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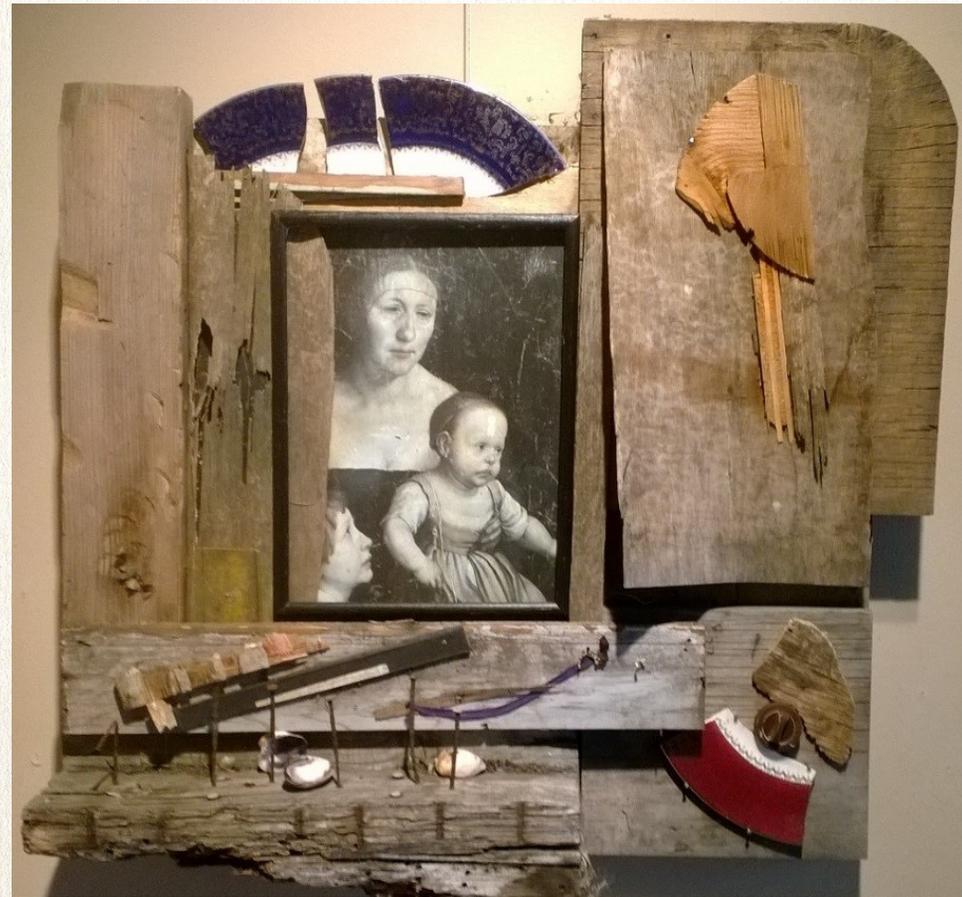
KICKASS PRESS



# DENNER/DORJE

BOUVARD PÈCUCHE

70 COLOR PLATES



maintaining a mindful presence in your work; and there is a kind of seeing, or insight, that arises from the vipashyana aspect. It is impossible for the mind to reach complete stillness when making art, especially with writing, where logic and the law of contradictions are in play, yet the mind stream is channeled, directing the flow of energy toward realization of what is really real.

After a session of meditation, where the discursive mind is given rest, I find my creativity enhanced, my hand steadier. If you want lasting transcendental wisdom, then the continual search for bliss in visionary fantasy, addiction to the god-like power of creativity, the revelatory ecstasy of epiphany are all mistaken directions to pursue. Finally, there is no meditation; all dualistic notions are subsumed under equanimity, in a simple state of awareness. Blah, blah, blah!

If you have brought your art onto the path, then it is a form of practice, and your view, your practice, and how you carry this out in your life are unified, were always a unity. You need to develop confidence in this. It doesn't mean having a Big Ego. You develop what the Tibetans call Vajra Pride, which also requires you to maintain humility and compassion for others. You don't need to be acknowledged by others. You acknowledge yourself. I could go on, but I think this is a good place to stop.

BOUVARD: Thank you, Jampa.

JAMPA: You are entirely welcome. Blessings. May the two-fold accomplishments of mine and others be of benefit—no, that's not it—through the two accumulations, may the two-fold benefit of mine and others be accomplished.

Bouvard Pécuchet

DENNER/DORJE



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upcoming show, and this imposes a deadline. This pressure acts as a stimulant. The “inside” is your own personal standards and the methods, the skillful means, you have developed to make art.

For example, my way of writing is described in *My Process* (dPress, 2002, see Vol. 8 of *The Collected Books of Richard Denner*). I explain how I write into the book. I use linked text boxes in a computer program to create a book format. The open pages “call out” to be filled; and from here, it is out of my hands. The book becomes an editing process. I print out a copy, sew it up, edit, and print it again, until I am satisfied. There are usually pieces left over, and these start the next book in a series. The “book” is never done. It is done when you put a cover on it and call it done. With my assemblages, I may begin with a frame and fill it. Or, a wall demands attention. I make a few strokes, and the composition begins to expand and take on a life of its own. This is why it’s hard for most people to dedicate themselves to art, to live in the moment and give up their structured lifestyle.

Then, there is the “secret” place that is a source for the work of art. I may be inspired by a beautiful woman, or I may find I am writing or making a picture to please a friend. I discovered recently that I wrote many poems to Allen Ginsberg and Jack Spicer. I want to be in that Circle of Hell where Dante put the poets. As Jack once said, “Poetry is a conversation among the dead, and the poets get it second hand.” It is in this secret place that strange knowledge comes to the artist, and it is here that meditation is helpful.

Is there a conflict between making art and meditation? My experience is that there is room for both, that they are compatible and enhance each other. Aspects of the creative process are meditative: there is the focus of shamatha, that of

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

DENNER/DORJE	
A PREFACE BY BOUVARD PÈCUCHE	1
WHAT'S IN A NAME?	
AN INTRODUCTION BY ANDY MATARRESE	3
<b>THE 420 GALLERY SHOW</b>	
	7
AN ART HISTORIAN'S PERSPECTIVE BY LU AUZ	10
<b>THE GALLERY ONE SHOW</b>	
	21
ARTIST'S STATEMENT: SPACIALIZING THE INNER EYE	25
AN ART HISTORIAN'S PERSPECTIVE BY LU AUZ	26
<b>THE D &amp; M COFFEE AND THE JUG SHOWS</b>	
	34
THE ASSEMBLAGE ART OF JAMPA DORJE	
AN AFTERWORD BY BOUVARD PÈCUCHE	40

## DENNER/DORJE by Bouvard Pécuchet

It might be a disparagement of artistic values to speak of an artist's work in relation to his personality, but also—and perhaps even more—in relation to the spiritual and socio-economic structure of the time, of which every form of art is a reflection. In the case of Denner/Dorje, it is impossible to separate his work, his personality, and the timeframe he has worked in. He was a child of the '60s but was born just prior to the Second World War. He came of age in a time of psychedelics and deconstructionism. When he entered the University of Cal Berkeley, in 1959, it was the epicenter of radical politics. It is significant that he met the Beat poet, Gary Snyder, a native of the northwest, older by a generation, who had been influenced by the contemplative tradition of Zen Buddhism and the paintings of Mark Tobey and Morris Graves. Many of Denner/Dorje's generation were drawn to the south, to Mexico and beyond, looking for warmth. Denner/Dorje went north, looking for the chill in his bones. He lived in Alaska for five years, first in Ketchikan, working in a cold storage plant, as well as two years in a cabin in the rain forest, and later in Fairbanks, where he studied philosophy at the University of Alaska and worked on the trans-Alaskan pipeline. He has a forty year connection to Ellensburg, Washington, coming to Kittitas Valley, in 1974, to manage an 800-acre cattle ranch in Badger Pocket. After his stint as a cowboy, he was owner and proprietor of Four Winds Bookstore and Café and active in the local art scene until 1998, when he was called to the Buddhist path and moved to Tara Mandala Retreat Center, near Pagosa Springs, Colorado. After a solitary four-year retreat he's back. The works presented in this little book comprise a retrospective of his collages and combines that were shown at the 420 Gallery, Gallery One, D & M Coffeehouse, and The Jug Juice Bar, in Ellensburg, between 2015 and 2016. In his finest works, he has an uncanny ability to utilize the humble beauty of found objects and infuse them with the sublimity of a bard's incantation.

# A farming town's monk

Jampa Dorje art exhibit opens this week

By **ANDY MATARRESE**  
staff writer

Jampa Dorje, Ellensburg's resident Tibetan Buddhist monk, leafed through one of his volumes in search of a poem. He found one he wrote during a trip between his parents' home in California's Bay Area and his Buddhist retreat center in Colorado.

"I've already written my autobiography," he said, rifling through one of the nine hand-illustrated and written volumes that comprise it.

Times have changed, he read, since people were out protesting China's selection as host of the Olympics following outcry over its treatment of Tibet.

"I'm ordering a Grand Slam at Denny's and the waiter says, 'You guys are awesome.' I'm checking into a Hotel 6 and the desk clerk asks, 'Is there anything we can do for you people?'"

Dorje, bespectacled and wearing his orange shirt and red robes, goes on.

"I'm taking a leak at a Shell station, the guy next to me goes 'om.' I mean, what is that? I'm only trying to relieve myself!"

He ended the poem laughing. "As you can see, it's not a totally serious religious path. I'm a bit of a renegade in a way," he said. "I just feel that some of that seriousness is just so unnecessary. If you're not having fun in your religion, I mean, why do it? ... You're burdening yourself with such unnecessary seriousness over things that should bring you joy and happiness."

That's part of Buddhism, he said, avoiding extremes in thought and action.

"It's not as though people aren't suffering. I mean they are! But part of it is, they're not happy, and so much of that not-happiness is their own inability to be happy, and it's the suffering on top of the suffering," he said Monday in his small, simple house near Ninth Avenue and Water Street.

We all suffer, he said. It's hot



Andy Matarrese / Daily Record

Jampa Dorje, aka Richard Denner, talks about one of his found art pieces Monday at the 420 Loft gallery in downtown Ellensburg. The piece, which was made with the metal planks that held down carpet in the old Children's Activity Museum, will be on display through the month as part of his exhibit, "Cowboy Funk."

## If you go

**What:** Cowboy Funk, found art and collages by Richard Denner, aka Jampa Dorje

**When:** Exhibit open through Wednesday through July 31. Opening reception 5 p.m. Friday

**Where:** 420 Loft Gallery

out, my butt itches. I'd rather be fishing, but I can't because I'm Buddhist."

"Am I good enough? Will I have the security? I hate my boss. All of this is the unnecessary suffering that comes from attachments to ideas and forms and things that are impermanent, which in turn disappoint, fall apart, die."

**To the hinterlands**  
Many in Ellensburg might know Dorje better as Richard Denner, the former owner of the Four Winds Bookstore.

Dorje has been back in Ellensburg for about a year now, after leaving for some time to care for his parents and pursue Buddhism.

See Monk, Page A12

## Writer's work included in library collection at UC Berkeley

By **ANDY MATARRESE**  
staff writer

Jampa Dorje recently moved about two crates worth of his bound poems and six more full of manuscripts, journals and other documents associated with his work in limited runs to share. He published small books or chapbooks. "That's been going on since John Keats, or even further back. Ben Johnson, Shakespeare," he said.

Dorje — an artist, poet, Tibetan Buddhist monk, online bookstore owner and former ranch hand — said he thinks "poetry" is still a key title.

He worked at underground, college and other small newspapers for some time, including The Berkeley Barb, The Polar Star at the University of Alaska in Fairbanks, the Queen Anne News and the Ketchikan Daily News in Alaska, where

he worked in wax and with knives as a designer.

The library, he said, was interested in his work, though he carried it through Alaska, Washington and Colorado, since it's still part of that California poetry ecosystem.

Having his work in the research library's collection is a small honor, he said. He was never a poet in the academic sense, and never sought grants or fellowships, and always saw himself as a bit of an outsider.

"But it's nice, at this stage, to be recognized as the outsider, that they wanted to include that," he said.

Plato, he joked, said poets shouldn't be allowed in his republic. "Basically, we're redneck," he said. "We don't belong here, because we point out things people don't want to hear."

Also, he said, he doesn't have to worry about storing or cataloging his old work himself, or about his kids tossing it all into a Dumpster.

The idea behind Buddhism is that things are impermanent. So you spend all this time building an archive," he said, wryly. "And I should have just burned it, but I wanted it to stay permanent."



## Wenatchee fires

Families try to pick up the pieces after losing their homes.

Region, Page A5

## Inside today



**Space issues:** Kittitas County government wants to investigate how best to create more space for courthouse agencies in a cost-effective manner.

Local, Page A3



## Coming Wednesday

Upper County: HopeSource partnered with Group Care to bring in volunteers who worked on housing upgrades in the Upper County.

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**INDEX**

Scrapbook	B1
Events calendar	A3
Horoscopes, comics	B5
Region	A5
Sports	A6



# Firestorm puts eastern Washington on edge

## Flames force hundreds to flee

**WENATCHEE (AP)** — From just across the Wenatchee River, Dominick Bonny watched a whole neighborhood town burn as a wildfire destroyed two dozen homes and forced hundreds to flee.

"With the wind blowing away from us, it was like we were watching a natural disaster within arm's reach," he said.

Wildfires hit parts of central and eastern Washington over the weekend as the state is struggling with a severe drought. Mountain snowpack is at extremely low levels, and about one-fifth of the state's rivers and streams are at record low levels.

Eastern Washington has been experiencing temperatures into the 100s, and last week Washington Gov. Jay Inslee issued an emergency proclama-

tion that allows state resources to quickly be brought in to respond to wildfires.

Washington's struggles with wildfires come as Alaska, its fellow Pacific Northwest state, is facing more and bigger wildfires this year.

In Wenatchee, the wildfire fueled by high temperatures and strong winds roared into town Sunday afternoon. The blaze ignited in brush just outside Wenatchee, quickly burning out of control about 120 miles east of Seattle.

Rainfall on Monday provided some relief, but hot, dry conditions and wind posed continuing challenges.

See Fire, Page A3



A Chelan County Sheriff's deputy races to check that all residents have left their home as flames approach houses at Quail Hollow Lane in Wenatchee. A wildfire fueled by high temperatures and strong winds roared into the central Washington neighborhood, destroying properties and forcing residents of several hundred homes to flee.

ery—even before I begin to work—then, you have to nurture this baby. The actual making of the poem or collage involves all the trials and hopes and disappointments of getting this baby to grow, but I don't like this analogy much. Maybe the drive to create is something more transcendental, like communing with the Absolute. Or it might be totally mundane, like wanting fame. If you think too much about this, you'd never do it.

BOUVARD: What might set you off, be a catalyst?

JAMPA: Anything. As Borges points out, everything has its poetry, its beauty, even if you can't see it. A blank page is a formidable thing, perfect in its blankness, but once you make a mark on it, you are committed. The work moves, changes, and you can find yourself lost, weary and confused. Stop. Leave it. Sleep on it. It's easy to botch things. Or, go on. It's your call. Sometimes, from a mess, a masterpiece emerges. I recall Henry Miller's short story, "The Angel Is My Watermark," where an image of an angel appears in his ruined watercolor. After he had tried several ways to save it, he tried scrubbing it in the bathtub; and presto!

BOUVARD: There's a question I've wanted to ask someone who is both a creative artist and a meditator. Do you find there to be a conflict between these two activities?

JAMPA: I didn't quite finish answering your last question, but I think what I have to say will lead to that, ok?

BOUVARD: Of course, go ahead.

JAMPA: William Blake said a work of art consisted of three parts: one part came from myth, a part from the art tradition, and a part from your own genius. It is my view, a work of art also has its source in three locations: in an outside place, an inside place, and a secret place. By the "outside," I mean the context for the work to be done, perhaps a commission or an

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Andy Matarrese / Daily Record (June 30,2015)

When Jampa Dorje first came to Ellensburg some 40 years ago, he was Richard Denner.

Dorje, the former owner of the Four Winds Bookstore in Ellensburg, says he has about six names, from multiple pseudonyms he's taken as a writer, the "Rychard" with which he'll sometimes sign his artwork, and the several names he took in his journey through Tibetan Buddhism.

A new name is often conferred through each milestone in Buddhism, he said.

Jampa Dorje is his "refuge" name, he said, the name he took after taking refuge with the Buddha, similar to a baptism.

He introduces himself as Jampa. Some people who knew him as Richard Denner like the Jampa name, while others don't, he said.

"Well then, call me Richard," he said.

The name Jampa Dorje means "indestructible loving kindness," he said.

"Hard to live up to, but they always give you something to aspire to," he said.

Dorje joins local Zen Buddhists for worship services at the Unitarian Church, but he's the only Tibetan Buddhist in Ellensburg, as far as he knows.

The robed, bearded and long-haired Dorje understands that he stands out, but has, a few times, gotten a "go back to where you came from" from passing drivers.

But this is where he's from, he said.

Part of his garb, he said, has to do with showing people there are other paths to take in life.

"Some of it has to do with sexual genders," he said. "Are you so hung up on your masculinity that you couldn't wear a skirt? What's wrong? It's like, free yourself from your constraints."

Jampa Dorje, Ellensburg's resident Tibetan Buddhist monk, leafed through one of his volumes in search of a poem.

He found one he wrote during a trip between his parents' home in California's Bay Area and his Buddhist retreat center in Colorado.

"I've already written my autobiography," he said, rifling through one of the nine hand-illustrated and written volumes that comprise it.

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"I'm taking a leak at a Shell station, the guy next to me goes 'OM.' I mean, what is this? I'm only trying to relieve myself!"

He ended the poem laughing.

"As you can see, it's not a totally serious religious path. I'm a bit of a renegade in a way," he said. "I just feel that some of that seriousness is just so unnecessary. If you're not having fun in your religion, I mean, why do it? ... You're burdening yourself

wife said it was a treasure, that she loved it, and it was saved from destruction. Kind of a happy ending, unlike the fate of the wall in the film, *The Horse's Mouth*.

The opening scene of Sam Albright's video, *The Collage Artist*, takes place in front of the Tack Shack. I appear in a black tweed overcoat and fisherman's cap, working on my art. I get in a battered GMC van and drive down 4th Parallel Road towards Ellensburg. Mt. Rainier can be seen above the Manastash Hills, and there's a great shot of a hawk cutting the air in front of the van. The video follows the activity of an artist preparing a retrospective art show. There are three parts: the ranch scene and trip to town; a café scene, shot in the Four Winds with a part that is an interior monologue; and a final, Chaplinesque scene with Chris Schambacher and myself, accompanied by Craig, Chris's three-legged dog, carrying a mysterious box around town. The video was shot just prior to a show I had at Gallery One with Don O'Connor and Bruce McNaughty. If you go to the gallery at my dPress website, you can see photos of this show by Julie Prather.

BOUVARD: Jampa, what is the source of your inspiration? What makes you create?

JAMPA: That's harder to describe than how I make my art. You know that I am also a writer. I go back and forth and sometimes combine both mediums. When the poetic muse takes a vacation, I do visual art. They're related activities. In collage, you cut and paste images; in poetry, you take an image from your mind and put it, in the form of a word, on the page. The brain might function differently, but the impulse to make art is the same. Both are means of expression, like giving birth to something that wasn't there beforehand, an urge to procreate. There's a time for flirtatious-like curiosity with an idea or image, and then of conception, gestation and deliv-

out their eye. There's a bird in Rauschenberg's "Canyon." Maybe, if I had spray-painted my bird black, it might have flown.

BOUVARD: Where do you find your materials? How do you choose?

JAMPA: There's a lot of junk out there to choose from, too much really. I set rules for myself, like I will only pick up pieces of stuff I find along the roadside on my morning walk. Occasionally a piece "presents" itself and goes to complete a work still unfinished. People give me things: "Jampa could use this," they say. Sometimes, I find a huge stash of materials, on a ranch or in a junk pile. I get excited. I want it all; but I settle on pieces that interest me. Another of my rules is to use things from other projects I'm working on, say, doing some plumbing or fixing a garage door. I may incorporate the broken parts or the left over materials in my art.

When I lived on a ranch near Ellensburg, Washington, there was a mound of junk out in the desert. The guy I worked for had problems, work pressures, girlfriend pressures—he was a man in a mid-life crisis—and he used my shoulder to cry on. We had a good working arrangement, a rent-free house and a monthly salary, but the added "psychologist" part on my days off had not been part of the original deal, and it became oppressive. I continued to do my chores, but I took out my frustration by covering a large shed with junk. This was my first big work. My boss sold the spread, and the man who bought it was going to bulldoze the "Tack Shack," as it was called, but his



Photo by Mike Burtness

with such unnecessary seriousness over things that should bring you joy and happiness."

That's part of Buddhism, he said, avoiding extremes in thought and action.

"It's not as though people aren't suffering, I mean they are! But part of it is, they're not happy, and so much of that not-happiness is their own inability to be happy, and it's the suffering on top of the suffering," he said Monday in his small, simple house near Ninth Avenue and Water Street.

We all suffer, he said: It's hot out; my butt itches; "I'd rather be fishing, but I can't because I'm Buddhist." "Am I good enough? Will I have the security? I hate my boss. All of this is the unnecessary suffering that comes from attachments to ideas and forms and things that are impermanent, which in turn disappoint, fall apart, die."

To the hinterlands.

Many in Ellensburg might know Dorje better as Richard Denner, the former owner of the Four Winds Bookstore.

Dorje has been back in Ellensburg for about a year now, after leaving for some time to care for his parents and pursue Buddhism.

He's been doing found artwork, nailing and gluing together bits of junk, for some time. There's likely still assembled bits of detritus leaning against remote fence poles around the county he and everyone else has lost track of.

"I wanted to be an artist, and it was easier than learning to draw," he said.

He said he first tried assembled art while spending time with Bohemian artist-types near Santa Cruz, Calif., in the 1960s.

“One day I swept up a floor and I swept up all the pieces of what they were doing into a box, and then I looked at it and thought, huh,” he said. “And I poured a whole quart of glue into it, and I wanted to see what that would be as a piece of art.”

Many artists of the era were hands-on with their work, he said, talking about how they’d throw paint around and get physical with their creations.

He grew up in Oakland, near the epicenter of the free speech movement and ‘60s culture.

In 1965, he met the Beat writers Allen Ginsberg and Gary Snyder.

He told Snyder he wanted to open a bookstore in Berkeley. Snyder told him Berkeley had plenty of bookstores, and he should “find a place in the hinterlands,” Dorje said, one that needed such a store.

Ellensburg is that place.

The self-described printer-poet-yogi will present a series of his found junk assemblages and collages — titled “Cowboy Funk” — through this month at the 420 Gallery downtown, and the pieces range from the mid-‘70s, when he first lived in Ellensburg, to art made in the past year.

a number of these, as I walked towards your cabin. Do you see them primarily as belonging outdoors? You also make collages and boxes, right?

JAMPA: Yes, the collages and boxes are made of more delicate materials. They are more intimate. The junk pieces I like to see outside. They highlight an otherwise overlooked structure, and the various objects around old buildings seem to become a part of the assemblage itself.

Once, when I visited Don Webster, an artist I knew in Aptos, I swept up a bunch of debris into a wooden box, and I decided to pour in some glue. Why not? Of course, it didn’t hold together, but it was a start. If you want a combine to hold up under the force of the elements, you have to give some consideration to how you construct it. I often begin by laying the parts I have collected on the ground and leaving them. I rearrange them a few times, taking into account how they fit together, structurally and esthetically, and how I am going to eventually mount them, what wire, nails, screws will be used.

When I am satisfied with my composition, I start with the background level and begin to build, changing things as necessity dictates, as the materials demand. It never comes out as I planned, but that is half the fun. I do tend to overwork my pieces, not to let well-enough alone, to get cute, “to put a bird on it.” Literally.

At the gallery I mentioned earlier, where the curator was concerned about the crustiness, the rustiness, the flakiness, I did get three works accepted in a community show and won first, second and third prize in the mixed-media category. I asked the judge, later, why the one piece received third place, and she told me that the little hand-crafted bird I had added to a projecting piece of metal was silly. Maybe so, maybe not; I had added it mainly because I didn’t want someone to poke

welcomed me with a big smile and a hot cup of tea.

BOUVARD: This tea has an interesting flavor. What is it called?

JAMPA: Lapsang Souchang. It comes from the Fujian province of China. Smokey, some people say it tastes like boot polish. I have some other choices, if you'd prefer.

BOUVARD: Don't yogins avoid becoming attached to fine teas?

JAMPA: Well, there's no reason for throwing away good tea. Enjoy your tea, and then we'll get down to business.

BOUVARD: Do the Tibetans have a ceremony like the Japanese?

JAMPA: Not that I know of, but they do use tea as an offering, and I have heard that, if there is a limited amount of tea available, the first steeping is called the "nirmanakaya" and the second is the "sambhogakaya" and the third is the "dharmakaya." Each kaya, or dimension, is progressively more rarified, until it is tasteless. (Jampa laughs.)

BOUVARD: Can you tell me about your assemblages?

JAMPA: Assemblage is a process of making a painting by combining found objects. Assemblage has its roots in collage, and collage has its roots in folk art. Picasso added real newspaper and pieces of a guitar to one of his paintings. Schwitters used found materials. Philip Whalen said, "Kurt Schwitters tore it all into COLOR." Abstract Expressionists, like Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg took assemblage to new heights of composition and absurdity. It is not all to be viewed in a serious vein. There is also humor in this work, although some critics see it as "anti-art" or "the end of art." A gallery curator told me that my Cowboy Funk pieces were too dirty to hang on her walls. The outdoors does cling to my combines, which is another name for these objects, and I feel they are akin to environmental artworks.

BOUVARD: Many of your assemblages hang on sheds and fences. I saw





Megan Gustafson at the 420 opening reception.

the artist threads it back into the fabric of society. This art was considered decadent, meaningless by the Third Reich, so Schwitters's work was burned, and he had to flee to America.

I am not a trained artist. I took printmaking and a class in drawing from Terrance Choy at the University of Alaska in the early 1970s. Mainly, I have hung out with artists that eat, drink and dream art, and I've watched them work and sat in cafes and walked the streets, talking with them. I go to museums and galleries and look at the pictures. I was 19 when I went to my first art show at the San Francisco Modern Museum of Art and saw Robert Motherwell's blue collages of Gualois cigarette wrappers mixed with paint. I saw an exhibit of Brancusi and Giacometti sculptures and a retrospective of Kandinsky paintings. All of these exhibits strongly affected me—the “teariness” of collage in the work of Motherwell, the solid presence of the Brancusi, the organic economy of the Giacomettis, the ethereal precision of the Kandinskys. Later, other famous and not so famous artists would have effect on me. Luis Garcia's collages, for example, revealed to me that materials are everywhere, and I still strive for the sense of alignment I feel in his work.

I have used the skills of a carpenter, a plumber, a printer, a painter—trades I work at and enjoy—to make my artworks. The best carpenter is the one who can hide his errors. However, here I like to see the “errors”, the crustiness, the broken, bent, wrinkled, burnt, twisted materials, the wire, thread, nails, and the seams in the cut paper. I paint with junk, exploring space, positioning this “trash” to reveal its overlooked beauty.

#### INTERVIEW WITH JAMPA DORJE

I made my way, wearing snowshoes, along the faint traces of a trail in the deep snow to Luminous Peak, the cabin where Jampa is in retreat. He has finished his three-year retreat, but he remains ensconced. He

## THE ASSEMBLAGE ART OF JAMPA DORJE

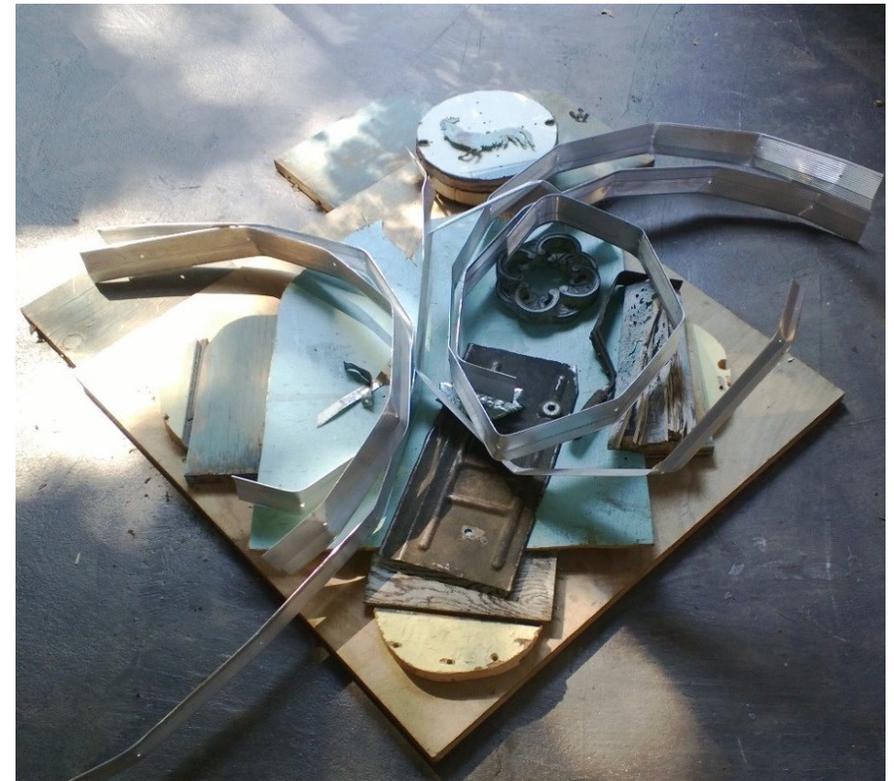
by Bouvard Pécuchet

*William Blake would consider Jampa's art ugly, the work of Fumble and Bungle, but Jampa is undeterred. He admires Blake's bold pronouncements, his iconoclastic beliefs, his view of the eternal artist and the imaginative principle, and above all his perseverance in an age that dismissed his art as old-fashioned, when in fact it was modern and revolutionary.*

*Most of Jampa's artwork is signed "Rychard". Jampa says, "The y can simply replace the i in Richard, and the pronunciation stays the same, or it can have a French affectation and be Reechard, as you wish." Here is his artist's statement from Rychard's Assemblages, D Press, 2007:*

I contemplate and move objects around until things fall into place. I like there to be a fit, and I try to interlock the shapes of the objects to give structure to the piece—an architecture of mind—keeping nails, glue, wire, staples, screws, welding to a minimum. I bring disparate objects together—eggshell Styrofoam, curtain lace, blurry photos and plastic water pipe—hoping for a most fortunate accident of composition. Look for nothing behind the junk.

Although there are examples of combining found-objects and of pasting together paper images in the folk art of the 19th century, as well some mixed media in the early work of Picasso, it is Kurt Schwitters, a German artist of the 1920s who is considered the father of collage. He created what are known as "Mertz," after finding a scrap of newspaper torn from the word "commertz." The idea that this lowly fragment of commerce could be recycled into the economy intrigued him. That which is rejected, ignored, cast aside, is still a part of the system, and



**Cowboy Funk**  
**Artwork of Richard Denner**  
**aka Jampa Dorje**  
**420 Building**  
**4th & Pearl, Ellensburg**  
**July 1-31, 2015**

Poster for Cowboy Funk show at 420 Building , designed by Oberon.

## An Art Historian's Perspective

Drawing inspiration from his experiences as a poet-monk, his travels zigzagging across the American landscape and the rich conversations that arose in each locale, Rychard Denner created a body of work that ranges from the fragile and ephemeral to the rugged and enduring. These assemblage sculptures recall the Neo-Dada combines of Robert Rauschenberg as well as the funk art of Bruce Conner. Entering into each new environment, Denner collects life's detritus and fragments of the site. These humble, broken objects are then later imaginatively reworked to draw the beautiful and brutal closer together in an improvised and spontaneous creative moment. These works are then left in the original environment – hung on a fence, leaned against a shack, lying in a field – and the elements of nature are allowed to leave their final signature.

Lu Auz

Memphis College of Art



Interior of The Jug Juice Bar



Interior of D & M Coffee, Downtown Ellensburg



Figure 5



Figure 1



Figure 2



Figure 6



Figure 7



Figure 3



Figure 4



Figure 5



Figure 1



Figure 3



Figure 6



Figure 7



Figure 2



Figure 4

## List of illustrations

Figure 1: "Emblem" (2016) Combine, 22x36

Figure 2: "Philosopher's Chair" (2016), Combine, 24x72.

Figure 3: "Tick Tock" (2016) Combine, 18x36.

Figure 4: "I'm With Her" (2016) Combine, 24x40, Collection of Mike Burtness. This piece was not in the show; it was created for Gallery One's *Paint Ellensburg* event, in September, 2016.

Figure 5: "Put a Bird On It" (2016), Combine, 21x30, Collection of Jon Springer.

Figure 6: "Pacifying Space" (2016) Combine, 12x15, Collection of Ellen Avitts.

Figure 7: "Tyger, Tyger" (2016) Combine, 12x15.

Note: Many of the artworks from the Gallery One and 420 Gallery shows circulated in the D & M Coffee and the Jug shows. The pieces shown here were not in the other events.



Figure 8

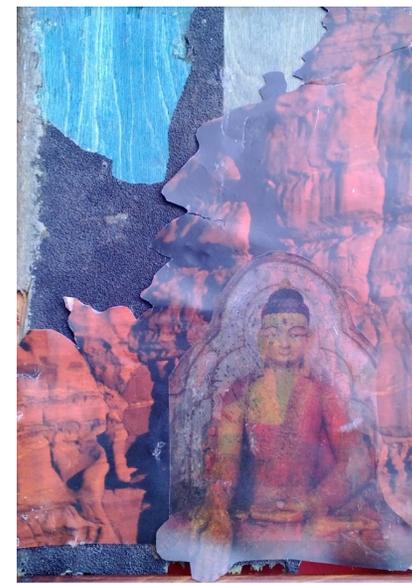


Figure 9



Figure 10



Figure 11



Figure 12



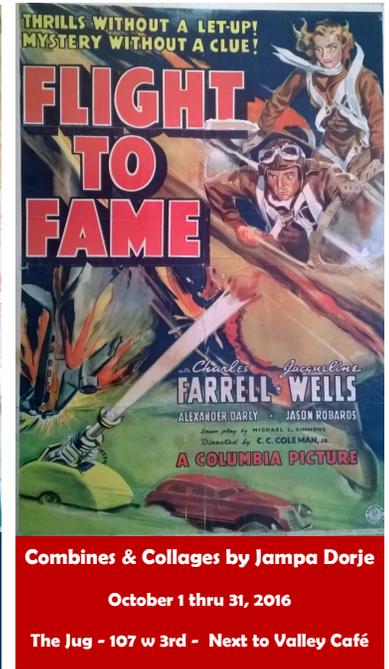
Figure 13



Figure 14



Figure 15



Posters for two shows, running back to back, at The Jug Juice Bar



Poster for the show at D & M Coffee



D & M Coffee  
and The Jug  
Art Shows



Figure 16

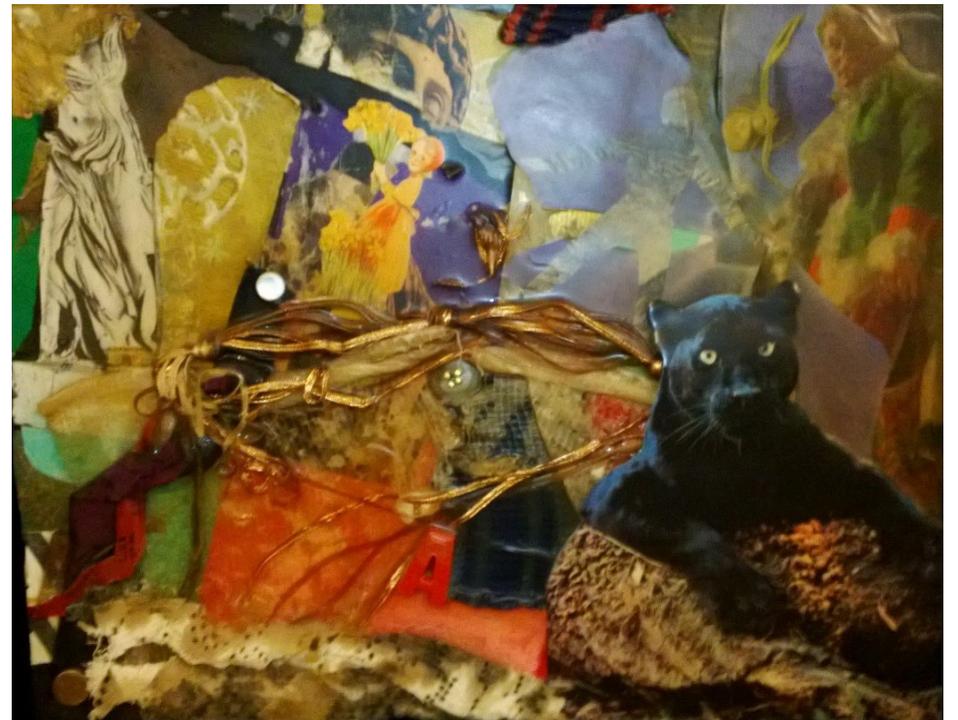


Figure 17

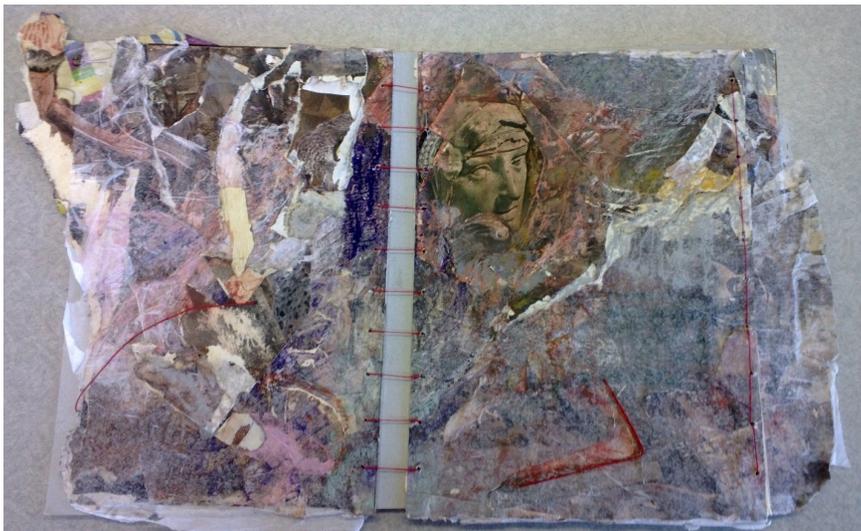


Figure 18

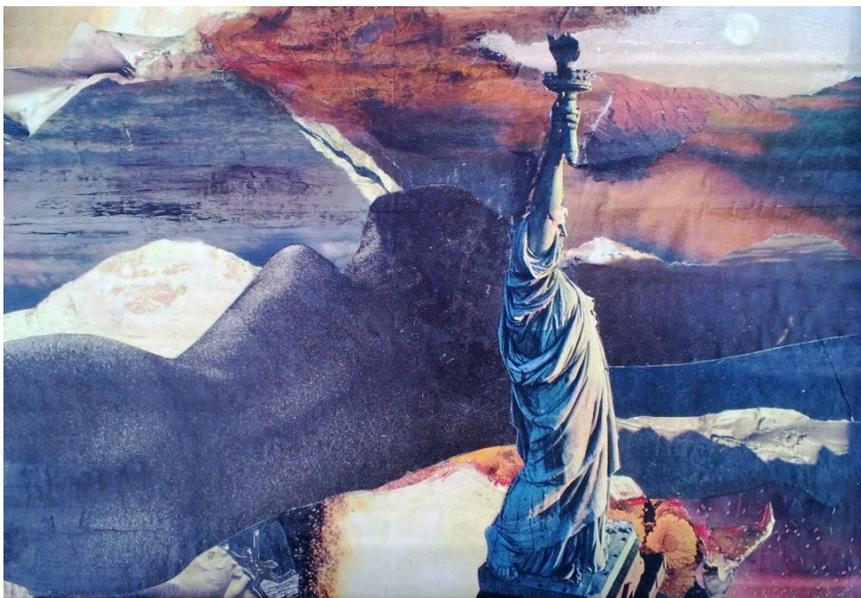


Figure 19

## Gallery One list of illustrations

Figure 1: "Prayer Flag—Vajra Family" (2015) Combine, 35x48, Collection of Theo and Melissa Denner.

Figure 2: "Prayer Flag—Buddha Family (2015) Combine, 35x48, Collection of Theo and Melissa Denner.

Figure 3: "Prayer Flag—Padma Family" (2015), Combine, 35x48, Collection of Theo and Melissa Denner.

Figure 4: "Prayer Flag—Karma Family" (2015) Combine, 35x48, Collection of Theo and Melissa Denner.

Figure 5: "Prayer Flag—Ratna Family" (2015) Combine, 35x48, Collection of Theo and Melissa Denner.

Figure 6: Untitled (2015) Combine, 14x16.

Figure 7: "Athena" (2015) Combine 48x48 (recycled).

Figure 8: "Portrait of Athena" (2015) Collage, 19x21.

Figure 9: "Zendo" (2015) Collage, 18x18.

Figure 10: "California Coast" (2015) Collage, 19x21.

Figure 11: Untitled (2015) Combine, 24x52, Collection of Sam and Ren Albright.

Figure 12: "This Is a Pipe" (2015) Combine, 5x5.

Figure 13: "Logic Suffices" (2015) Combine, 5x7.

Figure 14: "I Look Eye" (2015) Combine, 5x7, Collection of Brock Jensen.

Figure 15: "O, Love" (2015), Mixed Media, 8x12.

Figure 16: "Bliss" (2015), Mixed Media, 8x12.

Figure 17: "Triptych" (2015) Combine, 19x21.

Figure 18: "Soul Exists" (2015) Mixed Media, 12x14, Collection of Matt Altman and Cynthia Coe.

Figure 19: "Evocation" (2015) Mixed Media, 9x13.

Figure 20: "New Gravity" (2015), Linoleum block prints on rice paper, 18x72.



Figure 20



Figure 20



Figure 21



Figure 22



Figure 23



Figure 15



Figure 16



Figure 18



Figure 19



Figure 17



Figure 11



Figure 12



Figure 13



Figure 14



Interior of 420 Gallery



Photographs by Julie Prather

## 420 Gallery list of illustrations

Untitled combine on 420 Gallery poster created for Gallery One  
2015 *Paint Ellensburg* event in collection of Karen Johnson.

Figure 1: "Construction w/Peacock Feathers" (2014) Mixed Media,  
24x34, Collection of Marlene Chaney.

Figure 2: "Construction w/Brass Ornament" (2014) Mixed Media,  
26x34, Collection of Gail Chiarello and Alan Singer.

Figure 3: "Homage to Miro" (2015) Mixed Media, 26x26.

Figure 4: "Homage to Mondrian and Rauschenberg" (2014), Mixed  
Media, Collection of Mollie Edson.

Figure 5: "Renaissance Altar" (2015), Mixed Media, 26x26.

Figure 6: "Garden Girl 20 Years Later" (2015), Collage, 18x24,  
Collection of Michael Tumulty.

Figure 7: "Library of Little Books" (2015) Mixed Media, Collection of  
Webster Hood.

Figure 8: Untitled (1990) Collage, 7x10.

Figure 9: "Buddha" (2014) Mixed Media, 7x10, Collection of Kate  
Horowitz.

Figure 10: "Little Indian" (1990) Collage, 9x14, Collection of Philippe.

Figure 11: "Leviathan" (1978) Collage, 8x10, Collection of Michael  
Tumulty.

Figure 12: "Philosopher's Stone" (2015), Mixed Media, Collection of  
Webster Hood.

Figure 13: "Battery Critically Low" (1990), Collage, 9x14.

Figure 14: "Gone Afar" (1994), Collage, 9x9.

Figure 15: Untitled (1990), Collage, 8x10.

Figure 16: "Geist w/Falling Cat" (1994), Collage, 10x14.

Figure 17: "Dionysus" (1989), Mixed Media coated in plastic resin,  
14x18.

Figure 18: "Pages" (2015), Collage with string, 12x16, Collection of  
Gail Chiarello and Alan Singer.

Figure 19: "After the Blast" (1985), Collage, 8x12.

Figure 20: "King Leopold Portrait in Vegetables" (1980), Collage,  
34x48.

Figure 21: "Portrait of the Artist as Albrecht Dürer (1980), Collage,  
34x48.

Figure 22: "Cosmic Unraveling" (1980), Collage, 34x48, Collection of  
Gordon and Jane Macdonald.

Figure 23: "Gibson Girl's Reverie" (1980), Collage, 36x48.



Mezzanine at Gallery One in Ellensburg



Figure 7



Figure 8



Figure 9



Figure 10



Figure 3



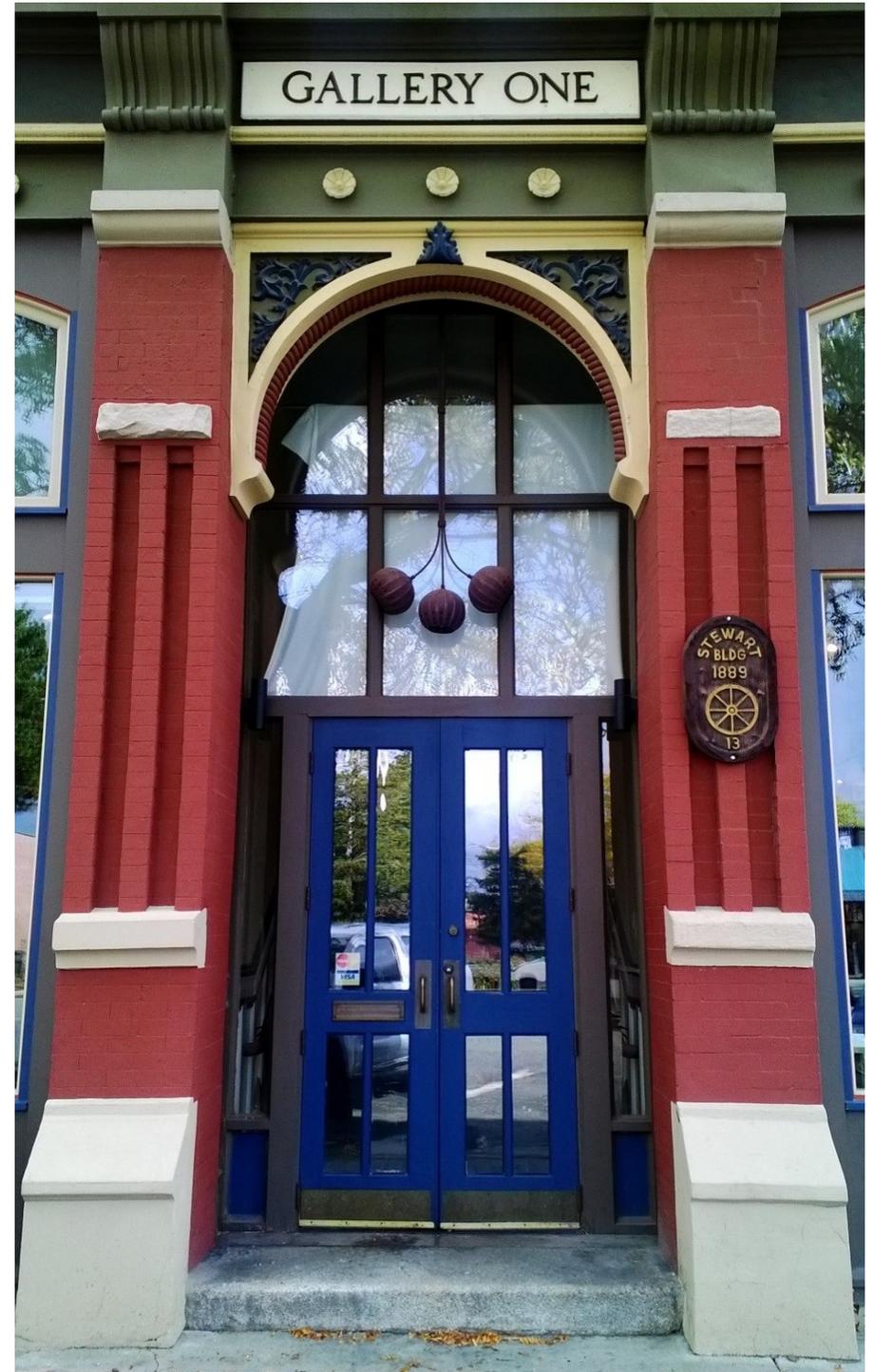
Figure 4



Figure 5



Figure 6



Gallery One, Ellensburg, Washington



Gallery One interior

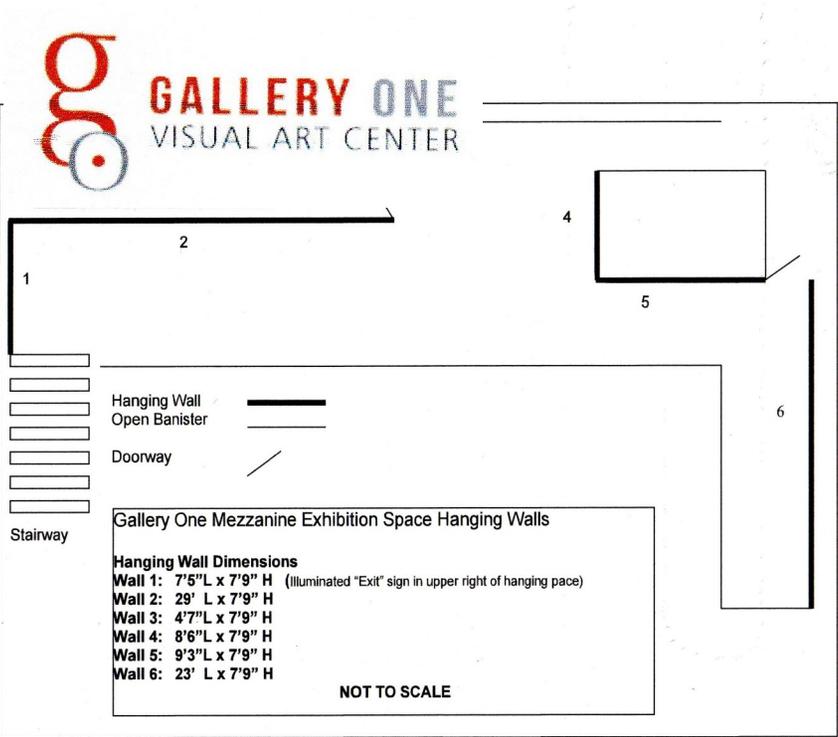


Figure 1



Figure 2



Prayer Flag set on fence at Theo & Melissa Denner's house in Ellensburg

## AN ART HISTORIAN'S PERSPECTIVE

Richard Denner, aka Jampa Dorje, works with a variety of diverse media, yet traced throughout his oeuvre is the desire to identify a transcendent, harmonious experience underlying a fragmented, often brutal reality. Perhaps this is most present in his mixed media artworks that use appropriated materials taken from everyday surroundings. Beneath the literal associations of these found objects are subtle references to literary sources, art history, philosophical queries, and Buddhist teachings. These works contain unintentional and surprising connections that arise and are given form as the artist layers, alters, and manipulates the dense assemblages. Mixing disparate objects produces remarkable analogies. These materials, detached from their common purpose, are now free to signify on multiple levels. By employing a poetic language, Denner/Dorje creates compositions that establish a space in which one can be attuned to the present moment and the fluctuations of time and meaning. A spiritual world meets a stark reality in these works as past and present coalesce.

—Lu Auz

Memphis College of Art



**AUSTIN SMITH**

**THE ANNUAL MEMBERS EXHIBIT AT**

**GALLERY ONE**

**408 N. PEARL, ELLENSBURG, WASHINGTON, WWW.GALLERY-ONE.ORG**

**JANUARY 16 THRU FEBRUARY 27, 2016**

**RICHARD DENNER**



Poster for Gallery One Show



Gallery One Visual Arts Center  
408 N Pearl Street  
Ellensburg, WA 98926  
509-925-2670  
www.gallery-one.org

**January 16 - February 27, 2016**

*Opening Reception:* **February 5, 5-8pm**

*Exhibit Sponsors:* **Fini Inc.** - Camilla Eyre  
**Coldwell Banker/Kittitas Valley Realty** - Alex Eyre  
**Ellensburg Pasta Company**

*Main Gallery:*

**Austin Smith** - *Inside Out*

*Mezzanine:*

**Richard Denner** - *Spacializing the Inner Eye*

*Eveleth Green Gallery:*

**Annual Members' Show**

*Save the Date:* February 5, 2016

**Have a Heart Members' Celebration**



Invitation card for Gallery One Members' show

## **ARTIST'S STATEMENT: SPACIALIZING THE INNER EYE**

These are conservative paintings in that I trace my daubs to the 1950s and 1960s and the mature work of Mark Rothko, Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, and Phillip Guston. I pair the action of Abstract Expressionism with the informalities of Antoni Tàpies, the asymmetrical harmonies of Piet Mondrian, the absurdities of Marcel Duchamp, and the mirth of Jean Miró.

There's a lot of unknown to explore, fraught with the usual dichotomies— so the guru points the way into the forest. Everything is out there to explore, and there's nothing in here to explore. There's no in here, here.

I'm thinking spatially. I'm spacializing the inner eye and knowing gnosis.

John Cage once remarked, "Isn't it amazing that one can paint a picture about nothing?" Or, as I would argue, about everything. A work of art is about purposeful purposelessness; it is also about social justice. The painter is somewhere in between, harmonizing what is thought with what is felt.

I speak in the language of things.