

THE OREGONIAN

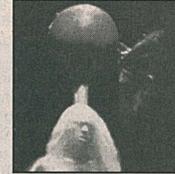
REVIEW OF ARTS

No. 7 SEPTEMBER OCTOBER 2003 FREE

SPECIAL CRAFT FEATURE
Portland's craft history and the women behind it. Plus, artist Malia Jensen in defense of well-crafted art page 3



TBA: PULLING OUT THE STOPS
PICA's groundbreaking performance fest takes over Portland in September. Ryan Boyle, Crystal Williams, Linda Austin and Pablo de Ocampo chat with four of the artists involved page 4



THE ARTIST AS TEACHER
Writer/teacher Stevan Allred visits the classroom of PNCA printmaker and instructor-par-excellence Tom Prochaska page 5



Holy moly (and we don't say that lightly), it's an historic season for Pacific Northwest art fans, for at least two reasons.

On October 9, *Baja to Vancouver: The West Coast and Contemporary Art* will open at the Seattle Art Museum, the first-ever major contemporary art survey to take our entire coast as its subject. From the color photographs of body-waxed Baja party girls by Tijuana's Yvonne Venegas to the faux-Amerindian totems sculpted by Nike Air Jordan sneakers by Vancouver's Brian Jungen (both reproduced at right), the included works will reflect the curators' dual agenda of throwing light on the West Coast's distinctive "physical and social landscapes" and figuring the region as a player in global art discourse.

It's a big task to unite these aims, not to mention write a new chapter in the history of a place whose unifying myth is that yesterday doesn't matter. No wonder it required the collaborative effort of five curators and four art institutions: Ralph Rugoff and Matthew Higgs of the CCA Wattis Institute for Contemporary Arts in San Francisco, Toby Kamps from the Museum of Contemporary Art San Diego, Daina Augaitis from the Vancouver Art Gallery and Lisa Corrin from the Seattle Art Museum.

With their collective clout, the show will undoubtedly raise the profiles of the 33 artists as well as West Coast art centers generally (representing Portland are interdisciplinary artists Harrell Fletcher and Miranda July, filmmaker Matt McCormick and painter Michael Brophy). Ideally, *B2V* will also successfully elude the quicksands of institutional diplomacy and spark new thoughts about the myths that unify and divide the place, the dream and the consciousness that we call the West Coast.

To the right, we're pleased to print an interview with one of *B2V*'s curators, Seattle Art Museum deputy director and curator of modern and contemporary art, Lisa Corrin. Having launched her curatorial career with the legendary Mining the Museum: An Installation by Fred Wilson for the Contemporary Museum in Baltimore in 1992, Corrin has continued to demonstrate chutzpah and canniness in her curatorial stints at London's Serpentine Gallery and, for the past two-and-a-half years, at SAM. She is interviewed by Stephanie Snyder, the new director of Reed College's Cooley Gallery, who is already winning local accolades for *Bibliocosmos*, her just-opened exhibit of book art by local and international artists (see *A Little Bird Said* . . . , page 2). We think you'll enjoy listening in as these powerhouse intellects talk shop.

On October 11, *Core Sample* will open in warehouses and galleries all over Portland. With twenty-plus exhibits comprising work by approximately 100 artists, it will be the most in-depth showing of contemporary Portland art — and a remarkably creatively leveraged one. (And more important, it looks like it's gonna be good.)

Rather than the brute geologic plug that the name implies, *Core Sample* has taken shape as a controlled stone soup, stocked early on with bones that include a 200-plus-page catalog with a lead essay by Whitney Museum curator Lawrence Rinder.

The bearer of the cauldron is Randy Gragg, former art critic and now architecture columnist for *The Oregonian*, who got the idea earlier this year to take a snapshot of what he felt was the most energetic Portland art scene in memory. Terri Hopkins of Marylhurst University's Art Gym brought the first carrot — her gallery space and assistance raising funds; the literarily well-connected Matthew Stadler and Rich Jensen of Clear Cut Press contributed stock with their offer to edit and publish the catalog; philanthropists and gallerists pitched in space and money; and about a score of artists and curators came up with some terrific exhibition concepts.

Among them are Michael Brophy's show on the theme of "The Hunt," Stephanie Snyder's examination of the use of cast-off objects in local artists' work and Jeff Jahn's look at art romantically tied to the natural environment. Former Portland Art Museum curator Prudence Roberts and paint-maker Robert Gamblin have even developed a survey of a century of portrayals of Oregon's landscape, focusing on materials and methods, which could break new ground in regional art history.

Naturally, the *Organ* is not letting this event pass by unheralded. To the right, we share a preliminary dispatch on the state of the Portland art scene from *Core Sample* essayist Lawrence Rinder. And on page 3, in our "Crafty and Crafter" feature, you'll find an interview between *Core Sample* curator Jon Raymond and artist Malia Jensen, whose work will appear in his *Crafty* exhibit.

Now, without further ado, please tuck in!

Take a Left at the Taco-Bell . . .

HOW FIVE CURATORS MAPPED THE LAND, LIFE, AND ART OF TODAY'S WEST COAST: SAM'S LISA CORRIN TAKES COOLEY GALLERY'S STEPHANIE SNYDER BEHIND THE SCENES

Stephanie Snyder: In print and on the Web site, *Baja to Vancouver* doesn't read like a typical survey show. What was the organizing/curatorial philosophy? Lisa Corrin: The objective of the exhibition was to look at how artists up and down the West Coast are exploring in their work what it means to live here now. Many regional biennials turn out to be about trying to pinpoint a specific regionalist aesthetic. With artists operating in a global climate and having access to a vast landscape of information, a global artistic lingua franca has emerged and it is no longer meaningful to search for such regionalisms. The curatorial philosophy of the five of the *B2V* curators was to go forth with a totally open mind without knowing where we would end up and to create an exhibition with a concise and cogent argument that will be made through the juxtaposi-

tion of carefully selected works of art. We didn't know what the exhibition would be until we looked at the bodies of work of hundreds of artists.

How did the curators interface? Were different pieces of the show put together by separate curators? Or as a group?

The idea for the exhibition was Ralph Rugoff's. He shared it with me two years ago when we both moved from London to the West Coast. After the Seattle Art Museum agreed to participate, the other two institutions came on board very quickly. There has been enormous curiosity about the project nationally ever since we came out about our collaboration.

All five curators wanted to participate to become even more conversant with the enormous range of art that is being created in the region and to see what the commonalities might be, if any, in terms of what artists were addressing.

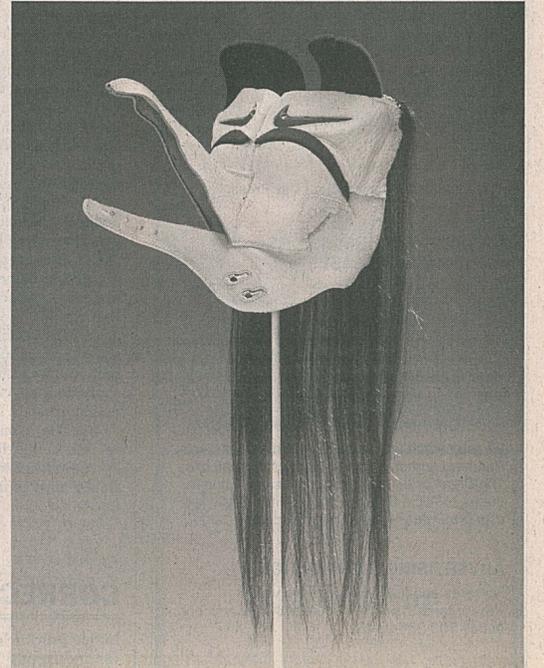
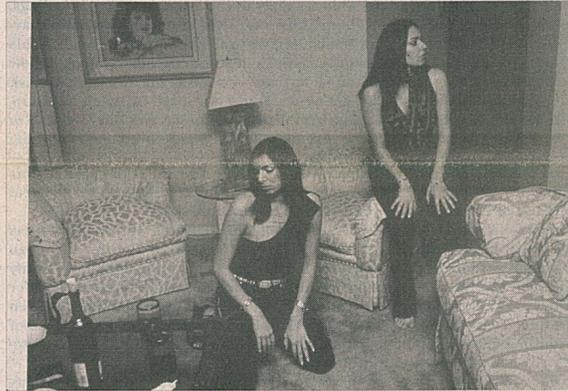
As a newcomer to the area, I wanted to totally immerse myself in what was happening in studios since I had been living abroad for almost five years. This project has left me far more educated than when I arrived in Seattle in 2001. However, things are changing so fast. For example, a new generation of terrific young artists is in Seattle adding fresh vitality to the city and building upon the legacy of a very distinguished group of predecessors. Who knows

which artists will come to the city to stay because of the work this group is doing to attract national attention. It is especially impossible to keep up with everything going on in L.A. and Vancouver.

The curators met monthly in a different West Coast city for almost 18 months. The first phase of our research was a series of "slide slams." We did a lot of independent research prior to the meetings and pooled the information by showing images of what our "field work" turned up along the way. Sometimes we looked at hundreds of slides over a weekend. Eventually we made a list of specific works and particular artists who we were interested in seeing. In some cities, we saw as many as 60 artists over three days! We've seen every single object in the show, and we've all done studio visits with every single artist. We also agreed from the outset that every curator had to agree on every artist and every work on the final checklist. Many people have been surprised that the checklist does not have the "usual suspects." That is because of our process and because it isn't about who we think are the top artists in the region or the hot artists to bet on.

The exhibition is not a survey show, and it was very important to us that we really believed in each artist and could stand behind his or her existing body of work. There were emerging artists we really respected who have produced very little and others whose work did not ultimately fit the

YVONNE VENEGAS, UNTITLED, FROM THE SERIES THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BRIDES OF BAJA CALIFORNIA, COLOR PHOTOGRAPH



BRIAN JUNGEN, PROTOTYPE FOR NEW UNDERSTANDING #2, 1999, NIKE AIR JORDAN SNEAKERS, HAIR

exhibition theme we thought was the most urgent to present. We wanted the exhibition to breathe and for works to play off one another so we had to finely hone the range of what we would include. The final discussions between the curators were rigorous and were as much about the integrity of the exhibition argument as about ensuring that the works of art would have real impact in the very different spaces

BAJA TO VANCOUVER / continued on page 6

The Beaver Has Landed

WHITNEY CURATOR SAYS PORTLAND DOESN'T SWEAT, IT GLOWS

by Lawrence Rinder

As curator of contemporary art at the Whitney Museum of American Art, Lawrence Rinder curated the 2000 and 2002 Whitney Biennials and this summer's *The American Effect: Global Perspectives on the United States, 1990-2003*. In late spring, while in Portland to give the commencement speech at his alma mater, Reed College, Rinder took the opportunity to tour the Portland art scene. Here's what he had to say.

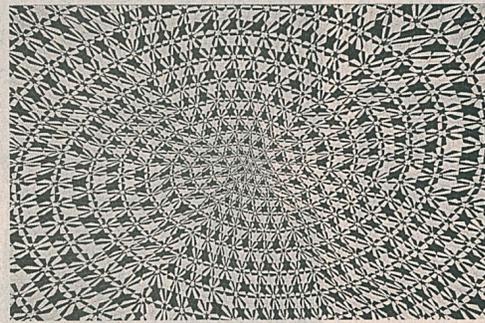
Just flew in from New York. Finished Lee Williams' *After Nirvana* on the plane. Can't wait to check out the toilet in Washington Park, the "slither paths," the fountain and the traffic circle and all the other spots his characters haunt. Williams' Portland is a sleazy sexual utopia. As unfamiliar as that particular experience of the city may or may not be to me, I now feel as if it is my own. When Gertrude Stein complained to Picasso that his now-famous 1906 portrait didn't look anything like her, he responded simply, "It will." So we arrive where art leads us. I arrive back in Portland.

Things have changed. There's a new Chinese garden in Old Town, which has been renamed the Pearl District. They made the totems that mark the bus lines smaller, an unnecessary concession to clarity: gone are the days when a scattering of raindrops, a proud stag, a rose or a rampant beaver told you all you needed to know about where you were going. On the bright side are the new streetcars, so pint-sized and efficient I'd be glad to ride them just for fun.

Almost everyone I meet is unemployed. Despite the poverty there is no revolution in the air. Most folks are still getting unemployment insurance, so despite the worn-out shoes and broken-down-and-

not-soon-to-be-repaired cars, a lot of art is getting done. A whole city as subsidized artists' colony, as one native described it to me. Lots of time for listening to records, for gazing at the Pink Tower, for drinking at Hung Far Low. And for making art like no one has dreamed of before.

Here, a lot of people make art for, and with, people. It's a very social scene. I've seen such



MICHAEL KNUTSON, BLACK/WHITE TETRA COIL, 2000, OIL ON CANVAS

things abroad, in Europe especially, where all an artwork needs to do, it seems, is provide a place to sit. Hanging out may be a novel social form in Paris or Düsseldorf but, God willing, it is familiar enough to the laid-back citizens of Portland to never need an aesthetic frame. Happily, Portland's version of this new communal tendency is rather more textured than one finds overseas. At Michael Hebb's restaurant Ripe, for example, the family-supper-as-

performance-piece is unabashedly and deliciously well-to-do. At Harrell Fletcher and Miranda July's Web site *Learning to Love You More*, you're not allowed to socialize without performing some minimal creative act like drawing a dress. Attend one of Amos Latteier's performance-lectures and you might actually learn something new.

Given such idiosyncrasy and reward, I wonder at filmmaker duo Bill Daniel and Vanessa Renwick's exhaustion with the scene. Honestly, I've been around and it doesn't get much better than this. Others, too, though, can't seem to find the pulse. San Francisco's Chris Johanson thought about moving here but didn't. Matthew Stadler, global culture sleuth, shrinks from most Portland sociality (minus the occasional barbecue). He seems uneasy with

the comfort of like minds. Meanwhile, that maestro of the social, Red76 Arts Group organizer Sam Gould, has moved away to Chicago. Too bad. The Regional Arts and Culture Council should make a counteroffer for him if they're serious about nurturing culture in this town. Or just seal the borders when he tries to leave. Maybe like Fletcher and July and Stadler, Gould can be allowed to come

RINDER / continued on page 6

Race Is the New Race

REPORT FROM THE VENICE BIENNALE

by Domenick Ammirati

The Italians have caught on to 50 Cent even later than I have. The record dropped in December; I bought a copy in rainy March or April, on the L train platform at Sixth Avenue from a Latina woman squatting over a blue blanket collaged with the shabby color xeroxing of bootleg CDs and DVDs. But come Florence and its blazing June, "21 Questions" is still all over MTV Italia, and "In Da Club" still thuds from passing cars like you're walking through a medieval Brooklyn. In search of an apple fritter stand I frequented years ago, we pass through the famous market of San Lorenzo; "In Da Club" thumps from stall after stall, and rarely in sync. It's the song of the summer, especially if your summer's spent peddling to plump-thighed tourists, mostly American. For you I make very good price: Totti and Beckham jerseys, Duomo T-shirts, full-length aprons printed with neck-to-kneecap views of nude statues or bikini models female and male; scanty halters, web belts in fetching colors (I got preppy stripes, grey on white; very boss) and all types of leather, for which the market is best known. Among the handbags are, amusingly, knockoffs of Louis Vuitton bags designed by Takashi Murakami, who with two canvases and a twee Louis Vuitton-sponsored video snagged title billing alongside Rauschenberg in Francesco Bonami's painting show in Venice. We'll be going to see it very soon.

It's easy to forget that San Lorenzo surrounds a 500-year-old church; it's just a stolid, drab brown mass in the middle of the hullabaloo, just there, like a roll-top desk in a party-mobbed living room. It affords little shade, but people crouch in its mar-

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

The recent discussion in the May/June issue of the *Organ* (#5) addressing Mayor Vera Katz's new Cultural Economy Initiative and Portland's creative potential presented a disappointingly limited understanding of creativity. An instinctual force, creativity is more than talent and those specialists who claim to possess that talent. Creativity is the external manifestation of the unfettered imagination that we all possess.

Essentially, Katz's new economic scheme is just another assault on the imagination and an attempt to exploit it for monetary gain. Financial rather than cultural, Katz's sole focus is to attract privileged white hipsters and well-groomed bohemians, today's most enduring consumers, and to transform a city with artistic and revolutionary potential into a fruitless commercial domain.

Rather than focus on establishing and sustaining an environment in which these lifestyle leeches would want to live, it would do more for the civic culture to focus on letting the people who are already here create an environment in which they would want to live. If we really want to talk about developing culture we must first talk about destroying restraints. In response to Katz's plan we propose the following Cultural Recovery Initiative:

1. The abolition of repressive compulsory schooling, which would be replaced by the development of a community emphasis on supporting individuality and creative expression among youth.
2. The abolition of codes that restrict creative expression, such as the ban on murals and graffiti and building codes that render it impossible for people to craft homes or living environments outside of the city's lifeless standards.
3. The abolition of all codes aimed against the homeless, which would enable the spread of truly inventive groups such as Dignity Village and the various squatter communities.
4. The immediate cancellation of all gentrification plans, especially those directed at the Old Town District.
5. The reclaiming of little-used roads and commons throughout the city for creative, agricultural, recreational or natural spaces, thus eliminating the supremacy of cars and generating more intimate neighborhoods.
6. The complete socialization of the city's wealth, being that the human imagination, bound by capitalism, will never be able to burst into full flower until capitalism and the state lie in smoldering ruins.

The Portland Surrealist Group

CORRECTIONS

In our preview of the Oregon Biennial (*Organ* #6), we incorrectly reported that photographer Ann Kendall was represented by Blue Sky Gallery. Kendall serves on Blue Sky's board; she is not represented by a gallery.

In addition, we failed to attribute Kendall's "Words to Live By" ("Keep looking — what's out there is always changing") to the photographer Robert Frank.

The Organ sincerely regrets these errors.

Tin House Responds

EVIDENCE IN: WRITERS WORKSHOP MANUFACTURED A GREAT SUCCESS

by Rob Spillman

In early July, a few days before the start of the *Tin House* Summer Writers Workshop, I learned that Matthew Stadler had declared me and the other festival organizers guilty of crimes against art ("Manufacturing Contact," *Organ* #6). The usually astute and lucid Stadler asserted that the students, faculty members and readers were about to participate in an illusory dance to the tune of "the pious rigamarole of education" and everyone involved would have more meaningful "contact" at a porn theater. I'm well aware that there is a circuit of literary festivals out there, many of which peddle "contact" with celebrity authors in the guise of creating an entrée into the literary world, but I was surprised to see Stadler lumping *Tin House* and many of his friends in with the hucksters. According to enthusiastic participants and visitors who talked to me during and after the festival, our attempt to "manufacture contact" among writers succeeded in doing exactly that — creating a weeklong dialogue and lab where craft and inspiration were paramount. Had Stadler written the piece after the festival — rather than prejudging it before fleeing to the safety of his beach house to work on his novel — he might have agreed.

What seemed to particularly annoy Stadler was the notion that anyone should have to pay to hear presentations by locals like Todd Haynes, Miranda July or Charles D'Ambrosio, who, according to Stadler, "usually give it away." Stadler was also railed by our using the classrooms and dormitories at Reed College, where we sited the festival (Stadler suggested we hold it somewhere "downtown" and for free). Besides the insult to his friends, I wonder how Stadler thinks the festival participants, who came from all over the country, could otherwise access Portland's local talent and where they would stay. Perhaps next year Stadler could provide housing for these 100 guests, maybe put 50 at each residence and we'll chip in for transportation. Just watch out — those scholarship students will eat you out of house and home.

While usually precise in his criticism, Stadler painted everyone with a broad brush in his pre-critique of the festival, coloring students as deluded dilettantes and faculty members as cynical predators. For the students, he argues that the conference set out to create an illusion, a "fantasy writer's life" where there is "no day job." However, the students weren't daydreamers who suddenly woke up from their office cubicles thinking, "Gee, I'd love to be a writer! If I go to the *Tin House* festival I'm sure I'll turn into one." All of them had been writing for years, some with extensive education and publishing experience behind them. Of our cynical staff, specifically Lorrie Moore and Chris Offutt, Stadler writes, "You'll find them teaching — and not taking — summer workshops because that's where the real contact occurs. As the train pulls away, Chris isn't taking his place at the big table to discuss Lorrie's new story, he's looking for the bar car." If Stadler had bothered to attend, he could have joined the spontaneous discussion of Lorrie's story after her reading, which began with Chris arguing that some of her humor was too easy (though he was going to wait to read the finished story on paper before passing final judgment). As the free-wheeling post-reading conversation between students and faculty continued, the question of whether this "contact" was manufactured — less "real" than Stadler's tableau of boozing it up on the train with his accomplished writer buddies — seemed patently absurd.

Do writing conferences function by "manufacturing contact"? Absolutely. But there are many festivals out there, ours included, that create these artificial worlds not in order to line the pockets of our cynical writer friends with the hard-earned money of deluded aspiring writers. Some of us have actually had our lives and our work changed by spending time at literary conferences. Since *Tin House* publishes a magazine as well as books, we felt that we were already more engaged with the real world than most literary festivals that operate



ILLUSTRATION BY CYNTHIA M. STAR

in the educational, tail-chasing ether. Our goal with the festival was to further engage the community in a dialogue about writing and the meaning of writing. By "community" I mean the national literate community as well as the Portland artistic community. That's why we brought in great writers who also happen to be great teachers and who are also engaged with a greater dialogue with the real world. Perhaps that's why we invited politically and artistically engaged local artists, including Matthew Stadler, to participate.

So why create a sanctuary for the festival? Why have it at Reed versus under the Burnside Bridge? For those with no beach houses, and for those who do have day jobs, sanctuary is vitally important. The real world is a brutal place for the writer. Temporary escape is essential. What Stadler sniffs at as "the allure of isolation and remove" is a real thing for struggling writers taking a week off from their moneymaking gigs.

For the *Tin House* festival, we purposefully created a nonhierarchical structure, where everyone stayed on the Reed campus, where all of the meals were communal, most everyone eating outdoors at picnic tables where students and faculty could easily mix. The majority of the faculty decided to take in all of the panels, seminars and readings (two each day). Writers with no involvement in the festival, like Ron Hansen and Barry Lopez, dropped in for a few days simply to catch the panels and readings.

Toni Morrison writes of the importance of having someone give you "permission to write." This person can be a teacher, friend, relative, fellow writer — anyone who gives you the push to risk being a writer. Writing is a self-inflicted hardship, an ego-brutalizing business. For one week, *Tin House* created a bubble where everyone is nothing but a writer, where everyone is given the space — the permission — to be a writer. If the participants then choose to carry this confidence into the real world, we will have succeeded.

Or, as one of Chris Offutt's workshop students put it: "My sense of myself as a writer has been shaky for a long time, and you revived faith in my artistic abilities, as well as rejuvenated my love for the craft. In three sessions with you I have taken away more than I have learned in my two years of graduate school, and for that I will be forever grateful."

For me, the festival succeeded beyond my wildest hopes. Both the students and faculty were engaged and excited by the week of events. Being part of the dialogue reminded me why I edit a literary magazine, why I run a book imprint, why I try to help others create art and why I try to create art in the face of elitists who judge people not by their work but by their connections, their access, their "contact."

Perhaps next year Judge Stadler will get off of his high white horse, leave his beach house and join the discussion.

Rob Spillman is the editor of *Tin House Magazine*.

A Little Bird Said . . .

THINGS TO LOOK FORWARD TO

Bibliocosmos: Reed College's Cooley Gallery presents existing and newly acquired works from its extensive private collection of illustrated books, fine-press editions and handmade books. Marc Chagall, Fernand Léger, George Grosz, Hans Haacke and John Cage join Portland artists Cynthia Lahti, Eric Stotik, Charm Bracelet, Inge Bruggeman and Melody Owen. Through Oct. 5. 3203 SE Woodstock Blvd.

Bwana Spoons: Artist, illustrator and publisher of the standout art, music and skateboard culture zine *Pencil Fight*, Spoons presents *Greetings from Forest Island*, a "beautiful salad of acrylic, glaze, spray and paper on wood and things found at the beach," along with 130 illustrations from his upcoming book. Through September. Genuine Imitation Gallery, 328 NW Broadway #116.

Artists and Maps: Cartography as a Means of Knowing: Works by William Kentridge, Geraldine Lau, Mark R. Smith, Robert Calvo and others, with lectures by Canadian artist Landon MacKenzie and New York-based Joyce Kozloff. Sept. 4-Oct. 19. Hoffman Gallery, Lewis and Clark College, 0615 SW Palatine Hill Rd.

Nick Blosser: Evoking American painters Milton Avery, Marsden Hartley and Arthur Dove, the Tennessee-based Blosser's egg-tempera-on-panel paintings seem to speak in a soft Southern drawl, depicting the luminous energy of rural landscapes with a quiet, earnest grace. Sept. 9-Oct. 4. PDX, 604 NE 12th Ave.

Portland Design Festival: Mayor Vera Katz will launch the Portland Design Festival, the Cultural Economy Initiative's showcase of Portland's design community, which will include an awards ceremony, the *Design Genome* exhibit and panel discussions. Sept. 10-21. www.pdxdesigncollaborative.com.

Time-Based Art Festival: Portland Institute for Contemporary Art will condense a season of local and international performance art into its first annual festival. Sept. 12-21 (see feature, page 4). www.pica.org.

Fife a la pœar: Consume fine wine, food and desserts to benefit pœar, the art education program for homeless youth. Sept. 14. Fife restaurant, 4440 NE Fremont St. \$50. Tickets 503-228-6677.

PICA: In the wake of the TBA Fest, PICA will present "From Here to There," a conversation among curators from the West Coast, including Randy Gragg, Bruce Guenther and Jeff Jahn. Oct. 18, 4 p.m. Wieden + Kennedy Atrium, 224 NW 13th Ave.

Collaborative Poetics Festival: Performance Works Northwest and Spare Room Collective will co-host the Collaborative Poetics Festival, two evenings of performances and readings created through collaborations among writers and artists, Oct. 3-4, 8 p.m. Performance Works NW, 4625 SE 67th Ave. josephbradshaw@hotmail.com.

Baja to Vancouver: Five curators from four art institutions present the first-ever major survey of contemporary art along the entire West Coast (see interview, page 1). Runs Oct. 9-Jan. 4 at the Seattle Art Museum, then travels to Vancouver, San Francisco and San Diego. www.seattleartmuseum.org.

Core Sample: The "institution for a week" unleashes 20-plus exhibits of recent Portland art in venues around the city, from the Marylhurst Art Gym to Seaplane. Oct. 11-19 (see related stories, page 1 and 3). www.coresample.info.

NEW PEOPLE, PLACES, SERIES

Southeast Art Bank: Five art venues in 10 blocks of inner Southeast Portland have formed the Southeast Art Bank. Newspaper Gallery, the Hall Gallery, Centospace, the Basement Pub and Tiny's present work by emerging Portland artists, now with openings on the first Friday of every month, starting Sept. 5, 6 p.m. to 11 p.m.

Savage: As reported by *The Oregonian*, Tracy Savage plans an early September opening for her new gallery in the inner Southeast industrial district. Roughly one-third the size of the swank Pearl District gallery she closed five months ago under debt pressures, the new space will emphasize private sales and forego regular monthly exhibit rotations.

GOODBYES AND TRANSITIONS

Four Wall Cinema Collective: 4WCC, the well-loved avant-garde film screening series, is dead; long live the Cinema Project and Lighthouse Cinema. Citing the need to work on their own films, founding members Pam Minty and Alain LeTourneau will gear down to a six-month screening series in their 49-seat theater at 425 SE 3rd Ave., now called Lighthouse Cinema. 4WCC's remaining members, Pablo de Ocampo, Autumn Campbell and Jeremy Rossen, continue shifting up with the Cinema Project, a full season of "innovative film and video from past and present" showing at Million, 120 NE Russell St. and other locations around town. www.lighthousecinema.org, www.cinemaproject.org.

Soundvision: The short-lived but respected Everet Station Lofts gallery will close its doors in November following *Genometrics*, the first of a three-part multimedia installation series created by proprietor T.J. Norris in collaboration with sound composers from other lands. Good luck to Norris, whose next stops are artist residencies in Germany and the Netherlands. Sept. 3-Oct. 18. 625 NW Everett St. #108. Gallery hours, Friday-Saturday 12 p.m. to 6 p.m. and by appointment. Closing party Oct. 2, 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.

SUBMISSIONS REQUESTED

La Palabra Café-Press: Portland's newest arts resource center welcomes submissions for its trimestral publication, *The Cereal Box Review*, a journal of "breakfast philosophy" shaped like a cereal box. La Palabra also invites poets and filmmakers to collaborate on poetry-related media presentations for an upcoming screening series. www.lapalabracafe.com.

Spectaculum: Endi Felicia Hartigan and Patrick Hartigan, recipients of a 2001 Literary Arts, Inc. Fellowship to Publishers, have dispatched the first issue of *Spectaculum*. The journal focuses on long poems, series and other copious poetry projects by Portland writers. Inquiries to 927 SE 45th Ave., Portland, OR 97215.

a "City of Roses" comic strip Another Riot

Text from an article in the *Oregonian*, April 12, 1851
Drawn by Khris Soden

On Thursday, a serious and brutal riot again disgraced our city. Several hands from the steamer *Goliath* became intoxicated and commenced a general fight on shore amongst themselves which resulted in



Who in return, stabbed with a dirk knife, Henry Wood, fireman,

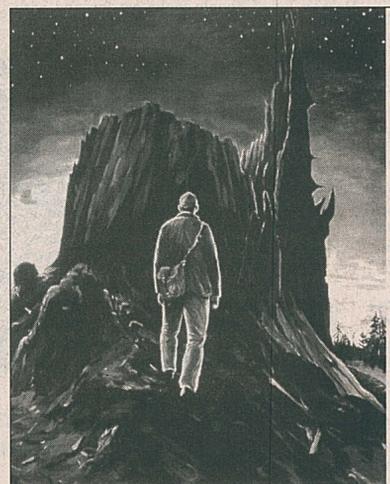
Robbin has been arrested and Wood is still alive but there is little hope of recovery.



This is another evidence of the bad effects of drunkenness. We hope our city authorities will enact some law to prevent future disgrace to this place from drunken brawls and human butchery in our streets.



The *Goliath* (also referred to as the *Goliath*) was a steamboat that traveled to Portland from New York. Rumor around Portland was that the *Goliath* would start making regular trips between Portland and San Francisco, but this visit proved to be the crew's single stop in Portland. For questions, comments, corrections or information on walking tours, contact Khris Soden at khris@boschs.org.



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THE LEGACY OF CRAFT

You may remember the Oregon driftwood artist played by John Malkovich on Saturday Night Live sometime in the high-grunge era. Hunkering down in his chair on the mock talk show, clad in a flannel shirt, hiking boots and shorts over long johns, Malkovich's character cradled a sea-weathered hunk of wood in his hands, and, in the half-amazed drawl of a habitual pot smoker, described his patient, exacting search for the log's immanent form — I believe, a squirrel and its "nest."

The Northwest has a deserved reputation as a vigorous center of craft culture, a legacy that is both blessing and burden. We explore both sides of the coin in this special feature on craft.

What is craft? Many things: a knitted tea cozy, a Breuer chair, a Kwakiutl basket, a couture gown, depending on whom you ask. But perhaps more than anything, craft is, and always has been, endangered. One can imagine thousands of years ago a Kwakiutl woman drawing her daughter's attention to an especially comely basket woven by an elderwoman, and the implied warning of generational lapse.

At the end of the 19th century, however, this threat gained a new urgency in the aftermath of the Industrial Revolution, as the replacement of artisanal culture by factories motivated the Arts and Crafts movement to come to craft's defense. Since then, the handcrafted object has continued to hold and build its talismanic power, coming to the aid of interestingly divergent social agendas, from the back-to-the-land movement to selling luxury cars — and most recently, in the antiglobalist, sisterhood-is-powerful cozying-up of young, urban women at knitting circles and beading parties.

As artists such as Andy Warhol, Jeff Koons and others have shown — with differing degrees of irony — craft has even extended its aura to mass-produced objects, including disposable kitsch. With factory-

produced shoes, crystal beverage services, decorative figurines and cars having in many cases achieved, or at least convincingly simulated, a degree of aesthetic and functional refinement similar to that of, say, a Shaker table or hand-fired raku tea set, so have they attracted a similar response of nostalgic affection and awe.

The complications craft causes for fine art, and vice versa, are legion. To the fine artist, craft is a kind of doppelgänger, a threatening muse. Artists have always drawn inspiration from well-crafted objects, whether the burnished silver rendered with optical precision in Northern Renaissance painting, Picasso's guitars or, to take a contemporary example, the Rhode Island collaborative Forcefield's knitted bodysuits. Equally, fine artists have aspired to "mastery" on their own terms, a word that derives from an earlier time when artwork was produced (like any other craft) by workers under a master.

Yet, as much as craft haunts fine art, to confuse the two is an embarrassment. The artist's measure is "genius" rather than skill and, increasingly, the aim of deconstructing culture generally (sometimes without regard for objects) rather than refining it within a particular medium. Which is sort of too bad — the embarrassment of confusion, I mean — especially in a region with as rich a craft tradition as ours.

Perhaps someday, people will watch that old Saturday Night Live skit and have no idea what the joke is, because the Northwest will have become the center of a highly developed driftwood art culture, our great grandchildren grown rich off eBay proceeds from heirloom Saturday Market bird feeders. We can hope.

Meantime, craft is alive and well and its meanings are as hotly contested as ever. Long live craft, forever endangered.

Made in Portland

A HISTORY OF HANDICRAFT FROM 1907 TO NOW

by Susan Beal

Thandi Rosenbaum, co-founder of the popular Tuesday night craft circle held at the Delta Cafe on SE Woodstock Boulevard, visited New York City recently. When she told someone she was from Portland, he asked, "So which is it: are you in a band, or do you do crafts?"

Nocturnal, an all-ages music venue on East Burnside, also hosts a weekly craft night. Midweek nights were slow when the club first opened in November 2002, and as art director and booker Seann McKeel explains, "It started out as a joke. One Wednesday I looked over to see the cook cutting out sewing patterns on the bar while the waitress knitted, and I asked, 'What is this, craft night?' We put it in our ads for the next week, and suddenly it was so crowded!"

From informal craft circles in coffee shops and parks to stylish fashion and furniture design exhibitions in galleries and boutiques, craftmaking is abundant in Portland these days. But this recent upsurge is just the latest chapter in the history of Portland's rich, ever-evolving craft community.

In the late 19th century, the Industrial Revolution displaced the traditional work of craftspeople and artisans; suddenly everything from dresses to chairs was mass-produced in factories. The Arts and Crafts movement arose in England and the United States in response to this unprecedented shift, elevating well-designed and finely crafted handmade work above common mass-produced goods. The movement also questioned the previously rigid boundaries dividing fine art and functional craft, later influencing the Bauhaus and other mid-cen-

Smith brought in 126 unemployed people, "training a great many of them" to make "the furniture, the rugs, the draperies, the decorations, murals, wood carvings, wrought iron . . . every type of crafts. We wove thousands of yards, literally, of hand-woven fabrics." The work, using exclusively Oregon materials, was done in a hastily thrown together studio in the First Commerce Building across from Skidmore Fountain in downtown Portland and on-site on the mountain. The project's luxurious interior was finished just before President Roosevelt dedicated the lodge in 1937. Smith said years later, "It was really [my mother's] training of me that made it possible for me to work on this big craft project. My mother's idea was to bring artists and the public together. So it was a natural for me."

Another Portland woman, Lydia Herrick Hodge, founded the Oregon Ceramic Studio (OCS) in 1937 with a group of her fellow University of Oregon alumnae. OCS's application for WPA help in constructing a studio facility was initially denied. But after Margery Hoffman Smith loaned her support, the project was approved. The city of Portland provided an empty four-lot site on SW Corbett Avenue at a nominal price in exchange for Hodge's promise to fire all the clay artwork of the city's schoolchildren, and the WPA used leftover materials from Timberline Lodge to build a modern wood and glass building. The OCS space was used for ceramic studio work as well as exhibitions, sales of clay and other art materials, and lectures. It also had the largest public kiln west of Denver, which served the Arts and Crafts Society's members as well.



JULIA HOFFMANN, SELF-PORTRAIT (1895), AND HER PHOTOGRAPH OF HER NATIVE AMERICAN ART COLLECTION (C. 1895)



tury art and design schools.

Unlike most industries and disciplines, craft became an arena in which women could lead. Up until this point, sewing, embroidery and other handwork were done and taught privately in the home. The Arts and Crafts movement opened up the first significant opportunities for women to teach, discuss and exhibit their work in public. And, for the first time, this work was recognized for its artistic merit as well as its craftsmanship. Here in Portland in the early 20th century, the hard work and remarkable vision of a few women created a craft community that continues to thrive nearly a hundred years later.

Julia Hoffman, Portland photographer, weaver, painter, metalsmith and sculptor, founded the Arts and Crafts Society (ACS) in 1907, undertaking a mission "to educate the community in the value and creation of fine craft." Society members hosted classes and art events at their homes, and summer programs brought noted artists to lecture and teach. Hoffman also envisioned a gallery space to exhibit regional craft.

In the late 1930s, as the ACS continued to grow, Hoffman's daughter Margery Hoffman Smith began a monumental task: designing the interior architecture, furnishings and decoration of the new Timberline Lodge, which the Works Progress Administration (WPA) was building on Mt. Hood.

Launching this ambitious project during the worst years of the Depression could not have been easy, but as Hodge said, "We stick our necks out. We are venturesome, willing to take the consequences and take the bruises." By 1949, OCS had begun hosting biennial ceramic shows as well as rotating craft shows and had started an artist-in-residence program.

In 1952 the Arts and Crafts Society merged with the Metal Guild and Allied Art organizations and moved to a large home in Northwest Portland. Ten years later the ACS purchased an old chiropractic hospital at NW 18th Avenue and Hoyt Street, which became a crafts school offering classes in a variety of disciplines. A small shop and gallery showcased both students' and regional artists' work — Julia Hoffman's dream was finally realized.

The 1960s also saw the expansion of the Oregon Ceramic Studio's gallery and workspace under the directorship of Ken Shores. OCS changed its name to Contemporary Crafts Gallery in 1965 and exhibited cutting-edge shows of textiles, glass and furniture throughout the decade. The artist-in-residence program was formalized, with each residency culminating in a show of the work created at the studio. As the largest population of Portland students ever, the baby boom generation, sent their thousands of unwieldy small clay animals and pots to be fired,

CRAPTS IN PORTLAND / continued on page 8

Investing in the Object

ARTIST MALIA JENSEN TALKS ON ART V. CRAFT

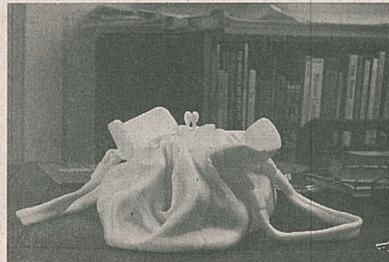
One of the perennial conversations in the world of visual art is the one about the difference between "art" and "craft." "What is art?" every generation asks. "What is craft?" "Is one better than the other?"

Over the past century this ancient debate has been taken up by everyone from the Bauhaus to Los Angeles' "abject" artists and arguably continues to inform the decisions of almost anyone practicing art on the West Coast today.

This summer, *Organ* contributor Jon Raymond sat down with artist Malia Jensen to discuss this timeworn topic in preparation for *Crafty*, a group show curated by Raymond for the upcoming *Core Sample* extravaganza. *Crafty* will feature work by Jensen, Storm Tharp, Cynthia Lahti and Erin Long.

Raymond: I'm curious, in realistic terms, about what you see as the problem of being described as a craft-influenced artist? Why might an artist want to avoid that label? Why is the word "craft" considered pejorative in a fine arts context?

Jensen: Well, the word "craft" has a lot of meanings. Craft and fine art come from different places. The craft tradition is based in work that's functional, maybe socially driven or economically driven. But there are other meanings of "craft," too. When you say of an artwork that it's "well-crafted," for instance, I have never considered any of the things that I make to be crafts, but I certainly consider the craft of it. So the difference is partly just intention.



MALIA JENSEN, PURSE (IN SOAP), VULPES FULVA FULVA (DETAIL)

So, one definition of craft — as a cultural thing — is pejorative, and the other — as a technical facility — isn't.

Actually, they can both be pejorative. In either case you are limiting the work in a way. When you put something in the camp of "well-craftedness" you could be saying it's anti-intellectual, it's merely well-made. "Well-made" by this definition is antithetical to work that is more conceptually based. I think the issue involves a historical prejudice that values the labor of ideas over the labor of handcraftsmanship. Where does that bias come from, do you think?

Besides, class? I, think, it goes back to a critical tradition that flourishes more on the East Coast, to be simple about it. Because of the cultural and academic institutions there, a certain conversation occurs that's much more developed than in other places. There's a publishing industry there that needs stuff to talk about and write about. Critics love work that needs a lot of explaining. Not that they're really going to explain it. People on the East Coast also have a different relationship to space. Space is more limited and so is time. Resources are more limited. The relationship to materials is more abstract. Why make it when you can buy it?

So to call something "well-crafted" is in a sense to place it outside a certain critical discourse. To make it unrecognizable as intellectual work.

You can look at something that's well-made and you can think that's just the point of it, and then you're done and you don't need to dig another layer. To look at something that way cuts off the dialogue.

The labor becomes the only kind of meaning. But that's even an intellectualizing of the process, to say the labor is the meaning. That makes it almost seem conceptual. It just sort of . . . is. There's lots of work being done where the labor is the meaning in a self-conscious kind of way. Like the guy who writes the number down for every day on the canvas.

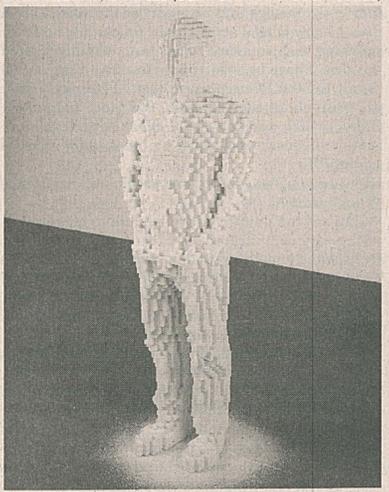
Someone like On Kawara. Or like Tom Friedman. Friedman's work does foreground the labor. You look at all those spaghetti end to end or the car crash made out of paper and the first thing you see is the novelty factor.

The amount of work. Yes, the amount of work and the "Oh, wow, how many sugar cubes is that?" There's a punishing aspect to that. It's a commentary on labor in a very self-conscious, stylistic way.

That seems even more evident in an earlier generation of artists. They made labor such an explicit subject that they practically stopped making objects altogether.

Right, like the "process artists" or like Vito Acconci.

TOM FRIEDMAN, UNTITLED (SELF-PORTRAIT IN SUGARCUBES)



There's a futility to those sorts of efforts which is obviously part of the point. Not producing a product.

It's interesting, though, because with a highly crafted thing there's also a kind of punishing, repetitive labor involved. But one that does result in a beautiful object.

The object is the key because you're talking about the consumerism of the art market. The gallery system needs objects to sell. So in a way, what's pejorative about being "well-made" is that you're not bucking the commercial system. You're being complicit in a consumer culture by producing an object.

That's ironic, because the formative craft moment



in the '60s and '70s — the craft revival's rediscovery of woodworking and glass blowing and weaving — on some level came out of an anticommunist impulse itself. It was a political repudiation of industrialism and consumer society. It was an intellectual movement.

It was an anti-academic effort that came out of an intellectual position. The whole '70s moment in Oregon and Northern California, there was an intellectualism to it, it was a political position. I grew up in it. My friends' place up the hill in Willamina was called the "Rock Creek Experimental Station." That was etched into a piece of cedar and gold-leafed on a big sign by the road. Even the woodworkers of the area held onto this idea of a self-conscious rejection of industrial production. They made amazing but practical things like doors. They turned wooden bowls. But then there can be a generational atrophy of an idea. The work that follows degrades. You see only one side of the issue and you just begin to turn wooden bowls. It's the establishment of a tradition. You forget why you started. Just like with feminism. The people coming after those who chose to reject something don't have to make the same choices, so it ends up lacking the same depth.

It can become mannerist in a way, like Dale Chihuly. Just virtuosic technique. But what about someone like Jeff Koons? He never gets called crafty, even though the work is so finely wrought. Why is that? He doesn't make it, for one thing. He's not interest-

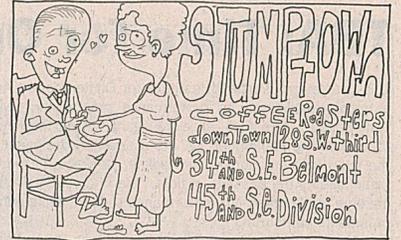


JEFF KOONS, USHERING IN BANALITY

ed in that. Koons is about valuation and commodity in a completely different way. It would actually be totally embarrassing to find that he'd made his own work. Don't you think?

So you have different purposes regardless of a certain resemblance. I have a different kind of spiritual relationship to the work. Less a cynical populist. Don't get me wrong. I like Jeff Koons and he is sort of saying, "Hey, you hate yourself? This stuff's great!" Maybe he's found his god, but it's an ironic god. There's something more adamantly unironic in my work. Maybe this is the West Coast part. I'm searching for something. I think of myself as a godless spiritualist and in a way the labor of art making is like . . . questing?

I have high expectations and to make something really well is to literally invest in it. I'm pro-audience. I want to give them something. I hope they ask, "Why would somebody make this?" I'm trying to find some kind of meaning and I think that should be hard work. I have a commitment to the ideas that I'm going to back up with effort, with labor. There's a lot of purely conceptual work that has terrific ideas, but can you see it? Can you back it up? I think some conceptual art has an open disdain for its audience. I think of my own work as conceptual but not inaccessible. It's intuitive. There's an entry point, which is often the craft of it. That's my trick.



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TBA: Time for One Big Performance Fest

This year marks Portland Institute for Contemporary Art's 8th anniversary and a major redesign of its performance programming with the much-anticipated Time-Based Art Festival, an extravaganza of performance art, music and dance that's coming September 12. It's a smart and elegant concept, but don't miss the quadruple entendre in the tagline, "It's about time." Yes, it's about art that "manipulates the passage of time," but it's also PICA's move to finally stop wasting time on its drawn-out performance season, while pumping up its profile in and outside its hometown.

The performance series has always been PICA's strong suit in terms of content, but the long season has exacerbated its serious practical handicaps: the lack of its own performance space and the challenge of selling seats for difficult, unfamiliar fare. The more individual shows, the more marketing and scheduling hassles.

In part to ease frustrations, but also to do much more, PICA has pulled out all the stops organizing the TBA Fest, which will condense most of its 2003-2004 performance series into one exciting (and more marketable) 10-day blow-out with 36 local and visiting acts.

Work will include everything from a monologue exploring the myths of aging by David Greenberger (creator of the zine *Duplex Planet*) to a West African-European fusion dance piece by the Compagnie Salià ni Seydou from Burkino Faso. Audiences

can also catch local/regional talent like Miranda July (Laurie Anderson meets Donald Barthelme meets the Little Prince) and Seattle's Hinterland Theater Association, which presents an "opera for objects" co-created by the Black Cat Orchestra and writer Stacey Levine. For those with less cash or surplus enthusiasm, a TBA nightclub at Machineworks (1115 NW 14th Ave.) will feature DJs, performances by emerging artists and a full bar, from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m., September 14-19 (\$10 cover).

Beyond the performances, the TBA Festival will have an alternate identity as an extended conference for artists and people in the community to meet each other and discuss pertinent issues through lectures, workshops and noontime "chats" scheduled daily September 13-20 (\$5-\$15). Consider this a chance for good conversation as well as a strong PR move that should build PICA's sometimes stilted rapport with the local community.

To give you a taste of what's coming, we invited four Portland artists to talk with four TBA performers and performance groups. And remember, there are 32 more, and they won't be round again for a while. Each show costs \$15 (\$10 for PICA members), and festival passes, which get you into all shows, lectures, workshops and Machineworks, are a good deal at \$150 (\$125).

For more info, visit www.pica.org or pick up the TBA Official Guide at PICA, 219 NW 12th Ave. For individual tickets, call the PCPA Box Office at 503-248-4335 or visit it at 1111 SW Broadway. For passes, call PICA at 503-242-1419.

BILL SHANNON (AKA CRUTCHMASTER)

Interview by Ryan Boyle

Bill Shannon, aka CrutchMaster, is a Brooklyn-based performance artist whose work combines freestyle breakdancing with the customized rocker-bottom crutches and skateboard he relies on for mobility due to a hip-joint disability. Influenced by hip-hop culture and pedestrian movement, Shannon's style is fluid, graceful and all his own. For TBA, Shannon will present a series of impromptu street and club performances around downtown Portland, followed by Spatial Theory, a solo work that incorporates a live DJ and videos of his street performances.

Bill Shannon is interviewed by Ryan Boyle, a Portland-based artist and dancer. His movement style combines popping and locking with footwork influenced by up rock, housing/house music and hard stepping. A review of Boyle's recent drawing shows at Elizabeth Leach Gallery and Basil Hallward Gallery appears on page 9.

Ryan Boyle: The way you move around reminds me of this dream I had where I was sliding on walnuts through a small town. When you slide around effortlessly, is it efficient?

Bill Shannon: No. Part of the dancing is making it look easy. I trained a guy in Cirque du Soleil to do acrobatics on crutches and it was very, very hard for him to get it. Before that, I had no way to gauge whether it was easy or difficult because it's always been this way for me. When I was a kid I started to do those moves, and it was to look like I was gliding, it was to run and keep up with my brother. Plant my left crutch and slide my leg along while planting my right crutch and then shift it all to the right so I could move my left. It was never both at the same time, then lift the body, both at the same time, lift the body. It's more of a cascading type of crutch walk than a "kerplunk, kerplunk." It's more like, "kerr, kerr, kerr, kerr." I've added so much style to it that it hides the difficulty. People look at it and think, "What the fuck?" But really it's an optical illusion.

When did you first start skateboarding?
The first time, me and my brother had a skateboard at my grandfather's house, and we just started to skate around inside a little warehouse. We were little kids, and I was still in my brace, so I would just hold on to things and roll around. Later, in 1984, when I really started to skate, I was already into breakdancing and hip-hop. Me and my brother would dance together, we were a crew. You have to consider the entire continuum of when I was on and off crutches. I got on them when I was 5; I got off of them when I was 12. From 12 to 22, I was off of them but I had limitations. Because of the weakness in my legs, I couldn't really b-boy or skate in the super-radical way, so I was always trying to do them in ways that were highly stylized and looked doper than anything anybody was doing. I was instinctively protecting myself and still trying to participate. As far as my first skateboard, I've been skating Indies for fourteen years.

Still?
Yeah. I like softer wheels because I'm more of a distance and style skater than I am a trick, technical skater. I'm calling the style I'm doing now "Stepping Lean" because I'm sort of dancing on my skateboard, but there's no weight on my feet, so the hold of the skate is partially dependent upon the grippiness of the wheels. I like a big circumference wheel because they hold the speed and they also take obstacles, like pebbles and cracks, a lot better. Generally, my setup is an old school skate setup. **It looks almost like you're skiing.**

It's very much of a slalom style. My skating is highly stylized in reference to the '70s, more so than the '80s. It's a whole new direction for skating. It's really based on the flat-land style. What I do doesn't make any sense in San Francisco, where you're either flying down a hill questioning your mortality or carrying a board up the hill, looking for a bus to grab. When I first started skating, I was into downhill. I was into tucking down into the board and riding out the speed by carving low. Now, with the crutches, I'm up high. I end up just blazing down hills and standing. It's scary. It's fucking wild.

How do you get off the board?
You don't. You just have to be able to steer really well and you have to be able to slide out in an emergency. Power slide. I could pull a power slide and slow down enough to just bail. San Fran is a big challenge to me as a skater. Chicago is where the style first evolved because that's where my hips started to get bad again. I was hitting my early 20s...

Were you at art school at this time?
Yes. And my legs just started to hurt. So I went to a doctor who said, "You're going to have to start using a cane, you can't do the things that you're used to doing." I was laying on the floor holding my legs and I was sad, you know, I was depressed because I had to quit everything. Then I got these U-shaped crutches, which work so well with the skateboard.

Now I find myself in new territory, combining the rhythmic elements of footwork, of hip-hop, and being on a skateboard.

What were you studying in art school?
I was independent study. I was trying to work jobs and I couldn't. So the vocational rehabilitation said, "You need an education, you can't stay on welfare." They asked me what I wanted to be and I said, "I'm an artist," which is the last thing they want to hear because they think you'll never get a job and their statistics won't look right. Once I got there I was like, "I'm not going to classes. I'm doing all independent study." Then I started getting gigs. The actual class I had to attend on a regular basis was art history. So, yeah, I was a student, but being an art student is kind of a joke.

MIKE LADD

Interview by Crystal Williams

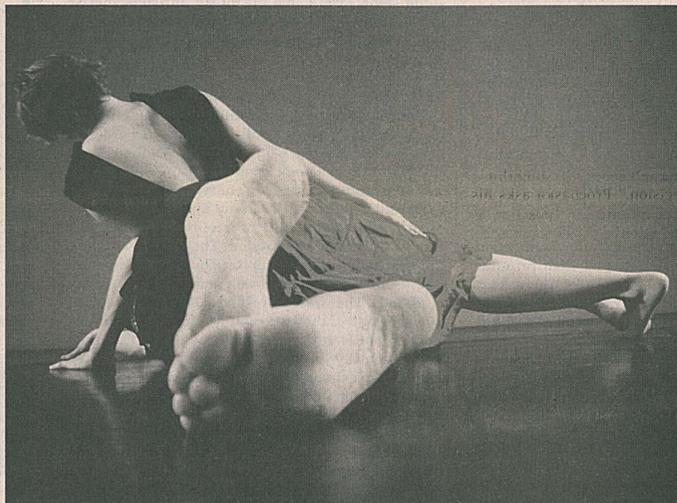
The New Yorker has called New York City-based poet and spoken word artist Mike Ladd "one of hip-hop's most restless minds." His writings and albums are informed by all manner of literature and music, as well as his studies of the Black expatriate experience and his travels in Africa and Asia. On September 15

through whatever medium he sees fit. Mike lives on the edge between what we consider traditional arts and experimental arts — picking and pulling from either side at will and successfully. Of course Mike would be working in collaboration with Vijay Iyer. Of course he'd be living in Paris claiming "it was time for a change." Of course if you talk to folks who are in the know, they know and respect Mike, as do I.

Crystal Williams: You described *In What Language?* as an exploration of what it is like to be a person of color and negotiate the supposedly neutral spaces of airports that represent the apex of Western culture. Can you talk about the collaboration, how you came to it, how it's challenged you?

Mike Ladd: Well, Vijay and I met some years before and really appreciated each other's work. The Asia Society approached him about doing a project and he subsequently approached me. I think he was interested in introducing a far-left to radical perspective into the piece.

The work (which is still in progress) was a challenge in many ways. I wanted to present a voice that was not imitation or mimicry of the people I was writing about. I also did not want the work to be overtly theatrical. I wanted each piece to stand



*and 16, Ladd and a fellow New Yorker, composer Vijay Iyer, will lead an ensemble of musicians and speaking voices in *In What Language?* A song cycle of lives in transit. This series of "poetic monologues" was inspired by Iranian filmmaker Jafar Panahi's experience of being arrested and chained in leg irons during a layover at JFK International Airport in April 2001. In a widely circulated letter, Panahi wrote, "I am just an Iranian, a filmmaker. But how could I tell this, in what language?"*

*Crystal Williams, who interviews Ladd, is a poet and assistant professor of creative writing at Reed College. She is the author of two poetry collections, *Kin* and *Lunatic* (reviewed in *Organ* #6).*

I met Mike Ladd years ago at a poetry workshop in Massachusetts. We were young and fairly new to what, for practical purposes, I'll call "traditional" poetry. It was inevitable that we'd become friends during that week — the guy who was deep into music and experimentation, the girl who had come up out of New York's spoken word scene. Plus, we had friends in common. When I called him up to arrange this interview, it'd been many years since I'd talked to him and more since I'd seen him. However, it didn't surprise me that we fell back into our old familiarity. Mike is an artist's artist, uninterested in art as a commodity. One can look at the trajectory of his career to see a mind that is constantly engaged with questioning and expressing ideas

period are often guilty of this. It is similar to the danger of being interested more in the idea of being an artist than in actually producing work.

Who do you admire, then?
Damn — can I wait on this one? Right now it's Harryette Mullen and Terrance Hayes. It's always been Jayne Cortez, Ishmael Reed and Yusef Komunyakaa.

And what are you into artistically besides this collaboration with Vijay?

I am working on a solo record for K7 records (a German label). Right now it is titled either *Cinematica* or *Still Life With Commentator*. I am also working on a jazz collaboration for Thirty Ear records with Vijay Iyer and Guillermo Brown called *Negrophilia: The Album*. And I am working on funding for an installation called *Static Battle*, which is about war toy collecting and colonial traveleagues.

If folks wanted to find your work, how would they do that?

People can e-mail me at Likemadd@earthlink.net, or go to specialty record shops in big cities or Best Buy or Virgin in the sticks. And I'm sure you can download a lot of it for free somewhere on the Internet.

DONNA UCHIZONO

Interview by Linda Austin

Donna Uchizono is a New York City-based choreographer known nationally and internationally for her spicy movement, wit and rich invention. Her dancers will perform two new pieces for TBA—The Salon Project and the evening-length Butterflies from My Hand.

Uchizono is interviewed by Linda Austin, dancer, choreographer and director of Performance Works Northwest, the Foster/Powell neighborhood performance space. Austin's own piece Big Real will be excerpted as part of TBA's Northwest New Works: PDX event on September 13 at BodyVox.

For many years Donna and I lived in the same sixth-floor walk-up on East Seventh Street, me on the ground floor and Donna five flights up. Now I live in Portland, and Donna lives in Fort Greene, Brooklyn. This was our first conversation in five years.

Linda Austin: You're coming to Portland!
Donna Uchizono: I'm coming to Portland. I'm very excited.

How long are you going to be here?
Only for a week. I have to get back, everyone has to get back to their jobs. I wanted to stay for the whole festival.

I was wondering about that. The idea was to establish this big community of artists for the festival with a lot of collegiality and exchange. But is it really going to be possible for people to stick around? I wanted to, but I just got a job teaching this one class at Long Island University, which I'm so happy



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: DONNA UCHIZONO, BILL SHANNON (CRUTCHMASTER), MIKE LADD AND VIJAY IYER. PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF PICA

about and I totally need. I feel really disappointed that I'm not able to stay because I really wanted to support the vision of the festival. And my dancers can't afford it. They have to get back to their work. **That's the way of it for us. Also while you're here, you're going to be really busy getting your work up.**

Yes, because of the premieres and because there's this big red curtain [that the dancers will cut as part of *Butterflies from My Hand*]. I can't really practice a lot of this stuff. We have to be in a theatre. We rented a studio in which we could hang fabric for one day, but that was expensive. And to practice cutting and all that... so a lot of things are going to come together while we're there.

The other piece, *The Salon Project*, is really *Low* reconfigured for four people.

Low is the trio inspired by tango?

Yes. I really got into going to Belle Epoque. It's a really cute little French-style restaurant where they have tango on Friday night. There are people on tables. You get mesmerized watching, but you don't have to watch the whole time. I wanted *The Salon Project* to be set up in a large ballroom so that you were really far from the piece and could walk around if you wanted, have drinks.

So Conduit is going to be much smaller than you wanted.

Yes, I'm not sure how that's going to work out. **Is there a common thread in all the pieces you've made?**

More and more, I've been honing in on this idea of trying to make a movement vocabulary specific to the dance or specific to the piece itself. And setting up a dialogue with the dance and letting the dance talk to me and let me know what the physical vocabulary is.

There is also something about detail, and something about detail in small things. I like things that are a bit awkward, but that when you just skew it a little bit, it becomes quite elegantly beautiful.

Growing up, being an American with a non-white face has always in a subtle way informed my work in the manner of finding beauty in places that you don't necessarily think at first are beautiful. Growing up in Orange County, California, my sister and I were the only Asians in the whole entire school.

Which is interesting because you think of California as such a melting pot...

Now it's different, but when we were growing up we were the only Asians. So, you know, we were considered ugly. We weren't beautiful. You know when you're growing up as a teenage girl, those things seem to be important. So I think that there's this kind of finding beauty in unexpected places. And something connected to being human and the extraordinary aspect of being ordinary.

There's nothing heroic about your approach?
The heroes are really quiet. They're like the unknown giants.

You've said your new work explores issues of vulnerability and surrender.

Yes, it's about loss and the vulnerability and power in that, because there is power in surrender, which is the concept we're constantly playing with. There's an architectural structure of the piece that tries to address the concept, but it's very subtle.

Architecture in terms of the set or the piece?

In terms of the piece. The first section is very tense. And then there's the middle section that's kind of free-floating. It's like you're not anchored to anything. Then it moves into something that's very physical and "dancey." And that's kind of the surrender into something that's powerful. There are some moments that I really love.

You've been working with composer Guy Yarden.
I love working with Guy. Guy is so deeply respectful of dancers. And we both share that, and I love being around that. I love the dancers. I think they're just awesome human beings.

SILT

Interview by Pablo de Ocampo

silt is a San Francisco-based filmmaking collaborative established in 1990 by Keith Evans, Christian Farrell and Jeff Warrin. The trio uses film performance and site-specific installations to create environmental landscapes of projection and sound. For TBA, silt will present the installation Luminal Lives, which incorporates film shot on a recent trip to Oregon.

silt is interviewed by Pablo de Ocampo, director of the Independent Publishing Resource Center and member of the Cinema Project, which is the co-producer of silt's performance at TBA.

silt first caught my attention when I heard about their treatment of the film surface as an organic material to be molded, rusted or stuck with various bits of plant and animal materials prior to projection. silt treats film as a truly expansive medium in which viewers are surrounded by multiple projections and can immerse themselves in the questioning of light, image making, nature and the cinematic spectacle.

Pablo: One of the first pieces I saw by silt was *Kemia*, the piece where you have a specific broken projector that you show the film on. I am curious about the idea of mistake — technological, chemical or biological — whether forced or completely accidental, and how that fits into the process of making films.

Jeff: A lot of that early work came from tinkering with the equipment. We would collect these projectors and they would break as fast as we could fix them. We started to notice the idiosyncrasies of the different projectors. They skip a frame or the shutter isn't working or something, and as you become familiar with them, ideas come out of it. There is a relationship that way. Early on we realized that no one was going to put these films through their projectors in the booth. We were going to have to bring our own gear and baby them through.

That was really the conception of this idea of performance in projection.

Keith: And so we developed this choreography with many projectors, and some of those projectors did only one particular thing. So you make a film for that part; rather than edit that in, we'd have to insert it with the choreographic element of our bodies in a performance.

Jeff: Just as a curious aside, I think it's interesting that the show for TBA is in a dance studio. While we've never incorporated dance into our performances, we've been thinking in terms of choreography with our work for so long it has just become part of the vocabulary.

Keith: There are so many crossovers and I think that we're just learning about the history, especially the modern history of dance. A lot of the dancers who made that transition into visual and installation work, their concerns really overlap with ours. There was that point in the '60s and early '70s when that confluence really met. That is a critical point for our own work, that and 19th-century and pre-cinema.

Those moments really have a certain *naïveté*... Just exploring that threw us back into looking at cinema and all the ways that it didn't manage to develop — or did but were forgotten.

Jeff: There's something there about exploring this idea of getting people out of their cinema chairs...

Keith: The lines of sight...

The rectangle...

Jeff: The visual-centric thing, into a place where they are actually using their body to stand and turn and experience in a more spatial context. We are really trying to explore the perceptual possibilities for the audience. In some way they are the dancers, not as performers but in the way they experience the piece from within. It's funny: We go out in the field as perceptual beings collecting these sounds and images, and then the audience is put in a similar situation, albeit controlled and mediated through technology and our manipulation.

We talked a little yesterday about the film critic

Teaching with Your Mouth Closed

A WRITING TEACHER TAKES A LESSON FROM PRINTMAKER TOM PROCHASKA

by Stevan Allred

As a writer, I've studied with some great teachers. Some, like Natalie Goldberg, do it with charisma. Goldberg is so vital and so full of Zen presence that anything she says is profound, yet she projects great humility when she addresses the mystery of creative process.

Charisma, however, is not a reliable predictor of great teaching, something I learned when I took a weeklong workshop from Gordon Lish. Lish is a charismatic madman whose intensity and passion for writing was by turns inspirational and frightening. His ability to dissect a sentence was intellectually rigorous and intimidatingly thorough. He approached every interaction with a student as a battle, one that he intended to win. Humility was not in his repertoire.

Local writing teacher Tom Spanbauer studied with Lish at Columbia. But Spanbauer's Dangerous Writing workshops use methods borrowed from the human potential movement rather than from Darwin. His students take risks in their writing because they are convinced they will be respected even if they fail.

I'm a teacher myself, and I'm interested in how good teaching happens. So when my wife, an artist, started taking a night class in monotypes at the Pacific Northwest College of Art, when she started coming home with a light in her eyes as if something inside of her had been electrified, I sat up and took notice.

I've lived with my wife's art for more than a decade now, and I've grown used to the patterns in her work, the recurring shapes, her sense of color, the way she always draws a box around her landscapes as if they were a panel in a comic book. Just a couple of weeks into her first term the prints she showed me were both recognizably hers and explosively different from anything she'd done before. She used colors that were brighter and came from outside her usual earthy palette. Her drawing line was less careful, less controlled. Ink was splattered across the images, which were more abstract than what she normally did. There was a looseness about her work that was entirely new.

I could smell how good the teaching was in that class from my bedroom in Estacada, thirty miles away. I wanted to see it for myself.

The man doing the teaching in my wife's monotype class is Tom Prochaska, one of Portland's best kept secrets. Students at PNCA know about him, and Portland's small but well-established printmaking community knows about him, but the rest of us are out of the loop. He's been teaching monotype at PNCA since 1992. His night classes, which are open to the community at large, fill up fast. They're full of people Prochaska calls "repeaters," people who've taken the class five or six times, sometimes all in a row. The work those students produce is vibrant and full of individual style, and it's completely lacking in that self-consciously "arty" feel you often get when you're looking at work in galleries.

Prochaska is a quiet man who isn't the least bit interested in having the last word in a classroom discussion. He starts his classes by gathering students around a table and asking them what's new in their lives. They are mostly in their 30s and 40s, more women than men, and most of them have some background in art. One is a chef at Genoa, another owns his own graphic design firm. They are teachers, therapists, a retired cardiologist and a woman who works at a bicycle co-op whose only art background is that she's been a model for art classes for years.

Around the table they talk about what's hot in the gallery scene. They talk about recent travel, a daughter who's just gotten her driver's license, and the drunk driver who killed a couple of bicyclists in Southeast. One of them describes a pond where she saw thousands of tadpoles swimming in a black current, and this is understood as a potential image for a print. A woman from Camas tells how she saw a car hit a deer and send it twenty feet straight up in the air. She wants to do a print about that.

"There's subject matter here," Prochaska tells them, "just telling stories." He tells them that if they don't have "a way in" to an image "there are things you can try: still life, a picture from a dictionary, or go outside." A model is available in a life drawing class upstairs if they want to work with the human form. The atmosphere is casual, but there's an air of something being held back, as if children were lined up at the gate to a playground, eager for the signal to go in.

"If you're a beginner and you don't know what to do," Prochaska says, "test the tools, the medium. Play around, and don't be afraid to make a mess."

Repeaters are turned loose to make whatever prints they want. Beginners, those who are taking the class for the first or second time, are given a specific assignment. At the beginning of the term they make images in black and white. Color is added gradually, in a specific sequence starting with yellow, so that they can learn that the transparency of the inks they are using varies according to color. The inks they use are lithography inks that Prochaska has prepared ahead of class, thinning them with linseed oil and other additives so that their viscosity and drying times will be suitable for the monotype process.

Prochaska tells me that he likes to make sure that the beginning students watch what the advanced students are doing. I'm reminded of my son's Montessori classroom, where the older students teach the younger students in a method that deflates the traditional teacher-student hierarchy.

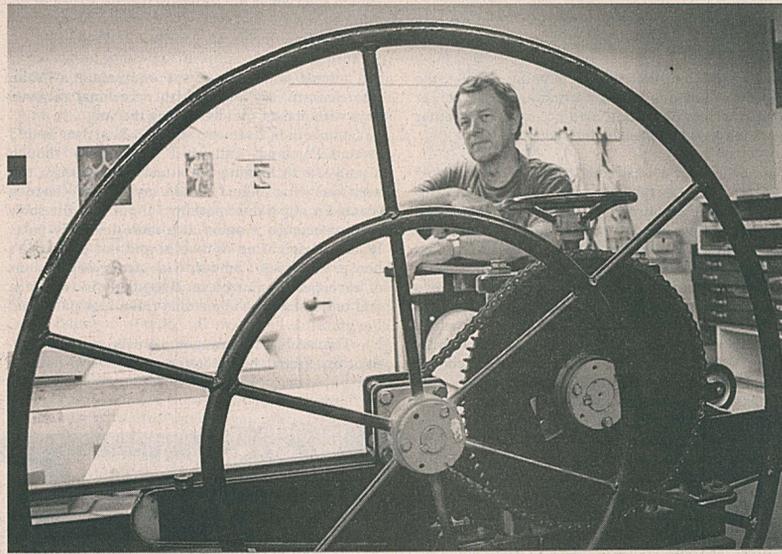
Prochaska circulates, sometimes offering a comment or a word of encouragement, but he is just as likely to say nothing at all. He is practicing a technique called "teaching with your mouth closed." His classroom is a prepared environment where all the tools and materials are readily available. Prochaska's calm, low-key demeanor, his resistance to making himself the center of attention, prepares a psychological environment that foregrounds the classroom community itself rather than his own role as the leader of that community.

"The medium," Prochaska says, "is a metaphor

for who the students are in the world."

Barbara Stammer has taken the class off and on for four-and-a-half years. She came to him feeling stuck and asked for an assignment. He told her to do something figurative. "This is a very strong woman," he said, "and she gave me a look, and walked off and did something completely different. What she needed was something to push against, something to resist." Prochaska is delighted by this story.

Stammer has steel-gray hair cut mannishly



TOM PROCHASKA. PHOTOGRAPH BY NATASCHA SNELLMAN

short. She has a strong voice and a way of addressing you that says it doesn't matter to her whether you like what you see or not. She tells me that Prochaska has the story completely wrong. "I always try Tom's suggestions," she says, "but they never work. Then I just go on and solve the problem myself."

A student named Nina Stewart asks Prochaska for some feedback. He studies her plate for a moment. There's a large black oval near the center, and Prochaska holds his hand over it. "Do you see any areas you want to work on?" he asks. Stewart talks about her dissatisfaction with another area of the print, where she was going for a more dynamic texture. Prochaska picks up the plate and steps back a few feet. "Look at it from this distance," he says.

"I know you want me to take that black oval out," she says, "but I tried that already, and then I put it back in."

Prochaska nods, still holding the print. He lets the moment stretch out, long and silent. Stewart holds her own hand up, blocking her view of the black oval.

"Maybe," Prochaska says, "it's not a question



TOM PROCHASKA, GIRLIE, ETCHING, 1998

of taking out all of the black." He sets the plate down and walks away. Stewart takes a piece of card stock and scrapes through the black oval. She stands back and looks at the print, frowning. She is having what is sometimes called "a teachable moment," and Prochaska, who has spoken less than twenty words to her, is letting her have it.

Is it possible to teach art, or writing, or anything creative? Prochaska's response to this question is "No, all you can do is lay out pathways. You teach traditions." The students I teach in my fiction classes, like Prochaska's students, are already committed to the idea of creating something new. They are ready to make use of whatever you can give them in the way of nuts-and-bolts information about the craft, but they don't need to be told what to do with that information. The proper verb for this process might be coaching rather than teaching.

"I set up formats," Prochaska says, "I don't tell them what to make."

He uses the advanced students to show the beginners "what can come out of concentration in a craft." When an interesting print comes off the press he will take it around the studio and show it to everyone, pointing out how an aspect of craft has been used to good effect. But he also upends the classroom hierarchy by showing off prints by beginning students. He says, "The beginners refresh the

advanced students." Beginners will often stumble onto an image that has power, or they will do something the "wrong" way and produce an interesting effect. Prochaska encourages everyone to make these kinds of "mistakes," to experiment, and if a student comes up with an innovation that works, he embraces it.

The process of monotype lends itself to experimentation. "Monotype doesn't have a long history," Tom says, "and the craft itself is ambiguous. It doesn't require the commitment of etching, of

using acid or cutting into a copper plate." The inks are applied to a 1/16 inch thick piece of plexiglass. They can be rolled on with brayers, brushed on with either a wet or dry brush, or thinned with linseed oil and washed on to produce effects akin to watercolor. "It's all totally forgiving," Prochaska says, "if you don't like it, you wipe it clean and start over."

Nigel Barnes, Prochaska's assistant, says, "All other types of printmaking are about image making. This is more about manipulating ink. It's like meditation." There's a lot of talk among students about knowing when to stop working the plate and print. Meagan Atiyeh, who is taking the class for the first time, says, "You can't oversit on something. You have to make a decision." Prochaska asks his students to be as free of intention as possible as they work the plate, while at the same time recognizing how the various aspects of the craft work. The colors on the plate will always be more vibrant than the colors on the print, and the viscosity of the ink has everything to do with how the paper will take the ink under the pressure of the press.

"You're rolling the dice when you put the plate in the press," Prochaska says. "It's not going to be what you thought it was going to be."

As the class progresses, a line forms at the press. It's a social moment, people standing around, talking, watching prints as they peel off their plates. The artist is often very self-critical, but the people waiting in line will point out areas of the print that have an interesting texture or ask how the artist got a certain effect. Each new print becomes a community event, a chance for the group to see what one of its members has done.

Wendy Kahle, who has spent her working life in advertising, lifts her paper off the plate to reveal a beachscape that clearly pushes beyond her usual work. Ordinarily she brings a shopping bag full of tools and materials to class, but tonight she forgot her bag. Forced to improvise, she found a piece of cardboard and peeled away the surface to reveal the corrugations underneath. She inked the corrugations and used them to apply a rhythmic texture suggestive of waves to the bottom of her landscape. The result is a monotype that beautifully exploits the tension between the pure abstraction of ink on paper and formal representation.

Jerome Huisinga pulls a print in sepia-toned inks he mixed himself. The dominant visual element is a swing that suspends from the top of the print on two ropes. The ropes do not hang straight, as if he has captured the swing as it returns to rest after a child has launched himself from it. He's used a toilet brush to get a lawnlike texture in the background, and the print looks startlingly like an old photograph. There are gasps of approval from his classmates waiting in line.

Stewart's print comes off the press next. She's worked the black oval area for half an hour, scraping black ink away with various tools and then adding it back in, trying to find a point of balance. The large black oval that threatened to take over her composition has been softened, and now the composition of her print flows around it instead of being sucked into it.

"Nice job," Prochaska says, holding her print up for everyone to see. "If you have your eyes open in this process, there are miracles that happen all the time."

An exhibition of Tom Prochaska's monoprints will be held in the Charles Voorhies Fine Art Library at PNCA from October 2 through October 31. During the same period, a retrospective show of students' work from twelve years of Prochaska's monotype class will be held in PNCA's Swigert Commons. Every student who has ever taken the class is invited to show one print. PNCA is at 1241 NW Johnson St. There will be an artist's reception on October 2 from 6 to 9 p.m.

Stevan Allred lives in Estacada with his wife, Catherine Kulin. They are currently collaborating on a limited edition artist's book. For information about Dangerous Writing workshops, e-mail Stevan at redcat@teleport.com.

BAJA
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THE WEST COAST AND
CONTEMPORARY ART

OCTOBER 9—JANUARY 4

SAM | seattle art museum

This exhibition has been organized by the Seattle Art Museum; Museum of Contemporary Art San Diego; Vancouver Art Gallery; and California College of the Arts/Watts Institute for Contemporary Arts. The exhibition tour has been generously supported by the Peter Norton Family Foundation and the Canadian Department of Foreign and International Trade. Generous support in Seattle provided by PONCHO (Patrons of Northwest Civic Cultural and Charitable Organizations), The Seattle Times, Microsoft, and the Seattle Art Museum Supporters (SAMs).

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SEPT 4-
OCT 31 PHILIP FELDMAN GALLERY
Kevin Fletcher Monoprints
FIRST THURSDAY OPENING SEPT 4, 6-9PM
FIRST THURSDAY ARTIST RECEPTION OCT 2, 6-9PM

SEPT
10-21 SWIGERT COMMONS
DNA: PDX Portland Design Festival 2003
PRESENTED WITH THE DESIGN COLLABORATIVE
For more info: www.pdxdesigncollaborative.com
OPENING WEDNESDAY, SEPT 10

SEPT
11-26 CHARLES VOORHIES FINE ART LIBRARY
Alumni Salon Open Hanging: Drawings
OPENING THURSDAY, SEPT 11, 6-9PM

OCT
2-31 SWIGERT COMMONS
The Monoprint Show Curated by Tom Prochaska
FIRST THURSDAY OPENING OCT 2, 6-9PM

NOV 6-
JAN 17 CHARLES VOORHIES FINE ART LIBRARY
Tom Prochaska Monoprints
FIRST THURSDAY ARTIST RECEPTION OCT 2, 6-9PM

NOV 6-
JAN 17 PHILIP FELDMAN GALLERY
Allyn Massey Video Installation
FIRST THURSDAY OPENING NOV 6, 6-9PM

NOV
6-28 SWIGERT COMMONS
Dutch Design Exhibition
PRESENTED BY PNCA GRAPHIC DESIGN DEPARTMENT AND
THE PORTLAND CHAPTER OF THE AIGA
FIRST THURSDAY OPENING NOV 6, 6-9PM

NOV
13-28 CHARLES VOORHIES FINE ART LIBRARY
Alumni Salon Open Hanging: Landscapes
OPENING THURSDAY, NOV 13, 6-9PM

SAT
NOV 8 SWIGERT COMMONS
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RINDER / continued from page 1

and go. That seems to work out well. When people leave they come back with memories of drier lands, freer minds, new songs. He might learn something in Chicago that could be useful here.

Over at Reed College, spiffier now than when I attended, an exquisite hothouse atmosphere prevails. The school continues to cultivate the most fertile young minds, hopelessly divorced from real-world concerns. I have no problem with that. Society needs its happy, full-of-wonder people. It's funny though, that art, strictly speaking, does not really seem to flourish on SE Woodstock Boulevard, although your average Reed chemistry major has more creativity bubbling in a single beaker than a typical art school student has in four years of installations and video art. Yet nothing especially inspired is coming out of their art department, and there seems to be precious little awareness of the percolating newness in the art scene in the city at large. One bright spot is the trippy abstract painting of Reed art professor Michael Knutson, who is as underknown to Portland as Portland may be to him. Also, new arrival Stephanie Snyder is set to light Reed's Cooley Gallery on fire with her wild and wise curatorial ideas.

The saddest thing going on these days in Portland is the yearning for recognition from afar, the aspiration to an imagined normalcy that seems to motivate a number of up-and-coming art enthusiasts. When you have a chance to be anything, why would you cultivate, as Jeff Jahn advises, the tepid success of a Julie Mehretu or even the vapid stardom of a Matthew Barney ("A Shootout at the Better-Than-OK Art Corral," *Organ* #5)? And why the cloying need to be appreciated by someone from out of town? Athens (Greece, not Georgia) had far fewer citizens than Portland and you can bet that they didn't measure their success by the sheen of their reputation in Corinth.

Culture, when it happens, often happens suddenly. People who seemed to have no talent are revealed as geniuses. A town that was as dull as a beaver dam one day emits a strange, exquisite glow.

BAJA TO VANCOUVER / continued from page 1

of each participating institution.

In short, the process wasn't about choosing artists, it was about choosing works that would help us to create compelling tableaux that give a sense of the texture of life on the West Coast today as artists are responding to it.

Did you share your writing with each other? Is there a theoretical perspective shared by the curatorial team?

Surprisingly, there was real agreement between us despite the fact that we have such different perspectives and work for very different kinds of institutions — from a general museum to the contemporary art institute associated with an art school. I think it is because we spent so much time together along the way processing what we experienced. We allowed the space for changing our minds when somebody's passion and understanding of a particular work went so deep that he or she was able to convince others to look at something from a new point of view.

We all agreed that Ralph Rugoff should craft the general essay that expressed the principles behind the show, exploring its themes and giving voice to our shared curatorial premise. Each curator contributed about eight or nine essays of 500 words in length, roughly patterned after *ArtForum's* "1,000 Words" feature. These essays, one on every artist, explore specific works in the show. We also agreed that the other contributors — Matthew Stadler, Matt Coolidge of the Center for Land Use and Interpretation in L.A. and Douglas Coupland — would cover social landscapes that contextualize West Coast artistic production. We asked the poet Lisa Robertson to do a riff (that wound up being about Value Village) and the Tijuana artist collective, Torolab, to write a border manifesto.

Did you have the germ for the show as a curatorial group? Was there one person whose general idea this was?

The spark that lit the fire was Ralph Rugoff, when he took the job as director of the Wattis Institute of Contemporary Art at the California College of Art in San Francisco. I remember him saying to me something like, "There have been big shows on L.A. art like *Helter Skelter* and *Sunshine and Noir*; there have been shows on California art like LACMA's *Made in California*; there have been biennials that are regional like the Oregon Biennial; but there's never been a show that looked at the West Coast as a whole coast with a shared culture from Baja to Vancouver." Hence the exhibition title.

This struck me as odd since cities along the coast have much in common, such as the technology industry, the proximity to the film industry in Vancouver and in L.A., the way in which nature figures so prominently in life here, the strange superimposition of the urban, the suburban and rural, and the continuation of myths about the West Coast as a new frontier. The area has been undemographically by successive waves of immigrant from Asia, from Mexico and the important presence of Native Americans. And then there are the border issues that are common to North America, including Canada and Mexico. What does all this mean for artists? That is what the art selected for the exhibit explores.

For the Seattle Art Museum, *Baja to Vancouver* is a great opportunity for us to "position" the arts in our Northwest community in relationship to their peers up and down the coast. I saw that as a very important step for SAM. We have the Docuarts Northwest program, but *B2V* galvanized us to think about what this program means and how we can continue to support artists by connecting them to other artists, curators and critics outside the Northwest. Isn't it better to be known as an artist who makes his or her home in the Northwest than a Northwest artist?

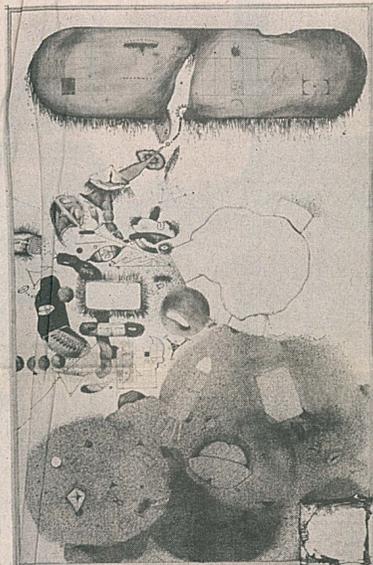
I read in the press release that there were specific works made for the show. Can you explain that worked? Were many of the works in the show commissioned?

SAM had the opportunity to commission works from many of the artists from the Northwest in the exhibition through a Poncho grant. MCA San Diego commissioned one work from Carlos

BAJA TO VANCOUVER / continued page 8

“Who devised this medieval torture for you?” someone asked. I had to admit I had set it all up myself. I was racing through the states of Oregon and Washington, visiting some 70 studios in 10 days in pursuit of work for an exhibition at the Portland Center for the Visual Arts (PCVA), an alternate space devoted to contemporary art which has mainly concentrated on bringing nationally known artists to Portland. I was to look at the submitted slides and decide which work I wanted to see when I came out at the end of April. The four cartons of slides that arrived a week before I left were a surprise, or something of a shock. Five hundred artists had submitted over 5,000 slides, and I spent days holed up in a darkened room, picking them out of little plastic sheets, slipping them into carousels, projecting them, putting them back in the plastic sheets and either discarding them or, all too often, going through the whole process again, trying to make up my mind what I really liked. Luckily I'm a slide freak and on the whole it was fun. I began to dream about the work I was seeing, to leap up in the morning and run to the projector. By the end of the week it was virtual addiction.

There are valid objections to scanning art in slide form before visiting studios: sculpture often conveys rather its material nor its dimensionality; paintings lose their textures and color, while pale or written surfaces disappear completely; and Conceptual, video and performance art is virtually illegible. Nevertheless, if the show was to be open to everybody in the two-state area, which we all wanted, and if my selection was not to be dependent upon someone else's taste through any kind of preselection, it had to be done this way. Having looked at thousands of slides in my successive roles as library assistant, commentator for slide packages, critic and co-founder of the Women's Art Registry, I felt quite confident that I knew how to make basic "corrections" for accuracy and how to "read" slides in general. This didn't keep me from making mistakes and missing some good work, but when I saw the art that had interested me in slides, I was rarely disappointed and often pleasantly surprised.



(M) KATZ, GIVING BIRTH TO AN ALUMINUM BABY, PHOTOGRAPH, 1972

In the whole, and as usual, I had no choice but to lend on my own eclectic and highly subjective taste, which, 18 years into professional art-looker, I am more or less predict. Art criticism has less to do with some god-sent condition called quality than with knowing what you like and why. If you have spent many years doing very little else but looking at art, you may be pretty narrow but you do know what you like to see a lot better than the woman in the street who (also validly) offers that claim.

I suspect that I disappointed those people who had depended on the image offered by *Changing* (my first book of collected essays, most of which were written in 1966-68). Aside from personal upheavals (mine were sparked by politicization and by becoming a feminist), one's attitudes toward art do change, if one is involved in the organic evolution or disintegration of the art world. In addition, New York artists and critics moving out from their magnetic center do not tend to go for "New York art" made elsewhere, no matter how honestly undertaken, genuinely felt or skillfully executed. I remember Ad Reinhardt once giving the prize at a juried regional show to the naive watercolors of "a little old lady," to the horror of "serious" abstractionists who identified with his own work and had expected

Northwest Passage

REINTRODUCING A CRITIC'S 1976 DIARY OF HER TRIP THROUGH CASCADIA

by Lucy R. Lippard

Back in 1976, Carter was President, the country was celebrating its bicentennial, and renowned art critic and feminist scholar Lucy Lippard made a trip through the Northwest. Assembling a survey exhibit of contemporary art for the Portland Center for the Visual Arts, she visited dozens of artists in Oregon and Washington to see their art in person and finalize her list.

Here, we reprint Lippard's travelogue, which was originally published in *Art in America* in July of that year. As you'll see, Northwest art has changed since then, but many of the issues facing artists who work in "the provinces" remain remarkably the same.

his approbation. Contrary to popular opinion, the more involved one is in a particular movement, or style, the less likely one is to be involved in other work more or less clearly derived from it.

This brings up a basic difficulty for "provincial" artists, which is that of simple geographical distance from the sources (or the marketplace). Artists living down the street from Leo Castelli's New York galleries will pick up on the visual/conceptual implications of work shown there faster than those who will see it in the flesh only two years later in a group show in their local museum; this despite (or even because of) magazine reproductions, which can produce even more bizarre misunderstandings of the original than slides do. So visitors from the big cities tend to be attracted to art which seems to be refreshing and even "innocent" of the aura of competitive innovation which surrounds the international styles. Caught up in enthusiasm for such art, one can forget that some of this is derivative too — from local leaders with whose work the visitor will not be familiar. I am sure that in choosing my PCVA show, I have ignorantly bypassed the sources of some styles or ideas in favor of the disciples. I apologize to the sources, who may or may not have submitted slides. One hopes the advantages of an "outside eye" sometimes outweigh the disadvantages.³

In the following account, due to the space available here, I have been forced to omit my visits to those artists not finally included in the show. I regret this immensely, not only because their work was often on a par with that chosen according to the theme, but also because I cannot fully communicate the variety of art being made in the Northwest. I saw a great deal of good work, or work to my taste, and it was both exhilarating and disturbing to realize that I had never heard the name of a single one of these artists.

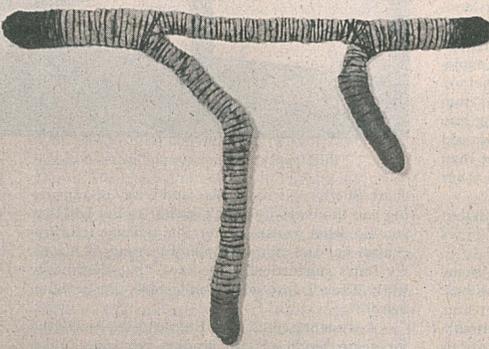
April 14: I fly to Portland on my 39th birthday, with my 11-year-old son Ethan, our sleeping bags, packs, visual/verbal luggage and a gigantic carton of slides to return. The ride to Kennedy Airport in rush-hour traffic takes forever, and it turns out the cabdriver is an artist and wants to send me slides. I clutch my notecards listing the artists I want to visit — 77 of them, culled after endless hair-tearing and mind-changing. After choosing the ones I liked, I looked at the names on them and found I had a few more women than men — perhaps inevitable, given my sympathies with women's concerns and expression. I also know that I have often favored the "funky" over the Minimal, and I have some sense that I might try to make this a theme show, since I hate Whitney-Annual conglomerations. Maybe the theme has something to do with nature and sex, but it remains to be seen what will really turn up.

We're met at the Portland airport by Mary Beebe, director of PCVA, and I like her immediately, which is lucky. Fancy hotel, not our usual style; Ethan would prefer to stay and watch color TV and forget studios, but we are off by 8:30 the next morning. I see PCVA's space — a huge, open loftlike room, with lots of light, and a little room at one side that they'll whitewash for me; I already know I'll have too much material. We go over the lists, and I find that, while most of the artists are almost equally divided between Portland and Seattle, there are 10 in Pullman, in eastern Washington, two in Ellensburg, in central Washington; one in Bellingham, in northern Washington, and others in Ocean Park and Olympia, Wash., and in La Grande, Salem and Eugene, Ore. This means a mad dash across the Northwest. Mary and I spend the next two days careening around, getting lost, getting tired and getting turned on. Ethan survives the first day (and the whole trip) with the help of whatever he finds in the current studio — a dog, a

cat, a drum set, weight-lifters' equipment, a TV, an electric-train set, a gun, with occasional relieved days with artists' children along the way.

Altogether, I see the work of 26 artists in and around Portland — all of it too quickly, though after years of looking I'm a fast take and can tell very soon what I like; I console myself with the idea that if I really like something I'll put it in the show and experience it again at a more leisurely pace. It's also fascinating to dive in and out of people's houses and lives. I am left with strong impressions of each person and place. Everybody is very nice and understanding about this ridiculous pace, and I'm grateful.

The work itself ranges all over creation stylistically, from Marv Bondarowicz's weird double-



SCOTT SONNIKSEN, CEREMONIAL ARTIFACT, WOOD, LINT, RHOPLEX AND JUTE, 1976

image photographs of nude bodies, rearranged to form extraordinary new shapes, to Carolyn Cole's plastic and pantyhose reliefs, which are housed in a building that was once an Elks lodge and is decorated in an extraordinary combination of the Alhambra, Versailles and the Rainbow Room. At the Fountain Gallery I see Tom Fawkes' precise industrial landscapes and his hunting, fishing and boating "boxes." Chris Jeibmann's sensuous reliefs and sculptures are knitted from domestic and industrial materials — almost "weaving," but she has freed herself from this stereotype and is not afraid to make clothes that can be seen as sculpture and sculpture that can be seen as weaving. We talk about the fact that, while I liked much of the weaving submitted, most of it was so much alike, so much in a preconceived mold of "woven sculpture," that I finally rejected it.

Jens Petersen's cardboard, wood, brick and papier-mâché sculptures are often based on trap forms. They seem to come out of landscape, industry and self, using sturdiness and fragility in a very moving way. Petersen has been a hod carrier for her father and is in a particular kind of touch with her materials. Barbara Zusman, next door in this big downtown studio building, is crushing and merging kapok, rhoplex, ash, epoxy and glitter in almost shapeless reliefs to form surfaces like sensuous maps of color and texture.

The second afternoon we drive some 50 miles out to Salem and in a lovingly cared-for suburban house (her parents') filled with carpets, lamps, plants and ornaments, we see Laurie Shelton's bizarrely smooth and ominous landscapes of green hills, elusive, fantastic, bloblike clouds and waterfalls done in ballpoint pen, air brush and colored pencil. Back in Portland, I am also struck by Christy Wyckoff's cool body and earth drawings, Judy Cooke's roughly sewn and painted canvases influenced by Egyptian art and by a trip to Morocco, and Bill Hoppe's beautiful, quiet color-dot drawings. Scott Sonniksen's "shaman sculptures," made of branches bound compulsively inside cocoons of

lint, emerge from an interest in geology, archaeology and nature. Since I share these interests, our conversation focuses what I begin to see the show will be about. So does seeing Jack Portland's small watercolors, which exist in some colorful, intimate, even claustrophobic place between Vuillard, Islamic or American-Indian ornament and the Southwestern terrain where he was raised.⁴

April 17: Leave Portland in a drizzle and a rented silver Oldsmobile which I got cheap because it's on its way to Utah and which I dent in Pullman trying unsuccessfully to avoid a parking meter. We drive through the Columbia River gorge, which begins in a green-gray landscape of moss-covered cliffs and isolated cone-shaped rocks, then turns drier and volcanic, with black rock, then, as the sun comes out, turns flat and Western, then totally dry and Southwestern, complete with red mesas and broad blue river. We turn off into the regular rolling hills of the wheat country — treeless, every inch of tillable soil plowed shades of brown or green with winter wheat — a terrifically sensuous landscape which I see echoed in some of the art I like. We pass the La Grande exit because Cima Katz is away for the weekend, so her work has to be sent to Seattle — prints and drawings, explicitly sexual nature fantasies evoked by titles like *Grand Canyon Sweet* and *Giving Birth to an Aluminum Baby*. On the map Pullman looks very close, but a large mountain looms between us and it, and we traverse a few hair-raising hairpin turns, as well as the edge of Idaho, before hitting the university town best known as the home of the athletic Cougars but also harboring a large and lively artists' community.

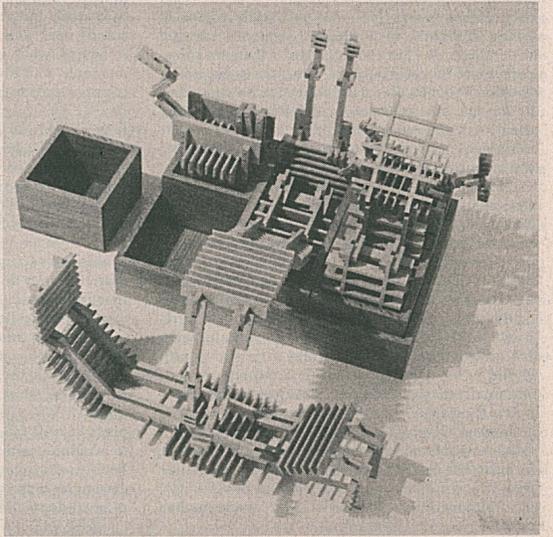
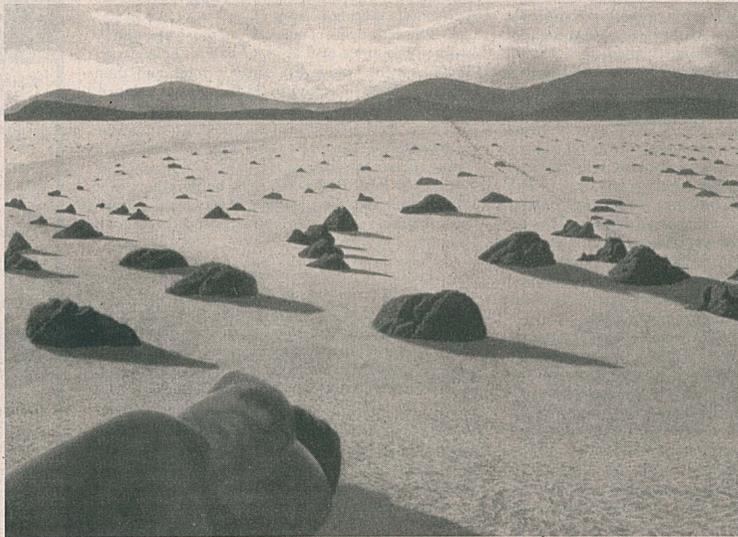
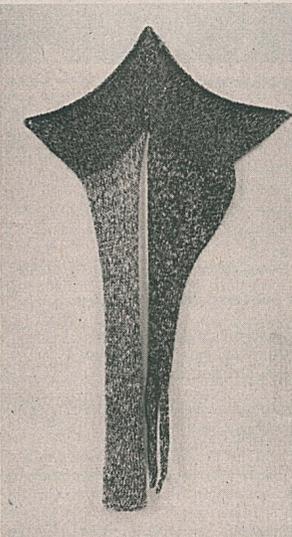
April 18: Easter Sunday. We get up early and climb Kamiak Butte in the snow before Bruce Guenther from the Washington State University museum leads us off to a day of studios. I have picked a whole family of artists who work in a loose and colorful funky tradition related to William Wiley but leavened by the "grandfather clause" — Gaylen Hansen, whose Western-colonel persona and landscape fantasies dominate his paintings and hover over those of the younger artists around him. Among these is Suzanne Lamon, who makes brilliant pellucid watercolors of birds, flowers and animals, and who keeps a rabbit loose in her house. Christopher Simons' color photo-montages extend the bizarre combination of kitsch and earthiness that seems to mark the "Pullman School." Most of the houses I visit here are artworks in themselves, filled with ancient toys, brand labels, thrift-shop finds and other camp esoterica.⁵

April 19-20: To Bellingham via one car and two planes (the second a six-seater from Seattle flying low over Puget Sound) after being interviewed at an airport lunch by Portland writer Pat Failing. In Bellingham we stay with performance artists Larry Hanson and Nancy Whyte and Larry's conveniently 11-year-old son Paul, with whom Ethan spends the next two days playing poker and tasting small-town pleasures. Only one artist on my list at Bellingham — Fred Birchman, who makes sexy and delicate sepia drawings of unpeopled clothing. Here I get mutterings that the show was not well enough publicized (Larry didn't know about it), though the large response seems to invalidate that complaint.

I also see the impressive outdoor-sculpture collection of Western Washington State College, certainly one of the best in the country. There are an incredibly beautiful and huge red di Suvero (*For Handel*, 1975) towering over a bay view; a massive, sheltering triangular log sculpture (*Log Ramps*, 1974) by Lloyd Hamrol; Robert Morris' steam piece (*Untitled*, 1974); a black cube cut by circles through which to view the sky (*Sky Viewing Sculpture*, 1969) by Noguchi; and an anonymous local group's rustic playground/sculpture (I fall on my face in the mud trying to run up a ramp). The ground is being cleared for Tony Smith's *Wandering Rocks*, 1967. I talk to the women artists' group at the experimental Fairhaven College's Women's Center and am impressed by their work, energy and commitment. Then I talk publicly twice at Western Washington and attend a panel there on which Charles Cowles and Virginia Wright discuss public sculpture; they come to the conclusion that there are no important women sculptors working in monumental scale. I'm ready to get back to studios.

April 21-23: Off again, this time in a rented white Pinto which is more my scale and remains intact. We drive over the Snoqualmie Pass in the spectacular Cascade Mountains to Ellensburg, to see the work of Cindy Bennett. She paints a woodpile, closeups of grasses, ground, rocks of the area, in a rough,

L-R: CHRIS JEIBMANN, I DECIDED NOT TO GO DUCKHUNTING, FIBER, 1975; CHRISTY WYCKOFF, ROCKS, SAND, BODY, OIL ON CANVAS, 1975; KIM HOFFMAN, HOFFMAN'S SAMPLER, OAK AND MAPLE, 1975





CAROLYN COLE, PYORRHEA NO. 3, LATEX RUBBER OVER FABRIC, 1976

straightforward style, and some of her canvases are being shown in a pleasant taco restaurant.⁶ Back in the car to Seattle and And/Or, which we finally find in a deteriorating industrial neighborhood on Capitol Hill, which is full of taxidermists. And/Or, founded and directed by Anne Focke, is another alternate space which is the soul of the experimental avant-garde in the Northwest, specializing in music, performance and video. Staffed by six young artists and organizers, most of them named Ann, it has an energy and activity that would shame MOMA. That night I show slides of women's art to a burgeoning feminist group. The next morning we borrow Anne's blue 1964 Chevy, and with the expert map-reading assistance of Mary Avery, I tackle another 25 studios.

Seattle is a bigger city than Portland, and hell to navigate because of all its waterways, bridges, hills and freeways. Around Pioneer Square, the heart of remodeled downtown, I see Laurie Messchaert's abstract paintings that evoke natural forces with organic forms and intense, eccentric color. I see Judy Lerner Brice's satin-quilt works and feminist funk drawings, with odd hits of collage, in a gallery, a restaurant and a housewares store. In the North End, out by the University of Washington, we race in and out of one attractive little house after another. Joyce Moty's is distinguished by a clouded sky painted across its front and by ceramic fantasies gracing its porch. She makes fish-frog caricatures of social types, as well as ceramic cups from an endless store of humorous images — penises to cacti to airplane crashes to a hot cocoa cup with a top that simulates the contents. Kim Hoffman's intricate and elegant wooden sculptures are like puzzles, bound by tiny pegs and movable, though he is reluctant for anyone but the owner to do this, so they have to be shown with photographs of the variations.

Barbara Horosko-Manderbach's Ruscha-like words on illusionist grounds are "about how thought looks." Richard Yoder is making convincing trompe-l'oeil paintings after collage still lifes of papers,

maps, tickets, matchbooks and trash that combine Peto and Schwitters (he began his career forging lunch tickets in junior high). Also concerned with illusion, Barbara Noah's photo-paintings are sexy and humorous, teasing visual puns in and out of two and three dimensions. Joel Hust's still lifes of empty interiors, piles of towels, a table top, an unmade bed, have a cool clarity of light and open space that appears in a lot of "Northwest art." Alice Bear's large striped-color paintings also share some of this spatial ambience; they are built up with transparent layers of ground, and their allusions to landscape and broad Western spaces are conscious and apparent. Carolyn Law's layers of pale and textured papers forming small abstract reliefs or paintings also share this aesthetic. But then in the same studio are Sherry Markowitz's emotionally loaded photo-collages of her family and of medical illustrations about genetic abnormality; they're far from cool. Francie Allen's stuffed latex-and-cheesecloth sculptures, abstract figures, are sometimes made or remade in dance and performance.

Michael McCafferty has been working in the landscape, somewhat influenced by Smithson; his body and sculpture pieces, begun in Ohio in 1970, include work with rocks, poles, tides, paths, erosion and, in one piece, himself as a compass. Susan MacLeod (formerly Montana Rose) has worked outdoors too, but most of her art is maps — cut, drawn or painted on. She is an admirer of LeWitt and espouses his "the idea is the machine that generates the art," but her maps refer also to geographic realities, to natural boundaries, schematized terrains, distances and riverbeds.

Dennis Evans is involved in an esoteric and sensuous performance process, music played on instruments that are also sculptures — porcelain and beeswax wands, arrows, mallets and wind instruments, none recognizable as such, many meant to be played in personal rituals outdoors at the equinoxes and solstices. Evans uses wind, rain, stones and sponges, and he is pushing himself further toward fragility and ephemerality, he wants to "stay irrational, foot in cheek." The objects and their destruction in performances invoke a simultaneous birth and death. Evans has no musical background, but musicians are beginning to get interested in his scores, performed by alter ego Ubu Waugh.

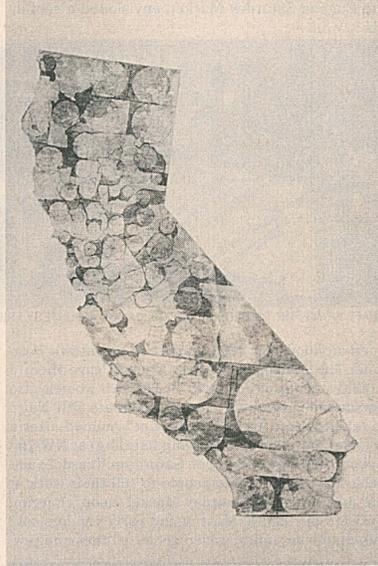
April 22, night: I go over the work that has been sent to Seattle from places I couldn't get to in person, including Richard Howarth's silent cinematic photograph series of minimally eventful events and Ford Gilbreath's tiny tinted landscapes, mysterious and sexy miniatures of rocks, pools, trees.⁷

April 23, night: We fly to Los Angeles. On the plane I ruffle through my notes, trying to choose the show while it is all fresh in my mind. I find I have about 40 people I'd like to put in. The space is too small. I cut unmercifully. The next day I restore most of the people I cut out. I start all over again, scheming to inflate the PCVA space, leaving out people who work large so I can have more who work small, wishing the sculptors didn't all seem to make wall pieces because there is so much open space and so little freestanding work to put in it, a frustrating process.

For reasons that may now be clear, I have decided to call the exhibition *In Touch: Nature, Ritual and Sensuous Art from the Northwest*. The theme reflects my own interests as well as a sensibility in which

sucker for this sensibility. The kind of "earthiness" I responded to in the Northwest, however, related only rarely and distantly to the celebrated Pacific/Oriental mysticism of Mark Tobey and Morris Graves — a stereotype with which Northwest art is still encumbered in the eyes of the world. (My experience in the late 1960s in Vancouver, one of the earliest centers of Conceptual art, did not bear out this myth either, much as I love the work of Emily Carr.) However, the land — the woods, mountains, tilled hills — is respected and somewhat overpowering, and, New York art magazines notwithstanding, it seems to make a more lasting impression on the art than the influence of visiting celebrities from Back East.

Some basic facts, or personal impressions: most of the artists I visited were under 35, many were under 30. At least a quarter came from homes and backgrounds outside the Northwest but had chosen



SUSAN MACLEOD, CALIFORNIA, ACRYLIC ON MAP, 1975

the area because that countryside, that way of life, attracted them. The visible influences are from Northern California and Los Angeles more than from New York, as well as from some mysterious advocate I came to think of as "plaid painting" — an amalgam of Minimal grid and lyrical abstraction. The art centers, outside of Seattle and Portland, are the college towns. A lot of the strongest artists are women (in the show are 19 women and 16 men). The craft tradition is still strong, but younger artists are using it to their own ends. There is little Conceptual, video or performance art, and what there is seems to be centered in Seattle. The loft as either separate studio or working/living space is a fairly recent idea, and many people, especially women (for obvious reasons), still work in their homes, while others inhabit semicomunal studios which have a relaxed intimacy.

Peter Plagens, in *Sunshine Muse*, published in 1974, recommended to Northwest artists "tougher and wryer attitudes to inspire successive generations... to rival the quality of New York art and the wonder of their own settings." These attitudes seem to be there now. Of course I saw only slides of that work submitted to this show. Five hundred artists should be a pretty good cross-section, but everywhere I went I saw from the corner of my eye interesting things that had not been submitted. I conclude that there is plenty of energy, plenty of visual intelligence and plenty of up-to-date art knowledge in the Northwest. The real problem, here as in other places isolated from the art markets of the world, will be how to survive, how to maintain that energy, how to set up situations which nourish and focus it. And/Or, with its openness to youth and experimentation; PCVA, with its emphasis on the importation of the national best in contemporary art; and the women's groups, with their growing involvement in basic change, are three successful signposts, wonderful to behold and to interact with. The next step should probably be some kind of publication, with the editorial responsibility shared by, at the least, Portland, Seattle and Vancouver, so that events can be retained and rehashed and evaluated on several levels.

Some of the artists are inevitably headed for SoHo; some have already come back. Several echoed one artist's statement that he had come to

LIPPARD / continued on page 10

L-R: GAYLEN C. HANSEN, MAGPIES, OIL ON CANVAS, 1975; JOYCE MOTY, FISHY POLITICIAN, CERAMIC, 1976



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STAGE / SOUND / MOVEMENT / HYBRID

Ros Warby
Swift

Acclaimed Australian choreographer collaborates with cellist/composer Helen Mounfort and designer Margie Medlin in this mesmerizing work.



Eiko and Koma
Offering

These performance legends create a mobile outdoor "living installation" in which their bodies' sculptural shapes reference natural cycles and settings.



silt
Liminal Lives

San Francisco media collective operates film projectors like DIs, creating a multi-layered performance installation. Moving images, shadows, objects and sounds blur the boundaries between real and projected, live and recorded.



Tere O'Connor Dance
LAWN

Combining his irreverent, insightful and innovative physical language with film by Ben Speth and score by James Baker, Tere O'Connor examines the conflict between technology and nature.



Vijay Iyer and Mike Ladd
In What Language?

Blending experimental jazz, hip-hop, and the rhythms of West Africa and South India, Iyer and Ladd create an urban song cycle that depicts the interior monologues of various travelers and laborers at an international airport.



Peripheral Produce
All-Time Greatest Hits

Since 1996, Peripheral Produce has treated Portland to unique, experimental and underground film and video shorts. *All-Time Greatest Hits* will feature the best of these offerings, curated by local filmmaker Matt McCormick.



Bill Shannon aka CrutchMaster
Spatial Theory

Rooted in urban street kinetics, Bill Shannon presents a series of impromptu street and club performances as well as a provocative solo work integrating break dancing and skateboarding in his own unique style.



Quasar
Lend Me Your Eyes

Known for its quirky, dark humor, youth culture sensibility and extraordinary dancing, this Brazilian company captures and exposes the rhythms and pulses of the street.



Susan J. Vitucci
Love's Fowl

The story of La Pulcina Piccola (Chicken Little) as told by an Italian puppet opera company. With a libretto and clothespin puppets by Susan J. Vitucci, and score by Grammy winner Henry Krieger.



Dariush Dolat-shahi
In Concert

An evening of acoustic and electronic music paired with ancient and modern Iranian poetry, performed by this Portland-based master soloist of the setar and tar (Persian lutes).



World Premiere!
David Greenberger & 3 Leg Torso
Legibly Speaking

Granddaddy of zines and author of *Duplex Planet* investigates growing old in this new work based on conversations with residents of senior centers. Live original music by Portland's 3 Leg Torso.



Compagnie Salia n Seydou
Figuinto

With fluid dancing and rich theatricality, this Burkina Faso-based company melds the cultural and historical traditions of African movement and music with contemporary choreographic ideas.



Compañía Nacional de Teatro de México
El Automóvil Gris
(The Grey Car)

A Japanese actress and a Mexican actor comment on, and give unique voices to, each of the characters in Enrique Rosas' 1919 Mexican silent film classic.

Miranda July
How I Learned to Draw

Portland's own Miranda July employs sound, video, prayer, levitation and the audience in her latest work-in-progress performance.

Cie Felix Kerkert
deluxe joy pilot

Berlin-based choreographer experiments with unconventional spectator-performer relationships in his new work, which blurs the distinction between action and reaction.

Northwest New Works: PDX

Curated in association with On the Boards in Seattle, Northwest New Works: PDX features a sampling of new works by some of the region's most acclaimed up-and-coming artists including Amos Latteier, Andrew Dickson, Linda Austin and Minh Tran.

World Premiere!
Donna Uchizono Company
Butterflies from my Hand
and The Salton Project

Utilizing striking visual imagery, Donna Uchizono examines beauty, vulnerability, power and the dynamic interplay between dance and design.

Daniel Bernard Roumain
I, Composer, Never Felt Better, and Dred Violin

Roumain uses electric/acoustic violin, drum loops, synthesizers and sampled conversations recorded in his Harlem neighborhood in his classical and contemporary hip-hop compositions.

Coco Fusco
The Incredible Disappearing Woman

Interdisciplinary artist transforms her research on the role of women workers in the global economy into an original theatre work about art, sex, and death in the U.S. — Mexico border zone.

Lawrence Goldhuber
Goldhuber

Known for his humorous and poignant works in dance and theatre, Goldhuber explores issues of body image and self-acceptance in this story of a man whose ego gets so big he explodes.

Manuel Pelmus
Punct Fix

Romanian choreographer Manuel Pelmus explores ideas of heritage and history, and how embedded points-of-view inform action and reaction in his new movement theatre work. *Punct Fix*.

Akram Khan
Kaash

Hindu Gods, black holes, Indian time cycles, tablas, creation and destruction meet in this transcendent production blending traditional Indian classical (Kathak) and contemporary dance styles, with sets by Anish Kapoor and music by Nitin Sawhney.

TBA Cabaret

A nightly program of music, film and special events including hip-hop poet Tracie Morris, avant-garde composer John Moran with dancer Eva Miller, and local heroes Sarah Dougher, The Badger King, Owl vs. Lemming, and House of Cunt.

Shelley Hirsch
A Rupture in the Order of Reality

Using keyboards, a laptop, and turntables, this composer and vocalist of extraordinary range mines the realms of memory, story, and improvisation to create new worlds in sound.

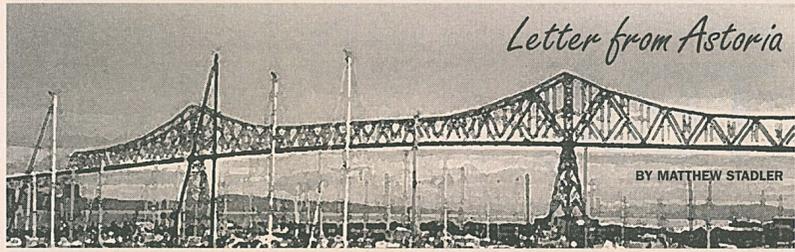
www.pica.org

Compagnie Salia n Seydou
Figuinto

With fluid dancing and rich theatricality, this Burkina Faso-based company melds the cultural and historical traditions of African movement and music with contemporary choreographic ideas.

Hinterland Theater Association
The Wreck of the St. Nikolai

Seattle collective, with members from the Black Cat Orchestra and Vodvil Theatre, performs an opera for objects on the small stage, based on Russian and Quilteute accounts of capture and struggle on the Washington coast.



On a recent Monday Astoria's trolley system was stretched thin when fog delayed the arrival of the cruise ship Prinsendam. Craft merchants lined the dock under charmless white awnings while the heavily armed Port Police hauled bulky gangways around on forklifts. The Prinsendam, one of a dozen international cruise ships docking this year at Astoria, had been held for an hour off the Columbia River bar while the morning fog blew around and thinned. Pier One was crowded and silent. A hired band was idle, their singer engrossed in a volume of Nietzsche.

There is only one trolley now in a system that used to serve the whole city, and at 11:30 a.m. it went downtown to meet the Lewis and Clark Explorer at the train station. The ocean liners dock in Uniontown, a newly designated historic district that was once home to the city's considerable socialist and communist Finn population. Finns are still predominant here, though the several Finnish dairies the city once supported have all disappeared. The Red Finns themselves declined in the 1930s, after their leadership convinced scores of Astorians to repatriate to Karelia, Joseph Stalin's promised Finnish worker's utopia. It turned out to be a gulag of destitution and forced labor.

On Pier One, Bruce Connor, a travel agent who was instrumental in attracting the cruise ships this year, peered into the fog with Jennifer Martz, manager of the city's luxury hotel, the Hotel Elliott. The Elliott doesn't benefit much from the ships (they're only in port for a day), though Martz recalled one couple checking in after failing to bargain the desk clerk for an hourly rate. Cruise ship passengers are identifiable by the large adhesive sunburns they wear on their chests, an emblem provided by the Chamber of Commerce. The sunburns say "Visitor" and, unhappily, resemble yellow stars.

It is a bumper year for visitors in Astoria, a crop the Chamber of Commerce and political leaders have been cultivating assiduously ever since they gave up on the city's other possible futures. Port Director Peter Gearin, a tall, silver-haired man whom Martz rightly described as "very Ralph Lauren," has made it clear that "no cargo goes through this port and no cargo ever will." Speaking in his port-side office the day after the Prinsendam's visit, Gearin acknowledged that he "was hired because that dream is over." Gearin used to run a car transportation company and holds 30 patents for machinery in that field. In the 1980s his company worked with Astoria to turn the deep moorage at nearby Tongue Point into an off-loading facility for imported cars, but nothing came of it. Now the Tongue Point moorage is idle, owned by a holding company in Missoula, Montana, that is trying to lease or sell it.

Peter Huhtala, an Astoria Finn who, like his parents and grandparents, grew up in Uniontown, remembers fishing the river east of Tongue Point, where the Navy mothballed its Liberty Fleet after World War II. "I was 8 years old, sitting in this little skiff, bobbing around between these enormous gray ships when I hooked into something big. I pulled up a 6-foot sturgeon; I thought it was a prehistoric monster." I met Huhtala at his Pacific Marine Conservation Council office, on the first floor of a marina building the port will soon tear down. A conference center is planned for the site, near to three new hotels that are either permitted or already under construction. There used to be three dozen canneries and fish processors along the city's waterfront. Now there are two, but they run night and day trying to keep pace with a freakish resurgence in the sardine fishery, a resource that had all but disappeared 95 years ago. No one knows how long the sardines will last.

Huhtala balances his fond recollections of a childhood spent amidst the noise and bustle of the

canneries with admiration for Gearin's vision of a pleasure-boat economy that might keep a remnant of the city's working waterfront viable. "I'd like to see what they've done up in Port Townsend happen here," Gearin told me. "They're building and repairing fine boats and keeping money moving through town." Port Townsend comes up repeatedly in conversations around Astoria, one model of a possible future. Their Wooden Boat Foundation and festival, the retroactive invention of their historic downtown and — always — the arts, comprise the magic recipe that will turn floor-scrubbing Cinderella into a beautiful princess.

Astoria's art galleries can be counted on one hand, and for the most part they sell tourist scenes competently executed in watercolors, oils or photographs. A nearby "dragon kiln" contributes an avalanche of raku and other ceramics, most of which resemble fish. Gallery 12 is atypical. This narrow storefront and studio features some wonderfully unmarketable oil paintings by Mike Strom — great wet smears of polychromatic brilliance that sometimes resemble landscapes or city scenes. Strom flirts with the kinds of abstraction that James Lavadour has mastered, but, alas, with none of Lavadour's deliberateness, method or vision. Gallery 12's small room is mostly taken up with gilt netting, which Strom sells for \$3.50 per fathom; he'll also repair your nets for \$40 an hour.

It's a crapshoot whether Strom's prospects are better as an oil painter or as a repairer of fishnets. The question is largely out of his hands. Both arts are liable to become fine ones in Astoria's near future. Overfishing has all but shut down the gill-net fishery; the Port's overwhelming investment is in tourism; the city's history of labor-intensive resource extraction and manufacturing is seen, largely, as a relic that can be marketed to visitors in the guise of cannery hotels, renovated marinas and waterfront trolleys. Huhtala envisions the old port docks, his childhood haunt, as a new "super-museum." "Art would abound and the museum would host regular music events," he wrote in the local tabloid newspaper, *Hippish*. "Maybe we could even have one of those I-MAX theaters, like at OMSI."

At the Chamber of Commerce's annual barbecue, held in a parking lot midway between Uniontown and downtown, there was no talk of supermuseums or cargo transfer or of any future except the very near one of ribs and hot dogs. Governor Ted Kulongoski had come through town that day and ridden the trolley. He toured the Hotel Elliott and gave a cookie to a startled little girl. Kulongoski had praised everyone he talked to for transforming gritty Astoria into a tourist Mecca — an inadvertent and premature obituary for a working city that, for better or worse, is still breathing. As the barbecue began under cloudy skies, I spoke with a chamber member who expressed his broad agreement with the governor's assessment. It has been a good summer for tourists. "It's just so beautiful here," he said, gesturing toward the river. That the sight he praised was of the majestic progress of a heavily loaded cargo ship passing by the waterfront on its way upriver to another port only depressed me. One must credit Port Director Gearin with this much; at least the cruise ships, however delayed, eventually come in to port.

The food was for members and family only and so I crossed the street to the Mini Mart, followed by a pimply man who had been told he wasn't welcome at the barbecue. He was hungry. In line at the Mini Mart he couldn't choose between jojos and the deep-fried burrito; he ended up buying both, plus an Instant Lotto card that paid off \$100.

Matthew Stadler is a novelist, literary editor for *Nest* magazine and editor and co-founder of Clear Cut Press. He lives in Portland and Astoria.



The Future New York of the Pacific

Astoria, the Columbia River gateway, is the most and most economic route to the Pacific, the Orient, South America and Europe.

The future of Astoria, where the law of gravity ceases to govern the forces of the earth, and it is cheaper to send commerce up hill than down, ... the largest city on the Pacific Coast will ultimately be right here at the mouth of this mighty river of the West.

GOD'S HIGHWAY TO THE SEA

ASTORIA HARBOR DEVELOPMENT PLAN, C. 1928

CRAFTS IN PORTLAND / continued from page 3

CCG had to discontinue the original arrangement. In its place, they pioneered the popular Craftsmen in the Schools project (later Artists in the Schools), which sent craft artists all over Oregon to demonstrate, teach and lecture to children about their work. As executive director David Cohen says, "We found a niche in the community that needed to be filled. In the '50s, '60s and '70s, there were no galleries in town, just Portland Art Museum, the Museum Art School (now PNCA), the Arts and Crafts Society, Contemporary Crafts and Arlene Schnitzer's gallery (the Fountain Gallery of Art) — that was it. We expanded to fit the need in the community." By 1975 CCG was showing the work of over 175 craft artists each year.

The 1970s brought another community-based experiment to the city. Sheri Teasdale and Andrea Scharf, two craft artists who had sold their work at the Eugene Saturday Market, envisioned a similar



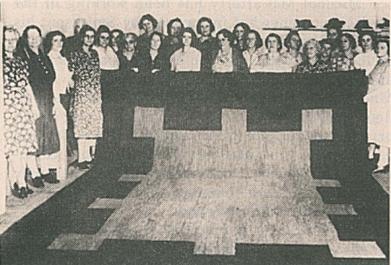
CRAFT WORK FOR TIMBERLINE LODGE, 1930s (COURTESY FRIENDS OF TIMBERLINE)

open-air food and craft market in downtown Portland. The Metropolitan Arts Council gave them a \$1,000 start-up grant in 1973. The two women also persuaded downtown parking magnate Bill Naito to let them use his "Butterfly Lot" (named after a colorful mural on an adjoining building) at NW 2nd Avenue and Davis Street on Saturdays. Teasdale and Scharf invited 35 craftspeople to sell their work at the new Portland Saturday Market co-op, charging a \$3 fee per booth. Most of the early vendors sold handmade ceramics, woven goods, clothes and jew-

elry, and as Renee Conlee, promotions manager for Saturday Market, says, "That first year, you could throw a blanket anywhere on the ground, and that was your stall."

In 1976, as the market grew, it moved to its current location under the Burnside Bridge next to a boarded-up building (and across the street from the site of the 1930s Timberline Lodge craft studio). The following year, as the steady stream of visitors and shoppers continued, it began opening on Sundays as well. Spaces became more and more competitive and vendors would line up well before opening, darting to the best 8 foot by 8 foot spots at 7 a.m. sharp. Someone soon realized that hurling chairs in the direction of a coveted space was faster than running, and the "chair toss" method quickly caught on. In 1977 the market switched to a less hazardous method of site allotment through a sign-up sheet.

By this time the Arts and Crafts Society had



(LEFT) THE SATURDAY MARKET IN 1974 (RIGHT) AL DECHTER PLIES HIS CRAFT

outgrown its space as well. The back-to-the-land

really changed — ideas, issues and concepts became as important as making things by hand." One early resident ceramics artist's emphasis on huge sculptural slab-built work prompted the school to discard many of its pottery wheels, which had been used to create more functional pieces. In the weaving classes, newer techniques such as surface design rose to the forefront; teachers and students moved away from creating yards of material for decoration and toward the idea of fiber as art. Calligraphy gave way to a book arts program with emphasis on one-of-



(LEFT) THE SATURDAY MARKET IN 1974 (RIGHT) AL DECHTER PLIES HIS CRAFT

a-kind artists' books.

Contemporary Crafts continued to exhibit group shows involving work from outside the Northwest, such as the 1984 "International Tea Party," which drew artists from Canada, Japan and Scotland. Meanwhile, the Artists in the Schools program had grown so much that the Regional Arts and Culture Council assumed responsibility. OSAC also expanded during the next decade, first offering credit classes through Marylhurst College and then receiving independent accreditation in 1988. Saturday Market was thriving as well. After the MAX light rail went in, the Skidmore Fountain stop became one of the busiest of the entire transit system. As the neighborhood revitalized, the buildings near the market attracted companion shops like Made in Oregon. There are now 400 vendors, and over 15,000 people (many of them tourists) visit the market on an average Saturday.

1994 marked the first year OSAC granted BFA degrees, and two years later the school changed its

name to Oregon College of Art and Craft to reflect that shift. Twenty-three graduates received BFAs in craft from OCAC last year. In 1999 OCAC hosted the first Craft Biennial, "an exhibition that stimulated artistic excellence in craft and encouraged artists to explore issues as well as further their creative expressions," curator Arthur DeBow says. OCAC offered its third Craft Biennial this past summer, showing work from 56 Oregon and Washington artists.

Lisa Conway has ceramic work in both the Craft Biennial and the Oregon Biennial this year; she is the first artist to show at both biennials. Conway, who studied at OCAC and did an artist's residency at Contemporary Crafts, appreciates the environment for craft artists in Portland. "Critical mass has been achieved. There are great schools here, and people see enough handmade work out there that they don't have to settle for commercial mass-produced stuff. It's not like this everywhere."

Contemporary Crafts still focuses on "excellence in fine craft and educating the community." As executive director Cohen notes, "We haven't changed our focus in all these years: traditional materials and process used in a totally new way."

The organization did undergo a recent name change, adding the word "museum" to its title to reflect its permanent collection of more than 700 works in clay, fiber, glass, wood and other mediums. And this year Contemporary Crafts inaugurates the first biennial Excellence in Craft Awards, honoring six Oregon artists.

Saturday Market is celebrating its 30th anniversary, marking the milestone with a season of weekend parties, street performers and, yes, a chair toss competition. The market is still run like a co-op, with members voting on which new vendors to accept and charging fees based on sales, and the board is currently considering a move to another, larger location in Old Town.

And the latest pioneering craft movement in Portland is flourishing, with shows, sales and hands-on events taking place each week. Though there is certainly a distinction between picking up knitting for the first time at a craft night and earning a BFA in fiber arts, Hoffman's and Hodge's legacies live on in the schools, organizations and grassroots events which foster both traditional and modern craft skills.



(LEFT) THE SATURDAY MARKET IN 1974 (RIGHT) AL DECHTER PLIES HIS CRAFT

The more things change, the more they stay the same. "The Arts and Crafts movement was a reaction against industrialization; in today's technological world the perpetuation of fine handcraft is equally important to keep us in touch with our creative minds and hands," says Bonnie Laing-Malcolmson, president of OCAC. In the age of Photoshop, graphic designers are still drawn to letterpress and book arts classes, and even though digital work has become the cutting-edge standard for photography, many photographers continue to develop and print from their own negatives. Despite the technological advances, artists still choose to work in tactile media, using the "old-fashioned" tools of the trade. The latest permanent exhibit at OCAC, Julia Hoffman's well-worn and well-loved metalworking tools from the turn of the century, closely resemble the ones students in the metals studio use today.

Susan Beal is a jeweler and seamstress in Portland. Her work can be seen at Seaplane and Motel, and online at www.susanstars.com.

Upcoming Events

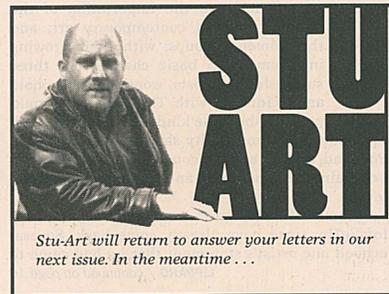
CRAFT BIENNIAL
Oregon College of Art and Craft
Through September 28, 2003
Hoffman Gallery, 8245 SW Barnes Rd.
Open daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

EXCELLENCE IN CRAFTS AWARDS
Contemporary Crafts
Saturday, September 20, 7 p.m.
Ecotrust Building, 721 NW 9th Ave.
\$25 nonmembers, \$20 members

By this time the Arts and Crafts Society had outgrown its space as well. The back-to-the-land

really changed — ideas, issues and concepts became as important as making things by hand." One early resident ceramics artist's emphasis on huge sculptural slab-built work prompted the school to discard many of its pottery wheels, which had been used to create more functional pieces. In the weaving classes, newer techniques such as surface design rose to the forefront; teachers and students moved away from creating yards of material for decoration and toward the idea of fiber as art. Calligraphy gave way to a book arts program with emphasis on one-of-

1994 marked the first year OSAC granted BFA degrees, and two years later the school changed its



Stu-Art will return to answer your letters in our next issue. In the meantime...

Dear Stu-Art,

In your response to Mark Woolley (*Organ* #6) about the dearth of books on the business of art dealing, you highlighted *The Art Dealers* by Laura de Coppet and Alan Jones. You and your readers may be interested to know that a revised and expanded edition of the book came out in 2002. Same title, similar cover, new dealer profiles (including Colin De Land and Jeffrey Deitch) — a fascinating read, which received the same high acclaim as the first edition. If you can't find a copy in Portlandia, I'll be glad to lend you mine.

As a relative newcomer to Portland (from New York City), I find the Mark Woolley Gallery one of the most exciting around. In fact, curiously enough, just before reading his letter I had mentioned to a friend that I hoped Mark Woolley had a solid support base (or disposable income) because his is an essential gallery.

Best regards,
Myriam Alaux
Northwest Portland

BAJA TO VANCOUVER / continued from page 6

Ramirez Erres. We also commissioned a work by Roman Desalvo, and we're re-creating a monumental Chris Johanson installation that was shown at SFMOMA.

You have expressed the view that there's an interconnectedness that exists on the West Coast. I have always found the environmental shifts striking, especially when driving from south to north, from arid golden lowlands to lush green moisture. I was wondering if you have witnessed spectral shifts in art making along the West Coast that relate to the transformations in the environment and the geography.

I wouldn't say so; nor would I say there is a kind of regionalism in any place. What there is, when you have a place like Vancouver with several incredible art departments, is a strong foundation for an artistic community that now spans several generations providing real continuity. I hesitate to call it a "Vancouver School," but there are certain theoretical tendencies that surface in the works of many artists there, in part because of the faculty members teaching in those departments. Ron Terada's piece in *B2V*, a re-creation of a road sign for the city of Vancouver, considers, on the one hand, how artists from that area have become a hot commodity in the international art market, and on the other, the

futility of defining artists by a region. I mean, what exactly is "Vancouver Art"? At a certain point such categories become meaningless.

Obviously, each place responds in a different way to the culture pressures that bear upon it. In Vancouver and L.A., the artists are very conscious of their city's relationship to television and film. In Portland, where there's a limited market for contemporary art and only a modest number of collectors, artists have created a DIY approach to distributing their work by creating their own systems for getting their work out into the community. In Seattle, there's a proliferation of a kind of folksy, cobbled-together aesthetic that captures perfectly the stereotypes people have about it as a laid-back, unpretentious, down-to-earth, "natural" place, whatever that means.

Getting back to Portland, would you mind saying more about the Portland artists in the show?

One thing that we were very struck by on the West Coast was the privileging of individuality, democratic principles, the spirit of innovation and also a real belief in the communal, that somehow coming to the West Coast, would give people a special sense of community. Harrell and Miranda's piece, *Learning to Love You More*, really embodies those ideals. Were there discussions with people in Portland about bringing the show here? I know many of us wish

it were coming to Portland. Can you give us some insight into why it's not? Were the curators at the Portland Art Museum involved in the show at all?

Seattle would be unlikely to do the same exhibition as Portland. *B2V* is going to San Diego but not to L.A. Because of their proximity to one another, these cities are perceived as sharing the same target audiences. So there were never any discussions in Portland about bringing the show there. We're actively promoting *Core Sample*, and we're going to be encouraging people who attend the activities in Seattle the weekend of the *B2V* opening to come to Portland.

From a practical standpoint, loans from museums and private collections cannot be sustained forever. People want their art back on their walls.

I think the reason that many of us regret that *B2V* isn't coming to Portland is because we feel that there are a lot of exciting things happening in Portland, and when you have a good exhibition in a particular place, it's good for the community. And it's especially good for the community of artists.

It's also a matter of how many places a show can reasonably go when it is on the scale of *B2V*. It's a 9,000-square-foot exhibition with 33 artists and some pretty high caliber lenders. Many works of art are fragile or have to

be re-created at each site at incredible cost with a lot of artist involvement. That doesn't come cheap, which is why having four institutions makes it possible to do such an ambitious exhibition with a serious book to accompany it. We have emphasized the importance of artistic production in Portland, and Matthew Stadler, a critical voice in the region, is a major contributor to the catalogue.

Well, the fact that you are supporting *Core Sample*

SAM DURANT, RETURN, 2002, C-PRINT



is great, and people are very excited about that here.

I did get a tremendous amount of input from the art community in Portland when we were getting ready to do our studio visits. Obviously, we knew about people like Robert Adams and James Lavadour. Matthew Stadler, Randy Gragg and Stuart Horodner were phenomenal in giving me tips. The dealers were terrific; they opened up their archives to us. I looked at documentation from the Portland Art Museum's biennials of the past. Artists I visited also sent me to other artists.

I think Portland artists are very generous about each other's work in really wonderful ways. That's so true, it's a very supportive community. I feel like it's become my second home. We're working with Brad Cloepfil and Allied Works on the expansion of the Seattle Art Museum, so I am a regular visitor and catch most of the shows at PICA and the PAM nowadays. I am looking forward to when I have been here for enough time that I am no longer known just as a curator who lives in the Northwest, but as a Northwesterner. Do I have to climb Mt. Rainier to make that claim? In the meantime I will just have to settle for understanding what people mean when they say, "the mountain is out!"

REVIEWS

OREGON BIENNIAL

Portland Art Museum, June 28-September 7, 2003
The triumph of the Portland Art Museum's 2003 Oregon Biennial was the no-show by Oregon video artists. Because they didn't bother to submit their work (and because PAM didn't bother to send anyone to look around), video artists and Biennial curator Bruce Guenther have revealed where the most interesting movement in art is these days: away from the institution. There wasn't even enough indignation to organize a Salon des Refusés this time around.

The movement at PAM and in the art establishment in general continues toward form over content, with a focus on painting. As neoliberal critics such as Dave Hickey and Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe continue putting the screws to what they view as a PC dictatorship that rules subsidized museums and dictatorial educational institutions (Hickey and Co. figure themselves as freedom-fighting infiltrators), their version of liberty is already feeling like the new status quo.

The problem is less with individual work than with the ideology that defends it and the nagging feeling that exhibiting institutions will be feeding us beautiful, content-free work for a long, long time. The neoliberals have set up their arguments around color, beauty and the techno-sublime. Color and beauty are almost beyond words (allowing endless expert discussion), and the sublime is being linked to the supposedly eternal (technology). Like the budget deficit and the troops in Iraq, these guys are going to be around for a while.

As for the Biennial, most of the painting was academic, looking too much like the last chapter of a recently published art history book. The burden that many of the painters are carrying is astounding: beauty, color, gender, abstraction, representation, frivolity (sometimes all in the same work). The desire to include everything is the detritus of art school. Painters interested in frivolity should take a cue from the *Finding Nemo*-esque sculptures of Angela Haseltine Pozzi and dive in head first. Aside from the genuine silliness of David R. Andersen's vibrantly colored fruit creatures, even painting that aspires to be mundane has the aura of overearnestness.

Interestingly, the photography in the show came across as less stoic, more narrative and reflectively nostalgic. Chas Bowie, Ann Kendellen and Craig Pozzi provide documentation of place, our connection to others, and the wonder and ephemerality of everyday life. It would have been nice to see paintings that were along the same lines.

Other highlights included Cynthia Star's naughty paintings of happily humping male doggies and a painting of a lone female doggie embarrassed to be caught playing with a string (gender content mixed with humor, for crying out loud!). And James Lavadour's abstract landscape paintings provided the best argument against what Guenther describes in the Biennial catalog as "the now-oblique and secondary place of content in contemporary art making," by achieving a rare balance among content, beauty and form. It would be fantastic to see a large show with Lavadour and Michael Brophy, a painter who achieves a similar balance using a representational approach.

Looking back, the 2001 Biennial also focused on abstract painting. Visitors to the 2003 show might easily draw the conclusion that the primary artistic movement in Oregon in the past two years was that even more artists became interested in abstraction, with a greater emphasis on frivolity. That is insupportable if you look at the actual art that was produced here, but not surprising if you consider the institutional instinct to support the status quo. As other institutions adopt a neoliberal approach and become as focused on abstraction as PAM, will they also become as bland?

—Stephen Cleary

MALPRACTICE

Drawings by Ryan Boyle

Elizabeth Leach Gallery, July 2003

Company Chode, an ongoing series of drawings that local artist Ryan Boyle began four years ago, features a cast of hapless characters who populate a world of micro-tragedies and dramas. Unclothed, the chode appears as a form of blind and limbed amphibian. With its hairless protrusion for a head and lidless eyes, the plump body of the chode is plainly phallic. Yet this is not the imperial phallus of the Washington Monument, nor the mythic fount of male creative powers we find in Priapus and Pan. These dicks are soft, emasculated, enfeebled. As such, the chodes are angry, humiliated, conniving and rash — and disturbingly familiar.

The chodes occupy a world of expendable, onanistic labor: though they are always moving and doing, the results of their work remain obscure. One chode attaches the severed limbs of another chode to a clothesline. Two chodes chase after each other ad nauseam on a spinning wheel. One wonders if they communicate solely through acts of violence, if their language is figured entirely in gross gestures and asinine mischief. They have tongues to speak, but do they have brains to understand? Are they capable of civilization?

Boyle's most recent piece, *Malpractice*, was part of the Elizabeth Leach Gallery's July drawing show. The set of six painstaking sketches shows Boyle's latest incarnation of the chode character. While earlier chodes hobbled precariously on tiny feet, these stand upright. They are more brazen and less modest — are they evolving? They frequently choke each other and themselves, like company execs strangling in their ties. Indeed, they seem to make low comedy of corporate malfeasance when they shut their eyes and, groping and fondling blindly, commit various misdeeds and grotesque experiments. One chode, feet clad in Nazi jackboots, poses in a physician's lab coat and spectacles as he applies leeches to another chode's buttocks. Evoking the carnival-esque milieu of vaudeville acts and Bruegel paintings, Boyle uses gross humor and explosive detail to produce deft satires of group-think and ritual conformity.

Previously, *Company Chode* was displayed at Powell's Basil Hallward Gallery in a solo show that included what Boyle calls "dreamscapes." In these mixed-media installations, various chodes, more

tadpolelike than his recent figures, are set against an autistic, repetitive background of Xs, Os, puffy clouds, mountains of tiny hands and phrases like "Lots O Loot" and "Foot Ball Tail." These chodes wave flags, set fires and build chaotic spaces around themselves.

Boyle's materials complement these visceral exchanges. Boyle fashions his sketches from the paper detritus of antique stores, the marginalia of old journals and covers of long-neglected family Bibles and assembles them together with picture frames, cable, rusty wire, dried flowers, cabinet doors and old library cards. You won't find Boyle roaming the aisles of the Pearl District's Utrecht buying designer art supplies. In this way, Boyle's work exemplifies, even perfects, the punkish, independent aesthetic that dominates the Portland scene among young artists, while avoiding both the twee airiness and the slipshod craft that characterizes some of it. Boyle proves that DIY does not have to mean cute or shabby.

In future work, Boyle says he envisions his chodes in motion, brought to life by primitive animation techniques such as a scroll that can be unfurled by turning a crank. Perhaps in time, some

Queen Anne's lace and young cascara buckthorn trees and littered with portable toilets, cardboard boxes and plastic Costco wrappers. A deserted white truck stands watch on the lot, advertising Properties Plus, the Chehalis landscaping firm charged with overseeing the park's development.

The whole of the park is the sum of a series of visual clues. Three flags — U.S., Washington and Alaska — guard four rusted steel columns, each about 100 feet tall. Their bases are made of steel pipe. On top of three of the columns stand hemlock carvings by Shelton chainsaw artist Charlie Hubbard, each an oversized version of the refrigerator magnet bric-a-brac found in mall dollar-stores.

On the first, a man holds his arms out to mimic either the posture of Christ in a state of grace or a pre-NRA Charlton Heston as Moses in DeMille's *The Ten Commandments*. On the second, a woman reaches out an open hand to embrace a young child; the woman is Mother Teresa, but her identity was reassigned by Gospodor as "American and Foreign Nuns of All Orders" following the demands of Teresa copyright attorneys. On the third, Chief Seattle, whose phrase "All things are connected" foreshadowed contemporary e-business literature, raises his

Cookbook, understands the need to connect the dots. The reading she organized at the Modern Zoo on August 16 brought together writers who don't typically share the same stage. Ergenbright curated the reading around the theme of "temporary measures," and the results were very entertaining. Larry Colton read a piece about having to drive his car backwards until it could be repaired. Monica Drake dissected "being suddenly pregnant and then not." Phil Busse analyzed his temporary relationships with cars. Anna Keesey traced America's ever-changing national bogeymen (Comms, Taliban, video games). Ergenbright gave a fascinating account of her relationship with her student, the notorious Treva Throneberry, a then 32-year-old posing as a teenage runaway. And Matt Love recounted a mostly forgotten weekend in 1970, when Governor McCall staged Vortex I, a music festival designed to evacuate Portland of confrontational hippies during an American Legion convention.

Six writers made the reading a bit long, and a couple of the stories were a stretch in terms of meeting the evening's theme, but overall the event was terrific. The most compelling aspect was hearing the diverse interpretations of the idea of "temporary." This curatorial tactic circumvented a problem that often arises with readings in general — how to interest the public in attending a reading by a nonfamous author with no book to autograph. Having writers approach a given subject made the work feel tailor-made, emphasizing performance over product.

Hopefully, "Temporary Measures" will inspire more events of this kind. Why should readings be book club field trips or masturbatory soapboxes for rejected authors when they can be scene-making events where unpredictable cross-fertilizations occur? Kevin Sampson admirably brings folks together for his *Booty Call Series* (nothing gets 'em out of the house like S-E-X), as do several other literary collectives, but we need more, along with more adventuresome curating. Seattle's Richard Hugo House, which serves as the epicenter of the city's literary life, had three writers address a given topic in the long-running *Rendezvous Reading Series*. A regular gig like this cultivates a dependable audience, but more importantly it demands that curators probe different genres and subsets for talent. The well-compensated editor at *Outside* reads next to the self-published sound poet. Audiences and participants become aware of each other's existence. Dots get connected, and pretty soon they form a network. Everyone benefits.

Considering the credentials of its participants, "Temporary Measures" was poorly attended. Such indifference seemed particularly cruel at the Modern Zoo, a vast space dedicated to showcasing emerging visual artists. Art is having its day, and that benefits all creative disciplines. But if Portland is willing to support many as yet unremarkable artists — as well as great ones — in hope of fostering tomorrow's landmark work, why not turn some of its energy to a discipline that is already incubating nationally recognized talent in a virtual vacuum? If writing received the same public sanction that visual art currently does, the results would be spectacular. Portland brags that it's a city of readers, but these readers should, if only for selfish reasons, seed their own crop by showing up at community-based literary events. Reading as performance, as a distinct happening rather than product placement or insular circle-jerk, is a great place for both writers and readers to start. —Heather Larimer

411 COLLECTIVE

Imagine some music. Listen a bit. Now bracket out the chorus and the verses. Listen again. Bracket out any formal phrases, anything strictly repetitive: the beat, the horn section, all of it. Again, take what is left and bracket out melody, harmony, rhythm; bracket out meter, bracket out note. Finally, bracket out what remains — that is, your expectations — and there it is, behind all those blinders of experience: the music of 411 Collective.

411 Collective is a group of Portland-based musicians, dancers and writers working together to explore the art of unconstrained improvisation. The focal point of the group is free music: the relation of sounds meeting in the moment, the music composed spontaneously, without regard to any formal structure or tradition.

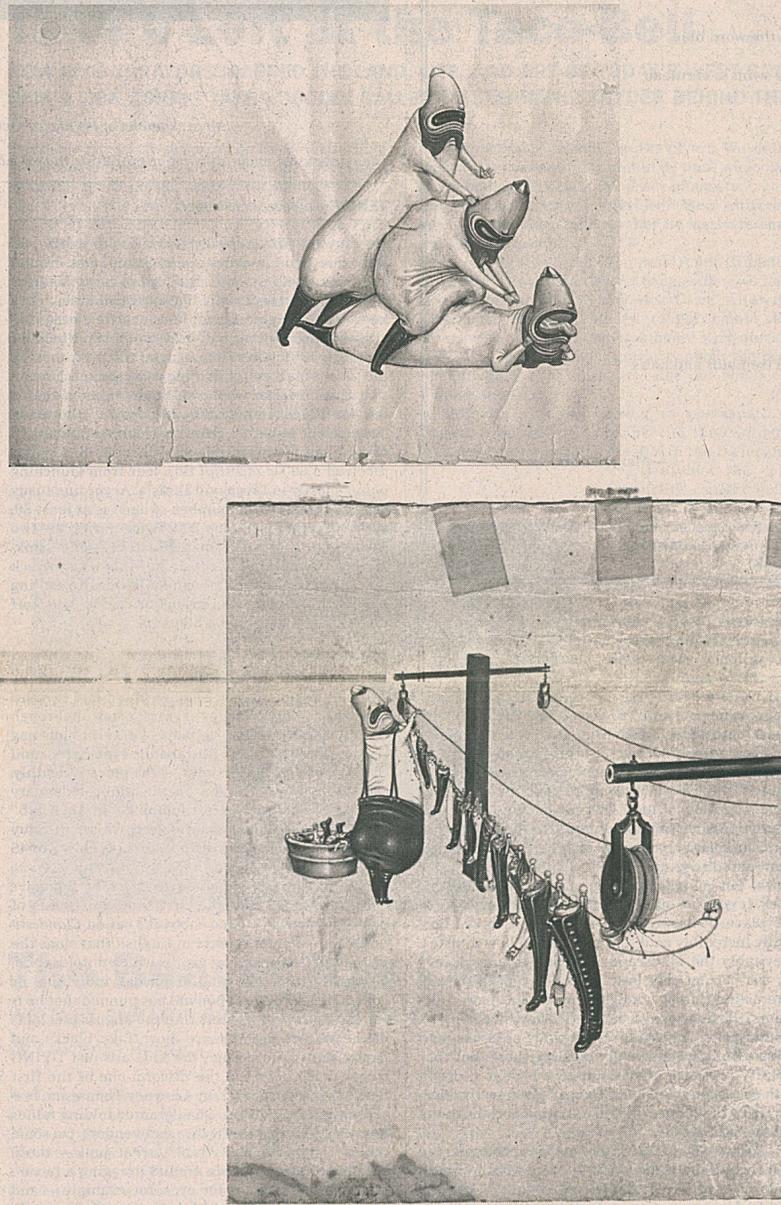
The members are very serious in their play. Take the profound August 1 performance of Tat Yamisi, comprised of 411 Collective core members Steve Schneider on tenor and baritone saxophones, Tyrone Kaylor on drums and bass clarinet and Bryan Eubanks on a variety of reed instruments. The lights in the performance space were extinguished and the windows were draped, bringing the space into near total darkness. The group took up their instruments. Minutes passed while the silence changed temperature. In the stillness, I felt my hearing quiet and prepare to listen until, at last, the first note breathed.

Soft but energetic, it crouched, sprang, shook and paused, twitching an ear, letting loose a tense cry. That declaration was joined by another, and the two sounds debated, laughed, disagreed: a vibrant conversation between the horns. Finally, the percussion spoke up, although it spoke no language, or no conventional one. My ear, long-trained on 4/4, instantly erected its usual expectations. But this beat neither repeated nor did not repeat its cadence, and yet it was rhythmic, full of measure and grace. Such neither-here-nor-there-ness was evident in all the instruments. They had been set free, disburdened of their history, of their known musical capability or purpose. The arrangement was like the whistling of a very wise, cranky, irreverent child.

The music of 411 is a distinct pleasure, one which erases inscribed perceptions. The honking and bleating and growling are like an animal your ear hunts but cannot discover. It is an uncommon, difficult amusement, but those are often the finest, and it is not the 411 Collective's purpose to merely gratify. With scores of rock bars, DJ clubs and jazz improv nights, 411 offers truly free improvisation.

—Michael Knapp

411 Collective is at 411 SE 6th Ave. It stages several shows a week, featuring its own players and guests from around the country. Shows and times can be found at www.411collective.org.



RYAN BOYLE, UNTITLED (TOP) AND SLAVE LABOR

phylogeny of the chode will emerge and *Company Chode* will portray the chodes from their slimy birth to their current vain existence. Meanwhile, characters in search of narration, they wait for a story that will reveal their full and tragic nature.

—Brannon Ingram

EXIT 63 MEMORIAL PARK

Toledo, Washington

Before Maya Lin completes her design for the Lewis and Clark Confluence Project monuments, she may want to consider a monitory visit to Dominic Gospodor's baffling Exit 63 Memorial Park in Toledo, Wash. Located halfway between Portland and Seattle on land formerly the home of the Cowlitz tribe, the park could be the most extravagant use of private land for public spectacle in the recent history of Washington's I-5 corridor.

Lin, who aims to incorporate tribal elements in her own work, might ask, "What am I remembering?" She might think of the statement she submitted with her proposal for the Vietnam Veteran's Memorial: "We the living are brought to a concrete realization of these deaths." Or she might instead drive her rented car to the nearby Toledo Cheese Days Festival to remember the vanished Cowlitz Valley Cheese Association factory on Second Street, or to Toledo High School to honor a baseball team whose mascot remains a retrograde stereotype of a headband-and-feather-wearing Indian.

Dominic Gospodor, the retired land-speculator and millionaire behind the park, says the monuments commemorate Christian faith, the indigenous population and the Holocaust. But for the uninitiated onlooker gathering clues at 70 mph through the surrounding red-and-white No Parking signs, they present a blurry conceptual enigma.

Gospodor's monument park occupies a 10-acre Lewis County no-man's land, a barbed wire-fenced, graveyard-sized strip of freeway grass sprinkled with

arm to the sky. "We stole their ground and tried to kill them," Gospodor says of North America's indigenous population.

There is a fourth, statueless column, a torchlike diamond, resembling an eternal flame. And closest to the highway, an 8-foot-tall refrigerated Plexiglas case displays a Vietnamese sculpture of an eagle, wings raised, attacking two mongooses — Gospodor claims it bears no direct relation to the memorial theme of the rest of the park.

Now that a heavy-duty black plastic bag covers an explanatory sign, due to complaints by the Department of Transportation of traffic slowdowns, the goal of the project is obscure. So what connects the imagery? The answer here is also speculative. "I figure I'll do what I want to do," says Gospodor, who watches the ongoing construction via webcams from his Seattle condominium.

Following the approval of a county planning commission, expect five additional monuments dedicated to African-American history, drunk-driving victims, Jonas Salk, Susan B. Anthony and William Seward. —Bryan O'Keefe

TEMPORARY MEASURES

The Modern Zoo, August 16, 2003

Recently, *Willamette Week* ran a cover story, "Portland, They Wrote," which aimed to showcase Portland's literary talent by profiling several local writers. *WW* should be commended for its attempt, but where were Pete Rock, Charles D'Ambrosio, Matthew Stadler, Anna Keesey — writers whom people in other cities hail as literary geniuses? Unfortunately, *WW*'s task was more daunting than it should have been. This town is teeming with great writers, but the writing community is fragmented, stuck in cliques that remain invisible to most everyone else; it's in dire need of a relationship-building exercise.

Erin Ergenbright, co-author of *The Ex-Boyfriend*

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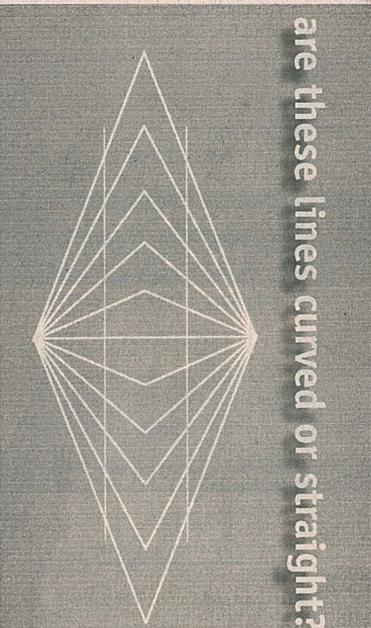
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From the Book of Hours

PRIME

eye opens the idea of sky
as
agreement: construct the new here a horizon line there the other plane
corn silk cloud yields pale
to jasmine and variations in gray hisses on asphalt
a decline to point
my hand tethers the departure of
flight
white stippled cycle cerulean glimpse
cataract and green gesture
the earth and eye begin
++

COMPLINE

circles under the eye variations in light and the word blue
blue and blue laughter and dissolve hands swim in cerulean
color flying off snow
word blue swims in is color tossed in moon
eyes circle a circle a color of bruise
words toss eyes moon in eyes tossed
the hand is bruised
insides are lapislight variations of light
moon in snow
thumb the color of moon flying
snow the color of blue and moon swimming
hands clench snow swims in sky word blue trembles and halts
eyes swim in swim to blue silence

—Maryrose Larkin

Maryrose Larkin lives in Portland. She is a member of the Spare Room Poetry Collective. Her poetry can be found in various magazines, including *Insurance*, *The Columbia Poetry Review* and *Bird Dog*.

TBA FESTIVAL / continued from page 4

Scott MacDonald, whose recent book, *The Garden in the Machine*, looks at avant-garde cinema and its relationship to place, either realistically or abstractly. He talks about this in relation to 19th-century landscape painting, which is something you have an affinity with, this tradition of a spiritual relationship to the land.

Keith: There is — well, I almost hesitate to say it — a moral drive in our work to draw attention to those wild places that are in us, that have been so much a part of the American psyche. We do find rejuvenation there and a resuscitation of spirit. The 19th century keeps coming up and I can't say that I understand it all but it's that doorway into those origins that's so fascinating. I picked up Bazin the other day and there's that idea of cinema preceding the actual creation of cinema, that it was already there, it's just opening up and it really hasn't been fully created as the total cinema that it is. For our work we often try to de-emphasize the 20th-century obsession with always staying in the mind and draw back into the body, presence and a spatial relationship rather than just a critical/theoretical relationship. Which goes back again to dance. That's present in the early cinematic experience of kinoscopes and such. They can be witnessed from all different sides.

The standards of cinema — projection booth, audience, screen — had yet to be fully refined, so cinema was as much a visual experience as it was a physical experience.

Jeff: There's actually a tribute to landscape painting in the title of this new piece, *Luminal Lines*, a reference to the Luminists. I think our interest in those painters is less with the actual paintings

themselves. We are more interested in this process of discovery and the relationship to wilderness that a lot of these painters had, particularly the Luminists. *Luminal Lines* is actually one of the first times we've had a chance to work in a region that was not our own. To go to that place, explore, film, create a piece, then bring it back to that place. It's been a dream of ours, so this is really exciting. Having never been to Oregon before, there was that sense of discovery, "Wow, we're going to some completely new landscape!" One can imagine Frederick Church or Albert Bierstadt going to the Rockies on horseback and that sense of awe, of pure excitement and discovery.

Keith: For me that's the great part of doing this work. It gets me out there. It situates me to explore the place in between the shots. I get to see how really incredibly cold that river is and how it tastes. Inevitably the landscape suggests so many things for us. During this past week, one of the really interesting things is how the water and power elements, the dams and the electrical, are everywhere. It's fantastic, fraught with all kinds of issues, and I don't think we are really tackling those, but that massive presence is something we have to contend with or respond to when filming. Like how the electricity in the room of the installation is right there, it came all that way.

Jeff: What was interesting to me was observing my preconceptions of the landscape and what I wanted to do. Over the week that we were out here, I slowly had to drop my notions, which I realized were preconceptions of the landscape where I live, in the Sierra Nevadas and the types of rivers there. I kept trying to find the Sierras here in the Cascades and it took a couple of days to let go and let this place create its own presence.



Sorry about not getting My Art Diary up on the Web for the last issue. We swear it'll happen this time: www.organarts.org.
— The Editor

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- WEEK ONE -		HOME: ALL CAPS
FAVORITE	UNDERDOG	LINE
Robert Rauschenberg	JAMES ROSENBLIST	4 1/2
MARK ROTHKO	Barnett Newman	4
Jean Mitchell	JACKSON POLLOCK (A)	PICK EM
Joseph Marioni	ANN APPLEBY	PICK EM
MATHEW BARNEY	Damian Hirst	7 1/2
THOMAS HART BENTON	Le Corbusier	5
MEL KATZ	Lee Kelly	PICK EM
Thomas Kinkaid	ANSELM KIEFER	21
HELEN FRANKENTHALER	Morris Louis	1/2
Georgia O'Keefe	ARTHUR DOVE	30 1/2
GRANT WOOD	Marsden Hartley	13
FRANK STELLA	Joe Macca	200
		3M02

Joe Macca
Latest Line
pen on toilet roll, 2002

More examples of Joe Macca's work can be seen at PDX. www.pdxcontemporaryart.com

Those interested in curating for or exhibiting in make do can send a note of interest to makedoart@yahoo.com

VENICE / continued from page 1

gins anyway. The steps in front fill with weary and self-segregating tourists, then as you move around and back along the sides the crowd becomes African, Arabs and especially black sub-Saharan. They keep cool with granita and beer, chatting, occasionally nudging a soccer ball back and forth. No doubt some are day laborers, unengaged this afternoon by the tourist markets, or bootleg purse rackets, or construction crews, or whatever. No doubt more than a few are illegal immigrants, *clandestini*, who made "voyages of hope" to cross the Mediterranean. As of mid-July, Lampedusa, an isle near Sicily, has received 3,000 *clandestini* this year from launching points mostly in Libya and Tunisia. According to my cursory research, the number of dead is at least 50, with the missing at least 200. Twice during my two weeks in Italy I read of small disasters — one a sinking just off the African coast, the other a shipwreck tantalizingly close to Italy and a better life: selling tourists their names on grains of rice or knockoff purses neatly arrayed on blankets.

Venezia, Venezia. A husk of a city, gorgeous and mutely mystifying like the shed skin of a cicada still clinging to an oak. Thomas Mann had it right: Though occasional blades of grass spring up through the cracks in ancient cobbles — enterprising bag vendors and their faux Murakamis even here, amid theme park-like social order — the place is deathly. Off the main routes and on the water, legendary quiet pervades: no cars thumping "In Da Club" here, in Italy's most elderly city, where the guy selling you the lousiest slice of pizza is closer to 45 than 15.

At the Arsenale, home to most of Bonami's *Dreams and Conflicts*, the first show you see is of emerging artists. Remarkably, it's called *Clandestini*. Despite a press release in English that sings the virtues of "clandestine" vision, which unfolds independently from any kind of formal, individual or collective affiliation, Bonami has punned that he is smuggling raw youngsters into the august precincts of the world's premier art show: Like blacks and Arabs across the border, the kids are just DYING to get in. To heighten the discord, one of the first displays you encounter, by Cheyney Thompson, features miniatures of the wood-grained folding tables favored by New York City's street vendors. On some tables Thompson puts "real" street junk — those creepy balls that tumble around dragging a racoon tail with black beads for eyes, for example — and on others he puts his own fabrications, for example a shiny gold, igneous-looking wad. The title strikes me as fitting: *Table of the Golden Faeces*.

Somehow *Clandestini's* title passes unmentioned upon in the press, while Fred Wilson gets static for hiring a Senegalese man to hang out in the courtyard of the US Pavilion with two neat rows of handbags on a blanket. The bags were not, as sometimes reported, street-standard knockoffs of Prada, Vuitton, et al.; instead Wilson had them custom-made with Venetian fabrics that he also used to costume mannequins in a special display window behind him. Wilson was going for something intricate and cerebral, as he was with the

pavilion's museum-sized exhibition on blackness in Venice, centered on the Moor himself, Othello. But the interior came across as pedantic — a little of Wilson's progressive museogenealogy — rooting around museum cellars — goes a long way. Though a majority, including myself, found the presence of the fake fake-handbag vendor kind of perfect, he also evinced reactions from irritation to outrage. Mainly I was disappointed that Wilson hadn't hired an actual vendor, and moreover that I didn't get to see the guy: Like too much of what gets written about at the Biennale, the bag man was there only during the *vernissage*.

Then, in a well-ventilated shack outside the Dutch pavilion, I watch stupid, irritating, clumsy home-vid style footage of artist Erik von Lieshout and, judging from the credits, his brother. The younger man is cute, apparently gay and lovelorn; dutiful older bro sets out to find him a boyfriend. In the land of queer, anti-immigrant martyr Pim Fortuyn they search exclusively among nonwhites: guys behind deli counters, guys hanging out on the street, guys cruising by in hot cars. Little brother seems reasonably embarrassed, even whines to the camera operator that the video is not going to be funny; but it is, a little bit; and it becomes hilarious, if boneheaded and terminally inscrutable in tone, when it shifts to a faux gangsta framework. The song of the summer kicks in, and as 50 Cent chants "Go shortie, it's your birthday," a montage begins of the two pasty whites being frisked by men of variously darker hues. After some convertible cruising and ersatz violence, the whole thing ends with the two brothers sucking face like Marina Abramovic and Ulay; or, alternately, like it's recess and some girls dared them to.

This travesty of passion reminds me of different kisses, an inverse pair of lovers. Across the bowered Giardini in the British pavilion, Chris Ofili's cycle of paintings depicts a black man and woman postured variously, amorously, in a red, green and black Eden. Ofili's trademark coruscating surfaces — achieved with glossy paint and resin and glitter and map pins, and in this case even gilding — have never seemed so impressive as in this carefully controlled environment: The color scheme of the paintings is matched by the interior design, from the velvety carpets up to the "Afro Kaleidoscope" skylight, whose red and green light brings the atmosphere closer both to the cathedral and the boudoir. It's capital-D Decadent, like, oh, Flaubert or Aubrey Beardsley; the art churns up antique aesthetics and invests its newly fashioned icons with a deeply private devotion. It sounds very art-for-art's-sake, and it should: What could be more perfectly indifferent to the world than a pair of lovers? And yet Ofili's inward turn goes so deep it flows back into the world. A visible sign: Outside flies not the Union Jack but a "Union Black" done up in a palette made symbolic by Marcus Garvey, the dreamer/con man to whom a voyage of hope went not from Africa but back to it.

Domenick Ammirati lives in Brooklyn. His writing has appeared in the magazines *Artex* and *Modern Painters*. He is a regular reviewer for artforum.com.

LIPPARD / continued from page 7

Seattle for his beautiful studio and pleasant life but was probably going to leave because "it wasn't enough"; others are rooted in the Northwest and are committed to its regional virtues. Yet the work of Petersen, Evans, Zusman and others is as good as that by many young artists in New York, and it proves that you don't have to live in the Big Apple to be an artist, only to be known as an artist.

Notes

1. A slide registry of women artists, located at Artists Space, 155 Wooster St., New York, N.Y. 10012.
2. See Terry Smith's "The Provincialism Problem," *Artforum*, Sept. 1974, for an intelligent analysis of this subject.
3. In an article titled "New York Critic Looks at Northwest," P.S. Failing asks: "Why pick an East Coast writer to curate a West Coast show? One rationale is obviously political: pick someone geographically removed from the area, and even PCVA's artists can submit work without being suspected of cronyism. Lippard was a favored choice not only because she is a respected outsider but because she has earned a reputation for being sympathetic to serious artists... because of the paucity of history of recent Northwest art, all that Lippard has learned recently about contemporary Northwest art could only have come from firsthand sources." (*Willamette Week*, May 3, 1976).
4. The other artists whose work I saw in Portland were Mel Katz, Judy Foxson Fawkes, Robert Coghil, Orleok Pitkin, Marie Lyman, Seth Tane, Joseph Erceg, Peter Giltner, Barbara Anello, Carol Colin, Ted Waltz, Hugh Weber, Lucinda Parker, Barry Johnson and Paul Sutinen.
5. The other artists whose work I saw in Pullman were Linda Ozazaki, Anita Evers, Patrick Siler, Arthur Ozazaki, Jim Hockenhill, Madge Gleeson and Jo Hockenhill. I also saw a large wood outdoor sculpture by an artist named Helms, whose recent show at the Nick Wilder Gallery in Los Angeles resulted from his helping an unknown motorist from a snowdrift last winter; it was Ed Keinholtz.
6. In Ellensburg I also visited Connie Speth.
7. The other artists whose work I saw in Seattle were Andy Keating, Margaret Ford, Knight Landesman, Joseph Goldberg, Miro Fitzgerald, Norrie Sato, Fay Jones, Judy Kleinberg, Bonnie Vierthaler, Elizabeth Sandwiger, Shash Slettebak, Craig Klyver, Katherine Meighan and Michael Ware.

Lucy R. Lippard is the author of *Overlay: Contemporary Art and the Art of Prehistory*, *The Lure of the Local: The Sense of Place in a Multicultural Society*, *Eva Hesse* and many other books and essays on art, feminism and social activism. She has curated over 50 exhibitions and is the co-founder of Printed Matter, the Heresies Collective and numerous other artist organizations. She lives in Gallisteo, New Mexico.