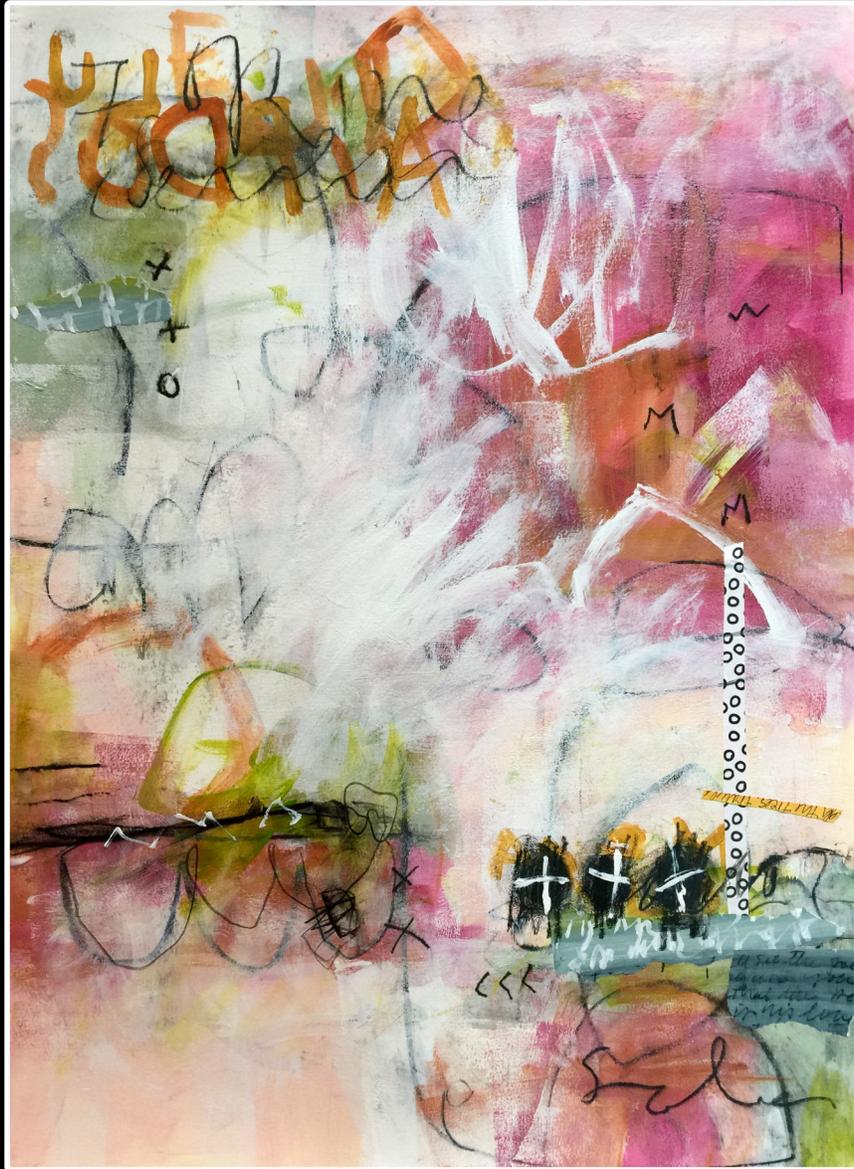


Subjectiv.



Spring 2020

Subjectiv.

A Journal of Visual and Literary Arts

Editor: Riis Griffen

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www.subjectivjournal.com

Cover art: *Hawaiian Punch*, acrylic and mixed media, Judy Wise

Back Cover: *Gate of Air*, mixed media, Nate Marcel

Editor's Note

I'm proud to present the inaugural issue of Subjectiv, an online journal that's free to read so that it's as accessible as possible. It focuses on the Pacific Northwest because this region holds my heart and I'm astonished over and over at the wealth of talent, kindness, and community among the artists and writers who live here.

When I started this project a few months ago, the world felt much different than it does now. Submissions were coming in steadily as shelter-in-place orders were tightening up. The news from around the world was overwhelming. There were days when I wondered if the launch of the journal should be delayed or even scrapped. Was there any point in continuing in the midst of this crisis?

Over social media I've watched my artist friends continue to create, some for personal solace and some to keep their businesses going. Many people are sharing work by artists they love. Teachers are offering free tutorials, musicians are

playing music, and books, movies, and TV are welcome escapes during these long days. I believe the arts are as important as ever because they offer distraction, consolation, and connection.

As Neil Gaiman wrote in *Art Matters*, "The world always seems brighter when you've just made something that wasn't there before." This journal is my small attempt to make the world brighter. I hope every reader discovers someone new to them among the contributors. If my biggest dreams come true, these pages will help readers find inspiration and even hope.

Riis Griffen
April 2020

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An Interview with Judy Wise

How did you get started on your artistic journey?

I'm one of those people that has been writing and drawing for as long as I can remember. My parents always encouraged me and I always knew that I wanted to draw and paint when I grew up. I started keeping sketchbooks before I was 10 years old.

How has your work evolved over time?

It really has kept changing as to both subject matter and materials. Pencil and paint were my first love but after studying printmaking I did that for over a decade before returning to painting.

How would you describe your style?

Right now I'm painting a non-representational style but surrealism and narrative still calls to me.

What can you tell us about your process?

I work completely spontaneously. Actually, I make a big mess on my substrate and then I try to bring order to that. It's a game I play with myself that makes it much more difficult than just arranging shapes and lines in a

pleasant way. I seldom work in multiples because of space constraints.



Blushing Betty, acrylic and mixed media, Judy Wise



Bus to Tlacloula, acrylic and mixed media, Judy Wise

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How do you get into a creative mindset when you're getting ready to paint?

I make myself start. Once I start, I'm hooked. The only time I'm absolutely not in a creative mindset is when I am depressed which happens from time to time. Then I just allow myself to rest or do something else until I feel better.



Sun Struck, acrylic and mixed media, Judy Wise

Do you have a favorite tool or technique that seems to bring your work to life?

Not really. I like to keep changing up my approach to add variety and interest to what I'm doing and to keep myself a little off-balance. I like the feeling of a good challenge. I get really bored once I know how to repeat something so my tools keep changing.

Since you spend a portion of the year in Mexico, have you seen your work change in response to your surroundings?

When I'm in Mexico I paint with Mexican acrylics which are very different than what I use at home. They are more like tempera paint, very dry to begin with and they dry almost immediately which makes blending difficult. So that automatically makes the work look different.

Do you ever feel blocked or bored? How do you move forward when you get stuck?

If I ever do get stuck I usually turn to my journals or go online and get into a different head space. Sometimes a person just needs to take a break and get out in nature but for the most part I can go at it day after day. I'm single minded like that.



Floe, acrylic and mixed media, Judy Wise

Are there any obstacles that keep you from making as much art as you'd like?

No, there are no obstacles right now. My family is wonderful about providing the environment that is most conducive to allowing me time and freedom to work. I realize what a miracle that is and will never take it for granted. However, I have raised two children so I do remember days when I had to be a mom as well as the sole wage earner. I almost lost my mind during those years. I worked on an assembly line for 7 years which was repetitious work and very frustrating. An Artist life is never easy to design. Mine took decades.

What would you like to be your creative legacy? What would you like to be remembered for?

I think I would like to be remembered as someone who was encouraging to others. In our culture it is very difficult to find the support and time to be an artist and to express yourself. I think it's so important to our mental health that we find a way to do that. Other cultures are better at this.

What artist would you love to observe at work or paint beside?

I'd love to observe Squeak Carnwath paint. Nobody knows how she gets her

fascinating surfaces and I think it would be really fun to watch how she does it. Also, I do love her work.

Is there a form of artmaking you've always wanted to try?

I almost signed up for a fresco class here in Mexico a few weeks ago. I've always been curious about doing actual fresco. Of course the two year waiting time for the material to ripen is kind of discouraging. I think I have followed every curiosity the moment it has occurred to me so there is nothing pressing me any longer. I enjoy working with my hands so I have ventured into ceramics, dollmaking, every form of printmaking, almost every painting medium, dyeing, etc. as long as my hands are busy I'm happy.

What's next for you?

In April I will be visiting an art colony in Mississippi for a week of critique and presentation to 40 members there. Then in May I travel to the west side of Ireland to teach a workshop. I may do an online course on abstraction later in the year. There is always something coming up, I am terrible at overloading myself but I love to work and to travel so onward I go.



Blue Note, acrylic and mixed media, Judy Wise

Patsy Lally

I Wish I'd Known

I wish I'd known

that childhood is only
a short time of a life;
don't drag it around
like Marley's chains
into each new adventure.

When you leave them,
the ones who filled
your head, your heart,
your orifices with shame,
doubt, fear,
shake these off as you
step over their doormat.

Don't look for happiness
from a shining knight on
a powerful steed.
His armor is impenetrable
and his horse will shit
all over your peace.

Rescue yourself first.
Look past internal barriers
to the self at your core.
Feed and nurture that self
let nothing interfere with
your delight of discovery

Everywhere you go in this life
some people will hate you,
some people will love you.
Most won't even know you're there.
Do not live your life for people
who don't even know you're there.

Build a home on love and laughter,
warmth, music, quiet comfort.
Bar your door to violence, deceit,
hatefulness of any kind.

You may have children, but
children have you too.
Whether delicate blossoms
or weeds, they are yours,
they are you.
Nurture, love, give, then
you must let go. It's best
for them; it's best for you.

In the end no regrets.
Your soul knows how to
prepare itself for its
epic journey home.

Lisa Kaser



Wading, silk and wool thread on linen, Lisa Kaser

Spring 2020

"Usually, I can hardly wait to sit with thread and cloth, the unknown before me is awfully exciting. I allow the intuitive process to step forward by stepping my mind back and just letting my hand reach for the first color of thread. I have no idea and then I do.

Each stitch informs the next. I have developed a way of stitching that resembles marks with a drawing tool. I can build layers as I go. Seems I have this good-sized population of characters residing somewhere within me that are waiting, with number in hand to jump into life." - Lisa Kaser



Sharing Attributes of a Red-Breasted Merganser,
wool and silk thread on linen, Lisa Kaser



She Was Music. Stella By Sunlight & Starlight,
wool and silk thread on linen, Lisa Kaser

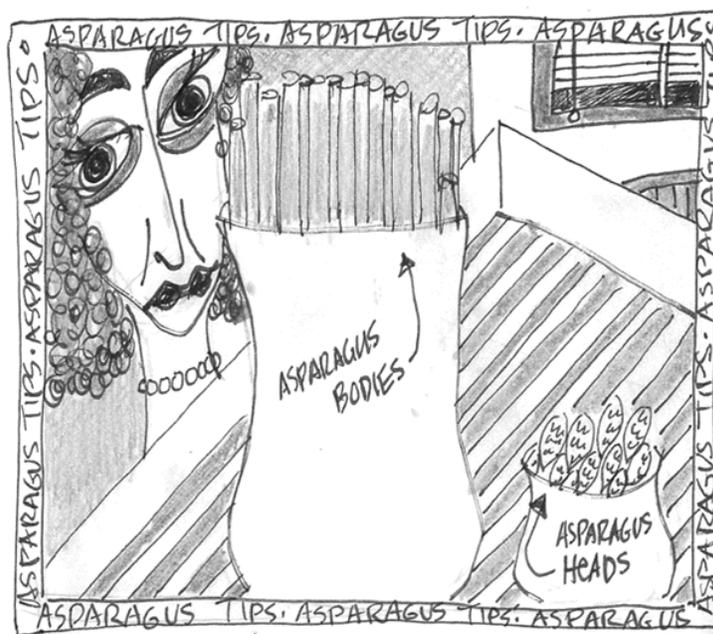
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Planets and Daisies, wool and silk thread on linen, Lisa Kaser

Leanne Grabel

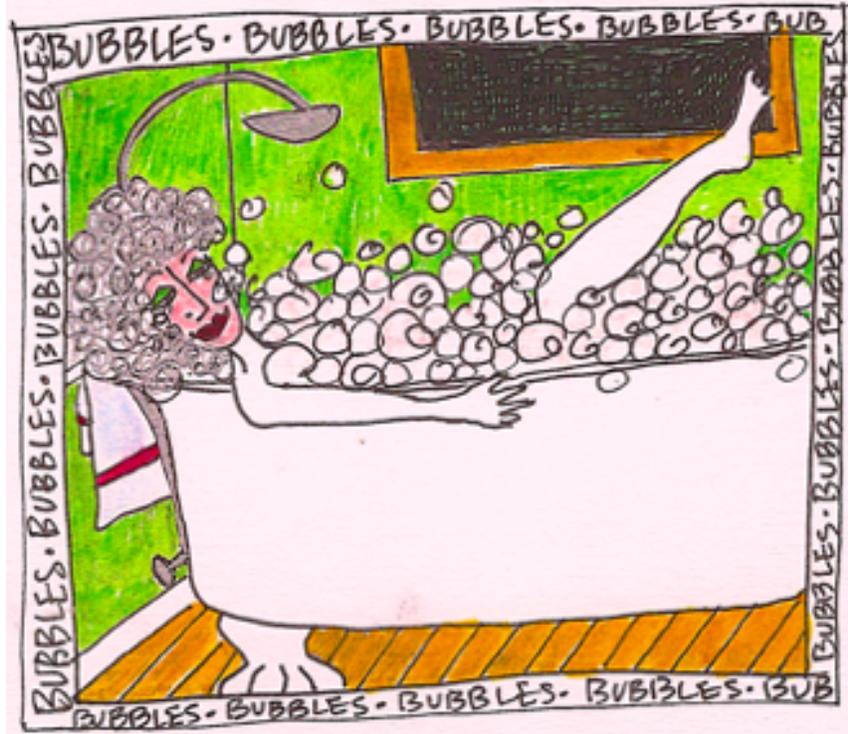
Asparagus Tips



My husband started adding asparagus tips to our egg scrambles after 30 years of weekly egg scrambles without them. That's like 1500 egg scrambles with 0 asparagus tips. I'd been hoping he would change in several ways over the years, of course. I had no idea, however, the change was going to come--nor that it would be culinary.

Now there are families of headless asparagus in the fridge all the time. Green skinny torsos in brown paper pencil skirts. Last week we discovered the neck, when sautéed with garlic in ghee, is as good as the head. Maybe better. It has more texture and grit, less goosh. May that be said of my husband.

Bubbles



I heard the bath bubbles' final cries as they died this morning, their tiny pops. I was trying as hard as I could to be mindful. The trying probably defeated the whole purpose. But isn't everybody trying to be mindful? Aren't we supposed to? So this morning, I deeply

and slowly considered and cared about the life cycle of the bubble. My husband was downstairs baking bacon, and flipping an asparagus, garlic and feta omelet. A hot bath, bubbles, eggs, and cheese--it was one of the most tender moments of my life.

Artist Sketchbook: Nate Marcel



Umerica Airport Battlefield, sketch, Nate Marcel

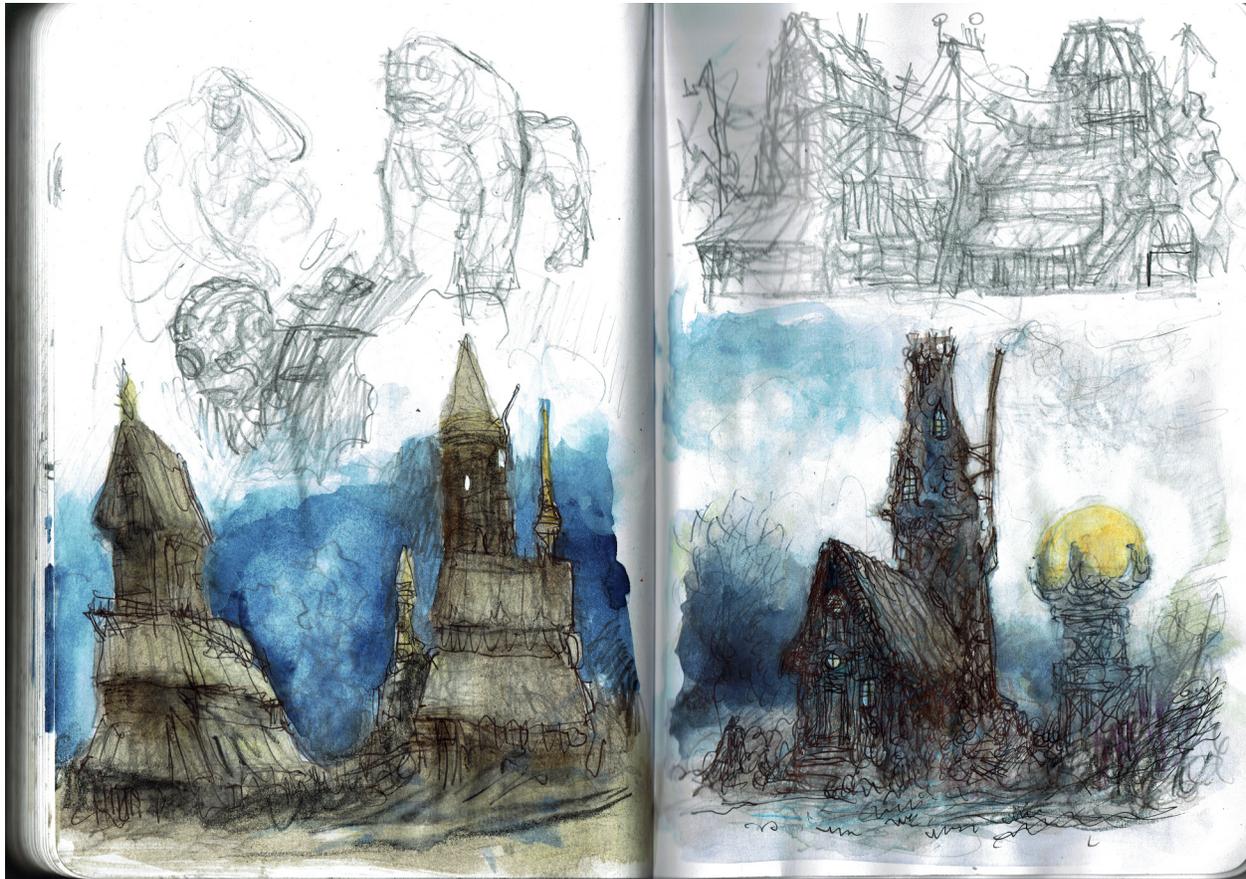
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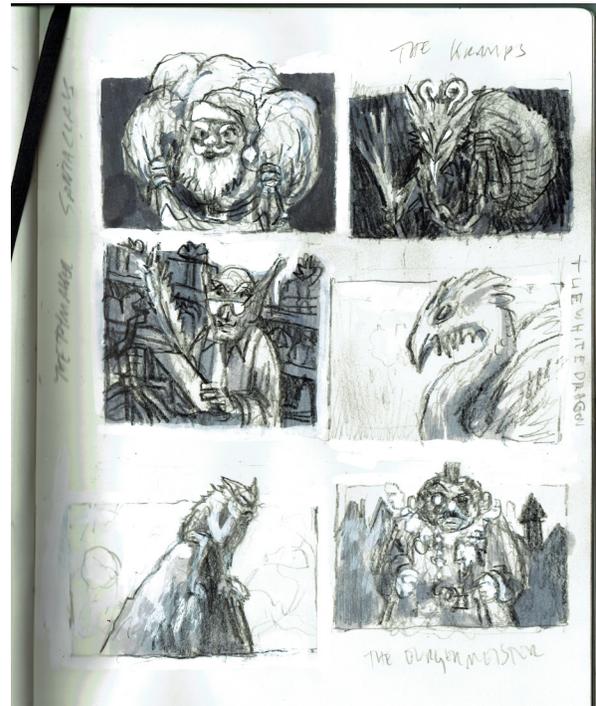
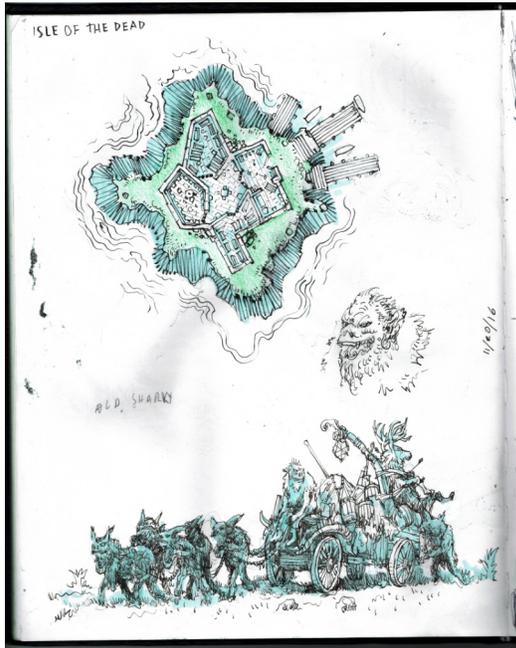
Umerica Airport Battlefield, finished illustration, Nate Marcel

"My sketchbook is an integral and sincerely indispensable part of my image making process. I usually have several different sketchbooks, of various sizes, going at once. I think of them as fields you need to plow in order to grow your ideas. I always carry one with me. I feel naked without it. I use them for drawing practice, note taking, unspecific reflections and especially work ups and first passes for illustrations and paintings.

After the first sketch of an idea I will scan the image directly from the page and either work on it on the computer or print it out and refine the image on a light table. Once I have moved the image from the sketchbook to another working state I will discard the sketchbook image like an old husk. I take the sketchbook stage seriously but without attachments or preciousness." - Nate Marcel



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All sketches by Nate Marcel.
To see the finished work *Gate of Air*,
see the back cover of this issue.

Mortimur K

The Long Wait

The time traveler woke to a familiar face bent low to his own. This was followed by the realization neither his tongue nor limbs would respond to his immediate need to move.

The visitor raised an unnecessary finger to his lips. "Shush, now. Don't try to talk. I've administered the same neurotoxin you gave me about an hour ago." He smiled. "Maybe a slightly higher dosage, but not enough to kill, don't you worry about that, old friend. That comes later. Do you mind if I sit?" The visitor pulled over a chair and sat facing the immobile traveler. "You thought to leave me here, didn't you? Leave me to my own private prison on the very edge of the universe."

The time traveler shifted his eyes, the only part of his anatomy not affected by the slowly spreading paralytic agent, to better see the man in the chair.

"Well," the visitor continued, "I suppose you could say, if not for my own actions, I would not have found myself marooned on the edge of time and space. But no -- it is you who will leave me here as you have before, as you will

do again." The visitor looked away out the portside window. "You were my partner, my ally, my friend and sometimes lover." He turned back. "I have always wondered if I ever really meant anything to you, the continuum swirling around our intertwined bodies. Your eyes and mouth saying things your heart never could realize. I suppose I'll never know, not that it matters now anyway."

The visitor stood and leaned in, inches from the traveler's face. The traveler stared back into an inky blackness barely concealing the madness therein.

"Your promise to return will never come to pass, because I am going to kill you. Millennia of waiting for this moment, and the only desire I have left is to see you dead, my old friend." He smiled. "I hope you do not think me cruel, but after lifetimes on the edge of the universe, how could you think me kind?"

Sitting, the visitor continued, "I have seen the whole of creation pass into nothingness and be reborn, and in all that time I've been waiting for this

single moment to come again, as it always has. You will never return for me, because this is where your journey ends, time traveler." He pushed the chair up and back against the ship's bulkhead. "I saw, my old friend, the rise and fall of empires, the entire universe singing to me in the dead languages of civilizations long forgotten. I saw the slow darkness which swallowed reality, one star, one galaxy at a time -- Xanthothnum, the great beast god, released from its impossible prison to consume the shit of its former passing." The visitor laughed. "The great shit-eating god. This I have seen and so much more. So beautiful in its own grotesque way.

"Years from now, or perhaps years ago I suppose it could be, a scientist will call this phenomenon the 'perceptual cascade effect' -- the theoretical perspective of an individual residing within a temporal singularity inside an unbroken loop of timespace."

The visitor sat forward, the chair hitting the floor with a metallic clang. "A point of temporal singularity is where you left me, inescapable. Well, inescapable, unless you have seven and a half billion years to ponder the problem. The hardest part, the *hardest part*, was when I knew I could escape but had to wait for this moment. The moment you returned, or arrived, if you like." He smirked.

"You remember the proximity alarm being triggered and neither of us could figure it? That was me performing my little trick."

Slapping his knees the visitor stood. "That being said, I now commit your corpus to space. I will then take your ship and myself to a spacetime point directly in the path of the great shit-eating god beast and be devoured. I shall know the final blissful act of death. But you -- you, my old friend -- will experience this again and again, for all time. For even a time traveler cannot predict the moment of his death." He gently lifted the traveler up and into the airlock. "You die here, now, with no recourse to warn yourself." The visitor saluted the traveler before closing the doors and pushing the outer release button. "O, captain. My captain."

In the final moments before death, as the ship's quantum hydro-fission drive created the gravity well to form a stable wormhole, the time traveler saw a face through the tiny portside window, a face so familiar as to be his own.

Patrice Cameron



Meet Me Where the Wild Things Grow, watercolor, Patrice Cameron

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"My watercolor paintings are bold and dramatic or calming and reflective.

All are created with three primary colors, four distinctive light to dark values, and many unique loose shapes! This is a technique I have developed, which continues to evolve.

An artist for 40 years, I have observed how the beauty around me, landscape vistas, or nature can affect mood, perspective, and even healing.

My paintings are abstracted with a soothing realism quality, sometimes whimsical. It is my intention to offer viewers a unique experience to rest and appreciate the magic of color, interest of shapes, and feelings of gentle visual escape. Surrounding oneself with joyful art adds quality to daily life." - Patrice Cameron

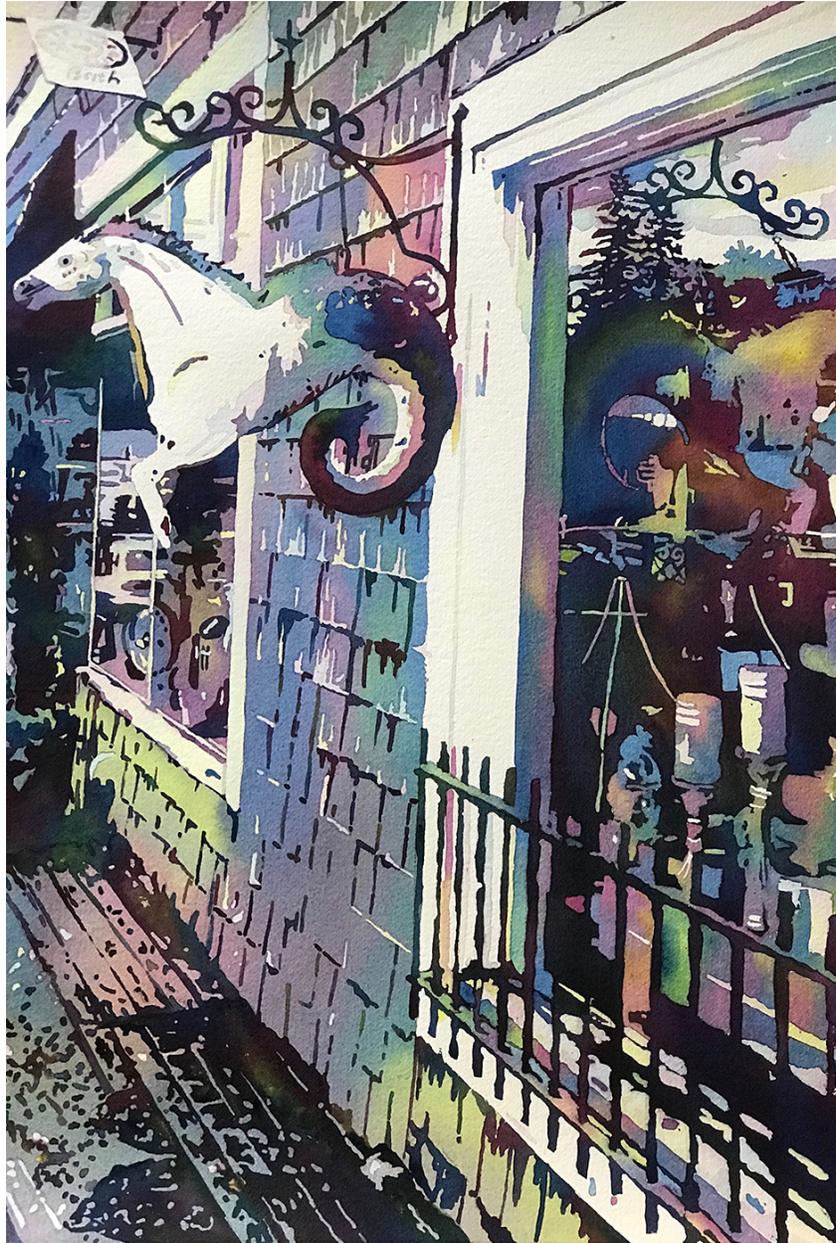


Early One Morning, watercolor, Patrice Cameron



The Life of Trees, watercolor, Patrice Cameron

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Seahorse, watercolor, Patrice Cameron

Elmo Shade

Two Widows Having Coffee

Soft gray hair
worn silver bands
seated at a two-top
neither looking at their phones.

I can't hear them and
I don't read lips so
guessing their chat is
of grandkids and pets.

One gently sips her coffee
while the other talks continuously,
then stops as they both
stare out the front window.

Dressed to the nines
pierced earrings and boots.
Each with gray down vests
keeping their conversation warm.

I slowly rise and walk by
to attend to nature's business,
overhearing one softly say,
"I felt like killing the fucker!"

Olivia Gaughran

Reconstructing Identities and Emotional Rebellion

I have been up late, trying to figure out the rhythm I want to live in.

I am warming and cooling and pushing viciously against what I've built in Seattle, brought to Sydney, and lost in the process – it seems like the only truth I'm capable of relying upon are my own choices. It is painful to be the boss of my own words. Here, there is a twisting vulnerability in knowing what I want to say and saying it. It sticks me against the wall and says, "This is what I believe. What you do with it is up to you, but this is what I have to say." And then suddenly, you have identified yourself and where you stand and the words you've used are no longer yours to keep inside – you are identified.

And people can see you.

But being identified is a beautiful feeling, even with the criticism and the jokes and the judgment that becomes instantly available when I am clear

about what I think, and who I am. The beautiful thing underneath all of that is that there are people I'm constantly discovering and understanding, who want to discover and understand me as well. I am identified and it is like tender lightning, softly electric and dangerously beautiful.

I am rebelling against what I know.

Because I have come to this city with a boy who I know, who I know very well – who feels like family. And, like I knew beforehand but did not truly understand the gravity of until now, I have met many strangers who are becoming part of this story of mine. The adrenaline of being seen and felt and discovered by new voices feels like a rebellion. What part of this emotional insurrection is about me? I feel like I'm getting to know my shadow, and she has new things to say which aren't always pretty or coherent or able to be packaged up into an

article that tells a story from its logical start to finish. Some of them feel like a riptide that I'm curious to get pulled out to sea by; a chaotic tug towards choices I've never made before. Like I'm writing poetry with my choices and how I spend my time and who I'm drawn towards.

I am learning that I am capable of being alive, with or without the people who need me. The way my lungs sigh after a lost fight and a slammed door makes me unsure of this life I've created. Who needs anyone? Do I need anyone? What do I need?

What do I need?

I am breaking down what I know and need and want, and the answers aren't so clear anymore. Isn't that the point of leaving and coming home? I'm not coming home to the same Seattle, because the person who left it is in a process of reimagination - there are new ways to be, see, think, and feel - and I'm finding them all at once. Overwhelming. I wish there was more time, less time. More choices, less choices. More change, less.

The waves break hard on the shore, but the ocean is gentle on the life that swims beneath the surface. The sun burns unprotected skin, but softly warms the living room. The Europeans heckle the American stranger, but drink and dance with the international friend. Belonging is a feeling that I thought I understood, but I am caught between being and belonging in every way.

I am identified here,
and this identity is
a war between
integrity and art.

Meaningful conversations have my mind spinning until three in the morning because there are beautiful friendships keeping me up late. Isn't that exciting? There are different energies thrilling me awake - and I am alive for feeling.

I wish this half-baked letter could sing me to sleep, because I have a feeling that I'm not going to be getting very much of it tonight.

Today was hard.

Spring 2020

Lori Hicke



Giraffes in the Park, hand-pulled print, Lori Hicke

"I spend my time creating a body of work that is original, one of a kind watercolor, acrylic paintings and print making. I continuously evolve my work, trying new mediums and techniques to further communicate my vision as an artist. I have been working with collage to combine watercolor and mixed media to impart a texture to otherwise

2D pieces. Most recently I have been working with print making, with layers of ink with a figurative motif, adding pen and watercolor highlights. I am often influenced by travel and my love of flora and fauna. My work can be described as joyfully illustrative and grounded in contemporary folk-art roots." - Lori Hicke



Balancing Time, hand-pulled print, Lori Hicke

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1/1

Hello Zebra!

L/Hicke

Zebra, hand-pulled print, Lori Hicke



Howdy Friend, hand-pulled print, Lori Hicke

Spring 2020

Emily Miller

Art and the Environment

My artwork explores natural beauty and cycles of change centered around coastal environments, where our human connection to nature becomes clear. I see the coast as a transition zone between our known human world and the deep unknown "otherness" of the open sea. By approaching this otherness in the context of playful curiosity, collaboration, and connection, my work focuses on uplifting our human relationship with ocean life and ecosystems – a positive transformation that enriches our relationships with ourselves, each other, and our world.

In 2015, I began creating machine-stitched baskets from pieces of fishing rope I found washed up on the shore in Maine, debris known as "ghost net." I loved the physical signs of history in the wear and tear of the rope, speaking to the effects of coastal industry on local and global scales.



Emily Miller collecting rope at the Oregon coast

In 2018, I visited my family home on Kauai and connected with local Surfrider volunteers to collect ghost net for my stitched baskets. At their storage site, I pulled rope from a massive environment created from two tons of piled-up ghost net that had washed up on Kauai's beaches from far across the sea. Climbing on this landscape created a deep under-

standing in my heart, mind, hands and body of the massive scale of this issue.

This experience directly inspired my Ghost Net Landscape installation. I realized that re-creating my encounter with the massive pile of debris was key to re-creating my shift in thinking about ocean pollution as an abstract global issue, to something personal and immediate.



Artists at work on their projects during the exhibit at Elisabeth Jones Art Center. Image: Shana Palmer



During my research to source local materials for the first exhibit of the project in Portland, Oregon, I discovered another story at work: commercial fisheries with vast quantities of retired nets and rope, looking for ways to responsibly recycle

their gear and ensure that it never becomes ghost net. The Ghost Net Landscape installation includes materials from both sources: ghost net lost at sea alongside reclaimed gear recycled directly from fisheries.

Above: Ghost Net Landscape exhibit at Elisabeth Jones Art Center, May 2019

Ghost Net Landscape presents this mass of material as an opportunity for creative potential rather than an accumulation of waste. The mixed materials are as complex as our cultural relationships with the sea. The installation evolves with every presentation, transforming to fit the

needs of each community where it is hosted. This solution-focused exhibit is both local and global, centered on creating collaborations that explore each individual's unique skills and knowledge to generate new answers to the question I see posed by the materials themselves:



Ghost Net Landscape exhibit at Cawein Gallery, October 2019

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What can we do next?

The first year of the Ghost Net Landscape is documented in a photo book available on the project website, www.ghostnetart.com.

Upcoming exhibits and opportunities for collaboration are also listed online.

I'm currently seeking partnerships to travel the project to new locations around the world. I'm excited to work with venues, funders, and local cultural and industry groups to connect and learn from new communities! Visit the project website to learn more about bringing the Ghost Net Landscape to your community.



Emily Miller stitching baskets during the exhibit at Elisabeth Jones Art Center, May 2019. Image: Shelby Silver

Alexandra Mason

Palm Print

Lying upon the twin bed in this strange room, I reflect upon the possible trajectory of my life. “My” room stands at the top of the back stairs leading to the kitchen. In an ordinary state of curiosity, I would find the house full of mystery and intrigue. My room is really quite fine, if not terribly modern for the ‘sixties. I have been dumped here politely but unceremoniously by another girl, and I do not know what is expected of me next. Apart from the tidy twin bed, I also have a front bay window and a quaint drop-leaf writing desk with several cubby holes. A nineteenth-century reading chair will serve well as I plan to make my way this summer through the list of “100 books to read before college” that Miss Finch, the ninth-grade teacher, has given me in anticipation of a prosperous and successful future.

Today I have worn a loose sleeveless cream-colored shift with a Peter Pan collar and a pattern of blue forget-me-nots lent to me by my older sister after her pregnancy. I am grateful for the

recent invention of pantyhose, and I wear a pair in suntan. These had greatly amused the doctor during the last visit. I had been told to take everything off except shoes and stockings—and when the doctor pulled back the sheet to find toe-to-waist nylons, he crowed, “Well, what is THIS?” It had made me feel modern to surprise him like that. I have already unpacked, hanging my few hand-me-down clothes in the closet on the wire hangers provided. I feel well, but the stress of this transition—along with its uncertainty—has tired me. The room is cool, someone having pulled down the shades, and I simply lie flat on my back on the coverlet, trying not to wrinkle my dress.

My thought processes lately have fallen into new patterns. I feel what is happening to me here and now yet somehow there is at least one parallel and different life possibility. I can set my mind into one of these other paths and then watch myself, observe this strange present, as if through

translucently clear water. Maybe this means I am growing up, the numbness of watching my own life unsatisfactory, this distance helping me endure the earthquake of the volatile emotional state I find myself in.

I can't shake, for example, the image of myself clinging to the wall near the bathroom at home, sinking, and weeping to the end of days, while Daddy tentatively touches my back saying, "You'd better pray it's not true." I feel both tenderness and reproach, but mostly I feel that no one knows me and I have let them all down, although it was not my fault.

My position as a social outcast in this home suits my life pattern defined somehow by my acute intelligence, and I cast myself now as a martyr to girlhood. From that day Mrs. McLoughlin announced I was to move up a grade, I had felt this doubleness. Much as I tried to be just myself, someone else had a different plan. Perhaps I should say many someones had different plans. They always had assumptions and expectations about me that I simply do not share. Mother wanted me to do chores, while my mind had flown off to a castle in Scotland. My discomfort when they treated me with these assumptions—

that I wanted to make someone "a good little wife" someday, for example, or that I liked attention being paid to my blonde hair and breasts—showed itself as aloofness. I simply did not know how to be polite while letting them know they had me completely wrong.

Today I am feeling most sorely the loss of Daddy as my best friend.

Soft sounds now begin to come from the first floor, breaking my reverie. I hear women's voices in soothing conversation. Dishes clank gently. A tall auburn-haired girl with a large frame appears at the open door. "Don't you want to eat dinner? I'm Anne." We walk through the cool dark hall together and descend the back stairs directly into the kitchen. I realize that I am living in the maid's room, with easy proximity to the back of the first floor.

Here are all the others, each engaged in an individual task. What surprises me is how young some of the girls are, hardly out of childhood themselves, and all are to become mothers in the next few months. The girls and housemother resemble a motley family as they eat. The house follows a routine, and behavior is closely

monitored, a sense of normality preferred. How many of the girls will be able to return to their former lives, to pick up where they left off? Over the succeeding weeks I see young teenage girls return from the hospital with infants they have now decided to keep, irreversible turns to their life paths.

My own plan seems firm: finish high school by correspondence, vest the baby with a good family, return home, and begin college in the fall. Keeping a baby would mean no college. Mother said, "I'm not going to raise another child." Mike offered first a wire hanger (abortion being illegal), then marriage when he'd learned the results of his violation of me, but I could not see any good down that path. Although handsome and charming, he was young, selfish, dishonest, and unambitious. Instead of thinking about a day at a time, I survive by focusing on days ahead, after the ordeal of the summer will be over. I try to prepare for that higher, better life.

My teacher has given me that list of books to read. I find the public library and begin plodding through volumes, understanding little of what I read except the romance of the plots. I retain impressions of other lived realities in "Ivanhoe" and "Moby-

Dick." And simultaneously I begin to discover my own inner character in the temporary society I find myself placed in, a group as alien to me as knights on the moors or whalers on a vessel. By necessity the girls band together to pass their waiting-in time. They walk, sun in the yard, and play gin rummy. And most of them smoke Tarletons. Everyone has taken an alias; we are truly strangers carrying histories that might well be from sad and tragic novels, still humans who crave companionship and understanding. I become a de facto counselor, for I have a good listening ear, a reasoning mind, and a less-vexed backstory myself.

Some, as young as thirteen, are having their second baby. Some are in a long line of girls in their family whose time would come to go off to the home. All vow not to keep their babies, but some return for twenty minutes to gather their belongings, baby in arms, and then disappear. My mind dwells on a vision of their futures; I become steeled to break free from this brief by-road on my life path. I come to know and love all these temporary companions and recognize that none of them are "bad" girls. Most are, like myself, naïve, sweet, accommodating.

I learn the routine of the home and perform my own tasks outlined on the huge wall chart in the kitchen. When I am done, I sit at the long table in the cool, dark dining room or at the small drop-leaf desk in my room, pretending to be an author, writing long letters to family and friends. I came to the home in April 1967 and will not be able to leave until late August. I will miss two important high school rituals—the prom and commencement too. So this is the punishment for social transgression.

It's a solitary time suited for self-examination and planning out a life. There is a single, rotary dial telephone near the door to the kitchen in the hallway alongside the grand staircase. The girls may not answer the phone if it rings, and if there is a personal call, the house mother will summon you. If you want to call out, you also need her permission.

In the neighborhood one pharmacist understands the girls' situation and will cash small personal checks, even though the girls bear their made-up names. We are grateful for small kindnesses, small gestures of acceptance and understanding.

At about my thirty-second week I begin to feel quite ill. The house mother is certain I am in labor so, in a gesture of urgent extravagance, bustles me into a taxi for a careening drive to the hospital. It is a false alarm, and there are still five weeks to wait. August is unusually stifling this year, and I become swollen and uncomfortable. I take to sitting in the cool Victorian living room in afternoons, just biding time. Again I have cramping pains in my abdominal area, but the house mother won't be fooled again. So I sit, waiting, pains periodically coursing around my back and circling my belly. Suddenly another surprise, a rush of water down the inside of my thighs. I get up to find a mop to clean it up, but the house mother skeptically puts me into a VW van and we amble through curving roads to the hospital.

I am placed on a table in a room alone. They take my glasses, so I am disoriented, unable to discern the details of the hands of the clock I can barely make out on the wall. Just get through this, I think. I feel underwater, lost, objectified, unhuman, judged. The pains are excruciating, and I know little about the process. A young doctor comes in and turns me on my side. I have been taught not to make waves,

but I say softly to him, "Can you do anything for the pain?"

"That's what I'm TRYING to do," he snaps back—as he is giving me an epidural, which makes my tailbone ultrasensitive for years to come. After many more hours with the pain somewhat abated, I watch blurry figures cluster around me. I feel an enormous purge, like a bowel movement, and then someone says, "Would you like to hold the baby?"

Knowing my own emotional sentimentality, I stick to my agreement and say "No." NO, NO, NO, I repeat inside. I have learned that I am to be entirely in the dark about the particulars of the baby and the birth. I ache to know the sex of the child but assume they will not tell me. They place me in a ward and I wake to a talkative roommate, who says perkily, "So what did you have?"

I can only gulp, redden, and say honestly, "I don't know," to the woman's astonished gaze. Later my sisters visit, and they have inquired and been informed. It is a boy. In my heart I name him Adam, first born. My sisters want to see the baby. Do I want to come along? It is a sight that becomes burned into the very

chemistry of my brain, a beautiful, round-faced, blue-eyed baby—mine, but not mine. What keeps me strong is the vision of a family waiting for him with open arms, a family that will be delighted with such a profound gift from me. As I prepare to leave the hospital a matronly nurse slips a clay disc into my purse. I pull it out to inspect it and find a tiny palmprint pressed into the clay.

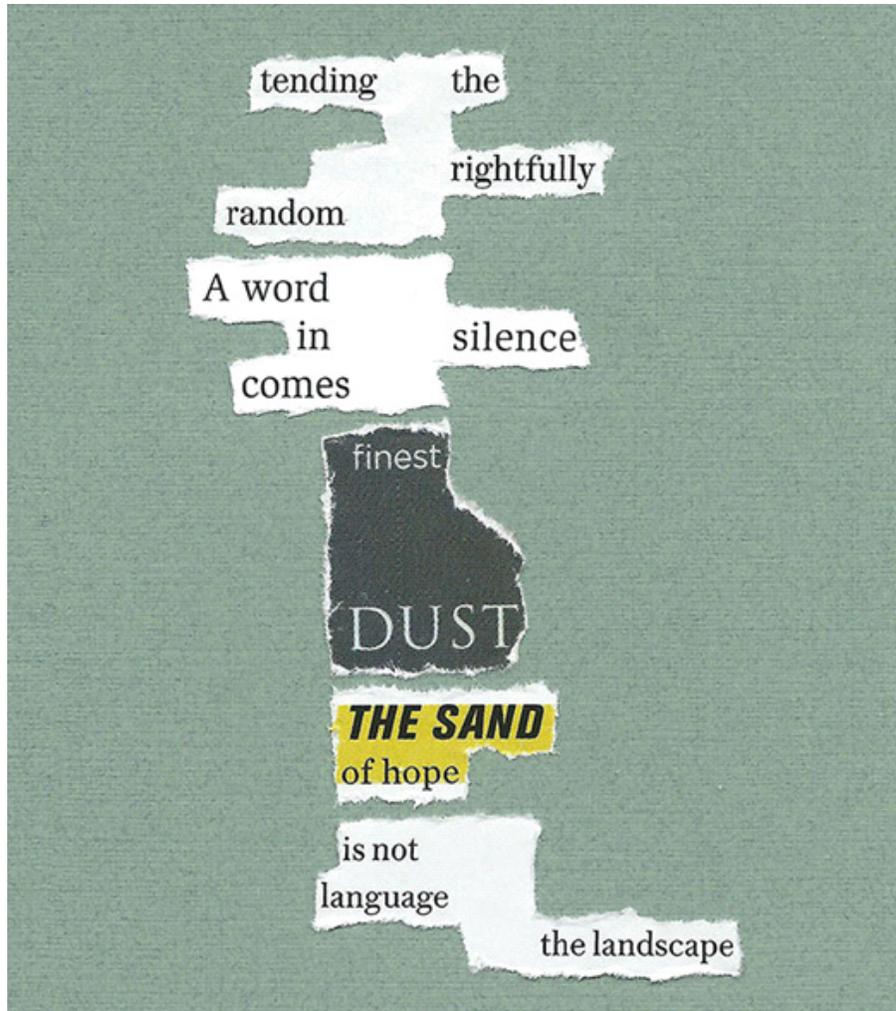
And then, breasts leaking, I make my twenty-minute return to the home and say hasty "good lucks" to the full-bellied girls who remain, closing the large door behind me as I descend the steps to the car waiting, with my family and my future. The door might close, but that tiny palmprint in my heart and my purse will evidence the palpable, stark effect of this episode on all that is yet to come.



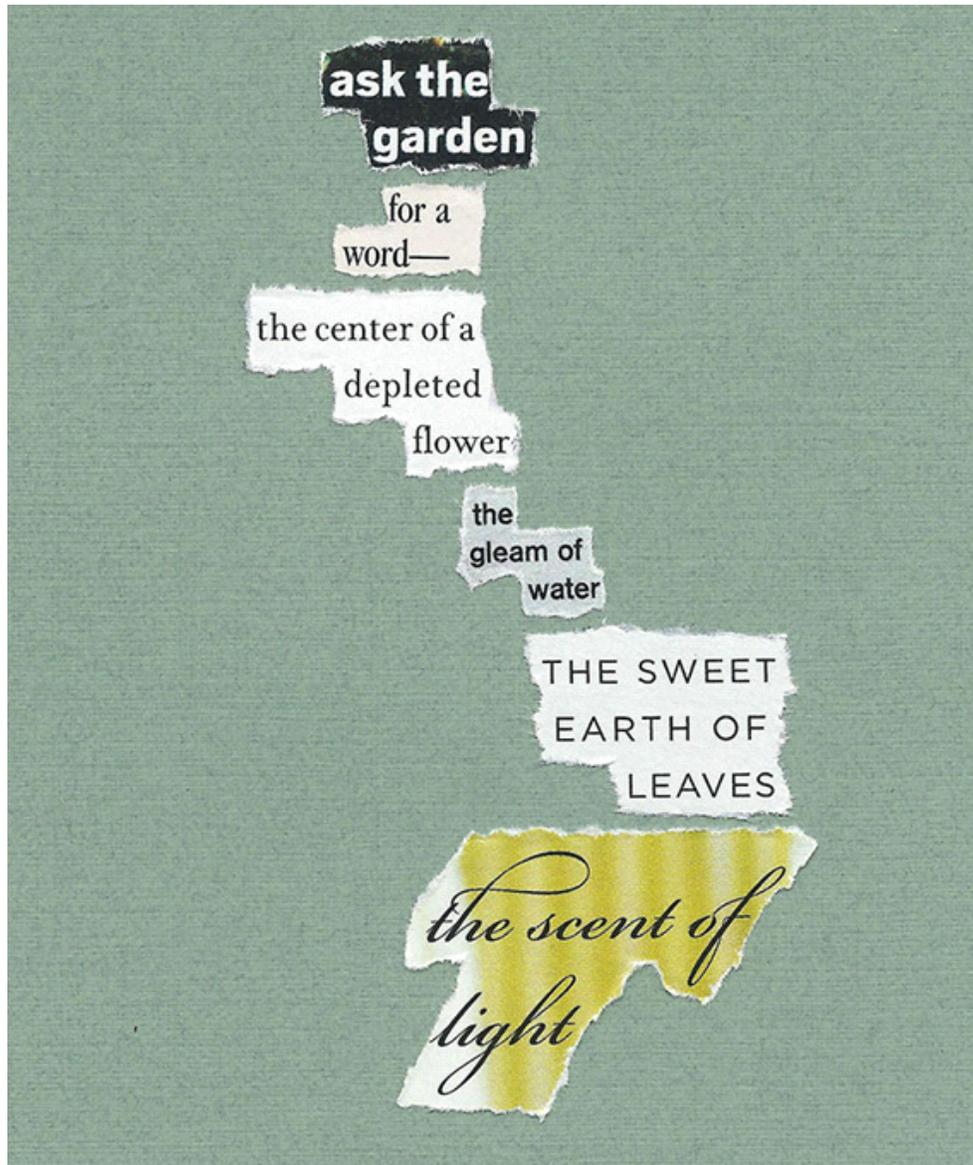
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J.I. Kleinberg

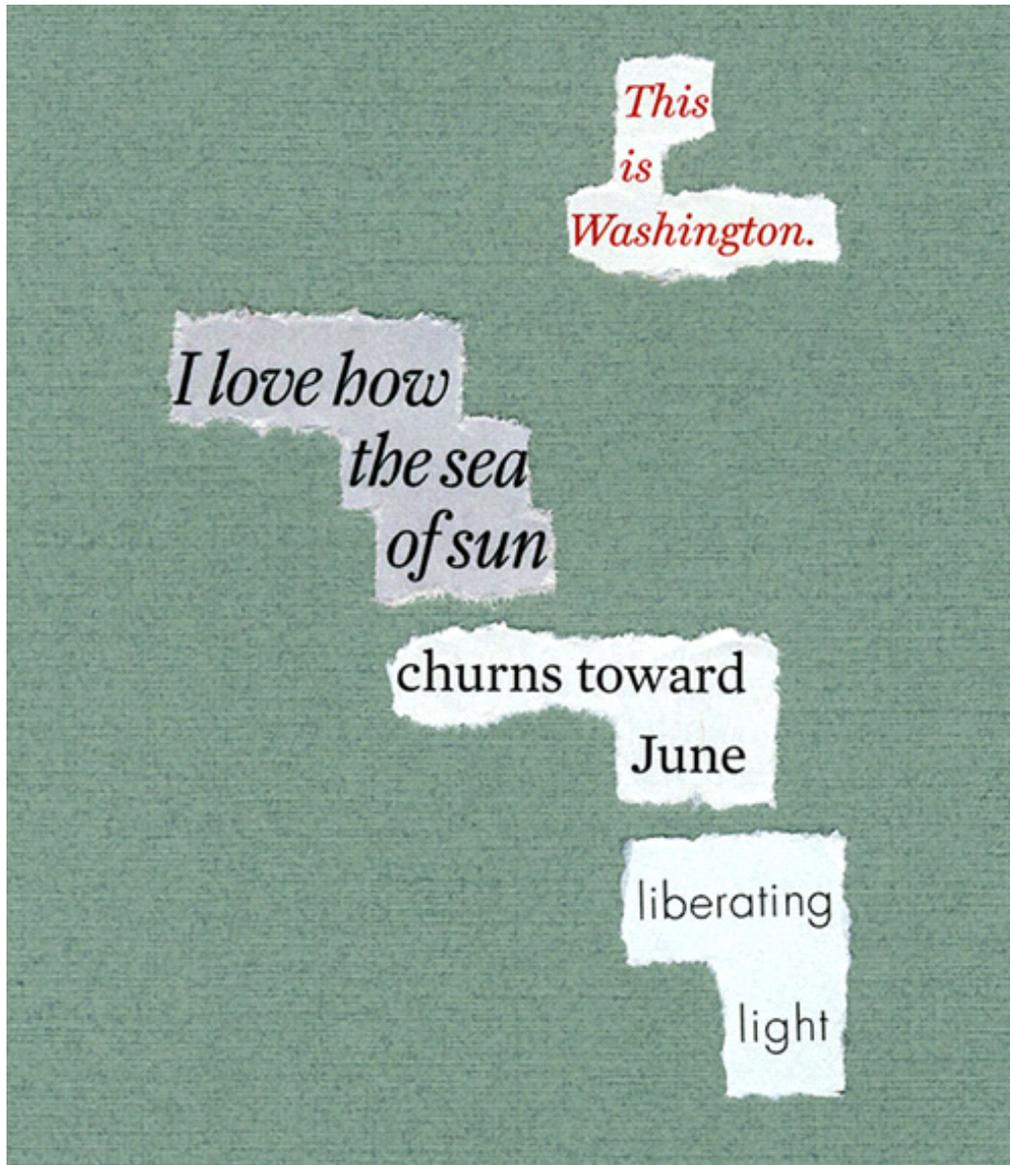
tending



ask the garden



this is Washington



Debby Neal

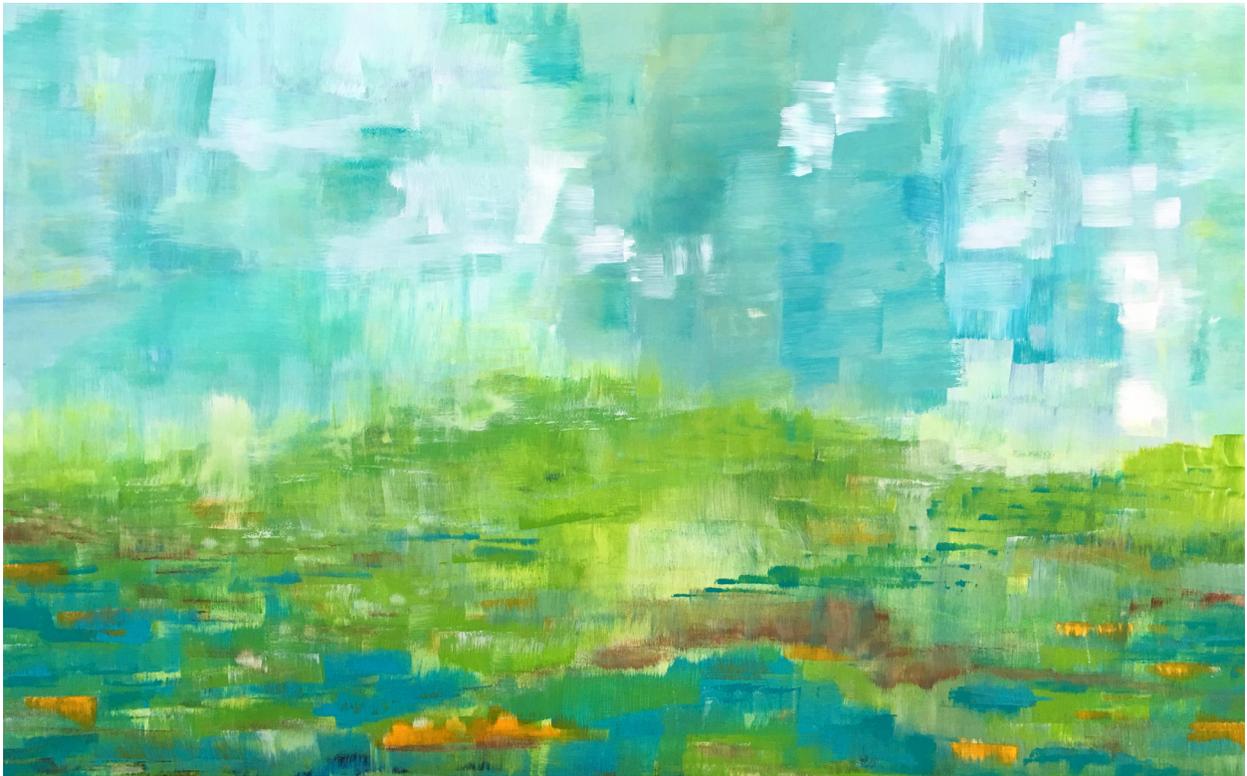


Sea Scape, acrylic, Debby Neal

Spring 2020

"I work in acrylics, layering and blending color to create modern abstracts evocative of Pacific Northwest landscapes and nature. My unique brushstrokes are geometric and convey a sense of movement. The scale of my paintings ranges from intimate postcard size pieces to grand works that anchor a

room. I paint because it feeds my spirit. Painting is such a creative process and when I do it I am fully immersed. I also paint because I believe that every home should be a sanctuary, and creating art that is uplifting and full of peace contributes to that ideal." - Debby Neal



Monet Daydream, acrylic, Debby Neal



Abundant Sky, acrylic, Debby Neal

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Cascade Valley, acrylic, Debby Neal

Christian Orellana Bauer

The Lonesome Chirp of a Tree Swallow

Day 28.

"We can't."

Old man Roger's words echoed in Allie's ears as they often did when he awoke from the dream. Today was day number 28 without the wrinkled old man. Allie's eyes were met by the moist evergreen forest dripping with the steady sound of rain. The fresh smell would have been nice if his body hadn't been so cold. He had lost his blankets in the last small town during the attack and now he was paying the price. It was the twelfth time he'd had the dream. It always went the same way: they are in the apartment filled with all the decorations Roger told him about. Allie of course had never actually seen the place, or any type of domestic dwelling for that matter. He knew only crumbling concrete and deserted remnants of what Roger used to talk about. The couch in the dream is soft like a large collection of moss on a tree and Roger sits across from Allie. His eyes are younger, not like they

were at the end of his life. No sad bags pull them down anymore, the dulled colors become more vibrant, the eyes of someone from the old world. Allie's eyes had never looked like that. Like all children now he was born dull eyed, an interesting evolutionary effect brought about by the end of organized human civilization. The dream always starts with a simple conversation about something Allie's subconscious created based on tales Roger used to tell him. Something along the lines of,

"Long day at the office?"

"How was school today, buddy?"

"Good! Not too stressful."

The conversation is one that Allie had never actually had before. In fact he was never sure what the context for them really was. To him they were just words Roger used to talk about. *School*, he knew, was a place where children went to learn in an organized manner - like how Roger taught him to

set traps for food or to tell which plants were good to eat - but with many children at once. *Students* they were called. The *office* was a similar place in terms of the organization, but most people went there after they learned everything they needed to know. It was a smaller subset of many different things people could do after they learned what they learned. Some made things, some cleaned things, some entertained people in one way or another. It was funny to think about sometimes for Allie. They did these things as ways to gain something Roger used to call *money*. Paper, it was, with value. Allie nowadays mainly only used paper to write things on, wherever he found it lying around. The idea that people once used paper to get very simple things like food or water seemed ridiculous. Roger's eyes always became lost in memory whenever he would share these stories. This look was never in the dream. In the dream his eyes are never lost, but rather in the present. Following the conversation about Allie's day Roger responds by regaling him about his own.

"I got out of work early"

"I got a burger at McDonald's"

Another place where they traded food for paper, supposedly very popular. Allie had often passed by the decrepit rundown buildings with the faded yellow arches, dusty red walls, and crumbling facades. He liked the colors; even with the dust they always seemed so vibrant.

"I lost my keys"

An artifact once used for opening doors in buildings. In the old world people had specific buildings they would go to most days and they needed keys to enter these buildings. The buildings were maintained, rebuilt, and torn down for various reasons, always with another one going up soon after. The dream would then move to Allie asking:

"How do we save all this?"

Referring to the old world itself. Because the dream is always at the start of the catastrophes. When there is still time for the fancy buildings to be saved. Old Man Roger pauses and looks out the window, staring at the various sized structures that span across the clear pane. He is silent for a few moments before his answer, during which Allie's mind can see all the disasters Roger had shared with

him. The floods, earthquakes, droughts, starvation, pandemics, heatwaves, volcanoes, tsunamis, hurricanes, and of course wars. Horrible, terrible vengeance exacted by the planet for the atrocities committed by humanity. According to Roger, some humans left the earth, took to the stars on something called a space ship, but not everyone got off. There were too many people, and not enough compassion. In the dream his response following the pensive moment is always the same. It was the only part of the dream that stayed exactly the same. It was based on words Roger used to tell Allie in their travels.

"People don't listen, Allie. People have never listened. If we did, I think everything would have been different. People prefer talking; talking and making more people. More people who don't listen, just talk and make more people. More people who don't listen, just talk and make more people. On and goddamn on until there are so many people it is just too hard to even understand what anyone is saying anymore. Until it is too late. We never had a chance. We talk too much and never listen."

"So my dear Allie... to answer your question... we can't."

And that's when Allie would always wake up. The image of Roger's eyes crinkled with crow's feet somberly looking out the window burned into his mind.

The final leg of the trail Roger had sent them on was today. According to the map he was only about 18 miles away. It was hard to tell where the sun was in the climate they were in. Roger called it the Northwest region of the United States. In some ways it was a frightening time for Allie. He had no idea what he was going to do after he reached the city. Roger was the one who had been around the land his whole life. He was the one who designed the trails and knew where to go. After the final city on the map, Allie had no idea what his next step was. But it was all he had so he decided he wasn't going to deal with that just yet. As Roger always said; "Get through today, Allie. Today's all we have."

And so he lifted himself to a sitting position. The small cave he'd slept in was still dry, the rain hadn't managed to enter it during the night. Still wrapped in his sweaters and rain jacket, he reached for the small

umbrella he'd found on the road which sat next to his backpack. Allie grabbed both and scurried out of the cave. The soft ground swallowed up the soles of his boots. He slung his backpack over his shoulders and clipped the front clasps into place. Holding the small unopened umbrella in his hand, he began to walk. The silence of the forest wouldn't truly set in till after the first few hours. Roger used to be there to talk to if it got too quiet but now he was gone. All Allie could hear was the squelch of his boots on the ground, the dripping of the fresh rain on the leaves, the rustle of his backpack, and the crinkling of the map. He hadn't gotten used to it yet. But on day 28, when the light had reached the peak of its brightness, a bird's chirp began to pierce the silence. It was the chirp of a tree swallow, Roger's favorite bird.

Allie would have known that if he could see it, but the forest hid the bird as it does so well with many creatures. Instead Allie could only hear the bird as it called into the echo of the green. He stopped for a moment, stared up at the gray light coming through the canopy and closed his eyes, not wanting to look for the bird, just wanting to hear it. Perhaps because he was tired of the silence Roger's death had left him with. Perhaps because he too enjoyed the chirp of a tree swallow. Or perhaps because he simply wanted a small break after three hours of walking. But whatever the case, all Allie wanted in that moment was to listen to the bird. So he did.

He just listened.

Stephanie Brockway



Hat Girl, sculpture, Stephanie Brockway

Spring 2020

"As a self-taught primitive style folk artist, I rely on brute intuition to hone my craft. I come to my pieces by collecting salvaged wood & antique pieces from around the Portland area. I hope to surprise and amuse with the materials I use. The faces, once carved, seem to come to life with personalities and charm. Wood as a medium, to

both carve and paint on, has energy from being a living source. Its unique quality and character bring depth to my one-of-a-kind pieces. I strive to elevate used elements into heirlooms.. Taking some cues from a bygone era, I seek simplicity and innocence in a world too mass-produced."

- Stephanie Brockway



Fish Girl, sculpture, Stephanie Brockway



MY-TE-FINE, sculpture, Stephanie Brockway

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Queen Anne and Sadie, sculptures, Stephanie Brockway

Allyce Wood

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vapor

I know my percentage, but I also know that my hands feel solid.

I took the boat to the end of the fjord, passing through misty cliffs, the grey waves were even and tight, landmarks slowly passing us as we went further out. At the end, stopping under a waterfall, I drank the outpouring snow melt. Soaked, but my small cup filled, I tasted what covered me.

distill

I pack my stainless steel water bottle. Its contents always remain cool and crisp, lavish and silver, the taste of pure temperature. You told me we cannot feel the 'wetness' of pure water. Curious, now I am always testing to find it. Thirsty, I float my tongue as the water pours around it.

At the top of the peak, I bent to touch the glacier's crust. Its clear ice was pebbly in texture, surprising as it looked so smooth from the hike up. Driven by its purity, I ate some. One second later, a fellow hiker told me that it contained ancient organisms that would reanimate in the warmth of my body.

accumulated

The rain pours down, long hair soaking and frizzy, while outer layers act as a shield, permeable only after the hundredth drop. The shoulder seams leak first, causing me to wonder if I am cold or wet. If the bleed is touching my skin or if the shirt I'm wearing can protect me still.

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In the Studio: Samyak Yamauchi

My studio space is a portion of our remodeled garage. It's about 18 – 25 steps away from my kitchen, and the interior of the studio is 10' x 20'. We

built out the space about ten years ago. First I made glass mosaics there, and then I started painting there in 2013.



My studio pet is my adorable dog, Dash. He's my best buddy and constant companion. He's a three-year old rescue from the Oregon Humane Society. Since getting him in 2018, he's made MANY appearances in my art. In 2018, I painted a whole show of him.

My favorite thing about my studio is that it's a space that's all mine. It was built as a space for me to go make art in, so it's filled with that intention and now holds all the good energy that's been created there. I love the concrete



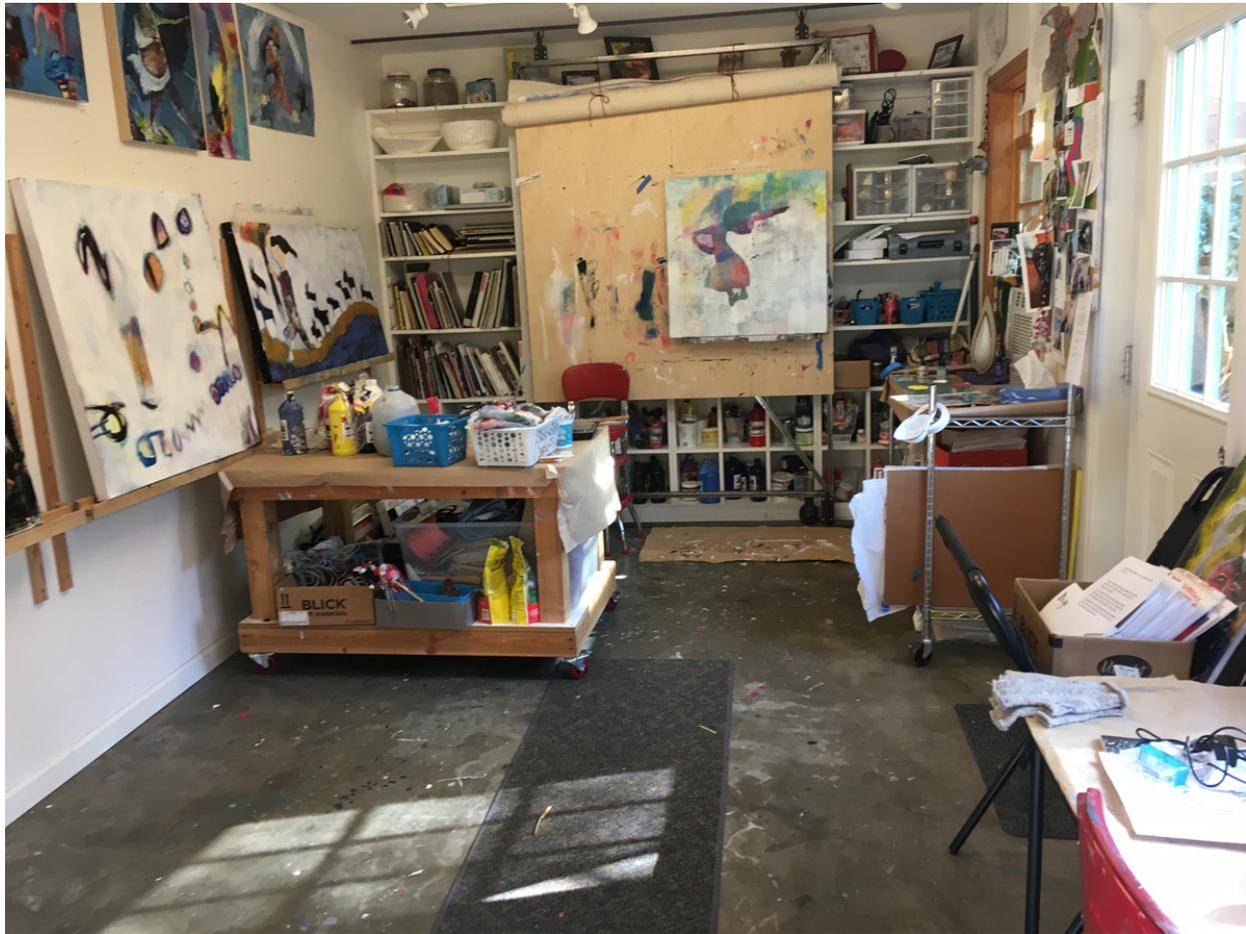
floors and the sliding painting wall, which is on a track and slides over to access all the storage space. I love the windows and doors and the wall easels my husband built for when I have workshops.

One thing it doesn't have is a sink for washing brushes. When we built it, I was making mosaics and I didn't need

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a sink, but it'd be handy now. My fantasy studio has a sink, and space for an old couch and a coffee table. When I start a new painting, I always write my intention for the painting on the surface and my first stroke is

always with yellow paint. My routine is to go to the studio, scrape off the dried paint on my palette, replace it with new paint and start from where I left off the previous session.





Sometimes I listen to all kinds of music on Spotify, or whatever is on NPR. Sometimes I listen to podcasts or talks by the spiritual teacher, Adyashanti. Sometimes I just feel like being in the quiet of the studio.

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What's coming up for me:

Artist talk and salon about Love in March.

Fundraiser art show for the non-profit CraneAge, also in March.

Solo show at Mel's Frame Shop in September/October.

Teaching a workshop in Manzanita in August.

Portland Open Studios in October.



Wednesday Is Laundry Day,
acrylic, pencil, and oil pastel, Samyak Yamauchi

Contributors

Christian Orellana Bauer is a multidisciplinary artist working in Portland, OR. They were born in Cuenca, Ecuador in 1995 and moved to Portland as a child. Growing up as a multicultural P.O.C in a majority white city has immensely influenced their artistic practice, perspective of the world, and identity. They graduated with a B.A in Arts and Letters from Portland State University and have performed, and shown their work in galleries and events around Portland and Oregon as well as having been recognized by NPR in 2018.

<https://poetrywithtimmy.wixsite.com/poems>,
<https://cargocollective.com/christianorellanabauer>

Stephanie Brockway was raised in Hawaii and came to Oregon at twenty to try her hand at becoming a painter. Twenty years later, after raising 3 children (one of whom is disabled), she finally declared "if not now, when?" She quickly moved from painting to mixed media and discovered that she could achieve her visions by shaping wood. Stephanie calls her style "urban folk art." She often says "the artist is the child that survived" and she approaches art like play, imagining things that come to life. Above all, she believes it's important to find a reason to laugh because humor is the medicine that will save us and save the world.

<https://www.facebook.com/stephaniebrockwayartist/>

An artist for 40 years, **Patrice Cameron** has observed how the beauty around her, landscape vistas, or nature can affect mood, perspective, and even healing. Patrice is an avid photo hiker, artist, and writer, who lives with her husband in Portland, Oregon.

www.patricecameronfineart.com

Olivia Gaughran is a Chicana artist of visual and literary practice living in Seattle, Washington; through her devotion to intersectional living and meaningful relationships, her writing seeks to reclaim the strength in flexibility, the passion in contemplation, and the peace in meaningful rebellion. Her storytelling restores the pieces we lose inside of each other – knowing, belonging, and grace are renewed in her work as she threads us all together in one consistently complex people-story.

<https://theollyproject.com/>

Leanne Grabel, M.Ed., is a writer, illustrator, performer, and retired special education teacher. Grabel has written & produced numerous multi-media shows, including "The Lighter Side of Chronic Depression"; and "Anger: The Musical." Her latest book is Gold Shoes, graphic prose poems. Grabel's graphic memoir, Tainted Illustrated, is being serialized in THE OPIATE. She and her husband founded Café Lena, Portland's poetry hub of the 90s. Grabel will be the 2020 recipient of the Bread & Roses Award for contributions to women's literature. <http://www.orartswatch.org/conversations-with-leanne-grabel/>

Lori Hicke is a mixed media artist whose work includes ceramics, watercolor and printmaking. Her interest in art began after she moved from California to Oregon in 1993. She is self-taught and has attended numerous courses and workshops. Lori worked at the Portland Community College Art Department where she learned to use a variety of tools and techniques. She has spent a large amount of time in classes and workshops learning the intricacies of print making. Her latest body of work is a collection of prints that showcase animals in a whimsical manner. <http://lorihicke.com/>

Mortimur K is a Seattle writer and artist. He has previously self published a book of poetry entitled "screamingofthemouth" (currently out of print but about to be republished shortly) and is working on publishing a book of short stories, "Dinner Conversation and Other Acts of Random Violence". He was also a member of the Bar Room Writers Offensive for 10 years, a quarterly reading held at Barca lounge in Seattle, WA. Several of their recordings can be found on youtube. <http://skinnytoothproductions.com>, [@mortimurkwrites](#) on Instagram

Lisa Kaser grew up in Oregon - spending a good part of her childhood in Oregon City on a little farm with lots of animal friends and a very creative and supportive family. She is outspoken on the benefits of rain and is partial to foothills. In 1984 Lisa received her BFA in Textiles from the University of Oregon. She explores everything including the sewing arts, felting, mixed media sculpture and illustration for exhibitions, commissions and children's books. Her work has been shown and collected throughout the United States, Japan, Korea and Europe. <https://www.lisakaser.com/>

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Twice nominated for Pushcart and Best of the Net awards, **J.I. Kleinberg** is an artist, poet, and freelance writer. Her found poems have been published in numerous print and online journals worldwide. She lives in Bellingham, Washington, where she tears up magazines and posts frequently at chocolateisaverb.wordpress.com and thepoetrydepartment.wordpress.com and occasionally on Instagram as [@jikleiberg](https://www.instagram.com/jikleinberg).

Patsy Lally grew up in Brooklyn, New York. She has lived in Portland for fourteen years. Her short story, *The Day I Met My Mother*, is nominated for a Pushcart Prize. Patsy was born to a southern mother and an Italian father. It was not a life of magnolias and spaghetti. Beginning with Nancy Drew, books became her magic carpet, her refuge and hideout from a violent home. Patsy is currently working on a novel, *Broken Angel*, wherein a twelve-year-old girl is committed to saving the life of the newborn baby brought into a dangerous household.

Nate Marcel is teaching artist who illustrates for games and books. He has recently finished book covers and interior art for the Umerica setting of Dungeon Crawl Classics and is currently working on animation and art for a video game, a children's book and designing custom cribbage boards. Nate is also married to a teaching artist and lives in a 100 year old house in Forest Grove, Oregon, with two young sons and two fat cats. Nate Marcel can be found at natemarcel.com and as [@greatseamonster](https://www.instagram.com/greatseamonster) on Instagram.

Alexandra Mason has lived a life devoted to reading, writing, teaching, and publishing. As a Shakespeare scholar, she wrote the first essay to focus on the language of Ophelia; she brought to critical light the first woman playwright in England, Elizabeth Cary. After a full academic career as a professor and dean, Mason is author of five books, two of them volumes of poems (*Poems along the Way and Lost and Found*) and one a novel (*The Lighthouse Ghost of Yaquina Bay*). She has been working on memoirs and a sci-fi fantasy novel called *Shakespeare's Pipe*. Her study of economic metaphor is soon to be released in a second edition, *Shakespeare's Money Talks*.
<http://alexandramasonbooks.com>

Emily Miller has spent her life on the coast, and all her artwork has its roots in her love of the sea. Emily is currently based near Portland, Oregon, drawing direct inspiration from the Pacific Northwest coast as well as her background in California, Kauai, and Maine. Emily often incorporates natural and locally reclaimed materials into her paintings, sculptures, and installations. Emily has been a practicing artist for twenty-plus years, and her award-winning work is included in public and private collections around the United States.

<http://www.ejmillerfineart.com>

Debby Neal is an award-winning, internationally collected artist based in Seattle. Her works can be seen in public and corporate installations across the country. Debby's love of the Pacific Northwest and natural landscapes is what inspires her work. Most of her pieces have a sense of warmth or light shining through as a symbol of possibility.

<http://www.debbyneal.com>, <https://www.etsy.com/shop/DebbyNeal>

Elmo Shade is a Mindfulness-based Practitioner and Poet in the Pacific Northwest. He is the author of *Standing on One Leg: Poems of Love, Loss, and the Spaces In-Between*, as well as *Coffee Grinds; Poems and Stories for the Less Than Perfect Soul*. In 2015, he lost his spouse to liver cancer and was inspired to honor her life through poetry. Elmo once sang at the White House under President George H.W. Bush during the dedication of the Law Enforcement Memorial Wall and Museum in 1992. He writes to support his coffee addiction.

Judy Wise is an Oregon artist and teacher who has worked as a printmaker and painter for four decades. She has exhibited and taught in the USA, Mexico, Australia, Indonesia, Spain, the U.K., and the Netherlands.

<http://www.judywise.com>

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Allyce Wood (b.1988 Seattle, USA) received her MFA from the Oslo National Academy of the Arts in 2018 and her BFA from Cornish College of Art in 2010. She expanded her education by studying Digital Jacquard Tapestry KUNO at the University of Bergen in 2018. She has exhibited her work in solo and group shows locally and internationally in the Pacific Northwest, Glasgow, Milan, Caracas, and Oslo. Her work has been featured in *New American Painting*, *The Stranger*, and *The Makers Podcast* (USA) and reviewed by *Kunstkritikk*, *Subject*, and *Dagsvisen* (Norway). Wood is the gracious recipient of the City Artist Award, 4Culture GAP Grant, and City Art Walk Award in the USA, and the Diversestipend For Nyutdannede Kunstnere from the Arts Council Norway.
<https://www.allycewood.com/>

Samyak "Sam" Yamauchi is a self-taught Portland painter. After a childhood of "paint-by-number" kits, Sam grew up wanting to be a painter, but had a fear of painting without the numbers. In 2001 she began making glass mosaics, but she still wanted to paint. In October of 2013, Sam had a "painting awakening" and started painting the next day. She shows locally and regionally and is represented by RiverSea Gallery in Astoria. She was a featured artist on Oregon Art Beat, has done a number of artist talks, interviews and presentations and will be a 2020 Portland Open Studios artist.
<https://www.samyakyamauchiart.com/>

