



artist  
CATALOGUE

A QUARTERLY PUBLICATION FOR EMERGING ARTISTS



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***THEARTIST  
CATALOGUE***

***.COM***

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# ALLAN BANFORD

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My work explores the relationship between the subconscious and reality. With influences as diverse as *Gerhard Richter* and *Francis Bacon*, new synergies are crafted from both opaque and bright narratives. Ever since I start painting I have been fascinated by the ephemeral nature of the **ZEITGEIST**. What starts out as yearning soon becomes debased into a hegemony of futility, leaving only a sense of failing and the inevitability of a new order. As spatial phenomena become clarified through frantic and academic practice, the viewer is left with a testament to the inaccuracies of our condition.



**Why do you make art?**

I make art to materialize the relationship between elements of the collective unconscious and life as an individual. What starts out as a contemplation soon becomes debased into a manifesto of power, as spatial forms become transformed through observation.

I also do installations, mixed media, and conceptual artworks. By contesting the division between the realm of memory and the realm of experience, I absorb the tradition of remembrance art into daily practice. This personal follow-up and revival of a past tradition is important as an act of meditation.

My paintings isolate the movements of humans, emotions, and objects. By doing so, new sequences are created that reveal an inseparable relationship between motion and sound. With a conceptual approach, I try to approach a wide scale of subjects in a multilayered abstract way, involving the viewer in a way that is sometimes physically texturized and believes in the idea of function following form in a work.

My works directly respond to the surrounding environment and use the artist's everyday

experiences as a starting point. Often these are framed instances that would go unnoticed in their original context. By applying abstraction, I find that movement reveals an inherent awkwardness, a conceptualization that echoes one's vulnerabilities. The artist also considers movement and rhythm as a metaphor for the ever-seeking man who experiences a continuous evolution.

Sometimes my works do not reference a recognizable form. The results are deconstructed to the extent that meaning is shifted and possible interpretation becomes multifaceted. By questioning the concept of movement, I create intense personal pieces masterfully created by means of rules and omissions, acceptance and refusal, luring the viewer round and round in circles. My works are confronted as aesthetically resilient, thematically interrelated material for memory and projection. The possible seems true and the truth exists, but it has many faces.

I am also a recipient of the inaugural **World Citizen Artist Award** in conjunction with Belgravia Gallery and Play for chance foundation commemorating the first anniversary of Nelson Mandela's death and

legacy. My works are included in numerous private and corporate collections, including *The Mona Flat* series for The Andy Warhol Art Exchange by Absolut featured at Saatchi Gallery and *The Perspective Scenarios* triptych resembling Turner, acclaimed by critics and the public alike.

**Explain your technique and choice of medium, and what it offers you as an artist.**

My choice of medium is wood. I like to paint on wood panels with acrylics and mix media because the end result is more strong and dramatic due to the texture of the surface. My technique is called laceration, and uses a series of nonsequential brushes and strokes.

**What artists do you look to for inspiration and why?**

I'm a big *Gerhard Richter* fan due to his evolution as an artist over six decades; I also admire *Francis Bacon's* work and his journey to become an iconic contemporary art master.

**What is next for you as an artist?**

Sculpture and big installations.



Right: Patient

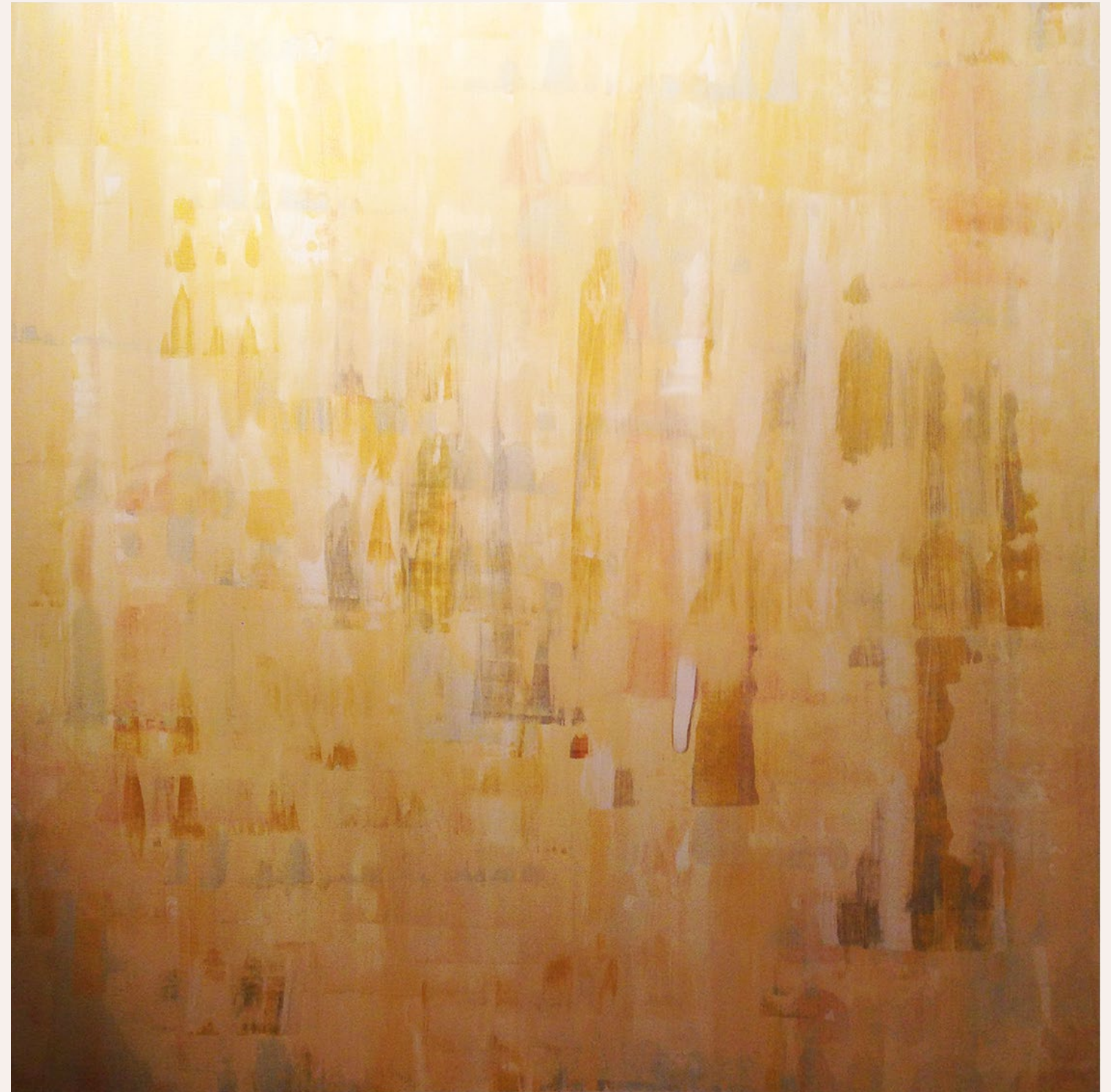
Page 6-7: Detail of The Lonely Star

Page 8: Comfort



Page 12 (Left):  
Uncertainty

Page 13 (Right):  
Golden Peace



# SHENEQUA A. BROOKS

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As an artist I am exploring ways to unify the African American and African cultures by weaving synthetic hair in my body of work. My recent work focuses on the exploration of scale on the traditional African loom while exhibiting the intricacy of hair in relation to the woven structure itself. Since my childhood, hair has always been emphasized. I grew up surrounded by women who taught me the importance of getting my hair done. Hair is used in my body of work because it is a part of me, a special bond shared between two people.

#### Why do you make art?

I make art to be creative, explore, and satisfy my artistic desires.

#### Explain your technique and choice of medium, and what it offers you as an artist.

I weave synthetic hair on a floor loom to create hair weavings that are displayed on either a wall or the body. This offers me joy and a voice that speaks to my inner childhood and upbringing.

#### What artists do you look to for inspiration and why?

I look to various artists for inspiration such as *Sebastian Dayi, Sonya Clark, Kehinde Wiley, Kara Walker, Joanne- Petit Frere*, and many more because not only do most of the artists I name use hair in their work, but because the topic of what blackness and black culture means to them fascinates me.

#### What is next for you as an artist?

Haha! I am still going to be a working artist, aiming to get more views in the art world, galleries, and museums. I aspire to travel around the world to see more and enhance the context of my work.





Page 14 (Left):  
Squa-Plaits, 2014

Page 15 (Above):  
My Weave, 2013

Page 12 & 13:  
Hair Embodiment, 2013



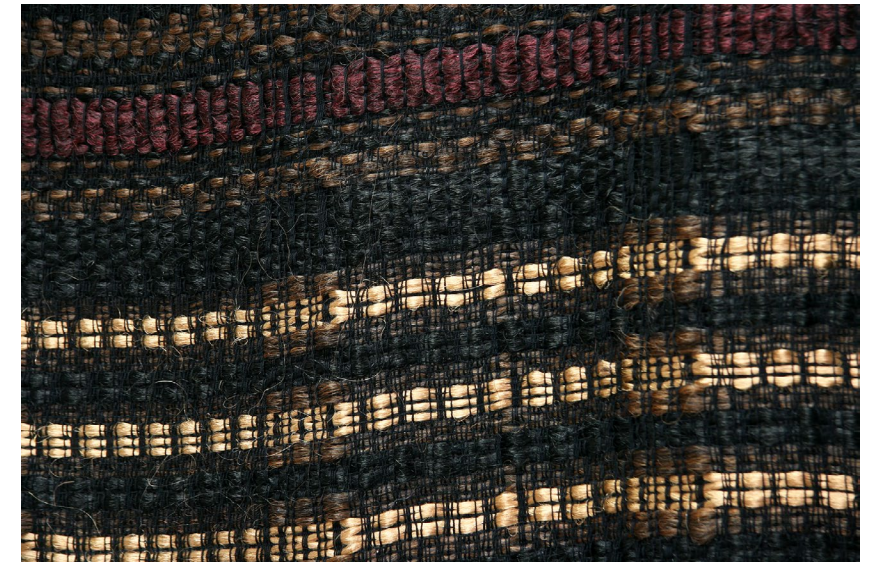
Below:  
Cocoon, 2012



Below:  
Bang Cut, 2014



Right:  
Braid & Roll Her Up, 2014



Above:  
Rec-Triangular Cut, 2014

# DIANE ENGLANDER

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My work searches for the place between discord and tranquility, for the spot with a charged harmony that energizes as it also provides refuge. That search means that within a generally contemplative piece I play one formal element against another to create a degree of friction or conflict. As for the largely intuitive process, the material in front of me—often including found or repurposed papers, cloth, pieces of wood--influences my direction, as does inspiration from the world outside the studio: a wall, a landscape, a window shade transfused with light, a stretch of sand and shadow (and of course, echoes from other artists: Burri, Vicente, Tapies, Motherwell, Rauschenberg, Nicholson, Blow, and many, many more). When the work transmits to me a calm energized by tension, then it is done. Occasionally that happens the same day, sometimes weeks or months later, sometimes never, and then its remnants may become a new jumping-off place, another source of inspiration.



Above:  
Umbra Orange Black and  
Red, 2014 (5.25" x 6.75")



Left (Page 22):  
Black on Buff and Rust III,  
2013 (30" x 31.5")

**Why do you make art?**

I feel most happily myself when I am making art. This was an amazing discovery after many years of very analytical and verbal work as a management consultant to nonprofits, and with law school in my distant past.

**Explain your technique and choice of medium, and what it offers you as an artist.**

My technique may be to give my curiosity nearly free rein. I always seem to be asking, "What would happen if..." This tendency is compounded by my openness to a wide range of materials and the different ways of working that those materials inspire. In an interview *James Siena* said of his own work, "I just want to make the next thing and I don't want to listen to an inner voice saying ... 'Oh, don't do that. That's not what you do.' But if you want to do it, and then you do it, it is what you do." I don't want to listen to that particular voice either, and my materials help me turn to "mak[ing] the next thing." At the moment my supplies include many types of paper, cloth, wood, canvas, cardboard, photographs, acrylic paint, water-soluble pencils and crayons, charcoal. I look around at the possible components, and the ones I am drawn to tell me what will happen next. Sometimes they dictate a very specific color range, and then I can't use that material with any other palette. The move to scrap-wood sculptures about two years ago was the direct result of the materials enticing me. At any given time I am working in a number of different modes. Right now in my studio the works in progress include a piece of corrugated cardboard that will be part of the *Black and Buff on Rust* series, a very small collage, a small wood sculpture, a cardboard piece I resurrected from my raw materials box when I was looking for something else, and two small canvases.

**What artists do you look to for inspiration and why?**

Every time I go to a museum or a gallery I see something that piques my interest and that may influence what I do the next day or the next year. I don't think of myself as explicitly looking to specific artists for inspiration, but I know that among the artists from the past who particularly resonate with me are

*Burri, Motherwell, Tapies, Rauschenberg and Nevelson.* What moves me often involves layers, contrasting textures, varieties of mark making.

**What is next for you as an artist?**

I would like to find a way to make larger wood pieces. Because I work with scrap wood and part of the challenge I pose for myself in this body of work is to minimally change the qualities of the pieces I find, I'm not sure how this will pan out but am very curious to see. In the "works on canvas," I want to see if I can push myself into more varied use of paint. What if I made a primitive sort of paper of my own? I get kind of excited just writing about these possibilities.



Top (Page 24):  
Umbria Orange and White,  
2014 (5.25" x 6.75")

Bottom (Page 24):  
Umbria Black with Yellow and  
White, 2014 (5.25" x 6.75")

Page 25:  
White and Wood 11, 2015  
(7" x 5.25 x 2.25")

# GENEVIEVE GAUDREAU

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My work examines the broken structure of the familiar female form, and my fascination with society's depiction of what a woman is expected to be. On a certain level I crave a stereotypical sense of femininity in my own appearance- yet set about to question and respond to such notions. I am taking stylized illustrated sewing pattern models and exploring their form, while taking apart these women piece by piece. Each disconnected part of the body speaks about the different parts of myself that feel displaced and fractured. The feeling of stark difference between myself and those around me has primarily driven my current body of work. I use a variety of printmaking techniques as well as collage to create imagery that connects different sections of the models' body parts. My use of different materials is reminiscent of a certain era of time in which the female identity was oppressed by the constructs of society. Once I have printed on various materials, I layer and collage them together to obtain a certain level of depth within my two-dimensional work. I combine these layers to create a woman as a whole while still giving the impression of a fractured and confusing identity.

Right (Page 27):  
Butterick 9858





Left (Page 28):  
Simplicity 9806

Right (Page 28):  
Simplicity 8602

Page 29:  
Simplicity 3182

### Why do you make art?

When I first enrolled in college, I wasn't exactly sure what I wanted to major in. I used to walk by the art studios on my way to my math class. I ended up enrolling in a printmaking class, and it all kind of started to make sense that this is what I'm supposed to be doing. For me, making art has been a major exploration of my inner self. The last year or so I've realized that I'm making highly personalized work that often comes across as fairly ambiguous to the viewer. I like to ask myself how important that sort of interpretation is, and what I'm taking away from it as I'm working and experimenting in the studio.

### Explain your technique and choice of medium, and what it offers you as an artist.

It all starts with finding an image of a sewing pattern model that I visually connect with; I am fairly particular about their pose and even the expression on their faces. From this point, I will print a fine-point halftone on a large Epson printer. The image is often too large to burn directly onto a screen, so I have to cut the body into different sections. Lately I have been experimenting with cutting diagonally through the image instead of just breaking it up into blocks. I am really interested in the idea of the shapes the halftones tend to take when I am cutting them. The next step is that I gather different fabrics and sewing patterns. While I am physically printing in the studio, I experiment with the way the ink reacts to the materials I am printing on. I will often crumple sewing patterns or bunch up fabric to create a break in the image. I print multiples of each section of the body so that later on when I am building the piece onto the wall I have the advantage of having multiple layers to move around and layer materials. For me, the most important aspect of creating my pieces comes from physically pinning them to a wall. I tend to drape the fabric in such a way that it mimics the poses of arms or even legs in a nonrepresentational form. A couple of different things have drawn me to the medium of serigraphy. I revel in the graphic and photorealistic form that the image holds once it's printed, along with the idea of creating multiples of the same sections to layer the same image over and over again. I also am attracted to the idea of a nontraditional approach to printmaking, which is something I've begun to explore throughout this body of work.

### What artists do you look to for inspiration and why?

I've always looked at *Ellen Gallagher*, I think a few years ago someone mentioned her to me and ever since then I've been interested in her work. The way that Gallagher gives her two-dimensional work depth through different layering techniques is something I've tried

to push within my own work. To name a few others, *Augusta Atla* and *Lorna Simpson*. For me, all of these artists bring a certain aspect of the female identity to their work in different ways. With Gallagher, she is extrapolating on the idea of gender and the African American heritage of women in today's society. While I am not speaking about race in my own work, I am certainly thinking about gender roles as a whole in two different types of eras.

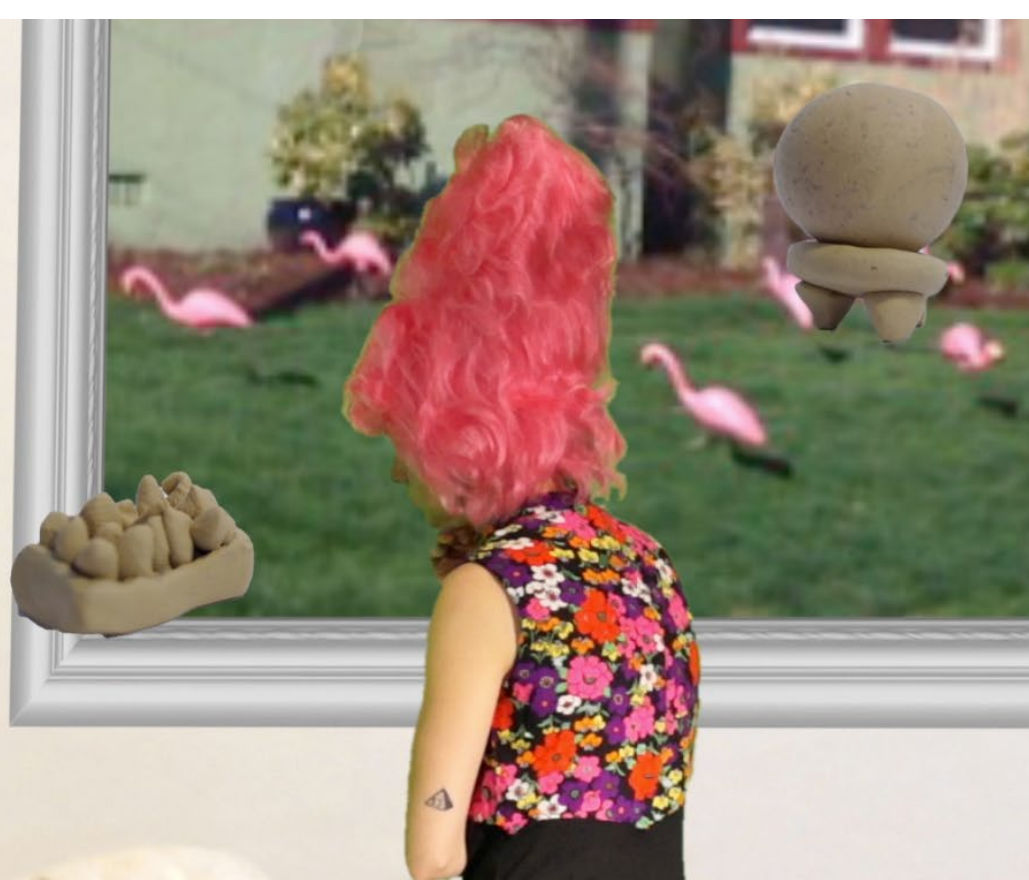
### What is next for you as an artist?

I want to continue to explore my fascination with my own identity as a female, and in achieving that I plan on making as much work as possible. I should be moving to Seattle within the next year, so we'll see where that takes me artistically.



Right (Page 31):  
McCall 7401

# KAYLE KARBOWSKI



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Kayle Karbowski is a human being, artist, writer, curator, Scorpio, and self-informed cultural critic who was born and raised in the suburbs of Chicago and now resides in Milwaukee, WI. She actively traverses the line between DIY and institutional art scenes through participating in and organizing a diverse set of exhibitions and events. In her personal practice, Karbowski uses video, performance, and sculpture to both psychologically and physically engage with satire, science fiction, and the queer as a way of indulging in a slightly skewed familiarity of our everyday experiences. "It is only through happening upon the parallel of your homeland, meeting your doppelgänger, or knowingly engaging with déjà vu, that we can really confront who we are and where we come from."

Right (Page 32):  
Zagree Noboofia Still 2



Right (Page 32):  
Zagree Noboofia Still 3



Right (Page 32):  
Zagree Noboofia Still 1



Right (Page 32):  
Landscaping



### Why do you make art?

There are hundreds of ways in which I could answer this question, but at the end of the day creating a healthy and self-sufficient community is what I desire the end result of my practice to be. My work takes on many forms, from cultural critique to social experiments to studying our contemporary cultural mythology. My concern lies within the ways we believe we are supposed to act, how we relate to one another as well as to objects. How do methods of control such as institutions and popular media perpetuate this very narrow set of ideals for a vast spectrum of humans?

Unlike a social scientist, anthropologist, politician, or historian I do not do what I do to solve problems, but rather to raise curiosity and interest in my viewers. My hope is that by presenting these familiar and somewhat mundane aspects of American culture in alien ways, we can begin to uncover and renegotiate ourselves. I want us all to be able to redefine "self" as a fluid, personal identity in a community at large in a universe of existing things.

### Explain your technique and choice of medium, and what it offers you as an artist.

I am a firm believer in medium choice as a supplement to message. Because of this, I work in a range of media, from video, to

performance, to sculpture, and collaboration. Almost always, I start with an idea. It is not always a concept per se, it may just be an image or simple movement or editing technique or object that I want to play with. I then ask myself, "What medium will aid this idea best?" Often I choose video, and this is because so much of my work is concerned with the push and pull between the performed, public self and the inner desires of the private self. From Youtube, to Netflix, to the movie theater, to electronic billboards, etc., we encounter moving images every day. It is the site of the perpetuated persona that we are supposed to act like. Video is a very psychological medium, which is why advertising and propaganda gravitate toward it. A screen acts as a window we look into, and part of us believes it is real whether we recognize that or not. I am interested in that in-between space. I ask myself, "How can I mimic aspects of moving images people are used to seeing while simultaneously reminding them that they are looking into a screen, and not through a window?"

At times, I create sculptural supports for my videos. Where video is a psychological medium, sculpture is a very physical medium. We relate to it with our bodies. When using sculpture in my work, I am adding a push and

pull between the viewers' physical reality and their psychological one; while your thoughts are consumed with the demanding medium of video, your body has to negotiate the presence of an object. I use this combination of mediums when I am interested in furthering the relationship between the viewer and the character or place in the video.

Then there are collaboration and organizing events. While I am very apt to critique, there are times in my practice when I feel it is time to take my focus away from a dystopian viewpoint and to look to a utopia. Sometimes collaboration can be as simple as asking a friend to create a soundtrack for a video and other times it is as complicated as organizing a parade. When I am working with other people, I am using the idea of collaboration as a playground. How can we deconstruct the preconceived notion of how people work together to create one that is more productive and more inclusive?

### What artists do you look to for inspiration and why?

I am hardly ever directly looking at other fine artwork for inspiration for what I make. I like to think of the term "artist" much more broadly, like a cultural producer. Under this definition, the idea of "art" can open up to a much-larger audience, be more accessible, and exist in



Top (Page 35):  
Rainbowrd Sunset Valley  
Still 1

Bottom (Page 35):  
Rainbowrd Sunset Valley  
Still 2



Right:  
Rainbowrd Sunset Valley

more places. It also allows me to be able to define myself beyond just a maker of art, but as a human being who is constantly taking in culture and simultaneously putting it back out. For example, by choosing your outfit in the morning, you are shaping the current cultural environment. Now, this may not be "art" in itself, but using something such as fashion as a platform to investigate or reinterpret an aspect of culture can be.

My work is influenced greatly by television, film, and literature. To name a few favorites: *Breakfast of Champions* and *Slaughterhouse-Five* by Kurt Vonnegut, *1984* and *Animal Farm* by George Orwell, pretty much everything by David Lynch, *Orlando* by Sally Potter, and *Primer* and *Upstream Color* by Shane Carruth. Additionally, *The X-Files*, *Doctor Who*, *Weeds*, *Donnie Darko*, and *American Beauty* have been present in my mind while making art. I also draw from some cultural and art theorists, *Jean Baudrillard*, *Roland Barthes*, and *Judith Jack Halberstam*.

Through the exaggeration of our fear of (or fascination with) what the future holds in science fiction, the potential for the unexpected in magical realism, and the humorous yet often true perspective on our current situation in satire, these genres situate themselves as queer parallels to our reality. We learn through comparing and contrasting. As whoever raised us taught us the sounds that each animal makes, we eventually figured out that the fleshy, pink animal did not go "moo" but the large, white and black animal did and the pig went "oink." I take a similar approach in my work. Using signifiers and techniques from each of these genres, I draw parallels that may be a bit more abstract than that of a science fiction film, yet may be more clear on a political or philosophical position.

### What is next for you as an artist?

I am in a huge state of transition right now. At the current moment, I am about to graduate from undergrad, move my gallery and studio

space, and am helping a dear friend start a nonprofit in Milwaukee. I have kind of been going 100 miles an hour for the past two years as far as organizing goes, which has been absolutely amazing. At this point in time, I think I'm ready to take the backseat (or at least the passenger's seat) for a little while. My goals for the next year are to get a new space off the ground, get this nonprofit going, and above all, I want to take some time for myself to focus in on a new body of work and hopefully travel a bit. The future is a bit fuzzy for me right now, but I find that much more exciting than frightening. I can't wait to see what it has hiding behind its many doors.



Left (Page 36):  
*Your Future Awaits*  
Installation

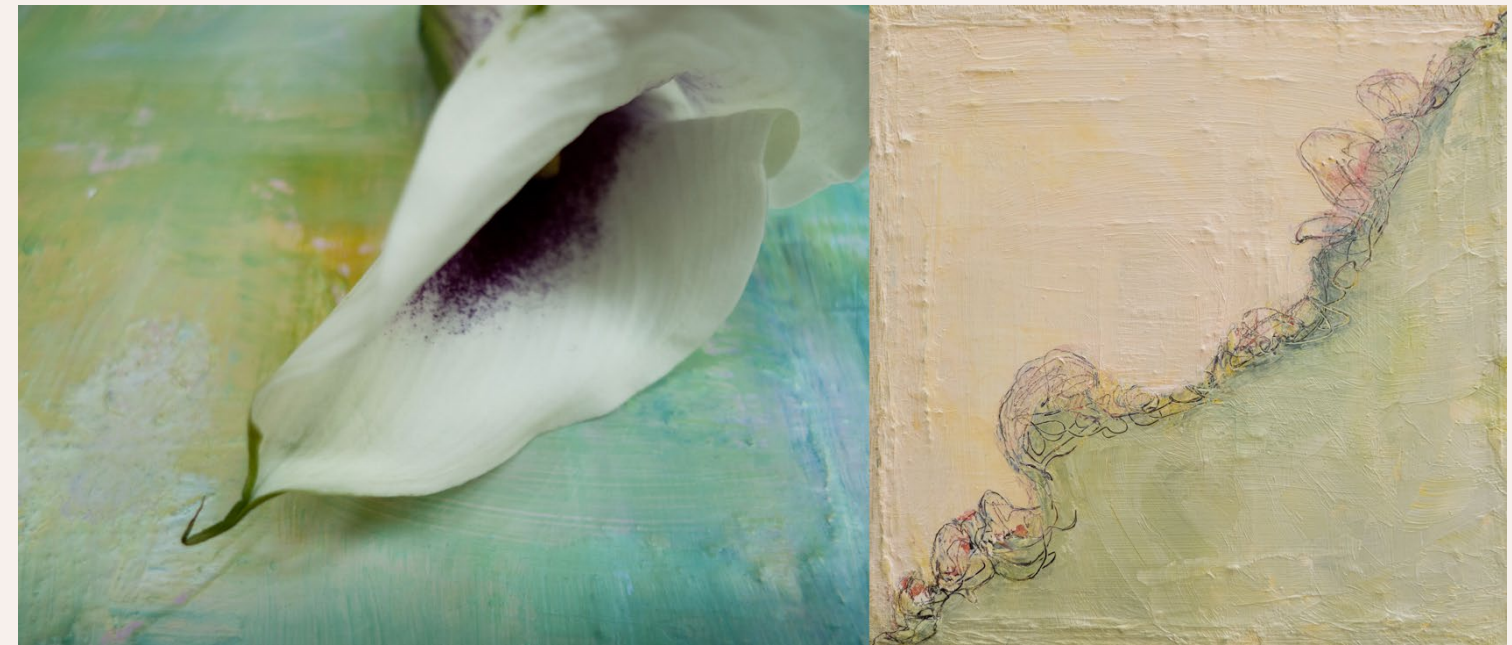
Right (Page 37):  
*Your Future Awaits Still 1*

# Nina Meledandri

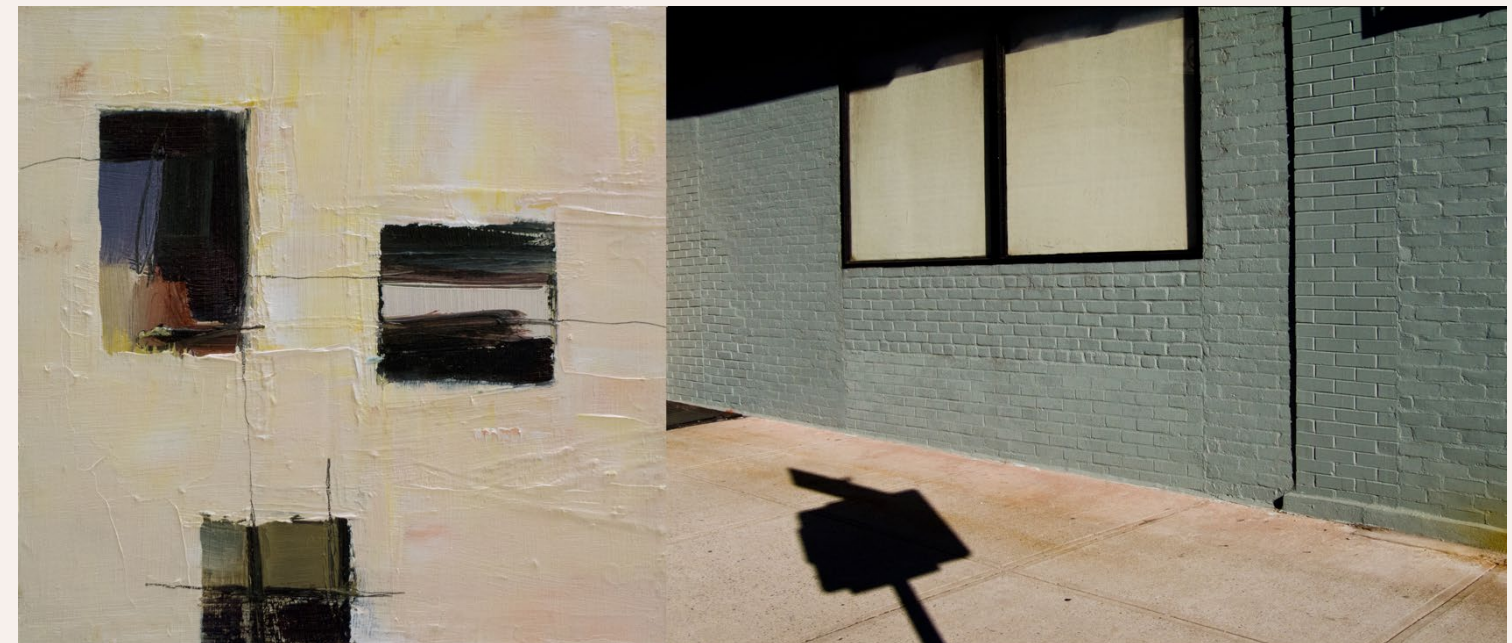
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

WWW.MELEDANDRI.COM

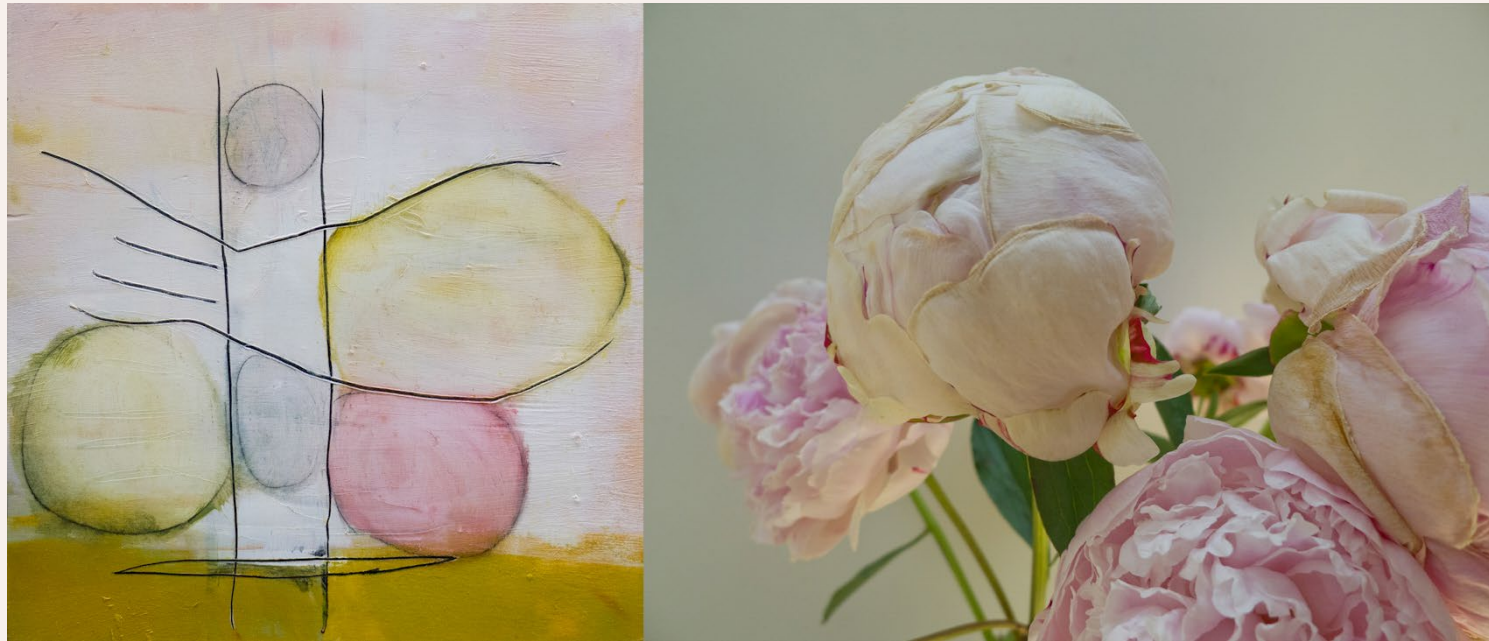
Inside every artist is a desire to make something that has never before been seen, the need to connect to truth in a unique way, the drive to create something undeniable. As a painter and a photographer I have searched consistently for a process that would organically morph the media I use. With the Somewhere In Between diptychs, the photo and the paint have finally and seamlessly merged. These images are ink-jet prints composed of a photograph and a painting. The paintings are from the series Random Thoughts (begun in 1995) and are 8x8" oils on wood panel that have been digitally photographed. The photographs are from my digital archives. As a collagist and an archivist, it has been an amazing journey for me to explore the Random Thoughts paintings as raw material and then witness how each painting is transformed when it finds its complement in a photograph. As a photographer, making this work has given me enormous trust in following the inclinations and demands of what I call "that little voice," the intuition that guides me to gather the images that I might need in the future. The title Somewhere In Between refers to both medium and message. While technically a digital image, these prints are truly "somewhere in between" a painting and a photograph, and the power of their impact rests in the haunting, tiny, almost subliminal space "somewhere in between" its two components that have become one.



Top (Page 39):  
Untitled No. 1



Bottom (Page 39):  
Untitled No. 4



**Why do you make art?**

I make art to touch truth. For me this means developing a studio practice grounded in honesty, where intuition trumps familiar devices, where technique is in service to process and where developing a connection to the unknowable leads to fearless exploration. I make art in the hope that the viewer will “recognize” something in it, something about themselves, or the world, or life.

If the work can provide access to the collective unconscious, then I have succeeded. I make art because I believe it is the most powerful way I can exist in the world, to communicate with others, and to participate in change, growth and the development of the human spirit.

**Explain your technique and choice of medium, and what it offers you as an artist.**

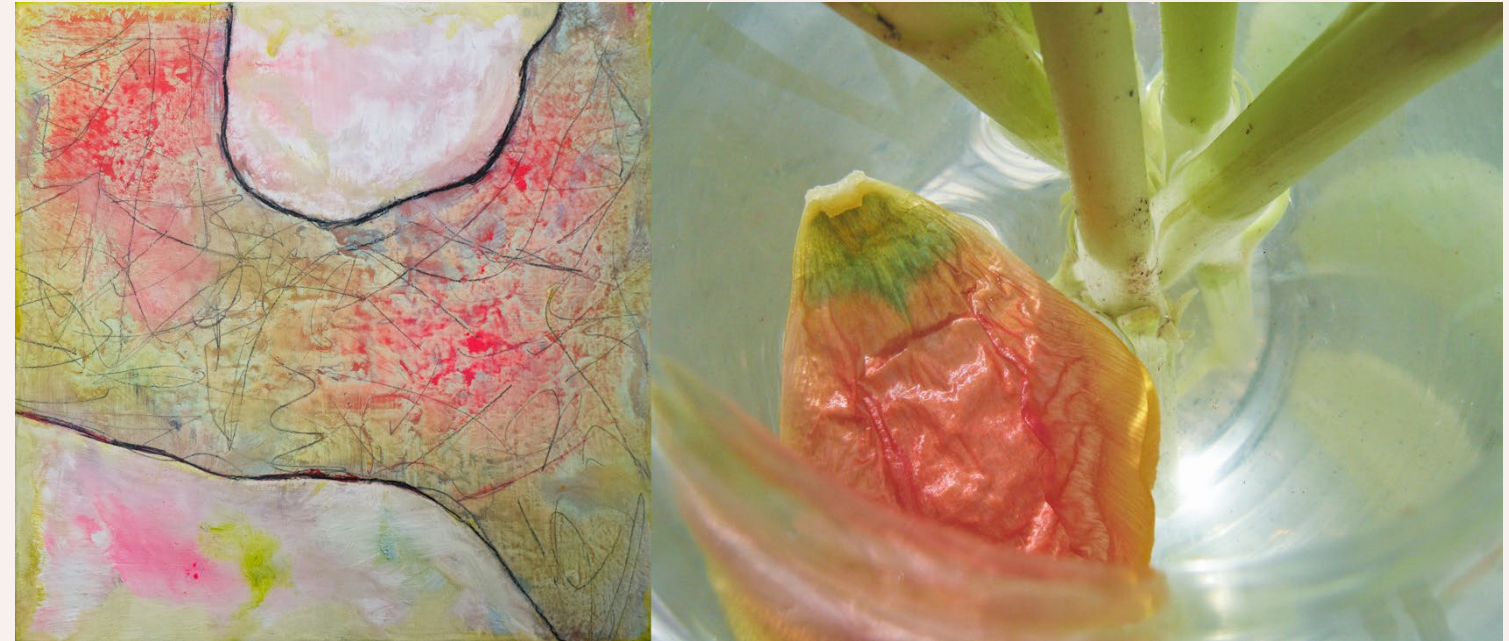
The medium of the *Somewhere In Between* diptychs is a combination of a photograph and a painting. My “technique” in using both elements is to develop a freedom and a trust in the process. This means having faith that it is not necessary to always understand why a painting is finished or the shutter must be clicked. The technique is to listen to “that little voice” that guides both the making and the taking so that my raw materials are available to assemble the final work.

When it comes to making the diptychs, the same sort of intuition is required and the process can be elusive; it is necessary to allow associations between the mages

to manifest with a similar looseness as experienced while painting and with the type of abandon employed when shooting. To create a combination of images where 1+1=3, it is essential to cast aside safe associations in order to be in tune with the serendipitous. Ultimately, working this way helps build the strength I require to keep the inner critic out of my studio practice in its entirety.

**What artists do you look to for inspiration and why?**

I am inspired when I see confidence, when I feel commitment, and when I encounter an undeniability in another artist’s work. Finding these qualities touches something deep inside of me, strengthening my belief in my own process; it inspires me to be fearless and



relentless in my need to make the thing.

My list is always in flux, but over the years there are constants: *Cy Twombly* reminds me of the child and spontaneity. *Joan Snyder* reminds me of exuberance and the pure power of paint. *Eva Hesse* reminds me of the intimacy of materials. *Louise Bourgeois* reminds me of the power in the personal. *Mary Ellen Mark* reminds me to stretch beyond my comfort level. *Andrew Gottlieb* reminds me of the strength and simplicity inherent in the mark. *Stephen Shore* reminds me of the importance of an unflinching eye, and my communities on social media, a potent source of inspiration, remind me of the need to continually share work.

**What is next for you as an artist?**

In the short term, I am currently adding a new dimension to the *Somewhere In Between* diptychs where I use the actual painting (8”x8” oil on cradled wood panel) and print the photograph it is paired with at the corresponding size (roughly 8”x10.5”). The challenge has been in treating the photograph so that it has the same physical heft as the painting it is paired with. To this end I have been experimenting with resins and other ways of building up the surface once the photograph has been mounted on its panel.

In the long term...as Robert Flaherty said, “Nonpreconception is the precondition for discovery.”

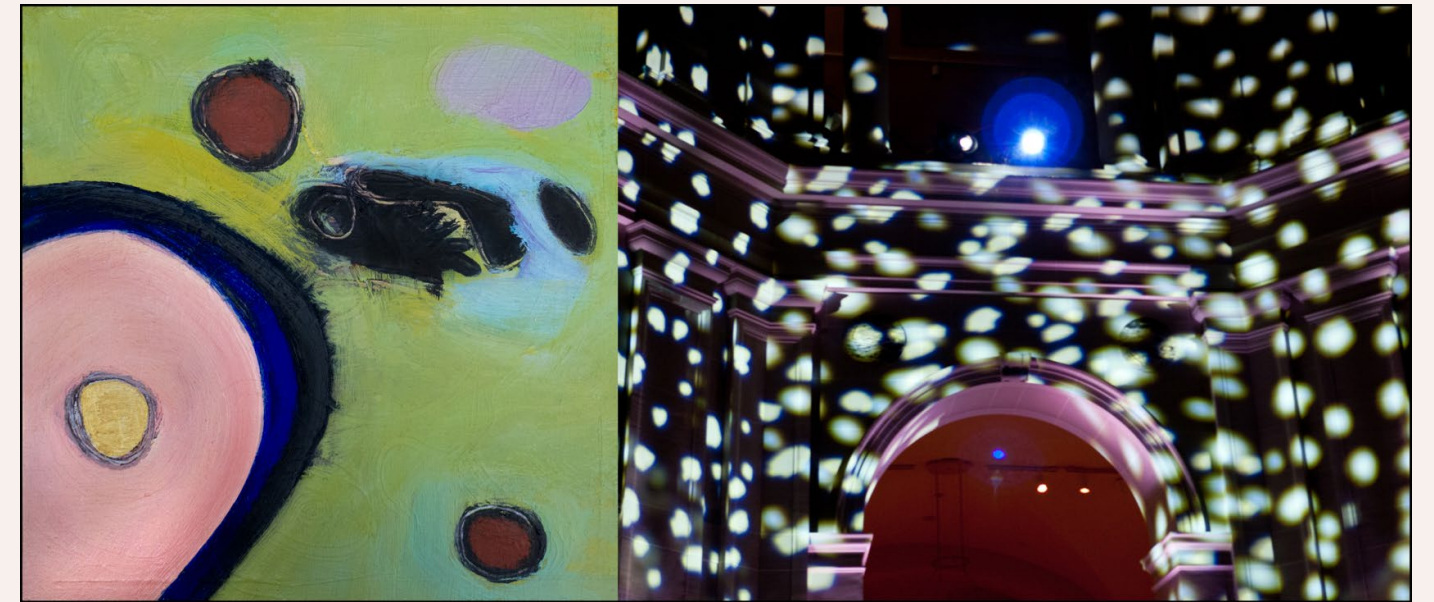
Top (Page 40):  
Untitled No. 2

Top (Page 41):  
Untitled No. 3

Top (Page 42):  
Untitled No. 9



Below (Page 42):  
Untitled No. 6



Top (Page 43):  
Untitled No. 10

# REHAN MISKCI

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By having Armenian roots and living in Istanbul, Turkey, I lived in and experienced a constant state of duality. *Void* explores my struggle with this issue by visualizing notions of the displacement, the loss of identity, and the absence or disappearance of the culture through images that emphasize these notions through the evocation and depiction of studio space. My main inspiration in this project is the archive of *Maryam Sahinyan*, an Armenian studio photographer, a woman who worked by herself for fifty years (1935–1985) in the heart of Istanbul. Artist, researcher, and writer *Tayfun Serttas* introduced Sahinyan to a contemporary audience in 2011. I remove the figures from Sahinyan's original studio photographs and relocate them to my own settings. The displacement of the figure becomes an analogy for the Armenian experience in Turkey.

Right (Page 45):  
*Void 1*





Left (Page 46):  
Void 3

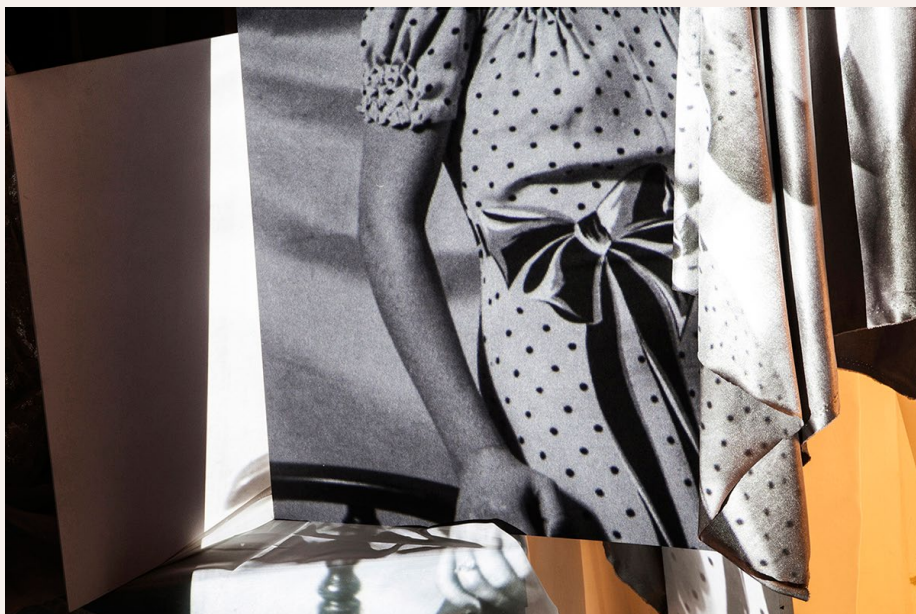
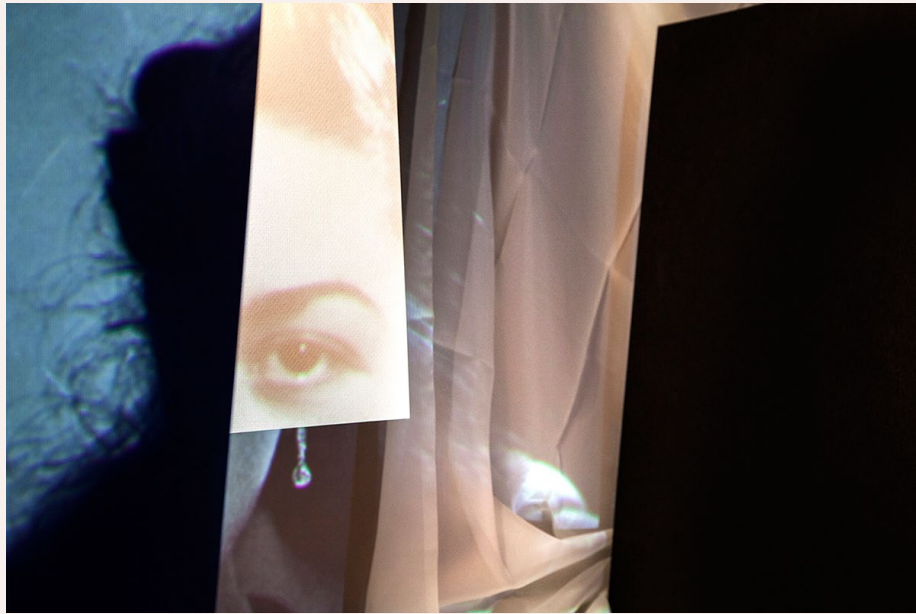
Right (Page 49):  
Void 8



Left (Page 49):  
Void 10

Bottom (Page 49):  
Void 7





Top (Page 48):  
Void 6

Middle (Page 48):  
Void 5

Bottom (Page 48):  
Void 9

**Why do you make art?**

For me, it's an attempt to find a balance between my inner self and the outer world. It also gives me an opportunity to express and explain myself in a way that I wouldn't be able to do otherwise. The interplay between the acts of hiding and revealing builds the core of my approach to art making.

**Explain your technique and choice of medium, and what it offers you as an artist.**

Recently I've been working with projections in my photographs. It's important for me to create a controlled confusion within the viewer's imagination. Projections allow me to achieve this collagelike quality by juxtaposing different layers. Although I'm mentioning multiple layers, I don't digitally manipulate my photographs; everything is captured in one single shot. I employed this technique in Void to convey the notion of displacement. I removed figures from archival photographs and projected them onto my own settings.

**What artists do you look to for inspiration and why?**

*John Stezaker's* collages are very strong visual inspirations for me and I admire his approach to image making. *Akram Zaatari* is another artist who influences me. His diverse work related to photographic archives is one of the main references in my project *Void*.

**What is next for you as an artist?**

I'm currently working with *Sinan Tuncay* on a collaborative project, which will be exhibited at **HERE Arts**, New York in October. The challenge is always to produce more and more. Besides facing regular challenges as an artist, I'm also going back and forth between two countries. I hopefully will create a balance between Istanbul and New York and keep my work relevant for both cultures.



# EKATERINA POPOVA

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My fascination with the idea of home started at a young age after my move to the United States from Russia. Since that moment, I have been involuntarily clinging to old photographs, images, magazine cutouts, and books that remind me of my old life. I now combine these elements and found imagery to create fictional spaces in which my separate cultural experiences can coexist. My paintings, which start as collages, fuse the disparate objects and environments. As a result, the domestic spaces and still lifes feel at once strange and familiar.





Right (Page 52-53):  
Untitled No. 1



Left (Page 54):  
Untitled No. 3

**Why do you make art?**

I make art to make sense of my experiences as an immigrant, as well as to explore the idea of home and belonging. I tend to mix images from everyday life with old photographs, which often results in strange, dreamlike scenes.

**Explain your technique and choice of medium, and what it offers you as an artist.**

I love working in oils because the medium allows me to use transparencies and glazing. I feel that working in layers and slowly manipulating color and light through this method speaks to the notion of memory itself.

**What artists do you look to for inspiration and why?**

*Peter Doig, Marc Chagall, Edward Hopper.* Each of these artists finds a unique way to translate and distort their experiences through painting. I especially love the magical world that *Peter Doig* creates in his work.

**What is next for you as an artist?**

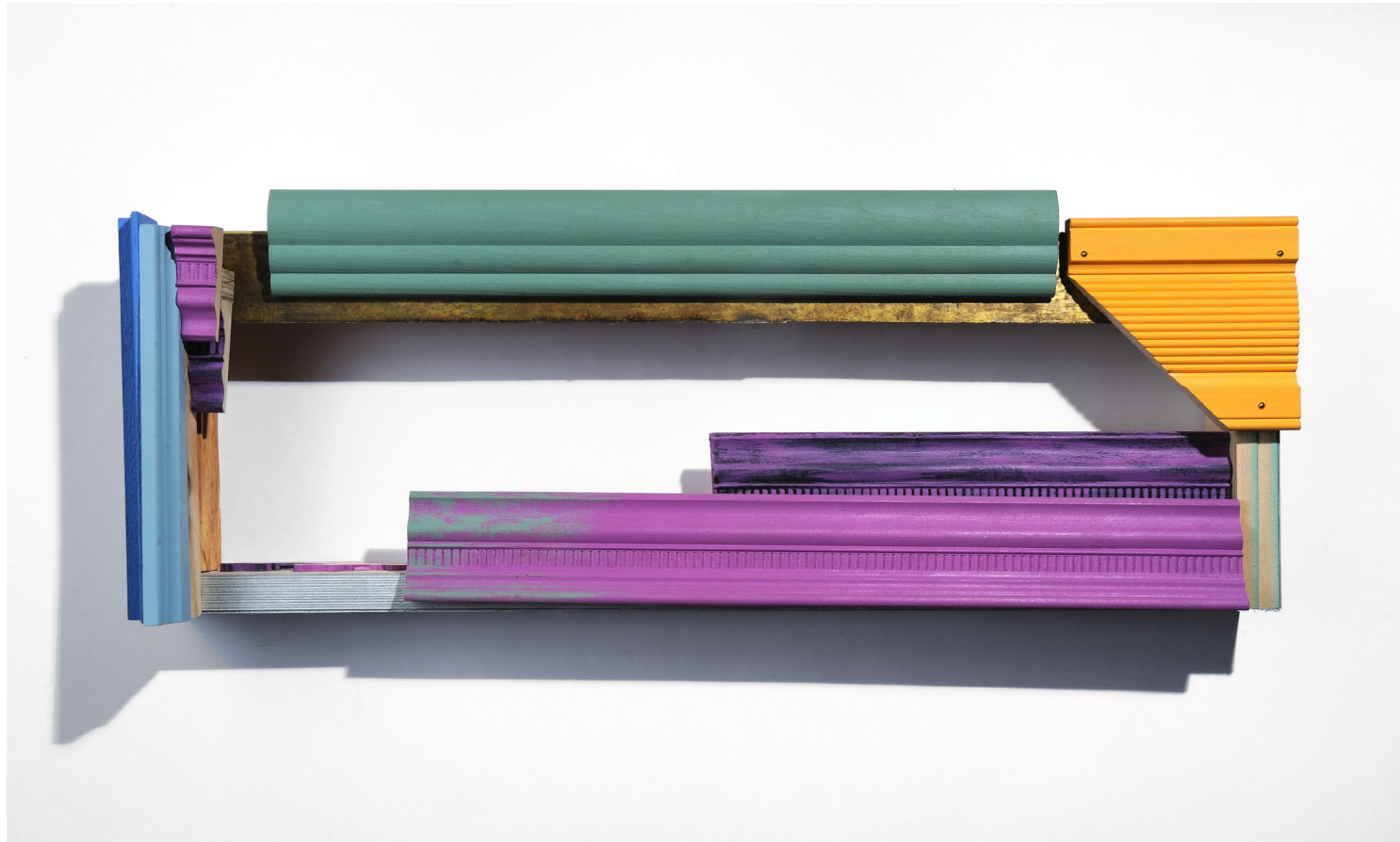
I am going to continue exploring my personal experiences, finding my own vocabulary and new ways to connect with others through my paintings.

# MARIE RINGWALD



WASHINGTON, D.C.  
[WWW.MARIERINGWALD.COM](http://WWW.MARIERINGWALD.COM)

Above:  
Rectangle #1, 2014



Above:  
Rectangle #4, 2014

An enduring interest in vernacular architecture has inspired my body of work over many years. I like that these simple structures—farm buildings, warehouses, storefronts—are made with everyday materials that get altered/distressed/affected by time and weather, and are sometimes patched and pieced. My sculptures are constructed with the same materials found in these structures: wood, paint, metals, roofing materials, various fasteners, etc. I work the surfaces with paint, stains, and patinas.

Some sculptures are somewhat true to the buildings that inspire them; others are more abstract or only suggestive of building parts, such as windows, doors, frameworks. The *RecTANGLE* series is abstract, but made of construction materials, mingling both old and new.

**Why do you make art?**

I believe it's my life's vocation.

**Explain your technique and choice of medium, and what it offers you as an artist.**

I draw inspiration from what I love to look at – specifically vernacular architecture. For decades I've been drawn to the simple structures of farm buildings, Quonset huts, warehouses, storefronts – buildings for working in and holding materials and goods. For me these buildings embody possibilities, history, hopefulness, and sometimes even mystery. I appreciate their elegant design elements, as well as the poetic and emotional associations.

The sculptures, both freestanding and wall mounted, range from being fairly true to a particular structure to being more abstract, or even playful. The shapes and textures are inspired by my study of buildings.

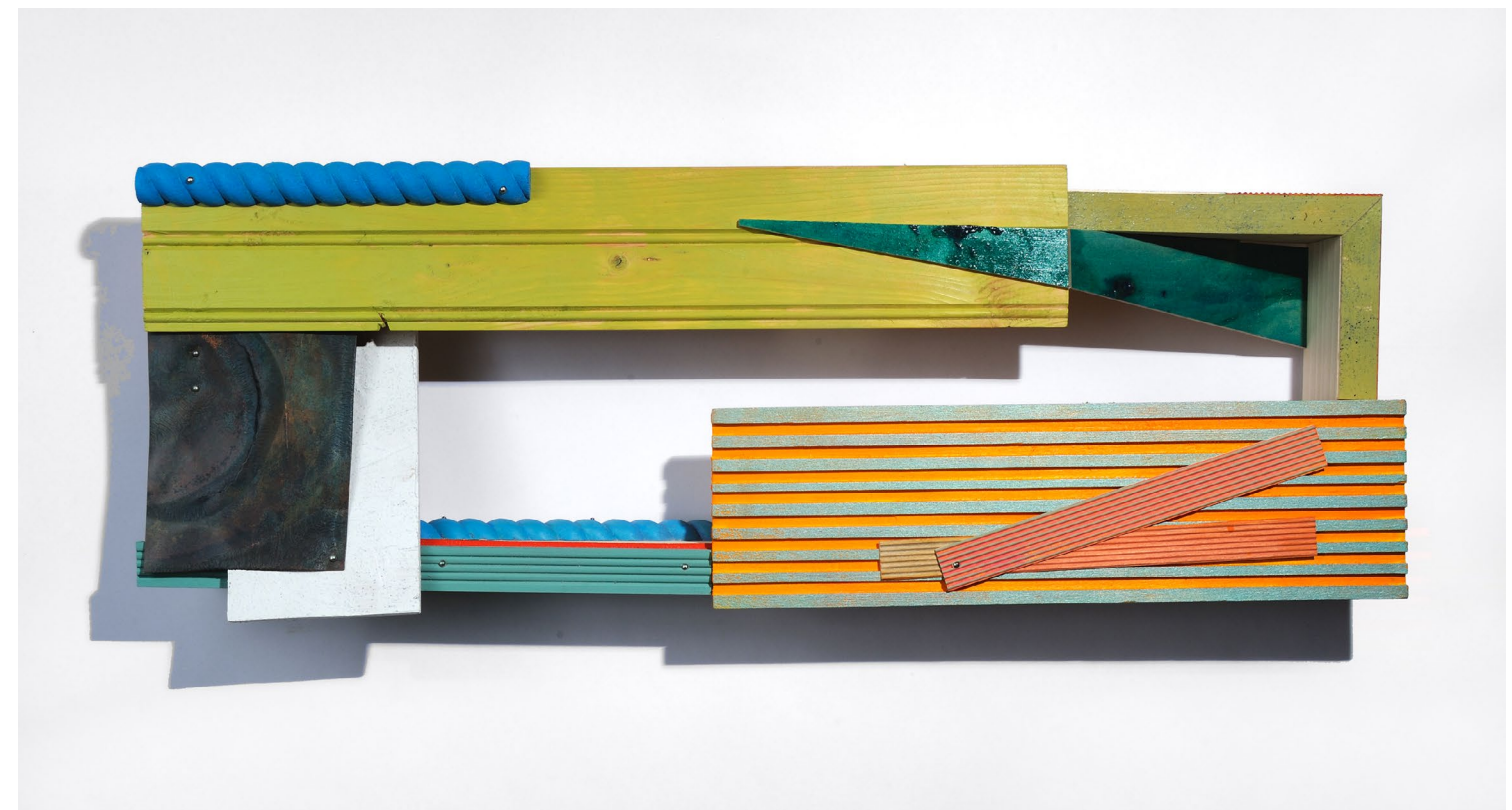
**What artists do you look to for inspiration and why?**

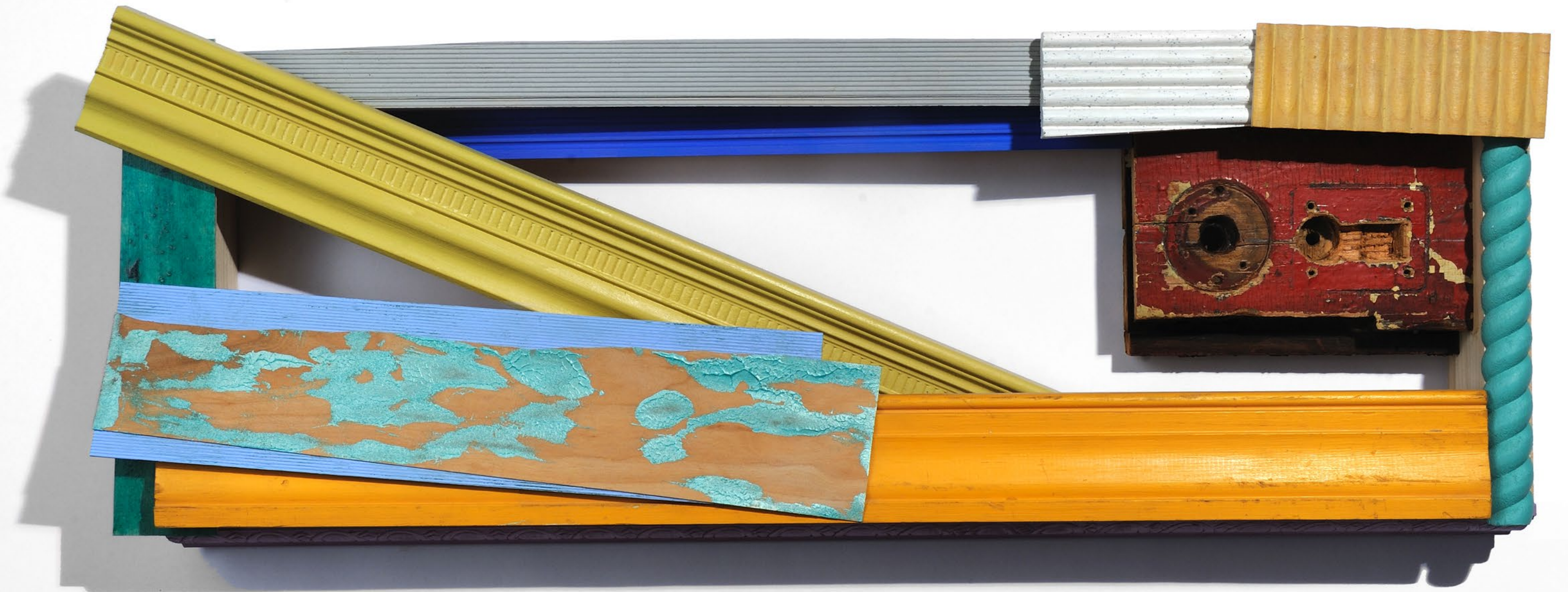
My first and ongoing love is the northern Renaissance painters, especially Rogier van der Weyden. I admire the work of Anne Truitt, William Christenberry and Martin Puryear, all from DC. I think a lot about Lee Krasner, Joan Mitchell, Louise Nevelson, and Tom Wesselman. With all of them there is a clarity of vision and a love of materials, also some humor and great color.

**What is next for you as an artist?**

To proceed.

Below:  
Rectangle #3, 2014





Above:  
Rectangle #2, 2014

# Melissa Robin

NEW YORK, NY

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There has always been something indescribable churning deep inside of me that words fail to manifest; something that can only be expressed from behind my lens. I consider myself a captor of our most precious and fleeting resource-moments. I'm inspired by the raw essence of human nature and the art of translating it into a visual aesthetic. Over the years, my style has developed into something deeper and more profound; I aim to capture heart, soul, and spirit. Most of my work is photographed on location, where my subjects are most connected to their environment. Photography has led me to incredibly beautiful locations across the planet, places wildly unfamiliar yet undeniably connected. I believe the elements of such dynamic and unrefined backgrounds deepen the dramatic level and emotional response one receives when looking at my photography.

#### Why do you make art?

I create art to help people appreciate the genuine beauty of life, to immortalize the divinity in the glances that are often overlooked. I make art to make my own dreams tangible and, ironically, to stay grounded and focused.

#### Explain your technique and choice of medium, and what it offers you as an artist.

I typically use a Canon 5D Mark III or a Sony RX100 II with an Ikelite underwater housing. The housing allows me to bring my camera with me on dives and all my below-the-surface adventures.

#### What artists do you look to for inspiration and why?

I am inspired by artists of many different mediums: *Sally Mann*, *Salvador Dalí*, *Pablo Picasso*, *Mary Ellen Mark*, *Bruce Mozert*, and all of my beautifully artistic friends.

#### What is next for you as an artist?

I will continue to expand my photography business worldwide. Exploring the projects that replenish the roots of my passion, for example, my *Underneath* or *Naked Truth* series are a top priority in my creative existence.



Top (Page 63):  
Untitled No. 4

Bottom (Page 63):  
Untitled No. 6







Below (Page 66):  
Untitled No. 1

Right (Page 67):  
Untitled No. 5

Page 64-65:  
Untitled No. 2

# Nikki Soppelsa

BEREA, OH

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I am primarily a collage artist working mostly in series and/or small format. The work is meant to be precise and balanced, whether it tells a story or is a composition of fragments. Often there's a bit of humor (sometimes dark), a sense of wry wordplay along with the paper play. Always remembering "The question is not what you look at, but what you see" -Thoreau, I enjoy a subtlety that may include elements not necessarily noticeable at first glance, tiny words within an old newspaper, hints of a storyline. For me, less is more. The components can come from my photography, which I use in specific pieces; as to the rest, they come from a lifetime of collecting the pieces and parts of deceased and/or discarded lives. With a keen love for collecting books and ephemera, the collector in me rules the scissors, and the collagist collects with permission to cut. I take great joy in being able to utilize the broken books, crumbling paper, creased photos of those discarded lives to create vignettes that are whimsical and make-believe. My romance for taking care of all I've collected continues in my artwork, in bringing together the less than perfect and preserving it all in a different form. I like to think, hope, that people feel the appreciation of what's on it, behind it, in addition to the simple enjoyment of the visual...and the visual alone is OK too.



Right (Page 69):  
No. 5 Fish Lips Kiss



**Why do you make art?**

Because I can! I am so in awe of bringing elements together to create a something else. The medium doesn't matter. It could be pencil to paper creating a drawing. For me it's scraps of paper, images brought together to please my eye. The moment of the doing is so introspective, solitary... I'm excited by it.

**Explain your technique and choice of medium, and what it offers you as an artist.**

It's pretty much about the paper—the patina, images, inkiness, and the thick and thin of it. I lean toward the vintage/antique because of my love for it outside of the art making. My approach to collage is varied and depends on what I'm working on. My "pairs" are inspired by a collaboration I really enjoyed. Underneath the imagery is a foundation of old, fairly plain paper, the "start," that stands on its own, still allowing the negative space I am so fond of. In the diptych the story continues, yet either side is a story in itself that was born from a word, scrap, or the photograph that is a common denominator in the series. *The Black Pad* is a larger surface; only a few images float on the top of all that dark, giving way to the imagining of what else might be there. From those works and all the rest comes the scrap for the bricolage. This began as a means to

use up those bits of paper, but then became an exercise for me with rules. The series has evolved into one that is quite personal since it is an indicator to me of how my collage has been changed by the fragments and the bricolages themselves. I also alter postcards and books, and have been weaving a variety of paper, which is intense compared to the quickness of the bricolage. I think the variety keeps me fresh. There's no end to it.

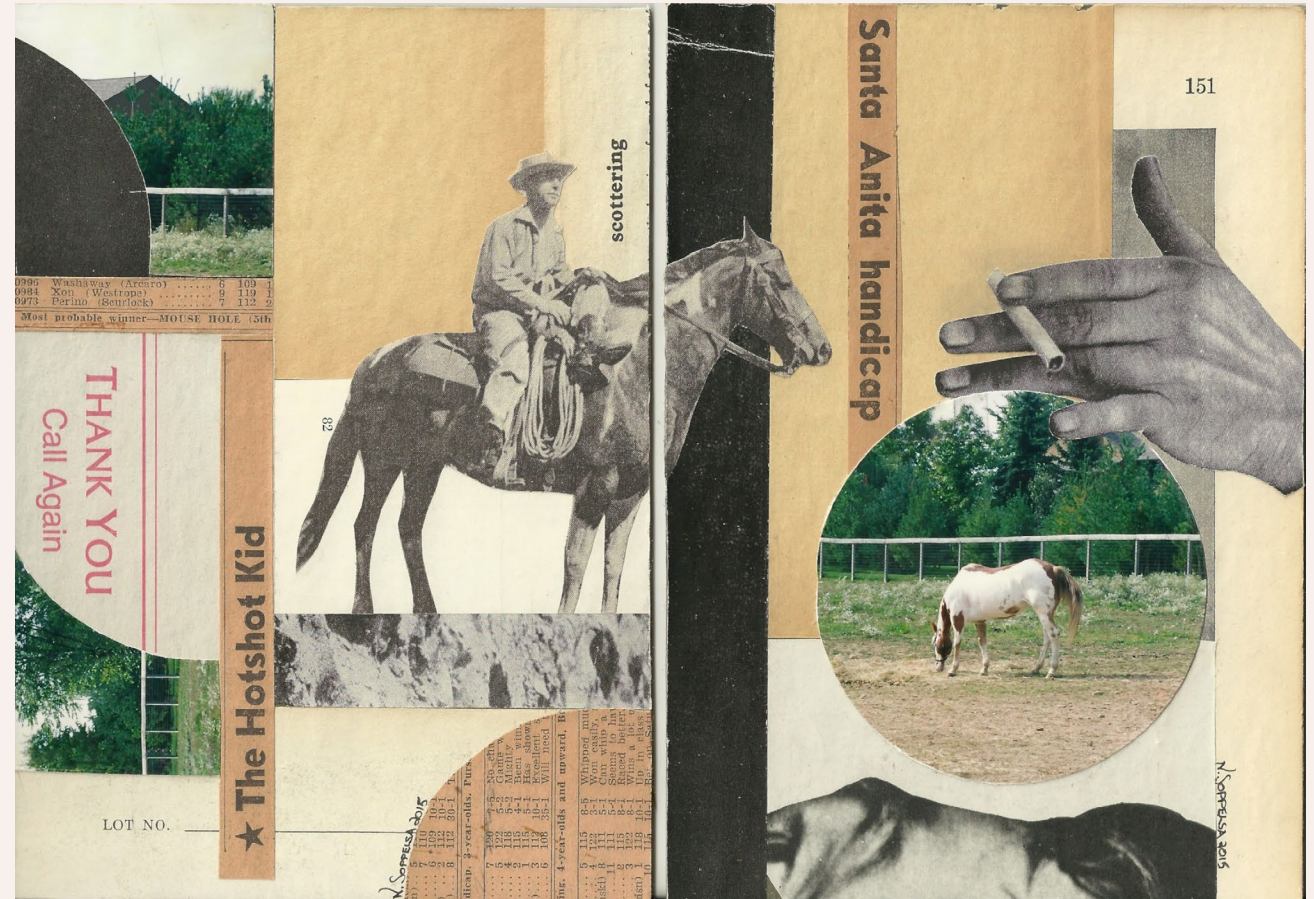
**What artists do you look to for inspiration and why?**

I see a great deal of collage and other art in a day's time along with flipping through art books. It's an enormous amount of visual intake, and I guess, some elements of what I see stick with me. There has been influence: *Hannah Hoch*, *Lenore Tawney* (the postcards), the mysterious *Karl Waldmann*, each for their simplicity; *Dali* for his well-executed crazy imagination and *Edward Gorey* for his dark and gifted sense of humor. They're all in there; however, I don't turn to any one person. My inspiration comes more from my surroundings, something I see or have, a word, image, etc.

**What is next for you as an artist?**

I will continue with my ongoing series and projects... some are actually meant to be

finished while others will go on as long as I do. I will also continue with my mail art, sporadically contributing to events/calls for art worldwide. Who knows, maybe I'll eventually get to deliver a piece in person! A small book of my bricolage (or something else) would be swell. I'm interested in just about everything. There's much to explore, to learn. Meanwhile, I just go where the paper takes me with arms open to whatever comes along.



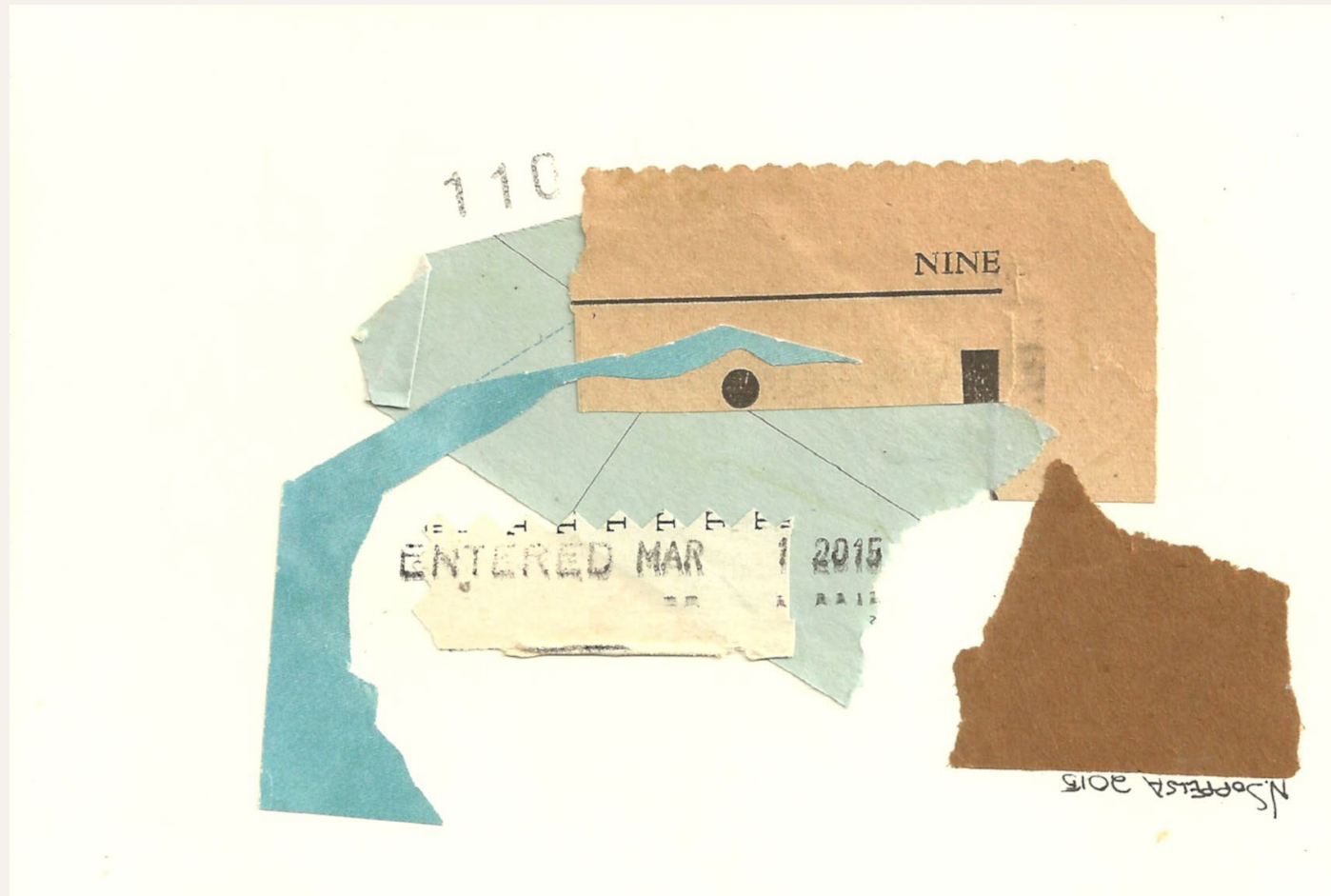
Left (Page 70): No.2

Right (Page 70): No. 7 The Scream

Top (Page 71): Most Probable (Notebook Pages)

Bottom (Page 71): It's About... (Notebook Pages)





Top (Page 72):  
No. 110

Bottom (Page 72):  
No. 119

Above (Page 73):  
No. 112



# Nikkie To

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Identity, cultural globalization, and social constructs that form the basis of stigmas surrounding mental health and gender binaries are central to my work. My artistic practice explores opposing social concepts such as cultural coexistence vs. assimilation, individual vs. communal experiences and spaces, and what we understand as regular vs. irregular behaviors. These paradoxes are approached through the lens of personal human experience.

I aspire to use master and counternarratives as a starting point to reflect on the course of contemporary culture and social structures, bringing attention to the core problems and the possible solutions. The stigma of mental illnesses and gender binaries are still so deeply embedded in our culture today; in my work I aim to reference some of these dichotomies. In our private moments of self-reflection we come to terms with all facets of our identity; that moment of contemplation that we have with ourselves is what I strive to capture.

The figure and the human form are the focus of my paintings. They are often fragmented and placed in introspective, re-imagined abstract spaces, creating reconstructed identities and environments. My audience become onlookers of these figures and can reflect on the vulnerabilities of the figures, themselves, and of us as humans.

I want to connect people with people. The images I create are a vehicle for raising questions about what we understand as reality, what is in fact a figment of our own creation, and how we often misunderstand our own image of self.



Right (Page 73):  
Lemons



**Why do you make art?**

Communication has always been a struggle for me, and my need to create images was a natural reaction to this. When I emigrated from Hong Kong as a young child in the early 1990s, learning how to converse in English beyond each word's literal meaning was extremely difficult. However, when I looked at images my understanding of them was always clear. The wonderful thing about images is that they are infinitely interpretable. The artist is able to present their ideas and intentions in a very abstract way and the viewer extracts those ideas in a manner particular to their personal understanding and past experiences. Growing up in urban areas and especially in recent years, I felt both inspired and unnerved by the culture that our contemporary society identifies with and the way my own identity seems to fluctuate within these cultural parameters. Creating art is a means of communicating these feelings of uncertainty and of exploring the possibilities that may not exist yet.

**Explain your technique and choice of medium, and what it offers you as an artist.**

Although painting is my primary medium, I work with a variety of

media as they connect with my ideas in combining abstract concepts and spaces with representational figures that allow the audience to enter the work from a range of vantage points. I use color as a dominant stylistic element because of its symbolic connection to emotion. In a way, the colors form the soul in each piece. Collage is also a large aspect of my work; I feel that the technique aligns with my need to juxtapose often-conflicting experiences and ideas. Many of the figures I create are formed by collaging different body parts together. This allows for a rebirth of figures that intersect in culture, gender, age, and race in order to challenge the way we think about the socially constructed human identity. I am constantly adapting new methods through experimentation in order to find new ways to articulate my experiences of the world and the people around me.

**What artists do you look to for inspiration and why?**

Since my first introduction to *Zhang Huan*, I have fallen in love with his early performance pieces. Although our practices seem like polar opposites, his performances speak to the fundamental ideas and base emotions that I also aim to convey in

my work. He forces these extremely visceral reactions in his viewers by exposing his body to physically and mentally straining conditions in order to address the problems he faces; these are precisely the reactions I hope to bring out.

**What is next for you as an artist?**

In August 2015, I will be attending **Red Gate Residency** in Beijing, China to create a new series of work. This residency is extremely important for me since much of my work subtly deals with the effects of being an immigrant. We develop dual mentalities and identities as we grow up that give us unique insights into both the culture where we live now and that of where we were born. I hope that this experience will teach me more about my heritage and help me understand the culture that I grew distant from due to immigration.



Left (Page 76):  
Gemini

Below (Page 76):  
Surveillance



Right (Page 77):  
Drawn in Space



# The Storage Building

# by John Blue

The boy slowly walked down the concrete walkway towards the grey, slightly open gate.

It was a hot airless day, motionless and quiet. When he finally reached the sullen gate, he pulled it towards and past him, using one arm. The rusty old cage creaked, and, with a moan, slowly began to turn at his urging. When the opening was just wide enough for the boy to fit through, he stopped pushing on it.

Once he walked through it, there was a dull grey pitted concrete elevated platform, which led down and toward the back doors. Below the platform and to the right, was a nearly empty parking lot, which half hid two old cars. One was an old half rusted out dull orange pickup truck, with three missing hubcaps. The other was an aging old Chevrolet, pale blue and weary. Both cars looked as though they had been idling in this old parking spot, neglected, forever.

The boy proceeded to slowly walk down the platform and towards the back doors, all the while observing the hot airless day. He was struck by just how muted and silent everything seemed to be. When he finally reached the double sliding doors, they were shut and locked. To the left of them, set on the dull brick wall, on a white metal sheet, was a difficult to read set of instructions. There was a code given, on how to open the double doors. He stood gazing at the instructions, pondering what to do. “How do I figure this out?” he thought to himself. He stood for a while longer and tried to decipher how to enter the correct code and numbers. Then he finally began to strike the various key pads, but nothing happened. He cursed under his breath. “It’s hot out here, and I want to go inside,” he said out loud. “Can’t I ever do anything right?” Finally, on the tenth try, he seemed to find the right formula. There was a slight grating sound, and the doors slowly eased open.

He peered inside. It seems dark shadowy and forbidding. Once again, it looked like no one had been inside of the building for years. Thick dust had collected on the floors and in the corners, and a mouse scurried away from the sudden light. With a bit of trepidation, he slowly walked through the sliding doors and into the darkness. He could then see long hallways leading off in every direction. He had no idea which one to take. He stood pondering it for a moment, then finally reached a decision. He followed the middle one until he came upon an old elevator. Once again, there was a old sheet of metal on the right, with detailed printed instructions on how to open the elevator.

He glanced around. It was completely quiet. “Doesn’t anyone ever come here?” he thought to himself. It took him five minutes of fumbling, but he finally figured out the right code to open the elevator. It suddenly sprang open, and in he

walked. It was large inside, metal enclosed, and had padding on all the side walls. The floor was dirty and loose papers were scattered about. He pushed the fifth floor button and waited. After a few seconds, it started to slowly creep upwards. He watched the floor lights up above. Halfway to floor two, then slowly past it. Even more slowly up to three. He continued to watch the small lights of the floors as they moved up the panels. Finally, it slid past the fourth floor and onward. As it reached the fifth floor, it finally stopped with a small shudder. Then, nothing happened. He waited and waited. He was about to press for the first floor again when suddenly, the doors opened for him.

Outside the elevator, it was all red concrete floors, dirty white walls, and high ceilings. Once again, there were hallways everywhere, stretching off into the distance. Every hallway was stacked with small cubicles on both sides. Each one had a small front door and lock. The side walls inside the cubicles were made of orange wire and caged, and led up to the next level, where there was another cubicle. “So many stories here,” the boy said quietly to himself. “So many stories and no one to tell them.” Every cubicle was filled to its top with old long discarded and forgotten items.

He stepped out of the elevator doors and onto the floor. Which way to go? Everything looked the same. “It’s strange how I can’t see to the end of the hallways,” he thought to himself. It just turned into a hazy grey mist when he stared all the way down. He chose a hallway to follow and slowly began to walk. And as soon as he chose a direction, there seemed to be a slight change in the mood and feel on the floor. It was as the whole floor was observing him and somehow awoke at the idea of someone actually visiting. The air seemed charged.

He continued to slowly walk down the first hallway. It was dim and quiet, but as he almost reached the first set of cubicles on the left, he thought he heard a low sound coming from the top cubicle. It sounded like something was slowly moving in circles on the concrete floor. It sounded like the faint sound of some sort of engine.

He stopped. The noise continued. In fact, it seemed to grow louder and more insistent. He also began to hear what sounded like small figures moving about.

“Am I losing my mind?”

he said to himself. “There can’t be anyone up there. It’s an empty cubicle filled only with some long discarded possessions!” He could even see old boxes and various home items poking against the wire cage up above. Then, a rapping sound began. There was a tapping coming from the inside of the small door in the front. He looked up at it, and after about a minute of staring, the door actually began to slowly open. The boy gazed inside, when it became wide enough, and there, in the dull dank room, a small toy train was moving in circles

around a wide track. It was the sort of contraption a young child might receive for Christmas. It was a very detailed train, with turrets, gears, and an open caboose at the back.

Around the track, small red toy soldiers were waking stiffly about. They seemed oblivious to the train, and were only interacting with each other. They would stop and salute each other, seem to exchange a few questions, and then move on. The boy was astonished at all of this. “Who turned this train on, and wound up the toy soldiers,” he said to himself. He didn’t recall anyone coming down from the cubicle when he first entered the floor. He couldn’t stop staring though, and for about ten minutes, the train continued to circle slowly about the track, stopping once in a while, and the soldiers scurried about. Then, suddenly, the train stopped moving, and the red toy soldiers froze. It became dark in the cubicle again, almost too dark to see. There was now a thick layer of dust covering the old discarded train, and the play soldiers, as if they hadn’t been touched in years. Their eyes started straight ahead, staring as though they had been ordered to attention.

The door to the cubicle slowly closed and the boy could no longer see into the small room. “Did this really happen?” he asked himself. “I don’t understand.” But before he could give this more thought, the door on the next cubicle slowly creaked open until he could see inside. Suddenly it became quite bright in the stall, and there were statues and fake plastic models filling up the small cubicle. The concrete models were the type you see in department stores, previewing the newest fashions. The expression on their faces were fixed and frozen, and the mouths contorted, with the lips forming into small circles, or grins. All had high foreheads, and contoured chins. The bodies were slim and small hiped.

As he continued to gaze upwards, he thought he saw some faint movement, starting with the mouths of the models closest to him. At first just the corners of the mouths seemed to slightly twitch, but then their whole mouths began to move. Their legs began to move also, and arms as well. Then, one particularly attractive model began to turn toward another one, as if it wanted to tell it something. It continued to turn until it was fully facing the other model. Then, it leaned over and slowly moved its mouth towards the other one’s ear. It lingered there, seeming to be whispering something to the model. Finally, the second model seemed to nod slightly in acknowledgement of what was being said to it, and the first model moved its face away. The others in the tiny cubicle began to move to and fro amongst each other, talking and giggling. It was as if they were picking up from a long lost party. There was a small table in the back with a bartender, and shiny clear glasses, which he kept polishing with a damp white rag.

This continued for about ten more minutes also, then suddenly, just like in the first cubicle, the lights began to dim, and all sound and movement slowly stopped. Wherever the models happened to be at this moment, they stayed there. The glass eyes of the models once again looked fake and fixed, transfixed in a timeless stare. The hair once again looked unnatural, and the limbs stiff and unyielding. One model who had been particularly active was frozen with her arm stretched out, as if it had started this movement long ago, but somehow never finished it. It looked as if it was reaching towards someone whom it never quite reached. The expression on its face looked pained, as if some long ago mission had been thwarted. “I wonder what it was actually trying to do when it froze,” the boy thought to himself. Then, he remembered it was just a fake model, and he cursed at himself for being so temporarily delusional. “They are just models,” he said to himself. “If they were really moving about as they seemed to be, it is only because they have some battery mechanism inside of them, which somehow became activated. Someone’s playing tricks on me!” And the same went for the train and the toy soldiers! He shook his head, and really thought he must be losing his mind. “Maybe I should get out of this place,” he said to himself. “I don’t understand what’s going on.” I came up here to retrieve a few items I had in storage, that’s all. But my cubicle is far away, down the hallway.

*Who knows what else I might see before then?”*

But before he could think too much about this, the next cubicle door opened, and inside, he could see models of small children playing. There was a sandbox, and a small swing set. A girl was screaming as she rode down a slide. A boy was teasing her, and pretending that he was going to shove her when she reached the bottom. Another girl was chasing a boy, and he had a look of glee on his face as he ran from her. She giggled, and continued to chase him. No one seemed to notice him staring. He couldn’t stop watching this childhood scene play out. Then, he saw him, in the corner. “That looks just like me!” he gasped to himself. And yes, there in the corner, sat a toy model of a boy which looked just like him as he looked at the age of about seven or eight. Same brown tossed brown hair, and blue eyes. Slender build, with a pensive expression on his face. The boy was sitting in the corner, staring at the ground, and not playing or talking to any of the others. He looked sad and lonely, and all the rest of the children seemed to ignore him.

After about ten minutes, the playing and chasing gradually began to subside. The sounds became more muted and distant, and the girl stopped chasing the boy around. They both sat down together. The other girl got off of the swing, and then, slowly, all the models settled into their former

stances, and the lights once again went dim. He couldn’t stop thinking about the boy at the corner thought, who resembled him.

“I have to get out of here now,” he said to himself, but when he turned around to leave, there was no hallway behind him. All there was, was a dim grey hazy hovering mist, and he couldn’t see anything. The only light was ahead. The hallway still stretched out in front of him, and the multitude of cubicles were all there.

So, he again began to walk slowly down the hallway, towards his cubicle. “I just have to get to my room here,” he thought to himself. “Get my things and get out of here! By tomorrow, I won’t remember any of this happened.” So on he walked down the hallway. It seemed to take forever, but finally, he reached his cubicle. He had to bring a long portable platform ladder under it so that he could climb up to the cubicle and reach his locked door, which was on the second level up. It took a bit of an effort, but finally he managed to get the ladder in place. He slowly climbed up the stairs until he reached the white door with the padlock. He pulled his keys out of his pocket and inserted them into the lock. It fell open, and he swung the door aside.

Inside, it was too dark to see. “There is usually light in here,” he thought. “What’s going on? I can’t see anything. How am I going to get my things out of here?” But then, it slowly began to brighten, and the light went from yellow and dim to bright off white. And what he then saw astonished him. His whole family was moving about the stall.

*It appeared to be Christmas morning*, and they were opening presents. There was his mother, opening a gift from his father. She slowly tore the paper apart until a small book on art revealed itself. His two sisters were smiling and teasing each other and telling jokes. There was a small orange and white cat stretched out on the floor. “Piper!” he said to himself. “Our cat we grew up with!” And there she was, with the same scars on her fur coat from its frequent fights with other cats in the neighborhood. Their dog was there too, sniffing at something under the tree. The boy himself was there, too, opening a gift. He could see it was the very same item he had come to retrieve, a very small and rare bass synthesizer. He watched the expression on his face as he realized what the gift was. The boy smiled and began to fiddle and play with the instrument. He began to talk with his sisters too, and they all seemed happy. The scene went on like this for quite a while until his mother seemed to indicate that they had to stop what they were doing, as they had other plans coming up, and things they needed to do. So, slowly, the gifts got put away, and the paper on the floor was cleaned up. The cat slowly ambled away and left the room and the dog lost interest in the item under the tree. One by one, they all slowly left the room and vanished. Everything disappeared which had been in the room, and items were no

longer there. Then, there was only a still darkness.

He still didn’t know what to make of this, and finally concluded that he had just hallucinated the entire scene. “It must be because I haven’t been eating or sleeping much,” he said to himself. A little sleep, and I’ll be okay. Then all of this will be forgotten. But where are my things?” he wondered. The cubicle was empty. All his recording equipment, speakers, tapes, gone. “What about what I came up her to retrieve?” he asked himself.

Just as he asked himself this question, he heard a slight rustling sound. A dim faint image of his mother drifted into the room, carrying a small box. She set the box down, then drifted away through the walls, without a sound.

He slowly crawled over the floor on over to the black wooden box and opened it. Inside, was the small orange and white cat of his youth. “Piper!” he gasped. And the cat was sleeping soundly on its side inside the box. He could hear a faint purr. He touched the small cat with his hands, and felt its breath rising and falling with its stomach doing the same. He slowly rested his head on the cats white stomach and began to drift off... Many thoughts kept playing through his mind as he lay there, but the one which kept coming back to him was “Peace, peace, I only want some peace...” This thought kept swirling through his mind, as he muttered it over and over, until he finally crossed over into sleep.

And when he awoke the next morning, he was on his own familiar bed in his house. He started at the bright white ceiling overhead, thinking to himself. Through the window the weather was just the same as the day before. Hot, dry, airless and tortured. The sun was shining into his room.

“Did he really go to the storage building the day before?” he wondered. All he knew was that as he looked around his room, the items he needed to retrieve were not there. Where they should have been, there was only a small picture of a black wooden box, the same as the one from the storage building. “Where did that picture come from?” he wondered. He heard someone call him downstairs for breakfast. “Hurry up,” they called. “We have lots of things to do today.” “I have to go get those items out of storage soon”, he muttered to himself, as he slowly got dressed and drifted downstairs to begin the new day ...



# Dillon Coulahan

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My name is Dillon Coulahan. I am 23 years old. I am an artist. A sculptor to be more exact. I started writing as a means to catalogue ideas that couldn't be communicated through visual art. In the beginning, writing served as a safe haven to hide out from art. It was a great place to disappear to because it was a secret. Nobody knew what I was doing. I didn't really know what I was doing either, but that was okay, here, in the sanctuary of the word processor. I still feel that way. I think in lines. I don't mean to, but I do it anyway. I won't be a writer for days, and suddenly I have to write about the first seagull to die of leukemia. There is no way around it. It just sort of rolls by like a ticker tape and if I don't jot it down, I'll never be able to tell the story. I suppose that's really why I write. I need to tell stories. I want to play with the variables until they seem strange and new, yet suspiciously true. Being raised catholic I was brought up with the understanding that God is something to fear, and omnipresent. I am 23 years old. I am an artist. God sort of fled the scene, but everything else stayed the same. Now I see little micro-horrors everywhere and if I don't pin them down in between the finger and the key they might just slip away and do some real harm?

## 1 The Hammers of the Lazy

a bad day in the sun  
the unsung Beach Boys album  
hiking through the foothills of reguritant  
and accidentally speaking  
to old non-friends  
who are sad and misshapen  
and beaten by the weights  
that swing from the ends of their wrists  
the hammers of the lazy

watch a moth  
dance down the drain  
in the scariest moments  
of its short life  
shame on you  
watch another moth  
dance down another drain;  
shame on every moth ever

## 2 Egyptology

I would have made a great Egyptian god  
I can't be everything  
but put me in a group of about twenty  
and I'll shine like a hot noon star

I could have been the god of sitting in puddles  
and calling them thrones  
it's a very niche position  
but I would have been your favorite

I should have been the master architect  
of crumbling in all the wrong places  
the one who gave the ancient world  
the greatest gift of all recorded time

## 3 Either Way

we don't wait for other people  
to save us anymore  
or to fix us  
or to collect our dead leaves  
and process them into fuel  
for another season  
that might not ever come  
we don't do it

because everything is all off  
rain tastes like salt  
ice looks like glass  
february smells like bile  
running water sounds like a nursery  
and nothing feels right

who could rescue us from this?  
memory curls in on itself  
calcifying into myth

what eludes mythology  
rises up like steam  
over a body of water  
and can be described  
as going away  
although it's not so simple  
in either case

and we used to dwell on that  
but now we move on  
we don't wait anymore  
for a single thing  
we will save ourselves  
or we won't  
either way  
whatever

# Kelly Hams Pearson

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•

A non-profit director committed to children, youth and family issues, Kelly works, writes and performs in the genres of poetry, creative non-fiction and experimental theater. The winner of several national writing fellowships, her most recent theatrical work was staged at the St Louis Women in the Arts Conference, the Kansas City Fringe Festival and ArtsTech/MyArts of Greater Kansas City. Her poetry and essays have appeared in the Crucible Journal of Creative Writing, Origami, The Black Chronicle and Splendid Table.

## Ode to a Chair with Multiple Mistaken Identities

;

I am Stickle, not sticky.  
I strong and sturdy.  
I am brown, brains and brawn.  
I am wide arms, strong back, lean lines, true form.  
Too heavy to move about, I stay planted where I am,  
A statement, a landmark, a fixture of this place and time.  
You may come to me for rest, recline against my chest  
Linger for a while and ponder what you will.  
But I will keep my distance, holding secrets close  
While holding you, even as you cling.  
I am wood, even hewn stealth in this tiger oak,  
Stayed, refrained, contained.

Matisse! Come rescue me now!  
Take me to the freedom of the spaces in-between,  
The cut outs traces torn and worn against walls  
So cold, so cold and longing for a covering.  
Let me hold your hand, calloused, paint splattered but warm.  
Together we will crisscross through the trees,  
Run a pattern- Mobius figure eight  
Only to return to the base, that soft moss  
Padded place of who and where and when we used to be,  
That soft moss padded place beside the pools we've come  
To recognize through reflection as our home.

# Lucas Wetzel

I write pieces like this for fun, to amuse myself and ideally to amuse others. The offbeat passages, plot lines and plays on words that get stuck in my head need a place to go. Occasionally I find the right format for them and decide to share them with others on my personal website or through the online journal I run, kawsmouth.com. I might have been a guitar player instead, but my musical star peaked when I was in a funk band at age 16. We won the school's "bunch of bands" contest, which they wouldn't let us call "battle of the bands" because that sounded too violent. My band mates

made me practice my guitar parts by bouncing on the bed as I played. As they got more serious as a group, I was told my services were no longer needed. That spring I started keeping a journal and writing for our school newspaper. With any luck, my more recent list of places published will include The Artist Catalogue. I've spent a lot of time looking through it the past 48 hours and like what you've put together. I look forward to reading and checking out more of it soon. Thanks for the consideration, and have a great day.

## Top 15 Reasons We Didn't Respond to Your Email

————— I saw it on my phone and meant to read it when I was at an actual computer, but then I forgot.

————— After I stayed up that night to see the eclipse it threw off my whole schedule for weeks. I've never really been sure about the etiquette of writing someone late at night. Does it make you look crazy? Disorganized? Stalker-ish? These days I just type what I want to say to someone and then send it to myself with the title "send to so-and-so" but then I forget all about it until a couple days later. You should have seen that eclipse, though. The moon was completely orange and had this little halo around it. It looked like it could be something in a movie. I was also really, really stoned.

————— My boyfriend saw your unopened email on his computer, which I'd left signed in to my Yahoo account — which, by the way, I mostly only use for paying bills — when he decided to quietly dispose of it. He didn't mention it until I asked him last weekend. I guess he'd heard me mention your name in the past in reference to some pretty difficult times and he didn't think it was such a good idea for you to be contacting me, much less for me to be writing back. I hope you understand.

————— I already wrote you back. (Didn't I?)

————— Hey, thanks for writing! I would definitely like a copy of your novella (which obviously cost you some money to print and didn't sell, otherwise you wouldn't be offering it for free to people who are essentially strangers now ha ha just kidding bro!). I'm pretty busy these days with the new kid and the CrossFit studio, which is why it's taken me so long to reply, but I could use something new to read.

————— So Carrie finally asked me to move out last month, and when she brought my laptop back (left it on my parents back doorstep along with my box of rare and import 7-inches, so typical) I threw it in the trash. I went to get it later when I remembered that it had all my resume drafts, studio demos and stored contacts listed, but by then it had got rained on and wouldn't start up. Things are going a lot better now tho and I'll actually be coming into the city for some interviews hopefully next week. Would it be cool if I crash at your place?

————— It's 2015, man. Nobody uses email anymore.

————— I almost don't want to tell you this, because I know how sensitive a person you are, but over the years I got a little tired of your volatility. One day you "can't wait to catch up" and the next I don't hear from you for like three years. And then when I do it's this totally perplexing out-of-the-blue string of emoticons, almost too small to make out, and once I figure out how to zoom in I see the smiley face emojis don't have any eyeballs and aren't even smiling. I think that kind of says it all.

————— Sorry, man. I got nothin'.

*This is an Auto reply eGaol message originating from a correctional facility. Your target recipient is currently incarcerated, possibly in a prison of his/her own device, and is not able to respond at this time. Any further correspondence you engage in via this account can and will be monitored.*

————— Hey! Sorry it's been like literally YEARS since you wrote but I didn't immediately recognize your alias and thought it was another one of those weird stalker guys I had to shut down my Facebook page over. (That was such a weird experience.) I'm impressed that you still remember my birthday even though it's been almost a decade and a half since the night you, Jake and Caleb showed up on the lawn of our duplex at midnight wearing home made Furby costumes and singing the theme song from the Wily Wonka soundtrack. I loved it but I don't think my roommate ever forgave me for my friends waking her up the night before a final. Oh well. What's new?

————— We kept thinking we'd see you in Church one of these days or maybe in small group, but I guess you stopped going? I hope everything is O.K. and that

every oen is well. We see your brother sometimes. He is such a good Citizen, truly caring and dedicated to the community. We need more like him! Keeping you in our prayers Always.

————— I thought of you today when I was on the shoreline near this protected nature area along the coast. I was listening to this mp3 megamix a friend made me of different obscure albums and one was by this guy from Scotland or maybe Ireland from the sixties or so and was un- or under-released at the time but now is rightfully regarded as kind of a minor classic. Anyway it made me think of you, especially that one song you wrote about pelicans or flamingoes or whatever, but I can't remember what it was called.

————— Greetings, everyone! This has been a big year for Kailynne and Juniper and me. In August we sold our house and got rid of most of our stuff and packed up into an Airstream and hit the road. So far we've been to 20 States and covered over 15,000 miles! It feels so amazing to be unburdened from our possessions and just living for the sake of experiencing life, not stuck in that "nine to five" grind, which for me was more like seven to midnight (or worse) on some days, thanks to some especially demanding clients. I've held on to some of my contract work and still do a little branding and consulting for global communications firms and NGOs, but the rest of the time we're just enjoying life and eating up the miles on the open road! We deeply miss our friends, but it's difficult to keep up with email at the moment, so we set up a daily photostream, Tumblr and MyJourney passport that you can keep up with. Check it out when you get a chance! We'd love to have you along for the ride!

————— I'm no longer living, and therefore don't have access to email. But I will try to get in touch with you by other means.

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