

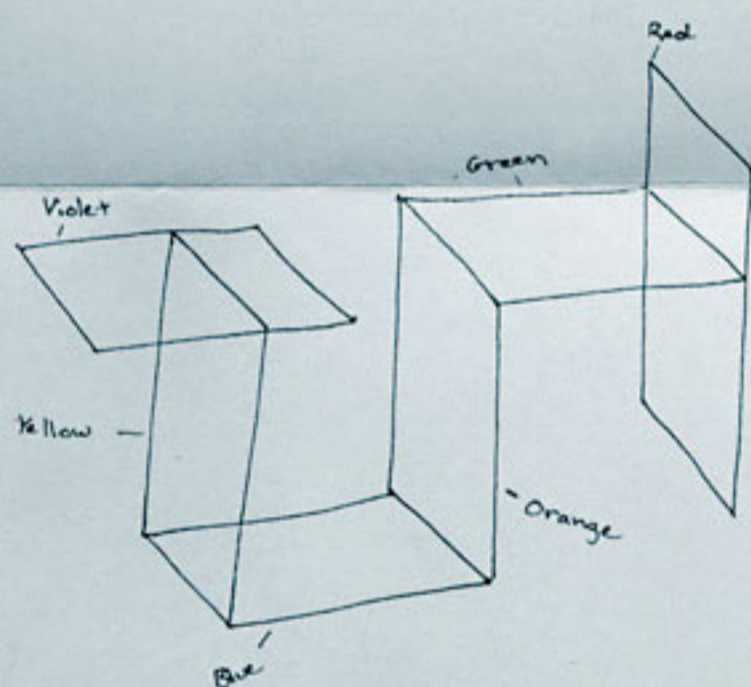


Green Gothic

Matthew Offenbacher

I saw *Twilight* the other day, the teen vampire movie set in Forks. Local vampire Edward falls for the new kid at school, a pretty transplant from Arizona with the unlikely name Bella Swan. Edward is an unusually urbane vampire. He lives with his family in a Northwest modernist dream house in the woods. He drinks only non-human blood. Deer, mostly. He is sort of like a vegetarian in the vampire world. Oregon scenery (standing in for the Peninsula) co-stars. Whenever the camera can tear itself away from the lovers' tortured faces, the screen is lit by a million shades of green.

continued on page 2



Nicholas Nyland's Fall into Color

Elise Richman

Upon entering Nicholas Nyland's show *Nowhere, Anywhere, Everywhere* at Ohge Ltd. in March, it was the color—that mutable, associative and unexpectedly controversial visual element—which I noticed first. Color is instinctive and immediate; it has a kind of primal power akin to smell. This is why it can be threatening. In painting, color has often been dismissed as a cosmetic surface effect, to be neutralized, white-washed, and sanitized. In his book *Chromophobia*, David Batchelor explores Western culture's persistent, historical fear of color—the perception that it is emotional, irrational, oriental, and feminine. He describes an angel's descent in the film *Wings of Desire* as a "fall into color ... into the world of the particular and the contingent ... but most of all it is a fall into a world of desire."

continued on page 5

Untitled Statement (1977)

Martha Rosler

1. I am quite interested in issues of personal life, particularly in how people's thoughts and interests can be seen to fit in with their positions in society, and my work is built around this interest. In a sense much of my work takes the form of a "decoy." It mimics some well-known cultural form—such as a garage sale, a postcard, an anecdote, a banquet—that evokes a fairly straightforward (and predictable) response. I rearrange things so that the work yields, in part, a comment about the form itself as an embodiment of culturally prescribed activity as well as addressing human issues directly. I look for causality and commonality rather than idiosyncrasy in people's attitudes, ideas, and behavior. I hope that my work challenges the mythical explanations of everyday activities that serve as ideological justifications.

continued on page 2

The Waiting Room

Greg Lundgren

He shifts on the vinyl stool, takes a sip and leans in a bit. He says, say it again? Intellectuals are those that found something more interesting to think about than sex. He wasn't looking for it, but found that time passed very nicely when talking to pretty girls about sex.

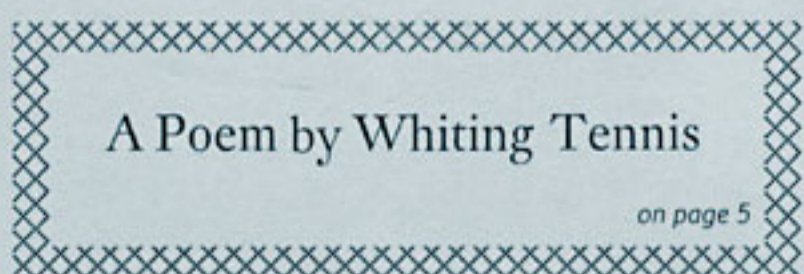
Yes, I've seen them about and want very little to do with them. They are boring.

But all you talk about is art.

I spend a lot of time in the waiting room.

He takes another sip and leans back. His eyes lock onto the tan bare shoulders of a woman seated just beyond her. She patiently waits for him to surface, thinks he is deep in thought, and he is. Well? Well what? What the hell kind of waiting room are you sitting in?

continued on page 6



A Poem by Whiting Tennis

on page 5

left: Nicholas Nyland: *Reticulum 6* (detail), watercolor on paper, 10 x 14", 2008; illustrated by Elise Richman.
masthead by Dawn Cerny

ROSLER continued

2. All the myths of everyday life stitched together form a seamless envelope of ideology, a false account of everything thinkable. The interests served by ideology are not human interests properly defined; in class society, ideology serves the interests of the dominant class. Through the channels of mass communication, which it controls, that class holds its own ideology up to the whole society as the only real and proper set of attitudes and beliefs. The impetus is then strong for us all to identify ourselves as members of the "middle class"—a mystified category standing in for the image of the dominant class.

As craft skills and *economically productive* family activity have been eradicated as industrial capitalism has advanced, our chances to gain a sense of accomplishment and worth have decreased and our vulnerability to the blandishments of advertising has increased. Advertising is a highly potent carrier and reinforcer of that part of the dominant ideology which stresses the importance of advancing one's own social position and increasing one's holdings—becoming "the boss," or, failing that, gaining control over more *things*. Thus, as opportunities for personal power diminish for all but a small part of the population, self-confidence, trust, and pleasure conceived in straightforward terms are poisoned, and we are increasingly beguiled by an accordion-like succession of mediations between ourselves and the natural and social world, mediations in the form of commodities. We are each promised personal power and fulfillment through consumption; we are as nothing unless clothed in a culture that is conceived as a congeries of packages each of which presents us with a bill.

3. How does one address these banally profound issues of everyday life, revealing the political and economic elements in the personal? It seems reasonable to me to use forms that suggest and refer to mass-cultural forms without simply mimicking them. One of the basic forms of mass-culture,

including television and movies, is the narrative, especially the first-person narrative. (Even the protagonists of melodramas, comedies, and soap operas embody a form of first-person narrative.) Narrative can be a homey, manageable form of address, but its very virtue, the suggestion of subjectivity and lived experience, is also its danger. The rootedness in an *I*, the most seductive encoding of convincingness, suggests an absolute inability to transcend an individual consciousness. And consciousness is the realm of ideology, so that the logic of the first-person narrative is that there is no appeal from ideology, no critical level. Given the pervasiveness of relativism in our society, according to which only the personal is knowable and all opinions are equally valid, the first-person narrative suggests the unretrievability of objective truth. At most, one or another version of dominant ideology is reinforced.

Yet this inability to speak truth is the failure not so much of narrative as of the *naturalism* that is taken as narrative's central feature. Break the bonds of that naturalism and the problem vanishes. One can provide a critical dimension and invoke matters of truth by referring explicitly to the ideological confusions that naturalism falsifies by omission. A character speaking in contradictions or failing to manage the socially right sequence of behaviors can eloquently index the unresolvable social contradictions—starvation in the midst of plenty, gourmetism as a form of cultural imperialism, the demeaning impersonality of charity, the racism, sexism, and national chauvinism of some of the basic tenets of "scientific" testing—that are the source of ideological confusion, and make them stand out clearly.

The clarification of vision is a first step toward reasonably and humanely changing the world.♦

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OFFENBACHER continued

In gothic stories landscape is destiny. A character's inner life is reflected by their surroundings. In one scene, the young lovers go on a field trip with their biology class to a greenhouse and gaze into a wormy bin of compost. This is an everyday lesson in the damp, decaying, riotously fecund Northwest: the decomposition of dead things is what allows new life to grow. Why is Edward and Bella's romance accompanied by lush Northwest landscapes? Maybe it is because Edward is a *different* sort of monster. Vampires are undead, a death which feeds on life in order to obtain a semblance of life, an anti-ecology, a reversal of the nitrogen cycle. Edward struggles to reconcile this existential horribleness with his sense of morality. Bella, meanwhile, is attracted to his dark, freakish, supernatural strangeness. The dilemmas Edward and Bella face echo those of much of the art which engages the history and ecology of the Northwest landscape. What do you do if you love a monster? What if you are a monster, an ethical and moral creature who happens to be an abomination?

Perhaps the most obvious example is Mark Dion's *Neukom Vivarium*, a massive decomposing hemlock log parked inside a green-glass building. In an interview for PBS, Dion had this

to say about it: "In some ways, this project is an abomination. We're taking ... an ecosystem—a dead tree, but a living system—and we are re-contextualizing it.... We're pumping it up with a life-support system. So this piece is in some way perverse. It shows that, despite all of our technology and money, when we destroy a natural system it's virtually impossible to get it back." The *Vivarium* log is like the Beast from 'Beauty and the Beast', imprisoned in a magic castle, waiting for Belle to fall in love with him. How do you deal with an abomination? You imprison it (and it will become an abomination partly as a result of the imprisonment) and wait for love to redeem it.

If the *Vivarium* applies a wishful strain of romantic thought to the problems caused by the destruction of natural systems—a monster in a glass cage to prick our consciences—*Gas Works Park*, the public park designed by Richard Haag for the north end of Lake Union, is more pragmatic. This comment, from an initial environmental impact statement, gives a sense of the challenges Haag faced: "In the course of industrial, utility, mining, and forestry works [the land for the park] has been degraded, soiled, polluted, fouled, defaced,

continued on the next page

OFFENBACHER continued from page 2

made odious, besmirched, and clogged with filth." The site was an abomination. *Gas Works'* most striking features—the towering tanks, pipes, and walls left from the old gasification plant—are like the decomposing medieval churches John Ruskin cultivated an appreciation for in the mid-1800s. By preserving and studying these ruins he hoped to find a way to mediate some of the dehumanizing effects of the industrial revolution. The ruins at *Gas Works Park* evoke a powerful nostalgia for—and mark the passing of—a not-so-distant time, when the enormous resources of our natural environment were harnessed to build a great civilization.

That this harnessing did not come without great cost was address by the other part of Haag's plan, which called for "cleaning and greening" the site. This involved removing toxic sludge, mixing it with filler and stockpiling it in a huge burial mound; introducing microorganisms to digest organic waste, and plants to leech heavy metals and minerals out of the topsoil. This was one of the earliest attempts at bio-remediation, using the natural agents of decay and regrowth to set an ecological cycle spinning in a healthy direction. That this sort of remediation is imperfect is something I think Haag acknowledged in another great work, the *Bloedel Reserve* on Bainbridge Island. *Bloedel* is the site of an old logged second-growth forest, transformed by a timber industry family over the course of fifty-plus years into a series of bucolic gardens. Among Haag's contributions is a moss garden, where damp, lush, electric green mosses and lichens are set against massive, blackened, upturned tree stumps. You can see on the stumps evidence of the cuttings and lashings afflicted by long-ago logging machines. The mosses and the logs are delicately balanced between preservation and remediation.

Bloedel's mosses glacially devouring the evidence of clear-cutting, the tar which still occasionally bubbles up through the green lawn of the burial mound at *Gas Works*—these are clearly monstrous sites—but there is this sense that they are monsters struggling with their monstrosity. Haag wants to find a cure for the Beast's condition, but he is also suggesting we love him for his betweenness, his twilight struggle.

The symbolic and practical uses of decay, its productive and potentially redemptive force, seems to be on quite a few artists' minds these days. A few examples: Eli Hansen and Joey Picuch's show earlier this year at the Helm in Tacoma featured a variety of hand-blown glass stills, spiked with native plants and fungi, poisons, and stuff taken from famously disturbed Northwest sites ("soil from Lewis and Clark's Cape Disappointment camp site, concrete from Boeing plant in Everett"). This was an attempt at redemption by one of the oldest forms of useful rot: fermentation. Corin Hewitt's current show at the Seattle Art Museum also hinges on the redemptive power of vegetative decay, in this case in an attempt to remedy some of the toxic aspects of the culture of photography, art production and circulation. John Grade has been working in this territory, subjecting his sculptures to cycles of exhibition, decomposition in natural areas, and then exhibition again.

This interest in decay, industrial sites, and redemption is not a recent development. A painting by Emily Carr from 1935, *Scorned as Timber, Beloved of the Sky*, shows three crazily spindly pine trees rising over a clear-cut. They are almost all attenuated trunk, just a little cap of dark green vegetation at the top. The composition echoes traditional pictures of



Emily Carr: *Scorned as Timber, Beloved of the Sky*, oil on canvas, 44 x 27", 1935.

Golgotha, with Jesus hanging from one of three crosses. The closest tree almost spans the entire canvas' height, just left of the center; the other two recede in sharp perspective towards distant, glowing blue hills. The luminous rain-heavy sky frames the closest tree with the kind of radial-light-projecting-through-the-clouds bit that, growing up in Oregon, we used to call the 'god-light.' The ravages of heavy industry have passed, people and machines have hauled off everything useful. Left behind: the shunned, the freakish, the not worth taking. *Scorned as Timber* is not a picture of abomination in confinement, or abomination in remediation—it is a picture of survival because of abomination. This is a radical move. It says, in effect, forget Belle. This beast does not need to be redeemed.

I think it is significant that this proto-punk gesture by Carr does not depict a single survivor, but a small group. Survival as a freak requires community, or at least others nearby. This is something Morris Grave, Mark Tobey, Guy Anderson, et al. understood. They were bohemians, esthetes, pacifists, and gay. The gothic flavor of their work is an expression of the great alienation they felt in Skagit county in the 1940s and 50s. That many of them, like Carr, looked to the natural environment to find a way to talk about their situation should not be surprising; this commingling of insides and outsides, of

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OFFENBACHER continued from page 3

psychic and physical terrain—and, especially, of industrial and personal trauma—has been a consistent feature of art produced in our region. Graves' 1944 gouache *Bird Sensing the Essential Insanities* shows a flattened little owl in a submissive position, crouching on what might be a boulder, looking like it was just stepped on. A skeletal *Wounded Gull* from the next year is beginning to decompose on a tar-like shore. These birds have suffered grievous threats and injuries, but they survive. Eventually, in paintings like 1969's *Bird Experiencing Light*, where a very odd-looking bird is awash in a glorious mass of yellow, purple, magenta—they triumph.

Which lands me at the work which got me thinking about these things in the first place: Gretchen Bennett's show *Hello* last year at Howard House. Gretchen has consistently investigated notions of place, psychology, and the Northwest landscape. This is why some people were startled by these nine colored-pencil drawings based on video stills related to the band Nirvana and, especially, Kurt Cobain. Most of the stills were from old music video and concert footage posted on YouTube. A few were captured from the movie *Last Days*, Gus Van Sant's fictionalization of the end of Cobain's life. Gretchen made the drawings by projecting the images onto paper and working directly over them, trying to capture the luminous effects and odd distortions of the found video.

The drawings from *Hello* pull together many of the strands I've been talking about here, in an exceedingly delicate and direct way. What is the ethical approach to sites of industrial exploitation (imprisonment? remediation?). How might decay and rot be used as agents of redemption? How can you learn to love an abomination? How do you survive being an abomination yourself? Gretchen's innovation was to reverse the usual direction of landscape metaphor—the direction which Ruskin once called "the pathetic fallacy"—which projects the personal out onto the landscape, personifying the natural world. Instead, the *Hello* drawings project the landscape back onto the personal. They portray Cobain as a landscape, a landscape we all inhabit.

In *Have a Hangover*, Gretchen chose a moment where the camera was directed at Cobain standing directly in front of a stage light. The top half of the drawing is blasted with light; body, guitar and microphone are rendered by shivering halos, and distorted by concentric lens flares. The way Gretchen draws Cobain here, and in many of the drawings, has obvious parallels to Grave's birds and Carr's trees—the spectral god-light is in full glorious evidence. Also, like in Carr's painting, the *Hello* drawings depict a site of industrial exploitation (a music video is, after all, a commercial for a record company). There is a similar, peculiar combination of violence and hushed stillness. This is the moment after the violence is over. We are witnessing the survivors, triumphant and transcendent.

Gretchen Bennett: *Have a Hangover*, prismacolor pencils on paper, 22.5 x 30", 2008.

There is a tenderness to the drawings' fidelity to layers of distortion caused by cameras, and then the further decay caused by YouTube's compression algorithms. This tenderness is like Haag's at *Gas Works* and *Bloedel*. Gretchen is involved in the remediation of a former industrial site, searching for a remedy, a way to put decay and decomposition to work. The *Hello* drawings manage to simultaneously show the Cobain who was different, and scorned, and made art from that experience, and then, suddenly, improbably, with great force, became a very valuable industrial site, and then—in the end—and this is why there are images from *Last Days*—the ultimately devastating toll this exploitation took. In a typically subtle move, one which sent tingles up my spine when I realized it, the drawings were shown without glass in their frames. This act of opening up, of making vulnerable, is as clear a sign as any of Gretchen's desire to remediate the many layers of mediation between us and these images—to create a productive state of decay, to understand redemption as continued and ongoing struggle, and to recognize Cobain as the monster he was, as the monsters we are too. ♦

Notes

- My editor told me I'd be remiss if I didn't mention the archetypal good vampires Angel and Spike from the TV show *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*. For anyone with an interest in the theme of the redemptive power of love on vampires, these characters—especially Spike—are infinitely more complex and interesting creations than *Twilight's* Edward. The landscape they inhabit, however, is much more typically Gothic. ¶ The interview snippet with Dion is from a 2007 episode of the PBS television series *Art21* which focused on art and ecology. ¶ Surprisingly little has been written about Richard Haag's work. I've been influenced by an excellent essay Elizabeth Meyer wrote for a monograph edited by William Saunders: *Richard Haag: Bloedel Reserve and Gas Work Park* (Princeton Architectural press, 1998). The public comment from the Gas Works EIS was written by Benella Caminiti, as cited by Meyer. ¶ For more on Ruskin's idea of the Gothic, see chapter VI "The Nature of Gothic" from *The Stones of Venice* (1851-53). The terms he uses to describe Gothic architecture are: savageness, changefulness, naturalism, grotesqueness, rigidity, and redundancy. ¶ For more on the gayness of the Northwest School, see Matthew Kangas' "Prometheus Ascending: Homoerotic Imagery of the Northwest School," from his 2005 collection of essays *Epicenter*. ¶ That's it. Thank you for reading all the way to the very end.



RICHMAN continued

Nicholas' saturated hues represent an inclusionary desire. His palette is expansive and fearless, using every hue in the rainbow to create jittery, buoyant worlds that enter the eyes and head straight to the central nervous system. By juxtaposing high-contrast hues, and making each hue a distinct mark, he emphasizes the specific, unique quality of each color. At the same time, he emphasizes how color is interdependent and unpredictable, by combining these marks into complete compositions. This striving for individuality, within the framework of a collective purpose, reverberates throughout Nicholas' work.

This is perhaps most clearly demonstrated in the *Reticulums*, a series of watercolor paintings where linear matrices of paint stains bleed onto paper, recording a process which advances one colored mark at a time. The marks assert themselves, resisting sublimation into the overall matrix. Yet, the sole purpose of each mark is to be a part of the whole. In other words, the particular identity of a mark is contingent upon its place within the matrix. Nicholas' inclusionary desire is at the heart of this paradox. His longing is contradictory, striving to transcend the particular while maintaining the particular's particularity. The *Reticulums* rise—defying gravity by transcending the specificity of each colored mark—just as certainly as they "fall into color," into the pulsating differentiation of each hue.

While the gravity and grace of Nicholas' work is paradoxical, it is also synthetic, combining the immediacy of color, trust in his own intuition, and the internalization of multiple influences. In painting today, the question of influence is wide open, as contingent as color. This can be overwhelming, but also liberating. As Nicholas puts it in his artist statement, "we are playing with all of the cards." The trick is to accumulate, and play a good hand, so you don't have to bluff.

It is hard to bluff yourself and be true to your intuition. Intuition is not a wishy-washy sense; it combines memory, sensory experience, and knowledge to guide our understanding of reality. Being an intuitive painter means cultivating an awareness of an internal compass, and trusting that compass. Nicholas' process integrates years of mixing and juxtaposing color, the muscle memory of making marks, and knowledge of a host of artistic traditions. The work in *Nowhere, Anywhere, Everywhere* seemed particularly engaged in aspects of Asian art, such as scholar's rocks and notions of preparations.

Nicholas admires the philosophical aspects of preparation in Japanese and Chinese ink painting. Ink painters spent years observing the natural world and practicing gestural or calligraphic marks in order to distill its underlying essence. Such forms of preparation provide an invisible history that allows the artist to be fully in the moment that captures a honed, particular mark with the flick of a brush.

While preparation involves a refined distillation of the natural world, scholar's rocks come out of an animistic tradition and embody wild, unruly forces of nature. Scholar's rocks are stones that look like miniature mountains or caves. They were considered "bones of the earth," petrified incarnations of geological time and natural processes. Chinese poets, scholars, and monks used them as objects of contemplation, a means of connecting to a slower, natural state. Making paintings can involve a similar kind of contemplative relationship, giving life to an inanimate form, and inventing a space for the imagination to roam.

Some of Nicholas' sculptural paintings look particularly animated, like they got up and walked away from the wall. They sit around rooms or hang from chains like lovable mutants: part scholar's rock, part 1960s Formica countertop, part Matisse. The tactility of their lumpy forms, and the bright colors that adorn their hides, infuse them with the kind of life that can only be made by hand. Nicholas' synthetic, paradoxical desire somehow infuses their tangible forms with something intangible—call it personality, character, or spirit. This intangible force has also been called an aura. Like color, it has been dismissed, and even negated, in recent history. However, artists like Nicholas strive to fall nowhere, anywhere, everywhere—wherever it takes to bask in its saturated glow. ♦



WHITING TENNIS

This Head Mechanism

This head mechanism
ticks away like a lizard
whose cracked lips are licked dry,
as he regards the universe;
such is the tiny dead bird.
Meanwhile the couple argue
and afterwards the penis is levered
across her white belly,
lowered and inserted into the vagina.
She finds this sexy to say the least.
The bird is digested slowly within the lizard,
his eye staring down God
while calories rush and fizz in his brain.

LUNDGREN continued

There is a small amount of time when we are doing exactly what we want to be doing, rest of the time we are in a waiting room. And what exactly do you want to be doing? I want to be in your pants, and her pants and probably someone else that's just about to walk in that door. But there is an elaborate dance to it all, a whole spectrum of prescriptions for making that happen. Art is my bird song, my flower's pistil, an advertisement for sex, a mating ritual. She frowns and her chin flexes with golf ball divots. I make art to get into your pants.

She blushes and shifts her weight, one leg's Indian style, the other resting on the foot ring like a tightrope walker. She opens her mouth to speak and time freezes. I don't believe you. It's the truth.

You are a dog. Or a wolf in sheep's clothing, talking about art like it can save the world. It's all just a pick-up line?

It is all a pick-up line. Yes. An intellectual will stare into the heavens and ponder what they are to do in life. What pursuits are noble and wise? Ladies and gentlemen, we are here to fuck. We are here to puff up our chests and chirp and prance and starve and fight, hoping that we might get a little bit of action. That guy saving the rain forest: doing it for action. That physicist looking for dark matter: doing it for action.

She has a funny grin on her face. She is peeling the label off her beer, which is wet and surrenders without resistance. You see I like to fuck, like it quite a bit actually. But I think I am the opposite of you. I can fuck all day long. I can out-fuck you. But it isn't the end-all. It's like jogging, or going to the movies. She drains the last of her beer and pushes it forward, signaling to the bartender that she is ready for another. I fuck to get it out of my system. So I can focus on my work, which is making art. Screwing is just my morning cup of coffee—sometimes it even inspires—but it is not what I live for.

The man focuses on a flimsy rolling paper and some loose-leaf tobacco. He rolls a thin, tight cigarette and licks the edge with his lips. Instinctually she reaches for her purse and pulls out a Marlborough. They cover their drinks with black napkins and spin to their feet like synchronized swimmers.

They are outside, leaning against the building. Don't you ever watch Animal Planet, or the Wild Kingdom? His tightly rolled cigarette bouncing between his lips. Every insect, bird, tree, every virus and every bacteria has its own way of getting action, and they spend their whole life trying to do it. Think we are the only living thing on the planet that isn't wired like that? It's sewn into us like the gold stitching in your jeans. Laugh, sure laugh. It means I'm more than halfway there.

She stops laughing. Oh we are animals, but different than birds and bugs. We build telescopes because we are curious, we start wars because we are afraid, we write books because we want to be loved. Not for sex. Sure there are creeps and perverts, but culture is not an elaborate mating ritual, it's curiosity and creativity. A car drives by and honks. The male passenger sticks his head out the window in a drunken stare. She flicks her cigarette towards the speeding car.

Friend of yours? Fellow caveman? She steps inside and the man takes a deep drag before flicking his cigarette into the street. He finishes his beer standing up and orders another. I should just keep my mouth shut. Tell it how it is and all you get is a swift kick in the balls.

For revealing the man code? The secret truth? I'm not breaking your balls, I just don't think it's true. I think you do care about art, care about it more than you want to admit.

Sure I do. I care about art. But it will always come in second place. I want to be in your pants much more than I want to be in my studio.

Then you should have been a fireman.

Really?

Really.

The man takes a moment to think about it. Really?

Really. I mean, if you are only after action, couldn't you pick something better than art? It's not that good of a pick-up line.

Being an artist is about being honest. It is about examining this crazy world, testing it, peeling back some of the veneer of lies and insecurities and loneliness and guilt. It's about being the joker, the fool, the canary in the coal mine. It is, in my humble opinion, the most courageous thing a person can do. What good is the rain forest if we can't communicate, express ourselves, create beauty and culture? I'm an artist. I am here to tell it how it is, for better or for worse, the good with the bad. Even if it gets me in trouble. She opens her mouth to speak and pauses in thought, changes direction. You really do all of this for pussy?

He raises his glass to toast. Yes. To hell with intellectuals!

It's really too bad. Intellectuals turn me on. I thought you were one. She arches her back and stretches, pushing her breasts forward. He looks at her tits. ♦

La Especial Norte #4
Seattle, Washington, USA
June 2009

La Especial Norte features writing by artists and their friends in the Pacific Northwest. Critical, theoretical, narrative, essay, review, interview, manifesto, speculative, visionary, practical: pretty much any form of writing about visual art and artists.

#3 - Debra Baxter: Neutral Nude Part Two; Jeffry Mitchell: Thoughts on Roy McMakin's Purplish; Joey Veltkamp: It Began with a Chair ...; Susan Robb: Socialites, Scientists, and Big Leather Handbags; Emily Pothast: Fleeting Moments in an Infinite Flux; Jean Tinguely: Untitled Statement 1961. February 2009.

#2 - Dan Webb: I ♥ Public Art; Heide Hinrichs: Only There; Debra Baxter: Neutral Nude Part One; Adrian Piper: Cheap Art Utopia; Matthew Offenbacher: Black Fu Dogs. September 2008.

#1 - Joseph Park: Spokane Interview; Robert Smithson: Cultural Confinement; Gretchen Bennett: You and I Have Memories...; Matthew Offenbacher: The Underground Tour; Eli Hansen on architecture and pornography. April 2008.

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