

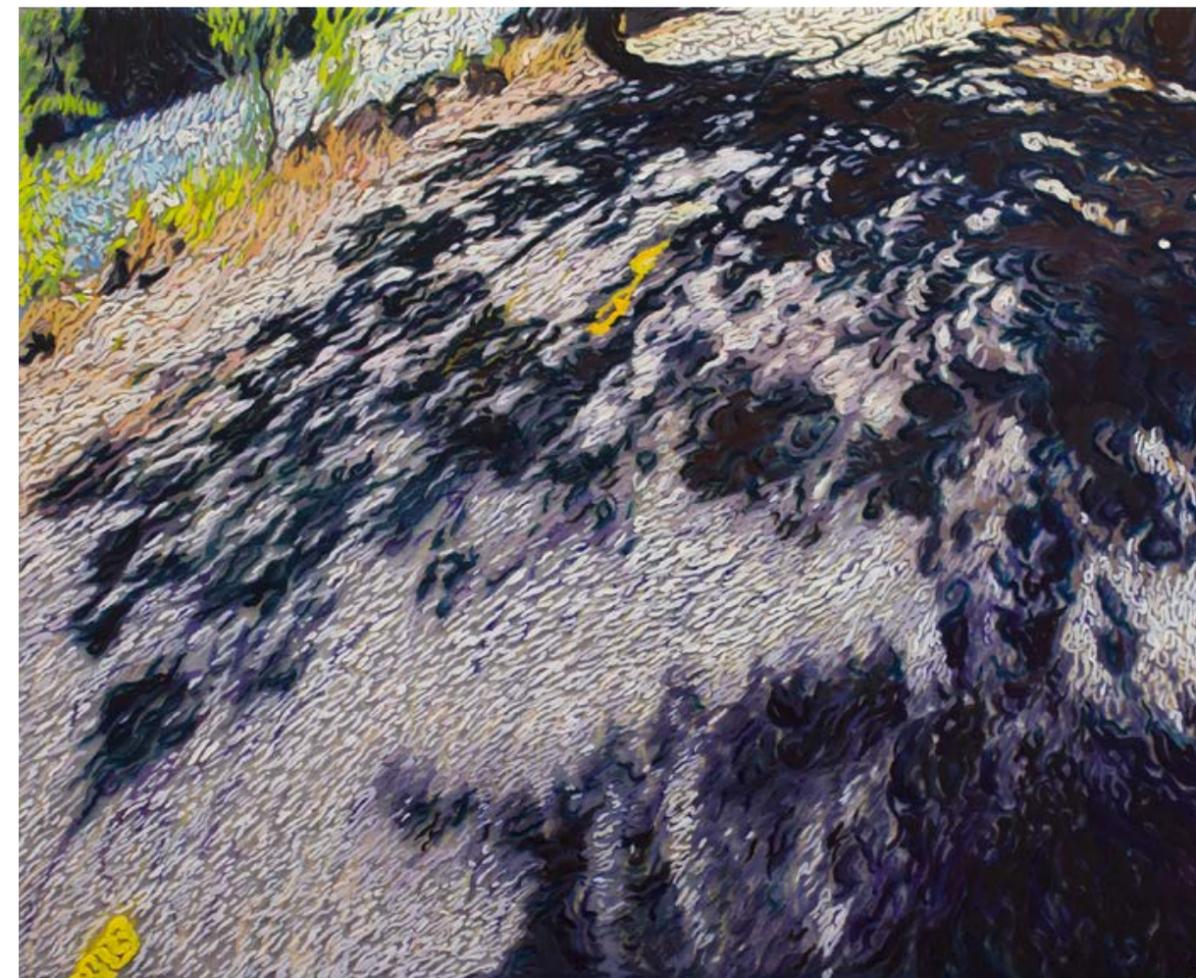
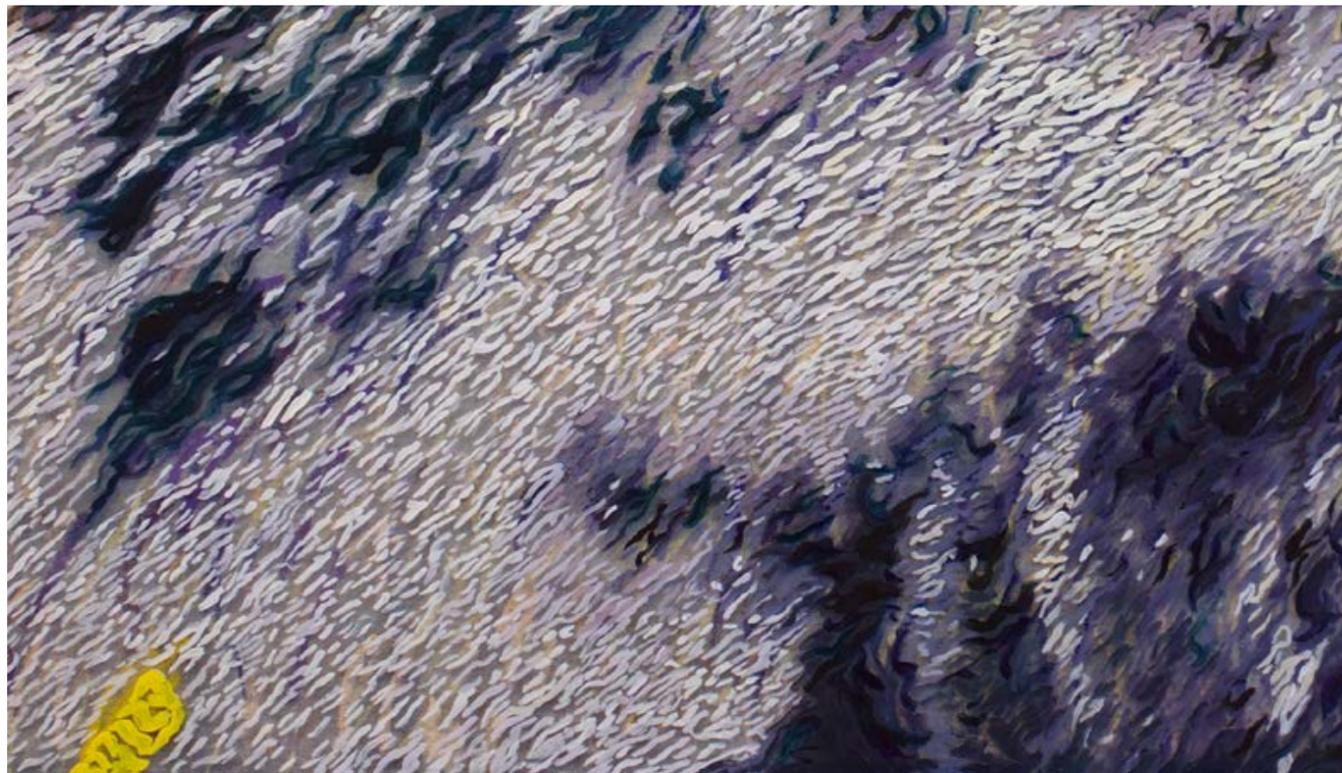
STRANGER THAN FICTION



Stranger than Fiction

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This image was inspired by the Solar Eclipse on September 2nd. I was in Boise, ID where we had a 94% viewing of the eclipse. The sidewalks and beaches near the Boise River turned into an array of crescent covered fields. It literally felt like our feet would sink beneath the surface of the ground. It was disorienting and thrilling at the same time. The perspective of the image is not distorted – there was no need to make it any stranger than it already was.

The method I used in creating this piece is one I also use when painting images based on water. Even though the piece is two-dimensional, there is a slight depth due to the layering of painted Plexiglas over a drawing on linen matboard. It's not immediately noticed until one gets up close to the piece. At that point, the added layer beneath the surface is visible and the viewer is invited to go beneath the initial surface into a pool of abstract markings below.

Denise Presnell
Eclipsed Groundlessness I
Oil on plexiglas mounted over oil pastel on linen matboard- 26 3/8" x 32"



The Launch
Alison Shepard
Oil on panel

In 1914, Sir Ernest Shackleton and his crew dreamed of setting out to do what no one had done before: to sail the SS Endurance to Antarctica and then travel across the continent on foot.

The Endurance sailed through a thousand miles of pack ice for six weeks. Tragically, within only a day's sail from their destination, the Endurance met the end of her journey. The ship was beset in the ice for ten months, eventually giving way to the ice's pressure and meeting a watery grave. Yet for Shackleton and his crew, this was only the beginning of their harrowing tale. Their journey stretched out for another ten months where they endured living on ice floes, sailing some of the most treacherous waters on Earth in small life boats (the roaring 40s and screaming 50s), surviving on meager rations and Antarctic wildlife, trekking across razor sharp glacial mountains, all before finally securing the rescue back home. The SS Endurance Voyage is one of the most astonishing tales of survival in all of history. As Time Magazine put it, the expedition 'defined heroism.' Shackleton and his men overcame unbelievable obstacles. Discovering the story by accident, I have found it to be an inspiring real life story of hope, a powerful reminder to never give up on my dreams.

About THE LAUNCH

It was only days after landing safely on Elephant Island that Ernest Shackleton took five men with him on a treacherous journey onto stormy seas in the hopes of securing a rescue for the whole crew. They were to take the best of the three life boats, the James Caird, and travel from Elephant Island to South Georgia Island, a distance that is similar to driving from Ohio to Florida. Traveling that kind of distance on a small boat in the open air across the roaring 40s and screaming 50s was an unparalleled feat. The ship carpenter, Chippy McNeish took parts from the other two life boats and shored up the Caird as best as he could. Large rocks were placed into the bottom of the boat for ballast. They encountered hurricane force winds, and wave swells nearly 50 feet high.

After enduring several storms, they thought they'd encountered a break in the rough weather. Shackleton spotted something bright up ahead, shouting "It's clearing boys!" But then he immediately changed his tune and yelled, "For God's sake, hold on! It's got us!" What he initially thought was a thin strip of white sky, was actually the foam of a huge wave that was headed straight for them. After 17 days at sea, and the expert navigation of Frank Worsley, Shackleton and his five men miraculously made it to South Georgia Island. Special thanks to Rebecca Shaney, a contemporary explorer who recently went to Antarctica and provided me with photos as source material for the mountains, sky and sea.



Brazen Edwards
Insidiatus
Acrylic on panel -36x24"

“Your Daughter is Haunting Me”

Jose Ferreira confessed to the 1982 death of 13-year-old Carrie Ann Jopek after he claimed that the girl’s spirit had been haunting him after pushing her down a staircase at a party, causing her to break her neck. He had reportedly shoved the girl after she refused to kiss him as he tried to lead her down to the house’s basement where the pair would “make out”. He then proceeded to have sexual relations with her after she fell, apparently thinking she was only unconscious. After realizing she was deceased, he then buried Jopek under a nearby porch, where a carpenter found her body 17 months later. Four days after she was found, a neighbor told police he saw Ferreira standing over the hole where Jopek was recovered, crying and behaving strangely. At the time, Ferreira denied involvement in Jopek’s death and was not charged due to lack of evidence, although he remained a suspect.

The case went cold for three decades, but Ferreira was arrested in 2015 after he called a crisis helpline and local television station to discuss the grisly details. Her Mother, Carolyn Tousignant claims her death would have gone unsolved had Ferreira not confessed to his involvement, stating that her daughter made him come clean after being haunted by her spirit for decades.



Wrapped up in a blanket, I witnessed a full lunar eclipse in the middle of the night. The sky is an ultimate touchstone for me, representing spaciousness, the infinite, the big mystery... I sometimes need a reminder that I am just a tiny being on this spinning planet in a solar system, within one galaxy among multitudinous galaxies. Levity. May I carry that around with me, please?

“Eclipsis Lunar” became part of an ongoing series I call “Secret Skies” in which I play with a physical way of bottling up, translating, of trying to comprehend the unfathomable with a bit of humor. Within a rustic handmade cabinet that I created out of an old box, wooden panels and vintage hardware, I created a fantasy stage set of night. Two moments of a “lunar eclipse” were cut from mica sheeting and adhered within a removable antique compact case. Have lunar eclipse, will travel~



Catherine Nash
Eclipsis Lunar
Mixed media assemblage



A moose has come out
the impenetrable wood
and stands there, looms, rather
in the middle of the road.
It approaches; it sniffs at
the bus's hot hood.»

This famous stanza from Elizabeth Bishop's legendary elegiac poem *The Moose* (1977), — a poem engaging with the memory of the body, family connections, personal and collective mythologies — has inspired my recent works and the painting I have imagined and created for this particular venue.

Carlos Ste-Marie
The Moose/L'original
Acrylic, oil and marker pen on wood 24" x 30"

Discovered by a rare book seller, studied for decades by leading codebreakers, questioned and theorized about since it was first offered for sale, the Voynich Manuscript has intrigued and confounded all who've encountered its other-worldly illustrations and indecipherable text since it was first put on view in 1915. From aliens to gods, and just about everything in between, all who see the manuscript seem to find their own unique theory vividly illustrated in its pages.

An alien-made map of the universe; a coded medicinal handbook; the secrets of alchemy; even the first notebook of a young Leonardo da Vinci has been proposed as the possible genesis of the manuscript, amongst countless others. And despite the best efforts of some of the world's leading codebreakers over decades of work, no one has managed to crack the Voynich code. One can argue the validity of many theories surrounding the book, and many would say that only a few options make any real sense with the information we have regarding the age of the parchment and its known provenance, but no one, at this point, can truly say that they know who wrote the book, what the book says, and ultimately, why the information was encoded and displayed in such a way.

The Manuscript celebrates the many theories regarding the origin of the The Voynich Manuscript while displaying the vibrant and mysterious beauty that has drawn so many to seek meaning in its pages. In the true spirit of the Voynich manuscript my own beliefs on the meaning of the book were "encoded" in the piece itself amongst the other theories. Despite what experts, passionate researchers, and even I, the artist, ultimately believe about the manuscript, I encourage you to explore and enjoy all aspects of the Voynich mystery and simply look for yourself both at the painting, and the book, for your own adventure into the Voynich universe.

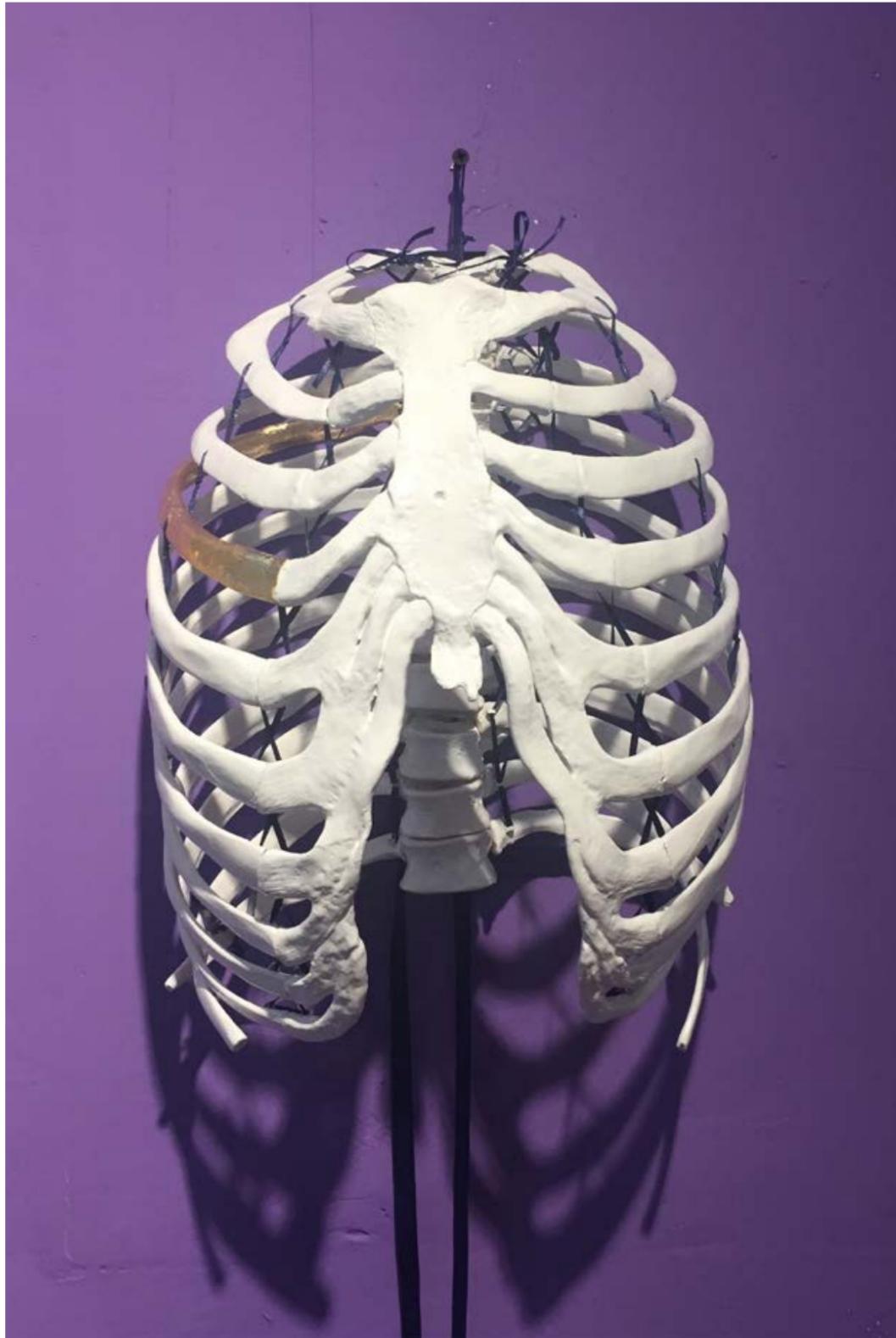


The Manuscript
Daniel Fleming
Acrylic, Pencil & Collage on Canvas - 40x30"

Alice Eastwood was the curator of the botany department at the California Academy of Sciences. When the magnitude 7.8 earthquake shook San Francisco in 1906, Eastwood risked her own life to save these plants from the fires that consumed the city. With complete disregard to saving her own belongings from the fires that claimed the city, Eastwood managed to save 1,497 rare specimens. She is the reason these plants still exist today. Alice Eastwood is the heroine of the Earthquake of 1906.



Britney Penouilh
The Altar of Alice Eastwood , 2017
etched plexiglas, polymer gypsum, thread, found objects, sculpture



Ribs

While studying in Chicago my partner and I were shot on the way to the beach. The same bullet that grazed his head above the right ear went through my chest as I pushed him in his wheelchair. I remember the way the air tasted- like lazy sunshine dripping from the corners of my mouth. Sound, color, breath, and thought intertwined. They slowed; becoming thicker until all felt the consistency of syrup, as time seemed to fall and undulate around my ankles. Exactly a year later our daughter was born. My conscience searched incessantly for meaning, connections, significance, and equanimity. The harder I looked for infallibility the quicker the path transformed from a muddy trail to a clouded labyrinth meandering through ambiguous abstractions and enigmas. Poetry began to glow from moments and places. Through the context of my experience, shallow grows deep, light is ubiquitous, and solace is gained by the freedom of not needing to know each explanation.

There is dignity in the small, the quiet, and fragile. The mediums I continually use are paper, fiber, ink, clay, gold and words. Brightness speaks to me and I try to lean in. I see my work as creatures with their own sort of life with an ability to experience their own sort of death. I put my tangible hopes into each piece, and once in a while something interesting happens. This piece is about what makes us strong/what makes us vulnerable and how the two contraries are able to find comfort with each other in such tight quarters.

Ribs

Put your words between my ribs and i will hold them for you
Without taking a breath

-ellis jake solie

Ellis Jake Solie
Ribs

Polyvinyl chloride, acrylic, wool, silk, gold, cotton -10x11x36"

The Kardashian assets on display.
Optimized and fully functional.



Kimbot The Kardashian
Kathryn Mecca
Oil on canvas



Driving in a rural area of the Big Island one day, my husband and I drove past a zebra. That's right, a zebra. Just standing around behind a fence in a field, like any other farm animal. We turned around and had a closer look. As if the zebra wasn't enough, he appeared to be embracing a donkey. Standing next to these two, were a few bison and some African cows. Although the islands of Hawaii are host to many unexpected creatures, including wild pigs, chameleons, cockatoos, and (reportedly) wallabies, to name a few, I had never seen anything like this before. The day was extremely foggy, and this ethereal scene was beautiful, strange and surreal, like seeing a rainbow at night on Maui or flying through a rainbow on the way to Kauai.

The amorous attention that the zebra was receiving from the donkey got me thinking about animal hybrids. Sure enough, there exists in this world a "zonkey." And yes, in case you were wondering, there is also a zorse. But that is another painting.

The Garden of Delight
Kirsten Rae Simonsen
Watercolor, gouache, and graphite on paper - 11x14"

In the fall 1964, Warhol had created a series of 5 “Marilyn” canvases 40”x40” (red, orange, light blue, sage blue, and turquoise). The artist Dorothy Podber, a friend of Factory photographer Billy Name, came to the Warhol’s studio and asked him if she could shoot them. Warhol, understanding “photo shoot” agreed, and she fired into a stack of 4 “Marilyn” paintings. Warhol was very upset and banned her from the factory. Since two of the canvases were really damaged, he decided to repair them and named the series The Shot Marilyns.

For Dorothy Podber, this was an act of performance art. The irony of the story is she out-Warholed him and The Shot Marilyns remain their joint works.

Warhol, had posthumous cause to be grateful to her. In 1989, Shot Red Marilyn went for \$4m, the highest price ever paid for one of his pictures at the time. In 1998, Shot Orange Marilyn, sold for \$17.3 million.



Laurence de Valmy
David's Shot Marilyns
Acrylic on canvas - 40x30"

I see the city as a garden setting just the objects are concrete and lights and cars and people. The floral paintings have definitely come into these urban city scapes as my street scenes are very organic representing the concrete jungle of restlessness energy of cities.

I walk around with my camera in cities that I am in taking pictures of the streets, buildings, and people. While taking pictures I am practicing my japa yoga repeating affirmations spiritualizing my mind field in frequency of bliss, and I am in the "Now."

I am an energy worker since 2012, and yogini meditator of Yogananda's SRF Kriya Yoga Science for 17 years. My Kriya Yoga practice informs my life and my art! Yogananda would say that he was spiritualizing the places where he walked and in his Autobiography of a Yogi book his Param Guru's picture sent healing light into his body when he was ill in India. In Yogananda's autobiography of a Yogi he states that "All creative scientists know that the true laboratory is the mind, where behind illusions they uncover the laws of truth." We can see reality as it really is, truth not fiction, when we expand our consciousness via meditation and see more of life through the third eye. People who have near death experiences get a real gift to see Truth and see that the reality they thought was so real fiction. They all seem to say they saw their body outside of their body and went through the light and felt such peace and love that they have never felt on earth through their 5 senses. I feel this now through 17 years of Kriya Yoga practice, and I do see light and images at the third eye that I am not creating myself in imagination with thoughts that are in my head and starting to see energy in empty space and orbs. I have also experienced for a very short time the breathless state where my energy inside took me for a ride spiralling up where I did not feel my physical body, heart or breath. I was only aware that I was consciousness and energy.

So my meditation practice you could say is moving my life from fiction to Truth and I want to create art about that! With my art I am now channeling intention/mind and energy to experience a higher frequency, Truth, from my created art work. I want to create art with these higher spiritual energy frequencies in them with my intention and I am now implanting Sacred Peace healing energy into my art work. I also sing cosmic chants while creating in my studio getting into higher frequencies of energy that flow into my creativity and paintings.



Claudette Losier
Dark Night of the Soul
acrylic



This is a portrait of the Fugate family which has called the hills of Kentucky their home for over 200 years; and passed down the genetic marker for blue skin for generations.

Daniel Reynolds
The Blue Family
Oil



Judy Gittelsohn
RedHead
Golden Acrylics on Canvas

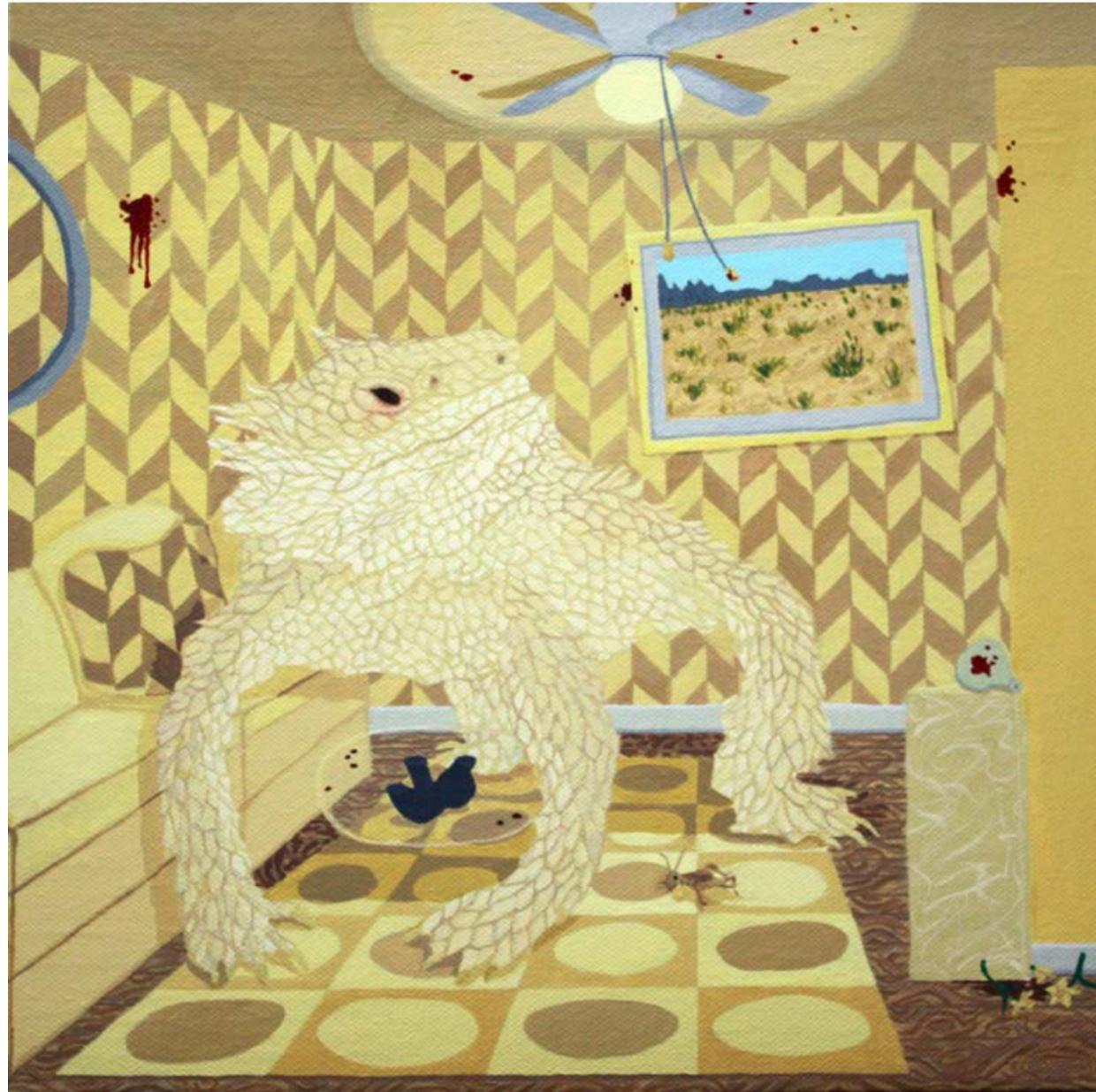


Erin Tengquist
Brave NewWorld
Black and White digital photography

In 1962 one of the more outrageous and tragic experiments in the annals of science was conducted at the Lincoln Park Zoo in Oklahoma City. Warren Thomas injected Truko the Elephant with 297 milligrams of L.S.D. about 3,000 times the normal dose a human would be given. Truko was given the L.S.D. to bring on a condition known as the musk. The Musk is a condition that occurs in male elephants during mating season.



Truko
John Kuhnbeaker
oil and enamel spray paint on a wood panel - 32 x 42"



Horned lizards are most known for squirting blood in the eyes of their predators. Added to that, they blend very well into their natural environment of the desert. Here I've painted my own horned lizard blending very well in a room of it's own. With blood from his eye and blood splatters throughout the room, is it trying to warn off predators or just merely trying to straighten that painting on the wall? I added a cricket so he wouldn't go hungry.

Lisa Ng
Horned Lizard
Acrylic - 12" x 12"

A few years ago, a video depicting a tardigrade went viral. This segmented micro-animal, a species well known to the science community, was introduced to the public at large thanks to color enhanced imagery produced by an electron microscope. Also known as a water bear or a moss piglet, this pudgy little fellow's appearance amazed those of us who were unaware that this animal existed. Learning that this animal was practically indestructible and could live hundreds of years added to the tardigrade's intrigue. Now its name is practically a household word, and its popularity continues to grow.



Robyn Alatorre
Tardigrade
Oil on panel



This piece is about a dream, about deep self feelings which assault me during sleep. About that tiny moment in time when you are sleeping but your mind is awake. Feelings are dark, you feel fear and absolutely alone... And, in your dream inside that dream, you jump and shake your soul trying to feel free while you actually feel imprisoned. During those moments, you can feel the impossible made possible, and then, sometimes, you wake up.

Tenebris Somniorum
Jose Girl
Photography



Rowena Perkins
Vombatus Ursinus
acrylic on panel - 12" x 12" x 1"

Although Wombats have short legs, they can run up to 25 mph.

They look like a cross between a Bear, a Pig, and a Gopher.

They are mainly nocturnal and are herbivores, devouring grasses, herbs, bark and roots. Their babies, called Joeys, are about the size of a jellybean at birth. Wombats are marsupials, but unlike others, they have backwards pouches, opening towards the mother's rear instead of her head. This prevents dirt and debris from entering and allows them to stay clean while burrowing.

The skin on their bottom is very thick. They use their rear end to block their burrows. Lack of a tail makes it difficult for predators to grab on. They can be aggressive to intruders; they will charge at other animals and humans and can cause injuries with their claws and rodent-like teeth. They gnaw on bark and tough vegetation to keep the teeth from getting out of control.

They have special enzymes in their intestines with which to digest tough roughage. Even so, it can take 14 days for a Wombat to digest a meal this slow metabolism helps in their hot and dry habitat.

Their feces is cube-shaped; they mark their territory by defecating. The shape of it keeps it from rolling away.

If there is a drought or lack of food present, they will not mate.

They are champion diggers, with barrel-shaped bodies and long claws and can move up to 3 feet of dirt in a day. They often choose to live in separate burrows throughout the year. They are about 40 inches long, and can weigh up to 77 lbs. The largest and most beloved Wombat, Patrick, who lived in Ballarat Wildlife Park in Victoria, Australia, died in April, 2017. He lived to be 31 years old, and weighed 88 lbs.

Twilight in the city,
Chance encounters

Puddles and umbrellas,
Rumbling
of the train,
The rain

Falls on

The wilted

Grass, quite color-less,

But look how streetlights make it pop.

She 's wearing boots that make her step

On shiny rocks, on clouds, on city sounds of swinging doors, on clarinets of melted snow,

on sleepy grass

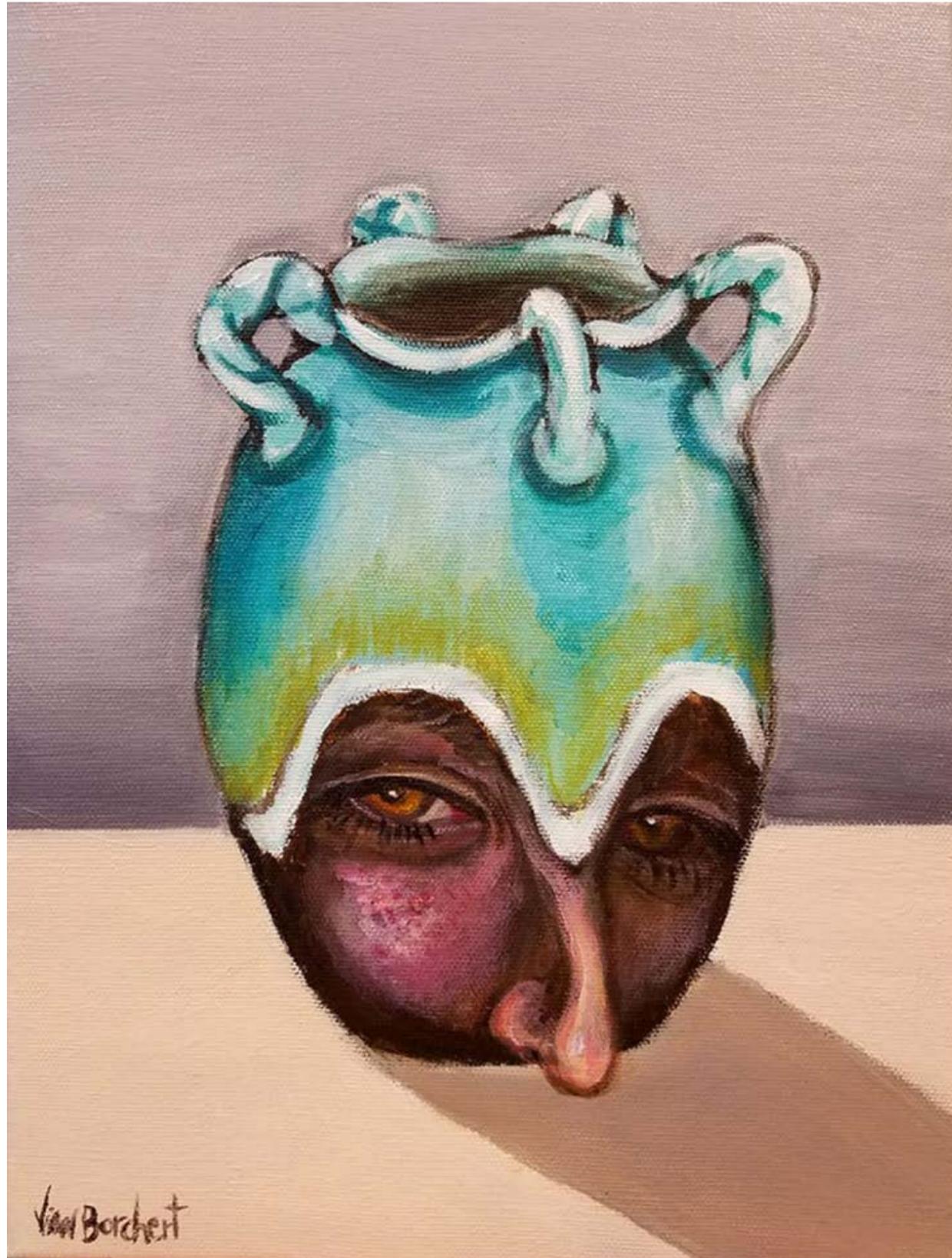
that pops

like laughter.

Shaky connections are made between strangers that brush shoulders with each other, cast absent-minded looks at one another, while searching for their own reflection in your eyes. On Michigan Avenue the cars are slowing down so they would have time to cast rainy reflections and blur my vision. Spring, winter, day and night are mingling with street signs, wet clothes and words in many languages... it's twilight.



Tamara Wasserman
Park Life
Mixed technique on canvas -36" x 48"

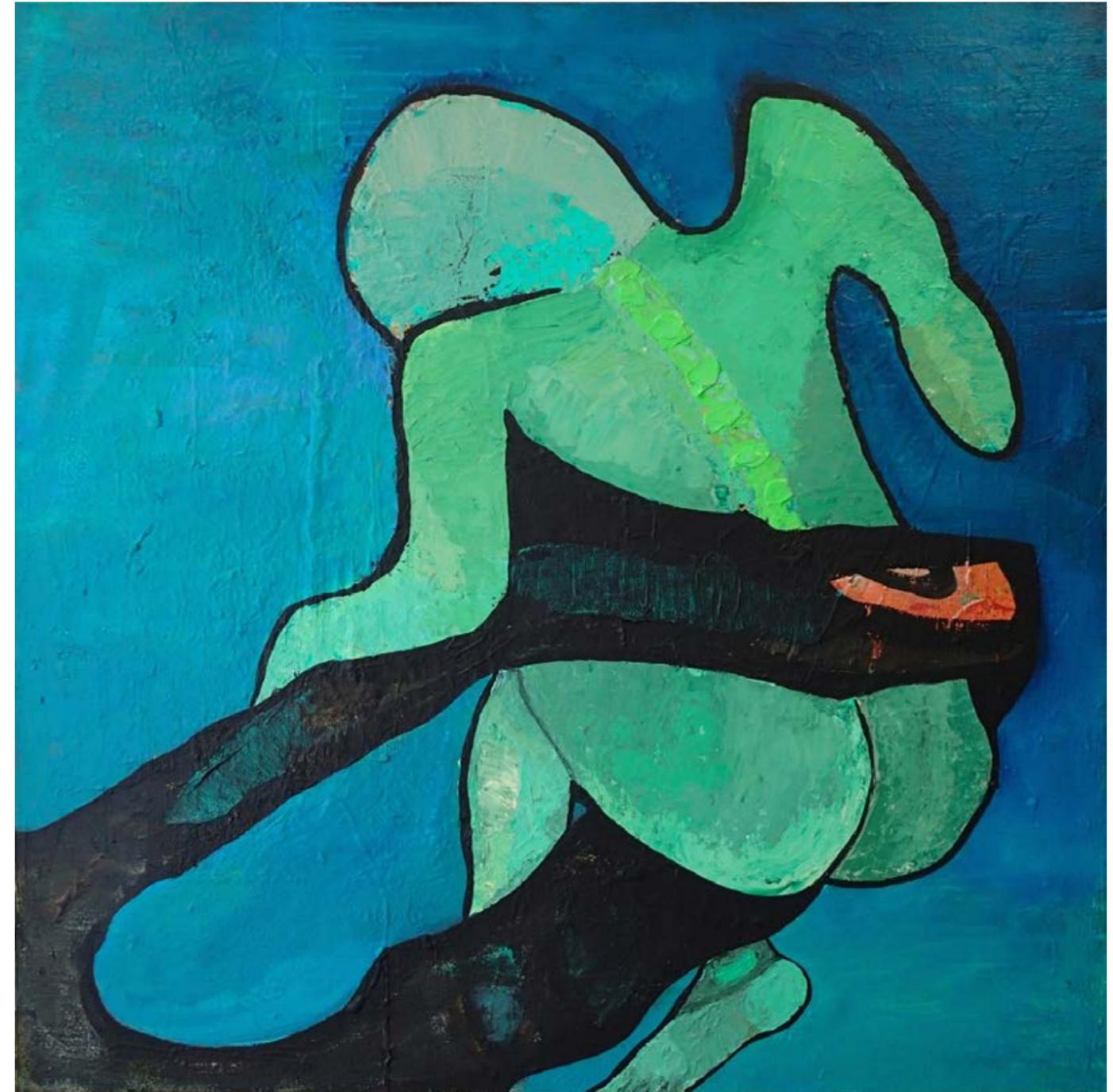


I was always an artsy kid. Back in high school, I took a ceramics class where most of the assignments were to make a vase or some sort of a clay pot. I never liked making a simple average vase. I always liked to bring part of me to the vase making it more edgy, fun, creative and pushing the limits towards surrealism. So, I would add my face, my eyes and nose to the vase's shape - Almost, humanizing the vase with a portrait. The stranger than fiction part is when I brought the vase home, my brother until this day tells me that he could have sworn that the eyes on the vase kept following him wherever he went throughout the room which back then freaked him out tremendously and naturally made him frightened from this strange vase which he said had magical powers. Thus, this is my memory of "The Nosy Vase", and hence inspiration for this artwork.

Vian Borchert
The Nosy Vase
Acrylic on Canvas - 9"x12" inches

In 2014, while on a trip through Southeast Asia, Nick had a motorbike accident on a winding road outside Luang Prabang, Laos. After tying a makeshift tourniquet around his injured leg he was taken to an unsanitary hospital where the flesh wound on his knee was sewn shut. He was not given any pain medicine during the operation. Eventually, he found some Tramadol to combat the pain. This would prove to be a turning point, as he had an adverse reaction to the medication. It started with panic attacks and manifested into hallucinations, paranoia, and insomnia. After returning home to Nebraska the bizarre bouts of insomnia and panic continued for over a year. This painting represents a reflection of that time in his life.

“The insomnia came to life in the form of a malleable branch. It gripped my body. I remained motionless. Should I fight or just give in?”



Nick Schleich
Insomnia, 2016
Acrylic on canvas -36" x 36"



Masha Pasichnyk
The Apple of Eden
Acrylic

