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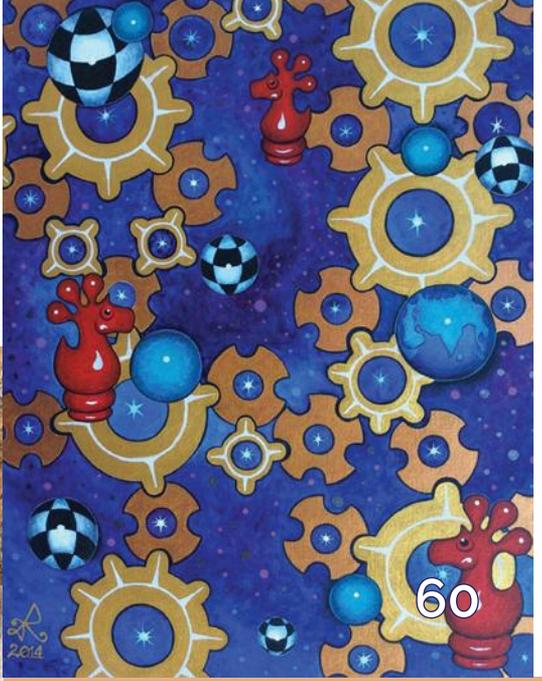
Art & Literature Journal 55 July 2022



**FEATURE:
Abstract**



50



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Abstract

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





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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
In The Reeds
by Ashley Alexandra



On the Back Cover
Auras
by Leanne Trivett S.

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ArtAscent
Art & Literature Journal

Showcasing outstanding
artists and writers from around the world

abstract

Foreword

The scarier the world gets, the more abstract art becomes. This was the belief of Wassily Kandinsky, among the leading inventors of abstract painting. The more the events and experiences around us become stressful, the more we seek refuge in another world characterized by ideas and free imagination. This is not an escape: abstraction often represents a different tool for dealing with reality. It is a medium that draws on inner resources, producing a precious form of knowledge.

Abstractions are a prerogative of human life and are all around us. Human beings have the power to imagine situations that do not exist and to discuss ideas that have no physical and tangible counterparts. Theories, emotions, and ideas all belong to the abstract sphere. The human faculty's capacity for abstraction distinguishes us from other life forms. Art, which first of all is created by human beings, introjects reflections on virtual objects or thoughts, interpreting them through shapes and colours.

It is the privileged work to materialize these concepts, to give them a form, never realistic or figurative, to all those thoughts, memories, and sensations that otherwise would remain only in our heads. However, what reasons drive an artist to abstraction instead of a faithful representation of reality? The motives are many and all plausible. In the 55th volume of *ArtAscent Art & Literature Journal*, artists and writers delve into abstract forms and words, creating worlds made of symbols and metaphors.

Some artists use abstraction to represent otherwise inexpressible emotions within the limits of reality, as Pollock did with his energetic use of colour. Others use it to give order, rhythm, and modular repetition to achieve absolute simplification, such as Malevich's black square. Yet other artists use abstraction to escape from reality and immerse themselves in the visionary territory of fantasy. It's your turn to join us and consider new, possible spaces and journeys.

By Cinzia Franceschini



William Horton

<https://www.williamhortonphotography.com>

Shadow and Light #3

Epson archival ink on Hahnemuhle photo-rag satin paper | 40 x 40 x 1 cm | \$475



Some photographers can paint with light. William Horton creates photographs that dissolve the literal meaning of objects. His images blur into abstraction, celebrating a swirl of light and shadow.

The series of photographs entitled *Shadow and Light*, featured in this issue of *ArtAscent*, investigates abstract patterns, also displaying their materiality. What shapes, trajectories, and perspectives can sunlight create when refracting household objects? William captures them through the medium of the camera. His images capture lines of light projecting onto walls like abstract Chinese shadow plays. His pictures directly present nothing physical; everything evokes imaginary and unrecognizable forms. The photographer carefully captures light, the imperceptible element that permits the photography itself and makes it solid. William is able to give structure to this evanescent element par excellence. He creates shining architecture as if they were material structures.

William is interested in capturing the three-dimensionality of light and shadows. For this reason, he has to use an experimental technique. William does not merely observe what light projects on the wall. Rather, he zooms in and pushes the lens of his camera. He repeatedly performs various tests to achieve the desired effect. The *Shadow and Light* series was shot with a digital single-lens reflex camera and edited digitally. The goal is as simple as it is priceless: to make the observer's eye more attentive, more accurate, and more inclined to read abstraction even in everyday life.

The world around us—especially its transformations and transfigurations in light—is a relevant source of inspiration for William's photography. This is why his artistic practice can be linked more intuitively to that of painters than to that of photographers. Painters, such as the English J. M. W. Turner, abstracted natural phenomena through the medium of paint. Turner captured storms, cloudy skies, fires and glimpses of the sun to play with light and natural effects. Similarly, William's photographs also capture the energy of brightness. His chiaroscuro-enhancing use of black and white and his focus on revealing hidden geometric patterns bring him stylistically close to the 20th-century photographer Edward Weston. Like Weston, his subjects become abstract through daring close-ups.

William Horton has experimented with photography since his first year at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). Interested in different technologies, he worked with both film and digital photography. His work has been displayed in art-oriented publications and many art exhibitions, like the American Society of Media Professionals Exhibition in Denver. He also won numerous awards, including the Camera Obscura Journal award. William Horton lives photography as his preferred tool of revelation: it brings out unnoticed patterns, fleeting moments, and unseen aspects of ordinary life.

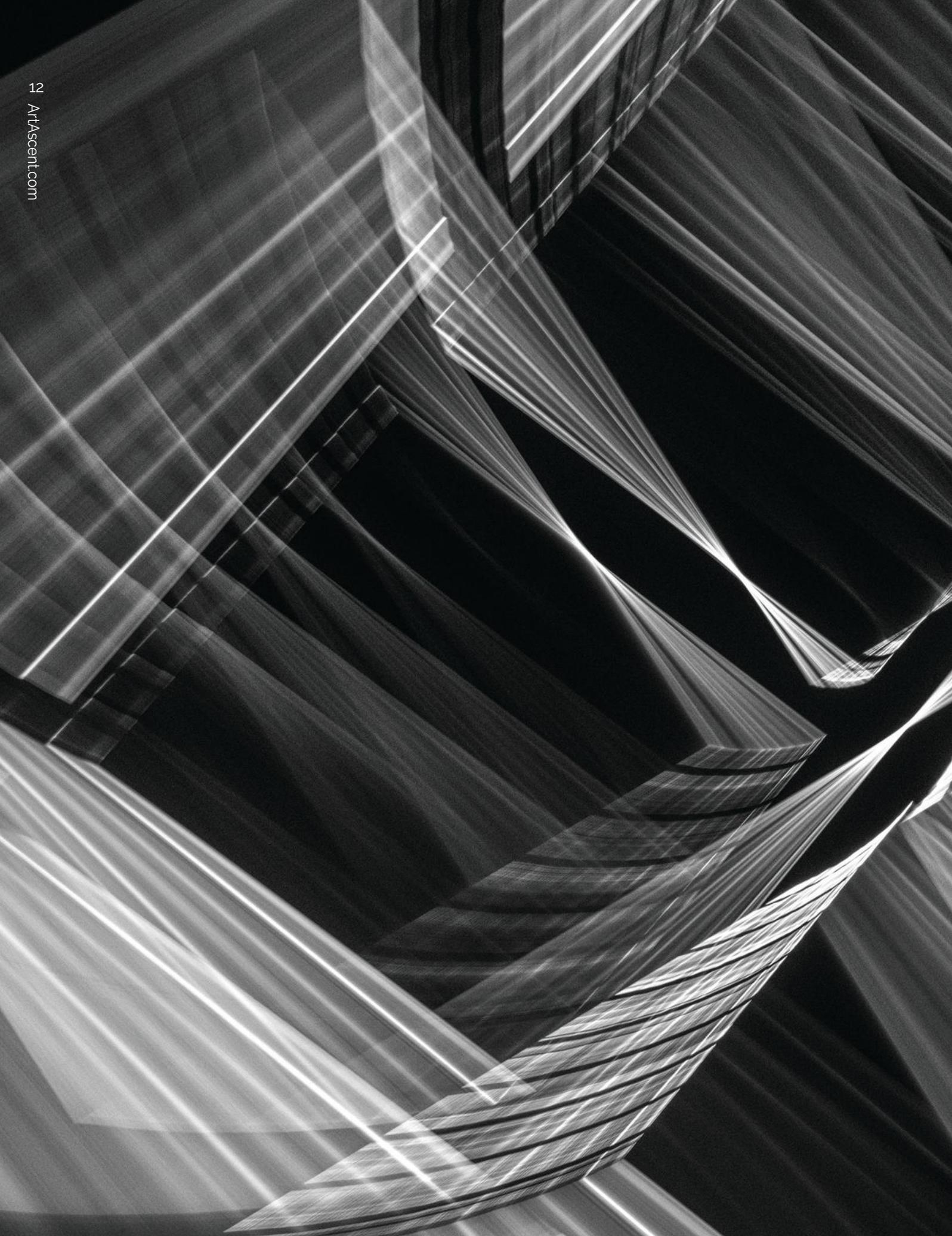
By Cinzia Franceschini

NEXT SPREAD: *Shadow and Light #1*
Epson archival ink on Hahnemuhle photo-rag
satin paper | 38 x 56 x 1 cm | \$475

FOLLOWING SPREAD: *Shadow and Light #2*
Epson archival ink on Hahnemuhle photo-rag
satin paper | 38 x 56 x 1 cm | \$475









Gold

A waiting hall of a psychotherapist's studio, several nervous people, and a flashy, big, pink elephant in the center of it all. This is the surreal scene that writer Susan Nickerson masterfully sketches in her short novel.

However, what lies behind this awkward pink character with surrealist features? What does the writer want to communicate to us with the metaphor of a pink elephant in the room? Susan plunges through her serrated writing style into an abstract territory: that of pain, psychological distress, and addictions. Through implicit clues and dialogue, the writer's words try to let the reader understand the problem. The body of the elephant is giant but invisible to most. Its appearance should be a warning, but only a particularly sensitive few people can see it. Materializing the metaphorical idiomatic expression of "the elephant in the room," Susan makes tangible in her story subtle and dangerous sufferings too shocking to be faced.

Inspired by a postcard depicting a drunkard and a pink elephant, Susan continued to elaborate on this metaphor, often used to indicate states of drunken hallucinations, as it happens with Jack London's pink elephants or the ones in the Dumbo Disney cartoon. Her style, at times ironic and grotesque, resembles a children's fairy tale. This makes it powerful: Susan's writing is simple and curious but deals with stomach-punching issues. The sense of estrangement is strong, and it is created by the clash of an almost naïve character, such as the pink elephant, and the abstract and burdensome concept it represents.

Although Susan calls herself an essayist, her story is strongly emotional without ever being explicitly tragic. The writer grasps the fun challenge of the writing game, but one senses that it springs from a deep need. Her short stories echo the fluidity and emotionality of American novelist Wally Lamb. The symbolic weight of this story joins an established literary tradition, which often sees, starting with fairy tales, animals as bearers of allegories and abstract concepts. Recall Franz Kafka's cockroach, a symbol of alienation and social stigma, or the fierce whale of Moby Dick, a metaphor for the struggle between good and evil. *In The Room*, the pink elephant is the symbol of defeat. It makes the reader feel frustrated and angry, like when you realize too late that you could have helped someone in pain.

Susan Nickerson was born and raised in Salem (Massachusetts, US) and currently lives in Florida. Her short stories have been published in several magazines and were awarded in Writers-Editors International Writing Competition.

By Cinzia Franceschini



In the Room

The small chairs that lined the walls of the shrink's office were filled with nervous, toe-tapping people, waiting for their turn on 'the couch.' I stood in the middle of the room. My large, heavy body is invisible to those around me. Just as well, I concluded. As previously arranged, a therapist appeared in the waiting area and called my name. "Jane?" She waited a few seconds, turned around, and walked toward her office. I lumbered behind, careful not to let my tail get caught in the closing door.

"Please, have a seat. I'm Dr. Adams."

Plopping down on the bare floor in the middle of the room, painfully aware of my enormous self, I gathered up my limbs and sat up straight. I was still a lady, after all. Well, on the outside. My inner self remained small and insecure.

"I've read your letter several times," she said. "This will be a challenging journey we're about to embark on but I believe I can help you. One of my specialties is addiction, although I must admit, I've never encountered it from this angle."

I surveyed the room. No one else was there, of course. She was talking directly to me. Her eyes met mine. I held my breath.

"Yes," she nodded, "I'm talking to you. Are you shocked?"

I didn't recognize my voice when I finally managed to spit out a few shaky words.

"You can see me?" I whispered.

Dr. Adams nodded her head. "Yes."

"How?"

"Addiction is my specialty," she answered curtly. "I am fascinated by your willingness to come forward and seek help. You have the potential to open many stubborn eyes of denial. Thousands of families will benefit."

I slipped my trunk into my mouth as I often do when nervous. Chomp-chomp, my teeth chattered away.

"Please," she motioned. "Get comfortable, try to relax, and start when you're ready."

Susan Nickerson

In the Room (continued)

I took a deep breath, sat up a little straighter, and spit out my trunk. I was excited to tell my story. Excited that someone saw me for me. "I'm only here to help myself. I failed. Couldn't even save one family. There's no other use for me."

Dr. Adams reached across her desk for a pen and notebook. "Were you ever seen or accepted into the family? Did they understand what your purpose was?"

"No. Never. I believe the adults sensed my presence but human denial is a strong force. The little one felt something hovering nearby. Intuition, I think."

"I understand," she nodded. "Children are very perceptive."

"I grew up in a family of Healers. That's what they called themselves. I never saw it like that. I was more of a helper. Never very good at it. When I first started, I trained with family members. Healing was easy for them but I struggled. Things have changed so much since they began. Back then they dealt with winos or Leave It To Beaver type moms who were popping Valium. Times have drastically changed," I bristled, spitting out the evil word, "Fentanyl."

"Yes, they're finding Fentanyl in everything."

"When I branched out on my own, I just did what I was taught. I followed homeless drunks down to the railroad tracks. I'd poke them, stomp around, anything to get them to see me. These people had families. They had productive lives. Then the demons took hold. But not one acknowledged me. I told my mom I was quitting."

"What was her reaction? Was she supportive?"

"Hmm, I wouldn't say supportive but she offered up some good advice. She said, 'Stop stalking them. They know you're there. YOU are what they're running from. Perfect the art of making family members aware.' I liked that idea so I started hanging out at schools and playgrounds, listening and watching for signs."

"With so many families dealing with addictions of all kinds, how did you pick one?"

"She picked me. Some days she'd see my shadow, other days a glimpse of pink. She was too young to fully understand why the family dynamics were changing, but she knew something was wrong. One day I found her crying behind the bushes at the library. It was the first time she saw me. 'Help us,' she cried. At that time, she was not yet able to hear me. It was heartbreaking."

"Did she ever discuss you with anyone?"

"No. Not until the night it all went down. The family was sitting in the living room in total shock. The ambulance had just left with their teenager on a stretcher. Heroin overdose. She was just sixteen. No one knew what to do other than stare at each other. The young girl, the family warrior, walked over to me and climbed onto my trunk. I raised her high. High enough so everyone could see she was ready for battle. 'Do you not see what's happening?' she asked. 'Do you NOT see this BIG PINK elephant in the room?' She began to cry and kept at it until she ran out of tears. Her eyes, wide with fear and wild with confusion, looked up at me, a big useless elephant, and she suddenly understood. I was the only other living being who saw what was happening. Her sister was killing herself."

"You have my full attention. I'm listening."

"I stomped. I trumpeted. I bellowed. Still, no one heard the warnings. There I was, in the middle of the room and NO ONE acknowledged me. Look at me. How can anyone not see me? My whole life I was groomed to be in the room. My family is highly revered in this field, yet people looked right through me. I just wanted to be noticed at that point."

"What does that feel like? Especially given your size?"

"I feel like a big fat failure full of shame! I have no real purpose left. I've reached the end of my worth. Where does a clumsy, invisible elephant go when they have no skills? And not just any old elephant. A pink one! Pinks represent the hallucinations of drunks. Pinks are not equipped for narcotics!"

"You're being too hard on yourself. We'll take a deeper look into that later."

"She died that night, you know. Their beloved, teenage girl. Sticking a needle in her arm to make her feel better, to make her feel something. It took her life." My held-back tears spilled over.

"You're not responsible. That was her choice."

"Yes, but it was my job to call attention to it. I tried to tell Pachyderm Resources that Pinks shouldn't be dealing with drug addicts but they never listened to me. 'An addict is an addict,' they'd say. I was replaced with an elephant the colour of grief. A thick, grayish-black blob of grief took my place in the room, and still, the addict's family remained in denial."

Dr. Adams handed me a tissue, touched my shoulder, and softly said, "I'm sorry, but that's all we have time for today."



Carole Holmes

www.artisticcreationsbycaroleholmes.com

Silver

Aqua Blue

Mixed media on canvas (includes floating frame in black) | 33.5 x 44 x 3.5 cm | \$300



Artist

Through her artwork, Carole Holmes leads the viewer into a shifted sense of self. Her paintings create fluid motions between the present and the wonders of letting oneself go into a bath of warming colours.

Carole is never shy to experiment with and explore new forms of creating and connecting with new styles. Her abstract work results in mixed textures and materials, redefining her style and landing in “newly evolved abstractions,” as she explains. We can witness this readiness for new realms of creating in her latest work, *Luma*, *Fleur Delicat*, *Vigueur*, *Blush*, and *Aqua Blue*.

Her techniques for these pieces focus on using different-sized brushes, stamps and sponges and mixing acrylic paint with dried flowers, adding precious fragility and elegance to her work. When viewing *Luma*, we feel at home and secure, rooted and centred with *Fleur Delicat*, and clear-minded and ready to explore with *Vigueur*. While *Blush* inspires the viewer to find calm within, *Aqua Blue* evokes a feeling of fluent stability.

Carole's pieces are artistically rounded off with floating and custom-made frames, allowing the paintings an autonomous existence and a way of standing on their own “feet.” They invite each observer to rest from the ordinaries of daily life and muster the curiosity of a child's eye, taking in the world fresh and without judgment.

Her work is rooted in abstract interpretations and is an easy link to the Russian painter and art theorist Wassily Kandinsky. Both dive into the fantasy of shapes and forms and let their art be moulded by a seemingly moving arrangement of clear structures. A blending of clarity and softness creates a canvas for the audience to let their eyes be entranced by the different hues and lights—in Carole's case, led into a bed of abstractions. This intriguing combination of precise forms and drifting sensations of colour and shadow allows the viewer to experience the creative process as an experience shared by the artist and the audience. It is rooted in the abstractions of lived experience, happening at different times but in the same reality.

Carole Holmes is an Australian-based artist who is deeply inspired by nature and takes in viewpoints during hikes. Her broad interests include creating landscapes and seascapes, as well as her current abstract works. Carole's career expands to dental and interior decorator, and her work has been exhibited in *Art Walk 2020*.

By Magdalena Riegler

Silver

Carole Holmes

Vigueur

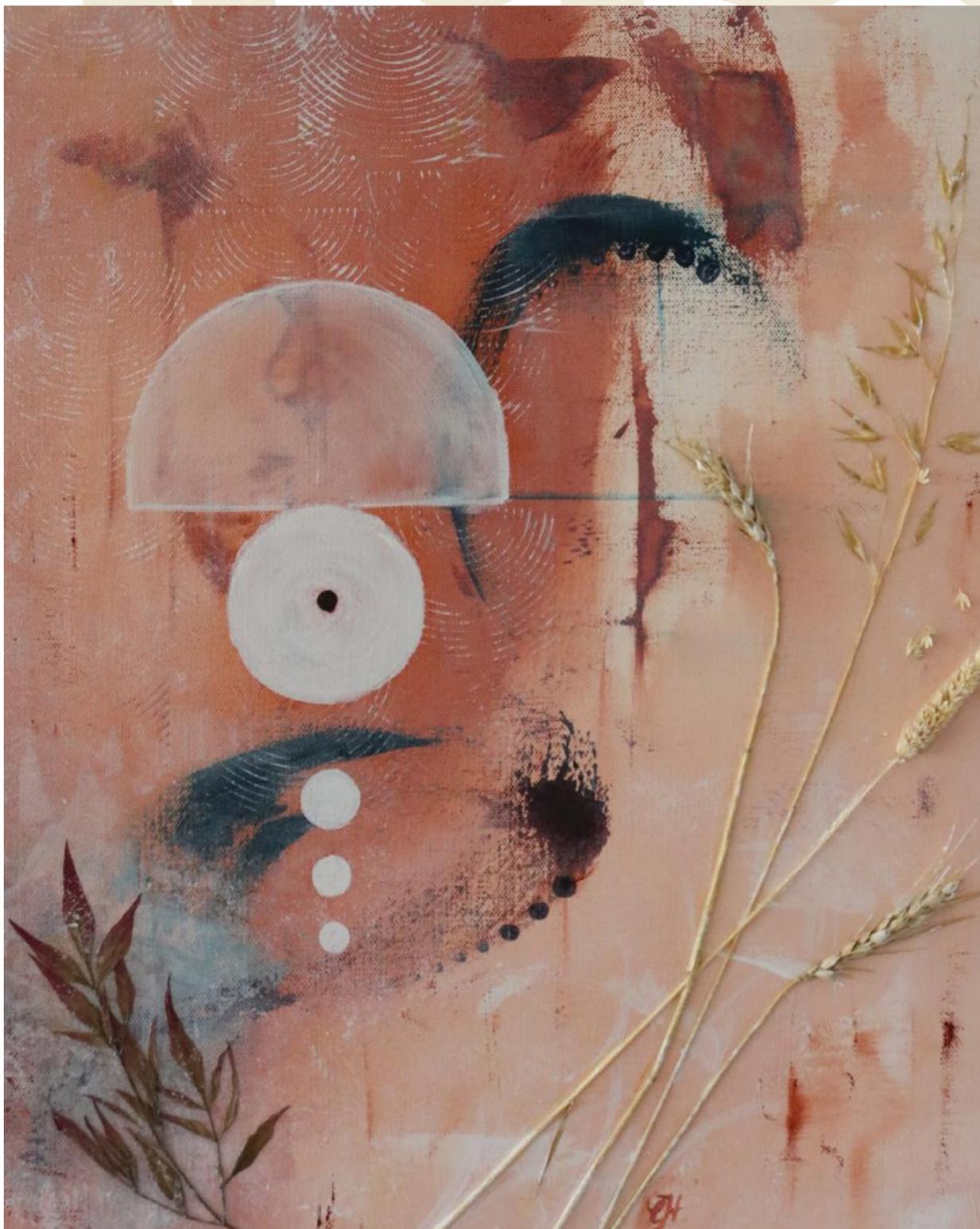
Mixed media on canvas (includes floating frame in black) | 44 x 54 x 3.5 cm | \$350



Artist

Blush

Mixed media on canvas (includes floating frame in natural) | 44 x 54 x 3.5 cm | \$350



Silver

Carole Holmes

Fleur Delicat

Mixed media on canvas (includes floating frame in baltic stain) 33.5 x 44 x 3.5 cm | \$300



Artist

Luma

Mixed media on canvas (includes floating frame in black) | 80 x 106 x 6 cm | \$1,000





Ted A Gillespie

www.tedagillespie.art

Bronze

Consumption #1

Acrylic paint, oil stick, coloured pencil, chalk, house paint, pastel, spray paint | \$3,000



Artist

Abstract art has caused many discussions on the criteria of art's evaluation and the issue of its commodification. Thus, the phenomenon of collecting art as a practice of contemporary consumeristic society drew the attention of the painter Ted A Gillespie.

Despite an avalanche-like development of digital commodities, the consumption mentality is still neatly tied to the material scope of an object, as we expect it to possess specific dimensions, volume and surface quality. That's why, for the last 70 years, much of the art world has resisted the depersonalized commodification of art. A few strategies have served that purpose, from dematerializing art via performative practices to using degradable substances or unconventional materials.

For his series *Consumption*, along with the mediums that are acknowledged as professional (e.g., acrylic paint and pastel), Ted has used materials that he characterizes as "discarded" and "overlooked": coloured pencil, chalk, house paint, and spray paint. For sure, this transparent gesture is directly connected with the idea of sustainability and fighting against the constantly present urge to buy and consume, translated by contemporary society. One can think of the parallels with Robert Rauschenberg's or Franz Kline's compositions, made with commercial house paint, or Anselm Kiefer's experiments with mixing oil, photography and sand.

However, the lush visuality attracts Ted to working with those materials in the first place. The artist describes his process in the series as "mass on top of mass," as he applied up to 10 layers of pigments over the base. The surface of the featured pieces seems intertwined with splashes and thread-like strokes of paint that create a sense of softness and depth. This effect is amplified with the elaborated palette, where the profound black background accompanies the delicate colours. The artist doesn't attempt to control the outcome while working on a piece. He appreciates entering the dialogue with the material, in which the latter isn't a subject, but a partner, with its own character and dynamics.

Ted A Gillespie is a visual artist based in St Louis, Missouri, U.S. Born in 1957 in Hammond, Indiana, USA, he graduated from the American Academy of Art, where he studied watercolour under Irving Shapiro, and the Art Institute of Ft Lauderdale. He also earned a Bachelor of Science degree in Naturology from the American Institute of Holistic Theology. His paintings have been purchased for private collections across the U.S., from North Carolina to California. Besides being a painter, Ted is also an activist, advocating for people with Alzheimer's and other dementia-related diseases.

By Oleksandra Osadcha

Bronze

Ted A Gillespie

Consumption #5

Acrylic paint, oil stick, coloured pencil, chalk, house paint, pastel, spray paint | \$3,000



Artist

27

ArtAscent

Consumption #8

Acrylic paint, oil stick, coloured pencil, chalk, house paint, pastel, spray paint | \$3,000



Bronze

Ted A Gillespie

Consumption #7

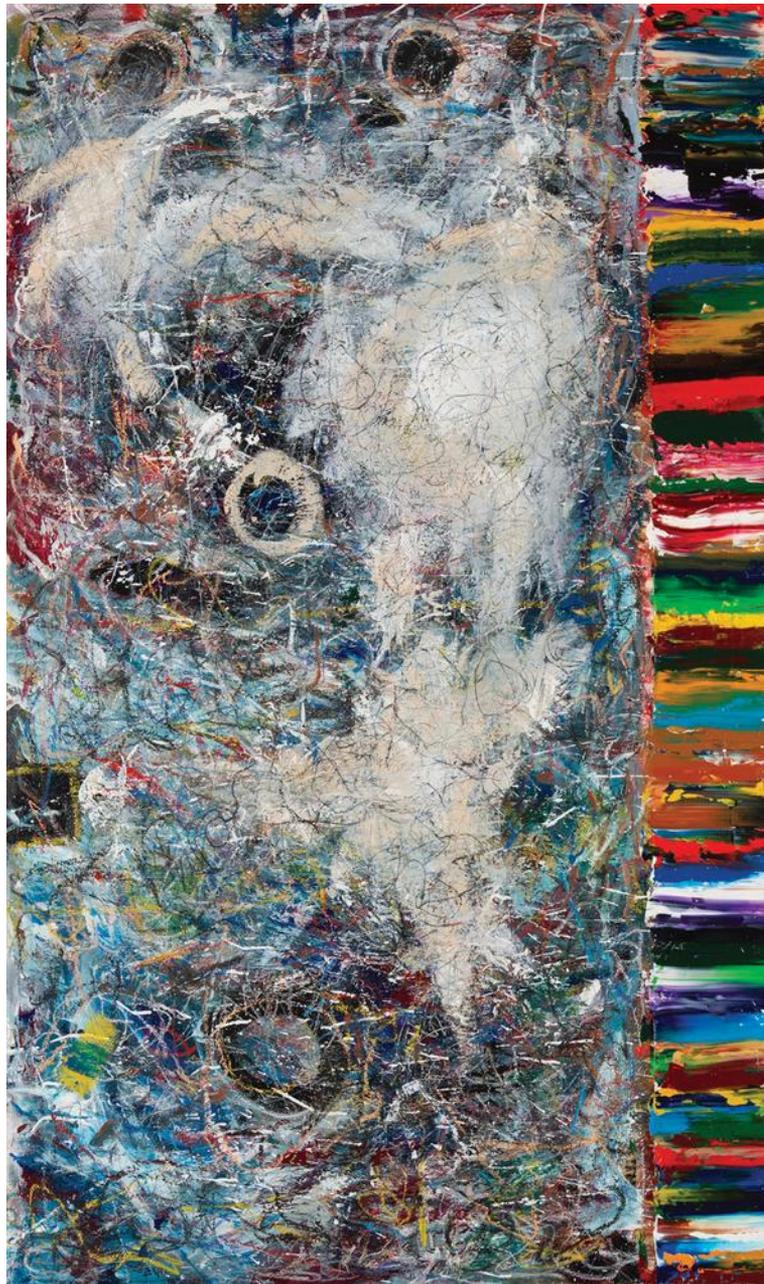
Acrylic paint, oil stick, coloured pencil, chalk, house paint, pastel, spray paint | \$3,000



Artist

Consumption #4

Acrylic paint, oil stick, coloured pencil, chalk, house paint, pastel, spray paint | \$3,000



Bronze

Ted A Gillespie

Consumption #6

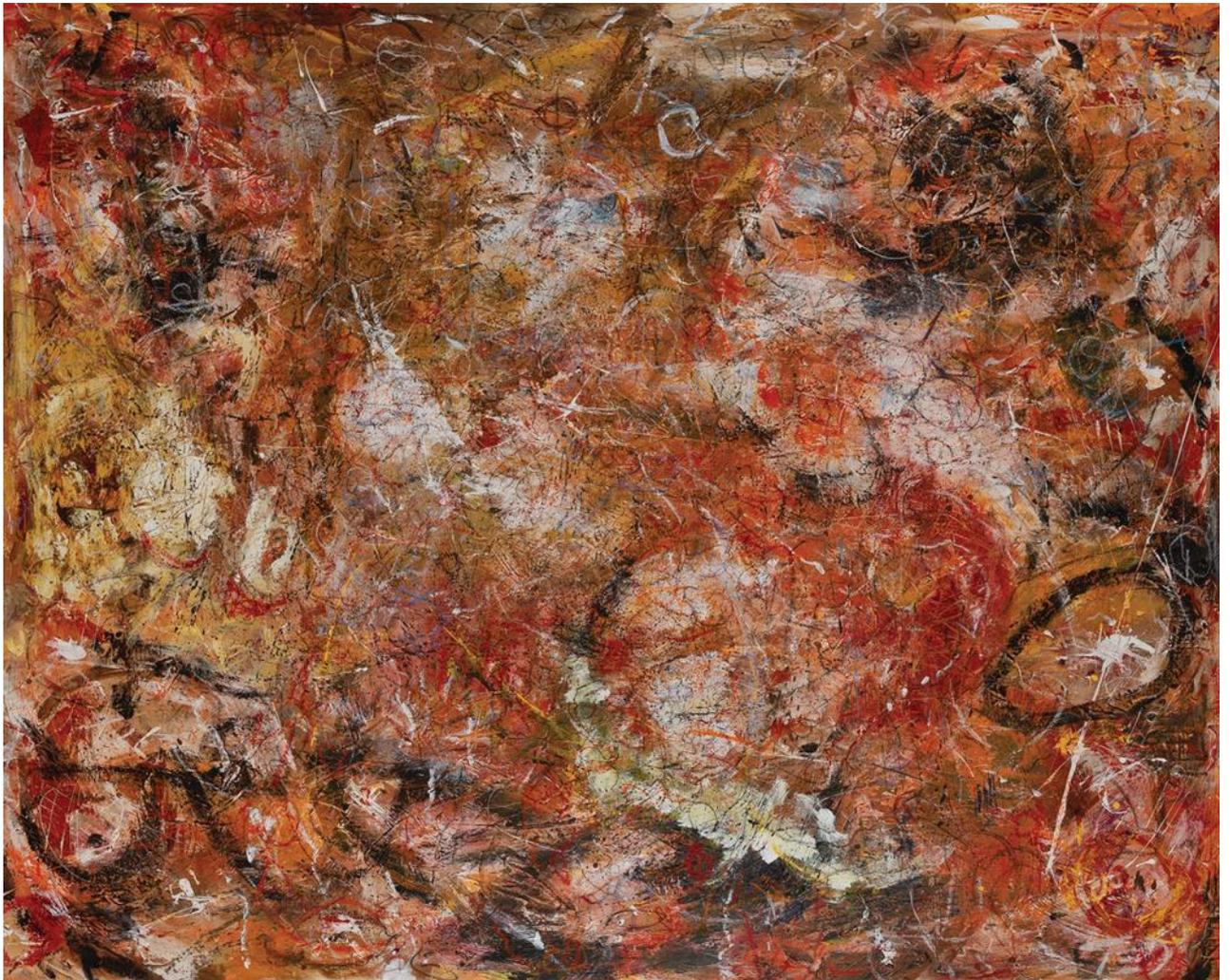
Acrylic paint, oil stick, coloured pencil, chalk, house paint, pastel, spray paint | \$3,000



Artist

Consumption #3

Acrylic paint, oil stick, coloured pencil, chalk, house paint, pastel, spray paint | \$3,000





Ashley Alexandra

www.ashleyalexandraart.com

Foggy Landing

Mixed media acrylic on canvas | 121 x 121 x 4 cm | \$1,260



Around the Cove
Acrylic on canvas | 61 x 61 x 4 cm | \$980

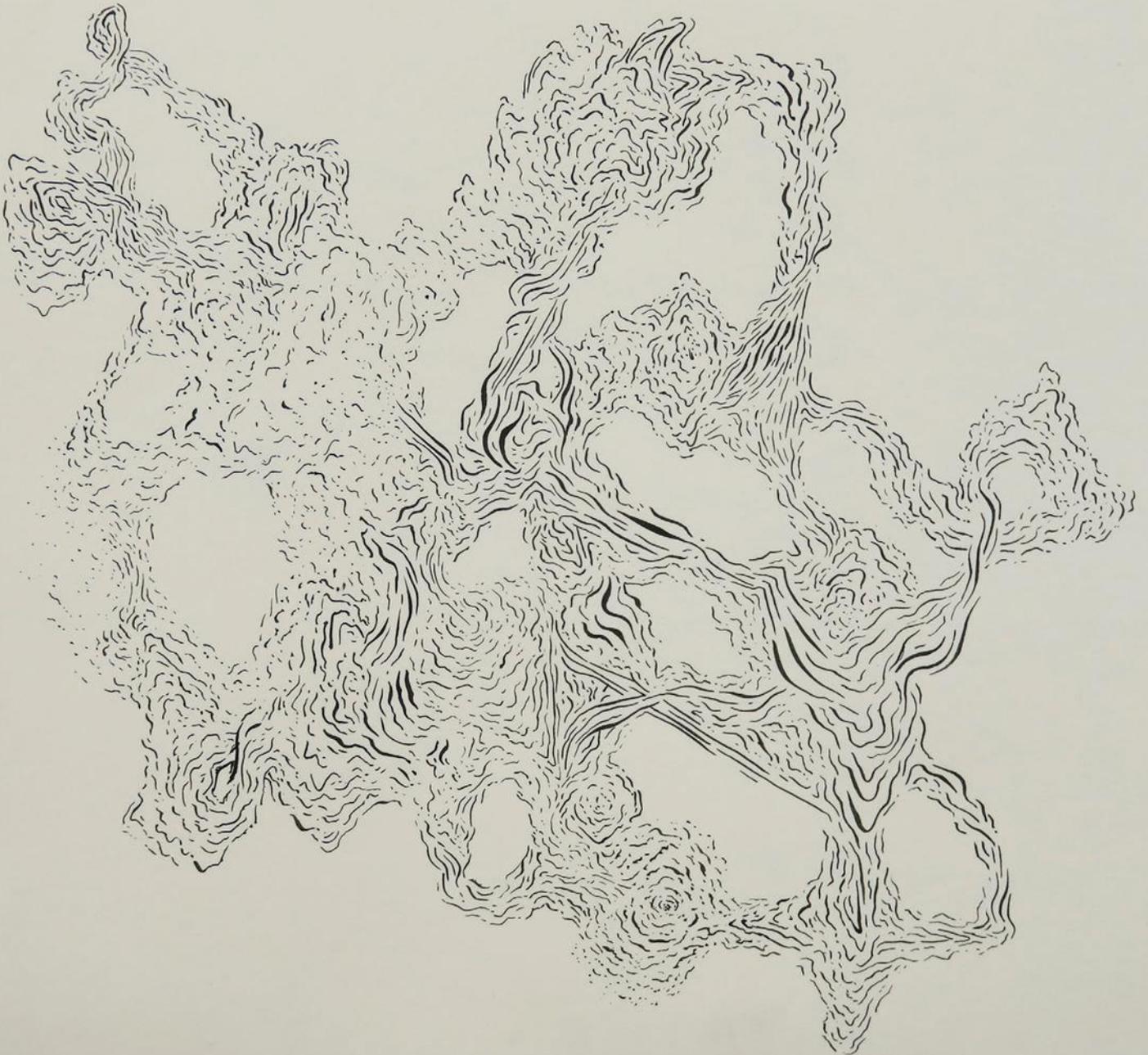




hsupernormal
hsupernormal.com

Waishengren/Benshengren

Ink on paper | 29.7 x 42 cm | \$500



Stephan Crawford

<http://sc2arts.com>



Desde Mar Y Tierra

Wood and paint | 66 x 24 x 6 cm | NFS



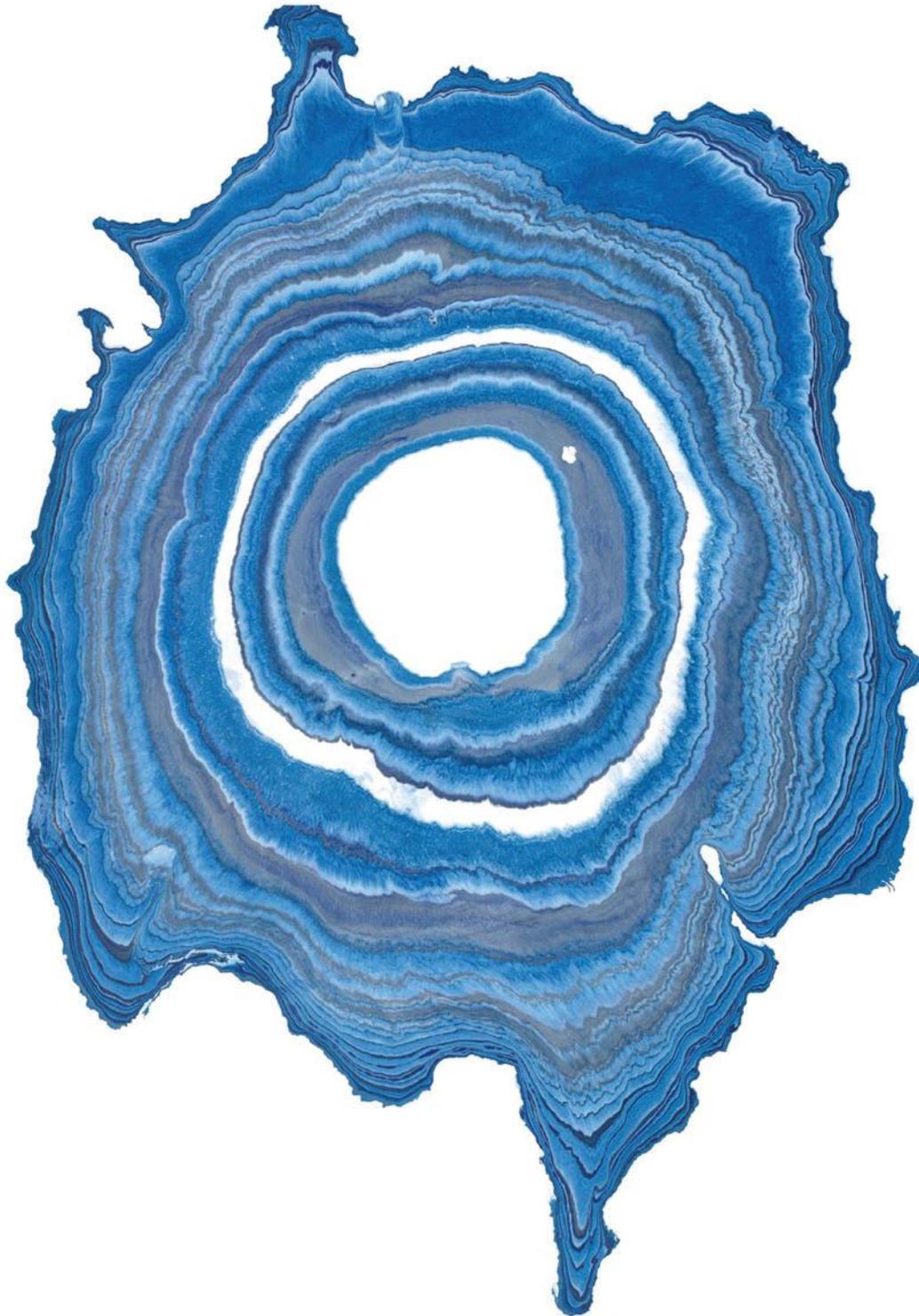


Victoria Opomu

www.vatelierstudio.co.uk

Abstract Blue Rings

Acrylic on Fabriano cartridge paper | 297 x 420 cm





Equation: A Conversation

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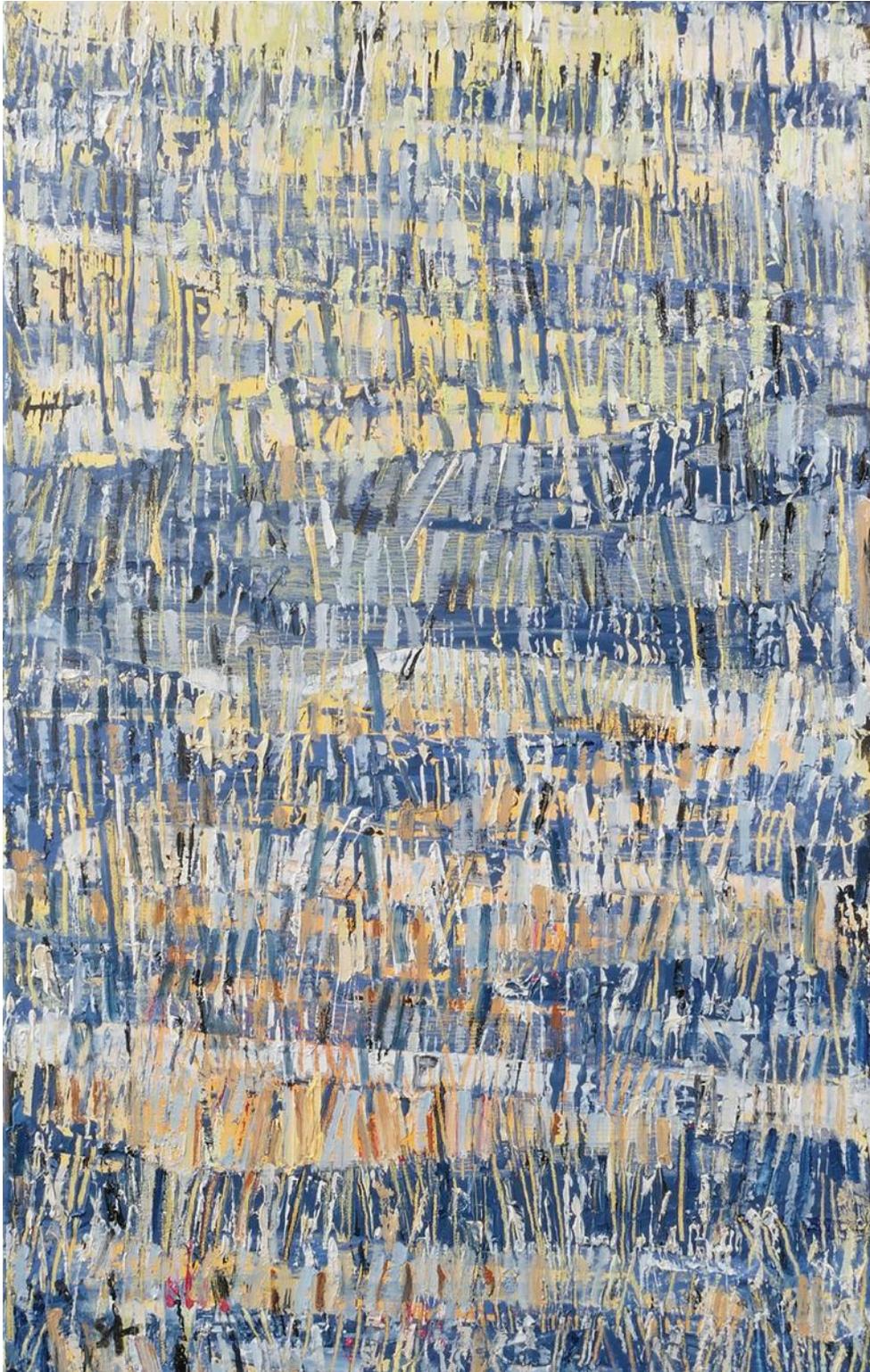


Su Ai

<https://www.suaiart.com>

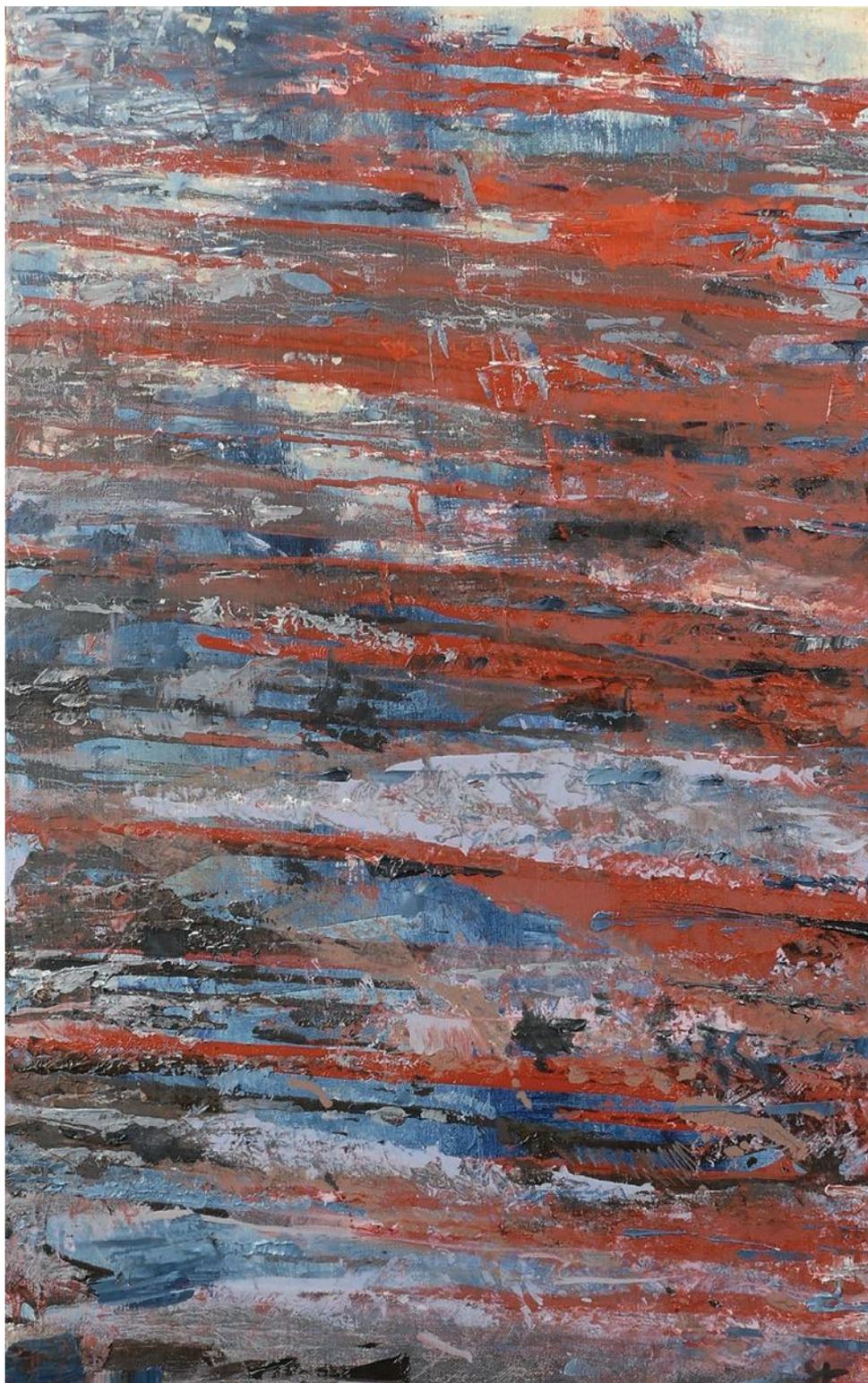
Fieldwork #5

Oil on linen | 32.8 x 53 x 2 cm | NFS



Fieldwork #4

Oil on linen | 32.8 x 53 x 2 cm | NFS



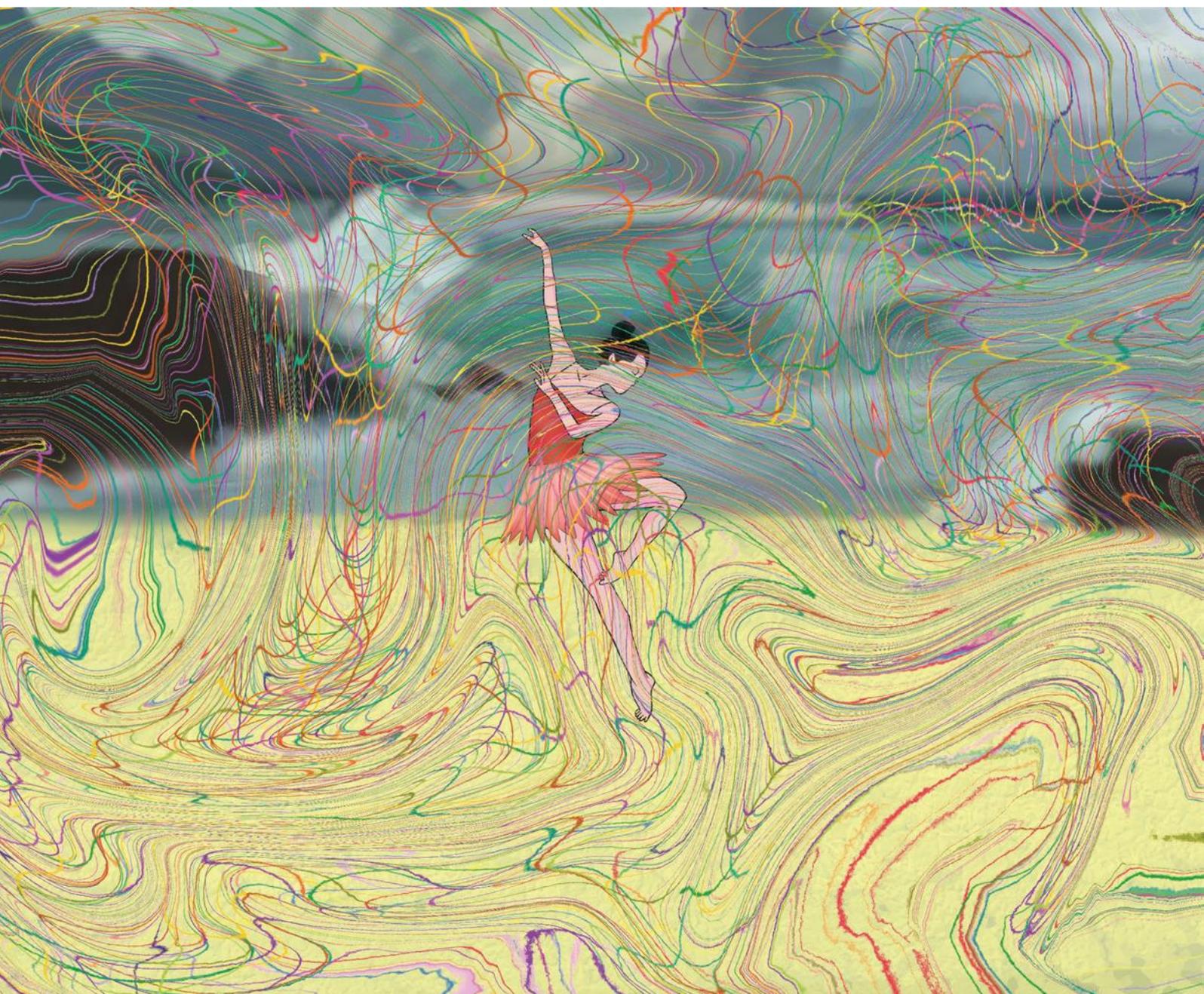


Alba Jiménez

<https://albajimnic.wixsite.com/website>

During the Storm

Digital mixed media on canvas | 28 x 22 x 2.5 cm | \$100



Jeff Smudde

Jeffsmudde.com



Barren Nocturne

Archival pigment print | 61 cm x 61 cm





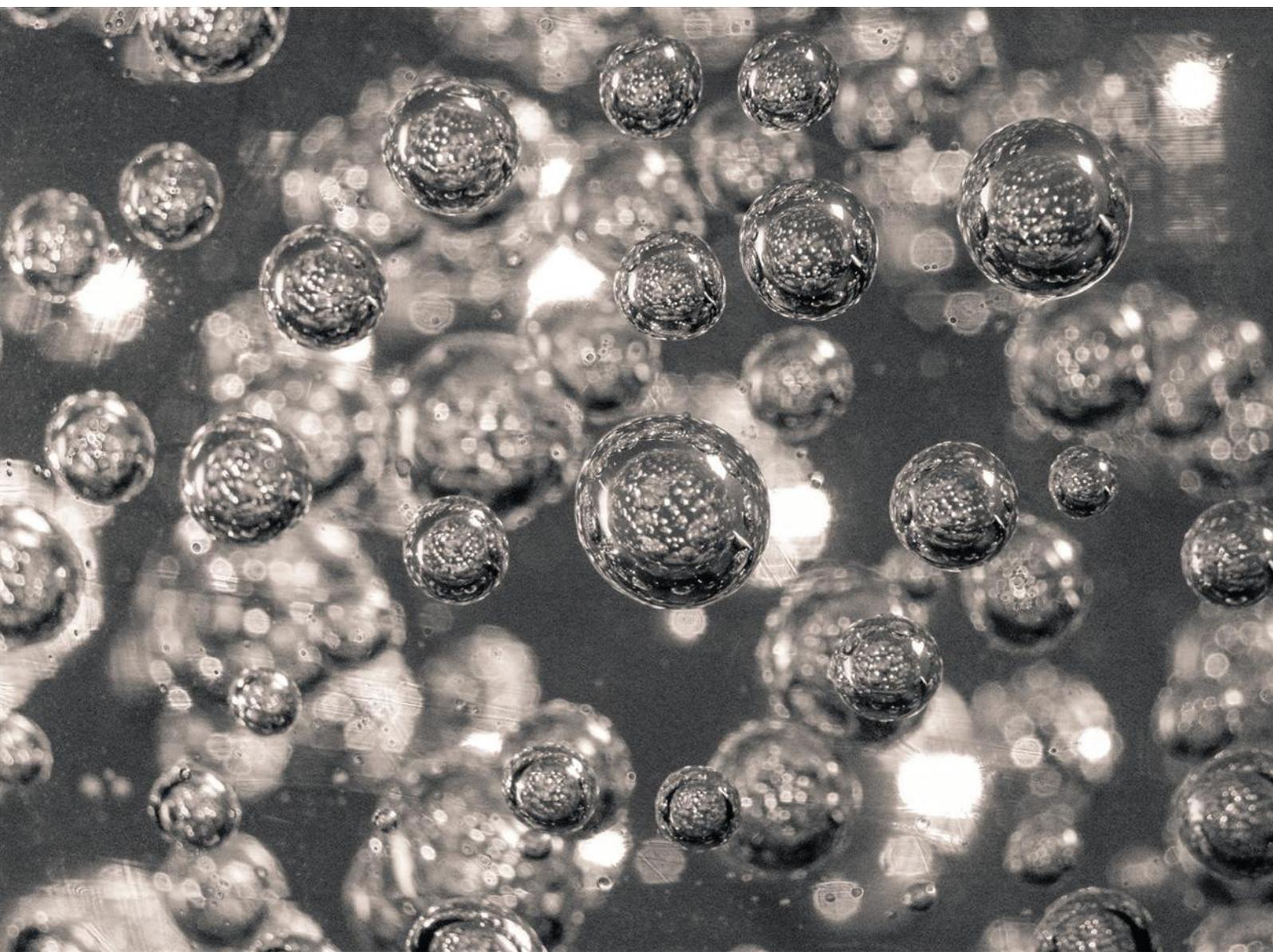
Alison Lake
www.alisonlake.photography

Glass and Light 1

Archival pigment print | 29 x 40.5 cm | \$700



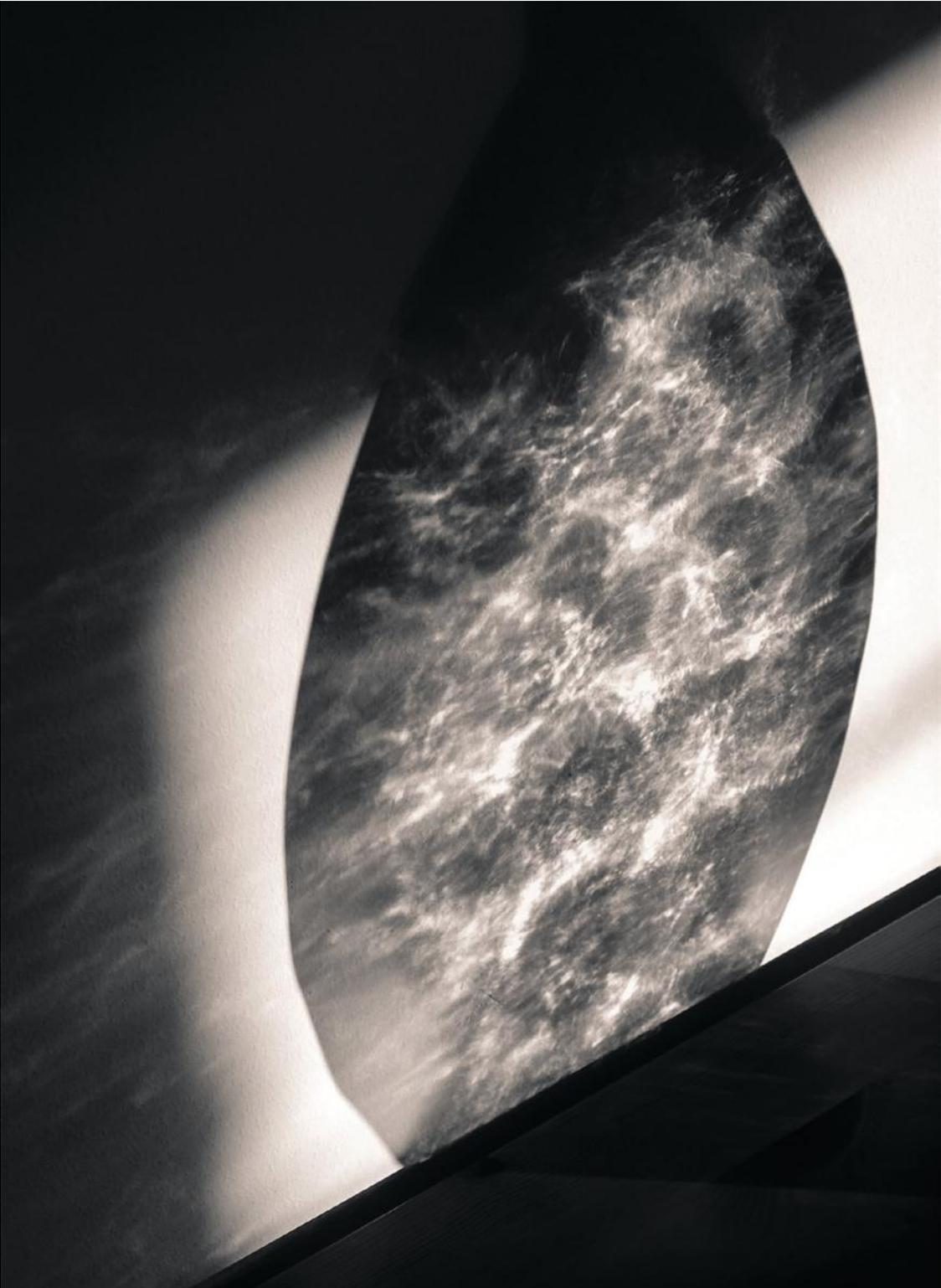
Glass and Light 2
Archival pigment print | 29 x 40.5 cm | \$700



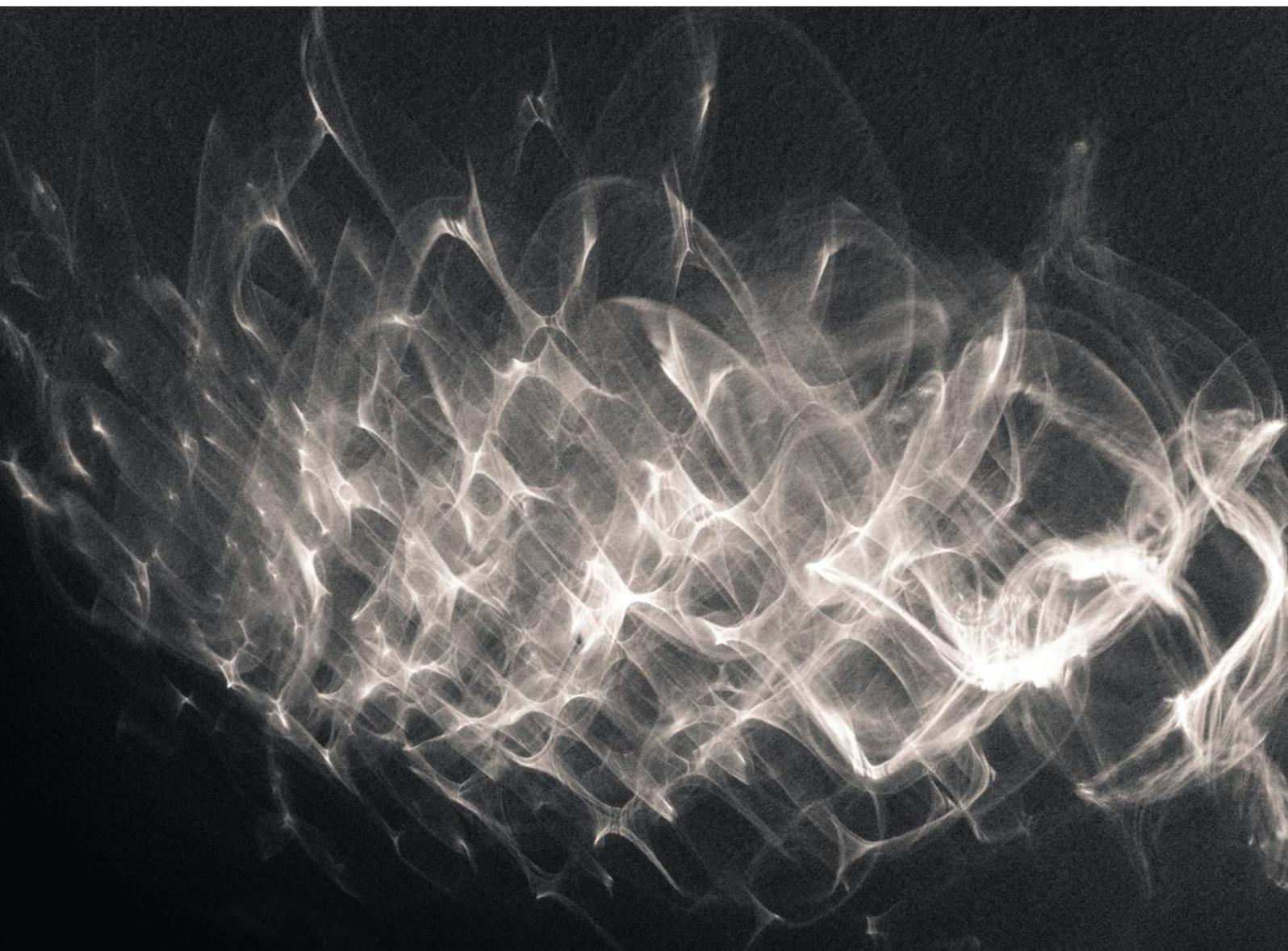
Alison Lake

Glass and Light 11

Archival pigment print | 40.5 x 29 cm | \$700



Glass and Light 6
Archival pigment print | 29 x 40.5 cm | \$700



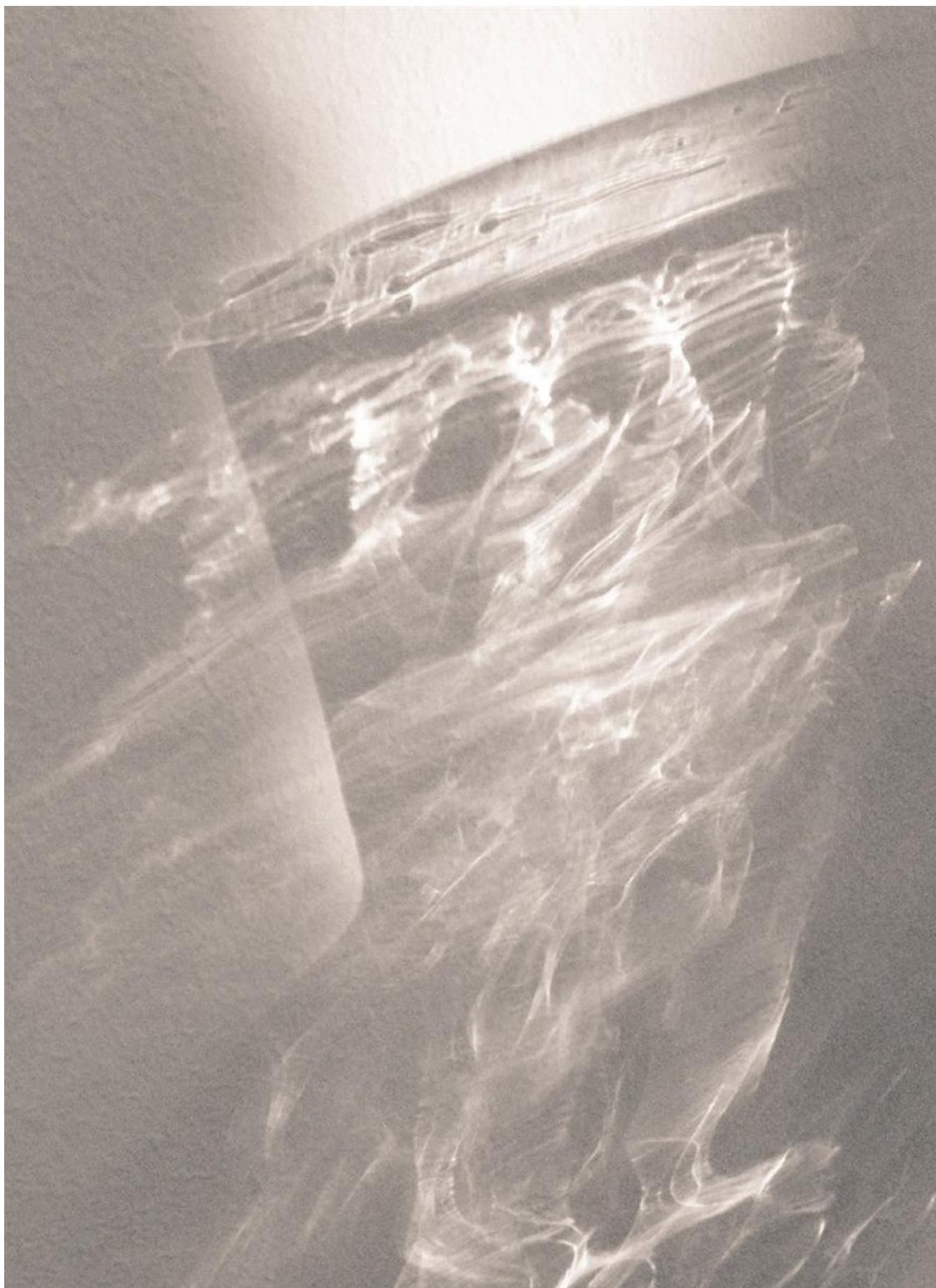
Alison Lake

Glass and Light 9

Archival pigment print | 40.5 x 29 cm | \$700



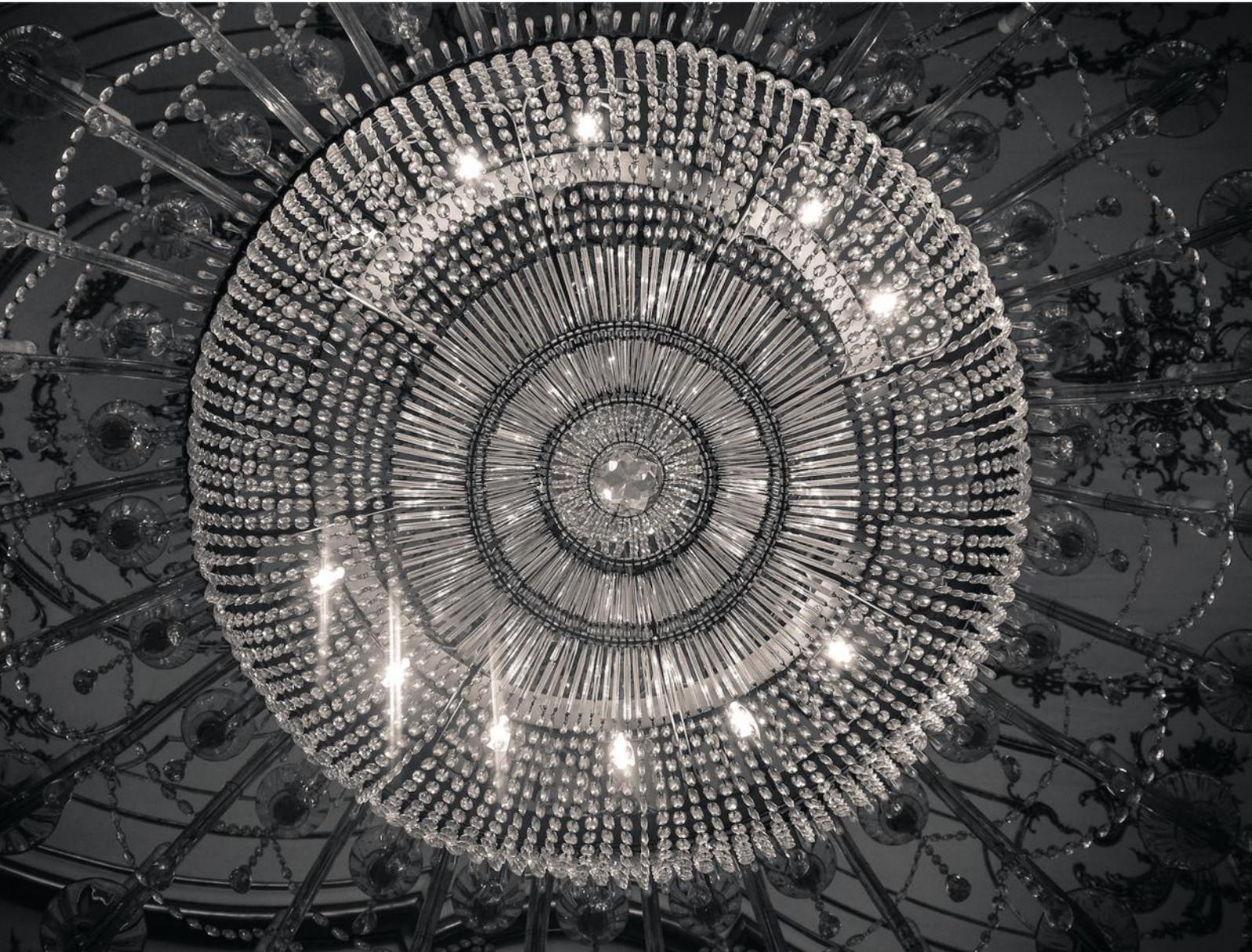
Glass and Light 8
Archival pigment print | 40.5 x 29 cm | \$700



Alison Lake

Glass and Light 7

Archival pigment print | 29 x 40.5 cm | \$700



Glass and Light 10
Archival pigment print | 40.5 x 29 cm | \$700



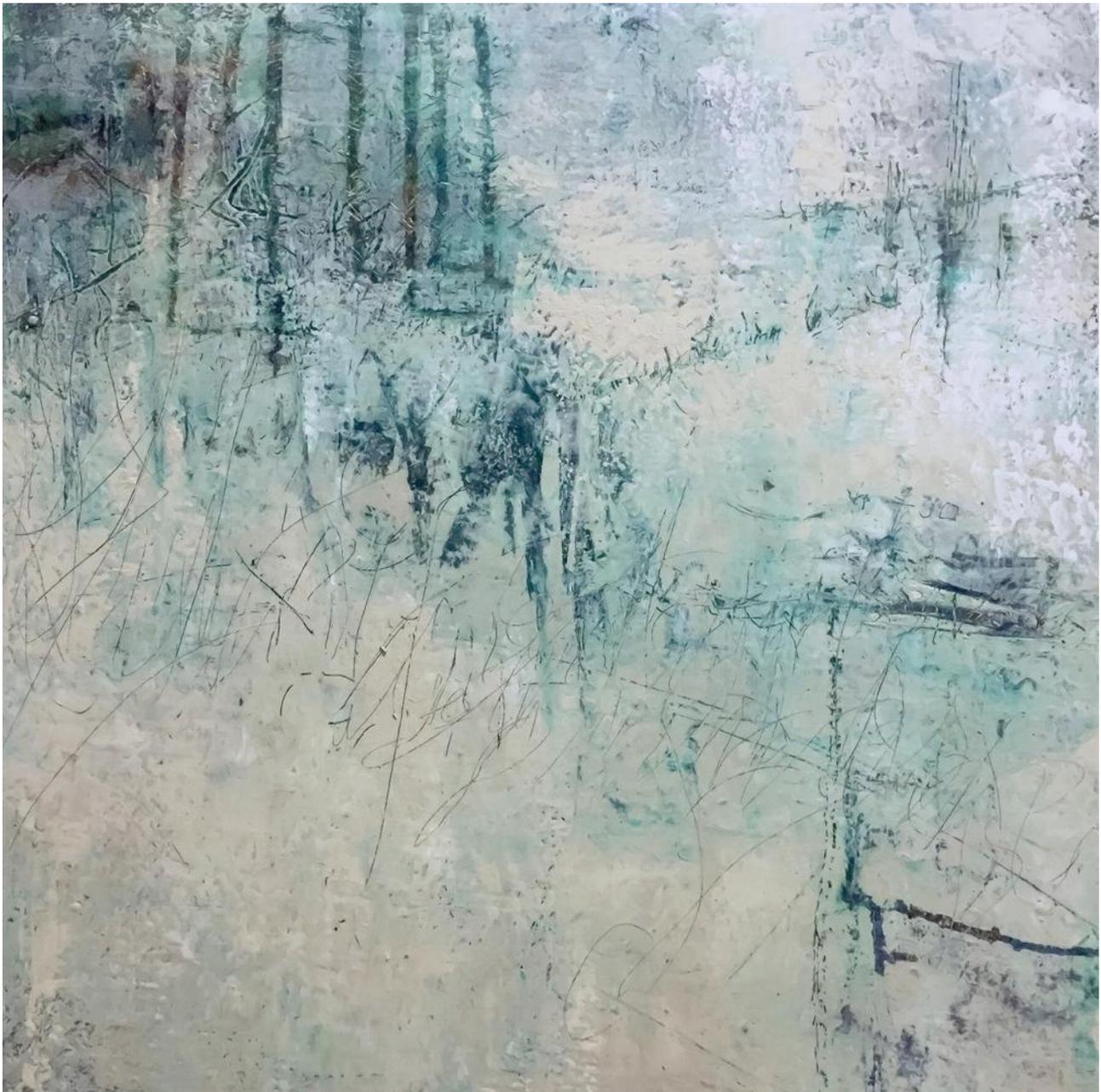


Kathy Blankley Roman

KBRomanArt.com

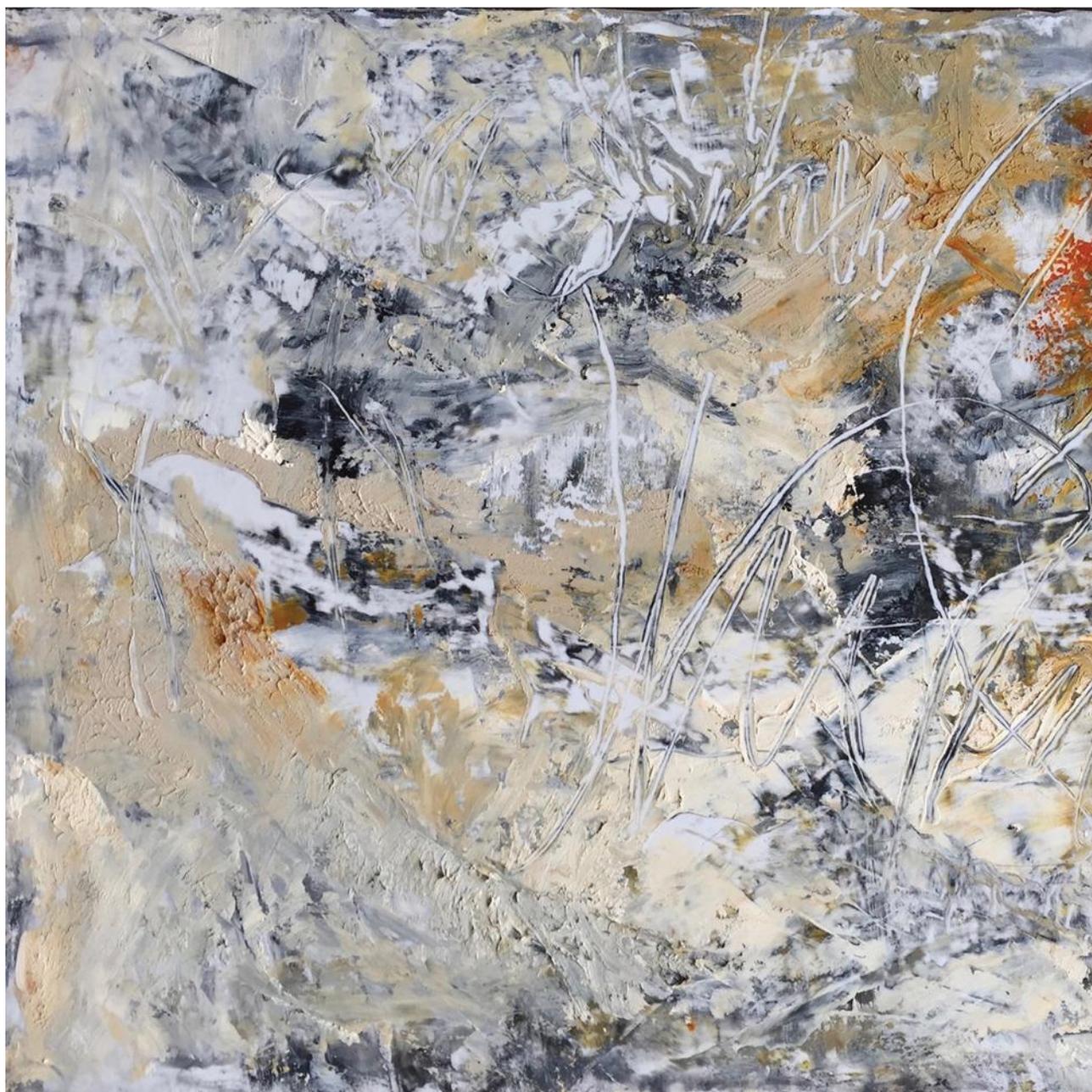
Memories of Oz

Oil and cold wax on wood panel | 50.8 x 50.8 x 3.8 cm | \$758



Past Lives

Oil and cold wax on TerraSkin over wood panel | 30.5 x 30.5 x 3.8 cm | \$568



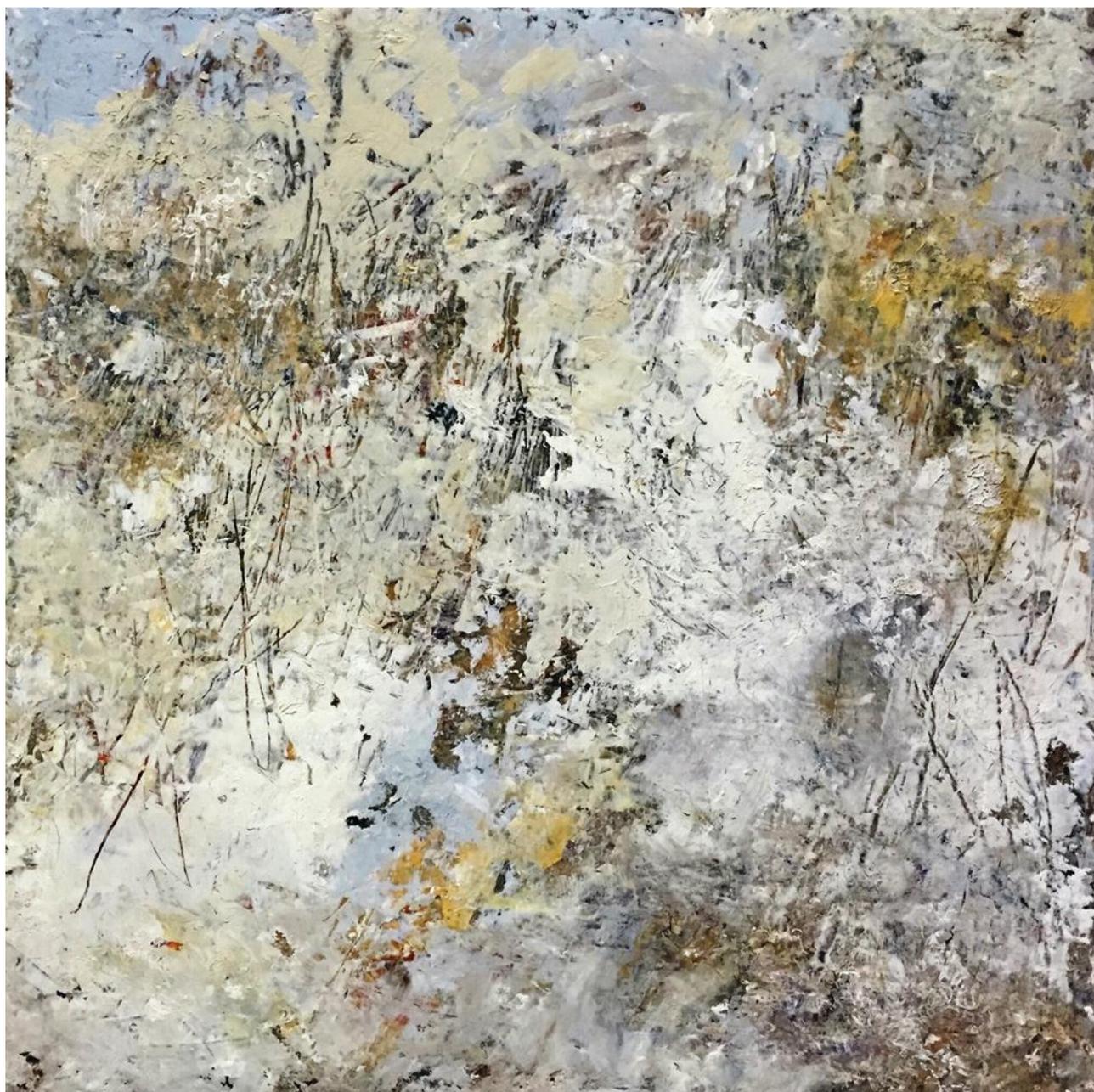
Kathy Blankley Roman

Between One March and Another September

Mixed media collage with drawing media, painted papers and Washi papers on paper | 61 x 45.8 cm | \$947



White One
Oil cold wax on wood panel | 30.5 x 30.5 x 0.9 cm



Kathy Blankley Roman

For What it's Worth

Mixed media collage with scribbles and painted and dyed papers on paper 61 x 45.7 cm | \$947



The Space Between
Acrylics and drawing media on stretched canvas | 45,7 x 61 x 3,2 cm

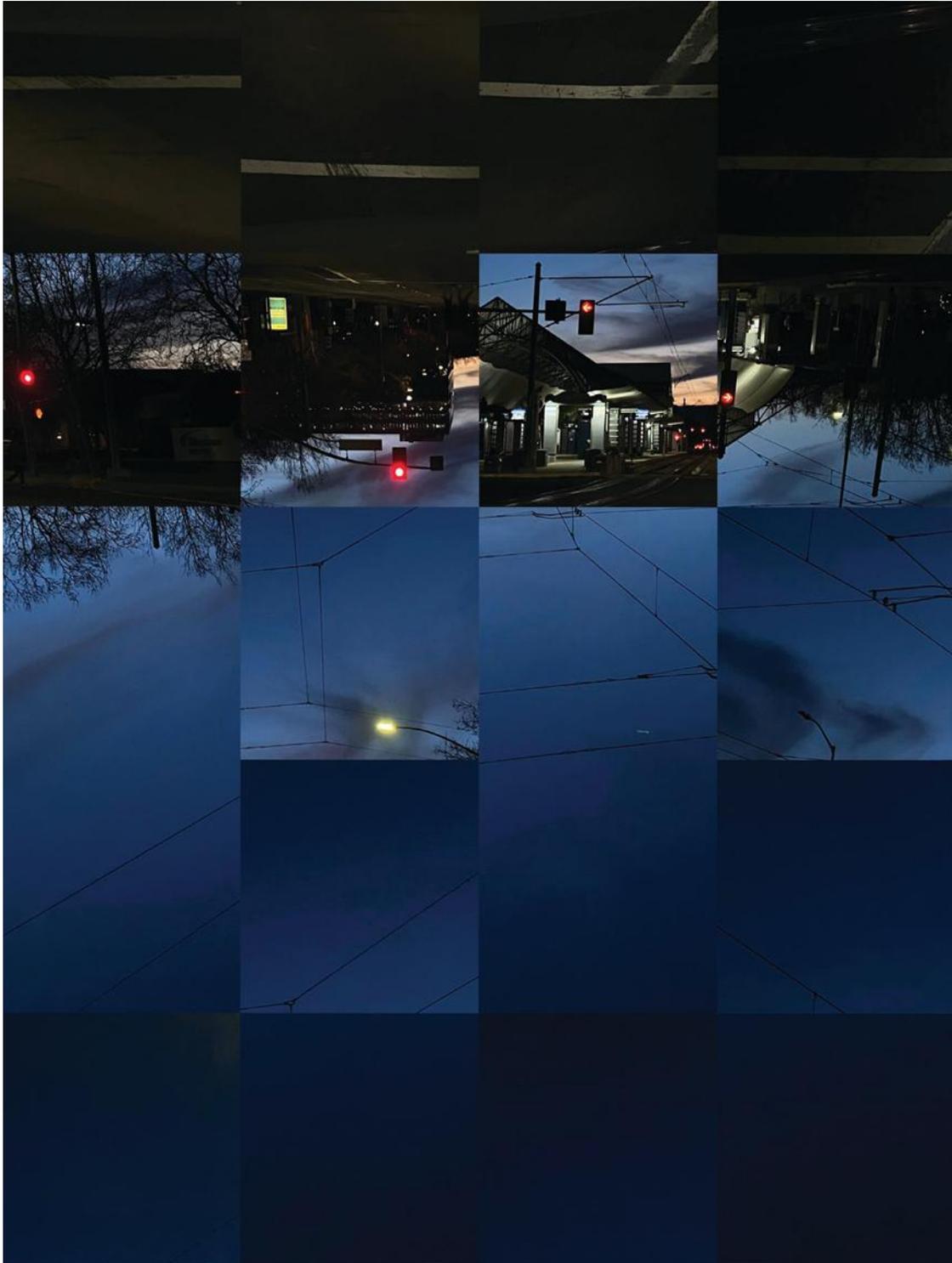




WEI

ROAD LOST ROAD

Digital art | 80 x 106 cm | \$499





Colour Rhapsody
Acrylics and fabrics | 70 x 100 cm





Austin J Smith

<https://austinjedits.myportfolio.com>

Casual Mysticism
Digital art | 87 x 85,5 cm





When The Music Fades

He's lost it, but what he doesn't realize is that he has taken it away from me too. He used to enjoy me. Not that I am, or ever was, anything special, but he enjoyed seeing me happy. Doing this is what makes me happy. I take that back. I'm not sure if it actually makes me happy or if I do it because I'm happy. Either way, my happiness is slowly being stolen from me, drained like a fine chardonnay nearing the end of its existence. It has been greedily gulped down rather than sipped and enjoyed like the treasure it is known to be. But the discouragement of it all has scared my soul and weakened my desire for it. He has lost that privilege and I think sharing it with him again will take some time. I think sharing it with anyone again will take some time. It is personal. It is deep, and it is a true release of one's inner self. It gives a peek into the heart of a person and reveals a vulnerability that, once injured, can result in devastating irreconcilable damage that can only be repaired with time and true effort from both parts. I'm not sure if the effort is available anymore on my part. The effort has made its way through this obstacle so many times before that the thought of it isn't even sad but rather mundane. It will remain quiet here and the music may not even be missed by anyone except me. For I believe that I may actually be the only one left that enjoys it. I may truly be alone in this desire. Once bonded over and placed on mountaintops, it now scrapes the bottom of the ditches for the scraps of pleasure it once gave. Sometimes it finds a memory, but it is a fleeting and minute existence. For its time has passed and it may never return to the glory that it once was. My heart would be shattered if it hadn't already been picked apart one tiny piece at a time.



Roopa Dudley

www.RoopaDudley.com

Dudley's Comet

Acrylic on canvas board | 15.2 x 15.2 x 1 cm | NFS



Out of this World
Acrylic on canvas board | 15,2 x 15,2 x 1 cm | NFS





Vasu Tolia
www.vasutolia.com

Awakening

Acrylic on canvas | 91 x 61 x 3 cm | \$1,500



Excitement
Mixed media on canvas | \$1,200



Vasu Tolia

Admiration

Acrylic on canvas | 76 x 61 x 3 cm | \$1,200





The Short of It

First, he'll tell you he was an obstetrics
RN, his career one of birthing babies.

 In time, he'll speak of his problematic
USN stint, flight engineer on submarine reconnaissance
 missions in the eastern Mediterranean during
 the Yom Kippur War in 1973, sent honourably home—with
PTSD, aka shell shock, aka dysthalmia, observed manifesting in
OCD's twilight zone; what time is it? He finds it hard sometimes to tell
AM from

PM; he does not live by our relentless clock, by seconds, minutes, etc.;
ADHD makes his struggle further difficult. But the too-often maligned
VA is taking good care. His childhood abuse is coming to light.

He'll confirm all he's told, then change the subject,
spin a new story happening now, one about this woman
KLM who listens intently to scenarios of woes far worse divulged by
KAG, the engaging man she met online,
(SS, you know, SilverSingles, #1 for their market demo.)

 Assuredly, eventually they get naked, an explosive
BJ ensues—for starters. And ends in this poem to him:
SWAK.



Ljubica Simovic

Summer Flow

Acrylics | 30.5 x 61 x 3.8 cm | \$350



Autumn Flow
Acrylics | 30.5 x 61 x 3.8 cm | \$350



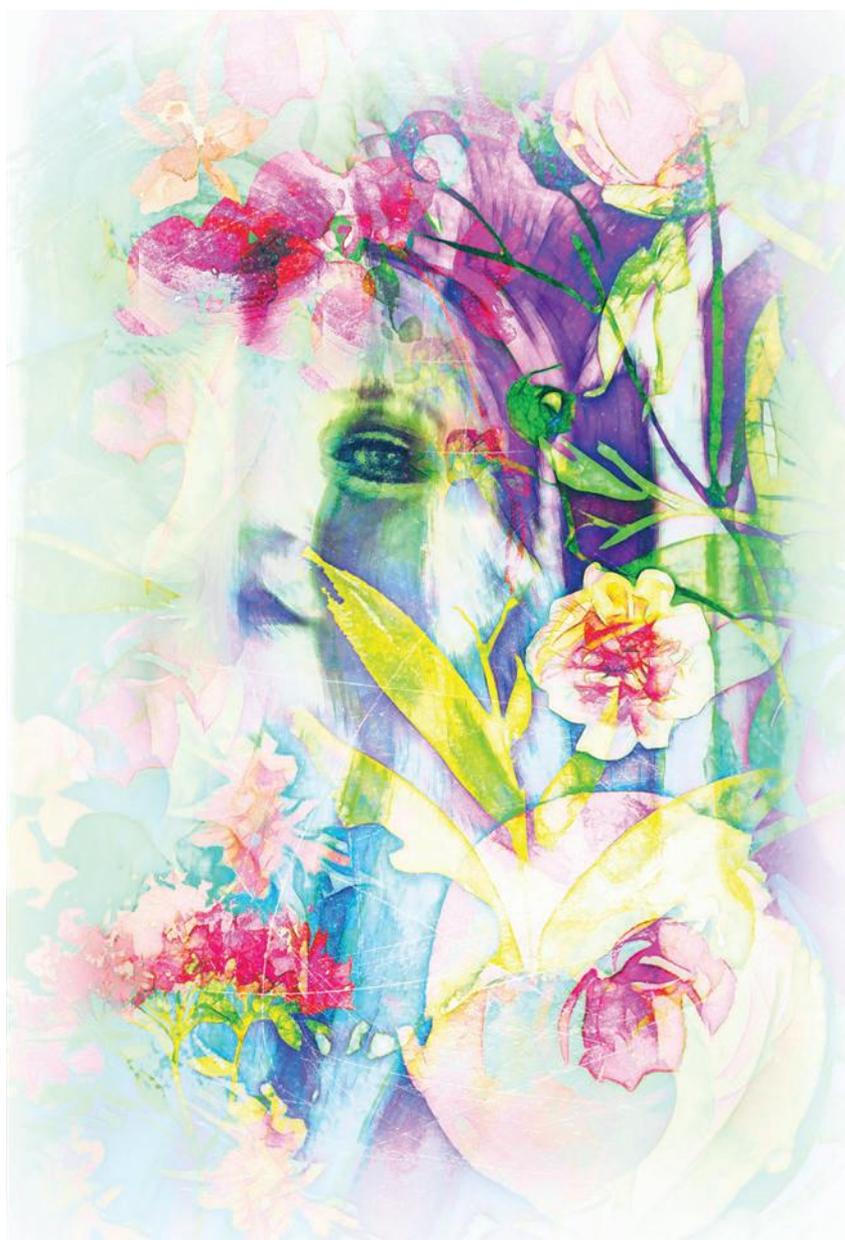


Leanne Trivett S.
www.leannetrivettsphotography.com

Sherbert and Succulents, Self Portrait
Digital image | 34.2 x 25.6 x 1 cm



Farewell, Self Portrait
Digital image | 21.9 x 32.8 x 1 cm



NEXT SPREAD: *Being Coy*
Digital image | 42.3 x 28.22 x 1 cm



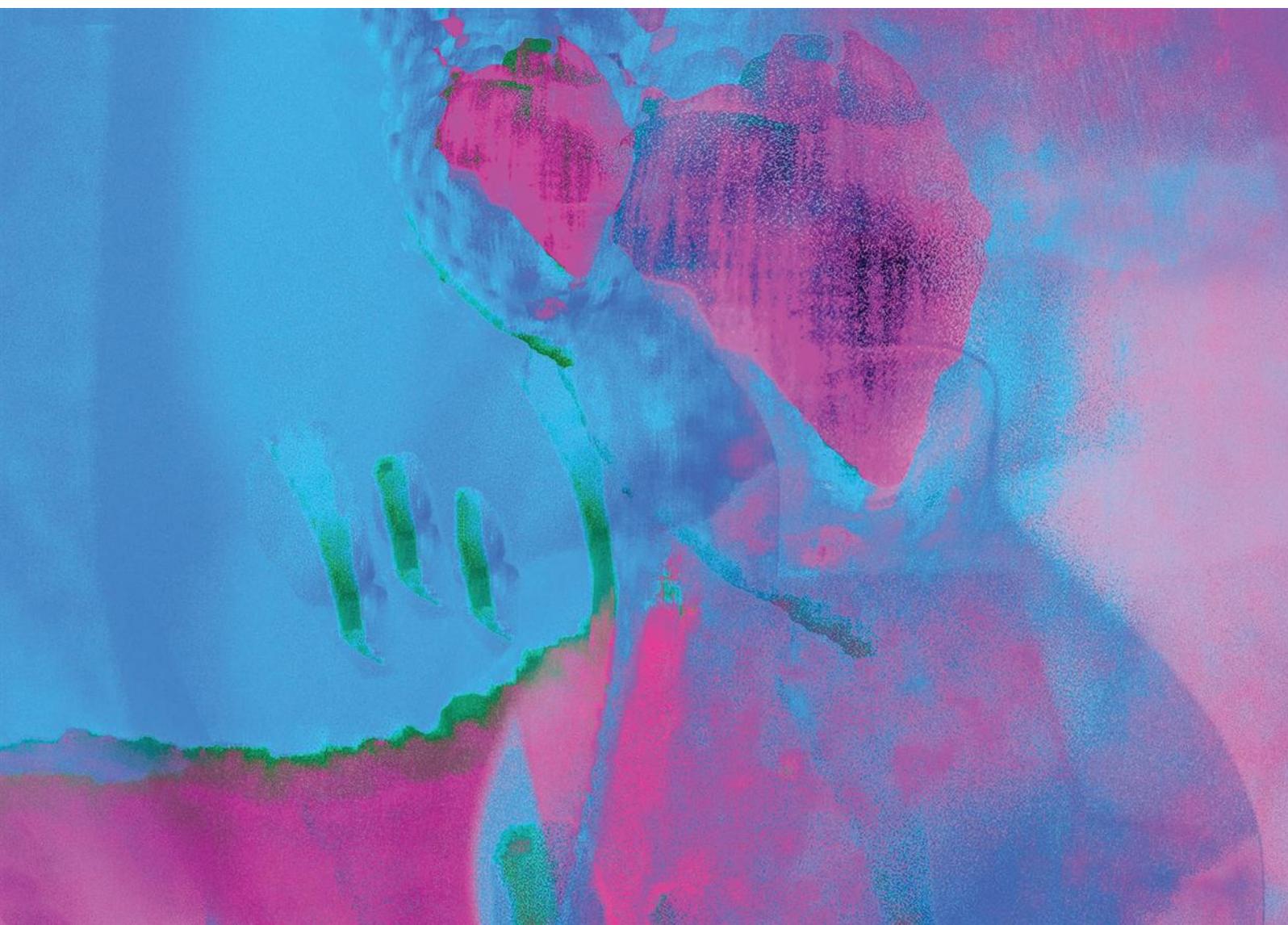


Leanne Trivett S.

One Slice at a Time, Self Portrait
Digital image | 34.8 x 22.6 x 1 cm



Heart in My Head
Digital image | 27.1 x 19.4 x 1 cm

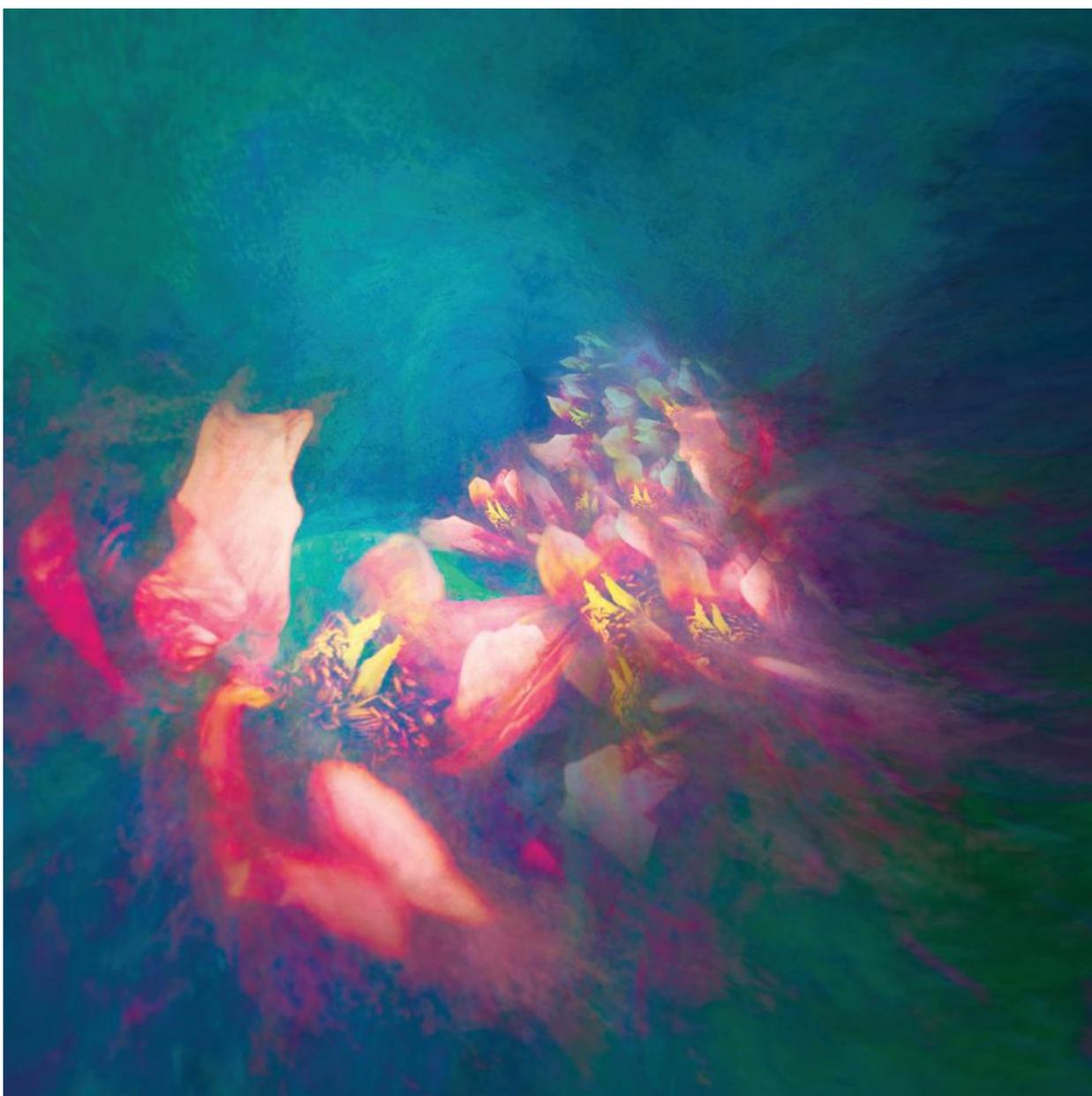


Leanne Trivett S.

Rainbow Runs Through it, Self Portrait
Digital image | 31 x 47 x 1 cm



Pouring Out Flowers
Digital image | 33.9 x 33.9 x 1 cm





Larry Wolf

<https://www.abrushwiththelaw.com>

Crystal Coastline

Acrylic paint pushed through the back of a silk screen canvas | 48 x 56 x 2 cm | \$1,250



Torn Apart

Acrylic paint pushed through the back of a silk screen canvas | 48 x 56 x 2 cm | \$1,250





Blake Hughes

<https://www.blakehughesart.com>

Albus Homo Corpus
Mixed media on paper | 64.8 x 50.2 cm | \$200



Spiritus Homo Ex
Mixed media on paper | 75.2 x 57.2 cm | \$250

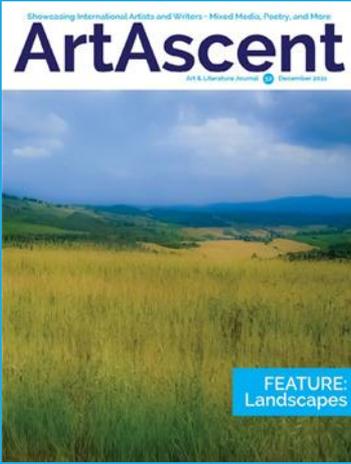


Blake Hughes

Homo Desperat Se

Mixed media on canvas | 61 x 61 cm | \$275





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Applications: ArtAscent.com



