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ArtAscent

Art & Literature Journal 53 January 2022



FEATURE:
People



Contents

6 FOREWORD

8 FEATURE

People

Explore this theme via a collection of inspiring pieces by international artists and writers.

84 ARTIST TECHNIQUES

Larry Wolf, coming at it from a different side

Discover the how this artist creates their work.





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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
Mamette
by Miren Etcheverry



On the Back Cover
Hydration
by Matthew Usukumah

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ArtAscent
Art & Literature Journal

Showcasing outstanding
artists and writers from around the world

P eople

Foreword

In mid-19th century London, Earl Philip Stanhope decided to found the National Portrait Gallery, a temple for people inspired by people. The gallery is not just any museum: it hosts the largest collection of portraits in the world, from the 16th century to the present day. Inside, like in a precious casket, thousands of eyes, mouths, faces of people from the past observe, peek, and smile at you, enclosed in their frames. Entering this place is like leafing through an immense family album.

Faces and bodies have always inspired artists. Renaissance painters studied their expressions and physiognomy to capture intense emotions and states of mind. Contemporary photographers and artists also focus on the body: the choice of a gesture or a posture can say a lot. People have multiple ways to communicate using the body, clothes, looks or movements, and these say much more than words. And artists try through portraits to recreate their uniqueness, the diversity of their expressions. A portrait is an effort of analysis and investigation, an attempt to capture something concealed in the person in front of you. It can be a way to affirm ideas and values in an explicit or allegorical way or the most immediate tool to tell an incredible story. They can be realistic and representational, but also abstract, symbolic, or emotional. They can be self-portraits, an instrument for self-definition and psychological discovery.

When they choose people as creative subjects, artists and writers know that their work will no longer be merely aesthetic but will carry sociological and psychological implications. In this 53rd volume of ArtAscent Art & Literature Journal, we explore new faces and the background of their stories through art and literature. We display highly diverse forms of representing people, as varied as the people themselves.

By Cinzia Franceschini



Matthew Usukumah

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

Furious Mime

Photography | \$1,900



Artist

Before being a photographer, Matthew Usukumah is a storyteller. Through his actors' bodies, postures, and clothing, he expresses the freedom and struggles to be who you are.

The *mise en scène* of Matthew's photographs is studied, but their aroused emotions are real. The photographer places his actors in contexts as if they were on a theatre stage. Each photo is the scene of a play, the frame of a film, the verse of a song. Using images, Matthew tells the unfolding of a story, which often starts from a creative suggestion or the need to get to the bottom of social and human issues. He creates a series accompanied by texts that explain each scene's evocative and poetic content.

The selected six photos are taken from different series, but they all revolve around a single theme: identity. They are photographs of people who express themselves or fight to do so. The role of self-reflection and introspection is well exemplified by the recurrent scenario of a bathroom, such as in *The Enabler* or *The Woeful Hedonist*. The bathroom becomes the metaphorical setting for an intimate moment of self-analysis, an inner monologue on one's vices and fears. The element of water is also symbolic in Matthew's photos. Water, transparent and pure, calms the mind and reconnects us to our most intimate nature. However, what happens when others do not hear and accept our identity? The photographer also addresses the issue of vulnerability, of not being recognized, as occurs in the case of gender-fluid people. Some photos, such as *Furious Mime*, also display the anger that pervades people when they suffer violence because of their race.

Matthew is intrigued by the possibility of expressing himself through art forms, like photography. His style is extremely tied to the narrative as if his photos were all acts of longer pièce. From a technical point of view, his fine art photography is also heavily influenced by his career as a fashion photographer. The models are in scenographic poses, sculptural in the center of the composition. The use of light, clothing, hairstyles makes them very aesthetic but still uncoated photographs. The great fashion photographers like Richard Avedon, with his human portraits, Irving Penn, elaborate black and white, or Robert Mapplethorpe, the undisputed king of the rendering of bodies, are certainly relevant references.

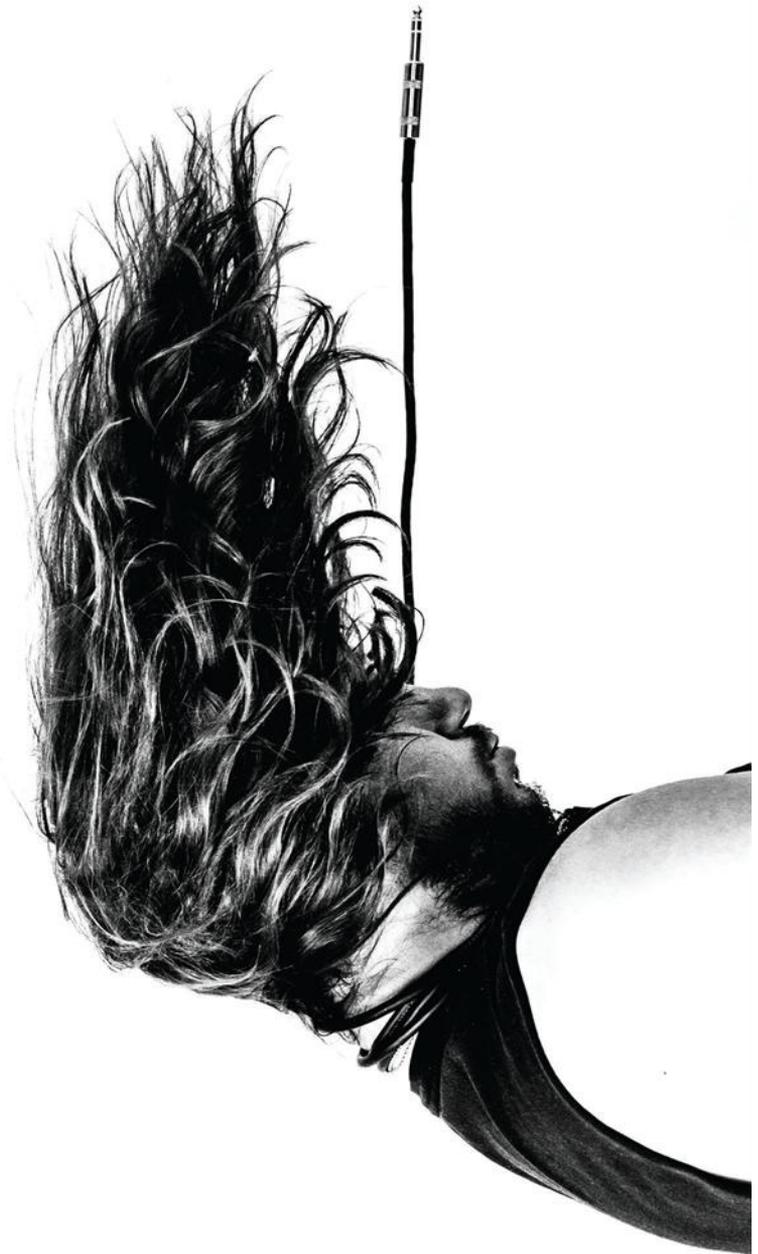
Matthew Usukumah is a British-born but New York-based fashion photographer. After working in economics, he collaborated during fashion weeks with magazines such as *V Man Magazine*, *Downtown Magazine*, or *FUSED*. From the turmoil of 2020, he began to embark on the path of art photography, winning the award as Best Rising Artist at the Art Expo in New York already in 2021. His photos reach the intimacy of the spectators, like a confession.

By Cinzia Franceschini

Matthew Usukumah

Disconnection

Photography | \$1,900



Artist

Vulnerability
Photography | \$1,900



Gold

Matthew Usukumah

The Enabler

Photography | \$1,300



Artist

The Woeful Hedonist
Photography | \$1,300



Gold

Alex Steiner gives us a piece that, like a diamond that grows day by day in the depths of the earth, is a crescendo. It is a text that evolves, changing shape and concealing hidden facets, like the people who are its protagonists.

Grading Diamonds is a work of literature that can not leave indifferent. It reveals through physical and mineralogical metaphors, symbolic objects, the temperament and memories of its main characters. It depicts them as so complex, scratchable, human that they seem close to us. As if they belonged to our family. *Grading Diamonds* is the story of a father and a daughter. However, it is above all the story of a relationship that—as frequently happens in the closest ties between people—changes and reveals itself as time passes. Alex quotes the words of the Lebanese American author Khalil Gibran: "Perhaps time's definition of coal is the diamond"; it is necessary to observe the transformations over time, to have a diachronic and patient perspective. It invites flexibility, in pricing and labelling people. Accelerations, collisions, slowdowns, and departures are all part of the process of evolution. They are essential to give us the tools to grade and understand what is authentically valuable, worthy, precious. What dirt can create a diamond? How much beauty can be hidden in chaos and calamity?

Alex's story takes its cue from a significant object: a ring. However, she aims to talk about people, the forces and events that modify their identity, like rocks eroded by the wind. *Grading Diamonds* wants to inspire hope in readers, showing how time changes and redefines people and personal values.

The creative process of Alex reflects the themes of change and settlement that also characterize her work. The author worked on the text for a long time, editing and reworking it several times. The excerpts of her story follow each other fast, brilliant, direct, allowing us to follow the flow of emotions and situations step by step. The use of the first-person singular gives this to creative non-fiction text an autobiographical tone that is realistic, honest and creative at the same time. Alex's writing style is rich in references. She is guided by authors who can describe personal experiences with veracity, such as Cupcake Brown in her autobiography, and novels that deal with life changes, such as the award-winning *She's Come Undone* by Wally Lamb. Her way of storytelling is also very reminiscent of the contemporary tool of podcasts, from which she has absorbed the incisive and fast-paced sound.

Alex Steiner is first and foremost inspired by people and their lives. She studied Criminal Law and worked as a teacher at several non-profit NGOs. Currently based in London, she works as a writer, getting closer and closer to people and their stories.

By Cinzia Franceschini



Grading Diamonds

"Diamonds wear the poorest people." That's what I told myself. Back then. Back when nothing made sense. Back then, that ring was as worthless to me as those that valued it. People carrying their worth on the very hands they used to introduce new liars.

"Go ahead, pick one," he gestured one birthday. But the words echoed semi-precious. I'd heard those words costumed too many times before. Only, not for me. For all the other women that decorated my Dad's collections. Dazzling each other with blinding reflections. The very pieces complimenting the successes he mined, but never the excavations left in their wake.

A time when embellishments wore me as much as all the other silently authored lies in mass production around my Dad. Noise that came to deafen the finite sentiments I needed to harden my core. Elements that left me without the foundation of security and trust, that amalgamized into self-worth when tempered by stable forces and time.

My Dad got sick just a few years after my teenage declarations of war. I hadn't planned on his punishment ending this way. I had wanted him to suffer at my powerful hands. Not life's. It seemed so unjust that he should be taken from me, all over again.

Only, as the end drew near, I noticed, without his carnival of people; My Dad seemed bemused and lonely. He started to lose the smile and laughter he spread along with his wealth and time. The jokes, flawed eccentricities and all the other rare inclusions always made him a fan favourite of my friends—and sometimes, secretly, even me. They started fading along with that audience I had always loathed so much.

It was the first time I started seeing the value of my Dad's success in life. The purpose it served him, long before I ever came to exist. After all, my Dad's childhood was nothing like mine. And, neither were the hungers that haunted him. His experience was decorated with fear and uncertainty. He was robbed, too. Only, he and others watched people being robbed of their humanity. Their lives.

Grading Diamonds (continued)

I'd imagine as a boy; he could've only dreamed of offering a beautiful ring to any woman he wanted. Even his young, petulant daughter. His childhood was shaped by persecutions and the labels others seal into our centres. Brands that proved to be as valuable as the very souls wearing them.

Designs carved into the time before the elements of my existence feathered into life's enamel. Back when hunger's appetite decorated Dad's life, instead of all those that came to feed. Bejewelled trophies, I mistook for hunger's pangs rather than my own pain and sadness.

Because all the money in the world was worth nothing compared to his unadulterated time. The attention everyone else could never get enough of. Just as he had dreamt. Back when people were being branded with numbers.

I didn't think of that ring again until the evening of my brother's wedding. Helping my Dad dress, watching as he reached into the safe that had long guarded all his fears. My insecurities. Listening as he described the beautiful trinkets he'd always been so taken with and taken such care with. Watching as he deliberately fastened them around himself. The careful ceremony before me. I had watched it a thousand times but never seen it once.

Deafening insinuations suddenly translating into a person wearing their inherent worth. Shining possibilities, he so desperately needed fashioned—once upon his time. The same world and accolades I had come to price second hand, crumbling beneath me alongside its creator. And I thought of my ring.

Because I'd never see my Dad dressed as his dreams for my own wedding. Because he'd never be able to buy me the ring, I'd sworn meant nothing to me. Because I'd never have the time or setting to say any of it. That was the day I realized; I had finally set my prisoner free. Forgiving all those judgments, I insisted he wear. Just as I had insisted they had done to me. And all along, I was the designer.

That loud appetite, I loathed him for. His same desire to never see those needs adorn our anthology. The very hunger that left me overfed with corrosion's plated layers. It had all been for me. For all of us. I hadn't realized how far beyond that store my ring had travelled. A relic of my Dad's survival, carrying his success for me to wear.

After he died, I found the ring in a carefully marked envelope with my name on it. He must've sent someone back to that pawnshop to retrieve it. The ring we had both agreed I didn't deserve, so many years before. He had kept it safe for me, along with all the other gifts I'd thrown back in his face.

That's the problem with pricing people like the diamonds they're costumed in. Impossible to determine worth or value from the materials before you, alone. Not, without sifting the rubble from which we've escaped. Unearthing the elements that alchemize our core. The same elements, cut, carved, and compounded from covalent bonds, once vacant. An atomic reincarnation in the chemistry of people and the forces from which we recreate ourselves. The magical devastation that delivers dirt into diamond.

The days of spinning idle thoughts and time into stories without careful excavations are long gone, now—with my Dad. Now, my world depends on what I build or mine for myself; no one else in mind. No external elements left to blame for the treasures that elude me. The darkness, I can no longer blame on the long shadows my towering pedestals, once cast.

"Assumptions wear the poorest people." That's what I tell my daughter on the days when nothing makes sense. The one whose grandfather saved her a ring for me. Back when I wasn't sure I should save myself.



Andrew James McKay

<http://www.andrewjamesmckay.com/>

Paint by Numbers

Acrylic, ink and graphite on panel | 71.1 x 55.9 x 2.5 cm | Sold



Artist

Andrew James McKay—literal but also fictional—creates planes for his portraits' imagined and lived experiences. Through his technique of layering pigment and graphite, he seals in the last bit of wonder with film ink and the vivid thoughts of the spectators.

His paintings remind us of our active mind and physical connection to others in their modest being. The melting and recurring colour schemes tickle our thoughts. A similar feeling occurs in the works of Euan Uglow, where the play of colour and poses of the sitters evoke mindfulness and bring back memories of the people most close to us.

Taking in the portrait *Paint by Numbers*, you can observe a woman posing for the artist with her hands above her head. It could easily be interpreted as a happy and light image, but looking just a bit longer, the curiosity of how this person is feeling sneaks up on you. The face is not tensed but not relaxed either, and the eyes give us the best opportunity to create our own story. At first, it may seem like this person is looking directly at the viewer, but she is more looking through the audience, giving us this prickling sensation of not knowing what is going on in her mind. This is one of the exciting aspects of art and portraits specifically; you just never know what the artist or the portrayed person was thinking or feeling in that one moment. We get the chance to dive into our imagination and daydream.

Andrew's following excerpt of work (*Two Portraits*) engages you in a different form of wonder: Have I seen these faces before, do they know each other, or is it just a coincidental connection, like locking eyes with a stranger on the subway? One portrait in black and white gives the visual possibility it might have been made 100 years ago, the other in nude shades and rainbow beams, reflecting deep emotions to the outside.

Andrew's self-portrait (*Studio Portrait*) sends a calm atmosphere to its viewers: His eyes are closed; the prominent colour is a soft pink, and he is wearing a blue shirt. You can identify some eyeball shapes in the right upper corner, and the connection to daydreaming is easily made again. Still, looking at his features, a slight tension is detectable. Is he thinking of somebody? Who would you think of looking at this portrait?

Andrew James McKay is a Vancouver-based artist. He completed his BFA with honours as a visual art major in 2019 at the Emily Carr University of Art + Design. He has several exhibitions. His latest include "Missives" at the Masters Gallery in Calgary, 2021; "Summer Stories" at Peter Ohler Fine Art in Toronto, 2020; and the "Carmichael Landscape Exhibition" at the Museum of Art & History in Orillia, 2021-22. His available work can be found at the Masters Gallery in Calgary.

By Magdalena Riegler

Silver

Andrew James McKay

Two Portraits

Acrylic, ink and graphite on panel | 50.8 x 61 x 2.5 cm | \$3,000



Artist

Studio Portrait 2021

Acrylic, ink and graphite on panel | 61 x 50.8 x 2.5 cm | \$3,000





Gosia Machaczka
gosiamachaczka.com

Bronze

HOLLOW III
Photography | 150 x 94 cm | \$2,500



Artist

Photography is conventionally treated as an impeccable tool for casting the surface of a moment. Yet, artists like Gosia Machaczka rather see it as a way to peel off the layers of reality, revealing its complex structure.

The featured series *Hollow* was born as a response to the artist's experience of changing her milieu radically, as she had moved from Sweden to the USA. She has chosen the city, which would completely oppose her previous life—the never sleeping, colourful Los Angeles that promised endless possibilities and joy. And yet, the shiny surface of the first impression of LA got covered with cracks as Gosia discovered people were struggling with the same emotions there as her fellow countrymates, challenged with “loneliness, emptiness, and sometimes even despair,” as she wrote. Instead of replicating the utopian image, she used photography to represent its reverse side, often ignored in public discussions.

Looking at Gosia's works, one thinks about arguably the most iconic American artist of the 20th century—Edward Hopper (1882—1967). Being influenced by the aesthetics of the Hollywood Golden Age films, he was the painter who inspired the later generations of filmmakers, like Alfred Hitchcock, László Kovács, and Wim Wenders. He was one of those, who influenced the Hollywood methods of framing and composition, and introduced urban imagery into painting. Gas stations, offices, cafes and other locations were traditional settings of Hopper's pieces.

The parallel between his and Gosia's artwork is the remarkable loneliness of their personages in the empty places, often shown in the nighttime. Trapped in the cage of the big city, those people emanate the sense of prostration and isolation captured with the intensive palette. Gosia stages a series of images intertwined

into small stories concentrated mainly on unhappy relationships. The one chosen for this issue is especially Hopper-like in colouring: reading the description of his canvases by Leatrice Eiseman, Keith Recker, it's easy to see Gosia is following the same formula: “Hopper's disquieting emptiness is rendered in paradoxically full-bodied tones of teal and emerald, ruby and amber, and in an earthy brown.”

Each image narrates the collisions of imaginary private lives of her heroes, hinting at the conflicts and histories that led them to this moment. Gosia says, “Through my use of colour and composition, I monumentalize the characters, make them beautiful, admirable, even through their pain.” She hints at the key conflict of each case by including one image with the telling details, like an instant photograph of a couple on a table. Together with recognizably cinematographic angles and noir lightning, those elements shape the spectacular mundanity of small tragedies of an average person.

Gosia Machaczka is a Swedish and Polish visual artist based in Los Angeles, California, USA. She defines herself as a portrait, product, and concert photographer driven by a passion for storytelling. Strong colour stories, high contrast, and drama are frequently used in her work to reflect the broad palette of the LA lifestyle.

By Aleksandra Osadcha

Bronze

Gosia Machaczka

HOLLOW III (BOTH PAGES)

Photography | 150 x 94 cm | \$2,500



Artist



Bronze

Gosia Machaczka

HOLLOW III (BOTH PAGES)

Photography | 150 x 94 cm | \$2,500



Artist





Gerald Alderman

Street Tango

Photography | 33 x 33 cm | NFS



Chinese Musicians
Photography | 33 x 48 cm | NFS



Gerald Alderman

Chinese Food Vendor

Photography | 33 x 48 cm | NFS



Peruvian Weaver
Photography | 33 x 48 cm | NFS





Norman Aragones

December 25, 2016

Digital photography | 27.5 x 35 x 2.5 cm | NFS



Growing Up
Film photography | 27.5 x 35 x 2.5 cm | NFS



Norman Aragon

Grandmother Praying

Film photography | 27.5 x 27 x 2.5 cm | NFS



Shared
Digital photography | 27.5 x 27 x 2.5 cm | NFS





Ashley Brunetti

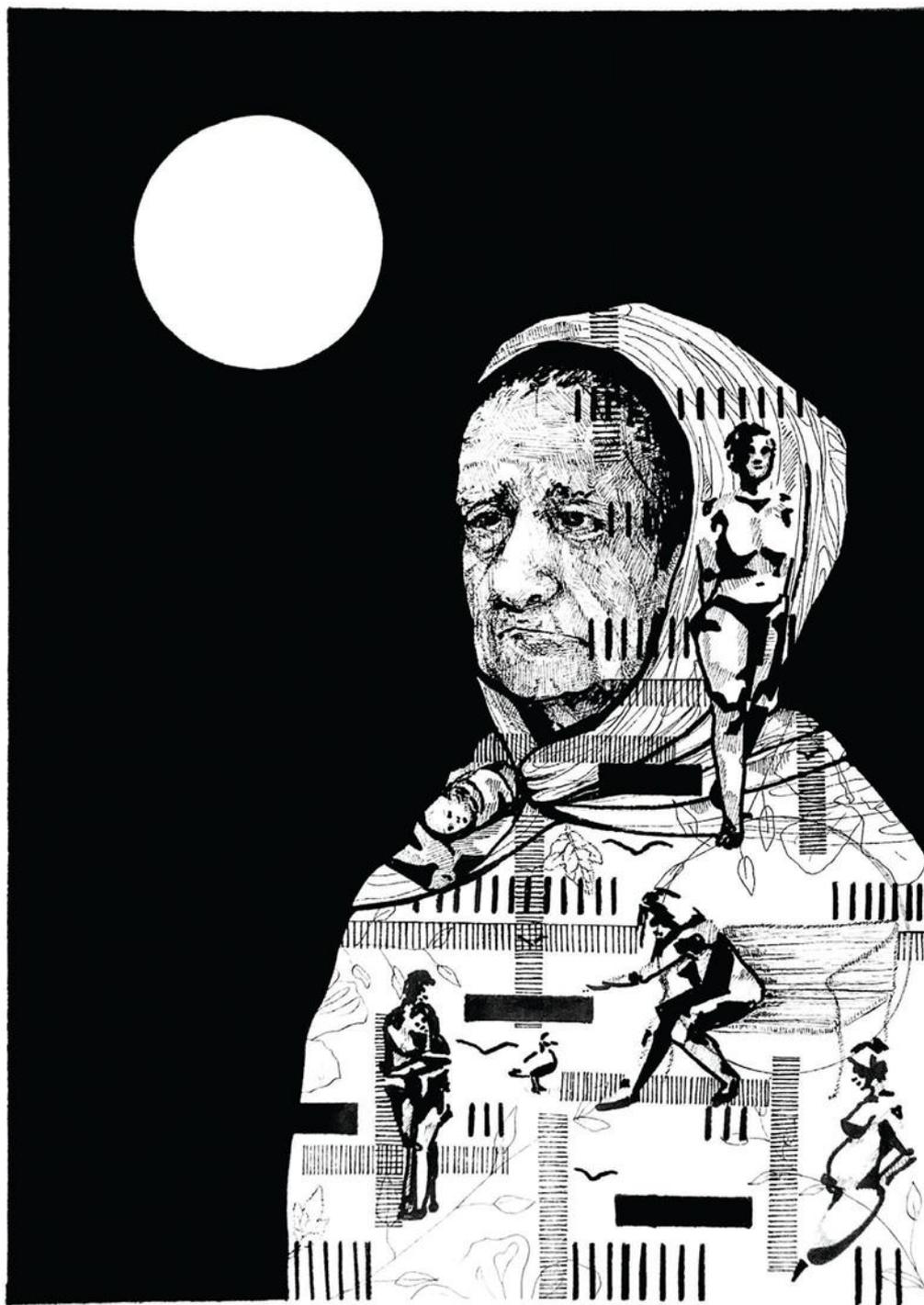
<https://ashleybrunetti.wixsite.com/my-site>

A Lifetime

Ink on paper | 33 x 43.1 cm | NFS



A Lifetime II
Ink on paper | 33 x 43.1 cm | NFS





Désiré Betty

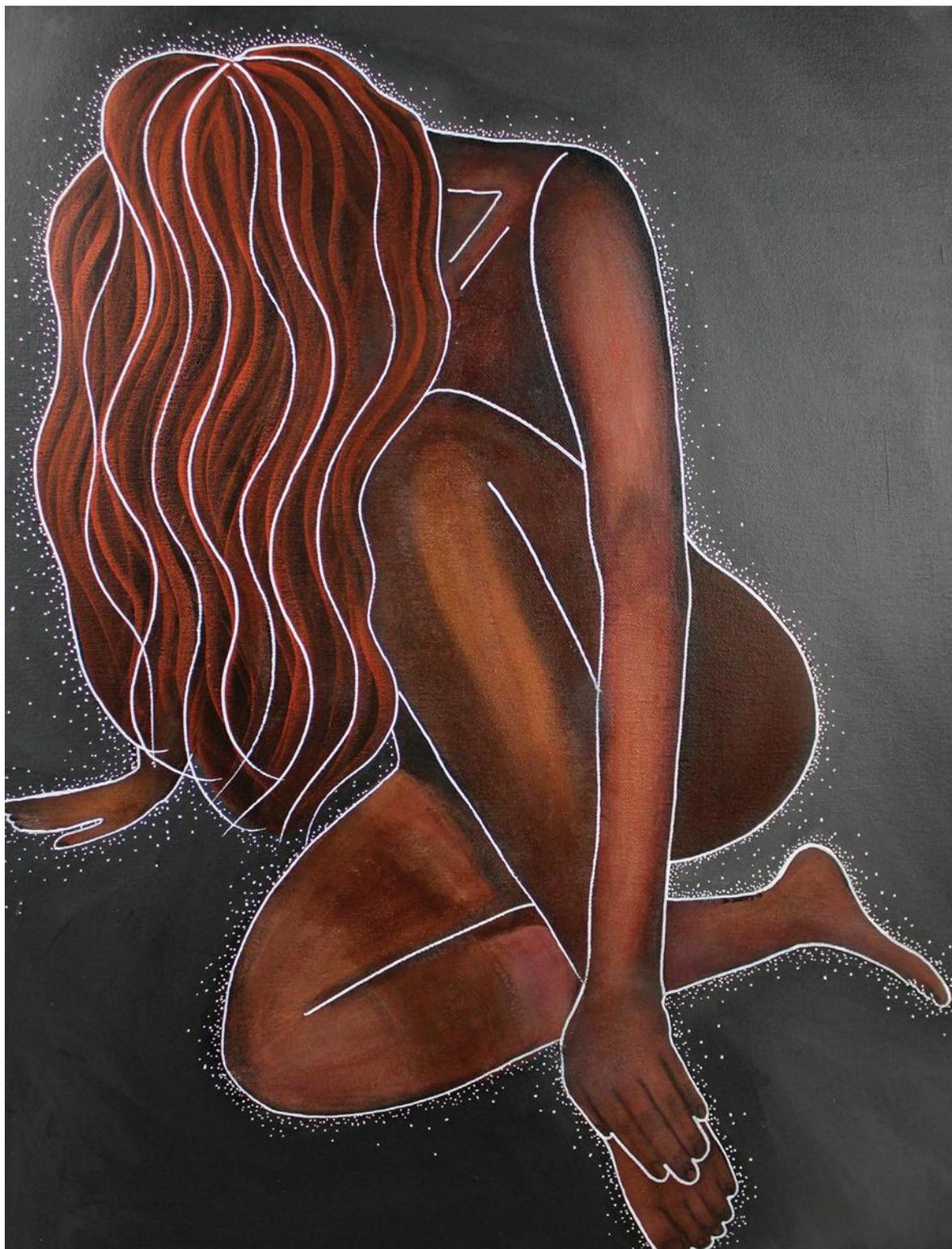
www.desirebetty.com

Full Moon Vibration

Acrylic on wood panel | 22.9 x 30.5 cm | \$400



Fallen
Acrylic on canvas | 61 x 45.7 cm | \$2,200





Edita Bízová

www.editbphoto.com

Hole in a Soul

Photography printed on fine art paper | 60 x 90 cm | \$400



Portrait with Flowers

Photography printed on fine art paper | 60 x 90 cm | \$400



Edita Bizová

Listen to the Silence

Photography printed on fine art paper | 60 x 90 cm | \$400



Khleo Morris
Equipoise-art.com



The Poet
Acrylic on wood | 82 x 61 cm | \$2,500





Merana Cadorette

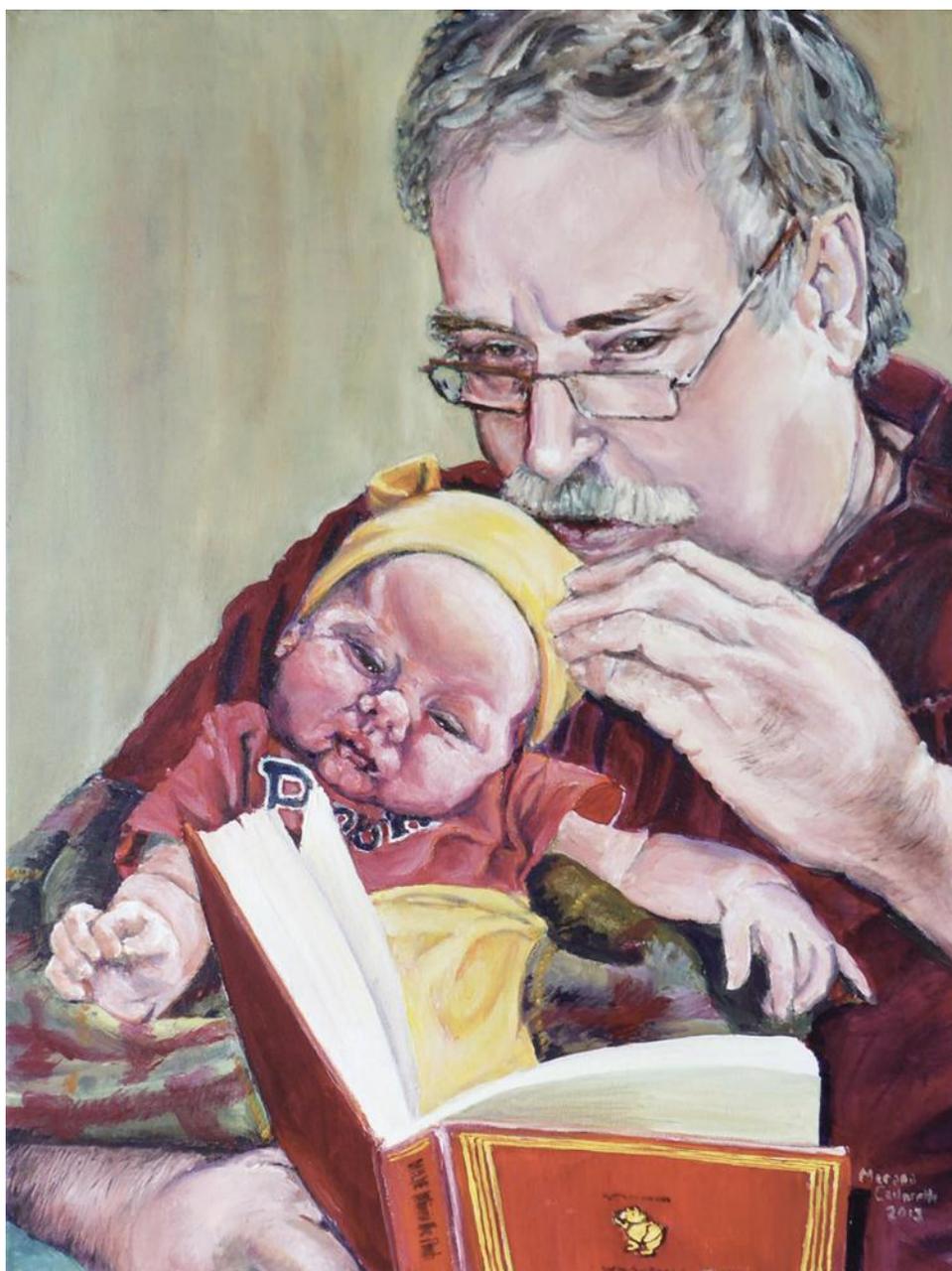
<https://merana-cadorette.pixels.com/>

What Happens in Vegas

61 x 61 cm | NFS



Pepere Reads Pooh
45 x 60 cm | NFS



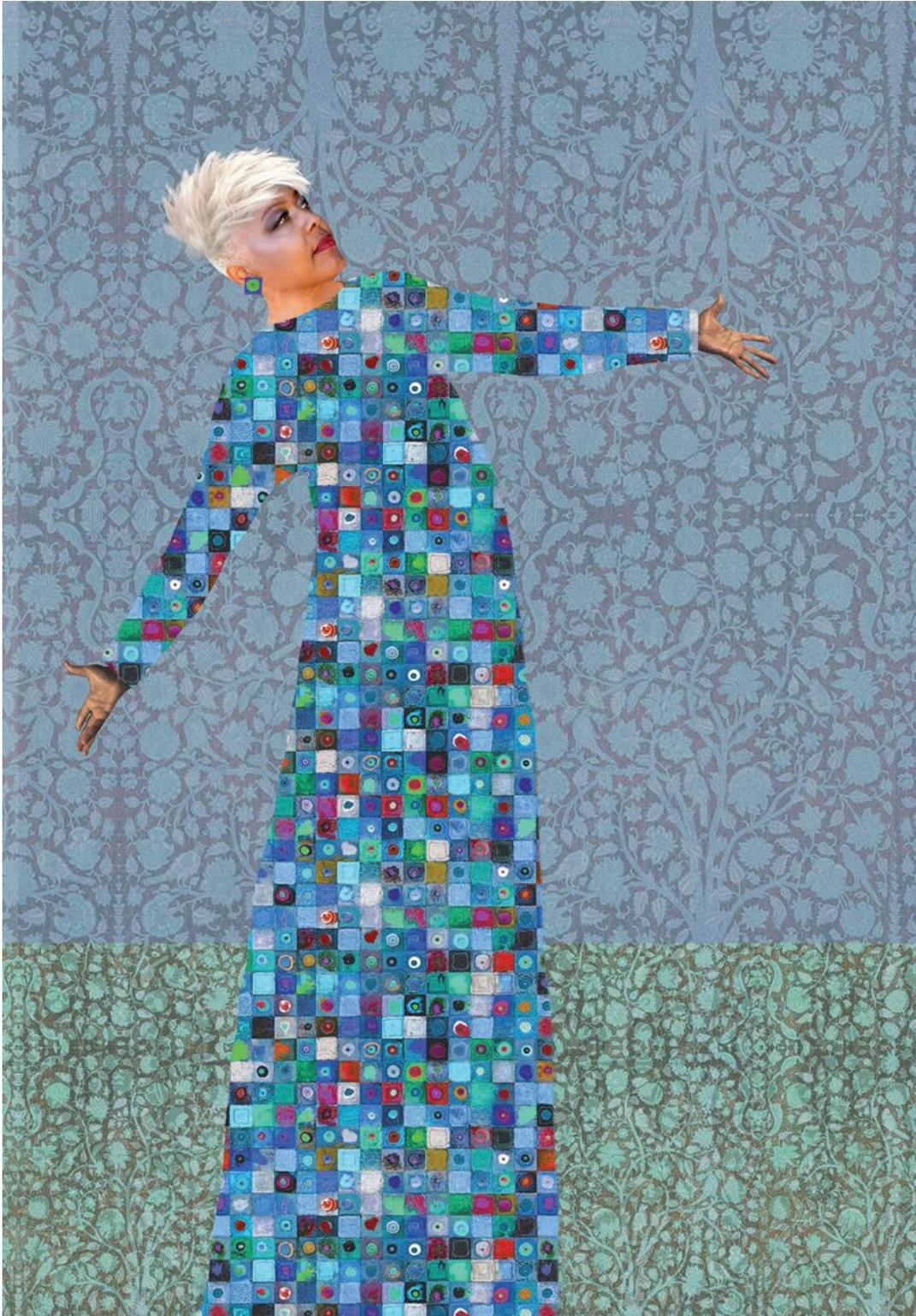


Miren Etcheverry

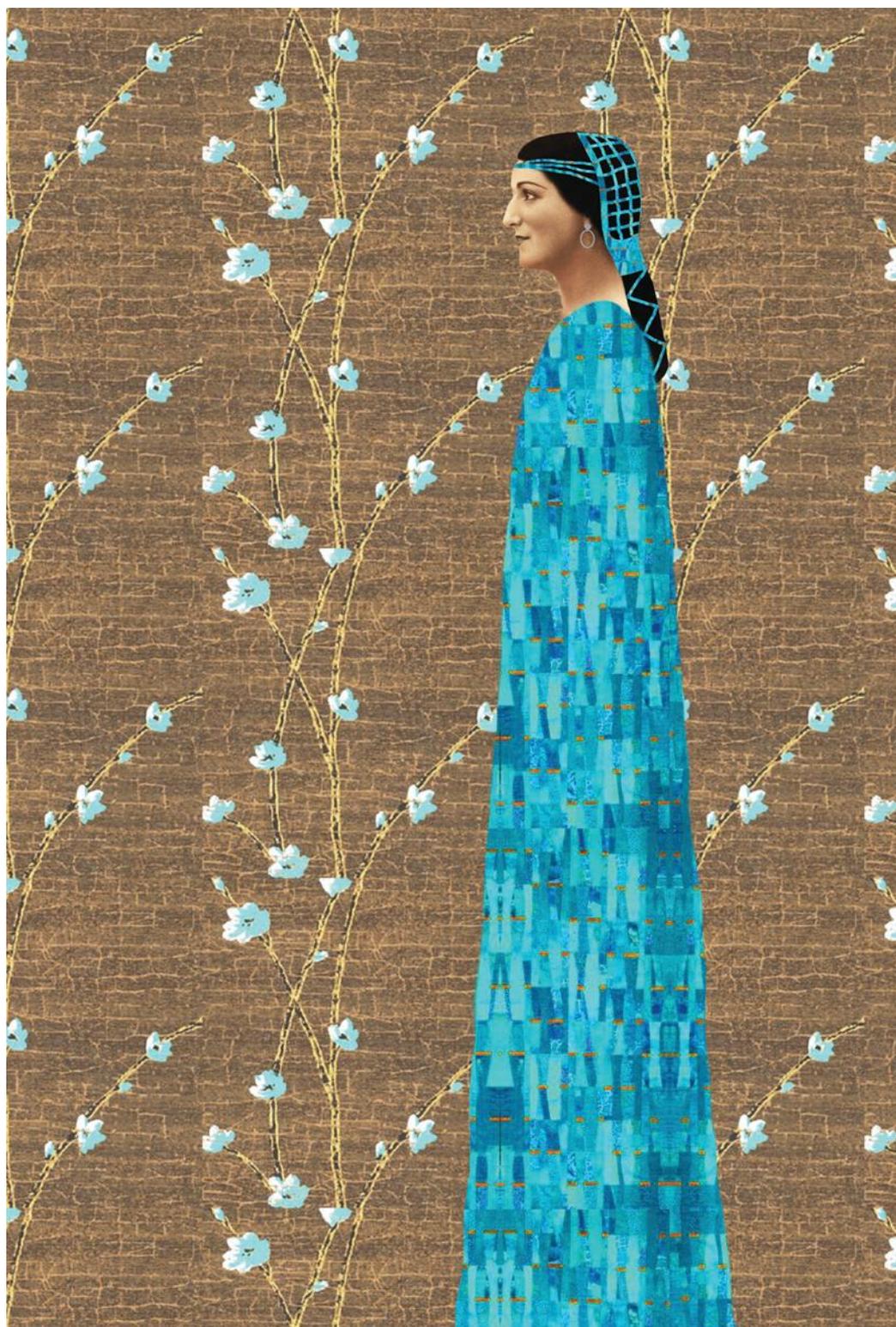
www.mirenetcheverry.com

Kudisan

Photographic collage | 61 x 41 x 1 cm | \$750



Suzanne
Photographic collage | 61 x 41 x 1 cm | \$750



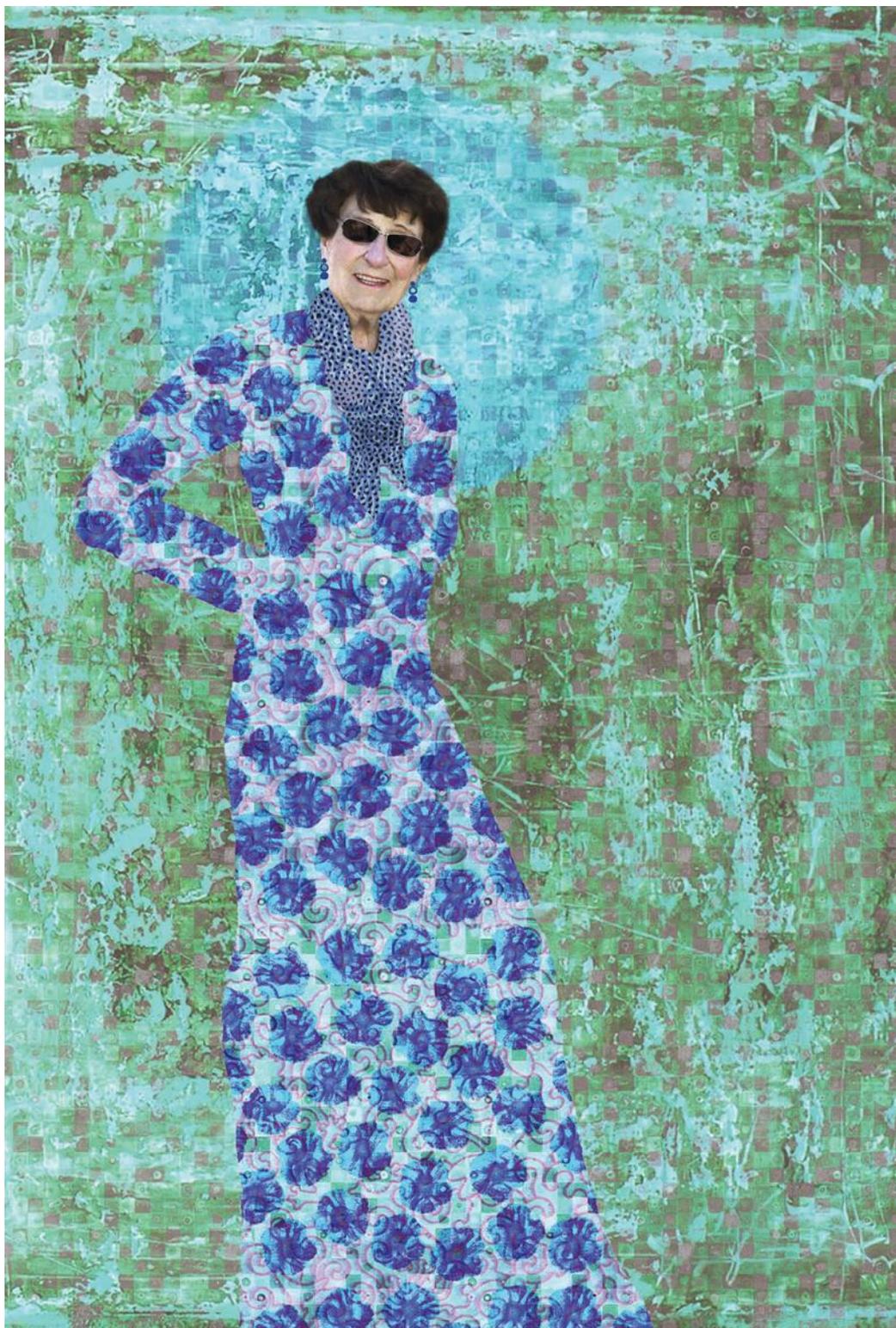
Miren Etcheverry

Jacky

Photographic collage | 61 x 41 x 1 cm | \$750



Paulette
Photographic collage | 61 x 41 x 1 cm | \$750





Roopa Dudley

www.RoopaDudley.com

Immigrants

Acrylic on canvas | 101.6 cm x 76.2 cm



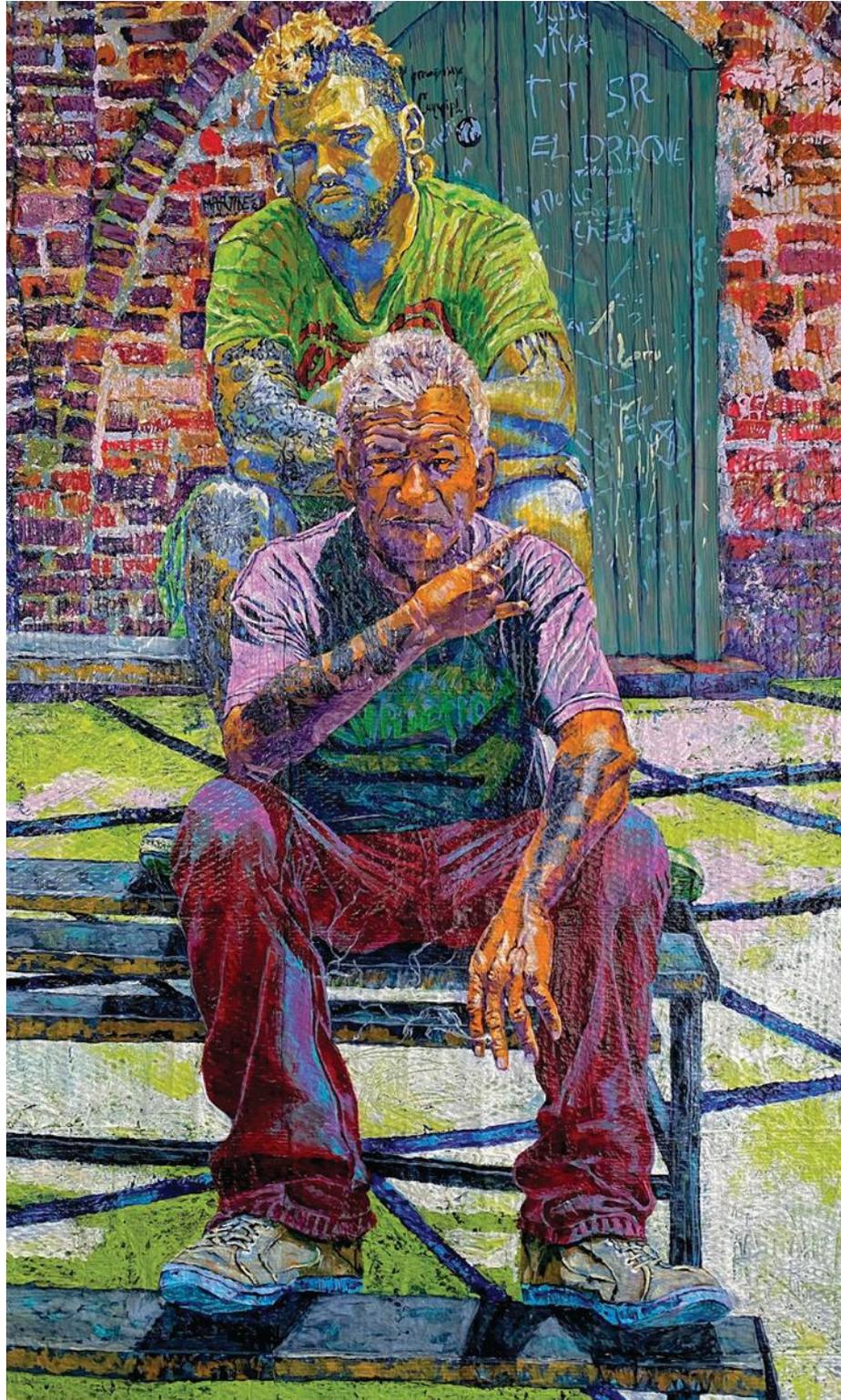
Heidi Brueckner

heidibrueckner.com



Squatters Club, Cuba

Oil on recycled poly bubble mailers | 199 x 118 x 1 cm | \$4,000





Gabiko IoMo

<https://gabiko-iomo.square.site>

Famous Mustaches 4 Santa Claus

Digital art transferred on canvas, black floating frame | 92 x 92 x 4.5 cm | \$3,600



Famous Mustaches 2 Joseph Stalin

Digital art transferred on canvas, black floating frame | 92 x 92 x 4.5 cm | \$3,600





Agnieszka Kot (A.KOOT)

In the Presence of (Non)human Scripts

The world consists of various kinds of stories that bind it together more than any type of atom. Not all of them have a happy beginning, not all of them end happily, and not all are even half as cheerful as one would wish. Hence, there are bedtime stories, glorious poems, and thrillers. There are also specific stories resembling screenplays, which, whether we like it or not, are being played out by each of us.

What is my place in the world? Who should I be? What do I have to achieve? We all fall into this trap. We create a solid foundation for ourselves in the first stages of life. Observing how people that are important to us react to something and listening to the way they talk about various issues—we fix a certain pattern of behaviour. In this way, we create an individual script that we will then replay throughout our lives. In other words, it is an automatically activated script by the mind and our life's however unconscious plan.

The people we meet in our life are not accidental because "each of us in early childhood," as Alfred Adler wrote, "decides how to live and how to die. We can rationally decide about trivial behaviour, however, our most important decisions have been made. It has also been decided what kind of person we will marry, how many children we will have, and what bed we will die in, or who will be with us then. Although it may not be what we want, this is what we are going for."¹ It can be said that, depending on the role we play, we also choose such companions.

If our life's plan is called "Anguish," for example, to realize it we choose to do activities (or allow others to do activities) that will only cause us distress, thus falling from one trap into another. While we are younger, our realization is milder, where our siblings seem to be favoured by our parents (Why does he always get to do that? Isn't it awful that I always have to clean up my sister's toys?). However, as one gets older, one's cunning sharpens, and so does the nature of the scripts that accompany it. The aforementioned example of a life plan, therefore, begins to be realized in a more precise way, by choosing a spouse who will cause suffering (Isn't he awful, why does he drink so much? Because of her I have nothing but problems, it's a real nightmare.).

Scripts cause us to lose the capacity to make any kind of creation or have ideas about our lives. We are no longer creative and do not develop, and every move we make inevitably leads to the fulfillment of life's script. Once we realize what plan we are part of and what guides it, we can try to make an unrelenting effort and fight against it. The result of this struggle will be discovering who we really wanted to be and who we have become, finding a new purpose, and correcting the path that leads to its achievement.

¹Berne E., *What Do You Say After You Say Hello?* London 2018, p. 43.



In the Presence of (Non)human Scripts

Pinhole photography | Set of 9 photos 30 x 40 cm | \$100 per photo

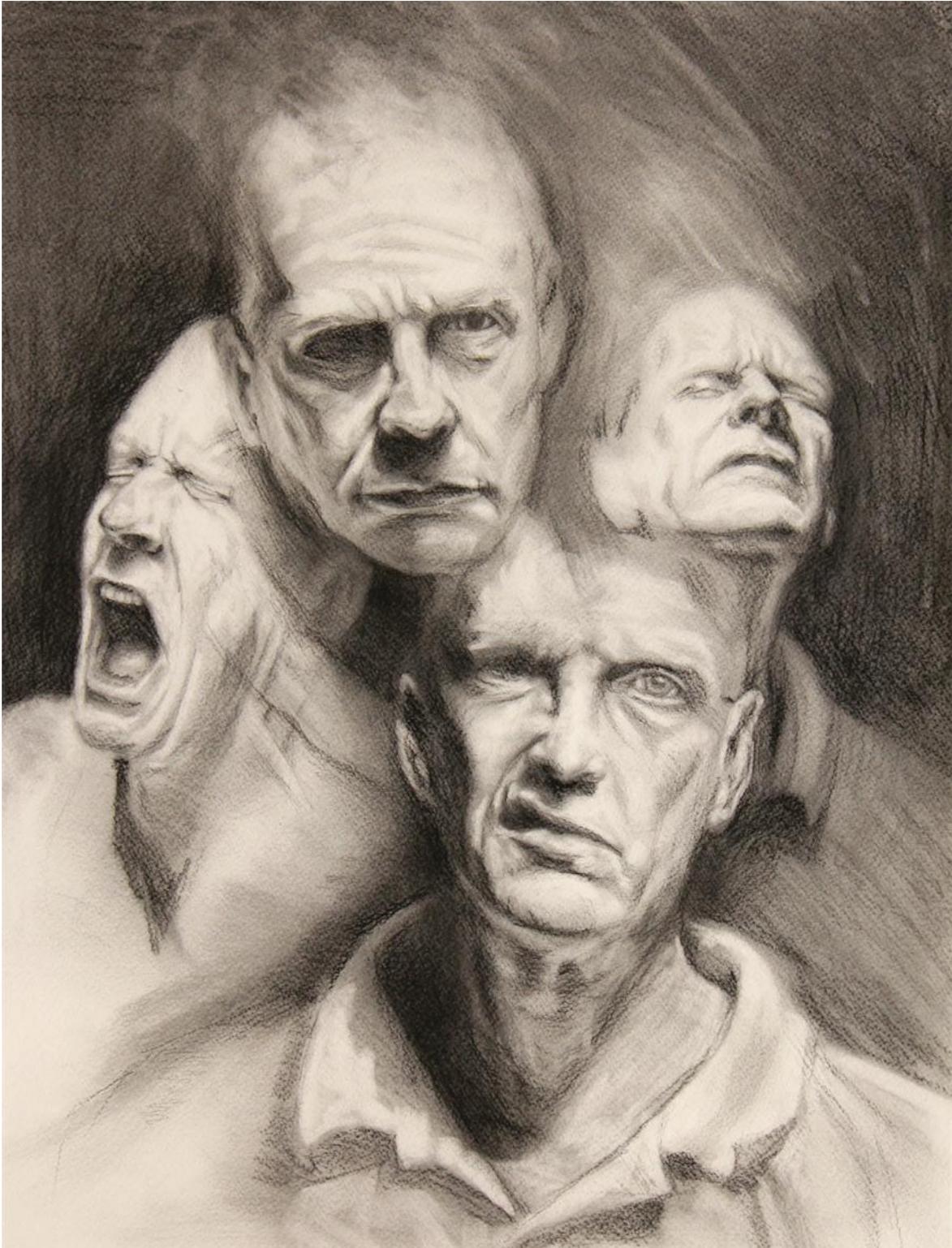


Aaron Krone

<https://kroneaaron.wixsite.com/aaronkrone>

Emotion

Graphite and charcoal | 68.6 x 55.9 cm | NFS



Growing Old Ain't for Sissies
Pen and ink | 15.2 x 22.9 cm | NFS





Jenny Lam

<http://www.artistsonthelam.com>

Nomad

iPhone 5s photography | \$100



Float On
iPhone 5s photography | \$100





Larry Wolf

<https://www.abrushwiththelaw.com>

The Dance

Acrylic on silkscreen canvas | 48.3 x 55.9 x 2 cm | \$1,250



Zhanna Martin

www.zhannamartin.com



Woman with the Bird
Ceramic | 65 x 35 x 20 cm | Sold





Deborah McLachlan

Young Man, Old Spirit

Watercolour | 45.72 x 53.34 cm | Sold



A Wee Pint
Watercolour | 15 x 23 cm | \$800





Stephanie McLean

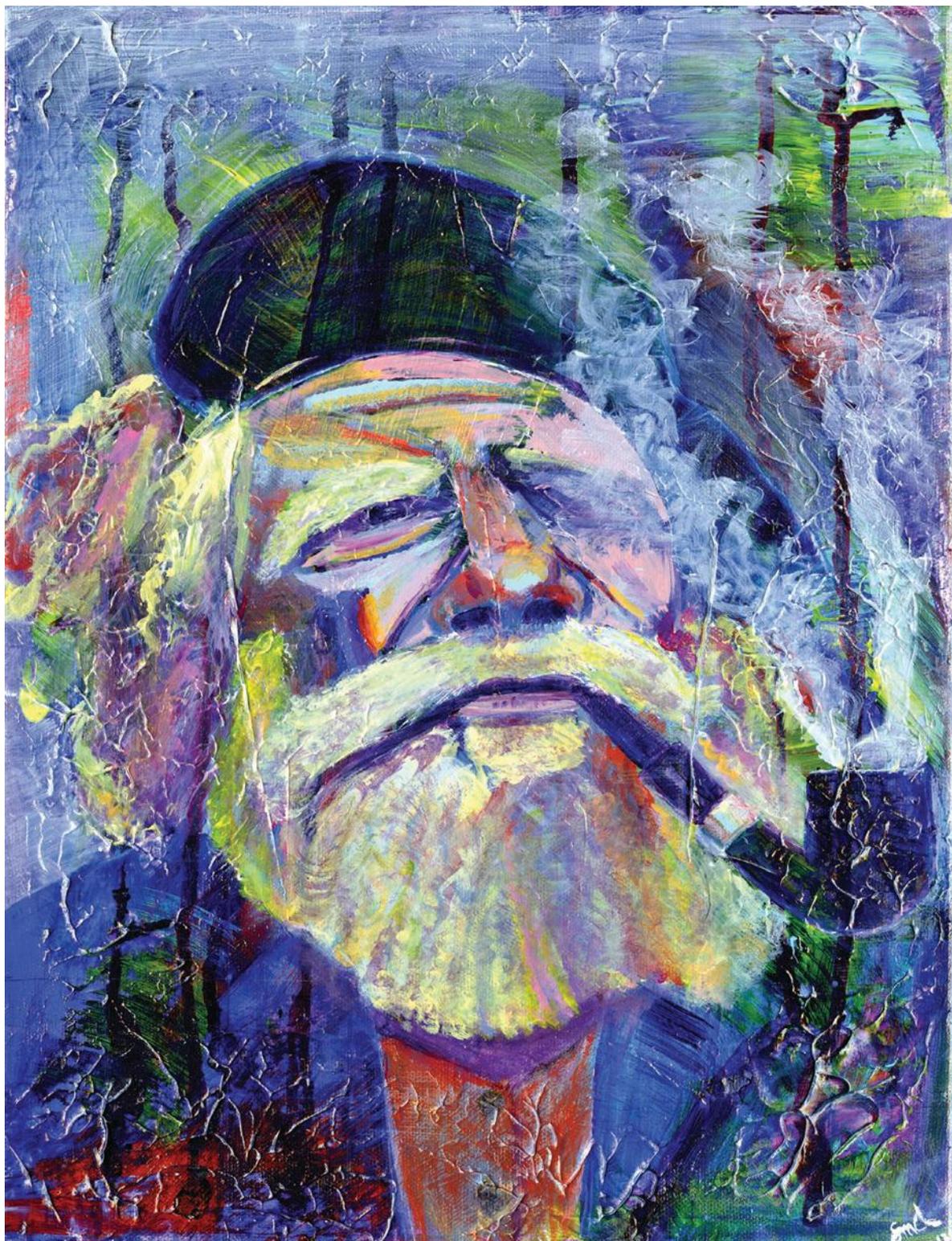
<https://www.stephaniemcleanart.ca>

Mitch

Acrylic and matte gel on canvas | 35 x 45 x 2 cm | Sold



Captain Foggybottom
Acrylic and matte gel on canvas | 35 x 45 x 2 cm | \$525





Nurari
nurariartworks.com

Letting Go

Acrylic on canvas | 42 x 60 x 1 cm





Diptych: Two among Sixty

1. #4: Riding Low

On the spur, a joy ride into Canada,
my older brother Moses, his gal Gloria,
sidekick Ruffalo, and me, in a Pinto.
Quick stop at the Duty Free for vino
(Lambrusco, really?), then border
control—bingo!—and a hop to Ruffie's
family cottage on placid Lake Erie.

Bottled emptied, Mo and Glo off
to a bedroom, it was: C'mon, little sis.
Five minutes: striped and fucked.
I left him snoring, walked the pebbled
beach, watched lakers laden
with lumber and iron ore hum
and churn toward the Welland Canal.
The Seaway never sleeps.

2. #14: Teaching

Same bridge to Canada,
with a boy toy différent.

Crystal Beach, the same,
if quieter,

but family cottage une autre chose:
colder, by flashlight lit,

and in lieu of residual tomato sauce,
lingering chicken broth odeur.

I'd traded in the Italian, three years older,
for a Jewish kid, three years younger,

diligent front-row frosh-fresh étudiant
in my M/W/F 8 a.m. French 102 class section.

Mild early autumn had turned
to frigid mid-winter.

We dove beneath cold-stiff quilts,
unbuttoned, unzipped to bare necessity.

Did ya cum?
Demands-moi en Français!

Est-ce-que tu
est arrivée?
Non, merci. Pas de problème.

He passed, solid B.



Paul Gravett

<https://paulgravettphotography.com/>

Reappearance Series #16 (Fabrice)

Digital photography | \$195



Reappearance Series #7 (Alès d'Oc)
Digital photography | \$195





Sarah McBride

Faceless

Acrylic on Canva-Paper | NFS



Diane Staver

www.dianestaver.com



Self Portrait with Headphones
Digital art | 45.7 x 55.9 cm | \$300

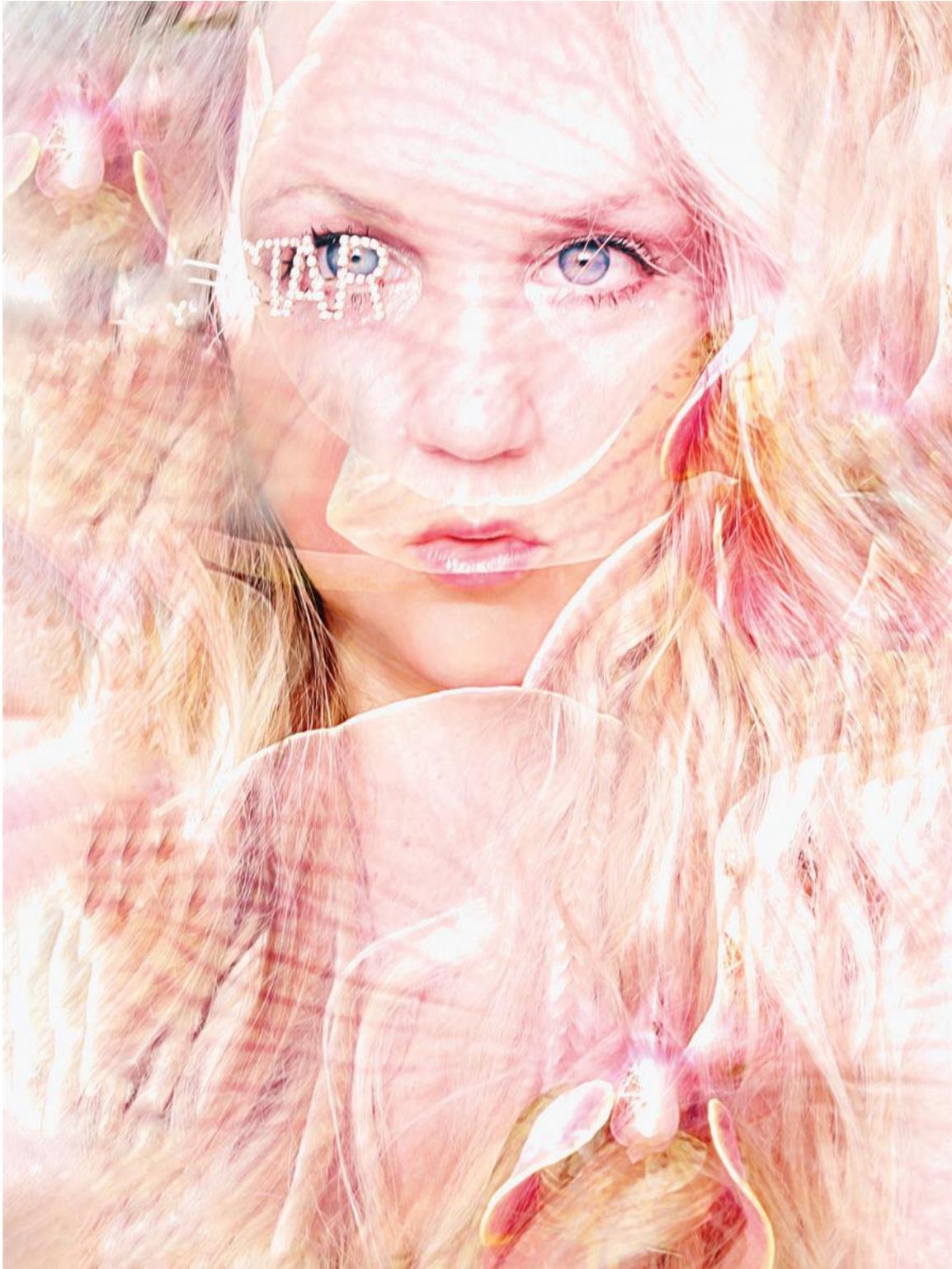




Leanne Trivett S.
www.leannetrivettsphotography.com

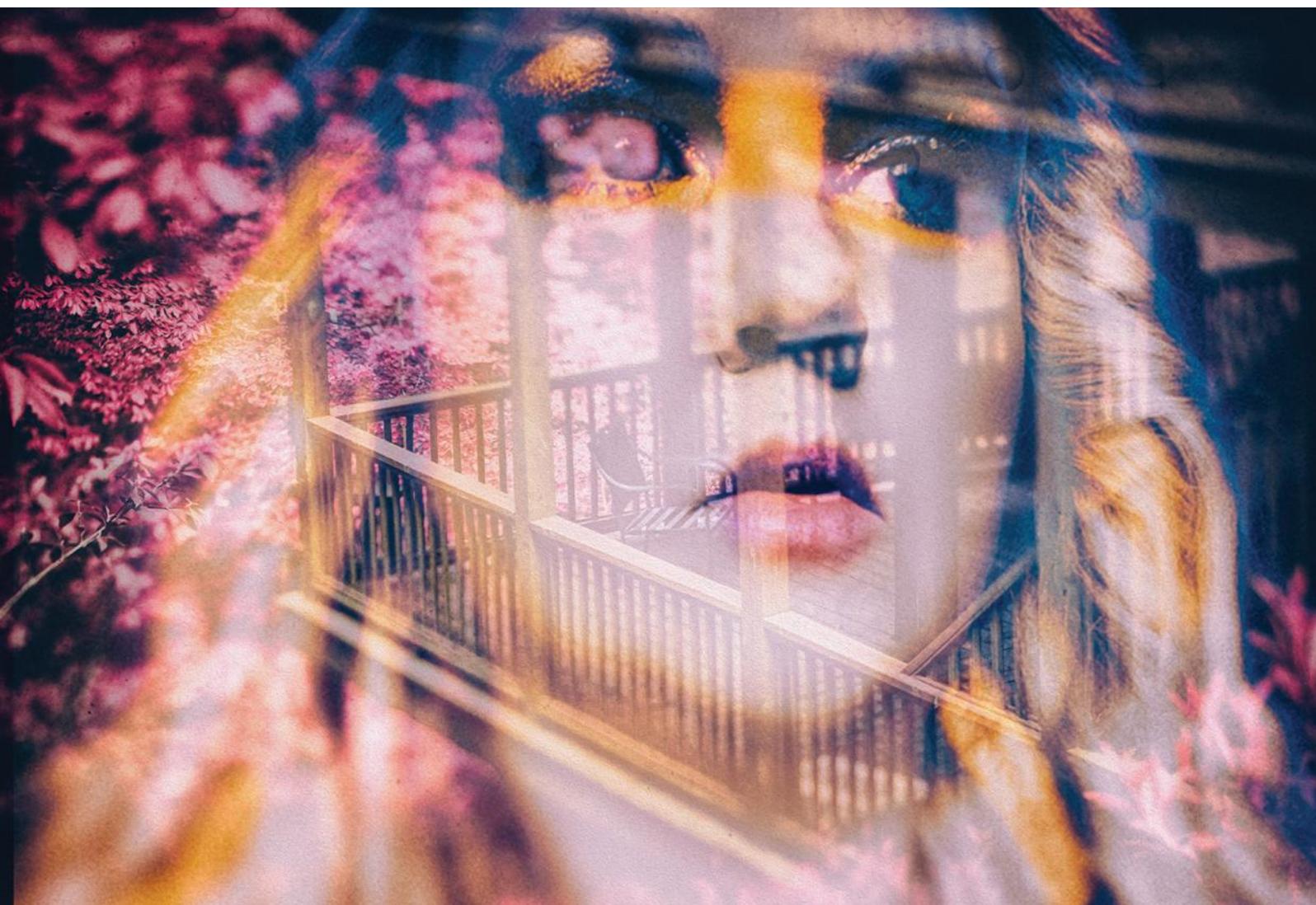
Orchid Me

Digital photography | 22.9 x 31.1 cm | \$517



Haunted Self

Digital photography | 30.5 x 20.3 cm | \$517



NEXT SPREAD: *Joking*

Digital photography | 59.1 x 39.4 cm | \$517







Ling Li, Wang

<https://wanglingliart.com/Home/About>

Albert Einstein's Neighbour
Ball pen on paper | 21 x 29 cm



What Are You Looking For?
Ball pen on paper | 21 x 29 cm



Ling Li, Wang

Geisha

Ball pen on paper | 21 x 29 cm



Spanish Moai
Ball pen on paper | 21 x 29 cm





Margaret Wasiuta

www.margaretwasiuta.com

Bon Vivant

Acrylic on canvas | 61 x 51 x 4 cm | Sold



In-Between

Acrylic and pastel on canvas | 86 x 61 x 4 cm | Sold





Jetta Williams

www.ArtAlive.ca

Cassidy

Pastel on Mi-Tientes pastel paper on cradle board | 71 x 52 x 5 cm | \$1,630



Brother Viking

Pastel on Mi-Tientes pastel paper on cradle board with resin | 45.5 x 61 x 4 cm | Sold



ARTIST TECHNIQUES

Larry Wolf, coming at it from a different side

Pick a painter, any painter. The odds are almost 100% that they paint on the FRONT of the canvas, right? Not me. I'm my own kind of odd: I paint on the BACK of the canvas!

For the past decade or so, I've been utilizing a unique process whereby I push paint through the back of a silkscreen material to achieve eye-catching, often unpredictable results with vivid colours and layered textures of acrylic paint.



Silkscreens, invented in China over 1,000 years ago, are thin canvas meshes (stretched taut over a wooden frame) that allow the paint to pass through. Artist Andy Warhol used silkscreens to make art prints, masking out portions of the silkscreen with glue so that paint couldn't penetrate those blocked areas. Then he would take a squeegee and push paint through the remaining porous areas to create amazing art prints.

Today, silkscreens are commonly used for printing things like T-shirts. Stencils are placed over the canvas to block paint, and colours are applied one at a time, each passing through a different stencil to produce a consistent multi-colour image on each shirt or item. Then the silkscreen canvases are washed and reused countless times.

I looked at the silkscreen and saw something else entirely: not simply a tool for transferring paint to another surface but rather a full canvas unto itself.

Rather than washing and reusing my silkscreens, they become the canvases of my artworks.

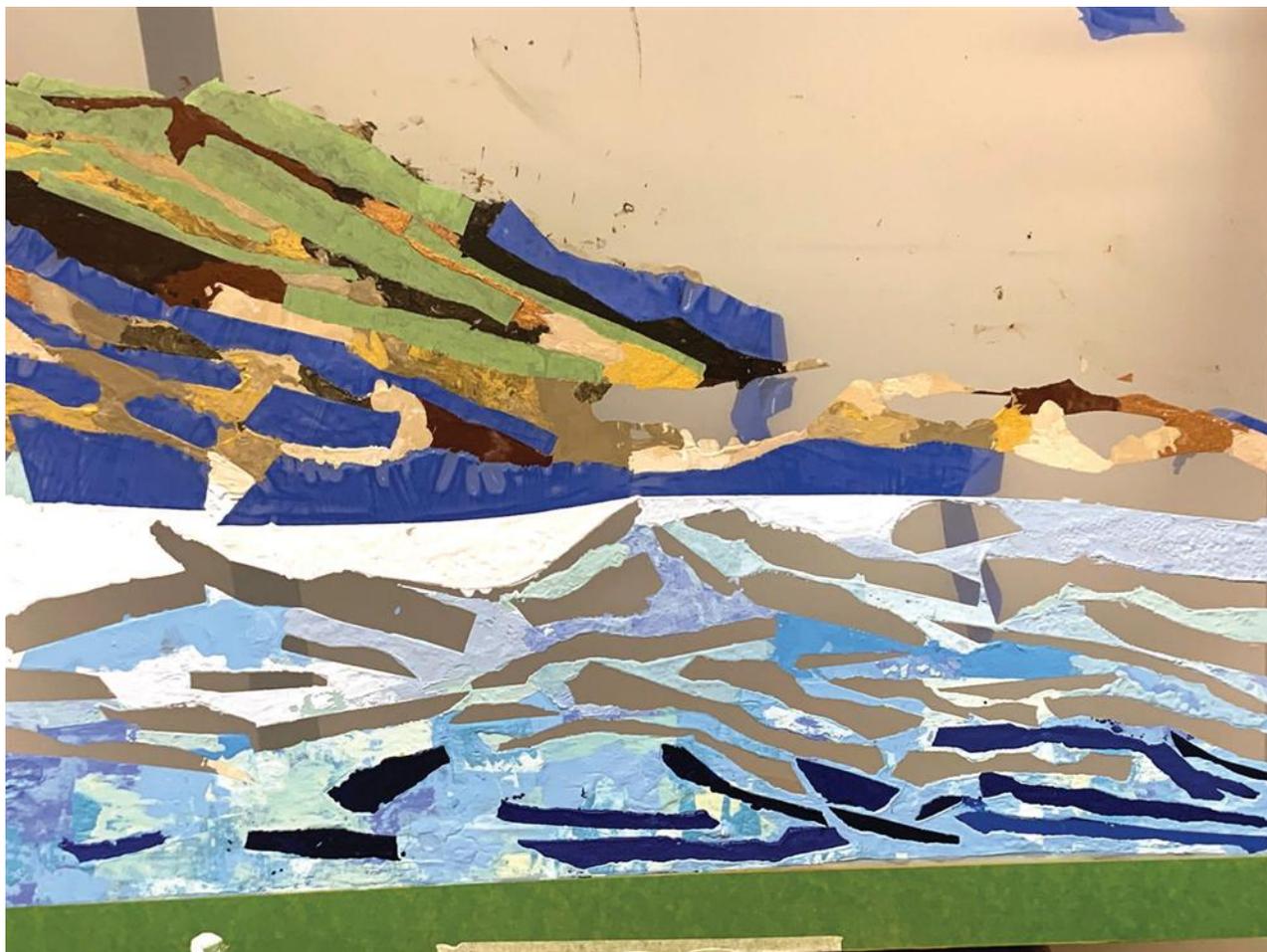
I begin with a blank silkscreen and then push paint through the back to the front. Sometimes I do this process freehand and freeform. But more often, I use pieces of masking tape to block off specific areas with various shapes, both large and small, that will be left without paint. Then I apply the paint with any number of spatula palette knives, pushing it from the back through to the front. Each new layer of paint builds thickness and adds textures in unpredictable ways.





Sometimes the paints mix and combine; other times, after removing the masking tape and opening up the blocked areas, new coloured shapes and textures can emerge with delineated borders adjacent to previously painted elements.

Eventually, I reach a point where I must decide on opacity. Unlike traditional canvas, because silkscreens are translucent, thinner areas of paint will allow the natural colour of the wall on which they hang to come through. Light from the front can pass through slightly, reflect back, and sometimes even give the piece a slight glow. But there are times when I don't want such an effect. In these cases, I simply apply large swathes and layers of paint beneath what is already there. And because I am still painting from the back of the canvas, these new layers of paint form a thicker base underneath the textured shapes on the front of the canvas, making those areas more opaque to light.



Of course, opacity itself can then be manipulated through the use of colour.

A large swath of white paint allows more light to pass through than a large swath of some darker colour. On the other hand, a medium green or blue base layer can cool down the area above it, while a warm yellow or a hot red can produce the opposite effect. The possibilities are endless!

When complete, the wooden frame of the silkscreen (which is necessary to hold the canvas taut) becomes the natural frame of the finished piece. The simplicity of the frames gives the pieces a modern, edgy quality while at the same time allowing the artwork to be the center of attention without distracting from it. Standard silkscreen frames usually measure around 22" x 19", so the pieces turn out a uniform size and are small enough to transport easily and ship relatively cheaply. They also typically don't take as long to complete as larger pieces.





To my knowledge, no other artist is currently using this technique, although I certainly don't mind if others experiment with this fun and creative process.

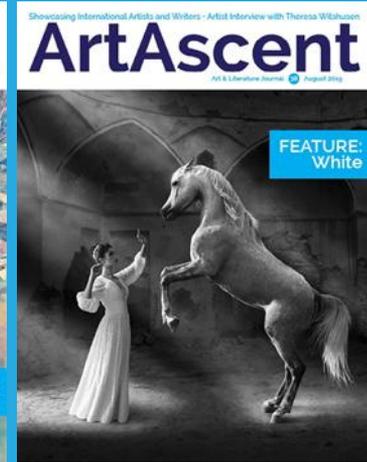
Up until now, I've been focusing mainly on abstract works using these silkscreens since that is my preferred style. But lately, I've begun pushing myself to create more literal and recognizable subject matter like landscapes and common household objects. Who knows where my silkscreens will take me next!

I was born, raised, and am still living in Los Angeles, California. I spent more than 45 years here as a practicing criminal defence attorney. Over the past decade and a half, I have slowly and methodically transitioned my beloved painting hobby into a successful second

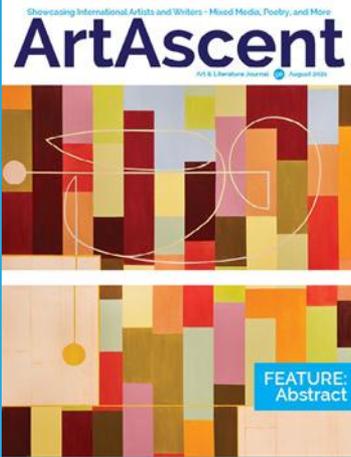
career as an artist. My vibrant, colourful, and textured artwork, collected under the umbrella "A Brush with the Law," attempts to convey the intensity of emotion and wealth of experience that I've gained through a lifetime of rich and expansive interactions with the world and the fascinating people who live in it.

My award-winning work has been displayed in galleries throughout Southern California, across the United States, and as far away as Germany and China. My pieces are currently carried for sale in the Laguna Art Gallery in Mission Viejo, CA, as well as the 3 Square Art Gallery in Colorado Springs, CO.

Larry Wolf, Los Angeles, California
<https://www.abrushwiththelaw.com>



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