





INTRODUCTION

While most residencies are structured so that artists leave their hometown for the opportunity to develop new relationships in a novel and sometimes remote setting, Resident Residency promotes the value of artists staying home to focus on the place and people where they live and work. For one year, six artists— Katy Asher, Ariana Jacob, Khris Soden, Mack McFarland, Krista Connerly and Linda Wysong—stepped into the public realm to see their work affected by participation in their own neighborhood associations.

Portland's public involvement system is a forty-year experiment in grassroots civic engagement, backed and funded by a City bureau, the Office of Neighborhood Involvement (ONI). ONI supports 95 neighborhood associations, seven neighborhood coalition offices, diversity and civic leadership programming for non-geographical communities, and more; meant to give impactful voices to Portland residents. Within this setting, Resident Residency created a platform for curious exploration of this form of civic engagement sanctioned by city government. Residents were not required to seek approval for their projects from neighborhood associations; however, they were expected to participate in good faith with their local group of neighborhood volunteers.

Focused on providing artists with a new context for their work, this residency envisioned the neighborhood association meeting as a clearinghouse for a broad variety of issues. Residents met representatives from regional government, responded to proposed development, listened for racial undertones in police

INTRODUCTION

activity reports, participated in pancake breakfasts and picnics, and witnessed passionate discussions about gentrification, air-toxics, bike boulevards, low-income housing, parking woes, new development and city-wide planning processes.

In conjunction with regular attendance at their own neighborhood association meetings, artists received project support, publicity, and opportunities for reflection and project feedback through the residency structure. Residency coordinators hosted regular gatherings to serve as project and research support for residents, as well as coordinated publicity and documentation of artists' projects. Interspersed with these gatherings, residents attended a City Council meeting regarding historic preservation versus demolition, a panel discussion on the 1984 race for Mayor of Portland, a workshop about creating communities of the future, and a contentious community meeting regarding institutional racism in regards to the development of a City-owned property. Part critique group and part civic-event enthusiast club, these events provided artists with a setting in which to understand their own experiences of neighborhood meetings within the larger scope of community.

With the idea that feedback from our first-year artists will lay the groundwork for the future, we chose to start this project with a group of known collaborators; artists who gracefully and proactively addressed glitches in the proposed format and brought organizational know-how to planning future residency iterations. These 'guinea pigs' agreed to assist by lending their time and careful consideration to the content of this publication and to their ideas for future iterations of the residency. This publication documents residents' projects and reflections on their role within Portland's civic environment as well as their thoughts about future iterations of Resident Residency.



WHERE IS A PLACE

Travis Nikolai

Where are you reading this right now? Is the place familiar? Is it strange? Are you comfortable? Is this place, in either a broad or narrow way, your home? How do you know?

Ask Carroll, Swift, or Kafka: Things have a way of becoming complicated when scale shifts. What appeared to be whole cloth is revealed as a haphazard lashing together of disparate threads. The stitching can appear arbitrary at times, but this mistaken randomness signals only further distance from the circumstances that brought together parts of the fabric. The distance may be in time, not knowing how or when things came to their present state, or in relatability, a fundamental uncertainty which occurs between people of differing cultural experience.

This is not to say that this seeming difference is to be somehow transcended. I believe the strangeness is all we have. I also believe this idea is central to what Resident Residency is trying to do: to make what appeared to be familiar, be strange again—for artist, audience, and community in an inversion of what might be their expected role. To locate a strangeness absent of alienation. Here strange doesn't mean unknown, but rather: peculiar, discreet, specific; and in those specificities: distinct, recognizable, and sympathetic.

So how does this happen? For me, the key resides in what we regard or disregard as a place.

In most all of the Resident Residency projects we are taken outside of the spaces we know best in our neighborhoods, our homes, and into interstitial places: sidewalks, alleyways, and overpasses. Certainly these areas make up the fabric of a community no less than the houses, shops, or churches; but with transitional spaces there is a different, more ambiguous sense of ownership. They belong to us all, they belong to no one, they belong to the city. When I traverse the paths around my home a kind of sleepwalking takes over me. I know the space, but I cease to really regard it. It becomes mundane. Even at the best of times it's difficult to be present, but in transitional moments there is often a tendency to linger on what came before or anticipate what is yet to come: the work, the school, the date, the game, the nascent object of focus. In this mindset and in these spaces there is a kind of susceptibility to the strange. It can sneak in through our complacency and take us unaware.

The artists of Resident Residency know this and they use this knowledge purposefully to recode our perceptions of where and what we call home. They draw us outside of ourselves, outside of our homes, by constructing reasons to linger in spots just beyond the boundaries of our personal property. They make us loiter. And whilst loitering, create circumstances in which we exchange our peculiarities or partake jointly of the idiosyncrasies of our surroundings. In Linda Wysong's *Sabin Now and Then* the exchange is a formal one where long time residents relate watershed moments in the neighborhood's history. In Khris Soden's *Buckman Wonder Wander* smaller changes and personal places are examined on a casual stroll. Ariana Jacob's *Piedmont Neighborhood Walk Swap* turns the *dérive* inward as she pairs residents off for walks in ways designed to burst our "filter bubble," the phenomenon, heightened by information age over-saturation, to seek out that which is already attuned to our particular sensibilities. Mack McFarland and Katy Asher's piece *Tug O' War: North Portland Knockdown* is less verbal but offers discourse through physical competition where audiences can know one another through victories, losses, bumps and bruises. Last, Krista Connerly's *Relieve From Infinite Bustle* creates an intimate exchange through shared silence in the vulnerability of a communal nap in a public

place. By activating audiences through varied forms of personal exchange in spaces often delineated by private reverie, the artists endeavor to make us distinctly aware of the boundaries we place around our communal spaces, ourselves, and each other.

What was once a byway is now activated by a flow of individuals made aware through a purposed action, akin to a parade or a protest in the shared sense of enhancing visibility, but with an end more nuanced. The byway now becomes a node, a point of inter-connectivity between individuals that contributes to a shared sense of ownership distinct from conventional notions of property. By sharing part of yourself, a story or a vulnerability, within a particular location that space becomes part of you through becoming a part of the retelling. A place right outside your door that you might otherwise never have considered, is now a point in the continuum of your own personal history. And so are the people with whom it's shared.

I like the idea that people make the place through the friction of their colliding specificities, and in a way it's true. I'm also aware that only a select few people really do, even as these people self-select into what is ostensibly an open, inclusive system. Conspicuously absent from my account of Resident Residency thus far is that which might be argued to be most central: the neighborhood association. A cornerstone of the project is that artists engage this vested and official body, rather than simply conducting touch-and-go social practice actions on the periphery as they might otherwise. Neighborhood associations are formal nodes of connectivity, in a way they are the neighborhood incarnate. If our perception of place is key to understanding how connections are made, then what sort of places do neighborhood associations occupy?

Some are located in precisely the halls of local power you might imagine: county headquarters and firehouses. Others are themselves located in interstices, vested with formal power only for the duration of their convening: Whole Foods grocery store cafeterias or part-time martial arts studios. My own neighborhood association, which for transparency sake I will admit I have never

attended, meets in Emanuel Legacy Medical Center. Beyond the fact that hospitals are renowned for being uncomfortable places, this one has a notable history. In the late 1960s and early 1970s the hospital in conjunction with various state and federal programs decimated over 50 acres of the surrounding neighborhood, including hundreds of homes and dozens of businesses in the very heart of a predominantly black community. This was done under the auspices of urban renewal, to make room for a planned expansion that never ultimately took place. This building now being the seat of neighborhood governance is surprising to me, but to many it's not surprising at all. Learning this history forces me to acknowledge that my sense of reverie in interstitial places is my own. It's a privilege and a luxury found in ignoring the specificities of a place I call home.

So while I want to believe that people make a place through the sharing of themselves, in discourse and action, often the terms of that discourse are dictated from beyond those involved in the immediate conversation. I suppose that's why the artists of Resident Residency want to work within the established order, to try to bring the periphery into the center. I suspect, though, that they'll explain why in their own words. So I'll just ask:

Where are you reading this right now? Is the place familiar? Is it strange? Are you comfortable? Is this place your home? How do you know? ●

KHRIS SODEN

Khrris is an artist, historian, illustrator, navigator, and time traveler who spends most of his waking hours thinking about the past, present and future versions of Portland, Oregon. His work aims to direct people's attention to the parts of their everyday environment that they may not have noticed before.

khrissoden.org

PROJECT SUMMARY

In 2011, I began attending the Buckman Community Association (BCA) general meetings out of a combined sense of curiosity and civic duty. In June, I was elected co-chair of the board and in October, I resigned. In stepping into the role, I was unaware of what it would be like to face the intense emotions that can sometimes arise when people are passionate about their neighborhood. I was embarrassed to step down from the two-year commitment and stopped attending the meetings.

Needless to say, I was anxious about returning to the BCA meetings as part of my residency. I had no reason to worry as the board was very welcoming. By the end of the year, I will have attended every board and general meeting (each occurs monthly—more than other neighborhoods, I've learned) with the exception of the June meeting.

Going into the residency, I had a number of preconceived projects that I thought that I could fit into the project; however, this soon changed. My work generally focuses on exploring the subjective concept of "place," and this residency focused my attention on a clearly defined geographic "space," specifically: the area of Portland east of the Willamette to the western edge of SE 28th Avenue falling between Burnside and Hawthorne. In many cities, a neighborhood is a general area, but here in Portland, they are specific, codified areas. There's no

room for ambiguity on this, you are either in Buckman or you are not.

Buckman is my neighborhood, but it is not what I'd consider "my neighborhood." My neighborhood is a subset of Buckman that also includes parts of neighboring Kerns and Hosford-Abernethy. I rarely travel beyond SE 20th in my day-to-day life, and might see some areas of Buckman only once a year. Likewise, when I think of "my neighbors," I am thinking of people that live within a one-block radius of me, not the rest of the 8,000 people that live in Buckman.

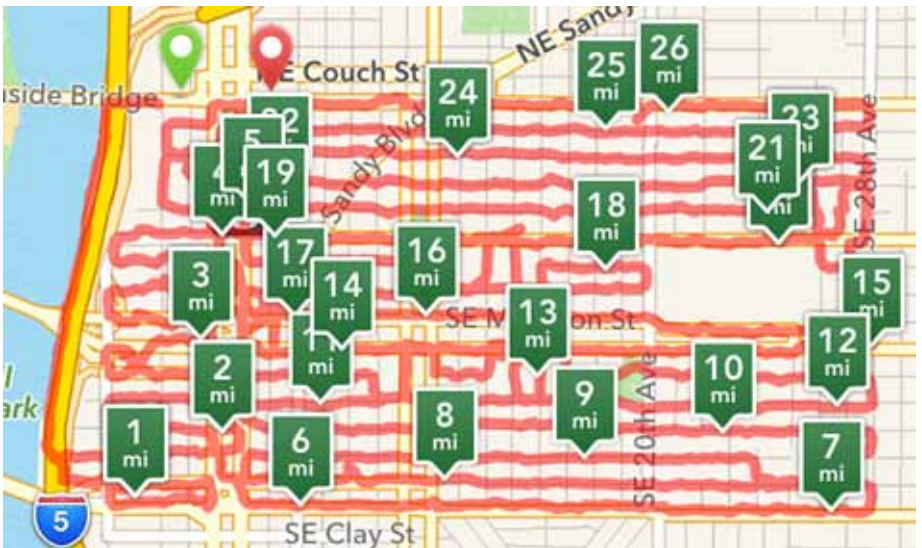
Considering all of this, I developed three main ways of structuring my thinking about the Buckman Neighborhood: the physical space within its borders, the people that live within it, and the BCA which functions as the advocate for the neighborhood in the eyes of the City of Portland. Distilling this further, I came up with three themes to build projects off of: physical space, people, and politics.

Thinking of the physical 1.5 square mile area of the neighborhood, I performed *All of Buckman in a Day* on Saturday, May 24th. Traversing every east-west oriented street in Buckman, I effectively walked the entirety of the neighborhood, covering a distance of 27 miles over the course of ten hours. The western, or "lower," part of Buckman is largely industrial, while the eastern, or "upper," portion is largely residential, so walking the streets east-to-west and west-to-east meant that the path would continuously interchange between industrial and residential, highlighting a divide that was created in the 1920s after a formerly residential area of the neighborhood was zoned for industrial use. The route highlighted the difference between the two halves of the neighborhood. I think of this hike as an anti-dérive: instead of letting the city direct you where it will, we walked an unnatural route that put the changes of the neighborhood in direct contrast.

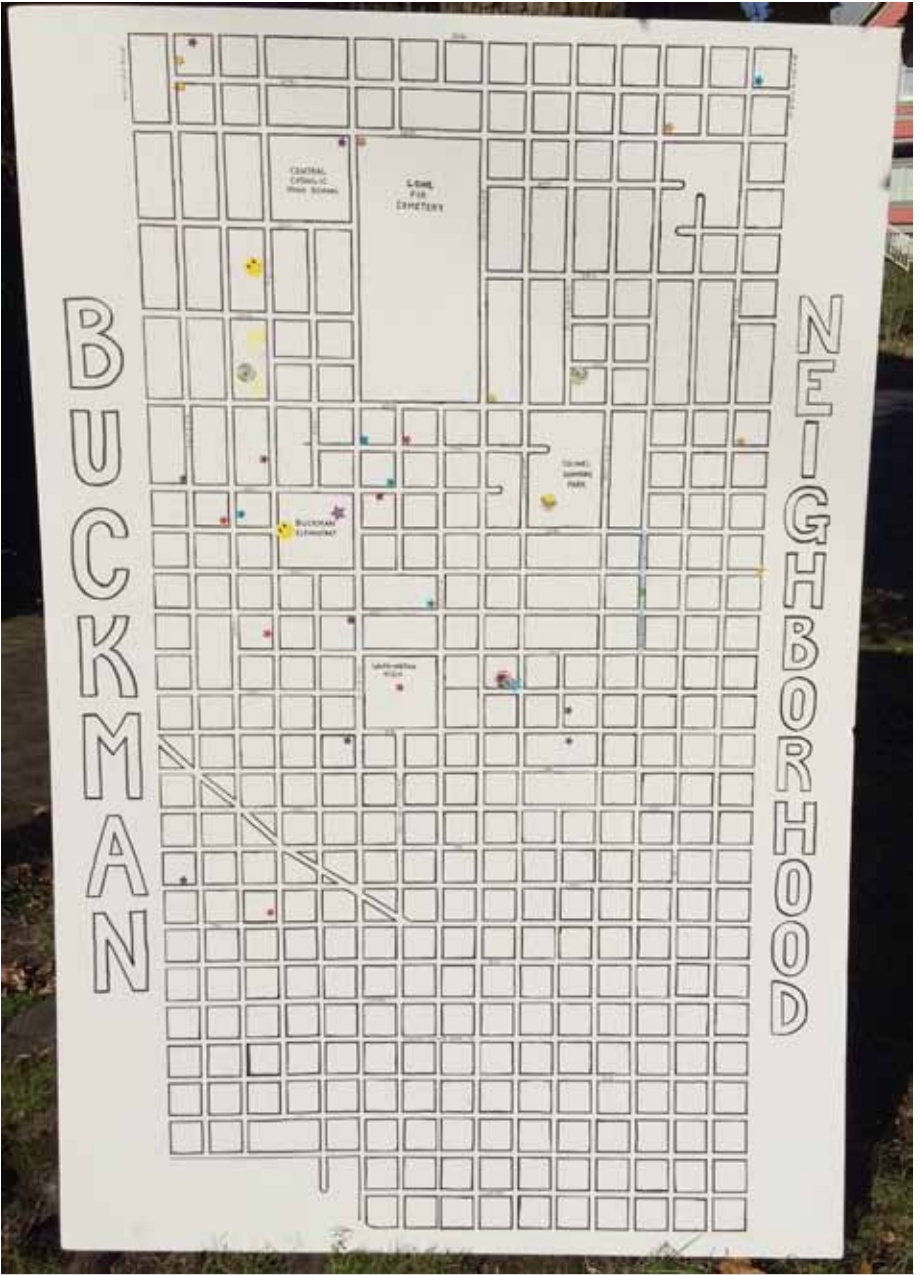
On the day of the action, *All of Buckman in a Day* began with 10 people and had a festive feeling, with participants sharing individual memories of the locations we passed. After the sixth mile, most participants dropped out and the walk took on a more meditative and dream-like quality as we travelled up one street, then turned and journeyed down the next. After the twelfth mile, we were joined by new people but also by some of the earlier pedestrians, who were fascinated by the distance traversed without moving very far away. By the twenty-fourth mile, the project felt more like an endurance piece, with most conversation focusing on the excitement of approaching Burnside, our final street. Two participants accompanied me on the entire walk. The experience was magical, tiring, and gratifying. I am thinking of making it an annual event.

The second project was the *Buckman Wonder Wanders*, which was a series of walking tours informed by the interests and stories of people living in the neighborhood. In order to craft the *Buckman Wonder Wanders*, I hosted a booth at the Buckman Neighborhood Annual Picnic, featuring a hand-drawn 5-foot by 3.5-foot map of the neighborhood. I talked to around 50 people about the sites in the neighborhood that they were curious about, found fascinating, or had personal memories of; then encouraged them to either record these thoughts on a form or by placing a sticker on the map indicating the location they had in mind. From these interactions, I designed three walking tours for Saturday, September 13th. For each, I contacted people on the routes and asked them to present about their locations on the tour. Participants toured peoples' homes, shared personal stories, and visited obscure landmarks in the neighborhood.

The final project, *BCA2BCA [Bringing Creative Attendees to the Buckman Community Association]*, addresses the political aspect of the neighborhood and focuses on the BCA itself. For this project I invited artists, activists, and critical thinkers who live in the neighborhood but who have not attended the BCA general meetings to attend the meetings and give feedback afterwards. This project will culminate in a report that I provide to the BCA at the end of the year, documenting the experiences of my guests. The final report will be included on the Resident Residency website. ●



A fitness app recorded the full route of All of Buckman in a Day.



Five-foot hand-drawn map used in the production of the Buckman Wonder Wanders.

ARIANA JACOB

Ariana Jacob makes public conversations as artwork. As a child she lived in the wilderness in northern Canada and didn't learn how to properly understand the concept of strangers. This left her with a strong curiosity about both the differences between people and what we have in common. Her work has been included in the NW Biennial at the Tacoma Art Museum, Disjecta's Portland 2012 Biennial, and the Discourse and Discord Symposium at the Walker Art Center.

YOU CAN TRY TO WALK IN MY SHOES: A NEIGHBORHOOD WALK-SWAP

Over the first week of October 2014, all of the people in the Piedmont neighborhood had an unusual notice hand-delivered to their door. The notice asked residents whether they have ever wondered what it would be like to walk in someone else's shoes or had wished that someone would try walking a mile in theirs.

While these signs hung on homes up and down the neighborhood streets they proposed a curiosity and openness to the different lives that are lived by the people around us.

As neighbors we are affiliated with each other by common place even when many other aspects of our lives, in terms of our daily activity, background, beliefs and demographics are not shared. These days there is growing evidence that few of us develop friendships with people beyond our circles of like-minded folks. Can the chance situation of living in the same part of town provide permission enough to venture to get to know people and perspectives other than our own?

The notices, which I delivered door-to-door with the help of the Piedmont Walkers¹, served as invitations for a neighborhood walk-swap offering people a chance to be paired with someone in the neighborhood who they did not yet know to take a short walk together.

So far five pairs of neighbors have met for the first time to take walks together—and one of those pairs each brought their whole family. The walks lasted at least one mile and the walkers were asked to spend that distance telling each other about the events and choices that had shaped their lives, so that by the end they might have a chance of sensing what it would be like to walk in each others shoes.

As an organizer, my role was to create a casual but sanctioned context through which people would have an opportunity to begin to get to know each other — a structure and a reason for interacting. I performed the social rituals of providing introductions and setting gentle parameters, although I, too, did not know any of the people previously.

I wanted to question our self-segregated social spheres and explore what we can do to challenge them—both for the sake of becoming better able to understand more people’s experiences, and for the sake of breaking down the social divisions that reinforce existing power structures and exclusions.

In practice, questioning self-segregation can look and feel a lot like violating codes of privacy and propriety. I am very familiar with the uncomfortable sensation of imposing on someone else’s presence. Even in harmless and fairly normal interactions like walking up someone’s front steps or asking for their attention by saying hello; I know I am crossing into someone else’s physical or psychological territory without invitation. Privacy is a very sensible barrier, and for me, violating that line produces discomfiting energy—energy that is sometimes open and liberating, but often is felt as shame or shyness.

In the past, my art work has made use of the energy created by crossing that charged social boundary between myself and strangers. But in the context of this project, while none of the participants knew each other, we are all associated with each other in an abstract way through our relative proximity and the containing border of the neighborhood. This assumed association provided a reason to reach out to each other but it also produced the sometimes awkward polite distance of acquaintanceship.

¹ The Piedmont Walkers are a group of residents who have volunteered to hand-deliver neighborhood association information to a segment of the neighborhood. About half the neighborhood has someone as their Walker.

One of the things I noticed after attending my first neighborhood association meeting was the sensation of losing the protection provided by my former anonymity. I felt myself in the view of everyone who lived around the supposed privacy of my home. This gaze was not specifically the eyes of the people I had just met at the meeting, but a generalized sense of potential scrutiny and the weight of imagined social standards from which I could not escape since we would continue to live down the street from each other indefinitely.

As this project closes I continue to want to find ways to challenge self-segregation, but I also feel how these attempts to connect people can run into the same old reasons we keep our distances. Can the divisions and social tensions that exist between neighbors be brought into focus while simultaneously trying to enact structures that provide a context for building ongoing relationships; which can cross divisions of class, gender, race, political alignment and culture? Can the idealistic drive to intervene in the habits of thought and behavior that keep us segregated stand alongside an awareness that it can be pretty uncomfortable to reach out or let people in? ●



KATY ASHER

Through her work as the Neighborhoods Program Manager at the Northeast Coalition of Neighborhoods, Katy engages citizens to become directly involved in determining how their neighborhoods evolve. A former member of art groups Red76 and The M.O.S.T., she is artistically drawn to the idea of place making and curious about the dynamics within small groups who come together to work within the system to change the system.

RESIDENT RESIDENCY: INVISIBLE DOORWAYS, MAGIC CLOAKS

In the year leading up to the start of Resident Residency, I began reading Haruki Murakami novels. Characters in Murakami's stories seem to approach their lives with a deadpan acceptance of whatever strange circumstance presents itself at any given moment. They don't seem to lose their calm and run screaming down the street or call the cops, panicked. Instead, they float through the previously impervious wall at the bottom of a well and come back to eat some mackerel on toast. They might step out of a taxi into a parallel universe and wait for the time to come when they can return home. In the meantime, they just eat, sleep, work and listen to records; waiting for a cat, lover, or strange new acquaintance to arrive and signal the next phase of their life story. Like a character in one of these stories, I am always waiting around for some kind of magic *thing* to happen. This magic thing, a discernable shift in my perception or understanding of reality is by nature unpredictable; however, I feel like the odds are in my favor when artists are around.

Resident Residency began an exploration of the Venn diagram of artist and citizen, claiming the neighborhood meeting as a site of social engagement artwork. I have a background as a member of a collaborative arts group, and a day job working for a coalition of neighborhood association volunteers in inner-northeast Portland. Through my work at the coalition, I sometimes attend up to three neighborhood meetings a week. At these often mundane meetings, the

artist in me can't help but wish for something new, strange and wonderful to take place. Not everyone seeks these moments of confusion and wonder, but I am always waiting for them, sitting on the edge of my seat. This hunger compels me to create situations where I can be around artists. I never know whether the artists will reveal their enchanting power in my presence, but I'm willing to try stacking the deck.

Through my work at the neighborhood coalition, I have come to realize that socially-engaged art projects often mirror neighborhood association outreach projects, or vice versa. I've seen both kinds of projects fail completely after being created in a vacuum without any reciprocal relationship to the people that they're supposedly serving. At the same time, socially-engaged art projects and neighborhood outreach projects contain an opportunity for both artists and neighborhood volunteers alike to create openings for people to connect, step away from feelings of alienation and to openly express their need to be recognized by others.

In creating Resident Residency, I was curious about similarities and differences in artists' and neighbors' engagement strategies, how the content matter of the neighborhood meeting might feed artistic enterprise, and whether artists and neighborhood volunteers would find common ground as activists and creative problem solvers. I wanted to see whether artists in the program would have their projects strengthened by having a sustained relationship with a specific audience, and wondered whether the artist might upend (ever so slightly) the status quo of the neighborhood meeting format. I proposed Resident Residency as a pilot project, and invited artists working on place-oriented, socially-engaged art (most of whom I was already familiar with) to help me explore these ideas by becoming residents in their own neighborhoods.

As artists began to attend their neighborhood meetings and gather together afterwards as a group, they repeatedly discussed the neighborhood boundary as an important, albeit arbitrary constraint for their projects, and one that shifted their perceptions of self. On a practical level, the neighborhood boundary defined who attended the meetings and agenda topics which constrained project participants. It also brought the audience into a more physically intimate proximity to hearth and home. Artists brought participants to the edges of other invisible boundaries within their neighborhoods, including the I-5 Freeway, history and present, wilderness and safety. They wielded their power to build bridges across the vulnerable territory between strangers, create a shared sense of ownership via friendly competition, develop communal appreciation of unplanned and unnoticed spaces, and incorporate powerful histories into the



collective memory before they were lost to time. Through the process of claiming and making neighborhood boundaries transparent, Resident artists skillfully engaged unwitting participants in moments of heightened awareness about histories, new and old, unfolding in relation to the otherwise ordinary places where they lived.

Showing up as an individual at a neighborhood meeting and revealing your role as an artist is akin to putting on a magic cloak, one that can shield from intimacy or signify the possibility of something unexpected about to happen. Initially, artists found that revealing their role as artist lead to other meeting participants plying them with questions, suggestions and non sequiturs. Over time, the protective qualities of their cloaks became thin. As artists began acknowledging their role as active participants in the neighborhood, they began to describe profound, subterranean shifts in how they perceived once familiar territories. Where they used to simply go through the motions of entering and exiting their houses and taking walks through the neighborhood, they began to experience flashes of stark self-consciousness about how their neighbors might be judging them, and moments of permeability with strangers-now-neighbors.

In some cases, the artists decided to volunteer in the meeting structure as facilitators, board members and newsletter writers, taking on responsibility for how others experienced their associations. In other cases, the artists realized that maybe they hadn't found a community to embrace and learned more about what it was they wanted from future engagements. For me, the past year confirmed my conviction that opening up to whoever shows up at a neighborhood meeting has immense value. Through this act, we are creating a new experience, a shared place that we can't unmake, a heretofore invisible place that might grow into a solid future.

Going forward, I plan to continue Resident Residency on a larger scale. I envision a future iteration supporting several cohorts of artists attending meetings, gathering to reflect and critique in small groups, and attending piggy-back events en masse. In my ideal world, this intervention into Portland's civic structure would infuse neighborhood associations with a sense of vanguardism to the point where they become known as the nexus activism and social interaction in the city. In the meantime, I will continue showing up, stacking the deck and waiting for the magic to happen.

THE ARBOR LODGE HERITAGE TREE FUND

Industry and the I-5 Freeway surround North Portland on three sides, including where I live in Arbor Lodge. My neighbors are concerned about the impacts that poor air quality have on asthma, cancer and lung disease rates in the area. We are engaged in negotiations with a company called Vigor Industrial on Swan Island, and are looking for additional avenues for improving the air that our families breathe.

Portland State University published a document this year explaining how a mature tree canopy (such as is found in the area around Forest Park) helps to decrease air toxins and also showed Arbor Lodge lacking in mature trees. Thinking of Joseph Beuys' project, *7,000 Oak Trees*, I asked the membership of the Arbor Lodge Neighborhood Association (ALNA) to support a designated fund in ALNA's 2015 budget ,incentivizing care of our urban canopy by offering to pay for ongoing pruning and care of Heritage Trees in our neighborhood. This spring, I will work with volunteers to walk the neighborhood noting possible future Heritage Tree nominees and approaching homeowners with an offer to help with the nomination paperwork and funding for ongoing care through our Tree Fund. Looking forward, I plan to coordinate with Resident artists Mack and Ariana to utilize our second annual Tug-o-War to draw attention to issues of air quality and request donations to a joint Heritage Tree Care Fund. I doubt that we have the capacity to care for 7,000 trees, but perhaps over the next few years we can increase our cumulative Heritage Tree count from a meager four to a few more. ●



Resident Residency artists Linda Wysong, Mack McFarland, Krista Connerly, Ariana Jacob, Katy Asher, and Khris Soden



VIEWS OF TUG-O-WAR: NORTH PORTLAND KNOCKDOWN. Image credit: Eric Baxter and Brian Borrello.



MACK MCFARLAND

Mack McFarland is an independent artist and curator for the Philip Feldman Gallery at the Pacific Northwest College of Art. His current focus swirls around issues of class, privilege, and phenomenological perception. These explorations manifest in the form of exhibitions, postcards, performance, and installations.

PROJECT SUMMARY

Organizing a Piedmont versus Arbor Lodge tug-o-war on the Bryant Street Pedestrian Bridge in North Portland was among one of the first ideas I had for my residency. In large part this came from the fact that Katy Asher, one of the organizers and participants of Resident Residency, lived in Arbor Lodge neighborhood across the I-5 Freeway from my Piedmont neighborhood. The I-5 is a formidable and hardscaped divide, a concrete ravine of multiple ton, fast moving, pollution-emitting vehicles; and the space of the footbridge over it has always been fascinating to me. Its betweenness, transitory nature, lawless feel that the utilitarian design helps to evoke, coupled with a view of Mount St. Helens and trash from illegal dumping, this site calls for activation. I have always been a fan of games and competition, so in no time, the *Tug-o-War* was born. On August 24th at 11am, we "bridged" the divide between our neighborhoods with several rounds of tug-of-war on the Bryant Street Pedestrian Bridge. This day of tugs may have proved nothing but a good time and bragging rights for the winning side, until next year.

Flyers were posted in targeted locations, near the two parks, bus stops, one on the Piedmont side of the Bryant Street Pedestrian Bridge, and passed out at the neighborhood meeting. On the day of the event we were feeling a bit apprehensive about having enough neighbors turn out to tug - I had signed up



five neighbors, and Katy, about three. We knew a few of our friends would come, and that maybe the eight signed up would bring a friend or two. We set a mental goal of about 20 for a “good turn out.” To our gleeful surprise nearly 100 people, mostly residents of Piedmont and Arbor Lodge showed up to the Bryant Street Pedestrian Bridge that morning to participate. The fact that the turnout was so great led to an equipment failure, namely the rope broke...twice.

The results were:

- 1st Tug: 13 men from each side, all residents. Rope broke in 16 seconds. DRAW**
- 2nd Tug: All kids, two boys and two girls on each side. ARBOR LODGE* WINS.**
- *the children were all Piedmont residents.**
- 3rd Tug: 3 men from each side, all residents. PIEDMONT WINS.**
- 4th Tug: 8 women on each side. Rope broke in 37 seconds. DRAW**

The rope breaking was quite shocking and there were some minor injuries from the falls. Yet despite those, one Arbor Lodge resident said that even though walking was difficult for a week, the *Tug-o-War* was the neighborhood highlight of her year. Other members of the Piedmont Neighborhood Association said similar things along the lines of, “This was our best neighborhood event ever!” When asked why, the reply had to do with turnout and the spectacle of the hour and a half event. Both of these attributes brought the I-5 traffic below us to a crawl,

backing up as far as the eye could see. These factors and the failure of the rope has turned the event mythic in the neighborhood and is a major reason that by the end of the day it was being referred to as the *First Annual Piedmont vs. Arbor Lodge Tug-o-War*.



LOCALIST VIDEO

Localistvideo is an evolving experiment in moored-locative-media. Attached to the either of their making & viewing the works are cousins to augmented reality. Designed to highlight and obfuscate, the videos can be seen only within a few hundred feet of where they were created within the Piedmont Neighborhood. QR codes and online maps will guide your way at Localistvideo.com. ●

KRISTA CONNERLY

Krista Connerly is an artist who walks the alleys of SE Portland. She is interested in public/private space, invisible economies, surveillance, information saturation, rebellion, boredom and the poetic role spaces can play in the subconscious of the city. Her past work has included becoming a regular at a bar and pressing up against strangers on public transportation. The cities she has explored include Pittsburgh, Boston, Denver, New York, and now—happily— Portland since 2007.

REPRIEVE FROM INFINITE BUSTLE, OR, NEIGHBORHOOD NAP DAY

Saturday September 6th 2014, 2:00 p.m. – 6:00 p.m.

SE Reedway St. – Ramona St. Alley, between 57th and 60th

How often do you get time to think and daydream? Yet, arguably, idleness—and the time it affords one to reset and think—is critical for a democratic society. In this effort to “distribute leisure” to our neighbors, you are invited to participate in Neighborhood Nap Day. The alleys of SE Portland—these little slices of lazy wilderness that cut through our ‘hood—offer a unique backdrop for our reveries. Hammocks, forts, and other and sleeping spots will be provided for napping but bringing or making your own is also encouraged.

Sleeping starts at 2:00 p.m and will be done in shifts until 6:00 p.m. In between naps, talk with neighbors about your thoughts on our neighborhood, provocative ideas, your garden, or the weather.

When I started my thinking for this project, I began with questions about space. How is ideology embedded in a space? How do urban spaces figure in the imagination? What do spaces do to us? How do they configure our thinking in ways that we don’t know? Alleys particularly interested me as they seemed to offer a unique opportunity to explore a collision of topics including: public and private space, class, non-monetary economies, boredom, and the poetic role spaces can play in the subconscious of the city. However, as I worked more with the neighborhood association and talked with neighbors, I began to think about

the relationship between space and the people who inhabit it as more of a conversation. Walking through the alleys, I can see real agency in my community. They've found many ways to claim these spaces as their own, whether through annexing them as part of their yard, using them as walking paths, riding bikes down them, gardening, gleaning wild fruit, playing, and so on. It's not a planned approach; it grows up from the people. The neighbors re-create the space in the image of their use-patterns and desires.

Neighborhood Nap Day was considered as an homage to this kind of unplanned happening. Similar to the alleys, I wanted it to offer a blankness or openness in which ideas could grow out of, a place where a hundred dreams could rise from hammocks nestled in the messy backways of our neighborhood. I hoped the day could carry forward—in gift form—the ideas raised by Bertrand Russell in his essay "In Praise of Idleness" and continued by Mark Slouka in a 2004 *Harper's* article "Quitting the Paint Factory." Both argued for the value of leisure—time of one's own to do what one will—as essential for human happiness and civilization.

Hammocks were crowd-sourced. Picking up hammocks from people's homes became an opportunity to hear stories about the places people had come from, the things that were important to them, and the wishes they had, like: not being displaced, keeping the open spaces, and having a more vibrant commercial area.

During *Neighborhood Nap Day*, a four-block stretch of alleys became the backdrop for the mix of people that came through for the next few hours. There were new neighbors and people from far away. A school group from California came by. Some students napped in pairs while others sat around and knitted and talked. A woman, focused on napping, came through and passed a smile to everyone before settling into her hammock for about 45 minutes. A man, who had just been scavenging plums from nearby alleys, was excited to talk to people about placemaking and the different examples he knew of in SE Portland. The police were confused by the blanket forts and tore them down.

Neighborhood Nap Day was one product of this residency and there are others. I've come to admire the group that is my neighborhood association for their tenacious ideals and grassroots work ethic. I was surprised to come around to this feeling of empowerment—to believe people have a chance to make a difference in their communities. The Land Use Committee recently won what seemed like a hopeless case about a demolition and lot division. There is tangible change on account of their work. I joined this committee as co-chair mid-year. Zoning, it seems to me, is this really dry language for the hopes and dreams and fears people have about the places they live in. I also joined the committee to



Two nappers beat the heat in a particularly shady stretch of alley.

LINDA WYSONG

*Linda Wysong is an interdisciplinary visual artist who is interested in how we shape our communities and how they in turn shape us. Her hybrid practice includes public art, environmental design and community involvement. Working as a union carpenter has given her a constructive perspective and informed her practice. She lives and works in Portland. lindawysong.com
sabinresidentresidency.weebly.com*

SABIN NOW AND THEN

The art of the everyday is the foundation of Resident Residency and my personal practice. For me, daily living is an unending source of inspiration both because of its undeniable relevance and its dynamic nature. Sabin Now and Then has rooted me in the earth I know and allowed me to examine the nature of place from a personal perspective.

I have lived on the same block of modest bungalows for many years. In 1989, I purchased a vacant house with a leaking roof, no heat, and asbestos in the basement. I gradually made repairs as I juggled art, family and survival. Grateful for a comfortable place close to the city center, I have generally kept my head down and my eye on my work. Resident Residency (RR) encouraged me to look up and consider.

My year as a Resident Resident in Sabin began with poetic abstraction and evolved into a sharpened and emotional reality. The poetry can be traced to a nostalgic mix of theory, political idealism and memories of my grandmother's breakfast table. The abstraction is the inevitable blur of memory and time. As I look around me, I wonder how did the streets I have walked on for the last 25 years become so completely transformed? There has been very little physical change. The bulldozers of Urban Renewal have not flattened the homes. The commercial structures are substantially the same. The tree-lined streets and

the 1920's houses are still standing but it is a completely different place. This observation is at the core of my investigation and the heart of *Sabin Now and Then*. It is a research project that is both personal and political, for it queries the nature of our experience and the essence of place.

My first neighborhood meeting as a RR was a jarring experience. Over 10 years ago, I had been to a few community meetings. They were casual and friendly affairs with coffee, fruit punch and Oreo cookies and children playing around the edges. This time the meeting was only for Board members and was a tight professionalized team. The proceedings were run with a stopwatch. The members of the Board were white young professionals—lawyers, planners and designers who knew how to write policy statements, proposals and apply for grants. Although I was very impressed by their energy, focus and ability to get things done, the neighborhood association did not seem to be a welcoming place.

There is no denying that the culture has changed. The lawns are now carefully manicured, but the working folks and the people of color are harder to find. We no longer hear the strains of a jazz saxophone down the block as a musician practices for a late night gig. The rentals are gone and so are the backyard studios. An older neighbor recently said, "Now, I feel like I need to dress up to take out the garbage."

Is a neighborhood a place or a state of mind? Over the past year, I have been given the time to ponder the idea of community. What really gives a neighborhood its character? Urban planners operate under the assumption that design influences and even shapes the way we live. For them, civic life is determined by such elements as sidewalks, storefronts, building code, bike paths and parks. Although these do have an impact, to me, they seem only to be the scaffolding for more important human relationships.

John Brinkerhoff Jackson asserts that Americans understand place through experience, not geography or architecture. He describes our understanding of place as, "a sense of recurring events." When asked to name a favorite place we often cite the setting of the annual family picnic, a cafe where friends meet, or a vacation spot. It is our accumulative recollection of recurring activities that is the basis for our sense of place. If this is true, and I believe it is, urban design's function is to make opportunities for recurring events. But it cannot actually create place.

This is the reason that I have focused the Sabin Resident Residency on people and their stories. For it is through individual memories that larger shifts of

history, class and race are revealed. The art in this residency project involves bringing together people to examine the passage of time. My process was varied and included social engagement, observation and archival research. At a weekly coffee hour, I met Lorraine Jones, who was working the telephone switchboard the day of Pearl Harbor. I connected with Bill Youngren at a Sabin Community Association meeting. He graciously shared boxes of clippings and pictures passed down from the esteemed Betty Walker. I walked across the street and chatted with Karen Haley, and her daughter Kim Irving. Karen's parents, Bettye and Bobby Lewis, moved to Portland from Texas to work in the Kaiser shipyards.

It is no surprise that shifts in this quiet working class neighborhood reflect world-wide trends. There were waves of migration as Germans, Irish and Italians who came to work in the port, on railroads, and in the timber industry. Then World War II and the Kaiser Shipyards lured workingmen and women from all around the country. The subtext of all these changes is a series of unspoken words: migration, war, dislocation, ethnic identity, racism, red-lining and gentrification. The culmination of this investigation is an unscientific but powerful collection of individual family stories that combine to mark an important moment in the history of Portland and the nation. ●



LINDA AND KAREN. Photo credit Cristin Norine.

Her father, Deacon Bobby Joe Lewis, moved from Texas to Portland to work in the shipyards. They purchased a home and raised seven children. Karen grew up in Sabin and speaks eloquently about its transformation and all the family friends who have been forced to leave.



HAROLD JOHNSON WITH DAVID GUZZETTA. Photo credit Cristin Norine
Harold Johnson is a source of many stories and a wealth of information.
He worked on NE Russell Street when it was the home of many Jazz clubs
and remembers the the Matt Dishman Social Club. Look for Citizenship, his
recent book of poetry.



SABIN COFFEE WITH NICKI EYBEL (LEFT) AND LORRAINE JONES. Lorraine
was working the telephone switchboard the day of Pearl Harbor.



Group Reflection

RESIDENT RESIDENCY 2014

Resident artists gathered together in the fall of 2014 for a recorded conversation about their experiences participating in Resident Residency.

Katy: To start off, I'd like to give each of you a chance to describe what moments in the residency stand out in your memory.

Khris: Linda and I were talking earlier about how *Sabin Now and Then* was really a once in a lifetime experience. People shared stories from WWII and living in the neighborhood with their families for generations. It would have never existed without the Residency. I also appreciated the serendipity of the *Wonder Wanders*. Those conversations lead me to include things I would never personally put on a walking tour, like touring a five-story TARDIS-like house on SE 28th and Ankeny.

Linda: Certainly the Portland African American Leadership Forum (PAALF) meeting was the most successful Piggyback event. I also really enjoyed our time together. I've never had an art project where you work independently, then also have opportunities to talk about that work together over beers. The most memorable event for me was *Sabin Now and Then*. I didn't think that night would be a big deal, but it turned out to be with Karen Haley telling the white folks what it was about with both anger and eloquence. It is hard to find people who remember when this was a diverse community, but Karen and her family are still here and she is a truth-teller.

Ariana: I felt so thankful to attend the PAALF meeting and hear the history of displacement in the black community from the people who have lived it. I think that the topic of changing demographics, specifically in relationship to gentrification, was at the core of

my experience of the residency. On a personal level, I remember walking home from our first Piedmont meeting and feeling newly exposed in my neighborhood. Suddenly I was visible to other people as somebody they could think about.

Mack: Of course my mind goes to the whole arc of the *Tug-o-War* project right away. I'd think, "You can't have a tug-o-war on cement!" (Laughs) Then, there's the downfall of having a tug-o-war on cement and the rope breaking. Pretty amazing! (Laughter from group) People were so jovial about it all, about being injured. I also liked seeing Vanessa Renwick testifying at the City Council meeting we piggybacked. I remember thinking, "Yeah, Vanessa Renwick, the O.G. Resident Resident."

Krista: At our first meeting I felt like everybody had these very different ideas and points of view and yet there was a way that they all came together, like Voltron. The input we gave each other was empowering and made me feel like we were a singular force made strong by a range of experience and perspectives. I also remember seeing the *Tug-o-War* from below, on the freeway. The way it slowed traffic seemed like a metaphor for its ripple effect. The third time the rope broke, (Laughter) I noticed nobody was upset. It was a testimony to the community built through that action. Everybody just wanted to be supportive, to be part of what you created, and that sentiment was bigger than any small hurt. Within my own project, at first I was scared to talk about what I was doing. One night, after a couple of contentious discussions, the room was tense as the final call for announcements was made. I got up my nerve to speak and when I said I was hosting a *Neighborhood Nap Day* everyone just laughed. The tension just dissolved out of the room.

Katy: During *All of Buckman in a Day*, Khrista pointed at the beautiful brickwork on buildings slated to be demolished and become 10-story condos, and said that his walk was a eulogy to the past. Knowing that they were going to be obliterated was painful. It reminded me of how Linda's neighbor Karen expressed anger and loss about gentrification, that her known neighborhood has been obliterated. It felt like all that was left for her to do was to tell us that it had happened. I think that also happened at the PAALF meeting, too. African American people from N/NE Portland had a really strong presence in that conversation saying, "Isn't there more we can do than just say that we used to live here? This used to be the only place we could live, and I knew everybody on the

street, and now that's gone. Can anybody recognize that?" I think that sentiment carried through several events, that places have a history and the question is how to respectfully hold the past as part of the living story that becomes your neighborhood.

Katy: On to our next question. What aspects of the Residency were most impactful, supportive, or successful?

Mack: Certainly Resident Residency meetings.

Linda: Could we just continue to meet anyway? I wish I had a writers' group for artists.

Mack: Having been part of a critique group in the past, it was nice to have another group to hang out and talk about ideas with, and to then see those ideas realized.

Katy: The meetings fulfilled a deep hunger I had to engage a group of thoughtful critical artists attending their meetings and collectively creating meaning from their experiences. I go to a lot of neighborhood meetings for my job, and don't interact with people as an artist in that role, so it was fulfilling to see different options for how an artist might intersect with his or her neighborhood.

Krista: I think that having the neighborhood association meetings as an ongoing structure were an essential part of the program for me. The meetings became the art practice. Instead of drawing or sketching, we went to meetings, had conversations. What does it mean to have your practice constructed of listening, understanding and interacting?

Ariana: I feel like meetings did have an impact on my understanding of my art practice overall. It made me realize how much the kind of projects I do with people tend to be based on stranger sociability, and how the neighborhood association is a zone between friendship and stranger-ness. That's really uncomfortable territory for me. You have to have delicacy when you are working with people who you are going to be around for a long time, because each interaction is potentially a long-term investment since you are living next to those people for years. Working with the neighborhood association, people can be unknown, but you are always in relation to them.

Khris: From your first meeting onwards, the perceived shield of anonymity is gone. I love being unknown when walking around my neighborhood, or perceiving myself as the stranger. This residency

was impactful in the sense that I realized I have to get out in front and interact. For example, I like to choose my conversations but at the Buckman Picnic, the conversations were choosing me. Literally the other day, a person I met at the picnic emailed me and said, "Portlandia is filming two blocks away." I was like "Oh, cool," while thinking it's not something important to me. When Linda and I were departing from a meeting a day or so later, we ran into the person on the corner and he asked if I got his email. He was like, "Portlandia is filming—it's historic!" I said, "Okay, cool!" (Laughs self-consciously)

Ariana: But he wants something from you at that point. He wants acknowledgement. That's a new level of responsibility that you have to him, then.

Linda: When you say you're an artist it gives others permission to be who they want to be. They're not necessarily asking you for any specific response. I am not sure it has to do with responsibility.

Khris: But, in this work, you are putting yourself out there. You're announcing yourself.

Linda: That's true.

Mack: Even saying, "Yeah, that's cool," is part of your responsibility, right? Social media teaches us that if you don't "like" somebody's post, that person might really worry about why you didn't acknowledge it. There is a real relationship and responsibility in just saying, "That's cool."

Katy: How do you think the aspect of having to attend neighborhood meetings altered your work? We talked about this a little already. For example, if you made a project without attending meetings, how would it have been different? How would this project would translate if we took it to other cities that don't have a neighborhood system like Portland does?

Linda: I have gone to lots of neighborhood meetings in the past. What was really different for me about this project, both valuable and sometimes very frustrating, was that I usually go into meetings with a project in mind. With this residency, it felt like the work needed to, and did, come out of meetings. I couldn't approach it with an idea in mind. This relationship of the meetings to the work created an intrinsic internal tension that influenced both my process and result.

Krista: I think I had a similar experience. I went in with an interest

in how alleys are used, but I couldn't get it started in the way I wanted to. Instead, the experience was so impactful that it shifted my whole body of thinking. I'm in a period of immersion and processing. I imagine my next projects are going to be much more related to those meetings than this project.

Khri: The idea of the neighborhood group and a designated area provided limitations and form. I feel like maybe if I had been doing this in a void, outside of neighborhood meetings, I would have just picked an idea I already had and made it because it relates to the neighborhood. Because of the neighborhood meetings, I felt beholden to do work directly related to those people.

Katy: How beholden? It seems like all of us have talked about this relationship. I felt a lot of pressure to do something that everyone would understand, or that would be helpful. That's always a qualifying word at the neighborhood meetings, "helpful." I loved working with you, Mack, because it was such a relief to have some fun! My neighbors echoed that, saying that we should focus some energy on fun because all the other things we do feel like chores. (Laughter) I think that idea of fun showed up in the way Krista described her *Nap Day* announcement. It's hard to find that shift to play when you want to match the earnestness of the people who show up at the meetings.

Khri: It isn't in the work I do but one of the limitations I felt was that I couldn't or didn't want to share with people the attitude of being cynical or dystopian or critical.

Katy: It seems like our residency meetings are an escape valve where we can be critical. Don't you think there are other people who go to the meetings, then just go home to their families and feel desperation because they can't talk through their critical thoughts with people who were there? (Laughter)

Mack: Good point.

Katy: I always assume that someone in the room is thinking, "I just sat through two hours and I don't know what happened, or nobody cares that I was there..."

Ariana: I was just realizing that in our case, we will share this book with the neighborhood association, and I will want to edit everything we said today! (Laughter)

Linda: In art, artists have to be critical to be thoughtful. You need to be able to analyze things. Sometimes that seems positive, and sometimes it's less positive.

Katy: Even if you are trained in how to think critically, it's really

hard to bring criticality into a group in a way that will have the impact you want.

Ariana: Each group involves all of the different peoples' skillsets around talking, listening, dealing with criticism and feeling like you're heard.

Linda: It's messy but that's what makes it interesting. If it wasn't messy, why bother! The other limitation that I kept bumping up against was the arbitrary line that defines a neighborhood. I would say to somebody, "You live in the area! Would you like to participate or stop by this event?" They would respond, "I'm not a Sabin person, because I live one block over there." Who decided that line?

Ariana: I also ended up thinking about the hard line of the neighborhood boundary. As residents within these mapped borders, we are associated with each other even if we have little else in common. The hard line of the boundary becomes something we share, bridging different demographic categories: economics, politics, race, religion, gender. I think it's valuable that the designated boundary line provides a reason to say, "I am affiliated with you, even if we have differences, even if I don't know how to transcend those differences."

Krista: I'm right on the edge of Woodstock's boundary. Right across the street is Mt. Scott.

Katy: Did you ever end up crossing the boundary and attending the neighborhood meetings of the association that's across the street from you?

Krista: No. In the beginning I was thinking about it. When we went to your training on the neighborhood system, Katy, I realized I wouldn't have any voting rights. I went where the power was. (Laughter)

Katy: That makes me want to ask: where is the power? Do neighborhood associations have power?

Krista: I had never been to a neighborhood meeting and I guess I just assumed that I wouldn't have an impact, or that they weren't very effective. Now, I feel they do have a voice. The neighborhood association along with the Woodstock Community Business Association, a stakeholders group, and Reed College have fundraised to hold a visioning event looking at the business district. We're inviting the community to work with urban planners to decide what Woodstock Street should look like in the future. We hope some of the input feeds into the city's new Comprehensive

Plan. The City of Portland seems to be listening.

Mack: I think there's a lot of perceived power. For example, when I say I'm working with the Piedmont Neighborhood Association, I think that people perceive that to be a place of power. I was surprised how the *Tug-o-War* totally became a neighborhood association event, even if part of it was that I just took control and inserted it into the electronic newsletter. (Laughter)

Katy: That's the other power, the power of the individual within in the neighborhood association.

Mack: Right, exactly, people step up.

Katy: Having gone from simply being a resident to being perceived as an active citizen, how do you feel your role as a resident has changed, and vice-versa, how do you think that change impacted your practice?

Ariana: I wonder how things will change over the next year now that I've volunteered to organize the team of walkers that deliver our neighborhood newsletters. It's interesting to see how stepping into a role creates a context where neighbors are more open to talking with to me.

Katy: Do all of you plan to continue participating in your neighborhood association?

Mack: I'm going to join the board, and continue to do the newsletter.

Krista: I'm going to stay on the board and be involved in the charrette process. Primarily, I feel a shift in my relationship to my neighborhood. I am a lot more porous to my community now. When I'm out on walks, I go up and talk to people more often. In some ways this porousness can also be scary. When there are things happening that feel unsafe, it feels like I am also opening myself to that danger, too. It's important to me to be that person that is in the community and not the person that checks out.

Mack: I definitely have more of a feeling of responsibility. I want to ask some of the awesome people who came to the *Tug-o-War* to join the board. At the same time, if I invite new people I feel responsible for making our neighborhood meetings even better.

Katy: Right, because they don't have the release valve of Resident Residency meetings. (Laughs) Since I joined my neighborhood board in 2011, I've wanted to make an impact that takes longer than a year or two to accomplish. The residency has helped me

better articulate to myself that it's okay to take on really long-term projects. I don't know if the sort of fun and magical realism that I crave is going to happen in a neighborhood association, but I am sticking it out. **Another question, who benefits from having artists participate in the neighborhood association?**

Khrista: I think the artists do. I think "civics" does.

Ariana: Civics?

Khrista: Yes. Not necessarily a person, but the idea of civics.

Mack: It seems like the only people who don't benefit are the naysayers. Who doesn't benefit from somebody showing up at the neighborhood meeting? Isn't there always going to be a net-plus benefit?

Linda: Certainly, every person who participates in the neighborhood association or is engaged in their community benefits and the benefit is reciprocal. I do think art benefits from moving outside of its often narrow perimeters. It is an important way of enlarging the discussion.

Ariana: This is speculative negativism, but in some ways neighborhood associations do enforce the status quo. I wonder about us choosing this as the place where we put our energy, respect and time. Thinking about other forms of community organizing taking place, what would it be like to put an emphasis on different forms of organizing?

Khrista: Ariana, I think your question is good because there's just that human thing of not wanting to be overly critical about a group you've embedded yourself with.

Katy: Communities of color often ask why the City of Portland puts funding toward neighborhood associations when they often promote the interests of white, home-owning residents of the city.

Krista: I think it's interesting to speculate about what artists bring that might be different than someone else. We have access to a different community, different sources of funding, and perhaps we engage in a different form of problem solving.

Mack: In our neighborhood association there is a real sense of collaboration, people wanting more relationships. That's something.

Katy: As an artist with a collaborative background, I think we have skills to self-organize and pull together projects. Mack and Ariana seem to be doing this, too, scheduling regular communications, setting agendas and facilitating meetings.

Krista: Artists can advocate for the utility of non-utilitarianism and fun. Also, what can fun and playfulness bring?

Khris: We've reached our final question. **Katy, you answer it first. What were you asking when you came into the residency vs. what you are asking now?**

Katy: When I came in, I wondered whether I could generate something fun and magical. My other question was about whether you all would want to incite revolution and be critical versus feel the pressure to be helpful, earnest and utilitarian. Now I wonder how to make more space for artists to do things that are less utilitarian and more mysterious.

Krista: I was trying to uncover how ideology is embedded in spaces, and wanting to understand the impact that this wild space is having on the residents around it. I think by going to the neighborhood meeting and feeling that sense of empowerment, I came around the other side of the question, which was, how are the neighbors already creating this space? They're building it in so many different ways, whether they're annexing part of it for their gardens, going on walks, or using it as storage space. There are a couple of sticky points that I'm still wrestling with. When people talk about doing things with alleys, there's always a sense of domestication that I really feel repulsed by. I'm also beginning to understand the larger concern that people have about safety. How do you meet people's need to feel safe in a space that's wild and feels scarier than the domestic, cultivated space in the front of the house? I'm more open to the complication of that question.

Mack: One question I had was, "What will people's reaction be to this thing that we're doing?" I was so pleasantly excited by the outcome. Later, I wondered if it was something that was going to stick; whether it was something I could find value in past this year. Obviously the answer is yes, it is.

Ariana: When I first started the project, I struggled to find people in public in my neighborhood because it doesn't have very many gathering spaces. I was thinking about myself as a new resident in the area and what it takes to become at home in a place. In part through the PAALF event, I began thinking about how I am part of a demographic shift in north and northeast Portland—the shift of white people moving in and displacing black families. How do I address the fact that I exist within a largely white subculture in

Portland, and how do I get a perspective that is outside of that community? Our neighborhood is actually very mixed, but I still don't know how to access people who have different experiences and perspectives than my own.

Linda: The residency provided an opportunity to make work from a place of discomfort, rather than a place where I'm confident. My previous experience didn't really apply. It was difficult and valuable, because you learn more when you're uncomfortable and trying to figure something out. The more I understood that I didn't have a solid foundation, more doors opened.

Khris: My question coming out relates to questions I've had in the past, but even stronger. My big question is how neighborhood associations will continue in the future. I remember when we first started this, I had this intuitive feeling about 1970's park architecture, post-Halprin sort of stuff. Over time I came to realize a lot of the architecture was meant to bring people together and bring crowds to gathering spaces. It also had these weird nooks where you could go be in seclusion because people were trusted back then. I think I finally understood that neighborhood associations are the same way—out of that same time period that valued communal organization principles. Linda, you talked about the old school Sabin Community Association meetings, with cookies and kids running around, this "come together" sort of thing. I think that feeling is reflected in the architecture of the neighborhood system. In the end, I wonder where neighborhood associations will go forward in our current culture of online participation, if at all. What is the architecture that will allow for coming together in person? There's a real utility for the neighborhood associations, but where is their future?

THANK YOU

The Residents would like to thank: The Arbor Lodge, Buckman, Piedmont, Sabin and Woodstock Neighborhood Association board members and volunteers as well as PICA, the Regional Arts and Culture Council, and Portland African American Leadership Forum members. Special thanks to designer Forrest Martin and copy editor Katie Chastain.

Ariana would like to thank: The Piedmont Walkers and the neighborhood walk-swappers: Paul and Danielle; Valerie and Christina; Linda, Kim, and Sarah; Orion, Archer, and Molly; Mark and Lilly.

Katy would like to thank: Portland Fire Station #8, Paul Leistner, Billy Nee, Jen Rhoads, Tara Wefer, and 2014 Residents.

Khris would like to thank: Emily Ford, Kord Davis, Carissa Mares, Justin Swanson, Thom Ross, and Heather Thompson.

Krista would like to thank: Jonathan Gordon, Thomas Feulmer, Johanna Barron, Enrique Cortez, Terry Griffiths, Becky Luening, Angie Even, Fort Builders & Hammock Donors (Jen Thomas, MJ Levine, Brian Wilson, Janan Bejaige, Jason Herzog, Erik Geschke, Avantika Bawa) and all the nappers who came by *Nap Day*.

Linda would like to thank: *Sabin Now & Then* participants (Nicki Eybel, Karen Haley, Kim Irving, Harold Johnson, Lorriane Jones, Luella Landfair, Mary Murphy, Jean Rystom), Cristin Norine for documentation, and Sarah Farahat for web support.

Mack would like to thank: Zackery Denfeld, Cat Kramer, Eric Baxter, Spencer Byrne-Seres, Patrick Collier, and all the folks who came out to tug.



The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts

