

Spring 2022



S u b j e c t i v .

Subjectiv.

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Cover art: *Cockeyed Optimist*, acrylic with gold leaf on canvas,
John Simpkins

"There is no time like Spring,
When life's alive in everything."

- Christina Rossetti

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An Interview with John Simpkins

How did you get started on your art journey, and how has your work evolved over time?

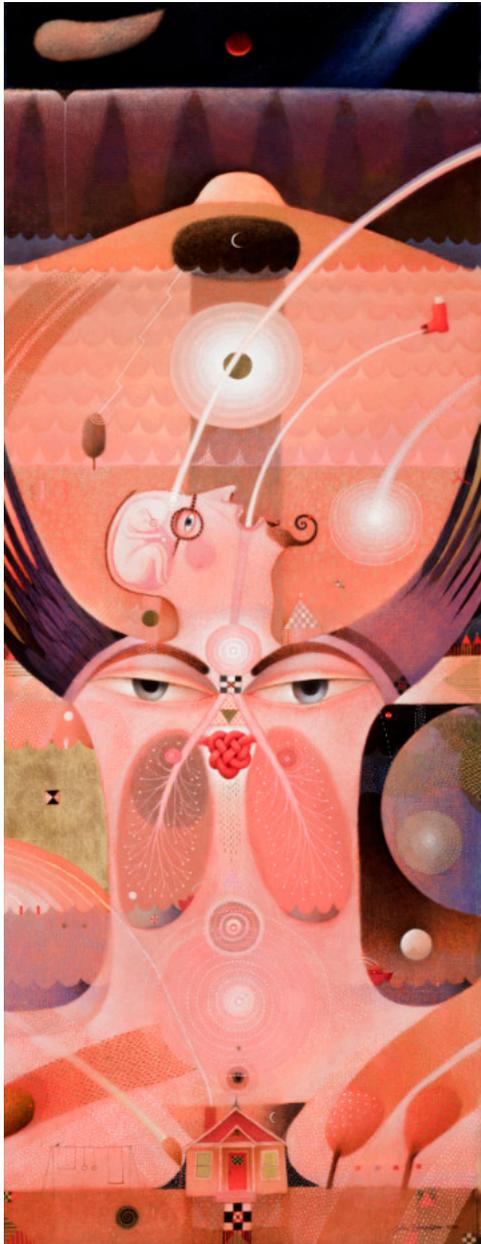
It started with making mud pies, and with crayons and coloring books when I was a small boy. By age seven, I discovered the wonder of melting crayola crayons on a hot light bulb and smearing the colored wax on the walls of my bedroom closet.

It's been an ongoing process of discovery and experience since. As I learned skills and techniques of drawing and painting, my dreams were more easily expressed. I've been painting for 50 years but it seems like a snap of my fingers! I am happiest while exploring the wonders of color, form and design.

How would you describe your style?

I think Ellen Waterston describes it better than I can: "Simpkins' paintings are dreamlike and prophetic, contemporary and timeless. His highly stylized imagery is rooted in American primitivism and folkloric traditions and rendered in a one-dimensional, flat-screened, Russian icon style. With no dominant perspective, he simultaneously creates multiple





Over My Head,
acrylic with gold and silver leaf
on canvas, John Simpkins

perspectives, something we could all stand to do. He turns the world and our view of it inside out." (From *Walking The High Desert: Encounters With Rural America Along The Oregon Desert Trail* by Ellen Waterston, University of Washington Press, 2020.)

Can you tell us about your process?

I sometimes explore my feelings, observations and concerns about our planet and its diverse life forms, seeking a balance or dance between opposites: good and evil, joy and fear, real and imaginary. The pictures begin to tell me what they want of me. I draw images and shapes with white chalk—seeking a poetry of line and cadence of flow—and then I begin painting.

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

An espresso or two helps! Often I will sit and stare at the painting for a while...usually I see what needs to be done and I begin working. Long walks with my dog, Chaya, often help me find clarity.

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

I like to sand surfaces to expose the undercolors and the gesso; then re-paint, glaze and re-sand. Metallic leaf

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can add a bit of magic, focus and punctuation.

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

Such a pertinent question! In March of 2021 I had to leave my residence/studio at the old Andrews School (in the ghost town of Andrews, Oregon) just as Covid-19 restrictions began. I have been in strict solitary isolation since. This has been a challenge.

Long walks with my dog, Chaya, help quite a bit. I recently chalked in some ideas on cradled birch panels. Images are just beginning to flow again!

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

Well, I don't feel as safe and secure on 12-foot ladders as I once did! I will probably work on pieces that don't require me to stand on ladders in the future, we'll see. I may not have quite



*Peacekeeper, acrylic with gold, copper, silver and aluminum leaf
on canvas, John Simpkins*



Deer Edward, acrylic with gold leaf on canvas, John Simpkins

the same energy that I had when I was younger, but that said, my dedication is strong. I am excited to see what manifests going forward!

What would you like your legacy to be, or what would you like to be remembered for?

My legacy? I think perhaps that might be my profound respect and love for our planet and its magnificent diverse life forms. My tombstone might simply say: ARTIST.



Inner Being, acrylic on canvas, John Simpkins

What artist would you love to observe at work?

I would like to observe Vincent Van Gogh as he paints a landscape or portrait. I've always felt a strong connection to Vincent. While visiting Saint Paul de Mausole, the old mental asylum near Saint-Rémy, France, where Vincent stayed and painted in 1889, I surprised myself and my

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Rainbow Crow, acrylic with gold and silver leaf on canvas,
John Simpkins

traveling companion with my deep knowing of the interior of that building. Within the darkness of the unlit chapel I knew where there was a door that opened to reveal the magic of the colonnaded arbor that Vincent once painted. (And I had never been there before.) It was magic!

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

I've had a desire to paint on very large porcelain or ceramic vessels. I'd like very much to partner with a ceramic artist to create some magical pieces. I would use cobalt blue underglaze to



Pangolin Dream, acrylic with gold, silver and copper leaf, some archival collage on canvas, John Simpkins

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The Many Natures Oneness of Things, acrylic with gold, silver and copper leaf on canvas, John Simpkins

create images and patterns. I once saw some very large porcelain vessels made in Jingdezhen, China, that were six to seven feet tall! They were amazing!

What's next for you?

I hope for an exhibition of the paintings that I created during my ten years of residency in Andrews, Oregon. The paintings (38 in all) were intended as a museum exhibition.

And I am searching for a new home and studio. I hope to find a beautiful quiet place where I can live a very simple life, painting, observing sunrises and sunsets, caring for a small organic garden, feeding the birds and providing a safe fenced yard for my dear poodle companion, Chaya.

Below are two links to my virtual exhibition via Ikonospace and Kunstmatrix:

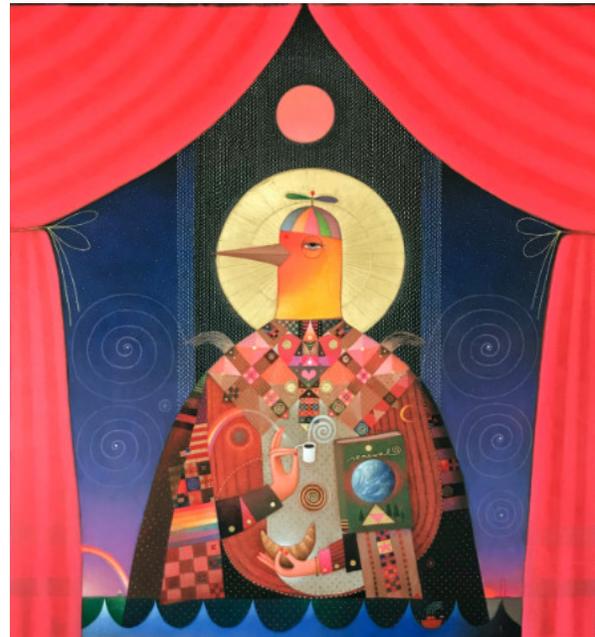
<https://artspaces.kunstmatrix.com/en/exhibition/9688851/john-simpkins-the-elephant-in-the-room>

Here is the link to OPB's Oregon Art Beat segment:

<https://watch.opb.org/video/oregon-art-beat-painter-john-simpkins/>

Here is a link to High Desert Museum's ART IN PLACE on youtube):

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZlhwvL_8aJQ



Renewal, acrylic with gold leaf on canvas, John Simpkins

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John Simpkins and Phoebe with *Polarization*
(acrylic with gold and silver leaf on canvas)
Photo by the artist

Robin Green

"I make paintings and clay objects that explore the mysterious and earthy connections between plants and humans. We are clearly not the same, but we share DNA.

The paintings are partial portraits of plants taken while living, showing leaves or fruits or flowers as they join to the plant, turning, sometimes toward the sun. The physicality of the paint on silks allows me to build transient memories of the plants I've seen, moving and living.

The clay objects are built partly with plants I've collected while walking in my neighborhood in Seattle, and include structural shapes, such as vessels and rectangular stands, that reveal my human presence. Later, the plants burn off in the kiln, leaving an enclosed bit of plant ash, tiny sepulchers.

I feel that this work connects me to prehistorical peoples who also made art with pigments and clay, and especially to other, sometimes overlooked species."



embraced, clay, glaze and the ash from plants used in this construction, Robin Green

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parted, acrylic and ink on layered silks, Robin Green



growth II, clay, gaze and the ash from plants used in this construction, Robin Green

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hello, acrylic on layered silks, Robin Green



offering, clay, glaze, birch panel, paint and the ash from plants used in this construction, Robin Green

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Jacob Mills

"My work employs a cartoon language—one of innocence lost—to reconcile the struggles between suburban American expectations and queer sensibilities. Hostility and humor sizzle across painting, print,

and sculpture as bittersweet scenes of gay Americana come into focus. I accomplish this through the use of bold line, brash color, and a dash of camp!"



Chapter 6: *Heterosexual Baby-Gender Proclamation*, acrylic on glass, colored pencil on paper, enamel, and glaze, Jacob Mills



Chapter 1: *The Chicken Sammy*, acrylic on glass, colored pencil on paper, enamel, and glaze, Jacob Mills

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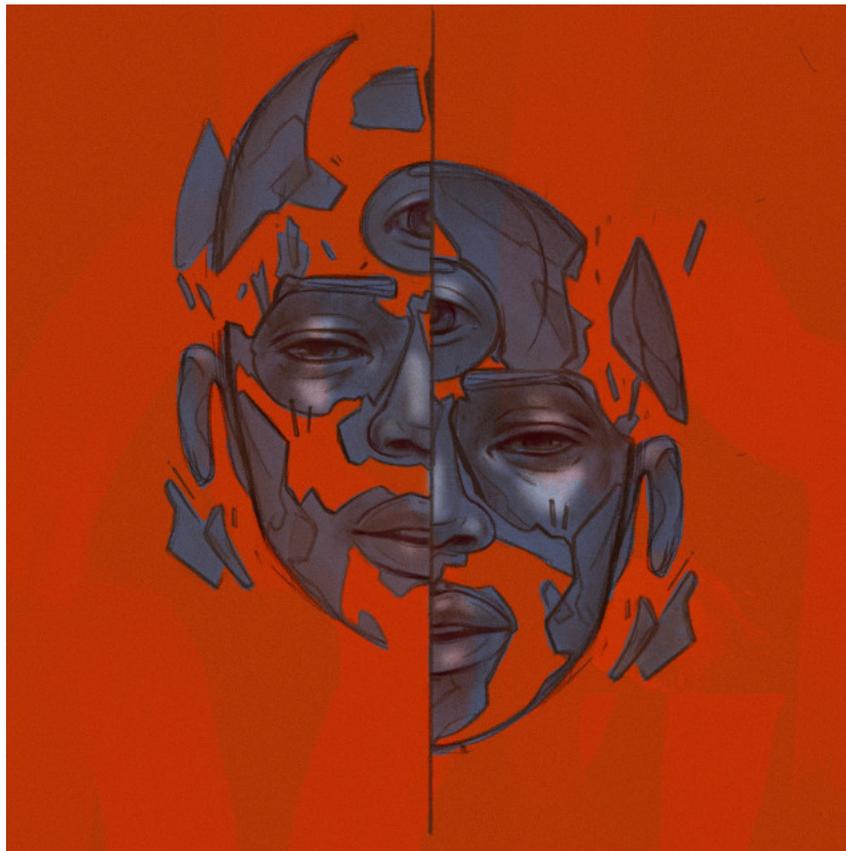


Chapter 9: *Supermarket Sweep: Pandemic Panic*, acrylic on glass, colored pencil on paper, enamel, and glaze, Jacob Mills

Bernadette Little

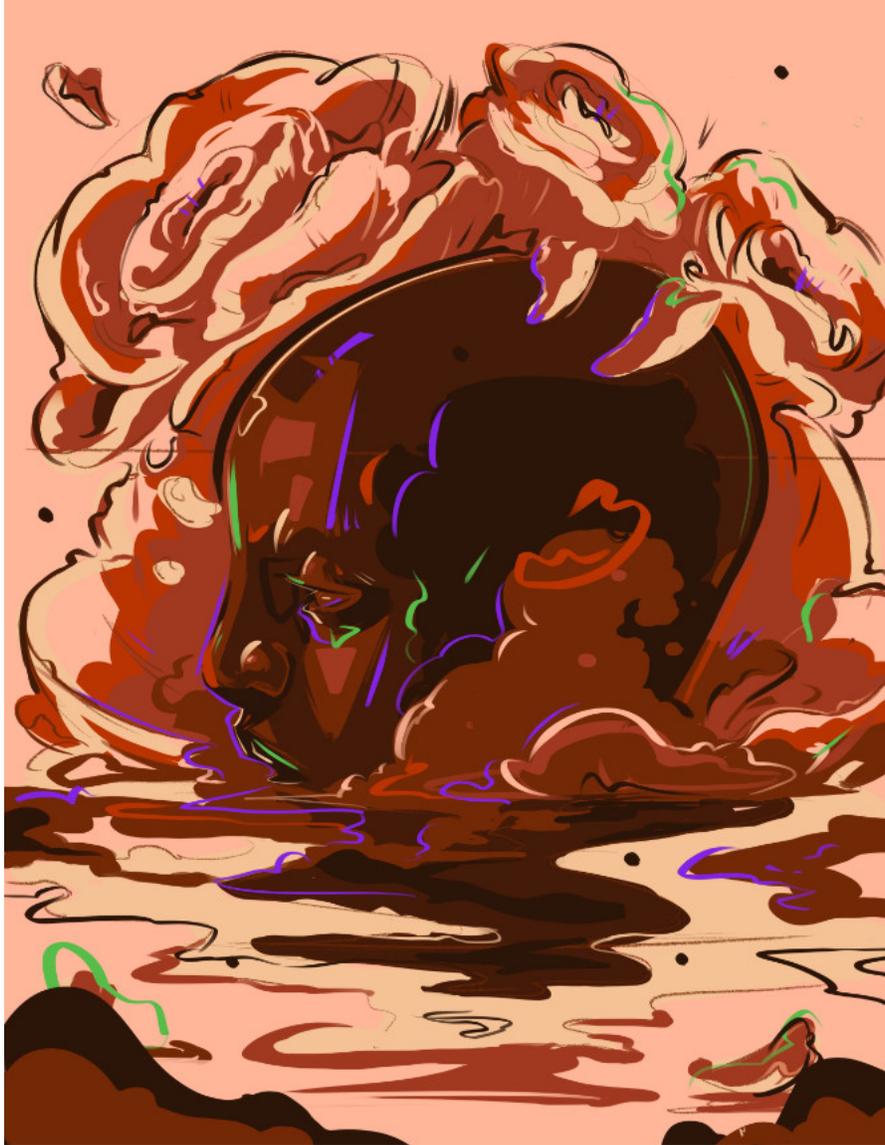
"My work encompasses visual metaphors which explore my personal experience with the trials and tribulations of life through color and

form. They serve as my platform for processing and communicating the oft intelligible moments of life."



I Remain, digital painting, Bernadette Little

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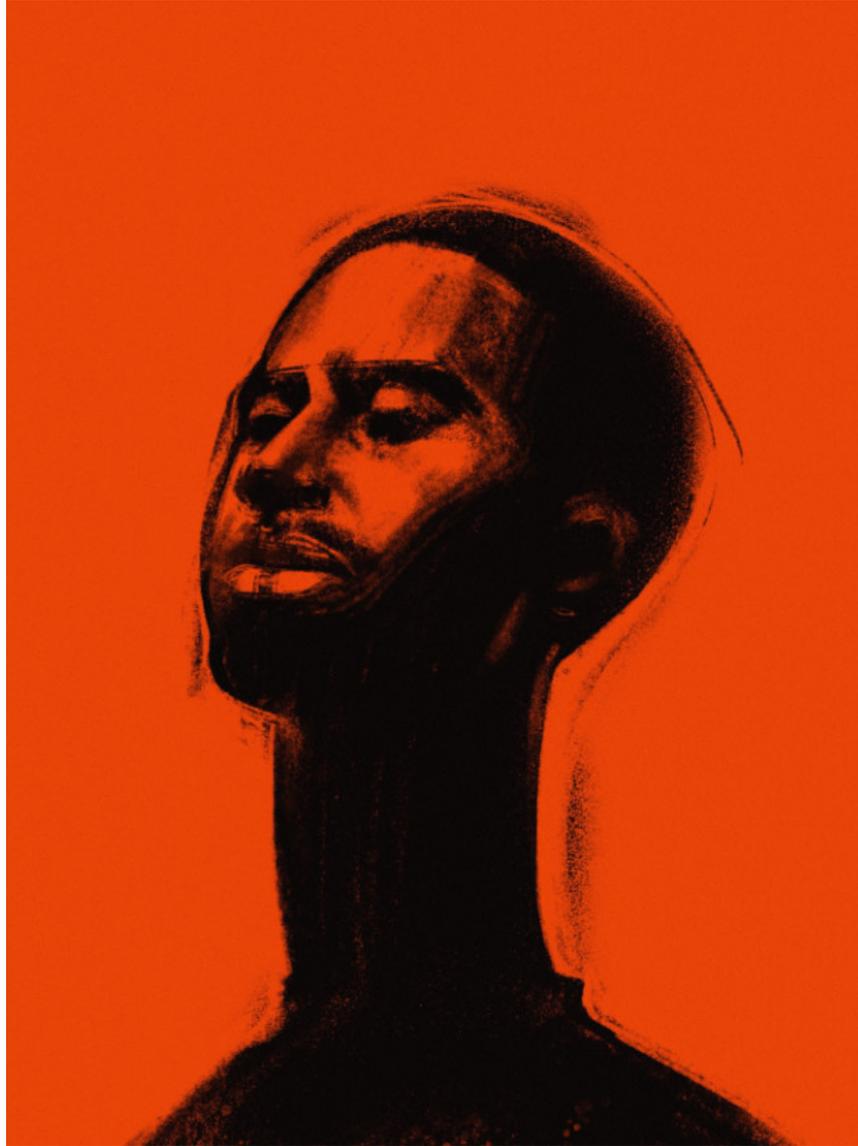


Conscious Bloom, digital painting, Bernadette Little



Power of Youth, digital painting, Bernadette Little

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Sanctuary, digital painting, Bernadette Little



Kinetic, digital painting, Bernadette Little

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Erinn Kathryn Hatter

Particular Spring

O, particular spring,
unsettled arc of passing
time
some
tightly curling
song;
looped
comfortless;

What was I, what were my .?

These rosy sunsets often take
the place of hiding —
the winter's stanza,
a dull routine.

From the windows
I pretend we
are outsiders
again and
practice dressing
running through the house,
then open over the grass

...
but
there is
only one angle,
inside

my sentiment satirized
the life of the place,
for we are still kissing
each other
through a mask.

(All three poems are constructed from found text from
Persons and Places by George Santayana)

The Dark Night

There is a sort of indifference to time
 in the dark night —
 the glare and the cold
 that run down
 surrounding hilltops
 dissipates.
 that we might ride on
 but not steadily,
 but not easily.

 We have
 detached
 car from train
 impermanence from pretending permanence.
 Now we're drifting
 motorless
 counting the passed
 over
 300,000

grief
 quickens
 the body
 organs
 tighten
 the air,
 resigned
 circles
 our innumerable loss blot
 blot
 blots

 out the light
 we carry
 this grave, silent,
 solemn
 so that each is known;
 this heavy burden —
 we eat at its table,
 sleep in its bed.

 This is our house,
 to live in
 until

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Self-portrait in Situ

So you went
there
all
sugar blown
and held together mechanically
leaning on artificial objects
in some narrow hallway called
healing.
I was obliged to carry you
up
down, when
then,
in the first strata
in which
in the slightest mist
you'd drown.
In the lowness
in the whirl
you left the bathtub the
comfort of water

dazed
wasted
ramshackle
blue,
several shades
blue—
belonging not to
the age
just blank
without — mother
still
part of it was your
unruffled perfection
and heavy
despair
beneath the surface,
but always
the loss of
any
forever
while the others
pick their way through;

Susan Harrington

"When people think of endangered species, what comes to mind first are animals. But plants are even more critical to the balance of every ecosystem because they provide the food and habitat for animals and insects that rely on them to survive. I consider my current series on native and endangered plants mostly indigenous to Oregon to be 'plant portraits' with a deeper meaning in the narrative of the subjects who are threatened due to habitat loss from agricultural/urban development, cattle grazing, wildfire, and climate change.

I researched how plants were depicted in the past and love the botanical paintings from the 17th to 19th centuries, when artists traveled with scientists working 'in situ' as new plant species were discovered and documented. I painted this series in the style of these paintings because I liked the conceptual resonance between the idea that it was used to show the discovery of new species and now using it to highlight their decline."



Gentner's Fritillary #2, oil on linen, Susan Harrington

"Gentner's Fritillary is a rare lily in the Klamath-Siskiyou region of Oregon and northern California. The species is threatened by loss of habitat, grazing and competition from non-native species."



Brown's Peony, oil on linen,
Susan Harrington

"Brown's Peony is an Oregon native that is not endangered at this time. It grows at higher elevations in several states throughout the western United States. The Native North American Indian tribes would use the plant roots as a medicine to cure things like coughs, kidney problems, VD, pneumonia, nausea, indigestion, and tuberculosis."

"Growing only in scattered populations along a specific ridge system in southwestern Oregon, the crinite mariposa lily only occurs in eight known locations in an area of less than 30 square miles. The species prefers dry areas that are open or have filtered sunlight.

In areas where fire has been suppressed, crinite mariposa lily is under threat from encroaching woody species and invasive plants like yellow star thistle. Logging practices, which disturb soil, and replanting, which results in dense forest canopies, have also played a role in the species' decline."



Crinite Mariposa Lily, oil on linen,
Susan Harrington



Fire Poppies, oil on linen,
Susan Harrington

"The Fire Poppy belongs to a group of plants known as 'fire followers:' those that use the heat, smoke or charred soil as signals to sprout. Their seeds lie dormant for years, often decades, then when the fire hits, it sends a message to begin germination. For Fire Poppies, the signal comes from smoke. For other fire followers, the heat of a blaze can crack open the hard coating on a seed. Fire Poppies may only bloom for a day or two once they have blossomed."



Unintended Consequences, oil on canvas, Susan Harrington

"The Siskiyou Mariposa Lily (the single pink flower) is being endangered by another plant, the Dyer's Woad (the tall yellow blossomed plants) which is a non-native plant encroaching on its habitat. Dyer's Woad was cultivated in Europe and is thought to have made its way here in a shipment of alfalfa seed. All the other plants in this painting are native to southern Oregon and Northern California where the lily grows. They are: Western Thistle, Ranger's Buttons, Snowbrush, Horse's Mint and Brown's Peony."

Alex Meyer

"My work as an artist and designer is about sharing space. We engage in art, as with all things, with our own contributions and associations. I create spaces that are motivated by that engagement—spurred often from a familiar object or a commonplace environment. By allowing viewers to interact with my work, whether it be visually or physically, I invite them to participate in the narrative they are experiencing.

I recognize relationships primarily through the context of the visual. Simple and often clever connections are established in my work, rewarding viewers for optically exploring and making discoveries. By working back toward my childhood roots as an artist, I strive to make connections at their most fundamental level. In doing so, my work has become more and more accessible. It is through this accessibility that viewers are able to partake in the scene and rejoice over its imagery."

People's Parties, People's Battles,
oil on canvas, Alex Meyer





Floor Space, oil on paper, Alex Meyer

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The Public, acrylic on paper, Alex Meyer

Amber Lomax



"Keeping a dream journal allowed me to observe the richness of the imagery from my subconscious. This interest and my quest for better self understanding led me to use this imagery as fuel for painting. The act of painting the dream becomes a dialogue between the conscious and subconscious as the work evolves.

I use fluid acrylic paint as the primary medium. I begin each painting by pouring the paint onto the canvas, working with the outcome of the pour gives my subconscious another chance to play.

The images attached are part of my Hit and Sunk series of work depicting twin, film noir style detectives. The detectives are used to explore the internal struggle between who we think we are and that shadowy other that lurks in the background of our psyche and the pursuit to bring them together."

Coral Masters, acrylic on canvas,
Amber Lomax

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Guns That Never Were, acrylic on canvas, Amber Lomax



Hit and Sunk, acrylic on canvas, Amber Lomax

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Make it Better, acrylic on canvas, Amber Lomax



She Wouldn't Like it if She Knew You Were Down Here,
acrylic on canvas, Amber Lomax

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Tininha Silva

"Living in beautiful Port Townsend, Washington, surrounded and inspired by the sea and other artistic minds, I feel as if the hidden passion for fibers has always been there, awaiting to emerge.

My work evokes undersea lifeforms: bright anemones, clustered barnacles, coral reefs flamboyant with textural variety and nuance. I spin raw fibers

with a handheld drop-spindle, adding in strands of seaweed and bits of nature's detritus found on seashore walks. My ever-evolving creative process is one that moves me closer to nature while finding inspiration in some of the smallest details of the environment. My work invites the viewer into a tactile exploration of the senses in ways that surprise, captivate and draw curiosity."



Sea Blossom, copper, wire, paper yarn, mohair, Tininha Silva



Sea Dance, Hand dyed polwarth silk, paper yarn,
chunky merino wool, copper, Tininha Silva

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Sea Blossom II, copper, wire, paper yarn, mohair, Tininha Silva

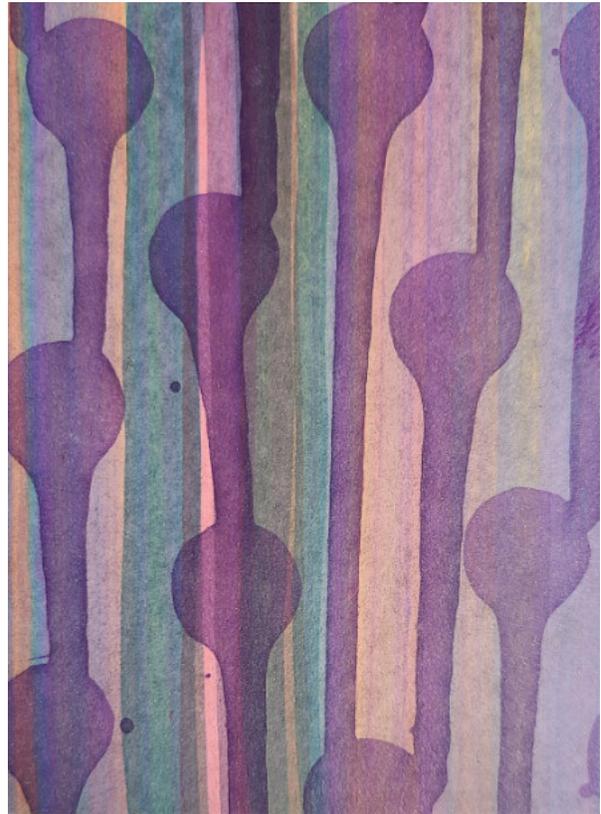


Golden Sea Blossom, copper, wire, paper yarn, mohair,
gold metallic thread, Tininha Silva

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Hunter Ferreiro

"I work mostly with scratch materials and thrift store paints, but never turn down brand new materials when they are available. When I'm broke on supplies, I'll use whatever is around. The following pieces are from my 6th series, SUZIE. This series features the use of bingo daubers I found at my mom's house. I like challenging myself, and I've been broke lately. There's a strange freedom in not having the supplies you need, but making art anyway. It's hard, but you force yourself to learn new things. This winter I needed a candle, but didn't have one. Did you know you can make a candle from a stick of butter and a shoelace? Neither did I!"



*damn ok, bingo dauber,
whiteout, posca marker,
Hunter Ferreiro*



heater, bingo dauber, sharpie, highlighter, Hunter Ferreiro

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giraffes, bingo dauber, alcohol marker, posca marker,
Hunter Ferreiro

Kathleen Powers

"I am inspired to paint and write about animals like common opossums, crows, pigeons, and rodents because they are usually thought of as pests—or often, not even thought of at all. Yet they live in the background as important parts of our ecosystem—as intelligent, highly adaptable survivors and protective parents to their young. I do not think they get the credit or spotlight they deserve. I have always enjoyed fables and short stories where animals can reflect our lives back to us—and hopefully, teach us a little something about ourselves by the end."

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Birdhouse, acrylic on panel,
Kathleen Powers

Birdhouse

~ a fable ~

Nothing made the crow happier than being at home. She thrived in the solace and contentment she felt there. This was her place of refuge and solitude—her warm blanket. Home was her favorite place to be.

“Maybe today I will go lie in my yard and feel the warm sun on my belly and the cool grass between my toes? Or, perhaps I would like to go pick a lovely bouquet of those cheerful yellow flowers?”

But as she contemplated both ventures, she remembered that both of those activities required leaving her house and going outside. After vacillating for some time, she eventually convinced herself that she was simply “way too busy to squeeze all that in today”, she thought. “Yes, of course, tomorrow would be a much better day to go outside.”

So with her agenda set, she went right back to her full day of gazing out her front door. First, she watched the wind morph clouds into and out of intriguing shapes. Then after lunch and a nap, she watched her long grass and dandelions sway to and fro in the light summer breeze. All the while remaining safe in her house, blissfully occupied in deep musing thought—watching the world go by.

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Bramble, acrylic on panel, Kathleen Powers

Bramble

Some believe we spend the first half of our lives
discovering which cards we're dealt
and the second half
trying to figure out what to do with them

but if it takes a lifetime to realize
the conditional love you've endured and have always been
so baffled by
is not actually love at all
then so be it

call your obstacle out - using all its true names
call it irrational, call it self-serving, call it cruel...
now you see you're doing the hard work
to render it toothless

sometimes you can't go beneath it
sometimes you can't go through it
but with some effort you can go up and over
it's time to let the tether go

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The Tomcat and His Secret Life, acrylic on panel, Kathleen Powers

The Tomcat and His Secret Life

~ a fable ~

No one really knew what the Tomcat was up to all day. Each morning after breakfast, something very predictable yet puzzling happened...

He would saunter out to the far corner of the backyard and perform his usual routine of satisfying stretches, then deftly scramble up and over the tall cedar fence and disappear.

Witnesses say when he returned each evening just before supper, he was often seen with cuttings of turkey feathers, bits of colorful silk thread and pieces of whittled wood stuck throughout his fur. It was a genuine mystery where he went and exactly what he was doing, but as cats go...he wasn't telling.

~~~~~

It turns out he had a secret life as a Fletcher, but never told a soul. He loved making arrows and honing his archery skills in solitude. He was quite content to keep this secret life to himself—because after all, his passion and personal quest for improvement were as pure as his craft; he was a true artisan at heart.

## Cindy Lommasson

"Over the past few years I've turned to an abstract contemporary style, after nearly twenty years immersed in Chinese brush painting. Simplicity is the key thread to earlier work. I don't get mired in detail. As a viewer ponders one of my mixed media or acrylic paintings, they may see architectural forms, or shapes that appear to be figures or plant life, but it's not my intention to portray specific subject matter when I start out. My work deals with color, shape, texture and composition, but it's primarily about mood. I create a few shapes or marks and then react to what I see or feel, in order to take the next step. Most of my work is created in a single day, to preserve its vitality. My intention is to spark the viewer's curiosity so they'll come back for a new experience. To me, that's a primary goal."



*Deserted but Hopeful,*  
mixed media, Cindy Lommasson



*Eclipse*, acrylic on paper, Cindy Lommasson

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*Great Divide*, acrylic on paper, Cindy Lommasson



*Arrival*, acrylic on paper, Cindy Lommasson

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*Light Touch*, mixed media, Cindy Lommasson

## R. Keaney Rathbun



*Solitude*, acrylic on carved linoleum, R. Keaney Rathbun

"I have developed this technique of painting on carved linoleum blocks over the last seven years. It is a merging of my interests in print-making and sculpture, in essence painting shallow relief carvings to create an added depth to the work. The imagery is based on drawings done on my travels. In these last few Covid years those travels have been closer to home, exploring the Pacific Northwest. Before that they included Australia, French Polynesia, Easter Island, as well as around Europe.

My bas-relief carvings and original prints are autobiographical narratives. The images are figurative and gestural, and are deceptively simple metaphors of human experience. They are joyous and whimsical, emotional and poignant. They represent an optimistic and naïve spirit embracing the moments that make up my life."

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*The Sound of Breaking Waves*, acrylic on carved linoleum,  
R. Keaney Rathbun



*Incoming Tide*, acrylic on carved linoleum, R. Keaney Rathbun

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*Cape Lookout*, acrylic on carved linoleum, R. Keaney Rathbun



*Point of View*, acrylic on carved linoleum, R. Keaney Rathbun

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## Sam Marroquin

"Investigating and exposing truth in current and historic events, I am always aware and processing what is going on around us. News and ideas which are avoided by popular culture and media are the source for my work. Responding to the collective experience of fact and fiction, I explore the authenticity of cultural information. Uncovering truth becomes a way of documenting current history while looking to the past as well as the future.

I work intently, building layer upon layer of images, text, visual information, found objects and acrylic paint. Images carefully selected from magazines, books, newspapers and the internet compose my work. I incorporate metal, wire, bits of plastic, mesh, tags, product packaging and other castoff items from my collection of found materials."



*Of Mother and Daughter Isotopes*, acrylic, charcoal, paper, image transfers, graphite and metal collage on wood, Sam Marroquin



*Echoes Downwind*, acrylic, charcoal, paper, image transfers, graphite, plastic and metal collage on wood, Sam Marroquin

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*Flying, Falling*, acrylic, charcoal, paper, image transfers, graphite, plastic and metal collage on wood, Sam Marroquin

# Ian Shearer

"Sketching in paint, I soak my canvases with water, creating rivers of pigment. I paint between these dripped lines, manipulating perspective and creating a jumble of flat and rendered imagery. Low and high contrasting values help tell the story of confusion and disorientation. Figures slowly emerge from shadow, while bright paint spatters recreate the jarring euphoria of synesthesia experienced with sensory processing disorders.

The chaotic drippings are symbolic of the 'static' of aphasia and the lack of muscle control of dysarthria and

apraxia, while simultaneously creating sensations of vertigo, common to traumatic brain injury. Patterns within the drips are highlighted or darkened to resemble MRI's and angiograms.

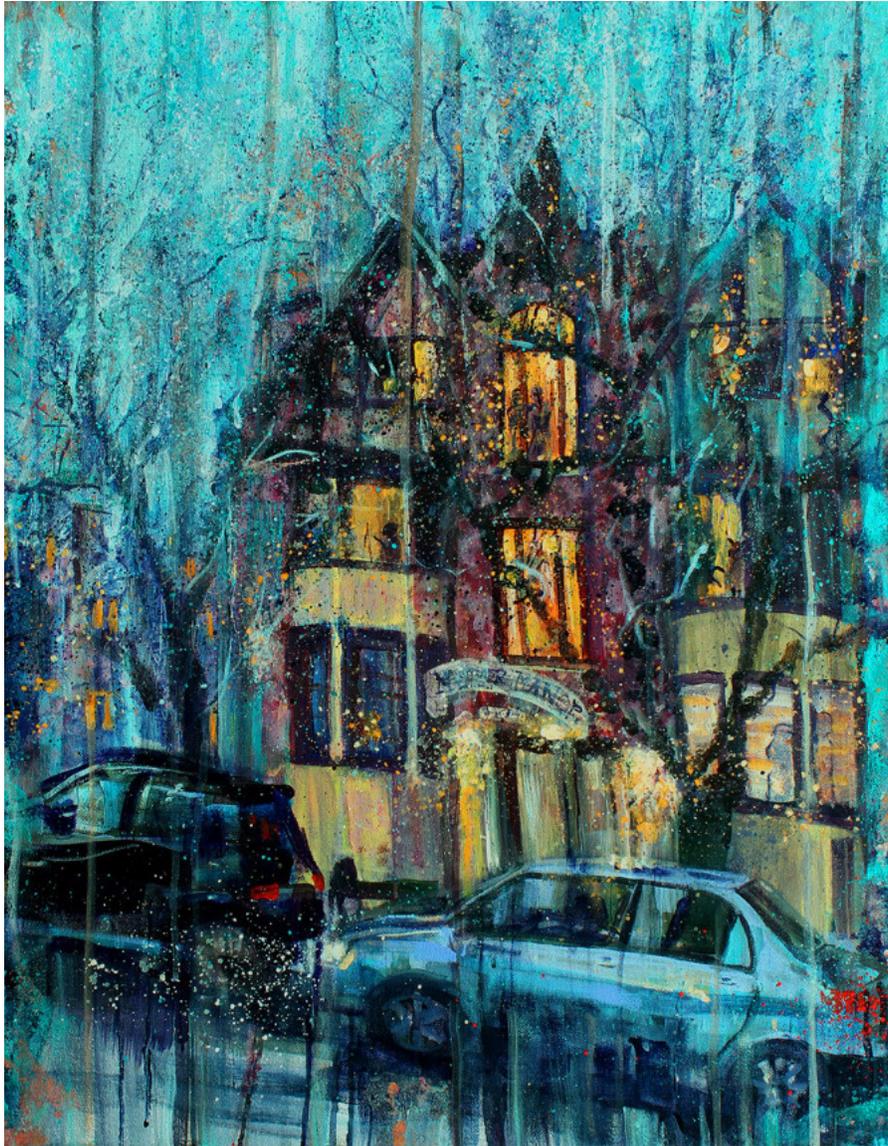
Bits of medical records are decouped into my paintings, often backwards or upside down, referencing neurological language disorders and a metaphor for medical gaslighting. Hidden in signage or shadows, almost indiscernible, reflecting the experience of millions of people living with invisible disabilities."



*Dreaming Catalina*, acrylic on canvas, Ian Shearer



*Maybe Tonight*, acrylic on canvas, Ian Shearer

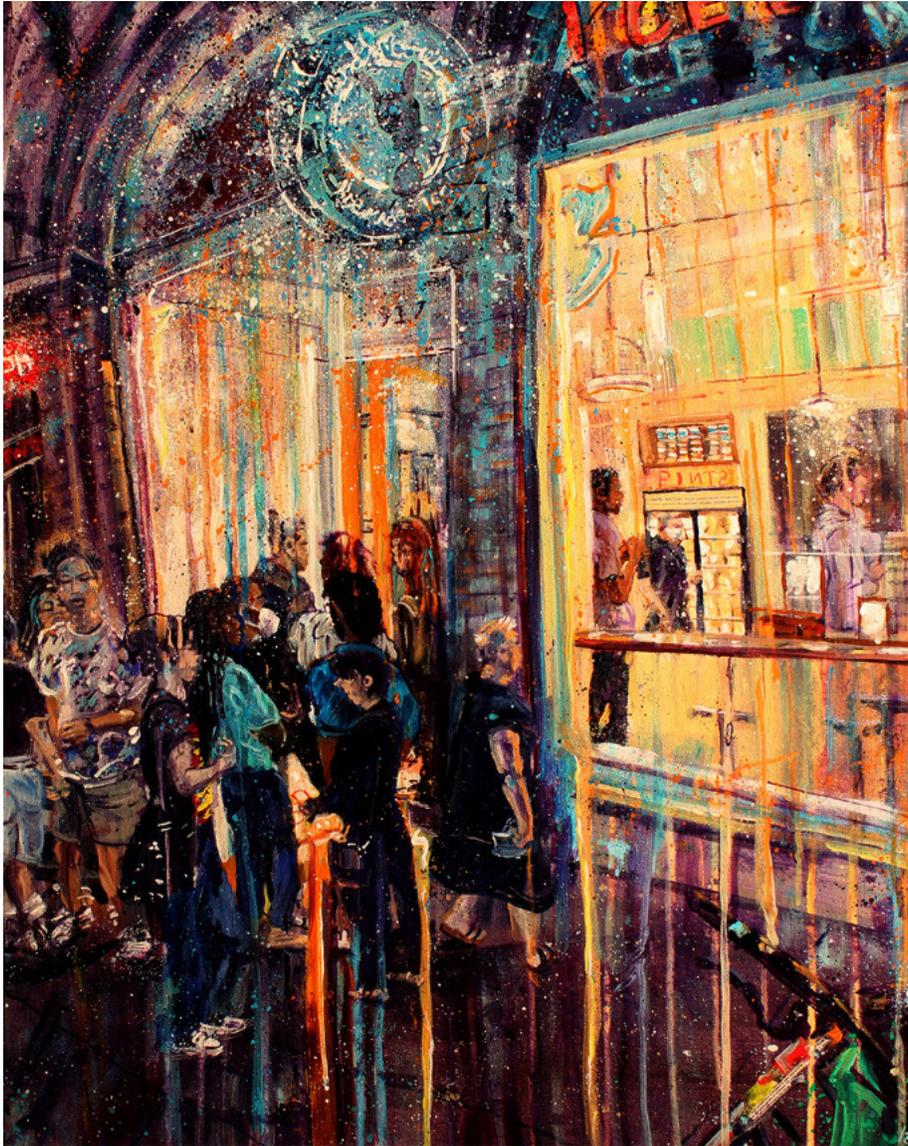


*Meet me at the Mayfair*, acrylic on canvas, Ian Shearer

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*And Miles to Go Before I Sleep*, acrylic on canvas, Ian Shearer



*We All Scream*, acrylic on canvas, Ian Shearer

## Bill Cope

### What's All the Ruckus?

Squee started it. I was catching a doze and didn't hear him until old Rax scamped across my back and woke me. "You clumsy..." I barked, and then heard Squee. He was up near the top of the big, big sycamore, clattering like falling ice. Everyone could have heard him, I figure, from Mother Walnut to the wild rose hedge at the end of the street.

"What is this?" I yelled after Rax, but he ignored me, old fool.

Mim, coming up behind, answered. "Don't know. But I'm sure gonna find out."

She's a bushy, little Mim. If I were a bit younger, I wouldn't mind going some tail-twist with that one.

Three more flicked past, bouncing over the road to the sycamore yard. Epp, Gim and Za went one after the other, and not a one of them knew why he was going.

"To see why Mim went," chirped Epp in passing.

"I'm following Epp," said Gim, seconds later.

"What else is there to do?" grumped Za, and that made sense to me.

I took my time though. I'm not one to go racing like some fool over the road without checking for smashers. I even considered forgetting the whole commotion and taking another look for that acorn. The one I can't find. The one I've been looking for all summer. Blasted nut. I know it's out there, under those leaves, under that grass, somewhere. I hid it close to the brick walk, I think. Or the petunia bed, maybe. That was one fine acorn, if I remember. With everyone else skipping off like fools, I figured maybe it was a good time to go scratching around again.

But Squee was making it harder and harder to pretend I was

ignoring him. "Quick! Quick! Quick! Quick! Quick! Quick! Quick! Quick! Quick!" Just like that, over and over. It was the crows that made me decide. A clot of them picked up from the ash way down in the fat man's yard and circled Squee's perch like flies, their racket almost as loud as his "Quick! Quick!" That was all I needed. I hate those crows. All crows. Too many of my best friends been picked out by those blasted crows. I wish just once I could get my chomps on a crow. I'd show him what it feels like to be picked out.

I checked for smashers, then made my dash. I'm not as fast as I used to be, but I can still out-dash any fool cat. And most of the smashers, too. Not that I'm going to try. I've seen too many of my friends try to out-dash a smasher and end up crow pickings.

Soon as I hit the grass on the other side, that young fool Epp came at me. He had a round of back-and-forth on his mind, I could tell. But I was in no mood. I showed him my chomps and he backed off.

"Quick! Quick! Quick! Quick!" He was still up there, Squee, but I couldn't tell if he was mad or crazy or what. I high-stepped through the

deep leaves blown up around the trunk. Anymore, it hurts my knees when I have to kick so high. The young ones like it when leaves clutter the ground. It makes them feel happy, they say, all that crunch-crunch under foot and the cool air on top. But I hate it, that leaf clutter. I've lost more acorns under that mess than I can count. Just before the last rain, I lost the finest, fattest walnut I ever got my chomps on, all because the fool maple I buried it next to dropped its leaves overnight. Blasted leaves. Especially those sycamore leaves. Broad, tough, deep, sharp, those sycamore leaves.

I went up the trunk as far as the second crotch. Mim was there, in a crook just above me. I startled her. She jumped and did a mid-air snap-back. "Don't sneak up on me like that, Sil!" she clucked. In no uncertain terms, I told her, "Looky here, missy. It's not my fault you aren't giving proper attention. Imagine if I'd been that striped cat. The one who's almost as quick as we are. Imagine that! You'd be cat pickings by now."

I expected her to apologize, but she just said, "Oh Sil, you old crock.

Be quiet, will you? I'm trying to understand what Squee wants."

Let me tell you, I was ready to take a chomp at that pretty, pretty tail of hers, just to teach some respect. But I didn't. It was all too mysterious, this commotion, and whatever Squee was trying to do must've been working. They were coming from every direction. From my spot, I could see the whole Lak clan come bouncing over the roof on the old skinny woman's house. Rikrik and his brother Tik, Chur and Ploo and Lup, the whole fool bunch of them. One after the other, flew off the roof to the lilac at the corner, they did, then came through the garden like a snake, each nose buried in the tail of the one ahead.

"Oh look, Sil," Mim squealed. "It's the Laks! I haven't seen them since before the leaves grew back." She went down the sycamore trunk like a crack of summer lightning, using my head for a grip on the way. "I'll see if they wanna go some back-and-forth."

Others came. They came from the sunrise side and the sunset side. They came from as far as I could see up the street, and down. A few came on the wiggle wires

from the next road over. I didn't know even half of them, they were coming from so far. Before it was over, I figure there were four, maybe five clans, all mixed up like fools, skitting from branch to branch on the sycamore, racing up and down and around the spruce and the catalpa, going the back-and-forth between the peony patch and the plum tree.

It was sort of exhilarating, if I say so myself. Especially when that man with the hat went by like he does, walking his snot-snorting dog, the one who always thinks he has a chance of snagging one of us. Old Snot Snorter took off after one of the younger Laks, but all the sudden, he found himself looking into the chomps of six or seven others, gathered up in an angry clump with their tails flared out wide and high. I laughed until I almost dropped out of the tree to see that fool hound spin around and scoot back to hat-man with nothing but a whimper.

Even the striped cat wouldn't come near. I caught sight of her slunk down in the ditch. Counting on she wouldn't be noticed, it looked like to me.

Squee went even higher, up where it all bends down and feels like it's going to break under your weight. "Quick! Quick! Quick! Quick! Quick!" He kept it up until they stopped coming. More crows came too. Some of them landed way up there where Squee was. But he had no mind for them. "Quick! Quick! Quick!" He hardly stopped, only to climb farther up, farther up. He was even above the crows. I thought for sure they'd be picking him out before this was over.

But when all that were going to come had come, he stopped and swung down, going some back-and-forth with others on his way. I even played a round. With Mim and Epp and old Rax, it was. It felt good and young. I was glad to be there. Happy, even.

At the end, the sun dropped behind the fat man's roof and the others started heading back to their own yards. The Laks pooped out first, hungry I figure, and snaked back through the garden, up the lilac to the old skinny woman's roof, and over the top. I probably won't see any them again until the leaves grow back. If I make it that long.

The others dribbled off, clan after clan, back over the wiggle wires, back to Mother Walnut, back to the wild rose hedge, back to wherever was theirs. At the end, the only ones left were me and Mim and Squee, catching a breather in the crotch of the sycamore. "Then what was all the ruckus about?" I asked Squee as we watched them scatter away.

"Don't you remember, Sil? You used to start it. I learned it from you. Back when I was just a bush-tail and not much else. I watched you do it and I learned it from you. You could call them in from forever far, and it was such, such fun. Don't you remember?"

And then I did.

## Gary Rubin



*Longing, graphite, Gary Rubin*

"In isolation the past two years, my connection with the outside world has primarily been through the art I have created. I select subjects that inspire me—that evoke an emotion or tap into one of the many feelings I've had, fueled by the challenges of the COVID and racial injustice pandemics. The subjects all lived within the frame of my television. And, from these subjects, I created compositions with a sketchbook, set of pencils, and an eraser that all reside on a TV tray.

I never know what the finished product will look like until I stop drawing. And when I stop, it's because it feels complete and incomplete at the same time. It is not only what I draw but what I don't draw, allowing the negative space to complement and oppose the graphite."

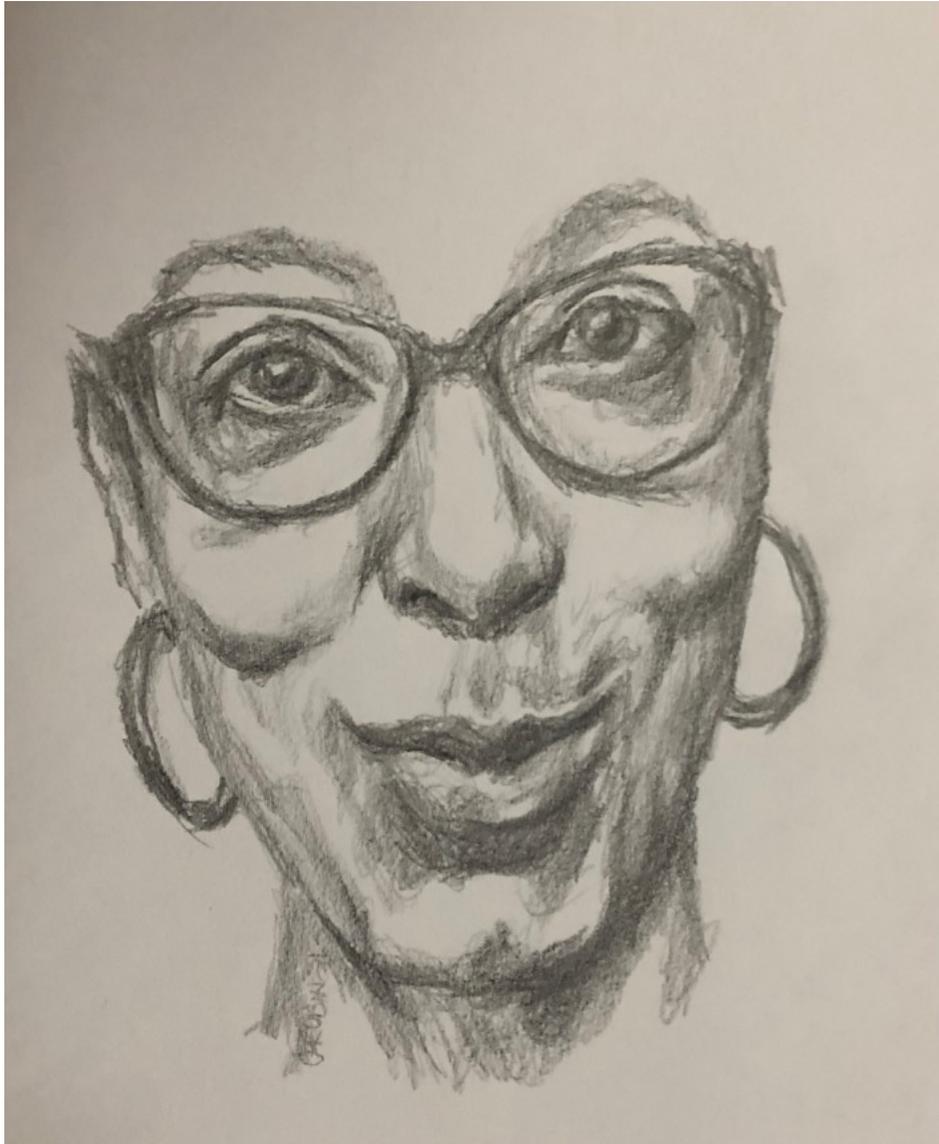


*Bold, graphite, Gary Rubin*

Spring 2022

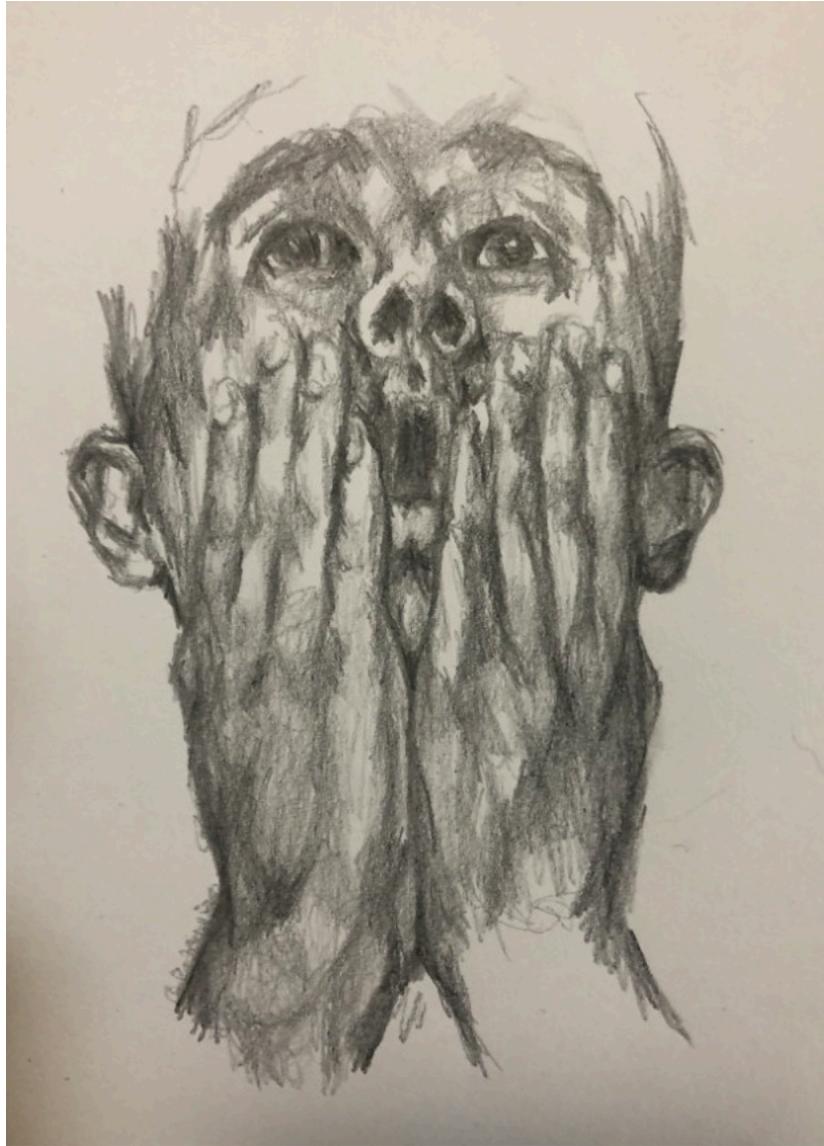


*Determination, graphite, Gary Rubin*



*Joy, graphite, Gary Rubin*

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*Disbelief*, graphite, Gary Rubin

## Steve Jensen

"For me the boats are meant to symbolize a voyage or journey, perhaps it is the voyage to the other

side, or the journey into the unknown."



*Ice Vessel*, cast lead crystal, Steve Jensen

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*Nordic Sunken Vessel, steel found on beach, Steve Jensen*



*Wooden Vessel, carved cedar, Steve Jensen*

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*The Ice is Melting Our Ship is Sinking*, cast lead crystal, etched bottle,  
boat resin, melted ice from Antarctica, Steve Jensen



*Canoe that Floated Away,*  
carved wood, recycled bronze ship porthole, Steve Jensen

## Carmel Mercado

"My first career was in medicine, a career in which one is constantly faced with the uncertainties of life and death. Each day could bring both triumph as well as grief from loss. Through art, I discovered a way to counterbalance the heavy sentiments experienced in the clinic and hospital. My work celebrates life and encourages viewers to re-experience the small pleasures in one's everyday setting.

My use of bright, bold lines/colors, speckled backgrounds, and whimsical child-like designs are meant to evoke happy bemusement, laughter, and a sense of gratitude for the otherwise mundane things in one's day-to-day that create joy. For me, some of those small daily blessings include good food and good company (in the form of animal friends), two common themes in my art."



*The Meowntain of Luck*, acrylic and ink on canvas, Carmel Mercado



*Le 'Pup'lemousse, acrylic and ink on canvas, Carmel Mercado*



*The 'Fraise' Prince, acrylic and ink on canvas, Carmel Mercado*

## Tatiana Garmendia

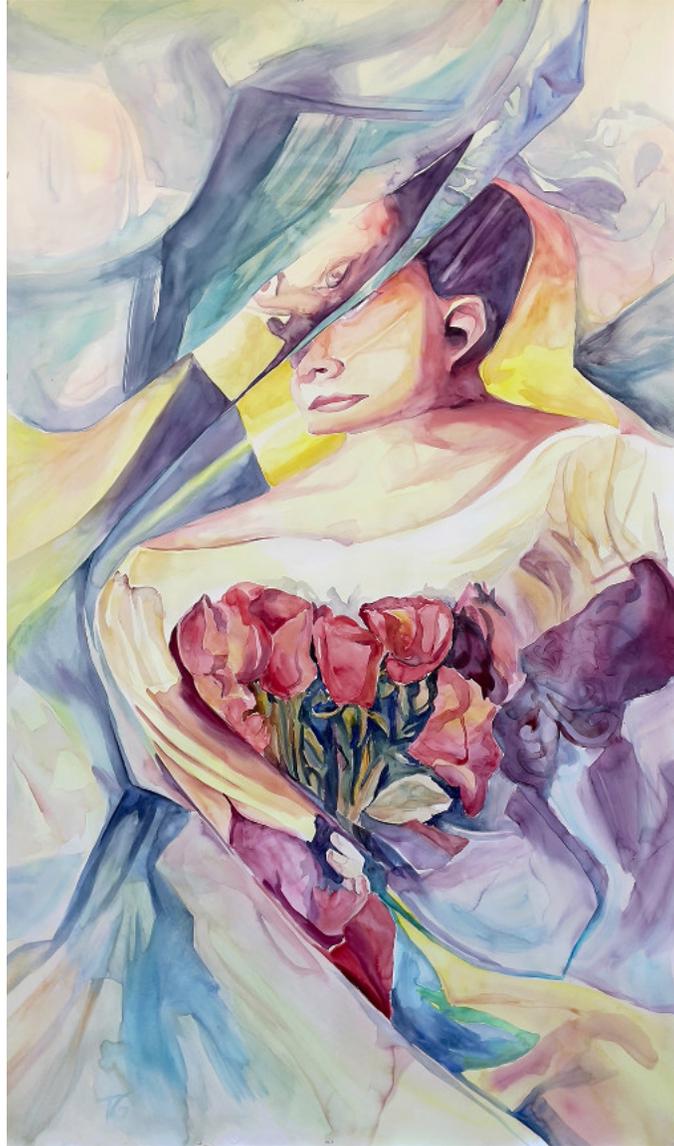
"With the Alchemical series of paintings, I am doing something new—taking formal aspects from Cubism, blending them with Pop Art and Feminist historicism, to create a new visual patois that I call Cubism 3.0. These paintings enrich painting with the mythical language of alchemy. Here the archetypal bride embodies Carl Jung's interpretation of alchemy as a metaphor for the individuation towards the Self. Alchemists called the furnaces or ovens in which base matter was transmuted into gold the 'House of the Chick' and the 'womb.' This play of words intrigued me, as it situated the act of transformation within the human form. In the midst of the #MeToo movement, it seems critical for me to celebrate the elevated female figure, imagining the liminal not yet subdued body of the bride as a site of distortion, pressure, and transformation."

*Alchemical Bride 93 (Shoen Uemura)*, watercolor on paper,  
Tatiana Garmendia





*Alchemical Bride 94 (Tamara de Lempicka),*  
watercolor on paper, Tatiana Garmendia

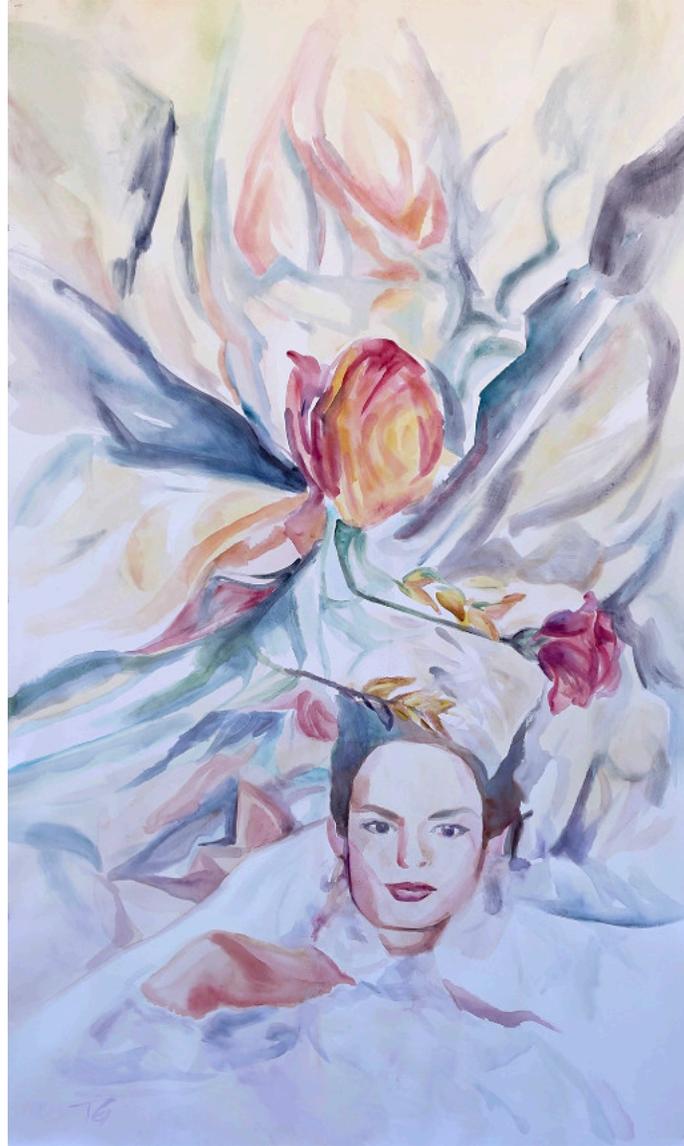


*Alchemical Bride 95 (Amelia Pelaez),  
watercolor on paper, Tatiana Garmendia*

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*Alchemical Bride 96 (Clara Ledesma)*,  
watercolor on paper, Tatiana Garmendia



*Alchemical Bride 97 (Shoen Uemura),*  
watercolor on paper, Tatiana Garmendia

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## In the Studio: Kim Murton

**What can you tell us about your space?**

My clay studio is a nice sized room, about 24'x18'. Our house was built in the 1920's but my studio was an addition that was built in the 80's by the previous owners. They were elderly and built the addition as a bedroom because they could no

longer go upstairs. It was pretty awful compared to the rest of the house: wood paneling, aluminum windows and a brown shag carpet. There was an attached bathroom—1 of 4 in the house—which was unnecessary and also not attractive. But the room was perfect for a studio—nice light and a good size. We took out the bathroom and added a slop sink and cabinets,





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put in a linoleum floor, and there was a wood stove platform that was perfect for my kiln. My office computer/guest room is in the next room.

**Has your use of the space changed over time?**

Over the years I added another kiln and painted the ceiling and my husband installed better windows. Otherwise it's pretty much the same. I've been working in there for about 25 yrs. I have a sewing room upstairs that is fairly recent that I have been also using to make pillows and tea towels from my fabric designs.

**Do you have a studio pet?**

I have always had a studio cat. First there was Smokey, a black tomcat, then Vinnie, a wild, gorgeous tuxedo, and now Jack, also a tuxedo cat. We have a dog, Mercy, who is not interested in the studio. Back when we first moved in I had Vera, a shepherd mix who loved being in the studio unless I played Tom Waits; she would begrudgingly get up and go in the other room whenever I played his music.

**What's your favorite thing about your studio space?**

My favorite thing about my studio is that it is right there—no commute.



**Is there anything on your wish list?**

The space has shrunk over the years. I could probably use a bigger studio and I really need to clean it out. A lot of stuff that I don't need has accumulated, plus there is a whole bunch of clay that needs to be recycled. I need a pug mill.

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

I go straight into the studio first thing every morning and look around. Before working I always tidy things up.

**What do you listen to while you're working?**

I used to listen to NPR and KBOO but more often now I listen to podcasts, story-telling shows and the news. I feel less isolated listening to people talking or reading stories than listening to music but I also stream music if I'm in the mood. There are some tasks that are very repetitive with my production pieces that don't require much thinking, so I watch TV shows that don't have a complicated plot but are still fun—like "The Great British Bake Off." I can't paint and watch TV at the same time so TV is off limits at that stage of



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working. I also talk on the phone while working—another way to feel less isolated. I realized during the pandemic that I am not an introvert even though I do spend a lot of time by myself in the studio.

**What shows or projects are coming up for you?**

I try to keep my Etsy shop full and that is a lot of work. I have a show coming up in the summer at Imogen Gallery in Astoria with painter Jill Mayberg. I am a board member for Art in the Pearl so I will be in our show this year at the end of summer, Labor Day weekend in Portland.



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All photos courtesy of Kim Murton

## Contributors

**Bill Cope**, a musician as well as a writer, is best known in his Southwest Idaho community for his political and humor columns in the *Boise Weekly*, running from 1995 to present. He has also published three books: *The Greenman Stories*, a collection of short stories ranging in content from the humorously surreal to the horrifying; the novel *Artists Save the Galaxy*, a spoof in the sci-fi genre; and *The Secret of Cawley's Skull*, a novel imagining a society of feral and abandoned dogs struggling to survive in a world hostile to them.

**Hunter Ferreiro** is a multimedia artist from Salem, Oregon. Hunter was born in El Paso, TX. His parents met at an LDS dance. His mother was a blond waitress and his father was an undocumented Mexican student at Portland State University. Hunter graduated highschool in Salem, then graduated from PSU (the school his father attended) with a BA in philosophy in 2018. After college, Hunter rediscovered his passion for art during arts & crafts at an intensive outpatient program in 2020, and has been working diligently since.

[https://www.instagram.com/abus3\\_/](https://www.instagram.com/abus3_/)

**Tatiana Garmendia** was born in Cuba at the height of the Cold War and remembers playing in abandoned missile trenches as a girl. In her interdisciplinary work, history is understood as meditations on national and private mythologies, as the stories we tell others and whisper to ourselves. Garmendia has exhibited her work throughout the US and in many countries including England, Italy, Germany, Mexico, and India. She is the recipient of numerous awards including two Artist Trust Fellowships, the coveted Cintas International Fellowship and Pollock Krasner Grant. Her works are in public collections in Seattle, New York, Washington D.C., Miami, Illinois, California, Ohio, and the Dominican Republic.

<http://tatianagarmendia.com/>

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**Robin Green** is a mostly self-taught painter and ceramicist who lives and works in Seattle. She uses pigment, silk, clay and plants to explore connections between plants and humans. Her work has been shown in solo exhibitions in Seattle, Edison, WA and Houston, TX; and in several group shows in New York, Oregon and Washington. She is the recipient of grants from the City of Seattle, and residencies at Jentel and the University of Washington in Costa Rica. Her work with plant populations in tropical forests in Panama and Pacific Northwest prairies has been published in scholarly journals.

<http://www.robingreen.net>

**Susan Harrington** received a B.F.A. from the California College of Arts and an M.A. in Instructional Design from San Francisco State University. She is a full-time artist and maintains a studio at the NW Marine Art Works building in Portland. The recent theme of Susan's paintings is humanity's relationship with the environment. As a fourth generation Oregonian, her current work is an environmental commentary about the endangered and native species of plants in Oregon and California that are threatened by urban expansion, agriculture development, wildfire, and climate change. Susan shows her work regionally and is represented by Waterstone Gallery in Portland.

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

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**Erinn Kathryn Hatter** works in sculpture, mixed media, painting, and installation. Notable exhibitions include Paragon Arts Gallery, Bison Gallery, Alaska House Art Gallery, and Multnomah Arts Center. Erinn has participated in artist residencies in AK, VT, OR, and the American Southwest. She has been awarded numerous grants from the Regional Arts & Culture Council (RACC, Portland, OR). Erinn's work is part of the permanent collections of Zymoglyphic Museum, J. Michael Carroll Cancer Center at Fairbanks Memorial Hospital, and Museum of the North @ UAF. She studied printmaking, dance, and psychology at Penn State University and received her M.A.T. from the University of the Arts.

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

**Steve Jensen** has been a working artist for over 40 years. Steve comes from a long tradition of Scandinavian fishermen and boat builders. He grew up on and around his father and grandfather's fishing boats in the Seattle shipyards. From 2015 through 2021, Steve has solo exhibited at "SAM" Gallery, at the Seattle Art Museum, The Bainbridge Island Museum of Art, Foss Seaport Museum, Tacoma, WA, Vashon Center for the Arts, Northwind Arts Center, Port Townsend, WA, Schack Art Center, Everett, WA, San Juan Island Museum of Art, Friday Harbor, WA, and Gallery at the Park, Richland, WA.

<http://www.stevejensenstudios.com>

<https://www.instagram.com/stevejensen55/>

**Bernadette Little** believes vehemently in the transformative power of education, the arts and the promotion of creative thinking in all fields. As Dr. Rudine Sim Bishops writes, the arts can serve as both a window into possibilities and a mirror of realities. She believes this kind of expression is so important for communities to visualize their potential, to process the now and lay the fertile ground to get from one to the other. When she is not working you can find her painting murals around the PDX area, sketching, experimenting with photography, engulfed in music and collaborating with other artists.

<http://youcancallmebernie.com/>

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

**Cindy Lommasson** is a lifelong Pacific Northwesterner living in Portland, Oregon, where she paints and teaches art. She holds a BA in Fine Art from Portland State University. Her Chinese brush paintings, inspired by the local environment, have been exhibited regionally and collected widely. She is currently working in an intuitive abstract style with acrylic and mixed media.

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

<https://www.instagram.com/cindylommassonartist/?hl=en>

**Amber Lomax** is inspired by imagery from her vivid dream life. Her dream journal provides fuel for painting exploration and the act of painting itself is a dialogue between the conscious and subconscious as each work evolves. Born in Truro, Great Britain she graduated from Reading University in 2001. Amber moved to Canada in 2010 and paints from her home on Vancouver Island.

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

<https://www.instagram.com/amberlomaxart/?hl=en>

**Sam Marroquin** has shown her artwork in many venues including Jason McCoy Gallery, New York, New York, Southern Oregon University, Ashland Oregon, Spokane Falls Community College and Washington State University Tri-Cities, Richland. Her artwork is in the Public State Art Collection at Tacoma Community College. She studied visual art at The University of Washington in Seattle and attended graduate school at Eastern Washington University. She was selected as the 2019 Artist in Residence at TreeSong Nature Awareness Center, in Washougal, Washington. Born and raised outside of Cheney, Washington, she currently lives and teaches art in Southwestern Washington State.

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

[https://www.instagram.com/sam\\_marroquin/](https://www.instagram.com/sam_marroquin/)

**Carmel Mercado** is a self-taught Filipina artist in the Seattle area. Carmel works predominantly with acrylics and mixed media on canvas, but also creates digital illustrations and mural art. She has been in several juried shows and exhibits throughout the Boston, Orlando, and Seattle areas. Carmel's whimsical style has been heavily influenced by her time working with children as a pediatric ophthalmologist and from her travels around the globe. Carmel obtained her B.S. in Biology with a humanities concentration in Foreign Languages/Literatures at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and her medical degree at the Johns Hopkins University.

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

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

**Alex Meyer** is a Portland-based artist and designer, with an interest in environments and our relationships with them. Her work ranges from oil painting to installation and scenic design. Recent shows include Collaboration Art Show and Hood River Hotel with The Remains Gallery (Hood River, OR). Her installation Field was also recently on display at Blackfish Gallery (Portland, OR). Other theatrical design credits include with companies such as Oregon Children's Theatre, Broadway Rose Theatre Co., and Imago Theatre.

<http://www.designbyalexmeyer.com>

**Jacob Mills** was born to factory workers Janice and Tim Mills in Vancouver, WA in 1996. His parents' profession left Mills alone often where his fascination with drawing and painting took form. Cartoons quickly became his closest confidants and ultimate teachers, culminating in the decision to attend both Cornish College of the Arts in Seattle and The School of Visual Arts in New York, NY. While in attendance, Mills began to scrutinize the intersections between his suburban upbringing, his queer identity, and the American experiment. His work has been shown in Portland OR, Seattle, WA, and New York, NY. He lives and works in Vancouver, WA.

<https://jacobjemills.wixsite.com/portfolio>  
<https://www.instagram.com/jacob.je.mills/?hl=en>

**Kim Murton** is a ceramic artist living in Vancouver, WA. She studied ceramics and animation at The Boston Museum School and printmaking and film at Cooper Union in NYC. Kim worked in the animation industry in NYC, Denver, CO, and Portland, OR, before deciding to revisit clay by attending The Oregon School of Arts and Crafts in Portland, OR. She has been bouncing back and forth between clay, illustration and animation ever since. Kim posts a daily drawing on social media and works as a freelance illustrator alongside her ceramic work. Her ceramics can be seen at Guardino Gallery in Portland, OR, and Bainbridge Arts and Crafts on Bainbridge Island, WA.

<http://kimmurton.com/>  
<https://www.instagram.com/murtonkim/>

**Kathleen Powers** worked as a commercial product photographer at a Midwest studio while in art school. She began to discover much more freedom, inspiration and purpose in painting than she ever did with her photography work. So after graduation, she switched to painting and writing and never looked back.

Kathleen currently enjoys two different professional interests and careers. She is a painter and fabulist who lives, works and exhibits in the Pacific Northwest. She is also a Medical Technologist who works at a hospital laboratory in Portland, OR. It is her attention to detail that connects them both.

<http://www.kathleenpowers.com>  
<https://www.instagram.com/kpowers11spuds/>

**R. Keaney Rathbun** is a painter and printmaker living in Portland Oregon. He has also served as the President of the Northwest Print Council, the Friends of the Gilkey Center at the Portland Art Museum, the Portland Art Dealer's Association and as Director of Waterstone Gallery. His work is in many public and private collections including the Jundt Museum, the Portland Art Museum, and OHSU. When not creating his art, he also takes great pleasure in traveling, cooking, and gardening with his husband David.

<http://rkeaneyrathbun.com/index.html>

**Gary Rubin** was born in Brooklyn, NY and lives in Kirkland, WA. He works primarily in graphite and draws every day without fail! He obtained a BA in Drawing and Sculpture from University of Oregon. He has shown in juried group exhibitions in Springfield, OR, Kirkland, WA, Tacoma, WA, Anchorage, AK, Arnold, MD, Clifton Springs, NY, and online with Red Bluff Gallery and Fusion Art. He recently had his first solo exhibition, "Art in Isolation," at ArtsWest in Seattle, displaying 41 small works in graphite.

**Ian Shearer** is an artist based in Seattle, Washington. He is a graduate of The Academy of Art University of San Francisco. In 2018, Ian survived a massive stroke. Through intense therapy he was able to regain use of the right side of his body, however, his painting style and abilities were greatly changed. These changes have led him to "start over" as an artist. Through urban landscapes, Ian explores themes of isolation, subjective reality, sensory processing, and memory. He is developing a dialogue of post-stroke and neurodivergent experience.

<http://ianshearerstudio.com>

**Tininha Silva** is a Brazilian-born self-taught textile artist, living on the Olympic Peninsula in Port Townsend. Surrounded and inspired by the sea and other artistic minds, her focus is to create uniquely crafted wall tapestries that are descriptive of sea life. This connection to the natural environment is a vital part of her evolution as an artist. After 13 years working in the fashion design industry, she feels blessed to have discovered a hands-on response to her love for textiles through weaving with natural fibers. She has never stopped since.

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

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

**John Simpkins** was born in Napa, California on August 17, 1951. He studied art at the University of California, Davis. He studied with Earl Thollander from 1972-1975, traveling to France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. He moved to Oregon in 1985 with his partner, Victor Brumbach. Victor died in 1995. Simpkins sold his home in 2000. From 2003 through 2007 he traveled to China, Tibet, Nepal, Mexico, Thailand, and Bali. He painted in the ghost town of Andrews, Oregon from 2011 through 2021. Currently he is a resident artist at Churchill School of Art and Music in Baker City, Oregon.

<http://www.johnsimpkins.com>

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

