From within this July heat--

the berries of The Orchards, Boysen and Blue, grow plump and the fruits on the trees ripen. As quickly as the sun rises and gilds the glaciers as it crests Mount Hood,

(while the doves still *wohoo-wohoo* in the pines)

it drops away again into the waters of the Willamette, behind Portland's west hills, and into the Pacific. Hot days below the plum trees shift languidly into warm nights on the deck that surrounds this family home. The voices of friends linger under the coming meteor showers of August. Accented by scuttling silverware and the *glou-glou* of drinks.

People have come and gone. Some for an hour and some for a week. The property has been wandered. Some have snuck off.

ToeBiter the cat grooms alongside Madeleine Barbier's domes.
Doves, starlings, and jays perch on Morgan Ritter's hand.
And, the space of *Mary, Alice!*, our little solarium, awaits.

Detroit/Brooklyn based artist Rachel Ferber has spent much of July at The Orchards preparing her exhibition *(enter the Entrée)* which opens this *Thursday the 27th* of July from *5-9*. During her time at The Orchards Ferber has worked directly with the property and its bounty to create a video. This video will only be viewable on the *27th*.

From Rachel Ferber:

The Bit About her Lip Stain.
We become the punchlines of our own bad jokes —

BYOB
BYOBoysenberry
BYOBuffoon
BYOBruise
BYOB —

Both spider and pierrot.

From Louise Glück:

The Garden

The garden admires you.
For your sake it smears itself with green pigment,
the ecstatic reds of the roses,
so that you will come to it with your lovers.

And the willows-
see how it has shaped these green
tents of silence. Yet
there is still something you need,
your body so soft, so alive, among the stone animals.

Admit that it is terrible to be like them,
beyond harm.

From The Orchards:

Look out for falling plums and top heavy trees.

Slow waters and all the fruit,
Matthew Layng

The Orchards
14400 SE Frank Ave,
Boring, Oregon 97009

theorchards.us