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ArtAscent

Art & Literature Journal 51 October 2021



**FEATURE:
Connection**





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Connection

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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

Mother 2

by Sean Stone



On the Back Cover

Cracked, Triumphant

by Moti Bazak

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ArtAscent

Art & Literature Journal

Showcasing outstanding
artists and writers from around the world

connection

Foreword

In statistics, we define connection as a fluctuation in one variable that also affects another one. It may seem an intuitive concept, but it has authentic complexity. It transcends mathematics to become embodied in our lives, interpersonal relationships, in the social and technological advances we experience every day. We feel an emotional connection when we perceive a bond with someone, when we seek verbal and eye contact, when we perceive a tie or dependence. If you change one variable, the other will change, mathematicians say. We are not so different from numbers.

We currently crave connection. Literally. We live in an age where reachability defines part of our identity. Where we can find and be found by anyone at any time. Connectivity is, therefore, the vital element of our existence. We seek deep, physical, and spiritual connections with other people. The proximity between human beings has become an increasing priority in this time of health emergency. Technology has shown the unexpected power of virtual sociality. However, it has also revealed the urgency of physically present contacts. We seek professional business connections in an era when networking is everything, and the globalized world seems increasingly accessible. We also seek to connect with nature and soul to empathize with other living things we perceive as distant entities. Hyper-connected, life more and more resembles a spider web of lines, intersections, links. And we are just the spiders juggling it, aware of the fragility of this net.

This feeling of perpetual oscillation between the safety of hyper-connection and its precariousness inspired numerous artists. In this 51st volume of *ArtAscent Art & Literature Journal*, we explore artists and writers who have made the connection a search engine for their art. Artists who questioned the interrelationship between people, animals, ideas or art itself. Or they investigated the improbable virtual relationship created through our electronic devices. Getting in contact can be fulfilling but also exhausting. These artists throw you a hook; it's up to you to take hold. To create a bond with them.

By Cinzia Franceschini



LUAN QUACH

www.luanquach.com

Feeling Felt
Painting



Artist

How can one reconcile the rationality of realism and the emotionality of impressions? This is what Luan Quach achieves in his paintings. His art embodies high accuracy and the freedom of imagination at the same time.

Looking at one of Luan's artworks you can lose yourself in the minutia of detail. His portraits are almost photographic; the faces hollowed out by wrinkles, the tactile skin, the rendering of fabrics...everything seems like a faithful representation of reality. But his hyperrealism goes beyond that. Something remains unresolved, evocative, that comes to us directly from the territory of imagination. Luan creates a palpable connection between reason and feeling.

This artist manages to approach the theme of connection with delicacy. He unveils it to the viewer by showing unexpected angles. The connection becomes, for example, the bond of respect between humans and animals in *Untold Past*, but it can also be even more spiritual, a direct connection with universal love. This kind of relationship is detectable in *I Look to You*, where the protagonist is physically projected with his gaze upward, establishing eye contact with his god. *I Look to You* seems to be a sort of contemporary conversion, where the beam of divine light is embodied in a bright blue brushstroke. However, the connection is also what an artist may feel towards his work of art, as seen in *Feeling Felt*. Here again, the intimate bond with the artwork takes shape through an intense gaze. Self-satisfaction and joy: Luan's painting tells us what it means to be an artist from an emotional point of view.

The art of this painter deserves to be observed with eyes and heart. Eyes wide open in the first place to grasp the skill and technique that distinguish his paintings. Luan creates hyper-realistic and meticulous artworks, but he evokes feelings through the use of colour. He manages to do all this with the evocative medium par excellence: watercolour. Liquid, with delicate hues and an impalpable mark, watercolour allows Juan's imagination to run free. Stylistically, his art authentically reconciles realism and impressionism, pushing boundaries.

It is no coincidence that John Singer Sargent is one of the artist's most beloved painters. A painter at first glance traditional but who used watercolour with grace and innovation. His works and portraits, such as those of Luan, are loaded with symbolic lights. They create connections between the figures represented.

Luan Quach is a painter to be discovered. Growing up in Southeast Asia, he approached art at an early age. His training as an engineer, however, never clashed with his passion. From engineering, he obtained the ability to analyze, which also emerges in his paintings. The art of Luan Quach is capable of authentically connect, with a spontaneous thread, left and right hemispheres of the brain.

By Cinzia Franceschini

LUAN QUACH

I Look To You
Painting



Artist

Untold Past
Painting



GOLD

Imagine humanity disappearing from the earth. Our computers, smartphones, and audio-visual relics would last to echo our past. Poet Karla Linn Merrifield tells us about the intimate connection to our technological gizmos. All with a sagacious and unforgettable irony.

Numerous writers have investigated our almost addictive link with the technology of our hyper-connected world. In particular, the digital world has been a huge source of inspiration in this historic moment of emergency. Well, forget what you have read so far. How Karla talks about technology and our relationship with it is another story.

Technological devices in her poems come to life in a rhythmic and hilarious dialogue. Cyberspace becomes a terrain to be explored, to understand how we inhabit it. Karla shows what impact physical connections made of wired cables and virtual ones made of e-mail exchanges and socials have on our daily lives. And so, it happens in *Diptych: Ultimate Connectivity – Wired* that we can experience a real love affair with our personal computer.

A surreal and funny *liaison* passes through the ticking of fingers on the keyboard, in the nights spent writing before the screen. Karla wittily gives her computer the power to deliver an amorous monologue. The lovesick protagonist is *in the geek dreamland now*. And the computer is aware of its charm, of the compulsive addiction it creates in its user. It is not a mere connection but cyberlove. The result is a grotesque vow of love: I swear to be your sole user, your one and only named.

Karla's writing style is striking because of its freedom of expression. Like her computer, which has a life of its own, the words she types seem to be independent. Her poems take unexpected directions, arising at the exact moment of her creative writing. The poet uses every poetic form in her writings, and her vocabulary is also extremely free. Karla uses registered trademarks, brands name, URLs and technological neologisms, such as *Wired* and *The Shit We Go Through for Our Gizmos*. It is a new and hybrid language. Hybrid as our bodies, where gizmos are like prostheses. A language as complex as our lives that are navigating in what Karla calls a *techno crapola*.

As Karla's language is eclectic, she draws inspiration from equally eclectic sources. Contemporary American poets such as William Heyen, with whom she shares a passion for dialogue poems, or authors of prose-poem books such as Jericho Brown or Scot John Gerard Fagan are a reference for her, while she maintains a very strong personal identity.

Karla Linn Merrifield has 14 books to her credit and several contributions. She is currently working on a poetry collection inspired by famous guitarists and their instruments. Her poetry is connected to the world, to human beings, to their objects. It is internal to life.

By Cinzia Franceschini



Dyptych: Ultimate Connectivity

Wired

I swear by my intel® Centrino® Inside™,
she's got the hots for me. I can feel it in her nimble fingers
as they tap dance across my shiny quiet keyboard.

And I, a sleek new Dell Inspiron® 1520, feel likewise.
She turns me on and murmurs *Bertie, my Bertie, let's do it.*
That's Bertie as in David Herbert Lawrence, "Bertie" in his
steamy youth.

I came really loaded! built-in Webcam,
built-in Wireless Wifi Linkprocessor,
MS Office *and* Works—the complete Microsoft®
Windows® XP package—
and, at long last, Adobe® Photoshop® for my
Minolta/Canon/Kodak lady.

She's in geek dreamland now. So much raw computing power
pulses silently beneath my silver/black skin, it makes her quiver
sometimes when she writes and edits her cameras' thousand
of shots.

Already she has photographed me in situ in our library refuge;
you'll see a lady anhinga displayed on my screensaver the moment
her camera clicked. Beneath it in a Word .doc, another new poem.

I confess I have spent the night with her in Alis Elizebeth Trailer—
an entire night, alone, Chez Alis, by tacky tiki lights, the two
of us connected to the Universe via VZAccess® Manager.

Because I accept a quartet of peripherals, I am more than enough
for my registered owner, my girly-girl gearhead, my Explorer freak,
my sole user, my one and only named—check it out
on her blog!—karlalinn.

Bertie! Oh, Bertie! Don't you wanna' come out to play today?
You bet your sweet Yahoo! I do, baby. Just log on, my pet.

The Shit We Go Through

Holy hen tails, mackerel and moly—
now I've got a task on my to-do list

to minimize the possibility of privacy rape.
Thus the *Fix Window 10 Privacy* instructions

= 12 web-site pages I've had to print
so as to follow the 9-step deep-drill process.

What's more, the moron designer used
tiny-tiny sans serif font; geez Louise,

you need halogen headlamps to read it.
Last weekend? A lost weekend resolving

Beaudelaire the Laptop's connectivity issues,
on the phone with HP's Salim in the Philippines

for 2 5-hour sessions (the latter went on and
into the wee-wee hours); plus another 45 minutes

with T-W to stop the quarrel between modem
and Netgear router; plus a good hour today

trying to change the password on my wifi system,
but no, their <http://192.168.1.1> URL is simply not

functioning: "The connection has timed out."
Plus *another* hour fussing with Chromecast,

my Samsung cell, my Ellipsis tablet—
all, all of them giga-deep in techno crapola.

for Jo Balestreri



Sean Stone

Generation Jump

Colour Photography | 48 x 33 cm | \$150



Artist

For many of us, the worry-free simplicity of two beings physically connecting is no longer the norm. Seeing touch—captured in seconds—can make us pause, especially these days.

Through photography, Sean Stone captures many forms of connection, just two beings interacting. He takes photographs around the world, from Nairobi to Newfoundland and even from his own backyard.

This body of Sean's work visualizes touch—skin on skin. Possibly the urgent connection our society craves after the structured distancing we experienced due to the pandemic of Covid-19.

Mother 1 and *Mother 2* show the effect of touch in a way it naturally happens between two animals. At the same time, these photographs visualize the importance of being connected to our humanity. We all, including animals, need physical and emotional attention, and these images make it easy to understand how simple and native affection can be. The simple intention of being here for one another. Listening, caring, or as in *Generation Jump*, lending a helping and supporting hand.

In all these four samples of Sean's work, you cannot miss the authentic playfulness, the lifelines you can feel, the joy of being present in this exact moment, and the possibility of sharing it with another person.

The curiosity and joy of wanting to capture one specific moment of connection can be observed in *A Moment Captured*. We witness both a bond between two friends and also between a cat and its kitten. Every living being in this photograph is fully in their moment, aware of the created connection.

Sean's specific, almost nonchalant way of capturing life happenings reminds us of the work of the Hungarian photographer André Kertész (1894-1985). Both artists have a unique sense and talent of seeing and locking a timely moment that many other people might not even notice.

In high school, Sean Stone started his photographic journey, shooting and developing his black and white images for his school newspaper. He continued this passion throughout university, shooting special events for Simpsons Department store. Throughout his career in theatre lighting design and 30 years of teaching Theatre Arts, his love of photography has never diminished. Sean enjoys capturing beautiful images more than ever.

By Magdalena Riegler

Silver

Sean Stone

Siblings

Colour Photography | 48 x 33 cm | \$150



Artist

A Moment Captured
Colour Photography | 33 x 48 cm | \$150



Silver

Sean Stone

Touch

Colour Photography | 48 x 33 cm | \$150



Artist

Mother 1

Colour Photography | 48 x 33 cm | \$150





Harper Veresiuk

https://www.instagram.com/harper_veresiuk/

Morpho et Moi

Watercolour | 56 x 76 x 1 cm | \$3,000



Artist

The classical approach towards art is built around the idea of harmony. However, the concept of interconnection—the relationship between things—is still of interest today for young artists like Harper Veresiuk.

Looking at Harper's images, one cannot help but notice a possibly unplanned resemblance with the aesthetics of the works by 16th-century Flemish artist Joris Hoefnagel (1542-1601). Joris was a gifted miniaturist known for his still lifes with amazingly accurate nature studies; regarded as the creator of one of the earliest samples of still life as an independent image. Placing flowers, insects and mice almost symmetrically on neutral white background, he gave them slightly heraldic symbolism and outlined their decorative, ornamental qualities that contrast the realism of their rendering. Some of the details of the featured watercolours by Harper points to a similar taste for trompe l'oeil details (a French term derived from the French "deceive the eye" for the illusionistic depiction of objects in painting). In this way, the artist combines anatomic elements (like brain and heart) with the minor visual accompaniment of figs, butterflies, and orange slices.

Harper artist positions her work to be a purely intuitive visual exploration and expression of her connection with mind and body. She explains, "Each piece represents my emotions during a stage in my life, without being able to fully understand it myself." One of her mentors, David Jamieson, inspired this series. His extensive knowledge of anatomy nurtured her love and appreciation for the human form.

The author sees the pieces as subconscious self-portraits. Although the watercolours indicate no clear narration, they do contain deeply personal symbolism. Resultantly, the organic patterns point at the indivisibility of emotional and corporeal, challenging the common perception of our bodies as something separate from the mind. Seeking to eliminate that gap and demonstrate the connection of our minds with the substance of the tangible, she chooses the imagery of organs as the equivalent of her emotional processes.

Harper Veresiuk is a Chicago-based visual artist. She graduated from the University of Illinois Chicago. She has been participating in numerous fairs in the U.S. and abroad since 2014, namely, in the 3rd International Watercolour Biennial in Shanghai, China and the "All Watercolours" show at the International Watercolour Foundation. Her works were on display at the Trevimage Gallery in Rome, Italy. Harper was a member of the American Watercolour Society from 2012 to 2013 and, since January 2018, is a member of the National Watercolour Society.

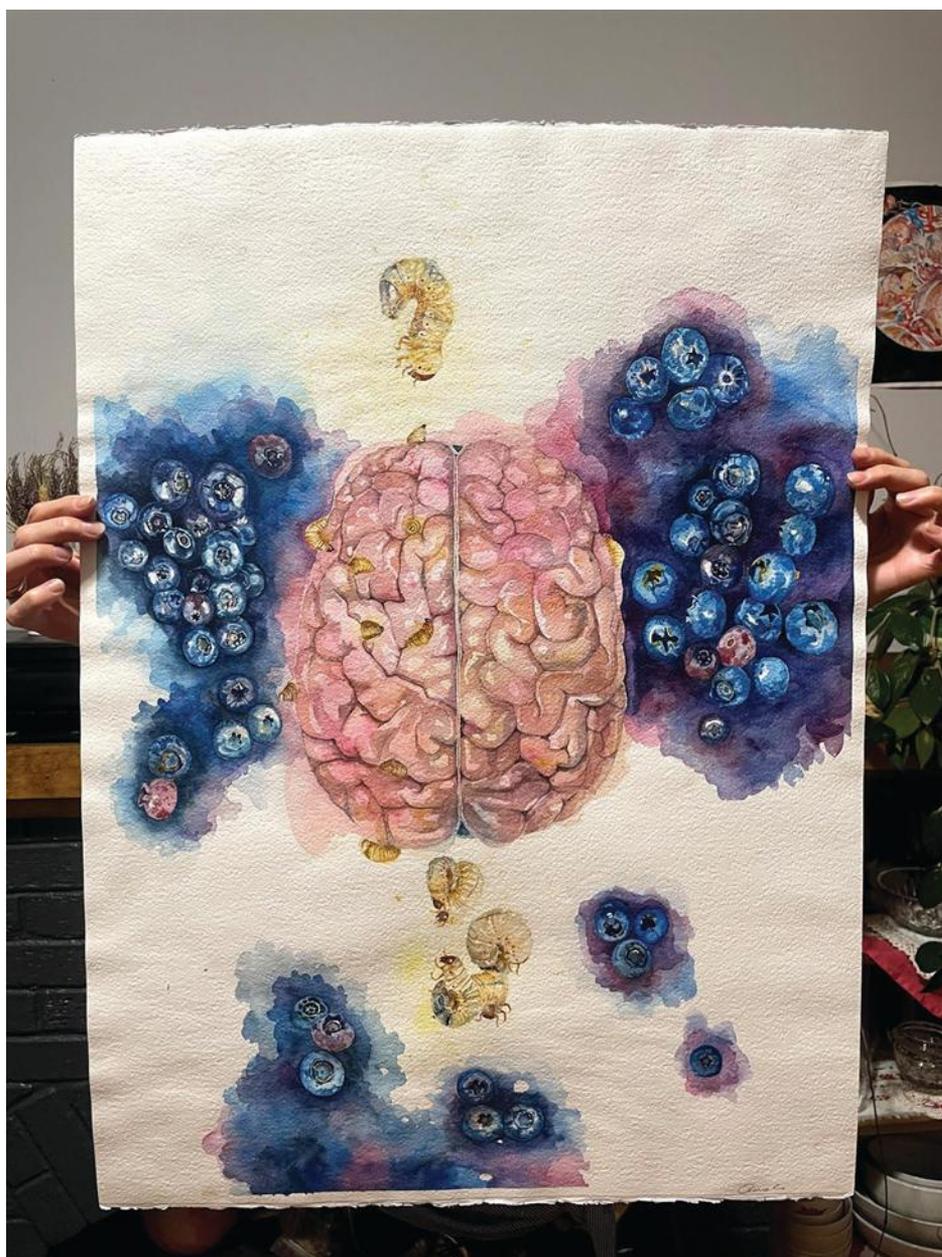
By Oleksandra Osadcha

Bronze

Harper Veresiuk

Nexus

Watercolour | 56 x 76 x 1 cm | \$3,000



Artist

Maze
Watercolour | 56 x 76 x 1 cm | \$3,000





Keri Fisher

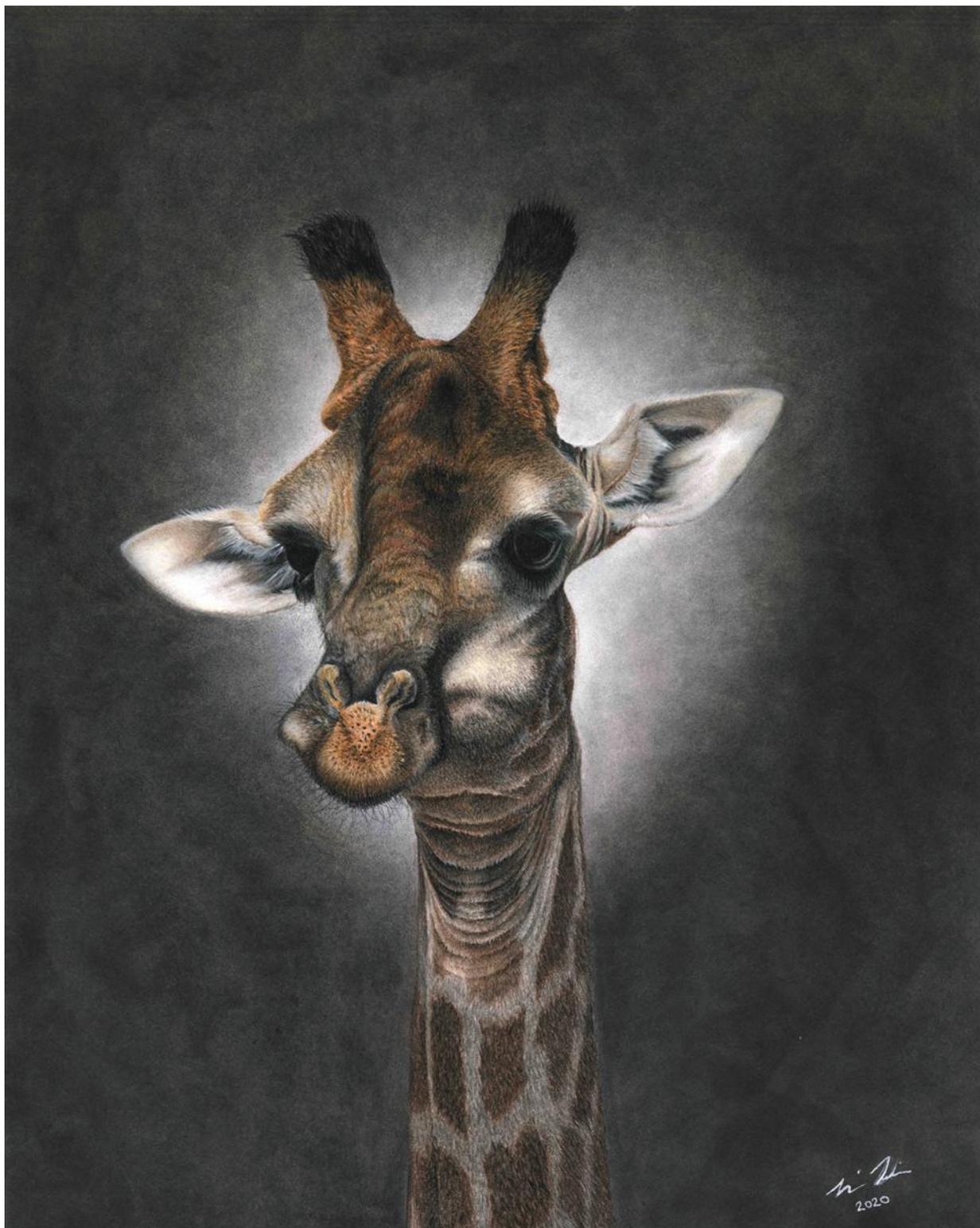
<http://www.kerifisherart.com>

Ignite

Acrylic on canvas | 45 x 35 x 2 cm | NFS



Tower
Pastel on paper | 35 x 28 cm | \$800



Keri Fisher

Morning Light

Pastel on paper | 40 x 28 cm | NFS



The Ram

Acrylic on canvas | 28 x 35 x 2 cm | \$1,000



Keri Fisher

Intent

Pastel on paper | 40 x 30 cm | NFS



The Steal
Pastel on paper | 24 x 17 cm | \$500





Jim Baab
<http://jimbaab.com>

Brother Earth
Digital Photography | NFS



Second Dawn
Digital Photography | NFS





Moti Bazak

motibazak.com

Leveled Off

Recycled materials installation | 50 x 60 x 150 cm | \$2,500



Imperfect Support
Recycled materials installation | 120 x 60 x 120 cm | \$2,800





Stu Bloom

www.stubloomphotography.com

Hat Fun

Photography | 27.6 x 17.7 cm | NFS



Hiking
Photography | 23.2 x 18.3 cm | NFS



Stu Bloom

Together

Photography | 20.3 x 17.4 cm | NFS



Good Game
Photography | 23.7 x 15.5 cm | NFS





John Nixon

<https://thesupercargo.com>

Quinn and the Boxcar

We're not much to look at, I know. Getting a bit yellow now, and our pips aren't so easy to make out. But we've stories to tell. Or I have.

Call me Quinn. Short for Quincunx, if you must know. I try not to think about it. My partner over there, that's Boxcar. I'm the garrulous one. Boxcar never did have much to say and since the crack, not a word.

Bone, that's right. We're made of bone. Siblings you might say. Both of us carved from an ox's thigh bone. The same ox, the same bone. I can just about remember the grass in the field. Green grass and sunlight, the snuffling and tearing and chewing of the oxen grazing all around. Sometimes there is a flash of blood and fear, the abattoir. I try not to think of that.

But probably it's all what you'd call a constructed memory. I can't be sure it's not something I've made up, just for myself. Don't we all want an origin story, after all?

I sit here nowadays, remembering and making things up. Some of the memories have holes, so I invent things to fill the holes. To make them whole. Ha! It's something to do. Better than just gathering dust.

It's not like the old days when we travelled around in the gambler's pocket and visited bars and joints with him, and the alleyways out back, tumbling in one game of craps after another. Those were the days! Long gone.

Now the Boxcar just sits there on its cracked one-spot and looks up at the ceiling. Reliving the glory days, or that's what I like to think. Like I say, I've not had a word out of it since...

Me, I like to talk to the things around me. Well, you can tell, can't you? It's not like we've had a lot of things sharing this ledge for a while. But before, travelling around, if we weren't in the gambler's jacket pocket, he'd put us on a shelf or tabletop in his room, wherever he was staying, and I'd strike up conversations. You don't get much of anything out of a vase, but a pen, or a bunch of keys, or a bottle opener, they can be interesting. Best of all are the books.

There was one book I spent a lot of time with. It was a place the gambler stayed over a year, on and off. We'd go away on the road and come back to the same place. Three, four, five times. It never happened before. The woman whose place it was, I think the gambler was soft on her. Or she on him.

At the end, when things fell apart, that was where he tried to load us. He put us upside down in a vice and tried to drill out our one-spots. Was going to put in a dot of lead. Started with Boxcar, but the Boxcar cracked and that was the end of that. Maybe I had a lucky escape. Like I say, we're sibs. I could have cracked just the same and then maybe I'd have lost my voice. But it didn't happen. Still, though, that was the end of our tumbling. And the end of the gambler's travels.

Anyhoo, this book, Cyclo it called itself. Full of information it was, from A to Z and back again. Fascinating. I could listen to Cyclo for hours. That's where I learned about Julius Caesar. The man who won an empire on the fall of a die.

Die. That's our singular, did you know? One die, a pair of dice, made of bone, ain't that nice? When you're gone and pushing up rice, you won't be able to roll them dice. That's a poem I made up myself.

You can tell can you? Cheeky bugger!

But to get back to old Julius. He threw his die and I suppose he thought, Odds I'll do it; evens I shan't. And it came up odds. And he marched his army across the River Rubicon and that was that.

Well, sure, I guess there was more to it. Battles and the clash of swords, blood staining the green grass red, bones cracked, men crying and dying under a blue Italian sky. But in the end, there he was, Julius Caesar, Emperor of Rome. Until some Brute put a knife in his back.

But that's just the way it rolls, isn't it?



Janay Nicole Bookhart

<https://janaynbookhart.myportfolio.com>

Past
Photography



Yesterday
Photography





Aimée Jeanne Bourgon

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

DNa

Oil on canvas | 61 x 61 x 3.8 cm | \$5,800





Saskatchewan Grown
Watercolour on map | 58 x 99 cm | NFS





Jan Creelman, MLIS, CFS

www.jancreelman.com

We Tell Each Other Stories, 4

Batik on paper | 55 x 77 x 1 cm | NFS



We Tell Each Other Stories, 24
Batik on Ginwashi | 45.5 x 61 x 1 cm | \$870





Theodore Heublein

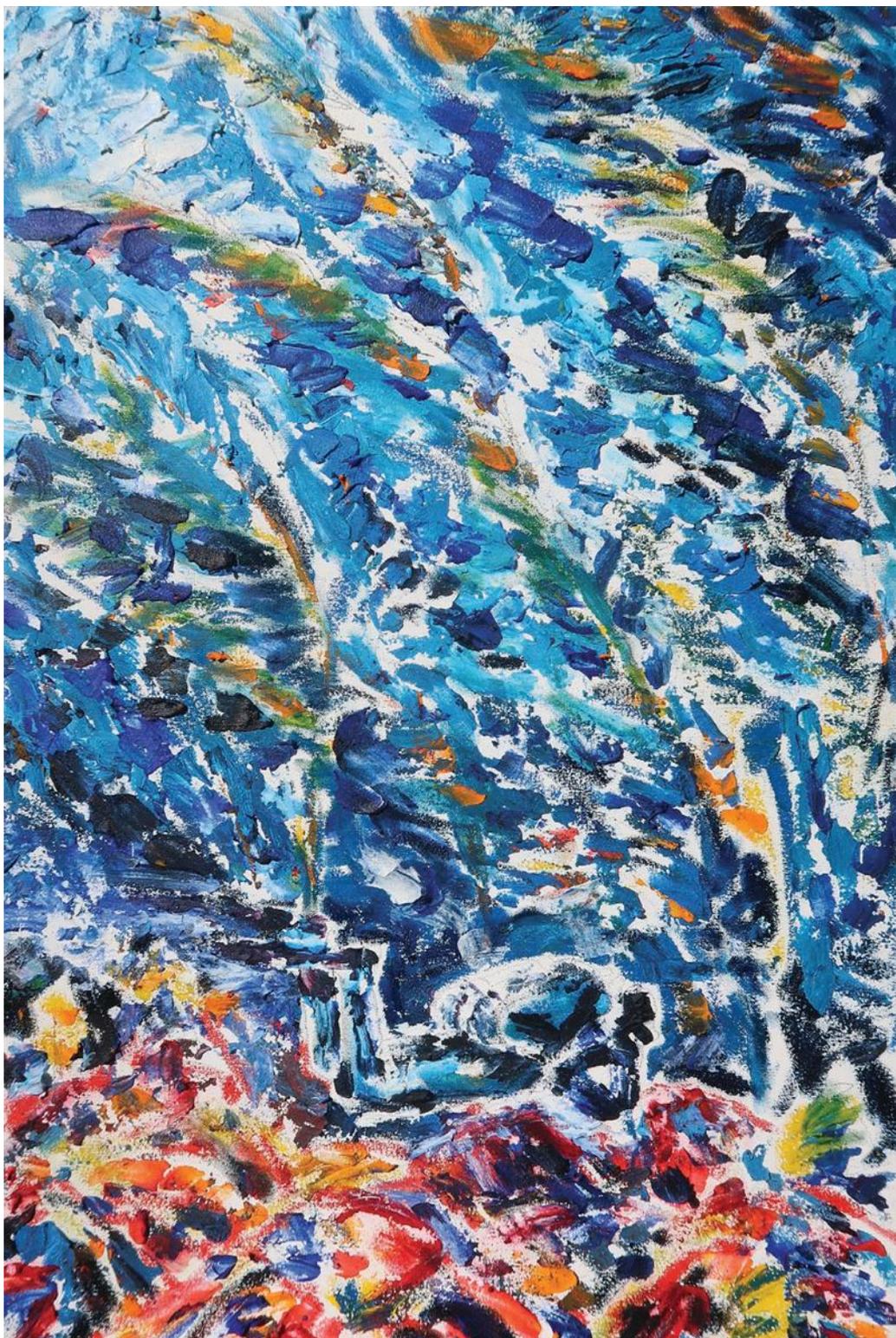
www.theodoreheubleinart.com

Lobos Treefish

Oil on canvas | 51 x 41 cm | \$1,100



Whalers Cove Drifting
Oil on canvas | 91 x 61 cm | \$2,500



Theodore Heublein

Leopard Shark Betos Reef

Oil on canvas | 41 x 51 cm | \$1,100



Bluefish Green Anenome
Oil on canvas | 91 x 122 cm | \$3,500





Christopher O'Meara

www.christopheromeara.com

From the Ground Up

There's always that one drawer in a house. Or sometimes a shoebox crushed under the weight of a love-worn mattress. Perhaps it's a milk crate or even a cinched trash bag. Whatever the vessel, it's there, full of stuff: ticket stubs, a lone earring, greeting cards, wilted clover pressed in wax paper, grandma's signature scent fermenting in glass.

Most would label these things mementos. I call it junk. What remnants of the past are worth their weight in dust?

"Omigosh! We need to save these," my older sister, Jennifer, squeals holding up a set of identical Barbie dolls. At one time they were bright and perky, used as stand-ins for our giddy dream weaving. Now the dolls are pathetically dull. Decades of wear and tear will do that to you, trust me.

I'm more than halfway through my thirties and what little vanity remains is being held together by a rotation of prescription meds, shapewear, drugstore retinol, and monthly visits to my colourist at Sable Rose Salon.

"Toss 'em." Those dolls represent nothing but lost ambition, girlish whispers of a time long gone.

My sister's smile deflates beneath the wrinkled collar of her turtleneck. I can tell she's irritated, but so am I. "You know Jules," she sighs, "I don't know why you even bothered coming out here."

I've asked myself that very thing more than once this weekend. I only came back home at the request of my dad. He'd called me a week ago to tell me mom was having a hard time letting go of the house, their neighbors, her book club. Just last week he had found her in the gazebo out back, sobbing on her knees, holding a fistful of dahlias.

I was either hungover, uncaffeinated, or a combination of both, but after hanging up the phone I had agreed to head home. Jennifer and I were to entertain mom just this once before the house switched hands.

Arriving back home had been difficult, I'll admit. Mom treated every inch of this place like a mausoleum, crammed with delicate tchotchkes and cushions seldom sat on, and it hadn't changed. Much of the heirlooms were packed away now, bubble wrapped in boxes neatly stacked in the garage, but being back here conjured the same sense of suffocation I felt as a child. All the rules and decorum. The repression.

I played along rather well all weekend. I swapped out ripped jeans for linen sundresses and threw on pearls and a smile when the whole neighborhood came over for one last hurrah. That night, mom made dad — already on thin ice — track down and unpack every last champagne flute once Lev and Sheila Dunbrowski arrived with a bottle of prosecco.

Haven't I entertained them all enough?

"Jen!" She hates when I abbreviate her name. "I didn't come here to play with dolls or dance around to old cassettes, okay! I came here to throw shit away and leave."

My sister looks utterly defeated, and yet her mouth signals that she's about to launch a counterattack.

"Goddamnit Julie, for once can you act like you're not ashamed of this family." I watch blankly as she struggles to heave a half-filled garbage bag in my direction. "Make sure you save some room in there for mom, dad and I."

That's it. "I'll do you one better sis, I'll throw myself out."

I tap my phone awake and summon a ride-share to the airport. The app estimates a driver will arrive within a half-hour. *Tick. Tick. Tick.*

As the driver lurches us in reverse, I take one last glance at my childhood home and it hits me... I barely recognize it after all these years. In my absence it has camouflaged itself, brick by brick, behind a layer of climbing ivy in the hope that it stay rooted there forever. And in the downstairs window, the one we reserved for the Christmas tree, my family's laughing. If only they could see themselves being swallowed.

A voice over an intercom system announces a series of flight delays, including my own. I don't mind. I've settled myself comfortably at the airport bar. Two martinis down and a third on its way. It's quiet in my little corner. That is until a man approaches.

"Excuse me," he pants, "did they just mention something about the four o'clock to Boston?" I can sense his eagerness to hear anything but the truth, but his soft eyes hide any visible irritation once I mention the delays.

"In some kind of hurry?" I ask. He explains he'll miss a connection, which will make him miss a meeting. "Well, you might as well get comfortable, it's gonna be awhile."

Then we talk, swap names, stories, laugh at memes. All the while, harried travelers — hustling to be anywhere but here — pass by us in a blur. He's perfect, with the exception of the ring. But that didn't stop me from accepting his blazer when he noticed my bare arms covered in goosebumps.

Robert excuses himself to use the restroom and I suddenly feel unguarded. I wrap myself tighter in his blazer, so perfectly roomy, and inhale the scent of minty aftershave that's settled in the collar. That's when I feel something inside the right pocket. It's a series of documents, creased in thirds to fit snugly inside. But I needn't unfold them. I can read one of the documents' bold headings: DIVORCE SETTLEMENT.

That's when I realize that he may have missed his connection, but I'm pretty sure I hadn't missed mine.



Alex Victor Ihnatenko

<https://www.saatchiart.com/fineartavi>

Clay Creations: Down in Spring

Oil on linen canvas | 65 x 100 x 1.5 cm | \$5,450



Clay Creations: Noon in Summer
Oil on linen canvas | 65 x 100 x 1.5 cm | \$5,450



Alex Victor Ihnatenko

Clay Creations: Autumn Sunset

Oil on linen canvas | 65 x 100 x 1.5 cm | \$5,450



Clay Creations: Winter Midnight
Oil on linen canvas | 65 x 100 x 1.5 cm | \$5,450



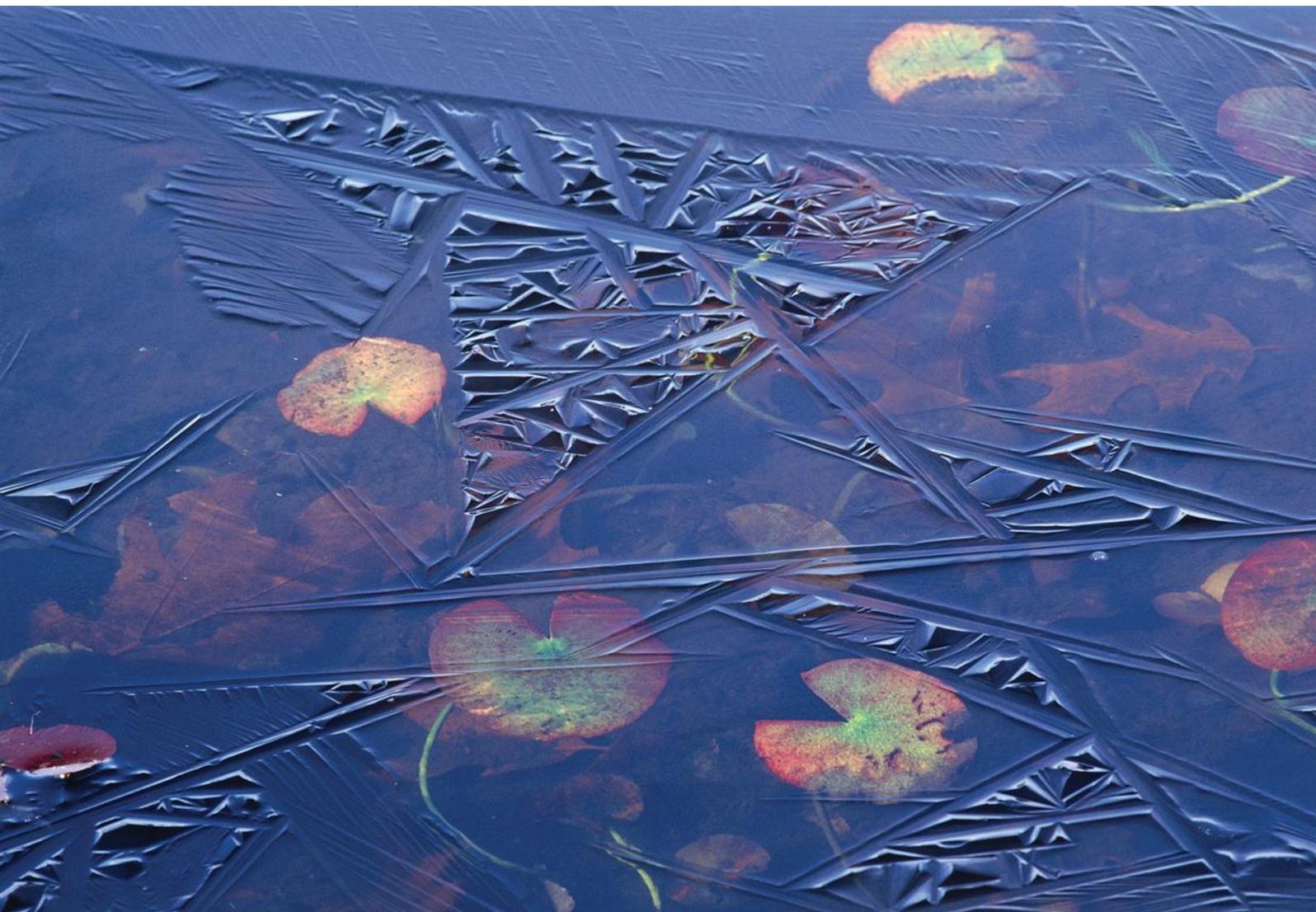


Paul Eric Johnson

www.reimaginewengland.com

Reimagine New England no. 14

tenuous the traces
fractured
to disappear at a sun breath
fragile is the balance
of an Ice Pond remembrance
cross-handled saws cut
steamy horse teams toil
under the weight of necessity
pure childhood joy
the free flight of skating
above the moment
lands with a bump
oh



Archival pigment print | 61 x 76 x 1 cm | \$1,704



Aaron Krone

Hopes and Dreams

Graphite and charcoal | 25.4 x 30.4 cm | NFS



Sisters

Graphite and charcoal | 33 x 27.9 cm | NFS





John Laue

On the Way to the Beach.

Photography | 40 x 36 x 1 cm | \$300



Bubble Lover
Photography | 64 x 38 x 1 cm | \$300





Vanessa Yenson

Paris. And Me.

There's a heady perfume about Paris that is more than just the way it smells. It's a whole sensory experience that I immerse myself in with each visit. I get the first hint when I emerge from the metro after the confines of a long-haul flight—the first layer is the language. The effortless linking of words that I learnt in chunks in a beginner's course at night college flows around me like a river, washing me in a seductive thrall. At first, I strain to understand instructions or directions, the panic that my rudimentary grasp of French might give me away as an imposter grips my throat. Then smiles and laughter when I declare in a rush: *Je ne parle pas bien français*. "But you do!" come the replies in heavily accented English. I shake my head, unable to say more, but smile back to accept their compliment.

The next layers are the architecture and history of the city. In Paris, the five storey apartments might be uniform in height but exude individuality with their ornate door – deep blue, green or red in colour. The wooden stairs with their thin, dark carpet creak and moan with your weight, as if they were an elderly person complaining about their rheumatism. Outside, the history and the character of the city seeps out from the pointed gothic arches and flying buttresses of Notre Dame, the confidence of the mixed architectural styles of the Eiffel Tower, and the grandeur of Sacre Coeur. Each monument on display with unapologetic

majesty. The personality of the city is in the quieter pockets of humanity, in the red geraniums in the window boxes high up from the street and the wicker chairs on the pavement of the cafes with their large vermilion awnings. These buildings and monuments may be static elements of the city, but they permeate the air around me, like I am breathing in history.

The layers of smells and the food are intertwined, starting with the simplest, distinct, mouth-watering aroma of the boulangerie first thing in the morning. I would start the day with a demi-baguette, brie and a couple of radishes, sliced and salted. The crustiness and the fluffy warmth of the bread would melt in my mouth with the creaminess of the cheese, cut by the peppery tartness of the radishes. It may not be a typical breakfast of a tourist, but it filled me up for the morning, as if I needed to eat Paris too.

Paris gives you permission to indulge, offering all the sweet things in small, delectable portions—petite fours, macarons, crepes, millefeuille, éclairs, crème brûlée—there's a lightness about each one (which may be the sugar high that you get) that lifts away any guilt. It may also be the comforting knowledge that Paris is a city for walking, and even if you catch the metro across the arrondissements, you will still travel great distances on foot.

The next layer is art, not just the rich history of painters and sculptors and the abundance of their works within the city, but the accessibility and expectation that it should be consumed, understood and appreciated from a very young age. In my initial meanderings around the Musée d'Orsay, I was first drawn to the magnificence of the high arches of the central hall. The most endearing observation though, was in a side room from the main hall, where a crowd of well-dressed primary school aged children sat cross-legged in front of a painting. The teacher was discussing the finer aspects of the masterpiece, asking questions. All eyes were engaged, hands were raised with answers or more questions.

There are layers of music in Paris that fill my ears. Traditional Edith Piaf, with the accordion and her deep, raspy voice that whisk most off into a traditional vision of France. But also, the husky earthiness of the jazz clubs—bodies of the audience sitting shoulder-to-shoulder on wooden benches in narrow underground music halls—trumpets, double basses, pianos and a soulful voice. The closeness and the rhythm reverberate in my chest, like an external heartbeat of the city.

The final layer is literature. Like art and music, it is the soul-food created after the obligation of language and architecture, food and survival. Creations of joy, sorrow, laughter and life, unencumbered by necessity. Gardens of creativity planted long ago that grow, change and mutate over the centuries. It is the commentary of the world, the politics, the issues of the time. An observation of human nature and a reflection of humanity from unique perspectives and particular turns of phrases. I marvel that I can walk the same streets as Montaigne and Simone de Beauvoir, eat at the same cafes as Hemmingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald.

On a Monday night in the basement of Le Chat Noir, I sign up to take part in the evening's spoken word event. I consider a spoken word open mic night in English a peculiar find in Paris, but the heady perfume of the city has me believing I can do anything.

Words fill my soul; they are the well of my happiness. Paris celebrates words, it pays homage to the giver of words, wrapping them in its multiple layers in a warm embrace. It may not be where I live, but each time I visit, I feel like a part of me has come home.



Lodiza LePore

A Perpendicular Expression

Archival photographic print | \$200



Making Contact
Archival photographic print | \$200





Gabriele Maurus

<https://emmarts.ca>

Mein Schulweg IV

Embroidery thread on packing paper | 35.5 x 28 x 0.5 cm | \$500



Mein Schulweg V
Embroidery thread on packing paper | 35.5 x 28 x 0.5 cm | \$500

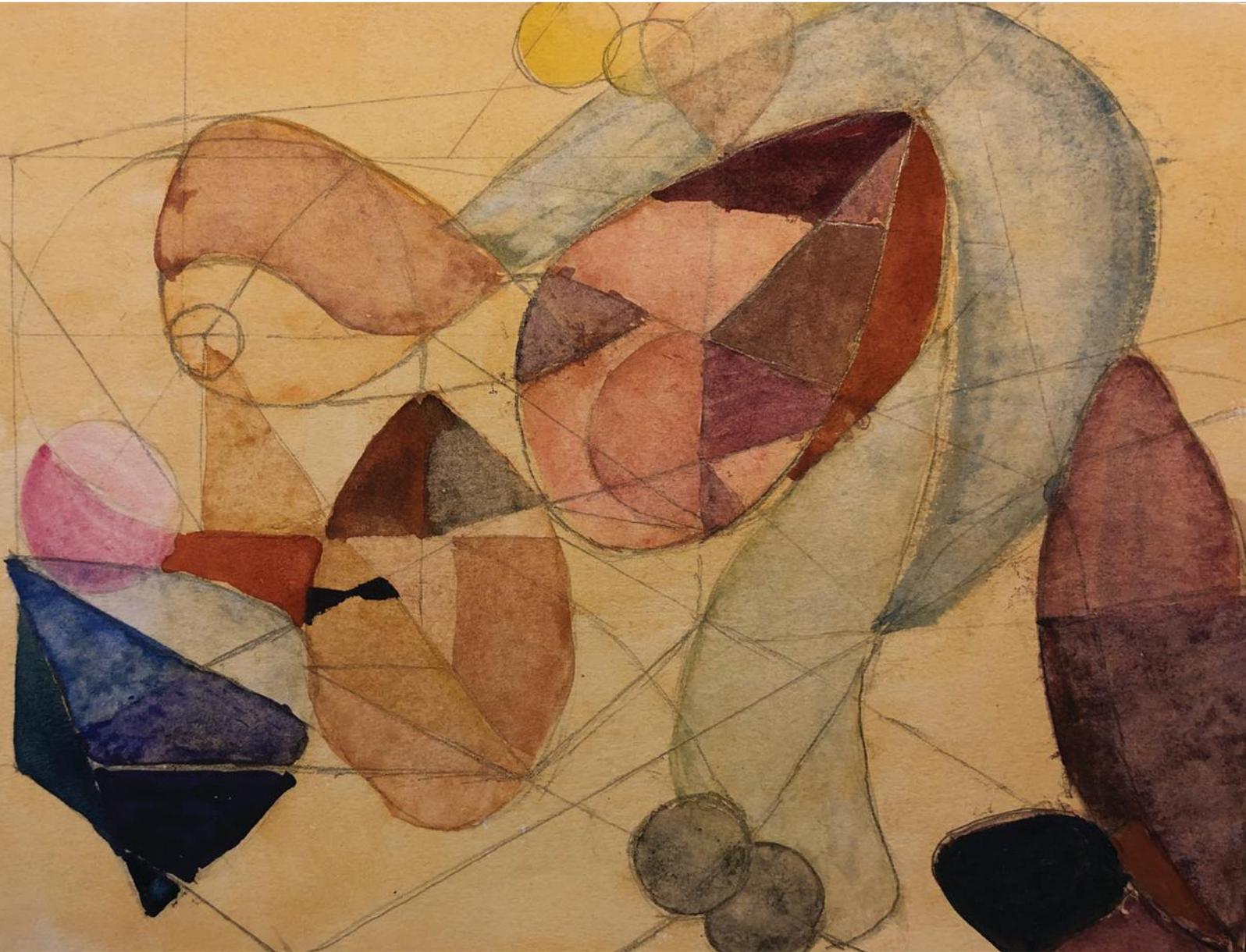




Yina Wang

When I Was Born

Watercolour | 21 x 30 x 1 cm | NFS



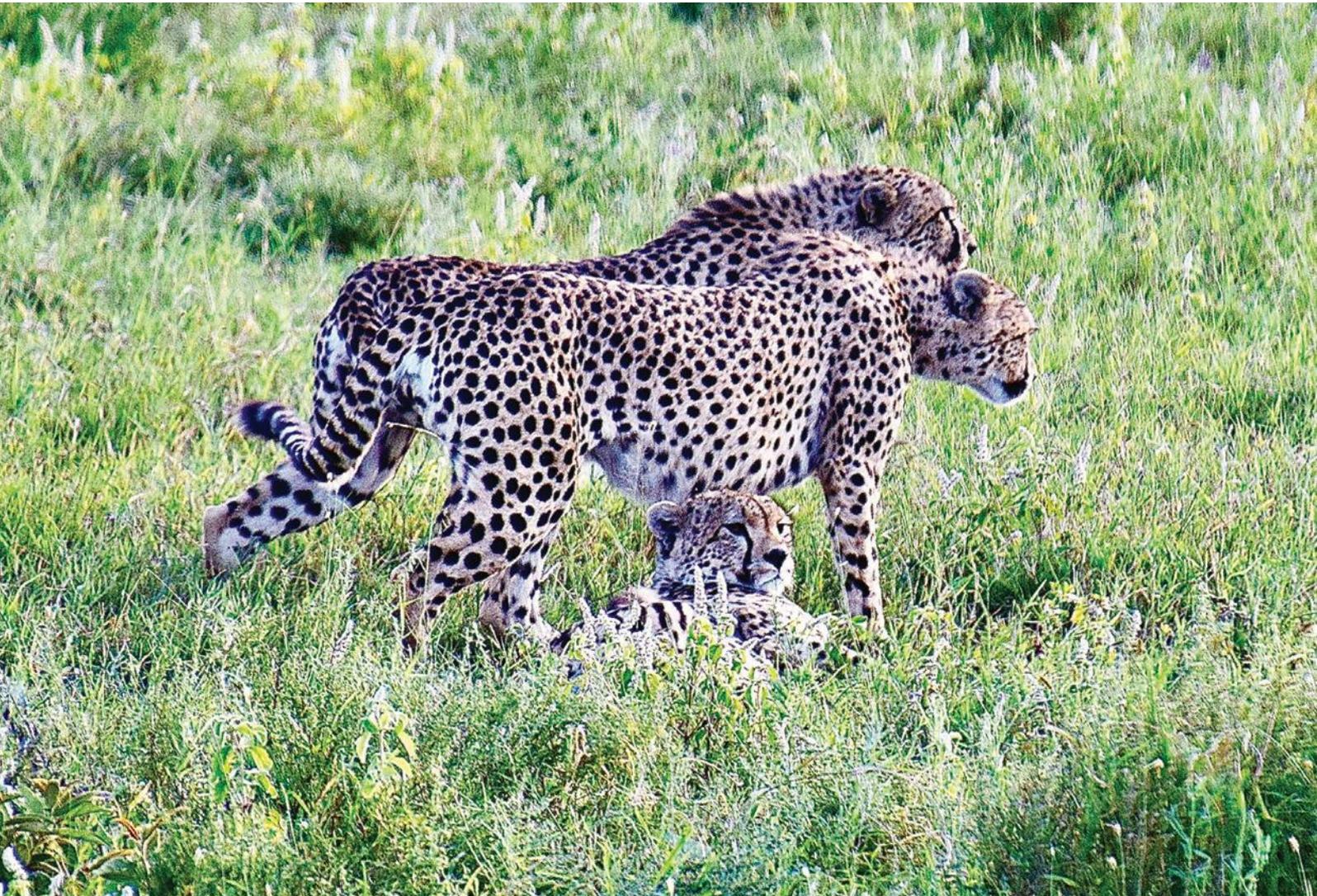
Family Hike
Watercolour on 90lb paper | 23 x 31 cm | NFS





Santford Overton

Cheetah Family
Photography | NFS



Guarded
Photography | NFS



NEXT SPREAD: *Migration at Dusk*
Photography | NFS





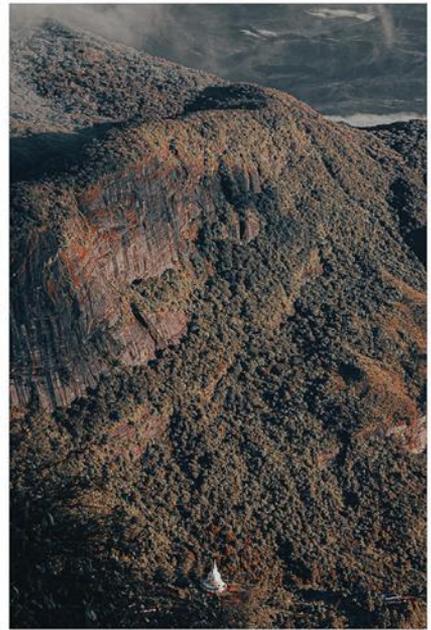


Kesara Ratnavibhushana

www.kesara.art

Sunspire (Triptych)

Digital artwork - Giclée on Hahnemuhle photo rag | 40.6 x 60.9 cm | \$350





Clio

Searching in the rubble with little light to guide her
she sifts through centuries of fragments, of shards.
She stumbles – toe touching an amphora, sealed.
In it, dispatches to Egypt, cries from the outer kingdoms
for help, for arms. Dust and the layers of dust
Sand and the shapeshifting dunes
Purple-stained moments are saved though the deluge
fills up the valley. Eras are lost when the waste
covers the foam. Mudtide and startide
and someone to match up the potsherds. Searching,
someone is searching beneath the dunes.

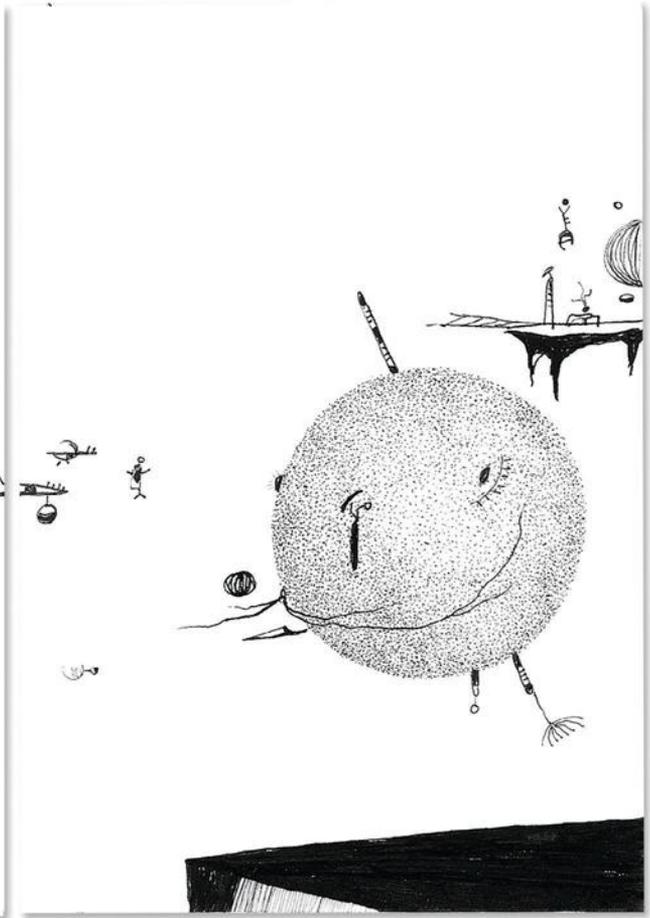
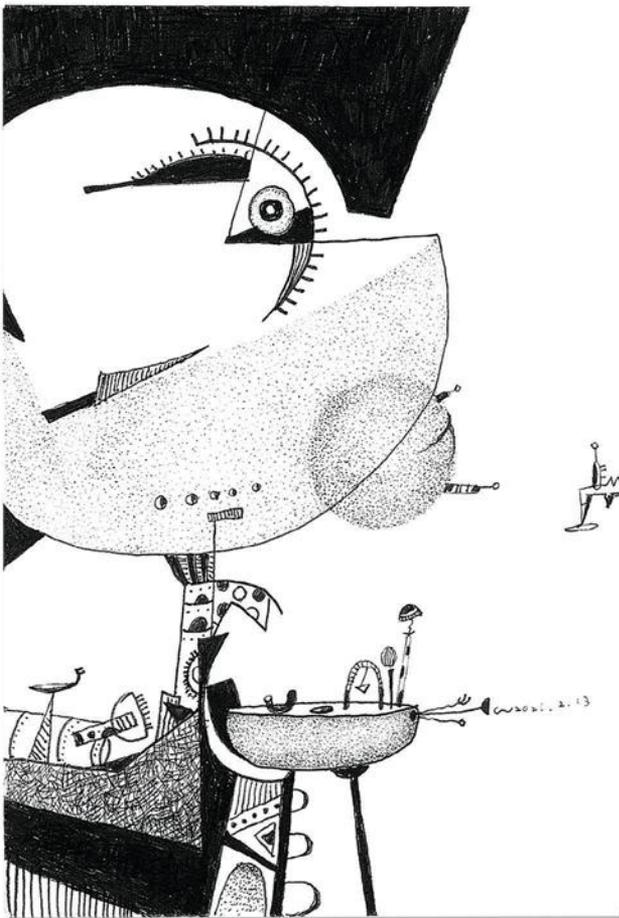


Wang Ling Li

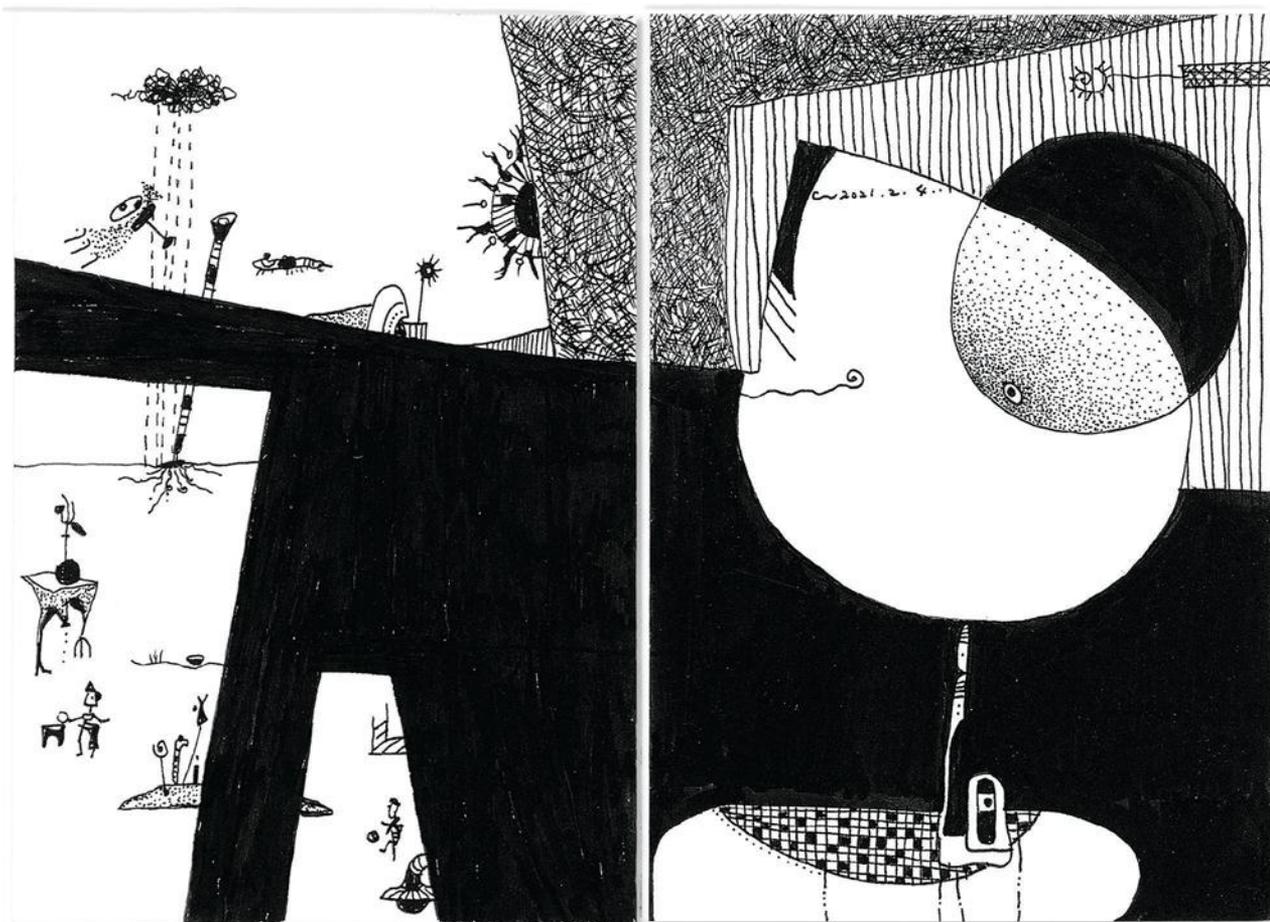
<https://wanglingliart.com/>

Blush!

Needle pen on paper | 9.5 x 13 cm | \$700



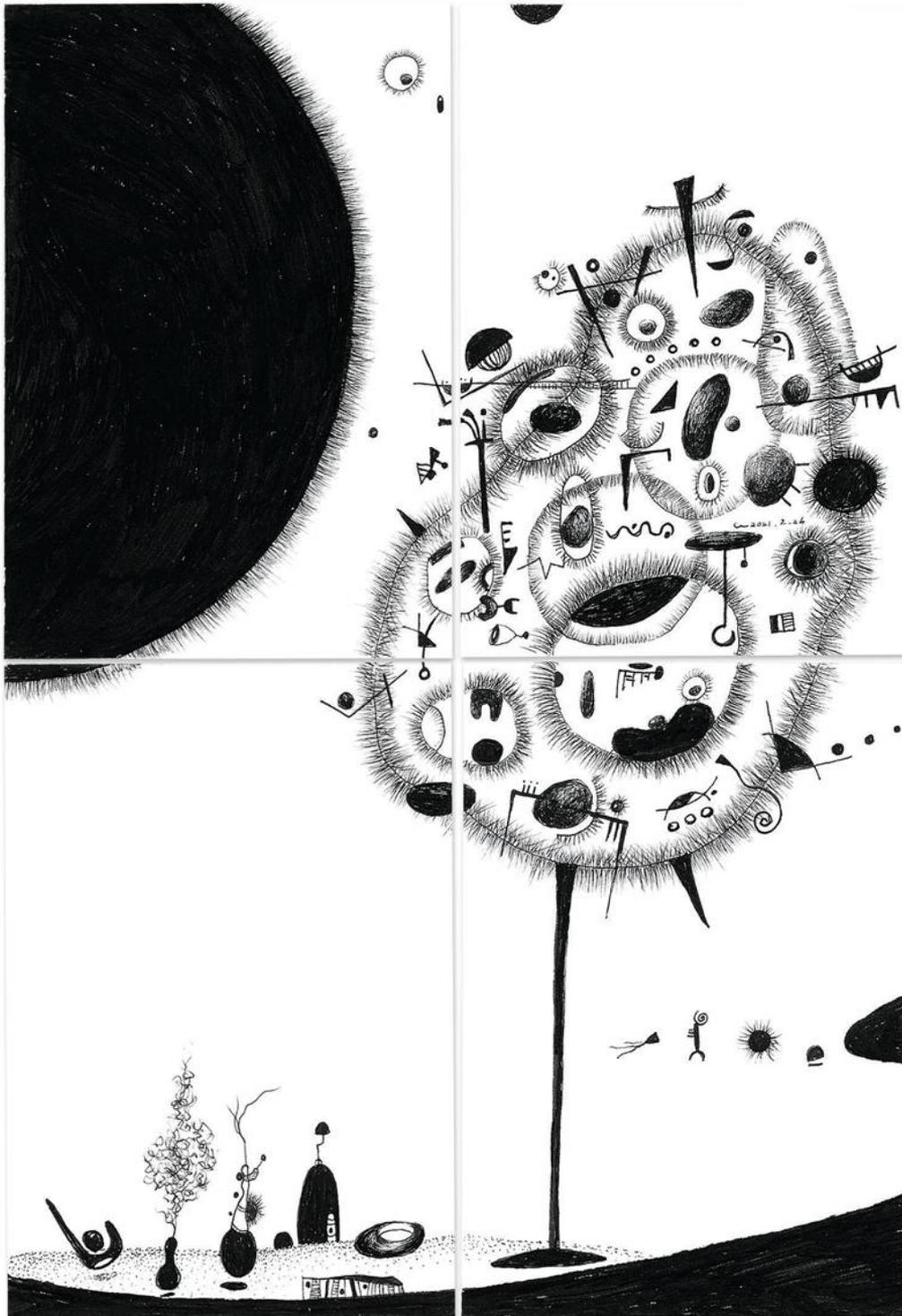
King's Vacation
Needle pen on paper | 9,5 x 13 cm | \$700



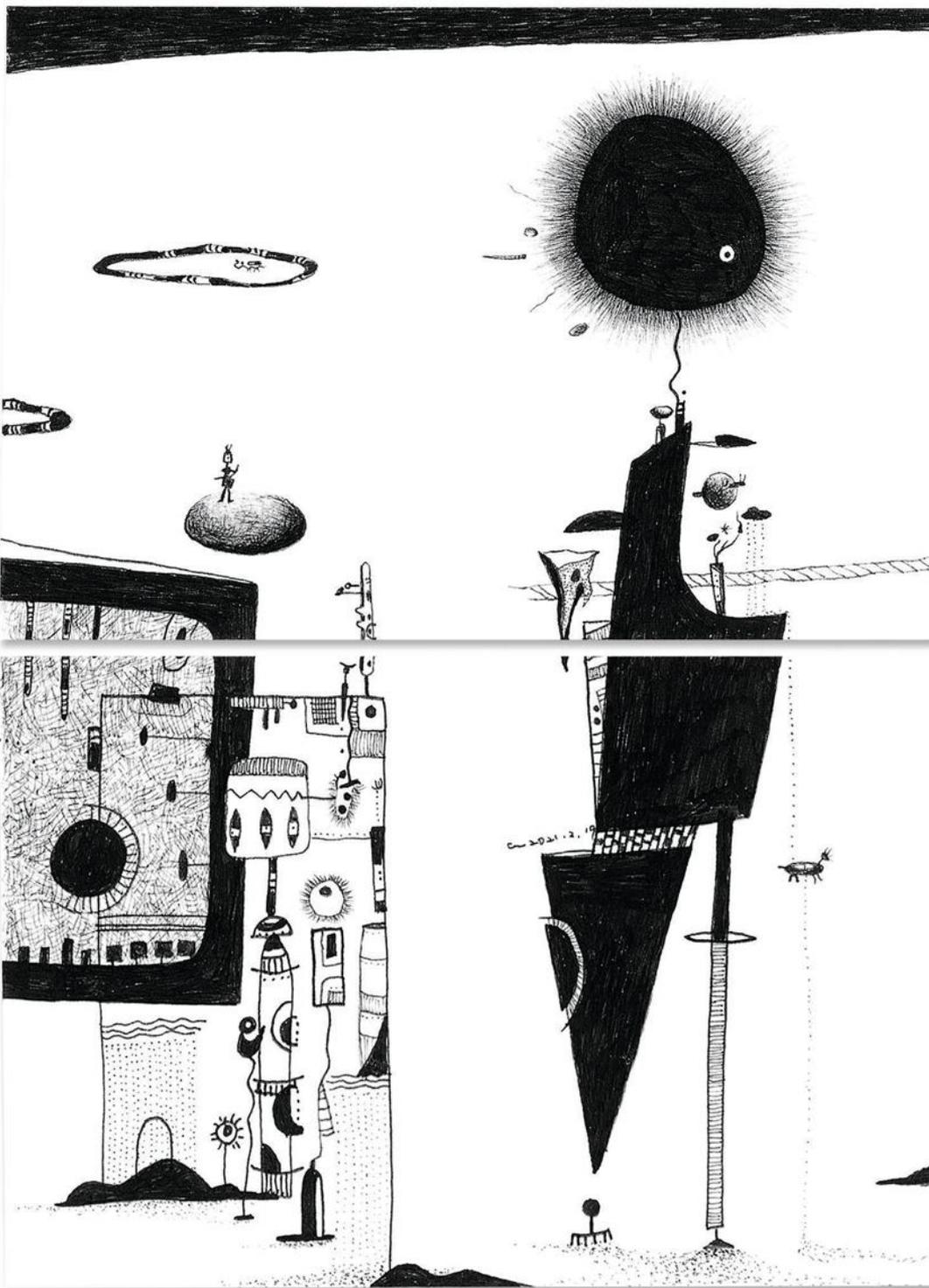
Wang Ling Li

The Origin of Rambutan

Needle pen on paper | 19 x 13 cm | \$950



You Who From the Stars
Needle pen on paper | 9.5 x 13 cm | \$700





Alessandro Altobello

<https://lejournaldesnoisettes.wordpress.com/>

Err...? Connection Timed Out

Few weeks ago, a data-centre burst into flames. Tons and tons of data were erased overnight. The virtual Cloud became a huge grey cloud of material ruins, revealing all its fragility. Data are also fluid, then. But everything is first of all material, tangible.

Every Smartphone is made up of components which are real. Let's take cobalt as an example – collected in the mines by labourers in Africa, even young kids – picture Greta T doing that dirty job for a little hour and see what kind of effect gives this to you. It is so relieving for me. I guess she would realize what is the real problem here, in this world. Nature will figure out how to deal with us humans, but humans – are they able to figure out how to deal with themselves? And you know, at some point, you just quit thinking and you start watching another yourself on a screen.

Because the Internet, connects us through a body, the body that we are only allowed to touch, caress. It can be our phone, our laptop. It gives us warmth and cannot hurt.

our cables, the server, the hard disk in ourselves

our microscopic, invisible components

all this defines us

Anything else, hurts. Somebody watches somebody through a screen, and that's all.

That is enough.

All connections are inTubated and deadened, like sounds on Mars

soon we're all gonna go there

nobody would hurt us, there

Everything is discriminatory out there

except your phone

free apps devour time

unaware enslaved workers

alone alone alone

doomed

everybody the same, all poor the same,

desperate and inclusive

Look up

where you are and who you are

what you've got to do

you delude yourself thinking you've got no schemes, no barriers

everything's accessible, everything's for free

but there is a price, all the time

And the offer gets more and more customized.

Think about those poet's words

THAT is the ultimate dream of marketers and consultants

You don't see any barriers or discrimination, when you can consume

And you just want what you only want, and nobody else is like you

just a body and voice or maybe just an act, or some words

far from you, but exactly in your same condition

Do not think, and put something into the cart.

In our world, as you might know, it is common to say that the rich get richer and richer, while the poor, get poorer and poorer. Which leads to a fact – the hugest part of the mass is in a kind of same situation, both financial and social, which is undefined, which is not poor like starving and dying in the streets, and not rich, like they can be free from work and from any basic survival thought. Now, all this huge mass was taught to consume and to reach some kind of models which cannot be reached, simply because they are just an immense illusion. But this mass was at the same taught that if you cannot reach it, you are just a failure, you're worth nothing. The term 'worth' itself comes from the fact that each one of us has a price, and a cost, and can be bought or sold, thrown and torn up.

Now, the Internet makes us free from the scheme above, in the way that we just do not care anymore about who we are and what we do; we scroll, we watch each other on screen, pretending to be that model who always we have been taught to try to be. Now finally we can be that. And at the same time, we make richer and richer those ones who just created the world as it is today, in the early 21st Century.

Some of theorists of transhumanism are there, in the Silicon Valley.

We shouldn't die, as this would mean to stop scrolling.

Still, we are bodies, and bodies live inside of us, and make us what we are, in terms of personality, perceptions and who knows what.

What is important in this process, is that the human is a human, and has no differences and boundaries, in terms of gender – of course – as well as in terms of culture, thoughts and SOCIAL CONDITION. In the world of social media, everything is created and made in a way which must be suitable for anyone in any situation. It is like *GAP* clothing for the geeks of California in the mid 90's. Now they are leading the world, making everything look like a *GAP* item. This is better in terms of ease of production and profit. The term 'social' belongs to multimedia now, and the discussion in any other field is closed.

It took some time, but now finally you can't distinguish a guy from a suburb in France from a girl in student dorm in – let's say – Alabama. They want the same things, they think the same way – which means they don't have their own thought. Despite all those microorganisms inside of each of us, fighting for winning against the brain and the power of persuasion.

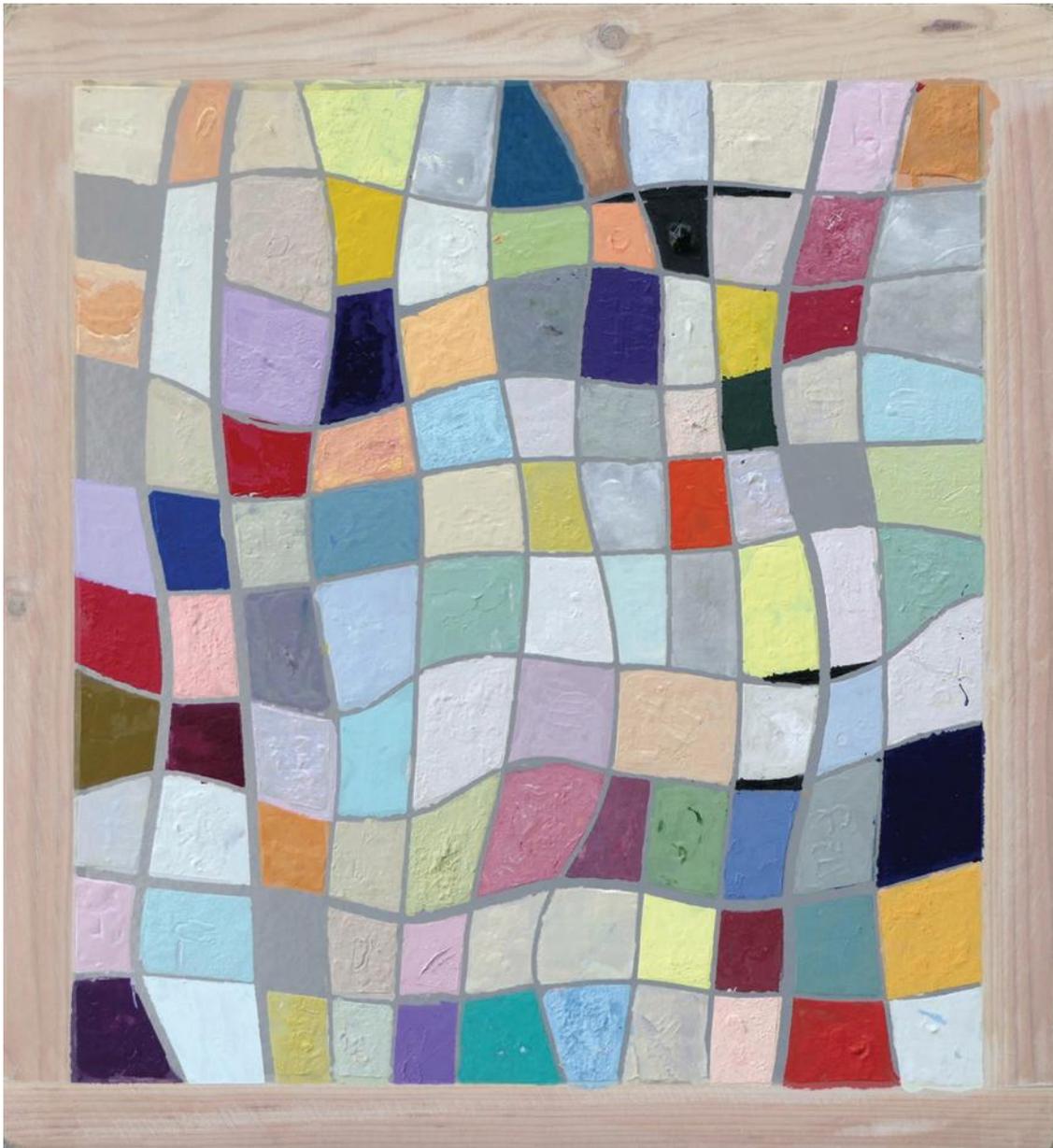


Larry Wolf

<https://www.abrushwiththelaw.com>

Windows Into My Mind

Acrylic on silkscreen | 56 x 48 x 1 cm | \$3,000



Marcos Dorado

dorado.photography



Sisters (Thalia & Denise) 1
Digital Print | NFS





Momo (Yuntong) Wu

Yuntongwuart.com

BOTH PAGES: *In the Stars*

Mixed media (installation) | Variable dimensions | NFS







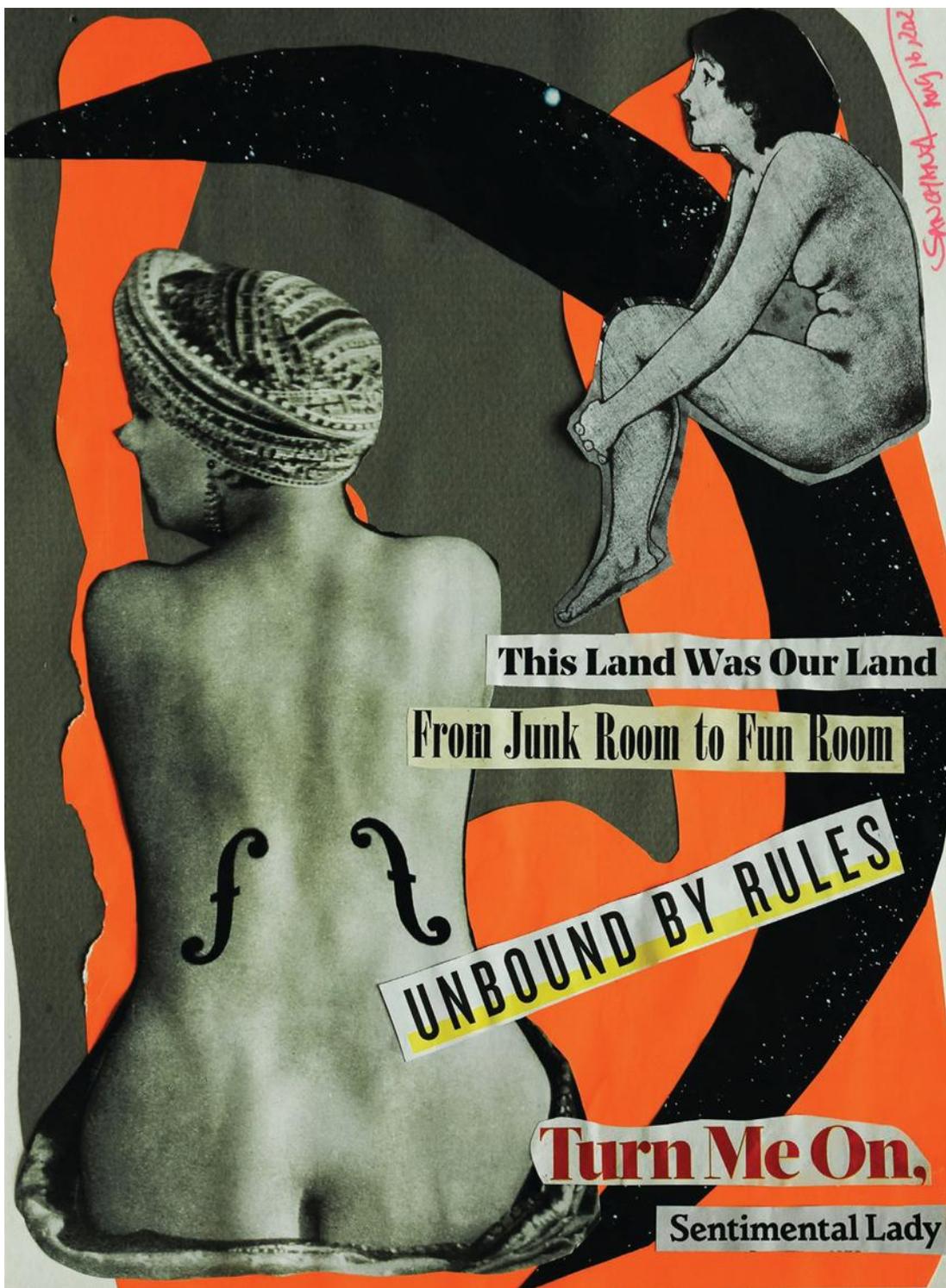
Sanch Kay

A New Abnormal

Magazine cut-outs on mix-media paper | 28 x 44 x 1 cm | \$550



Spaces That Taste Like Us
Magazine cut-outs on mix-media paper | 28 x 44 x 1 cm | \$550



Sanch Kay

Conversations Replaced With Ellipses

Magazine cut-outs on mix-media paper | 28 x 44 x 1 cm | \$550





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