

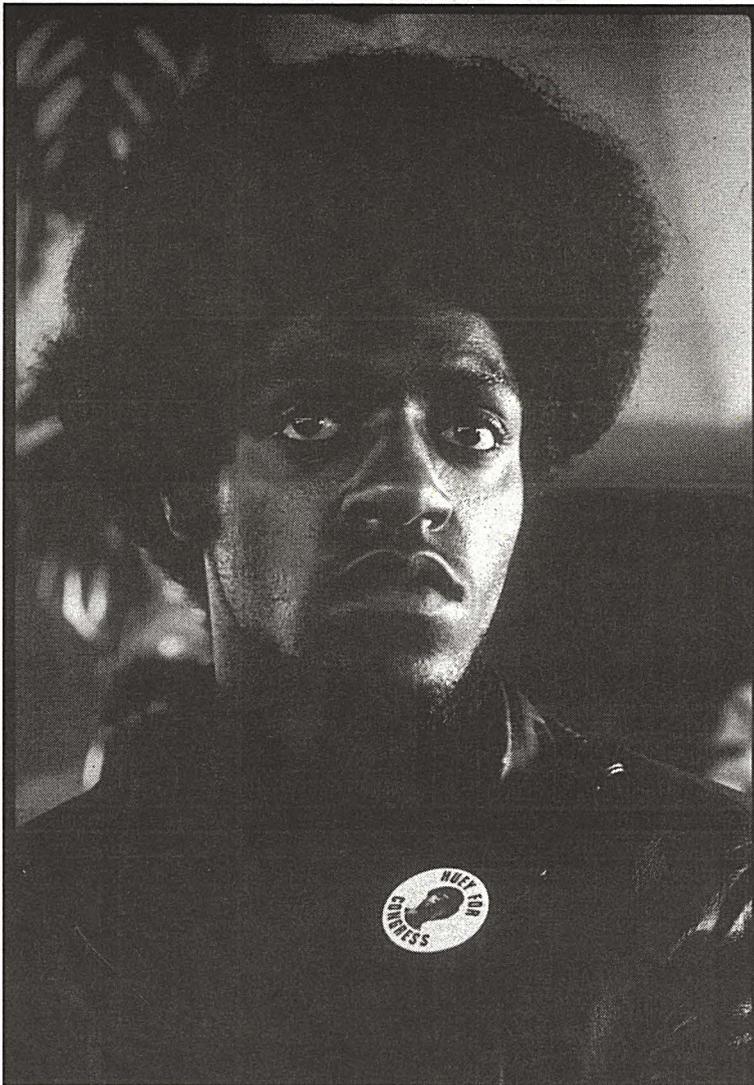
THE ORGAN

No. 13 WINTER 2004

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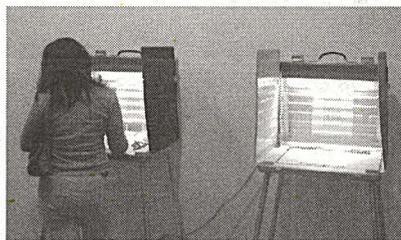


BLACK PANTHERS, 1968: PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUTH-MARION BARUCH & PIRKLE JONES

January 4–February 20, 2005

DOUGLAS F. COOLEY MEMORIAL ART GALLERY, REED COLLEGE

From July to October of 1968, noted California photographers Baruch and Jones were invited by Eldridge Cleaver to chronicle the Black Panther movement. This exhibition brings together 43 of the original photographs.



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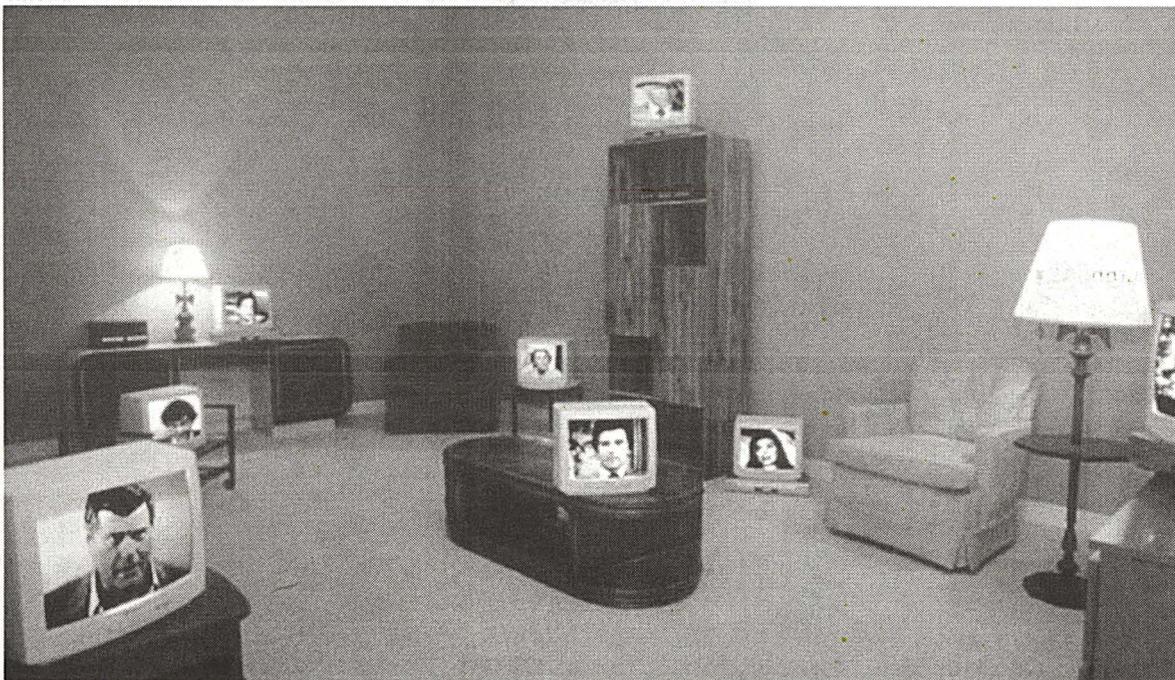
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Candice Breitz. *Diorama*. 2002. Installation with 9 DVD loops, furniture. Collection of William and Ruth True. Image courtesy of the artist.

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Cover art

Henk Pander, detail from *Dead Girl*, oil on canvas, 2002
Brad Adkins, *Death Hag*, 2004

Dear Readers,

It's been good, our time together.

Which is why I'm sorry that I, the *Organ* have no choice but to say that it wasn't meant to be, not this way. (It's ironic that I am giving up here in issue No. 13, the Resist issue, mocked by the company of brave and committed artists and activists; or else it's doubly *a propos*, I am unsure.)

Remember the day you found me, a one-page broadsheet with uneven leading, gawky and too tall, sagging over the edge of the rack at Stumptown? Truthfully, underneath my full-color cover, I'm still that same, helpless, hapless zine. We can't go on pretending otherwise.

I may look like I'm backed by flocks of copy aides who, working at clean white tables to the strains of the Fiery Furnaces, pause only to reflect wryly on the troubles in Ukraine. In fact, my office is (half of) a dark, cinderblock cell in a former chicken slaughterhouse, where a gutter beneath the window testifies to the runnels of blood *perdus*, and two old doors, propped on filing cabinets, hold two leaden monitors of a couple of circa-1998 PCs, donated by interns, and the boom box makes loud whirring noises when it plays *Ute Lemper Sings Kurt Weill*, on loan from the library.

It's not that I don't care about you. I haven't forgotten the first time you picked me up at the café (*from then on, notably, we always met at your favorite spots, always crept discreetly back to your place*), the earnest conversation late into the night (*I'm afraid I did most of the talking, bridging those long, empty silences*), until finally I crumpled in your hands before a roaring fire.

At first your company alone was exhilarating, and I did anything to buy it: selling ad space (*thirty bucks a column inch, anyone who wanted a piece*), hawking subscriptions. But it was never enough. Make it wittier, lighter, more absurd, abstract, hard-hitting, you said, your appetite for event listings voracious. But did you really read me? If so, why did you ceaselessly refer to my editor as an "art critic," as if not noticing that she did not write art reviews (except the one in this issue—which perhaps suffers from having been penned in spite).

My small allotment of interns, copy editors, designers, and illustrators all toiled to answer your whims, and I paid them with pallid hopes of better days to come. Small wonder that the editor, her scratched, too-weak spectacles clinging to a bump halfway down her nose, having never aspired to be an art critic *manqué*, maxed out her credit

card on razor blades and last week tendered her resignation, offering her services only "with proper notice and in accordance with [her] available time, insofar as it does not conflict with [her] new position with *Portland Monthly*."

That was the last straw. (Doesn't Arlene Schnitzer own *Portland Monthly*?) The rest of my once-loyal staff are already packing their bags.

Nearing exhaustion and now deserted, I cannot go on.

Don't cry, please. There will be others, there always are. I hear a new, oversized arts broadsheet has already debuted in Portland. The options are endless and eternally renewed for you; the tragedy is mine. Your mail will be forwarded. *Salut*.

As to the future?

I can say only that if we choose to meet again, it will be on my terms: in self-consciously dismal rooms, where tea cups clink remorsefully and young women with red hair whisper like flies, and we can speak at our leisure. (You might be asked to pick up the tab.) I'll still give you the best I have, unconstrained by arbitrary deadline. An apocalyptic advent calendar? A sex manual for tomorrow's family? All things are possible. Only the idle chitchat and gossip, the too-verdant listings and news, will be missing, and those to no consequence; whereas we can hope that in each other's absence, yours from mine, our hearts may, as they say, grow fonder. Perhaps the outcome will happily surprise us when your desires, finally, are reconciled with the proper limits of mine.

Until then, *merci pour les bons temps*. I am your quarterly no more.

Yours,

The Organ

A Little Bird Said...

13 Things to Do this Winter

GORE-O-RAMA: Give a gift to p:ear, the nonprofit that aids homeless and transitional youth, by attending this benefit organized by **Two Pussy Productions** and **Little Lost Robot**. Show up Dec. 18, 9 pm, at Bossanova Ballroom (722 E Burnside St.) for performances, raffle, and an awards ceremony for gory indie films, judged by a celebrity panel including the *Mercury's* Phil Busse and *Willamette Week's* David Walker. Wonder which will win the coveted Season's Bleedings prize ...

WOW: Through Feb. 6, the **Henry Art Gallery** (15th Ave. NE and NE 41st St., 206-543-2280) presents **WOW (The Work of the Work)**, Chief Curator Elizabeth Brown's first solo effort for the UW institution. The sprawling exhibition of painting, sculpture, new media, and ambitious installations almost overtakes the Henry and flows over to **Western Bridge** (3412 4th Ave. S, 206-838-7444), joining selected works from the collection of Henry patrons and WB founders Bill and Ruth True. Featured artists include Steve McQueen, Gary Hill, Olafur Eliasson, and Catherine Yass. The Henry also shows **Release**, German artist Axel Lieber's conceptual sculptural works inspired by everyday domestic objects, including at least two of the monumental works from the exhibition's sojourn at Basel's Art Unlimited. Through May 1.

NEW WORLD TAKEOVER: Before Bush Sr. promised a "new world order," Spain "discovered" the New World and took it over. At the **Seattle Art Museum's** (100 University St., 206-654-3100) **Spain in the Age of Exploration: 1492-1819**, continuing through Jan. 2, more than 100 works of art and objects address Spain's self-perception and expanded global rule, from Columbus's famous voyage to nineteenth-century expeditions to North America's northwestern coast. SAM turns its focus on Asia Feb. 10-May 1 with **Between Past and Future**, an expansive exhibition of contemporary Chinese photography and video that will examine the cultural and sociopolitical forces transforming China today.

GO TOWARD THE LIGHT: Yeah, we know. It's not good to go into the light. You die or the enemy sucks up your fighter ship, like in *Galaga*. But with **Lighthouse Cinema** guiding your way, you're golden. The micro cinema pairs with the **Cascade Festival of African Films** to present indie flicks from African American filmmakers **Charles Burnett** and **Billy Woodbury**, Jan. 7, PCC Cascade (N Kerby and Killingsworth Sts.). Catch Burnett's twelve-minute, hard-to-find gem, *When It Rains*, made for French TV in 1995, which Jonathan Rosenbaum of the *Chicago Reader* called "a jazz parable about locating roots in contemporary Watts." Crazy for collaborating, Lighthouse Cinema works with the **Northwest Film Center** in January to bring two films by Bette Mangolte. In her offhand homage to Robert Bresson, Mangolte finds three "models" from Bresson's

Pickpocket and engages them in a talky travelogue about the intimate relationship between actors and the audience. Check www.cfaf.net/14/main.html for all showtimes and locations.

PANTING FOR PANTHERS: Ya been jawin' that four more years of Dubya makes ya madder than stubbing yer big toe—man, madder than *that*. Yer goin' shootin'. That a pile of hooley? Get inspired to move beyond the talk at **Black Panthers, 1968: Photographs by Ruth-Marion Baruch and Pirkle Jones**, Jan. 4-Feb. 20, Reed College's **Cooley Gallery** (3203 SE Woodstock Blvd.). Traveling from San Francisco's de Young Museum, the exhibition chronicles the Black Panther movement around Oakland, Calif., in 1968, the year Martin Luther King Jr. and Bobby Kennedy were assassinated and Vietnam witnessed the Tet offensive. Count on Baruch's and Jones's photos to convey the passion and activism that gave those days so much more vitality than the empty rhetoric of the contemporary Left.



"ELDRIDGE CLEAVER" BY PIRKLE JONES. IMAGE COURTESY COOLEY GALLERY

ALL PORTLAND, ALL THE TIME, ALRIGHT! Well, okay, in *eye~rhyme* at least. Don't know the PDX lit rag? Time for introductions because it's offering a bouquet of local writers and artists in its latest, *Roses Are Red*. Featuring interviews with poet **Walt Curtis**, who penned *Mala Noche*, and would-be poet Stephen Malkmus, along with writing from such scribblers as M. F. McAuliffe and Nick Jaina, *eye~rhyme* also packs in work from artists like Flash animation auteur **Zak Margolis**. Sparkle with Portland's glitterati at the release party on Jan. 13, 8 pm, Night Light Lounge (2100 SE Clinton St., 731-6500)! Hear them shine at a reading on Jan. 17, 7:30 pm, Powell's (1005 W Burnside St., 228-0540)!

THE REAL LOCAL YOKELS: No more Thanksgiving turkey sandwiches, no more congealed cranberry goo. Good riddance to the holiday that turned Native Americans into decorative cutouts for your front door. For a more nuanced understanding of the first victims of Portland's gentrification problem, try **People of the River: Native Arts of the Oregon Territory**, Jan. 22-May 29 at the **Portland Art Museum** (1219 SW Park Ave., 226-2811). It'll be the first look by a major museum at the art and culture of Native Americans who lived

in the area stretching from the Columbia and Snake rivers to the Pacific Ocean. Also catch **Diane Arbus: Family Albums**, Feb. 19-Apr. 24, which includes some of the famous images (freaky twins, anyone?) that made Arbus controversial, along with a few recently unearthed prints. Maybe you can tell us why the *New York Times* gave the show a lukewarm review when it opened at the Grey Art Gallery at NYU last winter, or maybe you'll tell the *Times* to shove it!

OFF THE WALL PERFORMANCE: With **Shen Wei Dance Arts**, visual art finds its way onto the stage—the New York company is known for converting the performance space into a canvas of sorts, this time at the debut of the company's singular interpretation of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* (Jan. 26, 7:30 pm, Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall, 1037 SW Broadway, 790-2787 for tickets), brought to us by **White Bird Dance**. For a stricter understanding of the stage as a stage, try **Recent Tragic Events**, a philosophical comedy written by Craig

Wright and coproduced by **Third Rail Repertory Theatre** and **CoHo Productions**. In Wright's able hands, the tragedy of 9/11 gets framed in the irreverent and always hilarious context of blind dates, drinking games, and Joyce Carol Oates, relieving us of the jingoism that often—pardon the pun—hijacks 9/11. Runs Feb. 4-Mar. 12, 220-2646.

SO THE YANKEES LOST: At least New York can be proud of its rising star, **Dave McKenzie**. Solo shows at PS.1 in New York and Philadelphia's Institute of Contemporary Art have already convinced critics that twenty-seven-year-old McKenzie is one to watch, with his conceptual mixed-media works once described as "funny ha-ha," not "funny peculiar." See if you agree when he introduces the Pacific Northwest to **Portrait as a Ghost**, which deals with questions about communication and the individual within collective society, at **Savage Art Resources** (1430 SE 3rd Ave., 230-0265), Feb. 4-Mar. 19. McKenzie gives a free talk and screening at Reed College on Feb. 3. Visit www.savageartresources.com for the time and location.

Compiled and written by Cielo Lutino and Mia Nolting.

Easy-E-Chat with Clay Hawthorne

INTERVIEW BY CAMELA RAYMOND

Clay Hawthorne is the creator of Portland Art News, a "frequent publication of satire." Find his deliciously iconoclastic reports and commentary online only at www.portlandartnews.com.

Organ: Clay, you reported the rumor that *Willamette Week* critic Richard Speer heads a Satanic cult devoted to promoting garishly colored abstract painting. Yet I haven't seen any comments from you about Speer's personal Web site, where, among other fascinating things, he describes himself as the "unholy spawn" of a three-way between Oscar Wilde, Ayn Rand, and Timothy Leary. Are there some places you just don't want to go, or is anything fair game?

Clay Hawthorne: What a boring question. No wonder Speer calls you a pulseless postmod. In order for *PAN* to spoof something, more than three people need to know what we're talking about. You are the first person I've met that has visited his Web site (talk about Snore Ample!). Since breaking the satanic abstractionist story, Speer e-mailed me to identify himself as the high-priest of the cult, not the low-level one *PAN* reported. This cult is a serious threat and involves several big-name galleries. I believe that Speer is the product of an experiment that has gone horribly wrong. Frankenspeer cannot be controlled. He has dared to walk into the Lawrence Gallery and can be seen walking the streets of Alberta. The satanic powers that be will not tolerate this behavior.

O: You must go to a lot of art shows, and just keeping up with [online critic] Jeff Jahn's effluence is scary! How much time do you spend on *PAN*? What else do you do to get by, if you don't mind my asking?

CH: I used to run a very successful workshop teaching prospective artists how to get into art school. I would teach them how to draw the pirate or the turtle or whatever. That business dried up because the only thing art schools require in a portfolio nowadays is a tuition check. Now I make quite a bit of money selling art supplies and steering failed artists into the sex industry.

It usually takes ten to fifteen minutes to put together an issue of *PAN*. I am more used to rigorous academic writing, but I have to dumb everything down for the Portland audience. Thankfully, art is so predictable here that I rarely have to see it before passing judgement. A press release is usually enough. I do travel to real art cities in order to see important art. That way I can keep the local dabblers up-to-date on what they are doing wrong.

O: You've poked fun at the "Kokopelli" art on Alberta and the global phenomenon of self-consciously "bad

art," but so far you haven't lambasted any specific local artists. Is that a policy?

CH: I am a uniter, not a divider. *PAN* applies different sets of rules to critiquing art. If Jo Ann Kemmis makes beautiful abstract paintings based on urban sprawl, it only makes sense to have a real-estate developer review them favorably. If Brendan Clenaghan is influenced by the San Francisco punk band Flipper, why not have a time-traveling punk rocker review Clenaghan's work? By using surrogates I can say that Kemmis and Clenaghan have painted admirably, and that the art community owes them a debt of gratitude. Let's face it ... artists are as dangerous and unstable as a methamphetamine lab. You have to keep a safe distance from them.

O: Pretend you're in an underground bunker: Who's the most overrated artist in Portland?

CH: They're all so awful it's hard to point to one, but if pressed I would have to say it's Michael Brophy and his regionalist-defeatist stump paintings. Why can't Brophy paint a fawn chasing a butterfly around one of the stumps? Better yet, he could toss representation altogether, drop some acid, and get freaky with

some color. Thankfully, the emerging artists in Portland are more in tune with the country's conservative majority. They have an optimistic outlook on life and know what a great privilege it is to be an artist in America. Content is so 1990s.

O: What is up with all the kitten and butterfly art? Perhaps today's young artists are being influenced by picture books because they're still learning to read?

CH: You're such an elitist! Reading is sooooo over. Artists are making work that is safe and purposely difficult to critique. If you are critical of beauty or optimism, you come off as a curmudgeon. If you are critical of indifference, the artist just shrugs. If you buy into the idea that artists make work that reflects their moment in time, then a lot of this work is hyper-cynical in its complete disregard for what is happening in the world. The problem is not so much with individual artists as it is when these styles are packaged into movements—the new optimism, etc. The yearning for art to have a central focus drives me nuts. Besides, it's all about the School of Portland Art News now anyway.

O: Who made you the uber-critic of the Portland art world?

CH: Judging by the competition, any yokel with Internet access and some spare time can find readership in this market. I am optimistic that art writing will improve exponentially once someone exhibits some art in town.



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Ray Beldner
Anna Fidler
Zelig Kurland
Mary Ann Peters
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Alicia Wargo

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Book of fission, sodium speaking,
a life of waste in the skin.

Spent fuel rods
fit bone on bone with quiet fields of settlers.

This is the scattering of native title,
across the Channeled Scabland:

the Wanapum band
losing sight of fish ladders

salts of narrative
needles,
dispersed like flotsam

like the crumbled jaw
of the Umatilla.

This desert,
now marked as a maniacal hermitage.

These nights,
now illumined by another glow.

River

There is a time when it moves
like all Western lightnings,

and a time when it ebbs,
thinner than fumes.

River bristling
past the prehistoric bomb,
signs of the first clear cut,
landscapes

reworked entirely by the ether,

the artifact of drifting sands.

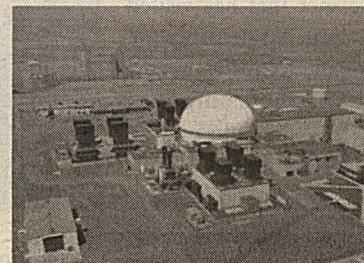
Past paths and fences
pushing petroglyphs
inward.

Past the nuclear lobes
draped across the arid steppe,

this final flood of tanks.

[We graze upon bone

atlatl spurs, burins,
and blood-red bitterroots.]



-Ashley Edwards

Ashley Edwards was raised in Mississippi and lives in Portland. She recently graduated from Reed College where she wrote a thesis on the Orphic poetics of Jack Spicer.

Cascadian Files: Yesterday's Children

Sticking to the Union

A new exhibition space bucks the modern gallery system and gives local cheapskates a chance to own bona-fide art

BY MICHAEL NICOLOFF

With denizens drawn mostly from the cash-endowed, it's no shock that the world of contemporary art is perpetually accused of exclusivity. Yet this frequently obscures the work itself—a lot of art might speak to a much broader slice of the populace if freed from the trappings of that moneyed world. But how, pray tell, do you do that?

Well, by digging through the history books, Ruth Ann Brown and Rose McCormick have proposed an antique but provocative answer. While studying nineteenth-century American art at Portland State University, Brown ran across the painter James Herring and his organization, the American Art Union. "I realized [Herring's model] would be the best way to run a gallery and also to broaden the scope of people who could own art," she says.

Formed in the mid-1800s, the American Art Union based itself on a model filched from a similar organization in Scotland. Instead of funding itself through patronage and jacked-up prices for work, the Union sold affordable memberships that earned individuals a chance to win works of art in a biannual lottery. In its decadelong existence, the organization grew to almost 90,000 members and distributed over 2,500 works of art.

Inspired by this populist model, Brown roped McCormick (the two had been friends since 2001 when McCormick had a show at the now-defunct Gavin Shettler Gallery, where Brown worked) into a crafty scheme to update it for the here and now. After

enduring an eight-month slog looking for a gallery space, Brown ran across a promising-looking warehouse in her own Southeast Ankeny neighborhood on a 2 a.m. walk home. The duo signed the lease the next day and set out to redesign the small, funky spot. Little did they know that the space—now christened the New American Art Union—would be smack dab in Hipster Central, lying only a block from revitalized lower Burnside's panoply of new shops and cafés as well as the Bossanova Ballroom and the much-hyped Doug Fir Lounge. "We got really lucky," Brown says.

But what about the art? Responding to what they feel is an overrepresentation of abstract, and especially color-field, work by Portland galleries, the NAAU will show work that is, as Brown puts it, "recognizable as part of the human experience." This vision will be on full display come December 18, when—after a monthlong group show featuring Ty Ennis, Lisa De John, Yoshihiro Kitai, and others (including McCormick herself)—the gallery has its first major test: its inaugural lottery. Maybe this unorthodox model will be revolutionary; maybe it won't. But one thing is for certain: come December 18, there'll be a few more broke-ass Stumptown residents happily claiming the title "art owner." (Memberships come at \$25 a pop; see www.newamericanartunion.com or call 503-231-8294 for details.)

Michael Nicoloff is an editorial assistant with the Organ.

Wilma Cady: Still Going Up, Going Up, Going Up

BY AMANDA DEUTCH

Wilma Cady pulls the black-handled lever toward her and we go up. I am riding in one of the last manually operated elevators in Portland, which is housed in the Bullier Building on Southwest Washington Street. When the elevator was installed in 1914, the First World War had just broken out, suffragist Mary Richardson had recently attacked Velasquez's *Rokeby Venus* with a meat chopper in London's National Gallery, and Irving Berlin's "Elevator Man Going Up Going Up Going Up" was a pop hit. Today, Cady is among the last practitioners of a dying profession.

In 1949, Portland was home to between 500 and 600 elevator operators. Their most notorious locale was the Meier and Frank department store, which boasted over twenty elevators and several elevator banks. A dispatcher stood on the main floor with castanets and choreographed the operators: one click for up, two clicks for down. Meier and Frank converted the bulk of its elevators to automatic ones in 1973. This was part of a trend: by 1982, there were only ten elevator operators in Stumptown.

Currently, at least two remain: Frank Gilliland, of the Semler Building at 732 Southwest Third Avenue, and Cady. Neither of them wears a uniform or the gold-embroidered cap seen in so many movies.

A small transistor radio sitting by Cady's feet plays country music as we drink coffee. It's Monday, the busiest day on her elevator. Passengers get on periodically, but the elevator is so small that most tenants opt for the stairs once they see it's already occupied. Cady has been working at this job for over three years; she has been stuck inside the elevator only once, for five minutes. "There's people that make fun of the job," she says, "but I like it and to me that's what counts." It gives her plenty of free time: "In the first year, I must've read 200 books," she says. And she's become a fixture with the building's occupants. Justin Oswald, owner of the building's Gallery 500, says that every month Cady checks out the gallery's show and critiques it. When I inquire about the strangest person she's had in her elevator, Cady responds, "Oh, all of the people that

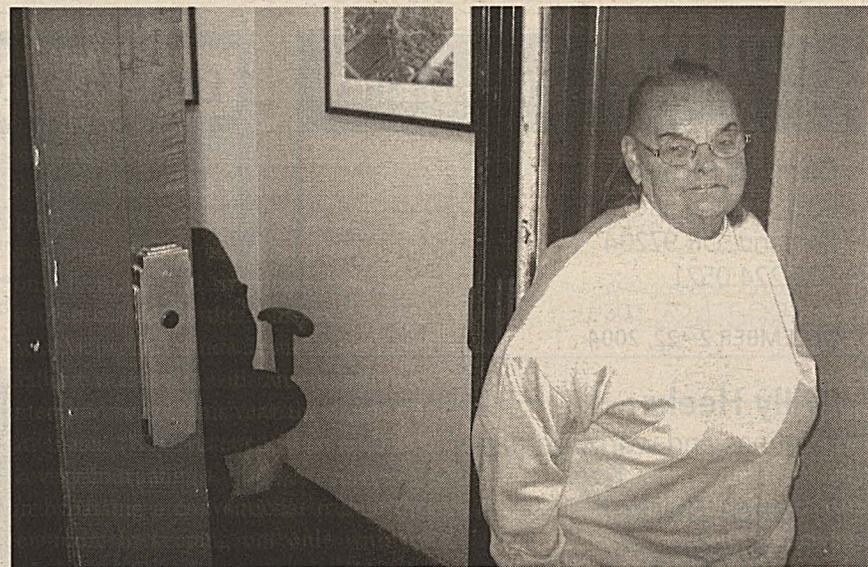


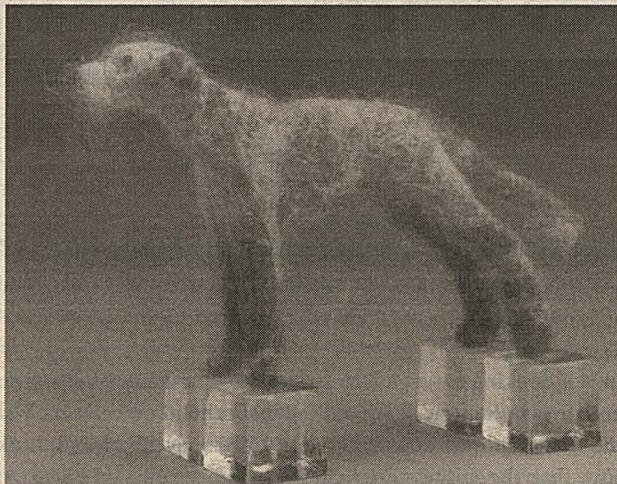
PHOTO BY CHRIS BENNETT

come to First Thursday are real bizarre."

Black-and-white photographs of the city's past line the elevator's walls. Cady picked them out. Her favorite is a 1906 shot taken from the middle of Southwest Sixth Avenue looking south. Barren trees indicate the season. Carriage automobiles are parked along the street and dark-clothed figures cross in the distance. Another photograph, taken in 1915, shows Chandler's bar with a billiards hall above it. A man in a homburg rides a bicycle, looking behind at the trolley passing or perhaps at the two handsome women crossing the street.

These photos, like the elevator, are reminders of an era when petticoats, grooming, and penmanship mattered. So the next time you're in the Bullier Building, consider waiting for the elevator—a nostalgic jaunt into the past, with Wilma Cady as your guide.

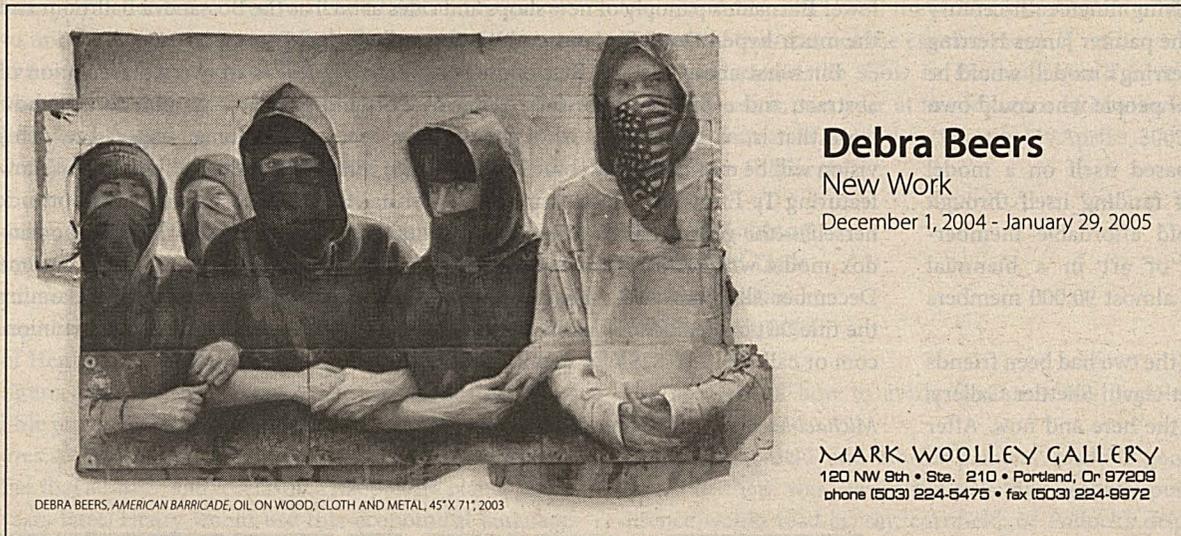
Amanda Deutch is a poet who lives in Portland.



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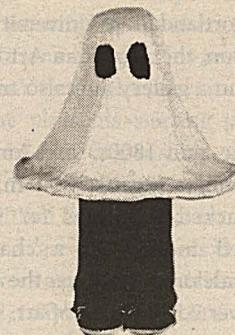
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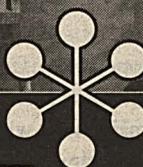
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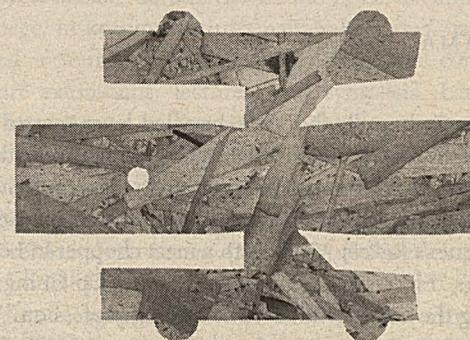
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Election Day

In Columbus, Ohio, every vote counted, whether or not it was wearing underpants

BY EMILY CHENOWETH

The sign on the chain-link fence circling the Meadowvale Mobile Home Park proclaims it A Nice Place to Live, and what, at dawn, had seemed a casually defiant inaccuracy has, in the gray, drizzly light of day, taken on the quality of the perversely untrue.

Six hours ago the sky was a dense, dusky blue, and Heather and I crept into the park like trespassers, fearing territorial dogs and big, somnolent NRA members with bedside shotguns. Fatigue and Heather both lend themselves to hyperbole, and I was very, very tired, easily swayed to alarm by the hulking forms of the trailers along the hill, the rows of busted cars, the dark, and the silence. The air was close and humid, like breath.

We snuck from door to door, hanging bright yellow strips of cardboard on the doorknobs: "VOTE TODAY," they said. "1.8 million jobs lost. \$60 billion in corporate tax breaks. \$200 billion spent in Iraq. It's time for a change."

As the sun feathered the high banks of clouds to the east, the birds woke up and rose into the air, thousands and thousands of them, streaming from one part of the sky to another. We stood side by side on the hill by the highway, while not forty feet above us their swift dark bodies poured south like a retreating army. Zealots by now, Heather and I took this as a sign.

We've come from New York to work for the Columbus, Ohio, branch of America Coming Together—to wave obliquely anti-Bush posters on street corners, to ring the doorbells of strangers, to cold-call Ohio citizens to urge them to "vote for the Democrats, up and down the ticket." Mostly, we canvas: someone at the ACT office hands us a folder with a sheet of MapQuest directions and a grid of highlighted streets to cover, and off we go—to student slums, to middle-class neighborhoods, to rows of housing projects. After five days, we are mostly inured to the suspense of knocking, the fear of derision, and the regret we ought to feel for our intrusion. We understand the peculiar fleeting intimacy of our exchanges and we have come to be grateful for it. We expect the kindness of strangers, unless they are Republicans.

At noon, Meadowvale looks less sinister and more sad. Trailers are placed at close, haphazard angles along the streets, and few aspire to look like what they are not, which is houses. If it weren't for all the cars, the large plastic city-issue trash bins, and what is clearly years' worth of accumulated detritus, this might be some sort of RV campground, where one day soon, tomorrow morning perhaps, all these people will unplug their generators, turn a key, and drive away.

Predawn was our "lit drop," and now, as we move into the "knock-and-drop" phase, we notice that many of our signs have fluttered off the doorknobs where earlier we so stealthily placed them. Some, lying on the porches, have begun to melt into pulp in the drizzling rain.

Against the rules, Heather and I go to the first trailer together; we are still nervous. A very old man wearing a POW/MIA baseball cap answers and we say our piece: "Today is Election Day, and the polls are open from 6:30 a.m. until 7:30 p.m. Please remember to vote for

change." The man tells us that he wants to, but that he needs a driver and a wheelchair, the latter something the county has been promising him for years. We give him the phone number we have to call for rides and cross our fingers that ACT has made provisions for handicapped voters. "People bring chairs to sit in," Heather says. "Oh, honey," says the old man, "I need two canes to walk. The only reason I got just one right now is I'm hanging onto this door for dear life." He laughs; we have nothing else

She pulled her oversize T-shirt down between her legs and held it there for modesty's sake. She said that she was so sick of the election that she wasn't even sure she was going to vote. As I tried to convince her that her vote was crucial, one of her four loose cockatiels took swooping dives at my head.

to offer him. "Try not to get too wet," he tells us.

At the next house, a woman leans out her door above a pestilential swarm of dirty, ugly cats. "My brother-in-law's voting for us," she says. About the cats, she says, "People just drop 'em off."

In the better neighborhoods, we engaged in a kind of front-porch profiling. Candle melted into wine bottle, Amnesty International sticker: Democrat. Cutesy pumpkin décor, American flags: Republican. Ivy, cigarette butts, stroller: could go either way. Here there is nothing to profile but unrelenting poverty, yet sensing that we are not in some poor white Republican stronghold allows us to knock with more confidence.

Yesterday and the day before, we canvassed a giant housing project, with its bleak, identical rows of crumbling brown apartment buildings. Plants or chairs or trash bags outside people's doors were how we oriented ourselves as we interrupted their naps and soaps and dinners. I woke a household of polite young Mexican men, six of them in a three-room apartment, sleeping after the night shift. I walked into one living room where an old man with no teeth, a young man with no shirt, and a fat woman drinking beer out of a pickle jar all said they were voting for Kerry. ACT volunteers are not supposed to endorse a particular candidate, but we had grown tired of the "Vote for change" script—and what if they thought we were saying "Vote for Cheney"? I often said, "Vote to kick Bush out of office." I had a gesture that went with this, which involved bending my arm and jabbing my thumb over my shoulder, in a sort of roadhouse bartender "get this guy outta here" kind of thing. Often people mirrored it, which pleased me. It felt like we were cheerleaders together, and that this physical signal of their politics was somehow proof of their civic volition.

Zealotry has made me uncharacteristically friendly. I like the people who invite me in, and also the ones who step out of their houses to talk to me. These people are

either politically engaged, which is gratifying, or lonely, which is also gratifying, but in another way. They don't need to know their polling place, but they've been given something else, which is human contact.

One woman motioned me inside because she couldn't stand in the doorway since, she said, she had just had surgery and she didn't have any pants on. "Not even underpants!" she said. We sat across from each other in her living room, which was very dark. She pulled her

oversize T-shirt down between her legs and held it there for modesty's sake. She said that she was so sick of the election that she wasn't even sure she was going to vote. As I tried to convince her that her vote was crucial, one of her four loose cockatiels took swooping dives at my head. "That's Brutus," she said. "He's a naughty boy."

We know so little about these people we approach—neither their names nor the names of their children, nor where they work, nor what they like to think about—and they know even less about us. We see into their homes; they see just our smiling, earnest faces and our ACT literature, printed with white faces for the white neighborhoods and black faces for the black neighborhoods. In the two minutes of a good exchange, though, we become allies.

Coming out of a Meadowvale trailer is a man in his fifties, and Heather and I accost him, tell him how important his vote is this year. He opens the door to his truck. "I already voted," he says. "But shame on you. My mother would be rolling over in her grave if she heard you. It's important every year, girls, every year." He is right, of course, and we say so, bowing and apologizing for our thoughtlessness.

This morning, as we finished the Meadowvale route the first time, the sun reached through the clouds and for several dazzling minutes, there was, I kid you not, a rainbow, a bright giant arc over everything. We were giddy with the beauty. The Republicans were still in bed! This was all for us! The world seemed full of good people—and by good people I mean people who wanted what we wanted. We put our flyers in the trunk of the rental car and headed for our next assignment, emboldened, overcaffeinated, hopeful. Still the flocks of birds flew with an urgency we didn't understand, compelled by nothing we could know, and for a minute, before we turned west, we drove right along beneath them.

Emily Chenoweth is a Brooklyn, NY writer and editor.

Speaking Truth to Power... and puking red, white, and blue mashed potatoes

The Yes Men's Mike Bonanno tells how he discovered his inner prankster in PDX

INTERVIEW BY RANDY GRAGG

Though he is best known these days for his crusading antiglobalist pranks as one half of the Yes Men (recently the subject of the 2003 documentary by Dan Ollman, Chris Smith, and Sarah Price, the team behind *American Movie*), Mike Bonanno has been an agent of agitprop since his days at Reed College during the early '90s.

Portlanders with long memories might recall the morning traffic snarl that followed one of Bonanno's first actions: organizing a small army to change every sign for Front Avenue—including those over I-5—to Malcolm X Avenue. He went on to make international waves with the 1994 Barbie Liberation Project, exchanging the voice boxes of hundreds of Barbie and GI Joe dolls just in time for Christmas.

When the early '90s culture wars were in full heat, it was common for artists like Bonanno to raise the temperature by marshalling their particular gifts. But as most resistance drowned in the ready cash of the later '90s boom, he marched on against the stream.

For two months, Bonanno and his sidekicks, principally his anti-WTO collaborator Andy Bichlbaum, switched gears, touring the United States in an old Zenith TV mobile test lab painstakingly repainted in full Bush campaign colors, complete with the prez's mug and the slogan Yes Bush Can. Topped with an inflatable missile and Dicky, the oil-sputtering derrick, and filled with characters like a Saudi prince, a cowboy armed with gas-nozzle six shooters and Smokey the Log (vying to replace Smokey the Bear as the Forest Service mascot), they urged Bush supporters to embrace their candidate's boldest initiatives yet.

But on the eve of the election, Bonanno was working with the League of Conservation Voters to get out the vote in Orlando, Florida. While there, he offed the mask and spoke to the *Organ* about projects past, present, and future.

Randy Gragg: You're doing actual get-out-the vote work?

Mike Bonanno: Exactly. We changed our strategies entirely. Our bus broke down in South Carolina, so we came down here to help. It's a bit of a mess here. It's just amazing to see how pathetic our so-called democracy is. It's just the most corrupt bullshit in the world. Today, for example, we were canvassing in a Democratic county and the whole county has one early-voting station. The Republican counties have five or six. So people here have to stand in line a really long time.

RG: So why the shift? Was it because the bus broke down? Or was it time to get more serious?

MB: It was both, really. We always knew we were going to come down here and start straight-up canvassing. This is a moment where satire fails. People who are voting for Bush would believe and do anything we said if



MIKE BONANNO (LEFT) AND ANDY BICHLBAUM (RIGHT) ON THE YES BUSH CAN TOUR. PHOTO COURTESY WWW.THEYESMEN.ORG

they thought we were the Bush campaign. We had people agreeing to store nuclear waste in their yards. Stupid shit that people had no problem with, if it supported Bush.

RG: Was the response different in Oregon? Were Bush people as sheeplike?

MB: They were definitely as enthusiastic. In Portland we ran into all these people going on a Boy Scout cruise. It included the ex-governor Vic Atiyeh. He called himself "the last Republican governor of Oregon." And he was really sympathetic to Smokey the Log.

RG: Why did you choose the name the Yes Men?

MB: Because our method was to tease out the true nature of our adversaries by posing as supporters and agreeing with them ad absurdum.

RG: Let's talk about the movie. What made you see yourselves as subjects?

MB: What was happening was so weird it seemed like it would make a good film. We wanted to package what we'd been doing so people could consume it, to get it out in a more mass-market way.

What ended up happening was something in between. It got picked up by United Artists. It's out there, but has basically been a total commercial flop.

RG: Any theories why?

MB: Bad timing. The entire management of United Artists turned over. The guy who bought the film was

fired for criticizing management. Everybody else left. We got caught in the middle. Everybody's been very nice. They seem to be good at promoting films, just not weird films.

RG: Did being in a documentary change the work?

MB: Oh yeah. Everything we do is really a form of public storytelling anyway. But instead of doing these separate hit-and-run events, we started thinking of them all as part of a trajectory. So it gave us three years to shape a story and a rhythm.

[Mike suddenly realizes he's driven past the Ramada Inn he was looking for. He hands the phone to Andy Bichlbaum.]

AB: Let's let Mike drive. We can answer the same questions.

RG: Okay. I was about to ask what you see as the historic lineage for what you're doing.

AB: I think it's different for both of us. For me, it was learning about the Surrealists. My background is writing fiction. So it was about political empowerment by juxtaposing weird things, I guess. That was the literary tradition I was aware of. But, of course, doing this, I've learned people have been doing this for hundreds of years. Anything from Jonathan Swift's "A Modest Proposal" to the Yippies.

But a lot of the work is sort of evanescent, so it doesn't

get recognized. It's protest: temporary, momentary. But I'm always learning about new ones, like this guy, Dick Tuck. He did things in response to Nixon in the '60s. He posed as a conductor and waved the engineer to start moving while Nixon was still on the back [of the train] giving a speech.

RG: Where does the money for your projects come from?

AB: For the Yes Bush Can project, it came from the Filmmaker's Collaborative and Creative Capital in New York. And we've got money from the Herb Alpert Foundation. They fund, like, ten artists every couple of years. We got lucky.

[Andy hands the phone back to Mike.]

RG: We were talking about funding. You teach. What do you teach?

MB: It's an electronic-art department at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. The department has music, too. I'm an associate professor. I've been there six years. I just got tenure.

RG: Congratulations. So have you always been a prankster?

MB: Yeah, I guess I have. I grew up in the suburbs of upstate New York with very little to entertain ourselves. There was nothing to plug in to. We would do things like dress up like Long John Silver and go to Long John Silver's and demand a free fish sandwich. We used whatever we had at hand.

RG: My knowledge of your work begins when you changed all the street signs on Front Avenue to Malcolm X Avenue. Was that your first serious project?

MB: Yeah, I think so. I did stuff in high school, but they were strange art pranks. I had a group of friends and we did things. We found this old rusty truck and we took it apart and reassembled it in this courtyard in the high school. We told the administration they couldn't move it because it was our art project. The art teachers got very angry. But, yes, Malcolm X was really the beginning.

RG: What I remember is this couple was trying to pass a ballot measure to change Martin Luther King Boulevard back to Union Avenue.

MB: Yeah, it was a response to that.

RG: But what a response. It was a massive effort.

MB: Yeah, it was. We had such a good group of people, a couple of dozen people, even more if you include the people printing signs. Greg Hahn and Jennifer Davis and I were the organizers. Greg and I came up with the idea. We had studios in the same building. It was one of those late-night things. It was one of those stupid ideas. Everybody has those kinds of ideas when faced with something as stupid as that campaign. All that was different is we followed through on it. What we often hear from people is, "Oh you have too much time on your hands." Most people don't have the time or make the time.

RG: How many signs were there?

MB: Three hundred or so. I was really worried somebody was going to get hurt climbing up over the freeway.

It was a lot of organization, mapping all the signs.

RG: I once heard you even had someone on the Portland Spirit deflecting attention from people up on the freeway?

MB: No. That's some sort of confusion about when we hung a human-target sign off the bridge. We made it out of all these bedsheets we got from a mattress-supply place. It must have been sixty-by-eighty feet. We hung it twice, the first time for the Rose Festival parade of ships. The police got it. But they left it on their dock. So we nabbed it and hung it again, the second time off Jackson Tower overlooking Pioneer Square for the Rose Festival Parade. We climbed up the fire escape.

RG: Okay. So the next project I know about is the Reverse Peristalsis Painters. Describe the development of that.

MB: We had this guerilla-theater group at Reed with a guy named Bill Bender. A bunch of people started showing up. We even got money from the student fund. So we were sitting around one day trying to figure out what to do. There was a fund-raising luncheon for Bob Packwood that Vice President Dan Quayle was speaking at. We were batting around ideas and somebody said, "We should just vomit." Okay, good idea. And then it elaborated from there. We were lucky, we had some experienced vomiters. They had done things like vomiting in McDonald's. So we had this crew who knew something about vomiting in public places, oddly enough. And there were all kinds of skill levels. There was this guy Ben who had done McDonald's, who was incredibly good at it. He didn't need ipecac. For the rest of us, it was really a mess, because everybody's metabolism works so different. For me, it took three or four hours after ipecac. It made me really ill for two days.

RG: As I recall, the recipe was potatoes and food coloring.

MB: It was powdered mashed potatoes.

RG: What I remember best about that project was there were some pretty intense protests going on. It was back in the day when Bush Sr. had labeled Portland "Little Beirut." There were SHARP Skinheads throwing M-80s at the horse patrol and the cops were rushing the protesters. And here come all of you, walking right between it all. Everything seemed to kind of stop. And then, one by one, y'all started vomiting red, white, and blue. It sort of redivided the whole clash: a lot of the cops were cracking up; a lot of the protesters found it revolting.

MB: Yeah, it had a very strange effect. I think it worked out great. It's amazing when three dozen people come together to vomit. In retrospect, the only thing I would have done differently if I had enough money is buy

everybody a plate at the luncheon, so we could actually have done it in the luncheon. That would have been better.

RG: The next time I bumped into your work was with the Barbie Liberation Project. What happened in between?

MB: I traveled. I did screen printing in Nepal. I got a job in India teaching screen printing to women in an economic-development project. I came back to the United States and started the Barbie project and finished it at San Diego in graduate school. I did a few projects, but all were low profile.

RG: Have you ever done a project where you think you went too far?

MB: Oh yeah, even recently. The first time we went out as the Bush campaign, we went to a conference held by the International Web Police on child pornography. They're this kind of weird, vigilante cult who believe the Internet is this extremely dangerous place, and they try to police it. They're also scammers, using all these Web sites to get money, and they're scaremongers. They had mistakenly invited us from the Cheneybush.com site we set up. It was in Orlando, a stone's throw from Disney World, and we thought it would be funny to go and make a speech about what had happened [in the] last election in Florida, to speak honestly about how successful

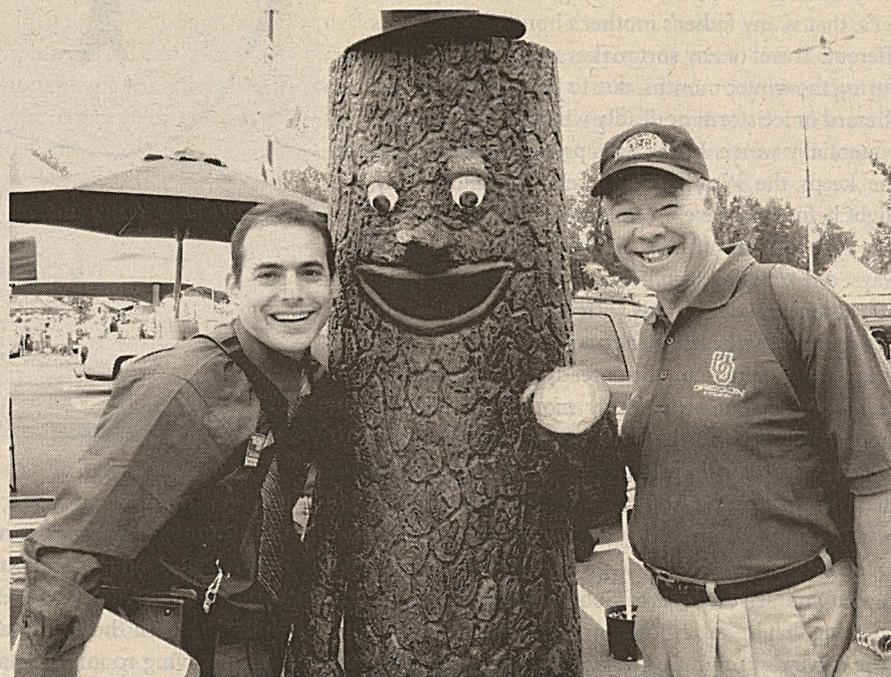


PHOTO COURTESY WWW.THEYESMEN.ORG

we had been at grabbing the last election. We had just come off this high from the WTO things where nobody reacted. But people's sensitivity to the messaging of the campaign was so much more acute and our honesty was so much more extreme that people pretty quickly figured it out. It wasn't the Web police themselves. They were sitting in the front row, nodding and smiling. But there were these other people behind them who came to the conference wanting to do something about their children's safety on the Internet. They were livid. They realized we were not the Bush campaign and pretty much went nuts and chased us out of the room. We want to make fun of people in power, not the recipients of the speech. It's really easy to cross the line. Then you're wondering why you're doing this at all.

WE ARE NOT ALONE

Christmas at Grandma's ain't what it used to be

BY HEATHER LARIMER

I was born and raised in Omaha, Nebraska, and since I've been an adult, Christmas has always meant going home alone. I've never invited friends, lovers, or roommates. Perhaps it's because asking someone to come to Omaha in the dead of winter seems unfair, like introducing them to your mother when she's still in her curlers. Although the heart of the city is nostalgic and cozy, crosshatched with brick streets that are lined with old oaks and maples, most unchaperoned visitors never see it; the dilapidated outskirts make them shudder and keep on going. Behind the clawlike bare trees, the sky is opaque, a papered-over window where a view should be. The snow on the ground only serves as a canvas for the unrelenting brown, from tailpipes' exhaust and the bare soil, that bleeds around the rusting sheds and the ramshackle houses on the edges of town. From November to March, the snow never melts but just stays, gathering filth, a palimpsest of everything that's passed through.

Every December 24, my family goes to my grandmother's, that is, my father's mother's house. This year is no different. Travel of any sort makes my father anxious, and during the winter months, due to the constant threat of a blizzard or ice storm or deadly windchill, his anxiety is exponentially worse. In the days preceding Christmas Eve, he keeps the Weather Channel on continuously. The night before we leave, he issues an edict about what time the car will pull out of the driveway. It is the same as always: one o'clock sharp. His enervation gives him a sort of brittleness sadly at odds with the spirit of the season. When one o'clock arrives, he paces the front hallway, muttering and sighing. No one is ready. No one is ready at one ten either, but at least my mother is shuttling gifts and Tupperware to the car. Her own parents died before her children were born, and so she, like us, has no other options for the holidays. Eventually my father starts screaming. It's simple goddamn math, he says. One o'clock, he says. You don't give a goddamn about anyone but yourselves, he says. Soon, my blood is boiling, knowing that his anxiety will only get worse once we leave the driveway, mounting as we travel west. To him, each intersection and lane change between Omaha and Lincoln is an impending tragedy. Around one twenty, a fight breaks out between him and any one of his children (an honor that rotates yearly), as if an explosion were necessary for us to reach escape velocity. By one thirty, the last of us walk through the billowing white exhaust and get in the Chevy Suburban, which my father has turned around in the driveway. He sits in the driver's seat, his shearing gloves gripping the steering wheel, his head shaking in disgust. The interior is suffocatingly hot because the car has been warming up for forty minutes, according to his original schedule. We all fasten our seat belts, sheepish and shamed, and then my father gets out of the car. He stalks toward the front door of the house and goes inside.

Recently, my mother revealed to me the secret behind this ritual: once inside, he will check all the doors and then urinate, in that order. I find this incredible. I

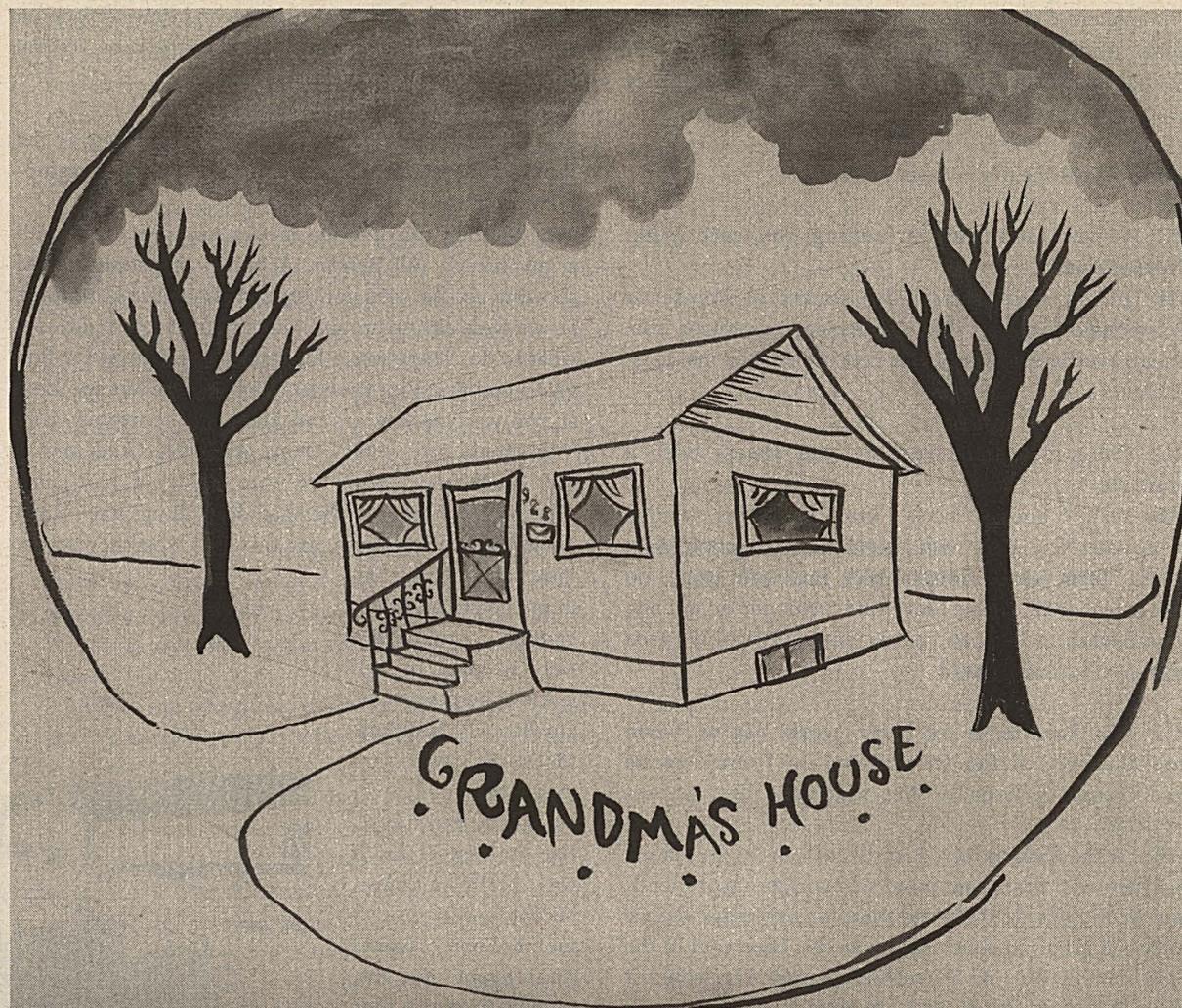


ILLUSTRATION BY CAITLIN TROUTMAN

pull off my scarf and tuck it in my pocket, waiting for him to return to the car and pop the gearshift into drive. Then, when he does, I say I've forgotten my scarf. I go into the house. In the front hall, I turn a slow circle to look at the living room, the stairs, the heavy front door with its leaded window. The clock in the dining room ticks softly. When I come back to the car, my father returns to the house a second time, for the same duration. Goosebumps raise the flesh of my arms as I imagine the ticking clock, my father rattling doorknobs, grunting out a drop of urine, all so we won't die in a fiery crash on the highway.

The drive to my grandmother's is fifty-five minutes of dirty grey roads that cut through the brown fields. The Suburban, a massive truck my father purchased for its supposed indomitability, is pushed around by the blustering wind. On the car stereo, like most other Nebraskans, we play Christmas music by Mannheim Steamroller. The first record, *A Fresh Aire Christmas*, is tolerable, a classic even, widely played in retail spaces nationwide. However the second album, *A Mannheim Steamroller Christmas*, took a good thing too far, suffocating Olde English carols in bad Midi tones and the sort

of musical bombast reserved for financial-service commercials—which didn't stop the band from making four more popular Christmas albums. In the car, my younger brother Peter and I play along on air keyboard (he prefers the placement of the "key-tar," which is strapped like a guitar across the body), our overbites bared and eyes squeezed shut, while my youngest brother, Andrew, clutches his sides and wheezes hysterically. By the time we reach the end of the record, the Nebraska State Capitol building—the Penis of the Plains—has appeared on the horizon. The building was a controversial design by Bertram Goodhue, a renowned New York architect. Its centerpiece is a 400-foot-tall domed tower topped by a statue, The Sower, who casts seeds from a basket on his hip. The looming phallus is one of the first examples of usable tower space (what we now call skyscrapers) in American architecture, and every grade-school student in the state gets taken on a tour. (In my mother's era, the second most popular field trip was the Beatrice State Home for the mentally retarded, which gave her persistent childhood nightmares about the hose-down area and the residents' identical bowl-shaped haircuts.)

Whenever we turn onto Grandma's street, I mistake

several other houses for hers. They all look the same, small 1950s white cottages with metal railings leading up the front steps to postage stamp-sized concrete landings and screened-in front doors. We approach the door, stepping gingerly across the ice that's coated the pavement for months. My father raps on the screen, and my Aunt Rita peers through the window. She opens the door, squealing, "Yay!" in falsetto, an affectation that a person might reasonably call "sarcastic" if Aunt Rita ever spoke in an earnest tone. She never does. The net result is I know almost nothing about my aunt or her life, other than what can be ascertained visually: she lives with her mother and she loves science fiction.

We squeeze into the living room where my grandmother gives us her version of a smile, the corners of her mouth upturned, both shy and tired. She is frail and astoundingly slight at four foot eleven and eighty-five pounds but still beautiful, dressed in charcoal wool pants and a red lambswool sweater, far more tasteful than the double-knit polyester that abounds among women her age. We sit on the couch, the same couch she's had since I can remember, which even though it is ivory, has remained immaculate. The house is no more than 700 square feet. The living room is kitchen-sized, the kitchen

er, trying to soothe my grieving Aunt Trudy after her first husband, a heroin dealer, mysteriously disappeared, his boat found adrift in the Caribbean. It's hard to imagine Charles as a stoned goat farmer or Trudy as a drug dealer's moll, just as it's hard to imagine my father, a man who has become so rigid and fearful, moving alone to Helsinki with only fifty bucks, no career plans, and the address of a friend of a friend. But all of these things were once true. The twins were born with herniated belly buttons, ruddy golf-ball-sized mounds of flesh that throbbed when they cried. Now, they sport liquid eyeliner and ghetto accents, even though they are blond and live in Colorado Springs. Stacy is three years older, and is forgoing college for a career in the Colorado modeling industry. This year, though, they are late. When I ask about them, Rita just rolls her eyes and shrugs.

We all cram in the tiny living room, thighs pressed together. We eat Chex Party Mix and try to make small talk, but it's like a bad game of Ping-Pong: every time a volley gets going, Aunt Rita whacks the ball off the table by breaking into ear-splitting song, her own special strain of Tourette's syndrome. All the songs are from sci-fi TV programs, particularly *Doctor Who*, which I pretend I've seen but never have. Most of them don't have words, so

switched to paper plates. More recently, she developed an aversion to dirty glasses, so we started using plastic cups.

While we gather in the living room, Grandma always hides in the kitchen, perched on a wooden stool, smoking Kools and drinking percolated coffee, the wooden shutter drawn across the doorway so we can only see her Hush Puppies swinging petulantly. Once in a while a quip sails from her quarter, usually alluding to the terminal illness she's hinted at for years. Long before the mysterious illness, her sense of humor was already unusually dry and drawn to the grotesque. Once, she sent me a letter at college. It read, "I broke a jar of spaghetti sauce the other day, and it went all over the drapes. Looked like someone blew their brains out." Her constant references to her impending death add a necessary gravity to the holiday; the possibility that this is the Last Christmas prevents any questioning of our traditions. You would think the approaching finality might make us pull out all the stops. Instead, Grandma keeps drawing up tighter, and to challenge her would be tantamount to denying her last request. We have no choice but to go along.

This year, Grandma has forgotten to order the pizza ahead of time. My mother suggests delivery, but my father objects to paying some teenager, who, he says, will prob-

A three-foot fake tree stands on a side table, decorated with Star Trek ornaments from Hallmark collected by Aunt Rita. Every few minutes, my youngest brother, Andrew, pushes the button on one spaceship ornament so it lights up and bellows, "Resistance is futile."

bathroom-sized, the bathroom closet-sized. A three-foot fake tree stands on a side table, decorated with Star Trek ornaments from Hallmark collected by Aunt Rita. Every few minutes, Andrew pushes the button on one spaceship ornament so it lights up and bellows, "Resistance is futile."

The house has a finished basement, but I have only been down there once because Down There is Aunt Rita's lair. Aunt Rita has lived in the basement, in a labyrinth of paper and comics and art supplies, for the thirty-three years since she hit puberty. For a while, we all hoped she might find fame and fortune as an illustrator—she's really good—but she no longer goes to the Star Trek and anime conventions where she once found widespread admiration. It seems she no longer goes much of anywhere.

Why Aunt Rita has never moved out of her mother's house is not okay to discuss. When pressed, my dad will only shake his head. My mother, a psychotherapist, has hypothesized that Aunt Rita is in fact a lesbian whose homophobia prevents her from socializing. Once, she invited Aunt Rita to a concert at the Nebraska State Fairgrounds, a double bill of singer-songwriters Holly Near and Cris Williamson, who make the Indigo Girls look like Britney Spears. Halfway through, Aunt Rita tugged my mom's sleeve. She was pale and trembling, "Have you seen the kind of people who are here?" she said, gesturing to all the women who held hands. Rita asked to be taken home, where she skulked back to the basement without saying goodbye.

Usually, within a few minutes of our arrival at Grandma's, a car will rattle into the driveway and Grandma will mutter, "Christ almighty. Here comes trouble." Then Aunt Trudy and Uncle Charles will come through the door, followed by the twins and their big sister, Stacy. Charles came to this family when he was still a goat farm-

she just mimics the music, screeching "dee-doo-dee-doo-dee-doo-DONG-DONG!" as she plays air keyboard with copious head bobbing and no regard for fingering accuracy, even though she played the piano for years.

When I was a child, Grandma would make turkey and mashed potatoes for nearly twenty-five people. That was when she lived in a larger ranch house across town. An acquaintance once told me she was widely considered the most beautiful woman in all of Lincoln. Back then, she had already taken some blows from life, having been widowed twice, once by my father's father, and once by his alcoholic accountant, but she hadn't yet disowned half of her children for various minor infractions. Her grandchildren would swarm the house, pounding the piano, orchestrating puppet shows, while her children and their spouses drank wine and laughed. My Aunt Elizabeth would bring an elaborate array of cookies she'd baked, and my father would hoard all of the ones filled with mincemeat. Uncle Richard, my favorite, a former juvenile delinquent who became captain of police, would raid the relish tray for black olives, sticking them on the tips of both our fingers. But one day, while in a meeting with the mayor, he failed to take a phone call from Grandma, who'd been in a fender bender. Fifteen years have passed, and she's still not speaking to him. Long before that—twenty-five years ago—another of her sons, Bruce, was banished. No one knows why; like many subjects, Grandma refuses to discuss it.

Now, her agoraphobia has worsened, narrowing her roaming radius to three rooms, and instead of turkey and mashed potatoes, we order pizza on Christmas Eve. Like her son, my father, she is easily overwhelmed. The pizza tradition arose out of the oppressive logistics of cooking and the refusal of my mother's offer to take over. Soon after, Grandma found the dishes burdensome, so we

ably stop by his girlfriend's house while our pizza congeals in his Geo Metro. He'll pick up the pizza himself. As he's dialing, Grandma argues with him over how many pizzas we need. "It's not like I bother eating anymore," she says.

Normally, this would be the chance for my father and Uncles Charles to get out of the house and go for a drive. This year my father goes alone, while my mother unwraps the paper plates and plastic Solo tumblers and brings out the two-liter bottles of RC. For roughage, she assembles a special salad of butter lettuce and raspberries, which has the added benefit of being festively colored. Grandma allows her to import this dish from Omaha, with the stipulation that she Leave No Trace, neither an empty raspberry carton nor stray leaf of lettuce. My dad returns with three large pizzas: one cheese, one pepperoni, and one hamburger and black olive. There was a time I wouldn't have believed a pizza could be found at six o'clock on Christmas Eve, but the fact that one can is both comforting and devastating. It means we are not alone.

We decide to open presents, something usually left until after dinner, while we eat. Why gift giving persists when all other traditions have been discarded is inexplicable. There are very few presents under the tree. My brothers and I are handed identical tissue-paper packages. We open them together, and each of us receives a box of crayons and a small toy. The boys' toys are action figures. Mine is a child-sized Barbie crown. I wonder if this is one of Rita's jabs. She has always resented me, as if my birth robbed her of the heroic older brother who had always taken care of her. I turn the crown over and notice a stamp in the plastic, "Copyright McDonald's Inc." A Happy Meal toy. Grandma hands us each a greeting card. Inside is a ten-dollar bill, money I will spend drinking, maybe even later tonight. My dad gets a pair of driving

Fragments from

Three years in the life of the George Jackson Brigade, 1975-1978

COMPILED BY CAMELA RAYMOND

In the year Patty Hearst was captured, the bombing of Seattle had just begun...

September 19, 1975

From "SLA Reprisal? Bomb in Seattle Store Hurts 5," *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*:

A bomb blast at a Safeway Store, at 1410 E. John St., injured at least five persons about 9:30 last night, seconds after an anonymous caller told a news agency the bomb was set in retaliation for the arrest of Patty Hearst and others in California yesterday.

... The Safeway store was the same where a blast killed Ralph Patrick Ford, 23, early Monday morning, when he was apparently arming a bomb.

September 20, 1975

From "Bomb Victim Was Activist," by Larry McCarten and Fred Brack, *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*:

The man who killed himself early Monday while apparently trying to plant a bomb behind the Safeway store at 1410 E. John St. was described by a friend yesterday as having worked hard in the farm workers' union campaign against Safeway.

"I wouldn't be surprised if some of his strong feelings about Safeway came from that," the friend said of the dead man, Ralph Patrick Ford, 23, who was killed when the pipe bomb exploded, apparently prematurely....

The friend said Ford, who came here from Sacramento about four years ago, believed Safeway guards shot live bullets at shoplifters—"he talked about this with real outrage."

There is no record of any such incident regarding Safeway personnel.

The young man's father, Lawrence J. Ford, said that while Ralph visited home periodically, his family knew little of his activities in Seattle.

"Every time we talked to him, he seemed to have a different job," the father said of his slightly built son.

October 24, 1975

From "Safeway bombing: retaliation, 'love,'" by Lee Moriwaki, *Seattle Times*:

The September 18 bombing of a Safeway store ... on Capitol Hill not only was in retaliation for the arrests of Patricia Hearst and William and Emily Harris as previously reported, but also an "act of love and solidarity."

According to a communique purportedly from the George Jackson Brigade, the latter sentiment was for Ralph Patrick Ford, who was killed in an earlier bombing attempt at the same store.

The brigade took credit for the second Safeway bombing.

The communique ends with the words "Safeway Off Capitol Hill" and says: "It is time that people start thinking in terms of gaining control over their communities. A victorious struggle against Safeway—even if it takes reducing those two stores ... to burned-out ruins—would be a major step in the direction toward people's power."

January 2, 1976

From "Activists Blamed For Area Blasts," by George Foster and S. L. Sanger, *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*:

The national Weather Underground organization, a Marxist-oriented activist group, has been blamed for the New Year's bombings of a City Light substation in Seattle and a supermarket chain center in Bellevue.

Lt. Jerry Andersen, chief of the Seattle Police Department's Intelligence Section, told the Post-Intelligencer yesterday that his unit had received information that there would be some 100 bombings attributed to the Weather Underground at undisclosed locations across the country over the New Year's holiday....

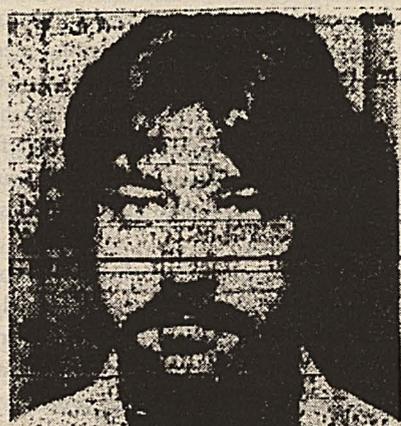
A group calling itself the George Jackson Brigade took credit for the bombings at midnight in Seattle and Bellevue and in a lengthy, type-written communique said the City Light incident was in support of striking City Light electrical workers and against Safeway, "a powerful agri-business and imperialist."

... Vickery is asking Laurelhurst residents living south of NE 45th Street to cut down on their use of electricity at prime times.

January 3, 1976

From "Bomb Damage Repair—Strikers Refuse to Help, City Says," *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*:

Electrical Workers Union Local 77 disavowed any role in the bombing of the Laurelhurst substation and said it "deplores any such action," but the local advised City Light officials there would be no return to work without management approval of a retroactive pay increase to \$8.66 per hour from \$8.40 for the past year.



the Front

From "Bomb Fragments to Be Analyzed," by Martin Works, *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*:

A City Light spokesman said the cost to repair damage at the Laurelhurst substation "will approach" \$250,000.

That would make the substation incident the costliest bombing to occur here since 1969, when an explosion caused nearly \$300,000 in damage to the University of Washington Administration Building.

January 23, 1976

From "Strike Against City Light Ends," by Don Tewkesbury, *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*:

A 90-day strike against Seattle City Light ended last night when striking members of Electrical Workers Union Local 77 voted almost two to one to accept a new two-year contract.

The nearly 700 strikers will return to work this morning.

March 11, 1976

From "Radical Wounds Officer To Help Inmate Escape," *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*:

A member of a "revolutionary" band freed inmate John William Sherman from King County custody yesterday when he shot an officer taking Sherman back to the jail from Harborview Medical Center.

King County Officer Virgil Johnson, 32, was expected to recover from a massive stomach wound, but remained in serious condition after surgery...

Sherman, 33, facing state and federal charges for the attempted armed robbery of a Tukwila bank January 23, escaped in a green and white van apparently driven by a second accomplice while the gunman fled in a dark blue Chevrolet Vega....

... Another man, Bruce Seidel, was shot and killed by Tukwila police during the January gun battle.

March 12, 1976

From "Escape Case Hunt Intense," by Walter Wright and Martin Works, *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*:

[John] Sherman still has an upper jaw arch bar in his mouth, which would be difficult to remove without medical assistance. Police said they had made no particular effort to alert dentists, however: "If these people really are members of a revolutionary group, they'll have access to their own medical care," one said.

March 28, 1976

From "Brigade' Is a Challenge," *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*:

The "hard-core crazies" of the George Jackson Brigade and other urban guerrilla groups represent a difficult challenge for law enforcement but ultimately will

have little impact on society, Police Chief Robert Hanson said yesterday.

Hanson applauded tough talk from John Reed, new special agent in charge of the FBI here, who said this weekend that lawmen will pick up the Brigade's "gauntlet" and "ram it down their throats."

Hanson said he came away from a recent conference of police chiefs of major cities convinced that urban guerilla groups are one of the hardest targets law enforcement has ever had. "We can't infiltrate them, they don't respond to financial rewards, and their dedication reminds me of Kamikaze pilots."

But he said he believed that an unprecedented fear of crime and support of police by the American people would prove the undoing of groups like the Brigade.

"These hard-core crazies are like ten thousand ants on a log floating down the river.

"They all form their little cells, and their little groups, and each cell thinks it controls where the log goes.

"But these crazies are not the people, and they are not going to have any impact on where the log goes. The log will follow the river, no matter what the ants do."

March 30, 1976

From "Jackson Brigade has other radicals here worried," by John Arthur Wilson and Lee Moriwaki, *Seattle Times*:

As in previous communiques, the latest portrays the George Jackson Brigade, named after a black author and prisoner who was killed during an escape attempt in 1971, as the vanguard of an American class war.

... The communique described the brigade as "a collection of oppressed people" who are "not all white and ... not all men" but include "dykes (lesbians), niggers, cons."

From "Brigade Bombed FBI" by Walter Wright, *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*:

The George Jackson Brigade is responsible for the August 5 bomb attack on FBI offices in Tacoma, and the bombing August 6 of a Bureau of Indian Affairs office in Everett, says a man identified by the Brigade as a comrade.

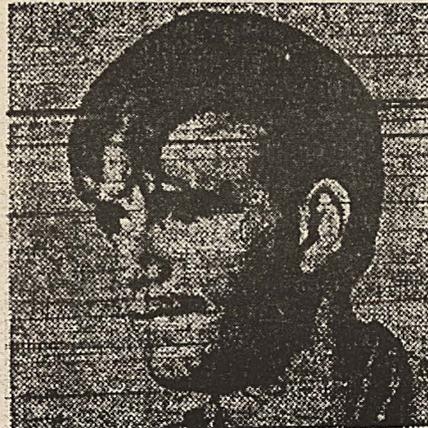
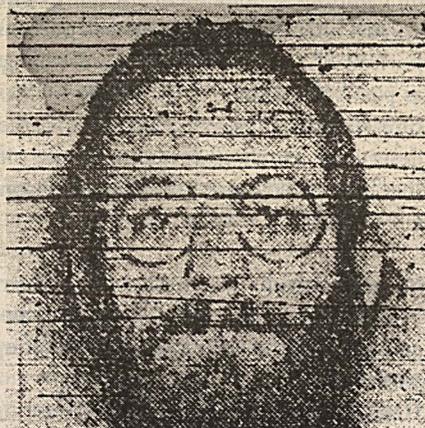
Edward Allen Mead, 34, awaiting trial on state and federal charges arising from the Jan. 23 Tukwila bank robbery, gave the Brigade credit for the two additional bombings yesterday.

... Mead's statement, if true, would raise to six the number of bombings by the Brigade.

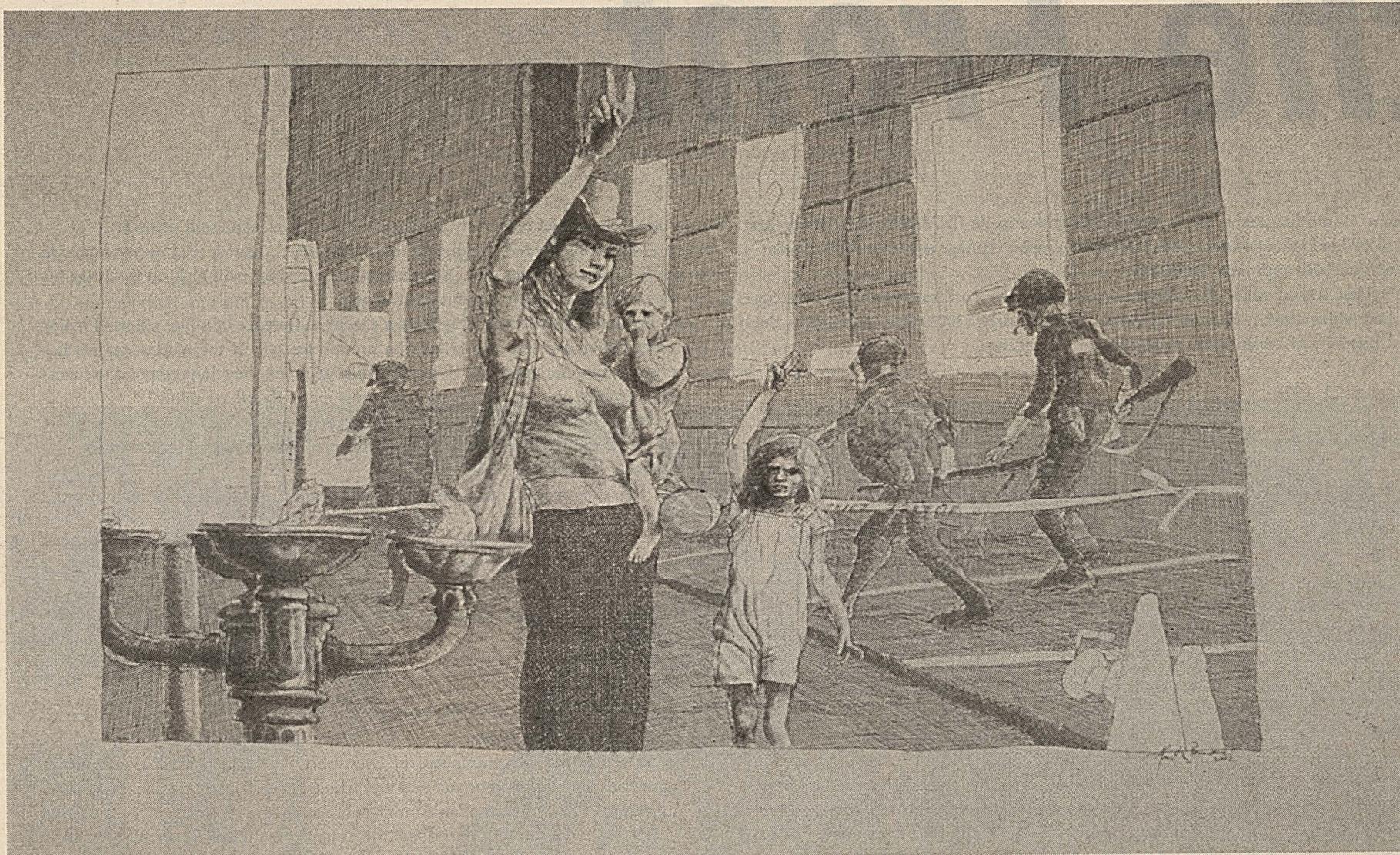
March 31, 1976

From "Brigade deserves respect, say leftists," by John Arthur Wilson and Lee Moriwaki, *Seattle Times*:

Continued on page 28



LEFT TO RIGHT: BRUCE SEIDEL, RITA DARLENE BROWN, JOHN SHERMAN, JANINE BERTRAM (JORY UHURU), MARK COOK, RALPH FORD, EDWARD MEAD, THERESE COUPEZ.



Artist in Residence

In the nearly four decades since Henk Pander left Amsterdam for Portland, he has had a fitful and impassioned relationship with his adopted home.

His drawings and paintings of epic landscapes, grand personas, and historic ruin reveal his life's labor to make sense of a world that is in many ways still alien to him. Now worried about America's tumultuous political climate, Pander is about to become a US citizen, a step that he takes with both acceptance and mourning.

Pander is a master of the series, immersing himself in both emotional and physical environments. In 1987, he began to chronicle his childhood memories of Nazi-occupied Holland in a cycle of paintings, one of which hangs at Portland's Aalto Lounge. When the Panamanian freighter *The New Carissa* ran aground on the Oregon coast in 1999, Pander visited the wreck, producing a group of spectacular works of the massive ship listing in the ocean. While best known for these large oil paintings, Pander is just as comfortable with watercolor and ink. *Homeland*, a group of his ink drawings from post-9/11 New York and Portland, showed at Laura Russo Gallery in June.

Pander considers himself an outsider to the usual events and social circles of the Portland art world, but he has nonetheless had a hand in shaping the community. During the 1960s and '70s, Pander made ink-drawn posters protesting the Vietnam War, announcing a prison art show, and advertising local bands and theater groups. As one of the founders of Storefront Theatre in 1970, Pander perfected his grasp of monumental scale by producing elaborate theatrical sets. He was the force behind the Visual Chronicle, a RACC project that documents the city through the eyes and works of local artists. Modeled after Amsterdam's Topografiese Atlas, the collection now has

225 pieces and continues to purchase work each year. For some months now as part of the RACC public art project, *Intersections*, Pander has been riding along as artist in residence with Portland fire crews.

In a major exhibit November 6 through January 16, the Frye Museum in Seattle will show *Spectacular Requiem*, a thirty-painting retrospective of Pander's dark, poignant, and exquisitely composed works. The exhibit will include a number of Pander's large oil paintings, among them a seven-by-twelve-foot depiction of the site of the twin towers just after 9/11. (The Frye has purchased one major work, *A Prayer Before Night*, a portrait of actor Ric Young amidst his grandly appointed deathbed.) Screening twice as part of the exhibit is *Sill Life and Other Journeys from the Studio*, Jacob Pander's feature-length documentary that follows the elder Pander from his Portland studio to the desert—in search of decommissioned aircraft—and to Holland, all with the intimacy that one would expect of a son, an accomplished artist in his own right, watching his father paint.

Meagan Atiyeh: You have a very diverse resume. A painting in the lobby of the Multnomah Club, commissions for the state, all the major regional museums and collections, and then there's Core Sample and PICA shows. You've done commissions for NASA.

Henk Pander: That's one thing about this country that is really incredible. It's going to be harder now, but as an artist living here, you can pretty much do whatever you want to. I started out interested in space and thought I'd like to actually go to some of these

big observatories in the desert. So I received an [Oregon] Arts Commission fellowship and went to a radio telescope in New Mexico. I had this watercolor paper and I drove out into the field with these huge telescopes and plopped down in the grass and started making a watercolor. There was a building in the distance with a long streak of black glass, and in forty-five minutes here comes a little pickup truck down the gravel road and some guy jumps out and says, "What are you doing?" I said, "Are you an astronomer?" He says, "Yah, I saw you with the binoculars," and I said, "I'm an artist and I'm interested in what you guys do here so I'm making paintings of your telescopes, is that okay?" "Yah, yah, that's great, why don't you come in and have a cup of coffee?" he says, and before I knew it, I hung out with these astronomers who were researching, looking at, galaxies in deep space. I love that kind of stuff. That's what helped me get in with NASA, who let me document *Galileo* at Jet Propulsion Laboratories. I find that stuff inherently interesting. There's a part of me that's not an artist, but a nosy person.

MA: You told me recently about the fire station residency, and the vest they gave you that says OBSERVER. I was joking with Peggy Kendellen that you might as well wear that always. You have an uncanny ability to move very easily through situations.

HP: Yah, in New York I'd go to places I had no business being. Here's this middle-aged guy in the crowd, nobody notices. . . . I say it's been really difficult, and in many ways it has. On the other hand, there's also an enormous amount of gain in terms of exploring. It's been a rewarding life. And I've found the way to continually find things which are powerful and moving and break your heart at the same time as they are quite amazing.

MA: In the past you have talked about your paintings as being about where individual experience meets historical time. That's an interesting boundary to me. Your 9/11 works, for example, express not only your experience as an observer but also a larger, political, maybe allegorical presence. Where is that line?

HP: I'd go to Holland and my mom would be sitting there and watching Jimmy Carter and Brezhnev on TV negotiating whether they should place intermediate nuclear missiles in Holland, and my mother looks at me and says, "You know they drop one of those things in the Netherlands, just one, and it would be the end of our whole culture. We will be a hole in the ground and it will fill up with seawater. We have already gone through the Nazis and we barely survived it. These people are terrible." And suddenly

lost my whole family, right there. Being the eldest of ten children, we were a very close family. Artist friends, old girlfriends, it all just disappeared at the horizon and it was gone and it was never, ever, ever the same.

MA: Why now?

HP: It was suggested to me that it might not be such a good idea to be still only with a green card. I have my interview with Homeland Security in November. It's a choice I made. I've spent now far more years of my life here than I ever lived in Holland, so there's a point where the weight shifted. But as the sense of adventure disappears and you become more of a mature person, you deal always with this pervasive sense of loss. There is an element of my work which has to do with survival.

MA: How is that?

HP: Well, you know there are a lot of really very nice homes which have big floral still lifes for instance. In Holland these did not have the questionable connotation that they can here. My father painted these for flower growers in Haarlem. I had to do a number of works I knew could be sold in a commercial gallery because I had to pay the rent.

MA: But your still lifes have in essence the same emotional strength to them as the other works, don't you think?

HP: Yah, I think so, I hope so. It's the same guy. You see a lot of these flower paintings around here that are so bad. God, these hospitals hang really bad flower watercolors in places where people are sick—it's a bad idea. But then Kaiser owns a lot of my work.

MA: Can you talk about leaving the Netherlands?

HP: It was 1965. I was a young artist in Amsterdam involved with an American woman who had been a Museum Art School student. That's the reason I ended up here because we were married and about to have Jacob, and she wanted to visit her dad in Oregon. In the Netherlands at the time there was a great admiration of America, you know. They saved our necks from the Nazis. The Dutch were always talking about the Germans and the Resistance. Americans were the liberators, and had this incredible romantic appeal.

MA: Did it match your expectations?

HP: Of course reality is very different. We took a train across the country, so I

Continued on page 18

Henk Pander, on the eve of his Frye Museum retrospective and a late bid for American citizenship, talks with Meagan Atiyeh about hanging out with Portland's firefighters and being an art hero

in this little black-and-white screen I could see that I was living right in the middle of an extremely powerful country. It was disturbing. It is difficult for me then to say, I live in America and I'm going to paint beauty, or deal with some abstract concept about progressing art in this sort of formalist, elitist kind of way. It just flat out does not interest me one bit. It would be great to push things a little bit forward as a personal challenge, to say something about this country that at the same time also says something like, "Hey, I really know how to make a hot watercolor," or whatever. I like to confront things. If I want to do a piece about New York I don't go to Powell's and buy a book on New York and start copying pictures out of the newspaper and say it's an ironic statement about media. I go there. And I spend weeks out there on the street, smelling it, looking at it, talking to people, talking to policemen, just trying to get as close as I can, and making drawings. In that way, it's really no different than going to the desert and looking at a big machine and trying to decipher it. It's a way to be alive.

MA: And now you are about to become a US citizen?

HP: When I came here I was in my midtwenties. I didn't even flinch to say goodbye. We took the boat and I remember my family sort of getting smaller and smaller and smaller at the Port of Rotterdam, and we stood there and waved until they became so minuscule that I couldn't see them anymore. And they just became sea, and I never realized that that moment was my actual last real connection with my family and I



OPPOSITE PAGE: FAMILY, INK ON PAPER, 2002. ABOVE: UNTITLED, INK ON PAPER, 2004.

Continued from page 17

remember coming through the Columbia Gorge at six in the morning—these incredible huge mountain landscapes. . . . And then suddenly I found myself in this little house with this old man, my father-in-law, and sister-in-law, who was drinking lots of beer and driving an enormous car. Portland was a really small town. There was nobody walking on the sidewalks. I noticed when the church bells were ringing there were loudspeakers on the roof. Of course there were no galleries and a tiny little museum with a bunch of art I could not relate to one bit—this flat stuff. Artists would make these paintings and put masking tape on it and they'd roll up different colors and then rip the masking tape off and that was art.

So I began teaching at the art school. Quickly

the lunchroom but it fills me with so much disgust that it spoils my appetite." This was 1969.

So it set bad blood and frankly I have never been able to put it aside. It colored my outlook towards being an artist in this country. Gradually, it took about ten years and things improved a little bit, maybe in the eighties. **MA: That's about when you began the Visual Chronicle.**

HP: Yah, well I had to deal with this reputation of being the so-called controversial artist. It drove me nuts because it stood in my way to being taken seriously. I often fantasized about going back to Amsterdam, but it was against my pride to go back. I had to do something to prove that I could contribute. I thought of the Topografiese Atlas in Amsterdam. I'd seen the ruthless-

Oregon. . . .

In the last hour there were three calls. We were barely back at the station when a call came in to the engine, a breathing problem in the Foster Road area. It was an apartment above a funky tavern. There were long corridors with here and there a bad painting. It looked very poor and sad. Inside a room was a thin crying man in a tweed jacket and gray scraggly hair. On the floor of the completely furnitureless room was a half-nude woman. Her eyes were open. Her hands were cold. She was about fifty years old. She looked dead. The firemen started working on her, giving her Thorazine. There was a huge pile of laundry in one corner of the room. I stood in the kitchen, also without a stick of furniture, and watched. It was hard to see because the people working to revive her blocked the

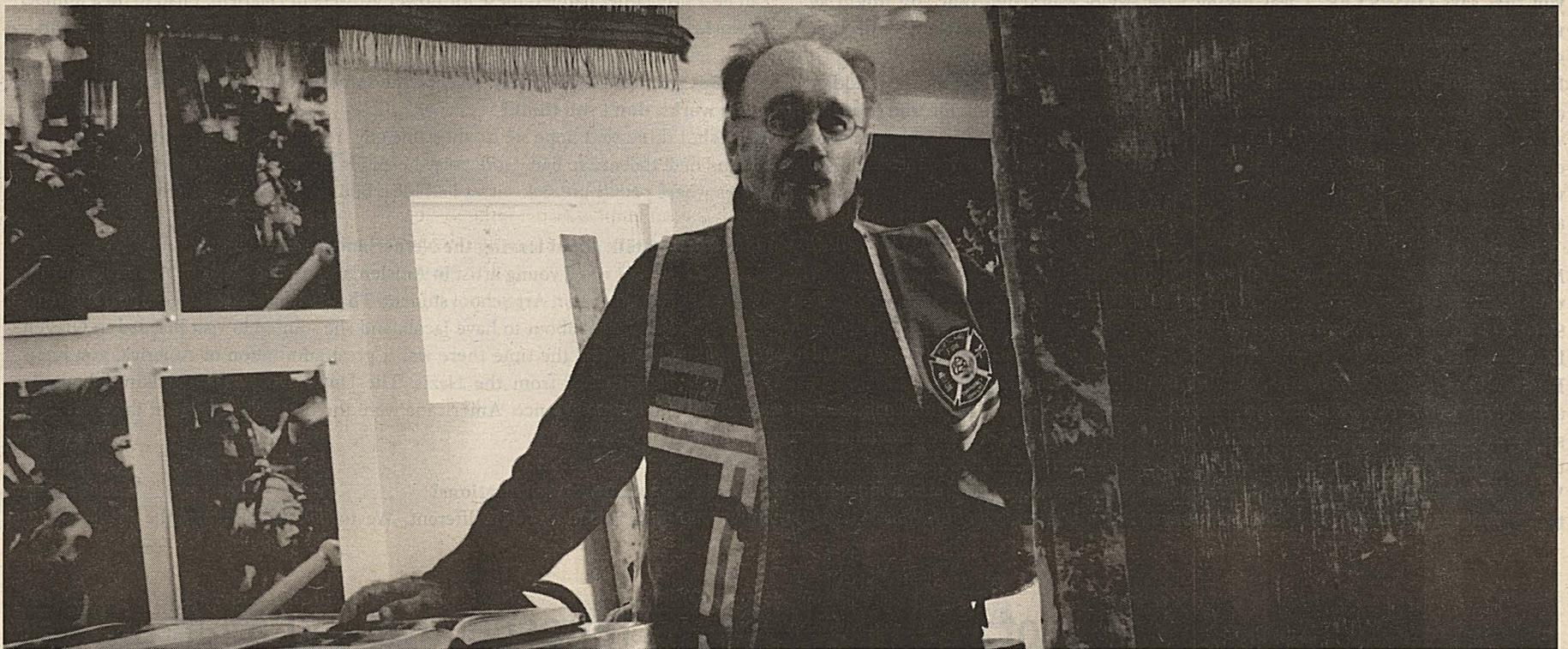


PHOTO BY DANIEL PETERSON

I discovered that it was a formal, somewhat snotty, cliquish kind of scene. At least that's how it struck me as a young kid who had no experience teaching and was somewhat scared. It was extremely isolating. But I was practically the same age as the students, and they were nice to me. After that first year was over, I was asked to teach another. So rather than go back to Holland, I took the little savings I had and with a couple of the students bought an old Buick and drove to Mexico before returning to teach.

MA: How did you feel the Portland art world accepted you?

HP: I never had any doubt about my own talent, so I thought, it's only a matter of time before people discover that I'm pretty good, and then I'll see if I can get myself a reputation and the living will follow. Well, I did gain really quickly a reputation by having an exhibition at Portland State University that caused a huge scandal. There were questions to the governor, and the police took photographs, and letters to the editor that called me obscene and obnoxious. The show had an erotic element, you know. Coming out of Europe that was no big deal, but apparently, in this country, it's an incredibly big deal. Still is. I was sort of a folk hero at the time. The students loved it, but faculty, other artists, they'd say in the paper, "I have to go through Pander's exhibition to

ness with which the corporate world here treats its built environment. They rip this huge freeway through the city. Commercial forces were determining the culture, and everybody at the time was trying to be so contemporary that there was no tradition for artists to relate to the world around them. It also had the effect of me saying maybe this is one of the things I'm doing [in my own work]: looking at the world around me and looking at this place—this foreign country.

MA: It's interesting that it took someone who felt himself an outsider to lay the groundwork for such a caring project.

HP: I may not always feel at home but I happen to live here. I had to build some bridges. As a European I brought cultural baggage and some of it may very well have been applicable.

MA: Will you tell a story from your ride-alongs with the firemen?

[He jumps up to select one of a stack of black spiral notebooks. It is filled with very difficult handwriting.]

HP: I'll open it at random, Station 25 . . . so I write all this stuff. This is random . . . a random page. I could take any one of these texts and make a drawing of it out of my head. I can just evoke the whole thing. And so it's also a document about contemporary life in Portland,

doorway. Still I managed to make more drawings. She was pronounced dead at 17:27. The man, her boyfriend, was heartbroken. She was covered in a dirty green sheet. The police came and some kind of counselor. I looked at the dead woman and took off my cap. She looked too young, too poor, too sad lying there on the grimy brown carpet.

That's the fire department. That's what I've been doing. The very next day there was an event at the Multnomah Club, some fancy cocktail party with extremely expensive catered food and nice drinks, and I'd just walked out of this scene, and it made me feel really bad, because I thought, there's a whole population which is essentially dispensable. You know, just like "another junky." But this woman had never had a chance ever to go to a place like this. She wouldn't even get through the door. It made me sort of bitter. I took a break from the fire department—a little distance. It's dark work, but also powerful, exactly the kind of thing which makes for very vivid paintings. I've been doing this since February and I haven't been to a fire yet. I'm on twenty-four-hour call in case there's a fire. I have my backpack with a sketchbook all ready, film, camera, ready to go. Fires are rare . . . apparently.

Meagan Atiyeh lives in Portland and works in Salem and points beyond as the Oregon Arts Commission's visual arts coordinator.

Signs and Wonders

Learning from Seattle's empty buildings

BY NADIA GREGOR

I have developed a fascination with empty buildings. I'm at the northeast corner of Twenty-third and Union in Seattle this morning, staring through the chain-link fence at the empty Coleman Building. The malign hand that touched the Coleman has passed its neighbors by; the other three corners of this busy intersection host a restaurant, a pharmacy, and a gas station, all apparently thriving. But business failures, compounded by structural damage from the Nisqually earthquake, closed the Coleman Building in February 2001, and it has stood empty ever since.

After its initial closure, the building endured a spasm of hope: the Central Area Development Association and the Capitol Hill Housing Improvement Program intended to develop affordable housing on the lot. But then it came out that, decades ago, a dry-cleaning business had left toxic residue in its store on the Twenty-third Avenue side of the building, the site later occupied by Ms. Helen's Soul Food. In light of this discovery, the redevelopment plans were dropped.

On the Union side of the building, much of the first floor was last occupied by the Nader/Laduke campaign office, along with Virginia's Beauty Salon and the Al-Taqwa Mosque.¹ The building still bears traces of the unrealized redevelopment plans: in the window of the Nader/Laduke office, a faded poster trumpets, "Vision 23rd and Union: A Community on the Verge of Change."

Preserved in Virginia's display window is the beauty salon's final attempt to lure customers: a child's sock and a pink-and-yellow plastic wagon, arranged in no particular relation to one another on a piece of dusty carpet. I imagine Virginia in the salon's end days, hollow eyed, buffeted by the winds of economic failure, asking herself which object best signifies "beauty" in a beauty salon window. And answering herself, helplessly, desperately: This dirty gray sock? This crappy toy wagon?

Early in the last century, Walter Benjamin wrote that we perceive architecture in the mode of distraction. We perceive a building in the act of entering it or rushing to leave it, in the thousand acts of inhabiting it every day. An empty building, however, forms a rupture in the distracted rush of everyday city life. There is something oddly dazzling in Virginia's incoherent visual display, and I cannot tear myself away from it. The very randomness of the pairing—sock-and-wagon, so unproductive, so insignificant, so meaningless—makes the window seem like a space of vast potential. Anything at all might emerge here, might even now be struggling to invent itself. "From the world's trash," the poet and filmmaker Pier Paolo Pasolini has written, "a new world is born."

If a new world is going to be born from this trash, it had better be quick about it. There is a rain-wrinkled sheaf of paper taped to the chain-link fence. On Department of Planning and Development letterhead, it proclaims that "all persons having any interest in the subject buildings are required to repair or demolish and remove the

structures." And, further, that "all litter, debris, and combustible material [must] be removed from the premises." A poster in the window of the Coleman Building asks, "If You Were to Design the Future, What Would It Look Like?" The poster illustrates two choices: "Would it Look Like THIS? How About THIS?" Beneath each THIS was once an artist's rendering, now leached into obscurity by sun and weather. No matter how you design it, the future is an orangey smudge.

University District

From Twenty-third Avenue, I get on the #48 bus and head to the University District. The Pier One store at Forty-fifth and University Way has been empty since January 2001. As if to protect them from whatever infected Virginia's, the windows of the former Pier One are prophylactically covered, top to bottom, in large-scale photogravure, part of the city's five-million-dollar infrastructural and cosmetic improvements to "the Ave."

One panel of the window credits the students of the University of Washington's Architecture Department with the mural's design. Peaches piled up at

a market stall loom above the word COLORFUL; a sepia-toned image of this exact street corner at the turn of the twentieth century bears the caption HISTORICAL. (The only image/word pair that contains at least a little gap is DIVERSE, for which someone cautiously chose the racially neutral—or at least racially oblique—image of bolts of fabric.)

The building has a sort of inverted lobby in front of its locked entrance, an outdoor foyer paved with a filthy, slub-textured carpet that once luxuriously welcomed shoppers. The window's foot-high exhortations form a frieze or banner along two sides of that foyer: UNIQUE, FRESH, ALIVE, PROGRESSIVE, INTERESTING, HISTORICAL, DIVERSE, COLORFUL. I walk the length of the window banner. I come to a dead stop at the word DYNAMIC.

I'm put off by the opaque, aggressive cheer of this window display. A store window is meant to be looked into; it is a theater of longing, presided over by its local god, the mannequin. Behind glass, a commodity should be tantalizingly suspended, available but not yet in reach. In the nineteenth century, advances in sheet-glass manufacture made the modern display window possible:

a vast pane of glass that opened onto a room like a stage, drastically foreshortened and brilliantly lit. The custom of arranging a mannequin among the wares came later. By wearing and holding and "living" amongst commodities, the mannequin added the pleasure of simulated use to that gap between desire and possession.

The Pier One window ought to be governed by a seductress, like Amsterdam prostitutes in their display windows. But the photomural flattens that suspense by not even pretending we will ever grasp the commodity. The photos and their captions, the too-neat match between colorful and COLORFUL, indicate a decay of signification, a blunted notion of display. Instead of the display window's erotic theater, a mural offers only anxiety, sticking the word to the thing and the thing to the glass so closely that they suffocate our desires. I pick



at a bit of the mural; it looks as though it ought to come away in sheets, like sunburnt skin. At the abandoned City Greens grocery, just up the street from Pier One, similarly garish murals have begun to gape and droop.

Downtown

Downtown Seattle is thick with flagship stores, polished granite fountains, and well-tended curbside planters. The Planet Hollywood restaurant on Sixth near Pike closed in 2001; I remember thinking then that perhaps all Planets Hollywood, planetwide, had closed.² But apparently they've merely concentrated their American holdings in the most heavily touristed sites: Honolulu, Orlando, Times Square, a few others. Back in 1996, when Planet Hollywood opened in Seattle, who could have been blamed for thinking our downtown might become the equal of New York or even Orlando? All at once, we had Niketown, Gameworks, Old Navy, Pacific Place Mall, and all under the wretchedly glaring lights peculiar to those few blocks. Nowhere else is Seattle so brilliantly lit by night, and to so little purpose.

But today's bustling Cheesecake Factory is tomorrow's abandoned celebrity-handprint-and-pricey-burger ruin.

Continued from page 19

(And yesterday's Planet Hollywood investor is today's governor of California.) Planet Hollywood has twice filed for bankruptcy since leaving Seattle and is now preparing a comeback as a Las Vegas resort. Peering into the Planet's darkened window, I see something incongruous: a sort of funhouse totem pole with a grinning jack-in-the-box maw. Maybe that's what took them down; clearly something rules this spot with bad magic since Niketown and Gameworks, to either side of the empty restaurant, are still stubbornly hanging on.

Long after the Planet Hollywood brand had decamped, the empty storefront retained its Planet Hollywood sign, half-covered in flapping black plastic. I recall that shrouded sign as an expression of brand shame. As if it were unseemly for a logo to reign over nothingness.

Twelfth and Boren and Yesler

From downtown, I amble through the International District, up Jackson past Little Saigon and along Twelfth

Perhaps it would be better to look at the empty building from the inside out. Rather than ask how to lure something back in, ask what might be about to emerge. Just as the nineteenth-century window produced celestial, unheard-of beings—mannequin-gods and prostitute-gods—the abandoned building may harbor a people still to come.

Avenue South. On the triangular plot formed by the three-way crossing of Twelfth, Boren, and Yesler sits the abandoned Lloyd's Rocket Building. From 1961 to 1995, it was a gas station run by Joe Lloyd. He closed the station a year before he died; then his wife Erma owned the property until her death in 2001, when it passed to the Lloyds' children. It was never more than a notional structure—some big-windowed walls; a flat, bilevel roof; two carportlike awnings. The irregular, sprawling building slid into decay over the years. Weeds sprang up, pigeons roosted in the empty service bays, tires were dumped in the lot.

In 1998, a chain-link fence went up to deter crime, and the empty building was boarded up with large murals painted on plywood. The murals depicted Seattle's African American history and are said to have been painted by "kids." A sign, now gone, labeled the effort Lloyd's Rocket Beautification Project.

With its proximity to the Youth Detention Facility (a little farther up Twelfth), the beautification of Lloyd's is ambiguous. The murals were only partly, if at all, an expression of community spirit; they were also graffiti-control measures, and the same kids who painted them were also potentially subject to the sorts of civility laws that might have landed them in the detention center: laws against sitting, postering, and graffiti. Nor did the murals halt or even slow the building's decay, as they too grew bleached and weathered.

On the day I visit, at this moment in Lloyd's Rocket's history, there's a particular archeology of signage: two scuffed, discarded murals lie on the asphalt; above them, the original Lloyd's sign is still standing; and, still higher, surmounting all else, is a Clear Channel billboard.

The historical murals at Lloyd's and the HISTORICAL photomural in the U District both attempt to conceal or "beautify" the same thing: the permanent mutability of city life. The shocks, the disappearances, even the lone-

liness of city life—all these were once opposed, in the last century, to certain forms of stability—an inside, a community—that no longer obtain. All the novelty of city life at first appeared as a mere embroidery, an extra innovation in daily life which one eventually learned to enjoy, or not. Whether it stimulated you or drove you mad, city life seemed to be extra: it was leisure, it was lived and felt and seen after work.

When all along, the mutability of city life was part of work. The abruptly emptied buildings and painted-over windows, the continuous abandonment and alteration, were a training ground for a newly adaptable workforce. Adapted for just-in-time production and a ceaseless mobility.

Everything changes in the city. Even the buildings I have just described in the slightly fictive convention of present-tense, first-person journalism have already changed since I first wrote this article. At Pier One, the word INTERESTING has disappeared along with

the windowpane behind it, both apparent victims of vandalism; the plywood replacement is already painted over in a fuck-it-we-know-you'll-tag-this-later-tonight gray. Lloyd's has been gutted, preparatory to its transformation into a restaurant. And the Coleman Building has been completely demolished.³

It's not hard to see what drives the anxious window designers of the University District and Vision 23rd and Union. Capital left early in 2001, just as Seattle's dot-com economy tanked, and each building vainly tries to lure capital back with cheerful windows and messages of boosterism. Perhaps it would be better to look at the empty building from the inside out. Rather than ask how to lure something back in, ask what might be about to emerge. Just as the nineteenth-century window produced celestial, unheard-of beings—mannequin-gods and prostitute-gods—the abandoned building may harbor a people still to come.

They do not have to come boiling up out of a basement, like rats in an H. P. Lovecraft story. They won't even rise up like *The People under the Stairs*, the Reagan parody/horror movie about the return of the repressed classes. The people do not have to burst out of an empty building like some third-act miracle; the empty building produces them, by training them in the permanent changeability of city life. Or, it produces us, by training us.

The other night, in a neighborhood of bars and restaurants, a neighborhood of pricey apartments begging for tenants—in my neighborhood, more or less—I came across a woman filling a twenty-gallon plastic bucket from a restaurant's outdoor tap. She glanced at me and then disappeared into an abandoned outbuilding, where she obviously lives. This was not an accidental meeting of people from different classes; it was the third world erupting in the midst of the first.

And later still that same night, I found myself doing something most unlike me—going to a show. (I don't go out, as a rule; I've never understood how to disport myself

at shows.) It was a benefit to send Infernal Noise Brigade to the Republican National Convention, and the show was held far enough from the inhabited districts that, part of the way into what turned out to be a very long ride, the cabdriver said to me, "You think this is empty? Wait 'til you see where you're going."

The empty building was temporarily filled with celebrants. The clerestory was open to the night sky and the back wall was nothing but a tarp-covered fence; the entire structure was little more than a skin around an emptiness aswarm with people. It reminded me of nothing so much as Pasolini's poem "Sex, consolation for misery": "ferocious nobility and powers are born, / in hovels, / in empty spaces where you think the city ends, / and where it instead begins again."

Nadia Gregor lives and writes in Seattle. She is working on a collection of short stories.

¹Under the name Dar-us-Salaam, the Al-Taqwa mosque came under FBI scrutiny. One of its former members, James Ujaama, was indicted in August 2002 on charges of conspiring to provide material support to Qaeda. Just before the indictment, the Seattle Times reported that the Dar-us-Salaam mosque had tried, in the late '90s, to impose a code of shariah on the block, terrorizing the "street thugs, junkies, and gangbangers" who "controlled" the block. (This is Twenty-third and Union we're talking about; the Times report is excessively fearmongering.) According to a Stranger interview with James's brother Mustafa Ujaama, the anticrime patrol was far more quotidian, featuring big sober guys who brooked no nonsense. (Stranger, "The Imam of Union Street," October 3, 2002.) In April 2003, the government dropped its initial charges against James Ujaama and then filed charges of conspiring to supply goods and services to the Taliban in Afghanistan. Ujaama pled guilty to the new charges, and in February 2004 he received a two-year sentence, most of which he had already served.

²Planet Hollywood arrived in Seattle in 1996, at about the same time as the downtown redevelopment boom. During the boom, Mayor Norm Rice worked a complex deal that involved private developers refurbishing the empty Fredrick and Nelson department store while the city overpaid developers for the Nordstrom's parking garage. The city's gift to the parking garage developers included a \$24 million HUD loan, granted on the shaky basis that downtown Seattle had been suffering "urban blight." That new wave of development replaced businesses like Abruzzi's Pizzeria, sited where the Planet Hollywood building was built. Planet Hollywood's departure may have had less to do with downtown Seattle's decline than with the decline of Planet Hollywood's luster planetwide, but the store has sat empty ever since. In August 2003, City Center Retail bought the building for \$54.5 million, or about \$24 million less than the property had sold for six years earlier.

³Demolition began in late August. Currently, nothing but bricks and rubble are left. Previously, in late July, someone whitewashed over the blue Arabic script on the mosque's storefront, leaving only the faintest trace of "in the name of Allah the merciful." In an oddly selective blight-abatement program, all the litter and crap were left in place; only the religious or spiritually tinged words were removed from the building.

Damn the Heterosexual Paradigm

Why gay marriage freaks out the patriarchy

BY TODD HAYNES

Not all gay people are advocates of gay marriage. There are still some who scoff at its conservative embrace of the status quo (even some gay parents I know). Myself—sure, during the heated days of ACT UP I probably had a similar view. Why would we ever seek state sanction in a society that sits back watching while we die? Even now, amid the spate of crises facing us, the issue of gay marriage has not been my top priority. If anything, when the issue first seized the headlines, it seemed so completely (and refreshingly) out of place—though clearly as susceptible to right-wing exploitation as it was a realistic demand from the Left. Most of Europe wasn't even close to an open discussion on the subject (the American debate has actually prompted acceleration in several countries). That said, however, the speed and force of the opposition that ensued—and the implications it would elicit—were something few of us could have predicted at the time.

What was stunning to me about gay marriage as a mainstream issue, particularly today, was the way it revealed our constitution in action—so startlingly alive, so wildly ahead of all of us. Let's face it: this is not an issue that anyone is getting hosed down on the streets over (except, perhaps, by champagne). Yet by simply fol-

lowing through the logic of our legal protections and the basic principle of equality (a principle, I've heard it said, "always growing into the promise of its logic"), gay marriage may very well, despite strong opposition and years of legal battle, become democratically inescapable.

lowing through the logic of our legal protections and the basic principle of equality (a principle, I've heard it said, "always growing into the promise of its logic"), gay marriage may very well, despite strong opposition and years of legal battle, become democratically inescapable.

The trouble, it seemed to me, was really with the word itself. So my first thought was simple: if "marriage"—as opposed to "civil unions"—is what carries all the ideological, religious baggage, why not just drop the word from the books? Let civil unions be the thing administered by the state, thus preserving its neutrality, and marriage can remain an issue of faith, an exclusive matter between you and your religious affiliation.

But then I started thinking. Separating the legal function of marriage from its larger connotations doesn't begin to get to the heart of what marriage really means—and why, to most people, it still means "a man and a woman." The law presumes to speak neutrally about this sacred concoction without yielding to any specific religious ideology, yet it derives almost exclusively from Judeo-Christian theology. And while the innate justification for the heterosexual union can be found in everything from biblical narratives to biological and social models of reproduction and the family, the legal language takes most of this for granted. Few would assert that the omission of "man and woman" from certain

states' marriage laws was intended for same-sex marriage of the future. But the so-called neutrality of our legal system, combined with its progressive theories of equality, are precisely what gay-marriage advocates are relying on to challenge the extralegal ephemera that clouds the concept of marriage. But that ephemera, I began to realize, is there for a reason.

There's a reason why the marriage ritual is the only state-sanctioned observance that regularly coincides with a religious one—save only rituals pertaining to birth and death. Heterosexual union, it tells us, is as natural—as inevitable—as being born or dying. There's just no guarantee you'll be born straight.

Think about it. If constitutional logic can effectively remove heterosexuality from the concept of romantic

partnership, doesn't the "twosome-ness" of marriage begin to lose its innate symmetry, its binary logic? That perfect, complementary, binary of opposites. Isn't binary difference, according to all those French linguists, what constitutes meaning itself, at its most basic level? So, far from being a simple issue of expanded tolerance, gay marriage is a challenge to cultural, heterosexual meaning at its very core. Traditional marriage, after all, is the one and only place where heterosexuality remains sanctioned by the state and "naturalized" by religion and biology into something as inevitable, as foundational, as birth and death. And if so, gay marriage should be seen as nothing less than a challenge to patriarchal logic on a scale that nearly approaches the fire and brimstone evoked so openly these days by the religious Right.

For in removing heterosexuality, neatly and cleanly, from that church/state definition of coupling, what remains to defend—as certain key ideologues have already asserted—the necessity it be a couple at all? There's no religious or biological investment in the idea of "partnership," or "twinship," that is not explicitly heterosexual in nature. So without a Bible or chart on reproduction to point the way, what makes two the lucky number? What would be the legal rationale, for instance, in denying three people the right to marry? I would presume compensatory laws protecting women, chil-

dren, and animals would delimit some of the other more colorful examples on Rick Santorum's infamous list. But the Republican anxiety is not imperceptive (just bitterly reactionary and fundamentally hateful).

Whether intuitive or inflammatory, the opposition came fast and hard—resulting in "defense of marriage" acts on eleven state ballots, including Oregon's. Ours, in fact—Ballot Measure 36—would become the nation's only hope for defeat. And then, in a night of crushing defeat for Democrats, all eleven bills were passed. Sure, there were discussions—endless discussions—about the Bush manipulation of the issue, its function in activating his base, etc., etc. And although the disappointment here in Oregon was felt throughout the country, the first-round defeat it confirmed for gay marriage was just part of the overall despair so many of us felt that night. Until, that is, the postelection media sprung into action, desperate for causes in Kerry's demise and the dwindling fate of the Democrats.

And what did they have to tell us? Despite historic deficits, a struggling economy, rising poverty, and a catastrophic war, gay marriage is what cost Kerry the election. Gay marriage was to blame. Gay marriage got the Righties to the polls. And the constitutional amendment to oppose it, even Clinton—straight from bypass surgery—counseled Kerry to support. (Kerry, it should not be forgotten, declined to heed such slick advice.) In other words, contrary to my own first assessment, gay marriage in fact was our nation's top priority, the number-one issue, clearly at the heart and soul of America's "moral values." The one great unifying hatred that gets us off our butts.

If nothing else, this latest burst of symptomatic hysteria sufficiently proves my point: the nerve gay marriage touches should not be underestimated. The radical implications of the American Bill of Rights may never be felt more strongly than in this primary challenge to heterosexuality and the state. And the progression of the legal argument—while I don't see it taking down any superpowers—may nonetheless proceed in pushing enough toothpaste out of the tube that both sides may find the argument considerably (if not dangerously) advanced. Already, according to Ron Suskind and a host of others, the degree to which evangelical Christianity has impacted and exonerated Bush's policy making is daunting. But regardless of its influence during the next four years, gay marriage, in my opinion, remains firmly poised as a confrontation with large-scale ramifications for both sides—first, in the radical implications of a system of law capable of challenging, in defense of equality, a culture's deepest sense of social cohesion; and in defense of that cohesion, an emboldened recourse to religious models to legitimize control over civil liberties run amok.

Todd Haynes's films include Poison, Safe, Velvet Goldmine, and Far from Heaven. A resident of Portland, he is currently at work on a film based on the lives of Bob Dylan.

REVIEWS • REVIEWS • REVIEWS

BOOKS

Orphans
by Charles D'Ambrosio
Astoria: Clear Cut Press, 2004

The first sentence of Charles D'Ambrosio's first essay in *Orphans*, titled "The Crime That Never Was," is a clarifying declaration.

"This is totally false, but for the sake of the story let's say the events in question begin around 2 a.m., just because that's when I show up at the scene." His time line is false but its author honest, factual to the evidence that fuels his feelings.

In essence, he found himself in Seattle during a breaking news event, complete with film crews and displaced hotel residents. Our man looks around and doesn't like what he sees. "My main problem vis-à-vis journalism is I just don't have an instinct for what's important."

He's softening you up here, trying to pry your attention away from the main event as journalists tell it and escort you to the edges, where famous nonjournalists such as Joan Didion ply their trade.

D'Ambrosio is like Didion, only more involved. I get the feeling Didion's always well dressed and recently bathed, carrying several valid credit cards and staying at a nice hotel. D'Ambrosio is on the street for a personal reason, for lots of personal reasons. He's accustomed to sailing close to the edge. When he says to the universe, "I object," he understands that the universe doesn't care.

He also assumes that you know what he knows. He presumes you know who Mary Kay Letourneau is, for instance, and that the title of another essay, "Degrees of Gray," will immediately evoke Richard Hugo's most famous poem, "Degrees of Gray in Philipsburg."

I tried to imagine a D'Ambrosio reader unfamiliar with Letourneau's story or one who doesn't know Hugo's first three sentences by heart: "You might come here Sunday on a whim. / Say your life broke down. The last good kiss / you had was years ago."

Couldn't do it. Cultural critics such as myself tend to clog their copy with pretense, explaining things without seeming to so as not to bore people who know already while clueing in those who are happening upon the subject for the first time. It's a lot of juggling in a small space. Few do it well. Jolliness creeps in, or condescension, or flat, dull indifference. There are critics who pretend to be the reader's friend, and critics who want the reader to drop dead but don't say so because they want to continue to get paid.

D'Ambrosio doesn't juggle. He assumes he's writing for peers and leaves it at that. *Orphans* suggests its author is a loner with a suppressed happy streak. He's optimistic enough to presume an audience hip to his various trips and willing to seek him out for the bitter clarity of his sentences, his bluntly beautiful prose.

Surrounded by journalism and producing it myself, I find his essays a relief, especially when he's dealing with topics thoroughly chewed by the press.

In an inarticulate and cowardly way, I felt something similar to what he writes about Letourneau but failed to speak in her defense, being overwhelmed and outsmarted by the official version. Letourneau is a vague singularity, much afflicted, officially in the wrong.

D'Ambrosio steps back from that official wrong and examines the automatic, self-righteous things written about her. Columnists' logic obscures another story. He hints at it and shrugs. No answers here, but maybe a few questions and why wasn't anyone else asking them?

He has a fondness for corny old Seattle, where 1955 lasted till at least 1980 ("Seattle, 1974") and has unexpected things to say about whales ("Whaling").

Surely we all love whales. Not in D'Ambrosio's niche market: "Their souls may be infinitely sweet and poetic, possessed of an earnestness and bonhomie I can only envy, but their bodies, in terms of color and surface texture, resemble bridge abutments."

He accuses those who love them of finding them cuddly: "The supposed cuddly quality of cetaceans I just don't get. Between barnacles and sea lice the few whales I've seen up close were hideously, hoarily disfigured or at least blemished and tactilely repellent."

Death to the ugly. He drives up the coast to ask the Makah if he can join them in their whale feast. He was, for them, "a comical new low, even after months of talking to journalists."

We're a long way from Gary Snyder, a long way from *Turtle Island*, with "Mother Earth: Her Whales" that "turn and glisten, plunge / and sound and rise again, Hanging over subtly darkening deeps / Flowing like breathing planets / in the sparkling whorls of / living light."

When not being funny, D'Ambrosio sounds defensive in "Whaling," especially when he socks us with salmon at the last minute. "The real tragedy in this state isn't the healthy run of migratory whales that hugs the coast in October/November but the passing of the salmon, the magnitude of which is equivalent in scale to the disappearance of sixty million buffalo from the plains in one short murderous span of the nineteenth century."

True enough, but the subject is whales. Why worry about whales when you could worry about salmon? Fired from your job? Stop blubbering. Don't you know there's a war on? Think of the homeless who've never had your fat-cat cushion in the first place.

Criticizing those who take up the cause of a non-threatened species because they could instead be fighting for a threatened one is a bully's trick. Even Germans who hid a Jew could be faulted for not hiding two.

If you're presuming D'Ambrosio proceeds to side with the Makah, you aren't yet in step with the writer. He sees their efforts to return to their cultural past as futile. He's not with the Makah or the whales. He's with William Carlos Williams who wrote, "I was born to be lonely. I am best so," confident like Williams that he is the happy genius of his household.

I'm not suggesting D'Ambrosio's positions are ploys, however. He reaches for some real thing inside him and takes risks, none riskier than in "Degrees of Gray."

He begins the essay as a tourist in Phillipsburg, agreeing with Hugo (without naming him) that the streets do indeed seem to have been laid out by the insane. Our essayist finds himself in a flat, American place, where he says even history has given up and gone away.

He was standing there in the hard light when planes hit the World Trade Center. At this point he loses me. Because Phillipsburg the empty town felt nothing, neither did he? Whom does he blame for his emotional

coma? Why, of course, American journalists who buried the event in clichés. Did he read the *New York Times's* "Portraits of Grief" series—obituaries for everybody? I loved it. D'Ambrosio is correct of course that some of these crushed, burned, and fallen people, given the odds, must have been awful, and their failings didn't make it into print.

If the Green River killer had died that day in New York amid the rubble, the *New York Times* might have written that he was good with his hands. The *Times* wouldn't have known who he was really, and he is, after all, handy. He wouldn't have been in New York though. Like D'Ambrosio, he's from here. That's why we named a river after him.

What can we name after D'Ambrosio? Maybe a bus stop. *Orphans* folds easily into a pocket and can be read to the fitful rhythm of public transportation, its gassy starts and stops. But no matter where you are when you're reading him, his sentences are solid and his situations worth considering. Rarer than free salmon runs are the essays of an honest person.

—Regina Hackett

Monkeybicycle/Hobart #3
Astoria, New York: Monkeybicycle Books, 2004

It's difficult to find a collection of stories—much less just one story—that cuts deep, right to the center of human experience. But *Monkeybicycle*, I believe, tries to do this, though it falters a bit on the way. Both *Monkeybicycle* and *Hobart* have been around for two previous issues, but this is their first split issue. One half contains the short fiction and poetry of *Monkeybicycle*; if you flip it over, you have the short stories of *Hobart*.

The real gems are Ryan Boudinot's "Free Burgers for Life" and Richard P. Goodwin's "Floating," which appear in the *Monkeybicycle* pages. Taken together, they present an all-too-real representation of the existential malaise that seems to affect almost everyone in this modern world.

In "Free Burgers," a down-and-outer named Elliot wins a free lifetime supply of meals at Big Dave's burger joint. At first, this seems like the best thing that ever happened, but it soon becomes apparent that all the attention he receives as a winner only underlines how unfulfilled his existence is. From such mundane issues comes a wealth of incisive observations about wishful living. Elliot is as real as you or I, the characters around him are fully and empathetically drawn, and the ending has the perfect balance of levity and pathos.

"Floating" concerns an ordinary insurance salesman named Lester, who works a routine job in a cubicle until his inexplicable decision to buy a horse mask at a novelty shop ends up unraveling his life. At first the mask liberates Lester, but Goodwin subtly and skillfully realizes its transformation into the fulcrum that unbalances his life and causes things to go very horribly wrong.

Not every story from *Monkeybicycle* hits its mark. I'm a huge fan of narrative experimentation, but exercises like Amy Wilkinson's "Genesis," in which verses from the first chapter of the Bible are rearranged, tend to leave me cold. Josh Kron's "A Love Story," told mostly in footnotes, evinces genuine emotion, but its structure keeps the characters somewhat at a distance. "The Exquisite

REVIEWS • REVIEWS

Corpse Experiment," done collectively by a handful of writers, is pretty much equally hit and miss, though the last two pages are absurdly hilarious. "Midget in a Suitcase," about midget porn, tells a big-hearted story about an outsider in an outsider's world, but it's more of a snapshot than a fully realized portrait.

Unfortunately, most of the fiction in *Hobart* is underdeveloped, though there's some good stuff to be had. Together the volumes equal a decent collection of work, and two exceptional pieces in one book is about twice as much as can usually be expected.

—Kristopher Monroe

The Relay Project, Issue 1 www.therelayproject.com

Listening may be a rare, even dying, art, but Rebecca Gates (once of the Spinanes) and Lucy Raven (an associate editor at *Bomb* magazine) are helping prevent its extinction. In fact, they're even keeping it in style. Twenty-three tracks grace the first issue of the *Relay Project*, their new audiomagazine released on CD, ranging from improv poetry by up-and-coming New York poets Matthew Rohrer and Joshua Beckman, to a whimsical, elegant excursion by Portland's sonic wunderkind e*rock, to a compelling collection of conversational snippets among retired carnival sideshow workers that sounds like the aural version of a Diane Arbus photograph ("Have you heard anything about the bearded lady?" "She had three sets of teeth, and she had a beard down to here, pitch-black.")

Found in a basement on a reel-to-reel player, track twelve, "Phil's Baby," is one of the more powerful tracks, a testament to how intimate and evocative a voice alone can be. An unnamed girl speaks in careful, delicate tones to her lover, Phil. Her soft Southern accent recalls one of the Arquette sisters. She notes the date: September 21, 1975. She talks about how hot the sun is, how green the grass is, her trip to Chattanooga, the fantasies they spoke of on the phone the night before. In the background you can hear a plane pass by. She trails off while describing how she's smoothing baby lotion into her skin, Lolita-like, as she lies out in the sun. The entire effect is somewhat erotic and somewhat chilling.

If you ever find yourself tuning in to the hushed but urgent murmurs of the couple in the next booth over, too entranced by their exchange to give in to the vague creep of guilt, you might instead indulge yourself with these audible documents. Or you might discreetly press Record, and send the clip to the *Relay Project*.

—Allison Dubinsky

PERFORMANCE

Enteractive Language Festival 2 Gyriz Performative Arts November 2004

The Enteractive Language Festival is not just a performance series. It is a roving big-tent revival where someone has swapped the King James Version for the Gospels of Blake, Baudelaire, Guy Debord, and Hakim Bey. A person does not simply attend these events; she bears witness.

I sampled four events from this year's monthlong calendar. First, the Language of Transformation, an evening of ritual suspension. Second, a lecture from S/M commentator and transgender advocate Patrick Califia. Third, Rogue Language of the Decadent Fringe, an evening of lyric storytelling from Brooklyn-based Andy Friedman, Canadian John G. Boehme, and Ty Connor from Eugene. And, lastly, Language of Identity, comprised of a piece by damali ayo (collaborating with Micah Perry) and encore performances from Boehme and Califia.

We are confronted with so many opportunities to consume ersatz or at least insincere testimonial in American life that it was a pleasure to watch these genuine, individual attempts to get at the terms of our experience. In "Nameless," John G. Boehme's glad-handing automaton made sport of the iconic Firm Handshake. Likewise, in a more traditionally comic piece, Ty Connor lodged a gonzo protest against a world in which everyday conversation is snapped together from tabloid news.

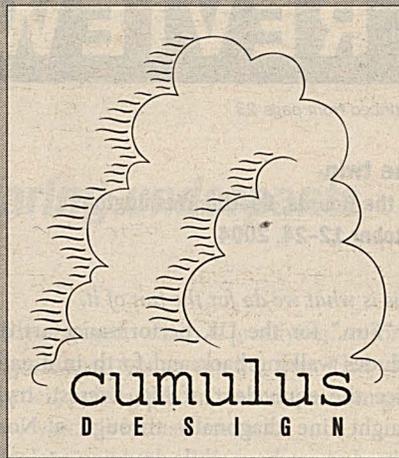
Testimony was the key ingredient in many of these performances. Patrick Califia told the story of his successive coming-outs as a lesbian, a leather dyke, a bisexual, and finally a female-to-male transsexual. damali ayo used an a cappella blues solo to pull together a meditation on torture and intimacy. One of the standout moments in Andy Friedman's hourlong bluegrass slideshow was an anecdote of his three-plus years' work on a single painting, his effort "to make something perfect, to realize it just the way I imagined it, to drive that highway and to stop at every rest stop along the way." When it worked, the personal stories skirted the ever-present rocks of memoir, self-diagnosis, and cheap sentiment and presented the spectators with a modest offering of old-fashioned inspiration.

Ty Connor opened his performance by responding to an audience member's question, "How am I doing? Well, I won't say it's all good." The same must be admitted of the festival experience. Take the Language of Transformation. Opting to be suspended beneath the ceiling of the CO7 Gallery by hooks attached to your pecs is without question a matter of personal conviction. But whatever message the suspendee wanted to share with festival goers was obscured by the role-playing of his cohorts from Transformium. The sage-burning, Dalai Lama-quoting warlock was pure bunkum. Similarly, one could feel the collective attention-deficit increase when the emcee for the various events kept on using the Mad Lib-like event names as places, "Here at Rogue Language of the Decadent Fringe, we understand ..." The atmosphere switched from reflective to reflexive. One speculated that the month might culminate in some sort of mass wedding.

Something so openly focused on the humane possibilities of art is almost honor bound to be uneven in its accomplishments. The Enteractive Language Festival's holistic embrace is its strength and its intentional vulnerability. At times, the festival may feel like a neotribal boot camp, improvised group therapy, or spring break with the Carl Jung club. But its pageant serves to remind us how mortal a project art is. The organizers have made it clear that next year will be the final installment of the festival. Consider that your marching orders to mark it on your calendars. —Tom Grace

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lone twin

On the Boards, Seattle, Washington
October 12–24, 2004

This is what we do for the fun of it.

"Fun," for the UK performance-art duo lone twin, includes walking back and forth in a gallery for a distance the equivalent of Mt. Everest, trying to walk a straight line diagonally through a Norwegian town dressed as cowboys while dragging a telephone pole, line dancing blindfolded for twelve hours with no music, and making clouds by pouring their weight in water onto their overheated bodies. The latest addition to the list was bicycling the proposed and much-debated route of Seattle's infamous and as-yet-to-be-built monorail all day for five days.

lone twin spends simple but grueling hours traveling distinct pathways through space, investigating themes of place, travel, and orientation, alone in the dark or with spontaneous communities. Sometimes the journeys themselves are the performances; sometimes the journeys end with a clever compilation of images and words culled from their hours afield. "Walk With Me" was a retrospective of the past seven years of lone twin's art making, presented in a surreal and spastic lecture format with clipboards and videos and a long list of factual and non-sequitur explanations of what they've been doing. But *why* they've been doing it is what's most striking.

The pieces are touching and funny and weird and grubby and exhausting to watch. There's a lot of sweat, and a heavy dose of sentimentality. What they do can seem pointless in that familiar performance-art kind of way, and they know it. Drawing on previous audiences' comments, a refrain heard throughout was, *What's the point? Why bother? Why are you walking? Why don't you stop walking?*

lone twin's answer: *I walk all day for walking.* In that simple statement there is a poignant awareness of the beauty in small everyday events and people. The gesture of a traffic cop as they bike by. A car almost skidding into another car. A good cold beer after a long day of biking. It's the retelling that creates a consciousness of these tiny, rich moments. These are two scruffy guys desiring connection. Their journeys are designed to include community members who keep them company during long hours; art making becomes accessible, perhaps even understandable, to everyone. *What did you do today, yesterday, tomorrow? How do you measure your days?* There is a special, gentle brand of performance-art provocation: it's a simple notion that it's better to dress like a cowboy and drag a telephone pole through a town than to sit at an empty job you hate. *What's the point? Why bother? Why go on?* In the immortal and joyful phrases of lone twin, "Who knows? Who cares? Shut up and have a sweet little beer!"

—Lila Hurwitz

Time Based Art Festival

PICA
September 10–19, 2004

TBA DANCE

My TBA dance marathon started at Machineworks with *The Match*, by the veteran modern dancer Deborah

Hays. A choreographer born from the power-to-the-people aesthetic of the 1960s and '70s, Hays was an early champion of pedestrian movement held up like a protest sign against the elitism of classical training.

Sad irony that audiences, who need and expect actual talent from performers, have more often been alienated than empowered by pedestrian movement. More hopeful for *The Match* and us was Hays's prevailing interest in redefining the role of the choreographer. Hays doesn't set a work on a dancer; she acts more like a spiritual transmitter—for her the choreographer is a match and the performers are the tinder. For *The Match*, Hays asked three dancers to separately rehearse the same solo for three months; now they would present the three versions.

First up was Wally Cardona. He scooted about the stage mimicking a train, delineating the basic blocks of the piece—movement that defined the space, a nonsensical vocalization (very big right now), a roll on the ground, and an exit crawl. But sucking up to the audience is not the same as engaging it, and Cardona played for laughs and little else, creating a self-dialogue rather than a conversation. The second dancer, Ros Warby, showed a more interior, otherworldly, nearly mincing version. We were being courted, but we weren't exactly being included. Despite the fact that the choreographic language was similar, the procedure (and it really felt like a procedure) was disconnected from any meaning. Only when Hays danced did we understand that the work was about tearing down the walls between the public and the private spheres. With confident, glamorous, and forthright gestures, she proved that in dance, grace—whatever the aesthetic—equals meaning.

Next I ran to PCPA for the Seattle-based 33 Fainting Spells performance of *Our Little Sunbeam*, an adaptation of Chekhov's *Ivanov*. Or so the program claimed. I personally have never associated Chekhov with a none-too-bright "performer" with an adolescent-male fantasy syndrome so pronounced that he dominates the voice-over, the women's parts, a stuffed owl (don't ask), and everything else in his path. Oh wait, the program says it's really about space travel! And of course it is—the vast space created between the poor suffering audience and a cast that stopped to comment ironically on its own production (Is there any greater sign of a poverty of ideas?), with a beautiful yet completely superfluous and self-indulgent solo thrown in for bad measure.

Finally, down the block to the Hilton for Headlong Dance Theatre in *Hotel Pool*. I was feeling a bit skeptical because this is High Concept Dance as in "Hi! I'll be your concept this evening." Moreover, they were running half an hour late. Once ushered in, we sat around the very edge of the pool. The story that unfolded was about a brisk businesswoman who is given the hotel pool instead of a room. Following her furious cell call to the front desk she encounters a gang of gamboling, ambisexual water creatures and ditches her power suit for their warm embrace. Extraordinarily beautiful lighting by Jason Thompson served as a backdrop to her transformation.

Halfway through this wet dream I started to remember what it was like to become immersed in a performance. We take a moment from our ordinary, daily routine and choose to gather on behalf of something outside

ourselves. Without compromising roles, the audience and the performers are both in on the experience. We vote for beauty, wit, and life. And here it was going on, right in front of me! Couples and threesomes clasped each other at the edge of the pool and fell together, bundling us all into the turquoise waves.

—Merridawn Duckler

TBA CHATS

TBA curators seem to have had the five-year anniversary of the Battle in Seattle in mind when they slated three left-leaning Noontime Chats, designed to facilitate interaction between the community and festival performers. Titled "Art and Activism," "Homeland Security: Art in America," and "Corporate Culture," the discussions dissected the role artists play in the increasingly terrified and terrifying culture of contemporary America.

Each chat attracted sizeable crowds, and PICA gets kudos for organizing conversations focused on art and politics. But in a festival that included artists from India, Brazil, and Romania, the discussions could have benefited from more diverse viewpoints. The all-white, all-American panels brought no sense of urgency to their analyses of art, activism, and hegemony, instead trafficking in liberals' irritating pastime of touring other people's pain. Portland's representatives were particularly disappointing. Take Tahni Holt, choreographer and founder of local dance troupe Monstersquad, who described poverty as "blessed" during the "Homeland Security" talk. "There's so much emphasis on financial security in this country," she said. Some people—say, unemployed blacks in Rust Belt cities or, hell, this reviewer—might have thought her comments clueless, but the mostly white, materially comfortable audience gave them appreciative nods. Sing it, *sista!*

The affirmations continued during the critiques of "corporate culture" given by artists Khaela Maricich, who played the role of spokesperson for a pioneering drug company in her one-woman show, *The Touch Me Feeling*, and Andrew Dickson, who delivered a performance/seminar about selling on eBay. Of course, both copped to never having worked for a corporation longer than two months, and while art may be about the power of imagination, young artists lambasting a culture in which they've fleetingly participated is pretty boring to anyone who knows that culture more intimately.

To be fair, the discussions lacked a truly critical dialogue because Portland's activist community was largely absent. While that may be a result of PICA's cash-strapped outreach budget, at least one self-identified activist in the audience attested otherwise. She suggested that other activists feel that they don't have time for the frivolous activity of consuming art.

Sadly, that's exactly the attitude that reinforces the mutually marginal status of the arts and activism in the United States. While American artists may covet the lauded plateau occupied by poets and other artists in places like South America and Eastern Europe, and activists may long for more artists who champion political causes, as long as neither camp crosses to the other's side, both will continue to exist in isolation. The Noontime Chats proved it.

—Cielo Lutino

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TBA v. BLAZING SADDLES

I was thinking about the movie *Blazing Saddles* recently. The satire is brilliant throughout, but things are really taken to an ultimate end in the last few minutes of the film. Just when the resolution of the drama is all but evident, Mel Brooks shifts the camera's frame from the old West to a Hollywood soundstage, then to a studio lot, and then to Wilshire Boulevard with outlaws, horses, and guns blazing past car washes and Laundromats.

I love art and entertainment in which the creators expose the artifice of their medium and blur the line between art and everyday life. It happens in theater when actors break the fourth wall and invite the audience to think on their feet and become part of the world of the play. Of the performances at PICA's second annual Time Based Art Festival (TBA), a good handful pushed audiences into active roles. Andrew Dickson's course on eBay power selling engaged audiences in real-time online auctions. Amos Latteier's cell phone audio tours invited audience members to experience the performance on their own time in several locations throughout the city. James Moore and Emily Stone invited audiences to cheer them on and help with score keeping as they competed for Olympic greatness in exercises of physical futility. All of these Portland-based artists were very focused on the most unique part of a performance—the live audience.

The best performance was by lone twin, a British duo, who presented a series of stories and observations based on their walks around the globe, including Portland's streets and riverbanks. Those who gathered at a Pearl District warehouse on a crisp fall night to throw cups of river water onto the performers, making clouds rise from the heat of their bodies, took part in creating an experience that was not quite a performance and not quite real life. More than any other work at TBA, lone twin's was sincerely and powerfully situated on the margins of festival space and time, and it connected me emotionally and intellectually with the performers, my fellow audience members, and the city.

While TBA's lectures, discussions, and workshops are a great start, I encourage PICA to find additional ways for audiences to have experiences with artists beyond the venue stages. I would also love to see more space made for work from regional artists, which would give TBA an identity distinct from festivals in places such as Philadelphia and Edinburgh.

One idea is to carve out dozens of rooms at TBA's central Machineworks space for both regional and international artists to fill with time-based acts and installations that audiences could explore throughout the festival. Perhaps this could be curated and managed by a regional team of artists. In this way, PICA would lend further support to the new investigative art being developed by artists like Dickson, Latteier, Moore, Stone, and lone twin. It would also complement the main-stage events, which seem painfully focused on aesthetically beautiful dance-centric works. Another idea would be to bring on additional curators with different interests and sensibilities to infuse TBA with new kinds of music, theater, and performance.

If TBA can be financially sustained, it will continue to be one of the most interesting and important events in Portland's cultural calendar. But its most compelling elements aren't the dozens of scheduled events and high-

profile participants that characterize the contemporary performing arts circuit. What I really love about TBA are its in-between spaces and events and the chance to be an insider among so many interesting people. At Machineworks, on the street corner, and at venues between acts, there is an abundance of activity that you can only get by being there. TBA's best performance is itself.

—Bryan Markovitz

VISUAL ART

Northwest Matriarchs of Modernism

The Art Gym at Marylhurst University
September 28–November 20, 2004

Northwest Matriarchs of Modernism was the Art Gym's most recent foray into historic realms. A useful and often interesting exhibition, the show provided glimpses into the work of twelve "proto-feminists," as they were labeled in the exhibit's subtitle. Six (Sally Haley, Maude Kerns, LaVerne Krause, Hilda Morris, Eunice Parsons, and Amanda Snyder) are from Oregon, and six (Kathleen Gemberling Adkison, Doris Totton Chase, Mary Henry, Viola Paterson, Ruth Penington, and Margaret Tomkins) from Washington.

Known for its emphasis on contemporary art from the region, the Art Gym recently began venturing into the more distant past. Last year's schedule included Painting Portland, a component of Core Sample, which juxtaposed historic and contemporary landscape painting. An exhibition on current abstraction featured a small tribute to Louis Bunce, one of the Northwest's most important abstract painters. In her introduction to the catalogue for Northwest Matriarchs of Modernism, Terri Hopkins, director of the Art Gym (and cocurator with Lois Allan), wrote, "It has become increasingly clear that our understanding of the art of contemporary artists is enriched by a better understanding of the art of their predecessors in the region."

The show's strong notes were to be found in great works by Sally Haley, Hilda Morris, and Margaret Tomkins. Haley (b. 1908), whose popular reputation rests on her still lifes, has also made near-abstract paintings from time to time. The standout in this group was her *Untitled (blue and yellow abstract interior)* from 1970. With flat planes of color and a few black lines, Haley deftly creates a now-open, now-closed space of mystifying simplicity.

Equally intriguing is Hilda Morris's (1911–1991) *Source*, a sumi-ink-on-rice-paper painting from 1961. The strength of her spare composition and the nuances of grey and black she coaxes from her ink align this work with the stunning sculptures also on view, which have the same incisive economy.

In Margaret Tomkins's (1916–2002) bold gestural painting from the 1960s one can find the organizing grid that was so important in her earlier, more surrealist compositions. In a large-scale untitled work from this period, Tomkins lays down stunning swaths of rich color in a confident expressive style that shows her at the top of her form.

With so many artists, the exhibition necessarily traded depth for scope and the catalogue essays, by

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Allan and Seattle writer Matthew Kangas, are similarly brief, albeit informative. The premise that loosely binds together the disparate works is the advance of abstraction: how twelve women, by and large permanently settled in the Northwest, made use of the lessons that were coming out of Europe and New York in the 1930s and '40s to move beyond representation into various forms of modernism.

This thesis was successfully illustrated in two paintings by Viola Patterson (1898–1984). In her confidently rendered self-portrait from 1936, Patterson shows her awareness of early twentieth-century modernism: the interplay between modeled form and flattened space call to mind portraits by Picasso and Cézanne. By contrast, *Yellow on Yellow*, from 1964, is constructed entirely of planes of dazzling color applied in a subtle impasto. This later work retains the rock-solid composition that makes Patterson's early portrait so satisfying to contemplate.

A similar comparison can be made between two works by Mary Henry (b. 1913), who studied in Chicago during the 1940s with the famed Hungarian artist and educator Lazlo Moholy-Nagy. A modest pencil drawing, *I'm Sad and I'm Lonely* (1949), holds all the seeds of Henry's later compositions. Despite the presence of a figure, and the suggestion of a house and landscape, this little picture is really a meditation on abstraction: the figures set into interlocking geometric shapes, with tonalities that advance and recede on a flat picture plane. Many years later, Henry would use this economical language of form and color in eye-bending large-scale acrylic paintings like *Pansynclastic Riddle*, from 1966. (Henry, still active in her nineties, is represented in Portland by PDX Gallery.)

But in other cases, the show's thesis didn't hold. The blue-and-violet tonal landscapes of LaVerne Krause (1924–1987) were an anomaly in the context of this exhibition, seen at a disadvantage against the intellectualism of the other artworks. Something of the same criticism applies to the paintings of Amanda Snyder (1894–1980), who was not represented here with her best work—landscapes seen from her window, portraits of her paper boys, and sensitively rendered birds and animals. She was at heart an intuitive artist, comfortable with figuration, and her experiments in abstraction (the exhibition included three) struck me as leaden and awkward.

While Snyder's and Krause's reputations relied on a Northwest base, Maude Kerns (1876–1965) was better known at the height of her career in New York than in Eugene, where she taught at the University of Oregon. Kerns came to her understanding of nonobjective art through her studies with such figures as Arthur Wesley Dow (a source of inspiration to Georgia O'Keeffe, among others), as well as Hans Hofmann and Alexander Archipenko, and her awareness of the art and writing of Wassily Kandinsky and other members of the Blue Four. In the 1940s, Kerns exhibited regularly at the Museum of Non-Objective Painting in New York, the precursor of today's Guggenheim Museum. The paintings from this era, which were not well represented in the show, are her strongest, composed in a language of clean shapes and subtle shades. Later works like *Trinity* (1962), in which three spherical forms and a cross emerge from a thickly painted cosmos/ocean, seem forced and literal by comparison.

By including the well known and the not so familiar, Northwest Matriarchs of Modernism fulfilled Hopkins and Allan's mission of acquainting contemporary audiences with a group of artists who deserve greater exposure and recognition. The show's elegant installation, informative labels, and catalogue essays served these artists well. But I have one minor quibble with the title: While Allan's and Kangas's essays allude rightly to the challenges faced by women artists in the twentieth century, or, indeed, in any era, I take issue with the label "proto-feminist," particularly as it is applied to such a diverse group of artists. Its implication is that these twelve women anticipated the feminist movement of the 1970s, and that was not the case for many.

If you missed the show in Portland, you'll have a chance to see it next year at the Museum of Northwest Art in LaConner, Washington. (January 15–April 3, 2005)
—Prudence F. Roberts

Michael Knutson
Convolved Coils
Blackfish Gallery
October 5–30, 2004

The problem of how to evade figuration has beguiled plenty of painters.

The color-field and Ab-Ex painters made a good dent, but there was always the risk that Rothko's pure essence would read as, say, cornfield, or Pollock's drips as spaghetti. (Besides, for Pollock, the figure—his own, dancing and flinging—was implicit.)

Pop artists, à la Jasper Johns and Andy Warhol, deployed repetitive iconography and pattern to focus the eye on the surface, or out into the culture at large, inviting irony (*ceci n'est pas Marilyn*) or the icon itself (Marilyn) to steal the scene.

Other than Sol LeWitt, whose conceptual drawings and paintings followed the dictum of an "idea [that] becomes a machine that makes the art," few have attacked this problem in such a simple and unpretentious way, and to such ironically delirious effect, as Michael Knutson, whose paintings bring to mind wall hangings in head shops.

It always behooves an artist to know about something other than art. Knutson knows about math, and his paintings are essentially solutions to math problems. As notations of notations they don't look like much you've seen, except perhaps tie-dyed fabrics, the difference being between what is folded and twisted—cotton fabric or spatial abstractions.

Crossing Oval Coils, the dazzling centerpiece of Knutson's October show, is composed of nine tricornered lattices, each length a string of three four-sided shapes, which, like beads, touch only at their tapered points. I don't know if my terminology is correct, but my counting is. Take away the figuring, and the experience is like gazing into a pool of carp or a flickering campfire.

Each lattice, the faces of which fill the entire surface of the picture plane, is a different color (lilac, turquoise, slate blue, medium blue-gray, three slightly dirty greens, orange, and a bluish red—they seem to have been lifted from a Crayola box) that recedes and advances as your eyes wander and refocus. To the upper right, long and slender blocks of color are stacked neatly in regular

bands; at the center they shrink into glistening beads, then spread into radial, floral structures as they reach the opposite edge. The oil paint is applied thickly with small, visible brushstrokes that occasionally thin to reveal yellow-gold underpaint. Cool and standoffish, competent rather than virtuosic, is the effect.

The beauty of Knutson's rule-bound process, like fire, is that it results in shape and color rhythms that outperform the unaided imagination for complexity and surprise. They may put you in mind of flies' wings, lace antimacassars, aerial maps, or psychedelic rock, but they are more beautiful as math, the mark itself bringing the thing into being.

To call this painting-by-numbers would be a disservice, though. For one thing, in his pencil and watercolor studies, Knutson's gestural exuberance is revealed; you can see how he plots his starting points like a pole-vaulter aiming in nine dimensions, and flies forth in a controlled spin. (He hasn't eluded figuration entirely, you can see, nor fulfilled LeWitt's dictum.)

But also, there are the numbers themselves, that raw language of horses and God. If it's numbers-by-painting we're looking at, maybe these become mandalas or rosaries, instruments to grasp at the sublime.

—Camela Raymond

Encounters: Contemporary Native American Art
Ronna and Eric Hoffman Gallery of Contemporary Art
Lewis and Clark College
September 2–October 24, 2004

One of the most dramatic and historic chapters in American history, the Lewis and Clark Expedition of 1803 is being commemorated with great fanfare and commercialism across the country. Lewis and Clark College, in keeping with its namesake status, has organized a four-year bicentennial celebration consisting of art exhibitions, lectures, and symposia. Last year, the anniversary of the start of the four-year expedition, the topic was Maps, and Linda Tesner, director of the Hoffman Gallery, marked it with an exhibition of map-related contemporary art. This year, the theme was Native American Issues. (Next year is Rivers, and 2006 will be Self Discovery/Journaling.)

Tesner, again bypassing a conventional tribute that might have been more in keeping not only with the college's namesake status but also as the repository of the world's most extensive collection of writings related to the Expedition, decided to ask a few contemporary Native American artists to contribute their responses to the Expedition's effects on their cultures. The artists were Hulleah Tsinhnahjinnie of Rough Rock, Arizona; Gail Tremblay and Joe Feddersen, both of Olympia, Washington; Jeff Thomas, Ottawa, Ontario; Jaune Quick-to-See Smith, Corrales, New Mexico; Nadia Myre, Montreal, Quebec; and Corwin "Corky" Clairmont, Ronan, Montana. They didn't miss the irony of the show's euphemistic title, Encounters, or its inclusion in a celebration of an episode that, in spite of its many discoveries and accomplishments, was a disaster for tribal people. The texts used in many American public schools portray Lewis and Clark as heroes whose explorations opened the West to land hungry settlers and government officials. In their determination to expand

REVIEWS • REVIEWS

U.S. territory, the nation's leaders, including President Thomas Jefferson, came up with the notion of Manifest Destiny, which gave them the rationale to conquer and devastate the indigenous Indian tribes. In recent years, the wrongs done to Native Americans, many of which continue, have become recognized as the dark side of the Expedition, yet the national commemoration mostly celebrates the "spirit of discovery" with much patriotic hoopla. (At the college's October symposium panels presented scholarly discussions such as "Where None Have Gone Before: Comparing 19th- and 21st-Century Exploration.")

The thematic focus of almost all the artists in Encounters was political, some of it hard hitting, some with humor, and the best with some conceptual depth. In that last category, Nadia Myre's very short video, Portrait in Motion, is memorable for its poetic photography. It shows a canoe being paddled by an indistinct figure that approaches, then recedes into a monochromatic mist.

Juane-Quick-to-See Smith exposed the fallacies of stereotyping with whimsical photographs posing the question, which is also the work's title, Guess Who Are the American Indians? A grid arrangement of twenty numbered portraits of a cross section of Americans proved the impossibility of determining a person's ethnic heritage, or, as in most cases, heritages, plural. The irony in supposing an Indian "look" was made apparent when one read a juxtaposed list of ethnic identifications, each with a number correlated to the same number on the portrait study. The very Caucasian appearing No. 10, Fred, is ethnically mixed: Scandinavian, Chicasaw, and Choctaw.

Gail Tremblay contributed a more didactic piece, an installation titled Heavy Is My Heart, which confronted the effects of nuclear pollution on the Navajo, Shoshone, Yakima, and Colville reservations in Nevada during the 1960s and early 1970s. From data she collected on incidences of cancer, birth defects, and radiation related diseases, the result of atomic bomb testing, she created large abstract floor sculptures covered in acidic red and tan felt that represented deteriorating, diseased organs. Lung and Diaphragm Tumors in a case of Epithelial Mesothelioma contained a television monitor showing people describing their illnesses and assailing the federal government's lack of concern.

Hulleah Tsinhnahjinnie's witty short video, Awnold Terminated!, showed California's movie star governor making a speech denouncing the Native American owned casinos for not paying their fair share of the state's tax burden. A text banner ran at the bottom of the screen asking Awnold if he understands the meaning of sovereignty.

In sculptures based on traditional baskets, both Gail Tremblay and Joe Feddersen chose aesthetic pleasure over protest. Tremblay wove and shaped exposed film into handsome decorative vessels. Feddersen, who showed colorful abstract prints based on urbanization of Indian life, contributed a few glass cylindrical sculptures with the texture of woven baskets and surface treatment similar to that of the prints. By using non-basket materials and extrapolating from functional, traditional baskets, the artists fused ancient cultural themes with those of contemporary art.

The variation of tone and subject as well as aesthetics in Encounters indicates that at least a dollop of optimism is possible. As Jimmie Durham wrote in the Submuloc show, "What would this country be like today if our government had honored the Indian treaties? Different, that's what. But we would still walk backwards. And we are still trying to turn things around. The roots are 500 years deep. The trunk is massive, but the leaves flutter."
—Lois Allen

YES MEN continued from page 11

RG: It brings up another issue about your work: the world has to be bad for your work to be good.

MB: Yeah, but there's no end in sight to the bad things out there. What we do is react to emerging conditions. It's all tactical. There's no long-term strategy there. Maybe things will change for the better and we can adopt strategies that are a little more politically sound and utopian.

RG: Can you imagine anything that would persuade you to leave the resistance and run for office or join a corporation?

MB: In some ways I am working mainstream by working for this research university. They're trying to get more military contracts. But it enables me to do these other things. I could see if there was an exciting project, a business of some kind, I could see going that way. Michael Moore has a very healthy career making media and getting paid for it.

RG: Is he a model?

MB: In terms of getting out messages through the mass media, sure. I've liked his sensibility ever since *Roger and Me*. I won't call him a role model but an inspiration. My role models are much closer to home, like Matt Cooler, who runs the Center for Land-Use Interpretation.

RG: Who are your political heroes?

MB: Now that's a good question. People like Vandana Shiva, doing hardcore antiglobalization projects I find very inspiring. But where do you draw the line between inspiration and pragmatism? I like Dennis Kucinich. We just visited his office in Cleveland and it's great to think about someone just a little further to the Left in Congress.

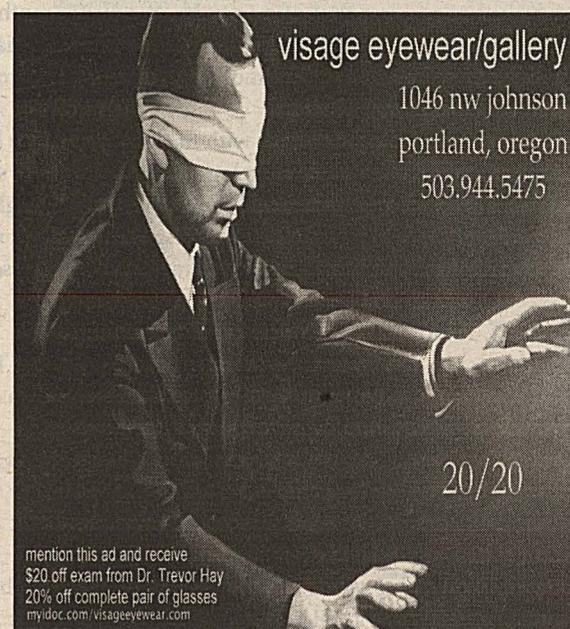
RG: Most acts of artistic resistance and radicality are unfailingly commodified. Do you see what you're doing as commodity-proof?

MB: No. We've been trying to be commodified. But I guess this whole WTO thing was a little too complicated. It can't be spun into a one-liner enough. Maybe it will in Europe when it's released there. Everything does get coopted in one way or another. There are ad campaigns that celebrate billboard alteration. If that happens, maybe we'll turn to pure theft. That's harder to commodify.

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

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GIVE 'TIL IT HURTS

Continued from page 15

While members of the Left Bank Collective have disagreed with the George Jackson Brigade and some of its actions, the members say the brigade is a group of "serious" revolutionaries who have the right to be respected as such, a spokesman for the collective said today.

Paul Zilsel, a veteran activist in Seattle's left ... said the collective received a photocopy of the brigade's latest communique in yesterday's mail, postmarked from Seattle.

A Bellevue radio station, KZAM, also received a copy of the communique yesterday, including a corrective dental device supposedly removed from the mouth of John Sherman.

April 1, 1976

From "The psychological anatomy of a revolutionary," by John Arthur Wilson and Lee Moriawaki, *Seattle Times*:

[Edward Allen] Mead was born in Santa Monica, Calif. Both his parents worked as welders, but after World War II his mother couldn't get a welding job "because of her sex," Mead said. When the marriage broke up, the children moved to Alaska with their mother, living in a one-room cabin in a homestead just outside of Fairbanks.

Mead's first "serious" brush with the law came when he was 19. He was arrested for a series of robberies in Anchorage, convicted and sent to California, he said, "Mother sort of taught us if we didn't have enough and someone had more than what they needed, that in some circumstances, it wasn't wrong to help yourself," Mead said. "The Lord helps him who helps himself."

April 22, 1976

From "Pages in the Life of Bruce Seidel—Two Sides of a Revolutionary," by Walter Wright, *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*:

... Many friends and relatives in the small Illinois city where [Bruce] Seidel grew up know little if anything of this side of Seidel.

They have been told by his distraught family that Seidel died not in a bank robbery but in a traffic accident on his motorcycle.

Seidel's parents refuse to talk with reporters about him.

"He came from a religious Jewish family, an upper middle-class background, very achievement-oriented, and he had cut his ties with all that," a friend in Seattle says of Seidel.

June 7, 1976

From "Terrorism and the George Jackson Brigade," by Roxanne Park, *Northwest Passage*:

I believe the Brigade is a terrorist group, and that their use of terrorism up to this point has been highly damaging to the Left. I would like to outline my reasons for this conclusion:

I. At this time, terrorist tactics will not further the struggle for revolution in this country....

II. Terrorism evades the necessary work needed to increase popular support for a revolution....

A. Terrorists lack a base of support....

B. Terrorists lack a moral community....

III. Terrorist tactics work against the increase of popular support for a revolution....

A. Terrorism causes people to fear revolutionaries and identify with the police....

B. Terrorist tactics invite police repression and consequently hurt the Left....

June 16, 1976

From "Tenants evicted after feds' search," *Seattle Sun*:

Brenda Carter, Katie Mitchell, and four other people, two of them children, are being evicted from the Capitol Hill home searched May 1 by federal agents who were looking for evidence connecting residents of the house with the revolutionary George Jackson Brigade.

Although he denies it, statements made by the landlord's representative suggest

that the residents are being evicted because of the suspicion cast upon them by the government.

June 24, 1977

From "Jackson Brigade claims robberies," *Seattle Times*:

The revolutionary George Jackson Brigade claimed responsibility yesterday for robbing an Eastside bank Monday and hitting a state liquor store four weeks earlier.

The terrorist group said it "expropriated" nearly \$4,200 from the Factoria Branch of Rainier National Bank because "banks and the state are the real robbers of society."

In a communique ... the group also continued its criticism of The Times for "ignoring the prisoners strike."

A. J. Murphy, spokesman at the state penitentiary at Walla Walla, said about 24 inmates in segregation have been refusing to clean their areas or go out of their cells for the daily exercise period.

The revolutionary cadre, which has claimed responsibility for several bombings in the area since 1975, said the Times was the bank's "crime partner."

Last month, the group said it bombed a Redmond office of Rainier Bank May 12 because of the newspaper's "propaganda campaign" against prisoners in the state penitentiary at Walla Walla.

The ... communique says the group robbed the Newport Hills state liquor store of about \$1,300 May 21, and later returned the manager's purse containing \$45 of her money.

November 3, 1977

From "The Power of the People is the Force of Life," political statement of the George Jackson Brigade:

Early spring, 1975 - Firebombed Seattle Contractor

[We] firebombed and destroyed the offices of a local contractor in support of a local struggle to win jobs for Black people in the construction industry.

Late spring, 1975 - Sabotage and Destruction of Heavy Equipment at Contractor's

[We] sabotaged several pieces of equipment, burned and destroyed a large truck, and heavily damaged a D G Cat belonging to the contractor referred to above.

June 1, 1975 - Pipe-bombed Washington State Department of Corrections Offices, Olympia

The bomb destroyed the office of the deputy director of Correction. ... Damage exceeded \$100,000. This action was in support of the demands raised by Walla Walla prisoners' [sic] six months earlier. This action also publicly announced the existence of the Brigade.

August, 1975 - Pipe-bombed Federal Bureau of Investigations [sic] and Bureau of Indian Affairs

We ... bombed the FBI office in Tacoma and the BIA offices in Everett, WA., in response to FBI terrorism at the Rosebud in Pineridge Reservations in North Dakota.

September 18, 1975 - Pipe-bombed Capitol Hill Safeway store

[We] bombed a fifty-pound bag of dog food inside the Capitol Hill Safeway store in Seattle.

January 1, 1976 - Pipe-bombed Safeways' [sic] main office and the Laurelhurst transformer

January 23, 1976 - Prisoner liberation

June 1976 to February 1977 - Tactical retreat

Tukwila nearly destroyed us, and the rescue drained the last of our meager resources. The organized left almost unanimously rejected us, and this forced us to learn to rely on ourselves, ordinary people, and progressive independence in the left. Many ordinary people did help us, knowingly and unknowingly, and

this made it possible for us to survive, rebuild our strength, and learn the hard lessons of self-reliance.... We did six teller robberies for more than \$25,000, and ran checks for survival, equipment, and supplies.

May 12, 1977 - Pipe-bombed Rainier National Bank

May 21, 1977 - Armed Expropriation

June 20, 1977 - Armed Expropriation

July 4, 1977 - Attempted bombing, Olympia

[We] unsuccessfully attempted to destroy the main substation supplying power to the state capitol complex in Olympia. The thirty minute warning given to police allowed them ample time to evacuate the immediate area and also gave them ample time to throw the safety switch and turn off the bomb.

August, 1977

By August, the long time, hated warden, bloody B. J. Rhay, had been successfully ousted, ... a new warden appointed, and the hole had been cleaned and painted. The other prisoner demands were met, including the release of our comrade Ed Mead.... There was and is a complete black-out of this news in continuing prisoner grievances in the Seattle media.

September 8, 1977 - Armed Expropriation

September 19, 1977 - Armed Expropriation

October 6, 1977 - Attempted Weapons Test at Car Dealership

[We] unsuccessfully attempted to test an incendiary bomb on some recreational vehicles at the Westlund Buick new car dealership. This action was in support of a six month strike by Seattle automotive machinists and several other automotive unions. Westlund was chosen because he is head of the Dealers' Association.

October 12, 1977 - Pipe-bombed Car Dealership

[We] firebombed and destroyed several new cars at the BBC Dodge new car dealership.

October 15, 1977 - Pipe-bombed Car Dealership

November 1, 1977 - Pipe-bombed Mercedes Benz German Car Dealership

[We] pipe-bombed and destroyed a \$24,000 Mercedes Benz, and damaged several other new cars and the building at the Phil Smart Mercedes Benz dealership in Bellevue. This action was to demonstrate support and solidarity with the Red Army Faction in Germany, and the thousands of people fighting in the streets in Europe and around the world in retaliation for the West German government's murders of Red Army Faction guerillas, Gudrun Ensslin, Jan Carl Raspe, and Andreas Baader, in their prison cells.

November 30, 1977

From "How the Brigade escaped the FBI," by Jane Hadley and Tom Green, *Seattle Sun*:

In an "open" letter to Bo (Rita D. Brown)," received by the Sun last week, self-described members of the George Jackson Brigade gave details of their narrow escape from FBI agents November 4th and said they are now "in the process of summing up our mistakes and beginning to rebuild."

Rita Brown, a member of the "revolutionary" group, was captured by the FBI in her car near 175th and Aurora Ave. N. on Friday, November 4th. The FBI got onto Brown's trail on a tip. At about 7 p.m., FBI agents raided a house in the 13700 block of Roosevelt Way N., where brigade members had been staying, but brigade members had already fled.

... In last week's open letter to Brown, the authors started off with an analysis of Brown's capture:

It was your hair, comrade. Somebody around that fucking bank spotted you with that hair looking like Carol Newland, and the Feds came and staked out the bank waiting for you to come back. And you did, and now they've got you. Zip, just like that another one of our strongest fighters is locked up. They must have tried to follow you home from your walk

or walk on the beach with the dog, and you spotted them and doubled back away from the house insuring your capture and our safety.

... Overall, we made the mistake of too much doing with too little thinking and discussion. Since returning from Oregon, we quadrupled our workload with little or no change in our methods of work. During the last two months, we did two bank robberies, four or five bombings, a thirty page political statement, a major criticism of John Brown Book Club, and worked throughout on putting together another bank robbery. We were also working on a couple of other major actions that we can't talk about for security reasons. We also did four or five full tune ups on our vehicles, built a canopy for our truck and did all the shitwork maintenance that takes two or three hours out of every day.

... The letter closed with a love poem written presumably to Brown from "Jory."

The letter had a Longview, Washington postmark.

December 25, 1977

From "A Second Bomb Blast," *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*:

The George Jackson Brigade has claimed responsibility for a second bomb explosion to occur in the Seattle area in two days.

A woman called KOMO-TV at 6:35 p.m. yesterday, saying a bomb would explode in about 15 minutes at a Kent trucking firm.... [T]he woman identified herself as speaking for the George Jackson Brigade and said the bomb was to support a strike by Auto Machinists Local 289 which has been striking area car dealers since May.

But Lloyd Wilson, business representative for the auto machinists, said the union was opposed to the bombing tactics.

"I think they use any excuse they can to do these things," he said.

March 29, 1978

From "Brigade leader, 2 companions indicted," by John Arthur Wilson, *Seattle Times*:

John W. Sherman, George Jackson Brigade member, and two alleged brigade members were indicted here yesterday for conspiracy and a series of recent Tacoma bank robberies.

The federal grand jury also charged the group in connection with three bombings last October, marking the first time anyone has been formally tied to some of the numerous bombings claimed by the brigade.

Charged in the nine-count indictment with Sherman, 35, are Therese Ann Coupez, 23, and Janine Darcy Bertrum, 27, who previously identified herself as Jori Uhuru. "Uhuru" means "freedom" in Swahili.

April 12, 1978

From "The GJB Up Close," by Patti Jones, *Seattle Sun*:

Therese [Coupez] is the same person, her mom insists, as she was when she did volunteer work at Fircrest School for the Mentally Retarded. "Knowing her as well as I do, I know that anything she does is because she cared about people. She believes it's for the common good. She is a gentle person; she is also a very strong person. She is capable of making her own decisions."

"They're making John Sherman out to be a great leader—that the two women were influenced by this man. That should be dispelled. Therese is not one to be led by anybody...."

... Sherman was born in New Jersey, during the war, in a project built for ship yard workers, he said. His grandfather was a rigger in the ship yards and a strong union man. His mother was a secretary, his father a machinist.

... He joined the army at a young age, got out of the service, forged some checks, stole a car and ended up at McNeil Island. It was there in 1969 that he got hold of some Marxist literature, he said, and suddenly everything clicked.

... Life on the run, Sherman said, was not all bomb-making, target investigation and political discussion. They played a lot of Monopoly, for instance, and Risk. They wrestled, took long walks along the beach, watched TV and read. Sherman said he read "political stuff" such as Marx, Engels, Lenin, the autobiography of Mother Jones and even some "anarchist stuff" but "got bored with it real quick." He was also reading the Book of the Hopi and said he likes science fiction.



belly

BY STIV WILSON

Winter is upon us and pot roast is the culinary equivalent of "home." Contrary to popular belief, the roasting of a big hunk of meat in a pot is just about the easiest thing to cook in the world. Also, it's inexpensive. Throughout the Northwest, organic chuck costs on average about four bucks a pound. I like to average about a pound per person, with a minimum of four (leftovers kick ass). Ready?

Pot Roast, or Nostalgia in a Pot

Equipment:

One pot roast pan, suitable for stove top and oven, with a firm-fitting lid. Goodwill has these things for two bucks.

Ingredients:

One pot roast. Note: Talk to your butcher. He or she will set you on the path to protein righteousness. A pot roast (beef) comes from the chuck, or shoulder, of a cow. It's a pretty tough cut of meat, which is why it's cooked so long. A pork roast often comes from the end of the loin.

Two onions (yellow)

Four carrots

Salt and pepper

Flour for gravy

Old red wine

Some starch, such as mashed potatoes to sop up the gravy on your plate

Start the process by noon, day of. Preheat oven to 300 degrees. Heat empty pan on stove until wicked hot. Liberally salt and pepper the entire roast. Drop roast (most-fat side down) into pot and marvel at how it sizzles and crackles. Brown it while the fat renders (liq-

uefies) on each side of the roast until the roast is nearly (and I mean nearly) black. Roughly chop (very roughly, so you have big chunks of each) onions and carrots. Add vegetables to pan. Pour in about a half cup of red wine to deglaze (get the yumminess sticking to the bottom of the pan). Pour in cold water until the roast is covered by an inch or two. Put lid on, throw in oven, and cook for at least five hours. When the roast is done, bring it back to stove top. Remove lid and look at the underside of it, which should be black and sticky. Use a half cup of cold water to loosen the meat-flavored caramel from the lid and use a spatula to get it all off. Add it to pot. Remove a cup or more of meat juice and allow it to cool to room temperature. Remove roast and vegetables, place on a ceramic platter, and put in oven to stay warm while you make your gravy. Bring remaining juice to boil. For a four-pound roast, you'll need about a half cup of flour for gravy. Mix flour with room-temperature juice until uniformly silky. Whisk flour into juice and bring to a boil or until your gravy is rich and sexy. Add salt and pepper to taste. Remove roast from oven and serve immediately.

Hint Uno: The better you brown the meat the better the end product will be.

Hint Two: Yes, you can leave your house while it's cooking.

Hint Three: If there is leftover juice in the pot roast pan after you've made your gravy, just add it to the gravy.

Hint Four: Deglazing with wine gives your roast juice a pleasant but subtle sour and sweet taste and the acid helps to tenderize the meat.

Okay folks, good luck. This recipe is dear to my heart and I hope it serves you and your dinner party well.

NOT ALONE continued from page 13

gloves. "To keep you warm while you're screaming at all the 'dipshits,'" Grandma mutters, referring to my father's incessant driving monologue. I wonder how she remembers, as it must have been twenty years since they were in a car together. For some reason, my mother gets nothing from Grandma, but several lovely handmade cards from Rita. Finally, my father hands Grandma her annual present, a large check. When she opens the envelope, Grandma says nothing, just draws her mouth up, wincing.

A large oil painting of my grandfather stares at us from behind the Star Trek tree. He wears a dashing charcoal suit, his sideburns white against his black hair, his blue eyes eerily pale. Dead for years, a man I never met, he is the only person in my family I resemble. I look around the room, at the two strange women rigid in their chairs, at my father checking his watch every two minutes, making calculations. My mother's face is an immobile mask, stripped of all its wryness and spontaneity. Andrew wears a nervous smile; Peter looks as if he's getting a migraine. I wonder if my grandfather, had he lived, could have prevented any of this—the incremental slides that brought us here to this house with its basement full of paper, its unused cutlery.

My father stands abruptly and pats his wallet, as if it might have disappeared from beneath him. He slips into his wool coat, fishes the keys from his pocket. Grandma and Aunt Rita watch him closely as always, admiring and territorial. But beneath the surface there's something a little wounded in their stares. After all, he's not much good to them. Not as good as a father or a husband, something even Grandma's remarkable beauty couldn't secure. Maybe that's why she's banished her sons one by one: they're just another promise to be broken. Perhaps when Grandma dies, the whole thing will reverse, like one of those time-lapse films of spring thaw, and we'll start cooking turkey dinners again. We'll quit watching the Weather Channel for Death's whirling approach. Or maybe without her, the strangeness will overtake the next generation, make perpetrators of those of us who were once just stunned witnesses. If my father is any indication, the progression is inevitable. Resistance is futile. Any day now, I am next.

Grandma mentions that the twins got jobs as Santa's elves in the mall this year, so they're not coming at all. I miss the chaos and levity of the smirking, giggling girls. Now, it's too quiet. The pizza is cold, the mood funereal. In our silence we can hear a family dispersing from the identical house next door, honking in the driveway, voices calling, "Goodbye! Goodbye! Merry Christmas!" Grandma closes her eyes to listen, holding very still. Perhaps it is a moment of gratitude for her prayers coming true, each Christmas bringing her closer to her wish to be alone. Or maybe, finally, as promised, she is dead. The rest of us exchange wide-eyed looks over our pizza crust. Aunt Rita places her plastic cup by Grandma's ear and rattles the ice. Grandma jerks to life. Her eyes snap open. She stares at her desiccated piece of pizza for a long time, until finally she curls her lip and says, "Jesus. You have to wonder what the homeless are eating tonight."

Heather Larimer writes fiction and nonfiction and plays in the rock band Eux Autres. She is currently not working on a novel.

GJB continued from page 29

July 2, 1978

From "Escape try by Jackson Brigade suspects fails," by Timothy Egan, *Seattle Times*:

WALLA WALLA—An escape attempt involving prisoners suspected of being members of the George Jackson Brigade was foiled yesterday when authorities arrested three persons and segregated five prisoners after discovering a cache of arms.

The arsenal of pipe bombs, revolvers, knives and more than 500 rounds of ammunition were found inside a cellblock of the Washington State Penitentiary and in three cars outside the prison, officials said.

The three who were arrested ... were on a guest list for a prison banquet last night sponsored by an inmate group called Men Against Sexism, according to Eric Gabrielsen, a state-penitentiary spokesman. Police suspect them of

being Jackson Brigade members.

... Gabrielsen said the arms discovery "did not surprise" prison authorities, although the arrest of the three outsiders was somewhat puzzling because it was believed that all Brigade members were in custody or on trial.

Special thanks to the Pacific Northwest Regional Newspaper and Periodical Index and to Barbara Miles, both of the University of Washington's Suzzallo and Allen Libraries; to Robert Bruce Barnum's 1983 dissertation thesis, "Terrorism as a violent form of protest communications: A retrospective look at the George Jackson Brigade"; and to the anarchists who brought Ed Mead to speak in Portland in 2003.

Camela Raymond is the editor and publisher of the Organ.



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Representing contemporary artists who create intellectually driven work that invites contemplation and is visually rewarding.

14 **Blue Sky Gallery**
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15 **Alysia Duckler Gallery**
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16 **RC Gallery**
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17 **Pulliam Deffenbaugh Gallery**
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18 **Waterstone Gallery**
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19 **Gallery 114**
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21 **Bullseye Connection Gallery**
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25 **Yoshida**
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28 **Mark Woolley Gallery**
120 NW 9th Ave. Suite 21
Gorgeous upstairs gallery featuring interesting contemporary work in painting, photography, prints, mixed media, and installation.

29 **Elizabeth Leach Gallery**
417 NW 9th Ave.

30 **Blackfish Gallery**
420 NW 9th Ave.
At 25 years, Blackfish is the oldest artist-owned and -operated cooperative gallery in Portland.

31 **Ogle**
310 NW Broadway
Innovative gallery showing regional artists as well as full-service eye care with hip eyewear.

32 **Everett Station Lofts**
NW Everett and Broadway

33 **Butters Gallery**
520 NW Davis St.

34 **Backspace**
115 NW 5th Ave.

35 **Compound Gallery/Just Be Toys**
107 NW 5th Ave.

36 **Motel**
19 NW 5th Ave., Suite C
Located on NW Couch Street between 5th and 6th Avenues. Gallery and handmade boutique showcasing up-and-coming artists from around the country. Specializing in innovative handmade goods from local and national designers. www.motelgallery.com

37 **Oregon Jewish Museum**
310 NW Davis St.

SW

38 **Stumptown Coffee Roasters**
128 SW 3rd Ave.

39 **Attic Gallery**
205 SW 1st Ave.

40 **Shaffer Fine Art**
308 SW 1st Ave.
Artists include: Arvid, Coleman, Flohr, Hanson, Hessam, Park, Shvaiko, Tabora, Volegov, and Wren.

41 **Gallery 500**
420 SW Washington St. Suite 500
Gallery 500 is a premiere venue for cutting-edge contemporary art in the heart of downtown Portland.

42 **Sincera Custom Framing**
318 SW Washington St.
Original and limited edition art; pottery and glass art; framing and more. 503/221-3065 sinceracustomframing.com

43 **Broderick Gallery**
814 SW 1st Ave.
Friendly atmosphere; local, national, and international artists of exceptional quality. First Thursday receptions, 6-9 p.m.

44 **Augen Gallery**
817 SW 2nd Ave.

45 **Froelick Gallery**
817 SW 2nd Ave.

46 **Portland Building Lobby Gallery**
1120 SW 5th Ave.

47 **Portland Art Museum**
1219 SW Park Ave.

48 **Portland State University Littman, White, and Autzen Galleries**
724 SW Harrison St.

49 **Real Mother Goose**
901 SW Yamhill St.

50 **Maggie**
520 SW 9th Ave.

51 **p:ear**
809 SW Alder St.
p:ear gallery is the venue through which p:ear youth display and sell their artwork.

52 **Pinkham Millinery**
515 SW Broadway Ave.

53 **Galerie D'Art Sylvie Platini**
507 SW Broadway

54 **Coffee Plant**
724 SW Washington St.
Stumptown coffee and espresso, fresh-baked pastries daily, free WiFi, sandwiches, snacks, and sock monkeys.

55 **Lit**
214 SW 8th Ave.

56 **Retread Threads**
931 SW Oak St.

57 **Half & Half**
923 SW Oak St.
The best things in life can be found at Half & Half. Tasty sandwiches, homemade pies, deviled eggs, coveted t-shirts and, oh yes, a fantastic art wall.

58 **Reading Frenzy**
921 SW Oak St.
An independent press emporium and art gallery featuring hundreds of hard-to-find titles and affordable art.

59 **Independent Publishing Resource Center**
917 SW Oak St., Suite 218
make. mail. print. compute. archive. exchange. research. publish. browse. learn. talk. bind. read. www.iprc.org 503/827-0249

SE

60 **Hall Gallery**
630 SE Third Ave.

61 **New American Casuals**
326 SE Morrison St.
New pop culture art from the streets of Portland to the studios of London, delivering a mixture of design, art, and fashion to the east side. Under the Morrison bridge, across from Montage. 503/294-0445 www.nacstyle.com

62 **Savage Art Resources**
1430 SE 3rd Ave.
Gallery exhibitions featuring emerging and midcareer artists. Art Advisory Services for private and corporate collectors.

63 **Gallery CO7**
2000 SE 7th Ave.
A collective space in which to produce, promote, and exhibit art.

64 **Adam Arnold**
727 SE Morrison St.

65 **New American Art Union**
922 SE Ankeny St.
In the heart of the emerging Central-Eastside Industrial District. Open Tuesday-Saturday 11am-6pm. 503/231-8294, www.newamericanartunion.com

66 **Newspace**
1632 SE 10th Ave.
Newspace is Portland's center for photography where image-makers learn, create, discuss, and show work.

67 **Tiny's Coffee Shop**
1412 SE 12th Ave.

68 **Portland Art Center**
2045 SE Belmont St.
Get informed, get connected, get inspired. The Portland Art Center's lounge, gallery, and conference center provide resources and programs to link up regional arts, artists, and the community. Stop by Wed. through Sun. 12 to 7 p.m.

69 **Studio 2507**
2507 SE Clinton St.

70 **Local 35**
3556 SE Hawthorne Blvd.

71 **Stumptown Coffee Roasters**
3356 SE Belmont St.

72 **Aalto Lounge**
3356 SE Belmont St.

N/NE

73 **Ella/Posie Boutique**
2337 E. Burnside St.

74 **Hail Mary**
2928 NE Killingsworth St.
Gallery featuring mosaic portraits, lights, furniture, crosses, and photography by artist Mary Tapogna. 503/281-6096, www.marytapogna.com

75 **Guardino Gallery**
2939 NE Alberta St.

76 **Frock**
2940 NE Alberta St.

77 **Hi-ih**
2927 NE Alberta St.

78 **La Palabra Café-Press**
2921 NE Alberta St.
Letterpress, bookbinding, photography, experimental cinema, international news, coffee, and crêpes. 503/750-1415, www.cafepress.org

79 **Six Days Artist Collective**
2724 NE Alberta St.

80 **Alberta Arts Pavilion**
2315 NE Alberta St.

81 **Tribe of the Winds**
2217 NE Alberta St.

82 **Onda Gallery**
2215 NE Alberta St.

83 **Tumbleweed**
1804 NE Alberta St.

84 **Random Order Coffee House**
1800 NE Alberta St.
It's our pleasure to serve Stumptown coffee, baked goods, sandwiches, and blue-ribbon winning pies.

85 **Optic Nerve Arts**
1829 NE Alberta St.

86 **Mimosa Studios**
1718 NE Alberta St.

87 **Donna & Toots**
1631 NE Alberta St.

88 **Gold Boutique**
1524 NE Alberta St.

89 **Talisman**
1476 NE Alberta St.

90 **Bohio Studio**
1451 NE Alberta St.

91 **Fresh Pot**
4001 N Mississippi Ave.

92 **Pacific Switchboard**
4637 N Albina Ave.
Gallery openings first Wednesday every month. Performance, music, poetry, movies, lectures, togetherness. Open daily.

93 **Interstate Firehouse Cultural Center**
5340 N Interstate Ave.

OFF THE MAP

94 **ORLO**
2516 NW 29th Ave.

95 **Haze 2**
NW 19th Ave. and Quimby St.

96 **Rock Creek Gallery**
Portland Community College - Rock Creek
17705 NW Springville Rd.

97 **Buckley Center Gallery**
University of Portland
5000 N Willamette Blvd.

98 **Contemporary Crafts Museum and Gallery**
3934 SW Corbett Ave.

99 **Hoffman Gallery**
Lewis & Clark College
0615 SW Palatine Hill Rd.

100 **Oregon College of Art and Craft**
8245 SW Barnes Rd.
OCAC is dedicated to excellence in teaching art through craft. Established in 1907, OCAC offers a BFA in Crafts, three certificate programs, and year-round studio classes and workshops for adults and children.

101 **Northview Gallery**
Portland Community College - Sylvania
12000 SW 49th Ave.

102 **Multnomah Arts Center**
7688 SW Capitol Hwy

103 **L&B Gallery**
1215 SW 16th Ave.

104 **Douglas F. Cooley Memorial Art Gallery**
Reed College
3203 SE Woodstock Blvd.
The Cooley Gallery exhibits exemplary historical and contemporary art. Located in Reed's main library, the gallery is open Tuesday-Sunday, noon to 5 p.m. Free and open to the public. For program info visit: <http://web.reed.edu/gallery>

About the PDX ART MAP 2005

This is the first edition of the *Organ's* PDX ART MAP. It was distributed inside 7,000 copies of the Winter 2004 issue of the *Organ* — the Pacific Northwest's best source for great writing on art, culture, and politics! 3,000 additional maps are available in brochure form at the ART sites listed here.

Pat Steeb designed and produced the ART MAP. Patrick Long drew the map. Lisa Gorlin conceived the idea.

Find out more about the *Organ* by writing to: info@organarts.org Or visit: www.organarts.org

Get on the PDX ART MAP 2006!

In 2005-2006, the *Organ* will be published on an irregular schedule, but the *Organ's* totally updated PDX ART MAP 2006 will be released in advance of the 2005 holiday season. Don't miss your chance to be judged by the company you keep, reaching your audience at ART sites, hotels, and other bright spots with the map that's twice as cool as all the rest.

Write: ads@organarts.org Or call: 503-236-2345 to reserve your place today



Eliza beth Leach gallery

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www.elizabethleach.com
503.224.0521

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