



Morrison Bridge

The first of Portland's bridges that I crossed when I first visited in June 1998, and I took the hard route, in the dead of night, walking over the west bound right side where the walkway is about 8" wide and you have to chipmunk your way across entrance ramps.

Years later when I returned to Portland the east esplanade was improved, and it's combination with the bridge formed this beautiful architectural composition that inspired me, luckily just when I was doing my bridges of Portland painting series.

I witness strange things during my plein-aire sessions, but this was my first time seeing half a city turn invisible before my eyes as I worked and the rays of morning sun hit the buildings across the river at just the right angle to make the reflections perfectly match the background sky.

By this time I was getting bolder with emphasizing the shapes and spatial relationships of parts of paintings I do, and am happy that I frequently get complimented on similar efforts as I put into the spiral of the bicycle path with respect to the esplanade below.