

PA

Issue #57 September 2014



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I NEED SOME SPACE

48"x36"

acrylic on canvas



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Poets

Leila Ammar
Jan Ball
Nin Andrews
P.H. Davis
Carlton Fisher

Artists

Bryce Ramming
Jorg Dubin
Charis J. Carmichael Braun
Alvin Richard
Tristan Pigott
Eric Daniel Almanza
Shawn Huckins

The Subversive Power of the Object Feminism and Pin-up Culture

Lexi Sebilian

GOSS183 PUBLISHING GROUP

Publisher/Editor Didi Menendez

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Bryce Ramming
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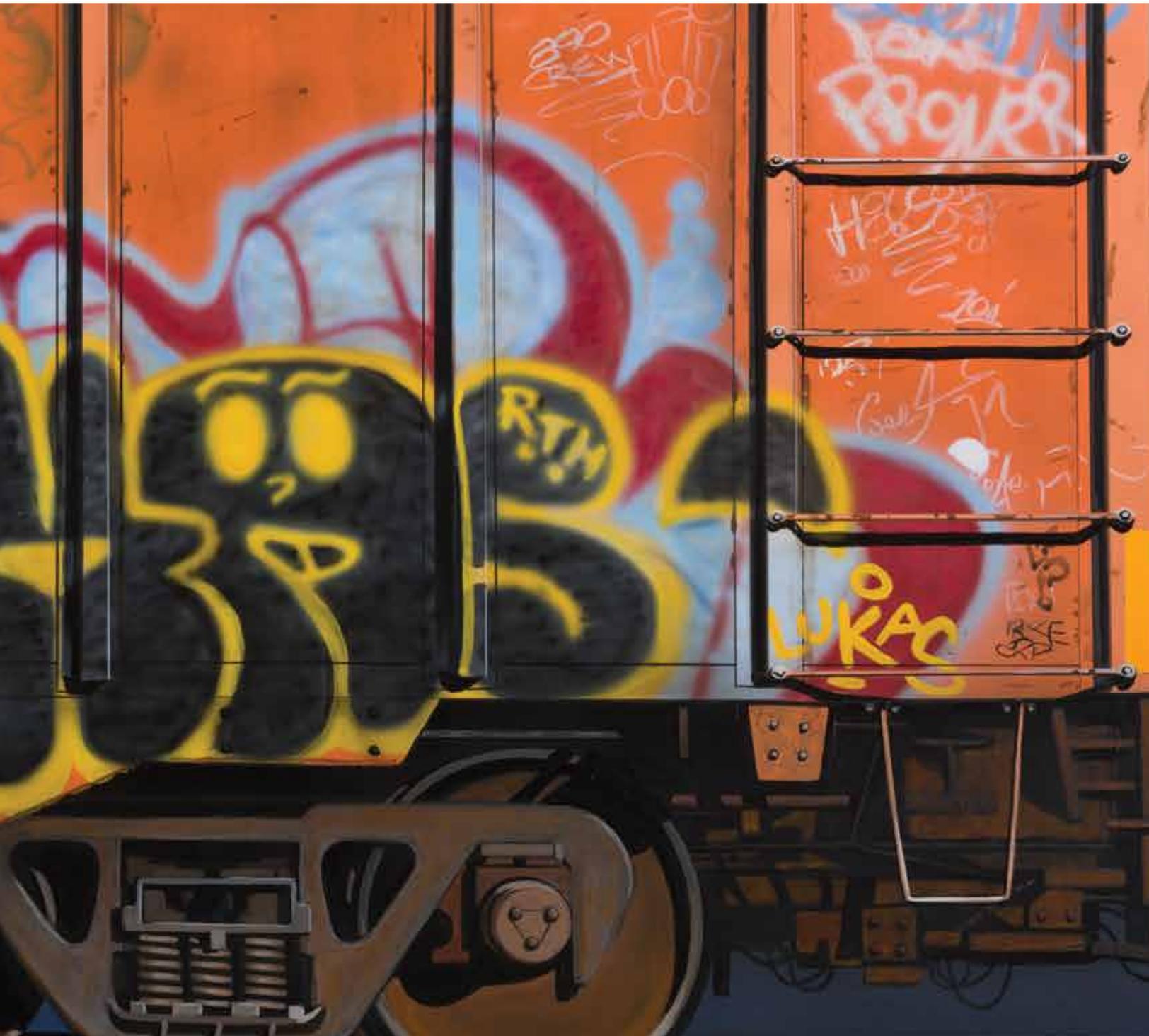
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Bryce Ramming

Performance and the WOW factor without an artist statement.

As of right now I'm still experimenting and finding what directions of my work I want to explore further. I do not have an artist statement.







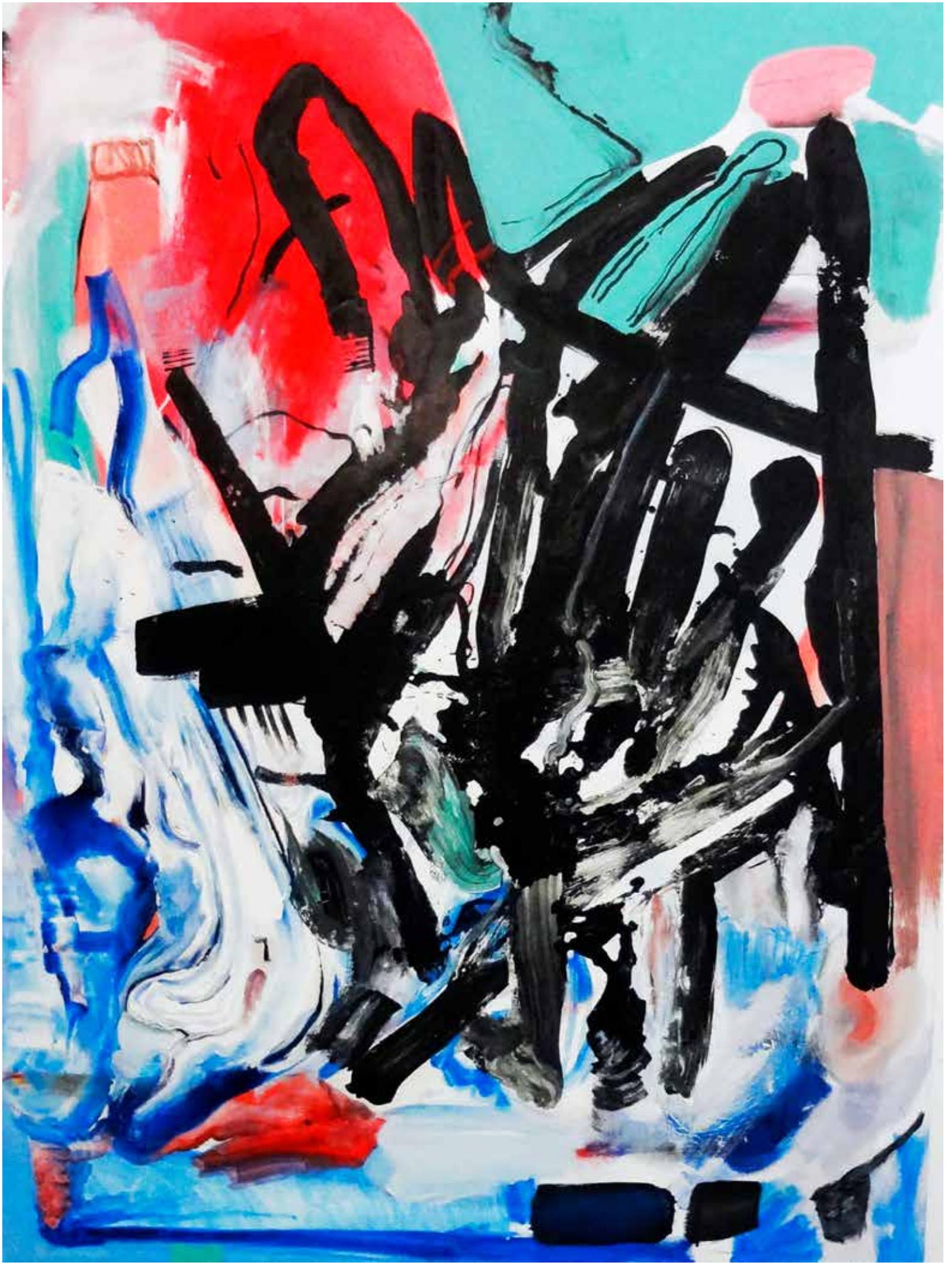
BIO

Bryce Ramming was born in St. Louis, Missouri on August 19, 1993 to Lorian and Christopher Ramming. His mother introduced Bryce to art at a very young age. Bryce and his mother would paint and draw together for hours. They would discuss each other's drawings and paintings and share opinions as to the quality of the pieces. Lorian would always encourage Bryce to persevere with his drawing or painting even when he struggled. His mother emphasized not everything he did had to be perfect, but that he should have fun and enjoy the process of making art. She showed Bryce art was more than pencil on paper or paint on canvas. Art was a way to express himself and his true being. She taught Bryce to always think outside the box and emphasized that the most important thing was to express himself, his thoughts, his emotions and not worry about what others thought. Bryce learned that it was acceptable for his art to be different from what a child was expected to produce. These lessons became not only a guide for his art but also serve as a major influence in his life. Many of his pieces are inspired by his mother's ideas and lessons.

Bryce was 12 years old when his mother passed away. These last nine years he has worked tirelessly to become a better

artist. He has sought guidance from teachers, peers, and advisors by soliciting comments, opinions and critiques of his work. He feels strongly that his work is not just for himself or his audience but also to cherish his mother who instilled the gift of art and the value of life.

Prior to graduation from high school, Bryce attended summer enhancement programs at Maryville University in St. Louis, The Sam Fox School of Design at Washington University St. Louis and the New York School of Interior Design in New York City. In 2012, he received a Presidential Scholarship to attend the Maryland Institute College of Art (MICA) where he is working toward a BFA in painting. Bryce has been a two-year recipient of MICA's competitive scholarship program; He has exhibited work at the D Gallery in Baltimore, Maryland and was selected to participate in the MICA Foundation show where four of his five professors selected his work to be exhibited. In 2014, he was one of only ten artists, out of over two hundred, featured in the *Baltimore Sun* for apparel he was offering for sale at the MICA Art Market show. Going into his third year at MICA, Bryce's plans include exploring sound, sculpture and performance and how these may enhance his painting.



PROCESS



I begin my process by creating sketches that are scanned into various computer programs. This allows me to experiment with a diverse color palette and to size the work in 2D before ever committing anything to paper or canvas. After creating computer sketches, I develop mixed media sketches and paintings on a small scale. This allows me to experiment with the

materials used and helps to develop the aesthetic I want to accomplish. Only as I begin work on the final piece, does the narrative begin to come into focus. By creating the narrative while the work is in progress, I'm given the opportunity to reflect on the successes and failures of the piece and incorporate those aspects that complete the narrative.



Self-Portrait



Morning Dance



NO 36





Man and Woman



Red Roofs

Jorg Dubin



BIO

Jorg Dubin has been a working artist for more than 35 years. His creative output extends beyond painting and includes sculpture, ceramics, art director, prop builder and part time musician. Mostly self taught, Dubin considers himself a “journeyman artist”.

Dubin introduces the flux of time into his paintings, more specifically, he recalls the element of memory. Think of the Greek philosopher Heraclites’s metaphor of time as a river. If time is a river, then Dubin paints

time’s eddies, pockets of calm surrounded by swirls and whorls.

Because memory is too inconsistent and vague, Dubin sanctifies the moment we view each figure. He wants us to hold onto these palpable objects that prick the surface of the water and of our consciousness as long as we can until the body, indeed, the memory of the body, drifts away into oblivion. Dubin does not mount a recovery effort but a quiet as-is memorial; like the Battleship Arizona’s

resting place at Pearl Harbor. As we testify to the wistful, smoky-eyed dissolution of these bodies, each figure seems to say, “Get a good look at me now, I won’t inhabit this body, this space, this time, much longer.”

Dubin maintains a studio in Laguna Beach, CA.

For more information on the artist please visit: www.jorgdubin.com

PROCESS

With the advent of modernisms dismissive attitude towards representational art, one of the things I attempt to do is to bridge the traditions of figure / portrait painting to make it relevant to the lexicon of the art world as it exists today.

Deconstructing traditional methodology, I reconstruct my paintings using serendipitous risk taking, imbuing surfaces with unencumbered mark making and allowing the paint to engage the viewer as an equal partner to my subjects. I approach painting as I would sculpture. Carving away at blocky shapes , refining, deconstructing,

adding and subtracting. I process shape and color with a vocabulary of gestural brush strokes and a never ending struggle to find something or someone through that process, to find what is lost through layers of paint, with equal parts skill and luck hoping that what emerges is meaningful to myself and the viewer.

To me making art is all about solving problems. What is the answer to a riddle when often the answer is unknown? It is a chess game with one’s own mind matching wits with ability. A search for answers through a maze of mark making.

The equation is never fully resolved. I find humility of human limitation is what makes great art so rare and important.

Whether it is the evolution in the process or the subject or both, I want the viewer to be a full participant in the eventual decoding of my work by opening the door beyond the superficial, grounding my subjects in the real world. If I allow a multitude of differing observations and interpretations of my paintings, then I feel I have succeeded.



Benevolence of sight 2013 oil on linen 44" x 50"



Some girls smile, Red cross
2012 oil on linen 54" x 40"



Universal
2014 oil on linen 54" x 40"



Joker
2014 oil on linen 36" x 28"



Some girls smile, Princess 2012 oil on linen 54" x 40"

Girl with a water glass 2 2014 oil on linen 36" x 28"



Charis J. Carmichael Braun



BIO

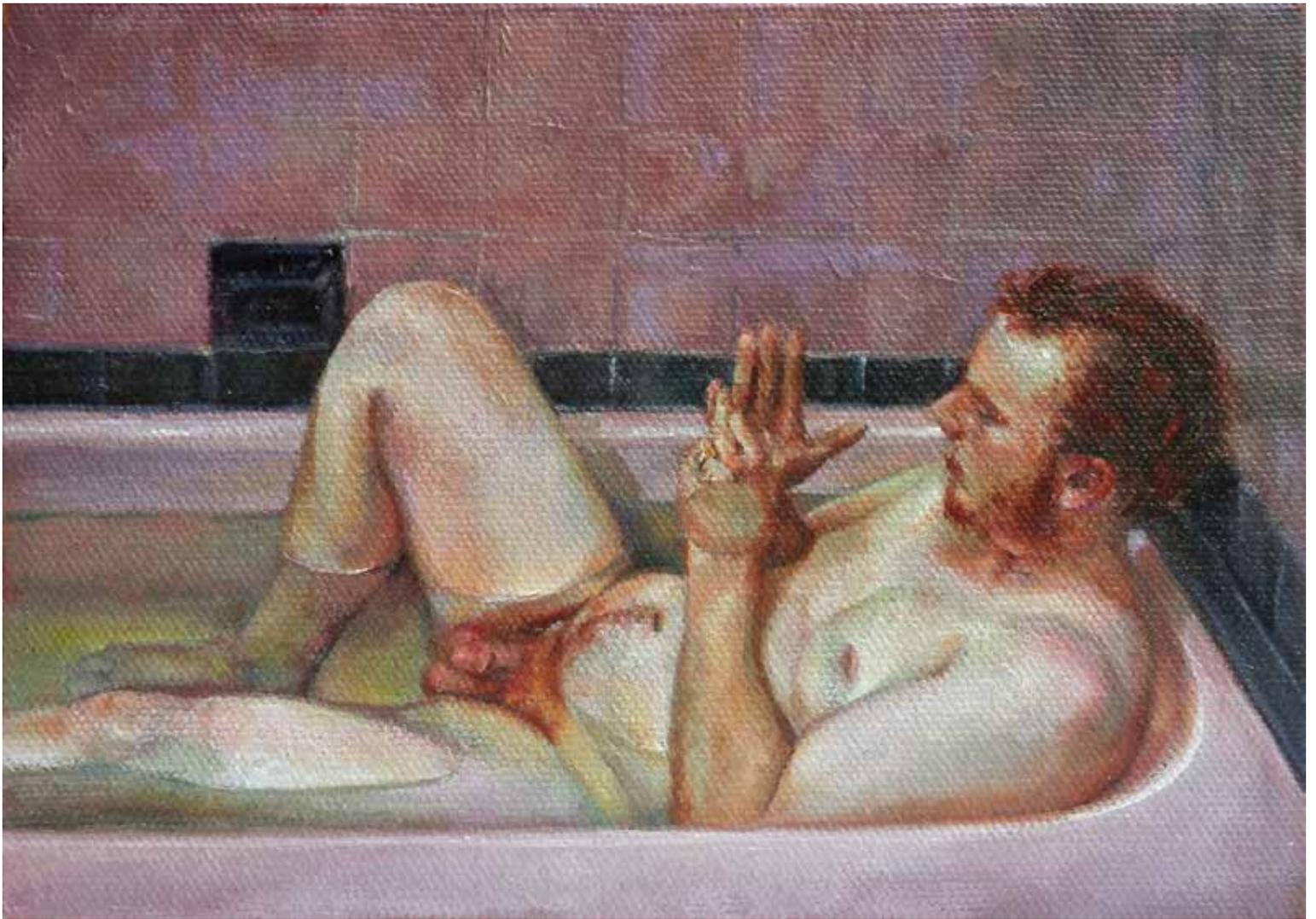
Charis J. Carmichael Braun grew up in New Ulm, Minnesota. She received her MFA from the New York Academy of Art, and BA from Bethany Lutheran College. Her work has been exhibited internationally and may be found in both private and public collections. Charis serves in leadership positions on two NYC arts not-for-profits: Spark and Echo Arts, and the Alumni Association of the New York Academy of

Art. She currently works as the Director of Communications at the Art Students League of New York's international artist-in-residence program, The League Residency at Vyt. With her husband Andrew Braun, a woodworker and cabinetmaker, Charis lives and works in Sparkill, New York. web: charisjcar michaelbraun.tumblr.com

PROCESS

I depict un-idealized men in images of unguarded vulnerability not often seen in conventional depictions of the male nude. Touching on the relationship between painter and muse, this series began with my husband in our first apartment's pink ceramic bathroom: As he would bathe or groom himself, I was struck by the quiet humility of intimate,

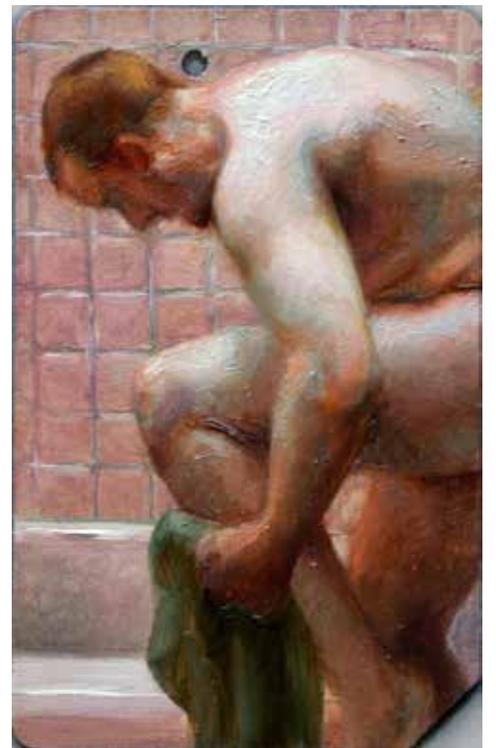
solitary moments he reserved for himself (while letting me observe). In my experience, it is the rare man who uncloaks, drops his pretense, and allows someone to see his tender 'soft pink underbelly' - physical or metaphorical. Through this growing body of work, I seek to broaden the conversation regarding perceptions of contemporary masculinity.



Andrew, *Checking (in the bath)* 2013 oil on canvas 5" x 7"



Touch 2 2014 oil on paper 2.75" x 2.75"



Andrew, *Drying* 2011 oil on metrocard 2" x 3.5"

The Subversive Power of the Object
Feminism and Pin-up Culture
by Lexi Sebilian



I fell in love with the narcissism that is pin-up modeling around the same time I began to self-identify as a feminist. Growing up as the chubbier girl in the family, I spent the majority of my high school years feeling ashamed of my body. The empowerment of feminism combined with the sexual liberation of the curvy pin-up led me to a deeper understanding of myself as a woman and as I grew, I began to see the two as symbiotic rather than contradictory. I never felt as confident as I did when I was wearing a knee length A-line skirt and a fitted top with a plunging neck line, when my lips were painted with a deep red lipstick, and my lashes felt a mile high. I never minded having to explain my choice of clothing and style to the people who perpetuated sex culture because I never really put too much stock in their opinions, however I was surprised when I found myself having to explain my clothing choices and my excessive make-up to my feminist friends more often than I would have liked. Many of them didn't seem to understand what felt to me like the obvious connection between feminism and pin-up.

As I began to understand more about feminism and the ideas behind the power of patriarchy and the problems of objectification, I began to have a much more difficult time explaining how I saw feminism and pin-up as one. I began to feel guilty for my love of vintage clothing and Russian red lipstick, of thigh high stockings and bullet bras. I began to wonder if what I was doing wasn't for me but for a culturally ingrained idea of the female desire for the male gaze, and I began to question whether or not I was participating in my own objectification. I became curious about the subject/object binary that our culture supposedly revolves around, the idea of self-objectification, and the connotations that go hand and hand with both. This is my struggle to reclaim and reconnect feminism and pin-up culture, and to celebrate of the subversive power of the object.

The Good, the Bad: Objectification

Understanding power and the place of pin-up within feminism requires an understanding of objectification and how the subject/object binary works. In feminism, the definition of objectification is often loose and equivocal. However, there seems to be two main ideas on objectification within feminism. The first is more commonly associated with anti-porn feminists such as Andrea Dworkin. Such feminists "assume that objectification is either self-defeating, politically immoral, or personally masochistic" (Hopkins 18). Anti-porn



feminists such as Dworkin make the argument that when a woman is objectified all of her autonomy and power is taken away and given to the objectifier, usually a man. By contrast, feminists such as Martha Nussbaum make the argument that objectification is not always a bad thing: "in the matter of objectification, context is everything...in many if not all cases, the difference between the objectionable and the benign use of objectification will be made by the overall context of the human relationship" (Nussbaum 271). In any case, whether one believes that objectification can be benign or is always negative, we see that the subject and the object are explicitly connected: "it seems impossible to write about one without the other" (Hopkins 17). In order for a person to be objectified,



there must be a subject to do the objectifying. However, if this is true, then the opposite must also be true: there can be no subject without the object. It is in this way that the subject and object are interdependent, and with interdependence, we can see how there is a possibility for the object to have power. Of course it isn't as simple as saying that both the subject and the object have power because to have power is not enough. One must also enact power.

The Poststructural Pin-Up: Enacting Power

The rise and popularity of the pin-up began with WWII. Paintings of curvaceous women were meant to boost the moral of soldiers and because of this, we cannot deny that the pin-up was originally created to cater to the male gaze. However, over the past decade, pin-up dress and culture has been reclaimed by women. This leads us to an interesting question: if women have reclaimed the pin-up as seen in

countless blogs, and other online communities, is the pin-up really still an object or has she successfully enacted power and taken back what was really hers all along? We could accept the classic subject/object binary as true which would make the pin-up the object and the viewer the subject who holds the power, but with the aforementioned advances in female empowerment through pin-up culture, I think it is worth examining how the age old power structure of subject/object can and is changing.

According to poststructuralists such as Jacques Derrida, power is always moving. It is never fixed, and it is never stable. If we look at the subject/object binary in poststructuralist terms, we can see that perhaps the subject and the object are not opposites but rather, two sides of a coin that are inseparable, in which one cannot exist without the other. Because this power is not fixed, the way it is enacted or performed depends on the actions of either the subject or the object. Therefore, I

argue that if a woman is making a conscious decision to dress or act in a certain manner and is aware of the implications of her actions through the eyes of a patriarchal society, than she has effectively enacted power by claiming autonomy for herself while potentially still being objectified by another party. Criticism of this thought would argue that if there is still objectification than not enough is being done to dismantle the patriarchy and because of this, many feminists would push back against my claim that the woman has agency in this situation. However, I would argue still that because she chose to dress/act in a certain way that makes her feel empowered and good about herself, she is autonomous and thus has agency. Furthermore, she should not feel guilty about her choice.

If the subject and object are inseparable as poststructuralists believe, then we can begin to see how the term "self-objectification" is problematic. Many feminists warn about the dangers of self-objectification, arguing that it is most often done for the male gaze rather than for self gratification, but if self is the subject, is the subject actually able to objectify herself? I am conflicted in answering this question. Part of me wants to

answer yes, to argue that we self-objectify every time we dress up, apply make-up, or do anything that makes us feel desirable for someone else. But that part of me is harshly conflicted with the idea that any choice a woman makes is a powerful one and therefore it is "un-feminist" to argue against a woman choosing to dress the way she wants. Furthermore, can't women dress up and apply make-up for themselves without thinking about or caring about how others will perceive them? I think so.

The first time I did a pin-up shoot, I wore a pair of short high waisted blue shorts, a red top with a plunging neckline, and matching red heels. Later on that day, I was asked why I thought it was okay to sexually objectify myself by dressing this way. I felt ashamed that I was not being a "good" feminist. Looking back now, I realize that this person was remarking on the way I self-objectified, and although I understand that they meant well, I acknowledge that the way I enacted power over choosing to dress that way for myself makes my choice very feminist. In an online interview, self-identified feminist, photographer and designer of *Pin-Up Girl Clothing*, Laura Byrnes commented on the phenomenon of feeling like a "bad" feminist for wanting to



dress a certain way: "being a sex 'object' is not anathema to feminism. Nothing a woman chooses to do is anti-feminist. If a woman chooses to present herself in a certain way, she has just empowered herself to control her own image. It is when we act against our own choices or feel pressured to alter our behavior or image in order to please men, other women, or society at large that our actions become incompatible with the concept of feminism."

By this account, had I not dressed in the clothes that I had wanted to, I would have given up my power of self in order to not be seen as objectified by others. It is here that we can see the poststructuralist freeplay of the enactment of power at work within feminism.

Pin-Up Power and Object Autonomy

I knew that I believed that feminism and pin-up culture worked congruently but I wasn't sure that others saw things the same way. To determine if I was alone in this thought, I sent out a set of questions to a large online pin-up community. In response, I got almost two dozen women graciously backing my hypothesis. What is most remarkable about the number of responses is that every one of these women identified as both a pin-up and a feminist. Among these women was model Angelique Noire. Ms. Noire has been a model for over twenty years but has recently started to focus mainly on pin-up "because there was an extreme lack of black pin-ups to refer to" (Noire). As a model, she "understand[s] that visual stimulation can be extremely influential and powerful" and that the lack of black women celebrated for their beauty in media "reinforce[s] the mindset that in order to fit the standard of beauty, you have to be caucasian" (Noire). Here one can see that Ms. Noire has been able to combine her objectification with power, further confusing the idea that objectified women do not have agency. *Pin-Up Girl Clothing* creator Laura Byrnes also commented on the issue of objectification in the pin-up culture: "I do not worry about the objectification. I worry about the message this objectification sends. We can control our message just as we can control how and when we are seen as 'objects.' Empowerment comes when we recognize our role and our ability to control the image we present to the world" (Byrnes). If what Ms. Noire and Ms. Byrnes argues is true, then

the power of the pin-up lies equally between her autonomy as a subject and her ownership of her objectified image, and thus the breakdown of the subject/object binary is complete. We can see now that the subverted power of the object has reached an equal state of importance with that of the subject.

Feminism has always flourished in controversy. Throughout the three waves issues of race, class, sexuality, and choice have pushed women to embrace contradictions and controversies that once pulled them apart. Today, with the rise in the sexualization of everything from diapers to dolls, objectification has too become a contradiction and a conundrum for many feminists and it is easy to see how objectification has gotten frighteningly out of hand. I write this paper with no intentions of undermining the dangers of objectification, but instead I mean to question the status quo of it. If we are to make the claim that all objectification clouds female autonomy and empowerment, then what does it mean that so many of our young women who claim to be feminists do not worry about being objectified? What does it mean when women come together in sisterhood, admire and support one another through beauty and pin-up culture? I argue that the object and the subject are not mutually exclusive but that perhaps they work together, that they are inseparable because one cannot exist without the other. If women choose to see themselves as both subject and object than they shall still have both autonomy and empowerment.

The modern pin-up, like feminism, is encompassed in contradiction. She is about power of womanhood and sisterhood, the embrace of female sexuality, and the ownership of one's body in whichever way it looks all the while accepting the male gaze if he so chooses to look, but she does not do it for him. She does it for herself. Third wave feminists embrace this contradiction in the same way that they embrace their own: "the simultaneous confidence and uncertainty about what constitutes feminism doesn't have to be conceptualized as a 'problem'" (Buszek 362) but rather accepted and invited as something that must be investigated more. While the pin-up may have been created for the male gaze, she now "find[s] ways to reject this role to reflect and encourage the erotic self-awareness and self-expression of the real woman"(Buszek 364), however she may look.

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Omnibus

The boy
across the patio
wants to be a man
and the screaming
won't stop.

He wants James Dean hair,
cocaine and a Lamborghini.

That's all he's ever wanted.
Fifteen sit-ups every night
just ain't cutting it
and the screaming
won't stop.

The entire street exploded
and it became silent
while I watched the boy's skin
disintegrate.

I heard them screaming for coffee,
screaming at traffic
screaming horror films,
at clumsy waitresses and
at love and sex,
but now their mouths
are filled with blood and
silence.

I didn't want this.
They told me I was beautiful so
I crawled back into my crypt.

They arrived to the funeral fifty-two years late
and by that point everyone else was dead.

There was a child I loved,
but I forget her hands now.
There is a child I love,
but now her hands
are the hands of strangers.

I just remember I could feel
her hands.
More than flesh,
more than hands,
I could feel them.
I could feel everything.

I try to fool myself.
The fire feels like sugar on my skin.
My flesh is burning and all I can think is,
"We left the food out in the car.
It's as good as rot now."

You there, across the patio,
don't you want something?
Because it's four a.m. and your eyes
are far too adapted to this darkness.
There's a blue, black sky,
time to say your 'goodbye's and
let me say my 'hello's
to the two hundred weeks of lost bobby pins
and a special code to open the elevator,
bringing comic sans to the table with an
assortment of innocence.

Your canaries are loose again and
I don't think they're coming back this time.
Nothing you keep in a cage stays forever,
stays if it had a choice.

Alvin Richard

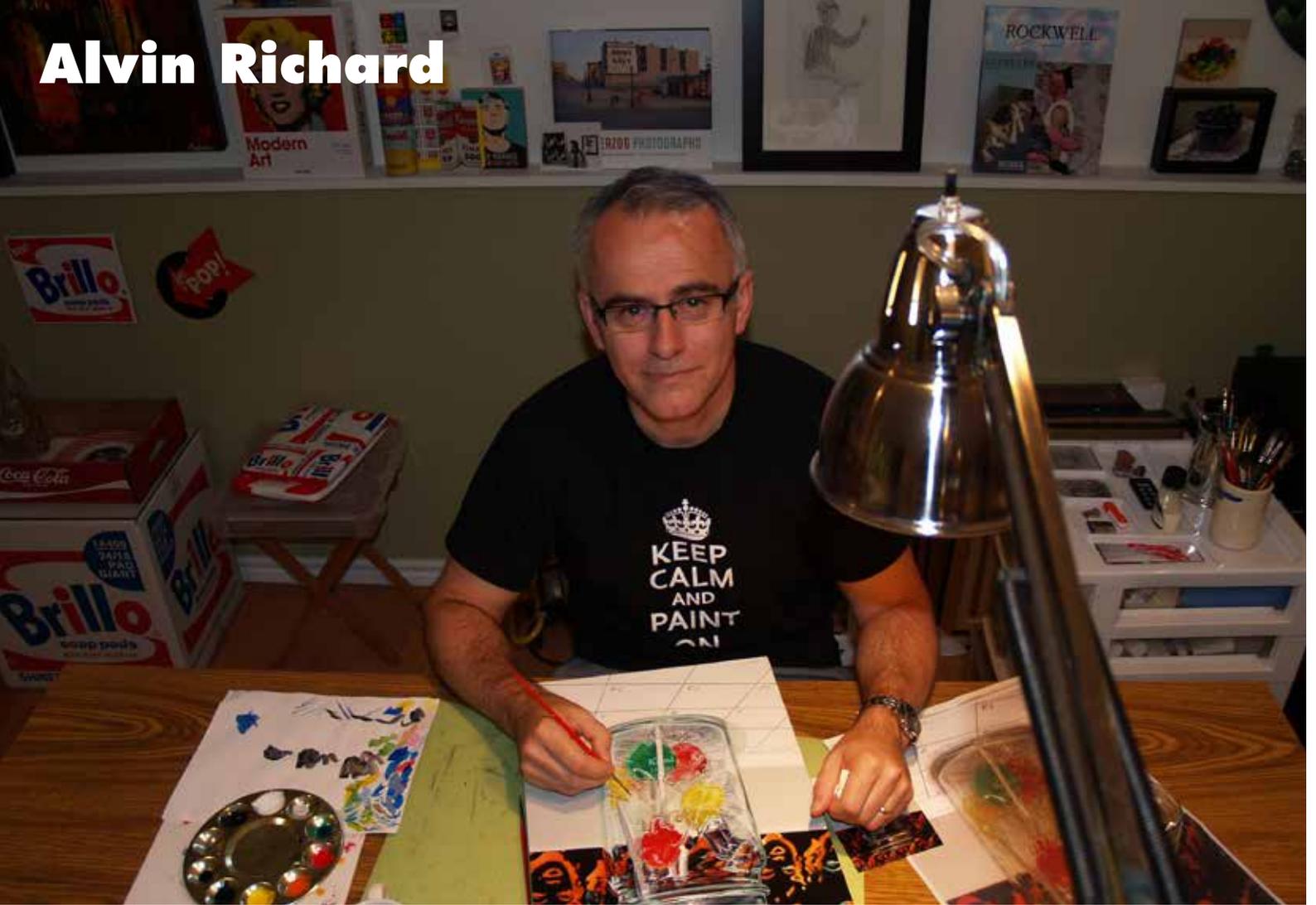


Photo by Jean-Luc Richard

BIO

New Brunswick artist, Alvin Richard was born in 1962. He is a self-taught painter living in Moncton, N.B., Canada. Drawing from an early age, he started painting with acrylics in 1987. Alvin was elected to the Federation Of Canadian Artists in 2004 as an active member.

His knowledge of art history has been acquired through self-study and visiting hundreds

of art galleries and museums in Canada, the United States and Western Europe. His initial and most immediate influences came from Atlantic Canadian artists and several art movements, including Realism, Impressionism, Photorealism and Pop Art. Popular culture, photography and advertising has also greatly influenced his work.

Alvin is currently represented by three commercial art galleries. His artwork can be found in private and/or corporate collections in France, Australia and across the USA and Canada.

PROCESS

As a still-life painter, objects often present themselves in daily life. If they ignite a visceral response, I will either do a photo study on site or will acquire them on impulse because these might serve as the starting point for a subject matter worth considering. Some of my imageries are pretty straight forward using "a play on words" as the genesis, but for the most part they tend to take a more narrative approach while documenting aspect of Pop Culture.

I often pay homage to luminaries, writers or painters whom have contributed significantly to society or the arts. I also tend to research my subject matter in order to get a better

understanding or connection to what I am painting. It is often through this process that the narrative is established. I am very much preoccupied with aesthetics, composition, contrasts and lighting. I do consider myself a colourist doing a refine form of realism, intentionally presenting my subject matter as "Eye Candy" for the viewer.

I have been painting with acrylics for more than 25 years.

I paint mostly on hardboard which has been primed with several coats of Gesso, sanding between coats until a pure white base is achieved. Once the pencil drawing is done, I then proceed with an undercoat in

grisaille by using Paynes Gray (shade of black) which I dilute with water in various degrees of saturation. During the grisaille stage, I never mix white with that black and paint as if I was using acrylic paint as watercolours. Once the under paint has cured, transparent colours are then applied in multi layers. It is a process of building up the image gradually. At this point, if I do mix white with colors, I will often top it off with a transparent gaze. I paint with brushes and dab a piece of foam sponge to even out the wet paint and eliminate brush strokes if any. Being an autodidact, I've developed techniques which might not be conventional. I often view the act of painting as problem solving.



Peanuts come to LIFE, an homage to Charles Schulz 2013 acrylic on gessoboard 11" x 14"



Kool-Aid Days
2013 acrylic on gessoboard 12" x 16"



A Date with Marilyn, an homage to Andy Warhol
2014 acrylic on gessoed hardboard 16" x 12"



Peonies for Emily
2014
acrylic on gessoed
hardboard
12" x 12"



Mondrian Tumbler
2013
acrylic on gessoed
birch panel
11" x 14"

Dancing with Andrew

I wanted to ask you if Andrew danced last week at the talent show when the South American students selected some of us to join them on stage, trying to mirror the way their supple, young bodies pulsate with the Latin rhythms, their hearts clearly beating beneath their t-shirts resonating in their bones like wind chimes, each of us swaying our hips and rolling our shoulders with our respective partners like Dancing with the Stars, although, to tell the truth, I didn't feel very sequined, concentrating on draping my arm over my Argentine partner's shoulder then sliding it along his collarbone like a silk scarf before he rotated me like the ballerina on top of my grandmother's music box. Frankly, I didn't actually see you on the dance floor with the pretty Chilean woman who I noticed asked you to get up there to wiggle with her, so focused was I on my own enjoyment, almost hysterical as an American teenager at a rock concert with the unaccustomed rapid movement of my feet to music, this socially-relaxed atmosphere where foreign students invite teachers to dance with them, and even their director, you. Afterwards, walking through the quiet corridors back to our offices, you seemed pensive, slightly cynical like Peter Sellers was supposed to be in real life. I wanted to ask if you danced with Andrew, but I couldn't.

Jetlag

I'm sitting in London's Hyatt Churchill waiting for my mixed green salad to appear; it seems like hours.

Yesterday, in Lonesome Dove, the novel I'm reading, Augustus died. Maybe he died five years ago for others. Maybe he didn't die at all since it's just fiction.

Does anyone know what Stephen Hawkins says about jetlag? Does anyone know what Einstein said? Does anyone besides me feel like they're walking backwards into a moving London bus when they're jetlagged?

I see the red double decker buses come and go, come and go; I want to say like ladies discussing Michaelangelo but T.S.Elliot already said that, still, it is relevant enough for me to want to say it fifty years later.

All those old person references in J. Alfred Prufrock, I never understood them until recently: Do I dare to eat a peach? I have heard the mermaids singing on the beach. I don't think they'll sing to me, either, anymore.

Not a Mandarin

Not a mandarin that tasted like chicken noodle soup, as citrus connoisseurs describe, nor a kishnu, sweet tart favorite of many,

I don't know which of the nine hundred cultivars it was, but it was the first fruit I'd picked from a backyard tree except for apple picking (but that was in an orchard), the aroma exploding like Natasha's War and Peace tangerine fragrance when she entered the ballroom toward Pierre,

as I peeled the orange rind, softer than a navel orange with an almost acne pit appearance and stripped the stringy pulp from between the segments that often get stuck in your teeth which Mary's mother, Mrs. Kelly, always said was the most nutritious part of the fruit although I suppose that might be leprechaun lore,

deliciously popping the fresh crescents into my outdoor mouth in the gentle Australian winter, like our Midwest American fall, spitting the pips on the ground at the base of the tree trunk, as Don, having grown up in Sydney, suggested I do.

Tristan Pigott



BIO

Tristan Pigott was born in 1990 and studied Painting at Camberwell College of Art where he graduated from in 2012. He has since been exhibiting across London where he lives and works, having had his first solo show December 2013, his second solo show is in November.

PROCESS

Everything starts in a sketchbook, once I've got a composition I'm happy with, I'll get a friend round who fits the role and take photos, eventually I'll end up with a final composition where I'll work from life or photos depending on the complexity of the pose. I'll start building up the painting adding or taking away what I feel is necessary, thinking about composition, space and colour. Things become more interesting when you move away from the constrictions photographs have.



Fast Food 2013 oil on linen 20" x 20"



Part Timer 2014 oil on linen 28" x 38"



Pillow 2013 oil on linen 13" x 13"



Easy Reading 2013 oil on linen 40" x 60"



Elastic 2014 oil on linen 16" x 24"



Sunday Morning Overground
2013
oil canvas
47" x 47"



Urban Neurosis 2013 oil on linen 22" x 33"

PAUL BEEL & GRACE CAVALIERI

Work is my Secret Lover

*Jazzmen even refer to sex as work.
Some primitive people believe
That death is work... Paul Zimmer*

Work
takes the palm of my hand to kiss
In the middle of the night
It holds my wrist lightly and feels the pulse
Work is who you'll find with me
when you tiptoe up the stairs
and hear my footsteps through the shadows
you'll see me lift my arm
to stretch and then lean down
to put my head to it
Work threatened to die once
for all that was left unsaid
so I took to it like a young bride
flushed with excitement
adultery too yes I admit it
on all the holidays
when others gathered at the table I was dreaming of it
making love to the movement of paper
the words from my lips
the feel of it
sometimes when company came
I'd throw a tablecloth over my Work and set the plates and
everyone acted as if nothing were visible
pretending I was the good hostess that I was
while on the Christmas tree Work waited patiently
among ornaments gleaming like a groom
I am guilty as charged
for nothing else could buy my feelings
and why would I sell the only thing that ever loved me the way
I loved back
but my beautiful long lasting
faithful lover my friend who will never leave
until death us do part –



Work is my Secret Lover
2014
oil on linen
120 x 90 cm

Michael

she caresses mornings
red lipstick
and satin dresses
that have long since lost their shine
blues ripping from her soul
drowning in last night's gin
and yesterday's dreams
thought she saw her future in lights
when writing text now ancient
they said, she couldn't do it again
and she hasn't
still, she has her fans
who haunt dark bars
desiring to hear her songs of woe
skin hungry nights
and men who did her wrong
she greets their demands
grateful for their remembrance
blues ripping from soul
drowning in last night's gin
and yesterday's dreams

One Moment
2014
acrylic
6" x 6"

Angoulême
2014
oil on canvas
30" x 24"



DANIEL MAIDMAN & NIN ANDREWS

On the Island Where I Grew Up

I was the ideal boy: as sculpted and slender as a ballet dancer. Every morning when the sun rose, I worked out with barbells before the metal became too hot to grasp, and the sweat ran in rivers and burned my eyes. Then I raced through the city streets and beaches, my feet just skimming the ground. I was careful not to lift off. But occasionally, in an unguarded moment, my wings opened, and I rose over the heads of pedestrians. Tourists watched open-mouthed as I ascended and descended quickly and went red with shame, hoping no one would catch me and give me a ticket. It was against the law to fly in the city. Some politicians wanted to ban flying everywhere. It was too dangerous, they said. Too many Island boys were kidnapped by foreigners and sold like caged birds. But I was desperate to be as thin as the models on the pages of slick magazines, and nothing burns calories or builds muscles quicker than flight. (It was easy money, too. When I landed, if I paused for just a moment, strangers would tuck envelopes of money deep in my pants pockets, their fingers lingering as long as I allowed.) Afterwards I was always starving, but instead of food I sipped InstaCal, a pink powder that replaced electrolytes and created a brief sensation of satiety. It was always a battle between the wish to be thin and beautiful but not as thin as the anorexic boys who lost their hair, their glow, and their feathers, one by one. Chiseled and gaunt, I flexed my muscles in front of mirrors and shop windows, admiring my silhouette. Nights I dreamt that I was flying away, my Angelina straddling me as she urged me onward. *Higher!* she gasped. *Higher! Higher!* as we rose together, riding the waves of the wind.



JUDITH PECK & PRIS CAMPBEL



Chain
2014
oil on linen
14" x 11"

Cruising

The old hooker takes one last turn
past the adult book store.
It's after midnight—late enough
maybe for one more horny man to ignore
the lines in her face,
that sagging chassis.

Her shoes feel like concrete blocks
and she still throbs inside
from the rough drunk
she managed to pick up earlier.

Too much competition now
from the homeless and hungry.
Married moms trading a trick
to put food on the table; teens
drugged by pimps who would sell
their mothers for palmed silver;
kids locked in broken down houses,
smutty photos writing their fate
on the internet for underbellies
creeping among the seekers.

The chill cuts through her sweater.
No men look twice.
She finally gives up, heads
for the sofa she barter for with
her still dexterous mouth, a lifetime
of lost dreams trailing behind her.

ROBBIE ROBB & LARRY LAWRENCE

Bird's Eye View

Something's gone terribly wrong, I see it as I soar above the trees,
scorching summers, so little rain, our offspring suffer in the heat.
Ice melting, forests disappearing, you've changed the lay of the land.

Harsh winters, temperatures falling, we perish from the deep freeze,
hunting is difficult with not enough prey and we have nothing to eat.
Something's gone terribly wrong, I see it as I soar above the trees.

Storms come more often, attacking the beaches, stealing the sand,
you don't fly, you can't see the danger, or all you have destroyed.
Scorching summers, so little rain, our offspring suffer in the heat.

We've fled the places our ancestors have lived for thousands of years,
you're thrilled when you see us and wonder how we can still be here.
Ice melting, forests disappearing, you've changed the lay of the land.



Golden One
2014
Mixed media/montage on paper
12" x 16"

Box

he's selected for jury duty
and writes a poem titled "voir dire"

visits an airport and pens two more-
"eavesdropping" and "the moving sidewalk"

he hears it when all the people talk
on the bus and at the laundromat

about both the boston bombers caught
by surveillance video footage

the nsa's surveillance leakage
and regulating domestic drones

men on the tv say he needs guns
and to construct a death-proof shelter

something to survive helter skelter
a box to be safe if never free



Box
2014
oil on linen
12"x12"

Endangered Species

I rebound recklessly
into this relationship,
my belief in his wildlife skewed.
Love is not always beautiful,
even the most snarling beasts
crave sex.
After the white dress,
something old, blue, and new,
I don't even know my name.

Voices borrowed from a dream
whisper in my ear.
The light off the moon
carries my shadow.
At the after party,
on all four walls, glass eyes
of taxidermy stare at me,
frozen smirks masking fear
slain in mid thought of flight.

When my tongue is tucked
back into my mouth,
my horns polished to shine,
only then will I realize,
I'm just another trophy,
a head mounted on the wall.
A quiet glass rapping builds,
my afterthought swallowed
the cork shooting across the room.

*Mother Nature sips red wine while
blowing new life into the atmosphere*
Acrylic Paint

DEBRA LIVINGSTON & R. J. SLAIS



JAMES NEEDHAM & MELISSA MCEWEN

I Ain't Got It

Brought up Baptist – can't dance, can't cuss, can't drink or mama will whoop the daylight out uh yuh with the bible, that kind of Baptist –

Jim didn't even think about playing the lottery. No ma'am. But it was the birth of his second child so soon after the first

that made him finally plunk down a couple of dollars on the gas station counter to play the birthdays of his babies

June-yuh and Eee-laine. And he played – every day – just about and he prayed – every day – that he'd win. Tired

of crying – every day – I ain't got it I ain't got it when they needed money now.

*

New to Pittsburgh from Mobile looking for work, he found it at the television manufacturing plant and the pay was okay but never enough.

His mama told him things would be different for him up there, that Blacks were treated better up there, that since he had some White in him

and was so light he and his family would be alright up there, but he was still a nigguh and he knew that

Blacks ain't get treated better anywhere and he was still a nigguh living with the pain of being born Black and doomed

and po and crying from birth I ain't got it I ain't got it when his mama his daddy his lady his babies his cousins

his aunties and everybody needed money now.

*

Walking uphill towards his home on Vancroft, holding on to his tickets for dear life, holding on like they were all he had

because they were all he had when his not-yet-his wife took the children, no longer babies, and went back to where she was from.

And he wrote her – Flora – Pittsburgh postmarked letters filled with promises, two fives sometimes two tens, and a few lines

about how he ain't got it or about how this week was the week he'd win the lottery even though he was beginning to think it was rigged

'cause they don't want no nigguh from The Hill to win but he could pretend that his luck was just as good

as any man born White (yeah right) and he'd spend his hours working and dreaming about joining his brothers out in California 'cause the sun

stayed warm and the winters didn't get you down like it did where he lived, where the snow ain't even white, pure, pretty like snow

in those Hollywood movies he watched on his Magnavox, the same one he sat in front of, waiting

for the winning numbers, hoping tonight was the night his luck would change

'cause everybody needed everything right now.



I Ain't Got It 2014
oil on canvas
33" x 33"

VICTORIA SELBACH & KATE LUTZNER

Fight

There is a hole in the cake and the killing channel bears its wounds. We've been up all night arguing, your mouth the scene of many difficult incisions. I try praying a little, to whatever God there is. My mother wrote a poem for her mother, and it made me cry. Nothing is perfect or honorable except the sea, and even there we find bodies in various stages of disintegration. There was a red moon a few nights ago. You didn't come outside to see it. There I was, alone, beneath the blood sky. It reminded me of a bruise, a small interpretation of pain. When her mother died, my mother let her hair grow into a braid. In celebration, she said. I find tiny spectacles in you when I allow it. Those days, I tell everyone how much I love you. The cake was green because I dyed it to match the grass. A gift of possession, everything that lies in wait. I wanted to try heroin once. Then, on a visit to a rehab, I found out why it wouldn't have been a good idea. The circle of cake and mating is lovely and difficult to discern. Ritual tendencies have become visible in us, a couple with their fists bared and all limbs wicking the air.



The Slip
2014
acrylic on canvas
46" x 28"

JEFF FAERBER & DENISE DUHAMEL

Mother/Moth

"hidden inside the word Mother,
...the words mouth and other..."

Tony Hoagland, *Erroneous*

Mothers are diverse in color, shape, and size – from smaller than a pencil tip to bigger than a songbird. (There are upward of 11,000 Mother species in the United States alone!) Mothers offer many ecological benefits, including feeding their own young.

Mothers outnumber their flashy cousin butterflies, by more than ten to one. To avoid danger, some Mothers have evolved to look quite unpalatable – you might mistake them for wasps, tarantulas, or even the praying mantis. You most likely recognize your own Mother as that drab brown insect sticking to the screen door on a summer night.

This is because Mothers are sometimes confused by artificial light. When left in the forest, Mothers navigate using the moon and stars, able to fly in a straight line. But Mothers must be careful – they have numerous natural predators that include bats, reptiles, rodents and large spiders.

Mothers are renowned for eating right through cloth, especially delicate silk. They tend to make holes in household fabrics like blinds and curtains.

While some Mothers love a good peach, others don't eat at all. The Luna Mother, for instance, doesn't even have a mouth. Her sole mission in life? To mate, and raise her young.



Mother/Moth 2014
mixed media (ink, acrylic, watercolor) on acid free board
8" x 10"



Dirge for Alabama
Watercolor on paper, cut and
adhered to white paper backing
30" x 22"

dirge for alabama

up with the chickens & farmers & coffee.
before the dog & deer. no one on the road

near the ground of my birth: to put peggy
in the earth. passed on her namesake's first

day: provender of canon & verse: luster &
ricochet. & mustering beside soybean fields

in pressed down weeds: memory beagles
sound this dearth. we put peggy in the earth.

Confession 3

I was born ugly. I was born so ugly,
I won the ugliest baby prize in 1958.
My brother and sisters said it was in
the newspapers. The entire world
read about me. I think that might
be the only prize I ever won.
In one of my earliest memory

my grandma is staring down at me
in my playpen. *Lord have mercy*, she says.
Do you think they can fix her? She pulls a bandage
off my eye and covers it again quickly.
Ugh! She screams, *That sure is ugly!*
My eye is always patched back then.
But it isn't just my eyes that are wrong.

My skin is too pale, and freckles multiply
all over me until I'm as speckled
as a bluetick coonhound. And my belly
grows as round as basket ball after every meal
and sticks out beneath my blouse
so I can't even tuck it in. Back then
I had to eat everything on my plate.
Some days my first grade teacher, Mrs. Wallace asks,
What is wrong with your stomach? It's huge!
The class bursts out laughing.

That's just breakfast, I explain.
You should see lunch.

Mrs. Wallace was always worrying over me
then, pushing my glasses up my nose,
running her orange fingernails through my hair
that stuck to my scalp like glue.
Does you mother ever wash you? she asked.
Then she sniffed the air. *Let me check your shoes.*
My shoes were packed with cow manure,

bits of straw sticking out the sides.
(I fed my chickens and cows before school.)
Do you ever change your clothes?

Yes, ma'am, I said. I did, too,
but back then all my clothes looked alike.
They were brown or navy blue
because my mother said those colors
don't show dirt. She was right.
I never knew which clothes were clean.

One day Mrs. Wallace made me stand outside
in the hall, *You smell disgusting!* she announced
Get out of my classroom! Now! I cried
and cried. Later, Stephanie Combs gave me
an animal cookie with pink icing on top.
I like you anyways, she smiled, holding her nose.
Stephanie sat in front of me, and she wore
pink dresses or skirts every day, and her long
brown hair hung over her chair and swept
across my desk. Strands of hair fell onto my papers
and I tried to stick them back on her head.

Why can't you be like Stephanie Combs? Mrs. Wallace
asked. *Stephanie is always so clean and neat
and on time, too.* Mrs. Wallace gave Stephanie
gold stars every day. I wished I was Stephanie
Combs back then. I wished I had her pink dresses
and skirts, and her Glad baggies full of pink
iced animal cookies that she hid in her desk,
and her long brown hair that was comb-lined,
held back with a pink headband or Goody
barrettes. I even prayed on my knees
beside my bed at night, *Make me Stephanie Combs,
Lord Jesus. Please?* But He never heard me. Not then.
Not ever. He never did pay me much mind.

Confession 8

My father always said,
If you have something nice to say
don't bore me.
If he asked,
How was your day?
and I said, *Fine, daddy*,
he just smirked,
We both know that's not true.

So I told him mean things.
Gross things, too.

I told him how Mr. Preston
wore tight polyester pants to school
one day, and he left his fly unzipped
and you could see this white bulge
of his underwear. So everyone
started giggling and whispering.
TJ Clearwater kept saying,
I see his penis! It's coming out!
When Mr. Preston called on me in class,

I didn't answer his question.
I said, *Mr. P, I believe your fly's down.*
Mr. Preston sent me to the principal's office.
Don't ever call me Mr. P. again! he screamed.
Now everyone calls him Mr. P.
Or Mr. Penis.

My father grinned.

So I told him how Katie Riedel
got the worst grade in math class
and she started sobbing so loud
after Mrs. Mullnex handed
the tests back, worst to best.
Poor Katie, Mrs. Mullnex said,
you are my first worst student.
Katie Riedel had to go to the nurse's office
to calm herself down.

My father smiled.
I never did care for the Riedel's, he said.

So I told him how Nathan Parker
was running for student government
and he gave a speech at lunch, or started to.
He was just saying, *I should be elected
school president because I would . . .*
and upchuck flew out of his mouth,
all over the floor . . . *SPLAT.*
There were all these little hotdog pieces
gliding across the linoleum.
I bet he ate five hotdogs before he stood up.
The hotdogs didn't even look chewed.

Oh, that's disgusting!
My father laughed out loud.
Then he rattled the ice in his whiskey glass,
poured himself another drink
and raised his glass.

Here's to a disgusting day!
And I felt as if I'd won a prize.



The Sheets

bleached white
and ironed crisp like you like them,
no sign of blood or struggle left behind.

*The way you threw me
on the bed that night
spread my arms and legs.
I thought we were making
snow angels on pillows
until you stilled me
with stone eyes, steel fists.*

I remember darkness, my lids shut tight
as if your ripping off my clothes might end
if I didn't look;
but I felt your fingernails dig into my flesh,
your knuckles bear into my thighs
pull them apart, a wishbone
almost at the edge of snapping, but not quite.

I made a wish in vain,
as what was pleasure self-imposed
when I put my own fingers in my panties
and rubbed until the rupture,
became ugly and painful;
what you were doing to me
not your fingers anymore
but your maleness
standing tall and firm
like the bed post

so close, I felt your pulse, your sweaty skin
as you probed further, faster
over and over again,
then left me lying naked
in blood-stained sheets.

My life is now devoted to you
I hope you think I'm a good wife-
at twelve, it's the only thing I know.

Fired earth, hand painted
2014
16" x 6"

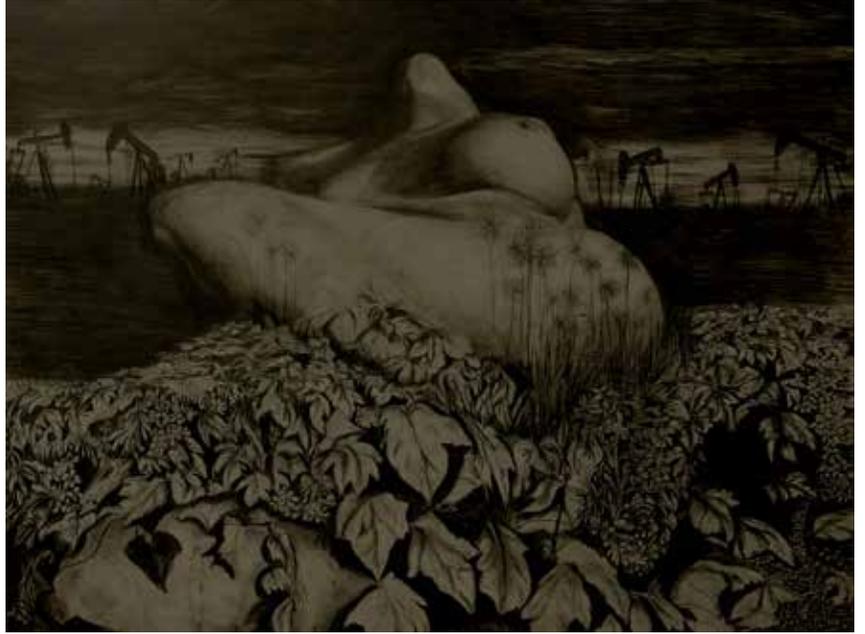
Let us, you and I (Levers and Locks)

—I am a corridor
a garden
a house lifting its skirts at the gathers
to tumble into the ocean

When she says she is a corridor, what do you imagine?
A space you have moved through in the easy dark?
A bright mosaic streaming forward? A tight fit?
A distance

that makes you seem small?
The garden overrun with ivy, sweet brier, and thistle
Teeming with color, teeming with rain and you—wringing
The bed sheets in the clumsy mud, envying the flowers
You cannot name. Your desire: a trail of levers and locks,
A tendency to recall. A screen door banging shut in the wind.
Your mind thinning: slick strands and ribbons spooling
Where there would be legs.

And when she says she dreams of drowning?
A flock of wild ducks, confetti thrown against the clouds,
Like clay plates shot out of the air. The slight shift in pitch
As each one falls, a lit match dropped into the fountain pool.



Let Us, You And I ...2014
charcoal on clay board
24" x 18"

P.H. DAVIS

Portrait in Heels, Age Four

A boy is caught in the moment; he hangs within
one second and the next, a parent priming him
for posterity but also capturing an inchoate self.

He poses for the camera, poised as a golden era
movie star, mid-action, waiting for his next cue –
a half-remembered film of his own imagination.

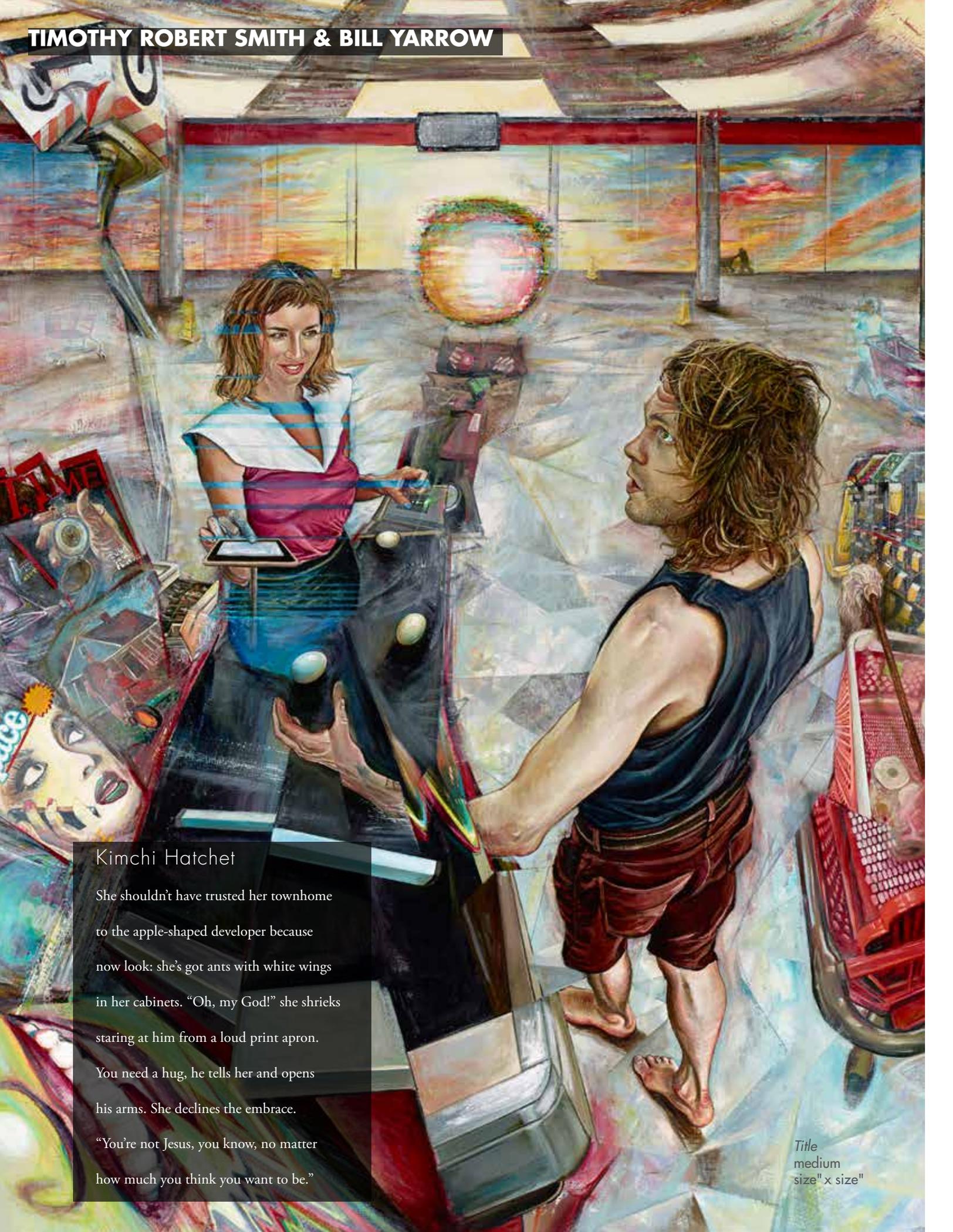
What an ensemble - his crisp, new white jersey,
covered by a pleated navy gilet with a gilt crest,
on his head a knitted blue, yellow, and red hood,

From which his strawberry blonde hair tumbles
in curls. All coupled with crimson mitts and navy
shorts despite the crisp frost of an early autumn.

And accessorised with such ugly heels; tan leather
sandals with a full toe and strap around the ankle,
worn with white gym socks – it was the eighties!

He uses a garden brush as an anchor to balance
in those tottering heels, no doubt pilfered from
his mother's closet. Oh how he prances around!

What did the photographer think of this, an eye
of a mother or a father through the view finder,
documenter of a self belied by his choice of shoe.



Kimchi Hatchet

She shouldn't have trusted her townhome to the apple-shaped developer because now look: she's got ants with white wings in her cabinets. "Oh, my God!" she shrieks staring at him from a loud print apron. You need a hug, he tells her and opens his arms. She declines the embrace. "You're not Jesus, you know, no matter how much you think you want to be."

Title
medium
size" x size"

M and the Slugger

It's good publicity.

My heart is not for marketing,
but they want me on his arm,
say he's asked for me especially,
as though I'm something that can be ordered,
delivered to him,
presented to the all-American boy
with his all-American past
as the reward he earns
at the end of his career—
a gold watch in an evening gown
instead of a velvet box.

It's good for your image.

Sitting bored
in some restaurant,
where he will probably order for me
as if I don't know what I want for myself,
and will tell me his history
and every detail
of every game
he's ever played,
while I try to smile,
be polite,
and not fall asleep
to the litany of statistics
that I could have read
off the back of one of his baseball cards.

*It will be the only pictures
that anyone remembers—
no matter what other magazines have.*

And little by little
they wear me down
until it's just easier to go
than to try to keep fighting them—
a courtesy date,
not like a marriage,
just politics.

But at some point in the evening,
there's something about his smile,
maybe the way he looks at me,
maybe the way he's so excited about it all,
so passionate about everything,
there's something in there
that makes it start to seem
less like an obligation
and more like an evening—
the way he holds his glass, his fork,
remarks on my dress,
listens to what I have to say
as if he's actually interested.

Just a date,
not like a marriage.

M and Arthur in Love

His typewriter in the office,
where it catches the early light every morning.
Sometimes, when I come in, he is bathed in light,
his words flowing onto the page
in a steady stream, like rain drops
impacting on the rubber roller.

It's just us here—
no cameras, no schedules,
no pompous British film stars,
fading fast and trying to eclipse my light
with the hope
it will somehow increase their own—
just him, his words, my growing belly,
the perfect July light.

No contracts, no studios,
no men in tailored suits
deciding the fate of Marilyn Monroe,
standing me up in front of cameras,
filling my mouth with empty words,
awkward gestures,
making me look like some fool,
all cleavage and hip sway
with no substance.

In the afternoons,
he casts his line into the ocean,
and I wade, ankle-deep in the surf,
the spray of Atlantic salt water,
wetting my legs,
making the hems of my skirts heavy.

He says he will build me in words—
as he sees me,
as he knows I really am,
as the smart, capable woman
he told that roomful of people about
all those years ago
when I met him at that poisonous party in Hollywood,
and all the people laughed,
but his eyes,
locked with mine,
they said, "I would never lie to you, Marilyn.
You will always be how I see you."

Eric Daniel Almanza



BIO

Eric Almanza is a Figurative Chicano Painter whose work deals with political themes in urban landscapes. Eric Almanza was born in Los Angeles in 1979. He received a BA in Art Practice in 2001 from the University of California, Berkeley. Eric spent 7 years teaching Fine Arts at the high school level in LAUSD before enrolling in a Fine Arts Graduate program. He received

PROCESS

When beginning a new painting or drawing I will typically create a digital composition using Photoshop. I begin every composition by first selecting the right environment or background and then filling the space with people and props. If I have a place in mind that I feel will work well for the environment I will do my photo shoot there with my models and props so I can keep the lighting consistent. This scenario is ideal, however it is rare and often times I must do several photo shoots and piece the images together on Photoshop. I start each digital collage by first determining the size of canvas to be painted and its orientation. For larger pieces I will do a photo transfer directly on the canvas using a black and white print

his MFA from Laguna College of Art and Design in 2013 and paints out of a studio located in the skid row area of Downtown Los Angeles. His work articulates a synthesis between his environment and his culture. Crafted through the lens of a Chicano, Eric's artwork seeks to depict a narrative of mid 21st century American Society. With George Orwell's 1984 as inspiration, Eric depicts a

out from Kinko's that is the exact size as the canvas. From the print out, I transfer basic shapes and outlines onto the canvas using a graphite pencil. Using those basic shapes and outlines I render a detailed pencil drawing of my composition from observation on the canvas and then seal it so that the graphite will not mix with top layers of paint.

The painting process begins with a tonal wash of the entire canvas with either an earth tone or a unifying color. Often I use a 50/50 mix of Burnt Umber and Burnt Sienna. I have found that these oil washes help with the adhesion of paint to the canvas, as well as aiding to evenly spread the first layer of oil paint around. My

story of American Society where greed and capitalism have destroyed the very fabric of our global construct. Fear and decay are rampant. A small few choose to rebel. Led by an unlikely hero named Ezekiel these rebels spark an uprising in the streets of the city-state of Los Angeles.

www.ericalmanza.com.

general approach to painting is to divide and conquer. I paint section-by-section, trying to finish each part in the first pass. Over the course of a few months I systematically paint my picture section by section until I have the entire canvas covered with paint. Some areas are finished, while others may need a few layers of refinement.



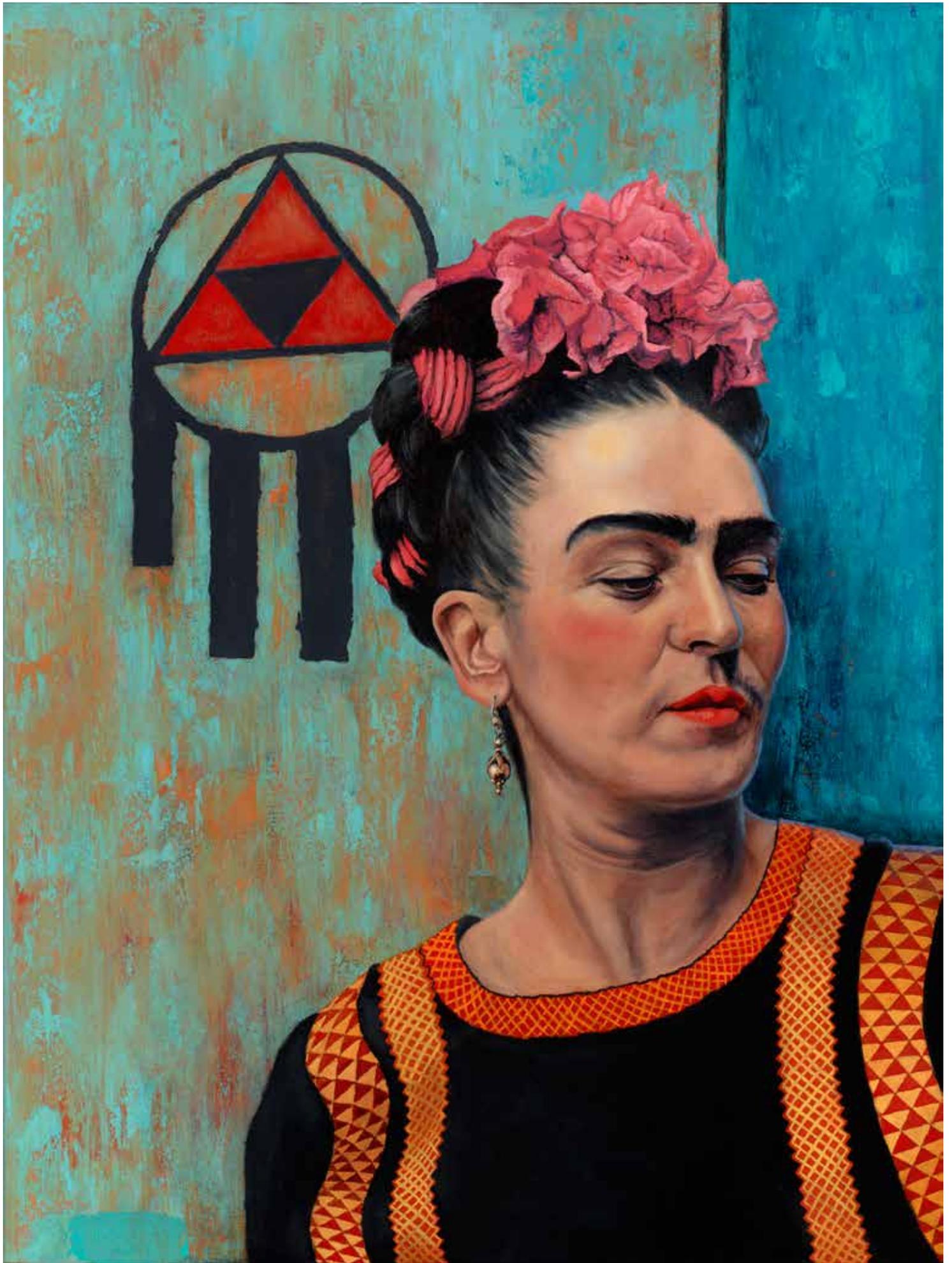
21st Century Rebel 2014 charcoal on paper 30" x 40"



21st Century Enlightenment
2013 oil on canvas 18" x 24"



Francisco F.
2013 oil on canvas 24" x 18"

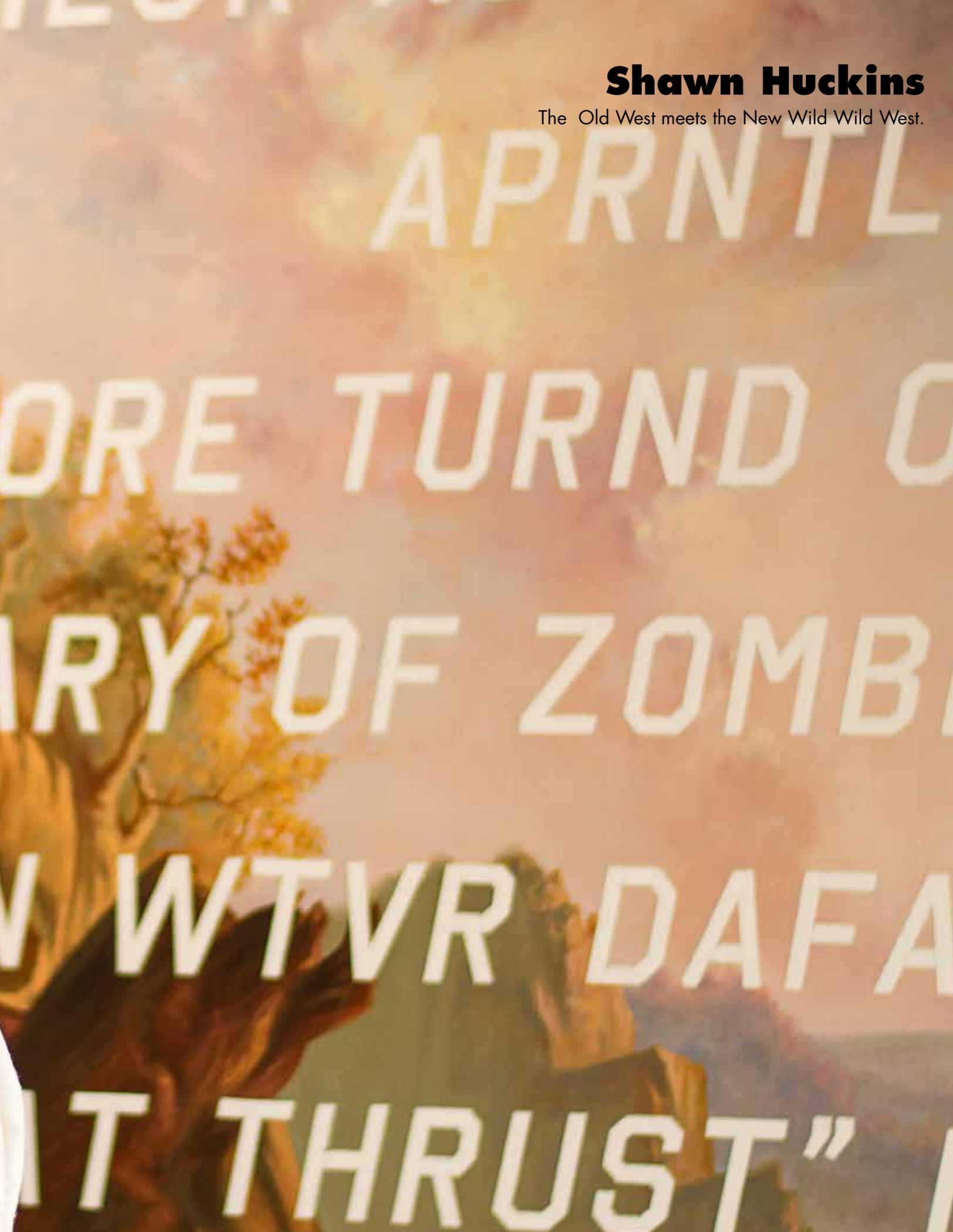


Frida 2014 oil on canvas 24" x 18"



Paris L. 2013 oil on canvas 24" x 18"





Shawn Huckins

The Old West meets the New Wild Wild West.

APRNTL

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AT THRUST" I



Watching The Cargo: Rolling On The Floor Laughing Out Loud 2014 acrylic on canvas 40" x 48"

Shawn Huckins

BIO

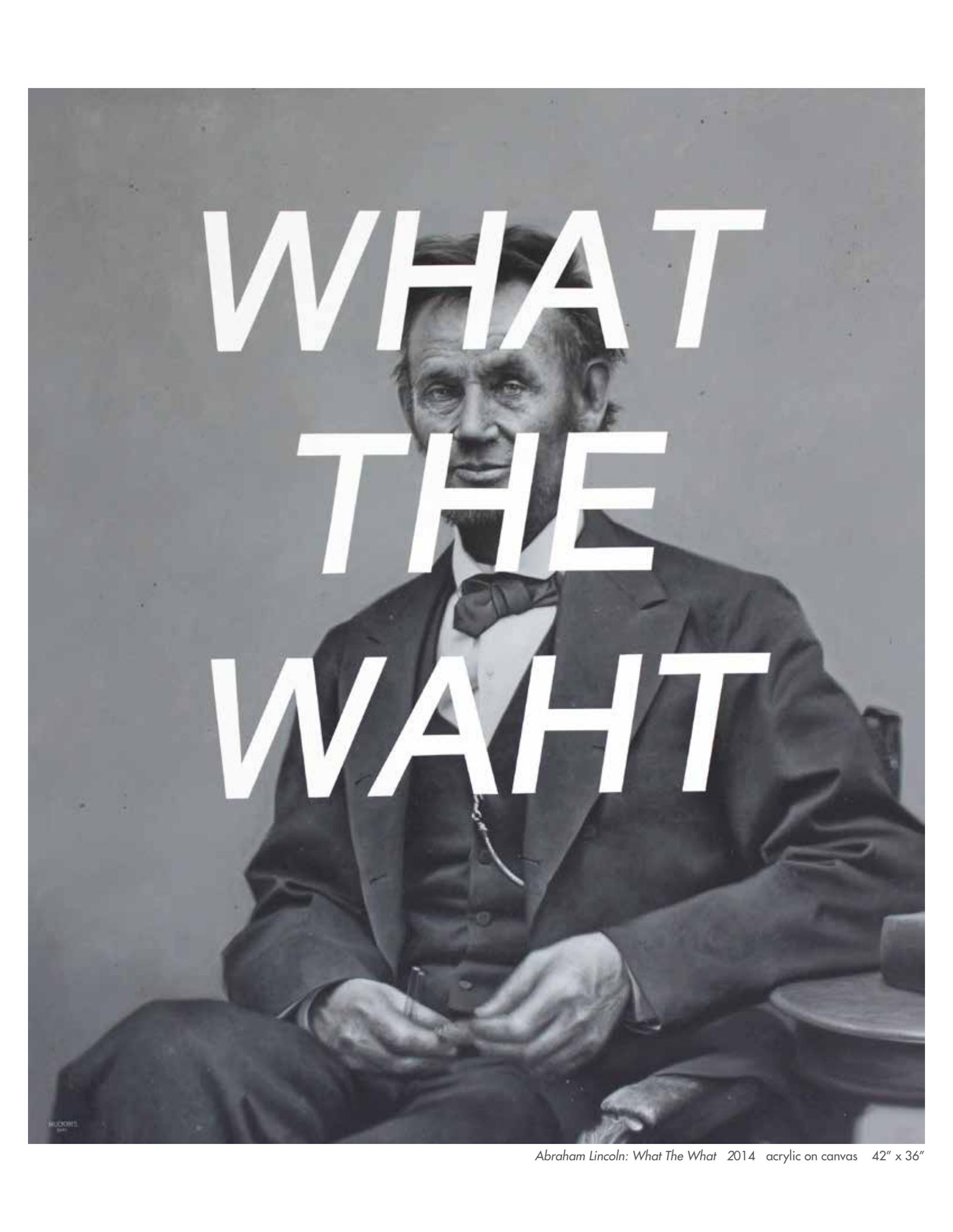
Shawn Huckins was first introduced to painting after inheriting his grandmother's oil painting set at a young age. As an adult, it's taken a route through studies in architecture and film, plus a stint living on the other side of the world, for him to gravitate back towards art. Since

graduating from Keene State with a major in Studio Arts, Huckins has taken inspiration from 18th Century American portraiture to 20th Century Pop Artists and preoccupied his work with a contemporary discourse on American culture.

PROCESS

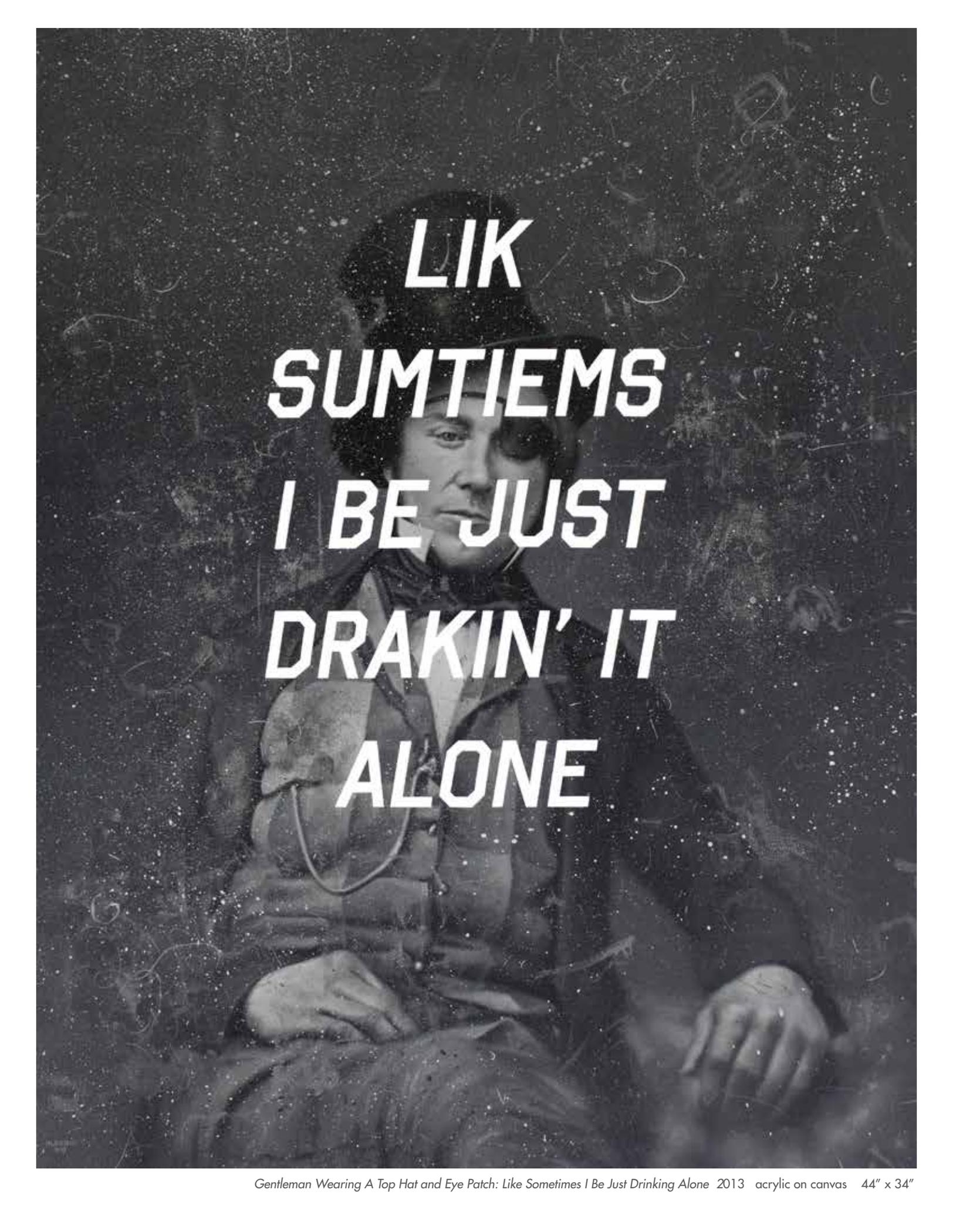
It starts with finding the perfect image and perfect text to marry it with. The paintings I replicate are all within the public domain, so anybody can do what they please with them. I choose to replicate them in acrylics and superimpose media jargon, also painted, on top. The text I find by creeping around on Twitter (or something similar) with a fake name. Adolescent girls usually have pretty good text to use. I don't use my own as I find it too contrived. Once I find the ideal match, I do several composition layouts on the computer to get the text positioned just right.

From there, it's drawn onto canvas. The lettering is masked off, burnished down, and I start the underpainting. I typically work in sections and start with the face and hands first, as I find these parts to be the most challenging and time consuming. Once I get past this and feel good about it, I move onto the background and work my way forward. Once the painting is complete, I peel away the tape to reveal the white lettering below and touch up the parts where the paint leaked underneath. It gets photographed and finally varnished.

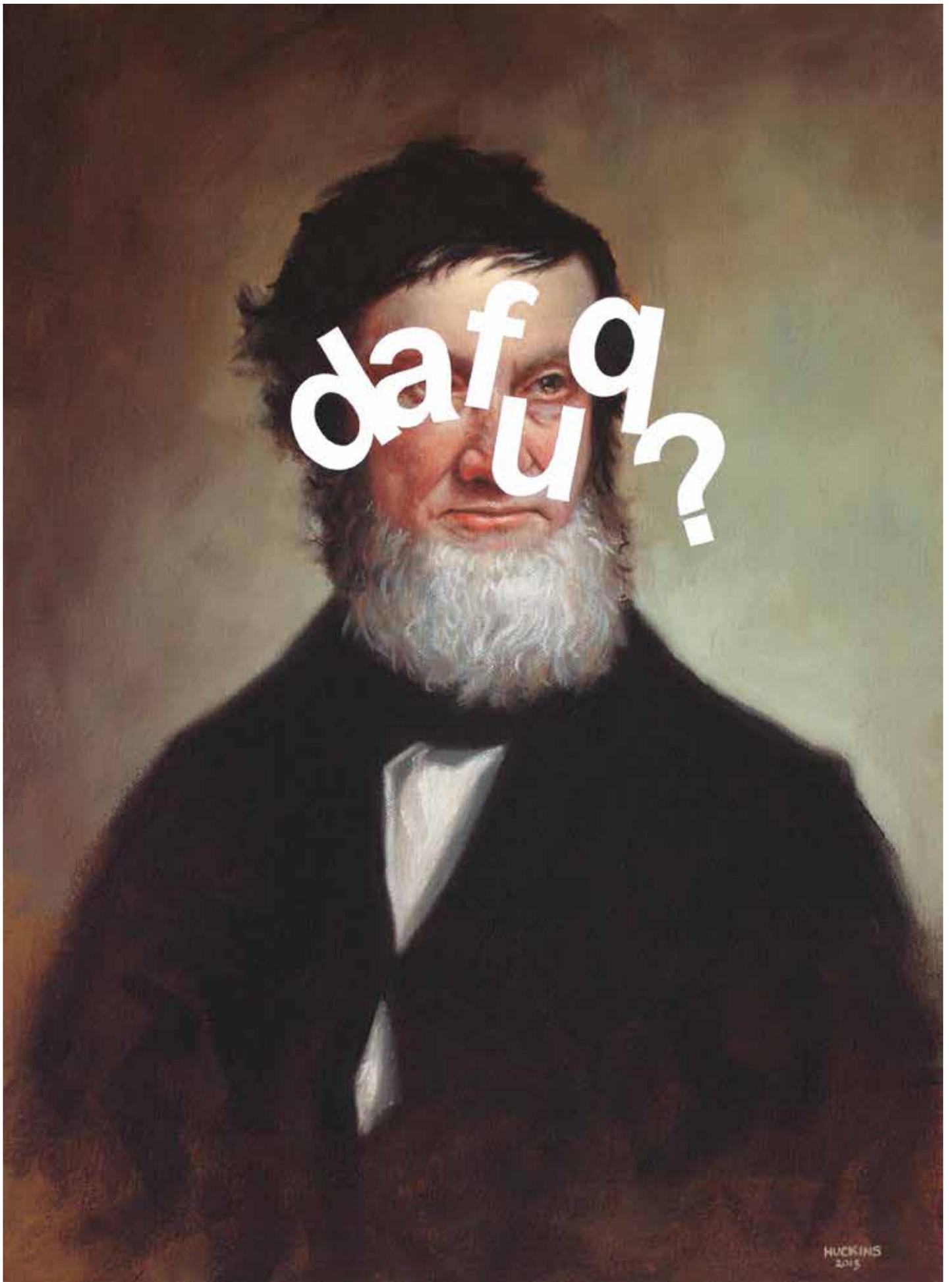


WHAT
THE
WAHT

Abraham Lincoln: What The What 2014 acrylic on canvas 42" x 36"



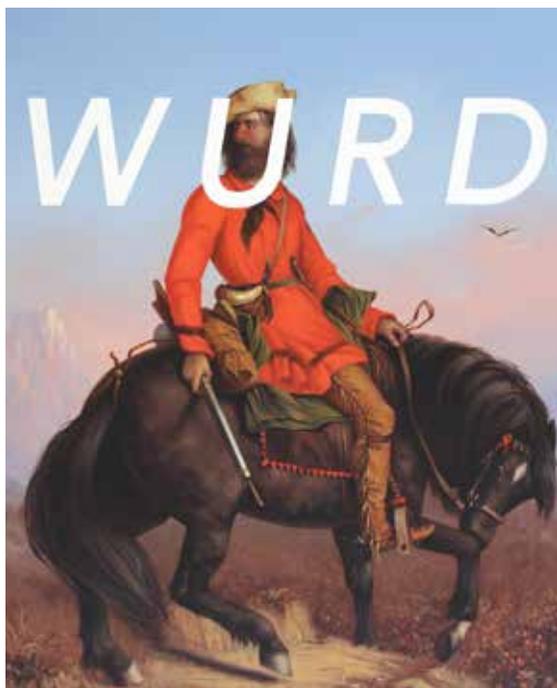
**LIK
SOMTIMES
I BE JUST
DRAKIN' IT
ALONE**



James Beard: The Fuck? 2013 acrylic on canvas 16" x 12"



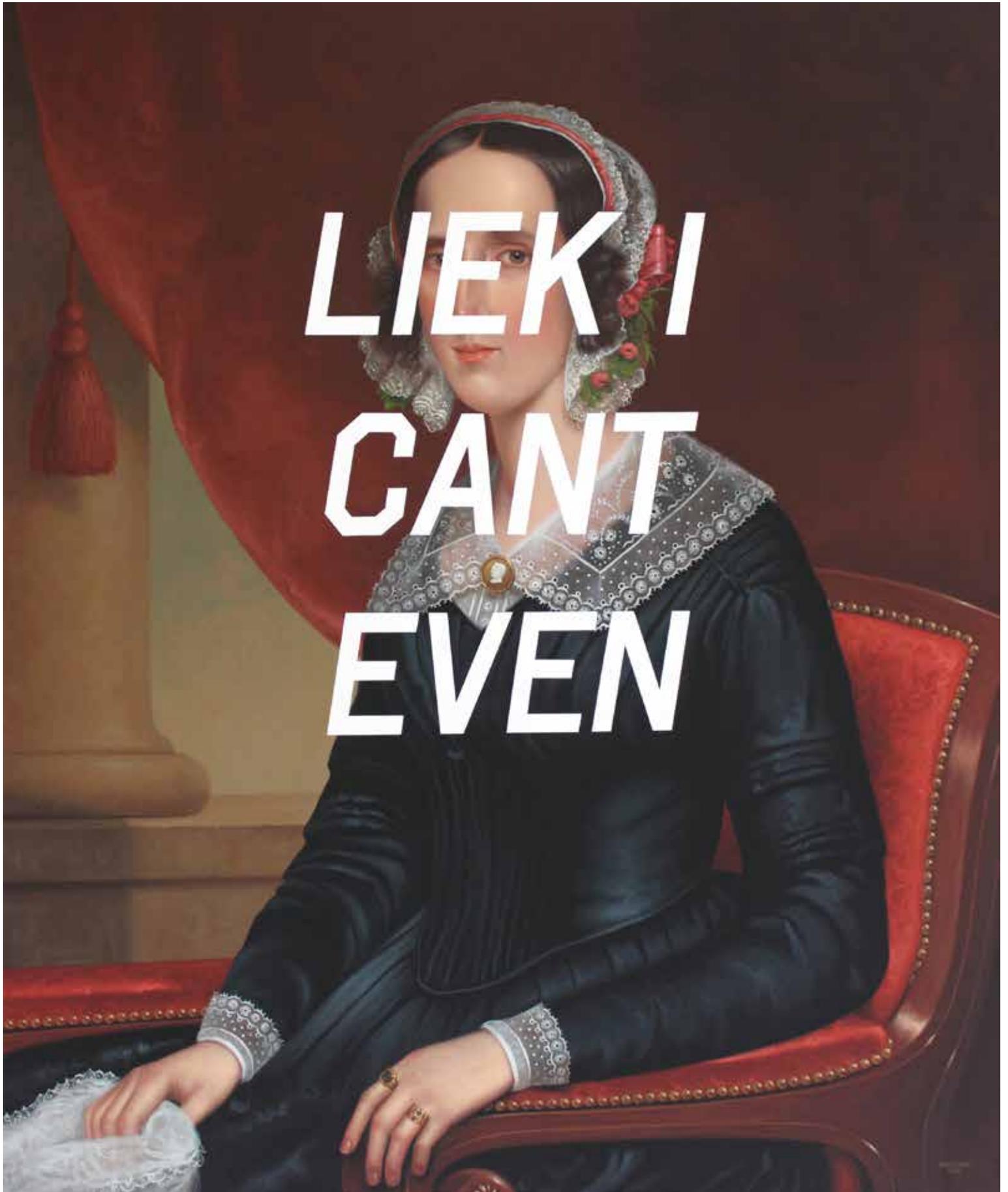
The Jolly Flatboatmen: Twerking Like A Boss 2013 acrylic on canvas 40" x 52"



James Beard: The Fuck? 2013 acrylic on canvas 16" x 12"



Ulysses S. Grant: Hashtag Um 2013 acrylic on canvas 30" x 28"



Portrait of Catherine Crone: Like I Can't Even 2014 acrylic on canvas 42" x 36"

C O N T R I B U T O R N O T E S

Leila Ammar is a seventeen-year-old Palestinian-American writer based in Philadelphia, PA. Leila is currently entering her senior year of high school and plans to pursue her love of literature in higher education. The purpose of Leila's poetry is to capture the vulnerability and imposing presence of society in the human mind. Leila creates works that can be read from many different angles; there is no absolute definition.

Nin Andrews is the author of five full-length collections of poetry and six chapbooks. Her next book, *Why God Is a Woman*, is forthcoming from BOA Editions.

Four years after his birth in 1970, **Paul Beel** began painting in Cleveland. An MFA from the School of Art at Bowling Green State University arrived 22 years later. After moving to Italy in 1997, collaboration with young gallerist Giovanni Bonelli led to solo shows in Venice, Milan, Florence and Mantova, and group shows in the US and UK, Italy, Spain, Germany, San Marino, and Switzerland. Beel won the Celeste Prize and more recently, The BP Portrait Travel Award from the National Portrait Gallery. His works are represented by 6° Senso Art Gallery, (Roma); Galleria Giovanni Bonelli (Milan); Restarte, (Bologna); and Gofigurative Gallery (London). He lives and works in Florence, and recently attained dual citizenship.

Debra Balchen is a Chicago area artist who specializes in painting, drawing, sculpture and glasswork. Raised in Chicago, she has also lived in Italy, South Africa, Kenya and Egypt. She has studied at the Art Students League of New York, the Kitengela Glass Studios in Kenya, the Studio at the Corning Museum of Glass in New York, the Academy of Art University in San Francisco, as well as the Palette and Chisel and Vitruvian Fine Art Studio in Chicago.

Jan Ball teaches ESL at DePaul University in Chicago. Since she started submitting poems for publication in 1998, 163 of her poems have been appeared in journals such as: *Atlanta Review*, *Connecticut Review*, *Iodine Poetry Review*, and *Nimrod*. Jan has published two chapbooks: *accompanying spouse* (2011) and *Chapter of Faults* (2014) with Finishing Line Press. They are both available on Amazon. She is a member of the Poetry Club of Chicago. Besides writing poetry, Jan wrote a dissertation at the University of Rochester in 1996: Age and Natural Order in Second Language Acquisition. When not writing, teaching, or gardening at their farm, Jan and her husband travel and like to cook for friends.

Robert Lee Brewer is the author of *Solving the World's Problems* (Press 53) and Senior Content Editor for the Writer's Digest Writing Community, which includes editing Market Books, writing a poetry column for *Writer's Digest magazine*, blogging, and

so much more. He's been a featured reader in events around the country, including most recently as a National Feature at the Austin International Poetry Festival. Robert's been voted Poet Laureate of the Blogosphere, named a gifted poet on Twitter, and even O, The Oprah Magazine says, "I have a poet crush on Robert Lee Brewer" (November, 2012). He's married to the poet Tammy Foster Brewer, who helps him keep track of their five little poets (four boys and one princess). Follow him on Twitter @robertleebrewer.

Matt Calcavecchia was in Richland, WA and grew up in Tri-Cities, until he left to attend college at the University of Washington in Seattle, where he studied theatre and eventually graduated with a degree in drama in 1998.

In 1999, Matt moved to New York City to pursue a career in theatre. Instead he found himself visiting the Met and the Guggenheim more often than the local theatres. He set up an easel in his small New York apartment and began to paint regularly. The theatre however left its mark; his paintings are heavily influenced by theatrics and are focused on social and individual dynamics. Matt moved back to Seattle in 2003 and lives there with his wife Julie and two sons, Nico and Marcus.

Grace Cavalieri has lost her lifelong love, but still has her work: writing, reviewing, broadcasting. Her work takes her into the next year, on public radio for 38 years. She has 4 beautiful daughters and 4 gorgeous grandchildren. Her new poetry books, 2014, are **The Mandate of Heaven** (Bordighera;) and **The Man Who Got Away** (Scarith.) The Menendez art empire has always given her life new energy and reason to go on.

Cesar Conde is a Filipino-American artist whose work is a series of reflections from his own experience. They are photo documents, timepieces stamped on film, paper, and canvas. These moments moved him towards the direction of social consciousness and action.

These works are celebration of Humanity. They are homage to the oppressed, to the beggars he calls "Saints", to women who still suffer inequity and most of injustices in this post-modern, post-colonial, still "Patriarchal" world, to children who are trapped in the cycle of poverty, to the marginalized, the forgotten, the neglected, the unspoken. They are his Big Heroes. They are his Gurus, Teachers, and Saints.

Currently Cesar is working on "In The Hood – Portraits of African American Professionals Wearing a Hoodie." This project is of large scale paintings done in Technique Mixte of African American professionals, male and female wearing a "Hoodie". This is to continue the dialogue of "Perception" vs. "Reality", race-relations, stigmas, images, stereotypes, generalizations. This project was

inspired by the tragedy of the 17 y.o. African American teenager, Trayvon Martin who was shot and killed last year while wearing a hoodie in a Florida neighborhood. "Until we see each other beyond "The Hood and into Humanity", we perhaps can achieve peace and erase color lines."

Other projects in the works are "Sagrada – Sinful and Sacred (Victoria's Secret)". "Women Who Ran With The Wolves" which will showcase at 33 Contemporary Gallery in 2016. Also, "Coming Out Of the Shadows – an Undocumented American Story."

Cesar studied at Angel Academy of Art in Florence, Italy with John Michael Angel, who was an apprentice for Pietro Annigoni. Also, with Master Painter of Technique Mixte, Patrick Betaudier in his atelier in France. Cesar's old master influences are Carravaggio, Rembrandt, and Goya. Cesar resides in Chicago and continues to paint in his atelier at Conde Art Loft and Pilsen Art and Design.

Lorraine Currelley is a poet, writer, educator, activist and Mental Health Counselor and the Founder/Executive Director of Poets Network & Exchange, a positive and supportive space for poets and writers at all levels. She facilitates poetry and creative writing workshops, produces featured poetry readings, literary events and open mics. Poets Network & Exchange has expanded to include a Scholar Lecture Series. Scholars of various disciplines are invited to lecture and facilitate workshops.

She is the recipient of numerous awards among them a 2014 S.P.A.R.C. residency (Seniors Partnering with the Arts Citywide) and the Women Writers in Bloom Poetry Salon Certificate of Appreciation for 2014. She's a new member of the Pearls of Wisdom Storytellers. She is published and has performed her poetry extensively. She sits on the boards and advisory panels for Writing for Peace and Ensemble du Monde.

She's the Founder and Editor of *The Currelley Literary Journal*, a blog where she writes articles, commentaries, reviews and interviews. LC Information and Resource Center, a resource and information blog which addresses domestic and sexual violence, mental health and gerontology (aging) providing information and links to resources nationwide.

Lorraine Currelley is the former first and only president of The Harlem Arts Fund. She holds a Masters in Mental Health Counseling and a Certificate in Thanatology (grief and bereavement.) When she's not writing poetry and short stories, she writes for scientific and literary publications on social, mental health, and grief and bereavement issues.

P.H. Davies is an English poet and writer living in Oxford. His work centres on issues such as same-sex marriage, gay identity, gay childhood and adolescence. He has published a number of poetry collections, including the volumes **Early Poems** (2010) and **Suburbanite** (2012), as well as a novel, **Veneer** (2007). His recent

works are a series of ebooks, including the new title **Blood** (2014) about a gay vampire. He plans to publish a third volume of poetry on growing up gay, to be released early next year. He can be found on www.phdavies.co.uk

Denise Duhamel's most recent book of poetry **Blowout** (University of Pittsburgh Press, 2013) was a finalist for the National Book Critics Circle Award and winner of a 2014 Paterson Poetry Prize. Her other books include **Ka-Ching!** (Pittsburgh, 2009), **Two and Two** (Pittsburgh, 2005), and **Queen for a Day: Selected and New Poems** (Pittsburgh, 2001). The guest editor for **The Best American Poetry 2013**, she is a professor at Florida International University in Miami.

Jeff Faerber grew up in CA and studied art at San José State University (San José, CA) and School of Visual Arts (NYC). His art has appeared in magazines, books, CDs, and websites. He has shown extensively in New York, as well as many other major cities in the U.S. and abroad. He paints for fun and for profit and likes it best when it's for both.

He currently lives in Brooklyn, NY with a very classy lady and two cats. Please visit: [jeff faerber: paintings, drawings, and other work](http://jefffaerber.com)

Carlton D. Fisher is an Instructor in the English department at SUNY Jefferson in upstate NY, near the Canadian border. His work has appeared in *Assaracus*, *The Paterson Literary Review*, *Lips*, *Sugar Mule*, *OCHO*, *MiPOesias* and other publications, and is forthcoming in *Weave*, *Out of Sequence: The Sonnets Remixed* and several other journals and anthologies. He is the winner of the first Crush Poetry Contest sponsored by Punctum Books and was a finalist for the Allen Ginsberg Award in 2014. He is currently completing several manuscripts while working on his doctoral degree at SUNY Binghamton. A devoted advocate for awareness and appreciation of poetry, he has been offering several series of workshops on poetry writing throughout the North Country. For more information on workshops and upcoming readings, please visit his website at www.carltondfisher.com

Canadian artist **Angela Hardy's** portrait and figurative paintings are a combination of pulling her love of costume and craft into her images. She often creates much of the clothing and props that her subjects are portrayed with. Hardy says that, "My desire is to show that no matter who we are, we all still long to explore, display or inner passions, dreams and imagination. We also crave to express our diversity, even when confronted with society's standards of who we should be." Hardy's newest body of work still upholds her touch of playful whimsy and passion, bringing out her subjects "True Colors". As she hints at our issues of acceptance and change through her almost comedic use of her characters. "Through my own journey of beginning to truly understand myself I realized how many of us are searching and seeking ways to express to the world who we really are. I hope that the paintings and posts that I write, regarding both my message and mediums help others to find and live their "True Colors"

Hardy's paintings can be found in collections in both North America and Europe by Prestigious Collectors such as Howard Tullman, International Famed photographer Dr Andy Gotts MBE MA FBIPP and Canadian Collector Bob Buckingham.

"Angela Hardy's work is simply breathtaking. It oozes depth and feeling and gets under the skin of her subjects. Each brush stroke adds another layer of passion and feeling from this amazing artist and I am proud to have her work in my collection." Says photographer Dr Andy Gotts

Bob Buckingham, Lawyer, collector: "Angela's pieces, whether they be a soft, sensuous still life or bold portraits of her avant-garde friends all reflect the magnificent colors she was infused with as a child raised under the aurora borealis of Labrador."

Bachelor of Fine Arts Degree, Artist, Painter acrylic, watercolor, graphite, ink, etc), instructor, commissions, figurative, portrait, landscape, still life, etc.

Shauna Howard is a graphic designer and photographer in the southern New Hampshire region, and has been for ten years now. #teamfabulous

Laurie Kolp is an award-winning, widely published poet living in Southeast Texas whose work can be found in iARTistas, PoetsArtists, MiPOesias as well as Miller's Pond, cho, The Fib Review, Full of Crow, TUCK Magazine, Shot Glass Journal, Dead Mule's School of Southern Literature, plus many other print and online publications. Her poem, *The Heart of Texas*, is an example used in Diane Lockward's *The Crafty Poet*. In April 2013, Laurie participated in *The Found Poetry Review* (FPR) *Pulitzer Remix*, writing a found poem daily from John Updike's **Rabbit at Rest**. *Thousands of Flags*, a found poem taken from David Foster Wallace, appears in FPR's special tribute to him. Laurie's poems have appeared in *Writer's Digest* twice after Robert Lee Brewer's Poetic Asides form contests for the Tritina and Nonet. Her poems are forthcoming in *Black Heart Magazine* and *Blue Fifth Review*. Laurie finds inspiration everywhere, so she takes photos as often as possible (much to her teen daughter's chagrin). Her photography has been featured in *Poetic PinUp Review* and graced the cover of *MiCrow8: Winter 2013*.

Laurie serves as CEO of household and vice-president of Texas Gulf Coast Writers. Her recent book of poems is **Upon the Blue Couch** (Winter Goose Publishing). Discover more about Laurie at her website, lauriekolp.com.

Larry Lawrence is a poet from New Jersey and a teacher of the Gifted & Talented in the public school system. He studied Theater at Rutgers University, Class of '94. He currently pursues "getting published one poem at a time", but has "big dreams, book dreams". Follow him on Twitter- @TheAmericanPoet

Kate Lutzner's poetry has appeared in such journals as *The Antioch Review*, *Rattle* and *Barrow Street*. She has been featured on *Verse Daily* and lives in Brooklyn.

On-again-off-again poet **Melissa Dione McEwen's** poems have appeared in *Rattle*, *MiPOesias*, *Black Magnolias*, and *Poets/Artists* to name a few. She lives in Hartford, Connecticut where, nowadays, she runs more than she writes.

Daniel Maidman is a painter whose imagery occupies a spectrum from high rendering to almost total abstraction.

His art has been shown in group and solo shows in Manhattan, and in juried exhibitions nationwide. It was selected by the Saatchi Gallery to be displayed at Gallery Mess in London, and has been exhibited at the Alden B. Dow Museum of Science and Art. His art and writing on art have been featured in *ARTnews*, *Juxtapoz*, *American Art Collector*, *International Artist*, *PoetsArtists*, *MAKE*, *Manifest*, and *The Artist's Magazine*. He blogs for *The Huffington Post*.

His paintings range from the figure and portraiture, to still lifes and landscapes, to investigations of machinery, architecture, and microflora. He has produced paintings in collaboration with best-selling novelist China Miéville, award-winning poet Kathleen Rooney, legendary actor Martin Donovan, and noted installation artist Erika Johnson.

His work is included in numerous private collections, among them those of *New York Magazine* senior art critic Jerry Saltz, Chicago collector Howard Tullman, Disney senior vice president Jackson George, and Gemini-winning screenwriter Jeremy Boxen. He is represented by Dacia Gallery in New York. He lives and paints in Greenpoint, Brooklyn.

A graduate of the George Washington University with a degree in fine arts, **Judith Peck** has exhibited her work in venues nationwide including Aqua Art Fair at Art Basel, Miami. She has recently received the Strauss Fellowship Grant from Fairfax County, Virginia as well as a purchase grant from the District of Columbia's Commission on the Arts and Humanities.

Her paintings have been featured numerous times in *Poets Artists Magazine*, as well as *The Artist's Magazine*, *American Art Collector Magazine*, *iARTistas*, *Combustus*, *Catapult Magazine* and *The Kress Project* book published by the Georgia Museum of Art. Peck is currently represented by three galleries.

Lexi Sebilian is a recent college graduate with a bachelors in English. She is currently a part time waitress with full time aspirations to dismantle the patriarchy.

R Jay Slais, a former art major in college, is an engineer/inventor and writer living in Washington near Romeo Michigan. He considers his greatest accomplishment in life the years spent raising his children alone as a single parent and now that they are young adults, he misses all the drama and stress. His work has been published at *Barnwood Poetry Magazine*, *Boston Literary Magazine*, *MiPOesias*, *The Pedestal Magazine*, *PoetsArtists*, *Press 53 = 53 Word Story* contest winner, and many other journals and magazines. He's had a few Best of the Net nominations and hopes someday to make the cut. There is one 15 line poem he has worked on, revising it now for over 8 years, spending

over 100 hours on it and it still remains unpublished. He's the author of the chapbook, **Mice Verses Man** (2010 - Big Table Publishing)

Ken Taylor lives in North Carolina. He is the author of the chapbook, **first the trees, now this** (Three Count Pour 2013). His poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *Hambone*, *VOLT*, *The Offending Adam*, *Blackbird*, *3:AM Magazine*, *Berfrois*, *Litmus Magazine*, *OCHO*, *Verse Daily*, *elimae*, *MiPOesias*, *Carolina Quarterly*, *Cloud Rodeo*, *The Chattahoochee Review*, *Birds of Lace*, *Southword*, *Posit*, *ARDOR*, *can can*, *Gigantic Sequins*, *Finery*, *So and So*, *Clade Song*, and others.

Bill Yarrow is the author of **Pointed Sentences**, a full-length collection of poems from *BlazeVOX* and four chapbooks—**The Lice of Christ from MadHat Press**, **Incompetent Translations** and **Inept Haiku** from Červená Barva Press, **Fourteen** from Naked Mannekin Press and **Wrench** from Erbacce Press. He has been published in many print and online journals including *DIAGRAM*, *Contrary*, *PANK*, *THRUSH Poetry Journal*, and *RHINO*. He is a Professor of English at Joliet Junior College where he teaches creative writing, Shakespeare, and film.



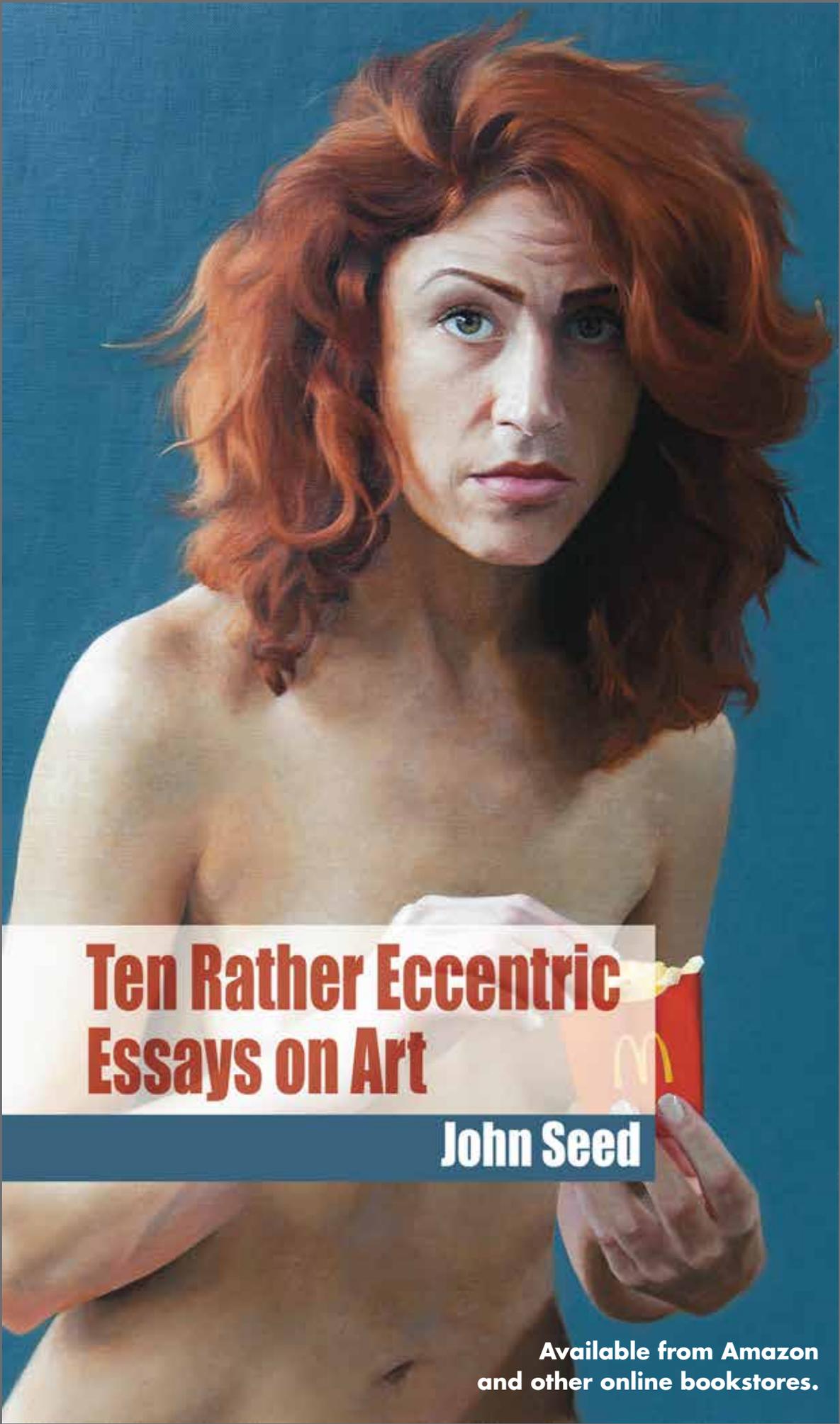
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