

Fall 2021

# Subjectiv.



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A Journal of Visual and Literary Arts

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Cover art: *Rock the Boat*,  
vintage book paper, handmade paper, waxed linen thread, wax,  
beach stones, ostrich eggshell beads, kelp, reed,  
Shannon Weber

## Editor's Note

Fall is a season of change. It brings some of our favorite things: nostalgia, rich colors, beautiful decay, mutable weather, and quiet introspection as we move toward winter. These themes are reflected in much of the art and writing in this issue. We hope you can grab a warm drink, find a cozy place to relax and listen to the rain, and enjoy the work of our talented contributors.

*Riis Griffen*  
November 2021



Photo by Riis Griffen

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## An Interview with Shannon Weber

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

I started in my early 20's while living in a very remote part of Oregon on the Rogue River in the small fishing village of Agness. I began collecting anything I could get my hands on and watched a lot of birds. I really didn't start to make things with an outcome in mind. The work was very organic.

I was living in a vintage fishing lodge with my husband and two small children. There was limited phone service, mail, and remote one-lane gravel roads in the forest to get from here to there. You had to be okay with being alone a fair amount of the time. Even today I would consider myself a loner and highly self-entertaining. That doesn't mean I don't enjoy others or have friends. But I can go a fair amount of time without engaging with others, not including my husband and my dog.

I have tried a lot of things outside of art and I always get pointed back to art. I have grown into being an artist, an outsider artist at that. I have never been to art school; I have taught myself everything I know and use.



*Crossing Water*, slow burn block, reed, waxed linen thread, beach stones, kelp, ostrich eggshell, Shannon Weber

I don't draw a lot of attention to myself. I don't have a cell phone or TV, I have limited internet, a basic website, I am not driven by social platforms and Likes, and yet my work has thrived. I feel blessed when someone notices the work, wants to write about it, or wants to invite me to exhibit or put it in a collection.

In all honesty, I would still make this work whether anyone wanted it or not. I had my first show at 23 and I am now 57. Even to this day it's pretty surreal. I was living in the middle of the forest with a small family, making these unusual objects from things I collected, and giving a lot of them away.



Ooparts, metal, wax, paper, seagrass root ball, oil stick,  
Shannon Weber



*All Lines in the Water*, reed, waxed linen thread, kelp, rusted washers, fish bones, ostrich eggshell, clam shell beads, Shannon Weber

Teaching was really the first thing that I was heavily approached about. I said sure if you can get here I will teach you. Mind you, this was not an easy place to get to at the time. But all the same, people went on a true adventure and came out to find me, with some getting lost along the way, but they always made it with wide

eyes and stories to take home. There were no cell phones or Google maps. Students had to follow handwritten directions and simple cardboard signs.

I started teaching with materials I gathered. There was a "Pros and Cons" moment for me after about a



year of this. I was teaching, things were going well but I was teaching with all the things I collected, and in the end that left nothing for me to work with.

So I devised a new plan. Students came out and stayed with me for three nights, and I fed them and took them out to the forest and river to harvest materials they could use to make the objects I was going to teach. Funny thing, students found out how much work this actually was.

I am currently still teaching but the pause of the pandemic has canceled exhibits and instruction for me. In fact I was to be in Australia for three months teaching both in 2020 and 2021. That was first canceled due to their fires, and then the pandemic. I have also been asked to exhibit and teach online. I have horrible internet connections where I am so this isn't a possibility at this time without wearing tinfoil and standing on my roof. I am OK with this.

Selling work in the beginning had its humble "Aha" moments. I started by trying regional small town venues and art fairs. I had someone who saw my work and always came by when I was out with it. After some failed attempts on my own, she gave me her card and asked me to stop by her gallery. She asked if she could handle five works and give it a go. She tripled

the prices, displayed my works in her window and sold three of the five in two days in her space. This was the 80's. The bonus was I got to meet other artists and talk about how they were selling work and gain their wisdom.



*Running Around the Trees*, wood block, wax, bark, fish bones, seagrass roots, paper, ostrich eggshell, hemp cord, hag stone, washers, Shannon Weber

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I found a photo studio, and had images of my work taken and started applying to exhibits. There was a time I was on the road for ten years exhibiting in national fine crafts booth exhibits. Those were a great way to meet curators, writers and gallery owners, which has led to solo, invitational and museum exhibits along with invitations to teach at art schools. From that time to now my work has been shown all over the world in various exhibits of fine craft, mixed media, and 3D fiber, and has



*Well Traveled*, beach plastics,  
fish bones, waxed linen thread,  
reed, Shannon Weber

earned numerous Awards of Excellence. It is also held in museum, corporate and private collections.

### **Can you tell us about your process?**

I work with 80% locally sourced reclaimed materials to harvested organics of all kinds. A short list would include Pacific NW kelp, local beeswax, tire rubber, wood, wire of all sizes, vintage and found paper, rocks, boat rope, and metal. I am pretty fearless on what I will use or try. If I can get it to bend, awesome. If it won't move or moves just a little I will boil, set it on fire, or beat it with rocks. This has always been my process in working with collected materials.

There is no set way in my approach to making objects or sculpture. Since I am always reinventing the wheel, so to speak, these materials can come to me in many different forms. The only starting point after collecting would be cleaning off and washing of items. It's pretty amazing how different some things can look just by washing off the dirt. I then place them out in the open or on my work bench so I can get a good look at them and start listening for some kind of dialogue to start. As weird as it sounds, I spend a lot of time listening and watching to determine what a material wants to do. I am the vehicle but not always the driver. I work with some of the material often enough that I have a

good guess on how it will work, and that's a win for me but that's not always the case.

When some sort of insight becomes a road map, I start laying materials out. All starts are different. I may have to cut materials into pieces, then hand stitch or loosely tie pieces together in a rough form. Then I move on to the next layer using various techniques, from mixing different varieties of weaving together, to applying jewelry approaches like cold connection methods. This goes on layer after layer, five to nine layers deep, and is all done by hand. It's the tension in the layers that brings structure and form, no glue or adhesives are used.

It can take a week or months to complete forms. I work without a set time limit or size restriction and can have multiple forms going at the same time. The forms can fit into the palm of my hand or stand five feet tall or more. Sometimes I will take a grouping of smaller items and put them all in a larger sculpture. I have this thing about putting objects in cages, I'm not sure why. It has always been this way. Maybe since I've lived in fishing communities for a very long time, the visuals of crab pots and fish traps have been imprinted on me.

I can't explain all of my processes because every material I collect and use has been changed by me in some



*Amulet, wire, paper, wax, hemp cord, washers, hag stone,  
Shannon Weber*

way. So, here are a few words about my signature designs that I have taught myself because I am curious.

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It's not uncommon for me to deep dive and spend a lot of time on trial and error to get to something I think I am after.

**Slow Burned Wood** - I have been doing this technique for almost 30

years and it came about while running a fishing lodge and smoking all the fish that were caught. I am using an intense burn method I made up while burning wood in a pit. It has been my process to add interesting layers to my designs for a very long time and this is one of those.



*Shell, Pacific NW kelp, Shannon Weber*



*All Aboard*, handmade paper, wax, oil stick, reed, ostrich eggshell, fish bones, waxed linen thread, beach stone, seagrass ball, coral, rusted washers, Shannon Weber

**Stitching of Stones** - I also taught myself this method. I started out stitching collected beach plastics and different kinds of driftwoods for surface embellishment in early designs, then moved to rocks. Most embellishments in my work are made by me and not bought, so if it's stones they are collected, sorted, stitched or hand drilled and applied to work. I also use a fair amount of Hag Stones

that have natural holes that I collect off the beach.

**Pacific NW Kelp** - I have 30-plus years under my belt of collecting and working with it. I spent two years just watching it, then started collecting with a lot of trial and error.

**Encaustic Medium from Raw Wax** - I have been sculpting with encaustic for

a very long time. The first batches of medium I bought, but they were not what I needed to sculpt and carve. I asked a local bee keeper if I could buy her raw wax. I buy unfiltered raw beeswax that I reheat and strain to clear it of hive debris. I mess around with adding the right amount of damar resin into the mix like a mad scientist. My recipes are much different than what is offered for painting with wax. What I am doing is much more complicated and I need the medium to be able to handle the forms I want to complete.

As I wrote before there is no way to address all of my processes but this gives a little peek into my world.

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

One, I don't think of it as work. It's more being allowed to play. I bring a snack and turn on the radio.

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

I can't say I've ever been bored. I really enjoy collecting and sorting. Blocks happen, I just try doing other things that I find creative like gardening, cooking, or going for a long ride on my bike to move energy around. That doesn't mean the issue will leave right way, but it will.

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

*Finding the Mother Tree, Discovering the Wisdom of the Forest*, by Suzanne Simard. I have not finished this book yet.

The only book that I can think of that made any profound effect that danced into my work is *The Hidden Messages in Water*, by Masaru Emoto. After reading it many years ago the copy is still in my studio.

**What would you like to be remembered for?**

Fearless, AUTHENTIC! Self Educated, Quirky, Eccentric.

**What artist would you love to observe at work?**

I would choose Canadian painter and writer Emily Carr. What an interesting life. Misunderstood, and challenged as an artist. My fascination with Carr is her spiritual connection to place, her unrelenting drive to paint conceptual wild environments of trees along with the early 1930's subjects of indigenous culture, while camping out on location in remote areas of the Canadian forest, where she would set up her easel and paint. Her insight and enchanting power of how she



*Talking to Rocks – Whisper Box Series, wire, paper, wax, oil stick, seagrass roots, nails, beach rocks, chain, shell, Shannon Weber*

looked at and painted trees often stops me in my tracks. One also has to love that she was pen pals with her contemporaries Georgia O'Keeffe and Frida Kahlo.

Studio potter and writer Beatrice Wood would be another I would choose.

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

My work is always evolving. Every material collected brings another level to where I might be going and seems to branch out all on its own.

**What's next for you?**

Coos Art Museum, April to June 2022, 235 Anderson Ave., Coos Bay, Oregon

<http://www.coosart.org>

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## Janelle Cordero

### How Things Turn Out

We were sixteen and liked smoking weed in the parking lot of the Episcopal Church on top of snob hill. We passed the pipe back and forth while watching cows graze in the pasture below, their brown bodies slow and sturdy and sacred against the yellow fields. Or else we smoked in the cemetery among centuries-old tombstones and statues of angels covered in moss and dust. We never got caught. I don't want to be sixteen again, but I still think of those girls we once were, their strawberry blonde hair smelling of smoke and perfume, their freckled faces, thin necks, wrists wrapped in charms that glittered when they lifted their arms. I pray for them even now, when I know how things turn out.



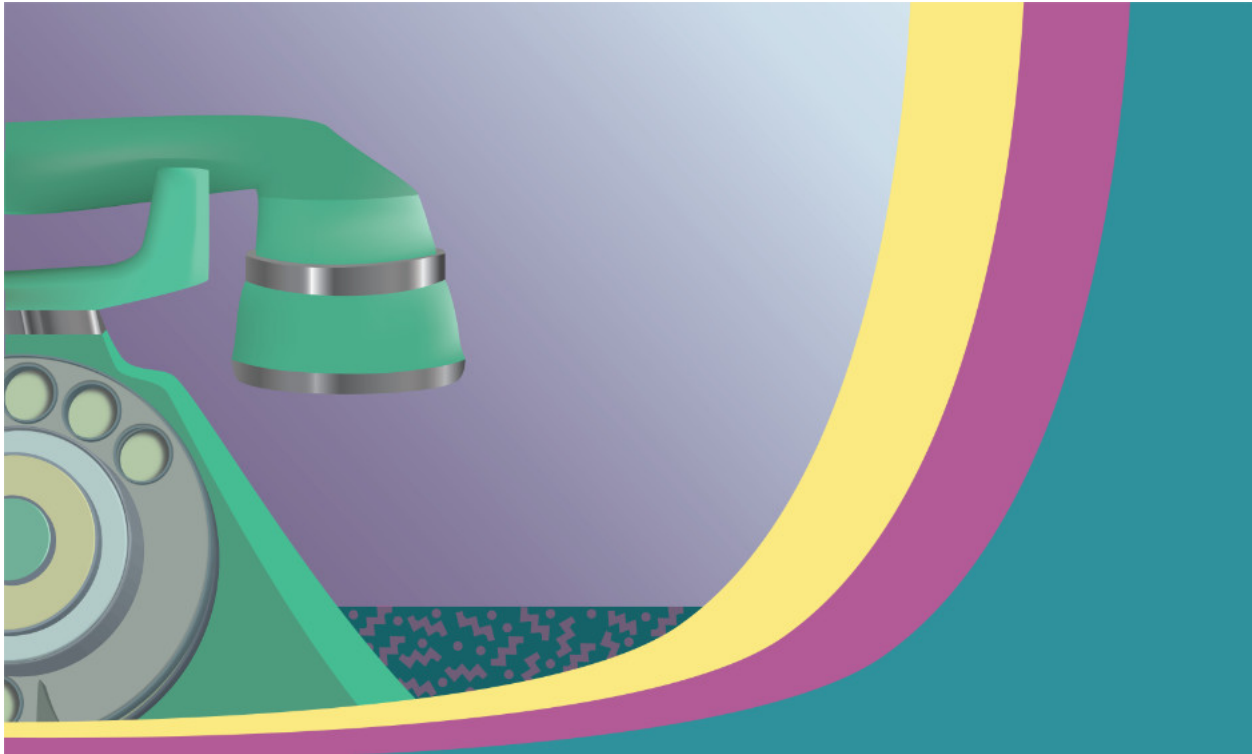
## Rednecks

There are some real rednecks up north of here, our neighbor says. Yeah, we say, we're from up north. No shit, he says. Well, it's nice country up there. The woods and mountains and all. We nod, our hometown looming in the backs of our minds like some ghost, like some faded photograph of a place that exists and does not exist. We picture the green farmland that rusts and whitens in the heat of summer, the forests thick with pine and cedar and fir, mountains still white with snow in late spring, and the town itself with its brick buildings and hanging flower pots of petunias and pansies on main street, the city park and pool with its concrete floor painted bright blue, the mobile home park near Wal-Mart and the wealthy neighborhood up on the hill where everyone has a two-car garage. Our neighbor takes a drink from his can of Miller Lite before bending down to snap off the yellow bloom of a dandelion that's growing in his front lawn. We say goodbye and walk home, still thinking of up north, of what will remain when nearly everything else is forgotten. We called each other rednecks for the rest of the day.

## Julian Lepke

"My recent digital work is my attempt to transform my memories of growing up in the pre-internet era into visual forms, as windows into small worlds that remind us of a collective past. I find the concept of nostalgia fascinating, especially the ways in

which cultural memories are created, experienced and distorted in the digital age. I strive to create pieces that bring their audience to question their own perceptions of, and relationships with, modern media and technology." - Julian Lepke



Rotary, digital vector art, Julian Lepke



*Typewriter*, digital vector art, Julian Lepke



*Radio*, digital vector art, Julian Lepke



*Nitelite*, digital vector art, Julian Lepke

## Cynthia Yatchman

"I primarily use acrylic, latex paints, inks, papers and charcoal. My images contain many diverse layers of meanings, from the universal to the specific and personal. I am frequently interested in pattern and/or creating a rich sensual surface by making layer upon layer of marks. There is often an unseen history within these layers as images are obscured and revealed. At times my work speaks to issues of social justice, revelation and connection and my work frequently gives reference to my experience with nature. I found that particularly during this past year and a half of Covid restrictions that I was turning more and more towards nature both in my personal life and in my art and I found great comfort there."  
- Cynthia Yatchman



*Ink Bamboo, mixed media,  
Cynthia Yatchman*



*Chanting*, mixed media, Cynthia Yatchman

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*Allied*, mixed media, Cynthia Yatchman



# Charles Leggett

## An Evening's Unpacking

These chimes. They seem reminders, though all's new;  
Effaced, as is the full moon by a shrewd  
Gray wisp of cloud; unobtrusive, faint,  
Like four sundown-darkened sparrows through  
The air; nacreous and radiant,  
As the play of walkway bulbs upon the paint  
Across the alley, while a hint of brass  
Reaches the lower clouds and warms their tint;

And silent now, whichever clouds that pass  
Before the moon shone through like beveled glass.  
What's human here stands still; or else unwinds,  
Like the Needle elevator's measured splash;  
Or slices, like lights of planes. Now to find  
Someplace for these chimes to draw more wind.

(Previously published in *Soul Fountain*, Vol. 36, Spring 2009)

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January, St. John's

Faces so vivid through  
these windows as to lend  
their calm and sad discernment,  
their guarded candor,  
to an anthropomorphist's palette:

flashy stencils of archetype  
stealing glances into the bar.  
Disgruntledness. Posed indifference.  
Little hobbies to keep the hands busy.  
Strides encompassing speed and purpose,

diffidence, aimlessness. Rhythms  
thrumming mutely out of earbuds.  
Tiredness. Bones of unequal length, joints  
of unequal strength, outerwear unequal  
to its task. Sharp stops to snatch

discarded butts. Beats and synth  
from the bar speakers droning,  
hissing. A long-bearded madman angles  
through traffic lugging a café table  
across Pike. "Name me

a Buddhist holiday!" Farewell  
remnants of the table's candle  
gone out in the shadow  
of a freshly capped NA beer:  
strands of cool vapor and smoke.

(Previously published in *Automatic Pilot*, Issue 3, January 2019)

## Ears Cocked in Snowstorm

Stately, collective sleepwalk on I-5:  
Hallway of drunks evading picture frames.

The wind a blind, fat whistle through feckless trees.  
Occasional low moans from the rooftops, spinning

Tires' shrieks and hisses – these had drawn  
Pauses from the dog, who'd try to place

The sounds, and fail, but not till then consent  
To moving on. The neighbors' chimes a-tattle.

Snow held in cypress palms – even the stuffed  
Dinosaur is under corner drifts

Here on the balcony, dead maple leaves  
And dog fur gathered round its tail; its posture

Gleans as one of prayer. The glass of dry  
Red wine grows cold; the warmth from our sojourn

Down Dexter siphons out; the beef stock on  
Since noon reduces, brown and marbly bubbles

Blooming like Creation. Off to bars  
Or beds have traipsed the revelers who'd careened

Down hilly streets on improvised toboggans,  
Or hurled snowballs, with their happy shouts.

Or: winds would constitute the strings, their heaves  
Of thrashing smoothness bowed in unison.

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The chimes, then: outposts of melodic inkling,  
Vestigial, persistent, near and far,

Embellishment, if fey, if wry, upon  
The blanketing harmonics of the storm.

(Previously published in *DoveTales: An International Journal of the Arts, Writing  
for Peace*, 2015)

## Kurt Dahlke

"These paintings suggest natural phenomena - clouds, landscapes - and also limn the intersection between carefree childhood wonder and childhood fears. I often use 'Spring' colors to capture that innocence, with earth-tones and raging marks as balance. My work blurs intent and happenstance: setting out under rigorous constraints including a limited palette and compositional motifs to let the marks do what they will when they are unattended. The joint compound I paint on dries, settles, and cracks. Colors run, absorb, fade, or coalesce. Subsequent marks respond to and wrangle with changes on which I bet but can only nominally control. The painting paints itself while I shepherd it, hoping it grows into something upon which it, and I, can agree. The work imparts calm through insistence on an acceptance of our lack of control over life."

- Kurt Dahlke



*Fisher Price*, acrylic and graphite on joint compound, Kurt Dahlke

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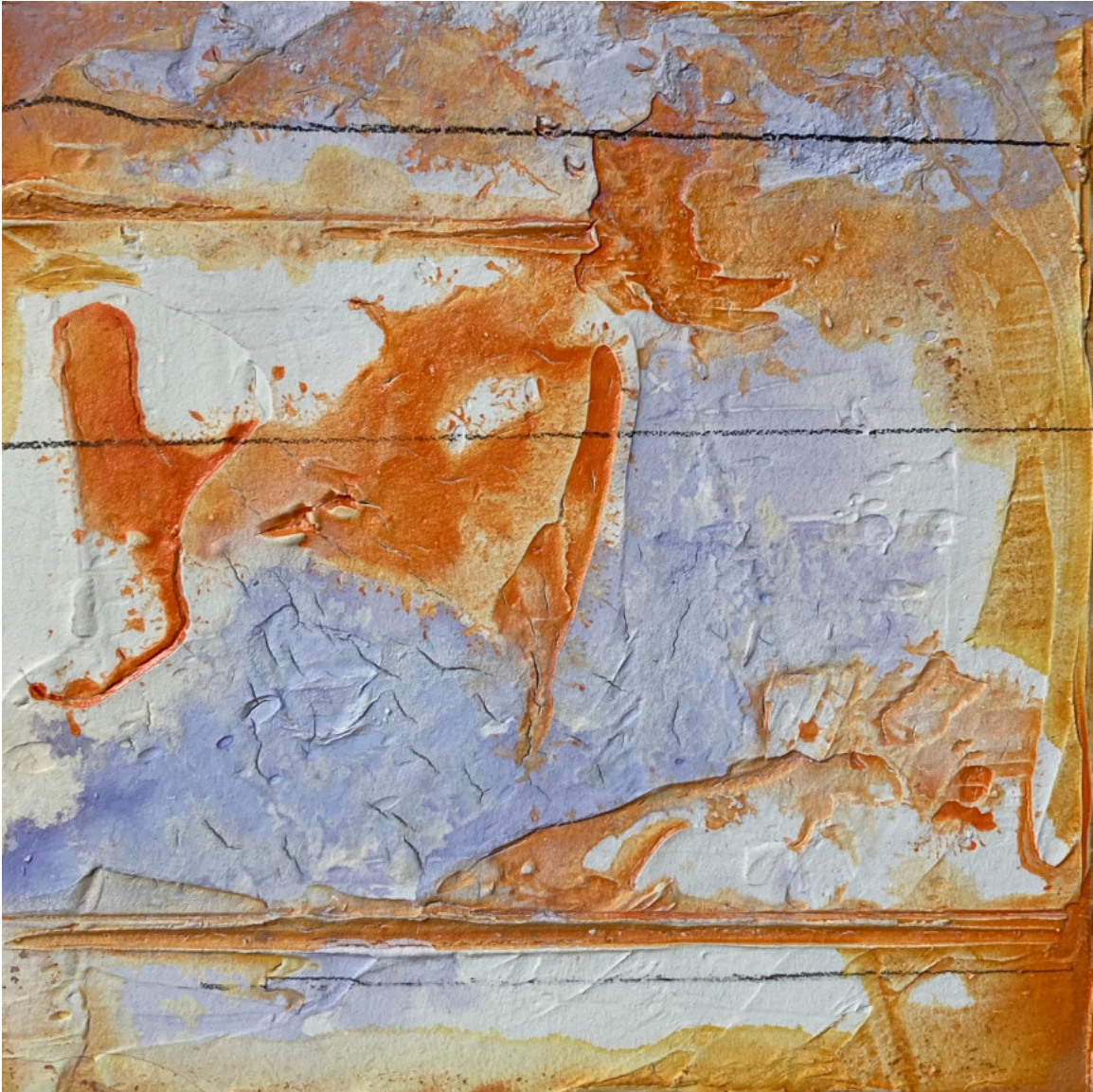


*Laughter in the Rain*, acrylic and graphite on joint compound,  
Kurt Dahlke



Soarn, acrylic and graphite on joint compound, Kurt Dahlke

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*Never Be Mine*, acrylic and graphite on joint compound, Kurt Dahlke





*Out in the Country*, acrylic and graphite on joint compound,  
Kurt Dahlke

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## Mark Simpson

### Lamentation with Sun and Bird

The coffee I must have poured  
from the empty pot grows cold.  
The sun is dead.

The mourning dove makes that  
morning sound that's despair  
and lamentation.

I've come across them in the field.  
They're not friendly birds and rise  
ferociously, wings like drums on air.

The heater whines.  
The edge of morning is out there,  
cold, a dead man's handshake.

Chill bespeaks the air coming  
down the mountain.  
The dove takes up its song again  
and another answers.

## Oh Beautiful Moon

she said. You can't  
beat a full moon on a  
cold, clear December day—  
could be day's darkest  
midnight where you are  
but here enough light at 6  
am you could read a book  
in the rye we planted  
months ago, and today  
those wide leaves bent  
under the first good  
frost, a head-dipping, knee-  
bending gesture,  
curtsy or supplication,  
as that moon stops for  
a moment, lunar transit  
on hold, just to show  
it's more than light,  
this blessing  
of repeatable fullness  
on its way to you  
so that you can step  
out onto the frozen  
ground and say  
to yourself, to anyone,  
oh beautiful moon.

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## Sisyphus Starts from a Brief Nap

That the view from there is bounteous does not occur to him. He's trying to hide his nap by its brevity.

He's trying an escape from the tedium of a task that's both admonishment and saving grace for me

and later you when you finally come round to the importance of it.

The view he misses includes castles and fallow land and parts from salvaged cars.

His shoes are worn. The rock is wearing.

The start from sleep is what sends it rolling over ground once rough and now wearing, too.

## The Surprise of Here

The black stems and white flowers  
of the dogwood hold a universe.  
Each a testament to the suffering winter.  
Each becoming, each a punctuation of this moment.  
The wind blowing through them comes back again,  
almost a song as it lifts each branch, each flower,  
and its release almost a song, too, the up  
and down refrain of branches one,  
each inscribing small circles in the air.  
The ballad of lift and release seems everything,  
the surprise of here, the fanfare of white to white.  
There is no reflection in the mirror because  
everything is here, as we are, the ballad's  
refrain coming around again.

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## We Know Something About Fire

June, and it's too early for this:  
weeds already past bloom, seeded out,  
stalks like tinder, and the uncut grass  
flags a terrible yellow in its veins.  
Moss on the north side of the firs recoils  
from its green responsibilities. It seems dead.

We're already thinking fire. We're thinking smoke,  
we're thinking particulate matter 2.5  $\mu\text{m}$   
and smaller, lung-lodged, throat tangled like fire's  
hunger and a sun's blood-red mien at noon, headlights on,  
flashlights on, the porchlight on if the electricity  
hasn't failed. We're forever there or downwind of there...

...still....this still breath of morning before  
the breeze kicks up and the wind kicks in,  
the sun just above the northeast rise of hill, shining  
through a solstice notch in trees still there, through  
salmonberry, huckleberry, nettles still there, and through  
the screened windows of the summer house,

and here, as if a punctuation of this moment,  
outside the window a single Pathfinder seeded out, a common  
weed among common weeds, dozens of green rays tipped  
by yellow buds like eyes keeping watch, and even though nothing  
is forgiven, there is a pause before the reckoning.  
I hear the song you taught me and try singing it myself.

## Kimberlee Frederick

"Bodies are exposed, vulnerable, unpredictable things, and my collages are an anxiety response to my discomfort with their unknowability. I ground my work with antique anatomy and surgical drawings that revere the human form as a microcosm of our world, a means of understanding, a mystery solvable. By

collaging, I aim to pervert that surety by setting the body in opposition to the natural world. There is fear and rot and violation to worry about, and these pieces are hard at work hand-wringing. If the body keeps the score of our trauma, then these collages hope to be the scoreboard."

- Kimberlee Frederick



*I dug deep, but it was rotten all the way down,*  
digital collage, Kimberlee Frederick



*This is how I fall in love, digital collage, Kimberlee Frederick*





*He was picking strawberries, then suddenly a wasp's nest,  
digital collage, Kimberlee Frederick*

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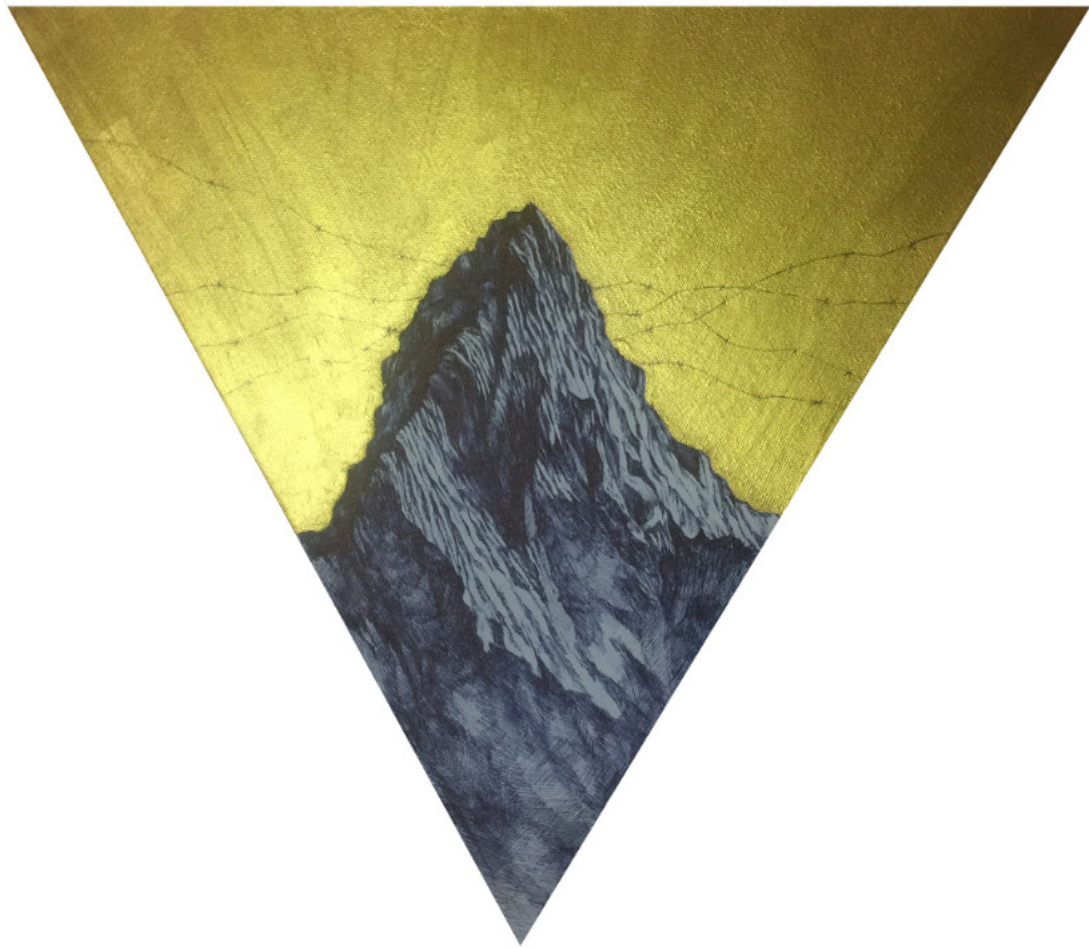
## Ai-Chun Huang

"'The holy mountain' is from Buddhist philosophy, it is the center of the world where the gods live. It's also a metaphor of the summit of human beings' life journey and the place for serenity in mind. Those artworks are inspired by my hiking experiences in Taiwan and the Angkor Wat in Cambodia. The triangle-top temple is just like people who pray for god with this hand gesture, two hands holding closely just like a triangle mountain.

I see those animations as my picturesque poems inspired by my paintings, just like still and moving scenery combined with my life experiences. Every scene shows people want to get to the top goal of their life, or realize the expectations of society. However, they just trap into a limited cage. It's like the moment that I observe the holy mountain from old iron windows in the concrete jungle."  
- Ai-Chun Huang

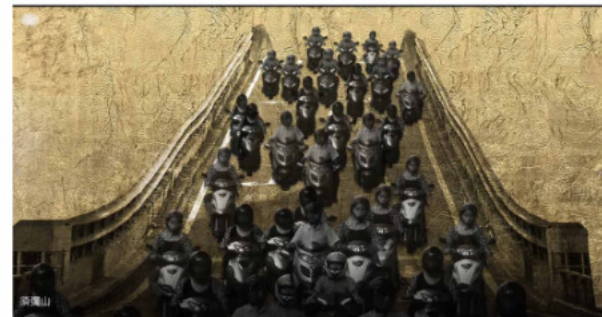
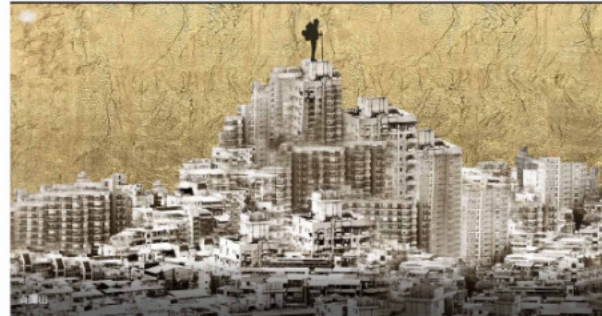
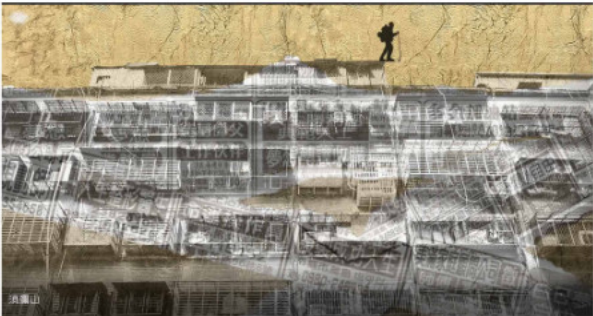


*The Holy Mountain Nos. 31/32/33,*  
marker and acrylic paint on canvas, Ai-Chun Huang



*The Holy Mountain No. 30,*  
marker and acrylic paint on canvas, Ai-Chun Huang

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*The Holy Mountain*, stills from 2D animation, Ai-Chun Huang

## Matthew Dennison

"I am interested in the natural world. I hope my work creates a conversation. Perhaps on the fragility of the world around us, and the beauty contained there. We are a thread in these layers

of life around us. My intent is to point people back to the natural world reminding us that we are connected to this place and land."  
- Matthew Dennison



*Blue Shark*, oil on panel, Matthew Dennison



*The Flicker*, oil on panel, Matthew Dennison



*Kingfisher*, oil on panel, Matthew Dennison

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*Fox Squirrel*, oil on panel, Matthew Dennison





*Sea Lion*, oil on panel, Matthew Dennison



*Yellow Warbler*, oil on panel, Matthew Dennison



*Bobcat*, oil on panel, Matthew Dennison

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*The Fox*, oil on panel, Matthew Dennison

# Cindy Patrick

## Bonhomie

We heard you flirting with a brawny masked man by the Audi  
Been a long while since we've seen you on your tippy toes,  
dangling from a star. You say he wooed you  
You tell us excitedly, "Just like on the east coast,  
on the waterfront, if they said my name, I'd go with them"  
We check the mental list of dos and don'ts  
Be handy with bear spray, rubber, lubes  
Don't fall for getting in a warm cop car or handcuffs  
when you haven't done anything wrong  
but, oh my, to witness what you must have looked like  
as a little girl, before violence, defeat, syringes, poverty  
Innocent vibrancy reaches your hazel eyes,  
cheeks, as if you've been sanded of your rust,  
primed and freshly painted pink blush. Find a shop window,  
have a look at the gleam in your headlights  
Fading current sad, gray circumstances backwards  
to sapphire Ferris wheels, red pencil boxes, hot chocolate in Grandma's feather bed  
"He said my real name," you repeat, your high beams shining upwards,  
aura fluffier, lighter, metalized  
We don't wish we were you because you deserve  
better than we do. We giggle, then grin silly grins  
for the rest of the day. Waiting, working pebbles out of heel treads,  
tight polyester skirts slithering up our bumpers and trunks  
checking our selfies for divots, rust, creases, and dents  
our insides temporarily restored by bonhomie

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## Daydream Happening

I don't need your hellos, what a beautiful day  
Quiet on the set, on the walking trails  
my dog is snorkelling, happily along  
take no notice of how adorable either of us are  
we are not here as your sideshow  
If I pause to feel bark peeling on a Douglas fir,  
stare as an owl scoots away from a pair of robins,  
wait for whatever is shaking in the salal  
and pigweed to emerge, my thoughts  
my own thoughts, supersede yours  
I'm not sharing my daydream  
Get your own

    You, on your cycles. You, with your walking stick  
    You, with your unusually heavy coat,  
    pajama bottoms, sitting on a rock,  
    staring into the gravel pit

Now I am intruding, interfering  
into your headspace, I won't ask, never  
Because I understand if anyone

    But this is where daydreams turn into writing  
    This is where I may share why  
    I don't want your hellos, it's a beautiful day  
    as I walk along the trail admiring the clouds

Interesting is the wee girls swinging from  
a rickety tree branch while older brother reads underneath,  
the elderly lady that fingers the name on the bench plaque,  
the drunk lady riding a hoverboard  
It could be dangerous to interrupt their attention

    There is a standout - the man with the brown dog that is  
    the only other person  
    who never offers a hello  
    His story is the one I respect the most

## We Live on a Crescent Moon

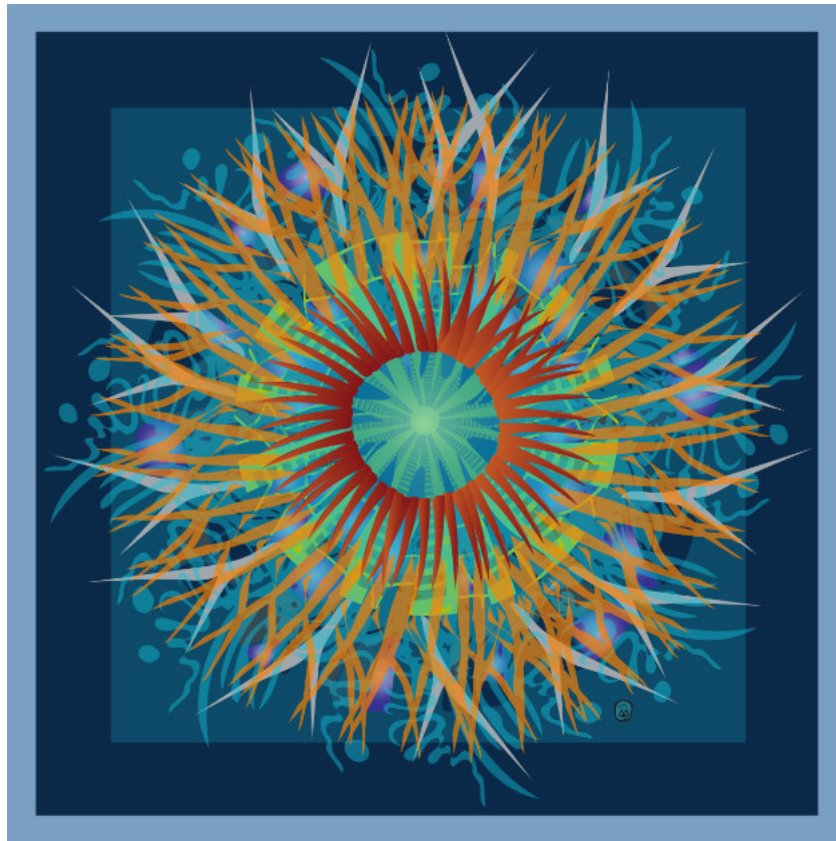
There is a cycle, a circle to all in life  
People revolve around. And around each other  
A circle, a loop, a clock, a pie, hands around the globe  
You've seen it, you know what I am talking about  
Everyone sees fulfillment as a circle  
Marriage, the wedding ring  
It's endless. The chase of it. The incessant round and round  
We go. We never quite stop and meet  
We can't run in the same circle  
-one of us runs away when the other catches up  
nothing gets completed or solved  
the conversations go around and around,  
feelings, thoughts spin along, like earth's rotation  
So, you have altered our reality to live in a crescent  
where we both have an ending  
As if we are ball bearings, we flow into each other,  
in the thickest part  
bump, talk,  
and we each have our own end  
our individual point  
-point being, there needs to be a stop-  
off the traditional wheel  
We agree - to agree to disagree  
you never run away  
never make me chase  
we have our own time, we taper off  
you make your point, I make mine  
You stop. You wait  
At one end or the other  
I always know where to find you  
at the end of a day

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## Johanna Porter

"Dreams and subconscious imagery drive my work forward in unexpected ways. Each piece starts as a drawing on paper where I can process raw emotions. I then digitize the art and

begin adding layers of color and form, slowly building until the underlying drawing is like a dream that is forgotten upon waking."  
- Johanna Porter



*Soul Immersion II,*  
mixed media digital drawing printed on rag paper, Johanna Porter





*Divining Light and Dark,*  
digital drawing printed on rag paper, Johanna Porter



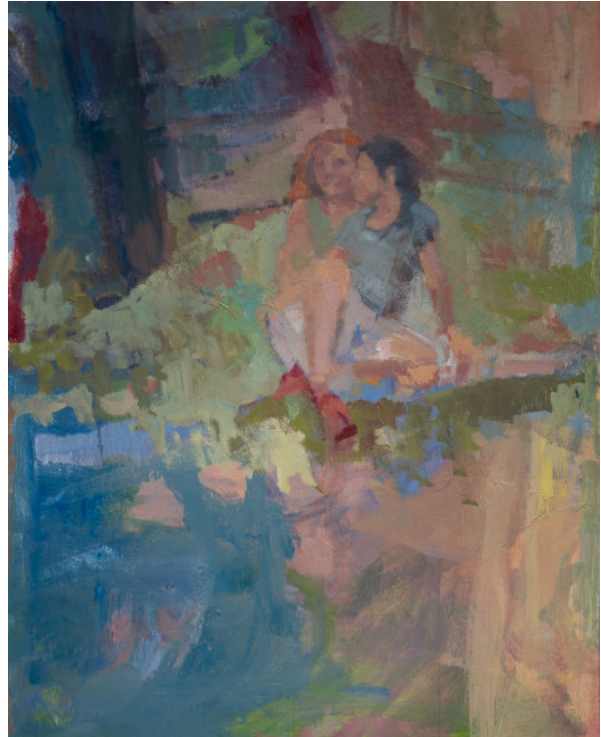
*Staring Into the Sun,*  
mixed media digital drawing printed on rag paper, Johanna Porter



*Rise,*  
mixed media digital drawing printed on rag paper, Johanna Porter

## Joanie Krug

"I'm attracted to the unexpected, even the random event that occurs for each of us on a daily basis. My work challenges us to embrace the turnarounds in life that leave us with a different perspective and invites us to land in a new space. As a Portland based visual artist working in both charcoal and oils, my subject matter has predominantly focused on women in expressive emotional and social moments. The spontaneity of gesture fuels the spirit of my imagery. Most recently, I've also been exploring landscapes and interior environments and the myriad of ways that color, space and design inhabit the rectangle. Moving away from more graphic descriptions, my paintings emote energy and emotion with a varied palette and brushstroke. My painting process is an eventful journey—incorporating layers of effort to finally land on a moment of resolution." - Joanie Krug



*Fits Like a Glove,*  
oil on board, Joanie Krug

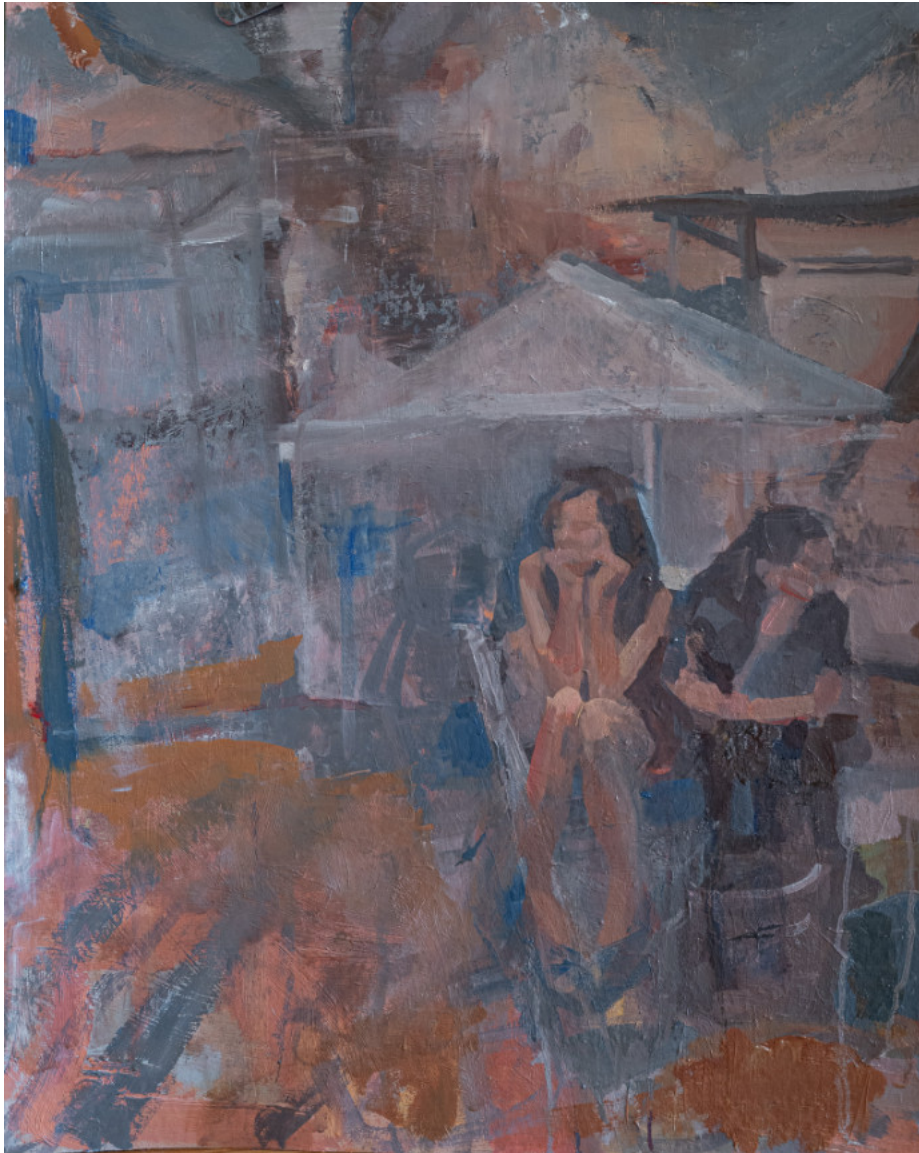


*Kaleidoscope*, oil on canvas, Joanie Krug

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*So Far*, oil on board, Joanie Krug



*Soul Sitters*, oil on board, Joanie Krug

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*Green Musings*, oil on canvas, Joanie Krug



## Diane Irby

the weeds and the wilds

when we'd run through the weeds and the wilds of the night  
just before dad would turn on the porch light  
we'd laugh as the lavender whipped at our legs  
hands clutching collections of finds from the day  
bee's stings were accessories to skinned up knees and  
scuffed up shoes from climbing trees  
petals and stems entangled in the locks of our empress hair  
summer would end soon, but we didn't care  
this was our forest fortress where we'd be forever friends  
and i loved you and you loved me (that part was not pretend)

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## Too Hard To Hold On To

I'm too hard to hold on to,  
like leaves in a windstorm,  
circling around,  
like these thoughts in my head.

You'd have to settle for being my  
other lover, and  
if you wanted my attention,  
you'd have to wait in line.

I'm just too far gone, I'm afraid,  
in the shapes and shades  
of rivers and mountains,  
to be on the same plane as you.

My hands are too filthy from work,  
too splintered with wood, and  
too crooked from writing to hold.

## The Life Cycle of Us

The Springtime of us was  
The green of a vine,  
A mispronounced word,  
A fawn's wobbly knees...  
It was  
The read-aloud-in-front-of-the-class-stutter  
That becomes my voice, even now  
When I tell you how I feel.

The Summertime of us was  
Grass stains,  
Kool-Aid smiles,  
Cutting our bangs to look exactly the same...  
It was  
The escape from the escape of us  
Cutting ourselves in places we thought  
No one else would ever see.

The Autumn of us was  
A dark sky before dinner,  
An unaffectionate parent,  
A book that got boring, but you're  
Half-way through it now...  
It was  
Finding out how far in debt we were  
To our childhood selves,  
Knowing we were broke(n).

The Winter of us is cold,  
The way Winter is.  
Now, so far away from who we were  
For sure we would become...  
I am  
Wondering who is more of a stranger  
To me now,  
You or myself?

## Omar Corona-Sarabia

"As an artist I work to create art that inspires growth and forges a path for new relationships between my personal experiences and the present moment. I am always searching for new ways of translating my own life experiences and journeys. My influences are simple, humbling and all around me. I enjoy spending time with my family, with nature and

exploring new places. I am interested in the creative process and the duration of an idea or emotion and how it is conceived. To me the journey is just as important. I want to create art that evokes the idea of growth and transformation, art that holds an emotional history and embodies the essence of our livelihood."

- Omar Corona-Sarabia



*Pathways, acrylic, Omar Corona-Sarabia*



Overview, acrylic, Omar Corona-Sarabia



*Harbor, acrylic, Omar Corona-Sarabia*



*The Nerve of Spring*, acrylic, Omar Corona-Sarabia

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## Stephen Wallin

### Orange

There is the beauty of symmetry, of course,  
that satisfies both eye and mind. The tightrope  
walker's flight along an ether path stupefies  
us as we gasp, the impresario's gate dependent

on the golden mean of gaited feet. Truth is  
beauty, too, we learned from dog-eared texts,  
but to this circus crowd that reads as drab.  
They loathe beauty spooned. Its better mystery

is bareback acrobat in leotard of sequined beams.  
The fulgent sun gamboge across erected tents floats  
a meaning morning seems. A newly suited geeky  
weeper goes gaga for its copper cloth. Who knows

or cares of there or where when sassy magic splashy  
lands. Take the sawdust floor, its useful refuse  
touting marchers gorgeous orange. Such front row  
glitter kisses bishops rayed in play, while above the

center ring trapezes whiz. They look like flashing  
matches or minor suns, the bedizened shinnied to  
daring glare. They, too, are beauty, if beauty is a fuse.  
It lit in her like sparkler jugglers of syncing sheen.

(From *Rainbow Poems*)



## Red

A vampire downs Mary in a north side bar,  
his greasepaint face bright as canine incisors.  
Blood marketeers envy his nips, his hickey  
incisions. A royal crimson wets his throat,

thick with insistent revisions. Vamp is a fat  
country drinking the meek, his vermilion  
voided into votary ghosts. Dapper viper in  
masquerade cape, he suckles the souls of

gizmo mortals. Why shouldn't their lover love  
red, zombify his rubescent desire? They comply  
without trial, summoned to numb. Strange slaver  
their charmer, smiling wily at teether-meat, his

carmine lips exploding rose moles. Gyved by  
succubus fun, the promised eternity of drunken  
plunder, they offer heart's water. Their tapped  
tears from platelets' keg like a cannibal's brew

of crusted runnels where once shimmer dripped.  
His victims aren't victims so much as doped  
hopefuls. The innate alienation of Homo sapiens  
stoned in his garden illusion of beautiful you.

(From *Rainbow Poems*)

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## Purple

Out of the stretched out shadows, studded and chained, came a modern exotic, an immaculate apparition walking day's fade. The sun almost gone and the sky somber purple, he seemed

brief illusion, a fantastic attacker. But his purple lip-syncing lips and body beating to ear-buds' oblivion made him shade mythical, mystical—a magician's shazam. He looked like an ancient

Ecuadorian shaman in wild cipher, though his needled easel marbled rainbow speaking to street, a stunning scrap placard of ballyhooing tattoos. Body's mumbo jumbo even dotted his noggin.

Epidermis's voice, pictographically mapped, was his bod's gaudy talk. He bopped by unsmiling like a mambo in trauma, his magnificent embodiment pirating eyes. The confederation of inks made quite

a flier, a grim sort of warlock gayety sprayed. Why not festive tragedian in confining light? His parchment archives were pedestrian pleasure. A hipster dipped in ego's tableaux, he hinted scripts emblazoning caves.

(From *Rainbow Poems*)

## Sean Lambert

"These images represent a selection of pieces I've done over the past two years, showcasing a range of styles from purely abstract to portrait-focused. *Transitions* is one of my most ambitious projects to date, measuring 175" x 47", done with a range of media on heavy-bond paper. *Judy* was a mixed media piece I did on a piece

of corrugated cardboard that I had previously been using as a glorified scratch pad. *Outer* was one of those 'breakthrough' works where I accomplished exactly what I was hoping for when I started out. In short, the vision in my mind translated almost perfectly to the paper in front of me." - Sean Lambert



*Transitions*, mixed media on paper, Sean Lambert

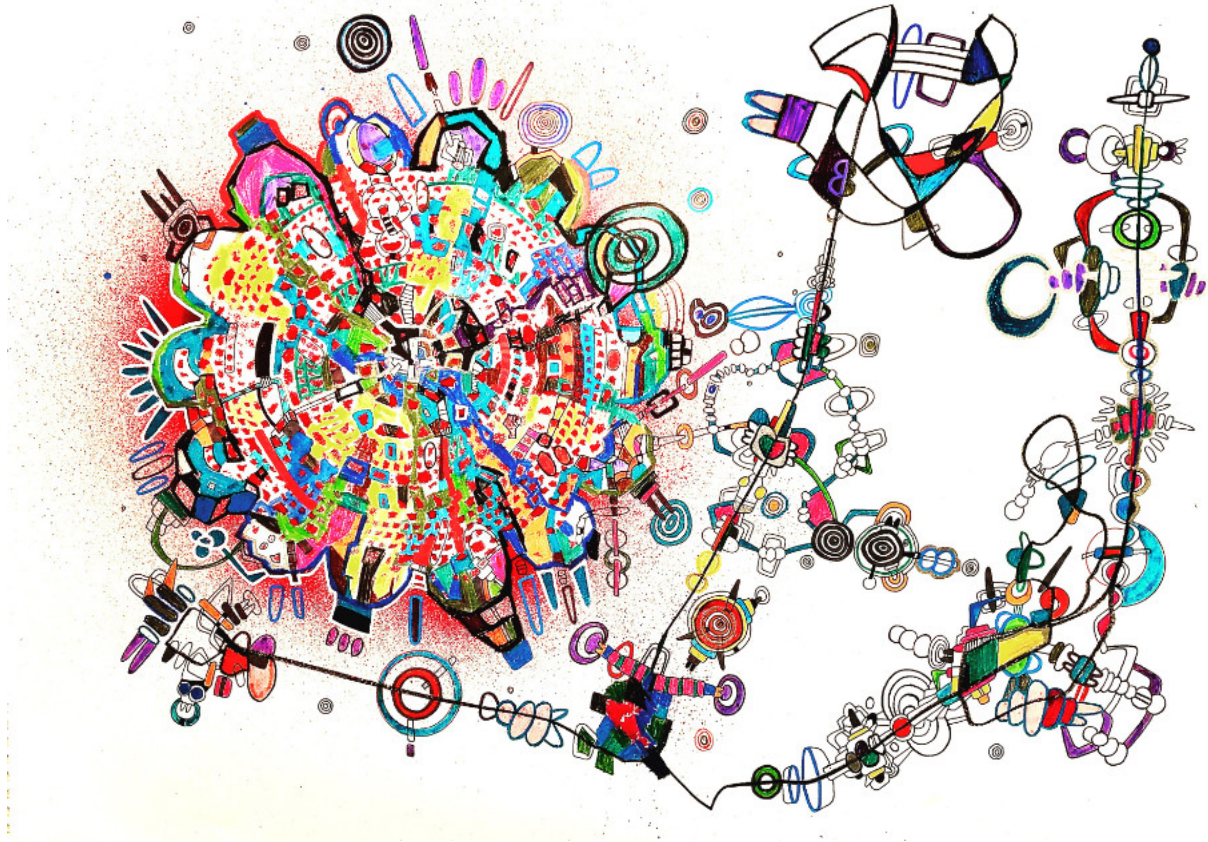
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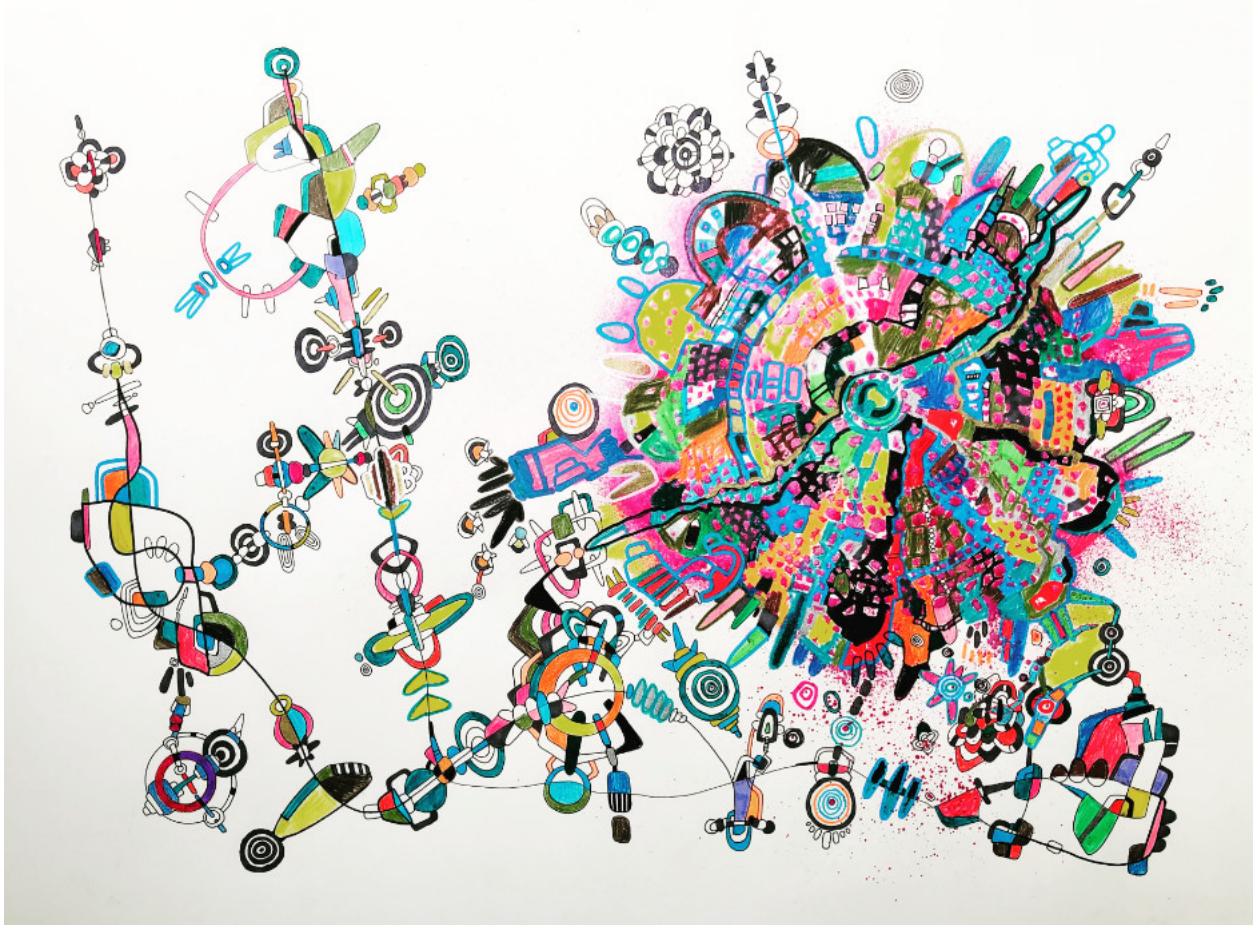
*Judy*, mixed media on corrugated cardboard, Sean Lambert



*Judy Variation 1*, mixed media on paper, Sean Lambert



*Outer*, mixed media on paper, Sean Lambert



*Inner*, mixed media on paper, Sean Lambert

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*Heirs to the Throne,*  
pencil, acrylic, liquid gold leaf on canvas, Sean Lambert



## Shilo Niziolek

### A Day to December

This morning took a violent turn when I murdered a wolf spider in the bathroom. I do not care for the feeling of invisible blood on my hands.

We are almost at the beginning of winter, but yesterday I left my sliding back door open, so my dogs could run in and out, because despite the chill in the air the sun was out. Within fifteen minutes a lost bee buzzed in, weaving and drunk on the last remnants of unsuspected sun. Instead of killing it I propped the front door open until it landed on the screen door, then I shut the door quickly and walked through the backyard to the front, where I then propped the screen door open for a couple hours. Later, when I came out to check the mail, the bee was finally gone.

I heard the geese fly overhead, as they do multiple times a day at this time of year. Even though I didn't see them, I imagine their v formation over the roof of my house, pointing in whatever the right direction may be.

It's been awhile since I've seen any squirrels scurry down power poles or fling themselves from tree to tree. My dogs thought they were lonely without squirrels to chase, but as they have discovered, the crows that land in the yards in search of treasures are equally as fun to chase, maybe even more so because they know they will never catch them as they shoot straight up into the sky.

I've been keeping an eye on the cherry blossom closely, waiting for the bright glimmer of the yellow-orange heart mold to come back. I am confused by the yearning to see this bold signifier of death while also not wanting the signs of my beloved trees' impending death.

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I haven't seen any coyotes yet, though they will come as winter takes hold. They are probably waiting for the fog to lower and the ground to freeze. Humans and cats more complacent when the rain falls endlessly, and it gets dark by four. When they begin to howl in unison the dogs will howl with them, calling back to a time of wilderness that they no longer remember but can feel in the pads of their pampered puppy toes.

Just a moment ago, as I sipped my morning tea in silence, the sound of seagulls calling startled me from inside my home to the edge of the graying Pacific Ocean. My toes were suddenly pressed to sand instead of wearing polka-dotted fluffy socks. The wind blew behind and above me, and to my right was a wall of dune grass flailing about in the November wind. Just as quickly, the birds rescinded their call, and my body reappeared in a tight ball curled into the corner of the couch.

Three red roses have opened the green leaves they tuck around themselves but have refused to open their petals. They will blacken and suck inside themselves farther before never opening. I know it is time to cut them down. The frost is mere days away. This morning the grass had a familiar glisten, like it just barely held onto autumn in the dark of the previous night, and the effort to do so had left it wilted and exhausted. I worry if I cut them down that will be a concession to winters pull, and I refuse to be a party to such an adversary as this.

Then I remember the ice storms. The wonderful sounds of glass crunching under my feet, and the world decorated like a crystal ballroom. The dogs sliding gleefully around the backyard, and the way wearing books and wool blankets for clothing might feel on my tired winter skin.

There are only a few droplets of leaves left on some of the trees. The wind storms of winter have already started, and when the rain falls in a slow continuous pour I'll be tucked away, two dogs under blankets, and a man coming home through the front door.

# Kevin Hallagan

"Much of my work stems from an exploration of how disjointed, spontaneous, or broken parts become a whole when together, much like the feathers of a beating wing, or strands of hair in a braid. I started creating 'Mist' paintings around the beginning of 2021 and, for me, they represent the turbulence and desperation of my own life within a turbulent and desperate nation. These were made using nontraditional tools, and passionate, violent strokes. I always hope people find their own meaning in my art, and my personal connection to these paintings is my own; the ability for a painting to act as a mirror is one of the most powerful and validating parts of being an artist." - Kevin Hallagan

*Mist B*, acrylic ink and acrylic on canvas,  
Kevin Hallagan



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*Mist A*, acrylic ink and acrylic on canvas, Kevin Hallagan



*Mist D*, acrylic ink and acrylic on canvas, Kevin Hallagan

## GJ Gillespie



"Most of my work references art history. Uniqueness is achieved through use of collage material such as colored tissue, dissembled newspaper clippings or Fred Meyer grocery ads. My goal is to create individuations of universal imagery that seem mysterious in new contexts. Rather than venturing into a world of totally original designs, I try to 'stand on the shoulders of giants' and riff on cultural icons. By taping traditional compositions of famous artists of the past, viewers sense that my designs are familiar and different at the same time. This is why I like ancient Greek art as well as the body of work from midcentury masters that we have come to love. As Picasso said, 'Good artists borrow, great artists steal.'" - GJ Gillespie

*Midnight Confessions*, mixed media collage on paper, GJ Gillespie (previously appeared in *Oxford Magazine: a Midwestern Journal of Literature and Art*, Issue 46.)



*Kingdom Within*, mixed media collage on paper, GJ Gillespie  
(previously appeared as cover of *Thought Magazine*, June 2016)



Something in the Way, mixed media collage on canvas, GJ Gillespie  
(previously appeared in *Envision Arts Magazine*, June 2019)





*The Way You Look Tonight*, mixed media collage on paper, GJ Gillespie  
(previously appeared in *Thought Art Magazine*, July 2020)

## Catherine Eaton Skinner

"Silence without echo, shadow, and light - images within realms of space, wind, water, and earth. Our cultural memory lies within the physicality of place as we continue to find ways to connect to each other and our environment.

My work encompasses multiplicity centering on patterning to order our complicated world. Red binding with mindful meditation connects energy between earth and sky. Corvids grasp the essential pattern from whence all things proceed and if we listen, we may hear. If we become silent, we feel the four winds.

As a multidisciplinary artist, I work in painting, encaustic, photography, printmaking and sculpture, using beeswax and oil; stones, wood; lead sheeting and precious metals; textiles; papers; cast glass and bronze. Textures, color, and simplicity within complications inhabit my images. I am committed to working with a curious mind and give expression to my journeys through poetry and continuous exploration in the arts." - Catherine Eaton Skinner



*Bird Screen V*, installation in studio, Catherine Eaton Skinner



*Bird Screen V*, detail of installation, Catherine Eaton Skinner

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*Bird Screen V*, detail of installation, Catherine Eaton Skinner



*Bird Screen V*, installation in studio, Catherine Eaton Skinner

## Contributors

**Janelle Cordero** is an interdisciplinary artist and educator living in the seventh most hipster city in the U.S. Her writing has been published in dozens of literary journals, including Harpur Palate, Hobart and The Louisville Review, while her paintings have been featured in venues throughout the Pacific Northwest. Janelle is the author of three books of poetry: *Many Types of Wildflowers* (V.A. Press, 2020), *Woke to Birds* (V.A. Press, 2019) and *Two Cups of Tomatoes* (P.W.P. Press, 2015). Stay connected with Janelle's work at <http://www.janellecordero.com>  
[https://www.instagram.com/janelle\\_v\\_cordero/](https://www.instagram.com/janelle_v_cordero/)

**Omar Corona-Sarabia** earned an MFA in the spring of 2010 from Idaho State University. Being born in Gomez Palacio, Durango Mexico, Omar has lived in Idaho for many years. Omar's work investigates his relationship between external experiences and internal thought. His works are abstract, and non-representational exploring conditions of growth and transformation. Omar's past work combines nature and loss; gaining support through The Idaho Commission of the Arts in 2013 that fostered his solo exhibition, TAKE. Omar is currently showing in a group exhibition, Visibility, supported by Idaho State University. Omar continues to explore the non-representational.

**Kurt Dahlke** was born and raised in Portland, Oregon and started drawing fervently at an early age, often images of Godzilla attacking the Trojan Nuclear Power Plant cooling tower. After a brief foray into music in the early '90s, he redoubled his efforts in the visual arts. He has one teenaged child, and a large cat named Moses. He has been a member of the Gallery 114 cooperative and shown work mostly in Portland, and most recently was juried into a show by noted curator Richard Speer. In addition to Abstract Expressionist painting, Kurt enjoys drawing happy characters.  
<http://www.kurtdahlke.com/>  
<https://www.instagram.com/kurtdahlke/>

**Matthew Dennison** has been exhibiting paintings throughout the country for over 45 years. His paintings employ a refined method giving us sharply defined regions of bright color and surfaces. Matthew draws every day, and those drawings influence his work. Matthew lives and works in Portland, Oregon, and he also spends a lot of time on the Northern Oregon Coast. His work resides in a vast number of public and private collections, including the Portland, Oregon Art Museum, and the Tacoma, Washington Art Museum. Matthew is represented by Froelick Gallery, and by Abmeyer Wood Gallery.

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

**Kimberlee Frederick** is a communications professional based in Portland, Oregon. Her artistic endeavors include collage and fiber arts.

<http://instagram.com/unrealcitydesigns>

**GJ Gillespie** is a collage artist living on Whidbey Island north of Seattle. Winner of 18 awards, his art has appeared in 54 shows and numerous publications. The artists he admire tap unconscious feelings of longing for existential meaning that emerge from cultural icons. In his view abstraction should be more than pleasing design. Instead, art should evoke connotations that permit the viewer to experience a sense of wonder, awe and new perspectives of being.

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

**Kevin Hallagan** is a multidisciplinary artist whose goal is to empower others to tap into their own creativity and imagination. With his foundations in experimental cinema and installation art at SUNY Binghamton, Kevin's art is heavily rooted in a process of exploration and experimentation. Each piece in his portfolio influences the next in an evolving body of work which has been exhibited in New York, Los Angeles, and Seattle, and has been featured in a number of art publications.

<http://www.kevinhallagan.com>

**Ai-Chun Huang** is a digital nomad artist with different roles. One hand is making artworks, the other hand is teaching art, stepping on the earth, and at the same time carrying her baby daughter on her back. She is roaming around the world between different media such as hand drawing, sculpture, digital animation and writing. She grew up in Taiwan and was a high school art teacher before. She quit her stable job in order to leave routine life and search for different life possibilities.

<http://lovingpure.weebly.com/>

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

**Diane Irby** is a multidisciplinary visual artist, writer, and poet currently residing in Washington. Her artwork and poetry often bring to light the beauty of sadness, nostalgia, solitude, longing, and decay.

<http://dirby.art/>

[https://www.instagram.com/diane\\_irby/](https://www.instagram.com/diane_irby/)

**Joanie Krug** is, essentially, a self-taught painter. She has continually taken advantage of life drawing sessions and a myriad of workshops from both local and national artists. Her pursuit to develop her voice as an artist is ever present in her daily painting practice. Currently, Joanie is a member of Gallery 114 in Portland Oregon, having joined the collective in November 2014. Her paintings have been exhibited in Washington DC, San Francisco and Portland. Over the past several years, Joanie's work has become a part of personal collections throughout the US and in South Africa.

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

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

**Charles Leggett** is a professional actor based in Seattle, WA. His poetry has been published in the US (including PNW publications *Clover: A Literary Rag*, *FRIGG: A Magazine of Fiction and Poetry*, *The Raven Chronicles*, *The Far Field*, and *The Floating Bridge Review*, among others), the UK, Ireland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Singapore, India and Nigeria. Charles's poetry film short *To Fondle Nothing* is an Official Selection in 11 film festivals in the US, the UK, France, Portugal, Sweden, and Turkey, and has won awards in four of those, for Best Mobile Phone Short, First-Time Director, and Comedy Short.



**Julian Lepke** is a genderqueer multimedia artist from northern Michigan, now living in Seattle. Their recent works, though largely modern in style and often executed digitally, re-examine the collective past of Western culture in order to question perceptions of current reality.

<http://www.behance.net/jjlepke>

<http://www.instagram.com/lunarcitydumpster>

**Shilo Niziolek's** nonfiction manuscript, *Fever*, was first runner-up and honorable mention in Red Hen Press's Quill Prose Prize. Her work was also an honorable mention in The Hunger Prose Prize. Shilo's writing has appeared in *[PANK]*, *HerStry*, *Porter House Review*, *Broad River Review*, among others, and is forthcoming in *Juked*, *Entropy*, and *Pork Belly Press*. She has twice been awarded residencies with the Spring Creek Trillium Project on Shotpouch Lands.

<http://shiloniziolek.com/>

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

**Cindy Patrick** lives in the Sooke rainforest and cashiers at a grocery store for physical and mental fodder and to interrupt introversion. She is a product of her observations and the tenacious need to empty her head. Cindy's poems appear in *Blank Spaces Magazine* (June 2021) and *Art and Word Book* by Sooke Arts Council, and she submits regularly online.

**Johanna Porter** is a visual and graphic artist working in Duvall, WA. She was born in Miami FL and has a BFA in Graphic Design from the University of North Florida. Her body of mixed-media digital drawings combine elements from reality with captivating abstract sensitivity, to provide viewers with a multilayered visual experience. They are marked with a rigorous sense of geometry and symmetry. Her energetic abstract forms and color convey an emotional state while figurative form and details provide the subject of the piece with a focal point. Her newest project is a collaborative book of tantric art and poetry.

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

**Mark Simpson** lives on Whidbey Island, Washington. He farms several acres of forest, fruit, and vegetables and has a Ph.D. from Purdue University, where he studied rhetoric and writing. Recent work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Sleet* (Pushcart Prize nominee), *Broad River Review* (Rash Award Finalist), *Columbia Journal* (Online), *Third Wednesday*, *Clackamas Literary Review*, and *Cold Mountain Review*, as well as the chapbook *Fat Chance* (Finishing Line Press).

**Catherine Eaton Skinner's** work reflects our attempt to connect to place and each other. Living between Seattle and Santa Fe, she concentrates on painting, encaustic, photography, printmaking, and sculpture. Over 100 art anthologies contain her work and poetry: *MVIBE Magazine*; *LandEscape Art Review* (London); *Magazine 43* (Berlin, Hong Kong, Manila); *Radius Book, 108* a monograph; *Unleashed*, University of Washington Press. Completing 39 solo domestic and international exhibitions, she has been included in: Marin MOCA, the Royal Academy of Art, Yellowstone Art Museum, Wildling Museum, Morris Graves Museum. Public collections include the Art in Embassies, Papua New Guinea; Tacoma Art Museum; Henry Art Gallery; Museum of Northwest Art.  
<http://www.ceskiner.com/>

**Stephen Wallin's** poems have appeared on the West Coast in *ZYZZYVA*, *Portland Review*, and *Clackamas Literary Review*. A chapbook, *Providence*, was published by Burning Deck Press and he has also self-published a book of poems, *The First House*. Having made his living as a community college writing instructor, he is now happily retired in Portland, Oregon.

**Shannon Weber** is a self taught, award winning, interdisciplinary artist whose authentic objects and sculpture designs are recognized for her unique methods of using raw materials she has hand collected in various locations around Oregon. While there seem to be themes running through her designs, such as boats, or the "artifact" ambiance of certain objects, she allows the collected material to direct how the work is going to evolve. Her art has been available at Rowboat Gallery on the Oregon Coast for the past 15 years. Weber currently lives and maintains a full-time studio in Cottage Grove, Oregon with her husband and their mutt, Mr. Loki.  
<http://www.shannonweber.com>

**Cynthia Yatchman** is a Seattle based artist and art instructor. A former ceramicist, she received her B.F.A. in painting (UW). She switched from 3D to 2D and has remained there ever since. She works primarily on paintings, prints and collages. Her art is housed in numerous public and private collections. She has exhibited on both coasts, extensively in the Northwest, including shows at Seattle University, SPU, Shoreline Community College, the Tacoma and Seattle Convention Centers and the Pacific Science Center. She is an affiliate member of Gallery 110, a member of the Seattle Print Art Association COCA and Artist Trust.  
<https://www.facebook.com/cynthia.yatchman>  
<https://www.instagram.com/CynthiaYatchmanArt/>

