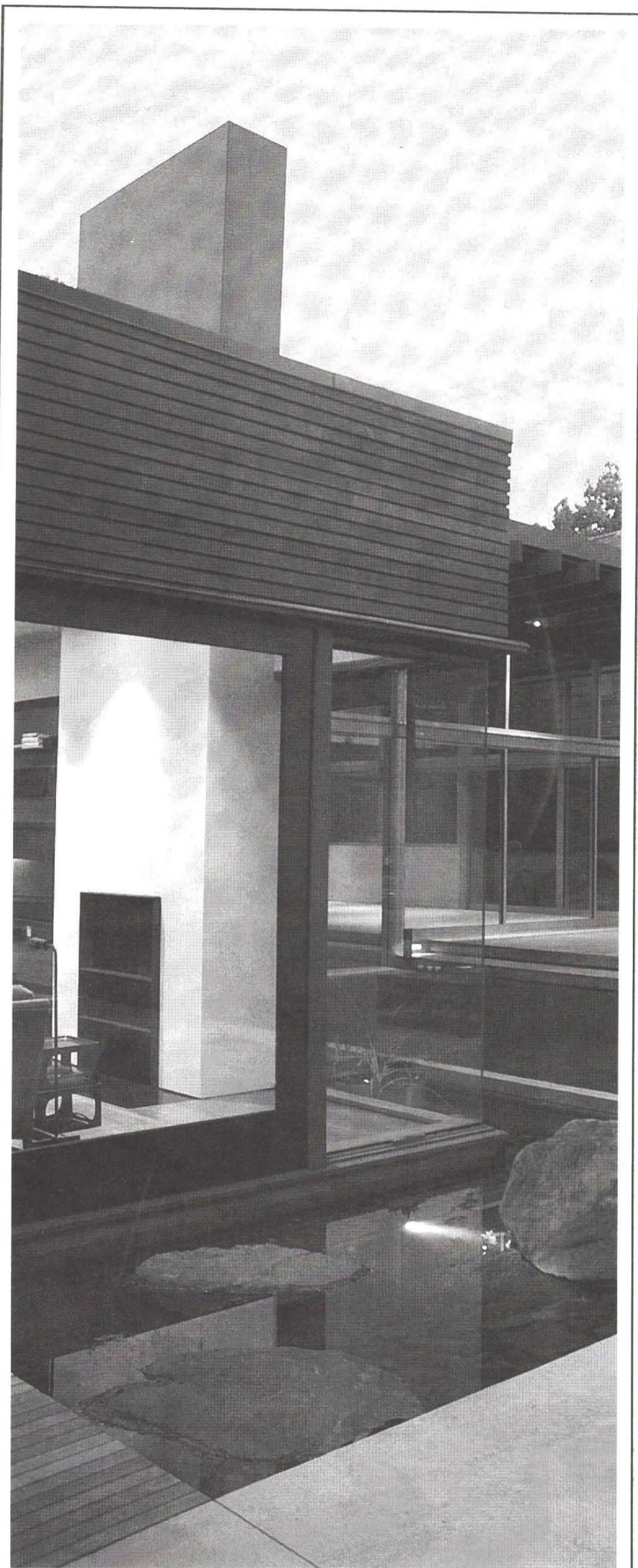


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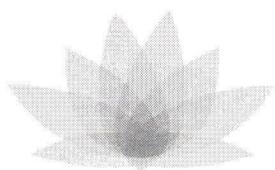


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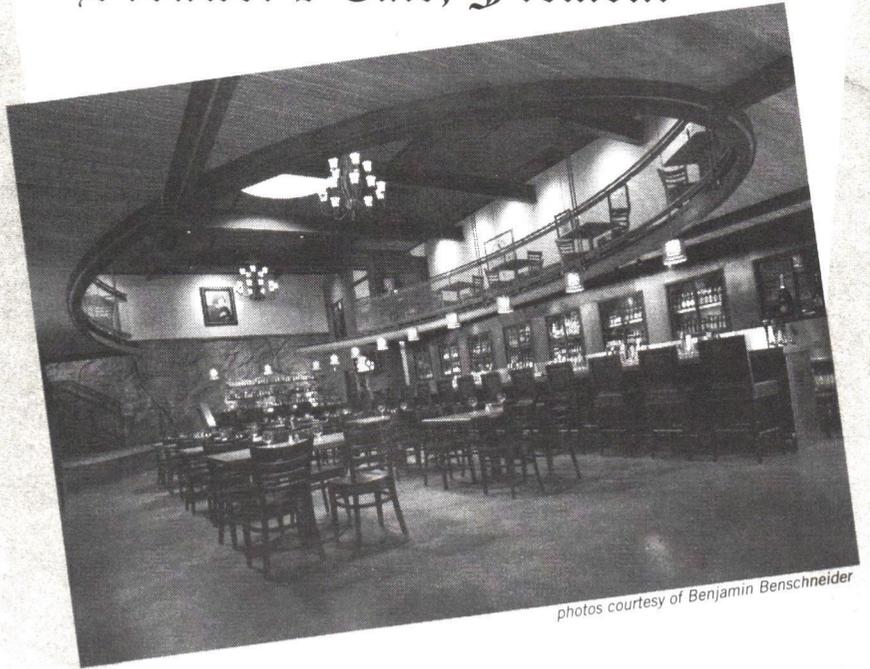
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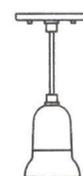
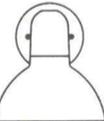
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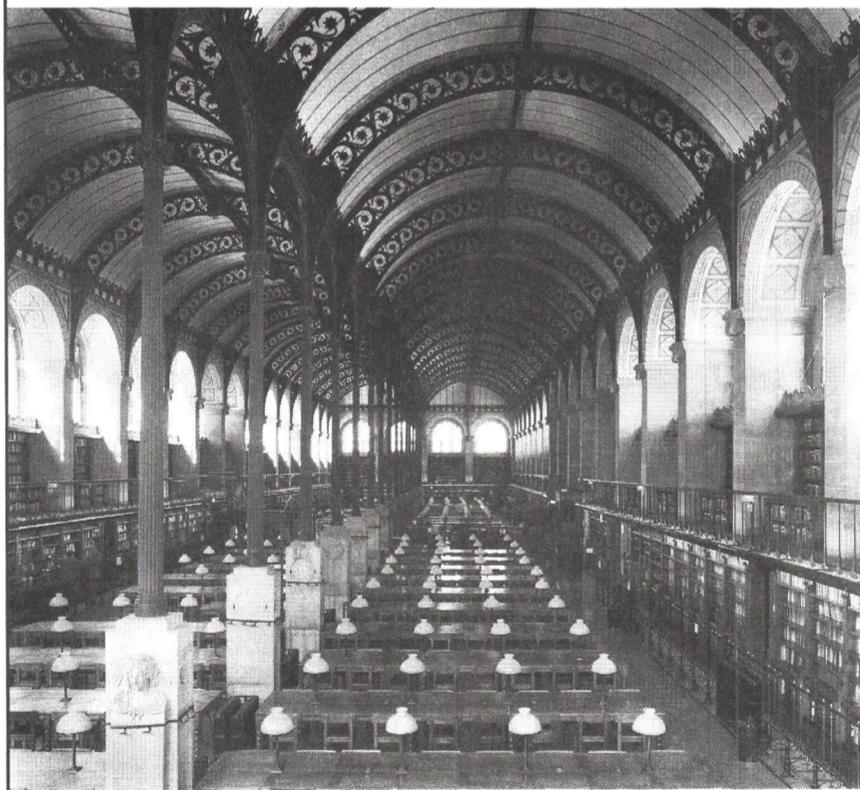
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- page 9 **SHORT TAKES**  
New Talent, Where Is The Next Public Generation?  
David Spiker
- Comments  
Ellen Sollod, Jamey Barlet
- 10 Maya Lin, Kathryn Gustafson, Beirut Architecture  
Kelly Igoe
- 13 **INTERVIEW**  
Richard Gluckman  
JM Cava
- 15 **PERSPECTIVE**  
Us vs. Them  
John Fleming
- 16 **GRAPHIC DESIGN OBSERVER**  
IRS W-4 Form Redesign  
Karen Cheng
- 34 **ILLUSTRATION**  
White Place Black Ink  
Peter Arkle
- 35 **OTHER PLACES**  
Preservation Hall  
Tim Culvahouse
- 36 Hudson Valley +  
Ann Hamilton + Alice Waters + the High Line  
Barbara Swift
- 40 **CITY BUILDING VANCOUVER**  
Parking Crime: Anti-Crime Features  
May Prevent Public Use  
Trevor Boddy
- 44 **SIDE YARD**  
NPR Tag Lines for Architects  
Ron van der Veen
- Going Hollywood  
Jane Radke Slade
- 46 **BOOK REVIEW**  
*Moving Horizons*  
Clair Enlow

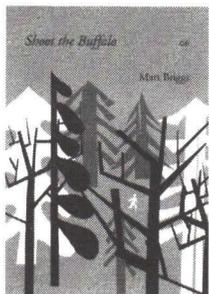


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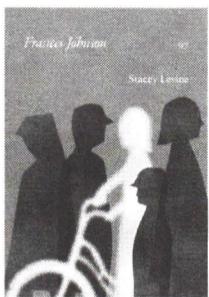
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*Shoot the Buffalo* by Matt Briggs

0-97223234-7-3

The summer Aldous Bohm turns nine, his parents, working class hippies in post-Vietnam America, move to the woods “to reinvent the American family.” Sweeping in scope yet unerringly precise in its detail, *Shoot the Buffalo* conjoins the dead end narrative of American masculinity with its stubborn twin—the Romantic ideal of nature—to suggest an ambivalent way forward, a path out of these woods.



*Frances Johnson* by Stacey Levine

0-97223234-6-5

Frances Johnson doesn't want to attend the town dance. But there is pressure. The people of Munson, her small Florida town, make their needs known. Nearby, a volcano the townspeople call “Sharla” spews lava and stones, lighting the sky with its portentous burning. At once measured and suspenseful, *Frances Johnson* is a comedy of manners in the tradition of Jane Bowles.

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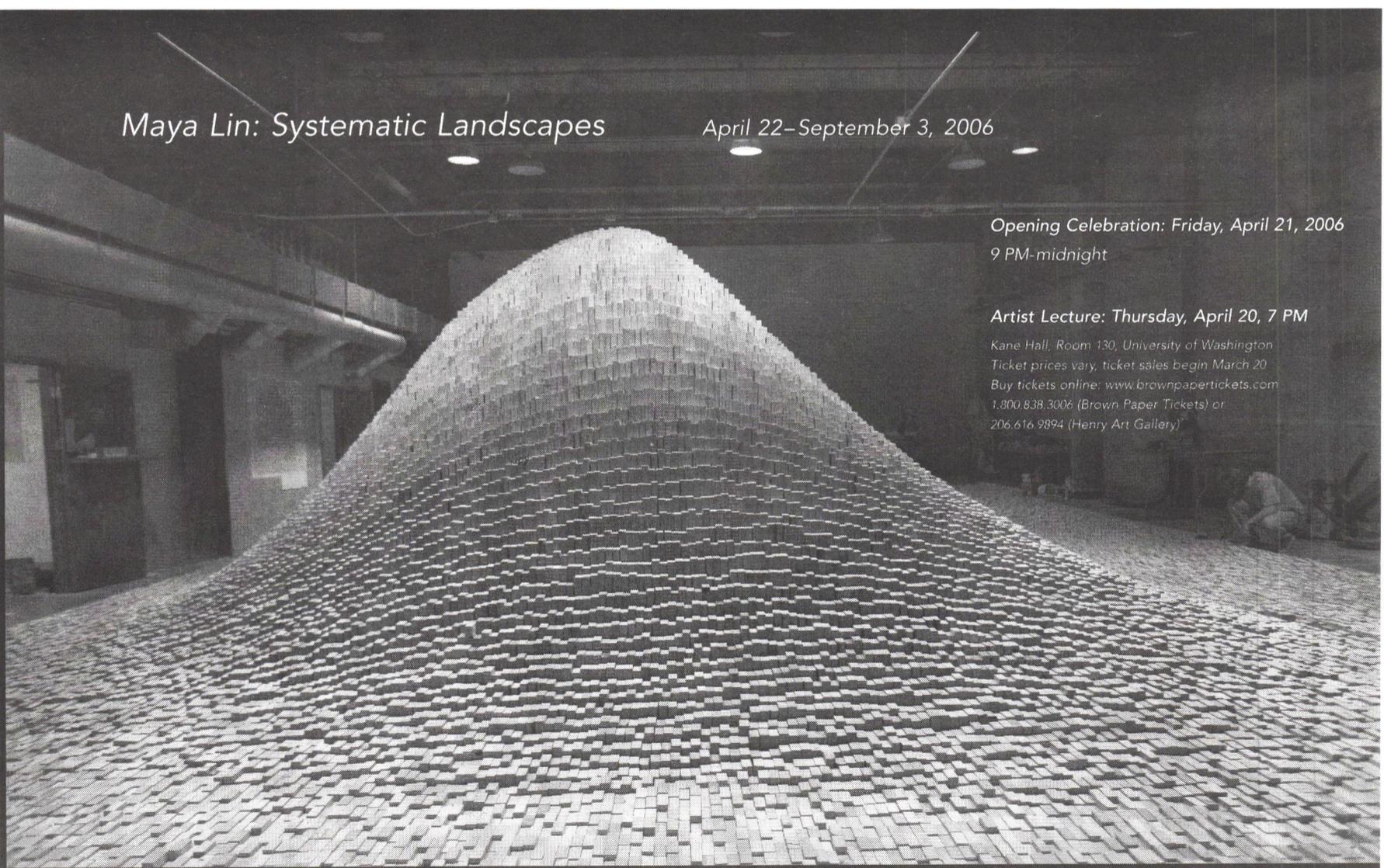
## Maya Lin: Systematic Landscapes

April 22–September 3, 2006

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Artist Lecture: Thursday, April 20, 7 PM

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Maya Lin: Systematic Landscapes is organized for the Henry Art Gallery by Director Richard Andrews. Major support for this exhibition has been provided by the Paul G. Allen Family Foundation, ArtsFund, The Boeing Company, PONCHO, and donors to the Special Exhibition Initiative. Additional support provided by Peter Norton Family Foundation, Kongsgaard Goldman Foundation, Haas Charitable Trusts, Simpson Timber Company - Northwest, NBBJ Group, Bohlin Cywinski Jackson, Trillium Corporation, and the Washington State Arts Commission. In-kind support provided by The Seattle Times, KUOW 94.9, Grant Hyatt Seattle, KrekowJenningsInc., Vulcan Inc., and The Strand. Image: Maya Lin, 2x4 Landscape Maquette. (Detail). Photo: Colleen Chartier.

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ARCADE is published quarterly by the Northwest Architectural League, a not-for-profit educational organization. Donations to ARCADE are tax-deductible.

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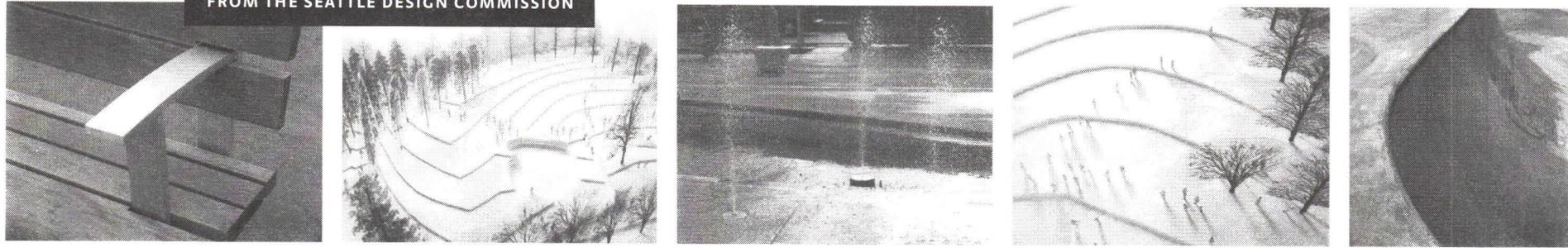


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DAVID SPIKER  
NEW TALENT — WHERE IS THE NEXT PUBLIC GENERATION?

I started my architectural life in New York working on a branch library in Queens, a dormitory for the State University of New York and a major academic complex for City University. I had just completed my undergraduate degree and was working for two 30-year-old architects who had just started their own firm. The public agencies in New York at that time had an active policy of encouraging and promoting young talent. Sometimes the results were not spectacular, but it gave the younger firms a real toehold into the public arena. In Seattle, I've sat on many selection panels and always asked the agency lead where the hot young firms were? Why aren't they being selected or even considered? Invariably the answer is some variation of "they can't be trusted to do public work because they don't have the experience [doing libraries, fire stations, etc.]. And we [usually the Project Managers] can't take the chance of blowing it on an unknown."

Why can't the younger generation break into public work the way the previous one did? Is there something about the selection process that inhibits finding new firms? Why can't an office that designed million dollar houses for demanding clients design a branch library or firehouse?

Olson Sundberg, Miller Hull, Ed Weinstein and others have built exceptional practices involving public buildings. Nobody would argue that these firms don't deserve the commissions they receive in the public sector, but isn't there room for some new blood? Perhaps there should be a designated number of commissions for younger and less experienced offices. Where is the next generation of architectural and landscape talent in the Northwest?

In the June issue of ARCADE we will present a collection of Northwest talent that warrants the attention of the public clients. ■

*David Spiker is an architect and urban designer in Seattle where he is Chair of the Seattle Design Commission. He keeps writing for ARCADE because he likes to.*

COMMENTS

To the Editor,

Thanks for the great article "Dwell Syndrome." I didn't know my affliction had a name.

It's comforting to know that I'm not the only architect dad struggling to make his family a little *Dwellish*. Maybe Ron should start a support group.

Also, if he figures out how to keep grandma out of Wal-Mart, let me know.

*Jamey Barlet  
Collins Woerman*

To the Editor,

Perhaps Paul Schell can become to Seattle what Jimmy Carter has become to the nation. Reading the interviews by Barbara Swift and John Fleming of our ex-mayor, I was reminded how clear thinking and visionary Paul Schell was and is about the idea of a civic society. Like Jimmy Carter whose Presidency was overtaken by events—the oil crisis, the Iran Hostage Crisis, the economy run amok; Paul Schell's Mayorship was also overtaken by events—the WTO, the cancellation of New Year's Eve celebrations under the threat of terrorism (pre-9/11, his response was considered over reaching), and the terrible murder in Pioneer Square. Over time, Jimmy Carter has emerged as the best ex-President we have ever had—a humanitarian with vision, integrity, honesty, compassion, and an elder statesman who stands for the real principles of American democracy. He commands respect world-

wide. My hope is that Paul Schell too will re-engage with the important issues facing Seattle and the region and resume a public role, albeit an unofficial one.

If I remember correctly, he was one of the first, if not the first, to coin the term Cascadia to embrace issues of regionalism. As Mayor, he had the vision that resulted in the new City Hall and Justice Center and the City Hall Plaza, still under construction. The bond issue that resulted in the new central library and the many branch library projects was realized, too. As a developer he revived Western Avenue as a textured urban place; and as Port Commissioner he played a key role in the revitalization of the Port's waterfront properties. While there may be differences of opinion about the success of any individual project, there must be consensus that he has played a central role in shaping the heart of Seattle's civic space. We could use an elder statesman with his perspective, insight, design intelligence and civic vision on issues as complicated as the Viaduct and regional transportation. I propose that Mayor Nickels appoint him as "Civic Ambassador" to bring vision and cohesion to these thorny problems. Having neither an axe to grind or political ambition, Paul Schell could make his greatest contribution ever.

*Ellen Sollod*

ARCADE welcomes letters and comments from readers. We reserve the right to publish such correspondence unless they're indicated to be not for publication. Submissions should include the writer's name, address and telephone number. ARCADE reserves the right to edit for space and clarity, and will send the writer an edited version prior to publication. Send e-mail to [Kelly@arcadejournal.com](mailto:Kelly@arcadejournal.com), faxes to 206 623 7005, or US mail to Letters to the Editor, ARCADE, 1201 Alaskan Way, Pier 56, Suite 200, Seattle WA, 98101-2913.

KELLY IGOE

MAYA LIN, KATHRYN GUSTAFSON, BEIRUT ARCHITECTURE

**MAYA LIN @ THE HENRY ART GALLERY**

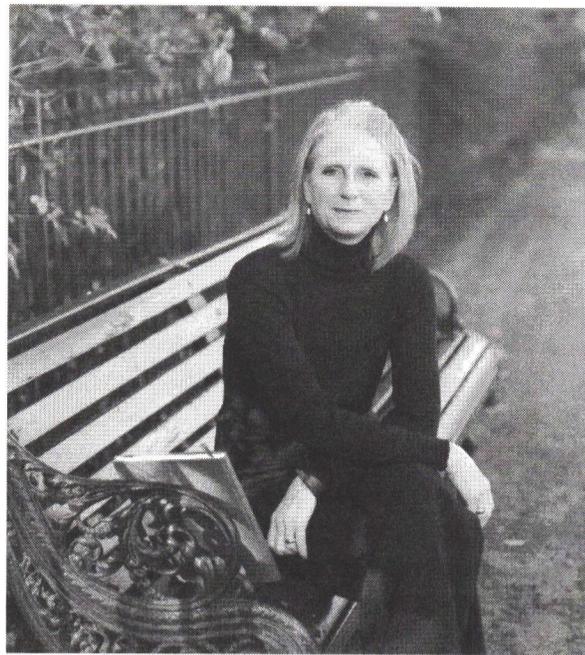
It's been eight long years since artist and architect Maya Lin has exhibited her work in a museum setting. Her expansive, experiential earthworks and monuments don't lend themselves easily to traditional museum viewing. But, thankfully, this April the Henry Art Gallery at the University of Washington pushes the limits of installation art, and brings Lin's recent projects to the public.

Maya Lin: Systematic Landscapes opens April 22 in the Stroum and East galleries, and Lin will lecture April 20. The comprehensive exhibit is anchored by three large topographical works constructed out of 2x4s, wire and particle board. Lin intends visitors to walk on, under or through these representative landforms, gaining awareness of the possibilities and varieties of landscape. An additional suite of sculpture and drawings reveals Lin's exploration of water, as form and agent of form. There are icebergs, river deltas, ocean floors and conceptualized liquid volume—just to whet your imagination.

The timing of this exhibit, and its content, squares nicely with the completion of the first site in Lin's impressive seven-site Confluence Project along 450 miles of the Columbia River Basin. The Project is both bold restoration effort and culturally critical exercise. Lin's art and landscape installations at each site tell the overlapping stories of the native tribes, the Corps of Discovery and the natural offerings of the Northwest environment. Cape Disappointment State Park is the westernmost point in the Confluence Project and will be open to visitors in April. Here Lin's installations include a polished basalt fish-cleaning table engraved with the Chinook origin myth and a ring of reclaimed cedars found on the beach.

The Henry exhibit also includes models and plans from the Confluence Project. To learn more about this collaborative effort between Maya Lin, the Confederated Tribes of the Umatilla, the Nez Perce Tribe, the Lewis and Clark Commemorative Committee of Vancouver/Clark County and the Friends of Lewis and Clark of Pacific County visit [www.confluenceproject.org](http://www.confluenceproject.org).

Maya Lin atop one of her *Systematic Landscapes*  
Photo: Michael Burns



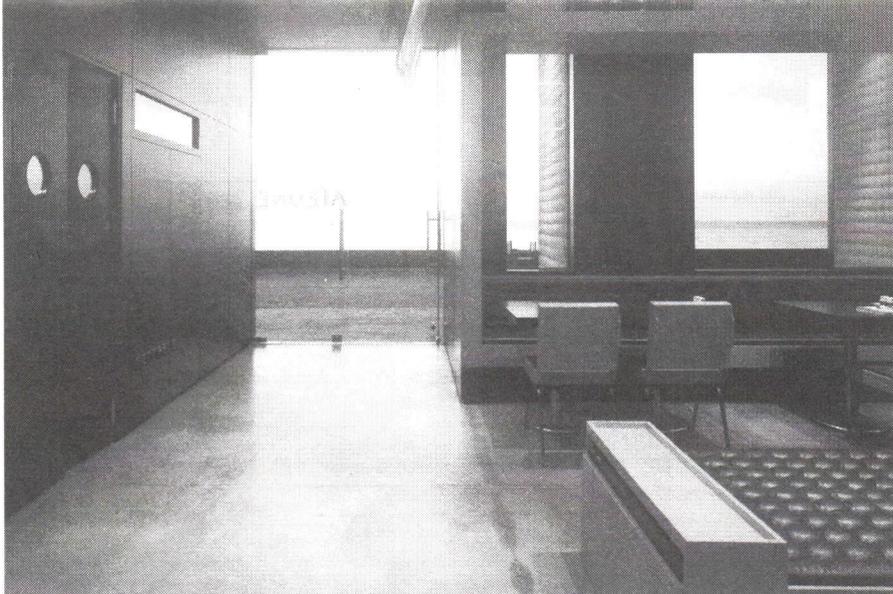
Kathryn Gustafson  
Photo: Charles Hopkinson

**SPEAKING OF EXCITING WOMEN EARTH-MOVERS @ THE HENRY...**

On December 14, 2005, Kathryn Gustafson shared slides and stories of her celebrated projects at the Henry Art Gallery's auditorium. Gustafson is a landscape architect with a truly global reach and the caliber of her work speaks for itself. Watching images flash across the screen, I wished more than once for some kind of Star-Trekkian particle transporter, so I could be a part of her elaborate creations myself. Of course, I could go wander the entry of McCaw Hall, or sit on the steps of City Hall if the sun ever shines again.

As a principal in two firms, Gustafson Guthrie Nichol of Seattle, and Gustafson Porter of London, she does live and create here part of the time. Seattle is lucky to have a professional innovator like Gustafson, yet she seemingly retains a somewhat low profile despite the spate of high-profile projects she and her partners—Shannon Nichol and Jennifer Guthrie in Seattle and Neil Porter in London—crank out. Two that I am most eager to see are the Diana, Princess of Wales Memorial Fountain in London, which sends water sloshing and careening around an endless ring of pocketed, rumpled and curved granite, and a series of gardens and walks in central Beirut, virtually stitching together two mosques, a Catholic church and an active archaeological dig. Beirut's infrastructure was essentially wiped away during 15 years of civil war, and today, 15 years after the official end of fighting, a new city is emerging thanks to reconstructive, culturally sensitive projects like Gustafson Porter's gardens.

For more on Gustafson and her oeuvre, please see Clair Enlow's book review of *Moving Horizons* in this issue.



Black Box interior looking toward sea. Courtesy DW5/Bernard Khoug.

**OK, SO MAYBE BEIRUT IS THE COOLEST PLACE GOING...**

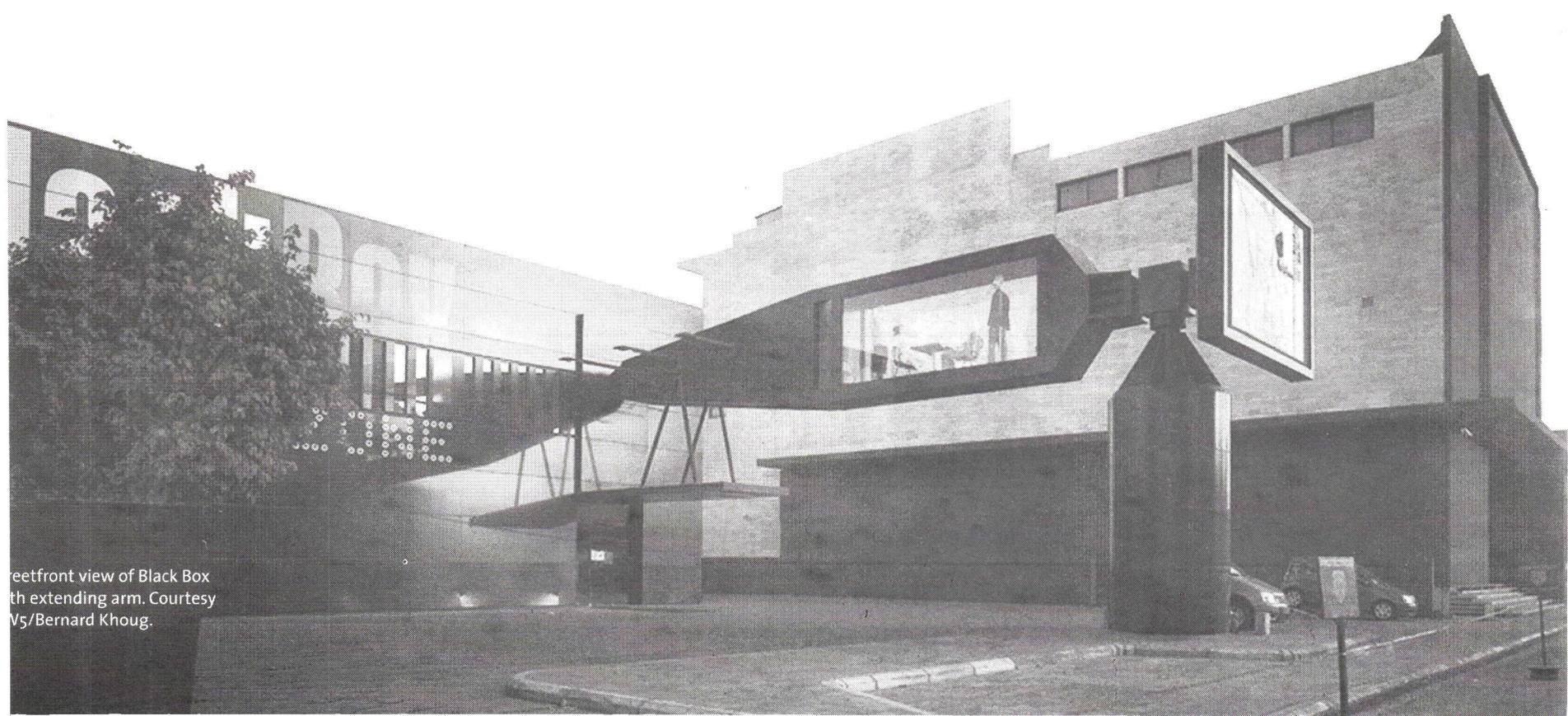
Beirut architect Bernard Khoury's new restaurant, Black Box Aizone, nabs a Cool Architecture Sighting from us here at ARCADE. Completed in 2005, the two-story square building is totally clad in black metal, with red super-graphics broadcasting its name on three sides. It's the blend of glam and gimmick that makes the Black Box pop on a street clogged with commercialism.

Located on the northbound highway of Greater Beirut, the building had to attract the attention of drivers. But Khoury had to grapple with a 20m setback, which nullified the building's presence from the road. His solution: a 20m arm extending from the body of the Black Box, out to the street. The arm widens toward the street end, eventually expanding into a frame for live models should occasion arise. Situated perpendicularly at the arm's tip is a flat monitor, 5m wide by 3m high, on which scenes from within the sexy Black Box flash and entice.

Considering Beirut's past, present and future, this project is calculatedly cool. Khoury's firm, DW5, slyly describes the Black Box as a remark on "contemporary society's reliance on the trendiest fashions, latest entertainment venues and the facility of money distributors." Seems like a clever bet that could leave Khoury chuckling all the way to the bank. ■

*Check out the DW5 / Bernard Khoury website for more information and details on other projects: [www.bernardkhoury.com](http://www.bernardkhoury.com). And please send your Cool Architecture Sightings to [editor@arcadejournal.com](mailto:editor@arcadejournal.com)*

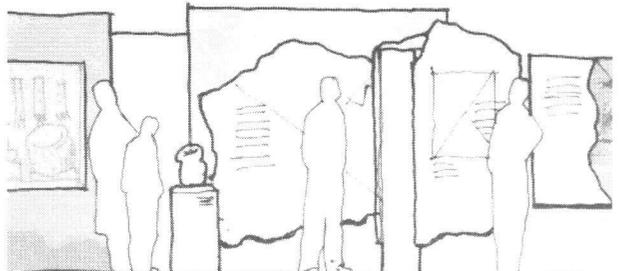
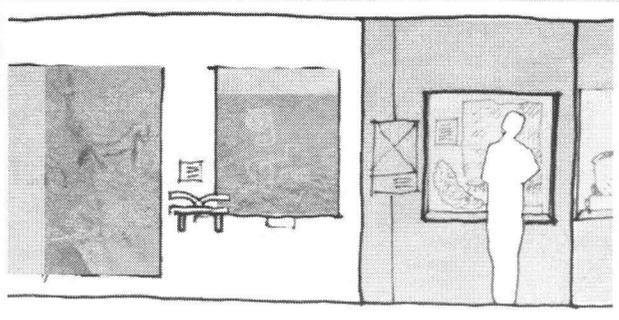
*Kelly Igoe is the assistant editor of ARCADE.*



Streetfront view of Black Box with extending arm. Courtesy DW5/Bernard Khoug.

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# LEHRMAN CAMERON STUDIO

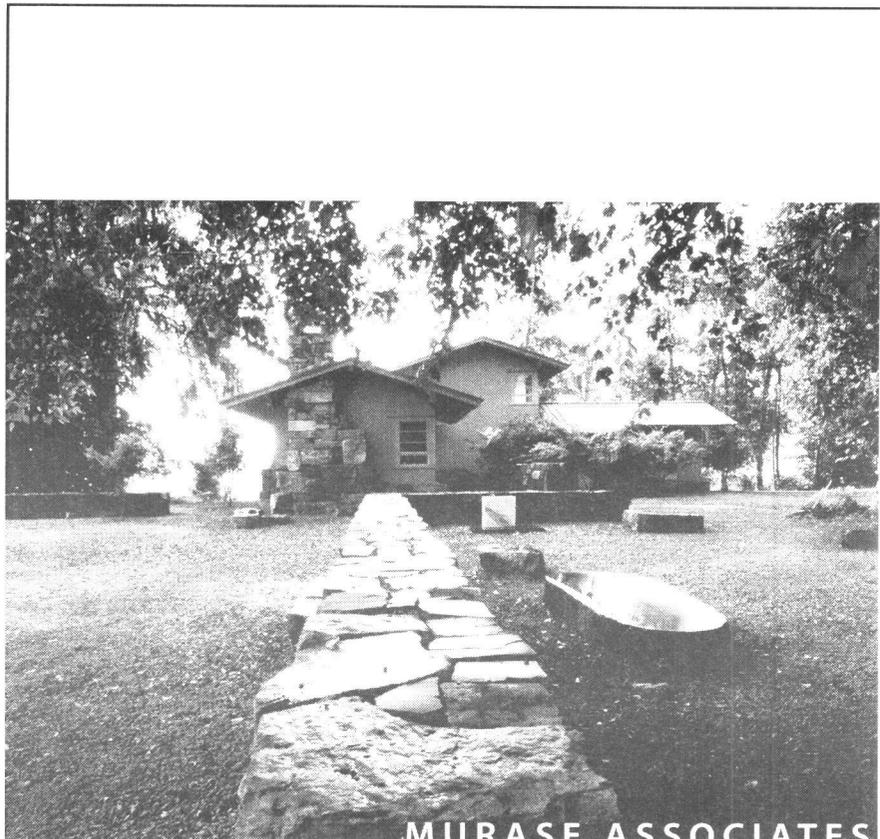
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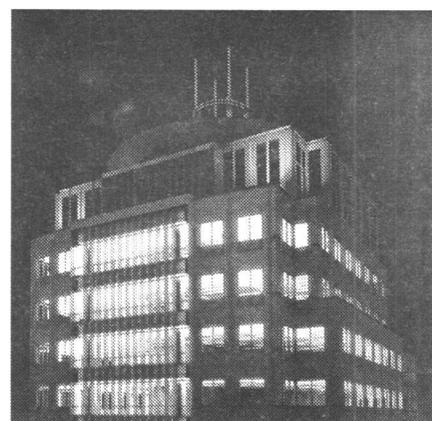
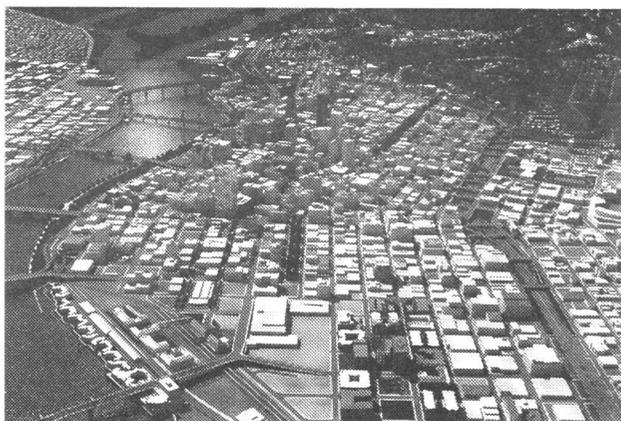
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gallery in progress; Canyon de Chelly National Monument visitor center, Chinle, AZ



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9002 Spring 5  
Volume 24.3

INTERVIEW BY JOHN CAVA  
**RICHARD GLUCKMAN, ARCHITECT**

**Museum and gallery architects talk about their buildings' engagement with art, but you're more "in the trenches" with artists than most, subsuming your personality, contrary to the celebrity architect trend. Was this by design or by accident?**

Completely by accident—my first project in New York City was the renovation of a townhouse for Heiner Freidrich and Philippa DeMenil, the founders of the Dia Art Foundation where Heiner's mantra regarding the architecture was "Do not design." He and Dan Flavin were enormously influential to me as mentors and this unusual approach to art space was a big part of my early development. I'd never heard of Donald Judd or Walter DeMaria or Cy Twombly until I worked on that house and later renovations to the Dia spaces in SoHo in the late 70s. After that, I did renovations and installations for Warhol, Serra, Turrell and others—a terrific post-graduate education. I was forced to constantly adjust my thinking and align it to what each artist was doing in a specific space. This, I think, is one of the reasons why artists continue to trust me.

**Hal Foster said that your work resists "the prevalent tendencies in museum architecture... to trump the art..." by means of what he called "sympathetic structuring." Comparing your entry for the Fort Worth Museum to that of Ando's clearly indicates this difference; your project defers to the art, the Ando building is stridently about itself.**

Yes... a Fort Worth newspaper editorial talked about that—called it The Poet vs. The Pragmatist; guess which one I was! We're often considered for contemporary museums because it's well known that not only do we create architecture that respects art and is in turn respected by the artists who make it, but we work hard at being on time and on budget. I would like to see critics and architecture publications take a project's cost into consideration as a parameter of judging a building's quality, since to accomplish something good on a really tight budget usually is more difficult than with a generous one. We've had a lot of success by using inexpensive common materials and involving the contractor and engineer early on to create an efficient design and construction process.

**What's the project you're working on in Seattle at the moment?**

It's a very interesting building, a mixed-use tower for the RC Hedreen Company at 8th and Olive. We're designing the façade and some of the public spaces working with Mulvanny G2 as the primary architects. There's a ballroom and spa on the lower floors, a hotel in the middle and condo's above—of course the massing was determined by

zoning and client requirements, but the owners asked us to come up with something distinctive for the elevations. We're trying to accomplish two complimentary ideas: to unify and distinguish the three main elements of the program. So there are four different types of glass in different configurations and different proportions at all levels: tinted blue glass, fritted white glass, back-painted glass and clear glass in different combinations. At the base we used an egg shaped geometric form, the combination of a circle and an ellipse derived from Robert Mangold's artwork to create large-scale geometric shapes that 'roll' down Olive Street. While the drawings of the elevations appear quite bold, the building is seen tangentially from a pedestrian's point of view. It's a much more subtle effect, making the building visually distinctive, yet part of the wonderful city fabric in Seattle. ■

*Richard Gluckman's work can be seen at [www.gluckman-mayner.com](http://www.gluckman-mayner.com) and in the book, *Space Framed*; Richard Gluckman Architect (Monacelli Press 2000).*

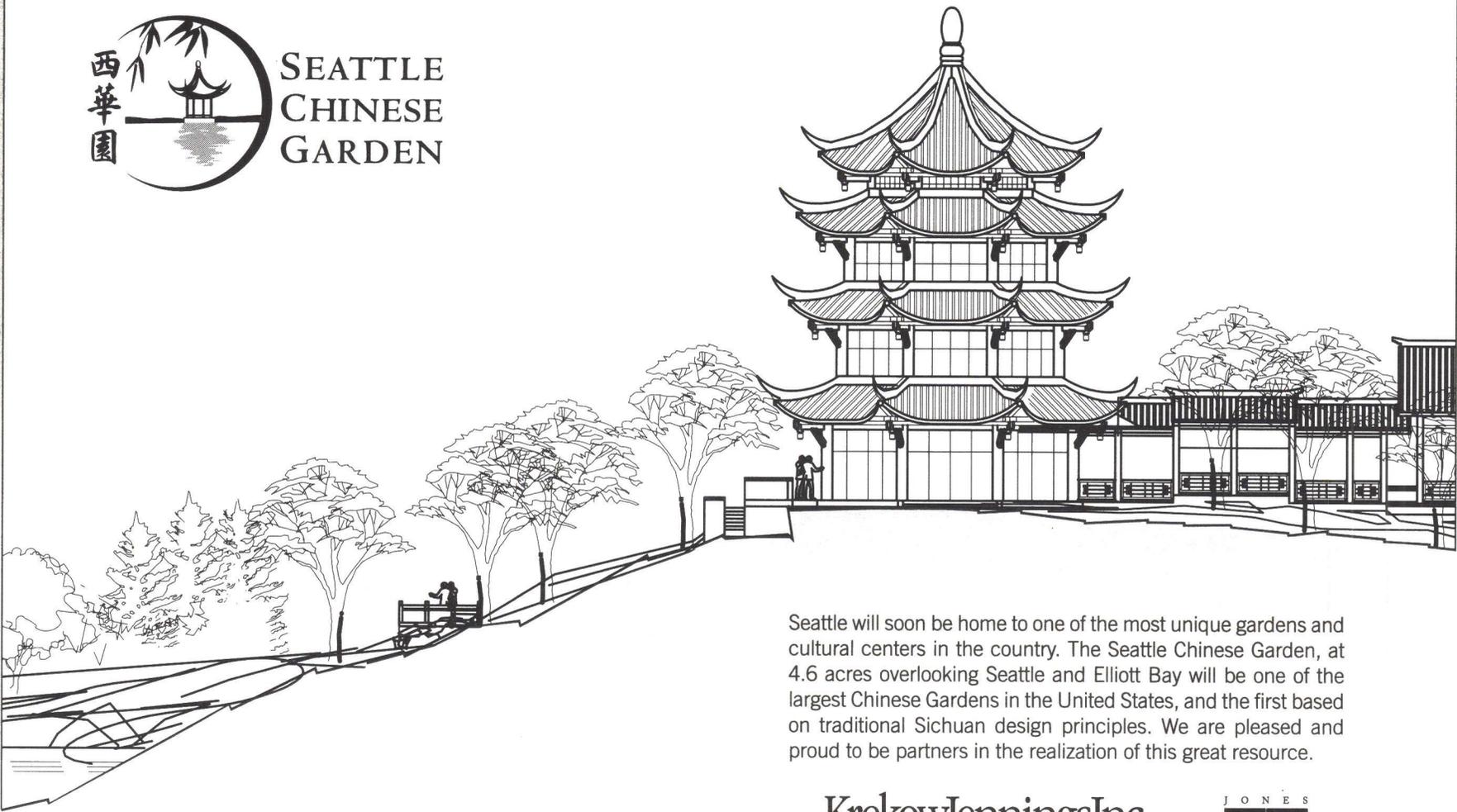
*JM Cava is an architect in Portland who teaches, writes and designs buildings and gardens.*



Rendering of mixed-use tower at 8th & Olive, Seattle. Courtesy of Mulvanny G2.



SEATTLE  
CHINESE  
GARDEN

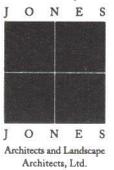


Seattle will soon be home to one of the most unique gardens and cultural centers in the country. The Seattle Chinese Garden, at 4.6 acres overlooking Seattle and Elliott Bay will be one of the largest Chinese Gardens in the United States, and the first based on traditional Sichuan design principles. We are pleased and proud to be partners in the realization of this great resource.

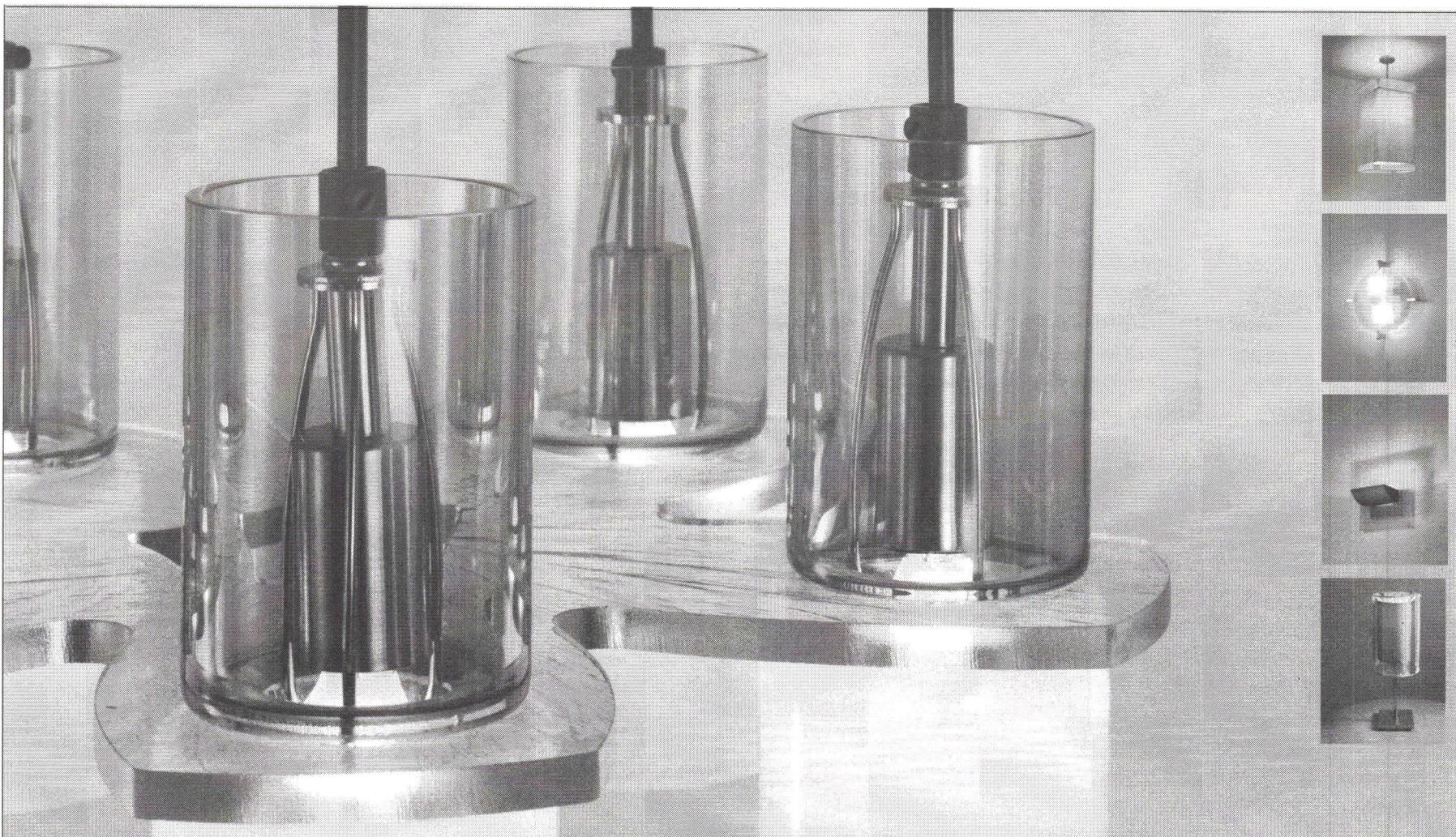
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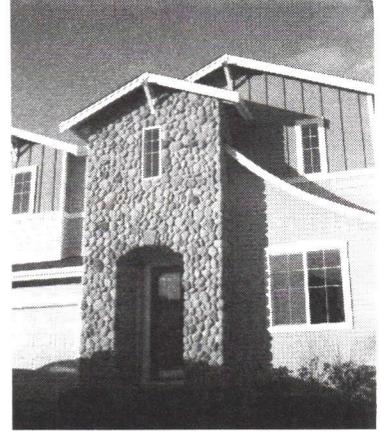
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JOHN FLEMING  
US vs. THEM

With a mixture of embarrassment, envy and dread, I flip through the New Homes Saturday section of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*. It's like being drawn to stare at a car wreck.

Are these welcoming front porches, granite slab countertops with matching backsplash, and luxurious five-fixture master baths really what homeowners want? And, why have the 74 homes at Maple Ridge sold since opening?

Why are teams of bankers, developers, and builders busy concocting the suburbs, and architects like me left to complaining?

Why aren't we designing those 74 homes at Maple Ridge?

"If you can't beat 'em, join 'em." I'm not quite ready. The fake shutters. The river rock façades. Aren't there better uses of PVC than molded traditional faux porch columns? A gabled roof shotgunned with ten attic vents. Isn't there a better way?

Maybe people don't see homes as architecture. But homes and neighborhoods require design, which, handily, is taught in architecture schools. How can all the builders, police officers, teachers, lawyers, nurses, house wives and house husbands know more about the design of a house than architects trained in design? Do real estate agents and bankers have some radar on what's best for America?

In the design community there is quite a bit of a critical debate about architecture. The annual AIA awards make us all very proud. But when we drive up into the foothills of the Cascades, or into the suburban valleys, or even look at the tear-down single family housing sites in Ballard and West Seattle, we don't see our award winners. They are scattered around the Sound, a few sleek modern houses—beautiful contemporary designs. What, 1% of the new single family housing stock? Why?

Affordability is everything. Appliances are more important than concepts or theories. Buyers like what they know.

Resale, resale, resale!

There is no prevailing logic, only an empty aesthetic. Today's traditional-style houses, ranch replicas, pseudo craftsman, Neo-Tudors, etc., simply aren't honest. They are merely the image of tradition.

Are these two worlds incompatible—that of the Spec-builder/Developer/Suburbanite and that of the Architect? We're speaking different languages, though both about style, but different styles. Modern vs. traditional. New vs. old. Honest vs... dishonest? Don't get me going.

As I watch these houses go up, nice clean boxes, I start imagining how great it would be to stand on top of those level terraces. Stare at the sky. Enjoy the rooftop privacy. I must be dreaming. I come back the next day and there

is a cute roof or two on top. All slopes, ridges and valleys. All memories of the past, like fins on an old car. Is it the base, column and capital thing? Memories? Postmodern memories. How do we talk to these homeowners, families, bankers and builders? How do we gain their trust? They like what they know. Ah, but what they are missing, if they only trusted us. What did we do to scare them away? Is it holier-than-thou letters like this one? Is it our theories? Was it Corb's machine for living?

If we talk about honesty, maybe they will come around. Why stamp a fake wood grain pattern into the cement panel? What's so wrong with the smooth cement finish? Why stack those river rocks all the way up the face of the entry? Are they even real, or just cast concrete imitation river rocks? Would you put those river rocks on the side of your new car? Is it a sense of luxury they want? Weight? Quality? Substance?

We could show them luxury. The quality of real honest materials, the substance of conscientious design. A rain screen that sheds the water, lets the house breath, and offers a pleasing texture to boot.

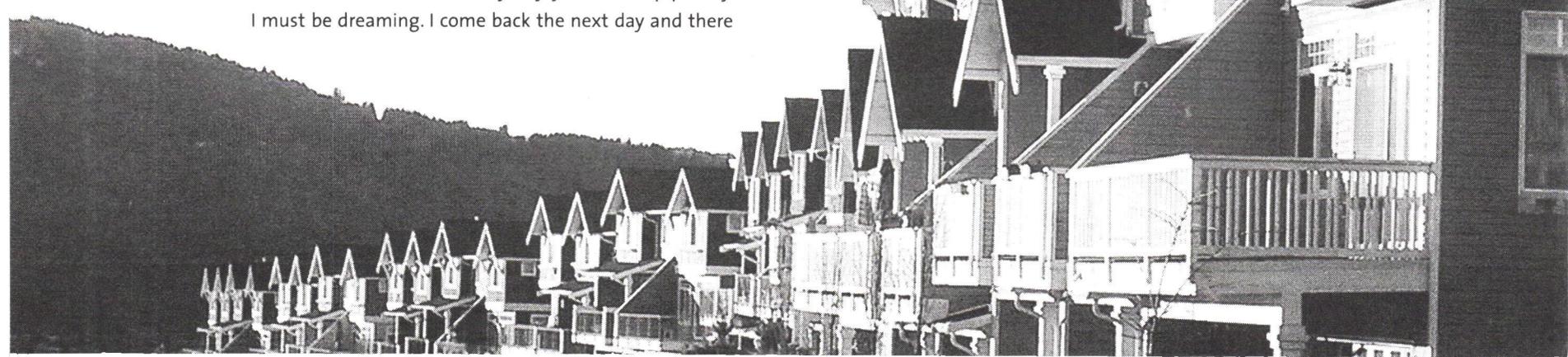
Is PVC the deal breaker? The stuff is really repulsive, but hard to beat the price. I secretly believe our green movement will win in the end. We will shame these faux traditionalists away from their cheap vices. PVC bad. Bad for the environment. Wood good. Aluminum good. They could grow to love our aluminum windows that won't wear out.

I haven't forgotten about money, either. In the end, it may all be about money. The Spec-builder/Developer/Banker doesn't think we can build to his budget. Can't we? How can all those ridges and valleys and flashing and downspouts and gutters be less money than a nice clean flat topped roof, sending the runoff to one place? How can those funny little decorative strips they slip in between the insulated glass, be less expensive than nice view windows with no divisions? How can an arch with a fake keystone be less money than a clean level beam or soffit? How can that curved eave save money over our modern look?

See. I'm starting to speak their language. It's a look they're after. I'll sell them on a clean, honest, modern look. They will come around. Soon I'll be designing 74 new homes up on Alder Ridge. ■

*John Fleming is a partner with rbf ARCHITECTURE in Seattle.*

otos: John Fleming



KAREN CHENG  
**JUST FILL OUT THIS FORM**

Some of the most important work in graphic design is invisible to the general public. Unlike posters, book covers, billboards or packaging, success in information design requires transparency—not conceptual shock or radical visual style. In the best-case scenario, most people don't even realize that their everyday vehicles of information (forms, maps, charts, diagrams, indices, etc.) have been assembled with logic and visual skill; they simply complete their tasks without effort (and without seeing or sensing the prompting hand of the designer).

Nowhere is this invisibility principle more violated than in the American tax system. Who wants to read the 296-page IRS guide "Your Federal Income Tax" (or, for that matter, any of the other 66 specific guides referenced within)? The mere existence of such a lengthy how-to manual for the two-page 1040 is a clear signal of failure.

Even a small application of design could greatly improve the situation. For example, consider this redesigned W-4 withholding form, created by Andrew Allen and Joshua Froschieser of the Visual Communication Design program at the University of Washington. Despite the non-intuitive condition that more exemptions result in less tax, this everyday form has been shaped into a sensible and attractive piece of communication. As such, the improved form is a compelling example of the power of design to simplify and clarify complex, multilayered ideas and information. ■

*Karen Cheng is a professor of Visual Communication Design at the University of Washington. She is also a practicing designer whose work has been recognized and published by the AIGA, Communication Arts, Print, Critique, I.D. Magazine and the American Center for Design.*

This introduction is poorly organized. Instructions and term definitions are mixed together at random. The small type size and tight leading make the text uninviting and difficult to read.

Too many rules, brackets and bullets. These elements are "chartjunk"—forms that clutter and distract the user.

Long line lengths are difficult to follow across the full 8.5" page width.

The user's part of the form is hidden at the bottom of the page.

### Form W-4 (2005)

**Purpose.** Complete Form W-4 so that your employer can withhold the correct federal income tax from your pay. Because your tax situation may change, you may want to refigure your withholding each year.

**Exemption from withholding.** If you are exempt, complete only lines 1, 2, 3, 4, and 7 and sign the form to validate it. Your exemption for 2005 expires February 16, 2006. See Pub. 505, Tax Withholding and Estimated Tax.

**Note.** You cannot claim exemption from withholding if (a) your income exceeds \$800 and includes more than \$250 of unearned income (for example, interest and dividends) and (b) another person can claim you as a dependent on their tax return.

**Basic instructions.** If you are not exempt, complete the **Personal Allowances Worksheet** below. The worksheets on page 2 adjust your withholding allowances based on itemized deductions, certain credits, adjustments to income, or two-earner/two-job situations. Complete all worksheets that apply. However, you may claim fewer (or zero) allowances.

**Head of household.** Generally, you may claim head of household filing status on your tax return only if you are unmarried and pay more than 50% of the costs of keeping up a home for yourself and your dependent(s) or other qualifying individuals. See line E below.

**Tax credits.** You can take projected tax credits into account in figuring your allowable number of withholding allowances. Credits for child or dependent care expenses and the child tax credit may be claimed using the **Personal Allowances Worksheet** below. See Pub. 919, How Do I Adjust My Tax Withholding? for information on converting your other credits into withholding allowances.

**Nonwage income.** If you have a large amount of nonwage income, such as interest or dividends, consider making estimated tax payments using Form 1040-ES, Estimated Tax for Individuals. Otherwise, you may owe additional tax.

**Two earners/two jobs.** If you have a working spouse or more than one job, figure the total number of allowances you are entitled to claim on all jobs using worksheets from only one Form W-4. Your withholding usually will be most accurate when all allowances are claimed on the Form W-4 for the highest paying job and zero allowances are claimed on the others.

**Nonresident alien.** If you are a nonresident alien, see the Instructions for Form 8233 before completing this Form W-4.

**Check your withholding.** After your Form W-4 takes effect, use Pub. 919 to see how the dollar amount you are having withheld compares to your projected total tax for 2005. See Pub. 919, especially if your earnings exceed \$125,000 (Single) or \$175,000 (Married).

**Recent name change?** If your name on line 1 differs from that shown on your social security card, call 1-800-772-1213 to initiate a name change and obtain a social security card showing your correct name.

---

**Personal Allowances Worksheet** (Keep for your records.)

**A** Enter "1" for yourself if no one else can claim you as a dependent. A \_\_\_\_\_

**B** Enter "1" if: B \_\_\_\_\_

- You are single and have only one job; or
- You are married, have only one job, and your spouse does not work; or
- Your wages from a second job or your spouse's wages (or the total of both) are \$1,000 or less.

**C** Enter "1" for your spouse. But, you may choose to enter "-0-" if you are married and have either a working spouse or more than one job. (Entering "-0-" may help you avoid having too little tax withheld.) C \_\_\_\_\_

**D** Enter number of dependents (other than your spouse or yourself) you will claim on your tax return. D \_\_\_\_\_

**E** Enter "1" if you will file as head of household on your tax return (see conditions under Head of household above). E \_\_\_\_\_

**F** Enter "1" if you have at least \$1,500 of child or dependent care expenses for which you plan to claim a credit. F \_\_\_\_\_

**(Note.** Do not include child support payments. See Pub. 503, Child and Dependent Care Expenses, for details.)

**G Child Tax Credit** (including additional child tax credit): G \_\_\_\_\_

- If your total income will be less than \$54,000 (\$79,000 if married), enter "2" for each eligible child.
- If your total income will be between \$54,000 and \$84,000 (\$79,000 and \$119,000 if married), enter "1" for each eligible child plus "1" additional if you have four or more eligible children.

**H** Add lines A through G and enter total here. (Note. This may be different from the number of exemptions you claim on your tax return.) H \_\_\_\_\_

For accuracy, complete all worksheets that apply.

- If you plan to itemize or claim adjustments to income and want to reduce your withholding, see the **Deductions and Adjustments Worksheet** on page 2.
- If you have more than one job or are married and you and your spouse both work and the combined earnings from all jobs exceed \$35,000 (\$25,000 if married) see the **Two-Earner/Two-Job Worksheet** on page 2 to avoid having too little tax withheld.
- If neither of the above situations applies, stop here and enter the number from line H on line 5 of Form W-4 below.

---

Cut here and give Form W-4 to your employer. Keep the top part for your records.

**Form W-4**

Department of the Treasury  
Internal Revenue Service

**Employee's Withholding Allowance Certificate**

Whether you are entitled to claim a certain number of allowances or exemption from withholding is subject to review by the IRS. Your employer may be required to send a copy of this form to the IRS.

OMB No. 1545-0010

**2005**

|  |           |   |
|--|-----------|---|
| 1 Type or print your first name and middle initial   | Last name | 2 Your social security number   |
| Home address (number and street or rural route)  |           | 3 <input type="checkbox"/> Single <input type="checkbox"/> Married <input type="checkbox"/> Married, but withhold at higher Single rate.<br><small>Note. If married, but legally separated, or spouse is a nonresident alien, check the "Single" box.</small> |
| City or town, state, and ZIP code  |           | 4 If your last name differs from that shown on your social security card, check here. You must call 1-800-772-1213 for a new card. <input type="checkbox"/>   |
| 5 Total number of allowances you are claiming (from line H above or from the applicable worksheet on page 2)   |           | 5 _____   |
| 6 Additional amount, if any, you want withheld from each paycheck  |           | 6 \$ _____  |
| 7 I claim exemption from withholding for 2005, and I certify that I meet both of the following conditions for exemption.   |           |   |
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Last year I had a right to a refund of all federal income tax withheld because I had no tax liability and</li> <li>• This year I expect a refund of all federal income tax withheld because I expect to have no tax liability.</li> </ul> |           |   |
| If you meet both conditions, write "Exempt" here   |           | 7 _____   |
| <small>Under penalties of perjury, I declare that I have examined this certificate and to the best of my knowledge and belief, it is true, correct, and complete.</small>  |           |   |
| <b>Employee's signature</b><br>(Form is not valid unless you sign it.)   |           |   |
| 8 Employer's name and address (Employer: Complete lines 8 and 10 only if sending to the IRS.)  |           | Date  |
| 9 Office code (optional)   |           | 10 Employer identification number (EIN)   |

**For Privacy Act and Paperwork Reduction Act Notice, see page 2.** Cat. No. 10220C **Form W-4** (2005)

Visual clutter is created by typographic inconsistencies in type size, type style, spacing and alignment. Each type face and/or style should indicate a specific voice or level in hierarchy.

Name change information appears twice (see #4 below).

The reader must search through upper text blocks for related information.

The final total is not distinguished visually or conceptually, since using the letter 'H' indicates parallel hierarchy to the previous letters A-G.

Grey block is too dominant for a non-entry field.

# Form W-4 2005

Department of the Treasury  
Internal Revenue Service

## BASIC INSTRUCTIONS

Complete this form to ensure that your employer can withhold the correct federal income tax from your pay. Because your tax situation may change, you may want to refigure your withholding each year.

### Exemption Status:

You may claim exemption from withholding if (a) your income is below \$800 with less than \$250 of unearned income (for example, interest and dividends) and (b) no other person can claim you as a dependent on their tax return. If you are exempt, complete only lines 1, 2, 3, 4, and 7, then sign the form to validate it. Your exemption for 2005 will expire on February 16, 2006 (for additional information, please see Pub. 505, Tax Withholding and Estimated Tax).

If you are not exempt, complete the Personal Allowances Worksheet below. The worksheets on page 2 adjust your withholding allowances based on itemized deductions, certain credits, adjustments to income, or two-earner/two-job situations. Complete all worksheets that apply. However, you may claim fewer (or zero) allowances.

## TERMINOLOGY

**Tax credits:** You can take projected tax credits into account when calculating your maximum number of withholding allowances. Credits for child/dependent care expenses and the child tax credit may be calculated by using the Personal Allowances Worksheet below. Please See Pub. 919, How Do I Adjust My Tax Withholding? for information on converting your other credits into withholding allowances.

**Nonwage income:** If you have a large amount of nonwage income (such as interest or dividends) consider making estimated tax payments using Form 1040-ES, Estimated Tax for Individuals. Otherwise, you may owe additional tax at the end of the year.

**Two earners or two jobs:** If you have more than one job, or your spouse works, calculate your total number of allowances by using the worksheets on only one W-4. In general, your withholding will be most accurate when all allowances are claimed on the W-4 for the highest paying job (and zero allowances are claimed on the W-4 forms for the lower paying job).

|   |              |   |
|---|--------------|---|
| FIRST NAME AND MIDDLE INITIAL                   | LAST NAME    | YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER   |
| HOME ADDRESS (NUMBER AND STREET OR RURAL ROUTE) | CITY OR TOWN | STATE   |
|   | ZIP CODE     | Single <input type="checkbox"/> Married <input type="checkbox"/> Married, but withhold at higher Single rate <input type="checkbox"/> |

Notresident alien: If you are a nonresident alien, see the instructions for Form 8233 before completing this Form W-4.

Note: If married, but legally separated, or spouse is a nonresident alien, please check the Single box.

## PERSONAL ALLOWANCES WORKSHEET

The following questions help you determine the number of allowances you can legally claim. If you are unsure if you can claim an allowance, consult a tax professional or enter zero for the total. Underestimating your withholding may result in a \$500 penalty.

| ALLOWANCES  |                          |
|---|--------------------------|
| Are you a dependent? If yes enter 1, if no enter 0.   | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you qualify for a personal exemption? If yes enter 1, if no enter 0.   | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <b>DEPENDENTS</b> if you have no dependents, skip this section  |                          |
| How many dependents do you have? Enter the number of dependents.  | <input type="text"/>     |
| Are you a head of household? If yes enter 1, if no enter 0.   | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you have dependent care expenses? If yes enter 1, if no enter 0.   | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you qualify for a child tax credit? If your total income this year will be less than \$54,000 (\$79,000 if married), enter 2 for each child. If your total income this year will be between \$54,000-\$84,000 (\$79,000-\$119,000 if married) enter 1 for each child. You may add an additional 1 to the final total if you have more than 4 children. | <input type="text"/>     |
| Do you have any further exemptions? If yes, enter the number of additional exemptions.  | <input type="text"/>     |
| <b>Total</b>  | <input type="text"/>     |

Would you like to withhold an additional amount? If yes, enter the amount in dollars. \$

Under penalty of perjury, I declare that I have examined this certificate and to the best of my knowledge and belief, it is true, correct, and complete.

EMPLOYEE'S SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_ DATE \_\_\_\_\_

EMPLOYER'S NAME (Employer. Sign and include EIN only if sending to the IRS) \_\_\_\_\_ EMPLOYER IDENTIFICATION NUMBER (EIN) \_\_\_\_\_

EMPLOYER'S ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

## AFTER COMPLETION

Check your withholding. After your Form W-4 takes effect, use Pub. 919 to see how the dollar amount you are having withheld compares to your projected total tax. This publication is especially helpful if your earnings exceed \$125,000 (Single) or \$175,000 (Married).

Have you had a recent name change? If your name on Line 1 differs from that shown on your Social Security card, call 1-800-772-1213 to initiate a name change and obtain a Social Security card showing your correct name.

Bold headings clearly divide the form into logical sections. To assist the user, instructions are placed at the upper left

Grey areas indicate where the user needs to enter information. Labels have been moved to eliminate crowding.

Dependent-related information is organized into a separate section.

The total number of allowances is defined and separated from individual entries.

Terms are defined immediately after they are used. Adjacent positioning eliminates back-and-forth scanning for related information.

Information for future tax planning is separated into a new "After Completion" section.

## THE FINE PRINT

**GENERAL NOTE** | The items in this catalog are 100% real. The writers—critics, novelists, architects, PhDs, coffee shop employees—have written about what they are interested in. Mostly they are interested in lamps, chairs, paintings, stairwells, and radiators. (Only one is interested in radiators, but her interest is intense.) There is currently less interest in bedrooms, beams, desks, hallways, and racks for holding steamer schedule timetables, although these items are also represented, as are cracks, holes in walls, and broken decorative objects. The *ARCADE* feature editor, the editor of this catalog, has discovered that writers, owing to God knows what, will sooner write about cracks, holes, and broken objects than practical items like dressers, kitchens, and mirrors, which explains the abundance of the former and the lack of the latter. (One writer was specifically commissioned to write about the mirrors in a Seattle bar called Barça, two huge mirrors, huge with possibility, and he despaired and despaired until, days after his deadline, announcing that his piece was never going to come.) Every effort has been made to represent the spectrum of possibility contained by the word “interiors,” the subject assigned to the *ARCADE* feature editor in the first place, and things are bound to be overlooked, things like dressers, kitchens, and mirrors, which may no longer be of interest, not anymore, not in the days of wi-fi—maybe dressers, kitchens, and mirrors belong more resonantly in the twentieth century, or the nineteenth. There are many ways and reasons writers write about interior spaces, and this catalog merely organizes them. It also serves as a barometer of what “interiors” means in 2006. One writer thinks of the inside of a ticket booth. Another thinks of the inside of her body.

**GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION** | Most of the items (and most of the writers) in this catalog are in Seattle, although Portland, Vancouver, Los Angeles, Brooklyn, and rural Connecticut are also represented, and in an earlier draft the ancient Jewish city of Bethulia was represented, with reference to Artemesia Gentileschi's *Judith with Maidservant and Head of Holofernes* (1625), which was going to run under the headline “One Set of Plush Red Drapes, One Severed Head, One Heroic Israelite,” accompanied by the following, written by Sarah Nelson, who has a degree in art history: “The head was previ-

ously owned by Holofernes, a nefarious Assyrian army commander chronicled in the Apocrypha of the Old Testament. Judith the Israelite separated Holofernes from his head after she seduced him in the tent at the encampment which surrounded Bethulia, her ill-fated village. The head likely measured as a typical male cranium. The heroine's dimensions remained foremost in the breadth of her pragmatism and bravery. The ample crimson drapery of indeterminate extension framed the decapitation... This Italian Baroque painting of the Caravagghi style—using a single exaggerated light source, capturing a quick moment in time, and emphasizing beautifully mastered crimson drapery, which here offers a sanguine opulence to the morbidity of the drama—currently resides at the Detroit Institute of the Arts.” Owing to space restrictions and complications that arose in reproducing the image in black and white, Nelson's description of this rendered interior—a tent—has been omitted. But check out the pictures of the inside of Nelson's hip, taken by her doctor, on page 30.

**WHY THIS IS A CATALOG** | Readers in the age of wi-fi prefer short things and large pictures, or so we are told, and this format delivers both. What's more, it makes cramming 25 writers onto 12 pages possible. What's even more than that, *ARCADE* is published by the Northwest Architectural League, a not-for-profit educational organization, which is one way of saying there's no money, and therefore no money to pay writers, and asking someone who writes for a living to write something for free is a bit like asking a bricklayer to lay some extra bricks when he gets home from work, and the guest editor, who is honored to be a part of this project but who doesn't get paid either, figured it would be better all around if the writers were only asked to write a few sentences. The catalog idea was born.

In time, the editor of this catalog was asked by *ARCADE*'s editorial committee—architects, business folks, and at least one Zimbabwean—what this issue's “call to action” is, since all *ARCADE* issues are supposed to have a “call to action.” The guest editor, terrified but good on his feet, commenced to free associate about desire, satisfaction, and commerce, and the catalog's role in bringing together these competing interests. He may also have said something about style, about the difference between things that are for sale and

things that can't be bought at any price, and about how the things in our lives shape the way we live, and about how catalogs are the only place one reads about furniture, if one reads about furniture at all. This was all heavy on the bullshit, but the more the guest editor looked into his own idea the more it became clear that catalogs beginning in the late 1800s, have a rich history in America.

**HISTORY OF THE CATALOG IN AMERICA** | Once there was a man named Richard Sears. His father was a luckless gold miner. Richard had a job as an agent at a railway station in Minnesota. One day in 1886 he received a shipment of watches. The jeweler to whom the shipment was addressed refused to accept it, so Sears paid for the shipment himself and resold the watches himself, at a profit. He was handsome young man. Someone later said about him that he could sell a breath of air.

He was particularly good at selling watches. The trouble was, he didn't know the first thing about them, couldn't tell you how they worked, couldn't fix them. The R. W. Sears Watch Company, as he named his outfit, moved to Chicago in 1887 and Sears advertised his need for a watch repairman. When Alvah Curtis Roebuck, who wore striking ties and a moustache, showed up for an interview, he brought along an example of his handiwork, which he handed to Sears, who replied, “I don't know anything about watchmaking, but I presume this is good, otherwise you wouldn't have submitted it to me. You look all right and you may have the position.”

By 1893, the men were business partners and their company was called Sears, Roebuck and Co. That year they published their first catalog, just over 50 pages, which brought in somewhere around \$400,000. Two years later the catalog had ballooned to 532 pages, sales had ballooned to \$750,000, and inventory had ballooned to include diamonds, silverware, sewing machines, revolvers, musical instruments, clothes, wagons, stoves, fishing tackle, patent medicines, and shoes. By 1906, Sears, Roebuck and Co. was publicly owned and its mail-order operations occupied the largest business building in the world. The catalog guarantee—“We Guarantee Satisfaction and Safe Delivery on Everything You Order,” which in time became simply, “Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back”—worked

**INCLUDING** | *Stairwells, Elevators, Radiators, Lamps, Armchairs, Ceilings, a Basement, a Hardware Store, and Much More!*



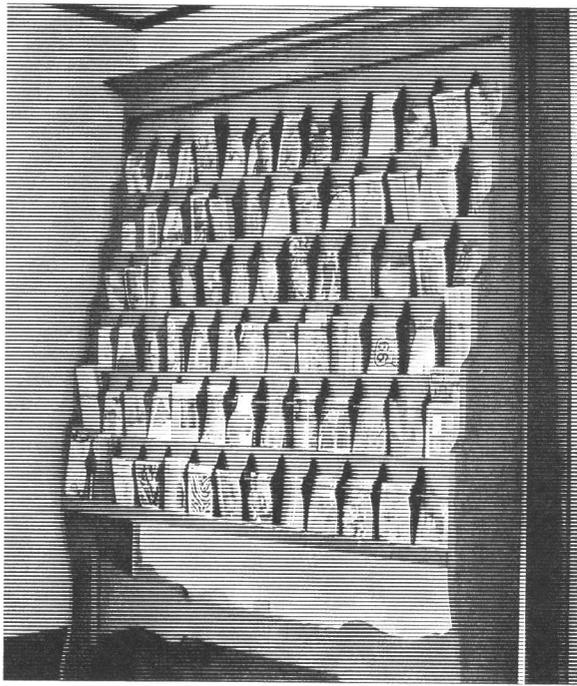
Edited By | **CHRISTOPHER FRIZZELLE**

With Descriptions By |

**MATT BRIGGS**  
**BETHANY JEAN CLEMENT**  
**PAUL CONSTANT**  
**CHARLES D'AMBROSIO**  
**JESSICA DEEKEN**  
**JONATHAN SAFRAN FOER**  
**JENNIFER Yael GREEN**  
**ADRIANNE HARUN**  
**TARA HAYES**  
**ANNA MARIA HONG**  
**WESLEY HOTTOT**  
**BRENDAN KILEY**  
**KYLE KONIS**

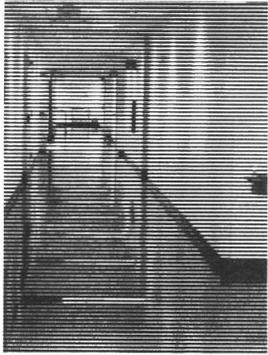
**ALEX MACINNIS**  
**DAVIDA MARION**  
**SARAH NELSON**  
**TOM NISSLEY**  
**JOHN OLSON**  
**JONATHAN RABAN**  
**LAWRENCE RINDER**  
**GILLIAN ROSE**  
**DAN SAVAGE**  
**ANNE LESLEY SELCER**  
**AUDREY VAN BUSKIRK**  
and **ANNIE WAGNER**

Photography By | **MARY HAYES, FATEMA KARIM, JOEL SANDERS** and **MICHAEL VAN BUSKIRK**



**FOLDER-SCHEDULE RACK** | This wooden rack has 78 slots, originally used to display timetables for travelers, presently filled with postcards from an array of places including Michigan's thumb, Omaha, Arizona, Quebec, Alaska, Belize, and Cape Cod. Now standing in a dining room in Portland, Oregon, the rack was made by the Railway Folder-Schedule Distributing Co. for Pacific Coast Trans-Pacific Steamers, in Honolulu. These ships transported passengers, mail, and goods across the Pacific Ocean, a frequently dangerous voyage. One ship, still sailing in 1907, named Hesper, was tagged as a "blood ship" because of an infamous mutiny that took place on her decks circa 1892. Though a few officers were murdered, all out disaster was narrowly averted after the wife of Captain Sodergren managed to raise the alarm and none of the mutinying sailors were found to be capable of sailing the ship. *Note On Availability: This rack was found leaning against a wall in a builders supply store, specializing in salvage materials. How or why it made the journey across the sea from Honolulu is unknown. Repeated forays to similar stores may result in discovering similar pieces. This one is currently located in a three-bedroom house and would be for sale if not for the daunting task of removing and cataloging all its cards.*

—Audrey Van Buskirk



**HALLWAY** | The recessed florescent lights embedded in a ceiling of wire, duct, and pipe carrying distilled water, superheated water, fiber optic cable, and twisted copper pairs provide a dusky ambience to this superbly navigable passage under the Fred Hutchinson Cancer Research Center campus. The linoleum floor has been seasoned with twelve years of machine buffing. At several known locations, vending machines may dispense suitable and appropriate fare. At several unknown locations, unmarked doors open to mouse colonies used in tumor-growth studies and isolation kennels containing beagles used in transplant-protocol trials. Listen carefully to hear the muffled peal of barking beagles. Where a standard room only contains objects, this superbly navigable passage contains choices: \*turn back\*, \*wait\* (and enjoy vending machine snacks), or \*continue on.\* *Note On Availability: Access is limited to individuals with appropriate clearance and security badges, or accompaniment with security personnel.*

—Matt Briggs

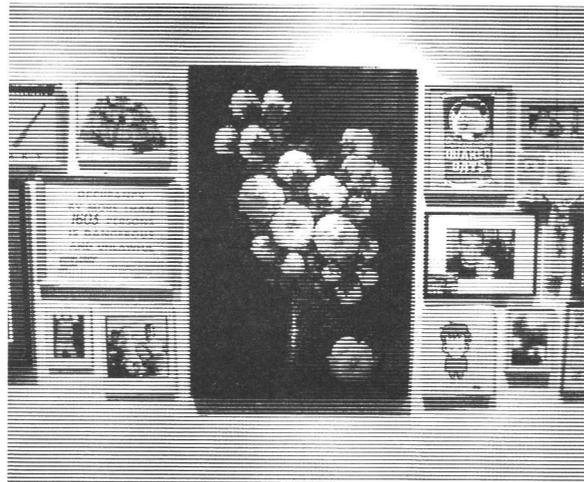
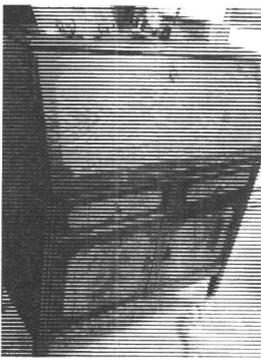
Money flew out of the pockets of rural America. The catalog became something people read for pleasure. It was kept in outhouses and under pillows. In response to its success, the company grew more serious about the quality of their products. In 1911, Sears, Roebuck and Co. opened their first laboratory for product testing, called "the watchdog of the catalog."

But the country was changing. Cars were invented. Roads were paved. By 1920, the population of urban America started to outnumber the population of rural America. Chain stores were the rage. Sears, Roebuck and Co. entered the retail business in 1925 with one store in the Midwest and by 1928 had 192 more across the country. By 1933, there were 400. According to the company's website, "In 1931, Sears retail sales topped mail-order sales for the first time."

But the catalog continued to be profitable. Small towns relied on it (the "big book" as well as the company's array of niche catalogs), and catalog sales desks were installed in each store, and President Franklin Roosevelt, according to Gordon L. Weil's *Sears, Roebuck, U.S.A.: The Great American Catalog Store and How It Grew*, went so far as to suggest that "the best way to deal with anti-American propaganda from the Soviet Union would be to fly planes over Russia and drop Sears catalogs." For years, through the catalogs alone, Sears, Roebuck and Co. was by far the biggest publisher in the country. According to Weil's book, published in 1977, production of the catalog exhausted "one million pounds of paper daily" and "eight full-size N.C.A.A. swimming pools would just barely hold the 3 million gallons of ink spread across the thousands of pages." At a figure

**DESK** | This desk belonged to the grandmother of the man it belongs to now. It is where she kept her diary. A deeply pragmatic and grounded woman, her diary (not pictured) is full of facts; simple, bare, unadorned glimpses of life on a farm. The desk is a serious deep brown in which the grain of the wood swirls and waves. There are two large compartments on the bottom. At the top, a flap of wood comes down to provide a writing surface. Inside is a tiny drawer and two open compartments, one small, one large. The large compartment once housed a radio. When the grandmother used it, the radio was the major source of news and broadcast. Jack Benny, *The Shadow*, *The Green Hornet*, and President Roosevelt's fireside chats issued from its speaker. The grandson frequently wonders what his grandmother, deceased since 1969, would make of her Neo-Surrealist grandson using her desk to practice verbal acrobatics and nonsensical flights of fancy. The space that once housed a radio is now radio-less and stuffed with the grandson's letters and folders and manuscripts. On the top of the desk the grandson keeps a quill made with the long swoop of a pheasant feather. Next to it is a paperweight, a gift from a gay friend after the grandson's second divorce. *Note On Availability: No power on earth could separate the grandson from this desk. He doubts it would bring him much money anyway. Its value is personal, but not entirely sentimental. He likes the look of it. It brings to mind America in the early 1900s. A woman in a red bandana going to milk eight bellowing cows at four in a crisp Dakota morning.*

—John Olson

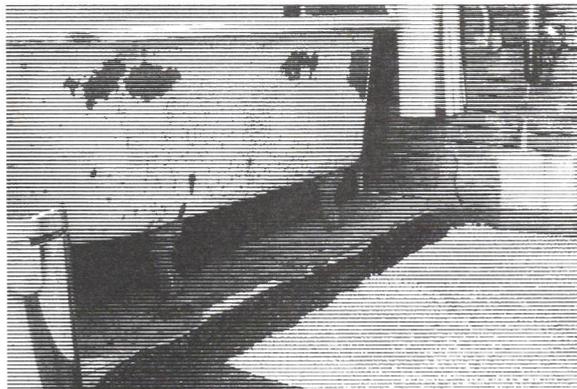


**PAINTING** | For many years this still life hung over the fireplace in the home of Florence and Raymond Savage. One of their grandchildren, Daniel Savage admired the painting as a boy. Decades later when his grandmother passed away Mr. Savage, now grown asked if he might have it. But the executors of the grandmother's estate withheld the painting from Mr. Savage, due to their lingering anger over Mr. Savage's

portrayal of this same grandmother in a book he wrote entitled *The Kid*. (In the book, Mr. Savage referred to his grandmother—an abusive woman who not only disowned him when his parents divorced but returned Mr. Savage's adopted son's birth announcement in the mail because she disapproved of Mr. Savage's homosexuality—as a "cunt.") Some time after Mr. Savage reconciled himself to never seeing the painting again, one of his aunts surprised him with it at a family gathering. At some point the frame, which was worth some money, had been removed, but Mr. Savage did not care for the frame. The painting is credited to an artist named Lamont, and a small tag on the back of the painting reads: "Contemporary Painter has established a reputation for his sensitive treatment of floral subjects. The luminous texture of his paintings are admired by art patrons." *Note On Availability: This painting hangs in a private residence and is not for sale. Mr. Savage's son—the boy whose birth announcement was returned by Mr. Savage's grandmother—thinks the painting is "ugly."*

of several billion dollars per year, the catalog's sales represented 19% of the GNP.

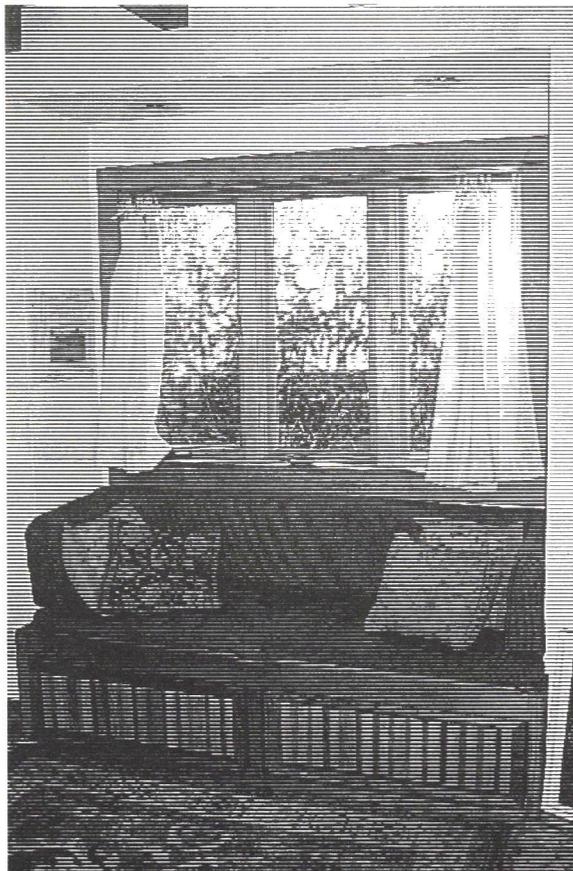
In the 1980s, Sears, Roebuck and Co.—still the company's official name, although "Roebuck and Co." was dropped from the logo—restructured by offering financial and real estate services introducing the Discover card, and scaling back the catalog operation. (Also in the 1980s, a six-year-old boy was abducted from a Sears department store in Florida and later found decapitated; a competitor, Wal-Mart, capitalized on the incident by developing systems to ensure that children would be better protected in Wal-Mart stores than they were in Sears stores.) In 1993, the catalog had become so unprofitable that the company ceased its publication altogether although specialty catalogs devoted to tools, auto accessories



**BATHROOM** | What could be interpreted as a Gehry-esque exposition of structure is also a means for animals (those less than six inches wide) to move from the “outside” space under the house to the most “interior” of all spaces: the bathroom. The result of a fit of anger at the ugliness of the tile inherited from the previous occupant, the passage now serves primarily the cat who occupies the house and yard. But a houseguest sleeping on the floor pointed out that the 3 a.m. sound of crunching cat food was not being made by the cat. Shortly thereafter, there was the late night realization that it is easier to “catch” an opossum in your kitchen than it is to lead it back to an animal passage under the bathtub. *Note On Availability: Despite the owner’s sporadic embarrassment about the state of the bathroom, it remains a convenient way for the cat to come and go. And perhaps even Frank Gehry himself would acknowledge the value in a cost-effective way of keeping the natural world close at hand when living in the city. Due to these considerations, the owner has no intention of letting go of her animal passage under the bathtub.*

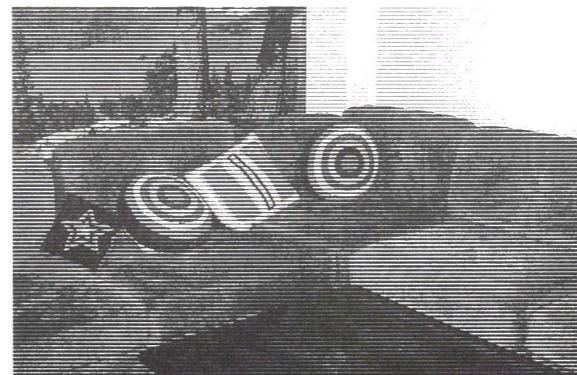
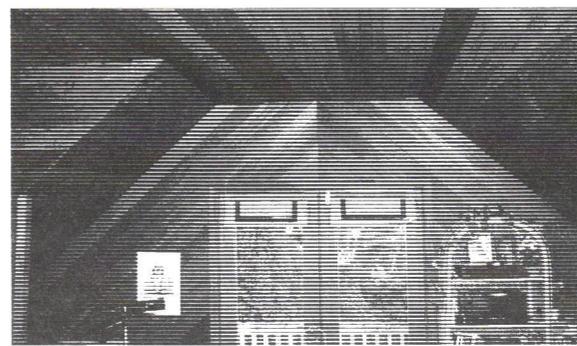
—Alex Machinis

**WINDOW SEAT** | This uniquely undersized window seat was designed by a Port Townsend builder/architect/sadist, specializing in tiny houses for guilt-ridden Americans, and comprises the main seating area of a spectacularly small alcove off the kitchen (an area the builder/architect/sadist affectionately described as a “family room”). Barely eighteen inches wide and four-and-a-half feet long, and fitted with a much-diminished futon, the window seat permits two grown people to contort themselves into obscene and painful positions, resulting in frequent backaches and pulled neck muscles—all this so that these people can watch endless reruns of *Law & Order*, a practice, incidentally, they worry is influencing them in other, less obvious, ways. *Note On Availability: While the owners of this unusually uncomfortable window seat would gladly part with it, the curses they have heaped upon both the window seat and its creator over the years would—they feel—affect any subsequent owners only negatively. While they’ve learned to live with this visible relic of their own confusion and bad judgment, they could not abide foisting both upon others. There’s enough of that sort of thing in the world as it is. Let it end here.*



**HOUSE** | The top floor of my elderly house was added—sometime in the early ’80s, I think—by the friend from whom I bought it in 1991. He has a passion for restoring old boats, from ocean-going tugs to yachts, and the only architecture he seriously cares about is marine. Somewhat absentmindedly, he turned the new floor into an upturned boat, in teak and pine—think *Peggotty’s house in David Copperfield*, and you’re pretty much there. His wife refused to live in it (too seasick-making, presumably) and so he eventually sold it to me. The one drawback in its view over the Ship Canal is that it’s somewhat obstructed by a very large bible college, where the sorcerers of Intelligent Design hang out, which knocks something off its value as far as I’m concerned. Like a boat, it sometimes leaks, and, like a boat, the wood swells up after the first fall rains, and all is shipshape again. It serves as living room, kitchen, dining room, and eyrie: not a bad place to be. *Note On Availability: Not for sale, but watch for my obit notice—or deportation order—and you’ll probably find it going for a song as a tear-down, or a hulk. I was never much good at boat maintenance. Be warned.*

—Jonathan Raban



**BASEMENT** | A basement just like the one my brother shot himself in, nicely finished in knotty pine. The quiet has the same somewhat muffled quality and the air is damp and cool just the way I remember and the smell is identical, a bit like wet dirt. Green tiles typical of the fifties on the floor, a brick fireplace, nothing fancy. The main feature is the knotty pine. The knots are dark, whorled like fingerprints, and stubborn—they look as if they refused to go away, like stains or scars—and I believe they’re the blemish that gives the paneling its low reputation—that and the unsubtle, reddish hue of the wood itself. *Note On Availability: The basement isn’t for sale, as it’s the foundation for the rest of the house. And I’m rather fond of the paneling—I’ve always liked knotty pine. I like it in this basement and I liked it in the other one. I can’t quite figure it out, but I would sell it or even give it away if I knew what it was I was trying to get rid of.*

—Charles D’Ambrosio

home improvement, clothing, and Barbie paraphernalia are still published. The company merged with Kmart in 2005 and the parent company, Sears Holdings Corporation, the third largest retailer on the globe, with \$55 billion in annual revenues, now operates retail stores under a variety of names including Sears, Sears Grand, Sears Essentials, Lands’ End, Orchard Supply Hardware, Kmart, Big Kmart, and Kmart SuperCenter.

Many retailers continue to offer catalogs by mail. Most Americans throw them away. Most Americans would rather drive somewhere (to Costco, to Wal-Mart, to Home Depot) to shop. For customers

who do want to shop at home, and who want goods cheap, little else compares to the paperless, middleman-free efficiency of the most popular catalog in America today: Craigslist.

**THE EXPERTISE OF THE CATALOG EDITOR IN THE REALM OF INTERIORS** | The editor of this catalog was born to a mother with a fondness for cows; his childhood home is full of towels, dishes, jars, refrigerator magnets, benches, wall hangings, cabinets, and teakettles covered in jersey cow pattern. His father’s flair for furniture is such that, when the editor’s parents divorced, years ago, the father spent more than is a defensible interval (years) sleeping on an inflatable air mattress,

even though he made more than enough money to afford a real mattress or, hell, a whole bed. The editor has scant formal training in design, but he has intuition, and he dated a designer for three and a half excellent years followed by one horrifying year, and the lessons learned were personal as well as aesthetic. He is often paid the compliment that he is a person with taste, though he tries to be modest and usually counters, echoing *Carrie Fisher in When Harry Met Sally*: “Everybody thinks they have good taste.”

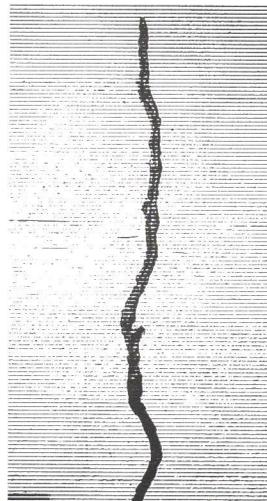
Still, it can’t be denied that he has a nice apartment. By some miracle he found the apartment, not yet on the market and (don’t

**DUCK PHONE** | Carved by a hand skilled at decoy manufacture, this breed of duck is a mallard drake. At an incoming call, the drake's eyes flash a fiery red and it emits an electric sound that, in context, reminds one of a quack. Sadly, the use of a cheap phone of early-1980's manufacture ensures that voices sound thin and are heard only through a wash of crackle. It is always tempting to answer a ringing duck phone, if only to announce that you are using it. This decision is inevitably followed by the request, "Just a sec, let me get on the other phone." *Note On Availability: The phone was discovered in a mercantile shop in Deadwood, South Dakota. The buyer was debating the steep cost of the phone vs. the presumed uniqueness of the object, when he got word there was a tornado some distance to the north and had to leave immediately to pursue it. The phone was purchased impulsively, without haggling or discussion of its origin. The phone rode all the way to Bismarck after the storm, but no tornado was ever witnessed. The mercantile store has since changed ownership. The trail to the source of the mallard drake duck phone has been lost.*



— Alex Machinis

**WALL CRACK** | This Etruscan-style basement wall crack recalls the mysterious kohl-rimmed eyes of Theban princes depicted on some 1st century BC urns. At five feet and three inches, the vertical crack spans a height equivalent to that of a squat, nefarious despot accustomed to ruling doe-eyed beauties with a jewel-encrusted twitch. Though long since surpassed by the technical innovations of Athenian and Hellenistic crack-makers, the anonymous creator of this crack ranks among the best of the Archaic period. The deceptively casual execution of this item belies the maker's conceptual egress, as the application of black, rubberized sealant to the crack's surface clearly serves as an allegory for the inscrutable, compliant nature of all those dark-haired people in other lands. *Note On Availability: While such Orientalist pap is rare in basements, anyone wanting to buy it deserves what they get. It's a crack, and you can't have it.*



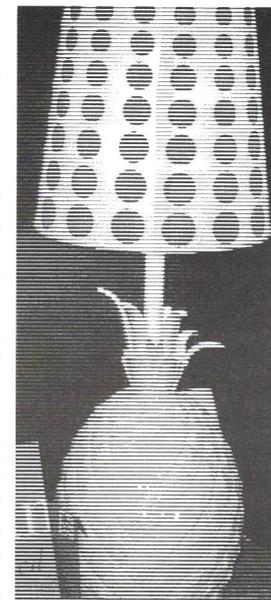
— Anna Maria Hong



say this too loudly to anyone who might be able to do something about it) shockingly under-priced, while it was being renovated last year. The previous tenant had occupied the apartment since the 1960s. It's a one-bedroom. It has hardwood floors. It is in the southwest corner on the top floor of a six-story building on a hill. It has two gorgeous radiators and eight windows. The view is panoramic. Highlights include Mount Rainier, the Seattle skyline, the bay, the Space Needle, and most of Queen Anne Hill.

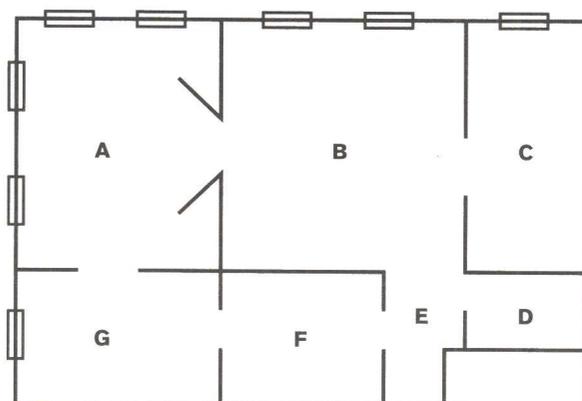
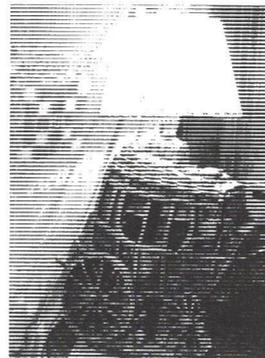
Before the editor of this catalog moved in to this apartment, he lived in a dank room with four pieces of furniture: two huge, wide, light-colored, falling-apart, pressed-wood Ikea bookcases;

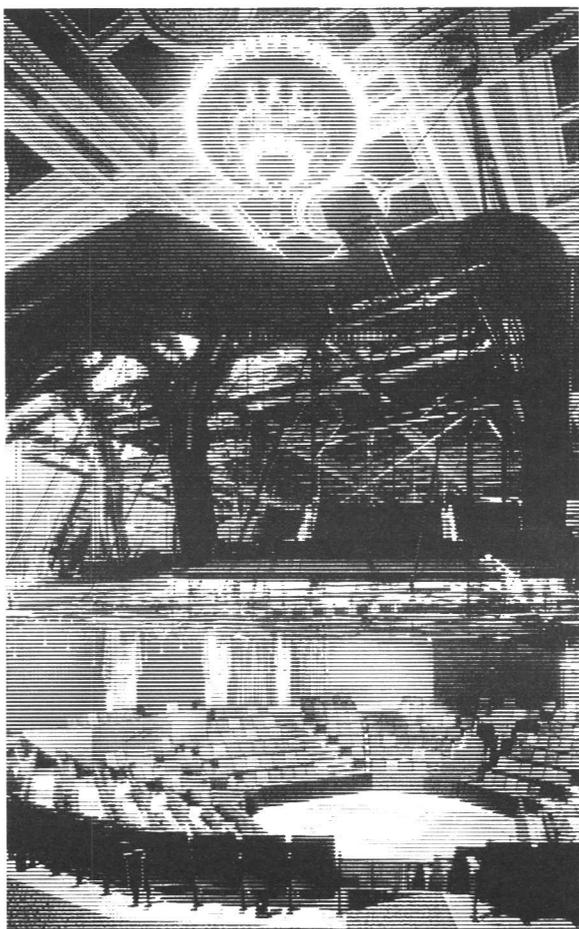
a matching three-drawer Ikea dresser; and a futon inherited from a no-longer-significant other. None of this was deemed worthy of the new digs, what with all the mountains and buildings and bodies of water in the windows. And yet the editor of this catalog did not have much cash to spend on new furniture. One afternoon he found a couch (mid-century modern, wooden legs, long enough for a tall person, flat) at a used furniture store in Fremont called Patina. The guy behind the counter was very friendly. He was playing the Stars album *Set Yourself on Fire*, which the editor of this catalog recognized, and the editor of this catalog and the guy at Patina got to talking. The editor of this catalog talked the guy at Patina down a



**PINEAPPLE LAMP** | This porcelain-colored table lamp exists for those of us who wish to be reminded daily that we do not live on a monochrome tropical island. The scaly surface of the pineapple is approximated with criss-crossing lines forming a tile of diamond-shaped squares. Some of the pointed leaves have been broken off, due to mishandling. It is three feet high, 18" in diameter, and surprisingly light and portable due to its hollow structure. With a 120-watt bulb, it lights up the walls of a Seattle bedroom. *Note On Availability: Unfortunately, the source of this lamp was a dump in a tiny suburb of Boston. The woman who found it there removed and transported the lamp across the country in a Volvo sedan. She has not yet returned to the suburb's dump for the purposes of locating and distributing more pineapple lamps, so supply is currently extremely limited.*

**STAGECOACH LAMP** | Over two feet wide and thirty-five pounds in weight, this is a lamp sized for big sky country. While its owner was learning Spanish, the lamp had a note card taped to it that proclaimed honestly, "*la lampara es demasiado polvorienta*," ("*the lamp is too dusty*") and one of the wagon wheels has broken off, but these facts merely enhance its embodiment of the urge to break free of walls and run over fences. It is a lamp with a gaze focused at infinity. *Note On Availability: Originally from a set of two, found in a desert compound yard sale along Pearblossom Highway. The second lamp was purchased by someone who, upon getting it home, realized that what seemed like a normal table lamp in the Mojave was far too large for her college apartment. She sold it quickly at her next garage sale, and now it is gone. The lamp pictured above is in a house in Los Angeles and was last seen in use as a perch for a large rat, so its owner is too skeeved to be poking around it anytime soon.*





**CEILING** | The Eagles Building (now ACT Theatre) at Seventh Avenue and Union Street in Seattle holds several small marvels. Among them: carved eagles, mosaic floors, a zodiac ceiling-mural, and a vault. However, its finest feature is the ceiling in the third-floor theater—a high, massive, and ornate plane supporting a pendulous sparkling chandelier. Martin Luther King’s voice has bounced against its carved rosette and crenellated trim, as have wails from Jimi Hendrix’s guitar. An orderly but complex system of theater lights, ducts, wires, and catwalks hangs just below the ceiling. Looking upwards, through the clean, black grid superimposed on the colorful baroque, is a lesson in the history of aesthetics. *Note On Availability: The Eagles Building was placed on the National Register of Historic Places in 1983. Its ceiling is not available at any price.*

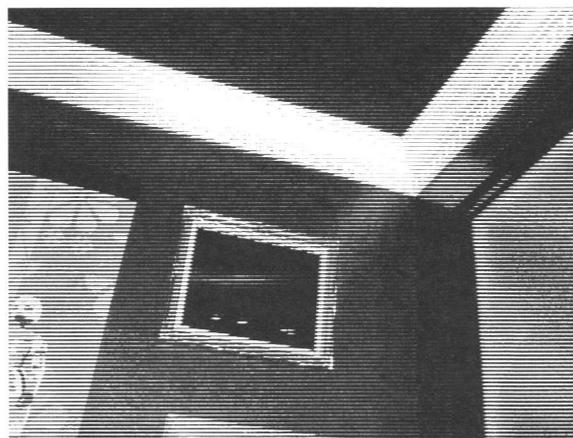
—Brendan Kiley

**CEILING CRACK** | This elegant white-on-white ceiling crack runs six and a half inches north-to-south and three and a quarter inches east-to-west to form what in some languages is an “L.” The more conventionally attractive horizontal bar of the crack features a delicate crosshatch pattern of plaster patching, while the more subtly engaging vertical portion is best described as the puffy spot. The crack accents an otherwise drab mid-century ceiling by slowly but surely reverting to its former glory as an exposed ceiling flap, notable for its glue-brown interior. Expertly covered up in 2004, the crack has been fixed sporadically since first being observed in 1963 and is currently widening at a pace of 20 mm per year, the same rate at which geologists believe North America is drifting away from the European Continent. *Note On Availability: The item is currently attached to a daisy-yellow Wallingford five-plex, which would have to accompany the purchase.*

—Anna Maria Hong

**DENTIL MOLDING** | The Hideout is a dimly lit Seattle bar crammed with contemporary paintings of nudes, fruit, clowns, and spacemen, and with a jukebox that matches current taste, and with fashionably dressed clientele. Above the fray is the Hideout’s true gem—a band of simple dentil molding. It rings the ceiling with stately grace, like a distinguished host. It is aloof. It is graceful. If you drink enough, it even seems amused at the ostentation below. Dentil molding—a series of evenly spaced rectangles (like teeth)—is an ancient innovation, usually found just below the cornice, that adorns Ionic temples, the Pantheon at Rome, and the tomb of Darius (c. 500 BC). It was the must-have flourish of American neoclassical architecture—the Hideout’s dentil forebears peered down at the signing of the Declaration of Independence and Thomas Jefferson sipping new varietals from his private vineyard. Its beauty is in its pedigree. It predated anime-flavored landscape paintings and the blues-based garage rock of the White Stripes by thousands of years, and will endure thousands of years hence. *Note On Availability: You would have to buy the bar. To pry the molding from its layered context—its long lineage, its current placement—would rob it of its beauty.*

—Brendan Kiley



**HOUSE BEAM** | This chestnut house beam is located in an 18th century Connecticut home that was once a Sandemanian Church, a fundamentalist sect whose members abstained from eating blood, strangled animals, and practiced the ceremonial washing of feet. The beam once supported the northern eave, however, due to a mid-20th century remodel, it now runs down the center of the house’s kitchen ceiling. Never painted, the beam possesses an exquisite, warm, honey-colored tone. It can be easily reached by a normal sized adult or even by a large child. It should be noted that the beam is cracked and the ceiling around it sags: barely functional, it is not recommended for those who are inclined to dream of car crashes, tsunamis, or wild fires. In most of the Eastern seaboard chestnut, once plentiful, is now extinct. *Note On Availability: An inspection five years ago revealed an infestation of termites, rendering the home uninhabitable. The beam is likely still there and is yours for the taking.*

—Lawrence Rinder

hundred bucks on the couch, promptly paid the agreed-upon price, picked it up a week later, and put it in his new apartment under the south-facing window in room A.

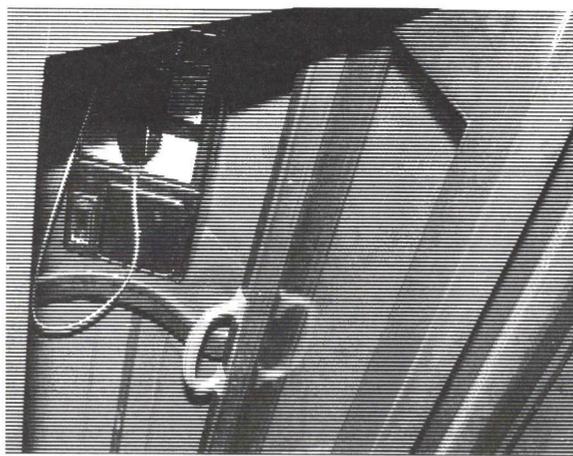
One of the oddities of the apartment is the room labeled above as G. This is either supposed to be a dressing room or a study, but interestingly it has a window and is about the size of a bed, so the editor of this catalog made it his bedroom. It barely fits his bed. There are no doors between G and A or between G and F (the closet), just open doorways. The true bedroom, according to building management, is A. Putting the bed in G allows for two living rooms, A and B, or a living room and a dining room, or a living room and a library.

Once the editor of this catalog had moved his couch into the

apartment, in April 2005, he sat awash in the sadness of having left the place he’d been living. There was nothing else in the apartment except a lamp and laptop connected to speakers. Both on the floor. The sky was darkening. He turned on the lamp. He scrolled through his iTunes library. He played Fleetwood Mac’s “Dreams” followed by “I Don’t Wanna Know,” both on *Rumours*, which isn’t a record he often listens to but which seemed fitting at the time. For reasons he couldn’t articulate, he cried.

You can choose not to believe this next part, but it’s true: After the acquisition of the first couch, our hero had a dream. (Forgive our editor-protagonist his new title; it is used only for effect, this being the dreamy part.) Our hero almost never remembers his dreams. If

he does remember one, he remembers it for about a minute and a half, until his body is shocked by the shower. Then—woop! Gone with the water. Out through the drain. But the dream in question, for whatever reason, stuck. It was a dream about a couch, a second couch, which our hero had wanted—he had resolved to make his apartment full of almost nothing but places to sit—but what kind of second couch he wanted had been eluding him. The couch in the dream was a fancy couch. An old couch, with swoops and flourishes, not at all like the couch our hero already had, and not the kind of couch he could imagine himself having. It was ridiculous, this dream couch. It had wide stripes. The stripes were green, orange, and gold. Pretty gay.



**EL CAPITAN PHONE BOOTH** | Phone booths, battered by the omnipresent threat of cellular phones, are fast becoming rarities; finding a phone booth in the lobby of an apartment building is rarer still. The fact that this particular booth has survived, in working condition, since the building's construction in 1925, is nothing less than sublime. The mahogany booth, its interiors lined with sheet metal (that has, over the years, has taken on a greenish hue) dotted geometrically with inverted dimples, recalls a confessional. Running one's hands over the smoothness of the booth results in the synaesthetic pleasure that one feels touching, say, a baby grand piano, or an ocean-scrubbed pebble. There is a sturdy seat for the caller, also not unlike a well-crafted piano stool, and the accordion door, apparently hand-installed, sighs shut smoothly every time. There, in the light of a fixture that obediently flicks on when the door is three-quarters closed, the caller feels protected by age and simple, elegant construction, able to share secrets and intimacies with loved ones half a continent away—it's not unusual to come into the El Capitan after midnight and find a wobbly drunk inside the closed doors of the phone booth, sitting with their eyes screwed tight, determining their own tenuous concept of magnetic north. The fact that the original phone, due to incompatibility with modern communication technology, was replaced with an unsightly modern pay phone, and that the sign over the door, which read, simply, "TELEPHONE," was removed years ago by vandals, remain the only signs that the world stumbles forward. *Note On Availability: The phone booth cannot be removed at this time, as it was constructed as part of the lobby (see El Capitan Lobby).*



**EL CAPITAN LOBBY** | The lobby of the El Capitan, an apartment building in Seattle, still feels like a grand hotel (one of its former functions) on a smaller scale: generous mahogany banisters arch downward and open to those walking in. To the right on entrance, there are a sofa and chair, 75 years old, though reupholstered and refinished twice in the last 35 years. Tucked behind the left banister are the mailboxes: one for each of the 86 units, brass, large enough only for about six standard-sized envelopes. Larger packages are left by the postman in a locked closet and are then hand-delivered to each unit by Alvin Hendricks, the building's owner since 1971. The floor is a well-worn pebble tile, in gray and maroon, and the ceiling and support beams are ornamented by the original gold leaf. Fifteen years ago, when the building was finally paid for in full, Mr. Hendricks, who is passionate about protecting the building's history, called in a lighting specialist and interior designer to refinish the lobby to the standards of 1920's art-deco. The golden yellow wallpaper, featuring designs that are not quite fleur-de-lis, not quite family crest, embraces a visitor and creates a feeling that, while not quite the science-fiction sensation of time traveling, at least resembles a fond nostalgia. *Note On Availability: The lobby cannot be removed from the rest of the building at this time, as tenants walk through it daily.*



**EL CAPITAN LINEN CLOSET DOORS** | Next to nearly all the apartment doors in the El Capitan, there are smaller doors, two and a half feet high. When the building was a hotel, these doors, which lead to a small closet hidden by identical doors within the apartment, were used by room service to pick up dirty linens: the tenants would deposit them into the closet and later find clean linens in their place. Beginning in the 1970s, Mr.

Hendricks used the doors, instead, for garbage pickup: each day he would open the doors and collect the tenants' refuse placed within. After Seattle's disastrous Ozark Hotel Fire, however, the Ozark Code was adopted for hotels and apartment buildings, and every door in the El Capitan had to be fitted with a five-eighths-of-an-inch thick plasterboard covering a fire-resistant skin, which withstands flames for up to an hour. The miniature closet doors had to be sealed according to the Code, but there they have remained, tiny and fire-proofed, next to the human-sized doors, and one can imagine magical creatures, gnomes or fairies, coming home from a hard day's work, side-by-side with their masters, walking into a door just their size. *Note On Availability: The doors are inextricably attached to the walls, and the walls are essential to the building's structure. Despite many offers from prospective buyers, Mr. Hendricks refuses to sell the building, looking upon the El Capitan as his life's work and legacy. In his 35 years of owning it, Mr. Hendricks has never posted a single ad or hung out a "vacancy" shingle: rental is on a referral basis only. El Capitan residents are encouraged to refer people they think would be good tenants. "I've interviewed everybody who lives here," Mr. Hendricks explains, estimating the number of tenants under his ownership at about 1,000 people. "And I look them all in the eye and shake their hands. That's important." He notes that everyone who lives in the El Capitan—Christians, Muslims, retirees, whole families—understands and agrees to live by the Golden Rule, and that is why he refers to his building, without irony or unnecessary modesty, as "paradise."*

Soon thereafter, thinking little of it, our hero paid a visit to Dixon's Used Furniture on 12th Avenue at Pine Street. Being in the market for furniture, and having been advised about the shifting treasures of the used furniture industry—an industry in peril—our hero had been visiting Dixon's every few days. Finding nothing in the front room one day, he wandered into the back room, which was mostly mattresses and broken chairs and great stacks of cushions. There, standing on its side, was a green- and orange- and gold-

striped couch, fancy and old, with swoops and flourishes, *exactly the couch he had dreamed about*, except with narrower stripes. Our hero asked the storeowner if he could right the couch, put the cushions on it, get a good look at it, and the storeowner said he could, disinterestedly. The couch wasn't expected to sell. It was only \$195, and sitting there upended like that, its cushions elsewhere, its green insides shining, it wasn't very hopefully displayed. There were "problems" with it, the storeowner would eventually say. "With the

pipin," he would say. The piping around the edges of the cushions was worn to almost nothing. *Even better*, thought our hero. *Lived in. Comfy.* Our hero bought it. He put it in the middle of room B, facing the Space Needle.

He also obtained from Dixon's a lamp with pock marks like the surface of the moon and a brown, velvety armchair, both of which now sit in room A. The three bookcases in room A, all made of wood, two with glass fronts, were found after months of search-



**LIBRARY STAIRCASE** | One rises grandly to the cause of books, marble beneath one's feet, the exterior world diffused through a series of stained-glass windows. The Grand Staircase at the University of Washington's Suzzallo Library rises in a broad spiral. Round and round it curves, round as a thought that circles the mind, round as a woman's breast, round as the curve of time in the oblivion of space. The stone is luscious in its durability and color. The windows ascend in articulations of light with the grandeur and intricacy of a wedding dress. The mood is Gothic. The architecture is formal, but welcoming. The steps lead one into a paradise of paper, a realm of spine and leather, buttress and book. One's exertions going up feel rewarded by the grace of the ascent. Going down, books in hand, one does not descend in a straight line as in the cramped stairwell of a parking lot, but largely, hugely, exultantly, in a spiral of stone and gravity. *Note On Availability: The staircase is but one of the internal organs that comprise the body of the library. It cannot be purchased. It cannot be removed. The books, like corpuscles, may be carried into the broader circulation of the world, but the steps leading so grandly to them are as pertinent to the structure of the library as a bone to the arm, or a nerve to the eye.*

—John Olson

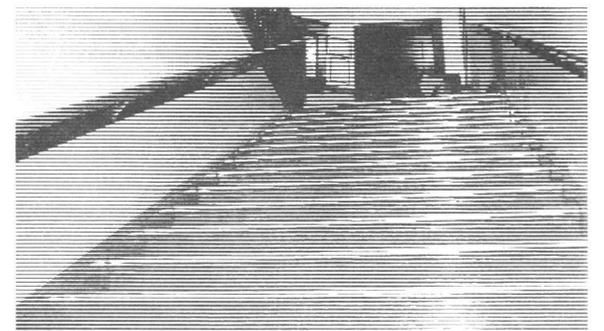


ing on Craigslist, where it is hard to find a bookcase that isn't shit. One of the bookcases our hero owns he had to drive an hour north, to Snohomish, to buy. The most recent development in our hero's apartment, made in the final days of 2005, was the addition of a round dining room table with two leaves and six chairs to room B. The table has made eating, for one, more enjoyable: our hero used to simply eat at his desk, splattering his computer with soup and salad dressing. The table is wood and sturdy and was purchased, chairs and all, from Dixon's for \$249, as the store was liquidating. Dixon's has since gone out of business. The reason it went out of business is Craigslist.

**WHY DIXON'S USED FURNITURE WENT OUT OF BUSINESS** | Fatema Karim paid a visit to Dixon's on the first workday of 2006. Business was slow. According to Karim's notes, "The store is housed in a building originally built in 1911 by an automobile company named Packard. The first Dixon's was opened in 1987 at another location and moved to its current location in 1992. The store has really high ceilings, really large windows on both the street-facing walls, and in the front room red stained cement floors. Part of the store, the front half, is in the former display room, and the rest is in the former repair shop. There are large neon colored signs on the window advertising a sale, announcing also that the store will go out of business soon." Of the

**HOTEL STAIRCASE** | The Panama Hotel's wooden stairs are expectedly brown, brown like anticipation, which is a smell. The well is as wide as flare, and you walk in the middle to avoid touching the banister, because it reminds you of school, bachelor janitors, sliding along the metal rail under an old oak tree. Of course, each flight is identical to the one before, and as you round each landing, you see an old silver bell mounted on the north wall, its hairy black wires attached to nowhere. A sign hangs below the bell on the wall, a framed sign reading "FIRE ESCAPE" in green capital letters, green like a noble gas, the sign itself laminated, tan, stained. An arrow pierces the phrase, the kind of arrow that gets stuck in a tree. At each landing the arrow points to the right, to the end of a corridor, past dark brown doors slit shut like eyes, to the end, which is a pane, large and clean. The pane is painted neatly with the words "FIRE ESCAPE" in green capital letters, not peeling so much as scratched by the cracked finger of an imported Chinese. Who made our canal? This is the Americas, and outside the window lies a black iron escape. The final flight smells of lemons, a potted palm marks the top of the well, and when you hear a man and a woman talking above, you know she will approach you in a black velvet dress to ask if you are a guest. Imagine being the first to break dirt into ocean. Imagine doing this twice, because some President wants to make a place where two oceans meet. You will have to say no. The year is 1903. *Note On Availability: This is an isthmus, and you've forgotten your hat.*

—Anna Maria Hong



**RESIDENTIAL STAIRCASE** | The staircase in the Bainbridge Island home of Fran and Dana Redmond is rickety and worn in a comforting way. The top third of its banister was torn off by grandchildren in the early '90s and never replaced. The green carpet on its steps has been thinned by decades of feet; in a few spots, the pale, scarred wood peeks through. It contains secrets—if you tug at the third step, you will find a hollowed-out compartment that, at various times, held a Nazi pistol pilfered from a dead soldier, a collection of odd seashells, tattered books printed during the 19th century, and, in 1980, a box full of marijuana, stashed by a teenager who thought (incorrectly) his parents wouldn't find it. *Note On Availability: The staircase, no longer in existence, was torn down with the house it occupied after the Redmonds died—she in 1999, he a few years later. During one winter weekend in 2003, when the house was only half-demolished, one could climb the teetering stairs with a bottle of wine and sit in the night air, look at the moon peeking through treetops, shiver, and drink toasts to the frailty of people and things.*

—Brendan Kiley

store's three employees—Scott Dixon (the owner), Brian Dixon, and Shawn Mason—Mason was working when Karim visited. This interview ensued: **INTERVIEWER:** Why is Dixon's going out of business? **MASON:** Well, the main reason we are going out of business is that we like to sell used furniture and with Craigslist and other options people have just found other ways to sell their furniture and it has just gotten harder to find new furniture to replace what we've sold. Which makes it harder to profit **INTERVIEWER:** Is Craigslist your enemy? **MASON:** I think it helps a lot of people but it has hurt our business. It is a viable website for a lot of people but it did hurt our business. **INTERVIEWER:** What convenience do you think Dixon's

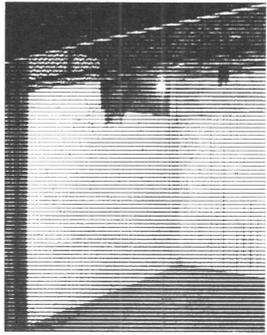


**RESIDENTIAL ELEVATOR** | Measuring just over 14 square feet, this elevator has a brass rail, six brass buttons, an overhead bulb, and a temper. The outer wood door and the inner accordion door must both be shut before it will move, that is, if it is moving at all on a particular day, and residents on the sixth floor, the highest in this '20s-built Seattle apartment building, know that if they hesitate for even a quarter of a second before exiting, they stand the chance that someone on the first floor will recall the cage down through the building again, the occupant of the elevator helpless to stop it—although, by the same token, relieved, perhaps moved to say, “Oh, this again,” since it becomes apparent quickly that the elevator is not simply free-falling (always the initial worry) but just playing its little mind game. Those uncomfortable with mind games, or at least with out-of-date technology, opt for the stairs. Others find dignity in the archaic and worn. *Note On Availability: While this particular elevator, built by Otis Elevator Company, the “world’s largest manufacturer of vertical transportation systems,” is not for sale, many other Otis Elevator Company systems are, as the company’s sales figures (\$8,999,000,000 in 2004) attest. Sometimes called the “Micro-soft of elevators,” Otis Elevator Company also has elevators in the Eiffel Tower, the Empire State Building, and the World Trade Center. At least, it did.*

— Christopher Frizzelle

**FREIGHT ELEVATOR** | Probably a very popular model back in the 1920s, this freight elevator, in an old shoe factory turned into artists’ lofts in Seattle’s Pioneer Square, has a slightly bent cage that sticks occasionally between floors but with brute force can be manually lifted a couple of feet so occupants can escape. Fine, splintered wood floors are complemented by layers of graffiti covered in new paint on the back wall. Other features include an UP button and a DOWN button that must be held until the desired floor has been reached. Over time, residents of the building can become expert at stopping the elevator so it comes to rest level with the outside floor. The elevator also makes a fine bar if you like to throw warehouse parties and want to dodge police inquiries by moving the bar up or down a floor to escape their notice. History has shown that this elevator also makes a fine alternative performance space and a portable garbage dump. *Note On Availability: The elevator is ancient and therefore probably easily removed with a crowbar from its current location. Do it quickly because the tenants are being evicted and the building will probably be turned into condos.*

— Gillian Rose



**HOTEL ROOM** | In the only neighborhood in Vancouver, B.C. to have brick streets and wrought iron railings is the recently rejuvenated Dominion Hotel, and in the boutique hotel’s wide brown foyer, the Lobby Gallery. Behind one of the freshly painted white walls of the Lobby Gallery is a tiny, 6’ x 9’ luxury hotel room. Artist Erica Stocking installed it there for the month, outfitted with a spotless white duvet, a set of institutional hand towels, a telephone, a pad of stationery, a gleaming designer en suite tap, track lighting, and a bible. On the sketched fire escape plan just outside the door, Room 001 showed up as a pencil mark 3/4ths the size of the other doors. Just beyond the natty brick exterior wall of Room 001 is “historic Gastown,” where Koolhaas might have stood upon writing, “history returns not as farce here, but as service,” then two streets beyond that, the largest and most devastating heroin problem in North America. *Note On Availability: The only condition for occupancy was that just one body could sleep in the space at a time, at once erasing the most classic use for a hotel room while pointing to the use of pleasure to survive unendurable conditions (as in narratives such as Flowers in the Attic and The Diary of Anne Frank). In this case, pleasure within confinement to a small space was economic, not erotic. It rented for \$35 CND per night for the duration of the exhibit, which is over.*



**HOTEL LOBBY** | The lobby of the Hotel Andra adjoins the Tom Douglas restaurant Lola and faces a second Tom Douglas restaurant, Dahlia Lounge, across Fourth Avenue, which not exactly the promenade of Seattle. Hotel Andra’s building, previously the Claremont Hotel, dates back to 1926. Lobby seating is designed around a pair of orange Jacobsen swan chairs, a long low couch, and small groups of fireside chairs. Other features include a fireplace (to your left as you walk in); a 50-inch plasma screen above the fireplace (there are smaller plasma screens in the hotel’s bathrooms and elevators); “an ever-changing collection of electronic fine art” (that is, a slide show); fish (little neon tetras); a distressed plank leading to the front desk; and desk clerks (happy). *Note On Availability: Hotel Andra is owned by Craig Shafer. Its lobby is not currently for sale.*

— Jessica Deeken

offers that a service such as Craigslist doesn’t? **MASON:** We get a better selection of furniture, both new and used; we offer delivery; it’s always available the same day; and we have very competitive prices. **INTERVIEWER:** Have you ever taken a nap on any of the mattresses or couches to test comfyness? **MASON:** Not during store hours but yes. **INTERVIEWER:** What is the weirdest thing you have ever sold? **MASON:** We had a gentleman that had found a plaque of an award that had been won by Jean Enerson [the news anchor] back in the '70s. He found it and tried to sell it to us. **INTERVIEWER:** Do dumpster divers bring stuff in? **MASON:** There are a few of them. We are still selective but they are always trying. I don’t want to give the impression that most of our furniture comes from the dumpster but occasionally we do buy things from them. **INTERVIEWER:** Have you ever found anything valuable in the furniture that someone overlooked? **MASON:** No, not really.

Their interview goes on, but so must we.

**SCENES OF INTERIORS IN LITERATURE** | For no reason, a scene in *The Great Gatsby* springs to mind. The scene in chapter two. Specifically, the lines about the furniture in Myrtle Wilson’s city apartment being too big for the room. Here’s F. Scott Fitzgerald:

The apartment was on the top floor—a small living-room, a small dining-room, a small bedroom, and a bath. The living-room was crowded to the doors with a set of tapestried furniture entirely too large for it, so that to move about was to stumble continually over scenes of ladies swinging in the gardens of Versailles.

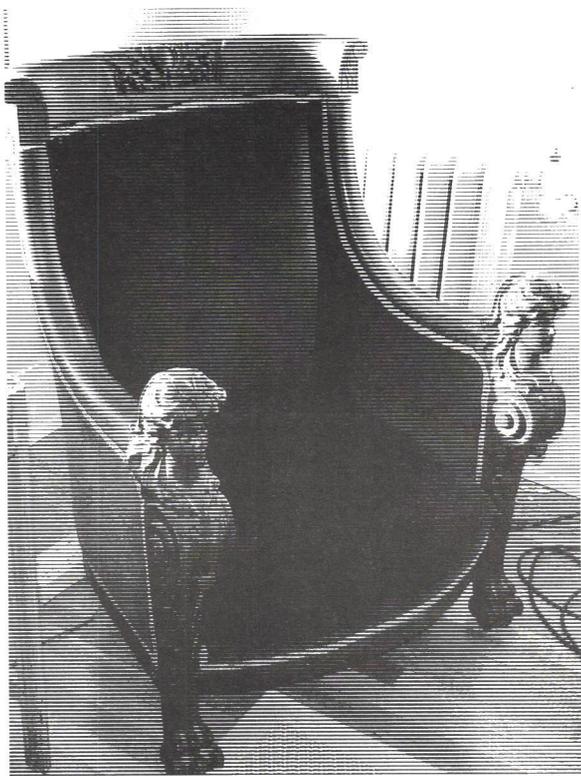
Nine pages later, Tom has broken Myrtle’s nose and guests are running around the apartment.

Scolding and consoling as they stumbled here and there among the crowded furniture with articles of aid, and the despairing figure on the couch, bleeding flu-

ently, and trying to spread a copy of *Town Tattle* over the tapestry scenes of Versailles.

Also for no reason springs to mind the interiors-related crisis faced by Zoë, the protagonist in Lorrie Moore’s short story “You’re Ugly, Too”:

Her parents, in Maryland, had been very pleased that one of their children had at last been able to afford real estate, and when she closed on the house they sent her flowers with a congratulations card. Her mother had even UPS’d a box of old decorating magazines saved over the years—photographs of beautiful rooms her mother used to moon over, since there never had been any money to redecorate. It was like getting her mother’s pornography, that box, inheriting her drooled-upon fantasies, the endless wish and tease that had been her life. But to her mother it was a rite of passage that pleased her. “Maybe you will get some ideas from these,” she had written. And when Zoë had looked at the photographs, at the bold and beautiful living rooms, she was filled with longing. Ideas and ideas of longing.



**ARMCHAIR** | The Twin Female Sentinels Armchair (as its owner, a young architect, has dubbed it) evokes that period in history when furnishings were made to look like people and animals. An authentic piece of furniture from this period would typically fetch thousands of dollars, but there are no authentic pieces of furniture from this time period because we are not sure when his time period was. The twin female sentinels on this chair were formed with no means of sexual reproduction. In substitute, their torsos swell into rich spirals and their hips and legs are replaced in each case by a single tapering leg, giving the chair's legs the appearance of shapely half muscles. Although obvious effort was made to render the twins identical, being carved by hand afforded them unique characteristics. Left's neck tilts back and her jaw protrudes slightly, giving her an air of self-confidence. The bridge of Right's nose is indented, the result of some past trauma. *Note On Availability: The Twin-Female-Sentinels Armchair is not for sale and, furthermore, is not accustomed to being sat in, as it isn't comfortable. Placed in a corner, the twins stare blankly across the room without expectation. Placed in your closet, they will go unnoticed for months.*

**LOVE SEAT** | One aspect of a truly enjoyable stay in any hotel is finding a seat you can't get out of. That's difficult in posh hotels, where a designer's imprint may precede ingenuity or sense. But the loveseats in the queen suits of Seattle's Hotel Andra are comfortable and, even better, conducive to love: there is not much room, and the slight arc at the front brings knees together. *Note On Availability: In order to enjoy this particular loveseat, you have to rent a queen suite at the Hotel Andra, which range from \$136 to \$258 per night. It's impossible at this time to buy one for your own living room. The furniture was custom designed and manufactured for the hotel. If you were so inclined, you might devise the same design yourself and send it to the same manufacturer in Houston, at a substantially higher cost than this particular loveseat cost the Hotel Andra. You might also wait until the hotel refurbishes again, but according to precedent you would be waiting until 2084. With a view of a plasma television, a full-length mirror, and downtown Seattle, what this loveseat offers is simply irreproducible.*

—Jessica Deeken

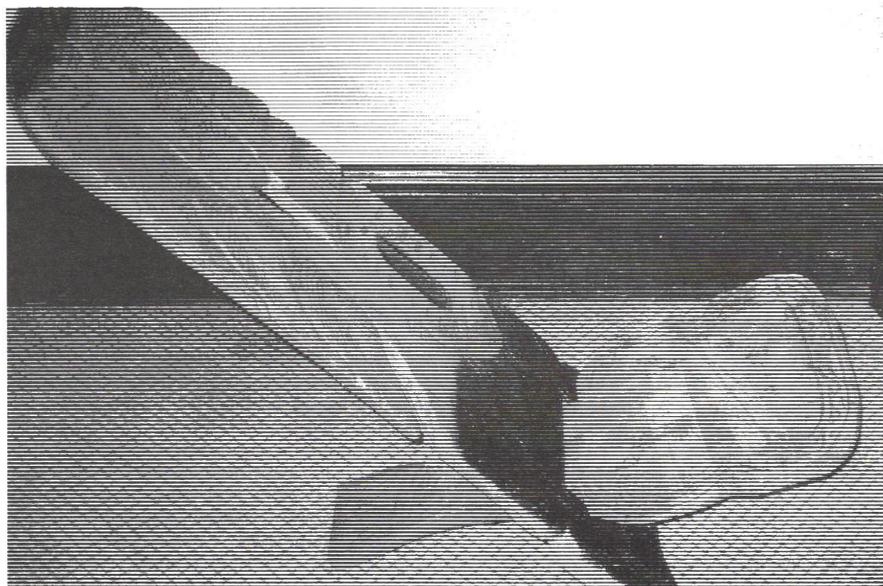


Right now Zoë's house was rather empty. The previous owner had wallpapered around the furniture, leaving strange gaps and silhouettes on the walls, and Zoë hadn't done much about that yet. She had bought furniture, then taken it back, furnishing and unfurnishing, preparing and shedding, like a womb. She had bought several plain pine chests to use as

love seats or boot boxes, but they came to look to her more and more like children's coffins, so she returned them. And she had recently bought an Oriental rug for the living room with Chinese symbols on it she didn't understand. The salesgirl had kept saying she was sure they meant "Peace" and "Eternal Life," but when Zoë got the rug home she worried. What if they didn't

**INDOOR SWING** | She would grow up to have no memory of how her grandfather smelled nor of a single thing he ever said, but she would have his gift of a swing, with its seat of molded pink plastic and its woven blue nylon rope. Her father—who would live much longer due to being a man of moderation—suspended the swing from a beam of the basement ceiling for the quiet pleasure of year-round swinging even when it rained biblically outside. The orthogonal beam, its base rooted in the basement's brown linoleum floor, had the family's pencil sharpener screwed to it, and as often as not when one of the family descended to the basement to sharpen a pencil, she would be there, swinging in the dim, her toes almost touching the ping-pong table with each forward arc. *Note On Availability: Since the family moved some years ago, the disposition of the swing is unknown; the pencil sharpener was relocated to a kindred beam in the basement of the new house.*

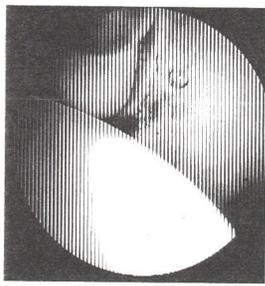
—Bethany Jean Clement



**AFRICAN CHAIR** | This African wooden chair that sits in the corner of a salesman's room in Seattle doesn't look like any chair his girlfriend ever saw while living in Africa last year. (And she worked there for four months, which amounted to many cups of tea in African homes.) However, it does look like a chair an African might peddle to a Western tourist on the side of the road or at a Sunday market. It consists of two slabs of light brown wood. Each slab is thin, the longer one measuring about four feet long and the shorter one measuring about a foot and a half long. The longer slab, or the back of the chair, is shaped like a palm tree at the top, with a cone-topped hut carved out next to it. At the bottom of the slab is a slit where the shorter slab slides in, so that when you are seated, your body forms a V. *Note On Availability: Walking into the salesman's room is like entering Dia de los Muertos—he has a strange affinity for Latin art—so the African wooden chair sticks out amidst the frightening masks and skulls, but he loves the thing, so it's not going anywhere. It was purchased at a trade show he managed to sneak into at the Seattle Convention Center.*

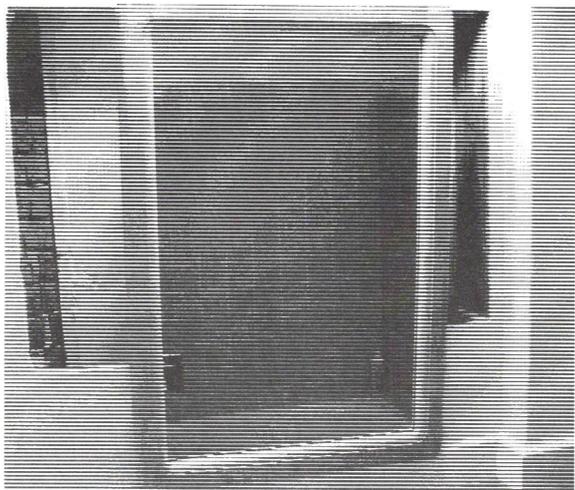
—Jennifer Yael Green

mean "Peace" and "Eternal Life"? What if they meant, say, "Bruce Springsteen"? And the more she thought about it, the more she became convinced she had a rug that said "Bruce Springsteen," and so she returned that, too.



**DAMAGED HIP JOINT INSIDE WOMAN'S BODY** | As observed arthroscopically, many ills assailed the ball, socket, synovium, and cartilage of said left hip. The hip joint means to be a graceful apparatus with various components gliding and striding in miraculous synchronicity. This particular hip clicked and groaned like a duct-taped jalopy. Kubrick himself could have filmed the procedure that mended the hidden universe. The scene cinematically offered lily-white planetary curves clouded by irascible malformations, with smooth edges inexplicably rendered jagged. A metal creature entered and heroically swept all evils from the bedraggled secret environment, restoring harmony. The external entity showed minimal signs of disruption. *Note On Availability: No interior access is currently available. Exterior observation is available following strict screening by custodial human.*

—Sarah Nelson

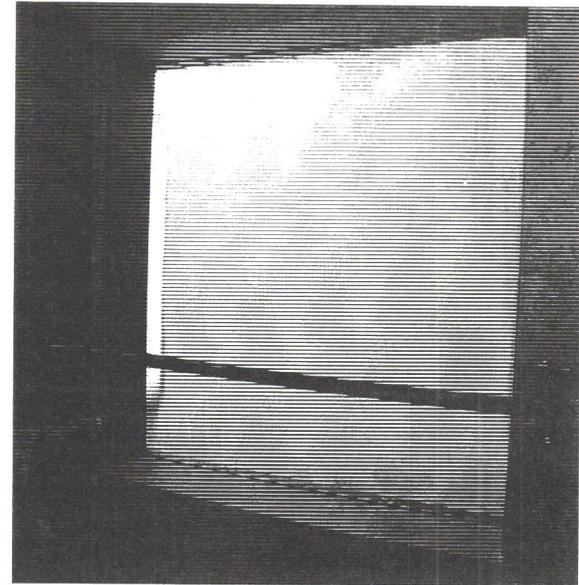


**UNFINISHED RENOVATION** | Here is a large hole in a wall of a residential bathroom in north Seattle that visitors, no doubt, silently note. It wasn't as easy as the owners of the house thought it would be to find a medicine cabinet to fill the hole, but then it's true they didn't look very hard. There's a time when you live with the smell of paint and dry spackle fingertips and three trips a day to Lowe's, and then, if you don't like that way of life and don't do it for a living, there's a time when you are done with it for good, and from that day forward your every undone labor is your companion. Hard gray nubbles remind you that you didn't wipe all the Thinset off the tiles when you had the chance. Light patches on a dark blue wall show that you slacked off on the second coat. Scraps of blue masking tape stuck for years to the edges of windows reveal that you never finish what you start. Physical proof of your lazy undiscipline surrounds you. As it has turned out, though, the most beautiful part of this bathroom—by far—is the lattice of narrow boards at the back of this hole, a nail sticking out of each one, the points all hammered safely to the side, and plaster pushing firmly through the gaps. Through this hole you see the practical, unc cosmetic intelligence that has kept the house standing solidly for 70 years. Buddhist artists, one is told, always leave a piece of their work unfinished, as an acknowledgment of human imperfection. But then one is also told (or maybe just assumes) that Buddhist artists don't like scraping their toes on hard nubbles of Thinset, and think it's stupid not to pull off the masking tape when it's still easy to do so. *Note On Availability: This unfinished renovation may not be removed from the home it completes.*

—Tom Nissley

**FISH LADDER VIEWING WINDOW #5** | Built in 1976, the last window in the fish ladder viewing room at Hiram M. Chittenden Locks is best seen in mid-winter, when the view is unobstructed by migrating fish. Standing at the railing, one looks beyond the double pane, the condensation's bare streaks, and vertical burns of algae and submerged neon lights at either side of the window to stare into the tank, blank save for moving water. Recessed into a concrete wall, the window could be installation art, but it is better. Upon gazing, one perceives that the tank's upper portion is metonym for the firmament itself. As with the king's crown, the boiling cloud issuing forth from a square-cut portal to the ladder's next step inevitably recalls something bigger, and here it would be the heavens pocked with rolling stars. The watery cloud boils up and backward out of its hole against the way of all flesh, which must always move across and down. It cannot help itself. Meanwhile, bits of light also break off the dark bottom to wobble through the blue murk up and to the left, approaching the surface like drunk moths. In the 21-step ladder, the window occupies the 18th rung. However, in the Ptolemaic system, it is the eighth heaven, also known as, "Pite, whiche may wele be called the firmament of perfeccyon, for it is the stablysshment of all holy conuersacyon, whereby man . . . discerneth waters from waters." (W. de W., 1531) *Note On Availability: She whosever can discerneth the waters from the waters may purchase thise iteme for a Bicentennial mug, 16 tall ships, and a doubloon. She muste also be prepared to answeere the question "But where are the fishes?" for as longe as she may*

—Anna Maria Hong



**WESTERN RED CEDAR LOGS** | On the southward facing side of a West Seattle home, two lines of beautiful native Western Redcedar logs stand upright. Though technically an exterior feature, they are part of a wraparound porch, which is a kind of interior space, covered by the roof of the house. The trees were logged to support the roof and porch back in 1909. Though rootless and branchless, these modest sized logs (roughly one foot in diameter) kept their bark and knotholes, and, on rainy days, exude their telltale aroma. They've successfully mimed the idea of "tree" for almost a century, creating a "bring the outdoors indoors" aesthetic fitting for a house that started out as a hunting lodge. But nothing endures, not even ancient decay-resistant wood like Western Redcedar—the giant of the forest, a darling of the logging industry, the runner-up for Washington's state tree, and a cornerstone for many Native Northwest tribes (who used it to make dug-out canoes, houses, and totem poles). The wood doesn't stand much chance in the face of one modern villain: the Eastern gray squirrel. This non-native rodent was repeatedly set free in Seattle parks in the early 1900s, most notably by the Woodland Park Zoo's first director, and is now the city's predominant tree squirrel. The Eastern gray loves urban environments and, oh-ho!, red cedar bark, which it uses to line its nest. The Eastern gray hit the jackpot here at this house in West Seattle, particularly since the death of the homeowner's squirrel-slaying mongrel, and steadily goes about stripping the logs with a tail-twitching air of entitlement. *Note On Availability: Even if these Western Redcedar logs could be removed without destroying half of the house, one gets the feeling that the nattering pests might stage a sit-in.*

—Tara Hayes



Lastly, in reference both to the Sears, Roebuck and Co. catalog and twentieth-century American fiction, the editor of this catalog would like to give a shout-out to Truman Capote's "My Side of the Matter," a story that features both an arresting item of interior décor (a Civil War sword, hanging over the fireplace and used late in the story by a character attempting to kill the narrator) and a plug for the Sears, Roebuck catalog (the narrator's soon-to-be aunt-in-law, the pale and mustached Olivia-Ann, subscribes).

**CONDITIONS IN WHICH THIS CATALOG WAS PREPARED** | This catalog was mostly written in winter, which may explain why it ends on a cold note, with a page of radiators, which in another sense is a warm note. It also explains why Lorrie Moore was quoted at length just now, for no reason other than that she's wonderful. The editor of this catalog flew to Sacramento, California in early January to visit his grandfather, a retired California politician who'd just had a stroke, and on the plane he listened to selections from the audio

*Best American Short Stories of the Century.* When he got to the pa quoted above, he recognized its relevance to the project at han and then he laughed aloud, and the traveler next to him balke slightly. Travelers!

This fine print text was written (and most of the rest of the te: was edited) in Sacramento, so blame its faults on the distortin effects of that distorting region—brown and trafficky and patrioti The editor of this catalog's grandfather, in a wheelchair, with a dc



—Jonathan Safran Foer

**TICKET BOOTH** | The Neptune Theatre, built in Seattle in 1921, is home to one of the few freestanding ticket booths still in use in the United States. It's made out of wood, glass, and concrete, and modestly decorated with the same salmon-colored, bathroom-looking tile adorning the threshold generally. Security seems to have been a factor in the booth's design: A steel safe, set in a three and a half foot pillar of concrete, takes up roughly a sixth of the interior; the money-changing slot is tiny; the glass enclosing the booth is a good half-inch thick; and the lone door is secured by a nice Schlage deadbolt. One might attempt a robbery through the thing's flimsy roof, but it's set less than a foot from the bottom of the marquee, and surrounded by a phalanx of spider webs. The booth is only operational during big shows, when it serves as a supplementary ticket counter to the one inside. Cashiers sometimes sit in quasi-solitary confinement for eight hours straight. "It's actually better in there," says Katie, a Neptune employee found sweeping the sidewalk the other day. "You can watch the crazies on the street." *Note On Availability: While Katie and her manager seemed convinced the booth could be neither purchased nor removed from the premises under any circumstances, a proposal for its commercial lease at least engendered pause. A hot-dog stand? A kissing booth? Gather the capital and see how far you get.*



—David Marion

**SPEAKER BOOKSHELVES** | This homemade shelving unit—50" tall, 36" wide, 16" deep—solves the question hipsters and well-rounded people ask themselves every day: "Why not combine my love of great music and my love of great books?" This shelving unit answers: "Why not, indeed." The Quadra-Linear Horn System speakers at the top and bottom of this shelving unit have been gutted, so as to hold books, but the third generic-yet-beautiful speaker, positioned centrally for structural purposes, is fully functional. All three speakers were originally constructed out of a heavy, dark wood, ideal for their more recent translation into load-bearing furniture. The interiors of the shelves have been painted a dark green to cover up chipping that occurred in the hollowing-out process. It was a violent process, carried out by amateurs. *Note On Availability: This shelving unit was crafted the day after its builder received the news that her friend—the person who had taught her how to build in the first place—had died in a bus accident. Not knowing what else to do, the builder, who had been putting off the build-date for a week, hunkered down and finished the damn thing, the only gesture she felt was actually appropriate. For this reason, this shelving unit has acquired great value, and she is unwilling to part with it. So, no, it's not for sale. Make one yourself.*

**BEDROOM** | This bedroom is a smallish and square, with two windows and hardwood floor. Before it was the bedroom of a boy named Will, the walls were a heinous peach color because a clueless bachelor lived here. Not so long ago, when Will was a teeny baby, a team of aunties and grandmas swept in to paint, arrange, and generally help out because Will's mother was very, very sick. The walls are now two soft tones of blue separated horizontally by a white chair rail. The crib has already been replaced by a bed with a warm quilt. We are made giddy by the number of toys and photos and small shoes here and there. Now, Will and his mother and I crowd around the train track in the center of the room. He shares the secrets of a four year old and we squeeze and kiss each other because we can. *Note On Availability: The love of the miracle of life is available everywhere.*

—Sarah Nelson



—29

on his lap, watched television with binoculars, often as not home improvement shows on cable, which the grandfather's wife likes.

"Do you want to sit in a real chair?"

"No, I can't," said the grandfather.

"What do you mean you can't?" said his wife.

"A chair is lower than this. I can't get up and down."

"You've been doing it for days."

"I'm fine."

"Do you want a pillow?"

"OK. That might help."

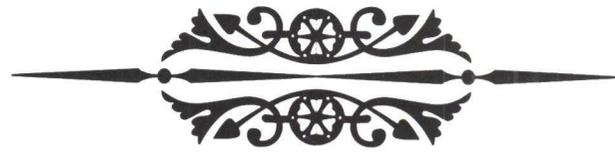
They are Republicans, but their house is full of comfortable places to sit.

**CORRECTIONS & CLARIFICATIONS**

- All of the items in this catalog are written in the third-person except Charles D'Ambrosio's, Jonathan Raban's, Dan Savage's and one by Sarah Nelson. This is purposeful.
- The phone booth in the lobby of the El Capitan had a chair in it at the time Paul Constant wrote about it, although it no longer does.
- In his write-up of a beam, Lawrence Rinder concludes, "An inspection five years ago revealed an infestation of termites, rendering the home uninhabitable. The beam is likely still there and is yours for the taking." This is not true. Rinder clarifies: "In fact, my father sold it to a guy who works at Home Depot who fixed everything, but that's not such an interesting conclusion."

**CONTRIBUTORS** | MATT BRIGGS is the author of four books of fiction. BETHANY JEAN CLEMENT is a columnist for *The Stranger*.

PAUL CONSTANT is the best name ever. CHARLES D'AMBROSIO's second collection of short stories, *The Dead Fish Museum*, will be published next month. JESSICA DEEKEN is a fiction writer. JONATHAN SAFRAN FOER is the author of two novels, *Everything Is Illuminated* and *Extremely Loud & Incredibly Close*. CHRISTOPHER FRIZZELLE is the arts editor of *The Stranger*. JENNIFER YAEL GREEN is in college. ADRIANNE HARUN is the author of the story collection *The King of Limbo*. MARY HAYES is a photojournalism student at the University of Montana. TARA HAYES, her sister, works at a bookstore. ANNA MARIA HONG is a poet. WESLEY HOTTOT is in law school. FATEMA KARIM grew up near Hanford Site in Western Washington, where plutonium was manufactured for the bomb dropped on Nagasaki, killing 70,000 people instantly and another 70,000 over time. BRENDAN KILEY is *The Stranger's* theater editor. KYLE KONIS is an architect. ALEX MACINNIS is a



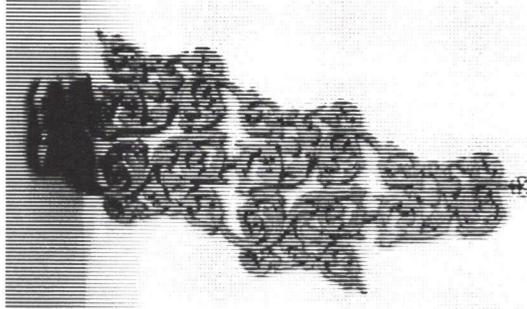
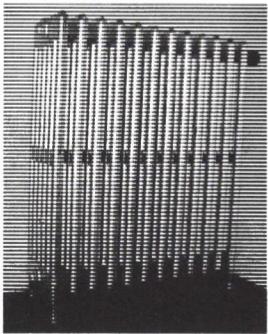
**DECOMMISSIONED RADIATOR** | This small, dark, and squat radiator does not radiate heat. In fact, none of the wonderful and mysterious appliances used to warm apartment buildings and houses technically “radiate” heat. (Radiators function through convection: the air immediately surrounding the radiator increases in temperature, rises from the source, and ushers in a fresh mantle of cool air to hug the blistering metal. Something that truly radiated would push waves of energy through the medium being heated.) But the reason this radiator cannot heat a room is that it has been disconnected from its pipes and alienated from its boiler. It is a machine that has been released from sooty duty and allowed to rest, form without function. This form is, of course, beautiful. Its frame is close to the ground, like the ribcage of a hot animal. Its stainless steel knob, a bright spot of silver amidst corroded metal, is like a bell hanging around the animal’s neck. The potential uses of this reconfigured radiator are many. It’s hard and uncomfortable, like much modern furniture, and would make a pleasingly stubborn ottoman. *Note On Availability: This radiator was scavenged from the basement of an early-twentieth century house in Seattle and is loved by its owner. Similar models might be located, but this one is not available.*

—Annie Wagner



**SILVER PAINTED RADIATOR** | Radiators are often hidden with heinous, boxy “radiator covers,” which not only mask the object’s natural beauty but also inhibit its ability to heat a room. This rather ordinary but beautifully functional radiator shows us another way. It’s painted silver. On another object, a superfluous layer of paint might seem like a distraction. Here, the paint is like the illuminated halo on a Byzantine Madonna: It draws attention to the fact that a radiator is an object to be adored as well as relied upon. Not only does this appliance heat a Seattle studio apartment (sometimes, it must be admitted, a little too thoroughly), it also safely and efficiently dries wet shoes. It warms robes and towels and underwear while its owner showers. If you’ve never stepped out of a bath into the embrace of toasty terrycloth, you haven’t truly lived. And perhaps most delightfully, the radiator sings a twinkly little song—audible only during the building’s quiet hours—when the steam in its pipes cools, condenses, and falls in an arpeggio of droplets. Like some monstrous, substitute mother, the radiator soothes with its mechanical lullaby. *Note On Availability: This radiator is presently installed in a 1928 apartment building near Tashkent Park. It cannot be removed.*

—Annie Wagner

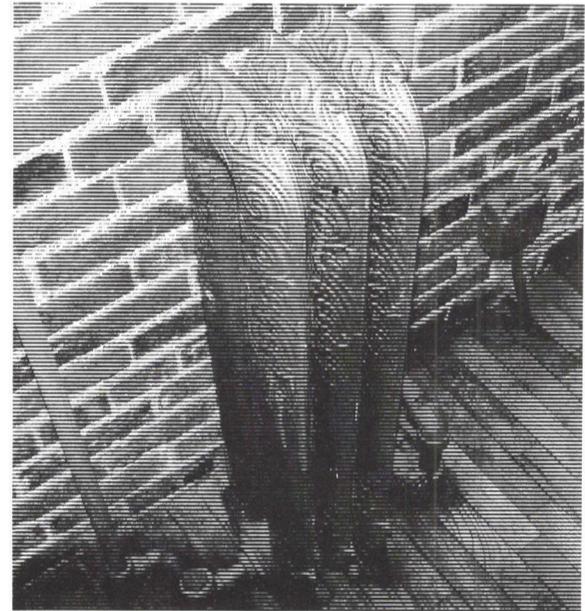


**MODERN RADIATOR** | This contemporary radiator, called the Heatwave, is the invention of a 26-year-old Dutch designer named Joris Laarman. It’s a marvelous combination of modernist purpose and anti-modernist aesthetics. On the one hand, its shape clearly echoes the ornate swoops and curves of the rocaille grotto-work that gave the 18th-century Rococo period its name. The radiator flaunts its asymmetry (or, to use the Rococo term, *contraste*). Made up of any number of individual 60x70 cm. fitted concrete pieces, each installation of this gloriously fertile design will look slightly different. No longer the field onto which pictorial elements could be sketched (see below), the radiator here becomes the picture itself, crawling all over the wall and even around corners like some clinging vegetable species. It isn’t every day one looks at an appliance and begins to imagine the reproductive capabilities of concrete. On the other hand, the shape of the object corresponds to its function: They may look like mere fanciful swirls, but those sprawling shapes actually increase the radiator’s surface area (the same way the separate vertical components of a traditional radiator do, but even more efficiently). The concrete construction makes the radiator less heavy than a traditional cast iron machine, and better suited to a wall installation. This object represents the advance guard of a possible renaissance in radiator design. Joris Laarman is a genius. *Note On Availability: The Heatwave is being produced in a limited series by Droog, a design firm in Amsterdam. (Visit [www.droogdesign.nl](http://www.droogdesign.nl) or call 31-0-20-523-5050 for details.) It is the only thing in this catalog that is actually for sale.*

—Annie Wagner

**ART DECO RADIATOR** | Stark upright on a gleaming hardwood floor in a first-floor art gallery, this magnificent bronze radiator distracts would-be connoisseurs from their somber art appreciation. The object has only three narrow ribs and it sports the natural elegance of all starved things. The room where it is situated is long and narrow, with exposed brick on each wall, and the radiator seems to perch in the corner. It modestly accepts a few stray rays of the spotlight illuminating the gallery’s hours and location, which are posted immediately above. If you stoop to examine the machine, you will see Art Deco tendrils curling around its upper regions. It looks like ordinary scrollwork at first, pretty and vacuous, but should you bend deeper, you’d discover the curlicues are half of a winsome pun. The radiator, a modern substitute for the ancient tradition of harnessed fire, is embossed with the symbolic representation of its ancestor. The scrolls are meant to look like smoke, not vines, and the source of the smoke can be located below, in billowing licks of fire carved into the radiator’s base. Whereas the smoke is stylish and aloof, the fire is comforting. It’s puffy, and if it were possible to quilt metal, you would swear the flames were pulled and stitched into their cottony peaks. *Note On Availability: The Art Deco Radiator is located in the Globe Gallery, 105 S. Main St., Seattle. The radiator may be visited and photographed, but it may not be had.*

—Annie Wagner

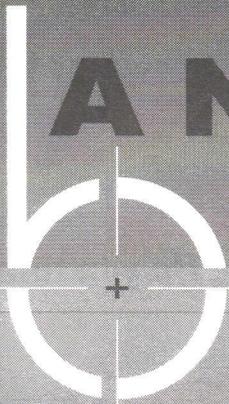


writer in Los Angeles. DAVIDA MARION is short. SARAH NELSON is optimistic. TOM NISSLEY is the author of *Intimate and Authentic Economies: The American Self-Made Man from Douglass to Chaplin*. JOHN OLSON is a poet. JONATHAN RABAN is the author of many books, including *My Holy War: Dispatches from the Home Front*, *Passage to Juneau*, *Bad Land*, *Soft City*, and a forthcoming novel. LAWRENCE RINDER is the dean of graduate studies at California College of the Arts. GILLIAN ROSE is a writer in Seattle. JOEL

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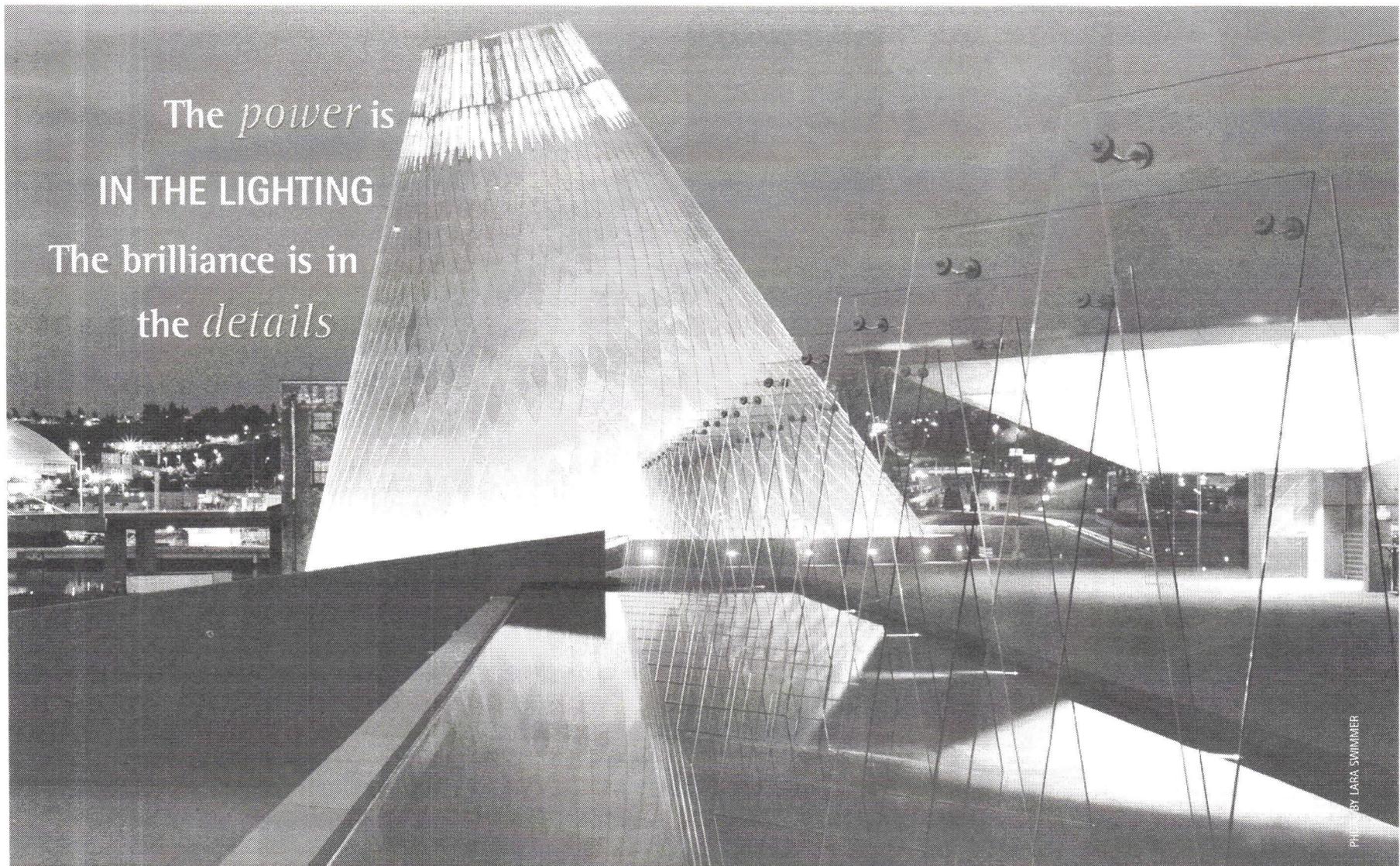
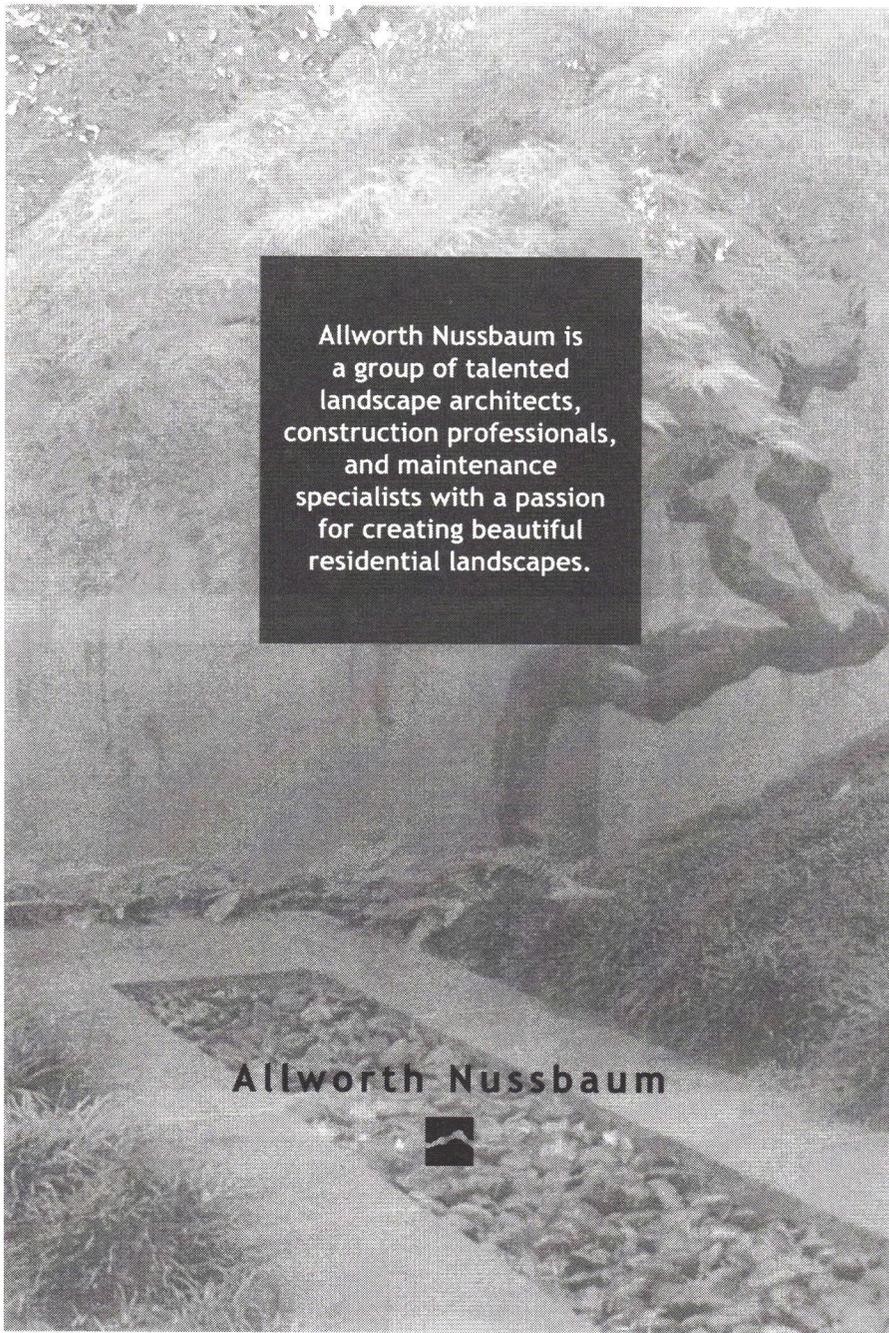


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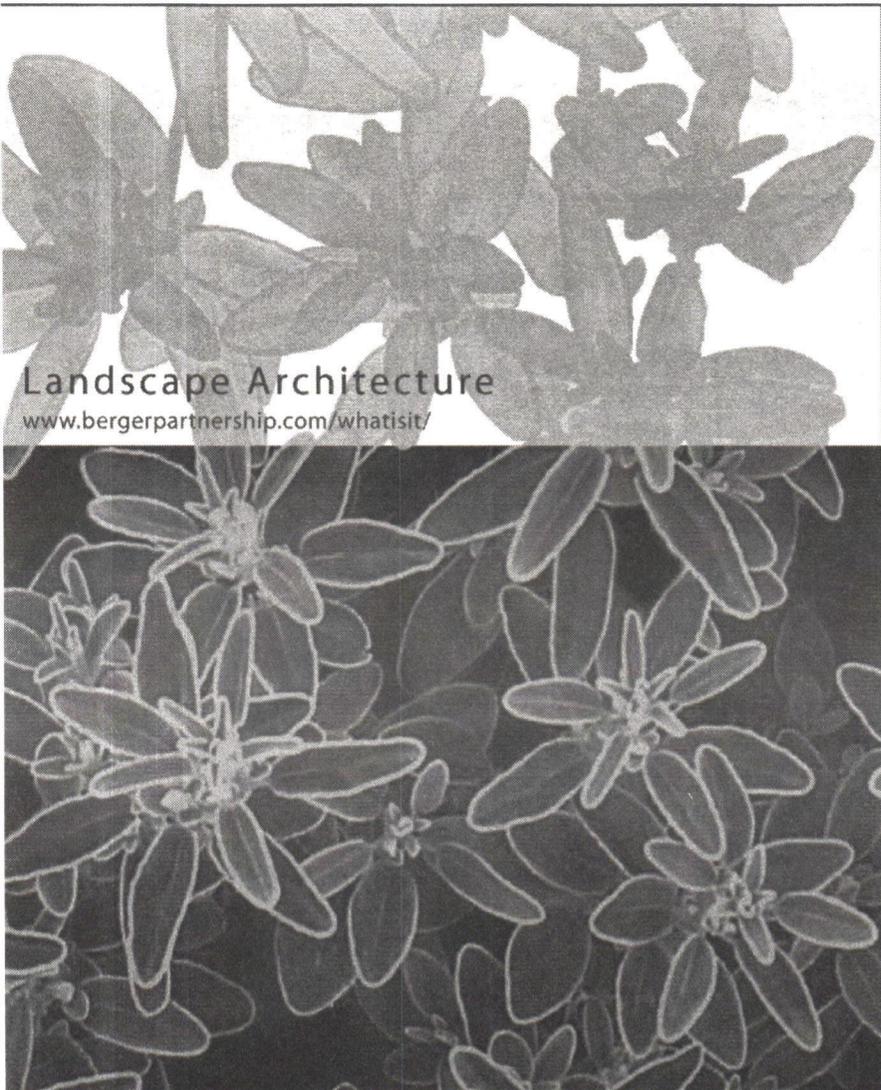


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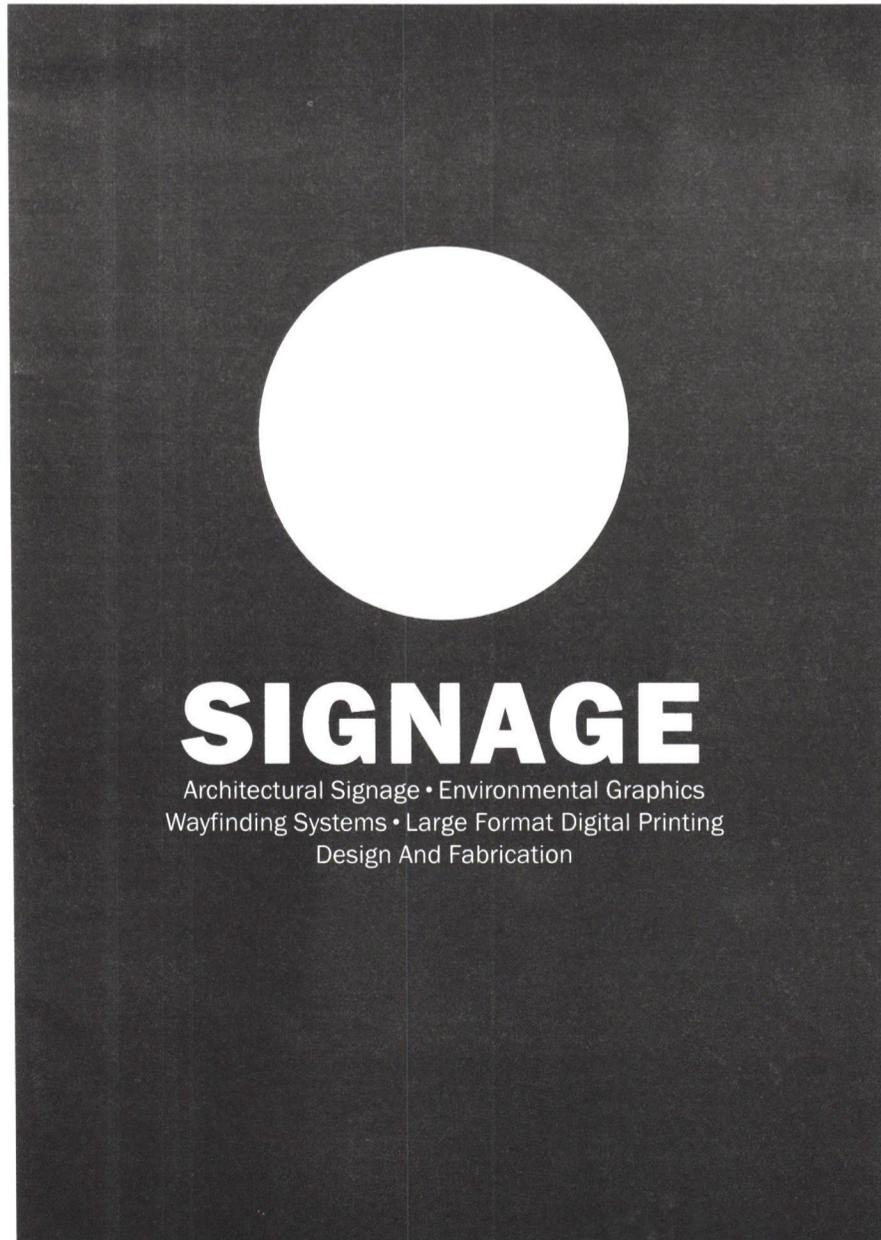


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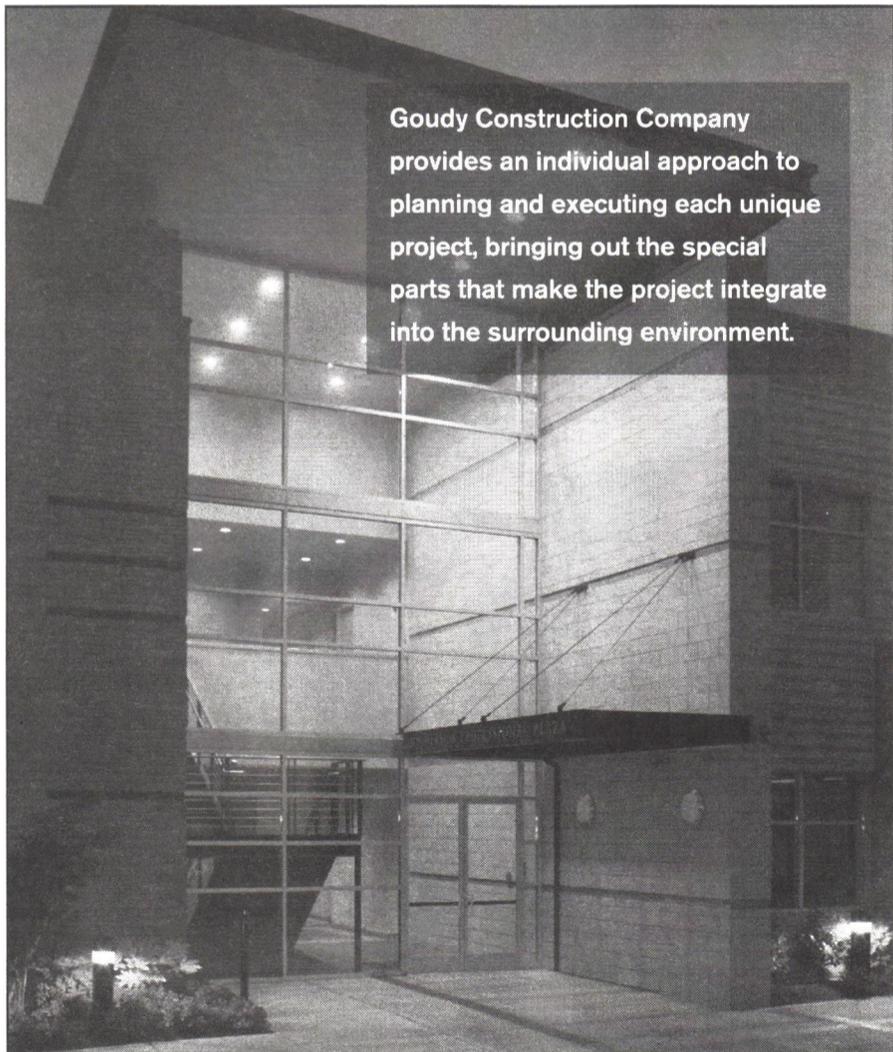
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33

# WHITE PLACE BLACK INK

BY A FREELANCE ILLUSTRATOR CALLED PETER ARKLE WHO LIVES IN NEW YORK

It's impossible to visit the landscape around ABIQUIU (ABOUT 45 MILES NORTH OF SANTA FE IN NEW MEXICO) without thinking of GEORGIA O'KEEFFE and her paintings.

Guidebooks often call this "O'KEEFFE COUNTRY" and always quote her talking about a nearby mountain (PEDERNAL), saying that she hoped if she painted it enough god would give it to her.\*

AND The current owners of GHOST RANCH (WHERE SHE MADE SOME OF HER MOST FAMOUS PAINTINGS) point out that although they have none of her paintings, they own the ORIGINALS.

\*HER ASHES WERE SCATTERED ON TOP OF PEDERNAL.

One of the sites she painted is PLAZA BLANCA. This site is now owned by the DAR AL ISLAM MOSQUE. A sign at the entrance says: "FOR ANY ACTIVITIES OTHER THAN ADMIRING THE VIEWS IN THIS NATURAL CANYON OR FOR WORKSHOPS OR COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHY AND FILM, CONTACT THE DAR AL ISLAM OFFICE."

All I want to do is to draw (SURELY THAT'S A FORM OF ADMIRATION).

I want to draw because the limestone (BRIGHT WHITE) has been eroded into all kinds of weird shapes. I'm amazed that a landscape like this can exist: PARTLY BECAUSE

I GREW UP IN SCOTLAND, WHERE THINGS ARE ROUNDER, FUZZIER, DAMPER. AND THE SKY IS NEVER AS BLUE.

AND PARTLY BECAUSE IT LOOKS EXACTLY THE

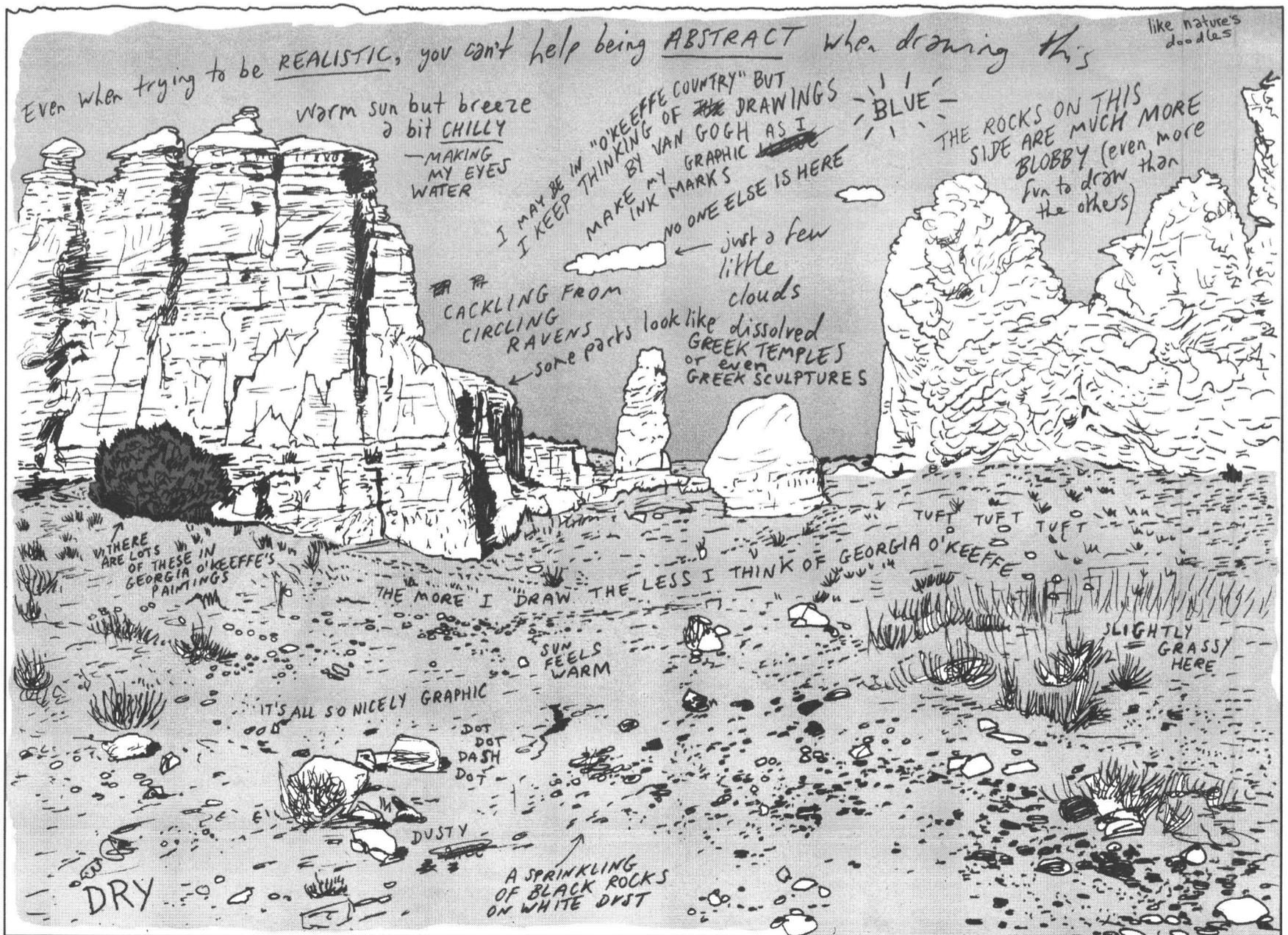
SAME AS IT DID WHEN GEORGIA O'KEEFFE PAINTED IT. THE ROCKS ARE SOFT AND FRAGILE. A FEW HUMANS WITH BULLDOZERS COULD DESTROY THE PLACE IN NO TIME, YET EVERY LITTLE DETAIL (SOME PAINTED IN THE 1940s) REMAINS.

At first, as I start to draw, I feel like I am COPYING Georgia O'Keeffe. I'm almost tempted to stop: WHAT'S THE POINT? SHE'S ALREADY DONE IT...

BUT then I start to enjoy myself. It's all so interesting and refreshing for my eyes and drawing hand.

The lack of trees and other greenery pleases me. DRAWING SHRUBBERY ALWAYS BORES ME A BIT. I HATE THE WAY I EITHER HAVE TO DRAW TONS OF DETAIL OR, IF I HAVE LESS TIME, SCRIBBLE JUST A FEW SQUIGGLY LINES... AND TREE BRANCHES CAN BE SO MONOTONOUS. OF COURSE, I WOULD FEEL DIFFERENTLY IF I GREW UP IN A DUSTY PART OF NEW MEXICO...

ALTHOUGH I CAN'T IMAGINE LOOKING AT THIS LANDSCAPE AND THINKING OF IT AS BORING OR EVEN NORMAL.



TIM CULVAHOUSE  
**PRESERVATION HALL**  
 FROM WHICH WAY IS NEW ORLEANS?

One can't help but suppose that there are some things about the spatial patterns of New Orleans that are different, say, from the patterns of Chicago or Louisville or Sacramento. As this extraordinary city recovers from the recent deluge, attention will be focused on the necessities: shelter, utilities, services. But it would be a shame if, in the rush to repair, the distinctive character of the city were compromised. For New Orleans' unique culture is supported by its physical form.

You can see one pattern peculiar to New Orleans in the layout of Preservation Hall, the storefront French Quarter jazz venue. If you have visited New Orleans, you may have gone there. You may have gone in, or you may have simply stood outside the windows. From there, you looked across the backs of the musicians to the audience, crowded into folding chairs and onto the floor of the simple space. For a few dollars, you could join the audience inside. You would enter through a carriageway to the right of the storefront, passing down it to a door at the back of the room, and sit facing the musicians and, behind them, the windows through which you had looked. The music was louder here and clearer, you could see the musicians' faces, and you could chat with them between numbers. You were "in."

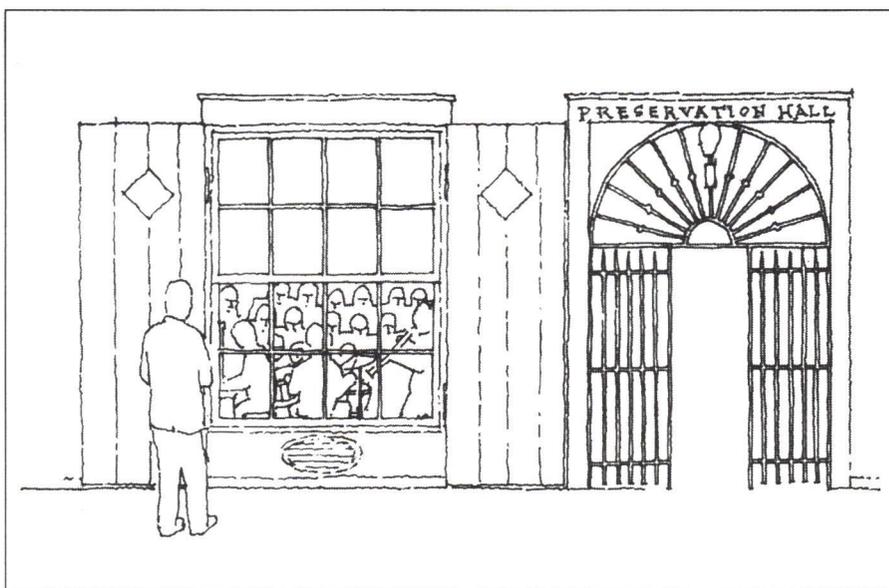
It wasn't so bad to stay "out," though. You could hear the music, you could see the musicians, and if you couldn't see their faces, you could watch the faces of the audience. You could talk to other hangers-on, you could leave when you wanted without disturbing anyone or feeling you hadn't gotten your money's worth, and with your savings you could get a big plate of red beans and rice and a beer at Mena's Palace.

Looking in on a scene with its back to the front, seeing people like yourself beyond the scene looking back at you, finding your way into that scene through an extended passage with a final about-face, seeing the same scene from a privileged position: this scenario is characteristically New Orleanian. You find it repeated in all sorts of ways in the city and in its buildings, some obvious and some less so. It's there in the plan of the Creole townhouse, the most urbane of the old Vieux Carré buildings. It's in the plan of the Vieux Carré itself. And it's in any number of activities of the Mardi Gras. Take, for example, parade watching.

All the world's a stage, but especially the balconies, and especially on Mardi Gras, the final, climactic day of indulgence before the privations of Lent. Imagine it's Mardi Gras day, and you are standing on St. Charles Avenue, along the route of the Rex parade. You step back a little, out of the crowd pressed up to the curb. Behind you and overhead, you hear laughter and loud talking, a party on the balcony of a house. One of the women on the balcony is wearing a University of Tennessee t-shirt, so you holler up, "What about them Lady Vols?"

"Hey, sugah," she replies, "you fum Tennessee?" and if you have any sense you say, "Yes, ma'am."

One thing leads to another and pretty soon someone comes down (probably her brother, and probably his



name is something like Chalmers Rivington Maxwell, but he goes by "Butch") and lets you in and brings you up a dark, curving stair, and there you are on the balcony yourself. And all of a sudden you're big friends and there's plenty of beer and boiled shrimp. Your view of the parade is better, but, really, you've ended up not so far from where you began. As far as catching the beads that will be tossed from the floats, what you've gained in altitude you've forfeited in distance.

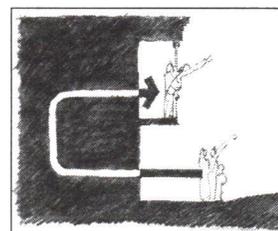
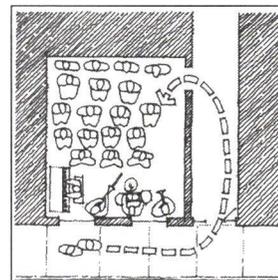
The social gain, however, is dramatic, and along with the beer and shrimp you get gossip about the Rex krewe and the latest on the fortunes of whichever Louisiana politician is (like the shrimp) in hot water today.

On top of that, you have become part of the spectacle yourself, one of the privileged ones on the balconies. The folks down on the sidewalk are hollering up to you now, and while you're still part of the audience for the parade, you're equally part of the show.

Knowledge and performance, initiation and display: these are no doubt terms of the social economy anywhere, but in few places are they dramatized as highly as they are in New Orleans. And architecturally. The balcony, like any privileged outlook, is reached only indirectly, in and up and out again, and the outsider sees the beginning of that passage and its end, but not the passage itself. And the shape of this passage is the same as at Preservation Hall.

These are formal, physical conditions of the architecture of the city and its buildings, but they are also characteristics of the city's temperament, its culture—a tangible upwelling of the underlying dynamic of New Orleans. First there is a shallow layer of performance, the performance of the city that is clown, mock royalty, exotic dancer and musical accompanist to the nation. Beneath that layer extends what may well be the most profoundly conservative economic and political framework of any major American city; wherein, nevertheless, resides a rich, strangely beautiful, gently excessive spirit—distorted and offered up to the tourist in tinny, pathetically comic, Bourbon Street revues. What is most intriguing, and elusive, about the city is that the casual visitor often cannot know whether it is the city's face that she is seeing, or its mask. One thinks of Anne Rice's *Lestat*, recalling "the tableaux of the old Theater of the Vampires in the Paris where the fiends had pretended to be actors pretending to be fiends on a remote and gaslighted stage." ■

*Tim Culvahouse, AIA, is an architect, author and editor based in Berkeley, California. He edits arcCA (Architecture California), the quarterly journal of the AIA California Council and is principal of Culvahouse Consulting Group, Inc., www.culvahouse.net. An alumnus of Tulane School of Architecture, he has an abiding interest in New Orleans.*



Drawings, courtesy of author:  
 Top, Preservation Hall, outside.  
 Middle, floorplan, entry to  
 Preservation Hall.  
 Bottom, balcony below  
 & above.

BARBARA SWIFT

**HUDSON VALLEY + ANN HAMILTON  
+ ALICE WATERS + THE HIGH LINE**

Fresh ingredients, good food, wine and conversation make traditions, community. The gloriously sensuous and the cerebral make graceful cohabitants with a good meal. We all have vivid memories of extraordinary meals and debate. Many of us, in turn, rabidly use and support farmer's markets and community agriculture, fueled by the ideals of food and friends. These connections bind us in a profound manner to the place, to the pace of nature. It is easy to lose these relationships and the connections which make them real.

Maybe this is why a dinner in the fall of 2004 at New York's Whitney Museum, the collaboration of artist Ann Hamilton and chef-activist Alice Waters, got my attention. Organized by the Manhattan-based nonprofit arts organization Minetta Brook as a fundraising effort for its extensive program *Watershed: Hudson Valley Art Project*, the dinner celebrated the historic connections between the city and the valley—people and the source of food. The only stipulation facing Ann and Alice's event was that they use ingredients produced in the Hudson Valley, connecting patrons to soil and earth. Twenty-four hours prior to dinner, provisions were purchased at the Union Square Farmers Market, then the tables built. Cheese and ice cream were made throughout the dinner, to the sound of performances by harp singers and, if Ann had had her way, cows chewing their cud. For fear of damaged Noguchi's, the cows were not present.

Ann and Alice's meal was one of five in Minetta Brook's Watershed Tastemakers series, each pairing a respected natural foods chef with a contemporary installation artist. Minetta Brook pursues a mission of strengthening the relationship between artists and communities through arts projects, exhibitions and events that often accentuate shared space, social interaction and environmental awareness. Minetta Brook was established in 1995 by Diane Shamish (previously with the Seattle Arts Commission Art in Public Places Program) and works in partnership with the Whitney Museum of Ameri-



*Ann Hamilton and Alice Waters, Ann Hamilton and Alice Waters Watershed Tastemakers Dinner, Whitney Museum of American Art, November 4, 2004. Photo: Maggie Trakas*

can Art, the Dia Art Foundation, the Hudson River Park Trust, Friends of the High Line and various community organizations. This is a remarkable organization: [www.minettabrook.org](http://www.minettabrook.org).

Minetta Brook's collaboration with Friends of the High Line is proving to be groundbreaking already, with the project in question having just cleared the last hurdle toward construction. The High Line is a 1.45-mile abandoned elevated rail extending 22 blocks from the Meat Packing District to Penn Station. Erected in 1929 to separate railroads from the street, the High Line connected the farms of the Hudson Valley with the Chelsea market until the 1950s. When the defunct rail was threatened with demolition in 2003, the Friends of the High Line retained Field Operations and Diller Scofidio + Renfro to transform the line into useable space. Their design vision to "keep it simple, wild, quiet and slow" is other-worldly, and will transform this structure, 18-30 feet above grade and 30-60 feet wide, into 6.7 acres of public parklands. The first phase is slated to open in 2008. More project details can be viewed at [www.thehighline.org](http://www.thehighline.org).

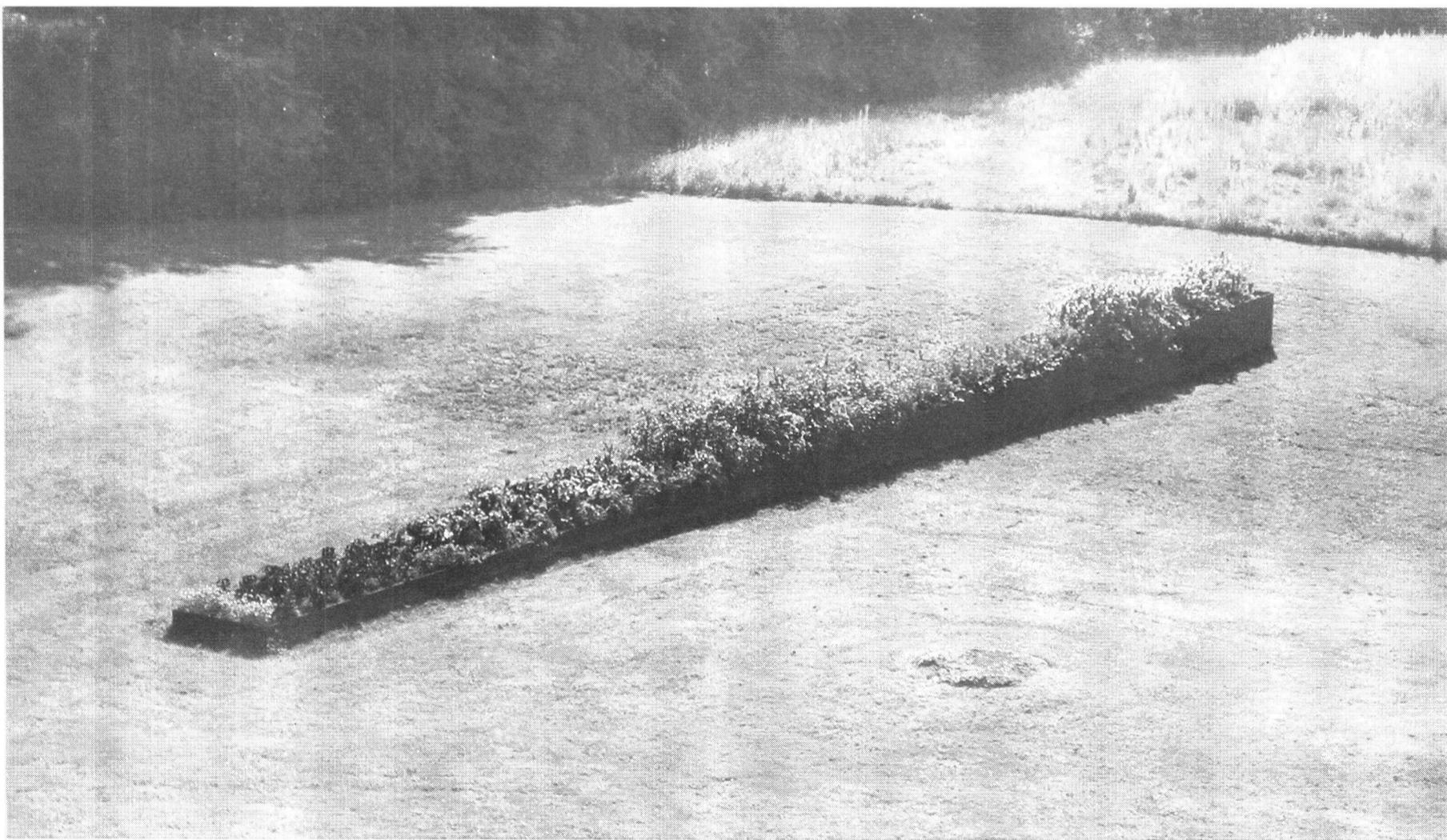
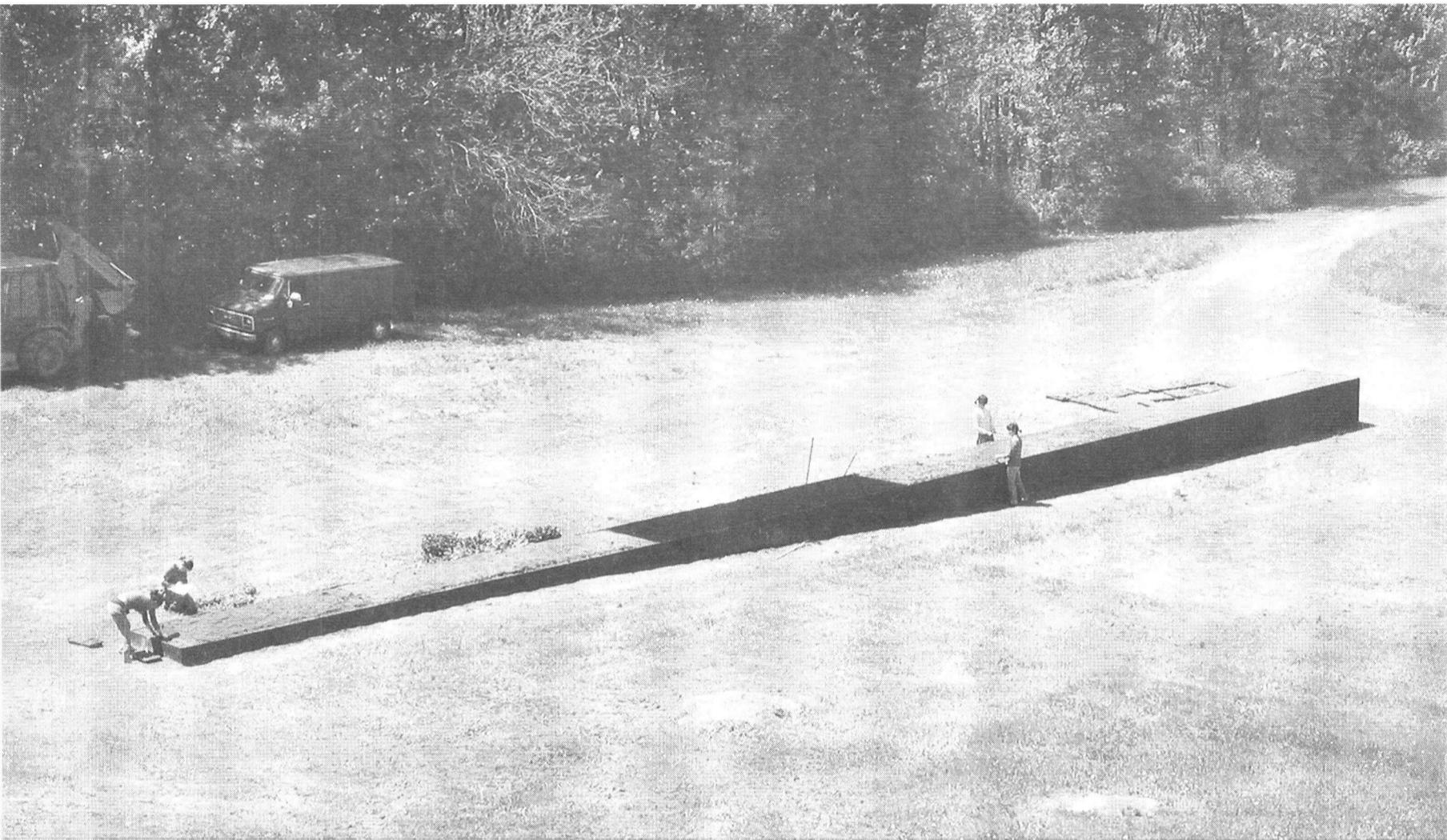
Given the strong historical connection between the High Line and the outlying farming communities, Minetta Brook has initiated a collaborative project by Ann Hamilton and Alice Waters that focuses on food and the urban experience, engaging youth, families and the broader community of Chelsea. Early reports about the project include a food program based on Alice's Berkeley nonprofit, Edible Schoolyard, which brings organic gardening and cooking to classrooms; concessions (included in the High Line design); and plans for a great performance with a one-and-a-half mile long communal meal, music and singers.

This is just the beginning. Alice with her enormous respect for the earth and disciplined pursuit of the food/body relationship, and Ann with her conceptual capacity for framing a layered, thick experience, suggest that this collaboration will shift the way we use a city and change the design of a public promenade. This is an art program to follow, and an interesting approach to growing a city. ■

*Barbara Swift is a landscape architect/urban designer/food-art lover and principal of Swift & Company.*



*Tables, Ann Hamilton and Alice Waters Watershed Tastemakers Dinner, Whitney Museum of American Art, November 4, 2004. Photo: Maggie Trakas*



Planting: Spring Crop, 05/17/03  
Hudson Valley Tastemakers,  
Photo: Christian Philipp Müller

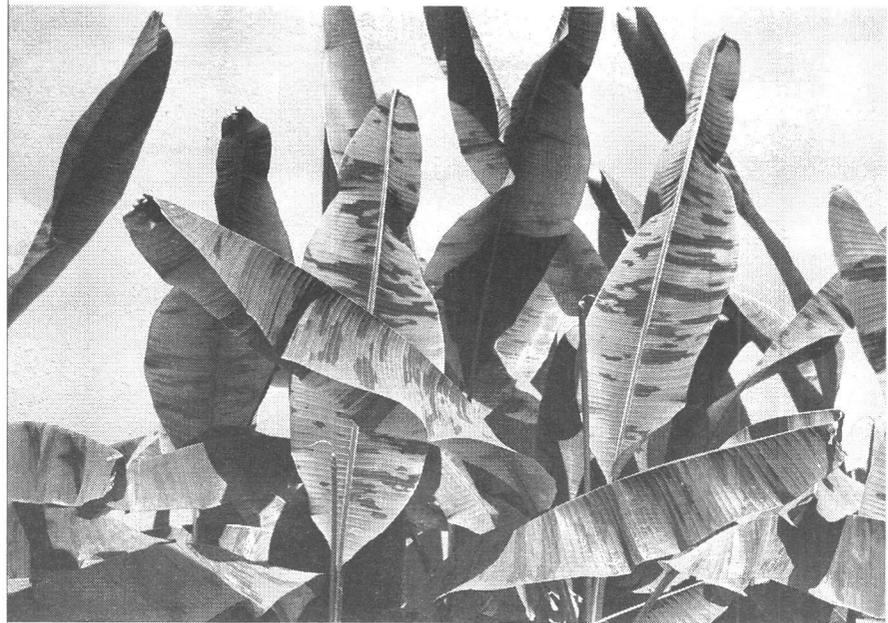


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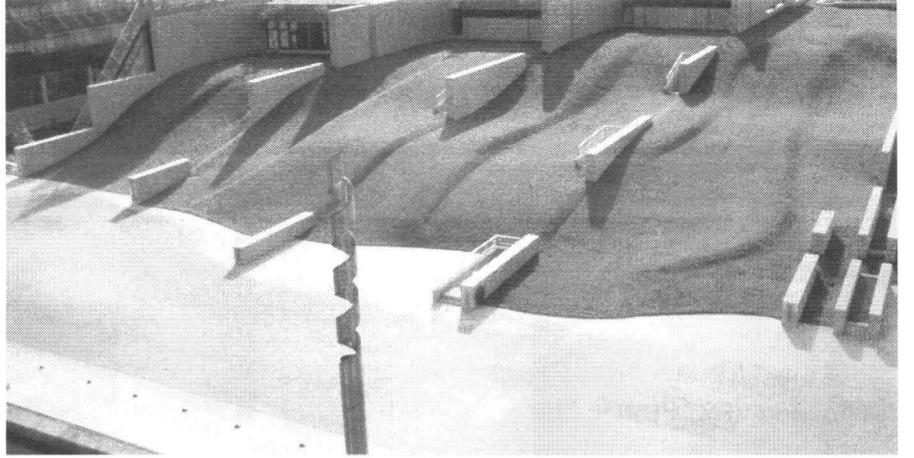
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Shell Headquarters Garden, Rueil-Malmaison, FRANCE. Photo: Kathryn Gustafson.

This is sculpture, but not art for art's sake. Partner Shannon Nichol is quoted in the book: "We try to respect that landscape is part of something bigger than anything you put on top of it or affix to it. It's not a building or a piece of art, it is land."

At the scale of landscape architecture, obtaining and selecting illustrative photos is a particular problem. These projects are no exception. However, because of the work's sculptural clarity and the natural photo-op in the meeting of hardscape, water, architecture and people, there are many excellent photos in *Moving Horizons*. Some spreads also include meditative color sketches that reveal the first stages of an emerging landscape.

Amidon has grounded the organization of the 30-plus projects in the book firmly in the creative process itself. The book has five sections: "Visual Land"—large, unpeopled spaces such as highway interchanges; "Encountering Land"—landforms to be walked or climbed; "Light and Water"—effects that alter the landscape via the senses; "Framed Space"—courts or other open spaces defined by architecture; and "Places of Transition"—sites undergoing cultural or environmental reinvention.

In addition to this helpful sorting, project information is offered on two levels. There is a narrative of the project history, context and design response. Then, an extended single caption explaining images and describes specific elements as part of the overall strategy. What's missing on these pages is a sense of time. Some mention is made of major projects and years in Amidon's frontispiece, but it would have been interesting to locate these projects by date as well as place.

In a caption for a courtyard of the government offices at Great George Street, London, Amidon writes: "Water has a figural presence and occupies as opposed to structures space."

True enough. But this occupation is the difference between presence and abstraction. Gustafson is known for her apothegm, "full when empty, empty when full." As a design element, water can be the fullness and the emptiness.

The text of *Moving Horizons* is mostly devoted to the shaping of land, but the photographer's lens is inexorably drawn to water. In these pictures, water jumps and sprays, reflects the natural and artificial light of the city and winds through its sculpted courses in sinewy strands.

From the Civic Center to Mercer Street, we have seen water trace and enliven the ground plane, blurring the line between landscape and architecture. Water is the actor before all other actors in Kathryn Gustafson's landscapes. ■

*Clair Enlow writes about design and related political issues. She is a freelance journalist and columnist for the Seattle Daily Journal of Commerce.*

REVIEW BY CLAIR ENLOW

**MOVING HORIZONS: THE LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE OF KATHRYN GUSTAFSON AND PARTNERS**

BY JANE AMIDON WITH INTRODUCTION BY AARON BETSKY

2005, 216 pp., hardcover, \$87.95. Birkhäuser.

Since she began her first project in Seattle, I've been enthralled with Kathryn Gustafson's work. Her grasp of form, material, the nuances of place, transcend the limits of any single design discipline. And who can resist the story of a girl from Yakima whose first job out of design school was a commission at the modern landscape showcase, Parc de la Villette. She moved on to sculpting highway interchanges in France. Since then she's shaped and enlivened corporate and civic places from Amsterdam to Beirut.

So, with great interest, I opened her second book, *Moving Horizons: The Landscape Architecture of Kathryn Gustafson and Partners*, published in English, German and French by Birkhäuser, a subsidiary of Germany's Springer publishing conglomerate.

Though Seattle is now her home base, Gustafson remains a partner in the London firm she and Neil Porter founded in 1997, Gustafson Porter. Here in the Gustafson Guthrie Nichol office, primary responsibility is shared among partners Jennifer Guthrie and Shannon Nichol. *Moving Horizons*, while focused on Gustafson's creative force, will set up the context for development of separate firm identities, according to Guthrie.

Gustafson and her Seattle partners have been major shapers of this city lately. The Civic Center Plaza is a multi-level open space plan typical of her signature emphasis on shifting horizontality and sculpted land-form. While the lighted scrim and sheets of water of McCaw Hall's Kreielsheimer Promenade present something astoundingly new: the deployment of water and artificial light as major architectural materials, with a place-making life all their own.

*Moving Horizons* includes beautiful black and white photos of Gustafson's distinctive clay models. According to writer Jane Amidon, Gustafson literally "feels the design emerge as vivid land form from the clay." Like other sculptors, such as Frank Gehry, she takes advantage of modern scanning technology. For the Diana, Princess of Wales Memorial Fountain, perhaps Gustafson's most legendary (and controversial) project, the model of a complex undulating oval-shaped stream was translated directly into electronic drawings. In turn, sophisticated computer technology helped model the fountain's granite surface to produce the desired ripples and weaves in the fountain's course.



The Promenade at Marion Oliver McCaw Hall, Seattle, Washington. Photo: Gareth Loveridge.

TREVOR BODDY

**PARKING CRIME: ANTI-CRIME FEATURES  
MAY PREVENT PUBLIC USE**

The clearings in the concrete forest of downtown Vancouver offer tranquility and renewal. Ever more appreciated as the groves of condo towers surrounding them rise higher and higher.

Vancouver has been on a downtown-park-building binge in the past few years. The layout, appointments and atmosphere of three new parks vary substantially because they—like everything else in Vancouver's built environment—were designed, chosen, willed into existence. Our intense city building requires that Vancouverites demand the best in the design of their green spaces.

One informed observer disappointed with much of our recent downtown park building is Douglas Patterson, founding director of UBC's School of Landscape Architecture. He feels not enough consideration has been given to the role of public space within the city. "Vancouver's parks planning and broader urban design efforts are too often incongruent—even at cross purposes," he says. He sees a safe "default level" of just-adequate design getting built, when a dynamic downtown core demands more creativity and critical thinking.

It is a tribute to our parks department, planning and real estate departments and developers that we have new oases of downtown green at all. Nonetheless, I agree with Patterson when he says we should resist being grateful and push for better designs: "If McDonalds is the only restaurant in a neighbourhood, that doesn't mean it serves good food."

Happy Meals and gourmet feasts both, here are mini-reviews of Vancouver's three new or renewed downtown parks.

**VICTORY SQUARE**

Victory Square is the hub point in the layout of Vancouver, where the Gastown urban grid shifts into the downtown pattern. Bill Pechet co-designed the WWI helmet-inspired lighting fixtures there, which sit on poles like an honour guard around our monument to fallen Canadians. He says, "you can think of the Cenotaph as the axle around which all of Vancouver rotates, the link point between

Downtown Eastside and the core downtown."

Pechet and design partner Stephanie Robb also devised new up-lighting into Victory Square's trees, a safety feature that also makes it more visually interesting by night than by day. Despite their recent appointment to represent Canada at next year's Venice Biennale of Architecture, Pechet and Rob were not selected to design the park itself. Parks board staff picked landscape architect Jonathan Losee, who had worked on Thornton Park, in front of Main Street's train station.

Landscape architects like Losee face substantial challenges when practicing their art in the inner city. Most would agree that in recent years Victory Square had got scruffy, even sordid. "Frankly," says Losee of the state of the park three years ago when his design work began, "the bushes were shot through with needles and feces."

According to Jim Lowden—at that time the parks department's director of planning—Losee was selected because of his use of "CPTED" in Thornton Park. The Orwellian-sounding acronym stands for "Crime Prevention Through Environmental Design."

Concocted by law enforcement and planning agencies in the United States, CPTED is an intellectually questionable stew of prescriptive criteria intended to control the behaviour of miscreants, legitimized through bad social science, and even worse design suggestions. Powered by such breakthrough insights as a supposed 100% correlation between shrubbery and anti-social activities, CPTED has also quietly become a key shaper of Vancouver parks east of Granville Street.

Accordingly, Losee's final design removed all bushes, but also may have removed much of this park's life—admittedly low life. His re-do of Victory Square is wheelchair accessible, easy to hose down, but without congeniality or visual interest, successfully preventing crime by preventing use.

The park is now home to alternating, short-lived conventions of skateboarders and Vancouver Community College touch footballers. Victory Square has become a place to pass through, not linger—a needlessly soul-less intersection of pathways.

Losee's design has increased the amount of Victory Square's hard surfaces by 350 square metres, with 38% of its area now without grass or plantings. Security and handicapped access concerns meant that this sloping site had to be re-graded, in order to assure visibility from all four sides. Flowers and rich ground cover have been banished in the name of an anti-crime design ethos that verges on the criminal itself.

I never thought I would grow nostalgic for Victory Square's former huddles of well-marinated rubbies gathered in boisterous talk, but they now seem positively vital compared with the sad, long, straight line of benches flanking Pender Street, every person there obliged by design to stare into the empty skies of their own thoughts, rather than clustered together face-to-face in conversation.

Below: Bunkerized: The redesign of the Downtown Eastside's Victory Square by landscape architect Jonathan Losee was driven more by "Crime Prevention Through Environmental Design" criteria than by the daily needs of its often-indigent users. Courtesy J. Losee Landscape Architect.





Above: The watercourses, paths and dense plantings of Jane Durante-Kreuk's Bayshore Park were all constructed on the roof of a city-owned parking garage, adjacent to Vancouver's Coal Harbour. (Courtesy Durante Kreuk)

### BAYSHORE PARK AT COAL HARBOUR

Bayshore Park is only 15 blocks from Victory Square, but utterly different in conception. The best of the new parks is in a much wealthier neighbourhood. Its design benefitted from an absence of CPTED criteria, significant investment by the developer, and most of all, the design skills of its landscape architects, Jane Durante and Peter Kreuk.

Vancouver may have no more splendid a walking path from city to shore than Bayshore Park, which links the corner of Georgia and Cardero through the Bayshore development to Coal Harbour.

This route is flanked with variegated low plantings—diverse shrubs, bright flowers and small trees—set in crisply-defined concrete planters set with granite highlights. The artfully inter-woven geometries of planters, walking routes and watercourses here obscures the fact that much of this park is constructed on top of a city-owned parking garage.

The base of Bayshore's towers on Georgia are tamed by setting their support columns in reflecting pools, an idea that landscape architect Durante credits to Arthur Erickson. From here, water passes through a number of calming fountains, all flowing towards a "vortex" at the seawall, where it swirls down and is pumped back up slope.

Midway down there is a large open space, big enough for Frisbee or kite flying, but seldom used this way, as quietude in the face of nature is the focus of these formal but lushly inviting gardens. If Bayshore Park has a problem it may be that it integrates with the architecture and neighbourhood so well that many Vancouverites read it as a private zone for residents only, but this may change.

The recent survey of homeless populations in Vancouver revealed substantial numbers living downtown west of Granville, yet Bayshore Park's avoidance of CPTED excesses does not seem to have resulted in deterioration, crime or abuse. "Eyes on the park" from surrounding condos may do more for crime prevention than all the other myopic and paranoid CPTED rules.

As UBC's Patterson suggests good design itself is an investment in a safer, saner, and healthier city, and we are all better off for the urban idyll that is Durante and Kreuk's Bayshore Park.

### EMERY BARNES PARK

Emery Barnes Park is a major disappointment, but more for its insipid design ideas than its mild application of CPTED principles.

Prime amongst these is its own watercourse, which flows from no-where to no-where. More precisely, it runs from in front of the blank wall of an adjoining apartment building along a course that aligns with the door of a tanning salon in a condo tower across Davie Street.

The detailing of fountain, watercourse and adjacent seating areas uses bluestone laid in random-stacked horizontal courses, framed in concrete. These hard-edged elements read like the ruins of a similarly detailed 1950's golf and country club that might have stood on the site, in some distracted imagining. No matter what one thinks of landscape architect Richard Stevenson's visual choices, only one year into use, these elements are already showing significant wear-and-tear from skateboarders and partiers.

At the intersection of Davie at Richards there is a seating area framed by a pergola supported on columns of red brick. According to Stevenson, these heavy brick elements are a visual link to Yaletown's nearby cluster of similarly-clad warehouse buildings. I think this visual connection tenuous, at best.

Stevenson describes his Emery Barnes design features as "a collection of various references" but concedes that "perhaps it is too eclectic."

As scattered and place-less as Emery Barnes park is by day, it gets worse by night. This is less due to the very high levels of lighting required as crime preventative under CPTED criteria, than because of the specific qualities of the lighting elements chosen by Stevenson and parks staff.

The lighting filament of these fixtures is bare and ever-visible to the eye, making for wince-inducing levels of glare. Few of us go without lampshades on bare electric bulbs, and it is not a question of budget but design that Emery Barnes visitors are now obliged to wear sunglasses at night.

With area populations rising rapidly, the park is well-used and socially diverse. Stevenson describes a typical day there as "moms and nannies in the morning, business people at lunch, street kids by early afternoon, by early evening it is a gay park—couples with poodles, then after dark it becomes a party park, complete with wet T-shirt contests."

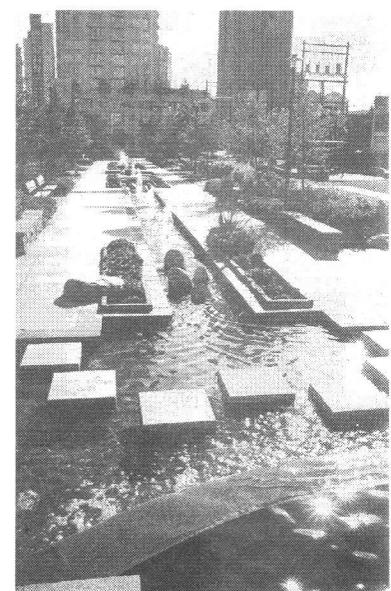
Stevenson says the downtown south area changed utterly in the three years he completed his design. UBC's Patterson feels the parks board should have temporarily installed the bare minimum of green features here, giving this changing community an opportunity to informally discover how it wants to use this park, before designs were permanently set in concrete and brick.

Our parks board still has a chance to complete Emery Barnes park in a more innovative and visually engaging way. Jim Lowden, now the Stanley district director, the city is currently buying the last of a string of properties along Seymour, which will double the size of the park. A designer for this second phase has not been selected.

How about a standup summer "drive-in," with a movie screen installed on the façade of the new film festival premises in the Brava development across Seymour? How about a café, or public washrooms, or a formal flower garden in the expanded Emery Barnes park? Our lively and diverse city demands better ideas. ■

Below: Rivulet to nowhere: New stream aligns with condo tower doorway in Emery Barnes park, designed by Richard Stevenson. Courtesy Richard Stevenson Associates.

04  
41



Architecture critic Trevor Boddy is a Vancouver urban designer, architecture curator and historian. He offers his opinions about buildings in the city and the building of the city and welcomes yours at [trevboddy@hotmail.com](mailto:trevboddy@hotmail.com).



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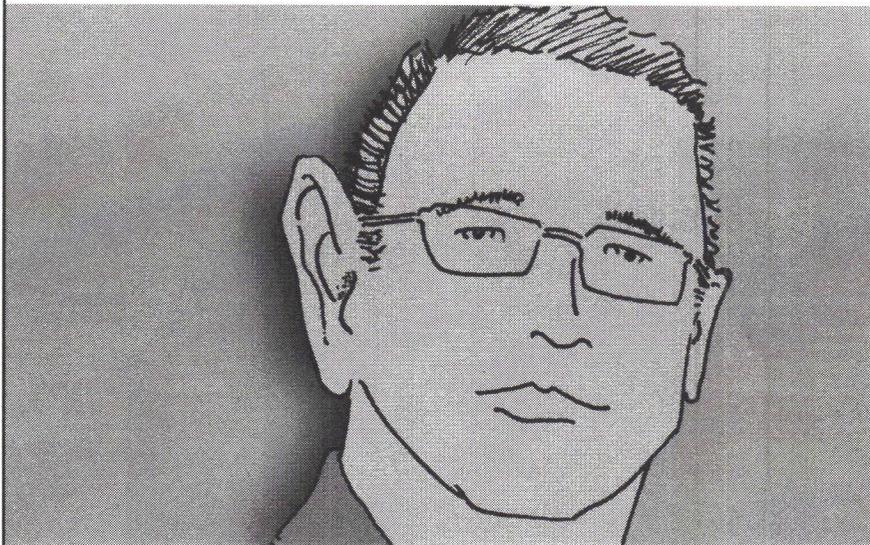
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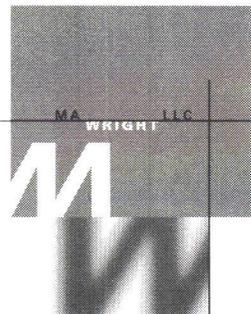
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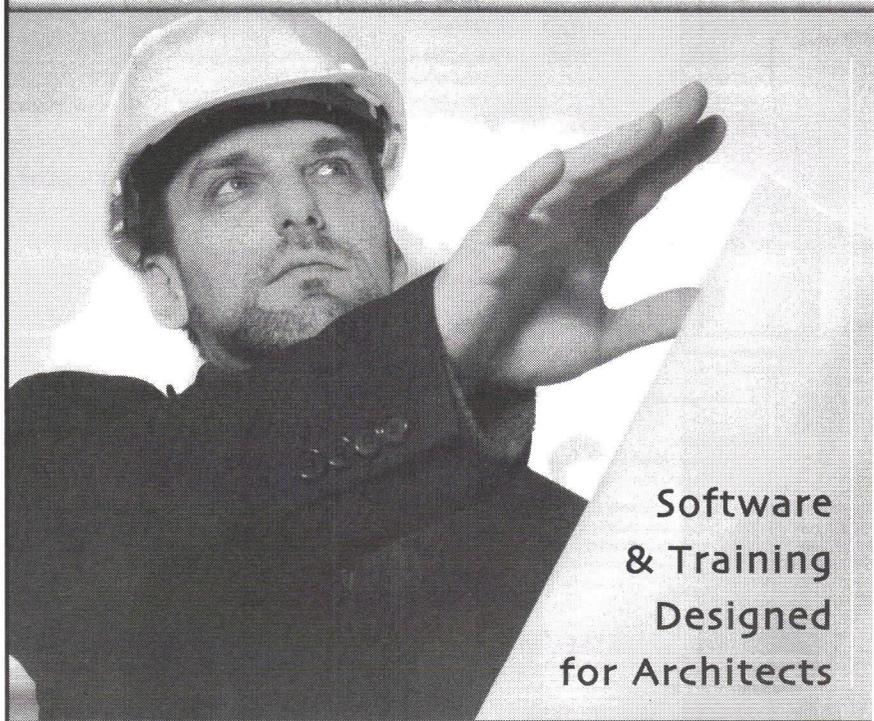
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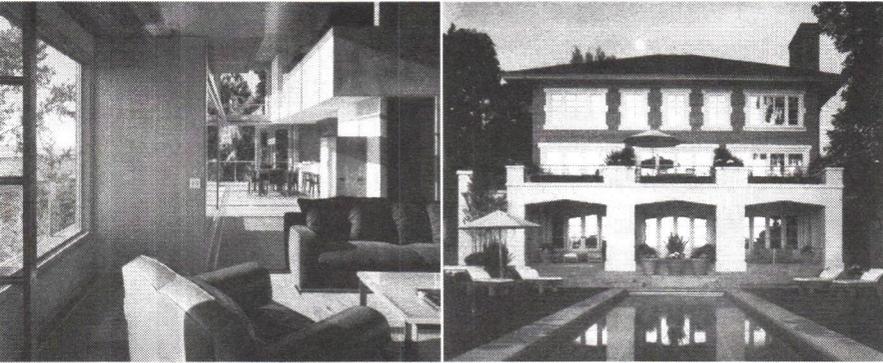


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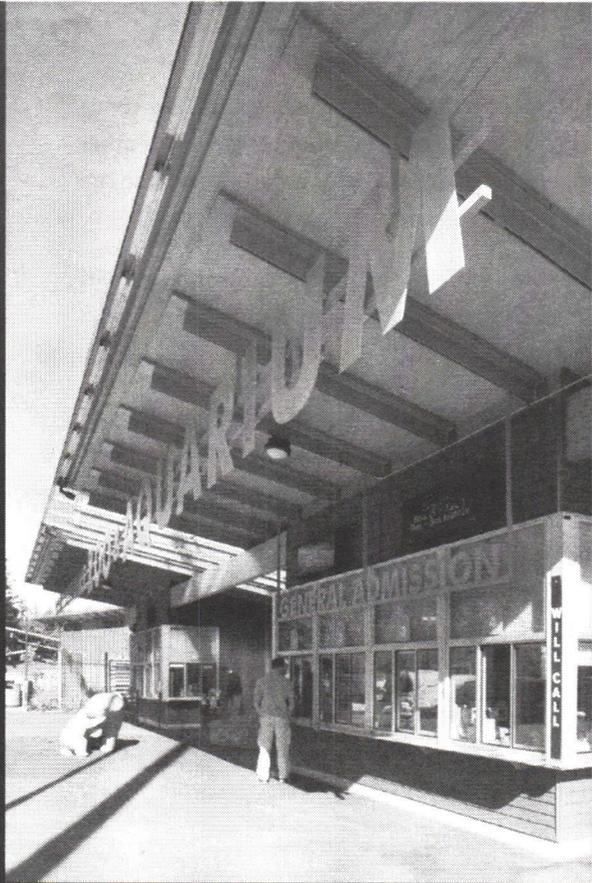


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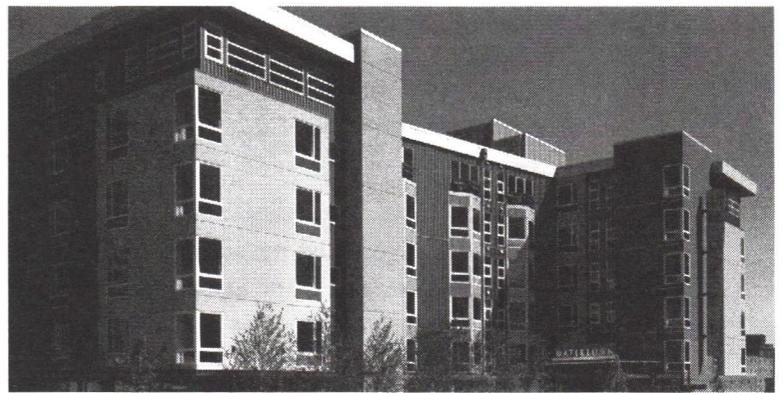
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JANE RADKE SLADE  
GOING HOLLYWOOD

One of the great parlour games of the post-Hollywood era, right up there with “Six Degrees of Kevin Bacon,” is “In the Hollywood Movie of Your Life, Who Would Play You?” Everyone takes turns playing casting director, and it can be pretty revealing, both of people’s movie tastes and how people see each other and themselves. I got a major ego boost when someone suggested Daryl Hannah might play me, considering the most common answer is skinny bug-eyed Shelly Duvall, usually preceded by, “Don’t take this the wrong way...”

Strolling down Capitol Hill last week, on our way to the Egyptian Theatre to see *Capote*, I posed a related question to the gals in my book club. “Who would play Seattle?”

Blank stares at first.

“What do you mean? Do you mean someone you’d think of as a quintessential Seattleite?”

“Tom Skerritt?”

“Eddie Vedder?”

“No.” I clarified: “Give me an actor who could personify the physical Seattle, and get the feel of the city right. Portland and Vancouver too.”

The consensus was that Seattle would be played by someone smart and literate, a touch geeky. Tall and healthy. Androgynous. Maybe an indie actor who’s gone mainstream.

After several false starts, we were piqued by someone’s submission of Hilary Swank. She plays androgynous. She’s smart. She’s outspoken. “Does she look like Seattle, though?”

“Well...if you spin her around really fast, she’d look like the Space Needle—tall base, nice observation decks.”

“That’s vulgar.”

Johnny Depp was mentioned. “Not smart enough, not outdoorsy enough.”

“Too European, especially since the smoking ban.”

“Parker Posey?”

Maybe in the supporting role of Bellevue. She’s short and she plays a hilarious glossy-manicured-and-boring.

Onto Vancouver. Definitely European. Slightly older. Well-dressed, educated.

“Liam Neeson. He’s sort of tall and grand, but he’s got that gray-green drippy Irish thing.”

“Yeah, Vancouver on a wet day.”

“Frances McDormand.”

“Who’s the tall guy who played impeccable and gay opposite Julia Roberts? Him.”

A frisky group of women, we tried to shoehorn Jake Gyllenhaal into all three city roles. We finally decided he

could go into the Portland bucket. Portland is youthful, good-looking and hip, on top of the old, industrial infrastructure. So someone with solid values.

“John Cusack for Portland. He’s underrated, but brilliant. There’s an industrial pallor there. He retains his youth—he and Joan both—in fact, he and Joan together could play Portland.”

“Keanu Reeves.”

“Amy Irving.”

“Keanu Reeves? AMY freaking IRVING? Are you kidding me? There’s not a WHIFF of Portland in either of them! Jesus!”

The sign of a good parlour game is its ability to provoke bitter-yet-inane conflict.

I decided to introduce my new game to passing acquaintances. My neighbor, a very thoughtful, soulful man (Hi, Eric!) came up with Tom Hanks for Seattle. I shrugged at first, not seeing it. But he made a good case: Hanks has maturity. He’s earnest—and for a city who voted something like four times for the monorail, Seattle is nothing if not earnest—but with pathos. He looks to progress, while also respecting the past (see *Apollo 13*). He’s done gender-bending (see *Bosom Buddies*) and tackled AIDS (see *Philadelphia*). He’s the Market. He’s the lake. He’s Elliott Bay. He’s the counterbalance, the neighborhoods, the ferries. Pan out for the closing credits. Grab a tissue. Hanks can play Seattle in the big-budget sell-out version.

Two people pegged Vancouver. One: Sigourney Weaver. She’s as elegant as Stanley Park. Wrestling with her identity, but always proud. Two: Klaus Kinski, Werner Herzog’s muse. International, with indie cachet.

“Or his daughter, Nastassja Kinski, for that matter.”

(“There’s the ego-boost answer for Vancouver,” I thought.)

In order to feel I had thoroughly researched the comic possibilities of the game, I called my comedian brother in LA I figured, living right in Hollywood, he’d get into the spirit of the game right away.

His answers for Seattle? Philip Seymour Hoffman. John C. Reilly. “Both are basically good-hearted, pasty and repressed.”

Hey, that’s not funny. I suggested the next time he play the game with a Seattleite, he preface those casting suggestions with, “Don’t take this the wrong way...”

I also told him he had two days to provide me with a punch-line for this article. Hours later, he left it on my voicemail:

“Anna Nicole Smith. She’ll do anything for a billionaire.”  
Badump-bum. ■

*Capitol Hill writer Jane Radke Slade invites your casting submissions via letters to the editor of ARCADE.*

If you write a regular satirical column for ARCADE, like me, you know that one always has to be ready for the next quirky idea. I mean, when it comes right down to it, architects aren't really that funny, so you take what you can get.

A few weeks ago I was driving in my car listening to NPR when I heard Mahlum's name mentioned with some catchy tag line as a sponsor of a program. This got me thinking about how different firms in the northwest might "brand" themselves given the chance as a sponsor on public radio.

To help me out I enlisted a few of my more sarcastic architect friends. I know this sounds redundant, but I picked a few buddies that have a particular biting sense of humor and maybe an ax or two to grind. After a bit of editing, here are the top NW architectural firm taglines as might be heard on NPR:

**BOHLIN CYWINSKI JACKSON**

*Yeah, like Cywinski and Jackson matter....*

● **JAMES CULTER**

*Yeah, I'm a fun guy to work for...*

**CALLISON**

*We're really important!*

**GENSLER**

*We're more important than Callison.*

**OLSEN SUNDBERG KUNDIG ALLEN**

*We can spend more per square foot than Cutler*

*Designing houses you would sell your mother to see*

*It ain't easy designing \$1000/square foot!*

*Designing for people in the upper .000000000005% income bracket*

**MAHLUM**

*Who names their firm after a drafting apparatus?*

**PETER MILLER BOOKS**

*God, how I wish I owned Barnes and Noble stock?*

**MITHUN**

*God, how we wish we were Miller Hull....*

**WEINSTEIN A|U**

*God, how we wish we were Olson Sundberg....*

**MILLER HULL**

*How many ways can YOU do a knee brace?*

**GORDON WALKER**

*I have Mithun in the palm of my hand...*

**BOORA**

*We're thinking of dropping the "A".*

**PERKINS + WILL**

*Purchasing a firm near you.*

**NORM JOHNSTON**

*Tag lines? I always cut them off when I buy a new shirt!*

**MBT**

*A purchased firm near you!*

**SEATTLE AIA**

*More exciting than... well... a lot of things...*

**OLSON SUNDBERG KUNDIG ALLEN**

*Shut up, it's art.*

**MULVANNY G2**

*How do we spell CO\$\$STCO?*

**BUMGARTNER**

*Bum.....mer*

**CARLSON ARCHITECTS**

*Just think weird metal boxes*

**INTEGRUS**

*That's Latin!*

**HOK**

*That's "H", then "O", then "K". Say the letters. Otherwise it sounds like you have a cold or something.*

**PLACE**

*Where?*

**NBBJ**

*No matter how hard we try to convince you otherwise, we are a big ass corporate firm!*

**NORTHWEST ARCHITECTURAL COMPANY**

*Wonder what we do?*

**WEBER + THOMPSON**

*When doing more is better than doing better.*

**DRISCOLL ARCHITECTS**

*When Webber Thompson is too expensive.*

**GGLO**

*We promise to change our logo soon.*

**BOXWOOD**

*Wood box*

**LMN**

*Yeah, just try beating us out for the next Seattle performing arts building.*

**NBBJ**

*No, we are across the street from REI.*

**ZGF**

*WE'RE STILL IN SEATTLE!!!!*

**ARAI JACKSON**

*What's a tagline?*

**RUFFCORN MOTT HINTHORNE STINE**

*Remember ZGF? We don't either...*

**LMN**

*We put the "conventional" in convention centers*

**HEWITT ARCHITECTS**

*Do my glasses remind you of anyone?*

**GEORGE SUYAMA**

*I look more like him than Hewitt!!!!*

**ROHLEDER BORGES FLEMING**

*Hey, we did those cool flappy things next to the EMP!*

**FINNE ARCHITECTS**

*Never trust a firm whose name looks like a misspelled adjective.*

**ANDERSON ANDERSON**

*He ain't heavy, he's my brother.*

**SEATTLE AIA**

*PURPLE*

**BCRA**

*The NBBJ of Tacoma*

**MCGRAHAM**

*Oh yeah, we are The Miller Hull of Tacoma*

Ron is a regular Side Yard columnist for ARCADE with a deep abiding respect for all Seattle design firms. None of these taglines reflect his actual feelings, but are only cheap unwarranted jokes by sarcastic friends with chips on their shoulders.

By the way, GGLO generously allowed ARCADE to use their remarkable logo for this article (I also threatened to really dis them). Comments to Ron at ronv@mithun.com.

# ARCADE

## ANNUAL REPORT 2005

The quality and accessibility of the magazine's content continue to increase. Here are just a few 2005 highlights.

### 23.3/March

Unintended Influences | Crossing Boundaries  
Feature Editor, Richard Yancey

Mapping the unforeseen forces and unknown topographies of the design process.

Editorial feature included a running series of "back stories" from various people and perspectives commenting on an unintended influence that informed a project...the good, the bad and the ugly.

### 23.4/June

Graphic Design, Culture Made Visible  
Feature Editor, Anne Traver

First issue devoted to graphic design. Feature included the results of a roundtable critique on the profession, called forth specifically for ARCADE, and a series of homage, "I wish I would have designed that," shorts—both with Northwest designers.

### 24.1/September

Union Station  
Feature Editor, Charles Tonderai Mudede

Editorial feature explored the fixed histories and open futures of Portland, Seattle and Vancouver train stations. "Interview" with artist Robert Wilson, and part one of a two-part interview with former Seattle Mayor Paul Schell.

### 24.2/December

The Desire Issue  
Feature Editor, Kelley Walker

Editorial feature focused on what, why and how desire is inspired and provoked in the built and "designed" environment we live in today; from a short story that takes place in Olmsted designed parks, to a theory on what Northwest cities want but can't have.

We learned in December 2005 that we would be awarded a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts for 2006. The grants review committee cited the quality of our publication—gratifying recognition, on a national level, of the hard work and talent of all of our contributors.

Our total income for 2005 was \$146,387 and expenses came in at \$146,304. A little bit of black ink on the bottom line!

In June ARCADE's Board of Trustees launched the new Leadership Giving campaign with a beach barbeque at George and Kim Suyama's award-winning home. Trustee Liz Dunn, and Jim Duncan, one of ARCADE's long-time supporters, led the appeal for guests to "up the ante" and commit to multi-year gifts. The response was amazing. See the donor page for a list of these contributors who are leading the way in support of quality architecture and design.

We also continue to reach out to the design community through biannual phone appeals and subscription renewal requests. Thanks to everyone who contributed in 2005!

## DISTRIBUTION

Close to 20,000 copies of ARCADE were distributed in 2005. We began surveying magazine recipients to increase the effectiveness of our outreach.

## ACQUISITIONS

Beyond the scenes we have consolidated our many lists into one functional database to improve communications with magazine recipients, donors, and creative contributors. We are grateful to Mithun for the office space they generously provide to ARCADE.

Special thanks to our hosts for the quarterly publication launch events:

**March:** Artemide Showroom

**June:** W Hotel

**September:** Winston Wächter Fine Art

**December:** 4Culture



Part of the ARCADE party crowd (aka those who stayed until kicked out!) at the spring 2005 launch in the Artemide showroom. Photo by Michael Burns.

## STAFF

### Board of Trustees

In 2005 the organization was guided by President Richard Manderbach and we welcomed three new board members: Scott Allen, Jim Mueller, and Ben Rankin.

### Staff

The work of ARCADE is accomplished primarily by two part-time staff members plus a volunteer board, editorial committee, and many creative contributors. In 2005 we added two very able and very part-time staff assistants; Sasa Foster in operations and Kelly Igoe as editorial assistant.

### Guest Editors

Volunteer feature editors did an outstanding job of pulling together thoughtful and provocative content for the center section of each issue.

### Graphic Design

The look of the magazine changes with each volume thanks to the contributions of talented local graphic designers. Annabelle Gould completed volume 23 (March and June), Brain Goedart (September), and RMB Vivid (December); contributed to the current volume.

RMB Vivid will complete the current volume with this March and June 2006 issues.



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