





SUBMISSIONS

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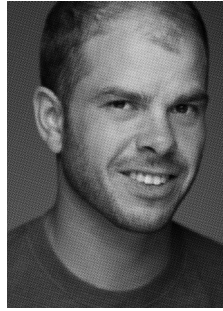
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COVER ART

By Kami Jeanne Atwood

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WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SAW A LIVE PERFORMANCE?

I recently had the pleasure of watching TriptheDark's new production, *A Little Less Human*. It ran for three weeks in April at Chapel Theatre. I'll admit I am biased, given that my wife is one of the co-directors of the company. But it was an amazing show. The dancing, the story telling, the music, the acting. It was all... I really stopped and thought about what I was watching.

Have you ever done that? Stopped and took it all in? A group of people get together to create something. People with full time jobs. People with plans. People with memories and regrets and a history.

These people take time away from their families and friends and jobs to bring us, the viewers, an experience. They bring all their energy and passion, their courage, and their creativity. And they leave it all on the stage. And we get to take a little piece of that home with us.

It's a beautiful thing.

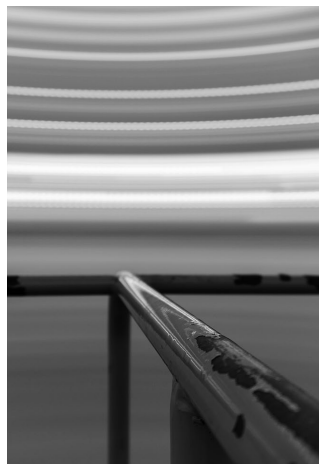
No matter the caliber of work. No matter the production value. No matter the material or art form. If you take a minute to really think about what you are watching, and recognize what went into it, its truly beautiful.

THOUGHTS ON...THOUGHTS OFF

BY JARK

*An attempt to understand the process of a simple existence
through a flowing river of rant and observation...*

As I enjoyed a fantastic day in the park with my daughter, I was struck once again (probably since last the sun visited) at how undeniably awesome springtime is in this fine city we inhabit. I'll admit, when the kids asked me to push the merri-go-round my first thought was to push it so fast they would all be flung afar and aflounder. They think they're so cool and brave yelling, "Faster! Faster!" I still contend that thing has never spun faster (parents were recording the carnage with their phones.) But all survived and we moved on to the swings. I'll remind myself of this moment when the bright, warm ball of happiness



disappears once again to leave us in a cold and dark existence. I'll remind myself that the joy in my belly, as the spring breaks and hope springs eternal, comes forth with such force BECAUSE of the winter solitude... And maybe if I try hard enough, I can store enough of that to last all winter, and remember I have neighbors — even maybe learn to give snow a chance. Maybe. All things being equal the sun is where it's at and my daughter wishing it snowed every day is about as ridiculous as all those kids thinking they can keep hold when I step up to push the merri-go-round. But like them, I also will try.

WISH HEART

BY GEOFF
WISHART

Some of the earliest memories I have are of family gatherings. My cousins and I would band together and form little production companies: spending our time designing elaborate showcases we would perform for our parents that evening.

The jungle gym served as our stage; work lamps from the garage would be the lights. The performance would have group numbers and soloists alike, and we lip-synched for our lives way before mainstream America had already done had hers.

Of course our parents would play along: feigning marvel at our performances and shower us with applause and adulation. With construction flood-lights twinkling in my eyes, I was hooked at an early age. Fast forward my montage through dance competitions as well as cruise-ship extravaganzas, and I'm nearing the end of almost two-decades of dance teaching and coaching.

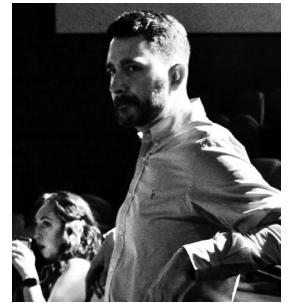
As rewarding as it may have been watching kids grow and develop an appreciation for dance while under my tutelage, artistically it felt like a double edged sword. It wasn't until near the end that I knew why: my time teaching kids was generally geared towards getting them prepared to compete. No matter what I chose to do, no matter how much enjoyment my students got out of it, in the end it was going to be up to a person who is hired (generally) to find fault; a judge. The end consumer of my artistic expression was someone that I didn't know—or care—about.

I branched out, looking for something new. A friend of mine was working on a project that she needed a male dancer for, which led me to start working with local theater groups. I worked mainly in the popular genre of reimagining nostalgic movies while soundtracking them to popular music of the era.

It was inspiring to see people take their idea, refine it, gather a group of people who wanted to perform it, rent a space, and just make that idea happen. No one's approval was needed; one just had to have the guts and the drive to put their creativity out there (well, and enough people in the end to keep the lights on). This opened up a world of possibilities for me.

When creating my first show, "Wish Heart," I went in with the mentality that it could be my one and only show. I felt like I needed to pay homage to what dance had done for me, and mark the end of my dance, as a competitive sport, journey. In several ways the show was autobiographical, and every dancer that I asked to be in Wish Heart defined a time frame in my dance life. I'm so grateful for those dancing friends of mine who believed in me enough to take a chance on the possibility of looking a fool in my first show. It turned out to be exactly the show that I wanted to see.

"Wish Heart" sold out its run, the audience and the cast had a great time, and people actually contacted me to ask to be considered for my future projects. I was blown away.

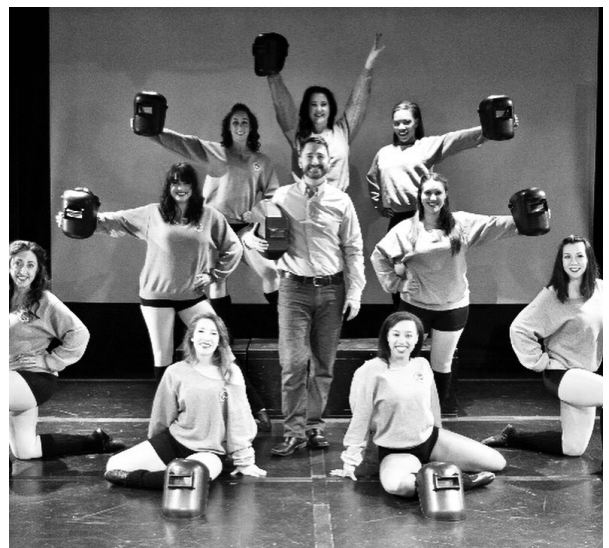


...One just had to have the guts and the drive
to put their creativity out there... ”

I took the name from our first show and started my own little production group, **Wish Heart Productions**. With my new group of singers and dancers, we started working on a new show “*Can’t Stop The Feeling*.” This show takes pop-Diva concert and mixes it with an old Vegas style shows. It’s definitely the show I want to create.

So here we are, on our second Wish Heart show, I still feel so lucky to have the opportunity to create this way. These shows are my version of a “mix-tape” for all my friends to enjoy and for some of those friends to perform in. I’m still that kid: wanting to put together an evening of entertainment, and to get my family’s applause and adulation. The jungle gym has become a proper stage, and we even managed to get a full set of lights. Maybe—if you’re lucky—I’ll spring for a bag of glitter and drop it onto the stage as the entire spectacular comes to an explosive crescendo.

Wish Heart’s motto (and theme from our first show), was lifted from a film that, as a dancer from a family of welders, I can’t help but see myself in. The same nugget of wisdom is something—I like to imagine—I try to instill throughout my life: “... *Take your passion and make it happen!*” Cue the lights, ready the glitter cannon... the show is about to begin. ●





Curve OF DEPARTURE

BY DANIELLE WEATHERS / CO-ARTISTIC DIRECTOR OF CHAPEL THEATRE COLLECTIVE

*It was the summer of 2000: 12:30 a.m. in downtown Manhattan.
I'd stayed behind very late at my proverbial day-job at Nickelodeon Online
for a quiet space to write and work...*

I was excitedly finalizing a mission statement for my passion project, Sweet William Collective—a new not-for-profit arts org focused on connecting top-tier playwrights with my existing team of strong actor talent, and collaborating on new works. I could hear men outside a bodega on Ninth Street talking about their taxi shifts, while traffic and occasional subway trains underscored their discussion. It served as a great backbeat while formulating thought.

A VP of Creative was also still in the office that evening, working against an 8:00 a.m. deadline. He saw my desk light was on and asked what kept me in the office so late. I heard some of the standard remarks from him. “Young lady, what’s going on in your head this late?” and “Are you creating the mission and someone else is leading?” along with “What you really need, my sweet girl, is someone to comb through your strategic plan and truly assess the balance of your business to assess how you’re going to...”

I drifted off at that point, as this same gent (mind you, with all good intentions) would often spring into his ideas of my ideas, making sure I understood how things were to be correctly executed for success. I valued his insights, but grew weary of his inability to listen before concluding I didn’t have the skill set needed to lead my creative endeavor. I already had a three-year strategic plan, we’d met with other arts leaders for a cross-check—I had my ducks in a row.

At this point in its gestation period, I didn’t need anyone to validate my mission or biz plan. It was late—and I wanted to get back into my brainstorming bubble. So I punted: “Wow, Dave—sounds great. How ‘bout I pop by your office later this week and have you give it a glance”? He was more than happy to help my “little world”, as he’d put it. Every time he began a statement with, “What you really need”—I’d imagine him as Cliff from Cheers, at the end of the bar, lovingly telling everyone what they should do with their lives.

I walked to the subway, heavy messenger bag across my body, walking and thinking about how I needed to stop sharing my plan and just take the leap in enacting it. So I did.

Sweet William Collective was the first of three theatre orgs I’ve been honored to lead/co-lead. Taking the leap and creating an arts org has (each time) has served as a grad school-level education for me, both personally and professionally. I’ve learned much about what is (and isn’t) needed. I continue to learn and grow, finding myself constantly inspired by other artists I get to collaborate with.

Fast forward to 2018, when my artistic cohorts Jason Glick and Illya deTorres begin bubbling with the idea of a professional theatre company based in the South Portland/Milwaukie area. Excited by the work they both do, and their rich, diverse collaborative skills, I was honored to join. My plate was full as a mom of three, wife and manager of my own arts org (*The Reading Parlor*), but I wanted to jump in and collectively create innovative, thought-provoking theatre in Milwaukie, building community through stories.

This year, our inaugural season at Chapter Theatre Collective, has been a whirlwind. I’m delighted with the productions we’ve shared thus far as a team, and am thrilled for the next production up to bat: the Northwest Premiere of *Curve Of Departure*, by Rachel Bonds. It’s a play about what families look like in today’s times. About navigating challenges our own loved ones sometimes struggle to understand. For me, this play presents a profound observation of life as it’s lived by ordinary Americans, but the characters are really rewriting some of life’s rules without necessarily having the language to articulate their own radicalism. It’s funny, it’s moving, and I’m so proud of the work happening with this cast and creative team. They are a constant reminder of why I love doing this work so much. ●

Curve Of Departure / Runs May 10–25: Chapel Theatre. Join us!

Life is Short

INTRODUCTION BY JASMINE PETTET
— CURATOR/CREATOR OF TELLTALE —

I was recently invited to do a reading at an event, but then, I didn't do anything to prepare for it, which I would like to pretend is an anomaly... but it isn't.

I'm a major procrastinator. I always convince myself that I have plenty of time to do it later until I actually have absolutely no time to do it at all unless I do it RIGHT NOW. Such as submitting this introduction, which is very late, and like writing something for this reading I was invited to.

On the bus, it's easy for me to get all melancholy and insightful, so I often find myself staring out the window and feeling pensive... until somehow, my brain connects those vague and complicated feelings into something made of words, and then I write them on paper and somehow, I always have something ready by the deadline.

I like to entertain the idea that when I'm older, I'll plan things far in advance and not have to scramble and feel anxious at the last minute but who knows. We will see.

Life is short, as you'll read in the following piece. Maybe doing everything at the last minute with the panic of a deadline helps to distill all that mess down into something really sharp and relatable.

Or at least I like to think so.

Anyway. Enjoy. And come to the "Sex Ed" show on June 20, because *Telltale* will also come together at the last minute, like everything else.

Telltale: Sex Ed

June 20: Chapel Theatre.
Join us!



It Won't Be OK

BY JASMINE PETTET

**It won't be ok.
You're going to die anyway.
What will you do with your time?**

For anyone who knows me, I am a soft and hopeful thing with a sadness clinging closely. I am obsessed with being temporary, the passage of time, the seasons switching, the irises yawning themselves above the ground too early, the way my face gradually changes in the mirror when im not paying attention. I am a brief flash of light in the timeline that stretches from one end of always to the other.


But there's this one night where I sit at a bar with my closest friend and we order the same thing, because we always do, and I say I love you out loud in a way we normally reserve for text messages sent much later in the evening, and he says it too. It's the bar across from this spot I use to hang out at all the time, when I loved and was loved by different people, but I don't feel sad about it anymore, or at least not much. The corner booth is dark and it's one of those nights where I am grateful for everything, even the time as it's passing us by, and we make more eye contact than usual.

And then we leave there, and we go to the holiday party for the job we both love and they left the Christmas lights up for us even though it's mid January and this job, it empties me out and fills me back up, not always in that order, and sometimes it just breaks my damn heart, but

that night, at the party, I talked to a lot people instead of being antisocial in the corner, because I'm a better version of me than I used to be.

And afterwards, we left, got into separate cold cars, and my husband and I just drive through the industrial district, and it's all metal and hard angles and empty parking lots but we see the spot where the new location of his work is going to open soon, and he gets out and leaves the car running and just stands in front of it and marvels at the sign that's lit up against the blackness for the first time and there's this feeling of **IT'S ALL HAPPENING**, like why do all those years of bullshit jobs even matter in the face of this, right? And ultimately it won't be ok, it will eventually not be, because that's how time works, so yeah, stand in the road with the sign glowing and the car running and it won't be ok, but it is right now, so just stand there.

And then he doesn't say anything but we get back in the car and he drives up to the west hills behind the city, and we are listening to the music we used to listen to a million years ago, when we first moved here and he parks the car and it's late (and it won't be okay, but is being okay really the point?) but we run up the street until we find the right spot, where we used to stand to watch the sunrise when we were new to town, when we'd



**You're going to get
old and your knees
will hate the stairs.**

stay up all night drinking coffee and eating French fries, and we find that spot, and we stand on the sidewalk holding hands and look down at the lights of the city... and I'm thinking it but he actually says: "We. Still. Live. Here." Which doesn't sound like much but tell that to every tiny sad kid we used to be, every brokenhearted teenager, every broke 20 something—all the versions of us that were hopeful but so skeptical, that could never even imagine still being alive, and living in a city, and not being alone, and having jobs we love, and having the sweetest people to love us, and still being stupidly in love with each other—we still live here. We still live here! In this cracking body, this flawed brain, this gray city—we still live here! And it won't be okay.

But no matter how much they love you, and obviously, they're going to love you so much, and it still won't be okay. You're going to get old and your knees will hate the stairs. You'll be gone anyway. What will you do with your time?

You're going to be gone, all that electricity zipping around your brain is going to be gone, your family photos will stop mattering to anybody eventually; it won't be okay! It won't be! You're going to die! Eventually! But—right now—you still live here. You still live here! They love you so much, and your brain is trying so hard, and the rose bushes growing out of my dead dog lawn are coming up too soon, so hopeful and enthusiastic, and I can empathize with that.

And it won't be okay, you're going to die anyway—but it doesn't matter, because you're just a brief flash of light in all the darkness, you're a fleeting thing, you're a flash of light from one end of always to the other—and it won't be okay, you're going to die anyway. They're going to love you so much. What are you going to do with your time? ●

WHO'S READY FOR WARMER WEATHER?!

In the Milwaukie area, we are so lucky to have a variety of community events planned for the Spring and Summer. Be sure to check the City's website for updated info, and don't let the amount of construction going on deter you... Take advantage of all the fun-to-come, and mark the following on your calendar.



FIRST FRIDAY MILWAUKIE

Kicks off May 3rd and runs through October, each first Friday of the month. Music, food, vendors, a beer garden, and, of course, local art and artists! Local business owners saw the opportunity Milwaukie had, and over the years First Friday has grown into the awesome event it is today.



MILWAUKIE FARMERS MARKET

Pops up again starting May 5th. Every Sunday through October, you'll find the freshest produce, food, artisans, and more. The fabulous organization Celebrate Milwaukie oversees this gem in the city. People travel from around the region to attend this popular Market, which will celebrate its 21st season this year.



MAXimum MUSIC HAPPY HOUR

Returns July 11th. In its third year, musical acts will light up the Milwaukie Station Food Cart Pod. Local musician and artist Hamid Shibata Bennett brought this event to life, with the help of Milwaukie Arts Committee (artMOB). Grab some food and drinks, and enjoy the tunes.



BENEFIT FOR THE MILWAUKIE PUBLIC SAFETY FOUNDATION — 9K FOR K9 WALK

Takes place July 13th at Milwaukie Marketplace. You and your four-legged friends can walk a 3K, 6K or the full 9K route. Entry fees for the Walk provide protective safety vests and more, for Oregon K-9 Officers. This event is ruff-ly 10 years old and has become very pup-ular!



TASTE OF MILWAUKIE

Back July 20th! Brings together craft beer, cider, food, art, music, and local vendors. This all-ages, second annual event is a collaboration between Milwaukie Beer Store and local artist Chris Haberman. Taste of Milwaukie saw a large turn-out last year, so you should definitely be there, too.



CAREFREE SUNDAY

Rolls along August 4th. More than five miles of area streets will be temporarily closed to cars, to open them up for people biking, walking, rolling, and strolling. There will also be three activity areas along the route for even more fun. This is Milwaukie's first-ever Carefree Sunday, and the idea grew out of Portland's Sunday Parkways: In 2017, the event rolled through the Sellwood-Milwaukie area.

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Sarah Bagley is a Milwaukie Enthusiast, illustrator, web designer, and Milwaukie Arts Committee (artMOB) member. She can be found at www.sarahbagley.land.

THURSDAY

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TELLTALE: TURN IT UP

8pm Show
Doors @ 7:30pm

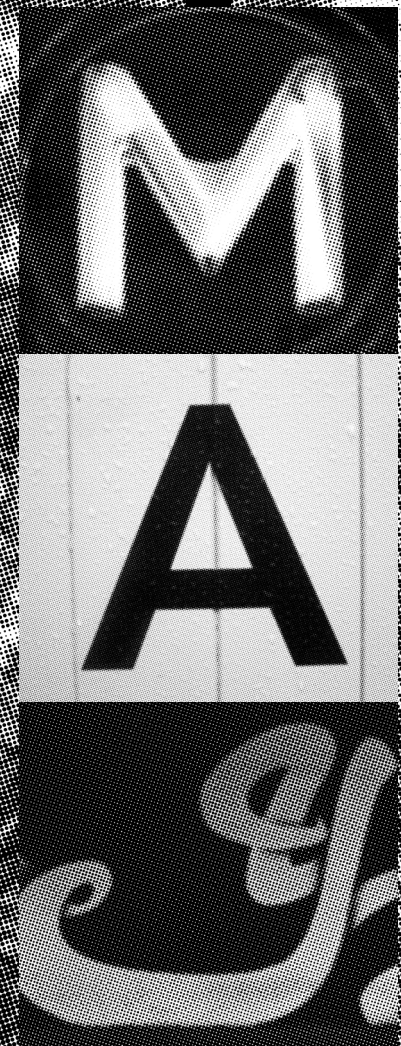
Curated storytelling open mic for fierce, vulnerable people.

Curated by Jasmine Pettet.

WEDNESDAY

1

MAY DAY!



FRIDAY 3	SATURDAY 4	SUNDAY 5	MONDAY 6	TUESDAY 7	WEDNESDAY 8	THURSDAY 9
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MONDAY 13	SUNDAY 12 CURVE OF DEPARTURE 2:30pm Matinée Doors @ 2:00pm	SATURDAY 11 CURVE OF DEPARTURE 7:30pm Show Doors @ 7:00pm
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TUESDAY 14	WEDNESDAY 15	THURSDAY 16 CURVE OF DEPARTURE 7:30pm Show Doors @ 7:00pm
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SATURDAY 18 CURVE OF DEPARTURE 7:30pm Show Doors @ 7:00pm	FRIDAY 17 CURVE OF DEPARTURE 7:30pm Show Doors @ 7:00pm
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MONDAY 20	TUESDAY 21	WEDNESDAY 22 CURVE OF DEPARTURE 7:30pm Show Doors @ 7:00pm	THURSDAY 23 CURVE OF DEPARTURE 7:30pm Show Doors @ 7:00pm
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MONDAY 27	SUNDAY 26	SATURDAY 25 CURVE OF DEPARTURE 7:30pm Show Doors @ 7:00pm	FRIDAY 24 CURVE OF DEPARTURE 7:30pm Show Doors @ 7:00pm
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TUESDAY 28	WEDNESDAY 29	THURSDAY 30 WISH HEART PRODUCTIONS: CAN'T STOP THIS FEELING 7:00pm Show Doors @ 6:30pm	FRIDAY JUNE 1 WISH HEART PRODUCTIONS: CAN'T STOP THIS FEELING 7:00pm Show Doors @ 6:30pm
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FRIDAY 10

OPENING NIGHT!

**CHAPEL THEATRE COLLECTIVE PRESENTS:
CURVE OF DEPARTURE**

7:30pm Show | Doors @ 7:00pm

Felix and his partner Jackson are just scraping by in Los Angeles, so when Felix's estranged father passes away, they barely get the money together for plane tickets to the funeral in Santa Fe.

They can't afford their own hotel room, so they share a room with Felix's mother, Linda, and his grandfather, Rudy.

It's a play about the moments of deciding how much you will give to those you owe nothing to.

RUNS THURS—SUN THRU MAY 25

SUNDAY 19

**TRIP THE DARK
TAP CLASSES:**

BEGINNER

Sundays 10am: May 19 – June 23

INTERMEDIATE

Sundays 11am: May 19 – June 23

ADVANCED BEGINNER

Tuesdays 7pm: May 21 – July 2

CURVE OF DEPARTURE

2:30pm Matinée
Doors @ 2:00pm

ROCK N' ROLL FAIRY

5pm Show

Rock n Roll Fairy returns to Chapel Theatre. This show is targeted for littles and elementary school kids. We will be including sing along songs and will provide an interactive music show for children and families that nourish one's creative and musical talents.

Adults are FREE!

\$7 for first child;

\$5 for additional children

STAND UP COMEDY:

MASS OF LAUGHS

8pm Show

Doors @ 7:30pm | \$5 at the door.

Chapel Theatre's new stand-up comedy showcase! Hosted by Portland-native comedian **Chad Alan Gemma**. Come check out your local comics: **Patti Mansbach, John Gallucci, James Bosquez, Jake Breslauer** and your headliner **Chase Brockett**.

We Are Humans, We Are Improvisers



BY LISA BROUSSEAU

The actors stand in the wings, hearts pumping. They have no costumes, no props, no set. They have no script.

Really, they have no idea of how the next thirty minutes in front of this live audience will unfold. For some, this is the stuff of nightmares. For Beau and Lisa Brousseau of Bridge City improv, it's a fun way to spend a Saturday night.

Beau and Lisa Brousseau were both long-time ensemble members of the Brody Theater, where Beau hosted a weekly jam show called "Diabolical Experiments" that featured players from all of the city's improv theaters. These weekly gatherings did a lot to build community among the city's broad array of theaters. A few years later, Lisa began hosting "Ladies' DE," which was a women-only improv jam.

The Brody Theater closed its doors in November 2018. This left Beau and Lisa without an improv home, but with deep connections to Portland's many, many talented improvisers. This past January they decided to embark on adventures in producing shows as Bridge City Improv. They're presenting monthly improv shows at the Siren Theater in downtown Portland and have produced several shows at the Chapel Theatre in Milwaukie. You can find out more about them on Facebook @BridgeCityImprov.

The art of improvisational theater is based on deep trust—trust in your abilities as an actor, trust in your fellow players to have your back, and trust in the audience to delight in the process of this tight-rope walk rather than whether the performers actually make it to the other side in one piece. The skills of improv include careful listening, being comfortable with the unknown, and a willingness to fail spectacularly.

The basic technique of improvisational theater is known as "yes, and." An actor takes the stage and makes an offer. "I am a hungry child." Another actor accepts that offer—she takes that statement as truth—and adds something to it. "I'm your little sister, and I'm holding a donut." Bit by bit, "yes, and" by "yes, and," the actors create characters and situations and stories in the moment. All the actors work together to create something that none of them alone could imagine. For those in the audience, this spontaneous creation can seem like magic.

If you stop and think about it, though, this is how we all live our lives. Observing, listening, reacting, adding, observing, listening, reacting, adding... until the day is over and it's time to go to bed.

We often think we know how our day will unfold. "I'll grab a cup of coffee before my morning meeting." But maybe the new barista at Peet's Coffee is your high school crush, and she makes eyes at you, and you get lost in conversation and miss the meeting. "I'll drive to the babysitter's and pick up the kids." But maybe traffic is thick, so you try a different way that brings you over some railroad tracks, and a fire truck gets stopped on the tracks and backs into your car. Instead of picking up the kids, you spend an hour on the side of the road swapping funny stories with a fireman who's a Catholic guy from Philly. (That last one's true.)

So, what seems like magic is really just re-creating the art of being human live on stage. ●

Bridge City Improv will be back at the Chapel Theatre on **Sat. June 15.**

They'll present **The Knock Outs**, a group including Drammy Award winner **Adrienne Flagg**, **Scott Engdahl** (who plays Andy on "Shrill"), **Stephanie Wichmann** (an alum of iO West and Second City in Los Angeles), **Brad Fortier**, and **Matt Tabora-Roberts**, followed by a set of "**Show Brousseau**," with Lisa and Beau being joined by five other great players.

Tickets are \$10 online and can be purchased via the Chapel's website.



Advocating

FOR THE NEXT GENERATION

As a National Geographic photographer, I've seen firsthand the devastation being caused by climate change. I've seen the coral reefs bleaching and dying, I've seen glaciers disappearing, and I've noticed that every summer there seem to be less insects. Fewer butterflies, fewer bees, fewer beetles and as a result- fewer birds. All of life is connected. Our very existence depends on weather that farmers can count on and creeks from melting snowpack that supply water to our cities all summer. The health of our forests depend on the climate. Too little rain and the fires are hotter and more devastating. Winters that are too warm and new invasive pests can migrate and wipe out vast acres of healthy trees.

As the Mayor of this small working-class city I've watched as good, hardworking people slide into poverty and homelessness. The costs of every day necessities continuing to rise faster than wages. The cost of housing and healthcare in particular have become out of reach for many people. I've met retired people—school teachers, who worked hard their whole lives—end up homeless because their rents became unaffordable on their fixed incomes. I've watched as our infrastructure ages and fails or becomes overwhelmed by growth.

As an American, I've watched as our kids fall behind their counterparts in other countries. That is not a comfortable thing to say and probably even less comfortable to hear, but not everyone has had the kind of career

that allowed them to travel the world and meet people from every walk of life or to experience firsthand the medical care that people all over the world expect from their countries and receive. Other countries prioritize the education of their children from pre-school all the way through college, our federal government seems not to.

To a great degree, our Federal Government has lost touch with everyday working people. They stopped prioritizing the well-being of people and instead concerned itself with the profits of giant corporations. They have known about climate change since 1965, known the level of devastation we will ALL experience—and yet it has chosen to prioritize obscene profits for the coal, oil and gas industries over the very survival of

our species. They have understood for a very long time that health care, or rather the lack thereof, would be devastating to working families and eventually effect our entire economy but it has chosen to prioritize the profits of the health insurance and pharmaceutical industries over the very welfare of our people.

College debt has now outpaced credit card debt and many graduates are unable to find jobs that pay well enough to live on, let alone pay back their massive loans—and yet our Federal government prioritizes the profits of the banks over the lives of our children.

As a Mayor I have worked to pick up the pieces, to plug holes and apply Band-Aids to so many of these problems, I've advocated at every level of government for common sense solutions to these problems.



Puppy Whale Shark photo by Mark Gamba at National Geographic

Cont. next page ➤

Recently, Oregon has begun to truly address some of these issues from raising the minimum wage to creating a Cap and Invest program, but in reality, the most effective level to solve for all of these problems is at the Federal level. It is critical that every member of Congress be focused on solutions to these problems and it is particularly important that the Congressmembers from Oregon show the leadership that is expected of them.

Our current Congressman is not focused on these issues; he seems to focus on the things his campaign funders care about, and trust me when I tell you that the things that Big Timber, Big Ag, Big Pharma and the Petroleum Industry care about are *not* the things that are important to you. As a matter of fact, most of those things are to your detriment one way or another. Oregon needs, and the fifth district deserves, a Congressperson who has the interests, both short and long term, of the people at heart.

It's Congress's job to set the budget. Year after year we spend more on corporate handouts while we disinvest in things our community needs: infrastructure, climate resilience, affordable housing, education and healthcare.

The status quo is unsustainable, even if you are a dyed-in-the-wool capitalist; we need to do better than electing millionaires who are more interested in being re-elected than they are in doing what is right for their district—and the country.

We need to elect leaders who will raise the Federal minimum wage, raise taxes on corporations, spend less on wars and more on people, so we have the funds to **stop** climate change, fight income inequality, end homelessness and provide quality healthcare for all Americans.

So, THAT is why am declaring my candidacy for the 5th Congressional District of Oregon. This is not about me, this is about all of us. This is about our kids and our grandkids. I will NOT be accepting donations from corporations so that my only allegiance is to the people. Together we can take action to make it better for the next generation. ●

The written version of the speech Mayor Gamba gave at his launch has been reprinted with his permission. As with most speeches of this nature, the content of what was said at the time may differ from this original written draft. Either way, both communicate the same thing: commitment to the bigger picture and issues facing Americans, dedication to the journey — and hope for the future.

Newsletters

BY JACOB AIELLO

If I happen to see you from across the street sitting on your front stoop crying, I won't walk across the street to ask if you're all right but will most likely watch you from inside my apartment, in front of the window, and speculate as to all the reasons you might be crying.

I won't ask if it has anything to do with one of your two children or if it's over a relationship with one of the three different men I've seen going into your apartment, though, if you were sitting on my stoop instead of your stoop I probably would say something. "Excuse me," I'd probably say as I tried to get in my own front door because there's really not enough room to comfortably walk by, and if you were sitting on my own front stoop instead of yours, that'd mean you were either in such a state of sorrow or confusion that you confused my front stoop for your own or were hoping to share in conversation why it was you were crying. But it's not my stoop you're sitting on, it's yours, so I say nothing from inside my own apartment, which is what I probably would have said anyway.

Of course it's dusk and you have your head down in your hand and your long, curly yellow hair that reminds me of the French countryside surrounding your head, so I can't really say for certain that you're crying, but why else on Earth would someone be sitting out on their front stoop at dusk with their head in their hand if something really terrible hadn't happened? Not because they like to watch the bats. Yes, it's a nice evening so pleasant to enjoy outside on the stoop but not with a cigarette in your other hand when I've never seen you smoke before.

Let me tell you something. Once or twice before, after something terrible has happened, I've stared at myself in the mirror, weeping uncontrollably, and for just a moment or two

imagined myself split in two, with one part of me weeping uncontrollably and the other part of me looking at myself weeping uncontrollably and tell myself, "Look at yourself! You're weeping uncontrollably!" And be both unable to stop it and unable to look away. So maybe it's like that with you. Only instead of a mirror there's someone staring at you from inside their own apartment and that person is me.

Your apartment is a mirror of mine, across the street, with one bedroom nearest the boulevard to the north and a kitchen and dining nook facing you if you were in my apartment and me if I was in yours, next to what would be the living room with three large windows facing the opposite direction. I am right now sitting in a chair at the table in the dining room watching you. This is where I am. It's an apartment that's just the right size for me and my cat and my dog and my girlfriend. Though sometimes when I go into the bedroom and the dog's on the bed and then the living room and the girlfriend's on the couch and then the kitchen where the cat's on the counter where he shouldn't be, I have to go outside for some space and to smoke a cigarette and pretend that my arms are as far apart as they can be and swinging like a helicopter blade with nothing in my way. Is that what you're doing? I wouldn't hold it against you if it was. Your apartment is a mirror of mine that is just the right size for me but with two daughters and one of them nearing high school age and the other still too big to not have her own bed, how is it you manage the space?

The bedroom, I know, belongs to your older daughter because I've seen before the band posters on her walls. I bet you sleep on the couch in the living room. I bet it's a futon couch. I bet you sleep on the futon couch every night just to give your daughter a door to slam, which is very noble, but what do you do when

one of your three different men come over? And also where does your younger daughter sleep? And also all the lights in your apartment are off and where are your children now?

I can only imagine that you're crying because either one of your two children is gone, one of your two children has said something to you about either you or their father, whom they may or may not share, that whether true or not makes you feel as if you've damaged them to such a point that you can very easily imagine either one making very poor choices at an age that's especially unwelcoming to poor choices. Or they're with their father. Or it has nothing to do with either them or their father and is about one of the three men I occasionally see going into your apartment, about an argument about either your two children or one of the other two men or nothing of the kind. Maybe what you're crying about is having two children who may or may not be with their father and three different men who visit your apartment on occasion and despite all this company an apartment that is dark at dusk while you sit on your front stoop crying.

It could be about money. It could be about how expensive it is to raise two children even with, or especially without, the assistance of child support from their fathers. Or you were offered money by one of your three different men and are torn between feeling beholden and paying the rent. Have I exhausted all the reasons you might be crying? No. Not even close, though these are the most obvious reasons I think you would be sitting on your front stoop crying at dusk, which is to say the most obvious reasons for me to be sitting on your front stoop crying at dusk if I were you, which is an altogether entirely different thing and only encompasses the parameters of your life as I see them from outside my apartment window across the street. ●

Musings From A Part-Time Mystic

THE DESERVE DELUSION

BY JENNIFER HOLLAND

A few months ago, I discovered with alarm I was to join the ranks of the hidden homeless (those who couch-surf when not on vacation), yet another victim of a society with woefully inadequate housing for its citizens, particularly their older, disabled, and poverty-stricken ones.

Contrary to popular belief, most homelessness is now due to structural (i.e. economic) factors, not personal ones of addiction or abuse. In my case, they changed my in-progress lease so I could neither afford to remain, nor leave when an ADA unit became available. Yes, I “chose” homelessness, but only because the alternative was so far out of my financial reach, it was not an option.

Do I deserve to be homeless? Of course not. No one does. Am I destroyed by this apparent setback? No. I remain joyful because I’ve taken “deserve” out of my vocabulary. Deserve is a function of linear thinking, and I live in a round world full of possibilities.

For six decades though, I believed in the right/wrong, evil/good paradigm. No fifty shades of gray: there were none. I either moved in a line toward heaven, or one toward hell—and so did you. I judged you, too, and acted smug or ashamed by turns. I injured myself banging my head against those rigid walls of right and wrong.

Maybe the black/white approach made sense when people believed the world was flat, but does it still? We go to great lengths to prevent the Circle of Life’s random events from happening to us. We claim belief in a Creator, and then buy insurance, burglar alarms, and disaster kits. We see greedy people break the rules and prosper; meanwhile, innocent children die of cancer and people become homeless. We despair when we do everything “right” and it all goes “wrong.” We suffer from the Deserve Delusion.

During the shaming process required to get disability, where I had to prove I deserved food, shelter, and medical care; and after experiencing firsthand our American society’s tendency to look down—literally and figuratively—on the elderly, the poor, and those in wheelchairs; I was forced to overhaul my belief system or drown in despair. I discovered that eliminating deserve from the equation meant I no longer

suffered the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. I was simply a round peg trying to squeeze into a square world. Think about it: squares and cubes are manmade. The galaxy, however, is replete with spheres, from our body cells to the celestial bodies.

A dangerous outcome of linear thinking is this concept of “deserve.” Religions are not the only ones who encourage the “do x, y, and z and you will earn a future reward” mantra. Agnostics and atheists alike fall prey to the “If I do/don’t.../then ‘X’ will/won’t happen.” Be honest: how often do you say, “s/he got what they deserved,” or “I deserve a little treat”? Fascinating, is it not, how a group or person deserves something—until it happens (or doesn’t happen) to us?

I’m not saying actions don’t have consequences; they surely do. What I’m saying is that we cannot predict with accuracy what those consequences will be. There are far too many variables. Above all, labeling consequences “good” or “bad” feeds the Deserve Delusion and perpetuates suffering.

Once we appreciate the spherical nature of our world, we can stop the anguish. The no-sided sphere provides infinite points of perception. It is one; yet it holds all. When we cling rigidly to a point on a single plane, we cannot see other possibilities. If I fret over my impending homelessness, I become

deaf to offers of help, mute to ask for it, and blind to the possibilities ahead. Now that’s disablement. That’s a sure-fire way to suffer.

Linear thinking sees bottom lines, not spheres of opportunity. Business owners are blind to the thousands of baby boomers and returning wounded soldiers who need accessible housing and assistive technology to secure meaningful work. More round pegs arrive in our square-holed society every day, yet the short-sighted linear thinkers are cutting, not creating, crucial services. They delude themselves they’re climbing to success, when in reality they’re on the same ball we are.

I was forced to overhaul my belief system or drown in despair.

Instead of wheelchair users accommodating to the squares’ world, does it not make sense for the millions of able-bodied persons to use their ingenuity on our behalf? To construct, for example, accessible housing from the get-go? To make us, if not whole, feel part of the whole?

We’re together on this great big ball called Earth, and no one person “deserves” more or less than another. To believe we’re going up, down, straight, or sideways sustains the grandest of delusions and causes untold suffering. We’re spinning madly in space here. Perhaps instead of focusing on what we deserve, we can just serve—serve each other, and make this journey as comfortable as possible for all of us. ●



“Deserve Delusion” originally appeared in *A Rolling Perspective*, Jen’s monthly column for cpdusu.org/blog. She divides her time between Portland and Tillamook, where she navel-gazes best.



CHOKIN' ON THE DEEZ

BY AMANDA HEALY

I choked on my antidepressant the other day and it made me laugh. I think it's working. But just to be totes sure, I decided to dig deep AF into my life and analyze, like a fucking scientist, if it was in fact working.

As I write this pape it's important to note I'm coze AF, listenin' to nature sounds, under a blanket with my cat, and eating a pint of chocolate ice cream. That's clearly the mood of a not depressed, or as some would say "happy" person. I know yer probz thinking, "Wow, I bet this will be a great (insert air quotes here) article that is really scientific (air quotes and eye roll) from a not depressed (again, air quotes) lady who is literally eating an entire tub of ice cream right now." And to you, skeptical reader, dear reader, my totes fave reader, my thank you for reading reader, to you I say don't worry... this is cashew milk ice cream. It's a pint and not a whole dangus tub and I did the math and I'm getting 90% of my saturated fat intake for the day in ONE sitting. One! 90%!! That's like an "A" for eating if we were talking grading scale. Honestly, I'm proud of myself.

So, yeah, I'm supes haps and can explain, scientifically, after deep analyzation (real word), in the following three main categories. (Also, sorry for all the science lingo I may or may not use, it's just all in a dayz work for me these dayz when I'm at work.)

- 1. Adult Jobz? No probz!** Could a pre-happy Healy start and finish tasks easy peazy lemon squeezy? No, she couldn't. Well, anti Deez Healy successfully started and finished all 13 seasons of Criminal Minds that was avail on the 'Flix in under three months. That's roughly 260 to... a lot of episodes, give or take. And I did it. Me. By myself. No one watched it with me. Also, a nondepressed version of me can complete a whole dangus laundge cycle... I'm talking wash, dry, fold, AND put away... before the next laundry day (Ugh, totes sorry. This is kind of a lie, but I wish it wasn't so that's basically the same thing). Moving on. Exhibit B, #2...
- 2. New obsesh feelz refresh.** I no longer, despite reeeecally trying, obsess over murder shows. Crimmy Mindz doesn't count. Look, when I crunch the numbers, and we're getting into some deep science here, when I crunch the numbers it turns out Happy Healy only enjoys 50% of the murder garbage that she tries to watch. And let's talk about my obsesh with my cat, Pigeon. Some people think that just because you have a cat you must be some sort of lonely, depressed, crazy cat lady. Well, I'm here to tell you that I have a new obsesh and it's NOT my

own cat. I recently started following two adorable cats on Insta and if that is not a sign that I'm happy and busy with new things, then I don't know what is. I'm branching out left and right. I recently started watching a great television program called Twin Peaks and it is hillare! Would a depressed person laugh at the murder of beautiful Laura Palmer, and die on the inside (not in a depressed kinda way, but in a laugh out loud kinda way) when the mom had a hysterical (as in crazy, not funny... but actch was funny to me) crying scene in her kitch? No. The answer is no. Convinced my medz are working? Let's continue, shall we? Third time's a charm.

3. My brain, the part that makes you smart.

My last scientific hypothetical evidential trait to prove I am not a depressed person anymore and that my anti Deez are on point AF is that I have been diggin into the deep cutz of my memz lately and killin it in the brain game. Jeopardy is a child's game with a brain like mine. I've made at least 45 mil to 45 bil in dollar cash money from the comforts of my couch enjoying reruns of ol' Alex Trebe k. Trust me, the math adds up. The medz unlock untapped knowledge that maybz I learned in college. My medz have also opened up my vocabulary closet and I'm pulling out fashion for my mouth I've never worn before. I was chattin' up a storm with a crew of peeps the other day and I busted out the word "wheelhouse" in conversation. As the word rolled off my tongue, like a literal dangus wheel, I was like, "Who even am I right now? I'm being so adventch right now." But, I played it cool, because that's how I do. And no one made a big deal of me using the word either out of respect for my privacy. My medz are no ones bizz. Except for you, dear reader. It's totes yer bizz. You can get all up in my bizz.

So, in my most scientific endeavor I've ever sought to research, I've truly discovered that my anti Deez are working and got me twerkin fer shure. But, don't try this experiment at home, not even in the name of science...seriously, you might actch choke for realz on yer pillz and I don't want to be held responsible. That would be so annoying. I suggest a legit swallowing if yer takin the Deez. Or just be happy without em. Either one. The end. ●



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