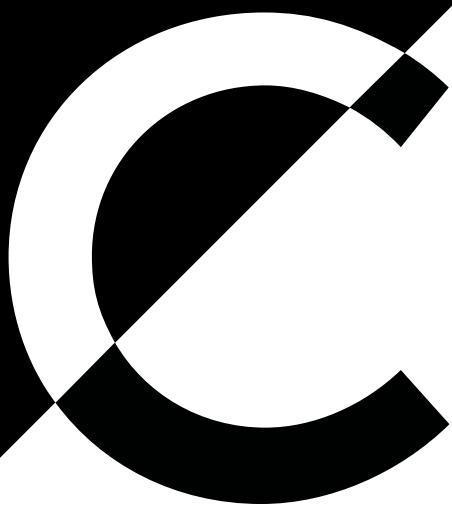


2018



the art issue

A large, bold, black and white graphic of the letter 'C'. It is oriented vertically, with the open end of the 'C' pointing downwards. The letter is composed of thick, rounded strokes. A small black rectangular tab or protrusion is located at the top right corner of the upper loop of the 'C'. The background is divided diagonally from the bottom left to the top right, with the top right quadrant being white and the bottom left quadrant being black.

TANGO SMASH

English App For Schools

NEED HELP TEACHING ENGLISH?

- Teach English vocab with Tango Smash
- Students have fun while learning
- Teachers can see student progress
- Teachers can set homework
- Vocabulary is customised to suit curriculum
- Contains exam feature with automated marking
- App available on PC, Android and Apple Devices



More information
Available at

tangosmash.com ³

C - The Art Issue

This issue was conceptualized as a means to display the varied talents of expats living in Japan. They come from many different creative backgrounds and develop many others still while in Japan. Enjoy their work, and check out each contributor's links for more.

Issue Concept and Design

Ashley Hirasuna

Copy Editing

Lilian Diep

Disclaimer

Neither National AJET nor AJET Connect magazine own any of the work displayed here. Everything in this issue was published with the permission of each contributor and should not be used for any other means outside of the issue.

Contact information for each contributor has been provided at the beginning of their spread, so please address each contributor individually with inquiries.

Cover Photo

Ashley Hirasuna

Find Us Online

Facebook
Instagram
Twitter
ISSUU

Table of Contents

Illaura Rossiter	06
Colette English	12
Andrew Knapp	30
Dana Stribling	34
Whitney Wu	38
Andrew Gibbs	46
Melanie Stacey	50
Zanel Pretorius	54
Natalie Correia	60
Melissa Furter	66
Nils Johnson	70
Cara Lam	74
Shantel Dickerson	84
Rachel Brisson	94
Jessica Craven	98
Joshua Graf	102
Melody Ide	114
Tresha Barrett	118
Gareth Naylor	126

Illaura Rossiter

Shizuoka

Chantilly and Chardonnay

Models: Wisani Shimambu, Renae Thompson, Lauren Cooper

Soy Sauce Vat

Temple Lantern

Summer Water Lily

Turning Leaves

Autumn Leaves

Facebook

Instagram

Redbubble



Chantilly and Chardonnay

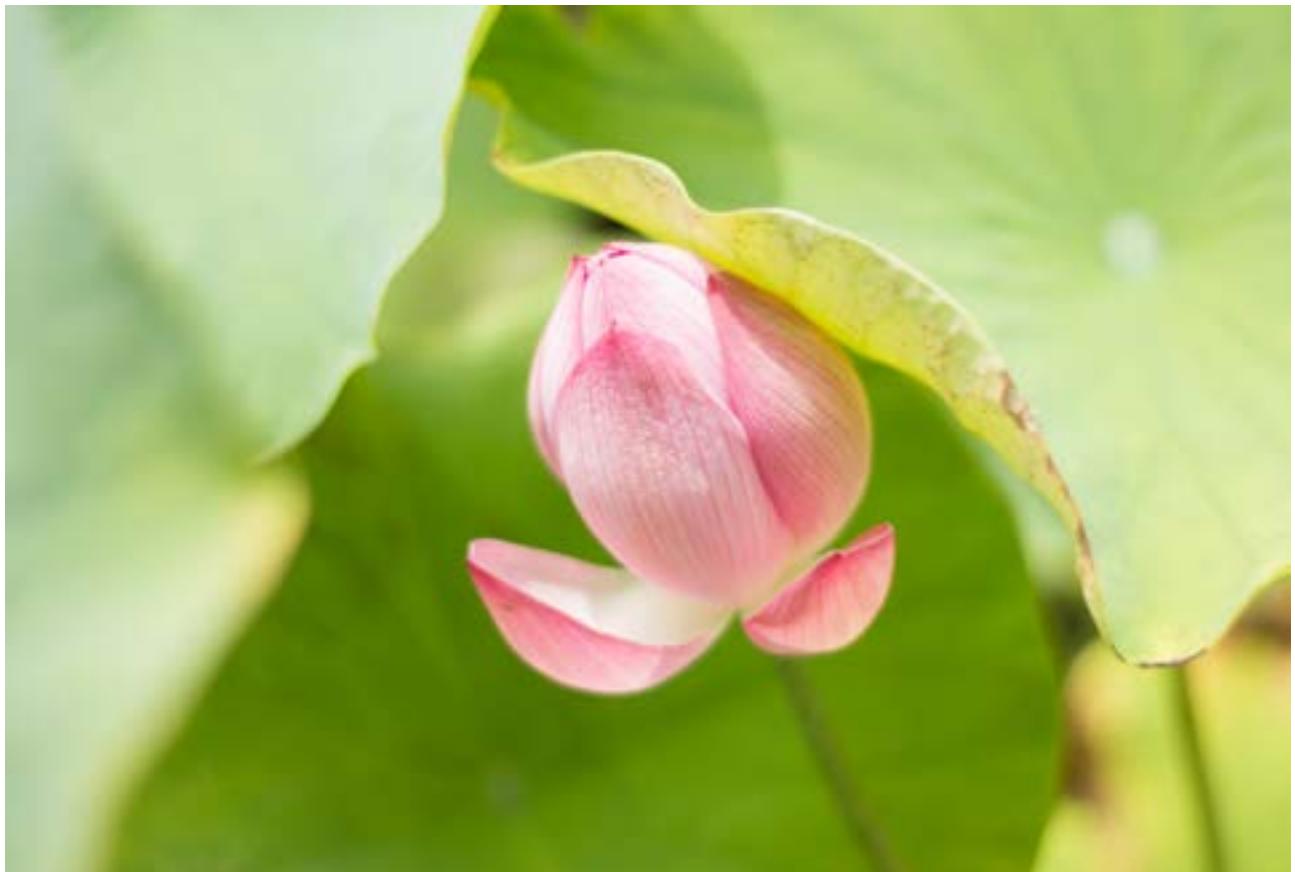
Models: Wisani Shimambu, Renae Thompson, Lauren Cooper



Soy Sauce Vat



Temple Lantern



Summer Water Lily



Turning Leaves



Autumn Leaves

Colette English

Hokkaido

Snow Dance
Take a Bow
Morning Mist
Dawn
Winter Sunrise
Standoff
Color
Summer Wildflowers
Hokkaido Summer

Bears Beware
The Far North
Colorful Autumn
Rural Hokkaido
Drive Hokkaido
Camouflage
End of the Season
Rolling Rolling Rolling

All photos from Hokkaido

[Instagram](#)
[Website](#)
[Viewbug](#)



Snow Dance



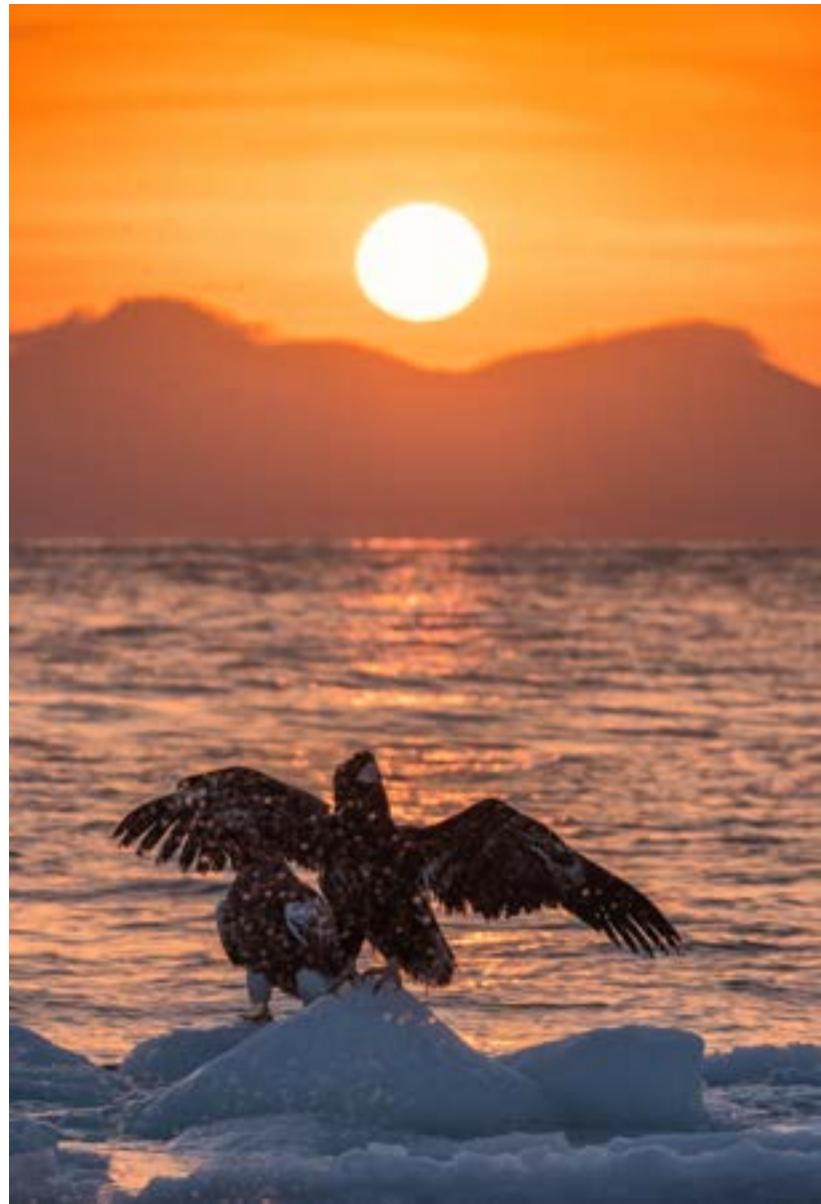
Take a Bow



Morning Mist



Dawn



Winter Sunrise



Standoff



Color



Summer Wildflowers



Hokkaido Summer



Bears Beware



The Far North



Colorful Autumn



Rural Hokkaido



Drive Hokkaido



Camouflage



End of the Season



Rolling Rolling Rolling

Andrew Knapp Fukui

青年(Youth)
第9条(Article 9)
Supreme

Artist statement(s) available upon request

Website
Etsy
Instagram



青年(Youth)



第9条(Article 9)



Supreme

Dana Stribling

Ishikawa

It's About to Rain, I Think
My God, It's Full of Stars

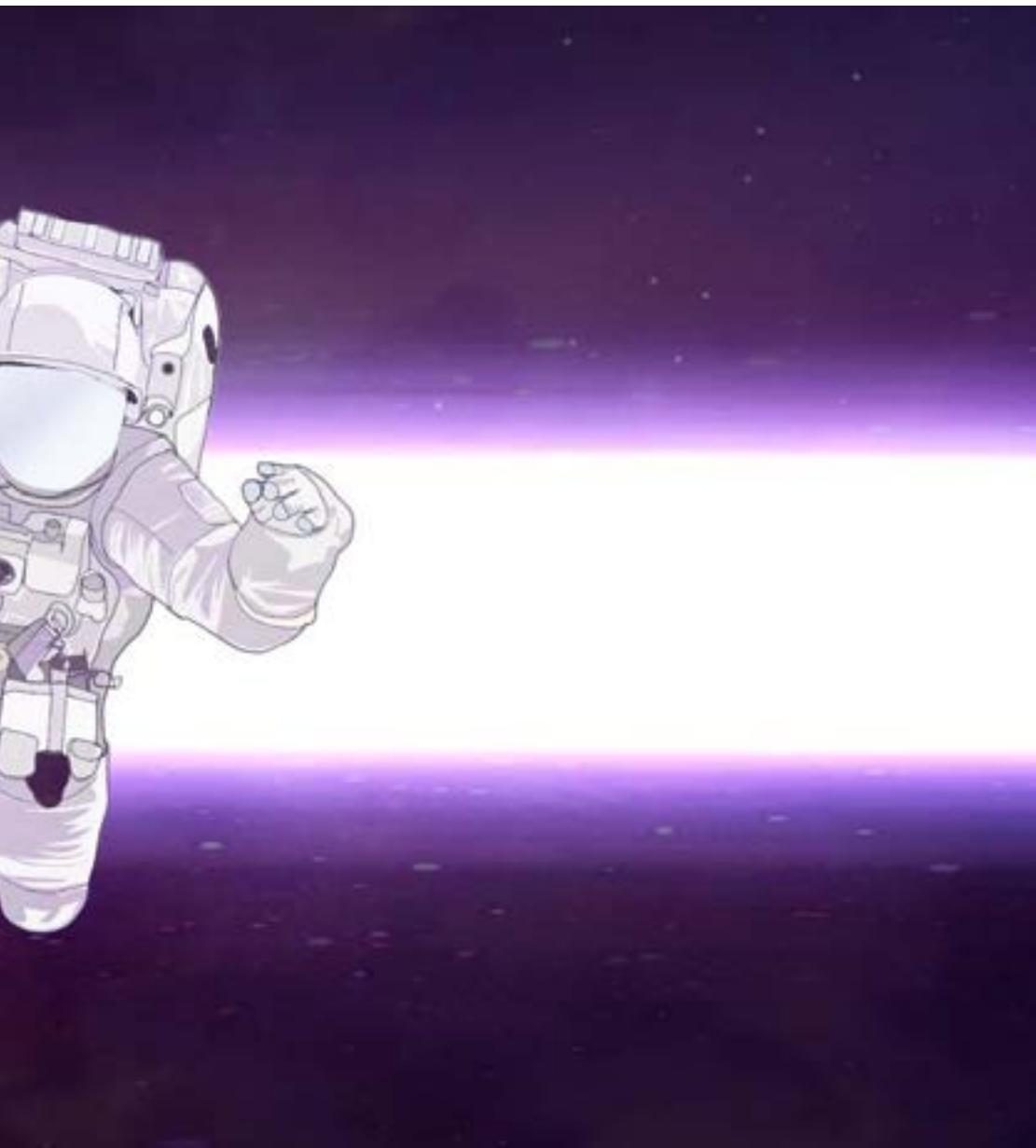
Website



It's About to Rain, I Think



My God, It's



Full of Stars

Whitney Wu

Aomori

Zelda
Fauning
Souvenir Jacket
Gyoza Party
A Bouquet
Year of the Dog
Super Blue Blood Moon

I'm trying to paint something new every day!

Instagram



Zelda



Fauning



Souvenir Jacket



Gyoza Party



A Bouquet



Year of the Dog

SUPER BLUE BLOOD MOON



Super Blue Blood Moon

Andrew Gibbs Miyazaki

Blindfolds Aside
Getting There
Go With It
Neck Deep

Instagram



Blindfolds Aside



Getting There



Go W



/ith It



Neck Deep

Melanie Stacey Fukui

Ganbare

Facebook
Website

I traveled to the other side of the world without knowing anyone there. I'd like to think I'm a pretty independent and capable person. I really want to be. Yet, if the phone rings in the Japanese teacher's room, I have to look around for an actual adult.

My health often forces me to sacrifice my sense of independence. I get sick quite often. Doctors recommend that I decrease the stress in my life. I'm not sure how to do that beyond somehow transforming myself into a plant that doesn't feel feelings. Please don't suggest yoga.

I'd like to think my poor immune system has not only allowed me to experience a buffet of assorted ailments but also, to accept that I must sometimes rely on others. It is a bonding experience.

Japanese speaking acquaintances quickly became close friends, when I asked them to accompany me for translating help at the OBGYN. These friends immediately learned more about my body than most of my boyfriends ever did. I felt like I was inconveniencing these friends, but they insisted that it was good Japanese practice. I was taken to a private room for inspection, while they shouted translations through the wall. The vocabulary they practiced?:

"Take off your pants!"

This was all very disorientating, especially when

I was presented with the dreaded curtain. The curtain meant to separate the x-rated half of my body from the pg-13 rated half. I scooted down as instructed, allowing the curtain to divide me, as though I was taking part in a magic trick to be sawed in two.

"This is exactly like The Handmaid's Tale."

I had only a vague notion of what was going on behind the curtain. Instruments were used.

The Doctor showed me an ultrasound, a practice not typical in the States unless you think you might be pregnant. The only image to show was my empty womb, I wanted to high-five the Doctor: "Let's keep that way amiright?"

My most chronic issue has been insomnia. I tried to ignore it. It didn't seem worthy of a doctor's appointment, not when a sea of surgical face masks seemed to indicate a plague at my school, and yet everyone else managed to keep pushing on. Ganbare. Then, after 3 days in a row of not sleeping, I tried to Google translate my way to a solution in the hospital, alone. This did not go as planned. I wanted them to prescribe sleeping pills. A kind social worker wanted me to talk about my feelings. The woman from the land of stoicism wanted me to talk about my feelings. I insisted this was unnecessary. She continued to ask probing questions:

"You must be homesick. Are you stressed?" I broke down crying.

"I do not need to talk about my emotions!" Still crying. "I just need to sleep!"

My insomnia continued, so my host mom took me to a mental health clinic.

Allow a brief interlude for me to describe my host parents, Chi Emi and Jun: They are hands down the coolest host parents anyone has ever had. Not only are they artistic, musical, and hilarious, but they behave like actual parents, not only to the ALTs in the area but to any exchange student or stray cat that happens to cross their path. They have 6 cats now, with polaroids on the wall displaying all their names. They throw birthday parties in their home, where my host father experiments with food coloring in every dish he can get away with. Jun is a mechanic who makes an event of changing the ALTs tires each season. He rescued me from a snow mountain blocking me in my apartment, by bringing his own snow plow. They offered for me to stay in their home when my apartment was unbearably cold. Anytime any ALT is sick, they will offer to drop everything and help take them to the hospital, anytime, any day.

Chi Emi and I have most of our conversations in the waiting rooms of hospitals. I feel perpetually guilty for taking her time. She reassures me it's no trouble. She brought me a snack to my appointment, cementing her status as an otherworldly angel in my mind. Chi Emi requests time off of work to hold my hand through the complexities of a mental health

interview.

The clinic interviewed us for about an hour and a half with questions that seemed like they were designed to trick me.

"What is your character?" Uh, the sassy one?

I thought I needed to suck it up, walk it off. I already felt guilty for the extra privileges I know I have here as a foreigner. I assumed there wouldn't be much sympathy in my workplace. If 37 year record breaking snowstorms didn't merit a day off, why would insomnia? Everyone was stressed and sleep deprived after all and had more legitimate reasons to be so.

My supervisor emailed me: "I am worried about you not sleeping. Please go nap in the break room if you need."

Being vulnerable is hard for me, especially in a society that prides itself on not revealing the struggle behind the success. However, my disappointment of an immune system has forced me to stop making assumptions about how someone will react, particularly based on their cultural background. Then, I get to meet the people behind the culture.



Zanel Pretorius Ishikawa

Limoge Enamel Ring
Baisse Taille Enamel Rings
Smokey Quartz 18ct Yellow Gold Earrings
Windpomp Ring
Windpomp Bangle

Patterns within patterns

Email



Limoge Enamel Ring



Baisse Taille Enamel Rings



Smokey Quartz 18ct Yellow Gold Earrings



Windpomp Ring



Windpomp Bangle

Natalie Correia Hokkaido

Zinogre - The Uncanny Series
Ulamog - The Uncanny Series
Lady Vespia - The Uncanny Series
Heartless - The Uncanny Series
Rangda - The Uncanny Series

The Uncanny Series is inspired by game monsters. The series depicts creatures from various types of games such as trading card games, MMOs, RPGs, etc.

Instagram



Zinogre - The Uncanny Series



Ulamog - The Uncanny Series



Lady Vespa - The Uncanny Series



Heartless - The Uncanny Series



Rangda - The Uncanny Series

Melissa Furter Yamaguchi

Movement of Kanji

Behance
Instagram







Nils Johnson

Nagano

Nagano is Famous for it's Apples
Modern Still Life 1

Both works are handmade pastel on Awagami washi from Shikoku

[Website](#)



Nagano is Famous for its Apples



Modern Still Life 1

Cara Lam Niigata

The Rebirth of Mt. Aso
A Steaming Hell
Sakura in Her Purple Dress
A Piece of Holland in Japan 1
A Piece of Holland in Japan 2
When Yin and Yang Come Together
A Glimpse of Heaven
The Beauty of Solo Traveling
Hike for Faith, or a View

[YouTube](#)
[Instagram](#)
[Website](#)



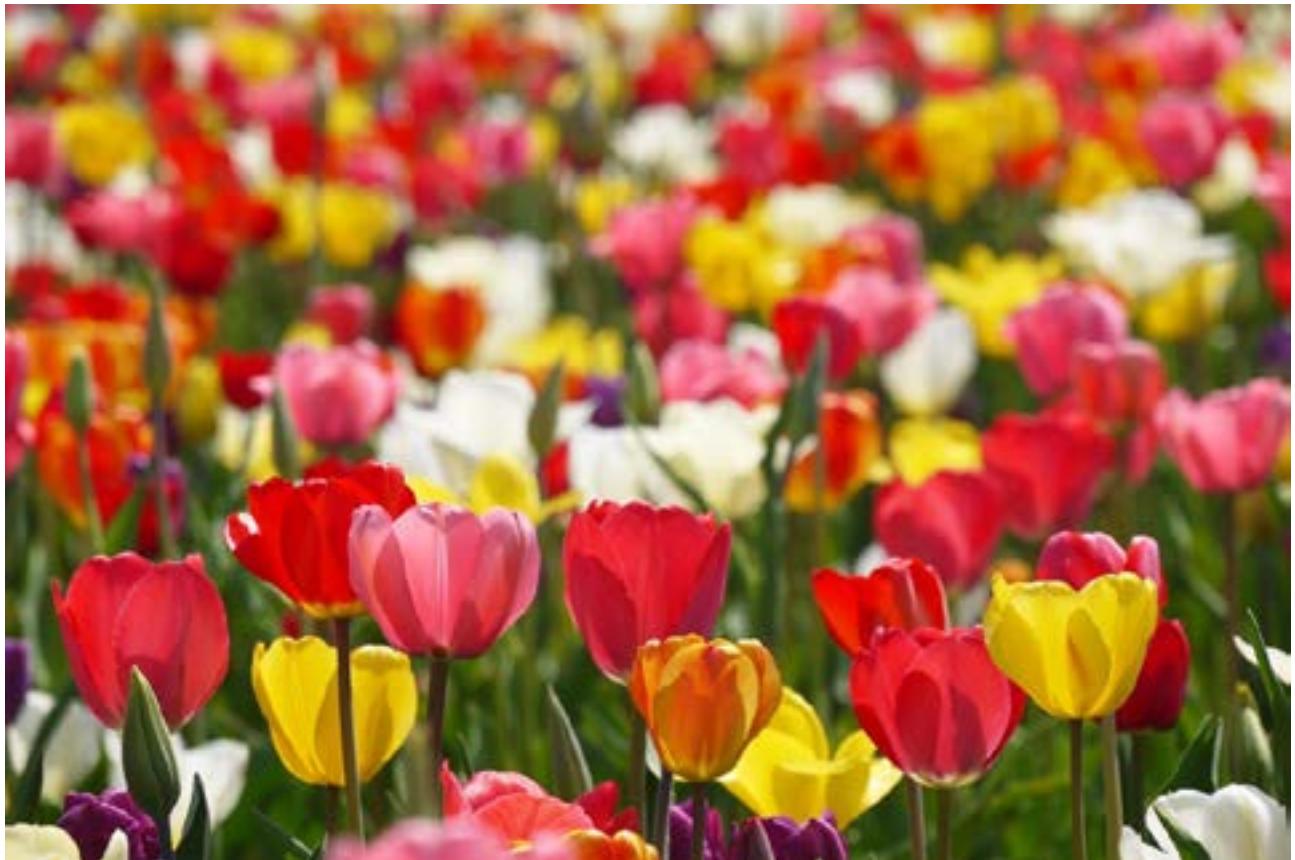
The Rebirth of Mt. Aso



The Steaming Hell



Sakura in Her Purple Dress



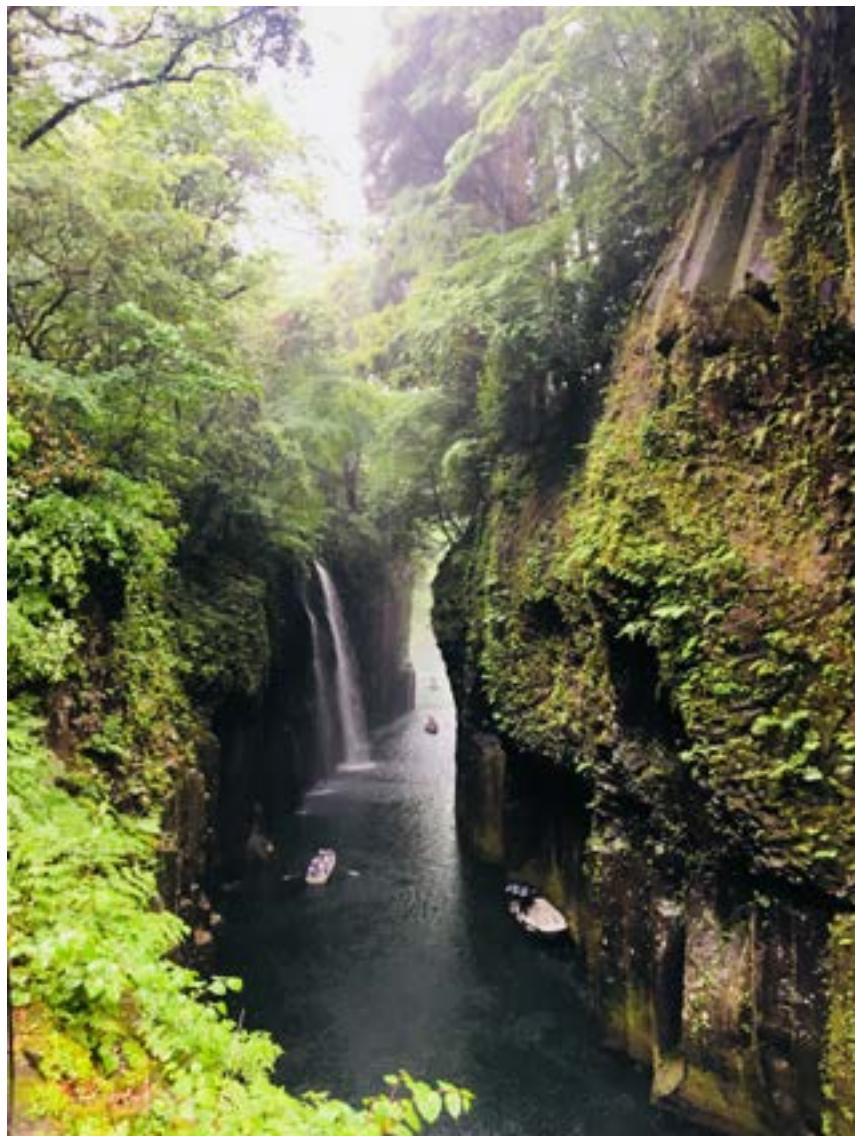
A Piece of Holland in Japan 1



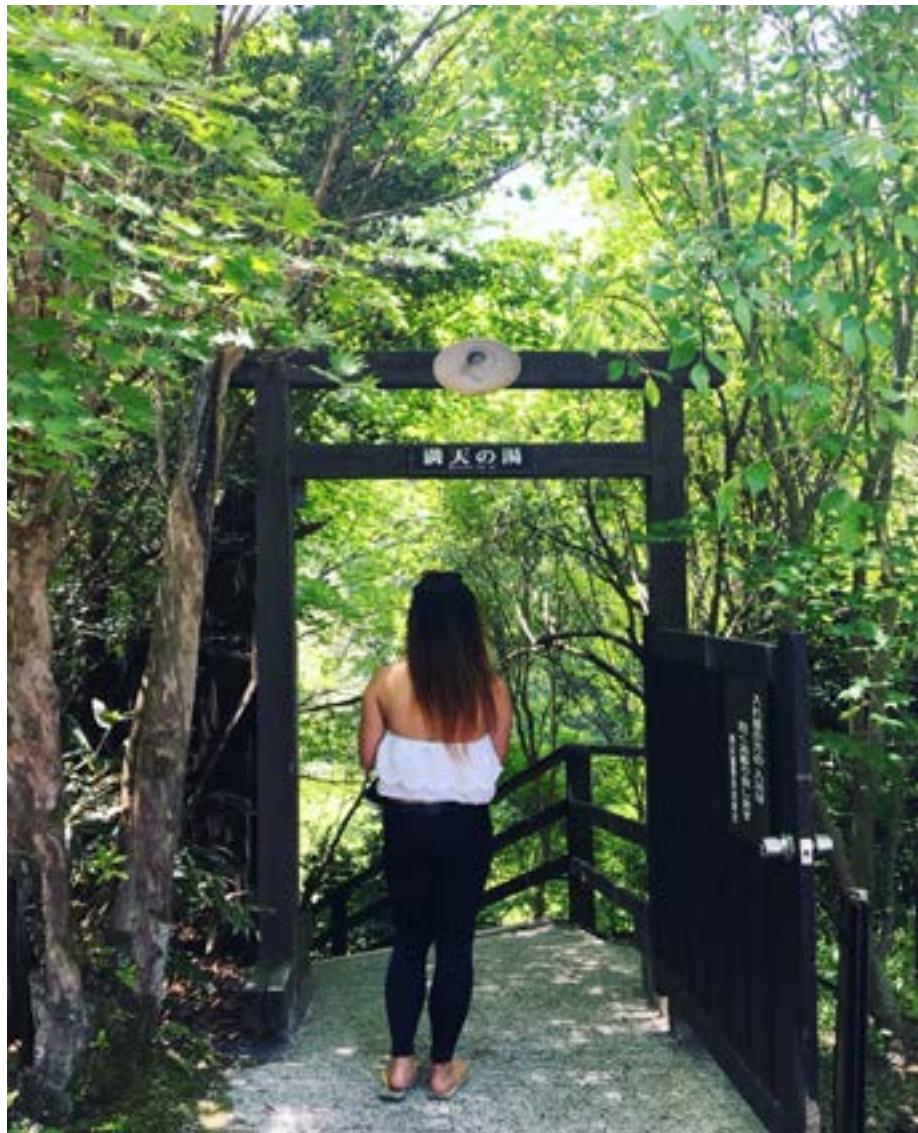
A Piece of Holland in Japan 2



When Yin and Yang Come Together



A Glimpse of Heaven



The Beauty of Solo Traveling



Hike for Faith, or a View

Shantel Dickerson

Oita

Beppu Skate Sesh
Spring
Onsen Matsuri

Email



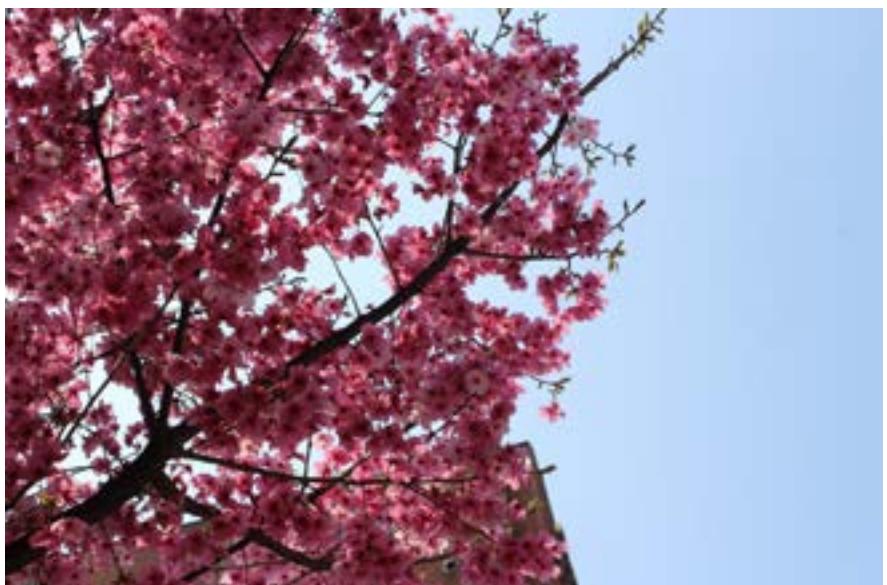
Beppu Sk



skate Sesh



Spr



ring



Onsen M



Matsuri (1)



Onsen M



latsuri (2)

Rachel Brisson Fukui

Kanazawa

The Five Lakes

Mikata-Goko (The Mikata Five Lakes) are in Wakasa, Fukui Prefecture

Rocks on a Hualien Beach

Qixingtan Beach is in Hualien County, Taiwan.

All photos were taken on an iphone 6.

Facebook

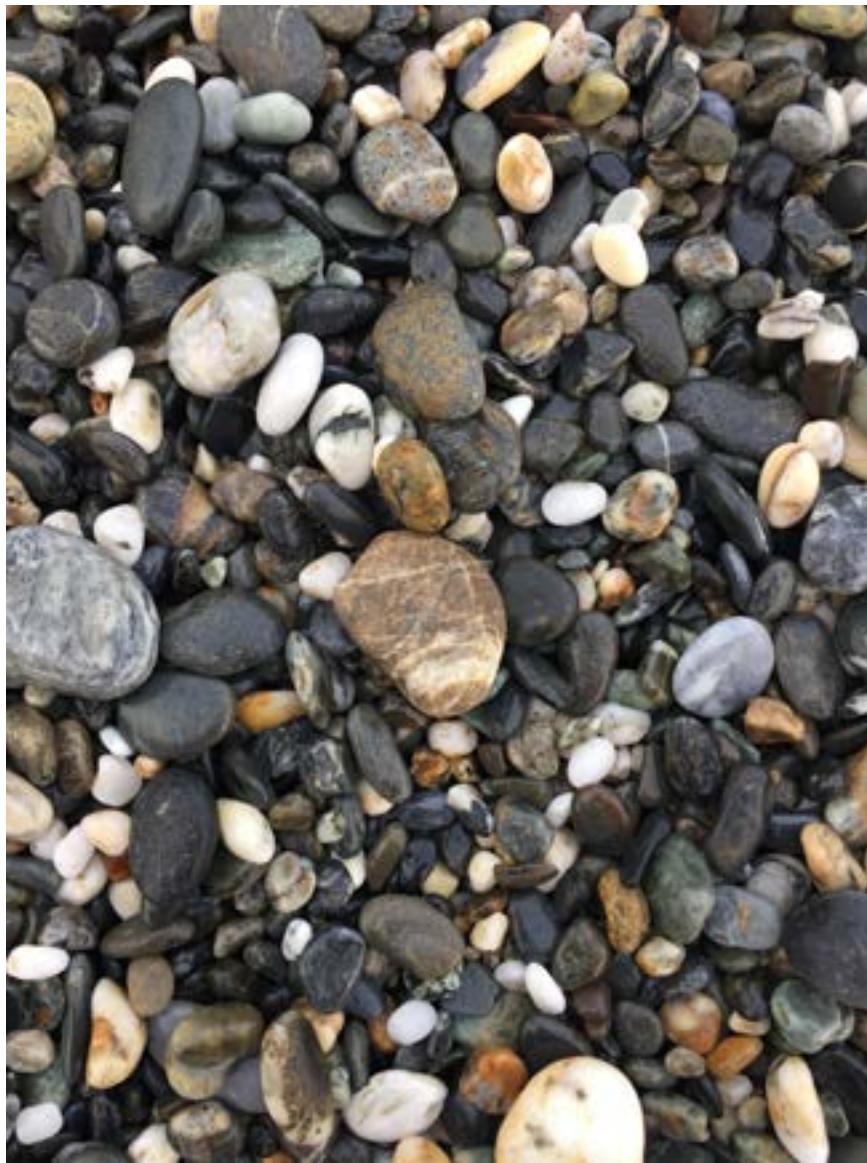


Kanazawa



The Five Lakes

*Mikata-Goko (The Mikata Five Lakes) are in Wakasa,
Fukui Prefecture*



Rocks on a Hualien Beach
Qixingtan Beach is in Hualien County, Taiwan.

Jessica Craven

Saitama

Pine Trees in Akita
Memory of the Roman Coliseum
Snow in Satte
Southern Sweetheart

Website



Jessica Graven



Pine Trees in Akita



Memory of the Roman Coliseum



Snow in Satte



Southern Sweetheart

Joshua Graf

Gunma

A Mysterious Pink
Martian Tourism
Fireman
Spectator
A Reflective Life
Cold Warmth
Textured
Matsuyama Court
Space Lights
A Wysterious View
Light My Way

Instagram



A Mysterious Pink



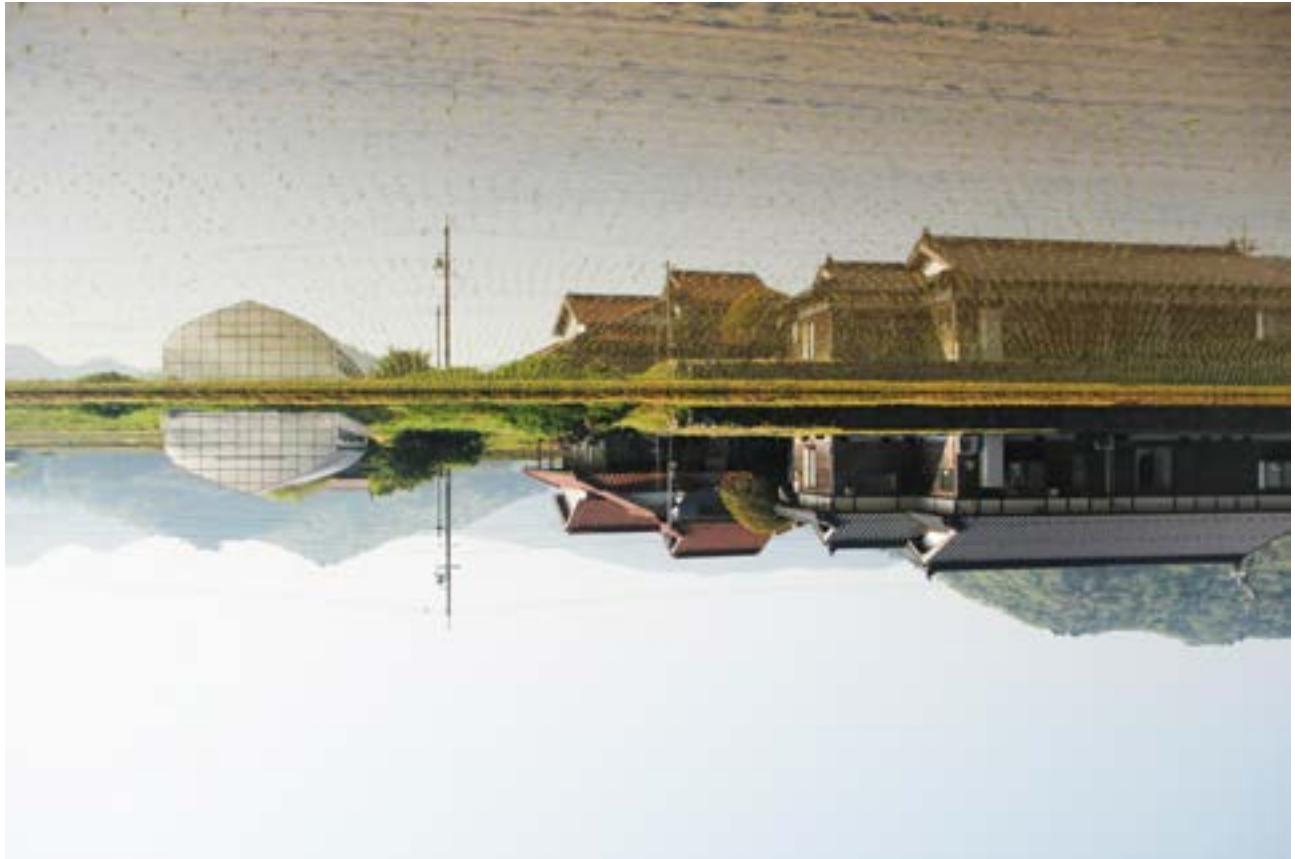
Martian Tourism



Fireman



Spectator



A Reflective Life



Cold Warmth



Textured



Matsuyama Court



Space Lights



A Wysterious View



Light My Way

Melody Ide Miyazaki

Tachuzu Sunset
Hydrangea
Toimisaki Hamayu

[Instagram](#)
[Twitter](#)



Tachuzu Sunset



Hydrangea



Toimisaki Hamayu

Tresha Barrett

Kyoto

Passings
Courting the Edge of a Distant Love
Liquid Measure
Emphatic Love
Rhyme and Rhythm
Snow White
Warm Corpse

Website

Musings

Passings

Another quiet morning has passed where, upon tumbling out of bed, I muse to myself, "what the hell was that dream?" Not that I don't appreciate the memories of my flights and celestial fancies, but sometimes I truly have to wonder what my subconscious is up to when I delve into these other-worlds.

Sitting on the outskirts of my mind, I look around my tiny apartment and feel the closeness of everything choking me back into my safety net. That slumber that never leaves. It's sort of like my security blanket – always there to rock me into submission.

Going into auto-pilot, my morning glides from task to task, continuously the same yet somewhat different. I can never seem to do the same exact thing twice.

Sometimes time plays tricks on me, telling me we're cool and we'll roll together. But as soon as complacency sits in, I'm tossed in a whirlwind of ticks and missing beats. I can never get mad though, I know time sits motionless and I'm the one that flows. Still, these moments remain, almost like a reminder of my movement between these planes – forever on the move, yet remaining the same.

Occasionally, I would sit as still as possible and relish in the shifts that exist with and through me. I'm in a million different places right now – how many people know this?

So, back in my apartment, my home away from home, I try to stay with time and have friendly conversations to appease as I go through the motions.

And soon, sometimes too soon, I greet the morning that sits on the outside of my door.

Hello world...

Poetry

Courting the Edge of a Distant Love

The visceral groans that purr against my skin, my throat, my groin...

What is this feeling that envelopes my blood?

This feeling that causes me to yearn beyond thoughts and just languor on the
edge

And stretch with need as I try to clench my womanhood into submission.

Why do I submit?

Why should I?

The answer is slow, though not always welcomed.

Is this what true love feels like?

Is this what it means to commit and actually stay committed?

It's a hard thrill, a crazy thrill, a painful thrill... but still a thrill.

Was anyone ever worth this before?

Did my tongue not go dry at a missing before?

Did I not yearn and love so hard that this urge cascaded before?

I can't tell you now,

But this feels new.

Here I am sitting on the edge of sanity.

Clenching my thighs and thinking it's almost a year before your entry.

If this isn't love I don't know how to define the taste.

My thoughts and feelings make it so hard to assuage.

In my dreams, you love me with your tongue in and out like a stream.

You rip open my body and make the universe scream.

God! You love me so hard that each pore steams.

And, still, my insanity beams.

How do I calm the beast inside?

I feel trapped because it's so hard to take apart these times.

I just go by the moments that temper my skin,

And hope against hope that, eventually, you'll accept my sins.

Liquid Measure

Oh how you wooed me.

How you brought me to the edge and then back.

How you promised me feelings of euphoria when I would just be sitting here – basking, waiting – yearning for the other.

What do you have that I don't have?

These lies that you proffer and the pain that follows it's just... it's so much, and so little...

If only these moments could last – the thrills, the good stuff, all the brilliant things but, they never do.

Only pain follows.

But still, I yearn.

I want.

I crave more.

More of you?

No.

More of what you give me.

More of what I get.

You are my absent thrill.. Always.

And I thank you. I thank you for that.

They say you're my enemy, but you're my friend – you're one of my best friends!

You're always there for me, even though I know you're killing me as I take you in...

But, that's not important. We all die soon anyway.

Thank you, for being there for me.

My poison. My thrill.



Emphatic Love

She feels you.

You know she does.

You know she will always help your thoughts and inner shit.

And so you bask.

You bask in the fact that you without her is you without you.

You know that you without her is you without your confidant.

You without her means bye bye assurance.

And you without her is you without your moments of clandestine thrills.

So you stay.

You stay and you seek and you take.

Why not get as much from this and try to make it your own?

How often will you find another who will give you a throne?

And here she sits.

Waiting.

Wanting.

Expecting, because she sees what you do not know, and she knows.

Maybe too much...

What does she do?

Should she listen to the sounds that play in her ear?

Or go by the seconds that prove her despair?

Does she continue to listen to the quiet songs that play?

Or does she put away her heart and just go by the day?

Dynamics of ish will always play true.

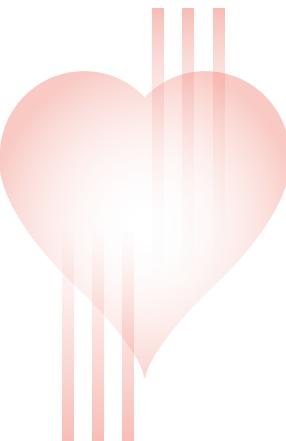
It really doesn't matter, these things we do.

I feel, you take, when will it end?

Someone's always left with something unsaid...

Rhyme and Rhythm

For years I lived relentlessly as a juggernaut,
Souring through space like an astronaut.
Then you cracked me open like a coconut,
And soon I was no longer like an Argonaut.
As my veins split open and you seeped through,
I could no longer think clearly with the same views.
I was drowning in emotions of what I couldn't tell,
Like you'd found me and put me under some voodoo spell.
You made me yearn for your touches and your smiles.
You made me cry with your words and your wiles.
I felt weak 'cus you turned me into a puddle,
So I would seek just to corrupt this riddle.
But now I'm simply chilling by the side,
Letting these waves wash over me like a tide.
I've given up on trying to figure out this love thing,
And will just wait for my death by your heart strings.

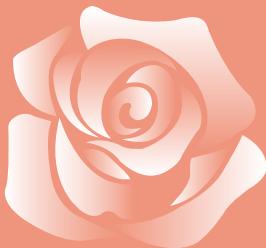


Snow White

Once upon a time there was purity between these thighs,
An untouched flower that shied from the sun.
Now it stretches unabashedly towards it,
And such purities of once upon a time are done.

There are unshed tears in my eyes and lies between my lips,
My betrayals are without fear as I sinfully sway my hips.
Emotions are lost as I float from one to another,
Each a different stranger - screwing undercover.

I will not smear you with my sin,
Your innocence is all I have left.
The purity that cloaked my womanhood has been lifted.
Once upon a time I was Snow White... but I drifted.



Warm Corpse

I want to be raped by your fantasies,
Imprisoned by your glares of hatred and disgust.
I long to feel your nails biting into my throat
While your heated essence invades my aura.
I yearn for you to rip the dress off my back
And lick the blood from the scars that you've created.
There is no control; I'm locked in my wanton cravings.
Such forbidden fruit should be ripped from the tree and devoured!
Your darkness does not scare me,
I need your sin.
I want you to tear my legs open again and again.
I am here for you to quench your needs,
As my thirst for your fire plants these black seeds.
There are but these moments,
Sad, I can't remember when
I didn't feel these urges and would in sin descend.
I can feel it now, your breath on my neck,
Getting warmer and warmer knowing I won't object.
Such tormenting thrill,
Don't play pretend with sex.
Moments like these are better than the next.

Gareth Naylor Oita

The Rickshaws in Yufuin

Website





In 2017 I decided to do a series of paintings on rickshaws. I was feeling ambitious. It was meant to be a one year project and to result in 100 paintings of rickshaws (gulp) and an exhibition. I even booked a place to have the exhibition.

The inspiration came from my trips to Yufuin, a popular tourist town in Oita prefecture. In this small town you can see many tourists travelling around in rickshaws through the town streets and into the surrounding picturesque countryside lanes.

As an artist I am always looking for something that will be interesting to paint.

And it is easy for me now to find interesting things to paint, I have developed a visual eye, but it is very difficult for me to explain that visual appeal in words. But I will try.

Firstly, I would say rickshaws are interesting because they are such an unusual and strange contraption. You have a big, heavy boxy shape balanced on two very large, thin wheels. It's a lovely contrast of heaviness and elegance.

Secondly, everything is slightly tilted, including the folding roof which is series of tilted planes.

And thirdly it is not just one shape but several very different shapes interacting together - the vehicle and the human puller as well as the riders. It's really like a see-saw on wheels and you can feel this dynamic, balancing act.

I knew this contraption would look interesting in a painting as a focal point.



But it was very challenging to draw and paint rickshaws. The qualities that made it interesting also made it difficult to render. Such as all those irregular angles, the strange shape of the hood and the shape of the large elegant wheels.

I travelled several times to Yufuin to look at the rickshaws. And from those trips I amassed a lot of photos. At times I was almost chasing rickshaws down the street. And I tried very hard to take photos of them from different angles and in different places.

From these photos I spent a long time doing sketches. It took quite a long time before I really got a feel for the shape and structure of a rickshaw. These sketches eventually led to about 15 or so finished paintings. Not quite 100!

Sadly, my ambitious series got derailed at this point - as normally happens. I became interested in another subject.

Hopefully, one day I will be drawn back to painting some more scenes of rickshaws, especially as I still find them so interesting.

And I also intend to have a ride in one of them someday - despite all my interest I have yet to experience what it's like to travel in a rickshaw.

I know that John Singer Sargent did a famous series of paintings from being seated in a gondola perhaps I could do the same thing but seated in a rickshaw.











