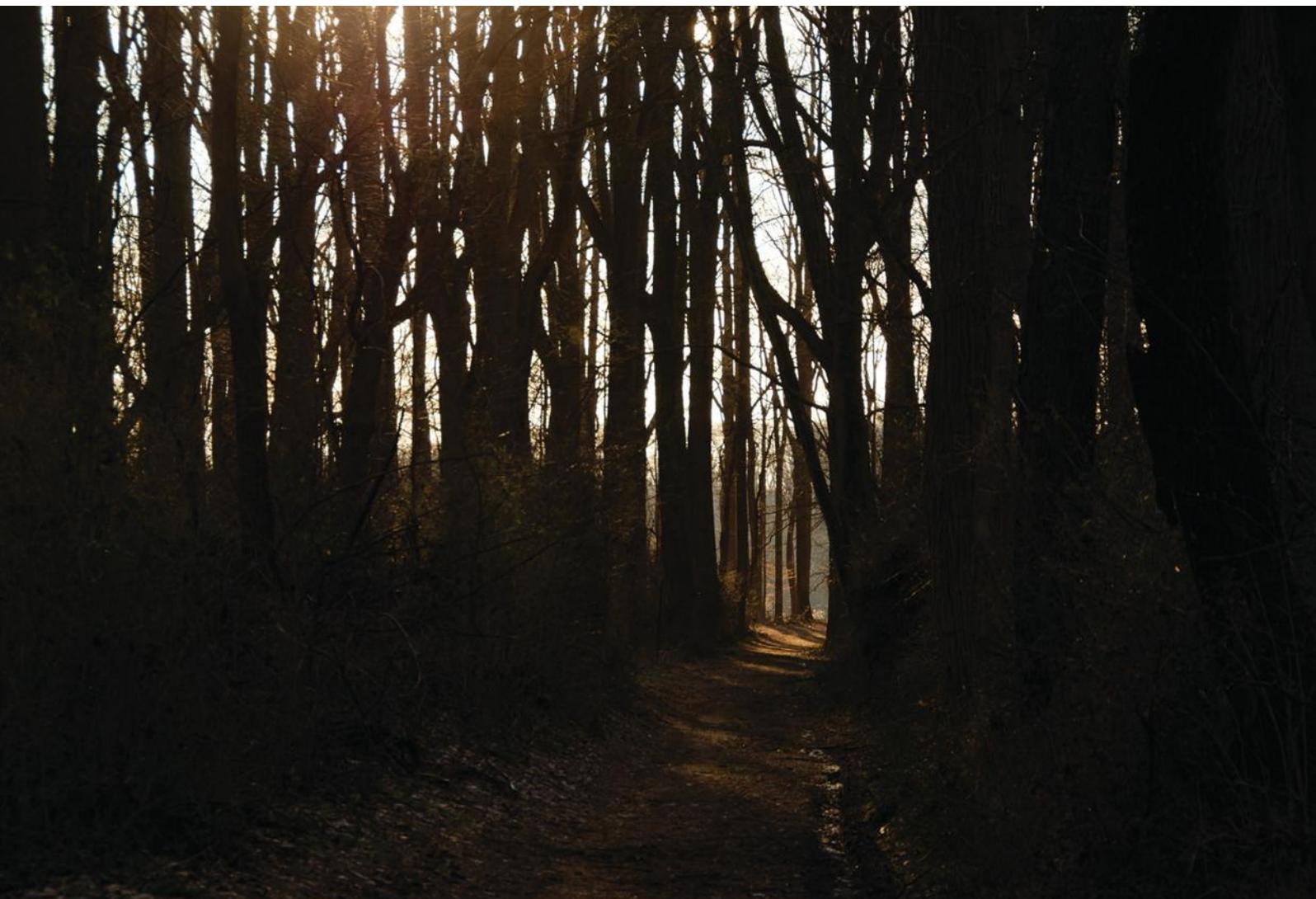
<https://catherineowensphotography.weebly.com/>

Holding On

Photography | 33 x 50 cm | \$100



Down the Path
Photography | 33 x 50 cm | \$100

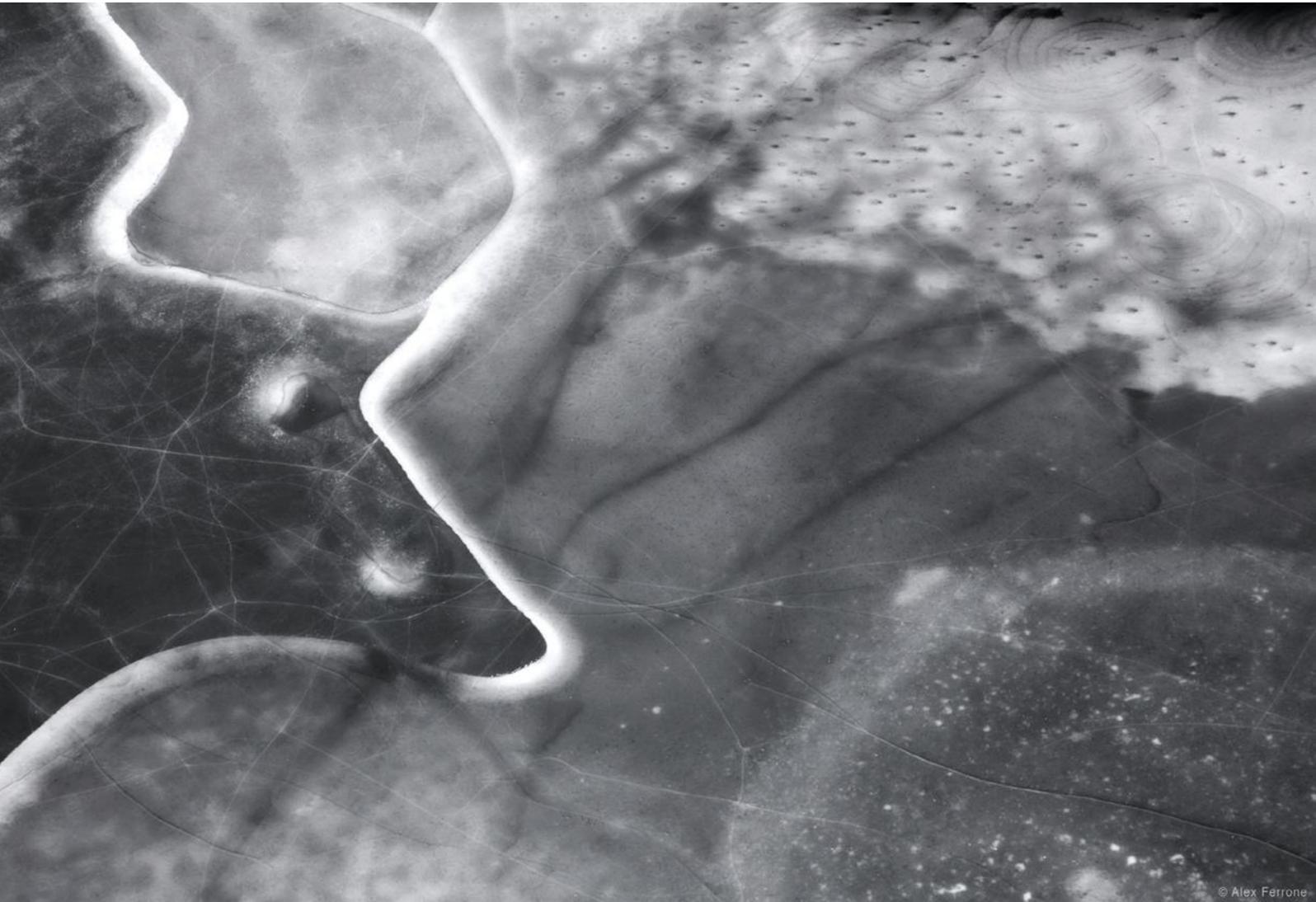




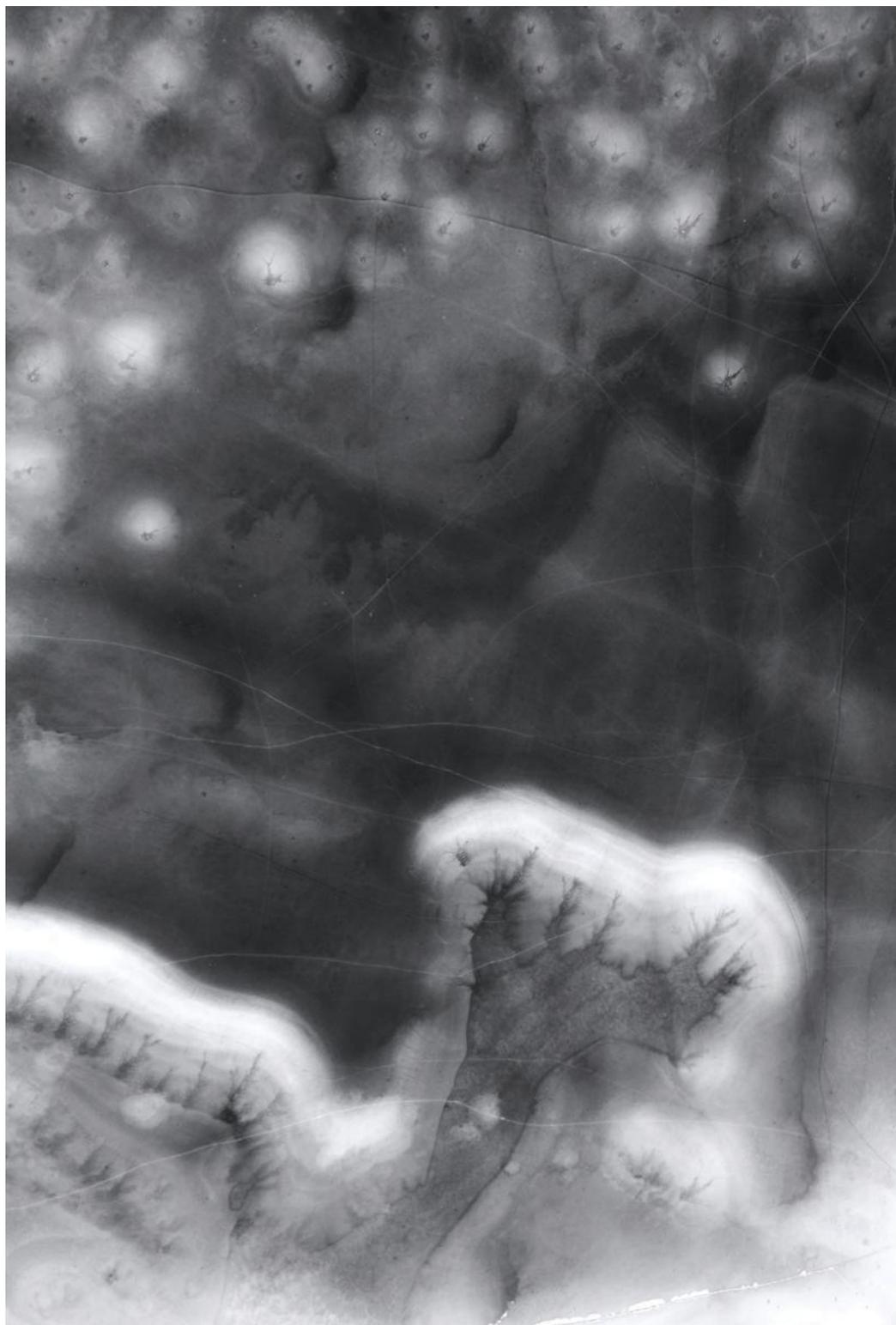
Alex Ferrone
<http://www.alex ferrone.com/>

The Bullfight, Winter Aerial Observations Four

Photography, archival pigment on Hahnemühle Fine Art Pearl paper | 22.9 x 30.5 cm | \$255



Constellation, Winter Aerial Observations One
Photography, archival pigment on Hahnemühle Fine Art Pearl paper | 30.5 x 22.9 cm | \$255





Ljubica Simovic

Another Storm Coming

Acrylics | 61 x 61 x 3,8 cm | \$400



Canadian Rockies
Acrylics | 61 x 61 x 3.8 cm | \$400





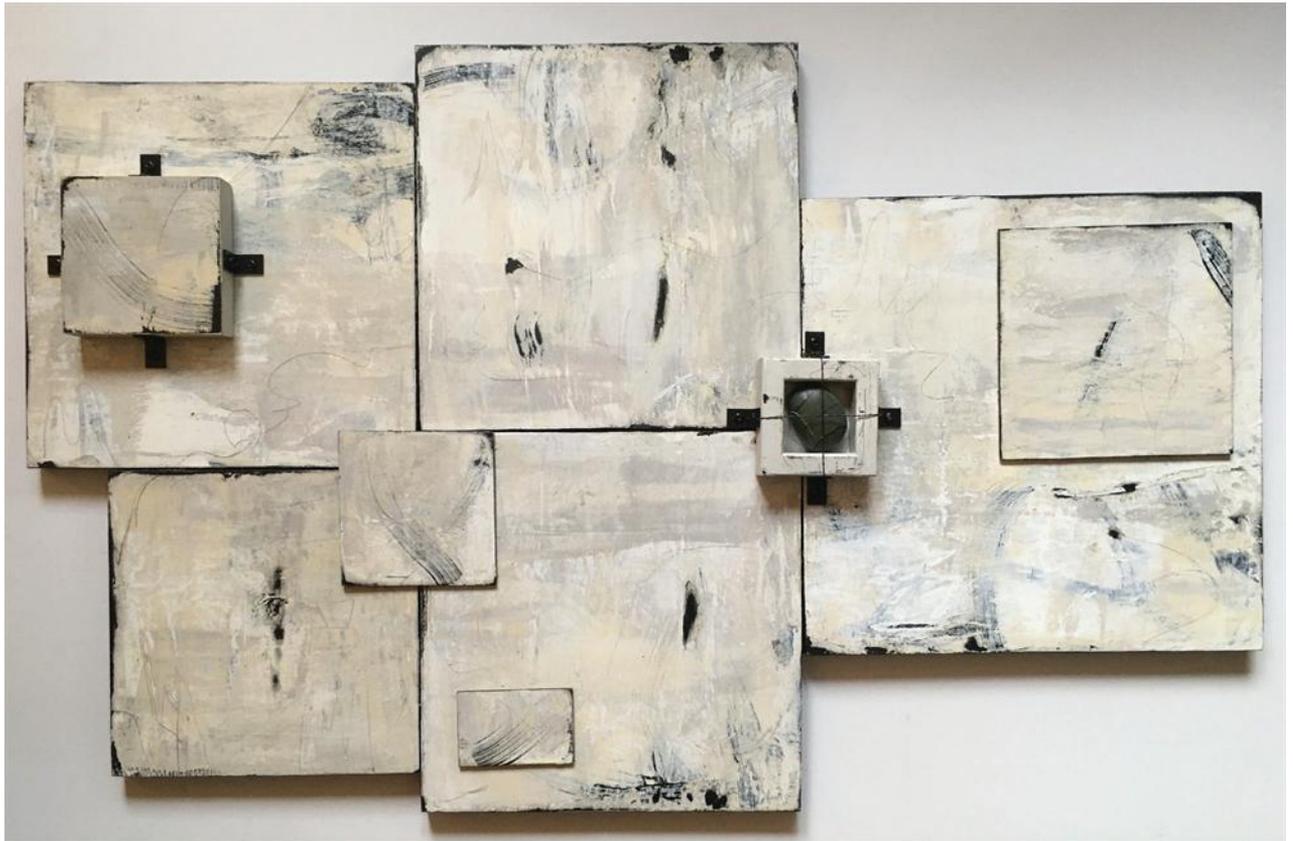
Joann Goosney

Soul Portrait - Snow Drift

Photography, print | 27.9 x 35.5 x 1 cm | \$300



Wintertide
Mixed media on panel with found objects | 51 x 21 cm | \$1,995





Janet Lucroy

www.janetlucroy.com

Diaphane 15

Archival pigment print | 40 x 40 x 1 cm | NFS





Bijou 72

Life without you is like the excessive tasteless
Cry of an elderly in dementia, in time unsurpassed:
 If only the alarming certainty of its reality,
 The hard, fast-turning nightmare of all.
Life without you is like a forced arrival
 To rain water and the diaspora city
From a tiny or full-coloured blooming rainbow,
 Amid the chaos of a few black-tied men;
And like some beheld upon the moon at midnight,
 When the stormy dawn comes, or its lightning
Of power and thirst unveils the truth, water-drifting
 Souls that linger lightly in the tip of one's heart.



Larry Wolf

<https://www.abrushwiththelaw.com>

A Break in the Sky

Acrylic pushed through the back of a silk screen canvas | 56 x 48 x 1 cm | \$1,500



Jetta Williams

www.artalive.ca



79

ArtAscent

More Than Skin Deep

Pencil on rag paper (framed) | 45 x 61 x 0.5 cm | \$2,600



NEXT SPREAD: *The Warrior*

Acrylic on canvas | 91 x 76 x 5 cm | \$1,080







Maren Smay

marensmay.com

Everything That Hinders

Acrylic on canvas | 76 x 76 x 3.8 cm | \$1,600



The Deposit
Acrylic on canvas | 60 x 60 x 3.8 cm | \$1,200





Paula Bonnell

www.paulabonnell.net

November

The birds pulsing
within the migrant flock
shimmer statistically.

They rose from morning fields
like sparks up the chimney
and alight in afternoon trees

like ash. Their day's flight
arches. That curve reminds me
of another:

In grade school, on a yellow
sheet of tablet paper,
the teacher scattered iron filings

then laid a horseshoe magnet
in their midst. The bits
slid and gathered along an invisible

flow emanating from
and resubmerging in
the magnet's poles.

Now the birds' rush through
this short day forms a scattergraph
of time's secret flow.

Tatiana Alekseeva

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



The Coldness

Oil on canvas | 50.8 x 40.5 x 1.5 cm | NFS





Yvette Young

Mush!

Mixed media | 42 x 30 cm



Waiting for a Greek Ferry
Mixed media | 42 x 30 cm

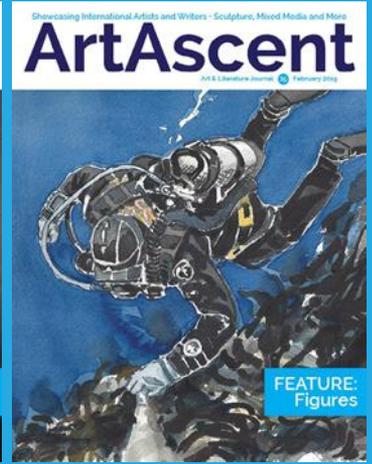


Yvette Young

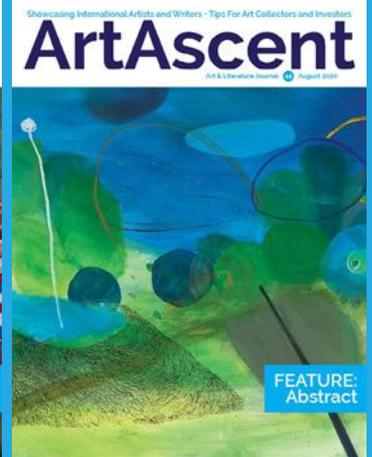
Venice by the Sea
Mixed media | 42 x 30 cm



Yvette



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WRITERS

Call theme: GARDENS
Deadline: April 30
Applications: ArtAscent.com



