BRET ROWE

GAMEBOARDOM

A ROLL OF THE DICE & YOU'LL PLAY IN LIFE

OTHER SERIES:

- HISTORICONS •
- PRODUCTOMES •
- PICTOGRAMS •
- COMICULTURE •

GAMEBOARDOM

After living with myself for almost 48 years, I find that I'm empathetic to the core --- the typecast, humble servant perpetually wishing to help everyone and fix everything. My new series of twelve paintings, 'Gameboardom', is a product of this identification and the contrary helplessness that consumes when realities of war, financial crisis, aging and world suffering are at hand.

A first reaction to the title 'Gameboardom' may assume our yawning insensitivity to all things, given the pace of our caffeinated, technoturvy world. Rather, the intention for the 'Gameboardom' title and series is based on 'kingdom' as we are all on or within the playing surface of life. We've all heard that life is like a game. At the start, we're all given the same chance. Our lives follow steps, usually toward a goal. Some playing the game roll the dice. Some do not. Step by step, move by move, some 'win' but we're all players.

Thus, in this new series, gameboards serve as my platform for narratives on a few of the current topics that confound me, taking me from start to an ending point or solution (the empathizer's fix!). The painting process I've used via watercolor and distressing the canvas is due to my love of old carnival posters and intended to show time via weathering and abrasion, as we are apt to give credence to a message that comes from the past.

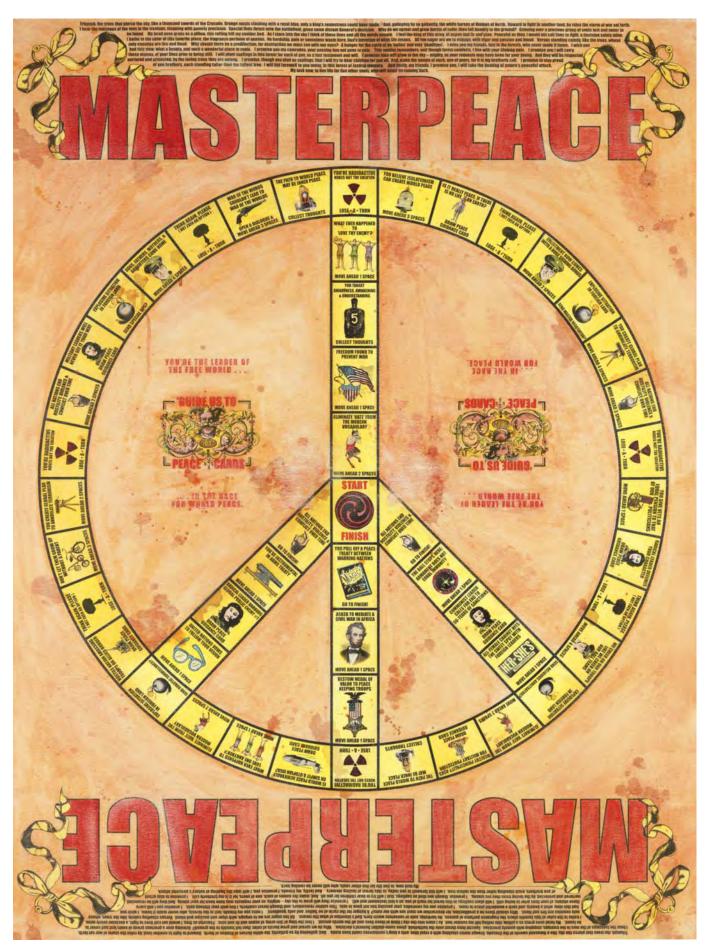
The twelve paintings in Gameboardom are a blend of silk screen, ink giclee, acrylic, water color and pigments that allow me, through layers of application and rubbing, to deliver lasting pieces that communicate.

I hope you enjoy them.

MASTERPEACE

ONE MOVE AT A TIME, WE CAN CONQUER PEACE & HAVE MORE 'HELLOS' & FEWER 'GOODBYES'

The toughest question my son asks me is 'Why is there war, Dad?' No matter how exacting my pontification, it is never the right answer. Why is there war? Why not only peace? From a child's view, war makes little sense. Why isn't there more face-to-face discussion, a push for only peaceful solutions or even a winner-take-all dodge ball tournament. Is there a global solution predicated on peace? We ALL need to work on one.





The instructions on the top and bottom of the MasterPeace painting are excerpted from 'Deciduous', a poetic segment of a short story on which I'm working. The poem commemorates a soldier's five fallen friends and honors all lives lost in conflict.

Deciduous *

Triumph, the trees that pierce the sky, like a thousand swords of the Crusade. Orange masts clashing with a royal blue, only a king's seamstress could have made.

And, galloping by so gallantly, the white horses of Nimbus of North, Onward to fight in another land, by rules the storm of war set forth.

I hear the footsteps of the men in the treetops, stepping with gamely precision.
Little lives thrust onto the battlefield, given some distant general's decision.

Why do we sprout and grow bursts of color, then fall humbly to the ground?

Grieving over a precious pile of souls lost and never to be found.

I feel the king of this army,
of aspen and fir and pine.
Peaceful as they, I would not call lives to fight,
a decision solely mine.

I bathe in the color of this favorite place, the fragrance perfume of queens. No hardship, pain or senseless waste here, God's intention of what life means.

All too eager are we to engage, with vigor and passion and blood.

Versus standing calmly, like the trees, whose enemies are fire and flood.

Why should there be a predilection, for destruction we must see with our eyes?
A hunger for the cycle of no 'hellos' and only 'goodbyes'.

I miss you my friends, lost in the forests, who never made it home,

I wish you had this view, what a beauty,
and such a wonderful place to roam.

My head uses grass as a pillow, this rolling hill my somber bed.
As I stare into the sky I think of those lives, and all the words unsaid.

I promise you my comrades,
your passing has not gone in vain.
This soldier remembers, and though forest comforts,
I live with your feelings of pain.

I promise you I will carry those visions, of your lives prior to being still.

I will plant saplings in this forest for each of you, as a last testament and will.

I promise they will grow to the sky -- mighty, as your requests may have been for your young.

And they will be respected, nurtured and protected, by the loving trees they are among.

I promise, though you died as saplings, that I will try to bear children for you all. And, make the names of each, one of yours, for it is my brotherly call.

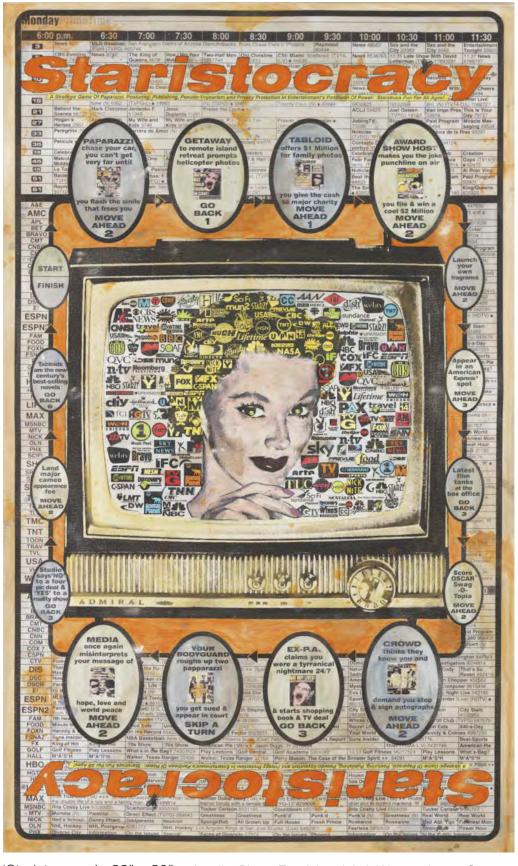
I promise to stay proud of you brothers, each standing taller than the tallest tree. I will bid farewell to you today, in this forest of lasting memory.

And, lastly, my friends, I promise you,
I will take the beating of nature's peaceful attack.
My task now, to live life for five other souls,
who will never be coming back.

STARISTOCRACY

DOES ANYONE REALLY WIN THE PAYOLA-FOR-PICS, DOLLARS-FOR-DRAMA, CAT & MOUSE HOLLYWOOD FAME GAME?

Many of us watch in awe as a game of Hollywood cat and mouse is played out before our eyes. Stardom, money and media are the catalyst and also create the calamity. Is it possible to simply leave celebrities alone? Will it ever end? Perhaps, but the game in a game here is two intentionally misspelled words on the gameboard that spell out the root of the problem.

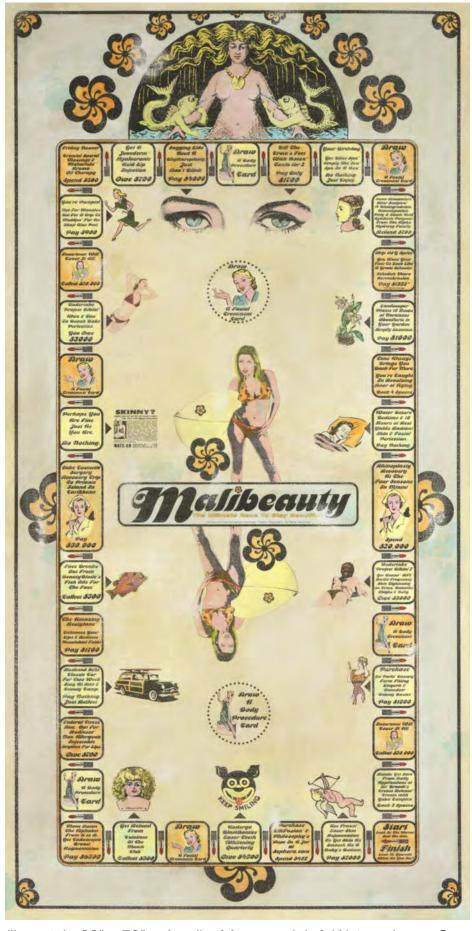


'Staristocracy' 36" x 60" Acrylic, Photo Emulsion, Ink & Watercolor on Canvas

MALIBEAUTY

WE SEEK THE TRUTH IN THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH & PLAY EACH DAY IN THE ULTIMATE FOOTRACE TO FEND OFF AGE

Aging. Beyond death, it is the other great, less static mystery. And, a certainty. As many of us soar beyond forty, we look for answers to work with our assets, defy gravity and avoid the inevitable. We all seek that fountain of youth. But, why change the vessel when it's the wine that makes your head spin? The answers, for those that care, may lie on the surface, in the mind or in the heart. But, for the most part, we have to be happy with that person and beautiful being we stare at in the mirror each morning.

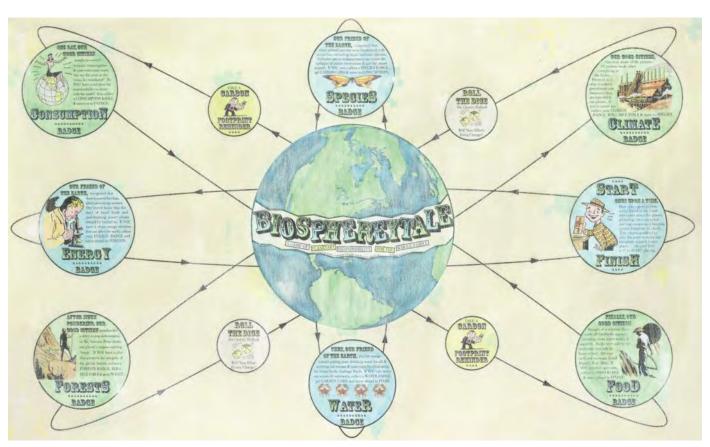




BIOSPHEREYTALE

WHEN IT COMES TO OUR PLANET, ARE WE THE CURE OR THE VIRUS? WE CAN ASSIST, ONE GREAT MOVE AT A TIME.

There are many concerned citizens who care for our planet. We all try to do our part and prompt others to pitch in as well. But, like our equities in the markets, the survival of our planet is wagged by an errant and at times selfish few --- like British Petroleum --- who may screw it up for the rest of us in one fell swoop. For it's not about how great we are, how cool our art is, how much we love our families --- if we violate nature's law and put this great biological experiment called humanity at risk on this beautiful big blue marble well, then we have anything but a fairytale.



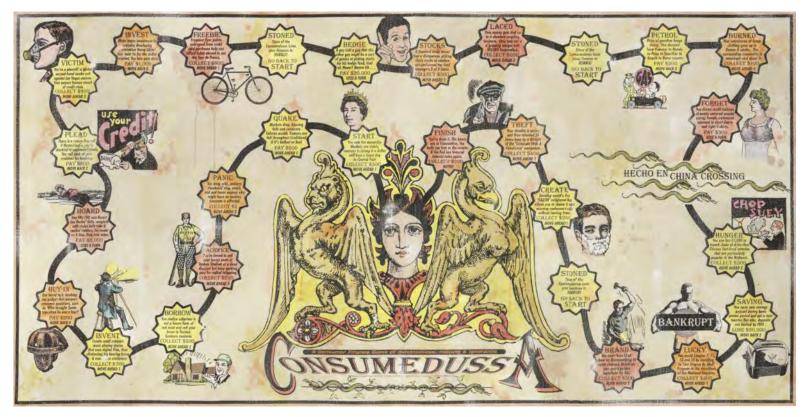
'Biosphereytale' 60" x 36" Acrylic, Graphite, Ink, Chlorophyll and Watercolor on Canvas



CONSUMEDUSSA

VOLATILE STOCK, CREDIT & REAL ESTATE MARKETS OF LATE HAVE INNOCENT PLAYERS TURNING TO STONE

Who wasn' touched by black October 2008. Or the credit crunch. Perhaps the real estate market? These are uncertain times. Now, at least we understand why our parents saved used aluminum foil, used coupons and walked to work. It's a roller coaster we've never experienced in our lifetimes but can get through, one move at a time by avoiding the tentacles of past behavior.



'Consumedussa'

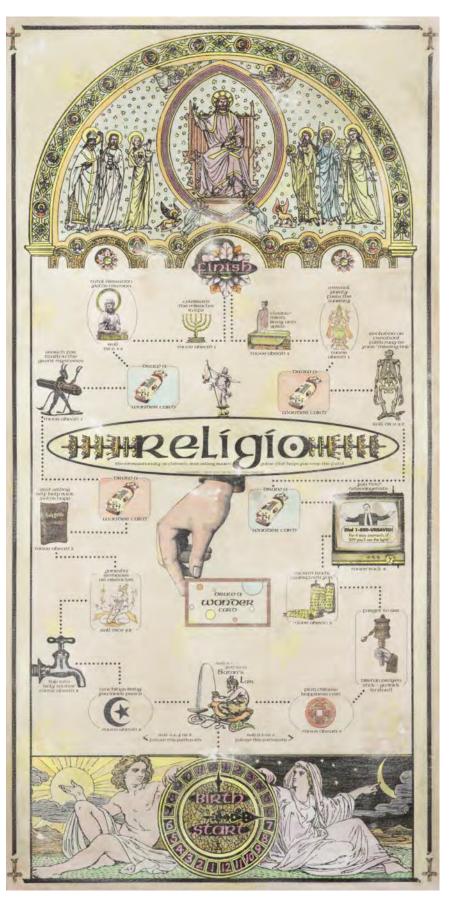
72" x 36" Acrylic, Graphite, Ink and Watercolor on Canvas



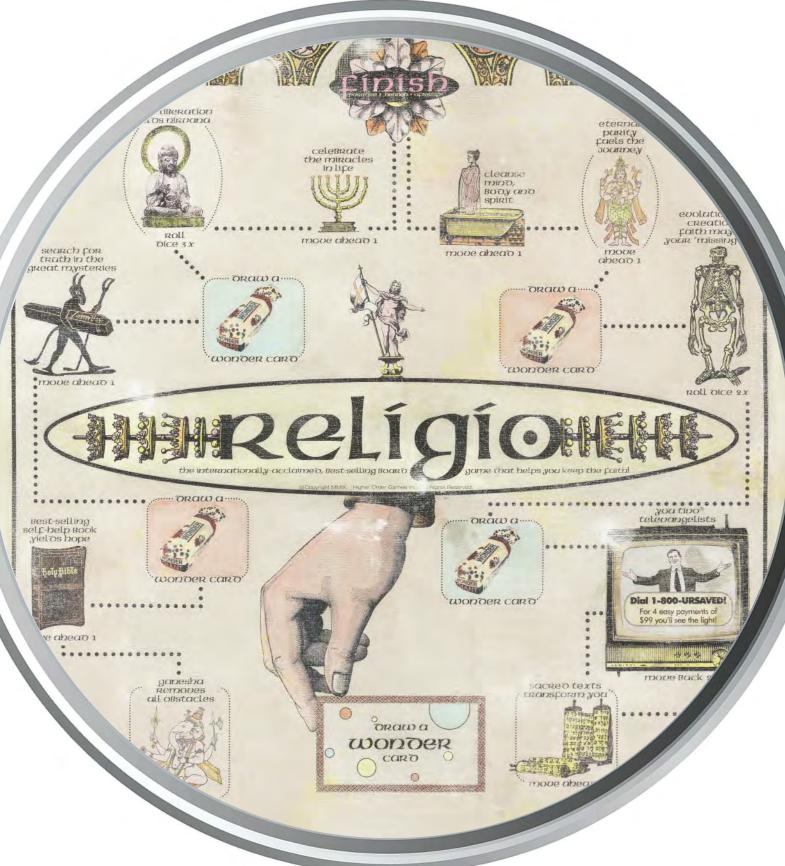
RELIGIO

YOUR MOVE IN THE GAME OF FAITH SHOULD BE YOUR OWN -- WHETHER IT'S GOD, A GOD OR YOURSELF

Faith. Branded as religion, it has played a grand role in the history of many cultures -- at times leading to war, genocide and many differences. It should be fairly simple -- whatever you believe, you believe -- without consequence. Your faith is yours, whether it is in God, a god or yourself.



'Religio' 36" x 72" Acrylic, Graphite, Ink, Watercolor & Faith on Canvas

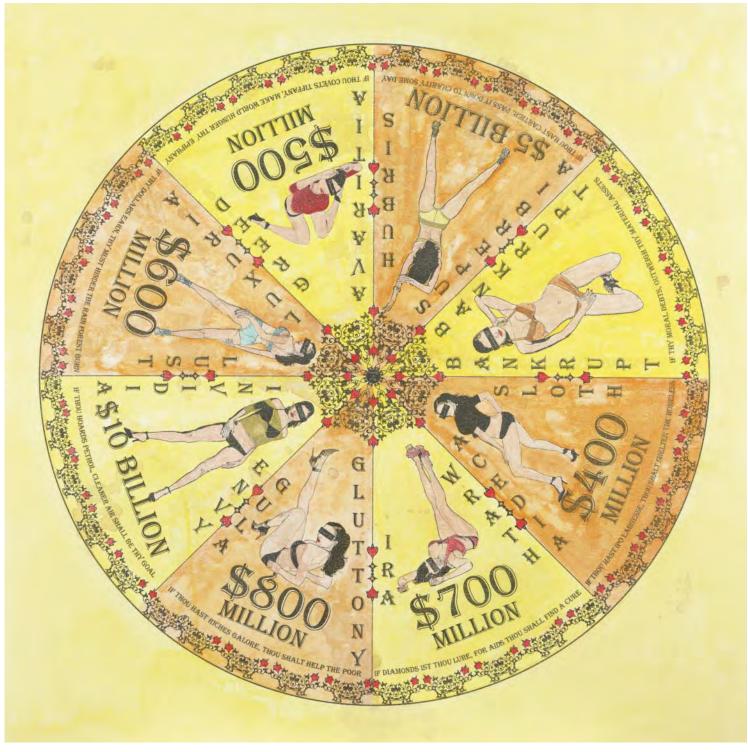




MEAL OF FORTUNE

IS MONEY THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL WHEN IT'S THE ENGINE FOR PHILANTHROPY & CATALYST FOR CURES?

Take a spin. Where did you land? What lured you to play? Is it the flash? The sensuality? The possibility of wild riches? Though some deadly sins are rooted around greenback, money can't be all that evil, as it helps to make the world a better place through global donors that, in essence, provide meals of fortune for many worldwide.

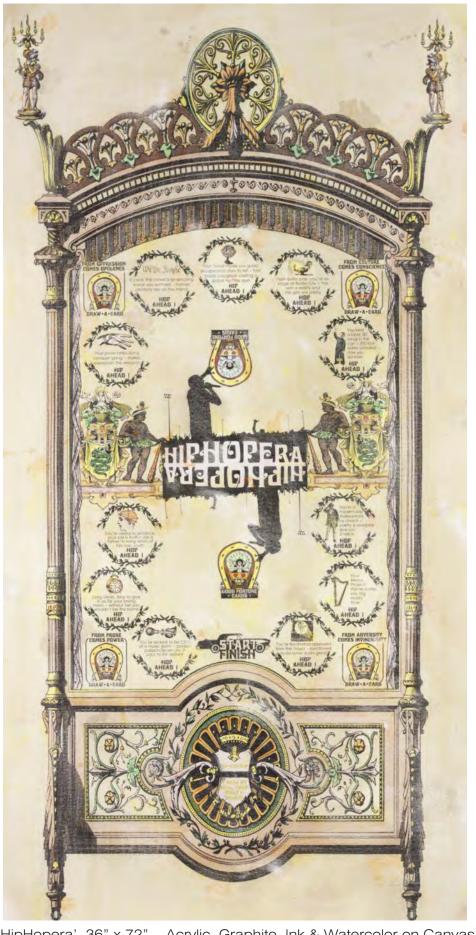


'Meal Of Fortune'

HIPHOPERA

FROM CHILLIN' TO CHAIRMAN, A 'HOOD TO HERO GAME OF COMMERCIAL SUCCESS AWAITS

I don't know about you but I never had to survive on the streets at 9 years old. One of the great American success stories over the last two decades has been the heroic rise of the music impresario --- the Jay Zs of the world. From no-way-out beginnings, many had a rough childhood start but they've rolled the dice and some are changing the entertainment world, shaping commerce and mentoring others to ensure the survival of a gritty, determined mindset that is at the creative core of The American Dream.



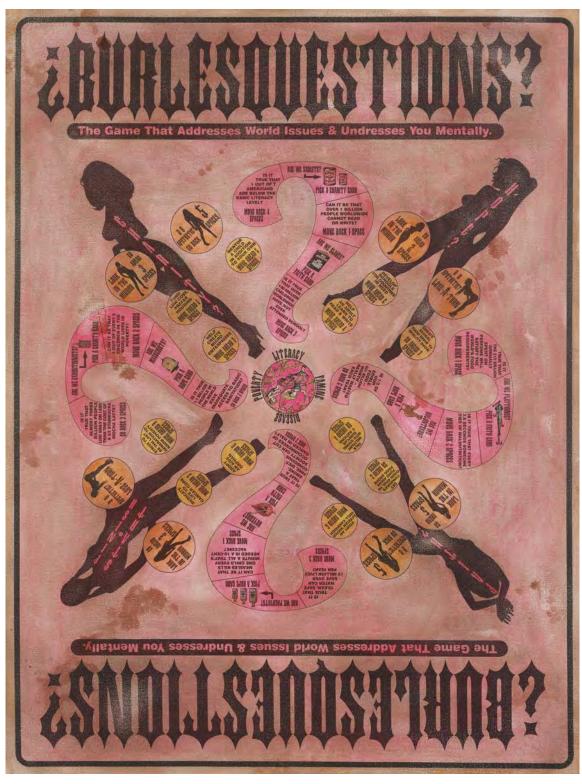
'HipHopera', 36" x 72" Acrylic, Graphite, Ink & Watercolor on Canvas



BURLESQUESTIONS

CAN WE START WITH QUESTIONS AND FINISH WITH GLOBAL SOLUTIONS?

The silhouette of sensuality hides a responsibility we all bear. There are some people in real trouble out there --- they need our compassion, our help and our hand. We can only start to understand the depths of our brother's problems when we ask ourselves tough questions. Burlesquestions. The answers to aid follow when we bare our souls.



NYETERLAND

IF BIG BROTHER IS A REALITY, AREN'T WE ALL PLAYING THE GAME THAT HAS US LOOKING OVER OUR SHOULDERS?

From the ashes of a world veiled in secrecy, rose a capitalistic society and perhaps more need for privacy. Surely the tenets of the old Iron Curtain are different than what we see today across the globe and at home. Surely they are aren't they?



'Nyeterland'

60" x 36"

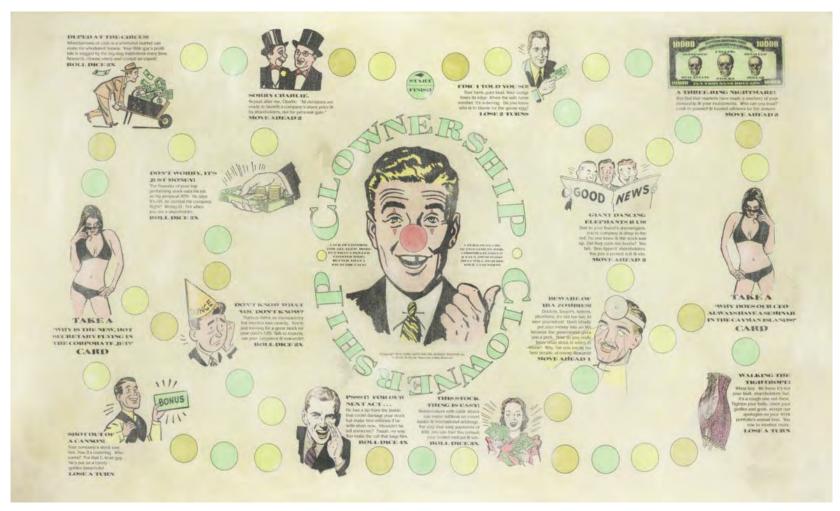
Acrylic, Graphite, Ink, Suspicion and Watercolor on Canvas



CLOWNERSHIP

SO MANY HAVE MADE SUCH A MOCKERY OF THE EQUITY OF HARD-WORKING AMERICANS. WHAT MANY THOUGHT WAS 'OWNERSHIP' WAS SIMPLY TURNED TO VAPOR IN MONTHS -- HENCE, 'CLOWNERSHIP'

Step right up . . . you can buy one share of this painting for \$1,000. There are 1,000,000 shares outstanding. You do the math. This painting has a market capitalization of \$1,000,000,000. That's right one Billion. And, I promise to not let it devalue, fall in the hands of market-makers or wind up in the vault of some guy named Madoff. The tempest around big dollars and bigger deceit has us scratching our heads and following the trail of zeroes and commas to the question 'How'd that happen?'



'Clownership'

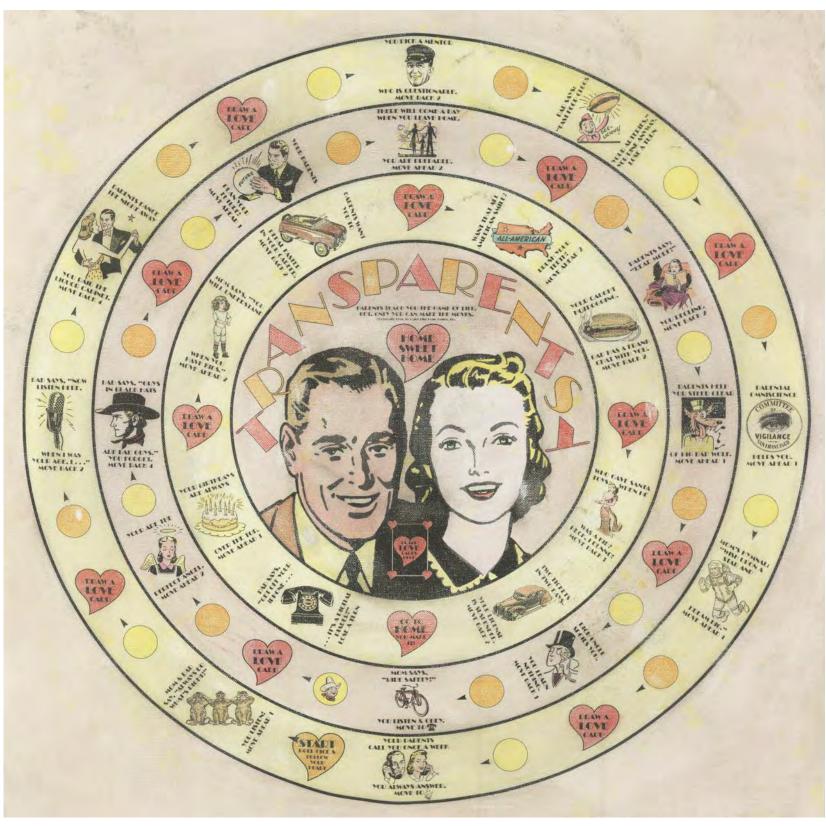
60" x 36"

Acrylic, Graphite, Ink and Watercolor on Canvas

TRANSPARENTSY

PARENTS PREPARE CHILDREN FOR THE WORLD AS BEST THEY CAN & THEN CAN ONLY OBSERVE AS LIFE UNFOLDS

Round and round goes the circle of life. Advice, acumen and antidote are articulated from generation to generation in an ongoing mantra meant to ensure a happy, healthy and productive existence. As parents, we deliver with authority, care and concern to our offspring to bless them with a gilded cloak of compassion. We care. But, children are children only so long. They grow, learn, cut the umbilical cord and take their own leap into the waves of the world as an independent being. Parental advice, no matter how profound, may or may not be taken. Thus, we are not present, yet always present for those we love . . . a 'transparentsy', of sorts, that becomes more clear when the circle of life goes around again. '





My thoughts of parenthood, the joy of bringing a child into the world and the melancholy knowing the day will come when I'll have to let go, are capsulized in my verse, 'Gift', and in the board game spaces in 'Transparentsy'.

Gift

Maybe a chemist, maybe a doctor, maybe a writer you'll be, Whatever you choose, my pride and joy, will be just fine with me.

It's not for me to tell you how to live your life so full, I'm not that Oun in your universe, afflicting that paternal pull.

We won't be polar opposites, but best friends, sharing each day, I will teach you how to talk, you will teach me how to play.

You'll trust me implicitly, for you I will never fail, My purpose to be father, not child, role of protective male.

You'll fill time with the simple things -- bubbles, puppies and rain, I will learn to cherish those moments again and again and again.

You'll create, as I did, imaginary friends to amuse and entertain, The beauty about befriending the invisible is you never have to explain.

You'll spend your days dreaming about how your future will be, As your father, I'll try my best to make your dreams a reality.

You'll ask me complex questions, whose answers I have not, And, to cover my lack of knowledge, I'll simply say, 'I forgot'.

You'll not believe me when I tell you that you've a purpose and are unique, Someday I'll have to let you go, for that purpose you'll want to seek. You'll make friends, all very different and individual, just like you, My word is simply 'keep them' for, like family, they will be true.

You'll want to grow up and see childhood pass before your very eyes, Be patient, my son, for too quickly, we're called to the maker in the skies.

You'll fall in love, and like your father, will marry a loving wife, She will know your inner goodness and travel with you through life.

You'll see in her eyes, that look of love, that some never see, And you will know, at that moment my son, the meaning of family.

You'll experience the joy of children, miraculous images of you, Life truly begins once they are born and begin to help you through.

You'll come to understand that your children change you in many ways, You've done that for me, my little son, I'm grateful for these days.

You'll do just fine with the lessons I've taught, along life's winding road, For your the prince every princess dreams of when she kisses the toad.

You'll miss us when we've gone, your wonderful mother and me, But don't look back too often, look ahead at what can be.

You'll some day too, read this verse, and by then I'm sure will be aware, Our hope is that it's with family with which this verse you share.

ABOUT THE ARTIST

BRET ROWE

Rowe grew up in San Francisco's bay area, where the flames of his creativity were fanned by the graphic revolution of the late 1960s. After graduating from Arizona State University with a B.S. in Finance, Rowe followed his passion and established a commercial design firm specializing in commercial art, branding and fine art.

Having painted since his youth, Rowe made silkscreen his medium in the early 1990s. The artist has been showing his work at public and private exhibits since 1996, putting his pieces in the hands of collectors worldwide, including some of entertainment's elite. Rowe's art can be found in the homes of actor Jack Nicholson, 'Terminator 3' Producer Nigel Sinclair and Guess? Jeans founder Georges Marciano, who commissioned Rowe to paint 24 portraits for home and office.

Among other collectors of Rowe's work are rock headliner Kid Rock, Evil Entertainment Management co-founder Eric Grzybowski and the private collection of the world-renowned Canyon Ranch Spa. Hilton/Doubletree's 'The Wit' hotel brand also adorns the walls of its suites with reproductions of Rowe's artwork.

A large portion of Rowe's body of work stems from private commissions and portraiture, wherein Rowe uses an amalgam of his writer's psyche, painter's palette and mementos from the subject's life to deliver detailed, narrative 'legacy' paintings that become instant heirlooms.

The artist calls Santa Monica, California 'home' and, with his wife Margaret, a jewelry designer and son Chase, finds constant inspiration in the people, beauty and diversity of Southern California.

ARTIST'S STATEMENT

Our world, whether viewed at present or historically, is a constantly evolving mass of new information that demands unbiased interpretations. Images, labels, castes and religio-political undercurrents define and redefine snapshots of our culture that are framed as 'history' seconds after occurring.

The fascination borne of the characters, coincidences and confounding events that connect our society serves as the dominant ingredient in my two and three-dimensional work.

For each of my narratives, I strive to create a graphic, text-driven composition that merges these cultural snapshots with a writer's psyche and painter's palette to yield colorful commentary on the politicos, protagonists and peculiarities that continue to shape our planet.

Having spent impressionable years of youth amid a literary family in a California city by the sea defined by flower children, racial polarity, mind-blowing graphics and a post-Vietnam fascination with television as the 'it' moment news machine, I've found that a graphical literary solution is the most satisfying way for me to interpret subjects that confound me. Theatre posters, gameboards, comics, carnival posters and product packaging serve as both resource and vehicle for my commentary and allow me to combine soft, vintage romanticism with contemporary realism.

Through each of my narratives, it's my intention to serve up an unbiased interpretation of a subject with simply the facts of choice. From the elements offered, those looking into my window on the world can create their own individual interpretation and opinion.

As an eternal optimist, I believe that colorful, playful images that evoke reflection and emotion are captured in one's mind's eye throughout life and can be paramount in maintaining a child-like, optimistic lens on the world -- however beautiful, yet bruised our world may be at any given moment. Like many people on the planet, I believe that many 'optimistic lenses' are able to spread hope and affect positive change in our world.