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Issue 6 - Biggest









What is your favourite method to date?

Working with, and exploring, textures.

The entire process of painting and pushing the limits of each medium fascinates me. From stretching the canvas to applying textures, along with traditional paint and mixed media. Connecting all of this to higher thinking and thought processes at each step is what I'm currently exploring and working into new methods of attacking my canvas.

How hard do you really work?

Hard enough to feel exhausted and know it is still not enough.

What's in your near future?

Tomorrow

My number one tip is...

to paint for yourself first. The hell with anybody else... unless of course they are paying for it or buying it... well, that is just different.

Where's your head at?

In the clouds in an absent minded professor kind of way. Trying to keep up with and wrangle my thoughts is like herding cats.

Most over worn item of clothing?

An old pair of cargo pants. I can't live without them. I have had the zipper replaced, and now am going to have to look at creative patchwork to be able to still wear them in public.

Style. Discuss.

I am constantly exploring and trying new things... techniques, textures, paint, and process, on and on. I am always on the look out for the right thing to do or use in that moment to portray an emotion or a thought or an opinion.

Incorrect things you believed as a child.

That people are good. That a unicorn ranch is possible in the Midwest. That the boogieman lives in the closet and not under my bed. Dogs won't bite if you love them.

Twitter?

Yep! @cagneyartist

Conspiracy?

Yes. It's everywhere; from the top down...always beware. Put everything in a petri dish and examine it thoroughly before proceeding to decision mode.

My dream is...

to have someone walk into my studio and want to represent me as an artist and rescue me from my Midwest conservative cage. I keep working hard in the hopes that one day my art story will be like the great artist fairytale. You know the one the one about how the poor, struggling artist rocking on the edge of insanity is toiling away in her studio day after day, when one day a handsome person comes to see her work, and decides that she should be rescued. From that day on they pay her to paint, pimp out her work and buy her beer.

Everyone lives happily ever after. That...would be cool!

What is the best thing you've ever destroyed?

My artwork. Toward the end of college I took everything, sketchbooks, paintings, drawings...all of it...and in a drunken rage set fire to it all in the backyard. I didn't paint for three years. Now I look back on that as a cleansing...I think I knew on some level that I was going in the wrong direction with my art, a direction that others were pushing me in. Plus, I didn't want anyone to ever see it again ... at the time I didn't think that anyone other than myself deserved to see it.

I am reading... Ayn Rand – The Fountainhead...again...

Worst thing I ever forgot... To be brave.







