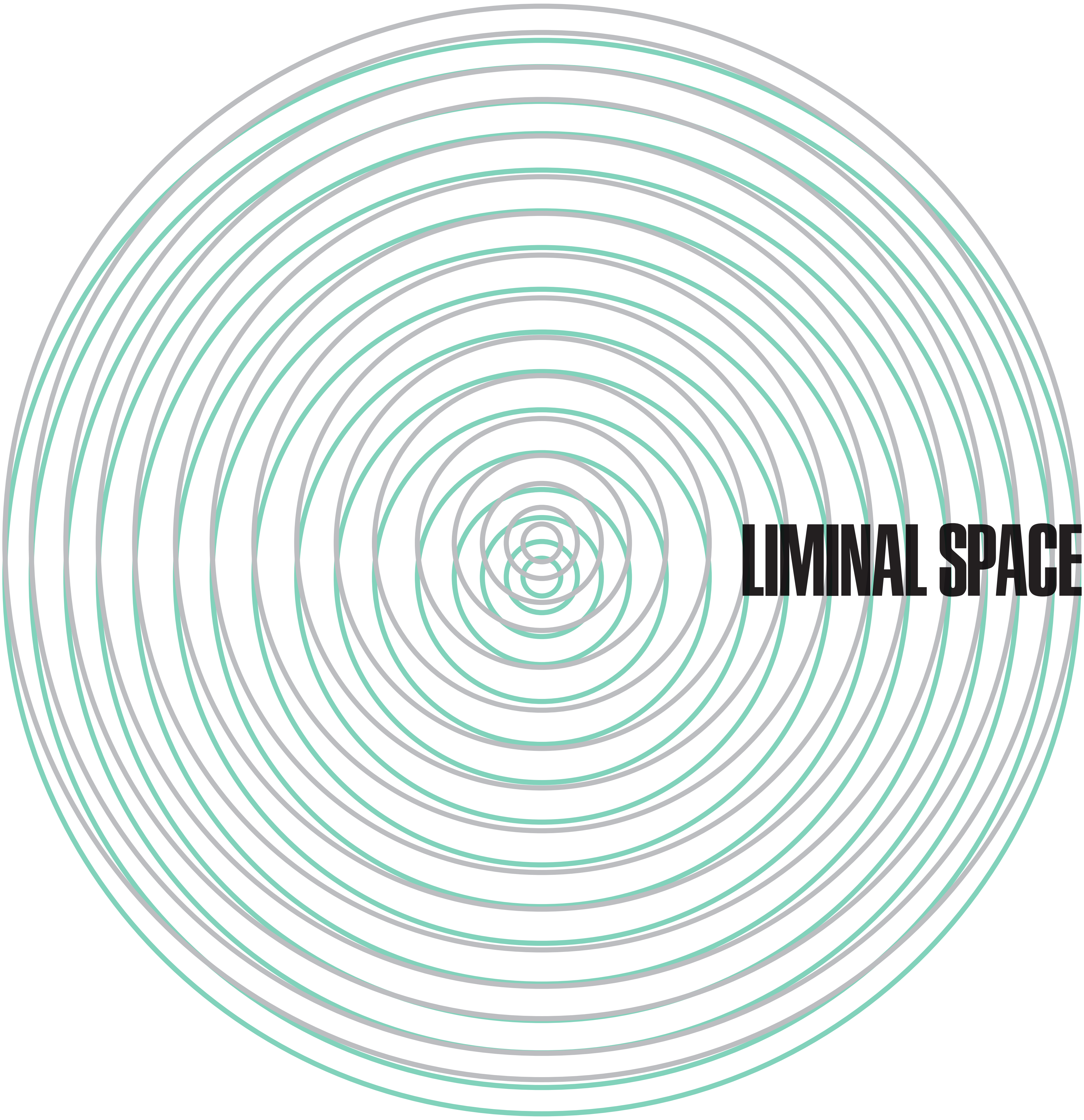
# ARCADE

**Dialogue on Design**
Issue 37.2
Experiencing between here and there.
Fall 2019 | $10



# LIMINAL SPACE

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Fall 2019

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# LIMINAL

**lim·i·nal (/ˈlimənl/), adjective: TECHNICAL**
**1. relating to a transitional or initial stage of a process.**
**2. occupying a position at, or on both sides of, a boundary or threshold**

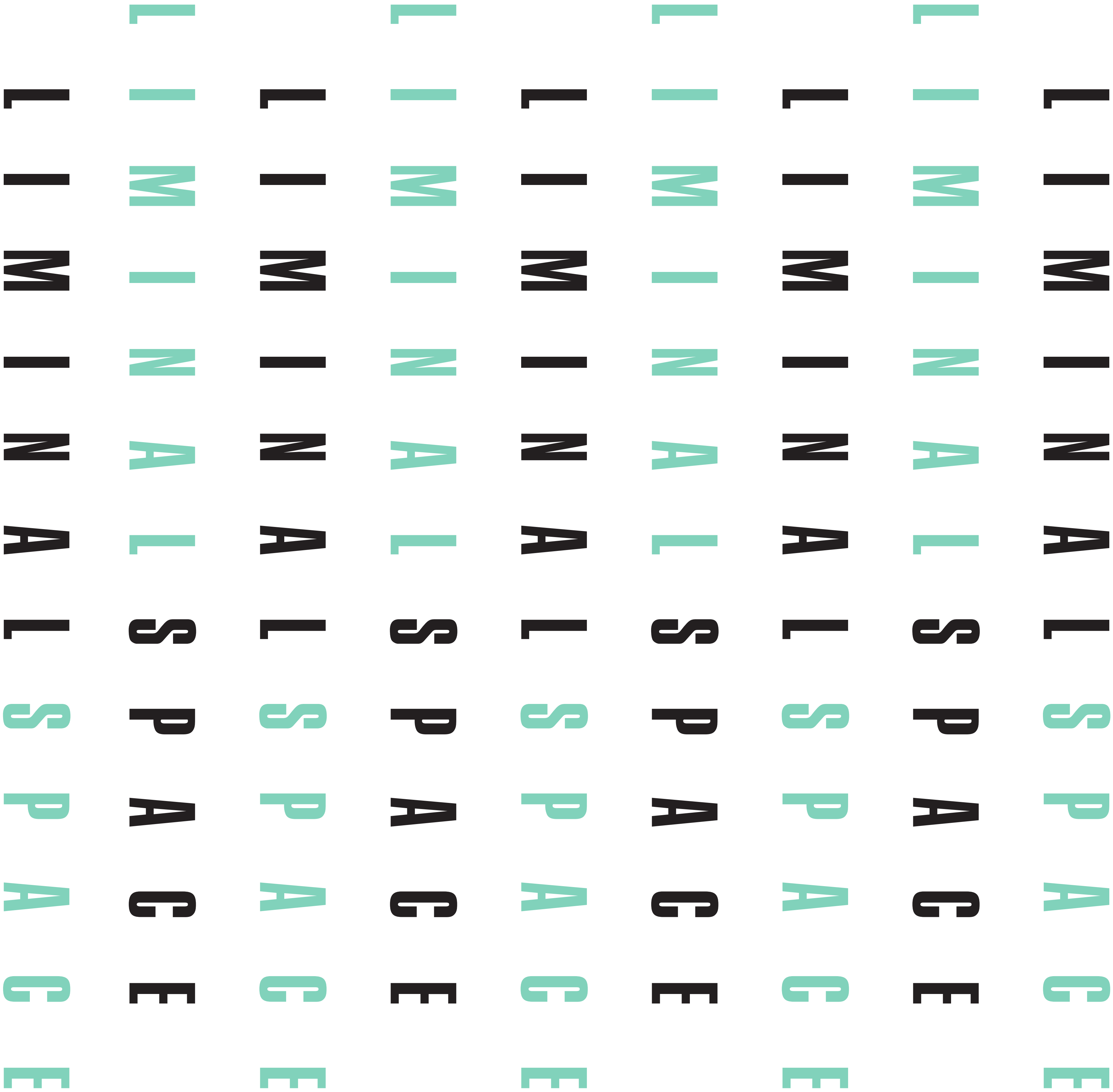
*Ruth Baleiko, FAIA is a partner at Miller Hull and has been on the ARCADE board for two years. The ARCADE board is made up of professionals working in and with the design field.*

The notion of liminal space – being at or near a seam, point of passage or transition – is especially relevant in our design community today:

- Seattle is – and continues to be – in a liminal space of urban growth and infrastructural change. Any local who has walked the waterfront this summer has experienced our newly created liminal space.
- Our various design practices continue to evolve as new technology, tools and delivery methods take root in our fields – bringing forth new ways of conceptualizing and executing our respective work.
- Access to education, housing and economic stability is tenuous for many. As designers, we play an important role in taking on these challenges and having our work informed by them.

For ARCADE, 2019 has similarly been liminal. We've embraced the changing of the guard, developed new outreach and engagement opportunities and increased the diversity of our dialogues. This process of re-examination, intellectual and social expansion has been invigorating to witness and take part in. While retaining the thoughtful discussion that has been the hallmark of our organization for nearly forty years, we are looking forward to finding more ways to enrich the Dialogue on Design through digital, print and in-person connections. 37.2 was created in the spirit of experiencing between here and there.

**Ruth Baleiko, for the Board**



# WHAT IS AND WHAT COULD BE

**Letter from the Feature Editors**

Dear Reader,

Design has existed in one form or another since the beginning of time and has become an essential part of our urban fabric. Today, in our ever-changing environment, design pushes us forward between what is and what could be. Quite literally, the design process is the embodiment of liminal space.

As two fresh-faced twentysomethings, the concept of existing in the in between is very apparent to us. Just as we are stepping out on our own, the state of our world is at a crossroads and very unsure of its future. As two young professionals entering the small niche that is the design community, this undefined nature becomes exponentially more prominent.

Young people, as a demographic, bring a new perspective and come well versed in the most current tools and technologies. However, we are not impervious to the fact that there is value in historical precedence. As we navigate the world, our lives become a delicate balance between applying that newly cultivated knowledge and absorbing and employing insight from well-established traditions.

As passionate lifelong learners and members of the design realm, this unique, liminal perspective is a place full of innovative potential. Walking the line between generations, we have the ability to bridge the gap and propel forward world-changing ideas. We, as young designers and creators, are in the position to be an invaluable and revered part of a community that is so highly regarded. In the midst of the chaotic unknown, being young is an exciting privilege.

A kismet microcosm of ourselves and our world, ARCADE is also at a turning point. Given this opportunity, we offer reflection and rediscovery of the future growth of the publication. In this issue, you will find a collection of stories that demonstrates the pinnacle of ARCADE's insightful dialogue around what was and what will be, thoughtfully considering our path forward.

The feeling of unfamiliarity is uncomfortable, but in reality, it's something we live with every day. We do not have the power to know what will happen in the next minute, within the next hour, tomorrow, or next year. The only thing we can do is choose to respect our past, live in the present and work toward creating our future.

Truly,

**Julia Atkins & Katherine Misel**

*Julia Atkins, a recent addition to the Seattle design sphere, works as a Project Designer at a local architecture firm. She is passionate about sharing the power of design to motivate, educate and invigorate communities.*

*Katherine Misel received a bachelor's degree in journalism/public relations from Western Washington University and works as communications specialist for The Miller Hull Partnership. Although not trained in design, she appreciates all forms of art and is passionate about helping both artists and designers share their stories.*

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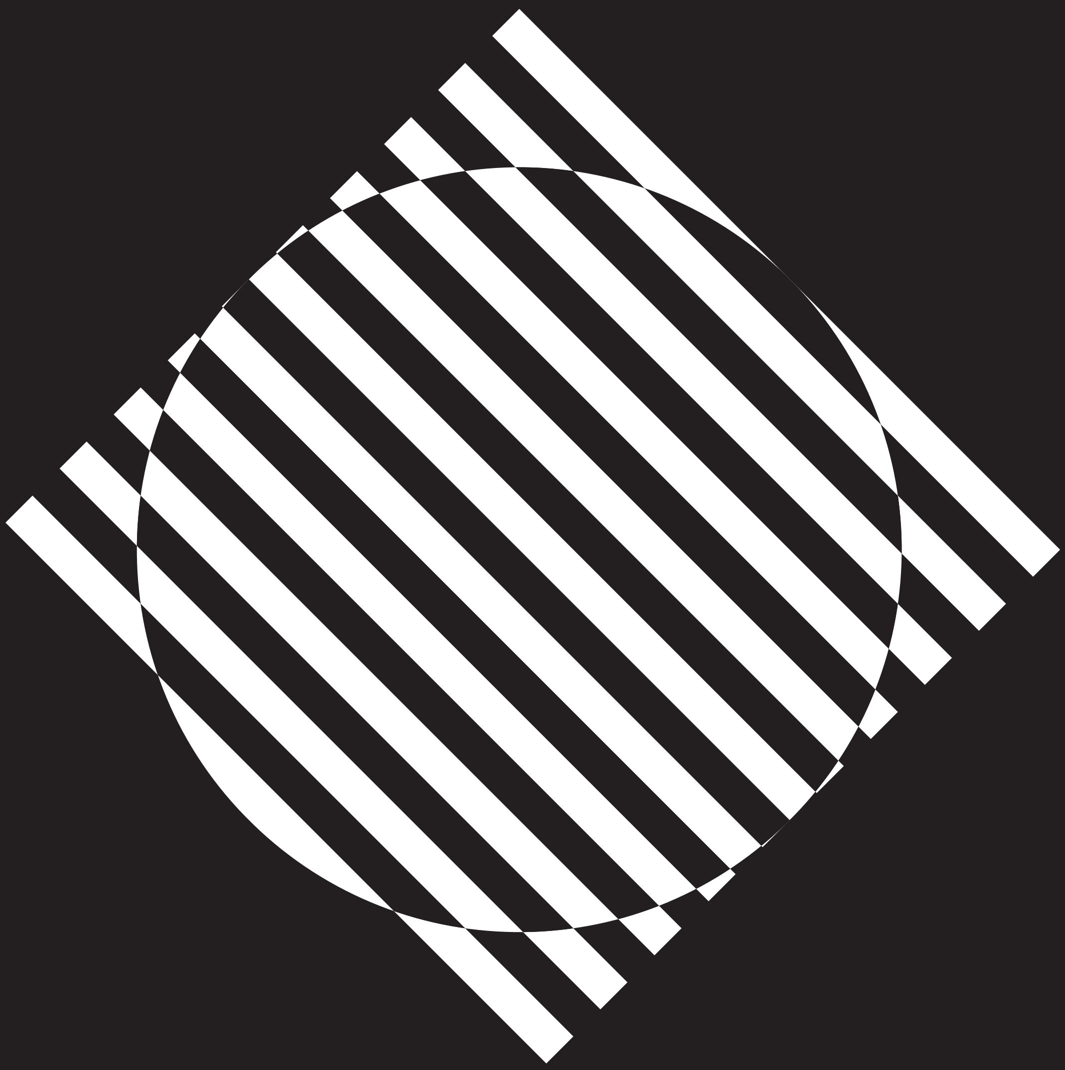

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# CONSIDER THE GREENSPACE

**By Katarina Lunde**

*Katarina Lunde is a plant ecologist and writer from the Seattle area. She holds a MS in Botany from Oregon State University, and has a particular interest in how humans relate to and manage invasive plant species. She currently resides in Portland.*

When obedient trees in curb-lawns and grates become the urban intention, What should we call these "other" spaces: Feral?

Snaking through Beacon Hill on the lightrail, or riding a swaying bus along Lake Union or across the West Seattle bridge, I let my attention drift to the greenspaces squeezed between the rest of our built, zoned, busy and burgeoning cityscape. The ravine, the greenway, the undeveloped lot, the steep slope, the guard-railed embankment. Here a jogger ducks into the greenery on a trail, there and there and there are signs of humans finding all sorts of uses for relatively wild, unmonitored space.

When they are full of undesired plant species, beercan carcasses, heavy metal runoff, What should we call them: Broken?

Mostly, what I can see from these vantage points are maple and fir trees dripping with English ivy, ravines filled and brimming over with Himalayan blackberry, empty lots guarded by ramparts of Japanese knotweed. My botanist's brain has the desire to name: Hedera helix, Rubus armeniacus, Fallopia japonica. Each a listed noxious invasive in King County and western Washington, but also some of the plants I got to know best, first, in the towns and cities I called home.

When they are the last ecological hold-out for habitat, filtration, respiration, erosion control, Should we call them by their monetary value?

Daydreaming from a bus-seat, I remember how much time I spent as a kid totally immersed in the spaces shaped by these plant familiars. Always an experiential learner, I became acquainted with their quirks and qualifiers: sharp; bitter; poisonous; sweet; delicate. Later, formal learning brought other qualifiers: native, invasive, noxious. Then: economically costly, infeasible to remove, degraders of the ecosystem. As I relocated into increasingly urban neighborhoods, I found invasive plant species dominating nearly every untended space; ecological baddies running rampant spoiling parking lots and pavement cracks.

When the city lack adequate housing and the banks of onramps fill with tents, What should we call them: out-of-bounds?

The desire to name can be a tricky one. A not entirely subtle valuation sneaks in alongside formal labels and concepts, of "wild" and "natural" as good. A kind of ecological self-loathing; the human influence as corrupting. The field of ecology can be found grappling with this conundrum. One voice urges us to reconsider the value of "novel" ecosystems as symptoms of global change make it clear that returning to some historical state is not an option; while another voice asks, if these changes are not corrupting (from loss of biodiversity to changes in fire cycles and the entire shape of landscapes), than what argument do we have left for making any effort to stem such changes?

When city officials feel compelled to chip off pieces, parcel by parcel (pixel by pixel), What should we call them: the tragic commons?

Lightrail doors jolt open and shut, shuttling my co-commuters to their destinations. The knotweed fortress across Rainier Ave is in bloom, a transitory pollinator paradise squeezed between stacks of tires. As much as we desire black-and-white distinctions, good/bad labels, the natural world has rarely embraced or upheld a binary. In order to truly engage, we are asked to wander the in-between, the grey areas where what "good" is complicated and context-dependent. We are required to confront false dichotomies when and where they sneak in (your shrugged-shoulders complacency, your "but what's the point"). This confrontation, engagement is critical; and it starts with as simple a thing as attention and curiosity, a refusal to write off the slivers and swaths of greenspace, a going and a looking for something to consider.

When we look in and deeper, and not away, What names will we find for them, then?

Get involved: Check out stewardship programs (Backyard Habitat Certification, Pollinator Pathways), urban restoration efforts (the Green Seattle Partnership) and more.

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# QA

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*Above: HAY and GRAY magazine "In Bloom" event, July 2019. Photo by Erik Ursin.*

*Bottom left: Cover of GRAY issue 45, June/July 2019.*

*Bottom right: Cover of GRAY issue 31, December 2016/January 2017.*

# THE CHANGING WORLD OF DESIGN PUBLICATIONS

**Q&A with Tiffany Jow,**
**former Editorial Director at GRAY Media**
**By Lauren Gallow**

Tiffany Jow is a writer, editor, and content strategist specializing in art, design, and culture. She has contributed to a variety of print and digital publications including Architectural Digest, Art Review, Artsy, Cultured, Dwell, New York Magazine, Opening Ceremony's blog, Surface, Wallpaper*, and Wallpaper* City Guides.

Lauren Gallow has been writing about art, design, and architecture for over ten years. Her work has been featured in New American Paintings, Seattle Met, and Ledger Magazine, among others. She has also helped creative practitioners, including design firms Olson Kundig and Studio Diaa, articulate their work and vision across platforms.

Lauren Gallow: Tiffany, you have been working as a writer and editor for over a decade. In that time, the publishing world has changed dramatically – a shift particularly evident in design publications, with many shelter magazine mainstays shuttering just as new publications like GRAY take off. How have you seen the design publication industry change over the last decade? What are the key challenges and opportunities in our industry today, and how are people working to address them?

Tiffany Jow: I started as an editorial assistant at Surface in 2007. In the time between then and now, design publications have changed in the sense that they're no longer just magazines – they're media companies that need to be well-versed in multiple platforms in order to survive. From a journalistic perspective, it is no longer enough to be a good writer, or even a great one. If you don't know how to produce a video, spot the perfect digital-only story, or build an article on a custom content management system, you're toast. Even press trips are changing: I recently had a friend tell me that out of a group of 12 on a recent trip to Europe, only two were design journalists; the rest were influencers.

On one hand, the prospect of trying to keep up with it all can feel overwhelming, particularly if you're a publication located outside a major publishing hub like New York. It's that much harder to know what people at the forefront of the industry are doing, and that much harder to locate and hire talent that really understands the task at hand. Finding revenue sources beyond ad sales is obviously a key challenge, too, and I find it interesting to see how media companies are trying to overcome it. You see them creating custom content studios, subscribers-only access to articles, shops within their digital publications, more live events. Everyone's trying to figure it out.

LG: You recently made a big change yourself, leaving your post as design editor for Surface in New York and joining GRAY Media in Seattle as their new editorial director. Why did you make the move to Seattle, and what are your goals as the new editorial director?

TJ: I made the decision to move to Seattle before taking on my current role in February. I grew up just south of Seattle, where my family still resides, and having not lived near them since 2002, I felt it was time to come back.

The opportunity at GRAY was compelling to me because it was one I would never have encountered in New York, where collectible design is a common practice and blue-chip architecture firms abound. My job entails pivoting GRAY from a regional publication to an international publication and evolving its content to a caliber that is able to stand alongside the usual suspects. I plan to do that, while making the same transition in its signature events, digital content, custom content and other platforms.

LG: GRAY has plans to expand into a global multimedia design brand by early 2020. Can you explain what this means and why GRAY finds it important to make this shift? What challenges are you facing in this transition, both regionally and internationally?

TJ: GRAY sees an opportunity it can fill in design publications, in that most of them cover the same subjects – which are largely based in New York, London, Paris, or Milan – in the same ways. There's an entire world of creative practitioners outside major cities who are making work that's just as relevant as the woodworker in Brooklyn or the textile designer in Hackney. GRAY wants to tell those stories and put those designers on the same platform as the ones you'll read about elsewhere.

As with any change, it comes with challenges. GRAY is nearing its ninth year of existence, and during those nearly nine years, has become a beloved title in the region. As one of the few design publications in the area, it has had the privilege of covering many firms and artists in Seattle, Portland, and Vancouver BC, and forging deep, meaningful relationships with the creative community here. GRAY has helped put these Pacific Northwest cities on the map and launch careers. Shifting its focus from the Pacific Northwest to the rest of the world needs to be done in a way that doesn't leave behind the people who helped GRAY come this far. At the same time, GRAY needs to be honest with itself about what it's doing and its competitors – publications that are household names, employ seasoned editors, and have decades of history behind them – and invest in people and content that will enable GRAY to stand beside those competitors and offer something different while still being true to itself.

LG: Many publications (not just in the realm of design) are toying with the idea of "brand extension" as a means of building resilient businesses. The idea of diversifying brands like Dwell, Wallpaper*, or GRAY with associated products and services in some ways seems like a natural evolution. From your perspective, what is the impact of this "brand extension" on the actual print publications? Are you seeing any changes in the quality or type of written content, or shifts in the ways readers engage?

TJ: I'm not sure if shifting from a magazine to a media company impacts print publications in terms of the quality of its content. It's likely that a media company will decrease the number of annual issues it publishes as a result of diversifying its offerings, but that just means the magazine will become more of a collectable design object that can be consumed over a longer period of time. Today, if you put an article in a magazine, you need to have a very good reason for putting it there, in that form – otherwise you might as well just put it online. It's expensive to make a print publication, so that article needs to offer something the reader couldn't get any other way except by reading it in a magazine. That could mean more long-form reporting, evolving the magazine further into an art object through the way it's designed, or any other number of strategies.

LG: In a recent issue of GRAY, columnist Glenn Adamson wrote a piece called "Chattering Class" which posits: "A new generation of design critics is talking – are you listening?" Adamson claims that after years of relative radio silence in design criticism, we're now entering a "golden age of writing about architecture and design." What are your thoughts on what it means to be a writer today in the world of architecture and design? If it is indeed a "golden age" for writers, is there anything in particular you can attribute this shift to?

TJ: It's a privilege to make a living as a writer today, and as a design writer, that is much more so. It's a niche; the design world is global, yet small. People always say they see more friends during Salone del Mobile, the annual design and furniture fair in Milan, than they do in an entire year in New York, and it's true. Everyone knows everyone, and we're constantly trading stories about who's doing what next. Is a publication folding? Is that writer leaving her post to go in-house for a brand? Did that editor start his own design media company? It's important to know these things to understand what's on the horizon.

I should note that Glenn Adamson is one of the primary reasons I do what I do today. He hired me in the research department at the Victoria & Albert Museum in London, where I worked as an intern on an exhibition he was curating. He was my boss again a few years later, when he took on the role of director at New York's Museum of Arts and Design, where I was working in the development office. He's a leading authority on contemporary craft and speaks about making in a way I find totally captivating, and urgent too. His essay wasn't about this being a golden age of design writing, but of design criticism, and I agree with him. There are more platforms for writers' voices to be heard now, and more people know about architecture and design than even a decade ago – collectible design is officially a thing.

LG: What excites you most about the future of design publications?

TJ: What excites me most in writing about design is learning about a practitioner's process and approach. Sometimes actually seeing, or listening to, a person demonstrate that tells more than words ever could. So, I welcome publications' expansion into video, podcasts, Instagram, and the like. These are storytelling tools, and when used wisely, they are powerful.

These tools can also help us educate people about design and take it farther away from the exclusive thing it once was (and still is). The industry has blown up in recent years. Who knows what will happen next? That's part of the thrill of being a design writer: you have to stay on your toes and be genuinely creative about how you'll stay in the game.

# GREG LUNDGREN: ART IN THE MARGINS

By Lauren Gallow

Lauren Gallow has been writing about art, design, and architecture for over ten years. Her work has been featured in New American Paintings, Seattle Met, and Ledger Magazine, among others. She has also helped creative practitioners, including design firms Olson Kundig and Studio Diaa, articulate their work and vision across platforms.

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# ART IN THE MARGINS

Arts entrepreneur Greg Lundgren has been working in Seattle's liminal spaces for over two decades, slowly and steadily chipping away at the white cube gallery mold. Perhaps best known for "Out of Sight," the series of regionally-focused art exhibits that ran parallel to Seattle Art Fair for three years starting in 2015, Lundgren mounted his first art show in 1995. The next year, he acquired his first brick and mortar space, a 2,500-square-foot storefront in a single-story, 1920s brick building on the corner of 2nd Avenue and Lenora Street in Belltown. The building was slated for demolition later that year, so Lundgren set up a lease for the last eight months of its existence.

This first foray set the tone for Lundgren's work since. He's been busy launching decades worth of exhibits in historic buildings during that in-between time when they're not occupied, but not yet torn down. Most business owners would shy away from these sorts of temporary, transitory spaces. Why put all the effort into something with a known expiration date? For Lundgren, it's the expiration date that he finds most appealing.

"The silver lining in a town undergoing such a massive transformation is that there are always buildings slated for demolition," Lundgren explains. "And that demolition is rarely on schedule. I intentionally look for buildings in this state of flux, because I can't afford traditional market rate properties or the terms of a traditional lease."

It's about more than rent prices, though. Lundgren's obsession with these liminal spaces is part of a larger social experiment. He's interrogating the very foundations that have traditionally held up the arts – in our region and beyond. Poking and prodding at that tired museum and gallery paradigm with his subversive spaces, Lundgren's work begs the question: Is there another way?

"I believe Seattle needs new art models that are sustainable and profitable," Lundgren says. He rejects the notion that arts programs must rely on donations via the non-profit approach. Instead, for the last 20-odd years, Lundgren has been tossing up prototypes that are more akin to businesses than museums.

His latest venture, Museum of Museums, is housed in a 1946 NBBJ building on the east edge of the Swedish First Hill Campus. It's a project that's part museum, part art school, part concept store and part interactive fun house. MoM, as it's affectionately called, is Lundgren's proof-of-concept model that the future of art isn't a static, stoic museum fortress, but rather immersive experiences where people can see and feel something entirely unique – for the cost of admission.

"You have to create an experience that is visually rich," Lundgren explains. "People want to feel like they're a part of something."

Within these crumbling, transitory buildings, Lundgren has been busy crafting something different. Something that mirrors traditional gallery spaces, yet upsets and overturns that model with its very otherness. His is a proposition that Seattle can have a vibrant arts community, one where values are high and demand is even higher. To Lundgren, the power of these in-between places, where floors are rickety and support beams are exposed, is that they offer up spaces of radical possibility. Spaces where art has value and creativity has the legs to run free. It's a vision of Seattle that finds possibility in the past, just as it demands artistic experimentation in the present. It's a Seattle that I, for one, am hungry to live in.

*Museum of Museums will host a series of events starting in October and through the winter, with a grand opening planned for February 2020. Follow on Instagram @ momartseattle for updates.*

*Opposite page, top: Lundgren's current project, Museum of Museums, is located in a 1946 Swedish medical office building designed by NBBJ. The First Hill building sat vacant for years before Lundgren took over the lease. Photo by Greg Lundgren.*

*Opposite page, middle: Lundgren's "Out of Sight" exhibit, 2016, King Street Station. Photo by Rafael Soldi.*

*Opposite page, bottom: At Museum of Museums, Lundgren and his volunteers removed over 85,000 pounds of construction waste. Photo by Greg Lundgren.*

# OUT ON A LIMN: SPACE-TIME IN A PLURAL WORLD

**By John Parman**

John Parman is a Berkeley-based writer and co-founder of *Design Book Review* (1983-2002).

(Thanks to Vasilina Orlova, a Ph.D. candidate in Anthropology at the University of Texas, Austin. For details on her work on the village of Anosovo, see www.vasilinaorlova.com)

Since 2006, the anthropologist Vasilina Orlova has studied a “new village” in the orbit of Irkutsk in Siberia, in an area that was transformed by the Bratsk Dam, the largest infrastructure project ever undertaken by the Soviet Union. Anosovo, founded in the 1600s, was one of many villages that was moved and rebuilt in the 1960s when the vast reservoir created by the hydroelectric dam subsumed the Angara River, part of an effort to industrialize this area of Siberia.

Orlova’s fieldwork reveals why villagers in Anosovo choose to remain there despite better prospects elsewhere. Nostalgia in this context is a complex emotion, caught up in what amounts to a utopian vision of a Soviet-Siberian future that didn’t work out, yet remains present in the village’s decaying infrastructure and alive with affect for the cohort that experienced it. Attached to the outer world by a weekly ferry and dodgy web service, these aging residents still identify with a cause larger than themselves – a collective endeavor so significant that the poet Yevtushenko felt moved to celebrate it in his epic poem, “Bratsk Dam.” That it failed, that Anosovo lives in its aftermath, abandoned by the Russian Federation, is incidental to the solidarity of purpose the villagers once experienced, of which every fragment is a reminder.

Orlova’s grandfather was one of the village’s pioneers, drowning when his bulldozer fell through the ice of the diverted Angara River. She too is tied to it. Orlova writes movingly about the arc of her life – from a late-Soviet childhood through the unfolding stages of the post-Soviet era. She argues that the Soviet “collapse” is ongoing. As her dissertation fieldwork demonstrates, the promise of the postwar Soviet Union – its utopian vision – also continues. This exemplifies Walter Benjamin’s idea of *now-time*, the term he coined to suggest the fluid, layered character of experienced life in which fragments of the past and future mingle with a liminal present.

In his early book, *Time & The Art of Living*, Robert Grudin made the point that time shares qualities with space. We can shape time, he argues, but we rarely do so, treating it as a separate medium in which we happen to find ourselves. Living in space-time as we do, we fail to see time’s currents work for and against us, so we miscalculate, navigating life haphazardly.

Thwarted and finally hounded to death by his opponents, Benjamin struggled to realize his remarkable projects while keeping a roof over his head. His modus vivendi within space-time was to improvise in the face of resistance and reversals. He was guided in this by his insights into time and a synthetic sense of the world around him that resembled what the Dōgen scholar Hee-Jin Kim calls a radical nonduality: a refusal to divide life arbitrarily into categories, especially where time is concerned. Modernity, Benjamin determined, could be traced back from 1930s Paris to Baudelaire, a proto-modern flâneur in the city’s 19th-century arcades. It took a mind like his to grasp that the arcades contained the history of an entire era, but did so as an archive of fragments that successive generations would have to take up anew and reconsider.

All of this is prologue to the thought that liminal space-time is our natural habitat or human condition. Cities, buildings, dwellings and products ground us in the illusion of something to be bridged, an in-between stage like trading bedclothes for street clothes. The landscape architect Linda Jewell noted to me that plants are in constant flux. It’s all in flux, in reality, but we imagine otherwise. Time unfolds and we lose sight of the fact that we’re unfolding with it.

Everything we do is ephemeral, yet one irony of Benjamin’s life is that, despite everything, most of his work still exists because others managed to preserve it. Even the Nazis, after they seized the contents of his Berlin apartment, couldn’t bring themselves to destroy them. All that seems forever lost is the suitcase he had with him at Port-Bou when he killed himself. Even this will surface, my daughter believes. Our lives and works are ephemeral, yet resilient.

In *New Investigations in Collective Form*, the first in a new California College of the Arts book series, Neeraj Bhatia quotes from Hannah Arendt’s *The Human Condition.*

“Human plurality, the basic condition of both action and speech, has the twofold character of equality and distinction. If men were not equal, they could neither understand each other and those who came before them nor plan for the future and foresee the needs of those who will come after them. If men were not distinct, each human being distinguished from any other who is, was, or will be, they would need neither speech nor action to make themselves understood.”

I was struck by this. We live at a time when to be cosmopolitan in this local-global sense is to run risks. What’s breaking down as the world shifts to regional parity is a willingness, as individuals and as societies, to be understood by others and to acknowledge “each human being distinguished” in our speech and actions. The root of this, as Arendt noted, is our unwillingness to admit our equality – we might say, our radical equality – with others, which takes human distinctiveness as a desirable given, the essence of our humanity.

Arendt’s ideal of human pluralism seems almost crazily optimistic in the current climate of rising tribalism. Yet, we see traces of it in movements like Hong Kong and Moscow’s street protests against nationalist authoritarianism, in the Green New Deal, and in high school students’ politically-aware push for gun control and an end to the threat of mass extinction.

Her ideal suggests that Seattle is the equal of every other city-region and yet, distinct from them. These differences are crucial to understanding and being understood, and *ARCADE*’s allegiance to them – its hyper-local focus – speaks to the dilemmas and responsibilities of the liminal city.

The dilemmas center on a misunderstanding of the local and liminal present that unfolds with no real sense of its past and future. The responsibilities center on our awareness that we are all citizens of the cosmos now, living in a space-time – *now-time* – that’s open at both ends.

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# FERTILE GROUND: PERFORMANCE IN THE SPACE BETWEEN ART AND ARCHITECTURE

**By Jocelyn Beausire**

Jocelyn Beausire is a Seattle-based performance artist, designer, and spatial researcher, originally from the Midwest. Her work has been featured by Base, On The Boards, Table and Chairs, and as a resident artist with La Wayaka Current in Coyo, Chile and ChaNorth Residency in Pine Plains, NY. She is most comfortable around cows.

**“Draw a line and follow it.” – La Monte Young**

Am I tied to the ground, or just to the idea of owning it. To the idea of putting something on it, in it. This ownership is perpetuated and reborn by each generation. I am an artifact of my ancestors and I must relearn my relationship to place, draw a line and follow it. Drag a line and it follows you, stops you from drawing further. The weight of a line. The arbitrariness of geometry, boundaries, fences. My body leaves a fence but it is not truly left, it is bound to me and I to it. There is no avoiding authorship in ownership. There is no objectivity in real estate. The distance wears me, I am less dense and more fallible than the division. It consumes me. The owners of this land wanted a fence so they did not have to see the other side. – Artist statement, (real)estate, 2019

Fences serve as both boundary and threshold. As threshold, they mark a change in knowing, an understanding (often forced) between people that may not otherwise be visible on the land. People create fences not to have impact on the land, but to have impact on other people. One can have impact on the land without delineating it from its neighbor, but people want to understand the neighbor’s limits to feel authorship and ownership over what they create.

As boundary, a fence marks the limit of understanding. A mark of one side knowing the other and wanting to keep the other side ignorant and at distance. In this, a fence can mean this land is mine, that is yours. It can mean I have something I need to keep in. It can also mean I have something I need to keep out. But in all of these definitions, the voice defining the meaning comes from the fence builder. By all definitions, a fence implies a division of knowledge and of ownership – by an individual, a group, an authority, a country. In the simplest sense, a fence makes one place two.

But in building a fence, the boundary or threshold becomes its own entity, its own place. It too is made of materials owned by a single party, but it is trying to imply a void. If it is demarcating ownership, who owns the liminal space on which it is built? In this way, a fence makes one place three.

I am a performance artist whose work researches interstitial spaces. My practice itself exists in the space between art and design – a space which is often discussed and crossed, but not often lived in. My practice incorporates my training in architecture and music in an ongoing investigation of how spaces within our bodies, between our bodies, and within our external environments impact our concepts of self and identity. The space between notes dictates pitch and the space between (and within) buildings dictates form. The space between bodies dictates ownership, autonomy, and ideas of self. That these spaces are lumped together and categorized as “in-between” is an oversimplification – they all carry distinct meaning. They not only define, but are defined and differentiation by what they divide.

(real)estate addresses histories of place through the drawing of lines. Performed as a part of the ChaNorth Artist Residency in Pine Plains, New York, the piece positions my body as an extension of the third place, as the creator and destroyer of the fence. My body defines the fence path and the fence path defines (and destroys) me.

Over a quarter mile of land, I drag 27 four-foot-long wooden fence posts tied to my waist with red rope. I bought them at the local hardware store two days earlier and laid them on the floor of my kitchen as I dyed the rope. I cradled them and tied the rope around each end. As I drag, every five feet I stop and plant a post. I hammer it into the ground until it stands comfortably on its own, and I untie it from me. The rope waves in the wind, or hangs. I continue dragging the line until I cannot see the first post. Then I pause, I am an extension. I walk back.

(real)estate was created in response to place. The land on which I performed did not and does not belong to me or my ancestors. Originally, the Mahican people lived on the land, but did not apply ownership in the same sense.

The buildings on the residency property were originally built as part of a farm in the early 1800s, most likely by German immigrants. In the early 20th century, another smaller boarding house was built for the people who worked in the field. Apart from their field, the owners erected a fence on the property between the main house and the new worker housing – seven feet tall and wood slats. It was a fence built as boundary, so they did not have to see the other side, so there was no question of belonging or ownership. The people who built the fence owned and knew all three places created, including the in-between.

My performance drew a line from the doorway of the adapted worker housing in which I had been living, into the field where the people had worked. I owned none of the land on which I performed. Instead, the land and what I built owned me. My actions reactivated the history, even if the audience did not know of it. I unearthed actions and colored them with my identity – small, young, white, female, a foreign body on the land. The fence I created was only the thinnest idea of one. It was see-through, held nothing in, kept nothing out. In isolating its liminality, in making the division vulnerable and in tying it to my body, its arbitrariness and basis in humans, not land, was revealed.

Fences are very much a live topic in current events. From physical fences keeping some people in neighborhoods and some people out, to fences holding some people in prisons and others in cages, to (need I mention it) the large fence on our southern border, which some believe should be larger – the news is rife with boundary-making. These liminal spaces, and the people and groups who own and create them, are suddenly of concern to everyone. Conversations in coffee shops are sprouting about whether the space between places is a place in itself. Not only are these news items putting the built environment on the forefront of the collective conscious, but they are also pointing out questions that need to be asked and answered, even in other contexts. It has the general public interrogating their environment and those who build it about ownership, authorship, access and the right to place.

I look forward to performing (real)estate again. It will be different when I perform it in the Pacific Northwest. Here, the land was divided up almost a hundred years later and it holds a fresh memory of before-fences. Here is a place where the land was promised and parceled out by an independent nation. It was an expression of distance, a place to which the country expanded, and to which people traveled. The fences served as manifestation of promise, as a direct message to those who lived there already and those who would follow. A point in time, as well as a point in space. My performance serves as a way for me to unearth, understand, and reveal place in an engaged, present, personal way, and it is important to perform it in a place I consider home.

In addition to dividing one half of the field from the other, the fence I drew divided the sky and ground. It divided the trees from the road. It divided the before-performance from the after. It divided me from my audience in moments, and in others, it contained us together.

My work exists in liminality – in the space between art and design. Similarly to fences, the in-between space defines and is defined by the fields. In this sense, my work and other inter- and transdisciplinary work are inherently both reactive and catalytic. And like fences, to consider them as between only two places is simply a product of perspective.

A fence in reality can create more than two, or even three, places. What I realized through my research and performance was that the fence divided as many things as it was perceived to – the lens dictated the division. Similarly, transdisciplinary work divides and is defined by more than just two fields. Space is full of potential and in flowing between fields transdisciplinary practice is activated and can draw in other influences – philosophy, music, psychology, environmental science, human biology. Where boundaries can attempt to maintain the purity of strictly field-adherent practice, they are permeable and meaningful when it comes to defining the space between.

*Top: Photo by Sofie Kjorum Austlid.*

*Bottom: Photo by Brigitta Varadi.*

*Opposite page: Photo by Sofie Kjorum Austlid.*

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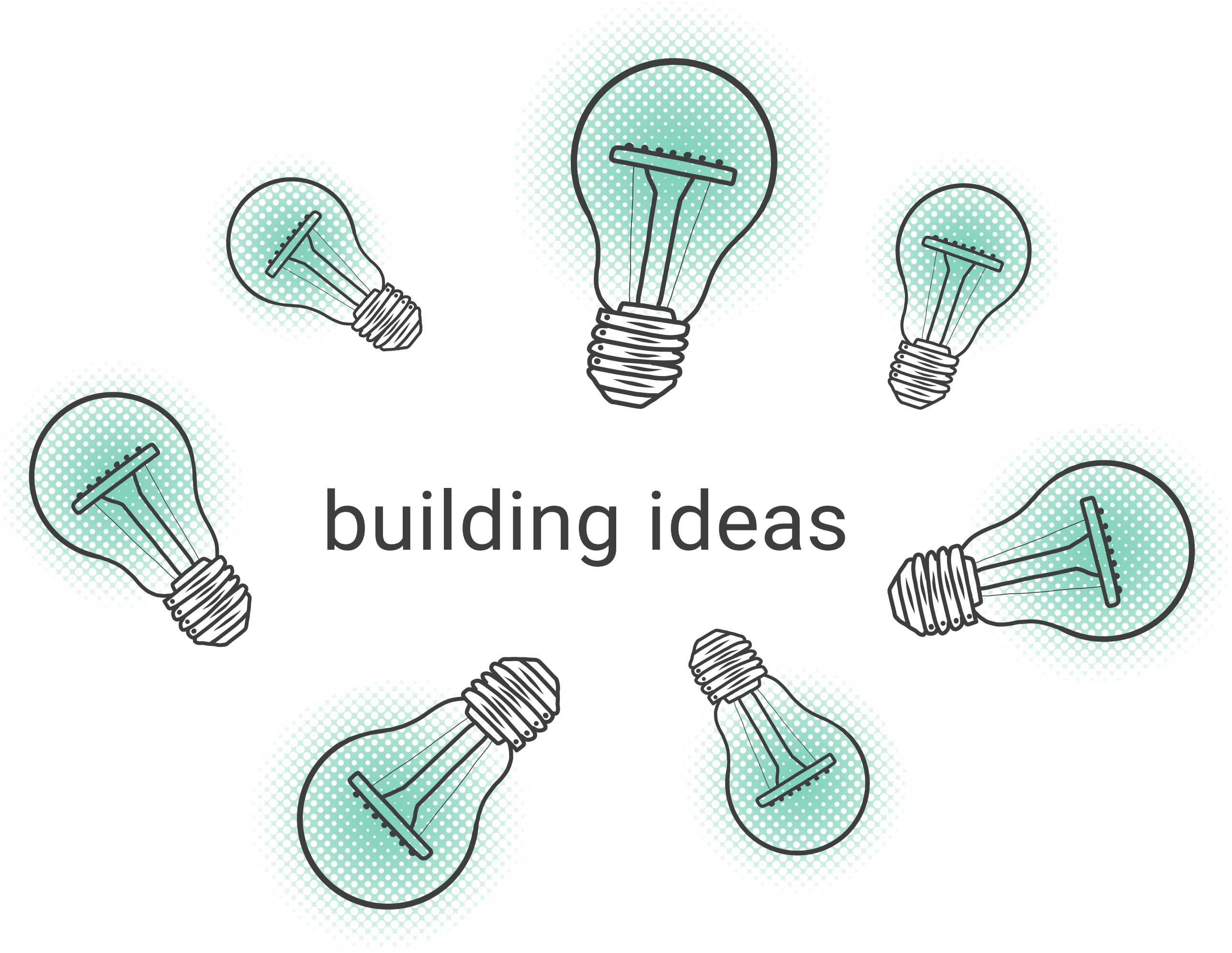

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# IF ANOTHER PERSON SAVES YOUR LIFE, IT WILL PROBABLY BE A STRANGER

**By Nathan Vass**

Nathan Vass is an artist, filmmaker, photographer, and author by day, and a Metro bus driver by night, where his community-building work has been showcased on TED, NPR, The Seattle Times, KING5 and landed him a spot on Seattle Magazine' s 2018 list of the 35 Most Influential People in Seattle. His work can be found at www.nathanvass.com.

I remember it quite clearly. Late winter on a weeknight, drizzly and dark. I was riding in the passenger seat of a small two-door car, Allison's, my ladyfriend of the time. She was driving. We were eastbound on 45th, approaching University Way and looking for dinner, hoping to turn right. Forty-fifth is a four-lane road at that point; we were in lane one, the right lane. Up ahead at the stop bar, in lane two, stood a semi-trailer truck with its emergency flashers on. Our pathway to turn right was clear, but it looked narrow, what with the large truck on the left and the trees and sidewalk on the right. We stopped a bit behind the semi while remaining in our lane. What was he going to do? The traffic light was a stale green, and we let it cycle out. Maybe the truck was going to attempt a wide right, or back up, or something.

After a full cycle, nothing had changed. The semi was still sitting there in the left lane, with its four-ways on, motionless. The light was now green.

We began to drive forward.

We snuck quietly by, the way you tiptoe past a sleeping giant. We were getting through, almost, about to make to make our right turn. Soon we would be clear.

Except we would never be clear. That moment would never arrive, because now the truck was a moving shape, simultaneously fast and slow, a beast awakened and angling into us, with force. I do not remember sound. There was only the inexorable quality of this massive object, a figure in your dreams coming closer, governed by laws outside your understanding; the kind you know you can't escape.

The truck's trailer now, filling our vision from the left, a mass of aluminum cast in sodium streetlamp orange. He was also turning right onto University Way, whether or not we mattered. Allison's little car didn't stand a chance. I wanted to tell her to honk, to really lay on it, but the moment was too large. In times of extremity we are reduced to children, awestruck by the strange and terrible newness of it all.

Here is her car on the sidewalk, tires forced sideways, the trailer forcing us up and over the curb, me briefly wondering is that even possible, is this something that can happen. We are on the corner, with the moving semi-trailer on the left and a steel utility pole on the right. The car is getting smaller now, scrunching together but without sound, as the truck continues pushing in from our left and the utility pole stands firm on the right. I remember Allison's hair, lit by the light of the drugstore opposite, her hands on a now-useless steering wheel, a frantic question in the darkness. My passenger side door is crumpling, and I notice my seat is becoming smaller...

People are beginning to stare.

The ever-moving crowd is slowing. I register still figures in my periphery. But against that stasis, one of them, a middle-aged woman, is running out there. Hers is the only voice I can hear, screaming, clapping her hands at the truck driver, her arms making big waves as she races in front of his gigantic vehicle. She is a homeless woman, steadfastly planting herself in the truck's path and yelling at him, pointing at us. She's thinking about our lives, not hers.

Only then did the truck stop. Allison checked if I was okay, then immediately got out to ask if the truck driver was alright. Wow, I remember thinking. What a tremendous soul she is. These are the sorts of giants I learn from.

I stepped out of the vehicle slowly. We three involved were uninjured. Allison and the truck driver and the homeless woman were talking. People were pointing. The time for rapt staring was over, and the period of gesticulated arguments was underway. I wandered slowly, stopping often. Hands in my pockets, walking with legs that worked. I was alive.

The crowd would ask what happened, or was I okay, but I was somewhere far away. I looked instead up beyond all this noise, noticing the age of the upper stories of the buildings. Look at those windblown structures in the night. How long had they been here? Objects and neon standing tall against the indigo sky, unmoved by something as small as the human drama down below. Something about their timelessness comforted me.

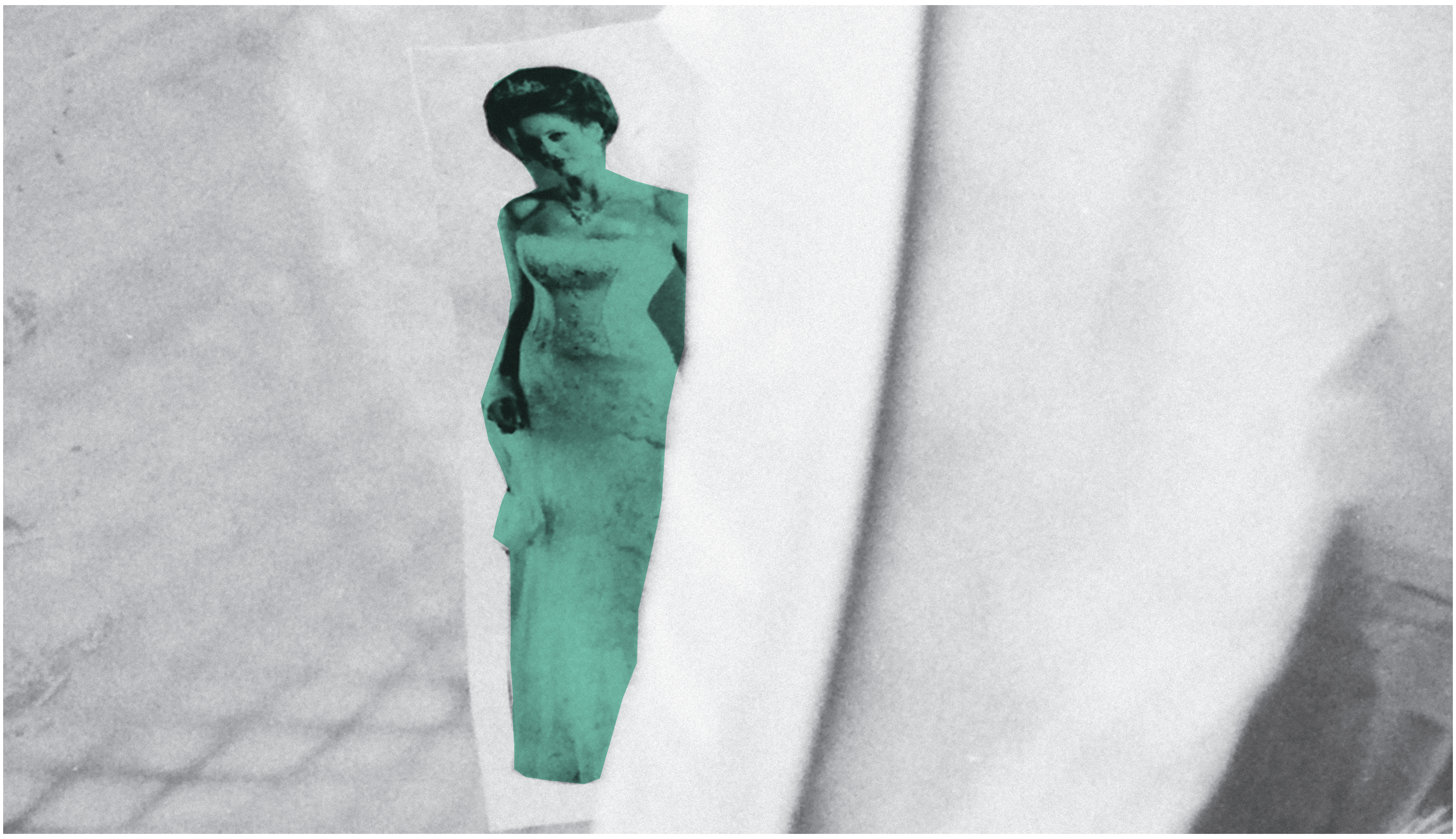
Where was the homeless woman? I needed to thank her. I was still walking because of her decisions and nothing else. Her life had offered a half-century's worth of experiences which collectively led her to react as she did, to think this was the right and necessary thing to do. I was immeasurably thankful for everything that made her who she was.

But she was already disappearing into the crowd. I returned to that intersection often afterwards, looking at the faces lining the sidewalk, hoping to see her again and thank her. What did she look like? The face was receding from memory already. I can still see the figure though, to this day fresh behind my closed eyes, a spirit who cares for others without thinking.

It's been years since that night. I still think about her, rushing into the street. I wonder sometimes, in the intervening years, if I've run into her without realizing it. It's even possible we've spoken. If we have, I hope I have been kind. There are strangers to whom I owe my presence in this fragile life. There are people and other episodes too personal to mention, and if by a twist of fate you come upon this magazine, know I am forever grateful. I've heard the homeless on the Ave described as lowlifes, hobos, garbage, sewer rats, gutter trash, wastes of space, losers, parasites, bums, bloodsuckers, scumbags, dope fiends, gritters, grifters, and indigents.

I'd like to add another name: angels

*Photo by Nathan Vass*



# HIGH WATER PANTS: INTERSECTIONS OF EVERYDAY CYCLING AND CLIMATE CHANGE

**By Heidi Biggs**

Heidi Biggs is a designer and researcher who recently earned a Master of Design from the University of Washington's School of Art + Art History + Design's. She is interested in research-through-making practices to explore alternative avenues in human computer interaction design.

The High Water Pants were the culmination of my master of design thesis. They are a pair of mechatronic pants designed for cyclists that dynamically shorten in areas of Seattle predicted to be impacted by sea level rise due to climate change in the future. This creates a subtle tactile cue for the cyclists as they ride, allowing future climate change data to overlay present experiences and leave room for open-ended speculation about what cycling will be like as sea levels rise.

**Climate Change is Hard to Feel**

This project stems from a personal place: I've been a cyclist in Seattle for the past 13 years – a practice which started as a pragmatic transportation solution and became a lifestyle, forming parts of my community and identity. It was quite alarming then, when Seattle's air quality was dramatically impacted by forest fire smoke the past few summers. I noticed more and more cyclists donning particulate masks and I wondered when I would have to embrace this new bike gear or risk damaging my lungs. All of a sudden, it seemed like cycling, this previously carefree pursuit, might become more fraught as climate change began to escalate.

I realized how uniquely vulnerable cyclists are to the impact of climate change as they are exposed to the elements on a daily basis. Some of the promises of climate change like hotter days in summer, heavier rain events and increased forest fires seem to be manifesting , but it's hard to know concretely due to the generational scale of climate change and the natural variability of weather. For this reason, I set out to make a tool to help cyclists (myself included) tangibly understand how they will intersect with climate change.

To design this tool, I started by attempting to understand cyclists' existing knowledge of Seattle's weather and climate, as well as their thoughts about climate change. Speaking with cyclists, I discovered they have a rich sensorial and embodied understanding of the seasons: they commented on smelling lilacs in spring, riding closer to the lake in the summer, the dehumidified and "moldy fresh" air of fall and the complexity of riding in cold, wet and dark Seattle winters. However, when asked if they had noticed symptoms of climate change in their commute over time, they often couldn't point to concrete examples. When asked how they felt about climate change, they expressed hopelessness and frustration. Cyclists felt that having an impact on climate change seemed, "out of their hands" in the face of systemic disregard.

These conversations helped me realize two things: first, climate change is hard to feel at the scale of everyday life due to the natural variation in Seattle's weather patterns and the fact that climate change contributes to and exacerbates weather systems over generational time scales. Second, narratives about climate change are often overwhelming and hard to verify through personal experience. This led to my creation of the High Water Pants, a pair of speculative, cycling pants that "bend time," overlaying future data about climate change over present experiences of cycling through tactile cues, to allow for comparison between what is and what will be at a perceptible scale. This action can help cyclists tangibly experience their intersections with climate change at a local and personal scale as they ride around Seattle wearing the High Water Pants.

**Making Climate Change Tangible for Cyclists: High Water Pants**

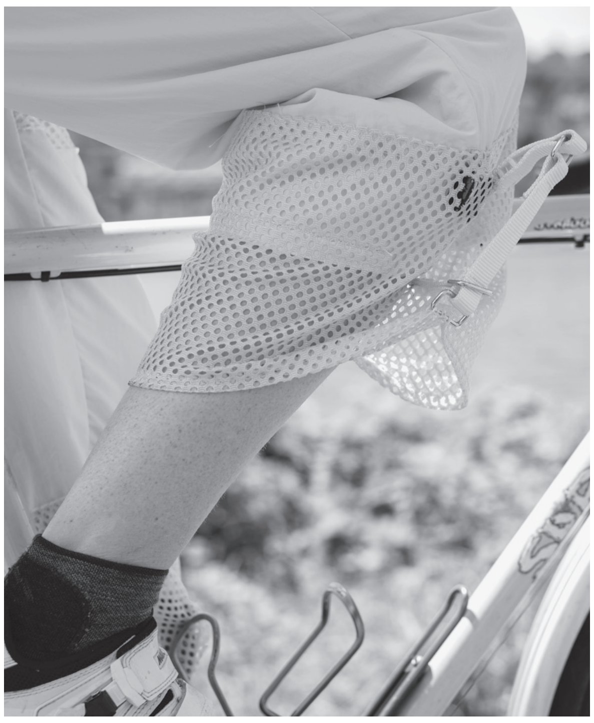
When sifting through various predictions about climate change and its local impacts on the Pacific Northwest, I discovered that due to Seattle's proximity to coastal lands, the city (and its cyclists) are going to be directly impacted by chronic flooding and inundation from high tides and heavy rains as sea levels rise. Therefore, the High Water Pants are named after the colloquial term for pants that end above the ankle, jokingly associated with a coming flood. The threat of sea level rise is prescient but slow: major impacts won't be felt for another 30 to 80 years as sea level is projected to rise 10 inches by 2050 and 28 inches by 2100 by moderate estimates . The longer-term scale of sea level rise made speculative design an ideal tactic for the pants, since speculative design seeks to imagine alternative presents or near futures.

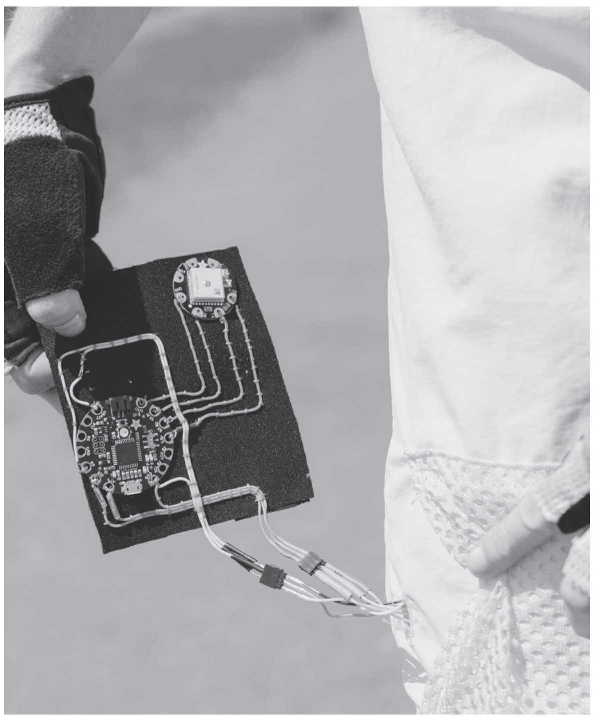
The High Water Pants work by mechanically shortening the legs of the pants within areas of Seattle that will be impacted by sea level rise in the future giving cyclists a tactile signal when they enter a future sea-level impact zone. Using NOAA's Sea Level Rise Viewer and Seattle Public Utilities Sea Level Rise Map as references, I defined areas that represent future sea level rise impact zones. As a cyclist rides into those areas, the pants actuate in real-time using live GPS information.

Beyond the mechanical and computational functioning of the pants, they also require cyclists' personal history as a base for speculation. As noted earlier, through cycling, cyclists come to intimately understand place. They have insights about topography, landmarks, microclimates and scenic cycling destinations. The experience of wearing and feeling future-data unfolds geographically. While riding, memories and understandings mesh with this new information, forming a personalized, local, speculative future. Ultimately, the pants bridge the territory between present and future, bending time to mediate the generational scales of climate change. They offer a way to be with possible futures, open avenues for cyclists to reflect on their entanglements within a changing climate and imagine scenarios for cyclists set in a climate-changed future.

*The author would like to thank the UW School of Art +Art History + Design and UW DXARTS departments for their support. They would also like to recognize the help of Audrey Desjardins, Aftoditi Psarra, Guillaume Mauger, and Jason Germany.*

*Photos by Ioan Butiu.*





# INCOMING + FORTNIGHT

**Fiction by Julianne Ortale**

Julianne Ortale's stories appeared in Alaska Quarterly, PEN Foundation's The Rattling Wall, and many others. She co-authored, with Samantha Dunn, the short fiction anthology, Women on the Edge: Writing from Los Angeles. She lives on Bainbridge Island working as a process editor for writers of all genres.

**Photo essay by Jesi Munson**

Jesi Munson is the florist behind Flowerfolk Design. Her work has been featured at events across Washington. Recently, she has begun to experiment to found blooms and things growing on the roadside.

This is what flowers do. They grow and grow until they break their necks. Or somebody lops off their heads for being beautiful. Or somebody eats them for lunch. Mostly, petals simply grow heavy and begin to turn. They are falling, as shadows are, for a long time. The girl walking home from middle school on the day of the terrorist bomb threat,with fear still singing in her bones, gathers blossoms, big and heavy and wet. Oxana collects a whole raft of peony, lily, magnolia, cyclamen, thinking, a pocketful of posies, ashes, ashes, we all fall down. Childhood sing-songs are often disquieting. She twists and tears blossom heads from their limbs thinking Poesy, the name of her friend, a name she will give her own daughter one day. Oxana is an 8th grade girl on the cusp of high school, who, crossing the threshold of her apartment building, feels she too is a threshold as all bodies are – a place where spirit meets matter and crosses from one space into another.

And as she comes inside she carries her bouquet, holding onto it as if it were a lifeboat, crushing her face into its thick wet scent that gives and gives and buoys her as her hands tremble and she cannot feel her feet.
Her feet slap the foyer tiles as she nears the self-appointed concierge's desk, where a woman with fake nails and fake hair sits at her folding table in her folding chair. The girl makes a sound, a caught and gasping inhale, the flowers' sweet, vital essence filling her hungry nostrils. And her exhale, part cough, part terror – the woman is eyeing the girl as if she too has just been unmoored – by the sound of the girl's lungs, and shoes and the flowers' fleshy heads shrieking scents that shock them both.

Fragrance undulates into the room, a glorious defiance. The girl shudders so hard the concierge feels it slither under her own skin.

"Are you alright?" she asks. Della is her name. Della with the big face, a woman with a man's voice. How they've nodded to each other cordially every afternoon for a fortnight and there is now a comfort in it. Oxana – stands thinking of things that make her feel safe – like the sound of her apartment door unlatched, opening, saying, "Yes, I am yours." And the lock clicking shut, and the feel of the brass chain slipping into the brass slider above it. The deadbolt saying, "Just us, family, albeit we don't live alone do we?"

The flowers hold the girl and the whole of the lobby while she holds Della's gaze and is flooded by all the small things that make a space sacred...like the thud of her mother's work bag on the entry bench after her hospital shift and her nurse shoes nestled in the boot tray empty as mouths...the sound of Mrs. Nakata through the wall calling for her cat...sneaking out at midnight to play chess with the widower, Dr. Stanton, who repairs to the lobby to meet other insomniacs...the smell of Mr. Ping frying squid, a scent spreading like oily ink beneath his doorway into the hall...and the pianist who is always up late, door ajar, filling his glass with scotch as his record player leaks Bach and Arvo Pärt...moments filled with presence and portent. The petals and perfume we drink in big drafts of sweetness. Like summer nights finding Poesy standing in the courtyard in a circle of light.

Della asks her again, "Ms. Oxana, is everything alright?" The girl, still clutching her bouquet for dear life. How Principal Corsetti quavered over the intercom, "...nearest exit, run." Is everything alright? Standing...holding... receiving...grieving. With all her might. Saying, "Yes, it is, it will be."

*Photos were taken over a 14-day period in September 2019 with an iPhone. Flower materials used to make the bouquet were all leftover from an event, on their way to the compost heap.*

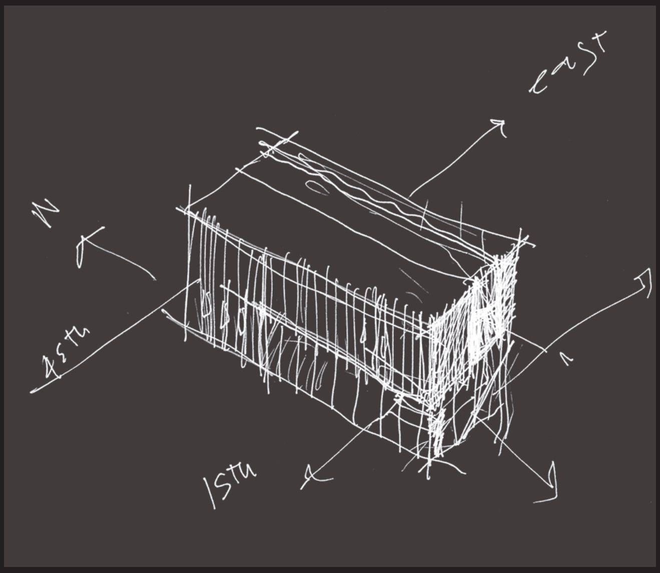
# BURKE

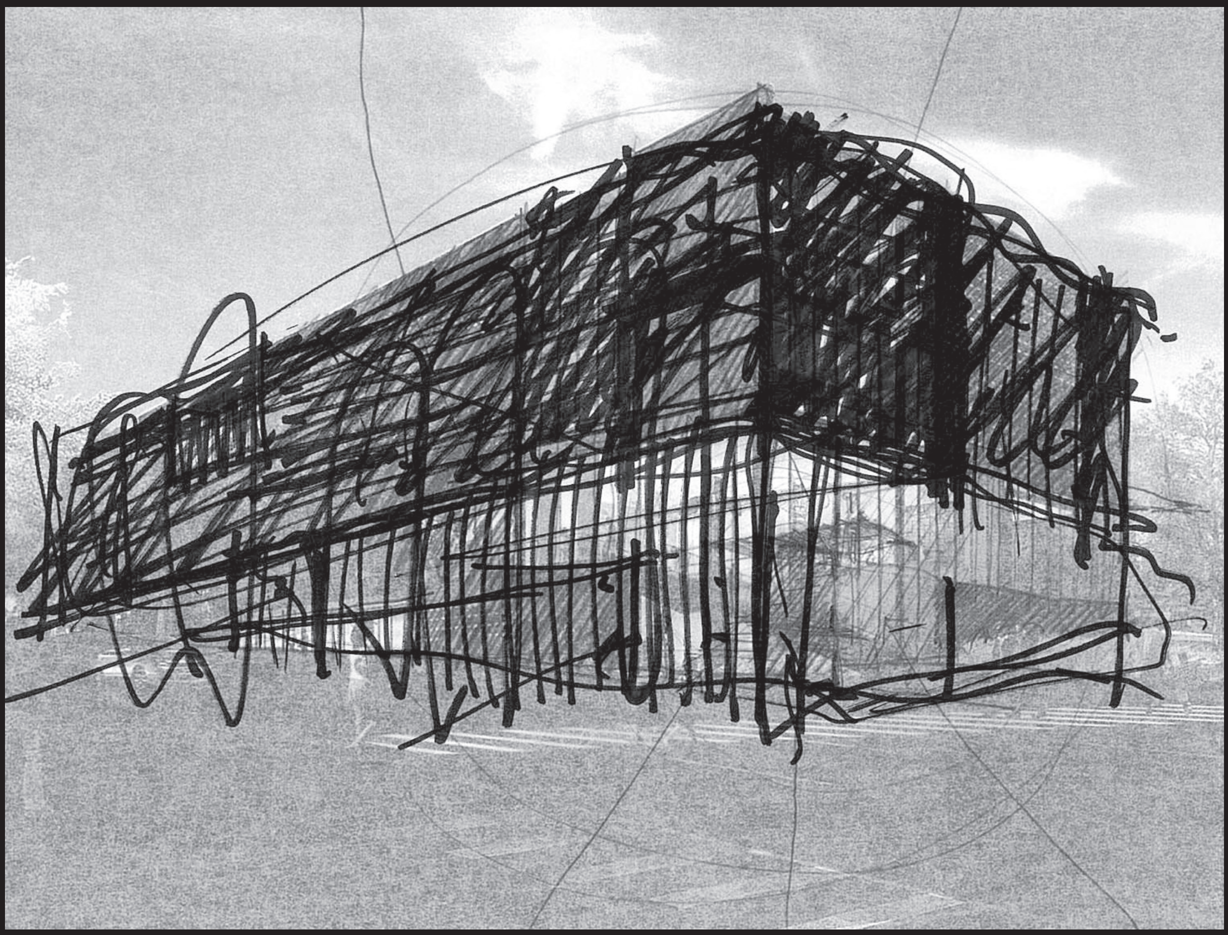
## Between Here and There in Four Parts

# THE BURKE MUSEUM: A NEW MODEL

**By Tom Kundig, FAIA, RIBA**

Tom is an owner and design principal of Olson Kundig in Seattle. Most recently, Tom was awarded the AIA Seattle Medal of Honor as well as a Distinguished Alumni Award from the University of Washington.





Our collaboration with the Burke Museum of Natural History & Culture began over ten years ago. The goal was always for the architecture to serve as a porous membrane – between inside and outside, and between visitors and the collections research happening within. We wanted a museum that was inviting to the public and would share the scientific research that had previously been hidden behind closed doors.

In many ways, the design of the Burke explores an evolutionary model for research museums. It breaks down barriers between public and "back-of-house" spaces, integrating collections and research labs with traditional galleries to encourage visitors to engage with the process of scientific discovery in a true working museum. The Burke holds over 16 million objects from all the different 'ologies' – biology, geology, paleontology, ornithology and more. The new visitor experience is something like a real-life Google search.

In her original brief, Executive Director Julie Stein outlined two parallel agendas for the new building: it should be transparent and inviting, while at the same time, it needed to provide protection for fragile artifacts and flexible storage for the Burke's ever-growing collections – agendas that appear to run counter to one another. It's a classic yin and yang situation: there should be porosity, yet there also needs to be protection and archival storage. To respond to these two agendas, the architecture takes a backseat, occupying a quiet, liminal space supporting the mission of the Burke.

The building is intentionally simple in form, and flexible. It can expand, morph and change as technology changes and as the Burke's collection continues to grow. The strategy is something like Swiss cheese – we've poked holes into different parts and pieces of the museum to reveal what's happening inside and through it, while retaining opaque, protected areas for the most sensitive pieces in the collection. It's a new way of approaching museum design, one that intersects the rational and the poetic, just as the Burke's ever-growing collection does.

*Above: Sketch by Tom Kundig, FAIA, RIBA, Olson Kundig*
*Left: Photograph by Nic Lehoux*

# INSIDE

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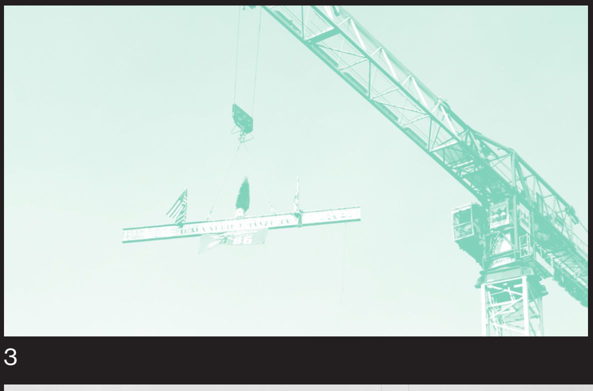
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As an Indigenous person, I constantly live in a realm of liminal space. Between what was and what will be.

At the Burke Museum, it has been an energetically open time as we transition to the new museum. Our staff and community members are visiting collections that haven't been seen for a very long time, but their presence has always been known. We have been clearing out negative energy to provide a safe space for Indigenous peoples, a space of conversation for our college students, youth and our elders who remember.

We've also changed the voice of the stakeholders in the museum. Expanding cultural practices comes from listening to communities and translating that into action for healing, into the activation of living culture and into the action of creativity. Tribes are bringing cultural practices off reservations and into the museum. We are not talking about Indigenous peoples as part of the past – the emphasis is on "thriving and alive."

Our Native American Advisory Board is a critical part of our partnership with Indigenous communities. They've provided amazing guidance and consultation for us in this process from the old museum to the new. The Blessing of the Hands Ceremony was a Burke-specific gift from the Native American Advisory Board and elders. It honors the new conversation – the new relationship – that has grown through the new museum coming to life.

The staff and volunteers have such care, concern and love for all of the natural and cultural objects in the museum; the elders wanted to create a ceremony to help care for the people of the Burke, in the same way we honor and take care of ourselves personally.

At the first Blessing of the Hands, Tribal elders offered a cedar brushing to acknowledge the commitment of the Burke community as we began to move the collections from the old building to the new. All of the staff and volunteers at the Burke were so open to receiving the Blessing of the Hands. Each person was brushed with cedar collected from trees at the University of Washington, dipped in water from Clark Creek near Puyallup.

The ceremony provided love. It provided spiritual care from the elders, the cedar and the spring water. We all came together as a community, standing and acknowledging the journey through transitional spaces ahead. It was a breath of calmness, with a crescendo of, "We're going to get through this, it's going to be okay." And when we got to that angst and pinnacle of anxiety during the move, we called the elders and we did it again. From when we first started to move the collections to when we all moved into our new offices, the elders came in to help us be physically present and prepare for each part.

Elders have not only guided us through transition to a new building, but also to a new outdoor space. The Snoqualmie Tribe partnered with the Burke's Native American Advisory Board to lead a plant blessing at

# OUT

**By Polly Olsen**

Polly Olsen is an enrolled member of The Confederated Tribes and Bands of Yakama Nation. She is the tribal liaison for the Burke Museum. She focuses on tribal relationships, cultural practices within the museum and other priorities designated by Tribal and Burke leaders.

**Change Captured**
Photo essay by the Burke Museum.

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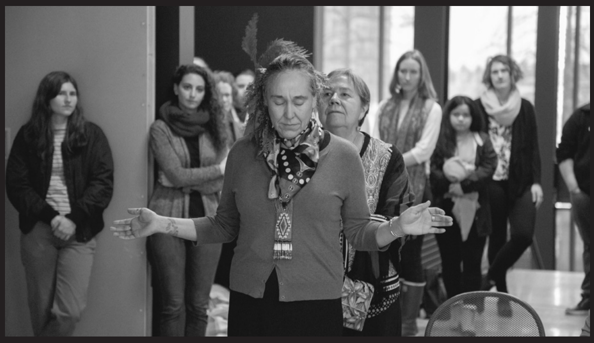
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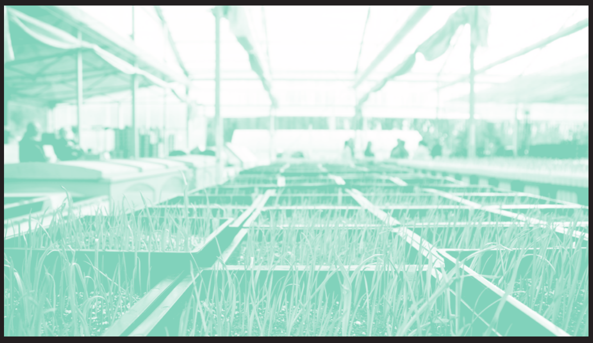
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OPENING OCTOBER 12
BURKE
20

The Burke opened its new building on October 12, 2019.

*Photo essay captions and credits are on the following page.*

Oxbow Farm & Conservation Center in Carnation, Washington, who are growing and caring for the seedlings before they're planted in the New Burke landscape. The blessing provided a chance to bring the spirit and voice to the landscape as well. It's a living gallery where the colonial use of a garden can transition. For Native people, the plants are our foods. Seeing baby seedlings of huckleberries and other species in our living food traditions, opened our eyes to the life cycles of these culture-bearing plants. It's a different relationship with the landscape, and we can now have a deeper conversation about stewardship and the environment through the incredible native plants that welcome you to the Burke.

This time of transition has also opened up the ability to incorporate Indigenous languages into exhibit interpretation. The Puget Sound language Lushootseed is included as quotes in both culture and biology exhibits labels and Native perspectives of natural history are being included as well. It's provided us the opportunity to ask elders for an old story about the eruption of Mount Saint Helens and the greater impact of the removal of the lower Elwha Dam, which allows the Lower Elwha Tribe to access old food systems and gathering places again. In addition to the Lushootseed language, over 120 Indigenous languages are included in exhibit labels with these community perspectives at the forefront of the visitor experience.

This experience provides the opportunity for our Indigenous stakeholders to ask different questions and conduct different research by utilizing not just the cultural objects, but the paleontology and biology collections as well. We're expanding further into the interconnectedness between people and nature. There is a wealth of resources within the Burke to look at: shells, plants, mammals, etc. The New Burke brings in a new way of engaging in research that goes both ways, between scientists conducting fieldwork, and Tribes who have scientists and elders to consult.

What does the future bring us? It's huge. It's huge to take on the concept of inside-out. It's huge, the impact of what this moment of transition will be. It's going to change how all Indigenous peoples enter the museum, how we as Indigenous peoples view museums before we come in and how we are going to be received by museum staff.

A traditional museum mindset is, "You can't touch that, even if it's your grandparent's basket." With the New Burke, our frame is, "Let's provide space to hear your story, and we're glad you're here." This has been the way the Burke has welcomed Indigenous peoples for decades, but it's going to be more visible now. Not through gawking of onlookers, but of the new nature of the inside-out experience.

The opportunity of the new museum is a moment of change. We're changing our relationships. We're changing our access to the public, to the communities, to researchers. We're changing our relationship with everyone.

## Inside Out
### Photo Essay Credits

**1** – *The first object brought into the New Burke is a pressed specimen collected from the large madrone (Arbutus Menziesii) that once grew on the site of the new museum. Burke staff collected a clipping of the plant and accessioned it into the Burke Herbarium collection. Three new trees have been planted to replace the madrone, and the wood was repurposed and used as paneling in the main entrance to the New Burke.* **Credit: Burke Museum**

**2** – *The Seattle Ironworkers Local 86 and Skanska crew celebrate the placement of the final steel beam on January 13, 2017. Ironworkers have carried out this tradition for years, as their skills make them the first to reach the pinnacle of a structure. Evergreen trees are placed on the beams, along with flags and other tokens. The "Topping Out" ceremony is often traced to the Scandinavian tradition of placing a tree atop a structure as a way to honor the materials and celebrate the building coming to life.* **Credit: Rachel Ormiston/Burke Museum**

**3** – *The Seattle Ironworkers Local 86 and Skanska crew celebrate the placement of the final steel beam on January 13, 2017. Ironworkers have carried out this tradition for years, as their skills make them the first to reach the pinnacle of a structure. Evergreen trees are placed on the beams, along with flags and other tokens. The "Topping Out" ceremony is often traced to the Scandinavian tradition of placing a tree atop a structure as a way to honor the materials and celebrate the building coming to life.* **Credit: Rachel Ormiston/Burke Museum**

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**5** – *Burke staff, volunteers, and donors celebrate the completion of the steel structure of the New Burke with their own decorated steel beam at a Topping Out ceremony on February 3, 2017.* **Credit: Rachel Ormiston/Burke Museum**

**6** – *Members of the Burke community watch as the decorated steel beam is lifted by a crane and placed on the completed steel structure of the New Burke on February 3, 2017. This Topping Out ceremony celebrates the completion of the steel structure, a long-standing tradition with ironworkers.*
**Credit: Rachel Ormiston/Burke Museum**

**7** – *Burke Museum Executive Director Dr. Julie K. Stein watches as the steel beam decorated by Burke staff, volunteers, and donors is lifted onto the completed steel structure of the New Burke.* **Credit: Rachel Ormiston/Burke Museum**

**8** – *Tribal elders from across Washington offered a cedar brushing ceremony to acknowledge the commitment of the Burke community during the move. Cedar holds significant importance for many regional tribal communities—it is unbreakable, water-resistant, bends with the winds and is believed to provide strength. Burke staff and volunteers and members of the New Burke construction crew came together for the ceremony on December 20, 2017.*
**Credit: Rachel Ormiston/Burke Museum**

**9** – *Plants are placed for the native plant garden designed by Seattle-based landscape architecture firm GGN (Gustafson Guthrie Nichol). The native plant garden will also feature a camas meadow, representing wild prairie lands that once covered much of Washington, but are now becoming increasingly rare.*
**Credit: Rachel Ormiston/Burke Museum**

**10** – *To prepare for the move to the New Burke, flat textiles are stored in map cases, inventoried and checked for condition, and the contents of the drawers are carefully packed. Here, move assistants return a Northern Athabascan red flannel beaded carrying bag to its permanent storage in the New Burke on July 30, 2018.*
**Credit: Rachel Ormiston/Burke Museum**

**11** – *Oversized specimens are organized and placed on shelves in the paleontology collections space on July 3, 2018.*
**Credit: Cathy Morris/BurkeMuseum**

**12** – *The paleontology collections space awaits the installation of compactors, moveable storage that will provide more room and climate-controlled safe storage space for specimens.* **Credit: Cathy Morris/BurkeMuseum**

**13** – *On December 5, 2018, tribal elders returned to the Burke—this time in the new facility—to offer a second Blessing of the Hands Ceremony acknowledging the commitment of the Burke community as we near the end of the move. Polly Olsen (Yakama), Burke Museum tribal liaison, participates in the cedar brushing ceremony.* **Credit: Cathy Morris/Burke Museum**

**14** – *Marilyn Wandry (Suquamish) brushes a Burke Museum staff member with cedar during the Blessing of the Hands Ceremony.*
**Credit: Cathy Morris/Burke Museum**

**15** – *Polly Olsen, Burke Museum tribal liaison, holds a bin containing cedar branches and water for the blessing.* **Credit: Cathy Morris/Burke Museum**

**16** – *Burke Museum Executive Director Dr. Julie K. Stein, along with Burke staff and volunteers, line up to celebrate moving the final object out of the former Burke Museum and into the new building on March 3, 2019. While the distance is relatively short (just 480 feet), packing and moving was a monumental effort lasting more than two years.* **Credit: Charissa Soriano/Burke Museum**

**17** – *Fossil: Courtesy of Washington State Parks and Recreation Commission – Sucia Island State Park. Burke Museum staff and volunteers carefully transport Washington state's first dinosaur fossil—the last object moved out of the former Burke Museum building and into the New Burke.*
**Credit: Charissa Soriano/Burke Museum**

**18** – *Plants for the Burke Museum's native plant collection are grown from seed at Oxbow Farm and Conservation Center in Carnation, Washington. Tribal elders, members of the Burke Museum community, and Oxbow Farm staff were present for a blessing ceremony at the farm on March 21, 2019.*
**Credit: Rachel Ormiston/BurkeMuseum**

**19** – *Camas sprouts need three to four years before they will bloom, so they were grown from seed by Oxbow Farm & Conservation Center beginning in 2016. Designed by Seattle-based landscape architecture firm GGN (Gustafson Guthrie Nichol), the New Burke landscape will feature a camas meadow.*
**Credit: Rachel Ormiston/Burke Museum**

**20** – *"We are very excited to open the doors of the new Burke Museum to the public the creation of this new museum is truly a community effort," Burke Museum Executive Director Dr. Julie K. Stein said. "We look forward to having a new building that serves as a gathering place for learning, research, and appreciation of cultures and the environment for generations to come."*
**Credit: Rachel Ormiston/BurkeMuseum**

# Q&A

## Q&A with Dr. Julie Stein

Dr. Julie K. Stein was appointed Executive Director of the Burke Museum of Natural History and Culture in 2005. Previously she served as the Museum's Curator of Archaeology. She also maintains a professor position in the Department of Anthropology at the University of Washington, and was Divisional Dean of Research, Computing, and Facilities for the College of Arts and Sciences.

ARCADE: Can you talk a little about how this project started?

Dr. Julie K. Stein: When I became executive director in 2005, I started inviting people to come for tours of the Burke [Museum]. They thought they were just going to see the galleries, but I would take them behind the scenes into the collections and the labs and workrooms. After about 20 minutes, they would inevitably say, "Oh my goodness, I had no idea this was all back here!" That led me to believe we had a responsibility to show people our collections, our research and our labs on a daily basis because I wanted everyone, not just people who knew me, to experience that wonder.

A: When you first started to dream up what the new Burke space would be, what were you hoping for?

JKS: We hired our amazing architect Tom Kundig of Olson Kundig in 2009. Beside showing the collections, workrooms and laboratories, I wanted to address what we heard from focus groups of people who don't like to come to museums. They said they are dark and people don't know how to move through them and get out. Over the last 10 years, Tom has embraced that vision and created something that exceeded anyone's expectations. The first thing he did was put a row of skylights in the middle of the building. He designed a building that is flexible, transparent and rational – and it is so beautiful.

A: Even under the best conditions, change is never easy. Was there a particular moment when you felt the impact of change the most?

JKS: Moving millions of objects from the old Burke to their home in the New Burke. Even though it was only 480 feet between the two buildings, it caused great anxiety to figure out how to move safely, yet quickly. No one wanted to break a priceless object, whether that was a tiny glass vessel or a T. rex skull.

A: How did you prepare your staff for the move?

JKS: We had so many meetings, retreats and listening sessions. We talked about change. Our tribal liaison, Polly Olsen, led a group of tribal elders who generously conducted a "Blessing of the Hands" ceremony to help us prepare for the move. Elders brushed staff, construction workers and volunteers with cedar and water to prepare and protect us during this time of intense change.

A: You are currently working from a building designed by one of the leading architecture firms in the Pacific Northwest, this is so different from your previous building – what has that shift been like?

JKS: We love the windows! We love seeing our colleagues working as we walk around the building. People love the spaces they work in – they were involved at every stage of design to make sure the building meets the needs of our work and collections.

A: Is there anything about the old building that was difficult to let go of?

JKS: The memories. But I suppose you don't actually have to let go of those.

A: Were you surprised by anything that has happened as a result of the change?

JKS: We are all surprised by how long it takes to get from one place to another in a bigger building.

A: Has the new building made you think differently about the collection?

JKS: It makes me happy to see the objects so much more. I used to see the sperm whale skull in biology once a month. Now I see it every day.

A: We often talk about the impact of space on human interaction, what are you anticipating will be different when you open the space to the public?

JKS: It's very odd to be a public institution that is closed to the public. We miss the visitors. We all want to stop guessing what the visitors will do and have them join us and do whatever it is they are going to do.

A: Did you have a favorite spot in the old building?

JKS: I loved the lobby in the old building – we had so many celebrations there, so many openings, dances, ceremonies and talks. It held so many wonderful memories.

A: Do you have a favorite spot in the new building?

JKS: Right now, it's the staff entrance because every day I come to work and I can't wait to see the next thing that is coming through the door. Is it going to be a fossil, a person arriving for their first day of volunteer training, a group of people in climbing gear who are going to repel off the wall to install a mural? It is so exciting to see us getting closer and closer to opening.

A: Is there a connection between natural history and architecture?

JKS: Yes, the natural world is filled with architectural spaces – a cliff, a rock shelter, a pond, a shoreline. Our building has restful spaces, places that inspire awe, places that focus your attention on something small. Tom and our landscape architect Shannon Nichol of GGN both had a vision to connect the outside to the inside – you experience the natural history of the northwest as soon as you approach the Burke, through the native plants and northwest forest and prairie landscapes that Shannon designed. Once you are inside the Burke, the windows constantly connect you back to the landscape. Tom wanted the windows to be long and thin like the trunk of a tree in a forest, to give people a sense of their place in the world.

A: In what ways, if any, will the new building impact the work of the museum as a whole?

JKS: It will impact the work of the museum in every way. It will be radically different to do our work in public. Everyone is visible – the visitor is going to see and be part of a working research museum.

A: This feature is on liminal space – that space between what was and what will be. Is there anything about that concept that resonates with you concerning where you're currently at or where you've been?

JKS: All we can see is where we are now. We are not sure what the space will look like when the visitor arrives, or when the landscape is completed, or when the trees mature, or after 20 more years of collection growth. We can imagine, but we can't know.

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# WHAT ABOUT QUINCY?

**By T. Craig Sinclair**

*Born and raised in Seattle, T. Craig Sinclair is a New York and Berlin-based designer focused on architecture. He is co-founder of emerging practice Group 2.*

The “machine for living in” has always looked different in the Pacific Northwest. Where Le Corbusier coined the phrase to invent a new architecture through technological innovation, design here looked to the rural logging industry. Even after a century of population growth and cultural evolution, the region’s dominant design aesthetic is still a northwest school vernacular, treading between romantic visions of wilderness and (environmentally conscious) heavy industry, once described by Jen Graves as “Eco macho.” These machines for living were found in the lumber yard: rusted steel, hand cranks and raw timbers. Olson Kundig designs museums and offices that feel like timber mountain cabins. The Bullitt Center utilizes net zero infrastructures more in line with anarchist off-the-grid settlements than building information models. Everything is clad in wood. Tech bros fucking love Burning Man.

As Seattle’s machines changed over the last 20 years, its architecture began to match. Increasingly more aesthetically representative of Silicon Valley programmers than Cascade logging, downtown has filled with glass towers and tessellated balls. However, for the rest of the Pacific Northwest – the rural Pacific Northwest – design still mostly offers wooden cabins embedded within wooded landscapes. The rural machine is still a nostalgic machine.

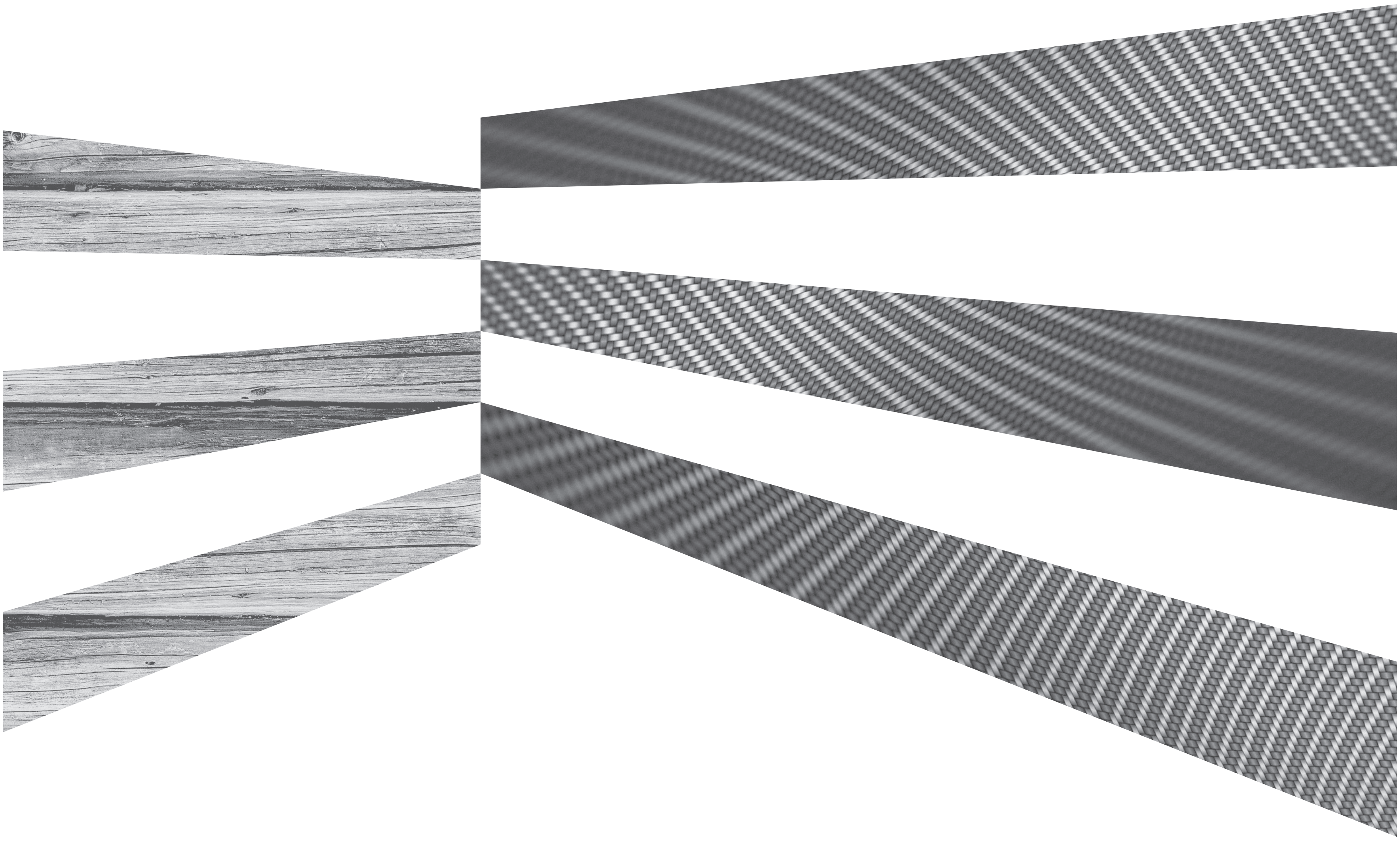
This vision could not be more out of step with reality, as technology and economy are beginning to radically alter the countryside. Urban culture and lifestyles make cities like Seattle attractive to the tech industry’s work base of programmers, but the physical machinery and equipment that runs software have different needs. “The cloud” is actually firmly grounded into “the grid,” requiring massive energy loads to power, maintain, and, most importantly, cool thousands of computer servers and supports in concentrated centers called “data hubs” or “data farms.” Rural areas are fertile ground for the cloud, supplying relatively cheap former agricultural land and easy access to renewable energy. The internet can digitally connect the physical servers to anywhere – the location of a data farm only matters for resource efficiency, not function. These same factors are attractive to other technology endeavors like advanced physics and space research, which additionally need several acres for large equipment and minimal environmental noise. While Quincy, Washington (a traffic-free two and a half hour drive from Seattle), is home to five different major data hubs because of the town’s proximity to hydroelectric power, the Nobel Prize-producing gravitational wave detector, LIGO, took advantage of the Hanford Nuclear reservation’s existing infrastructure and a setting quieter than a late season Mariners game.

This trend continues in near future projections as climate change and urbanization mean more resources will have to be man-made, heightening the need for dense concentrations of light machinery far outside population centers. The countryside’s economic future is as a hub for concentrated infrastructure. The rural machine is in its own liminal period between past and future. It is time for the accepted vernacular to catch up.

Some designers might argue that it already has. Seattle architects have always been fond of 1960s futurist movements that also sought rural America for its open land. Projects like Drop City, Steve Baer’s Zomes and the playful inflatables of Ant Farm used architecture as a symbol of and the basis for new systems of living. But these attempts to construct off-the-grid lifestyles outside society are insufficient for the collective needs and infrastructural scale of the future.

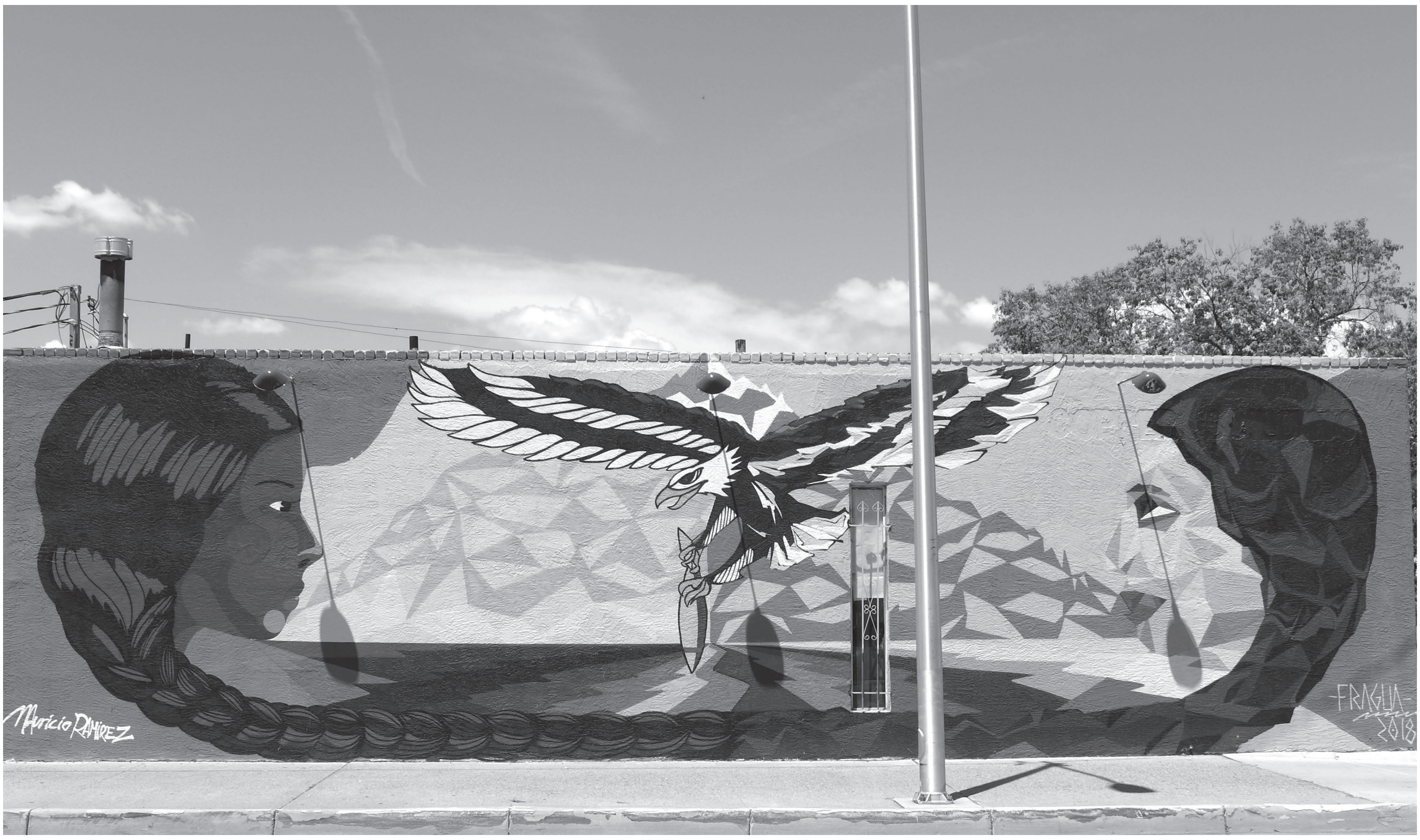
That future is already inherent to these emerging rural machines and the resulting spaces have the necessary architectural qualities for those challenges already baked in. It is only the aesthetic that needs development and, where architects usually look either beyond and behind existing machines, artists are already exploring this new vernacular. Through images of space research facilities and advanced physics labs in his series Nature & Politics, German photographer Thomas Struth captures material and scale in science equipment that is only possible within the open space of the countryside. His work almost feels like model photos removed from site context yet still grounded into the grid. Heightening the contrast to unseen wilderness, the interior intensities of tangled columns and environmental controls, composite panels managing complex curves, and backlit silhouettes of unseen equipment are a compelling vision that would feel contextual at Hanford or around any data farm. French artist Pierre Hyughe also embodies this dynamic as a biotech counterpoint. Where an “Eco macho” aesthetic approaches industry from nature, Hyughe uses technology to dissolve the distinction between man-made and nature. His work combines natural landscape with technology through hazy vats, terrariums, and uncanny films. Though often apocalyptic, we find a distinctly infrastructural approach to wilderness in his work appropriate for a post-climate change world.

Both Struth and Huyghe illustrate an aesthetic response befitting of the changes in the countryside across the Pacific Northwest. Where the design of the past was focused on heavy machinery and raw timbers, the present and future is of the grid and will be built from performance materials lined with Kevlar. The accepted eco macho is fast becoming pure nostalgia. Eastern Washington already shows us the future of buildings, we might as well take notice.



# URBANITES' NOTEBOOK: THOUGHTS FROM CITY DWELLERS ON URBAN SPACES VOLUME 2

An Interview with Chris Govella, Jill Juers, and Briana Olson
By Amy Lindemuth



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As a landscape architect living in Seattle and working in cities on the west coast, my conversations with other urbanites often turn to major issues affecting our city. Here, homelessness and housing affordability are the major issues we identify as the biggest challenge impacting our city. Recent reports from Housing and Urban Development bear out these observations: Westcoast cities continue to lead the nation in the number of homeless citizens. For this second installment of Urbanite's Notebook, I was curious about what urbanites in other cities outside Seattle see as major issues in their urban realm and furthermore, what they see as potential solutions.

The following four question interviews gather a range of perspectives from urbanites living in the Pacific Northwest and the Southwest. These urbanites are working inside and outside of design and planning. Urbanite's Notebook is an ongoing conversation with city dwellers about their ever-evolving urban landscapes.

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**Jill Juers**

What is the biggest challenge facing your city?

In my opinion, access to affordable housing is the biggest challenge facing our small rural city of 33,000. 41 percent of households with rent or a mortgage payment live in housing that is not considered affordable. When people pay more than 30 percent of their income on housing, their quality of life is impacted, their choices are more limited, and the public systems are stressed. As a social worker, I have met with many in Walla Walla who experience significant distress and relationship issues due to poor accessibility of safe, affordable housing. There are several entities studying this problem currently, notably the Walla Walla Community Council and the Walla Walla Council on Homelessness.

How do you personally define "livability" within a city? Is your city more or less livable than 10 to 20 years ago, and why do you think that is?

To me, the things that make a city livable include: the beauty of the landscape, short distance to variety of outdoor adventures, local food variety, quality childcare and public schools, consistently good air quality, bike friendly roads and easy commutability, plentiful parks and green spaces, widespread arts and cultural opportunities, and a community that is engaged and thoughtful about growth. In the past 10 to 20 years, Walla Walla has become more livable as access to many of those things have improved. I believe this is because the community has moved in the direction of sustainable quality of life measures.

What is the best part of living in your city right now? What is missing from city life for you?

The best part of living in Walla Walla right now is the ease of community building. Opportunities abound to be involved with non-profit organizations and people overall are friendly and open to new ideas. Also, the commute is fantastic; traffic is a non-issue, and the city is small enough that it generally takes 10 minutes to get anywhere. What's missing from city life for me is more diversity and close proximity to other places. The nearest larger city of Spokane is about 3 hours away, with Portland being 4 hours and Seattle 5 respectively. There are times, especially during the late autumn/early winter months when the fog rolls in for days when it can feel isolated here.

How do you think current or emerging technology will change your city?

I think emerging technology will change Walla Walla by continuing to facilitate tourism. As the city gains notoriety for our award-winning wine, unique and superb restaurants, friendliness and quality of life (especially for people who are retired), new apps and other technologies are adapting and personalizing to tourists' preferences in accommodation and tasting wines they often travel from afar to experience.

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**Briana Olson**

What is the biggest challenge facing your city?

I'd say climate change. Destructive wildfires, increased temperatures and drought have already touched New Mexico, and the threat of future water shortages is real. For reasons related both to drought and water management over the past century, adult Cottonwoods in the Bosque – the wetlands along the middle Rio Grande – are coming to the end of their generational life cycle, with few trees to replace them. Given that New Mexico is one of the poorest states in the union, residents will be impacted more by climate change – but it's a difficult balance, weighing any potential sources of badly needed investment against long-term impacts.

How do you personally define "livability" within a city? Is your city more or less livable than 10 to 20 years ago, and why do you think that is?

I like walking and being outdoors, so for me, livability has a lot to do with my ability to do those things. Albuquerque has made strides in supporting cyclists, extending multi-use recreational paths and putting bike lanes in – with more planned. The city has more than 29,000 acres of open space and is working to improve urban parks. Valle de Oro, the first urban wildlife refuge in the Southwest, is transitioning farmland to native habitat, just four miles south of downtown. So, I think the city is more livable than it was twenty years ago.

What is the best part of living in your city right now? What is missing from city life for you?

There is a DIY culture in Albuquerque that drives a lot – small-scale farmers in the South Valley, artists, ethically

*Amy Lindemuth is a landscape architect and writer living in Seattle. Her frequent wanderings around urban landscapes and conversations with urbanites never cease to entertain and surprise her.*

*Jill Juers is a clinical social working in private practice who has lived in Walla Walla, WA for 15 years. She loves to meet people and ask their perspectives on, and experiences in, this unique city.*

*Briana Olson is a freelance writer and editor based in Albuquerque.*

*Chris Govella is a graduate of the UW Daniel J. Evans School of Public Policy and Governance, and a Program Specialist for Tacoma Housing Authority. He is an urban dweller and millennial.*

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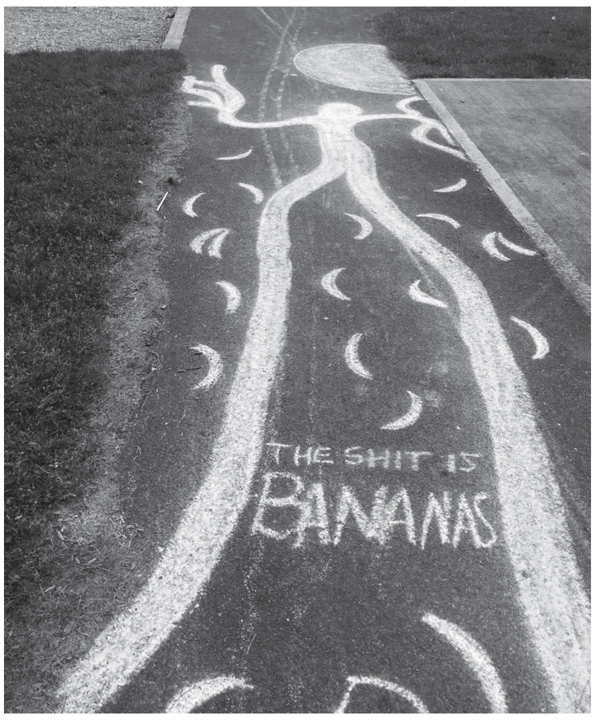

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minded small business owners, cool nonprofits. I love that I can live in what is really a small city and still see serious art. And there's a slow move toward better public transit options – the Rail Runner (a train that runs between Albuquerque and Santa Fe) is great. Still, if something's missing, it's the ability to get around town without a car. How do you think current or emerging technology will change your city?

I hope that growth in the renewable energy sector will decrease our state's, and city's, reliance on revenues from gas and oil production.

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**Chris Govella**

What is the biggest challenge facing your city?

I should start off by mentioning that Tacoma is the second largest city in the Puget Sound but has less than half the population of Seattle. Affordable housing, stagnant wages, inefficient and uneven public investments come to mind as significant challenges. The two cities share many of the same challenges because they are linked in the regional economy. But with many of the jobs in Tacoma organized around the service end of the retail economy, workers are more likely to be less able to weather an economic slowdown.

How do you personally define "livability" within a city? Is your city more or less livable than 10 to 20 years ago, and why do you think that is?

Livability is relative, I'm not sure how much use it is to compare it across cities. In the few years I've lived in Tacoma, I have always found it more useful to drive a car. So, you need a car and parking, besides your grocery, your park, your hangout spot, your waterfront, your work. Some neighborhoods let you get away from the car for longer stints-- if you live in the Stadium District or near UPS [University of Puget Sound]. In the last 10 to 20 years, I'm not sure where I'd find the edges. There is a stark contrast in Tacoma's Proctor District, maybe even the areas around the port and waterfront. But in the deeper neighborhoods, the old strip mall recipe is still in service, even though it's starting to show its age. If you're living in these places, your mobility correlates to your livability.

What is the best part of living in your city right now? What is missing from city life for you?

The best part of living and working in Tacoma is the cost to value. Few cities in the Northwest have such a rich and tragic storied history. The City sponsored tradition of art and culture in Tacoma has developed over many years, and I look forward to the work under Mayor Woodards to further it with a racial equity lens. It's easy to learn something new about Tacoma from the local creators and their works of art. Places like The Northwest Room at the library and the Tacoma Historical Society contain troves of artifacts. The relative proximity to the water, to mountains, to forests makes it all the better.

How do you think current or emerging technology will change your city?

I'm rooting for technologies that would fit into a multimodal transit-oriented development scheme. I'm waiting for driverless cars and the eventual re-orientation of the city around space for people, houses and business. Car culture as a symbol of creative expression is still going strong: it's never going to go away. Technology changes faster than taste. But I'm more skeptical of technology. There are tradeoffs, and to the extent that technology and finance grow, it will disrupt other sectors like retail. Wholesale and retail trade are up in the Puget Sound, but nationwide, bankruptcies in the retail sector have grown. Do we replace jobs in shopping centers in the suburb, with pickers in logistics centers in rural areas? With driving jobs in urban areas? Telework has worked out better for large urban metros in attracting talented workers, less so for smaller metros. Remoting into your job works now, but who needs a WeWork desk in Tacoma when the economy reaches the end of the business cycle?

*1. Mural by Jaque Fragua and Mauricio Ramirez on the Copper Building, downtown Albuquerque. Painted on all sides during the 2018 Mural Fest.*

*2. Sandia Morning Foggy View, Valle de Oro National Wildlife Refuge outside Albuquerque. Photo by José Bencomo/USFWS.*

*Photos 1–2 by Briana Olson.*

*3. While downtown Walla Walla can thrive with activity during weekends and when local colleges are in session, quieter times are common on week nights when tasting rooms close after typical business hours.*

*4. Grapes, wheat, and the Blue Mountains...a typical tableau on the outskirts of the city.*

*Photos 3–4 by Jill Juers.*

*5. Parkour activities at South Orchard Street and Center, where Fircrest, WA meets Tacoma*

*6. The Vintage Lighting Building at Tacoma Ave South and South 16th Street*

*7. Sidewalk mural in People's Park at MLK Jr Way, Tacoma, WA.*

*Photos 5–7 by Chris Govella.*

# SKETCHED

**By Julia Atkins**

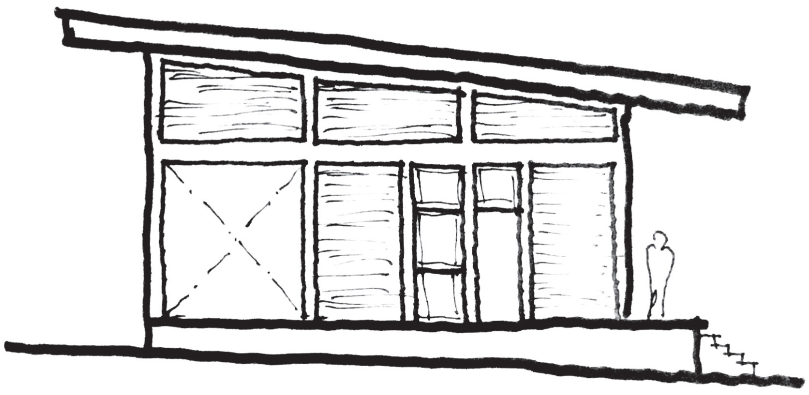
*Julia holds a Bachelor of Architecture and is currently working as a Project Designer at local firm Grouparchitect, designing residences across Seattle and the Pacific Northwest. Her work in architecture stems from a desire to shape experiences, whether serendipitous or refined, at a large scale or in small moments.*

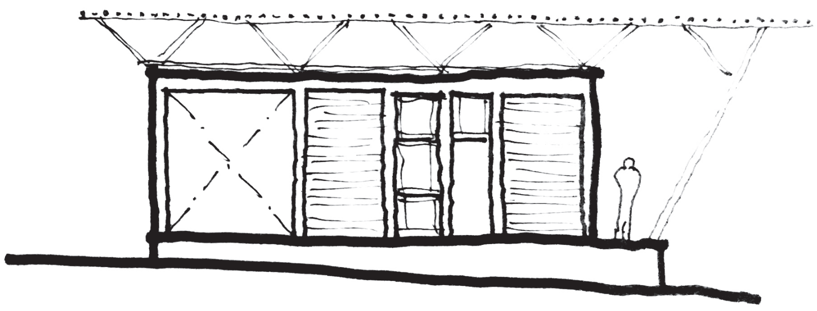
Caught somewhere between an idea and a final product, Sketched demonstrates work in progress. This particular project comes to us by way of Architects Without Borders.

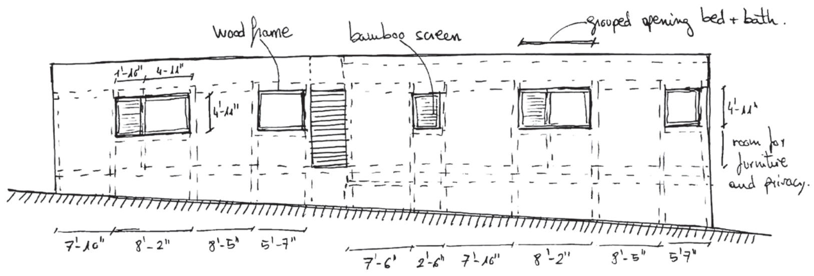
The Positive Action for Haiti (PAH) Children's Home, located in the town of Gonaives, is to accommodate up to 30 children that were made homeless from recent natural disasters. The new facility will serve not only as a home for these children, but also as an educational resource in sustainable practices. Three main buildings organized around a central courtyard provide space for sleeping, cooking and playing, as well as informal learning areas. Approximately 25 percent of the site is devoted to gardening and farming space, which will be utilized as tools to educate future generations of the importance of agriculture in Haiti.

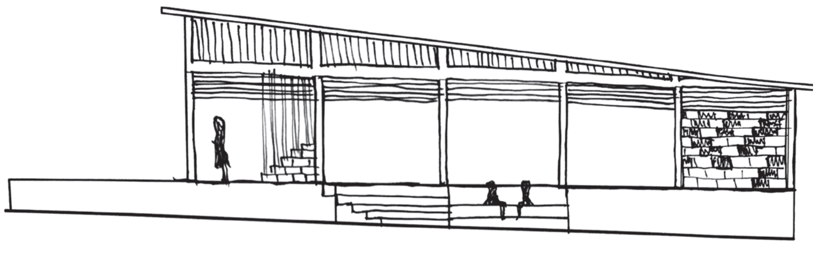
The design team has been challenged to balance structural tectonics, materiality constraints, and thermal comfort concerns. In order to respond to forthcoming natural disasters, the design has adopted a confined masonry structural system to withstand hurricanes, earthquakes and flooding. Due to limited building materials, these structures will be constructed of locally made compressed earth bricks, poured concrete, and dried bamboo sticks. The team also is addressing passive strategies through double roof systems, rainwater harvesting, composting toilets and solar energy. Guided by these project requirements, the team has produced numerous sketches to refine the design towards an attainable, finished product.

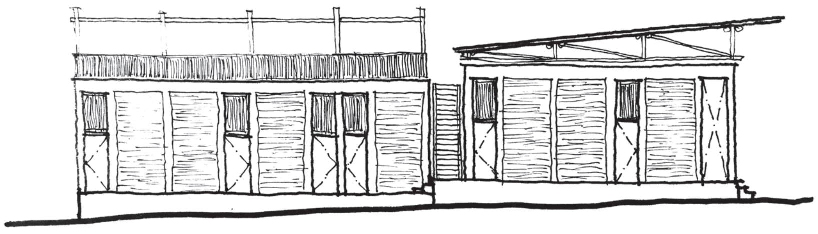
*Sketches produced by Chelsea Gorkiewicz, Maria Llop, Joe Balachowski, Buzz Tenenbom, Stone Faison and Julia Atkins.*

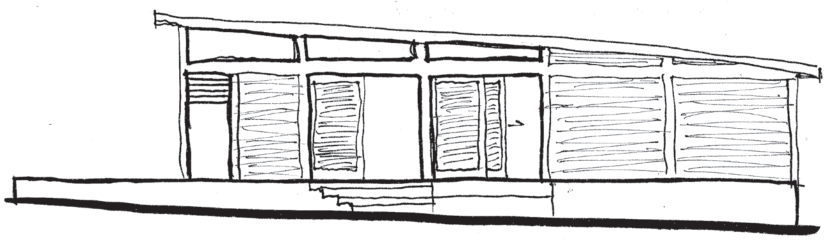












# REPOSSESSED: BIG DEVELOPMENTS IN THE NANOFOREST

**By Daniel Smith**

*Daniel R. Smith is a northwest native who makes time for fine art, graphic design and garage sales. He is currently a Creative Director at Tether. His series of international poster exhibitions for Bumbershoot has connected Seattle designers to Havana, Tehran, Moscow and Istanbul.*

My mother was Tulalip, and my sister and I grew up on the reservation (a most extreme form of redlining) in a house on land leased from the tribe. Because my mother didn't own the property, the house was very affordable. It's a community where she belonged, one historically and legally bound to the land. When the tribe ended her long-term lease as part of a plan to restore property near Tulalip Bay, the house was worthless. Essentially, it had been repossessed.

After graduating from the University of Washington in the mid-90s, I bought an affordable house in the Central District, then a majority black neighborhood. My best friend owned the house next door. We renovated our places, took down fences, removed bars from windows, planted trees and helped establish a community pea patch. When he left town, I bought his house and became a landlord.

Now, having seen my original neighbors slowly replaced and the racial balance change, I have to ask: Am I a gentrifier?

For this project, I thought about my role in the neighborhood, my role as a property owner, the reservation I came from and the original state of the land versus Seattle's incessant development. I realized I have an underutilized, highly-visible piece of property. A parking space at my rental house, inside the remnants of a garage, viewable only from the street, became a spot to experiment with public art on private property. The result is the nanoforest, a tiny slice of native plants and trees in the heart of the Central District.

The nanoforest is a diorama of what the land was, identified by a "land use" sign announcing the coming demolition of all existing structures and reforestation of our neighborhood. Clearly a joke, but it's also a space frequently inhabited by birds, insects and racoons, a retrograde contrast to cube-house construction swallowing the land. It's also a connecting point for my neighbors – who both laugh at and bemoan the changes around us. It's a space to experiment – birthing a photo show documenting my sister and I engaged in street theater, plus the world's tiniest music fest, aka "nanofest."

Starting from the lowest rung of society's ladder – the rez – I don't consider myself a gentrifier, but one who's added the neighborhood, to its culture. My possession of the land is only fleeting, and our time as a species is extremely precarious. How we treat what little nature remains matters. One way or another, nature will repossess.

*Smith will speak about his work at the Hibulb Cultural Center, Tulalip, November 2, 1-2pm.*

*Photos first exhibited in "Repossessed" at SOIL Gallery, Seattle, curated by Ellen Ziegler, August 2019.*

*Credits: Daniel R. Smith with Melanie Masson, Jen Ng, Kim Kalliber, and Donna Cooley.*

*nanoforest.org, instagram: @thenanoforest*

# OUTMANEUVERING THE SYSTEM

**An Interview with Ted Smith by BUILD llc**

*Ted Smith is a founding member and principal of the RED Office in San Diego. He also chairs Woodbury University's Master in Real Estate Development program, which was designed for mid-career architects. Prior to the RED Office, Ted, along with long-term partner Kathleen McCormick, founded Smith and Others, a design-build-develop firm. He has completed dozens of development projects in San Diego, and has been instrumental, along with the MRED faculty, in pressing the boundaries to create new ordinances allowing housing innovation.*

*BUILD llc is an industrious architecture firm in Seattle run by Kevin Eckert, Andrew van Leeuwen, Bart Gibson, and Carey Moran. The firm's work focuses on effective, sustainable, and sensible design. BUILD llc operates an architectural office, contributes to ARCADE with an ongoing interview series, and is most known for their cultural leadership on the BUILD Blog. BUILD intern Tori Hayes contributed to this ARCADE interview.*

*Last summer BUILD traveled to San Diego to meet with Ted Smith, where we found him swinging a sledgehammer on the job site of his most recent project. Known as the father of architect-as-developer, Smith shared his edgy approach to housing, and offered a candid perspective into how he gets projects designed, permitted and built.*

As an architect in San Diego, what prompted you to put on the developer hat?

In the early 80s, the interest rate rose to 20 percent – there was no work, I was losing my house and no new clients were calling – so, I found myself developing projects. I built a living unit for a friend on a lot I had purchased a few years earlier, just a little box, and I decided to keep working on it until I ran out of money. It was liberating. We put a roof on, placed some windows, and on the interior we added a toilet without any partitions around it. We passed the inspection and my friend moved in. Soon, twenty more of my friends wanted a little box to live in, and I realized I could fit more of them on the lot, so we purchased additional properties and accommodated them all over the next five years. That's how it began.

How did the community react to these little boxes?

Back then, according to San Diego's building code, you could only have one kitchen on a property like mine, so as I continued building little boxes, I designed them so they all accessed a shared kitchen in the center. There was a lot of opposition – zoning wars – a lot of hearings, and years of conflict. At the time, there was a case law ruling that stated that a family did not have to be blood-related, and there were no constraints on the size of a family, so the building department couldn't put a limit on the number of bedrooms in a house. We stayed comfortably within the old definition of five unrelated adults constituting a family. Everything we were doing was legal but we still struggled with the NIMBYs. Eventually, a good thing came out of the experience: the project type was incorporated into the municipal code and they even use our invented name, GoHomes, and they are now a permitted use.

What is the downside of working traditionally as an architect for developers?

Lack of control and lack of payment for the extra work that innovative architecture requires. I found that developers only liked the buildings that were milquetoast, and that the designs they preferred had no heart. As an architect-developer, much more of the responsibility is on my shoulders; if I decide to build what the industry might consider a crazy design, there's no one higher up the chain of command to prevent the exploration.

What's an example of this?

For years we designed shared housing to reduce the parking requirements of the zoning ordinance and create real affordability. One parking stall is required for each living unit, but our units would actually contain four or even six suites. As a traditional architect you'd be hard pressed to recommend this strategy because you might get someone into trouble. But as the owner, architect, contractor and developer, you can take that gamble. Today, sharing a house is recognized as a legitimate affordable housing strategy and the idea is being replicated across the city.

How is San Diego doing at creating affordable housing in comparison with other cities?

There are some architects and builders in San Diego who have figured out how to bring good design to the budgets of typical affordable housing tax credit projects. Years ago, I started the Master in Real Estate Development (MRED) program at Woodbury University and our MRED faculty and alumni have proven that there is a small market of buyers who don't care about everything that typical developers have said they should care about. Once some of these examples were proven to work, other developers followed suit. People are expecting better design in affordable housing today. While the physical design of affordable housing in San Diego is quite good, the tax credit projects require management fees and other expenses that actually make the projects more expensive to build.
The developer gets a reduction of taxes on the building cost but soon discovers that the real expenditures are in the management of affordable housing – the tax credits do little to serve this aspect of a project.

The San Diego Architecture Foundation hosts an Orchids & Onions award ceremony each year where Orchids are given to exemplary projects, and Onions are assigned to those that miss an opportunity or create an eyesore. Has this improved the built environment?

My friends and I hate the Orchids & Onions event, so much so that we're only proud if we get an Onion. Typically, the projects that get Onions are by architects who genuinely tried to do something innovative but didn't quite pull it off. There's a great building here in San Diego by Mike Burnett called the Eitol Towers. In 2018, Mike received an Onion for it because he clad it with red metal siding and it upset the community. When they announced the Onion award, everyone who hates the Orchids & Onions program gathered at the Eitol for a giant celebration and danced around the building.
The Onions go to the architects who innovate.

What are you currently experimenting with as an architect-developer?

We're developing a system where sweat equity in a project becomes an ownership investment. Many of the landowners we work with don't know the development business well enough to build a project, so we put together a deal that combines their land asset with our time, expertise and work, and we break down the completed phases of a project into percentages owned. The entitlements and architectural fees might add up to a 30 percent investment in the project equity, and if we take on the contracting, it increases to 50 percent. Everyone working on the venture keeps a timesheet and their hours translate into a percentage of the ultimate profit. It's like having a little annuity instead of a meager wage that is immediately spent. And from the landowner's perspective, sweat equity becomes very attractive because they don't have to gamble as much with the traditional development model. Most often, architecture fees are the biggest project expenditure and it's all money that must be shelled out before the project is actually worth anything through the securing of entitlements. This is the current business model of the RED Office where we take the risk and control of the architecture.

Do your building models scale to different cities?

One of the missions of The RED Office is to be constantly trying new ideas in different places. This philosophy took us to Manhattan where we were part of an exhibit on micro loft housing at the Museum of the City of New York. We quickly realized that if you make your ceiling heights more than ten feet from floor to floor, as we do in San Diego, you lose several floors within the overall height of the building. This doesn't pencil financially so we had to change our thinking. We found a tipping point at 21-feet from floor to floor where we were able to make a split-level intermediate floor, with a 7-foot height at one end and a 12-foot height at the other. This allows for a bed alcove above the bathroom, and you can achieve a much smaller floor plan that allows for more units within the footprint of the building, which is critical in New York.

*Interview continued on page 38*

*All photography by Andrew van Leeuwen*
*Instagram: @avl.photo*

# ADVENTURES IN RENDERLAND

**By Bradley Paynter**

*Bradley Paynter is a writer and project manager based in Seattle.*

Before I get into the weeds, it will help to remember that the term liminal space – before designers got hold of it – is rooted in anthropology. It referred to the space of initiation, as in no longer a child, but not yet an adult. I'll come back around to why this is important, but who knew that three-plus years in architecture school wouldn't just reveal new interpretations of words, but also change what words meant entirely.

Liminal spaces were very important in architecture, you see, because moving between one room and another is, I guess, a spiritual exercise?  Sometimes, thinking this way is good. It leads to caring for and consideration of often neglected spaces. Sometimes, a hallway is just a hallway. That said, anthropological liminal spaces are important. For both good and bad, modernity has done a good job of dissolving ancient means of transitioning children into adults.

This is why I find contemporary renderings so interesting now . Sure, those images represent a future, often heroic-looking building. It's instructive that those images also exist in their own liminal state between not-real and real. It's a little ironic that, more likely than not, its an intern (almost an architect, but not quite) that's designed them. However, the most important thing is that they're telling a story about the people that are going to be there. Whether it's done consciously or not, I cannot see it any other way.

People are generally resourceful and resilient, so they've managed to find a way to do this without so much ritual. But, in the absence of an ill-advised, unsupervised adolescent walkabout in the Palouse, how are young people supposed to be initiated into adult life? The modern figurative space is fairly gray. What counts for initiation any more? What signals adulthood for those without it. Without answers to these questions, I offer the literal, physical liminal space for consideration.

My life is pretty far from the architecture business. But, it's not so far to not be able to write about it. Ten years on, I still value my design education because I learned something about the world and humanity from the architects, cities, and buildings I studied. I also suspected early on that what architects say in books and the occasional post-lecture happy hour is forgotten when the Micron pens hit the desk. That isn't a knock.

Consider that nobody wants to pay the money that good design requires. Material costs aren't what they used to be, nor labor for that matter. Also, try not to be buffaloed by the design review process. Not only is it a wonder that anything gets built, it's amazing to me that anyone even tries. The frustrations of the modern architect are almost cliche at this point. It doesn't make them less true.

With all the limiting realities architects must deal with, it may lessen their burden if they forgot the vocabulary, the theory, and the economy to consider this: architecture itself is a liminal project. This means that architecture is an anthropological project. It's good news. It means it doesn't matter that much how architects envision a finished building: whether it's a part of a sustainable future, symbolic of the design zeitgeist or even in plain good taste. The people that use it are going to do what they always do. Some will go to work unfulfilling jobs in wonderfully daylit offices. Some will love their jobs in cramped ones. They will rent apartments with inadequate storage and windows that won't open. And those same people will feel nostalgic for it after they move away. How is this good news? For the architect, it means real freedom, or at least it ought to be.

"Architecture," Alberto Perez-Gomez wrote, "is the site of human drama."

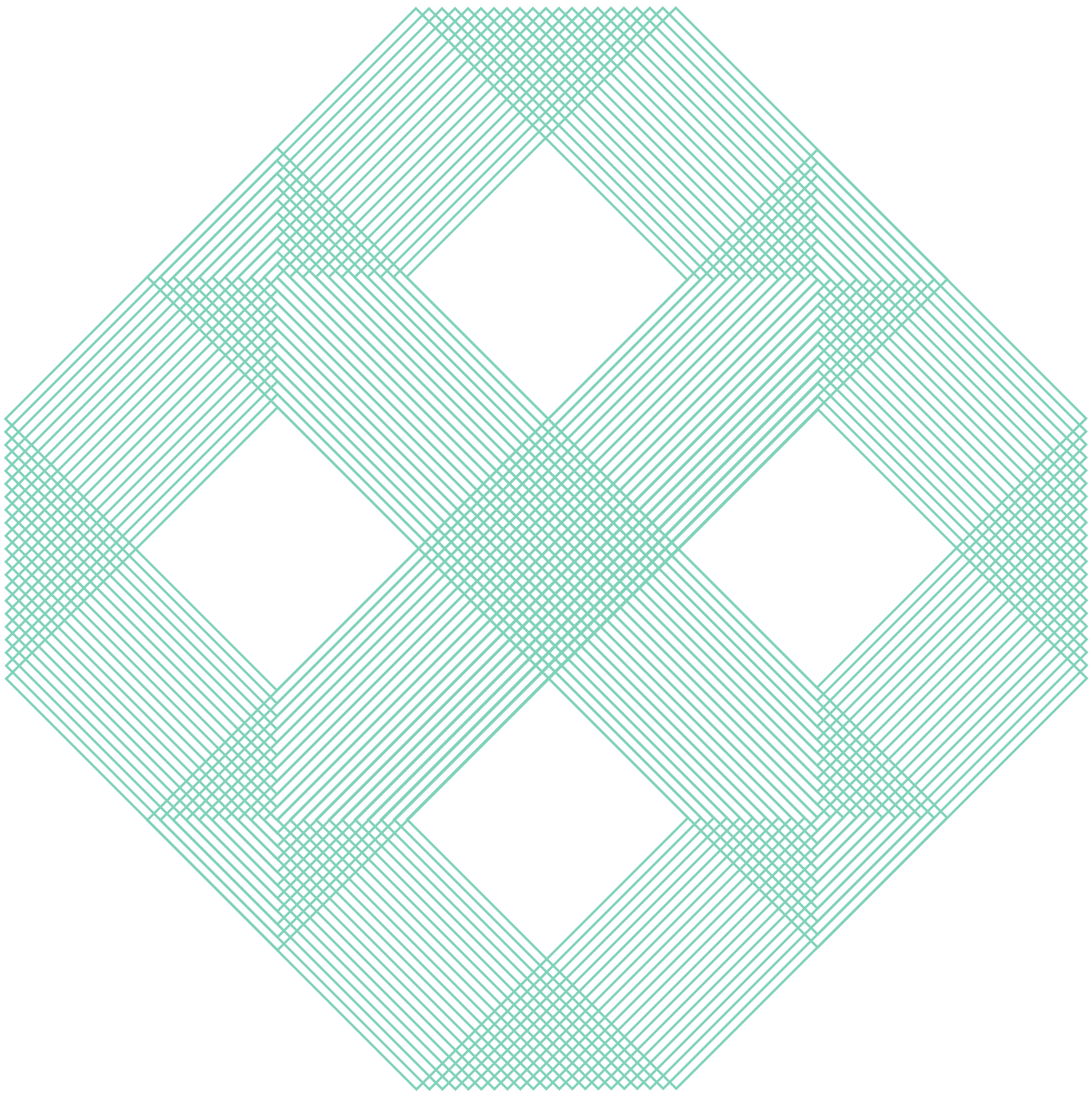
Human drama didn't occur only in the past and superficial nods to precedent aren't a magic wand to conjure it. It's a human desire to connect with the past, even if it is a superficial link. I think much of what is commonly imagined as Pacific Northwest vernacular depends upon this type of historical connection.

I recently saw some marketing collateral for an apartment building. Some of the building materials were intended to reflect the former presence of a formidable industry. It's a fine-looking structure, but symbolic gestures like that lean uncomfortably close to postmodern architecture's more unfortunate tendencies. Also, who cares? At some point, housing is going to be plentiful in this city and relatively inexpensive. People will eventually have a choice of where they live beyond what they can afford. We're in a sad state when essential questions, liminal questions, are forgotten and all that's left for the designer to solve is, "How shalt we clad?"

Future building will be indifferent to the architect's most noble design intentions and its users' mercurial tastes. Humanity will go on and perform its rituals in front of mirror-glass curtain walls or cement board panels if it has to. Of course, it doesn't.

As this essay is about renderings, I'd like to return to them before the end.

Any decent rendering does its best to fill represented space with all sorts of people. But, aside from admiring the building and enjoying an intensely epiphanic sunset, what do you suppose these photoshopped people are supposed to be doing? Can you imagine their lives and how might that shiny, dramatically lit building serve their aspirations, or at least not get in the way? What kind of physical space is conducive to help them – these imaginary people – be a part of a community, make discoveries, find meaning. What would help them know what they are? It may mean working backwards, a bit, from the point of dropping in the lens flare.

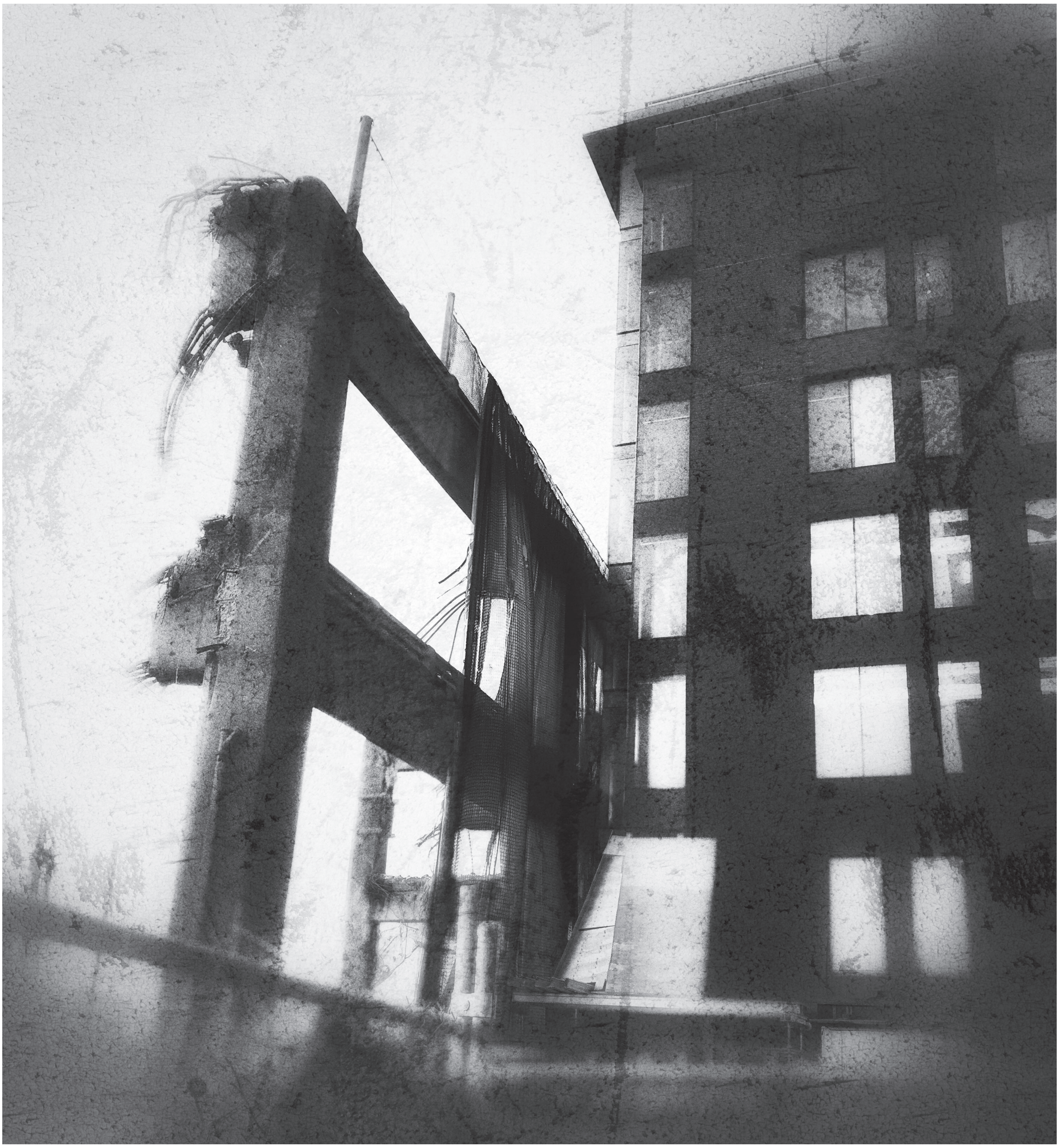


# BETWEEN PAST AND FUTURE

**By Iskra Johnson**

*West Coast artist Iskra Johnson explores the geography between stillness and impermanence through the practice of contemplative art. Embracing diverse media, her work combines photography, printmaking, digital art and painting. Currently she is focused on two themes, displacement and change in the architectural/industrial landscape, and the quieter but no less dramatic metamorphoses of the natural world.*

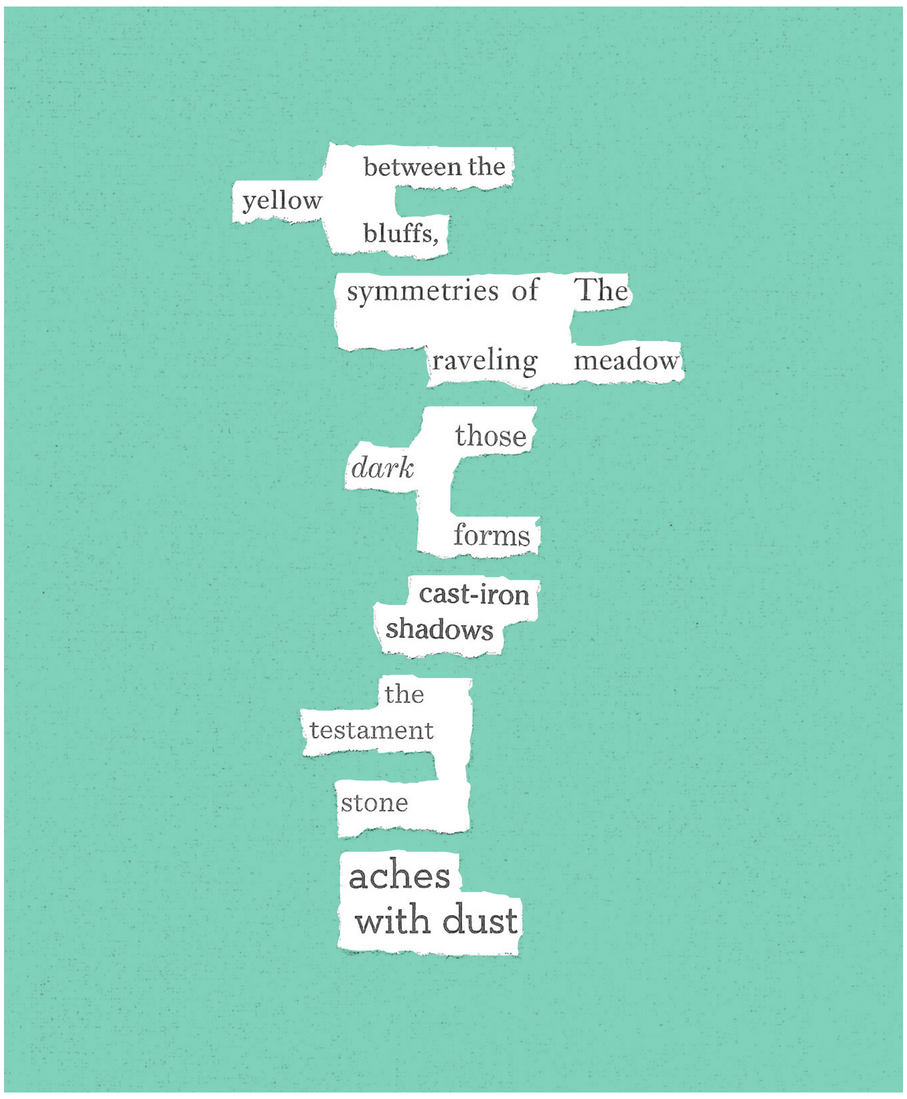
I have been photographing the Alaska Way Viaduct for at least 25 years. In its last days this iconic structure remains, for me, an enduring object of affliction. In 2014, for my solo show "Excavations," I did a series of work that juxtaposed the glory of the drive through the city's sky with the structure's decay and impending disruption. In its various states of ruin the Viaduct holds a complicated power of legacy, eulogy and promise. The shards of a structure destroyed after barely a decade of use confront us vividly with impermanence. The last pillars, in all their grimy minimalism, face off with what will be a new waterfront poised between its purpose as a port and its probable future as a gentrified tourist playground.



# LIMINAL LANGUAGE: FOUND-WORD COLLAGE

**By J.I. Kleinberg**

*Artist, poet, and freelance writer, J.I. Kleinberg's found poems have been published in Diagram, Dusie, Entropy, Otoliths, and elsewhere, and will be exhibited in Seattle at Peter Miller Books in May 2020. Her article "Imaginable Possibilities" appeared in Arcade Vol. 22 in 2004. She lives in Bellingham, Washington, and posts frequently at chocolateisaverb.wordpress.com and thepoetrydepartment.wordpress.com.*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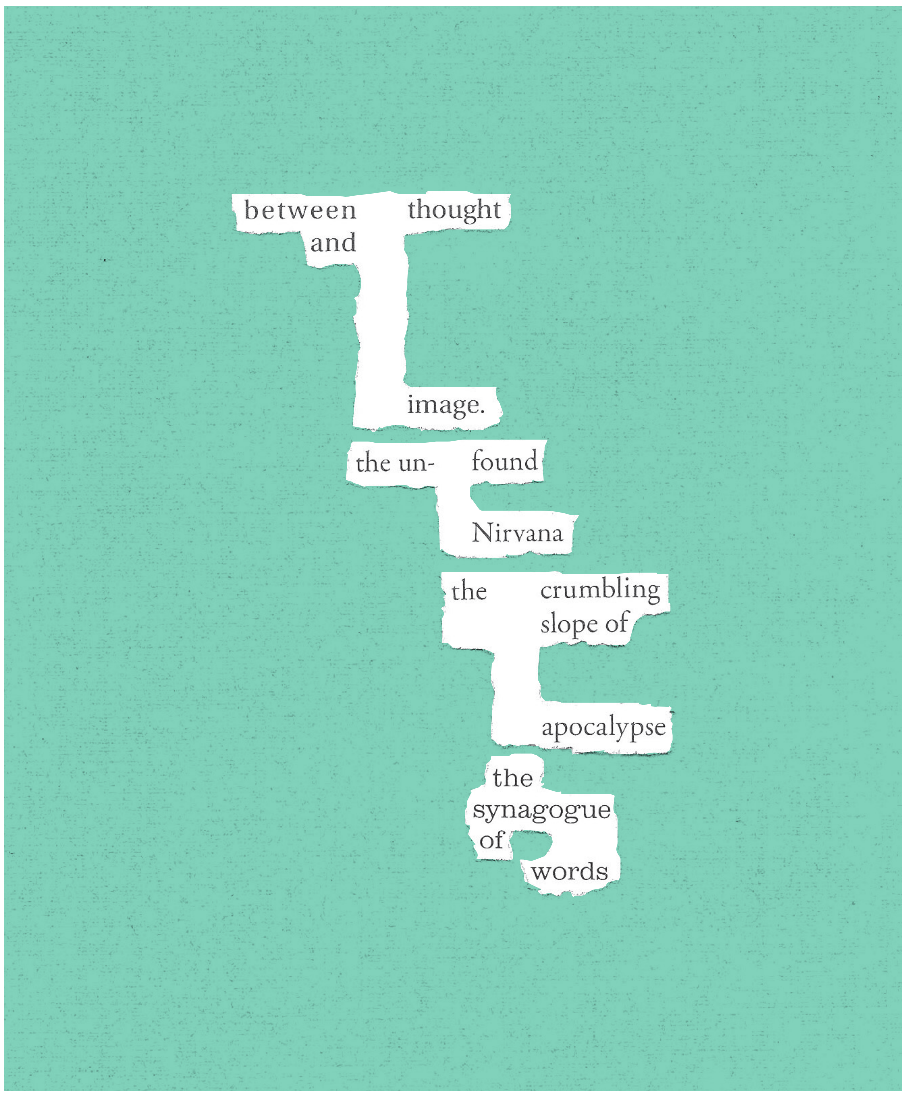
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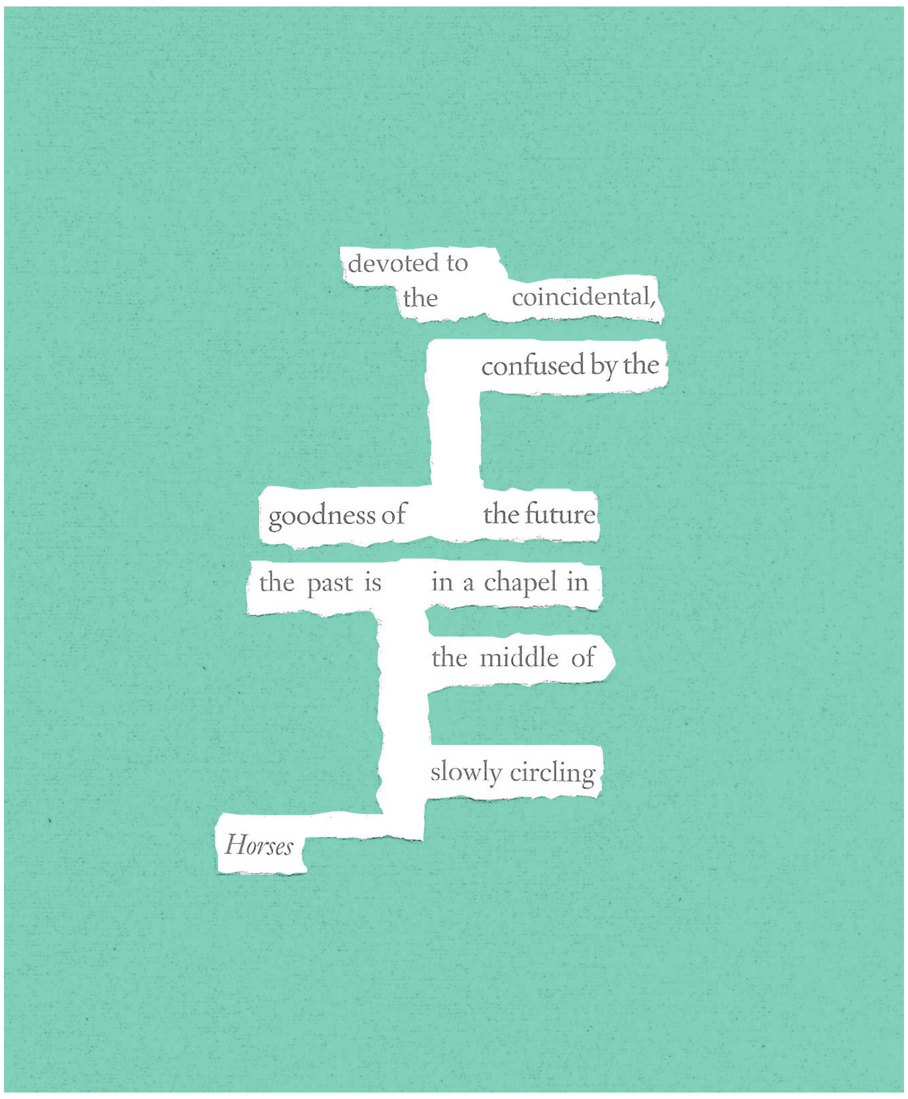
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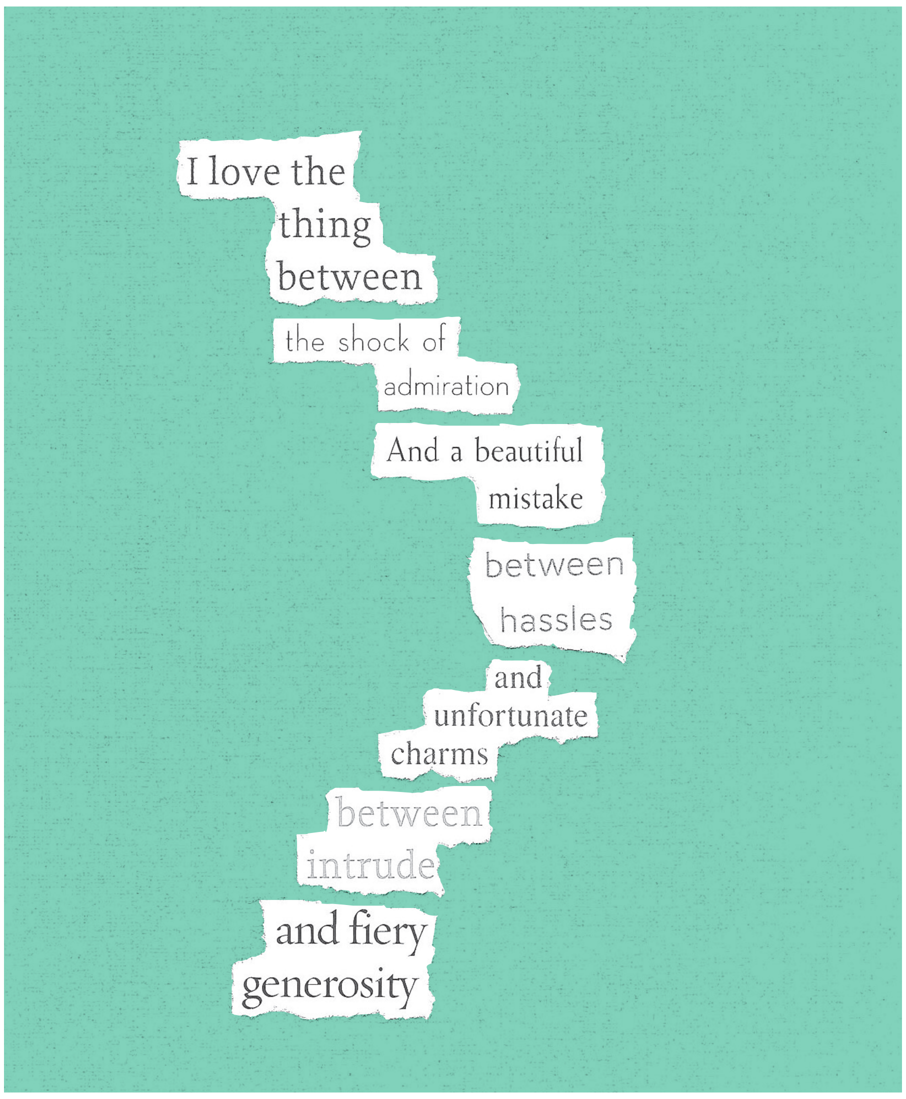
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# DING DONG THE WITCH IS DEAD PART III... WELL, MAYBE THE WICKED WITCH JUST GOT BURIED...

**Side Yard by Ron van der Veen**

*Ron van der Veen, FAIA, is our esteemed Side Yard columnist and a principal at NAC Architecture.*

**Dear Roger Miller, Secretary of the Washington Department of Transportation (WSDOT),**

I am a humble citizen of the State of Washington, who happens to write a column for ARCADE Magazine, a regional world-class design publication. Over the last decade, I have focused several articles on WSDOT projects, namely the 520 Bridge (ARCADE Issue 33.2), and most recently, the demolition of Seattle's viaduct. Please, don't get me wrong. I am certain that your job of safely moving hundreds of thousands of cars around the state each day is incredibly difficult and important. But I have one big bone to pick with you. As much as I have been celebrating the demise of the diabolical viaduct (which, by the way, may be the single most transformative urban intervention that will happen to Seattle in the 21st century), I have been stunned by the banality of the new SR 99 tunnel.

No, Seattle is not Paris, Shanghai, Barcelona, Tokyo, or New York City; world-class infrastructure projects aren't to be expected. The fact that the city actually mustered the courage needed to take down the viaduct should be satisfaction enough even for my snobbish metropolitan tastes.

With all the urban optimism surging in my veins, I drove through the new tunnel soon after it opened and experienced the equivalent of a one dozen Krispy Kreme donut sugar crash. There are some very interesting aspects of the tunnel that deserve celebration. It is an engineering marvel – 9300 feet long, it not only traverses under the existing viaduct, but also downtown Seattle, and reaches a depth of 200' below sea level. And most Seattleites know about the infamous 58 foot diameter boring machine called Bertha. Of course, Bertha stalled 5 months into the project and caused a two-year delay, but she broke through the ground in April 2017 and the community celebrated. But while pictures of the tunnel under construction before the double decker driving lanes were added are spatially stunning. If I were to describe the new tunnel in exclusively positive terms, I would say it is, well... well lit.

But let me address SR 99 a bit more objectively. It is ugly – very, very ugly. It's unapologetically and inexcusably ugly. The fact that it is long makes it almost unbearably inhumane. And all of this is what makes it such a quintessential WSDOT transportation project. Like the new 520 bridge, it not only doesn't address alternative forms of transportation, it refuses to give an inch visually.

Historically, being stuck on the viaduct at least meant a long protracted panoramic view of Puget Sound. I know views in tunnels are impossible, but with just a little imagination, this could have been a stunning driving experience: intricate concrete form patterns and textures, bold graphics, colorful computerized LED lighting, grand gateways as one enters and exists. None of these are cost prohibitive. Other than relentlessly extensive and overly articulated exit signage, there is nothing to see but cold white washed walls, a continuous precast traffic barrier, and cold white lighting that reinforces the alienation and utilitarian soul sucking aesthetic. And nowhere in the tunnel is the circular nature of the space or sophistication of the engineering celebrated.

Before writing this letter to you, Mr. Miller, I gave WSDOT the benefit of the doubt in assuming that maybe there were no contemporary examples of beautiful and creative tunnels to be found. I Googled "beautiful tunnels" and the first image I found was Laerdalstunnelen in Norway, with its magnificent use of lighting to create a majestic and alluring atmosphere. I found the wonderful exhaust/air tunnel tower for the Tokyo Bay Aqualine Tunnel. The lighting spectacle of the Bund Tunnel in Shanghai is dazzling. I implore you to Google, "Entrances to the Mont Blanc Tunnel between Italy and France" for a taste of celebratory gateways. I know I am writing this letter to you years too late, so it might sound trite and irrelevant. Heck, you are a traffic engineer, so you probably think I am some kind of spend thrift urbanistic nut job that wants a public park on every corner. For the 520 bridge WSDOT had a specific design approach called "Practical Design*" which states: "Practical design is an approach to making project decisions that focuses on the need for the project and looks for cost-effective solutions ... The result is smarter, more effective designs that maximize results with limited funding." That is not the kind of design philosophy that breeds imaginative transportation projects.

In an age of short tweets I understand that this letter has probably challenged your patience like a Mercer Corridor traffic jam, but I leave you with this one last thought. This all has me remembering the song I was humming in the first installment of this ARCADE Magazine Sid Yard Viaduct Trilogy: Ding Don the Witch is Dead.

But maybe the witch didn't die. Maybe the witch was just buried in a long unrelenting tunnel. If that's the case, let's all hope she doesn't resurrect when WSDOT decides to initiate another massive auto oriented transportation project...

Humbly yours,

**Ron van der Veen, ARCADE Side Yard Columnist.**

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* *SR 520 Bridge Replacement and HOV Program-Practical Design: https://www.wsdot.wa.gov/Projects/SR520Bridge/About/practicaldesign.htm*

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*Continued from page 34*

**Outmaneuvering the System**

An Interview with Ted Smith by BUILD llc

Which of your space saving ideas is most controversial?

The collapsible bathroom. We figured out that the code doesn't require a living unit to have walls around the toilet unless you have a kitchen. Since most of the units we design are for shared housing with multiple suites, the primary kitchen is located in only one of the suites, so the others can be open rooms with panels around the toilet that fold back to create more space when the bathroom is not in use. Some people see a lack of bathroom privacy as the trade off. We like the unusual space, and don't mind the market share reduction.

When you bring a set of plans to the building department, are you overly scrutinized because of your reputation?

Yes. They definitely know who we are at the building department, but half of the people who work there are our friends. The other half are confused and work to impede us. We've also had three graduates from The RED Office who have gone on to work there, so we have these highly active, incredibly smart people in the planning department helping to guide our projects through the obstacles. I've been in my share of trouble with the city over the years, but I've also helped create many valuable ordinances in the process – so, the trouble has been worth getting things codified.

Do you have any examples of stepping over the building code line that you regret?

After starting the MRED program, one of our students immediately began applying many of our strategies to projects. His neighbor complained when he made the master bedroom vanity kitchenettes full kitchens, and I regret that I wasn't clearer about the fact that we walk on the edge of legality when using these strategies. I don't feel bad being a little bit on the edge myself, but I have to be really careful advising others to take those same risks. At the same time, if you're not going to stick your neck out, as an architect or developer, you are always going to end up building the same stuff.

Who do you recommend we interview next?

Mike Burnett, the rock-star architect-builder who created the Eitol Tower, which received the Onion award. That building has the best public space that anyone has made in years here in San Diego. And of course Jonathan Segal, who's a great architect. His buildings appeal to an upscale market that's different than ours, but then his budgets include enough money to build apartments in concrete!

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