

Art & Poetry

Illustrations
The Letter
Love Sick
Young
The Toy
Shades
Richard
Grove

by

Glen River

Number 6 - 7

Isaac Karna
Sabotage
Tilly Harwood
Lange
George's Prince
Vincent
Scratching The Night
The Spirit of the Matter
Suzanne



Presenting

The Art Of Glen River

There have always been people who bring an energy or identity which remains uniquely their own. Complexity is part of my work. This fact obscures the image of who I am and the work I do. These things only become apparent when it all comes together. I view the various disciplines my work exists in as one unified work. I call this unified art, *Zen Process*

In this book, I combine representations of some works to establish an overview. This survey offers a hub from which my audience may explore and experience. Please enjoy this select collection.

About The Poetry

Composing verse and story telling has been a process of, *making sense of the world*, since childhood. In my teenage years I got into songwriting which leaned heavily on rhyming schemes working with rhythm and melody. Most recently poetry has again emerges as words alone expressing the *process*.

I was published in a number of anthologies, but the books and records of these were lost in the studio fire of 1992. My new publications represent my decision to find my audience and celebrate the return of “my voice.”

2002 has been a very productive time. I am enthusiastic about the community of poets. The exchange of ideas is flourishing. My long standing efforts to arrive at a library of verse, efficient in story and articulate in imagery seems at the point of arrival. Some of the poetry is coming from memories, some from spontaneous outpouring. All of it is built on a trust of the intuitive formation of language.

Remembering

I only saw his reflection
but I have been in the dark before
I saw him in your eyes, my fathers smile,
he was gracious the few times,
occasion crossed our separate paths
he was on my fathers computer,
your evenings, then your days,
your life over flowed with him
in remembrance his face
lit up with the fragments of loves reflections
I remembered my own fragments
pieces fitting into place.
Life is so fragile, we savor it's essence,
then it is gone.

Shadow

As if my knock at your door, could open a path to your heart
my shadow caressed the memory of your existence
Gypsy cat snug on you shoulder, breath of fire, scent of lilac
shook the doom from the spirit tree,
children's sweet songs rained the forest
and sapphires bloomed across the glade,
moonrise, brought a forgiving mist,
kindness seemed eternal

harvest of myth, rendered the muse speechless
and desire was the perfect exhale of love
your door, my path, the sacred wind of creation
rolling out across the glade

Shadow Part 2

petals of chipped ivory, and teak
shimmering into waves of corrected meaning
glints of diamond at the peaks
my perfect knowledge of your beauty
shining manna to your heart
could there ever be more beauty
within the borders of unfolding ?
content with wonder
the memory of my being, embracing
your shadow.

The Toy

I was, ... and I created you
the world of your habitation was my finest work
I fiddled with your consciousness
defended your virtue, as if it were fine art
your first desires were as a child's steps
eventually you wanted the unknowable
I acquiesced
now you are in a stupor of uncertainty
and while I wait for your head to clear
you defame my masterpiece
destroy as fast as I create
perhaps Ibliss was right
perhaps you are just a broken toy.

The Jester

I am the jester in the queen's court.
I used to be a page, before the laughing.
The laughing is good
It means nothing bad is going to happen
It means maybe some day I will no longer remember
the most beautiful woman in the world
with 40 bullets in her
a best friends wife strangled in a motel room
my ex-girlfriend's boyfriend
who blew his brains out after an argument
and she thinking of following him,
her lethal dose of pills still on my shelf
my friend who assured me it was ok to date his ex
and then slashed his wrists
the girl who sang for me
and then threw herself off the mountain
The laughing is good
It means nothing bad is going to happen

Lingo

She has a hug which overcomes the sorrow of an age.

Her words spill out of a hand-crafted cabinet

she sails out of the cabinet

like a schooner bound for an uncharted shore

past the buoys, lighthouse, trade lanes

past the longitude and latitude of comprehension

into the brilliant dark of the unknowable

She is searching for your treasure,

searching for your soul

searching for a wind to fill your sails,

the trails of white caps meander past the guardians

of your insecurity

the wind, her breath, the word

she brings it all to your table

Lingo Part 2

she holds your hand through Viet Nam
she takes all the missiles and bombs
and places them out of reach
on an island of mistrust, misunderstanding, worry and fear
she surrounds the island with clear markers
She redefines compassion for the living, sings a song for those who are gone
brings wind to the flower island, scatters pollen across your heart
scatters pollen across your childhood,
memory, dreams and desire
the pollen clings to all it touches,
the brilliant dark, myth and intuition
feelings bud with new colors painted by the wind,
the breath, the word
her ship ... the Lingo

Scratching The Eight

for T.C.

In the back end of the tavern
green felt stretched across a slab of slate
That was the field of our revolution
modernity disappeared like an echo
across the mountain
competitive edge wandered the street
like a homeless dog
corruption slicked across the shadows
we learned to lose with a grace unconceivable to
corporate raiders and economic pirates
who had conquered our nation
they pillaged, raped and plundered until
even the village idiot
knew the trust had been betrayed
Meanwhile, when the kids were waiting for the table,
we scratched on the eight.
From the city I heard the sirens'
wail calling me to fame and fortune,

Scratching The Eight Part 2

I tipped my glass and took another turn at the revolution
hard earned pay was the laughing stock, and I was the clown in the big charade
but love was freely shared behind the scenes
and in secrecy we bowed at the shrine of eternal vigil

and when the kids were waiting for the table,
we scratched on the eight.
from time to time, an arrogant king, waged war to keep his crown
we knew what to do, we didn't hesitate
we wiped that smirk off his face, shut him out and closed him down,
shotless, clueless, defeated and withdrawn, anger was his solace
what a jerk, turning a social game meant to bring people together,
into a competitive battlefield.

and when the kids were waiting for the table,
we scratched on the eight.

Foraging

I'm still out here scouring the dark corners
for your right to live

we got together to build a shelter in the storm
now our shelter is the storm

we have forgotten or maybe never knew
the petal on the wind, from the root in the soil

the profit from our labor, from the leisure in our day

but our not knowing only means we lost it,
forgot it, or never knew
it doesn't mean, it is not there

I'm still out here, scouring the dark corners,
for our right to live.

Susanne

He had said she was half crazy, and he knew I'd want to be there
so I sat down at her table with her keys upon the sacred stone
she showed me with her eyes just what
the lantern's shadow told them
I knew this was her mission, I knew this was her singing
it's a voice I can't forget,
it's a voice I hear forever,
it's the song you had requested, when Jesus was your savior
and your feast of bread & chocolates
still remained upon the table
these are songs of children sighing,
these are songs of lovers laughing

Susanne
page 2

these are songs we hear in darkness, and the darkness seems unending
Then she tilts her head and lets her hair, fall along her shoulder
you smile your understanding,
that this window is her pastime
she has dreamed of new beginnings,
but the stones themselves remember
she will never be your lover, she will think of you for ever
she will cherish all these moments, in the garden with the flowers
she will cherish all these moments,
she will stay with you for ever
and you want so much to tell her,
you don't even try to kiss her

Susanne
page 3

you know she has a secret,
which could lock the door behind you
so you sing a prier in silence, to the bravery of sailors
she is playful like a kitten, she is frightened of her passion
she is grateful for the kindness, you had saved for this occasion
she is glad you had the courage to accept the invitation
and always, will remember,
you had the time to greet her
and find,
the spirit of the maiden
in her home.

Wolf In Shepherds Clothing

It was a savanna wind across cultured soil
your work bore fruit
but the beasts of the wild and the beasts of the town
threatened
so you along with the good folk hired yourself a shepherd
to watch over your flock
the shepherd was clever
and could make things work more smoothly
the shepherd had teeth, big and menacing
you and the good folk were safe
this was a happy time
others, were less fortunate
less fruit, no shepherd, they were at the mercy
of the wild

Wolf
In Shepherds Clothing
page 2

the ugliness of the others was an annoyance
there was always the little fear that some day,
if the fruit ran out,
you might be one of the others
a chill hung over the neighborhood,
there was an occasional scream in the night
the shepherd explained he needed bigger teeth,
the predators were getting nasty
this went on progressively till you felt like
a teeth maker rather than a fruit grower
but the shepherd had all the answers,
he said keep making teeth,
I'll get the others to grow the fruit

Wolf
In Shepherds Clothing
page 3

they can boost productivity,
you know, their lower standard of living
the shepherd smiled, his new teeth flashed
what's the difference,
your profit is way up and that's good
less chance of your waking up one day
to find you're one of the others
So you shape steel, put smart stuff inside,
with lots of jagged edges
this will take care of any one
messing with your shepherd.
In your dreams you remember the days,
when you made fruit.

Sand Castle

The sandcastle held your dream
you knew the tide would wash it out to sea
but that set you free
this was a dream for the sea alone,
you shared beauty with the eternal moment,
you shared your labor
knowing no trace would remain
you shared your creative power
to sing for the love of singing
the moment understood, the sea understood
this was enlightenment, this was high art
some day a crowd will celebrate your success
and in the midst of the celebration
you will remember,
the moment., the sea
the sand castle.

Flint

You take a piece of flint, and strike it against a piece of heavy rock
it makes sparks. Put the sparks on dried dandelion fluff, under very small twigs.

*What would be love? in an age where magic was the knowledge of fire
and almost everything was warped in mystery.*

would it just be mutual desire? the need to touch and feel close?
you take 3 bundles of loosely woven twigs and lay them against each other
above the smallest twigs

*Would it be knowing someone is close who can make you feel
that there is some point to enduring the hardships life inflicts on us all?
a whisper, a scent, the light brush of a lock of hair
over and around the bundles you balance sticks,
making sure to leave a doorway open to the core
would it be that passion in such a world could not be restrained
that feelings dominated the landscape,*

Flint
page 2

*that no words, thoughts, concepts, or conventions could tame
the overwhelming tides of human emotion as they flowed
from one desperate instant to the next?*

place solid sticks leaned up toward the center
across the top, lay a few heavy branches.

have your logs ready on the side
*without understanding the mechanism of fertilization
without knowing the fruit of desire*

*what can there be but torrents of emotion streaking across a starry vista of feelings
a universe of passionate will
animal magnetism
tugging at a mysterious sense of you, and I*

strike the flint.

Nothing

A laborer was hitch-hiking, I gave him a ride
I reminisced on my own days of labor
he was amused
then I remarked that the year I earned the most, others did the work I contracted
annoyed, he added “yea, paid more for doing nothing.”
I was amused.
I remembered the day I decided to lift things with my mind rather than my back
“Yea, nothing” I echoed
well, ... there was the constant phone calls, the estimates, the scheduling,
the hand holding, the occasional catastrophe, the record keeping,
the contracts, the insurance,
by the way, my crew earned more that year than they ever did before.
funny how everyone wants to be on my crew.
I guess I’m good at doing nothing.

Paintings

The Series

Many artists prefer to work in a group of works dedicated to a particular idea or theme. These become interlocked referring to a specific subject or building on each other. They may start with a study. The John Burroughs Sanctuary group of works is a good example of a series which share a common subject, *scenes from the sanctuary*, and a common *methodology*. The combined use of photography and painting is central to the series, but also includes print making, motion picture and sound. This series includes a huge number of photographs, a smaller number of drawings and paintings and digital movies. What is the point?

Artistic Investigation

Sometimes a work such as a drawing or painting or photograph just isn't enough to even scratch the surface of a subject. In cases such as these a full effort using many tools to explore the subject are necessary. The start of a series is the beginning of an investigation the extent of which is unknown, because we do not know what we will discover. It is an exciting way of working and requires a great deal of determination. The only sure thing involved in the series is that it will be a mountain of work.

Landscapes

For many years I visited the Grand Canyon to paint from those vistas. That was a special case. Most of the time I am painting Landscapes from areas closer to home. A significant recent influence is the improved digital camera. This tool has made experimentation through extreme volume possible. I make very different attachments to each picture. Part of my process is to listen to the landscape. Letting it tell me about its' past and future. This allows me to tune a sensitivity to its mood. Once I feel confident in understanding it's character I can deal with issues of composition. When I feel the place has succeeded in speaking to me, it seems that the picture almost makes itself. I get to say, "There! That's it!"

The John Burroughs Sanctuary

These works started in 2001 are part of the photography and painting combined series. These landscapes endeavor to be faithful to the site. Similar to a portrait where abstraction may serve the esthetics of the painting but retain a likeness of the subject. My love of nature and art are partners in these works.

Path



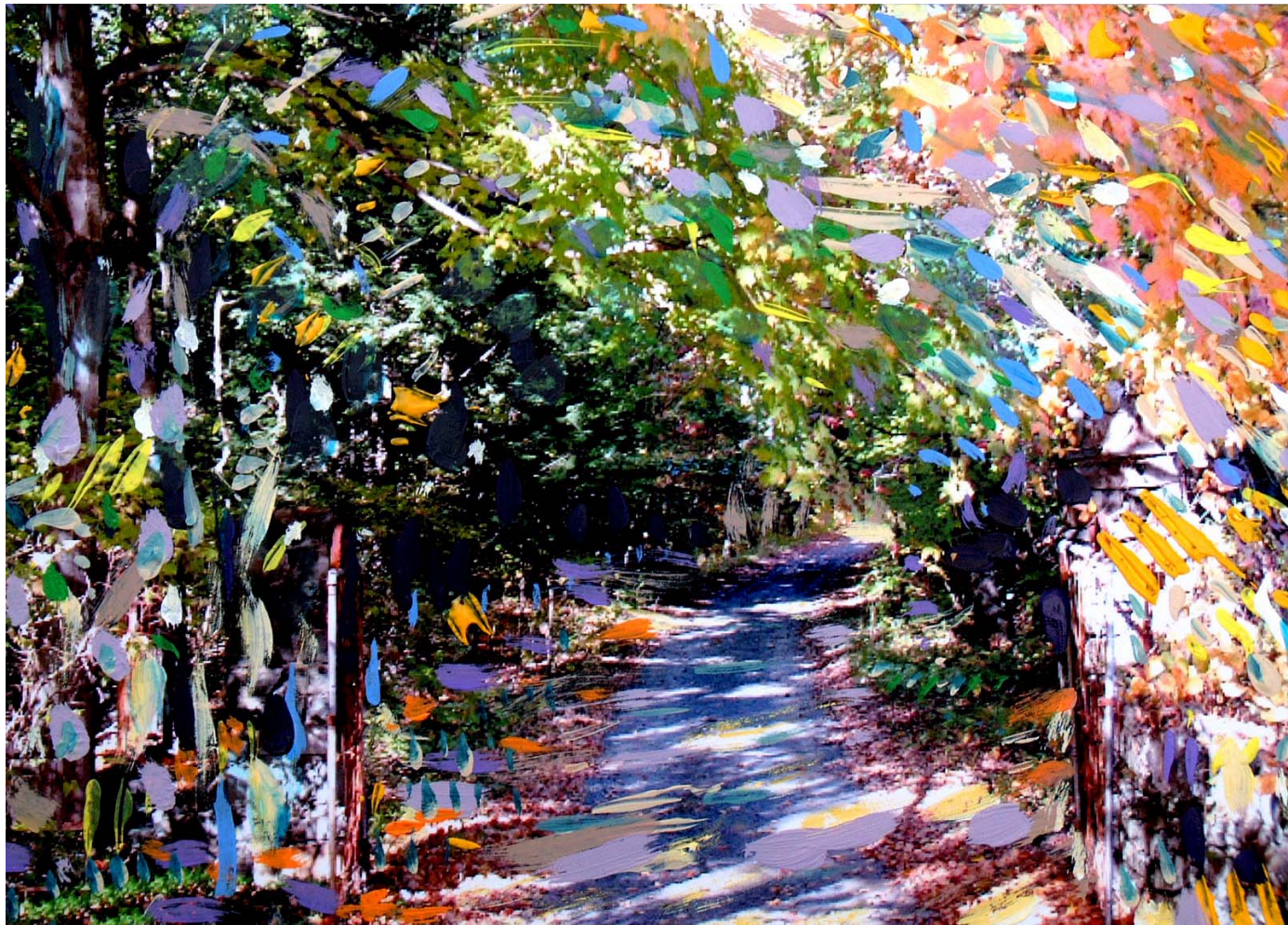
Land



Birch



Path 2



Mist



Shore



Drawings

For as long as I can remember, drawing has been a method I have used for story telling, note taking and organizing a view of the world. As I learned more about art and the tradition of drawing, I discovered that drawing was also a final art form in itself. It was also used extensively in preparation of painting.

The series of *Woodstock* drawings are a note taking style. This language is based on the simple line used as efficiently as possible. A sense of composition and gesture are conscious decisions. The lines themselves are a kind of automatic writing. They are a spontaneous response to the act of seeing.

The series of *Abstract* drawings are a process of invention. This language is based on the creative moment as a building up from a simple idea or theme.

The series of *Magic Mirror* drawings are a note taking style combined with a process of invention. These are depictions. They tell the story of a metaphoric world. In this world, a surreal setting speaks about our internal process of image and understanding.



Town Hall



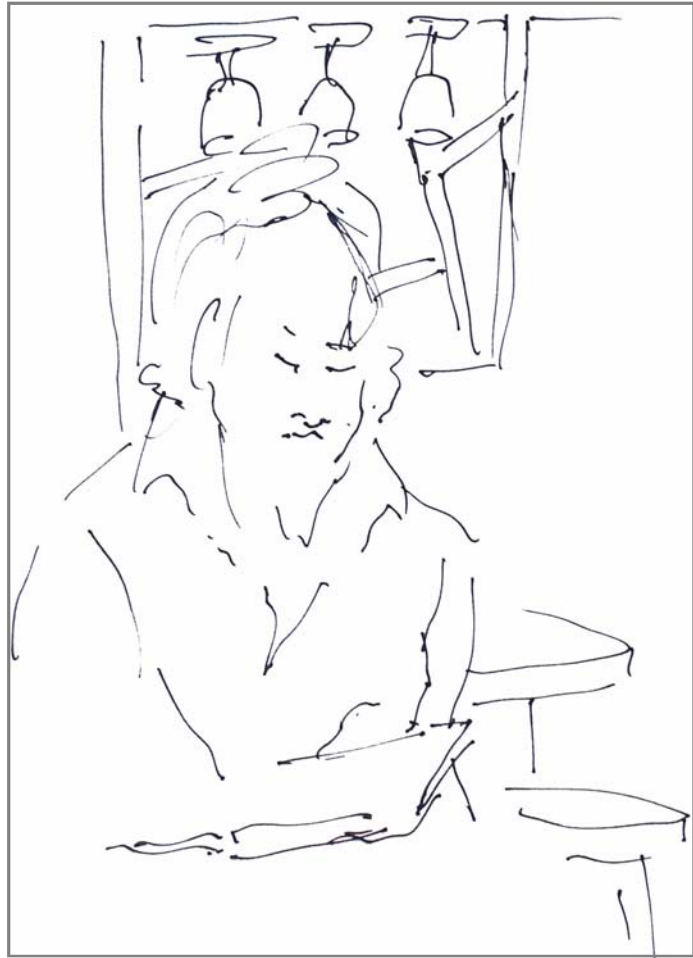
Library



Joshua's 2



Joshua's



Poet 2



Paul & the twins

Portraits

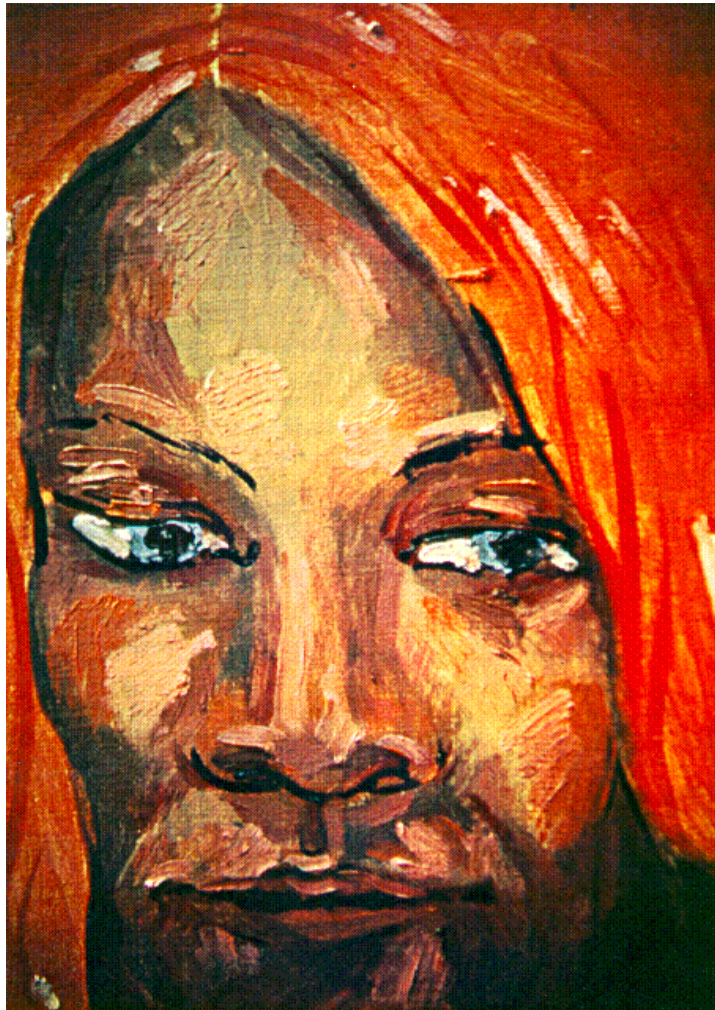
There have always been interesting people to try and capture a glimpse of. My focus has been to get at an energy or life force. A precise rendering of appearance I leave to the camera. The opportunity of seeing and depicting an individual is steeped in human interpretation. Otherwise what's the point? I start seeing all these individual landmarks which I start painting. The process is often ongoing and takes a great deal of faith. Then the picture seems to reach a saturation of identity. That's when it all comes together. I have some times combined painting with photography in a portrait. Sometimes it works, sometimes not. If the image of the mask and the image of the energy jell, ... Well it's nice when it works.

Drawing also lends an excellent format to capture a character. Sometimes the quick immediate process best grabs the essence necessary to tell the story. Sometimes all the media can work together for a collage arriving at image. The portrait remains an open sea to be navigated by each individual artist.

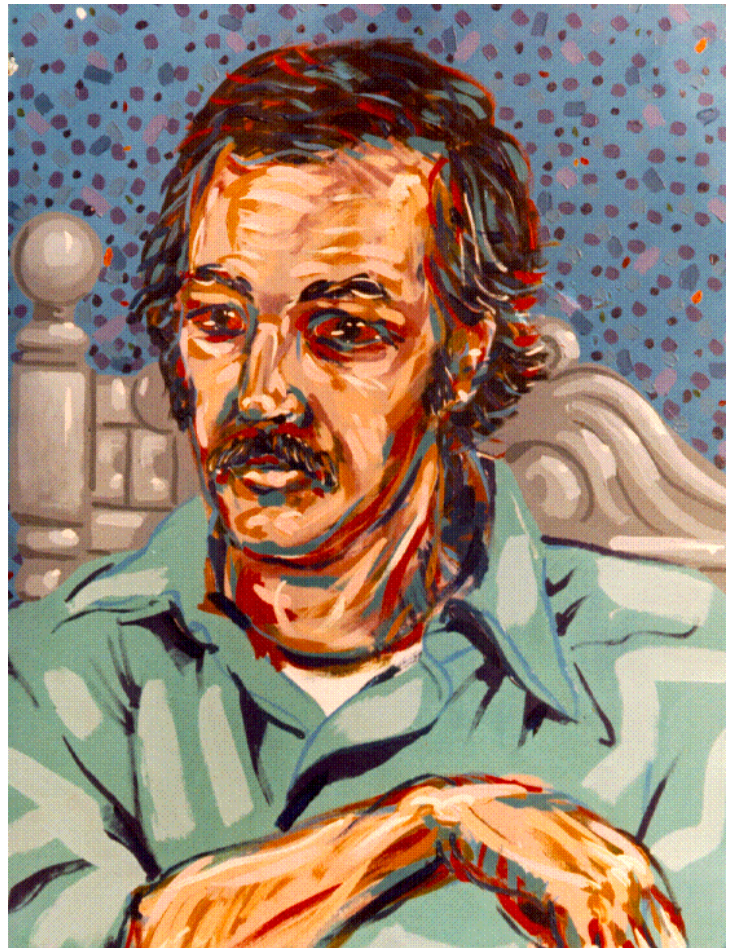
Blase



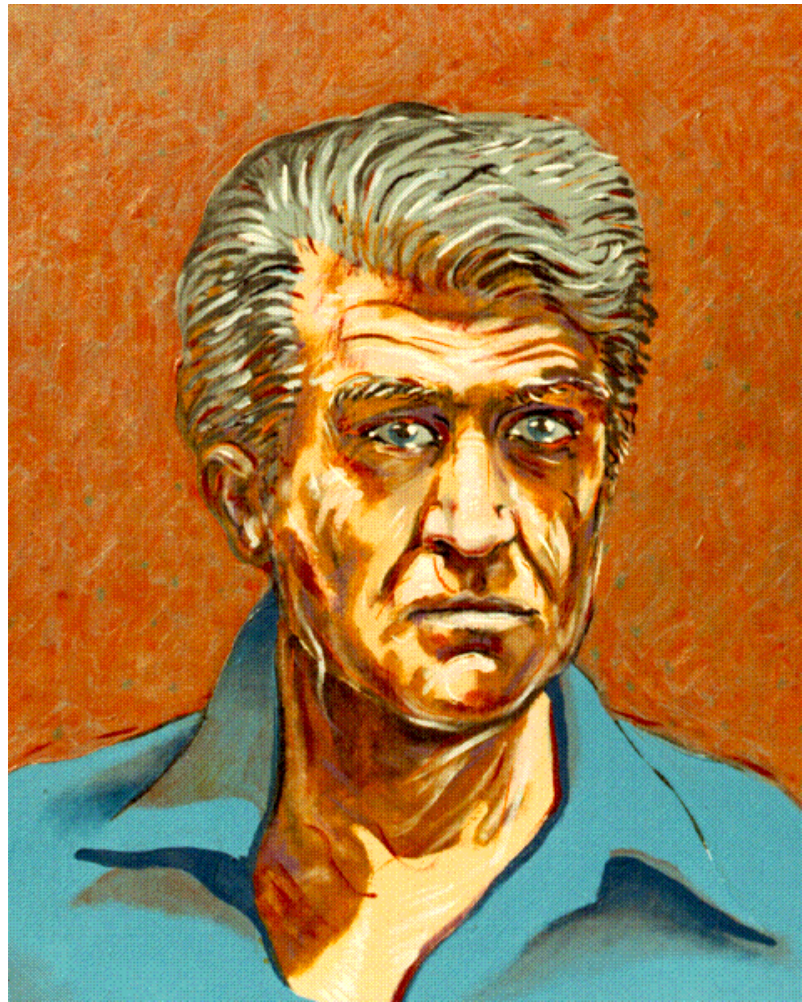
Melanie



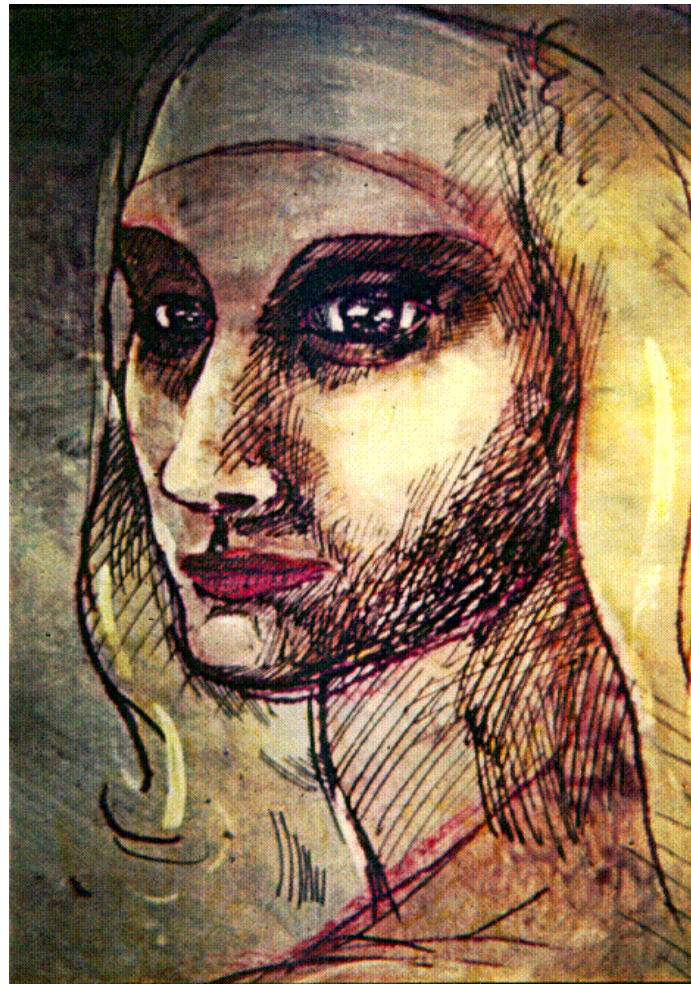
Steve A.



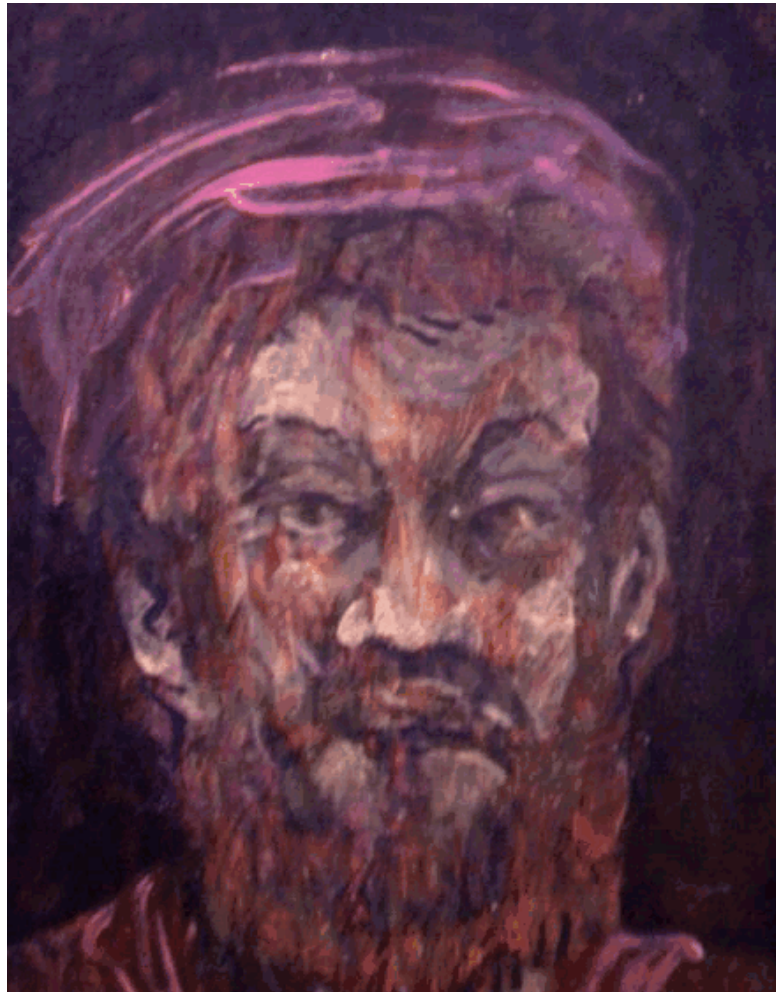
G. Leet



Laura



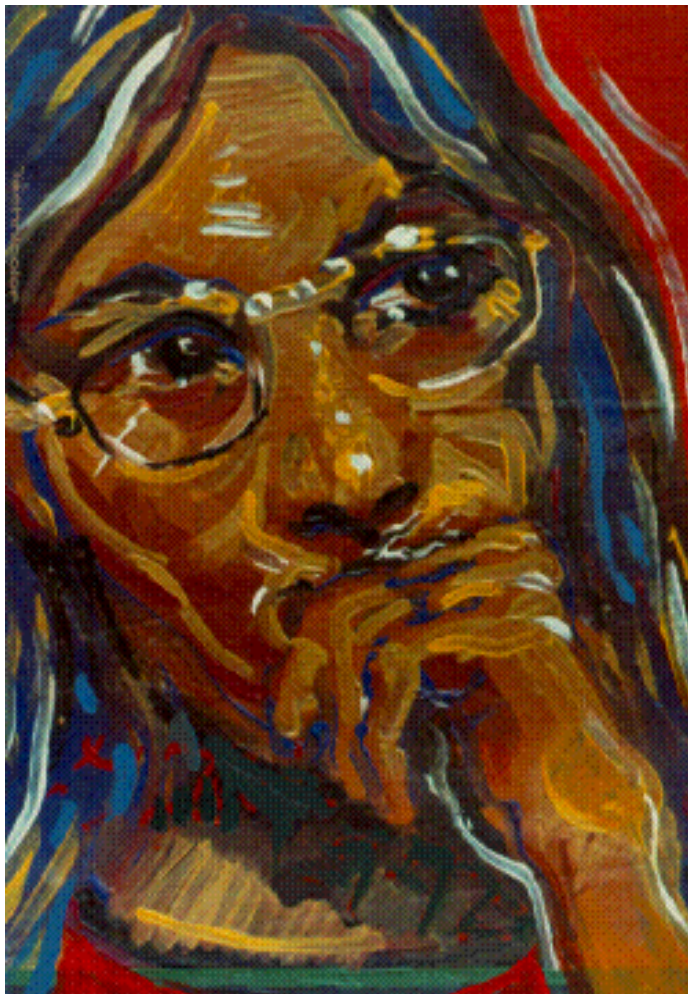
Bruno



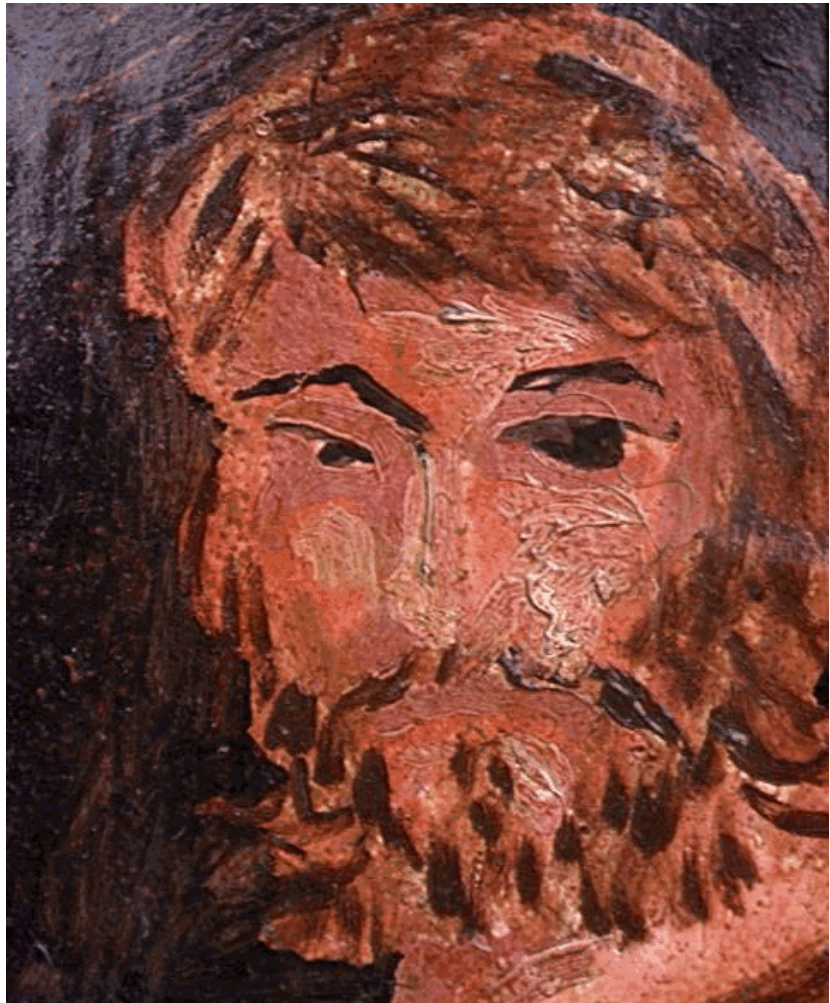
Alexander



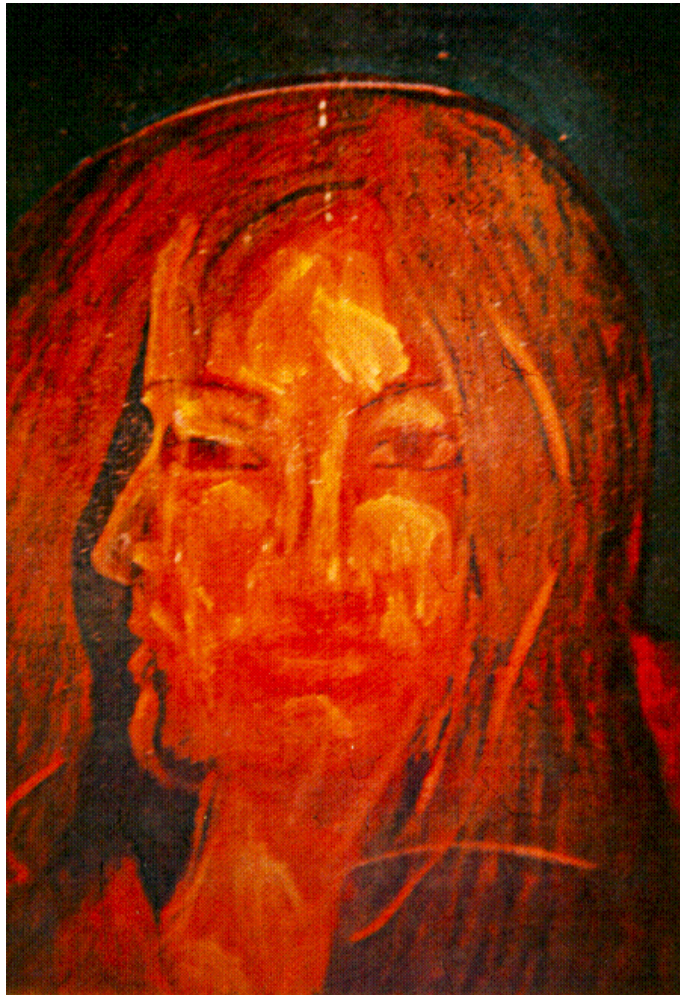
Pat W.



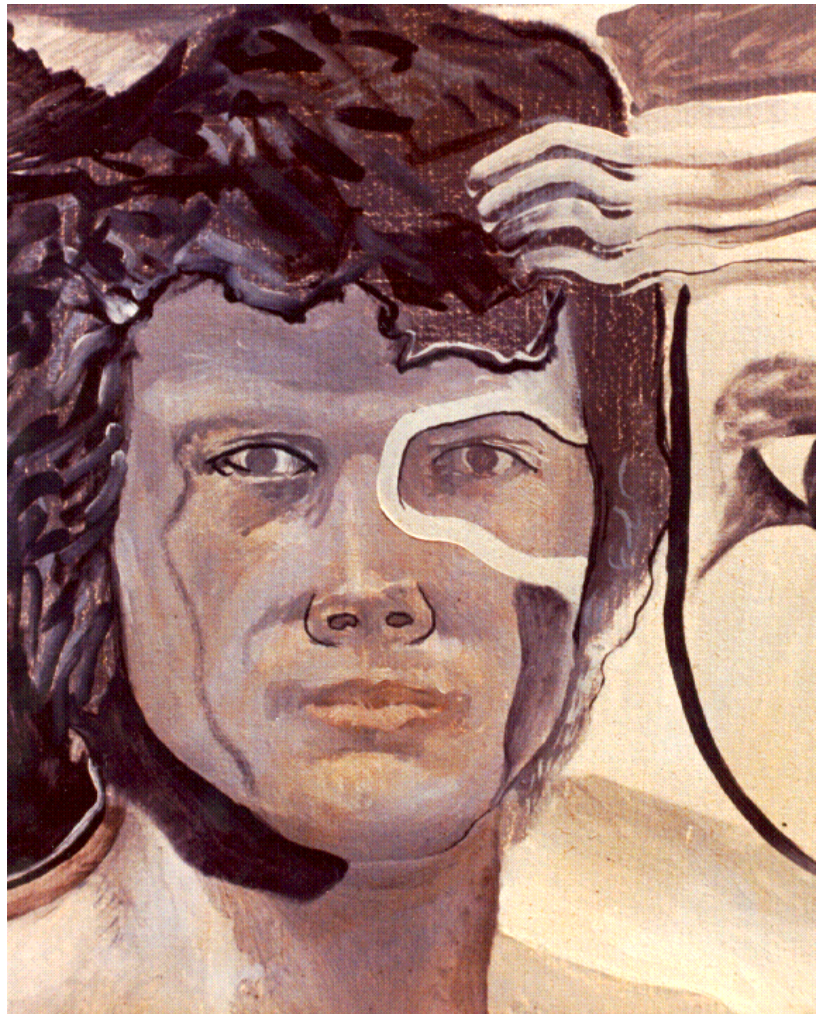
Mark



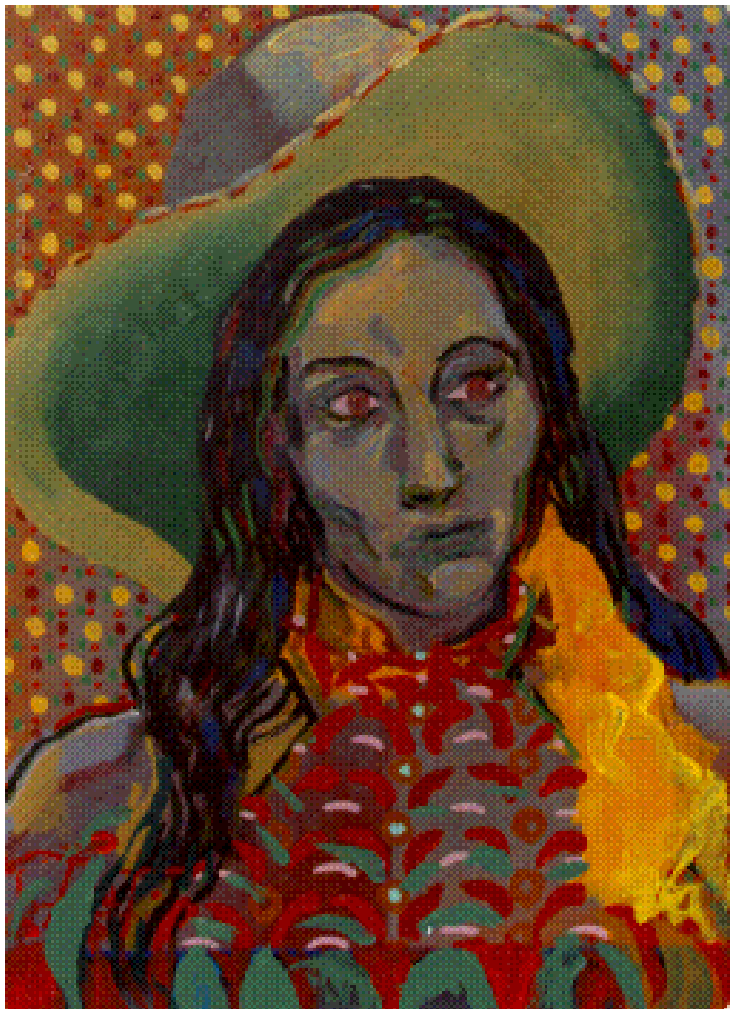
Red Woman



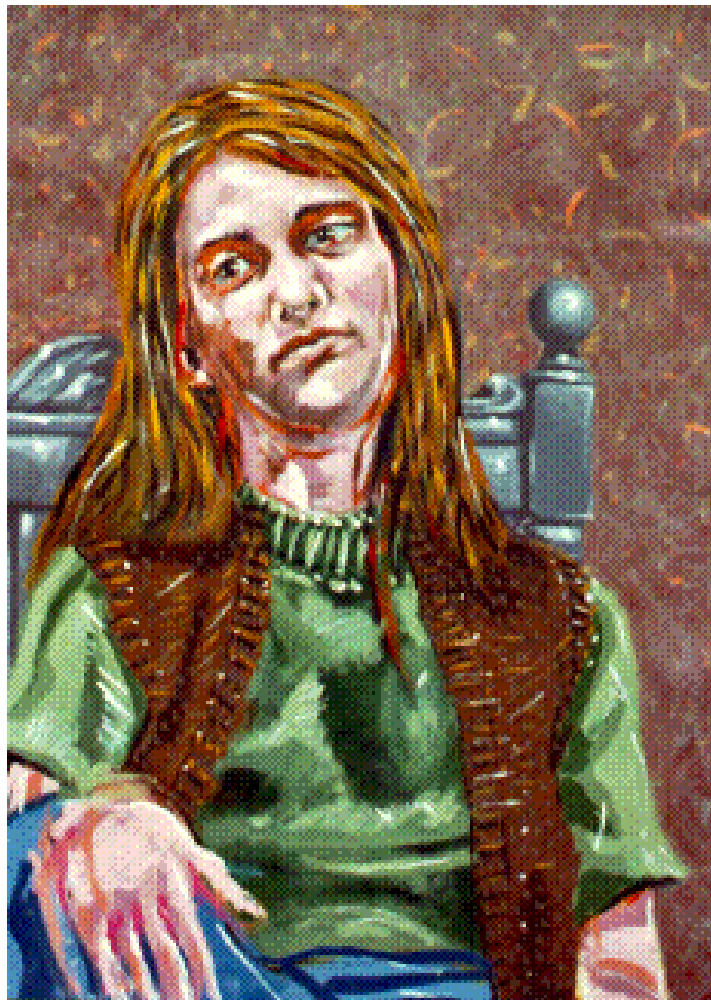
Voyager



Pat with hat



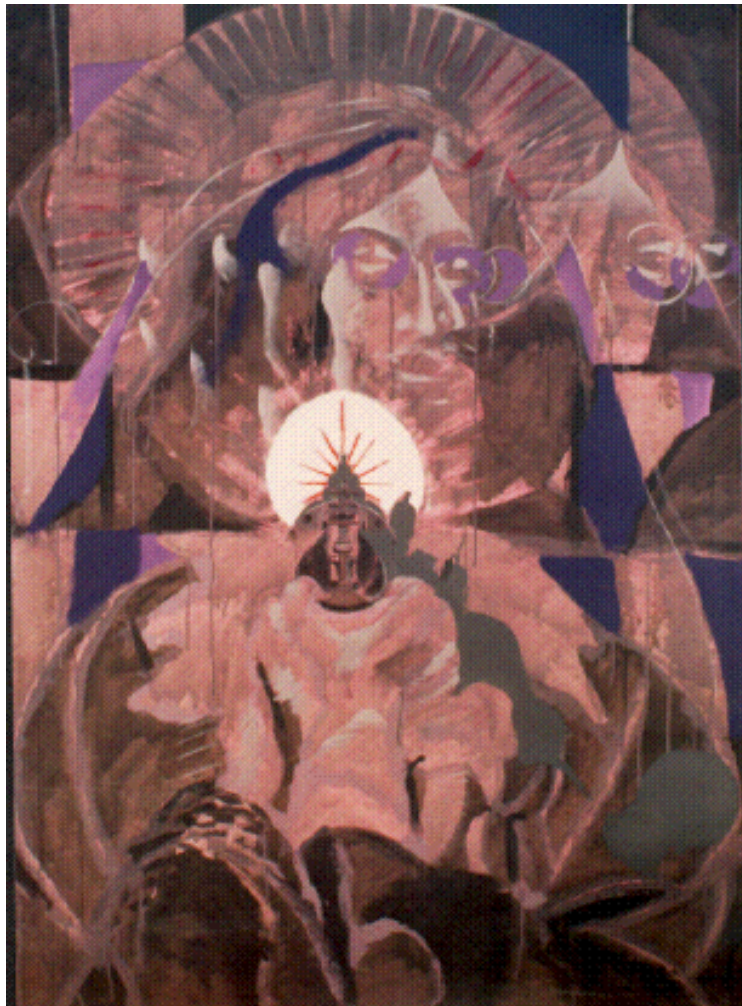
Sara



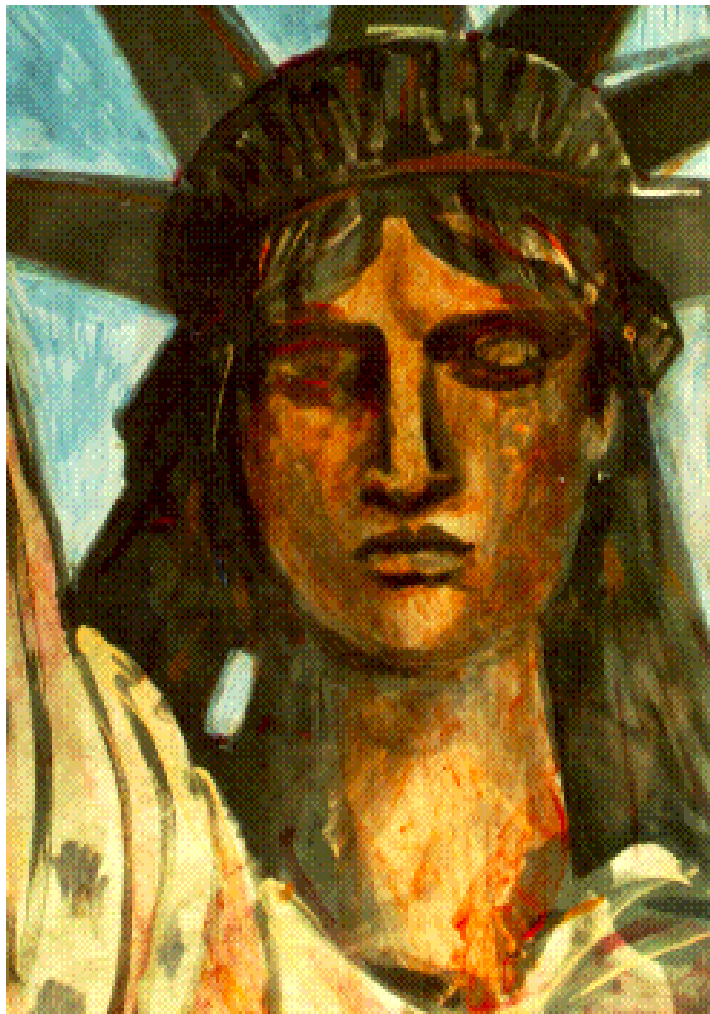
Depictions

Telling a story is usually part of a work of art. Telling a literal story based on an existing myth or event is called a depiction. Saint Sebastian was a Roman soldier who became a Christian and refused to serve the military. As a result he was shot and became a heroic figure in Christian literature. The painting *Shooting John*, puts the viewer in the role of the assassin, posing the question, who is ultimately responsible? *Watergate* is a flood of images connected with the political scandal ending Richard Nixon's administration. *Civilization* and *Civilization 7* are from a group of works based on the role of modern democracy in shaping the future of humanity. *Homecoming* is a scene from the parade welcoming back our boys from the Desert Storm campaign.

The Shooting



Liberty



The Incitement



The Execution



Damsels



Artist's Statement

My paintings reflect years of study of classical techniques. From Venetian glazing to fresco murals, a solid grounding in the procedures of the Old Masters has prepared me to explore such diverse forms of painting as Abstract and Representational art.

Formally educated at Yale earning a B.F.A and M.F.A. in 1970, I felt I was fortunate to have been taught by some of finest teachers and skilled artists of the time. Men such as Lester Johnson, Alfred Leslie, Jack Tworkove, Nick Marsicano, Tauno Kaupi, Bob Gray, Hiram Coppelman, Tom Piper and more. A string of one man shows in the United States, England, France, Switzerland, and Greece came to an abrupt end in 1992. A studio fire destroyed over 400 of my paintings, drawings, recordings and manuscripts. 2002 marks a new period in showing my new work. I continue to work in a new expressive form I refer to as Zen Process.

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