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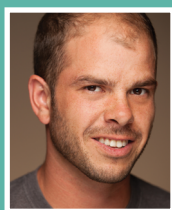




## ISSUE 8 ARTIST:

**W.S. Cranmore** (see page 18 for bio and contact information)

"Delicate Undefined Experience"  
W.S. Cranmore; canvas, 2019.



## EDITOR'S Note

ILLYA deTORRES

This issue has more dogs and cats in it than any before. Take it for what it's worth. Hope you'll still read this regardless of what side of the dog/cat aisle you sit on.

I'm enjoying this slow down. More time with my family. More time for relegated home projects. To those who are struggling, I hope you can find something to hold onto. Something that brings happiness into your lives. Something to feel proud of. Something that feels safe. Some silver lining.

Thank you, as always, for reading 99E.

## SUBMISSIONS

Are you an artist, writer, budding journalist or community resident in the Milwaukie, OR area? Is there something you'd like to contribute to 99E Magazine in the future? Please use the contact below to be considered for upcoming issues: [Illyadetorres@gmail.com](mailto:Illyadetorres@gmail.com)

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PRESENTS

# ART IN THIS MOMENT

Many art exhibitions scheduled to open this April were poised and ready when the COVID-19 “stay-home” order came down.

All over Oregon — and the world — art is hanging in galleries and museums alone with no audience.

*Art in Oregon*, a visual arts non-profit has been talking to artists and venues about what happens next.

Overall, many art shows will stay up and be pushed forward on the calendar to allow visitors to see the artwork once everyone is allowed out. However that’s not that simple for many art spaces. Shifting schedules means uprooting years of planning while suffering serious financial challenges.

Some art spaces like the [Chehalem Cultural Center in Newberg](#), Oregon are moving forward with an online exhibition [Our Changing Context: Initial Artistic Responses to COVID-19](#). They plan to open the show live online Monday April 20, 2020 if they receive a sufficient amount of new artwork created since the crisis began.

Not everything in the art world is on hold. Most artists we’ve talked to are finding solace in their studios. For those at home missing art experiences, we recommend diving into the local art podcast [Art Gab](#), which just posted it’s 20th episode. Hosted by sisters Ashley and Kendra Larson, with Christopher Buckingham as audio engineer and producer, most episodes feature interviews with Oregon artists talking about their art practice.

In the latest episode Ashley and Kendra talk with the Portland art power couple Eric and Tamara Dayton. Eric Dayton is the co-founder and chief creative officer at [SightWorks](#), as well as owner and curator at [Oranj Studio](#). Tamara Dayton is an owner and stylist at [Oranj Studio](#), a unique business hosting top notch art shows, providing cutting-edge hair styles, and showcasing international jewelry designers.

The podcast itself was started about a year ago with the idea to combine Kendra’s background in art and education with Ashley’s curiosity, humor, and style, to highlight art in an approachable way. They have had some great interviews with local artists, designers,

and curators including Jenna Lechner, Tammy Jo Wilson, Mark Takiguchi, and Tamara English.

Every once in a while they also cover art historical figures and politics, such as Episode 9 where they talk about Francis Bacon, Lucian Freud, themes of family, legacy, and the human condition. Their conversations are casual, yet thought provoking which makes them a fun listen.

Future episodes will include interviews with artists, curators, and critics from all over Oregon, so listen for more approximately every three weeks.





# BIRDS, BEES, MUSHROOMS, AND TREES.



If you've driven on 99E south of Milwaukie more than a few times, you have probably seen the colorful mural wrapped around multiple walls of [Mystery Gallery](#).



It features a landscape somehow fantastical yet grounded in very real features like mushrooms, bees, crystal formations, and burly conifer trees. It's a wonderful piece of work.

I'd seen the mural hundreds of times as I passed, but I just learned recently it was painted by Milwaukie's own Joe Riso, which makes sense after seeing his other,

smaller work. "I am very proud of the mural work I did at The Mystery Gallery," Riso says. "That got a lot of attention, and it was great to have some artistic freedom. When I first did that mural, I was not very experienced, and Doug Casey (R.I.P.) believed in me and gave me a chance, which led me to many other works. I am so grateful for that opportunity."

BY JOSHUA BAKER



Riso spent his early years in California, and says his earliest memories date to Monterey, California. “I would go fishing with my father, and he would scoop up massive loads of squid with a net. I remember my father telling me to hold his camera while he ran out to the beach to help push a beached whale back in the ocean. I remember the whale being massive compared to the people.” Such encounters with nature surely made an impression on Riso.

He spent grade school and part of middle school in Sacramento, where “sometime in 6th or 7th grade I knew I wanted to be a visual artist.” One day his art class took a field trip to the zoo. That day, he observed a fine art college student draw various zoo animals, and the experience inspired him. He learned a lot from watching her. Eventually, he moved to Oregon and attended Beaverton High School. “The whole time in high school my interests in painting and fine art grew. I ended up moving into my 1st studio apartment the day after I graduated. I had a job working for Nordstrom and Stanley Steemer cleaning carpets. I was still sure I wanted to be a fine artist but didn’t know how.”

The path to an art career would meander for Riso, first through community college and the Army, then the Art Institute of Portland, where he enrolled in 2001. There he studied media arts and animation, earning a Bachelor of Science degree in 2005. Concerned about becoming a starving artist, he got a job for Medical Media at the V.A. Hospital, where he modeled, animated, and worked on video productions.

“That led me to a fancy gig modeling and animating a 3-D Pancreas for a Weird Al Yankovic music video, (which) led me to work for Laika, where I did several contract jobs doing ink and paint work on animated commercials for about four years.” Around the time his son was born, Laika laid him off. The new father needed income, and Riso got a job cooking at Milwaukie’s Casa de Tamales. He would cook for a few other restaurants before he ended up on unemployment and used that opportunity to take a leap and become a working artist.

“Now I just want to create work that will demonstrate skill and provoke emotions (and) deep thoughts, and have that wow factor.”

Eventually, he began selling his work and teaching painting for a sip and paint business. “Between teaching, painting murals, commissioned work, and selling my own work, I somehow manage to make a living being an artist.” If that weren’t enough, he has also served on the Milwaukie arts committee, but there is still more to the man. He also loves bees.

Last year, Riso started working with bees, and he has become hooked. “Bees are a sign of a happy environment. I love plants and bees that help pollinate them. They are so fascinating! And honey—who doesn’t love that?” He has created many paintings which features bees and slices of their honeycomb hives.

Riso has an ambitious—and admirable—vision for the future. He hopes to own multiple businesses. Besides art, he wants to

start a non-profit helping urban beekeepers, and he also has envisioned starting an urban farm plant business.

As this article is going to press, Riso is set to commence work on a new mural in downtown Milwaukie on a wall behind Chase Bank. His most ambitious mural yet, it will measure roughly 50 feet by 25 feet. Not surprisingly, it will feature the natural elements that run throughout his work like birds, bees, mushrooms and trees on a landscape with a river and Mount Hood. The painter estimates the project will take a month.

Riso is working on a Bees in Milwaukie project, and he is asking for community support to help create more beehives in Milwaukie. If you would like to learn more or contribute to that cause, go to [Patreon.com/risoart](https://Patreon.com/risoart), where he points out that bees and their work are connected to most of what we eat. If you want to find more information about Joe Riso and his art, see his website at [Risoart.com](https://Risoart.com). You may not have noticed in the middle of Covid madness, but it’s spring, and the world is beautiful. Bees are going to get to work, and so is Joe Riso.



**That led me to a  
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and animating a  
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Weird Al Yankovic  
music video...**



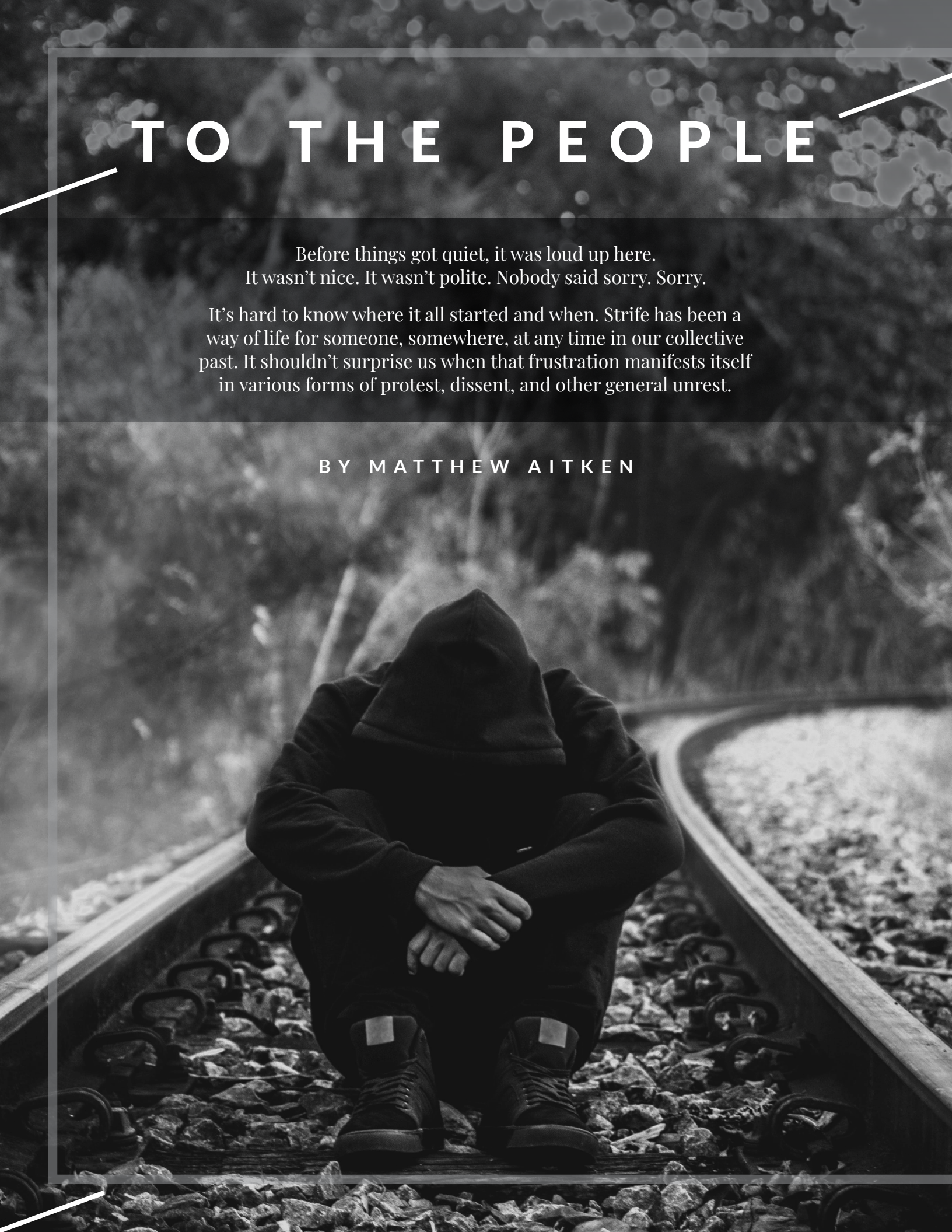


# TO THE PEOPLE

Before things got quiet, it was loud up here.  
It wasn't nice. It wasn't polite. Nobody said sorry. Sorry.

It's hard to know where it all started and when. Strife has been a way of life for someone, somewhere, at any time in our collective past. It shouldn't surprise us when that frustration manifests itself in various forms of protest, dissent, and other general unrest.

BY MATTHEW AITKEN





It all seems a bit foggy, but people were starting to realize that having your voice heard meant heading into the streets and disrupting something. France was hosting get-togethers in Paris every weekend. Hong Kong was a mix of revolutionaries and state-supporting combat police for months.

The political climate around the world was one in which the people had had enough. Enough austerity. Enough oppression. Enough of the continued eroding of the human condition. The sentiment was that the old way of doing things was no longer appropriate and some things have to change here.

For months, I waited for Canada's response. The global climate strike last September was a good start. But, like the overwhelming sense of fulfillment wrought by a thoughtful card given to one on a corporate holiday, the feeling of solidarity was fleeting. By the Monday after the strike, we were back in our cars, commuting, competing, getting ours.

The world hummed along, and in Canada, an oil company had a little dilemma, but a simple solution. It had a lot of dirty oil in the middle of the land, and it needed to get it to the sea so they could sail it to another part of the world. It just needed to build a little pipe to guide the oil to the sea. Easy.

But the hereditary chiefs of the Wet'suwet'en people said the company was not welcome to build the pipeline through their territory. The chiefs and their supporters built blockades on the roads in their territory to prevent the company's workers from reaching the pipeline route, the proposed locations of destruction.

The company petitioned the government. The government, like it has always done when it has a problem with the natives, called in the Mounties.

The Indigenous youth who live on the territory that their colonizers refer to as Canada supported the hereditary chiefs, and a movement was born: **#shutdowncanada**

Canada is not Hong Kong or France. People cannot simply amass somewhere to get their point across. You can't get thousands of people in an

outdoor mall next weekend. It's too costly. It's too far. It's a goddamn large nation.

But it does have connections. And that is what the Indigenous youth targeted and shut down. The railways. The intersections. The ports. It was a coordinated effort across five time zones and thousands of kilometers of space. People in Ontario who had never even been to British Columbia let alone Wet'suwet'en were out supporting the chiefs' belief that the plans for this pipeline were flawed.

The fight went on for months. The youth set up small camps on railways all across the country. A hundred and fifty years ago, that track flooded the youths' ancestors' homelands with Europeans and genocide. Now, in an overt act of poetic justice, the youth were using that track to put pressure on the Canadian government and economy to get the Wet'suwet'en chiefs an audience with their bullies.

The racists were enraged. Indigenous people and their rights have never meant a lot to the average Canadian, and those average Canadians were not shy about letting that be

known. Protests on commuter lines or in major intersections seemed to draw the most vitriol from Joe Canada. The inconvenience was great, they claimed. These protests, while against a gas company, and that's fine, should not impact little ol' me in the city.

The irony that someone's commute interrupted for one day of their working life being more inconvenient than the displacement of an entire people and then the continued subjugation of said people forever and always thereafter, is apparently lost on some people.

So the chiefs spoke with the representatives sent by the company and the government. They said it was a good discussion and they were going to have to keep talking about some of the details.

And then the world got a flu and had to take some months off sick.

So it's not over. Like everything else, it's just on hold.



**The irony that someone's commute interrupted for one day of their working life being more inconvenient than the displacement of an entire people and then the continued subjugation of said people forever and always thereafter, is apparently lost on some people.**



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SNIPPETS: FROM JASMINE PETTET

# Finding Comfort

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## Find comfort.

Walk down the sidewalk leaving grief in your wake. Wear soft clothing and comfortable shoes to work. Drink iced coffee and wash your hands in the hottest water. You're a tarnished thing today.

Find a recipe to make for dinner where you happen to have everything. Bright turmeric and starchy rice and whole cloves. Grief is a weather pattern around you. Loss is a language you don't know how to not speak today. Find comfort.

Watch Amelie in the dark living room. Is that when we all got obsessed with photo booths again? Swipe up the last of the sauce with a chunk of salty bread. Cry into the sink. Clean the cast iron pan. Your joy and your sadness stretch in every direction. Everyday is different. Crack your knuckles. Go to bed.

Find comfort. Find comfort. Find comfort.

Find comfort.

Take a long shower and shave your legs because fuck it, why not. Sit outside with the crows

swooping at the bits of garbage in the street.

Spend an hour every day looking at fancy handmade ceramics online for the day when you eventually have the open kitchen shelving you dream of.

Eat cold pizza for breakfast. You're a quiet miracle. You're a sneaky sense of creaking hope or disappointment or a looming headache or all of the above. There's nothing wrong. This is fine. This is doable.

Fill the bird feeder. Wash dishes again. You're pale skin. You're bruised knees.

Find comfort. Find comfort. Find comfort.

You have to find comfort.

Sit at the kitchen table for longer than you mean to, staring out the window at the rain and the birds and the garbage bin you keep meaning to put back. Practice breathing slow and deep. Drink coffee all day. Eat pie for breakfast. Time is a construct. Wipe the counters down again. Recognize that your brain is a little more settled today.

Make dinner with the vegetables that are starting to look melancholy. Why did you order so much broccoli? Eat it at the table while staring at your friends faces doing the same thing on the computer screen. This is fine. This is sustainable. Listen to the rain. You never know what's coming. Drink more water.

Find comfort. Find comfort. Find comfort.

You gotta find comfort.

Stay in bed for ages. Almost get up but then... meh. Don't.

Make savory waffles. Sit on the front steps to wait for the mail. Take slow deep breaths. How do you find comfort? These are strange days. Settle down. This is okay. See how it all plays out.

Make martinis with your in-laws. Laugh but turn away. Feel overwhelmed by gravity and consequences. You're amazing. You're a champion. You're doing the best you possible could. You're a sweetheart. You're a darling. Late at night, maybe he'll call you and you run outside to watch raccoons sneak



through the trees. You're a miracle. This moment is temporary. Shiver in the neighbors lawn and watch their eyes burn in the darkness. You're doing it right. Here you are. Let's fucking go.

Find comfort. Find comfort. Find comfort.

I suppose what you have to do is find comfort.

Sit on each piece of furniture one by one. Lead your first virtual meeting. Stare at the greedy squirrels out the window. Find comfort.

There's no right way to do anything. Get in bed at 4pm and stay until 5pm. Make jackfruit tacos and listen to Mac Miller and forget to drink water. Talk to the neighbor for a minute from like 30 feet away. Tell a story. Make popcorn. Read the news but also don't read the news. Eat popsicles in bed. Wash your hands. You're doing your best even when your best is sort of ugly.

Find comfort. Find comfort. Find comfort.

Comfort.

You have to find comfort.

Cry all afternoon in a strangely empty room. Let your toes get cold without fixing it. Find comfort.

Light a fire in the backyard even though it's raining. Watch *Schitts Creek* with your hood up. Eat grilled cheese sandwiches again but with different cheese



**There's no  
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Talk to the  
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minute from like  
30 feet away.  
Tell a story.**



and this time, dipped in ketchup. Eat broccoli dipped in blue cheese.

Notice a new flower on the barely making it plant. Listen to the trains pass. Pace the house. Don't be selfish.

Find comfort. Find comfort. Find comfort.

What I figure right now is that you should just seek comfort. If it doesn't hurt anyone, and it brings you comfort, fucking do it.

Eat grilled cheese sandwiches, yell at the robot to play the top songs from 1999, re-watch *White Collar*, wear pajamas, feel so angry and sad and distrustful you could choke, walk the dog in a tank top so you get so cold, eat Popsicles in bed, drink whiskey, cry into your hands.

Find comfort. Look for comfort. Eat chocolate. Don't wear a bra. Sink into nostalgia. You'll sleep later. You'll do the right thing later.

Find comfort. Find comfort. Find comfort.

Find comfort.

And sometimes, allow yourself to not be able to find comfort at all.

The snacks and the fizzy water and the deep breathing and the squirrels chattering in the trees and sunlight beaming on your face and washing your hands again and pushing on your temples and texting with old friends and loud music and your pink plant lights... sometimes they don't work. Sometimes you have to just sit in discomfort. And it won't last forever. Nothing ever does.

Find comfort. Find comfort. Find comfort.

Later.

# Pieces of People: *Feeling Grateful For...*



## Elizabeth Mitchell

- Unconditional love from a person that once said (and continues to say), “I do”.

- The butts my cats stick in my face to show they trust me.
- Keeping in touch with friends all over the world through video chats.



## Kelly Wallace

I’m grateful for my cats, Starboy and Moonboy, the books from the

little free library I now have time to read and my bike.



## Kaj Jensen

I’m grateful for community (near and far), for the way we’re showing up for

each other when our institutions are failing to do the right thing.

I’m grateful for the unprecedented number of ways we have to bridge the distances between us right now, and the generosity with which some of these tools are being offered.

I’m grateful that, even though we have not always done right by our planet, beautiful spaces, blue skies, gorgeous sunsets, and open water continue to abound Chitra says:



## Chitra Subrahmanyam

Lance was and is the best friend I’ll ever have. He was so sweet

and funny and loving, for my mom in particular. When my mom and dad

would fight, he would come over to her and paw at her shoulder to get them to stop yelling and fighting. I got a tattoo of his paw print on my arm, near the spot where he would put his snout when he hugged me. He brought all of us together and I will miss him forever. There’s no easy way to wrap that up—I just will.

I think it was Adam Pasi who said it during a *Telltale* set, that grief isn’t like something you get over. It’s like when you lose a limb; you never get over it. You just learn to walk with a limp. Now things are just different. That’s how I feel. I am grateful for having had that kind of connection in this life, and for the ones I hold now.

For home-cooked Indian food, for finding the right song on a rainy day, for hands to play music, and for ears to hear it with. And for *Telltale*. Jasmine rules.



## Maya McOmie

Thankful to have friends to text, that I am lucky and still have a job and healthcare,

that I have crafts and other things to keep me occupied and can feed myself and that spring is here, even if we can’t see that much of it.



## Lisa Qyoo

- Fresher air due to less traffic
- Longer walks with my best pal, Leo

the dog, and my husband Josh

- Realignment of global priorities in light of the virus



## Amanda Ferrat

I am grateful for: compassion and how I’m seeing more of it despite

these challenging times.

I am grateful for the sunshine. It allows me to sit outside with Ludo and not feel captive in my home.

Third, I am grateful for technology that allows me to see faces and join in community virtually. The last two offer me hope and faith that I won’t backslide into my horrible social anxiety and agoraphobia as I keep my physical distance from other people.



## Kat Roseann

I am grateful for my family (my baby boy, partner, my parents and sister),

my job that allows me to work remote, and sunshine!



## Denise Baker

Sunshine, food, blankets.



## Heidi Price

I am grateful for my strong, healthy body, learning to trust my gut, and

having amazing friends that support me



## Bryanna Beano Pyle

I am grateful for: great friends, beautiful music, and all the snacks.





### Amanda Osborne

I am grateful for my friend's and family's health, I am grateful I have a home that I am safe in, I am grateful that I have these two.



### Theodore Frey

I'm grateful for my friends, my family (spouse, dog, lizard), and my job.



### Emily, aka Ebradach on Instagram

I am grateful for food in my pantry, friends and family that I can FaceTime/call/text/email, my snuggly pup for bringing so many laughs to our household. I am grateful for friends that introduced me to *telltalepdx* and all the brave souls that share their magic. Looking forward to getting back into Chapel Theatre and bringing new friends along!



### Poppy Sound

Stuff I'm grateful for: my kiddo and how weird she is; my community and how they show up for anyone in need; and the fact my heart is still open and not jaded despite having every reason for it not to be.



### Dog

I am grateful for:

- Water
- Fetch
- People.

• People who play fetch with me in water.



### Sydney Rohrs

I'm grateful for a body that can move itself on a bike through the forest filled with

moss and lichen and ferns and huckleberries. And for hands that can pick those berries and add them to oatmeal in the morning. I'm grateful to have someone to drink coffee with in the woods as we shiver, crawling out of our tent. And someone to share a life and a home and a love with. I'm grateful for the power lines that connect us all, here and there, near and far, so that we may have community even now.



### Jenn

I'm grateful for everything, as always. COVID-19 has not changed that for me. Well, that's not

true. I'm more conscious of my gratitude for my health these days.

I'm grateful that I'm still working full time. I'm in healthcare and have more than enough work to do right now and I'm keenly aware of that privilege.

I'm grateful for signs of kindness and gestures of care that I continue to see. They are all around and that fills me with optimism for positive ways our world will change through this shared experience.

I'm grateful for my dog (pictured here) Poppy D Pirate. Without him I have no being to hug and that would make physical distancing just too hard to manage.



### Heather Jeanie

- Herbal tea
- Steam showers
- Sleep in snugs



### Jessie Miller

I'm grateful for

- The ability to grow a new life in this time of such loss

- Cadbury Mini Eggs
- Planting random vegetables throughout the yard to find as they bloom through the rest of the year.



### Claire Anderson

I'm grateful for this bike, and the body that lets me ride it, and the work I ride it to where

I get to keep providing essential services to vulnerable people, and the bomb person who sold it to me (from a safe distance) so my car-less self could keep showing up.



### lrlptrs on instagram says:

I'm grateful that I can still ride 20 miles a day even though I haven't ridden in years. It feels so good.

I'm grateful for my backyard. I kinda thought I'd never be able to have this, and spending hours in it every day has made me realize how grateful I am for everything that has led me here.

I'm grateful for the perspective shift that has finally let me get a glimpse of what forgiveness means.



### Chelsea Rocket on instagram

I'm grateful for my plants, that give me something to take

care. For my autonomy that allows me to use up my time and space in the methods of my choosing. And for the straggler ants in my kitchen, who remind me the world is vast and abundant.



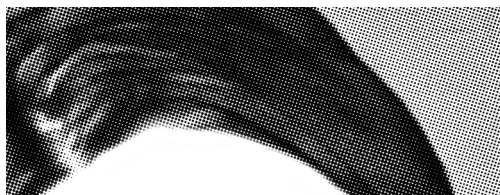
### Courtney Sound

- My ability to experience all 5 senses.
- Every kind of plant.
- Security I have worked

hard for in many different ways.

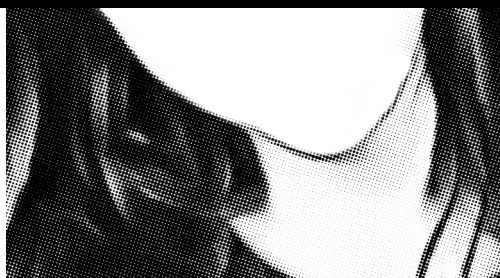
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## HEALY'S HIJINKS

PROCRASTINATION STATION IS THE NAME OF MY GAME. I LIVE LIFE ON THE EDGE. ALWAYS. I'M LIVIN' THE HARDCORE PARCOUR OF LYFE.



# Healy's Q Dayz Diarangus

**Q:** A letter that I did not cover yet in my Kindergarten IRL course.

*(Edit to add: great, I just realized that in 1st grade my students won't be able to properly get down on a jolly round of The ABCs during the slappin morning circle time if we don't cover all the lettz!)*

**Q:** Also short for "quarantine".

The following is my My Q Dayz Diarangus covering some of the last dayz. I just need to say that I have a conference call on Tuesday. I'm just adding this in here to help me remember. Oh, and I have to go into my classroom at noon on Monday. (edit: I need to say don't forget to go into my classroom again tomorrow at gam to gather shizz since we are offish not going back now.)

Sorry. This Q lyfe has got me feeling scatterbrained. The diarangus helps me keep track.

BY HAPPY TRAILS HEALY

## Today

It's a Saturday. And I confirmed this with my friend who agreed it is Saturday. Earlier I was alone, just sitting and staring, a new hobbz of mine, and I saw a hunched over demon when I glanced out the window. It was Michael Meyers style staring into the living room. Stoic a.f., and def evil.

I could feel it watching me and I got chills that were multiplying. I was losing control. The power it was supplying was electrifying. I had to confront the fear. Most people would not be able to be as brave as I was in that moment. (Edit: Let's just think about that before we move on. Think about how brave I really was. I mean, would you confront your dangus demon or would you let the demon confront your dangus?)

As I confronted my demon head on through the window, safely behind the blinds, kinda hiding, I noticed it was a plant. But, honestly I'm not convinced.

## Day before Saturday/Friday

Just backtracking here. I forgot to say that I saw a corral full of toy horses in a yard. About ten of them. Intentionally placed. No kids live in this house. I hear that the horses move around, so I can't wait to check that out.

## "I Lost the Feeling in my Finger" Day

I can't feel anything down half of my index finger. I was cutting more than my little hand had ever cut before, with apparently the world's dullest knife (don't tell the boss I said that. He thinks his knives are great. Survey says...nope!), and my finger just dipped out of a tough sitch, 45 billionchops later. Just said "fuck this" and went numb. Sharp knives

save lives. If I never get the feeling back I think I'll get that tattooed on my finger. (Edit: It's still numb. Still considering that tat.)

## The Cat Tat Day

I wish Pigeon (my cat) and I (me human) could get matching tattoos. But I was just inspired by some great Q reading to do my makeup like Pigeon. I've been really wanting to do this since a few minutes ago, which is a lifetime in Q speak, but I don't know if I'll have time.

I need to go to the store to buy ant bait and a lint brush. Just jotting that down as a little reminder for me. I've been forgetting things easily. It feels like the Q is all that's left of my IQ... I have an eyeshadow palette that has some browns and a shimmery white, and I have eyeliner for black details... I am brushed up on my art skillz from painting along with Bob Ross days before this one right now, and I have my cat IRL and thousands of photos of her on my phone, so I have everything I'll need to create the look.

Gotta go. I'll continue this as the story of the Q times unfolds. Off to the ant bait lint roller store... and time for pants and a bra.

Update. Nailed it, and impressively I fricken finally completed the 10 squats challenge with my cat, but leveled the frick up and did it as a cat. Never have I felt more alive than I did tonight when I became Pigeon's twin. It honestly was a lot easier and felt way more natural than I thought it would to become her with makeup. I'll probz start a youdangustube channel soon by pops demand so you can get the look, too.

## Night

I'm taking myself on a nighttime



stroll tonight and bringing my diarangus with me...

Just a second ago I was standing "alone" in the park, and I saw a person walk by. I turned to say hello, but realized it was actually caution tape blowing in the wind, surrounding the playground, banning children from play... And all this feels extra melancholy, but also, like, artistic a.f. ... sort of like I'm in a sad movie, or a basic Netflix documentary about the virus, because I'm listening to the new all instrumental NIN album right now. I can feel the ghosts of playtimez past.



Now I'm on the top of a little grassy hill after I took a beach vacaysh in the abandoned volleyball sand pit, enjoying the last bit of sunset. I'm alone, no air quotes, because I think I'm actually alone now... it's starting to get dark... Actually I am starting to feel "alone"... I think someone might be watching me. NIN is getting a little eerie and dark, naturally setting the mood for this made for Lifetime horror flick I'm about to star in. I'm going to leave, but first I'm going to say goodbye to my new little caution tape friend.

... Well wouldn't you know it, two non Q code kidz dangus ripped him down to swing on his

delicately cautioned off swings. RIP little caution tape friend, you tried.

Today (again, but a different one than before).

It's actually Saturday again, imagine that. Same old, same old. In the last week I've learned I will most likely be uploading viral worthy content for my Kindergarten crew, which obvz means I am going to probz become internet famous\*. At least that was my takeaway from my 90 minute virtual staff meeting last Tuesday that I surprisingly remembered to make it to, by the way. That means I'll be rich A.F. with all that viral vid money rolling through with my meowtube channel on top of the virus money we might get in the mail.

My students and I left on letter K, so I'm thinking I've got to get on recording some ABC tracks that slap. And I have to say, making phone calls out to the famz was nice. I was in the zone, calling for hours straight, but halfway through I started feeling like I was on the set of a reality show and people were watching me make these phone calls. I noticed myself hamming

it up for imaginary cameras as I psyched myself up to make each call... making phone calls used to be anxiety town. I couldn't order a prizza on the phone without fully prepperoning the conversation before I called. Now I'm the star of my own show.

\*Note to self: My students will be instructed to like and share for extra credit, and better believe that if Ms. Healy doesn't become internet fame, they will get marked down on the report card under "demonstrates respect for adults."

### Edit Day

Day 45 billion into the Q, my dingus Q boi toy made his very own built-in shelves in the bathroom, I'm editing this bad boi (slaps computer) and I've got my website launched for my virtual homeskool debut. We're both really becoming our best selves. My biggest challenge I face right now is I can't decide if I should run my first Googz Hangz with my Pigeon face or not. Basically that's the cliffhanger I'm going to leave for you. I need to go watch my boi play his vid gamez and get some snuggz now, obvz the best part of the Q. ■



# ROGUE PACK Storytelling THEATRE

The following are writings from one of Rogue Pack's programs that meets weekly at Willamette Center for homeless women. This is a departure from our usual youth classes. But they are underserved and marginalized, so we can fill a gap where these beautiful souls are able to express their hardships and happiness.

## About Rogue Pack Storytelling Theatre

**Rogue Pack** provides free storytelling theatre workshops for underserved youth. Our mission is to create a community where youth transcend social barriers by taking ownership of their stories through theatre arts. Rogue Pack's staff of theatre professionals guide them in writing their unique stories and then aid them in developing and devising a script through writing and performance workshops in script creation, organization, editing, directing, scene design, theatre tech and the rehearsal process.

**Rogue Pack** has been serving at-risk, disconnected and low-income youth for 7 years at Title I schools, residential treatment centers, detention centers, in DHS/ foster care, for homeless and those who experience mental health issues and disabilities.

Theatre workshops allow these communities to be heard by the larger community, breaking down barriers of isolation, fostering understanding and acceptance. Rogue Pack brings underserved youth from all over Portland and provides a space for them to perform their powerful stories. The Portland-Metro community witnesses these and becomes aware of their struggles and potential.

## About Transition Projects and Willamette Center Shelter

Since 1969, **Transition Projects** has been a place where people with nowhere to go can find support and receive life-changing assistance. They aid Portland's most vulnerable populations in finding housing, employment and other resources that can be lifesaving.

The **Willamette Center Shelter** is one of several shelters created by **Transition Projects**, for up to 120 adults that offers safety off the street and connections to housing and services to help support people experiencing homelessness regain stability, connect to essential support services, and access permanent housing.

Rogue Pack founder and Executive Director Ann Singer facilitates writing workshops every Tuesday at the Center. *These groups have been postponed indefinitely because of COVID-19. They wanted to share their stories.*

I am a sparkling  
cracked half glass  
of empty crystal  
champagne.

My time of celebration  
in my life has run a  
course to nowhere.

I chilled a full bottle of  
Crystal Champagne to  
cheer in life's successes  
that were dead ends.

I cried until my nose ran  
and eyeliner smudged up  
a mess all over my face.

I drop my crystal glass,  
which caused a chip and  
flawed my character,  
leaving my life essence  
like the champagne  
I drink to grow flat  
and half-empty inside  
my broken glass that  
resembles my heart.

Now the party's over—  
I'm left with a huge mess,  
feeling too tired to clean.

Giving up is not who I  
ever was but lately it's  
how I feel I'm becoming.

All my friends have left  
the scene and in a dark  
home, I sit all alone.

My next life challenge is  
to pack up and move...  
or throw it all away  
and rebuild.

On the beach, I see me  
go to walk on bare feet  
in the sands looking  
for those footprints I  
can't see, next to mine.

— By CW





**I'm from a place** where moose  
fill the potholes with their  
droppings. These are polite city  
moose, doing the city a service.  
The potholes are monstrous  
because winter lasts 6 months.  
The moose charge for their  
services with the best fruits and  
vegetables from the gardens  
of unsuspecting citizens.  
Stingy citizens have fences tall  
enough to deter the moose.

I feel like a city moose myself.  
Not skittish like the deer in parks  
around here. I cross sidewalks  
slowly. Cars don't want to hit me.  
I am big which is my protective  
armor. Little people get hit by  
cars. Skittish squirrely people  
also get hit. However, I plod  
deliberately through the city.  
Turning my head deliberately,  
noticing everything without letting  
others know I notice. And like the  
moose I am looking for vegetables  
and bull moose all over the city. I  
am the city moose in Portland. It  
is hard to fill the potholes though.

The moose is my totem animal.  
But what does that mean? Do  
I pray to the moose as I walk  
through the city? Not really. Is  
there an ancient call that instinct  
forces me to follow? Perhaps, but  
how could I know? The animal  
is just a model of security: in  
the cold, around people, ways to  
survive. Perhaps I was a caveman  
once who survived on moose.  
Perhaps I am a moose, but like  
everyone's lap dogs, I think I'm a  
person. The moose comforts me.  
I suppose we are just compatible  
creatures. I just wish I could figure  
out how to attract a bull moose.

— By Katherine

**I'm from love,** and I know that because love  
is an unobservable constellation.

A constellation as rare as Hailey's Comet.

The mystery of my origin is shrouded by the great mystery of all.

But who is not thus?

The great wheels of the clock that we are stuck  
inside; those wheels we watch, thinking we know  
what the time is and what comes next.

But nay!

We know the order of things no more than a  
doughnut knows the flavor of its filling.

Our time, our life, our purpose, all can never be truly known  
If we are honest.

— By Katherine



**A good day** is when no one  
is yelling, arguing,

all is great in meeting me and  
my husband's needs.

Our friends are happy and the weather  
isn't hot nor extremely cold.

When the sunshine in yourself  
shines out to others and they in  
return shine (a smile) back.

A good day is when I say the same  
back to you without being mean

or just outright ignoring you.

Treating you as a subhuman.

**By CS.**

### **Favorite Place**

Escaping the heat of the day I walk down my favorite  
small trail down my favorite small creek. Luck would  
have it that I have the spot all alone. Alone except for  
the ducks swimming and the squirrels swinging.  
And there are lonely birds in the treetops warbling  
their credentials, grateful to have an audience.  
Not to be outdone, the stream run-s noisily into  
its curves. Fueled by the trickle of the mountains  
melted bounty.

If there were joggers, they would be breathing too  
heavily to hear all of the tiny creatures moving in the  
tall grass. If there were bikers, they would be moving  
too fast to see the tiny little green insects crawling  
across the path. If there were dogs, they would be  
envious of the attention all these lesser creatures reap.

I sit on the bench and absorb as much secret mirth  
as I can. I don't even miss that I have no view  
of mountains or waterfalls.

**By Katherine de la Forest Savage**

**Today I hugged a woman**  
who was high on heroin.  
If not for what I've been  
through in the last 11  
years, this would never  
have happened. Once  
upon a time, I was a  
very judgmental and  
critical person. I had high  
standards for myself and  
I expected others to be  
up to the same standards.  
Failure was never  
something to be excused.  
This resulted in years of  
self-punishment and being  
hard on others. Addicts  
definitely would have fallen  
into the failure category.

But because circumstances in my  
life have humbled me, broke me  
down to my most basic element and  
forced me to see others who are  
not like me for who they really are.  
I've been able to let go of negative,  
critical judgement of others and  
recognize where a person is in his or  
her journey. I can feel compassion  
for and enjoy another person who  
is deeply flawed because the flaws  
recede when I actively look for the  
good qualities. Even now, being in a  
low-barrier shelter, I enjoy people  
who would never have measured up  
to my past standards of behavior.  
And because of this, tonight I hugged  
a heroin addict and saw her for the  
beautiful woman she really is.

**Inspired by a Quote by Dr.  
Elizabeth Kubler Ross:**

*"The most beautiful people we  
have known are those who have  
known defeat, known suffering,  
known struggle, known loss, and  
have found their way out of the  
depths. These persons have an  
appreciation, a sensitivity, and  
an understanding of life that fills  
them with compassion, gentleness,  
and a deep loving concern."*

**By B.**



**Maybe** I don't deserve to be  
alive when so many worthy,  
dynamic and deserving people  
die before their time.

Why was I ever born?

I don't want to take up space on  
this earth. I wish and want to die as  
I have since I was a young child.

30+ suicide attempts,  
several near lethal.

And I still haven't made it reality.

**By J.**

I felt my world crash when  
you left. I felt abandoned.

But God was ready for you.

I saw you in the hospital and begged  
you not to go, but somehow I knew  
you were going to be with God.

I miss you more and more  
each passing day.

I know I can't call you whenever I  
have a question or just to chat.

Even still, I talk to you and I  
know you're there some way.

Somehow you are there.

**By Shaundia**







**My whole life  
I never took  
the time to get  
to know me.**

**Only when  
I began  
creating art  
did I become  
acquainted.**

## COVER ARTIST BIO

# W.S. Cranmore

I believe there is a voice in each of us that goes unheard. That voice is our true self. As I create, I clear my head of noise and clutter and allow that voice to guide the creative process. I tune in to images, memories, and sounds from the subconscious, I listen to the story being told and work to bring it out onto canvas. Through this process of self-connection, I feel my work is an honest representation of who I am.

**“I am happy to say that  
“*Our Lady Of The Signal*”  
will now hang on my wall  
and I will share my day  
with the work of W.S.  
Cranmore.”**

— Elvis Costello;  
Singer/Songwriter

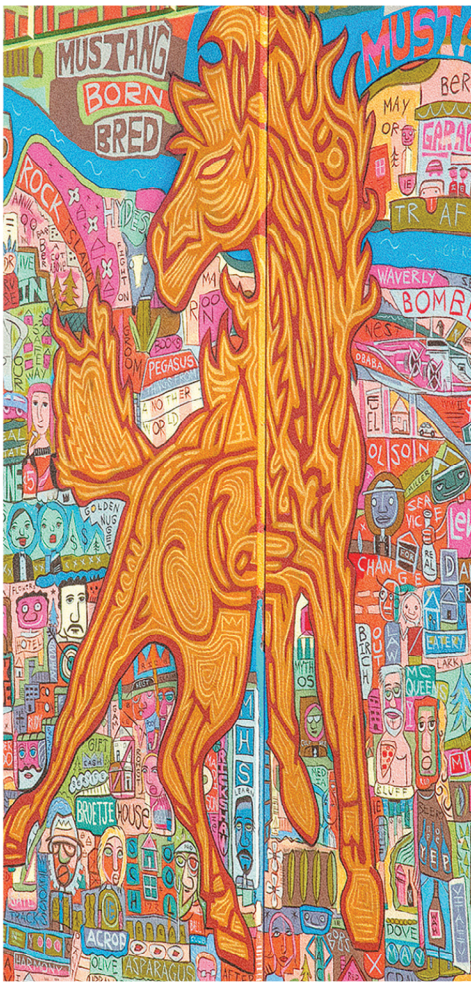
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➤ <https://marcel.pt/w.s.cranmore>     [@w.s.cranmore](https://www.instagram.com/w.s.cranmore)     [@wscanmore](https://twitter.com/wscanmore)

**“W.S. Cranmore has an amazing sense for composition and color. He presents us with beautifully designed images that are, not only inspiring, but reminiscent of architecture, industrial design, modern day technology, and computer motherboards. With a great awareness of contemporary art, these images display a masterful control, and, are always exceptionally intriguing.”**

— Lorena Malm;  
Curator at Affinity Art Group; Artist





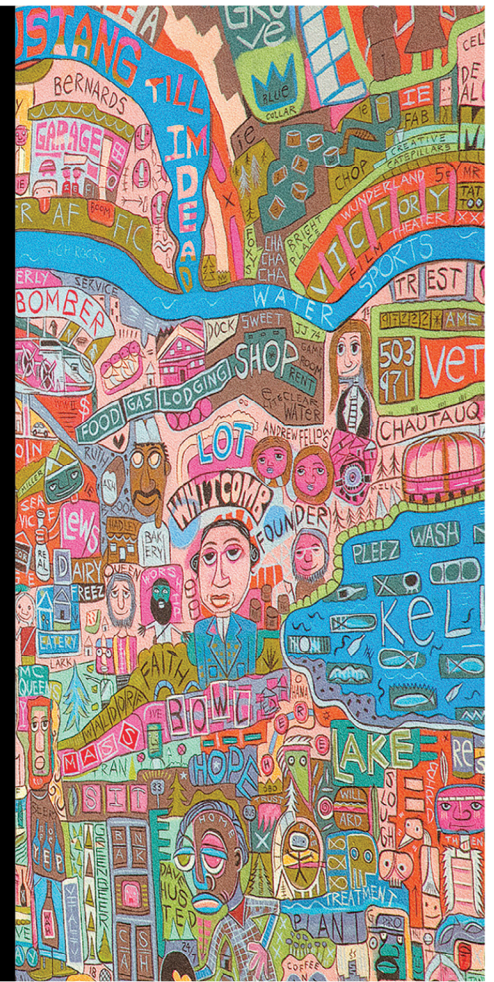
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Cover art: "Our Lady Of The Signal," (2019).  
Mixed media; 24 x 18 in.

