

THE ARTS

Visual arts, literature,
theater, music & more

ONLY LET ME PAINT ALWAYS.....

By Meghann Sprague

I have found the bones,
let me call flesh to them.

I layed the lines, now
allow the layers.

I discovered courage in
my digging, unearthed
ideas I didn't dare execute
before.

Did you know the walls
you lent weep with wine-
some like a willow would?

They call me to create.

They see that which
brews beneath my skin
begging bleed.

"Breach the borders you
are bound by" they say.

The series has evolved
from the babe it was born
as.

The small surface I scaled
is insufficient. I will stretch
canvas as far as each con-
trolled corner will allow to
tell her story.

Friends allow me to forge
forward.

Community come be the
shoulders, the eyes and
the hearts.

An artist in isolation will
not do.

I long to lay landscapes
for the figures to find.

To call them husbands of
sheep, oxen and its kind.

A great scale where her
form can lay, where the
beast, bee and bird are a
symbolic display.

Don't you feel the pull?
Can you hear the groan?
How the lines and hills
howl "hallelujah" so she
not be alone.

The feral finds refuge
against this cotton terrain.

Only allow me to call her
... allow her a name.

LIGHT, LINE AND FORM

*Astoria artist Meghann Sprague
explores the human form on canvas*

By DWIGHT CASWELL

Meghann Sprague has
been drawing since she was
a little girl. "It began with
Christmas trees and lights,"
she says. "Even in June I
would sit down and paint
a merry living room scene
decked with holiday cheer."

Eventually that childhood

pursuit became a desire to
become a full-time artist.
Along the way painting be-
came an outlet when she was
a stay-at-home mom. Her
skill grew, and that outlet led
eventually to a temporary
studio in Astoria Visual Arts'
artist-in-residency program;
Sprague's residency ran
from April through June.

"Today I still love
Christmas," Sprague says,
"but my subject matter has
become about the human
figure rather than a little
girl's hope for sparkly gifts
under the tree."

The tones of her paintings
are muted, and her drafts-
manship is exquisite; the
lush fabrics and sure hand
of the artist are reminiscent
of John Singer Sargent. This
from a young artist who has
virtually no formal training:
"a couple of weeks of figure
drawing," she says, "and one
recent drawing class at Clat-
sop (Community College)."
She has taught herself, sim-
ply by drawing: "Practice is
important. I learn more and I
see more; it helps me grow."

Enter Sprague's studio,
and you see drawings of all
sizes sketched directly on
the canvas, ready for paint,
without the use of aids like
grids or projectors. The

Continued on pg. 5



SUBMITTED PHOTO

"Passover Me" by Meghann Sprague.



PHOTO BY DWIGHT CASWELL

Astoria artist Meghann Sprague exercised her creativity this past April through June in Astoria Visual Arts' artist-in-residency program, which provided her with a free downtown studio.



PHOTO BY DWIGHT CASWELL

Meghann Sprague contemplates a future painting in her downtown Astoria studio last month during her AVA residency.



SUBMITTED PHOTO

"Scarlet Cord" by Meghann Sprague.