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# PHASE SHIFT

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By

Asher William Pollock



PHASE



SHIFT

ASHER

POLLOCK



# Phase Shift

Asher Pollock

## Introduction

In 2014 I lived in Athens and did this and that and was involved with an individual who would change the next 3 years of my life... the ideas of my work can be understood as relating to this part of my life.

In 2014 I lived in Athens, Ohio. I had a job as an apprentice doing this and that for one of my painting professors. It was romantic and dreamlike. Then I became involved with an individual who would dramatically alter the course of my creative life for the next three years. Our lives were tethered for just three months, as young lovers in the heat of summer.

## *our story*

He moved back to Alabama after I left him.

We kept in contact for a while, but agreed that for our best interests, we should no longer communicate. The relationship changed my outlook on life and had a lasting effect on my creative work these last three years. Two years after he left Athens I was finally able to put something down in paint; a diptych of him, sitting on his bed. It's difficult for me to think about him without feeling sad. He wrote to me after he moved back to Alabama, and told me he had contracted HIV through his new partner. It was devastating to hear, and I opened up our line of communication to make sure he was getting everything he needed. I don't feel it's my place to share anything else about his trials or his condition.

I don't really know much about his life at this point. I have a standing expectation that I might hear from him if things get rough. I care about his well being enough to correspond with him on occasion, if he were in need. The further I get from that time, the more I process the feelings I had through my work, the less I miss him, and that summer with its highest highs and lowest lows. We made our own world in that house together, forgetting our lives outside. It was love, pure and passionate. By the time it was over whatever disagreements we had became irrelevant.

He was from Alabama, and came with all the baggage you could expect a gay man from a Southern Baptist family to have. I was blessed to have a liberal family in Columbus, Ohio. My mom was the youngest child of a Lutheran pastor, she had three brothers, two of whom were gay, and her brother Stefan had reconciled being gay and Christian before I was even born.

We frequently had religious conversations discussing the nature of God and religious literature. He was obsessed with the Bible and Astrology. Astrological charts, horoscopes, and Mayan calendar websites consumed his attention for hours, sometimes days on end. A couple times he stayed up all night reading at his desk as I slept in his bed. He had some wild theories about divinity. His theories contextualized us, the two of us, as divine beings, reincarnated into our current forms. I thought he was an angel, but not that way.

He was pretty and funny and just a little sad from the outset. His accent was endearing. It had a hokey kind of charm, and his voice had that indescribable quality of laughing or crying. I can no longer remember the boring moments as well as I can recall the flashbulb memories I have. Knowing him was like being taken for a ride. He started out friendly, charming, a little odd, but very easy-going... you see what you want to. I got to know the vulnerable, broken parts of him, and I loved them, and it hurt. Now I think about how I was so young, and I still feel young, but back then I felt like a newly minted adult. We were young men becoming adult gay men, and in many ways it was a disaster.

Towards the end, we had each been so angry; so sullenly at the other's throat, bickering about the shortcomings of the other, never accepting the fear that we were nothing but naïve adolescents spending the summer as star-crossed lovers. That was all the time we knew each other, that summer, and then there we were at the end. Standing on the porch where I drank his coffee, looking over at the most beautiful boy I had ever known and wishing it were all just different and

simple and easy and good. It wasn't, it would never be. I knew I had broken his heart, and he was breaking down mentally already. I had tried and tried to help him by listening and talking.

The last night I ever saw him in person, I rode my bike over to his house. It was over. Our life together had already fallen apart around us. We had both fucked up and we were both hurting. This wasn't a day together, it was goodbye, and yet, when I looked into his eyes that night I saw all the love he had for me, all of the joy, all of the sorrow. Those eyes that had vexed me at first were now clear, and I was the new reason they were so full of hurting.

As soon as I closed the door to the house we had lived in, I remember thinking I would never see him again. His eyes and his smile had made my heart beat faster until the very end, and I had wanted that. I had always wanted to be madly in love. The trouble is when the madness is over and you have to pick yourself up and carry on. I was left with the moments that still flicker in my mind. The moments we had together and the lessons I would eventually understand.

I remember looking through the window of his house after the breakup. I saw him silhouetted and hunched over the open refrigerator, sobbing. It was raining. The street was dark and wet and reflections of orange streetlamps gleamed on the pavement. I was riding away from a friend, my best friend at the time, my boyfriend... I started to cry, but pedaled on through the tears.

from my perspective

I am interested in new intersections of digital and traditional image making; deliberate involvement in the creation of a new mythology; and my experience as a gay man living in “post” AIDS <sup>1</sup> America, where the fear of – or the eventuality of – queer visibility is seen as a defining factor of a person’s life. <sup>2</sup>

Derogatory language has been used to dehumanize the lives and experiences of minority groups for many, many years now. For instance, by the turn of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, the word “invert” was being used to identify queer people in the early days of psychology. <sup>3</sup>

I use photo-inversion to draw a visual parallel between the feeling of alienation that comes with being labeled “sexual invert” and the contrast between inverted/negative and recognizable, positive images.

<sup>1</sup> Of course we are not in post-AIDS America, and speaking out on the issue of HIV/AIDS is a necessary part of the struggle towards eradicating the human immunodeficiency virus.

<sup>2</sup> Queer visibility for an individual is synonymous with “coming out of the closet” which is abbreviated with specifically characterizing terms, “closeted,” or being queer in secret and its antonym “out,” which is supposed to mean openly queer. It is important to look at the words being used and what they mean in their usages. “Out” for example, is loaded with meaning from every negative phrase that word is also a part of: out-group, strike out, outlaw, etc. Being gay is looked down upon by many people in the world and there are many reminders of that even in safer places; just *this year*, gay concentration camps have been created in military and police buildings in Chechnya, where over one hundred men have been forcibly abducted, beaten, electrocuted, subjected to torture and abuse. News like this reaches us through the computer, TV, newspapers, or radio, and still many would like to believe the public popular opinion of the Americas and Western Europe has shifted dramatically over the last century. We are still living at a moment where the actual public of many areas is accepting/tolerant at best and traditionally intolerant, exclusionary, aggressive, and generally demoralizing to LGBTQ+ individuals. At its worst, homophobia leads to murder. At least 3 men in the Chechen camps have been beaten to death.

<sup>3</sup> Sexology really... Dr. Havelock Ellis coined the term in his book *Studies In The Psychology Of Sex: Sexual Inversion* (1897)



*Narcissus Inverted*  
~After John William Waterhouse

### *Narcissus Inverted*

*Narcissus Inverted* is meant to question the deeply ingrained mythologies that surround us. Narcissus is a character from ancient Greek mythology, a young man cursed by the gods into falling in love with his own reflection. Narcissus' final vexation was said to be a punishment from the gods for dismissing many romantic suitors. His fierce independence was seen as his greatest fault.

I began a series of paintings infusing classical portrayals of Narcissus with contemporary aesthetic devices and symbolism to diffuse the original intent of the myth, which turns free will into tragedy. My goal is to shine a flood light on new cultural understandings of Narcissism. Dr. Craig Malkin has laid out a 0-10 rating scale of Narcissistic personality traits in his book *Rethinking Narcissism: The Secrets To Recognizing And Coping With Narcissists* (Harpercollins, 2015).

He determines that there is a healthy range of Narcissism between 4-6 on the spectrum while “Echoists” ranging from 0-3 have Narcissism deficiencies that can lead to withdrawn, self-effacing behavior. Those in the 7-10 range are examples of what most people mean when they use the word narcissist, those with Narcissistic Personality Disorder (NPD), completely self-centered and detached from any humility; those in the 9-10 range, Malkin says, are addicted to Narcissism, becoming devoid of empathy and becoming potentially harmful to others. This book helped me find a more complex understanding of Narcissism and the good and bad variations of its appearance.

Words like ‘narcissistic’ and ‘narcissist’ are thrown around everyday with a negative connotation that overlooks healthy narcissism and its place in the life of an egoistic animal. Healthy narcissism is expressed in confidence. It is associated with a realistic self-image, which is correlated to high self-esteem and an awareness of one’s strengths and weaknesses. I would argue that in the art world narcissism is much more than just a trope to be explored as subject matter or even a characteristic of the artist (any artist); Narcissism is the subject of an ongoing conversation on the politics, morality, and the philosophy of art; a conversation which becomes taboo if narcissism is mentioned. I believe most artists would fall in the healthy range, just like most people do, but there is much language demoralizing narcissism in our political culture; healthy forms of egoism are often forgot about, and are seldom called Narcissism. However, there is language that compensates for this politicized twisting of the tale; examples like ‘self-care,’ ‘self-interest,’ ‘self-worth,’ and ‘self-esteem’ have positive connotations.

Is it the mythical component that sends narcissism into the spin zone? Is this concept just too complex for the collective consciousness? Was it institutional psychology that turned the myth into altruistic propaganda? Was it We The People after psychology released its findings? The myth had a self-sacrificing moral from the start, with drastic consequences for self-care. How can these circumstances be understood?

Below, can you tell which is the painting and which is its negation?

*Narcissus Inverted*  
~ After Caravaggio





*Positive/Negative*

*Positive/Negative* are the only paintings I have been able to make to directly express my feelings about the man who once had my heart on a string. Conflicting feelings of connection and separation drive the wedge between two souls. One is positive, the other negative. Both are turned, both are in anguish. The two can touch, a diptych meant to be hung together as one, but the figures are confined to their own canvases.

I feel happy to have made them and happy to be able to share the story surrounding them, but they make me sad in my heart to see them. The image was taken with my ex-boyfriend's permission. It was based on a photo he had taken before we met. It was a self-portrait of a young man struggling with his situation; I feel it does just that again for me and even more.

The inversion of color in my recent work has been a fun way of combining new aesthetics with traditional painting while referencing an archaic moment in identity politics and psychology when Havelock Ellis published the first English medical textbook about queer sexuality. Its title? "Sexual Inversion"

Although it may be a more creative label, "inversion" was an unjust branding of gay people that we no longer hear.





Almost at the same moment in history, slightly predating the “sexual invert,” the term “homosexual” was coined from the Greek ‘homo’ meaning ‘same,’ and ‘sexual’ a Latin-based word regarding sex. ‘Sexual’ has referred to intercourse since the mid 1700’s and was first used to refer to sex in the physical sense in the 1600’s. ‘Homosexual’ and ‘sexual inversion’ have both been used as stigmatic diagnoses of gay people who are subjected to cruel and abusive treatments to cure their mental health condition. I would like to see “homosexual” go the way of “sexual inversion” and fall out of use.

Those who are anti-gay and those who are not aware of current events or the history of LGBT abuse are the most likely to use the word “Homosexual”.



“Today, the standard of psychotherapy in the U.S. and Europe is gay affirmative psychotherapy, which encourages gay people to accept their sexual orientation.”

- Psychology Today





# TEMPUS SUBCINCTUS PHASE SHIFT

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# PHASE SHIFT

## I ~ A Forgotten God



Long ago, an ocean god lived on a wooded cliff  
On the coast of a remote island. The foliage of the  
Woods around his cottage created mosaics of green in  
His windows. It was a humble place. Besides a cozy  
Lounge under the staircase, there was a sparse kitchen  
Downstairs with a loft above that had walls sloping  
Into an A-frame roof. The copper roof shone with a  
Radiant green patina. The walls were paneled in wood,  
And the front porch was just large enough for two  
Wooden chairs. The house sat near the edge of a coastal  
Cliff. Through bamboo that grew up the side of the  
Mountain, he could see great blossoming trees that made  
A vast forest canopy. On the shore, cold waves lapped  
Up the sand and slipped back into the mist.

Poseidon had two younger brothers, alike in some ways  
And quite distinct in others. He enjoyed swimming and  
Exploring with Zeus and Hades, but his interests had  
Always been more fluid than theirs. He would take them  
Fishing, but would frequently be left alone by the end of  
The day. His brothers lacked his cool calm and patience;  
Zeus and Hades would be bored after spending an hour  
Out on the water. They were always more conventional.

Poseidon, had a way of doing things to the beat of a  
Distant drum. When his brother Zeus battled the Titans,  
Poseidon claimed the sea, while his brothers reigned over  
The realms above and below the Earthly plane.

He came to appreciate the natural world.  
Gaia had raised her oceans long before this, so with  
New found power in hand, he claimed his life as a great  
Voyager across open domain, finding peace in the mist,  
And the ever-beckoning horizon.

Poseidon had sunken blue eyes; so deeply blue that if  
One were to look into them to investigate his thoughts,  
They could be pulled into a riptide of whirling black ice.  
Poseidon was an ancient being, born of salt and stardust.

He was never willing to identify with the humans he had  
Come to know, but for those who worshipped him,  
He occasionally put on the guise of a beefy old man;  
An imitation of the gods they carved in stone.

When he returned to sea and was again alone, he let the  
Burly muscles and impressive beard melt away into a  
Spray of sea foam. In his natural form he had dark wavy  
Hair and an expression of longing born of a permanent  
Curiosity about the outer limits; for although he ruled the  
World, much was still unknown to him. He was always  
Watching, waiting for small surprises and incremental  
Changes that might punctuate the ever-lasting monotony  
Of immortality.

Poseidon never expected there to be anyone else like  
Him. After all, his brothers and he had heretofore held  
Dominion over Earth, and they knew, beyond any doubt,  
No man or monster had the power to usurp them. He  
Had never felt reluctant to take on such a position of  
Power, even when the sea bore a hopeless cruelty that he  
Endured and upheld, he resigned himself to a life of cold  
Solitude as both servant and master of the deep abyss  
And the waves that peaked where earth meets sky. He  
Grew accustomed to hearing only crashing waves and  
Squawking gulls playing on the wind.

Then, just as he was returning from a voyage, after  
Centuries of just going with the same old flow, Poseidon  
Saw a stranger walking on his beach.

## II ~ A New Body

Neptune was trudging slowly across the beach,  
Staring forward, focused on nothing.. Neptune's existence  
Had recently taken a drastic turn. It is not every day one  
Suddenly finds oneself materialized as a sentient being  
After spending millions of years happily floating through  
Space, a celestial body without a care in the universe.  
Neptune stumbled haltingly across the sand.

Neptune was a loner by nature. Ever polite to any  
Planet that crossed its path, Neptune's eons in the solar system  
Had taught it the way things worked. It steered clear  
Of its giant, gassy neighbors, maintaining a balanced and  
Smooth trajectory without obstacles, supported by  
Physics' fundamental laws. As long as it had its place  
In the grand order, Neptune as an existing being had  
Been transient and without a life of its own.

Then, gradually, the prayers of the Romans began reaching  
Neptune. As their population grew, and more and more of  
What was once Greek culture took root in the empire – the  
Romans were prone to feelings of fear and insecurity in  
The natural world and prayed for blessings from the gods.  
One such figure they based on the old Greek god of the sea,  
Poseidon, and called their facsimile Neptune.

Fantastically, their prayer had taken effect on  
A cosmic level and across a vast emptiness there was an  
Unassuming blue planet now on the verge of an identity  
Crisis. The winds and oceans that swirled around the  
Massive globe grew calm for a single moment and then  
With a loud crack the planetary motion returned with  
New life.

A life force awakened like a spell across the ice cold  
Planet; in every crystalized molecule energy sparked  
And flourishes of warmer winds breathed life into the  
Clouds above and the icy oceans below. A blue light

Emerged from deep in the ocean's frozen crystal core,  
Shining through the inky darkness like a neutron star  
As it rose steadily towards the surface. A great snowy  
Splash erupted as Neptune burst forth from the aqua  
Firma it had been in the material shape of a human.

Neptune's new form was the most brilliant blue. As  
An ice giant, Neptune boasted supersonic winds and a  
Worldwide ocean, but condensed as a human figure, the  
Vapors, currents, and crystals that made up the planet  
Were trapped in an earthly anatomical confinement

It had been mere minutes since Neptune's body had  
Materialized. A sudden pull seemed to cause a tremor, a  
Seizing of the matter inside of Neptune. The force felt  
Electromagnetic and in no time at all Neptune was flying  
Across the expanse of space towards a small, pale blue,  
Organically populated planet.

The pale blue dot that Neptune was apparently  
Aiming for grew exponentially in a matter of minutes,  
And with a graceful thud, Neptune's new body landed  
Face-down on a stretch of cold, wet sand.

### III ~ Unexpected Arrivals

As Poseidon's boat neared the shore, Neptune  
Became cognizant of a feeling of being watched. Slowly  
Turning their head, eyes still momentarily fixed on the  
Point in space where they'd been staring blankly for long  
Minutes, their eyes became unstuck and followed the  
Head, finally seeing the boat heading for the beach.

Bobbing just offshore, a young man sailed in on what  
Looked more like a rotten raft than a boat, but Neptune,  
Having no concept of boats, wouldn't have known the  
Difference between a rubber ducky and a yacht.

Poseidon had been staring at him from the second he  
Saw the strange figure on the beach, and, even from  
Quite far away, he knew something odd was happening.  
This made him nervous yet excited, jumpy even, at the  
Prospect of something completely different than what  
Awaited him day in/day out on the beach of eternity.

Poseidon, who realized he was standing naked on the  
Boat, was clothed in a billowing blue tunic a moment  
Later... magic can be useful when dealing with wardrobe  
Malfunctions. Neptune looked down at the new body.  
The man on the water seemed to be a muddled shade of  
Sandy beige. Neptune's own body was the exact same  
color as it was when it was circling the sun, the brightest  
Shade of blue, which pulsed and fluctuated with its own  
Microcosmic weather. Neptune noticed their own  
Nudity, and unsure of what the ocean man's reasons for  
Covering his nakedness were, Neptune wanted to follow  
Suit and proceeded to cover some various body parts  
With any available means.

Looking around, Neptune found some seaweed  
And abalone shells, and using the seaweed as string,  
Fashioned it with a shell on each shoulder and one  
Over the groin. Style was something Neptune had yet

To learn about, but the seaweed swimsuit suited them.

Despite not having had any personal experiences  
Heretofore, for some subconscious reason, Neptune had  
Become very self-aware since spotting the man on the  
Boat. Deciding to pick up another shell, Neptune held a  
Conch to their ear and heard sound waves amplified ten  
Times in the beautifully glossy instrument, and then went  
To one of the rough black rocks sitting along the beach  
And lightly tapped the round end of the shell on a small  
Protrusion. A small circular hole chipped out of the  
Shell. Neptune held it up to their ear again. This time,  
The waves were a hundred times amplified; the sound  
Was like that of a thousand great waves falling over and  
Under each other.

It sounded just like the surface of Neptune as planet  
And suddenly what they had been felt like a distant  
Memory. The Shell's noise went spinning through their  
Mind and around the concentrated vortex of blue ice that  
Made up their nascent body. There was a splash.

Poseidon had reached the beach, and was dragging his  
Boat onto the sand. Without thinking, Neptune raised  
Conch to lips and produced a noise that sounded almost  
Like something between a whale's song and a chorus of  
Reeds. Poseidon gave a distant nod as he pulled the boat  
Ashore and then turned toward the stranger.

He had made the island impossible to find. No  
Person had ever set foot there. He had made sure any  
Boats that traveled too close would hit storms, capsize,  
And sink to the ocean floor, and to do so, he had buried  
His trident under the remote island, and from it, three  
Powerful energies, elemental magic of rare purity surged  
In divergent directions, creating an energy field that  
Would trigger lightning and disastrous waves if crossed  
By any sort of human craft or contraption.

Poseidon knew of the value of life, but his anonymity  
And seclusion came above all else. It was his way, as it  
Had always been. Isolated for the good of human kind.

Now he wasn't sure what to do. He knew something  
Was off, but he couldn't tell what had caused this sudden  
Appearance of a blue alien creature.

Neptune's eyes had been looking at Poseidon this  
Entire time, but Neptune's consciousness had journeyed  
In an astral state through time and space, collecting  
Information.

"I know who you are now," said Neptune. "You are  
Poseidon, born to Cronus and Rhea in Aquarius."



#### IV ~ A God Out Of Water

“Correct,” answered Poseidon. “My brother, Zeus, Conquered the Titans, the children of Gaia And Father Sky.”

“And... Cronus?” questioned Neptune.

“My father was the wretched Cronus, defeated by Zeus, and his sons hold dominion over the earth and sky. I am Poseidon, God of the Sea! Who – What are you?”

“Saturn and Uranus have other forms,” said Neptune. “We are ancient celestial bodies that have always danced With your Earth. We are ... new gods, each taking after Gods of old. I am Neptune, wind and ice, the final Planet and ruler of the final sign. I am a new Neptune. My body is comprised of the same diamonds and Vapors as my celestial body. I have never experienced Sensation before... I can see. I can speak. I can feel.”

Saying so, Neptune looked at the hands stretching out Before them and then back up at the god standing there. There must have been some reason to materialize on this Beach. Was it meant to be? Why?

It had been a long while without the company of Another. Poseidon had not had a friend in years; having Over seventy ex-wives and former consorts, and over a Hundred children he even vaguely knew of, he had given Up communing with other gods and had long ago quit Speaking to the Naiads, the Nereids, or the Oceanids. He Had shaken the earth time and again, metaphorically and Literally, and he eventually lost his interest in nymphs And nymphos alike.

Now, his solitary habits were Making it difficult for him to believe there was another god Named Neptune standing on his beach wearing a seashell bikini. Glancing down, Poseidon saw that Neptune’s body was Levitating a foot or so above the sand.

Poseidon listened warily when he heard Neptune speak.

Neptune was strange in many ways. Neptune did not  
Resemble any person Poseidon had ever seen or heard  
Of, and he had seen men and women with the anatomy  
Of goats and horses. In fact, even most of the nymphs  
Looked moderately human when they were personified.

This was new and strange; a glowing blue figure of  
Unknown power was just hovering over his beach.  
Poseidon's love of new discoveries was creeping into  
Mind again, replacing the initial shock of what was  
Happening with a growing curiosity. He had always  
Loved adventuring; but he never would have guessed  
Something so out of the ordinary could happen right on  
His boring old beach. Much less something so out of  
This world. It had been decades since anything remotely  
Exciting had happened. The world was mostly at peace  
And human civilizations were thriving. To have someone  
Appear on his beach ... could it be divine intervention?

Some primal instinct told him to guard against the  
Strange blue alien. After careful consideration of his  
Visitor's apparent power, he decided aggression would  
Be an unwise response to what seemed like a situation  
Of unknown potential.

## V ~ Friendly Conversation

He was growing curious about Neptune. Having a Companion might lift the dead monotony he was in the Midst of, at least for a time, and besides, if there was a Going to be a glowing blue elemental god falling from The sky, he thought, it would be very wise to watch Closely and tread lightly.

He thought that Neptune seemed kind, in a cold, alien Way, but was Neptune truly a god, or some phantasmal Product of a delirious sea god's imagination? If not, was Neptune stronger than Poseidon himself? If there was a New god in situ, Poseidon thought, it would be smart to Assess their power.

Unsure of Neptune's intellect, Poseidon suggested, "If you are so taken by your new experience of sensation, Maybe you would like a real body of flesh and blood."

Neptune had not considered this, "I am ice and the Forces of nature. Why would I trap my consciousness In a human body?" Neptune stared at Poseidon.

"If you become flesh, you can truly experience being Human. It could teach you much about their ways. If you were created by human belief, they honor your Name and believe you protect them. Would you not Wish to even see what an organic body is capable of?"

"I know of what they are capable and am just not sure I wish to suffer fools. I am transcendent matter incarnate. I could freeze the Earth. Men and women cannot even Live underwater without air to breathe."

"Their lack of supernatural power matters not. Mortals possess abilities you cannot comprehend; Powers of perception you are unaware of entirely. Powerful as you are, you perceive nothing. Take one Step as a man, and I know you will understand ... Nothing in the universe is like having human emotions."

Neptune faced a decision where his cold, physical  
Logic seemed to leave them at a loss. Was something  
Sinister behind Poseidon's idea? They felt a strong  
Instinct to freeze everything in sight, and briefly played  
With the idea of freezing Poseidon... that would slow  
Things down... They both knew Poseidon had challenged  
Neptune's ignorance, and now, Neptune was confused.

Searching their mind for words, Neptune turned back  
To Poseidon with eyes that glowed white as the sun,  
And looking agitated, or perhaps it was more serious or  
Concerned, Neptune's eyes flared. Waves of magnetic  
Energy had electrified the atomic mass of Neptune, who  
Began to seize in midair.

As suddenly as he had arrived, Neptune departed in  
A blast that filled the sky with white lightning and a  
Shimmering haze of green and violet that hung amidst  
Grey storm clouds. The shells and seaweed had fallen  
On the sand. As the lightning ceased, the sky turned a  
Deep blue, Poseidon wondered if he would see the  
Strange being again or if Neptune was gone for good.

## VI ~ A Fluid Spirit

Back on Neptune, lightning raced in every direction  
Across the rolling sky. Everything seemed to be  
Connected and energized. Everything was in tune with  
The weather and the soul of the planet, his soul. As  
Neptune's consciousness returned to the planet's core,  
The clouds churned in celebration, and from them  
Enormous hurricanes descended and rolled across the  
Planet's icy ocean surface which sparkled and shone  
Blue and white in the sunlight. Being a God now, an  
Avatar could be materialized anywhere or everywhere  
On Neptune the planet.

Neptune the god consciously wondered what the  
Planet would look like with cities and people, but knew it  
Was only a dream, as any figures created or conjured of  
The elements of Neptune would be avatars of their own  
Being, nothing more. You could never learn anything  
New from a frozen friend. Even a god could not create  
A wife or husband.

Sentient existence had been a surprise in itself; and  
For all the universal intellect Neptune possessed, the  
Elements the planet was comprised of could have been  
Completely inert without power bestowed upon them.

With incredible power over the frozen blue planet,  
Neptune created palaces of ice and diamond bridges  
Which materialized here and there across the planet  
With nothing more than a thought, but nothing lasted.  
The wind would not be challenged. The planet's physics,  
Its very nature obliterated any hope for life on Neptune.  
The forces of nature were stronger than them, but still  
Neptune lived and spent months pondering life.

Neptune had taken on many forms since the return.  
Some days Neptune took the shape of a woman, and

Some days decided to be a man. For weeks Neptune  
Had decided to run across the vast ocean as a horse.

On Earth things had been so different. Even though  
It felt strange there, it struck Neptune as having the most  
Extraordinary life forms. Organisms that were planted  
In the earth and sprouted through the sand and stone  
Had spoken to Neptune in the most joyous melody of  
Whispers and fragrances.

Everything there was strangely wondrous.  
The air was soft and slow; the planet had firm ground,  
Which was soft to a point and very warm, but it was  
Life itself that Neptune saw as the most incredible part  
Of that planet. Neptune had never before known what it  
Felt like to have cells or bodily fluids or bones; and yet,  
They knew beyond a doubt that life on Earth had called  
Their mind, their physical body, and all of these strange  
New experiences, into being.

No cosmic creation; no, it was not so instantaneous.  
No, this new self was the product of Earthly creatures,  
They called themselves humans, and believed so many  
Things that they shaped the very universe around them.  
'How do you make a person? How do you awaken a Planet?'  
Neptune wondered.

Can one simply decide if a planet lives or dies?

Neptune owed their life to human belief. That was  
The truth and it gave Neptune purpose.

Neptune became used to creating and inhabiting these  
Physical avatars, and while roaming the planet as a man  
One day, he looked up at the sky, bright and cloudy, and  
At last ... Neptune felt at home.

He rested for a while, lying on a bed of ice. As he  
Began to drift into a frozen sleep the planet's rotation  
Resonated with his very nature. Being away had been  
Challenging, but somehow invigorating to a new mind.  
It had proven impossible for Neptune to hold their  
Cosmic body together on planet earth.

It must have been something to do with the ground;  
The earth's strong magnetism and high levels of radiation  
Must have interfered with Neptune's atomic frequency.

"If this new body is going to be called back to that  
Wild planet," he thought, "I would not survive it."

He thought about possible solutions, but he had no  
Power over earth elements; he knew not what to do.

Days passed, bright tempestuous days which gave  
Way to deep black frozen nights. A mind without  
A body has little to do in isolation.

Months passed as Neptune's mind rolled out into a  
Global hurricane, engulfing the planet in storms.

From Earth, Poseidon could see Neptune shine with  
Exceptional brilliance in these prolonged days.

A blue pinprick in the sky, Neptune stood out with a  
Cool twinkle only visible in the dead of night to the  
Naked eye of a god.

Poseidon glimpsed Neptune at night when he sailed  
On the open waters. He noticed the island warming  
In Neptune's absence, and life regained its rhythm;  
Fishing was good, his garden was growing, and he began  
To think less each day of the mysterious visitor.

It was in this hazy moment between forgetting and  
Remembering that a thought occurred to him that he might  
Still live to find excitement. In a state of mind akin to  
Watching the sunrise after a night without sleep: a dimly  
Brightening blue clearing away an inky blackness that  
Stained the extended silences of night.

The sun rose on Poseidon's days. His environment  
Guided him and he spent many fulfilling days fishing and  
Tending the land like a mortal man.

And just as he thought things had returned to normal,  
A vortex of blue wind descended from the sky and there  
Stood Neptune, back on the beach. Naked and as blue  
As ever before.

## VII ~ A Warm Spring

Neptune had been in isolation for what had felt like Forever, and had decided that he wanted much more.

It had taken time for Neptune to plan this journey, And even after months of meditative growth, he knew This planet would not harbor his astral body for long.

In a flash Neptune was standing before Poseidon, Whose jaw was dangling from his face in utter disbelief.

“You’re back?” Poseidon was still in shock.

Neptune answered “Yes,” staring at Poseidon awkwardly. “I wish to stay, to learn, to feel what it means to be truly alive, Made of organic materials, mortal even.”

Poseidon remembered the sudden departure at their Last meeting and thought of what Neptune was asking. It would only be a matter of time before Neptune’s spirit Was gone in another flash of brilliant blue light.

He looked at Neptune. Was it insight or insanity that This elemental god should wish to have a human body?

“What if you die?” Poseidon asked.

“Then I die. If I remain as I am, how can I say I have Truly lived?” Neptune had been transformed already by Time and loneliness. It seemed so appealing to live as a Man, a mortal man of flesh with feelings and dreams. He added, “I would be willing to die for anything better Than the cold isolation I’ve felt since I was awakened.”

Poseidon was moved by Neptune’s plea. He too had Known the devastating nothingness of isolation.

Perhaps Neptune’s transformation could be an escape From loneliness for them both. He led Neptune up the Mountain to his home. Neptune walked every step of The way, deliberately emulating Poseidon as he thought Of becoming human. With each stomp he grew closer To being human and the anticipation pleased him.



When they reached the cabin, Neptune was ushered  
Into Poseidon's home, which was momentarily dark  
Apart from the blue light Neptune's body was emitting.  
Poseidon struck a match and in a few moments the  
Cabin was transformed by the warm glow of candlelight.

"Are you ready?" asked Poseidon.

"I am." Neptune answered.

Poseidon drew Neptune's head close to his own until  
Their foreheads came together and each was leaning in  
Towards the other. He clasped Neptune's shoulders and  
Drew from the depths of his mind the history of human  
Evolution, and the coded imprint of the human form,  
And he sent this knowledge into Neptune's mind as he  
Pushed to execute the magical transformation.

Neptune's body vibrated. The air felt cold as it had  
Never felt to him before. It felt painful, not a severe  
Pain, for cold had been his state for millennia; this was  
Unusual. Normally, his body was a flowing machination  
Of physics and matter, nothing hurt, and the cold had  
Never hindered his march through space. Conversely,  
His heart had always been metallic and hot, molten iron  
And nickel, and now it felt lukewarm as it began to  
Fill with space and blood. Jolting sensations made him  
Writhe and twitch every so often. He was lightheaded and  
Giddy and queasy. His internal weather began slowing  
Down, grasping at itself, simmering in a churning blue  
Mass. The transformation began to take root; his body  
Felt like a twisted sail catching, not air, but blood and  
Sand. Then he felt, like a mast, a spinal column set into  
His back. Bones materialized in place, attracting more of  
His matter to them in sinuous lines of muscle tissue,  
Blood vessels, and nerve. The pain suddenly became  
Unbearable and he let out a deafening cry.

A sandy kind of substance seemed to fill in his frame,  
Diminishing the blue glow. Where his eyes had once  
Glowed in atomic brilliance, squishy white gumballs

Prodded against his transparent skin; he was momentarily  
Blinded by the change. Flashes of orange, purple, and  
Red burnished the new skin. His eyes swelled with  
Blood, humors, and salt water. Pinholes opened to  
Reveal blinding white light. The irises were cobalt, the  
Only remainder of his prior blueness. His scalp, once  
Bald, began to grow curls of hair in various colors, as if  
They couldn't all agree the curls came in a bevy of dark  
Sandy tones. His skin had a fleshed out appearance, but  
It looked like a newborn, still slightly bluish purple and  
Puffy. Crying in an earthly scream of agony as the last of  
His alien elements evaporated off of his skin, he  
Collapsed into a heap on the hard wooden floor.

Poseidon saw a hardened pool of crystalline and  
Metallic remnants beneath the body, and knew Neptune  
Was going to need to recover from the transformation.  
He carried Neptune's limp form upstairs and laid him  
Down to rest. He stepped back, taking a minute to  
Watch his strange new friend's condition. He looked  
Pale and almost dead. He checked for a pulse.

There seemed to be a faintly pulsing blood flow, but  
It was slow, too slow. He wasn't breathing. The change  
Must have been too much. Poseidon leaned over him and  
Grasping a slack jaw, gave Neptune the breath of life.

Neptune gasped for air as Poseidon backed away. His  
Vision was all a hazy blur and he felt ill. That was a new  
Feeling. He was vaguely fascinated by the novelty, but  
The illness was overwhelming and he fell back, passing  
Out cold.

Poseidon approached once more, checking him out  
Again. His breathing was normal, so Poseidon decided  
To go for a walk out through the woods, where he would  
Collect herbs for his ill friend. He picked mint and  
Lemon balm and some cardamom. He would make  
Them into tea. Then he wandered out to the gardens to  
Meditate.

He breathed in a deep breath and did not stop  
Inhaling until his lungs were completely full of air. Then  
Just as he couldn't fit any more of the wonderfully  
Fragrant air into his body, he let it go in a long winding  
Exhale. He breathed in again. With every breath he was  
Breathing with less effort, and growing calmer. The  
Transformation had all happened rather quickly and he had  
Not considered potential risks. If Neptune was truly a  
God, he should have no problem surviving such a  
Conversion, he thought; but better to deal with that in  
Time and focus now on the present moment. He kept  
His mind busy by looking around at the forest he had  
Seen a thousand times before, and noticed all of the little  
Additions. The simple joy he could find in a fallen tree or a  
Cluster of fungi was of great help in this moment. He  
Decided he would make soup with the mushrooms he  
Found potatoes and carrots from the garden. By  
That time he must have been away for nearly an hour,  
So he started walking back to heal his newborn guest.

Neptune was as lumpish and pale as he was when  
Poseidon had left. He laid his hand on Neptune's forehead  
And chest; his skin was clammy. Poseidon leaned over,  
Putting a little more pressure on Neptune's stomach.  
Closing his eyes, he could feel Neptune's pulse, and his  
Shallow breath. The only thing off was his energy.  
Poseidon had never been a healer, but he did his best to  
Tap into the energies of Neptune's languid body, which  
Seemed to be on the brink of death.

Suddenly, his hands felt slightly warmer. He could feel the  
Thread-thin streams of energy flowing through his hands into  
Pools of circling energy within Neptune's new body.  
With impromptu effort and meditation, Poseidon increased the  
Energy output in his final attempt to awaken Neptune.

Neptune awoke with a start. Like a tornado, spinning  
Out of the collision of a cold front into warmer weather,  
The force of their beings multiplied and sent energy

Waves into the ground below. The gravity was stronger,  
More finite, and as Neptune had never experienced, he  
Was now as of the Earth, a body of flesh and blood, as  
Massive as a figure of clay, he found the weight  
Suffocating upon his spirit. Breathing heavily the  
Nitrogen and oxygen rich air; there was something balmy  
About it that drew his body upward, allowing him a  
Reprieve from the pain of growing a nervous system.

## VIII ~ Cold Silence

The two sea gods lived happily with each other's  
Company for a time. Poseidon taught Neptune how  
To fish with a pole. How to forage, plant a garden,  
And how to chop wood for the fire.

Neptune noticed that somehow, every day, the place  
Never seemed to be the same. The wind would have a  
New rhythm, or the grass a softer edge. On one  
Particularly scorching summer day, he watched as the  
Water of a nearby pond rose up in bubbles and spirals of  
Steam. The heat had a dizzying effect; he lay naked on a  
Stone unable to move, lulled into a heavy daze.

His breathing was deep and the humid air stifled his  
Senses. Through closed eyelids he could perceive light in  
The color red and then orange. He felt the sun's heat  
Reaching and radiating his skin. He watched the light  
That passed through the thin layer of blood and muscle;  
The skin that kept him from being blinded by the  
Incredible glare. His thoughts escaped him and all that  
He could do was continue to bake in the sun.

He could hear the language of the birds. Their scattered  
Voices sending short notes through the trees. He could  
Hear the wind moving too, across the grass, against the  
Trees, moving through their leaves. They would every so  
Often cast fleeting shadows over his closed eyes. The  
Shade would go blue instead of red. He recalled his  
World; such shining blues during the day, and the  
Deepest, coldest blues at night. He was far from home  
And much closer to the sun, the elder star. Its heat was  
Frantic at this distance; it made his skin hotter than his  
Insides. Though when a breeze swept by it touched his  
Skin with a chill, he was uncomfortable with the sun's  
Warmth. His skin was still an unhealthy shade of greyish

Beige, fresh and fragile, a flesh body concealing his true Nature. He could still feel his mind racing with wind and Waves, as the massive energy of a planet pushed the Limits of his human body. The rock surface was slowly Absorbing heat from the light around his shadow, it Rubbed against his skin, a rough reminder of his Grounded state, still cold underneath his body.

He felt impossible again, the way he had during his First iteration on the beach, unnatural in presence, Thought, feeling, and body, except that now he felt even Worse; a restless, ragged lump. He lay like a corpse, Broken on the wheel. Without the will to live, what Would be the point of living? It seemed simple enough To his mind. He could logically follow one point to Another, and back again, and arrive at the same Conclusion. He would stop.

It was time. He let go of the life, the messy organic, Elemental bind of singularity. The energy that had been Trapped at his core radiated from his extremities. His Pallid flesh shivered, smoothed and began to drift off in An ionic mist, gradually in this manner, Neptune in his Human form died and returned to his true elemental Nature, and in his physical dissipation, the ferns and Lichens froze around him. The trees were frosting over And leaves, frozen solid, flew away and shattered on the Wind. Only a misty mirage of Neptune's former body Could be seen, like a hollow figure, an atomic cloud of Likeness. There was no one there to see him, but if there Were, they would have seen the light leave his see- Through eyes just before the entire image was gone. All That remained was a cloud of super cold gases spreading Through the woods. He was gone again, in a cold Silence, leaving Poseidon alone.

## IX ~ A Lonely Sailor

Poseidon was unaware of Neptune's departure at the time,  
Too absorbed in his own interests many miles away on  
The open waters. Upon returning to the island, he  
Noticed a cold haze settled around it. It had a vexing  
Sharpness to it, scratching his throat and making his eyes  
Water. He had to pull a warmer wind off course to  
Sweep the fog off the island. After hours of searching he  
Came to the conclusion that his strange companion, a  
Friend for however long he had stayed, was gone, and  
There was no sign that he would return. Could he even  
Say his life would be so different? He was alone, then he  
Wasn't, and now he would be alone again. The period in  
Between had been interesting, curious to say the least,  
But he would go on alone again. It had even changed  
What he thought was possible in this odd and  
Unpredictable world, where he might not be left alone.

Poseidon spent many nights sailing out to sea. He  
Would begin at dusk and go until sunrise, spending his  
Time stargazing. He drew lines between the stars and  
Spoke to them and splashed the reflections he could  
Pinpoint on the water. Poseidon would listen all night  
Long. Waiting for a whisper from these beloved dark  
Diamonds, wanting them to open up to him, to show  
Him their true light. He would wait after he spoke and  
Splashed and guessed at what the stars could indicate.  
He waited patiently with his eyes wide open staring at the  
Sky. He imagined himself floating on the bottom of an  
Upside down ocean, hanging off the water's surface  
Instead of sitting on it. His body was there, tethered to  
The earth like an insect standing on a ceiling, but his  
Mind was free to roam the expanse of heavens that  
Waited below, and so, he let himself fall. Unsupported,

Unstoppable, his sensory self zoomed out towards the  
Stars, flying at the speed of thought towards who knows  
What. When his capacity to imagine a distance into the  
Abyss of space failed, he suddenly saw himself again,  
Lying on his boat, rocking on the edge of earth and sky.

He would sleep on the boat these nights, having wild  
Dreams of waves dancing up into the sky with him as  
Their passenger, rushing around the stars on cosmic  
Rapids. Sometimes the figure of an ice blue man  
Appeared to him in these dreams. He would wake up to  
A light grey morning thinking, "Every day the same."



## X ~ Torn Apart

One morning, he sat on a jagged rock, staring down  
At nets of pale green foam on black waves Poseidon had  
Thought it would be easy to move on, but with every passing  
Moment, his emptiness swelled inside and he felt his heart sink  
In a vortex of lonely despair.

Sadness turned over and over, echoing in his mind.  
His heart went into a twist and he looked up at a  
Storm brewing. The sky flashed an aggressive blue.  
Thunder rolled in, sending great shockwaves across the  
Water. Poseidon's eyes flashed red, he looked down as  
He heard a low humming which soon gave way to a  
Rumble. His hair was blown hard by the salty wind, his  
Face, which had grown shaggy and gaunt, took on a kind  
Of determined solidity. His features seemed to be  
Carving themselves into stone; his beard and his hair  
Grew in thick and black, and as he stood, the strands  
Blowing in the wind solidified into black corals growing  
Out of a rocky scalp. His sorrow was taken in a wind of  
Rage that consumed him, giving him reprieve from mourning.

The sea shivered and erupted in a wild spray. His deepest  
Desire, secret wishes of a life lived in love had been dashed.  
The world in his subconscious mind was one of deep abyss,  
Mere shadows of color and rushing waves. It crackled and  
Crushed him inside and pushed him to the limit.

The air left his lungs, but his blood was rushing.  
Just like the ocean, Poseidon's heart could become violent.  
Waves, tides and whirlpools of despair coalescing in his stream  
Of consciousness fought with riptides of doubt, anger,  
Insecurity, and fear.

He blamed himself for a lack of vigilance as Neptune's  
Companion. He hated being like the sea: wild and dangerous.  
His temper was lost when the earth and sea buckled under him.

He could manipulate great waves and vortexes of water  
Stretching from earth to sky, and with them he had  
Destroyed ports and palaces alike. No man could evade  
His wrath or persuade him. Even sacrifices of young  
Men and royal maidens did nothing to appease his blind rage.  
Bloodlust consumed him in these moments; his eyes  
Flashed black, the oceanic blue vanishing into a  
Whirlpool of darkness. His human qualities melted  
Away and his skin, teaming with starfish and sand crabs,  
Turned stony grey.

He had lost his grip on reality. He did not wonder  
About lives he might ruin. He spared no time thinking  
Of the heartbreak that comes with havoc; he could only  
See blinding light, scattered and refracted through salty  
Spray. He could only feel the rush of wind and only  
Heard the ground rumbling below, vibrating through his  
Body, reminding him of his great power and unending  
Life. He was water's eternal ruler, a solid figure of  
Crushed sand and rock casting a shadow a mile wide.

Waves rolled around and waterspouts, slashing as  
Great whips and appearing to whip the waves this way  
And that, spun around him like enormous strands of  
Rope inhaling sea and sky. Waves began to gallop in  
Fierce aquatic revelry; foamy horses chasing serpents and  
Aggressive water spirits over and under the surface. His  
Body expanded, not into a fleshy, burly old god of  
Greece, but into a giant titan whose legs jutted out of the  
Water like two mammoth tree trunks. Whose body  
Displaced the water in gigantic waves, rolling out in  
Rippling circles a mile wide. The storm had reached its  
Boiling point and as the winds raged around his head he  
Stood silently, watching the wreckage that had been  
Paradise only an hour before.

It was dark, grey and brown. Even the water took on  
The quality of undulating pewter. In a flash, he  
Envisioned a pair of blue eyes set against an azure sea, a

Sky, blue, but full of blinding yellow and violet light. The Vision disappeared and the wreckage remained.

All that he had not been thinking about during his tantrum Rolled in, and his heart became heavy. He had lost his Mind in a state of despair.

He fell to his knees and around him walls of water shot high Into the sky. As he cried out in utter despair for what he had Lost and what he had done, the salty rain came pouring back Down over his gigantic huddled mass.

He was sobbing now, fresh water, brilliantly aquamarine. The tears of Poseidon, whose sorrow had calmed from an Angry outburst now let his rage depart, giving way to mourning. His tears rained pure water on a world covered in salt.

They carried a magic more powerful than force or rage, Wherever they landed the waves turned placid, the clouds Brightened from dark gray to violet and white, and his eyes, Emptying cascades of mourning rain into the ocean, Turned the black water crystal blue.



*rising temperatures*

*rising temperatures* brings together the story of two lovers and the sea.

I want to make connections with a painting like this, which is why painting is powerful. There are connections to the story of Poseidon and Neptune, to my own love story, and I hope to a broader audience that can find their own connections to the painting as it speaks to them.



phase shift

*phase shift* is an image in the shadow of death. It holds my grief, anguish, and despair.

As far as art can connect to my inner world, this painting has allowed me to express sad feelings I've had since losing one important person in my life, and with another, my uncle, having just passed away, I feel again how this painting shows that emotion. It is self-portraiture as mythic narrative painting on ice.

It can be seen as a screenshot of the Phase Shift mythology, just before Neptune's final departure. It can be seen as relating to Adonis or Narcissus (although since this figure is supine {lying face upward} it is distinguishable from the traditional Narcissus). It can be simply broken down into an image of my death if I were to die now. I am not dying, nor do I intend to, but I feel a terrible emptiness after losing so many loved ones. The story of phase shift represents a journeying on; the acceptance of loss and lost loved ones, for even after Neptune dies, Neptune lives on.





alone on neptune

This is how Neptune spends his free time.

How I pictured Neptune was inspired by Alan Moore and the artist Dave Gibbons' character, Dr. Manhattan, from *Watchmen*. My blue man is a shape-shifting knock-off sea-god on ice... He likes reeeeeeaalllllyyyyyyy long walks on the beach.

In the story, Neptune is lost in a way, they're thrown into being a person without even being raised like a child. You can say as much is true for some real people who just didn't have everything that they could or should have, unlike them Neptune is also endowed with incredible power that he doesn't really know what to do with. It's a story of loneliness and its tragic outcomes. But even in isolation Neptune finds beauty in the world around him.



Poseidon

*Poseidon* as a character was interesting to write. I structured the romantic sailor God-boy after my ex-boyfriend from *our story*, but I wanted to stay true to who Poseidon is as a figure of a symbolic religion. I allowed him to change depending on his mood, so he became a titanic kind of sea god who was capable of wreaking some havoc.

As a nod to ancient Rome, the body is based on the real statue of "Neptune" in the Piazza del Nettuno in Bologna.

For this painting I wanted to create a more expressive background emphasizing the color and texture of the sea and sky. The photo does not do it justice. For true scale and a better perception of the colors and textures this and really all of these paintings must be viewed in person. This is Poseidon's moment of realization. He's angry and sad all at once. Poor sea god...





narcissus inverted (revised)

*Narcissus* never needed Echo. She caused her own doom as much as he caused his.

With this painting I've really done a number on Echo and Narcissus by John William Waterhouse. We share a middle name, he and I, Asher William Pollock. And no I'm not related to Jackson. Staring in the glowing silver pond Narcissus wonders when he will die. He's a sad character, not altogether pitiable, but not vengeful, aggressive, or really guilty in any way. The gods just decided he had it too good. Poor Narcissus...

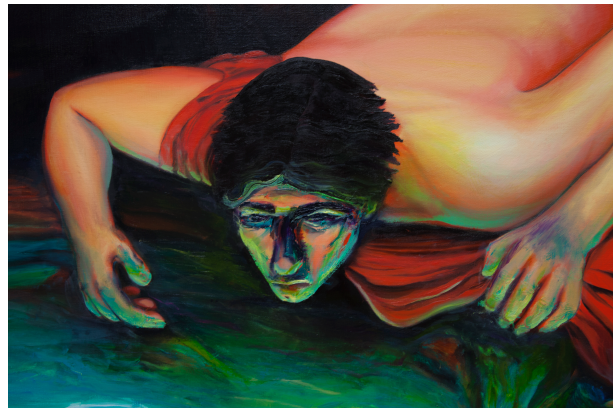


*Re:visions*  
Majestic Art Galleries  
Nelsonville, Ohio  
February 24 – March 26, 2017



*Re:visions* was my first solo exhibition. It was an exciting opportunity and a great way of challenging my abilities and myself. Through the process I learned much more about using space to create a visual story. The concept for the title *Re:visions* was two-fold.

- 1) I am bringing mythological imagery to life in reimagined visions of Narcissus, Neptune, Bacchus, Pan, Cupid & Psyche.
- 2) I literally went into the gallery when they were hanging on the walls to make revisions on them.



*Formative: faces – places – changes*  
Trisolini Art Gallery  
Athens, Ohio  
April 11 – 15, 2017



I displayed a selection of work from my thesis in a group BFA thesis exhibition at Ohio University's Trisolini Art Gallery. The process of editing the series down to just a few that can convey my message clearly was an incredibly formative challenge for me. We chose the show's title 'Formative' to underline how each of our bodies of work were products of formative things in our lives: experiences, people and environments.

I showed *phase shift*, *positive/negative*, and *narcissus inverted* and had a hand-bound copy of "phase shift" {the story of Poseidon and Neptune} on a shelf beside them.







TEMPUS SUBSINCTUS  
PHASE SHIFT  
ASHER POLLOCK  
BFA Thesis Exhibition

Trisolini Gallery, Baker Center, April 11 – 14

Gallery Hours (10 am – 4 pm) Tuesday – Friday

Performance, Monday April 10, 7:30 pm

Artist Talk, Wednesday April 12, 10 am

Thursday Evening Reception, April 13, 6 pm

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