

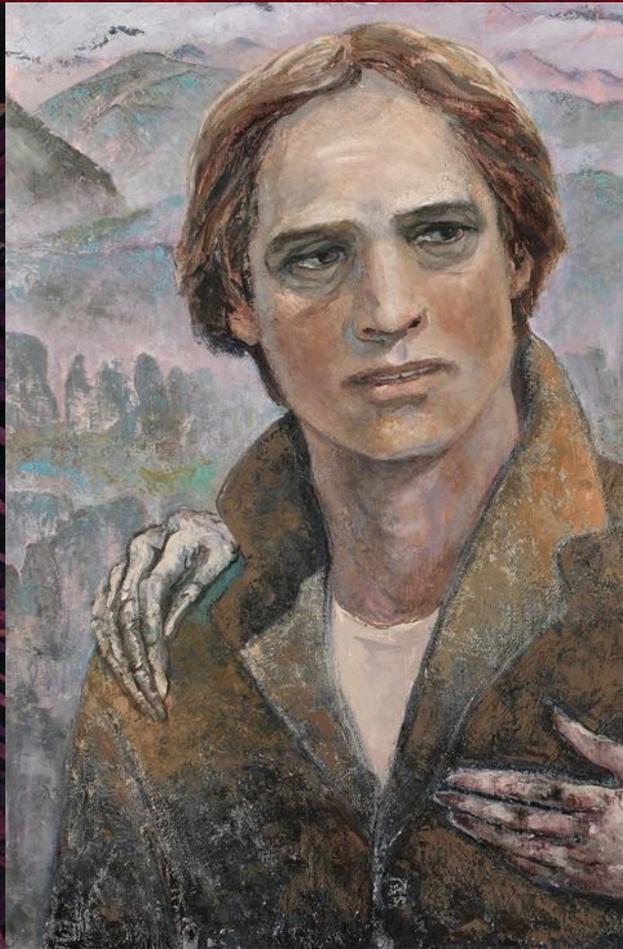
Changing Role of Galleries in the Current Global Art Market • Cambridge Art Fair, UK

ArtAscent

Art & Literature Journal 16 December 2015



FEATURE:
Haunting





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Haunting

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ArtAscent

Art & Literature Journal

Showcasing outstanding
artists and writers from around the world



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Foreword and Artist Profiles

Oleksandra Osadcha is a freelance art historian and art critic 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. An active curator of art exhibitions in her hometown, Oleksandra is interested in the issues concerning visual representation of sacred motifs in contemporary art.

Art Investor Tips

Rachel Cohen received a B.A. in English from Wesleyan University in 2006 and an M.A. in Art Therapy from Pratt Institute in 2012. Currently based in Brooklyn, NY, Rachel is the founder of NA-Plabs, an art advisory service dedicated to researching and promoting work from non-traditional contexts of creation. Previously, she managed a studio and gallery for artists with developmental disabilities. Rachel is also a painter and video artist.



On The Front Cover

Portrait of Forrest or the Mystery of the Feminine
by Dean Reynolds



On The Back Cover

Mask
by Olga Zamora



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HAUNTING



Foreword

Stereotypically, art has always been associated with the categories of beautiful and sublime (based on Immanuel Kant's aesthetic theory), limiting the range of sensations and emotions it can evoke. Because of the concentration on the "positive" side of art, aesthetics have neglected to study such spheres of our existence as the uncanny. It wasn't before the beginning of the 20th century, until the uncanny became the subject of various research projects.

Notably, the idea about a connection between the uncanny and creativity emerged in the world of psychology. Sigmund Freud wrote an essay concerning this problem, claiming "das Unheimliche" (German for "the opposite of what is familiar") as one of the central notions in psychoanalysis and psychoanalytical interpretation of art. We get the feeling of eerie not merely from something unfamiliar and extraneous, but also from previous frightening experiences that were subdued in the unconscious.

On fear that is likely typical for most cultures is the fear of malevolent supernatural powers such as ghosts – phantasmophobia. Interest in this theme has been inherited from folklore and flourished in the culture of the Victorian era. It is defined by an obsession with ghost stories and spiritualism. Nowadays, the topic of haunting is even more popular as a base for plots in numerous ghost movies created using spectacular visual effects – being thrilled makes us feel more "alive."

The uncanny is the source of terror. Terror forces our minds to look for ways to cope with this feeling – by escaping, ironizing or squarely facing it. That's how culture is born. Thus, the theme "Haunting" was challenging for our applicants: the 16th issue of ArtAscent Art & Literature Journal features 30 artists and seven writers who dared to look deep inside their souls and bring their fears into the light. So prepare yourself for the spookiest art-journey you can imagine!

By Oleksandra Osadcha

Aleksi Moriarty

www.aleksimoriarty.com



Bosco Feeding Birds
Photograph | 24 x 18" | \$1,440



Fear of ghosts seems to be deeply rooted in our minds on the genetic level. According to statistics, 20 to 30 percent of populations in various countries believe in spectres. Our consciousness always attempts to objectify fear in various forms. This is how the carnival culture emerged – the result of those struggling to fill the vacuum they felt inside when facing the incomprehensible with bustle and trumpery.

Recent years have witnessed the revival of carnivalesque; in particular its presence can be often traced in mass media. But, as Victor Hugo wrote, "Everything being a constant carnival, there is no carnival left." Thus, in contemporary reality, an artist doesn't have to use the whole load of specific 'scary' entourage to make viewers feel tingling down their spines. In his photographic series, *Bosco*, Aleksi Moriarty demonstrates how adding a single grotesque detail can turn a mundane scene into an enigmatic piece.

In Italian, "bosco" means "woods." Such selection of the title might seem weird considering that all images capture rooms or courtyards associated with a suburban home. However, in most of the mythologies, the forest is the location of powers that are hostile to humans. The lonely, creepy figure of a stranger who appears on each photo of the series changes the way we see this habitual setting, revealing, as Aleski says, "the immanent essence behind and beyond the appearance of things."

Usually, such types of images are made in black and white or a monochrome gloomy palette (like on the canvases John Atkinson Grimshaw – a British painter of the Victorian era known for night scenes). Aleksi chooses a directly opposite approach to the colouring: the intensity and saturation of all hues is altered using LED lamps and high-dynamic-range imaging technique to the level when they seem almost unreal, creating an effect of the preternatural illumination from all objects; hence the whole "scenery" is alienated from what we call "objective reality." Viewers get a distinct feeling that

the place is haunted, but the worst thing is that you can't distance yourself from the works – you're "drawn" into them by the fixed look of the "stranger." The impression of the captured glance and our involvement in the piece is modeled with the virtuous compositions: their fragmented character serves as an "entry point" for a viewer who is guided further into the space of the photograph with the rhythm – organized through visual plans and perspective. The latter is the tribute to Aleski's appreciation toward such masters of Northern Renaissance as van Eyck and Bruegel.

Aleski's *Bosco* reveals how the tangible and seemingly integral reality can be easily turned upside-down by the intrusion of something more than us. One can say it's just another imaginative photographic world. But what can be more real than our imagination?

Aleksy Moriarty was born in Connecticut. He obtained his B.A. in computer art from Hampshire College (Amherst, Massachusetts) and continued his education at CalArts in the experimental animation program. Aleksy participated as a Senior FX Animator/Technical Director in creating many major movies (*The Matrix*; *Minority Report*) and studied photography at UC Berkeley (California). His computer animated visual music has appeared at several international film festivals. In 2003, Aleksy moved to Toronto, where he worked in the permanent photography archive of the McMichael Canadian Art Collection.

By Oleksandra Osadcha

Aleksi Moriarty

Bosco Waiting

Photograph | 24 x 18" | \$1,440



Artist

Bosco Relaxing
Photograph | 24 x 18" | \$1,440



NEXT SPREAD
Bosco Buttering Toast
Photograph | 24 x 18" | \$1,440





Aleksi Moriarty

Bosco Reading

Photograph | 24 x 18" | \$1,440



Artist

Bosco Picking Strawberries
Photograph | 24 x 18" | \$1,440



Our brain has huge, unbelievable possibilities. Yet, they are still limited due to the specific “mental optic” we all have: the objective reality (if there is any) is dramatically affected by our point of view. As Friedrich Nietzsche once said, “There are no facts, only interpretations.” Nevertheless, perspective is, largely speaking, the fundament of culture; it is the factor that makes art the greatest manifestation of the human soul.

In His Living Ghosts piece, P.M. Wrighter researches the mentioned problem of perspective and contradictions brought about when the person and the society occur “on different sides of the trenches.” The society is conformal by its essence, sometimes preferring to see the world in black and white, in the categories of good and evil, and reacting harshly on the things that don’t fall into the conventional “pattern.” It’s an absolutely natural reaction, common for almost all living creatures, aimed to protect us from Unknown that contains a potential danger. We can observe the same case when it comes to paranormal phenomenon, such as haunting, for example.

However, when it comes to people who don’t correspond to the social norms (like individuals with troubled pasts), the tendency to give them “labels” turns them into marginals. They are ousted out of the social system, which occurs to be a huge psychological pressure. Roughly speaking, they become “living ghosts” for the community.

In this short story, the writer depicts an image of one such “marginal,” followed by the shadow of his “previous shortcomings” – a wide-spread plot in literature, used by many authors, like Charles Dickens, Charlotte Brontë and others. However, unlike most similar pieces, he isn’t actually interested in the root of the problem – he avoids giving any biographical information of the hero (even his name!) and reduces his portrait to the description of his

emotional state as being silently persecuted. This way, the writer doesn’t distract the reader from the main aim of his writing – to make us see the given situation from within.

Thus, when the reader identifies himself/herself with the main character, a new perspective opens up: we see that it is not the hero, but the surrounding people, who are turned into the “living ghosts” in his eyes by the disdain and condemnation they demonstrate. The very expressive manner of narration completed with a number of telltale details makes feeling yourself in the skin of that man quite easy. The author isn’t attempting to acquit his personage; the text’s message is addressed toward each of us, reminding us that it is only empathy that can help avoiding fatal errors in the society haunted with prejudice.

P.M. Wrighter is a freelance writer and poet. He has contributed articles to many online educational publications through Marist College and is also a member of the Daily Page and Scribophile Internet communities. At the moment, he intends to develop a Web page that would cover his works and the art of other creative people. He also plans to publish a book in the near future.

By Oleksandra Osadcha



Living Ghosts

Whispers follow him – the opinions, thoughts and discernments of others. He cannot escape them, just as he cannot escape his falsehood; rather, his undeniably opaque existence – one in which he has been innocuous, because of his moderate ability at covering up his past life. Yet, truth be told, upon a thorough evaluation of him; alas, his world comes crashing down. This is why he stands alone, in a cold, dark and uneasy bedroom; with a look of despair.

When the people he admired needed to uncover his history as a means of building trust, the truth that they found left him inescapably ruined. His crimes are unforgiven and his future has become tainted as a result. What could such a scholarly gentleman have done to slander his good name? Is there any vice capable of wholly defining one's personality?

It seems as though he has imprisoned his previous shortcomings, and they have yet to be exonerated from his soul, or indeed, the souls of others. As such, he has been confined to an existence, which is belittled by his past and diminished by those who have exhumed it. He is now doomed to walk the hallways of pending success indefinitely; only to gain ineffective glimpses of hope, which will never free his heart from the burdens of his wrongdoings. As a result, he hears the words of those who speak ill of him in his mind.

Amid the shadows of his being is the link to the world in which he navigates, where he experiences the feeling of negative energy from the skeptical, protective and egocentric people who no longer trust him. He interacts with them sporadically at the corner store, in the parking garage, and every so often, at the café where he sips his tea. No matter what he does, their spirit always follows him home with their words of an unforgiving nature.

Living Ghosts (cont.)

Some churchgoers have shown great self-restraint and respect toward him, but he cannot benefit from such behaviors of theirs, because their true beliefs are attempting to remain hidden, and this is clear as they are closed to a friendship of any kind. Their displeasure with him is mostly worn on their face or faltered in their words, but the most haunting of all is their means to analyze him, even in his absence. They do everything within their power to watch him closely, so they can anticipate his actions and learn to avoid him – freeing themselves from any conversation. They walk around him like living ghosts, whose kindnesses are far from believable, as he goes about his life devoid of interaction with them, while they haunt his mind with the whispers they share among themselves.

A man so fallen stays in touch with his instinctual side because, at his level of solitude, the true nature of reality is more important than any notions of faith – faith which he began to see as delusion. Perhaps, though, his feelings about these living ghosts are actually his delusions? No...Unfortunately, they're real – very real indeed. They are simply the echoes of the beliefs that circulate his world. They are the words of those who talk behind his back. They are the instincts of people, who monitor him watchfully, just waiting for him to make another mistake.

So, he must then be as himself; his own tried and true believer; the one who pursues his dreams by his own resolve – alone in his bedroom. The chilling whispers of the living are the demons whose cruelty help him find his weapon of serenity, which is placed neatly underneath his bed. Can someone please stop him? Can anyone save him?

Sadly, it is his own will which positions the gun into his mouth and pulls the trigger to salvation. A loud bang collapses his body to his bedroom floor as a bullet passes through his skull. Pools of blood flow from the exit wound in the back of his head – creating a river of red through the fibres in the carpet below. His eyes blink one last time, but never again to flinch at the site of humanity's uncompassionate spectacles.

People will speak much more kindly of him now. While his brains are scattered across the walls, they will talk of the charm he graciously offered and regret not giving him a chance to be the friend he tried to be. The strange, but kind, man is no longer at the corner store, he's never seen in the parking garage, and he will never again sip his tea in the café, where he tried so desperately to get along with others – attempting to forget his past. His soul has crossed over now to a realm inhabited by incorporeal beings, whose judgments placed upon them, fall by the wayside; where they share the game of taunting those who are still alive.



Climbing

Ceramic | 23 x 12 x 11" | \$1,000



Artist

Nobody likes doing useless work, such as aimlessly moving things from one place to another. Usually, such tasks cause aversion, followed by aggression, apathy, etc. Life is also our work, and naturally we try to inherit it with certain meaning. When one fails to find it, an inner conflict arises, leading to the feeling of Absurdity of entity. What is the way out of this self-destructive situation? Julio Cortazar believed, "Only by living absurdly is it possible to break out of this infinite absurdity."

Absurdity became a powerful artistic method, typical for such vanguard art movements as Dadaism and Surrealism. It allows artists to go beyond conventional aesthetic function and unveil existential contradictions more efficiently than moralization can. Lauren Duffy has assimilated this approach, brilliantly implementing it in her Portion Pet set of works.

The subject that drew Lauren's attention is the problem of the illogically unequal treatment of animals, divided, roughly speaking, into "pets" and "food." In her artist statement, Lauren claims says that, "These decisions strike me as completely arbitrary and without logical reason. Even so, these classifications are passionately defended, to the point of fiercely denying facts and filling gaps in knowledge with emotional rhetoric." Therefore, she decides to bring this absurdity to the extreme, offering us a bizarre sculptural series of ceramic chicken-like creatures, whose poses, behavior and accessories (like a collar) remind of dogs and cats. The compositions are completed with the inclusion of found or purchased home stuff that makes the artistic message absolutely unambiguous.

Lauren softens the directness of the conception, deviating from the lifelike rendering of her chimeras' figures. Intentionally rough stylization of forms perfectly fits ceramic texture, resulting in the discrepancy with the

naturalistic plasticity of movements. This, together with vacant eyes of the sculptures, make them look astonishingly macabre, especially considering the reference to the homey atmosphere the author tries to create with household items.

Even though the way she artistically points out the absurdity of those common stereotypes is more than convincing, Duffy doesn't attempt to thrust her opinion on the viewer: she suggests a situation and it's up to the viewer to shape up his or her own reflection on the issue. We can try to avoid considering this problem, yet we can't escape it. Once we run from what we feel, we let it into our subconsciousness. Stories about haunted dwellings are scary, but having a haunted mind is far worse.

Lauren Duffy, a sculptor and ceramic artist, grew up in New Orleans. She has participated in various exhibitions and art projects since 2007. In 2008, Lauren received her B.F.A. in Ceramic from University of Louisiana at Lafayette, and she obtained an M.F.A. degree from Indiana University in 2012. She combines her creative activity with working as an instructor at Northland College in Ashland, WI, teaching ceramic, art history and design, and organizes kiln firing workshops and other classes at the Northern Clay Center in Minneapolis, MN.

By Oleksandra Osadcha

Silver

Lauren Duffy

Waiting

Ceramic | 13 x 22 x 10" | \$1,000



Artist

Greeting
Ceramic | 16 x 21 x 14" (sitting up) 8 x 15 x 14" (all fours) | NFS





Bronze

They're All Gonna Laugh at You
Oil and oil pastel on canvas | 28 x 24 x 1" | \$700



Horror is probably one of the most popular genres in the cinematographic art of the recent decades. How can we explain its success? Les Daniels states in his *Fear: A History of Horror in the Mass Media* research that "...part of the modern enthusiasm for the macabre may be attributed to ancestral memories of the days when demons were almost expected to put in an occasional appearance." Those memories were shaped up by film directors in the range clichés, often transferred into visual art by such artists as TollingBell.

The set of his paintings feature well-recognizable images from horror films (dark woods, graveyards, zombie-like heroes) and are produced in either mixed media or using a collage technique. Collage is a perfect technique to embody the "assembly" effect and impression of a film still. Considering this, TollingBell further develops the analogy with filmmaking through application of long shot (For George, For Stanley paintings) and close-up (Donner Party, Captain Howdy) types of compositions.

Usually, the creation of collage consists of two stages – deconstruction and reconstruction. During the first one, the artist finds and selects materials by pulling the objects out of their common surrounding and, thus, deconstructing the part of reality. In a certain way it reminds of a surgery, as the master removes, excises, amputates the object... Afterward, he or she rearranges (reconstructs) them in a new way and inserts the former part of the wholeness into a new context. Very often those fragments preserve their "recollections" and traits. However, TollingBell prefers to avoid demonstrating the signs of the previous "lives" of the media he uses: TollingBell elaborates the photo/paper collage to such an extent that it almost blends with the painted parts of the image. All layers (both semantic and visual ones) are weld into the artistic integrity. The same features can be seen in the collage illustrations of Dave McKean to the

covers of numerous comic books: the artist combines 2D images with his assemblages, sometimes composed of computer-manipulated photographs.

Traditionally for contemporary painting, TollingBell underscores the substantial side of his pieces: he relishes the aesthetics of the surface, brushwork and support. For this reason, the artist mixes traditional oil and acrylic paints with materials that have a pronounced texture (cold-wax medium, oil pastel, etc.), not infrequently relief-like. As TollingBell himself defines his works, they can be seen as "excavations" – and not only because of their multilayered character; the artist's pieces offer a great possibility to explore the stereotypes connected with haunting, ghosts, horror genre, which are so widespread in popular-culture.

TollingBell graduated from Emily Carr University (Vancouver B.C.) in 1998 with the B.F.A. degree in Stop Motion Animation. Continuing working in this sphere, he receive a grant from Canada Council of the Arts to produce a stop motion animated short based upon original material in 1999. The same year, TollingBell worked as a stop motion artist on weekly *Celebrity DeathMatch* series produced by MTV. Since 2005 he has fully devoted himself to animation and commissioned mixed media artworks.

By Oleksandra Osadcha

Bronze

TollingBell

Donner Party

Inks, graphite, acrylics, paper, and photographic collage on aluminium panel | 48 x 24 x 0.3" | \$1,200



For Shirley Jackson
Oil, oil pastel, and cold-wax medium on canvas | 30 x 30 x 1" | \$800



Bronze

TollingBell

Captain Howdy

Inks, acrylic paint/mediums, balsa, and paper collage on birch panel | 48 x 24 x 2" | Sold



Artist

For George
Acrylics, Krinks, and paper collage on birch panel | 28 x 24 x 2" | Sold



Arthur Cadre

www.arthurocadre.com



Beach Creature

Photography | 46 x 31 x 1" | \$2,000



Twisted Face
Photography | 46 x 31 x 1" | \$2,000



Robin Ay

www.RAconcepts.com



Blue

UltraChrome ink on ultra premium luster | 10 x 8" | \$125

Red

UltraChrome ink on ultra premium luster | 10 x 8" | \$125



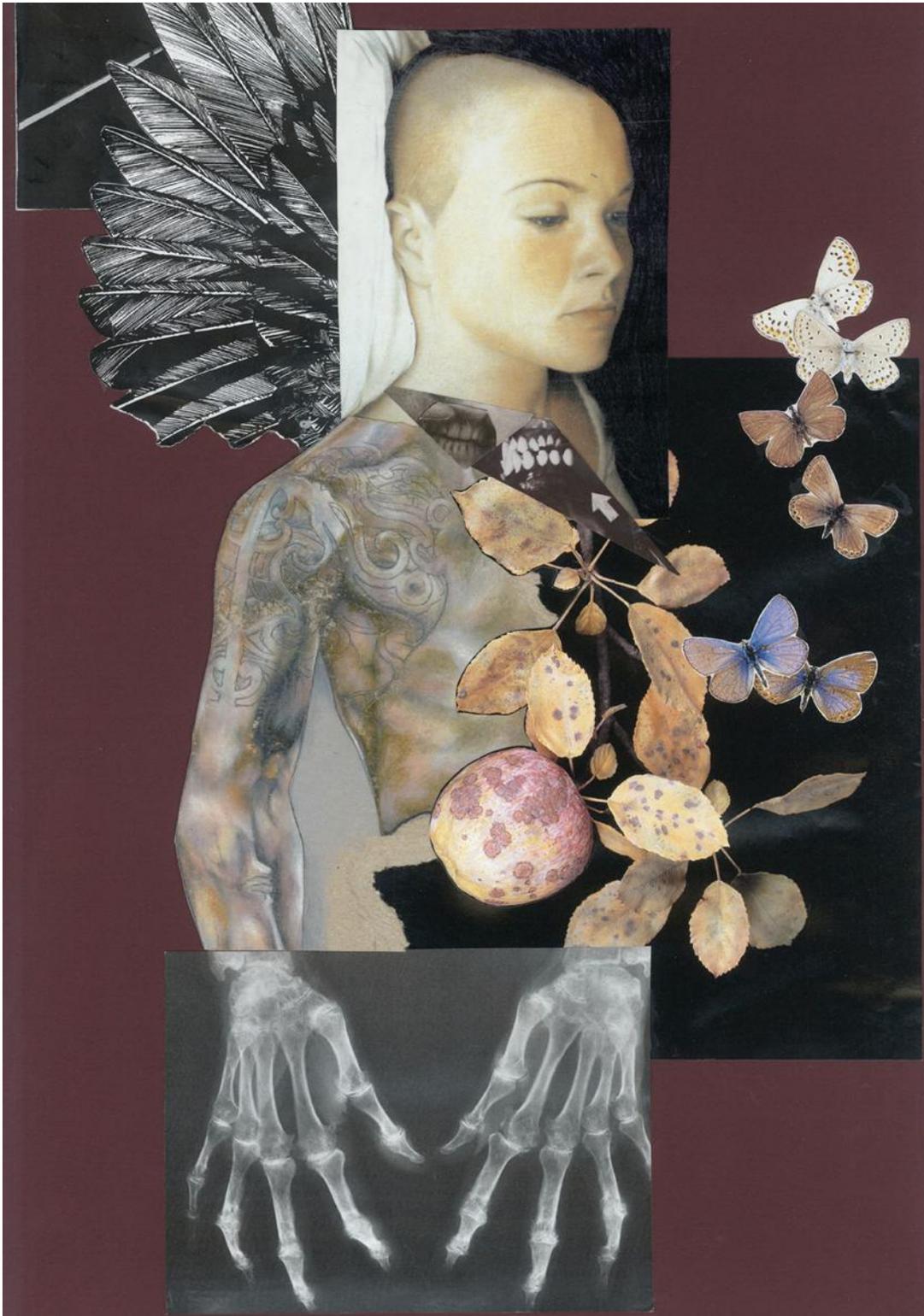
Lorca Jolene

www.lorcas-paper-menagerie.tumblr.com



The Shapeshifter

Paper collage | 14 x 20" | \$400





All Hallows Eve

The sun's solar gas embarks the flourent morning sky of all hallows eve,
as each risen inch of light articulates the English broom fields.

The witches withdrawal from their wombs of hell to embody their souls
into the physical world.

The Roman hills so dipped with dew as the blood-sogged bread of Vlad Tepes.

The siffling stench of Turkish flesh embedded by stakes so skeweredly deep.

A masquerade party so festive and fleek abroad the ghost stories commence.

Mexican sugar skulls so vastly consumed by infants lurking the dust held
side streets of their own ancient revolution.

The rain spitting gargoyles and unemployed demons of France shiver in their
marble slumber, arising to the call of their dust devils desires.

The hand-sculpted pharaohs sputter sand from their lips, wrapped in a cocoon
of threads, dressed up for eternity waiting to come forth in transformation for
the underworld.

All saints day, the day of the dead, the feast of the ghosts, all hallows eve,
Snap-Apple Night, el dios de los muertos.

Halloween!

Erik Austin Deerly

www.erikdeerly.com

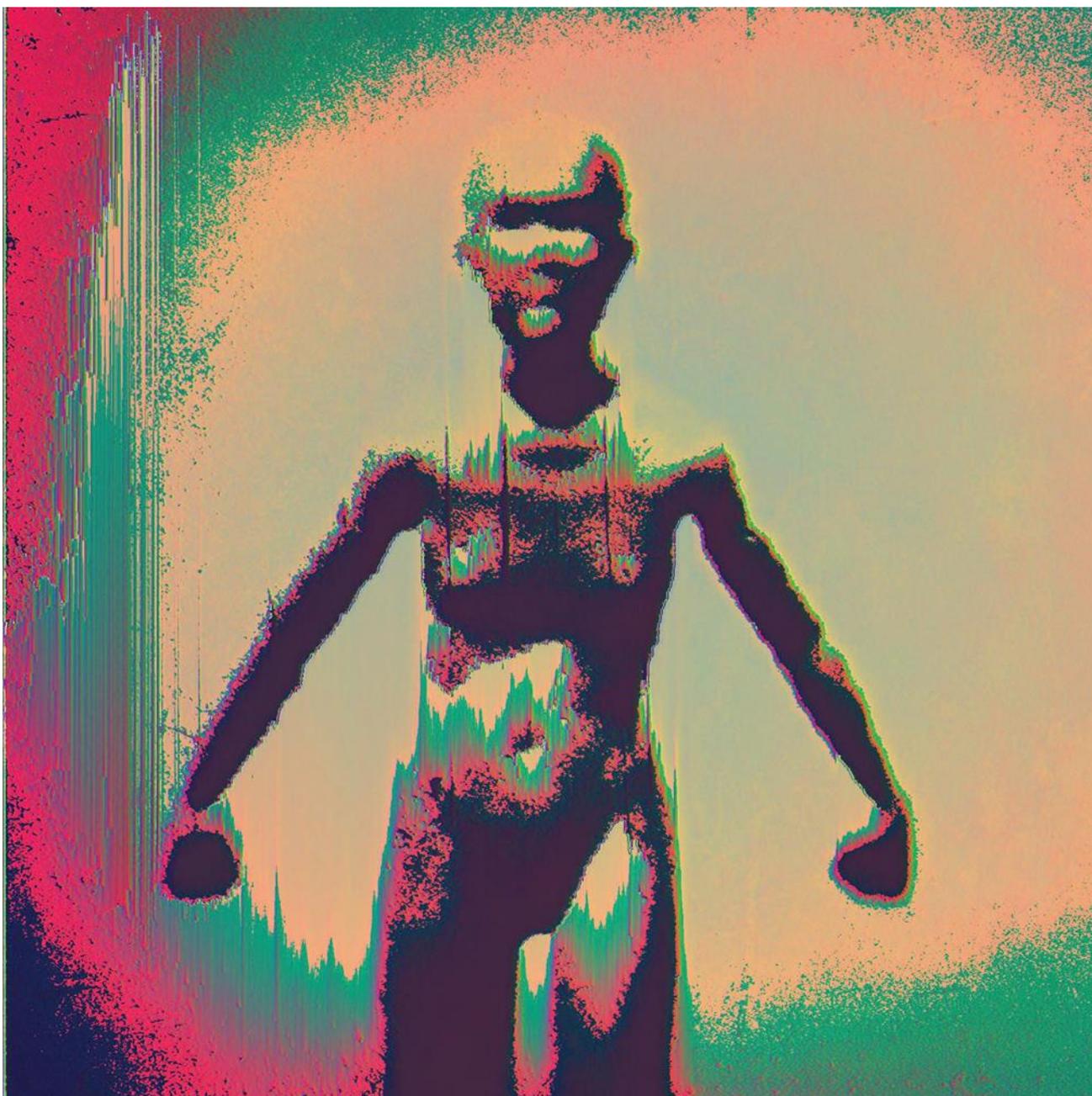


Databent 20

ChromaLuxe on aluminum | 12 x 12 x 0.5" | \$400



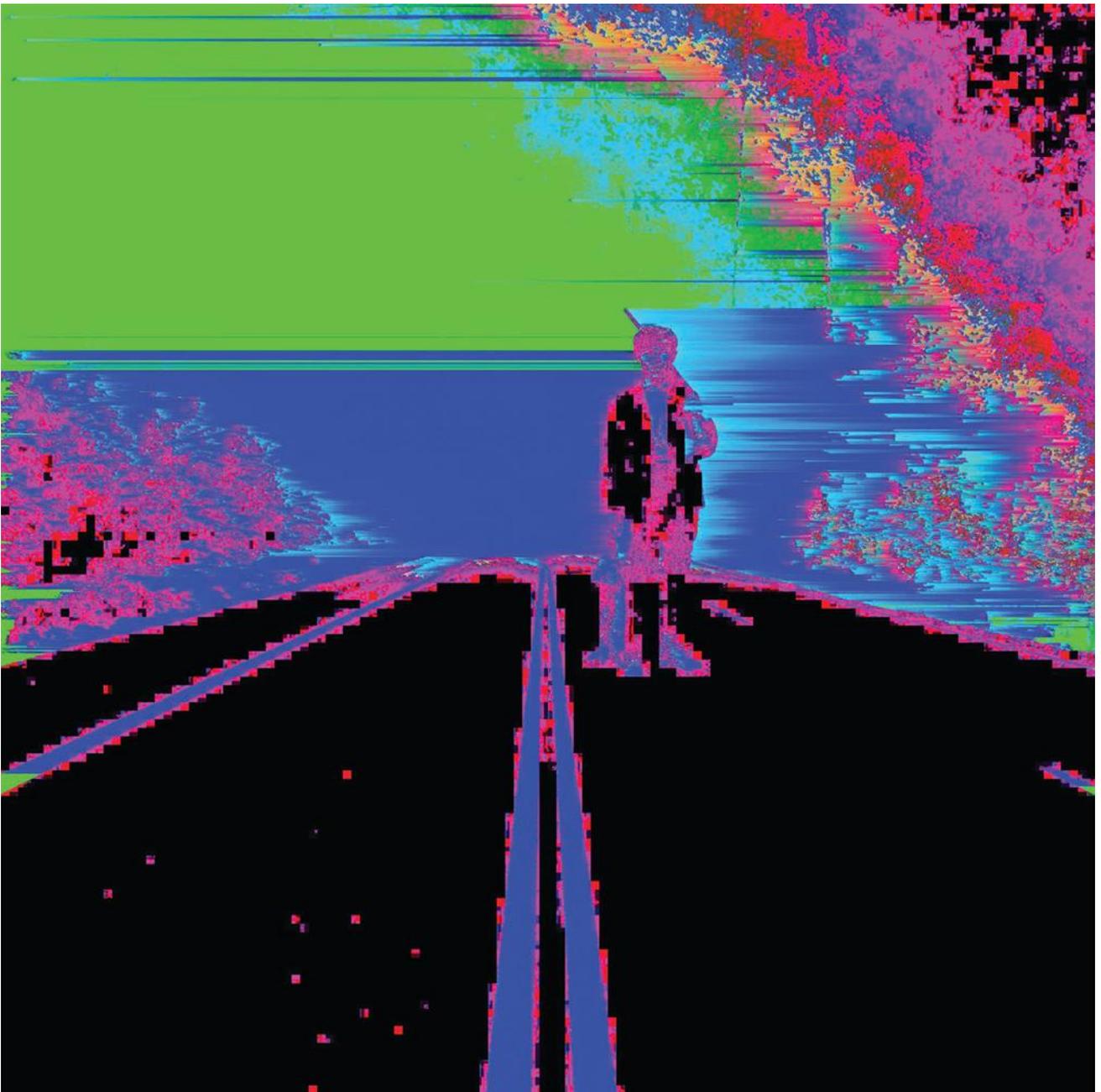
Databent 12
ChromaLuxe on aluminum | 12 x 12 x 0.5" | \$400



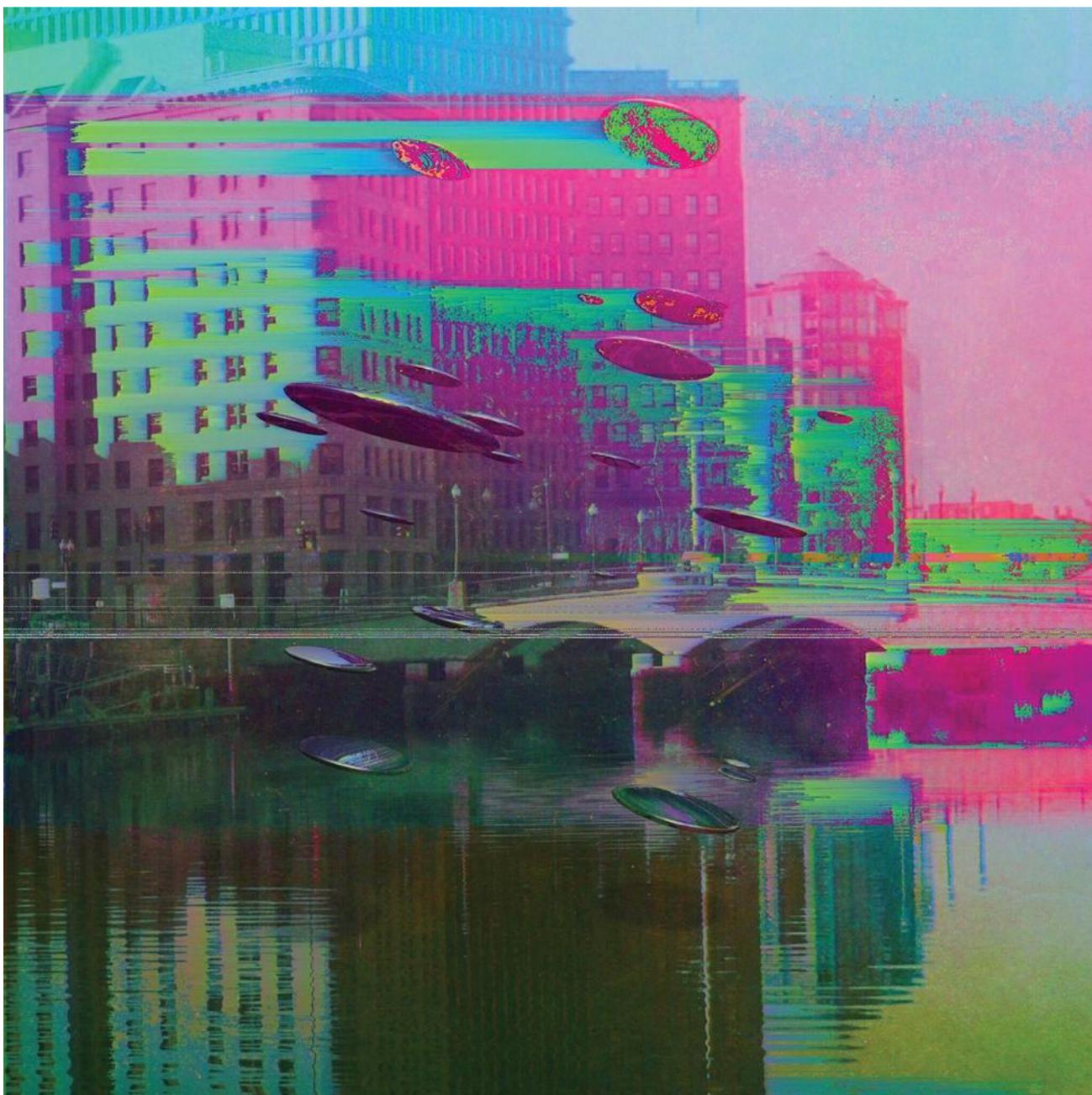
Erik Austin Deerly

Databent 30

ChromaLuxe on aluminum | 12 x 12 x 0.5" | \$400



Databent 49
ChromaLuxe on aluminum | 12 x 12 x 0.5" | \$400



Erik Austin Deerly

Databent 23

ChromaLuxe on aluminum | 12 x 12" | \$400



Databent 79
ChromaLuxe on aluminum | 12 x 12" | \$400



Candi S. Kalinsky

www.kalinskyphotography.com



Disarranged

Hahnemuhle Fine Art Baryta | 12 x 12" | \$250



Tribulations
Hahnemuhle Fine Art Baryta | 12 x 18" | \$270





Playful Spirits

Archival photo print | 16 x 20" | \$150





Haunted in the Ginza

Ai knows the Ginza,
lights flashing, colors eating
her whole—the black chow
haunting her soul as she runs
from one puddle to the net

The dog is always
tracking her scent as he smells
her perfume slide, slip
She dashes between parked cars—
a time/space intersection

As she slips through it,
the dog follows. She feels his
breathing his foul smell,
yet no one else notices
the chow trailing her once more

The Ginza never sleeps.
Taxis honk their horns when Ai
tries hard to hail them
She needs to elude the chow
before he pounces on her

On a rainy night
night, he died. At his funeral,
she knew his love bites.
She sobbed. Hard rain hid tears as
they slipped off his deadpan face



Dryad

Infrared digital photograph | 10.5 x 15" | \$300



Solitude
Infrared digital photograph | 10.5 x 15" | \$300



Olga Zamora

Midnight

Infrared digital photograph | 10.5 x 12.5" | \$300

NEXT PAGE: Sentinel

Infrared digital photograph | 10.5 x 15" | \$300





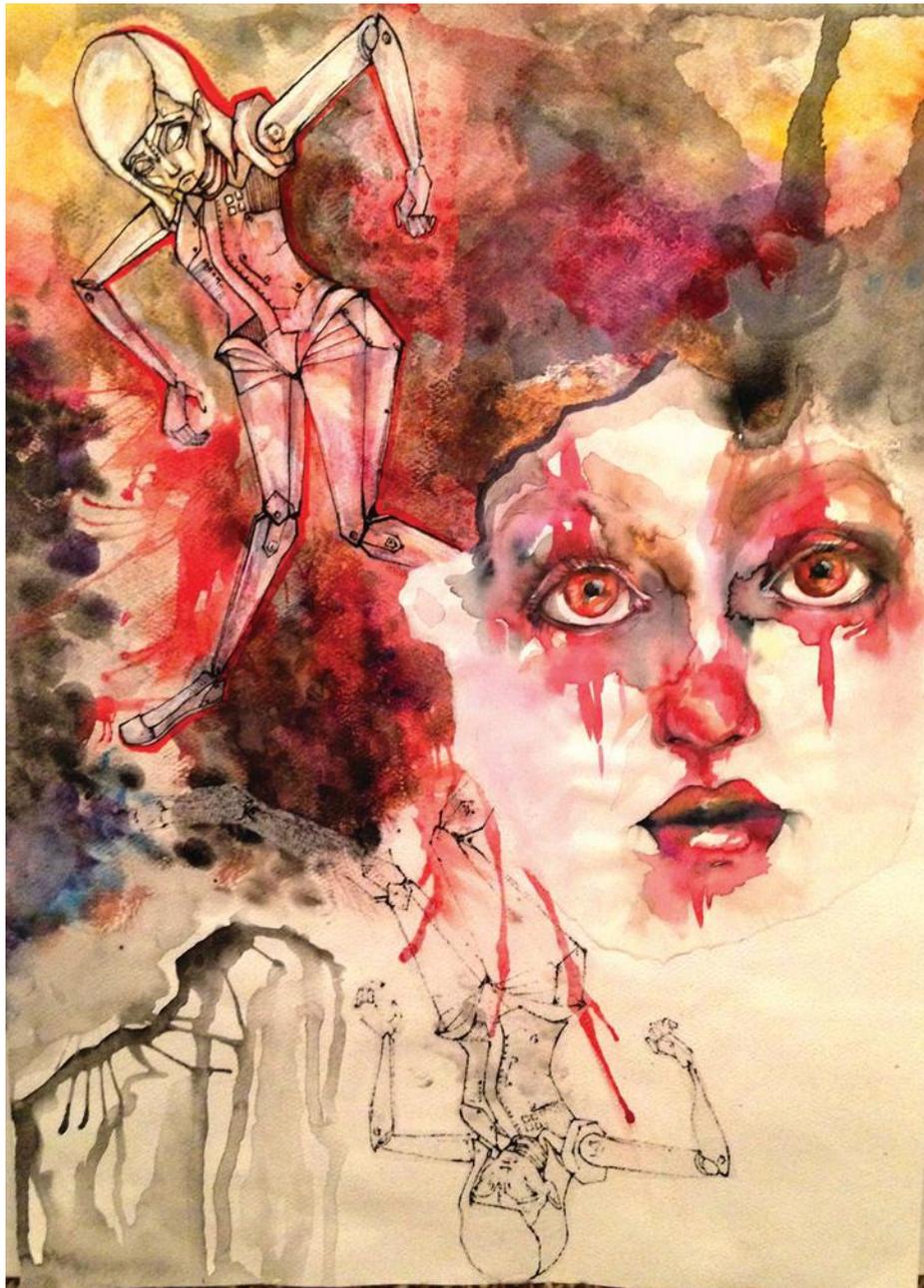
Caitlin M Craig

www.facebook.com/theUnfoldingThruArt



Broken

Illustration, watercolor, tissue paper on paper | 11 x 15" | \$40



Trapped
Mixed media illustration on canvas | 8 x 24" | \$80





Well Enough

Claustrophobia rushed over him in relentless waves. His mouth tasted like metal. Acid clawed its way from his gut to his throat. Tiny hairs stood on end as cold sweat raced like a fatalistic messenger down his back. Someone was watching him.

But he was just taking a walk. There was nothing wrong with that, even if practically nobody did it anymore. As usual, he hadn't taken his government-issued supplements this morning as every law-abiding citizen was required to do for "the benefit of his own health and the advancement of society." The herbs, however, would create a false positive just like they always had. His next monthly blood test would prove it. He really had nothing to fear, but maybe it would be good to hide from his fears for a while, just relax. Maybe it would be even better to leave it all behind. He'd heard there were people living in caves under the Appalachian Mountains. A friend had told him in strict confidence he was leaving soon to find out. He didn't like the direction life was headed. There were those government-mandated supplements that were supposed to "provide protection against holes in the ozone layer." Other than those prescribed by the government or an approved physician, all drugs were illegal. The penalty for possession and/or intoxication was immediate death. Purportedly to reduce prison overcrowding, which the government declared inhumane, appeals had been abolished. There were

rumors that personal gardens were about to be regulated more heavily in an effort to control herb production. Sports, pageants, dancing, gambling, concerts, theatre, art, and most other leisure pursuits had disappeared for lack of demand. Public libraries, museums and bookstores had been replaced with research facilities. Most people couldn't care less about the things that were gone, because their diversionary needs were being fulfilled in ways they'd never imagined.

Most people lived nearly identical lives. After eating breakfast, they went to a nine-to-five job on public transit. They ate lunch at one of the ubiquitous worker cafeterias and were grateful to have food so close to their work stations even if the cafeterias were standardized, because most people had cordie (concordia totalis) hangovers around lunchtime. Food diminished the side effects until they could get home after work and take another cordie before losing themselves in their home immersion systems (HIS), which were designed to correspond with the effects of the cordie every citizen was prescribed each day for "anxiety, stress, and general environmentally induced fatigue." Weekends were for buying supplies and cordie marathons (when citizens were allowed two cordies per day). He had taken only half of a cordie once. Combined with the HIS, it was the best experience ever. It was so compelling and seductive he knew the moment he took a whole cordie he would lose all freedom because his mind would

no longer be his own. Every citizen had a personal HIS headset. The experiences it provided were inspired by interactive gaming, World War II morale movies, Soviet propaganda pieces, North Korean government broadcasts (circa 2010), and various music videos from the ancient days when music videos were a novelty. The HIS combined virtual reality and empathic sensory units to create the ultimate perception of paradise. Fears were empathically sensed and assuaged by appealing to strong feelings of patriotic duty and work ethic while soothing work stressors, relationship conflicts, curiosity, and job aspirations (because most people had no other aspirations besides taking cordies). Every experience was programmed to be unique.

He had been right. He was being watched. Two men emerged from the shadows and abducted him. Everything went black.

When light returned, his head throbbed. As he reached to massage his temples, he realized he was tangled in bed sheets. The walk had been a dream. But it was the same dream as the last nineteen, since the evening when the men in black fatigues put him in a black van and brought him to this white room. An acquaintance tried to warn him, but he thought the man was crazy. Now he was the one in a padded cell.

One click had done it. He hit Submit and the true nature of the world was revealed to him. Maybe the crazy people talking all those decades ago about a world government really had been crazy, but they'd also been right about that government. On paper, governments still looked like they had for many decades. But the highest level, the world government, didn't exist on paper. He'd been smart enough to read the clues, but he hadn't been smart enough to remain silent. The obscure legalese of the Harmony Proviso, buried in the latest global trade agreement, was their justification. He was guilty of global treason, an egregious crime against humanity. He'd once told the world he'd be free as long as he controlled his thoughts, and they knew that. Their electronic crawlers were reading all his correspondence. Now his dreams were theirs. By rubbing his temples, he'd activated the motion detector. Breakfast would be served with another side of propaganda. The man in the lab coat removed a wireless device from the base of his skull and inserted another. The dreams were over until he slept again, but now his new reality began—everyday between the dreams, until he was well enough to share his thoughts with the world anew.

Anna Lauren Oberfeld

www.annaoberfeld.com



Flowers Shall Grow

35mm color film, C-print | 7 x 10" | NFS



Flowers Shall Grow
35mm color film, C-print | 7 x 10" | NFS





From The Black&Blue Series

Photograph on heavy rag paper | 20 x 16" | \$1,200



From The Black&Blue Series
Photograph on heavy rag paper | 20 x 16" | \$1,200





Black Forest in February: Hunger and Cold





When The Wolf Came, Where Did Mommy Go?

MAYBE

a wolf snuck in, put on a housedress
and some lipstick (like in Red Ridinghood,
the better to fool you with)! Those glittering eyes
(the better to see you with)! What became
of her? Maybe she was eaten all
up. Maybe she's as gone as breakfast.
Gone as garbage in the garbage truck.

OR

maybe she's a mommy/wolf. Two
into one, like a sofa-bed.
Mommy -> Wolf -> Mommy. Mommy <-> Wolf.
Watch. Wait. The trick will be to keep
from getting eaten in the meantime.

EITHER WAY

1. Make sure she doesn't get hungry.
2. Make sure she doesn't get mad.
3. Stay out of her way best you can.

AND REMEMBER

the clock will go faster
if you hum a little song
(quietly, quietly),
and watch the second hand go round.

Alex Horrocks

www.facebook.com/alexhorrocksphotography



The Monster Inside
Photography | \$47



Emerge From A Shadow
Photography | \$47



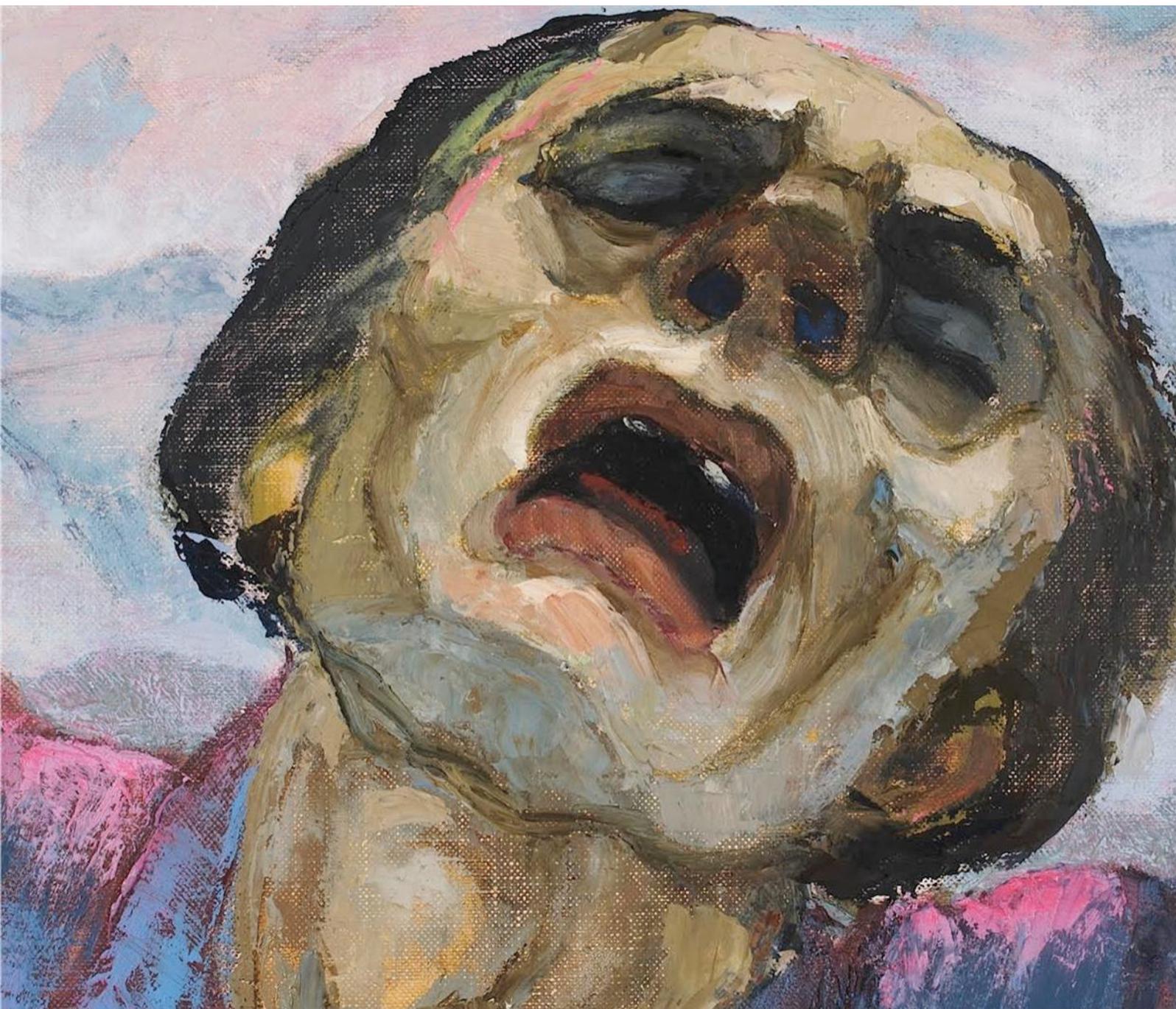


Justine's Hanging

Oil on canvas | 56 x 86" | \$28,000



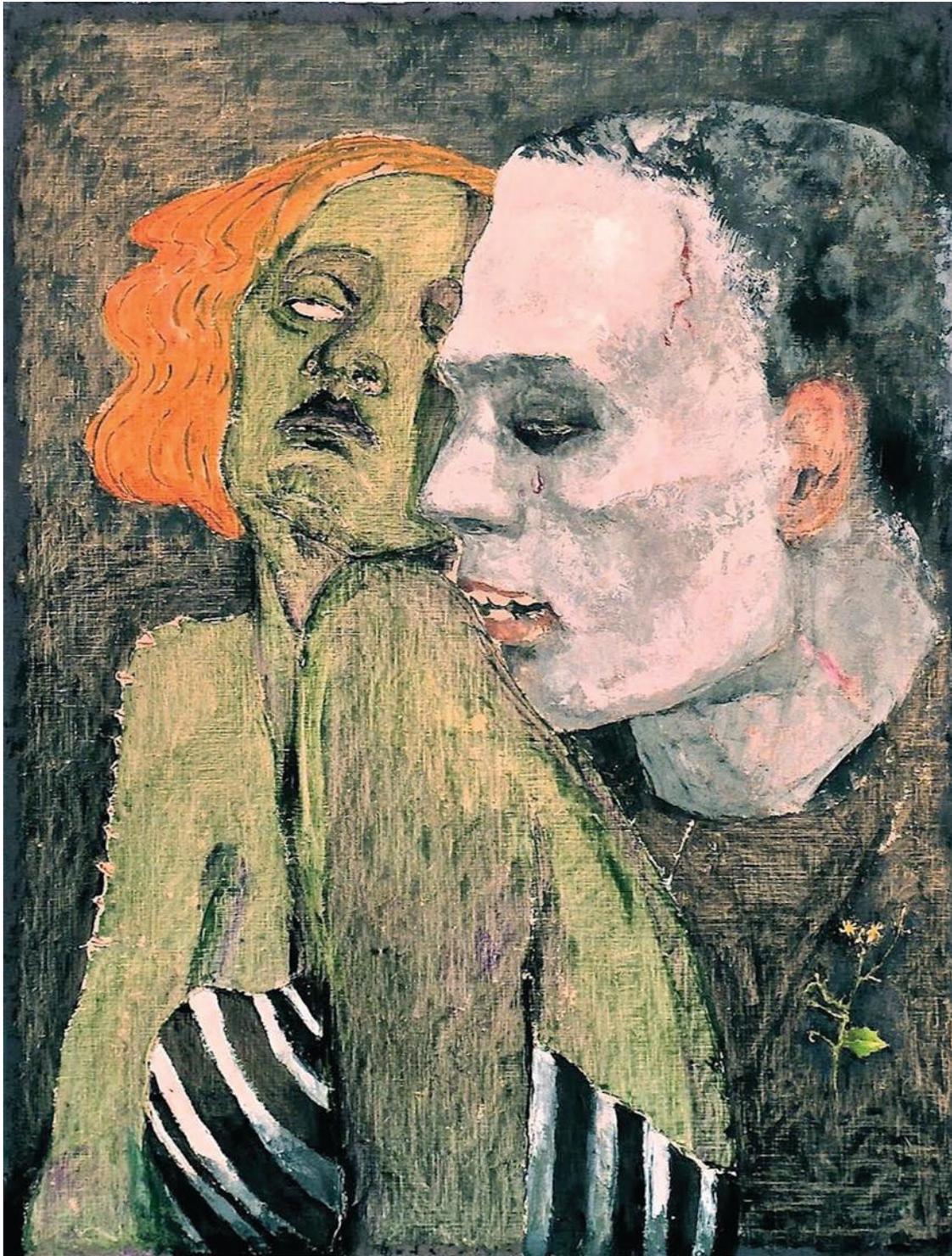
The Frankenstein Curse
Oil on canvas | 24 x 32" | NFS



Patricia Terrell-O'Neal

Kiss II

Oil on canvas | 54 x 42" | \$18,000



Portrait of Frankenstein
Oil on canvas | 42 x 36" | NFS



Patricia Terrell-O'Neal

Frankenstein's Shadow

Oil on Canvas | 36 x 40" | \$15,000



Frankenstein's Waltz
Oil on canvas | 87 x 63" | \$30,000





Untitled

Oil on canvas | 72 x 50" | \$5,000



Survivor
Oil on canvas | 48 x 37" | \$3,000



Paula Rae Gibsin

www.lensculture.com/articles/paula-rae-gibson-you-and-your-selfies



Actress Owning Up

\$1,500



Youth Aching
\$1,500



Todd Bradley

www.toddbradleyphotography.com



Ghost Playing Cello

Photograph, archival ink/paper | 24 x 24" | \$1,000



Creepy Dolls 2
Archival photograph | 24 x 24" | \$1,000



Morgan Ryan a.k.a. Cross-Eyed Morgan

www.facebook.com/morgan.ryan.art



Monster

Oil on canvas | 28 x 22 x 1.5" | \$805



Lonely
Oil on canvas | 20 x 16 x 1.5" | \$640



Jamie Sheehy - Jamondo

www.jamiesheehy.co.uk



As We Wait We Watch

Digital photography | 17 x 11" | \$75



Possession
Digital photography | 17 x 12" | \$75





Unwelcome at Ms. Abby's

The key my mother gave me felt cold and possessed. X4U, it read at the base. Straight, precise, concave grooves gave way to a jagged hillside on the right. It made me think of a deteriorating Roman column. Mom said it didn't look good for Ms. Abby Ward, her friend. She had come to work a few weeks back with her chin tucked into her chest. She forgot names – people she had known for years – and screwed up menial tasks. She wore long dresses like the Amish and hung rosary beads on thumbtacks at her desk. Mom said they called an EMT after Ms. Abby coughed up blood and mucous all over her cubicle. Calendars and Post-it notes were all splattered red and greenish off-white like a Pollock. Mom said it baffled them at work; Ms. Abby was a vegan – fit as a gymnast.

Before my bag sunk onto the couch at Ms. Abby's house, the warmth in there collapsed. The banister's posts grinned at me. The spackled ceiling teased me with its semicircles. I saw my body on the TV screen, which was off. Her crimson sofa set was gaudy and ornate. It felt like the waiting area of a French bordello. The hexagon lampshade covered a spiral bulb which gave a weak glow.

It didn't matter, though. It was my house for two nights – a hundred bucks, easy. Besides, the small poster of cats in the kitchen said, "Love Conquers All." I left the light off in there. The room was softly lit by moonlight, which careened through the window just above the sink. And she had crosses – hell's kryptonite above each door. I unbuttoned my blue pea coat and tossed it over the couch's red round armrest, which was under a window covered in black plastic.

Maybe it was the chimes that played without wind or the dishes that clanked. The air was quiet and smelled like old clothes. The floor boards and their little adjustments made a walking sound. For sure it's my uncle, I thought. It's him in his full Marine garb chasing bad guys with his M-16. He knew the importance of being a feared man. But the creaks were nothing, nothing out of bounds.

I was watching street fights on my phone, when the room got quieter than it was, more cold than it had been. The air between my fingers made my hand shake. A silver tray climbed high into the air and dropped. It's true. It fell back onto a coffee table near me, each corner tapping down, one by one. It stopped. I stopped breathing. The porch light shut off and that was fine – faulty light bulb, I thought. But I heard something. "No," I muttered. I heard something, and nobody was there. Nothing.

I couldn't leave, so I walked toward it. The neighborhood was silent: no sirens, cars or barking dogs passing through here on Pickering St. Even the katydids' nightly cacophony stopped. But the sound grew louder. A shadowy blur drifted toward me. No. Closer it came.

"Hello" I said.

"Mama I'm sick."

The voice was antebellum old. It crawled inside me like a colony of ants.

Again, it let out a moan. "I'm sick," it said.

The voice made each muscle in me weak. I wanted to faint, but fright had me. I couldn't run or drop.

The dining room table, a vase and chandelier curved toward the void and went black inside of it. I only thought to hold it all in; I could feel piss droplets hitting my jeans. It drifted my way like a wading storm cloud. It hollowed me out like a laxative. That's what it felt like. My mom would read about me found dead in a pile of my own stool.

"Now, it's clear to me he was scared shitless," the coroner would say.

The void came closer and my phone rang. The lamp darkened, and the moans were close enough to make my teeth rattle up and down like a wind-up toy. The phone rang. I heard a growl first soft then loud. I had heard it before in Nicetown, in alleys where pit bulls clamped onto muscle. And in the shadowy blur like a

thin film on a stew, I saw a face and glowing red eyes. The phone rang. The void growled. The phone rang. The void with its pale and blurred face growled then left. It spilled through the hardwood floor like a pyroclastic flow. Down it went. But there was no soot or ash to be found or any trace of it. The phone rang, and I answered. "Hello." It took a lot not to stutter.

"Hello, Marc," a voice said in a tone that contrasted my heartbeat. "Ms. Abby just called. She said she's fine now." It was mom.

"Fine now?" I said.

"Fine now. She's not sick. You don't have to stay two nights. She's coming home."

I was already out of there before the call ended. My head was pulsing, and beads of sweat made their way down my face. I felt the bones in me that kept me upright, the muscles in me stiffened to steel. I felt redness in my eyes, a jittery tremor in my chest. None of it was like this big sturdy house I had to leave.

You know, they say Ms. Abby's been sick. I wonder if she knows what's ailing her. I wonder if she knows she'll be sick again. She's a strong woman, they say. I wonder if she knows.

Whit Forrester

www.whitforrester.com



McCracken Pike Fig. 17

Impossible project film | 4.25 x 3" | \$800



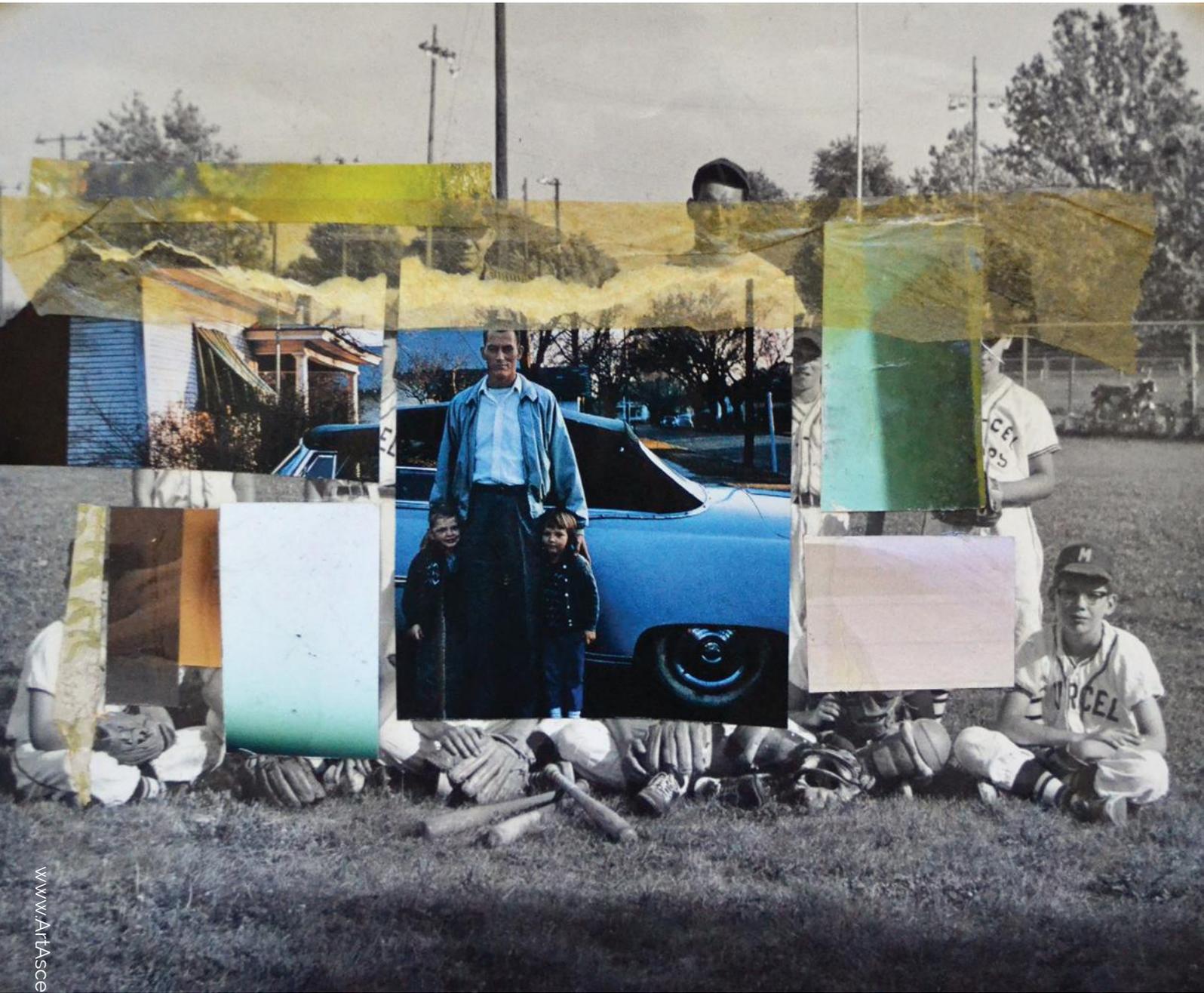
McCracken Pike Fig. 11
Impossible project film | 4.25 x 3" | \$800





Baseball

Mixed media on photograph | 9.75 x 7.75" | NFS



House on Fire
Mixed media sewn on paper | 6.5 x 7" | \$120



Victor Oriecuia

www.artistsincanada.com/oriecuia



Hellbound with the Haliburton Witch (Mora)

Black marble | 12 x 14 x 7" | \$18,500





The Straw That Broke

One day her mouth
exploded in her face.
Words shot forth

like canon-fire.
Looking for a war to win
her wounded child led the way.

Striding down a winding street
she saw all the other
walking wounded.

None carried guns
or knives
or throwing stones.

As darkness fell
a ghastly roar erupted
from a nightmare circus.

Full-sucking winds
whirled and whistled.
The razor-teethed crowd raged

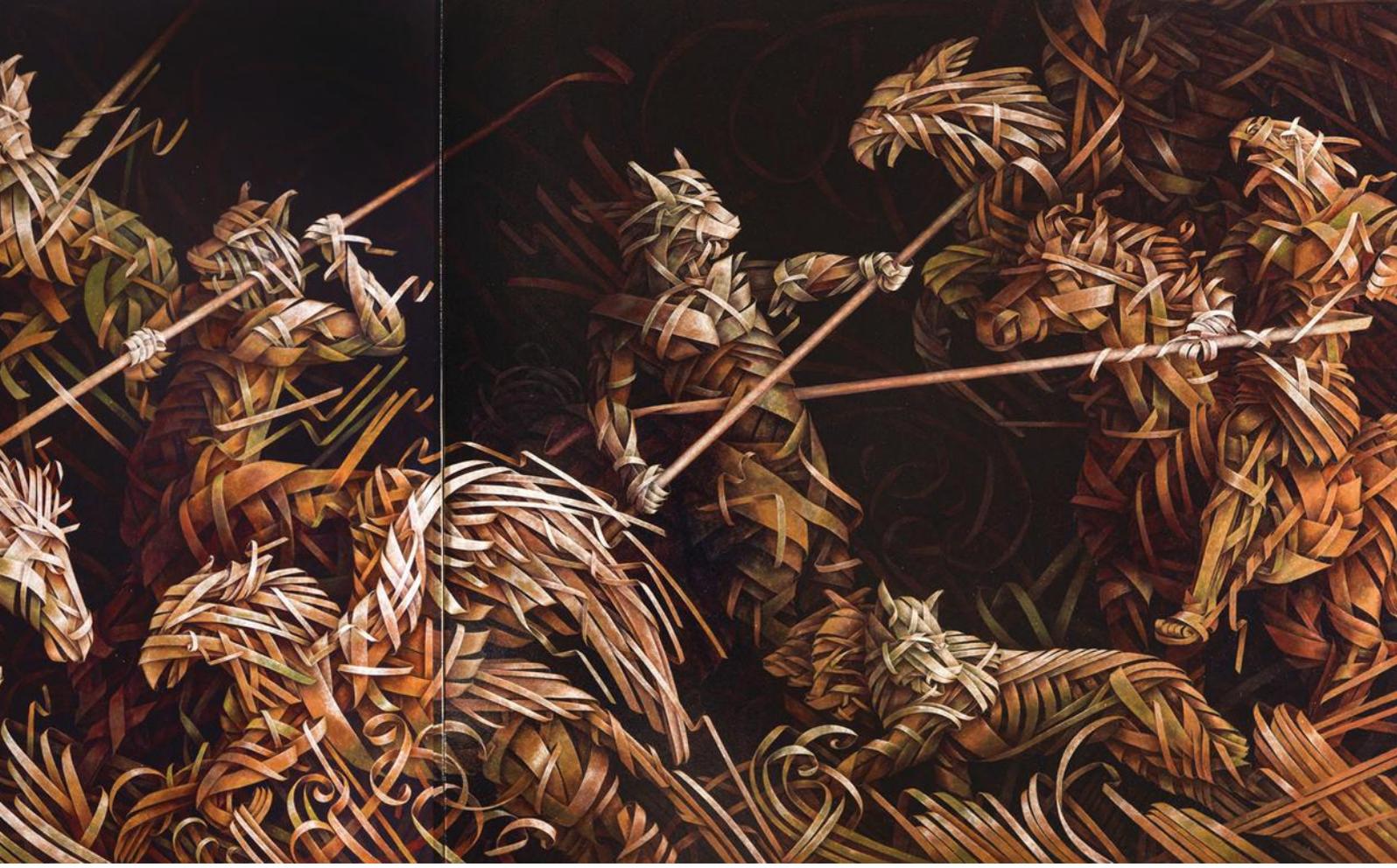
ripping the road apart.
Night flew
as swift as a falcon.

Then sunlight struck
the ruptured road,
still alive with people, but
without a road mender in sight.



Wolf-Headed vs Eagle Headed
Mixed media | 90 x 288 x 2"







Within Darkness

Image transfer and thread on paper | 20 x 26" | \$400



A Temporary Death
Image transfer and thread on paper | 22 x 28" | \$400





Shrouded in Lace

Image transfer and thread on paper | 22 x 28" | \$400





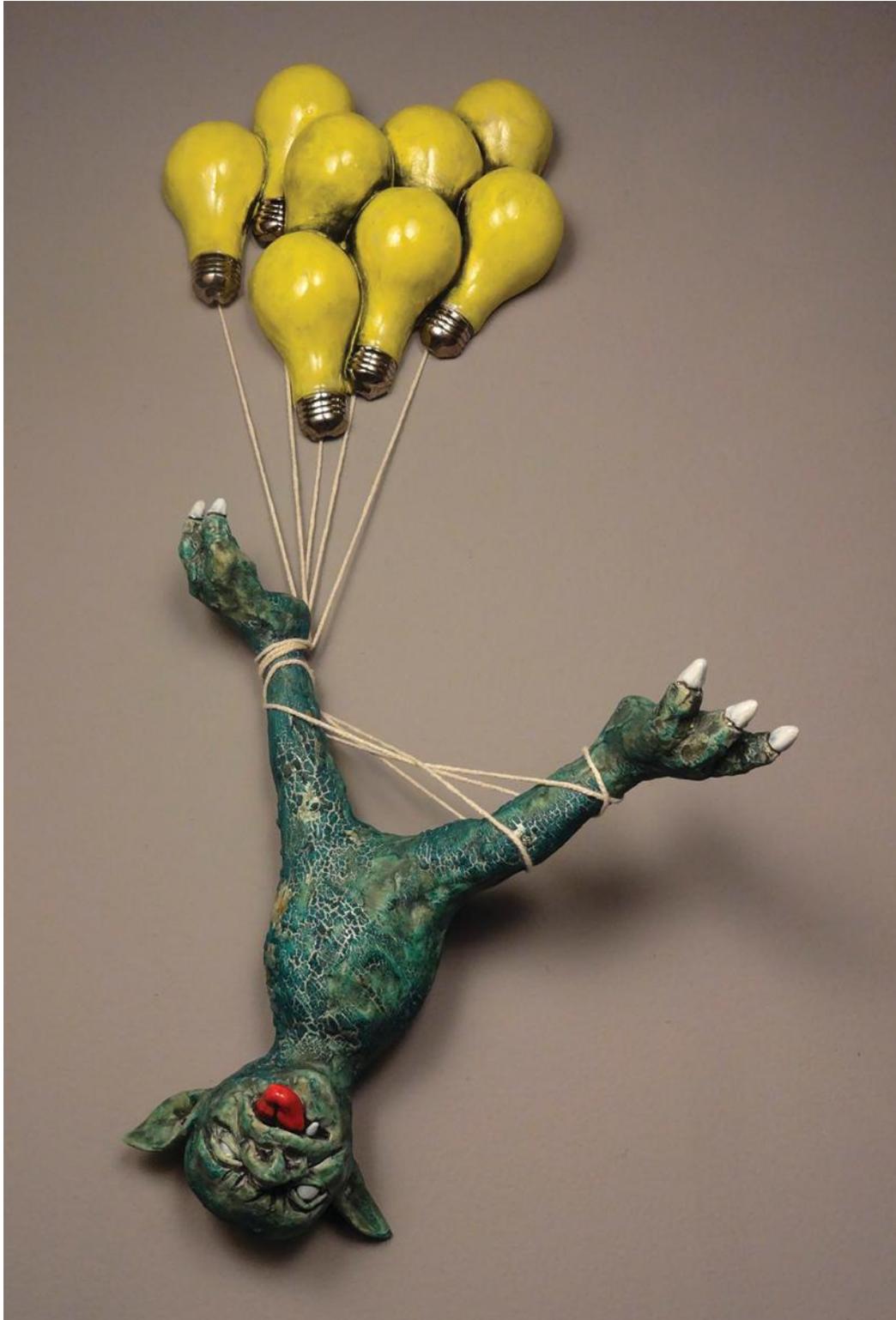
Ashley Pfister
www.ashleypfister.com

Celebrate The Oddities
Ceramic | 22 x 13 x 12" | \$850



Ashley Pfister

Captive Thoughts
Ceramic | 24 x 12 x 3" | \$750



Clowned
Ceramic | 12.5 x 6 x 5" | \$750



**Handhead**

Graphite on paper | 17 x 14" | NFS



Psychopomp Manabohzo
Oil on canvas | 36 x 40" | \$3,000



Stu Edwards

www.facebook.com/artofstuedwards



Awilum

Graphite on paper | 22 x 28" | \$4,500



Nifelheim
Wood and plaster | 36 x 36 x 72" | \$15,000

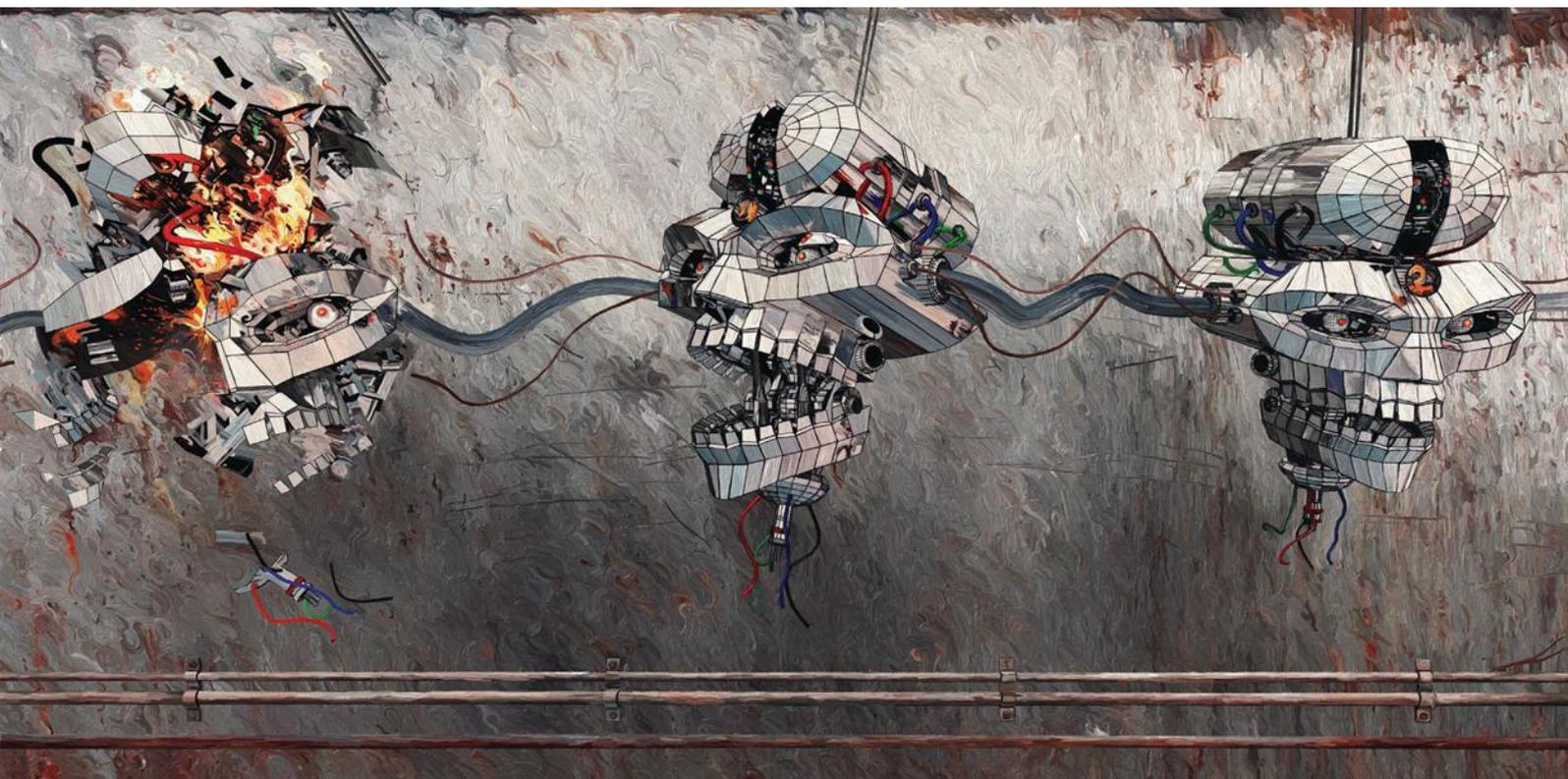




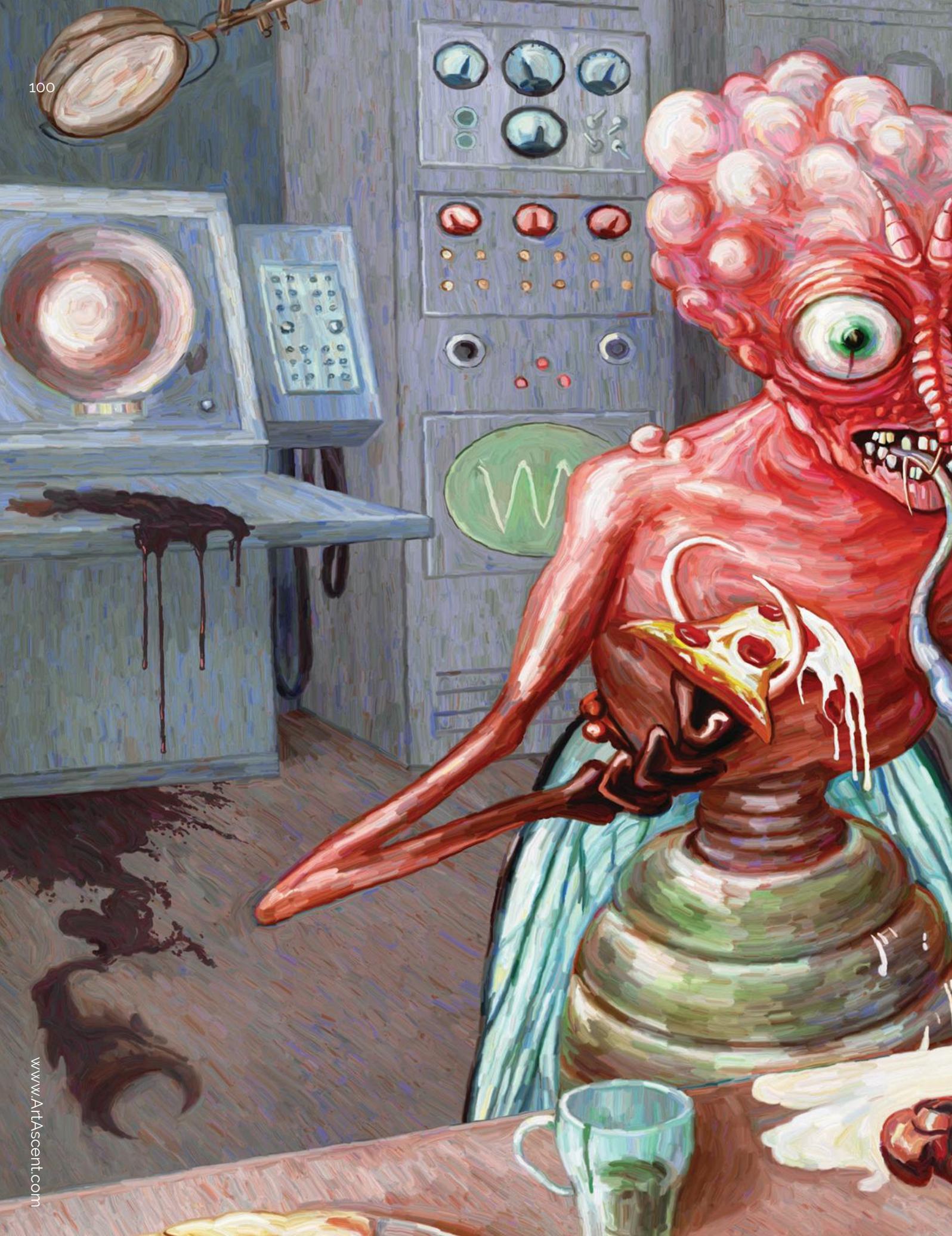
Awakening Upon Death of the Bride of the Creature
Digital painting | 30 x 49" | NFS

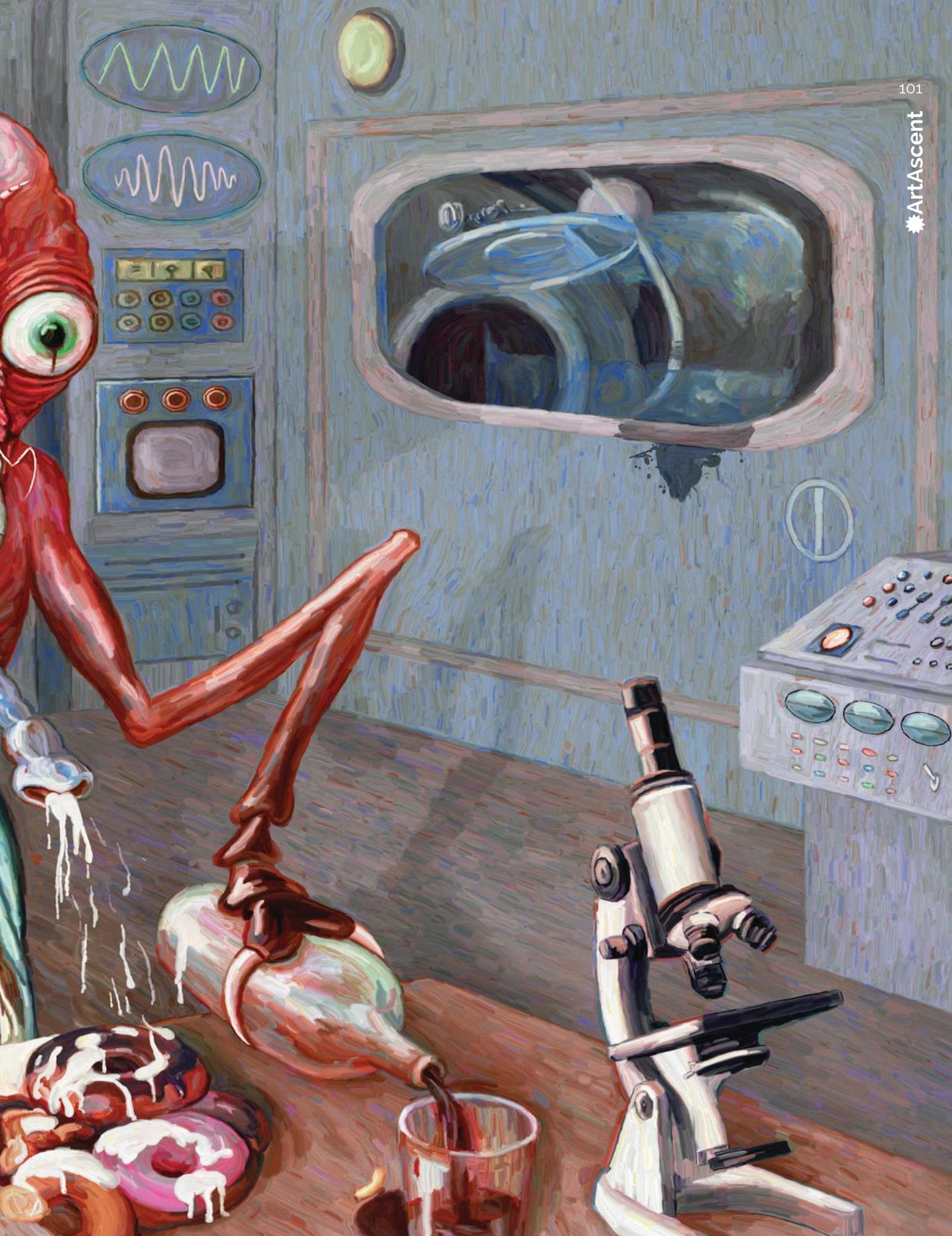


Infinite Objectivity
Digital painting | 34 x 71" | NFS



NEXT SPREAD
The Human Fly
Digital painting | 36 x 49" | NFS





Art Investor Tips

The changing role of galleries in the current global art market

For as long as people have been collecting art, there have been galleries and dealers deciding the tastes of the day, ready to cater to full wallets and empty walls.

Both emerging and established artists often rely on galleries to expose their work to collectors – for a fee, of course – with industry standards ranging from 30 to 50 percent. Yet, as the global audience for art grows, and prices soar, both artists and collectors look to new platforms to connect with each other as galleries find new ways to stay relevant.

The Internet has obviously played a major role in this change, as now people from across the globe can share ideas and products via the click of a button. Major online retailers, such as Amazon (amazon.com/art) and eBay (ebay.com/Sothebys), have launched platforms for art sales in the last several years. Many art world industry insiders are responsible for backing Artsy (artsy.net), a website that provides art world content, artist-specific information and a sales platform for existing galleries who want an online presence. Artist-focused sales websites, such as Saatchi Art (saatchiart.com), allow artists to upload their work and set their prices with the hopes of catching the eye of a collector or curator.

While this accessibility provides new opportunities for artists and consumers around the world, many professionals lament that despite developments in technology, it is still nearly impossible to recreate the experience of a work's scope, color, and technique on a monitor; we engage with a piece of art differently when we are standing in front of it. Furthermore, while online sales sites typically target new collectors – those who may be intimidated to approach a gallery or those restricted by location – they may lack the ability for personalized knowledge and expertise that a dealer can use to help a collector develop a personal taste. Curated online and print magazines (including ArtAscent www.ArtAscent.com) offer an alternative to both online gallery sales and artist-direct sites, in that they typically hold an open call and have a judge or panel select works to be featured – ensuring a curated selection – while referring potential collectors directly to the artist to deal with sales, minimizing commission splits and fees.



Art fairs now take place year-round and around the world, and have solved this problem of accessibility and viewing experience for many collectors and dealers. Established galleries apply – and pay heavily – to participate in prestigious events held in major cities (London, New York, Hong Kong and Dubai, to name a few), which allows them a physical presence for a week in a variety of locations. In recent years “affordable” (for the collector and dealer) versions of art fairs have cropped up, both as satellites for the major fairs and as regional or media specific, presenting lower-budget collectors the opportunity to purchase original art. This combined with the immediate nature of technology means collectors are able to physically engage with a work before purchase, and dealers can maintain relationships via the immediacy of technology. These fairs are all open to the public, so for the price of an admission ticket, collectors and art lovers can experience hundreds of works from around the world with the ability to engage dealers in more informal and neutral settings.



Real estate values continue to rise in major cities, and so the future of galleries as actual brick-and-mortar spaces remains to be seen. However, enterprising dealers are finding new ways to connect with a growing audience of collectors utilizing the Internet and international art fairs as a way to maintain an active, global presence, and collectors have more resources than ever to engage with work in any context they desire. With art prices continuing to rise, there is little doubt that art and its surrounding industries will continue to evolve as the audience grows.

By Rachel Cohen, LCAT, ATR-BC

Pictured above:
Eagle-Pawn Trap | Wolf-Headed Mirror (frames excluded)
by Ilie Vaduva

Art Destinations

Cambridge Art Fair, UK

The art world fair might seem to be circumscribed to a couple of major, big cities – especially in UK London-centric. The Cambridge Art Fair, launched in 2013 by Craig Kerrecoe, represents a significant exception and it is quickly becoming an established part of the international art fairs calendar.

Indeed, in only two editions thus far, the Cambridge Art Fair has been growing at a rapid pace and its attendance figures have substantially increased, the fair becoming a respected stop on the art world circuit. People come to the Cambridge Art Fair to enjoy the art exhibited by high-quality British and international galleries and dealers.

Several features make the Cambridge Art Fair unique. First, its exceptionalism is due to its hosting city. For centuries, Cambridge has been one of the most admired cities, most widely known as the home of one of the most prestigious universities in the world. As the second fastest growing city in the country, in the last few years, the city has witnessed the emergence of a stimulating contemporary arts scene with new art spaces and a fresh dynamic and vibrant cultural life. Even if only for the month of October, the fair functions as an epicentre and crucially engages with the broader local art community, and as a result, exciting creative ideas pop up across the city in all manner of ways.

Furthermore, the Cambridge Art Fair offers an informal, friendly and relaxed atmosphere where every kind of visitor can expect to experience a diverse and rich range of artwork. The combined knowledge and experience of the galleries and dealers exhibiting at the fair ensure that any visitor is able to find the perfect piece of art he or she is looking for.

For both new and experienced collectors, the fair is a unique opportunity to build a quality collection that combines art from different periods and from any region of the world. Moreover, the Cambridge Art Fair dispels the common notion that building an art collection is a privilege reserved for a selected cluster of people. Indeed, at the Cambridge Art Fair, a collector has the opportunity to build a beautiful and rewarding art collection commensurate with one's budget.

For its 3rd edition in October 2015, the Cambridge Art Fair offered a major opportunity to immerse into a rich collection of global art booths showcasing modern masterpieces alongside ground-breaking contemporary artists. A number of local galleries returned, including, *Byard Art* and *The Lynne Strover Gallery*. A plethora of new galleries with exciting programs and presenting art from outside the UK participated for the first time. Among them, *Blue Nile Art* (specialized in Ethiopian art), *Hanoi Art House* (a gallery specialising in Contemporary Vietnamese art) and *Wealth-of-Art* (an art platform offering both online selling and consultancy), specialized in established and emerging promising young artists from geographical locations, such as Belorussia, Colombia, Cuba and Italy. Thus, the 2015 fair will outclass with more diversity than ever presenting art from all around the world.

For more information, please visit www.cambridgeartfair.com.

By Laura Bruni

Laura Bruni holds a B.A. from the University of Bologna and an M.A. from IUAV, Venice. In September 2015, she started an MFA in Curating at Goldsmiths, London. She has worked as a research assistant at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, and as a researcher and assistant curator of prominent artist Pier Paolo Calzolari providing curatorial support for projects, such as *Another* (Galerie Kamel Mennour, Paris) and *Ileana Sonnabend: Ambassador for the new* (MoMa, New York).

Artists Talk

Do you play music while creating?

Anything that matches my mood or wakes me up for work. – Kesja

I love working to music, it sweeps you up and envelopes you in pure creativity. It helps inspire what's in my head to come out in my art. I love listening to alternative rock while I work or angry 90s girl music :) so I can sing while I work. – Den

Usually when I am writing I like silence, because I become completely focused on the story. Sometimes, however, if I get stuck or blocked I'll put on something really atmospheric; Llewellyn's "Ghosts" is a favorite. It helps focus my mind and get back on track. – Stefani

Yes, I listen to music in my studio, because it helps me escape to the place I need to be mentally to paint. I listen to a variety of music. I like soul, alternative, jazz, house, some country, top 40, etc. Like my visual art, the music I listen to and enjoy is prolific. – Mattie

No. Music steals my focus. I like to work in silence. – Roopa

View more conversations and meet the artists on the ArtAscent Facebook page.



www.facebook.com/ArtAscent

Collect them all.



Next issue theme feature: **Portraits**

Get your copy this February

CALL FOR ARTISTS AND WRITERS

This call theme is "Portraits." Paint and write your visions of people and other creatures. Share your portraits and you may be published in the next ArtAscent magazine.

Selected artists and writers will be published in ArtAscent magazine, including 4 top applicant profiles; showcased in online exhibition for at least two years; and promoted on Facebook and Twitter.

All 2D and 3D artists may apply including writers, painters, photographers, digital artists, installation artists, ceramic artists, jewelry artists, sculptors, fabric artists, and others.


ArtAscent
Applications:
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Apply
until
December 31

