

ISSUE 3
SUMMER 2021

A MAGAZINE FOR CREATIVES

ETCH



THE ART OF EXPLORATION

ABOUT OUR COVER

"TOWN BEACHING," BY RICK CATALLOZZI:

"Town Beaching" was captured on July 4th, 2017, on Narragansett Beach, by a Mavic Pro Drone. It won 2nd place at Wickford Art's "Art of the Ocean State" 2019 Exhibition.

Read Catalozzi's Ohanga Story at www.ohanga.com/our-creatives.

The Ohanga Editorial team selected Catalozzi's photograph for its unusual perspective, bold colors, and hopeful outlook, in pursuit of a post-pandemic world that will look like that captured by his lens.

THE EDITORIAL TEAM



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A LOVE LETTER FROM THE EDITORIAL TEAM

TO OUR FELLOW CREATIVES

Dear Readers,

When the editorial team sat down in the middle of spring to vote on a theme for the Summer 2021 edition of Etch, there wasn't much competition, and the runner-ups were all different vocalizations of a similar feeling: what comes when horizons finally start to widen again. We agreed that the sentiment most apt for the upcoming season of blazing sunlight and long summer days was "exploration":

/ɛksplə'reɪʃ(ə)n/; noun; the action of exploring an unfamiliar area, or the thorough examination of a subject.

This past spring, with the steady advancement of the vaccination campaign in America and the expiring mask mandates, our understanding of the pandemic—and the future—began to change. Now the change has settled into an understanding that things are, finally, opening again. Some view this as a return to "normal," but the Etch Editorial Team isn't fooled. With the pandemic hanging in the backdrop of our consciousness—more for some than for others—the world outside our door presents undeniably new and unfamiliar territory. Thus, we are explorers.

And it is with this consciousness that readers can approach the contradiction of old-yet-new experiences found in this edition of Etch: local tourism, the art of pickled foods, the vehicle of music, the history of fashion, along with short stories, poetry, and of course, always, art.

Ohanga reflects many of these same explorations within its own initiatives: we've launched a lifestyle subscription program called Artisan Monthly (which includes pickled foods!); organized "Music on the Brick" in Newport; and hired a sustainability team to guide the Ohanga community in finding greener ways to create, sell, and profit responsibly.

We write this letter just a week after Ohanga co-sponsored a beach cleanup of Misquamicut State Beach—a beach much like what you see on our cover. We are explorers of this new, post-pandemic world, and through our exploration we understand further the importance of protecting this beautiful planet of ours, which continuously inspires the creations of our community of Creatives.

The latter half of the definition of exploration holds true as well. The subject being, of course, COVID-19. Though we now see the light at the end of the tunnel, the pandemic continues to exist in the margins of every conversation. We do our best to understand this new reality, and to act in the way we think is most appropriate by considering every moment in relation to the past, present, and future—a thorough examination of the subject.

We hope that Etch will inspire you to begin or continue pursuing your own creative exploration.

Sincerely,
The Etch Editorial Team

Redefining Adventure:

Becoming Tourists at Home in a Post-COVID World

BY JILL KEEGAN

When the word “adventure” comes to mind, an abundance of vivid imagery accompanies it: the childhood exploration of faraway lands, a daredevil stunt on a rocky cliff, even the nostalgia of a road trip on American highways. In the age of COVID, the opportunity to create such unforgettable memories became not just rare, but downright fantasy. Suddenly, endless horizons shrank into the four confining walls of a home office. Even as the latest news traveled instantaneously over thousands of miles, the everyday world began to look a bit smaller for those of us who were lucky enough to be able to stay home.



A sign flashes above an American highway during the 2020 COVID-19 pandemic as part of the Stay Home, Stay Safe campaign.*

The irony of a shrinking world in a global pandemic mirrored quite perfectly the frenzied confusion of the time. Learning to cope was a collective and gradual process. Yet, the tenacity of the human spirit found outlets, avenues toward release and comfort. The idea of the “daily family walk” became a trope overnight, the overpopulation of hiking trails a prevalent news story. Instantly, the background noise of our natural surroundings rose to the forefront of our awareness. Spending time in nature offered not only a grounding reconnection to home, but also a reprieve from the chaos of a nation in crisis. To exist in our own space became a symbol of defiance and a silver-lining reminder of the persistence of joy.

As we begin to rebuild a post-COVID world, the reconstruction process is daunting and, in many ways, a contentious issue. From an unraveled economic system, can we really develop a better lifestyle? The question pulses beneath the dominant political and social conversation. Despite differences of opinion regarding what, exactly, it might look like, this forced slow-down

undoubtedly creates space for positive change to endure. Merely as a result of the existence of this transition period comes an unprecedented and universal awareness that pushes us toward collaborative action.

If we are able to extract anything of value from such a challenging era, perhaps we might find it in the adaptations we have already made. The peace our own backyards have offered us in the COVID era may now become a valuable resource for the maintenance of community wellbeing and engagement. By reinvigorating the usage of local trails, parks, and other natural landmarks, the sense of adventure we traditionally localize outward can return home. Admittedly, using the words “backyard” and “adventure” together seems incongruent at first. Still, the essence of tourism itself involves an appreciation of the unfamiliar. If, as a function of existence within a high-powered society, we have become detached from our surroundings, then we, too, can become tourists within our own communities. Endowed with the affection of home, these familiar scenes have potential to become

some of the most potent sources of tranquility and inspiration in our journey to recover from the pandemic.

The online community Urban Outdoors, founded by nature advocate Kay Rodriguez, aims to spark such local reconnection all across the United States. As its mission statement explains, the goal of the informational and inspirational site is to "help more people get outdoors and develop the skills for safe, conscious exploration of nature." Through extensive research and incorporation of personal stories, the company develops exploration guides tailored to particular areas of the country. Packaging such practical information in a readable, online format makes the process of getting outdoors considerably less intimidating to the average consumer. Kay herself notes that web traffic on Urban Outdoors has increased exponentially throughout the last year, perhaps attributable in part to the need for community reprieve amidst the restriction of the stay-at-home orders.

Though the platform has resources for the entire nation, the New England area is frequently featured. "I was shocked by the offerings in the Northeast to get outdoors and get involved with nature; it is exceptional," Kay exclaims, she herself having had the opportunity to travel all across the country to do research for Urban Outdoors. It is all too easy to take for granted what has always been there, and New England readers for whom serene waters and rolling hills are a familiar sight are especially prone to falling into this trap. The solution seems to be to engage with intention, to research your own locality as much as you might a planned vacation destination.

A look back at the origin of the word "tourism" itself reveals this profound connection between adventure and home. According to scholar Neil Leper in his report "An Etymology of 'Tourism,'" the earliest definition of the word is found in the 1811 Oxford English Dictionary, which reveals its root as the Greek "τόρνος," meaning lathe: a tool used to create circles. In this sense, home is the origin point from which a tourist departs and to which he or she returns. The radius of the created circle may be as small or as large as the individual desires; the path of an explorer is self-established. Centering on home itself as the tether for the adventure focuses the experience as an opportunity to grow. When we explore, we inevitably return. Through this lens, the freedom to tour locally becomes even more valuable. In connecting with our surroundings, we enhance both the breadth and the depth of our daily experience. In this way, we can find the exhilaration of exploration in the profundity of the everyday.

Within Rhode Island in particular, local conservation efforts continue to provide an abundance of stunning and immaculately maintained scenery. The Newport Cliff Walk, for example, stands as one of the most well-known marvels of the Ocean State. Located along the eastern shore, the walk looks over both Newport gilded-age architecture and sweeping seascapes—to an astonishingly beautiful effect. A USA National Recreation Trail within a National Historic District, the path embodies all there is to love about New England: the deep cultural roots, the breathtaking scenery, and the strong community ties. With both public right-of-way access and challenging portions of trail, the area combines accessibility with true immersion in nature.



Evening autumn scenery surrounds Fry Pond Preserve in West Warwick, Rhode Island.



A portion of the Newport Cliff Walk descends oceanside along the rocky Rhode Island shore.

The historic cliff walk is the perfect example of a quite literal backyard adventure, as it traverses through sixty-four private properties within just over three miles of trail. Such a unique cooperation between locals and site administrators signifies the dedication of residents to the preservation of the landmark. With plenty of space for walkers, the site is of the variety which has seen more and more visitation during the quarantine periods. Many have rediscovered the true beauty of the tiny southern-New England state, a facet often overlooked in a nation brimming with options for adventure from coast to coast.

Less-publicized natural scenes can be viewed from wildlife refuges and reservations tucked into rural areas of the state. Conservationists selflessly maintain the biodiversity of such sites, recognizing the immense value in protecting our landscape—benefits reaped by wildlife and human populations alike. Ecosystems thrive in acres of fields and forest between residential areas, such as within the Audubon Society of Rhode Island's 100-acre Powder Mill Ledges Wildlife Refuge. The Smithfield, RI oasis is a hidden gem, offering programs from lectures to birthday parties to birdwatching sessions. Incorporating such outdoor activities into a weekend outing can provide not only valuable education on the wonders of the natural environment we call home, but also the rejuvenation that only comes with taking the time to slow down. Recentering mindful consumption of nature as a part of our routine can widen our world. With appreciation comes gratitude, and with gratitude comes a sense of contentment that cannot be generated merely in the ceaseless pursuit of the next thing, the next idea, or the next big adventure. The next "big adventure" may be to a park nearby, or even just out the back door onto a freshly-mown lawn. The mindset of a tourist can open our minds in a new way and prime us to take in the familiar through a completely different pair of eyes.

Missy Devine is one of the individuals most intimately acquainted with the offerings of the distinctive state of Rhode Island, having worked in the state tourism industry for more than twenty years. "The COVID-19 pandemic has required a new kind of innovation," Devine explains, "People want to have the tactile experience of being in a space, which is not something you can replicate electronically or in any other way."

This human draw toward sensory experience is a phenomenon that is perhaps not on our radar under normal circumstances, but with face-to-face interaction in short supply, it has become a glaring gap in our daily experience. Pulling us toward places we can absorb with our eyes, hands, and hearts, this wanderlust may be satisfied in the genuine appreciation of one's locality. Devine notes that travelers have become more creative as a necessary adaptation to pandemic restrictions, a response that speaks to the power of thinking outside of the box. The brave choice to re-evaluate accepted truths seems to, ironically, often lead us home; in this way, the inquisitiveness and open-mindedness Devine observes in her clientele may be the first indication of a return to true gratitude.

As we begin to heal from a year of collective struggle and grief, we can look to our newfound sources of peace as vessels to carry us toward a healthier future. The environment in which we live has so much to offer us merely in its existence, in its permanence and perseverance amidst change. Choosing active mindfulness and engaging with our natural surroundings in intentional and immersive ways can help us become centered, grateful individuals and, ultimately, tourists in our own backyards.



NANCY REID CARR



My name is Nancy Reid Carr, and I am a photographer and a jeweler.

It took me a while to realize that this was the path I wanted to take in life. My family was not very creative, and I was pushed to enroll in business and law classes instead of art and music electives throughout high school. Still, my mother was an unknowing role model. She was a very motivated woman who started out as a secretary in a finance company and worked all the way up to becoming a partner. Despite sometimes asking me, "When are you going to get a real job?," she was an example of the type of strong, passionate woman I wanted to become.

I attended Roger Williams University to get a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in creative writing. To fulfill my visual arts requirement, I took a photography class with Denny Moers, a prominent professor and photographer. This class became the first pivotal experience in my art career. Denny recognized my talent, helped to spark my excitement for photography, and remains an inspiring and motivating influence that I keep in touch with to this day.

I joined more photography classes, completed an independent study with Denny, and, much to the chagrin of my parents, promptly dropped out of college. Denny helped me discover what I wanted to do, and I realized that Roger Williams was not the place for me to do it.

I soon realized that New England was not the place for me, either. So, one day, I got in my car and left. I ventured down to Charleston, South Carolina to visit with a friend for a month and, rather than returning home, I headed westward and landed in Santa Fe, New Mexico. This was the second pivotal experience in my art career; it changed everything. I apprenticed under

"I am driven by the belief that I can achieve anything if I work hard enough: an ideology I learned from my mother, wish to teach my daughters, and hope to manifest in my work"

- Nancy



photographers Meridel Rubinstein and David Michael Kennedy and did my first big printing job for a man named Robert Stivers. These photographers opened my eyes to the artistic possibilities of being a photographer. They existed as continuous proof that I could have a career doing what I loved—eventually.

During my five years in Santa Fe, I did little shows and hung my pieces in the coffee shops and bars where I worked side jobs. Then, I moved back to Providence, married, had two lovely daughters, and finished my degree in photography at the University of Rhode Island (URI). At URI, I met another hugely influential professor, Annu Palakunnathu Matthew, who grounded my flailing imagination and focused my creativity into a cohesive body of professional work.

After receiving my degree, I tried everything from baby photography to equestrian photography. However, I had children of my own, and by the time I started shooting again, art had gone digital and I had discovered metal printing. Printing my photographic work on metal sheets gave the images a gleam that paper printing never could. Prints of images I captured on early morning walks along beaches, and at botanical gardens were accepted into a couple of shows, and I even started exploring some figurative work. Then, in 2010, the store that I had been working at closed. I suddenly had the perfect opportunity to dive back into my artwork. I participated in the Providence Art Festival, and my small booth of prints achieved a surprising amount of success on the very first day. "This might actually be doable," I thought.

I started participating in more and more shows and soon discovered jewelry. I began printing my photography onto bracelet cuffs, and when I experimented with people's commissions and personal requests, I branched out into other jewelry and ornaments. I even bought machines for my small in-house studio so that I could make my smaller creations at home. In addition to incorporating my own photography into jewelry and ornaments, I now also work with museums like the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston; I license their artwork to print on my jewelry and sell in their gift shops.

I have worked tremendously hard to get to where I am today,



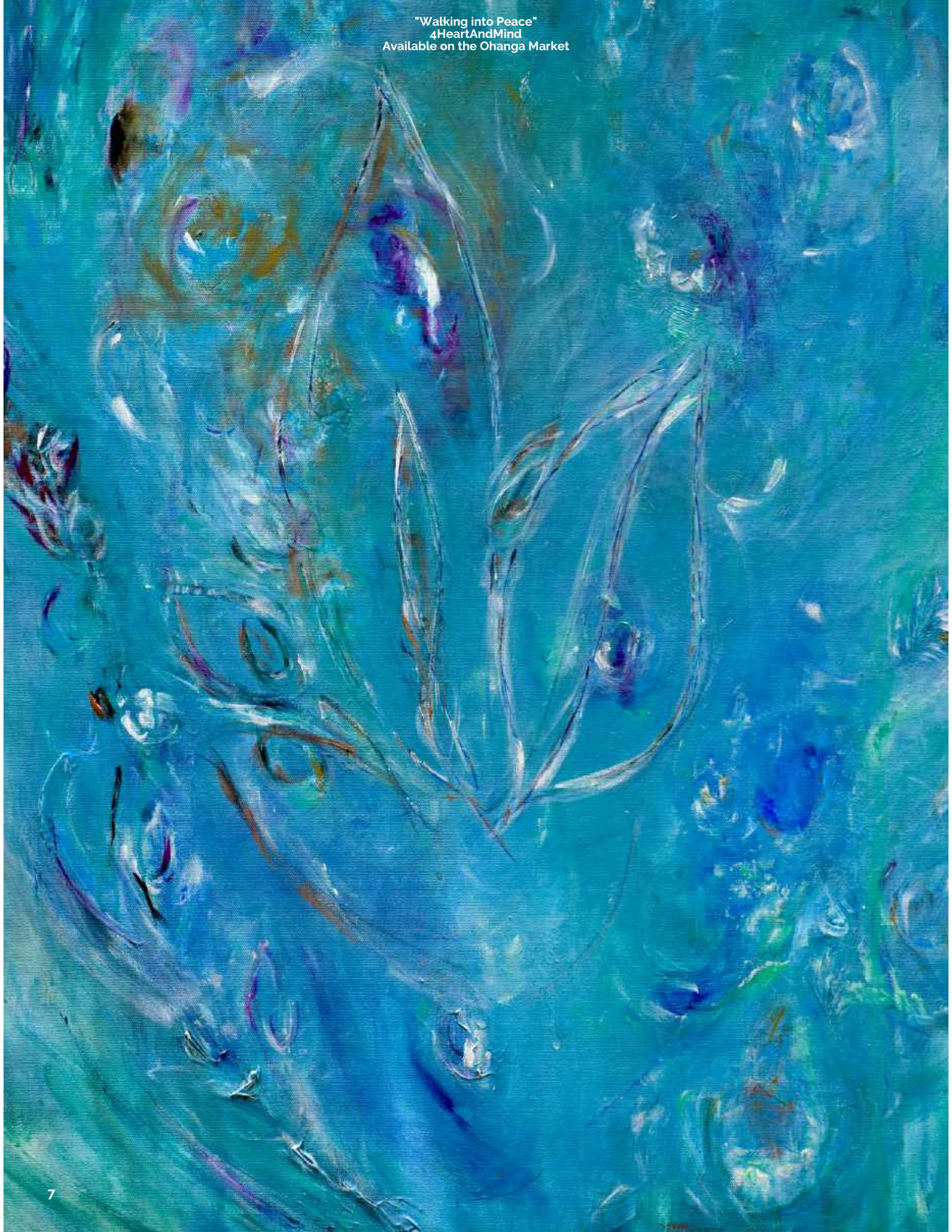
and on the surprisingly rare occasion in which I am questioned on the validity of my art career, I lean on my success and the support of other artist friends whom I have met at shows and on the road. They understand because they live the same lifestyle and inspire me to keep working in a very difficult field.

Perhaps this is why—though I find the architecture of cityscapes very interesting—I ultimately fall back to natural imagery. Nature contains an innate stillness and serenity that transcends the chaos of our everyday lives, and being able to wear something that captures this essence on your own body helps spread peace in a world that has enough negativity. I do still create some figurative work—which I explored extensively when I was younger—focusing on the external communication of intimate femininity and the imbalances that come with being a woman. Figurative photography is ultimately less about the portrait and more about the feeling it conveys, which in some ways makes it more similar to nature than one might think.

Right now, the art world seems like one of the few places where there are no lines between male and female. Perhaps I was lucky, but I am driven by the belief that I can achieve anything if I work hard enough—an ideology I learned from my mother, wish to teach my daughters, and hope to manifest in my work in the spirit of a more peaceful, serene future for all.

Thank you,
Nancy Reid Carr

"Walking into Peace"
4HeartAndMind
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DECEPTIVE PEBBLES

A SHORT STORY BY JUDY ADOURIAN

Once upon a time in the coastal town of Ribe, Denmark, there lived a thirteen-year-old boy named Nickolaj. The brick home he shared with his mother (for his father, a fisherman, had died at sea nine years before) was small by today's standards. In fact, it had once been part of a larger home on the row but was divided into its own tiny, two-room apartment decades ago when a flood had destroyed the town and space was limited. One room had a kitchen, a small mat for sleeping, and a fireplace. The second room, Nickolaj's room, had a tiny window and a mat. It wasn't much, but nobody's home in the poor town of Ribe looked much better. Besides, more important than the building's meager appearance was the happy, simple life Nickolaj and his mother shared.

Nickolaj was never one to spend much time indoors, anyway. He loved exploring all the natural wonders of Ribe, the oldest town in Denmark. From walking on the mud flats of Vadehavet twice a day when the tide was low to witnessing the sort sol in the spring and autumn when hundreds of thousands of starlings turned the sky black by dancing and circling around, Nickolaj's life was filled with beauty and his home went well beyond the brick walls of his house.

One day, while walking the mud flats of Vadehavet, Nickolaj, who always had a keen eye for detail, saw the tiniest prick of light glistening amid the murky saltwater debris. At first, he thought it was a piece of glass. He knelt down to get a closer look. No, not glass. Glass didn't shine like this did. He picked it up. Just a pebble, he concluded. But definitely a stone that sparkled unlike any he'd ever seen before. In fact, he thought it twinkled just like his mother's eyes. Nickolaj put the tiny bit of earth in his pocket. The next day was Mother's Day, and Nickolaj gifted the pretty pebble to his mother.

"That's the second best gift I've ever gotten," she said.

Nickolaj felt downhearted. "Second best?"

"Yes. The best gift I ever got was you as my son."

Nickolaj beamed and hugged his mother with all his might.

"Oh my," she said at the shock of the tight hug. "Be careful with your strength, Nickolaj. I almost dropped my gift." Nickolaj released his mother and she placed the pretty pebble on the fireplace mantel. "Now our little house is decorated like a palace."

The next day, Nickolaj searched the mud flats for another piece of glistening gravel. He found none. Day after day he searched but only ever found bits of shell, worms, and seaweed. Yet as the weeks passed, the story of the pretty pebble spread throughout the village. Friends and neighbors came to see the gifted stone and express their delight in its beauty. Others searched the shore for equally pretty rocks, but no one could find any. This made Nickolaj even more happy. It meant the one pretty pebble he had found was as special as his mother.

A month later, while Nickolaj was sitting on the beach, he watched a ship dock and a lithe, boney man disembark. The stranger was well over six feet tall with white hair that slithered to his shoulders. His face was filled with lines and stubble, making it hard to distinguish any facial features at all. Others noticed the visitor, too, for Nickolaj heard much fuss and gossip from local townsfolk as the man made his way to Ribe's main street.

"Have you ever seen such a finely tailored coat?"

"I snuck a feel when he passed by, I never felt wool so soft."

"He tipped his hat to me."

"He smiled at me and said 'good day' with an accent I've never heard before."

"Do you think that's real gold on the tip of his cane?"

The town was buzzing with excitement. Everyone was aflutter. Everyone, that is, except for Nickolaj.

Nickolaj had seen many ships dock. He'd seen many sailors come and go. Why did this man's clothes make him so special? Why did this man cause such a ruckus in the hearts of the townsfolk? It was as if the stranger had cast a spell over the whole town the second the tip of his boot first scratched the dock. Nickolaj continued to wonder about the peculiar visitor and his curious effect on the town well past sundown.

When Nickolaj returned home, he was aghast to find the stranger in his very own house. Even worse, the man was holding his mother's pretty pebble in his skeletal fingers, twisting it this way and that against the flame of the fireplace.

"Put that down," Nickolaj yelled, slamming the door behind him.

"Nickolaj," said his mother. "Mind your manners."

The stranger cackled. "Don't admonish the boy. He's right to be protective of something he believes to have value."

"What do you mean believes to have value?" asked Nickolaj.

"Dear boy, this may be one-of-a-kind here in your quaint town, but in my city these pebbles are called steklo and are as common as grains of sand. Don't get me wrong, they are valuable. We are all quite rich because our pockets are full of them. But common nonetheless."

"You're lying."

"Nickolaj!" said his mother. "Watch what you say to Mr. Lozh."

"I will not! That man is lying."

Mr. Lozh put his hand on Nickolaj's shoulder. Nickolaj tried to step away, but the man pinched his fingers,

preventing Nickolaj from escaping the boney grasp. "I hear you were the one who found this steklo. Is that true?"

Nickolaj didn't respond.

"An adult has asked you a question," said his mother. "Answer him."

Nickolaj glared at Mr. Lozh. "Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Lozh ever so slightly relaxed his grip. "And where did you find it?"

"In the hills."

"Now who's lying?" he asked with a sheepish grin. "Everyone in my country knows that steklo are found in mud flats."

Having been caught fibbing, Nickolaj blushed.

"And you found no others?"

Nickolaj dropped his head, "No."

Mr. Lozh handed the pebble to Nickolaj. "Here is your steklo. I don't need it. And I can see from your very little house that you most certainly do."

Nickolaj grabbed at the pebble, but Mr. Lozh quickly closed his hand. "You'll need to be faster than that, dear boy, to earn your silly rock back."

Nickolaj tried uncurling the man's cold, clenched fingers.

"And stronger, too," he sneered. Mr. Lozh gently placed the steklo back on the fireplace mantel. "With your permission, Ma'am, may I call on you again tomorrow and prove that steklos are as common as sand in my country?"

Nickolaj's mother nodded.

With one stride, Mr. Lozh was at the door. He opened it. Turning his back to the outside, he stepped backwards out of the house, giving a small bow to Nickolaj's mother as he did. Nickolaj ran to the door and slammed it.

"Nickolaj, that was awfully rude of you to shut the door on Mr. Lozh as he was exiting with such a gentlemanly flair."

"He wasn't bowing in respect to you, Mother. He was ducking beneath our short door frame."

"You have talked back for the last time, Nickolaj. Go to your room. No dinner for you tonight. And you will stay in your room all day tomorrow."

Nickolaj stood in disbelief. His mother had never had reason to punish him before.

His mother turned away from Nickolaj. "To your room." And as Nickolaj closed the door to his room, he ever so faintly heard his mother's cracked voice whisper, "I've never been so humiliated in all my life."

Nickolaj didn't get much sleep that night. He felt horrible that he'd embarrassed his mother, but he was certain something wasn't quite right with Mr. Lozh.

///

The next morning Nickolaj's mother didn't sit with him at breakfast or speak to him while he ate. Nickolaj washed his dish, hoping that his mother would soften, but she remained steadfast in her silence. When he opened the front door to spend the day outside like he always did, she voiced her objection.

"Not today. Go to your room."

"But Mother, I'm sorry."

"You should be. Now don't make yourself any sorrier. You will spend the day in your room thinking of how you will apologize to Mr. Lozh when he returns tonight."

Nickolaj opened his mouth to speak, but thought better

of it. He closed the front door and went to his room. Nickolaj spent the day in his room wishing he could feel the sun and wind on his face. He looked out his small window, seeing only the brick of the house next door. Using his finger, he traced the outline of a grape leaf against the glass. He added a thistle in another corner, a ship in another, and a swan in the fourth. By the end of the day, his mind's eye saw a wondrous scene instead of a cloudy piece of glass.

When Mr. Lozh returned that evening, Nickolaj was summoned from his room. "Is there something you'd like to say to Mr. Lozh?"

Nickolaj stared at the wiry man. He noticed Mr. Lozh was wearing the same suit as the day before, which struck Nickolaj as odd. Wearing clothes multiple days in a row was common in Ribe because no one had much. But didn't Mr. Lozh say everyone in his city was rich? If they were rich, wouldn't they change into fresh, clean clothes each day? Nickolaj subtly examined Mr. Lozh's suit more closely. The second button on his vest was missing. There was a hole in his left coat pocket. The hem of his pants were tattered and his shoes scuffed. Even the gold tip of his cane had a slight patina.

"Nickolaj," said his mother. "Is there something you'd like to say to Mr. Lozh?"

Nickolaj looked up, stared as directly into the man's eyes as best he could considering their height difference, and chose his words carefully. "Everyone deserves respect. I should have been more polite to you yesterday."

Mr. Lozh smirked. "You're a clever boy." Then he reached into his pocket. "I promised you proof. Here it is." Slowly, he brought out his hand, uncoiled his fist, and presented Nickolaj with three little pebbles just as shiny as his mother's. While Nickolaj looked at them in disbelief, Mr. Lozh took the one off the mantel and added it to the three in his hand. "You see? As common as a grain of sand."

Nickolaj tried to get a closer look, but Mr. Lozh closed his hand and secured all the pebbles into his pocket.

Mr. Lozh turned to face Nickolaj's mother. "So, as I was telling you yesterday, with your town's permission, I can bring my crew in to dig in the mud flats to find more of these gems. The town will get to keep some and my company will keep some. Everyone will be rich. I hope you'll convince your neighbors that this is a good deal."

"It's a lovely idea," said Nickolaj's mother.

But something still didn't feel right to Nickolaj. Mr. Lohz's promises seemed too good to be true. He knew that if he could just get a closer look at all the pebbles and compare them, he could figure it out. But how could he get the stones away from Mr. Lohz?

Suddenly, Nickolaj had an idea. It would require him to lie, but wasn't one little lie worth saving his town?

"I think it's a great idea."

Mr. Lozh snapped his head toward Nickolaj. "You do?" Nickolaj's mother echoed the question.

"Absolutely," said Nickolaj. And without another moment's hesitation, he gave Mr. Lozh as tight and as long a hug as he could muster. Eventually, he released his grip on Mr. Lozh and carefully walked backward toward his room with his hands behind his back. "Boy, am I tired. I think I'll go to bed now. If you come back tomorrow, sir, I will show you exactly where I found my steklo. That way you can tell your crew the best place to start digging. I bet they'll find hundreds, even thousands more!" Nickolaj tried hard to hide his face in the shadows so no one would see him flush, catching him in his lie. His chest tightened and he found it hard to breathe while he waited for Mr. Lozh's response.

"Until tomorrow," said Mr. Lozh with a tip of his hat and a stride out the door.

In the safety of his room, Nickolaj opened his hand, revealing all four steklos. Nickolaj thought of his luck when he had noticed that Mr. Lohz had placed the steklos in his left pocket, the one with the hole, and his fortune at being able to finger them out through the hole during the hug. Nickolaj spent the rest of the night trying to determine which steklo was his

mother's. As the sun's first rays gleamed through his window, Nickolaj was no closer to knowing which was his mother's pretty pebble than he had been the night before. His stomach churned. Most likely, Mr. Lozh had discovered the stones were missing by now. And as much as he hoped Mr. Lozh would assume they had fallen out of his pocket hole, Nickolaj knew the crafty fraudster would have deduced that Nickolaj, for the first time in his life, had been a liar and a thief. Worse, Nickolaj knew it wouldn't be long before Mr. Lozh would return.

Nickolaj's heart beat faster. One by one, he held the stones to the morning light shining through his window. There was nothing that he could see that helped him distinguish them from each other.

Nickolaj heard a knock at the front door. Instinctively, he knew it had to be Mr. Lozh. In a last ditch attempt to discern which stone was which, Nickolaj put one of the pebbles against his window pane and used it to outline a grape leaf. Nothing happened. He heard his mother's footsteps. He put the second pebble to the window and drew a thistle. Still nothing. He heard the creak of the front door open. With the third pebble, he drew a ship. Again, the pebble didn't affect the glass.

"Nickolaj," called his mother, "Mr. Lohz is here."

With the fourth, he drew a swan. This time the pebble etched into the glass. He didn't have to imagine the bird, he could clearly see it. This was the different one! Quickly, he used it to chip out a piece of window glass that was similar in size and shape to the other steklo. He hid his mother's pebble under his pillow and held the fake four in his hand.

Nickolaj took a deep breath, opened his door, and immediately ran to Mr. Lohz, nearly knocking him over with his force. Nickolaj hugged Mr. Lohz. "I've been up all night thinking about you and your offer to make our town rich," said Nickolaj, proud that he managed to speak without lying again.

Mr. Lohz pushed Nickolaj away. "Where are my steklos?"

"Aren't they in your pocket?"

"You know damn well they aren't, you little thief."

"But I saw you put them in your pocket last night."

Mr. Lohz turned his coat pockets inside out. "See? Nothing. Where are they? What did you do with them?"

"I don't mean to cause you embarrassment, sir, but have you noticed the hole in your left pocket? Perhaps they fell through into the lining of your coat."

Mr. Lohz fingered his left coat pocket and his expression transformed from anger to surprise. Nimbly, each pebble found its way out of the coat's lining and into his hand. Mr. Lohz coughed. "It seems I was hasty, my dear boy, and an apology is in order. Now then, shall we go to the mud flats so you can show me where to find more?"

Nickolaj led Mr. Lohz to a far end of Vadehavet, well beyond where he had found his original pebble. While Mr. Lohz sat on a nearby jetty boulder, Nickolaj dug, grateful that he never found a second shiny pebble. For the next week, whenever the tide was out, Nickolaj happily dug by the sea while Mr. Lohz watched, getting more and more bored. On the seventh day, Mr. Lohz had had enough. As the townspeople begged and pleaded for him to give it one more day, he brushed them off, boarded a ship, and never returned.

That night at dinner, Nickolaj felt a calm he hadn't felt in over a week, but he noticed his mother was sad. "What's wrong, Mother?"

"Oh," she sighed, looking toward the mantel. "Even though the pebble you gave me didn't turn out to be valuable for our town, it was priceless to me because it was a gift from you. And it certainly made our house pretty. I wish Mr. Lohz had remembered to give it back."

Nickolaj opened his mouth, ready to explain everything, especially that he still had her pretty pebble. But then, he thought telling her might make her upset with his deceptions and cause her greater pain. So, he took a bite of food instead and vowed to find a way to tell his mother the truth without causing her more grief.

Nickolaj woke the next morning to his mother's shriek. He ran into the living room to see her curiously staring at her front window. Etched into it was the image of a woman, entwined with morning glory, welcoming the dawn. "It's indescribably beautiful," she said, tracing her fingers along each delicate line.

"Do you really like it?" asked Nickolaj.

"I do. But how did it get here?"

"I drew it."

"You drew it? Into the glass? But how?"

Nickolaj reached into his pocket and pulled out his mother's pretty pebble. Then he revealed every detail of what he'd done during Mr. Lohz's stay in Ribe. "You see, Mother, this is actually a diamond, the hardest substance on Earth. It's so hard that it can cut glass." He led her into his bedroom where he showed her his window filled with grape leaves, thistles, sailboats, and swans.

From that day on, people came from miles around to see the artist known as Nickolaj of Ribe, who used a diamond to draw in glass. And in doing so, the honest Nickolaj did what the deceptive Mr. Lohz could not: he made everyone in town rich.

RICHARD ABARNO

My name is Richard Abarno, and I am a sculptor.

From a very young age, I have been working with my hands—drawing, making Christmas ornaments, toy cars, toy guns, painting my bike—things of that nature. Yet despite my leanings toward art, I did not think of being an artist. The prevailing thought at that time was if you become an artist, you will starve. Thus, after high school, I worked in my father's toy store. I then trained and worked as a draftsman, which, despite being quite boring, at least allowed me to draw images on paper. Working as a draftsman also got me thinking about going to art school despite the warnings of a life of starvation. However, my plans were changed with a notice from the draft board that read: Welcome to the U.S. Army.

After being honorably discharged, I decided to finally go to art school and attended Parsons School of Design. This decision was a pivotal moment in my art journey, as it was my first training and exposure to the art world. Parsons showed me that there is a whole world dedicated to creation. After I graduated, I worked in graphic design and made exhibit designs for a multitude of trade shows. From there, I worked at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in the designing department. But between my graphic design and my freelance work, I felt the need for a new adventure, and so I turned to photography. Working in advertising and corporate photography allowed me to travel quite a bit, as I photographed everything from bank presidents and annual reports to factories and



"My primary philosophy is that art should be positive, joyful, and make people smile"

- *Richard*

companies across America.

In 1990 my wife and I moved to Durango, Colorado, where I continued doing photography and restarted my illustration. Seeking a new direction with my art, I was inspired to start a rubber stamp company after reading the magazine *Rubber Stamp Madness*. The magazine advertised and spotlighted companies who were making art through their rubber stamps. I saw this as a unique opportunity to take my previous pen-and-ink drawings and turn them into something new. After compiling a bunch of my drawings and creating a catalogue, I officially started my rubber stamp company—F.C. Bumpers & Company. Once I ran an ad in *Rubber Stamp Madness*, the orders came pouring in. I ran F.C. Bumpers for about three years until I was bought out by a larger stamp company. I continued to do my drawings for them, now free from the problems of manufacturing, billing, and shipping.

About seven years later, my wife and I moved back to Rhode Island and I eased out of photography, which I had continued throughout my rubber stamp adventure. After forty years, I felt that it was time to move on. I have no idea why I then decided to experiment with sculpture. Perhaps it was the influence from my dad's toy store or a desire to turn my previous illustrations three-dimensional. I dove into the world of sculpture with no real training, and my first piece was a woman with a fish on a leash. It sold quickly, which was very encouraging.



"Belvajeau"
Richard Abarno
Available on the Ohanga Market



"Walking the Fish"
Richard Abarno
Available on the Ohanga Market

As I taught myself how to create my pieces and perfect my unique style, I found myself inspired by other artists—Elie Nadelman, Niki de Saint Phalle, Henri Rousseau, and even artists without formal art training who just create. They are called "outside artists." Thorton Dial, a recognized outside artist, once said, "Art ain't about paint. It ain't about canvas. It's about ideas."

I find that quote to be at the heart of what I do. When I make my sculptures, I always start with lots of sketches. Even if I do not yet have a clear idea of what I am creating, I doodle and sketch until I come up with my idea. From these sketches, I start assembling the different pieces of my sculpture. I do most of my woodworking and cutting in my basement where I keep most of my tools—like power drills and saws. After the cutting, I bring those pieces upstairs into my studio where I connect them together and start painting the finished sculpture. After assembling and applying the finishing touches, I photograph my work. Most of my pieces are made from paper, clay, papier-mâché, wire, wood, or a combination of any of the above. The process can be incredibly time consuming, yet it is necessary in order to perfect all of the details.

I explore a variety of themes in my sculptures and tend to group four or five motifs together into one coherent theme. A lot of my work is centered around animals—fish and birds in particular. My style is very light, whimsical, and happy. I do not try to recreate a particular fish or bird; I try to create a fun and sometimes absurd spin on an animal. One of my pieces titled "Which Came First" is of a chicken sitting on an egg beater, almost like it is riding a bicycle. I really enjoy this playful style. In addition to my whimsical animals, I also sculpt people, which are sometimes made out of wood rather than clay, and are articulated. In a way, they have a folk-art feel. I enjoy fluctuating between these two different styles and constantly exploring different ways to create.

Part of the reason why my style is so fantastical is that I aim to make myself and others happy. My primary philosophy is that art should be positive, joyful, and make people smile. There is something powerful and rewarding in creating simply for the happiness of others. My aim is that with every new unique creation of mine, my customers are able to laugh and simply have fun.

Thank you,
Richard Abarno



"Which Came First"
Richard Abarno



"Artvark"
Richard Abarno
Available on the Ohanga Market

LIFE'S A BAY

BY ERICA MACRI, ASSISTANT EDITOR

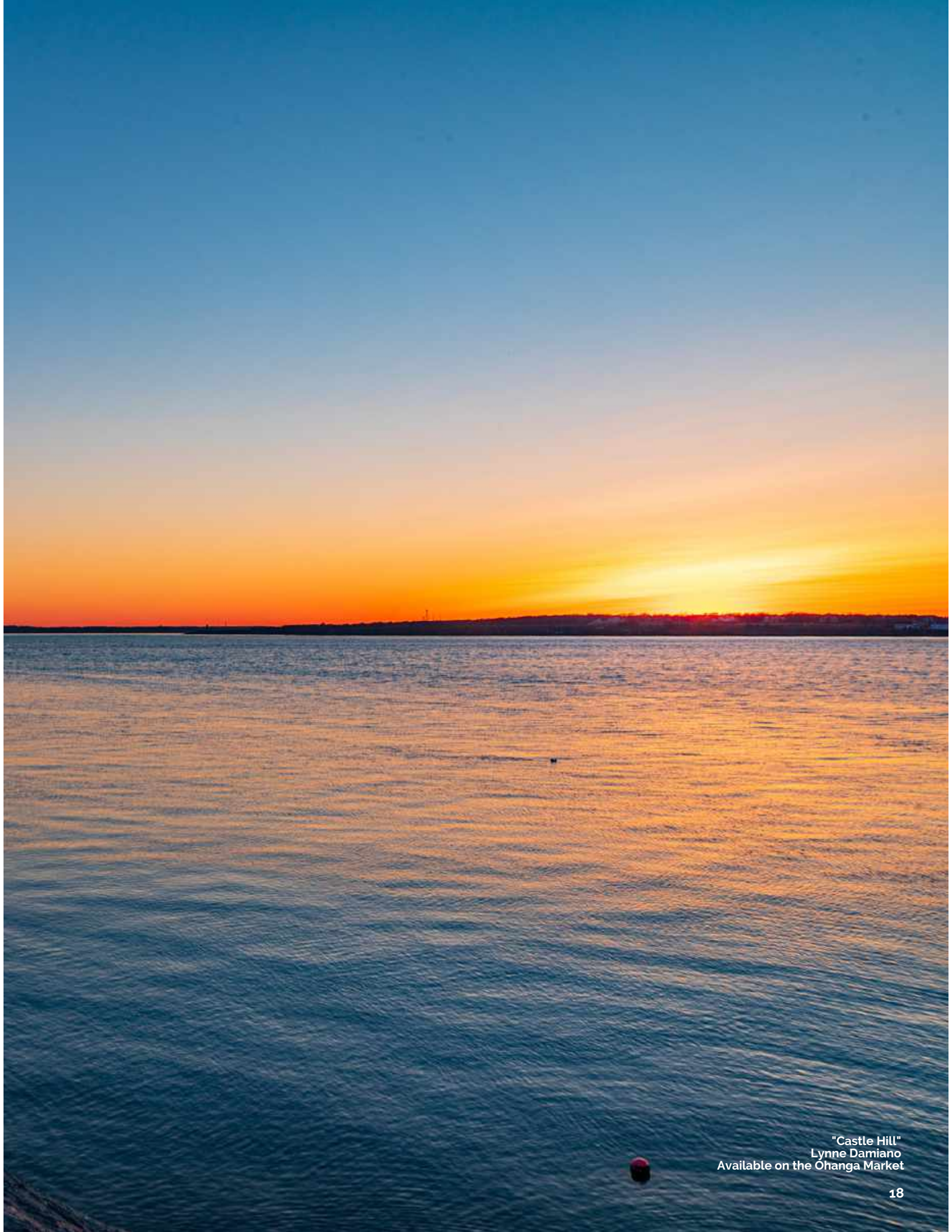
He tells you they eat each other,
your tour guide with the floppy hat. He's wading out
to prove that every step here makes you
a murderer; but it's alright
for him because he's their great arbitrator
and because the microorganisms eat each other, after all.

What's a little weight, you wonder—can the creatures
under distinguish soles? There is
your body, a clumsy, preteen
destroyer of worlds, and there are the tidal sanctuaries
in the mud of a universe finished expanding.

And now when you sit to try and write
the murky ghosts of the diatoms and the dinoflagellates
cling to your thoughts
in the shape of all you have done
and all you keep doing.

READ MORE FROM ERICA AT WWW.ERICAMACRI.COM





"Castle Hill"
Lynne Damiano
Available on the Ohanga Market

The Poetic and Practical Art of Pickling

BY AYA BURTON

Encurtidos are made and consumed in many Latin American countries. This version uses a variety of vegetables preserved in white vinegar.*



Recently, there has been a resurgence of interest surrounding the art of pickling and food preservation. Yet, at the same time that pickling is a high-velocity trend among foodies, it is also a natural, millennia-old practice. Refrigeration, after all, was invented only a little over a century ago, in 1913. Prior to that, essentially all food was local, and nothing was wasted. Pickling nowadays, however, can look quite different than it did in years past. The jars that you see lining supermarket shelves often contain chemicals to preserve the food sealed inside, and traditional, intensive pickling processes have been replaced by time-saving preservatives. Time, however, is an irreplaceable ingredient in homemade pickling recipes. The days, weeks, or even months that pass while waiting for a jar of fruits or vegetables to ferment are integral to the process and the art.

I refer to pickling, or preservation, as an art because of the commitment, innovation, and individuality that can go into each batch. Homemade preserves are special in that they capture the essence of the home cook who made them, varying based on the individual's tolerance for spice or preference for particular flavors. Homemade pickles are also an inherently nostalgic food—perhaps even an emotional food, given their ability to restore memories of summer, picnic spreads, and possibly secret family recipes. With the twist of a cap, you can have summer sealed, labeled, and salvaged, even as the

air cools and winter moves in. Beyond their poetic nature, however, pickled preserves are a practical food with a history of preventing hunger through colder months and providing a reliable source of sustenance in arid regions where fresh produce can be scarce.

On the most basic level, pickles are created by immersing fresh fruits or vegetables in a salty brine or acidic solution until they are no longer raw or vulnerable to rotting. In the past year, many folks have started stocking their shelves with rows of homemade preserved goods. This renewed interest in pickled foods can be partly attributed to the items' resistance to spoilage, meaning they do not expire on the shelves of a pantry or supermarket. This preserves not only the food itself, but also the money that would be wasted by their decay. In some ways, pickling and food preservation simply have to do with being a good capitalist.

Looking back in history, one can observe periods when values like thrift and sustainability especially governed people's habits, including their diets. In the twentieth century, during World Wars I and II, victory gardens emerged in private backyards and residences as an initiative to prevent food waste. An ethos spread across the United States that to grow and preserve one's own food made one a contributory and patriotic citizen. Victory gardens supplemented people's rations, and

families often preserved the fresh produce grown in their private plots, resulting in the slogan, "Grow your own, can your own."

In examining Americans' food purchasing patterns during the COVID-19 pandemic, similar trends can be traced. This pattern indicates an increased reliance on canned and preserved foods. Much of the general public could be seen flocking to supermarkets to stock up on shelf-stable products—it was not exclusively "doomsday preppers" gearing up for the "worst of the worst." Grocery store aisles emptied of products and people feared for their food supply. The collapse of our food system during COVID-19 clearly revealed its inherently flawed and dysfunctional state. Lisa Raiola, President and Founder of Rhode Island's premier culinary incubator Hope & Main, explains: "The U.S. spends less money per capita on food than anywhere else. This is because the government subsidizes cheap products like corn, soy, and rice that have completely saturated the market and the foods we consume." To mitigate the risk of future food shortages or scarcity, we need a diversification of the food system at the local level. This means investing in local food systems without long supply chains.

A local food system is a just, sustainable, and healthy one. More and more, we are seeing health-conscious consumers seeking less processed foods. Beyond produce, they want pickled goods that are clean products, unriddled with the preservatives so often used to extend shelf life. "If you don't support local, it's not going to stick around," Raiola says. "It'll be eaten up by bigger companies with bigger resources." Spending



Umeboshi are Japanese pickled plums, typically served as a side dish for rice or eaten on top of rice balls.



Kimchi, a traditional Korean side dish made of salted and fermented vegetables, typically cabbage.



Achar, a South Asian pickled food, alongside several different spices.

money on local food is vital to the maintenance of a vibrant local economy and community. It also ensures that you are purchasing real food—free of fillers and preservatives—and helps provide a living wage to an actual person.

Beyond the U.S., almost every culture in the world has developed its own form of the pickle using local staples. In several countries, pickled foods have always been central to cooking. Many people may be familiar with kimchi, a standard in Korean cuisine. It is a side dish made traditionally from fermented, salted, and seasoned napa cabbage. The fermentation process and the hot chili pepper gochugaru give kimchi its signature spicy, sour flavor. Since it is naturally fermented, kimchi is full of healthy bacteria, or probiotics, that boost immunity and aid digestion. These days, kimchi is most typically fermented in the refrigerator, and the longer it ages, the more pungent it becomes. Locally-made kimchi usually tastes more authentic and is free of the nitrates and other preservatives that non-refrigerated versions sometimes use.

Achar, a South-Asian pickle native to the Indian subcontinent, is made from a range of vegetables, fruits, and meats preserved in brine or mustard oil. A condiment staple, achar can be used to spice up any meal. The produce most commonly used to create achar includes regional green mangoes, lemons, limes, ginger, and eggplants, with the constants usually being chili pepper and fenugreek seeds. Homemade achar is prepared in the summer and matured by sunlight exposure for up to two weeks. Since it is time-intensive to make at home, and store-bought jars are often loaded with salt and preservatives, local, small-batch versions of achar tend to be the preferable option. Prepared the way that it should be—

fresh in someone's kitchen, rather than mass-produced in a facility—bottled achar tastes fiery and complex, serving as the perfect savory complement to rice, stews, paratha, or any dish that needs a bit of brightening.

Encurtidos is too broad a term to translate to a single English equivalent, but is essentially the Spanish word for "pickles" or "relish." Similar to how Korean kimchi can involve a wide variety of vegetables, encurtidos take on many variations and are made in several Latin American countries. Most recipes use vinegar or citrus juice as the pickling agent, along with onion and oregano which lend an acidic, herbal flavor. Frequently pickled vegetables include red onion, cabbage, carrot, cauliflower, and jalapeños. Though typically used as a garnish for dishes like tamales or tacos or to cut through fatty meats like barbacoa and carnitas, encurtidos can also be enjoyed on their own as a snack. Homes and restaurants often have large, colorful jars of homemade encurtidos sitting on the tables.

There is something special about a food item prepared differently all across the globe, and that varies even between local regions and cooks' personal preferences and executions. What remains constant is each jar's power to remind its consumer of home, summer, or a family member's unwritten recipe—the drama, nostalgia, and innovation unique to the time-tested pickle. Homemade versions create a one-of-a-kind eating experience, with their bright bursts of color artfully seasoning any meal. Cleansing the palate and clearing the mind with each tangy bite of acidity, pickled goods remain a hot food commodity even centuries after taking to the culinary stage.

Pickled fruits and vegetables on display.



My name is Kate Hummel Callahan, and I am a beekeeper.

If you look up the word "keep" in the dictionary, you will see that even though the word has come to mean "retain," its earliest meaning may have been closer to "lay hold, with attention; to keep an eye on, to watch." We keep by looking, watching, and becoming more attuned to other creatures and the natural world—this is why bees became a distraction for me and a passion of mine.

Until a few years ago, I did not know where I belonged in the art world; I worked as a nurse and an EMT by day and found shelter with my bees at night. Because of my background in science, I liked to play with creating things—new things. Whenever I was in the kitchen with my bees, my husband would ask, "What science experiment are we doing now?" Of course, I would harvest honey, but I knew that I could do so much more. I started making lip balm for my family and friends, and they all loved my products. For years, people told me that I should sell my creations. Though I was doubtful at first, I eventually thought, "Why not?" I decided to open a business, only planning to make three different products. However, this plan did not last—there was so much more to make!

My business, Yucky Rivah Bee Fahm, is named after a vernal pool that was in my family's home in North Smithfield, Rhode Island. If the Yucky Rivah could raise three kids, care for three dogs, and serve as a water source for more than 50,000 bees, I figured it could also be the name of my business. The Yucky Rivah Bee Fahm has allowed me to combine my passions for medicine and creativity by using natural, locally-sourced ingredients to create healing products such as bath and body items.



KATE CALLAHAN

"I put a piece of my soul in all my products"

- *Kate*



Beekeeping is an art; science alone will not guarantee a successful beekeeper. Like any type of farming requires, beekeepers must take chances with the weather, seasons, and pestilence. When you become a beekeeper, you become accountable for another creature—many of them, really. You are responsible for ensuring that the bees are healthy and safe from predators and disease. In beekeeping, experience, anticipation, and a deep understanding of various external factors prove just as important as knowledge of bee science and agriculture. The art of successfully caring for bees comes from understanding this balance and applying what you know to each hive.

The good thing is, there is no guessing game with bees. If they are happy, you will know; if they are upset, you will know that, too. They are fantastic communicators; bees perform a dance known as "the waggle dance"—a series of precise movements used to share the location of a particular food source, even over distances of several miles. Bees follow each other's movements with the tips of their antennae; meanwhile, the angle of their bodies represents the direction of the pollen or nectar source in relation to the sun, and the duration of their dance indicates the distance other bees must travel to reach the source. They are incredibly smart!

Beekeeping gives me a way to keep my hands and mind busy. While my bees stay outside, everything else

remains in my kitchen. Interestingly, I am allergic to bees, so I wear a big, heavy suit that protects me from head to toe. One of my favorite aspects of beekeeping is educating people about the creatures. Most people do not know that honey is the only good produced by insects for human consumption—and, unlike most food products, honey never goes bad. I also love interacting with my customers. Since I am constantly coming up with new products, I cherish discovering what works and what does not. Even if you like your products, it does not mean that everyone else in the market will like them, too. Nonetheless, you always have to pour a little bit of yourself into what you do.

I am driven by an eagerness to celebrate the Earth and the natural products it provides. Beekeeping has become a responsibility to my bees and the environment. Sometimes I feel that my bees need me; I have a duty to feed them, protect them from mites, and aid them through the winters. But, just like they need us, we need them, too. Bees keep our environment healthy and functioning. I am very grateful to our planet, and I try to stay in touch with the natural things that sit at our fingertips. I always say there should be more farm-acies and fewer pharmacies. A lot of the stuff we need is in our yards—we just need to learn how to use it.

Bee grateful, Bee kind, and enjoy the day,
Kate Callahan & The Bees



An elderly farmer tunes into crystal radio, captured in 1922.



Indie alternative icon Sufjan Stevens performs at the Pabst Theater in Milwaukee.

New Music:

A Vehicle for Inward and Outward Exploration

BY NICK JOHNSON

The summer season is often looked forward to as a time to reboot. After an arduous year of school, work, and other responsibilities, the inviting warmth and vibrance of the summer months offer a reprieve from stress and obligation. For many, the approach of summer means taking a long-awaited annual vacation, a sacred time when one is physically distanced from his or her home and can leave all worries behind—it serves as a brief period of unapologetic, uninterrupted serenity.

Although plenty of people look toward summer as an opportunity for respite, these gorgeous mid-year months are also a fruitful time for taking on new adventures. The change in routine that is built into the fabric of the summer months not only allows an opportunity for relaxation, but also for discovering new things about the world, oneself, or both.

One of the greatest encouragements to explore outside one's comfort zone is the discovery of new music—not necessarily meaning music that has recently been released, but rather music that is entirely new to the listener. All music, whether a new release or a favorite tune, evokes emotion. An individual will likely listen to different music when he or she is at work, exercising, on a stroll, and so on. Everyone is sure to have at least a song or two that, when heard, vividly brings to mind a specific memory and point in time.

Music reliably elicits emotion, and this is exactly why discovering new music can catalyze the desire to explore. When a listener stumbles upon the work of an unfamiliar musical artist, there is no telling what thoughts, emotions, or desires the music will evoke. The emotions inspired by the new music might be reminiscent of other, well-loved songs, or an entirely new part of the brain or heart might be touched in a way it never has been before. When such a chord is struck, the listener is presented with



the opportunity to embark on two different types of exploration.

The first type of exploration that discovering new music can provoke is outward exploration, which can be defined as taking on a new, completely foreign venture. This is the kind of music that puts one in an adventurous mood with a spirit to feverishly discover all of life's wondrous destinations and marvels.

A recently released album that possesses the potential to ignite the yearning for outward exploration is "Changing Colours," the fourth full-length studio album from the Australian psychedelic beach rock band, Babe Rainbow. Comprised of four shaggy blond-haired blokes, Babe Rainbow has taken the genre of beach rock—known for being especially softly-toned and easygoing—and made it its own by infusing its music with elements of modern psychedelia to create some of the most mellow music known to man.

When listening to Changing Colours from start to finish, all one has to do is close his or her eyes to feel like he or she has been transported to the warm beaches of Byron Bay, Australia, the coastal town where the sun-bleached Aussies formed their band. The smells of the crisp sea air and the cool New South Wales breeze arrive alongside the sounds of the rolling tide and the bristling stalks of sugarcane—the listener is in paradise. This vivid imagery of the lush natural world is enough to make anyone want to drop everything and travel the world's beaches to absorb such breathtaking oases firsthand.

Not only does the signature psychedelic-beach rock sound of the Australian band evoke the desire to venture out and take in the full beauty of the natural world,

but the lyrical themes of the LP also point to exploration—many of the songs read like whimsical short stories. "California" details the narrator's search for a long-lost friend in the Golden State, "Rainbow Rock" tells the tale of a woman who envisions herself exploring mystical woods the narrator likens to the Garden of Eden, and "New Zealand Spinach" chronicles the wanderings of four intriguing characters as they meander about the island nation. One would be hard-pressed to listen to this blissful project and not feel inspired to seek out new and exciting enterprises.

The second type of exploration new music can inspire is inward exploration, which can be defined as the desire to look deeper within one's mind in order to learn something new about oneself. This is the type of music that sparks long periods of self-reflection, meditation, soul-searching, and contemplation.

A recently-released album that could spark such inward exploration is "Long Lost," the fourth LP from Michigan-based indie folk-rock band, Lord Huron. The album's title itself is indicative of exploration, as it implies the narrator of the songs to be lost and looking for a way back home. However, when one listens, it is clear that the narrator is not lost directionally, but emotionally.

Inward exploration is abundantly present in "Love Me Like You Used To," as the song's first verse croons, "I've been lost before and I'm lost again, I guess // But I never lost this feeling or this pounding in my chest." The narrator is looking for emotional direction, and his feelings for his former love interest serve as his only compass—proven by the following phrase, "I have traveled many miles, I don't want to walk no more // Every road and every highway led me right back to your

door." He has embarked on a journey of inward exploration but has tragically found himself arriving at trodden ground.

"Twenty Long Years" sees the narrator dive into his memories to reminisce about fonder times, and in "Mine Forever" he concocts an imaginary scenario and repeats the tragic chorus, "In my mind, you're mine forever." The group's folksy style of storytelling combines with the album's narrative of looking within oneself to cope with heartbreak; it stretches out a melancholy hand to listeners, inviting them to join the narrator in his somber contemplation.

In conversation with Ryan Meehan, the lead singer, songwriter, and guitarist of Rhode Island-based alternative rock band, Silver Dahli, the conversation about how music inspires exploration is given further insight. Throughout Meehan's twenty years with the band, he has found that performing has provided him the chance to "find who I am, expressing something that I normally would not [...]. When I go on stage, I can explore a different persona, a different part of me."

He has experienced firsthand how music can act as a vehicle for exploration, citing how, "I kind of let the music just fill me, and take me where it wants to go." Meehan further elaborates on why no two of his band's performances are the same—each show provides a unique opportunity to explore connections with the audience, his bandmates, and the music. "Saying I wrote this song about 'this' is irrelevant," he contends, "because anybody that listens to a song is going to put [his or her] own take on it, relating to it however [he or she] would like. You never know what people are going to latch onto."

When anyone partakes in a fresh musical experience, they are presented with the opportunity to explore. Many forms of art can have such a result on its audience, but music unfailingly accomplishes this—especially during that first listen. May this vibrant summer season be a time that invigorates listeners across the world to dig deep through their streaming services, old CDs, or parents' dusty record collections so that they may zealously explore both outwardly and inwardly and reach levels of connection they never have before.



Lord Huron's latest LP, *Long Lost*, released by Whispering Pines Studios.

Few Certainties and a Leather Purse

BY MARGHERITA BASSI, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

There are, I'm sure, few certainties in this world—but eight months, three weeks, and four days ago I was equally sure that at least two of these certainties must be as follows:

1. That any French man or woman, insolong as they remain strangers in regards to their relationship to you, will fulfill the cultural stereotype of acting like an asswipe to anyone born beyond the circumference of the Boulevard Périphérique.
2. That my purse—an old-looking, sack-shaped leather bag, with a round hand-sanitizer stain on the bottom, and whose worn appearance makes its purple color appear brown to individuals with poor eyesight—would never, under any circumstance, leave the radius extended by my arms (unless it was being carried by some gracious boyfriend or other).

This last point was additionally legitimized by family legacy. My mother, who moved away from her parents in small town Modena, Italy, thirty years ago to follow my father to the frigid coast of Boston, Massachusetts, habitually transferred a small suitcase, my brother, myself, and the dozens of diaper-bags, snack-containers, medical-kits, changes of clothes, and toy-bags that necessarily come with the hauling of two small children across the Atlantic Ocean ten or eleven times a year. And she did it like a pro; the only time anything did not arrive at its final destination in a timely manner was because the airline company (Air France, we're not surprised) sent our checked-in luggage to the wrong country.

Given this matriarchal example, it was expected of me to travel in much of the same fashion—especially in the spring of 2019, when instead of flying back to Boston after spending Christmas with our relations in Italy, I hopped on a short (Air France) flight to Paris, where I'd be spending my semester abroad.

My semester went just about as you'd imagine: minimal (but intense) bursts of academic work, sandwiched between weekend trips to the four corners of Europe. The four corners of Europe are not all that far from each other; the traveling went relatively smoothly; and the only significant bump in the road from January to April was when my overpriced marbled S'well bottle spilled into the old-looking, sack-shaped leather bag that had accompanied my every trip. This, however, didn't hinder it from, as soon as it had properly dried, magically expanding to fit just about anything I wanted on my person at any given moment in time. It was, all things considered, an excellent purse.

Thus it is on a bright May afternoon that we find me in the northern French district of Normandy, about to board a train back to Paris. My boyfriend Matthew (the one I occasionally allow to carry my purse) and I had, over the past few months, befriended a French girl named Tatiana who'd overcome the first certainty I listed earlier with surprising agility. Now that the semester was coming to a close, she had invited us to spend our last weekend at her beach house in Trouville. The trip had been a lovely sequence of seafood, beaches, and cheese markets, but I decided to leave earlier than Matthew and Tatiana to spend my last dinner in France with my host family.

The separation was heartbreaking and dramatic. Though Matthew would catch up with me that very night, I wasn't sure when I'd see Tatiana again. They walked me to the train station and we put on quite an emotional show, with hugging and cheek-kissing and never-ending adieu's. The two employees who patiently waited for the heartbreak to end before they were allowed to help me onboard made lighthearted fun of us. I was suspicious of their unguarded friendliness, but was grateful for their extended hand as they lugged my suitcase onboard and I deposited my old bag in the overhead compartment.

I waved to Tatiana and Matthew from the window, and then settled in for the short train ride before a connection in Louviers. The passenger across the aisle, a middle-aged man with a navy suit and thin scarf tossed about his neck despite the warm spring day, made polite eye contact as he took his seat.

I stressed about the eight minutes I'd have to drag my bags off the current train and board the following one, but Tatiana had reassured me that eight minutes was the French version of the rest of the world's ten minutes, the minimum amount of time required to do just about anything. As the train slowed at the platform, however, I was already out of my seat, my suitcase pressed to my knee, waiting impatiently in front of the doors. As soon as they opened, I sped-walked with the same determination and mildly-rude intensity necessary to survive the Parisian metro unscathed. I was on the platform within five minutes, had pulled my phone from my pocket to check the time at six minutes, and could see the arriving train in the distance at the seventh minute. Tragically, it was only in the eighth minute, when the train slowed to a definite stop before me, that I realized my right shoulder, which was accustomed to the varying weight of my old leather purse, was carrying none of that varying weight.

With a gripping terror, I realized that this was because, as you can imagine, my old leather purse was in fact not being supported by my shoulder. I faintly envisioned it still sitting in the overhead compartment above the seat I'd occupied on the first train from Trouville.

The train's doors before me slid open with a gentle rumble. With one hand rather stereotypically splayed across my forehead in distress, I turned to look across the train station to where I'd descended from the first train. Five minutes of brisk Parisian metro walking was roughly equivalent to three minutes of sideways shuffle-running with the handicap of my suitcase dragging behind me. The first train might have already left by the time I'd overcome the crowd of travelers between it and myself, and then I would miss my connecting ride.

"Mademoiselle?" an employee asked impatiently,

standing in the open doors of the second train. I was torn for three more painful seconds, then boarded my connecting train with trembling dread. I made my way to my seat, my panic multiplying exponentially as I listed the contents of the bag that was probably on its way to Bordeaux, if it hadn't been swiped by an asswipe French: wallet, expensive sunglasses gifted to me by the boyfriend on my birthday, passport...

I found my seat and collapsed upon its worn cushions. I had an international flight back to Boston in two days. I began to sweat anxiously, my proficient French falling apart as I texted my host family group chat:

"J'ai fait une grosse erreur..."

Yves, my host father, a military man who applied his military school teachings to his everyday citizen life, called me instantly. I explained the situation haltingly, my anxiety making a fool of the fifteen years I'd studied French. An older man who was seated two rows ahead of me turned in his seat and glared pointedly in my direction. I ignored him and my Italian nature emerged as I began gesticulating with emphasis as I spoke on the phone.

"Trouve l'inspecteur de billets et lui dit d'appeler la gare," Yves commanded. Find the ticket inspector and tell him to call the train station.

"Ok, ok, ok, ok..." I replied incoherently as I pushed myself out of my seat, the phone still pressed to my ear.

"Madame, vous parlez trop fort," the old man admonished me. You're speaking too loud.

"C'est une urgence!" I snapped back. If he'd just lifted his disdained gaze up to my face, the tears streaming down my cheeks and the greenish pallor of someone who was about to vomit her lunch into his lap would be explanation enough. Asswipe.

Matthew, who beyond having the privilege of carrying my purse, is also endowed with a sixth sense to detect my need for a venting outlet, called as I began to travel

the length of the train to find the ticket inspector.

"Eight minutes are not ten minutes!" I cried emphatically as I crossed the sixth train car without any signs of the inspector. The train passed through an underground tunnel and I lost connection. Desperate, I turned around and retraced my steps back to my seat, staring down the old man as Matthew called me again and I resumed my panicked narrative. I could only imagine how I sounded at the end of the fuzzy line with the roar of the train engine and the frequent loss of connection.

"Old stupid man... your sunglasses... expensive flight... the French are all the same!"

I assume Matthew was trying to reassure me when I miraculously came upon the ticket inspector. I ended the call and barred his way, waving my arms as I explained the situation. The man looked at me with wide eyes, holding the ticket scanner in front of his chest like a sort of shield.

At the end of the epic narrative, when, according to the first certainty stated on page one, I was certain the inspector would reply with a curt, "C'est impossible," I realized that our interaction had trapped a passenger behind us.

"Mademoiselle," the passenger interrupted us, "Votre sac, c'était du cuir? Marron?" Your bag, was it leather? Brown?

"Oui!" I burst, suddenly recognizing him as the man with the suit and the unnecessary scarf that had sat across from me on the first train. I didn't think of correcting his interpretation of the purse's color.

The man, who'd been more trusting of the French eight minutes, had seen my purse left behind in the overhead compartment of the train. So trusting, in fact, that he'd had time to deposit the purse in the Louviers lost-and-found before boarding the connecting train.

For a moment I was left speechless not just by his mastery of the French eight minutes but also by the fact that he hadn't swiped the purse for himself. I was almost tempted to kiss him.

This epic narrative, which confirmed that there are in fact even less certainties in this world than I originally thought, proceeded to conclude in the most astonishing of ways.

The fact that I now knew exactly where my purse was (not on a random train to a random city) was unlikely happy news, but unfortunately, I was still on a specific train speeding precisely in the opposite direction.

Matthew, whose direct train to Paris was scheduled for tonight, volunteered to take a train to Louviers that very afternoon in order to pick up my purse and bring it to me that night, but I was quickly informed by my host parents that only the owner of a lost object would likely be able to recuperate said object from a lost-and-found.

Undeterred, Matthew and Tatiana returned to the train station in Trouville. By some miracle, the two train employees that had teased us about our affectionate goodbyes recognized my friend and boyfriend. Tatiana and Matthew explained the situation. Taking pity on us, the train employees called their colleague at the lost-and-found desk in Louviers, informing her that a certain Tatiana and Matthew were coming to pick up a bag for a certain Margherita Bassi, and that even though they were not the owners of the bag, the heartbreaking scene they'd displayed on the platform before parting was enough to convince just about anyone of their legitimate relation.

And thus it was exactly through the goodwill of French strangers that my old-looking, sack-shaped leather bag was returned to the radius of my arms (though I still think the old man from the second train would have kept it for himself).

READ MORE FROM MARGHERITA AT WWW.MARGHERITABASSI.COM

MADISON D'AREZZO

My name is Madison Leigh, and I am an aromatherapist and CBD formulator.

Although I did not discover aromatherapy until after I graduated from high school, I always had an entrepreneurial spirit and was exposed to natural healing at a young age. My mother was a personal trainer and nutrition coach, and she taught me the importance of treating your body with care—and being thoughtful about what you put on and in your body.

This early lesson would later impact my life's passion, though I did not know it at the time. I did well in school and typically juggled multiple jobs at once. At an early age, I was motivated to support myself and become independent as soon as possible. In my free time, I ventured outdoors by hiking, climbing trees, and exploring nature. I also gained an appreciation for the arts through my grandfather, who was a painter and jeweler.

While I was a motivated and hard-working student, I was not entirely sure what my goals were following high school. I did not want to begin college without a better idea of my future plans, so I decided university was not for me. Ultimately, this gave me the opportunity to really consider what I was excited about. I began working for a Maine-based company in the hemp and medical marijuana industry, where I was introduced to the benefits of CBD. I saw the impact that cannabinoids could have on people's lives, and I soon realized that essential oils and CBD could be combined to create powerful solutions.

My journey with aromatics began when my cousin recommended the New York Institute of Aromatic Studies. I started taking classes at the Institute in 2017, first signing up for an online program and becoming a certified aromatherapist. In the program, I learned about an array of essential oils and their chemical compounds,



Josh Edenbaum Photographer

"Knowing that I make people's days brighter through my blends is a gift"

- Madison



along with the endless ways they could be formulated—for both cosmetic and wellness purposes. The course also gave me the opportunity to complete several case studies in which I worked with clients to create blends that addressed their personal needs. Some of the products I created still populate my shelves. After completing this course, I signed up for a second course in New York, where I dove into intensive daily study. During this time, I learned about botanical body care and began blending butters, waxes, and extracts to create plant-based skincare items, bath and body products, and more. I deeply value the knowledge I gained about creating base formulations for products, blending carrier oils, and developing product lines for companies.

In late 2018 I finally kicked off my own company, 42020 Visionaries. I have continued my studies while running my business. Currently, I am taking an online class that focuses on the internal use of essential oils for aromatic medicinal purposes. I am always eager to learn, and I spend my free time listening to podcasts and reading studies about aromatic plants, terpenes, and cannabinoids.

I was trained in aromatherapy when I opened 42020 Visionaries, but I had to learn about the business aspect more intensely and sooner than I anticipated. In order to expand my knowledge, I took classes through the Center for Women Enterprise in Providence, Rhode Island, and through the Small Business Association. I needed to figure out how to create my own labels, develop my website, and market my products to the right audience. I shared my products during the first two years of running 42020 Visionaries by participating in shows and small markets, where I met and spoke with artists, creators, and customers who have remained clients to this day. These shows helped me gain experience in selling my products and confidence in sharing my knowledge. It was not always easy and I was lucky to have my mom by my side throughout my struggles; she assisted in setting up my tents and tables, talked me through a few emotional crises, and, most importantly, fully supported my ideas—as did my whole family.

Up until 2020, I had been creating my blends at home, but I knew that I needed a bigger space to expand my brand. Now, I rent a beautiful spot in Shady Lea Mills,

a small artisan community in North Kingstown, R.I. There, I am able to fulfill orders, meet clients for consultations, bring in speakers for wellness events, and host classes in aromatherapy and yoga. One significant aspect of aromatherapy and cannabinoid formulation is that they are most powerful when combined with other therapies—such as yoga, massage, exercise, and healthy nutrition and lifestyle habits.

While I have been successful in acquiring this new space and reaching various clients, I have faced challenges along the way, specifically in regards to prejudice against CBD products. Some stores do not allow me to sell my CBD products, despite the fact that hemp-based CBD products are legal in the United States as of the 2018 Farm Bill Act. Many credit card processors do not process CBD products, so I have to work through an external processor with higher rates. Some people turn away when they hear the term CBD, potentially because of pre-established ideas or because of past negative experiences associated with low-quality products. With both essential oils and CBD, adulteration is common and quality control is limited. I have worked hard to spread information about this issue and have written blog posts about it on the 42020 Visionaries website.

Despite these challenges, I am determined to continue creating. It is amazing to see the positive effects my CBD and non-CBD blends have on people's lives, both physically and mentally. Whether I am crafting a custom blend for pain relief or sharing an essential oil mask refresher spray that brings smiles to people's faces during a global health crisis, I constantly feel excited about the impact of my work.

In the future, I intend to continue providing a safe space for people to feel comfortable talking about what they need or are looking for in their products and, more generally, in their lives. 42020 Visionaries gives clients the opportunity to play a direct role in creating one-of-a-kind blends that are tailored specifically for them. Knowing that I make people's days brighter through my blends is a gift.

With love,
Madison D'Arezzo

Leon Bakst (1866-1924) was a Russian artist who spent his life studying history, traveling, and exploring other cultures in order to create completely unique and innovative pieces. Paul Poiret (1879-1944) was a French fashion designer who, despite spending the majority of his life in Paris, was known internationally for his revolutionary designs. Bakst and Poiret have more in common than simply existing as great artists of their time; both gathered creative inspiration from their exploration of other cultures and used it to spark cultural revolutions that would forever change and shape what it means for something to be “modern.”

Bakst was born and raised in Russia, but he spent most of his adult life away from his home country, traveling and exploring the world. As a young Jewish artist, Bakst did not feel welcome in Russia, so he left for Paris in the early 1890s to study and pursue his passions.

It was during this time that he met Alexandre Benois (1870-1960) and Serge Diaghilev (1872-1929), who both helped influence his art and inspire the later course of his life. These men were two of the founding members of the Ballet Russes—a traveling Russian ballet company based in Paris—for which Bakst became the head designer in 1909.

Bakst’s opulent, innovative, and extraordinary style revolutionized theatrical design in scenery and costume. It ultimately became one of the cornerstones of the Ballet Russes, especially during their peak between 1909 and 1914.

Before working with the Ballet, Bakst traveled across the world and became inspired by the varying styles and ideals of modern art. In his own designs, he combined his international findings with traditional Russian folk art. The influences from his travels led to substantial “Orientalism”—a term used at the time by Westerners to describe Asian-inspired work, which did not differentiate between the myriads of independent Asian cultures, histories, and traditions—and Egyptian and Middle-Eastern motifs in his works.

Bakst started designing theatrical scenery in the early 1900s, and in 1906, his work was showcased in a traveling exhibit of Russian art organized by Diaghilev.

Poiret, Bakst, and the Ballet Russes:

How Exploration Inspires Evolution

BY FRANCESCA GIANGIULIO



Fancy dress costume,
1911, Paul Poiret,
image courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*



"Théâtre des Champs-Élysées," Paul Poiret, 1913, image courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.



"Opera Coat," Paul Poiret, 1912, image courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

He was part of a generation that yearned to rebel against the stage realism of the nineteenth century, and that ultimately sparked a revolution in theatre design that leaned towards the spectacular. Bakst wanted to embrace the theatricality of performance art and make it a true escape for the audience.

In 1909 Bakst finally settled in Paris, where he started designing scenery and costumes for Diaghilev's new ballet company, the Ballet Russes. Benois later joined the company to design decor and write librettos. The Ballet Russes' first production, "Cleopatre," was a mix of Russian opera and ballet featuring Russian music and dancers, but it was widely acknowledged that the costumes were the highlight of the evening. Bakst's innovative dress focused on "Oriental" styles and themes of excess and sensuality, which appealed to a society that was constantly striving to appear "cultured" no matter how flawed its stereotypes and global perceptions. The success of "Cleopatre" in the media provided the template for the future of the Ballet Russes' productions.

The Ballet Russes raised every aspect of performance—dance, choreography, music, stage, and costume design—to an equally high level of inventiveness and excellence. They integrated traditional dance narratives with modern design, folk art, contemporary music, and new choreographic approaches to create a comprehensive, immersive experience. There was energy in every aspect of the Ballet Russes' shows. The audience members fed off of this energy, letting it permeate into their daily lives and inspiring a more free, extravagant, and sumptuous lifestyle that lasted well through the 1920s. This shift in perception and behavior can be seen in the changing views of the ideal woman, which transitioned from "femme fatale" to "la garçonne" and in the widespread promotion of the luxurious, care-free, hedonistic lifestyle. "The Russes" rejected the formality and mime of classical ballet and aimed to project meaning and emotion into every aspect of their performance. They were known for opulent colors and textures that provided powerful support for sensational stories.

Bakst used colors, lines, and decorations to indicate the moods and personalities of characters; these vibrant shades, patterns, and fabrics energized the ballet's otherworldly and fantastical subject matter. The costumes were richly decorated with various motifs and textures to create interest, much like Poiret's designs.

Paul and Denise Poiret in dress for their thousand and second night party, 1911.*



Illustrations of Poiret's designs by Paul Iribe.*



Bakst was also the first person to introduce loose-fitting and uncorseted designs that gave dancers freedom and full range of movement. This style is mimicked in Poiret's designs, bringing a newfound freedom and vitality off the stage and into women's everyday, public lives.

Bakst achieved international fame through his work at the Ballet, and by comparing his bold, intricate, luxurious designs with those of Poiret, it is clear that he was extremely influential not only on stage, but also in ordinary, day-to-day fashion.

Poiret was one of the first internationally-recognized great designers of history and was viewed as a champion for women's couture. Americans called him the "King of Fashion" and the French referred to him as "Le Magnifique." Although the bulk of his designs emerged in the 1910s, he is credited with shaping and heralding the cutting-edge style of the '20s. Poiret did what no artist before him could: he captured what women desired for their bodies and clothing as society moved into a bright new stage post-World War I.

He was highly inspired by the Ballet Russes, using their popular style of "Orientalism" with intense detail to highlight the romantic and theatrical possibilities of clothing. Poiret's extravagant tendencies expressed themselves through bright colors and enigmatic silhouettes; they were a complete turnaround from the strict structure and arguable dullness of late nineteenth-century fashion.

Poiret's work drew fashion away from heavy tailoring and towards more drape-like garments. He was inspired by Greek chitons, Japanese kimonos, and North African caftans. These influences completely destabilized Western fashion and dethroned Western ideals, which were previously considered the standard for haute couture.

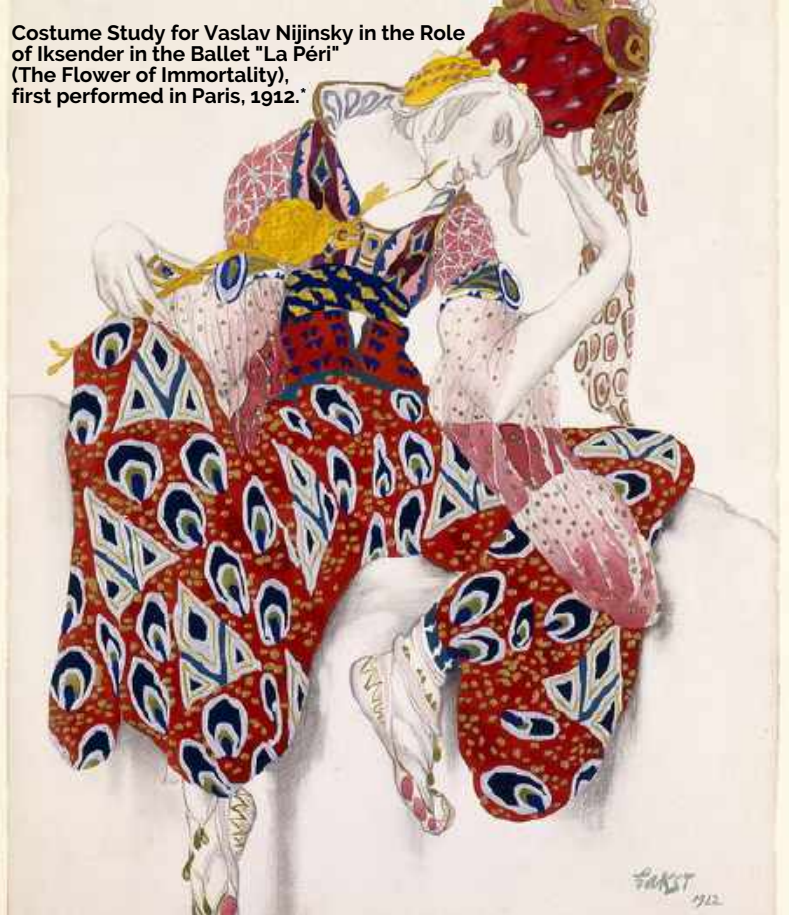
The great success of the Ballet Russes' 1910 production of "Schéhérazade" encouraged Poiret to continue exploring "Orientalism," which is reflected in the vibrant colors, exotic accessorization, and innovative details of his work. Poiret's other inspiration for the style of the modern woman came from his own wife and muse, Denise Poiret. She was slim, youthful, and uncorseted—the perfect prototype of the "la garçonne" style that would dominate the 1920s.

Poiret and his wife were known for their "fancy-dress" parties, which they frequently held at their home in Paris. These events boasted lavish themes, and Poiret used the spectacle and excitement to show off his new fashion designs. The guests were encouraged to partake in avant-garde fashions and lifestyles. Like the Ballet Russes' performances, Poiret's parties provided an escape from the devastated post-WWI reality. The most note-worthy of his social gatherings followed the theme "The Thousand and Second Night," in which the fashions and decorations reflected the mythical and fantastical aspects of East-Asian and African worlds. This party launched a sequence of some of Poiret's most famous

Ballet Russes dancers dressed for 'Schezerade' 1910.'



Costume Study for Vaslav Nijinsky in the Role of Iksender in the Ballet "La Péri" (The Flower of Immortality), first performed in Paris, 1912.'



innovative designs, like harem pants and lampshade tunics. Poiret was also known for hobble skirts, which were another nod to ancient "Orientalism."

Poiret's technical and marketing innovations changed not only costume design in the 1910s, but also the course of modern fashion for the rest of history. The business methods Poiret introduced still largely make up the model for the contemporary fashion industry. He elevated fashion to the status of an artform. His designs were about more than how they made the body look. The clothes were not meant to highlight the wearers; rather, the wearers were meant to highlight the clothes and fascinating designs. Poiret used his stage designs and costumes for actresses as a way to publicize himself and his creative work. He started his own maison de couture in 1901, and by 1911 he had also established a perfume and cosmetics company, along with a decorative arts company. This made him the first designer to make fashion and design a "total lifestyle" experience.

Before Poiret, magazines printed new designs in black and white advertisements. Poiret, however, wanted his fashion to be exciting, interactive, and accessible to all people.

In 1908 he released a book in partnership with artist Paul Iribe, titled "Les Robes de Paul Poiret." The book depicted the vibrant colors of his designs on black and white backgrounds. These backgrounds featured settings which were elegant and chic, yet easily recognizable and familiar to all readers. The book emphasized fashion as its main focal point while still allowing readers to feel like they could see themselves in the pages.

From the start of his career, Poiret was an explorer known for designs that not only broke conventions of the time, but also destroyed public presumptions of what high fashion was. He liberated women's bodies from both the petticoat and corset by 1906, introducing pant-styled and loose-fitting gowns. He dissolved the unrealistic "S-curve" silhouette of the prior decade by designing clothes that were the complete opposite, giving women either no silhouette or one that seemed to come from another world.

The stories and legacies of Paul Poiret and Leon Bakst illuminate how exploration leads to creative inspiration—which, when approached with the right work ethic and dedication, can spread internationally and spark cultural revolutions.



"I am dedicated to the creation of sustainable and high-quality CBD and non-CBD aromatic blends in order to help my clients heal themselves without harming their environment."

- *42020 Visionaries*

"One of my favorite things to do is to 'Frankenstein' old broken books. These book covers are now the covers to blank journals!"

- *Rarities Books & Bindery*



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"We are committed to actively engaging our customers with sustainable solutions and more eco-friendly alternatives. We believe that our future success rests on our ability to balance company growth and sustainable artisanship."

- *The Ohanga Founding Team*



"Growing my own flowers or wildcrafting the materials to create my pieces which are then set in used frames and shipped out using recycled packaging materials are just some of the sustainability practices I use at Studio Charpentier."

- *Studio Charpentier*

"Currently, I use newspapers and reuse packing materials [...] to pack and ship orders to reduce packaging waste. For my paints, I use Liquitex, which pioneered a real alternative to cadmium pigments."

- *4HeartAndMind*





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