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Andrew Kerosky Dancing down the street of dreams	1	For the Love of Grapefruit Jesus Landin-Torrez III	10
Jsun The keeper of culture	6	You Owe Me 40 Dollars Grace E. Byrd	11
		Losing Harmony Jimmi Ware	12
Map Where the art is	16	Aphasia, or, Plan B Rebecca Goodrich	13
		W.A.T.T.: Star Wars Theodore Kincaid	14

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Letter from the editors:

Six years ago, the Bush Administration first announced the need to focus and improve math and science in the academic sphere – to curtail the brain drain in America and make the country more competitive in the Global Economy.

It's easy to see and agree with this notion. Economically it makes sense. But it is important to remember that the arts are an equally vital ingredient to any healthy society. And they have certainly been more financially hampered in academia than their left brained counterparts.

President Obama recently reiterated the previous administration's education goals, yet when he was sworn in, who was invited to perform and celebrate his inauguration? Aretha Franklin, Itzak Perlman, John Williams, Yo-Yo Ma, Herbie Hancock, the poet, Elizabeth Alexander, and a whole slew of other noteworthy musicians who all came together to perform one song. Not a single mathematician or scientist was invited to stand up and speak – to represent the historic moment of the 44th president being sworn into office (though the "Obaminoes" mural for the event was based on a design by mathematician Robert A. Bosch).

A society needs science and math to not only propel its populace forward, but also to care for it. The arts, however, are what define the society's culture, its politics, its mores, its nuances.

We here at F Magazine are dedicated to doing our part in upholding and exemplifying the importance of art as a definitive aspect of our culture.

We hope you enjoy this issue. Many artists were involved, and we hope many more will continue to be.

Liquid Movement

“ON THIS STAGE WE CAN’T GET HURT,
DON’T TRY TO UNDERSTAND ME.”

- ROB THOMAS



Story By Riza Parsons :: Photos By Serine Halverson

Existentialism. Dostoevsky. The overarching need of the human condition.

These are not concepts that cross your mind when you're stuck at the light at 15th and Gambell, watching Andrew Kerosky dance by the side of the road.

He may catch your attention for a few moments as you get caught up in following the movements of his arms and legs, like kinetic Möbius strips, but it's easy to dismiss him with a judgmental word once the light changes.

His exuberance might make you feel threatened and you roll down the window to hurl a few insults at him.

Or you might smile and go on your way, feeling inexplicably better about the world.

I thought for sure the poor guy had lost a bet when I drove by him for the first time last summer. Then the light turned green and I forgot about him. Until this story.



Free your mind

When I meet with Andrew, he is feeling a little under the weather, drinking from a big jug of juice and protected from the elements by his brown waffled beanie. He is gracious and earnest, striving to explain himself completely and honestly from the very first question. Which was, “Why dance on the corner?”

Like so many things in life, there is no short answer.

His car broke down on that corner and Andrew danced to stay warm while he waited for his ride. It felt right. He had just dropped out of film school and needed a new conduit of expression. It felt right. Two weeks after his car broke down, he acted on a whim and went back to that gas station. He went back every Friday after that. After four years of dancing, it still feels right to Andrew.

What the average viewer doesn't see when they are

observing him for a few seconds is the 20-car pileup of random thoughts that's interfering with his cerebral freeway. He spouts obscure literary quotes with as much familiarity as a Matchbox 20 lyric. When he starts talking about catharsis, and cultures of waste, then veers off into the territory of philosophical Russian literature, I begin to understand what he means when he says that dancing helps keep him sane.

“When I came back to Alaska after I dropped out, I was a much different person than when I left. I felt alienated from my friends, hopeless, no dreams...it's a struggle that everyone goes through, trying to find purpose.” Andrew looks down at his worn copy of Emerson as he says this and seems to find inspiration in it.

“Emerson is what I read when I need something positive and intelligent.” He relates a letter written by Ralph Waldo Emerson to Martin Van Buren that implores him not to send

ANDREW'S LISTENING LIST

1. Brother Ali - Daylight
2. The Wallflowers - One Headlight
3. Dar Williams - Are You Out There?
4. Legion of Doom - Hands Down Gandhi
5. Bruce Springsteen - Dancing in the Dark
6. Eminem - Lose Yourself
7. Hootie and the Blowfish - Drowning
8. Nas - One Mic
9. Outkast - Rosa Parks
10. Jamiraguoi - Canned Heat



the Cherokees on the Trail of Tears, and I'm surprised to see his eyes moisten. His empathy with their suffering is apparent, never mind the huge cultural and historical divide. *The Brothers Karamazov* by Dostoevsky likewise moves him.

This is not what I expected to talk about when I set up an interview with the guy who dances during rush hour traffic. But I'm enjoying this; Andrew is articulate and curious, more introspective than a lot of 23-year-olds. I may be the one with the notepad, but Andrew has more questions than I do.

"I feel like I could have done a lot more by now. All my friends are going to Yale and Harvard, doing meaningful things, things I can't do. It gives me a sense of personal tragedy and bitterness."

I suggest that there is a reason for everything, a reason his other plans didn't pan out.

"Yeah. I get that. There's this quote I like, 'Act on something before you can understand it.' That's what I did with this dancing thing. I still grapple with why I do it, but I'm not going to stop. I'm driven by these feelings – half are positive, half are negative. Anger, rejection, disgust at human nature. How can people NOT dance on the street corner? But the other half is positive. When I dance, I feel this is how the world should be. Establishing a connection with strangers, outside of

constructs like race and sex. You're not all that different from me."

Dance fever

While Andrew identifies with everyone, he definitely dances to his own unique DJ set. He calls his dancing "liquid" and compares it to hip-hop, popping and locking, although it is none of those things. It's as if a subterranean beat has started somewhere in his body and must travel fluidly through all his limbs before it can find its way out.

Where did he learn this particular style?

"I never really learned. If you want an honest, yet embarrassing, answer, it would be YouTube. I'm in awe of the art and how it looks and the extraordinariness of it. There's this French guy named Bishop X. Also, David Elsewhere, Poppin' John, Skywalker. I watch people who are better than myself and copy that complexity."

Fairview is his theater and practice studio, for better or worse. Until he feels truly threatened there, Andrew's show must, and does, go on.

In four years of dedicated dancing, he has only missed three Fridays.

"The first time I was sick with mono and still went. I sat in a lawn chair with a sign that said, 'Sorry, I'm sick' and

waved at the cars. I tried dancing for a few minutes, but it hurt pretty bad. Plus, I had a 103-degree fever. In retrospect, I probably shouldn't have driven out there."

I am amazed at this level of commitment. It's not a job, where he'll get in trouble for not showing up, and yet he makes every possible effort to be there.

The second time, he was out of town for a funeral, but arranged to have a substitute dance in his place. This catches me even more off guard. First, that the idea of a substitute would even cross his mind, and second, that somebody agreed to do it.

"You must have really good friends," I say.

"I do. The third time I missed a Friday, I had the swine flu. My mom is a doctor and she quarantined me. So I had to call around, have a sign made that said 'Swine Flu Victim – see you next week,' have someone else pick it up and put it on the corner. People wrote all kinds of nice messages on it. I still have it."

Andrew admits that there are some people who are openly hostile, but "95 percent of the reactions are positive." I have a feeling it wouldn't matter even if the percentages were reversed. After dancing all night on the corner, he heads to Club Soraya or Platinum Jaxx to dance some more.





Outside of the box-step

Andrew is a big part of the dance community, taking salsa, ballroom, swing and modern dance, assistant teaching ballet classes, and – you guessed it – managing all the Liberty Tax sign wavers around town. It's only fitting that he takes charge of this motley costumed crew and gives them tips on dancing.

He's also venturing back into his original passion.

"I'm working with some friends on making an indie movie. It will be a sequel to a movie we made in high school. The main character is a PBS studio personality who's about to have his studio bought out by corporate television. He has one night to earn enough money through a telethon to get it back."

I'm almost afraid to ask if it has a happy ending. At one point, Andrew freely admitted that he often becomes depressed.

"That's the artist in you," I replied.

"No, I think it's the human in me," he riposted.

Touché.

...that's what it's all about!

After describing his new project, Andrew has one more example of literary largesse to bestow.

"J.R.R. Tolkien was a linguist by trade, and he came up with the term 'eucatastrophe.' The 'eu' means good in Greek, and basically it means a horrible event that happens from which good things arrive. There's a bad event, then a good reaction comes out spontaneously against it. Good will always overpower the bad."

Andrew takes a healthy swig of his juice, clears his throat.

"I think that's a good metaphor for life." ✨

ANDREW'S READING LIST

1. *The Brothers Karamazov*
- Fyodor Dostoevsky
2. *Blessed Unrest*
- Paul Hawken
3. *Tuesdays with Morrie*
- Mitch Albom
4. *The Silmarillion*
- J.R.R. Tolkien
5. *Hot, Flat and Crowded*
- Thomas L. Friedman
6. *The Social Contract*
- Jean Jacques Rousseau
7. *The Complete Sherlock Holmes*
- Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
8. *Two Treatises of Government*
- John Locke
9. *Dune*
- Frank Herbert
10. *The Portable Emerson*
- Edited by Carl Bode and Malcolm Cowley

Making Mountains

Out of Myth

The New Keeper
of Culture at
at IGCA



Story by Teeka A. Ballas :: Photos by Leighann Seaman

The International Gallery of Contemporary Art is a m el e of personalities and styles. It attracts curiosity and exports unique and bizarre. And to emphasize this, a new man has been put on the payroll who certainly fits the exportable qualifications. He brings with him a wild portfolio and an attach e case full of intriguing character anomalies.

The Man

Jsun Parizo, known just as Jsun to most, was allegedly born Jesus Charlesjeremiah Parizo (“when you’re a kid on the playground in the Midwest, kids can be cruel”). He is in fact a man of many names: Jesus Landin-Torrez III, Nusj, Jeremiah Jesse James, plainbrownwrapper, Marlo Shotgun, and Dr. Shotgun. One of them might even be his real name.

When I inquire about “Dr. Shotgun,” he gives me a sly sideways look and says completely deadpan, “I have no idea who Dr. Shotgun is.” No. Of course he doesn’t. And as the new curator at IGCA I’m sure he’s never heard of the Ghost of Dr. Shotgun either, who is slated to do an exhibit there, March 2nd – the wily ghost will be locked in the gallery for 24 hours communicating with the world of the living via Facebook only. And he’s never heard of him.

Photographer, poet, musician, sculptor, printmaker, and formerly the manager of the UAA Student Union Gallery, Jsun, a man of both myth and unbound talent, has had a hand in numerous projects around Anchorage. His name (any one of them) has been applied to the Anonymous Art Asylum and Social Club, The Electric Company, Margin Release, Paint-by-Number: An Interactive Community Collaborative (later showcased on bodies at last month’s Object Runway), and Brick Co. Artists Construction. But he seldom takes sole credit for any of these projects.



The Modesty

A small, scruffy-faced man, with a Russian cap lackadaisically perched on his head, Jsun would look like 90 percent of the 30-something men in Alaska were it not for his brightly colored clothing and eccentric hats. He has a knack for making treasures out



of mountains of crap. He finds art in ghosts, scraps from someone’s long forgotten life, junk that once was someone’s sentimental memorabilia, a household item pined for and treasured until it lost its allure. He has been referred to as the most collected artist in Anchorage.

“I don’t know if that’s true, but that sure would be nice,” he says with

a grin that reveals false modesty. “The only reason I would be the most collected artist in Anchorage is because the people who have it have no idea – because I made it that way... If you give stuff away, then obviously you’re going to be the most collected artist in Anchorage, right?” He thrusts at me a plain white sticker with three words:

“Love, Order, Stillness” and no insignia on it. “So there. Now you’re one of the people that has my art. It’s ephemeral. People don’t realize that they just got it and maybe they just throw it away.”

Jsun isn’t very concerned with whether people understand his art or if they read meanings into it otherwise unintended by him.

Last month he and his friend Michael were discussing the word “dichotomy” and how it’s thrown about.

“It’s like one of the pseudo-intellectual words that gets overused all the time,” he says. So in a pseudo-intellectual way, Michael and Jsun applied the term to an installation they put on at IGCA: large 3D cows (he’s very pleased with those!) with Valentine’s Day cards for hearts; they then lined the room with 100 cards that opened to Barry White singing, “You’re my first, my last, my everything...”

“We were like, ‘What’s the space going to be like?’ Not necessarily thinking about the message. Although you could write pages about the rhetoric, about what this means as far as consumerism, what Valentine’s Day means and all of this blah blah blah.... But we just put it up.”

Like Bob Dylan, an artist with leagues of depth to his lyrics, and mountainous volumes of interpretation written about them, Jsun is *laissez faire* about his artistic motivation and what definition people apply to his art.

“Whenever I’m asked, ‘Why?’ It’s like: Why not? Not like that’s an answer to anything, but it’s a really good evasive answer.”

The Ranter

Jsun has a propensity to exhale long strands of verbose non-sequiturs. Our interview commences and he dives into a nonsensical deluge of words about a newsletter at his place of work (he holds a non-artistic day job too) that he has not bothered to read. Evidently

“MYTH HAS DRIVEN AND SUSTAINED MUCH OF THE HUMAN EXISTENCE SINCE THE BEGINNING OF COMMUNICATION. THOSE THAT PURSUE THE TRUTH ARE JUST CHASING A DESERT MIRAGE.”

--JSUN PARIZO

he has no love for the artistically void workplace newsletter.

“Just tell me what I need to know,” he says emphatically. “There’s not like that many people that you can’t just verbally vocalize it... I think people realize they don’t read it unless they want to, and we’re only going to read it if we’re not busy or we’re bored. So therefore, if you’re reiterating in the newsletter [what’s already been said] then what’s the newsletter for?”

He shakes his head incredulously. He almost makes a good point.

“But you’re a person who’s put out all sorts of scraps of readable material. Don’t you hope someone will take the time to read it?” I ask.

“That’s true, but with the point of putting out whatever you put out, without the intent of people actually reading it, then there isn’t an audience.” His defense is lost but he continues to attempt to reel it in. “Let’s take ‘Love, Order, Stillness.’ Like those three words, there’s your bullet point, there’s your soundbite. But then inside there’s a little thing: ‘How the Night Passed’ and ‘Eating and In-Love.’ There’s tons of literature in there, beautiful little gems.. How many people read them?” I haven’t. I’m not even sure it’s a real publication, but I don’t ask, for fear of him losing his train of thought and taking us on an entirely different rant. “I don’t know, and frankly, I don’t care. The thing is, it’s already over. It was already over. It happened... So therefore with a newsletter, you’re trying to convey information to make people do or know things...”

“So what you’re saying is, you didn’t read the newsletter and that’s why you don’t know anything about the event going on at the place you work tonight.”

“I didn’t read the newsletter,” he concedes. “I don’t know what’s going on tonight.”

The Artist

Jsun’s personality and style are reminiscent of Andy Warhol. Though he’s more prone to ranting than Warhol ever was, Jsun likes to give dull, evasive, even misleading answers. He’s not as seemingly egotistical as Warhol, nor quite as eccentric, but like the artist who brought pop to the formula, Jsun seems to have affection for interpreting popular culture; he takes its waste and debris and transforms it into anonymous art.



Last year, in collaboration with other local artists, Jsun brought Brick Co. to Anchorage. The event allowed local, relatively unknown artists to have a viewing arena. It entailed a U-Haul truck that moved from alleyway to alleyway, dodging police, showcasing an array of talent in the back.

Recently Jsun and his artistic colleague, Jimmy Riordan put together an installation at APU’s Carr Gottstein Gallery, a retrospective of the Brick movement that was here in the early 1990s.

“There was a whole bunch of people. One was Evelyn Thompson, who I actually got to talk to and I replicated a whole bunch of her work for the show.” He is so sincere and stolid about the details. “You can’t find any of these people. There’s two of them, Evelyn and Mason Lizell (sic?) that I was able to contact... They had a lot of weird art. Jimmy found some stuff, like this one guy, Neil Brown who cut his cabin into a whole bunch of pieces and added them as his art, because he kind of went crazy.”



Jsun's eyes go alight as he shares with me the details of the original Brick contributors.

"Most of them kind of dissipated. Like Mason. He stopped doing work and he was part of the dot com boom. He's got a whole shitload of money in L.A. right now. Mason and Evelyn (she's teaching film in Barcelona right now) – they came up here in exile from the Lower 48 from what they thought was the over-commercialism of the 80s."

It all seems so real.

The Myth

"Jsun's art is anything but predictable," says William Neth, a local artist who knows Jsun's work well. "Where most art is created on a rectangular canvas or sculpted and put on a pedestal, his work defies the accepted norms. It is definitely not on a pedestal or in a rectangle."

In fact, you'd be hard pressed to find anything Jsun has created that can be easily and readily consumed by the masses.

"You can't pigeonhole him into anything," says William with a dry laugh. "And I think he gets a kick out of it."

Perhaps it's this fact alone that compels Jsun to expertly create fiction out of the simplest details in conjunction with not only his art, but also his personal identity.

The APU retrospective Brick installation is comprised of characters you'd be hard pressed to find on any Internet search.

"Something you need to know about Jsun," William confides, "the myth is more true than the truth."

Does that mean anything? It must to Jsun. Without any prompting, the day after our conversation, Jsun sends me an e-mail.

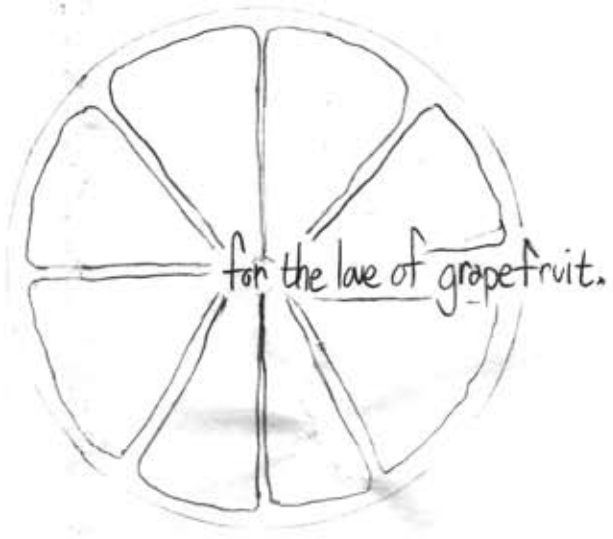
"The truth is an abstract concept in this day and age and really has been throughout history." It reads as a confession. "Myth has driven and sustained much of the human existence since the beginning of communication. Those that pursue the truth are just chasing a desert mirage."

His words can almost be construed as a condescending insult – reminiscent of early interviews with Dylan.

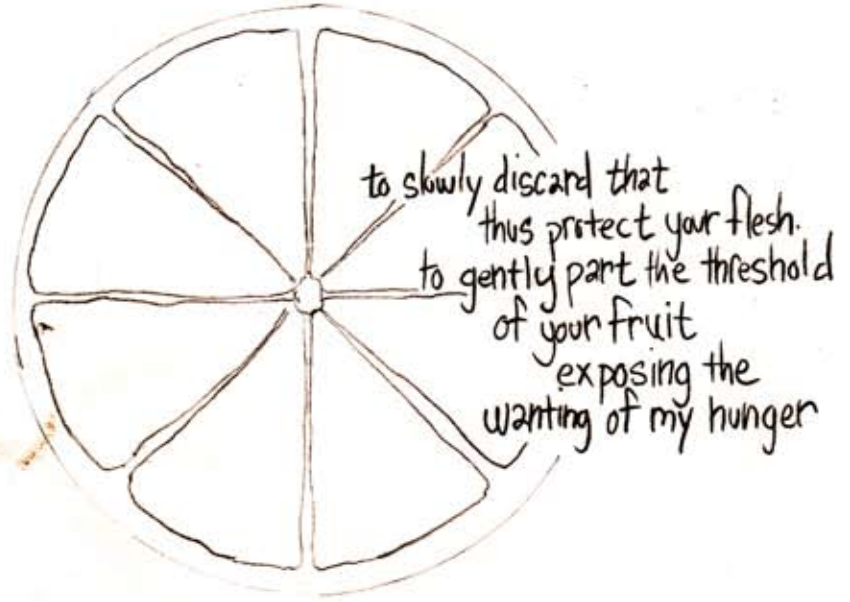
"Myths have been proven to be true and truths proven to be myths and most of the time they become blurred, intertwined and indistinguishable. In the end it is all just what we want to believe."

I'm neither offended nor intrigued. I am merely content to observe the inner machinations of a complex artist who produces myriad artistic abilities. The end product is not only captivating and deeply satisfying to consume, but the mystery of who Jsun is and what he means makes his art all the more compelling. The "truth," it turns out, does not necessarily matter.

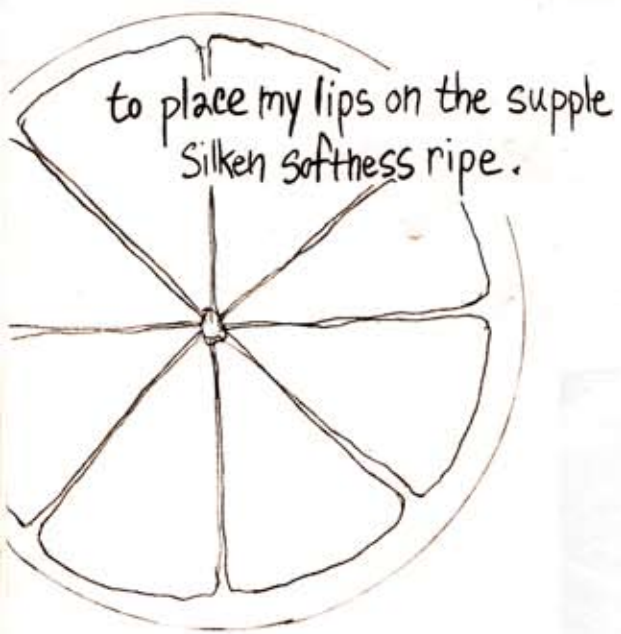
Says Jsun, "The truth is an abstract concept." ✦



for the love of grapefruit.



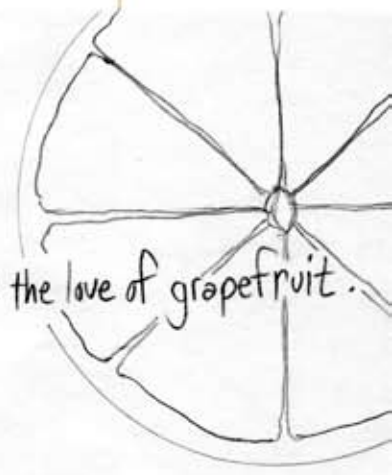
to slowly discard that
thus protect your flesh.
to gently part the threshold
of your fruit
exposing the
wanting of my hunger



to place my lips on the supple
Silken softness ripe.

moist glissening my love lust
nectar tongue.

three days i await ...



for the love of grapefruit.

you owe me 40 dollars:
that paid for the weed and coffee at denny's
as we mulled over the life we...
fumbled

loud chatter-nice waitress
my car broke down
a reaction: oh no fuck

the members of my family are all lawyers
i do not beg i reason,
i do not manipulate i create,

But you, you created us

"I TELL MYSELF

squeaky jazz, dried red lipstick stains,
take me back to here and
this room

where I half point the place

where you'll never be
and where we could

happen stance upon each other's eyes

the spin of the fan blurring

love changes and grows
love dies sometimes and you won't find it dead for weeks

- grace e byrd

LOSING HARMONY

Why don't we don't sing anymore?
Just rap songs gone wrong
It seems we don't dream anymore
Just dazed and confused
Gospel gone Blues
Our once united voices
Made powerful choices
We made an impact and our kids
Were on track for the cause
Stevie penned the memorable
Verses that we understood
There was love in the village
Now there is hate in the hood
Life was once good
We played like children should
Laughed in the rain
Education was no game
We fed our brain with knowledge
From fall to spring but why is it
We no longer sing
If I compose a melody
In the sweetest key
Will you sing with me?
When did ~~WE~~ become ~~ME~~?
Too many living selfishly
Somewhere out there
A song is waiting for us
A joyful chorus on a distant shore
All I know is

{JIMMI WARE}

We just don't sing anymore
The greats are gone
Who will rewrite Redemption songs?
Who will care enough to pen a new score?
Can't we come together just once more?
This is what I'm hoping for
Unity deserves an encore

APHASIA, OR, PLAN B

By Rebecca A. Goodrich

"MCS," said the doctor.

I wanted to rip his throat out. A diagnosis that rendered no healing. Multiple Chemical Sensitivity.

"Sensitive" the wrong word, the wrong thing to say after evaluating the formaldehyde from the houseboat, the Los Angeles smog, five months of carbon monoxide that had done a Patty Hearst on my brain's speech centers.

"Don't worry too much—you got your executive function back. Something not everyone can say."

He

didn't know about the teenage schizophrenia, the healed blood-vein scars. The sixteen years of stuttering. All of which I overcame.

But what about the years my children lost when their mother was fumbling, stumbling, poisoned. What about those years, and how they confirmed my daughter's opinion of me. How could I overcome that?

Why can't I talk right? I wanted to scream. But no words came out through my tongue, my mouth.

"Just avoid perfume and other chemicals.

You're in better shape than lots of people with 21st Century Disease."

He patted my shoulder in a comradely fashion.

I was tired of being better than lots of people. I wanted to be better than me.

I nodded. Dumbly, idiotically. I left.

On the way home a radio station offered to play my bluegrass

by folksong singers who exaggerated a livin'-in-the-holler Kaintucky accent. I was envious of even that off-key thing. Three days of chlorine exposure had made it impossible to re-attain the lyric soprano that had once leapt through my throat and chest, resonating.

I punched buttons and flipped things: am fm am. There. Something without words. A wild, yet disciplined, athletic surfing beat. There I was, jumping over

each wave, achieving, each time, being alive and a little farther from the beach. Oh and then the musical bridge, the smooth or not so smooth being carried by a huge roller in a time that stretched out forever in a perfect combination of water, sand, and sun, until you had to remember you, indeed, had feet.

I couldn't play a note to save my life. I slammed the radio off. Then I turned off the car. Evidently I'd driven onto the shoulder while I was surfing that memory. A parked car. That was good. Safer for everybody. I looked out over the bay, aiming for a Zen-like mode of contemplation, trying to smooth out the contractions of my muscles. Water, sky, water. Blue, gray. Blue, gray. And turquoise and teal and green. And the clouds. Many, many clouds.

No, no ,no. I couldn't

be alone with myself. Up the road, one of the first of the town's many seasonal festivities. Walking, yes, walking would be good.

Hot dogs and reindeer sausage stands. Scarves and salmon and hats. Dulcimer players I hurried past. Pottery. Uh oh. Artwork. Acrylics and oils. I slowed down. I couldn't help myself. By the time I got to the painter's tent, I was moving as slowly as a stone.

HER BRUSH WAS SINGING COLORS ONTO THE PAPER.

Her back was turned to me, to all of us. Her shoulders were serene. She was painting, painting. But it didn't look like paint. It looked like her brush was singing colors onto the paper. Sometimes she paused. And with her I watched the watercolor move sometimes on its own through the pores of the paper, without further encouragement.

She turned to me and smiled. I was, already. Then she moved the beautifully colored paper to the side, where some others were drying. Another beautiful sheet of empty whiteness came to rest on the table. My hand, all by itself, briefly reached out to it.

She swished the brush in the glass, cleaning it. She swabbed it over some newsprint. And then she handed the brush to me.



Illustration by William Neeth



W.A.T.T. :: STAR WARS

Story & photos by Theodore Kincaid

Every culture is defined by a shared experience whether it is art, politics, war, music or an STD. For my generation it was an onslaught of cross-generational aimed media with supported merchandizing. It defined and engrained the brand name American experience into our pre-consumer minds at an early age.

For sociologists the 1980s are known for the hyper-materialism that ensued from the new predominant two-household income, extended credit and consumption-focused economy. But for me you could sum the '80s up in two words: "Star Wars." Anyone who was a kid or young adult in the late '70s or '80s saw Star Wars, and if you were a boy you lived it! It was your dream to own a Storm Trooper costume, or hang out with Yoda in his strange little hut, and get some love from Carrie Fisher. This is what united us.

When it was first advertised that the Star Wars exhibit was finally coming to the Anchorage Museum, I went ballistic. I absolutely had to see the interior of the Millennium Falcon – before all the local fan-boys whipped their greasy dick-beaters all over the thing. I also knew I had to somehow get the girlfriend to have sex with me on it. I had to ditch that idea, but can you imagine? The bragging rights would be enormous! I mean, really, can you think of a better place? The closest thing I can think of is the Oval Office, but everybody has sex in the Oval Office.

My head was filled with stars at the very idea of the exhibit, but everything changed when I arrived for the special press and media viewing. The exhibit starts off with the original land speeder

IT WAS LIKE RUNNING INTO A HOLLYWOOD HEARTTHROB AT A BAR AND HAVING THEM SAY SOMETHING COMPLETELY IGNORANT, THEN SHIFT IN THEIR SEAT TO LET OUT A FART.



used in the first movie along with a remote control version of it used in a long shot. The figurines were aged and dodgy and the speeder looked silly on its plate-rim wheels. The press crew then headed up to the third floor, and the guide proceeded to lead the group around the mainstay of the show: Costumes, props, sciency shit, crap for the kids to play with, a gift store of the usual collector junk and that was all. All of it was original and I had seen each and every one of these artifacts before. Being a big fat nerd I could even tell you how they made the props, which scenes they were from and some of the behind the scenes personal drama that was going on between Lucas and the actors.

The overall experience of the exhibit was a bit of a letdown. The artifacts were as old as my fandom, but less lively.

There was one prop, however, that I took a keen interest in: A 9-pronged wire harness sticking out the back of Luke's X-Wing fighter model they used in the first movie. This harness grounded

the X-Wing and tethered it to reality, a mechanical device no longer shrouded in illusion. It was like running into a Hollywood heartthrob at a bar and having them say something completely ignorant, then shift in their seat to let out a fart. At that moment the magical icon became simplistically tangible. Star Wars shifted from this glamorous, seamless and impenetrable movie to a series of scenes that some butt-scratching dudes in unfashionable t-shirts and jeans too tight to compliment their burgeoning bodies compiled with real life items and people to tell a story. Star Wars was no longer something only George Lucas and his cronies could do, but something that anyone could have done with some fancy camera angles and tight edits.

The religion was debunked and God was shown to be a series of mathematical equations. Looking at that wire harness opened up possibilities. Awe and worship turned to respect and understanding. With this wire harness epiphany, my love for Star Wars matured and became corporeal, no longer a mere childhood veneration.

Kincaid is an artist, a big fat nerd that likes to play with action figures when nobody is looking and regular contributor to F Magazine.

Send hate mail to:
HookHandMonkeyAss@yahoo.com



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, anchoragemuseum.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, dosmanosgalleries.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)

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