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ArtAscent

Art & Literature Journal 68 August 2025



FEATURE:
Water





16 *Continental Rift*
Digital photography | 50.8 x 76.2 cm | \$900

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Water

Explore this theme via a collection of inspiring pieces by international artists and writers.

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Foreword and Artist Profiles

Cinzia Franceschini is an Italian Art Historian specializing in History of Art Criticism, with a second degree in Communication and Sociology. She works in museum education departments and as a freelance writer. She writes about contemporary arts and social sciences, mostly about them at the same time.

Lou Riegler holds a bachelor's degree in Theatre, Film, and Media Studies. In 2019/20, Lou spent an exchange year in Berlin, Germany, at the Freie Universität, where they focused on film studies. In 2024, Lou completed a second bachelor's degree in Circus and Performance Arts at Fontys University in Tilburg, the Netherlands. Lou is currently based in Vienna, Austria, working as a freelance artist.

Oleksandra Osadcha is a freelance art historian, art critic and art exhibition curator living in Kharkiv, Ukraine. She earned her Master of Art degree in art history at Kharkiv State Academy of Design and Arts, where she is also currently researching her doctoral thesis.



On the Front Cover

Murky Waters
by KAM



On the Back Cover

West Iceland Rocky Coastline
by Santford Overton

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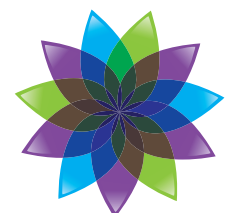


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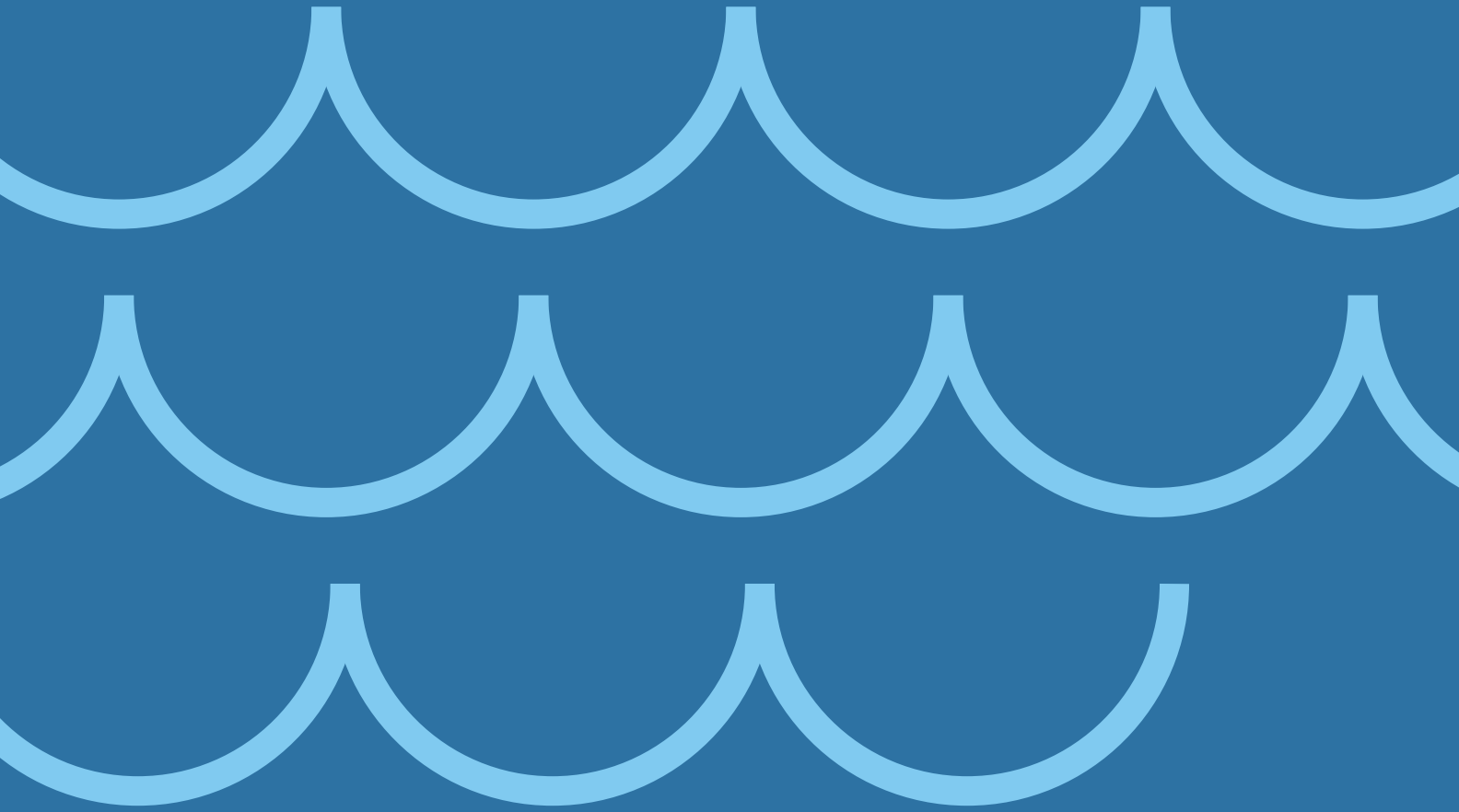


ArtAscent

Art & Literature Journal

Showcasing outstanding
artists and writers from around the world

water



Foreword

Water nourishes, cleanses, and renews. One drop can save. A flood can undo everything.

This 68th issue of *ArtAscent Art & Literature Journal* explores water not only as a physical element, but as a force that moves through our lives in both quiet and powerful ways. It seeps into the unnoticed spaces, fills the air, and flows beneath the surface of our daily experience. Water can wait patiently or arrive all at once. It has the strength to carve stone yet follows the gentlest path forward.

Water resists simple definition. It shifts in form and meaning, always present but rarely still. It can be comforting or destructive, visible or hidden, central or peripheral. The artworks and writing in this issue don't try to contain water or pin it down. Instead, they respond to its nature: fluid, uncertain and reflective.

Each artist engages with this element differently: as memory, as silence, as emotion. Some works speak to grief or stillness; others capture moments of energy, chaos, or healing. What connects them is an openness to water's unpredictable presence. Rather than seeking control or clarity, the artists acknowledge its movement and its mystery. Their work reminds us that water is not fixed: it flows, returns, and always leaves a trace.

By Lou Riegler



Lev L. Spiro
<https://www.levlspiro.com>

The Pool

Archival pigment inks on Canson Platine Fibre Rag | 30 x 45 x 1 cm | \$750



Artist

Lev L. Spiro captures water in its mystical form. There is a calm that holds strength. A stillness that carries motion. His images do not imitate nature; they manage to meet the invisible connection between flora and fauna. Fog. Ice. Reflection. Surface. What we see is not staged, not embellished, but held.

The works reverse the usual hierarchy between humans and the environment. There is no dominance here. Water leads. It takes the centre stage. The compositions remind us that power can be quiet, that transformation doesn't always begin with noise. The eye is pulled into mirrored depths, into layers of air and water. What begins as the surface becomes space. The captured landscapes feel older than memory, and they do not wait for meaning to be given. Instead, they offer something more ambiguous: a visual space in which we can feel both peace and estrangement. Through his images, nature offers moments of beauty but does not explain itself. The viewer is left to search.

Each frame is a scene with no fixed narrative. The viewer is invited to enter and to place their own meaning. There is room to breathe and drift. Lev's use of light and tone builds a visual atmosphere that feels both weightless and full. This openness is where the connection to the theme of water becomes strongest. The works do not show water's force through waves or storms, but through presence. Lev emphasizes the strength of still water and the continuous soft roar of falling H₂O. These images do not shout; they wait, and in that quiet, they make space for us to stay.

His approach shares the precision and restraint that can be found in works of Imogen Cunningham. Both artists honour form by not interfering with it. There is trust in what's already there. This approach to art creates a sense of duality that runs through Spiro's work, between awe and distance, clarity and mystery. He invites us to stay inside these contradictions and, in doing so, returns the viewer to something often forgotten: the act of looking with uncertainty.

A career in film and television shapes Lev L. Spiro's vision. His work has appeared in solo and group exhibitions across North America, as well as in publications that value stillness as much as clarity. He now teaches photography with a focus on emotional storytelling through the natural world. As a director, he has long practiced the art of timing; the framing of breath between action and reaction. This cinematic sensitivity is reflected in his photography. There's atmosphere instead of story—presence instead of plot.

By Lou Riegler

NEXT SPREAD: *Chasm*

Archival pigment inks on Canson Platine Fibre Rag | 30 x 45 x 1 cm | \$750





Lev L. Spiro

The Wave

Archival pigment inks on Canson Platine Fibre Rag | 30 x 45 x 1 cm | \$750



Artist

Glow

Archival pigment inks on Canson Platine Fibre Rag | 30 x 45 x 1 cm | \$750



NEXT SPREAD: *Deluge*

Archival pigment inks on Canson Platine Fibre Rag | 30 x 45 x 1 cm | \$750





Lev L. Spiro

Repose

Archival pigment inks on Canson Platine Fibre Rag | 30 x 45 x 1 cm | \$750



Artist

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Veiled

Archival pigment inks on Canson Platine Fibre Rag | 30 x 45 x 1 cm | \$750



Follow a river as it moves through land, season, and presence in *The Water Waits* by Kate Hawkes. Like water itself, the poem shifts without warning, follows its own course, and continues restlessly. There is no commentary; only close observation, and a language that trusts sound as much as sense.

The structure of the poem mirrors water's rhythm. Sentences return like swirls, and scenes reappear, shifting fluidly. The pace remains steady, even as the current intensifies. There is no declaration, no climax, only change in its quiet and irreversible form. The river, featured in this poem, is no longer gentle or still. It rises. Its path widens. It grows, and the land around it shifts. Water leaves behind new forms, silence, and absence. There is no abrupt build-up in written structure but a gradual weaving development. As the writing develops, the nature of the water begins to change. There is no symbolic or metaphorical stamp; the river is not something else. It is water in its real and physical terms: unpredictable, alive, present. Humanity appears, but not at the centre. Horses, birds, trees, and people move quietly through its orbit. The speaker does not direct. The river acts on its own terms.

That autonomy echoes Hawkes' broader approach to working, which blends the grounded with the lyrical, placing the practical alongside the poetic. Her language moves with the current; it flows loudly as if meant to be spoken and perhaps even heard across a stage. The river brings comfort, but also erosion. It welcomes life and carries it along, and when loss follows, it does not stop. What shifts is not intent, but direction.

This poem exists outside of linear time. It does not fix itself to a single era or crisis. Instead, it moves like something older and one that is no longer waiting. The calm here holds weight. The climate crisis is not future tense. The message arrives without being explained. This is not a warning. It is a witness.

There is a quiet kinship with the work of Virginia Woolf, evident in the layering of outer world and inner rhythm, in the trust that meaning will emerge without being pointed out. Hawkes moves through that balance with assurance. The poem does not shout. It invites attention and holds it.

Kate can be heard reading her poem on her website www.wellnesswithkate.com.

Originally from Australia and now based in Arizona, Kate is a published author, playwright, and founder of Red Earth Theatre. Her work spans stage, page, and screen, often exploring ecology, memory, and the body in place. Kate Hawkes' background in performance, teaching, and theatre direction weaves through her writing. Her experience working with stories, particularly those drawn from real lives, communities, and bodies, has shaped a language that listens first.

By Lou Riegler

The Water Waits

The water waits
In her wandering bed,
Threading along edges of rising hills,
Over rocky floors
Through parched desert.

Her watery arms are laced
With willows and mesquite.
Verde Valley Sage
and Arizona Cliff Rose.
The regal, spreading Cottonwood towers above it all.

Rustling along her verdant shores
Bobcat, rabbit, coyote and grey fox.
Slithering beneath, lizard and snake.
Winging over the skeins of her journey
Bald eagle, heron and swallow.

Within the womb of her waters
Catfish, bass and trout
Flash through sun-tipped shadows.
Otters break the surface, sleek and cool,
Beaver builds and makes her mark.

The River is waiting, waiting.

On hot, still days she welcomes us.
My grey horse and I find her edge,
Step gratefully into the slow-moving cool.
The mare rhythmically, almost in meditation,
Scoops the river—over and over—to her chest.

The little bay horse turns and turns
Creating a whirlpool in a sloping hole
Black tail out behind her like a silken oar.
She dips her head in up to her ears
Then circles some more.

The black, deep-mud smell rises,
Meeting dusty overhanging willows,
Horse sweat turns to red rivulets,
My jeans change to wet-blue
The dog on shore, shakes off an arc of river.

This river, this river.

Seasons change as they always have, always will.
The river changes with them.
The water waits no more.

The Water Waits (continued)

Bobcat and coyote
Heron and beaver
Catfish and willow
Attuned to the river
Prepare, ready to go.

The river cleaves her way through.
The water waits for no one.
The human animal doesn't suit this new river.

The old pathways
Destroyed for the unattuned—
She has no real boundaries now.

The path of the river
The strength of the water
Unfettered. Unstoppable.
From a trickle to landbound tsunami
This water waits no more.

They say she is dying, that she is not what she was.
Be careful! The dying will fight to the last for survival.

There is no time for waiting.
She takes her newly fed energy
Gathers it up into a towering call of desperation
And thunders into our yards and over roadways,
Drowns our gardens and knocks down bridges
Taking cars and animals, trees and garbage with her.

Afterward, when the roar fades and the bulging red
water recedes,
We tiptoe out to see the messages she left for us.

Remnants of her wild way.
Leg-sucking mud that can trap a dog,
New hidden narrow holes that can drown a
crossing horse.
Vanished pathways, higher cut banks
Branches and wire piles tangled up
Against sturdy cottonwood or wrapped around
elegant willows.

This river does not welcome us into her embrace.
This water isn't waiting as it rushes down freshly
scoured beds.

We are stranded on her shores.

Don't mistake this huge wall of water for health.
See in it rather the excesses of the anorexic-bulimic
Who starves and then vomits.
Or the imprisoned who breaks out to find
the way home.
The wild creature searching back to pathways of
ancient memory.

Tame the river?

Build your berms and ditches.
Wrap up the skeins of her travels?
Trim the trees that dress her edges,
Corral the creatures who wander her banks and shoals,
Silence the birds that see it all.

Do so at your own risk.

Not a canary in a coal mine
But a waterway in a desert.
For all that she rises and falls each season
Note how her breath is weaker each summer
Her frantic flapping more each Fall.

The water is waiting.
It can't wait forever.
The river holds out her arms
Inviting us to travel with her.
We must float the waterways together.

As long as creatures travel her banks
Fish dart in the shadows,
Birds feed and fly.
The little mare circles in the pool—
While the boat can still leave the dock

This river, this river
Will welcome us.

If we fail her ...

A final great surge of her life-stream
Cascading through parched pathways
Will empty her.

The water will wait no more.

**KAM**<https://kamofficial.com>*Just Dropping Bye*

Vector illustration and photography | 80 x 106.7 cm



Artist

Playful and sharp, light and warm-hearted: KAM's work cannot sit still. It winks and stares back. It moves through human spaces with a kind of visual mischief, a rebellious presence that doesn't shout but absolutely won't be ignored. At its centre: Lucky the Ghost. A soft-edged, hard-hitting figure who travels through landscapes of water, knowledge, and meaning.

In Murky Waters (as seen on the cover page), we follow Lucky through a modern story and vision of Loch Ness. Folklore ripples beneath the surface; monsters and myths are to be discovered. All is guided by a deeply rooted curiosity and how an image can be loaded with meaning. The unknown becomes magnetic, and Lucky becomes a gentle guide through wonder and the subconscious territories of water. What lives beneath is not only what we fear, but what we hope for. Reflection becomes a form of storytelling.

The second piece, *Dropping Bye*, slips from myth into critique. A challenged river: engineered, industrial and filled with chaos. Lucky floats face-down among what remains: echoes of aquatic life, fragments of discarded culture. Pop icons, graffiti, the gloss of surface with the weight of what's lost below. Here, joy and consequence press against one another. The lines stay clean, the colours precise, but the message remains: we have turned nature into a stage, into characters that must do as they are told, and in the act of creating our story, we have forgotten what nature once meant to us.

And yet, there's humour: Lucky's face does not accuse, it observes. KAM lets the character exist as both a mirror and a question. With Mickey Mouse hands and comic-book clarity, Lucky is both recognizable and slipping through one's grasp. A composition of

nostalgia and disruption. A traveller between realities. Lucky appears in plain sight and disappears just as fast, leaving behind only a question mark that can be translated to a gut feeling.

In this work, pop culture and philosophy intersect. Animation meets awareness. The influence of artists like Murakami is evident, but never copied. KAM moves between digital formats and physical worlds, between commercial ideas and conceptual depth. Illustration here is a medium of rebellion, a charming one that bites where it's needed.

There is no lecture in these images, but a provocation to encourage thought. Lucky is not a mascot; it is a reminder. A figure drifting between joy and justice, with its Mickey-Mouse-like hand pointing right back at us. We don't watch Lucky. Lucky watches us. And that makes all the difference.

KAM is a multidisciplinary artist and designer whose work spans illustration, animation, and conceptual design. Creator of Lucky the Ghost and the animated series *Bread and Circus*, KAM blends pop surrealism with cultural critique: always playful, never passive.

By Lou Riegler



Miguel Barros
<https://www.miguel-barros.com>

Bronze

Mosaic Frozen Waters

Mixed media | 240 x 210 cm | NFS



One can be sceptic of art's potential to bring actual changes. However, its influence is subtle, making us more aware of specific issues, such as our impact on water resources. For instance, Miguel Barros turned his painting into an instrument of spreading ecological awareness

The featured series of works by Miguel presents a formal exploration of colour, texture, and composition, unified through a palette dominated by blues, violets, and deep blacks, occasionally punctuated with warm ochres and reds. All the works are created with mixed media, including oil paint, recycled plastics, paper, textiles, canvas scraps, and found objects. The author merges the fragments into organic, flowing forms—repurposing materials that might otherwise become waste. This technique reflects both the natural cycles of transformation and a personal commitment to sustainability.

The artist employs a mosaic-like assemblage technique, layering fragments of recycled materials to create dynamic, abstract forms that evoke icebergs, underwater currents, and marine topographies. The interplay of light and dark, as well as opacity and translucency, generates spatial depth and tension, while the tactile surfaces—achieved through mixed-media collage—invite closer inspection. Overall, these works function as both aesthetic compositions and environmental meditations, fusing formal abstraction with ecological symbolism.

A recurrent visual element of Miguel's pieces is their grid-like structure. The artist subtly engages with the principles of the modernist grid while simultaneously reinterpreting and subverting them. The modernist grid—championed by artists like Piet Mondrian and later formalized by Rosalind Krauss as a symbol of autonomy, order, and the flatness of modern art—embodied the ideas of rational structure, repetition, and

a detachment from the natural world. Miguel's representations of actual marine forms introduce a sense of organic movement and entropy, contrasting with the grid's traditional associations with control, stability, and flatness.

By integrating themes of ecological fragility and environmental decay, the painter transforms grid into a dynamic field of rupture and renewal—where nature's fluid unpredictability visibly undoes the human impulse to structure. In doing so, his work reinterprets the modernist grid as a space not of rational purity, but of poetic disintegration, making it relevant to contemporary ecological and aesthetic concerns.

Miguel Barros, born in Lisbon in 1962, is a painter whose life and career span multiple continents and cultures. Holding citizenship from Portugal, Angola, and Canada, Barros embodies a transnational identity that informs much of his creative work. After spending a significant period of his life in Luanda, the capital city of Angola, he eventually relocated to Calgary, Canada, where he currently resides and continues his artistic practice. His academic background is rooted in design and the built environment—he earned a degree in Architecture and Interior Design from IADE in Lisbon, completing his studies in 1984. Since then, Barros has shifted his focus entirely to the visual arts. His art is held in over 20 countries, namely Portugal, Angola, Canada, Brazil, Japan, and South Africa.

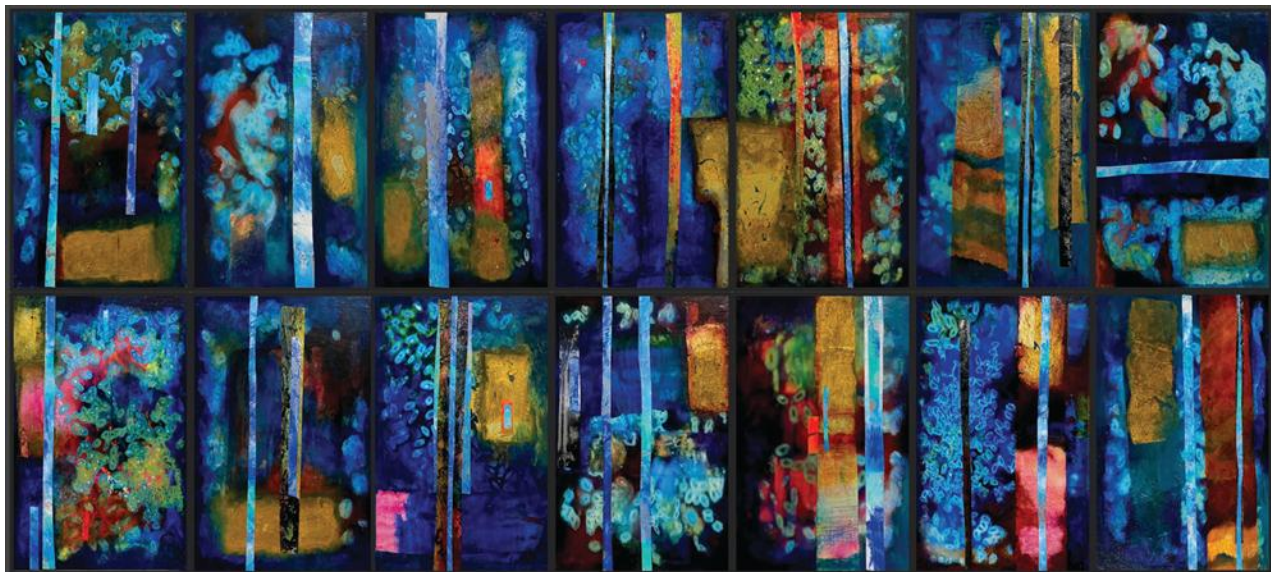
By Oleksandra Osadcha

Bronze

Miguel Barros

Mosaic Crystal Clear Deep Sea

Mixed media | 140 x 80 cm | NFS

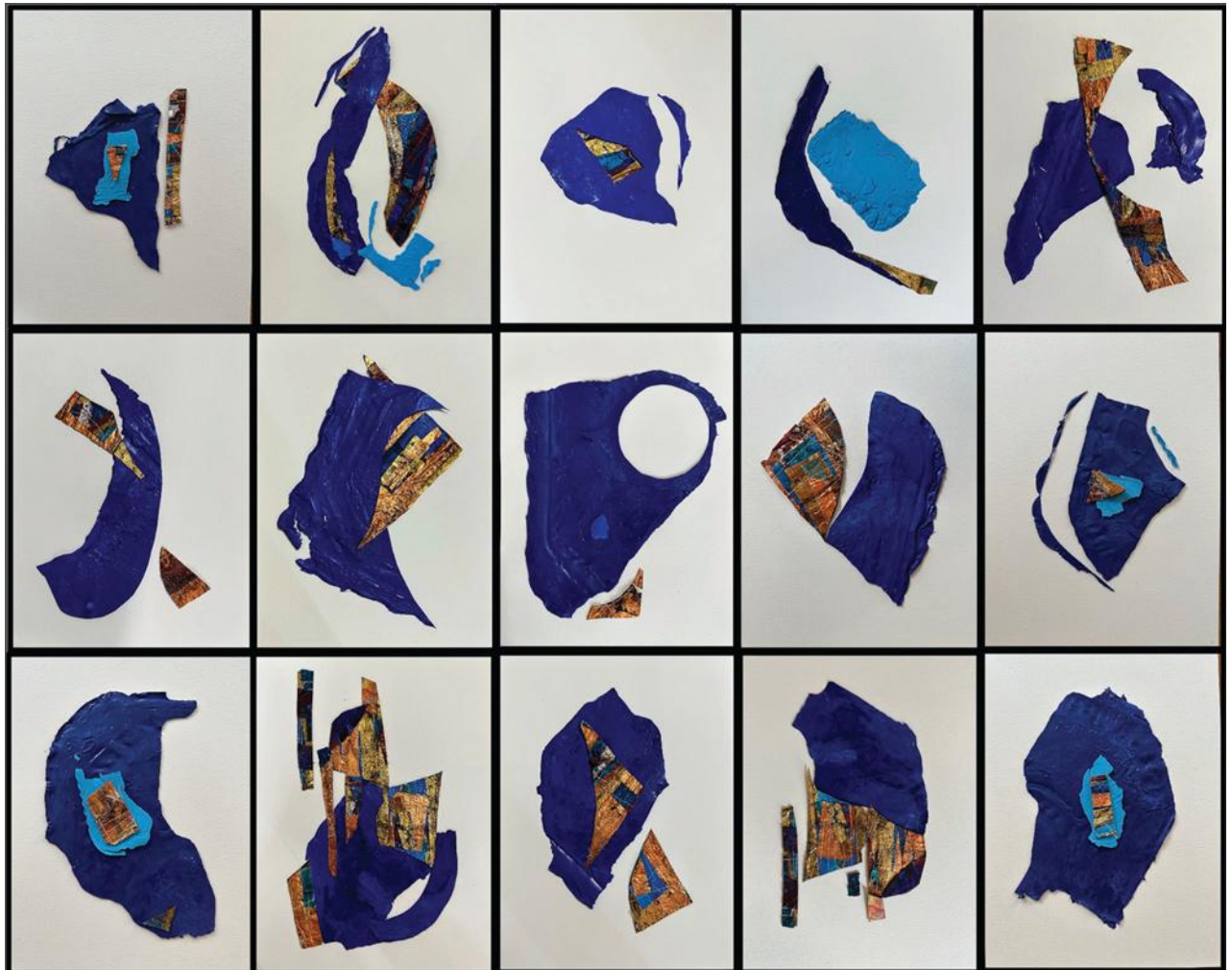


Artist

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Mosaic Blue & White Polar
Mixed media | 110 x 90 cm | NFS





Dakin Roy

<https://www.dakinroy.com/>

Pleistocene Epoch

Digital photography | 50.8 x 76.2 cm | \$900



Spring Thaw
Digital photography | 50.8 x 76.2 cm | \$900



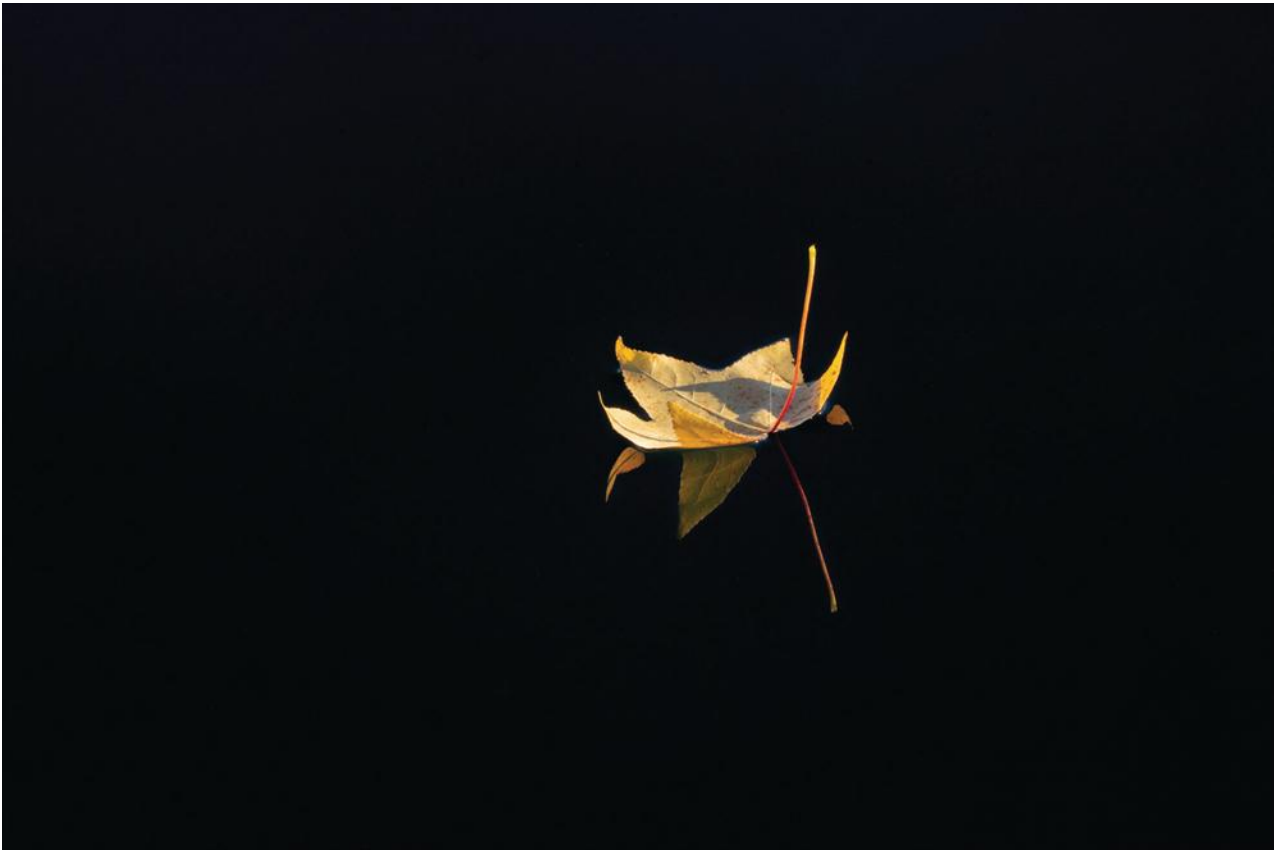


Stephanie Dobson

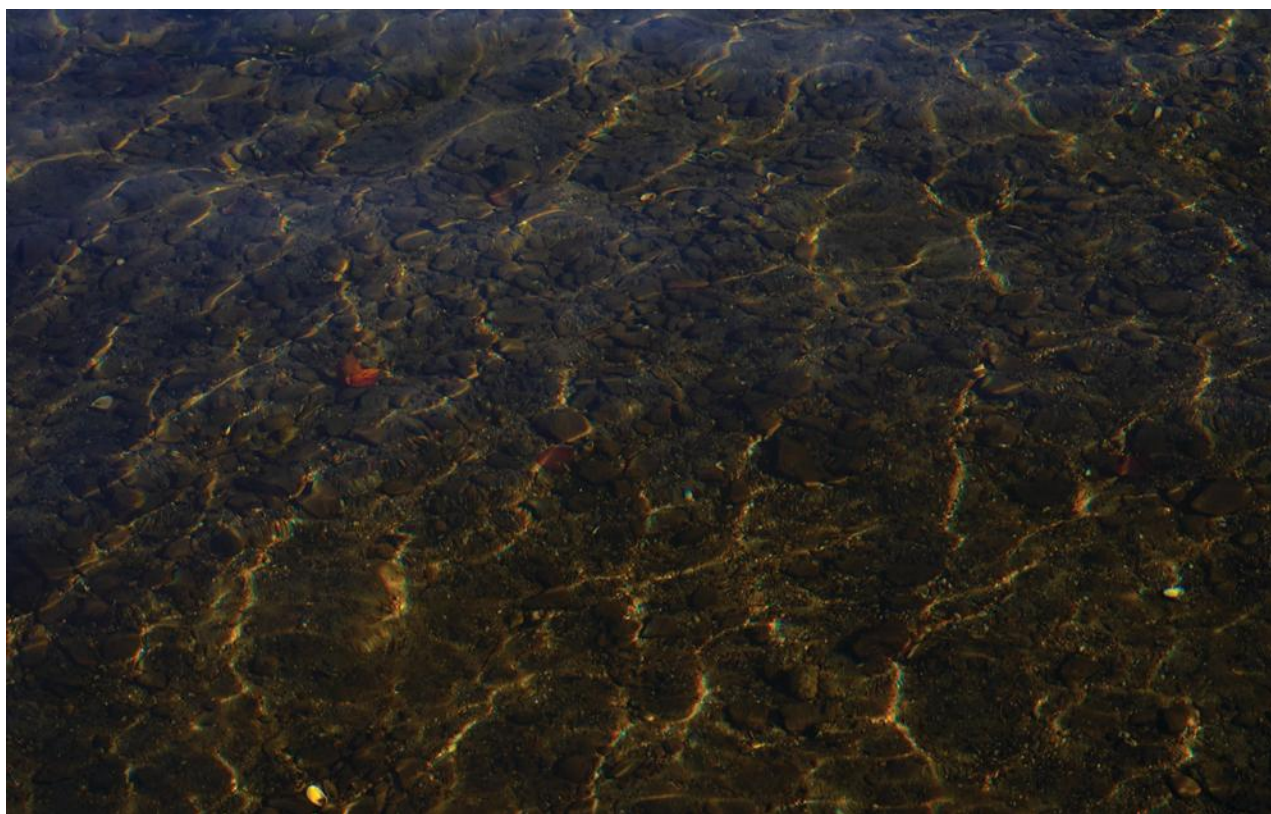
<https://stephaniedobson.myportfolio.com/work>

Weightless

Photography | 40.6 x 30.5 cm | \$195



Rainbow Caustic
Photography | 25.4 x 20.3 cm | \$85



NEXT SPREAD: *A Green Bow*
Photography | 35.5 x 27.9 cm | \$160





WN 4574 JE

2025

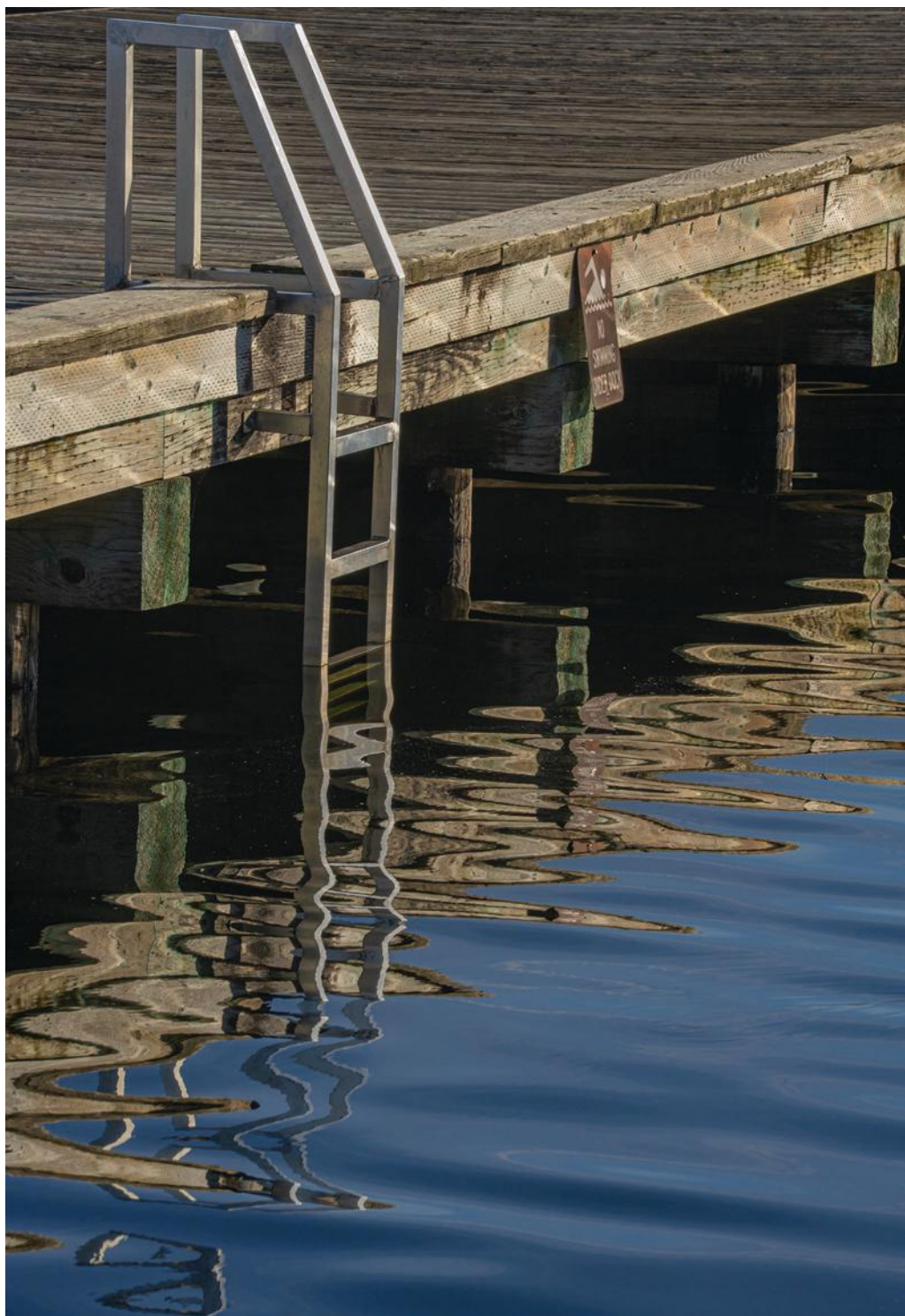
WN 4574 JE

2025

Stephanie Dobson

Wrinkled Water

Photography | 20.3 x 25.4 cm | \$85



Alternate Perspective
Photography | 30.4 x 40.6 cm | \$195





Theresa Gage

<https://worldofwordsandcraft.godaddysites.com>

Sink Your Teeth

Every year, my family attended the annual City Light picnic at Cottage Lake. Our close relatives joined us, and everyone brought food to share. Mom and Aunt Penny competed over their chicken recipes. Aunt Penny baked chicken wings in teriyaki sauce, whereas Mom fried chicken until the skin was crusty. Both deserved blue ribbons, and their chicken was exquisite.

My brother, Jerry and I were eager to go to the lake. Mom suggested we eat now, but wait thirty minutes before swimming. Jerry piled his plate with food and scarfed it down within minutes before racing to the lake.

I called after him, "You're going to get cramps if you go swimming after eating!" He just laughed. After finishing my lunch, I walked down to the lake.

Jerry swam in the deeper end near the boat docks. As I watched him, he gripped his stomach. "Help! I can't move. Muscle cramps."

"I told you that you would get cramps." I didn't know how to swim, but I could float. I didn't want him to drown, but what could I do? Then, I saw Uncle Winky. I waved him over and pointed at my brother. "He has cramps and can't move. Can you save him?" After I uttered those words, Jerry couldn't stay afloat.

Uncle Winky dove in. He surfaced and said, "The water is murky. It's hard to see." He dove again. Minutes later, he pulled Jerry up and dragged him across the water to shore.

I tossed my towel at my brother to dry off. "That was stupid. You could have drowned." Jerry gave me a weak smile. I looked at Uncle Winky and frowned. "What happened to your teeth?"

"They must have slipped out of my mouth." Uncle Winky walked around the swimming area trying to find his dentures. He jumped in the deeper area where he had found Jerry and swam underwater. He dove in several times but couldn't find his teeth.

I felt sorry for him. Dentures probably weren't cheap. Uncle Winky shook his head and walked back to the picnic area. Jerry laid out in the sun to dry. I saw kids going down the slide into the water and joined them.

Standing on the top rung of the ladder, I thought better of my decision, but the kid behind me pushed me down the slide. I plopped in the water, but didn't surface. I had fallen in a drop-off. A warmth filled me as lake water filled my lungs. My brother saw my hair floating and pulled me up. I thought I would never stop coughing. It was a day I'll never forget. Both of us almost drowned.

Beneath the Waves
Graphite on paper | 40 x 30 cm | \$200





Ljubica Simovic

After the Storm

Mixed media on canvas | 91 x 61 x 4 cm | \$800



Before the Storm
Mixed media on canvas | 91 x 61 x 4 cm | \$800





Madeliene Sieffert

<https://madeliene.art/>

Home

Alcohol, acrylic ink and resin on panel | 30.5 x 40.6 x 2 cm | \$1,800



South Shore Suite Triptych

I

She walks the shoreline
below dunes, high as ten men.
Geese mutter, shuffle.
She ascends the soft, steep slope
past trees grown tall without soil.

She pauses, sighs, slips
into a white-powder bowl.
Distant waves chant.
Grasses trace the wind's cycles
in perfect semicircles.

Boot prints, small paw prints
suggest a way to the shore.
She follows until
she stands, a pilgrim,
to worship on virgin ground.

Stillness, such stillness.
Even the wind quiets.
Fresh tracks to the left:
pads much larger than a dog's,
No human tread to tame them.

Taking flight, she careers
down a harsh diagonal.
Geese fan to the bay
in pale sunlight, find solace
in the elegance of swans.

II

Stark on calm waters,
Tundra Swans' fidelity:
white against slate-grey.

A morning choreographed.
Grace in every pas de deux.

III

It's alright, okay
to become like the sand:
water-weary, sun-bleached,

reduced to grains that glimmer
as waves advance and waves withdraw.

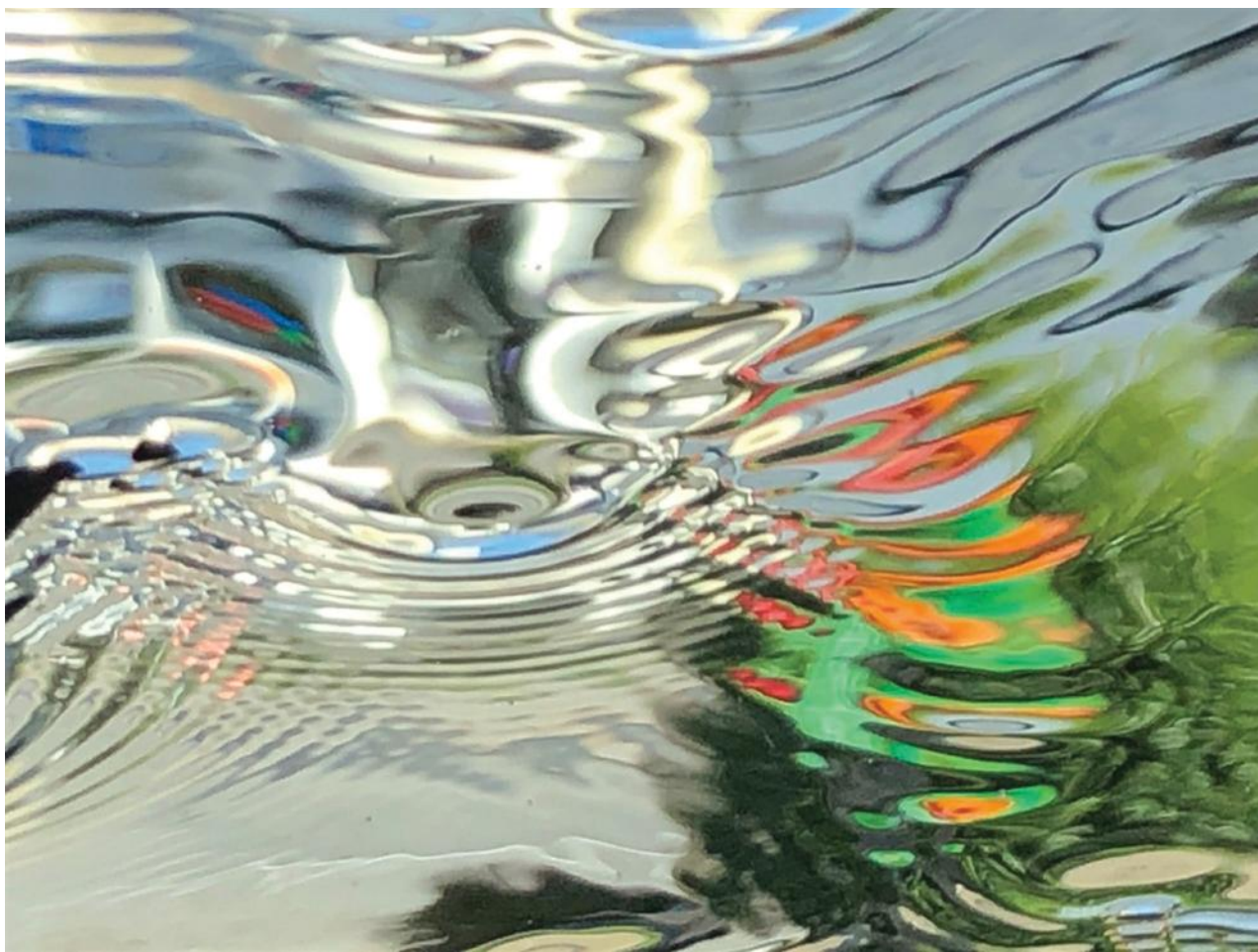


Jennifer Cunningham

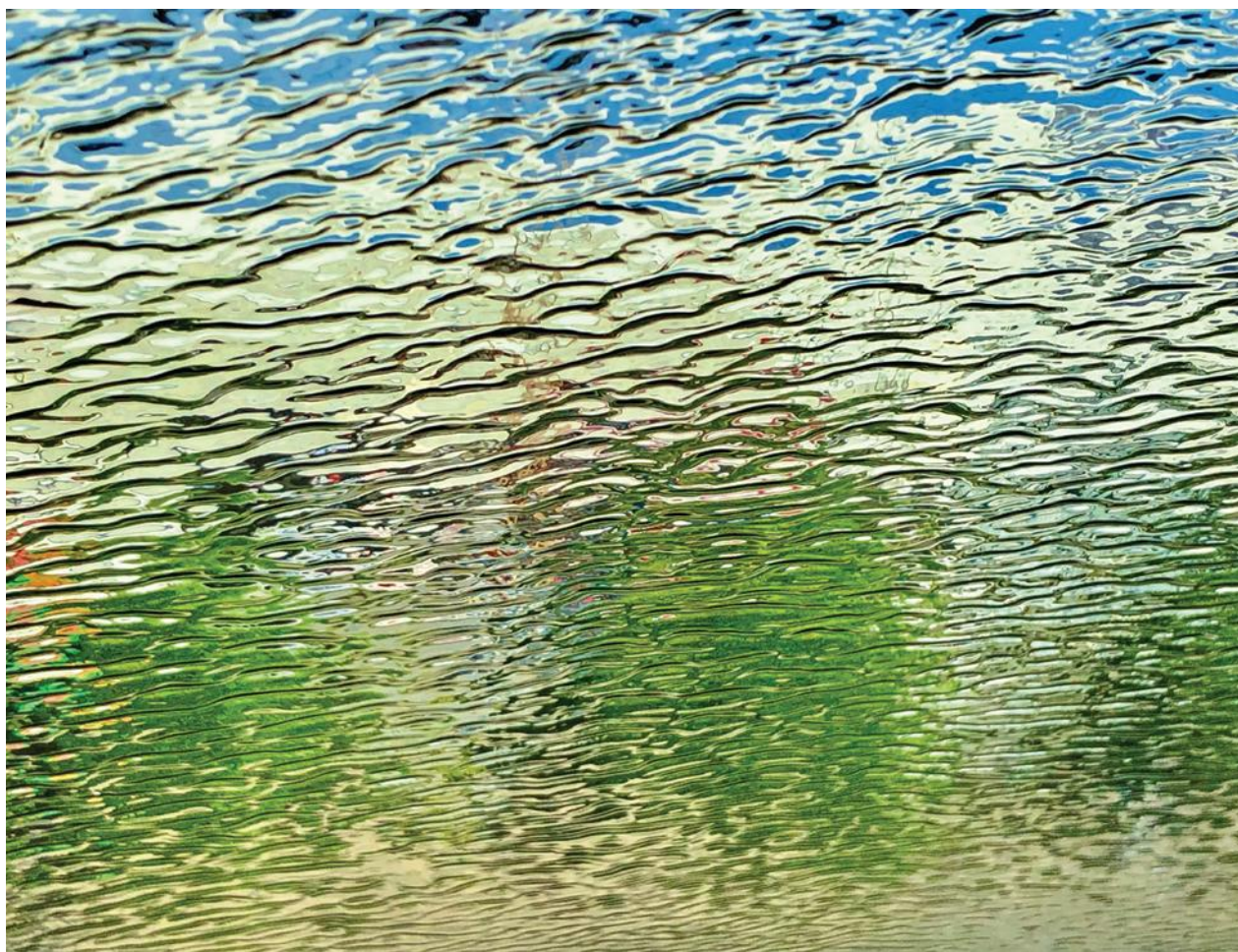
www.jbcunninghamstudio.com

Diluted Perspective

Photography | 28 x 36 x 1 cm | \$800



Linger for a While
Photography | 28 x 36 x 1 cm | \$800



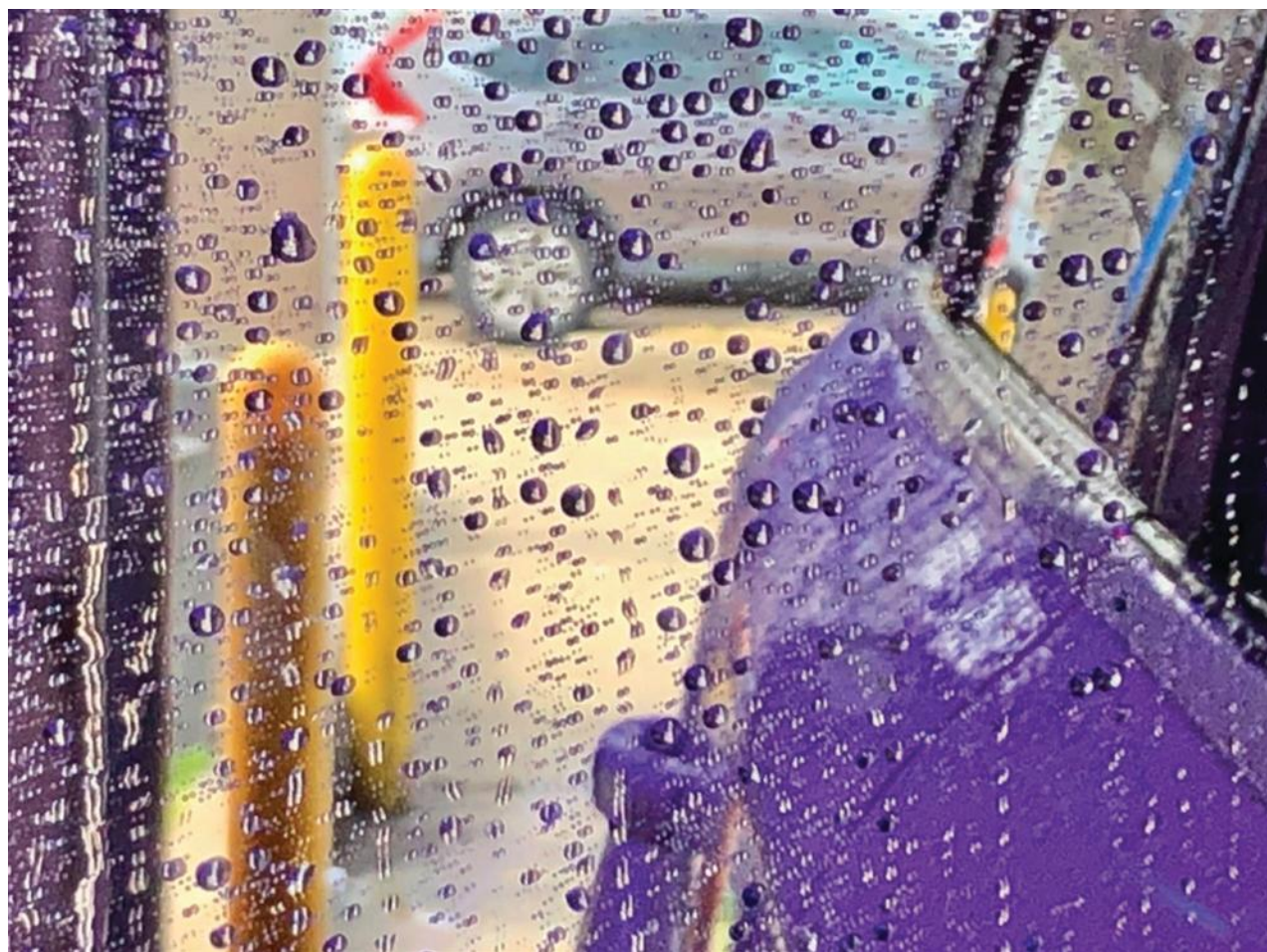
Jennifer Cunningham

Still an Instant

Photography | 28 x 36 x 1 cm | \$800



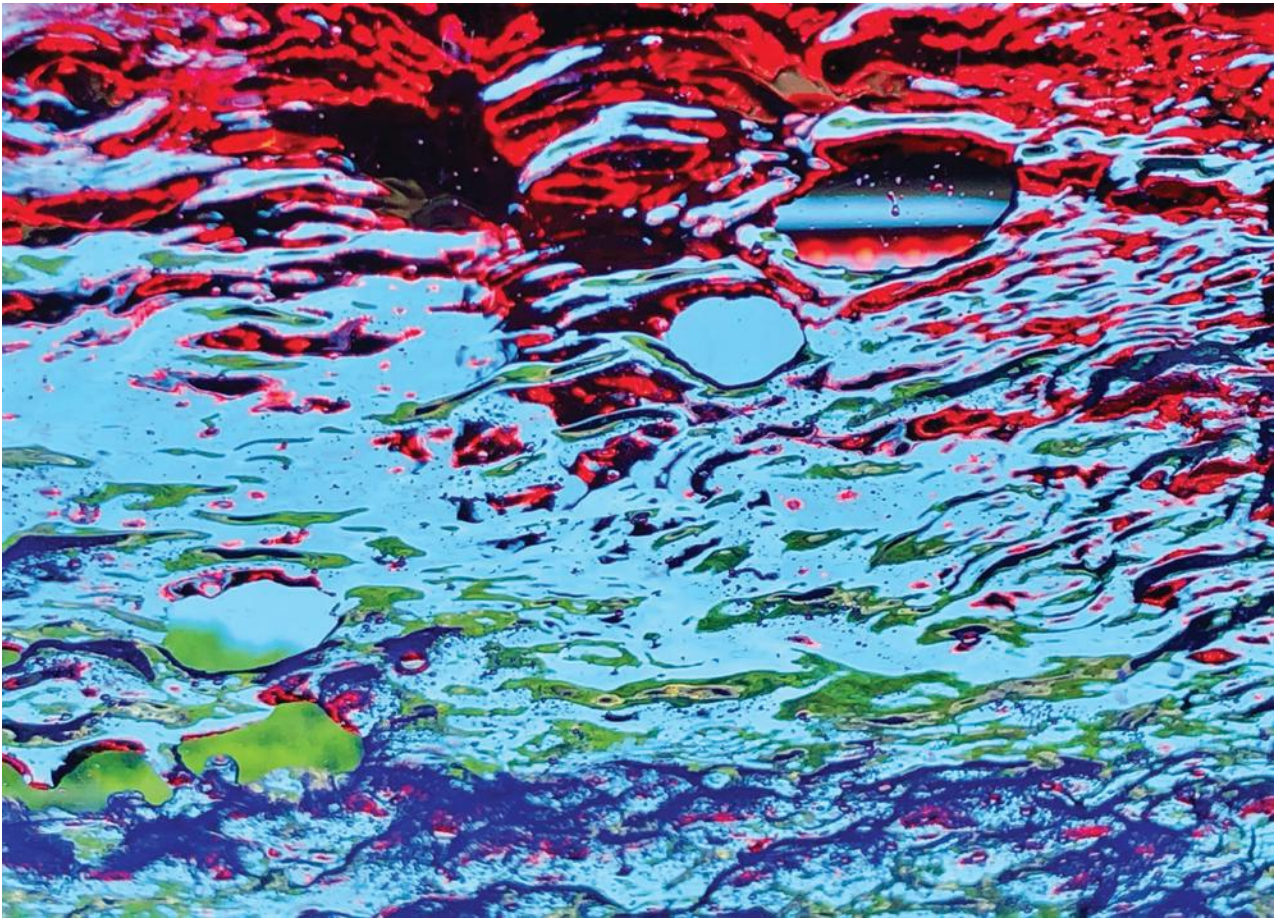
In the Queue
Photography | 28 x 36 x 1 cm | \$800



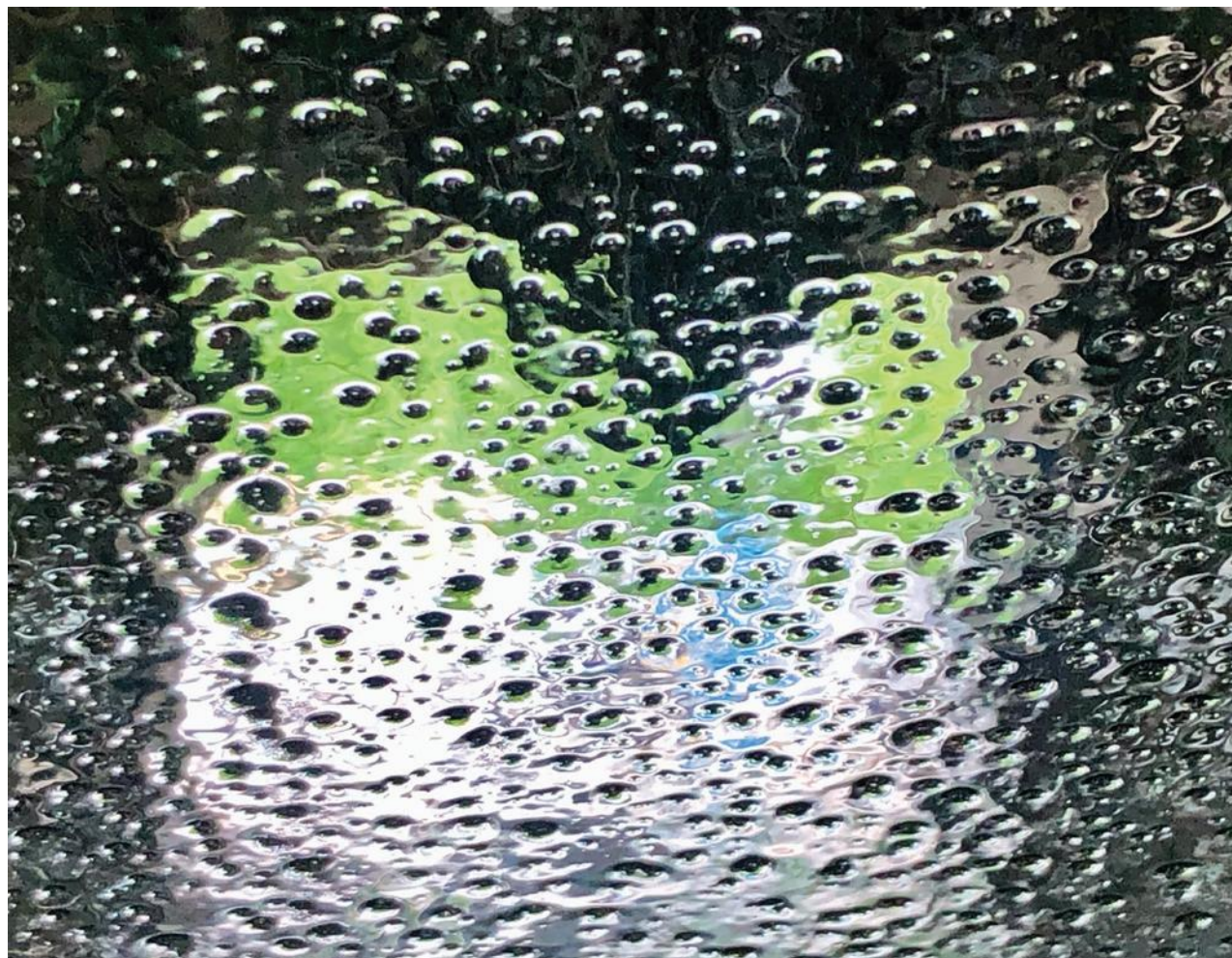
Jennifer Cunningham

Ephemeral Bath

Photography | 28 x 36 x 1 cm | \$800



Portal Opening
Photography | 28 x 36 x 1 cm | \$800



Jennifer Cunningham

Car Wash Blues

Photography | 28 x 36 x 1 cm | \$800



Regina Petrovna Klimkina

Reginaklimkina.art

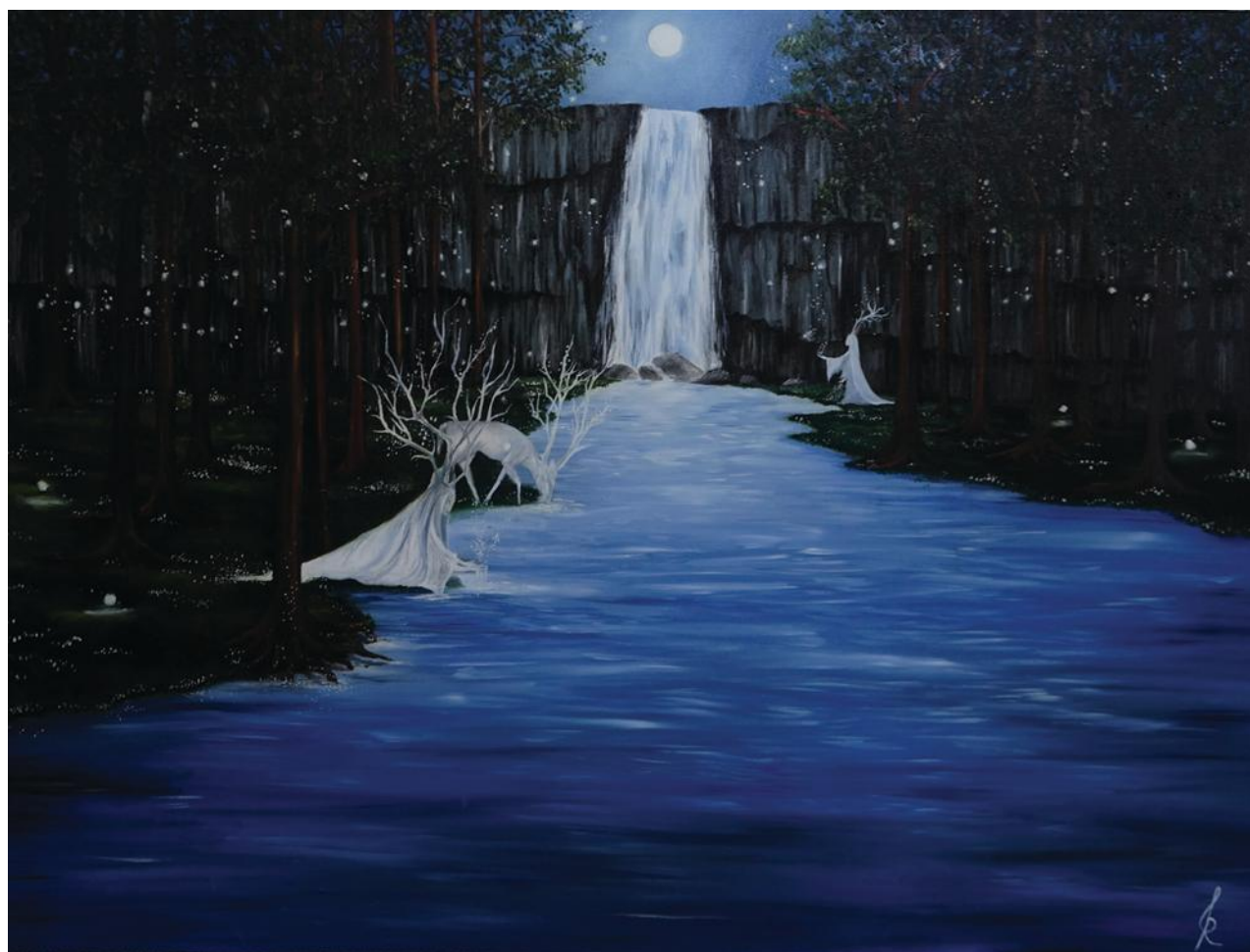


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The Great Source

Oil on canvas | 76.2 x 101.6 x 3.8 cm | \$6,000





Anna M Cullen

<https://amcullenart.wordpress.com/>

From the Garden Hose

Acrylic on canvas | 20 x 20 x 3.8 cm | NFS





Refreshment

Glacial tap water
gushes into glass pitcher

torn packet
pours black-cherry powder

plastic paddle
swirls abracadabra
magicking summer refreshment
in see-through tumblers
in sweltering August

the old well
outside the kitchen window
overgrown with pineapple weed

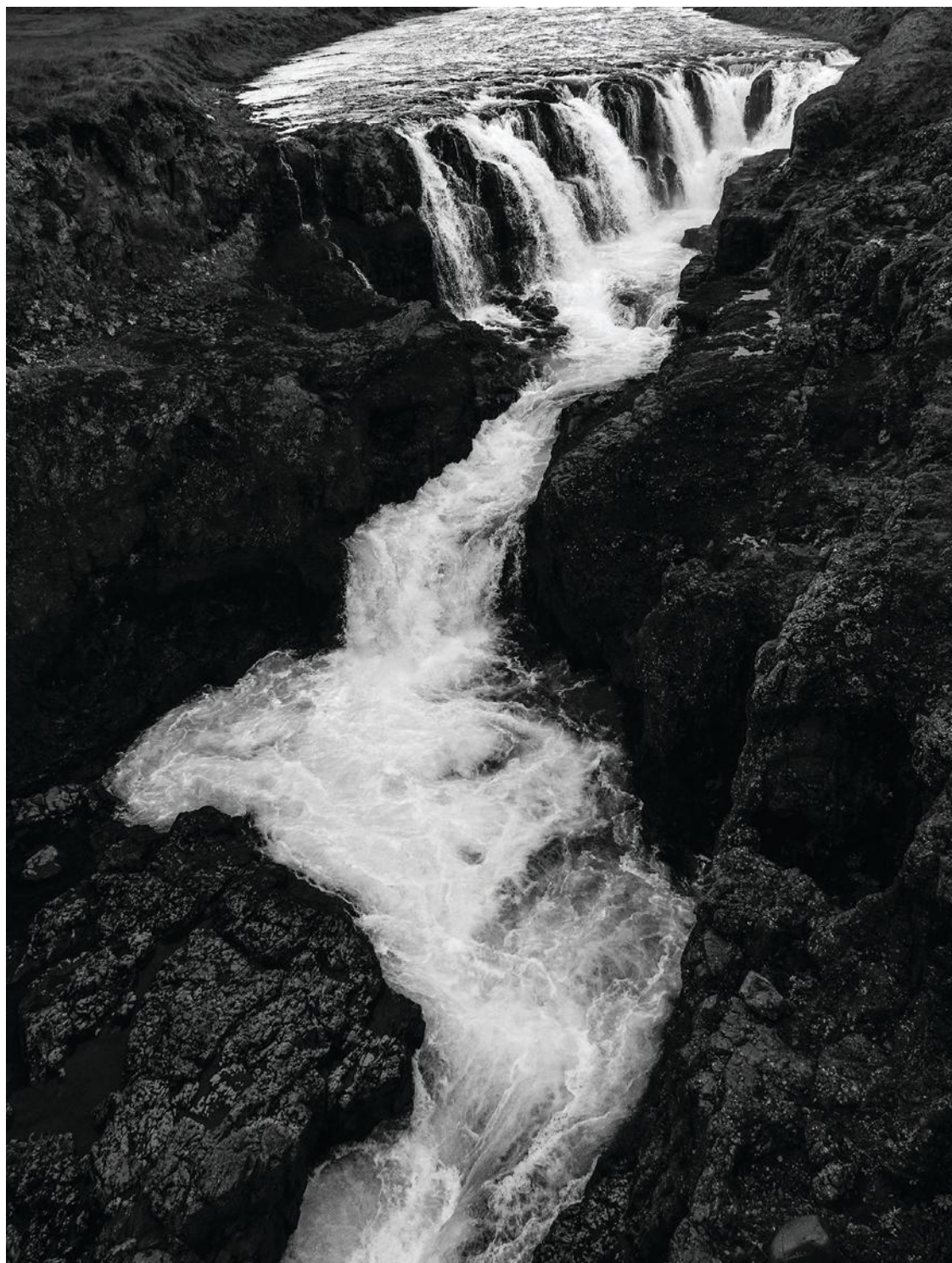


Alison Lake

www.alisonlake.photography

Cascade

Archival pigment print | 35.5 x 25 cm | \$550



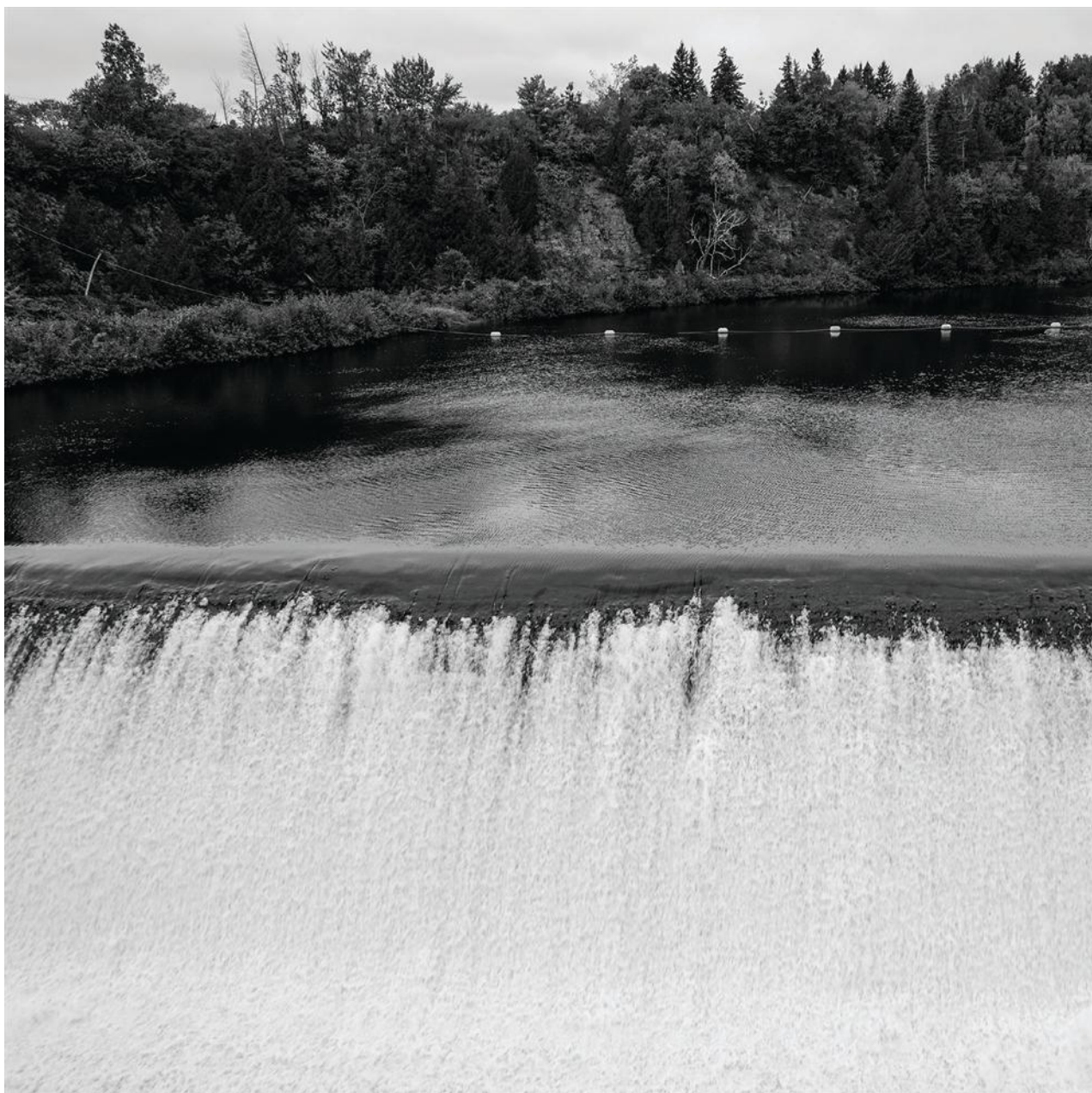
Breakthrough
Archival pigment print | 35.5 x 25 cm | \$550



Alison Lake

Still Water, Falling Water

Archival pigment print | 25 x 25 cm | \$475



Shimmering
Archival pigment print | 25 x 25 cm | \$475





Lisa Roy

Green Puddle

Oil and watercolour on canvas | 25 x 20 cm | \$300





Wishing Well

Buttercups and clovers
ring the cobblestone well
deep dark dank.

Desert groundswell
echoes my name
as I holler into the earth.

In reverie
I unwind the winch
lower the bucket.

I draw up water
clear and cold
in scorching August.

A school of goldfish
glimmers on the black surface
waving rippling.

A rose-breasted grosbeak
descends the pediment
obscures my wish.

I toss a penny
into the pool of memory
splashing over the cistern wall.



Santford Overton

Hidden Jewel

Photography | 45.7 x 55.8 x 2.5 cm | NFS



Isafjordur Harbor
Photography | 45.7 x 55.8 x 2.5 cm | NFS



NEXT SPREAD: *Icelandic Farmland*
Photography | 45.7 x 55.8 x 2.5 cm | NFS





Santford Overton

Multicolored Sandbars

Photography | 45.7 x 55.8 x 2.5 cm | NFS



Snaefellsnes Peninsula on the Horizon
Photography | 45.7 x 55.8 x 2.5 cm | NFS



NEXT SPREAD: *Dyrholaey Beach*
Photography | 45.7 x 55.8 x 2.5 cm | NFS







Arijeet Mitra

<https://arimitrigo.wixsite.com/curatistudio>

Embracing the Waves

Ceramics





Same Old

cabin on (the
lake)
birches by (the
lake)
duck swimming in (the
lake)
us paddling across (the
lake)
eating strawberry pie on the porch overlooking the

..... lake lake lake lake lake lake lake lake



Night. A storm is coming up. Thunder from the south, across the water.
Same old lightning stunning the

same old

sky

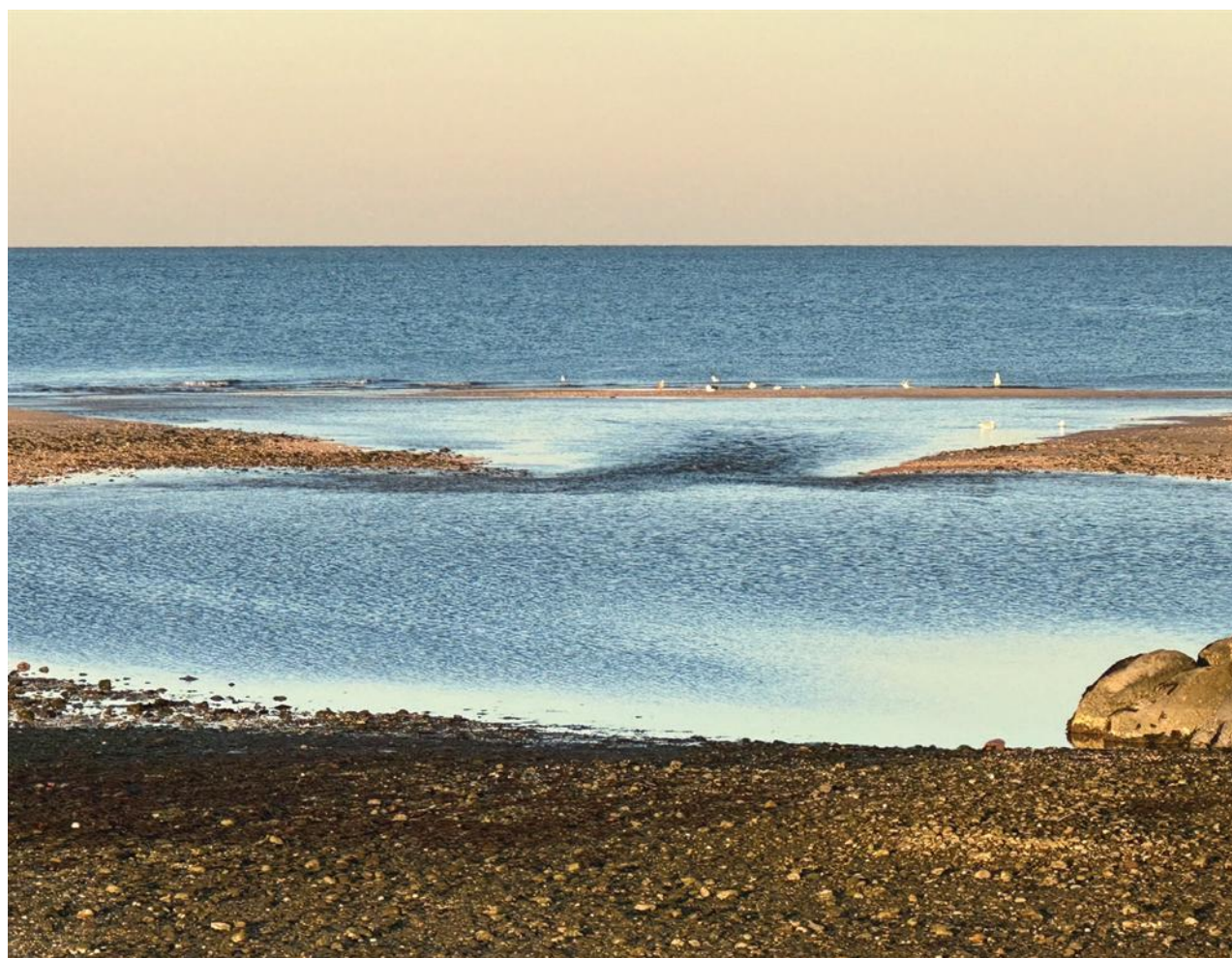


Arlene M. Katz

Santorini
Photography



Homage
Photography





Alexis Herman

www.alexishermanstudio.com

Grounding

Oil on canvas | 92 x 92 x 4 cm | NFS



Natalia María Centeno López

<https://www.nataliacentenolopez.com/>



Invasión

Ceramics and glass | 244 x 244 cm | \$12,247





Maidie Hilmo

<https://carlehessay.com>

Hollow World—A Visual Exploration of a New Subterranean Utopia



Creation of Earth # 2

Oil on canvas | 91 x 91 x 2 cm | \$38,000

In the future, according to the prediction by 20th-century artist and former mariner Carle Hessay (1911-1978), new technologies will make it possible to counteract the ever-threatening catastrophic destruction of life on earth. In his series of futurist *Hollow World* paintings, made as part of a Canada Council Explorations project, Hessay imagined the creation of a second earth formed by the hollowing out of the present one. Deep shafts will be sunk into the earth, allowing magma to be shot out to form another planet. His *Creation of Earth # 2* shows the impressive reverberations at this birthing as the new planet, like another Big Bang, explodes into space. It is a unique take on the story of the separation of waters in Genesis or on the idea of life emerging from primordial slime.



Image of the Hollow World
Oil on canvas | 91 x 91 x 2 cm | \$38,000

Half a century before an oceanic world was pictured in *Avatar: The Way of Water*, Hessay visualized an aquatic environment within the womblike space of the inner region of the hollowed-out earth peopled by an evolved humanity, as shown in *Image of the Hollow World*. Swimming purposefully across this expansive watery realm are two small figures. With mind and body as one, these uninhibited nude figures almost fly forward, propelled by their weblike feet. The forcefulness of their movements is indicated by the motion blur of their wing-like arms as they speed obliquely across the oceanic expanse of this world within a world toward the softly lit, flowing underwater plants on the bottom left. Following them is a long succession of figures emerging out of the dark watery depths. A

dynamic series of movements enlivens this space: the swaying fronds of seaweed and the streaming blue colours, as well as the dancing harmonies of light and shadow.

If we "should survive, develop and learn the secrets of the cosmos," as Hessay wrote on a small sign intended to accompany this series, we will, "in time," have a utopia. In *Image of the Hollow World*, he visualized water as the nourishing element. The concept of an underwater source that offers possibilities for life is no longer so far-fetched, as new evidence suggests that there is more water locked deep within the Earth's mantle than exists in all the oceans above.



TM Stoecklein

thomasmichaeltm.com

Reflection on Water (left), Bowery NYC (right) Arranged by Chance
Digital photography



Reflection on Water, Thompson St. NYC, and Detail
Digital photography



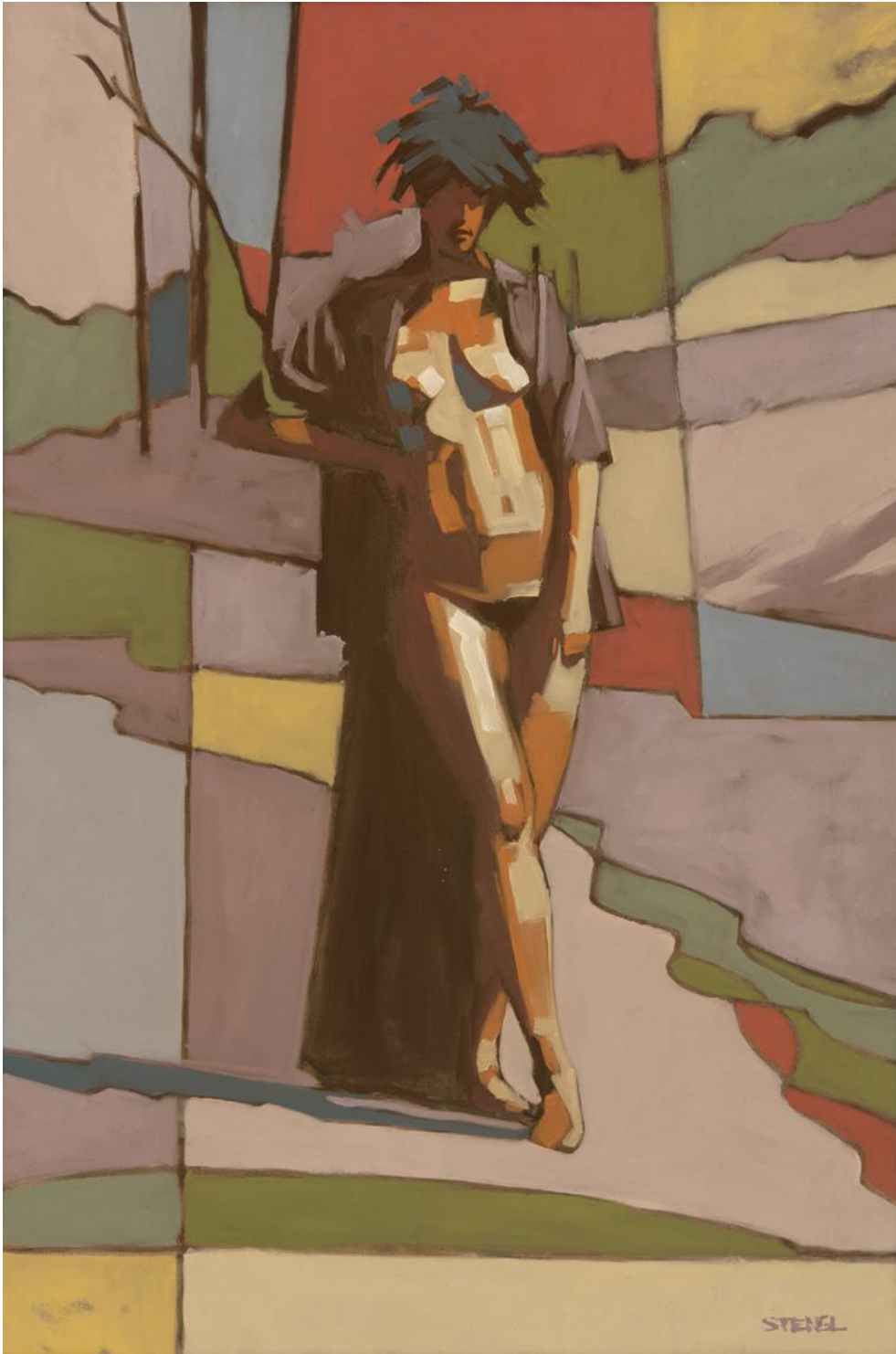


Mike Stengl

<https://www.inprnt.com/gallery/mikestengl/>

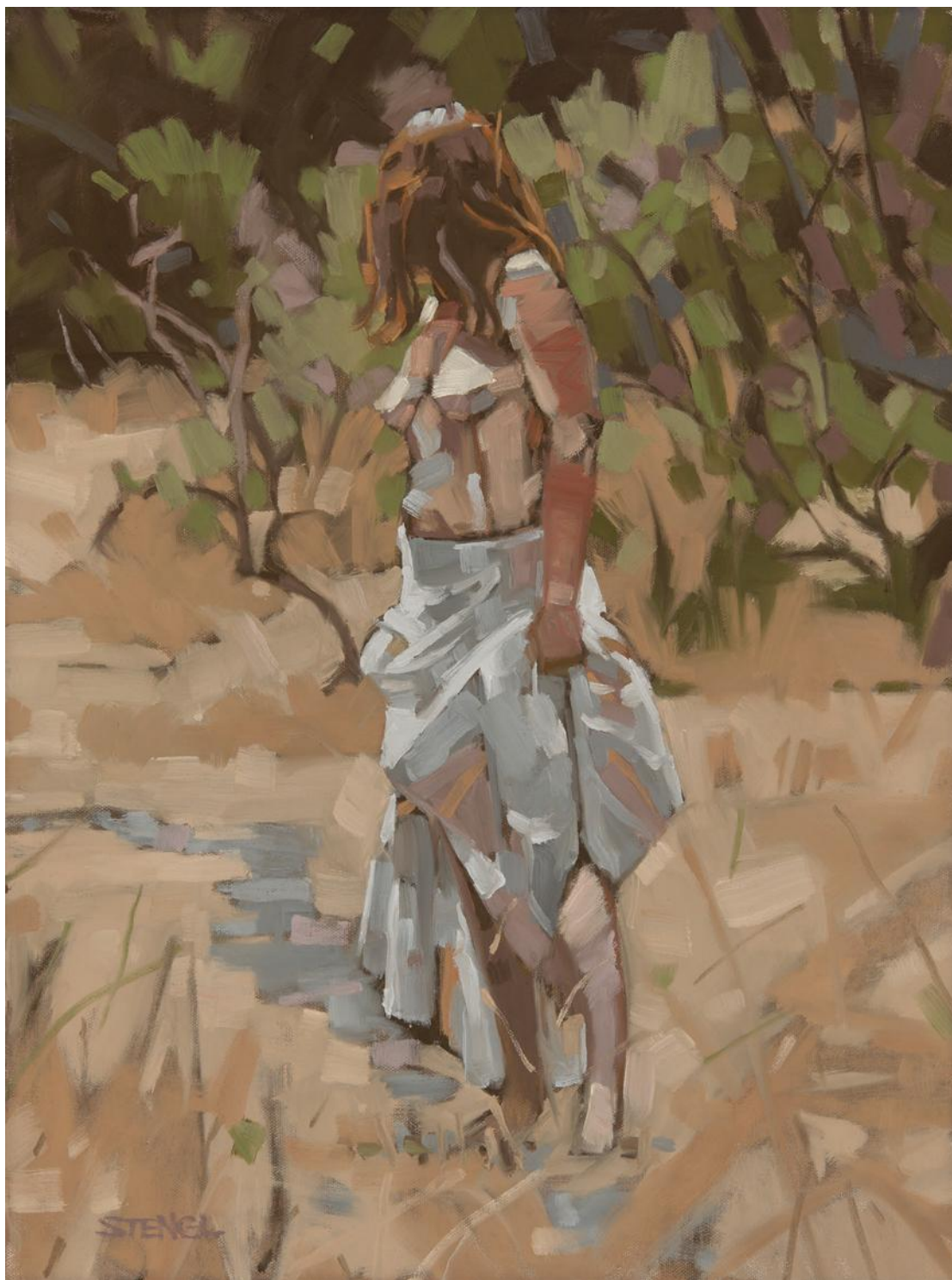
The Dancer 2

Oil on canvas | 91 x 61 cm | \$4,100



Should I Stay

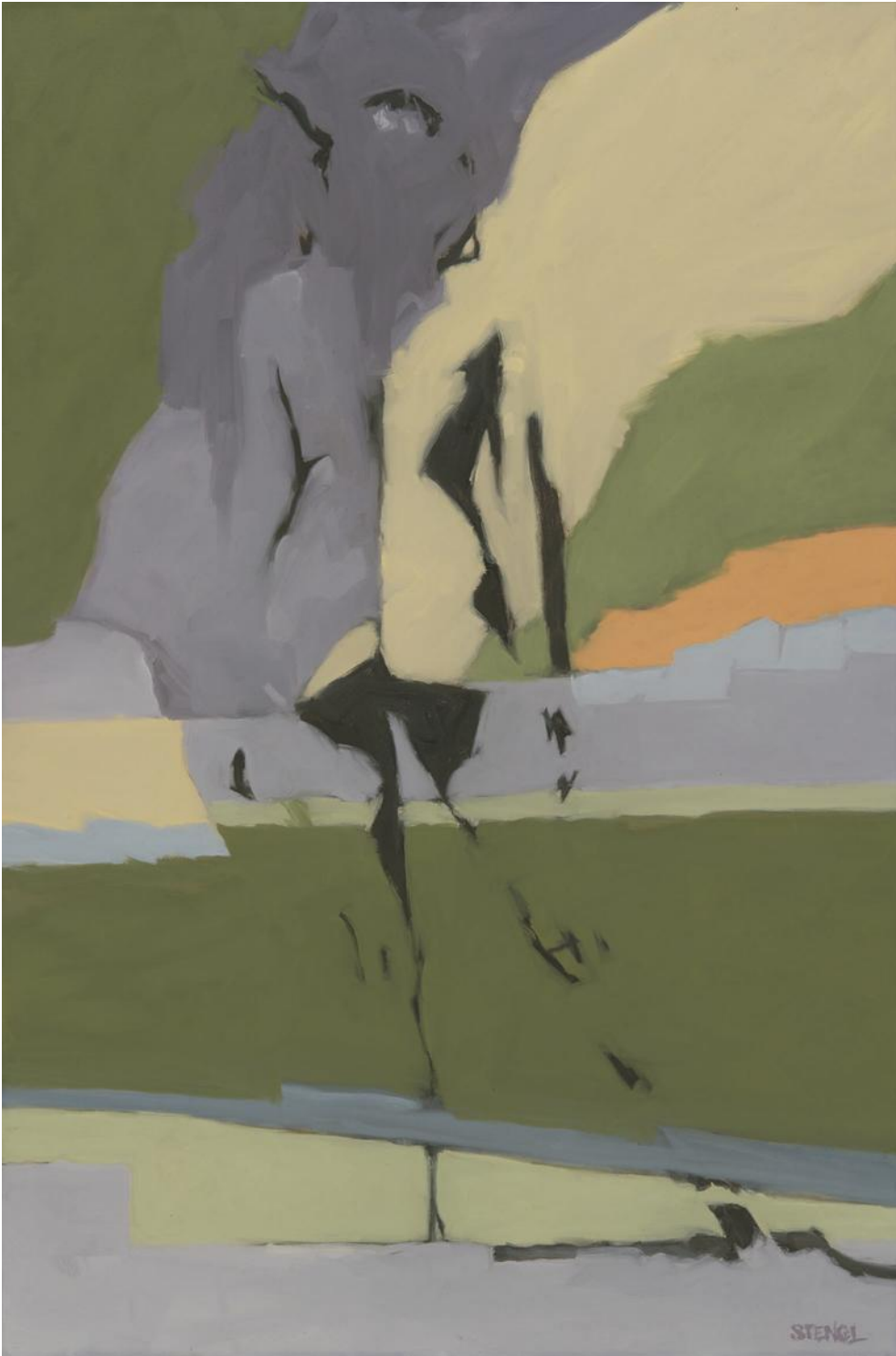
Oil on canvas | 61 x 46 cm | \$3,750



Mike Stengl

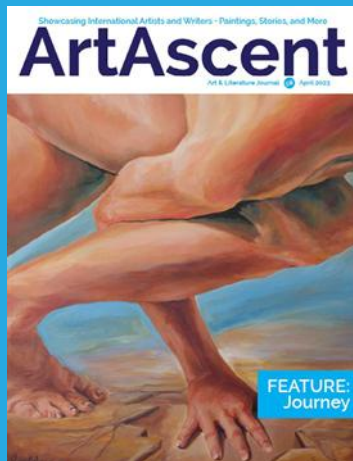
A River Runs

Oil on canvas | 91 x 61 cm | \$4,100





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