

- The Hatboro Arts -

- Newsletter -

Free, July 2008 The Newsletter for the Artist, Writer and Musician,

Friends often ask, “What style is that?”

By Patrick “Otis” Cox

My paintings range from impressionism to expressionism to the abstract. My favorite style is expressionism. Now you may say, “What does that mean?” The official definition is: Expressionism was and is a movement in the arts emphasizing subjective feelings and emotions, which developed during the late 19th and early 20th centuries as a reaction against academic standards that had prevailed in Europe since the Renaissance (14th century to 17th century). This applies to me because the subject of my paintings are frequently exaggerated and distorted.



The term expressionism was first applied to the paintings of Vincent Van Gogh, French artist Paul Gauguin, and Norwegian painter Edvard Munch, all of whom used violent colors and exaggerated lines to obtain intense emotional expression. To me these were the greatest painters of all time. The beginning of “abstract” expressionism was in Munich, by the group called Der Blaue Reiter. The founding artists included German painters Franz Marc and Russian painter Wassily Kandinsky.

Some of my favorite abstract expressionist such as Piet Mondrian and Wassily Kandinsky pointed the way forward, distilling form into a more “honest” art, free of the political correct version of an object. The energy and vitality of those sexy, hard-living abstract expressionists, with their virile paintings of soaked and splashed colour, promised to seal the deal of art's future.

Despite the many twists taken by modern art in the 20th century, its advancement always seemed linear and irrefutable. Progress meant moving away from figurative works and towards abstraction. I have done the same except I like taking what I learned from the abstract and apply it to the real world. I have proven that an impression of a person or a scene is more appealing than the reality. The sheer veil of the painter’s brush can create intrigue and interest.

I believe that every part of man's personality and being is in essence, a form of expression. To me, everything is an expression; eating, sleeping, and without a doubt, painting. People can

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feel the art. I have done portraits of myself when I felt good and the painting reflects this emotion and the same when I felt bad. When I paint Yin, you can see in the brush strokes her emotions at that

time. So, I guess my style is expressionism of inner feelings.

Otis

Panda by Catherine, a student of Otis



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Doris E Lloyd Hatboro Artist

I have always loved to draw. Ever since I was young I would sketch the things that I imagined in my play. After I got out of high school I went to Hussian School of Art in Philadelphia. There I spent four years studying illustration.

I have also always enjoyed hiding images in my art and using fine detail. My favorite subject to draw is nature. This includes trees, small natural objects, animals, people, insects and imaginative scenery.

One of my favorite things to do is add an unusual twist to my work. Things that are a little bit off or double images etc. I can take everyday subjects and paint them in a creative way.

I thrive to make my subjects realistic and exciting showing movement and feeling. I also thrive to give people a lot to look at. My favorite art materials to work with are casein and pen and ink. Though I also enjoy using watercolor, colored pencil, water colored pencil as well as

acrylics.

I like to try many different crafts in my spare time. Currently i have enjoyed spending that free time sewing.



My artwork ranges in sizes from less than 5 by 7 to 24 by 24. But I have no problem working smaller even though I do prefer not to.

I have and still do commission art for people which includes paintings, painted wedding invitations, paper cuttings, and during the school year I have been giving art lessons to home schooled kids.

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THE TREETOP DROP

By Alex Gelsinger

Singing smoke, bellowing, blowing.
Shaping a tree of sanity. Darkening
leaves measure times passing. Rain
drops lull, inducing a sentimental
drowsiness. Do you not see? The
anxious lightening as it shivers with the
fortelling of chaos? Rolling thunder
echos, painful earth bound music. That
is wedded perfectly to the listeners ear.
A swaying, mysterious figure. Clothed in
concieved sorrow. His actions
penetrating the acceptance of artificial

sadness. His animosity unchecked by
supiority. Watch him drift on the ethereal
plain of his own pain. A spontaneous
movement, his convictions assaulted. No
strategy in the intimate moments.
Unprepared, unguarded against lies.
Cruel wrongs. He is stuck on the limb of
existence, fluttering in the treetop.

OBSERVATIONS OF AN OBTUSE MIND.

By Alex Gelsinger

Sightless eyes seeing,
but not believing.
Twinge of distressing disbelief,
watching as the exquisite thief
confiscates the golden leaf,
the leaf that floats with your embodied
soul.
My languishing heart beats,
though I have no control.
Love, loss, lose, lust.
There is no love if there is no trust.

Without emotion, we have no essence.
You have no smarts if you have no sense.
Pursue what gives you that feeling of
unrestrained happiness.
That affection that we seek.
Yearning, wanting,
Just a caring kiss on the cheek.
If you feel nothing,
Then perhaps the exquisite thief,
Stole your golden leaf?

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OCEAN CITY MEMOIRS

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by Linda Barrett

Biting into a lime salt water taffy, gives me hallucinations from my five-year-old's recollection of the NASA Moon Landing Summer.

The first image takes me into the white and green Boardwalk Ladies' room with its over painted walls that slickly dulls the roughness of the mile thick cement as my small hand slides down them Pine Sol attacks me and thrusts a sharp scented dagger up my nostrils to tell me she won't tolerate any crude people odors.

My feet feel the dankness of pooled water at the center in the ladies' room.

The next hallucination pictures me walking

out into the teaming ocean flowing on the Boardwalk and my nose takes in the Atlantic Ocean at low tide to prove she is no lady with her rotting fish scent emanating from her too-short mini-skirts Copper Kettle Fudge tries to change the subject with her hot, sugary chocolate perfume to entice in the salty air and flirting with the sun baked Boardwalk with his burnt wood aftershave.

Amusement piers give me auditory hallucinations singing loud Top 40 psychedelia and offering red tickets to ride to all the Lucy in the Sky girls and boys on jerkily rotating magic carpets.

Some use machines to travel backward yet, all I need is a lime salt water taffy and I return to Ocean City in 1969.

Here's a poem my husband wrote. He passed away on June 6th.
Good luck with your newsletter. Cheryl Goresko

“GIFT OF THE PURLING SEA”

William Goresko
written 12/89

You live in the ocean's sandy floor
Far from the cry of the clamoring crowd
And take your meals in the shadow of shore
Nestled in your corrugated shroud.
But deep within your delicate flesh
A bit of sand has made a home
To slowly grind and grate and press

To jam between your body and bone.
You welcome the trespasser into your gut
And layer it slowly in lustrous sheen
Until that grain so rude and rough
Becomes a smooth and shining dream.
Oh that we could transform and transcend
The things within that rip and rend.

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Developing your Ideas in Writing and Art

by Patrick Otis Cox

One hundred years ago Paul Cézanne's paintings, like today's graffiti artists, rebelled against the established. The act of painting graffiti on private property is illegal and this act of defiance is what makes a can of spray paint valuable. Cézanne did the same by evolving art so we can say, "The world is not right, my life is disjointed". His fragmented parts, they are valued for their formal role in maintaining the strong vertical, horizontal and diagonal balance of the work as well as the creating tension between reality and invention of colors of different chromatic and tonal values. This means brush strokes have been arranged to create chaos. These strokes with an unreal color pallid create movement and anxiety. Life is a bitch! After a stressful day of fighting in the concrete jungle, my mind is just as fragmented and it is easy to relate.

The strength to grab life by the balls and create with no limitations is not a dream, but a reality you have to work toward. The forces that state, in live or die terms, that you must pursue a safe course for your life are only right if you listen to

them. If you yield, you will lose the spark that could be your salvation from a civilized torturous existence.

Vincent Van Gogh after two years in Paris moved to the south of France to find truth. He painted himself as a Japanese peasant. "I have aimed at the character of a simple monk worshipping Buddha". His work reaches out and smacks us in the face with brilliant color and dynamic brush work, that strikes a nerve, and also conveys the conflict that life is. We all have these ill conflicting feelings and his work lays it on the table so everyone can see. These emotions are timeless.



I put this challenge to you!

What are your real feelings?

Can you show these to the world?

What medium will you use to communicate your humanity?

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Art Classes

Tuesday Night 7 -9

Bring your paint, brushes and canvas and be creative. Teacher /Artist, Patrick Otis Cox has 43 years of painting experience.



OPEN MIC

THURSDAY

NIGHT 7-9

If you have something to say, a song to sing or instrument to play, come on down. Each performer(s) may do 3 songs / 10 min.

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