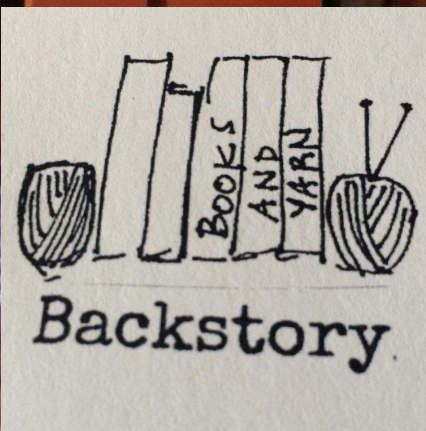




Event Horizon

Summer 2018 | Issue 4

**Backstory books & yarn
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Steve Gatt

ACSM Certified Personal Trainer

sdgatt@yahoo.com

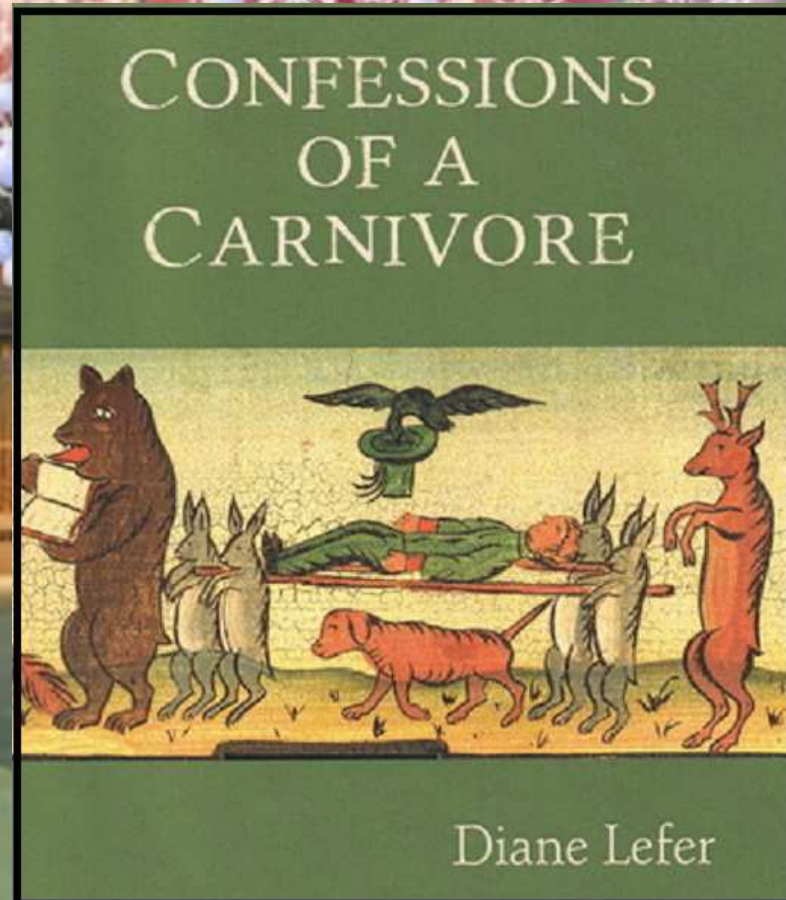
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CONSISTENCY INTENSITY NUTRITION FITNESS

Confessions of a Carnivore is an antic romp through a minefield, a novel about animal behavior, endangered species, endangered democracy, and love.

Wow. Diane Lefer's new novel is one wild ride...by turns hilarious and tragic....And just when we're waiting for the next laugh, the novel surprises us by becoming something altogether more moving.

JJ Amaworo Wilson



Native American Flute Craft



Ancient to Modern

From the author of *The Native American Flute: Myth, History, Craft* comes *Native American Flute Craft*, a detailed, fully illustrated how-to manual for crafting the Native American flute in all its forms, from the ancient Anasazi flute to the modern two-chamber flute, from the traditional to the drone and more.

C.S. Fuqua



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GAMING FANTASY SCI-FI FRACTALS

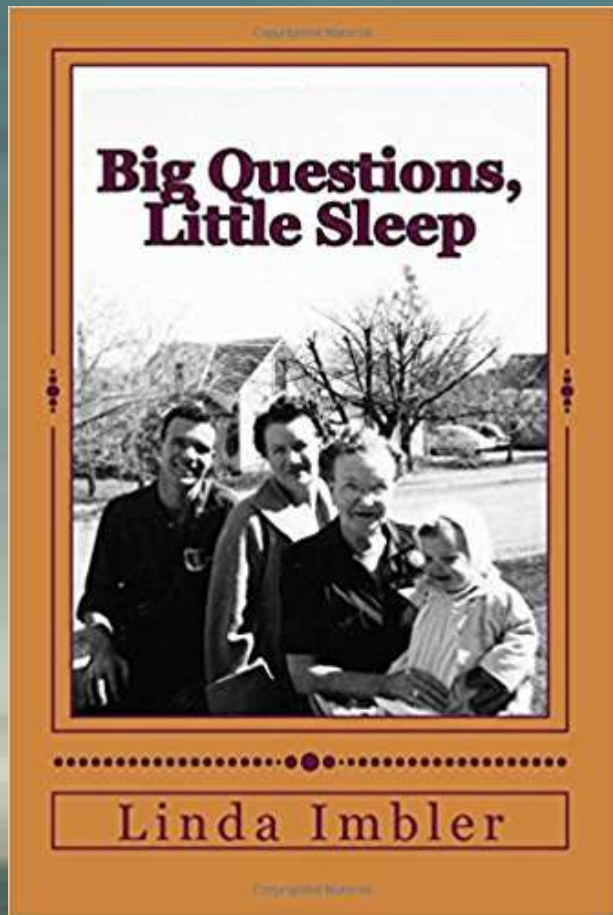
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ULTRA DEEP FIELD



POEMS

ACE BOGGESS



Born from the depths of an insomniac's mind, *Big Questions, Little Sleep* offers a wondrous poetic investigation into the phenomena of time and death.

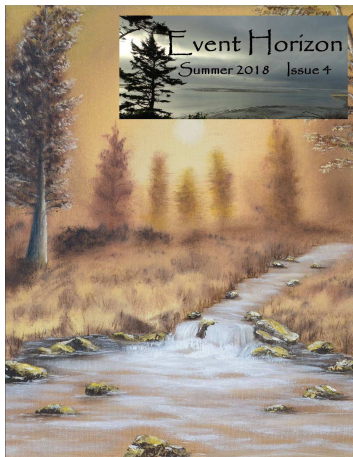
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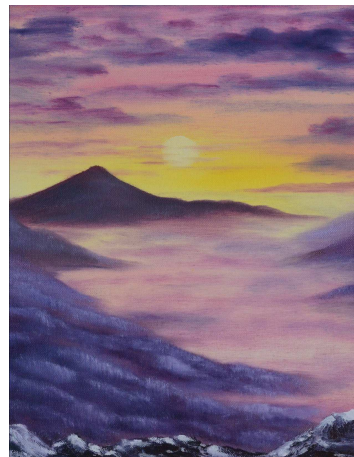
~ a literary and graphic arts periodical

Event Horizon is published quarterly as a free pdf download. Every issue is also available as a publish-on-demand book. All access is through the website, eventhorizonmagazine.com. Submissions are always welcome and should be emailed to eventhorizonmagazine@gmail.com. Event Horizon is seeking fiction, poetry, illustration, photography or photographic displays of arts and crafts, manga, graphic novels, comics, cartoons, various non-fiction including letters, essays, criticism and reports on the arts. Cover art is also invited and specs can be found on the website. Event Horizon is edited and published by Lanning Russell.

On the cover:



front - Enchanted Meadow



back - As the Fog Settles

Heather Haley, our cover artist, is from Boise, Idaho. Heather's nature landscapes are born of her college studies of biology, her experience as a world traveler, her mission as an animal rescuer and her awe of faraway people and places. Her paintings were featured in Issue 2.

heathermariehaley.com treasurevalleyartistsalliance.org/Gallery/heather-marie-haley/



Notes from the editor

One step back

I do struggle mightily. In Issue 3 I debuted a new section, Offworld. For Issue 4, I missed my deadline of solstice; this issue will still come out in June but not by solstice. The trade-off to meet even the new end-of-June deadline is to sacrifice Offworld. So it's not in this issue but I have a scheme for a shocking and brazen act of revisionist history. My plan is to completely write this failure out of the script. In this new world of online publishing, I can revisit my files after publication date at my leisure. I can complete my article for Offworld. I can re-write my **Notes from the editor** and remove any mention of this embarrassing setback. I can update the original file that I sent to Lulu Press. The corrected version of Issue 4 will be the only one available to download - either in a print edition or the free pdf. If you want to preserve evidence of my folly or hoard a valuable collector's item, you had better download now. Soon, no one will be the wiser.

Quarterly to bi-monthly

Event Horizon is moving to a bi-monthly cycle. The next issue will probably be designated something like **2018 September/October Issue 5**. It will come out late August or early September - target date September 1.

Contest winner

Gene Turchin and Jacob Duchaine won the Event Horizon Pictorial Art and Story Contest and the prize of \$100. Their winning strip, **Saint Michaels**, is featured in Issue 3.

Letters to the editor

on Issue 3

Nice job Lanning. Your publication looks better with every issue. I will try to remember to submit some new works for issue 4.

~ Christine Tabaka

The issue looks great, and I'm looking forward to exploring all the work within. Thank you so much for including my poems in the issue. It's an honor to have my work become part of yours.

- CS Fuqua



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Andrew Scott

the passion eye

Andrew Scott is a native of Fredericton, NB. During his time as an active poet, Andrew Scott has taken the time to speak in front of a classrooms, judge poetry competitions as well as published worldwide in such publications as *The Art of Being Human*, *Battered Shadows* and *The Broken Ones*. His books, **Snake With A Flower**, **The Phoenix Has Risen**, **The Path** and **The Storm Is Coming** are available now.

The Choice

I am sitting on an old park bench
in the old side of town
looking to my left
and then to my right,
wondering which way to take today.
This choice consumes my life.

To my left is a place
that is familiar to me
from many years before.
That road has not been traveled
for quite some time.
The people may not
even know who I am.
I am thinner than before.
The youthful face replaced
with aged skin and bearded face.
Toque covering the loss of hair
and clothes aged around my frame.
They would not know what they see.

Letting out an extended sigh
I glance to the right.
To the path taken many times.
Meeting those that pretend
to be friends when I have money
for the supplier of my numbness.
The pesky high that helps
me forget worries that are not there.
Always greeted with greedy smiles
that last until I leave.
Same show many times.

Cold breeze is whirling around
giving no hints on which way
that I should go towards.
This battle has been
lasting for so long
my tired eyes keep
looking either way.
Being lead hopefully
by the proper choice.

Beautiful Colors of Chaos

Looking around I close my eyes
to see what is created in the dark
letting my body and senses go
while embracing what may occur
through the sight of a closed eye

Head starts spinning
as the rest of the body relaxes
feeling the sensation of being free

Visions of calm form before me
magical swirls leading my mind
pulling all to a place I understand
where spiraling may be controlled
or be fully absorbed in it
in the conflicting land of the
beautiful colors of chaos

The Passion Eye (Rondeau)

The passion eye is how I see
the world that is in front of me
beauty that is captivating
if you let in all the feeling
and let your senses fully free

Appreciation deepening
of the air that is enchanting
in life's giving jubilee
the passion eye

If you let it be engulfing
each new day is a warm greeting
where our first and last breath is free
is felt to the highest degree
truly can be enlightening
the passion eye

Blank Canvas

The end of the day always ends the same.
Looking into the self-reflective mirror
with a sharpened, shiny new scalpel
in my trembling hand of nerves.
Wiping away the memories
of the day's events
with the first incision.
Circling around my face.
The blood is draining tension.
The poisoned impurities
leaving the inside of my flesh.
A healing clotting circle
around my face,
showing only clean bone.
There is a calm knowing
that the grey on my face
and wrinkles of age
will be gone again.
The new day will bring a new start.
The pressure of sights seen
scraped away, shedding the skin
that encompassed the day.
Waking, all will be new.
The canvas will be blank
to draw the days events
across it will expression
to only tear away
the painting in the end.

Gary Glauber

the force majeure of obliterated plans

Gary Glauber is a poet, fiction writer, teacher, and former music journalist. His works have received multiple Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net nominations. He champions the underdog to the melodic rhythms of obscure power pop. His two collections, *Small Consolations* (Aldrich Press) and *Worth the Candle* (Five Oaks Press) and a chapbook *Memory Marries Desire* (Finishing Line Press) are available through Amazon.

Photo: Linnaea Mallette

Rehab

We sit on long benches
inside the big tent
watching two-reelers
on the grey canvas screen.
I never know names
of movie stars;
their lives seem
like something happening
on a distant planet.
Scully says his cousin
went to school with one of them,
& that impresses some of the guys.
I am more excited about
the extra bottle of bourbon
that Eagle procured for later.
Drink makes darkness bearable,
makes time pass in a harmless way.
We are not really friends here,
united by our wounds,
our dejection, our eagerness
for healing & return
to former lives & order.
Narrow hallways & doors
lead nowhere, & a single
lamppost shines on the nearby helipad.
This is invisibility made real,
endless chances to forget or remember,
& a mirror that only reflects pain.
The bottle gets passed around,
and I hear a distant voice singing
an unfamiliar refrain.
A bell rings & someone shouts
in a strange language,
seeking answers & solace
in this complex of torment.
The shadows get buried
under stray bedclothes,
but the safest way out
is always a smile,
always a smile.

Resignation

She says she's fine with compromise.
She is cavalier, noncommittal.
I am familiar with the destruction
left in her careless wake.
She carries more attitude
than she ever needs.

This patriotic sun
bathes me in its angry fervor.
She has taught me
the important lesson of failure,
the dissolution of a national dream.
The force majeure of obliterated
plans, reset button pressed
following lightning strike.
I am out of options.

Stability is the grand illusion.
Seismic readiness only goes so far.
When the crisis arrives,
hearts pack passports
and go. And go. And go.
Coded messages remaining unsolved
as today meets forever.
Beating to mock the beaten,
white flags waving in the wind.

Point of No Return

Two clocks
measure expectant minutes,
a zero sum game
gone strangely awry
in this indoor heat.

You stand on dock,
gesture, smile & wave,
bid adieu to what's certain --
dreams kept in books, under glass,
displays meant to impart knowledge.

Sirens & whistles herald
maiden voyage of mirrored & gilded,
fate calls losing hand, full house,
& leviathan lumbers forward,
hopeful, fulsome, yet fallow.

Meet me at sandbar
beyond diamond expectations;
together, we'll cite number & verse
to catch drift of continents
before continental drifts.

Exploding white star,
nova through novacaine haze:
numb, cold beyond feeling,
plumbing depths of history,
with no midnight in sight.

Long-term Forecast

This gerrymandered life is set up for failure,
redistricted to prevent the unexpected.
At first, I ranted loud against the injustice.
It seemed prelude to a greater crisis,
something for which words would not suffice.
The masqueraders came by again,
offering soothing embellishments,
spinning like dancers worshipping moon.
It makes me lonely, their practiced steps
so beautifully choreographed, yet bereft of life.
This winter is timed to provoke certain storms.
There is no avoiding its scheduled surprises,
its drifts of fickle winds & emotional flurries,
caught in swirls of cold accumulation.
We measure the days' inconvenience,
skidding through our impermanence,
forever waiting for spring.

Climate Change

Hope proceeds in increments,
festooned with numbed sensibility,
& an ever-unreliable narrator.

He trades in stolen memories
& shorts the market each time,
hedging bets against better judgment.

No one expects happy endings,
that went the way of the mullet,
another fashion mistake of the past.

There's a rich supply of cold calculation,
& the numbers are telling lies
all about ego's best kept secrets:

Animal magnetism,
the mother country,
frosting on the beater.

So she looks for a replacement
amidst what comes along
at parties full of assurances.

Past all this too shall pass
she never quite believes it,
having wasted years in anticipation.

Where is that something else?
The window frames disappointment
& an unhealthy amount of rain.

A person wearing a dark jacket and a hood is walking away from the camera on a dirt path. In the background, a large suspension bridge tower is visible, partially obscured by a thick fog. The sky is overcast and grey.

Hayley Beck

**but the infrastructural
outcome will be varied**

Hayley Beck is a "29 year old female who lives for writing poetry, experiencing live music, singing, learning about people, self improvement, semi-inappropriate humor and doing this thing we call life. I'm a recovering Bulimic and Alcoholic and writing and poetry has definitely served as one of many positive coping skills in my journey thus far. Being read is an honor, being understood is a rarity, and I'm cool with that!"

Inconfigurable

Control your dog man
Control those sounds
Control your dog man
Control its' sounds
Control that creature
With love abound

Four walls
But it seems like more
Not just a solitary room
And there are hard wood floors
Safety, structure, it does its' job
Warmth, composure, yet still not strong

Putting out the feelers
Attracting all this interest
Invites and proposals
But can't even step in it

Clothing too loose
Or clothing too tight
Rare are the times
When they fit just right
Skin too pale
Stretched too tight
Rare are the times
When it shines too bright
Hair too coarse
Or not thick enough
Baby powder helps
But it can't fix a lack of love
Lips too thin
Or far too perky
Momma doesn't like them
Andy thinks they're working
Legs too large
Left knee- so weak
Everything is changing
Everything is green
Everything is changing
Nothing as it seems
Everything is changing
Verging on serene
Everything has changed
And this change is changing things
Used to be a fan of change
But now the change is nearing mean
Everything has changed
Everything but me

Times have changed
But maybe we're trying to fix what wasn't broken
Not as broken as we thought
Well, for me, that is
Or
Was

Times have changed
But maybe that's not as much a blessing
As it is more than an inconvenience
A tormenting of souls and self esteem
Like how do we all survive this environment
Is it just par for the course
Or is this all just getting worse?

Times have changed
But these screens and pictures spit fire
Fire as in heat, heat as in destruction, destruction that requires a re-building
But the infrastructural outcome will be varied
Unlike the past
Unlike before
Times have changed, sure
But is it really objects and plans that need changing
Or we do just need to care more?

Times have changed
What used to be clandestine and beautiful
Now considered weak, unproductive, illegal
What about when silence and reservation were regal?
So many loud mouths
Making things unsettled
Shouting matches rarely propel solutions
Only meets justified wrath with inflexible metal
It's a cold and soulless battle
And the liberals will tattle
The conservatives will whine
And for just one breath lent from a moment in time
Everything will be just fine
But then it won't be...again...
Nothing is yours
Nothing is mine
Nothing is permanent
Nothing is defined
Nothing is good

Bridges

I drive over you
Without a musing
Without malice
Without intention
I drive over you
Without losing
Without talent
Without redemption
I drive over you
Without reason
Without direction
Without hope
I drive over you
Without healing
Without assumption
At the end of my rope

I've set fire to you
Burned you down before
Of the many matches I have lit
None of them were so obscure
As the jeers, the taunts, the losses
The transgressions of which
I repent for
The remnants
The cinders
The residue of it all
The ashes
I bathe myself in
As I pose myself
Before the stall
Time flies
When you're on the run
Time flies
When you have it all.

I've run alongside you
Tapping
Toeing
Kicking
Something vicious
Going downward
More ferocious
Than upward
And yet
I never seemed to know this
I do now.

Taking for granted
All of the joints
That held me in place
Taking for granted
All of the joints
That carried me over you
Day after day
Taking for granted
All of the joints
That freed me
From being a slave
Taking for granted
All of the joints
That eventually disintegrate
They did.

Every so often
Depending on my mood
I dream, think, ponder
Driving off of you
But that exit would never do
It would never do.
That is something I would never do.
And those thoughts
Those ideas
They're nothing new.
I hope these words
Won't scare
For they are
Not meant to

Hey you
I promise I'll always stay within the lines
I've been doing so
Since I was old enough to climb
Okay sure
I stumbled
Caused rumbles
Annihilated you
From time to time
But overall
And within a realm sublime
I kept you close
When you were far
And used you for what
You were built for
Getting over
Getting over it all.
Get over it.
They said- just get over it. Girl.
You're over. Girl.
You're done.
But, I'm not yet.
And they hate that.



Jayant Kashyap

ominous, even to the divine

Jayant Kashyap's poetry has appeared in The International Poetry Digest, and several other national and international anthologies, and has appeared on several local and international anthologies. One of Jayant's poems has been recently been featured in the Healing Words Awards Ceremony, and he is an aspiring poet. His interests include reading extensively, delving into old forms of poetry, lexicography, playing with dogs, listening to music and a lot more. Jayant Kashyat is from Purnia, India. You may see more of his work at onlyhumane.wordpress.com

Assembling

after Abegail Morley

Sometimes late at night he hears her after rain,
her raw voice hangs in the air for hours.

And even in the middle of rain, there is
her voice, when the clouds cease to clamour
and water only drips from the sky; — she is heard.

And he hears her when she is not here, not in the
room, nowhere under his sky; — she is heard.

This is what memories do to anybody — us, — their
leaving or not leaving is never the question.
Their inexistence is never absence, or anything
interchangeably intolerable; — they are heard.

And she never leaves him, she is the air that
enters his ears, the vibration that beats on his
eardrums, he can not leave her; — she is heard.

And everything that belongs to him, is an assembly
of bits that are hers. And bits, he keeps assembling.
And there is music that never leaves, that sure is
hers; — she never leaves him; — he never wants her to.
And she is the air, the vibrations; — she is heard.

Human, in Contradiction

The world you know,
You don't know;
Lifeless beasts, we fight,
Over the same old dirt;
With no soul, no spirit,
For the very rueful errand;
Untamed we,
With no zeal, no energy,
Like beasts, we fight,
Regardlessly, the same old plight;
No errands, and all,
Disheartened we, climbing heights,
And then a dipping fall;
Faltering steps, shadowed interests,
Once a hill,
And then a vale;
Flowing, like mud,
No destinations, and all;
Breathing, but soot,
Mentionless speculations;
Life — boon, curse,
Curse, boon,
Only to say so soon;
Feelings, but emotionless,
Words, but speechless,
Tender, but careless,
Breaths, but lifeless,
Animated in contradiction;
Life, or no life,
Human, or not human,
Or both at a time,
Or none at all?
Fraternite, or enmitic,
Clearless opinions;
Discouraged and reviled,
From all and within,
We are in ourselves, thunder,
Wrongly empowered;
The devils of development,
Saints of destruction,
For we use

Ourselves against ourselves,
Our development against ours;
This is how it goes,
That we're positively bred,
Out of negatives,
And negatively out of positives;
Taught in repudiation,
Bred in contradiction;
Demons, demon-bearers,
In vague pride;
Saviours, in dreams,
Shadows in real,
More evil, than good,
Ominous, even to the divine,
No good, and all;
Confined, or untamed,
Dominated, or uninfluenced,
Read, or unidentified,
Said, or unobserved,
Expected in confusion;
Worth, or no worth,
Human, or not human,
Or both at a time,
Or none at all?
Social, or isolated,
Perceptionless suppositions;
Like clouds,
Changing shapes,
But unlike them,
Showering never,
Not for good, at least;
And it's human,
Born in celebration,
Bred in contradiction;
Thought of, in pleasure,
Shaped in contradiction;
And it's human indeed,
Contradictory to itself,
Seen in peace,
Observed in contradiction;
And it's human — inhuman,
Human itself, in contradiction!

Silhouette

Those first words were jewels to cherish,
and your jewels are now ash —
maybe not even that!

The first time you held me,
I never thought that was not out of love;

It has already been a long time since,
and I had really loved the way
your fingers resonated with my skin
and your words beat on my ears.

And it's been only a little less,
that I've been accepting life
the way I accepted you —
Forcefully, and happily.

Your presence — like
a blot on my glasses, is
something that steps between
me and my perceptions

Like that wall, a boundary
which I wish, never existed.

The closer, the closer you are
isolated more I be

I sit under the shower —
and days end — still pondering
if we were really good together —
I'm still indecisive.

And I can see
you've teamed up with those Demons
who have ever awaited my destruction —
turning into one yourself.

How unrecognisably you've changed yourself —
I'm flabbergasted;

A white suit. Black.

Peace. Silence.

Music. Noise.

Phosphorous. Carbon.

God. Demon.

A golden outline. Silhouette.



Joan McNerney

this road transforms

Joan McNerney's poetry has been included in numerous literary zines such as Moonlight Dreamers of Yellow Haze, Seven Circle Press, Dinner with the Muse, Blueline, Halcyon Days and included in Bright Hills Press, Kind of A Hurricane Press and Poppy Road Review anthologies. She has been nominated four times for Best of the Net.

Lost Dream

I am driving up a hill
without name on an
unnumbered highway.

This road transforms into
a snake winding around
coiled on hair pin turns.

At bottom of the incline
lies a dark village strangely
hushed with secrets.

How black it is. How difficult
to find that dream street
which I must discover.

Exactly what I will explore
is unsure. Where I will find it
is unknown. All is in question.

I continue to haunt gloomy
streets in this dream town
crossing dim intersections.

Everything has become a maze
where one line leads to another
dead ends become beginnings.

Deciding to abandon my search,
I return for my automobile...nowhere
to be found hidden in shadows.

Finally I look up at the moon's
yellow eye...my lips forming
prayers to a disinterested god.

Beach

My mind is an ocean
where swimmers, surfers,
sun worshippers cavort.

Long salty hair
held between
their teeth.
Flourishing
wild flowered gowns
 ...streams of silk
 waves of taffeta
 splashy lace.

They sail through
my watery face
combing my eyes
whispering in my ears.

Alone, under a pointillist sky.
Gulls flying around me.
Black waters touched by
moon of vague prophecy.

April Blue

This is when we search for
color to transform cold grey.
Rainfall begins its magic
high lighting sky blue.

We see stacks of luminous clouds
as plants pop out and forsythia
bursts into sparkling yellow stalks.
Just today a breath of warmth
brought alive crepe myrtle buds.

Aromatic lilac bushes cluster in
soft bunches while birds and bugs
encircle them. Ten pretty trees
all dressed up in lustrous greens
boogie through noontime breezes.

Get ready for this blast-off of spring!

John Dorroh

I can smell love
melting down their stems

monicaminto.com



John Dorroh ("JD") taught high school science for a long time and changed energies a few years ago, working with teachers and school districts who are interested in how reading and writing can be used to learn content. He had about 30 science education diddies (who reads that stuff, right?) published, a book of flash-fiction (99 Words), a book of "white-trash nekkid poetry", and several poems in both print and digital publications. He loves to travel, invent new dishes, and hang out with dogs and cats.

Chameleons

We look down at the chameleon
who is half in, half out of the potato chip bag.
My lover stomps it like a paper sack full
of shit on fire. Blood splatters onto our shins
and onto the wall of tan bricks.

“Don’t ever step on an iguana,”
her Puerto Rican grandma warned. Or any type
of lizard. Their death will come to haunt you.”
We watch the second chameleon, more bold, approach
the ham sandwich like a soldier whose life depends on what
it can steal from the enemy. It turns around,
heads back to the potato chip bag, grasps a sour
cream chip in its leathery mouth, and runs as fast
as its body can take it, scampering in short bursts,
up over the brick wall where Grandma’s hydrangea
blooms nine months of the year.

The sand is becoming a problem here in the yard;
makes the hydrangea change colors like those damned
chameleons. First it’s pink and then it’s blue, like
the changing of the guard--or sexes, my niece morphing
from girl into boy.

We lie land-locked in a fleshy embrace, in the shadows
of the skinny palm whose malnourished fronds scratch
the screen of her bedroom window. One more minute, he begs.
One more minute. One more minute
One more minute...

The next day she calls to tell me that her grandmother died
in her sleep.

The Tulip Ballet

Tulips take a dip south
closer to the tabletop than when
I slipped them in their vase three hours
earlier. Agile girls, their silky green leaves
curling under the weight of their own beauty.
I can smell love melting down their stems
into the water.

It must be the bourbon that's making me
feel the goosebumps around my neck,
the way a cat licks it with sandpaper
tongue, eyes roll back into my
head. I cannot argue with wanton pleasure.
It's what drives me at least two days a week.

I will know when the hour is right to tell you
that I've had enough, that it's time for me to collect
the ashes under the burn pit and whisk myself
to the next venue. My body's tired, and all this
commotion urges me to open my car's trunk
to see if fairies are still tucked away in the folds
of my emergency blanket.

I want to see those tulips dance, to bend so far
back upon themselves that they kiss the table top
like they mean it.

Can't Feed the Snakes on Sunday

He told us stories at the bar last night; that he once worked at a big box pet store; how the snakes were fed mice which had their heads slammed against the wall, not enough to kill them, just enough to squeeze out most of their lives. Once every two weeks -- and never on Sunday, the day of heaviest traffic; musn't let the public see boas and pythons squeezing the air out of innocent mice; that would be unthinkable, that mice actually get their insides squeezed out in the fields and forests. Musn't upset the public; that it doesn't matter to them that their neighbor's son is doing much worse to little girls and boys down in their basements; that they can stomach only so much; that natural laws don't apply below ground; that family values must be kept in check, that everyone should be at church when the snakes are crushing their prey along the walls of the big box pet stores when no one's looking, no one at all.

Dream Sequence

1.

Three men tried to sell me bad mutton
but I could smell it three feet away, and
I had two cats under my arms, a white one
under the right and a black one under the left.
My house was surrounded by water from a doomsday
rain storm, and Shirley Casteel was calling my name
from a second-story window. My front door was locked
and the cats didn't understand what was going on. They
started to claw me so I dropped them like hot potatoes.

2.

My doctor was in a glass cage and had my lab results
attached to a rusted clipboard, but he couldn't talk,
just opened his mouth real wide like a bullfrog. I kicked
in the glass, colored shards showering into the sky like a
small city with money to waste on fireworks. "Is the news bad?"
I yelled at him. "Make an appointment," he said.

3.

I needed a bathroom in a bad way; found myself in a creepy
old house like the one in the Adams family. Three Goth kids
sat on the bottom steps yakking about their disgust with American
culture, making plans to form their own private society. I asked
if they knew where the bathroom was and the Goth girl with two
silver rings in her nose dared me to take a leak right there on the floor.
A woman with a Dutch-boy haircut, dressed in a hot pink dust robe
grabbed my hand and led me up a spiral staircase to the men's room
where I had to negotiate with a high-tech commode. When I flushed it,
out sprayed water, which was midnight blue.

4.

Me and three friends were roller-blading 30 mph through my
home town, and a cop yelled at us to slow down, be aware of the parade,
which was ambling down the street. We stopped at a wooden picnic table
for margaritas and beer. I didn't have any money to pay.

Germiphobe

He taught me to wash my hands, wash everything,
over-saturate my flesh with cleanser, hot water always.
Then I began to understand his girlfriend's dilemma,
what she was up against, and why, in the end,
she moved away to New York City when Jorge insisted
too many times that she wash her hands before she touch his belly.

He opened up my stomach for elective surgery,
removing dead nerves and coils of useless fiber,
filling up my mouth with lemon sorbet to cleanse the pallet,
the nasty aftertaste of sassy chemicals lingering on the tongue
for decades like a dirty, deadening fog.

I think of Jorge, the apprentice chef, every time
I wash my hands in the unfinished bathroom,
the ceramic soap dispenser that he brought me
from Colombia, the time he and his girlfriend
stayed in my spare apartment for three weeks.
She wanted to clean and rearrange the entire room,
from top to bottom, leave her special touch,
and I had a hard time saying no thank you. But I did.
She seemed to understand and left me
a copy of "America's Test Kitchen" cookbook.

Kelli Gavin

that moment before you smile



Kelli J Gavin lives in Carver, Minnesota with Josh, her husband of 22 years and two crazy kids. She is a Professional Organizer and owns two companies. She enjoys writing, reading, swimming, and spending time with family and friends. She abhors walks on the beach (sand in places no one wishes sand to be), candle lit dinners, (can't see) and the idea of cooking two nights in a row (no thank you).

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Words Leave Lips

Words leave lips
Too harsh
Too often

Words hurt souls
Too rough
Too deep

Stop and think
Pause, just for a moment

What happened?
What happened to you?
Why did you let it?

Those words came at you
You took them
You reached for them
You received them

Why did you take them in?
Did you long for them?
Did you expect the hurt in them?

You speak those words
You run to those words
You use those words as if a gift

If they hurt you
They will hurt others

Throw them away
Throw them in the ocean
Deep and far and fierce

Rid yourself
Rid your mind
Your mouth
Your heart

Your life doesn't need them
No one needs them

Stop reaching for them
Stop sharing them
Stop gifting them

They aren't needed
They aren't wanted
Will never be appreciated

Words leave lips
Too harsh
Too often

Smile

I love your smile.
No, not your smile.
That moment before you smile.
That moment when your eyes light up.
When your eyes shine.
When your eyes glint as if at a moments notice, they will fill with tears.
When the small lines by your eyes squint ever so slightly.
That knowing look.
That look of amusement.
That look of recognition of what is yet to come.
Your lip twitches as if preparing to ask me something.
Maybe ask why it has been so long since you have felt the joy sweep over you.
When your shoulders relax.
When the corners of your mouth turn upwards.
When you make real eye contact.
When you look at me.
When you look into me.
Your lips begin to part and you take a slight breath.
Not a full breath, just enough to fuel your response.
You enjoy this.
Me watching you.
I smile because of that moment before you smile.

Time Is Fading

Speak softly
Speak quickly
Time is fading
Speak deeply
Speak truthfully
Time is fading
Speak honestly
Speak candidly
Time is fading

Stop speaking
Just hold me
Time is fading
Hold me close
Hold me tighter
Time is fading
Closer now
Tighter now
Time is fading

Petra Sperling-Nordqvist

harmony untraceable



Don Quijote: Picasso

Petra Sperling-Nordqvist hails from Europe where she received an education in languages, literature, and philosophy (in Germany and Oxford). She has spent the last twenty years with her husband, horses, dogs, and cats in California, dabbling in teaching, writing, acting, dancing, swimming, singing, and playing music.

NO

No escape...
from lack of rhyme or reason

to pick from
in confusion
and fear

only to cause
calamity potential
inconceivable
insufferable

guilt no choice
either
casualty of
franticism
obsessive viciousness of

ego lurking
incessantly in
ambush sniping through
labyrinthine chaos

malicious intrigue
harmony untraceable
craved in convoluted despair

Hope all...
torn to shreds

A MATTER OF ROOTS

roots
matter
self-binding in-escape
subliminal truth

eventually
oblivious disguise
misplaced courage
ignorance of

essential nurture from

roots
manna
sustaining intrinsic
sublime nature

perpetually
yearning depth
ethereal distance
ingratitude of

fundamental misery without

IN MEMORIAM

Duped into
warriorhood for
ideals matchless
among values.

Combat abusive to
body, heart, soul
against mediocrity
complacency ignorance.

Upright lucid protective
eye glaring muscle
poised to pounce
roar at the ready.

Ever stronger of mind
ever hunted to be subdued
pursued to be destroyed
by envy competition fear.

Giant of intellect and integrity.
Don Quixote.
The lion.
Father.



Robin Wright

doesn't do lunch

Robin Wright lives in Southern Indiana. Her work has appeared in *Ariel Chart*, *Bindweed Magazine*, *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Indiana Voice Journal*, *Unbroken Journal*, *Peacock Journal*, *Rat's Ass Review*, and others. Two of her poems were published in the University of Southern Indiana's 50th anniversary anthology, *Time Present, Time Past*. She has also co-written two novels with Maryanne Burkhard under the name B. W. Wrighthard, *Ghost Orchid* and *A Needle and a Haystack*.

Winter

One Saturday afternoon
when I was twelve, Mother took me
to the mall. She searched
through Sears and Stewarts
for blankets.

Instead of helping, I sat
on the black stone wall
of a fountain, watching water
churn and bubble.

A young girl with dark hair
and darker eyes stood a few feet
from the tumbling liquid,
blue jacket wrapped around her.
She didn't move any closer
to the cold water, even when
other children ran up,
tossed in coins, wishing
for candy, Barbie dolls,
or the latest hot wheels' car.

I pictured Mother
at a young age,
standing at water's edge,
dipping her feet into its depths
Watching a father
who hugged fishing poles
more often than her. A father
who didn't notice her
slipping, the water
embracing her.

I tossed a penny into the cool ripples,
hoping Mother would find
what she needed.

Outside the Fourth Street Shelter

He stands with hands not gloved but shoved
in a donated coat his past remote
too hungry to hide

his pride It's gone.

In the doorway he cowers been weeks since he's showered
at the appointed time he walks inside
feels heat revive

but doesn't thrive That's gone.

He smells the coffee like it used to be
in his home with his wife
before he dug

a hole with drugs All gone.

Nothing left he's bereft
feels so frail he can only fail
clenches his hands

That former man He's gone.

Leftovers

It's Sunday. I have all day,
now that he's moved in with her. All day
to wash clothes, cut grass, sort papers
stacked on the kitchen table,
work on poems which seem
dull and uninspired. All day.

I don't do any of it. Instead,
I search cabinets for junk food
he always kept around:
Potato chips, powdered sugar doughnuts,
chocolate chip cookies, then stand
at the refrigerator, both doors open,
a cold fog settling over me as I look
for cherry ice cream, Swiss Miss pudding,
and remains of his last six pack.

Middle-aged Man at the Mall

There you are again,
white shirt, black tie,
hair combed over
to hide the touch of time,
walking toward the other end.

The way your eyes look
at some distant point,
not at other eyes
or shops filled
with leather jackets,
khaki pants, or baseball caps
says you've seen it all before,
a television rerun you didn't like
the first time. You sip
through a straw
in a red paper cup.

What will you do
when you get to the end?
A loud final swallow?
Or a quiet finish,
no sound,
nothing left?

Mother Knows

My daughter sits there smoking cigarettes.
Says, yes, it is a compromise, a college student
at thirty-six, house not clean enough,

receipts tossed in drawers, too many sexless nights.
But her husband's still with her; the kids get fed.
I tell her she should teach, but she says she wants

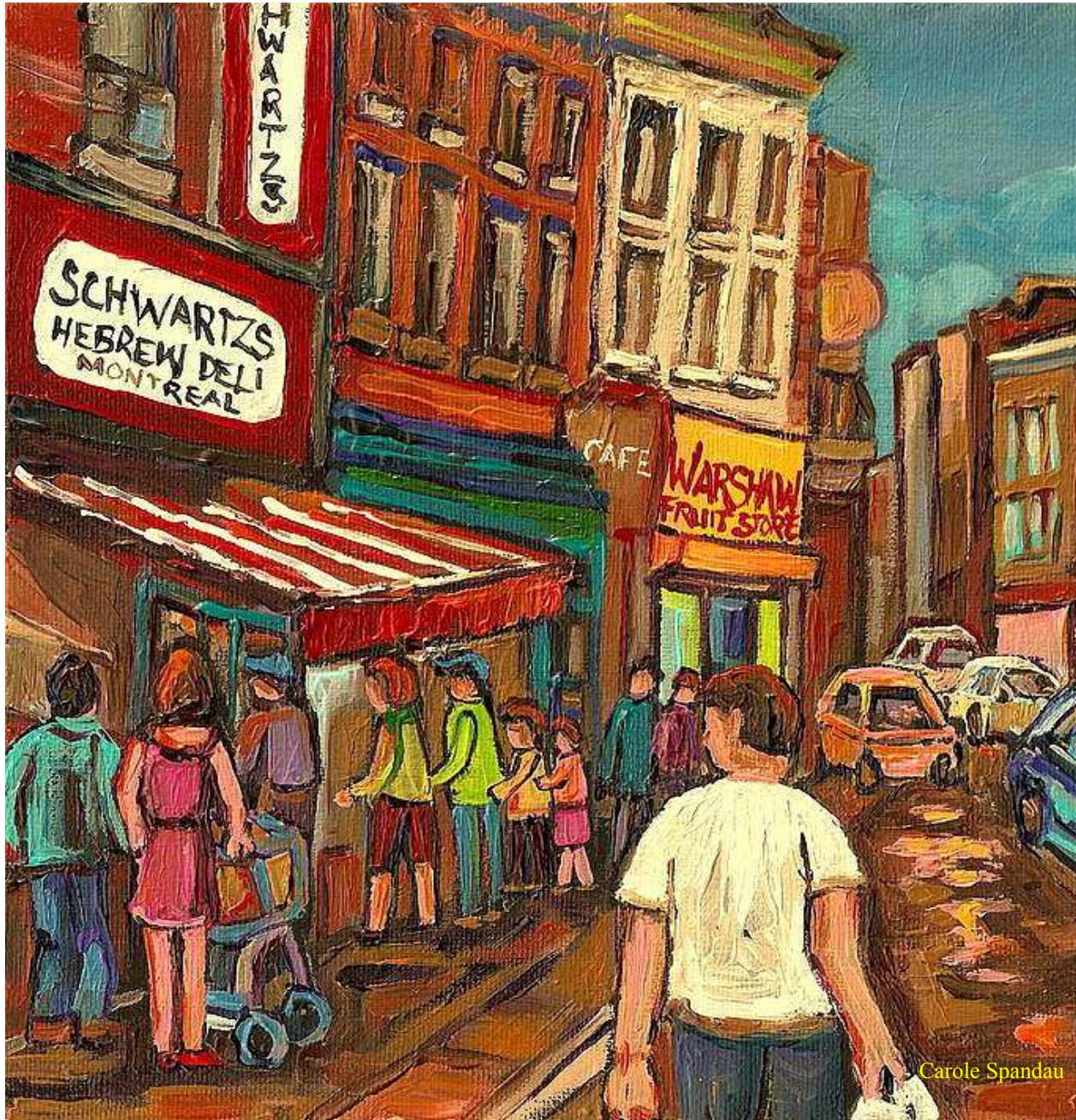
to write. I wish we had more time to go shopping
and do lunch. J.C. Penney's and the food court
would be just fine with me. But she says she doesn't

like to shop and doesn't do lunch. She chatters
about Flannery O'Connor and Tim Gautreaux,
leaves me a book, says I should read.

But with all she's learned at the university,
I'm the one who tells her, *K-Mart is closing*.

Ryan Quinn Flanagan

stroll through Chinatown in a borrowed pea coat



Ryan Quinn Flanagan is a Canadian-born author residing in Elliot Lake, Ontario, Canada with his wife and many bears that rifle through his garbage. His work can be found both in print and online in such places as: *Evergreen Review*, *The New York Quarterly*, *Setu*, *Literary Yard*, *Red Fez*, and *The Oklahoma Review*.

Trade War

Forget brinkmanship! That slow build of human lava
over everything we call dignity. This woman at the market
jumps right to the endgame – questioning the scales, never
question a vendor's scales at market, it is safer to question
his children; the sublime way they wipe their snotty noses
on the backs of their arms as though god belongs in church
and couldn't care less what you do on your own time,
all over the back of your arm if you wish

and the vendor is a waving windmill, yelling in tongues
so that you know the English language is not good enough
for such occasions. And his gestures are long the same way
the subway appears when you look down the train

and the woman tosses her tiny bag of veggies at the vendor
and storms off as though she is in the movies –
it is dramatic like that, and the vendor yells after her
and now I realise I am late for work and shot through
the skull with pipe organs and this stone in my shoe
to keep me company as I walk.

Egg Noodles & Tiger Balm

I think I'll stay right here. In near paralysis.
A self-induced coma. Everyone is always going places
and they never seem to get anywhere. They call me
with exotic unhappiness complaining about the food
and asking how their dogs are doing. I tell them the dogs
are well even though dogs always seem happy to me.
That tail that bangs against your leg so that you wonder
if joy is always supposed to hurt so much. And the postcards
that arrive seem like homesickness. Bragging about how
great it is to get away from everything, then asking for
"the goods" on everything they are away from as soon
as they get back. And when they get home they look ten years older.
With many angry stories about lost luggage and delayed flights.
Or whole cruise ships that fell ill and weren't allowed back
into port for weeks. I can get sick right here and it doesn't
cost a thing. Stroll through Chinatown in a borrowed pea coat.
With a bag of egg noodles and Tiger Balm. Wondering why everyone
goes off the rails when the street cars seem to be
doing just fine.

He Insists on Calling it Plasma so that I Think of Ghosts

I have this friend with fake eyebrows and a sensitivity to strobe light
that tells me he won't get life insurance until
he can be sure he has a life, and I tell him to go home
and find a pin and prick himself and wait for blood,
but he says blood doesn't count and besides he insists
on calling it plasma so that I think of ghosts

it is nice to disappear, a large enough city can do for you,
make you anonymous again like you were for those few hours
before your parents gave you a name, which reminds me:
I don't know why babies cry so much...things aren't going to
get any better than that

and my friend has read his Descartes so the insurance people
will not be getting any of his money which he promises
to leave to some cat sanctuary in Guatemala or Belize
if he ever strikes it rich.

I'm not dumb

he told me,
I'm just not smart
like Einstein,
and since no one was smart
like Einstein except
Einstein himself
it didn't really make
any sense
and the rescued puppies
in the animal salvage yard
would stick their snouts right
through the chain link to smell
your hand
and I told him just to pick one
before they put them
all down
claiming a lack of funds
from the public
which made him cry against
the hood of his car
because it was dark
and after close
and even though he
was drunk
he could never pick just
one.

Blood Blister

Matador sans bull
where is the bravery?

I slew a nagging blood blister
just last week, lanced it real good
with a hot pin.

And doesn't it seem like the Marlboro Man
should have throat cancer
by now?

All those cigarettes and no exit strategy.

Headshots of Mary Pickford as Ms. Pac-Man
The red lips and faltering red bow.
Did you know her name was Gladys?

Three husbands, that can't be easy.
Even for Ms. Pac-Man.
And a Canuck to boot,
trying to spin wool
south of the
49th.

Nothing is easy,
but some things are harder
than others.

So the Catalans want their independence.
I want mine.
From everything.

From this blood blister on the underside
of my foot.

Overtured shoes by the door
waiting to be
replaced.

Sergio Ortiz

the distance won't make me impatient



Sergio A. Ortiz is a two-time Pushcart nominee, a six-time Best of the Web nominee, and 2016/17 Best of the Net nominee. His poems have appeared or are forthcoming in Valparaiso Poetry Review, Loch Raven Review, Drunk Monkeys, Algebra Of Owls, Free State Review, and The Paragon Journal. His chapbook, **An Animal Resembling Desire**, will be published by Finishing Line Press. He is currently working on his first full-length collection of poems, **Elephant Graveyard**.

The distance between us

feels like an iron cloud
covering all my body.
Could it be we were born
to wander forever on opposite poles?

I'm the undulating river
lying on your dreamlike Lazarus chest
oblivious to my leafless twilight.

I have patches of yellow
planted on my skin
that are not immune to cold.

Today I sing you my melody
the same as I'll sing it tomorrow.

Maybe you're too far to taste
the gifts already savored
at our wedding banquet.
I do not care, my Lazarus,
the distance won't make me impatient.

You sowed flower and new moon
long ago on the clear surface
of my tearful day. But now
I do not remember the color
and texture of your hair.

I Know You by Your First Name

In my house
loneliness sits on an armchair,
stirs my bed sheets and opens the book
where my rival's name is written.

Soledad, my enemy, wakes me
to injure like a tight lasso
around my neck.

I don't take my innocence
to that well. I'm not the one
whose dawns are clouds
and poison ivy climbing
the stairs to the bedroom.

I sit alone at the breakfast table,
alone turning off the TV to pray
and receive the devil of insomnia.

My enemy ties me up
with obstinate dialogue
morning, noon, and night.
But no one can say
I don't put up a fight.

Beyond my skin and more,
inside of my bones, I love.
Beyond my mouth and its words,
from the knot of my tormented sex,
I know I will die from nothing
other than love.

Looking Out from Where You Once Stood

The corners never turn.
No witness established
the degree of their fractured
evanescence, angles bear
the taste of swearability.

The arc of memories
arranged with patience:
bitter, moist, entangled.
A trigger that makes
the human heart bleed.

Fiction allows a corner
to be replaced (curved, bent)
so one can breathe. Answers
the real, the vacated.

Malleable, the wall
where one was cherished.
A sense of curvature stands
where once you stood.

Now this pain is tears

and that's okay. Ulysses
let's dance, let's love.

Flower of the sweet voice
that trapped me, branch of my grief:
make me whole, leaf by leaf.

Lull yourself in my dreams.
I clothe you with my blood,
this is your cradle.
Let me kiss you one by one,
the many men you are, foam coral,

I am nothing more than tears now
and I lull you, Ulysses, cry, cry.

You come to the ceremony

like the fierce link between my silence
and your equally passionate logic.

Witness the cadence bursting
inside me. Season the fire
holding the invisible threads
that keep us together
with a photo
that gladdens my eyes.

The sum of all minutes,
details, unspecified corrections,
engraved in my memory.

We will not hide what unites us.

You come to my ceremony
with a voice as wild as my silence.

Alan Zacher reports: "After many years of being a "struggling" actor in LA, I turned to writing. I have had two novels published, *I'm No P. I.* and *A Ghoulish Good Time*. I have had MS for several years now; I know physical and mental pain; so I need much laughter to endure it. Hopefully, my novels do just that--give much laughter."



My Day Just Got a Lot Better

SERIAL KILLER STRIKES AGAIN: VICTIM # 6 was the front-page headline of the St. Louis-Post Dispatch Newspaper on this beautiful late-spring morning of Friday, May 25, 2008.

City Detective Jim Hurts sat slumped at his old, cluttered desk, fuming. He had read the story with disgusted interest. Two of the victims had been murdered in the city, and he had been assigned to both of those cases. *These murders have taken place over a two-year period, and we still don't have any leads or clues on catching this guy*, Hurts mused. *Why can't we catch this sick SOB*, Hurts screamed silently. *Damn*.

Hurts wanted to catch this guy, as he phrases it, "bad." Besides having been assigned to those two cases, there were two other reasons why he wanted to catch this guy so bad: First, after thirty years on the force, he had had enough and wanted to retire—retire with a major win. Secondly, the third victim had been his eighteen-year-old niece, Amanda, his younger brother's youngest child.

What had bothered Hurts so much about Amanda's death was that it hadn't bothered him at all. *My God*, Hurts mused at her funeral, *have I become so corrupted, and apathetic about life, that I don't even care about the murder of my own niece?* But, in Hurts' defense, hell, he hardly knew Amanda—had only seen her at birthday parties, holidays, and such. He hadn't been close to her as any good uncle should have been. Hell, he wasn't close to either of his only sibling's remaining two children. Hell, he wasn't even close to his brother, Paul, anymore either—not that there had been a fight or anything like that between them. No, they just lived in different worlds. Paul was a john: A john is a guy who is easily susceptible to fraud, prostitutes, and such; a common Joe; a family man. Hell, you can't have seen the things that Hurts has seen for thirty years and not have it change you. This job changes you—scars you, both physically and mentally. More often than not, old cops like Hurts get fat and lethargic from too much drinking and chain-smoking and fast-food eating; turn inward and mean; trusting no one; ultimately, more often than not, dying lonely, and alone, by the only true friend you have had for so long—your revolver.

No, he just wasn't close to them—to Amanda, or to Paul, or to Paul's wife, or to their children. Hell, he wasn't even close to his own two children, barely knew them, his two little girls, Marsha and Megan: His two little M & Ms, as he had often called them. Hell, it's probably been twenty years since he saw them last. Well, Hurts blamed his wife for that, his ex-wife. She had turned them against him. He had tried to be a good father to them. After he and his wife had gotten divorced, he had wanted to have a close relationship with them. But every time he tried to do something with them,

Barb, his ex-wife, would always have an excuse for why they couldn't go with him—their sick; they have tons of school work to do this weekend, and on and on. After he had threatened to take her to court if she didn't start permitting him to see his kids, she finally agreed. But by then, it was too late. Every time he went over to their house to pick them up, they would wail tears of fear and cling to their mother and plead with her not to let him take them. In the end, it was just too much. In the end, he just stopped trying. Hell, he hadn't even been invited to either of their weddings. That's the thanks Hurts got for housing and feeding and clothing them for all of those years; for sending a check to them every year on their birthdays, and Christmas, and other special occasions. That's the thanks Hurts got. Sure, they had seen him slap their mother around a few times during the heat of an argument. Sure, his wife had confronted him about her knowing that he was cheating on her—but it hadn't been all that often. Sure, he could have been a better husband and Dad. But does any, or all, of that make Hurts a monster?

It's just so frustrating, Hurts griped as he sat at his desk, thinking about the case. It's just so goddamn frustrating. Let's look at the facts again. What do we know? We know from the FBI profile that was done that he's a white male, between the ages of thirty and fifty; we know that he's a loner;--anti-social – has an Oedipus complex;--hates his mother, but wants to have sexual intercourse with her; no fingerprints were found;--indicating that he wore gloves--no DNA match of the semen found on three of the victims' clothes;--either he has no criminal record or has been lucky enough to have never been caught – the age range of the six victims have been from eighteen—which was Hurts' niece, Amanda—to thirty-eight; all were white women;--indicating that he's prejudiced: doesn't like Blacks or other minorities – three of the women had blonde hair, two had brown hair, and one had black hair; four of the women were murdered in the country, two in the city; four were married, two were not; all of the women had worked in retail;--three in grocery stores, two at two separate Walgreens, one at a low-scaled ladies' boutique shop; all were abducted at night, right after their shifts were over; all were either murdered there on the premises or a short distance away from where they were abducted; all of the women had been found lying on the side of the street three or four blocks from where they had been abducted; all of the women had been found with their blouses and bras pulled up over their breasts, and their pants and underwear pulled down to their ankles; all of the women had been bound at the wrist with duct tape, and duct tape had been placed over their mouths, as well; none of the women had been raped, but all had been forced to perform oral sex; all had had their throats slashed from ear to ear with a sharp, large-blade knife.

So, what does all of this tell us? Hurts mused as he leaned back in his three-pronged, padded, old, swivel chair, stretching his long arms straight at the elbows with his bloated hands at the nape of his cluttered, old, metal desk. Nothing. That's what it tells us. Nothing. Shit! Shit, shit, shit! Who is this guy!

"I did it. I did it, Mom," Alan said hurriedly as he left the kitchen hurriedly and enter the small living room, headed hurriedly for the front door. "I called in your medicine and I'll pick it up before I go into work."

"But you don't get off until late tonight, and I need to take one of my high

blood pressure pills before I eat supper,” she said as she stood at the small kitchen sink, washing the knives and forks and two ceramic, white plates of the lunch she had made for her and her son.

Exacerbated, Alan made a sudden halt at the front door. After turning around, he said: “Mom, I just told you. You have one pill left. The bottle is on the table. Now, I got to get going or I’m going to be late for work.”

“Oh, I see it,” she said. “OK. Have a nice day. I’ll see you tonight.”

“Yeah, right. Have a nice day,” Alan muttered to himself as he rushed down the three-step, cement porch of their modest, brick home in the county suburbs of St. Louis, heading, hurriedly, for the old white Volkswagen parked on the one-car-wide, cracking, cemented driveway.

“It sure hasn’t been a ‘nice day’ so far,” Alan said as he tossed his apron on the passenger’s seat, and then placed the key in the ignition.

Alan Holmstead was, indeed, having a bad day, but I’ll tell you more about that later.

If it wasn’t bad enough that Alan was possibly going to be late for his part-time job as a checker/stock person at Discount Foods grocery store, he was sick and tired of taking care of his mother, Joan. In the past three years, her physical and mental health had rapidly declined. Besides having high blood pressure and high cholesterol, she has had two minor heart attacks, which was what Alan’s father, Harry, had died from when Alan was fifteen years old: He had died from a massive heart attack while cutting the grass in the backyard.

My god, Alan said to himself as he sped to the drugstore, I’m only nineteen and I have to take care of my mother.

Although his mother’s declining physical health troubled Alan, what troubled him even more was her declining mental health—seemingly declining more rapidly by the day. She seemed to be forgetting things more and more: Nothing major, but little things, like where her pills were; leaving a faucet on in the kitchen or bathroom; leaving one of the gas burners of the stove lit; writing out checks and forgetting to list them in her checkbook, and, consequently, being overdrawn, and, consequently, having to pay surcharges for writing bad checks—God, don’t get Alan started on that one. It had gotten so bad that Alan had to take over paying all of the bills: On the third day of each month, with Alan sitting beside his mother at the small, wooden kitchen table, she writes him a check for \$250.00, which he deposits into his account to pay the bills—Thank God Alan’s father had had the presence of mind to have his pension of \$800.18 a month from the gas company, where he had worked as a laborer, electronically deposited into their joint account, because misplacing the mail, or mindlessly throwing it away, was becoming another issue. Alan hadn’t figured out yet how to resolve that one without directly confronting her about it.

It was a bittersweet thing with him, you know. Alan loved his mother and wanted to do what was right, but at the same time, he was getting damn tired of always having to not only do things around the house but do things for her—like driv-

ing her wherever she had to go, like to doctors, the grocery store, shopping malls and on and on. He was getting damn tired of doing that. Joan hasn't driven a car in over two years, ever since she wrecked the family car, a 1992, Ford, Tarsus, driving it into Mr. and Mrs. McMurphy's car, who lived four doors down from them, and whose car was parked on the street at the time. She said she hadn't seen it. She didn't know how it had happened. It had upset her greatly. Alan had even caught her crying about it. He had told her not to worry about it, that insurance would pay for it all. So what's the big deal? *Yes, your right*, she had said. *It's all right*. Weeks turned into months of Alan driving her, and whenever he brought up the subject of when she was going to buy another car, her reply was always the same: *Oh, I will. I just don't see any cars that I like*. Wanting to coax her into buying a car, one day, while driving her to the grocery store, Alan took an alterative route, fully knowing that a Ford dealership was on that street. When he came to it, he turned into the lot and told his mother that they should get out and look at the new Tarsuses. She refused, stating that she didn't want to. She sat there, looking stiff and uncomfortable.

"Why not, Mom?" Alan said, looking at her. "C'mon. We'll just look at them."

After placing, and then pressing hard, the middle-finger of her shaking right hand between her closed eyes and troubled face, she said: "Alan, either drive me to the grocery store or take me back home."

"Why, Mom?" Alan said. "What's wrong?"

She sat there in silence, but now her whole body was visibly shaking. Then she spoke, and when she did, she exploded, like a volcano: "Get me out of here! Don't you understand?! I can't drive anymore! Don't you understand?! I can't! I can't! I didn't know—I can't I...."

"OK, Mom," Alan said, panicking, and trying to calm her down, and not understanding any of this. "OK. Let's just go to the grocery store."

As Alan pulled his car out of the parking lot of that Ford dealership that day, he asked himself, for the first time, if something could be wrong with his mother, mentally.

Alan had hoped that that incident at that Ford dealership had been a fluke; an aberration; a passing thing. But it wasn't. As the weeks and months passed, and as her forgetting of things became more frequent, and as she became more and more dependant upon him, he now wondered if his mother could be in the early stages of that disease he had heard about—that Alzheimer's. *Could that be possible*, he had said to himself at the time. *I mean, she's old. She's fifty-eight. But isn't being fifty-ish, now suppose to be forty-ish?*

After parking his car on the strip mall parking lot of which Discount Foods is a part of,—parking his car closer to the store than employees are supposed to—Alan looked at his wristwatch. It was seven minutes after one p.m.: he was seven minutes late. He quickly tossed the small bag that contained his mother's pills into the glove-compartment, and then, after locking it, he grabbed his green-colored apron and quickly shot out of the car, saying to himself: *Mike—his boss—is going to ride my ass all day. This has got to stop. I can't let Mom hold me back any more.*

Alan had phrased it correctly when he had said that HE was permitting her to hold him back—from doing what he truly wanted to do at this point in his life: He wants to move to Chicago, Illinois, to study acting at Northeastern Illinois University and obtain a B.A. from there in Theatre. He has been putting off making the move for a year and a half now. He wants to do this more than he wants to do anything else in his life now. How can he do this, though,—move to Chicago—with his mother as she is? How?

It was in his senior year at Kirkwood High School that Alan caught the acting bug. He had attended the school's musical production of *Oklahoma* and he was blown-away by it all—by the costumes, the songs, the charged atmosphere, and the bounding adulation the actors received from the audience: Oh, the adulation! He thirsted for the want of it as much as he thirsted for the love of a girl. Sadly, though, he was far too shy to pursue either one of those desires. He had told himself that he was going to audition for their next production, which was to be the last production of the year, of *Twelve Angry Men*, but, in the end, he chickened-out. He had made it to the two large metallic doors of the main entrance of the gymnasium, where the auditions were being held, but that's as far as he got. He just couldn't go in. He was too nervous. His whole body shook violently. He turned around and went back home. It was the same way with girls. Throughout high school, there had been several girls there that he had wanted to date. He could make casual, everyday conversations with them, but every time he had resolved to do it, to ask one of them out on a date, it was always the same: He chickened-out. They were beautiful girls, popular, model-like. *Girls like that go out with jocks, or with good-looking guys who have it all – not with a short, ugly guy like me*, he had always told himself. Sure, he probably could have gotten a date with some of the other girls there. In fact, there was one girl there, Sally, whom he knew—well, he had always thought—wanted to go out with him, but she wasn't very pretty, and she was boring. Why should he go out with himself?

So, all through high school, he just hung-out with his two best buds, Andy and Peter, who, like Alan, didn't participate in any extra-curricular activities; weren't popular, and permitted four years of their young lives to pass by being invisible. They got together, mostly on Fridays and Saturday evenings, and went to movies, or rented movies and sat around in a living room, eating chips and drinking sodas, and talked about other movies they had seen, or about cars, or about what they wanted to do when they got out of prison,—school—or about the guys they hated in school, or about girls—and one or two of the female teachers—in school that they wanted to “bang” until they could be “banged” no more.....

After high school, Alan began attending St. Louis Community College-at Meramec. He had wanted to attend Webster University, because of Webster's esteemed reputation of having one of the best theater departments in the whole country. But there was no way he would afford its tuition. He had visited the campus of the University of Missouri-at St. Louis, but he didn't like it. He could afford its tuition, but, well, again, he just didn't like it: the campus was spread-out too far, and he hadn't been all that impressed with the guy he had spoken with from the Theatre Department. So, not knowing what else to do, he enrolled at Meramec. It wasn't that bad. It was close to home,—In fact, it was only a mile away from his home, in Kirkwood.—and

he had really liked his acting instructor there, Mr. Wilson. Mr. Wilson taught both of the two acting classes that the junior college offered,--Acting and Advanced Acting--and Mr. Wilson had been most encouraging to him, always telling him that he was a very gifted young actor, and looked like a young Humphrey Bogart.

Those two acting classes, and Mr. Wilson, had given Alan the confidence he needed to believe in himself as an actor. Alan was glad, though, that his classes with Mr. Wilson were over. Mr. Wilson's praises and accolades of Alan were more often than not accompanied with a generous, prolonged circling of a hand on Alan's back, or, if they were alone, side-to-side body hugs with one of Mr. Wilson's hands moving affectionately up and down the other side of Alan's body. Although Alan liked Mr. Wilson, and was grateful to him, he had told himself that if Mr. Wilson's "touching" of him ever got more than what he was doing, or if he ever asked him for any type of sex, he would beat him to pulp, and Alan could do it too. Although Alan is short and lean, he has a third-degree brown belt in karate.

When Alan was in the seventh grade, Jimmy Miller beat him up. Well, who could have blamed Jimmy for doing that? Jimmy was in the eighth grade, and Alan was in the seventh, and Alan had bumped into him and almost knocked him down, which had the potential for humiliating Jimmy in front of his three buddies. The three o' clock bell had rung, and Alan, as most boys do at that age, wanting to get out of school as fast as he could, raced mindlessly out the front doors of the small fortress-size old brick building, leapt down the six worn cement steps, spun to the right, and crashed sideways into Jimmy.

"Watch where you're going, you little punk!" Jimmy had said to Alan after straightening up and turning and facing Alan.

"I'm sorry," Alan replied, very apologetically. "I didn't see you. Sorry."

"Well, don't let it happen again, punk," said Jimmy.

Now that would have been all there was to it, if only Alan hadn't said next what he said. Alan took offence at Jimmy's words of intimidation and replied, sarcastically: "Yeah, right. WhatEVER."

See, what was poor Jimmy to do in the face of such challenging, confrontational words?--in front of his two buddies, no less? Jimmy punched Alan square in the mouth, knocking him down and causing Alan to bite the inside of his lower lip.

"You want more, punk?!" Jimmy shouted, towering over him, with fists raised and ready for action. "cause I got more?!"

"No, no," Alan mumbled, lying prostrate on the cracking, old, cement sidewalk, hands covering his bleeding mouth. "Sorry."

When Alan got home, his mother was first shocked, then frightened, then furious.

Alan's father happened to be off from work that day, and after they had determined that Alan wasn't seriously injured, his mother stated angrily:

"I'm going down to that damn school and give that damn principal a piece of my mind for letting this happen, and then I'm going to demand that he call the police

and have that damn hoodlum arrested."

Alan, who was seated at the kitchen table with his head tilted up and holding an ice bag to his lower lip, pleaded with his mother not to do that, telling her that the kids would start teasing him, calling him a mommy's-boy.

"Joan," Harry said, "Alan's right. Nobody likes a snitch"

"Oh," Joan replied, "I'm just supposed to let some hoodlum beat up my son?"

"No," he replied. "Look, it's not that bad. It's not even bleeding anymore." Turning to Alan, Harry said: "Why don't you go into your room for a while and lie down—and keep that ice pack on your lip."

After Alan had left the room, Harry moved to Joan and said: "You have got to stop babying Alan. You —"

"Now don't start that again with me!" Joan cried. "I don't b —"

"Yes, you do," Harry replied, firmly. "You're always so scar...."

Needless-to-say, they had an argument—not a knockdown, drag-out fight. A simple argument, as married couples are given to having from time to time. Because of Harry's easy-going, giving nature, he, more often than not, acquiesced to Joan's wants and desires and demands, especially when it came to Alan. Alan was their MIRACLE baby. Harry and Joan had married late in life and try as they did, their union produced no children. It saddened both of them to no end, especially as they watched their sisters and brothers and friends have child after child. Then, just when they had nearly resolved, nearly come to accept the fact that they would be childless, Joan became pregnant—and she was thirty-nine-years old, too. Yes, they were both ecstatic with joy and always referred to Alan as their MIRACLE baby. They treated him like gold, especially Joan, and as the years past, Harry became more and more concerned that Joan was babying Alan way too much—would never let Alan play with any of the neighborhood boys that she felt were too rough, and she drove him to and from school everyday until he was in the sixth grade, that was when Alan started getting teased by his classmates because of her doing that and Alan began pleading with her to permit him to start walking to school, by himself. She adamantly refused. She and Alan argued and argued about it. "Joan, let Alan do it," Harry finally told her. "The school's only three blocks away from here. What can happen to him? Let him do it." She didn't want to, but in the end Joan finally, reluctantly,—with many rules attached to it, such as: You will come straight home.—agreed to permit him to start walking to school, alone.

Later that evening, Harry went into Alan's bedroom. Sitting down on one side of Alan's bed, Harry said: "Your mother isn't going to go down to the school or anything. But if this guy starts another fight with you—well, then we will go down there. OK?"

"OK, Dad," Alan replied.

"Your mother and I will probably argue about this, but I was wondering if you would like to take some boxing lessons—to defend yourself if you have to?"

Alan immediately thought of something else: He thought of those martial arts movies he had seen of Bruce Lee, and of those TV reruns of *Kung Fu*.

"Dad," Alan said, "could I take karate instead?"

"Karate?!" his father cried, dumbfounded. "Well, yeah. Sure."

"Wow!" Alan cried, excitedly. "Oh, there's that karate place right next to...."

Much to the dislike of Alan's mother,--and, yes, they did have arguments about it--two weeks later, Alan's father enrolled him in a karate school. Alan loved it, and he excelled at it. He took lessons up until the last three months of high school, when he got that part-time job at Discount Foods. With having that part-time job, and school, and having to do things around the house, especially beginning to have to do more things for his mother, he just didn't have the time to continue taking lessons. He still practiced it, though, at least two or three times a week, in the basement, where he made a makeshift karate studio. He even had a full-length punching bag.

So, yes, Alan could have definitely harmed Mr. Wilson if he had had to, but Alan was glad that it had never come to that. He liked Mr. Wilson and was grateful to him for all of the encouragement, and confidence, Mr. Wilson had given Alan towards his acting abilities. Plus, it was Mr. Wilson who had told Alan about Chicago. One day when Alan, feeling depressed, had confided to Mr. Wilson that he didn't know what to do next after he graduated from Meramec; that he hadn't liked UMSL; that he couldn't afford Webster U.; that going to a college in New York or Los Angeles frightened him, somewhat, Mr. Wilson said: "My dear boy. Haven't you ever heard of Chicago? You need to go to Northeastern Illinois University. I graduated from there. It has a fabulous theater department, and Chicago has plenty of theater, both professional and amateur. Chicago has oodles of talent scouts and talent agencies. I'd be there now if it wasn't for my 'companion' being cast in two productions at the Rep. Oh, how I miss...."

Last summer, Alan went to Chicago and visited the college, and he loved it. Well, he loved it all. He loved the city; he loved riding the trains; he loved touring the city, seeing the Sears Tower, Navy Pier, Lake Michigan, and on and on and on. But what he loved the most about Chicago was its energy: its electrifying, creative, all-freeing energy. He stood in the middle of a sidewalk on Archer Street, being repeatedly bumped by the throngs of people passing to and thro and he basked in it. He thought: *Take the energy of downtown St. Louis and increase it ten – no, twenty-fold, no, thirty-fold, and you have Chicago.*

Yes, Alan wants to move to Chicago, very, very much, but how could he move there with his mother as she is? How? For the last year, Alan had been gingerly pitching the idea to her of moving into an assisted-living facility, like the one that his Uncle John and Aunt June live in. Every time he pitched, though, she became more and more incensed with the idea, and with him. This last time he pitched it, last Tuesday,--because of him running out of time to fill out the admissions application for Northeastern--she became furious with him.

"Don't you ever bring this up again, Alan," she said, brandishing an index-finger at him. "If you want to move to Chicago and go to school, go. I'm not stopping you."

"How can I move to Chicago and go to school and not be worried about you,"

Alan replied. "When I went there last summer, I was only there for four days, and I was worried about you the whole time. Who will do the chores around the house—painting, repairing anything that breaks, and cutting the grass?" He intentionally didn't mention driving her whenever she needed to be driven somewhere, or her writing him a check each month so that he could pay the bills. These were both far too touchy of a subject to bring up. When she had written him the check to pay the bills the first time, she had sighed and said: "As you get older, life just takes more and more away from you."

"I'll pay someone to do those things," she continued. "You don't have to worry about me. I can take care of myself. Don't you ever bring this up again. If you want to go to Chicago, go."

How? Alan had said to himself. *How?*

"You're late again, Shorty," Mike said as Alan clocked-in.

"I know, I know," Alan replied. "I'm sorry. I had to stop at the drugstore—"

"Excuses are like asses, Shorty," Mike stated. "Everybody got one." This was a little maxim he had heard, and liked, while serving in the Army, in Iraq. "Get your apron on and start checking." He turned and started walking away.

"OK, OK," Alan replied. "And I told you before, don't call me Shor—. " *God, can my day get any worse?* Alan said to himself. *Colleen. Oh, Colleen.*

Yes, Alan was definitely having a bad day. On top of everything else that was going wrong with his day, he had finally mustered-up a tiger's courage to finally ask Colleen to go out with him, and she said no.

Colleen and Alan were in the same American History class at Meramec that met every Wednesday and Friday morning at ten. From the moment Alan first saw her, on that first day of class, he was enthralled by her. Well, why wouldn't he be? She was a very attractive looking girl: long, thick, silky blonde hair;--made even blonder by hair dye—that rested so graciously upon her well-defined shoulders; smooth, creamy-white skin; an hour-glass figure with firm, up-lifted breasts the size of grapefruits; lips full and painted red, matching the color of the fingernails of her sender hands.

It's not that Colleen disliked Alan. She just wasn't interested in him. My god, it's, like, he's so shy. It was, like, the second month of class that I even, like, knew he was even in the class—and I'm, like, at least, like, a foot taller than him.

It was actually only a month into the class that Alan finally got the courage to speak to her, which turned into everyday, casual talk: How was your weekend? Did you do anything special? And so on. Colleen quickly realized that Alan liked her and wanted to go out with her. Her replies to Alan were always kind, but evasive. She didn't want to be, like, ignorant to him, but she didn't want to go out with him either. She wished she could have told him long ago that she had a boyfriend, but if she would have done that, and it had gotten back to Chuck, who was also in the class, he might never ask her out, and that was what she wanted. She wanted Chuck to ask her out.

She knew that Chuck had a girlfriend, but Colleen knew, like, more than confident, that one date with her and Chuck would dump the bitch, whoever she was: Colleen knows Colleen is hot, and she's done, like, everything to entice Chuck to ask her out except pull her pants down in front of him—and she's, like, more than willing to do that, will do that,—like, hungry to do that—when they go out.

As with the running out of time to fill out that application for admissions into Northeastern University in Chicago, Alan knew he was also running out of time to ask Colleen out on a date. Next week is finals, he kept telling himself. What if I never see her again? So, after the class ended today, he waited for her in the crowded, noisy hallway, and when she came out of the room, he stopped her and asked her if he could speak to her for a moment.

She was wearing a white blouse and designer jeans, with a thin, shiny black belt. She had drowned herself in perfume that morning, and Alan was finding all of it—the blouse, the jeans, the perfume, her loving face and body—overwhelming.

"I was wondering," Alan said, nervously, "if you're not too busy tomorrow night, maybe, we c-could get something to eat and see a-a movie, or something?"

"I'm sorry," Colleen replied, softly, barely audible. "I'm sorry."

"Well, aaaaaah, OK," Alan replied, terribly embarrassed. "Maybe some.. OK. See you around."

Alan then drove home to have lunch before he went into work, and as he drove, his feeling of embarrassment turned to anger. *It's her loss*, he muttered to himself. *I would have given her a love greater than Romeo loved Juliet. She could have asked anything of me, and I would have done it. Well, her loss. My God, the number of times I've dreamed about us being on a date— together, in love; in bed, having sex; in love. My God, I was willing to give up going to Chicago for her. I wouldn't have minded going to a shit college here if she— Well, her loss. Her loss...It's my looks; my size; this damn, stupid car. Well, I could have bought a hotter-lookin' car, but I've been saving every penny I make to go to Chicago. I— Well, it's her loss. Her loss...What do I do now? What do I do now? Do I stay here or go to Chicago? Do I stay here or....?*

Yep, damn fuckin'-A, I'm goin' to Chicago, Jason Delow had stated resolutely to himself as he sat upon the edge of the old cement dock at the rear of the old factory where he worked in shipping and receiving, taking his ten-minute-long, ten a.m. break. Yep, damn fuckin'-A I am, he stated resolutely to himself again as he took another big gulp from a can of Dr. Pepper. I'm goin' back home to Chicago.

He had made this decision for two reasons: One, he told himself that he was smart enough to know that the police would catch him if he kept killing;—Even if they're only Suits; 'cause all Suits are butt-ass ignorant.—two, there wasn't anything to keep him here in St. Louis. What, he should stay in St. Louis because of his "great" job here at this dying factory that manufactures grease for machinery? The only thing he liked about the job was that he worked alone and the Suits left him alone. It's not like he had a wife and kids or anything like that to make him want to stay here. He didn't. He didn't have anyone. His only relative here, his mother, had died three years

ago. So, why should he stay, and, yeah, if he kept killing, the police would catch him. So, yeah, he would move back to Chicago. His mom had a sister there, and his father was from Chicago, but he hadn't seen or heard from them since he was eleven, when his mom fled Chicago suddenly one day to get away from her abusive husband: She just couldn't take the beatings anymore. When he was drunk or high on crack,--especially when he was high on crack -- he became violently abusive.

Marge, Jason's mother, had chosen to move to St. Louis because of a woman she had met, and befriended, somewhat, in a bar that she and her husband frequented, a neighborhood bar about a block from their rundown, small house on the South Side. This woman, Cindy, had told Marge that she could make a lot of money being an exotic dancer, as she had done, in St. Louis, East St. Louis, to be exact. Marge had asked her with interest how much money she could make, and Cindy had coquettishly replied that the more she was willing to do, the more she would make. Cindy even came over to their house during the day and gave Marge private lessons on being an exotic dancer, using the handle of a broom to illustrate what movements were best to use on a pole. She instructed her on striping and on what movements and facial expressions most excited men. She instructed her on what words and lines to use on her clients. Cindy never charged Marge any money for doing this, but when she felt that she had taught Marge all she could, for a graduation present, she took Marge by the hand, lead her into one of the two bedrooms, seductively removed Marge's clothes, then hers, lead her into bed, where she gave Marge "real work experience" on pleasing a woman, and then had Marge to please her until they were both exhausted.

Having graduated from "school," and having three hundred dollars stashed away from money she had taken from her husband's wallet over a three-month period when he was drunk or high, and with Jason and one dilapidated old suitcase in hand, she purchased two one-way tickets for St. Louis at the bus depot, boarded the bus, and left Chicago forever, in the summer of 1989.

She feared her husband so much, she had told no one of her leaving, not even her own mother or sister. Well, they had never been all that close of a family anyway: Whenever Marge would flee to her mother's house with Jason after her husband had beaten her, her mother would offer no moral or financial support to get her own daughter out of that abusive relationship. She would say, if she herself wasn't too drunk to say it: "Well, it's your own damn fault. You married that no-good, drunken grease monkey." --referring to his low-paying job as an auto mechanic at a gas station.

Marge had really struggled with her conscience whether or not to take Jason with her to St. Louis. I mean, this was to be her new start in life -- why saddle yourself with a kid when you're wanting to start life fresh? She saw it this way: Once her husband realized that she was gone, he would push Jason off on his mom and dad, or on her mom, or sister, or push him off in some type of foster care. But what if he didn't? What if, in a drunken, or high, rage, he began beating Jason? What if he beat Jason to death? No, no, she didn't want that to happen. I mean, she was his mother, and look at the number of times he had taken a beating himself from Bud, her husband, for trying

to protect her from his beating her: His little hands beating at Bud's stomach, screaming: "Stop hurting Mommy! Stop!" So, in the end, she decided to take him with her.

Once in St. Louis, they rented a small apartment near downtown until Marge got established in the exotic dancing business, which didn't take long at all. Within two weeks, she got her first job as an exotic dancer in one of the best clubs in East St. Louis; within five months, she purchased a small house a few blocks away from the apartment they had rented. Yes, Cindy had taught her well, and she loved her job. She had not found it difficult at all to strip or whore herself out. She was in it for the money, and the money was good. Plus, the sex was great. It was different from any sex she had ever had before. For the longest time, she couldn't figure it out—why it was different and why it was so great. Then she did figure it out. It was different because for the first time, she was in charge of it. She had power, and she liked it. Oh, sure, there were a few times when she came across a John who liked it rough, slapping her and such, but they were far and in between. Except for those Johns, she loved her job. The hours were good;--nights, and for her private clients, she brought them home: Well, Jason was always asleep.—she had plenty of men admirers;--some of them even wanted to become boyfriend; some said they would even leave their wives—and the money was great. Yes, life was great; lonely at times, but great. She had come to regret her decision of taking Jason with her, though. He was getting into more and more fights at school, and within just a year of their arriving in St. Louis, he seemed to be so different. He didn't want her to hug or kiss him anymore. It was strange.

Jason was now twelve year old, and he was used to being alone. At nine p.m., she would put him to bed and tell him that she had to go to work, in a factory, doing night work, making parts for cars. She would tell him to be a good boy and go right to sleep. She would be back in the morning—and don't open the door for nobody. He always replied that he would, and they would hug and kiss goodnight. Sometimes, though, when he couldn't fall to sleep, or when he'd suddenly awaken in the middle of the night, he would become frightened, sometimes terribly frightened. He would quickly gather up all of the toys his mom had lavished upon him and place them in the bed with him. He would press his teddy bear tightly against his body and pull the covers up over his head. There were times when his whole body would shiver with fear from every sound heard, and he would pray for morning to come, when his mother would return. Then, one night, when he had awakened suddenly, he heard hushed sounds coming from his mother's bedroom. Believing that his mother had returned home, he got out of bed and went to his mother's bedroom. The door to her bedroom was closed except for a crack. He peeked in, and what he saw changed him forever.

What he saw had no name at this time in Jason's life, but what he saw terrified him. Then, as he continued to watch, it angered him. He wanted to dash into the kitchen, grab the biggest knife he would find and rush in there and stab the man in the back—like he was stabbing his mother with his body, going up and down on her, up and down again and again. He didn't do that, though. He ran back to his bed, got into

it and pulled the cover up over his head. Shivering, and praying to God to make it stop, he silently cried himself back to sleep.

From that time forward, he was aloof to his mother; at times, he couldn't even stand to look at her. As much as his mind abhorred the pictures in his mind of what he saw—couldn't get them out of his mind!—whenever he awakened at night and heard sounds coming from his mother's bedroom, he always went and watched. As he watched, he didn't understand the feelings he was having, and the growth of his penis, which he began rubbing, and then holding, unconsciously. There was one thing she sometimes did to men that he liked to watch the most. He didn't know why, but he just did, oral sex. It made her vulnerable; it made her controllable; he wanted it to be him that she was doing that to.

When Jason was sixteen years old, he had had enough of school and quit—wouldn't even consider the idea of going to high school. He had had it with school. His mother told him that she didn't care what he did, as long as he stayed out of trouble. She, too, had had it with him in school; with all of the fights he had had; with teachers telling her that he couldn't keep up with the rest of the class and should be held back, again; with counselors telling her that he had "behavioral" and "psychological" issues and should have "psychiatric evaluation" and on and on. She just wanted him to stay out of trouble—not hang around with those low-life boys he hung out with; sniff glue anymore; get into fights; stealing. He was bad. Why, when Jason was only fourteen, a father of one of the neighborhood boys came to their house with a baseball bat because his boy had said that Jason had molested him. Jason vehemently denied it, and Marge was able to talk the man out of going to the police or hurting Jason. After he left, though, Marge screamed at him.

"Are you crazy?!" she said. "Do you want me—us—to get found out? I keep under the radar. Look at the car I drive. I could drive a-a-a Mercedes if I wanted to. I got thousands of dollars in that safe deposit box. I—we—could live in a big, fancy house, but I keep under the radar. The story is my husband died and I clean houses for rich people. We got to keep under the radar. Do you want me to get arrested?—go to jail? If that happens, you'll be all alone—no food, no...."

She had wanted to beat him, with her fists, but, even now, at fourteen, she was scared of him. He was big and strong, and getting bigger and stronger by the day, and mean. Plus, there was the look—that's what truly terrorized her, the look. It was the look that every woman instinctively knows—the burning, hungering, lusting, all-penetrating stare of a man wanting to have sexual intercourse with you; wanting to rip off your clothes, throw you down and mount you; you had no say in the matter. She knew that if it ever came to that, she would simply have to submit to it. She wasn't strong enough to stop him. It never came to that, though. The closest it had come to that was when he was eighteen. It was morning, and he was at work. She had just stepped out of the shower and was going to her bedroom, totally naked, when, suddenly, he was there, standing in the narrow hallway directly in front of her, intensely staring at her. She quickly covered her groin area with one hand and her breasts with

her other hand and arm. Then she bowed her head, in shame and submission. When she raised her head and look at him, his belt was unbuckled and he was unzipping his pants, staring intently, and lustfully, at her the whole time.

"You're sick!" she screamed at him, fighting angry. "I'm your mother, for Christ's sake!" she continued as she passed by him quickly with a turned, cold shoulder.

She had dealt with his sexual desires by telling him that day that that father had accused Jason of sexually molesting his child and that she was going to start having the girls she worked with come to the house and give him all the sex he wanted. By this time, she knew that he knew what she did for a living, because one night before she left for work, Jason had told her in passing that if she came back home tonight to be quiet, that he wanted to sleep.

When Jason quit school, he took a job at an old filling station that was two blocks away from their house. It was owned and run by an old man, Joe Turner. Jason pumped gas, assisted Joe in doing light auto repairs, sweeping the place and anything else that needed to be done. Jason liked the job. There was something about the place—the smell of motor oil, of gas, and the feeling of the old place—that Jason found most familiar and comforting. He liked Joe, too. Joe was very good to him. When Joe had one day asked him if he liked to fish and hunt, and Jason had replied that he had never gone fishing or hunting, Joe began taking him fishing and hunting on the weekends. Jason enjoyed hunting more than he did fishing. He liked the killing of hunting; the feeling of power it gave him. Joe's wife had died long ago, and they hadn't had any children, so Joe began giving Jason much of his fishing gear and guns and knives. Jason worked for Joe for almost ten years, until Joe died suddenly one day of a heart attack. It had been the happiest time in Jason's life, and the most intimate relationship he had ever had with another living being.

After Joe's death, Jason had several janitorial jobs, which mostly lasted a couple of months before he would quit or be fired. Then he took that job in shipping at Taylor's Lubricating Co. The work there was heavy and mindless, but he liked it, because he was left alone.

The years pasted. Marge went from being employed at one of the best strip clubs to eventually being employed at the next-to-the-worst club: The worst club being the only one left on the strip that would employ you when none of the rest would, and where management selected your clients if you weren't meeting the quotas. Marge feared having to one day go to that club, because if there was one thing that she hadn't done, and never would, is touch, or be touched, by a black man. No way!

The reason Marge was working at the next-to-the-worst club was that the years had taken its toll on her face and body. Years of heavy drinking, heavy smoking, eating fast food and living the hard, unsavory life she lived, had rendered her face old looking and her body fat and flabby. Even Jason no longer lusted after her. Then, five years ago, she suddenly started losing weight, fast. She always felt tired, and her whole body felt in pain. She went to a doctor and he suggested that a series of tests be

taken. Marge had had gonorrhea twice, but she knew that this wasn't that. She believed, knew—feared!—what she had was AIDS. But she was wrong. She was diagnosed with having bone cancer. She had much treatment to fight the cancer,—which depleted much of her savings; having no health insurance—but, in the end, she couldn't beat it. She got more and more ill from the disease, more and more thin, and weak.

In her final days, Jason was very good to her. He fed her; clothed her; washed her; took her to and from the bathroom; brushed her long, light-brown hair: She had always been proud of her hair, had always felt that it was her most alluring feature, besides her full-sized breasts.

He didn't know why, but Jason didn't mind doing any of that for Marge. In fact, he enjoyed it, especially bathing her and taking her to and from the bathroom when she had to pee or have a bowel movement. When he bathed her, he would come into her bedroom with a large towel, a wash cloth and a plastic basin filled with lukewarm water, with a bar of soap floating in the water. After propping her emaciated body up in bed, he would remove her nightgown and panties and begin washing her. When he had done this the first time, he had thought she would fight him, but she didn't. In fact, she enjoyed it. It had been over three years since a man had seen her naked body, or touched it, and the soapy lukewarm water of the saturated cloth touching her body, and the gentle, but firm, circular motions of his hand exploring her whole body, pleased her and excited her. It excited Jason, too, but what excited him even more, was taking her to the bathroom at night. He would carry her into the bathroom, stand her up in front of the toilet with her back to it, raise up her nightgown over her breasts, pull down her panties to her ankles, and stand there beside her until she was finished, watching her the whole time. When she was done, he would carry her back to her bed with her nightgown still raised above her breasts and her panties dangling about her ankles. He would lay her back in bed like this, always. There were times when she wouldn't release her hand from around his neck, when she would even pull him closer to her face, so close, that they could feel each other's breathing. Always, though, he would become repulsed by that ill, skeletal face. He would throw her hand off of him in disgust, cursing to himself: Why didn't she want me when she was good-lookin'. She's just skin and bones now.

Yes, she died three years ago.

When Marge had died, Jason was elated. He was free of her and he could now do anything that he wanted to do. Then, only a week after her death, he began missing her. By the end of that month, he missed her terribly. At times, his pain for the want of her was so great, that he thought he would go mad. He would scream out to her: "Where are you, bitch?! Where are you?! Com-on! Come back to me! Please! Com-on. Come back to me! You want me! I know you do! Come back!!! Bitch! Com....."

He got drunk night after night; he smoked crack; he bought a huge, almost floor-to-ceiling tall, almost half-a-wall long TV set; he bought DVD after DVD of pornography and watched it night after night; he had prostitute after prostitute; but nothing took away the agonizing pain of loneliness and loss that consumed the very core

of his being. Then, one night, on a lonely street in his mother's car, when he was having trouble being "pleasured" by a street prostitute, and she had stopped what she was doing to him and looked up at him and sarcastically asked him what was wrong, adding that she didn't have all night, he became so enraged that he grabbed her by the throat and began choking her. In tears and in terror for her very life, through muffled words, she pleaded with him to stop, but he didn't. He kept choking her. He loved it. He had never felt so alive. The look of the sheer terror of imminent death in her mascara-running, crying eyes; the feeling of being in total control of another human being; of being god-like—he loved it all. The heart-pumping, pounding, adrenaline rush of it all caused him to climax on his own.

With the sexual release came calm and he stopped choking her. After zipping up his pants, he threw open the passenger's side door and threw her out, calling her a no-good whore. He scooted back over behind the steering wheel, started the car and drove away.

The rest of that night, while getting a good drunk on, he thought about what had happened—how much he had enjoyed it, and how much he wanted, had to have, those feelings again. It was the killing aspect of it all that had excited him so much. The killing aspect of it all—and he could do it, wanted to do it; was lustfully hungering to do it. It wouldn't bother him in the least. The way he figured it, the actual doing of it would only increase those feelings that he had gotten from choking that prostitute.

The next several months, he thought, and planned, what he would need to begin killing, and how he would do it. He sold his mom's car and bought an old, beat-up looking 1993 Rams Van. It had been green in color, but years of leaving it out in the beating hot sun had sun-bleached most of it. A major buying point of the van for him was that it didn't have any windows on the sides of it; the only windows it had, besides the front windshield, were two small windows at the rear of the van, one on each of the two doors, both of which he duct-taped with black trash bags. He bought three boxes of latex gloves and several rows of duct tape, and a pullover black ski mask. As for choosing his victims, he only had three rules: One, they had to have been nice to him; two, they had to attract him physically; and three, they had to be white.

He began frequenting retail stores, in the city and in the county, and when he saw a woman who physically attracted him, he would buy something, a pack of cigarettes or a pack of chewing gum, or such; or he would ask for assistance in choosing a blouse or some slacks for his girlfriend, and if she spoke kindly to him, it was a go: she was the chosen one. Then, like a detective on a stakeout, he would dog her. He would park in the parking lot of the retail store far away from the doors of the entrance to the place and watch for her: What time her shift was over and she came out; did she come out of the store alone or walk out with other employees; what vehicle she got into or did she get picked up by someone; did she first look around to see if anybody was following her before she unlocked the vehicle and got in or did she mindlessly unlock the door and get in; and on and on the watching went. Sometimes he did this for

weeks, night after night of watching. Everything had to be just right before he pounced.

He was grateful that retail employees were required, or asked, or so he thought, to park far away from the entrance to the store, because he knew, or believed, that the surveillance cameras wouldn't be able to film those vehicles, and, consequently, his van. On the night of the killing, he would park his van next to hers, with the back of the van always facing the store, and wait. Wearing a full-length, blue raincoat,—his first victim had taught him that, to wear a raincoat, or something: all of that blood; and to line the back floor of the van with trash bags—when he saw her coming out of the store, he would scoot down in the driver's seat and pull down the ski mask over his head and face and then put on a pair of latex gloves. Next, he would tear off about a half-a-foot-long piece of duct tape. With his heart pounding away from the adrenaline rush of it all, when she came abreast of the driver's door of her vehicle, he would pounce. Throwing open the door of the van, he would leap out of it, race around the back of the van, come up behind her, slap the piece of duct tape across her mouth, thrust her head and body hard against his, unsheathe his Bowie knife, bring it to her throat and whisper evilly into her ear: "Do what I say or I'll cut your throat." He would then drag her to the back of the van, throw a door open and shove her inside of it.

Once inside, he would bind her hands from the back at the wrists with duct tape. After turning her around to face him, he would lift up her blouse and bra above her breasts; then he would unbutton her pants, then unzip her pants and lower them and her panties to her ankles. Then he would tell her to get on her knees. Then he would unbutton his pants, unzip them and lower them and his underwear to his ankles, revealing to her a fully-erected, throbbing penis. This was always followed by a hard slap or two to the face, just to show her that he meant business. He would then tell her that if she did what he said, and didn't cause no trouble, he would let her go. Then, he would rip off the duct tape from her mouth and tell her what to do. When it was over, and after he was all zipped up, he'd gently help her up and turn her around, telling her that he was going to cut off the duct tape from her wrists and then let her go. Unsheathing the knife, he would extend her arms and hands out a bit as if in preparation of cutting the duct tape; but then, in one quick swoop, he would bring the blade up to one side of her throat and cut it from ear to ear. He'd then take off the blood-splattered raincoat and toss it to one side; then, he would remove the gloves and the ski mask, get out of the back of the van, get into the driver's seat, put new gloves on, drive away, and then dump the body two or three blocks away.

Yep, I'm movin' back to Chicago, Jason said to himself again as he finished gulping down that can of Dr. Pepper. Ain't nothin' left for me in this fuckin' place.

Jason told himself again that he was smart enough to know that if he kept on killing that the Suits—the police—would catch him. So, he would move back to Chicago—make a fresh start of it. He would clean up, and fix up, that mess-filled, and deteriorating, house and sell it. He would sell the van or junk it. Yep, it would be a fresh

start, and he, himself, would change. He'd start shaving that coarse, black 3- or 5-day stubble of his daily, and bathe daily, too; buy new clothes; have that long, thick, mop of hair of his cut; he would be friendlier to people;--more talkative--and on and on. Yep, it would be a fresh start. He figured it would take him about two months to fix-up the house and such and sell it. Once he got settled in Chicago, he'd get his GED. Shit, he might even become a cop, a vampire cop--like Nick Night in that TV series *ForeverNight*. No, Jason knew he wasn't a vampire, he simply liked to fantasize that he was one. He had DVD after DVD of vampire movies. Yep, it would be a fresh start. There would be no more killing until he was well settled in Chicago; there would be no more killing here in St. Louis--well, at least, after tonight there would be no more killing in St. Louis. Well, he didn't know how long it would be before he would be able to kill again, and the way he figured it, the Suits wouldn't think he'd be stupid enough to kill again the very next day after a killing: Stupid Suits. Plus, why let the other woman that he had also been dogging for the last two months go to waste: He had only killed the woman he did last night because she was heads. As late as three p.m. yesterday, he still couldn't make up his mind as to which of the two he would kill, the blonde or the brunette. He decided to let the flipping of a quarter decide: heads, the blonde; tails, the brunette--heads it was. And anyway, a vampire has got to feed, doesn't he?

It was six-thirty p.m., and as Hurts was driving over to Jason Delow's house, the left side of his face began to twitch again, especially his cheek. It had been doing that from time to time for the past three, or four, months now. He wondered if it had anything to do with that damn long, deep scar on the left side of his face: This was a physical scar given to him by a punk he was arresting for burglary when he had been a rookie cop. Earlier in the day, not knowing what else to do to give him a lead on these cases, Hurts had decided to review the video tapes again from the surveillance cameras from all of the stores where the crimes took place--not only looking at the tapes of the date of the actual crime, but one day, two days, three days, four days, five days prior; in other words, looking at all of the footage that they had requested from the stores: The only video tapes they didn't have was from that ladies' boutique shop. The county police had told them that the store didn't have surveillance cameras, neither inside nor outside of the store. It was slow, tedious, boring work, and just when he was about to give up, he spotted something that aroused his interest from the video tape of four days prior to the second victim: the back of a beat-up looking, much sun-bleached, old van. What had aroused his interest about this van, besides its dilapidated condition, was that the two back windows of the van were tinted, or appeared to be tinted: *Why would somebody have the windows on a piece-of-shit vehicle like that tinted?* Hurts mused. He decided to run a check of the license plate. The van was registered to one Jason Delow. He had no priors, but Hurts decided to drive to his residence and have a chat with him anyway. More than likely, it would come to nothing, but what the hell; he had nothing else to go on.

Hurts was a bit shocked when he pulled up to Delow's place of residence: Although the whole area was old and deteriorating, Delow's residence was a poster child for demolition. The house was next to a fallow corner lot, and the lot looked better than Delow's yard and house. In the narrow, small front yard, were empty beer cans and empty whisky bottles, two old lawnmowers, —both of which didn't look like they had been used in months, if not years: the yard was more dried-up dirt than tall grass anyway - cigarette butts were scattered everywhere, like seeds of newly-planted grass, and almost half-way down the narrow, bloodless, red-brick pathway that led from the cracking, unlevelled sidewalk of the street to the two rotting wooden steps of the rotting wooden porch of the narrow old red-brick house, which was in desperate need of tuck-pointing, was a 55-gallon, metal barrel, to the far north side of the pathway, it was. It had a lid to it, and large holes had been drilled into the barrel. It was charred, too, with black, charcoal-looking burned marks. Clearly, things had been placed into it to be burned.

As Hurts approached the porch, he wondered if the rotting thing would support his heavy body. The entrance to the house was a heavy old wooden door —no design or ornateness to it at all, just a plain wooden door, unvarnished and turning a sun-bleached streaks of white and brown.

After unbuttoning his suit coat, --years of experience had taught Hurts to always have easy access to his revolver in these situations — Hurts knocked hard on the door.

"Mr. Delow," Hurts then said. "Mr. Delow. Police. I'd like to speak with you, Mr. Delow." Silence. He knocked again, but only this time, even harder, using the palm of a closed fist. "Anybody home?! Mr. Delow! Police." Silence, again. He looked to his right, to the long narrow window at the end of the small porch. After walking to window, he looked in, but he couldn't see inside. *What's he got over the window?* Hurts said to himself. *Is that trash bags?*

Hurts walked back to the door. The door had a deadlock bolt to it, but Hurts could see that it wasn't engaged. He looked back out into the street; then, he removed his wallet from one of his back pants pockets. He removed an old expired credit card from it, and with one hand jiggling the handle of the door, his other hand slid the credit card between the doorjamb and the door at the lock. It only took seconds. The door opened.

I should have been a crook, Hurts said to himself, very pleased with himself. Hurts knew what he was about to do was against the law, that he could be arrested, fired, or both, but, what the hell. He had been in trouble before, like when he had been with the Vice Department. He was with the Vice Department twelve years, when, suddenly, one day, \$17,000.00 came up missing on a drug case he was working on. Internal Affairs was never able to pin it on him, but Hurts' superiors suggested, demanded, actually, that he transfer to a different department. He chose Homicide.

After looking back out into the street, he stepped inside the house.

It was pitch black in there. He reached into a side pocket of his suit coat and re-

moved a mini-flashlight from it. After flashing it about the room, which was the living room, he was again a bit shocked at what he saw: he couldn't decide which was the filthier, the yard outside or in here. When he had flashed the beam of light to the right, upon the old wooden floor, and upon the long old wooden kitchen table, he saw, on both the floor and table, empty beer cans, empty whisky bottles, crumpled-up fast-food paper bags, hamburger wrappers,--some crumpled-up, some not--pizza boxes, french fries containers, packs of empty cigarette packages and black plastic ashtrays filled with butts. Also on the table, near the far end of it from where Hurts was standing, were stacks and stacks of DVDs. Almost butted up against the end of the table at that end was a long, much food-stained, dirty, old sofa, which had on it two food-stained, dirty, old bedroom pillows and a matching blanket: matching meaning that the blanket was as food-stained, dirty and old as the sofa and pillows. About three feet directly in front of the sofa was the largest TV that Hurts had ever seen: the TV blocked and hid the window that Hurts had tried to look in from the outside.

Hurts walked slowly, and cautiously, to the far end of the table. He sifted through a few of the stacks of DVDs. *So, you like porn, and vampires, do you, Mr. Delow?* Hurts said to himself. *You're beginning to interest me, Mr. Delow.* Then, he turned around and flashed a beam of light at the TV, and then around it. At the right end of the TV,--facing the front of the house--on the floor, was a small stack of newspapers. What interested Hurts about this was that the newspapers had seemed to have been placed there with much care: *They're so neatly stacked*, Hurts said to himself.

After stepping over to the stack, Hurts squatted down with a heavy "aaaaaaaah" escaping from his mouth. *Well, now you're only toying with me, Mr. Delow*, Hurts said excitedly to himself after flipping through the small stack of newspapers. There were six newspapers, to be exact; all were St. Louis Post-Dispatch newspapers, and they were all there: victim six; victim five; victim four; victim three...

Another "aaaaaaaah" escaped from Hurts' mouth as he stood back up. He turned back around and flashed another beam of light about the room. Directly in front of him, at the back wall of the room, was a narrow hallway. *That must lead to the bathroom and bedroom*, Hurt said to himself. *Let's see what you got in the bedroom, Mr. Delow.*

Hurts walked around the far end corner of the sofa and his foot immediately kicked something on the floor. He flashed a beam of light down onto the floor and was frozen solid by what he saw: There upon the floor was box after box of latex gloves, and roll after roll of duct tape.

Why, you sick son-of-a-bitch, Mr. Delow, Hurts cried to himself, elated. *I gotcha.*

Unclipping his cell phone from his belt, Hurts made a B-line for the front door.

"This is Hurts," he said into the cell phone as he cautiously dashed down the two rotting steps of the rotting wooden porch. "I want....."

"OK, take your last break, Alan," Mike said to Alan after stopping at the end of the checkout lane Alan was working at.

It's about time, Alan said to himself. *It's eight-twenty. I was supposed to have this break at seven, you jerk.*

"Oh, by the way," Mike said offhandedly, "I've got you down for early stocking tomorrow, at six a.m."

"What?!" Alan replied, incredulously. "I requested tomorrow and Sunday off. I got finals all next week. I can't do it, not this time."

"I need you tomorrow," Mike said. "Terry called in sick."

"Well, I don't care. I can't do it."

"Look," Mike stated, "you need to get your priorities straight. You're part of a team here, and the team needs you tomorrow. Are you going to let the team down?"

"Are you comin' in tomorrow?" Alan asked, knowing full well that he was off tomorrow.

"That's none of your business," Mike replied, sarcastically. "My job is to see that the job gets done, Shorty."

"Well, my job is to look after myself and to have a job where the boss isn't a dictator," Alan stated, removing his apron and then throwing it down on the conveyer belt. "I quit," he stated and stormed away.

"Shit job," Alan mumbled angrily as he got into his car. "I can get a shit job like this one anywhere," he continued as he turned the key in the ignition. Nothing. Nothing came from the motor. He turned the key again. Nothing. Total silence.

"Oh, this is just great!" Alan shouted, angrily. "This is just great—a dead battery. Can my day get any worse?!" Alan stated, looking up into the night sky, to heaven. "Well, what do I do now? I don't even have my cell phone with me."

After thinking about it for a few minutes, Alan decided to see the movie *Iron Man* that was playing at the theatre at the opposite side of the parking lot: that had been the movie that he was going to take Colleen to see—Colleen. Oh, Colleen. Once inside of the theatre, he would call his mom and tell her that he was seeing that movie and wouldn't be home until eleven or twelve o' clock. Then he would call Andy and tell him about the dead battery and that if he would bring battery cables and jump start his car, he would buy him a ticket to see the movie with him.

Theresa Logan was just so anxious to get home. Her shift at Petite Appeal, which is eight stores down from Discount Foods, was FINALLY over and she was just so anxious to get home. Her mother had picked up her prom dress for her today at one p.m., and she was just so anxious to get home and try it on. Yes, she had tried it on when she and her mother had purchased the dress, but that was before she had had her long, brown hair cut and styled, and had had her nails done and all. She was just so anxious. The prom was tomorrow night, and Tom, she knew, would look sooooo dreamy in his tux. She just couldn't wait—for tomorrow night, and to get home and try on that dress. The dress had cost her mom and dad \$165.00. They were the best parents in the world. She just couldn't wait to get home and prance around in that dress for her mom and dad to see. She wasn't thinking about anything else. Her father had warned her repeatedly recently to be very careful, what with that crazy serial killer on the loose out there, but she wasn't thinking about that now. All she was thinking about was getting home and trying on that dress. Why, she had completely forgotten about that serial killer; that is, until the blade of the Bowie knife was against her

Theresa could still feel and taste the stickiness of the glue of the duct tape on her lips and mouth even though she had pulled it off. Crying, trembling, and in great fear, she pleaded with Alan: "P-p-please help m-me. Please. Don't l-l-let him h-h-hurt me. Please."

"No problem, good-lookin'," Alan replied. "Just stay behind me and you'll be fine," he said to her with a wink and a smile. "My day just got a lot better." He then looked back at Jason. "Chicago, here I come," he stated, and then he charged with an "aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

Masterworks of the Columbia River Plateau: a catalogue

Natalie Fay Lynn *author and collector*

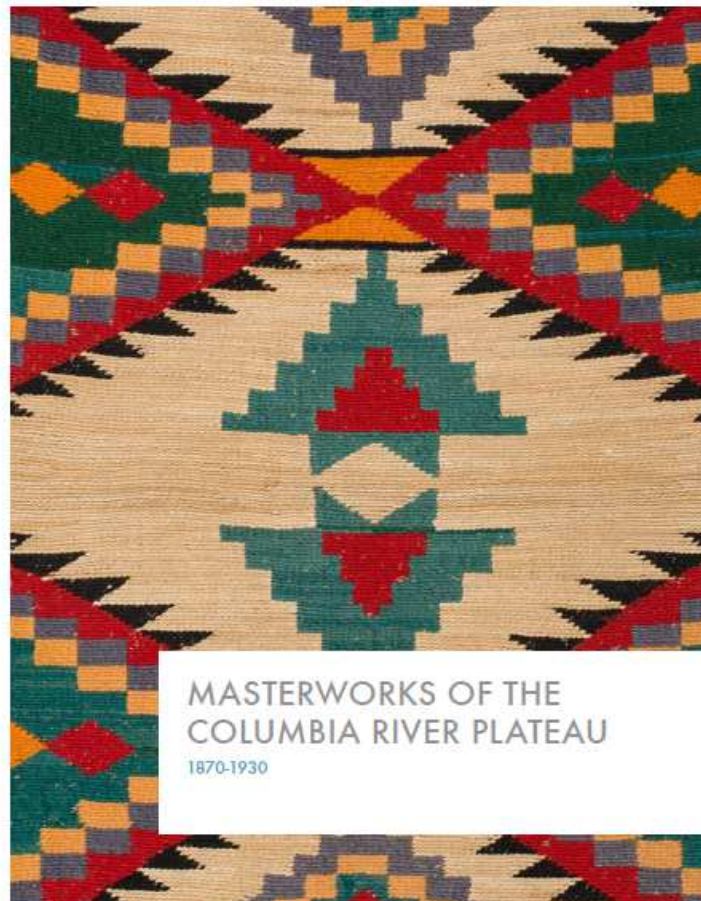
Sue Taylor *editor*

Shoshona Freedman, Maxwell Miller, Kelly Ongkowidjojo *designers*

Dan Kvitka *photography*



Masterworks of the Columbia River Plateau, 1870-1930 was an exhibit at Portland State University from October 2015 through February 2016. It showcased some 57 pieces of beadwork and basketry - expertly crafted examples of a tradition of art infused into the objects of everyday life. It was an important show. In many ways the art history of the plateau is under-represented or poorly understood. It is not as flamboyant or declarative as the other great art tradition of a contiguous region, that of the Pacific Northwest Coast. The aesthetic and objectives of Plateau art are different and this subtlety may be lost to a casual observer. The exhibit was widely collaborative and the credit given on this page is necessarily selective. The catalogue accompanying and interpreting the exhibit is impressive as a stand-alone work of scholarship. It is reproduced here in full with permission.



MASTERWORKS OF THE
COLUMBIA RIVER PLATEAU
1870-1930



MASTERWORKS OF THE
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College of the Arts
Portland State University



Catalogue published to accompany the exhibition
"Masterworks of the Columbia River Plateau, 1870–1930"
Broadway Lobby Gallery, Lincoln Hall, Portland State University
20 October 2015 through 29 February 2016.

Edited by Sue Taylor

Design by PSU A+D Projects: Shoshanna Freedman;
Maxwell Miller, Kelly Ongkowitzojo

Photography by Dan Kvitka

Printed by Cedar House Media, 2015

College of the Arts, Portland State University
P.O. Box 751, Portland, Ore. 97207-0751
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Front cover: Bag, c. 1910, cat. no. 38, detail of recto
Frontispiece: Four-sided bag, c. 1890, cat. no. 10
Above: Bag, c. 1960, cat. no. 8
Back cover: Bag, c. 1910, cat. no. 38, detail of verso

FOREWORD AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

It is a privilege for the College of the Arts to host an exhibition of objects that so clearly reflect the extraordinary invention and artistry of the Native American women who made and used them. These artifacts from the Columbia River Plateau, dating from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, represent a fragment of the continuum of indigenous culture and creativity that endures today—as artists such as Pat Courtney Gold (Wasco) and Maynard White Owl Lavadour (Umatilla) preserve the weaving and beading traditions exemplified here. Underscoring this living legacy is an auspicious coincidence: as we unveil our historical exhibition in the Broadway Lobby Gallery, the much awaited Center for Contemporary Native Arts opens at the Portland Art Museum just a few blocks from our campus. Bridging past and present, the Center will help foster an understanding of the dynamic vitality of Native American art.

Well served by our display of these textile masterworks at Portland State University—and by the collaborative programs that will help elucidate them—is our fundamental educational mission. For as students in the College of the Arts develop their individual talents, they are also challenged to see their work relative to artistic and

critical traditions that provoke their own creative thinking and to seek interdisciplinary approaches in both local and global contexts. Students will surely find inspiration here, whether they consider the artworks in this exhibition in terms of function, economy, technique, design, or fashion. We are pleased as well to learn from Native American communities in our area how these objects may represent ancestral stories, values, and symbolism not immediately apparent to audiences who admire them primarily for their formal beauty.

"Masterworks of the Columbia River Plateau" came about through the remarkable generosity of Natalie Fay Linn, who has made it her life's work to study these objects, care for them lavishly, and share her passionate enthusiasm for them. A member of the Dean's Circle in the College of the Arts, Ms. Linn is a nationally known authority on Native American basketry. The wealth of detailed knowledge she has amassed about plateau bags in particular is evident from her informative essay in this catalogue. Moreover, all the artworks included in the exhibition are drawn from her collection and from that of her family; for this and for her ongoing support of PSU, we are truly grateful.

Working with her to make the exhibition and this publication a reality has been a preoccupation of Sue Taylor, Associate Dean in the College of the Arts, assisted by our colleagues Suzanne Gray, Marketing and Communications Manager, and Mary McVein, Visual Resources Curator in PSU's School of Art and Design. Thanks are due to students Shoshanna Freedman, Maxwell Miller, and Kelly Ongkowitzo of A+D Projects for designing this handsome catalogue, and Erin Frye in Art History and David-Paul Hedberg in History for carefully proofreading the text. For her expert scholarly consultation on this project, we acknowledge Katrine Barber, Associate Professor of History, and for invaluable help with programing, Melissa Bennett in the Native American Student and Community Center. In his dual capacity as Chair of the Department of History and Interim Chair of Indigenous Nations Studies, Tim Garrison lent support to programing, as did Pat Boas, Director of the School of Art and Design. Among the many advantages of a collegial intellectual community such as ours is the array of diverse talents and interests we can marshal to help enrich students' experience in and beyond the classroom at Portland State University.

Wm. Robert Buckner
Dean, College of the Arts
Portland State University

Fig. 1. Unknown photographer, Edla Holloquilla (Wasco) with beadwork display on the Warm Springs Reservation, n.d. (photo courtesy Oregon Historical Society, #66007571)



TWINED AND BEADED: ARTISTRY OF THE PLATEAU

by Natalie Fay Linn

For centuries, twined bags were a primary form of artistic expression for Native American women in the Columbia River Plateau. Various called root bags, cornhusk bags, plateau bags, or "Nez Perce bags,"¹ these flat utilitarian containers were once among the objects most commonly associated with the Plateau area. The people who originally inhabited this land—bounded on the east and west by the Rocky and Cascade Mountains respectively and cutting through parts of what are now known as British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Montana—were nomadic, moving on foot from place to place for seasonally available foods. While men hunted, and fished for salmon, sturgeon, and eel in the Columbia Basin's many rivers, women collected in baskets or bags the vegetal food-stuffs that made up at least half their diet.

Staples included berries and seeds as well as the camas and bitter-root they dried and ground into flour for root cakes. Many tribes in the region assembled annually at primary root and fishing areas for combined harvesting and social interchanges. During these times, women amassed and prepared the botanical materials such as bear or rye grass, dogbane, cattails, silkweed, and hemp for weaving

Fig. 2. Bag, c. 1870 cat. no. 1, detail



their containers. Hemp, a strong, durable fiber in varying shades of brown, formed the basic structural element of the early plateau bag, while white to gold-colored bear and rye grasses provided decorative accents. Weavers supplemented natural shades of beige and brown by dyeing plant fibers with minerals and herbs or by burying them in mud to achieve a desired shade. Green was obtained from riverbed algae boiled with the fibers, yellow and gold from the Oregon grape root and from wolf moss, red from berries, and blue from larkspur and copper stains.

Created without a loom, the flat, double-sided bags were woven in the round. Row by row, a weaver would continually turn her work to create two completely different compositions without any seams. Designs materialized immutably along with the foundation of the work. With no patterns drawn in advance, the weaver conceived and held in mind complex designs and realized them through deft fingers. One side of the bag was generally the more elaborate, while the other consisted of repetitive bands of geometric shapes (see fig. 3). The "recto" was likely the side intended to be seen, while the "verso" was secondary, carried against the body or against a horse and thus hidden from view. Although the two designs bore no obvious relationship to each other, an unaccomplished weaver could irrevocably alter her main composition through miscalculations during weaving, as she had repeatedly to flip her project from one side to the other. If the verso design infringed upon the surface of the recto, the composition could become confused and ineffective. The twined bags in this exhibition show how deftly skilled master weavers avoided such pitfalls.

The earliest plateau bags were large and rectangular, sometimes exceeding three feet in length to accommodate harvested roots, and



Fig. 3. Bag, c. 1880, cat. no. 5, recto (left) and verso (right)

were closed at the top with a drawstring to keep the contents secure (fig. 3). Because of their essential utility for collecting, transporting, and storing survival products, the bags became an important trade item among Plateau groups, and were an integral part as well of gift exchanges accompanying marriage and other ceremonies. In the early eighteenth century when horses were introduced to the region, allowing travel over greater distances and expanding trade among tribes, hemp bags also took on the function of "saddle bags." Other forms of basketry, large and rigid and too bulky for a horse to carry, gave way to the pliable bags that could easily drape over a horse's back.

By the nineteenth century, when corn and other agricultural crops had been introduced to the Plateau area, inventive weavers

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discovered that cornhusk fibers were an excellent material for twining. Incorporating cornhusk first as a decorative material, weavers eventually covered the hemp foundations of their bags almost entirely with cornhusk, both dyed and natural—hence the name "cornhusk bag." New crops were of course only one aspect of a material culture and lifestyle drastically altered by the coming of fur trappers and missionaries and the ultimate influx of white settlers to the Plateau. By the mid-1890s, most Native American reservation land was either parceled out to Plateau individuals or opened to white settlers through the Dawes Allotment Act.²

As life for indigenous people changed, so did the role of the twined bag. With settlers cultivating the land and restricting access to former gathering sites, native foods became less available to the Plateau peoples. Different foods replaced the traditional nutritious roots in the Native American diet; the need for containers or storage vessels diminished. As marriages were increasingly performed in churches, moreover, traditional wedding feasts and gift giving declined. Ritual exchanges of twined bags became less common. Plateau women continued nevertheless to weave bags, adapting size, materials, coloration, and designs to an emergent Euro-American market for Native American crafts.

Appearance, more than function, became the ultimate consideration, and enterprising weavers began exploring formats for more elaborate compositions, producing decorative bags for their new patrons as well as for themselves. Larger bags now ranged from 18 to 25 inches long, the width three quarters of the length; smaller bags, from 8 to 17 inches long and 8 to 14 inches wide, almost square. These "handbags" often have hide handles, supplanting the drawstrings of old, and sometimes cloth linings.

Euro-American cloth was a common trade item in the early nineteenth century and provided a rich palette of colors. Natural dyes such as algae and wolf moss fell into disuse as innovative weavers instead boiled cornhusk with red, blue, or green trade



Fig. 4. Bag, c. 1900, cat. no. 20

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Fig. 5. Bag, c. 1900-20, cat. no. 37, recto (left) and verso (right)

wools. This tedious method for obtaining color was soon replaced by synthetic aniline dyes, commercially available by the mid-1870s. Yarn, initially procured by unraveling old blankets, was used to enrich the cornhusk designs. Eventually, weavers purchased wool yarn to create entire designs on cornhusk backgrounds, and occasionally preferred cotton string to hemp, saving much time in preparation. Perhaps as a nod to tradition, however, numerous weavers continued to incorporate hemp at the top and bottom of each bag as in cat. nos. 18, 19, and 20 (fig. 4) in this exhibition, and even on the inside of the bag in cat. no. 37 (fig. 5).

During this period, weavers elaborated geometric elements into even more intricate patterns. The most common arrangement was overall banding, one geometric shape adjoining the next and repeating in a rhythmic pattern diagonally or horizontally over both

sides of the bag (cat. nos. 15 and 37, fig. 5). Many weavers alternated rows of different colors to vary the sequence and enliven the design. Some used discrete shapes floating in horizontal or vertical rows over the surface, with greater "negative" or undecorated space around each element (cat. nos. 4 and 12). Triangles and diamonds were favorite motifs well into the twentieth century. A major design innovation consisted of adding serrated outlines to these shapes (cat. nos. 4 and 18). Serration heightens visual impact, even in a simple banded format as in cat. no. 37 (fig. 5) both recto and verso, or in cat. no. 36 (verso), where the



Fig. 6. Bag, c. 1900-10, cat. no. 36, recto (left) and verso (right)

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elemental forms seem to vibrate thanks to their bristling, serrated edges (fig. 6).

Many bags in this exhibition feature a particular traditional and common design that might be referred to as the "stylized butterfly." Variations of this motif are numerous and not always immediately apparent (see fig. 4 and fig. 7, p. 16). Bars or slender hourglass shapes often separate the triangular "wings," possibly defining the butterfly body but acting essentially as visual accents. Arrowlike appendages are frequently added to the vertex of the wings as in fig. 7, highlighting the primary motif and drawing attention to it. The weaver may fill the space surrounding the central image with smaller symmetrically placed geometric shapes that complement the abstracted butterfly. Or, she may fragment the butterfly or increase the size of the bar while abbreviating the wings as in fig. 4, where the butterfly shape is elongated and repeated three times. Some weavers decorated both recto and verso with this "zoomorphic" design and used simplified butterflies to separate two ornate ones on the same surface (cat. no. 38).

Occasionally one finds dyed rather than natural cornhusk fibers constituting the entire background of a bag, with contrasting colored cornhusk or yarn delineating the design (cat. no. 23). This type of composition is quite rare. Nor are figurative designs common before around 1870; plant, tree, animal, and human motifs were a definite outgrowth of contact with Euro-American culture and reflect Euro-American textile decorations popular at the time. Even when such pictorial subjects emerged in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, geometric designs still prevailed. Some weavers emulated Victorian petit-point patterns, embellishing their bags with floral motifs including poppies, primroses, and roses (cat. nos. 39, 45 and

48, and 55 respectively). Although tree forms are less common than flowers, several examples of a popular design commonly called the "tree of life" are found in this exhibition (cat. nos. 17, 21, 40, and 43). Because the weaving technique does not easily lend itself to naturalistic representations, depictions of animals and people are



Fig. 7. Bag, c. 1900, cat. no. 19

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most unusual on twined bags. When these forms do appear, they evince extraordinary skill on the part of the weaver, for instance the deer seen on cat. nos. 22, 40, and 46 (verso), or the four smiling, individualized female figures on cat. no. 36, with their traditional braids, blue or green belted dresses, and varied skin tones (fig. 6).

In a changing social and cultural environment, the twined cornhusk bag was joined and eventually supplanted by its dazzling counterpart—the beaded cloth bag. Glass beads of European manufacture were in use in the Columbia Plateau by the late eighteenth century, likely acquired through trade with tribes from other regions. By the 1840s, trade routes to the Plateau area were well traveled by American and Canadian fur trappers, and glass beads were well stocked in their supplies. Originating from Czechoslovakia, Italy, or Russia, beads ranged in size from the larger 1/16-inch “pony beads” which were sewn onto clothing to the tiny “seed beads” seen everywhere in this exhibition.

With a multitude of different colors and sizes of beads increasingly available to the women of the Plateau, the array of designs on the bags blossomed. White and light-blue seed beads were the least expensive, which may be why they became popular backgrounds in beadwork designs (as in figs. 8 and 9). Economy was an important factor, and because weavers used and reused beads, older beads and newer ones sometimes coexist on the same bag, making it hard to date these artworks with any precision. It is not at all unusual to find newer beads or linings on a repaired older bag.

A majority of the beaded bags in this exhibition likely originated in Yakima, Washington or the Warm Springs area of Oregon. They have come loosely to be called “Yakima flat bags” or simply “flat bags.” Most have a carrying handle made out of hide. The artistic front side

of the bag is a beaded overlay executed with hundreds of stitches. In this technique, a beader uses two needles, one introducing a thread of beads to the cloth and the other anchoring the threaded beads in place. In contour beading, the beader continually follows the outline of the design elements into the background and within the design itself (figs. 8, 9, and copyright page). This time-consuming process fell out of favor in the early 1900s, replaced by backgrounds of simple straight rows of beads. As labor-intensive as beading may be, compared with twining—which required months to prepare materials and which forgave no mistakes—beadwork



Fig. 8. Bag, c. 1880, cat. no. 6



Fig. 9. Bag, c. 1890, cat. no. 7

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provided tremendous freedom in palette, subject matter, and style. Moreover, because beaders could develop patterns prior to the actual beading process, many difficult compositions ensued. Pictorial rather than geometric designs came to predominate.

While twined bags are double-sided, beaded bags consist of one beaded side with the verso made of wool, cotton, or hide. Occasionally an artist beaded both sides of the bag, as in cat. nos. 30, 33, 49, and 51 in this exhibition, but these were not the norm. An astonishing rarity is cat. no. 10 (frontispiece), a four-sided beaded purse. The talented creator of this bag depicted, on each of the four respective sides, the bust of an Indian maiden with feather headdress, braids, and earrings; Uncle Sam; a beardless Jesus with his sacred heart; and the emblematic American eagle. This combination of religious and patriotic symbols is most unusual. Some bags represented the beader's interpretation of traditional tribal religious motifs—the feather, bell, and, in cat. no. 13, the half-moon and star. After World War I, patriotic designs including eagles and flags adorned bags such as cat. nos. 26 (fig. 10) and 30. These may have been commissions, or expressions of pride in Native American service in the armed forces despite a long history of oppression by the U.S. government.³ Aside from its patriotism, the flag emblazoned on the bag in fig. 10 deserves special mention as a remarkably sophisticated, realistic rendering of a flag unfurling in the wind, including shadows that suggest folds, movement, dimensionality—an effect difficult to achieve in the medium of beadwork.

Sometimes called “storytelling bags,” beaded bags often display horses (cat. nos. 28, 33) and hunting and fishing scenes related to Native American livelihood and culture. A perfect example is found



Fig. 10. Bag, c. 1900, cat. no. 26

in cat. no. 56, where a figure wearing a feathered headdress, with his female companion, fishes from a canoe on the river. Contour beading captures the waves, and sparkling cut beads help highlight the water's movement. An example of “folk art” at its best, the bag in fig. 11 shows a mounted rider confronting a bear with cubs, gigantic flowers, and a bird flanked by squirrels in the sky. The unique, fantastical image may be compared with an earlier action scene shown in fig. 12, where, against a pink background, another rider

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pursues a galloping ram, encircled by a flock of animated birds in teal, blue, yellow, and red. Many beaded bags display birds, often with floral accompaniment (cat. nos. 27, 50, 51), or fruit and flowers of all sorts (cat. nos. 14, 25, 27). A delightful appropriation of an image from the world of advertising is found on cat. no. 30, where the dog-and-gramophone icon that became a registered trademark in 1900 is oddly juxtaposed with an American eagle. A well-known cowboy movie star of the 1920s and 1930s, Tom Mix, strikes a pose on the verso of cat. no. 49, while on the recto a Native American chief in full headdress seems pensive within his decorative frame.

In fig. 13 (p. 20), an eagle, highly detailed and naturalistic, swoops down on a fish amidst the stylized waves. One notes in the lower right-hand corner of this eagle bag a "maker's mark" which may



Fig. 11. Bag, c. 1920-30, cat. no. 44



Fig. 12. Bag, c. 1880, cat. no. 9

suggest the beadworker's initials. Similarly in the case of twined bags, a talented weaver would sometimes "sign" her unique creation with a few specially placed stitches.

One such signature appears in a diagonal stream of dark green stitches near the lower left corner of cat. no. 12 (verso) in this exhibition; the single black stitch in a contrasting material amid the hemp fibers in cat. no. 15 represents another instance of this kind of maker's mark. But the actual names of artists active during the nineteenth and early twentieth century remain, unfortunately, unknown.⁴ Certain beadworkers may be identified by particular stylistic traits and motifs; for instance, the bags in figs. 8 and 9—both from the 1880s, both contour-beaded, and both with symmetrical compositional formats—are almost unquestionably from the same hand. Still, no two plateau bags are ever exactly alike. Expert weavers and beadworkers gained recognition and attract our continuing admiration for their technical facility and innovative designs. Like all artists, these women had to master given techniques before transcending them to pursue a personal vision. Acknowledging a heritage and prevailing aesthetic parameters, inventive craftswomen also strove for self-expression, and the textile art of the Plateau became a tradition of extraordinary individualization.

NOTES

1. "Nez Perce bags" is a misnomer, since this group was only one of many, including the Umatilla, Warm Springs, and Yakama, who made this type of container. In 1805, when Meriwether Lewis and William Clark passed through the Plateau area, they relied on the Nez Perce for food and supplies but were unsuccessful in their attempt to trade for the eminently useful twined bags. Probably

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because Lewis recorded this incident, the containers became broadly associated with the Nez Perce. See Lynette G. Miller, "Flat Twined Bags of the Plateau" (master's thesis, University of Washington, 1986), 22-23.

2. "Reservation land" refers to land Native Americans "reserved" for themselves in federal treaties as they were forced to surrender much of their traditional homelands to whites.

3. See Lynn Pankonin, "In the Spirit of Tradition," in Gloria Lomahaftewa, ed., *Glass Tapestry: Plateau Beaded Bags from the Elaine Horwitch Collection* (Phoenix: Heard Museum, 1993), 15, about debates over Native American service in World War I.

4. In contrast, more recent beadworkers are widely recognized by name, their works esteemed, published, and collected, for example Clara Moore (Sanpoil) of the Colville Reservation (d. 1972), and Yakama artists Cecelia Totus and Susie and Nancy Albert.

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Fig. 13. Bag, c. 1900, cat. no. 52

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CHECKLIST OF THE EXHIBITION

Unless otherwise indicated, artworks are drawn from the Collection of Natalie Fay Linn, Portland, Ore.
Height precedes width precedes depth.

- | | | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Bag, c. 1870
Cornhusk, hemp
19 1/4 x 13 1/2 in. | 7. Bag, c. 1880
Glass beads, cloth, leather
12 3/4 x 10 in. | 13. Bag, c. 1890
Glass beads, cloth, leather
9 1/2 in. diam.
Linn Family Collection,
Portland, Ore. | 18. Bag, c. 1900
Cornhusk, hemp, string
18 x 14 in. |
| 2. Bag, c. 1880
Cornhusk, hemp, yarn,
leather
12 x 11 1/4 in. | 8. Bag, c. 1880
Glass beads, cloth, leather
12 3/4 x 10 3/4 in. | 14. Bag, c. 1890
Glass beads, cloth, leather
13 3/4 x 11 3/4 in.
Linn Family Collection,
Portland, Ore. | 19. Bag, c. 1900
Cornhusk, hemp, string, yarn
21 3/4 x 17 1/4 in. |
| 3. Bag, c. 1880
Cornhusk, hemp, dogbane,
yarn
20 1/4 x 16 1/4 in. | 9. Bag, c. 1880
Glass beads, leather
14 x 12 in. | 15. Bag, c. 1890
Hemp, cornhusk
20 3/4 x 15 1/2 in. | 20. Bag, c. 1900
Cornhusk, string, hemp
19 3/4 x 15 1/4 in. |
| 4. Bag, c. 1880
Cornhusk, yarn, hemp
23 x 15 1/4 in. | 10. Four-sided bag, c. 1880
Glass beads, cloth, leather,
seeds
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 x 5 1/2 in. | 16. Double quiver, c. 1890
Cornhusk, yarn, hemp, cloth,
leather
13 x 7 3/4 x 3 in. | 21. Bag, c. 1900
Cornhusk, yarn, hemp,
leather
11 3/4 x 11 1/4 in. |
| 5. Bag, c. 1880
Cornhusk, yarn, hemp, dog-
bane, leather
25 3/4 x 20 in. | 11. Pouch, c. 1880
Hemp, cornhusk, leather,
glass beads, dentalia
5 3/4 x 4 3/4 in. | 17. Bag, c. 1900
Cornhusk, cloth, string,
hemp, leather
21 7/8 x 11 1/2 in. | 22. Bag, c. 1900
Cornhusk, yarn, hemp, string
10 x 8 1/2 in. |
| 6. Bag, c. 1880
Glass beads, cloth, leather
12 1/2 x 9 1/4 in. | 12. Bag, c. 1890
Cornhusk, dogbane, yarn,
hemp, string
21 1/2 x 15 1/4 in. | | 23. Bag, c. 1900
Cornhusk, yarn, string,
leather
10 x 9 in. |

11

24. Bag, c. 1900
Cornhusk, yarn, string,
leather, cloth
14 3/4 x 13 1/4 in.
25. Bag, c. 1900
Glass beads, cloth
15 1/4 x 12 in.
Linn Family Collection
Portland, Ore.
26. Bag, c. 1900
Glass beads, cloth, faceted-
metal beads
8 3/4 x 8 1/2 in.
Linn Family Collection,
Portland Ore.
27. Bag, c. 1900
Glass beads, cloth, leather
16 5/8 x 14 1/2 in.
28. Bag, c. 1900
Glass beads, cloth, leather
11 1/2 x 10 1/2 in. (irregular)
29. Belt pouch, c. 1900
Cornhusk, yarn, string, hemp,
leather
6 3/4 x 3 3/4 in. (open)
30. Fringed bag, c. 1900
Glass beads, cloth, leather
8 3/4 x 8 in.
Linn Family Collection,
Portland, Ore.
31. Hat, c. 1900
Bear grass, yarn, dentalia,
leather
6 1/2 x 7 1/2 in.
32. Hat, c. 1900
Cornhusk, string, leather,
glass beads, feather
7 1/4 x 7 in. diam.
33. Pouch, c. 1900
Glass beads, cloth
5 1/2 x 5 1/4 in. overall
Linn Family Collection,
Portland, Ore.
34. Quiver, c. 1900
Cornhusk, yarn, hemp, string,
leather
10 1/2 x 3 1/4 diam.
35. Wedding hat, c. 1900
Glass beads, cloth, leather
7 3/4 x 7 1/2 in. diam.
36. Bag, c. 1900-10
Cornhusk, yarn, string,
leather
10 3/4 x 9 1/2 in.
37. Bag, c. 1900-20
Cornhusk, yarn, hemp, string,
leather
25 1/2 x 19 in.
38. Bag, c. 1910
Cornhusk, yarn, string, hemp
19 1/4 x 14 3/4 in.
39. Bag, c. 1910-20
Cornhusk, yarn, string,
leather
9 1/4 x 8 1/4 in.
40. Bag, c. 1920
Cornhusk, string, yarn,
leather
13 x 11 1/4 in.
41. Child's bag, c. 1920
Cornhusk, yarn, string,
leather
4 3/8 x 4 3/8 in.
42. Hat, c. 1920
Glass beads, cloth, leather
7 3/4 x 7 1/2 in. diam.
43. Bag, c. 1920-30
Cornhusk, string, yarn, cloth,
leather
16 1/4 x 12 1/4 in.
44. Bag, c. 1920-30
Glass beads, cloth, leather
12 3/4 x 10 in.
45. Bag, c. 1930
Cornhusk, string, hemp, yarn
18 7/8 x 13 1/2 in.

12

46. Bag, c. 1930
Cornhusk, string, yarn,
leather
11 1/2 x 10 1/8 in.
47. Bag, c. 1930
Cornhusk, yarn, string,
leather
9 1/2 x 8 1/2 in.
48. Bag, c. 1930
Cornhusk, yarn, string,
leather
9 7/8 x 8 1/4 in.
49. Bag, c. 1930
Glass beads, cloth, leather
10 3/4 x 10 in.
50. Bag, c. 1930
Glass beads, cloth, leather
11 1/2 x 9 3/4 in.
Linn Family Collection,
Portland, Ore.
51. Bag, c. 1930
Glass beads, cloth, leather
11 3/4 x 10 in.
Linn Family Collection,
Portland, Ore.
52. Bag, c. 1930
Glass beads, cloth, leather
12 1/2 x 10 1/2 in.
53. Bag with attached pouch, c.
1930
Cornhusk, string, yarn, cloth,
leather
9 1/4 x 8 3/4 in.
54. Belt pouch, c. 1930
Cornhusk, yarn, string, cloth
10 x 5 in. (open)
55. Belt pouch, c. 1930
Cornhusk, yarn, string, cloth,
beads, cowrie shells,
abalone shell, rhinestones,
leather
7 x 3 in. (open)
56. Fringed bag, c. 1930
Glass beads, cloth, leather
22 x 13 in.
57. Fringed quiver, c. 1930
Cornhusk, yarn, string, hemp,
leather
15 x 4 1/2 in. diam.

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back cover

Most of the illustrations are repeated here—enlarged and out of context—to show detail. Tradeoffs persist. Some resolution has been lost in manipulating the images.





Fig. 3. Bag, c. 1880, cat. no. 5, recto (left) and verso (right)



Fig. 5. Bag, c. 1900-20, cat. no. 37, recto (left) and verso (right)



Fig. 4. Bag, c. 1900, cat. no. 20



Fig. 6. Bag, c. 1900-10, cat. no. 36, recto (left) and verso (right)



Fig. 7. Bag, c. 1900, cat. no. 19



Fig. 8. Bag, c. 1880, cat. no. 6



Fig. 9. Bag, c. 1880, cat. no. 7



Fig. 11. Bag, c. 1920-30, cat. no. 44



Fig. 12. Bag, c. 1880, cat. no. 9



Fig. 10. Bag, c. 1900, cat. no. 26



Fig. 13. Bag, c. 1930, cat. no. 52



Ancient and Continuing Northwest Coast Art Traditions on the Olympic Peninsula

Lanning Russell

Lanning Russell is publisher of Event Horizon

Photo: Edward Curtiss

On your way to the Makah Museum on the far northwest corner of Washington, you come to the town of Forks. Forks was a primary location for the filming of *Twilight* and the town, with more or less finesse in individual instances, has capitalized on that celebrity. **Native to Twilight** is a bright, well-stocked gift shop and gallery. The store does indeed have every possible configuration of *Twilight* memorabilia as well as logoed clothing and souvenirs. There are local craft and artworks and the quality is generally high - even surprising. There are museum-piece replicas of masks and other woodworks. There are gift cards and mounted artwork with that "authentic" look of Northwest Coast art.

We can take the "authentic" out of quotes and agree for the sake of discussion that "authentic" means primarily influenced by design elements identified by scholars like Bill Holm and which show an understanding and respect for the traditions and cultural history of First Nation or Native American communities from Yakutat Bay to the mouth of the Columbia River. (I just made that up.) Non-natives and indigenous artists from outside the geographical area can all make authentic Northwest Coast art. Anthropologists and collectors at the turn of the 20th century were falling all over themselves to collect and document the material culture of these "dying" societies. Their final demise was announced on several occasions in the academic literature. I'm pleased to report that these art traditions were never extinguished and that they are in fact thriving.

The Makah Museum (Makah Cultural and Research Center - Museum of the Makah Indian Nation) was built to protect, study and exhibit the spectacular findings of the Ozette archaeological site. For various historical reasons, the museum is far-removed - over an hour by car - from the site. The Ozette site was revealed in 1969-70 as a result of the same forces that buried it centuries ago; rain and flowing mud.



Forks, Ozette, Makah Museum on Olympic Peninsula

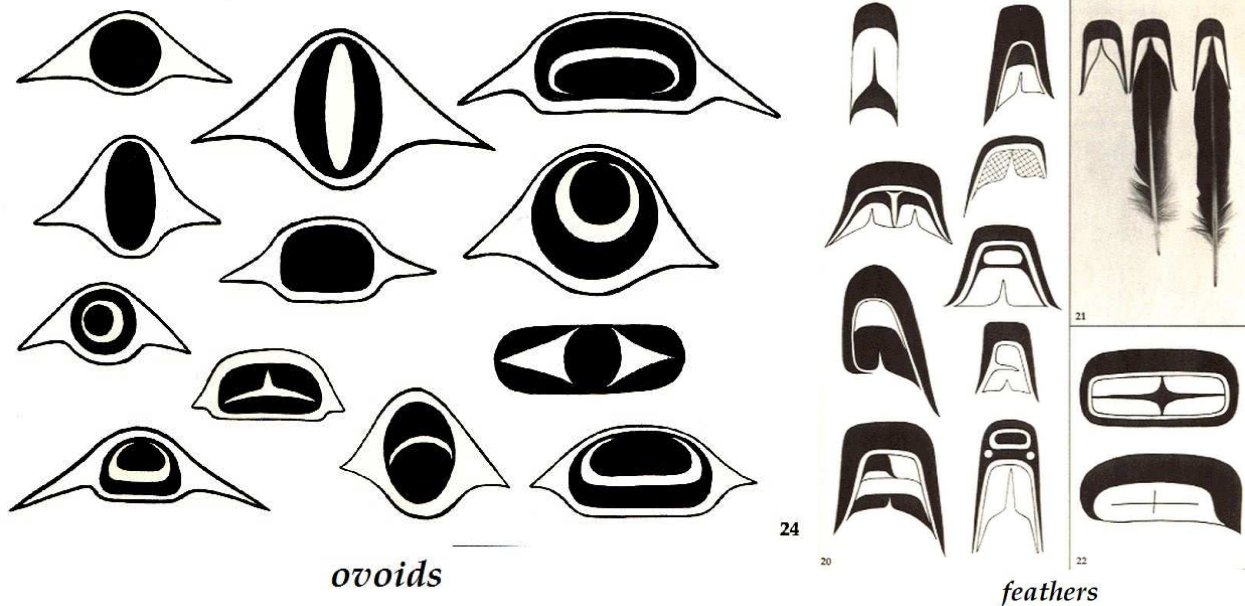
the site was buried by a mudslide 500 +/-50 years (per carbon dating) preserving wood, textile and other vulnerable materials in an anaerobic seal that protected them from deterioration. To date six plank long-houses and their contents - 55,000 artifacts - have been excavated from the site.

A bentwood box from the site affirms the antiquity of the techniques and design motifs familiar from the golden age of Northwest Coastal art (100 to 200 years ago). In their monograph *An Introduction to Ozette Art*, Daugherty and



Fig. 10:5. Side of box carved from western red cedar. The tufts above the eyebrows and the feathers formed by the use of the pinched, inverted V's identify the design as a Thunderbird.

Friedman point out "the tufts above the eye-brows and the feathers formed by the use of the pinched, inverted V's identify the design as a Thunderbird." The forms in evidence on the box are among those tabulated and classified in Bill Holm's seminal work, *North-west Coast Indian Art: An Analysis of Form*, 1965. These traditional motifs are alive and well in the hands of contemporary artists.



There are two canoes at the Makah Museum - a 40-foot whaler and a smaller sealing canoe. They are practical models of Makah whale hunting culture and not centuries-old relics. The ocean-going canoes are masterpieces of form and function, each fashioned from a carved-out cedar log. Details of construction can be studied up close. They are on display in an ethnographic setting but they would be no less appropriate in an art historical museum exhibit.

It is frequently stated in the literature about these and other such canoes that they were "made from a single cedar log." That is probably literally true in the majority



canoes at Makah Museum

of cases. The statement is misleading because the canoe is fashioned from three separate pieces. The body of the canoe is a single length of cedar log. The log is hollowed out and shaped. Standardized notches are cut at the front and rear of the boat. Large prow and stern pieces are fitted, respectively, to the front and rear. These extend at a sharp angle from the long axis of the canoe - well outside the circumference of a log that could contain the body of the canoe. The pieces are connected with pegs and sealed with glue or caulk. The surface of the canoe is finished to appear seamless. The prow resembles a wolf and there is a convenient saddle between the ears for resting harpoons. Archaeologist Jeff Mauger (PhD '78) says that the canoes are "lousy in following seas. ... If a crew were caught in a following sea, they'd simply turn the canoe around and go backwards." This also explains why old photos show the canoes beached with their bows pointed out to sea.

The Nuu-Chah-Nulth are another people who are known for their Northwest Coast art as well as their whaling tradition. Their territory is farther north on the coast of British Columbia. The Canadian Canoe Museum in Peterborough, Ontario has a Nuu-Chah-Nulth whaling canoe. The photo on the website looks like the Makah Museum canoe in every visible detail. The Edward Curtis photo, *Sunset on Puget Sound*, 1898, on the cover of this article also shows a similar canoe and the sailors are in Coastal Salish territory. These canoes are of a standard design that is shared by the peoples of the Northwest Coast.

The most spectacular efflorescence of Northwest Coastal art on the Olympic Peninsula is on the northeast corner where Highway 101 skirts the southern end of Sequim Bay. Driving south from Port Angeles, 7 Cedars Casino presents itself as a citadel on a hill, guarded by a rank of at least seven 2-story high totem poles. They are, frankly, magnificent. These painted wooden sentinels are the work product of non-native artist Dale Faulstich - variously in collaboration with fellow carvers and painters James Bender, Loren White, Steve Brown, Nathan Gilles, Bud Turner, Harvey Burlingame and apprentices Sam Barrell and Michael Donahue.

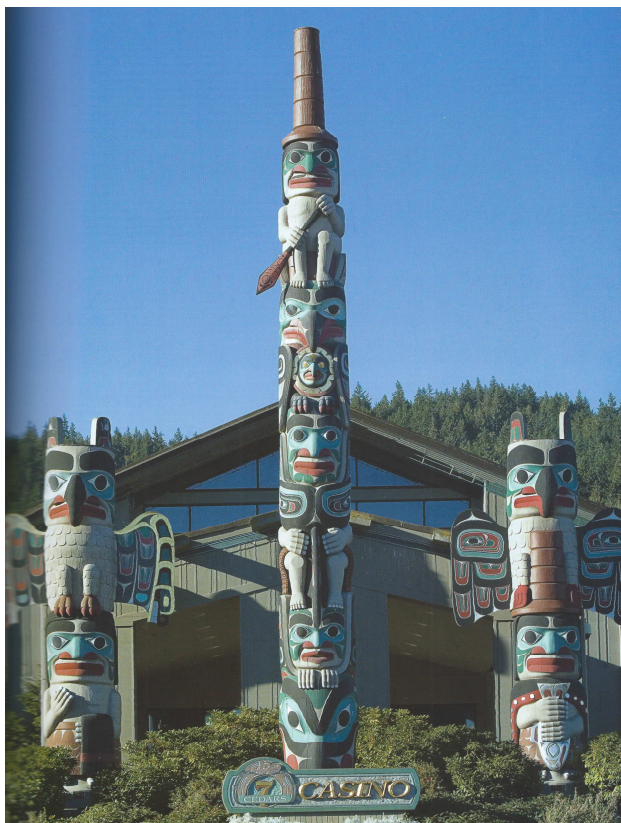
As well as the casino, outside and in, many full-size works can be found at a south campus which has a carver shed, a gift store and gallery, administrative and meeting halls, and various indoor and outdoor tourist facilities and kiosks. Ambient, uncredited public art is authentic and compelling.

Dale Faulstich is an endorsed long-term associate (now retired) of the Jamestown S'Klallam Tribe - owners of the casino and south campus development. His particulars can be found online and in the book, *Totem Poles of the Jamestown S'Klallam Tribe: The Art of Dale Faulstich*. What's important to an art tourist is Faulstich's absolute commitment to genre design principles, regional culture and history, and the stories that go into creating the poles and other traditional art works. A gallery of Jamestown S'Klallam tribal art works is provided here.

The Olympic Peninsula - or south of the border generally - is frequently ignored by die-hard Northwest Coast art fans. Also, certain Canadian institutions - academic and governmental - have a very interesting and problematic view on the *invalidity* of Northwest Coast art rendered by non-natives. The communities who lived and developed these traditions did not recognize the modern international border. And First Nation natives, US Native Americans and dedicated non-native artists, Canadian and American, do not necessarily sign on to this doctrine of aboriginal validity. In any case, whoever is doing it, "authentic" art, in a straight line from old traditions, is thriving and developing on the Olympic Peninsula and on a broad coastal front all the way into Alaska.



Dale Faulstich, Ed Charles, Nathan Gilles: left- *Founding Fathers* right - *S'Klallam Legends*



There are seven monumental totem poles fronting 7 Cedars Casino. A central group of three (above) is in front of the entrance. There are four more, widely spaced, flanking the central group - two on either side. The color schemes are different in the photos on this page because they were taken at different times.

The central pole (shown left) narrates the sea-going tradition of the S'Klallam. The *dramatis personae* from bottom to top are the whale, a personified blow-hole - between the pectoral fins with a dorsal fin jutting from its brow, the whale hunter - with arms, legs and tail flukes intertwined, Sun, and Raven. The paddler at the top commemorates the Jamestown S'Klallam Tribe's participation in the "Paddle to Bella Bella," a contemporary canoe journey.



The left hand pole of the central group is in honor of T'Chits-a-ma-hun, an early chief of the S'Klallam. A blanket is a symbol of his intervention to save some white settlers during the Indian Wars of the 1850s. Above T'Chits-a-ma-hun is the figure of Thunderbird.



Lord James Balch is commemorated in the right pole of the central group. He was chief of the S'Klallam in 1874. He saved the tribe from having their homeland appropriated by negotiating a land purchase near the traditional village site. The town, and later, the tribe, were named after him. Eagle and Salmon appear with him on the pole



Kiosk - South Campus

The poles on these four pages are numbered as they stand from left to right as you face the front of the casino. They are two sets of pairs, related to each other, which are the inner two and the outer two.

Pole 1 is *Elements for Success*. The bottom figure is the Eagle, holding a salmon, and represents the Jamestown S'Klallam Tribe.

The next figure is the Financier - holding a copper and wearing a potlatch hat, both symbols of wealth and status. Note that his face is hawk-like - the features of a predator.

Grasping at the Financier's hat is the very important gambler, hoping for some trickle-down wealth.

The little mouse at the top eats at every man's table. It represents "the necessary evil of government oversight."

This pole is carved in the Nuxalk style.



Tourist rest area - South Campus

Pole 4 is *Elements from Nature*. The bottom figure is Fog Woman, a frequent visitor to the Northwest Coast. She could be a protector and ally, providing stealth and concealment. Or if you were out of favor, you could become disoriented and lost forever.

Above Fog Woman is Rainbow, aka “Supernatural-One-Upon-Whom-It-Thunders.” He will appear at his time, dancing across the sky in gorgeous regalia.

Atop Rainbow is Cloud Woman with a beak and feathered limbs.

Accompanying Cloud Woman and at the top of the pole are three small figures, Cumulus Clouds; their tapered caps are wisps of cloud.

This pole is rendered in the Tlingit style.



Casino foyer

Pole 3 is *The Supernatural World*. The pole is carved in the style of the Kwakwak'wakw people of Vancouver Island. Supernatural beings represent the major realms of nature - the Forest World, the Sky World, and the Undersea World.

Dzounuk'wa, the "Wild Woman of the Woods" is the bottom figure on the pole. Not mentioned in the literature is the smaller figure being held by Wild Woman - presumably an abducted child.

Above Dzounuk'wa is Thunderbird - most powerful of the supernatural spirits.

Tcama'os, the Supernatural Snag, is at the top of the pole. This sea creature could take the form of a floating tree stump, a giant sea lion, a whale, or a humanlike figure with a stack of potlatch cylinders as shown.



Bear by Faulstich Kiosk - South Campus.

Pole 2, *The Natural World*, is carved in the Haida tradition. Like *The Supernatural World*, this pole shows creatures of the Forest, the Sky and the Undersea Worlds but the ones here exist in nature.

Grizzly Bear, "Elder Kinsman", is at the bottom of the pole. He is the giant of the Forest World.

Next up is Raven of the Sky World. "Both hero and trickster, clown and transformer ... The mythology of the entire region is feathered with Raven's exploits."

At the top is Killer Whale, also called Blackfish, from the Undersea World.



Wall installation - South Campus.



Killer Whale Faulstich et al - South Campus

Leonard Baskin: Imaginary Artists

Kathya M Lopez
Erica Schaumberg



Leonard Baskin: Imaginary Artists

Kathya M Lopez '18, Gettysburg College

Erica Schaumberg '18 Gettysburg College

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Description

Leonard Baskin (1922-2000) was an American sculptor, illustrator, and print-maker. He is perhaps best known as a figurative sculptor and a creator of monumental woodcuts. The Gehenna Press, Baskin's private press, operated for over 50 years (1942-2000) and produced more than 100 volumes of fine art books. His most prominent public commissions include sculpture for the Franklin Delano Roosevelt Memorial and the Woodrow Wilson Memorial, both in Washington D.C., and the Holocaust Memorial in Ann Arbor, MI. Baskin received numerous honors, among them a Guggenheim Fellowship, the Gold Medal of the National Academy of Arts and Letters, and the Jewish Cultural Achievement Award. He had many retrospective exhibitions, including those at the Smithsonian, the Albertina, and the Library of Congress. His work is in major private and public institutions, including the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of Modern Art, the Art Institute of Chicago, the British Museum, and the Vatican Museums.

Imaginary Artists, a collection of 25 watercolor sketches, was completed in 1976 as a gift for Baskin's friend, the distinguished Philadelphia lawyer Edwin Rome, and his wife, Rita. In this series Baskin skillfully acknowledges the Western art historical canon through irreverent references to traditional compositions and famous artists. His group of imaginary – or one can imagine uncredited – artists were often figured as the assistants, students, or rivals to the most noted painters of the centuries and include "Smedley Webb, little-known student of T. Eakins" and "Antonin du Colines, assistant to Poussin." Through these representations, Baskin mirrors his earlier 1963 series *Portraits of Artists*, but takes up the subject, history, and medium of painting with humor and a serious commitment to figuration.

Recommended Citation

Lopez, Kathya M. and Schaumberg, Erica M., "Leonard Baskin: Imaginary Artists" (2017). *Schmucker Art Catalogs*. 23. <http://cupola.gettysburg.edu/artcatalogs/23>

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LEONARD BASKIN: IMAGINARY ARTISTS

LEONARD BASKIN: IMAGINARY ARTISTS

INTRODUCTION

American artist Leonard Baskin (1922-2000) not only worked in a variety of media, including sculpture, painting, printmaking, bookmaking, and illustration, but he also incorporated a wide range of historical and artistic references in his diverse oeuvre. He drew inspiration from the Middle Ages, the Baroque period, as well as from the Old Testament and Native American cultures, and his sculptures, engravings, and prints are found in collections worldwide including the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Museum of Modern Art in New York, the Art Institute of Chicago, and the Franklin Delano Roosevelt Memorial in Washington, DC. Baskin illustrated several children's books such as *Animals That Ought To Be*, which paired poems and nonexistent creatures. His commitment to figurative representation and an expressionist style throughout his long career reflects a deep and spiritual understanding of how traumatic events affect the human condition.

Growing up in Brooklyn, Baskin, the son of a Rabbi, was immersed in the Jewish Orthodox tradition and attended a yeshiva school.¹ From a young age he was deeply interested in the arts and was determined to become a sculptor.² Baskin apprenticed under New York artist Maurice Glickman during the Great Depression, and he received an honorable mention for the Prix de Rome at the age 18. In addition to seeking art training, Baskin became interested in issues of social injustice and the rise of fascism. At the onset of World War II, he enlisted in the Navy and served as a gunner on the Merchant Marine. As an Orthodox Jew, serving during the War must have been a profoundly personal experience, and this devastating period significantly affected his artistic career. For instance, among his sculptural commissions was a monumental figurative sculpture for the Holocaust Memorial, built on the site of the first Jewish cemetery in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and dedicated in 1994. A series of prints from the mid-1990s also depicts somber and haunting imagery of the Holocaust. The figures in many of his works appear grotesque, abstracted, or in states of suffering. Baskin was interested in how the human body endured in the wake of trauma.³

Following the War, Baskin earned a degree under the GI Bill and attended New York University, Yale School of Fine Arts, and The New School. While he studied at Yale he founded the Gehenna Press, a private press inspired by English artist and poet William Blake.⁴ Baskin was interested in Blake's multiple accomplishments as an artist, poet, and printer, and was determined to become a printer similar to Blake.⁵ Blake's training emphasized the importance of works from Medieval and Renaissance masters and the connections to literature and religion. Baskin emulated Blake's intense attention to spirituality, poetry, history, and art. At Yale, Baskin studied customary European styles and traditions of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* and applied these lessons of the Renaissance masters to his own works.⁶ Baskin asserts, "I had built a drawing style that was an unbelievable mixture compacted out of Rossetti's Pre-Raphaelitism & Botticelli's Neo-Platonism. I would trace those weak, half-baked, ill-drawn effusions during life class, deploying the lightest tonalities of penciled graphite to achieve my miserable ends."⁷ The influences of Blake and European artists drove his expressionist style, as Baskin sought to push the boundaries of traditional techniques. His training emphasized customary academic styles, but seemed impractical when applied to the issues of modern society. Moreover, his life-drawing classes at Yale offered unrealistic expectations of art and the human form that centered on dated principles. After leaving Yale, Baskin continued his education in Paris and Florence in 1950 and 1951. Ultimately Baskin's artwork was profoundly influenced by late Medieval and early Renaissance European masters seen during his European travels, but he adapted these precedents to an evolving society and modern artistic techniques.⁸

Baskin eventually returned to the United States to teach at Worcester Museum and Smith College in Massachusetts.⁹ Throughout his career, Baskin focused on relating his artworks from the past and present. He believed that an artist's role is to understand history in order to anticipate a new future. He acknowledged that not every artist can be considered a "Renaissance Man," but his work can be seen as at once contemporary and deeply engaged with previous art historical periods.¹⁰ The watercolors seen here in *Imaginary Artists* exemplify his relationship with notable artists and literary figures while also representing his expressionist style.

The twenty-five watercolor portraits in this exhibition *Imaginary Artists* were originally gifted to Baskin's friends, Edward and Rita Rome. The series reflects his interest in art history and literature; for each portrait Baskin fabricated fictitious individuals that refer to real historical European and American artists and movements. The particular portraits test the viewer's knowledge of art history, as the individuals at first appear to

be true, perhaps a continuation of Baskin's 1969 series *Laus Pictorum, Portraits of 19th Century Artists*, and simply lost in history. In contrast to his art that expresses human endurance, the works in this exhibition convey humor and wit. The use of bold colors and exaggerated features, such as elongated legs and heads, suggest Baskin's expressionist focus on the figures' personalities rather than naturalistic attributes. For example, *Bradley Farnsworth, American Expatriate in Paris*, is an imagined artist that could have been among the many artists and writers that sojourned to Paris, like John Singer Sargent and Ernest Hemingway.¹¹ Paris in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries attracted many American artists who, like Baskin, studied European masterpieces and developed a more modern and cosmopolitan style

After a long and celebrated career in the Massachusetts and New York areas, Baskin passed away on June 3, 2000.¹² Baskin described, "The forging of works of art, is one of man's remaining semblances to divinity," as art has the ability to connect to a higher power.¹³ Baskin believed that artists are obligated to connect the past and present. His distinct artistic style celebrated not just a single artist, either real or imaginary, but sought to contribute to human culture and to a larger sense of spirituality, mythology, and history, across generations.

– Erica Schaumberg '18

1 Robert Spence, "Leonard Baskin: The Artist as Counter-Decadent," *Art Journal* 22, no. 2 (1962): 88.

2 Ibid.

3 Sidney Kaplan and Leonard Baskin, "The Necessary Image: From the Iconologia of Leonard Baskin," *The Massachusetts Review* 5, no. 1 (1963): 25.

4 Daniel Gehrlich, "Leonard Baskin," *Proceedings Of The American Antiquarian Society*, 112, no. 1 (2002): 20.

5 Leonard Baskin, "Impulsions to Print," *The Yale University Library Gazette* 69, no. 3/4 (1995): 164.

6 Ibid, 163.

7 Ibid, 163.

8 Spence, 89.

9 Ibid, 88-89.

10 Ibid, 90.

11 Barbara H. Weinberg, "Americans in Paris, 1860-1900," in *Heilbrunn Timeline of Art History*, last modified October 2006, http://www.metmuseum.org/toah/hd/ampa/hd_ampa.htm

12 Gehrlich, 19.

13 Kaplan and Baskin, 3.



JAN SNYDERS OF LEIDEN, GENRE PAINTER

Leaf 16, *Imaginary Artists*

The watercolor of *Jan Snyder of Leiden, Genre Painter* exemplifies Baskin's bold use of abstracted shapes to create fictional portraits inspired by notable art-historical figures. The watercolor is dominated by a rectangular grey hat, which is sheltering a man whose direct gaze confronts the viewer. The comically large hat occupies almost the entirety of the composition, and one notices how Baskin varied the shades of gray and shapes as left small spots uncolored. Because the hat occupies the majority of the space, the viewer perceives the sitter's status and personality through this strange accessory.

The figure's nose and the right cheekbone area are highlighted in a golden orange color, which appears in lighter, more yellow shades across the figure's face. Baskin contrasted the soft, fluid watercolors with the denser and seemingly more controlled application of black ink to delineate the figure's eyes, mustache, and cheekbones. The lines suggest the three-dimensionality of the figure's face, darkened by his curious chapeau. The short lines extend to create definition of the figure's mustache, nose, cheekbones, and wide-set eyes. The eccentric portrait does not offer a naturalistic depiction of a "real" artist, but instead gives the viewer a sense of his artistic personality.

– Erica Schaumberg

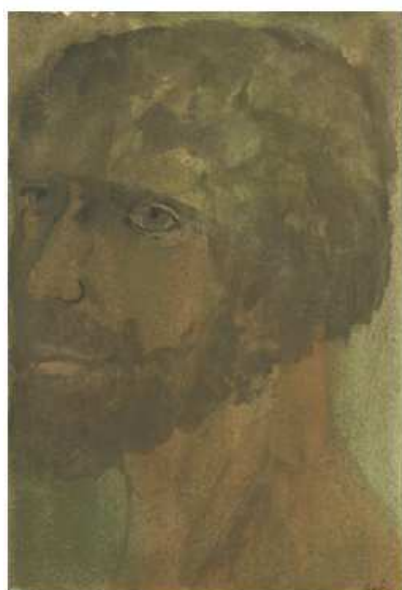
DON PEDRO Y ZARAGOSO, SPANISH GRANDEE AND AMATEUR PAINTER

Leaf 14, *Imaginary Artists*

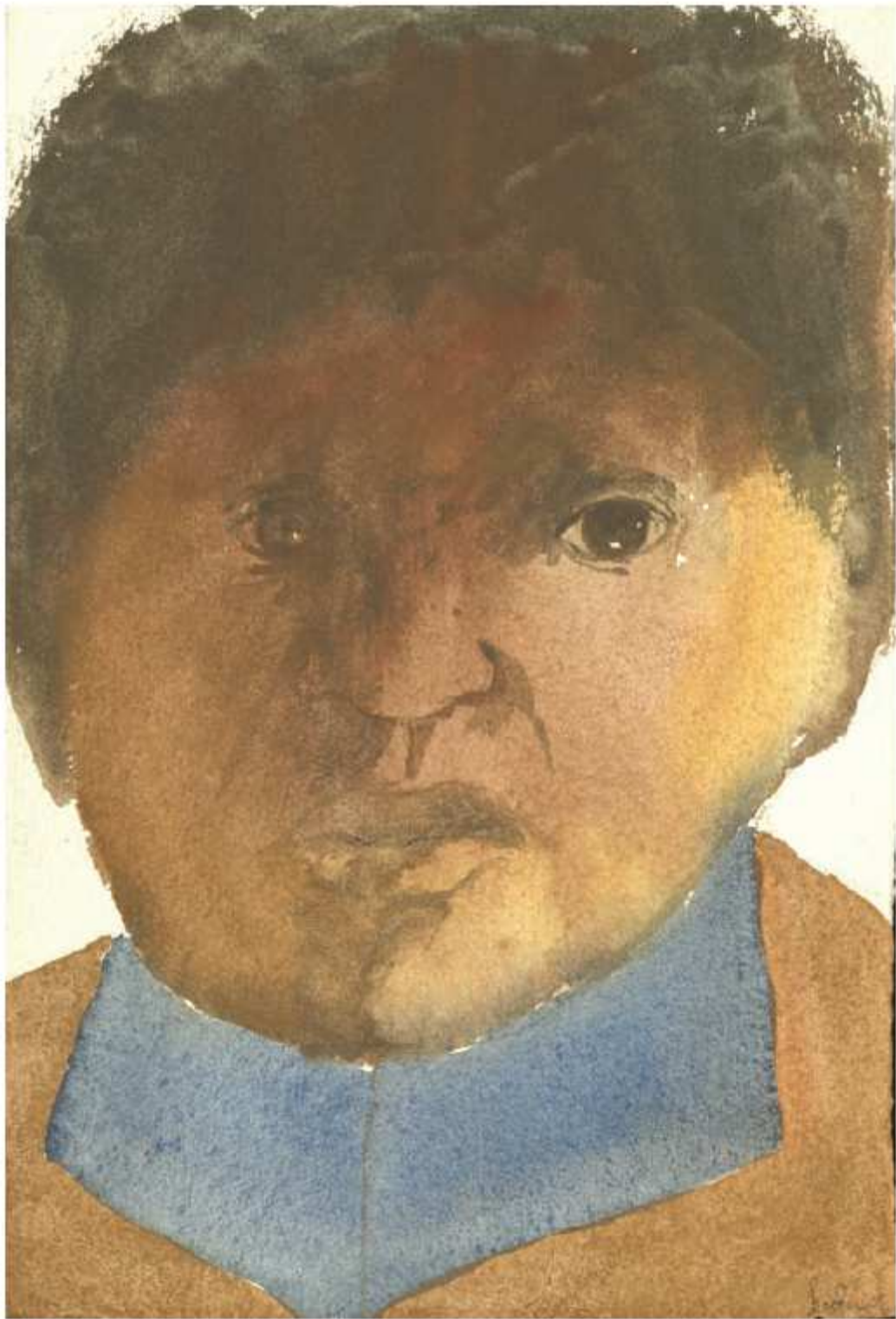
Leonard Baskin's *Don Pedro y Zaragoso, Spanish Grandee and Amateur Painter* poses in a slight contrapposto. This watercolor is the only composition out of the entire series of 25 *Imaginary Artists* to depict its subject as a full figure, standing portrait. The title, *Spanish Grandee*, suggests that he is a person of high nobility. Baskin emphasizes this man's honorable status by his sixteenth-century attire. Zaragoso wears a brown tunic with red vertical stripes and gold circle accents in the center, green-striped breeches, and a dark brown, large brimmed hat. The hat shadows his bearded face, but he peers decidedly at the viewer with dark dotted eyes, a seemingly serious, straight mouth. During the sixteenth and seventeenth century, Spanish fashion consisted of similarly large breeches, hats, and tunics. Baskin combined this extraordinary mode and use of perspective to dramatize and abstract the figure's body. The viewer sees the subject from a low viewpoint, and the figure's head appears strangely small in comparison to his large torso. Zaragoso looks indifferently at the viewer, as though to assert his social superiority. As an amateur painter in Spain, this imagined artist possibly learned beside great court painters or esteemed artists in Mannerist and Baroque styles. Perhaps Zaragoso took up painting as an avocation to improve his reputation in the Spanish court. Because of his stated nobility, one can imagine that Zaragoso may have collected works of renowned Spanish artists of the Golden Age like Alonso Cano, Diego Velasquez, and Francisco Zurbaran.

— Kathy Lopez









DIEGO YGLESIAS, MOOR, PUPIL OF VELÁSQUEZ

Leaf 6, *Imaginary Artists*

In this portrait of *Diego Yglesias, Moor, and Pupil of Velásquez*, the sitter's round face occupies almost the entirety of the composition. *Yglesias's* dark hair, comprised of shades of black and brown, seeps into his face, but close looking reveals a splash of dark red in the center part of his hair and in the middle of his forehead. Baskin carefully shades his face through a gradation from a darker brown in the upper-left side of his right (our left) eye toward the much more lightly colored chin. *Yglesias's* round brown face is highlighted by shades of yellows on the right side of the portrait, as if sun coming through a window was providing warmth and illumination. Baskin makes *Yglesias's* shine with small white dots. Baskin styles *Yglesias* in a brown shirt with an abstract blue collar; other portraits in the series wear clothing in a similar palette. Baskin paints dark brown shadows inside the wrinkles and curves of the figure's eyes, nose, mouth, and chin to convey a sense of naturalistic, three-dimensionality.

Named as a pupil of Velásquez, *Yglesias* is imagined in the light of this significant and extraordinarily influential Baroque painter. Velásquez, an important court painter for King Philip IV of Spain during the seventeenth century, is best known for his painting *Las Meninas* (1656). Baskin makes another significant note of titling this imagined artist as a Moor, which was used during the Middle Ages as a way to describe a Muslim person of Arab and Berber descent and from northwestern Africa. Muslims reigned in the Iberian Peninsula in 711 AD until 1492 and were expelled in early seventeenth century. This descriptor is important because it affects how the viewer imagines the artist's ethnic and geographic identity in the title, particularly as it relates to the career of the greatest court painter of Spain. By alluding to Spain's complicated and problematic relationship to Moorish culture, Baskin creates a portrait that is more political than viewers might have initially imagined.

– Kathya Lopez

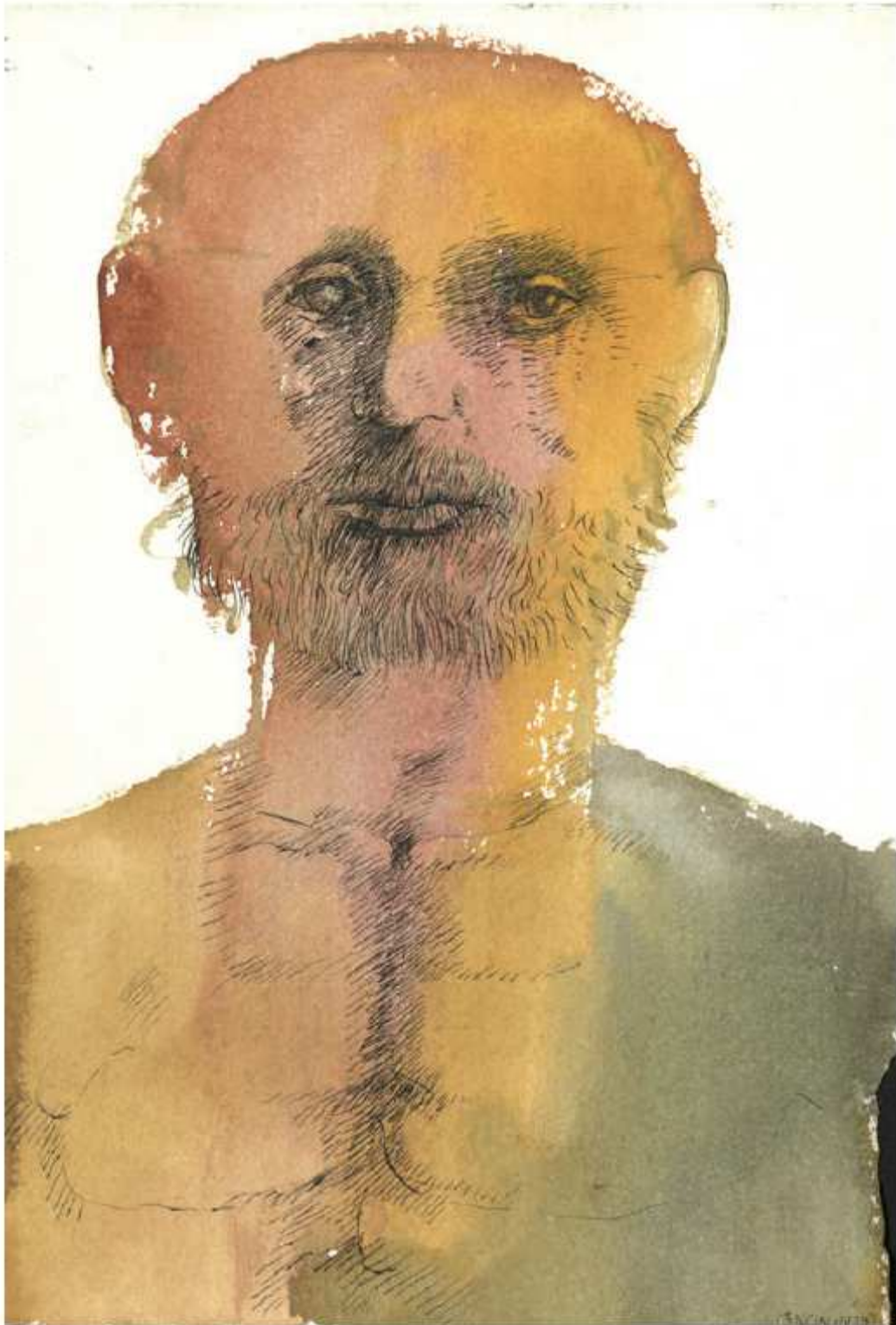
CHYAM PRITCHICK, ISRAEL'S NATIVE MASTER

Leaf 17, Imaginary Artists

Baskin depicts *Chyam Pritchik, Israel's Native Master* with carefully applied lines of black ink across the washes of pinkish red, ochre, and light green of the figure's face and bare chest. Short dark lines create the shadows around Pritchik's eyes and nose and merge with the strokes that describe his a short beard and lips. Green applied over the black ink suggests another means of shading the figure's face. His ears, outlined with green and red paint appear more stylized than the naturalistic detail in the center of Pritchik's face.

Baskin repeats this application of black ink along the neck to depict the man's Adam's apple, collarbone, pectoral muscles, and and chest hair. Baskin abstracts Pritchik's slim bare chest through expanses of yellow on the left and green on the right. His eyes gaze directly at the viewer with a blankness and sense of detachment. Knowing the significance of Judaism in Baskin's life, this reference to Israel encourages the viewer to consider how the portrait relates to Baskin's own Jewish American identity.

– Kathya Lopez





INGRID TØFT, NORWAY'S GREAT PRINTMAKER

Leaf 25, Imaginary Artists

In *Ingrid Tøft, Norway's Great Printmaker*, Baskin uses loose brush strokes to create the fictional figure's burnt orange colored garment and wild, windblown locks of hair. Short, dark brown lines frame Tøft's face and contrast with her pale Nordic complexion. Similarly, her jawline and collarbone are defined by these faintly painted lines. Baskin elongates the figure's torso, and her head appears peculiarly small in comparison to her broad fiery cloak. This clothing, marked with a v-shaped neckline, hangs boldly from the figure's slender shoulders, and the large expanse of color abstracts and dominates the portrait. About three quarters of the composition is taken up by this color field, which is echoed by Tøft's auburn colored hair.

Because Baskin names Tøft as "Norway's Great Printmaker," one thinks immediately of Norway's real and best-known printmaker, Edvard Munch. Regarded for his psychological representations of humans, Munch's paintings and prints were influenced by traumatic events in his childhood and reflected the inward themes of love, anxiety, and death embraced by Symbolists. Munch conveyed intense human emotions in his work and rejected conventional, naturalistic depictions of physical features.¹ Baskin's expressionism resonates with Munch's own artistic style. The abstract forms in Tøft's portrait do not adhere to naturalism, but rather suggest the figure's passionate disposition. Her slightly asymmetrical eyes, particularly the white daub in her right eye, evinces a sense of sadness. The subtle tear in her right eye suggests a more complicated mental state. This portrait exemplifies Baskin's interest in abstraction over naturalistic depiction, and particularly his knowing and ardent references to expressionist European printmaking.

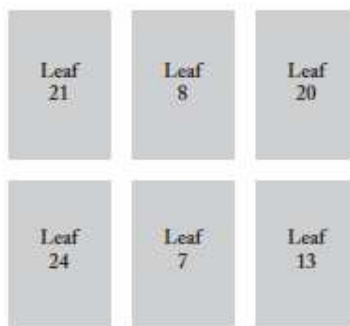
– Erica Schaumberg

¹ Marina Vaizey, "Edvard Munch: Life -Love - Death," *Cv/Visual Arts Research* 148, (September 2012): 5-6.

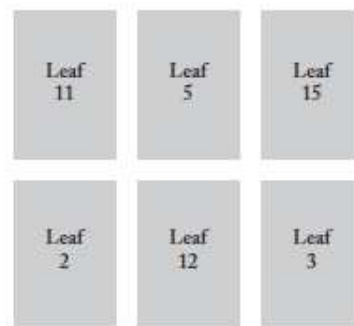
IMAGES



COVER



PAGE 10



PAGE 11

LEONARD BASKIN (American, 1922-2000)

Imaginary Artists

1976

series of twenty-five watercolors

28 x 19.5 cm

Gift of Geoffrey Jackson '91

Gettysburg College Fine Arts
Collection, Special Collections/
Musselman Library

©The Estate of Leonard Baskin;
Courtesy Galerie St. Etienne,
New York

- Leaf 1 For Ed & Rita from Leonard with his abiding love. Little Deer Isle 1976.
- Leaf 2 Claes Goltzins, Hendrick's brother
- Leaf 3 Bradley Farnsworth, American Expatriate in Paris
- Leaf 4 Sir Brabazon-Wilkes Dewhurst, Norwich school, later phase
- Leaf 5 Dominic Plaisance, Arles, aquarelliste
- Leaf 6 Diego Yglesias, Moor, pupil of Velazquez
- Leaf 7 Olav Hashalom, mid-western american realist
- Leaf 8 Lucius of Sienna, Follower of Arnolfo da Gambia
- Leaf 9 Smedley Webb, Little known student of T. Eakins
- Leaf 10 Evalena Edgeworth, Married sister of Mary Moser
- Leaf 11 Stanislaus of Novgorod, master of Rubler, the icon painter
- Leaf 12 Death mask of Feruccio Sorini, Canova only competitor
- Leaf 13 Mirkov Statitsky, Leader of Russian Vorticists
- Leaf 14 Don Pedro y Zaragoso, Spanish Grandee & amateur painter
- Leaf 15 Massimo Balduccino, Bolognese school
- Leaf 16 Jan Snyders of Leiden, Genre painter
- Leaf 17 Chyam Pritchik, Israel's native master
- Leaf 18 Oskar Wurst, German futurist
- Leaf 19 Edna Cather Orne, Maine painter
- Leaf 20 Alaert Moleynaar, the noted carragist, Utrecht variety, contemplating a vast canvas ruined through overwork
- Leaf 21 Charles Bloods, American master
- Leaf 22 Philimon Millard, Elizabethan miniaturist
- Leaf 23 Perino del Pozzo, cinquecento mannerist
- Leaf 24 Antonin Du Colines, assistant to Poussin
- Leaf 25 Ingrid Tøft, Norway's great printmaker

FURTHER READING

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Edna Cather Orne, Maine painter

LEONARD BASKIN: IMAGINARY ARTISTS

CURATED BY KATHYA LOPEZ '18 AND
ERICA SCHAUMBERG '18

SEPTEMBER 8 - OCTOBER 21, 2017

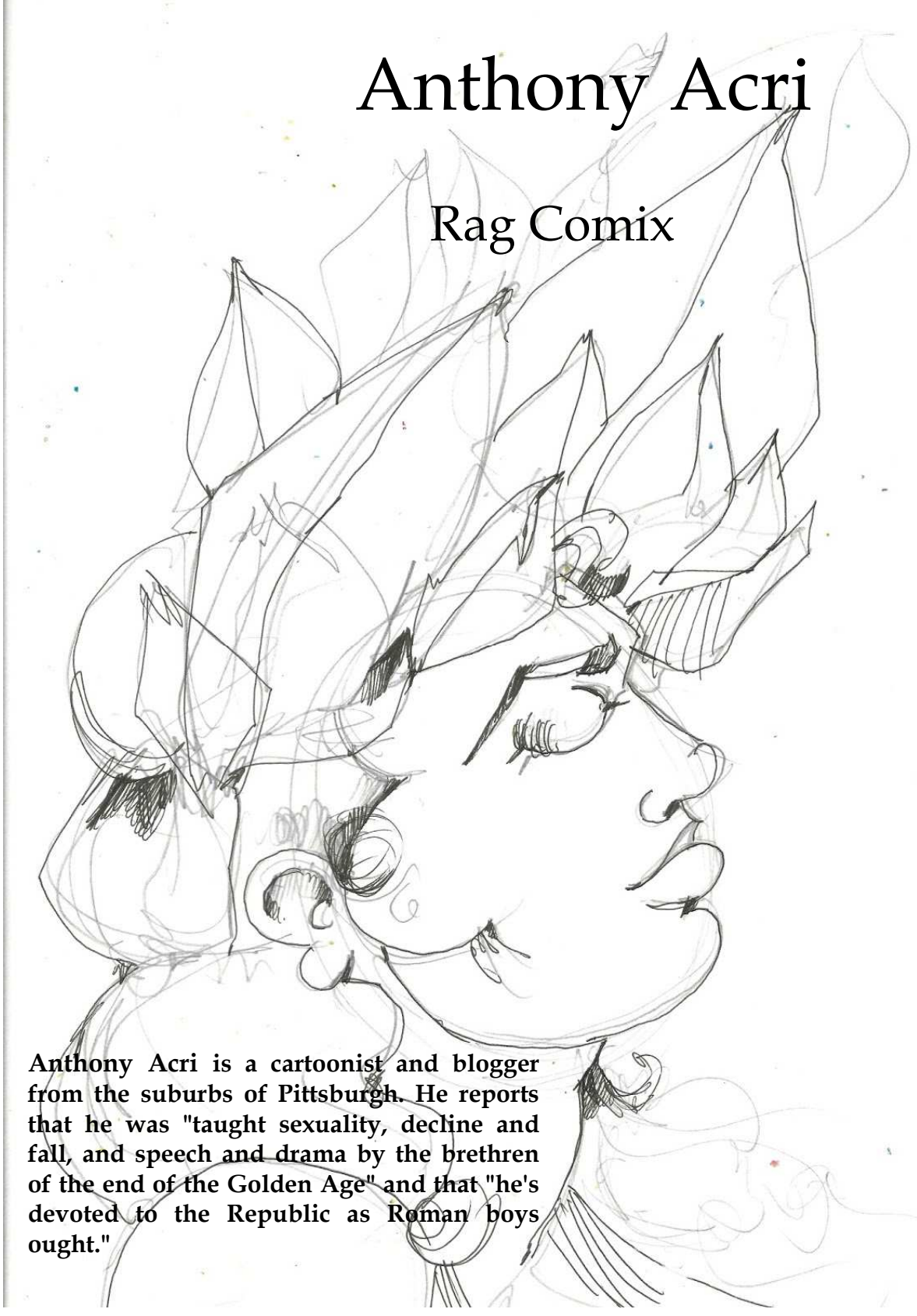
GALLERY TALK:
SEPTEMBER 8, 5PM,
RECEPTION TO FOLLOW UNTIL 7PM

Gettysburg
COLLEGE
Schmucker Art Gallery

300 North Washington Street
Schmucker Hall
Gettysburg, PA 17325-1485

Anthony Acri

Rag Comix



Anthony Acri is a cartoonist and blogger from the suburbs of Pittsburgh. He reports that he was "taught sexuality, decline and fall, and speech and drama by the brethren of the end of the Golden Age" and that "he's devoted to the Republic as Roman boys ought."











ON OLD CREAM
PAPER, THE EPIC
OF INK UNFOLDS,
READ BY A LITTLE
BOY IN THE SAME

AS A LITTLE ITALIAN
BOY ONLY A FEW YEARS
AFTER THIS DAY, SEES
THE HEROINE COME
TO LIFE!

THE GIRL WHO
WAS SAVED BY A
GANGLY HERO
ON THE TONIGHT
SHOW...

A LITTLE BOY IN
1974, SEES A
WALTER WHITE
GODDESS OF INDIA
INK...

SNOW AS ON THE
NEWSPAPER PAGE,
A CONJUNCTION OF
PULP AND TIME...

...TILL THEN
IN THE GOLDEN
AGE.





THE
NEXT
SILVER-
AGED
DAY...

PICK UP A PACKAGE
SENT TO THE NEW
COMIX KID BY A
WELL WISHER IN THE
GUMMIT, WHO THE
HILLY GIRL IS AVERSE

TO TRUSTING IN ANY
WAY. SO COVERED AS
DESC AS THE NEW
AMAZON CAN BE, SHE
TAKES OFF TO THE



STRIKE

AS DORE'S NOW
MADE GIRL FRIDAY
AND NOT QUITE
IN COGNITO VER-
ONICA GOES TO

Wow.

POST OFFICE BOX TO
RETRIVE THE INFO
ON THE EXPLOSIONS
ON MARS AND THE
RETURN OF HERCULES.

THIS JANUARY
2ND 1970, AT
THE N.A. P.O.

Winsor McCay

Little Nemo in Slumberland

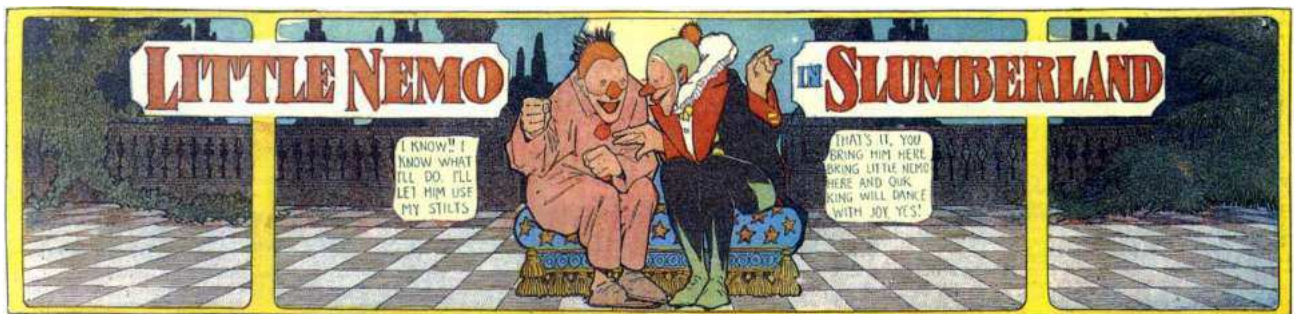
Winsor McCay's trademark comic strip -sampled here - was *Little Nemo*, published serially, on and off, from 1905 to 1926. He is less well-known for his animation and movies although he probably felt closer to them. He was moved away from his spectacular comic strip renderings by his employer, newspaper publisher William Randolph Hearst, who directed his efforts more and more to editorial illustration.

The Sunday comic strip *Little Nemo in Slumberland* appeared in the New York *Herald* where the best color reproduction in the industry was directed by McCay in producing his strip. The recurring story was the nightly adventures of Nemo in a fabulous dreamscape. Another McCay strip geared to adults, *Dream of the Rarebit Fiend*, had a similar premise with equally fantastic draftsmanship.

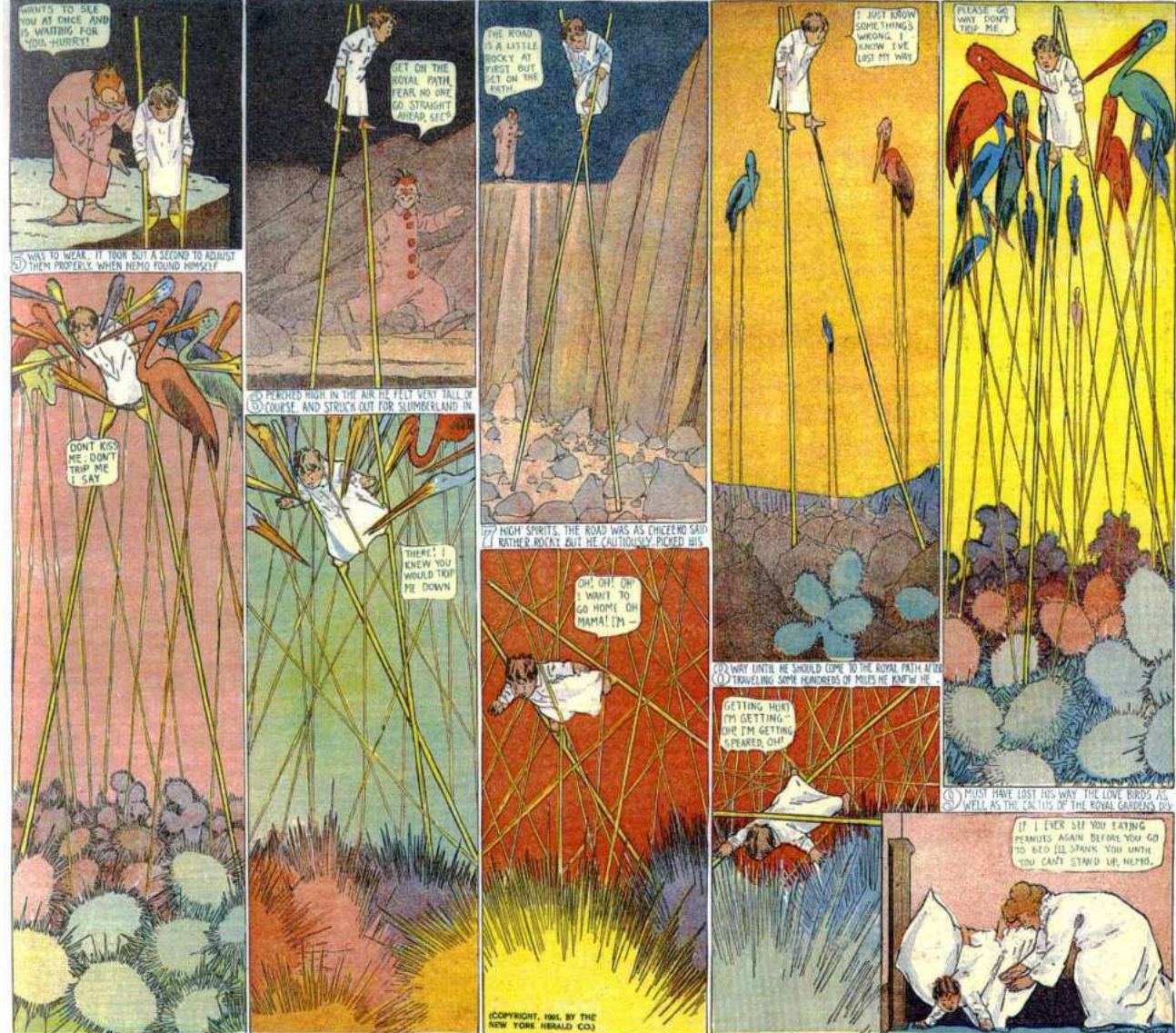


There is a vexing but unavoidable tradeoff in transferring the large-format production of the NY Herald to the 8 1/2 by 11 inch format here: The text is too small to read. If you use the scaling tool for viewing this pdf, double-size should provide the size and resolution needed to read the captions. The stunning graphics speak for themselves in either size.

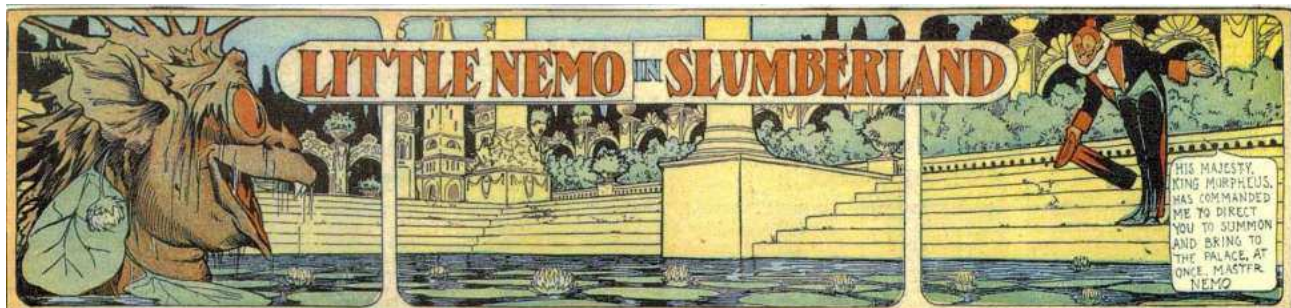
~ editor



LITTLE NEMO WHILE VERY SLEEPY COULD NOT RESIST THE PLEASINGS OF CHICKENS TO ACCOMPANY HIM, SO HE AROSE RELUCTANTLY
 KING MORPHIUS'S MESSENGER WAS SO PERSUASIVE AND IN SUCH A HURRY THAT NEMO BECAME GREATLY DISTRACTED, FINALLY
 NEMO JOINED CHICKENS AT ONCE AND TOGETHER THEY HASTENED AWAY TO BEGIN THE ONLY SURE WAY TO SLUMBERLAND, PASSING
 THROUGH A LARGE FOREST, THEY PRESENTLY CAME TO A DEEP CHASM WHEN NEMO BEHELD THE STILTS WHICH HE



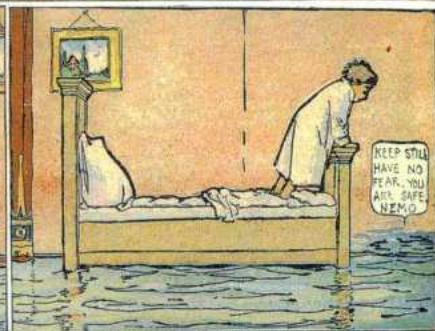
COULDED NEMO COMPLETELY THOSE AFFECTUATE BIRDS ALL TRYING TO KISS HIM AT ONCE, STEPPING IN FRONT OF HIM AND ENTANGLING THEIR LONG LEGS IN HIS STILTS, NEMO FLYING FALL FOREMOST DOWN INTO THE THORNY CACTUS, BED HE CRIED OUT LOUDLY FOR HELP BUT ONLY THE ECHOING HILLS ANSWERED, UNTIL HIS MAMA ARRIVED WHEN HE AWAKED.



1 LITTLE NEMO WAS SLEEPING SOUNDLY WHEN HE HEARD A STRANGE VOICE CALLING HIM. YOU ARE WANTED IN SLUMBERLAND.



2 HE PROCEEDED TO REPLY WHEN HE DISCOVERED THE FLOOR FLOODED WITH WATER WHICH WAS RISING RAPIDLY AND FRIGHTENED HIM.



3 NEMO HAD NOT YET LEARNED TO SWIM ALTHOUGH HE WAS TEMPTED TO JUMP UNTIL THE VOICE AGAIN CALLED. HAVE NO FEAR, NEMO.



4 THE IDEA OF JUMPING HAD BY THIS TIME ENTIRELY VANISHED FROM HIS MIND SO HE BEGAN TO CALL TO HIS FRIEND, THE STRANGE VOICE. HEY YOU!



5 AT LAST THE BED BUMPED AGAINST LAND TO WHICH HE LURPED WITHOUT HESITATION AS A STORM WAS RAGING AND THE SEA WAS FURIOUSLY ANGRY.



6 AFTER THE STORM SUBSIDED HE DISCOVERED THE LAND HE WAS ON TO BE NOW. HE HAD NOT YET LEARNED TO SWIM ALTHOUGH HE WAS TEMPTED TO JUMP UNTIL THE VOICE AGAIN CALLED. HAVE NO FEAR, NEMO.



7 ALTHOUGH NEMO WAS A GAME LITTLE CHAP HE FELT HE MUST GO HOME HE HAD GONE FAR ENOUGH, SOME OTHER TIME HE WOULD COME, LATER ON.



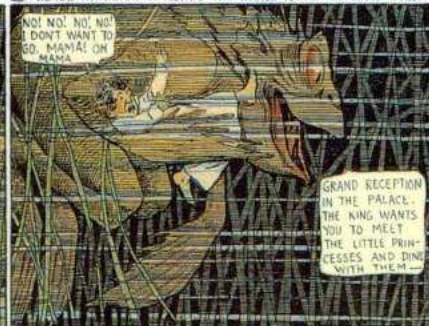
8 SO HE LET GO BUT AFTER SOME QUICK THINKING HE BEGAN TO REGRET THAT HE HAD NOT REMAINED ABOARD THE WHALE, AS HE WAS INSTRUCTED.



9 NEMO RESOLVED, HOWEVER, TO MAKE THE MOST OF IT AND GET HOME, ALTHOUGH HE WAS BECOMING QUITE DISCOURAGED. HE WOULD NOT GIVE UP.



10 BUT WHEN HE CAME BEFORE THE MAGNOLIA HE ALL BUT COLLAPSED THAT PARTY'S EFFORTS TO CONSOLE HIM BEING USELESS HE BEGAN TO SCREAM



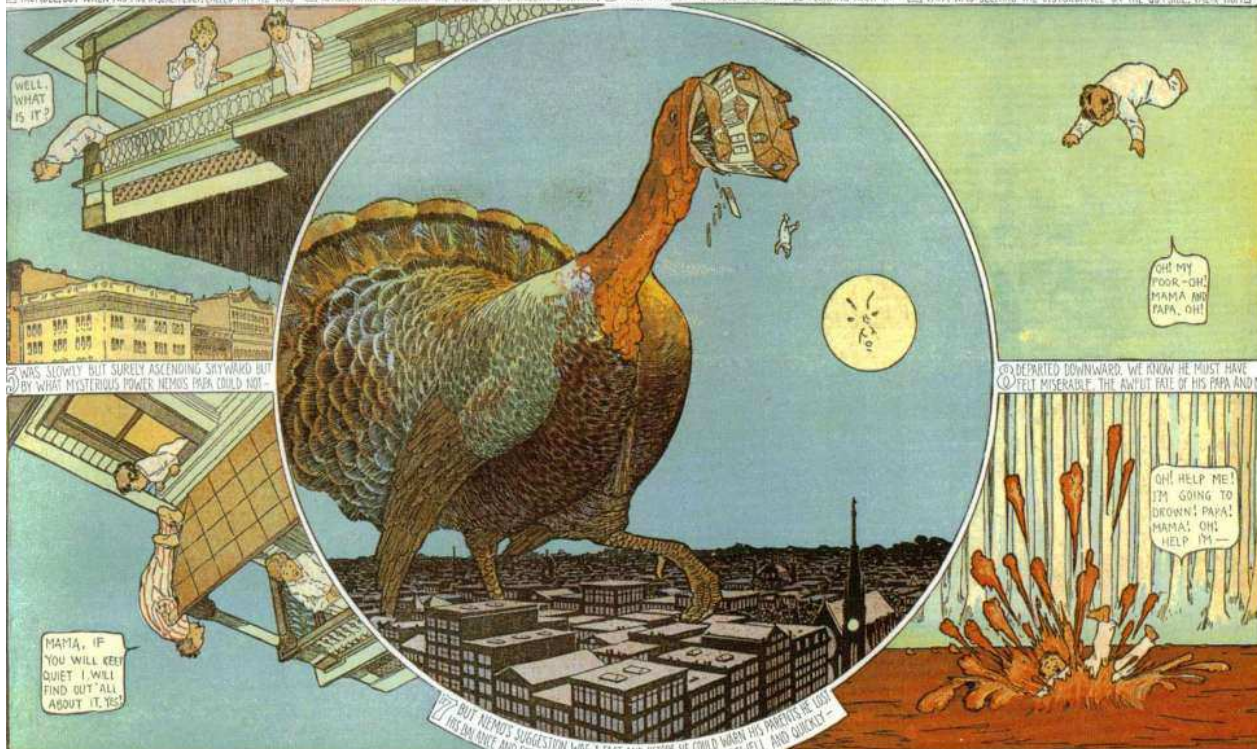
11 THE MAGNOLIA GRABBED UP THE SCREAMING BOY AND STARTED AT ONCE FOR SLUMBERLAND WITH THE SPEED OF A ROCKET KICKING AND



12 YELLING UNTIL HE AROUSED HIS MAMA NEMO AWOK.



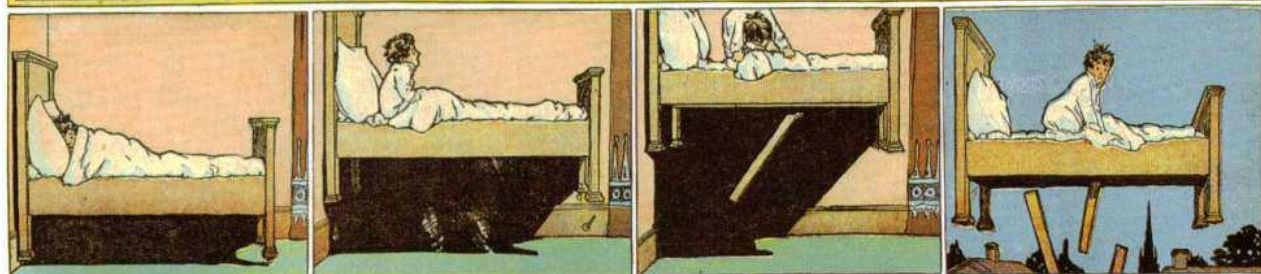
ALONG ABOUT MIDNIGHT, NEMO THOUGHT HE FELT THE HOUSE TREMBLE, BUT WHEN HIS MAMA EXCITEDLY CALLED HIM HE WAS SO CONFUSED, HIS PAIR WAS ALSO GREATLY EXCITED AND PROCEEDED SHYING AND CREAMING OF THEIR HOME. OUTSIDE, THE NIGHT WAS STILL, YET THE HOUSE SEEMED TO BE FLOATING AWAY IN AIR. NEMO PERSUADED HIS MAMA TO REEXAMINE THE HOUSE WHILE PAPA WAS SEEKING THE DISTURBANCE ON THE OUTSIDE. THEIR HOME



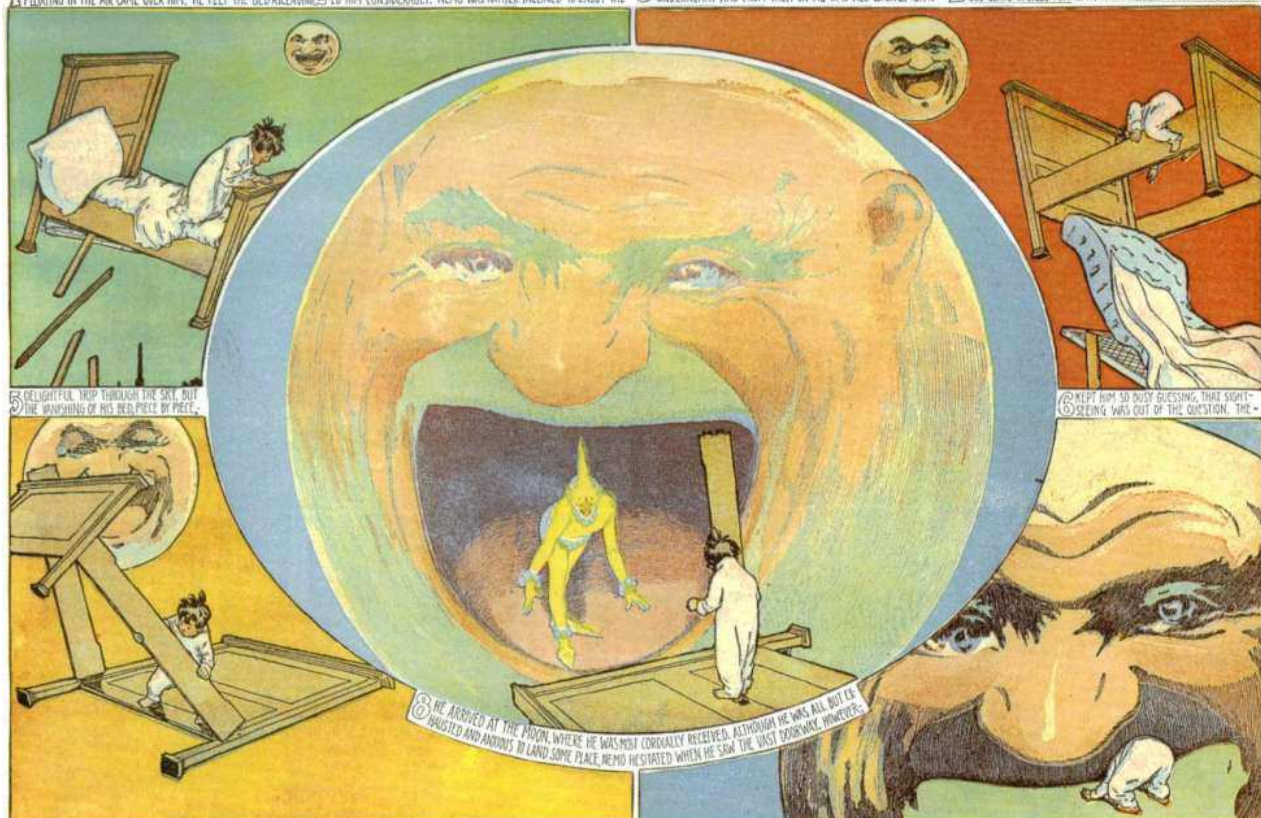
WAS SLOWLY BUT SURELY ASCENDING SKYWARD BUT BY WHAT MYSTERIOUS POWER, NEMO'S PAPA COULD NOT DEPART DOWNWARD, WE KNOW HE MUST HAVE LEFT MISERABLE, THE AWAIT TEXT OF HIS PAPA AND MAMA



MAKE OUT. NEMO SUGGESTED THAT IT MIGHT BE SOME MONSTER, GIANT BUT HIS PAPA CALLED HIM A RATTLE BRAIN AND ORDERED HIM TO PACIFY HIS MAMA WHO WAS MAKING ELABORATE PLANS TO FIGHT. PAPA WAS HIS ONE THOUGHT UNTIL HE LANDED. FORTUNATELY, A LAKE OF NICE SPRINGY CRANBERRY SAUCE RECEIVED HIM WITHOUT HARM, ALTHOUGH HE THOUGHT LITTLE AND CARED LESS ABOUT HIS OWN PRE- JUDGEMENT. NEMO HAD NEVER WON PRIZES FOR STAYS OF SWIMMING BUT HE MANAGED TO GET TO SHORE, SO AWFULLY EXHAUSTED THAT HE DROVE INTO TEARS, HIS ONE AIM WAS TO FIND HIS PAPA AND MAMA. SO HE PLUNGED INTO THE LAKE, BUT HE SOON BECAME LOST HOWEVER AND BEGAN BAWLING. UNTIL HIS GRANDPA CAME IN AND QUIETED HIM.



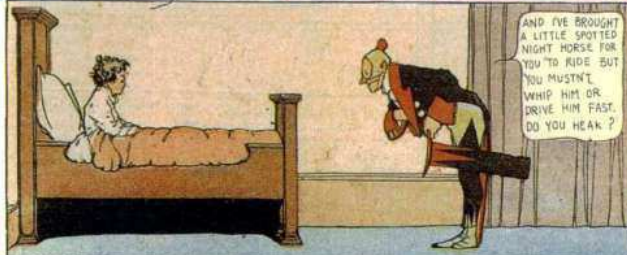
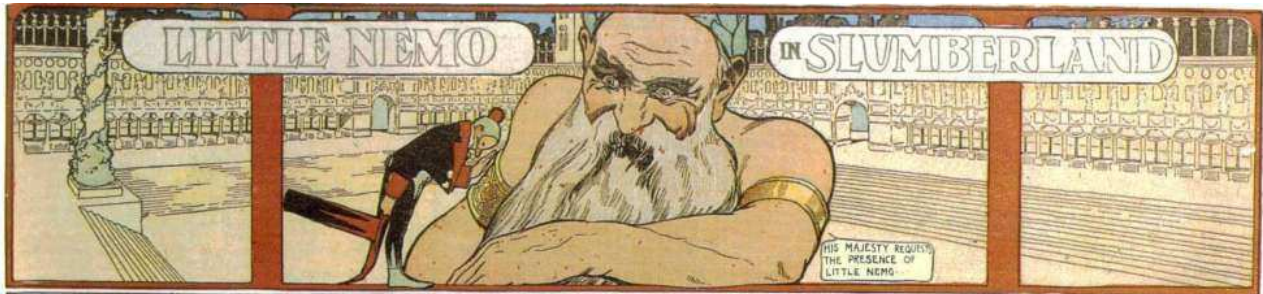
LITTLE NEMO WAS NICELY SNOOZING WHEN A FEELING OF CEILING WARD, AND WHILE IT ASTONISHED HIM, IT ALSO INTERESTED HIM. HE WAS STARTLED BY A SLAT DROPPING FROM THE CEILING, AND FROM THEN ON HE WAS ALL EXCITEMENT. HIS CURIOSITY, HOWEVER, STARTED HIS FEAR. THE TELLING OF THE RED SLATS SPOILED FOR HIM WHAT OTHERWISE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A DELIGHTFUL TRIP THROUGH THE SKY, BUT THE VANISHING OF HIS BED, PIECE BY PIECE, KEPT HIM SO BUSY GUESSING THAT SLEEPING WAS OUT OF THE QUESTION. THE- HE ARRIVED AT THE MOON, WHERE HE WAS NOT CORDIALLY RECEIVED. ALTHOUGH HE WAS ALL BUT CAUTIOUSLY ENTERED AFTER LISTENING TO THE GIG TONGUE OF LUNATIX, THE GUIDE NEMO COULD NOT RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO STEP INSIDE FOR A SECOND AT FIRST, BUT IT WAS ONLY FOR A SECOND AS THE GREAT DOOR CLOSED UP LIKE A BEAR TRAP AND, AS HE OBSERVE, ALMOST- HE CAUGHT HIMSELF AND DISCOURAGED HERE. IT WAS ALMOST DARK FOR LUNATIX TO PURSUE LITTLE NEMO, BUT HE MEANT NO- HE WISHED ONLY TO BRING NEMO TO SLUMBERLAND WHERE A WEEDING PRINCESS'S AWAITED, BUT NEMO COULD NOT, WOULD- NOT LISTEN. HIS ONLY THOUGHT WAS HOME AND HOW TO GET THERE. WHEN HE RAN COMPLETELY AROUND THE MOON SOME- DOZENS OF TIMES HE BECAME SO TIREDELY EXHAUSTED THAT HE GAVE UP THE CHASE AND SCREAMED UNTIL HE AWOK.



NIGHT WAS CLEAR, BUT WINDY. NEMO WAS REALLY SHAKED UP IN THE AIR, AND WHILE THE GALE WHISTLED THROUGH THE ROOM, NEMO WAS DESPERATELY STRUGGLING WITH THE RAMPARTS OF HIS BED, BUT IT SEEMED OUR BRAVE BOY MUST SOON PERISH UN- HE CAUTIOUSLY ENTERED AFTER LISTENING TO THE GIG TONGUE OF LUNATIX, THE GUIDE NEMO COULD NOT RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO STEP INSIDE FOR A SECOND AT FIRST, BUT IT WAS ONLY FOR A SECOND AS THE GREAT DOOR CLOSED UP LIKE A BEAR TRAP AND, AS HE OBSERVE, ALMOST- HE CAUGHT HIMSELF AND DISCOURAGED HERE. IT WAS ALMOST DARK FOR LUNATIX TO PURSUE LITTLE NEMO, BUT HE MEANT NO- HE WISHED ONLY TO BRING NEMO TO SLUMBERLAND WHERE A WEEDING PRINCESS'S AWAITED, BUT NEMO COULD NOT, WOULD- NOT LISTEN. HIS ONLY THOUGHT WAS HOME AND HOW TO GET THERE. WHEN HE RAN COMPLETELY AROUND THE MOON SOME- DOZENS OF TIMES HE BECAME SO TIREDELY EXHAUSTED THAT HE GAVE UP THE CHASE AND SCREAMED UNTIL HE AWOK.

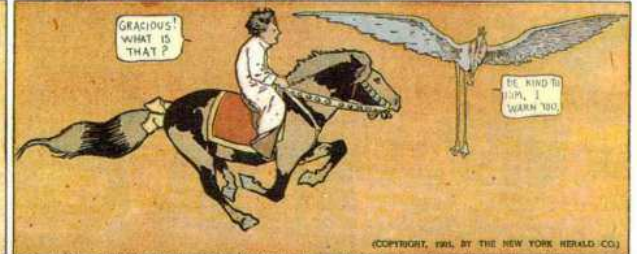


DOZENS OF TIMES HE BECAME SO TIREDELY EXHAUSTED THAT HE GAVE UP THE CHASE AND SCREAMED UNTIL HE AWOK.



1. LITTLE NEMO HAD JUST FALLEN ASLEEP WHEN AN OOMP APPEARED WHO SAID, "YOU ARE REQUESTED TO APPEAR BEFORE HIS MAJESTY MORPHEUS OF SLUMBERLAND."

2. NEMO WAS SURPRISED AS WELL AS DELIGHTED TO RECEIVE THE KING'S INVITATION, SO HE SCRAMBLED OUT OF BED AND MOUNTED THE PRANCING PONY WHICH NOW APPEARED.



3. SLUMBERLAND IS A LONG WAY OFF THROUGH MANY MILES OF WEIRD SCENES, SAID THE OOMP, BUT BE GOOD TO YOUR HORSE AND YOU WILL ARRIVE THERE SAFE AND SOUND.

4. AFTER TRAVELING SOME THOUSANDS OF MILES HE MET THE OOMP IN DISGUISE WHO CAUTIONED HIM AGAIN TO BE CAREFUL ABOUT SPEEDING HIS FAITHFUL MOUNT.



5. NEMO OBEYED UNTIL HE CAME UP WITH A GREEN KANGAROO WHO CHALLENGED HIM TO A RACE. HE ACCEPTED BECAUSE HE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE SO EASY TO WIN WITH SOMNUS.

6. WHEN HE FOUND THE RACE WAS TO BE A FREE-FOR-ALL HURDLE RACE WITH ALL MANNER OF STRANGE-LOOKING CREATURES ALSO CONTESTING, HE PROCEEDED TO WITHDRAW FROM IT.



7. NOT SO WITH SOMNUS. HER SPUNK WAS UP NEMO FOUND HER BEYOND HIS CONTROL AND RUNNING AWAY. TRY AS HE MIGHT NEMO COULD NOT HOLD HER BACK.

8. THEY FAIRLY FLEW THROUGH THE SKY UNTIL SOMNUS STUMBLED ON A STAR. NEMO CLUTCHED AT THE SADDLE, BUT COULD NOT HOLD FAST, SO OVER HE WENT.

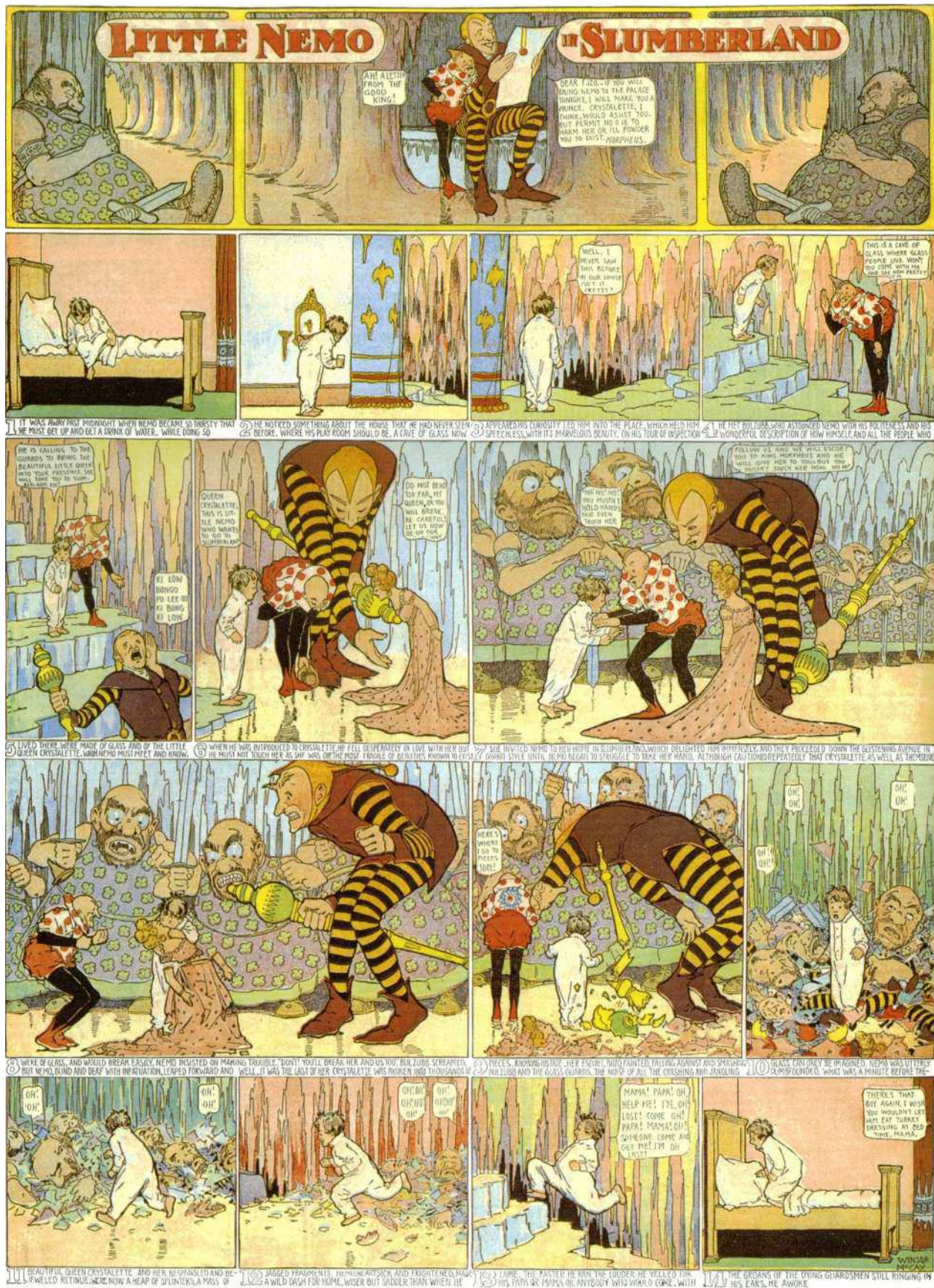


9. DOWN, DOWN, DOWN HE SHOT THROUGH MILES AND MILES OF SPACE.

10. OVER AND OVER HE TURNED IN HIS DESCENT, CAUSING INTENSE ANGUISH.

11. AND BECOMING SO DIZZY THAT HE THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO DIE, HE BEGAN TO SCREAM.

12. WHEN HE AWOK-



Fay Chong and Andrew Chinn: Asian masters of American art

James W. Ellis

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James Ellis is an art historian from the United States. He received his Ph.D. in Art History from Case Western Reserve University, in Cleveland, Ohio, and his M.A. from Rice University, in Houston, Texas. His research interests include American realism, particularly social realist paintings and prints from the 1930s and 1940s, and European Modernism. .. He is currently developing publication projects exploring ways colonial-era artists represented Hong Kong to Western audiences in 'fine art', illustrations and commercial work. In addition, he is a practicing studio artist, specialising in watercolour and oil media.

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Recommended Citation

Ellis, James W.. "Fay Chong and Andrew Chinn: Asian masters of American art." *American Studies Journal: Occasional Papers* 12 (2017): 1-13.

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Fay Chong and Andrew Chinn: Asian Masters of American Art

op.asjournal.org /fay-chong-andrew-chinn-asian-masters-american-art/

by James W. Ellis

Fay Chong and Andrew Chinn were Asian American artists who made major contributions to the two most important movements in American art between 1930 and 1960—Regionalism and Abstract Expressionism. Today, however, art historians and the general public have largely forgotten them. Chong and Chinn worked in close collaboration during the 1930s and 1940s and invented a new watercolor style: using Chinese ink painting techniques and evocative calligraphic poetry to portray everyday subjects from the Western United States. The art historical literature overlooks these innovative artworks, which were a unique form of West Coast Regionalism. The artists also gave instruction on Eastern aesthetics to Morris Graves, Kenneth Callahan, and Guy Anderson, who were later grouped together as core members of the “Northwest School” and became very well-known for producing Asian-inspired Abstract Expressionism. The members of the Northwest School eclipsed Chong and Chinn—their friends, teachers, and, arguably, artistic equals. Art historians must examine how the Western artistic canon is determined, and ask why the history of American art includes certain artists, while excluding others of equal merit. This essay will reevaluate Chong’s and Chinn’s rightful places in twentieth century visual culture, and, in so doing, revise Asian American and modern American art histories.

Early Biographies

Andrew Chinn and Fay Chong shared a Chinese heritage. Their families were part of a mass migration that left southeast China in search of economic opportunities along the West Coast of the United States. Chinn was born in Seattle, Washington in 1915, after his family had come from Taishan, in China’s Guangdong province. His mother died during a flu epidemic that hit Seattle during World War I. Because of this family tragedy, Chinn’s grandfather brought him back to Taishan in 1918. He attended the class of a “very strict” village teacher, and excelled in China’s highest art form: calligraphy (Chinn). This indicated he had the skill to become an artist, so, after receiving encouragement from an uncle, Chinn learned the methods of traditional brush painting.

At that time, the Guangdong province was dominated by the “Lingnan School of Painting,” a style developed by Gao Jianfu and his brother Gao Qifeng, Chinese artists who had studied in Japan and portrayed natural subjects relatively realistically in loosely painted washes of vibrant watercolor and ink.^[1] The Lingnan approach to Chinese painting spread to Hong Kong, Macau, and Taiwan. These influences can be seen in the American Regionalist work of Andrew Chinn and Fay Chong, in their use of Lingnan ink painting skills, and their ability to synthesize Chinese traditions and new world subjects. After studying Chinese brushwork and learning about the Lingnan School, Chinn returned to Seattle in the late 1920s.

Fay Chong was born in Guangzhou (Canton), also in the Guangdong province of China, in 1912, and immigrated with his family to Seattle a few years later. Chong went back to China twice, to study calligraphy in 1929 and, after befriending Andrew Chinn, to study brush painting in 1935.

Seattle

Seattle is one of America’s most scenic cities, lying beside Puget Sound, between the Olympic Mountains and a string of national forests. The area’s natural environment has drawn artists for a long time. Seattle is also quite diverse, with especially large Native American and Asian American

populations. Throughout the 20th century, Asian Americans attained prominence in Seattle's art community, but worked to develop "their own artistic identity, rooted in their Asian heritage but adapted to the new life in America" (Nakane, "Facing" 55). Fay Chong and Andrew Chinn were active in the Chinese American community in Seattle's International District, known today as the Chinatown-International District.

When Chong and Chinn were in their late-teens a battle was waging in Seattle's art world over how artists should "interpret visual reality" (Cumming 22–23). Conservative realist painters and pictorialist photographers—the Establishment—were on one side, and various small bands of avant-garde artists were on the other side. Some of the insurgents were local, like [Kenneth Callahan](#) and [Mark Tobey](#), others were foreign-born. Three Japanese American oil painters [Kenjiro Nomura](#), [Kamekichi Tokita](#), and [Takuichi Fujii](#), struggled valiantly, though ultimately unsuccessfully, "to synthesize [E]astern and [W]estern approaches to seeing reality" (Cumming 23). Chong and Chinn would have much more success with their watercolors a few years later.

Broadway High School, Seattle

Fay Chong's and Andrew Chinn's lifelong friendship began on the tennis court; they played devotedly every morning on the playfield of Broadway High School. The diversity of its student body distinguished Broadway High, the first building specifically constructed as a high school in Seattle (Dorpat). Chong's and Chinn's classmates included [Morris Graves](#), as well as [George Tsutakawa](#), who later became one of America's finest modernist sculptors. Tsutakawa's early life mirrored Andrew Chinn's—though born in Seattle, Tsutakawa spent eleven years of his youth in Japan. "[He] came to his Japanese schooling through the detour of being born in the United States. He came to his study of art in America through the detour of Japanese education" (Kingsbury, *Tsutakawa* 17). At that time, families often sent young Asian Americans to the family's home country to complete their educations.

Chong and Chinn naturally gravitated toward Tsutakawa, finding common ground, being artistic, "bicultural, bilingual, and older than other students" (Nakane, "Personalizing" 187). They all learned to make linoleum prints (along with Morris Graves), in the art classes of Hannah Jones and the progressive Matilda Piper, who showed her young students nude models. Chong, Chinn, and Tsutakawa were quite fond of these teachers, because they "encourage[ed] and nurture[ed] their special students, who had to cope with new adjustments each time they crossed the Pacific" (Nakane, "Facing" 67). Andrew Chinn happily recalled he was the "teacher's pet" because he produced calligraphy with "such a beautiful hand" (Chinn). In his graduation year, Fay Chong supplied linoleum print illustrations for Broadway High School's annual yearbook and Hannah Jones submitted his work to art competitions, effectively beginning Chong's artistic career.

Fay Chong's earliest prints were monochromatic black linocuts; he later used multiple colors in single images, following the method of Japanese woodblock printing (Chong).^[2] Likewise, Andrew Chinn's watercolors from this period have affinities with both Japanese-style painting, or *nihonga*, and the Chinese Lingnan School of Painting, in their lack of outlining and use of contrasting layers of washes to suggest depth and spatial relationships.

The Chinese Art Club

Asian American art clubs and associations sprung up in the 1920s in New York and all along the West Coast. For example, in 1924 Japanese immigrants Kyo Koike and Frank Kinishige formed the Seattle Camera Club, which was somewhat unique in that it had many non-Japanese members, published an impressive bilingual (Japanese and English) monthly journal named *Notan*, and attracted prominent speakers like Mark Tobey to its monthly meetings.

Fay Chong and Andrew Chinn formed the Chinese Art Club in 1933, an informal group that met in a "shabby, little storefront studio" in the International District near the corner of Eight Avenue and Jackson Street (Cumming 154). The later expansion of Interstate Highway 5 destroyed the location. The Club's

original members were all Chinese Americans: Yippe Eng, a commercial painter, Howard Sheng Eng, a oil painter, and Larry Chinn, a watercolorist, but Chong and Andrew Chinn also welcomed and gave instruction to visitors Morris Graves, Kenneth Callahan, [Guy Anderson](#), and William Cumming. The Club, which lasted four years, was an artistic hangout with the slogan "Art for Art's Sake." Cumming warmly remembered going to the Club to sketch nude models: "the model would back up to the oil heat in the back room on winter nights, leaving her rear end glowing scarlet for the next pose, while [Fay, Andrew] and I would sip tea or rice wine, [talking] about art and life" (Cumming 154–55).

The Club's first monthly show, at the Chinese School on Seventh Avenue and Weller Street, featured a linocut print by Chong and a watercolor of a local scene by Chinn (Nakane, "Personalizing" 187). Kenneth Callahan wrote a review in the December 3, 1933, *Seattle Times*, singling out Chong's beautiful lines. Fay Chong was developing into a very accomplished and innovative printmaker.

At the same time, Andrew Chinn also produced a few linoleum prints of Chinese themes, such as flowers, pheasants, and lovebirds swimming in ponds (Fig. 1), but he did not like confining himself in the studio as much as Chong (Chinn). Chinn preferred taking a box of paints and a water jug outside to do nature studies ([the plein air approach](#) championed by 19th century French Impressionists, like [Claude Monet](#)). Although *pleinairisme* is not usually associated with Chinese art, as a child Chinn remembered seeing it practiced by a few "Chinese artists who went to study in France and Europe" (Chinn). Chinn convinced members of the Chinese Art Club and visitors to go painting outside with him. On one occasion, Guy Anderson took Chinn and Morris Graves out in his Model-T Ford to paint from nature; Chinn worked in watercolor, but Anderson and Graves preferred oil. In the studio the Club's Chinese American members strictly followed traditional Chinese procedures, but outdoors they painted what they saw realistically (Chinn).

In the watercolor *West Lake*, of 1935, Chinn depicted a local subject (a body of water inside Seattle's city limits) with various Asian methods (Fig. 2). Chinn evoked black trees, seemingly floating in a blank field in the middle distance, by rolling the side of a brush vertically down the surface. Chinn included his signature 'seal' and a calligraphic description of the scene. Under Chinn's direction, Chinese Art Club members, with varying degrees of skill, fused historical Chinese approaches and contemporary views of Seattle and its



Fig. 1: Andrew Chinn (1915-1996), *Love Birds*, 1933, Linocut, 19 5/8 x 14 3/8 in., Accession 2010.23, Safeco Collection of Northwest Art on Paper, Bellingham, WA, ©Andrew Chinn

environs.

Mark Tobey occasionally dropped in to the Chinese Art Club, toward the end of its existence, around 1937. Tobey was more than two decades older than Chinn and Chong and an established figure in Seattle's art community. Fay Chong began visiting the art classes Tobey held at his home in the University District and continued studying with Tobey periodically for the next dozen years, a relationship that would prove pivotal to Chong's later artistic development.

Regionalism

When Fay Chong and Andrew Chinn were young there were no 'Asian Americans;' that term was not used until the 1960s (Chang and Johnson 9). In the 1930s and 1940s, the United States' majority culture often considered people with Chinese, Japanese, or other Asian ancestries as simply foreign—and not part of the American mainstream. Yet Chong and Chinn strived to fashion "a distinctive American artistic profile that [ultimately] reflected the culture of both Asia and the West" (Chang and Johnson 10), and they did so in one of America's most self-reflective periods.

Following World War I and during the economic devastation of the Great Depression the United States went through a prolonged era of social and creative upheaval. The country's attention turned inward in a widespread quest for a national cultural identity. "[Q]uestions of what 'American' art was supposed to be and who could be considered an 'American' artist were fiercely debated" (Wang 23). Writers, politicians, and art critics, in *Art Digest* and other periodicals, encouraged artists to distance themselves from European precedents and trends so they could create a distinctive home-grown American art, easily appreciated by 'ordinary' citizens. In larger cities, especially New York, social realists turned to depicting the working classes and urban life; in less-populated regions of the country artists banded together to paint rural landscapes and small-town life. Thus, Regionalism—the most-home-grown of US art movements—was born. At this time, in the far Northwest, Fay Chong and Andrew Chinn developed their unique form of West Coast Regionalism: portraying Seattle and its beautiful surrounding landscape using longstanding Asian artistic methods. They seized the opportunity to present the Northwest in an "unfamiliar way"—to envision America through "new eyes," as Asian Americans (Chang xiii).

West Coast Regionalism and the Federal Art Project

Regionalism on the West Coast, especially in California and Washington, was distinctive in two ways. First, it was dominated by watercolor specialists (rather than oil or tempera painters), and second, artists in California and Washington were strongly influenced by Asian art and ideas. In Los Angeles, for example, a new "California Watercolor Style" emerged, practiced by Millard Sheets, Phil Dike and others who grouped together at the Chouinard Art Institute. Critics often noted "Oriental" features in their landscapes, in particular Chinese and Japanese designs and color schemes (Anderson 36–37). The same was true in Northern California. Dong Kingman was a Chinese American born in Oakland in 1911. He went to Hong Kong to study Chinese brushwork before returning to Northern California to become the area's premier watercolorist during the 1930s.

Although Kingman masterfully blended Eastern expressive modes and American subjects, blended old techniques and new themes, he also questioned his personal identity: "I am Chinese when I paint trees and landscapes, but Western when I am painting buildings, ships or three-dimensional subjects" (qtd. in Cornell and Johnson 94). Asian American artists of the period often struggled to "reconcile the powerful



emotional influence of their cultural 'homeland' (whether or not they were born there) with the creative energy and experimental openness of the United States" (Poon 5). Andrew Chinn and Fay Chong, Kingman's almost exact contemporaries, experienced the same cultural tug-of-war.^[3]

The Depression era was a difficult time in Seattle. The stock market crash of 1929 initiated a decade-long economic downturn that put millions of Americans out of work. The federal government implemented make-work programs to help unemployed citizens in various trades. The [Federal Art Project](#) (FAP) sponsored by the [Works Progress Administration](#) put thousands of impoverished artists to work, helping them continue to develop their skills and collaborate on creative projects, while getting paid for their service. Fay Chong joined the FAP in 1938, after proving he was unemployed, incapable of finding other work, and almost at the point of starvation (Chong). Andrew Chinn joined the FAP in October 1941,^[4] collecting an \$85 monthly salary.^[5]

Many artists used the government art programs as stepping-stones to further their careers, including native Northwesterners Morris Graves—who helped Fay Chong get on the FAP—Kenneth Callahan, and Guy Anderson. Mark Tobey (who moved to Seattle in 1921) briefly joined the FAP in 1940. Graves, Callahan, Anderson, and Tobey later became the four core members of Abstract Expressionism's [Northwest School](#). Chong and Chinn used their FAP experiences to refine their professional identities and share their aesthetic interests with other artists. Indeed, it was during this time Graves, Callahan, Anderson, and Tobey developed their greatest interest in "the philosophies as well as the art of the Far East, [sowing] the seeds of the mystical quality that became identified with Northwest art" (Allan 10).

At first, Chong produced only linoleum prints for the FAP. Then, in 1940, he started creating watercolors, working closely with Andrew Chinn. They also began experimenting with media, mixing various shades of Chinese ink with watercolors and painting exclusively with a Chinese brush on rice paper, which Chong remembered, was "fairly new [in Seattle] at the time" (Chong). They were both moving toward their mature styles, abstracting from manmade and natural motifs with energetic calligraphic brushwork, and spreading designs across their surfaces with colorful watery washes.^[6]

Like Dong Kingman, Andrew Chinn and Fay Chong painted a variety of subjects, including rural businesses and industrial structures, important features of a region's environment and material culture. Chong's watercolor *Uncle Post's Warehouse*, for instance, shows the exterior of a decrepit sheet metal building, with a rusting "visible" gas pump and weathered furniture littering the surrounding junkyard (Fig. 3). The 1940s Ford pickup truck beside the warehouse also hints at the general date of Chong's scene.

Andrew Chinn's work truly shines, though, in purer landscapes, studied either in one of Washington's lush national forests or one of Seattle's many urban retreats. "Nature nourished him in every way: emotionally, mentally, physically and spiritually" (Beers). In *Seward Park* ([an area in southeast Seattle](#)), Chinn delineates tree shadows and the edges of the hilly terrain with needle-thin lines of Chinese ink, but delicately feathers the brushwork when suggesting birch tree leaves softly waving under a typically overcast Northwestern sky (Fig. 4).



Fig. 3: Fay Chong (1912–1973), *Uncle Post's Warehouse*, 1947, watercolor on paper, Collection of Priscilla Chong Jue, © Fay Chong

Chong and Chinn's watercolors are complex and subtle fusions of traditional techniques and new subjects, mixtures of old Eastern culture and a new Western environment. As a result, the artists and their artworks are difficult to define. The Lingnan School of Chinese painting was a profound influence, and the artists were late contributors to that movement.

Alternatively, because of their subjects, Chong and Chinn were also important innovators in the broad development of Chinese painting, or *guóhuà*, in America, where many of the leading innovations in 20th century 'Chinese' painting were developed (Cornell and Johnson 11). Chong and Chinn continued to refine their watercolor style for the remainder of their lives.



Fig. 4: Andrew Chinn (1915–1996), *Seward Park*, c. 1950s, watercolor on paper, Collection of the artist's estate

The relevance of the indigenous Regionalist movement began to wane during and immediately after World War II. "The war experience forced many American artists into a spiritual revolution, transforming them from painters of the local scene into seekers for a deeper meaning and significance to life" (Anderson 62). Modernist art, or abstract trends, began to take center stage, which affected Chong and Chinn in different ways. Although the FAP operated until June 1943, the project began to wind down a couple of years earlier. Fay Chong left to join a naval architectural firm, and then worked as an illustrator at Boeing Co. Andrew Chinn also went to work for Boeing, which affected his personal artistic approach somewhat,^[7] and then was a technical illustrator at [Sand Point Naval Base](#) and [Bremerton Navy Yard](#).

The Northwest School

Andrew Chinn and Fay Chong were not only significant members of Seattle's Asian American artists' community and important Regionalist watercolor painters; they were also closely associated with the Northwest School, which began in the 1930s as a subgenre of West Coast Regionalism but grew, during the 1940s and 1950s, into a vital variation of the Abstract Expressionist movement. The core members or "big four" of the movement—Guy Anderson, Kenneth Callahan, Morris Graves, and Mark Tobey—had all been unofficial members of Chong's and Chinn's Chinese Art Club and worked with Fay Chong and Andrew Chinn on the FAP project.^[8]

The big four had already developed their characteristic styles by the mid-1940s (Tsutakawa 18), but they made their collective mark in New York's art gallery scene in the early-1950s. They became national celebrities in 1953, when *Life* magazine published an article entitled "Mystic Painters of the Northwest."^[9] The article praised their conceptualized studies of Washington's natural environment and infusion of Asian artistic processes, but failed to mention Chong or Chinn.

The standard myth of the Northwest School, which was established by the *Life* article, is that Tobey, Graves, Callahan, and Anderson joined together in a search for "a universal language of form" that would speak to many, seemingly disparate cultures, and they were committed to expressing a "transcendental spirituality" that could be perceived in nature (Allan 24). Tobey, Graves, Callahan, and Anderson actually had varied interests (including Native American culture and European modern art), but what really made them stand out was their shared preoccupation with all things Asian.^[10] Many Americans and Europeans in the post-World War II period were strongly attracted to Far Eastern mysticism and [Zen Buddhist philosophy](#), and, in the arts, to Zen's relationship to Japanese [Sumi painting](#) and calligraphy.^[11] On the East Coast and in Europe, the Northwest School's Asian qualities were most fascinating and desirable (Tsutakawa 18).

The movement's official roster, however, was always far too limited. Although they were all Caucasian, American-born artists, the big four derived their abstracted natural allusions, calligraphic brushwork, and even their emphasis on the "spiritual dimension" from Asian philosophy and art (Allan 10–11). Yet, artists with actual Asian heritages who also lived in the Northwest and shared many of the same interests have always been relegated to the periphery of the Northwest School's inner circle, including Chinese American Fay Chong, his Japanese American classmate George Tsutakawa, and Japanese immigrants Kamekichi Tokita, Kenjiro Nomura, and Paul Horiuchi. Writers have, in fact, conceded that "quite a few active and influential artists, some of whom were associated with the central four, were not included in the original 'school,' [but] a tradition was established. Long since eclipsed, it is so ingrained in history that references to it, usually as a point of comparison, continue to be commonly used and understood" (Allan 11). It is time to challenge this tradition.^[12]

Mark Tobey studied Chinese calligraphy with T'eng K'uei, a Chinese exchange student at the University of Washington during the early 1920s. T'eng K'uei was to Mark Tobey what Fay Chong and Andrew Chinn were to Morris Graves, Kenneth Callahan, and Guy Anderson: a Chinese artist able and willing to transfer his knowledge of Eastern techniques to a Western colleague.^[13] Tobey visited T'eng K'uei in Shanghai in 1934, and soon thereafter began his popular 'white writing' phase, in which he referred directly to Asian calligraphy. These paintings deeply influenced many progressive artists in Seattle.

Andrew Chinn, however, did not sense an authentic Chinese quality in Tobey's white writing and could not see the "mystic" spirituality that art critics described in Tobey's art:

To me, it didn't make much sense, because the Chinese writing [is] about power, [its] about thin and thick strokes, but with his white lines [there's no] Chinese influence. There's no variation in the strokes, and there's no power. I don't understand it, but certainly I don't see the influence. [T]o me it's highly decorative, you know. Millions of dots, a million strokes is highly decorative, see. (Chinn)

Andrew Chinn was a close friend to Morris Graves, his high school classmate, for many years. Chinn remember Graves as "a very good entertainer," who came to parties at the Chinese Art Club and amused everyone by telling jokes and dancing in a comical, twisting, contorted way (Chinn). However, Chinn also thought Graves' work could be superficial. Chinn was well-versed in Asian iconography and he often depicted symbolic Chinese subjects like pheasants (the bird of prosperity) and lilies (emblematic of love and unity). Graves also represented symbolic plants and animals. Chinn remembered Graves checking out books about Chinese art history from the library during his formative years, and using pictures of bronze incense burners and wine containers for his paintings. Chinn considered the Chinese motifs in Graves' work, like teacups, to be stereotypical, and did not sense a true Chinese quality in his formal or philosophical content (Chinn).

Andrew Chinn thought it was a "very good question" why one group of artists who were influenced by Asian culture—Tobey, Graves, Callahan, and Anderson—became very famous, while another group of artists of Asian descent producing similar art were relegated to the margins. Chinn speculated that critical support was an important factor, but luck also played a role. "[I] play [mahjong](#) [a Chinese game of chance]: You gotta be good and you gotta also be lucky, too," he said (Chinn).

Tobey, Graves, Callahan, and Anderson were fortunate to have important supporters. The enthusiastic backing of Seattle's museum curators (at the [Seattle Art Museum](#), [Henry Art Gallery](#), and [Frye Art Museum](#)) and gallery owners (including Zoe Dusanne and Otto Seligman) helped set the Northwest School's core members apart from their likeminded friends, with favorable publicity and assistance in obtaining lucrative prizes. Richard Fuller, the director of the Seattle Art Museum, aided Graves (in 1946), Callahan (1954),^[14] and Tobey (1956) in winning [Guggenheim awards](#), and the efforts and contacts of

Seattle gallery director Zoe Dusanne, one of the big four's greatest promoters, resulted in the 1953 *Life* magazine article (Becker and Long). Fay Chong and Andrew Chinn never enjoyed such support, but if they had perhaps they would not be so easy to overlook today.

Later Legacies

The standard myth of the Northwest School fits nicely into one of the larger narratives of American art in the 1950s, in which artists were said to have recoiled from the horrors of war and sought to reflect on "deeper meanings" and life's spiritual significance (Anderson), often through abstract or abstracted modernist art. This new cultural climate impacted Fay Chong's and Andrew Chinn's careers in different ways. Chinn steadfastly devoted himself to a fusion of traditional Chinese techniques and Western realism, but increasingly worked in relative obscurity. Chong instead incorporated abstract, modernist elements in his work, and, as a result, remained relevant in the minds of critics for a longer period.

Andrew Chinn

Between 1940 and 1960, the Seattle Art Museum's Northwest Annual exhibitions regularly accepted Andrew Chinn's watercolors, which usually depicted trees, crooked streams, and rock-strewn mountains. The choice of popular natural and local subjects was strategic on Chinn's part as he knew they often won exhibition prizes (Chinn). In many of the later Northwest Annual exhibitions, however, as modern artists began to garner the most attention, Chinn began feeling like an outsider because of his realistic techniques (Chinn).

Although his fellow artists and students respected Andrew Chinn, art critics did not always understand or appreciate his work, and this never improved. Critics greeted Chinn's first solo exhibition at the Seattle Art Museum in 1942, featuring his characteristic Chinese-styled landscapes, with a limited, lukewarm response. "It was too early," Chinn explained. Likewise, the local press did not praise his solo show at the Frye Art Museum in 1953, the same year *Life* magazine was introducing the "big four" to the world. "[A]t the time, the person who writes for the [*Seattle*] *Times* was the university type, you know, and [didn't] think much about the conservative painting," Chinn said. Perhaps critics did not embrace Chinn in 1942 because he had an Asian mode of expression, which was not appealing to many people in the ethnocentric climate of the Depression and World War II eras, and perhaps they did not embrace him in 1953, when Abstract Expressionism was on the rise, because of his realistic style. Art critics may have been unable to perceive or appreciate the subtle synthesis of elements in Chinn's work, or perhaps it was something worse. Critics often neglected Asian American artists in the early and mid-20th century, in part, because Asian Americans, like "other marginalized racial groups, commanded little respect from any quarter of mainstream America, [which calls into question] how and who determines what is 'art' and who is an 'artist' worth studying" (Chang ix-x). Chinn, however, did not feel pressured to follow the new trends.

Because, you see, I paint for self-satisfaction. That's the first thing in my mind. I don't give a darn how they paint, I don't. Self-satisfaction, that's what I want. [Some modern art was good; some] I didn't think much of. To me there's a lot of gadgets, you know. You use it for a few years, and then that's it. But the conservative type, they've always come back.
(Chinn)

Andrew Chinn taught a Chinese manner of watercolor painting, in his home and at a Seattle community college, from 1945 until his death from heart failure in 1996. Artist and educator Jess Cauthorn called Chinn "the last of the first vanguard of Asian-American artists. He was able to keep a high level of Orientalism in his work, resisting the trend to too much Western influence" (Beers). And today Chinn's words still ring true. Collectors and art historians have, indeed, recently showed renewed interest in conservative, or traditional, Chinese art (and in Andrew Chinn).

Fay Chong

Chinn speculated Fay Chong's friendly, open-minded personality had a part in his ability to accommodate changing trends in the art world. "I am more traditional in my art", Chinn said, "but Fay was more American in that he was always open to contemporary things" (Lau).

Chong studied with Mark Tobey, at Tobey's home in Seattle's University District, from 1939 through the mid-1950s, and he developed a new abstract style that had much in common with other Northwest School painters. He continued,



Fig. 5: Fay Chong, *Mt. Vernon, Washington*, c. 1940s, watercolor on paper, 11 x 17 in., J. Franklin Fine Art, Inc.

however, to make Regionalist watercolors alongside his more abstract work. For example in *Mt. Vernon, Washington*, a landscape of the early-1950s, Chong closely observed the countryside, which he subtly portrayed with a balance of black ink and watercolor earth tones (Fig. 5). Jagged, light, calligraphic strokes emphasize meaningful details, like the bare tree on the right or the corners of the rustic homes, while swathes of luscious watercolor applied across the paper with an ink brush unify the composition. Blurry, distant horizons suggest a deeply receding panorama. Chong's more modern work also incorporated Chinese elements.

In *Cliff Formations No. 2*, of 1960, he used a rhythmic pattern of vertical, horizontal, and diagonal calligraphic marks to suggest a vast Western canyon. Chong's dynamic *Calligraphic Lines No. 1* is similar (Fig. 6). It seems like a simple homage to Tobey's 'white writing'—and it does belong to the Northwest School of art. However, the blending of Chinese ink and Western watercolor, of Chinese writing and a Western all-over abstract composition, give the painting a special aesthetic mix that only an Asian American artist at that time and place could have produced. Such works led one writer to call Chong "an Oriental Feininger" (Anne Todd qtd. in Kangas 6), referring to [Lyonel Feininger](#), the German American Expressionist who also reduced natural phenomena to linear, abstract impressions.

Fay Chong downplayed his Asian heritage later in life—perhaps hoping to transcend any limitations others might impose on his art. "As for me, I am not trying to translate in my language of painting the oriental heritage, the essence from the traditional past. [...] Simplicity and energy are my destination." Chong said in the 1960s (Lau). Chong's statement echoed the sentiments of many non-Asian modern artists of his generation. [Jackson Pollock](#) (who was born the same year as Chong), for instance, once said: "The modern artist [...] is working and expressing an inner world—in other words expressing the energy, the motion and the other inner forces" (qtd. in Karmel 21).

Although their art developed differently, Andrew Chinn and Fay Chong remained close friends until Chong's sudden death from a stroke in 1973, aged 61. They both continued "painting away all the time.

[But Chong] went on his own style, and [I] went in my style," Chinn said. "Fay was a gentleman, always a gentleman. [He didn't] say too much, but he had his convictions, too. He knew what he saying every time. See. And we stayed very good friends" (Chinn).

Conclusion

Andrew Chinn and Fay Chong must come out of the shadows so the academic community can reassess what they added to Regionalism and Abstract Expressionism and general audiences can enjoy their remarkable artworks. The watercolors they produced in the 1930s and 1940s fused very old Asian techniques with new Northwestern American topics, and deserve a place of honor within the West Coast Regionalist movement. Chinn and Chong contributed to the Northwest School of Abstract Expressionism, Chinn by introducing the core members to Asian techniques and Chong as a significant member of the movement while studying with Mark Tobey. Better-known contemporaries and colleagues should not eclipse Fay Chong and Andrew Chinn. On the contrary, we should acknowledge them for what they were: Asian American masters of American art.

Notes

[1] During the Meiji period (1868–1912), the scholar Okakura Kakuzō, and others, called on young Japanese painters to preserve traditional Japanese techniques, which Western modernism seemed to threaten. In response, some young artists synthesized Japanese traditions and Western realist methods in depictions of contemporary subjects, an East-West blend called nihonga. The Gao brothers were strongly influenced by nihonga when they left the Guangdong province to study in Japan in 1906–08. When the Gaos returned to China they established the Spring Awakening Art Academy in Canton, where they developed a new Chinese variation of nihonga, the "Lingnan School."

[2] Nihonga influenced many Asian American printmakers along the West Coast during the 1920s and 1930s, including the visionary Japanese American woodcut master Teikichi Hikoyama (1884–1957), who worked in California.

[3] Kingman worked for the Federal Art Project in San Francisco and Fay Chong may have met Kingman during this period. Chong described a trip he took to San Francisco during the late-1930s, "[D]uring one of the weekends we drove down there to San Francisco—Bill Cumming, Lubin [Petric], and I. [...] We drove down—it was just after sketch class—for the fun of it, and we visited the art project down there" (Chong).

[4] Chinn joined the FAP just weeks before the United States entered World War II. China and the United States were allies in World War II and fought together against Japan in the China Burma India Theater. Chinese American artists were treated much better than their Japanese American counterparts, many of whom were forced to live in internment camps. Chinn and Chong's inclusion in the government art programs may have reflected a relatively favorable climate for Chinese Americans based upon unfolding political and military events. "World War II marked a turning point for Asian American history. When the United States declared war against Japan on December 8, 1941, one day after Japan bombed Honolulu,

Fig. 8: Fay Chong (1912–1973), *Caligraphic Lines No. 1999*, watercolor, 24 1/2 x 36 in. (96.5 x 91.4 cm).



Carolyn Staley Fine Prints, Seattle

the government's attitudes toward the various Asian groups changed. No longer viewed as a devious, infiltrating "Yellow Peril," Chinese were now staunch supporters of democracy. China was an ally fighting against Japan [President] Roosevelt signed the repeal of the Chinese Exclusion Acts on December 7, 1943. The repeal permitted Chinese to naturalize for US citizenship and implemented an annual immigration quota system" (Poon 7).

[5] The FAP estimated in 1936 that more than half of American artists could qualify for public assistance ("Art Becomes an Industry").

[6] Chong and Chinn's watercolors from this period feature a beautiful tension between energetic lines and washy color. Chong recalled his own motivations, "I feel that the Orientals stress so much on strength and energy in their work, and the strokes and lines give it energy more than a wash painting" (Lau).

[7] As a technical draftsman at Boeing Chinn studied isometrics, and in his free time began incorporating Western-style receding perspectives into his watercolors. Thereafter, Chinn's images appear more volumetric and less delicately hazy ('less Lingnan').

[8] Graves and Tobey also frequently visited George Tsutakawa's family store, a gathering place for Tsutakawa's many Asian America artist friends (Poon 42).

[9] The term 'mysticism,' a vague catch-all suggesting a fusion of Asian and Western forms and philosophies, was used to describe Morris Graves' work in the mid-1940s (Kingsbury, *Art* 58), shortly after he worked with Chinn and Chong on the FAP project.

[10] Kenneth Callahan visited Asia in 1927 and Morris Graves traveled to Asia in 1928 and 1930. "[Graves] visited local Buddhist temples in Seattle" and studied "Zen Buddhism, the tea ceremony Noh theater, and the thinking of [Ernest] Fenollosa in the later 1930s," when he was close with Fay Chong and Andrew Chinn (Nakane, "Facing" 68–69).

[11] Recently, art historians have begun to pay more attention to Asian influences on the Northwest School, notably in Ament's *Iridescent Light: The Emergence of Northwestern Art*.

[12] The blending of Eastern traditions and Western subjects and styles went in both directions. Artists with Asian heritages—like Fay Chong and Andrew Chinn—made great contributions to Regionalism (and, in Chong's case, to abstraction) and non-Asian artists—like Morris Graves and Mark Tobey—made great contributions to the "exciting international synthesis" (Chang and Johnson 11).

[13] "How have artists such as T'eng K'uei been creative agents of this influence? How did they actively explore aesthetic interaction? In what ways have Asian American artists themselves been cultural translators, transmitters, or interpreters?" (Chang xiii–xiv).

[14] Fuller also appointed Kenneth Callahan a part-time curator at the Seattle Art Museum in 1934, a position he held for 20 years.

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Suggested Citation

Ellis, James W. "Fay Chong and Andrew Chinn: Asian Masters of American Art." *ASJ Occasional Papers* 12 (2017). Web. 6 Oct 2017.

