

Fall 2020

Subjectiv.

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A Journal of Visual and Literary Arts

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Layout: C.W. Griffen

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Cover art: *Cattails*, oil on canvas, Michael Orwick

Editor's Note

"Is not this a true autumn day? Just the still melancholy that I love—that makes life and nature harmonize." – George Eliot

It's incredible that we're already wrapping up our third issue and 2020 is finally drawing to a close. I don't even know what to say about this year. How can time simultaneously fly by and also feel like it's standing still? No matter how the weeks lag as we put our normal lives on hold, nothing can stop the seasons from changing. Fall arrives and brings the promise of rest and quiet. For me, autumn always feels like a season of reflection. I hope you can find a few moments of peace browsing through these pages, and enjoy a break from the tumult of the world.

As always, many thanks to all of you who continue to support the journal by contributing, reading, and sharing.

Riis Griffen
October 2020

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An Interview with Michael Orwick

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

I was lucky to grow up surrounded by beautiful creeks and an evergreen wilderness, a supportive school environment, and within a family that loved to travel, encouraged curiosity and taught me to follow my heart. My heart has always told me to create.

How would you describe your style?

My style combines tonalism and luminism. My brushwork leans toward impressionistic brushwork, yet my art retains a sense of representational realism. I love capturing the fleeting, ethereal moments created in nature through light and atmosphere.

What can you tell us about your process?

I love sketching, and some of my paintings do start as sketches. Many of my newer paintings tend to a looser and more spontaneous aspect. I love to see how things develop while being open to experimentation and improvisation. It is like having an ongoing conversation with the paint



and canvas. I work on many many paintings at a time, which may be just a way of saying I have lots of unfinished paintings waiting for their turn back on the easel.

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

Music, if it is needed, can help set the tone for certain pieces, but I'm rarely not in a creative mindset. There is no

creative block in my studio. If I show up to my studio and start working, something is going to happen... good or bad, painting is going to occur. I treat it like a real job, showing up 8-5, inspiration be damned. As Pablo Picasso said, "Inspiration exists, but it has to find you working."



Interlude,
oil painting, Michael Orwick

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

I try to simplify the image and focus on the main story and plot. In many ways, a painting is like writing a poem, where less is more. If something is not helping the painting, it is likely hurting it. When in doubt, take it out is an old adage that I stick to.

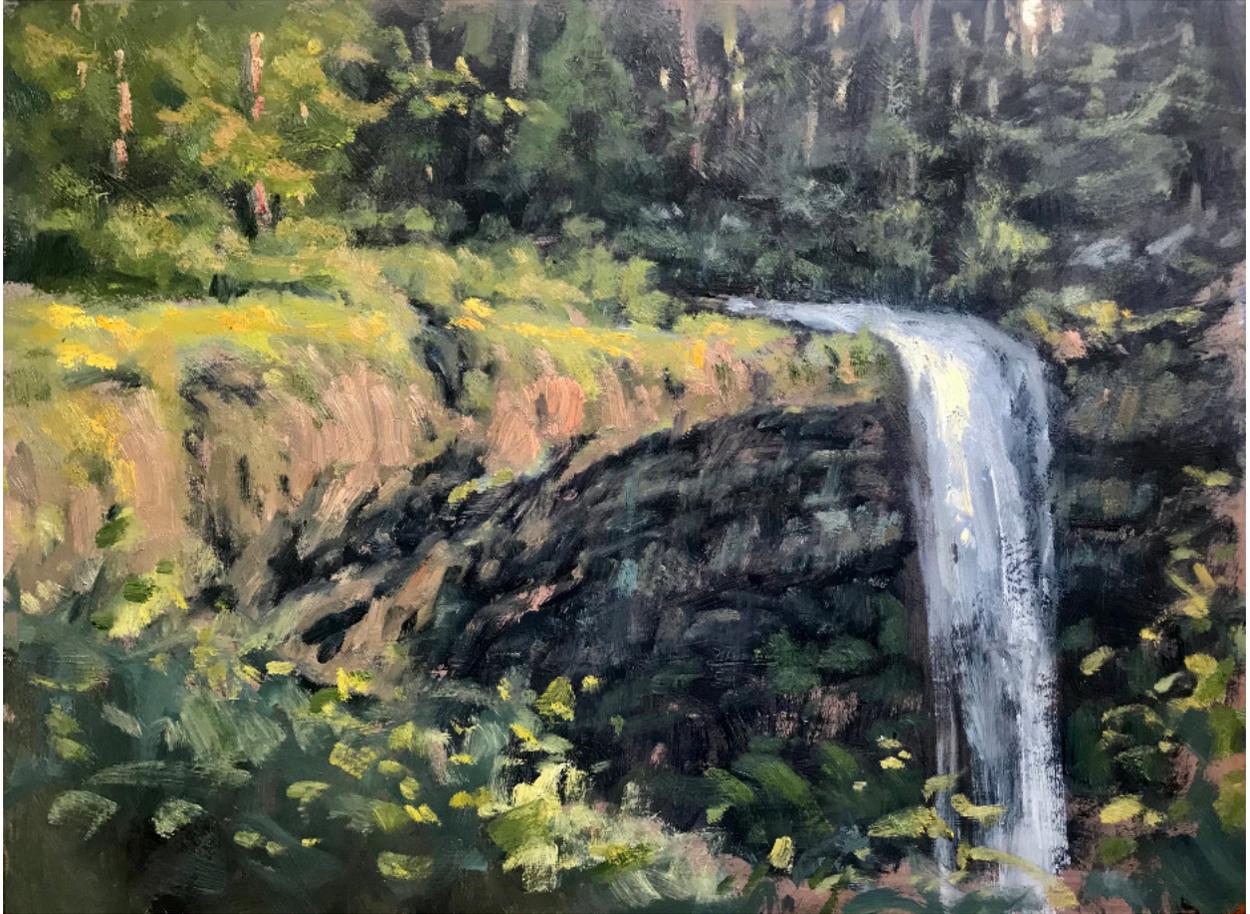
Do you ever feel blocked or bored? How do you move forward when you get stuck?

I'm so thankful that the fates conspired and I was blessed to be surrounded by so many people that support what I do that I cannot let up. They deserve my hard work and focus and knowing that people are watching and that they are a part of my artistic journey keeps me painting. Sometimes, when I don't know how best to move forward on a painting, I just look around the room and ask the unfinished works -which one of you wants to play?

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

I watch too much TV; I love good movies and television. The hard part is I often don't know if I'm wasting my time on crappy shows and films until it is too late.

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Silver Falls, oil on canvas, Michael Orwick

You and your family spent a year traveling the world. How did that experience affect your art?

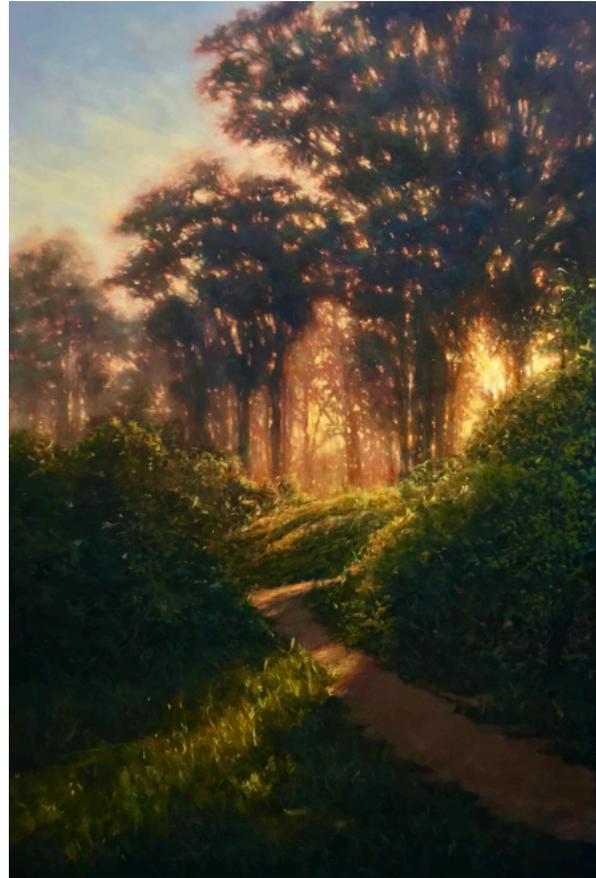
It reinforced my love for what I like painting, and just how beautiful this part of the world is. The world is big and filled with amazing places and people. I love to travel and look forward to much more of it, but I am blessed to call the Pacific Northwest home.

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

I'm reading about being a better Stoic, and frequently pick up books by Ryan Holiday. Reading often enlightens me with insights into how to deal with the drama and tragedies of 2020 in a more constructive and meaningful way.

What would you like to be your creative legacy?

I would like to be remembered as someone that people liked to be around, who made them feel better about themselves and their situations and was kind to children and animals. I hope people might look back on my life and say, Michael was a fella who was quick with both a laugh and a joke, and who saw the humorous side to life. Maybe I'll even be remembered as someone who cleaned up after



Golden Gate,
oil on canvas, Michael Orwick

himself and left things just a little better than he found them. If my art has any sort of legacy, I hope it serves to remind people that nature is magical, and we can all look a little deeper, appreciate it a little more, and be rewarded for doing so.

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Vineyards Rest, oil on canvas, Michael Orwick



Storm Tide,
oil on canvas, Michael Orwick

What artist (either living or dead) would you love to observe at work or paint beside?

Leonardo da Vinci! Wouldn't it be wildly inspirational to get a glimpse of that enormous fountain of thought and creativity? How did that brain work? I'd love to be invited into the studio of Monet, just to watch him apply his thick beautiful brushstrokes, and into the studio of Van Gogh, so I could give him a hug.

Is there a form of art-making you've always wanted to try?

In another life, I would like to work with Pixar or be a part of making films.

What's next for you?

I'm working on three large paintings for the new tasting room at Alloro Vineyard here in Oregon which should be open by the end of this year. I would love to do more large scale work.

Thank you, Michael, for telling us about your process!

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Glimmering Lake of Light, oil on canvas, Michael Orwick

Margaret Koger

The Field Hungers

I roll acres and acres of green
I breathe for passionate seeds
their slow push fertile rhymes
inviting the souls of hawks
the kill-kill cry of killdeer
wing stuttered the fox yapping.

If seasons were kingdoms I'd marry
airy maids breezing long and low
whispering over furrows stroking
bearded green shoots carrying
in slink along row after row.
I am the field hungry to give.
I roll beneath the sky's giddy blue

frosts of thickening rime
clings of snowflakes thaws
droplets I drink from sprinklers.
My fellow fox and hawk feasting
lives of tooth and talon. I am the field
I hunger for the braille of clean air

sun ripened slow summers
my green flourish thickening
for harvest for you to gather.

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Ghost of a Robin

Let's call her Lucy—

On the skinniest branch
of a paper birch
(where slender limbs spear the sky)
a robin was

On the same day leaf buds
pulled back into their bracts
having tasted acid air
retreating from hard knocks
coming on from a diamond-glint summer

Only now suffering what past what future
will be will be

As if by plan the ghost of yesterday's robin
lingers (on the skinniest branch)
toes clamped

I weave a needle into the gauze of day
and pluck it out again

Don't you see? she said.
We all come from where
clouds dimple the sky.

Winter and Me

Water Serpents (women) flow in sensuous waves
on Klimt's flower-speckled mosaic with tiny fish
static in curious separation from his naked sprites
—elemental.

I walk to the Nature Center a frigid December day
my jeans and sweater stuffed in a down shell
thermal shields geared up blocking wind's bluster
—composite.

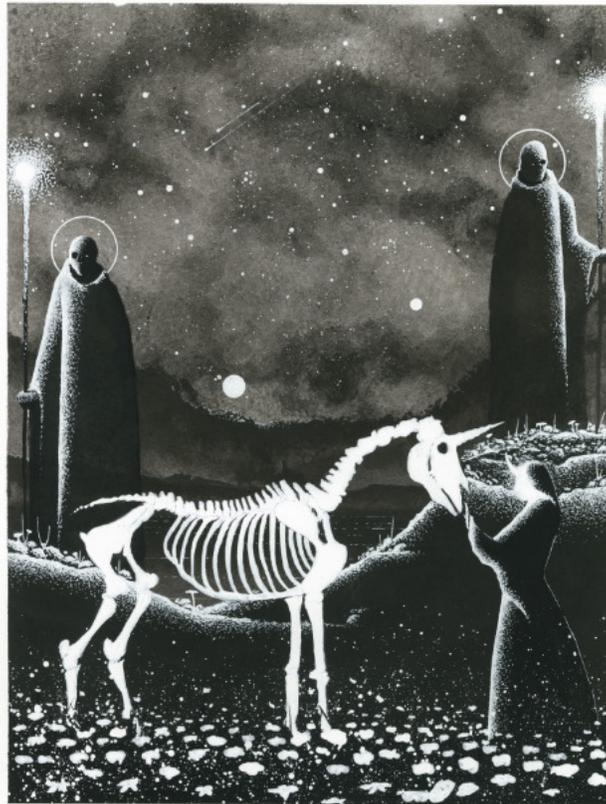
Released from self I'd shed my warmer wishes
swim with sturgeon sturdy in exoskeleton plaits
mud-kissed and cool impervious to time's lash
—naiad.

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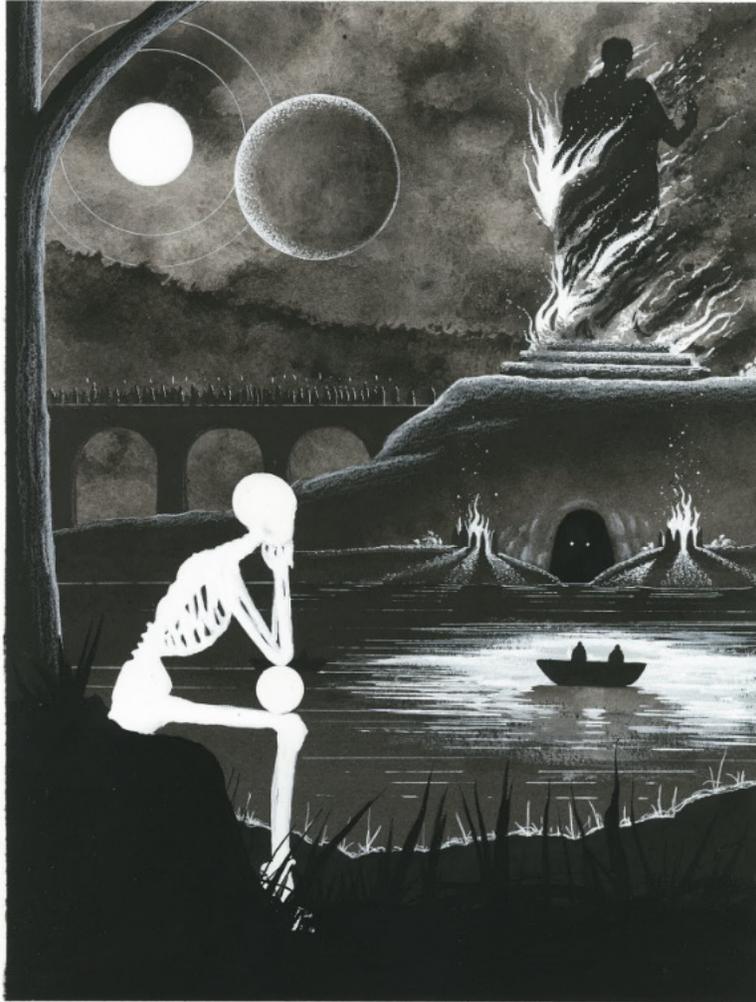
McMonster

"This newer work is a commentary of everything that has been happening this year. Without going into too much detail because I prefer the

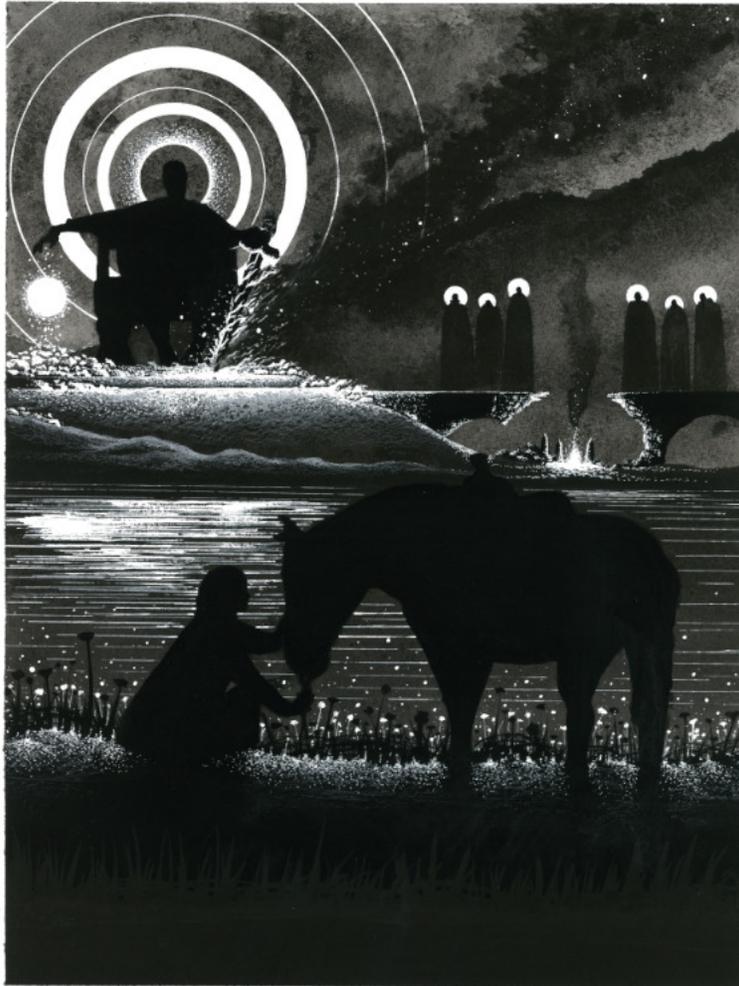
viewer to not be persuaded by a specific narrative. I will say that these are the most 'political' pieces I have done to date." - McMonster



Looking the Other Way, ink and water, McMonster



Take Care, ink and water, McMonster



Sword of Fire, ink and water, McMonster



Faith, Hope and Charity, ink and water, McMonster

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Lady Justice, ink and water, McMonster



Midsommar, ink and water, McMonster

Drie Chapek

"In this body of work I stepped back in my abstracting process and I am allowing the viewer to use the images as a map to their own exploration of connecting and relating the images. For this series I have chosen to develop a common visual language of the natural world, architecture and pop imagery to explore the human condition. I'm sharing what I am looking at in hopes that the viewer might explore their own relationships to these images as well as the relationships of the images themselves. In this time of reflection and thought I find that spaces to do so may provide powerful awareness of our own thoughts. Thick, raw and intentionally composed marks build upon thin layers of wash to provide depth of texture and application of paint as a sensual experience. This visual field creates a conscious space for the viewer to travel within the architectural construct of the image. Whereas the textural field of the image viewed closely provides a sensual experience in the present moment." - Drie Chapek



It's Quiet, oil on canvas, Drie Chapek



All the Ways, oil on canvas, Drie Chapek

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Churning Decadence, oil on canvas, Drie Chapek



Inside Out, oil on canvas, Drie Chapek

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Austin Turley

"For the series Heat Signature, I developed a strategy of transforming mottled glass into topographical line representations. This collected language of images is then physically worked to investigate themes of

repetition, transition and disruption. My aim is to create presence within the overlooked and challenge how we view, experience, and navigate our surroundings." - Austin Turley



Heat Signature #6, etched glass, acrylic, screws, Austin Turley



Heat Signature #4, etched glass, acrylic, screws, Austin Turley

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Heat Signature #7, etched glass, acrylic, screws, Austin Turley

Emily McKay

Backtrack

strawberries roll
across the kitchen floor
she has heard this bounce before
could be her ears or lips or hands or knees
could be a street or a bed or a wall or a door

bruises lift like mountains on a treasure map
leading to Night, to the night before -
a skipping stone stitching the moon
from lip-to-lipsticked rim,
its trail diving, dissolving
in the arms of bubbles
in the effervescence
of a lost string
of pearls

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Yin-Yang

The perfect dot of island on the lake
and its single peridot apple tree
were too idyllic not to swim to.
The further I went,
the further it was
but I was already halfway -
so what was I to do
when the giant snapper
I hadn't believed in
raised its thorny nostrils up out of the water
and turned

Here's to Them

my heart is burning like trees
the alder is bending like children are pulling its leaves
only every other leaf
here's to hoping

the fox sees her whiskers beginning to curl
but surely the heat will pull back to inhale
this is nothing to her, just whiskers, curling, just whiskers
here's to hoping

fur is crisping deep in the burrow
and the roots of Spring cringe brown
only every other burrow
only every other Spring
here's to hoping

the deer are scanning for the source of the roar:
the thicket is not, nor the treetops
the meadow is not, nor the muddy pond
but the valley, in the valley,
the deer are scanning the valley,
flash after flash, chimneys stand tall
while houses go up in smoke
Every tree is burning.
Every tree is burning.

Uyen-thi Nguyen

"What does it feel like? In my best days, I remember to ask this question and listen for an answer. All things alive feel. This is my work. To look, to love, to learn what it is to see with eyes unburdened by preconceptions. To find the relationships that are interlaced between within around us

each. Sometimes the exploration reveals dark places, sometimes I simply bask in the ten thousand pretty things. I paint to express the inner world within exterior avatars, our human condition, the beauty and life around me." - Uyen-thi Nguyen



Abandoning Vanity, oil on canvas, Uyen-thi Nguyen



The Truth About Adults, oil on canvas, Uyen-thi Nguyen

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Self-Portrait, oil on canvas, Uyen-thi Nguyen



Breakfast, oil on canvas, Uyen-thi Nguyen

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Salt, oil on canvas, Uyen-thi Nguyen

Yukio Kevin Iraha

"This series is about fragments of time and chronological events that have been enlarged and have become

a symbol. It's an attempt to capture in abstract the moment of a flowing river." - Yukio Kevin Iraha



River (Current 11), acrylic, charcoal, pastel, graphite on Paper,
Yukio Kevin Iraha



River (Debris 4), acrylic, charcoal, pastel, graphite on Paper,
Yukio Kevin Iraha



River (Current 5), acrylic, charcoal, pastel, graphite on Paper,
Yukio Kevin Iraha

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épaves

"Usually my Goliath would be different from your Goliath. Whatever that looming and oppressive thing may be. In some way we are all Davids, underdogs in one way or another

dealing with a crushing obstacle that preoccupies our thoughts. This year we share a common Goliath that has brought the globe to its knees in the form of a virus." - épaves



Davis, aerosol on canvas, épaves

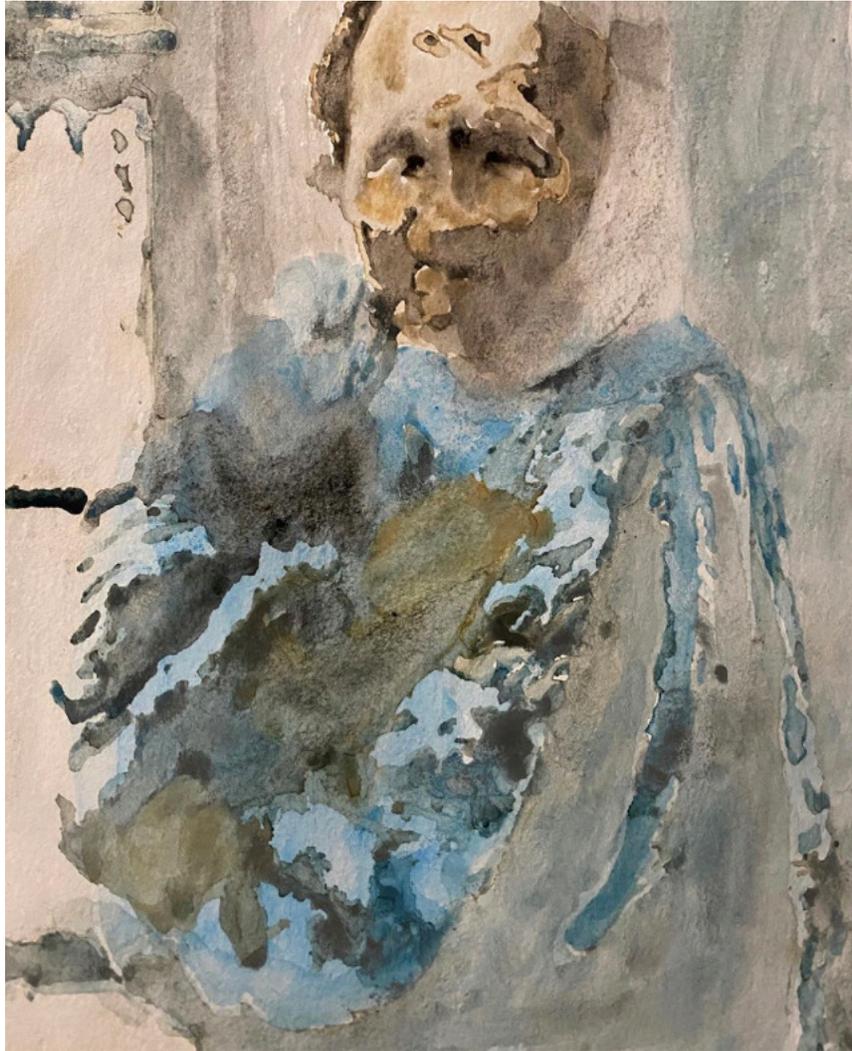
"A commentary on the 2020 wildfires in the Pacific Northwest."



A World Lit Only by Fire, watercolor and ink on paper, épaves

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"An homage to Klimt."



The Artist and His Cat, watercolor on paper, épaves

In Depth: Shu-Ju Wang

"I am interested in the profound or catastrophic transformations of our lives, both as personal narratives and as shared experiences. Making art has given me the opportunity to think deeply about how these experiences shape our individual and collective lives and futures.

Water, as a material, is an interesting metaphor for transformation as it moves quickly from solid to liquid to gas. It is, of course, essential for life.

So I find myself making art involving water in one way or another, ranging from personal stories, to science, to history, and to climate change. The two most recent bodies of work are at two ends of the spectrum from personal to public.

Swimming Suits Made of Inappropriate Materials is a reinterpretation of how I came to be fearful of water. I grew up with the story of my father's near drowning, but he vowed that his children would know how to swim. There was a creek by our village, and my father took it upon himself to "teach" me there. But my homemade swimming suit of corduroy was heavy in the water and,



Swimming Suit Made of Inappropriate Materials #1,
paper, gouache, linen thread,
wood, glass, metal,
Shu-Ju Wang

as a skinny four-year-old, I had trouble floating. On land, the corduroy held water like a balloon, making it difficult to balance on the rocky riverbank. And then there were the poisonous water snakes...I remain, to this day, unable to float or swim.

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Swimming Suit Made of Inappropriate Materials #3, paper, gouache, acrylic, linen thread, glass, wood, metal, Shu-Ju Wang

I made a series of swimming suits out of paper pulp. The wet pulp was formed around a child-sized mannequin; once dried, they were torn, painted, and remade to



River Inside, laminated glass, paper, beach glass, corduroy, epoxy, acrylic, thread, wax (glass torso by Stephen Adams),
Shu-Ju Wang

resemble something wholly inappropriate—a paper wasp nest as a child's swimming suit, or a monarch butterfly wintering tree trunk as a child's swimming suit.

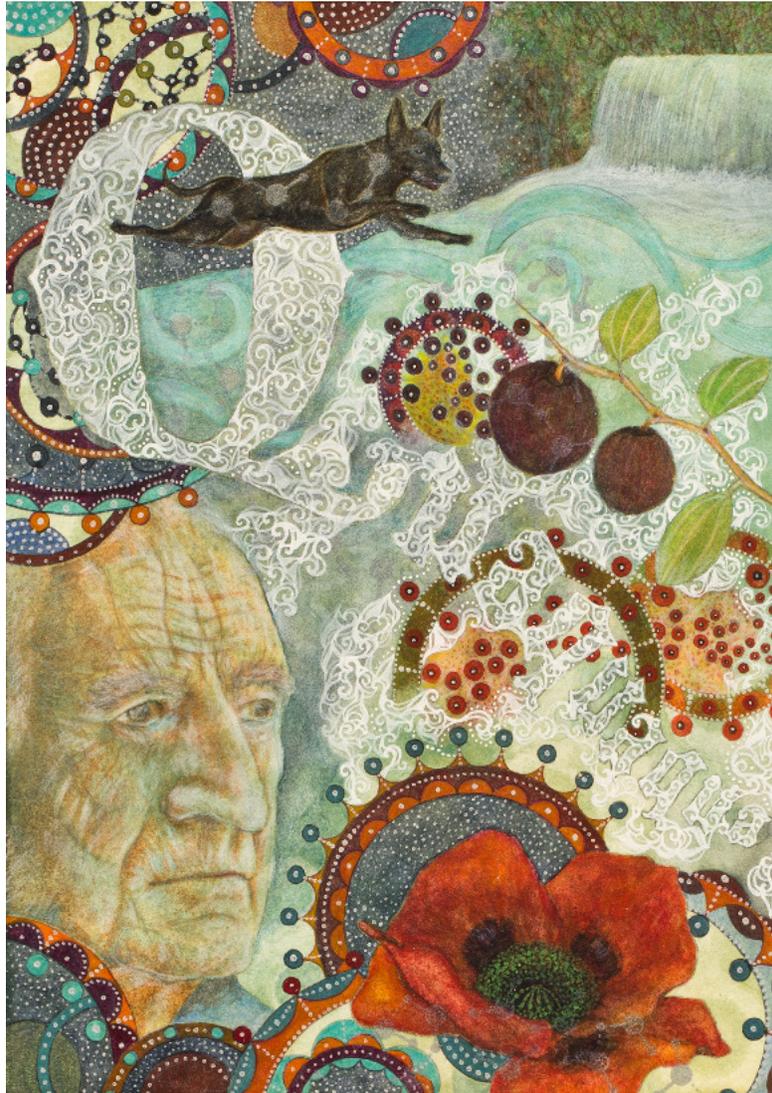
The Future Dictionary of Water is a community project of invented words about water as we face our climate crisis, and I illustrated them. All together, 27 words were created. There were optimistic, pessimistic, magical words; words for new objects or ideas; words of regrets, and words of promise. Our collective fears and hopes for our future were encapsulated in these words. And our personal experiences are evident in these words, too, in the inclusion of different languages and cultural concepts.

The Dictionary took several years to complete. I exhibited the paintings as I completed them and that, in turn, encouraged more submissions. As time went by, people responded by creating more complex words and definitions. The early words tended to describe futuristic objects or methods, while later words tended towards sensations or philosophies. So the project was steering the community to think about water and the climate crisis in different ways as well.

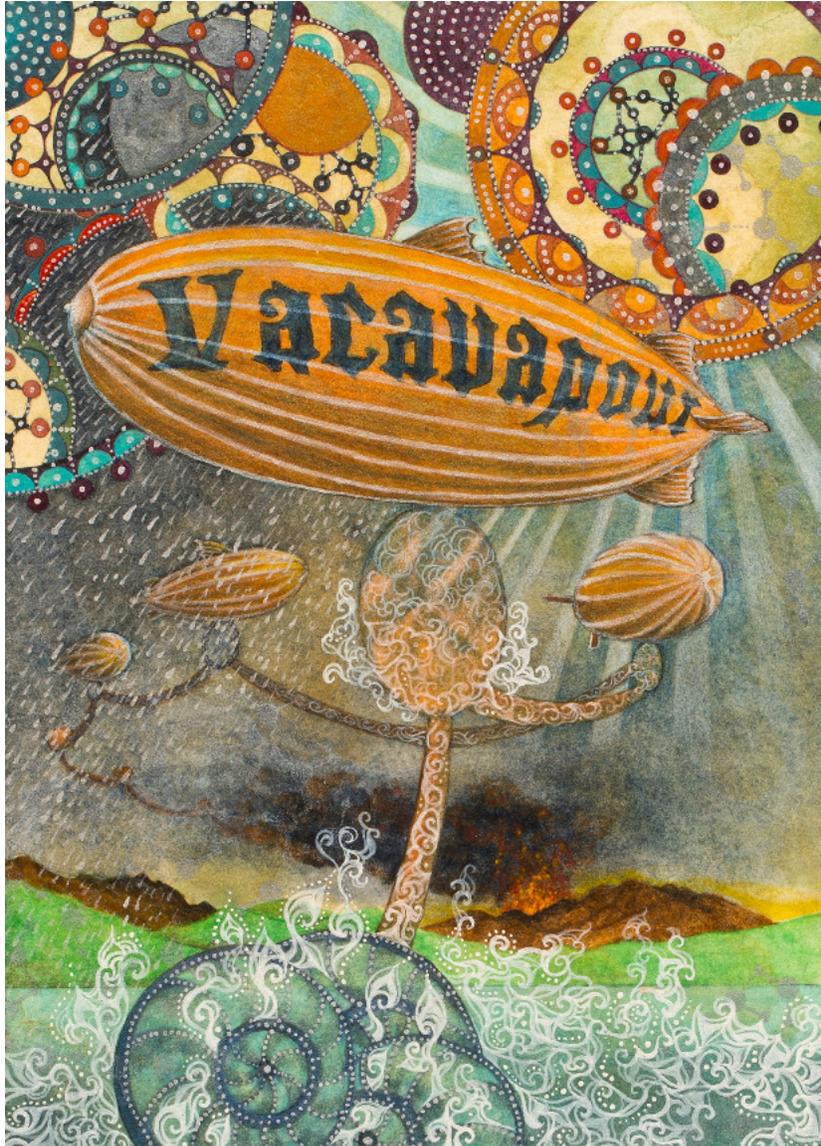
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I continue to think and make work about water. I am collaborating with a scientist for a book project about watershed restoration. It will be part

of a body of work about *Home Ecology*, with both the personal and planetary definition of the word 'home.'" - Shu-Ju Wang



Quaquaqu, gouache, color pencils, cold wax on paper mounted on board, Shu-Ju Wang



Vacavapour, gouache, color pencils, cold wax on paper
mounted on board, Shu-Ju Wang

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Xahuzzante, gouache, color pencils, cold wax on paper
mounted on board, Shu-Ju Wang

B. Murray

"The drawings are a response to reflection on self-perception, depictions of reality, symbolism, and the thoughts and emotions kept inside. These works are from three separate projects. 'Sound and Sea', 'Forest' and 'Mountain' are part of a series on my relationship with the natural elements of my home, while "Sisters" is part of a larger project on lineage, and the way relationships are passed down in the women that came before me. "Whale" is about my reflection on the loss of identity after moving away from the area that I am from." - B. Murray



Sound and Sea, graphite and black sanguine, B. Murray

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Forest, graphite and black sanguine, B. Murray



Mountain, graphite and black sanguine, B. Murray

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Whale, graphite and ink, B. Murray



Sisters, graphite and ink, B. Murray

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Anna Weltner

The Eight-Sided Die

The eight-sided die was large and heavy enough to crush anyone in its path. Anyone who questioned this need only be reminded of the First Uprising. It took as many men to roll it as it had sides. The first number that came up was three: Secretary. This was seen as inauspicious, and everyone booed. But Ralph took his number, as he did everything, in stride. He walked over to the number three and accepted his title. There would always be next year. The enormous die was rolled again, sending a hideous thud throughout the entire fortress as it landed. When the dust cleared, two identical rows of four dots could be seen facing up. Greg knew what that meant: Head of State. He gave an enormous whoop and did an electric slide across the marble. It was going to be an excellent year for Greg.

Heide Davis

"As our world interacts increasingly online, we make the choice to isolate ourselves and choose our groups according to our beliefs. This year has brought this isolation to new levels and made us confront the choices we

have made. My nude abstractions in oil examine our collective isolation and how our perceptions of reality have become fragmented."
- Heide Davis



Glow of Solitude, oil and cold wax on board, Heide Davis

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Spent Too Much on Flowers, oil on canvas, Heide Davis



Last Days of Summer, oil and cold wax on board, Heide Davis

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What Would You Do With Me (If You Had Me),
oil and cold wax on board, Heide Davis



Souvenirs of a Former Life, oil on canvas, Heide Davis

Judith Rayl

"In my semi-abstract photography I explore the tender beauty found at the intersection of nature and the human-made. I seek luminous moments of presence and balance. I am inspired by emotive, intimate, naturally abstract images of harmony and reconciliation. I believe in the healing power of nature; my art is a statement of sensitivity to our environmental crisis. At the confluence of ecology and urban life lies a vivid still-point of connection and possibility. By creatively envisioning this balance, I seek a renewed sense of abundance. My raw, single-capture photography uses no double images, layering, nor retouching. I embrace the impermanence and clarity of each moment. My fresh visual perspectives explore natural refractions and reflections in a new viewpoint on photography. My art presents stories of healing at the convergence of nature and the human-made, and shares evanescent moments of connection and beauty." - Judith Rayl

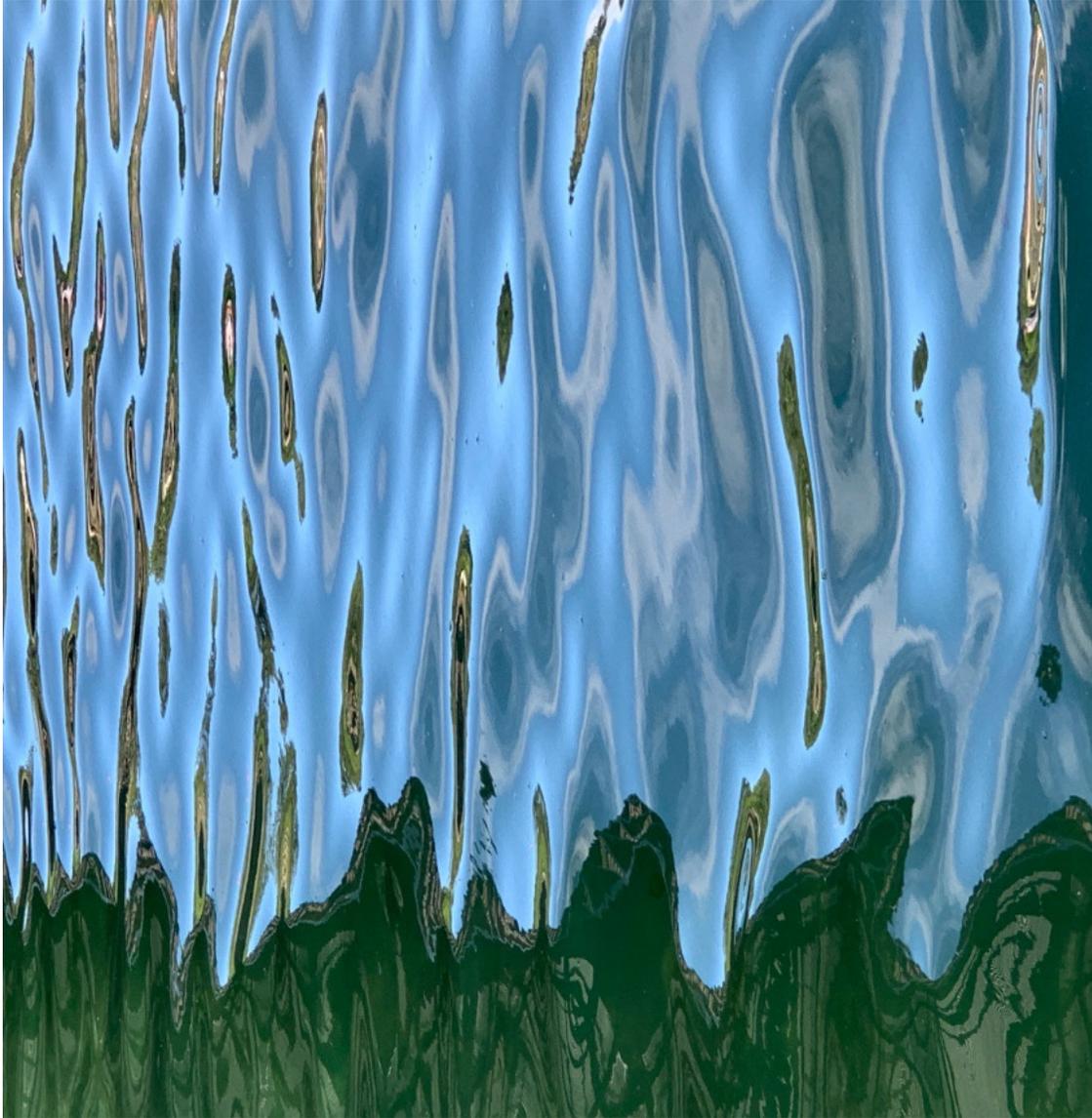


Let's Be Together, raw single-capture photography, Judith Rayl



I Brought You a Box of Forest,
raw single-capture photography, Judith Rayl

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Rain on Green Mountain,
raw single-capture photography, Judith Rayl



The Skyhawk, raw single-capture photography, Judith Rayl

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Balm and Antidote, raw single-capture photography, Judith Rayl

Alexandria Levin

"I come from a literary tradition, but my own spirit is primarily visual. I love the picture plane. Therefore, art for me has always been about telling stories. Social, political, environmental, as well as my own personal stories, always came through in my paintings, and still do to this day. My work is almost always "about" something, involving layers of symbolism and meaning, along with the color and line.

Some things can only be expressed visually. These animal paintings are expressed as narrative and/or metaphor, subtle and nuanced, portrayed in deep layers, transparencies, opacities, scratched into the paint surface, balancing representation (what is seen) and abstraction (what is felt).

This set: Trapped in an abstract cage, standing firm on a slippery rock with the swirling storm, the ceaseless moving boxes, history and ruins and the threat of extinction, some things are too much and there is nowhere to go anymore." - Alexandria Levin



Perseverance, oil on Ampersand Hardbord panel, Alexandria Levin

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Barred Chicken, oil on Ampersand Hardbord panel, Alexandria Levin



Catnap Curl, oil on Ampersand Hardbord panel, Alexandria Levin

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Departure, oil on Ampersand Hardbord panel, Alexandria Levin



Precariousness, oil on Ampersand Hardbord panel, Alexandria Levin

Matthew Sproul

"My pictures are essentially about ideas and precision. The ideas are simple and straightforward: cut paper collage; one or two words; modern architecture. Therefore, to be effective their execution needs to reflect that simplicity by being precise.

In practice this means clean lines, careful design, and vibrant colors. I am a modern artist. I deploy its characteristic forms, expressionism, and large blocks of color to make art that is accessible and entertaining.

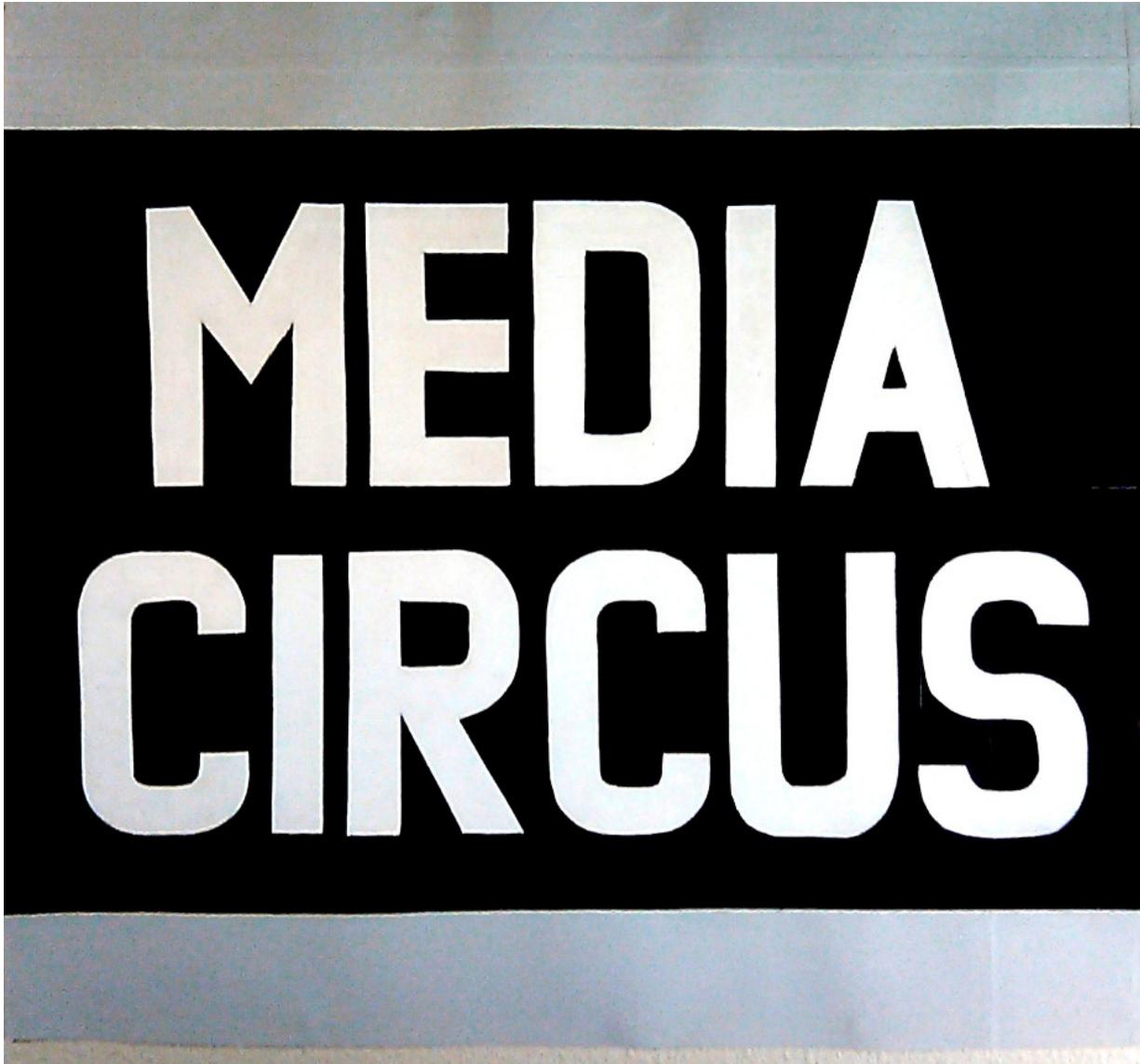
This is a prime cultural moment for rational design. Drawn objects based on facts and logic: 1. Abstract collages in colors that glow and pulsate. 2. Text art that celebrates the sound and impact of words. 3. Building drawings that celebrate the unadorned elegance of modern design.

I seek to give viewers the comfort of the familiar; delight in simplicity; and most of all pictures of distinction in an image saturated culture."

- Matthew Sproul

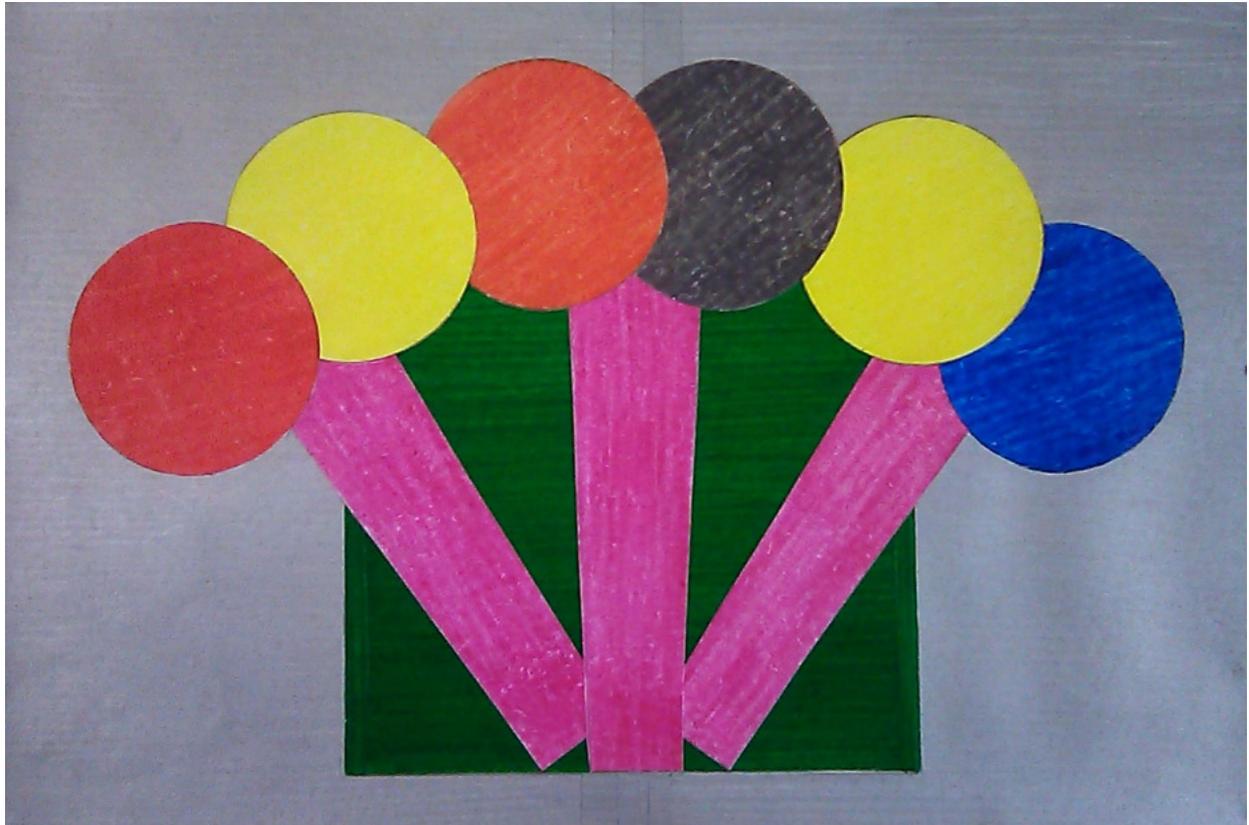


Stripes, crayon and ink on paper,
Matthew Sproul



Overload, mixed media, Matthew Sproul

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Red Orange, crayon and ink on paper, Matthew Sproul

Sean Cumming

The Empire

In the last days
or in the years before
it is hard to say
they left notes
on parked cars
warning
"...you will be towed
away if you stay
outside my home"

There is evidence
to suggest that
wooden fences
blocked light
visitors were watched
reports were made
Authorities
called upon
to punish

Historians recount
no earthquake
no biblical flood
when it finally came
as slow decay
the foundations
rotted from neglect
just one day
blew away

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Morro Bay

At Morro Bay
the sun melts
pours into the estuary

Black rock darkens
is split in two
by manicured fairways

Rochelle recalls a dream
or the longing for dream
floating above the bay

Pink cotton candy
reflections and the smog
of the dead cigarettes

A heron catches
the headlights glance
spears a rat on its beak

We drive along a curve
burning carbon among
footprints of the past

A time pre history
pre colony, pre we
before the golf course

Before the wineries
the eucalyptus
burning on the breeze

Before the muscle cars
the muscle farms
the dry docks and weed

A mortar on a hillock
the heron in the har
oak groves and old growth

Amber runs in the tributaries
gold flows amongst the weeds
a pelican pink in flight

Glides like the sunset
between the bobbing masts
now silent in the dark.

Emi Burns

"My paintings focus on a moment and its movement, and how a moment captivates me. I want to capture that sort of momental vision: a sense of impermanence, which is ephemeral yet powerful. Borderless of time and place, and so very personal but also could belong to anyone.

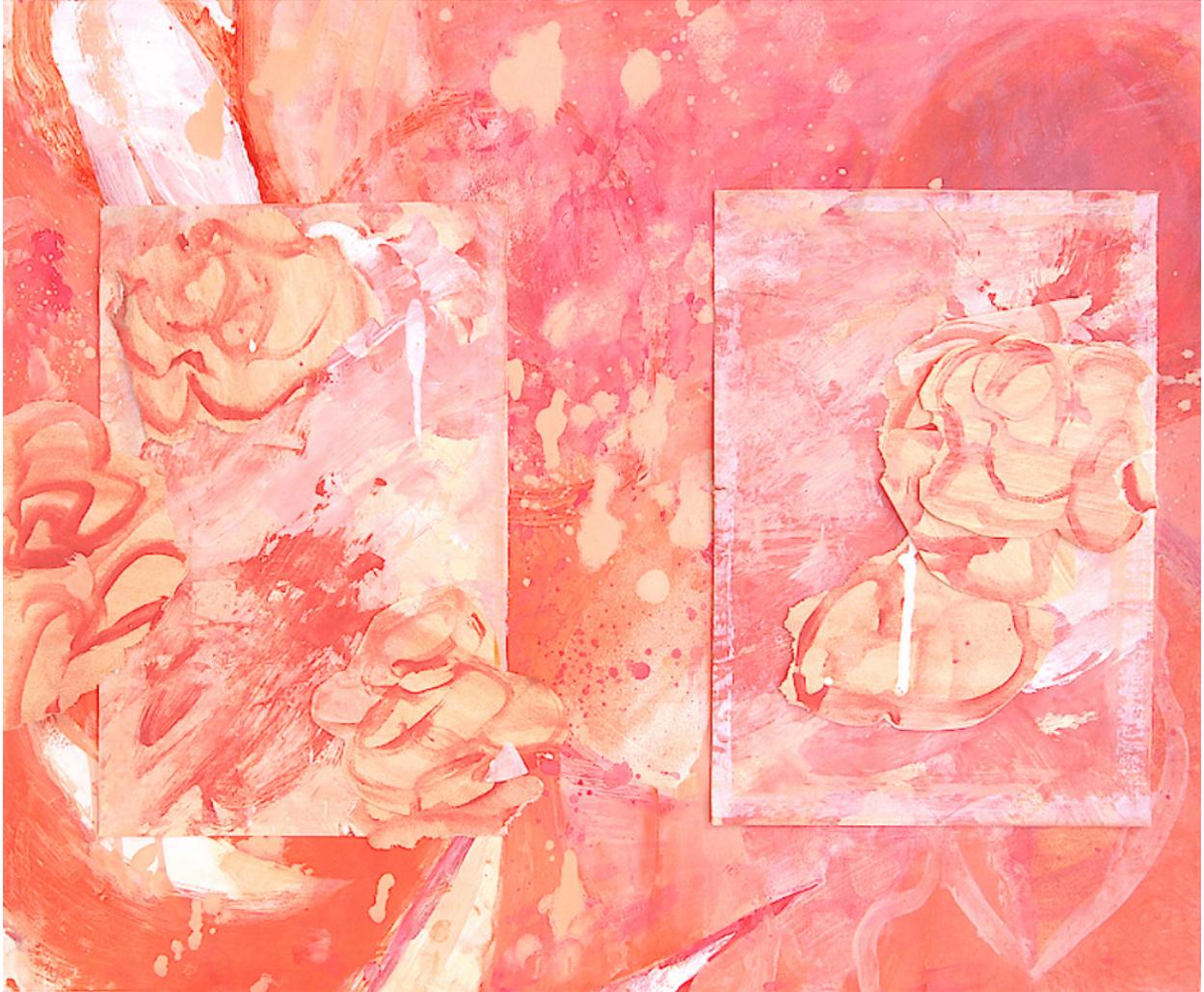
A moment accommodates dualities: stillness vs. movement, changing vs. everlasting, and visible vs. invisible. It is abundantly in flux, even when rigidly fixed and stabilized. There exists an intangible yet certain

essence, the rawness of reality, that I urge to grasp.

One particular moment channels to another, or to multiple moments at random. The internal and outer world intersect, mutually influencing each other. Presence and absence resonate, leading to an interconnected feel. Especially in this isolated time, my art practice has had a meaningful impact on re-examining my core self and seeking a new relationship with the surrounding world." - Emi Burns



Untitled (Intimacy II), acrylic, graphite, marker, and oil paint on paper,
Emi Burns



Two Doors, acrylic, oil paint, and collage on paper, Emi Burns



So Many Hearts, acrylic, oil paint, marker, pencil,
and collage on paper, Emi Burns

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Marcia Jeglum

"I wouldn't say that Covid-19 and the time of quarantine has inspired me to produce new art but it has definitely driven me to it. The hours of confinement and boredom and frustration and the pressure of current events have forced me to find new ways to entertain myself.

Our hygienic need and obsession with gloves and masks inspired me to create my own personal mask/glove designs. Fashioned from handmade paper, paper bags, newspaper, stitched with embroidery thread, decorated with miscellaneous found objects and encased in a layer of bees wax.

I feel they are a perfect representation of what we have become; a fragile society held together with delicate thread, encased in a brittle film of wax in an attempt to protect us from all evil. I have also passed hours of quarantine time cutting large scale black tyvek scenes, some of them directly related to Covid-19. This is how I keep my sanity."
- Marcia Jeglum



Huntsman Gloves and Mask,
Handmade paper, thread,
miscellaneous objects, bees wax,
Marcia Jeglum



Left: Covid-19 #2; Top: I Wear the Mask,
cut tyvek, Marica Jeglum



Climate Change Despair, cut tyvek, Marica Jeglum

Grove Koger

What I Mean?

"Where was I?" Luther asks, looking around at Ray and Tom and me. "Oh, yeah, we'd pulled into this rest stop in Oregon, someplace north of Medford, I dunno, maybe a hundred miles out."

He pauses again. He's having a hard time getting to wherever it is he's going with this, so I say "That's fine country" just to keep things moving along.

"Yeah, well, there was this old couple there, offhand I don't remember their names, but I could look it up, and *that's* part of the point. This all happened."

He takes a gulp of his beer.

"Anyway, an old couple, she looked like she ought to be named Flo, what I mean? Like that. Anyway, they've got this fancy camper with all those decals you get, Sea Lion Caves and all that, and they've set out a couple of aluminum chairs. It is a rest stop, you know, and they're the kind of people you're going to smile at and get right on your way."

He takes another gulp, looks around. "Any of you got a cigarette?"

Ray does, so Luther takes one and lights up, and I do too, although I actually quit a few years back. Luther takes a deep drag and almost launches into a coughing fit but manages to catch himself.

"Plus, they got this dog, this *Pomeranian*." He spits the word out. "They call 'em *Poms*. Christ I hate those dogs. Little goddamn things the size of a, I dunno, a *rat*. Mean little things too, they got these teeth like ... Anyway, I see this *Pomeranian* and I'm definitely on my way, but Sara, she *likes* 'em, so she walks right up and starts petting the thing and of course it starts quivering all over, like it's *palsied*. Christ!"

He finishes his beer, reaches another one out of the cooler and pops the tab, takes a long pull.

"Well, Sara starts talking to them and it turns out they're from Eagle. I mean that's a hell of a coincidence, here we

are in the middle of Oregon, and they're from Eagle. Eagle, Idaho. I mean, I grew up there, moved away years ago, but I'm thinking, hell, they're old enough, they might have known my parents. That used to happen every so often there for a while, I'd run into somebody who knew my parents.

"Well, I started listening up then. But there wasn't anything to hear, it turned out they'd moved to Eagle long after our time—but when it was still small, they said. *Small!* I remember when it was so small, hell, nobody wanted to stay. Anyway, I got us outta there, kept going till we got where we were going. End of story, what I mean? Nothing to remember."

Luther has this habit of saying "What I mean?" instead of "You know what I mean?" when he gets carried away, and it makes it a little hard to follow his train of thought.

"Except there was. That damn dog, that's what. That's why I knew it was the same people when I read that story in the paper last week. The old couple that disappeared? Hell, I wouldn't have given it a thought except that the story mentioned their dog. A *Pomeranian*. This old couple were due home in Eagle, never showed up, their kids were worried, yadda yadda. *And they had a*

Pomeranian. They're the ones we saw in Medford!"

"Huh!" says Ray, who I hadn't thought was paying attention. He's on his fourth or fifth beer, and that's a problem that's gonna have to be taken care of sometime, we're all hoping by Ray himself, but we'll have to see. Anyway, we're all properly impressed by this coincidence of Luther's, but he's not done.

"So they found 'em last week, you know," Luther says.

"I didn't see that," I say, and apparently Ray and Tom haven't either, but they're paying a little more attention now, at least Tom is, because it sounds like the story might actually be going someplace.

"Yeah, way out by some dry creek about a dozen miles off the road. No clue why. Anyway, the old man had apparently flipped the truck over into the streambed, musta killed the old woman instantly, but he crawled out a way, had a broken leg, but he didn't get far."

"Huh." Ray again, looking a little dazed.

"Yeah, both of 'em dead. Nobody knows what they coulda been doing. Looking for petrified wood? But here's

the clincher. The damn dog *lived*. The Pom."

"Huh!" Tom this time.

"Yeah, the Pom. And you know what its name was?"

We didn't know what its name was.

"Toto. *Toto*, for God's sake. Like in that movie, uh, *The Wizard of Oz*."

"That was some kinda terrier, I think." I don't know why I mentioned it, it's not like it mattered.

"Whatever," says Luther. "The thing is, I've always *hated* that movie, hated what's-her-name, Judy Garland, hated the dog. And here's this poor old couple, moved to my home town, dead, nobody knows why, but this damn *Toto* gets to live. There was this picture in the paper."

I didn't point out how he felt about the poor old couple when he met them. The story seemed to be about something else.

"Makes me wanna puke," Luther goes on. "I mean, what's the point? The kids'll take the dog in, maybe the grandkids, here's this heart-rending reminder of what happened to the old folks. Show up in *Reader's Digest* for all I know."

"They still publish that?" Ray asks.

Luther shakes his head. "Hell, I don't know. But the thing is—" He rubs his hands up and down his face. "I just don't know what to—" He's staring into the cooler now and his mouth's hanging open. "Christ, Ray, you've drunk all the beer!" Then he rubs his face again, like he wants to rub something away.

Olivia Harwood

"Our memories of past experiences are always influencing us. They constantly change our opinions and choices. I intend to show specific memories by incorporating objects and figures, conveyed by patterns and busy compositions.

The information I incorporate in my work has to do with direct memories I have while growing up in my childhood home that influence my body, that stems from every room that I spent time in. The living room brought media, celebration, Halloween and Christmas. The bedroom brought nightmares, secretive habits and individuality. The kitchen brought intrusive thoughts and traditional dinners. The emotions from past settings and places have been warped and assumed from how I look back on them. I want my audience to be able to recognize and connect their own memories to relatable images and icons within my work, it isn't just personal for me, but for them too."
- Olivia Harwood



Sex Is Bad, oil on canvas,
Olivia Harwood



Snacking Is Bad, acrylic and oil on canvas, Olivia Harwood



Partying Is Bad, oil, acrylic, and glitter on canvas, Olivia Harwood



Age 3, acrylic on checkered found fabric, Olivia Harwood



Twin Bed Nightmare, acrylic, glitter, and sequins on panel,
Olivia Harwood

In the Studio: Dayna Collins

What can you tell us about your space?

My painting studio is a vaulted, airy, 12x21 foot space located on the second floor of our 1924 Central

Salem home. I claimed this space six years ago when we moved into our vintage home. I have a wall of large northern-facing windows, so the light is sweet. Having plenty of work space is important, so I have created





several dedicated spaces to spread out and work on multiple projects. Because I work in both oils and acrylics, my painting materials are separated to make it easy to maneuver between the two mediums.

I am a tidy, organized person and pretty nimble using both the left and right side of my brain. I feel calm

when I organize my materials. The simple process of cleaning up not only keeps me productive, but the act of handling and sorting through my painting supplies often inspires new ideas. When I have shifted from organizing to creating, I am fully engaged and make an unholy, wild mess, but when I'm done for the day, I always take the time to clean up and prepare my space for the next

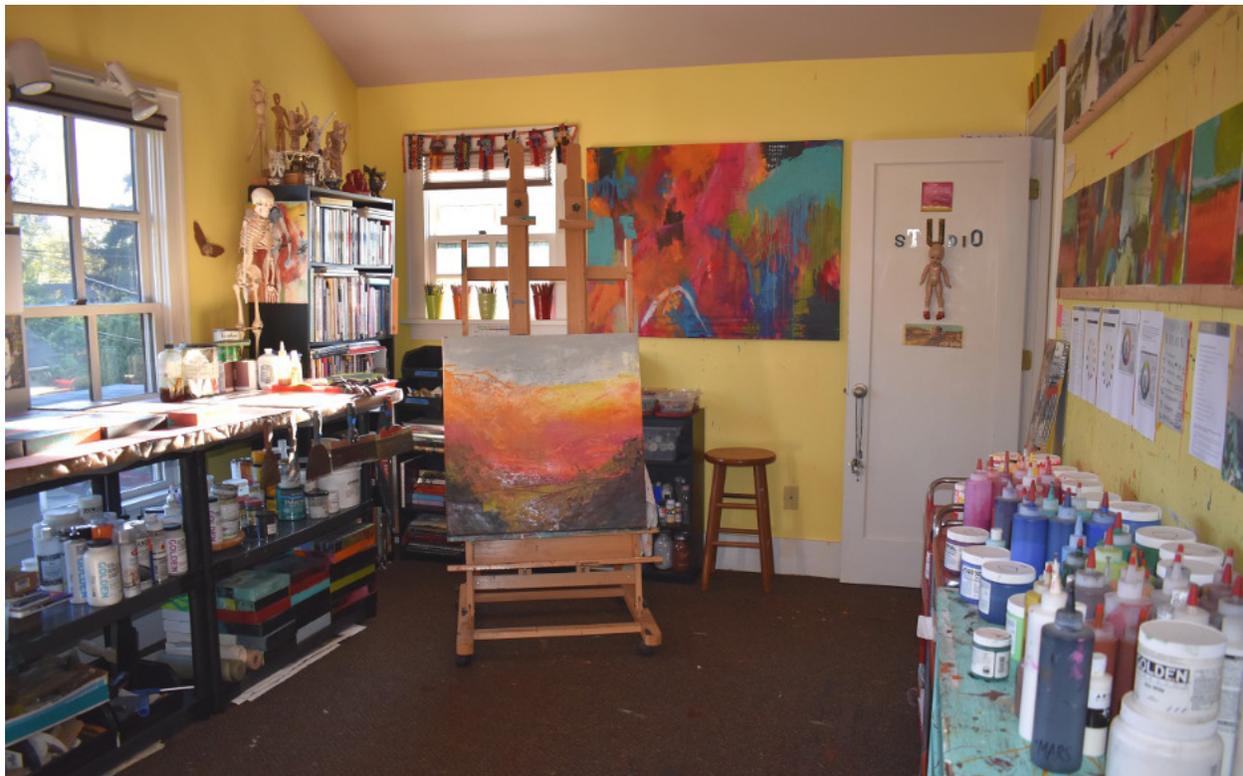
morning. This practice clears the physical clutter as well as the mental clutter.

Do you have a studio pet or mascot?

We have a fluffy 14-year old polydactyl cat named Nancy Sinatra ("These boots are made for walking," for those old enough to remember that song). She visits when she wants to look out the windows or if she needs a place to sprawl out in the morning sun.

What's your favorite thing about your space?

Besides the great natural light, I like that it is in my home so I can wander in and out (much like Sinatra) whenever I want. There is a master bathroom that separates my studio from our bedroom, so I frequently get up in the morning and wander into the studio and look at what I did the previous day. Or make a note in one





of my journals, or even add a smear of paint to a work in progress or in my painting journal. I find I do this throughout the day, whether it is a focused painting day, or just a day at home.

Is there anything on your wish list?

Ironically, the drawback is the same as my favorite thing: a home studio. It is easy to get distracted with desk work, or gardening, or laundry, or or or My wish list would be a bigger studio with more wall space so I could

work on several bigger canvases at the same time. Ideally it would be a stand-alone space in the backyard, but we live close to downtown and our yard isn't big enough to accommodate a studio. But there is the garage . . . ummmmm.

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

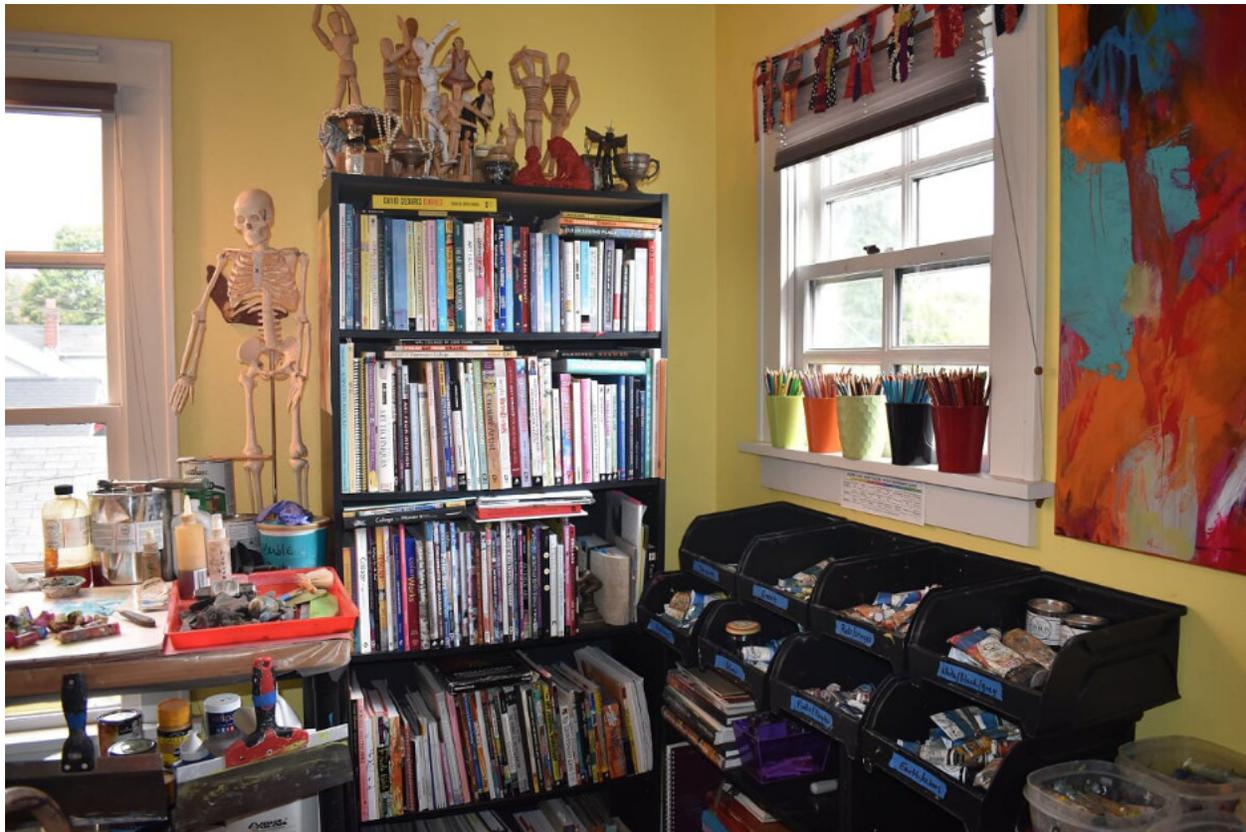
Depending upon the time of day, I take a latte or a kombucha (Soma Pear Fennel is my flavor of choice for 2020) in with me, and before starting I write my intentions for my studio time

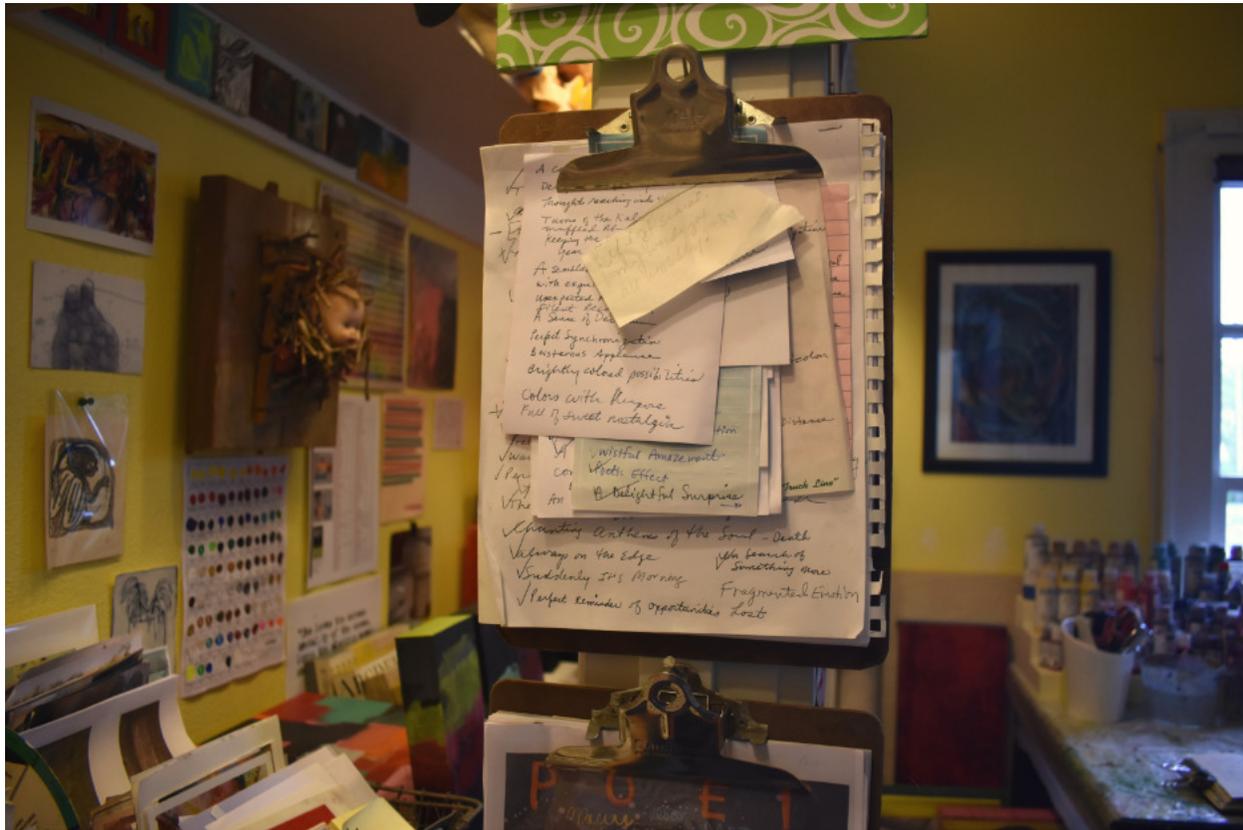


Fall 2020

in my visual journal. I put on music (my go-to music is Pandora's Indie Dance Music or Indie Rock Radio), anything energetic that gets me dancing and moving around. I putter before jumping in, maybe looking at where I left off the previous day, or by paging through my visual journal to jumpstart my creativity. I often do some studio tasks before painting,

what I call "scut work." This might be applying gesso to boards, scraping back oil and cold wax from a semi-dry painting, or perhaps making some marks on the surface of several paintings in progress; all part of the ritual and warm up. And then I paint.





What shows or projects are coming up for you?

Thank you Dayna for sharing your studio with us!

I recently committed to having a show in May, 2021 at Salem's newest gallery, Salem on the Edge, so I'm excited to get started on a new series. I was also commissioned by a friend to paint something large and lively, two of my favorite things about painting.

Fall 2020



Against a Cloud Lit Night, plaster, oil, and cold wax, Dayna Collins

Contributors

Emi Burns is a visual artist who lives and works in Seattle, WA. She was born and raised in Tokyo, Japan, and immigrated to Seattle in 2018. She mainly works in mixed media painting, expressing how her internal world synchronizes with the external environment. Sensation, symbols, everyday things, emotions and actions are intertwined in her semi-abstract paintings. Burns received her BFA in Oil Painting from Tama Art University (Tokyo). She has had multiple solo shows, engaged in several corporate art commissions in Japan and most recently participated in a juried group exhibition "Sense Us 2020" at ArtXchange Gallery, Seattle.

<http://www.emiburns.com>

<https://www.instagram.com/emiburns.art/>

Drie Chapek was born in 1979, in Detroit Michigan. Life and death as well as connection through shared human experience continue to be themes Chapek explores. She was raised in a community that taught there were "others" that were not accepted. While visiting art museums in Europe she was inspired by the soulful imagery of ancient art, religious art, mandalas, indigenous art and visionary work to find a language that could talk about humanity and transformation with inclusion to the human experience beyond specific religions, race and life and death. She has been working and showing in the Seattle area since 2002.

<https://www.driechapek.com>

Dayna Collins is an energetic abstract painter, working in plaster, oil, and cold wax, as well as in acrylic and mixed media. Dayna is an avid collector/junker, energized by hunting for materials to use in her found object assemblages and Salvage Collages. She has work at Guardino Gallery in Portland, RiverSea Gallery in Astoria, and Salem on the Edge in Salem, and her art has appeared in several published books. Dayna is a founding member of the Salem Art Group and a member of Art Salon, a small Salem critique group.

<http://www.daynajcollins.com>

Sean Cumming is a musician, writer, and out of work educator living in Portland Oregon. He grew up in a small town on the West Coast of Scotland: famous for Golf, Elvis, and Robert Burns.

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

Heide Davis grew up in Houston, Tx where she attended the Art Institute of Houston. She quickly became an art school dropout but then later attended the Glassell School of Art. Her work as a specialty finisher and muralist has influenced her use of materials and encouraged experimentation in mixed media. She is currently painting abstracted figures in oils, concentrating on facial expression and color relationships.

<https://www.instagram.com/heidedavis1/>

épaves (Josh Sommer) worked for ten years as a writer and researcher at The Oregonian for Arts & Entertainment. He went on to run a digital marketing (SEO) company for 16 years before returning to his first love, creating visual art. His pieces have been displayed in galleries including Alberta Street Gallery and Blackfish Gallery. One of his prints from 2018 is in the collection of famed billionaire and art collector Donald Marron.

https://www.instagram.com/epaves_official/

Olivia Harwood is a young painter, studying at Pacific Northwest College of Art. Raised in the Midwest, now based in Portland, Oregon, Harwood's paintings in oil and acrylic address how childhood memories shape the way we live our lives today and how many of those memories are constructed to fill empty spaces. Painting has given her a platform to address self image, comedic influences and emotional experiences.

<http://www.oliviaharwood.com>

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

Born in Japan but grew up in the United States, **Yukio Kevin Iraha's** goal in life has always been to be creative. While there's cultural influences from both East and West in his art, his goal is to tell a story. The stories derive from memories, cultural anecdotes, history, and/or folk tales; he then mixes those ideas with personal touch and imagination. His art is eclectic and ethereal but his integrity never fails in both the creating and outcome of the pieces.

<http://www.yukiokeviniraha.com>

Marcia Jeglum, adept at painting in both oil and watercolor, has been showing her artwork in the Pacific Northwest since she moved to the region thirty-five years ago. She often embellishes her paintings with mixed media to add texture, depth and visual interest. Ms. Jeglum also paints wood columns recycled from older homes, transforming them into yard art or home decoration. And she cuts paper Tyvek into intricate imaginary scenes reminiscent of Mexican papercut techniques. Marcia Jeglum resides in West Linn, Oregon with her husband, John, their pet dog Walter and a hive of bees, who are mostly unnamed.

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

Grove Koger is the author of *When the Going Was Good: A Guide to the 99 Best Narratives of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure* and Assistant Editor of *Deus Loci: The Lawrence Durrell Journal*. He's published nonfiction in a wide range of periodicals, including Boise Magazine, Boise Journal, Idaho Magazine and The Limberlost Review, and fiction in Cirque, Danse Macabre, Prometheus Dreaming and Punt Volat. He blogs at worldenoughblog.wordpress.com.

Margaret Koger is a school media specialist with a writing habit living in Boise, Idaho. She writes to strengthen the web of life on planet earth. Her publications online include *The Amsterdam Quarterly*, *Collective Unrest*, *Burning House*, *Tiny Seed*, *Forbidden Peak*, *Déraciné*, *Ponder Savant* and *Gravitas*. Of special note are contest finalists "Ripe Figs," in the 2018 Heartland Contest and "Washing Red Leaf Lettuce" in the 2019 Lascaux Prize Contest. The "Bears of Redfish" placed 1st in the 2019 summer poetry contest at Forbidden Peak.

Born and raised in New York City, **Alexandria Levin** attended Massachusetts College of Art, later graduating from the San Francisco Art Institute. A dedicated, lifelong artist, she has exhibited her work in galleries, museums, and cultural centers internationally. She has lectured on her art in San Francisco, Philadelphia, and Tokyo. Her paintings are in collections from Boston to Tokyo and London, plus New Mexico's Capitol Art Collection in Santa Fe. In early 2016, Alexandria moved to the Pacific Northwest, a place she had visited over the years, and dreamed about for a very long time. Oregon is now her home.

<https://www.alexalev.com>

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

Emily McKay is a Creative Writing MLitt and English & Philosophy MA graduate of the University of Saint Andrews, Scotland. In the 7 years since, she has worked as a cheesemonger in Scotland, veterinary receptionist in Florida, electrical calibration technician in California, and now an electro-optical test engineer in Redmond, WA, where she lives with feline muses Franz Katka, Duva, Sasha, globetrotting rabbit Stewart, husband, and other beasts. Her writing has appeared in *Glimmer Train*, *Shenandoah*, *Vallum*, *Barrow Street*, *Fugue*, *Zarf*, and others. Her debut poetry chapbook, "This is What was Next" will be released by Finishing Line Press this November.

<http://www.thisiswhatwasnext.com>

McMonster is a storyteller who gives no narrative, enchanting viewers to create their own story within each piece. Stemming from horror and fantasy, McMonster creates each piece with only ink and water for the tones of grey and bends light and focus with bright white acrylic ink. Hailing from the gloomy Pacific Northwest, McMonster creates worlds that are both dreary and whimsical.

https://www.instagram.com/mc_monster/

Raised in the woodlands of the Pacific Northwest, **B. Murray** is a graphite artist who almost became an historian. Beginning from a tender age, B worked under an artist, participating in shows, and competitions around the Olympic Peninsula. She studied at the Burren College of Art in Ireland to earn a PgC in Studio Art. B still works as a volunteer in preserving local Washington history, and often incorporates the sensations and scenes from times long past in the Northwest.

Uyen-thi (T) Nguyen is an Oregon-based artist working primarily in oils. This year, her art has been displayed in Portland, Corvallis, Eugene and Cottage Grove. Her painting "At the End" won Juror's Choice Award by Jane Brumfield and was exhibited at The Arts Center this summer.

<http://utnpaintings.com/>

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

Michael Orwick was born and raised in Oregon. Very early it was discovered that he had dyslexia and that he saw things differently from most. School was difficult, but in hindsight that was one of many blessings that helped shape his artful existence. He was also lucky to grow up surrounded by beautiful creeks and evergreen wilderness, and within a family that loved to travel, encouraged curiosity, and stressed following one's heart. Michael has painted full-time for the last fifteen years and loves working on his personal projects as well as commissioned paintings. He shows in eight galleries across the country.
<http://www.michaelorwick.com>

In her photography, **Judith Rayl** explores the tender beauty found at the intersection of nature and the human-made. She believes in the healing power of nature; her art is a statement of sensitivity to our environmental crisis. As a child, Judith loved art and her family would allow her to explore freely in museums, where she would happily roam the galleries. In 2017, Judith began photography. Her work has been selected for 60+ exhibitions. Showing her art has allowed Judith to build a deeper sense of community. She is passionate about creating connection and shared emotional territory through her art.
<https://www.judithrayl.com/>

Matthew Sproul was born in Massachusetts in 1960 and grew up in Newport, Oregon where he graduated from high school in 1978. After attending Oregon State University in 1978-1979, Sproul worked as a tree planter and banquet waiter. He went to the University of Oregon from 1984-1987 prior to moving to Portland, Oregon in 1988 where he has since resided. Matthew began taking pictures in 2002 and started drawing in 2010. He has had 13 exhibits ranging from Oregon to Pennsylvania and Europe, including 3 solo shows and two large art festivals. Matthew draws text art and buildings, and makes mixed media collage. His recent exhibits include Festival Les Decades de la Peinture 3, in Brioude, France, August 2020; and a solo exhibit at Paragon Arts Gallery of Portland Community College during February and March, 2020.
<https://www.facebook.com/matthew.sproul.52/>

Austin Turley is a Portland, Oregon based artist whose objects and images investigate themes of presence, memory, language, and time. He works in multiple formats, using the act of collecting as a point of departure. Turley received a BFA in sculpture from Pacific Northwest College of Art. After graduating he worked as a glass caster at Bullseye Glass Company for four years. He has been awarded multiple grants and residencies. Turley is represented by Gray Contemporary (Houston, TX).

<http://www.austinturley.com>

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

Born and raised in Taiwan, **Shu-Ju Wang** settled in Oregon after stays in Saudi Arabia, California, and New Jersey. Trained as an engineer, she started taking classes at Oregon College of Art & Craft and had her first solo exhibit at the school's Centrum Gallery in 1996. In 2000, she left the high tech industry to become a full time studio artist working in painting, printmaking, and artist's books. With one foot firmly rooted in the Pacific Northwest and the other in the artistic traditions of Asia, Shu-Ju paints a portrait of her sometimes wonderful, sometimes unsettling, first generation American life.

<http://www.shujuwangartist.com>

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

Anna Weltner (b. 1987) is a writer and filmmaker based in Portland, Oregon. She worked as arts editor at a California newsweekly before moving to Oregon and getting a BA in film from Portland State University. She currently works as a visual researcher at a media production company and writes stories in her spare time.

<http://www.annaweltner.com>

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