

**FEBRUARY 2010**

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**FIRST CLASS**

**F**

## LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader,

Art is the nomenclature of a society; it is what identifies the nuance of its inhabitants, their beliefs, their ideals and mores. It is art that represents the history of a civilization; the artists who harness a culture's history (not the scientists or mathematicians – they're generally killed and forgotten). Thus, it is imperative, that in order to keep the memory of our culture alive, we embrace the arts, exalt our artists.

Anchorage has an enormous population of artists from different mediums – and there is no single forum to unite them. Our goal at F Magazine is to create such a space for Anchorage artists to be recognized, realized and honored.

We at F Magazine identify “art” as not just the visual but also the visceral – that which affects the eyes, the ears, the body and the mind. Music, literature, poetry, photography, folk art, classic art, and performance art are all the types we hope to address within the pages of this magazine.

Currently this magazine is funded completely from our own pockets (which aren't very deep!) We encourage artists, fans and aficionados to support their creative community. Place an ad, support a local establishment, an artist, or an event. Let us know what's going on! Give to F Magazine and we promise to return the favor by living up to our goal of bringing you a monthly review of the Anchorage art community.

Viva las artes!  
-the editors

**Rob Woolsey**

2

Piano: The Gateway Drug

**Still North**

6

Plugging the poetry

**The Locals**

15

Artist Listings

**Map**

16

Where the art is

**Power Poems**

10

Andi Powers

**“Peeling the Muse”**

11

j.t. Shedaker

**“Rawlins”**

12

Peter Bradley

**“W.A.T.T”**

14

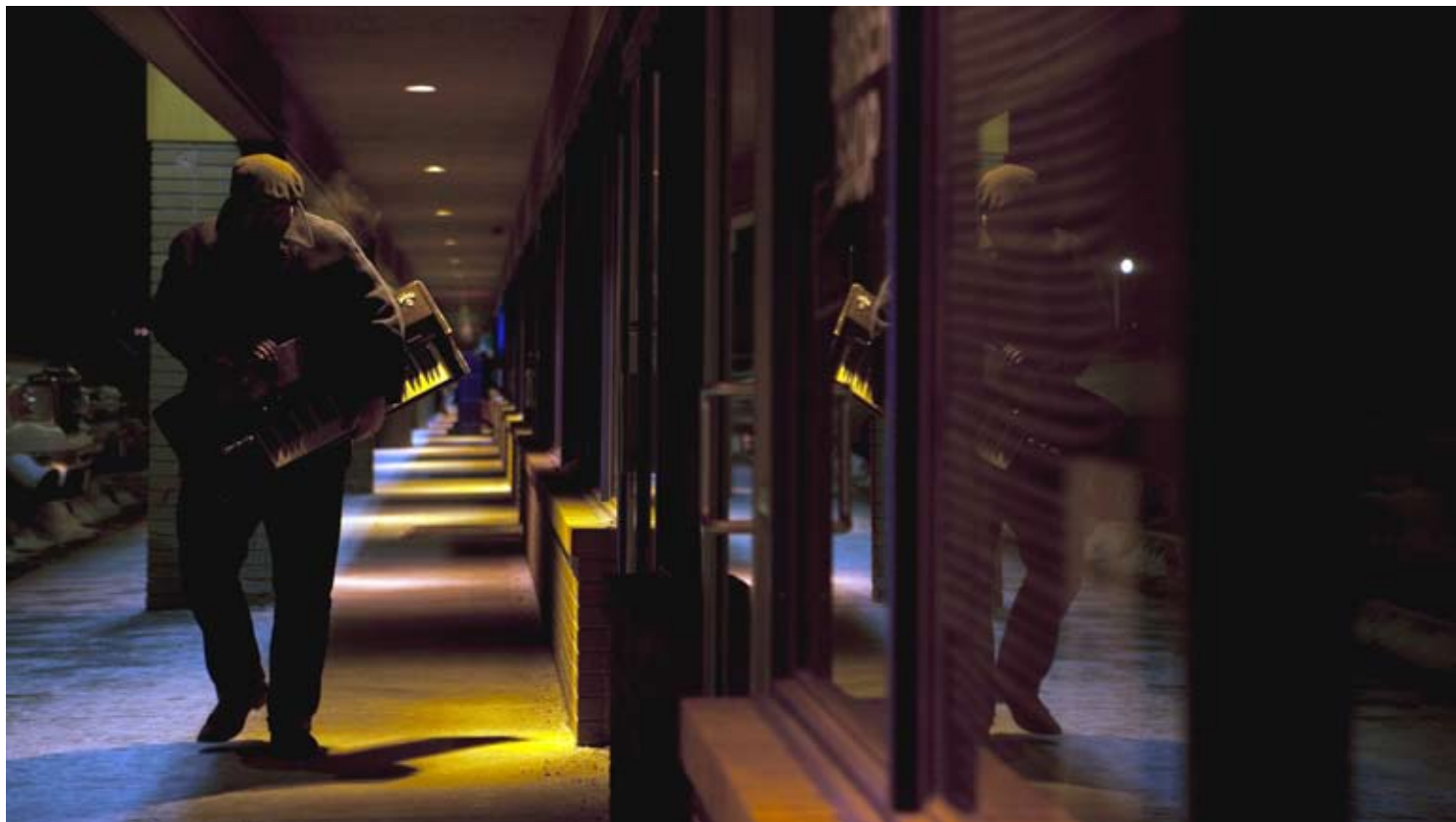
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# 80 PROOF Unfiltered ILLEGAL-IN-38-STATES KIND OF FUN

## THE MAN SHOULD COME PACKAGED WITH A GOVERNMENT WARNING

Story by Riza Parsons, Photos by Serine Halverson

Rob Woolsey's addiction to music began like most addictions do: He saw someone else doing it and knew that he wouldn't be happy until he had tried it himself. His father was the main pusher. As a child, Rob's parents owned a music store in Wasilla. It was only a matter of picking his poison.

Initially, he chose the saxophone. His parents deemed it too expensive and a trumpet was foisted onto him. He hated it. He wanted to love his instrument the way his sister, Laurie loved the piano. Rob found himself sneaking trips to the piano, when Laurie wasn't practicing. And then he grew bolder, openly competing with his sister while she was practicing.

His father, a percussionist, and Laurie filled his head with intoxicating musical knowledge. The simplest sounds and most basic jingles galvanized him into attempting to pick out the melody on the piano. Rob lived in a world where “Meow meow meow meow meow meow” from the Meow Mix commercial could absorb him for an entire afternoon. He wasn’t discerning. One day he figured out the “Duck Tales” theme song, another day “Quantum Leap”.

Faced with Rob’s stubborn single-mindedness, Laurie had no choice but to capitulate. She did so with grace, even taking the time to teach him music theory. Rob’s head began to explode, neurons firing, serotonin flowing and a general sense of well-being infused him as they discussed music. There was no turning back.

## Under the influence

Bill Haley and the Comets. Elvis Presley. Glen Miller. Jimi Hendrix. Jerry Lee Lewis.

Rob is almost reverent in his recitation of the greats.

“I listened to those records over and over again. I fell in love. My idols are Ray Charles and Harry Connick Jr.,” Rob says, looking intently into his coffee cup. “My earliest memories are of going to church when I was seven or eight years old. I was brought up Southern Baptist, and the First Baptist Church was in Birchwood. My dad played in the church band and we would sing gospel music. ‘Amazing Grace,’ ‘May the Circle be Unbroken,’ ‘I’ve got a Mansion,’ and ‘Rock of Ages.’ These songs were pretty much the blues, with different soul.”

This early blues influence manifested itself in many ways for Rob. Namely, the enduring desire to inhabit and populate this genre.

It was a long and winding road, but Rob was able to find like-minded folk.

## Running with the right crowd

Old River Road, between Monmouth and Salem, to be exact. Rob was attending college at Western Oregon University and loved this drive. It was beautiful, lined with peach orchards and farms and had a spooky kind of charm.

“I was just driving, listening to ‘Spinning Wheel’ by War and I picked up a hitchhiker. We started talking about music and I found out he was a musician, too. A guitar player for a hippie jam band called Backseat Willie. He told me I should audition and I did.”

The time was right for the band’s funky, playful sound. Blind Melon was popular at the time and Backseat Willie had that same vibe. Rob played with the band for three years, until he graduated.

That chance meeting on Old River Road may have possibly marked the point when Rob’s potential future did a U-turn. Instead of singing about sex, Michelle Kwan and obscure German beers, Rob could very well be singing the praises of abstinence from drugs and sobriety.

Rob went to college to become a cop. He chose Western Oregon for two specific reasons; it was in the top 10 percent for education and boasted a police academy on campus.

“Then I joined a band and said, ‘Fuck that!’”

Rob traveled, went on tour, and his community of fellow music addicts grew. During the school year, Rob played alt-rock. In the summers, when he went home to Alaska, he played for another band, Joey Fender and the 55s. Another piece of the puzzle fell into place and rockabilly found its way into his heart, onto his head (in the form of his signature pompadour and porkpie hats) and into his closet (short-sleeved plaid shirts, white socks and Italian leather loafers).

“I went everywhere with those guys. Sturgis, Seattle, Montana, the whole Northwest. You ever been to Sturgis?

That place is crazy. Bikers from all over the world go there. I saw a severed leg, man!”

It’s this kind of non sequitur that marks showmanship as an intrinsic part of Rob’s nature. He certainly knows how to get your attention.

Enthused with the anticipation of a good story, Rob sets the scene like a Broadway director.

It was dark. The band was on its way to play with Mötley Crüe and Kid Rock at a place called the Knucklehead Saloon. They were in the middle of the desert and in the distance headlights pointing in all different directions could be seen. They looked like club lights illuminating the night.

The band’s motor home passed a man standing by the side of the road, clearly at the scene of an accident. Rob went immediately into ‘Boy Scout mode.’ He grabbed some paper towels, a flashlight and a bottle of water.

“The first dude I saw had a compound fracture. I said, ‘Are you OK? Here’s a bottle of water.’ He just kept saying, ‘He didn’t see me coming, he didn’t see me coming.’ One of my band mates told me to bring the flashlight and that’s when I saw it: A severed foot, with the sock half coming off. I could hear someone screaming, and then the ambulance came, they put the foot in a cooler and we were on our way.” Rob looks more pleased at the memory than alarmed. “Yeah, Sturgis was nuts.”

Rob spent three years with the 55s, until it broke up, and the Rebel Blues was born in 2002.

## Chasing the dragon

“It was like a new relationship. For two years, every gig was awesome. Every show we played was ‘the best show ever.’ I would go home and tell my girlfriend at the time, ‘You missed out! This was really it this time, the best show we’ve ever had!’ It was a really long



honeymoon phase.”

The Rebel Blues, despite the band’s enthusiasm, took a while to get established.

“No one would hire us in town. We didn’t have a demo tape and without that, we weren’t taken seriously. We were always out of town, though, playing in

Cordova, Valdez, Fairbanks, Petersville. We had Blues Central, which was basically the only blues venue at the time, but Humpy’s was the place. We finally ended up playing there for free, and after that, they wanted us to play all the time.”

Anyone who’s seen the Rebel Blues will know why.

Brandy Thompson, a friend and fan of the band got to witness one of their early shows.

“I went up to Denali to go to the Annual Chili Cook-off at Creekside Cabins and [they were] playing at the Salmon Bake,” Brandy says. “For some reason, the band was downstairs even though the bar was upstairs. Guess where everybody was?”

Brandy and another woman were the sole spectators. They watched Donny Hill, the lead singer lubricate his vocal cords with a little plastic bear full of Sue-Bee honey. Ron Brown, the drummer, carefully set up his gong and velvet backdrop. Jesse Ferman, on electric guitar, checked and re-checked his lines and connections. Bass player Errol Bressler was out back smoking a cigarette and Rob sat front and center, beaming at his two audience members.

“Once the show started, it didn’t seem to matter that the band members outnumbered the viewers,” Brandy says. “They were crazy! Jesse transformed from a mild-mannered teenager to an axe-wielding wild man and Rob was pounding away like he was afraid he wouldn’t be heard in the empty room. Or maybe he was attracting the bar crowd, because they eventually did start trickling down. I loved that they didn’t hold back, that they played as if there were hundreds of people there. Pretty soon, the dance floor was packed.”

Rob’s girlfriend, Faith Jobson, puts it this way: “There’s that moment when he’s playing, and his head’s thrown back, one of his legs is up in the air and his passion makes me smile with pure delight.”

## Ever been in rehab?

Like an alcoholic that’s struck by the thought of quitting, then quickly dismisses it, Rob has entertained the notion of not being a musician.

“About once every six months, I think about it. It’s an unstable job and



club owners are finicky. Plus, I have to think about retirement, taxes and health insurance. The older I get, the more I have to think about it," Rob says. "But I do have my degree in social sciences with a minor in pre-law, and I can always go back to school. For now, I make my own schedule. I decide how much money I want to make. I stay up late and I wake up late."

Rob is pretty satisfied with the status quo. He's a hard-drinking kind of man (Maker's Mark on the rocks), self-proclaimed nicotine addict (whatever's handy – smoke 'em if you got 'em!) and no stranger to an altered reality. It is all fodder for his musical mind, which churns out lyrics that reflect an uncensored sensibility.

While Rob is first and foremost a blues piano player, he is also an entertaining singer.

"I'm gonna sing a song about being addicted to cigarettes," Rob announced at a recent gig. "Anyone addicted to cigarettes?" A few grizzled old-timers sitting at the Blue Fox Cocktail bar cheered hoarsely.

Rob sang a song of the bad things he did to get a nicotine high, including rolling leftover tobacco in the pages of the Old Testament to smoke ("I used Genesis, because that's mostly Jewish, and I was brought up Christian"), whoring out his girlfriend and pushing his mother down the stairs for the insurance money. The song has a happy ending, though; his

mother lives and he ends up in heaven, where the pearly gates have turned yellow and the streets are paved with Benson & Hedges.

Rob has songs for the drinkers as well. One of his signature songs (with another band, The Pub Scouts) is "Beer-drinking Woman." He challenges the audience to come up with 15 different kinds of beer and he'll create a verse that rhymes with all of them. If he is able to rhyme 15 in a row, the challenger must buy a round of shots for the band. If he fails – well, he hasn't failed yet.

A girl in the crowd once shouted out "Olympia!" and this actually caused a few moments of dithering in Rob's normally practiced delivery. He doesn't come to these things unprepared; over the years, Rob has worked out a significant number of couplets, but this gave him pause.

Rob played a few riffs on the piano (buying time), his eyes squinched shut as he worked out the puzzle. People began to whisper, "Nothing rhymes with Olympia, it's like orange!"

Then, majestically, Rob straightened and took a deep breath. "Oh, when I take my girl to bed, she uses onomatopoeia, oh yes she's loud as can be when I get her drunk on Olympia!" The resounding chorus was drowned out by general hilarity and Rob grinned, ready for the next gauntlet.

## Hair of the dog

'Jägermeister' is the bawdiest and most requested song during a Pub Scouts gig. Once again, Rob invites audience interaction. The drunker the audience, the better.

"Shout out any sexual position or dirty deed and I'll use it in the song. Nothing is too dirty!"

"Lucky Pierre!"

"Drunken Pirate!"

"Red Rose!"

"Cleveland Steamer!"

"Chilidog!"

Sure enough, Rob will quickly improvise verses that have half the bar gasping and the other half rolling on the floor. The difference is usually only a couple of cocktails.

Often, the crowd will send shots of said liqueur to the connoisseur.

## So, why Jägermeister?

"My mom really liked licorice. Black licorice, black jellybeans, she just had a craving for it. I guess I got it from her. It's just so... horrible."

Rob is contradictory and appears to make perfect sense at the same time. He is very much a part of the 21st century but his persona is all about the 1950s. His songs are base and crude but executed with intelligence and a certain esotericism. For instance, onomatopoeia is not the first thing that usually pops into a person's mind when, well, ever. He loves to sip good bourbon but also shoots Jäger.

And - most importantly - the blues make him happy. ♠



# SERIOUS

## ABOUT A SERIES

**By: Teeka Ballas & Tony Maldonado**

Repetition, subscribed formula and genre limitations bore him. He's the kind of guy who prefers the elements of surprise and hates to be told how something has to be done. Rules and limitations are beyond Jeremy Pataky. Which is why a year ago he went beyond the boundaries of norm and designed a series of art shows that push the limit.

"I like to bring people who are serious about what they're doing, serious about art, who are good at what they do," says Jeremy, "and can bring in an audience to cross pollinate the art community in Alaska."



Left:  
Kary Wayson,  
Seattle-based author  
of "My Husband."

Right:  
Olena Kalytiak  
Davis, local author  
of "On the Kitchen  
Table..."



# STILL NORTH

AN AFICIONADO PUTS HIS HEART  
INTO MIXING UP THE ART OF POETY



**“I WANT TO INTRODUCE SOMETHING FOR ALASKA’S LATENT ARTISTIC POTENTIAL ENERGY TO CRYSTALLIZE AROUND. IN DOING SO, I ALSO HOPE TO HELP FOSTER A SUSTAINED AND CONTAGIOUS INTEREST IN LITERATURE, PERFORMANCE ART, AND THE ARTS IN GENERAL IN ALASKA.”**

--JEREMY PATAKY

Still North Reading and Performance Series premiered last April with an entourage of brilliance and entertainment: Alaska Native women poets Cathy Rexford and dg nanouk opik, and the Native vocal group Pamyua.

“My original intent was to hold off until the 2009/2010 winter to begin the series, but the pending release of *Effigies* was too perfect an occasion to ignore,” says Jeremy.

The book, *Effigies: An Anthology of New Indigenous Writing, Pacific Rim, 2009* also included Hawaiian Native poets, Brandy Nalani McDougall and Mahealani Perez-Wendt. *Effigies*, published by Salt Publishing in the UK, made its North American debut in Anchorage at Still North, something Jeremy has every right to be very proud of.

The premier of Still North and its success gave Jeremy a running start into the New Year but the second event in the series has taken longer to come to fruition than he anticipated. This is in part due to the work it has taken to bring several other entities into the fold.

“I’ve been working with Bruce Farnsworth [of MTS Gallery] to bring Still North in line with efforts to realize a Mountain View Center for Arts and Culture,” says Jeremy.

The next reading, slated for the February 5th First Friday, is in collaboration with MTS Gallery and Rabbit Rabbit Press. Sponsors of the event include Trailer Art Center, Anchorage Community Land Trust, Alaska State Council on the Arts, Alaska Poetry League, and Alaska Center for the Book.

The February event titled, *Parque?* will feature nationally renowned Alaskan poet, Olena Kaltyiak Davis and Seattle-based poet, Kary Wayson. Both will be reading from their publications, respectively, *On the Kitchen Table From Which Everything has Been Hastily Removed* – a chapbook, and the full-length book, *American Husband*.

Although the second event in the Still North series is comprised of readings like the first, it delivers on multiple art mediums as promised. Jimmy Riordan and Craig Updegrove of Rabbit Rabbit Press have put together an art installation for *Parque?* at the MTS Gallery. Their exhibit doubles as a stage for the poets, “making the evening a collaborative and trans-disciplinary experience.”

Along with poetry, music and visual art, Jeremy says he also aims to deliver performance art, workshops and lectures throughout the series.

“I perceive Still North... to be a solid arena for Alaskan and ‘Outside’ artists and writers to commingle... We’ve been lucky thus far in being able to bring poets living in the Lower 48 to Anchorage to share the mic with Alaskans.”

Jeremy says he hopes that in time he will be able to partner with other arts organizations around the state to create a tour circuit for writers, artists and performers, and intertwine their work with workshops and lectures.

The inception of Still North was derived from the events Jeremy “gorged” upon while working toward his MFA at the University of Montana.



"I want to introduce something for Alaska's latent artistic potential energy to crystallize around," says Jeremy. In doing so, I also hope to help foster a sustained and contagious interest in literature, performance art, and the arts in general in Alaska."

Like those he is currently collaborating with and Still North is sponsored by, Jeremy hopes his efforts will help generate a sense of community for the array of artisans who reside in Anchorage. Alaska has an abundance of culture that he wants to be more utilized in the art community.

"I would like to see well achieved events that are received by the public," he says. "On a basic level, I want people, all people, the unlikely and the obvious people, to attend the events. I want people to drag begrudging friends along, I want skeptics and scoffers to show up, critics and acolytes, stooges and saints, and I want to facilitate experiences that send them home surprised and glad for having come."

In the creation of Still North, Jeremy expresses a motivation to bring art and community together, but confesses that Still North was also created for purely selfish reasons.

"Of course, the simplest and most self-serving incentive for me to organize these events is the pleasure of being able to attend them."

This year Jeremy has big plans for Still North, and although the details are still yet to be revealed, his determination and vision illustrate just how unique he truly wants his brainchild to be.

"The risk of being regular is stale," he says. "In time people will trust the aesthetic of Still North and be willing to give it try."

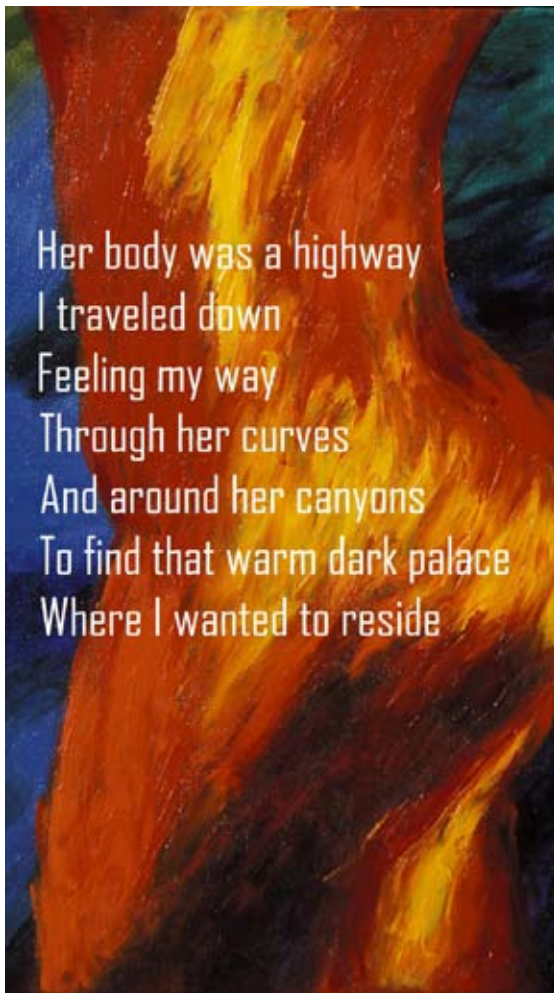
As for the length of the series, Jeremy is looking for forever and always.

"All things will end but there's no predetermined sunset for Still North. Hopefully it lasts longer than I am with it." ✨

**See "Parque?" Feb. 5, 7pm at the MTS Gallery in Mountain View.**

**For more information on the Still North Series check out:**

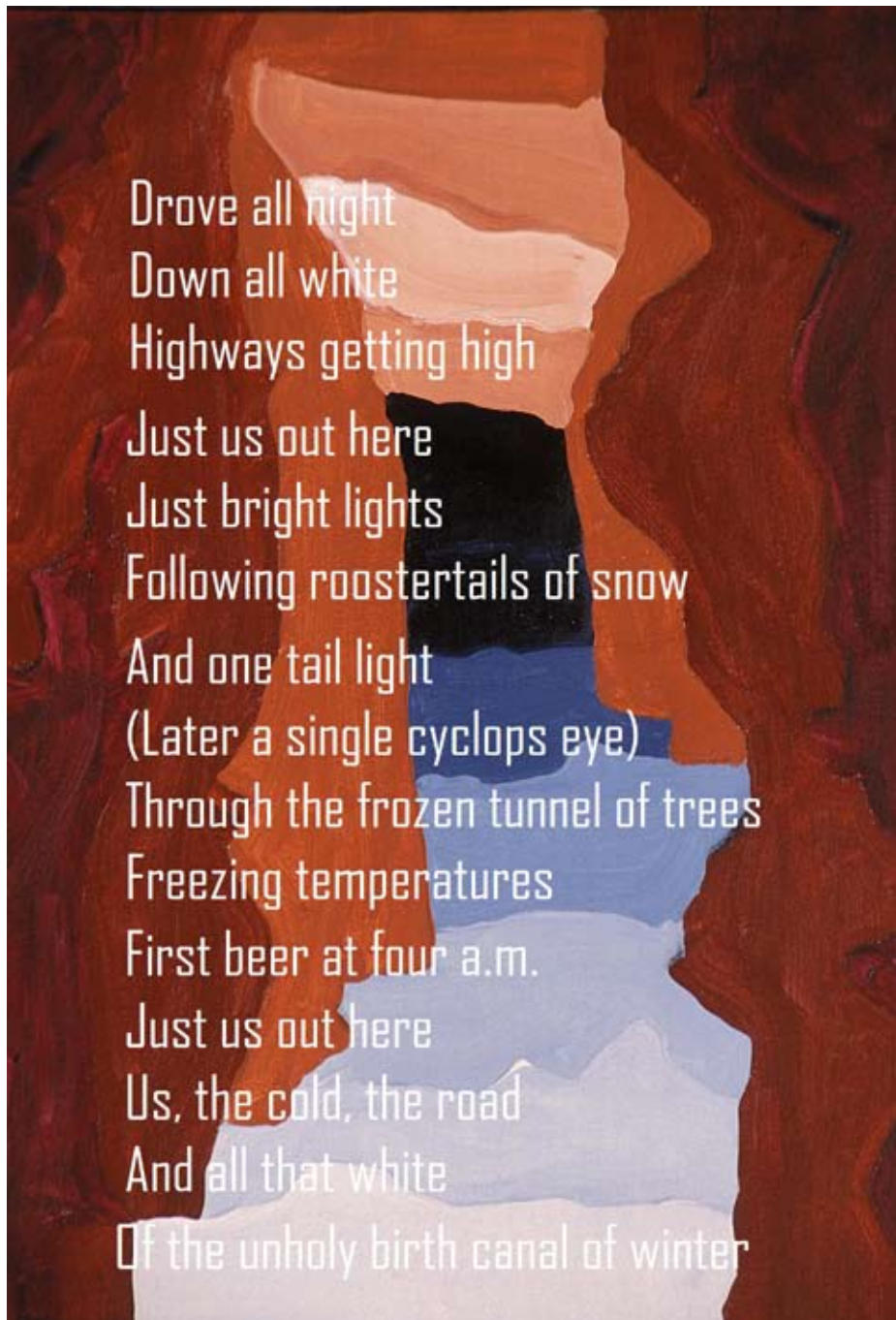
**[www.stillnorth.blogspot.com](http://www.stillnorth.blogspot.com)**



Her body was a highway  
I traveled down  
Feeling my way  
Through her curves  
And around her canyons  
To find that warm dark palace  
Where I wanted to reside

### { ANDI POWERS }

Originally from Montana, Andi began painting at the age of 12, watching the rapturous Bob Ross. At 13 she read her first beat era poets - Kerouac, Cassidy, Ginsberg, and she has been writing and painting ever since. A graduate of APU, she currently bunks out in Fairview with her dog and continues to draw inspiration from all Alaska has to offer.



Drove all night  
Down all white  
Highways getting high  
Just us out here  
Just bright lights  
Following roostertails of snow  
And one tail light  
(Later a single cyclops eye)  
Through the frozen tunnel of trees  
Freezing temperatures  
First beer at four a.m.  
Just us out here  
Us, the cold, the road  
And all that white  
Of the unholy birth canal of winter

## PEELING THE MUSE

by: j.t. Shedaker

legs draped  
surreptitiously  
squeeze life  
dampen darkness  
ease debt  
smother tears

licking pulp  
from her palm  
smiles  
taste of life feels nice  
such a long fall  
before she fell

outside condensation  
inside nectar  
she fills glasses  
opts to look fulfilled  
he muffles laughter, drinks  
impudent, self serving

peels, seeds, veins, skin  
remnants of orange  
scattered  
morning comes  
brilliance scored  
she is gone



# RAWLINS

By Peter Bradley

2010

F

**Rawlins, Wyoming is a shitty place.** It's the kind of place that sucks dreams in and spits out depressed thirty some things with 2 kids and a guitar they never play anymore. I'm sure there are some lovely people in Rawlins, but you get the impression that a lot of them are stuck in some dead end job, in a town they don't like, living from day to day because it's the only alternative to dying.

I'm being harsh, but I can be mean with authority because my girlfriend and I took a road trip this summer and one of the places we drove to was Rawlins. We didn't mean to visit Rawlins; the only reason we stopped was because it was 10 at night and Rawlins was a slightly better option than hitting an antelope on the highway, jumping the median, and dying in a fiery blaze. We're pretty hip young people, so when we got to Rawlins, we tried to find something to do. This lasted until we realized that we were literally the only people downtown at 10:30 on a Saturday night.

It's depressing for me to see a dying town because I'm worried I'll get stuck somewhere depressing. I just graduated with a degree in Economics and I feel like I have to choose a career. I could continue with Economics, which I enjoy, or I could study English instead, which I really, really enjoy. My indecision comes down to a basic struggle that I think a lot of people in their twenties have to deal with. I could either do something respectable that will quantifiably change people's lives for the better (Economics) or I could do something that won't necessarily pay well but will be both fun and sexy (English). Hence the road trip, and spending the night in Rawlins in my car with my girlfriend. In the morning, overtaken by some bizarre optimism that no town could be as boring as Rawlins, we decided to take the 8:30 tour of the now defunct Wyoming Frontier Prison.

I stand by my earlier statement that Rawlins should be avoided like some sort of plague/flu/bear-with-rabies hybrid. But if, heaven forbid, you somehow find yourself in Rawlins, and your car is broken down, and there is no bus service, and no one can pick you up, or bribe a crop duster to fly you out, and someone hobbled you so you can't run away, then take the prison tour. It is awesome. Every hallway, every cell block, every rec room has a story about someone

*The prison is cold, and dark, and if I was ever left there alone overnight I have no doubt that I would shit myself, and in a fun way, not an embarrassing way.*

being brutally murdered. The prison is cold, and dark, and if I was ever left there alone overnight I have no doubt that I would shit myself, and in a fun way, not an embarrassing way.

So we're going through this tour, and we're learning about the prison guard who got shanked here, and the snitch who got clubbed over the head there, and it's awesome, and then we get to the old dining room. There were two things of interest in the dining room. One, there was a riot there that ended when the prisoners tried to burn the building down while locked inside. Awesome. Two, there were these murals on the walls that were a weird clash of unassuming and haunting. They were simple, with mostly primary colors and basic shapes, but they had a couple optical illusions hidden in them. One of the paintings was of an antelope, and its eyes would follow you as you walked around the room. Another painting was of a set of railroad tracks going into the woods, and no matter where you were in the room you were always to the right of the tracks.



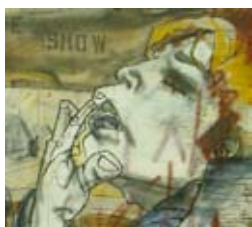
It turns out the murals were done by an inmate. The eyes following you were supposed to represent how the inmates were always being watched, and the railroad tracks were about how they would all try to stay on the right side of the tracks. It's not that deep, I admit, but what really struck me was that this was the only part of the tour that wasn't about violence. The prison tour's appeal was definitely gruesome stuff like rape and murder but they still stopped in the dining room and showed off the art some guy had created 30 years ago.

It made me realize something. As flighty as a career as an artist might seem, it's really what lasts. Because while I have nothing but scorn for Rawlins, and I see the people living there as caricatures of rural Midwesterners, I think about these paintings and it makes me sympathize with the prisoners. I imagine them laying in their bunks in the dark while the Wyoming winter creeps into their cells and under their blankets, making it too cold to sleep. I see them staring at the ceiling quietly going over and over all the mistakes they made in their lives that led them to a dingy cell where they scrape off the days in the concrete. I imagine some guy slowly teaching himself to paint because he feels like it's the only way he can tell other people what prison is like. I imagine him working for hours every day until finally he steps back and he sees in front of him what he had felt inside but couldn't describe until now.

I don't want to be mute like the prisoners who could only express themselves through getting drunk and killing each other. I want to be like the painter. Sure, Economics isn't exactly like shanking someone. But the principle is the same. I don't want to end up thirty something with a bunch of good ideas for stories that I don't have time to write. I want to make art. I want other people to feel what it's like to be me and take something away from that. Economics can't do that. Only art can do that.

But really, the take away message of this story is "stay away from Rawlins." ❖

# W.A.T.T. Sustainable Art In Anchorage



By:  
Theodore Kincaid

There is a problem in our microcosm of the Anchorage art scene with how artists are handled. I

have heard it over and over bemoaned that nobody buys contemporary art at shows and that if you want to make it here you have to paint Alaskana. There may be some truth to that but this is not the time for that topic. But I have spent a bit of time looking through the local grant listings and there seems to be a trend: those who sell Alaskan images generally do not receive grant money and those who do receive said moneys sell contemporary art. It's ok to be grateful that grant money is out there and that somebody is looking out for the artist. My problem is that it is not always a cause and effect issue, but rather a larger business issue.

In some ways society is saying they do not want contemporary art for the most part while a few institutions are saying, "Hey, this is for your own good" as they fling their money about. If a gallery is investing for the long haul, they want to diversify their portfolio to make sure any bumps do not wipe them out. Some galleries opt instead to gamble for the short term, throw all their eggs into one basket, which is what the contemporary art galleries have done.

You can see this with recent history when local contemporary galleries took a blow from the Arts Council drastically cutting funds. In response, they held a variety of "Save the Gallery" fundraisers and had to swap their paid staff for volunteers. If they wanted to, they could rely on member dues and art sales to earn their existence. By accepting grant money galleries are taking the low road and removing the incentive to sell art. By not selling art they are not supporting the artist which removes the incentive to make new and better art.

Let me put it another way; the current business plan is to sell gallery visitors to the philanthropic organizations in a grant proposal saying "hey, look we had 'X' amount of people show up to our opening, mind paying our rent this month?" whereas they should be selling art to the collectors. They are essentially giving art away for free to visitors on a monthly basis. The current business model is not sustainable, mostly because when a foundation no longer can support a gallery, the gallery crumbles. The business model that sells art to collectors would not feel the effect of a person who doesn't buy a painting because it's out of

**"By accepting grant money galleries are taking the low road and removing the incentive to sell art. By not selling art they are not supporting the artist which removes the incentive to make new and better art."**

their budget; there are other collectors. Only if there is a larger social or economic trend will they be affected, but their fate is still to some degree in their own hands. When any other company finds their products no longer in demand they recognize that they need to reinvent their brand, change product or perish. Instead, the galleries tend to look for handouts with terms like "support" or "charity". The gallery pleads for momentary sympathy from the grantors as opposed to an attempt to change the taste of the public.

So here are my three suggestions to galleries. First, advertise your products and recognize that you are a business not an organization supported through some public obligation. Instead of asking for \$6,000 for lighting and materials, or a "facilitated board retreat" from the Rasmuson Foundation, galleries should; recognize they are a business and get a loan (or grant if you have to); and start advertising the gallery and what art it offers on TV or the radio. This need not be a boring PSA, galleries

should try to connect to the average Alaskan citizen. The retaining of a qualified marketing professional should be part of the budget for any gallery trying to sell art.

Second, hire employees that will sell art using the typical retail business model of pay based on commission instead of asking for volunteers who are bothered by gallery visitors because it interrupts their re-reading of the Twilight saga. They should not only love art but love selling art. It might even be beneficial to get a non-artist to take the role since the artists selling other people's art can be a conflict of interest to them. Make sure these people are inspired by art, have something to say about it and ooze people skills. I suggest hiring former used car salesmen or realtors. Too many times I have walked into a gallery and had the attendant hardly look at me let alone have the capability of answering any questions I might have.

Third, support yourself and local art by managing local talent. I found quite a few of the successful galleries also manage the artists they exhibit. Not a revolutionary innovation but it would be great to know that if somebody comes in who likes an artist but is not necessarily interested in what's in the gallery, the proprietor/manager can take them to a series of previous available works and sell them something else in their flavor. Every other industry tries to tailor their product to the consumer, so should art galleries and perhaps even artists. I implore galleries to let go of the old foundation consumer model and adopt the sustainable art collector as the new consumer; make contemporary art a viable industry.

Send hate mail to:  
HookHandMonkeyAss@yahoo.com

*Kincaid is an arm-chair economist and has been an artist for as long as he can remember. At the age of five he was doodling his interpretations derived from porn magazines the older kids would stash in the woods near his home. He graduated to selling pizza box art at galleries and cafés.*



**Gideon Gerlt**

We Can't Save Ourselves From This \$250  
**Charcoal and Gesso 13"X26"**  
907.360.7141  
gideongerlt@gmail.com



**Ted Kincaid**

Follow the Sun \$300  
**Ink and paint on cardboard. 3'x4'**  
HookHandMonkeyAss@yahoo.com



**Meg Fowler**

Leviathan Unraveling NFS  
Acrylic and mixed media on masonite. 4'x2'  
907.748.6280  
megzart@gmail.com

# THE LOCALS

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## ARTIST LISTINGS

To be listed, send submissions to:  
artzinef@gmail.com

ONLINE

**BONUS MATERIAL**

**Typography Haikus**

Animation by Aurora Hablet

**Brush-Your-Teeth Monster**

Story by the Weiss'

**1. Artic Rose Gallery**

420 L St. (279-3911)

**2. Snow City Cafe**

1034 W. Fourth Ave. (snowcitycafe.com)

**3. Firefly Arts**

419 L St. (279-3911)

**4. Stephan Fine Arts Gallery**

434 K St. (274-5009, stephanfinearts.com)

**5. Whale's Tail Coffee & Spirits,**

939 W. Fifth Ave. (276-6000, captaincook.com)

**6. Melange European Decor & Boutique**

920 W. Sixth Ave. (258-3876)

**7. Artique Ltd.,**

314 G St. (artiqueltd.com)

**8. Sevigny Studio**

706 W. Fourth Ave. (258-2787, katiesevignyart.org)

**9. Zoez Window Gallery**

737 W. Fifth Ave.

**10. Upstairs Studio,**

406 G St., Suite 209. (258-2787)

**11. Octopus Ink Gallery**

410 G St. (1-541-868-5500, sharadorris.com)

**12. Fiddlehead Gallery**

416 G St. (258-3376, fiddleheadallery.com)

**13. Aurora Fine Art Gallery**

737 W. Fifth Ave. Suite E.

**14. Kaladi Brothers Coffee CO.**

621 W. Sixth Ave.

**15. Alaska Native Arts Foundation Gallery**

500 W. Sixth Ave.

**16. Virtu**

400 W. Fourth Ave. (258-4788, virtugallery.biz)

**17. International Gallery of Contemporary Art**

427 D St. (279-1116, igcaalaska.org)

**18. Midnight Sun Cafe**

245 W. Fifth Ave. (743-0572, midnightsuncafeak.com)

**19. Anchorage Museum**

625 C St. (929-9200, anchagemuseum.org)

**20. Indigo**

221 E. 5th Ave.

**21. MTS Gallery**

3142 Mountain View Drive. (mtsgallery.wordpress.com)

**22. Out North Art Gallery**

3800 DeBarr Road. (243-3550, outnorth.org)

**23. Dos Manos Gallery**

1317 W. Northern Lights Blvd., Suite #3. (569.6800, dosmanosgallery.com)

**24. Heritage Art & Frames**

2611 Fairbanks St. Suite 400. (317-8824, heritageartandframes.com)

**25. 2 Friends**

341 East Benson Blvd. (277-0404, 2friendsgallery.com)

**26. Bagoys's Florist and Home**

440 E. Benson Blvd. (278-1922, bagoys.com)

**27. Cafe Felix**

530 E. Benson Blvd.

**28. APU Carr Gottstein Gallery and ConocoPhillips Gallery**

4101 University Drive. (564-8202)

**29. Laughing Lotus Yoga**

620 E. 57th Place. (243-9642, laughinglotusanorage.com)

**30. La Dolce Vita**

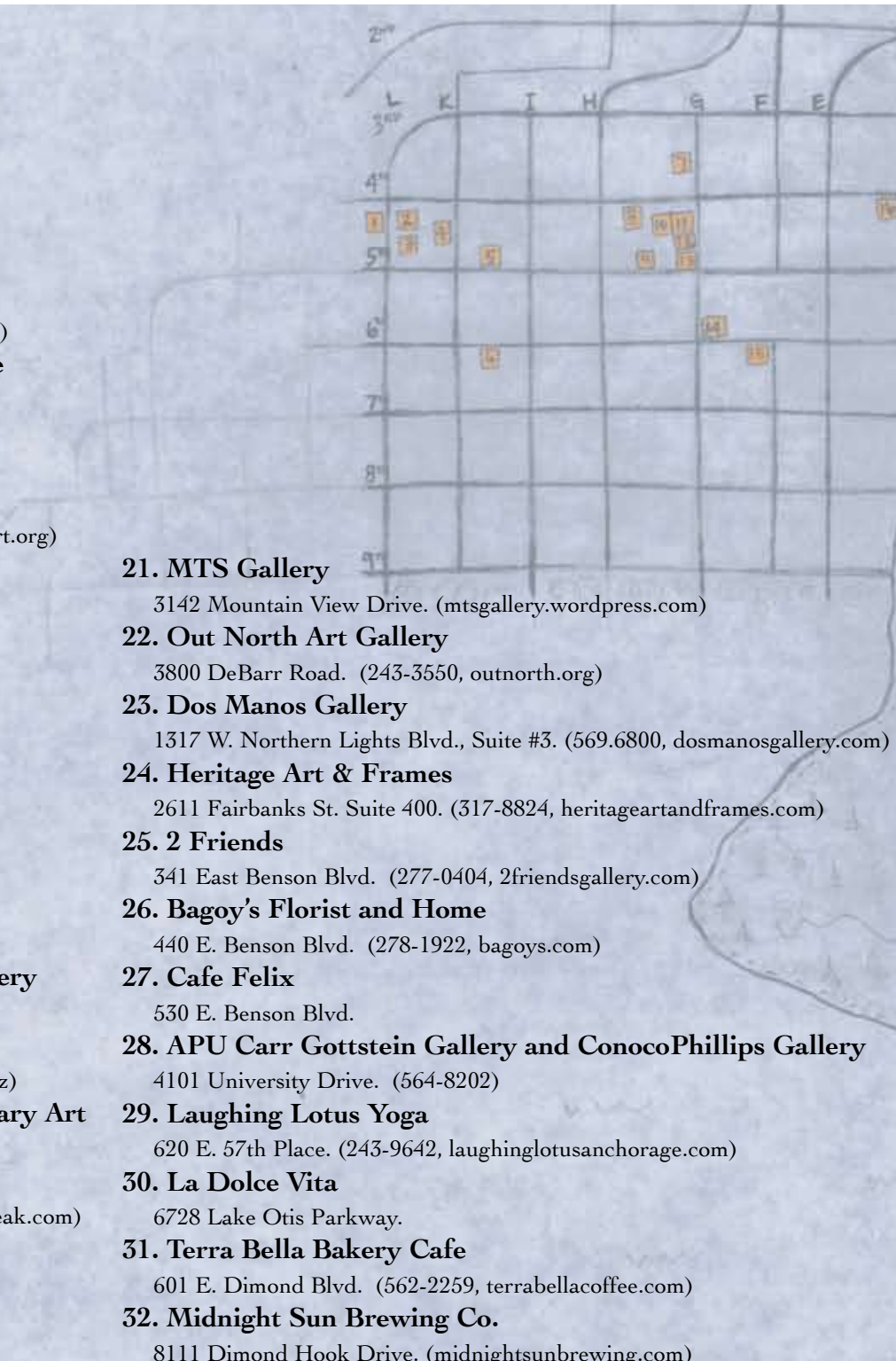
6728 Lake Otis Parkway.

**31. Terra Bella Bakery Cafe**

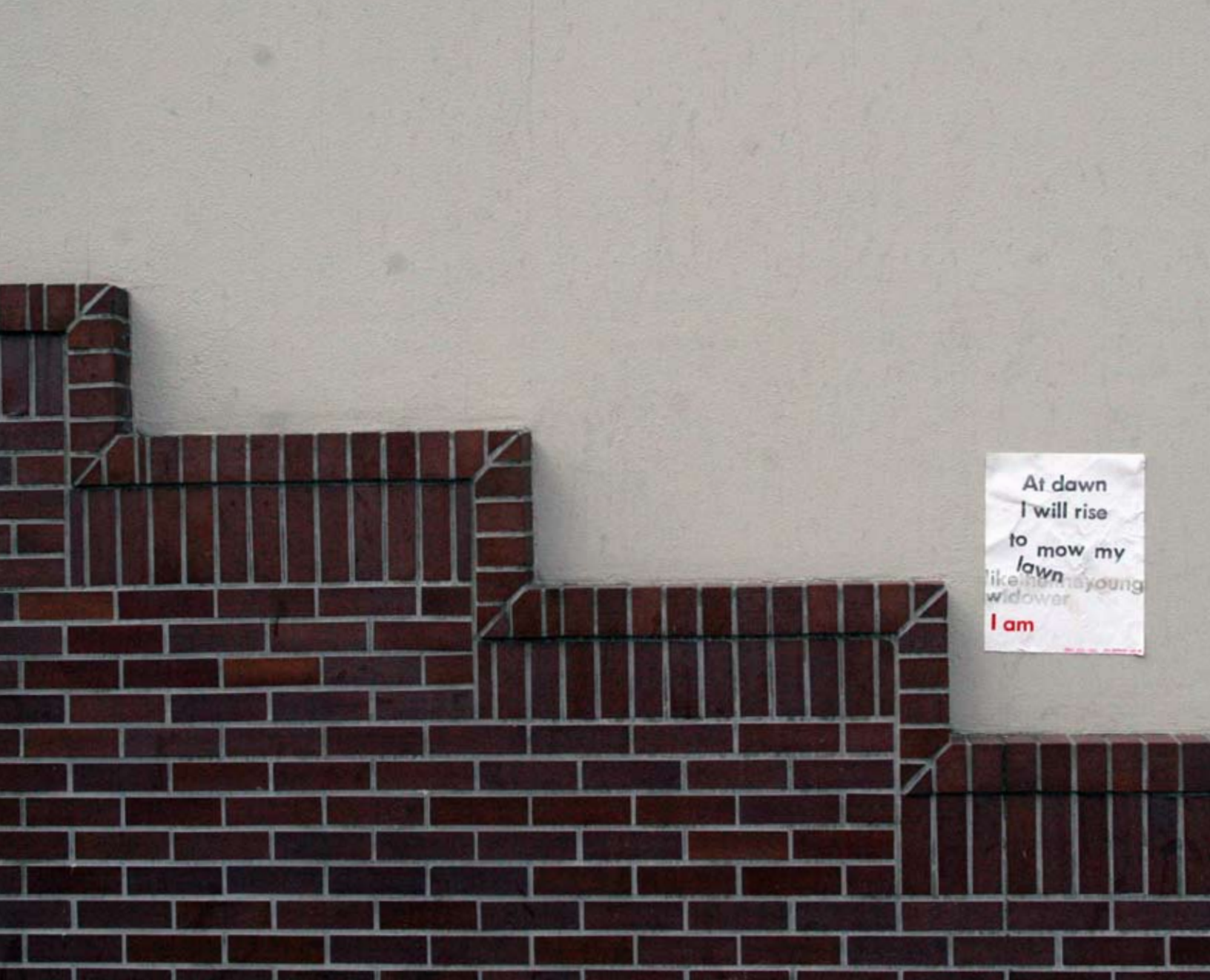
601 E. Dimond Blvd. (562-2259, terrabellacoffee.com)

**32. Midnight Sun Brewing Co.**

8111 Dimond Hook Drive. (midnightsunbrewing.com)







At dawn  
I will rise  
to mow my  
lawn  
like a young  
widower  
**I am**

## F Magazine

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