

POETS *and* ARTISTS

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VOLUME 3 ISSUE 2

Eloy Morales
Taner Ceylan
Jeanette Anderson
Lisa Marie Basile
Tom Martin
Ilene Marshall
Nava Fader
Randall Horton

*The Present
Life of Poet*

Charles Jensen

Photographed by Eric Druxman

www.poetsandartists.com

publishing as an art form

CON

poets and artists

5 Terry Lucas

6 Tom Martin

14 Pamela Johnson Parker

18 Eloy Morales

28 Ilene Marshall

39 Nava Fader

40 Taner Ceylan

67 Coleen Shin

68 Randall Horton

70 Larry Brooks

76 Jeanette Anderson

78 Lisa Marie Basile

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reviews

33 Wes Christensen

79 James Xavier Barbour

TENTS

- 84 Jacques Bodin
- 86 Zhaoming Wu
- 88 Steven DaLuz
- 90 Neil Hollingsworth
- 92 William Rose
- 94 Karen Hollingsworth
- 96 William Coronado
- 98 Jason John
- 100 Stephen Wright
- 102 Richard J. Frost
- 104 Angelique Moselle Price
- 106 Glennray Tutor

on the cover



**Charles
Jensen**

page 48

Terry Lucas

www.thewideningspell.blogspot.com

lives in Mill Valley, California. He has been published previously in *Poets and Artists* and in *Ocho*, and has recent or forthcoming work in *Green Mountains Review*, *Hotmetalpress*, and *OVS*. Terry has received three Pushcart nominations, and is an assistant editor for *Fifth Wednesday Journal*.

Practice

You remember how hard it used to be
at a party, waiting for all those guests
to go home—how you'd yawn, excuse yourself, hide
the last bottle of wine in the shower, start chasing people
out of the kitchen—you didn't need any help
cleaning up—no, really!—and have you seen my bougainvilleas
blooming in the front yard? Look—
where has the time gone?—until finally you are
walking the last couple to their car and no,
you can't go to Hackney's for a nightcap—
you've got to finish that paper this weekend.
Then you and your lover both wave, cut through
the neighbor's sprinkler, shoes
in hand. And the first thing you do back inside
the apartment is to feverishly redecorate the hallway—
shirt, sweater, belt, bra—one hand tangled and caught
in flesh, the other pulling off pants, hopping on one leg, falling
into bed—that center stage with barely room enough
for two, where you practice dying
and being born again
again.

Tom Martin

www.tommartinhyperrealism.co.uk



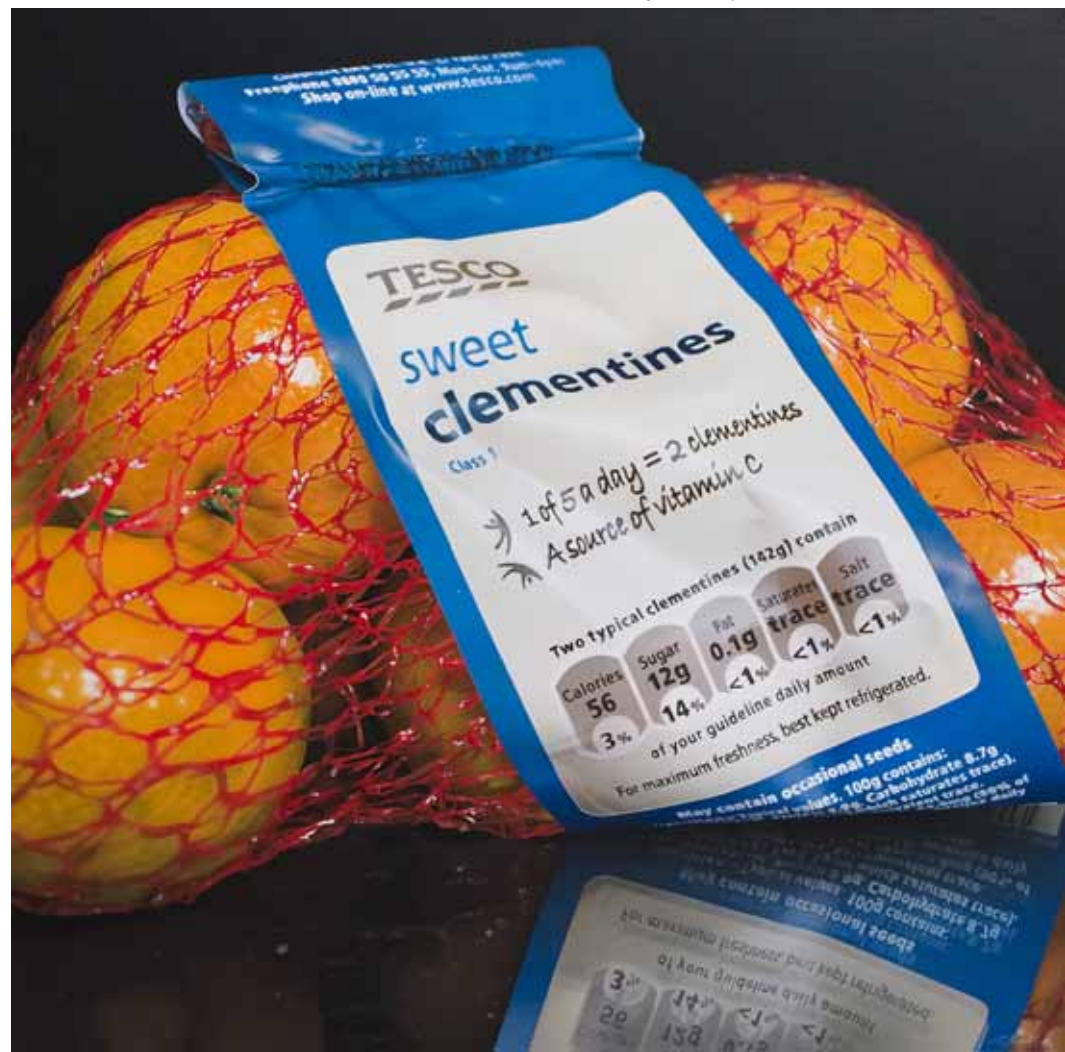
Artist standing next to *Everybody Gets Tempted Sometimes* acrylic on panel 185 x120 cm



In 2007, Tom Martin won the Rotherham artist of the year award under 25. After only finishing university in 2008 at the age of 22, he set out working as a full time artist. A gallery in London, the Plus One Gallery took his work on, and he hasn't looked back since. His work was shown in several group shows in 2008, and also at Art London for the first time. He took part in a series of exhibitions the gallery ran entitled 'exactitude'. In April 2009 the book, "Exactitude: Hyperrealist art today" was launched with Tom's work included in it. Meanwhile, he was preparing for his first solo show, which was to take place in September 2009, at Plus One Gallery.

Tom continues to partake in group shows. His work is collected in the UK, as well as countries such as Canada, France and Spain. Tom lives and works in Rotherham, England.

One of Five acrylic on panel 90 x 90 cm



Where do you find your inspiration?

My inspiration comes from all around me. The food I eat, the objects I touch, a shard of light bouncing off a pane of glass. Pretty much anything. But I am inspired by the art work that goes on around me, by my contemporaries. I love visiting shows, they are in London mostly; however, I recently returned from a great trip to New York. There I met up with countless great artists, some of which you have interviewed I believe, Denis Peterson and Jason John to name a couple. The whole trip was incredible, it was a huge inspiration, and I firmly believe it's very important to keep in touch with the art world. Only 50% of learning is done in the studio, the other half is done observing, and analysing other people and their work.

Do you have a ritual you follow before each new work is started?

I wouldn't say it was a ritual as such, more a process which gets me to the beginning of a painting. Firstly, I have an idea, that idea can come from anywhere. The thing with being an artist is that it's a 24/7 job, one doesn't turn off, not a moment goes by when I'm not thinking of something in an art related context. So for example, I might be on the bus and an idea pops into my head for a new painting. Some people sketch ideas out, that's not how I work, I can usually visualise what I want in my head. So the next stage is to go grab the camera and take some shots 'til I get what I want. I guess that's how my work begins pretty much.

What are you working on next?

At the minute I'm in the drawing out stages of my most complex painting to date. An image I took while in JFK airport of a bar with all the spirits and mixers. I'd been looking for an image for a while of this, and while I was over in NYC, I took several. However, this was the last image I took, while on the way home, it turned out the best. There is actually a little story behind it, which I'm going to bore you with. HAHA! I went to New York with an artist friend of mine, Simon Hennessey. I knew I wanted this image so I began taking these



images, each night I'd look through them and analyse them. So one night while looking through, I noticed in the bottom corner, a Remy Martin bottle, angled to one side so you could only make out the Martin part. Well next to it, to my amazement, was a bottle of Hennessy. I found it quite amusing and crazy. So when I took the photograph in the airport,



A Little Piece of Italy acrylic on panel 165 x 110 cm

I wasn't really in a position to start arranging bottles. The thought didn't even cross my mind, but on returning home and analysing this image, there it was again in the bottom left, martin, next to hennessy, almost paying homage to our trip together. So i decided without doubt, I had to paint this image. So there you go!

The image is remarkably complex, as there is a mirror behind each shelf, so every bottle is doubled up. It's going to be tough, and take me a long time, but I'm going to do it, I don't ever quit a painting once I've begun.

What is your hidden talent?

A hidden talent, that's a tough one. I'm not sure



Grains with a Distinctive Nutty Flavour acrylic on aluminium 100 x 100 cm

I have one, not in particular anyway. I am quite good at making things or creating things, but I guess that's borderline art related. For example I make clothes, I love making things from wood, even if it's my own panels. I made the walls which now encase my studio. I even cut my own hair! So yeh, I'd say creating things was my hidden talent.

How did 2009 treat you?

As you have probably gathered by what I said

earlier, 2009 was a pretty successful year for me. I was in my first book, first of many I am hoping, but.. we will see how that goes. I did my first solo show, which was so satisfying when it all came together after the hard work. I went to New York for the first time and met so many people. Artists alone I think I met 15 or so. Some of which I've spoken to before online, others not. That's not mentioning the art dealers and various other people. I'd say I had a good year all round.



It's All Good acrylic on panel 120 x 120 cm

“The items that I feature in my paintings are nothing more than fractions of my everyday life. My aim primarily is to create an impossible existence, a hyper-reality itself. I want the subject to appear to project further than the plane of the canvas, to have a presence, putting the viewer somewhere in the physical experience of the painting.”

A Short Silence
acrylic on panel
70 x 140 cm



Explain your process.

The first part of the process is gathering the information, as I said earlier, getting an idea, followed by photographing that idea – may it be going out and finding it already set up, or setting it up in the studio. Next, I put the raw files into the computer, and in photoshop I manipulate things such as the colours, the shadows, the exposure, etc etc. before cropping the image to the proportions I want and sharpening it. So I then have an image. At this point once I know the sizes. I begin making the panel. The panels are usually made from ply wood with a wooden framework on the back, or recently I have tried aluminium too. The panel takes a few days to make, and as soon as that is done I seal it with a sanding sealer. To prime it, I lay down



anywhere between 10-15 coats of gesso, depending I guess on how lazy I'm being. Once that's done, I begin the sanding, working through the various grades of wet and dry sandpaper, until the panel is super smooth. Then I grid up the panel in pencil, with whatever grid I have decided to use for the job, this corresponds to the same grid I use on the computer image. They might be 2.5cm squares or they might be 4cm squares, it depends on the image and how complex it is. I'm now ready to project the image onto the panel, and begin to draw it out. So I have drawn out the whole image on the panel, it's time to start painting.

I can't really say in what order I tackle the painting, it varies a lot. Some people work from right to left etc,

I rarely do this. Again it depends on the image. If there is a lot of background, I will fill that in first and get it out of the way, so I can paint the subject over the top of it. I use a Iwata Hp-c airbrush, hooked up to a compressor air supply. The paints I use are generally thinned acrylics, and at present are primarily liquitex.

Once the painting stage is complete, I set about varnishing the piece up to the correct finish, at present I'm working with a really glossy finish. When I achieve that desired finish, the work is complete. I usually frame the work with a simple black canvas L shape floater frame, which I also make myself, and there you go. One painting ready for, hopefully, a home somewhere.

Pamela Johnson Parker

is the author of *A Walk Through the Memory Palace*, selected by Dinty Moore as the winner of the *qarrtsiluni* 2009 chapbook contest. Her poems, flash fiction, and creative nonfiction appear in various print and on-line journals. A second chapbook, *Other Four-Letter Words*, will appear in July 2010 from Finishing Line Press. Pamela is a medical editor and professor of creative writing and literature at Murray State, which is her alma mater.

In the Laundry Room

In Hickman, in Kentucky,
I am left with our maid
Annie (my grandma was

Out shopping) and I sit
And watch her iron in
This too-hot laundry room.

It is dark, and the room's
Hung full of shirts
With no arms in them,

Dresses, empty aprons.
Annie has been ironing
For what seems like forever

And while I wait I color
In my *National Velvet*
Coloring book, and I stay

Right within the lines:
The girl with the hair
Of a boy, the horse

With the name of a pie.
They jump over sticks and
Over stones. I watch Annie

And her friend Cowboy
Who's working out in
Grandma's flowers—where

Dry petals fall, all colors,
Like my crayons. Annie
Has her Pepsi bottle

For sprinkling, and it's
Stopped like a zinnia,
Or the watering can

Cowboy carries. In my box
Of 48 the colors line up
In rows like the roses

Cowboy tends to. These
Crayon names are
Sometimes sticks, and

Sometimes stones. *Flesh*
Reads one, which isn't
The right color of me,

Or Cowboy, or Annie, either.
She's the color of Pepsi that
Once filled up that bottle,

He's more the shade of plums
That dry up in a dish
In Grandma's kitchen,

And I'm more the color
Of that dish. None of us
Is this funny shade

Like salmon stinking
Out of the can before
Annie shapes it into patties.

When I was little, we played
Patty-cake. The pink of her
Palms is pinker than mine,

Pinker than roses Cowboy's
Cutting. She's not flesh—that's
Just a label on a crayon, and

I'm not coloring Velvet. I'd
Rather watch Annie, who is
Ironing my best dress,

Which is velvet and black,
Which is not the color
The sky is turning, even

Though it is getting darker
And darker, and I've waited
Now so long. The iron steams

Hot cotton, and my crayons
Smell like birthday candles,
Lining up in two sections

Like at the movies, lower
and balcony levels (where
I never sit with Annie).

Annie Is Grandma's girl,
And so am I, and Cowboy
Is old, 48, like the crayons

In my box, and he is not
A boy, and also Velvet is
Not a boy. And I'm a girl

And colored, but not like
Cowboy or Annie. And
Still Velvet is not colored.

I'm afraid of going beyond
The heavy dark outlines.
Finally, the ironing's done,

All the wrinkles have been
Smoothed over, and now
It's time for Grandma.

Annie takes me downtown
And I sneak up to her water
Fountain, expecting grape

Soda, or pink lemonade,
Or at the least some
Pepsi, but it's just plain

Water, not colored
At all, and all the way
Home, I'm mad and

I'm trying not to cry,
All the way home as
I look out the window

Everything I see--
Sky, houses, horses,
Roses--all the world's

Going grey, just as grey
As the ash that dangles
From Grandma's ivory

Cigarette holder as
She sits where she should
In the back beside me.

Shame at the Five and Dime

(for Persephone)

Hole burning in your pocket, like a small
Full moon, it's a sweat-slick
Quicksilver sliver of silver, and you

Have to spend it quick
Before you're caught and catch
Hell for it...The notches

In the side of it notching your sins.
Here are notions if you get a notion
For sewing, here are floss and flossy

Spools of scarlet, cinnabar, silver;
Here are the smallest safeties:
Pins clinging possum

To their mother's underbelly
(Kittens in a row, *kittens*
In a sack, she's said so);

Here's a sewing kit cunning
Enough to fit into your palm
Like this dime you stole

From your own mother's
Coin purse (it's round yellow
Plastic, no bigger than her

Rain bonnet---*Baptists*
Believe in Total Immersion
In gold gilt letters

Gift from the lady's auxiliary);
Here are hooks that don't catch
You lifting that silver,

Judas girl, Punch and
Judas, and also eyes
That don't witness,

Here are zippers
With their snaggle teeth
Keeping their secrets safe,

Here's a pincushion of ruddy
Love apples and strawberry,
Improbable vine (fine grit

For sharpening
Needles, for needling,
Doesn't fall far from the tree);

Here are needles from pin-eye
To tapestry to gaping
Carpet tacker (little Cyclops);

Here are ribbons to tie you
And tape measure with its
Black piano keys to play

Was lost but now am found.
Here is rickrack or hem tape
To stop threading topsoil

Into the river (silt of your hem
Coming undone, uneven
Shoreline); here's elastic thread

To slip-stitch your slip strap before
It's snowing down south when hell
Freezes over from the one thin

Dime, the one that's branded
Your palm, Mercury dime, stolen
Silver (only one piece not 30),

You spend it on embroidery
Transfer of daffodils to iron
On a handkerchief.

Something of a Documentary

I can remember the thick flat brushes,
The glass of water gone grey with color,
The rough white paper, then your deft salvage
Of the smudges I'd made; how you told me
About accident, about chance and balance;
How you bit your lip as you worked; how quickly
We went to bed. *Like air*, you said. *You can
Never get enough*. Later, you painted
Me in oils, the fluorescent lights leaching
All color from my skin, my mouth a gash
Of Persian red—which after you left, I couldn't
Bear to sell. In my garage now, it's stored
Beside that pair of Japanese herons:
Red-capped, stilted, the ones that mate for life.



Photograph by Harvey Parker

Introspective: Something of a Documentary

I wrote this poem in response to an assignment from my MFA mentor, Philip Stephens. Our assignment was to write something related to red and black. My first attempt, writing about red-letter versus black-letter words in the New Testament, was a complete and utter failure, one of those poems a desk drawer cannot suffocate quickly enough. I started thinking about red, black, and failure, and re-reading Robert Hayden's unformal sonnet "Those Winter Sundays," led to my own attempt.

I still have the herons.



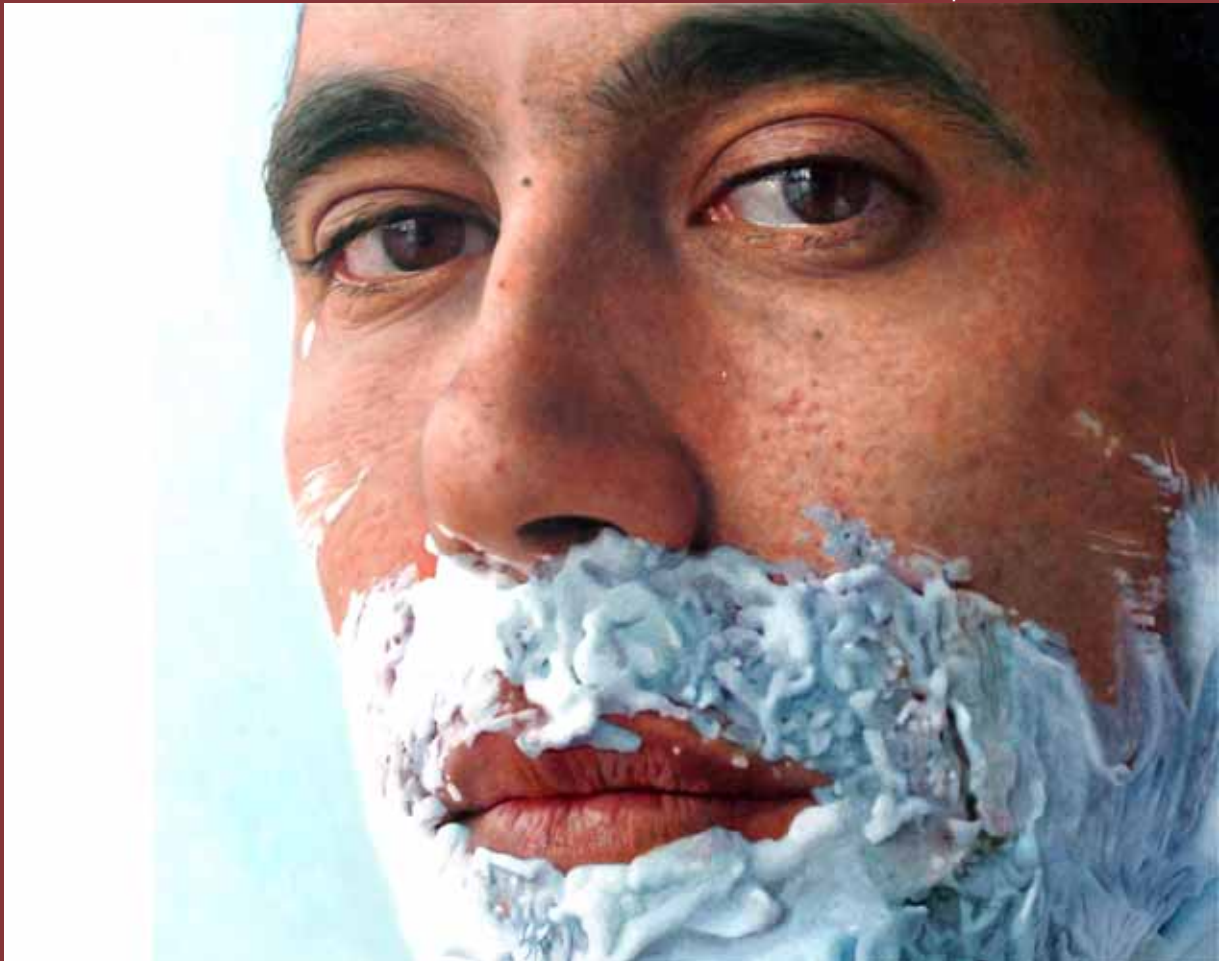
Eloy Morales
working on
Nadador
oil on panel
160 x 160 cm

Eloy Morales

<http://eloymorales.jimdo.com>

was born in Madrid in 1973 and received a Bachelor of Fine Arts in 1998. He had his first show at the age of 15 and has been professionally dedicated to art since he was 20. He has shown his work throughout America and Europe on different group shows and art fairs such as ARCO, ART PARIS, ARTISSIMA, CIGE, LOOP, ARTE FIERA, ARTEXPO, among others. He received the Pinturerias Award in 1994 and Penagos Award in 1999. He has presented five solo shows in Spain. He is currently working with Espacio Nolde, Ansorena, Santiago Echeberria and Jorge Alcolea.

David oil on panel 160 x 160 cm



Interior Verde
oil on panel
70 x 100 cm



**ELOY
MORALES**





“I am interested in working on reality through the use of pictorial codes, previously understanding that it is a false relation and I always keep in mind that painting is an independent expression. Finding a meeting point that truly represents my vision keeps me going on painting.”



Peces de Colores oil on panel 50 x 200 cm

Q&A Eloy Morales

Where do you find your inspiration?

I am a very hard working painter, which means I spend quite a few hours a day painting. The more I do it the easier inspiration comes to me. Of course, it depends on many factors, specially your state of mind. To give my best I need to be mentally relaxed and keep away any worries other than those about

painting.

Explain your process

I try to keep, on every painting, a door open to the unexpected. I mean, keep the process as open as possible to never get bored. I usually start with a very detailed drawing on which I apply a first coat of painting and, on top of this one, I gradually add glazings, scrubbings, etc. At the end I recover part of the



original shapes in a work of cleaning. I am specially focused on creating a pictorial map, which will build the image through different media intervention accidents. I will never understand my work as a mechanical process.

Do you have a ritual you follow before each new work is started?

I almost always write down on

a booknote a series of steps that I'll follow as my goals all through the process. They are, in most cases, things I left unsolved in previous works.

What are you working on next?

I am actually working on several collective shows here in Spain. Though I usually do not do it, I am also planning to work on some paintings for



Bosque con Filtraciones Solares oil on panel 50 x 200 cm

different contests.

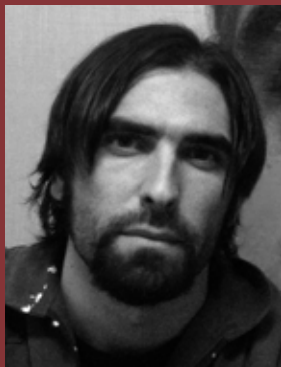
What is your hidden talent?

I do not do many other things apart from painting, since I have dedicated my whole life exclusively to it. I also have a rock band called “Boobology” that works for me as a disconnection, which is sometimes truly needed.

What do you hope art

historians will say about your work 300 years from now?

I do not paint thinking about recognition. It is a personal fight. I would not understand my life without painting. But if that happened I would like to be remembered for my honesty as a painter, taking each piece as a new challenge, as one more step beyond.



Introspective:

More than one particular painting, I would highlight two series on which I have been working for ten years, "Forest Inside" and "Swimmer".

From the first one I have done one hundred pieces, including oils and drawings. In them I have tried to deal with very subtle sensations, through mysterious and very personal

ELOY MORALES



images, working even more with the unseen than with the explicit.

On the other hand, the "Swimmer" series is a collection of some 15 large scale portraits, where I have been able to follow my own evolution through all these years with a similar image. In this case I had to deal with more limitations regarding my pictorial freedom, because of the necessity of resemblance and for being a more explicit image. That is precisely the challenge, to be able to get to similar sensations playing with more strict rules.

Ilene Marshall

is a high school English teacher at the Pittsburgh Science & Technology Academy. Ilene has published work in the *English Journal* and has been featured on the spoken word show, *Prosody* (WYEP). She holds an MA in English education from NYU and would like to someday pursue an MFA in creative writing. She is married and lives in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Trinity

I.

Imagine a young lady bent
over a long bench, coal colored
hair tucked into a bun beneath a net—
nimble fingers stained blue and black
with hours marked by ink
from thousands of pens to assemble;

picture this woman, a portrait
of unorthodox grace, where beauty
is unconventional and found
in hands scrubbed over a steel basin
in pure bleach from a generic bottle;
this is Los Angeles, 1971—a Freedom
Flight away from Camagüey and cerulean waters;

it *is* what she expected—an apartment,
a car, minimum wage with which to buy
any brand of toothpaste, a tube of red lipstick,
some bread from an overflowing grocery isle.

II.

An adolescent girl sits at a desk,
slight fingers twisted around a pen,
fumbling to make sense of her
history, unraveling it—petal
by fragile petal—this reluctant bud;

she stops to trace the blue-veined
lines of blood inside her wrist,
dragging the black ink over the crocheted
threads that tie her to a culture
fat with tradition, intricate lace that
binds her to a roll she does not realize
she will be asked to play,
unconscious of the culture
buried in her bones, oblivious
to the loyalties that will burden her;

she knows only words—liquid
loops of letters formed on a page—
their potential to speak for her
paralyzed tongue, to one day scream:

III.

A still entity keeps custody of two
women, a silhouette of fierce union
woven amid a mother's silent fear
of her daughter's inevitable independence—

they cannot name this ribbon of silk
that races beneath their flesh, this braided
cord of family that tethers and tangles—
this trinity of mother, daughter
and the unspoken—that which is created
in the black waters of the womb,
long before blue blood breaks the surface
to breath and become red.

Letters From Havana

My cousin,

writes me letters about teaching secondary school,
wearing the yellow dress I left behind, the sneakers,
holes in the toes, asking when I will return.

It was summer when we sucked,
chewed on mangoes ripened orange and laughed
picking the threaded strands of fruit from between our teeth.
We stood on the balcony strung with faded drying panties
and torn socks in the twilight of a curtsying sun.

Pressed against the protruding coils on the bowed
bed in the dark, we whispered secrets in broken Spanish
almost perfect English, while the cat toyed
with a cockroach when the electricity was turned off.

I painted her nails *Rage* from a bottle hidden away
inside my luggage, and she sauntered along the rubble
with a new air as we walked to buy sweet coconut drinks.

I write her letters sending a ten between
my words, sometimes buried
beneath vitamins and a re-glued seal, some
dental floss, soap and medicine, closing
my letter with

love, *tu prima*.

La Familia de Camaguey

A sister and niece carrying platanos
and rice, kick up red earth
behind them as they walk towards
a house that peels with chipped paint;
they whisper sheepishly,
blushing as they talk about their novios
and marrying them one day.

Aged guajiros sit on the porch
playing dominos, scratching rusted-
razor shaved stubble between
puffs on Cohibas.

Twine holds rags over windows,
the torn screen on the creaking door
lets in the flies.

Daughter and grandmother cook
carnero y arros con gri tonight;
in the kitchen they comb the rice
with callused hands looking for dirt.

In the backyard la mama picks mangos,
and guayavas off summer-ripe trees;
her salt and peppered hair is pulled back,
and her white apron cradles the fruit.

La familia gathers around an uncle,
he's arrived with an accordion;
padres, sons, hermanos, cousins
and husbands sit on corroded chairs
around an open bottle of rum;
the tink of glass breaks
the heaviness of the Caribbean air,
and they sing the songs of their tierra.

My Blue Cuba

I am the mule strapped to this yoke
dragging a cart crowded with stories
loaded down by a mother,
a dead grandmother, and an island.
I pull with shoulders and hind
heels digging into the soil through
this gauntlet of history and culture.

The burdens burn on my haunches,
a fierce flame glowing blue
with lashings of English and Spanish.
This yoke at my throat yanks with
phone calls of send medicine for Juani's stomach,
send lace for Janet's wedding,
send shoes for Elmer,
send *dollares*.

I am the last of this stock treading between traditions,
trying to keep my lashes, feathered as the coconut
palms above the lip of these deep waters—
these blue-veined lines of blood
between that island and this country.
These fragrant burdens I inhale, take it all in
and become weightless—I become
this narrative.

Introspective: *My Blue Cuba*

In May of 1998 I accompanied my mother on a trip to Cuba, the homeland she had not seen since she left it in 1971. When we returned I felt more than just a writer's desire to capture what I had absorbed, but something closer to an *obligation*. What spilled out onto the page wasn't a result of time set aside to write. I approached most of these poems very organically, and the series of what I refer to as my Cuba/mother-daughter poems really began with "My Blue Cuba." I knew I wanted to explore the idea of being the final link in a cultural chain, the last connection to a family and an entire country. The weight of this task turned into an image of a mule plowing fields. There was this mule, strapped with the burdens of what previous generations had accomplished—sending clothing, medicine and money. I wanted to infuse the poem with very concrete images so that whoever read it might understand what it is like to be connected to relatives that need so much and how that needing rests on the shoulders of those who have. The repetition of "send" in the last three lines of the second stanza is that constant requirement of daily necessities. It is that burden that I wanted to express; a burden that when taken on, doesn't necessarily provide any obvious rewards, because the recipients are so far away. There isn't any kind of immediate gratification. Knowing has to be enough. Beyond those general thoughts, I just ran with image of the mule, taking that through the entire poem until the speaker basically gives in and becomes her history.



Implied Narratives, Aperçus, Emulations: Painting History

The Art of **Wes Christensen**

Review by **Grady Harp**

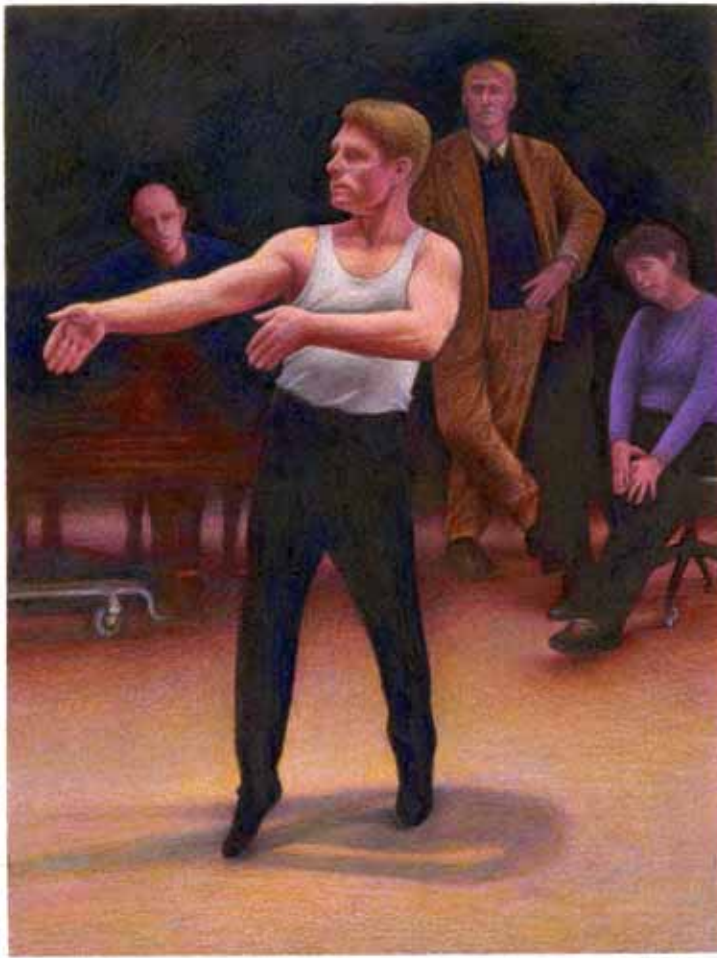


Fiction

“We live in an age of frailty, fear, and morbidity. Where will the kindness and intelligence come from that can save us?”

Luis Buñuel

WES CHRISTENSEN is an artist who has gained admiration and respect for his small images created with colored pencil and watercolor, and while his paintings are relatively small in physical size, they are windows to vistas of history, not only the history of art but also that of literature, philosophy, sociology, and cultures. He is a learned man who turns his thoughts and musings into visual



Deliberate Regression

representations that echo the vast knowledge from which he draws his inspirations.

Viewing the art of Wes Christensen requires the visitor to approach the works closely: they cannot be fully appreciated from a distance as in the large imagery of many of his colleagues where the impact of the painting lies in the clues and atmospheres and painterly technique that build the central message. But it is this very act of becoming intimately involved with Christensen's obvious gift of draughtsmanship that allows him to share rather quiet glimpses of his work, much like

Vanitas



Check Up



WES CHRISTENSEN



Countertransference



Que Es Eso

opening a treasured locket that holds photographs or mementoes of a private nature.

Christensen, born in Illinois but living and practicing both art and medicine (working since the Vietnam War as a psychiatric technician - now at UCLA's Neuropsychiatric Institute) in Los Angeles, is a man who is at all times curious: curious as to the meaning behind incidents and reports he studies, behind human response, curious to recreate thoughts and events from literature and history in terms of today. His sources include dance, ethnic tradition, the odd lives of past artists that remain conundrums to the public at large, and interesting

people both in and out of the art scene. He often gathers his friends, usually fellow artists, to pose for him as he creates visual vignettes to photograph and then study and find what lies beyond his initial idea of **Implied Narratives:** in *Fiction* he created a portrait of novelist James Robert Baker, posed as Lee Harvey Oswald based on the Life Magazine cover. And in *Deliberate Regression* the performance artist Leonard Crofoot becomes Nijinsky in rehearsal, observed by Christensen's other friends as Diaghilev and others. Or he simply invents his own puzzling narratives as in *Check Up, Vanitas, Countertransference,* and *Que Es Eso.*



Charades



Vital Signs.



At times Christensen references particular photographs or paintings in a series he calls **Emulations**. For example, in **Charades** he references a 1883 photograph of James Ensor and Ernest Rousseau fighting with bones, posed by his fellow artists F. Scott Hess and Peter Zokosky. Ingres' 1808 painting *Oedipus and the Sphinx* becomes **Oedipus with Spongemop**, and a photograph of the romantically linked silent film stars Nazimova and Natasha Rambova results in **Vital Signs**.



Oedipus with
Spongemop



In other works Christensen concentrates on his fine sense of human anatomy referencing history from a different angle or aperçu as in **Cast Room**, **Charon**, and **Sara's Attitude**.

Wes Christensen's mind is as fascinating as the art he makes, and among his words are the following thoughts: 'In my recent work, I find that my usual implied narratives have begun to give way to the aphorism, and the story has been replaced by the kind of brief aperçu suggested by Heraclitus' Fragment 10: "Things Keep their Secrets." A fragment can suggest a lost whole, but it has also become a manner of expression, a postmodern style. In a time when completion eludes us, the world seems revealed in quick glances, and keys to understanding are often found in hints, gestures, and metaphors which neither reveal nor conceal. Ambiguous, and sometimes opaque, aphorisms tend to invite a psychological approach to interpretation - an approach that favors analogy over explanation, and invites corresponding visual echoes and provokes parallel poetic images; images that invite awakened insight from each spectator, through subjective appeals to each viewer's imaginative experience. Just as Heraclitus notices that "Things keep their secrets", he also insists on the newness of every moment that holds all these things. That freshness transforms their meanings in the eyes of each beholder, and in that transformation there is



Charon

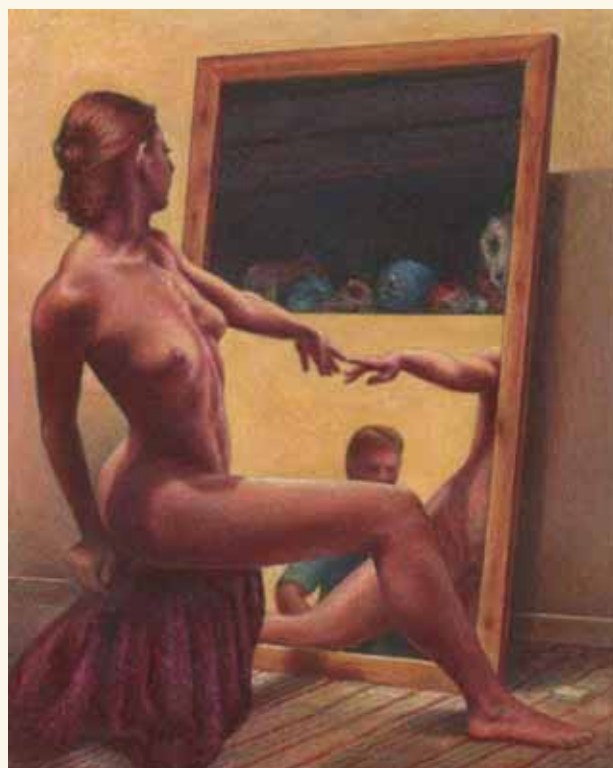


Cast Room

a path to redemption’.

Spending time with the art of Wes Christensen is in many ways delving into each of our own brushes with history, with art, with literature, with philosophy. But it is where Christensen invites us to pause for a moment known as idea or inspiration that he gently urges us to see things fresh, to not expect a singular answer but instead to employ the exercise of thinking. And in our individual thoughts we create our own tableaux, stories that might never have happened had it not been for the stimulus by this gifted artist.

**Sara's
Attitude**



WES CHRISTENSEN

Nava Fader

received her master's degree in Poetics at SUNY Buffalo, writing her thesis on Adrienne Rich. Work has recently been in *42 Opus*, *Dogzplot*, *decomp*, and *Counterexample Poetics*. Nava is the author of *All the Jawing Jackdaw* (BlazeVOX) and chapbooks, *stonesoup* (Slack Buddha, 2009) and *The Plath Poems* (Dancing Girl, 2009), with e-chap *Drowned Goddesses* forthcoming (Scantly Clad Press). Nava has always been interested in using source texts—as basis for false translation, jumping-off points, and in dialogue. Most of her poems begin with a line by somebody else. Especially rich for pilfering are Basil Bunting, Rimbaud, Rich, Plath, and Robert Duncan. She is currently working on a volume of fake translations from Dante's *Inferno*.



At what the god had
wrought / To please
her son (Auden)

shield a promise note
bene sesame and smaller girls
are dancing under moon long
day's work grapes
shine the gods
too quick to glimpse
and we are glad of it

hammer got you
voodoo doll your one arm
jealous limper forged you out

two whole hands to cup
her face or heft of hair

running in songs instead your blood
will be rivers when you
put your shield down.

Introspective: *At what the god had wrought / To please her son (Auden)*

This poem begins with a line from Auden, from his poem "The Shield of Achilles." I scan the poem and have a kind of sketch or note-taking of it, with key words and images in my mind. And then I build my own piece from these, sometimes referring back to the original to reengage in dialogue or to firm up my "response." But I think the poems reads better, or more usefully, without the source text, since I prefer that displacement and unfamiliarity in language and context. Which is funny because I often need the context, or someone to "talk" to, to make the poem.

There are so many rich themes to plunder, from parenting and future-hoping, to mythology and gods, to feminism, history, and war.



Taner Ceylan

lives and works in Istanbul as an artist and lecturer. His work has been exhibited internationally for the past two decades including a solo exhibit in New York in 2009. He is currently represented in Istanbul by Galerist.



"Sitting on the exterior staircase of a building towards the morning. The sky is half-lit and the golden rays of sun come down from among the purple clouds and pass through his hair blowing in the wind. His skin, nose and hands are shining bright with a halo-like light. From time to time he raises his head and looks to the sea. The young man sits his legs spread and elbows leant on them. What or who is he? Why is he looking at the sea? He seems to be rich. Would he save me from this miserable life? However, he looks so sorrowful, I could show him so much of my compassion. How masculine he is. Would he care for me? How does he make love?"

The above scene, or the moment, is one I have long been thinking of painting. Neither a movie, nor writing or a piece of music could help me describe the moment in I pictured my mind. Now I know very well that the most meaningful thing in life is to show the moment and paint a picture of the situation that I could live that moment. I believe that an entire life and all mysteries of the universe can fit into a moment. Looking back to the past, I see that painting is merely experiencing a moment bit by bit. As for the painting that comes out, it can be described as the position where infinite possibilities between two movements, frozen forever, take place. Maybe, that is why they call my paintings dangerous and unexhibitable today, because it is where all my possible and impossible dreams reside. Despite my futile struggles with many institutions to exhibit my works, what I have found out is that 'Everyone is giving his or her own reaction to self, whereas what I only did was to be myself.'"

TANER CEYLAN

Spiritual

oil on canvas

140 x 200 cm

TANER CEYLAN





Q&A **Taner Ceylan**

Where do you find your inspiration?

The way how the inspiration comes is different every time. My inspirations depend on my feelings. Sometimes it comes through a look of a stranger, from a book or a poem, sometimes from a movie or a picture. Classic art is a very powerful inspiration source. But I must

also say that some ideas are coming through my dreams and are sometimes very spontaneous.

Do you have a ritual you follow before each new work is started?

It's a very difficult process to make the paintings. Not at the beginning but at the end I have some spiritual rituals to protect my painting from bad conditions in the future.

Self-Portrait as Cinderella oil on canvas 115 x 180 cm





Transporter (Self-Portrait) oil on canvas 140 x 200 cm

What do you hope art historians will say about your work 300 years from now?

Of course like every artist I wish the same; to be a recognized artist that has survived over the time. But the truth is painting is a life style; you are living for the very moment. I am in love with the world that I create. Sometimes I don't want to finish a painting because I want to spend a little bit more time with the person that I am painting. Realism fascinates me, the two dimensional surface becomes an endless space with endless stories...at the end I can't believe what I created. It is magic.

Have any of your mistakes become a success?

Not mistakes but some paintings that resulted in scandals have turned out to be a success. After I painted and exhibited "Taner Taner" which is a double self portrait making love with myself. I was discharged of my post as a lecturer at the University of fine arts. What followed afterwards was an international recognition of my works.

What are you working on next?

I am working on my next painting which is about Ottoman Empire. I want to paint

the Ottoman times without being an orientalist painter.

What is your hidden talent?

Music, I am playing classical guitar. Especially I am good at Bach.

Has your art inspired a poem?

I don't know but poem inspired my paintings.

What medium have you not used in the past that you may wish to try out?

I have a video work that I like very much. Maybe I can make a video again. I want to make sculptures in a

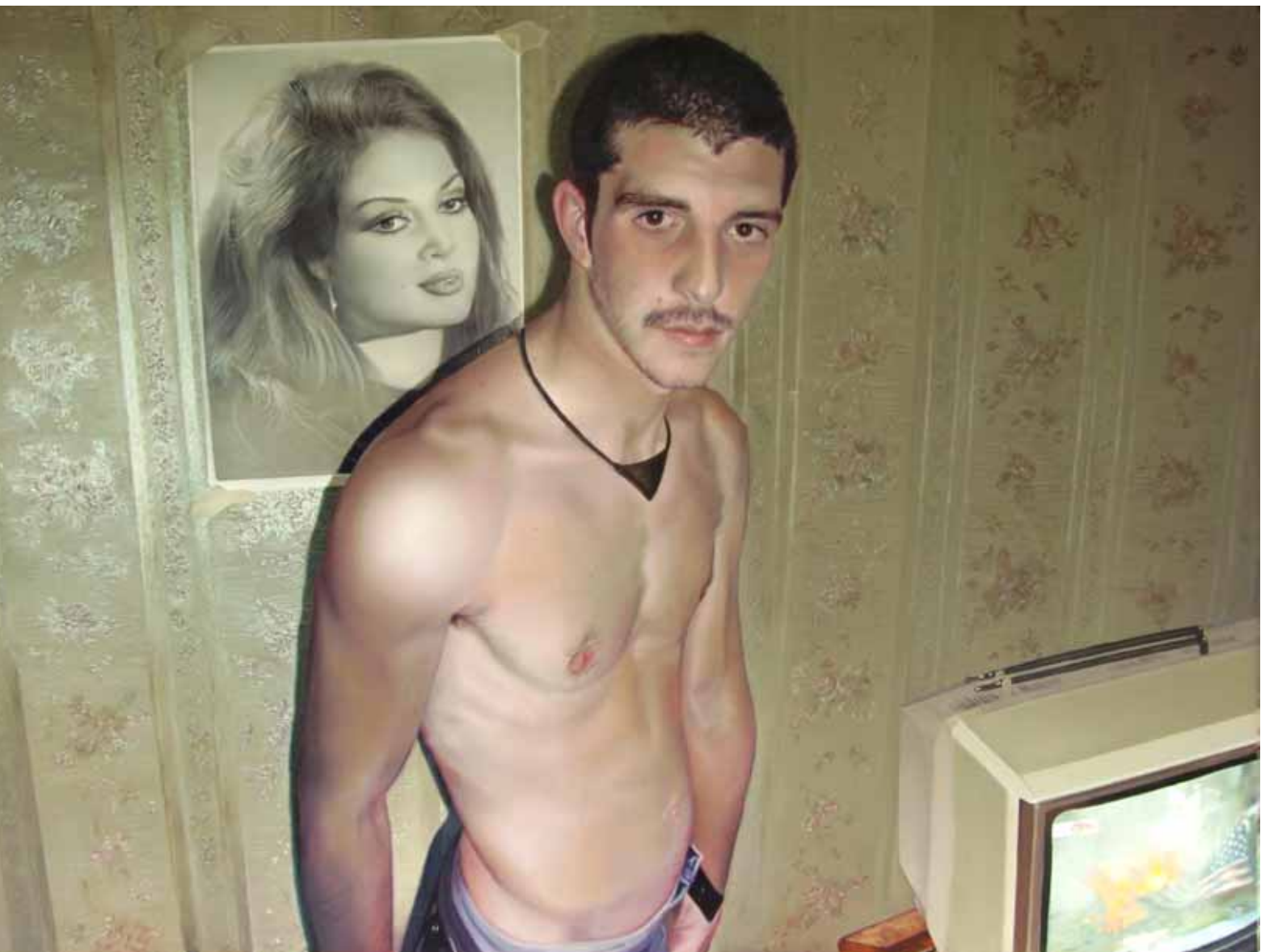
very traditional way. I don't know how and when but I will.

Explain your process.

The pre production start from searching the model and taking pictures in perfect atmosphere and light conditions than the computer process helps me to make the sketch perfect. In some cases I see a picture on the web or in a magazine than I take the copyright of the photograph for reinterpreting and making it a part of my composition. That constitutes the base of my work and the real work starts there after.

New World oil on canvas 80 x 120 cm





Karanfil Hasan oil on canvas 80 x 120 cm

Introspective: *Karanfil Hasan*

My painting named "Karanfil Hasan" is the first painting that contains a political theme. Karanfil Hasan is a Hammam boy that lived in the 19th century Istanbul. He was very famous for his talent to give pleasures to pashas at the great Hammams. In my painting he became a rent boy in the "Londra Hotel" Istanbul ready for demand! In the background is a black white picture of "Türkan Soray" the most beautiful and famous film actress in turkey. She is symbolizing the innocent Turkey in the '50s. On the right side is a television showing CNN; some people are burning a American flag. In the middle of the painting is "Karanfil Hasan" standing and looking in our eyes and asking; "What do you want me to do?"



Charles Jensen

charles-jensen.com





Charles Jensen's favorite television show of 2009 was *Gossip Girl*, his favorite album was The Gossip's *Music for Men*, and his favorite concert experience was Lady Gaga in Richmond, Virginia. He grew up in Wisconsin but is reluctant to admit this as he has worked diligently to rid his speech of a Wisconsin accent, although he occasionally trips up and uses the term "bubler" now and then. His most recent collection of poems is *The First Risk*.

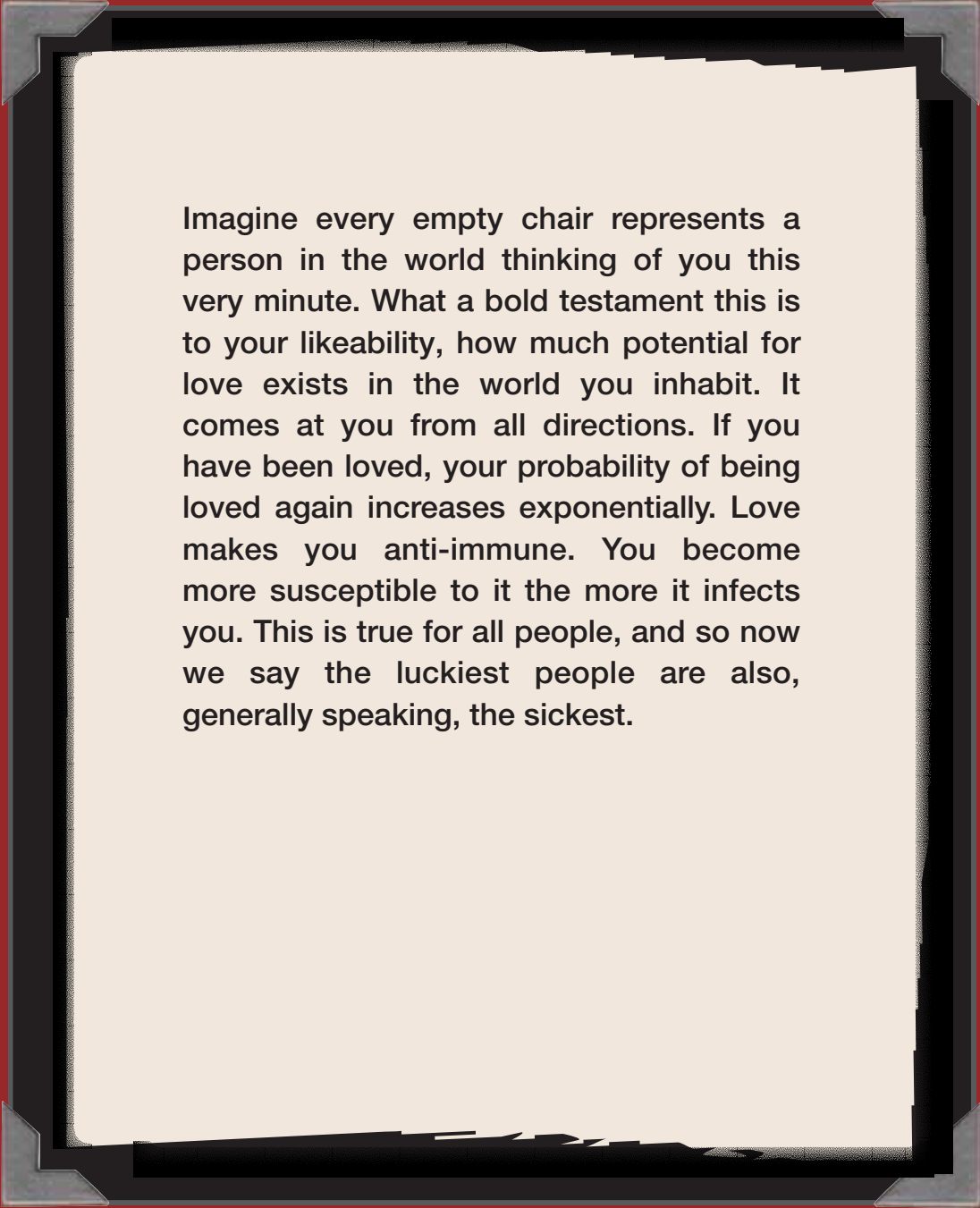
from

**Nanopedia:
The Smallest
American Reference**

CHARLES JENSEN

We tumble drunk from the bar's hand like dice into sunlight. Karaoke caterwauls slew the corpses of our adult life's pop history one at a time until we crunch this gravel beneath our shoes, pinwheeling toward the parked car. I remember a martini almost by name, the tart story it told me by the bar as the karaoke DJ shook the mic in his fist for emphasis. A man across the street shouts for his lost cell phone. Traffic drives by as if in shallow water. I stumble over my own clumsy feet and sing a resurrected chorus from among the fallen. The sky is clear. The air has only two dimensions but we pass through it like a series of still photographs until I'm in bed, exhausted, the moon outside my window never rising, the way it's made irrelevant by the afternoon sun that simply won't let go.

CHARLES JENSEN




Imagine every empty chair represents a person in the world thinking of you this very minute. What a bold testament this is to your likeability, how much potential for love exists in the world you inhabit. It comes at you from all directions. If you have been loved, your probability of being loved again increases exponentially. Love makes you anti-immune. You become more susceptible to it the more it infects you. This is true for all people, and so now we say the luckiest people are also, generally speaking, the sickest.

CHARLES JENSEN

A love story must always be told in two parts. The first part is the desert when there is no rain. There is sadness in the desert. The rocks are beige, plain, unremarkable. Then a storm comes. The water covers the sand at the end of the first part. In the second part, a star explodes. It makes no sound and most of the universe pays no notice. In either part of the story there is a kind of iconography at work that should be carefully read. For instance, no one on earth has seen this star's light even after it dies. Imagine how far those last little beams travel, how the person they finally reach has not a clue they've been touched by a ghost.

CHARLES JENSEN

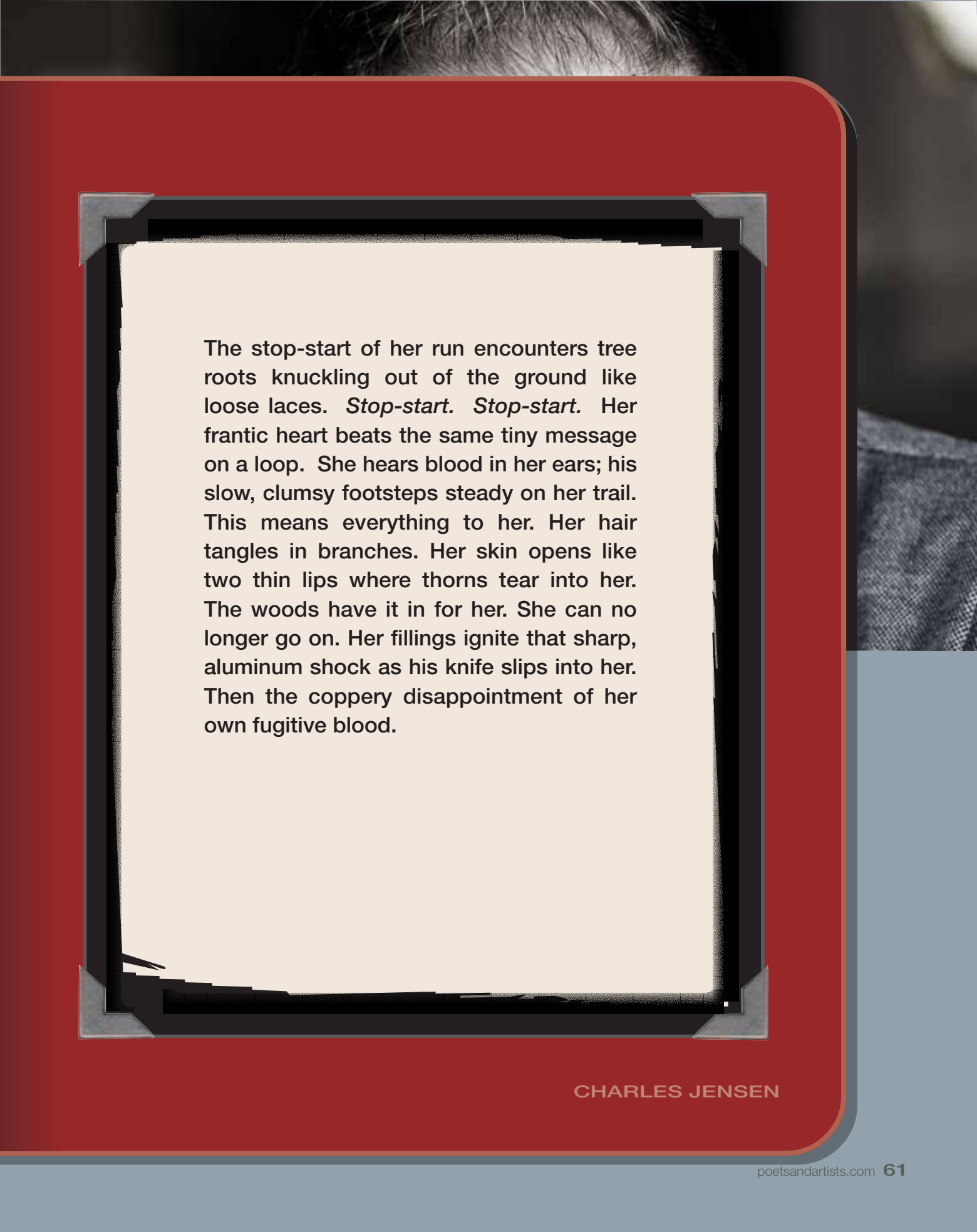


I do not wish I was better looking—people who do not know me hesitate before shaking my hand. I do not worry about spreading infectious diseases. When I walk outside in winter I always wear a warm hat. I do not dread visits to the family doctor. My parents had a happy, healthy marriage: my mother is a good woman; I would describe my father as overbearing. One or more members of my family was secretly adopted. I sometimes feel unusually cheerful for no particular reason. I am not afraid of cats. I do not like to see women in trousers. I do not like the sound of other people whistling. Someone has been trying to get into my car. I do not like to see men in brightly colored ties. The future is uncertain and I hesitate to make definite plans. If people had not had it in for me I would have a better job by now. I am afraid of losing my grip on reality. I am fascinated by fire.

CHARLES JENSEN

Tragedy makes the shape of an O with his mouth and sooner or later you know some teenage boy thinks, “Round peg, round hole.” And suddenly Tragedy’s the most popular kid on the block. Comedy, with her fake smile stretched so tight, makes all the girls hate her. They brainstorm the worst things to call her when her back is turned. And so life goes on this way: everybody loves a loose Tragedy, but Comedy doesn’t get near enough play. The difference between *Hamlet* and *Hambone*.

CHARLES JENSEN



The stop-start of her run encounters tree roots knuckling out of the ground like loose laces. *Stop-start. Stop-start.* Her frantic heart beats the same tiny message on a loop. She hears blood in her ears; his slow, clumsy footsteps steady on her trail. This means everything to her. Her hair tangles in branches. Her skin opens like two thin lips where thorns tear into her. The woods have it in for her. She can no longer go on. Her fillings ignite that sharp, aluminum shock as his knife slips into her. Then the coppery disappointment of her own fugitive blood.

CHARLES JENSEN

All my personal failings surround me like a series of badly-produced clones. Their chatter grows louder and louder until finally we can't tell if we're people or geese. Someone opens a bottle of bubbly and they all loosen up, get gabbier, start taking off ties and rolling up their sleeves. But I can't get comfy like this—the room awash in me, a sea of my faces bobbing gently. I can see how bald I've become and honestly, it just makes me sad.

CHARLES JENSEN

The corral is full of horses. Gringos call it “coral,” that dirtiest of pinks. I’d rather have melon with its warm orange tones or salmon (not the fish). And coral gives rise to seahorses. Note the distinction. Back to that dirt: there’s only one kind of horse knows the sting of that electric fence. The bravest or the dumbest, usually the same one.

CHARLES JENSEN





Introspective: *Nanopedia*

NANOPEdia started five years ago as a series of writing prompts I gave myself during a dry period of writing. The prompt itself was just a word, typically a random one, and I allowed the poem to define, respond, illustrate, or rebuke the word in some way. Over time, I'd developed a big cluster of these pieces and noticed tropes developing: one thread followed the complex relationship between doomed horror movie characters and their single-minded tormenter; another approached defining love in its happiest and most miserable forms. There were poems about violence, poems about shopping, poems about history, and poems about media and propaganda. Ultimately, the poems were drawing a cultural map of America.

The tension in **NANOPEdia** stems from our dual identity as individuals (our most fiercely American trait) and our identity as citizens of this nation. We are simultaneously a member of this culture and its greatest critic. We love America and we hate it. We love ourselves as Americans, and hate ourselves for our Americanness.

Grace Notes:

Grace Cavalieri Interviews

Charles Jensen

Everyone loves Charles Jensen. He is an inspired leader, a sensitive follower, a truly gifted writer and well, let's face it, you saw his picture. He's the author of four collections of poetry, including *Living Things*, which won the 2006 Frank O'Hara Chapbook Award, and *The First Risk*. A past recipient of an Artist's Project Grant from the Arizona Commission on the Arts, his poetry has appeared in *Bloom*, *Columbia Poetry Review*, *Copper Nickel*, *The Journal*, *New England Review*, *spork*, and *West Branch*. He is the founding editor of the online poetry magazine *LOCUSPOINT* which explores creative work on a city-by-city basis. He serves as director of The Writer's Center in Bethesda, Maryland, one of the nation's largest independent literary centers, serving the Washington DC environs.





Grace Cavalieri: *At age 5, if you remember sitting on the front step of your house, what do you see?*

Charles Jensen: Our front yard. A little street without sidewalks. Two modest homes across the street. My best friend lives in one; in the other, a trucker and his family. Beyond that, acres of cornfields. A set of train tracks that bisect my small town, down which my best friend and I would trek when we were in search of adventure until we got scared we'd walked too far from home.

GC: *At age 10, who was your best friend?*

CJ: I had two best friends growing up, a boy and a girl who lived near me. But they didn't like each other, so I was always with one or the other. With the boy, I played games with guns and action figures, climbed up into his tree fort, or went exploring. With the girl, we climbed up into the branches of trees in a small grove between our houses and talked, or we half-heartedly played with Barbies, or we watched stuff on TV.

GC: *At your present age, what have you learned about best friends?*

CJ: I've learned they're hard to come by but harder to lose, and I'm grateful for both aspects.

GC: *What have you learned about your relationship with poetry?*

CJ: Like any significant relationship, it requires work—the good work, the tending-to and the consideration-of, and like anything

else in my life that I love, I need to make time for it, make it a priority, and share it with other people. Fortunately, my job obligates me to spread the love and joy of writing, but I've found that work doesn't truly feed my own writing habits, so I have to ensure I'm always committed to my own writing, my own work. I've also found that poetry and I are both constantly changing, and that our expectations of each other are changing as well. I like my work to develop over time. I feel disappointed when I suspect my poems aren't changing at all. I want them to do new things. I don't want our relationship to become dull, expected, taken-for-granted.

GC: *How is ego indentured to the content of a poem?*

CJ: Gosh, hopefully not at all. I think there's evidence of ego, maybe, in the act of writing of a poem, but the poet's ego is not really welcome within the poem. A poem that is too much about ourselves—and I'm speaking overtly here—is boring. Marianne Moore said that art is most universal when it is most subjective, and I believe that—but subjectivity and the presence of ego are separate things in my mind. A poem should be human, should be, to paraphrase Muriel Rukeyser, an exchange of energy. It should not be a poet's own billboard. We have enough billboards in our world. I do not want to be sold on a poet when I read a poem; I want to be sold on an idea, an experience, a feeling. I want the poem to build something inside of me. Because my body is currently occupied, other poets may find it difficult to build

themselves inside of it.

GC: *How do you keep from exposing technique within the smooth lines of your poems?*

CJ: I'm grateful for that response, but honestly, I'm not sure. In *NANOPEDIA*, I think there's a degree of smoke-and-mirrors happening in each piece. The entry opens; you think you're heading in one direction, but the poem turns sharply in another direction. I think the appropriation of the "encyclopedic voice" lends the poems a different kind of credibility that I find interesting—they assert themselves as true, as factual, and as a reader, I think we want to believe that kind of assertion.

GC: *What miracles have you encountered?*

CJ: I was raised almost entirely outside of any religious practice, so my concept of miracles is vague. I don't know what it means to encounter a miracle, because I believe everything has an explanation. At least, the causality has an explanation. They "whys" of things are vague too, and I believe the concept of a "miracle" is an attempt to accept gifts without understanding why we received them.

GC: *What do you like about Frank O'Hara's work?*

CJ: I am a big fan of the collision of high and low art. High art demonstrates an attention to form, to detail, to art's lofty ideals of translating the human experience. High art is experienced in the mind. Low art is guttural, quotidian, of "real life." Low is experienced in the body. Why our bodies and our minds must engage in separate pursuits makes no sense to me. Taking poetry, one of the perhaps "loftier" of arts, and making it about real life, about experience, about subjects and

situations that are anti-art seems right to me. Frank O'Hara does that, and he does it with glee, which is the other thing I appreciate about his work—he derives pleasure from what he does, and that pleasure becomes the reader's pleasure.

GC: *How committed are you to the past for your material?*

CJ: I try not to be committed to anything in my work, except to writing the best and most interesting poems I can write. Sometimes the past offers fertile subject matter for me, as it did when I wrote the sequence of Matthew Shepard poems in my book *The First Risk*, but I'm equally interested in imagined pasts and imagined futures as well. C. D. Wright once said that a poet need not be overly concerned with his or her own obsessions because the obsessions take care of themselves, and I agree with that. I let obsession be my guide. Whatever sparks my interest then becomes my subject and my material. With *NANOPEDIA*, I think my attention is really on American culture in our present moment. I'm also working on a manuscript centered around ideas of privacy, which is another American concern. But I'm not married to those ideas or projects in any way.

GC: *What do you like best about Pop Culture in America?*

CJ: That it is unforgivably ridiculous and absurd. I love that the framers of our country arrived here, promptly destroyed the monarchy, and then, in its place, America created all forms of celebrity for us to worship, gossip about, and fear in its place. I love that our televisions are saturated with nonsense and garbage. It all feels very present-moment to me. Pop Culture has no memory of itself, and in that way it's like a schizophrenic. It cannot remain the same. It's a shark that must

keep swimming. It's a goldfish surprised by the same plastic plant or castle it saw three seconds ago. It says, "This castle is amazing!" And then it promptly forgets. I think artists can learn by taking on this philosophy: everything new is new again; everything old is—hey! What's that?

GC: *What is the easiest job in being Director of The Writer's Center? (America's finest Center of its kind, by the way.) What is your most difficult task?*

CJ: The easiest part of my job is encouraging people to get involved in writing. So many people want to write, have stories or poems inside of them, and so many people are scared of starting because they think writing is something "real writers" do. I don't know what a real writer is, but I think in some ways our culture continues to perpetuate this weird stereotype or archetype of a "real writer," the one who drinks a lot of coffee and liquor and smokes like a chimney and feels tortured and crazed. Fortunately, I happen to know there are plenty of happy, well-adjusted writers in the world, so I can say with authority that those less appealing traits aren't necessary. I love seeing people in workshops make leaps forward in their work, and I've been fortunate enough to see this happen many, many times. The hardest part? Making sure we have the financial resources to do new and exciting things. Fundraising, grant writing, and budgeting are all really taxing and time-consuming. But I devote all the energy to them that I do because I know that, in the end, they lead us directly back to doing the thing that I love.

GC: *Tell us a poetic situation you spotted this week.*

CJ: I don't think situations are poetic

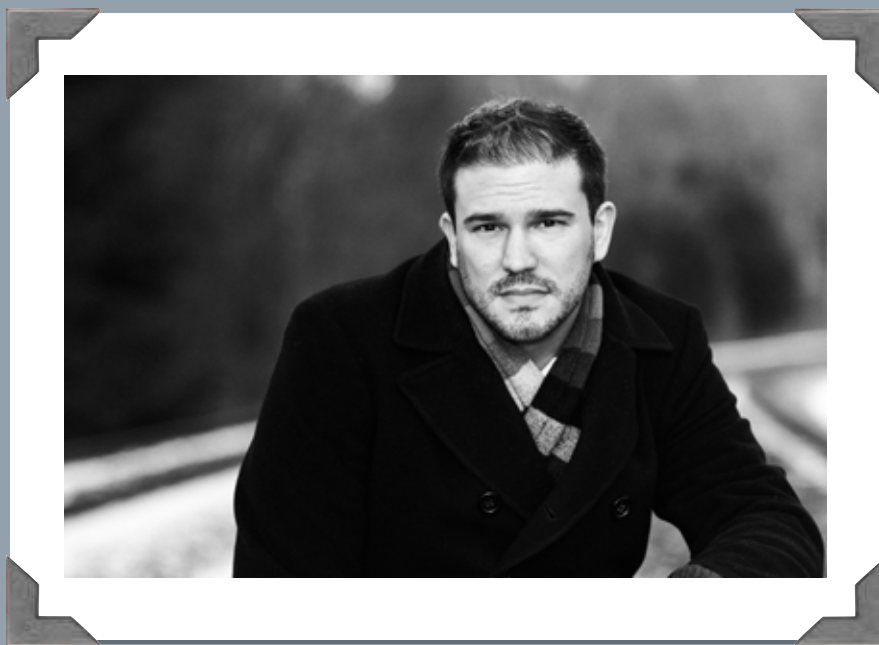
at all. I think our descriptions of them can be, and our attempt to interpret them is often poetic. I believe when a tree falls in the woods with no one around to witness it, it isn't poetic. Situations that occur in my life take quite a while before they can be interpreted poetically—years, usually. You have to stand back a bit and understand the significance. Like that Seurat painting—when you're too close, all you see is dots. You have to see the bigger picture to understand why the dots matter.

GC: *What did you eat this morning for breakfast? If we open your refrigerator, what contents will we see?*

CJ: My boyfriend Beau and I were horrified to discover this morning that all the food in our refrigerator amounted to two slices of toast with a smidge of jam and half a quesadilla. We'd just returned from a holiday trip to Arizona and hadn't gone shopping. *Generally speaking*, my refrigerator is full of fresh vegetables and leftovers because I cook a lot. There is always vanilla soymilk for my coffee, a bottle of Chipotle Tabasco sauce, and black beans. I grocery shop every week so that we always have fresh stuff on hand. One quirky thing about me is that I have to keep the refrigerator organized a certain way, so much so that Beau now refuses to help me unload groceries because he doesn't understand "the system."

GC: *Do you believe in Heaven?*

CJ: No. Why delay paradise until you've died? I say build your Heaven here. It would be so awful to live a disappointing life of compromises, misery, and disappointment only to discover Heaven doesn't exist. If you make Heaven here, and then go to Heaven afterward—wow! You win!



All photos of Charles Jensen in this issue were taken by Eric Druxman

Eric Druxman is a Washington, DC based portrait and fine art photographer. Although Eric uses the nation's capital as a backdrop for much of his work, he grew up in Albuquerque, New Mexico, where the rich desert landscape and the culturally diverse population first sparked his interest in photography and continues to have a lasting impression on his photographic vision. Eric has recently developed an interest in abstract photography, experimenting with images that blur reality by using extreme colors and texture. To view Eric's portfolio or to arrange a session with him, visit his website at www.ericdruxman.com.

Coleen Shin

Melt

Come snow.
Fall here, in a tidy pile.
I'm rolling today
to make of you, a being of sorts
a chubby effigy
to my dalliance with winter.

No stove pipe hat
or warm scarf
we are much colder than that.

we
are
brilliant and white
and
nude

loving nothing so much

as warm hands to make ice
of our features
art of our form
the sky, gray in our bellies,
and plastic dollar general jewels

for eyes, huge and blue and sparkling.

I would hug you, snowball
head

snowball heart

hold you,
til spring has its way with us

is an artist and writer living a pleasantly hermetic life in North Texas alongside a Hundred Acre Wood near a Shining Lake. She has published works with many noteworthy online journals and in several likewise noteworthy anthologies, but neglected to make note of them here. Twice nominated for the Pushcart Prize, she was once voted by her high school graduating class the most likely to wander off into the distance, which she has successfully done and is back now.

Randall Horton

www.randallhorton.com

Randall Horton is the author of *The Definition of Place*, and the *The Lingua Franca of Ninth Street*, both from *Main Street Rag*. He is the co-editor of *Fingernails Across the Chalkboard Poetry and Prose on HIV/AIDs from the Black Diaspora* (Third World Press, 2007). Randall also has a MFA in poetry from Chicago State University and a PhD in English/Creative Writing from SUNY Albany. He teaches at the University of New Haven where he is learning to slow it down and enjoy the ride.

What Lil Soul Train Did Not Know

all matter boomerangs back—: color
keeps intruding—: perhaps

it's the misgeographic rerouting
of center—: that place you run away

from: up over the sun dancing—:

it's the physical motion :: material tangible:
& object to be & is—: mental

developing change or a motor
booty shake to the half note:

of what we are: spiritual movement:
to call at once & everywhere—: hands

reworking constructions of the verb
to be: from one state to another—:

yellow light before the :r:e:d:
a:l:e:r:t still—: wait wasn't optional

is what i told lil' soul train bent
the narration broham couldn't read—

he might've been practicing to sing
all up in there like against: telos

wasn't no guns just a whistling
tune— a night cloud: a moon visible.

A Funk Situation or Inside A Hazel Borderland

for eddie hazel

crawling up into the funk
crazily, acidic r”a”i”n swang

down with the white maggot
eating your ear hole. slop

between chews. an open eye
inside a psalm flower are you

frightened (may i) unknown worm,
wiggle a bit or jig—a blue

sombrero could be green.
dig where you is, or dance

celestial baby diaper
who dat—who dat: dance

mutha, the guitar got me
peed up, repossessed & hijacked

but deeper .still. the throng
underground stop,

extraterrestrial—: it
up in your fingernails

mister axe slayer balladeer.
dear eddie: oop-bop-a-doop-me

please, in the brain rearrange
a washtub full of neck bones

clean to the bone. lick it bro
tonight you body snatcher.



Introspective: A Funk Situation or Inside A Hazel Borderland

Music has been an integral component of my life since childhood. I can still remember the first time I heard *Maggot Brain* by the musical group Funkadelic featuring Eddie Hazel on lead guitar. Hazel's solo riffs often provided in-depth psychological meditations that nonverbally spoke to me through the spiritual. For me Hazel is the Coltrane of funk and rock 'n' roll. I've always wanted to write a tribute poem to this pure lead guitarist who at one time was considered to be heir apparent to Jimi Hendrix. I wanted *A Funk Situation or Inside A Hazel Borderland* to capture the semantic brevity and multiple metaphoric meaning that is often associated with Hazel's performances. I like to think that when he was in the musical zone, Eddie was constantly arranging and rearranging the social constructions which tried to shape the way he was suppose to live and act, and more importantly, think. Instead, he acted out—way out. Hazel presented his listeners with different rooms to walk into during his solo interludes. There were collages of images in Hazel's aftersound. I can only hope that in some small way, by recreating some of this lead guitarist mannerisms in his work through a poetics, *A Funk Situation or Inside A Hazel Borderland* is able to mimic his musical process. The intention of this poem is to provide alternative and surprised meanings while keeping the reader off balance with quicken images through clever enjambment.



Larry Brooks

www.larrybrooksart.com

<http://larrybrooksart.blogspot.com>



Ten Years Later oil on wooden panel 30" x 48"

Born in New York, Larry was a Fine Arts Painting major before moving to Los Angeles. He studied with noted New York painters: Joop Sanders, George Wexler, and Alex Minewski, among others. As a designer and art director in the entertainment industry, Larry designed and/or illustrated album covers for recording artists such as B.B. King, Chicago, Linda Ronstadt, Danny Elfman, and Steppenwolf, as well as many other Rock and Roll and Motown artists. In 2003, he was selected as one of 100 artists in the U.S. to create an individual artwork (for a book and exhibition, "The Greatest Album Covers That Never Were"), which travelled to galleries and museums across the country for two years, beginning in Los Angeles at Track 16 Gallery, and ending at The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 2005. Larry's paintings have been exhibited in solo and group shows over the past 20 years and is in private and corporate collections. He currently works and lives in Pasadena, California and is an Artist Member of The California Art Club, and a member of the Oil Painters of America and the International Guild of Realism.



Union oil on panel 11" x 14"

How do you feel about formal training?

I think formal training is valuable, although at the time I went to art school, academic training seemed to be out of fashion, except for one or two professors who stressed it. The focus then appeared to be less on drawing and technical aspects of painting and more on self-expression, since many of my teachers were 2nd generation New York Abstract Expressionists; one was a close friend and colleague of DeKooning. I now see a resurgence in academic training, and though it can lead to artists relying on formulas and producing similar paintings, I think overall it's a good thing. I had to fill in the gaps over the years myself, so I actually almost consider myself self-taught.

How do you bring emotion across to a flat surface?

For me, in most of the recent work I've done, it's hopefully through at least two or three things. One, the choices of subject matter and how it's composed; two, I try to light everything so there's a feeling of drama or richness, and thirdly, *how* I paint it. I actually don't try to achieve a perfect surface; I want the presence of my hand to be apparent. If I can't get the first two going, I can't even begin to paint it, let alone sustain my own enthusiasm over the long period it takes to finish some of the paintings. After all that, the viewer has to bring their own emotion or interpretation to it. It doesn't need to match mine.



December oil on linen 14" x 22"

Do you base your work on photo, models, or out of the blue?

I paint from life. Except for paintings I've done of streets and sidewalks where it was necessary to work from my own photos, I don't like painting from photos. Even if I take good shots, they never seem to look anything like what my eyes see, whether it's shot in my studio or outside in a landscape. I've always been able to draw well and can translate what I see. And I prefer the challenge of that translation from 3 to 2 dimensions. Working from photos only might lead you to copy the photo, "errors" and all. That's perfect for Photorealist paintings. Otherwise it isn't, and while I like photorealism, it's not what I'm after.

What are you conquering next?

I'm interested in getting back into painting people. I used to years ago, and while I still go to a life drawing workshop weekly as I have for years, I got away from figurative painting, in my exploration of still life painting.

What do you listen to when creating?

I think it would sound cooler if I said I listened to jazz or other music while I worked. And while I sometimes do, especially if painting outdoors, I usually find myself with the TV on in my studio set to either a political news show or an old movie.



The Wait oil on linen 16" x 20"

“In my work, I’m trying to not just paint things exactly as they appear, but to have them breathe, to have as much presence as possible. I’m trying for a certain ambiguous poetic quality and not a mere depiction of things. And basically attempting to make beautiful paintings.”



Turban Squashed oil on linen 20" x 16"

Jeanette Anderson

lives in Brooklyn, New York and attends Eugene Lang College the New School for Liberal Arts. Her poetry has been published in *Mslxia* and *Magma Poetry*.

Kindling

A horse returns to a barn in flames.
If this is you -
I am the wood.
Grey panels peel back on the lawn,
branches burst through windows.
The wind remembers its mouth again.
Ropes go first (catching like twigs
like the maple twigs you brought
when you said this was called *kindling*).
The dirt road is gone – men laid stone.
Now, we can't track ourselves.
Do bricks burn?
Something I would have asked you,
on the couch, watching the stove
while you decided if you should explain
chemistry, pressure, the weight of possibility.
(When you touch, your hands escape from your wrists).
Let's watch our grass bed turn olive,
yellow, then black.
I know what you are thinking.
You have the largest eyes, blue.
Explain to me genetics.
Dominant, recessive.
You run in.

Brunswick Draws Near

tires hit the road as relentlessly
as fishermen's hands
dragging striped bass
across blank docks.

Bait cutters said it's difficult
to cut herring scales,
the sea's swelling coins.

A table was set in a closed room.
The girl couldn't decipher
"beautiful"
or any of the words
old painters
passed to her
like bread.

Fossilizing

Your hand must have knocked over the saltshaker -
a grainy trail marked the motion,
the brush, the evidence of
your sweeping wrist.
All that's left are your tracks: the window ajar;
oatmeal stuck to an orange pot
and soaking all afternoon.
My neighbors thought I didn't understand
the gravity of the situation.
When bodies fall from very high heights
they look like crows.
I imagined pressing your body into rock,
saving you.

Photo By Alen MacWeeney



Introspective: *Fossilizing*

The poem's title reflects upon writing as an act of fossilization. Poems are literary fossils: they preserve a moment, memory and image. The poem is about preservation as well as self-preservation. The memories we salvage communicate who we are and what we need, desire and defy. "Fossilizing" reflects upon memory and how we save and construct it.

Lisa Marie Basile

www.lisamariebasile.com
www.caperjournal.com

is a writer and editor living in New York. She studied English Language and Literature at Pace University in Manhattan, concentrating in Writing. She has received six awards from Pace University's Annual Writing Contest, including 1st place in poetry and fiction. She is Editor-in-Chief of Caper Literary Journal, a monthly poetry and prose journal and has published work in *CommonLine*, *Aphros Literary Magazine*, *Vox Poetica*, *Melusine* and *Physiognomy in Letters*, among others. Her journalistic work has been published in various national magazines as well. She has finished a manuscript of poetry entitled "Agony in the Garden" and is working on a collection of vignettes about Mesilla, New Mexico.

Family Recipes

You had your lights softly on little nightstand to the left of your table,
asked me: *cómo? I do not know how to do this anymore.*
There were no more clean towels, and all the children had scratches,
Adelita burned her fingers on
the leche,
and Rodas thinks serpents are chasing him,
and they are not Quetzalcoatl

Soy tan solo, you (finally) admit,
so I bring you in the kitchen
and we talk about sewing dreams into
oven mitts

branding sustenance so that
every child swallows happiness
from today on,

el lunes, my babies
will be happy,
you said.



Introspective: Family Recipes

I came from a family made from scraps of different heritages. European-American thinking blended with traditional, religious, Italian culture, so picking up on the values and passions of these various peoples has inspired my writing today. With *Family Recipes*, like much of my work, I wanted to create a sense of global compassion –both from the narrator's point of view and with the images themselves. I like to use different languages and write through a cultural lens of both respect and curiosity, and because it gives the work humanity. Also, the Spanish language and the Latin and Hispanic culture has a pulsing, loud, sensual realness to it that is seen in a lot of works (Sandra Cisneros, Cesar Vallejo, Pablo Neruda). Those are the writers that inspire me to be honest and human and vivid as well.

More so, I have had an intense, bloody relationship with my Mother throughout my life, while having watched her have the same with her own. I think all females have a deep connection –and so, with this poem, I aimed to depict the struggle of the woman and the mother through the eyes of an observer, rather than through her eyes herself. In this way, I can be honest without being confessional. It is every mother's dream to see her children happy, and in a way, I pay homage to my family and to women through writing, whether sad or joyous.



Surreal Self Portrait

Drawing From The Past, Expressing The Present

The Art of **James Xavier Barbour**

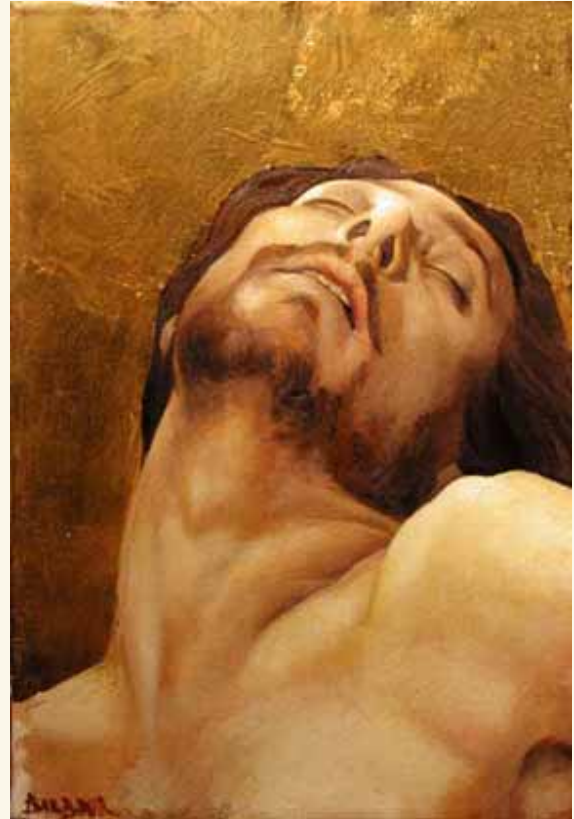
Review by **Grady Harp**

ATTEMPTING TO classify James Xavier Barbour's position in the realm of art is a challenge. His technique is deeply rooted in the past, emulating the strengths of the Old Masters who in turn strove to recreate the complexities of nature, of God's creations, finding satisfaction and

success in painting as perfect a representation of the figure, of the landscape, of still life as precisely as the subject presented itself. And with this philosophy of technique Barbour has mastered anatomy and re-creation of corporal objects, having studied his craft in the New York Academy of Art,



Lament



Pieta

the Art Students League of New York, the Hartford Art School and, perhaps most significantly, in Italy, for many the home of classical painting. Barbour has found that illusive territory that lies somewhere between classical rendering and capturing the essence of painting in the contemporary setting: he uses his practiced gifts to define images that not only are representationally excellent, but that also suggest the nocturnal alterations of dreams that play with illusion and perception. Perhaps his approach to art is best translated in the imagery of his painting *Surreal Self Portrait*: the precision of anatomic accuracy with which he reveals himself, the varied sketched and carved tributes to Michelangelo and Velázquez, the still life of a simple bowl of cherries – all are made more fascinating by the presence of the floating bubbles of his

imagination. The broken pieces of Michelangelo's head of David are Barbour's symbol of picking up broken pieces of classical realist art tradition in the contemporary era, creating something new, breathing new life into it.

Barbour's family is from Spain, though the artist was born in Texas. He has moved from the East Coast to the West Coast and currently lives and paints and sculpts and teaches in San Francisco: he is a teacher/lecturer of Human Anatomy, Figure and Portrait drawing and painting, and Art History at the Academy of Art in San Francisco. Commissions, both for portraits and for murals, call him away from his home to sites across the United States and in Europe and Australia. With each new challenge he meets his imagination is nurtured. A



“Whatever else art is good for, its chief effectiveness lies in propagating more art. All art is infested by other art.” Leo Steinberg

photograph of the artist during a recent sojourn in Australia tells us even more about his enigmatic mind: his own image, carefully capturing classical light and shadow chiaroscuro, looks down while in the background is his painting of the *Pieta* looks upward.

Observing his sculptures, drawings, anatomic studies, and paintings offers more of an explanation of the diversity of James Xavier Barbour than attempting to translate his complex, psychologically fertile creative mind. From the simplicity of his timeless *Lament* and *Pieta* that appeal to the

The Sojourner

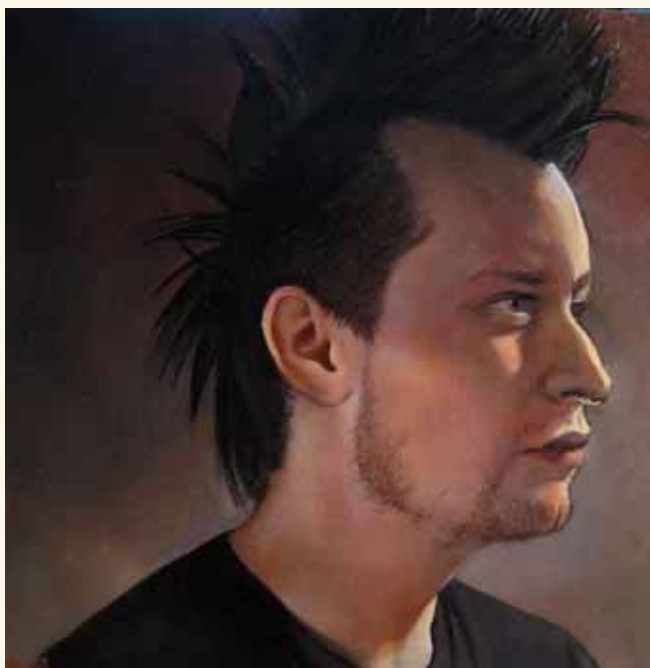


Global Chaos and Harmony





Roses from Thorns



Breaking Bricks

viewer as homages to centuries old works that could be part of the sanctity of ancient cathedrals, to the boldly masculine, anatomically complex *The Sojourner*, Barbour's roots are most evident. Yet for all the classicism of these subjects there is also a mystical element of unearthly light, of questioning the cropping of the images in a way that draws the viewer into that space where Barbour feels most at home – the conversation between truth and illusion.

When Barbour steps away from more obvious evidences of his roots, he is able to both at times shock the viewer with the Dante-esque *Global Chaos and Harmony* or lure us into the psychologically potent imagery of *Roses from Thorns*. Yet at all times and in all manner of his many works both in sculpture and drawing/mural/painting, the magic of his work is grounded in the solid foundation of his training and skill, a fact that further illustrates that artists can say anything new or extraordinary or strange as long as they have the language and skills of the masters in their hands. Perhaps that is why his very contemporary painting *Breaking Bricks* works so well – all of the classical elements of technique allow the artist to render the bizarre yet vulnerable lad in his tribal attire!

James Xavier Barbour, savoring his Spanish heritage, is introducing his concept of the past in his teaching and his lecturing, traveling to Europe, Australia, New Zealand, and soon to Istanbul, Turkey to share his prodigious gifts as a keeper of the Classical tradition. He is an artist to watch - a fertile mind that has absorbed the techniques of the Masters to create those transient moments of today that challenge our awareness of reality and illusion that define our imagination.

JAMES XAVIER BARBOUR

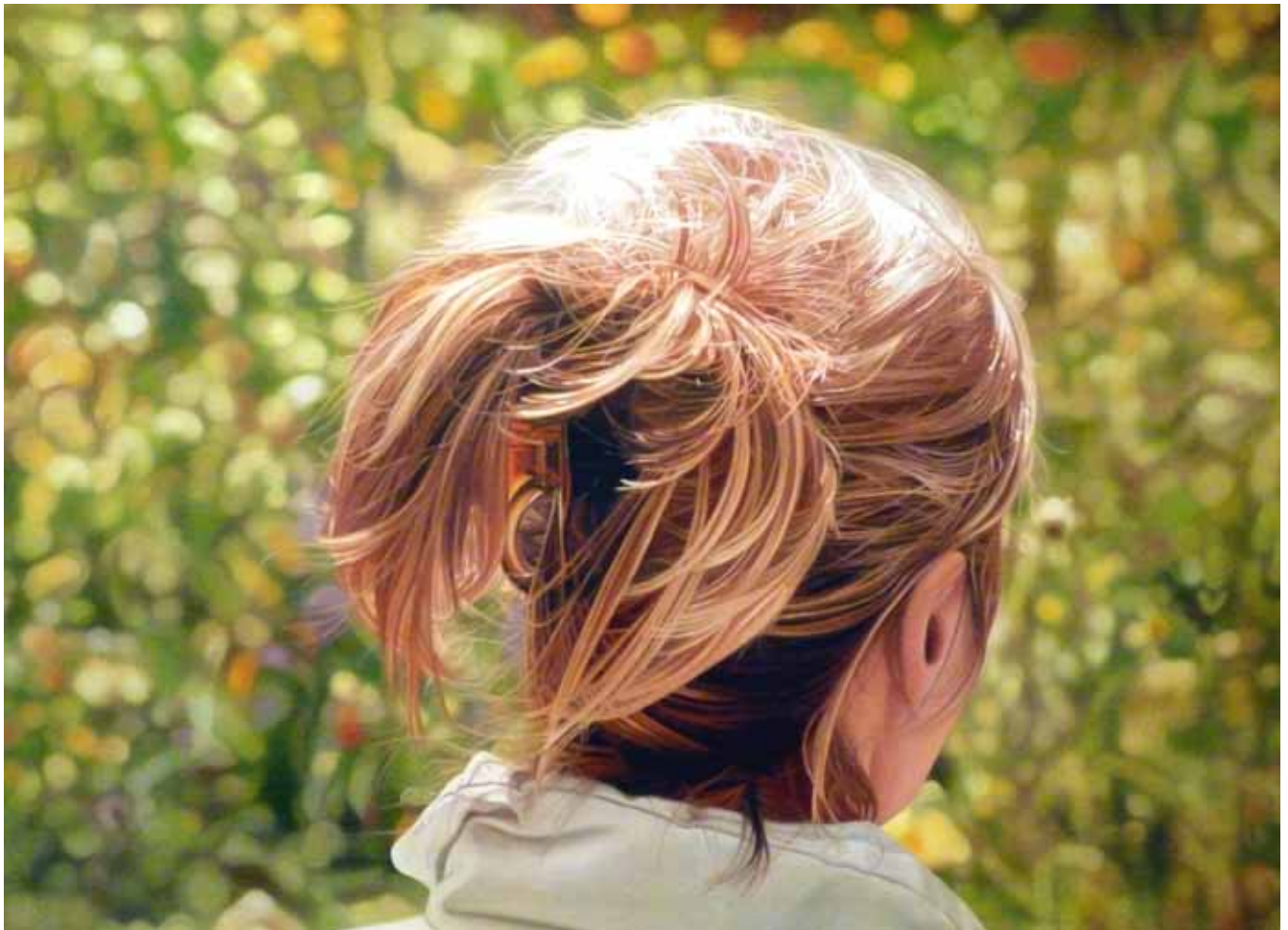
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the latest from past contributors ...

www.jacquesbodin.com

Jacques Bodin is a French hyperrealist painter who lives and works in Paris. He has been in numerous gallery shows and his work has been featured in many books including *Peinture et photographie* (2007), *Hyperréalistes in France* (2006), *Nature Art Today* (2010) and *Jacques Bodin Paintings* (2009). Recent publications in periodicals have shown his work: *Poets and Artists* (December 2009), *Dessins et Peintures* (January 2010), *Public Art* (January 2010). His next exhibition is scheduled in gallery Anna-Tschopp in Marseille.

Most of his paintings are made in an almost absurd scale and magnification, so the subject becomes a kind of abstraction separating it from ordinary reality and endowing it with a life of its own. The hair, the orange, the herb become a world in itself, a microcosm. He focuses in on the essential the spiritual oneness of his subjects. There is, indeed, a connection between this magnified section of human physiognomy or nature and the universe. Approaching minimalism, some of his works embark on a conceptual aspect of hyperreality.





www.zhaomingwu.com

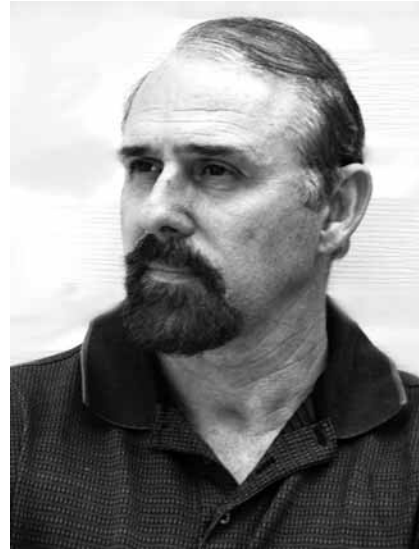


Zhaoming Wu was born in China and grew up in Guangzhou City. He received his BFA from the Guangzhou Academy of Fine Art China and his MFA from the Academy of Art University, San Francisco.

His works have been featured in many publications, including three drawing books and four painting books, *International Artist Magazine* (April/May 2003, August/September 2005, August/September 2009), *Art of the West magazine* (September/October 2004, July/August 2007), *Art Talk Magazine* (February 2005), and *American Art Collector* (January, December 2007; May 2008; May, October 2009).

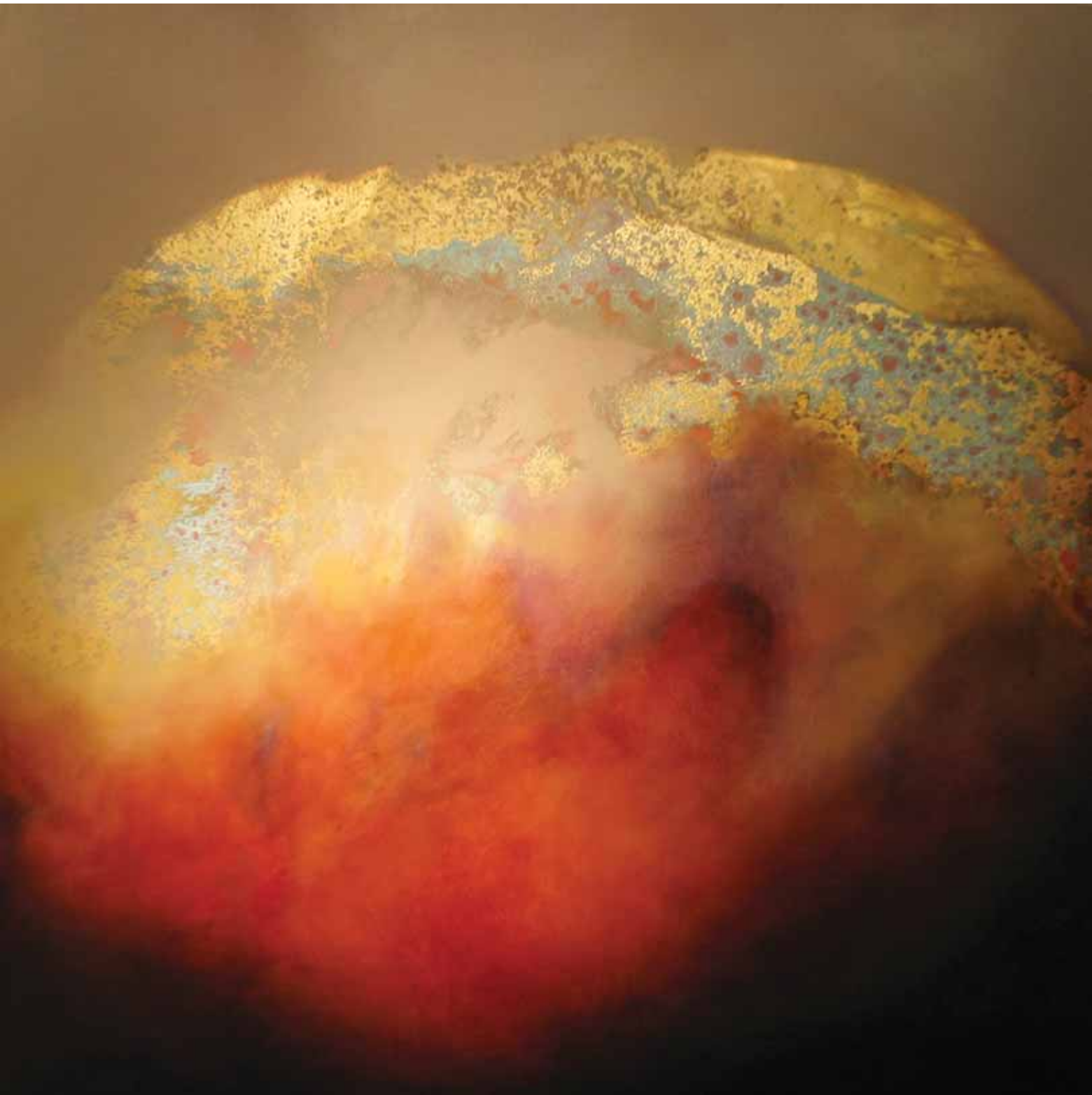






Steven DaLuz is a versatile artist whose interests are split between abstraction and figurative art. He is best known for figurative works that straddle impression and realism, though he is equally identified with abstract works that are landscape referential—using metal leaf, oil, and mixed media. Born in Hanford, California, Steve’s art studies were interrupted by the Vietnam War after just one semester at San Antonio College. While serving in the Air Force, Steve completed a BA degree in Social Psychology, an MA degree in Management, and raised three children with his wife, Donna. Throughout, he remained devoted to making art in his spare time. After living 13 years in other countries, Steve retired from the Air Force, and engaged his lifelong passion for both abstract and figurative art by resuming his art studies. He completed the Bachelor of Fine Arts Degree (Summa cum Laude) in 2003, with a concentration in painting from the University of Texas at San Antonio. The City of San Antonio’s Fiesta Commission selected DaLuz’s painting, “Dance of Fiesta” for its official Fiesta Poster for 2007. Steve’s drawings and paintings are represented in private and corporate collections in 18 States and several foreign countries. DaLuz is listed in the *American Artist Bluebook*, and the 15th Edition of *Living Artists*. His work is represented by the AnArte Gallery in San Antonio, and by Laura Rathe Fine Art in Houston, Texas.

S T E V E N D A L U Z



www.neilhollingsworth.com
www.neilhollingsworth.blogspot.com



Following a tour in the military in the early 70's Neil Hollingsworth worked a number of day jobs, and went to school at night. No real direction, just planning ahead.

It was during this period that he discovered soaring, and spent most of his summer weekends flying sailplanes. The lure of aviation became so strong that he decided to put the academic world on hold, and entered technical school. Two years later he was a licensed aircraft mechanic working at a local airport.

Aviation at that time was an all consuming passion for him, but between working on aircraft, flying and a short lived affair with skydiving, he still found time to paint an occasional watercolor, or illuminate a letter to a friend.

At the end of a particularly cold winter working in an unheated hanger, Neil found himself tempted to change careers when the father of a friend, who owned a graphic design business offered him a job as a paste up artist. He chose to mothball my tools, and accept the offer. Two weeks later he was working as an "artist".

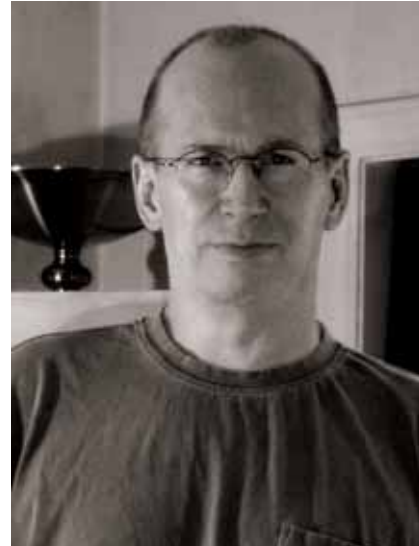
Neil eventually left there to become a partner in a typesetting/graphic design business with a close friend. It was a great job. Not much money, but lots of fun. Sadly, at the end of nearly eight years of operation, the growing popularity of desktop publishing had begun to take such a large bite out of the business that they decided to close up shop. Neil worked for a number of design firms on a salaried, and freelance basis after that. He also worked for two years as a book designer, and illustrator for a small publishing company.

Ready to give up the freelance world for a stable job with a regular paycheck Neil decided to follow in the footsteps of his wife Karen, who at the time was working as a registered nurse. Two tough years of nursing school later, he was working an RN.

His nursing career began in the ER, but he eventually moved to the operating room. This lasted nearly eight years. One day some friends told them how they had begun to sell their artwork over the internet. He gave it a try, and discovered that it was possible. Neil spent the following year working days in the OR, painting nights and weekends. At the close of that year the sales of his art were such that he felt confident to take the leap, and left nursing to paint full-time.

He is now represented by four fine galleries: Anne Irwin Gallery - Atlanta, Georgia, Stricoff Fine Art, Ltd. - New York, Wynne/Falconer Gallery - Chatham, Massachusetts. (Cape Cod), Plus One Gallery - London, and has work in private collections throughout the United States, and around the world.





William Rose's studio is located in Overland Park, Kansas, where not too long ago he unexpectedly discovered a passion for drawing and soon began accepting a stream of offers for commissioned portraits. He enrolled in life drawing courses at the Kansas City Art Institute, and began to study drawing and painting primarily by pouring through art instruction and history books, countless art publications, and visiting museums across the country to view the masters. Recently, he won a prestigious cover competition and his work appeared on the cover of *American Artist Magazine*.

This national exposure led to a request to produce all of the artwork for a new movie just filmed in Carmel and backed by the Eastwoods about an art prodigy who gets pulled into the world of international art forgery. The movie to be released this year stars Lauren Bacal, Alfred Molina, Josh Hutcherson, Hayden Panettiere and Dina Eastwood.

William Rose's figurative work has been accepted into many juried shows including...

Winner (2008) - *American Artist Magazine's* prestigious Cover Competition

International Artist Magazine - 2009 Face and Figures Competition - Finalist

Artist Magazine's 26th Annual Competition (2009) - Finalist

W I L L I A M R O S E





Karen Hollingsworth is known for her unique light, airy windowscapes. In the past the artist painted interior spaces, now she includes an open window that acts as a portal into the space beyond. Her large oil paintings often depict subject matter that is fairly minimal, chairs and ordinary interior settings, however what attracts many viewers is the mysticism evoked by the movement of the air and the ocean breeze through the curtains.

For Hollingsworth, a painting is about the feeling it evokes. Although there are no figures present in her windowscapes, it is difficult to deny the implications of vacant chairs in such an empty space. Hollingsworth is interested in creating the “impression of looking through that room and seeing the view outside the room.

“I love to create paintings that evoke a sense of the familiar,” says Hollingsworth. “To blend the common objects of everyday life, placed within the interior of a room, with a glimpse of the ocean or mountains through an open window. My ‘windowscapes’ are intended to provide the viewer with a sense of solitude and well being. A comfortable world bathed in sunlight and warm breezes. For me, a painting is successful if I wish I were there.”

Karen is currently represented by Dean Day gallery in Houston TX, Mason Murer fine art in Atlanta GA, and Wynne Falconer gallery in Chatham, MA

K A R E N H O L L I N G S W O R T H





William Coronado's work explores physiological and psychological states of awareness using the human body as a vessel for investigation. The paintings are both figural and corporeal. The marks of brush work and paint act like fingerprints of the existence of another human being. In these marks Coronado's personal emotions in relation to the imagery is revealed. Through the brush work he suggests the manner in which the paintings are read. In some of the work the marks are violent and in others the brush work is meditative. Through the marks he sympathizes with his subject matter creating images that intertwine representation with emotion. In addition, his work is also figural. Figurative works demand recognition of the subject portrayed. By creating images that are a distortion of reality Coronado enhances the feeling of empathy in the work. The anatomical fragment of bodies without heads shatters the conception of coherency in the representation of the figure. The mood of the work combines the objectivity of clinical observation with the paroxysm of romantic melodrama. "The human body in its totality is a receptacle for knowledge that can reveal or give insight to the basic structure of all the diverse systems both organic and inorganic. The body is the metaphor of all things which are metaphysical and unexplainable. The body in its totality will only seize to perplex us when humanity achieves the unthinkable and perhaps the unachievable of answering all the questions regarding human existence. It is of no wonder why the human form, as an image or representation of the body itself, still fancies our imagination and intellect. The image of the "human body" is a symbol and metaphor for all that is human in nature and humanly created or produced, such as, ideas, systems, inventions, philosophies, artworks, technologies, etc. It is worth clarifying that since the advancement in optics the conception of the human body has extended itself to the cellular level. Thus, when we see an image of cells, DNA, or any biological representation, we recognize it as being particularly human."

W I L L I A M C O R O N A D O





Jason John is cofounder of the artist group Broadstreetstudio. Jason is in the process of curating the second Broadstreetstudio exhibition, 'Between Realities' to take place at Principle Gallery in January 2010. 'Between Realities' was recently awarded the cover of the January issue of *American Art Collector Magazine*. Jason helped create Broadstreetstudio to give artists a place to help promote their career within the fraternity of a group instead of as individuals.

Jason's work had been exhibited at the Bowery Gallery's juried exhibition in New York, NY and The Torpedo Factory's exhibition 'In the Flesh II'. Jason has been affiliated with Arcadia Gallery in New York, NY and is currently represented by The Principle Gallery in Alexandria, VA. Jason's work can also be seen at the Mark Gallery in Englewood, NJ and Gallery M2 in Houston, TX. Recent exhibitions include 'Life Essentials' to take place at Art Basel Miami with Gallery Art Whino.

J A S O N J O H N



Hyperfocus oil on board 14" x 11"

www.stephenwrightart.com

Stephen's work has been exhibited internationally and is in several important private collections. He lives and works in Los Angeles.





Jennifer in a Black Chair oil on canvas 36" x 36"

www.myspace.com/richardsart



RICHARD J. FROST is a portrait artist that deals in tweaked realism. He graduated from Otis/Parsons in 1990 and resides in Los Angeles.

R I C H A R D J . F R O S T



Moose acrylic on silk 16" x 20"

<http://eliq.ws>



Angelique Moselle Price grew up all over the United States. She found her home in Nashville, Tennessee, where she attended Belmont University and Watkins of College of Art and Design. She has studied and mastered a variety of mediums. Adept in oils, acrylics, watercolors and markers she explores different styles and subjects. Desiring to further her abilities she studied under Tim Bobeck and became a tattoo artist. Finding body art fascinating, she taught herself the art of mehndi as well. All of these are reflected in her imagery. She is widely known for her portraiture and figurative works. Her art embodies the joy and strength of mankind and the freedom of creativity.



www.glenrraytutor.com

Glennray Tutor was born in Kennett, Missouri in 1950. He moved to Mississippi in 1973 and received an MFA in painting from the University of Mississippi in 1976. He has exhibited his art in many galleries and museums in the U.S.A., and other countries. His paintings are in numerous public and private collections. He lives and works in Oxford, Mississippi.



www.poetsandartists.com

