

CLOEPFEL / continued from page 1

THE ORGAN

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"A LITTLE BIRD SAID . . ."

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Steve Connell, Meg Storey, Alisa Welch, Jaime Bancroft, Ben Jensen, Jon Steinhorst, Meow Meow, Jeremy Bitterman, City of Portland Bureau of Planning, Jane Beebe, Rich Jensen, Matthew Stadler, Skye Bender-deMoll, Buster Simpson, Brad Adkins, Randy Gragg

I think that 2 Columbus Circle and SAM must be really difficult problems, with such a stretched vertical section where you're trying to connect the spaces in an interesting way.

In SAM I think we have achieved it. It's interesting that the luxury with a lot of the projects we've done to date has become so clear: They're just pavilions. Weiden + Kennedy is a 200,000-square-foot pavilion. It's all about one space—a very complex space—but one space. Where SAM is really about a sequence of movement vertically and the only way to see it is with a video walk-through. We've had such a challenge communicating how that space works.

That building comes across as almost timid.

The SAM project was a series of challenges within a given context. So whether it's the context of a whole block development, the context of the zoning envelope that we had to maximize, working within certain setbacks, that project had a lot of restraints in the beginning. It's a question of understanding the nature of each one of those restraints and innovating within that as much as you possibly can. Coming up with the idea of the four shells for the exterior and the way they each filter light is, to me, really exciting. It's not about form, it's about what the light does to those surfaces, and I think that we will all be quite amazed at what that will really be like, with that water off the bay. And then the section is an entirely different experience in how one moves. The galleries are ordered by those four shells, but how you move vertically is not really expressed on the outside of the building. It's a kind of separate experience.

I wrote about the Koolhaas library ... Which is an entirely different thing.

I consider it as architecture as landscape in that it has all the components of a good hike. There are all these different types of topographies within the building. That's interesting. I like that thought.

It's a great hike up with the ramps as switchbacks, ravines, meadows on the way up for the hikers, but the skiers take the elevator straight to the top and have the leisurely stroll down. That's great.

That's why I think that very tool is so essential on that project. It's so three-dimensional when you have that vertical extension of space.

And 2 Columbus Circle is similar in that the renderings don't convey the play of light. 2 Columbus Circle is different.

Oh, it's different all right. We won't get there yet. We'll wait on that one.

The interesting thing about SAM is the sense of that vertical labyrinth. That you are led through something vertically and continually re-referenced back to where you've been and/or to the city. We don't have that experience vertically

very often. Most of our vertical spaces are around a central atrium or a central ramp or stair, in which there's a really clear ordering device. Like a vertical Beaux Arts plan, a central axis with things off of that in fixed relationships. Whereas at SAM, it is very much an ordered labyrinth. Are the gallery spaces very different as you move through, or is there a type?

There are three to four different types that repeat in section. The section interlocks and that's where all the architecture happens, frankly. Everything is dependent on the space before it and after it.

I'm really in a phase where I like to consider and create these spatial leaks. Weiden + Kennedy is a great example of that. What did we design at Weiden + Kennedy? It was a box. And we made a sort of labyrinthine series of transfer beams. But we had no idea about the sort of blurring of the boundaries in the corners and the other stuff that goes on. There was so much there that we couldn't anticipate. I love that.

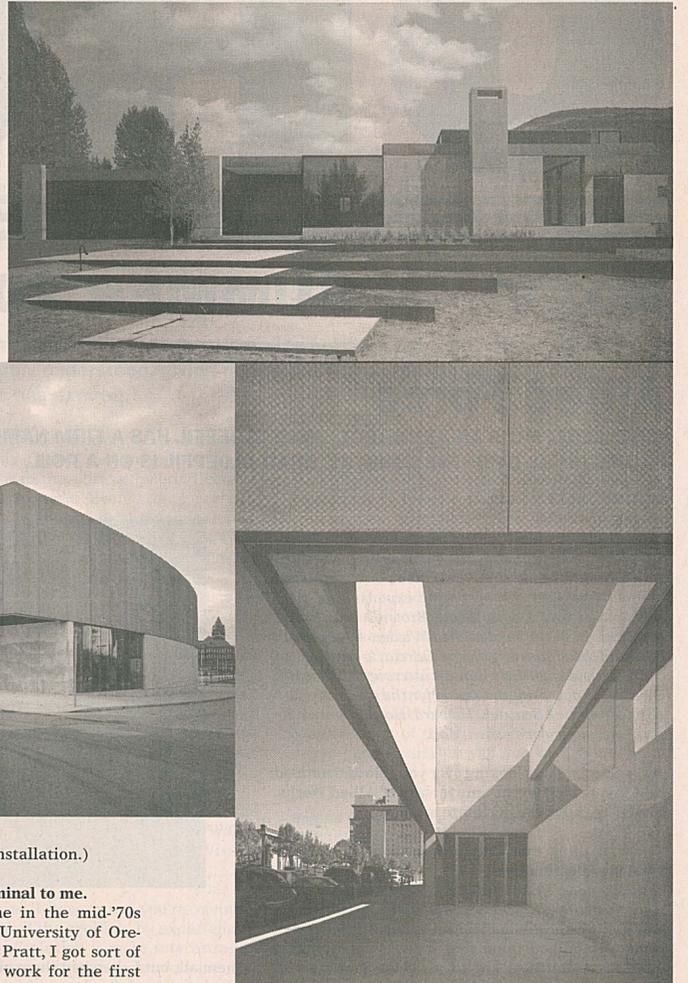
It's a very topogenic space. I like that idea of spatial leaks because that really is what it is. In fact, it was fun when I gave a lecture at Ohio State, and Ann Hamilton came, and we had dinner afterwards, and she said something about, "What you make is liquid space." It is that, sort of—the architecture itself is not fluid, the forms are not fluid, but the space is incredibly fluid.

It seems as though you have a long-standing relationship with minimalist sculpture. It's interesting when I think back. I just went to the Judd show at the Guggenheim. I think I had a little bit of an epiphany, in retrospect. I haven't even talked about this. When I was at Pratt in the '70s, I went to a dance concert and they played Steve Reich for the choreography, and then I saw a really early Sol Lewitt construction piece that was amazing, and Richard Serra had this room installed at MoMA in those days that was unbelievable. (He begins to draw

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: SWIG HOUSE, SUN VALLEY, ID, PHOTO BY CHRIS MUELLER

ENTRY TO CONTEMPORARY ART MUSEUM, ST. LOUIS, MO, PHOTO BY ROBERT PETTUS

EXTERIOR, CONTEMPORARY ART MUSEUM, ST. LOUIS, MO, PHOTO BY HELENE BINET



the plan of the installation.)

That piece is seminal to me. I think that time in the mid-'70s when I left the University of Oregon and went to Pratt, I got sort of hit with all this work for the first time and was really moved. You add that, plus the sort of tendency towards structure, plus the education, and there you go. We are formed by our time, I guess.

Concrete. You know the material, right? Right.

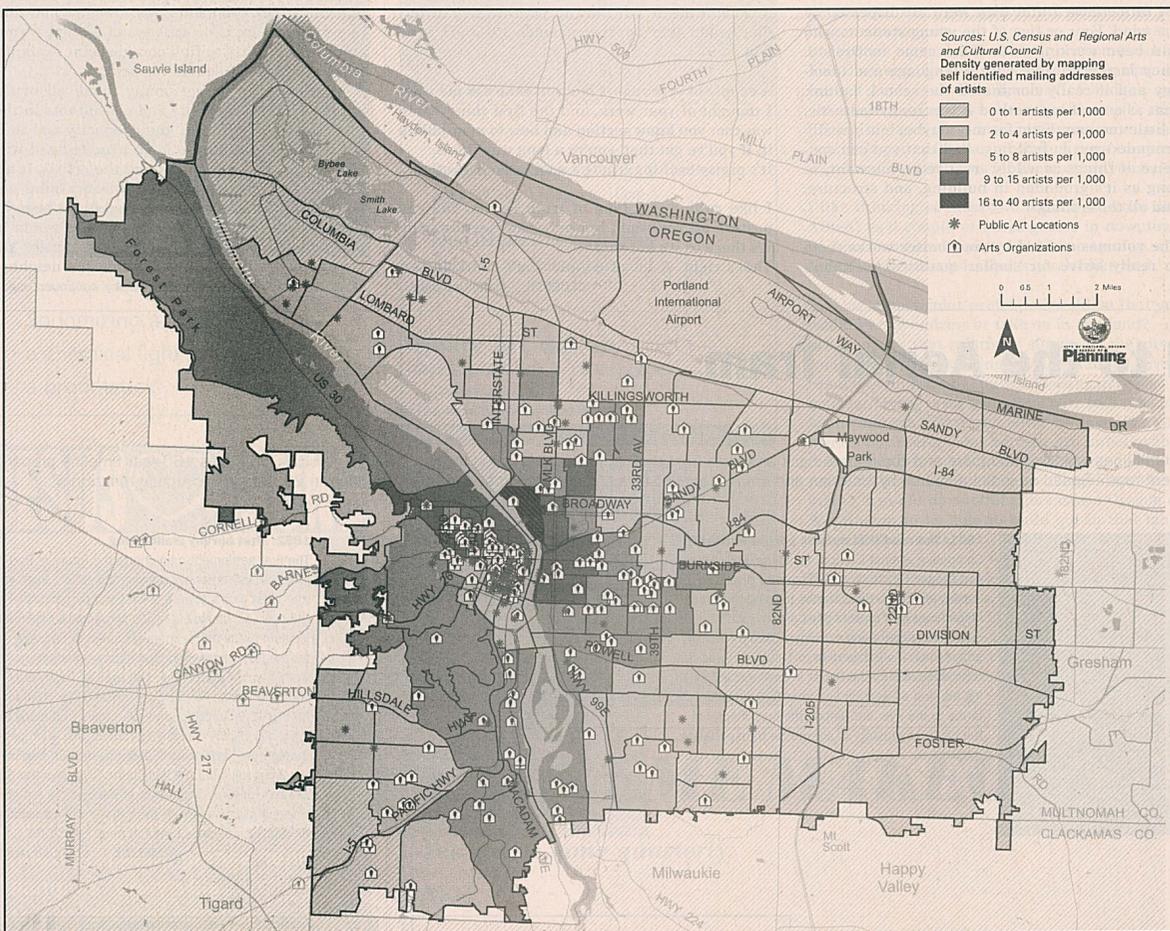
It's been a fave of the modernists. All those cats.

What's interesting to me is that whether one is talking about Le Corbusier and his *beton brut* or Ando and his flawless, smooth, white concrete, so much of it has been about how you form and pour it. Right.

Whereas it seems as though what you're investigat-

ing at the moment is what you do with it after it is poured. That's not necessarily true. Weiden + Kennedy is beautiful form work. It is really just a question of context. The exciting thing about St. Louis was that it was a sort of contextual response. I like to use concrete because it is so incredibly diverse in its uses, and you can expose it. You don't have to put sheet rock over it or clad it in stainless steel. You can just be so clear about it. The exciting thing we did in St. Louis was to ask, "How do you use this material next to someone who has mastered the material?" Well, you don't try to use it in the same way. We used it obviously spatially very differently, not boxes (like the

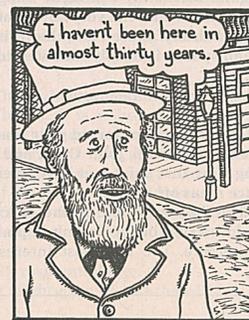
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Density of Artists by Census Tract, 2000, from *Portland Present*. "a survey of conditions, trends and issues facing the City of Portland as it enters the 21st century," prepared by the City of Portland Bureau of Planning and released in November 2003.

LOST: backpack containing Khris Soden's illustrations

Last seen Saturday, March 6, at Red76 installation at Reed Arts Week. Described as "an ugly suede affair with faded black Marksalot on the back of it," containing last 3 years of *City of Roses* illustrations. Also, Soden's work jacket with a CD player in one pocket. Reward for information leading to their return: a 1-year subscription to *The Organ Review of Arts* and an *Organ Review of Arts* t-shirt.



In 1880, Portland's founder Francis Pettygrove returned to the city he had named 37 years before. During his trip, he was interviewed by a reporter from the *Oregonian*.

Reunion

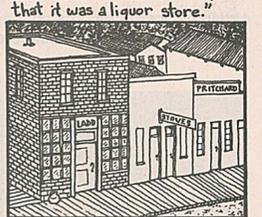
A "City of Roses" Comic
Researched, written and illustrated by Khris Soden



"Asa - Mr. Lovejoy - and I had plotted out only sixteen blocks of the town. Of course, Stark and Couch added many more."

"I remember that I had the first frame house in town."

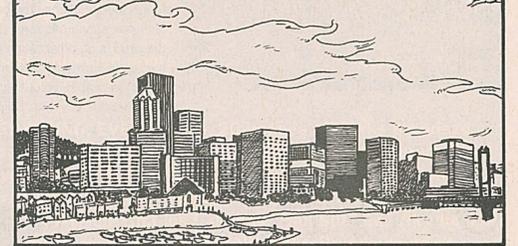
"I'd moved to San Francisco in '51. That was before there were any brick buildings. I hear that Bill Ladd built the first of those, and that it was a liquor store."



"Now the brick buildings are giving way to these cast iron ones, which will endure the test of time."

"We had that built here, at Front Street and Washington."

"I am proud. It fills my heart with joy to see this great city, where I once saw dense woods."



The interview with Francis Pettygrove was published in the June 28, 1880 edition of the *Oregonian*; only the final quote in the comic was taken directly from the interview. After moving from Portland, Pettygrove eventually founded Port Townsend, Wash., and spent the rest of his life there, where he died in 1887. Please direct all questions, complaints, corrections and other correspondence to khrissoden@comcast.net

A Little Bird Said . . .

Modern Zoo 2, the anticipated return of last summer's blockbuster art show at St. John's Cathedral Park Place, was canceled in May in the wake of the breakup of Gavin Shettler and Bryan Seureth, founders of the group formerly known as PCAC. But the mammoth warehouse will not sit fallow. During the month of July, owner Ken Unkeles, the Portland real estate developer and vendor of boxes and cartons, will launch **21 Years of Studios: Friends of Carton Service**, showcasing work by 200-plus artists who've rented studios from him over the years. As for the boys of last summer, Shettler and his board will continue husbanding the 'Zoo, while Seureth, too undomesticated by the current leadership's standards, will turn his attention to new projects and programming Disjecta, his music and performance space.

The Western Bridge opened on May 22 to what one attendee described as a "one-grenade" crowd, meaning what it would take to wipe out most of Seattle's cultural elite. Director Eric Fredericksen estimates 600 people arrived for the unveiling of the witty Roy McMakin-redesigned warehouse that will show works from the contemporary art collection of Ruth and Bill True, whose family owns Gull Oil, headquartered on the adjacent lot. The first exhibit is **Possessed**, a group show looking at "the things we own and the things that own us" and featuring work by Adam Fuss, Carsten Höller and Rosemarie Trockel, Zoe Leonard, Shirin Neshat and many others. It's up through Oct. 9 at 3412 4th Ave. S.

PICA's stout-hearted staff has been spotted wearing t-shirts emblazoned with "PICA's not dead." No, just subsisting on a healthy diet of shoe leather. Rumors are that the art group met its latest financial goals at fiscal year-end in May, but that's after suspending its visual art program indefinitely. Hopes are high that the second **Time-Based Art Festival** this fall, which last year brought critical and popular success with acts from Eiko and Koma to Miranda July, will bring new sustenance and vigor, while staff keeps the visual program's pulse beating with cost-effective alternatives like slide talks by local artists, stakeholder meetings, and e-mails announcing grants and residencies by other arts institutions. Meanwhile, pink-slipped visual art curator **Stuart Horodner** has been busy making the best of life's lemons. Since the axe dropped early this year, he's curated a political art-themed show at **Savage Art Resources** and a series of films about painters for the Northwest Film Center, while teaching at PNCA and PSU; now he's planning an art fair to coincide with TBA, drawing dealers from around the country to the Jupiter, the soon-to-be hipster hotel under renovation at E. Burnside and 8th.

PORTLAND EXHIBITIONS

The Art Gym, Marylhurst University BFA/MFA show, featuring Marylhurst undergraduates and PSU graduates, through June 20. Gallery closed July and Aug. 17600 Pacific Hwy.

Augen June 3-25: New paintings by Morgan Walker; group show of minimalist prints, including work by Frank Stella and Sol Lewitt; sculpture by Maki Hajikomo. July 1-30: group show on baseball; paintings by Eszter Burghardt. Aug. 5-28: Paintings by Jon Langford and collages by Arless Day. 817 SW 2nd Ave.

Backspace June 3-27: mixed media works-in-progress by Eric Robinson. July 1-Aug. 1: Group show in celebration of the gallery's first

anniversary. Aug. 5-29: Corey Smith. 115 NW 5th Ave.

Blackfish June 1-26: 25th anniversary celebrated with work by Soo Kim Gordon and group show of gallery members. June 29-July 31: works by graduating art school students. Aug. 3-28: show honoring press builder Ray Trayle. 420 NW 9th Ave.

Blue Sky June 3-26: Photographs by Ann Fishbein and David Maisel, with lecture by Maisel June 4. July 1-31: Photographs by Zsuzsanna Kemenesi and Tamas Nagy, with lecture by artists July 15. Aug. 5-28: Photographs by Claudia Fahrenkemper and Dylan Vitone. 1231 NW Hoyt.

Bullseye Connection June 2-July 3: Kirstie Rea's kiln-formed glass. July 6-Aug. 7: Currency, studio glass jewelry and beadwork. Aug. 4-Sept. 25: New work by Richard Marquis. 300 NW 13th Ave.

Contemporary Crafts Thesis exhibition of OCAC graduating class, through June 13. June 19-Aug. 4: Group show of kiln-formed glass. Aug. 14-Sept. 26: Beth Cavener Stichter, Liz Frey and Kikki Masthem. 3934 SE Corbett Ave.

Cooley Gallery, Reed College Michael C. McMillen's Red Trailer Motel installation, through June 13. Gallery closed July and Aug. 3203 SE Woodstock Blvd.

Elizabeth Leach Intense Focus, group exhibition with Russell Crotty, Yayoi Kusama and others, through June 26. June 1-July 31: paintings and multiples by Suzanne Caporaal. Aug. 5-28: New paintings by Barbara Sternberger; D.C. Comics, drawings by Ed Bereal; Narrative from Germany, group exhibition. 207 SW Pine St.

Froelick June 1-24: The Clown Show, juried group show. July 1-29: Michael Schultheis, paintings. Aug. 3-Sept. 1: recent paintings by Robert Gamblin and Lanny DeVuo. 817 SW 2nd Ave.

Gallery 500 June 3-26: Everett Beidler, Larry Cwik. July 1-29: Miky Wilson, Daniel Kaven, Johann Leiter, Kimber Shiroma. Aug. 5-27: Ryan Martin. 420 SW Washington, #500.

Haze June 5-26: Bruce Conkle, installation. July 2-25: See Modern Zoo above. Aug. 7-29: Group drawing show. 6635 N. Baltimore St., Suite 211.

Interstate Firehouse Cultural Center Gallery closed through July. Aug. 5-Sept. 30: fiber/ceramic installation by Zen Parry; fiber works by Meg Rowe. 5340 N Interstate.

Laura Russo June 3-26: fiber sculpture by Joan Livingstone; metal and wood sculpture by Chris Gander; drawings by Henk Pander. July 1-31: paintings by Jan Reeves; summer group show. Aug. 5-28: Mary Josephson, oil paintings; René Rickabaugh, watercolors. 805 NW 21st Ave.

Littman Gallery, PSU June 3-24: Portraits of Trees, paintings by Sarina Dorie. July 1-Aug. 20: Rochelle Koivunen, fabric and wire; Shannon Buck, paintings; Emily Lux, prints. 1825 SW Broadway, 2nd Floor.

Mark Woolley June 1-26: Rebecca Guberman-Bloom, painting and photographs; Carol Yarrow. June 29-31: New work by Dan Ness. Aug. 3-29: Group miniature show. 120 NW 9th Ave., Ste 210.

Newspace June 4-30: Amy Ruppel, Trish Grantham, Michael Paulus, Ray Daniels. July 2-31: Pat Graham and Melanie Standage; photographs by Nyree Watts; sound/video installation by Jem Cohen. Aug. 6-31: Christa Holka, Michele Mahoney. 1632 SE 10th Ave.

ORLO June 5-17: Drawings and mixed-media sculpture by Keith Yurdana. Weekly video slams. 2516 NW 29th Ave #9.

PDX June 8-July 3: Summer group show. July 6-Aug. 7: Eric Stotik, new works; Masao Yamamoto, photographs. Aug. 10-Sept. 4: Megan Murphy, paintings. 604 NW 12th Ave.

PDX Window Project June 8-July 3: Mary Schnapf. July 6-Aug. 7: Chris Laurnen. Aug. 10-Sept. 4: Vanessa Renwick. 612 NW 12th Ave.

Portland Building June 21-July 16: A Photocollage Map of Portland's Past and Present, installation by Mark Kretzmeier. July 26-Aug. 20: Vertical Garden, installation by Hilary Pfeifer and Heather Perkins. 1120 SW 5th Ave.

Print Arts Northwest June 1-26: Jani Hoberg and Sharri La Pierre. July 1-31: Prints from new PAN artists. Aug. 3-28: Kay Logan. 416 NW 12th Ave.

Pulliam Deffenbaugh June 1-26: Double Exposure, group show with Nan Goldin, Alfredo Jaar, Vanessa Beecroft and others. June 29-July 31: Erinn Kennedy, paintings. Aug. 3-28: Curtis Phillips, landscapes. 522 NW 12th Ave.

Pushdot June 2-25: Urban Glances, mixed-media images by Liz Obert. June 30-July 30: Blake Andrews. Aug. 4-27: Brad Carlile. 830 NW 14th Ave.

Savage Art Resources June 2-30: Swank, mid-century design, new paintings by Heath Bartell. July 7-Sept. 24: A Drawing Salon. 1430 SE 3rd Ave.

Visage June 3-30: Sexual State of the Modern Woman, group show, with part of proceeds going to Sexual Assault Resource Center. July 1-31: Evan Harris, paintings. Aug. 5-31: Kim Hamblin, Landry Deese. 1046 NW Johnson.

SEATTLE EXHIBITIONS

Center on Contemporary Art June 19-July 28: Domicile: A Sense of Place, group show featuring Harrell Fletcher, Lara Letinsky, Brian Novatny and others. 410 Dexter Ave. N.

Consolidated Works Hindsight Series, with Charm Bracelet, Cathy McClure, Seth Sexton and others, through June 27. June 9, 17, 26: Immemory lecture series.

Davidson June 2-26: Barbara Robertson, prints. June 4-July 10: Miki Lee, paintings; Lordon Bunch, paintings drawn from photographs. July 1-31: Paul Wunderlich, prints. July 15-Aug. 21: Sculpture by Carla Grahn, Kate Hunt and Juan Alfaro. Aug. 5-28: Peter Klucik, prints. 313 Occidental Ave. S.

Greg Kucera Super-Sized: The Big Print Show, with Chuck Close, Kiki Smith, Kara Walker and others, through June 12. June 17-July 31: John Buck, sculpture; artist lecture on June 19. Aug. 5-28: Mark Newport. 212 3rd Ave. S.

Grover/Thurston Jun 3-26: Anne Siems, mixed media paintings; Molly Hill, paintings. July 1-Aug. 20: Inez Storer, mixed-media collage and oil paintings. 309 Occidental Ave. S.

Henry Trisha Brown: Dance and Art in Dialogue, 1961-2001, retrospective and performances by Trisha Brown Company, through July 18. Generations in Photography, through July 18. Selections from the True Collection, through Oct. 3. July 17-Oct. 10: Alex Morrison; Wes Wehr: In Memoriam; The Pretenders, group show with Annie Leibowitz, Cindy Sherman, Yasamasa

Morimura and others; Santiago Calatrava: The Architect's Studio. Aug. 21-Feb. 6: Gary Hill. University of Washington, 15th Ave. NE and NE 41st St.

Howard House June 3-12: The Space of a Kiss, photographs and collage transparencies by Chris Doyle. Through June 26: New paintings by Ken Kelly; About the House group show. July 1-Aug. 7: Patti Warashina. Aug. 12-Sept. 18: Mark Takamichi Miller; Jenny Heishman. 604 2nd Ave.

James Harris Drawings and installation by Keith Tilford, through June 12. June 17-July 17: Efrain Almeida. July 22-Aug. 21: Mark Mumford's photographs and sculptures. 309A 3rd Ave. S.

Seattle Art Museum Only Skin Deep: Changing Visions of the American Self, through June 13. Larger than Life Heroes, sumo wrestling prints, through Aug. 29. Feasting with the Gods: Art and Ceremony in Ancient Mesoamerica and the Central Andes, through July 18. Van Gogh to Mondrian: Modern Art from the Kröller-Müller Museum (tickets required), through Sept. 12. Renaissance Art in Focus: Neri di Bicci and Devotional Painting in Italy, through Jan. 2. 100 University St.

Western Bridge See above.

Wing Luke Asian Art Museum Beyond Talk: Redrawing Race, through Dec. 12. 407 7th Ave. S.

Wright Exhibition Space The Figure in Contemporary Art, with photographs, paintings and sculptures by Anselm Kiefer, Sigmar Polke, Jeff Koons and others, through September. 407 Dexter Ave. N.

TACOMA EXHIBITIONS

Tacoma Art Museum Buildingwise: the Northwest Biennial, through Aug. 29. June 19-Sept. 19: Andy Goldsworthy: Mountain and Coast Autumn into Winter, sculptures made of natural materials. Building Tradition, works by Northwest artists—3rd installment through July 18; 4th installment July 24-Dec. 5. 1701 Pacific Ave.

OPPORTUNITIES

Sound Poetry Festival Spare Room's 2nd annual, seeking sound poets, speech artists and text-sound artists. mark_anypush@yahoo.com

Zonker Films Submissions for Le ITISNESS Cinemathon, films 360 seconds or less. Submissions for 3rd annual Portland International Short Films Fest, films 10 minutes or less. www.zonkerfilms.com

Richard Hugo House Writers-in-Residence applications due June 14. www.hugohouse.org
Literary Arts Applications for 2004 fellowships for writers and publishers due June 25. literary-arts.org

CoCA's 15th Northwest Annual Open to artists working in North America. Submissions due 5 pm, Aug. 15. Center on Contemporary Art, Seattle. www.cocaseattle.org

Open Design Competition Portland's competition for narrow lot house designs, submissions due Aug. 31. www.livingsmartpdx.com

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the 12hr project

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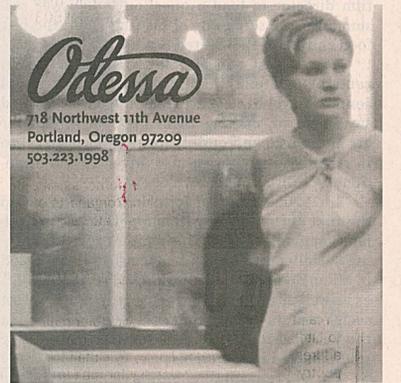
"If you're sick and tired of the politics of cynicism and polls and principles, come and join this campaign." (George W. Bush)

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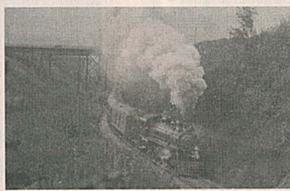


save a bullet
use your blinker

TRANSPORTATION / continued from page 1



1872: Early Portland rail system
Front Street grows long enough for the city's first intra-city rail system when pulling wagons by horse on a set course of iron I-beams proves more economical than a random path through the mud.



1883: Early rail supremacy
The first transcontinental railroad reaches town. But in a classic bunny-tortoise race for regional rail supremacy, the more difficult-to-build route through the Cascades to Tacoma is completed eight years later. The deep-water sound instantly proves to be a better port than a shallow river, leaving Portland forever second tier.



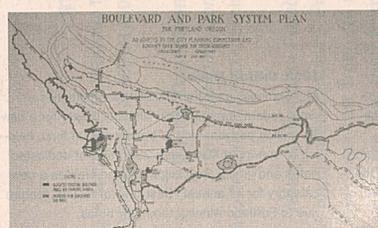
1887: Beginnings of Railvolution
The first bridge over the Willamette River is built by the same investors who own the first streetcar. They also own a large tract of land at the bridge's eastern end. Synergies multiply as the land is developed into homes for future streetcar commuters and payers of the bridge's tolls. The land, known as Sunnyside, becomes Portland's first TOD—transit-oriented development—and what might be described as a cutting-edge, private-private partnership



1890: Traversing the Heights
A cable car system traverses the steep West Hills to carry early hilltop residents and commuters to the ferry to Vancouver.



1900: \$40 buys a piece of future Manhattan
In the first of many desperate attempts to prove an inland port can still spawn a major city, a real estate gambit posits a future Manhattan at the convergence of the Willamette and Columbia rivers. The developers fail. But a slough between the rivers proves a convenient drainage system for blood from the eventually successful development upstream: the West Coast's largest slaughterhouse.



1904: Insta-City Beautiful
The Olmsteds arrive to design the Lewis & Clark Centennial Exposition, another attempt to overcome Portland's second-rate port—this time by selling beauty and livability. An instant White City made of wood and stucco rises and disappears, but successfully lures a decade-long building boom.
The Olmsteds do their usual, albeit remarkable, schtick, creating a comprehensive system of green spaces. In response, Portland offers the first example of an historical character trait: a willingness to make big plans but a penny-pinching reluctance to follow them. It buys little

of the recommended land and builds one park, Laurelhurst, and one parkway, Terwilliger Boulevard. With a privately commissioned Olmsted design for a subdivision, however, another Portland character trait blooms like a lily as the tony Alameda Ridge becomes the city's first TROD: transit-and-racist-oriented development. Advertisements promote the new district as a white-only neighborhood served by its own, similarly color-free streetcar.

1905-10: The first interurban train into the West Hills seeds several small commercial centers surrounded by 4.5-acre "orchard tracts" in the city's first back-to-the-land movement. Rolling topography topples the hegemony of the 200-foot block, and complex new land division patterns emerge as the short-term profits of subdividing lots prove more alluring than the fickle rewards of fruit. Sidewalkless roads become as tangled as ivy, helping nourish a hardy strain of NIMBYism that, decades later when the city tries to up-zone, will strangle pro-density planners.

Report from Rome

by Jaime Bancroft



A fortress looms in the shadows beyond an unmarked dirt parking lot. After crossing a bridge that at one time spanned a moat, you walk through a dark tunnel and are greeted by stray dogs and hippies with piercings. These are some of the illegal occupants of Forte Prenestino, a former military fortress in Rome's Cento Celle neighborhood. Tonight they've invited a documentary film director to lead a question-and-answer session after the screening of his film about the fast food culture of the United States.

This is just one of 150 *centri sociali* (social centers) that exist in Italy. Traditionally, social centers have been free from both market and state control, making them popular venues for art and music and outlets for the politically left. In recent years, they've also attracted the attention of profit-minded developers.

In 1970, a group of left-wing students set up the first *centro sociale* with support from the Italian Communist Party. This nonprofit, self-governing social center called Leoncavallo was located in Milan and provided alternatives to state services as well as advocacy for political refugees. Most social centers in Italy continue to uphold some of the political ideals of these founders, remaining self-managed cooperatives.

Forte Prenestino, a military fortress in the 19th century, was abandoned in the '60s and transformed into a social center in May of 1986. It remains one of the largest and most active self-managed social centers in Italy. Its neighborhood takes its name from the 100 prison cells that still exist in the basement of the fortress. These cells have been converted into music studios, a gym, drawing rooms, a darkroom, a screening room, a graphic design studio, a bookstore, a tattoo studio and a brewery. Small admission fees to lectures, film screenings, art exhibitions and concerts cover the costs of operation. Although illegally occupied, technically speaking, Forte Prenestino has managed to set up accounts with the local utilities, providing water, electricity and Internet access to its residents and members.

Many bands touring in Italy prefer playing at social centers than at other clubs or bars. Although the concerts have gotten more expensive in recent years, they haven't gotten less crowded. With the lack of good alternative spaces and a country dominated by Renaissance art, it's no wonder the centers are popular places to get in touch with current music and art.

But some social centers are also serving a larger social mission. The goal of Villaggio Globale in Rome is to encourage internationalism and discussion among cultures. It has donated funds and part of its space to a community of illegal refugees and gypsies. This social center has

also introduced a solution to a question facing the city of Rome: what to do with industrial locations that have fallen into misuse. By transforming a former abandoned slaughterhouse into a self-financed center that promotes social solidarity and international integration, Global Village has given an indisputable imprint to the whole area of Testaccio, a low-income housing area.

Most of the social centers across Italy are still squats, abandoned buildings occupied illegally, but in recent years, as the centers have become more fashionable, some have begun to collect money from outside sources, which has changed their political and legal status. One such center is Brancaleone. Although their events are still listed along with other self-managed social centers, Brancaleone was required to change its name from social center to "cultural center" because of its recent affiliation with the municipal government of Rome. With the money received from the European Union, the Province and the Comune di Roma, the center was transformed from a self-managed cooperative into a trendy nightclub with a high-tech sound system and movie theater. Along with the building's change of appearance, the crowd has also changed. Rather than a place to discuss politics or attend a meeting against prohibition, Brancaleone more closely resembles a singles hangout.

Another social center whose clientele has recently changed is 32. Located in San Lorenzo, an area close to the university in Rome that has historically been a gathering place for artists and intellectuals, the name refers to the address of a building that was once entirely occupied by squatters. When San Lorenzo started to become a hip neighborhood, the building was bought and converted into apartments; today, 32 is nothing more than a restaurant.

Although the political agenda of many social centers continues to change and in some cases has disappeared, Italians have still found a way to turn abandoned relics into productive centers of art and music. The fact that many have remained self-managed cooperatives is proof that politics and art can exist together without compromise, as long as the government and profit-minded competitors look the other way. Unfortunately, the possibility of grassroots art and politics operating on such a grand scale is unlikely in the United States, where safety regulations and commercial development pressures put unused buildings off-limits to such uses. As long as they survive, Italy's *centri sociali* will remain an inspiration, and a growing anomaly, in a world that increasingly needs what they offer.

Jaime Bancroft is a writer and designer who recently returned to Portland from Rome, Italy.

The Lost Children

by P. Genesisus Durica

Laupahoehoe, April 1, 1946

One of the Japanese boys noticed first and told the others. There he was, elbows on his desk, lolling his chin across his hands, sucking in and blowing out his cheeks, when he saw through the long window the tide was farther out than it should have been. The coral beds and sharp rocks lay exposed. Lumps of reds and blues and yellows, primary colors, flopped in the wet sand. He stood up and pointed at the window. His gesture was as dramatic as it was simple, but all day they had been playing pranks—an eraser left upright on my chair had tinted my skirt with the color and shape of some fossil invertebrate—so I ignored him. Soon all my students mobbed the window, shouting and pointing; the shorter ones got splinters in their tummies, rubbing them against the tops of their chairs, almost tumbling over, to get a better view. Why was the tide so far out? What were those colorful lumps all along the beach? I had kept the primer pinched between my thumb and forefinger, allowing the weight of the book's spine to press against my bone. It was a game I played with gravity—I was as bored and curious as my students—balancing the pleasure of the bobbing pages against my fear of dropping the book. Those days I treated students like affectionate but irritable corgis, training and pampering them in equal amounts. When a poem by Robert Louis Stevenson failed to get their attention, I closed the book with a clap and sent them out.

By then whole classes had collected on the beach. At first, they stayed close to the school, which was a kind of extended shed with salt-covered walls and a tin roof, before the warm air and clear sky convinced them that apart from the distance of the tide, the day was like any other. Off went their shoes and sandals. Socks and stockings they balled up and tossed on the beach. Some kind of trick, they all agreed, before they broke into smaller groups, scooping up shells and gull feathers and starfish; turning over rocks to watch the hermit crabs scatter in fear across pools, where the trapped water warmed their ankles. A girl, pricking her heel on an anemone, laughed when the spongy ball closed in on itself and disappeared into the sand.

My students were children, but they had started separating by sex like warring tribes. The girls sat in circles and traded shells. The boys stood adrift, turning up with their toes loose bits of lava mixed into the sand. In health class, I had shown them certain parts of the body, only in outline or as internal organs, skin and flesh peeled away like fruit, leaving the important but hardly interesting seeds. Understandably, they had felt cheated. How could love or sex originate with such simple spheres? All the pleasures and disappointments of adolescence on an island ended that afternoon. Chance and curiosity doomed them.

Caroline suggested going around to the other side of the school to smoke. Joan told those of us who remained how Caroline had lost it again, sobbing right there in front of her students during the Pledge of Allegiance. We agreed it was because her husband had been killed by the Japanese. *How strange*, we all said about the tide. I listened with my back to the wall, conscious of the chalk on my skirt. I would have liked to have gone with Caroline but was younger than most of the teachers, new to the island and alone. I was still smarting from the prank, which I took as a personal insult, although now I know better. The skirt, a deep olive, was more or less new, a gift from my family back in Oregon. The yellow dust had spread across the back. It looked as if I had sat down on the yolk

of a hardboiled egg.

At the time, all I was thinking about were the students I suspected, the students who refused to confess. Behind me were the steep cliffs and the narrow road cutting back into the island. The road must have traced the same trail the natives once used, too curvy for the Army Corps of Engineers. The cliffs sprouted runty evergreens called ironwood by some and *lig-num vitae*, "wood of life," by others. Not far from this strip of sand, near Hilo, the great king Kamehameha sent out eight hundred canoes to conquer Kauai. He failed. This made me think of the rest of the Stevenson poem:

*My holes were empty like a cup,
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.*

I started to call my students back. All I could do was watch as the shadows on the beach lengthened. The air filled with what sounded like radio static.

A single wave struck swiftly, carried us away. As harsh and high as the cliffs, the water was brown like river or lake water, clotted with dirt and human debris. Here are the moments the wave interrupted, cancelled out, erased: one of the boys picking up a piece of driftwood and poking the slick, silvery body of a fish—bodies of fish littered the beach—even as the gills continued to rise and fall; Joan chasing two Portuguese boys who had played tug-of-war with a crab; the daughter of a naval ensign smiling at me, pointing at a spot on her shin she had scraped against a snaky piece of *pahoehoe*, a word so soft as to belie danger. Hearing the static, I had looked to the sky before turning toward the tide. I had looked first for bombers, then for clouds.

Years later I would return to the island to attend

the funeral of a girlfriend. We had kept in touch through letters and postcards. I had gone back to teaching junior high in Portland where I encouraged my classes to engage the world with open, eager minds. What did it matter if the world didn't care to be known? What else could they do? I couldn't keep them in the classroom forever.

My friend had told me how the site of the school had been turned into a memorial park and sent me a photograph of a brass marker containing the names and ages of the students and teachers who had died that day. In her retirement, she had written a column on Hilo history for the weekly paper. The envelopes containing her letters were often stuffed with clippings.

One of these articles described how before the school was built, the beach had served as a landing for cattle brought to the island. The cows were marked for farms beyond the cliffs. The rocks around the strip were too many and too jagged for the ships to draw close, so the cows were tied together and forced to swim ashore. Cows resemble dogs swimming, I presume, trampling each other near the shore, hooves slipping in the sand. When one drowned, the others dragged it along to where men with sharp cleavers waited. Local islanders old enough to remember claimed the beef butchered on the beach always tasted fishy. The sand and foam were very effective at soaking up the blood.

P. Genesisus Durica's fiction and nonfiction appear in recent issues of *Mid-American Review*, *Blue Mesa Review* and *Tin House*.



ILLUSTRATION BY CARSON ELLIS

TRANSPORTATION / continued from page 4

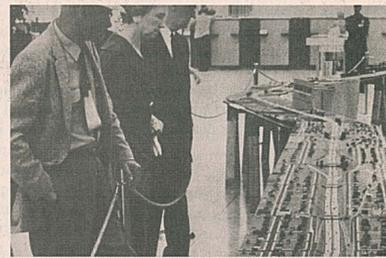


1917: Mapquest mistake

Having bought 20 acres site-unseen for a roundhouse from a land division map, Oregon Railway & Navigation discovers later, it's a hilltop above the West Hills' steepest ravine. The company's staff doctor, Kenneth J. Mackenzie, convinces his employer to donate the land for a hospital. Quickly dubbed "Mackenzie's Folly," the unlikely location will grow into the city's largest employer 80 years later. See 2006.

1911: The city that might have been

The Great Plank Road proves too bumpy for autos and trucks and begins to be replaced by the unintended pun of asphalt. In the same year E.H. Bennet, partner of Daniel "Make-No-Small-Plans" Bennett, proposes an enhanced street plan for a future city of two million, complete with axial grand boulevards lined with Parisian-style, medium density buildings. Portland adopts the plan, but that old ambivalence sets in again, except for the establishment of a Planning Commission and the passing of zoning laws protecting existing neighborhoods from greater density.



1910s: Future hip youth magnet - Southeast Belmont Street and 33rd Avenue

Intra- and interurban rails reach their peaks of both reach and monopoly ownership under a proto-Enronian magnate of movement called Portland Railway, Light & Power. Portland briefly enjoys its richest connection with the state's major university as 20 trains a day run between Eugene and Portland. After the automobile sends the streetcars to scrap heaps, the inner-city business districts, wither, to be reborn 50 years later as the trendy commercial zones of the '90s.



1913-22: The most beautiful road in the world

City, county and private entrepreneurs join in the city's earliest known (above-board) public-private partnership to create the Northwest's first modern highway and the nation's first scenic highway through the Columbia River Gorge. Pleasure briefly trumps speed as the road transforms the gorge into the world's largest picturesque garden. Marketed as a rival to the alpine drives of the Swiss Alps, day-trippers drive to destinations like Multnomah Falls, in these days a city park. Within five years, however, speed trumps pleasure, and the new artery becomes clogged with trucks transporting goods. Eventually it grows into I-84.

1943: Freeway fantasy

Robert Moses creates a freeway plan establishing the rough outlines for a necklace of concrete around the city center. Unusually well followed by the usually big-plan-phobic Portland (thankfully without Moses' preferred elevated viaducts), it ushers in what now looks like the good ol' days when national paranoia paid in local construction jobs for building interstate nuclear evacuation routes. By the '70s, a freeway backlash ensues. The final line of Moses' map—the Mount Hood Freeway—is redrawn as Portland's first light-rail line.



Freeway reality

Fallout from the Moses' method - routing the city's second downtown, Hollywood, and setting back the district of Lents for decades - eventually builds to a backlash. By the '70s the final line of Moses' map - the Mount Hood freeway - is redrawn as Portland's first light rail line.

1959: Oregon successfully convinces Seattle to delay

an international 50-year anniversary commemoration of the Yukon-Pacific Exposition so that the Beaver State can celebrate its centennial. Political infighting deflates Oregon's big party into little more than a state fair held in a slightly upgraded cattle showroom. Seattle uses the extra time to garner federal funds, inflating its celebration into a World's Fair. Jet City's party sprouts the Seattle Center and the Space Needle and an internationalist persona. The only remnant of Beaver State's 100-year birthday similarly embodies its cultural ambitions: a 50-foot statue of Paul Bunyan.



1970s: Revolution begins

The inmates obtain the keys to the asylum as a 31-year-old Legal Aid lawyer, Neil Goldschmidt, becomes mayor. He fires every chief in the city's planning and transportation bureaucracy, installing a new regime that rewrites the textbook of American city planning with a series of magic acts. A riverside freeway is replaced with Waterfront Park. Federal freeway money is rerouted to create a downtown bus mall and, eventually, a first spur of regional light-rail. Happy accidents like the regionalization of taxes from garbage hauling converge with state policies mandating metropolitan growth boundaries, laying the groundwork for the nation's first regional government and the first efforts at sprawl containment.



1974: Freeway trade-in

In a move still barely imaginable, Governor Bob Straub, Mayor Goldschmidt and state highway chief Glenn Jackson convince the Feds to allow them to redirect money intended for a freeway to Mount Hood to build MAX, a 15-mile light-rail line from downtown Gresham to Portland. When the train's electric doors finally open in 1985, 200,000 citizens take free rides the first weekend.

1980s: Olmsted plan gains second wind

A Parks Bureau employee puts a dusty copy of the Olmsted's 1904 parks plan into the hands of West Hills housewife Barbara Walker. Having already turned a proposed housing development near her home into a 71-acre nature reserve through her relentless lobbying, she measures the Olmsted's proposed interlinked park system, and, presto, the 40-Mile Loop is born. Now comprised of everything from vacated train tracks to nature trails, it totals over 140 miles linking nearly all of the metro area's major parks.

1993: Critical Mass

City Commissioner Earl Blumenauer multiplies a small federal appropriation with city money for a new \$1 million per year bicycle transportation fund, helping to spawn, at last count, 238 miles of dedicated paths and lanes. Bicycling Magazine creates a new category for its annual "Best City for Biking" feature due to Portland winning too many times.

The Girls of Summer

by Kendall Beaudry

At last the season has arrived. The steam rises off the sparkling cement, undulating like the crimped tendrils on the crown of a 16-year-old virgin.

Rather than sit brooding over my coffee and empty page, I venture out to get my fix. It's hot, and the street is as busy with distractions as a Bosch triptych. A forgiving breeze wafts pubescent parfum, tickling the hairs inside my nose. Teen spirit has pushed open the school doors, and precious tenderlings are skipping around the city.

Oh, the times never revealed so much for teenage girls! Sans brassiere, or split symmetrically by a thong, developing Venuses show their stomachs in the current mode, tight abdomens softened to Buddha bellies. Wherever you walk this summer, they'll meet you, brazen, boisterous and brassy.

The best views are in unchaperoned areas: malls, basketball courts, video arcades, concert halls (all ages), and parking lots.

Sometimes I can hear a sounder from two blocks away by the slap of her 3-inch spiked heel hitting the pavement. Here's one, rounding the

corner by the gym, bell-bottomed and peasant-topped, swaggering and swinging a sea-horse handbag, the source of the clatter popping out from under a well-flared pant leg. Some girls swagger. Others hobble around like donkeys—sad, slow and pretty.

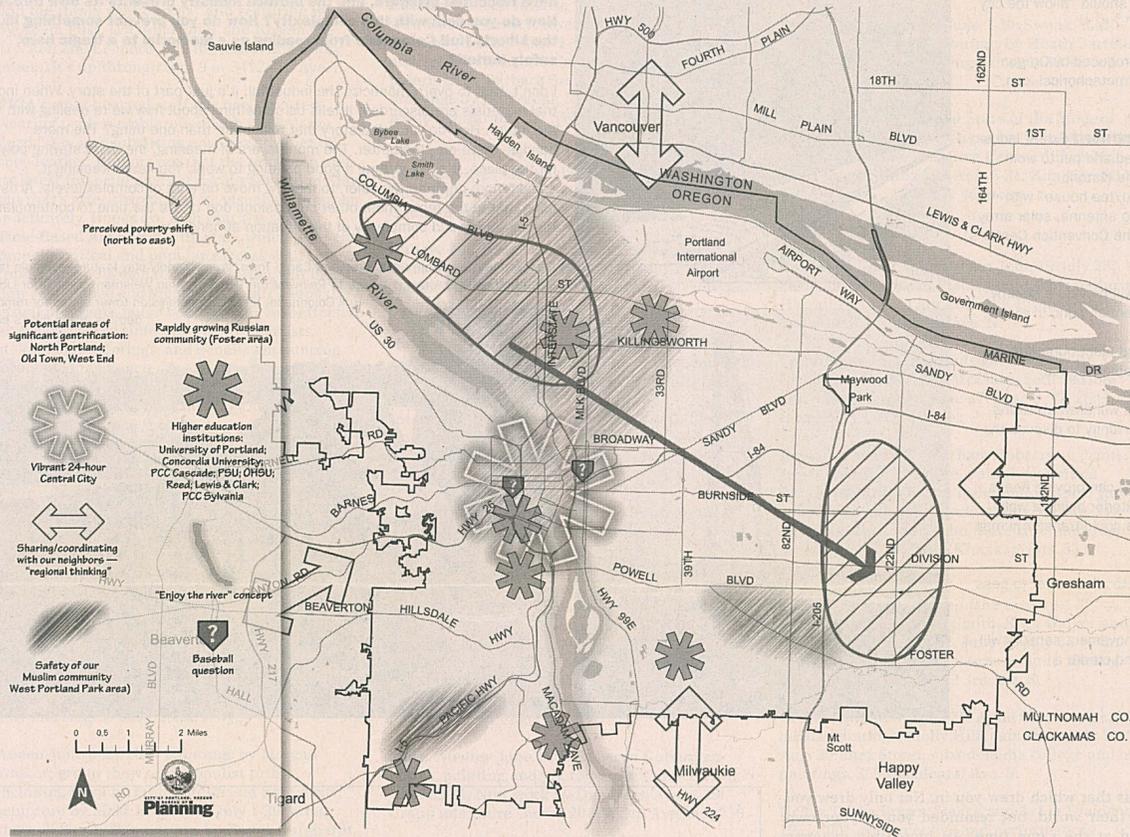
In the snack bar at the gym, after my workout, I gaze at the soft round visages, expressionless and glowing post-step class. Trouble in a pleated tennis mini looks back with smoky eyes. A straw sits between her glossy lips, sucking down a nonfat double mocha. (I missed the whipped cream.) Her strappy Lycra top pushes up her breasts—medallions of victory. She is prowess in her Pumas. I shift in place, anticipating the force from her winning serve. She walks just short of my table—only to dispose of her drink. With a pivot and a ponytail bounce, she leaves for the courts.

At the music store, another niece rummages through a smart selection across the aisle, but she is committed to her cell phone. I try to meet her eyes to let her know that I

am patiently standing by, but they are hiding under a heavy set of bangs, set off by lilac-tinted spectacles. She speaks and gestures, flashing accessories, and something drops to the floor. She bends from her white vinyl double-buckled belt, hip huggers sliding until her scruples catch up; placing her painted nails on her power belt, she pulls her pants back to their focal point, 3 inches below the navel.

Empty-handed, I make my way to the bar, my usual spot. The waiter hands me a dry port. I take a pad of paper and a pencil from my bag. It's past time to make the first scratchings of the day. The half globe of blush rose evaporates while I fill the sheet. Most of it, at least. My eyes shift out the window to creamy arms reaching out for a stretch. She commands the sea in a striped Bad Kitty boat-neck tee. It's a hard day's work to look this good as a skipper. Her shoulder mounds shine. I am the parrot that perches there. We must sail away from this watering hole. I stow my paper and stubbed pencil and head out the café to the dock.

Kendall Beaudry is a freelance writer living in Portland.



This is one of four "idea maps" created to focus later data collection for the *Portland Present* survey (see map caption on page 2). Originally sketched with colored markers on large sheets of paper, the maps incorporated subjective input on issues facing the city from the Mayor and her staff, the Portland Planning Commission, Portland Neighborhood Association land use chairs and staff from all divisions within the Planning Bureau.

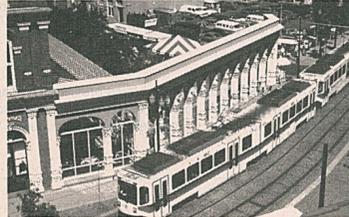
1995: Rose garden's urban thorns
Paul Allen bestows the city a gift: a new basketball arena for the city's beloved Blazers. So excited by the billionaire's b-ball court and his willingness to put it right on light-rail, city officials ignore the inherently suburban surrounding road system that Allen rams down their throats. Suggestions of greater connection to the city's surrounding grid are met with threats of moving the team. The result: The greatest convergence of parking and multi-modal transportation connections between San Francisco and Seattle stands next to a district that, when there's no game or concert, is entirely empty.

1998: A second spur of regional light-rail burrows
beneath the route of the Great Wood Plank Road, creating another historic link between downtown and the Tualatin Valley. But a more important connection to the growing Silicon Forest is left dangling. As planners dream of new communities blossoming in the green fields from the stem of light-rail, huge computer manufacturing facilities arrive to feed on state tax breaks a short drive away. The promise of TODs becomes the reality of TOPRs—transit-oriented park-and-rides. But the line works in unintended ways as weekend ridership surpasses weekdays and downtown feels the sweet rush of suburbanites' Visa cards.



2000: Hegelian history? The streetcar returns
Past turns present with the completion of the nation's first new streetcar in half a century. Funded in part with an increase in parking fines, the new line stretches only 2.2 miles. With a 15-minute wait between each train, it is actually possible to (shh) beat the jaunty new Czech cars by walking. But the streetcar magically hypnotizes developers into building urban housing along the tracts—3,000 units and rapidly counting. In other millennium multimodal news, Portland City Council legalizes skateboards on city streets.

2001: The tie that binds
A new 1.13-mile floating, clinging and occasionally cantilevering path following the strip of land between the Willamette River and I-5—the Eastbank Esplanade—becomes the latest attempt to bridge the city's historical psychological divide from the river. Built for \$453 per inch, the path is considered pure boondoggle by many seasoned planners. But it instantly turns golden as numerous westsiders jog onto eastside soil for the first time. Shortly after September 11, a celebration to open the Esplanade becomes a spontaneous memorial in the form of a glowing, candlelit ring of promenading Portlanders.

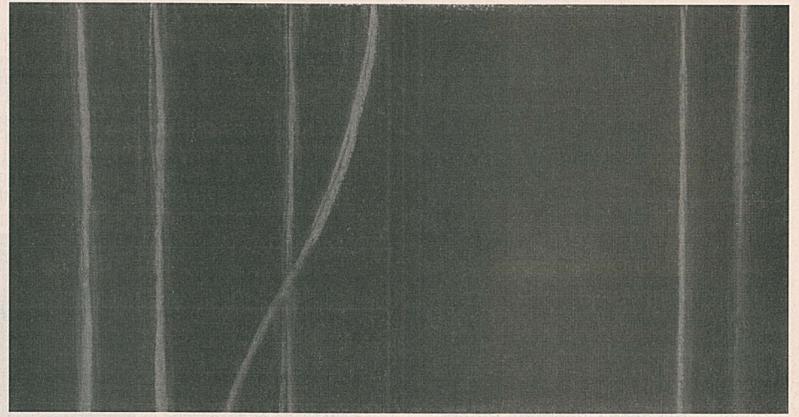


2006: A railroad's topographic blunder 90 years ago sprouts a county hospital that, by century's end, becomes the central city's largest employer, Oregon Health and Science University. As the natural healing properties of the hilltop's fresh air and trees are traded for the steroids of National Institute of Health research grants, it grows and grows; 2 million square feet later, it hangs on the hill like a giant goat. The closest land for expansion lies 3,000 feet away over 20-plus lanes of traffic on a 120-acre waterfront brownfield. Necessity breeds invention: Pill Hill becomes Pill Beach with the nation's first commuter aerial tram since Roosevelt Island.



Follow the Boomer Bubble:
The linchpin to a \$1.7 billion development agreement, the tram is the city's biggest gamble on transportation yet. The hoped-for payoff? Technology and science jobs. But the view-rich, waterfront land only a four-minute aerial tram ride from the latest cures for almost anything seems more likely to spawn a Boomertown as America's most health-obsessed generation rounds the turn to seeking eternal life.

Randy Gragg writes on architecture, urban design and urban history for the Oregonian.



Molly Vidor, charcoal on paper

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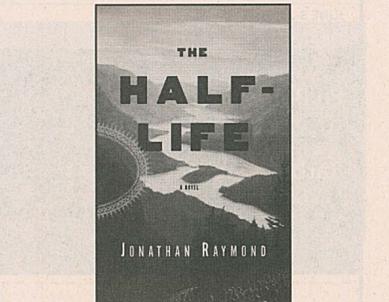
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South Waterfront is readying to become the next symbol of Portland's "if you plan it, they will come" theology. Formerly a World War II shipyard, the stretch of prime riverfront property between the Marquam Bridge and the River Forum Building currently hosts Zidell Marine's barge-building facility and a lot of abandoned junk. But if every vying interest group's dream comes true, the land will soon be a futuristic melding of high-rise condos, shops and restaurants, a biotech research center, and a riverbank resort for fish and wildlife. Last year, Portland Parks and Recreation and the Regional Arts and Culture Council hired Seattle artist **Buster Simpson** to develop a conceptual design for a South Waterfront Greenway, which will complete the City's trail system along the west shore of the Willamette and deal with wildlife habitat restoration.

CARGO TOWN In the interim before new buildings go up, surplus cargo containers providing live-work space for artists and entrepreneurs will create a sense of place and a "community for spontaneously generated ideas."

SCRAPYARD OF TRANSFORMATIVE POTENTIAL and **RIP RAP ARTIFACT** Indiscriminate dumping at the river bank, typical of "edge" zones, should be preserved or enhanced in situ, or the materials salvaged to embellish new development and art.

GREENWAY STROLL The planned pedestrian-bike pathway should provide an "episodic journey rich in ideas," possibly including anamorphic drawings on its surface.

THE EDGE OF ENTROPY The landscape along the river's edge should "allow the city grid to disintegrate at shore's edge into constructed habitat."

LIBERTY HULL COLONNADE Remnants from the cargo ships produced by Oregon Shipbuilding should be placed in a colonnade to serve as a "metaphorical icon," linking the site to its past and prospective future.

POWER TOWER VECTOR AND INDUSTRIAL INFRASTRUCTURE RETROFIT Extant industrial equipment, such as shipyard cranes, should be preserved and put to work building new amenities and serving as "performance art." The historic power-transmission tower should be adapted as a "duck blind/tea house" with solar-heated tea, Wi-Fi communication tower, community radio antenna, solar array support structure, or symbolic lighting vector responding to the Convention Center's twin towers downstream.

BLUEBERRY BOG and **HYDRO TOWER** A public blueberry bog will provide a healthy food source and place for social harvests, doubling as a detention pond in winter.

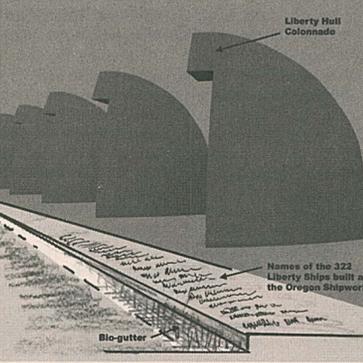
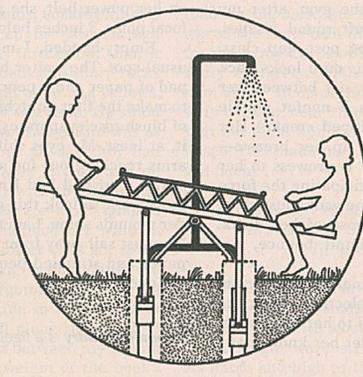
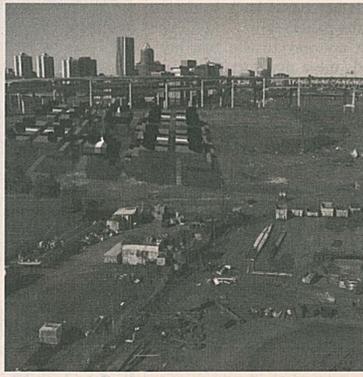
CIVIC NURSERY In the interim before buildings go up, tree and plant nurseries can be installed on future in-fill blocks for a cost-effective landscaping source.

BIOTECH PLANTATIONS A plantation of hybrid plants and trees will draw up toxins while providing a temporary landscape and educational opportunity to discuss the positive and negative issues of bioengineering.

ROOF WATERSHED and **GRAY WATER IRRIGATION** Tall buildings can provide heads of water pressure for fountains and vertical gardens along exterior building walls. Gray water can be used for irrigation. Recreational structures could transfer human energy into acts of stewardship (see teeter-totter figure).

BUILDINGS WITH PANT LEGS ROLLED UP Designing buildings to allow water to pass under or through them will allow them to withstand floods.

PATHWAY LIGHTING Efficient, variable illumination linked to movement sensors will "romanticize the darkness," allowing visibility of the stars, and create a "kinesthetic choreography of light play."



Q&A

What are some of the stories you dug up in your research of the site?

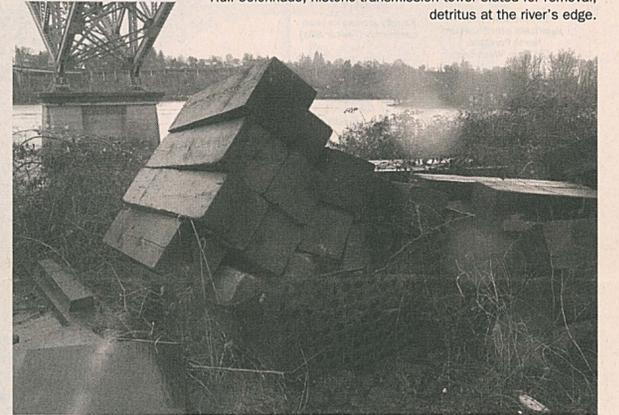
I'm trying to simultaneously tell the stories of the past and the future. The site was once a Jewish neighborhood, and Jewish families became stakeholders in the area. Families such as the Zidells and Schnitzers have continued to hold land there. I found the Zidell boat works, where they continue to make giant barges, to be really amazing. I think it would be an interesting contrast to see some form of light manufacturing continue to exist alongside the hi-tech industry—perhaps not on riverfront property, but in a less prime location. For example, the Zidells could manufacture solar ferryboats like they are doing in Germany.

Portland was one of the biggest manufacturers of Liberty Ships in World War II. They were the lifeblood of the war, the equivalent of today's cargo containers, and they were manufactured on assembly lines like Chevy cars. They returned to the same yard to be scrapped and recycled. Because of the concrete poured into the hulls as ballast, they were impossible to recycle, so they were buried, remaining at the water's edge as visible relics. There's a park on the other side of the river where a lot of the hulls were dumped, and there's a memorial there. Why not bring them back and create a memorial on South Waterfront? It plays into the Cargo Town idea nicely, which in turn plays into the idea of diverse business, which is safer than having an industrial monoculture.

The "myth" of the South Waterfront plan is that wildlife and urban development have learned to live in harmony. Yet our manufacturing industries have relocated offshore, and the biotech industry presents its own threats. How do you deal with this complexity? How do you prevent something like the Liberty Hull Colonnade from reading as a memorial to a tragic hero, safely buried?

I don't want to overromanticize the industrial; it's just part of the story. When industrial materials are discarded, it tells us something about how we're dealing with the future. How do you tell a story that tells more than one thing? The more handles there are, the better. The more layers of meaning, the more staying power for the piece. It's like getting a good painting to work. You keep tweaking it, adding more depth to the color, to make it move on a lot of complex levels. Artists bring that to the table; most other professions don't have the time to contemplate the perversity and complexity of the situation at hand.

From top left to bottom right: sketch of Cargo Town, green-friendly play feature (example taken from the book *Gaviotas: A Village to Reinvent the World*, by Alan Weisman), sketch for Liberty Hull Colonnade, historic transmission tower slated for removal, detritus at the river's edge.



SAVINAR / continued from page 1

uninteresting and devoid of human scale. You have brought art to the commuter, the neighborhood, the workplace and the children. And most of all you have made many of us better public artists. And I thank you.

My dear architects. You have drawn the artists' concept when the artists couldn't. You have toiled for countless unbillable hours to resolve engineering and construction details that we were unable to resolve. But foremost you have invited us into your works, to sit down at your table, and encouraged us to enter into the dialogue. Had it not been for you and your gracious invitations, we might never have understood how buildings work, how urban spaces work, and how we might broaden our own creative pursuits.

Artists, dear artists. I want to thank you for the intelligence you've shown, the magic you've worked and the wonderful surprises that I encounter as I walk through cities. So many of you have come up with such smart solutions that I am continually awestruck by your intelligence.

All of us in this industry have learned a great deal. We have learned by surveying the field to see what has worked and what hasn't. We communicated with each other to solve problems and to offer professional support in time of need. I am very proud of all of us.

But starting right now and continuing on for the next 45 minutes, I would like us all to consider how we can begin to inject the ART back into public art. And let me be perfectly clear, the art of which I speak is not animal paw prints sandblasted into sidewalks. It is not literary quotations copied from the pages of a book and etched on to the window of a library. And it is not, and I repeat, it is not terrazzo maps of rivers set into the floors of airports and convention centers. As of 2002 these exercises are better left to graphic designers, librarians and the historical societies. Now mind you, I have not been immune from these practices for I myself have etched pavers with text and created riverbed maps in transit facilities. But I stand before you today as a changed man who has seen the evil of his ways. And now is the time to call all of this nonsense to a halt.

I would hazard a guess that none of us in this room are involved in the arts because we love hearing city counselors opine on modern art. Rather, I would suggest that we are involved in the arts because of a personal encounter with an art object that made us understand the power of creativity. It was magic produced with a little oil and pigment applied to a piece of cloth, or a slab of stone wrestled to the ground by the artist's hands.

It was that which drew you in. Not only drew you into their world, but reminded you of your own world at the same time. An incredibly dynamic moment of communication among you, the hand-made object and the object's creator. Nothing was spoken other than the abstracted language of form, color and content. I would guess that a number of you could even recall where you were, how old you were, and the specific artwork that opened up the door to that joy. I'd encourage all of you to take a moment and remember the quality and the overwhelming power of that experience, and the experiences you've had since then, that confirms the wonderment of creativity. Maybe it was the obsessive high level of craft, or maybe it was the originality of the concept. But I am sure of one thing—it was that very personal experience which catapulted you into the field of art. Maybe it was the light in a 19th century Turner landscape. It could have been a playful cast steel Joel Shapiro dancing across the floor of Paula Cooper. Maybe it was a tortured self-portrait by Frieda Kahlo, which you came upon at the LA County. It could have been *The Dinner Party* installation by Judy Chicago, a delicate object formed by the hands of 20 of Ann Hamilton's studio assistants, or even the scores of fanatical cast bronze creatures who inhabit the children's playground in Battery Park created by Tom Otterness. However, regardless of the specifics I would hazard a guess that such an experience was not the result of artist-designed trashcans.

... Now I am sure that many of you in this room can tell me wonderful stories about the community-building exercises, the ghetto kids that were turned on to art, and cranky right-wing voters who were ultimately impressed with a little colored concrete. But I've got to tell you that much of what is labeled public art is not art—it's art education, it's graphic design, or in many cases it's community-pride projects. And those of us who walk out of this room today and encourage artists to continue with these design exercises are slitting the throat of creativity. Because together we are single-handedly facilitating the dumbing down of cultural America. We are giving citizens graphic design and calling it art. And this not only lowers the expectation level of the public in the visual arts but also poisons the public's expectation in the fields of literature, dance, film and all other expressions of creativity. Remember what I talked about a few minutes ago? I talked about the power of an art object to change your lives. I hope that you will consider, for just a moment, the spirit of what I'm getting at. And what I'm calling for is to put the art back in what we've been calling public art for the last 20 years. Now is the

Swollen and Pulsing

my hand is swollen and pulsing, too much heart to have fingers,
but the inside walls are still
at the nexus of city and rain
with the stories of our lives stretched out like drinking straws providing their own
pressure,
pipelines replaced by giant mutant throats of organic plastic
randomly generating seconds when no faucet is on and the only thirst
is inside a dream of someone unwilling to crack a bottle of water transposed
from the thinnest air
like when im putting a new sheet on the mattress and it gathers as slowly
as a summer storm cloud
before settling through the earth, rippling inside millennia of rock

I dont know how often the earth breathes, perhaps its circular,
one and many,
like thousand-fingered hands interlacing a silent language,
if worms are those fingers,
if in full sexual splendor worms make as much contact as possible
to go through each other, as a self-motivated cloud goes against the wind
and through its neighbors, as a curious bee keeps getting deeper into a flower
til hes too far from home and too close to sunset
when the air is dangerous with swallows

—Dan Raphael

Dan Raphael's most recent books are *When a Flying City Falls*, *Showing Light a Good Time* and *Among my Eyes*. His poems have recently appeared in *Pemmican*, *Hubbub*, *Shattered Wig*, *Sniffy Linings 3* and *Raven Chronicles*. He is considered "Portland's tallest poet."

time to take all that we've learned about working in the public realm and use it as a studio tool to create magnificent works of art in buildings, in plazas and in transit facilities, which communicate more than the outline of a mountain range off in the distance, more than the original platting of a city etched in granite under foot, and more than the names of Native American medicinal plants inscribed on bus stop windscreens adjacent to a hospital. Public art should not be reduced to some kind of Nike-esque branding exercise where logos of our civilization are cut and pasted from a Macintosh clip art file onto a granite slab in a library floor surface. Rather than using design to tell an elementary-school-level history lesson, let's use

artists to tell us about our lives in a manner that touches us because of its ability to create wonder, not reach the lowest common denominator of representation.

... At the present, each and every one of us sits here in this room as the facilitators in the design of America's built forms. And, if we take that charge, what are our responsibilities? Our responsibilities to ourselves, our responsibilities to the urban landscape, and ultimately our responsibility to the future?

I would suggest that our responsibility is to take full responsibility for what we design and the effect it has on the citizens who will share the impacts for
SAVINAR / continued page 7

START HERE.

FOLLOW IMAGES LEFT TO RIGHT AND TOP TO BOTTOM.
TEXT READS TOP TO BOTTOM AND LEFT TO RIGHT.

Dennis Oppenheim - Proposal for a Building Complex, 1996.
www.home.earthlink.net/~dennisoppenheim/

Allan McCollum - Parable, 1998/99.
Cast pigmented concrete. From a series of 12 replicas cast from the stump of an elm tree that died from Dutch elm disease on the grounds of the Wanås Sculpture Park, Knislinge, Sweden.
<http://home.att.net/~allanmcnyc/>

Gabriel Orozco - Extension of Reflection, 1992. Drawing created by riding a bicycle through puddles.

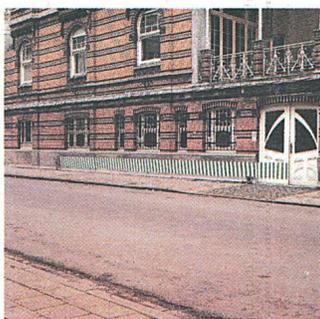
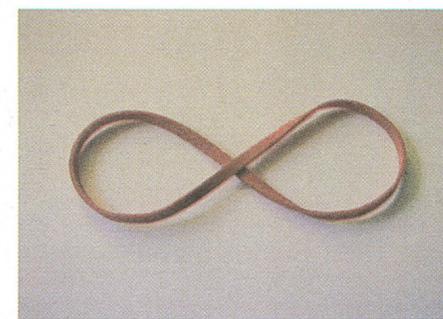
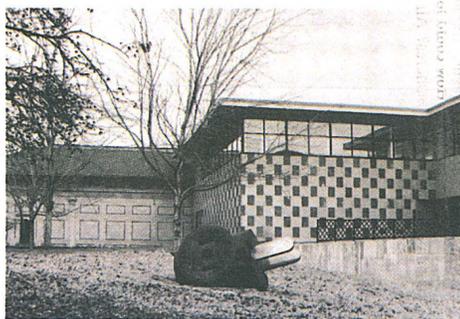
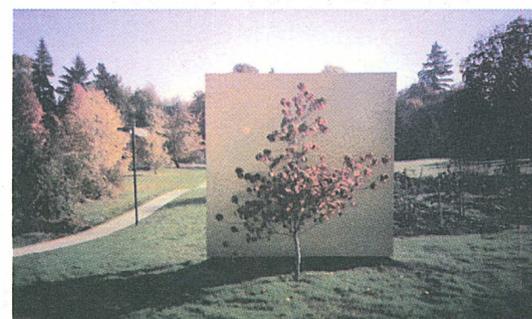
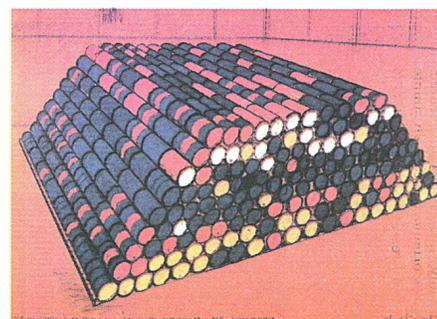
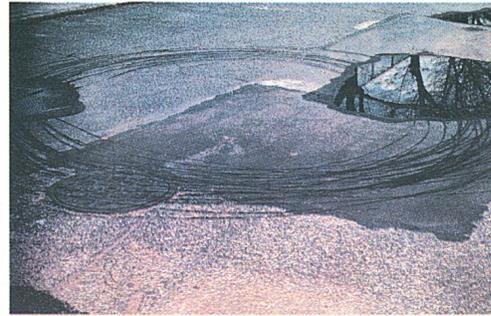
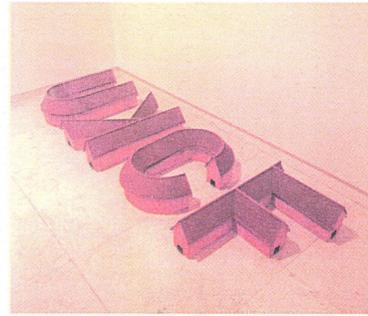
In 1998, **Melinda Stone** and **Igor Vamos** initiated and executed the *Photo Spot Project* for the Center for Land Use Interpretation, installing over 50 "Suggested Photo Spot" signs at selected sites from coast to coast, including the tailings pile of a copper mine and the wastewater treatment facility for the Kodak company's headquarters.
www.clui.org

Melody Owen - The Igloo Project, 2002.
In five locations over five nights in Portland in 2002, fiberglass domes resembling igloos were placed in patterns that responded to their environment. A few hours later, they were removed. www.thistlepress.net

Tad Savinar - A Sign, 1998. Enamel on wood, 66 x 36.5 in. More examples of Savinar's work can be seen at www.savageartresources.com.

Pawel Althamer - Motion Picture, 2000.
Althamer videotaped ordinary visitors to a public square, then employed 10 people to re-create their actions in the same location. The audience he invited was given no explanation of the circumstances of the "performance."

In 1964, **Andy Warhol** was commissioned to create a mural on the exterior of the New York State pavilion at the World's Fair. He submitted *13 Most Wanted*, a 20-foot-square work with 13 mug shots from the FBI's Most Wanted lists. Among Warhol's subjects were a significant number of Italian-Americans accused of ties to organized crime. Sure that this would anger visitors of Italian descent, fair officials painted over the mural in silver before the fair began. Warhol suggested replacing it with a portrait of the official who'd banned the work, **Robert Moses**, but that idea was rejected as well.



Maurizio Cattelan - Hollywood, 2001.
Replica of the Hollywood sign, placed on a hill overlooking the city dump in Palermo on the occasion of the 2001 Venice Biennale.

Christo - 1566 Oil Drums, 1968. Sketch. Proposed project for Institute of Contemporary Art, Philadelphia, PA.

Vik Muniz - Clouds, February - April 2001.
Skywriting over New York City, a project sponsored by Creative Time. Photo: www.charliesamuels.com © 2001.

Paul Sutinen - Golden Morning (Memory), 1990. A small dogwood tree was backed by an 8-foot-square brass-colored panel, which was left standing as the tree changed with the seasons.

Charles Simonds - Dwellings, 1981.
Simonds created a number of miniature clay villages in appropriated sites under eaves, in cracked walls of condemned buildings and on outdoor window ledges. Most were lost to the elements or curious passersby who tried to take them home.

Claes Oldenburg - 3 Way Plug, 1971.
Self-portrait executed in various materials, including versions in painted steel, bronze, foam and vinyl.

Bruce Conner - I am not Bruce Conner, 1972. There's more than one story about the reason these buttons came into being. One goes like this: Bruce Conner was interested in the idea that more than one person could share the same name, so he made plans to organize a Bruce Conner Convention. Those who shared his name would be given a button that read "I am Bruce Conner," and the other people in attendance would be given a button that read "I am not Bruce Conner."

Charles Goldman - Found Infinities, 2002 - ongoing. "Whenever I find a rubber band on the ground, I twist it into an infinity sign. If I have a camera I take a picture." www.charlesgoldmanwork.com

Katharina Fritsch - Madonnenfigur, 1987, painted plaster.

Daniel Buren - In Situ. For more than 30 years, Buren has wallpapered, painted and hung banners with a signature stripe motif in public and private spaces around the world.

Tony Smith - Die, 1962. Painted Steel, 6 x 6 x 6 ft.

William Wegman - Dog Bowl Fountain, 2002. Cast bronze dog bowl outfitted with Benson Bubbler water fountain. More information about William Wegman can be found at www.savageartresources.com.

EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING

Twenty works proposed, positioned, performed and photographed in public spaces, 1962-2004

BROADSIDE NO. 3. Curated by Brad Adkins. Designed by Jon Steinhorst.

Published by *The Organ Review of Arts*, Summer 2004.

Stalking New York

SEEKING THE ART OF THE MOMENT IN THESE FOREBODING TIMES

by Stephanie Snyder

It was difficult to turn away, to not stand studying the face of the man sleeping on the sidewalk. The budding summer sun had willed two perfect fiery circles from within his cheeks. "Maybe that's one of the artists," I wondered. "Maybe that's Harrell."

Inside the Whitney, no one was sleeping, except, arguably, a greyed, molted chimera lying supine on a black wooden construction with mirrored boxes rising around it like a minimalist Emerald City. The beast—the inhabitant of a world created by David Altmejd—was bejeweled: crystal accretions grew from its orifices and wounds, and its pierced donkey/dog ears bore chains pulled by small birds, ready to ferry it aloft, one presumed, somewhere outside—art making its own escape. Ballpoint-pen markings on the beast's body revealed a small Star of David, a phone number, a name. Its crushed skull showed the canines of a monkey or dog. The creature's hybrid Jewish body complicated things. Was it a relic of history or/and a destroyed messenger from the future? A messiah burnt by the sun? Like Thomas Jerome Newton in *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, it seemed caught within the exigencies of its past: its delicate constitution and its experiences of conflict and degradation. Elsewhere, the dismembered heads of its compatriots lay under vitrines. Whereas the chimera rushed the visitor into an unexplained ritual, the werewolflike heads under the vitrines suggested acts of skillful violence and scientific study. In one case, a simple set of false eyelashes made from human hair challenged the rest of the objects to be, like it, beautiful.

Palestinian artist Emily Jacir lives between Ramallah and New York City. She sent a request to Palestinians living in restricted areas and refugee camps to send her descriptions of actions that she could perform on their behalf. The requested actions ranged from watering trees to paying electric bills to placing flowers on a mother's grave. Jacir presented *Where We Come From* in documentary format, each personal request framed next to an image of the completed action. The visual chronicle read like a succession of passport

pages. Both highly personal and political, Jacir's project gave me the sense that the conflicts might one day be resolved, that memory can extinguish grief and revenge.

We've taken the L to Brooklyn. Yun-Fei Ji stands in front of one of his expansive and immersive horizontal scroll-like paintings at Pierogi 2000. His hand glides slowly toward a tilted riverbank where skeletal figures stow meager, scavenged belongings in flimsy wooden boats and prepare to depart from the lush and decaying environment that surrounds them. These individuals, observed and caressed by demon figures with tall, oblong heads, are about to cast their indeterminate futures to the water and drift like leaves. I ask Yun-Fei if there is going to be a happy ending for these lost souls. He shrugs his shoulders, "Probably not, it's winter. The dams are flooding their farm lands and there's nothing to eat." "Is spring next?" I venture again. "Spring? No," Yun-Fei laughs.

This body of work is entitled *The Empty City*. Yun-Fei is describing the towns and cities along the Yangtze River in China that have been emptied in preparation for the flooding of the Three Gorges—a byproduct of creating the world's largest hydroelectric dam. What torments Yun-Fei, and what we may only have heard about, is that over one million people have already been displaced by the project and that there are disastrous environmental consequences. Having gazed into the still waters of an enormous lake created by one of Stalin's largest dams and seen the faint outlines of buildings frozen in the water, I get it.

Yun-Fei was trained in Beijing in traditional Chinese painting methods, and his absorption of Chinese literati masters such as Shen Zhou and Wen Zheng-ming is expressed in the extraordinary range and delicacy of his brushwork and use of powdered, mineral-based pigments on mulberry paper. Yun-Fei works the paper hard, and the physical distress of the paper reinforces his subject. Yun-Fei's landscapes are familiar in the way that an unsettling dream is familiar, in the way that art is familiar. After leaving China, Yun-Fei went to graduate school in Arkansas. (What was that like?) When he told me this, I looked at the dense

landscapes of his paintings and saw America. There is a compelling similarity between Yun-Fei's and Portland artist Michael Brophy's work. Through exceptional facility with their medium, both artists mine our relationship to environmental history. They investigate the use of art as an ideological tool, wielding beauty like a weapon in their wars against pretty lies.



DAVID ALTMEJD, DETAIL OF DELICATE MEN IN POSITIONS OF POWER, MIXED-MEDIA INSTALLATION, 2003. PHOTOGRAPH BY MUAMMER YANMAZ, COURTESY OF THE WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART

Yun-Fei casts us adrift in a poetic, disturbing dreamworld. His demons interact with the living in mysterious and unsettling ways: perched on the shoulders of a naked adolescent girl; squatting behind trees, watching—waiting—representatives of the half dead who wander in and out of our world. Do we not see them every day?

Back to the man asleep on the sidewalk. He evoked Harrell Fletcher because Harrell's Biennial project, and much of his other work, irritates established protocols of display and places authoritative value in simple everyday occurrences. Most of Harrell's work in the Biennial wasn't in the Whitney's galleries but,

REVIEWS

NORTHWEST NEW WORKS FESTIVAL Seattle, Wash.

April 3-4, 10-11, 2004

Nina Martin, a major force in postmodern dance, once said, "Making good dances is really fucking hard." This was apparent at On the Boards' 2004 Northwest New Works Festival, billed as a showcase of performing artists who will "shape Seattle's performance future." The Portland-based companies featured at this year's festival—Spug Motion, Salvage Yard and Monster Squad—showed commitment and wit. Yet the overall feeling, while not unpleasant, was bland. This is not work that will be shaping the future of dance performance.

KA & Lady was a sweet sisterly piece—literally—performed by Spug Motion choreographer Sinead Kimbrell and her sister Kerry-Ann. Although not up to NWNW standards of innovation, it was simple and solid. In a lighthearted duet of playful partnering and pinky handshakes, the red-sneakered sisters created an adolescent, mischievous mood.

Kimbrell is an accomplished Irish folk dancer who mixes Irish and contemporary dance into inventive movements and unexpected partnering. Seeing traditional Irish dance alongside and incorporated into American contemporary dance was a long-awaited exorcism of Riverdance's bad aftertaste. Those familiar vertical jumps, one leg bent and one straight forward, arms held at the sides, were simultaneously recognizable and refreshing. The unique mixture of moves didn't, however, make up for less-than-interesting choreography. The choreography was most developed in a lovely solo, but why was one sister suddenly dancing alone? This moment interrupted the established relationship between the two sisters, for no apparent reason except to showcase movement expertise. It was as if an old solo was inserted into this new duet, a strategy used by many choreographers, often unsuccessfully.

1970s sweatband retro was in full force in Salvage Yard's *Ready Go on Three*, a romping roughhouse recalling childhood sports woes and social complexes. Interspersed with brief, slightly serious monologues recalling painful and embarrassing memories—trying not to cry, not getting picked for the team—were silly, short competitions for a sparkly trophy. Accompanied by "We Are the Champions" and other classic rock anthems, choreographers Emily Stone and James Moore grappled and gasped their way into a manic and funny frenzy, exaggerating competitive sports' absurdities to an occasionally poignant but mostly goofy end.

The piece was divided into rounds whose titles were written on the back wall: in "Violence," the dancers duct-taped pillows and egg cartons to themselves and rammed against each other; in "Floor Pong," they used their bodies as paddles, awkwardly and amusingly attempting to hit a ball back and forth while lying on the floor. Meanwhile, two audience volunteers desperately tried to keep score.

Near the end, in a great moment reflecting both bravado and inner turmoil, Stone and Moore held up written confessions: "I'm uncomfortable with sweat"; "I drive five blocks to go to the store"; "I look dumb in shorts." They then collapsed, spent, on the floor, a predictable ending

to an otherwise clever and fun piece.

Monster Squad's *Under an hour (part three)* had all the right props, movements and music, yet didn't quite hit its mark. Artistic Director Tahni Holt's choreography was at times stilted and her intention unclear.

The set expanded the perception of space and grounded the dancers visually, but any intended metaphor was lost. Strings hung horizontally a few feet off the ground across the stage and into the wings. Occasionally someone danced with string attached to a chest harness. Dancers perched on several small wooden blocks, turning slowly, arms raised, the image attempting to be dramatically significant but falling flat. There were recurring cause-and-effect interactions in which the dancers made each other tumble and fall and bounce off each other. As often happens in modern dance, seemingly important gestures and gazes were sandwiched between long phrases of "dancy" dancing that made it hard to connect the dots.

Creating something that will engage an audience often gets confused with making something that feels good to do. The most sumptuous and visceral movements in the studio, improvised during the act of creation, become much more complex for the dancer when set, repeated and brought to the stage. The immediacy of the original movements needs to translate into something communicable and appropriate for the concept guiding the work. If this translation doesn't happen, movement can seem lacking in vitality, the intentions unclear. In general, Holt's choreography and her dancers' execution of the movement needed to be turned up, using more momentum, more release; there needed to be both presence in the movement and abandon in the choreography. Nina Martin was right.

—Lila Hurwitz

PATRIOT ACT Vanessa Renwick Hauser Memorial Library, Reed College April 10-June 13

A row of almost-blood-red letters glowing in a glass case; and in another case, another row of letters; words of neon in a library; that is all there is to Vanessa Renwick's *Patriot Act*. Vanessa has not created "art" in this installation; she has done something different that is terrifying and important. In this library, as in so many others, students read, study, dream, or experience boredom. Libraries are both public and private—public because they are open (although subject to certain basic rules) to all of us; private because the library patron's primary relationship is with books, or with softly clicking laptops, or papers, or at least with ideas or feelings. In a library I am free to sit by myself studying depictions of human female sexual anatomy. I can heap up a wall of books about Hitler's Germany, some of which have swastikas on their dust jackets. I can peruse a schematic diagram of a nuclear bomb or a declassified map of this country's defense installations. I can read the Qur'an or download al-Qaeda's latest anti-American threats. I can check out 50 books about pedophilia, or for the new detective thriller which I am writing I can take notes on John Minnery's *How to Kill*. How I perceive this information is my prerogative, and what I do with it is my choice. No one comes between the book and me. If I apply *How to Kill* to real life by bringing about a real death, I have committed a crime and deserve to

be punished. If not, I don't. And the same goes for every other library patron, including the tattooed skinhead who's grinningly perusing a book called *Nigger*. A black woman glances at him in anger and disgust, but he is exercising his rights. She opens a trigonometry textbook and exercises hers.

The Patriot Act allows the government to be informed about any and all of those reading choices, to draw its own conclusions about us and presumably to act accordingly, all the while maintaining secrecy. One of the reasons I avoid the Spiderweb (known to you as the Internet) is that I value my privacy. I would rather forego a visit to the most succulent pornographic Web site conceivable than let some corporation or government functionary spy on me. And now, thanks to the Patriot Act, libraries have become annexed to the Spiderweb.

One of Vanessa's almost-blood-red words is FEAR. Another is FREE. Both of them shine warningly upward in those glass cases. Vanessa told me that she didn't want to distract anyone from reading other materials, so the shining is almost invisible to someone sitting down. That is how it should be. We might as well not be overwhelmed by the Patriot Act. At the same time, we ought to be reminded that someone may be watching.

It is a mark of Vanessa's thoughtfulness that in the rack beneath the case that holds the words, in labeled binders, the text of the Patriot Act lies ready at hand.

Simple, effective, chilling and otherwise moving, Vanessa's installation is, I said, not art at all. It is well conceived and very necessary. I hope that it can remain in one busy library or another until the year, which I hope is not far off, when the horrible Patriot Act is repealed.

—William T. Vollmann

ELLEN GEORGE PDX Contemporary Art March 9-April 3

Delicate tubers, resin-dipped root clods and small berries floated in 28 groups, strung on invisible wire or supported by translucent plastic hardware. The diminutive sculptures, made from polymer clay pigmented with sorbet hues, hovered comfortably between categories, appearing ancient one moment, futuristic the next; light, then heavy; linear, then circular. The evolution of space, time and process was evident in a group of necklacelike forms with lily pads and flower petals for beads, which echoed the ancient symbol of a snake eating its own tail.

There is a resolved complexity in George's work that resembles the logic of plants and their age-old processes. The references to asparagus, raspberries, shelf fungi, artichokes and orchids were assembled into an architecture of tenderness, danger and drama. Important to all the work was the downward pull of gravity, a silent partner that brought each object's vulnerability and strength into vivid relief. It was color, however, that pulled everything together—hazy-sky blues, milky whites, warm, pillow pinks, and purples and reds that seemed to ever float upwards.

—Jesse Hayward

DINING OUT

A pork barrel and government cheese sandwich with freedom fries

by Amos Latteier

I've been eating at government cafeterias for several years. I like them because they are cheap and have a special ambiance that comes from being secret and noncommercial. Government cafeterias also have food trays, french fries, government employees on break and a magical conveyor belt that carries your tray to the kitchen when you're done.

You don't have to be an employee to eat in a government cafeteria. You can expect to pay around \$2.50 for a hamburger. However, the grill is typically open only during restricted hours near breakfast and lunch. Enjoy!

Federal Building
905 NE 11th Ave.
6 am to 3:30 pm

The federal government dwarfs the other branches and brings its tremendous resources to bear on its cafeteria. This ample cafeteria has many different food options including a worthwhile salad bar. It sports architect-designed décor, and some of the clientele wear ties. You also have the treat of passing through a metal detector before entering the building. You can eat indoors and enjoy a domed ceiling made of wooden slats that seems almost religious, or you can eat on the outdoor patio that borders a cloistered lawn and a moribund playground. Due to the war on terror, if you eat outdoors you'll have to pass through the metal detector again before reentering the building to take your tray to the conveyor belt.

Oregon Building
800 NE Oregon St.
7 am to 1:30 pm

The food isn't great here. However, the staff is friendly and two walls of the spacious dining room are completely windowed. Check out the other attractions of the Oregon Building including a wonderful outdoor path leading through Carousel Court to the Seventh Street MAX stop and the fascinating map shop that is run by the Forest Service and the State of Oregon Department of Geology and Mineral Industries.

Central Post Office
715 NW Hoyt St.
6 am to 8 pm

Take the elevator to the fourth floor. The dining room is large and barren with long shared tables and a lonely fish tank. The food is unremarkable, but the portions are large. The hours here are much better than most government cafeterias, which makes it a great place to stop by on a whim. In fact, I suspect that the cafeteria is open 24 hours a day, although the public can't get to the fourth floor after 8 pm. The best thing about the post office cafeteria is its location near Union

TAD SAVINAR / continued from page 6

generations to come. And I would further suggest it's time to stand up and be proud of what we're all trying to accomplish.

As artists and administrators, it's time to say no when there isn't enough money to create magic.

As selection-panel members, it's time to push the artists a little harder to get them to produce their best work.

And as arts professionals, it's time to tell the city councils, in a respectful yet authoritative manner, that we know more about design and what the public needs than elected officials do.

It's time for all of us to begin to inject the American cities with cultural landmarks that will hold their value longer than a season's run of *Frasier*. It is time to take the profession to the next level of evolution, and I believe that the next level is paved with confidence and knowledge. Knowledge of what is good and the confidence to speak up and use that knowledge. Even though I understand the session this morning is about partnerships, I wonder if it's possible to step up to the plate, seize the power and move ahead with confidence on an individual basis. Although this action does not eliminate the need for partners, it certainly assumes that change begins at home. Maybe this talk should have been subtitled "Partnering With Ourselves First." Again, I urge you to consider these ideas in the context of a conversation for the field.

Tad Savinar, an artist and playwright, has for the past 12 years concentrated his efforts on large-scale urban design and infrastructure projects. His current projects include the Oregon Holocaust Memorial, the memorial for the 13 people slain at Columbine High School, the Phoenix light-rail system and the bus mall extension of Portland's MAX line. Portlanders may be familiar with Savinar's design for the Civic Stadium MAX station and his Constellation sculpture in Holladay Park. His A Sign is among the artworks featured in this issue's edition of Broadside.



Station. It's wonderful to pick up a breakfast burrito before catching the morning train to Seattle. The food available in the Greyhound and Amtrak waiting areas can't compete.

Café Portlandia
410 SW Main St.
6:30 am to 3 pm

This cafeteria isn't very good. It's more of a restaurant; it's noticeably more expensive than other government cafeterias, and signs and employee badges proclaim "Café Portlandia." The ambiance also suffers. Food from the grill is delivered to your table, and you can't bus your own tray. However, the Portland Building itself is a wonderful place to visit. You can pay your water bill, talk with David the friendly information man, apply for a city job and visit the temporary art installation space in the lobby.

Others

I've omitted the many other marginal government cafes such as the one in the Mark O. Hatfield Federal Building downtown. These eating places lack a quorum of essential cafeteria traits such as cheap prices, grilled food, trays and conveyor belts. My cut-off limit is Café Portlandia.

There are doubtless other excellent government cafeterias that I haven't yet discovered. Sadly, some branches of government such as Metro and Multnomah County don't seem to have cafeterias at all. The guard at the Multnomah Building on SE Hawthorne Blvd. and Grand Ave. tells me that there's a break room with food machines, but that everyone eats at the Burger King across the street.

Amos Latteier is an interdisciplinary artist who lives in Portland.

michael c. mcmillen
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april 10-june 13, 2004

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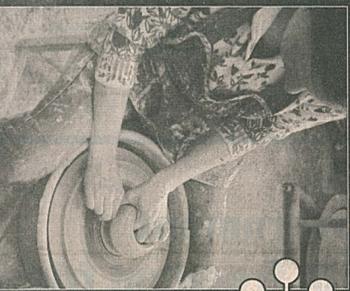
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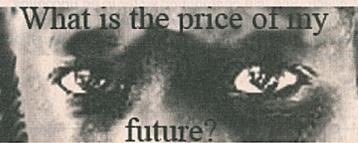
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Poached, 2002. Image: Courtesy Cabrana Jeffries Gallery, Vancouver. Photo: Scott Massey.

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Lies, Damned Lies And Aesthetics

WE'RE IN TROUBLE WHEN WE EXPECT NEWSPAPERS TO LIE AND ART TO STICK TO THE FACTS.

by Regina Hackett

When I read Jon Lee Anderson's claim in the *New Yorker* that a "blast from the bomb that blew up the Mount Lebanon Hotel in Baghdad in mid-March knocked me out of my chair and sent my coffee flying out of its cup," I assumed he was kidding.

Oh good, I thought, a parody. Within a few paragraphs, hope died. This was a first-person-at-the-disaster tale, or as Richard Nixon put it with his pitch-perfect self-pity, "I was there when the bombs were falling."

Anderson is a stylish writer, and that counts against him too. It isn't the drones who've been caught concocting whoppers. From Janet Cooke to Jack Kelley, disgraced journalists have one thing in common: They know their way around a sentence. Anderson might be the most truthful guy ever born, but right now, no one wants to hear about his flying coffee. Too many liars have been stuffing too many newspapers with their fictionalized touches for us to take any journalist's word for it.

"I read it in the *New York Times*, so it's probably a lie," said Nathan Lane, kicking the press as it covers in the corner. If journalists had any credibility, Republicans would be trying to dump the dead body at the head of the ticket. Instead, it's his word in TV advertisements against the facts as newspapers tell them.

A cartoonist at the *San Francisco Chronicle* spoke to the despair that journalists who are reporting on the disaster of the Bush presidency feel, to no effect. He drew a guy reading a newspaper with the following headline: "Bush accidentally destroys the earth; Kerry still trails in polls."

Bush is too blunt, too artless, too obvious to be a lying scoundrel, isn't he? Those who ask the question must think lies have to be lovely. Lies

flash lovely tales as truth lumbers by. When artlessness is a positive value, art's in trouble.

"A man was starving in Capri / He moved his eyes and looked at me / I felt his gaze, I heard his moan / And knew his hunger as my own." Edna St. Vincent Millay was 20 when she wrote that, 25 when it was published in 1917, and nobody asked how she could have met a hungry man in Capri when she was stuck in Rockland, Maine, and barely had the money for a new bonnet let alone an adventure trip to Italy.

"Early in the last century, the difference between fact and fiction was commonly understood, giving rise to the phrase 'poetic license.' The license has expired."

Early in the last century, the difference between fact and fiction was commonly understood, giving rise to the phrase "poetic license." The license has expired. Even artists get confused. David Hockney says he's through with photography because digital cameras so easily twist the facts. He pines for the days when photography was sincere. He needs to reread Oscar Wilde: "All bad art is sincere"; or even Picasso: "Art is a lie that makes us realize the truth."

And Hockney's not the only one. The Frye Art Museum in Seattle mounted a large, gilt mirror at the entrance to a portraiture exhibit, suggesting to the audience that portraiture is about them. It isn't. Portraiture is a construct, a fiction, and that's what's good about it. "Nothing is less real than realism," said Georgia O'Keeffe. "It is only by selection, by elimination, by emphasis, that we get at the real meaning of things."

We expect flat-footed sincerity from the Frye but not from Coco Fusco and Brian Wallis, who curated *Only Skin Deep: Changing Visions*

of the American Self. It opened at New York's International Center of Photography and is now at the Seattle Art Museum. In the catalog and even the wall text, the curators challenge two of the artists in the show: Richard Avedon for one of the photos in his American West series, titled *Unidentified Migrant Worker*, and Dorothea Lange for her iconic image of the Depression, *Migrant Mother*. Why did Avedon give names to others photographed in his series but not to this man? Why is this man wet? The curators actually ask

those questions.

The art isn't racist; it's art about racism. Avedon withheld the name because—obviously—he wanted the figure to serve a mythic purpose. The curators are even harder on Lange. Turns out that the woman featured in *Migrant Mother* was a mixed-race Cherokee named Florence Owens who'd stopped by the camp to get her radiator fixed. If she had been a reporter, Lange would have noted the name and maybe the radiator. She wasn't. She was an artist working in a documentary vein. Art is her excuse, and it's a good one.

When journalists build stories the way craftspeople build boats—no leaks or rotten parts—the factual might begin to have an impact on the consciousness of the public. Leave the leaks and rotten parts to artists, who may or may not want to use them.

Regina Hackett is the art critic for the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

CLOEPFIL / continued from page 2

use this material next to someone who has mastered the material?" Well, you don't try to use it in the same way. We used it obviously spatially very differently, not boxes (like the Ando) but with an open web. And what we tried to do was not convey the nature of the material through the making of it but through the structure. Like, what material can span 70 feet and bear on 12 inches? Of course, it's concrete. And we abstracted it just because we wanted it to read as those large surfaces of structure. Not about every sort of diminishing scale of its fabrication. It's basically big walls of stainless-steel mesh and big walls of concrete; after that, no information. After that it's the art. You don't keep ratcheting down the detail, detail, detail, sort of filling every void of perception like most architects do, quite frankly. In that building the architecture stops. The art is the link between the space and you the viewer. I think that is really exciting.

You have worked in the inverse of that before. I read an interview where you mention that sometimes you can work things out in the smallest details that can't get worked out in some of the bigger components.

It depends on the project. No question about it. The discovery for me in St. Louis was that we weren't able to do that because of budget, and yet it's so fantastic we weren't able to do that. I think it was a great learning experience to see how little you really have to do to have a complexity of reading and allow for these other voices.

I like thinking of those two buildings (Ando and Allied) as a couple of navel gazers in downtown St. Louis, and one is an inny and one an outy. That's kinda what it is. That's good. I like that.

Is there a particular project or problem that you would like to address or take on in Portland?

I can answer that relatively simply. In the city, I would want to do housing. I really want to have a chance to do housing, public housing, large-scale housing. I want to do something with it that hasn't been done yet, and it may never be done. The economics of development housing are unbelievably restrictive, but it would be really wonderful to try. And anything in eastern Oregon or Washington. I would do anything in eastern Oregon or Washington to be able to build out in that landscape. You name it.

From what I've experienced of your buildings in person and in photos, it's seems to me that an objective of your work is to make it look easy in the sense of there not being apparent problems to be tackled. Some architects like to show the user where and how they are solving the problems.

That's true. I think I know what you're saying. I think to understand the problem by experiencing the result of its resolution is more interesting to me than architecture using its own narrative.

How many stories is the SAM project?
Sixteen with the office floors including six or seven floors of gallery space.

The very problem of having to make that all one space, one would hope that the problem isn't evident when one moves through those spaces. That's true. The ideal of SAM would be that by the time you're on the fifth floor, you feel like you've only moved up a couple of floors.

Exactly.

That's a great thought. Yeah, I think that we may have pulled that off.

Good. I'm encouraged, because I've got to live with the thing.

I think the way the spaces are in SAM, and the way the light is going to play on those spaces, and the relationship between the building and the city, I think there is lots to see over time. I'm really excited about that. I think that's the goal, isn't it? If you're going to give something to a place, you want it to be enriching over time. That's what's so amazing about the Kimball. When I went back there, I couldn't believe it.

The scale is perfect.

The scale is unbelievable. It's crazy. It's monumental and intimate simultaneously. I don't understand it. I think the more I learn about architecture, the more I realize that there's a lot of things I don't understand. It's fantastic. The scale, I think, is crazy. It's like 12 feet or something, you can almost touch it.

It's residential-like.

It might even be less than 12 feet.

It's modest residential by Sun Valley standards.

It is. It is almost residential, and I had not seen that before. It's really incredible.

I went to a talk of yours at SAM a couple of years ago and you talked about cities collecting architects. Two years later, you've become a very collectible architect.
I don't think that I'm collectible, yet.

But St. Louis has ramped everything up with potential clients, like with the Michigan project (an addition to the University of Michigan Museum of Art), in that they have an idea of what they may now be getting.

Right. We were hired at Michigan because of that. It really is the first project where we were really

hired because there was enough of a body of work out there that they were interested in that body of work.

Are you interested in working in Europe or abroad?
Yeah, I'd love to if the projects were right. I don't know if I could survive it physically. But if there was the right project, it would be a joy. But boy, I don't know how those guys do it.

You have to become part of Rem Koolhaas' kinetic elite.
Yeah. I am not the kinetic elite. I'm the static majority.

Koolhaas would be in Seattle for hours at a time and then be off to the next spot.

At a certain point you delegate a ton, which I think is what people like (Renzo) Piano do. They are working within a very known language so it can be shared with many people, and they do iterations on that language. They do it extremely well, and the work is really beautiful. With Rem, and I'm speculating here, I think that he generates a lot of the concepts, and they're kind of like one-off sketch problems to him. He doesn't have time to really thoroughly investigate that language, and I don't think that's really his intent. His intent is to have an insight, build it almost as a model of the idea and move on. I think that if you look at Rem and Piano, there are completely different ethics about the work and how other people are involved and the nature of the buildings. They're two different ways of dealing with that same issue—global practice and how you build.

The New York office, how many people do you have there?

Nine people. It's so much fun. We have this killer house project in Dutchess County in New York on 300 acres for a contemporary art collector, a really exciting project. So we have that, and Columbus Circle, and we interviewed for a project at Brandeis Art Museum which we will find out about this week.

Interrupted by secretary about conference call...

So our 45 minutes is up? We're supposed to wrap up. How much more do we have?

I think we're kinda done.
That was it?

Sure, I don't want to interrupt your conference call.

That was kinda fun, though. I was enjoying myself. It was really fun. It's fun to talk about this stuff.

Broadside No. 3

Broadside is a series of free, mass edited prints featuring commissioned, recent, and historic work by artists we like.

This issue is EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING, 20 images of works proposed, positioned, performed and photographed in public spaces, 1962 - 2004. Featured artists: Gabriel Orozco, Tad Savinar, Andy Warhol, Dennis Oppenheim, Allan McCollum, Claes Oldenburg, Bruce Conner, William Wegman, Melody Owen, Charles Goldman, Daniel Buren, Tony Smith, Katharina Fritsch, Charles Simonds, Paul Sutinen, Vik Muniz, Maurizio Cattelan, Melinda Stone and Igor Vamos, Pawel Althamer. Broadside no. 3 was designed by Jon Steinhorst.

BROADSIDE SUBMISSIONS Broadside is managed by interdisciplinary artist and curator Brad Adkins. To submit work or a curatorial proposal, please send a note of interest to broadside@organarts.org.