

ARCADE

REFRACTION

Dialogue on Design
Issue 39.1
Winter 2022 | Free



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A 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization, ARCADE fulfills its mission through its award-winning magazine and community events. ARCADE creates opportunities for writers and designers in print and on the web, and provides thoughtful professional development opportunities such as writer workshops. As the bridge between the wider community and the design field, ARCADE connects design ideas with the very people design influences.

ARCADE magazine is published by the Northwest Architectural League. Donations to ARCADE may be tax-deductible.

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REFRACTION

REFRACTION examines how the events of 2020 and 2021 have forged new lenses and perspectives by which we understand our place in the world, and represents where ARCADE as an organization is impacting and inspiring positive change in our architecture, design, and arts communities.

The past year has provided added time for reflection, interrogation, examination – and refraction – all of which ARCADE has used to identify new and expanding areas for impact through mentorship, diversification, and accessibility.

Mentorship

We, the board, were inspired by the University of Washington College of Built Environments' zine Craeft, a student-led publication not unlike the ARCADE of bygone eras. Our partnership with Craeft contributors and editors allowed both of us to share audiences and reach new ones, exchange expertise and style, and explore each other's publication concepts.

Building upon this, in 2022, we plan to increase the support and structure available to emerging writers through mentorship programming including hands-on participation in the publication process, editorial support, and spaces for more emerging arts, architecture, and design writers. The intent is to seek out and foster new talent, writing styles, and diversify the voice of ARCADE. We hope that by increasing our dedication to mentorship, we will expand access to the "hows" and "whys" of producing a professional journal. This all to provide a supportive experience to interested candidates, thinkers, and movers in the Pacific Northwest and, maybe one day, nationally.

Diversification

In 2020, we began tracking the demographics of our contributors to measure and evaluate the diversity of ARCADE's voices. As many organizations discovered during this time, we realized that in order to accurately reflect our community, we needed to implement new methods of outreach and shift our internal priorities. We are dedicated to soliciting more representation in the voices defining our publications and our organization so that ARCADE can serve our community in the most inclusive way possible.

Going forward, we are committed to increasing the number and perspectives of contributors by benchmarking our current practices and setting targets for improvement. Because of this exploration, ARCADE is proud to announce that all contributors, editors, and designers are now receiving compensation for their work and we will continue to compensate artists, writers, and designers as one of many ways to activate the value we hold for this community.

Accessibility

Past issues of ARCADE are now fully digital and available through the US Modernist website. This archive serves to preserve ARCADE and allow for universal free access to the publication. As part of this initiative, we are now transitioning away from a subscription model to ensure ARCADE's greater accessibility to a wider audience.

As you can see, we are proud to share our reflections on ARCADE's past year, and even more excited as we look ahead to where we're going. Layered overtop the organization's initiatives around mentorship, diversification, and accessibility, we are expanding ARCADE's impact with the publication of a second book: *Paul Hayden Kirk and the Puget Sound School*. Please stay tuned for the release date and surrounding programming!

It was wonderful to see so many of you at the Seattle Design Festival and look forward to hopefully seeing each other in person more often in 2022.

**Rebecca Hutchinson and Ruth Baleiko,
for the ARCADE Board**

DO WE CONSIDER OURSELVES ARTISTS? WE ARE CERTAINLY AT HOME IN THE COMPANY OF ARTISTS AND HAVE DONE A FAIR AMOUNT OF WORK FOR AND WITH THEM. BUT WE VIEW OURSELVES MORE AS CRAFTSPEOPLE IN THE CLASSICAL SENSE. AND CRAFT, WHEN DONE AT A CERTAIN LEVEL, CAN APPROACH THE SUBLIME. BUT THE PRIDE WE TAKE IN OUR WORK COMES MORE FROM INTERPRETING SOMEONE ELSE'S VISION, FROM SOLVING PROBLEMS THOUGHT TO BE UNSOLVABLE, FROM THE TRUST WE HAVE EARNED FROM THE MOST DEMANDING OF CLIENTS.



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WHAT IS AND WHAT COULD BE

Letter from the Feature Editors

"It's no use going back to yesterday, because I was a different person then."
— Lewis Carroll, Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

There was a lot going on in September, 2020. As students at the University of Washington, all of our classes were being held online, and it was difficult to communicate or connect with our peers in an informal way. Normally, we could get together at the end of the week at our college happy hours to chat and unwind, but that was no longer an option. We all quickly learned that you couldn't replace in-person experiences with Zoom. It just wasn't the same.

This is what inspired Cræft, a student-led zine meant to incite dialogue around modern-day topics through graphic representation. In other words, after a full day looking at a screen, we wanted to provide a new outlet for students to express their ideas, statements, reactions, and sentiments about the state of the world. It was a way of engaging in conversations and expressions that were free-form and unjudged.

Over a year later and there has been space to reflect on those uncertain times. While we never would have wished for them, if not for the circumstances of 2020, the desire to start Cræft may not have arisen. This issue of ARCADE features stories similar to ours, where difficult times brought out new, unexpected solutions.

"Refraction" and "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" the themes of this issue of ARCADE and the last issue of Cræft, respectively, touch on the ways our design community has been processing and integrating this strange (and now, strangely normal) time. It has occurred so differently for each of us – redirecting how we function in our day-to-days, clouding certain beliefs and bringing others to light. Whether that be coping through ad hoc collective movement; sidewalk gatherings turned commercial; launching art exhibits or photography books; or revisiting places and people from our city's design past. And through it all, new buildings have sprung up, children have gotten older, and we look with a hopeful eye to the future. Alongside these selected features, this issue also includes two of our favorite submissions to Cræft's most recent zine by Trina Denuccio and Jeremy McGlone, selected by the editors at ARCADE and Cræft.

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Yours,

Emily Crichlow and Claire Sullivan

Cræft founders Emily Crichlow and Claire Sullivan are recent graduates of the University of Washington where they received their Masters of Architecture degrees.

Emily is currently studying industrial building preservation and reuse as a part of her Valle travel scholarship through the University of Washington. Following, she will be interning with Cobe architects in Copenhagen, Denmark. She is passionate about experimenting with creative modes of representation and how that impacts our perceptions of architecture and design.
emilycrichlow.com

Claire is currently studying sustainable urban planning and landscape degradation in Sweden through the Valle scholarship with University of Washington. Following her time abroad, she will be working as a designer at EHDD in San Francisco. She is passionate about sustainability and cultural resiliency in design as a response to the climate crisis and enjoys testing new methods of representation as a way to portray meaningful spaces.
clairesulle.com

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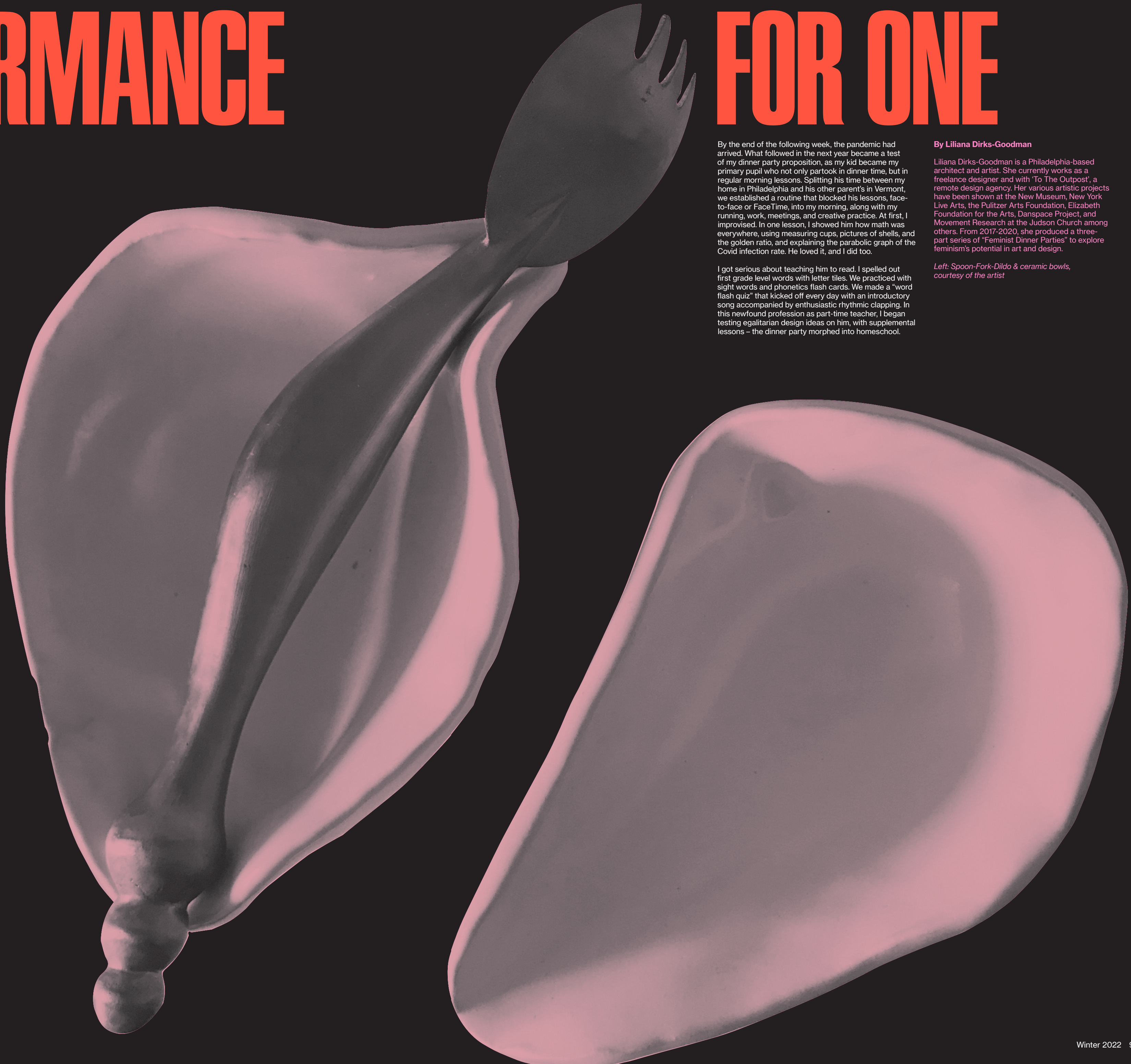
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clairesulle.com

PERFORMANCE

On Sunday, March 8, 2020, International Women's Day, I held my last performative "Feminist Dinner Party" at New York Live Arts, with an audience of 20. The dinner and the conversation centered a future where feminist values of equity and inclusion could help us meet the challenges of climate change and political division. I wanted to question the role of architects and designers, thinking of future versions of us being more like stewards and teachers who could help communities design and build themselves bottom-up. To exemplify the potential of new modes of accessibility, I modeled the dinner's place settings in Blender, a free and open-source modeling software, and 3D printed them.



FOR ONE

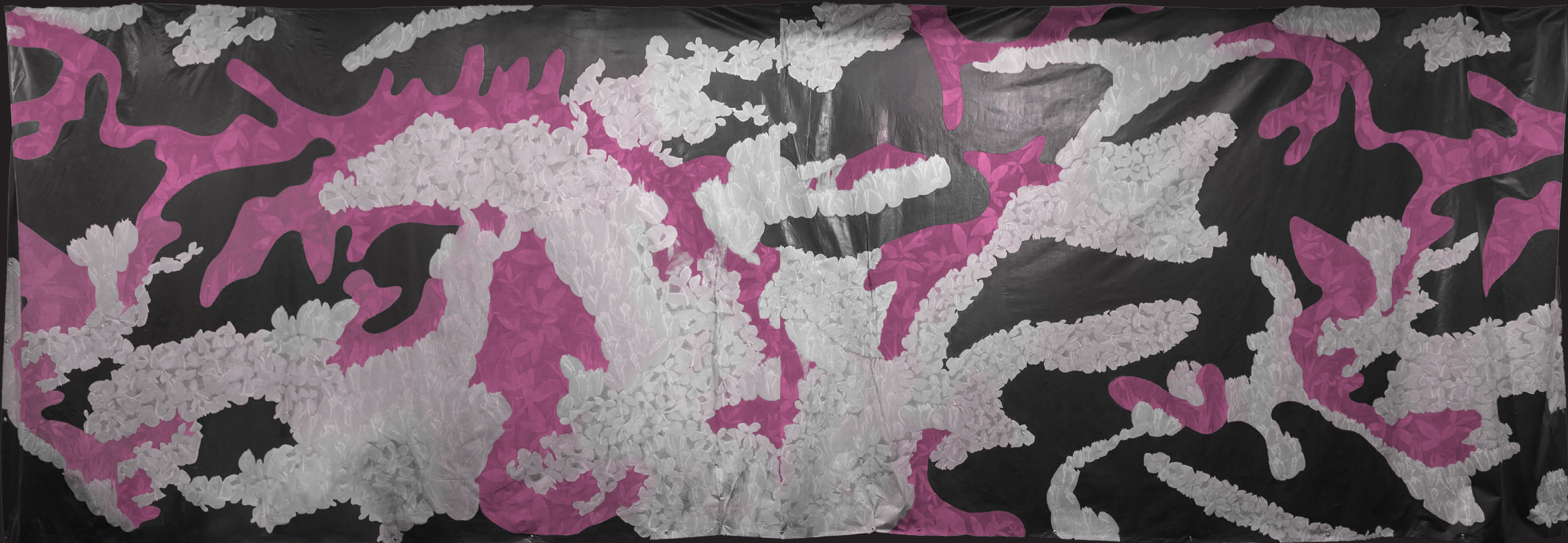
By the end of the following week, the pandemic had arrived. What followed in the next year became a test of my dinner party proposition, as my kid became my primary pupil who not only partook in dinner time, but in regular morning lessons. Splitting his time between my home in Philadelphia and his other parent's in Vermont, we established a routine that blocked his lessons, face-to-face or FaceTime, into my morning, along with my running, work, meetings, and creative practice. At first, I improvised. In one lesson, I showed him how math was everywhere, using measuring cups, pictures of shells, and the golden ratio, and explaining the parabolic graph of the Covid infection rate. He loved it, and I did too.

I got serious about teaching him to read. I spelled out first grade level words with letter tiles. We practiced with sight words and phonetics flash cards. We made a "word flash quiz" that kicked off every day with an introductory song accompanied by enthusiastic rhythmic clapping. In this newfound profession as part-time teacher, I began testing egalitarian design ideas on him, with supplemental lessons – the dinner party morphed into homeschool.

By Liliana Dirks-Goodman

Liliana Dirks-Goodman is a Philadelphia-based architect and artist. She currently works as a freelance designer and with 'To The Outpost', a remote design agency. Her various artistic projects have been shown at the New Museum, New York Live Arts, the Pulitzer Arts Foundation, Elizabeth Foundation for the Arts, Danspace Project, and Movement Research at the Judson Church among others. From 2017-2020, she produced a three-part series of "Feminist Dinner Parties" to explore feminism's potential in art and design.

Left: Spoon-Fork-Dildo & ceramic bowls, courtesy of the artist



One afternoon, I interrupted him drawing to show him how to draw orthographically: top, side, front view, and a section to imagine what's inside. He pushed my drawing aside and continued with his own. I opened Blender and showed him how to draw a spline and spin it into a vase that we 3D printed. He was unimpressed and asked when it would be okay to watch screens.

By November, I felt like a failure. After eight months I had watched his reading ability improve, then slip. The points in which I had tried to connect with him and my practice were unmet. I was exhausted. It wasn't just him that wasn't excited about the future possibilities of my practice, but also me. With no public show in sight, or even hope of one in the foreseeable future, my whole world was starting to shift. I knew I didn't want to keep doing what I had been doing in my creative practice, but didn't know what to do next. So, I decided to take an arts writing class.

My kid hated it when I had class. On Wednesdays, instead of leading him through his bedtime routine, he was entrusted to do it alone while I sat perched over my computer in the living room. One night during class, as he was bathing, he overflowed the tub in what felt like a dramatic protest. I snapped off Zoom, cathartically screamed my disappointment, helped him sop up the mess, then rejoined the call. He went to bed, and the following week's class happened in peace.

Top: Dinner Party No.3 backdrop made into a tarp tent, summer 2020, courtesy of the artist

Below: Orthographic drawing of a B17 on whiteboard by O



In the arts writing class, we worked on our artist statements. Leading up to the bathtub fiasco, I had been polishing two paragraphs of text that read as you would expect: materials, techniques, and schools of thought. It was all still more or less true, but it felt disingenuous. Nights before the final class, while making dinner, my kid came up to me with a whiteboard in hand, to show me a drawing of a B-17 airplane: Front, top, side, back view, and a few gun turret details. An orthographic drawing.

I revisited my artist statement and added another paragraph:

Nurturing is shaping, not knowing how it will end up, while caring how it feels. Right now it feels like finding solutions, not making art—patching it together. Organically going with the flow and switching gears when a technique isn't working. Committing to incremental change that I hardly notice, even when I'm paying attention. He makes a mess, I'm angry, he's not learning fast enough. I get frustrated, I can't describe what it should look like. Take a step back and today it's further along than it was a month ago. What's the word for form that comes into being through laborious practice that takes place over months and years, so slow it's imperceptible to the human eye?

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RAINIER SQUARE TOWER: FACETS OF LIGHT

By Bruce Rips

A former guest editor of ARCADE, Bruce Rips writes on architectural and urban design. His degrees in history and architecture inform his work, along with his collages and drawings. He currently supervises in the City of Seattle's Land Use Division.

His familiarity with Rainier Square Tower began with its inception in 2014. Acting as the Design Review Planner for the City of Seattle, he facilitated architectural reviews beginning with the development team's concept sketches, followed by extensive design critiques, and ending with a certificate of occupancy.

Photograph by *Moris Moreno*

As the child of multiple generations of lens grinders, my toy chest was filled with prisms and lenses. I would insert the palm-sized glass objects into wooden block assemblages in what I now see as early architectural efforts. If the light struck the maquettes just right, the prisms cast tantalizing color spectra on a nearby wall. I recently recalled this delightful memory of childhood play after visiting the newly constructed Rainier Square Tower (designed by NBBJ), whose pleated aluminum panels, scattered across four elevations, absorb and reflect light in a mesmerizing dance.

The tower reveals its gratifying complexity slowly, as one approaches from a distance. On the skyline, its slender silhouette and considerable height distinguish it from surrounding buildings. As one draws nearer, the texture formed by the angular panels presents itself. Although the panels' characteristics remain undecipherable, the surface emulates the dazzling effect of light and wind on water across the building's elevations.

This surface texture was what resonated most strongly with me. High-rises announce themselves with broad gestures, based on form, rhythm, and repetition; Rainier Square Tower subordinates these elements. Apart from the east elevation's dramatic scoop, the tower instead emphasizes texture, with hundreds of faceted panels that benignly suggest raindrops. When viewed from oblique angles, the facades form otherworldly landscapes — ones that harken back to my childhood fascination with shadows, which used to frequent my nightmares. This vertical terrain, attuned to the nuances of light, alters the moods and perceptions of the viewer.

The effect is created by just three panel types, each faceted with angled planes splayed in different directions to absorb and reflect light from their mica-enhanced aluminum surface. The two asymmetrical panels are rotated 180 degrees to increase visual variety. Immediately below the elegant, cloud-like cornice formed by the panels, twenty residential floors are defined by a tight alternating sequence of panels and double windows that stagger as the floors descend. In contrast, the panels on the office floors, which comprise the tower's lower half, are more dispersed and possess a rhythmic sequence clearly distinguishable from the residential floors.

Standing before the tower, I am immersed in light's play. The same wonderment from childhood envelops me. An image of a cloudburst overhead and its dynamic movement, implicit in the staggered panels, gives way to a heightened awareness of the facade's particularities. The facets are charged by the mutability of light — momentarily, daily, and seasonally. A kaleidoscope of triangular forms speckles the dark curtain wall in white, black, and shades of gray. A dissolution of architectural conventions gives way to heightened perceptions and visceral emotional experience, much like an encounter with an unfamiliar landscape.

The psychic lens governing the internal world reacts to the tension evoked by the disarray of angular forms, evoking the pleasures and terrors that light and its absence can evoke. The building colors our emotional experience of place, including the surrounding streets with their handsome early twentieth century buildings. Those feelings are apt to change as one turns the corner to greet the tower's other facades, which have very different qualities of light but are achieved with the exact same elements.

The spectrum of color cast on the enclosures of my childhood was a liberating glimpse into making the unseen visible. Likewise, the abstract mosaics of light emanating from Rainier Square Tower are a potent break from architecture as a display of ordering principles or form. The tower's mottled light is an appeal to the deep-seated realm beneath the armature — that of our emotions.

VOODOO CHILD ON A LANDSCAPE SCALE. JIMMY HENDRIX PARK

By Gregory Scruggs

Gregory Scruggs is an award-winning, independent journalist who writes about built, natural, and cultural environments. From his home base in Seattle, he has reported or conducted research on over two dozen countries and contributed to publications like *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, *Guardian Cities*, *Bloomberg CityLab*, *Metropolis*, *Monocle*, *Next City*, *US News & World Report*, *Thomson Reuters Foundation*, and *Fast Company*.

The staccato rattle of a drum line pierces the air. The colorful synchronicity of a drill team brightens the street. The regal bearing of Buffalo Soldiers transforms a grassy playground into a parade ground. A multiblock parade converges on a park temporarily remade into an outdoor bazaar, where West African fabrics mingle with Jamaican reggae records, while the scent of African-American soul food wafts through the air.

And the larger-than-life visage of Jimi Hendrix, presides over it all.

These moments from Seattle's Umoja Day of Unity Parade & March, held in August 2021, marked the fifth consecutive year that the city's longest-running parade has set its terminus at Jimi Hendrix Park. While this 2.5-acre public space in the Central District, within walking distance of the musician's childhood home, was formally christened in 2006, the potential for a historically and culturally resonant public space languished as an asphalt parking lot until its 2017 inauguration, unveiling a design by Seattle-based Murase Associates.

Fundraising and bureaucratic hurdles slowed the process of turning the parking lot into a park that would serve as both a neighborhood amenity and a front yard for the former Colman School, now the Northwest African American Museum. But the eventual construction of a public space visibly dedicated to an African-American cultural figure in Seattle quickly provided a rallying point for Seattle's Black community, as festivals and performances flocked to the park. While a park dedicated to Jimi Hendrix was viewed as long overdue in local quarters, the investment of public dollars (alongside significant philanthropy) to honor a Black cultural figure was ahead of its time for US cities, as civic leaders nationwide scrambled to reimagine the public realm in response to the Black Lives Matter movement.

Despite the musician's international renown, he has received comparatively little public recognition in his birthplace. His childhood home was torn down in 2009, despite preservation efforts. Until the park opened, local Hendrix monuments consisted of a permanent exhibit at the Museum of Pop Culture, a plaque at the Woodland Park Zoo, a bust in the Carfield High School library, and a sidewalk statue at the corner of Broadway and Pike. These historical markers could be contemplated only at site scale – as in the zoo, museum, and high school plaques – or the block scale, in the case of the sidewalk sculpture. But with the installation of the *Shadow Wave Wall*, as the black and purple sinuous portrait that stands roughly twelve feet high is known, the voodoo child became a public presence in Seattle at a landscape scale.

Seattle was the farthest destination of the Great Migration, the early twentieth century movement of six million African-Americans, from the rural South to the urban North and West, who fled racial terror and sought economic opportunity. James Marshall Hendrix was born in Seattle in 1942, to a mixed-race family with African-American, Irish, and Cherokee heritage. He was raised Black in a city where racially restrictive covenants governed real estate and confined the Hendrix family to homes in the Central District.

The decision to dedicate a marquee public park, with contemporary landscape design and ample room for large gatherings, to one of Seattle's few Black cultural icons proved prescient during the Black Lives Matter summer of 2020. As cities across the country grappled with whether and how to remove Confederate monuments, Seattle's landscape of memory presented few obvious sites of contention. Activists toppled a lone Confederate monument in Lakeview Cemetery in September 2020. The parks department removed a plaque from Volunteer Park that praised the US government's imperialist ambitions in the Spanish-American War in August 2021. In October 2020, protesters misfired when they defaced a downtown statue of former governor John McGraw – the incident shed light on McGraw's courageous stand, in 1886, as King County Sheriff, against a mob seeking to expel Chinese residents.

While the Capitol Hill Occupied Protest (CHOP) shaped public perception of racial justice protests in Seattle, the three-week duration of the accidental occupation was eclipsed by a longer summer of activism centered at Jimi Hendrix Park. After CHOP's collapse under the weight of intense media scrutiny, activist infighting, and gun violence, the more constructive elements of CHOP – from a Black history lending library to community acupuncture, free food, live poetry, and film screenings – migrated to an impromptu home under the butterfly wing. With Umoja Fest as a template, a 2020 Juneteenth march set the stage for Jimi Hendrix Park to fulfill a perhaps unimagined potential when the park was first conceived.

Honoring a beloved local musician may have been the initial goal of the park's backers, but the park's embrace by Black activists, organizers, and community leaders speaks to a larger need for cities to create public spaces that resonate with broader swaths of the public. Traditional landscape approaches to history, such as monumental boulevards, classical busts framed by leafy parks, and statues atop pedestals honoring the civic elite, are increasingly out of touch with contemporary attitudes toward history in public space. Engaged publics are instead clamoring for subversions like Kehinde Wiley's *Hurons of War* sculpture in Richmond, Virginia or figures, even those, like Jimi Hendrix, who were raised poor and Black and ultimately died young from a substance abuse problem. They, too, are worthy of a place in the civic landscape, and a public eager to reclaim its history will vote with its feet – marching, dancing, and stomping along to a guitar solo.



FRAMES IN A CHANGING LANDSCAPE

By Pine Knoll Design Build

Pine Knoll Design Build (PKDB), located on Pine Knoll Farm in Gig Harbor, WA, is a collective of seven students - Grady Foster, Kristian Sundberg, Kellie Kou, Jeremy McGlone, Hannah Simonsen, Pedro Ramos, and Nev Granum - pursuing their respective Master of Architecture degrees at the University of Washington. Pine Knoll Farm was purchased in 1978 by trailblazing UW Architecture alum, Mary Lund Davis. PKDB works to continue her legacy of unbridled creativity.

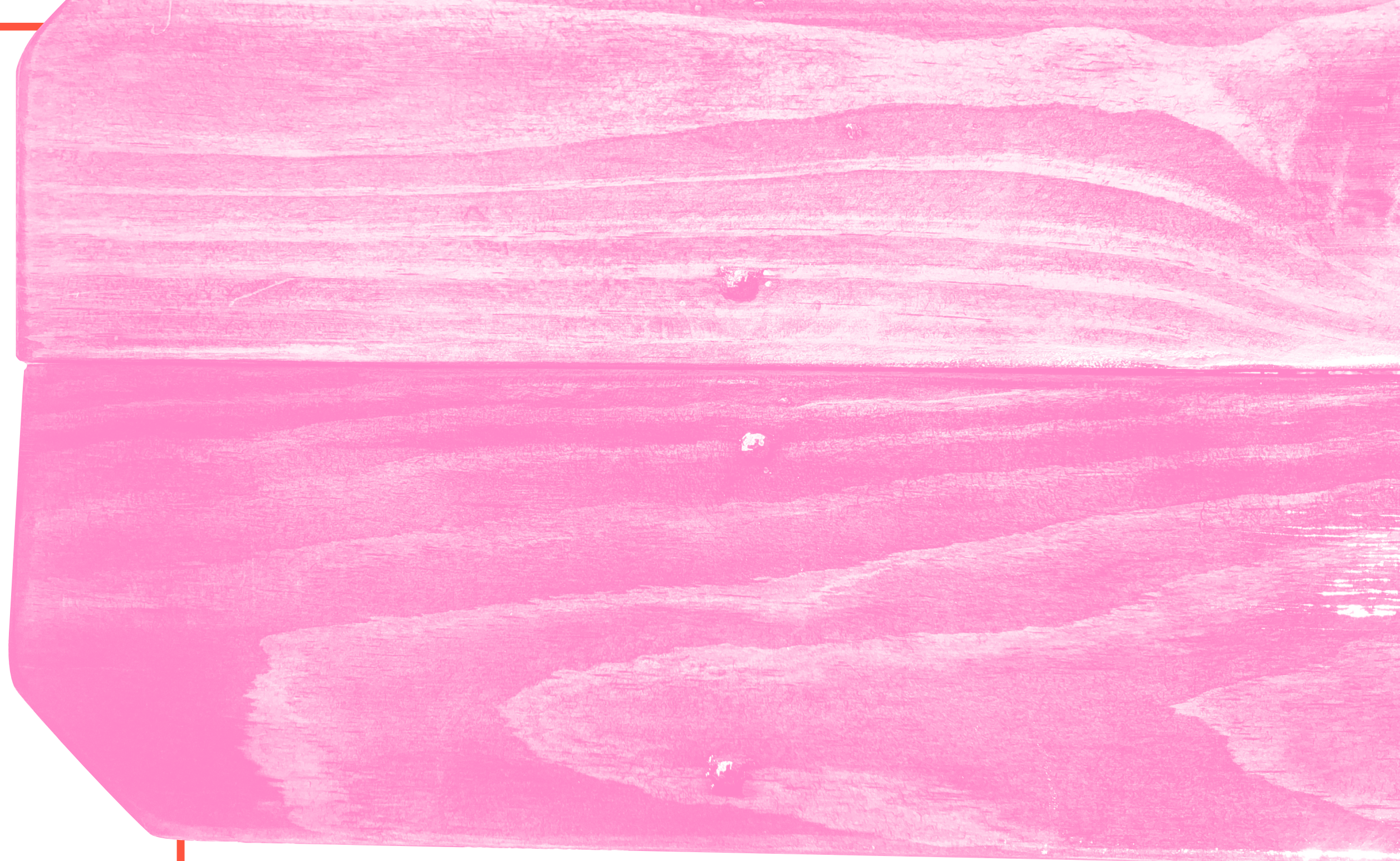


Above: frame collage by Nev at PKDB.

What happens to a community when it is devoid of physical context? As seven first year architecture graduate students at The University of Washington, we were subjected to precisely this scenario when COVID hit: we had materials, but nobody to utilize them, and studios sitting empty. 2020 will be remembered through many frames, but for us it will be the anesthetizing avatars and aspect ratios of Zoom. The emptiness of blank, faceless screens at the end of each session became a fitting visual metaphor for the collective loss of our in-person architecture education as well as our inability to organically form community.

We transformed our isolation into new opportunities to engage in the physical manifestation of ideas and space through the creation of Pine Knoll Design Build (PKDB). Such a recontextualization of our online education may be understood as the refraction of frames; what was once rigidly contained within digital screens became released by our collective imagination and the surrounding landscape. With this grew a conviction in PKDB's mission of collaborative handwork, craftsmanship, materiality, and our rediscovery of a connection to physical place and to one another.

We explored and manifested these ideals through a series of constructed frames carefully placed throughout Pine Knoll Farm in Gig Harbor, WA to help us understand our place in a post-2020 world. Through the creation of these frames, we breached the Zoom format and discovered a novel ingenuity and resourcefulness. Each frame utilized foraged and repurposed materials, many taken from previous projects that had existed on the farm over its 120-year history. While each PKDB member designed their own frame, the goal was to represent our collective reframing and transition – from the immateriality of Zoom, towards a newly precious tangibility.



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ADAPTABLE SUBURBS



A REDISTRIBUTION OF PRIVATE SPACE FOR SOCIAL GOOD

By Garrett Nelli

Garrett Nelli is a practicing architect based in Seattle and currently pursuing a masters degree from the Architectural Association based in London. His passion exists at the intersection of architecture, sociology, and ecological activism. Garrett believes architects have the potential and responsibility to address the broader issues of a global society through community-engaged design solutions that promote cohesion and empowerment. Garrett was the recipient of the 2017 AIA Seattle Emerging Professionals Travel Scholarship where he traveled internationally to catalog the societal influence of community-based architectural projects. His research findings titled "In the Public Interest: Redefining the Architect's Role and Responsibility" have been exhibited at the Center for Architecture + Design in Seattle and the BSA Space in Boston.

You would have been hard-pressed, back in February 2020, to believe that a detached garage in Seattle's Phinney Ridge neighborhood would become a distribution site for hard cider to families on their evening stroll. This fanciful future, however, became a reality in the devastating wake of the COVID-19 pandemic. The global pandemic allowed for the rare opportunity to adapt cities, neighborhoods, and homes in response to this unprecedented social change. Yonder Cider's radical redistribution of private residential space for public use is a novel example of a social course correction introduced by the adversity of the COVID-19 crisis, which paves the way for future community resiliency via bottom-up economic opportunity in our neighborhoods.

Yonder Cider co-founder Caitlin Braam and her team had just begun production for their inaugural batch of cider when lockdown measures were put in place, in March 2020. As the pandemic developed, Braam decided it best for her business to forgo leasing a storefront for their future taproom and weather what was assumed to be a temporary storm. These plans would all change when Braam hosted family and friends one night early in the pandemic, and her father-in-law remarked how lively First Avenue had become. The City of Seattle had recently upgraded twenty-five miles of neighborhood greenways to "Stay Healthy Streets," by closing roads to through traffic, and Braam's local street running parallel with Greenwood Avenue and Phinney Ridge had become a magnet for community activity, as one of the newly opened byways. It was his comment, "Why don't you just sell cider out of your garage?" that sparked a radical idea.

Braam recognized that, seemingly overnight, First Avenue had transformed from a hollow suburban street into an active and bustling pedestrian thoroughfare. The only pieces missing from this new communal network were destinations that would promote safe social blending during a time when many were feeling the effects of distance and isolation. Could a cider bar be that missing link? Braam was determined to find out.

Since Yonder Cider planned only to distribute cider and not to house any production equipment on-site, obtaining a liquor license wouldn't be an issue. It was more challenging, however, to convince the Seattle Department of Construction & Inspections (SDCI) of their business idea. Braam's neighborhood is zoned Single-Family (SF) 5000, meaning that single-family homes are permitted, on a minimum lot size of 5,000 square feet. Commercial use is not explicitly allowed; however, there are provisions for businesses to be run out of a home (Seattle Municipal Code Section 23.42.050), and SDCI confirmed they would not be issuing any violations for this "grey area" during the pandemic; unless a complaint was filed. With this "approval" – or, perhaps more accurately, a turning of the head – it was all systems go for Yonder Cider. Construction took just over a month, and, in August 2020, Seattle's first walk-up cider bar, Yonder Bar, opened in Braam's reimagined detached garage.

The surrounding community immediately galvanized around Yonder Bar. In a time when most commercial businesses were shuttering due to COVID lockdowns, Yonder Bar offered a symbol of resiliency and community pride.

It quickly became the spot to be on any given night and found strong support across age groups. As Yonder's operations grew, so did its fervent community, which played an instrumental role in the company's success.

Nothing more clearly illustrates this community support than the 5,000 signatories who expressed support of Yonder Bar in response to a string of code violation complaints (from a single source) that forced Yonder to temporarily shut its garage door in February 2021. On its closing day of operation, despite the heavy snowfall, patrons came on foot, skis, and sleds to show support and purchase any remaining four packs. That day, Yonder Bar set a single-day sales record.

The closure was short lived, thanks to a swift response by Seattle City Council in passing the "Bringing Business Home" bill, which provides additional economic support and flexibility for at-home businesses adversely affected by land use codes during the pandemic. One can extrapolate how such a democratic approach could encroach into the residentially saturated nooks and crannies of the city. Imagine active pedestrian streets lined with kiosks of delicacies and curiosities, offered by the residents living on the lots behind. How might the residential street evolve if its residents' passion projects were on full display for the community to witness and participate in? And how might this instill greater community support for individuals putting it all on the line to pursue their dreams?

In a city where seventy percent of the land is single-family zoned, this solution smartly leverages existing building stock to promote new, diverse uses.

At the same time, the relationship between the private, car-centric street and the private home (and business) has been reconfigured through the "Stay Healthy Streets" campaign. Together, this new suburban space typology radically reconnects the neighborhood via community accessibility and economic opportunity.

Yonder sets a precedent for entrepreneurial incubation and neighborhood revitalization. The company has garnered a level of neighborhood and city support that seems near impossible for a business to achieve in a traditionally leased storefront. The transparency of Yonder Cider's development has allowed their community to participate in their evolution. This was on full display when scores of patrons joined together on September 4th to celebrate the grand reopening of the Bale Breaker and Yonder Cider taproom in Ballard.

Only time will tell if Yonder Bar is an anomaly or if it will spark a larger movement, but with other at-home businesses following suit, it looks like the latter might prove true. This spatial response to the COVID-19 pandemic revealed a latent capacity and desire for the private realm to bleed into the street, and for the street to enter the home. As Braam put it, "COVID was the time for invention." The Yonder Bar social experiment has proven to be one of the more optimistic inventions to emerge from the shadows of the COVID-19 pandemic.

LIVING LANES

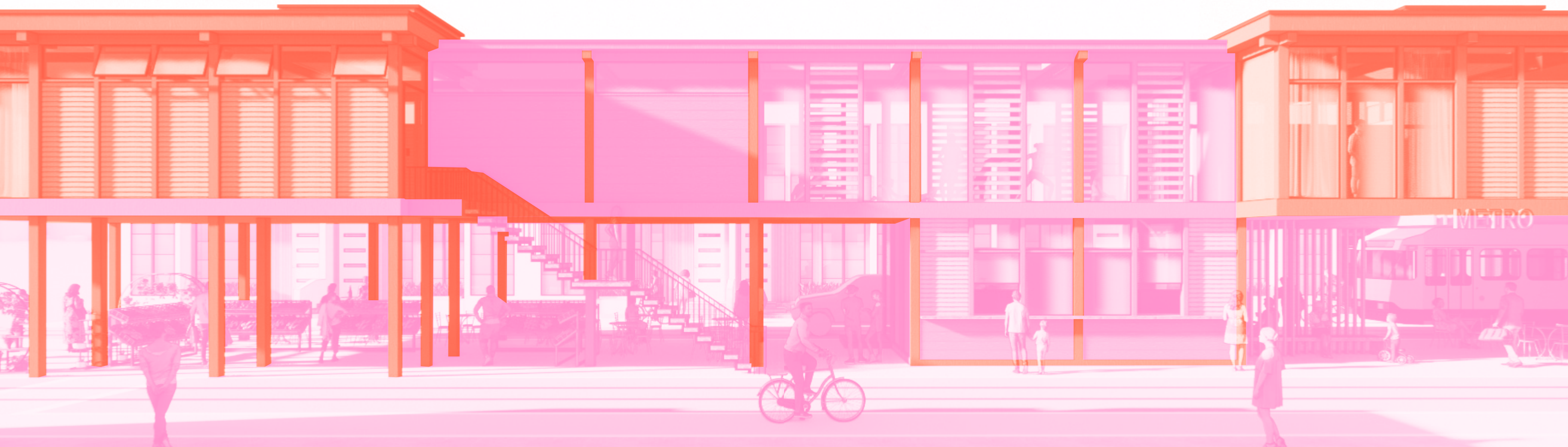
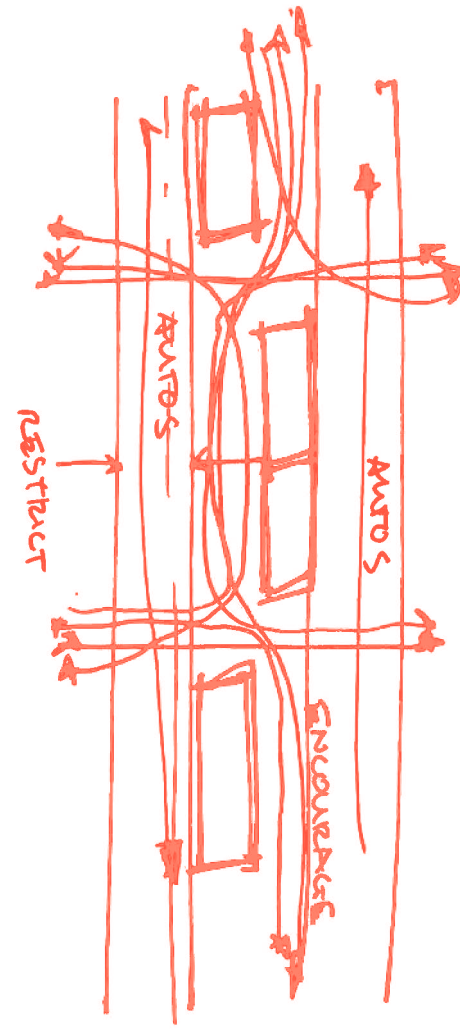
By Andrew Blumm and Alison Iwashita

The Living Lanes Master Plan by Andrew Blumm and Alison Iwashita won "Most Daring" in 2020's The City of Short Distances competition. As part of the Seattle AIA Urban Design Forum and Young Architects' Forum initiative Towards a Region of Short Distances, the competition sought innovative solutions for prototypical "microneighborhoods." Urging designers to focus on long-term implications under the 2020 prompt "Seattle:2100", they urged the entries to focus on walkability and access in ways that foster long-term community growth and development.

Drawing inspiration from the "15-minute city" urban planning concept, amenities that require repeated commutes are relocated to the suburbs. Both have lived in a variety of different residential communities from semi-rural, to suburban, to dense downtown financial districts. However, each of these neighborhoods had their own problems and deficiencies in accommodating a sustainable and fulfilling lifestyle. We recently relocated to the Pearl District in Portland; a moderately dense neighborhood composed of mostly mid-rise buildings with small ground floor retail. Having commercial uses within a short walk has really changed our lives for the better. We spend less money at large corporations because the small retail spaces are better suited for local businesses, we get exercise doing our daily activities because we can walk and bike wherever we need to and there are abundant opportunities to socialize because we aren't stuck in our car. Most importantly, the money we do spend goes to families in our neighborhood, and we tend to have a little extra spending money since we don't have the added expense of a car, gas, maintenance, and insurance. When it came to the design of Living Lanes, we asked ourselves: What is the best way to introduce small retail spaces into an existing neighborhood which looks nothing like a 15-minute city. The reclamation of already abundant auto space and frivolous lanes was a logical choice. From there, we hope that the project will act as a catalyst to organic growth from nearby homeowners who wish to participate or augment the new economic and social activities of their neighborhood.

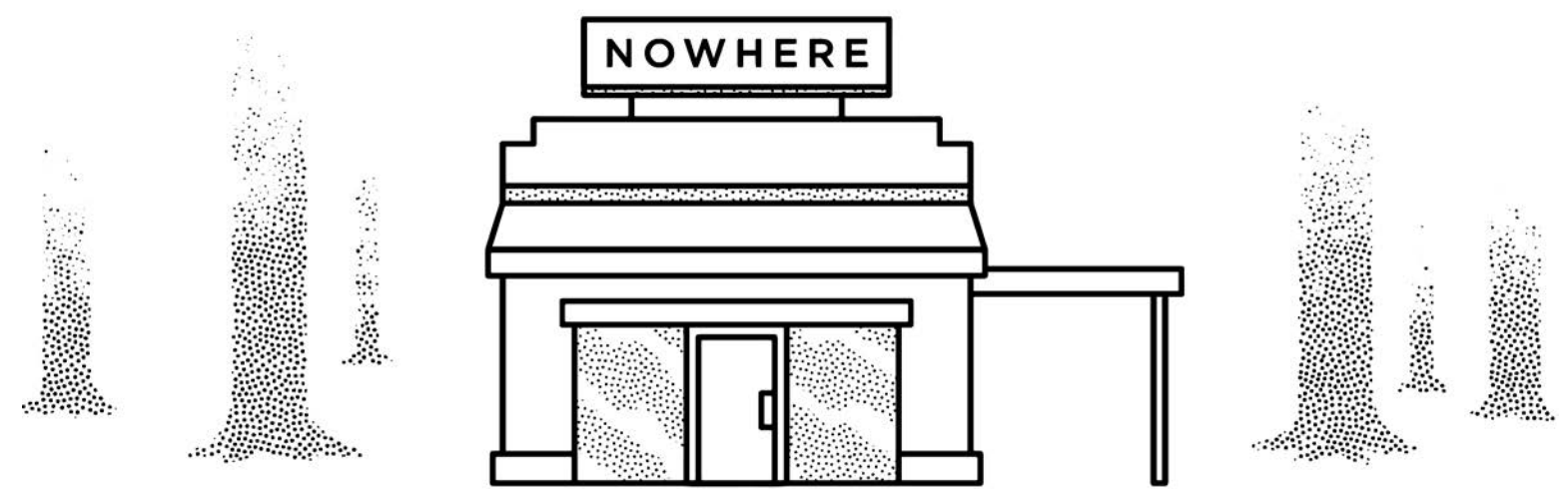
Examining successful cases of reduced auto dependency, a common thread is the notion that de-incentivizing auto use must begin with reducing the capacity of roads. This is contrary to most programs in the US which focus on reducing the number of drivers. Our proposal lowers road capacity while recognizing that many people rely on commutes to fulfill basic needs such as grocery shopping, daycare, and education. The proposed design, a horizontal strip of community and retail space, places services, social life, and recreation opportunities within a modular linear building in the middle two lanes of a four-lane suburban road. The building can be added on to indefinitely and doubles as a shelter for the pedestrian walkway below.

This approach simultaneously reclaims unproductive space, provides suburbanites with access to necessities, and injects economic investment into small and otherwise unextraordinary places. The Living Lane serves to catalyze future growth with a relatively small initial investment. Over time, adjacent areas are projected to become more desirable for their proximity to services and multimodal transportation options. To accommodate future interest, the addition of ADUs or the division of existing lots is incentivized in nearby areas. Furthermore, residents may want to participate in the neighborhood economy so garages and auxiliary buildings will be rezoned to commercial use, allowing for small businesses like coffee shops or boutique clothing to flourish. The subsequent environment would be abundant with opportunity and activity so low- to mid-rise buildings may start to replace single family homes. Each project catalyzed by the Living Lanes Master Plan helps to change the previously homogenous suburban neighborhood to an increasingly active, equitable, and sustainable community.





FUTURE MACHINE: VOLUME 4



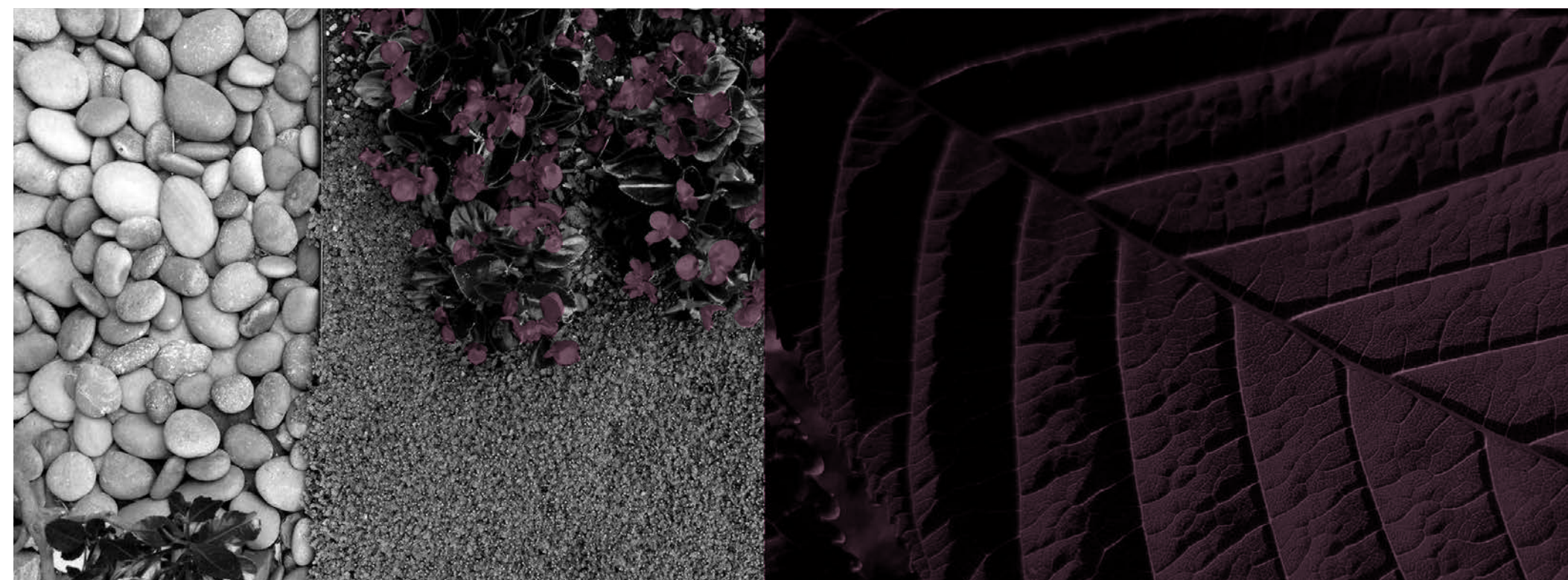
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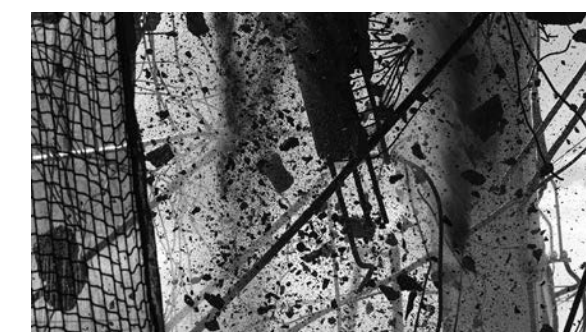
MoM





ROAD TO NOWHERE

Sarah Herda in conversation with photographer Eirik Johnson
A discussion of Johnson's latest project documenting the demolition
of the Alaskan Way Viaduct.





Eirik Johnson: Sarah!

Sarah Herda: Hello! This is not staged. (Herda points to a photo on the wall behind her, "Untitled (Sweater)" from Johnson's early 2000s project "Borderlands"). I bought it at a Museum of Contemporary Photography auction when I first moved to Chicago in 2006.

Oh, that is really sweet. I love that place. They were my first big break. I saw the Chicago Architecture Biennial just opened, and I'm into the theme of making use of spaces that need use or could be of use.

This edition of the biennial, *The Available City*, curated by David Brown, is dispersed throughout Chicago neighborhoods. As a part of it, we have an exhibition at the Graham Foundation that features global design practices. All the projects in our show focus, in one way or another, on people doing what they can with what they have.

When I was working on *Borderlands*, those were ideas I was really interested in, and have continued in a lot of the work that I do – the makeshift or adaptation, improvisation with what you find. At that time in San Francisco, it was a city that was on the verge of becoming what it is now, but not quite there yet. There were many in-between places – where things were caught by natural forces or human forces and people messing with them. I tried ham-handedly to create performative gestures myself in those spaces, but the more I looked, the weirder, stranger things I found, and then my work kind of shifted to that aspect.

Everything in *Borderlands* is found, right?

Yes. That's when I honed in on this new vocabulary that I started finding in the landscape. Whether or not it was these mushroom camp forager structures that I photographed, or this seasonal hunting camp in Alaska where each cabin was built out of different salvaged materials. I had one foot in architecture and one foot in that performative realm – almost like a portrait made through the things I found interesting. This work on the viaduct is something that I have been wanting to photograph, or document, ever since I knew that they were going to take it down.

Finished in the late sixties after decades of planning and almost two decades of construction, the Alaskan Way Viaduct radically transformed Seattle's downtown but had a remarkably short life as a solution to the city's traffic problems.

In that short window of time, from when the viaduct was built to now, it created a whole different area of the city and a different kind of space. Because it was marginalized, with cheaper rent, you had places like Seattle's first disco/gay bar under the viaduct – Shelly's Leg – that opened in 1973 and closed around 1978 because of a fire. Or OK Hotel, which came to represent an era of Seattle to the world through the movie *Singles*. You had little clubs, but also antique shops, shelters, and social service organizations that could afford the rent because of the proximity to the viaduct.

Now with the viaduct gone, there is a real estate aspect of things flooding in and the area is in transition. The pandemic slowed the rat race to fill in the space, but I think ultimately the fabric of the waterfront will change again.

I am sure speculation of the waterfront started well before it was announced that the viaduct would be removed. I read somewhere that there were calls to take down the viaduct only a few years after it was finally completed.

There were three options when the Nisqually earthquake hit in 2001: rebuild the viaduct in a more seismic fashion; make it all road-based, arterial-based; or the most expensive option – which they went for – dig a tunnel.

I was in downtown Seattle recently and encountered all of these strange moments and dislocations where layers of the city were exposed and I realized they were all a result of the viaduct cutting through.

It is interesting that a lot of the buildings built when the viaduct was there didn't really address or think aesthetically about the west-facing facades of the buildings. They are really kind of ugly, or just sort of non-nondescript. Now they are completely exposed.

When did you photograph the viaduct?

I think it was right at the end of 2018, beginning of 2019.

So right when the viaduct closed?

Yes. I had a specific idea of what I wanted to do – shoot in the window of time when the viaduct would be closed to traffic and was off limits, but before the demolition crews moved in, which was not a lot of time. The City of Seattle's Office of Arts & Culture essentially commissioned me to photograph the viaduct and its demolition, and I owe them a big note of thanks.

I was very intentional with the project, which had two phases and ultimately became both sides of the accordion book. First, I documented the empty viaduct. Then, I documented the demolition of the thing, which was this grand spectacle.

With the first, I explored the idea of a lost horizon – or a lost panorama – of the city from the viaduct. The vista from the lower deck of the viaduct – being that close to the city at that elevated view – that is gone, and we'll never have that again. That really was the view that I wanted to capture – that is what resonated with me. It is like the L train in Chicago, or other urban elevated vistas where different parts of the city come into view in very close proximity, offering an urban feel that Seattle often doesn't have.

While documenting the viaduct demolition, people flocked down to the waterfront to watch these giant dinosaur-like creatures demolish it – it was so dramatic, cool, and otherworldly to see this thing get torn down in such rapid time. I wanted these images to be powerful, abstract, and black and white. During the pandemic, I started putting things up on the wall in the studio and thinking about it more formally in a book form. I needed distance and time to create the book.

How do you approach making a book?

For me, the identity of the book needs to be tied to the work itself. *Borderlands* I always considered a brick of earth – almost like a chunk of the earth itself. The book format is led by the content of the work itself.

With this book it is the same. I did not want to just do a book of the viaduct. There are two chapters, two sides of the coin. There is this panorama of the viaduct, and then there is the darkness, or the demolition of the thing, which is the operatic conclusion. I have always wanted to do an accordion-style book, but I have been wary of it because I find it has been overused, or it has been used when it does not make sense.

With this format, if you spread it out, you can have the sensation of the whole vista of the city. That appealed to me, almost like an Ed Ruscha gesture. The book represents the panorama of what was lost. The top view from the viaduct looking out at Elliott Bay, for example, that's a view that you can get from many places in the city still – even though the viaduct is gone.

When will the book be done?

It will likely be done next week. I was at the printer yesterday – here in Seattle. It is called Girle Press, and it's run by Risa Blythe. She has been really collaborative.

Oh, wow. Congratulations!

I have a maquette here. Because there is no spine with the accordion format, you can fold it out so the cover can read *Road To Nowhere*, or *Nowhere Road To*.

On one side of the accordion, with the viaduct pre-demolition, you see pictures right up against peoples' apartments, and their little gardens out on the fire escapes. Pictures of steam vents and different downtown vistas and what not. It gives the whole downtown perspective. Then you get to the end and there's this twilight pinkish-orangish picture looking out the lower deck of the viaduct.

Continuing to the flip side, you just keep going. Here, you enter this dark space and it is very gritty. These two images on either book ends are the T-Rex jaws, coming down and snapping the trestles of the viaduct. Images are literally cut by the book – a picture on the edge of the page is chopped and incomplete. I was a lot freer with this side. There are no borders. The jaws and the nets seemingly suggest a theater – like curtains drawn back. And then, looking up through the viaduct, these sort of ruins emerge. Have you read the Robert Smithson essay "A Tour of the Monuments of Passaic, New Jersey"?

Yes, it is an amazing reflection and photo series of his return to the post-industrial landscape of his youth.

It stuck with me since I first read it in grad school. There's a line in it where he talks about ruins in reverse, which has resonated with me throughout a lot of work – thinking about things in transition and wondering, "Are they tearing it down? Are they building it?" This will be gray. (Johnson points out the last page of the book.) That's it. Then you get to the end, and you are back at the beginning.

Sarah Herda is the director of the Graham Foundation for Advanced Studies in the Fine Arts. Founded in 1956, the Graham Foundation fosters the development and exchange of diverse and challenging ideas about architecture and its role in the arts, culture, and society. Herda served as the co-artistic director of the inaugural Chicago Architecture Biennial in 2015, the largest international exhibition of contemporary architecture in North America. She continues to serve on the Biennial's board of directors, as well as the board of the Association of Architecture Organizations, among other organizations. Herda was the director and curator of *Storefront for Art and Architecture*, an experimental space in New York City. She graduated from Garfield High School in Seattle, where she first met Eirik Johnson.

Photographic artist Eirik Johnson makes work examining the intersections of contemporary environmental, social, and economic issues both in America and abroad. Employing various modes of presentation from photobooks to experiential photo and sound-based installation, Johnson's photographic projects explore the marks and connections formed in the friction of this complicated relationship. Johnson received his BFA and BA from the University of Washington, Seattle, WA in 1997 and his MFA from the San Francisco Art Institute in 2003. He has exhibited his work at institutions including the Aperture Foundation, NY, the Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston, MA, and the George Eastman House, Rochester, NY. Johnson currently has work on view at the Bellevue Art Museum's 2021 Biennial Exhibition.

All photos by Eirik Johnson as featured in his latest book, *Road to Nowhere*.



COLLAGE CITY



nce, Art and Inquiry
Architecture
Displacement

happiness
Poetry and Rethinking

RAD

Creating Community

Prestige

By Tom Eykemans, Seattle

Tom Eykemans is a design advisor to ARCADE magazine. He is currently Design Director at Lucia I Marquand, which develops, designs, and produces books with museums, artists, and publishers. He is co-founder of the Seattle Art Book Fair and founder of the independent Tome Press. He was previously Senior Designer at the University of Washington Press. He received a BFA in Visual Communication Design from the University of Washington School of Art in 2002. He was born in Seattle to Dutch parents and raised in Port Angeles, where the mountains greet the sea.

The 2021 Seattle Design Festival took place at Lake Union Park beside the Museum of History and Industry, just north of Amazonia, on a blustery weekend in late August. Hosted by the local American Institute of Architects (AIA) chapter, the festival "celebrates and explores the role and impact of design on urban life in Seattle." ARCADE made this exploration its theme.

We had a prominent space where we set a blank plywood "canvas" on sawhorses adjoined by shelves displaying dozens of ARCADE back issues. We asked festival-goers to depict their ideal world by drawing, writing, or cutting up magazines and then pasting them on the surface to make a collage. Many recognized ARCADE issues from one era or another and enthusiastically joined in while sharing memories of the magazine. Others discovered ARCADE for the first time, heartened to find a thriving print publication focused on design in the Pacific Northwest. Children were attracted by the colorful compositions taking form and the familiar instructions to cut and paste whatever they created.

People interacted with the collage in different ways. Some casually flipped through magazines, and if an image or headline caught their eye, they quickly cut it out and slapped it onto the canvas. Others carefully went through the issues as if looking for something specific, which they then painstakingly cut out and delicately pasted down. Children grabbed markers and gleefully wrote and sketched over everything.

The resulting collage is a free-form take on "next" by a slice of our community. Using ARCADE issues as a source might seem to focus people on the past and present. Indeed, the pandemic was noted, but most contributors looked beyond it to contemplate a different future.

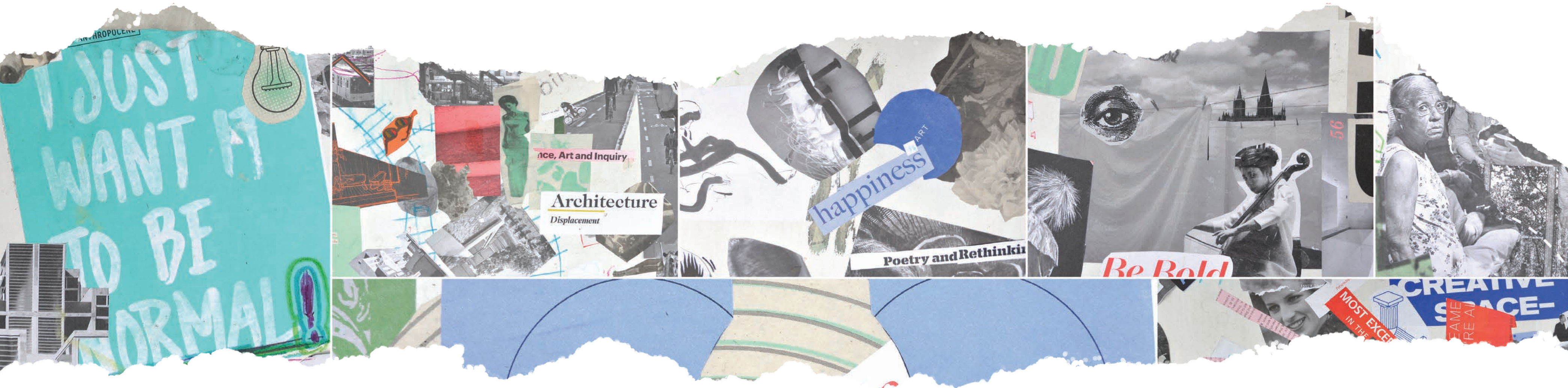
By John Parman, Berkeley

John J. Parman is an editorial advisor to ARCADE, Architect's Newspaper, ORO Editions' A+RD research imprint, and Room One Thousand, the annual of graduate students at U.C. Berkeley's College of Environmental Design, where he is a visiting scholar. Educated in architecture and planning, Parman taught graduate architecture studios at U.C. Berkeley and California College of the Arts in the mid-1980s and again in 2004. He had a 40-year career in the field, with stints at Skidmore, Owings & Merrill and at Gensler, where, as editorial director, he launched its flagship publications, Dialogue (2000) and the Design Forecast (2013).

Thanks to my co-author, I've seen photos of the collage that ARCADE crowd-sourced at the Seattle Design Festival. Late August found some of the millennial women in my family recovering from the COVID-19 variant, described by my daughter as "the worst flu." Everyone recovered, but it showed clearly how—even vaccinated—this thing wasn't done with us. Yet the country has opened up. I still mask up and I'm waiting for a booster shot, but it feels less constricted here in Berkeley. We're living with it, in short.

The ideal world on which the ARCADE collage riffs is a mix of optimism and bravado—"Be Bold!"—and an honesty about the problems we face. "Prestige" and "Most Exceptional" mingle with "displacement." We envision our community's inclusiveness. We "just want to be normal," but we know that poetry goes along with rethinking, and that science and art together are the raw material of a "next" worth living.

Festivals are markers across the year. The collage is a banner that reminds us of that day in August when we paused to dream about Seattle, a place always in flux. Design in a city sense has a strong demotic element—what people bring to everything they inhabit, lay their eyes on, patronize or not. Nature lately has been assertive: heat waves, blizzards, viral pandemics. We live now, glancing over our shoulders, wondering what sort of planet our children or grandchildren will inherit. A city takes this all in. Our banner reminds us how in late August we paused to look ahead and how we're all in this together.



INNARDS

Art by Amanda Knowles

Northwest artist Amanda Knowles creates artworks that are an abstracted acknowledgment of the growth happening all around us and are influenced by the dramatic, shifting surroundings of Seattle. Knowles uses photography to document and explore the built environment and these images are the basis of her investigations, sometimes finding their way into the work, but many times simply used as the point of departure and a way of thinking. Her work explores the interaction between structure and chance, combining elements of luck and control into her layered visual compositions. She describes her art as being "worked and reworked, overworked and resuscitated, simplified and finished." Amanda is currently represented by G. Gibson Projects.

Words by Laura Bartunek

Laura Bartunek is an associate at Olson Kundig. Her work at the firm mediates between intuitive- and narrative-driven design explorations, often drawing from myths, imagination, and the natural world. Laura applies visual tools and techniques to unconventional landscapes, using her illustrations as a means of studying varying ecologies and unearthing points of departure for future design investigations.

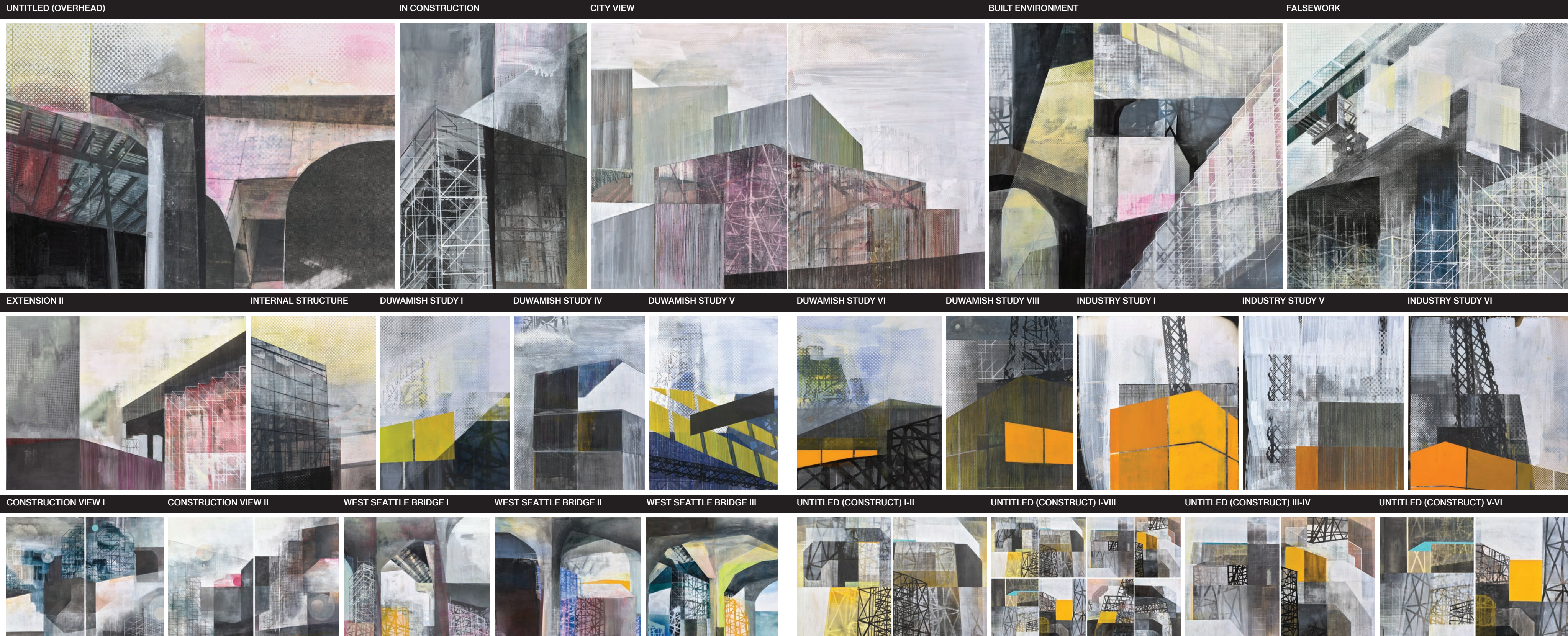
Within the internal machinations of Amanda Knowles' cities, I see stories; I see a labyrinth. The made and unmade devouring itself like Minos's maze. Do you know the tale? How in ancient Greece, the craftsman Daedalus hides the beast within the foundations of Crete to sate the monster's hunger with confusion. That path lives within these drawings - it is the process, a meandering journey of forms that collage and build upon themselves, changing direction and befuddling the maker, the viewer, until we no longer understand what supports what, or where it began or will end.

The poet Homer saw the labyrinth not as a path, but as an edifice. That edifice reveals itself in Knowles' compositions; her textures superimposed and seeking past the edges of the undercroft. They merge, create a singular form in which we feel the presence of the maze.

Then, a shift. A new tale. Perhaps this is no maze but Babel's own tower. Do you not see the foundations abandoned? The forms devoid of human life? Its structure unclad and perpetually reaching towards the sky? Here, in the repairs, these temporary frames, lies hope and folly. Progress becomes a relic reaching for the unattainable.

Or better yet, are these not Piranesi's jails? Where we may steal a glimpse into an unknown world, a space of no scale, housing endless layers of structure, scaffolding, and bracing that die into the paper. Knowles describes her drawings, her structures, as points of departure. They are shifting tales with endless beginnings. Frameworks that allow us to craft our own architectural allegories, brick by brick.

Screen Print, Graphite, Acrylic on Paper



EKA

Art by Trina Denuccio

Trina is a Master of Architecture candidate at the University of Washington, with over ten years of experience working with architecture and interior firms in the US and throughout Asia-Pacific. Her work focuses on design direction, project management, fabrication, materials research, architectural history, preservation technology, sustainability, and adaptive reuse. Always interested in place and memory, she sees our surrounding built and natural environments as complex and rich cultural repositories, brimming with information.

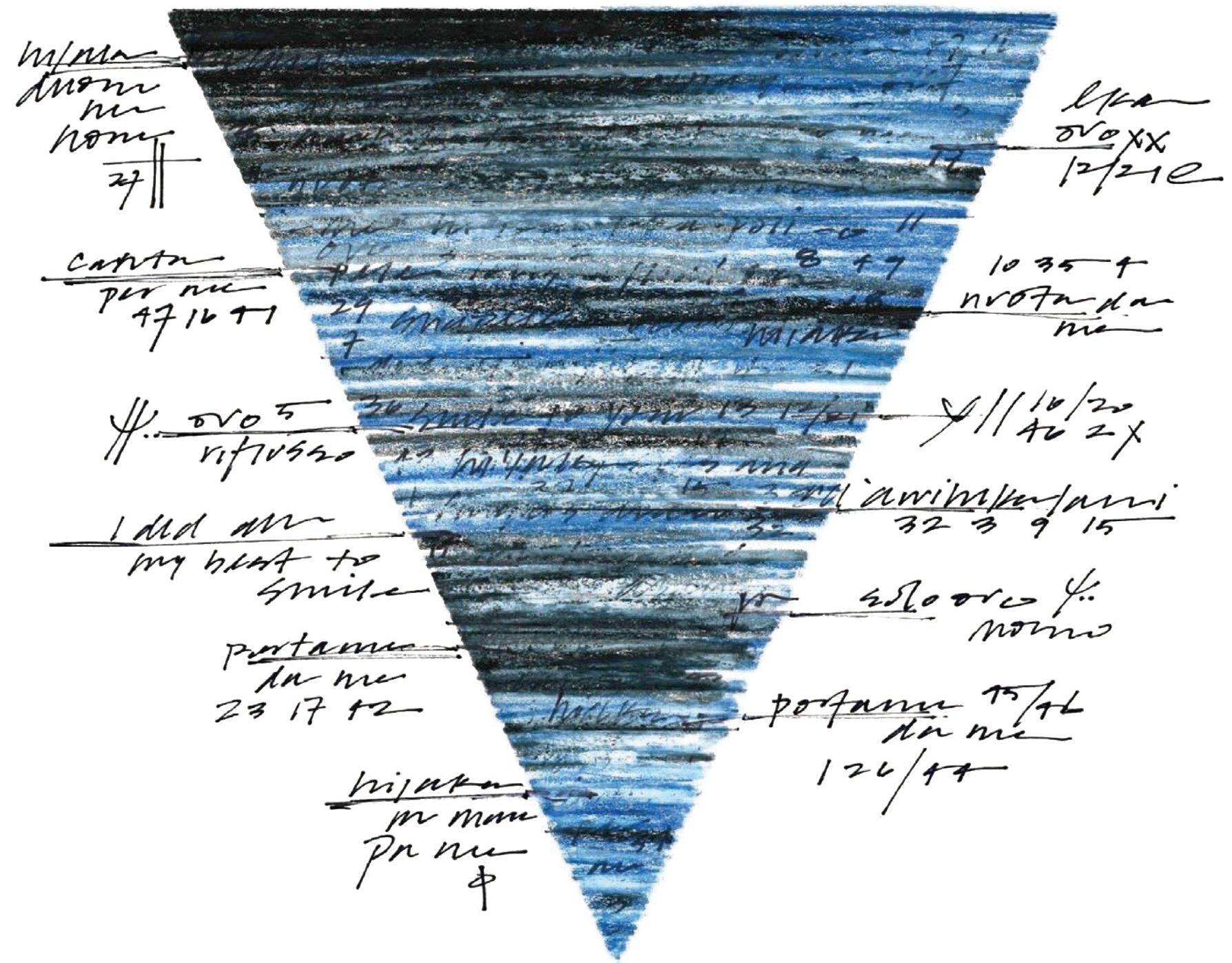


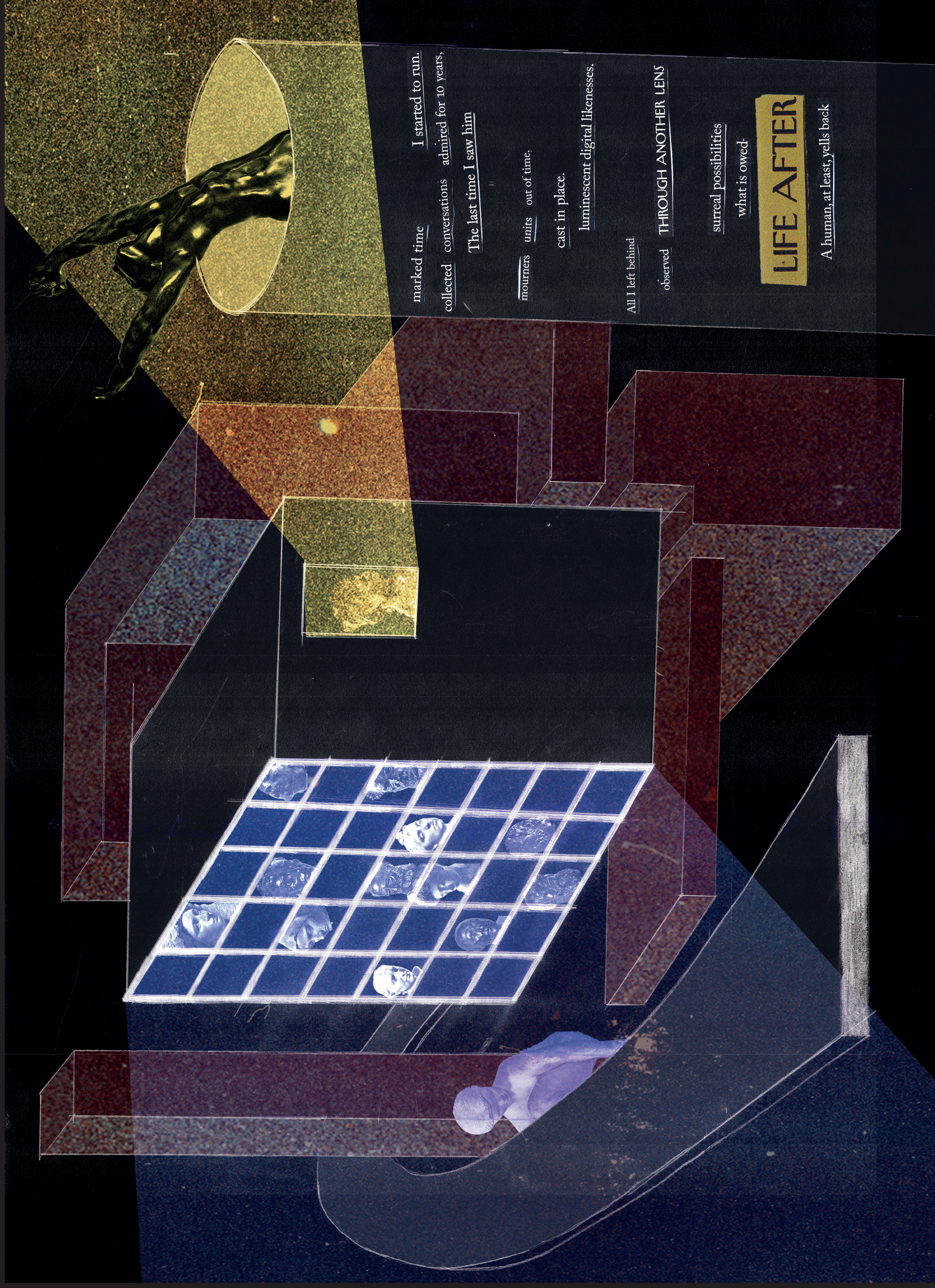
OVO 12/21

From the author:

"Eka" is a term used in chemistry as a prefix for a discovered, yet unconfirmed element. "Ovo" refers to: egg, hope, regeneration, and family. The word is a palindrome, and so is the date: 12/21. This is the date I felt I would return to the spot in the photo and reunite with family. This piece is a spell, a wish, a prayer – a "reflection" on what is meaningful to me, which is my family and my love for this particular place.

This piece was originally published in the Spring 2021 issue of Craeft, an informal zine led by UW Architecture students Claire Sullivan and Emily Crichlow.





marked time I started to run.
collected conversations admired for 10 years,

The last time I saw him

mourners units out of time,

cast in place,

luminescent digital likenesses,

All I left behind

observed **THROUGH ANOTHER LENS**

surreal possibilities

what is owed

LIFE AFTER

A human, at least, yells back

Art and words by **Jeremy McClone**

Jeremy McClone is an architecture graduate student at the University of Washington. Jeremy enjoys visual media, both architecturally as a mediator between idea, object, and space, and more personally as his small way to make sense of the world around him.

In the summer of 2020, my uncle passed away. His memorial service came shortly after – a group of pixelated faces in a video call. Family members boxed-in, both on-screen and in their homes. Good friends felt uncomfortable sharing stories and some didn't appear at all. The mourning process had been dislodged – flattened – having lost spatial manifestation. Our traditions and memories were too quickly subverted by the available technologies and travel restrictions. Our grief had no physical space to seep into, no way of relieving or sharing our frustrations and sorrows.

In the short time between learning he didn't have much time left and his passing, my uncle and I shared a series of calls and messages. We discussed life, and we discussed love. We discussed books, movies, and music. We discussed art, resulting in messages now fossilized in my phone which fuel my creativity and certainties. This represents parts of him that he allowed me to keep, to hold onto firmly. I revisit our conversations about sculpture in particular which allows me to connect with the parts of himself left behind. Today, when I discuss Rodin with a sculptor friend of mine, the art my uncle loved during his life feels fitting for my grief – the heavy expressions and sincerity. Busts like a reflector; mourners, units, out of time, cast in place.

Life after, I look out of my window – for once not a digital window, but the rectangle that frames the material world outside. A wing of prodigal hope and surreal possibilities grow in a shelter-in-place of loss and solitude. Rearranging personal philosophies, lifestyles, and value schemes was an inevitability. I look towards my uncle's life and conversations. "Reentering" the world after COVID, and facing the parts of the "lost year" that became formative pieces of our lives. They live in a place out of our familiar conceptions of time and space. They become objects from an immaterial world, ready for us to grab.

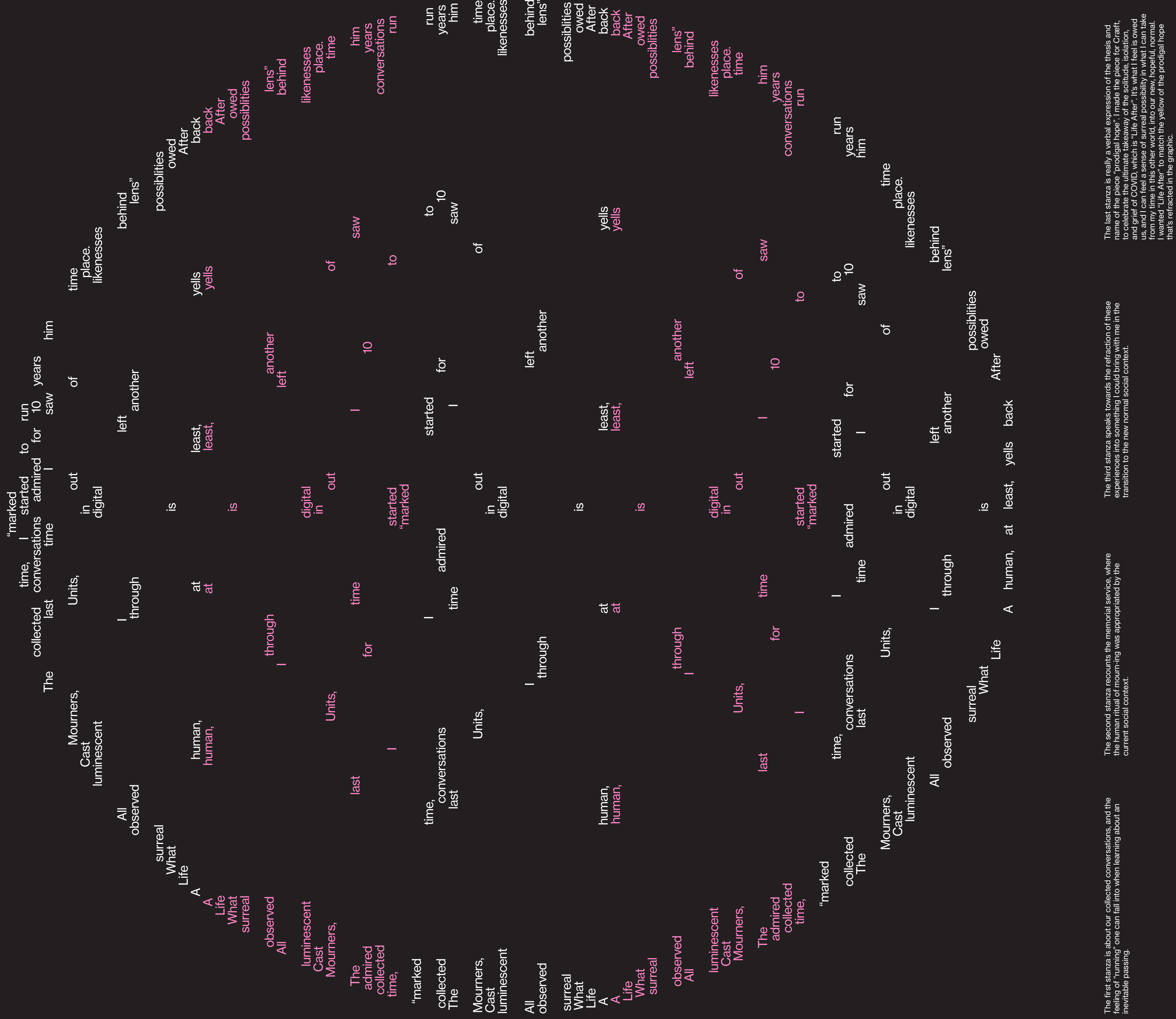
PRODIGAL HOPE

The first stanza is about our collected conversations, and the feeling of "running" one can fall into when learning about an inevitable passing.

The second stanza recounts the memorial service, where the human ritual of mourning was appropriated by the current social context.

The third stanza speaks towards the refraction of these experiences into something I could bring with me in the transition to the new normal social context.

The last stanza is really a verbal expression of the thesis and name of this piece "prodigal hope". I made the piece for Craft, to celebrate the ultimate takeaway of the solitude, isolation, and grief of COVID, which is "Life After". It's what I feel is owed us, and I can feel a sense of surreal possibility in what I can take from my time in this other world, into our new, hopeful, normal. I wanted "Life After" to match the yellow of the prodigal hope that's refracted in the graphic.



SOCIALLY DISDANCED

By Angela Schmidt

A self-described 'communitect', Angela Schmidt constructs and realizes ideas to foster connection and build cultural relevance by straddling the lines of research, spatial design, and movement. Currently a resident of Seattle, she has lived in Detroit, Brooklyn, and Berlin, Germany before landing in the Pacific Northwest three years ago. When she is not working or doing ballet at Dance Conservatory Seattle, she builds with Seattle Design Nerds, cooks vegan food, plays piano, takes excessively long walks, and pampers her pestilent cat, Demon. This is her first foray into editorial writing.

When COVID-19 shut down cultural institutions and performing arts spaces across Seattle and the world at large, the front lawn of the Seattle Asian Art Museum transformed from a static prelude into a dynamic display of visual art in a medium distinct from the museum's permanent collection: dance.

"I love my urban hikes, and I was walking around the park and saw the limestone walkway and grand entrance and thought, 'Maybe I can get the gang to dance there,'" recalls group leader Lila Chang who was determined to preserve her community of movement artists when the group lost access to their allocated space in early 2020. Enticed by the space's "freeness" and the stage-like layout, the art deco landmark within Volunteer Park became the new gathering point for a handful of diverse dance enthusiasts who staggered themselves in lines across the non-studio-like surfaces of grass and concrete.

Over the next eighteen months, as Seattle and the world shut down, the group, led by instructor Andra Addison, stretched, kicked, and chassed their way across the open space to a playlist of oldies, Motown, and early aughties hits every Monday evening.

Originally conceived by Addison in 2008 as a movement class rather than a "dancey" dance class, her class is an energetic sixty minutes of continuous dance combinations grounded in the styles of jazz, Broadway, and hip-hop. "The concrete and grass are not ideal dancing surfaces, but it has become a nice addition to the difficulty and challenge of the class. Being outside an actual dance studio—with its wooden floors, ballet bars and mirrored walls—keeps me from focusing too much on myself and what I look like," says Matt Coats, who has been attending the class for about ten years.

Void of official permission or affiliation with the museum, the group convened in May 2020 and began radiating their energy into the park. Liberated from the physical barriers of a studio, the park's new activation drew attention from onlookers, creating an audience for the ad hoc "entertainment." "We are a little bit on display... Sometimes having an audience is nice," says Anya Proyer, another longtime class participant. "I've seen numerous pics and videos of the group pop up on social media accounts and also have had friends send me pics and ask, 'Is this really you?'" notes Coats.

Forgoing 'sit and stare' art, at the group's heart is an inclusive perspective that extends to anyone with a desire to participate without a lot of expectations. "Andra is great about waving people in as they walk by and letting them know they are welcome to join—the more the merrier!" exclaims Tal Einav, who stumbled on the group a few months ago while walking through the park and just jumped in. "It seemed so fun."

The combination of high visibility, eager personalities, and a genial atmosphere has forged an undefined safe space and felt sense of camaraderie, leading to new connections in a city famous for its frosty nature. "I like that there are people of varying ages and dance backgrounds, or even with no dance background, and that regardless of these differences we can all get together to enjoy the freedom of moving together," says Lisa Caylor, one of the class veterans.

With the impromptu programming, the Seattle Asian Art Museum's built presence shifts in focus. No longer the centerpiece, it lands the role of support, enhancing and framing the more potent and expressive figures: people. Here, the medium of dance, something ephemeral and intangible, becomes a powerful social force demonstrating the flexible and adaptive potential of cultural spaces—the potential for hosting inclusive and meaningful interactions across age, ability, and ethnic lines.

This repurposing of space, or, to use a term coined by Ann Markusen and Anne Gadwa, this act of "creative placemaking," disrupts the original use of the museum's entrance and the park's typical activity. The guerrilla dance group promotes a social dialogue on how museums can broaden their collections of art and utilize their assets to strengthen community participation and responsiveness. Though time-specific to COVID, the group's longer legacy is a model for how public space and cultural institutions can reconsider community-driven engagement and its ripple effects into the wider community.

As the dance group (and the rest of us) return to life and the public realm, the improvised occupation of the Seattle Asian Art Museum's lawn lingers on. "Having these spaces available for the community to express themselves just makes the world a better place," says dancer Juanita Unger. "Public space is meant for play in all its forms."

If you're interested in viewing or joining the class, it is held every Monday, at 5:45 pm, on the steps of The Seattle Asian Art Museum in Volunteer Park. It is free to join, and all are welcome.



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WINDOW: ONE YEAR LATER

By Michael Doyle and Peter Gaucys

Michael Doyle is a visual artist in Seattle.
Peter Gaucys is a proprietor of Orcas Paley in Seattle.

I'm now the person I always wanted to be — but this is who I always was anyway. So here I am trying to be someone who was already there, trying to see something that was already there.

But it took how many years on the planet to just come back to, ok, what I was struggling to attain was present all along. But all this stuff, life, whatever, it creates a static so you can't see.

Window was a multidisciplinary show presented in Seattle, in October 2020. Window is an ongoing exploration of creative strategies that examine framing, thresholds, and the spaces, physical and otherwise, where intentions manifest in self and form.

Window came about because we wanted a new lens for navigating an extraordinary time, when life felt dominated by "inside" and "outside," and our experience of boundaries, of containment, of the damage wrought by systemic injustice and exclusion, was viscerally intensified.

The moment drew us to a constellation of related images. The window presented itself immediately, both as a physical aperture and in the sense of a temporal, fleeting opportunity. This ushered in concepts such as the imagination's third eye, the sixth chakra, alchemy's spiracle or "breathing hole unto eternity...a mysterious center pre-existent in us, linking us to the cosmos" — all of them tools for self-discovery and self-confrontation, with a shared capacity for opening onto better possibilities and growth.

The diversity of people, practices, and works that gathered into Window represent a form of magic for us: energies and artefacts whose overlapping intentions and collective vitality can clear away the static, to make a view available that wasn't there before.

One year later, we've asked Window's participants to refract the show from the present moment. We thank them for joining our continued charting of "a process in which one must repeatedly seek out and find something that is not yet known to anyone."

Leon Finley
Transmitters, 2013—ongoing

How would you describe the experience of making a Transmitter?

They come into being in an organic way that's fun. I'm not making them in a particularly prayerful way. That comes in afterwards. We can be intentional and magical in a not ceremonious way. I can create space for spirit, for energy in my life when I'm walking my dog, or doing whatever. We ran Window by appointment to keep the experience as safely distanced as possible. A highlight of each appointment was the moment when the visitor chose their Transmitter. As the show came to a close — not until the last day really — we realized, OMG, there is going to be exactly one Transmitter per person based on the amount that you provided us.

Of course! Something knew how many people would be there. The energy — I think I made 55 —

There were 57...

— that energy was put out, ok, 57 people are invited. And the message to those 57 people gets sent out in some energetic way, and those 57 people are drawn to come. And it's not intentional. It's not like these things happen so consciously. That invitation and its energy do something. When we say "I'm going to invite this into my life" — that invitation, or whatever it is, really does go out.

The Transmitters' magic was beyond anyone's control. There's so much focus on being intentional. But what about the spirituality of not being intentional!

Being playful, and silly and light, that's part of the Transmitters. I'm making this very serious object out of pipe cleaners that looks like it was made by a child. It's important to make space for play when it comes to our spiritual lives. "I just think it looks cool and I'm going to put it wherever" — that act is wonderful. A sacred object can be a playful object, a casual object, an object that isn't "important."

The Transmitters function individually and collectively, inviting positive energy to visit the people housing them, and also connecting with each other, as an amplifying network. It's comforting to think of that being out there in the world.

I felt so much urgency last October that people needed to feel a connection, to something greater than themselves, to other people — we were so isolated. In this current pandemic moment, where many of us are vaccinated and able to be together again, other things are becoming more vital. Protection spirits, protection energy, more than connection. It's different. It makes me a little sad that's what happened — going from, we all just need to be together to, we're in danger. Less so health-wise than before, but the world feels very tense right now.

There's a need for protection.

And how do we make things that are offering that in a way that's open? So you're not closed off, walking around with an aggression, but more like, I'm going to walk around knowing that I'm safe, knowing that I'm taken care of, so I'm not afraid. That's very different from what I was thinking about when you approached me last year for Window.



Saya Moriyasu
Lockdown Lady is a Looker, 2020

The lady chose her dwelling.

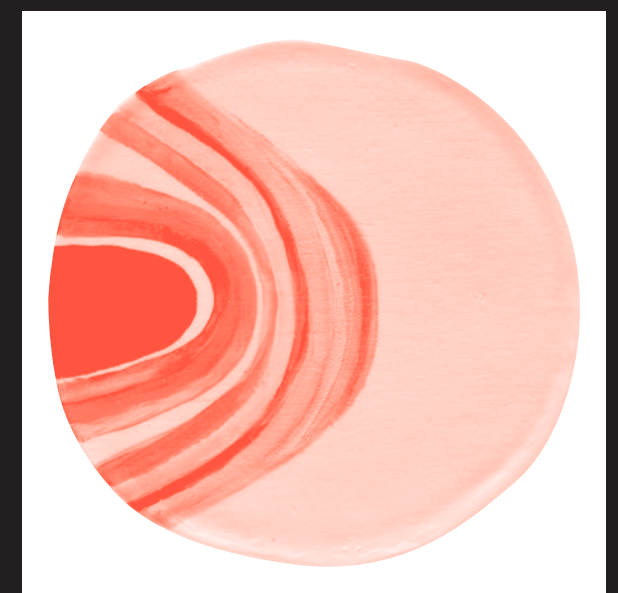
I made them separately with no plan for either. When I put them together, her eye level was perfect with that hole and looking out. You created an inside and an outside without realizing it, and they had to snap together. It was that entire feeling of the pandemic and being in our houses...Her head is so big it's taking up the whole interior. She doesn't really fit, but she's in there. There's this feeling of your home as a second body that has its own spirit you're inside of. She's taking advantage of that, I guess.

We've talked about the prevalence of physical holes in your work and how the legacy of haniwa is active there. In your solo show earlier this year, you also worked with a preexisting image of a hole / aperture / orifice — Gerhard Richter's Mund (1963) — launching this distortion of an iconic painting across multiple paintings of your own, in oil on porcelain.

You don't even know sometimes that you're launching. It was a very trusting moment, to let myself go for it and not overanalyze or worry about what baggage Richter has or not. It felt so intuitively right that the holes from all these pieces I was making could offer that. When I talk about the work now it's like a dream journey. You're not really guiding it so much. It's like ok, now I'm making these, and now I'm naming them... It's a real trust thing to put them out into the world. Visually it's weird that I did these. "Why did she do this? It doesn't really work with this." But I'm animating what's happening in the sculptures, so it makes sense to me.

Have you made works of art in dreams?

I'll dream I'm in an exhibition and it's very real, a very legit solo show. But then I wake up and it's like I dreamt that entire solo show, and the work was not in my style. So what does that mean?



Karen Jo Combs
Lighting Tracks, Kitsune, 2020

Thinking about making that piece and the whole year, I just got weirder and weirder. It inverted from being outside looking in, to being really far inside and looking out. I almost became the characters. That fox kitsune character... I started thinking, maybe I'll make a mask, maybe I'll be a fox for Halloween. I never dress up for Halloween! The mystical overtook reality.

There were months where I'd be completely obsessed with politics. Taking the big picture and the view from history and these ancient characters and these ancient animals came to feel grounding... It might normally feel like you were transported back to something else by them, but in this case it became something steady you could grab onto, like here's folklore, here's an animal, here's a plant.



Ursula Brookbank
SOLO (6 min video), 2020

In SOLO I used a prism to fracture an image — a solid figure, a clay body, a self, becomes ethereal in the process, becomes multiple pieces, shattered. It's traumatic to change: socially, personally, within a body. Change blows things apart, energy shifts. For me, being alone was already a source of crisis before covid existed in our awareness.

During the beginning of the pandemic year, I made SOLO and was on my own in a new city, in a new life as a widow dealing with immense sadness. I was already shattered, my world had come apart, and I was beginning the process of repair and of becoming. Uncertainty — I really didn't know what I was going to do in my new life. Renewal of my vows to myself as an artist was part of the shift that allowed me to see who I've always been and didn't know it, who I always wanted to be.

Eighteen months ago I followed the impulse to buy twenty five pounds of clay, and a new world opened up. Working with a new medium, I was guided by my intuition, not logic, not pragmatism. I discovered how clay can hold primal finger impressions and gestures. I was allowed to touch a body. Was I making a new self — who was I anyway? A global upheaval and constant undercurrent of sorrow took me inward on a cellular exploration, and exploded beyond myself.



WINDOW ONE YEAR LATER

Coleman Stevenson
Thank You for Putting This Desert into Me, 2020

When lockdown happened I had so many ideas...I'm just going to be in here all day long every day by myself, just working and working, I'm going to open the channel and I'm not even going to close it, I'm just going to split my head open to the gods and let them guide me, I'm going to go "so far back down into the dark dream I can't get back up and have to travel through the other side." That is what I wanted to happen, and instead everything just slammed into this wall and I couldn't do it.

What I thought I wanted to do was open a portal and keep it open. But instead I got a window. What's the difference? The window can open, but even without opening it we can still see where we might go, while keeping ourselves protected. A portal is open. When it's closed, it disappears. You cannot see what's on the other side of it. It was the protection, that I could see what was over there and open onto it when I wanted — that's what made everything flow again, the flexibility to see through, to go more slowly, to open and close at will.



Coleman Stevenson
This Is What the Morning Is

if it is—it barely is, almost isn't— I'm almost but almost not here, surprised at first light to be, still, or again, until the half-dead refrigerator starts its whine and the rest of the aether dissipates. Solid now, what I really want to do is go so far back down into the dark dream I can't get back up and have to travel through the other side. I want to find out what kind of world lies under this sleeping city, maybe with trees growing from the ends of roots, spreading their own roots into the edges of life as we know it to be. Maybe there is even air down there, though probably no one needs to breathe. Sometimes at night I'm almost there, but the panic of having forces me back into my body.

Name for me one thing that doesn't wrinkle, doesn't bend. Everything will with the right pressure. I am not so foolish that I don't know what isn't. I just couldn't tell what you actually wanted. It was a rattlesnake waiting anyway, some kind of rattlesnake business, thinking the path was clear or that it was a path at all. Energy moves on either side of a moment, but the moment itself is stale. Thank you for putting this desert into me. There are some plants that will only flower there, lotuses of fire and air, dream-things with yellow and white heaped-up crowns on the heads of spiked May Queens, beastly children at play.

Sue Rose
Still Life (After Jan Davidsz. de Heem), 2020

I just heard something recently from an artist I love, who said, you know when you're in high school and the teacher tells you, just paint what you see, draw what you see? That's not the way to do it. She said, paint what you want to the viewer to see. That really made sense to me.

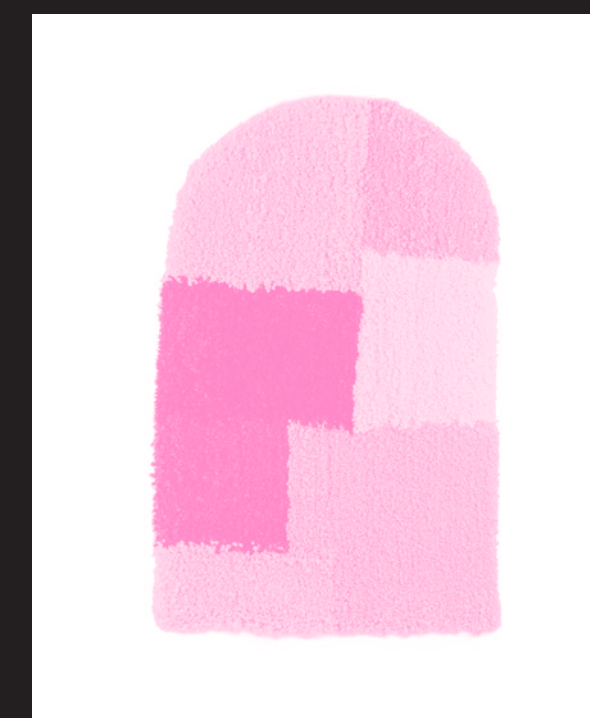
Seeing color as a separate entity; not as a mug, or grapes, but as light, and shadow, and temperature, the temperature of color. My pieces in the show were breaking down the color, its temperature, its value instead of the "thing" I was painting. I knew what those things were, but the viewer would not — it was an entry point into another realm of seeing.



Gabriel Stromberg
View from My Desk, 2020

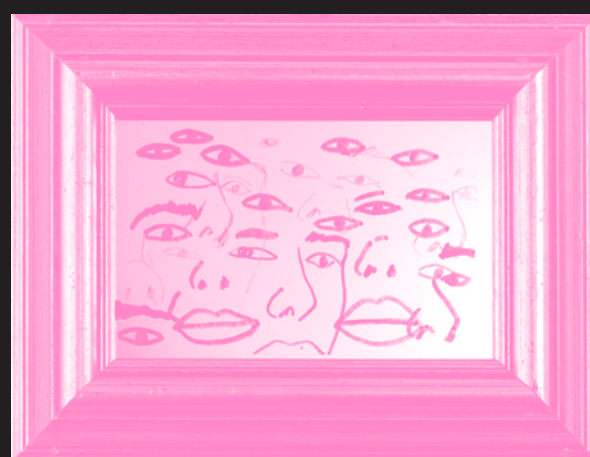
We were going through experiences we'd never had before. Inherent in that is the idea of approaching your practice in a different way. The rugmaking came out of that, seeking different ways of working — being at my desk, looking out the window, getting this really compromised perspective of the world outside, and engaging with it in materials that were new to me. I work a lot in collage, where there's an element of chance, of spontaneity, this idea of things coming together unexpectedly.

I liked the thought of translating that into something that takes more thought and process. Trying to capture some of that unexpected energy in rugmaking, which is very methodical, almost the opposite. There are multiple forms of value in doing creative work. I gave *View from My Desk* to a friend as a housewarming present. Connection with a friend, creating a gift. That is the highest function art can serve.



Adria Garcia
Many Holy Eyes, 2020

At some point I just decided that everything I did was art. I remember a friend saying "Oh this is my friend Adria, she's an artist" and I was like wow, I would never think that. It's dress-up, it's makeup, it's graffiti, it's mischievous, it's wanting something that I can't have, so I have to create it. But I didn't think of it as art or being an artist. Sharpie on mirrors started when I was seven. I got this set of pens that smelled so good and I just started sitting on my parents' vanity in their bathroom with one eye closed and tracing my face with these high potency raspberry-scented pens, and I called it tracing face. That piece is tracing face, drawing my eyeball for the first month or two of covid. Just tracing one eyeball, quick. "Oh the oatmeal's burning — trace an eyeball real quick." Because my work changed so much — my actual job of styling people — I started to look at things in a more micro way. Like, now I have to take beautiful pictures of just this shirt, not an outfit, not a model, not a field of grass, just one item. And maybe that made me concentrate on less in my life. I'm going to hang out with my daughter in the lake, I'm going to take pictures of this shirt. Everything scaled down. My art turned into fingerpainting and sidewalk chalk. My art was like, I bought a bubble machine, and the event would be my neighbors walking through the bubbles. They're just going to the corner store. "Thanks for the bubbles!" More of a micro life than a macro life.



Works referenced

Leon Finley,
Transmitters, 2013—ongoing. Pipe cleaners, dimensions variable.
Photo: Michael Persons

Karen Jo Combs,
Lightning Tracks, Kitsune, 2020. Silkscreen printing, collage, acrylic and ink on Arches paper, 30"x42".
Photo: Karen Jo Combs

Sue Rose,
Still Life (After Jan Davidsz. de Heem), 2020. Oil on paper mounted on panel, 12"x16".
Photo: Michael Persons

Ursula Brookbank,
stills from SOLO (6 min video), 2020

Adria Garcia,
Many Holy Eyes, 2020. Ink on mirror, 6"x 8".
Photo: Michael Persons

Saya Moriyasu,
Lockdown Lady is a Looker, 2020. Ceramic, glaze, wool, 9"x18"x12".
Photo: Saya Moriyasu

Saya Moriyasu,
Embrasure, 2021. Oil paint on porcelain, 6.75"x6.75"x1".
Photo: Saya Moriyasu

Gabriel Stromberg,
View from My Desk, 2020. Custom tufted rug, 15"x 23.5".
Photo: Michael Persons

Coleman Stevenson,
Thank You for Putting this Desert into Me, 2020. Ink and gouache on paper, 13"x15.5".
Photo: Michael Persons

Window,
October 2020. Hillman City, Seattle. Installation view.
Photo: Valeria Spring

Exhibition details & curator bios

Window was curated by Michael Doyle and Peter Gaucys and presented at Orcas Paley in Hillman City, Seattle, October 15-31, 2020.

Ursula Brookbank
Tony Brown
/Talizman II
Bette Burgoyne
Eve Cohen
Karen Jo Combs
/Nama Rococo
Brittany Nicole Cox
Nancy Deal
Michael Doyle
Janice Findley
Leon Finley
Jessica Flores
/Ukaome
fruitsuper
Adria Garcia
Jurgis Gaucys
Nijole Gaucys

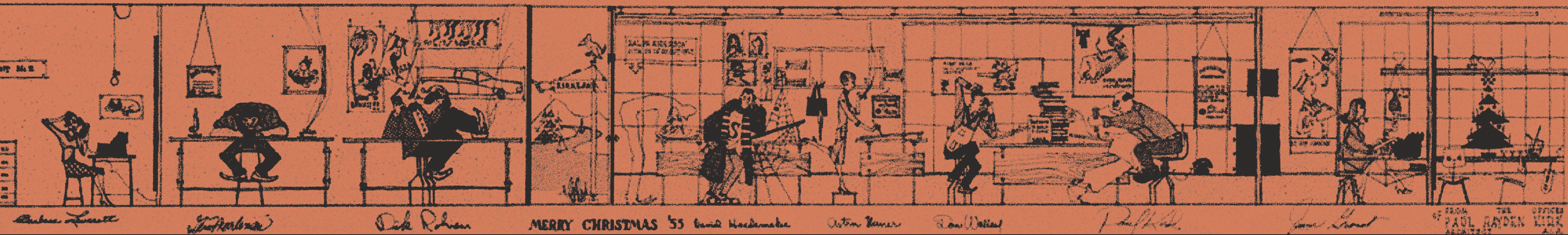
Corey Gutch
Liana Kegley
Jane Littlefield
Rainbow-Renee Wyola Manier
/Ola Wyola
Rachel Maxi
Saya Moriyasu
Vincent Pacheco
Dan Riner
Sue Rose
John Shlichta
Coleman Stevenson
/The Dark Exact
Lisa Stewart
Gabriel Stromberg
Mark Sullo
Alexa Villanueva

PAUL HAYDEN KIRK

Written by Grant Hildebrand

Grant Hildebrand is an architect and architectural historian; he has written eleven books on architecture including *Origins of Architectural Pleasure*; *Frank Lloyd Wright's Palmer House*; and *Gordon Walker: A Poetic Architecture*. He is a recipient of the Washington State Governor's Writers Award for work of "literary merit and lasting value." Hildebrand's latest book, *Paul Hayden Kirk and the Puget Sound School*, has recently been released by University of Washington Press.

Pictured Below: The office's "Christmas Card" for 1955, by Astra Zarina



When I came to Seattle from Michigan in 1964, I knew of architect Paul Hayden Kirk's work. I had been working for Minoru Yamasaki, so I knew my way around the architectural world, or at least I thought I did. But Kirk's office had just been published in one of the major architecture journals, and it was unlike anything I had seen – I thought it was beautiful. When I came to Seattle to teach at the University of Washington, I found my way to Kirk's Magnolia Branch Library; again, I was thrilled. Two years later, I worked in Gene Zema's office and spent some evenings in his Laurelhurst home. So it was that I came to know the wooden architecture of Paul Kirk and that of one of his most important compatriot architects.

In that time and place – the third quarter of the twentieth century, in the region centered on Puget Sound – Paul Hayden Kirk and a group of architects he inspired, all graduates of the University of Washington, created a remarkable body of work. Their unique achievement lies in the design of small buildings – houses, medical clinics, churches, a neighborhood library, a teahouse – none of them more than three stories in height.

At the time, most American buildings of that scale were built of wood, but for Kirk and his colleagues it was the defining feature; they loved wood. It was their material of choice for interior and exterior surfaces and for their always-exposed structures. They detailed it to express its own nature, the means of its construction, and, often, its structural purpose, and they either left it in its natural state or with a slight protective stain. Although it has been folded into what has been called the Northwest Style, or Northwest Modernism, the work of Kirk and his compatriots is distinguished by features shared within it and unique to it. Since its buildings, with very few exceptions, lie within a few dozen miles of the shores of Puget Sound, it seems reasonable to call its architects the Puget Sound School.

In 1980, Seattle's chapter of the American Institute of Architects curated an exhibit of work from the Puget Sound School. Philip Johnson, then dean of American architectural critics, was in Seattle at the time; he was invited to comment. He studied photographs and models at length and visited several buildings in situ. He was "astonished" by the "magnificent" work, of which he had been entirely unaware.

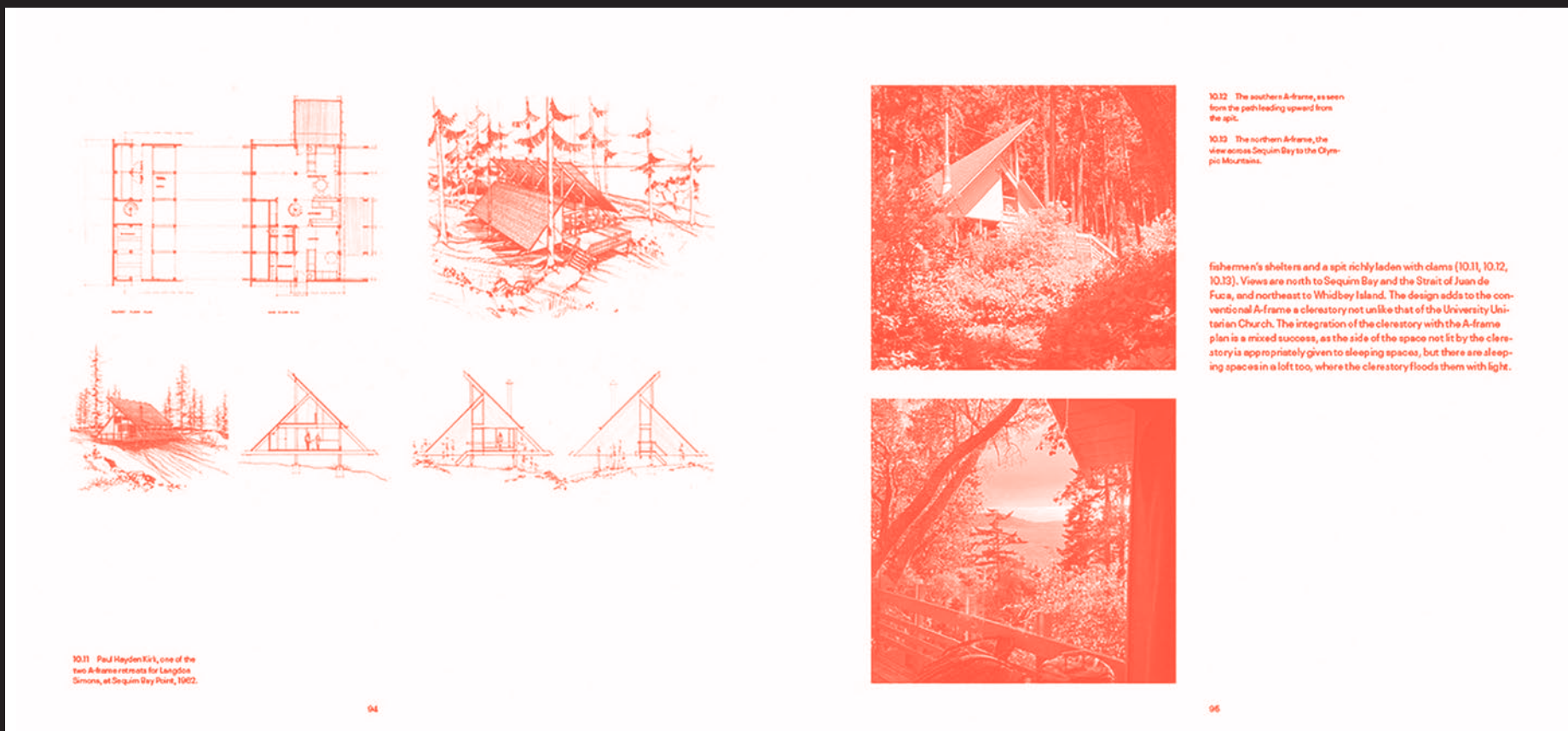
Four decades have passed; that work has remained little known. Yet, the quality of Kirk's achievement, and that of his compatriots, was unsurpassed in the nation, perhaps the world, in their time. Their story is an important but unrecognized part of America's architectural history.

In the new book, *Paul Hayden Kirk and the Puget Sound School*, I examine in depth twenty-six key buildings by those architects, illustrating them with historic and contemporary photographs and drawings, including sixty-three images taken by Andrew van Leeuwen specifically for this book. The book establishes the place of Paul Hayden Kirk's wooden buildings, and those of his Puget Sound School colleagues, in the history of American architecture.

Hildebrand's book *Paul Hayden Kirk and the Puget Sound School*, is now available through University of Washington Press. It is the first book to explore the work of Kirk and the Puget Sound School.

Book Photos by Andrew van Leeuwen

Andrew van Leeuwen is a practicing architect and an architectural photographer; he has provided sixty-three photographs taken specifically for this book. He lives and works in Seattle.



ONE SEATTLE DEVELOPER SERVES UP A PLAN FOR GENERATIONAL BLACK WEALTH

Words and photography by Beverly Aarons

How does a 1980s Black-Mexican kid, born in Los Angeles in the chaos of a crack cocaine epidemic, become a successful real estate developer in Seattle, the hottest market in the country? Sheer endurance. "Funding is sparse and access difficult, especially for Black developers," said Jaebadiah Gardner, the founder and CEO of GardnerGlobal, Inc., a Black-run, privately held holding company. Its subsidiary, Onpoint, is developing Mount Calvary Christian Church into 200+ units of multifamily, mixed-use housing for renters earning 50 – 80% Area Median Income (AMI). Gardner wants to transform the Seattle real estate landscape into an equitable space and reshape the inner wealth narrative of Black Seattle.

But if you imagine Gardner simply "pulling up a folding chair" to the table of Seattle's landed gentry, you would be only partially correct. Gardner isn't content with just that. Seattle's real estate development table, modern, hip, and ever-changing on the surface, underneath is more like an antique – heavy, intricate, and carved from ancient lumber with deep roots stretching back to the Treaty of Point Elliott. Access to that table isn't easy, and it isn't cheap. Gardner says he is building his own table, like a patient carpenter painstakingly chiseling, project by project, company by company – firm, stable, flexible, and ready to host a sumptuous meal of real wealth that can feed many generations to come.

Seattle is the perfect place to build wealth, according to Gardner. There's money, knowledge, and a few willing mentors to help an ambitious and teachable upstart, but for young Black developers, sometimes "...there are barriers and hurdles, and a lack of access to those resources," Gardner says. "So, a lot of my fight as a developer is to continue to push those boundaries and identify and partner and work with those gatekeepers to unlock those resources so we can pursue our mission of building wealth."

"For that mission to be successful, the Black community must understand that wealth is more than just money," Gardner said. There's relationship wealth (as well as intellectual and family wealth), which he says is the real foundation of prosperity.

"If you have relationship wealth, that means you have access to professionals who are educated," Gardner says. "You have people who are accountants, doctors, lawyers, who have the ability to teach and give and introduce you to people." He implores young entrepreneurs to ask, "Who's in [my] circle of influence?"

But kids who grew up in public housing and attended underfunded public schools may not have the right connections. So how does someone of humble origins get a foot in the door of wealth? Gardner says it's not exactly easy. He describes the gatekeepers of wealth as a village: small, insular, and everyone knows everyone else. Trust in that village has been established over a long period of time, and there is a lot to lose if you trust the wrong person. So, people are cautious



Jaebadiah Gardner passionately talks about Emiliano Zapata Salazar who he says is an important revolutionary historical figure that has tremendous relevance to the GardnerGlobal mission. Zapata's motto was "Tierra y libertad" (land and liberty), which is a guiding principle for Gardner

"The natural reaction is, 'Who are you? I've never seen you before,'" Gardner said. "You just rolled up to my village. You want what? You want to sit at my table? Hold on, hold on, hold on." So you have to build a relationship, build a rapport with that village [and] build trust with that village before they invite you in. And then you got to learn from that village. And Seattle is a space for that."

According to Gardner, there is nothing stopping the Black community in Seattle from building real wealth, but there are some internal issues Black people need to overcome. "Oftentimes we don't want to look at ourselves in the mirror. It's easier to take on a victim mentality and blame another group or another person for our misfortunes or our shortcomings or failures. And I think a huge hurdle to the Black community pursuing and obtaining wealth is that we got to recognize our own community shortcomings and work through those number one."

While recognizing institutional racism as a real challenge, Gardner says that the Black community's reluctance to work collectively, along with a "generational gap," threatens the ability to build wealth. Gardner expressed his deep appreciation for the sacrifices and accomplishments of Black community elders and their victorious battle for equality in the face of the "viciousness of racism," but he lamented a failure of some elders to make space for younger generations at the table of wealth and opportunity.

"Millennials and Gen Xers need access to positions of influence and power, or we're going to keep getting the same type of policies and actions that we've been getting for the past 30 or 40 years," Gardner says. He worried that even if the "gatekeepers of wealth in Seattle" delivered reparations to the Black community today, it would not be enough to create generational wealth because Black people have not resolved their internal struggles.

"We're going to lose that wealth, right? Because we haven't been able to work together to maintain it, like other communities have. It's not a popular opinion, but I'm not here to be popular. Black people need to look at themselves in the mirror, and we need to really identify what's what. What is it within our own communities that's keeping us from it?"

For Gardner, answering that question is the first step to building and maintaining wealth in Black Seattle.

Beverly Aarons is a writer and game developer. She works across disciplines as a copywriter, journalist, novelist, playwright, screenwriter, and short story writer. She explores futuristic worlds in fiction but also enjoys discovering the stories of modern-day unsung heroes. She's currently writing an immersive play about the themes of migration, as well as a series of nonfiction stories about ordinary people doing extraordinary things in their local communities and the world. In August 2018, she produced a live-action game and event where community members worked together to envision an economic future they truly desired to leave for future generations.



RE-COOPING VALUE

By Ayad Rahmani

Which came first, the chicken or the egg? It is a quandary often invoked when cause and effect appear out of whack. Did a love of poultry will the pandemic of the last two years into being, or did COVID-19 cause a new appetite for backyard chickens? The question is tongue-in-cheek, but the reliance on animals during months of isolation is not. Dogs and cats played a huge role, providing company and comfort in times of mental and physical distress. But also chickens, as evidenced by sales and the extent to which effort was made to buy and keep them. "Apparently when times are tough, people want chickens," Tove Danovich wrote in a New York Times article pointedly titled "America Stress-Bought All the Baby Chickens." And who wouldn't acquire a feathery friend with the promise of sedating our nagging anxieties? "Without question, the resurgence

in raising backyard poultry has been unbelievable over the past year," confirmed Terence Chea for AP News. "It just exploded. Whether folks wanted birds just for eggs or eggs and meat, it seemed to really, really take off."

The desire for chickens was only in part about food security; in another, it was about comfort and a search for connection. Overnight, hugs and kisses went from a matter of course to one associated with fear and repulsion. An emotional gap arose, leaving many empty inside. Miraculously, chickens seemed to know what to do, immediately jumping in to solve the problem, and in some cases, literally acting more like cats and less like birds by leaping into laps and snuggling uninvited. "And then there is Jaime," as one friend noted of another's recently acquired hen. "She needs to snuggle periodically."

Chickens need chicken coops, small structures to keep predators out and the hens cool, happy, and productive. They can be anything really: boxes; hexagons; or just four posts and wire mesh, a shelf on which to lay eggs, and a lid. But that is not how most architects see them. Rather, they see them as opportunities to explore design ideas normally quashed by time, cost, and other legal parameters. Even a structure seemingly as simple as a detached accessory dwelling unit (DADU) takes forever to permit, five to six weeks, and then build, some costing up to half a million dollars. By the time a structure like this is complete, half the pleasure of architecture is gone.

Something has to give, and architects often find it in designing and building stealth structures that seem to nicely and naturally evade excess moralizing and

legalizing. As writer Bob Borson points out, urban chicken coops don't make much sense from a practical and financial point of view. Between store eggs and those cultivated in the backyard, there is a difference of about \$1700 annually: "where store eggs cost around \$89.50 annually," he said, "those from the backyard a whopping \$1,870." Accurate or not, a large monetary difference between the two is likely. And yet the desire for chickens and chicken coops persists, some more beautiful than the homes to which they belong, some even inspiring books, complete with guidelines for how to build your own.

In protecting chickens, architects and others as well find the means to protect themselves from emotional degradation and total psychological collapse.

Seeking emotional symmetry is not uncommon in times of crisis, namely the feeling of not being alone but together with others in charting the same difficult seas. In a Washington Post article, one buyer said of her newly obtained chickens during COVID, "I didn't expect to be so emotionally attached to them, but it was a very pleasant surprise." Whether COVID inspired them, or the other way around, perhaps does not matter. What does is the pleasure they bring to a world riddled with uncertainty and anguish.

Ayad Rahmani is a professor of architecture at Washington State University, where he teaches courses on design and theory. His research centers on the intersection between architecture and literature, examining themes in critical theory and modern psychology. He is the author of two books and one due out in the summer of 2022 on F.L. Wright and R.W. Emerson. He is the architecture critic for the Moscow-Pullman Daily News, writing about issues related to urban planning, building design, and livability. He lives in Pullman.

A TINY COMMUNITY LIBRARY MAKES A

By Lauren Gallow



As the city of Seattle continues to experience explosive growth—and the displacement that goes along with it—a disused snippet of land on a major thoroughfare in the Central District neighborhood has demonstrated the potential of community-driven design. This 2,000 square-foot trapezoidal plot now contains a saltbox-roof micro structure with a neon sign proudly announcing “Estelita’s Library.”

Organized and funded through the City of Seattle’s pioneering Tiny Cultural Spaces program, the 225 square-foot community social justice library was designed and built by Sawhorse Revolution, a local nonprofit that teaches high school students architecture and carpentry through needed community projects. “We strive to team youth furthest from educational justice with professional carpenters and architects, so they can build for their own neighborhoods,” says Sawhorse’s Executive Director Sarah Smith, who partnered with Olson Kundig and three builders from professional firms to lead twenty youth on the project.

Launched in 2018, the Tiny Cultural Spaces program matches deserving cultural groups with unused City-owned parcels of land. “The program takes invisible and overlooked municipal liabilities and turns them into living, thriving community assets,” says Matthew Richter, the City of Seattle’s Cultural Space Liaison. “There was something about Estelita’s scale of vision that fit this tiny space in a natural way. They are an organization absolutely hungry to connect to community.”

Unlike most libraries, at Estelita’s, talking is encouraged. “Our goal was to be a complement and ancillary to [the Seattle Public Library],” says Edwin Lindo, who founded Estelita’s in 2018 as a justice-focused community library. Named for his daughter Estella, Lindo envisioned Estelita’s as a place for transformative dialogue around topics like race, poverty, and activism. “What Estelita’s tries to do is give us space to think critically and to think with freedom,” says Lindo.



When Lindo learned Estelita’s original space in Seattle’s Beacon Hill neighborhood was slated for demolition, to make way for high-rise apartments, he set out to find a new home for the library. With a catalog of more than 1,500 books, Estelita’s holds titles from authors like Audre Lorde, Malcolm X, and Howard Zinn, along with Lindo’s collection of Black Panther newspapers, one of the largest in the country. But beyond the books, Estelita’s is a place for connection.

“For Estelita’s, the students’ core idea was to create a space that was welcoming for all people and that brought together the activism of the past, present, and future,” says Smith of Sawhorse’s youth design/build team. That translated to a bright, colorful interior that opens via double doors to an adjacent deck, with rolling bleacher storage benches that can move seamlessly from inside out.

The library is a single room, with built-in desk space on one end and U-shaped bookshelves lining the opposing walls. Outside, the 330-square-foot cedar deck serves as a multipurpose gathering and event space, visually linking Estelita’s to the surrounding neighborhood. “The library can open up for a public lecture, reading, or whatever the community wants,” says Smith. “Our goal was to design the most generous communal space.”

For the City of Seattle, Estelita’s is a gesture of things to come. Seattle’s Office of Arts & Culture has just issued its second call for Tiny Cultural Space projects and hopes to develop it into an annual program. “Arts and culture generally punches way above its weight,” says Richter. “You’re talking about a 225-square-foot space that’s going to redefine the neighborhood,” Smith agrees. “Perhaps more than any other project, Estelita’s has taught our students how creative design and construction projects can change your perspective and your community.”

Lauren Gallow is a design writer and editor based in Seattle. She is the Editorial Chair of ARCADE and writes regularly for publications including Metropolis, Dwell, Interior Design, and more.

Photos by Rafael Soldi and Meg Hartwig.

IMPACT IN SEATTLE



THE LONELY MESSAGE BOARD

By David Albright

David Albright is a freelance journalist and video producer based in Bremerton and Seattle. His journalism has been featured in The New York Times, The Stranger, The National Science Foundation, PBS, Reuters, The Seattle Channel, USA Today and others. In Bremerton, he serves on the board of the Kitsap Community Food Co-op, and he created the blog UrbanBremerton.com.

Fourth Street was on my list of places I knew I had to photograph for the Urban Bremerton project. The elegant, two-story commercial building at 279 Fourth Street has always caught my eye, and having only ever seen it empty and covered in grime, it gives a mystique that embodies both the beauty and potential of downtown Bremerton. But, when I came down with my camera, my attention was immediately grabbed by something else.

Nestled along the curving sidewalk sits a community message board and matching bike racks. Following the lead of the buildings behind them, both go largely unused and unnoticed. The muted but multicolored palette doesn't exactly cry out for attention, but the geometric shapes, sturdy metal fabrication, and postmodern design details reveal that these aren't standard issue street furniture.

Around the corner on Pacific Ave, a matching clock is an even more impressive representation of the same aesthetic – clearly cut from the same cloth.

I found out these pieces were installed as part of a Fourth Street revitalization project in the 1990s. This was the same project that gave us the narrowed, winding street with wide sidewalks and angled parking – a design that fits right in with new-urbanist thinking still popular today and currently remaking the streetscapes of cities around the world. The dominant feature being that they include more space for people, and less for cars.

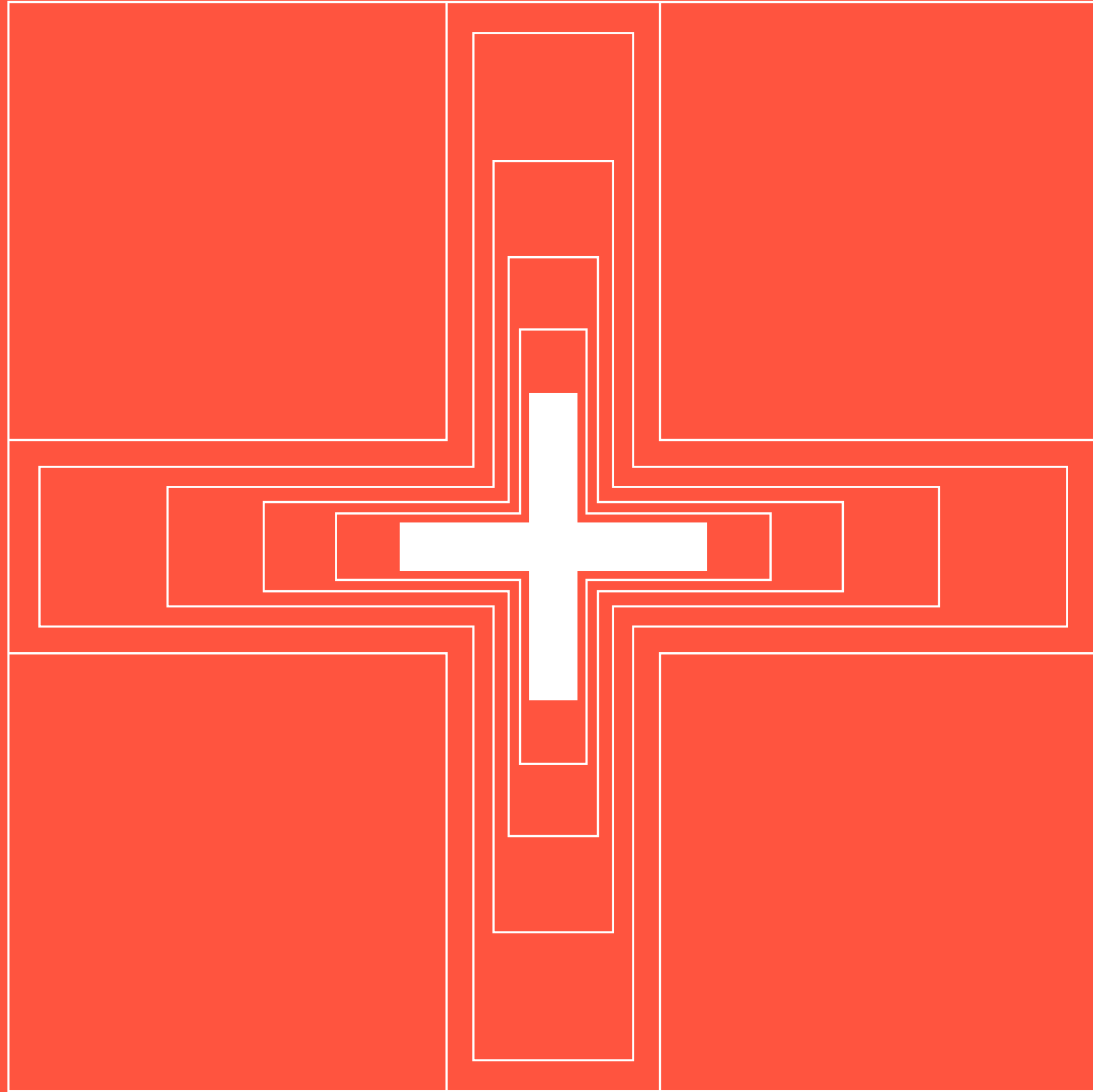
Unlike most places where this progressive street design has been implemented, it didn't have the intended effect and businesses left. Some blamed the towering trees that left the street feeling dark, and others the constricted one-way traffic flow that made it hard to access. Whatever the cause, it left us with a charming and seemingly well-designed but empty street, in the heart of our downtown, and in the planning stages of yet another revitalization project.

Bremerton sometimes feels like a small town living in the shell of a larger city. It has a downtown whose buildings dwarf the scale of the activity that they support. And over the past few decades we've made it worse by turning our backs on downtown in favor of the big box stores and fast food chains along 303 and Kitsap Way. Let's hope that this time around Bremerton is ready to embrace the changes coming to Fourth Street.

There's a tragic beauty to this neglected old message board – a thoughtfully-designed, but already decaying relic of someone who dared to hope for community with this antiquated form of connection. If the next revitalization project does succeed where the last one failed, I hope this sturdy message board that's waited all these years gets to stick around to see it.

Editor's Note: This essay is part of a series of writings excerpted from the book Urban Bremerton that have been published in ARCADE over the last six months. Together, the essays offer a poignant take on this important but often overlooked coastal city in Washington. For more information on David Albright's Urban Bremerton project or to order a copy of the book, visit urbanbremerton.com/home/book.

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GOODBYE. MAYBE...



sideYARD by Ron van der Veen

Ron van der Veen, FAIA is a principal with NAC where he leads the Higher Education practice, something else his sixth grade teacher would never have expected...

Dear Friends,

I am writing you all a heartfelt "tot ziens" (longtime Side Yardeners know my Dutch roots well). After almost two decades of being ARCADE's Side Yard columnist, it's time to pass the torch to a new generation of cathartic and irreverent designers who have a marginal ability to write about their idiosyncratic lives.

Torch-passing typically puts me in a nostalgic mood, but what makes this particularly emotional is knowing this issue of ARCADE will be printed on real paper! As a way of saying goodbye, I thought it might be enjoyable to bring the faithful followers of ARCADE together, around the proverbial fireside, share some old Side Yard yarns, but also look to the future. What is most remarkable to me about the column is that it has actually survived eighteen years. Heck, it's almost been around longer than Google.

The concept of Side Yard started in early 2003, when ARCADE put on a salon to better understand why readers were interested in our design community. I was on the organization's board at the time, and much to our surprise, we heard overwhelmingly from our readers that they were clamoring for more humor. There was one significant issue with this: ARCHITECTS AND DESIGNERS AREN'T FUNNY!

I grew up a dyslexic, pre-medication ADHD, partially illiterate, TV-obsessed, problematic child with an intense phobia for both writing and reading. I WAS NOT A WRITER! But, as we earnestly tried to find a way to respond to our constituents, a quirky idea came to mind: I had recently been to a cocktail party and noticed how popular I was there, as an architect. I had numerous conversations about design throughout the evening and felt rather smug when I left. I must have had a few martinis during our brainstorming session because I threw out an idea to write a humorous article about architects at cocktail parties.

As terrified as I was to actually pen that article, I rationalized that our editor at the time, Kelly Rodriguez, would either reject it outright or rewrite it so I wouldn't be publicly shamed. To my utter shock, the piece, which was called "The Best Time to Be an Architect Is at a Cocktail Party," turned out to be kind of funny and pretty well written. Moreover, it went viral (this was back in the olden days, when it was still novel for things to go viral).

The usually stoic Kelly was jubilant and asked if I had any other funny ideas. This was an even tougher problem because ARCHITECTS AND DESIGNERS AREN'T FUNNY! I surmised that we had just published about the only humorous commentary possible about architecture. But, as I started looking more introspectively into the profession, all the quirk and weirdness quickly became obvious. Our mannerisms, language, obsessions, purchases, vacations, friends, homes, music, and films became fodder for observation and commentary.

Nevertheless, much like your average sixty-something architect who can't open a Revit program or design with Rhino, I admit my best Side Yard days might be behind me. It's time for younger upstarts to open the proverbial Revit model of whim and caprice, while I take my yellow tracing paper and go for an afternoon nap. Who is going to be the person to write about artificial intelligence (AI) taking over our design minds? Or about trying to buy a cool house in such an unaffordable housing context as Seattle? Or, dare I say it, the top ten best architecture songs of the twenty-first century? Yeah, Side Yard needs new blood.

For those of you who want to push this old man to the side and take your stab at Side Yard-style commentary, here are a few suggestions:

- Use your own voice, but make sure you mix irreverence and sarcasm with charm. It really helped me that the commentary was at least semi-autobiographical.
- Make fun of the uptight, pretentious world of design. The more uptight, the better. Yeah, it's a small community, and you might piss off a few designers, but remember you are really only writing what everyone already knows.
- Rely heavily on colleagues for ideas. Many of the Side Yard articles have come from fellow architects saying, "Hey Ron, have you ever thought about _____?"
- Depend on your trusted ARCADE editor. Shout out to Kelly Rodriguez and Bonnie Duncan for making me sound like a real writer over the years.

So, who could have ever foreseen that Side Yard would last all this time? Certainly not my sixth grade English teacher, Mr. LaCount. During the last two decades, I have had the really astounding privilege of completing close to fifty articles for this column. I guess architects and designers are funnier than we originally thought. ARCADE is in the process of digitizing all of its back issues, so I am excited that a Side Yard catalog will be available, including some of my favorites: The 10 Greatest Architects in TV History, 15 Signs You May Want to Consider Retiring from Architecture, and The Idiosyncratic Life of Someone Married to an Architect-Parts 1 and 2 (dedicated to my long-suffering wife, Kerry).

Well, I've had my fun reminiscing about this Side Yard gig, but I can't end my goodbye here. You probably noticed that the title of this article contains a "maybe." There's no reason for Side Yard to end just because I've finally run out of exposés about the quirky world of architects and designers. As with the whole sacred trust of ARCADE, I see my retirement as an opportunity for your voice and new ideas to emerge, ones that are relevant to tomorrow's world of design. I would much rather pass this column off to other smart-ass, irreverent observers of design life than to see it evaporate with this goodbye. And if you need ideas, just give ol' Ron a ring and wake him from his nap. How about starting with this idea? Um... Um... Um... Yeah, it's time for me to retire...

With great warmth and respect,

Ron

• If you want to see past sideYARD columns and can't wait for the digitizing process, please see Ron van der Veen's LinkedIn site: <https://www.linkedin.com/in/ron-van-der-veen-faia-leed-ap-867b8911/detail/recent-activity/posts/>

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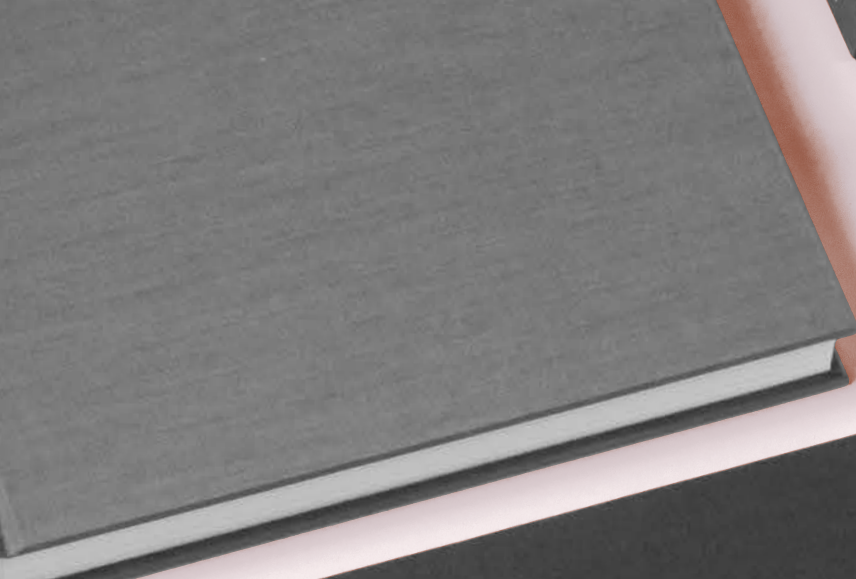
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