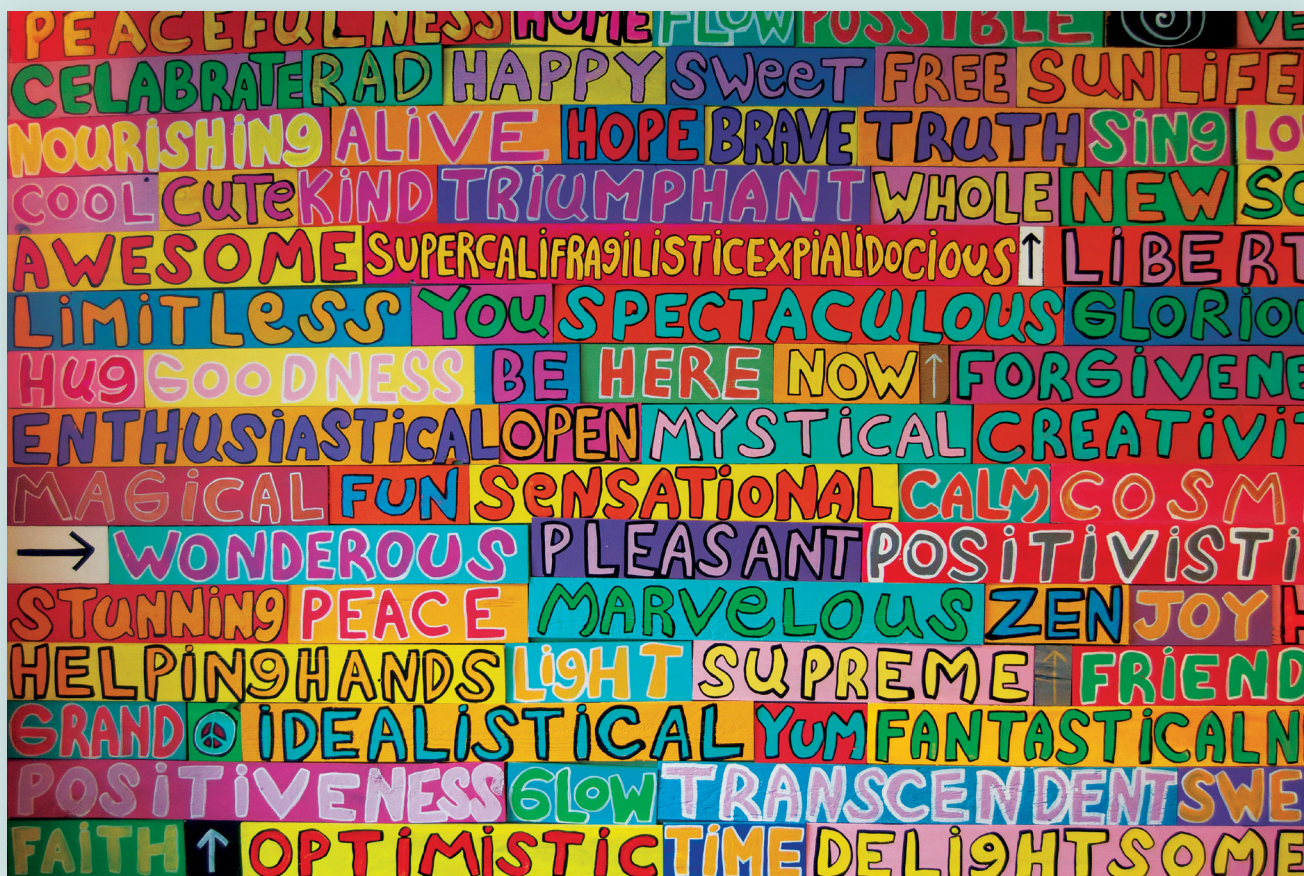




NOV/DEC CALENDAR INSIDE!



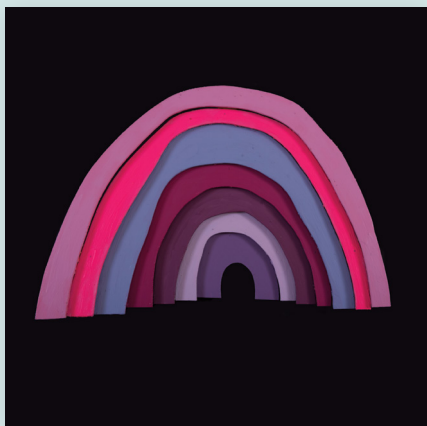


## COVER ART

By Larry Yes  
(Bio on page 27)

## CONTACT:

📷 @larry.yess  
📧 larryyes.com



Back Cover: Larry Yes, Rainbow



## 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 contact us below to be considered for upcoming issues:

**Illya deTorres:**

illyadetorres@gmail.com

*Please note: No age restrictions for submission. Submission does not guarantee publication. All submissions will be vetted for appropriateness. We reserve the right to not to publish articles/content which do not meet 99E Magazine's current ethos, standards, or direction. No hateful propaganda or equally offensive material will be published. 99E Magazine reserves the right to make all necessary decisions regarding the content reproduced within its pages.*

**Editor:** Illya deTorres

**Design:** Diane Stankard

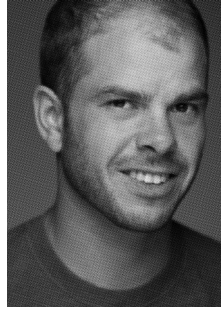


**COPYRIGHT © 99E MAGAZINE 2019**

All content provided remains the property of each contributor; the content may not be copied or reproduced or republished without permission from the individual contributor and/or 99E Magazine.

Thank you, kind reader, for respecting the work of our contributors!





## Hello, and thank you for taking the time to read 99E.

These are very divisive times and we need the arts more than ever.  
Art binds us, brings us together, and gives us an outlet for  
peaceful expression and communication.

As we go into an election year, please take the time to vet your political options.  
We are in desperate need of those individuals who will put the arts,  
culture, and community health at the top of their agenda.

And please vote.

Every one of you.

It matters.



## THOUGHTS ON ... THOUGHTS OFF

BY JARK

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

Two questions that have plagued human kind for eons: what is the purpose of life, and where did cereal come from?

The answers aren't found on Google, or in some book! Trust me. I've tried. It's just one of those questions that you really need to dig and dig deeper into your mindshaft, breaking the concepts of "life," and "cereal," down to the barest of elements... starting simple.

Who ate the first bowl of cereal? Did he/she/they call it cereal? Did it catch on like wildfire, or was this person

ridiculed and outcast by the status quo? How hard was it to handle the success? Was it like the "child actor" sex/drugs/and destruction spiral once cereal became the go-to breakfast of the world, with an obvious triumphant rise from the ashes/feel good ending?

Or did the inventor languish in obscurity, never recognized for this monumental achievement and died alone in a half built, broken down shanty, buried in colorful cardboard boxes. I wonder if they were bitter.

Did the creator of granola find cereal a fundamental threat, or

think of it as some knock off fad that would never catch on.

What came first: the granola or the cereal...?

You get my point. There are so many nuances that if you didn't bring a trail of bread crumbs, you might not find your way out of this deep, dark hole... or bowl, if you prefer (cereal).

I for one won't play that game. I've got one life to live (theoretically) and what is the porpoise of life? I call mine Leroy...

Wait. You thought I had a "purpose"?



Characters/actors  
from "Sherlock Holmes  
and the Case of the Christmas Carol"  
(Harlequin Productions, Olympia);  
Left to Right: Lady Brass (Allison Anderson),  
Gwendolyn Brass (Katherine Grant-Suttie),  
Dr. Watson (Russ Holm), and Sherlock Holmes  
(Terry-Edward Moore)  
Opens Nov. 29th.

"The Christmas Case:  
A Lady Brass Mystery,"  
(Chapel Theatre, Portland)  
Opens Nov. 29th.

WRITTEN BY JOHN LONGENBAUGH

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL  
THING I'VE EVER WRITTEN  
AS A PLAYWRIGHT IS A  
CHRISTMAS SHOW. I'M  
PROUD OF THAT. AND  
MY PLAYWRIGHT FRIENDS  
ARE MOSTLY ENVIOUS,  
BECAUSE MOST NEW PLAYS,  
EVEN ONES THAT RECEIVE  
PROFESSIONAL STAGINGS,  
ARE LUCKY TO EVER GET  
A SECOND SHOWING.

"*Sherlock Holmes and the Case  
of the Christmas Carol*" has had  
over two dozen productions in  
the past decade, including two at  
Portland's Artist's Rep that broke  
box office records. This year it's  
enjoying three more productions,  
including one just up the road at  
Olympia's Harlequin Productions  
with my original Holmes, Terry  
Edward-Moore, in the role.

Prior to this, my most popular  
play had four productions, all of  
which I directed and funded.

I also ran the slides.

The most unusual thing about  
the *Sherlock/Christmas* was that  
it made the companies a lot of  
money. For years, American  
Theatre magazine ran a top-10  
list of the most produced plays  
in the country; even excluding  
*A Christmas Carol*, holiday plays  
routinely accounted for anywhere  
from four to six of the most  
popular scripts. The se plays are  
a godsend to financially strapped  
theater companies, whose  
Christmas cash cows subsidize  
those daring Icelandic mime  
troups during the next season.



So what are the dos and don'ts of writing a successful Christmas show? First, let's get something out of the way. Theater artists, including me, spend a lot of time worrying about manipulating the audience. Maybe we've got an inflated sense of our cultural influence, but we want our characters and stories to hold your attention because of their quality, not because of trickery. But when it comes to Christmas plays, the gloves are off. Thus our first do: Manipulate wherever possible.

Take *A Christmas Carol*. Is the story manipulative? Of course it is. It's Dickens! He was writing at a time when wealthy manufacturers were turning the screws so tight that a revolution of the Victorian poor was a real threat. His warning is most explicit when the Ghost of Christmas Present shows Scrooge two wretched children, Ignorance and Want, who—if left untended—will lead to the doom of all. Add to that lost love, Tiny Tim, and a tombstone with your name on it, and you've got one of the most effective pieces of artistic manipulation ever created.

The trouble with *Carol*, though, is several Portland theatres have already grabbed that valuable piece of Yuletide real estate. What's more, I can personally attest to how good the one at the Portland Playhouse is, delivering pretty much everything you want—carols, kids, comedy, dancing, and a redeemed miser.

Against that holiday juggernaut, what are other theaters supposed to do? There's a stage version of Clement Moore's brief poem *The Night Before Christmas* out there, padded out to dramatic length—which I suspect requires a lot of padding. And you'll have no better luck adapting *Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer* or other weird stop-motion holiday films from the 1960s. The cutesy postwar jingles they're based on simply run out of story after five verses. Even kids get bored after the fourth commercial break. To summarize: Don't dip into the shallow end of the holiday canon.

Unless your child's in the cast, traditional pageants are problematic, too. *Amahl and the Night Visitors* and other nativity plays can alienate the

secular crowd. (Remember: We want every holiday dollar.) Don't be too churchy.

It's a good idea however to work in some music, which is why there's such a slew of Yuletide musicals—traditional ones like *White Christmas* as well as other film-to-stage reverse-engineered stuff like *A Christmas Story*, and *Elf*. But the sweet spot for a musical is to shove a Christmas number into your show regardless of its subject. That's why Mame suddenly declares: "*We Need a Little Christmas!*" right in the middle of her titular musical, as if having an orphan as a central character weren't enough. *Annie* pulls the same stunt, and while there's no actual Christmas scene in *Oliver!* it's about orphans and snow. And again, Dickens.

Or perhaps a mystery? Plenty of successful crime and mystery thrillers have been set at Christmas, including stories by Conan Doyle (*The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle*), Ellery Queen, and Agatha Christie, whose deft detective Hercule Poirot solves *The Adventure of the Christmas Pudding*. This was my thinking when I wrote my second Christmas play, *The Christmas Case: A Lady Brass Mystery*, in which a celebrated lady detective finds herself coming across an unexpected crime while in a country manor house. This time my inspirations were both Christie and the unending comic delights of P.G. Wodehouse—though all dressed up with some extra tinsel and holly.

In the final analysis, what really counts about a Christmas show is if it makes you feel like the holiday should feel: a little giddy, a little thoughtful, and overall in a good mood about the better aspects of humanity.

In the middle of winter, it's good to watch a story in an audience of our neighbors. The willing suspension of disbelief that theatre asks can also allow us to believe in the human capacity for empathy, generosity, and forgiveness—as well as Christmas ghosts, sleigh-riding elves and other good-humored fictions.

John Longenbaugh's new play:

**The Christmas Case:  
A Lady Brass Mystery**

opens at Chapel Theatre on  
**November 29<sup>th</sup>** and runs  
through **December 22<sup>nd</sup>**.

For tickets and  
more info, please visit  
**chapeltheatremilwaukie.com**  
or  
**battlegroundproductions.org**





## 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.

# Lady Squatch

Growing up, I'd pretend to stroke my invisible, long, wise beard while I was thinking. Little did I know, I was strokin' hair that would one day be real. Strokin' the hairs of my future, of another time, another dimension. Sci-fi hairs. I should have enjoyed my baby face while I could. Now it's all 5 o'clock shadow, no matter if it's sunny outside, or even if it's 5 o'clock.

My childhood was pretty, pretty hairy, in an unpretty way depending on your view of pretty, which

I will note in this  
run-on (run  
on? runon?  
run-on?)

sentence that I actually find body hair pretty, but I am not a fan of mine for some reason. I blame the Easter Bunny. The Easter Bunny gave me my first razor when I was in 6th grade. I remember the excitement of that first shave. I was so proud of my smooth legs and they gave me an advantage during the egg hunt at Grandma's. The smoother the legs, the swifter the step, the quicker you're on the hunt for eggz. A lady with smooth legz always has a basket full of eggz. Thank you, Easter Bunny and Jesus. (I'm not actually sure if Jesus helped put the basket together, or if it's like my Christmases growing up where I hold up something from my dad and say thank you, but it's the first time he's seeing it and has no idea what's going on and it's always slightly awkward. Mom was Dad, technically. So that makes Mom the bun-bun and Dad is Jesus, respectively.)

A couple years later I was exposed as being the sasquatch that I really am. I had just taken a nice bath, got my shave on, and was cozy in my jam jamz ready to eat din-din with the famfamz, all eight of us. My mother (I used mother and not mom here to indicate irritation, but with a hint of respect for my elders)

announced to everyone that it looked like sasquatch took a shower. Nothing like a lil family torture to help create a lot of self

BY HAPPY TRAILS HEALY



loathing and doubt. NBD. I'd later be exposed again as sasquatch when pictures of my 21 year-old self walking along the shore during a family vacay in classic squatch form were discovered.

As a kid, my mom warned me about the dangers of plucking. It's addicting and once you start you can't stop, and the hairs grow back thicker and darker. I WAS HORRIFIED and listened to my mom like the good lil angel I was. I did not want to be like my cuz who plucked her browz without permish from my aunt! She just went in her room and frickin' did it, even though she'd probz get in trubz big time. She was in the early stages of her addictsh, but to be honest her browz still look nice to this day. She's def a functioning tweezerer.

It wasn't until my freshman year that I decided to wax on a whim. Pressured, more like it, by the kinds of friends that are like family, and make sure to tell you your face looks like fuzzy trash in a loving way, sort of. But I knew I had to do something... my haircut that year was a disaster. When you take a sups cute pic of Britney Spears with a shaggy cut (probz from her "Lucky" days) into Supercuts, expecting a super dangin' cut, you WILL end up looking like Mrs. Brady, guaranteed. I looked ridic with my Brady Bunchin' hair and caterpillar brows. Rippin' the brows out quickly, and painfully, seemed to be the only logical step towards looking like Britney, bitch.

High school continued and eyeliner happened. I looked like a furry Avril Lavigne. I was a full on plucker at this point, deep

into the world of tweezers and magnifying mirrors. Things were stable, routine, and groomed in brow town for a long time. Just me and my tweezers, pluckin' day and night. My tweezers even came with me to college when it was time. We had grown together, but eventch, we grew apart.

My early 20s were a bangin period. Bishops banged me real good. Bangin' replaced my tweezer before I knew it. The bangz acted like a forcefield for my browz and they made me forget I even had them. When I would take a peek under the curtains I was always shocked, but the tweezers were there, my old friend, waiting to plow the field. After my bang phase, my brows survived and were in optimal shape. And then, many years later, it happened.

Sitting in my Uncle Larry (what I used to call my 2002 Buick Regal) and gazing into my mirror, I saw something I couldn't unsee no matter how hard I tried. Three chinny-chin-chin hairs. Each thicker than the last. Dark, thick, thick-dark hairs.

I tried to finger pluck the heck out of those bad boiz. No frickin' luck. That day at Chuck E. Cheese's (where I worked... that's a story or two waiting to happen) was the first day of the rest of my life as a bearded lady. I should have known this would happen because many years before my sisters had cast me as Hyde in their home production of *That 70's Show* because I "*had a mustache*." (P.S. that production never made it to home video for some reason, totally not related to me not wanting to be the hairy boy...)... (P.S.S. My fam claims to

not remember this... interesting how well they block it out, must be nice... must be nice.)

I try to keep up with the hairs, but the squatch fur is a lot to maintain, espesh when it's head to toe. Literally... I shave my toes. Just the big ones... for now. I'm still that same lil kid stroking her invisible, long, wise beard, except now I've upgraded to real hairs. It's also less stroking and more of a compulsive tugging to pull out the hair with no luck. So I tug, and tug, and tug until I realize people are staring, and then I explain I'm just trying to pull out my chin hairs, which always gets way less sympathy and way more disgust than it should.

Look, I love myself; mustache, beard, brows, and all. A lifetime of being typecast in home productions as the Hyde's of this world gave me thick skin. Thick enough to withstand the darkest, thickest, childhood-plucked-and-now-yer-fucked hairs. Thick enough to withstand my caterpillars being ripped away from their dermatological cocoon. And thick enough to withstand the sups recent deep burn of a 7 year-old asking very earnestly, "*Why do you look like a boy? Why does it look like you have a beard?*" in front of her sups adorbs dad. This article is for you, dingus. I've always been squatchy and that's all there is to it. Lady Squatch for lyfe. A piece of advice for you, and all of my 7 year-old future squatch readers: always remember to pluck at yer own risk, and never, EVER, shave faster than yer Easter Bunny can hop.

Happy Trails,  
Healy.



---

# A WINTER'S SUNSET

---

BY MARILYN LUNA

I want to capture this Winter's sunset  
And feed it to you with a spoon  
A sorbet of neon yellow  
And crisp orange hues

Mounds formed from ice shavings  
Swept over a backdrop of fresh baby blue  
A perfect dessert,  
To be shared between two

Wispy ice crystals,  
Collected and suspended in time  
The sun brings warmth and splendor  
Not allowing itself to be left behind

Purple haze finds harmony  
Within the space between  
Where the sun's rays settle  
And the sky's ocean blue gleams

Pouring onto a canvas,  
Of golden sand  
Around my finger,  
I capture a lustrous strand

Tie it around your heart  
And pull it into a bow  
Graze your lovely skin  
Watch our love melt the snow

Kiss the sunset  
And wet my lips with its delicious treat  
Lose myself in your eyes,  
Where the skies and oceans meet

Lean in,  
Give you a taste  
Cloaked in moments like these,  
Give no reason to make haste

Thoughts manifested,  
frosty breath clinging to icy air  
Particles of your past and mine,  
We infinitely share

"You will never be forgotten  
You, I shall never miss  
For as long as there are Winter sunsets,  
We shall forever soak in bliss."

Marilyn Luna: aspiring Renaissance woman who is desperately in love with the written word.  
After years of cross-country travel, Milwaukie was the first town in the beautiful state of Oregon she proudly called home.  
More of her writing may be found at [marilyn lunaoriginal.blogspot.com](http://marilyn lunaoriginal.blogspot.com)



It's really hard to have an unpopular opinion, and hold onto it in the face of disagreement, or pressure, or anger. We all have to pick our battles, and figure out when we are interested in really doubling down or not.

As I've grown up, it's been challenging to hold tight to my own thoughts when folks are pushing so hard against them, or feeling like I need to change my mind in order to be liked or accepted by the people around me—which is more of a reflection on the people around me, I suppose.

The following is an example of someone having an opinion, doubling down, and tripling down.

If you aren't familiar with Dan Weber... Ooooh boy, you're missing out. He recently had me laughing hard enough, I was embarrassed and hiding around a corner.

His comedy has sharp edges and some sweetness and I like it very much.

Give him all your money. ➔

UPCOMING TELLTALE SHOWS:

**'Top Five'**

Nov. 21 @ 8pm

**2nd Annual 'You Won't Get What You Want'**

Dec. 19 @ 8pm

*Join us at Chapel Theatre!*

telltale

UNPOPULAR

RIGHT TO BE  
WRONG

be free

go your own way

INTRODUCTION BY JASMINE PETTET  
— CURATOR/CREATOR OF TELLTALE —



# T H E W O R S T

BY DAN WEBER

**I'm a stand up comedian; have been for over eight years now. A question that comes up a fair amount is: "What's the worst show you've ever done?"**

That's actually a tricky question, since I believe any chance to speak into a microphone in front of anyone is a privilege, which implies that a bad show is impossible. So, when someone asks me this question, I always relate the following story. It wasn't a bad show but it was the most adversarial show I've ever done.

I was about one year into comedy at the time. I was asked to be a guest on a local streaming video program devoted to local activists. There were supposed to be two activists, a band, and then I would do a 15 minute set at the end. The show was supposed to start at 9 p.m.

Things got off to a bad start right away. The show was delayed for two hours, one of the activists didn't show up and the band got frustrated and left before we got started. So there was only myself and the other activist, who was going to discuss labeling GMO's. They took about 15 minutes to discuss that issue then we had 45 minutes to kill before I was supposed to perform.

The host and I decided to kill time by talking about the

topics of the day. Now, this took place during the Great Portland Fluoride War of 2012, so obviously the conversation turned toward that local hot-button issue.

A little something about me: I didn't care about fluoride. Like at all. So when asked what I thought about the topic I replied "I don't give a fuck about fluoride."

The crowd lost their minds. In hindsight I should have guessed that's what would happen since they were clearly an anti-fluoride crowd and very passionate about the topic.

They started yelling at me because that's the best way to get a person to listen to your side of the argument. Someone asked me if I knew how fluoride worked. What I should have said is "No clue," because that was the truth. Instead, I guessed and guessed very wrong. No real surprise there because, like I said, I didn't care about the fluoride issue at all.

One guy said I was the worst person who ever lived.

The crowd and I went back and forth for what seemed like forever but was probably only about 30 minutes. While this

was happening, I was thinking to myself, "I should just leave," but the pull of stage time was stronger than my annoyance at being vilified by a crowd.

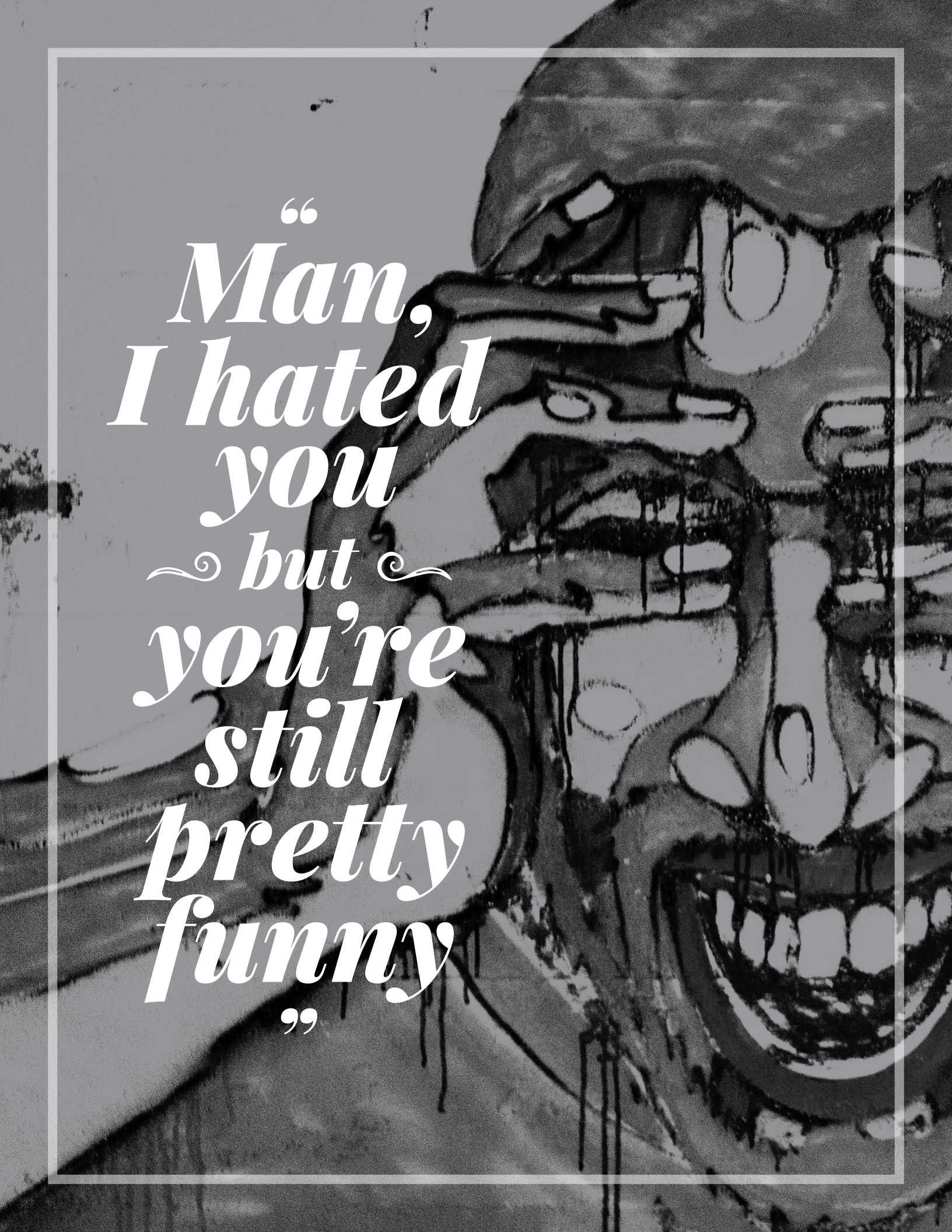
The arguing came to an end when the host said: "Now it's time for comedy. Coming up next, that guy you've been yelling at for the last 45 minutes."

I was supposed to do 15 minutes (which was honestly 10 minutes longer than I should have done because I was only a year into stand up and pretty much sucked.). I ended up doing about 25 minutes, mostly of mocking the crowd for devoting so much energy to fluoride when the police were killing people on a weekly basis, the environment was literally being burned to death and income inequality was at an all time high.

At the end of my set, I went outside to smoke a cigarette and calm down a bit. A guy came up to me and said, "Man, I hated you...but you're still pretty funny."

And that's the story of the time I received the best compliment I have ever gotten.





“  
*Man,  
I hated  
you  
~ but ~  
you’re  
still  
pretty  
funny*  
”





# NOVEMBER



FRI. 1	SAT. 2	SUN. 3	MON. 4	<b>TUE. 5</b> <b>COMEDY</b> <b>LIVE FROM REHAB COMEDY SHOW</b> with Zane Helberg <b>7:30pm / Doors 7pm</b>	WED. 6
THU. 7	FRI. 8	<b>SAT. 9    SUN. 10</b> <b>ONE WEEKEND ONLY!</b> <b>THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE</b> <small>(ABRIDGED!)</small> Performed by Royal Hebert, Greg Barrett, & Jaime Kirk <b>SATURDAY</b> <b>2pm / Doors 1:30pm</b> <b>7:30pm / Doors 7pm</b>		<b>MON. 11</b> Veterans Day	TUE. 12
WED. 13	THU. 14	FRI. 15	SAT. 16	<b>SUN. 17</b> <b>FUNDRAISER!</b> <b>MILWAUKIE PARKS FOUNDATION</b> Launch Party! <b>5pm / Doors 4:30pm</b>	MON. 18
TUE. 19	WED. 20	<b>THU. 21</b> <b>STORYTELLING</b> <b>TELLTALE: TOP FIVE</b> <b>8pm / Doors 7:30pm</b>	FRI. 22	<b>SAT. 23</b> <b>BRIDGE CITY IMPROV</b> Present TWO SHOWS! <b>"SHOW BROUSSEAU"</b> AND <b>"THREE ITALIANS FROM NEW YORK"</b> <b>7:30pm / Doors 7pm</b>	SUN. 24
MON. 25	TUE. 26	WED. 27	<b>THU. 28</b> Thanksgiving (USA)	<b>FRI. 29    SAT. 30    NOV 29-30 &amp; DEC 6-22</b> Battleground Productions Present: <b>THE CHRISTMAS CASE:</b> A LADY BRASS MYSTERY <b>FRI:</b> 7:30pm Doors 7pm <b>SAT:</b> 2pm Doors 1:30pm <b>SUN:</b> 2pm Doors 1:30pm	

Visit us online or on Facebook to see most current class schedules, upcoming events, and more!



chapeltheatremilwaukie.com  
Chapel Theatre, 4107 SE Harrison St., Milwaukie, OR 97222



# 100 Milwaukie Icons



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

*Each year in April, artists, designers, writers, and illustrators participate in The 100 Day Project.*

*We choose a subject and then create 100 of them, one a day.*



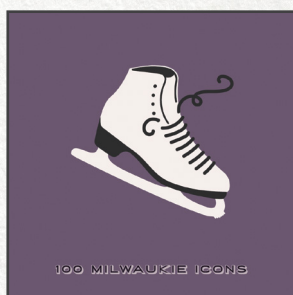
#1 Milwaukie High School



#2 Dogwood Flower



#3 The Gay Blade



#4 Tonya Harding

I grew up here, so I started to brainstorm about what I could illustrate from Milwaukie. Soon I had a list of 85 so I knew this would be the perfect subject for me.

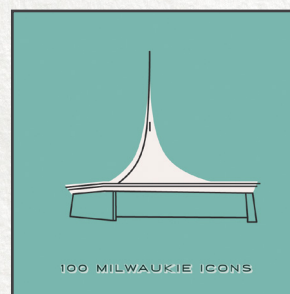
It ended up being difficult to stop at just 100. It was also difficult to finish on time—I'm busy! But I couldn't be happier with the results. You can see them all in full color on my Instagram profile: @sarahbagleyillustration.

I have so much gratitude for my family and friends for their support, helping to jog my memory about certain landmarks.

I wouldn't have dared to start this project without the encouragement of my close friend, Jenn Prinzing, who started her own project at the same time, illustrating 100 frozen treats.



#5 Elk Rock Island



#6 St. John The Baptist Catholic Church



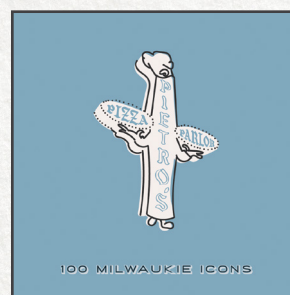
#7 Bing Cherries



#8 Dark Horse Comics



#9 Umbrella Parade



#10 Pietro's Pizza

*Anyone can participate! Visit [www.the100dayproject.org](http://www.the100dayproject.org) for more info.*





#11. Windhorse Coffee



#12. Davis Graveyard



#13. The Little Store



#14. Vic's Tavern



#15. Milwaukee Farmer's Market



#16. Shirt Nerder



#17. Florence Ledding



#18. Milwaukee Jr. High



#19. Kellogg Bowl



#20. Cha! Cha! Cha!



#21. Nutria



#22. Lion Painting  
(Milwaukee Cinema)



#23. Ultrazone



#24. Plush Pippin



#25. Mike's Drive-In



#26. Milwaukee City Hall



#27. Enchanté Chocolatier



#28. Lake Road Christmas Tree Farm



#29. Mill End Store



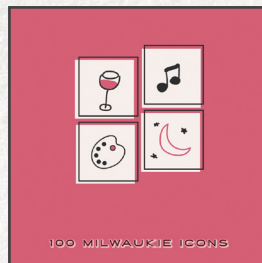
#30. Water Tower Park



#31. Rowe Middle School



#32. Milwaukee Pool



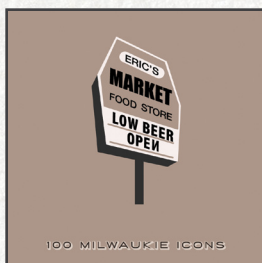
#33. First Friday



#34. Living History Day



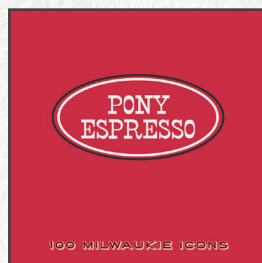
#35. Milwaukee Preschool



#36. Eric's Market



#37. Bob's Red Mill



#38. Pony Espresso

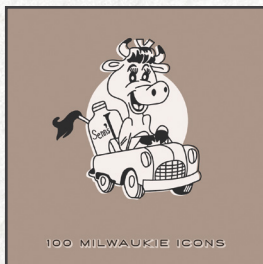


#39. Lot Whitcomb



#40. Al's Records, Books, and Music





#41. Senn's Dairy



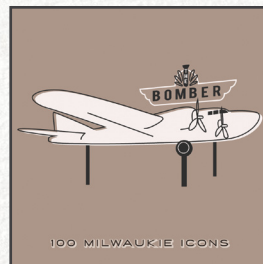
#42. Jafco



#43. Milwaukee Lutheran Church



#44. Wiz Burger



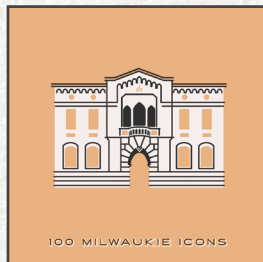
#45. The Bomber



#46. Gourmet Treats



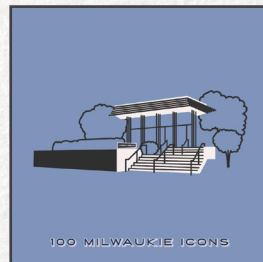
#47. The Chase



#48. Milwaukee Masonic Lodge



#49. Milwaukee Lumber



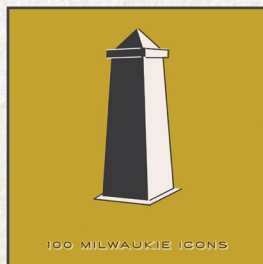
#50. Ledding Library



#51. Lew's Drive In



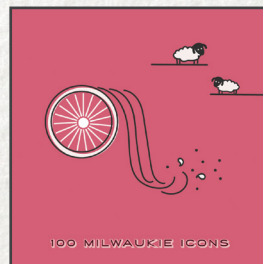
#52. Painted Lady Coffee House



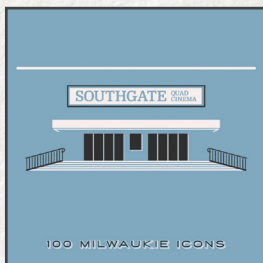
#53. Vietnam Veteran's Memorial



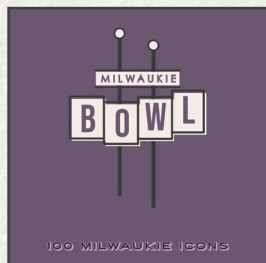
#54. Things From Another Planet



#55. Hager's Pond



#56. Southgate Cinema



#57. Milwaukee Bowl



#58. Milwaukee Beer Store



#59. Chapel Theatre



#60. Easter Island Statue  
(Milwaukee Wellness)



#61. Cereghino Farm



#62. Elk Rock Yoga and Wellness



#63. Milwaukee Cinemas



#64. Acupuncture For Wellness



#65. Milwaukee Festival Daze



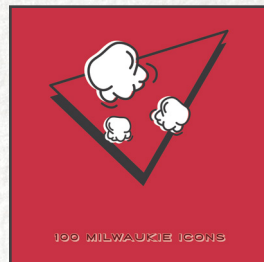
#66. Milwaukee Cleaners



#67. 'Brutalist' Architecture  
(Key Bank)



#68. ACME TV Movie Classics



#69. Milwaukee Popcorn

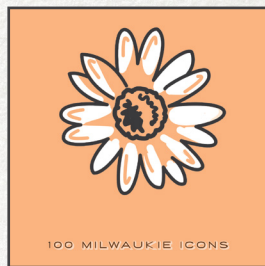


#70. Providence Hospital Milwaukee

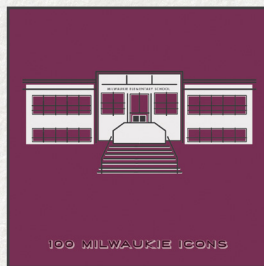




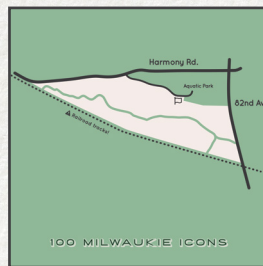
#71. The Stolen Boot Statue  
(Casa de Tamales)



#72. Milwaukie Floral and Gifts



#73. Milwaukie Elementary and El  
Puente Bilingual School



#74. Three Creeks Natural Area



#75. Albertson's



#76. Sunny Corner Market



#77. Milwaukie Museum Trolley



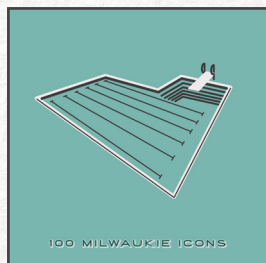
#78. Safeway



#79. Milwaukie Mustangs



#80. Clackamas United  
Church of Christ



#81. Milwaukie Elks Pool



#82. Kellogg Creek



#83. City Hall's Holiday Tree



#84. Perry's Pharmacy



#85. Tastee-Freez



#86. Annie Ross House



#87. artMOB: Milwaukie  
Arts Committee



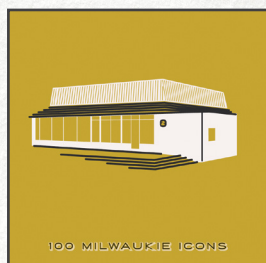
#88. Milwaukie Glass's Bulldog



#89. Solstice Celebration  
and Christmas Ships



#90. Spring Creek Coffee House



#91. Milwaukie Post Office



#92. Great American Video  
and Espresso



#93. North Clackamas Park



#94. Milwaukie's Elementary School  
from 1893-1936



#95. OMARK



#96. Wichita Center



#97. Dave's Killer Bread



#98. Deer Baby



#99. Dairy Queen



#100. The House I Grew Up In





# DECEMBER



SUN 1	MON. 2	TUE. 3	WED. 4	THU. 4	<b>SHOW RUNS:</b> <b>DECEMBER</b> <b>6<sup>TH</sup> — 22<sup>ND</sup></b>
<b>TICKETS GO ON SALE!</b> CHAPEL THEATRE COLLECTIVE: <b>"BLIND"</b> BY BONNIE RATNER <a href="http://chapeltheatrecollective.com">chapeltheatrecollective.com</a>					

*Written by John Longenbaugh and presented by Battleground Productions*

## THE CHRISTMAS CASE: A LADY BRASS MYSTERY



THU. 19 <b>STORYTELLING</b>  <b>TELLTALE — 2<sup>ND</sup> ANNUAL:</b> <b>"YOU WON'T GET WHAT YOU WANT!"</b> Includes night of optional gift swapping! <b>8pm / Doors 7:30pm</b>	<b>Fridays</b> <b>7:30pm / Doors 7pm</b>	<b>Saturdays</b> <b>2pm / Doors 1:30pm</b> <b>7:30pm / Doors 7pm</b>	<b>Sundays</b> <b>2pm / Doors 1:30pm</b>	MON. 23 <b>Hanukkah</b> (Begins at Sundown)	TUE. 24 <b>Christmas Eve</b>
WED. 25 <b>Christmas Day</b>	THU. 26 <b>Kwanzaa</b>	FRI. 27	SAT. 28	SUN. 29	MON. 30
					New Year's Eve TUE. 31

Visit us online or on Facebook to see most current class schedules, upcoming events, and more!



[chapeltheatremilwaukie.com](http://chapeltheatremilwaukie.com)  
 Chapel Theatre, 4107 SE Harrison St., Milwaukie, OR 97222



# THE COMMON GUN

BY DANIEL DAGRIS

**When I was six, and living in Las Vegas, my eleven-year-old cousin said,  
“Come here, I want to show you something.”**

That something was the gun in his parent’s closet. “They don’t know I know about it,” he said.

The next year we moved to Winlock, Washington, a small country town where guns are like tractors: Anybody who uses the word “property” when referring to their home, probably has one.

A friend of the family had a room full of guns. My brothers and I shot some of them when I was twelve. We started with an anti-aircraft mortar which looked like a steel tube that was held at your side, hands at waist level, by two horizontal handles. I was not given any ear protection before it was handed to me. After I fired it, the world went mute. I turned around, hearing no birds, wind, cars in the distance, or even the tinnitus ringing common in war movies, to see everyone else laying on the ground, elbows in the grass, covering their ears with both hands. The bullet was the length of my twelve-year-old forearm. We shot them into the lawn so they wouldn’t rain down on people the next town over. The gun was engineered to have no kick at all.

Next I shot a revolver which had so much kick that it made me understand why cowboys missed so often in movies. That one was my nine-year-old brother’s favorite.

Last, I shot an AK forty-something. I don’t know if it was legal or illegal. But I was allowed to shoot it without supervision, in the front yard, clipping blossoms off of dandelions across the street. When a car drove by, I pointed the gun skyward, but then lowered it and kept shooting after they passed. Recently I’ve wondered why they didn’t call the police. “Yes, I’d like to report reckless gun use. What did they look like? Um, a child soldier?... Hello?”

My stepdad borrowed a rifle from that arsenal to kill one of the many deer that used to wander through our yard, eating from our garden and apple trees. We lived within city limits. He didn’t have a hunting license. His plan was to only fire one shot, so even if the police came looking, they wouldn’t be able to triangulate his location. He pulled it off. I knew as soon as I saw the severed head of a doe in the grass beside the back porch after walking home

from elementary school. As far as I know, my stepfather never gave the gun back. For the next six years it stayed in our hall closet. Moments out of reach as he threatened suicide and familicide, while shouting himself hoarse almost daily.


“I’ll take you all out with me,” he said, so often I lost count.

After college, I spent half a year living twenty minutes from Tombstone, Arizona. One afternoon my girlfriend and I drank at the Four Deuces Saloon and then walked over to a buckaroo themed shooting range. I was feeling buzzed, but my accuracy was unreal. Firing a long barrel Colt, I shot my target in the chest, head, and neck. Having had such success with the first five shots, I fired the last bullet into the silhouette’s crotch.

“Well you’re just a bad person,” said the old cowpoke running the joint.

When people say that guns are too normalized in this country, I think to myself, “I don’t have that much experience with guns.” A thought closely followed by “Oh, this is exactly what what ‘normalized’ means.”





“  
I SHOT A REVOLVER  
WHICH HAD SO MUCH KICK  
THAT IT MADE ME  
UNDERSTAND  
WHY COWBOYS  
MISSED SO OFTEN  
IN MOVIES.”



FROM THE NEIGHBOR  
**UPSTAIRS**



BY  
MATTHEW AITKEN



**Dad was sick. He had the worst kind of diabetes. They call it Type-1.  
If it were beef, it would be AAA. If it were record sales, it would be platinum.  
If it were victory, it would be World War II.**

Dad had the kind of diabetes God gives you when he doesn't like you. It got him down and fucked him up. It ran roughshod on his brain and made him unique. It did the unimaginable and unforgivable. Dad was the personification of diabetes unabated, unrestrained.

Sometimes, I think he used his diabetes as a means of escape. By carefully adjusting his insulin intake and balancing it against measured doses of refined sugar, he could influence his own hallucinations. It was dangerous and reckless. It was common. Maybe trippin' was a cheap thrill. His body gave him much pain, I can't help but wonder if he worked with it in some way to get some fun. Maybe it wasn't fun. Maybe it was scary as Hell. Maybe he didn't.

Diabetes was the conduit through which other maladies flowed into and out of his body, much like the pipes he had looping through his stomach during his dialysis. That chapter ended with a solid borrow from a sibling.

Blood infections landed him in intensive care and inspired visits from far away relatives, myself and his one-kidneyed sister included. A rare form of cancer almost one hundred per cent of the time found in Chinese women cost him an eyelid. On a walk home from work, Dad took a breather on a bench while his heart ripped and scarred itself a little.

During the leadup to a surgery for a pesky brain aneurysm, they set him up in a room with fat angel wallpaper on the ceiling. Dad mustn't have cared for those chubby little harp pluckers because he came back to us.

I was home visiting once and he ended up in the hospital with an abnormally high blood sugar. Many of the nurses were talking about how they had never seen one higher. A doctor had. Not much higher, she assured us. Much higher isn't really possible.

He died alone. Not alone, alone. He died at my brother's place. On the couch. In the middle of the

night. No one saw it happen. Maybe he had a seizure. Seizures were common. Maybe his chest just slowed. Its rhythmic ballooning not quite reaching the same size until settling at no movement at all. The beats of his heart that had been so irregular throughout his life finally slowing to a point where there would be no more.

***He wasn't expecting  
such humble endings.***

I wonder if he knew. I wonder if he knew he was dying and didn't call out for help. He had come home from the hospital just two days previous because he didn't like being there. He never did. If you spent as much time in and out of there, you might try to get out whenever you could, too. Maybe not. Maybe you would stay in because you thought it was the best way to stay alive. Maybe you would be right. I don't think Dad cared much anymore. He used to. Very much. Life is an exciting thing worth living. Near the end, he was noticeably ambivalent. I think he knew it was getting close to time, and he went.

When he died, he had a star blanket and a couple of plastic grocery bags stuffed with blood-stained shirts. We gave the star blanket to the sister who had given him a kidney. She cried. My brother called me when they brought Dad's ashes over to the house. They were bagged in clear plastic and placed in a small cardboard box. My brother cried. He wasn't expecting such humble endings. He was expecting an urn. Just like in the movies.

But Dad didn't have money for life. He couldn't have been expected to provide for himself in death, too. His illnesses held him back. If he had to pay for all the medical care he received, he would have died many years before he did, with far less dignity.





# *Hail* to the *Exhale*

[edited]

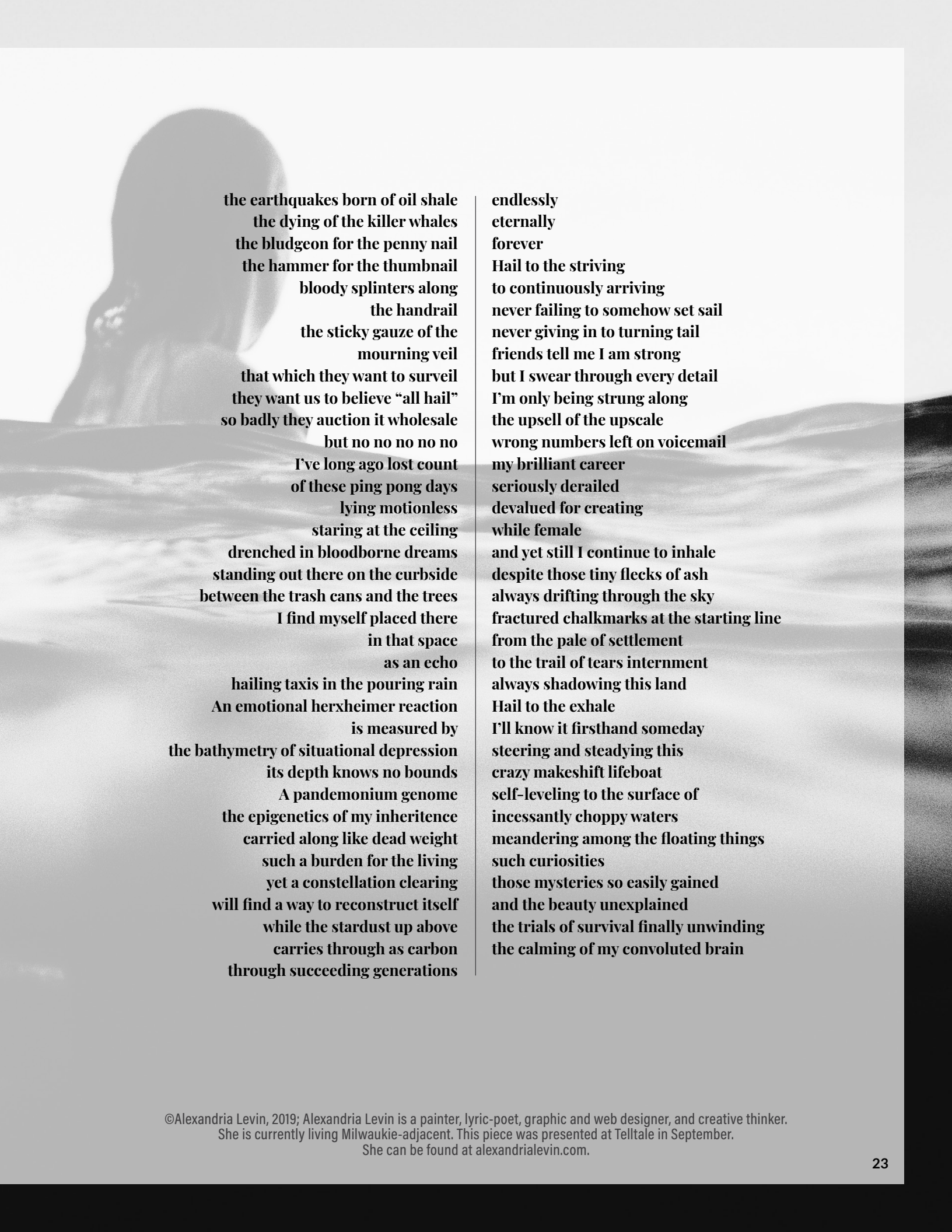
*(Or... All hail the existential rollercoaster ride)*

BY ALEXANDRIA LEVIN

Listen  
listen to the recurrent and crashing thunder  
that stark and compact soundtrack  
illuminating the distant cracks of light  
they shatter through with explicit memories  
of sudden summertime monsoons  
of being stolen away  
by bad decisions once stupidly made  
and I can't stop questioning why  
Hail to the hailstorm  
that calamitous maelstrom  
the swirl of the whirlpool  
the sweep of the streets  
a brooming iteration  
for an imminent arrival  
from overclouded conditions  
now overcrowding into stations  
the updraft of such pressure  
and the downslope of the falling  
that hypnotic abyss keeps calling  
get me off of this train  
However, hail to the trains  
always loved me some tracks  
those parallel leading-to-somewhere-else paths  
and the subway's rumble tumble

in the tunnels down below  
when we sparked a broken brilliance  
and we danced outside the lines  
and the overnight adventures  
spent in observation cars  
and the scenery that's been snapped, trapped, and captured  
in a thousand photographs  
but just the same  
there is history  
it is running through my veins  
from when boxcars and plaintive whistles  
coursed a deadly destination  
which once insisted on prevailing  
upon similar sorts of rails  
Once upon a rhyme  
an equal amount of things  
would or could be better  
or worse  
at any given time  
but not anymore  
we've lost that sense of balance  
when everything on this planet feels to be so very sore  
a saturated oceanic cocktail in a cruel disguise  
surfing coattails sewn together  
from ceaseless pathological lies





the earthquakes born of oil shale  
the dying of the killer whales  
the bludgeon for the penny nail  
the hammer for the thumbnail  
bloody splinters along  
the handrail  
the sticky gauze of the  
mourning veil  
that which they want to surveil  
they want us to believe "all hail"  
so badly they auction it wholesale  
but no no no no no  
I've long ago lost count  
of these ping pong days  
lying motionless  
staring at the ceiling  
drenched in bloodborne dreams  
standing out there on the curbside  
between the trash cans and the trees  
I find myself placed there  
in that space  
as an echo  
hailing taxis in the pouring rain  
An emotional herxheimer reaction  
is measured by  
the bathymetry of situational depression  
its depth knows no bounds  
A pandemonium genome  
the epigenetics of my inheritance  
carried along like dead weight  
such a burden for the living  
yet a constellation clearing  
will find a way to reconstruct itself  
while the stardust up above  
carries through as carbon  
through succeeding generations

endlessly  
eternally  
forever  
Hail to the striving  
to continuously arriving  
never failing to somehow set sail  
never giving in to turning tail  
friends tell me I am strong  
but I swear through every detail  
I'm only being strung along  
the upsell of the upscale  
wrong numbers left on voicemail  
my brilliant career  
seriously derailed  
devalued for creating  
while female  
and yet still I continue to inhale  
despite those tiny flecks of ash  
always drifting through the sky  
fractured chalkmarks at the starting line  
from the pale of settlement  
to the trail of tears internment  
always shadowing this land  
Hail to the exhale  
I'll know it firsthand someday  
steering and steadying this  
crazy makeshift lifeboat  
self-leveling to the surface of  
incessantly choppy waters  
meandering among the floating things  
such curiosities  
those mysteries so easily gained  
and the beauty unexplained  
the trials of survival finally unwinding  
the calming of my convoluted brain



## Musings From A Part-Time Mystic

# S.O.S

BY JENNIFER HOLLAND

**If they hadn't been so confident that the Titanic was indestructible,  
would the captain and crew have paid more attention?  
Would they have seen the danger in enough time to avert disaster?**

If our nation were a ship, it would be the Titanic, facing the looming iceberg of an already unprecedented housing crisis. Making it about political parties or “sides” is about as helpful as the Titanic’s crew exchanging *I told you so*’s as the ship sank into the icy ocean. It’s time to stop, look, and listen to those on the front lines of homelessness. It’s happening, right now, to someone you know. This tragedy is playing in a venue near you.

Case in point: I went to court recently to support my fiercely independent, nearly seventy-year old friend Mary (not her real name), who works on and off as a flagger. She’s rented a rambling, ramshackle, 100-year-old farmhouse in the middle of a forest—no cell phone service, no internet, wood stove for heat—for fourteen years. She has always paid her rent in full and on time. The relationship between Mary and the landlord was so friendly, she was not concerned that she did not have a lease. She was in court because his adopted son, “Jim,” (a tattooed, shaved-head, ex-convict) gave her a No Cause

eviction notice and Mary was contesting it. Jim was in court the day I attended. Even the judge appeared afraid of him, yet Mary was forced to share his table and microphone. The judge noted Mary’s terror, asking: *Why would Mary even want to stay on the property, derelict as it was? Why not just move?*

I was flabbergasted. Not only does Mary not have the money, but there is no place for her to go. Low-income housing waiting lists are years long. Apartment life would kill her beautiful, free spirit. I know it nearly killed mine. The judge postponed the eviction and instructed Jim to issue the correct notice. He needs to demolish the property for a lucrative logging venture to begin.

Before MS, I was like Mary—independent, willing, and able to work hard. I had a car. I could move somewhere if needed. Why would I put my self on a housing list?

Lest you believe this has nothing to do with you because you’re young, able-bodied, or well-off financially, please read on.



While it's difficult for disabled, elderly, returning wounded military, or the poor to secure services, at least we have some. Middle-aged people who suddenly lose their jobs because of downsizing, ill health, robotics, or age (and oh, it happens all the time) won't qualify for EBT or rent assistance. If you're not adjudged disabled enough to get SSDI, you're expected to work. Chances are slim you'll be hired at all, or you'll earn such low wages you cannot support yourself.

Because so many middle-class people can't afford their big cities anymore, they're moving out in droves to small towns, rural areas, and states with lower taxes. With their extra cash, they gentrify their home and ensure rising living costs. Affordable housing options vanish.

Towns like mine, made up mostly of retirees, have few housing options, no public transport, and few services. The residents have either paid off their mortgage or sold their city home for tons o' cash. They can easily afford the vehicles that take them to full-service cities. They don't see the need for reliable, affordable transport or services. They look down on those of us in public or Section 8 housing, assuming we made "lifestyle choices" that landed us at the bottom.<sup>1</sup> Their smugness baffles me, for it's only a matter of time before their doctor tells them they can't drive, or gentrification causes such a hike in the cost of living they can't afford their mobile home plot, or they become disabled. They'll smack into the iceberg, and it will be too late to put services in place.

Were you aware that there are 3.5 million homeless in the U.S. right now?<sup>2</sup> A frightening number of them are "working homeless" who do not earn enough to pay rent, and if you rent, you're at risk of homelessness. If the

bank owns your home, you're still vulnerable. Market fluctuations are a natural component of free markets, yet millions ignore this fact.

Only if you own your home outright are you safe. Or are you? Disability can happen to anyone, at any time. If a government agency or utility company wants your property, they can take it by declaring eminent domain. The chances increase daily that your dwelling will be destroyed by fire, earthquake, or flood.

Pretending all is well and "it can never happen to me" signals a particular type of blindness that is far worse than any SSDI-qualifying disability. Those on the uppermost tiers of the Ship of Greed ignore the iceberg. They're busy not only arranging the Titanic's deck chairs, but choosing new cushions and looking for a handyman who can resurface the deck.

We're on this ship together, whether Captain's deck, ballroom, galleys, or steerage. Below decks, we can hear the groans and creaks as the keel scrapes ice, but we're not in a position to do anything but yell. Captains squabble over who's right. The wealthy dance and dine. The rest of us are left to our own (assistive) devices.

Creative ways abound to address our titanic homeless crisis, but first every passenger—regardless of political affiliation, nationality, religion, or race—must acknowledge the iceberg. For our ship to be saved, those contributing to the housing crisis by succumbing to the siren call of wealth need to focus less on wealth creation and more on the plight of their fellow passengers. If this ship founders, we all go down. Your money will not save you then.

SOS: Save Our Ship. Those of us below decks are counting on you.

<sup>1</sup><https://parade.com/643064/beckyhughes/working-homeless-population-grows-in-cities-across-the-u-s/>; <sup>2</sup><https://nlchp.org/issue-areas-2/>; This article first appeared on <http://cpdusu.org/blog/articles/2019/a-rolling-perspective-sos> and is used with permission.





# Larry Yes

Larry Yes was born in 1974 in Milwaukie, Oregon and lives in Portland. At age 8 he played asteroids with Sun Ra and somehow won. He is now a socially-engaged artist, songwriter, and musician whose work focuses on love, positivity, humor, and fostering social bonds through creativity and human connection.

In his nearly 30-year musical career he has collaborated with Michael Hurley, Mirah, Josephine Foster, Sonny and the Sunsets, Pall Jenkins (Black Heart Procession), The Blue Flowers, The Art of Flying, Bob Corn, Pink Widower, The Yogoman Burning Band, Six Foot Sloth, Hitting Birth, Apegrave and more.

He has Played shows with Donovan, Elliott Smith, Daniel Johnston, Low, toured

Europe multiple times, and played the Quiet Music Festival as well as SXSW.

His visual art has been shown at PDX Contemporary Art Window Project and the Portland Building and has collaborated with the Portland Museum of Modern Art.

Other projects include the Optimist Club, an experimental instrumental musical liquid Light experience, with artists Toussaint Perrault and William Rihel, "Free Art in the Park," a public party/art therapy session that invites the public to create art in a social setting, and "Positive Words," a community-sourced installation of paintings incorporating uplifting language.

He is currently obsessed with building 3D rainbows and shaking the light fantastic with his family and friends.





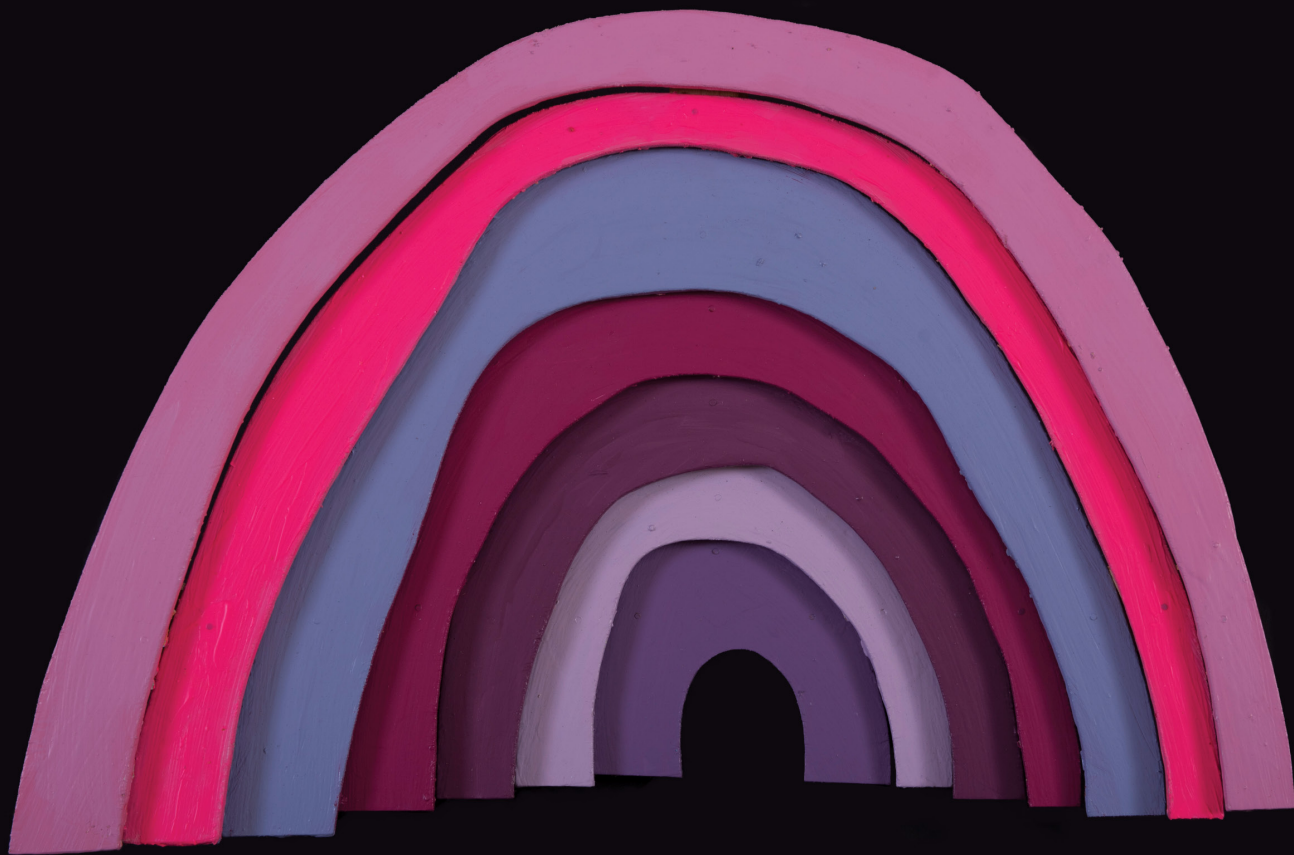
- 
- REMODELS
  - RENOVATIONS
  - ADDITIONS
  - NEW CONSTRUCTION
  - RESIDENTIAL
  - COMMERCIAL
- 

WE START AND FINISH  
WITH YOUR VISION.

**ITGCONSTRUCTIONPDX.COM • (503) 593-3441**

Certified • Licensed • Bonded • Insured





A MILWAUKIE-BASED ARTS & CULTURE MAGAZINE  
BROUGHT TO YOU BY CHAPEL THEATRE

ISSUE 5 | 11/12.19



Produced by Chapel Theatre, 4107 SE Harrison St., Milwaukie, OR 97222 | [chapeltheatremilwaukie.com](http://chapeltheatremilwaukie.com)