

Summer 2021

Subjectiv.

L.T.

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"In summer, the song sings itself."

- William Carlos Williams

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An Interview with Liz Tran

How did you get started on your artistic journey?

Social mapping usually transpires through elementary schooling portals. Concepts of adulthood are usually crafted to satisfy commercial interests, so the context is absent of the primordial imagination. The optimal and healthiest result in the process of growing older, is existentially becoming a child.

How has your work evolved over time?

A dear friend of mine once said that time is a way to measure debt and expectations, so internalizing time from a metric perspective is counter intuitive to creating forms that dominate the future. I practice through a conduit that aggressively deconstructs the notions that are married to disciplines. Only in a homogeneous mind, would one be pleased with a stratification that may only incarcerate them under the fear of the audience.

How would you describe your style?

ABANDONING INSTRUCTIONS.



Liz Tran (Courtesy of the artist)



Mirror Thirty-Eight, mixed media, Liz Tran

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How do you mentally prepare when you're getting ready to work?

Sharpening tools for an expedition equips me with the acute understanding that the terrain will always alter. The palatable mysteries of the unforeseen seem to galvanize us neurologically to stretch in a manner that we may have never considered emotionally.



*Moonrise, mixed media,
Liz Tran*



*Lily Pad 2, mixed media
installation, Liz Tran*

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

Translating aspirations that grow more rigid with the physical constraints of ergonomic methods can be puzzling to execute. So, the most critical utility is developing my internal communication to eradicate doubt.



Moon Phase One, mixed media, Liz Tran

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

Conceptually, boredom only has oxygen in vacant spaces. Boredom is also reflective of a personal definition of fun, so the idiosyncratic joy that I feel is evading the societal construct of what I should consider to be fun. Unconditional love is fun and that is the opposite of quicksand.

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

I found out many moons ago that the enemy of progression is apprehension.



A Beginning, installation in Ibrahim Pasha, Turkey, Liz Tran, facilitated by Babayan Culture House



Installation at Heron Arts in San Francisco, Liz Tran

Designing dreams onto a physical palette can't truly be quantified by an emotional response, so I endeavor to transcribe the electricity that I've discovered within hues and tones.

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

I read books on a peculiar continuum of multiple books simultaneously. This year, I read Octavia Butler's *Parable of the Sower* and I'm enamored by her kinetic accuracy. It's definitely a manifesto of our current state.

Another magnificent piece is Robin Wall Kimmerer's *Braiding Sweetgrass*.



Mirror Forty-Six, mixed media, Liz Tran

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I see it as decimal points leading to the inevitable nature of unscathed beauty.

Literature is a bridge for my ideas to talk to each other and one of the most cacophonous interchanges came from *The Cosmic Serpent: DNA and the Origins of Knowledge* by Jeremy Narby. I snagged this masterful guide during a process of painting my female ancestors as snakes. This gave me the machinery to articulate silence as an artisan.

What would you like to be your creative legacy?

That I planted tangible and existential trees that feed individuals long after my existence.

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

There's a myriad of individuals I could name but my sincere interest is working beside the fantastic canon of inventors and oracles who were marginalized to the extent that I don't have their names to mention answering this. Industries of man have always romanticized the most popular while conducting revisionist erasure of the unnamed iconoclasts that influenced them.

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

A PHD in plant pathology specializing in new fungi species. This endeavor will happen!

What's next for you?

Next up is an exhibition this September at Madelyn Jordon Fine Art in NY, where I'll be exhibiting new work from my Mirror series. I have a plethora of exhilarating projects in development as well, but I'm not at liberty to share just yet.



Pynk, mixed media,
Liz Tran



Moon Pink Fade, mixed media, Liz Tran

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Anastasia Schaadhardt

Seattle, July 2021

The club arcs down as the square of plywood lifts to meet—
hard ash drives into patchwork fir
arms wrapped in black ripple but still hold
as red-faced vitriol aims downward.

Two trees meet, though dryads have long passed;
the percussion of a symphony
sings the rage of a thousand deaths of Patroclus.
Does he see Troy burning in their eyes
as he quells sparks with gasoline—

To my mom's body

skin smooth with lotion but hands always dry a little loose skin on her biceps
that yellowed when her liver failed round breasts the origin of death turned-up
nose that people say I have I wish I had it now hips which carried me and burst
her toes were always painted and I can see her sitting with her knees to her chin
carefully drawing the brush over those nails

Picking Blackberries

Abby told me the blackberries were ripe,
and if I wanted some I should go now
before the rest of Salmon Creek took them all.
So I found myself in that field down the road,
and I pick sour ones until Abby shows me
how to twist the berries to see if they're ripe.
I turn one back and forth and back and forth
like choosing a crayon and rolling it
between my fingers, my tongue touching my lips,
carefully scrutinizing it— maybe if I spin it enough
it will become the perfect shade I need, the one
I need to complete the coloring page my mother printed
for me, this one with Snow White and the deer.
I am searching for the color just darker than fuschia for the deer,

the deer the color of my index finger and thumb
after I've picked so many blackberries I've lost count.
Abby has juice running down her forearm from picking
the highest berries, squeezing them too hard
so their blood trickles from her fingers down her arm.
But there's more juice on her face
because she was making me laugh by painting
rouge on her cheeks with crushed blackberries. I laugh too much.

My mother's colors are confident without wild protuberances,
and she likes to add things to the page: Snow White is
making a joke and the deer wears Groucho glasses,
which I think is funny.
But all I can do is color the deer pink and try to stay inside the lines.
I keep my fingers as clean as I can, just one dark stain
on my right index and right thumb,
and all I can do is laugh.

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Loneliness

How can I distract myself
when everything I do aches of you?
I see you in everything; everything
I see in you,
because you are the world—You

have settled like dust
on all of my belongings,
& when I see a flower you are
within it, you are the stem
holding its head upright.

I eat & think of you eating,
I read & think of you reading,
I walk & think of you walking;
I love & think of you loving
me. When you wrap me in your arms

I feel like rainwater soaking
into the ground.

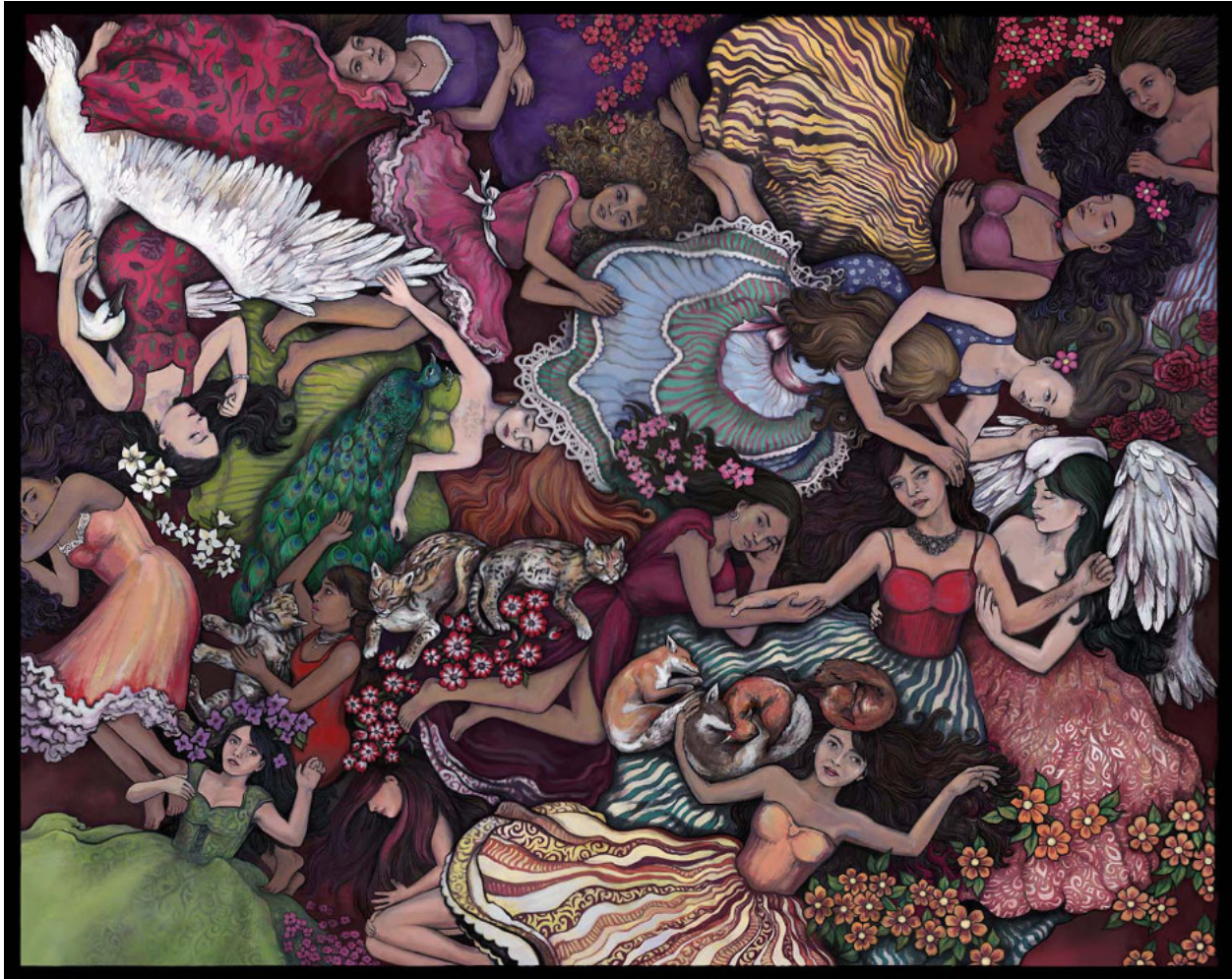
Allison McClay

"As an illustrator, my paintings are often inspired by a mostly forgotten figure from history, or from a troubled character I meet in a work of fiction. There is a fascinating stoicism that I sometimes recognize in beautiful young women, a bored acknowledgment of the constant gaze of others combined with the practiced

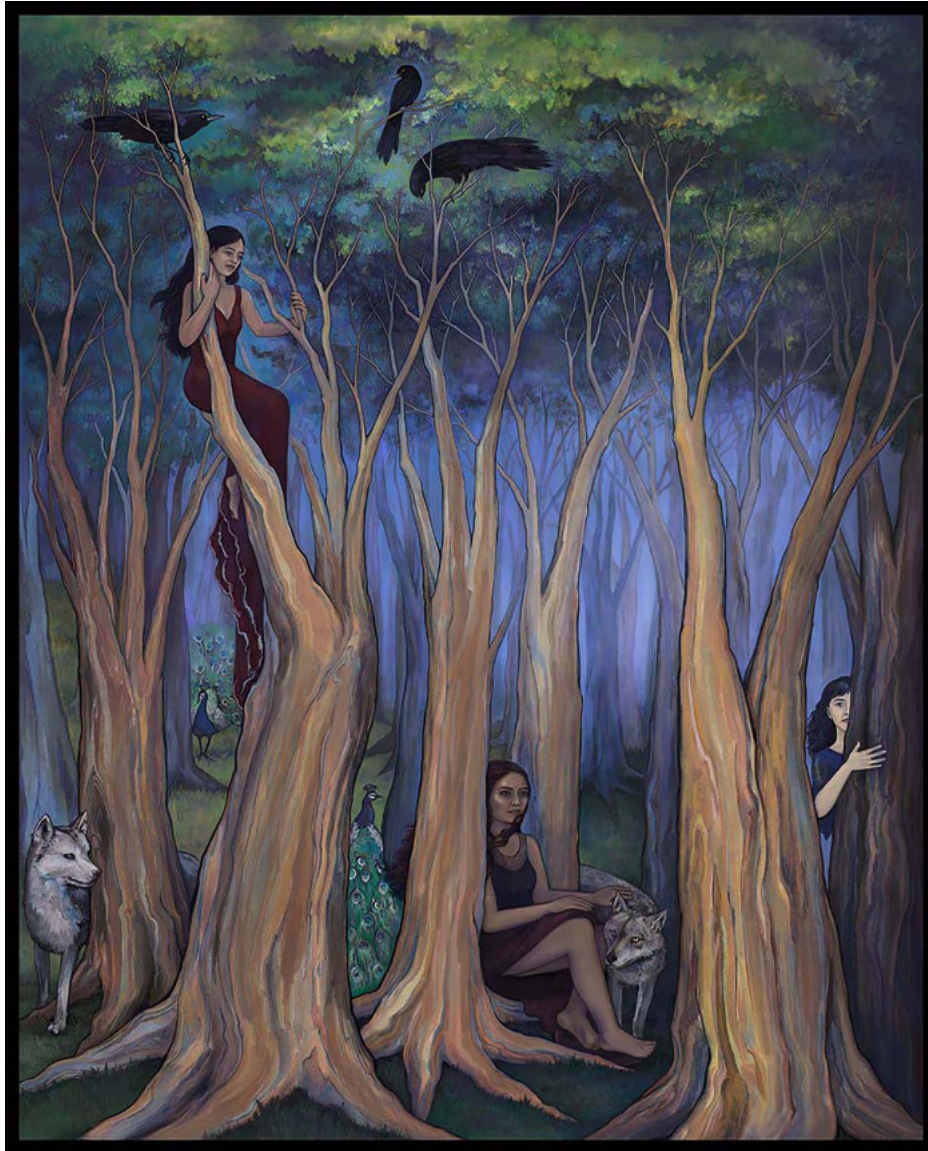
skill of completely guarding their inner thoughts. Though my subjects' circumstances may be fantastical or mysterious, their faces are either turned away from the viewer or staring back with a careful blankness. We can look, but we must keep our distance and do our own work of filling in the story of their situation."
- Allison McClay



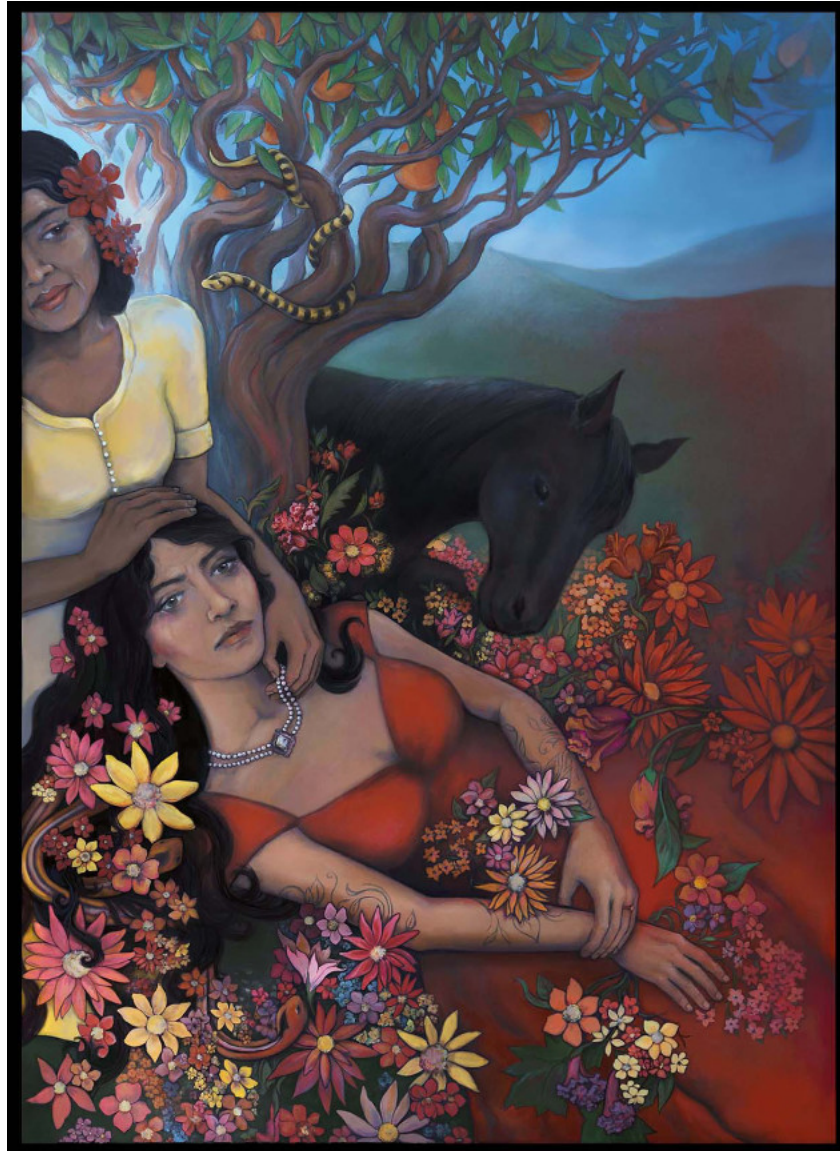
Mabel, acrylic on cardboard, Allison McClay



Ladies in Waiting, acrylic on cardboard, Allison McClay



A Respite, acrylic on cardboard, Allison McClay



Sargasso, acrylic on wood, Allison McClay



A Disappointment, acrylic on cardboard, Allison McClay

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Jessica Mehta

We Carry On

everything would be easier had I never found you,
but who wants a simple life? Give me the hard stuff,
the twists that leave us lurching and introversions
making hearts gush. I see the settling
all around me, comforts others cling
to like pillowed blankets. I watch their thighs
expand, habits stick like sloshed batter
to hot stovetops. And it's devastating,
that slow shuffle
back to the earth. Their heads
tuck down into heavy, invisible feedbags
as the fattening season drones on, but we,
we've carried on. The two of us,

we carry on.

The Butchery Date

I'm a dumb animal
staring down the butcher
block. For awhile, the stables
feel like home, the cages
like comfort. We don't realize the burn
from the branding rod is forever,

that the fire burrows down under seared
flesh and scars straight
to spongy marrow. The prods move us
forward, dirty feet shuffling
towards the same bolt pistol ending
as everyone else. Fingernails and horns

are made from the same
thing, tough envelopes
of keratin to ward off attacks. What's the difference

between locking horns
in the bull rings and the slow
rides between unmade sheets? You'll find me
in the slaughter line of the abattoir.
You'll know me by your claw
marks on my shoulder. The stupid panic
in my eyes. That briny terror smell
shooting out my pores
and because, of course,

we always knew we'd meet here.

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I fear my daughters

will only remember me
as the mother with cold hands—
not the mother whose belly

they strained to distinction.
I was not the mother
who slapped the Lakota clean
out their mouth

with a, *Skin*
color don't mean
nothing anyway. We born
in America, we all
Native Americans.
I was not even

the Kokum with shorn
braids who slipped Cheerios and soap
between lips puckered
tight as their birth
father's fists.

But I was the mother

who cleared the eczema
with dollar store jars
of Vaseline, bootleg bear
grease, and spruce salve.

I was the mother
who pressed

good dreams into eyelids, oneirologist
conjuring sweet fantasies
exploding through darkness.

I am the mother
who did stay, who could
remain, who packs in the hurt
and kneads it into my own.

Woods Bramble

"I see beauty in the ordinary, the mundane. I think the everyday landscapes in which we live provide a shared environmental language that we all speak. It transcends things like race and creed, and is understood by us all. The highest goal I could have for my work would be to elicit an emotional response from the viewer. Something akin to a visual 'Deja Vu'. I invite one to place themselves within the composition and provide their own narrative, by creating known and familiar spaces. To wonder about the lives and goings on of the unseen inhabitants of these scenes. To provide just enough information to intrigue, but not so much as to drive the storyline. My references are mostly urban or surrounding areas, containing old or dilapidated structures, electrical wiring, and other ephemera. I never attempt to 'pretty up' a scene, leaving it, 'warts and all' and finding a comfort of sorts in the run-down and discarded items of the world. Things that have been used well, and put away dirty. Focusing heavily on images that people think of as 'home'."

- Woods Bramble



Highland Park Alley,
oil on canvas, Woods Bramble

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12th and Roxbury, oil on canvas, Woods Bramble



Georgetown, oil on canvas, Woods Bramble

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Riverview, oil on canvas, Woods Bramble



Uncle Eddie's, oil on canvas, Woods Bramble

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Gigi Cooper

Equinox

Having spent the summer in the garden
replete with beans and melons
she had not noticed that
the months of conceit had propelled her
to a nine on the Moh's scale of blackening
she had fallen out of favor with herself
disagreeably retreating into the house
neglected until equinox was undeniable

Having spent the summer in the back ten
her disappointments
came pounding through the door
with skinned knees and sticky skin
fruit leather unrolling themselves
onto the sofa and chair
right there in the living room
undeniable in the cutting autumn light

Solstice

What if you stayed up all night
listening amid the
 applause of surging leaves
 respiring audience
 reverberation of highway semis
 nocturnal caravans

Would you lose those hours to gaze
examining beneath the
 half moon's sulphur horizon
 dissolved mirage
 chilled skin's permeable barrier
 cryogenic membrane

How long would you revere that interval
carrying across the
 catastrophe of daybreak
 avian din
 necessity of work
 mundane burden

Amelia Shipman



Unavoidable Voodoo,
mixed media, Amelia Shipman

"I began painting at the age of 14, creating abstract expressionist paintings in oil and acrylic. I began successfully showing and selling my work at art galleries across the Midwest. Unfortunately, my passion was halted in part by an allergic condition that prevented me from pursuing my calling. Recently I was able to find new ways to create art again. I strive for a vibrant blend of abstract, surreal and pop-art as I've always been intrigued by unique and out-of-the-box creations. My artwork is rooted in the emotional and human condition, the internal struggles we face and those we overcome."

- Amelia Shipman



Lovers Epilogue, mixed media, Amelia Shipman



Humouristic, mixed media, Amelia Shipman



Wit & Wisdom, mixed media, Amelia Shipman



Ephemeris, Taken, mixed media, Amelia Shipman

Kathleen Byrd

Kaleidoscope

backlit infinite fractal curves
yellow flowers become sky
becomes grass becomes thigh
orange breaks into a red sun
shining blue pockets undone
something wholly beauty
full of wonder breaks and
breaks again. Break me
this way, a whole new way

Last Resort

There's water on the South polar solar terrain of Mars.
Good news, apparently, for those who see our fate
in abandoning this world of water and lava. Given
a choice, I'll stay behind with other crawling creatures,
living among the rubble with the humble.

It's a loss I dare not romanticize, the extinction or
flight of the meanest predators. It seems though, on Earth,
the lowly are surest to survive - the scavengers and foragers
parasites and fireweed, clover, bed bugs, sugar ants and ferns,
deer, raccoon, rats, possums, gleaners, and fixers. Perhaps

the prophecy prevails after all, and the meek do inherit an earth
scorched and scorned, but rivers of water and lava will still run wild and free.

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Possum

They're Non-native remarks the milk-eyed lawyer
whose name I don't know
but who's joined our table at the pizzeria
on Capitol Way. He's telling his story
of a criminal convicted for swerving and killing a Possum.

Marsupials: the word swirls like a round in my mouth
Possums who carry babies in pouches - an unuttered thought

Non-native, he continues, *like the grey squirrels*
who weren't here when he was a kid. *Disgusting creatures*
but he's unaware of my musings. *Ridiculous, he was*
convicted. They're not even native. Here, he closes his case.

So, I mention the Nutria because I know a bit about nonnative
too, but he's moved on, so I don't say what I know of Green English
Ivy, Golden Scotch Broom, or Himalayan Blackberry, smothering
the prairies and choking the woodlands,
climbing the trunks of The Western Red Cedar. And brown-eyed
me, and blue-eyed lawyer, and plain house sparrow

we're all non-native too.

I've gone somewhere other than the pizzeria, silently
rowing names along the shores
Priest Point Park, Olympia, Mount Rainier,
and the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

What restless waters on my tongue
my mouth, a pocket too full to speak,
trying to protect names not my own
Tahoma, Squiatl, Puyallup, Nisqually, and Squaxin

O Possum¹
Squirrel, Salmon, Swallow

forgive me
I live here

¹ The word Possum was borrowed from the Powhatan language (Virginia Algonquian), which (the word) became extinct in the 1790's when the speakers of the language, under duress, were forced to speak English. (Wikipedia 2018)

Ketzia Schoneberg

"My newest series of mixed media paintings is entitled Kelim. It is an intimate series of works which explore an ancestral narrative, cultural identity, exile, introspection, personal mythology and sexuality. Animals, ritual practices, cultural objects and markings populate the personal iconography in these paintings, while also addressing complex, ancient themes of human and animal interaction. The relationships I explore between the female figure and the creature has roots in cross-cultural mythology, biblical story, and feminist and shamanic engagement."
- Ketzia Schoneberg



Kelim XVII; Bridge, mixed media on canvas, Ketzia Schoneberg

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Kelim II; Emigration, mixed media on paper, Ketzia Schoneberg

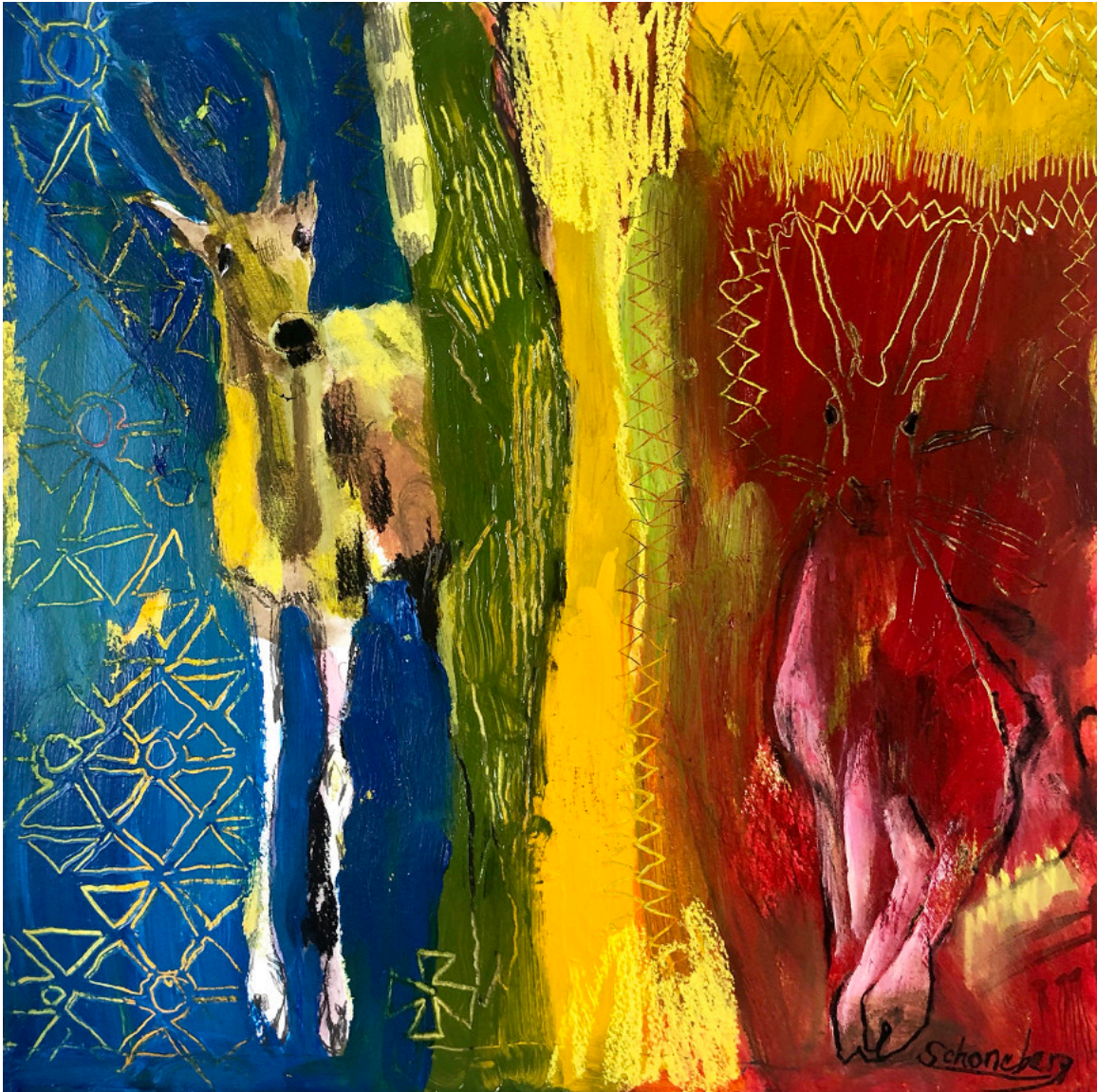


Kelim IV; Warp and Weft, mixed media on paper, Ketzia Schoneberg

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Kelim VIII; Bronze Arc, mixed media on paper, Ketzia Schoneberg



Kelim XVIII; That Beautiful River Between Us,
mixed media on paper, Ketzia Schoneberg

Logan Fenner

Cardale's Pearls

"Eighteen hundred ninety-six...eighteen hundred ninety-seven...eighteen hundred ninety-eight..."

Cardale's voice echoed morosely up the vent in which he sat, a big round metal deal with a diameter at least three times the length of Cardale's entire body. It was a little bit like sitting in a cave, aside from the sheer metal sides and the open mouth of the vent straight above him. The feeling of being surrounded by industry was comforting, even though the factory hadn't been in process in years.

He sat on the floor with his legs crossed, his body curved over the pearls he was counting. Cardale was a big man, but his wide fingers never fumbled. Each pearl was carefully scooted from one end of the divot in the packed earth to another, his low voice ringing out one number at a time.

Every now and then, the roar of another ship would sound overhead, booming down the metal walls. They screamed across the empty sky, for out here in the backwoods of space nobody much bothered with hyperspace regulations.

Cardale liked the sound. He liked the feeling of too much noise in his ears, the meaty rumble of engines pushed to the breaking point, the occasional explosion when one got a little too arrogant and paid hard for it. They reminded him that his job down here had a purpose.

"Nineteen hundred eighteen...nineteen hundred nineteen...nineteen hundred twenty..."

Occasionally, to break up the monotony of counting, Cardale would turn his attention to the small screen at his side, resting on a crate of pearls already counted and ready for shipping. The screen rolled an unending list of ship specs: the make and model, the sums of power cells and time adjustments that made

for speed in space, anti-grav calibration chambers, fuel efficiency, stealth. And, of course, what failed when they finally exploded.

Cardale had built them, once; had worked his fingers to exhaustion and his back into a permanent slump, grease running in thick dark streaks to his elbows. He had existed in the bright cold space that created them, one after another, all different, fantastically improbable creatures.

And then later he had raced them, the curl of hyperspace around the nose of the ship giving him the push of adrenaline he needed to win, again and again. He had brought his ships out to vast fields of empty space like this one, to send them tearing through the blackness.

But now, alone in the ruins of a processing station, the only living thing in the only obstacle on this massive course, he counted. He had found a profession more profitable than shipbuilding, more satisfying than racing.

"Nineteen hundred ninety-four...nineteen hundred ninety-five...nineteen hundred ninety-six..."

Cardale's fingers hunted for the next pile of pearls and didn't find it. He refocused his eyes, intervening on the muscle memory, and looked down. There were two pearls left. He picked them up, caressing them with the pad of his thumb.

"Nineteen hundred ninety-seven...nineteen hundred ninety-eight."

Racing was dangerous, always had been. And expensive, of course. Fuel for such power did not come cheap. Racers traded an uncountable amount of wealth for every mile of practice, practice for a first prize that would pay it all back and then some. But over time, the pockets of the young had worn thin, and even *thinking* about being a racer was too expensive for the next generation.

It was Cardale who had solved the problem.

He had developed the new racing fuel, cheaper and faster and easier to transport. Supply always matched demand exactly. The ultimate price was higher for the racers, but it kept their pockets lined.

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Two racers went out with every ship, a pilot and a navigator. One to manhandle the controls and one to watch the star fields fly by. Each one hooked into the ship, electrodes on their necks and temples, drip needles in their skin. When the ship, driven to the very limit, inevitably came apart in the vacuum of space, the monitor machines went briefly into overdrive and sent their precious cargo out in radio waves to an antenna perched on the edge of Cardale's vent. The essence of the racers coagulated instantly on the metal spikes, glowing slightly with a white light, their very selves hardened into perfect round droplets like tiny stars.

There was a reverberating crack as a ship exploded, and two new pearls dropped in the dust under Cardale's fingertips.

"Nineteen hundred ninety-nine, two thousand."

Amy Stoner



Moonlight Ravens,
encaustic, Amy Stoner

"I love to make art with wood + wax + paper. From carving a relief woodblock, pulling a print on the press to applying layers of molten beeswax, I find joy in bringing disparate elements together to create unique, colorful compositions to brighten people's days and environments.

My work is very process-oriented -- that first mark of the brush or pen opens a floodgate of other ideas that pour out onto the canvas. I let my inner psyche speak to me about what it wants to say, creating varied pieces of color, texture, and line. Always colorful, always graphic, they are the best 'language' I have with which to speak to the world.

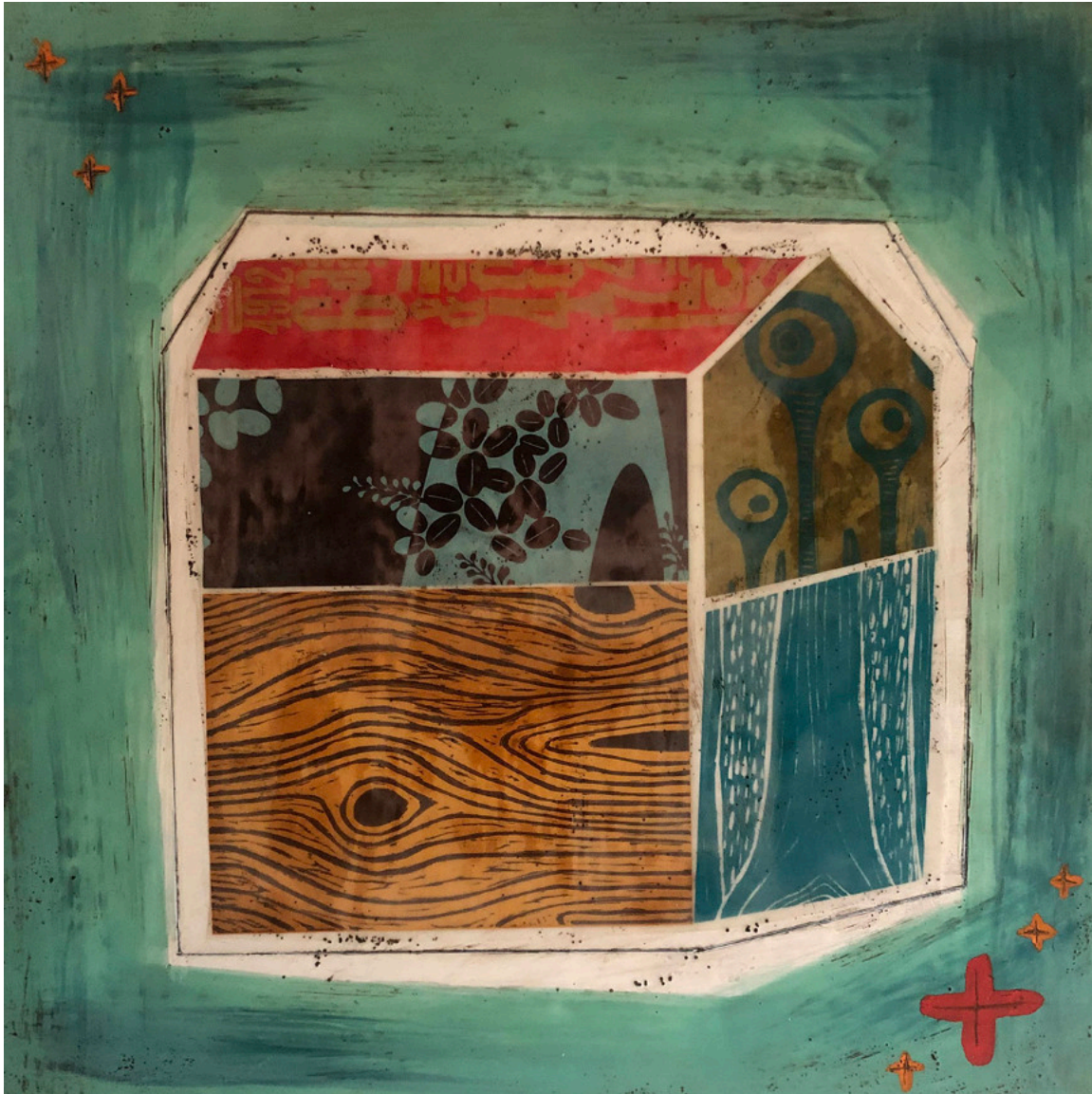
My studio is located in Portland, Oregon in my backyard. I can walk out among my flowers and weird garden art to help inspire my art making. It's pretty awesome and I am so grateful."

- Amy Stoner

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Emergence, encaustic, Amy Stoner



Starry Night in the Suburbs, encaustic, Amy Stoner

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A Walk in the Garden, encaustic, Amy Stoner



18, encaustic, Amy Stoner

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This Side Up, encaustic, Amy Stoner

Carolyn Adams

How to Mourn a Child

There are many words
between love and one perfect soul.

If clean air could heal you,
I would touch your lips with a sea of winds.
If persuasion were enough,
I would will you to move, to rise.
But you have slipped beneath another night.

The changing light folds your name,
to place it with the other lovely things
God holds.

(Previously published in *allthingsgirl*, March/April, 2007)

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Hawaii

The boys killed their father,
so the family story goes.

(We're bad
with history, details get
muddled, lost.)

He beat their mother,
so they killed him
with machetes,
there on the beach.

(Why that beach, why that day,
all lost.)

My mind's wild eye
sees the foam on their lips
as they swing the heavy knives.

Stink of brine.
Gulls screaming.

Red on the white sand,
red in the blue water.

(Triumph, horror
on the woman's face.)

(Previously published in *Mojave River Review*, Volume 1, Issue 2, 2014)

All the Shadows of My City

I was seven. It was summer.
I watched a boy reach through
a chain link fence.
A little girl leaned forward,
the other side.
Her lifted skirt.

We three explored a mystery.

I pondered what she meant
when, in play later, she said nothing.
I didn't know why it was
a permissible thing.

What did the boy take from it,
what did he learn?
Why did he ask
in the first place?

The world became small
in those minutes. It became
a city of shadows.
And I wondered,
as I do even now,
at the lack of fear
in all of us.

(Previously published in *1870 Poetry*, September 4, 2020)

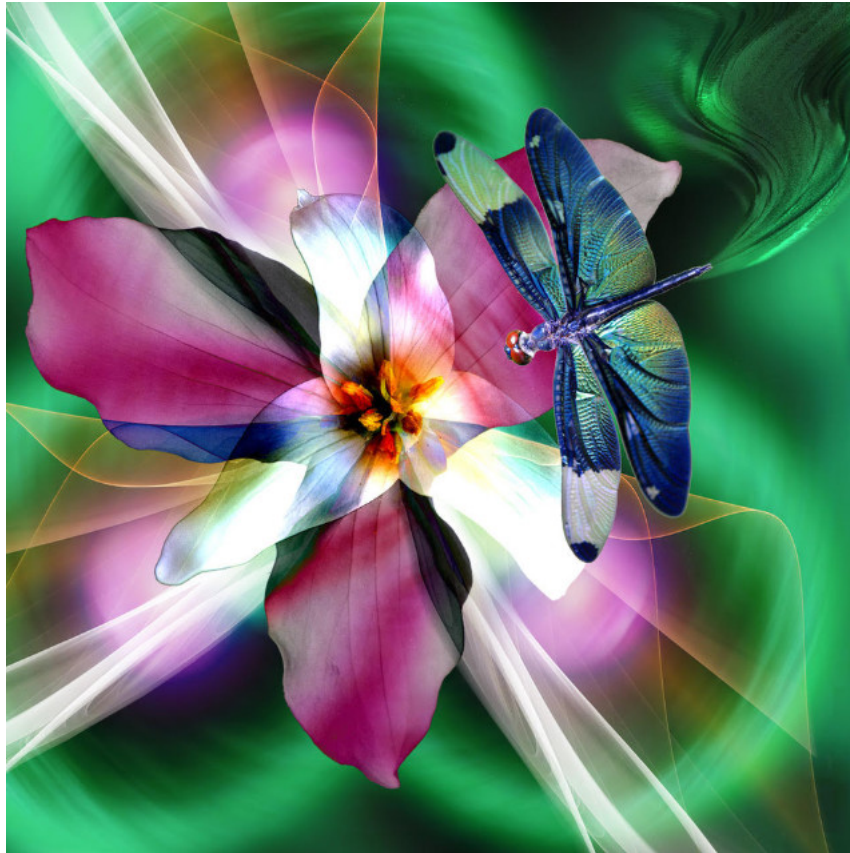
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Meredith Bricken Mills

"As an early Virtual Reality developer at Autodesk, Inc. and UW's Human Interface Tech Lab, I've lived between the real world and the virtual world

for over 30 years ~ my images reflect this synthesis of natural and digital perspectives."

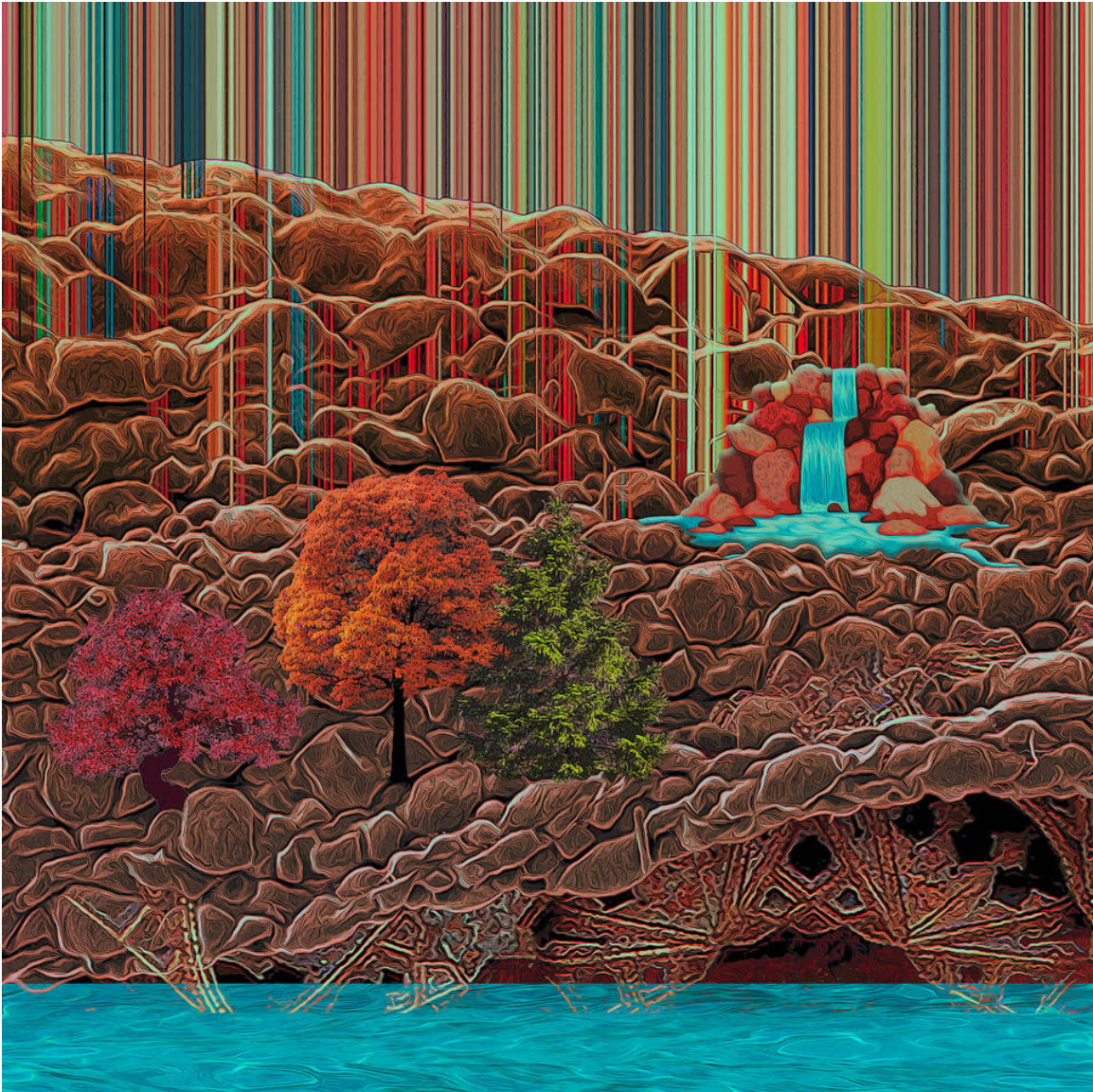
- Meredith Bricken Mills



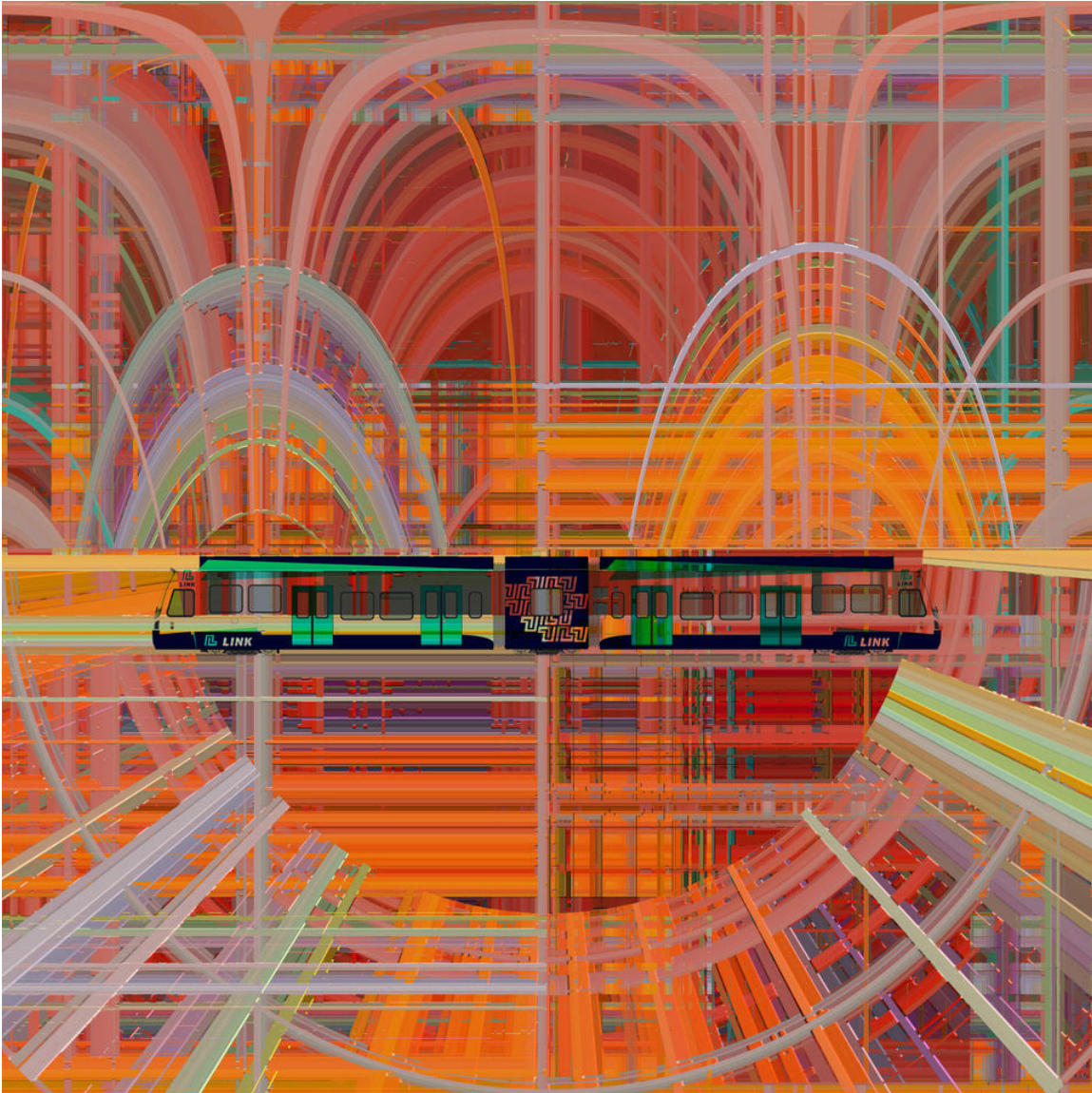
Generative, digital, Meredith Bricken Mills



Digital Gateway, digital, Meredith Bricken Mills



Earthy, digital, Meredith Bricken Mills



Underground, digital, Meredith Bricken Mills



Waterwhirled, digital, Meredith Bricken Mills

Anna Baldi

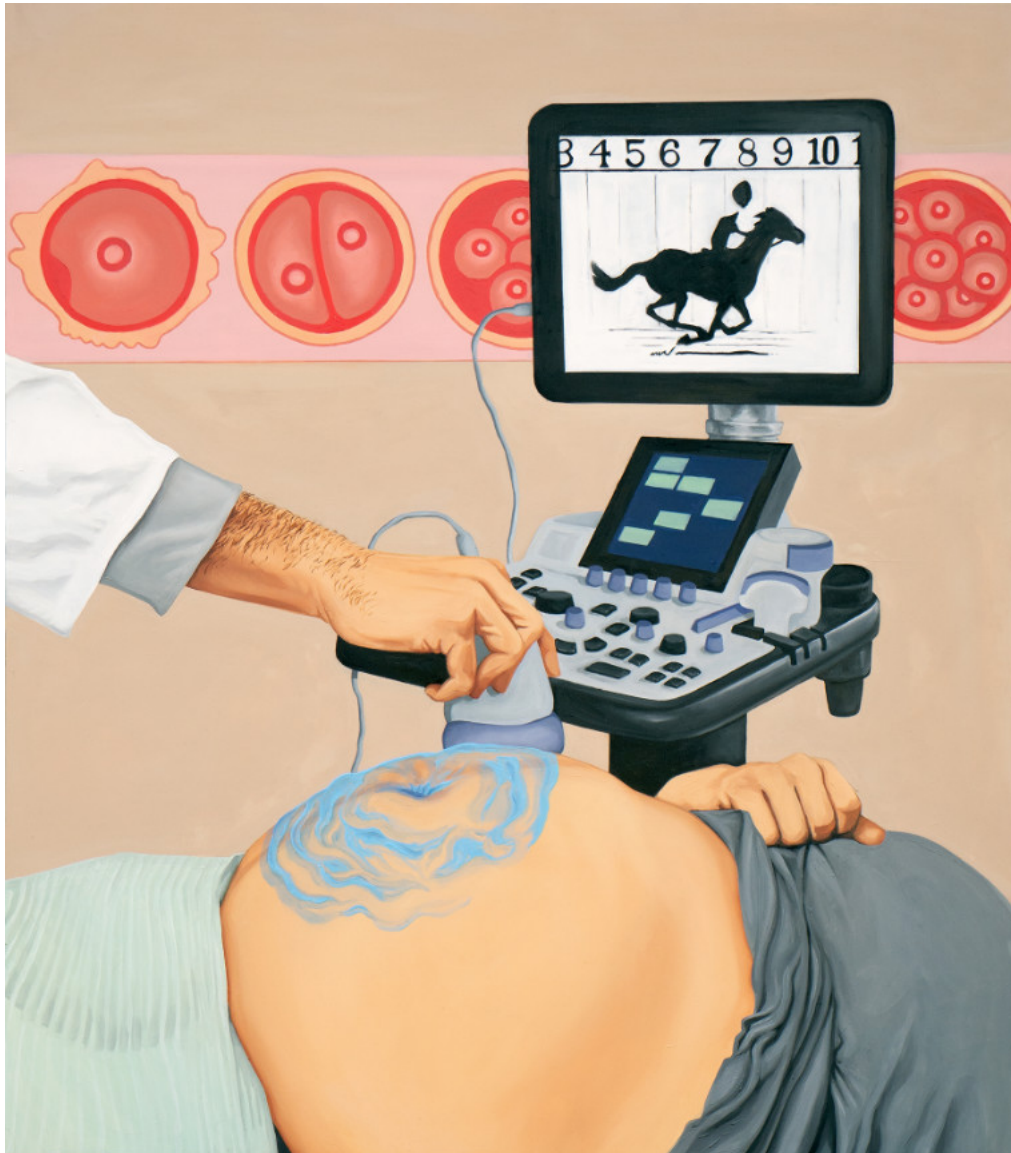
"I am a painter and sculptor interested in anthropology, animal studies, and gender studies. Through my practice I attempt to dismantle the supposed divide between nature and culture, and investigate whether the word 'natural' holds any value when our relationship to non-human life has become so obscured by human dominance. Humans are animals, and we are reliant on the earth like every other species. When we try to separate ourselves, and deny our dependence on nature, we leave no space for wildness, and no space for lives, relationships, and actions that do not fit neatly into either category.

In my work I create situations where symbols of nature and culture collide. These collisions expose our animal reality, and the hypocrisy of our binary systems. My work proposes an acceptance of our animal reality, and an end to our futile, and often destructive attempts at control."

- Anna Baldi



Prey, oil on canvas, Anna Baldi

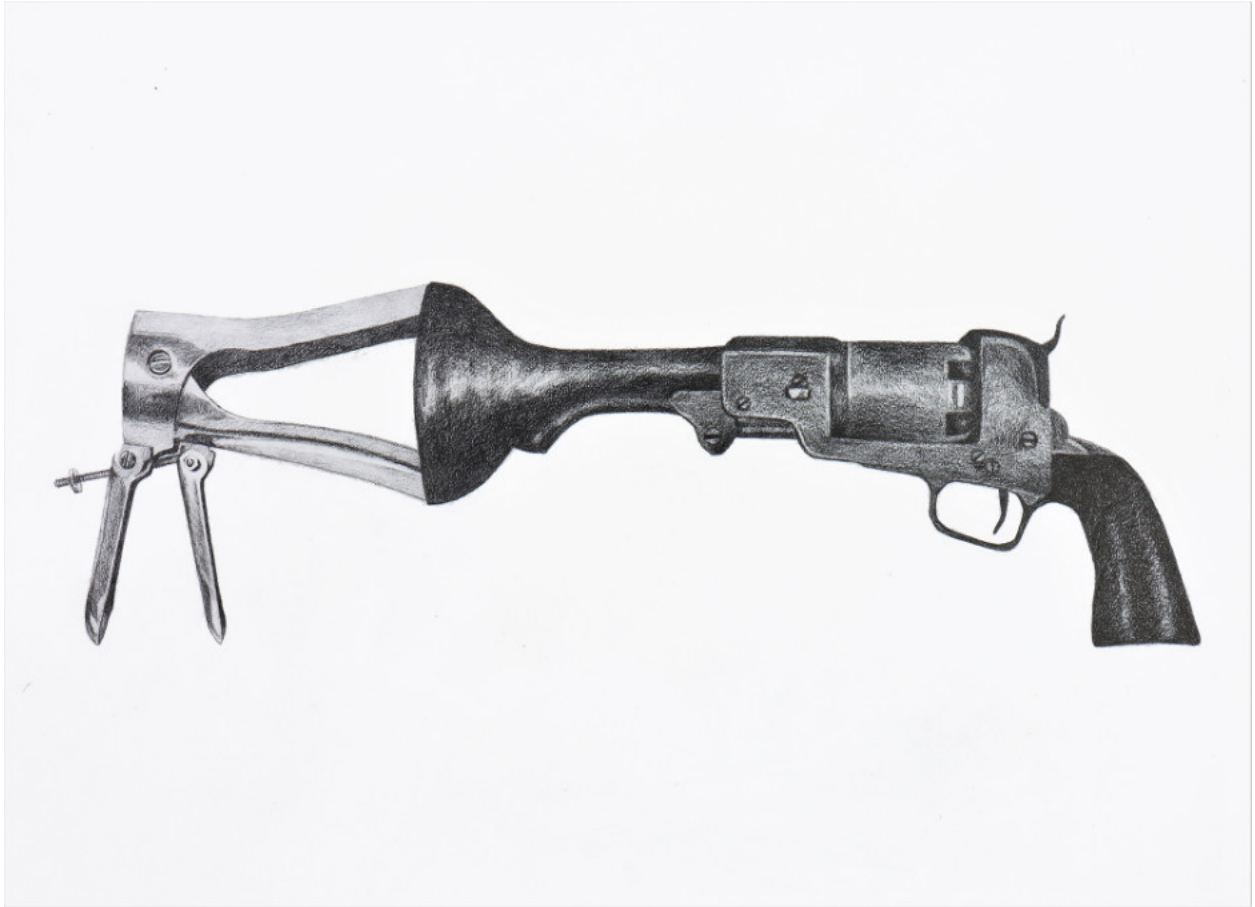


Expansion and Contraction, oil on panel, Anna Baldi



Cow ___ Boot, ceramic, Anna Baldi

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Inspection, graphite on paper, Anna Baldi



Scenic View, oil on canvas, Anna Baldi

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Diana Hayes

Dreaming of Cats in the British Museum

I wake mid-dream on a bus in Bloomsbury in Great Russell Street
not knowing where I've been or where I'm headed.

I step out at the British Museum, beeline to the third floor and join the antiquities
Egypt behind glass, climb into the bronze mummy-case with the Cat of Abydos.

I dream deeper, board a solar barque berthed at the Port of Southampton
greeted by a clowder of feline passengers travelling to the afterlife.

The voyage arduous, I am green with the pitch and roll, a stowaway in mid-Atlantic
aimless and fixed on dead reckoning, twenty days at sea and not a single shore's
mirage.

I implore the ship's falcon wise in his gilded cage, my breath locked in the underworld
eclipsed and languishing in a labyrinth of waves.

I trace celestial codes on a map while the falcon stretches wings
preens in riddles, chants from the ancient book of spells and rites.

Anubis with his jackal head and pointed ears whispers me awake, patron god of lost
and helpless souls, the weighing of the heart, a gilded ring in each ear.

I conjure *Felis* the brightest star with my dreamer's eye and astrolabe
join the cats gathered in their *Field of Reeds* just as the museum doors unlock.

I Have Returned to the River

I have returned to the river
never mind how long it's been
up to my thighs in memory
and the water's lip as I wade out
not knowing if you reached the north bank
I could be lost in your book of days
feel the lap of river's last run
how it nudges clean and clear
I am further along than I charted
keeping still, waiting for the rocks to bite.

We spent that afternoon in heat by the potholes
taking turns slipping from the grassy ledge
you packed a rusted winch in mid-day sun
sweat drenched, hungry for salt
the old trestle a roadmap
making the long trek easier.

The night the earth moved the Richter scale
rumble and roar in feral pitch
tamed by the whiskey you poured
in twos near the open flame saying
it must be the dogs that strange earth's growl
a lowly mumble as cedars glance free of the panes
I did not get up to check the tidal surge
or stanchion the rogue years
or call out your name.

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Mister Raven and My Tourmaline Earring

Ancient bird jaunty with two-footed hops moxie galore makes off with my tourmaline earring the one that belongs on my left ear and if you want to believe the paradigms of gemology you should first know how the world cooks up toxic waste—liver and blood spreads edema—ankles and feet sparks metal ions—prosthetics lying in wait this semi-precious stone will give you a leg up the mountain scree never cramping your freefall.

Lucky Raven chortling his booty all razzle and shine will flare the libido warbling for his solo mate just in time to swoop and roll clear out the beach stash all those tourists dropping talismans in sand maybe a diamond in a shallow grave.

I think our King of Corvid remembers all our moves face recognition he covets amethyst from my locket has an eye for polished silver rehearses his struts with every croak and caw, then clicks like a mystery clock lurking in branches whistles me to move along pleased with my good taste in earrings.

Once I set my keys on a flat rock on a west blown beach in the middle of winter left in clear sight I was determined to get the best and last of the surf before night my camera eyeing the wilderness it was time to tempt the sea breathe without snorkel or gills.

I returned to my rock and no keys. No keys. Clever Mister guardian thief Raven teaches me to slow down hitch a lucky ride back to town turn and toss in a single bed tangled up in shadow down eyes of obsidian a fine master of time.

I am awake now one tourmaline dream brush of black wings nudges my ascent see the bird passing through a cloak of trees out past dawn all lustre and preened keys and earring tucked in his craw.

Go ahead bird. Fly away. Remember my dream. You will know me by tourmaline when you come back for more.

Cindy Mawle



Looking Beyond the Storm,
acrylic on canvas, Cindy Mawle

"Recently my art has taken on a slightly new meaning. While the wild areas of the island to date are still fairly plentiful, the development and fast growing population in much of the forest and beach areas brings to me a sense of loss. In my artwork I aim to capture the beauty of the trees, waters and quiet natural areas in hopes that people will understand the importance of preservation so they may balance that with how they wish to develop. I believe we all have a responsibility to the land when placing our footprints down.

Many say they feel the calm in my paintings. My hope is that this feeling may lead them to a state of reflection and connection to what is real in the world, much like walking through a forest or along a beach. We all need reminders from time to time. I am more than happy to create and share that message."

- Cindy Mawle

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Backlit Watcher, acrylic on canvas, Cindy Mawle



Point of Reflection, acrylic on canvas, Cindy Mawle

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Pipers Lagoon, acrylic on canvas, Cindy Mawle



Trees Above the Tideline, acrylic on canvas, Cindy Mawle

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Jamie A. Grove

Love, Perhaps

I never gave you permission to die. Not like that, with the dog hair, mud, and grass dragged in on mid-winter boots. Not on the living room floor, where I spent my childhood playing board games and watching movies. Not in the dead of night without so much as a word of warning.

I've imagined the scene so many times that it's worn threadbare. The smoke of your last cigarette still lingering in the air, just there. The blue flicker of the TV the only light in the room, and Mom, lingerie'd in a baggy t-shirt, finding you there on the floor, incoherent and shouting gibberish.

I'd heard but never really seen any of your seizures in all the long years you'd had them. I always made myself scarce when they started coming on. But it didn't take much to imagine them. Meaty limbs tossed around like a rag doll, the sound of flesh and bone against floor, against wall, against self. The crazed, feral look. The moaning and heavy way you breathed, like a bull dog. Then, finally, stillness. You never remembered it later.

But famous last words.

"Why does this keep happening to me?"

Those words broke me down to salty tears. They almost sounded like remorse, like confusion and innocence, like words I'd never heard from you before. They were fresh and tender, raw like new skin. They must have felt like marbles in your mouth.

When we came down later, after the snow cleared, Mom slipped a photo into a sympathy card. She snuck it into my suitcase. I didn't find it until I'd gotten home, unpacking things onto the bed.

In the photo I am jaundiced and bald and my pupils are too big for my eyes. My head is too big for my body and I am alien to myself — another anonymous, frowning baby. You are leaned in close to me, holding me with just your hands. And while I'm looking at the camera, you are looking at me, your mouth drawn slightly downward and eyes heavily lidded, tired. I've seen that look before but can't find the word — wonderment or awe or disbelief. Love, perhaps.

That photo got me thinking, and after I went looking to find photos of us. There weren't many; they were scattered around in frames and tucked away in dog-eared albums. There were plenty of photos of me, frizzy-haired and gap-toothed. School photos and sports shots and photos where my hands obscure my face in an attempt to prevent the photo from ever happening at all. But with you, there are barely a handful at all. Not even enough to make a collage.

What photos I can find are bad. They are framed wrong or shot in a bad light or too far away to make sense of the faces. But they are something. I can't remember how you laughed or smiled, because I don't remember you doing either or those things. The photos also lack any evidence. But sometimes I look at them, just to see if I've missed a detail.

In one, there's the wide curve of the river, set blue against dried grass, billowing trees. You and I are on the bank, tiny near the bottom of the photo — it's one of the badly framed shots. Badly framed twice over, because not only is the shot too wide and out of focus, but Mom physically framed it in brass, of all things, tacky, shiny gold-colored gaudiness. It's hard to tell if Mom, because surely she was the one taking these photos, was trying to capture the image of her family or the landscape rising behind us. In the shot, I am leaning forward, ever so slightly over the river, maybe three years old, with a little toy fishing pole. I'm sure I won't tumble into the river's current. There's the hint of a smile on my face, but it could be that it's just a trick of light and shadow. I want to think it's more likely the happy abandon of a careless toddler.

You are looking at the camera again, taken off-guard with a scowl, mouth just open. You're sitting on the riverbank, knees bent and apart with me in the middle. The shot doesn't show your hands, so there's no telling if you had me by the britches or by the ankles, or if your hands were empty and there to catch me, just in case I did happen to fall in.

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In another photo you're standing alone in the yard with a monstrous steelhead in hand. You had it held out perpendicular to yourself and it looked to be nearly half of you. You look grim, not at all pleased with yourself. Begrudging maybe, just to document this giant fish you wrestled from the river. You're wearing a gray knit hat, and it's anyone's guess who might have made it for you. But you're still young, still healthy, not yet descended into the alcoholism and diabetes that would later kill you.

Looking at the photo reminds me of the time when we saw the mink at Lone Pine and when we spent a long October evening cooking steelhead over the campfire and you said that side planing was just like flying a kite? At least, I think it was you who told me that. I've never met another soul who even knew what side planing is. I remember when it was us, and the river, and the steelhead. We went fishing every night in the cold October air. Watching the leaves float downstream, I thought that we could be good together. But life always went back to normal. Sullen, angry teenager, sullen, angry father.

There's another photo, taken on Halloween night. I'm standing on the couch, candy bucket clutched in one hand and the other thrown around your shoulder. I just barely have hair at all. I'm looking at the camera and I'm smiling through my Ninja Turtle mask. You have one arm wrapped around my knees and you're smiling at me. And you don't care about the camera. And you're dashing and handsome and everything I thought dads were supposed be.

This is the man I wanted you to be — the man who adored his daughter, the one who had eyes only for her.

Kellie Kawahara-Niimi

"My art is an exploration into the illusion of control. It attempts to find beauty and comfort in unpredictable chaos. I often think of my art as a quiet and meditative reminder that we all need rest and comfort. My pieces are about finding respite and whimsical escapes in ways that are approachable, yet thought-provoking and insightful. The work quietly subverts the idea that bodies need to stay in constant motion. I want my paintings to make people stop and pause, even for a moment. Each time someone admires the beauty in something, they take the time to be present when the pressure to stay busy and distracted can be overpowering. My hope is to create pieces that bring us back into our bodies and help us rediscover our humanness through these moments. "

- Kellie Kawahara-Niimi



Just Come Down, mixed media resin illustration, Kellie Kawahara-Niimi

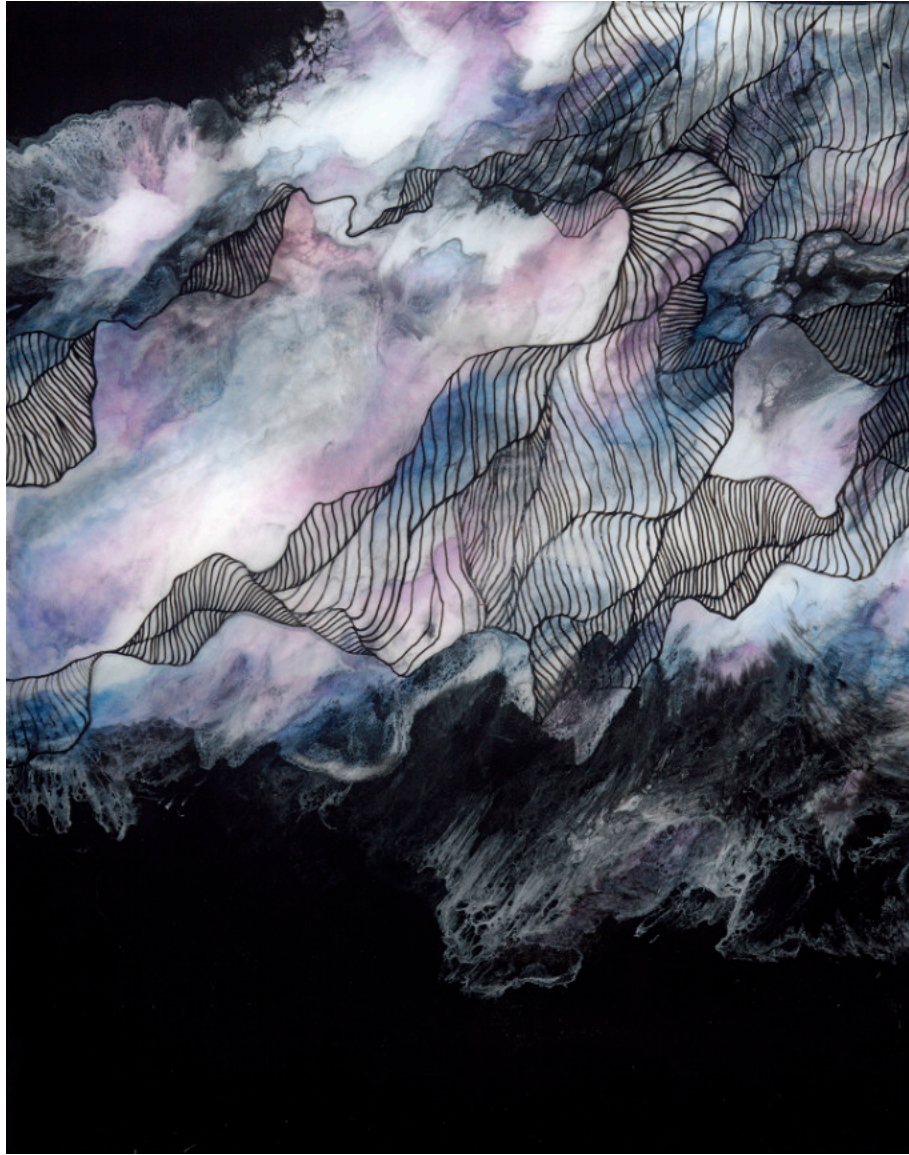


Friction, mixed media resin illustration, Kellie Kawahara-Miini



Does It Sleep,
mixed media resin illustration,
Kellie Kawahara-Miini

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Transform, mixed media resin illustration, Kellie Kawahara-Miini

Reese Lamb

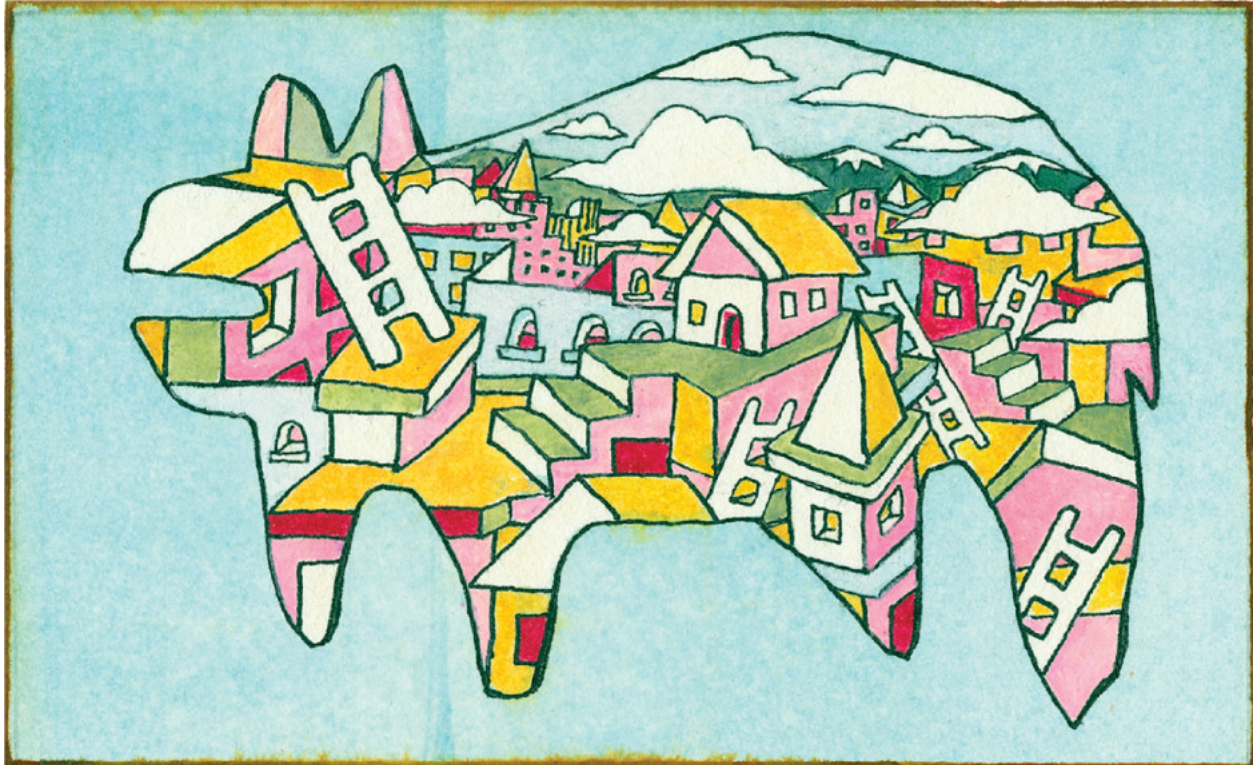
"My new works are an examination of the confluence of the natural and man made worlds. A place where we can still dream. A place where we are still animals, where our spirits are free to exist unencumbered by the

trappings of this modern world. A place that is all around us, a presence that we can perceive if we stop and take the time to look."

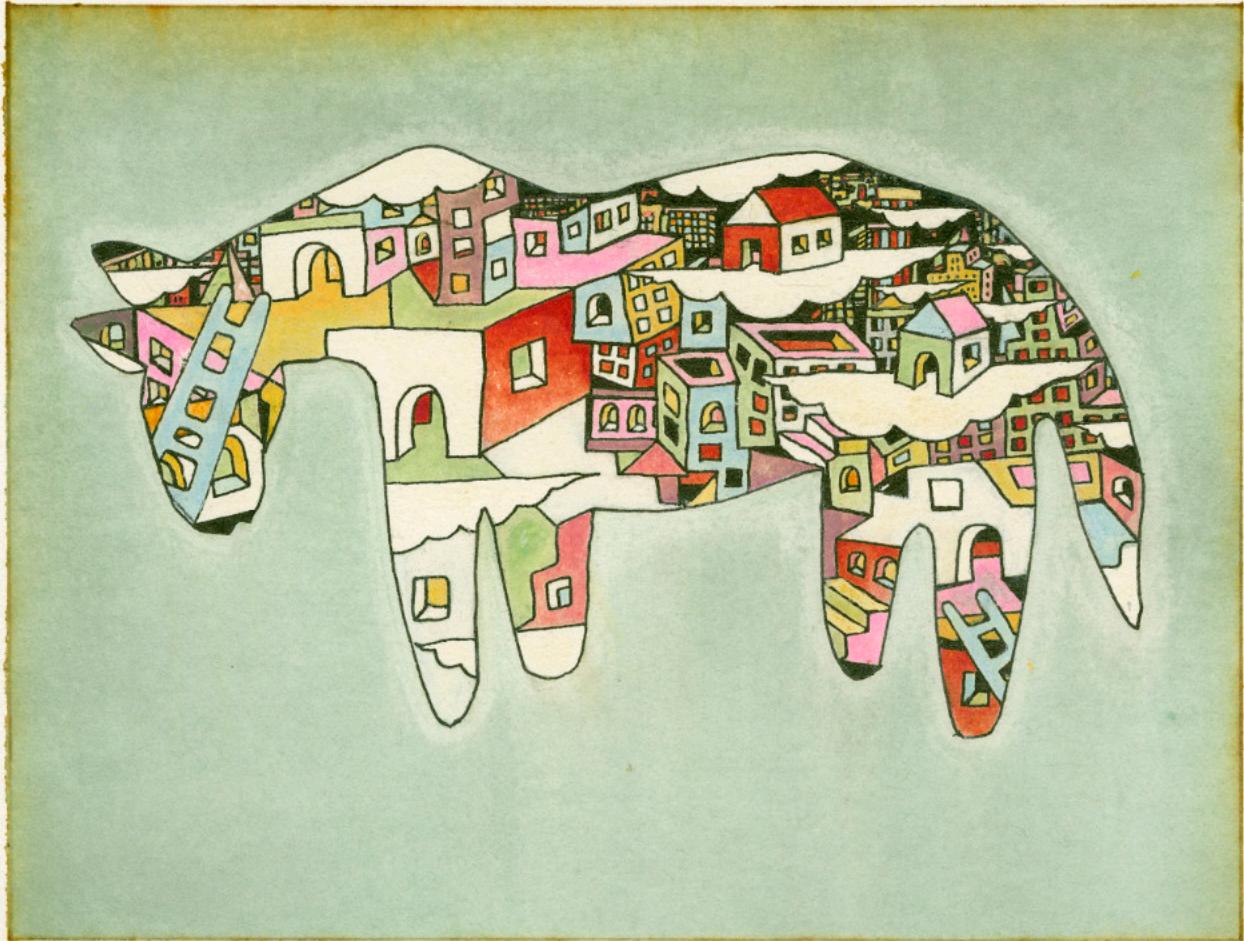
- Reese Lamb



Untitled, mixed media, Reese Lamb



Golden Bear, mixed media, Reese Lamb



Equine At Night, mixed media, Reese Lamb



The Spirits of Places in Dreams, mixed media, Reese Lamb

Claire Scherzinger

Grocery List

- Gala apples x 4

Remember when I texted,

No Honeycrisp, please, pleasepleaseplease—when I eat them, I feel like I'm rubbing my molars with Kleenex, please also get toilet paper, I've been using Kleenex since we ran out last night, I suppose if you want one for the charcuterie plate we're doing this week, fine, as long as you slice it thinly and we eat it with Iberico cheese, Medjool dates, and that Trader Joe's prosciutto and green olives?

That was a long time ago. The memory feels itchy.

I brought galas; they're on the table in that plastic bowl. Yes, the one with the leaves, there.

No, I'm not trying to poison you.

- Spam

Three tins I've left in the fridge. Ask the nurse for help to open them if your hands are shaking.

I had spam for the first time when I was at that writer's conference in Honolulu. The Marriott where I was staying had this little café that exited out onto the street. That's also where I met Raf. He had a shiny pelt of black hair, a small soft mark in his earlobe from an old stud.

He was wearing jeans despite the waterlogged humidity. When he asked why I was in Hawaii, I told him, books, and he asked me to dinner. Raf ordered bottle service, and we made out in front of the Tesla store in Waikiki. The next morning I delivered a paper on world-building in Chinese science fiction novels.

My crotch sweated for the whole conference. I stood with my thighs wedged together on the bus in case a breeze passed under my dress. I took a shower. Raf stayed with me at the Marriott for the next two nights.

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I'd get an egg and spam in a bun every morning, and each bun had a delicate strip of seaweed on top. The café floor was polished white, the walls rough and fallow. Circular glossy tables with lines of air pots swelled with a charred dark roast. I'd get my coffee, lots of milk, no sugar. Then I'd take a wad of napkins, because it always annoyed me how people take more napkins than they need, dribble their coffee everywhere, and leave the drops even though they have all the fucking napkins in the world to wipe it up. After breakfast, I'd throw all my napkins away. Except for one morning I shoved them all in my purse.

Early mornings Raf and I sat on these green cushioned benches by the pool. We'd eat breakfast before it got too humid. My legs were always splayed open like a divining rod, and we'd giggle how I aired myself out like a piece of laundry. He said I was so open, and I think he was talking about my personality, but at the time I was sure he was just talking about my legs.

You weren't there, so don't go thinking you've forgotten something again. Hopefully, all stories kill you a little or turn you into something else. I haven't decided yet which goal I'm trying to accomplish.

Anyway, it was so hot when I left Honolulu and then the plane was so cold.

It was like that on the way over, too, from Seattle to Hawaii. But going back, I bought an oversized gray sweatshirt at the airport before the flight, because I thought I would die on the plane if it was that cold again.

It was. The girl next to me cried until the flight attendants turned the heat on.

I dream about those buns.

- Okra

The year we tried to grow okra was also the year we concluded it was too cold to grow in the Pacific Northwest.

We still tried. The leaves turned chartreuse. The part that becomes the okra was a pointed thimble, a witch's hat, you said. And then it dropped off because it wasn't pollinated and...the cold. It became a disfigured fingernail. A talon.

I tried to scratch your beard with it, playfully, but you jumped back, oddly disgusted, and went outside to mow the lawn.

- Oxtails

Your thirtieth birthday was my favorite. We had this ritual where we treated the other to a meal at a restaurant of the other's choosing.

That restaurant in Ravenna with the James Beard awarded chef. That was your choice.

Of course, I can't remember his name for the life of me, but I remember you got oxtails and a glass of Highland Park.

I was wearing my Neil Young jean jacket, and a grey knitted Tommy Hilfiger dress with a five-year-old pair of Blundstone's. I had quail and this pink, silky cocktail in a bowl glass. We sat up at the bar because the restaurant didn't take reservations and filled up the minute it opened.

Later you found out that H Mart sold oxtails. They had them wrapped in plastic near where they keep the fish on ice. You bought them. They spent a few months vacationing in the freezer.

After cooking and dousing in sauce, you said the taste wasn't the same. The meat tasted stale from the prolonged cold; you had overcooked it, and the portions were small. I said they looked like rusty bandages, and you ordered burgers.

So, if you want me to rebuy them for you, remember the freezer burn.

You probably shouldn't be cooking oxtails in here.

- Bananas

The biggest argument of our marriage was over the question, is there really a right way to split a banana? Monkeys do it the right way, you insisted. They had thumbs first.

I left you a voice mail, Just because a monkey is observed splitting a banana a certain way doesn't make it the right way—isn't what makes us human that we can choose to split open a banana any damn way we want?

An hour later you responded in a text, Only get organic. Thx.

Chloe Harris

"I start my paintings with an intention whether it be a place, space, word, or feeling and work with layering texture and color to create a final piece. In developing my own style and work process, I have found success in the adventure of spontaneity in bold visual texture and color. Working with different mediums allows various

elements to lead my art in a unique yet continuous manner. I attempt to teeter on the verge of chaos and cohesion to bring viewers to a place where their own interpretation can take over. I continue to be inspired by all aspects of my life in order to bring new visuals and risks to my art." - Chloe Harris



Bay, acrylic on canvas, Chloe Harris

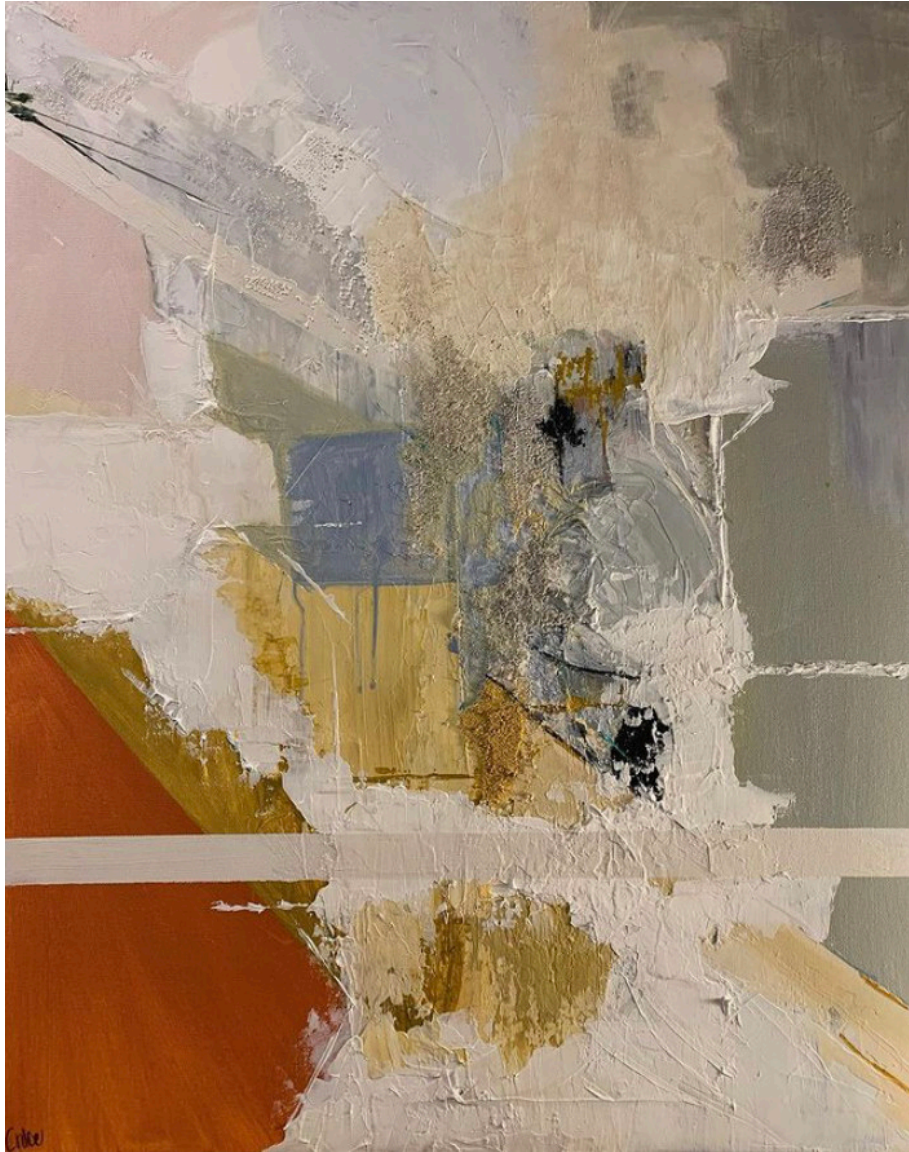


LA, acrylic on canvas, Chloe Harris

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In Stride, acrylic on canvas, Chloe Harris



Sonder, acrylic on canvas, Chloe Harris

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Poke, acrylic on canvas, Chloe Harris

In the Studio: Plastorm

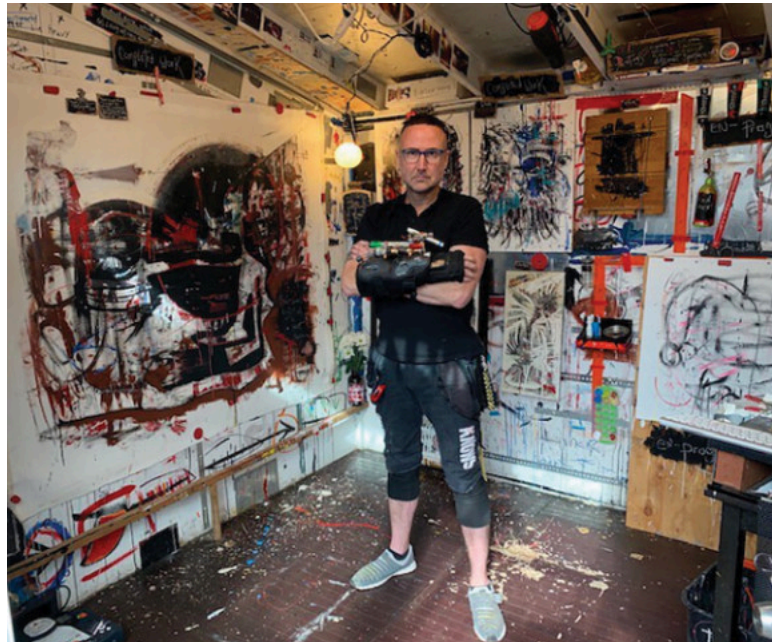
What can you tell us about your space?

The base of my studio is a freestanding 10x12 Tuff Shed. It was built behind our detached garage, at the edge of our back fence that separates our backyard from the alley (this is important later!).

How long have you been making art there? Has your use of the space changed over time?

If memory serves, the shed was built in late 2012. And yes, not only has this space changed drastically over the years, it has — quite unexpectedly, served as a springboard into a multitude of skills and interests that, prior to its construction, were completely unknown to me.

To make a long story (kind of) short, I was still chasing a multitude of windmills when we bought this house. I'm easily dazzled and have a short attention span, so I've dabbled in a myriad of interests. Each of those new or revisited conquests flirted with the same hint of promise, that faint whisper tickling your subconscious



with the idea that, at long last — THIS COULD BE IT!

It was very much the same with painting. I would dabble... But get discouraged by the eventual realization that I was just blindly moving paint around. So, with all that in mind, finally having my own space where I could let my creative juices fly (and not have to worry about the splatter and stains that accompany such sedulity) I was finally able to lock

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myself away from the world (mainly the cold garage) and wholeheartedly succumb to the generative nausea that has forever swirled through my thoughts, dreams, and overall cognition. This was just for me. I had no other motive than to defer to the coded language of the "artistic angels" (a term stolen from Dali) that, while often ignored, are always loquacious.



The studio when newly built

It was in that cold garage that lightning started to strike; when cast nets brought back much more than minnows! I was slowly — finally — gloriously — gaining relative control over the chaos on the canvas. I was, at long last, able to pull shapes from those tumultuous clouds. That's when things really started to take-off.

Within a few years, I had sold enough paintings to build this studio. I think it's important to note that I didn't own so much as a tool kit before it was built. Throughout the intervening years, both from practical necessity and experimental whimsy, I have (often clumsily) expanded the studio by constructing decks and awnings (note to future DIY builders: don't forget about drainage like I did!).

Expanding the studio also taught me the basics of insulation, electricity and wiring; that led into building my own solar array, and so on. All of these were baby steps that led me to the expansive and ever-evolving art installation now known as Robot Alley.

To explain what Robot Alley is, you must understand that the neighborhood was quite different when we bought this house. I heard and saw things in the alley in the early morning hours that both scared and amused me (creepy, late-night footsteps patterned in loops just behind my studio; sketchy, late-night



The studio with enhancements by Plastorm

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transactions; prostitutes in action; magnificent coyotes; loud drunks stumbling home from the Mississippi Ave. bars; and so many gunshots — which has, quite sadly, only increased over the years).

In an effort to put somewhat of a presence back there, I installed a motion light. That kind of worked so I then thought I'd up the game by posing my Plastormian SparkSuit (the functional, mechanized cyberarmor I constructed to wear when I appear as



Ripley

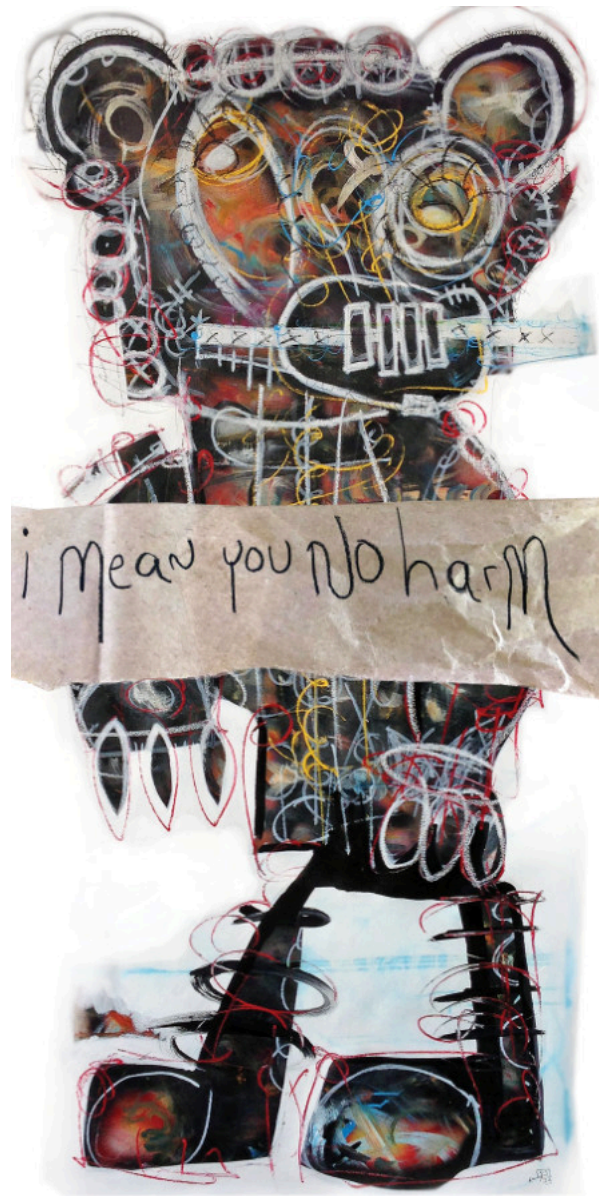
Plastorm at art events, gallery shows, etc...) outside, sort of hovering ominously towards the alley. That... also kind of worked. And then — on a fateful trip to Target to restock my supply of carbonated water — I strolled by a kid's toy isle that showcased a beckoning legion of half-sized Stormtroopers! BOOM! That was it. With the help of a beginners Arduino kit and lots and lots of YouTube instructional videos, I started building the cast of interactive Plastormian Sentinels that guard our house, alley, and neighborhood today. Did it work? It did! Mostly... While it has cut down crime... It's also become somewhat of a tourist stop these days. And yes, the neighbors are fine with it.

Do you have a studio pet or mascot?

Where to begin! Let's first start with the quadrupeds. I have a 3-year-old Golden Retriever named Ripley and a 10-year-old Golden named Sprocket. And I'd be a bad robot parent if I didn't proudly list their names as well: 2 interactive Stormtroopers named Captain Plasma and Lieutenant Skout, a Plastormian Probe Droid named MAXimumillian, SKAREbot (who's, you know, programmed to SCARE!), a studio greeter named Render, and BÜübo (a magical WindOwl).



Sprocket on the Command Deck



I Mean You No Harm,
mixed media, Plastorm

What's your favorite thing about your studio?

I have worked very hard to build a space that is, quite literally, the only place I'd rather be. As someone who has travelled the world looking for that mysterious and elusive scratch to my itch; someone who, as previously mentioned, chased an innumerable amount of windmills, being able to say that there is no other place I'd rather be is just so magical. I basically have two careers right now, Senior Video Editor for a national company, and a... it still feels odd to say, professional artist? I'll just go with what's on my business card: vector pusher; pigment peddler; word mangelerer.

Once Covid hit, even the "day" job switched to home. So for the past (I've lost all concept of time at this point) 15 months or so, I've seldom left the property. I don't think I would have handled that ultimate isolation as well as I did were it not for the countless interactions with people who visit Robot Alley. Some of those visits were sweet, such as the young Star Wars fan whose public birthday party was cancelled due to Covid. I was given word ahead of time that his parents were bringing him here so I was prepared with a small present for him (a small robot painting). Most of those visits were fun and entertaining as, like a mad firefighter, I have a Kylo helmet that I can jump into at a

moment's notice and immediately appear with a clicking robot claw — startling anyone on the other side of the fence! You can find clips of some of those moments on my Instagram page. As someone who already requires a great deal of isolation — these interactions have really made the difference in the strange (and often dark) days of a global pandemic.

Does it have any drawbacks?

I'd say the biggest drawback to my current setup is that, because I now do ALL work in my studio, by the time I clock out from the Editing job, the walls have started to close in on me. It's been a fairly unproductive year in terms of finished art. My studio walls are always covered with a dozen or so pieces in various states of undress. In the age of Covid, in an effort to escape these shrinking walls, I've spent a great deal of time working on the personal delights of robot construction and maintenance — and nowhere near enough time keeping my artistic ass firmly planted.

I guess something that could also be interpreted as an additional drawback, every now and then, is that there are some days (mostly on sunny weekends) when there are so many visitors to Robot Alley I can barely get any work done! I feel like I've let people down if I don't give them what



I call the #fullKylo, so it can get kind of exhausting at times.

I've recently installed an LED board to let visitors know if all these "interactives" are online or offline. It displays brief "Status Reports" explaining why things are unusually quiet (I'm in a Zoom meeting, have to concentrate on work, etc...). That at least calms my worries about visitor expectations. I know, it's all completely irrational. It's moments like this, while typing such explanations that I'm slapped with the realization of what's really going on here! I'm a one-man amusement park!

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I honestly have no idea if that's good or bad.

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

As a hairy creature of cyclical habit, I actually have a mental checklist of "Power-up" and "Power-down" procedures. Once all the A.I.'s are

online and the various computer systems operational, I make sure I've got my mechanical pencils, ink mops, paint markers, brushes, fineliners, etc... where I need them. Once that's complete, I find that concentrated work with my hands, like rewiring an inoperable relay or fixing something in the yard helps get my synapses firing.



If my bones are feeling a bit more creaky than usual, a good 90 degree hang on my inversion table really helps to get the blood flowing! Then, if I'm feeling operational, it's a matter of picking which neglected child to focus on and pulling that piece from the studio wall (usually the one that's talked the loudest while perched there). It can then take hours (if at all) for meaningful brushstrokes to happen.

All the aforementioned routines are pretty standard — unless I have truly locked in on a painting, in which case I am truly a slave to that piece's dictation. I don't often plan my work (unless it's a commission) so when a piece finally reveals itself to me — it always feels like a blessed event. And it's all I can think about! I'll even sneak into my studio well after I've closed for the night simply to get an extra peek. This is why I paint (or do anything creative) under a pseudonym (Plastorm); because whoever's responsible for that work — it ain't Robert!

What do you listen to while you're working?

Ah, one of those moments when I wonder, "how honest should I be?" And then I come back to my senses and remember that it's nearly impossible for me not to wear most of my inward self on my paint-encrusted sleeves.

As previously mentioned, I'm a creature of cyclical habit; cyclical in the sense that those habits do tend to rotate and shift. I've attached a screenshot of my current podcast lineup. My current "never-miss" favorites include Knowledge Fight (a show that hilariously dissects the insanity and grift of Alex Jones and Infowars), Cafe Insider (Preet Bharara and co-host discuss the week's news from their amazing legal perspective), Qanon Anonymous (dissects and discusses the latest conspiracy theories cooked-up among these dangerous idiots), Black Box Down (breaks-down aviation accidents and the steps taken to prevent future disasters), and Talking Simpsons/ Futurama (an ongoing commentary of each episode of The Simpsons and Futurama).

Friday nights are spent watching the current season of The Last Drive-in with Joe Bob Briggs (an "Elvira-like" double-feature of horror with live breaks of commentary).

The most embarrassing reveal is that I absolutely love everything on Investigation Discovery. The network's often... let's say, subpar narratives provide the perfect balance of shlock and entertainment: good enough to keep your mind stimulated — and yet not great enough to be compelled to constantly look up, thereby losing focus on the matter at hand. I.D.'s streaming Deadly Women channel is a

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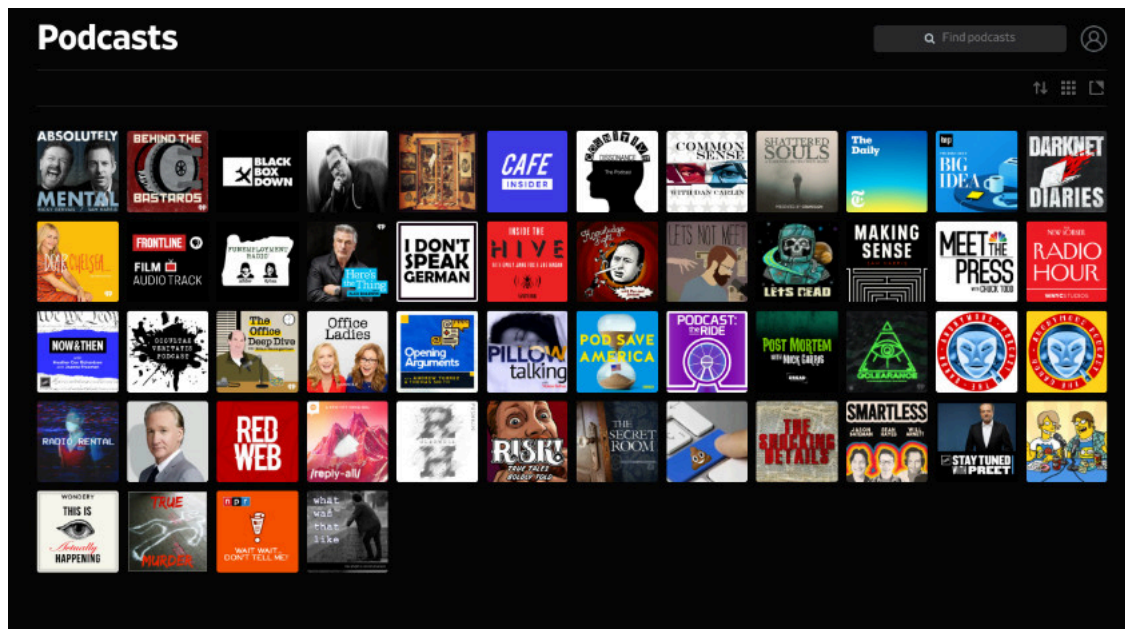
life-saver for when you need something playing but don't have the time or inclination to hunt for something more suitable.

As for music, something strange happened after I was involved in an auto accident about two years ago. For some inexplicable reason (perhaps to calm my frayed nerves while driving after the collision) I started listening to pop music! So yeah, two of my current "most-played" artists are The Weeknd and Post Malone. I honestly can't get enough of them.

What's coming up for you?

There's currently an escalating war within my head about whether I

should feel guilty that I've spent the last 15 (or so) months "getting high off my own supply." What I mean by that is, I've spent these months indulging (perhaps selfishly) in my own various fancies, with little thought of art career or sales. I've barely updated my social media accounts or website! So yeah, it's not until recently that the more practical side of my psyche has begun to clear its throat and suggest, "ummm, you think maybe it's time to get back to the real world?" For now, I keep telling that dull, nervous weenie to "Shut it! I'm really enjoying myself."





Subconscious Art of Graffiti Disintegration, mixed media, Plastorm

Contributors

Carolyn Adams' poetry and art have appeared in Steam Ticket, Cimarron Review, Topology, Apercus Quarterly, and Blueline Magazine, among others. She is the author of four chapbooks, and has been nominated for a Pushcart prize, as well as for Best of the Net.

Anna Baldi is an artist based in Seattle, Washington. She received her BFA from Carnegie Mellon University in 2018, with a focus in painting and sculpture. Her artistic practice explores human-animal relationships, reproductive labor, and how these topics fit into a world of rapidly evolving technology. Outside of art making, Anna has worked as an educator in both Seattle and Pittsburgh.

<http://www.anna-baldi.com>

https://www.instagram.com/flock_of_batmen/

Woods Bramble is an American painter residing in Seattle, WA. At 52 he is a transplant from Los Angeles and has lived and worked in Seattle for the last decade, devoting his work to the unsung areas of the city. Focusing heavily on buildings and street scenes, including electrical wiring and other ephemera, he is fascinated by the mundane and pedestrian, feeling that these subject matters connect all who live in the city. After working thirty plus years in the tattooing industry, his painting style is far less precise and strives to recreate the loose feeling of the pieces he saw in his grandfather's studio as a boy. He lives and works in the West Seattle neighborhood with his wife and two youngest children.

<http://www.WoodsBramble.com>

http://instagram.com/woods_americanPainter

Meredith Bricken Mills implemented some of the first virtual worlds in 3D graphics, and has written and published extensively about virtual reality. She currently applies her unique perspective to translate images into bespoke book covers. Mills creates iconic imagery which can exist with equal ease as digital and portable visual art. Mills has lived and taught in Hawaii and Australia. She lives in Seattle, where she does hands on work with a number of writers and graphic designers in monthly workshops, exhibiting her art while teaching technique. Her work can be viewed at the Museum of Computer Art (MOCA).

http://moca.virtual.museum/autogallery2020/autogallery_mills/

Kathleen Byrd is a poet based in the Pacific Northwest. She has taught English at South Puget Sound Community College in Olympia for over 20 years. She is currently an MFA candidate at Western Washington University. Her poems have been published in Crosscurrents, a literary journal of the Washington Community College Humanities Association, Pontoon, and Godiva Speaks, A Celebration of Women Poets in Olympia. She was recently awarded a Sue Boynton poetry prize for her poem "Still Life, Geneva Pond".

Gigi Cooper lives and works in Portland, Oregon.

Logan Fenner is a queer speculative/SFF writer from Olympia, WA. His short-form work has been featured in a number of local publications while he works on his debut novel. When not writing, he does hand embroidery, goes for long walks, and reads voraciously.

https://www.instagram.com/paperback_pirate

Jamie A. Grove's writing has been featured in Black Fox Literary Magazine, 805 Lit+Art, Parentheses Journal, Oregon East, and other literary journals. Her story "Homecoming" (805 Lit+Art Volume 3, Issue 4, October 2017) was nominated for the Best of the Net, and she currently has work forthcoming in an anthology to be published by Propertius Press in summer 2021. She lives on the dry side of Oregon with her family.

<https://www.instagram.com/j.a.grove/>

Chloe Harris is a fine artist originally from Oregon where she grew up immersed in both fine and performing arts. Partially self-taught in fine art, Chloe is fascinated with creating pieces rich in depth and abstract elements. She enjoys adding elements of textured detail and spontaneity to her work to create bold yet cohesive art. Chloe currently resides in Seattle, where she completed her B.A. at Seattle University in business management and entrepreneurship. In her free time Chloe enjoys exercise, cooking, and trying new restaurants.

Diana Hayes was born in Toronto and has lived on both coasts of Canada. She has six published books, most recently Gold in the Shadow: Twenty-Two Ghazals and a Cento for Phyllis Webb. Deeper Into the Forest, a spoken word/music CD, was produced at Allowed Sound Studio in 2020. Her poetry has been included in numerous anthologies. Her practice of year-round ocean swimming inspired the formation of the Salt Spring Seals. She has lived on Salt Spring since 1981.

<http://www.dianahayes.ca/>

Summer 2021

Kellie Kawahara-Niimi (pronouns: they/them/theirs) is a non-binary asian-american artist. They graduated from the University of San Francisco with a BA in Arts History/Arts Management. Kellie's insatiable curiosity pushes their boundaries of creativity, allowing for explorations into various art forms, mediums, techniques and styles. Currently, they are working on mixed media art resin illustrations. Since 2019, they have shown in numerous galleries in the Pacific Northwest and across the country. They are currently an artist-in-rotation at Ford Gallery in Portland, OR. You can also find them on the artist roster for Lakeshore Arts in Seattle, WA.

<https://kellie.love/>

<http://www.instagram.com/kellie.love.art>

Reese Lamb was born and raised in Seattle, Washington. Reese has been making art since the early 90's, and a Portland artist since the early 2000's. Influences on his work are a love of music, urban environments and the natural beauty of the Pacific Northwest. Reese works in a variety of mediums, including pen and ink, graphite, watercolor and gouache. His experimental technique deploys pen, brush and angular or fluid movements to create a world of shape, color and movement.

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

Cindy Mawle is a Canadian painter living on Vancouver Island, BC. In her 35+ years as a self directed artist Cindy has created a prolific portfolio of subjects. The west coast scenery now dominates her canvases, an expression of her deep connection with the natural beauty that surrounds her. Cindy paints out of her studio in Bowser, BC Canada.

<http://www.cmawle.com>

Allison McClay is a painter, muralist and illustrator based in Portland, Oregon. Her giant murals commemorate beloved public figures and tell the stories of small town Oregon, and she creates detailed illustrations of animals, people and landscapes for educational books and state parks. In her paintings, she looks at these same subjects through a magical realism filter, creating colorful rich, detailed images that reward a closer look.

<http://www.allisonmcclay.com>

Jessica (Tyner) Mehta, born and raised in Oregon and a citizen of the Cherokee Nation, is a multi-award-winning interdisciplinary author, artist, and storyteller. She is currently preparing for her Fulbright U.S. Scholar award in Bangalore, India as well as her residency at Ucross as the 2021 Native American artist-in-residence. Jessica is the recipient of a 2021 GLEAN: Portland award and Regional Arts and Culture Council Make/Learn/Build award. She has two books releasing this year, including *When We Talk of Stolen Sisters* (Not a Pipe Publishing) and *Antipodes* (New Rivers Press).

<http://www.thischerokeerose.com>

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

Plastorm is the pseudonym of self-taught mixed-media artist, Robert B. Fortney. He has no formal art education and couldn't draw a straight line if he tried. His breakthrough revelation? Gathering enough courage and confidence to "not draw" creatively. Plastorm has exhibited pieces across the country and continues to sell to an evolving stable of collectors all over the world. While not maintaining the ongoing outdoor art installation known as *Robot_Alley* located behind his home and studio, he creates paintings using conventional oils and acrylics combined with the kinds of spray paints, drip sticks, and ink mops traditionally used by graffiti artists. If forced to define a style, "it would be a mixture of abstraction, science fiction, and humor."

<http://www.plastorm.com/>

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

Anastasia Schaadhardt grew up in southwest Washington and currently resides in Seattle with her husband, Alex, and their terrier, Pippin. She is a PhD student at the University of Washington, where she researches how to make creativity tools accessible for blind and visually-impaired people.

Claire Scherzinger is a visual artist and writer with a BFA (2013) from OCAD University and an MFA from the University of Victoria (2019). Her fiction and poetry have been previously published in *Carousel* (2014) and in the *Writer's Digest 81st Competition Anthology* (2011). Her non-fiction writing has appeared in print in the Canadian photography magazine *BlackFlash* (2018) and online on platforms such as *Painters on Paintings* (2018) and *ArToronto.ca* (2017). She has an upcoming short story in the autumn issue of sci-fi webzine *Mythaxis* (2021).

<http://www.clarescherzinger.com/>

Summer 2021

Ketzia Schoneberg is a contemporary mixed media visual artist, whose figurative expressionist paintings embrace what she describes as the “Liminal,” existing in the threshold between the human and animal worlds. Figurative and abstract elements, vivid color and loose mark making are hallmarks of the artist’s figurative expressionist style. A 4th generation artist, Schoneberg is a highly prolific painter whose energetic style is primitive and engaging. The artist’s work is exhibited in museums and galleries nationally. Born in Los Angeles, Ketzia grew up in San Francisco and is currently living and working in the Pacific Northwest.

<http://www.ketzia.com/>

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

Amelia Shipman started painting at the age of 14 and met with success, showing and selling her work at art galleries across the Midwest. Unfortunately, her passion was halted in part by an allergic condition that prevented her from pursuing her calling. In 2020 she was able to find her way back to her artistic pursuits. Her passion always manages to help her find innovative ways to persevere. Her creations are a unique mix of Abstract, Surrealistic, and Pop art. Her style is deeply symbolic, unconfined as well as distinctive.

Amy Stoner is a fine artist working in encaustic painting, printmaking and mixed media collage. She graduated with a Bachelors of Art and has been a professional artist since 2000. Her work has been published in magazines and books, and has been shown nationally. She also had an instructional dvd in the art of encaustic collage through Interweave Magazines. Her studio is located in Portland, Oregon. She draws inspiration from vintage typography, the botanical world, and interplay of color and pattern. She is available for both studio visits and one-on-one instruction.

<http://amystoner.com/>

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

Liz Tran's paintings, sculptures, and installations explore subjects such as dream imagery, imagined landscapes, geodes, outer space, and The Big Bang. Public collections of Tran's work include the City of Seattle's Portable Works Collection, Capital One, Baer Art Center, Camac Art Centre, The El Paso Children's Hospital, Harborview Medical Center, and The King County Public Art Collection. Tran's special projects and installations include work for VH1 Save the Music Foundation, The Upstream Music Fest, The Seattle Art Museum, The Brain Project Toronto, and Public Art at The Aqua Art Fair Miami. She maintains studios in Seattle, Washington, and the Willamette Valley, Oregon.

<http://www.liztran.com>

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

