

Subjectiv.

Fall 2022



Subjectiv.

A Journal of Visual and Literary Arts

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Cover art: detail of the river, the land and the dam In *Section 9: Power of the Exquisite Gorge* project that originated at Maryhill Museum. Crocheted fishing line and wire with beads. Boat shuttle symbolizing Pendleton Woolen Mills.
Installation, Bonnie Meltzer

Editor's Note

I'm so pleased to publish our eighth issue. Through a pandemic, wild weather events, and political turmoil we have been fulfilling our mission to boost Pacific Northwest artists and writers, whether they are just starting out or are well-established in their disciplines. Over the past three years, Subjectiv has featured 170 different contributors. With this issue I'm happy to be joining in and sharing my own art.

Many, many thanks to everyone who has supported the journal by sending in your work, your donations, and your words of encouragement. I'm very proud of what we've accomplished together.

Riis Griffen
October 2022

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An Interview with Bonnie Meltzer

Hi Bonnie! Thanks for sharing your thoughts with us. How would you describe your work?

Currently I use "The Social Fabric: sculpture about timely issues that uses textiles as metaphor and medium." Sometimes I use "Politely Political" or "Very Mixed Media."

Can you tell us about your process?

I am going to frame my answers through the lens of two projects, one that was a marathon and another that was a sprint.

The marathon was a long deliberative, complicated project. *Tikkun Olam - Mending the Social Fabric* finally opened in October 2021 at the Oregon Jewish Museum after years of thinking, planning, making and a Covid delay. The interactive installation guided by the Jewish principle of "Tikkun Olam," which means "repair the world," gave museum-goers opportunities to fix tears, holes, and rips in a symbolic social fabric made from a giant parachute suspended from the ceiling. In 2017 I got the idea to make the interactive installation. The next few years were filled with research, testing



Bonnie Meltzer in front of *Tikkun Olam - Mending the Social Fabric*. She is wearing a dress made from a parachute which was half the size of the one in the exhibition. (All photos courtesy of the artist.)

ideas and materials, gathering materials, making the components, and planning the Mending Bees.

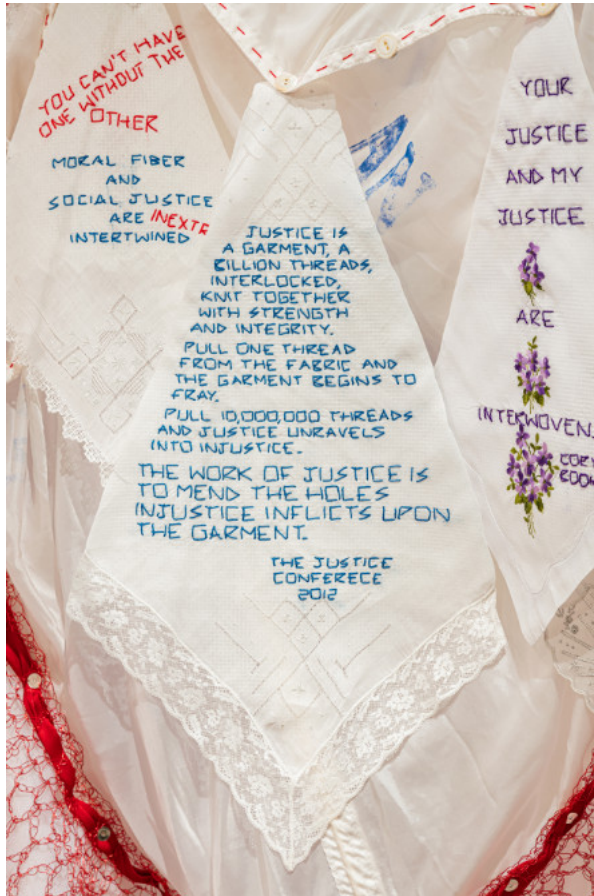
The long project got even longer because the events of 2020 and 2021 got crazier and crazier and more distressing. At the beginning, the installation was going to be mostly about voting. With each day I would hear or read about a new trauma that I just had to include. First it was

immigration, then Covid, then protests. I had to shut off.

This is the longest project I ever made. I walked a tightrope to keep my vision and be a good citizen. At what point did I have to stop input and just get it done? What got me through was saying, "This is a marathon." I worked steadily almost every day from November 2019 to October 2021, but not all day and not frantically.



Tikkun Olam - Mending the Social Fabric full view showing many mended rips on the WWII parachute. Other components are fabrics of the world on back wall representing immigrants and a USA map that doubles as a pin cushion for the sewing needles.



Tikkun Olam: Handkerchief with quotes and one sentence that Meltzer wrote.

The sprint was "Go as fast as you can and get it done in six weeks." Each artist participating in *Exquisite Gorge 2: Fiber* at Maryhill Museum was asked to make a sculptural fiber portrait of a section of the Columbia River. This should have been a marathon, and it

was for most of the artists, but for me it was a faster-than-fast dash.

Two years ago I was invited to be part of *Exquisite Gorge 2* but I was busy making *Tikkun Olam*. Sadly, I had to decline. But I was re-invited on May 3, 2022 because the exhibit was postponed until this year and an artist dropped out. The downside was that I had only six weeks to complete a big complicated sculpture (six feet wide, seven feet high, four feet deep). My sculpture, *Section 9: Power*, first had to be picked up in late June for a solo exhibition at Tamastslikt Cultural Institute in Pendleton.

On August 6, 2022 all the sections came together at Maryhill Museum to form a 66 foot long sculpture. One problem was that my section started at Arlington, Oregon, 200 miles from my home in Portland and ended at Hat Rock Park near Umatilla, 59 miles further. On a two-day exploratory trip in May I had to decide what I was going to do. In the car I decided my emphasis would be on generating power. I had no time to ponder alternative solutions, do research, or make drawings. I just had millions of photos. I had to start crocheting, stick with my first idea and begin with materials I already had. I finished it before the truck came to take it away -- by just a couple of hours! I worked every day, all the long day, and yes, toward the end and maybe the middle, too, frantically.



Meltzer's *Section 9: Power of the Exquisite Gorge* project at Tamastlikt Cultural Institute in Pendleton Oregon where it was exhibited before it went to Maryhill Museum. Crocheted fishing line and wire with beads, computer cords, plastic, antique memory core.

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Do you have a favorite tool or technique that seems to bring your work to life? How do you move forward when you get stuck?

In my mind these two questions come together. I work two ways. Often an idea pops into my head whole. I sketch it, research the details, then make it. Or, just as often I go into the studio with no idea and play with my favorite things — colored wire, fishing line, found objects, beads, and my crochet hooks— to see what develops.

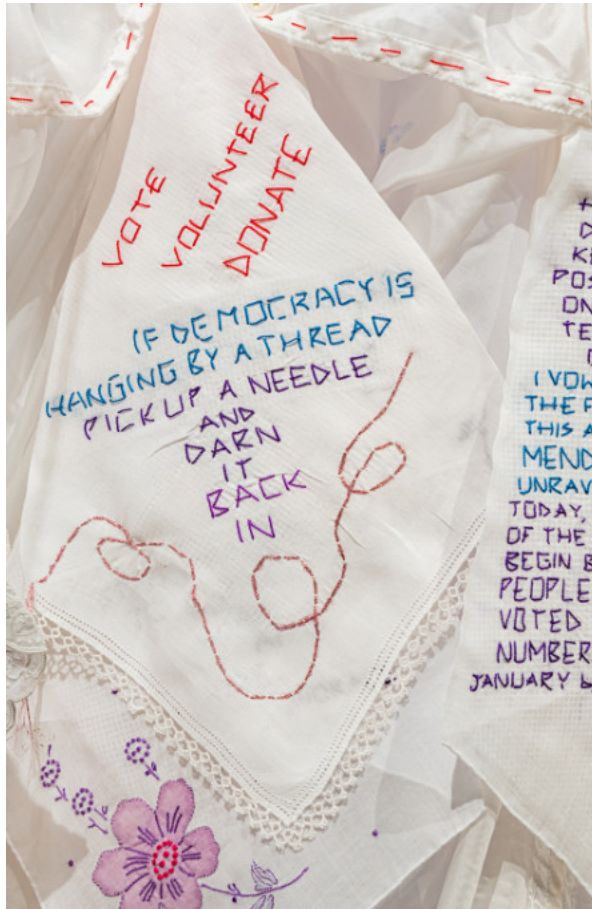
When I made *Tikkun Olam* I was at the edge of my comfort zone— and I won't tell you which side. Good thing I had that extra year! I am mostly a wire and fishing line crocheter. Crochet builds structure and pattern. Embroidery is surface application. I learned to embroider and appliqué when I was a little girl but hardly used it in my work. I have horrible handwriting and was no good at lettering in college. Not only did I have to teach myself how to embroider in a way that wasn't overly laborious but it had to be very readable and beautiful text. Sooooo there were many hours of tests.

I also had no experience working with a giant 20 foot round piece of fabric, a parachute. The Portland Jewish Museum was closed in winter and spring 2021. Lucky for me Judy

Margles, the director, let me use the gallery of the future installation to determine how the heck I would hang a parachute so it looked good in the 18 foot by 16 foot gallery that was only 9 feet high.. OH, and it also had to have room for the menders and other visitors to move about.



Section 9: Power of the Exquisite Gorge project outside at Maryhill Museum looking toward Oregon and the blue sky.



Tikkun Olam: Close up of a handkerchief that has a sentence Meltzer wrote.

We figured it all out but when we tried to put molly bolts in the ceiling center, we found pipes right under the sheetrock where we needed hooks. Back to the drawing board. The

solution was a red rope hung across the ceiling threaded through bolts we could attach. The center of the parachute hung from the rope. It was more graceful and had more pizzazz than my original idea.

How I worked making Section 9: *Power for Exquisite Gorge 2* was exactly the opposite of how I made and planned *Tikkun Olam*. In the beginning I used materials I had on hand because ordering would have delayed my start time. I jumped in head first and started crocheting, my most comfortable technique. I began by making simple shapes I could put together as a plan developed. At that point I was doing no thinking, just threading beautiful big glass beads I had on hand, then crocheting them. As I worked, the design got clearer.

There were some rules and restrictions that came with working on the *Exquisite Gorge* project. All 11 artists had to work within the given wooden structure. The Columbia River in each piece had to be a certain size at a prescribed place on the edges of the structure where they met the previous and next sections. All the sections had to withstand being outside in Eastern Washington's hot, dry, very windy weather. Hooray, my style solved these weather problems without having to actively solve them. Wind passes right through the holes of crocheted fabric. Fishing line is

made to be out in the weather. Very durable beads added weight, definition, beauty, and sparkle.

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

I love doing research for projects, especially on the web. The internet was made for me! Two years before making the first stitch on *Tikkun Olam* — *Mending the Social Fabric* I started listening for the phrase "social fabric." It was everywhere. I scoured books and the internet looking for quotes and readings using textile terms, metaphors, and idioms that would give me inspiration. I built a database from searches of words like mending, thread, garment, weaving, knit, patch, moral fiber, stitch and sew. Textile words help explain every aspect of life and have since ancient times when the Three Fates used thread to symbolize life's destiny.

My research yielded contemporary and historical writing that was a rich commentary on our horrible time no matter when it was written. When a friend offered me 150 antique handkerchiefs in 2019 I knew how I was going to incorporate my research into *Tikkun Olam*. I would embroider quotes in the following categories: Mend, Vote, Safety Net, Justice, and Life on handkerchiefs and baby

dresses, then fasten them onto the corresponding parachute panels.

But I didn't stop there; I started writing the things I wanted to say. During the exhibition visitors suggested other quotes. One that sums up the whole installation and my attitude is this first century quote



In 2019, before COVID, Meltzer could invite people to her studio to help make *Tikkun Olam*.



Detail of Section 9: *Power of the Exquisite Gorge* project showing pinwheels standing in for wind turbines. Metal found objects and plastic.

from Rabbi Tarfon: "It is not your duty to finish the task, but you are not free to avoid it." You can see some of the quotes and my writing on the handkerchief photos.

When working on *Tikkun Olam* I had to stop listening to the radio and reading the paper so intently. Every day a new idea from that day's news could drag me in a different direction or overwhelm me. While working on *Section 9: Power for the Exquisite Gorge* project I could listen to anything that didn't interfere with the rhythm of crochet. My crocheting would have had to speed up or slow



Tikkun Olam: Early in the exhibition this Mending Bee fixed some of the holes in the parachute using stitching and patches. Meltzer conducted 40 Mending Bees during the exhibition.

down to match the music. I listened to mostly novels which didn't have an effect on the work in any way. I made one stitch after another while listening. That kept my fingers moving on those long, long days .

You've pointed out the differences in working on these two projects. Are there any similarities?

I see myself as a community-builder using art to connect people. Old-fashioned sewing bees appeal to me. Work gets done and people connect. I purposely build work parties into all of my big projects with tasks that are designed for experienced as well as novice artists to be successful. I am a very social person who needs to balance all that necessary alone time in the studio with company.

For *Tikkun Olam*, 10 people at a time sat around my studio table to sew buttons on all 314 feet of the parachute's circumference. Others hand-sewed fabric flags and were supposed to embroider the handkerchiefs, but Covid intervened. Of course, after the installation opened there were many Mending Bees.

For *Exquisite Gorge*, 30 local people responded to calls for volunteers on Facebook. Covid still limited the number of people inside the studio to three. They made fish for the river and



Meltzer standing by Section 9: *Power of the Exquisite Gorge* project at Tamastsiht Cultural Institute in Pendleton, Oregon, where it was exhibited before it went to Maryhill Museum. River and land: crocheted fishing line with beads High voltage power lines on stanchion: woven plastic tubing and computer cords with antique memory and crocheted wire.

threaded beads onto fishing line which enabled me and volunteers to crochet them into river and land. I could not have done it without them. We all enjoyed the work and each other.

What's next for you?

My biggest goal is to get *Tikkun Olam - Mending the Social Fabric* exhibited again. Even though the installation is compelling as just an exhibition, the audience participation component makes it more meaningful. I loved working with the visitors to the museum during 40 Mending Bees. After the years of isolation due to Covid, it was healing to be with people again, for me as well as for the menders. There are still rips to be mended and there is plenty of room on the fabric to make more holes for new menders to fix if needed.

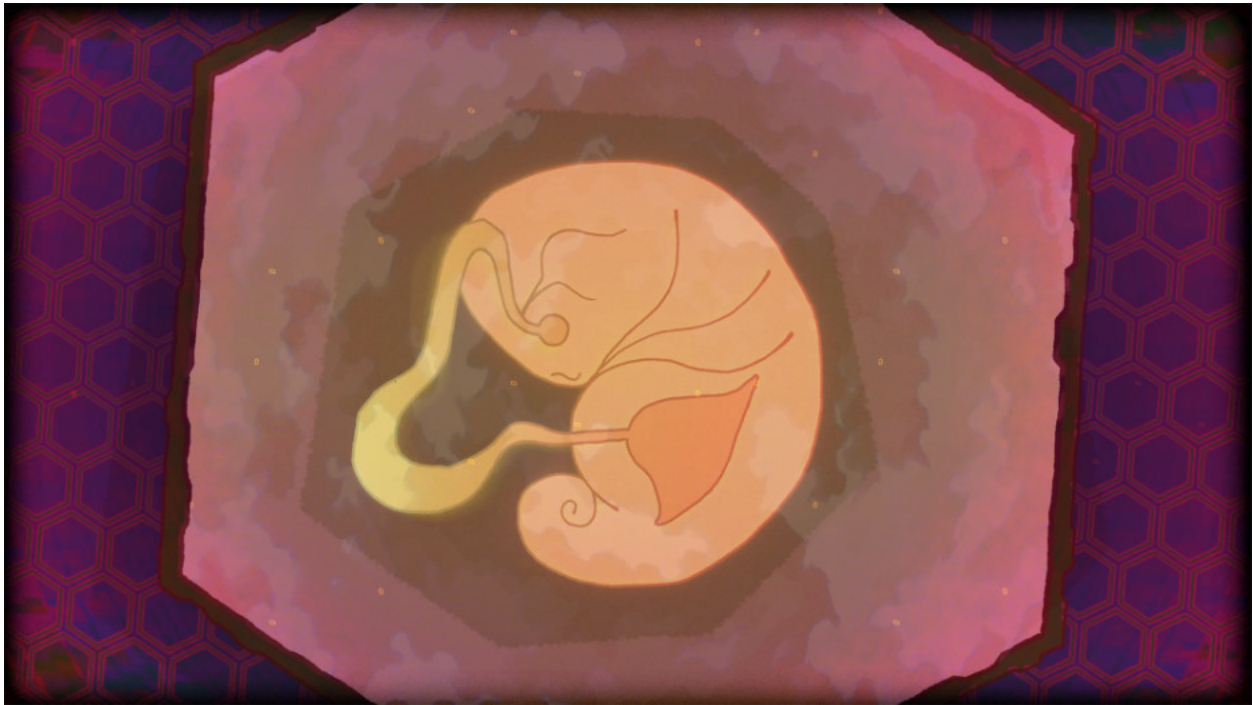
You can see *Exquisite Gorge* at the Hoffman Gallery at Lewis & Clark College in Portland until December 15, 2022.

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Devon Pardue

"Inspired by the multispecies rat's nest of the natural world, I compose digital works that remark on the effort of non-human being. Captured by the complexity and potential of nature, my work aims to explore these hidden worlds and encourage new ways of understanding the networks and relationships of organisms within our troubled Anthropocene. I was raised

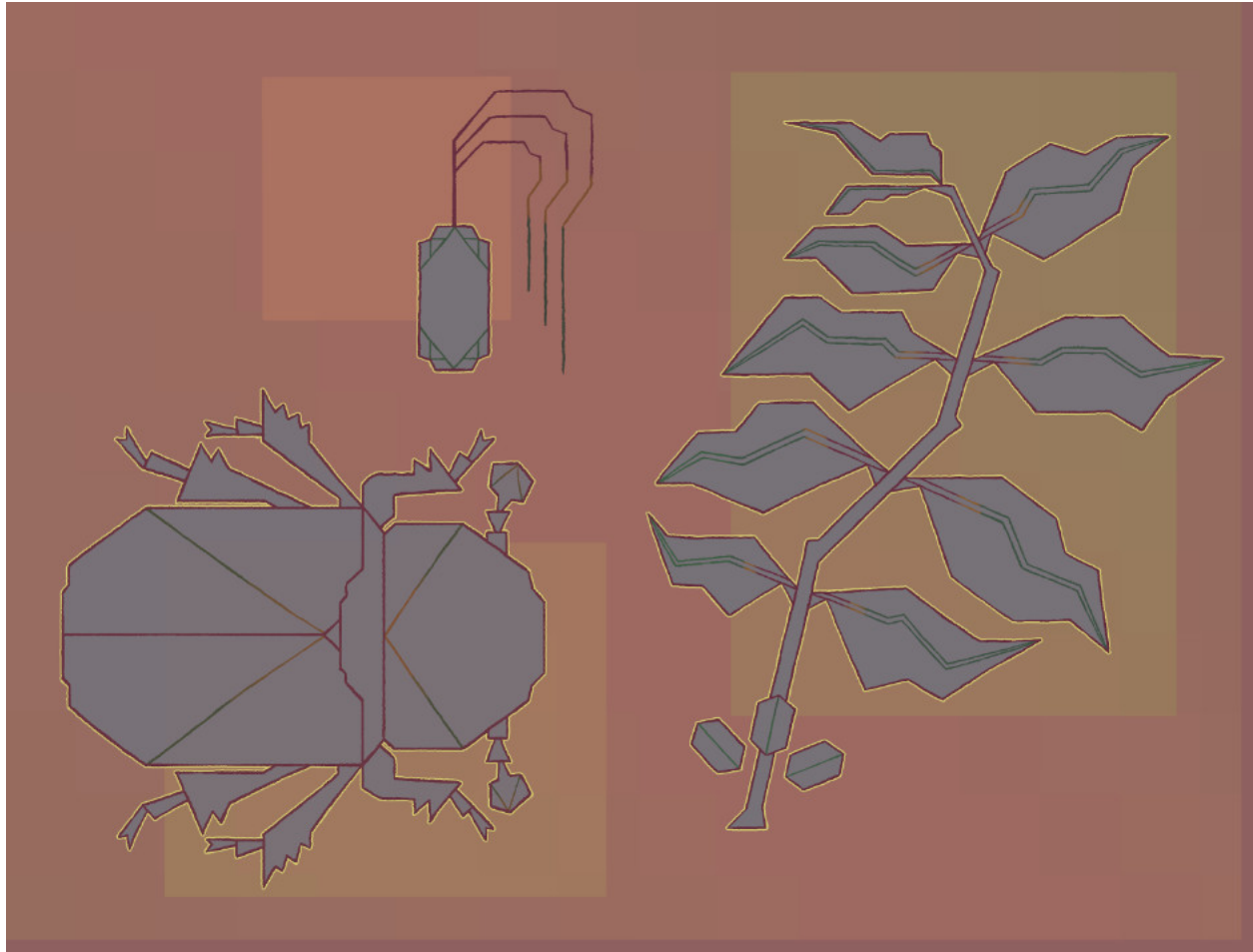
in the ecologically-vulnerable wetlands of Louisiana, and there I developed a deeply rooted interest in the environmental sciences with a particular interest in entomology. Digital animation is my language for communicating the often-enigmatic concepts found in such fields and offers me an avenue to explore potential ecological futures."



Shared Gestation, digital art, Devon Pardue



Antennae Bouquet, digital art, Devon Pardue



Coffea, digital art, Devon Pardue

dan raphael

A Fable Out My Window

the dog and the walker are seldom in the same place
even when there's no phone in use

most walkers see this as duty, interrupting their day
for the dogs this walk is everything, the rare escape
even leashed there's so much input—the wind, the pee-mail,
cars and people in motion, and, especially, other dogs

walkers stare straight ahead
dogs' heads never stop moving

dogs hesitate or try to turn whenever they can
the walker wants to get back inside as quickly as possible.

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Invocation

May we be invisible, living below the radar, between the cracks,
outside the spectrum, beyond suspicion; camouflaged by blandness,
awareness & smooth movement,
not worth fearing or knowing,

May we be immune to the lies of mirrors, windows, holograms,
eyes other than the ones in our hearts.

May we not be in the wrong place at the precise time for a bullet, crazy violence,
an uncontrolled vehicle, something hard enough falling from the sky.

May we stay away from the military, the penal system, the medical system,
the welfare system; if we must go into any may we come out
with only temporary damage and not too heavily in debt.

May we be subtle and generous in our actions

May we stay happy, fed, curious, sheltered in some ways and wide open in
others.

May we embrace the benefits we are given, and see difficulties as winds
an experienced & attentive sailor can find the angle through.

May we not die too soon or live too long

Evincing

'left to one's own devices' is different now that device means a small electronic information source, external--for the current time--not one's internal resources like knowledge, intuition, thinking through causality, possibility

when I want to look up something a book is usually closer than a phone or computer, or if it's no hurry I let my brain do its own search, get reconnecting. looking in and among instead of looking up, as when someone says things are looking up it has nothing to with reference material and the only thing that looks down are some people

searching in a book you see other things on your way to your goal—which can sometimes make me forget what I was looking for, maybe write down the distractions to check later—while the device jumps right there, assuming you asked the right question, like when Jim asked for the route to Logan airport and when the phone said we were there we were not where we wanted to be

as when googling something I'm told of many places to purchase it long before anything explaining what that thing is, how it came about, what it can do, etc. all that books are selling me, costing nothing but time are more things to find out about and make connections, patterns projected from a back wall of my mind onto the worlds of my memory and present moments things I can inhale and tingle with, opening more doors before I even wonder their names

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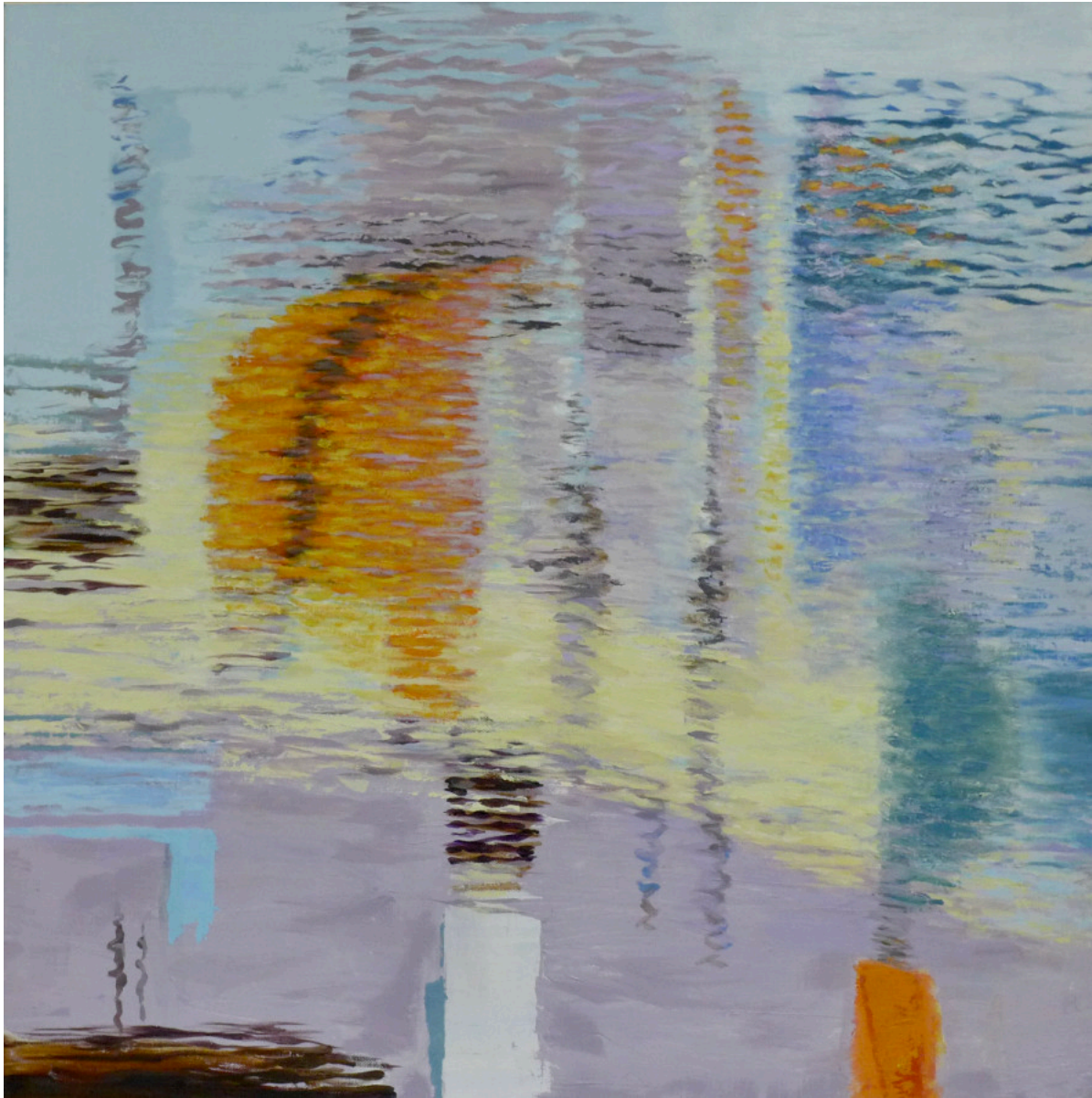
Mira Kamada

"Marina Reflections: The one blessing in this extraordinary time is the mental space for reflection. I am grateful to find direction and meaningful work amid all the chaos beyond our control. Frequent walks around Squalicum Harbor in Bellingham have inspired my newest

series of paintings, *Marina Reflections*. My interest is purely visual, but the metaphorical content is not lost on me. Despite the ongoing uncertainty, there is hope. Our resilience lifts us to create and to enjoy art, music, poetry and all that is still available to enrich our lives."



Pier Pano, acrylics on stretched canvas, Mira Kamada



Harbor Impressions, acrylics on stretched canvas, Mira Kamada

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Marina Reflections #4, acrylics on stretched canvas, Mira Kamada



Marina Reflections #5, acrylics on stretched canvas, Mira Kamada

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Red Sail, acrylics on stretched canvas, Mira Kamada

Jeff Leake

"In my work I explore topics concerning culture and nature, connecting the present with the ancient past. My work cites a history of stories, real events and visual culture. Through this I maintain a focus on the cultural paradigms that arise from these stories and often govern our human behavior. I typically depict landscapes, a mixture of invented and specific places, and the types of stories associated with them,

in a style that oscillates between Bruegel, Bosch, and the popular history illustrations of my youth. By blending historic and contemporary images, invented characters, observed landscapes and still life's I merge history and fantasy to create new stories and mythologies that convey the complexity of the relationship between humanity and the natural world."



The Fisherman and the Fish, oil on wood panel, Jeff Leake



A Contract with Wolves, oil on wood panel, Jeff Leake



Burial Ritual, oil on wood panel, Jeff Leake

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Mushroom King, oil on wood panel, Jeff Leake



Sacred Rites, oil on wood panel, Jeff Leake

Judith Borenin

Ice Maiden

She stands on the wharf – one foot
folded beneath her grey feathered
shawl tucked snugly beneath her

shoulders like flattened tongues of
smoke. The syllables of her name
when spoken softly fall like gentle

flakes of snow. The heron lives in
the present only – acutely aware of
what passes above and below.

I was born in the first snowfall of the
year – detached as an ice floe – in a
hospital overlooking the Sleeping

Lady mountain range – stranded
beneath white lights and frigid
white walls. After my birth I was

unaware that I was motherless –
half awake and aware of nothing
but my hunger and an icy glow.

Now mornings I wake inside the
caul of a white sheet. White walls
lean like icebergs all around me. In

dreams I plummet past white horizons
through deepening drifts of snow.
Opening in the cold around me –

asleep in dreamfrost - my soul unfolds
in a luminous smile and leaves its
footprints far behind me in the snow.

Estranged Encounters

I stand beneath a bottomless abyss. Grey ganglia strings limb the sky. The only creatures in flight are spider leg floaters across my blue eyes. While

riding the bus I got a text that my birth father just died. I wear his face. This body of mine bears his frame. baby girl was my pre-adoption name. My

birth mother – unmarried - gave me away – was there a parting kiss? I wish I could remember this. Years later when he found out I existed he denied

I was his - perhaps an outcome of a brief affair – dropped by a distracted stork misfiring in mid air? On the bus - text received - I stared past panes as

once familiar streets we passed now grew passing strange while bus wheels cleaved to the street like memory foam. When the driver stopped in front

of my apartment I screamed – you missed my stop and realized too late that it was I who'd been lost. At home I aligned our photos side by side noting

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the similar square frontage of our jaw lines – the way our jowls descended in drooping loops. As I looked from my fading blue eyes into the muted

blue of his I wondered what he'd say to me if he could stare back into mine with mirrored lips in an oblique pantomime. His voice had never made a

familiar nest inside my ears. Comfortless I'd never held his hand. Now reflected in the mirror he offered me his hand and with a rictus grip his eyes met mine.

Lure of the Depths

It's been six years since my son died –
five since I struggled every morning
against the urge to hurl myself from

pier railings into the numbing waters
below – that fathomless lullabye that
drew me down like a full moon.

Sitting beside the pier today I tried to
loosen the caul of heaviness which
encloses me - to feel pleasure at the

measured litany of waves breaking
into song with gravely voices along
the shore. Forced to unwrap the gift

of another day - lifting my head I
tried to find a friendly face amidst the
clouds, I probe the all-invasive ache –

a tongue delving the depths of a gum
trying to find the source of pain only
to fall into the swollen depths of his

absence – his death resurrected once
again. There are good days and bad
but nothing can close the fathomless

hole he left behind – each breath taken
in is an anchor in search of land in the
soul of a mother who outlives her son.

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Rodger Greene

"I organize sculptural paintings in new ways. The various elements work together to form unique spatial relationships. For all of the elaborate geometry behind the pieces, they are not didactic exercises - the work is accessible and exciting.

Landscape painting, Islamic architecture, plant biology, fractal geometry are all important influences

that show up in various pieces. These are all organizational tools I use to discover and describe new spatial possibilities.

To be brought out of conventional schemas for painting and sculpture grants a kind of freedom that is applicable to problem solving and creativity."



Cantor Rain, acrylic on wood, Rodger Greene



Framed Mirror, acrylic on wood, Rodger Greene

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Mantle, acrylic on wood, Rodger Greene



Swerve, acrylic on wood, Rodger Greene

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Whofer, acrylic on wood, Rodger Greene

Linda Hanson

"I live and work on the Eastern side of the Cascades, where dense forests meet the open skies of the High Desert - right at the edge - and where in the last years, fire, draught and a pandemic have made great marks on

the landscape & the culture. I want my paintings to show what I see, where I and many others live, the beauty and the aching sadness of the West today."



Atomic City #1, oil on linen, Linda Hanson

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Wounded Forest #1, oil on linen, Linda Hanson



Atomic City #2, oil on linen, Linda Hanson

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Wounded Forest #2, oil on linen, Linda Hanson



Mountain Blessings, watercolor, Linda Hanson

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Kris Bluth

1988

Every so often back in middle
school they'd warn us about
lick-on tattoos that were dosed
with LSD. The types would vary,
but I do remember being told to
watch out for the ones with a Smurf.
Jeez, who knew that little blue people
living in mushrooms could be so trippy?

Fire Season

If you're going to rhapsodize
about pine needles and stray deer
and springs that flow free of
a municipal water supply, then
you need to spare a few pages
for when it's time to flee your
cabin for a parking lot where all
your fellow evacuees can stare past
smoke and directly into the sun.

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3 A.M. Netflix

The society wife drives the shopgirl away from their motel and towards certain doom after confronting the P.I. who recorded last night's tryst from his room next door. Miles down the road, she turns to the passenger seat and asks *What are you thinking?*, but her lover keeps staring past the raindrops on the window and at the countryside, too ashamed to answer with *Are potato skins technically still potatoes?*

Riis Griffen

"When I share my art, I'm always hoping it will connect with others who have sometimes felt a little different. My paintings celebrate otherness and imperfection. Each one starts with spontaneous layers of color and gestural marks. I do what feels exciting until a personality starts to emerge, then work more slowly to bring out the expression of the character. This recent series is inspired by childhood memories."



*Sleepwalking,
mixed media, Riis Griffen*

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Lost, mixed media, Riis Griffen



Picked the Neighbor's Flowers, mixed media, Riis Griffen



Pink Tutu, mixed media, Riis Griffen



Time Out, mixed media, Riis Griffen

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Favorite Pants, mixed media, Riis Griffen



Grandma Made My Dress, mixed media, Riis Griffen

David Cohen

"Since I began my artistic journey, my images always seemed to take the form of organized collections of objects and forms with the goal of telling stories long forgotten or helping the viewer to see the world in new ways. Starting around the 16th century, the collecting of natural and exotic man-made objects led to the creation of formal 'cabinets'. These were displays usually found in the homes of the wealthy, whose goal was to inspire curiosity and awe in their visitors. The *Kunstkammern*, or cabinets of wonder, were also status symbols as well as visible declarations of sophistication and worldliness. Eventually, as the cabinets grew in size and complexity, more space was required leading to the development of the first proto-museums creating public opportunities to view our natural and man-made wonders. These events and spaces were the inspiration for this current series."



Cabinet of Wonders, No. 3
(Pacific NW Birds), pen and ink/
watercolor, David Cohen



Cabinet of Wonders, No. 1 (The Sea),
pen and ink/watercolor, David Cohen



Cabinet of Wonders, No. 6 (Crustacea),
pen and ink/watercolor, David Cohen



Cabinet of Wonders, No. 8 (Ornithology),
pen and ink/watercolor, David Cohen

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Cabinet of Wonders, No. 9 (Insect Life),
pen and ink/watercolor, David Cohen

Nalisha Estrellas Rangel

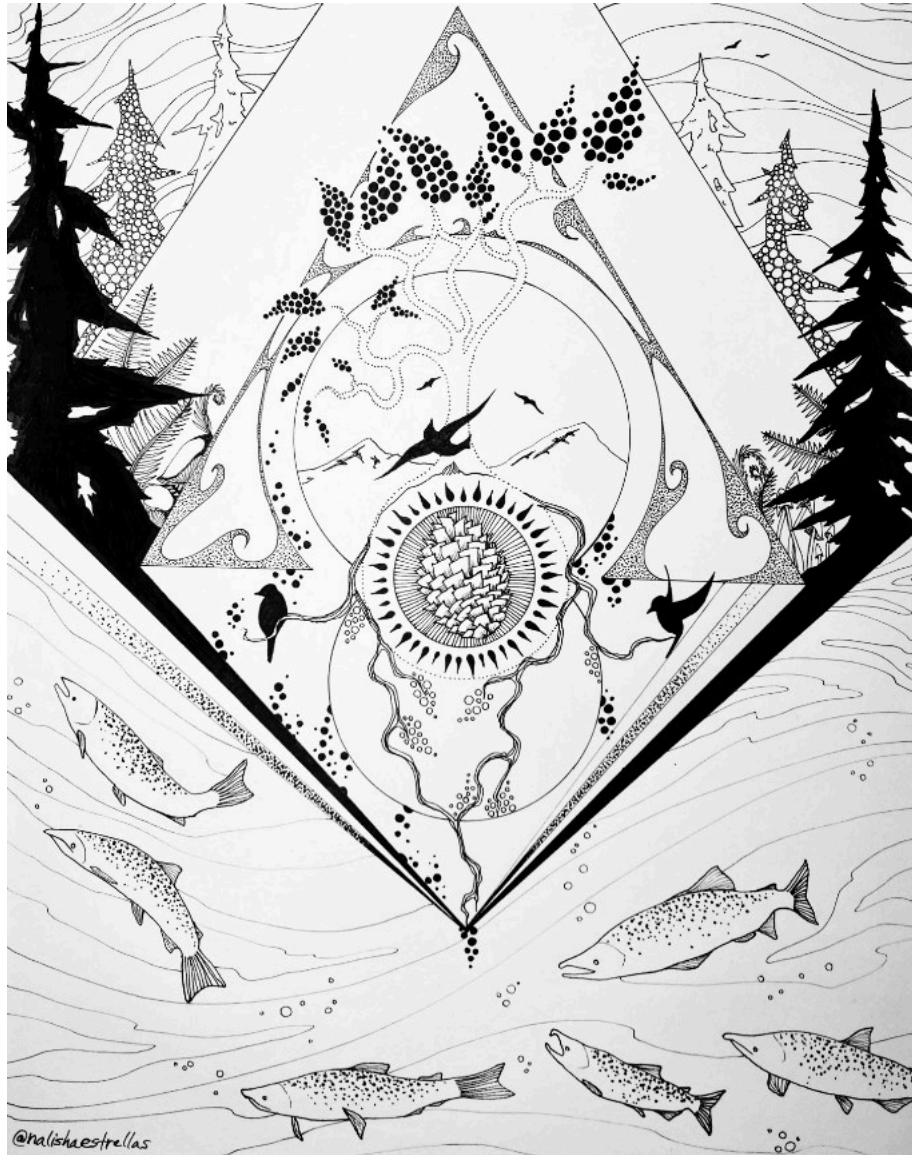
"As a nature-lover, contemporary dancer and fire dancer/artist, my illustrations capture a sense of movement and flow. I pay attention to details, patterns and textures. My works takes what I see in nature, and in the human form and, culminates a sense of harmony while taking the

viewer on a journey. My goal is to travel your eyes around the piece much like nature traces the sacred spiral in all her creations. I welcome any viewer to ignore the titles of my pieces and rename them based on what you see and feel."



Naturaleza, acrylic on canvas, Nalisha Estrellas Rangel

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I love the PNW, pen on paper, Nalisha Estrellas Rangel



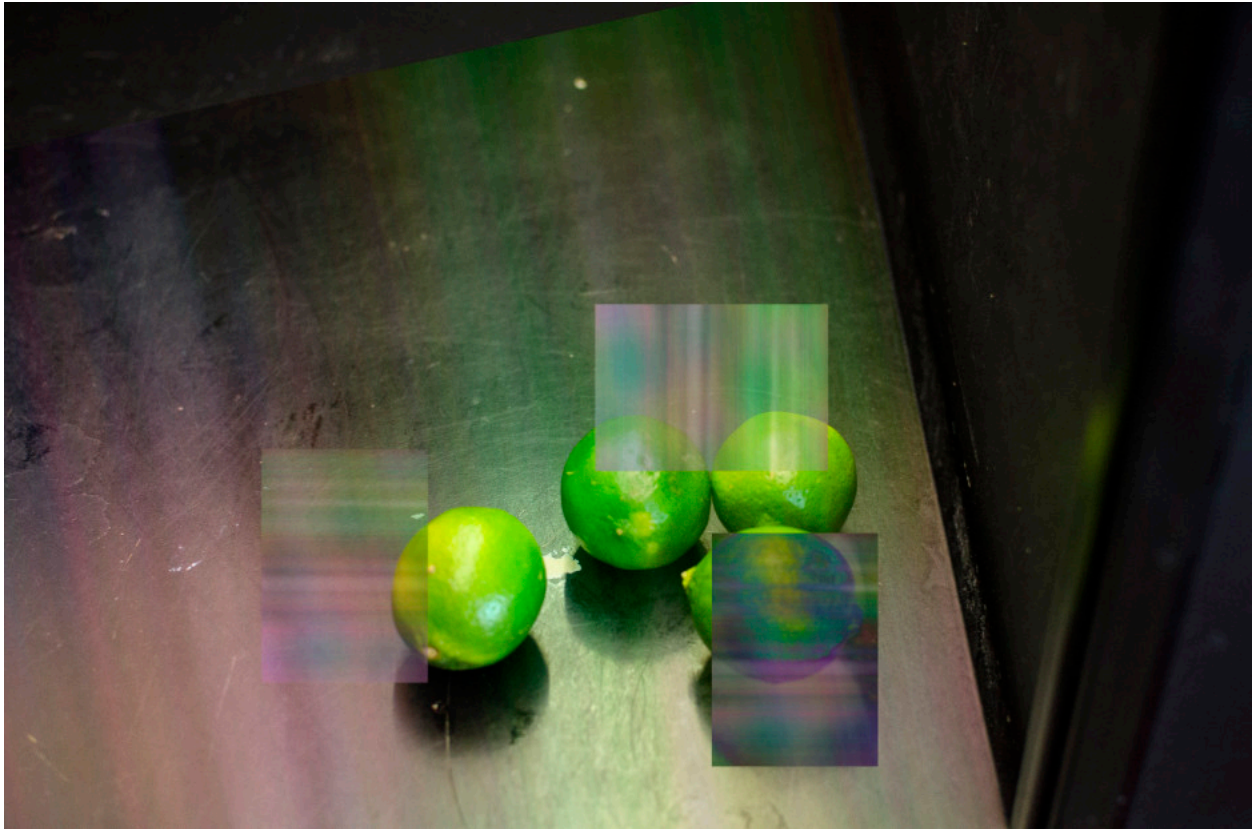
PNW Giant Octopus, digital version of a paper drawing,
Nalisha Estrellas Rangel

Gregory Schaffer



*Puget Sound, e-print,
Gregory Schaffer*

"I wanted an antidote to cynicism, using the lightness of people around me as catalyst. You'll see the people you want to know and the strangers you thought too different. It may be that the community we're looking for is closer than believed, right around the corner, only a walk or bike ride away. I took pieces of people around me and bejeweled them, just adding enough to illuminate something nearly present."



Lime, e-print in recycled frame, Gregory Schaffer

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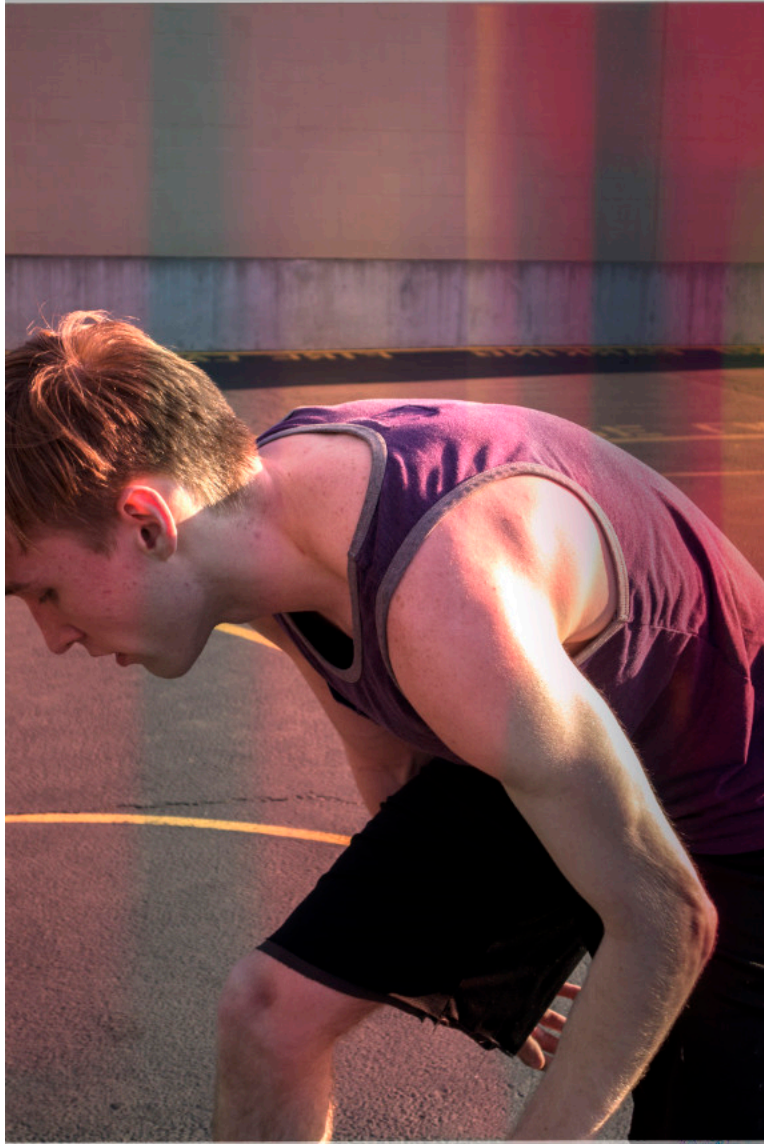


Elizabeth, c-print in recycled frame, Gregory Schaffer



Banana, e-print in recycled frame, Gregory Schaffer

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Untitled, e-print, Gregory Schaffer

Matthew Michael Hanner

Living Alone

I found bed difficult.
I was always getting in
and then getting up again
on an almost daily basis.

Some times I
put food in my mouth
and it was good.
Other times it was okra.

I ate a cookie in the shape of St Paul,
a small man with a small heart
and insufficient but lavish dreams.
It was molasses.

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My Home Town

Perhaps there was a lake and a river and the sea;
or Walden Pond plus an old fishing hole.
There were churches, temples and atheists in my town.
There were Buddhists. It was that kind of a town.

There were cathedrals and weedy lots out on the fringes
where tent preachers sometimes practiced their calling.
My town was the color of Norway on a cold day in June.
A great town to grow up in with its irony, its mayonnaise.

My town is a post-industrial village, a hamlet, a slum.
It's called New Something-or-Other or East Whatever.
It's beyond the rolling hills of oak clad by November
in raw umber. Perhaps a little closer to Fresno or Idaho.

I've never been there, but continue to hear bad things
about people who come from there, bringing garlic,
fire. In my town, a great town to grow up in – perhaps
there is a distant cafe – she is still sitting at a back table.

This builds suspense, said the writing coach pointing
his sharpened Goddess 692 at a preceding stanza.
Perhaps she is waiting for a man, a woman or a latte.
She sits writing earnestly in her journal with an ink pen.

The waiters watch astonished. In the town of my sloth
up the street are many tombs for this tedious city.
It's the locale where I build my town, small, petty,
grandiose and beckoning are words of February.

Everything is so ordinary here, the stumps of elms
that once lined our streets have lost their shade.
An accidental narrator declaims, Welcome to my town.
Here is an iron kettle. Here is a machete. Good luck.

El Corazón del Invierno

We stream a radio station playing Argentine tangos all day and night. Old tangos from the '30s and '40s where a Porteño sings of su alma and su dolor.

Outside it's cool for June. Often in the late afternoon my wife and I push the purple sofa aside and dance in the living room to tangos and waltzes older than us.

Here is one now telling how a woman took su corazón and then said, adiós. In the next song a baritone shares his laments on la noche y su amor perdido,

a common theme in songs of la vida en el barrio. Forty-thousand black and yellow taxis roam Buenos Aires all to take you to a dozen milongas any night of the week.

In Buenos Aires it is the heart of winter. Gone again is the purple of jacarandas. At La Viruta the best dancers won't turn up until three am. At five: coffee and media lunas.

Porteños and tourists sit upstairs at the Confeitaria Ideal hoping for eye contact with a stranger and an invitation to share their private sadnesses for three or four songs.

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Torea Frey

"I created these pieces as part of a challenge to create a series on index cards, constraining each piece to a compact 3 inches by 5 inches. Each work in this set focuses on a woman as the central image, with ephemera and scraps obscuring a more studied, refined portrait to challenge the idea that the idealized images we project of ourselves are as uncomplicated as they appear on first glance. How do our days and experiences weigh on us, and how can we make the pain of living as visible as the satisfied smile?"



Revealing, Concealing,
analog collage, Torea Frey



Steady Hand, analog collage, Torea Frey



Out of Sorts, analog collage, Torea Frey

Willa Schneberg



Watchtower, low fire white clay,
underglaze, glaze,
Willa Schneberg

"My ceramic sculptures are hand-built, low-fire, intimate works. I utilize white and terra-cotta clay, glaze, lusters, china paints, stains and paints.

Various work may reflect the sacred, informed by Buddhist and Jewish ritual objects, or the profane. More recent pieces have been inspired by watchtowers at Auschwitz and how Cambodian women street vendors arrange fruit.

My current series is *Bookish*. I want clay to have a paper essence. As a poet, the negative space on a page is as important as the words themselves. I love the feel of a book in the hand, and how pages arrange themselves. A minor flood in my home inspired me to attempt to capture, waterlogged pages reforming themselves, attaching to each other and curling.

I am drawn to clay because of its transformation from 'nothingness' into 'somethingness,' and what starts only in the mind's eye numinously materializes into singular form."

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Cloudbook,
low fire white clay, underglaze, glaze, paint, Willa Schneberg



Beweeled Open Book,
low fire white clay, underglaze, glaze, paint, glass, Willa Schneberg

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Assemblage with Leaf, low fire white & terracotta clay, underglaze, glaze, overglaze, china paint, paint, Willa Schenberg



Purplish Bookish,
low fire white clay, underglaze, glaze, paint, Willa Schneberg

Nyla McCarthy

Mustangs

Wind scours five-year old Nasha's exposed skin, searing her tender earlobes blood red. Gusts roar, hurling their primordial abuse across the landscape. The sun may grant another feeble October appearance, rising above the silvered sage and burnt ochre lava, but in these early morning hours, everything is still bleached grey.

Nasha's coat is too thin. Cobalt blue synthetic weave spills yellow plastic buttons down its faded front. Slick, navy sateen lining connects a frayed velvet Peter Pan collar, once black. This coat is her unwed teenaged mother's homage to femininity, purchased with hard-earned dollars and meager tips hustled throughout syrup-sticky morning shifts in the local Tom Tom Drive-In. The coat, cheap-pretty, is useless against Bend's autumn mountain blasts.

Nasha grabs the coat, the only one she owns, from a wobbling coat tree near the kitchen alcove. She tiptoes through the creosote-scented silence within the tidy shotgun cottage she lives in with her mother, her grandfather, and her disabled uncle Jimmy, a near-mythological being who never seems to be at home.

Nasha slips into sole-worn sooty canvas sneakers, slides her thin arms into her sleeves as she moves. She is careful not to awaken her sleeping grandfather, dead to the world following another life-sucking graveyard shift at the mill. She glides through the front door, a whisper of motion, closes it behind her without making a sound. She walks alone toward an aging juniper paddock on the western outskirts of town, desperate to see the wild mustangs again.

Mustangs. A small band. From the high desert to the East. Maybe Palomino Buttes. Maybe Kiger Gorge. Culls unloaded the afternoon before. Nasha spotted them from her great aunt's white boat of a Buick as they motored home from Pilot Butte Market, where she'd been released to free-range the aisles of the produce section, popping globe after globe of juicy green grape into her always hungry mouth. Her aunt, Marlboro-scented and stern, looked the other way, scanning shelves for yesterday's discounted loaves.

Afterward, the groceries secure in the old Buick's massive trunk, Aunt Doris had driven back roads home. Nasha, in a fugue of boredom as familiar landscape slid by, jerked to attention when the usually vacant wrangler's corral slid into focus. A small herd of mustangs, maybe fifteen, all shaggy bay and dun colored mares with foals by their side, milled restive within the falling-down enclosure. They were unfed, un-watered, agitated in the windblown dust of the day.

With their senses assaulted by the unfamiliar cacophony of cars, factories, train whistles, the noise of

Bend rapidly becoming a city, the band jostled, snorted, snapped at one another. Damp, foamy patches of nervous sweat soaked their chests and bellies, thin necks partially obscured by dreadlocks of mane handed down by proud Spanish-Arab ancestors.

Nasha knew what happened to wild horses. They were rounded up for processing to become animal food. Or human food. She couldn't bear to consider the reality of that, the barbarism of such beauty rendered so low.

Overwhelmed by the force of her feelings, Nasha collapsed on the floor, a blighted moan pouring through her usually rose-colored, now pale as salmon belly, lips. She felt herself expanding, opening, lifting from her body, not aware that she was mirroring the grief, rage, and fear possessing those doomed horses. Nasha did not understand the linking of limbic systems which can lead, indeed had led, to this transmutation into the collective unconsciousness of those kindred spirits. At five, Nasha became overwhelmed by her first *déjà vu*.

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And then, just like that, time went missing. Sound and space ceased to be present. Her frame of memory dissolved.

Suddenly, it is the next morning and Nasha has awakened with a purpose she cannot articulate. The next thing she can consciously process is that she is striding purposefully in her inadequate winter coat, sockless in her broken-down tennis shoes, crossing the high bridge over the Deschutes on her own.

She walks past the Mobil station on the corner, not yet open for another day's business it is so early, turns onto a rust-red, crushed lava trail destined to become a paved roadway. Moves through wild desert acres already birthing trendy new construction with soon to be over-irrigated lawns. She sidesteps a sage brush tumbling and dancing in the wind, watches it carrom away toward freedom. Feels a kinship ache within her heart.

No one stops Nasha. No one says a word. Apparently, a five-year-old child making her way alone, with purpose, across a shifting dawn landscape merits no one's attention at all.

Nasha somehow knows exactly where she is going. She is in migration. Pulled Westward. Heading for the aging, doomed juniper corral where the mustangs are waiting for her. Calling for her to set them free.

When she finally arrives at the corral, she stops, panting, a lonely speck of cobalt blue in the vast panorama of browns and rusts. The icy wind races down the slopes of the Three Sisters, surrounding her, searing the insides of her nose, her ears, driving itself deep inside her skull. Her ungloved fingers have become chapped, raw. She cannot feel them as she reaches for the old, splintered gate.

Then comes to an abrupt stop. Because one curious bay mare, unable to help herself, has come to stand before her.

The mare's delicate nostrils flare pink. Her breath steams in the cold. She meets Nasha's blue eyes between the splintered cedar rails with her own of deep chocolate, rimmed in white. The mare's intelligence is unmistakable.

Nasha remains perfectly still, holding her breath for fear of spooking this

beautiful, untamed creature.
Wonders, does she recognize what I
am feeling? Whispers, are we the
same being?

The mare breathes rapidly, thin body
coiled to spring, if necessary. Fine
black hairs curve out from her
delicate ears. A wisp of shimmering
spider web, sparkling silver in the
clear morning light, dangles from a
chin whisker. She smells warm, of
distant plateaus, ancient earth, home.

In that frozen, quiet feather drift
moment of reality, one small, black
and brown mare and one brave, five-
year old child recognize each another
as kindred spirits. Feel within
themselves the current of pain which
flows from the realization of being
forever hunted by men who desire for
unknown reasons to break you.

Nasha will come to understand the
deeper truth behind that realization in
a few more years.

Driven by her need to try to change
the impending outcome, Nasha turns
her head, releasing herself from the
mare's hypnotic eyes. Begins to work
feverishly with her frozen hands. Uses
all of her untapped child strength to
break open that fastened gate, set
that mare, her herd mates, herself,
free. The mustangs cluster, confused,
then led by Nasha's bay mare, burst
through the barrier, gallop away in a
cloud of red toward the snow-dusted
mountains.

But wait: this is an untrue part of my
story.

That lock wouldn't budge. The mare's
eyes haunt Nasha still.

Irene Wilde

"I paint figures that make beautiful my own vulnerabilities. I sing about what makes me blush. This is me connecting in the way I know how. For these parts we tend to hide, they too have a desire to be known. They have a desire to be assured."

It began when I started making art that frightened me because of what truths it made apparent. I feared a lot then, and to some degree still fear a lot now. But those fears are perhaps different things entirely for I am no longer afraid of being marked by my supposed shame nor stigma for being vocal about my mental health. And rather, continuing to allow it to dictate what I will and will not love. Through art, I gained the ability to vocalize that which I've been told to hide."



Applause,
oil on canvas, Irene Wilde



Vigil, oil on canvas, Irene Wilde



Pyrrhicae, oil on canvas, Irene Wilde



Us, oil on canvas, Irene Wilde



Uninhibited, oil on canvas, Irene Wilde

Robert Procter

"I believe that all is Nature. It manifests in wild lands and urban grids. I hope that my art captures a bit of Nature's wild beauty. Maybe it'll startle you into slowing down to rekindle your connection to its sublime and roaring power. Traveling in both arid and moist environs, I learned that one paints the light in arid areas and the sky in moist ones.

I'm inspired by the poetry of Mary Oliver and Gary Snyder; the paintings of Cezanne and Diebenkorn; the physical presence reflected in the work of Chinese and Japanese calligraphers; and the melodies of musicians from Beethoven to Leonard Cohen to John Prine to Oscar Peterson."



Lifeline, oil on canvas, Robert Procter

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Summer Near the River, oil on canvas, Robert Procter



Forbidden Cliffs, oil on canvas, Robert Procter

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Oregon Headlands, oil on canvas, Robert Procter



The Hill We Climb, oil on canvas, Robert Procter

Astha Malik



Be the You of your soul,
acrylic on canvas, Astha Malik

"Art is like meditation to me. It helps me connect with my inner self and brings me peace. I have been exploring bold, vibrant, colorful, diverse women portraits in modern-day art form. I draw inspiration from everyday women I meet, read about and the ones I've had around me growing up. Through my work I try to represent a variety of narratives - there's hidden beauty within each one of us, what you see on the outside is just a coat of what we show to the world, we all have imperfections that we should embrace and we are way stronger than we think we are! You Be You!"



Blurred Perfection,
acrylic on canvas, Astha Malik



*Some fear fire, some become it,
acrylic on canvas, Astha Malik*



We are all wired differently,
acrylic on canvas, Astha Malik



Wear your attitude, acrylic on canvas, Astha Malik

In The Studio: Chas Martin

Hi Chas! Thanks for taking the time to share your thoughts. What can you tell us about your studio space?

My 400 square foot space is a block from my house in a building with several other artists. When I'm there, I'm all there. No distractions. I've created an incredibly versatile space I can quickly reconfigure to accommodate different projects, processes, classes or photography. I can easily change the temperature and intensity of the lighting as I work to alter how I see it. It's a giant toolbox.

Has your use of the space changed over time?

I've been in the building for almost nine years, and in this particular studio for about six. That's when I began my transition from watercolor to sculpture. My work felt routine. I needed a new challenge. After a trip to the Southwest where I sketched a few petroglyphs. The simplicity of the petroglyphic style combined with the complexity of the gestures set my imagination on fire. I feel I can express more ideas through gesture and abstractions of the figure.



All photos courtesy of
Chas Martin

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Sculpture offers so many fun challenges.

I consider my space a theater. My relationship with my characters, whether sculptures or masks, is like a conversation between director and actor. It's dynamic. We identify and perfect the nuances that best express the character's story. No matter how many sketches I've created, as the

sculpture evolves, the characters inevitably have ideas of their own. We negotiate from there. If I overpower the voice of the character with my own vision, I usually regret the results. My goal, as with watercolor, is to preserve spontaneity. Overthinking and overworking turns a sculpture into a brick.



Do you have a studio pet?

No. But I'm surrounded by shelves of finished sculptures that provide an audience when I vocalize my thoughts. I think they serve the same basic purpose.

What's your favorite thing about your studio?

My studio is the tangible extension of my imagination. I have room to physically act out ideas through gesture and sometimes photograph myself in the process. Fifty years of sketchbooks are stacked up everywhere. If I step into the studio with no specific idea in mind, I randomly open an old sketchbook and start flipping pages. An idea that dead-ended years ago may trigger a "What if?" moment. A few new sketches and I have something unique



to work with. It's not uncommon to work with sketches for months or years before a unique concept emerges. That's the visualization phase. Then comes the realization phase – actually making the piece. Making is about creating problems, analyzing options, and committing to solutions. If you're not creating problems, you're not being very creative. Solving each problem with a unique solution is the ultimate challenge. That's what makes my adrenalin flow.

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

My only real routine is to avoid routine. I manage my studio the same way I manage my imagination – constant variation of input. Before committing full-time to fine art, I was

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a creative director in San Francisco and later with my own communications design company. I was hyper alert to anything that triggered innovative ideas in myself and my teams. Clever solutions aren't good enough. It has to be unique. Finding that path is the ultimate goal.

You have to find every opportunity in every day.

The process is simple: Mix it up. Keep the input fresh. Never accept an obvious answer. Never repeat yourself. Good enough is never good enough. Each piece is another step of the journey. Each has to move you





forward. Where it leads is not important. The journey is its own reward.

What do you listen to while you're working?

Everything! I once had an instructor who insisted we feed our brains with images, books, and music unrelated to our usual interests or current

project. If there's nothing interesting going in, there's nothing interesting coming out. That was the best advice I ever had. In the studio, I rarely open my computer. I usually rely on books for visual stimulation. Libraries and bookstores are visual candy stores. Audio is a constant part of the mix. In the past few months I've listened to biographies of Jim Hensen, Leonard Nimoy and Alfred Hitchcock, the history of Spain, a book about the

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oceans, a few books on physics, anthropology, *The Hidden Habits of Genius*, *God, Human, Man, Machine*, *Fingerprints of the Gods*, and more. Some days it's podcasts. Facts are catalogued in my brain and recombined in unexpected juxtapositions. Between books, it's Miles Davis, Stevie Ray Vaughn, Weather Report – jazz, rock, zydeco, blues. The mix feeds the rhythm and stimulates my thinking. When the

process starts to feel predictable, I change the audio stream.

Patterns and habits are creative black holes. The dance of creation is alive, on the edge, taking risks, being the flow. Sculpture is three-dimensional decision making. Surfing a wave of audio and visual stimulation eliminates repetition. The mix forces me to react spontaneously, to



consider options without judgment first, then commit to a solution.

Are there any drawbacks, or is there anything on your wish list?

I would love to work larger. This space doesn't really permit welding or noisy processes. I have access to other spaces when I'm ready.

What shows or projects are coming up for you?

I have a show scheduled for Art at The Cave in Vancouver, WA in September 2023. I will be matched with Don Gray, my favorite painter. I have committed to create at least one life size piece for that show. I continue to enter juried shows to reach audiences I think align with my concepts and style. My website feeds me a fairly steady stream of collectors, commissions and students.



Retelling,
mixed media, Chas Martin



Ideology, mixed media, Chas Martin

Contributors

Judith Borenin was born in Anchorage, Alaska. She was told after her father died that she had been adopted at birth. After a long search she found a full-blooded sister and brother in Washington state and moved to Port Townsend, Washington to be closer to them. She has been published in various online and print journals: *The Raven Chronicles*, *The Night Heron Barks*, *Synchronized Chaos*, *The Floating Bridge Press Review IV*, and *The POETiCA Review* among others. Her chapbook, *The Evidence & The Evermore* was published by Sara Ethel Lefsyk in 2019. Four poems are forthcoming in the *Banyan Review* this fall.

Kris Bluth lives in Eugene, Oregon with his wife and daughter. He is a regular contributor to *Groundwaters* and has also appeared in *Unlikely Stories*, *Bay Laurel*, *Psaltery & Lyre*, and *Every Day Poets*. When not writing, he enjoys putting off his 6:00 A.M. run until 9:00.

David Cohen began making art again in earnest in 2010 after a 25-year hiatus. He spent his working years coordinating and leading numerous arts organizations to highlight the efforts of the many creative individuals in our region and to build community. His last 10 years was spent leading environmental organizations. He has had numerous one-person and group exhibitions, and his paintings are in the collections of many local individuals as well as the Regional Arts Council's Permanent Collection. David is a long time Portland resident and a graduate of the Pacific Northwest College of Art.

<https://davidcohenart.com/>

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

Torea Frey is a collage artist based in Clackamas, Oregon. She has been working with found papers, glue, and paint since 2010, exploring the potential of mundane materials others may see little value in. Her work, which has been shown by Denise Bibro Fine Art, Collapse Gallery, Bristol Art Museum, and other art spaces, touches on themes of gender, identity, belonging, and memory.

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

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

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Rodger Greene was born in 1959. He studied psychology and art at the University of Oregon before moving to Seattle in 1980. He has continued an independent study of psychology, as well as painting and sculpting, throughout his adult life.

<http://rodgergreene.com/>

Riis Griffen is a self-taught mixed media artist whose work is in private collections across North America, Europe, and Australia. Creativity has always been an important part of her life, and she began seriously pursuing art in 2007. Since then, Riis has been active in the local art community through exhibiting, curating, volunteering, and organizing events. Originally from Sonoma, California, Riis has lived in the Portland, Oregon area since 1991.

<http://www.riisgriffen.com>

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

Matthew Michael Hanner's fifty years as an architect was all the career he needed. For the past 25 years he has actively pursued his love of writing, principally poetry, but also non fiction articles and a travel guide. He has studied poetry with Dorianne Laux at the University of Oregon and over the years with Erin Belieu, Lynn Emanuel, Joe Stroud and others at the Port Townsend Writers Conference. He is published in a couple of dozen periodicals. Recent Books are: *October*, 2015, *Adriatica*, 2016, *Le Bugue, Black Périgord and Beyond*, 2016 and *Alice, What I Heard and More Alice, Further Fragments*, both in 2021.

Linda Hanson loves painting. She works slowly, in oil & watercolor. Her primary sources are photographs she makes with paintings in mind. She studied painting at California College of the Arts and San Francisco State University and completed an MFA at the San Francisco Art Institute. Her work is in private and corporate collections in California, Washington DC and London. She has traveled many times to Europe and England. Ten years ago Linda left California for Central Oregon. She now lives in a smallish town where great forests meet the High Desert...For better or worse, her vision has changed..but she still loves painting.

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

Mira Kamada is a contemporary painter living in Bellingham, WA. Growing up in New Jersey she frequented art museums and galleries in Manhattan. The landmark exhibition, "New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970" at the Met, featuring the Abstract Expressionists, was a pivotal event in her artistic awakening. While completing graduate studies in painting at Marshall University, Kamada taught art in West Virginia. In 1994 she opened a graphic design studio in Monterey, CA. She moved to the Pacific Northwest in 2004 to focus on fine art. Kamada's work has been exhibited in the US and Canada. Her paintings are in both private and public collections, and have appeared in films.
<http://www.mirakamada.com/>

Jeff Leake currently lives and works in Portland Oregon. He holds a BFA from the San Francisco Art Institute and an MFA from UC Davis. He has shown across the US and internationally, been awarded numerous grants and awards including the Arte Laguna prize, Ford foundation Golden Spot award, grants from the Oregon Art Commission, and Regional Arts & Culture Council, as well as residencies at Caldera Arts, UCROSS, the Montello Foundation, Pedvale Art Park in Latvia and the Swatch Art Peace Hotel in Shanghai. He is currently represented by Gallery 114 in Portland and Ying Gallery in Beijing.
<http://jeffleakeart.com/>

Astha Malik is a proud woman of color. Born and raised in India she comes from a humble middle class family. The first one in the family to pursue education in the US, graduating with a masters degree from an Ivy league school, she is a Product Manager by profession and a self-taught artist by passion, living in Seattle. Astha creates vibrant women portraits that capture essence and facets of their identity, and leans on vivid imagery to portray them. She has auctioned her artwork for charity for the last 3 years towards education and equality.
https://www.instagram.com/the_artsy_project/

Chas Martin's imagination is his greatest asset. It comes from an insatiable curiosity. Through constant questioning he combines unrelated facts to create unexpected results. After studying Visual Communication at Pratt Institute in New York City, he worked with Boston and San Francisco ad agencies as an art director and creative director. "My curiosity helped me learn visual storytelling from some of the best photographers, videographers and illustrators in the country." He began painting daily in 2009. A fascination with anthropology, myths and petroglyphs led to sculpture around 2015. He lives in Portland, Oregon. His imagination, however, is not geographically attached.

<http://www.ChasMartin.com>

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

Nyla McCarthy, a lifelong Oregonian, lives in a cooperative community along the remote banks of the North Umpqua River. S/he is busy writing, practicing sustainable land use, watching Bald Eagles pluck mergansers and steelhead from the waters bordering their land, rebuilding a life in the new Now. A 2022 winner of the Kay Snow Award, and a Fellow of the Attic Institute's Athaneum, Nyla serves as Development Maven on the board of Oregon Writers Colony. Her work can be found in the Timberline Review, State of Oregon Press, MESD Publications, and on stage and screen. Nyla once danced with Big Bird. Really.

Bonnie Meltzer's art-making, activism, community building, and gardening are linked together like crochet; one thread looping with itself creating an interlocking life. Born in New Jersey, Meltzer moved to get an MFA at the University of Washington. There, she found her medium, her social commentary voice, and installation as a format. Throughout her career she has used crocheted wire and found objects to make social commentary that engages the viewer with beauty and humor. Meltzer has exhibited widely and is in private and public collections. Her work is in many books and the subject of numerous articles. The recent books "The Fine Art of Crochet" and "Artistry in Fiber: Sculpture" have Meltzer's work on the covers.

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

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

Devon Pardue is an animation artist born in Louisiana and currently working in Portland, Oregon. They earned their MFA in Visual Arts at Pacific Northwest College of Art in 2022 and a BFA in Animation from Kansas City Art Institute in 2019. Works take shape as experimental short films, immersive new media installations and other multidisciplinary projects, which have been exhibited internationally from the United States to Finland.

<https://dovetin.carrd.co/>

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

Robert Procter was born Philadelphia, PA, but his family eventually relocated to San Diego. From there, he moved to Berkeley to resume his studies, and bought his first Nikon. Attending graduate school in the Midwest allowed him to visit the Art Institute and its Impressionism collection. Then, while in D.C., he made regular visits to its museums. After nine years away, he moved to Portland. That's where he shifted from photography to study Chinese calligraphy, painting and printmaking. An avid climber, cyclist, and skier, he's traveled throughout the West. Trips to numerous European cities exposed him to Old Masters and Modernists alike.

<https://robertprocter.com/>

Nalisha Estrellas Rangel is a seasoned illustrator, painter and tattoo designer. As a proud Latina living in the Pacific Northwest, their work has benefited a diverse community by way of local fundraisers, silent auctions and large-scale art donations. Their passions center around elevating and diversifying artist communities everywhere. Nalisha's work exhibits a reverence for patterns in nature, movement and texture. They frequently imagine themselves as a passenger when illustrating because the compositions guide them versus them controlling the drawing. They are driven to capture a sense of movement on the page.

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

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

dan raphael has been active in Portland and the Northwest for over 4 decades as poet, performer, editor and reading host. His poetry collection *In the Wordshed* will be published by Last Word Press in November. More recent poems appear in *Fireweed*, *Cape Rock*, *Haight Ashbury Poetry Journal*, *Rasputin* and *Unlikely Stories*. Most Wednesdays dan writes and records a current events poem for The KBOO Evening News.

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Gregory Schaffer was born in Kansas City, KS to parents of Filipino and German descent. Upon receiving his first camera (Canon Ftb) at the age of 15 he became enamored with photography and pursued the medium ever since, obtaining multiple degrees and making large bodies of work in China and Seattle. Most recently he was the Director of Home Care for Full Life Care, an organization dedicated to the well-being of vulnerable adults.

<http://gregory.pictures/>

Willa Schneberg is a poet, ceramic sculptor, interdisciplinary artist, curator and psychotherapist in private practice in Portland. Her work has been in galleries and museums in Massachusetts, Tennessee and Oregon at the IFCC, Guardino Gallery, Gallery 114. Her work is in the permanent collection of the Oregon Jewish Museum and Center for Holocaust Education, and is currently in the international online exhibit "Wabi-Sabi" sponsored by Art Fluent. She received the Oregon Book Award in Poetry for *In the Margins of the World*. Her sixth collection, *The Naked Room*, of poems relating to mental health, is forthcoming January, 2023.

<http://willaschneberg.org/>

Irene Wilde's avant-pop artistry is irrevocably sentient, leading with a sea of naked portraits and intimate musings. As she echoes "*You are not alone in feeling,*" she lends to others the same kindness she hopes to receive. For her art and music are simply means of connection in an ever-isolating world. Wilde is an artist and musician residing in Seattle, WA. Irene has received the Artist in Residence grant at Studio 2 + U Shunpike to further her work on her musical trilogy, "*The Blackest Bile.*" While pursuing a masters from the Maryland Institute College of Art, Irene aims to continue the conversation on mental health, trauma, and self-worth through her art in Washington.

<https://irenewilde.art>

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

