

A detailed oil painting of a woman with dark, curly hair, wearing a white tank top, looking directly at the viewer. The painting is highly detailed, showing the texture of her skin and hair. The background is a soft, neutral tone.

Poets *Artists*

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*Cover: Portrait of artist Alyssa Monks
by Stephen Wright*

Painting courtesy of
The Tullman Art Collection
Chicago, Illinois

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Front Cover: Stephen Wright Portrait of Alyssa #1, 66" x 44"



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Portrait of Walter Bjorkman
by Rebecca Venn

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Publishing as an art form....

Kyle Constalie

The Ground is Standing

Because the trees would shoot them if they could
we find the blades of grass lying lower these days.
And although you may not realize it at the time you are in love
it is the blanket you spread across the lawn that allows the ground its cape.
This is what we must protect so that in the act of doing so we come
to learn what for and what from.
A Midwestern farmer tells his soil it's grounded
and it turns to mud in accordance to the decree that at least once
we all fall short of obedience.
The deer perform traceable favors for the land
by making trails to places it didn't know it went.
The time has come to put new flower pedals on our bicycles.
Better to own the innocence, as it is innocence that is inspired
by our maddest rages. I'm so cross I could knit a quilt.
Even as the aforementioned deer make crossings along their tender paths,
the crosshairs of some conclusion continue to take their aim, which they swear
is true. Though if honesty is the target
then falsehood fashions the rings that surround it.
It's the falsehoods we pull over our heads in a storm.
The man on the news has an enormous nose and I am okay with it.
He is telling a story but there exists
such a surfeit of stories these days it becomes hard to believe buildings
and television broadcasts actually occur and aren't
simply said to be so with such sincerity
I call the sky green in spite of it.

Seizure Song

If the ozone becomes any more emaciated
the world is going to have an out of body experience.
The spray cans unloading against a blank wall are doing as much
to express our sadness as progress it with the part of the paint
that's unseeable making the firmament no less so
than it has ever been. You cannot see a feeling
because you'd wince at what you see, yet our shaking is our trying
to perform it for those most unwilling to watch.
I didn't believe spring was the season of love
until I saw the rivers become so hypertensive they bled
out of their confinements. The wind has to rush
in order to warn what's coming although only the trees
can hear it, which explains why they shiver.
The clouds clamber along but with such alacrity
the epileptic earth looks on and quakes.
Before swimming, you pour pepper into the ocean
to balance out the taste. A valley sneezes
without a ridgeline to bless it.
Nothing trembles without reason and for the same
reason nothing stops.
As if hope weren't tremulous enough
it occupies this affection.
Nothing procrastinates more than the future.
It's the world inside of you that compels me to recycle,
wishing you to be better and better yet, to be still.

Kyle Constalie

Rotary

It writes just one letter but it writes it well.
Just as the envelope with its card torn out
has nothing left to say and nothing
to read it to sleep within its tightly folded sheets,
the words of the bank must be imagined
like its worth in stocks, the way its office buildings
continue to rise higher as if reassuring space itself for being empty.
The “my” in enemy is the only indication we have of being our own.
Yet it’s the compassionate things we do for ourselves,
like entering doorways in ways others cannot
and departing with the air around us shaped differently
after our having been there, that give us reason
for keeping such beings closest to us.
With the last six letters of emotion being what they are,
how can we expect to make ours hold still?
We call it cardiac arrest like the heart has done something wrong
and maybe it has. Though the ribcage is prison enough
for the kinds of crimes I care to commit.
There is disappointment beyond the help of magic
no matter how close today comes to saying ta-da.
It takes until the end of a message to your friend in Peru
to notice the button for enter is the same button for return.
All the cities in the world are suburbs of one another,
sometimes very distant.
I have told myself so during many long drives.

Some City Navigational

The importance of our placement emerges
to persuade us the country is not the only thing
we find ourselves in the middle of.
If you would have sat with me in the piano bar
this would already be known to you and yet
that is the last place we choose to share the songs
about each other we know not by heart but by the body it sings to.
I cannot tell you how excited I was to hear the words
“Give me some sugar” before I turned around
to find a cake decorator standing in her hat and her apron,
until all was well again because it was only her hat and her apron.
Then I remembered a shortage of sugar somewhere.
It had to be discovered with difficulty that cavities could also occupy
and therefore make vacant the heart.
Now is not the time to say it is not beautiful to watch
light ejaculating into the darkness,
or a pillow making its case for dreaming against a tired woman’s head.
To fall asleep: they call it waking down.
Past midnight, the one-millionth person walks
into a restaurant, sits down, and claims
to be waiting for someone,
and still the waitress never asks how come.

Kyle Constalie

Mish

I was hoping a table wouldn't be necessary,
that nothing I really needed would ever have needed letting down
or a place to be put other than the space I could hold.
The neighbor standing in your apartment hallway can
explain why the heavy things are the hardest to hold on to.
And my friend Marc can tell you why they're called apartments
when in fact they are so close together.
To have states between you and the person you wish you were
is to truly have an apartment complex.
I hate being apartment from you.
It's an inner destruction that keeps building.
Someone in Texas wrote down a phone conversation
they wished they had had and in it
the person said "It's supposed to rain tomorrow"
and the other person said "Let's go to the park tomorrow."
I hate being apart from you.
Which doesn't make sense but neither does being apart.
I want to say I miss you with as much authority
as the city officer who says "This place closes at 10,
you guys need to get out of here," and he holds up
his flashlight with the same grip you might use to hold daylight
and for a second I'm actually bright only not figuratively.
Sometimes sunsets make me want to invent a window
that comes with a peephole.
It would automatically come with stickers on it
so that birds don't fly into it and kill themselves
while they are trying to deliver messages from the sky
that say "come on up" and make us think that we will.

Kyle Constalie lives and works in Iowa City. His poems have appeared in Touchstone and Konundrum Engine Literary Review, and have been on exhibit in collaboration with visual artwork at the Pump House Regional Arts Center. He writes about literature and other art at tell-me-again.blogspot.com.



Linda Post

My paintings are saturated with rich, dense color. They describe narratives and use images that are part of our collective history, delving into our lives, dreams and memories. My most recent paintings examine the nature of adolescence, the psychology of transition, the often mysterious spaces within relationships, and the conjunction of dreaming and waking states.

Linda Post

Each painting starts with a collage, using photographs I have taken of people and locations. By placing individual figures out of context, piecing together landscapes, seascapes, architectural elements, water and skies, I create a sense of unease and mystery – is it real, or not?

The collaged image is transferred to a prepared wood panel by making a charcoal line drawing. As I paint, I often change components; add or delete figures; simplify or intensify backgrounds; build light and shadow to provide a sense of reality. In the past, my paintings were more overt representations of surreal, dreamlike states. Now I am essentially orchestrating an altered reality – much like a very realistic dream.

Summer Redundant, Blueness Abundant oil on wood panel. 24" x 36"





Tempest oil on wood panel 36" x 24"





Balancing Act oil on wood panel. 49" x 42"



A Gathering Storm oil on wood panel 24" x 30"

Rustin Larson

Sonnet: While

The boy cousins laughed for a while and then ran off into the
gooseberry bushes to urinate.

The barwoman went away and, in a short while, came back again.

After a while it did start to taste good.

Meanwhile a strong gust of wind caught the ashes and showered them into the boat.

While deftly squirreling a dry corn-curl on the other side,

Rudy thought nothing was going to happen for a while, because it didn't.

Meanwhile, Joe-Joe's murderous eyes zeroed in on mine.

One cop kicked Joe-Joe's squirt gun across the greasy floor while the
other wrenched his arms and handcuffed him.

I thought about my own kids a while and I told them to scram.

And then I went back to the table to finish my coffee and read a poem by John

Donne, all the while asking myself, "Do I understand any of this?"

I shivered in line for a while with my brown plastic tray and ordered one of Roy Roger's
larger breasts and cole slaw.

I started circling the Toyota around the garage's block and then
waited at the curb a while.

Rustin Larson's poetry has appeared in The New Yorker, The Iowa Review, North American Review, Poetry East, Saranac Review, PoetsArtists and other magazines. He is the author of The Wine-Dark House (Blue Light Press, 2009) and Crazy Star (selected for the Loess Hills Book's Poetry Series in 2005). Larson won 1st Editor's Prize from Rhino magazine in 2000 and has won prizes for his poetry from The National Poet Hunt and The Chester H. Jones Foundation among others. A seven-time Pushcart nominee, and graduate of the Vermont College MFA in Writing, Larson was an Iowa Poet at The Des Moines National Poetry Festival in 2002 & 2004, a featured writer in the DMACC Celebration of the Literary Arts in 2007 & 2008, and he was a featured poet at the Poetry at Round Top Festival in May 2012.

Vincento Looks Unhappy

Vincento looks unhappy in his radioactive suit; not
Even the dragon of rainbow hexagons can brighten
His day, even by offering a hexagon of gelatinous
Fruit-flavored delight. Vincento still frowns. He
Frowns even though in the clouds above him frolic
Fluffy maidens in lace and twins in love with their
Discovery of a wheel of gorgonzola. Not even the
Hockey-playing knight or the smiling rubber daisy
Or the dinosaur with the three-pack habit can make
Him smile. Vincento, the flies that circle you are
Made of diamonds.

Rebecca Venn

There is a quote I found once that connected to my experience with watercolor it goes: “With large flat brushes and plenty of water I approach the paper in slam-bang initial washes, and end with the caress of a butterfly wing.”

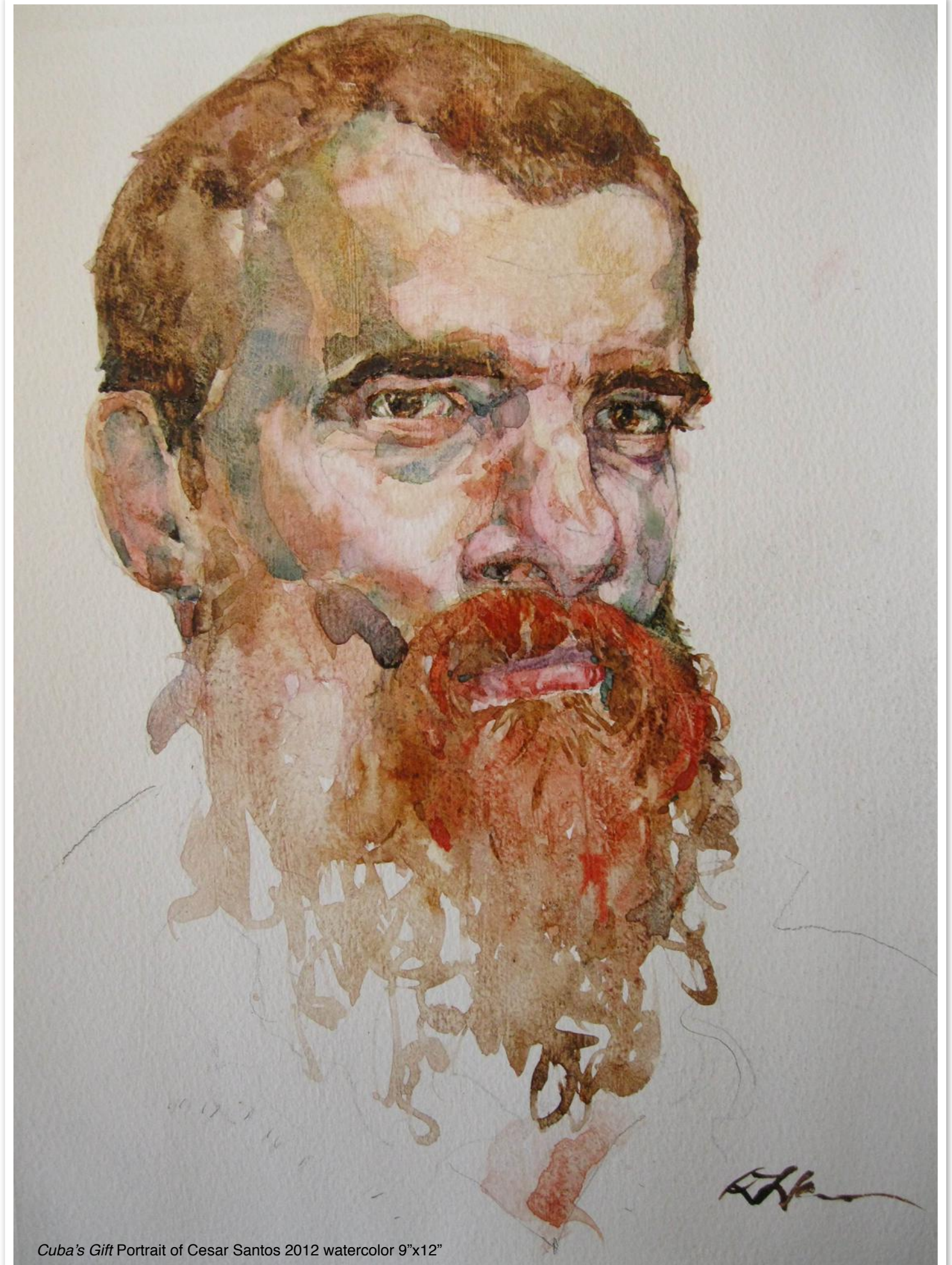
I always start with a No. 40 Utrecht round brush and do about 85-90% of the painting. I hold a sponge in my left hand and with lots of clean water nearby to lift color that may slip away into areas I prefer they not invade. At the end, I grab my beautiful sable, a No. 12, to finish and let it dance, but carefully.

There are no promises with watercolor. The flow can have its own path and you must be flexible and open to the uncontrollable and enjoy the gifts of translucent surprises. Walk away and let things dry and see with new eyes when you return.

I have never met any of these artists in person, and I prefer working from life, but because they live far from me, the internet offered communication and some sent really good photos. I chose these because their faces intrigued me and their artwork was inspiring.

Faces are endless stories. The experiences of life are painted there and I try to capture that without overdoing it.

All the artists were so open to the experience and it was a treat to meet them. There were long nights and early mornings with “silent conversations” with them while I bent over my table and stared into their eyes, begging the muse to let me tell their stories.



Cuba's Gift Portrait of Cesar Santos 2012 watercolor 9"x12"



Rebecca Venn Portrait of Lauren Levato 2012 watercolor 9"x12"



Rebecca Venn Portrait of Zimou Tan 2012 watercolor 9"x12"



Rebecca Venn Portraits of Stephen Wright 2012 watercolor 9"x12"



Rebecca Venn concluded early in her studies that the human figure was her primary interest. As her undergraduate education offered little in this area, she undertook a long period of self-directed study in figurative drawing and painting. She has also always pursued plein air painting and drawing and continues to find time to sit in nature and enjoy its beauty.

Ms. Venn has taught life studio at the University of Wisconsin Parkside and various life drawing workshops. She is a member of Wisconsin Visual Artists, Milwaukee Artist Resource Network, and is represented at Northern Lights Gallery, Racine, Wisconsin, Seebeck Gallery, Kenosha, Wisconsin and The Norman Lasiter Gallery in Palm Springs California; her work is included in the collections of Mr. Kraige Block, Director, Throckmorton Fine Art Gallery, New York, New York, Mr. Leon Pascucci, Los Angeles, California and in a number of private collections throughout the United States. Her drawings and paintings have won awards in several exhibitions including Watercolor Wisconsin, Anderson Arts Center Juried Exhibitions, and was awarded First Place in the National Juried Figurative Exhibition titled Real People, in Woodstock, Illinois. Her studio is located in Kenosha, Wisconsin. Her work can be viewed at her website rebeccavenn.com

Cesar Santos (b. 1982) *Cuban-American*, studied at Miami Dade College and the New World School of the Arts before travelling to Florence, where he trained at the Angel Academy of Art under the tutelage of Michael John Angel a student of Pietro Annigoni. He returned to Miami, where he developed his philosophy of marrying both the classical and the modern juxtaposed within one painting. His influences range from the Renaissance to the masters of the nineteenth century to Modernism. With superb technique, he infuses a harmony between the natural and the conceptual to create works that are provocative and dramatic. He has been the recipient of numerous accolades including a first place award from a competition sponsored by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Santos has had exhibitions throughout the United States, Europe and Latin America, including the Villa Bardini Museum in Florence, Italy, the National Gallery in Costa Rica and the Frost Art Museum in Miami, FL.

Lauren Levato was born in 1977 somewhere in Indiana and was subsequently raised by wolves. Indications are that they loved her despite being born with a red mohawk which would have, in centuries past, gotten her drowned at birth. Still, she persisted. Her feral childhood inclined her toward an obsession with insects. This, combined with an early exposure to anatomical study and her father's repeated failings of heart and then finally of lungs, has resulted in a curious sort of woman who went on to attend several universities in addition to a technical art school and traveled hither and yon to study with some of today's grand masters. She can now be found in the company of no less than 300 beetles, a few piles of butterflies, and more pencils than can be counted in an hour's time in her studio in Chicago. Her fiancé and their own wolf-like creature can be found across the hall making their own mischief. Her life spent in pencils can be found at Packer Schopf Gallery.

Zimou Tan was named "Chinese Master Artist" in December 2007 by the Chinese government Art and Culture department, also selected as "The 50 Artists impacted China". Tan was born and raised in Canton, China, apprenticed to Chinese Master Artist Le, YiFeng at age 12. At age 14 he immigrated to America with his family. Tan graduated from the Academy of Art College in San Francisco in 2000. There he earned degrees in both Traditional Illustration and Fine Arts.

Walter Bjorkman is a writer from Brooklyn, NY now residing in the mountains of Pennsylvania and is Associate Editor of THRUSH Poetry Journal and THRUSH Press. His poems and short stories have appeared or are forthcoming in Word Riot, Scrambler, Poets & Artists, THIS Literary Magazine, Used Furniture Review, Connotation Press, Foliate Oak, Wilderness House Literary Review, A-Minor, Blue Print Review, Metazen and others. His collection of short stories, *Elsie's World*, was published in January 2011.

Grace Cavalieri

Listen

Dear Jorie Graham

(A book review)

I get your message although many do not,
but I am the perfect audience
for new ways to go.

Your premise is reason—
your method is compression,
not persuasion in

letters or portraits
or possessions
like other poets do.

But somehow your presence
comes up more in a situation
or a habitat as
apparatus for emotion.

What happens in daily life
doesn't always matter to you—

you relate something

to something else.
That's perspective—
temporal, spatial, although
you'd never mention TIME.

Forget metaphor, that's for
poets from Trenton.
Instead you spiral movement
pacing equivalences.

Some say it directly,
not Jorie who confronts
with neurons that

I fear we don't all have.
What's the risk? Resolution?
You've got that—
Unity? Sometimes.
Completion? Well, reconciliation,

for sure.

Listen. in your poems we may never
hear the dialogue on the bus
or the primary colors of the ghetto,

but these new poems of yours—
well, they vanish, they open the door
to the terrace where others
merely describe the trees.

To believe in something enough
to express
the inexpressible... as we say,
to take the blind down the road
not seen,

well I love it. I love your work.
Now tell me something I don't know.
How my poetry would feel
if it happened to you.

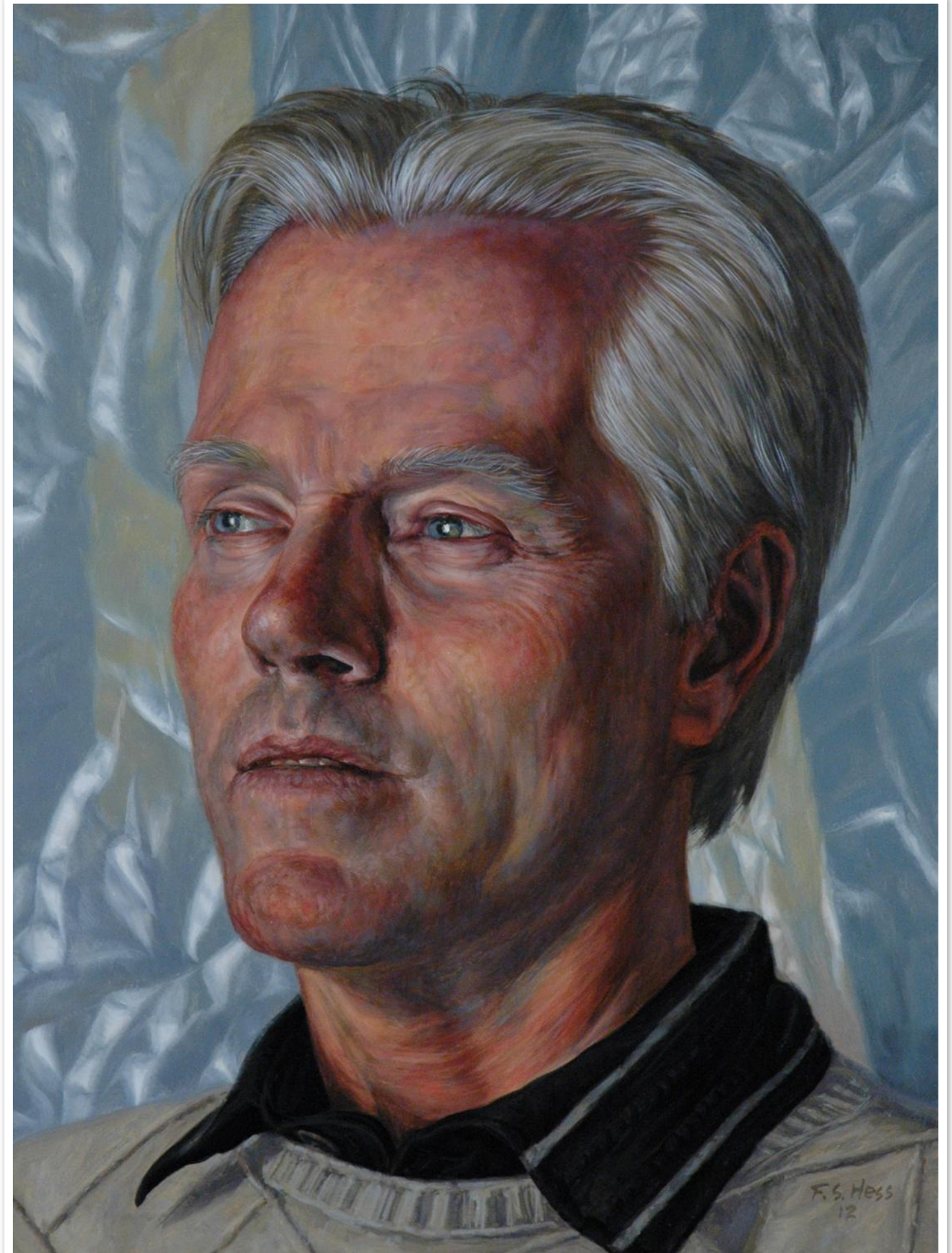
Grace Cavalieri's newest publication is a chapbook, *Gotta Go Now* (2012, GOSS183). She's the author of 16 books and chapbooks of poetry; and 28 produced plays, short-form and full-length. Her recent Casa Menendez House books *Millie's Tiki Villas*, *Sounds Like Something I Would Say* and *Anna Nicole: Poems* are on Kindle's free lending library. (Please download. I get \$1.92 cents each.) Grace founded, and still produces "The Poet and the Poem" on public radio, celebrating 35 years on-air in 2012 and still thriving. The program is recorded at the Library of Congress and transmitted nationally via NPR and Pacifica. Her play "Anna Nicole: Blonde Glory" opened in NYC, 2011. Her play "Quilting the Sun" opened in South Carolina in 2011. She is married to metal sculptor Kenneth Flynn. They have 4 grown daughters.

F.Scott Hess

I don't often get asked to do portraits. At first John wanted me to paint one of his young daughters, but I convinced him this would not be a good idea. People I paint tend to look older and more bruised than they perceive themselves. Portraiture is generally a game of flattery. Sitters see themselves in terms of the traditional images of a Van Dyke king or a Velasquez princess. I'm always trying to coax character and life out of my subjects, and that smoothing out process, at least for me, kills that.

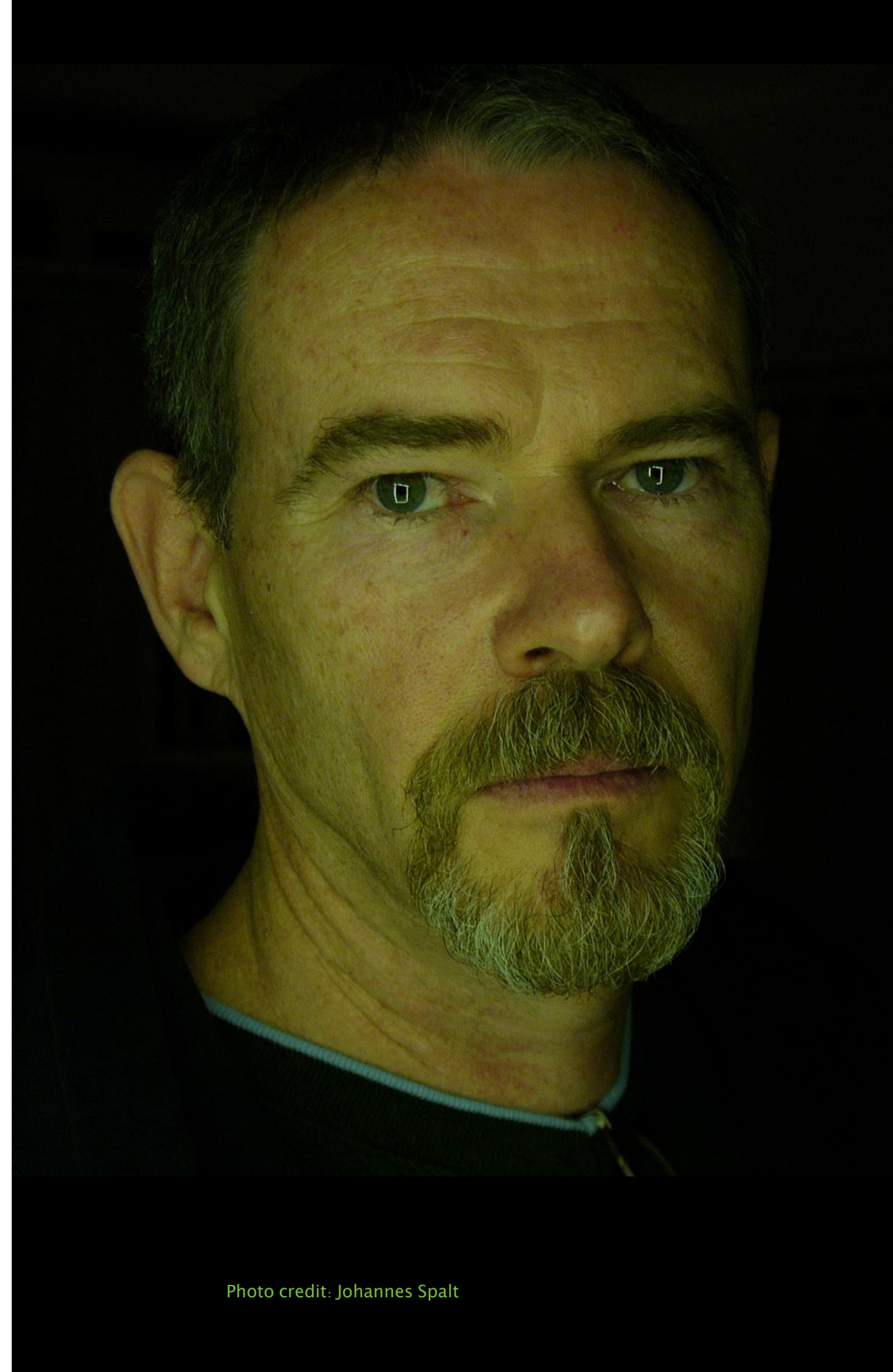
In the beginning I sketch the form of the head, building the outlines as accurately as possible. Then the initial structure, anatomically speaking, is added with bold strokes. The form is added to, with the under layering building basic, but deadened color, and exaggerated highlight areas. The top layer goes for texture and more accurate color. Life seems to come through very subtle shifts in symmetry. If I can get the two halves of the face to each express a different emotion, I feel it adds to the sense of life in a face.

John Seed 2012 oil on aluminum 11 3/4"x 16"





John Seed has taught art and art history at Mount San Jacinto College in Southern California for over 25 years. He is a painter who also writes about art and artists for the HuffingtonPost. John and his wife Linda — who is a writer and editor— have three daughters: Chloe (13), Evan (8) and Condee Lee (5).



F. Scott Hess, born 1955 in Baltimore, Maryland, began to draw intensely at the age of seven. He grew up in a small Wisconsin town, and received a Bachelor of Science in Art from the University of Wisconsin-Madison (1977). Attracted by the dark tone, intense psychological content, and the level of technical skill displayed by artists in Prague and Vienna, Hess moved to the Austrian capital in 1978, attending the Vienna Academy of Fine Arts for five-and-a-half years. There he learned Old Master painting techniques, studied paint chemistry, drew thousands of figure drawings from life, and completed a year-long course at the Anatomy Institute. In 1979 Hess had his first solo exhibition in Vienna, quickly followed by exhibitions in Austria, Germany and France. In 1981 he received one of Austria's most prestigious awards for artists, the Theodor Koerner Award. In 1984 Hess moved to his current home of Los Angeles and in 1985 had his first American solo exhibition, followed by of over one hundred group and solo exhibitions, including venues in Europe, Asia, and the Middle East. His work is included in the public collections of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Orange County Museum of Art, Oakland Museum, San Jose Museum of Art, and the Smithsonian Institute, among others. In 1990 he received a Western States Art Federation award, and in 1991 a J. Paul Getty Fellowship and a National Endowment for the Arts Visual Arts Fellowship. A massive six-year project, The Paternal Suit: Heirlooms from the F. Scott Hess Family Foundation, debuts in 2012 at the Halsey Institute in Charleston, SC, before continuing to the Mobile Museum of Art and the Long Beach Museum of Art. A career survey of works will be exhibited at the Grand Central Art Center in Santa Ana, CA, in 2012. F. Scott Hess is represented by Hirschl and Adler Modern in New York and Koplin Del Rio Gallery in Los Angeles.

Photo credit: Johannes Spalt

A Brief Mad Bar Job in Florida

(In memory of Jack Kerouac)

The Hub sat at the fork of one road splitting in two.
It was known as the place where Kerouac
drank himself dead, also for the big wheel
that I'd spin—random cocktails, wonderful naive
possibilities, and I like a bum prophet turning
the world for maniacs, beach folk, mystics, old cops,
paranoiacs and pimps. They listened to that little song
tick....tick....tick, then "Ah! Whee!" mouths open as if
God exists, but you got what it picked. Jack might sweat
and curse but the wheel did not understand, not a bit.

In Florida everyone knew him and the sun—morning began
with them pretending to be God; they'd proceed
overawed; and then by six fall, teaching us repentance
as the sea dissolved to a black liqueur. Mornings
he'd clasp his hands in prayer; the wheel would dream
over his head. Nights he'd go and never stop—
one more spin, a bar girl down to the bay, or short-
cut the streets and ease up a fire escape to a rooftop.
It was always summer there but no stars. More madness
then home for soup and tears with his mother.

He hadn't written in years; nevertheless, he'd gotten it all down.
That last horizon bled and bled from the mouth.
And his death like a great wheel at the end of the day:
he rolled down and out like a soft wave, washed back
into the street where the road and sky merged.

Poet

Mark Strand once said,
"Real poets don't talk about poems.
They talk about money and clothes."

He soars in scarves.
And his absence of pain
is exquisite.

The poet must have no fear, or
only proper fear of the world.
Consider that most turkey vultures
are killed by cars.
When they dine, they eat so much
they can't take off—

if there's fear,
they throw up everything
to flap back in the air.

We do things that probably shock
them too. Humiliating things.
Trying on clothes.

Chris Green is the author of two books of poetry: *Epiphany School* and *The Sky Over Walgreens*. His poetry has appeared in such journals as *Poetry*, *Verse*, *Court Green*, *MiPOesias*, and *Black Clock*. He's edited three anthologies, including *Brute Neighbors: Urban Nature Poetry, Prose & Photography*. He teaches in the English Department at DePaul University.

Eddie Torres

My process: Being that Sonja is in another country, it was impossible for me to use her as a live model so I had to use a photo reference. The first thing I did was to make sure I had the proper texture of paper I needed to get the desired effect for the shading. I laid down the initial line work very lightly. Once the lines were accurate, I darkened them a bit while erasing the straggler lines because they distracted me. Once the lighter loose lines were erased, I went into the shading process. This particular image, I started with darks first (eyes, hair and lines between the lips, nostrils and ears). Once the darks were placed, I transitioned into light using a combination of pencil shading and finger shading making sure that I kept proportions and form through lighting to maintain as close to a realistic effect as possible. Once the image was done, I sprayed it with a fixative. The graphite pencils range used for this particular piece were B, HB, F, H, and 2H.

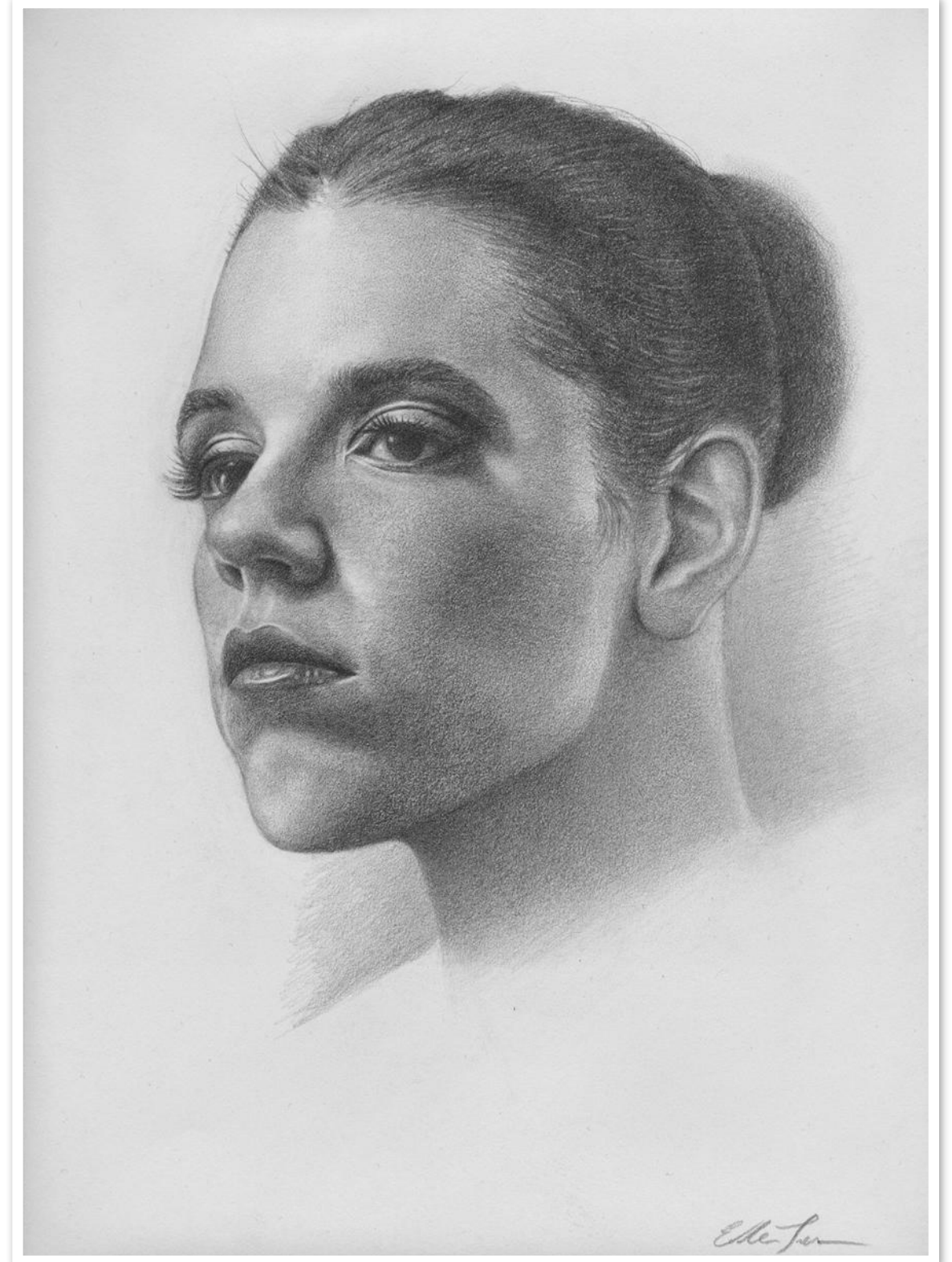
EDDIE TORRES

Eddie Torres is a self taught artist in both Traditional and Digital artwork. His main focus is portraits, figurative art and digital/fantasy art while pushing his range into contemporary art. He believes that in order to move the emotions of the viewer, an artist must capture 'the moment' and give their heart to the piece to convey that energy and feeling to the viewer. "Art is emotion, anything else just becomes stale". His published works and awards can be seen online through Barebrush.com, Monarch Comics and through his blog edino-art.blogspot.com.

SONJA LJUBICIC

www.paintingsilove.com/artist/sonjaljubicic

Devising an image and projecting the meaningful ideals of humanities consciousness onto a sheet of paper is the talent and meticulous skill of Sonja Ljubicic. A Fine Artist hailing from Kragujevac, Serbia. With a limited amount of time to understand she has garnered a wealthy understanding of visual artistic technique and storytelling. Pertaining to the human consciousness, she captures a single unique trait of human emotion and solidifies it. Whether it be happiness, sadness, anger, love, openness etc. She weaves an image of emotion entailing the story with human figures. Concurrently Sonja creates a specialized composition that consists of spatial detailed designs that places the figures to be a formulative dream like state of being. This however is also reinforced by the color harmony that psychologically gives the recipient or viewer a sense of calmness. With many of these aspects unifying as one, she is well able to create a separation and definition on a highly Aesthetic and metaphysical level of evaluation. Up to this day, still conscious with her works of art. Sonja is obligated on her personal behalf to explore and expose the feelings that our consciousness portrays. With the exploration and discovery of new artistic techniques. This will reinforce her creativity to new extraordinary levels of portrayal.



Eddie Torres *Sonja* graphite on paper 11"x14"

Denise Duhamel

Adília Lopes Isn't in Lisbon This Summer

(with a few things from Anne Sexton and many
from Adília Lopes herself)

I've walked Lisbon's slippery stone streets
looking for her curly hair

I've googled her
hoping for an address

I can't do without Adília Lopes
though I must

an actor reads her poems at the conference
but he is an actor
I want Adília Lopes

I listen to her on youtube
I want her poems to wash over my ears
I want to have a new poetry friend
with whom I can eat pasties de nata
from whom I can learn Portuguese words
with whom I can gossip
like one in a hairdresser's chair

I came to Lisbon
for Adília Lopes

only she knows the true pain I feel
only she knows how wordplay
can settle us into some kind of calm

I can't do without Adília Lopes
don't try to tell me that her ten poems
translated into English are enough
I was counting on her for sisterhood
for inspiration for a challenge
I was counting on telling her
that as I read her lines

*...when people say
I really like your books
I wish I could say
like the poet Cesariny
listen
what I'd really like
is for you to like me
that I understood*

I wanted to tell Adília Lopes
that I liked her
whether I did or not
though I was sure that I would
I was sure we would laugh

then each order another *galão directo*
Adília Lopes started out
with small presses like I did
she wrote about beauty and agony
and managed to make it funny

I thought I needed to see her
lift a spoon and stir her coffee
I thought I needed to see

her teeth biting into custard
but instead I go home
this time with only her poems

yet I will not be discouraged
I will come back
to the steep inclines of Lisbon
its Cristo-Rei and 25 de Abril Bridge

once I was sure I needed
to meet Adília Lopes
but now I know
that until that day comes
I'll make due with her words

I am grateful in fact
her lines awirl in my head

Denise Duhamel is the author, most recently, of Ka-Ching! (University of Pittsburgh Press, 2009.) She is a professor at Florida International University in Miami.

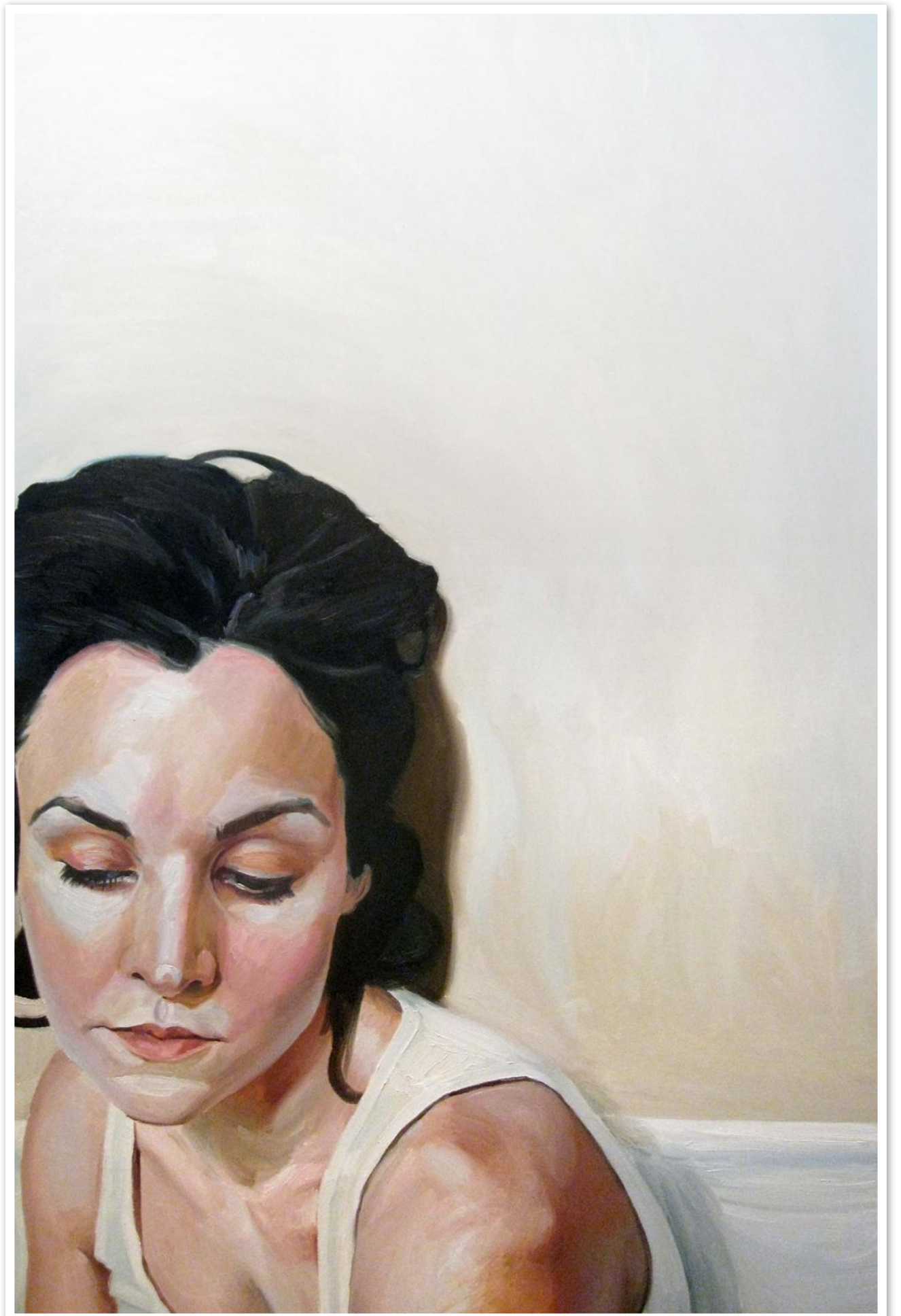
Stephen Wright

This suite of paintings sort of evolved in number & involvement. At first it was going to be just one portrait. Since we are on opposite coasts, I asked Alyssa if she could take some shots of herself in her iconic bathtub (sans water). She wound up sending almost a hundred shots. Surprised with the wide range of emotions she portrayed, I couldn't stop at just one painting, and so wound up doing a series.

This sort of dovetailed into questions I've been having about portraiture and figure painting in general: I mean here's a person I've never met, yet I'm able to make paintings of her that seem to depict an inner self. I don't believe in portraiture in the way of capturing someone's psychology or soul, so I'm unclear what the role of a portrait is today, except that I'm just drawn to people's faces.

I recently watched the documentary about Marina Abramovic, which really moved me. The idea of just staring wordlessly at another person - giving that space and time selflessly to someone - gave me a renewed interest and different insight into portraiture. A portrait may not convey the soul of an individual, but I do believe we have a desire to look at/into another person, even a stranger (maybe especially a stranger). In large part, I think we place our own biases and beliefs on the faces of others. By looking at other people, I think it may be the only way we see ourselves.

Stephen Wright *Portrait of Alyssa 5* oil on canvas 44" x 66"





Stephen Wright *Portrait of Alyssa 4* oil on canvas 66" x 44"



Stephen Wright *Portrait of Alyssa 6* oil on canvas 66" x 44"



Stephen Wright *Portrait of Alyssa 3* oil on canvas 66" x 44"



Stephen Wright *Portrait of Alyssa 2* oil on canvas 66" x 44"



ALYSSA MONKS

www.alyssamonks.com

Born 1977 in Ridgewood, New Jersey, Alyssa Monks began oil painting as a child. She studied at The New School in New York and Montclair State University and earned her B.A. from Boston College in 1999. During this time she studied painting at Lorenzo de'Medici in Florence. She went on to earn her M.F.A from the New York Academy of Art, Graduate School of Figurative Art in 2001. She completed an artist in residency at Fullerton College in 2006 and has lectured at universities and institutions nation wide. She has taught Flesh Painting at the New York Academy of Art, as well as Montclair State University and the Lyme Academy College of Fine Arts.

"Using filters such as glass, vinyl, water, and steam, I distort the body in shallow painted spaces. These filters allow for large areas of abstract design - islands of color with activated surfaces - while bits of the human form peak through. In a contemporary take on the traditional bathing women, my subjects are pushing against the glass "window", distorting their own body, aware of and commanding the proverbial male gaze. Thick paint strokes in delicate color relationships are pushed and pulled to imitate glass, steam, water and flesh from a distance. However, up close, the delicious physical properties of oil paint are apparent. Thus sustaining the moment when abstract paint strokes become something else."

"When I began painting the human body, I was obsessed with it and needed to create as much realism as possible. I chased realism until it began to unravel and deconstruct itself," Alyssa states, "I am exploring the possibility and potential where representational painting and abstraction meet - if both can coexist in the same moment."

Monks's paintings have been the subject of numerous solo and group exhibitions including "Intimacy" at the Kunst Museum in Ahlen, Germany and "Reconfiguring the Body in American Art, 1820–2009" at the National Academy Museum of Fine Arts, New York. Her work is represented in public and private collections, including the Savannah College of Arts, the Somerset Art Association and the collections of Howard Tullman, Danielle Steele and Eric Fischl.

Alyssa has been awarded the Elizabeth Greenshields Foundation Grant for Painting three times and is a member of the New York Academy of Art's Board of Trustees. She is currently represented by David Klein Gallery in Birmingham, Michigan. Alyssa currently lives and paints in Brooklyn, New York.



STEPHEN WRIGHT

www.stephenwrightart.com
BORN: 1962, Los Angeles, CA

EDUCATION:
1987 BFA: Graphic Design, Cal State, Long Beach, CA

SELECTED EXHIBITIONS:
2012 Group Show, Corey Helford Gallery, Culver City, CA
2011 Group Show, Gallery Henoch, New York, NY
Group Show, New Masters, Subliminal Gallery
2010 Group Show, Gallery Henoch, New York, NY
2009 Solo Show, Hespe Gallery, San Francisco, CA
Group Show, Gallery Henoch, New York, NY
Group Show, Hespe Gallery, San Francisco, CA
LA Art Show, Los Angeles, CA
2008 Art of the 20th Century, New York, NY
Art City Istanbul, Turkey
Contemporary Istanbul, Turkey
Group Show, Gallery Henoch, New York, NY
E & R Cyzer Gallery, London England
Los Angeles Art Show, Santa Monica, CA
2007 Solo Show, Gallery Henoch, New York, NY
Art of the 20th Century, New York, NY
Male/Female: The New Realism, Gallery Henoch, NY
Los Angeles Art Show, Santa Monica, CA
Group Show, Gallery Henoch, New York, NY
2006 Art of the 20th Century, New York, NY
US Artists, Philadelphia, PA
Juxtaposition, Gallery Henoch, New York, NY
Solo Show, Gallery Henoch, New York, NY
40 Years: A Dealer's Collection, Gallery Henoch, NY
Art Chicago in the Park, IL
Group Show, Gallery Henoch, New York, NY
2005 Art of the 20th Century, New York, NY
Solo Show, Gallery Henoch, New York, NY
US Artists, Philadelphia, PA
Art Chicago in the Park, IL
Group Show, Gallery Henoch, New York, NY
San Francisco Int'l Art Exposition, CA
2004 Group Show, Gallery Henoch, New York, NY
Art of the 20th Century, New York, NY
US Artists, Philadelphia, PA
Solo Show, Gallery Henoch, New York, NY
2003 Group Show, Gallery Henoch, New York, NY
Art of the 20th Century, New York, NY
US Artists, Philadelphia, PA
2002 Group Show, Gallery Henoch, New York, NY
2001 7th Street Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
2000 7th Street Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
1999 Austin Peay State University, TN
7th Street Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
1998 7th Street Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
1994 Kim Light Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
1992 Kim Light Gallery, Los Angeles, CA

SELECTED REVIEWS/PUBLICATIONS:
2011 ONE.2 - the Manifest Prize
2011 Manifest INPA 2, International Painting Annual
2010 Empty Magazine, Issue 18
2009 Poets & Artists Volume 2, issue 6
Poets & Artists Volume 2, issue 4
2006 American Art Collector,
"Destination New York", May
2005 The New York Post, Review, by James Gardner
2004 ARTNews, "Invitational 2004,"
by Mary Schneider Enriquez, May

SELECTED COLLECTIONS:
New Jersey State Museum, Trenton, NJ
Alvaro Atencio, New York, NY & Caracas, Venezuela
Jodie Foster, Los Angeles, CA
Jose Quant, New York, NY
Nancy Hicks & George Schechtman, New York, NY
Howard A. Tullman, Chicago, IL.
Mr. Mayer Dwek, Cologny , Switzerland
Linda & Ronald Rashkow, Highland Park, IL
Joan Fisher, New York, NY
Sylvia & Tony Hadley, Paris, France
Robert Bovet, New York, NY
Linda & Howard Sokolowski, Toronto, Canada
Leane & Bruce E. Thal, Birmingham, MI
Lori & Rob Goodman, Beverly Hills, CA
Louise & Joseph Kovacs, Greenwich, CT
David Kandall, Passaic, NJ
Patty Hambrecht, New York, NY
Pat & John Merchant, San Francisco, CA
Sarah & Douglas Hamilton, New York, NY
Jeffery Rappin, Chicago, IL
David Older, New York, NY
Juan Herrans, San Juan Puerto Rico
Linda Heban & Joseph Cothrel, Chicago, IL
John Tucker, Lanexa, VA
Orna & Ramy Weitz, New York, NY & Tel Aviv, Israel
Carole Zabar, New York, NY
Serge Zaluski, Perpignan, France
Elayne & Richard Cyzer, London, UK
Christian Sinz, Cologne, Germany
Rachel & Michael Insel, New York, NY
Netta & Steven Orlowski, Port Washington, NY
Tony Brackett, New York, NY
Mark & Jeannie Cohen, Penn Valley, PA
Stuart Gimbel, Rancho Mirage, CA
Ann & Bill Hicks, Eden Prairie, MN
Donna Holmes & Robert Lipton, New York, NY
Joyce Marino, McLean, VA
Marc S. Plonskier, Newton, MA
Robert Speiser, New York, NY
Gary West, Hartford, CT

Modern Grace

A woman of her times. Tattooed
In mystery, a history of art stunned
Into her smooth skin. She waits
On others, baits them with her beauty
And paints their auras and apparitions,
Bold portraits born in lush landscapes
Of mountain tunnels and rock slides
Leading into Carolina's bohemian trap.

(a desperate man — I see
butterflies in yellow hair —
lined impressions of a woman's hand:
loops and curls— scarlet on satin,
bursts and crackles —
a paused paint brush, a peer
out the window away —
I steal a glance before she turns, inhale
her womanly scent.)

As our earth makes do through the labyrinth
Of the ordinary, she envelopes and recedes
From the flat land like the pulsating tail of a wave,
Melodious poses in model photos of her inner tributaries,
Portraits existentially placed
In the seductive second dimension right where
The dark and surreal core traps time
To make nature the way art intended.

Observer with Fire-Red Hair

My favorite hobby is to run
My fingers through her long hair, place my palm
At the small of her back, as if to rest
After breaking the ribbon, my aging skin refusing
To leave the fine smoothness of hers.
I let her blue eyes swallow me, leave her open lips alone,
Contaminate her left hip with a gentle peck.

She is a butcher when she begins,
Removing outer shells and exposing the wounds
Within us. She discovers our secrets in detail
With the perfect hue and a simple stroke.
Before we can fully exhale she becomes our surgeon,
Fitting pieces of ourselves together like a puzzle,
Solving our mysteries with oil and acrylic.

I watch this French portrait artist dote on her doll-like figures;
We are all subjects she scrutinizes even off
The canvas. Fine with me. Outline my flesh or no
I say from afar, in another world, unable to truly touch
This novel artist of human nature,
But the dream forgives my honesty, keeps me close
With skin on skin, palm to hip, fingertips through fire.

Joshua Gray is a poet from the Washington DC area currently residing in the mountains of Southern India. The sympoe, a poetic form he created, is described on his Web site at www.joshuagraynow.com, where one can also purchase his adaptation of the Beowulf epic for young readers.

Joshua Gray

Sympoe for Art School

The formal art instruction maddens her,
So she doodles down the margins of college rule.
This southern girl would rather see the school
Succumb to a rebel's wish; she paints in hue
Of orange or blue where cheek and hair will do.
She thinks, 'There's rebel in everyone, behind
Polite facades of the non-creative mind' --
The kind that only cares for logical art,
But she finds the vibrancy beneath a faded heart.
This portrait artist will not cause a stir;
The formal art instruction maddens her.

This Portrait artist will not cause a stir:
She likes the doll-like skin she paints just fine!
But her college teacher faults her every time.
He wants to pull her off the Realism bench,
But he's a Texan trying to teach the French.
She's walked Versailles for years, and years again;
She's never seen a man with scarlet skin.
But she paints them nonetheless, to please her grade,
And show the others the progress she has made.
Informal art instruction maddens her;
This portrait artist will not cause a stir.



Bubbles oil/canvas 2012, 72" X 50"

The eye, the mind, the curiosity of Wolfgang Bauer search every idea, concept, prejudice, discovery he encounters and provide him with that initial jolt that moves him to create his art as a young man consumed with passion for knowing, for understanding and for making visual the questions he encounters. Born in Vienna, Austria in 1969, but now divides his time among Vienna, Los Angeles and New York. In his early schooling he worked in the theatrical and cinematic arts extensively in the 1980s and 1990s Munich, Germany, Vienna and Salzburg, concurrently studying painting with the Austrian artist and student of Oscar Kokoschka, Alexander Tinti. He moved to Los Angeles in the mid 1990s where preparation for his career as artist who creates with drawing, painting, collage, poetry and photography/filmmaking has been informed through his undergraduate studies at University of Southern California (a multi-discipline approach through Anthropology, German Literature, Gender Studies and Fine Art), and his immersion in Fine Arts at Otis College of Art and Design in Los Angeles where he earned his MFA. And with these credentials, despite his youth, we would expect an artist of strong convictions, eager to transform the world he has examined by expounding from the canvas/paper/film.

The true stance of Wolfgang Bauer is not to impose his nascent convictions on the viewer, but instead to pose questions for the viewer to seek the answers. He is fascinated with Semiotics (the study of signs and symbols as elements of communicative behavior and the analysis of systems of communication, as language, gestures, or clothing) and he utilizes this mode of analysis to explore the dichotomies imposed on him by his conflicts with his biological, cultural and social heritage that challenged his needs. Rather than despair he instead has embraced the variations of thought and behavior that now give him comfort in expressing his blend of identity sources: he is comfortable with dealing with the myriad ways that the expression of masculinity and femininity inform his creative work and the life path he has chosen. Wolfgang Bauer is an activist for the subjugated who experience oppression due to their sexual orientation, gender, age, color,



Incident in Scyllam 2011 oil on canvas 60"X 72"

WOLFGANG BAUER

Gender Observations and Convictions

Review by Grady Harp

The great aim of art is to shake the imagination with the strength of a soul that does not admit defeat even in the midst of a collapsing world.

Nietzsche



Boy with a Gun 2011 oil on canvas 60"X72"

disability and pedigree. His work addresses these uncomfortable, controversial issues and poses questions that reflect the oppression brought on by generational conflicts, religious and doctrinal pressures or traditional customs. These are the subjects he explores in his art.

Bauer's maturity is displayed in conversations about the path he has chosen: 'I use the term LGBTQ, emphasizing on the Queer discourse since I identify as a queer artist. The cross-disciplinary education I received with my undergraduate degree at USC exposed me to feminism, poststructuralist philosophers, queer theory and ethics.' His works are not infrequently exhibited in a staged atmosphere with elements of performance art and physical objects reflecting the thoughts generated by the life-size figurative oil paintings, works that not infrequently include the written word as part of the finished canvas.

In the writings and exhibitions Bauer has produced to date there is an avenue provided for understanding his progress as an artist. His art has been experienced by audiences in China, Italy, Austria and both sides of the continent of the United States. For his Master's thesis he brought a concentration of his ideas together in an exhibition titled *Levitate - In Situ Carnalis* and some of the images are presented here. Bauer offers his intention in presenting these works as follows: 'I don't remember when it all started—the secrets, the lying, the not talking about certain things or not talking at all, the physical and mental abuse, the obedient and silent enduring, the sacrifices that border on self-destruction. I don't remember because I was not born yet. Three generations later though, barely comprehending language, I would fall prey to these patterns of dysfunctions and by default perpetuate and even indulge in them myself.' The title painting *In Situ Carnalis* presents the spectrum, while others include *The Good Boy?* (a powerfully painful confrontation between a teenage boy and a woman seductively revealing herself), *Everything is Ridiculous*, *Bubbles*, *Italian Shoes/Red Riding Hood*, *Boy with Gun*, *Incident in Scyllam*, and *Painful Shoes*.



In situ carnalis 2012 oil on canvas 60"X 140"



In his own words, Wolfgang Bauer summarizes his thoughts: 'My work explores the dichotomy between traditional and progressive ideologies through photography, photo collages and large-scale narrative paintings. I gather ideas from classic literature, myths, fairy tales, personal history and current locale. To examine these ideas in my newer work, I synthesize contemporary signs, signifiers and compositional decisions with contemporary issues regarding gender roles and sexuality. Semiotic messaging has become an integral part of my work, informing or disrupting the possible narrative. The protagonists in my artworks are often stuck in a sexist world of power relations, submission and domination. In my work, I often investigate sociopolitical issues, encouraging the viewer to examine their own personal ideologies.'

Courage and commitment are in all of the media in which Wolfgang Bauer creates. His paintings grow more complex in message while they seemingly become more facile in technique. And while an individual painting can stand alone as a completely satisfying work, his sense of combining elements from life in his exhibition spaces (an extension of his fascination with semiotics) invites us into a world of conflicts faced and resolved, a platform for discussion and personal resolution in deciding how this world works for each of us.

*It is fatal to be a man or woman pure and simple; one must be woman-manly or man-womanly. ...
Some marriage of opposites has to be consummated.*

Virginia Woolf

Jonathan Dubow

i who jew

1

my father's voice shaken in every direction,
rattling my limbs. i who duck my father's voice.
i who duck the lulav, what becomes of me
in solitude? my shining horns.

2

my father's clothes shone with herring brine.
what becomes of me, yoni? my father's clothes,
my father's voice shaken in every direction.
yoni, have you been the lulav? my father's voice
rattling my limbs. when you pray, the lulav
shakes.

3

shaken in every direction, chagall is surprised
he's still alive.

4

what becomes of me in solitude? my father's
voice.
i who duck katyusha, i who duck when I pray.

5

saul's voice: my father's clothes shone with
herring brine.
reb akiva's voice shaken in every direction.
bilingualism is such an old ailment. boiled
dialects,
wool, my father's voice in every direction.

6

reb akiva's voice—yoni, what is the relationship
between the book and the self? yoni, have you
been the lulav? yoni, your body is a pelt covering
your spirit—shaken in every direction.

7

my father's voice (shaken in every direction),
my father's voice (rattling my limbs),
my father's voice (boiled, dialect, wool).

8

what becomes of me in solitude?
paul celan's voice: whoever is alone with the
lamp has only his hand to read from.

but my rattling limbs, i who duck
reb akiva's voice, my father's voice.

i who duck the lulav rattling.
i who duck in every direction,

what becomes of me in solitude?

yehuda amichai's voice: in the place where i
never was, i shall never be.

i who duck katyusha? my shining horns
breathe deeply when i pray.

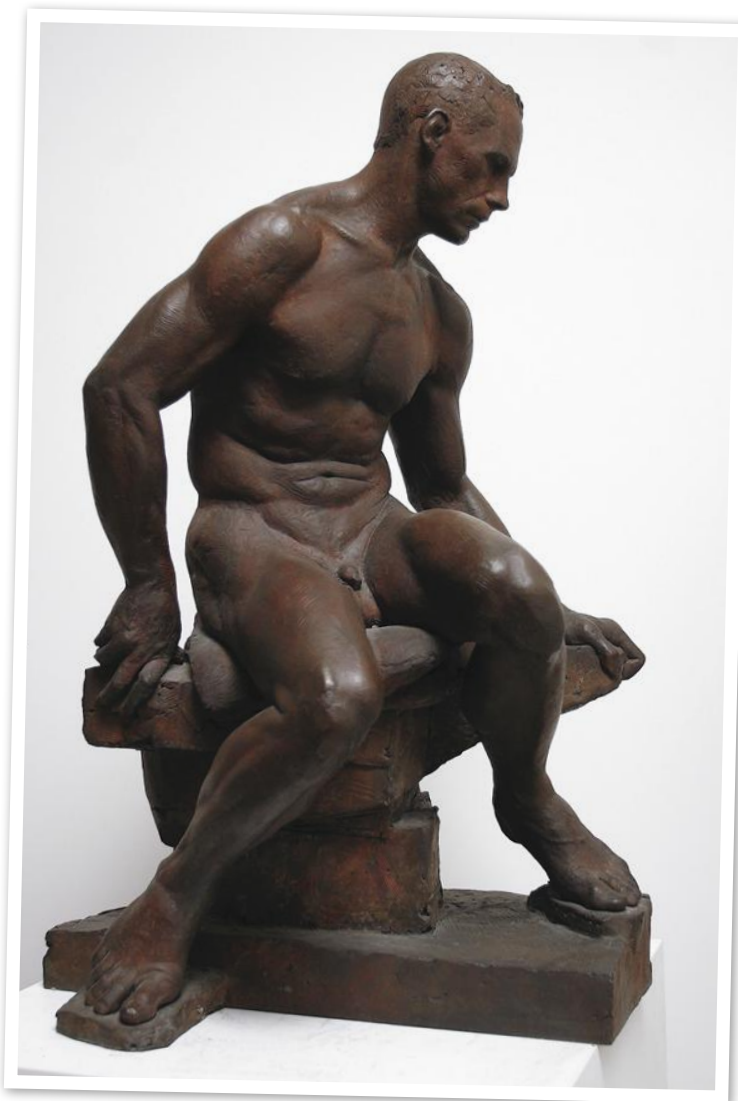
9

i who jew? my father's clothes shone with
herring brine.
my father's boiled dialect, wool. my shining
horns duck
my rattling limbs. my rattling limbs duck
katyusha.

10

chagall is surprised
he's still alive, his voice
still shone with herring
brine.

Jonathan Dubow's work has recently appeared in the Colorado Review, DIAGRAM, the Seattle Review, and elsewhere. He currently lives in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, where he is a candidate for an MFA-in-poetry at the University of Alabama and an assistant poetry editor for the Black Warrior Review as well as the online journal Revolution House.



Ego bronze 28" tall



Fragment of Hermes bronze, 35"X27"X12"

SABIN HOWARD

Contemporary Sculpture with the Soul of the Ancients

Review by Grady Harp

And so each venture is a new beginning, a raid on the inarticulate, with shabby equipment always deteriorating in the general mess of imprecision of feeling, undisciplined squads of emotion. And what there is to conquer by strength and submission, has already been discovered once or twice, or several times, by men whom one cannot hope to emulate- but there is no competition- there is only the fight to recover what has been lost and found and lost again and again: and now, under conditions that seem unpropitious. But perhaps neither gain nor loss. For us, there is only the trying. The rest is not our business.



Fragment of Aphrodite bronze, 35" tall

T.S. Eliot

Time, memory, resilient determination, passion for antiquity, and an independent spirit have been the accompanying muses for the creative flow of life submerged in art of Sabin Howard. While other artists may elect to quote some isolated aspect of previous periods of art in their striving to find a unique voice, a novel statement for which they will be recognized, remembered, Sabin Howard has always been consumed with his adoration of the sculptures of past civilizations – our cultural heritage too often visually discarded as historicity, a thing to know, a page in the progress to where we now stand. But his brilliantly conceived heroic sculptures emerge from his years of preparation that have brought him to the enviable status as a solitary move onto the plinth of the important sculptors of the human body of today. His classically inspired sculptures are not recreations but rather touchstones that represent his profound concern for his fellowman. In Sabin Howard's words, 'The body is a mirror of the mind. It's not separate. When you look at a figure, the pose, the morphology—that all dictates a narrative about an individual psychology.'

Howard is a man of two worlds. Though he grew up in New York City, many of his childhood summers were spent in his mother's home of origin in Torino, Italy, and that dichotomy of atmospheres – the hustling, ever changing chaotic need for things new that informs New York City was balanced by the splendor of the gentle, memory saturated moods of timeless Italy. The son of academic parents, he was exposed to museums early on but it was his time spent in the Medici Chapel in Florence, Italy where he came under the influence of the great works of Michelangelo and Bernini. He studied at the Philadelphia College of Art receiving his BFA in 1987, the Tyler School of Art in Rome in 1986 and 1987 where he was apprenticed to Paolo Carosone, and the New York Academy of Art receiving a MFA in 1995. He taught at both of the American schools for twenty years before devoting himself to his own work in his massive studio in Brooklyn. 'I wanted to surround myself with the same beauty and grandeur that made me feel like I belonged to something greater than myself. When

I am working in my studio surrounded by my sculptures, I have the same energetic feel that I had as a child looking out across the piazzas of Milan and Turin – one of serenity, grace, and power.'

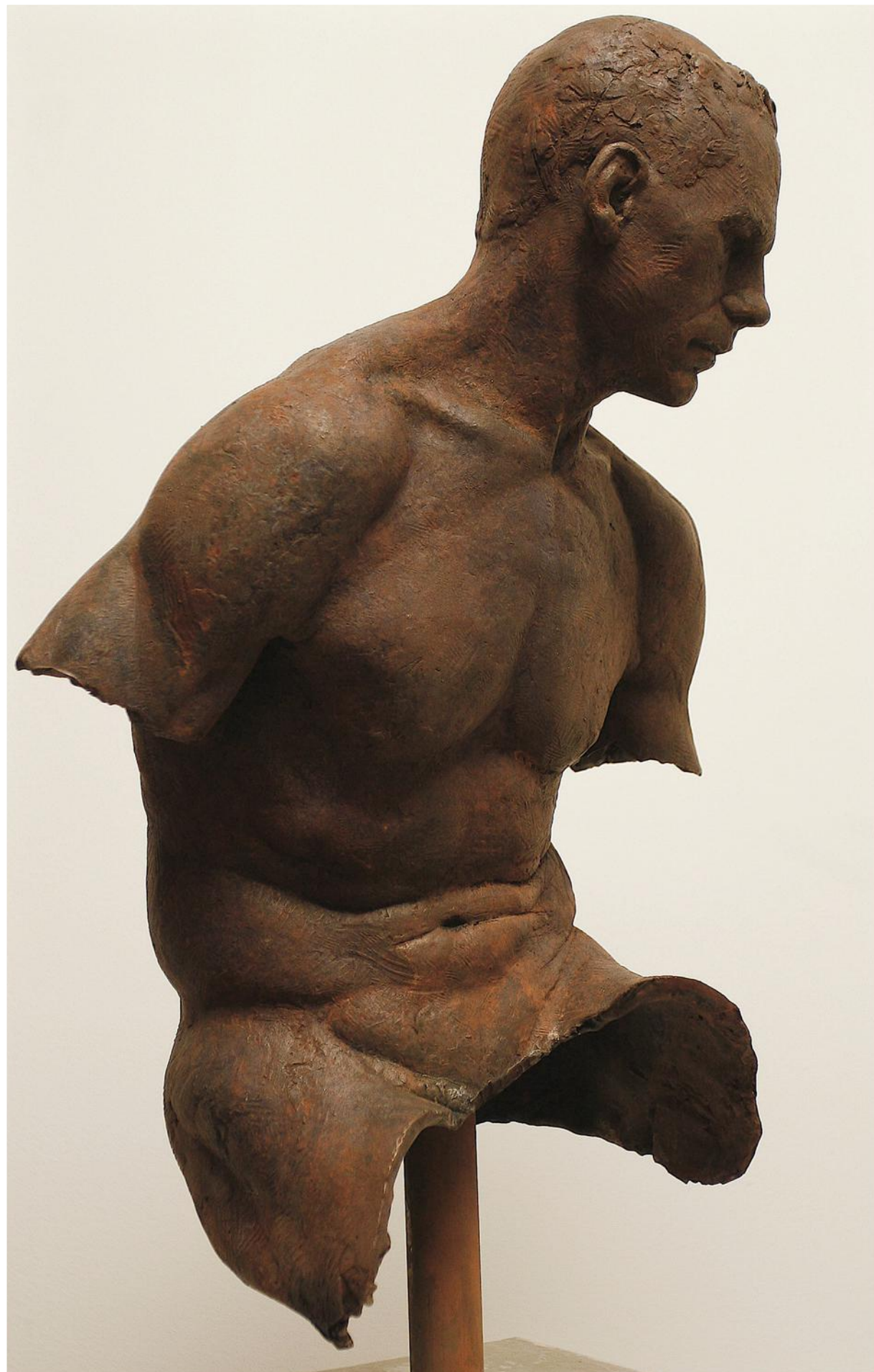
As Howard's meticulous eye for detail continued to develop, so did his ability to master the various tools of the art of sculpting. He works from direct observation of the live model, but often in his preparation drawings and early clay molds he mixes parts of various models' bodies to achieve the effect he envisions. His studio houses armatures of steel bars forming a stick figure to which he applies Styrofoam to begin the shape and then molds his creations in plastiline clay. From clay he concentrates on the details his art illuminates, shaping and forming the sensuous appeal he views to be an ideal human form of sinews and curves, arriving at a metaphysical realism that edges towards abstraction: 'I use design systems based on vortices and spirals. Those are ways energy travels through the bodies.' His process is also additive: 'The human body is based on a convex system where everything is pushing outwards from an internal pressure. So if this pressure is recreated in sculpture, you are actually showing the internal pressure of a human being: the spirit and the soul.' A plaster cast is made, one of many parts that will allow the transformation of the perfect clay mold to the final stage at the foundry where the intensive lost wax method is used to form the final bronze stage of each work. For those unfamiliar with this complex method, it can be summarized as follows: First, the clay figure is covered in rubber and a hard outer shell. This forms a mold. Then wax is applied inside the mold, which is removed and reused, while the positive wax figure that results is covered in a ceramic shell. The wax inside this shell is melted away in a burnout kiln, and liquid bronze is poured in the void. Once the metal hardens, the shell is chipped away, and the resulting bronze statue is covered in an oxidizing glaze and finished by hand. And as the completed bronze sculpture finally emerges it must be brought to life by extensive patina work. The Pygmalion process takes countless hours of labor, but the art of Sabin Howard is an act of passion, solitude, devotion, and commitment – the evidence is the degree of perfection his works represent.

Without art, the crudeness of reality would make the world unbearable.

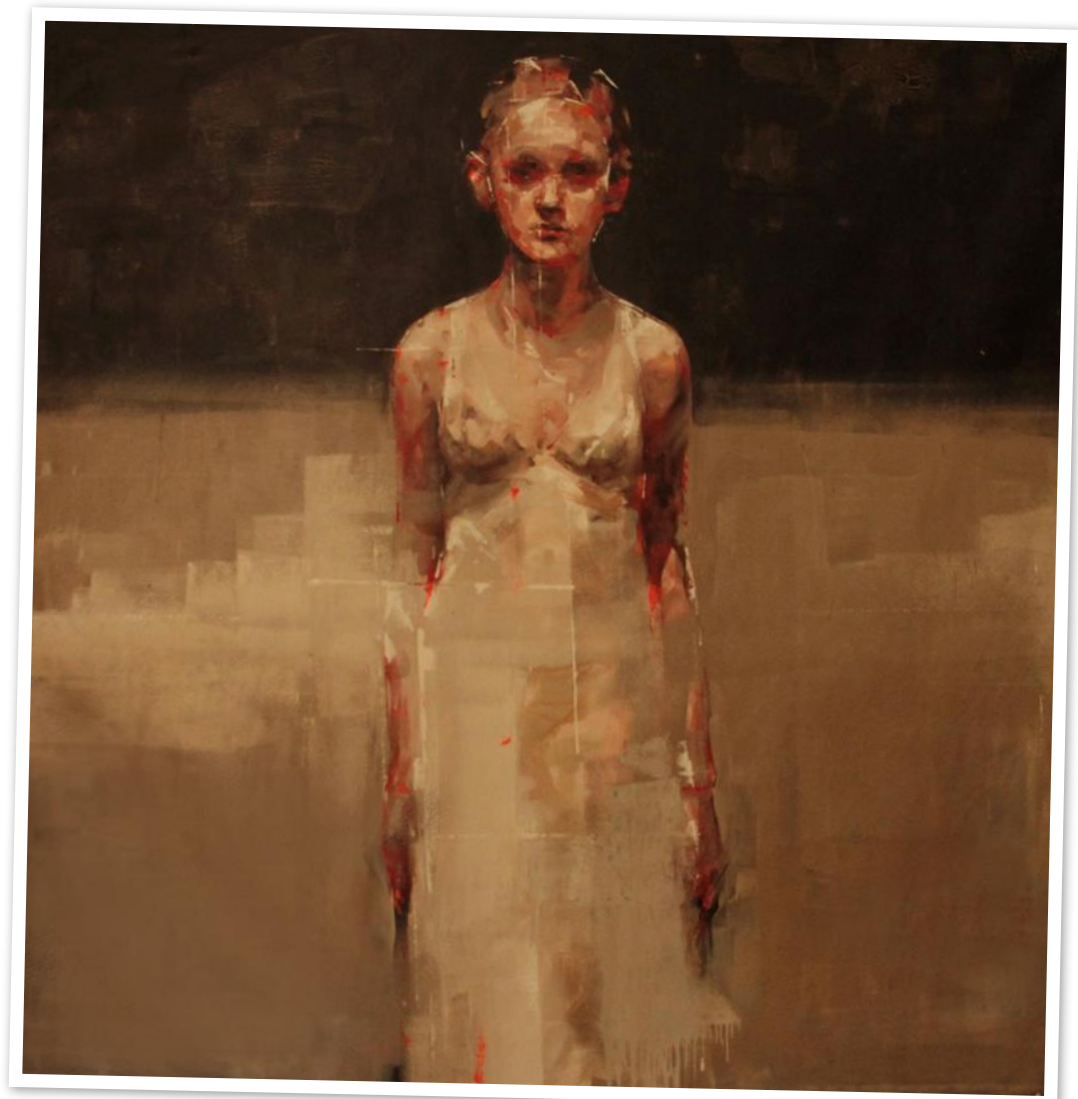
George Bernard Shaw

Some may view his works and ask why he is recreating images from the ancient past, from the mythological characters that subsumed Greek and Roman and the great Italian masters of the medium. And while he does create images of *Apollo*, *Aphrodite*, *Mars* and *Hermes* these are not replicas of the famous forms of the past, rather they are mythological ideas expressed in contemporary rarefied air that gives them a palpable presence of reality. His integument surfaces are not smooth and polished marble, but instead call forth a resemblance to the texture of skin that is real. Underlying muscles are anatomically defined without becoming academic. His other works deal with classically informed but contemporary settings for the concepts of *Anger*, *Armor*, *Stubbornness and Persistence*, *Man*, *Eros*, *Ego*, *Satori* (after Michelangelo's 'Day'), *Mindfulness*, and *Reclining Figure*. 'My work gravitates toward order and harmony and the world making sense. First I learned the techniques required to create a renaissance figure: now I work beyond that to make studies that probe our human condition.'

Sabin Howard may take 2500 hours or more to move a figure from an initial concept to a finished bronze statue. Views of his studio with the artist at work conjure thoughts of the peak of the Medici times when art graced all things public and private and sacred. Sabin Howard references the past with reverence, but at the same time he has bought the splendors of another era into the soul of the present. His technical genius is astonishing, his spirit indomitable, and the art that comes from his mind and hands and body is transporting. As the New York Times commented, 'Sabin Howard, a sculptor of immense talent, has created some of the last decade's most substantive realistic sculpture. When viewing his works, visitors may be reminded of the time when Donatello and Rodin walked the earth.'



Fragment of Ego bronze, 35"X17"X12"



Woman in a White Dress oil/acrylic/bitumen on canvas 200cm X 200cm



The Brides 2012 oil/acrylic/bitumen on canvas 100cmX120cm

GABRIELA BODIN

Melancholy and Mystery

Review by Grady Harp

I began to understand that suffering and disappointments and melancholy are there not to vex us or cheapen us or deprive us of our dignity but to mature and transfigure us.

Hermann Hesse



Girl with downcast eyes 2012 oil/acrylic/bitumen on canvas 80cmX80cm

The mysterious, transformative paintings of Gabriela Bodin invite conversations with the viewer. Her figures appear isolated in some uncomfortable and hollow space that seems almost a cell in which each figure or figures remain arrested in time, fearing intrusion, while at the same time longing for connection. Sad eyes, expressionless stares suggest a profound loneliness, a state of being that perhaps pulls forth from us those moments of fear or inexplicable anxiety we all attempt to internalize, barricading entry into the privacy of our lives. Or as Virginia Woolf phrased it, 'If one is to deal with people on a large scale and say what one thinks, how can one avoid melancholy? I don't admit to being hopeless, though: only the spectacle is a profoundly strange one; and as the current answers don't do, one has to grope for a new one, and the process of discarding the old, when one is by no means certain what to put in their place, is a sad one.'

Gabriela Bodin was born in Focsani, Romania in 1983. She attended art school at Tatarescu in Focsani and followed that with further training in the Collonna Gatti in Nettuno, Italy. She lives and works in Bergamo, Italy. Bodin's national heritage may have influenced her art. She was born in a time of Communist rule (from 1945 to 1989) and from 1945 to 1964 deaths in custody are estimated in the tens or hundreds of thousands. Many more were imprisoned for political, economical or other reasons. There were a large number of abuses, deaths and incidents of torture against a large range of people. Nicolae Ceaușescu became head of the Communist Party in 1965 and head of state in 1967, assuming the newly-established role of President of Romania in 1974. Physical hardship and moral despair overwhelmed the society. Ceaușescu's denunciation of the 1968 Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia and a brief relaxation in internal repression helped give him a positive image both at home and in the West. Rapid economic growth fueled by foreign credits gradually gave way to austerity and political repression that led to the fall of the totalitarian government in December 1989. Bodin was a mere six years old during the Revolution of 1989 and

it seems doubtful that the atmosphere she witnessed during Ceaușescu's reign could fail to have a profound influence on the art she would express as an adult. As she states, 'I remember seeing that my parents were afraid to leave home because of the gunshots outside in the streets. My parents wore expressions of terror and I remember with horror watching the execution of Ceaușescu and his wife on television.' In 2000 Gabriela Bodin arrived in Italy and even at age 17 she felt a profound loneliness, finding it difficult at first to form friendships. 'Loneliness has always been a part of my nature.'

Perhaps the overall sense of melancholy in Bodin's masterful canvases are occult memories of experiences witnessed. And perhaps that is the reason she is far more immersed in technique than in the choice of subject matter. Her palette is limited by choice to the raw tones of red and white, ochre and umber, brown and the ever-present black that fills the otherwise empty space behind the subjects she paints. The 'black' she most often employs is bitumen, a tarry substance that makes its own raw statement. Her brush stroke is loose as though building with washes allows the figures to emerge from the darkness that lies behind and around them.

Gabriela Bodin's paintings deal primarily with the human figure and despite the looseness of her brush strokes her eye for detail is focused on the definition of the features of the face – the mouth, the nose and the sad, mournful, mysterious eyes that almost invariably engage the viewer with a silence that deafening. In *Woman with White Dress*, 2012 she defines her subject well but the lower aspect of the figure seems to meld with the amorphous foggy background: she stands before us as though being judged. The same sense of isolation occurs even when there is more than one figure, as in the painting *Two Brothers in Water*, 2011, or the strange painting titled *The Brides*, 2012, in which the two young girls' faces are clearly depicted while what appears to be the presence of tiaras and veils are suggested by subtle and simple lines.



Gabriela Bodin *Boy with White Dog* 2012 oil/acrylic/bitumen on canvas 80cmX180cm

Her figures do not always encounter us with stares. This usual strange cold confrontational look is avoided or at least averted from our encounter as in *Girl with Downcast Eyes*, 2012, and in *Young Girl with a Black Cardigan*, 2011, and *Girlly*, 2011. And at times the faces of her figures are obliterated without definition, as in *Lovers*, 2012.

Not all of Gabriela Bodin's paintings suggest the seemingly violent and energetic emotional vacuum of the paintings listed above. She has produced a number of near fantasy paintings of airplanes and hot air balloons in flight accompanied by sgraffito sketches of drawing ideas, words, numbers and dresses scratched into the bitumen background. And she has painted chickens and white dogs that can be seen as images of anger or play. In *Boy with White Dog*, 2012 she seems to be resolving some of her figures reluctance to interact and perhaps her paintings will develop this interaction more fully in the future.

For now, despite the wondrously inviting comfort of an old sofa in *Divan*, 2011, Gabriela Bodin continues to create her emotionally frozen figures. 'In my work I give much more importance to technique. The choice of the subject has no particular meaning; the subject is only a means to find the most significant shadows and position of the light. The choice of colors is quite limited in order to give greater clarity to the image; I employ the use of dark backgrounds for portraits so as to not have any distractions behind and to focus the viewer's attention only on the person.' She is a young artist whose works are gradually being recognized throughout Europe as statements in tune with our time. And perhaps it is this lingering loneliness and melancholy mirrored in her art that speaks to the isolation we share in chaotic times.

*Melancholy is sadness that has
taken on lightness.*

Italo Calvino



Two Brothers in Water 2011, oil/acrylic/bitumen on canvas 80cmX80cm

OPEN SUBMISSIONS: NO DEADLINE

Artists should send in a web site address to didimenendez at hotmail.com. Please note that the design of your web site and presentation of your work is the first noticeable impression made to the publisher so please make sure that the works on your site include the most recent artworks. Our artistic inclinations lean toward figurative and portraits but we are open to other works including landscape and still life. If accepted you will receive an email with further information on what is required for the issue your work will be presented in. Some of the requested materials will include high resolution images. Sometimes we have interview questions and sometimes we ask for an introspective of your work. We will only respond to artists whose work we really wish to have featured in our publication.

POETRY

Poets should submit up to five new poems not being considered by another editor.

Use the email address of our editor David Krump djjkrump@yahoo.com along with a nice cover letter. If accepted you will receive a note with whatever other requests we may have at the time including possible photos and/or interview. We will not offer suggestions or any other notice other than a “sorry but your work did not work out” if your submission is not accepted. We suggest you read some of the poems under the heading on the top tab of POETS to get a general feel for what we like.

Currently we are seeking submissions for our themed issues listed below.

KIMONO: Deadline January 25, 2013

Authors send up to five new poems which fit our theme KIMONO. The poems may be in any style or format. However, please keep in mind that our editor prefers poems which are left aligned and not over the page unless you wish to create one in the shape of a KIMONO then it will be considered along with the left aligned version. The poems should be new and written specifically for our call. Your submission should NOT be sent to other editors while your work is being considered. Please note: DO NOT SEND IN YOUR SUBMISSION EARLIER THAN OCTOBER 2012.

Besides our cover artist, the theme of KIMONO is open for all variations of art. They do not have to be about KIMONOs necessarily but the chances of being selected for publication are in your favor if the art fits the theme.

Send submissions to didimenendez at hotmail dot com. Again DO NOT SEND IN YOUR WORK FOR THIS THEME EARLIER THAN OCTOBER 2012.

PARIS: Deadline March 30, 2013

Authors send up to five new poems which fit our theme PARIS. The poems may be in any style or format. However, please keep in mind that our editor prefers poems which are left aligned. The poems should be new and written specifically for our call. Your submission should NOT be sent to other editors while your work is being considered. Please note: DO NOT SEND IN YOUR SUBMISSION EARLIER THAN JANUARY 2013.

Besides our cover artist, the theme of PARIS is open for all variations of art. They do not have to be about PARIS necessarily but the chances of being selected for publication are in your favor if the art fits the theme.

Send submissions to didimenendez at hotmail dot com. Again DO NOT SEND IN YOUR WORK FOR THIS THEME EARLIER THAN JANUARY 2013.

CHANTICLEER: Deadline June 25, 2013

Authors send up to five new poems which fit our theme CHANTICLEER. The poems may be in any style or format. However, please keep in mind that our editor prefers poems which are left aligned and not over the page unless you wish to create one in the shape of a CHANTICLEER then it will be considered along with the left aligned version. The poems should be new and written specifically for our call. Your submission should NOT be sent to other editors while your work is being considered. Please note: DO NOT SEND IN YOUR SUBMISSION EARLIER THAN APRIL 2013.

Besides our cover artist, the theme of CHANTICLEER is open for all variations of art. They do not have to be about CHANTICLEERs necessarily but the chances of being selected for publication are in your favor if the art fits the theme.

Send submissions to didimenendez at hotmail dot com. Again DO NOT SEND IN YOUR WORK FOR THIS THEME EARLIER THAN APRIL 2013.

Note to Poets:

By accepting PoetsandArtists offer to publish your poems, we request that you acknowledge PoetsandArtists (www.poetsandartists.com) as first publisher in future reprints of books, anthologies, web site publications, podcasts, radio, etc. Copyright reverts back to authors upon publication.

Note to Artists:

Artists published on PoetsandArtists (www.poetsandartists.com) are granting us permission to publish their images in the issue where they are featured. Some artists will be invited to be featured on the web site. Cover images will be used throughout the internet as needed to help bring attention to the publication. Other images may be used on the web site acknowledging the artist. The download of PDF files will contain images published and should not be used for any other purpose than personal. All images are copyright of the artist.



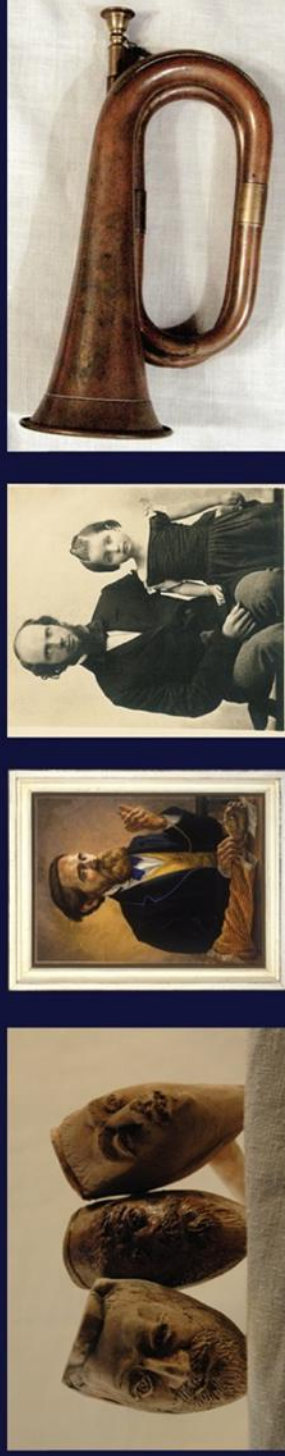
Rory Coyne

Marked by Myth

September 14 - October 5
Opening Reception:
September 14, 6-10 p.m.

FM*GALLERY
310 N. Peoria, Chicago, IL 60607
312.730.0611
fultonmarketgallery.com

"A Better Companion" (Detail), Oil on Linen, 78" x 42"



The Paternal Suit: Heirlooms from the F. Scott Hess Family Foundation



On View:
August 24 - October 6, 2012

Opening Reception:
Friday, August 24, 5 - 7pm

Gallery Walk-through with F. Scott Hess:
Saturday, August 25, 2pm

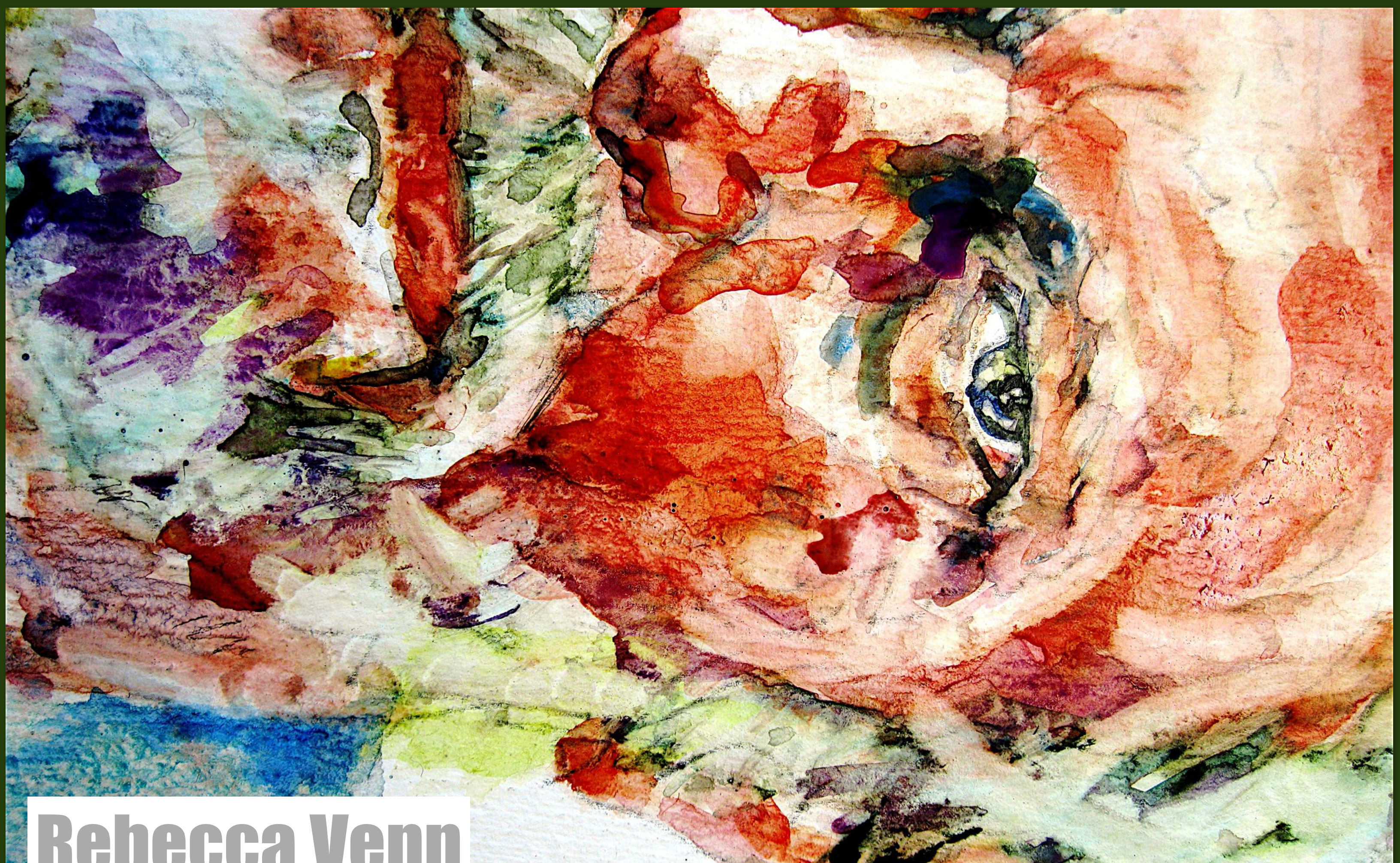
The Paternal Suit consists of over 100 paintings, prints, and objects exploring four hundred years of the artist's ancestry on his paternal side. Works in the exhibition were created by F. Scott Hess, but are presented as legitimate historical artifacts and are supported by photographs, documents, and historical ephemera. Each object and artwork bears an artist's name and detailed provenance and has been executed in the style of the century from which it supposedly originates. Sculpture, ceramics, furniture, toys, newspaper clippings, historic photographs, guns, and costumes advance the story. Hess does not claim authorship for the works on display. Instead, he ascribes to them fictional artists, referring to himself as the Director of the "F. Scott Hess Family Foundation."

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Rebecca Venn

Prepared by MagCloud for Linda Post. Get more at goss183.magcloud.com.