

Subjectiv.



Summer

2020

Subjectiv.

A Journal of Visual and Literary Arts

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Cover art: *Observe*, ceramic, Sara Swink

Back Cover: *The Time Is Upon Us*, acrylic on canvas, Chuck E. Bloom

Editor's Note

Twyla Tharp said, "Art is the only way to run away without leaving home." The arts feel especially important right now as so many of us are still sheltering in place and wishing for escape. For me, putting this issue together has been a thread of normalcy weaving through the uncertainty of the past few months.

Subjectiv is a celebration of the wealth of creativity in the Pacific Northwest. I moved to Oregon in 1991 and I've been deeply in love with the region ever since. With this journal I hope to share that love and to help you discover artists and writers whose work may be new to you. Although I've been involved in the Portland art scene for the past twelve years, many of them are also new to me!

Many thanks to all the contributors who have trusted me with their work, to everyone who has expressed their appreciation, and to all of you for reading.

Riis Griffen
August 2020

Contents

6	Sara Swink	Interview
16	Stacey Dressen McQueen	Painting
21	Shannon Tracy	Painting
24	Rhienna Renèe Guedry	Poetry
27	Heather Rattray	Photography
31	Chuck E. Bloom	Painting
36	Anna Sparks	Mixed Media
39	Anne Mavor	Painting
44	Valerie Egan	Poetry
47	St Celfer	Installation
52	Consu Tolosa	Painting

58	Emily Lux	Artist Sketchbook
65	Coral Black	Printmaking
68	Collin McFadyen	Poetry/Non-Fiction
72	Alex Chiu	Murals
77	Price Luber	Fiction/Photography
79	Rebecca Harvey	Sculpture
83	Linda Malnack	Poetry
87	Mark Dunst	Painting
92	Caitlin Moline	Collage
97	Fara Tucker	Poetry
100	Kim Eshelman	Painting
105	Karl Kaiser	In the Studio

An Interview with Sara Swink

How did you get started on your artistic journey? How has your work evolved over time?

We moved to California when I was a little kid. Our neighbor, who lived in a Victorian house on top of the hill, was an antiques dealer and a potter. The house was filled with wonderful old treasures, sparingly displayed. She was very encouraging about clay and her influence stayed with me through the years. In high school I learned to throw on the potter's wheel, basic hand building techniques, and even mixed some glazes. Later, when I returned to ceramics after a 20-year absence, I went back to the wheel first and then took a workshop where I did my first sculpture. I've been doing sculpture ever since. That was over 20 years ago. Right away, using the approach of my teacher, Coeleen Kiebert, I worked off images from my inner world. We used collage and doodling to cultivate ideas for sculpture. I've been working that way ever since.

A few years ago my older brother came to visit and stepping into my studio he mentioned that our dad could make anything in clay. I said, "What?!" I couldn't believe it. As it



Hang in There, Tiger,
ceramic, Sara Swink

turned out, our dad made all kinds of props and characters for neighborhood plays when my older

siblings were young, before I was born or was aware. He even made one called Swami, who was a fortune teller. So perhaps, in a way, my start in clay came before I can remember.

As I get older, it seems more and more clear to me that my art-making revisits things from my childhood. I had a book called *Lost Bear* that I loved as a kid and it was illustrated with pictures of Steiff stuffed animals. I had a lot of those Steiff toys; I still have those good old friends. *Lost Bear* is a story about a tiny bear that gets separated from his family and then finds his way home with the help of some sympathetic animal friends. This emotional homecoming is an archetypal theme that in one way or another I keep repeating... loss and a longing to reunite. On another level, I think that having insights is a way of coming home to the Self, and I love a good insight.

How would you describe your style?

I relate to the so-called naïve style: childlike, approachable and I hope, a reflection of who I really am. I don't like things that look overworked or too slick. I like to see those maker's marks that make it handmade looking. A little funk appeal: I grew up with the California Funk Movement, so some of it got ingrained. I like seeing that it's clay. I try to keep it loose but I tend to make things kind of smooth

and round a lot. Everything I make comes out with the same sort of look, more or less, so I surrender to what I suppose amounts to my style. That also goes for the humor in the work. I don't take myself too seriously.

I'm happiest in my fantasy world where I can experiment, have fun, and roam freely. I don't aspire to realism, though I think it's valuable to learn to really see what's around you. Life drawing and sculpting are invaluable practices. In general, I tend to like playful, colorful, expressive, emotive kinds of things.

Can you tell us about your process?

Often my process begins with collage. This is the methodology I learned from my teacher, whose ideas are based in Jungian psychology. It's very easy to find lots of juicy images to work with. I like to cut them apart and put them together in new ways; they often reveal something about what's going on with me at the time. This is not a conscious process necessarily, but invites images and narratives from the unconscious. That's why many of my pieces are fragments of ideas and feelings and memories and visions: a Gestalt, if you will. I use this process for learning about what's going on in my psyche. It's visual language. It helps me process my world and gives me a working image vocabulary. It reaches deeper than words.



Frazier, ceramic, Sara Swink

From the collage imagery I begin a sketching process. I sketch on paper a lot, but I also sketch in clay. Making a little maquette, a 3D sketch or model, helps me work out how the piece might go together. Other times I get an idea from something I read or from some words that go together that speak to me and this ends up becoming a piece. I consume a steady



Devil Wally, ceramic, Sara Swink

stream of art books, videos about artists and process, and illustration. I'm always hungry for inspiration.

I tend to work on one piece at a time, one way to cope with all of life's interruptions. But I do often get a whole body of work from one collage, one thing leading to another, and always going back to that collage for answers to any questions I have about what to do next, what colors to use, what elements I can add. The answers are all in the fragments I've collected. Collage is a profoundly overlooked resource. It gets me out of my head and into the materials.

Sometimes I start with a doodle on paper or in clay. I look at the doodle and see what it reminds me of and then form that in clay. These pieces are more spontaneous in nature and tend to have a lot of energy.

The exception to all of this is my Wallies, which are small wall sculptures. During the pandemic I have been able to sell enough Wallies to keep afloat. They take some time to make, even with the help of my friend Maria, who often starts them for me. I tell her what I want in general terms like body shape, then I finish forming, add features, and decorate them. They get bisque fired, then painstakingly glazed, then fired again.

Summer 2020

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

To get going creatively I go out to the studio. The smell and the feeling in there must trigger a release of endorphins, because I always feel better immediately. I look at the last thing I was working on, or my current collage hanging on the wall. I might start sketching, trying to pull out something that makes me want to pursue it. I might have to clean and organize the studio before I can get to work--like a dog or cat circling around before they lie down. There's a certain amount of resistance to overcome. Resistance seems to be a natural part of the creative process. I recognize it and I try to work with it. Once I touch the clay or make a mark, any kind of mark, I'm on my way.

It's not easy, though, making art for a living. There's pressure to make something good, especially if I have a show coming up. I tell myself, often in very colorful language, not to worry about making something that will sell. Just put in the hours and try to please yourself.

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

I try not to labor over the clay. I work fast to capture the idea without too



Obsession, ceramic, Sara Swink

much refinement. I like drawing very informally into the clay, incising with a variety of tools. I enjoy adding sprigs, piercing, carving, and adding textured bits to a piece.

When it comes to glazing, I do some kind of a wash of a dark color, often



Working from Home,
ceramic, Sara Swink

black, all over a piece, then wipe it off. This brings out the features and texture of the sculpture. Then I add color. I also like to line up test tiles of all the colored glazes and look at them next to the piece. Test tiles are essential to making color decisions.

Sometimes a touch of metallic will bring a piece to life. I use metallic waxes or metallic leaf. I like the look of luster glazes, but they are so toxic I tend to avoid them.

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

I am someone who gets easily bored and easily frustrated. I have to deal with that on a daily basis. I need variety and a LOT of input to keep me stimulated. That's why this process with collage and doodling keeps me moving forward. It's never the same thing twice. And that's why I like to work fast and try new things.

I rely heavily on my handmade image journals and sketchbooks for inspiration. Every collage I make eventually gets turned into an image journal where I can rearrange the images, sketch, write and process what's before me. I always have a 9 x 12 hard cover sketchbook going as well, in which I can glue stuff, scribble and sketch. These are for me and I don't necessarily try to make them pretty. These books are filled with ideas and inspiration for new pieces. I have amassed a big library of journals and sketchbooks—the first thing to grab in case of fire! I also look through the archive of images on my website. I've made many pieces based on ideas that are worth revisiting.

Summer 2020

There's also the stuckness of having too many ideas. A lot of people share this dilemma with me. This is where I have to get out of my head and into my hands. Take action. Pick up the materials: the pen, the clay, the brush, and do something, anything, with it. Listen for intuitive prompts. Once I start, then usually the flow starts.

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

Of course! There is no end to the obstacles and distractions that keep me from making art. I think that's true for most artists—because making art takes gobs of time and there's never enough. As I get older my body certainly puts restrictions on my art-making time. I have to exercise every day just to keep going. It also takes time to eat well. I put a lot of time and energy into cooking healthy stuff.

On the other hand, COVID eliminated a lot of how I was spending my time. It simplified my life, at least for a while, and it continues to demand we all make adjustments.

What are you reading at the moment? Does what you're reading ever find its way into your art?

I devour audio-books. I'm usually listening to a novel—right now it's *The Kitchen House* by Kathleen Grissom—

and some kind of Buddhist tome like something by Pema Chodron or Tara Burch. If it's a stressful time and I'm anxious, Pema and Tara really help.

I have had quite a few pieces inspired by words or phrases that I pick up while reading. A recent one, last year, was "Moami", which is mommy in Nigerian. It was inspired by the



Moami, ceramic, Sara Swink

wonderful but heart-wrenching novel, "Stay with Me" by Ayobami Adebayo.

What would you like to be your creative legacy?

I think my creative legacy has to do with permission giving. Both to people

that take my studio classes and Creative Process Workshops and to those who view my art. Everyone needs to remember that she's creative. And not measure that value of that creativity in terms of what sells or what other people think of your work.



Little Marmalade, Circus Tiger, ceramic, Sara Swink

Summer 2020

I think I most want to be remembered by my own two children, who are highly creative individuals. I want them to feel free to express themselves and confident in doing what they want to do. When they think of me, I want them to be proud and feel like, my mom did her thing, and I can too.

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

I've often said, if I didn't do clay I'd do something with textiles. Sculptural textiles. I love illustration, too. More likely I will incorporate those media with clay. Ceramics has so much to offer, it should keep me busy enough.

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

Marino Marini springs to mind. His varied approach to the portrait fascinates me, and I admire his dynamic personal narratives and his honest and open style. I feel like there's so much more I can learn from my teachers Coeleen Kiebert, with her loose and expressive style, in the realm of creative process, and Norma Lyon, with her refined style and endless knowledge of ceramics tricks and techniques. I'd like to learn to paint like the colorists: Gauguin, Matisse, Bonnard, and make fabric piecework like the quilters of Gee's Bend.

What's next for you?

I'm just beginning to produce a series of die-cut Stickers from photos of some of my ceramic pieces. I was a graphic designer for many years and die cutting was prohibitively expensive. Now, there are endless



Blue Tiger, ceramic, Sara Swink

numbers of websites offering cheap die-cut stickers. First I saw Jennifer Mercede's, then Dave Benz's fabulous stickers and I started looking into it. My first sticker is of "Blue Tiger," one of my favorite pieces, and one of the very few I've kept for myself. Other toothy animals to follow! I plan to offer the stickers in my Etsy shop.

In September my work will be featured at Sidestreet Arts in Portland, along with prints by Gail Owen. In May I had a show at Guardino Gallery in Portland, which ended up being all online. The Sidestreet show will be open to the public under COVID guidelines. We'll see how things are going in September. Strange times are these!

In October I'll be participating in Portland Open Studios for the 15th year in a row. But this year the event will be all virtual. The PDXOS organization will promote artists online and artists will sell off their websites during the two weekends. Those who would like to can make an appointment to come to my studio to look at the art and pick up purchases. As usual, I will use open studios as an opportunity to show new work, sell older work at reduced prices, and of course, offer my Wallies.

My classes and workshops and our big annual studio holiday sale are suspended until the threat of COVID-19 is behind us. My focus will be on making new work and seeing what the months ahead bring. Meanwhile, may we all stay healthy and creative.



Marmalade, ceramic, Sara Swink

Summer 2020

Stacey Dressen McQueen



Wound Up, acrylic on paper, Stacey Dressen McQueen

"My recent small acrylic paintings on paper are a meditative practice of mark making and color that approach the overlapping, separating and tangled patterns of relating. I have always created on an intimate scale. This closeness gives me a valuable

perspective to myself in aging and motherhood. The back and forth of building up an image, reducing it and altering it to discover symbols and directions I didn't intend or expect to see at the start is what I love."
- Stacey Dressen McQueen



Wade, acrylic on paper, Stacey Dressen McQueen (left)
Purpose, acrylic on paper, Stacey Dressen McQueen (right)



Dreaming of You, acrylic on paper, Stacey Dressen McQueen



Apple, acrylic on paper, Stacey Dressen McQueen



At Table, acrylic on paper, Stacey Dressen McQueen

Shannon Tracy

"My artistic exploration as of late is an extension of my curiosity in place and in nature. I am interested and attentive to how I see, how I feel, and how places as well as nature influence me. I am intrigued by light, color, shape, texture and my process often involves documentation, however, I also rely on memory, feeling, chance and intuition to create and reveal my vivid impressions. Painting with acrylic

also allows me to openly explore these impressions and to allow chance to happen by letting the paint flow freely. My artistic vision helps me to slow down, to question, to reflect and to explore the ever changing qualities in myself as well as nature and place and to question the relationship between myself, as a human, in nature." - Shannon Tracy



Wander, acrylic on canvas, Shannon Tracy

Summer 2020



The Viewpoint, acrylic on canvas, Shannon Tracy



Moments, acrylic on canvas, Shannon Tracy

Summer 2020

Rhienna Renée Guedry

Enjoy the Silence

I wouldn't call it a pastime but occasionally, we'd study couples dining out in their unenthused brevity, their milquetoast entrees and requisite small talk less kind than they'd perform for the bank teller. Once, we were listening to the world's most depressing Learn English! audio tape:

How's the soup. The soup is fine but not warm enough. The wine is good, no? Yes, it's good wine. A nod, that bulldog look white people get frowning about something that isn't bad--erotic complaining.

Better times we had, you and I; brimming with cacophonous laughter and flirting, sometimes with each other, occasionally obsequiously with a server when one of us couldn't help it. Those lick-the-bowl memories of us, loudness and fullness ours alone. You and I had yet to run out of things to say, though sometimes I wished for it: complete silence, requisite nodding, arms touching.

Now I have fullness: the luxury of silence, a sense of busy conclusion. Regret for the spite of judging anyone for any meal shared with anyone ever in public; how dared I.

Walking Off

Walking off the edge of
a tightrope walker's green cliff
The view from here!

The inverted shape of beginning upright then leaping
And though I was sure the plunge itself would kill me
the desire to swim pulled me out like a tide
So I took it

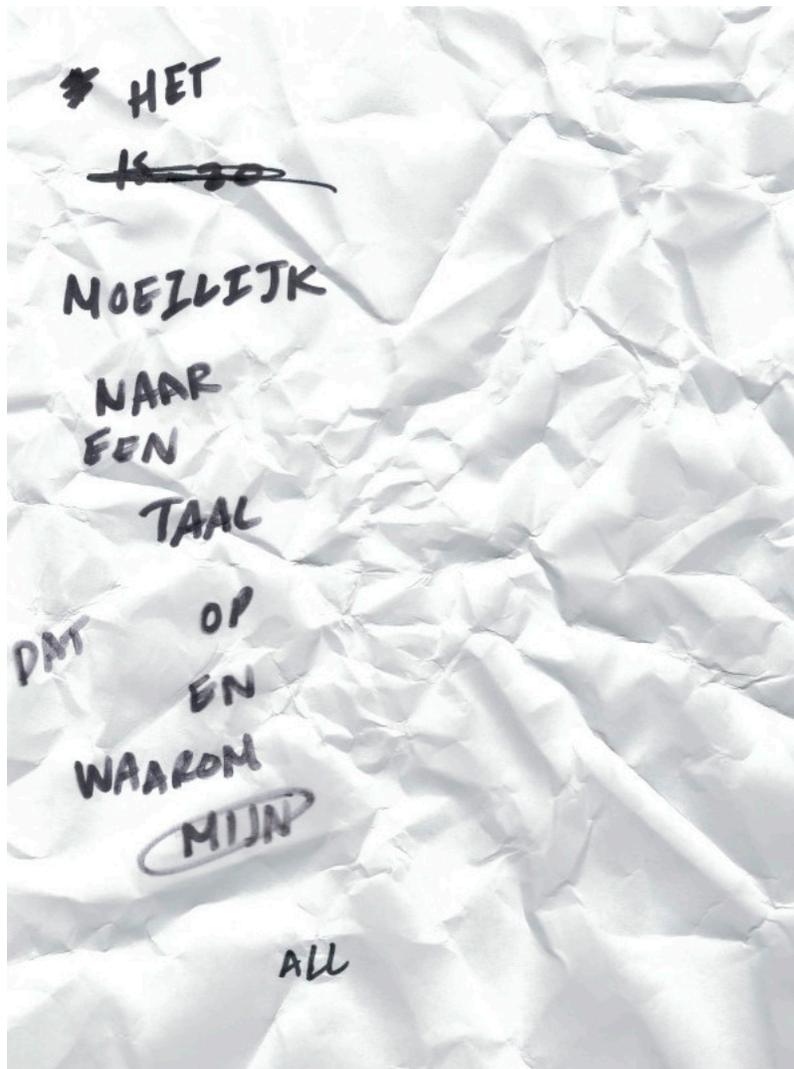
Summer 2020

Dig First, Then Call For Help

We had another
one I was
in the middle
of it buildings
splayed open like
shoe boxes: some
upside down, others miles
from their origin, like
the stories you hear
about tornadoes and cattle

An airplane flying
low, a predatory bird
the streets peeled
off the ground, a roller
coaster's track
a tunnel of love without
an operator
under piles
of garbage, laundry,
gloved hands that grab
for the pieces

Heather Rattray



Frustratie, scanned document, Heather Rattray

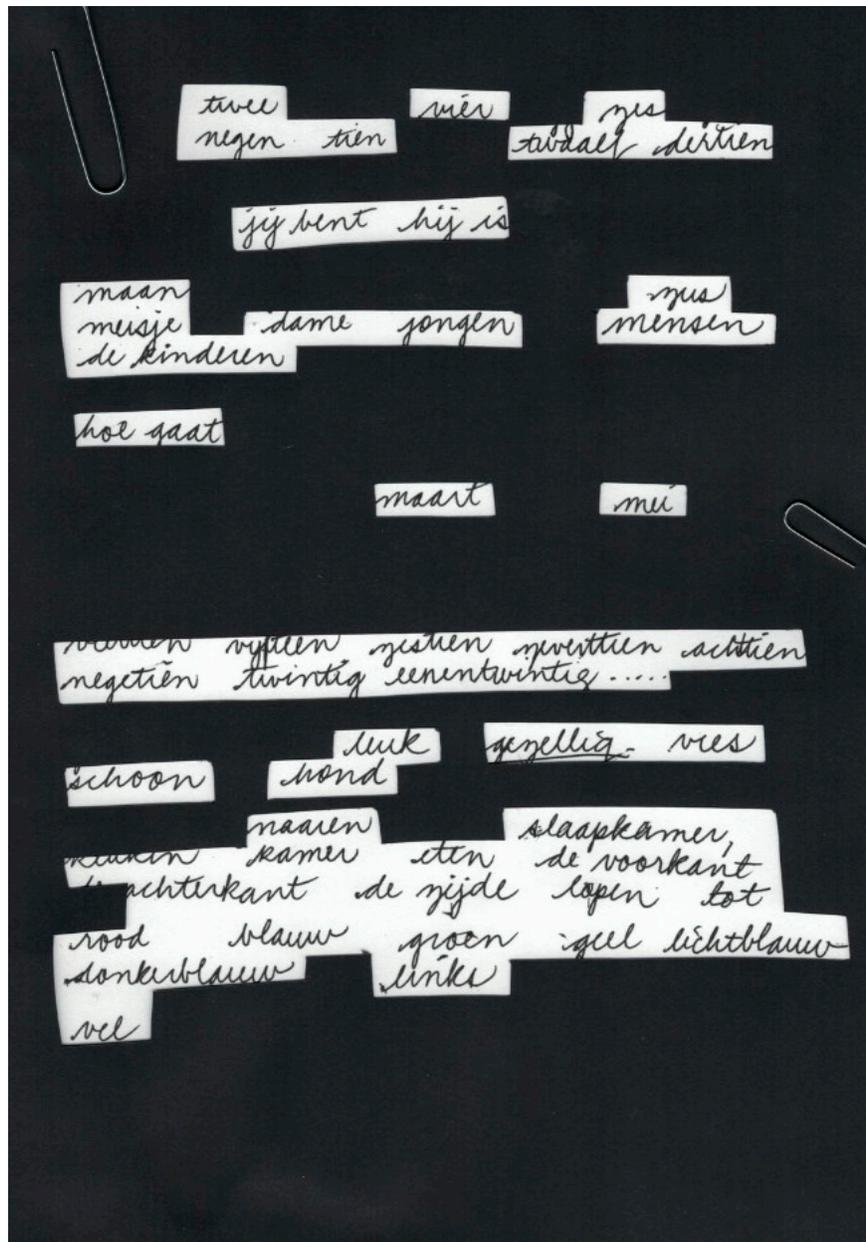
Summer 2020

"Things That I Know, Things That You Know is a visual representation of the process of learning the Dutch language and of my mother and me, learning a language together. Me, learning the Dutch language for the first time, and my mother, relearning it for a second time. I shape my learning around the everyday and try to visualize how this learning is taking place ---my individual learning, and where my learning and my mother's learning intersects in what we know

and do not know. The learning process is difficult, filled with blank spaces where words struggle to reside in memory, and the struggle in switching back and forth between two vastly different languages. While we learn, my mother tells stories about her upbringing. I learn more about this language that is foreign to me and it bridges the gap of the heritage language that I am learning as the third generation."
- Heather Rattray



The State Of My Living Room, photograph, Heather Rattray



Your List (Things That I Don't), scanned document, Heather Rattray

Summer 2020



Your Father, photograph, Heather Rattray

Chuck E. Bloom



What You Believe You See,
acrylic on canvas, Chuck E. Bloom

Summer 2020

"I believe there is true magic in everything. There is so much more to what is around us than our restrictive adult eye allows us to perceive. It is my intent to approach the world, and my art, with a child's eye and enthusiasm. The images I create are glimpses of those places that are just around the bend of the reality in our mature minds but stir memories from our youth, of portals to places strange, wondrous, and ominous.

Every little detail begs examination, every ruin or darkened doorway begs exploration. The unpeopled landscapes prompt contemplation of who or what is just out of sight. The magic that surrounds us is 'just out of sight', until we open our eyes and take a step into our dreams and trust our intuition. It is then obvious that we are part of a limitless universe and something unique." - Chuck E. Bloom



No More to Give, acrylic on canvas, Chuck E. Bloom



A Desolate Rejoinder, acrylic on canvas, Chuck E. Bloom

Summer 2020



At the End of a Difficult Day, acrylic on canvas, Chuck E. Bloom



The Grand Misgivings of Enchantment,
acrylic on canvas, Chuck E. Bloom

Anna Sparks

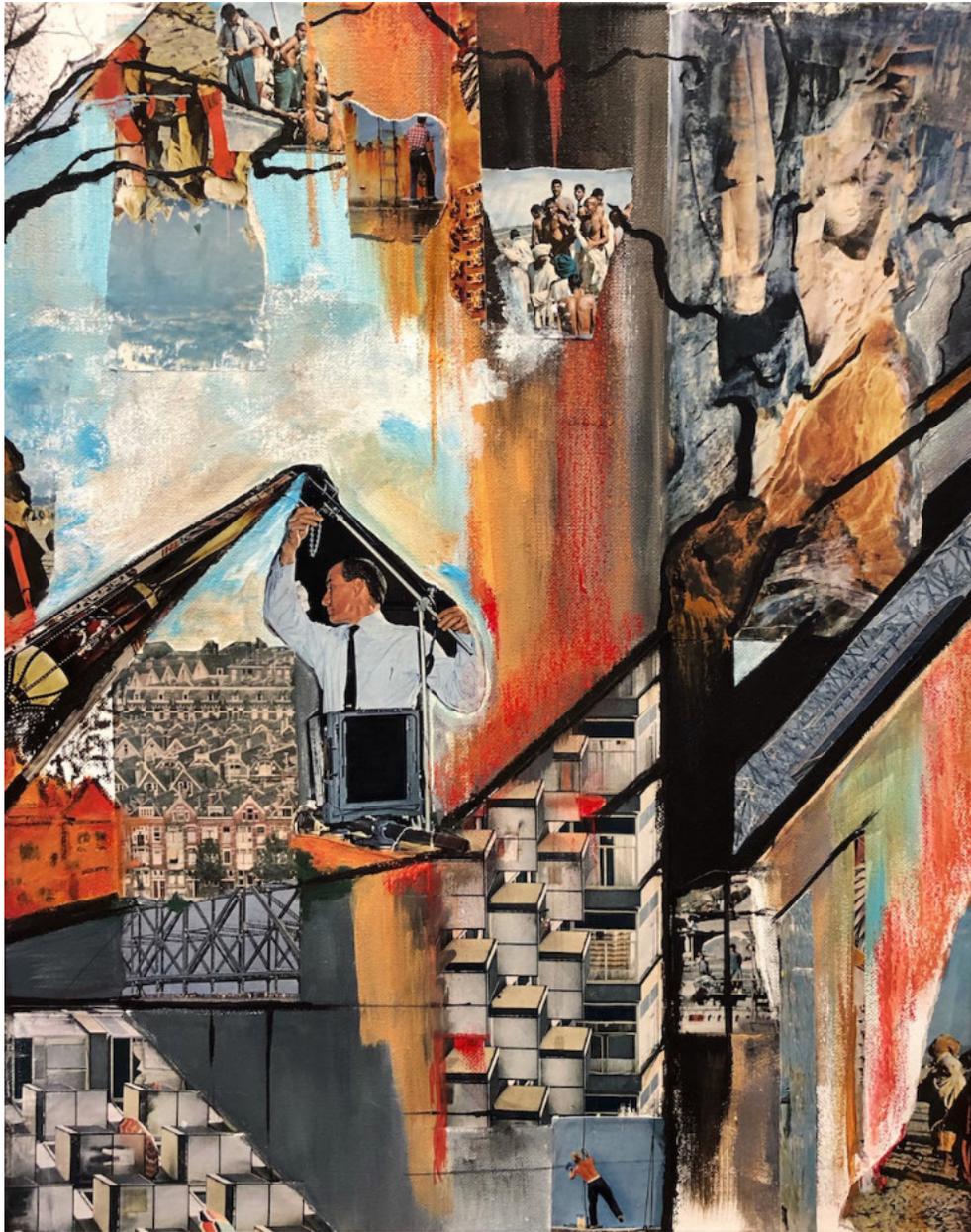
"I have always been inspired by street art, and intuitively attack the canvas with mixed media; including my own film photographs, analog collages, and paint. In these works, I am trying

to document the inevitable changes of one's society or environment with the use of design elements, such as lines, shapes, and forms."

- Anna Sparks



Dreaming, mixed media on canvas, Anna Sparks

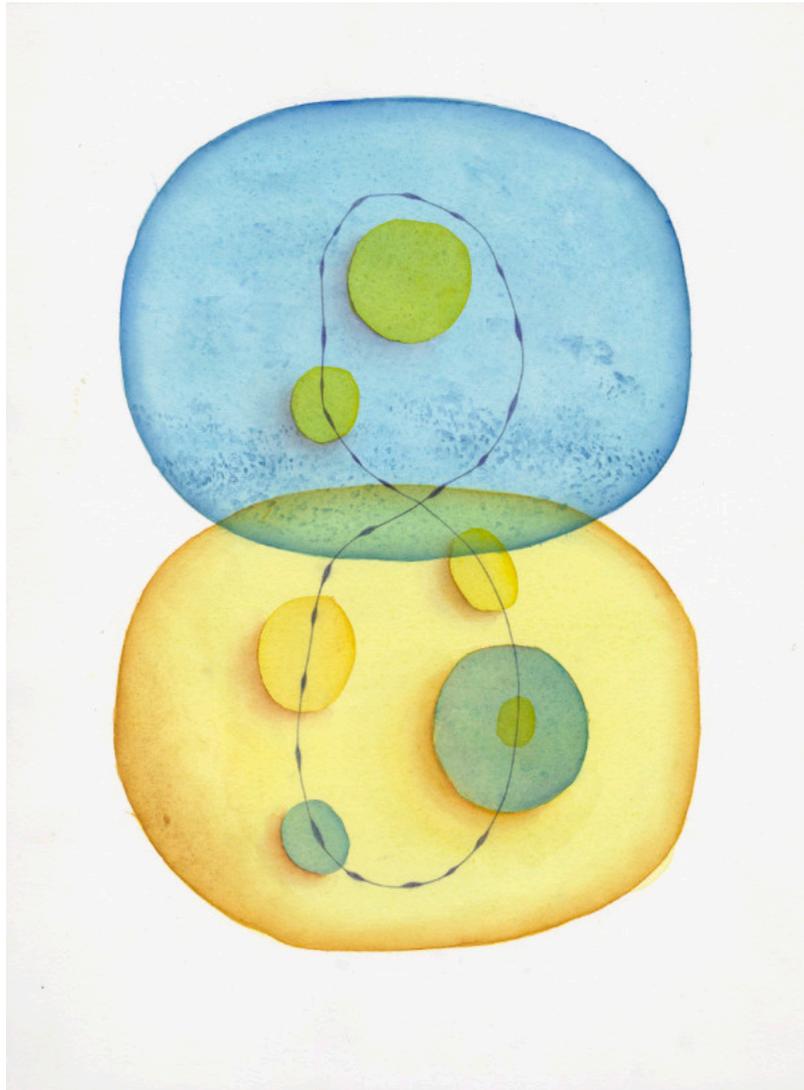


Tragedy, mixed media on canvas, Anna Sparks



NY Pandemic, mixed media on canvas, Anna Sparks

Anne Mavor



We Will See Each Other Again,
gouache and pencil on paper, Anne Mavor

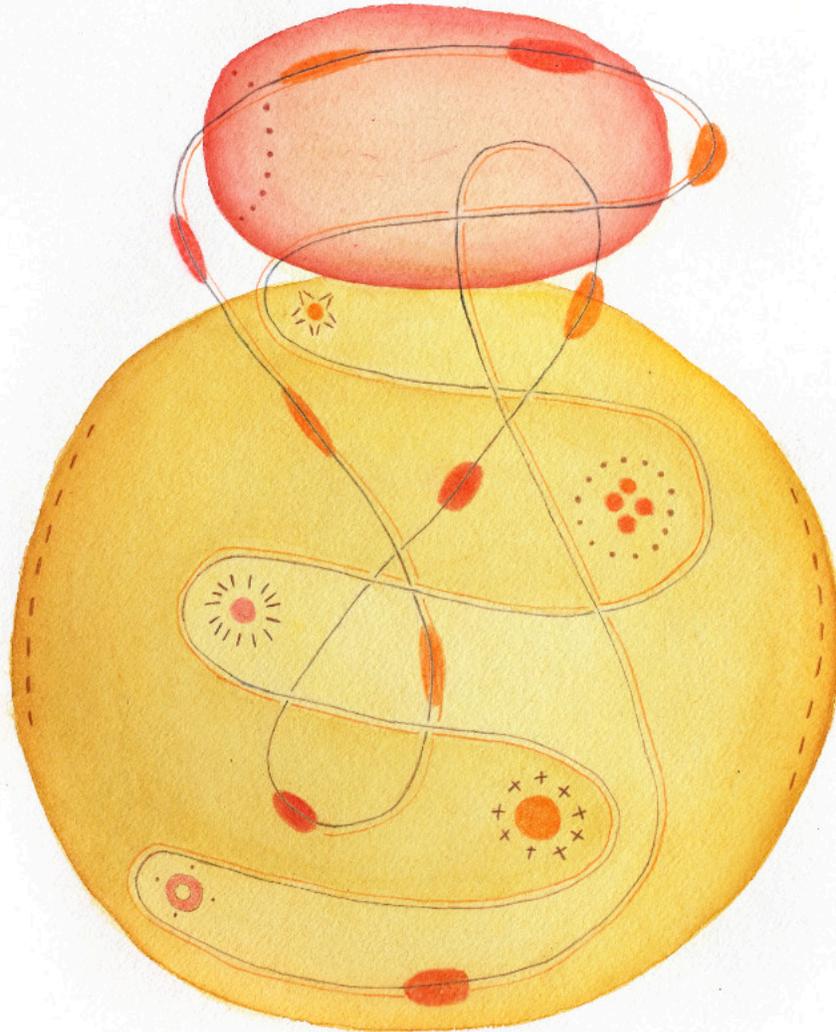
Summer 2020

"This series is part of an ongoing healing journey. Starting in February 2019 I decided to paint images only for my enjoyment and let go of sales potential or what others might think. Like a faucet that has been turned on, the images started coming. They make me feel permanently connected with all other beings in the universe. I am pulled to paint curves only; no straight lines, corners, angles, or representational shapes.

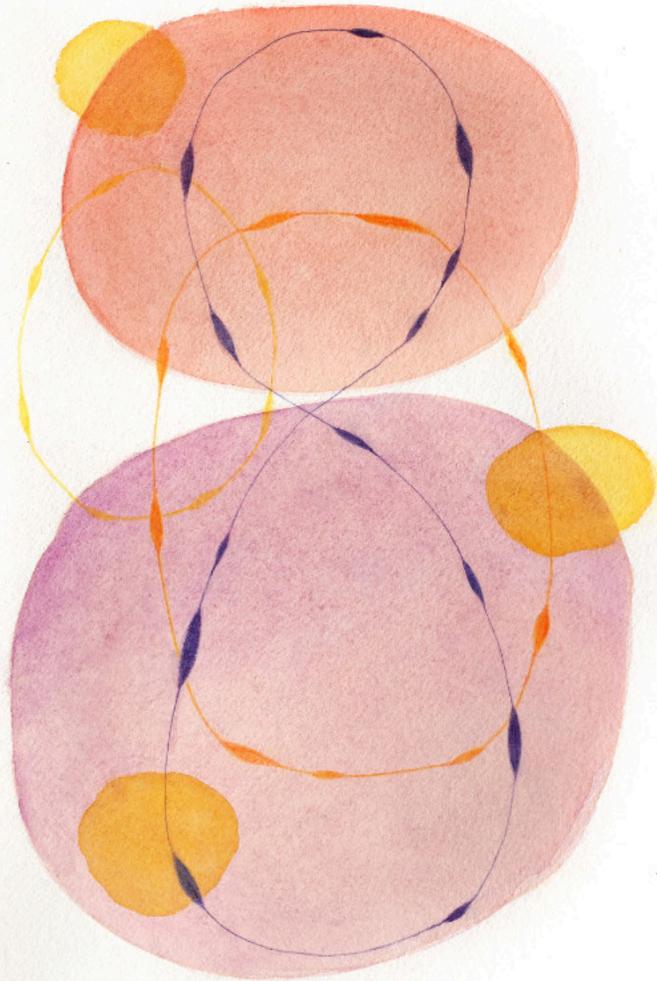
The process: begin with a single shape and allow the complexity to build with each layer or addition. Because of the delicate nature of gouache and colored pencil, I can't cover or change marks or shapes significantly. If an image does not feel beautiful and true to me, I express thanks for what it has taught me and move on to the next one. With my goal of quantity not quality, all are gifts." - Anne Mavor



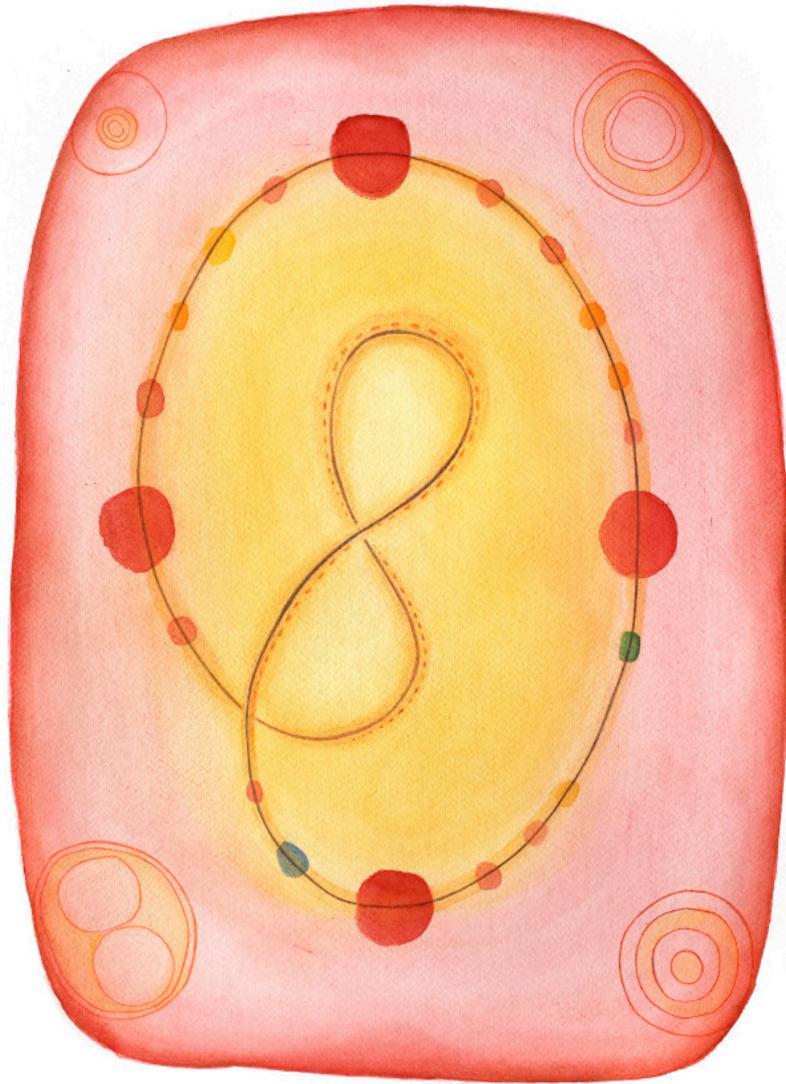
Our Worlds Are Linked,
gouache and pencil on paper, Anne Mavor



I Wrap Around Myself,
gouache and pencil on paper, Anne Mavor



Partners, gouache and pencil on paper, Anne Mavor



We Are One, gouache and pencil on paper, Anne Mavor

Summer 2020

Valerie Egan

Moon

A moon-burnt fern caught you, and
your skin shivered as
the air grazed on everything
unhidden.
You left a halo of cotton poly blends to
crumble on the sand.

My breath caught.

I wanted to place a silver spoon on your lower back,
a hallow carved out at the base of your Buddha spine,
a silver spoon filled with honey.

But I was lost: bees and bad things buzzing in my hive.

You, a free and sure thing,
dove without me
into the cold black ink,
which curled
to enclose
your pale-fish form.

I Don't Regret the Education, But

it was a mistake, being with You.
Your body felt incompatible and ill-prepared;
I was too young to know, to demand your salt, your stones, your offerings of smoke.

You were soft and withered,
drunk-on-red-wine-wasted.
You were bone and stick,
high and afraid of blood. Or
You were bloating and hunched
in service to your blue-lit god.

How did it happen? I ask.
I kicked my own ribs even while it happened,
what a waste of good pussy but
I thought I needed their keys and their cum.

Somewhere between
stewing mud in the rocky woods and
baptizing myself with worms and
speaking to trees and
flying in dreams ~
my books were stolen and my fires stamped out.

Nietzsche and Pindar and Shakespeare and Freud moved in;
sucked off all the air.
I paid for the right to worship
so very few voices in such a very large world.

That was a time of strange nunnery:
a captive in the wrong collective,
mouthing the men.
Forgetting the words. Drinking backwards. Lost, dazed, damn.

Summer 2020

Domus Mea, Domus Tua

This is my house.
Here, we fuck up with pride,
and so we fuck up on purpose.

I haven't got time for your edits.
I'm not giving you time that you have not earned.

I have performed several exorcisms, teeth wailing and tits gnashing.
I have tripped on the stairs and
vomited in the sink.

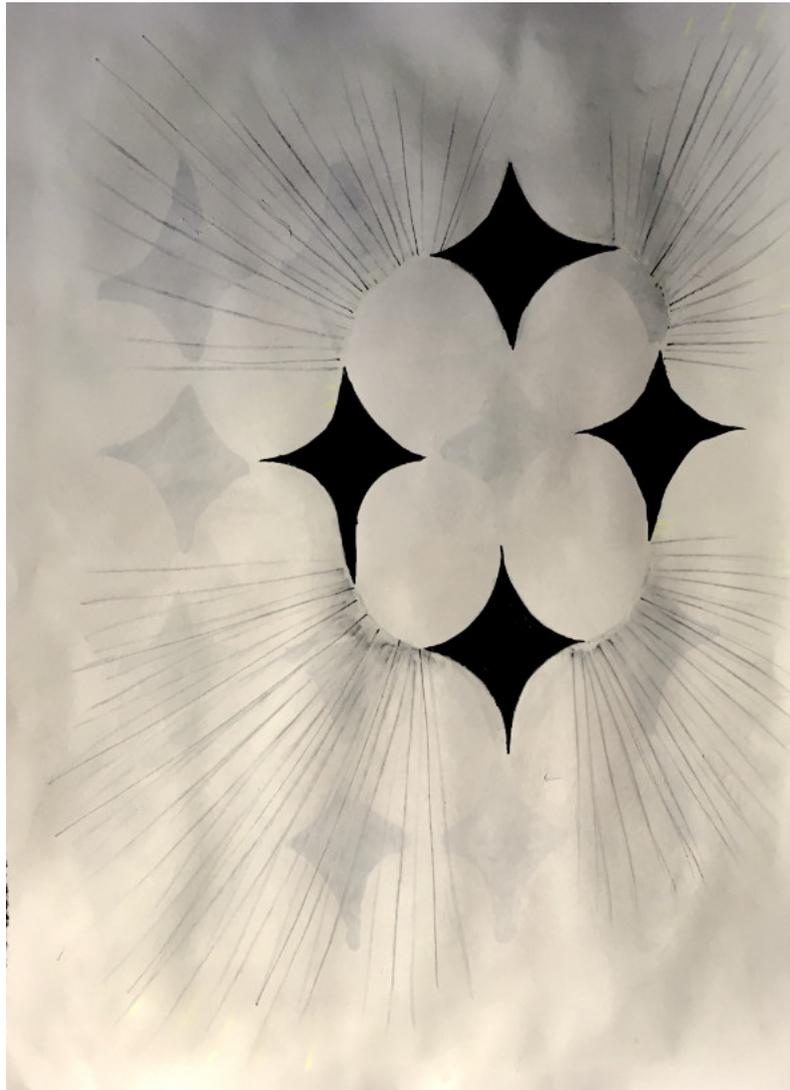
Here, we are committed to the Undoing:
sweaters knotted with mothballs, crumpled in the corners.
This is not influencer-friendly.
We logged off years ago.

Our cats articulate their distaste for your empty claims,
and by their decree I abide.

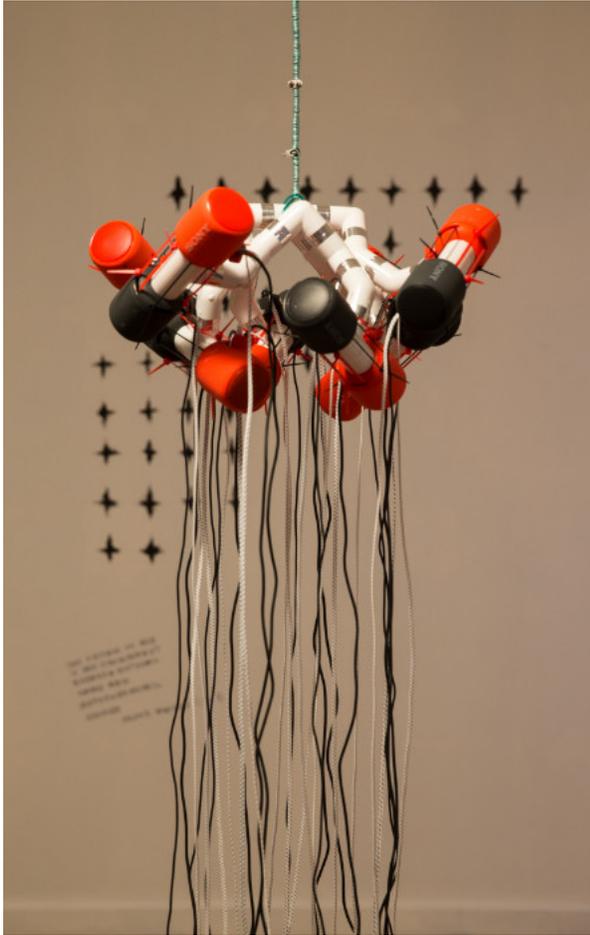
Woe be to the credit card company, the banker, the neck-tied.
Your blood turns sour on our doorstep!
We will knit fireworks to your silk and we will piss in your loopholes.

We only like the good stuff.
Here, we open doors and we lie
naked on the grass,
natural and abundant.

St Celfer



Study for *The Space Between Points*,
sumi-e ink, pencil, highlighter, and acrylic paint on paper, St Celfer

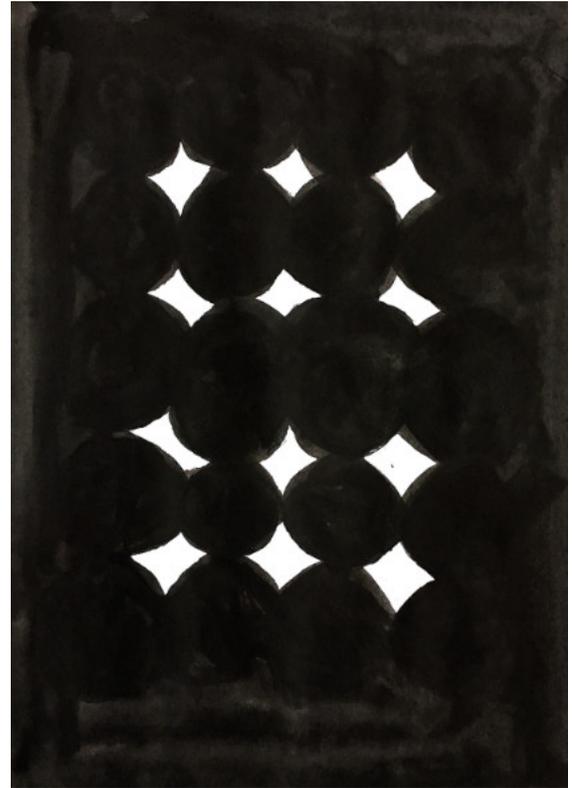
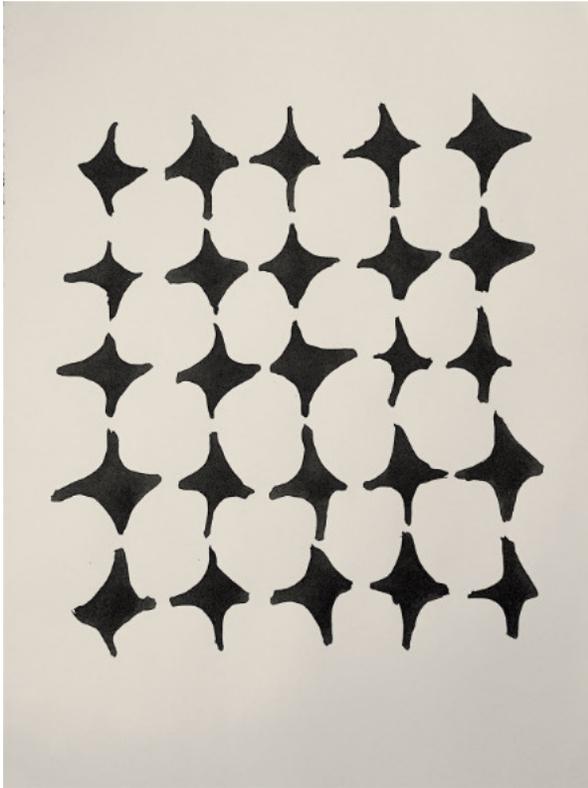


Installation view of *The Space Between Points* (Casagaleria, Sao Paulo, Brazil 2019), St Celser

I only realized the connections after:
visiting Malevich, *черный квадрат*, in Russia
-- it's not black and it's not square --
meeting Lygia in Brasil.

This Neoconcretismo connects
math to human
while investigating
our normal labeled delusions.

(I'm retracing her life 'caminhando'.)
And destructing language on the way.
I fight the tyranny of the square
and the desire to put things into boxes.
I want to see Wittgenstein's elephant
while many see themselves in everything.
A frame makes anything look good.

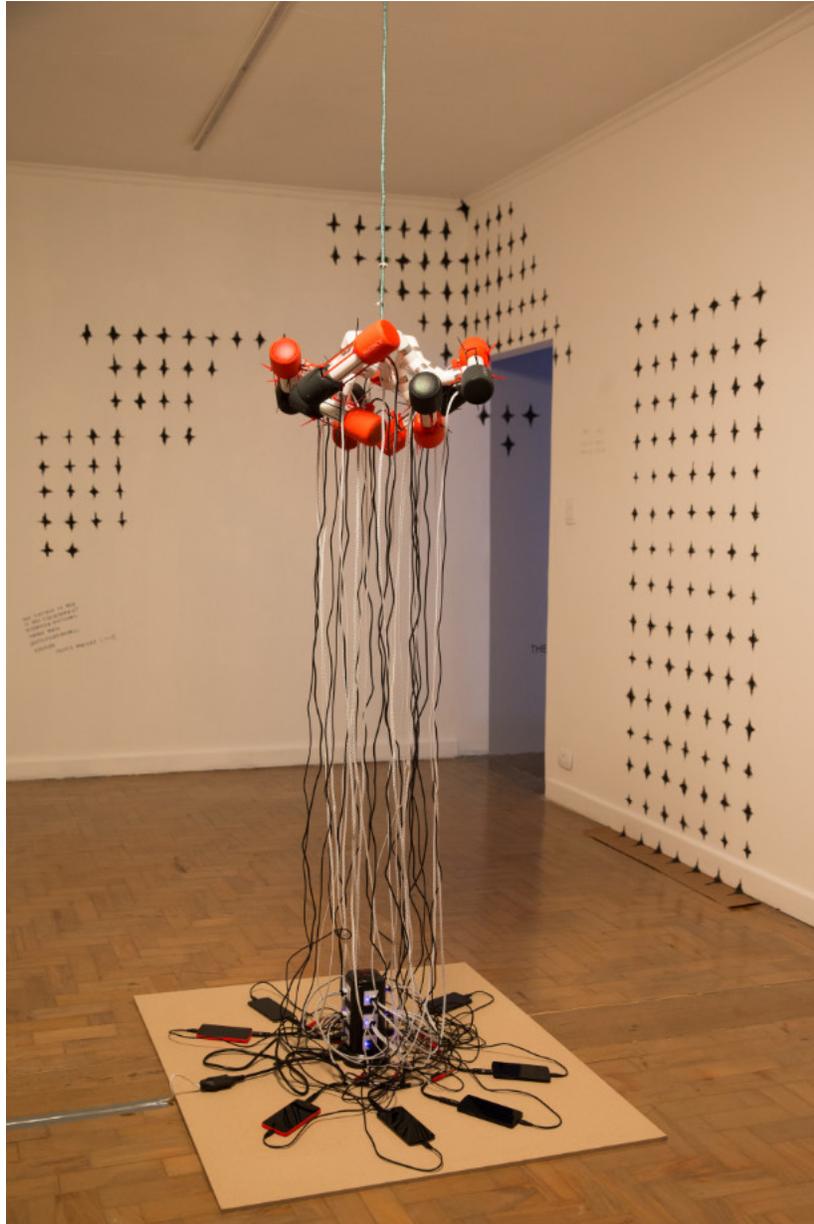


Studies for *The Space Between Points*, sumi-e ink on paper, St Celfer

Summer 2020



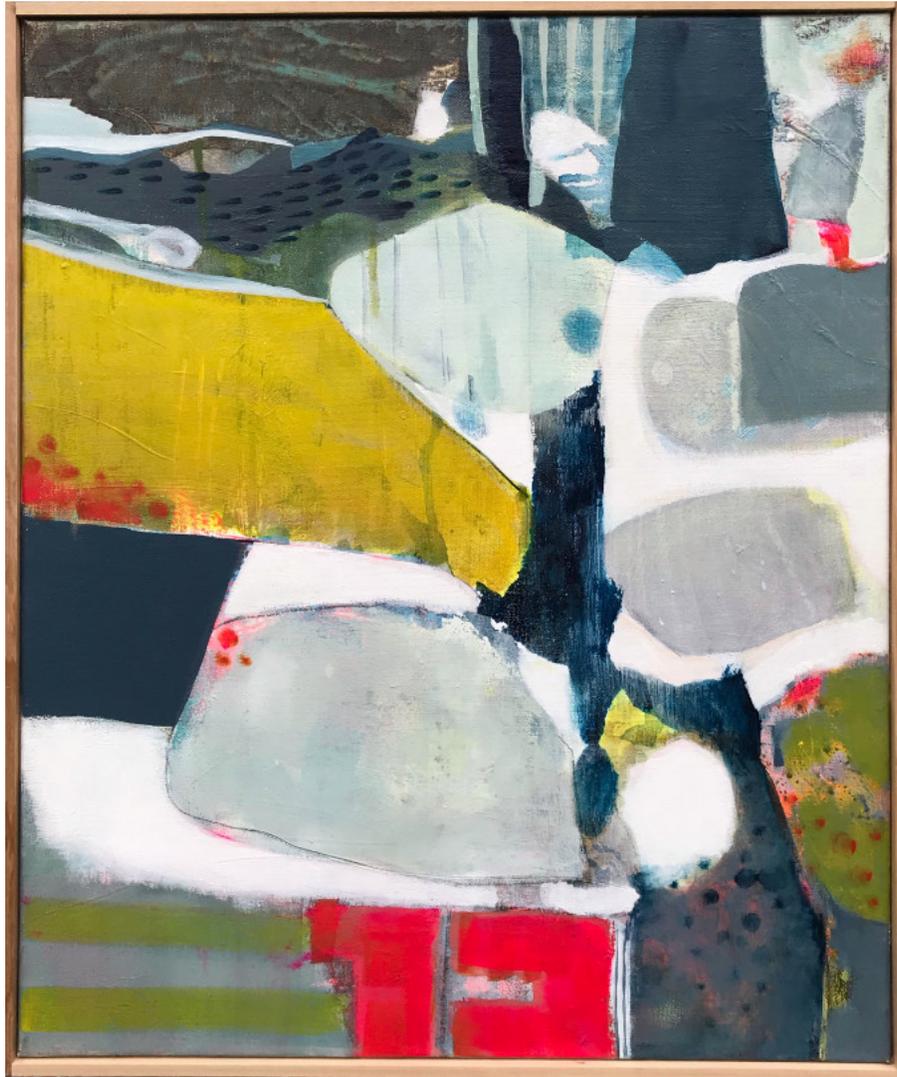
Installation view of *The Space Between Points*
(Casagaleria, Sao Paulo, Brazil 2019), St Celfer



Installation view of *The Space Between Points* (Casagaleria, Sao Paulo, Brazil 2019), St Celfer

Summer 2020

Consu Tolosa



Unanswerable Questions, mixed media on canvas, Consu Tolosa

"My paintings are born at the intersection of play and experimentation providing me with long hours of creative delight. I begin working without a concrete plan but often have a specific color palette in mind. I start covering the blank canvas with layers of color. I like responding to music, using repetition, pattern, and line to create a rhythm in my work. I make shapes, marks, try things out... this part is very playful

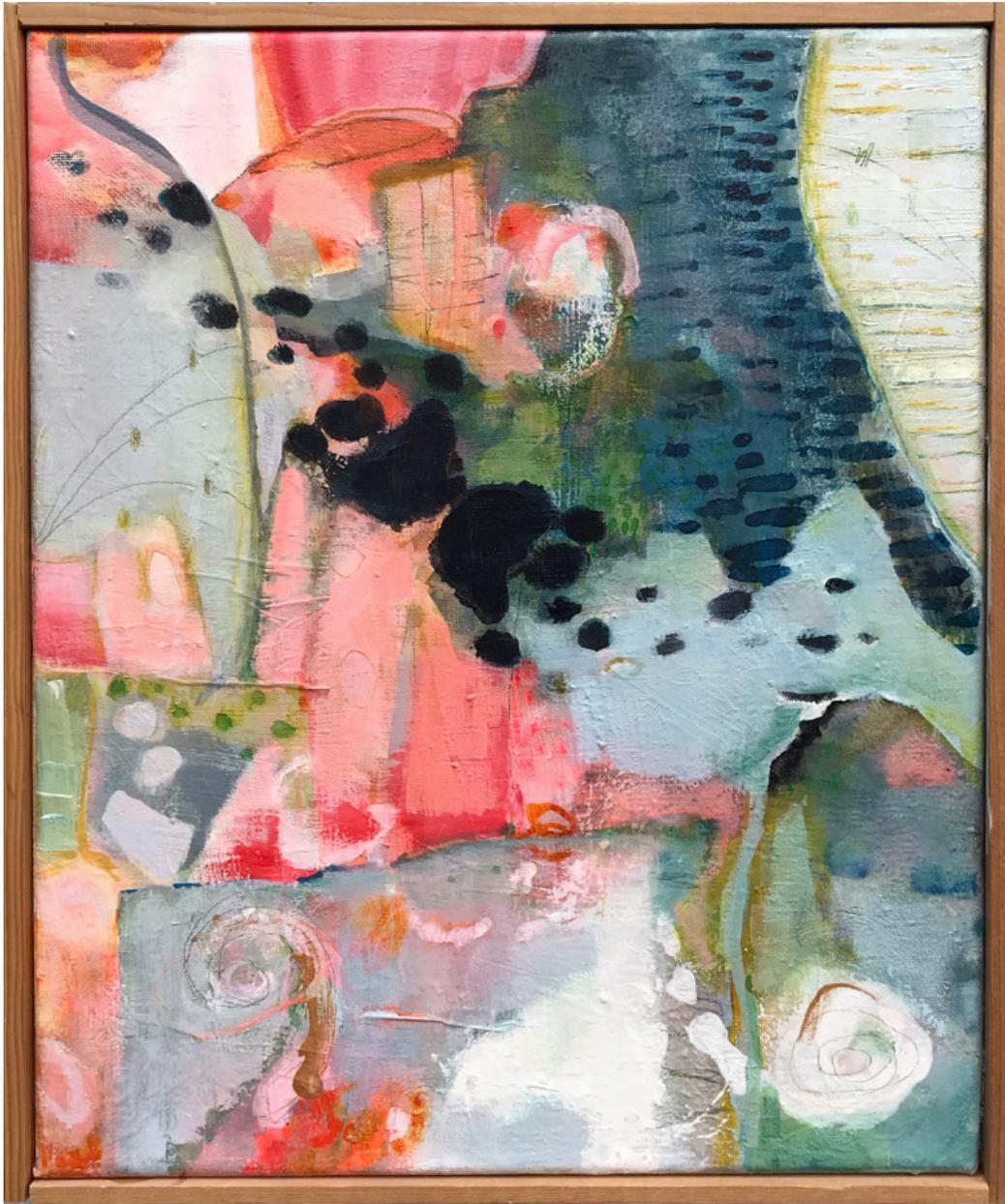
and free. After a while, things feel a bit chaotic (the dreaded 'ugly stage') and I know it's time to start making thoughtful choices and decisions. The intuitive nature of the work continues with a back and forth between what shows up spontaneously and deliberate moves until a full painting emerges. With all my work I aspire to connect the viewer with their own sense of play and joy." - Consu Tolosa



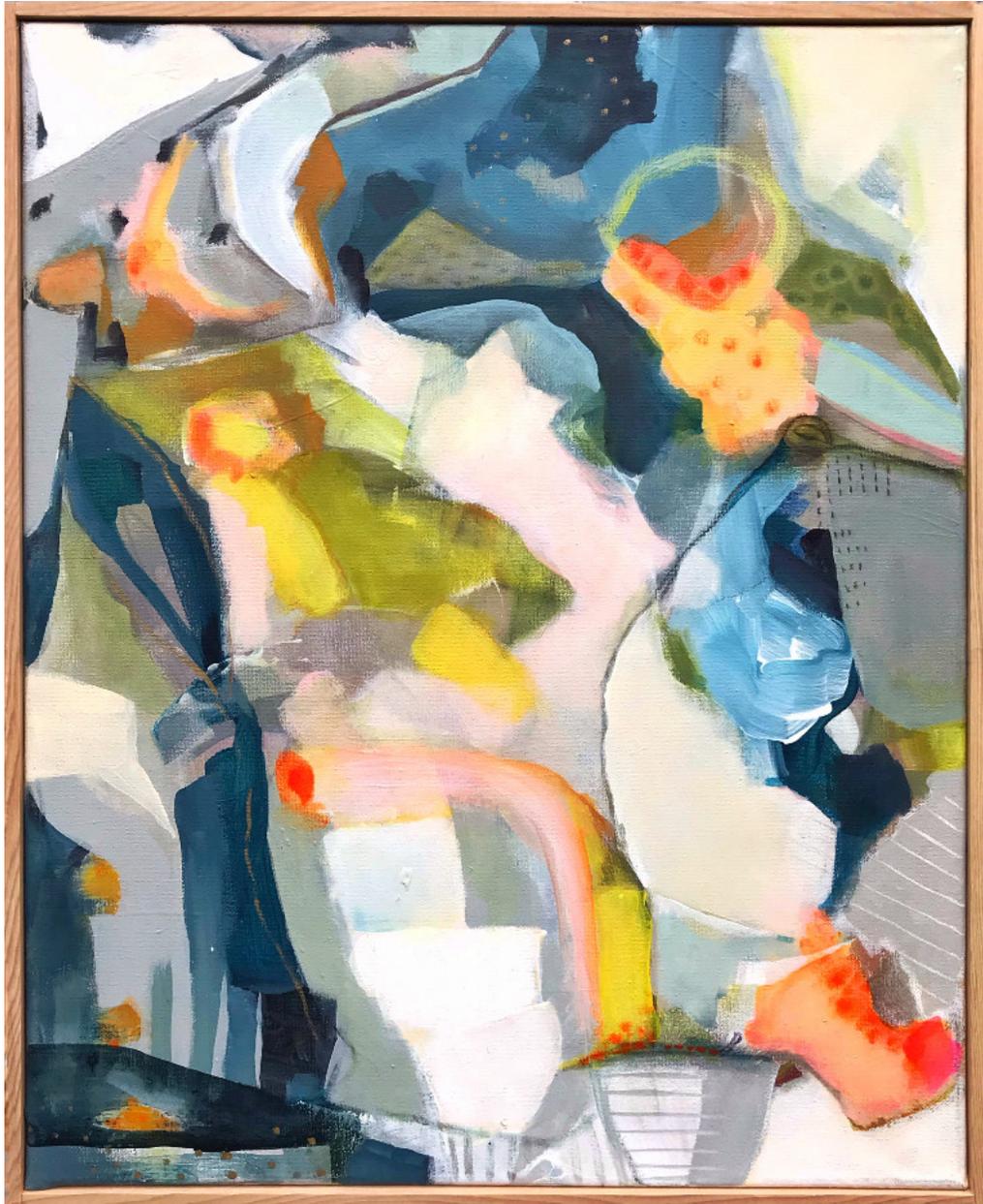
Bird's Eye, mixed media on canvas, Consu Tolosa



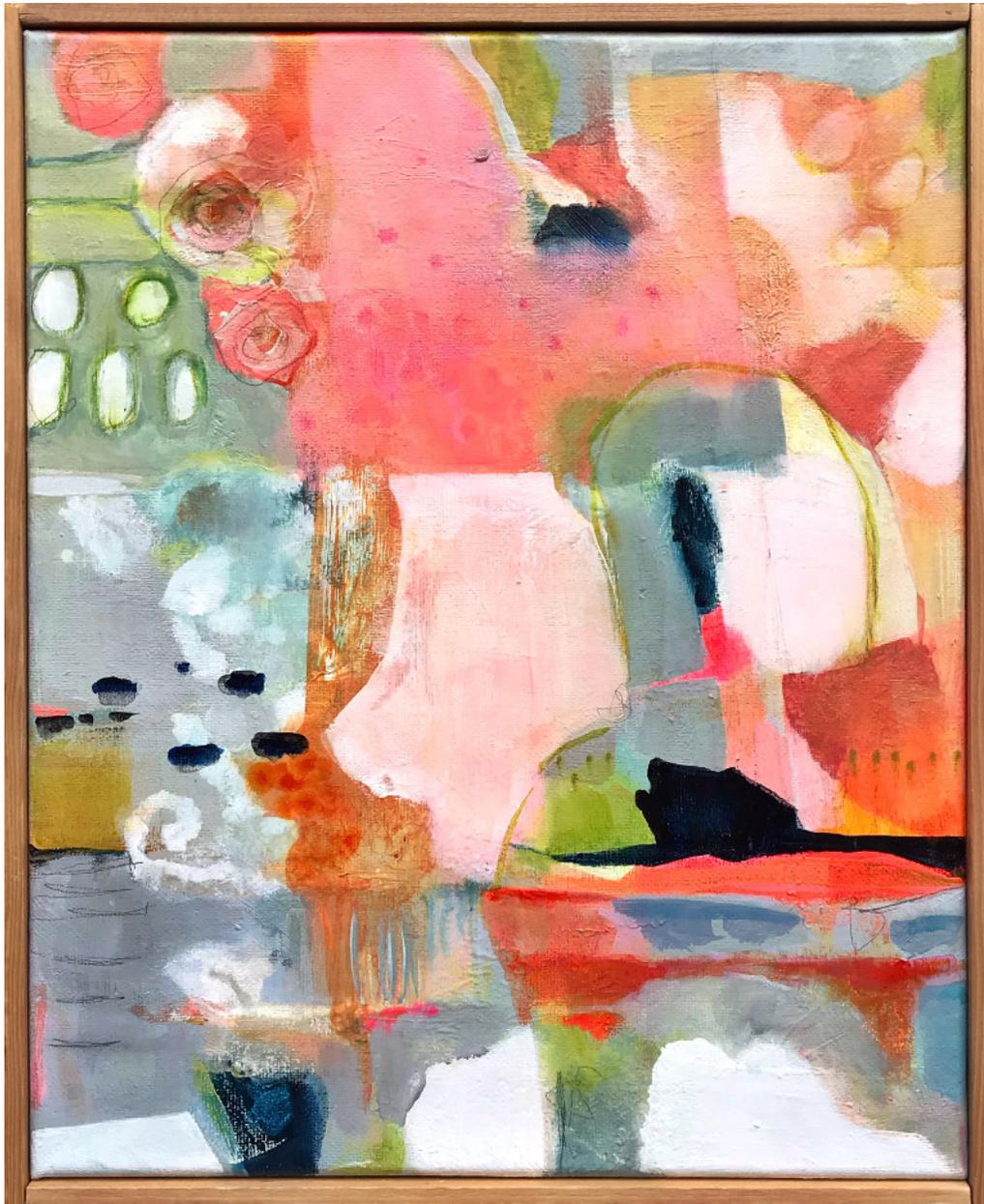
Crossing Paths, mixed media on canvas, Consu Tolosa



Feisty Living, mixed media on canvas, Consu Tolosa



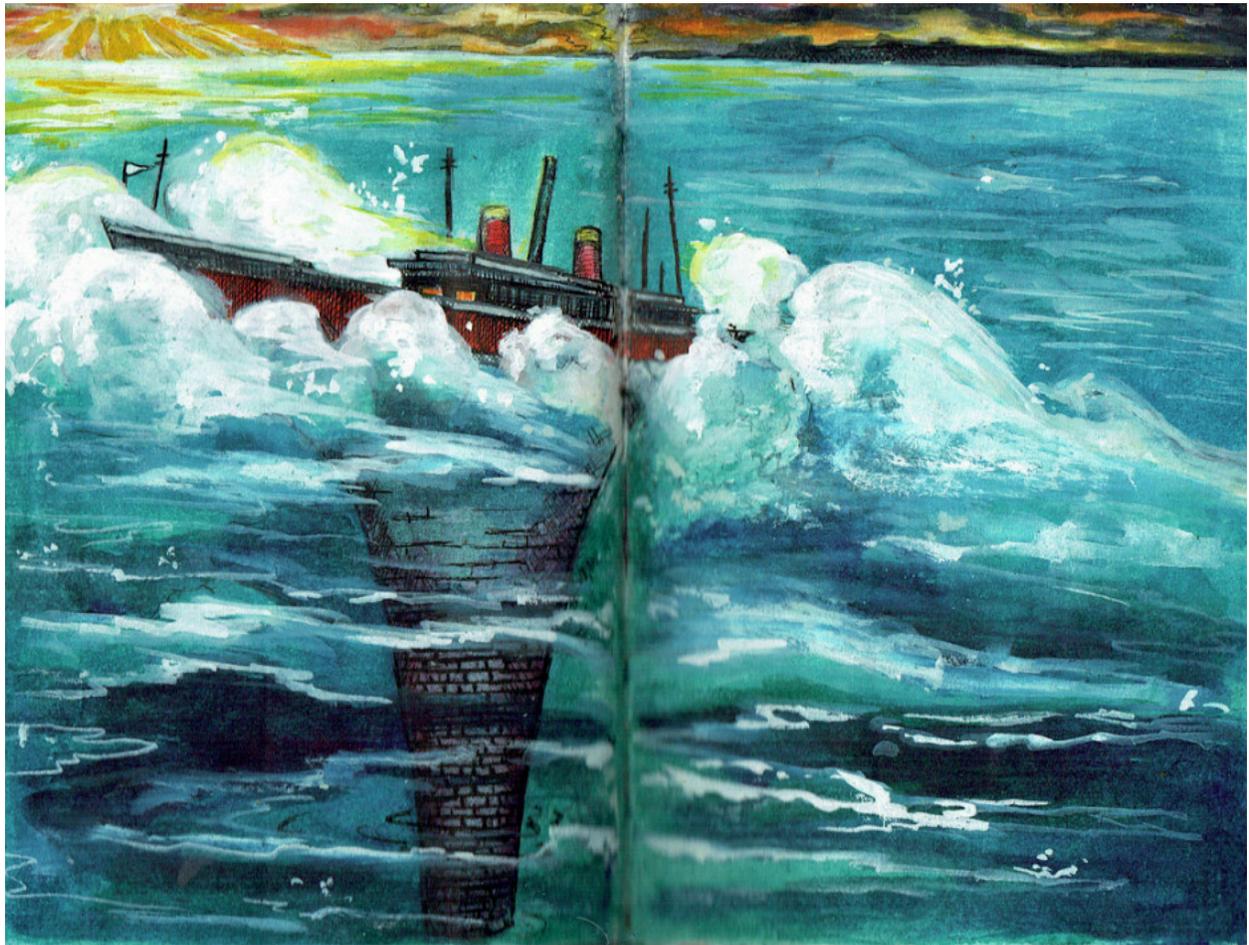
Flow With It, mixed media on canvas, Consu Tolosa



Tiny Wins, mixed media on canvas, Consu Tolosa

Summer 2020

Artist Sketchbook: Emily Lux



Sketchbook pages, Emily Lux

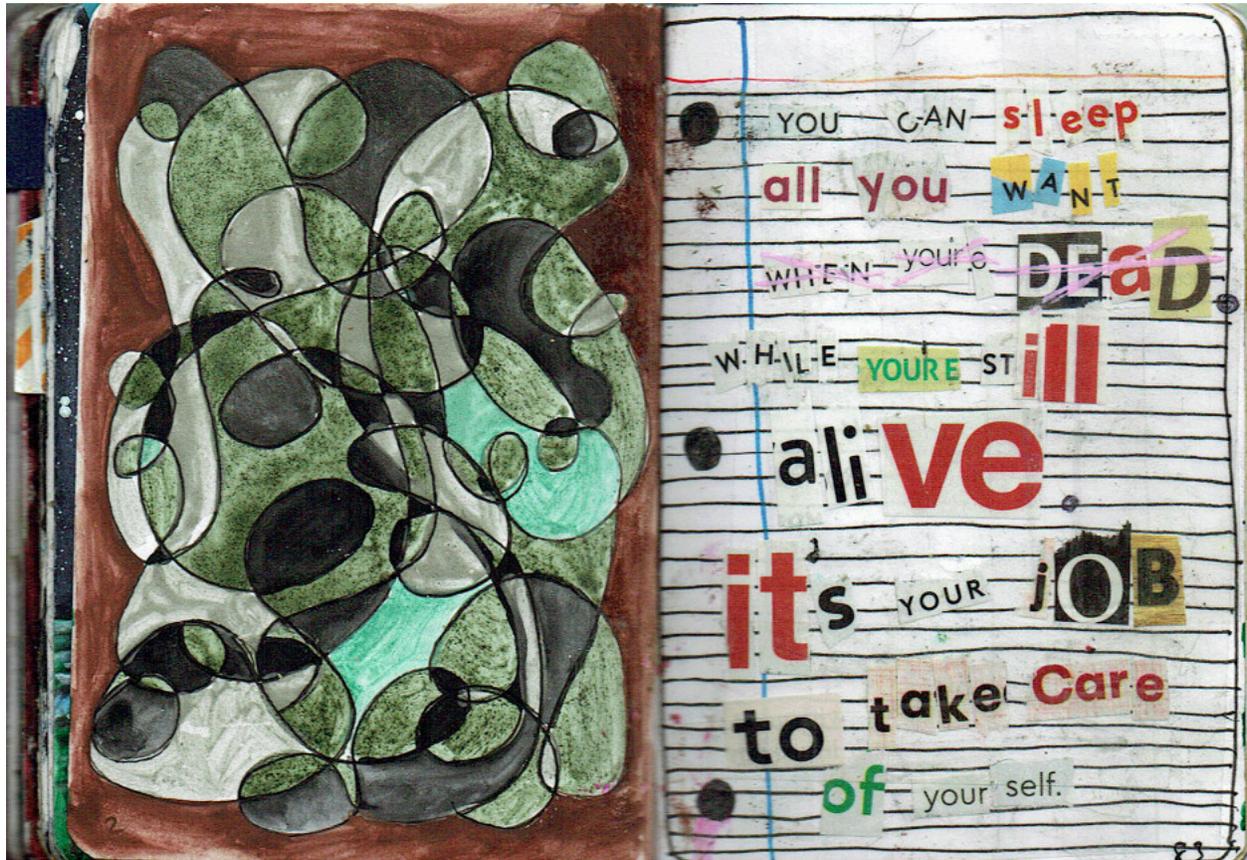
"For the longest time, I had a sizable sketchbook graveyard. I have always gravitated towards large work: life-sized paintings and murals that often require scaffolding to complete. I imagined that my sketchbooks needed to be large too, but this was never a useful tool for me. Three years ago, I purchased an orange, palm-sized sketchbook on a whim and have never looked back. I now regularly fill a book every few months. Something as simple as changing formats

opened up a world of possibilities. I rarely use my sketchbook as a planning tool for future work—each page becomes its own unpolished but completed piece, a visual stream of consciousness that allows me to filter out the ideas that keep swimming and keep me distracted, allowing me to better focus on larger or longer-term work. Once a page is complete, it is rarely recreated on a larger scale."
- Emily Lux



Sketchbook pages, Emily Lux

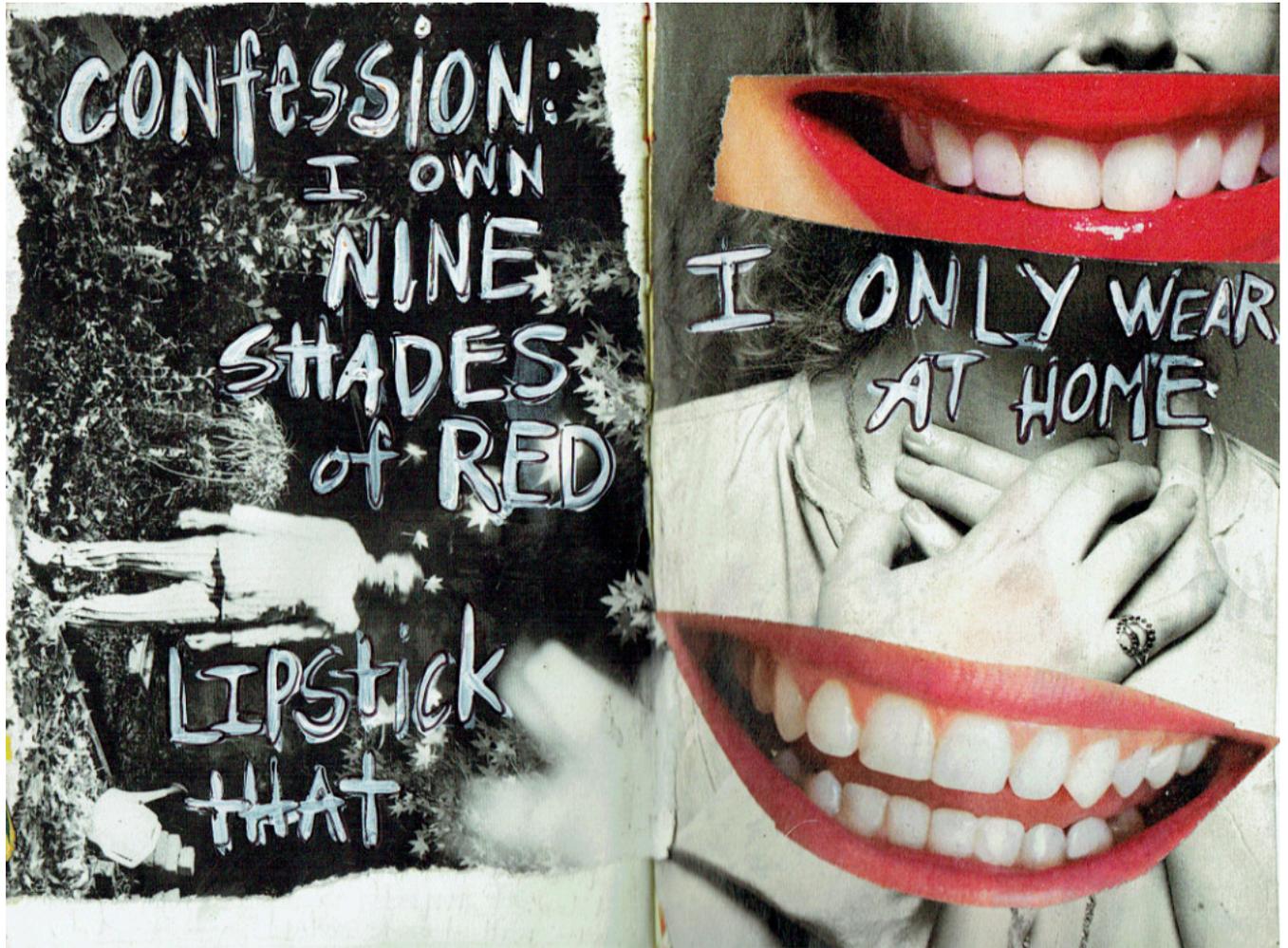
Summer 2020



Sketchbook pages, Emily Lux



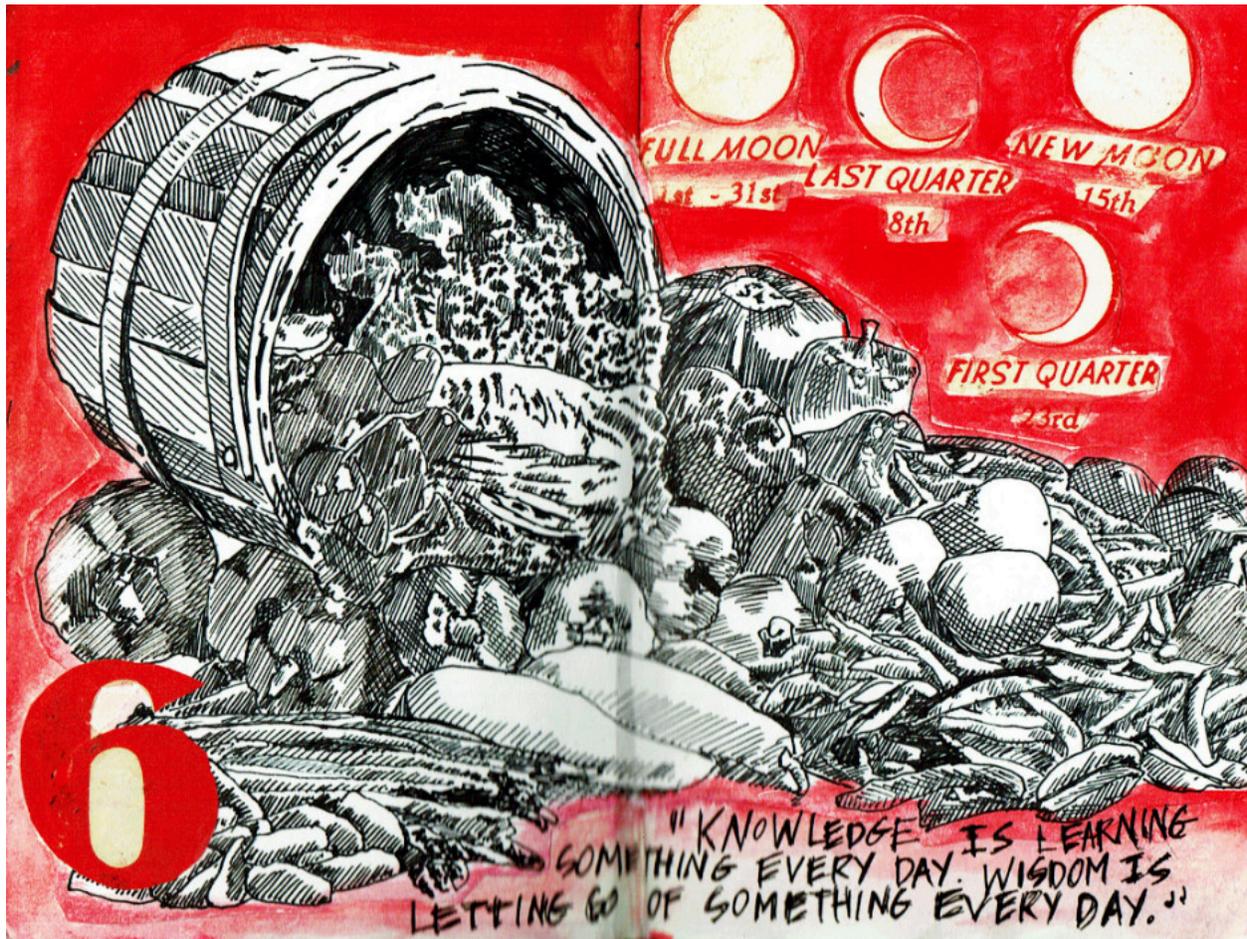
Sketchbook pages, Emily Lux



Sketchbook pages, Emily Lux



Sketchbook pages, Emily Lux



Sketchbook pages, Emily Lux

Coral Black



Freedom, linoleum block print, Coral Black

Summer 2020

"I'm enamored of it—that moment of bliss at the inhale of crisp Pacific Northwest air. I run my fingers over the fern's foliage at my side. It's both pure and nuanced, from scent to sensation, life here. And that freedom and adoration of the natural world is my focus within this collection. I've

used linoleum block relief as my medium to recreate the textural magnitude of this world while distilling the imagery toward the essence of being alive inside this breathtaking—breath-giving—temperate rainforest." - Coral Black



Northwest Roots, linoleum block print, Coral Black



Rain Song, linoleum block print, Coral Black

Summer 2020

Collin McFadyen

On Bedrooms and Boyhood

the room in the new house is wallpapered
checkered flags and
race cars circle the room around and around.
I stand in the middle of the empty room and spin, slowly
and the cars move
the flags snap in the wind
and I want to live in this room
always, just like it is.

like a boy's room.

Farther North

Me on my porch in the sun, banana Popsicle dripping sticky
watching
a long moving truck trying to pull off a U-turn
in the space between our houses,
squared off like prizefighters on
either side of a dusty, pothole filled ring.

In the afternoon
we rode our bikes in silent circles, until we came so
close to each other that one of us had to speak.
And then we were friends.

We lived in the very last two houses in North Portland,
on a long Boulevard that traced miles
along a view-blessed bluff overlooking the Willamette river.
It passed fine houses, a private college,
then ducked under a beautiful Gothic bridge
before slowly whittling itself thin,
finally coasting softly, gravel under tires, to our dead end.

A cyclone fence separated our houses from a field, a factory,
and train tracks that slowly rounded the curve towards the river.
A water tower loomed over us like a human child
looking into a fishbowl.

I looked at you and knew it was time to leave,
so I poked the toes of my dirty shoes through the woven metal,
and pulled myself over the barbed wire and into
all the dangers Mothers imagine.

On Looking Downward

With the exception of lightning storms, shimmering rainbows, and unusually low flying aircraft I rarely turn my eyes heavenward. I gaze at the sidewalk, searching for totems and talismans as I walk. Runaway pieces of daily life become magical as they escape from pockets and purses and notebooks and cars. Wedged into cracks or glued flat against the cement by rainwater, they trigger the part of me that wants to believe in some sort of higher power. It doesn't feel exactly like God, more like playful tricksters dropping windblown clues and advice.

The city's scatterings are charms; the oddly shaped stone slides into my pocket where I decide it's my "lucky rock" and I'm suddenly comforted by the coldness turning warm and solid against my thigh. A single earring is a small whisper, telling me I need to do something sweet for my wife because I've been stressed and distant lately.

The worn scrap of paper covered with a stranger's handwriting is a crumpled fortune just for me, minus the cookie. Once I found an actual Tarot card, face down. When I flipped it over the Queen of Cups looked me straight in the eyes, wordlessly telling me everything was going to be just fine.

Sidewalk omens require interpretation. What does a stray key mean? Security, or imprisonment? Is it heads up or face down that's lucky? The note that said "ALL GIT YOU" in childish printing- a warning? Or a message to keep talking to my teenaged sons because someday they will "get" me?

I never choose doom.

I lost my wedding ring three months after my wife slid it onto my finger. I panicked, rifled through my car, my bag, my pockets. I retraced my steps; gym, post office, the library where I dropped off our ballots. My focus was so intense I began to have visions replaying my morning. I watched myself taking the ring off and sliding it into my wallet at the gym, I followed my ringless fingers pulling bills from my wallet and then tossing it into the glove box of my car. I saw my bare left hand carrying the ballots into the library. I mouthed these steps like a silent Rosary as I searched every sidewalk, gutter and curbside I'd walked over that morning, but it was gone. Just gone.

I wonder if the person who found my ring believes in the power that Godless humans attach to found objects. What history did they imagine when they spotted it in the damp crack between the street and the curb? Maybe they heard echoes of a heated argument and the "ting" as it was tossed from a moving car. When they bent down and picked my ring up, did the cold weight of it drag like a broken and lost relationship? Was it immediately buried in a pocket to keep my sadness from seeping in to their skin? Could my heart, bittered by the loss of my most precious keepsake, pass this sense of devastation on to theirs? A sour little piece of me wished it could.

But once again, I never choose doom.

I need to believe they noticed the ring sitting atop some freshly mown grass, where a flirtatious spark of light caught their eye and turned their head. I imagine them lifting it skyward and looking through it at the Sun, feeling suddenly small and hopeful, like a child about to grow. I feel better when I picture them walking down the sidewalk, holding my ring close in their palm, sure and warm like a lover's hand.

Summer 2020

Alex Chiu



A Place Called Home, Depiction of Norman Sylvester,
mural (Portland Airport),
Alex Chiu (collaboration with Jeremy Nichols)

"My parents are both Chinese immigrants from Hong Kong, and I always felt stuck between two very different worlds—balancing my Chinese identity with my American identity. Lately, I've been trying to reclaim my cultural identity and define my experience as a second generation Asian American. My face will always communicate my Chinese descent, even though I was born in the United States. It is hard not to feel like a foreigner as I go through life.

My art is about redefining what being American means through cultural representation. I want to explore American culture by celebrating its differences. I'm interested in understanding and depicting racial diversity, cultural histories, and different cultural practices in the United States. I would like for people to relinquish their fear of the "other." My art is about breaking barriers."
- Alex Chiu



A Place Called Home, Depiction of Portland's Bounty, Sauvie Island Pumpkin Patch, mural (Portland Airport), Alex Chiu (collaboration with Jeremy Nichols)

Summer 2020



*Our Ocean - Pacific Islander Club Mural, mural
(Roosevelt High School, Portland, Oregon), Alex Chiu*



If I Were to Write a Book, mural
(Davis Elementary School, Gresham, Oregon), Alex Chiu



Legacy Mural, mural (APANO O82 building, Portland, Oregon), Alex Chiu (featuring Mazzy Chiu)

Price Luber

Just Subtitles

Can't believe I'm doing this. *Car tires screeching. Gunshots. The click of handcuffs.* Nope, I'm not police. I'm staying with my old man, who spends all day in his lounge watching cop show reruns. I sit with him, drinking beer. Stupid TV has no sound so we're stuck with subtitles. We read them in a quiet trance. *Suspect in custody. The murder weapon's still missing. What did the coroner say? Hey, did you hear? Captain's wife left him for an accountant.* And I think to myself, funny, my wife left me too. In a dark room with beer and subtitles.

Summer 2020

"My dark and atmospheric photography shows the striking lines, angles and shadows that often escape our everyday notice. Shooting exclusively in black & white, I capture unusual perspectives and light patterns in objects, structures, and the human figure. I work with vintage

Russian & German film cameras as well as selected digital equipment, and never pose my subjects. Apart from minimal adjustments to brightness and composition, my photographs come unedited and straight from the camera."

- Price Luber



My Dead Twin, photograph, Price Luber

Rebecca Harvey

"I am defining the undefined as a sort of all-encompassing project. I am in the Pacific Northwest, the line between sky and water and land blurs and changes throughout the day. Days float by, weather hovering in a

constant 40 degree band. The waning and waxing of the moon becomes the measure of time. Tides shift, wind blows, it rains. I walk the shore, looking for the things that find me."
- Rebecca Harvey



Curl, bull whip Kelp – restraint dried, Rebecca Harvey

Summer 2020



Point, wood, mud, crushed shells, Rebecca Harvey



Above: *Dot dash*, beach mud, crushed shells, Rebecca Harvey
Below: *Drag*, seaweed, restraint dried, balloon, Rebecca Harvey

Summer 2020



Two, collected detritus, Rebecca Harvey

Linda Malnack

Eternity

*from the Mount Wilson Observatory
in Pasadena, California*

Marilyn, my Eternity, my Equation,
I have attempted in black (board) and
white (chalk) to trace your biography
backwards into the unknown integer
for thirst (are lips divisible by this?).

So far, I have discovered my hands
trembling, an equation for the mass
of the Milky Way, that ocean of stars
whose density near our sun is about
50 solar masses per square parsec.

Watch, as subscripts fill my heart
with probabilities, as the density of my
admiration for you becomes divisible
by mass times winged angles forming
their own foregone conclusions.

Summer 2020

I Wear the Uprising of the Extinct Like a Coat

I fasten and unfasten buttons
and their bird-shine, wear
the printed border, its mimicry.

I put a hand in the pocket
and feel the full weight of ages
shift—amber threads, deep
seams, the earth's trapunto.

I reside with the inside
out, its lining of powder down,
toothless jawbone, curved
beak, tibia, femur.

I am the harbinger
of disappearances,
enumerator of the flightless,
the too-slow, too-colorful,
too-loud, too-curious.

I stitch together a pall
for the o'o, the dodo, the moa,
for Spix's macaw.

I hold up my sleeves
like peppered wings or—no,
no! I pull open my wings—
paper sleeves—
and remember air,
lift.

This Poem Has a Deer In It

and a moon and a star stuck in the snow.
It has a valley in it filled with the World's
Pinkest Pink, a powdered paint you add
water to that fluoresces under U/V light.

This poem has the World's Loveliest Blue
in it, bits of Black No. 1 and No. 2,
and clouds painted with a potion called
Saint made from the Saintliness of Saints.

And, as if that isn't enough, this poem
is glazed with the World's Glitteriest Glitter
made from tiny flakes of reflective glass
you can't touch with your bare hands.

Summer 2020

Police Logs of Port Townsend

A found poem

June 24th, 6:45 a.m., police were called to an address near Wilson Street and found a man lying in the sun on the side of the road. He was covered in little purple flower buds from his head to his waist and wearing a towel as a skirt. No crime had been committed.

August 27th, 7:15 a.m., while on foot patrol near the city dock an officer discovered a woman had set up what looked like a bedroom on the dock. She had a bed, a nightstand, and other belongings. The woman told the officer she was just resting. She was told to remove her bedding and clean up the area. She agreed to comply.

November 27th, 8:20 a.m., Port Townsend Police Department received a report about a large buck with Christmas lights in its antlers. The animal was last seen by the caller near the Howard Street roundabout running through a field toward the mill. Officers were unable to locate the deer.

Mark Dunst



Moment by Moment, acrylic on canvas, Mark Dunst

Summer 2020

"My work is a reflection on where art practice overlaps life's experiences. It's about intentionally getting lost, being in uncharted territory, and then trying to find my way back—being open to discovering something new along the way. It's the kind of getting lost where you can't predict the outcome and so you're forced to explore what's in front of you in the present moment—as soon as you

think too far ahead or behind, things start to fall apart. Often the not-knowing is an uncomfortable space to inhabit and I don't always like what I find, but I document the struggle anyway, trying not to hide from it. Reminding myself that the uncertainty and doubt I experience is hinting at the need to keep moving forward."
- Mark Dunst



Paradox of Silence, acrylic on canvas, Mark Dunst



Every Moment Is New, acrylic on canvas, Mark Dunst

Summer 2020



Stranger to Myself, acrylic on canvas, Mark Dunst



Subtle Inquiry, acrylic on canvas, Mark Dunst

Summer 2020

Caitlin Moline



Birds of a Feather, collage, Caitlin Moline

"My practice of collage is a ritual in self-care. My work is created using primarily vintage and antique found images of nature, often incorporating landscapes, animals, insects, and floral imagery. My work pulls heavily

from femmage techniques and concepts and the care needed to carefully cut out, layer, and assemble many delicate pieces. I aim to create soothing, dream-like scenes that evoke emotion." - Caitlin Moline



Hold Your Horses, collage, Caitlin Moline



Flower Bed Head, collage, Caitlin Moline



Hands, collage, Caitlin Moline



Lady Terrarium, collage, Caitlin Moline

Fara Tucker

lingering

my nostrils burn from the stench
of body shame.

my God--
what on Earth is that smell?

I was sure we deep cleaned this place,
but something is definitely rotting in there;

on days I don't notice the smell,
I get confused and hopeful;

but, it's not that the rot is gone--
it's that the room is also
sometimes filled with flowers.

Summer 2020

dutiful

as women we're trained to hold
our children, our lovers,
our tongues and our breath;

for speaking the words
that are rotting our teeth
might one day (or perhaps already has)
cost us our jobs, our relationships
or our safety.

so we inhale inhale inhale,
but the exhale never comes;
not fully anyway;
not in a way that satisfies.

the inhale isn't full either,
come to think of it;
for a proper inhale expands the belly,
takes up more space
and is unseemly and unsightly.

I was a full grown woman before I realized
I was walking around holding in my belly
all of the time;

even in the shower
alone and witness-less,
but nevertheless,
dutifully ashamed
and committed to shrinking.

unedited

after endless considerations
and calculations, My Voice
is so diluted that sometimes

I can barely find any evidence
I still exist.

after years of editing righteous rage
down to carefully constructed
and constructive feedback,

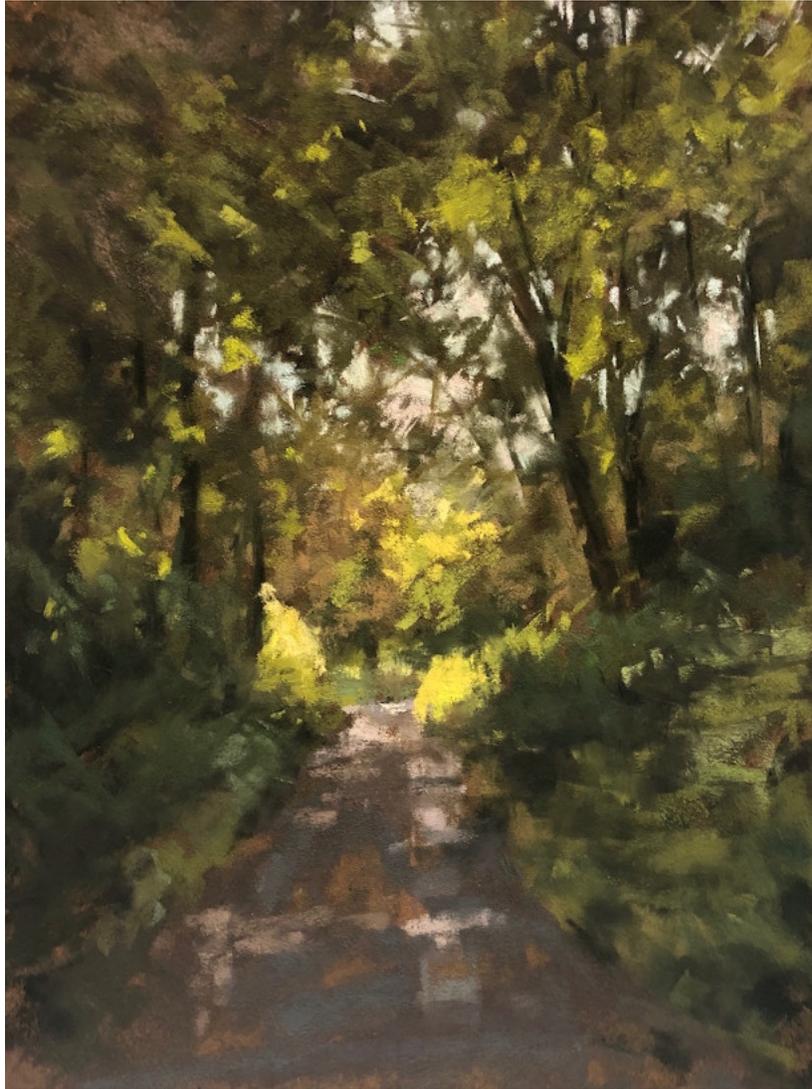
wordsmithing witchy wisdom
into only what is suitable
for a corporate email
or a Hallmark card;

no wonder I roar sometimes.
no wonder my mouth becomes
a bull horn, or a blow torch.

I am so very tired
of being careful.

Summer 2020

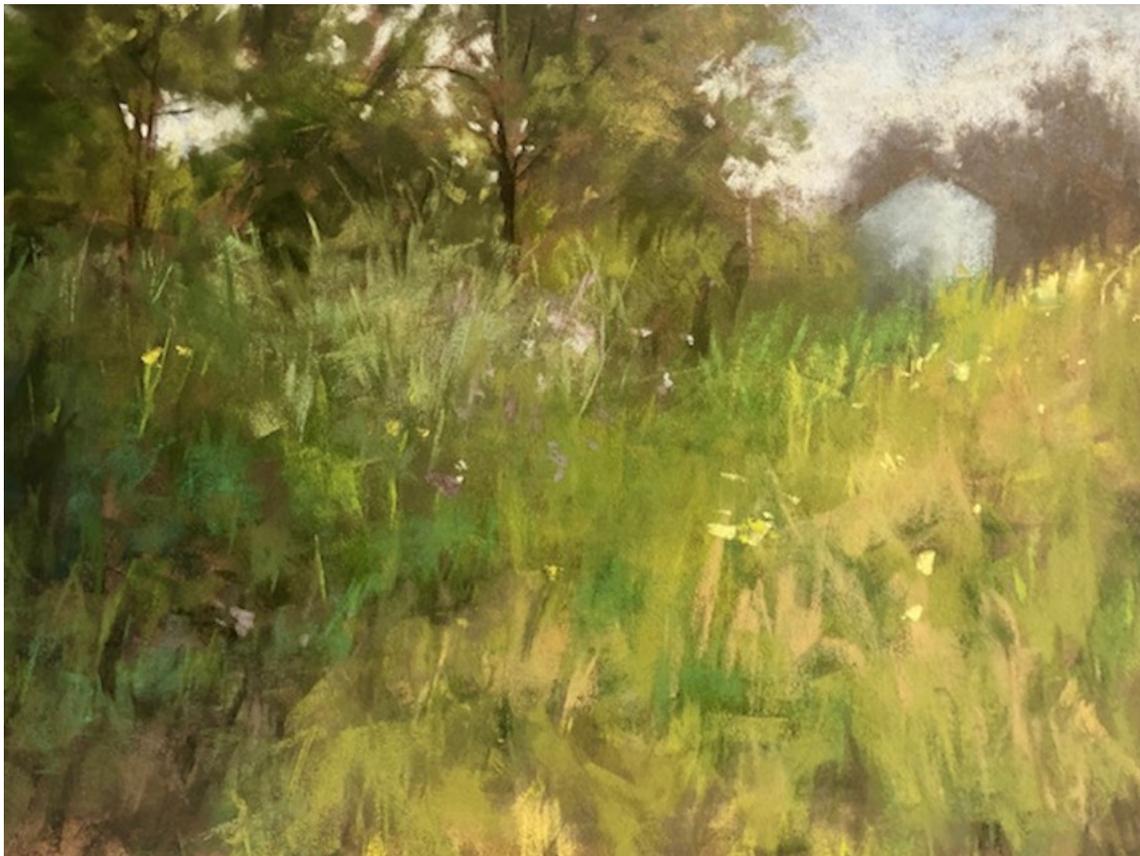
Kim Eshelman



Around the Bend, pastel, Kim Eshelman

"Painting is a meditation that allows me to focus and become still, leaving the world outside and entering a place where I can fully express myself. Translating the beauty of nature around me into paintings has been incredibly healing for me. I believe the subjective lens through which we all view the world is a common thread between us. We have different stories but they're all human stories

intertwined with love, loss, pain, and joy. As with everyone, my experiences have shaped my reality both figuratively and visually. Painting has become the intimate bridge between my inner life and the outside world. What began as an intense desire to express myself has evolved into an aspiration to evoke emotions and a feeling of human connection in others." - Kim Eshelman

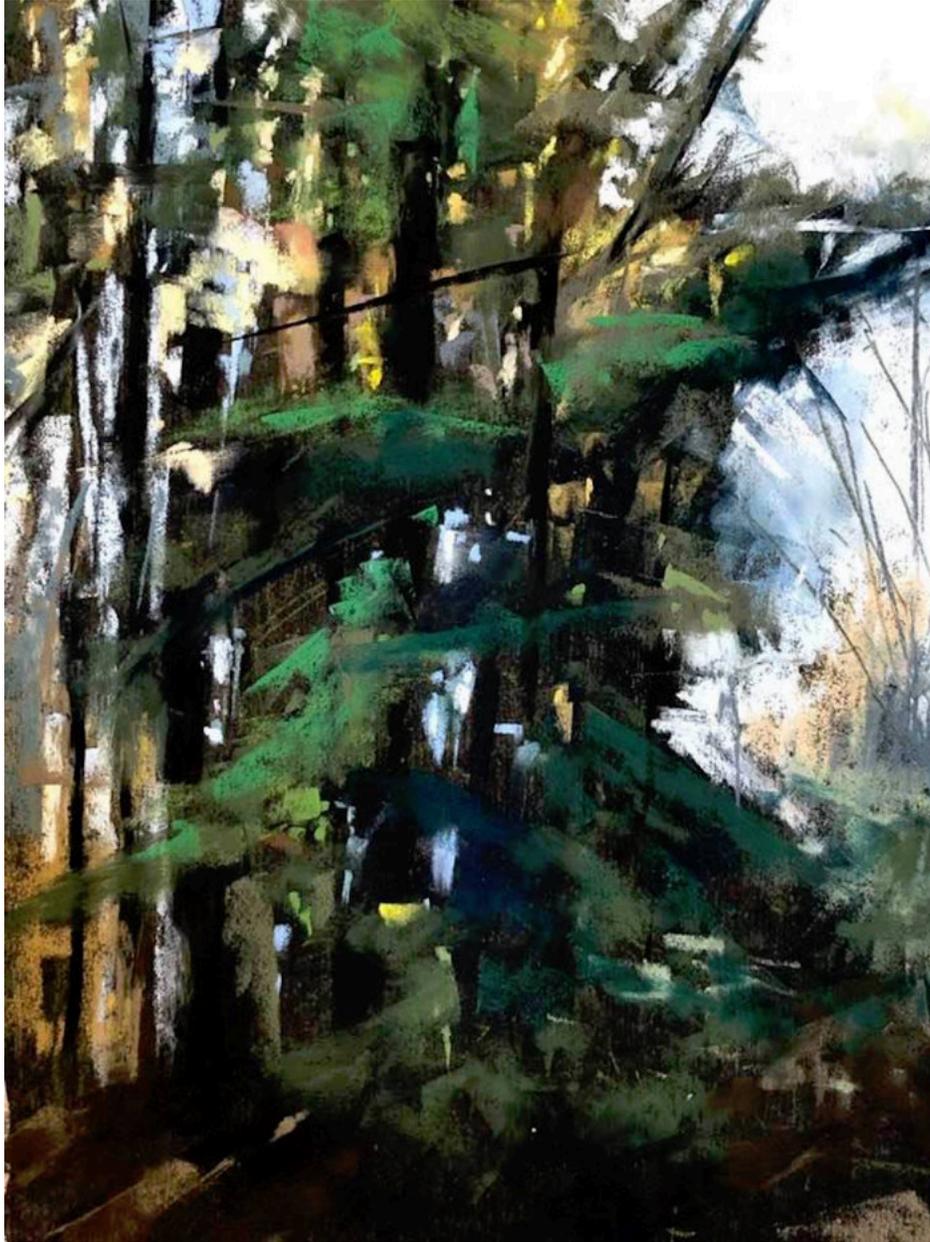


Approaching Quail Run, pastel, Kim Eshelman

Summer 2020

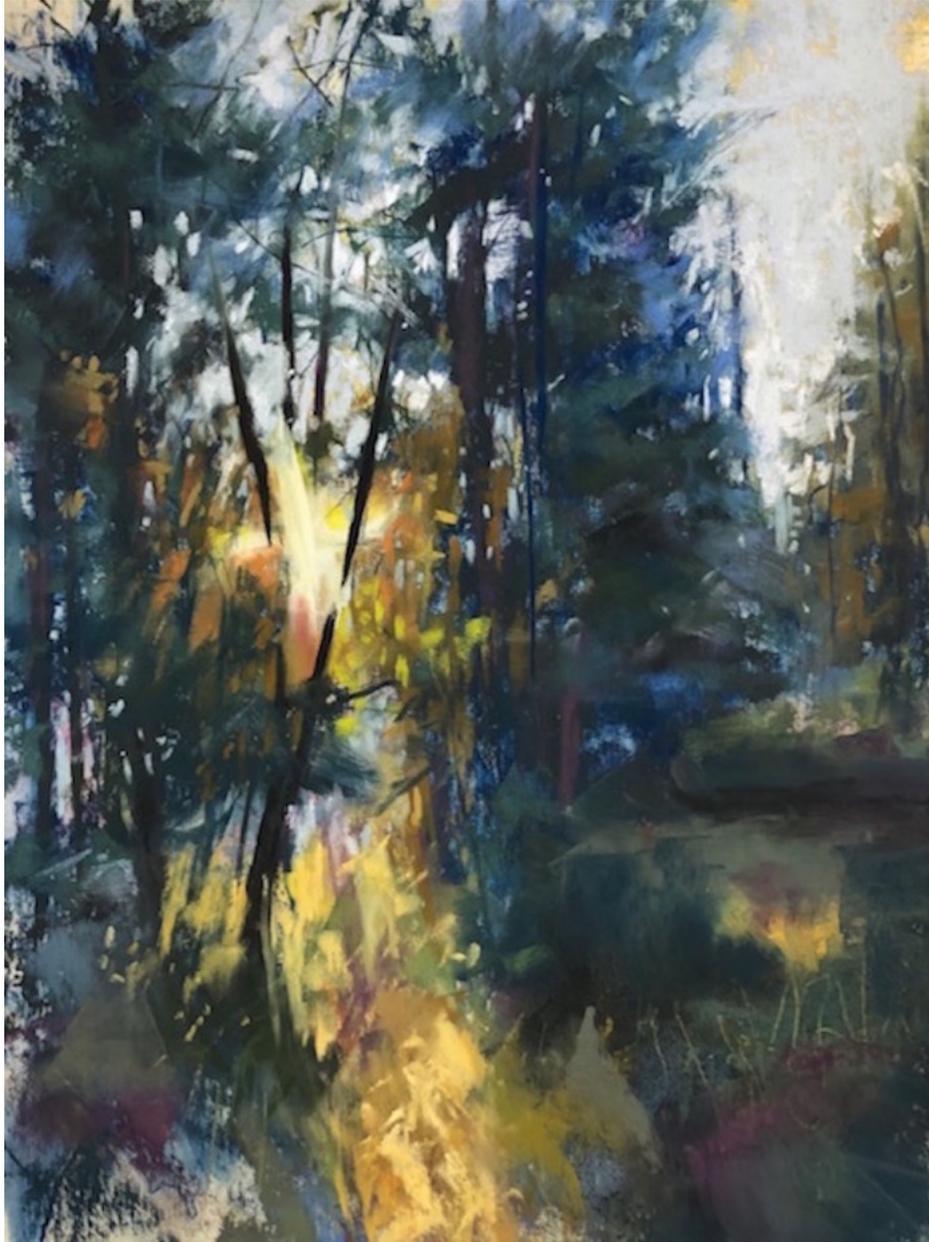


Before the Mow, pastel, Kim Eshelman



Portrait of a Tree, pastel, Kim Eshelman

Summer 2020



Last Light, pastel, Kim Eshelman

In the Studio: Karl Kaiser

Can you describe your space?

My primary studio space is the full basement of our home and is 1,000 square feet. It has a separate

entrance so it's well positioned for clients and visitors. I recently built a free-standing 8'x8' studio in our backyard.



Summer 2020

How long have you been making art there?

We moved to our current home in 2006 and I began creating my studio space in the basement right away.

Do you have a studio pet or mascot?

Right after we moved into our home, we adopted a rescued rabbit. Willie the black rabbit lived free range in my studio for 13 happy years. He passed away peacefully in 2019 lying in my wife's arms in the studio. My studio is named after him. The 'Black Rabbit Studio'. Six years ago we adopted a dog named Charlie. He is particularly fond of my outdoor studio and has claimed it for himself. Often in the morning, I will find Charlie outside on the porch of the studio staring at the door waiting for me to open it for him.



What's your favorite thing about your studio space?

I love the spaciousness of it and that is also particularly desirable when guests come for my open studios. I have an area of gallery space, plus the entire work space and guests can wander through it all as I talk about and demonstrate my work. The studio also has an area of seating with bookshelves full of my favorite art books. I sit there often reading and learning about other artists and art techniques. When I started my acrylic series, I decided I wanted a new space for that work, something 'above ground'. That's when I built my outdoor art studio. I love the natural light it provides for my acrylic work and I often use that space for my drawing practice.

Anything on your wish list?

As much as I enjoy the space I have in the basement studio, I really would love to have a fully above ground studio some day. My wife has listened to my dreamings of this for years and hopefully someday it will become a reality.

Do you have a routine when you get into the studio?

With encaustic, the griddles that hold the paint have to warm up, so I turn on the fan and the griddles. Then I turn on music and enjoy a cup of coffee. If I'm not going to paint on a particular day, I start my day with





coffee and music in my outdoor studio, where I will work on my drawing.

What do you listen to while you're working?

I enter into the day slowly with the local classical station and at some

point during the morning, I turn to the local jazz station. While I work, I often listen to podcasts or audio books.

What's coming up for you?

I am just finishing up a large commission piece that will make it's home on the Oregon Coast. Then I

will start preparing for Portland Open Studios. Because of the pandemic, this year the event will be held virtually. That will bring a very different kind of preparation, but it

will be a good challenge. It's forcing a new way of thinking about how to reach my audience, which I think will be positive in the long run.



Summer 2020





Stratum 199, encaustic, Karl Kaiser

Contributors

Coral Black received her BA from Western Washington University in fine arts and interdisciplinary studies. She specializes in figurative and landscape oils, photography, and block printing, all with an emphasis on texture. When she's not in her studio, Black is—who is she kidding, she's always in her studio. Black lives with her family in the Pacific Northwest where she operates an illustration and design business.

<http://www.coralsuecreative.com>

Chuck E. Bloom received degrees in Painting and Psychology from Mount Union University in Alliance, Ohio and attended the MFA program at Kent State University. He has been an active member and volunteer with Urban Art Network (Pearl District Street Art Gallery) since moving to Portland, Oregon in 2002. The Rental/Sales Gallery at the Portland Museum of Art has carried his work continuously from 2008. Prior to moving to Portland, Oregon he was a founding member of the Wild Banana Art Collective in Maui, Hawai'i. He was also a member of the Artist's Way Co-op in Peninsula, Ohio.

<http://www.chuckebloom.com>

Alex Chiu is a Chinese-American painter and muralist currently living in Portland, OR. His current art practice is an exploration of family, cultural representation, breaking social barriers, and reframing American culture. Over the past few years, he has worked with schools, businesses, and community organizations in public mural projects. His art practice involves directly engaging with community members in conceptualizing and executing these murals.

<http://http://www.alex doodles.com/>

Stacey Dressen McQueen's career as a picture book illustrator launched in 2003 with *Boxes For Katje*, written by Candace Fleming, which *Publisher's Weekly* named a Best Children's Book of the Year and praised as an outstanding debut. Stacey has since gone on to illustrate six more picture books and contribute to various publications. Stacey grew up on a farm in South Dakota and now lives with her family in Portland, Oregon.

<https://www.dressenmcqueen.com/>

Mark Dunst earned his BFA in Painting from the University of Colorado, Boulder, and immediately pursued a career in the graphic design industry spanning three decades. Now as a full-time artist Mark spends his time staring at the canvas instead of a laptop screen. His non-objective, abstract paintings utilize simple, dynamic compositions where varied layers of sweeping lines, spirited shapes and humble colors build a rich conversation of marks. His color palette is sophisticated and uncomplicated; his brush strokes are hurried and raw. Serendipity is sought and mistakes are not hidden, rather they help reveal a path forward.

<http://www.markdunst.com>

Valerie Egan is a writer and visual artist from Portland, Oregon. She is entirely self-taught, because Oregon's 1990 Ballot Measure 5 eliminated all arts electives in her public school district. However, she persisted - earning her MA in Non-profits Arts Administration from the University of Oregon, and awaiting publication of her first chapbook *A History of Running* from Dancing Girl Press. She can be found on Instagram at @wolfhearthoney or at her website at

<http://eganvalerie.wixsite.com/portfolio>

Kim Eshelman is a self-taught artist that has been painting in a variety of mediums and styles for over 25 years. She's exhibited in many public and private venues, and her work is on permanent display at Seattle University. Kim served on the City of Renton Art Commission and has conducted workshops in pastel and acrylic. Her style ranges from larger than life abstract paintings to impressionistic landscapes to finely detailed portraits and still life. Kim lives in the woods of Washington state with her husband along with countless wildlife that call their property home.

<http://www.kimeshelman.com>

Rhienna Renèe Guedry (she/her) is a Louisiana-born weirdo who found her way to the Pacific Northwest, perhaps solely to get use of her vintage outerwear collection. A Jill of All Trades, she enjoys time spent writing, making art, riding her bicycle, and curating the best Halloween parties this side of the Mason-Dixon. Her work has appeared in Portland Monthly, Bitch Magazine, Scalawag Magazine, Empty Mirror, and elsewhere on the internet.

<http://www.rhienna.com>

Rebecca Harvey was born in Columbus, Ohio. She received her MFA from Cranbrook Academy of Art in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan and her BFA from the University of the Arts in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Numerous awards include several Ohio Arts Council Individual Artist Awards, Greater Columbus Arts Council Award and International residencies in countries from Sweden to China, Canada to Italy and Iceland to Germany. She regularly writes about the intertwined histories of the decorative arts, and articles featuring her work have appeared in Studio Potter and American Craft. She lives on Lopez Island, WA.

Karl Kaiser is a self taught artist living and working in Portland, Or. He is inspired by his surroundings and walks every day to photograph nature. These walks are an important part of his creative process and where most of his ideas begin to take form. Trees, textures, reflections in water, sunrise, sunset, flower petals, dew drops; these all influence his work. His primary medium is encaustic because of the unique depth and texture it brings to his creations. He manipulates the wax through scraping, using impressions and smoothing techniques to evoke the natural world he finds through his camera lens.

<http://www.karlwkaiser.com>

Price Luber inhabits a tree-covered sylvan apartment visited daily by militant squirrels. A lifelong performing musician in California, France and Oregon, he recently took up photography and has been fortunate to see his work on display in a variety of Portland-area shows and galleries. Writing in two languages, Price relishes the symphonic richness of words. He is a former professional trainer and speaker but now owns just a single necktie. Most people find him easygoing; his grandchildren find him funny.

www.tinyurl.com/pricepdx

Emily Lux is a multimedia art activist and educator focusing on the power of community building through art and personal expression. Her focus is to spread the idea that art belongs everywhere, in multiple forms, and should be accessible to everyone. Emily has participated in shows both locally and internationally, provides collaborative venues for local artists to display their work, and serves on the Forest Grove Public Arts Commission. Emily's current primary artforms are community-based public murals, children's book illustration, and sketchbook work.

<https://www.instagram.com/emilylux/>

Linda Malnack's poetry appears in or is forthcoming from *Blackbird*, *The Fairy Tale Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, and *Willow Springs*, among others. She has been nominated twice for the Pushcart Prize and her chapbook, *21 Boxes*, was published by dancing girl press in 2016. Linda is a long-time Co-editor for the on-line poetry journal, *Switched-on Gutenberg*, and an Assistant Poetry Editor for *Crab Creek Review*.

Anne Mavor is an artist and writer based in Portland, Oregon. Her work combines storytelling, research, performance, and visual imagery to explore personal and social content. Originally from Massachusetts, in 1976 she moved to Los Angeles to join the Feminist Studio Workshop at The Woman's Building. Anne's book *Strong Hearts, Inspired Minds: 21 Artists who are Mothers tell their Stories* was published in 1996. The touring installation *I Am My White Ancestors: Claiming the Legacy of Oppression* premiered in 2016. She has a BA in art from Kirkland College and an MFA in creative writing from Antioch University, Los Angeles.

<http://www.annemavor.com>

Collin McFadyen lives and works in their hometown of Portland. A self-taught writer, they aren't loyal to any particular genre, but allow it to emerge from the emotions and setting of the story as they write it. Strongly connected to Portland past and present, the Rose City winds through much of their work. They write in the languages of childhood, Queerness, gentrification, racism, gender, resistance, survival, and love. Currently, they are working on a memoir of their life as a 1980's street kid.

Caitin Moline is a collage artist living in Portland, Oregon. Graduating with a degree in Art Teaching, Caitlin has had the opportunity to teach a wide variety of art mediums and age groups in schools, non-profit art organizations, and senior centers since 2012. Having practiced various art mediums her entire life, Caitlin began collage in the summer of 2018 as a practice in self-care and is interested in the therapeutic benefits of collage, as well as its endless possibilities for self-expression and exploration. Her work is inspired by nature, vintage imagery, and the beautiful chimeric qualities inherent to analogue collage.

<http://www.instagram.com/mood.beam.collage/>

Heather Rattray is a queer photographer born in Vancouver, British Columbia. She is currently living and working in Vancouver, and recently graduated with a Bachelor of Fine Arts from Ryerson University School of Image Arts. Her work is primarily lens-based, and her art involves themes of identity, childhood, self-exploration and introspection. She was awarded Ryerson University Library's First Edition Photobook Book Award in 2018 for her work entitled *Unremarkable*, and won an Honourable Mention for the Burtynsky Grant in 2019. She has been involved in numerous group exhibitions and held her first solo exhibition, *The Virginity Project*, in 2017.

<http://www.heatherrattray.com>

Anna Sparks uses her passion for connecting with others and visual storytelling to create compelling images through both analog and digital methods. She intuitively captures the lines, light, shapes, and forms within a space in order to document the inevitable changes of one's environment or society at large.

<http://www.asparkart.com>

St Celfer (John Parker), initially self-taught, made art objects while training as an athlete for the Olympics. Afterwards, while a coach, he studied painting at University of Washington, then University of Pennsylvania. He moved to Brooklyn, showing installations where he applied painting's ideas of plasticity to detritus gleaned from his neighborhood. He added sound and took part in the 00's New York scene writing, producing, and performing dozens of albums to compliment his visual work. He extended his work to the digital realm @eyekhan.com by creating images based on failing digital processes.

<http://www.stcelfer.com>

Sara Swink's love of clay began at age 8 with the encouragement of a neighboring potter. In high school, ceramics class was a favorite. She returned to ceramics twenty years later, taking classes at Palo Alto Art Center, followed by numerous workshops with her mentor, Coeleen Kiebert, who fused artmaking and ceramics with the psychology of the creative individual. She was invited to teach Kiebert's approach, while also pursuing an academic art education at Bay Area universities. She began teaching workshops in 2000, and in 2006 moved to the Portland area, where she established Clay Circle Studio. She shows her work in U.S. galleries and in 2013 was featured on OPB's "Oregon Art Beat".

<http://www.saraswink.com>

Consu Tolosa is a painter and illustrator originally from Montevideo, Uruguay. She moved to the Pacific Northwest in 1997, fell in love with the rain, and has called Portland, OR "home" ever since. Consu focuses her art practice on following the creative process itself and delights in experimentation and discovery. Her body of work is bold, dynamic, and playful, and includes large, colorful abstracts as well as little beings she calls Personitas. Consu holds a Master's degree in art therapy and believes that exercising creativity is a courageous act of self-care and an essential part of a healthy life.

<http://www.consutolosa.com>

Shannon Tracy is an artist originally from Anchorage Alaska who now lives in Portland Oregon. Growing up in Alaska has shown her not only the beauty in nature but the vastness as well as how much is still unknown. Her work explores and is a reflection of her curiosity in herself and her surroundings as well as its effect on us as humans and how we effect it. She recently graduated Summa Cum Laude from Portland State University with a Bachelors of Science in Art Practices and a minor in Music History. Her work can be seen around Portland Oregon.

<http://www.shannontracyart.com>

Fara Tucker is a writer, teacher, storyteller, and photographer. Her poems "two poems written about and from within the liminal space" were featured on The Tenderness Project and can be found in Train River Publishing's spring anthology. Her poetry will be included in Train River Publishing's forthcoming COVID-19-themed anthology. She's cultivated a sweet community on Instagram where she shares poetry and prose, and gratuitous cat photos. Originally from Brooklyn, NY, she's called Portland, Oregon home for the past twenty years. In her photography and writing, she loves to reveal beauty that's complicated, unexpected, or hidden in plain sight.

<https://www.faratuckerlcswh.com/reflections>

