

ARTS★MUSIC★CULTURE

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FHideOut.org





Letter from the editors:

It is with great pride that we bring to you the fifth official issue of F Magazine!

In honor of April being National Poetry Month, we have dedicated this issue to the craft of writing story and emotion with brevity and conviction. As we sorted through the poetry submissions, it was delightful to read the tremendous amount of talent this city has to offer.

The motivation behind F Magazine is to create a forum for the abundant amount of art that is still yet to be realized in this city. We are proud to not only represent artists of all mediums and genres, but also the establishments that support them. We celebrate all things local; our advertising space is reserved for local companies, individuals and organizations, and even our printing is done locally.

At the time of publication, we didn't have a solid calendar of poetry events going on National Poetry Month, but we encourage you to seek them out. And although this issue is predominantly poetry (of which we're glad you've taken the time to read!), we have thrown in a few other artistic treats for our readers.

Stay tuned for the May issue, which is already slated to have lots of brilliant Anchorage art!

Viva las Artes!
-The editors

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OF WOMEN

Story by Teeka A. Ballas
 Photos by Serine Halverson

Since the inception of pop music in America, female musicians have been downplayed and underrepresented. Too often a woman with a guitar (or piano, as is the case here) has been dismissed as simply sounding the same as the next one and certainly not comparable to their male counterparts. Little has changed since the 1960's when record labels would turn female musicians/songwriters away simply because they already represented one (the epic film "Grace of My Heart" is a great depiction of this). The excuse is still used, "The public doesn't want to hear any more female songwriters."

Last March 19, this excuse fell flat on its face. Snow Goose hosted a Singer Songwriter Night, where Marian Call, Emily Kurn, Amy Lou Hettinger and Liz Malys played to a sold out show of 250 captivated attendees.

"It was really great to play to an audience that was there to listen, to hear the music – and not have to play over coffeehouse chatter," proclaimed Malys.

When the four women took the stage, it was spectrum of sound. The show kicked off with the dynamic foursome combining their musical talents on each other's songs. With only two rehearsals under their belt (only one for Call), they

OF SOUND

hardly sounded like an open jam, but rather a quartet that had been playing together for years. For the next couple of hours they took turns soloing and combining; each performance was as well received as the next.

Malys graced the audience with virtuosic piano playing and delightfully breathy vocals. Call proved to everyone for once and for all that a singer without an instrument in hand is just as much a musician as those who sport one. Kurn, a multi-award winning songwriter enriched lives with her delicate lyrical insight and forthright mountain music strumming. And Hettinger, who considers herself the amateur in the group, brought the true art of storytelling to the table with a very confident stage presence.

All four women hail from a different part of the country: New York, Washington, Kentucky and California respectively – but each of them, for an array of reasons as diverse as their talent, decided to bring their craft to Anchorage. No longer can Anchorageites whine about the lack of a music scene in this city. Singer Songwriter Night at Snow Goose was demonstrable of not only quality musicianship being alive and well in this city, but also an audience eager to consume it.

Sunday Afternoon

By: Marian Call

Album: Vanilla

Sun-soaked skin shines hot and golden
 Inside the glare the sky is white
 A boundless yawn engulfs the lawn
 Where dreams are drunk on blazing light
 Sprawled carelessly upon the grass
 The edges of my dress ac creep high
 How light the streams of balmy beams
 Stroking soft across my thigh
 Virginia Woolf naps there beside me
 Pen falls from hand to find its rest
 Eyelids drift, no lashes lift
 And gently rises, falls my breast
 Sleep and wake and time mean nothing
 Til five o'clock comes far too soon
 But daisy-haired and shoulders bared
 How sweet was Sunday afternoon

MARIAN CALL

"Got to Fly" - November 2008

Commissioned by Quantum Mechanics, Inc.

Marian is well known in Anchorage's music scene not only for her quick and witty vocal stylings, but also for the personality she's got to match. She's charming, talented and extraordinarily brassy.

Although it's probably hard to top her crowd pleaser, "I Wish I Were a Real Alaska Girl" ("Songs of the Month" - October, 2008), "Got to Fly", a project expressly commissioned for "geeks, nerds and Browncoats", is equally clever and sincere. You'd be hard pressed to find another singer who could deliver the words: "It's unwise to love a wizard..." with such heartfelt remorse.

Marian doesn't play an instrument per se (though she plays a mean typewriter!), but there is no question she is a musician. With a degree in voice and composition from Boston University, she holds her own regardless of who is backing her. With ease she tours the nation with professional musicians she picks up along the way who can read the charts she has drafted.

Though Marian has the vocal purity of Paula Cole and the occasional subtle sarcasm etched in each note like I once thought only jazz Goddess Holly Cole could, she has at 28 attained a sound and definition all her own, comparable to none.

- www.mariancall.com -



Mississippi Moon
By: Emily Kurn
Album: Things Change

I'm a poor girl from Plaquemine, Louisiana
And my Daddy grew the biggest crops around
Okra sweet as honey,
Daddy didn't have no money
We got our goods out of the ground
It was morning when we saw
the trucks a-coming
Lined up on the river road due south
There must have been about fifty
Headed down the Mississippi
To the gated yard where they tore
the old church down
It was our playground where the egrets flew
Above the Mississippi moon
Now it's gone gone gone away too soon
From the window over Mama's piano
You can see steam rise
and metal wheels spin

I was my Daddy's only daughter
I was baptized in the water
That we're not allowed
to dip our bodies in
It was our playground where the egrets flew
Above the Mississippi moon
Now it's gone gone gone away too soon
Now my family's garden bed is barren
Because the white men say
there's poison in the ground
We lost Joseph and Aunt Sally
We still live on Cancer Alley
And my Daddy swears one day
we're moving out
It was our playground where the egrets flew
Above the Mississippi moon
Now it's gone gone gone away too soon



EMILY KURN

"I'm Just Like You" - 2009

Emily Kurn/Plewacky Publishing

Ever since *Oh Brother Where Art Thou*, mountain music has amassed great popularity. The myth that accompanies the genre is that all such musicians hail from the Ozarks. Emily, a petit Californian who sings of lighting her mother's menorah certainly breaks the stereotype.

You don't need to know Emily is the recipient of such prestigious awards as the Woody Guthrie Folk Festival Songwriting Contest (2007) and the International Songwriter's Contest Americana (2008), to know her lyrics are of a profound quality. With a voice reminiscent of Iris Dement, Emily's sound musters up images of cicadas and balmy afternoons.

Emily is a new mother, and one might assume some of her lyrics are inspired by her son, yet intriguingly they do not alienate the non-parental listener. Perhaps that's because these songs were written before her son was conceived, which illustrates how astute her songwriting is, something very evident in "Mississippi Moon" (on her preceding album, "Things Change," 2007) where with heart wrenching clarity she sings of living in Cancer Alley - a place she's only briefly visited.

Leviticus

By: Liz Malys

Album: Desert

As I wake you are just crawling like the night into my bed
 Our paths cross only in the darkness between dreams and waking
 You do not notice that a fairy queen lies on my pillow instead
 I watch you crawl in through her ear, inside her skin and through her head
 As you fall asleep Leviticus your dream starts where mine ends
 I watch you sleeping like a leaf curled up in spring
 In dreams you are as silent as in waking life
 I feel you whisper through your teeth into my skin
 My night is spent waiting for your footsteps
 down the stairs
 creak
 descending into our cold basement
 that we share like kings
 (as poor as paupers)
 entering my room
 so silent but I always hear you Leviticus
 You come to me though you're still shaking from the frozen fairy queen
 your footsteps make no sound or prints upon fresh snow
 In love you are as silent as in waking life
 I feel you whisper through my skin into my bones
 You descend upon me quiet as the cold inside a cloud
 in the darkness I mistake you for my king
 I cannot face you in the daylight any longer darling
 I feel you seep into my skin and steal my soul....
 My night is spent waiting for your footsteps
 down the stairs
 creak
 descending into our cold basement
 that we share like kings
 (as poor as paupers)
 entering my room
 so silent but I always hear you Leviticus

LIZ MALYS

"Desert" 2009

A graduate of composition from the University of Arizona in Tucson, Liz has created an album rich with textures. Drawing largely from her experience of living in the desert, she creates and onomatopoeia with breathy relaxed vocals distributed evenly over piano and an array of instruments (contributions made by generous university colleagues).

With her seemingly free form piano playing it is easy to hear why she is often compared to Tori Amos, but seeing her perform live the comparison only works in that she deftly uses piano to emphasize the emotion of her intent. I am more apt to compare her, however, to the genius of Patricia Barber, the way her hands perform pirouettes in the air as they descend on notes and chords.

Although "Desert" is sure to invoke a somber introspective mood, it is hardly background music; Liz' piano playing is active and alert. As "Desert" is Liz' debut album, it will be exciting to see what she has in store for listeners on the next.



AMY LOU HETTINGER

“Of Roots and of Wings” - June, 2010

In ancient times, stories were passed along in the form of song. Raised in Kentucky, among generations of musicians (her grandfather saw to it his kids learned to play piano before they could ride a bike), it is no wonder Amy has embraced the ability to tell life stories and mythologies so adeptly in the form of song.

On her forthcoming debut album, “Of Roots and of Wings,” Amy is sure to appease a wide variety of listeners. Her songs seem to employ the romantic in even the heartiest of Alaskans. From songs like “Sweet Days,” the story of her family in Kentucky, to “Sleeping Lady” the lore of Mount Susitna she weaves an enchanting web of delicate yet deliberate musical poetry.

Though she claims to be the amateur of the four who performed last month at Snow Goose’s Singer Songwriter Night, Amy played with the grace and agility of a musician who has performed in front of an audience her entire life. She has the smooth vocal gait of Amy Mann and the occasional innocence of Dar Williams in her delivery.

Amy’s bucket list describes her music well:

*Wear pretty skirts more often.
Get a dog.*

Learn about fava beans.

Take care of my sisters.

Find a man who dances, is fun to laugh with, challenges my brain and wants to stay in a yurt (in progress.)

Record a CD (check!)

- www.myspace.com/amylousing -



Sweet Days (Frank & Maggie)
 By: Amy Lou
 Album: Of Roots & Of Wings

Frank saw Maggie playing flute in church,
 And right then and there his heart gave a lurch,
 'cause it was big love—the kind that doesn't quit.
 Thank God he knew her cousin,
 So he tracked her down, and he took that girl
 To the drive in.

In his brown Mustang and his white t-shirt,
 (and) cigarettes in his sleeve,
 He wasn't the kind she had found before,
 But she found she couldn't leave ... that boy.
 {quick fiddle turnaround}

He took her dancing, and to the river.
 Pretty soon she brought him home for dinner,
 Four little brothers and three sisters had to check him out.
 Mama said she liked his manners,
 Papa said he looked like something the cat drug in,
 But he could see what that boy was about.

(He) had to ask her for her hand, Seventeen times
 Before that girl gave in.
 She was young but she saw he was the solid kind,
 The kind who doesn't quit.

In a tiny apartment they started figuring out
 What being married was about.
 And that first baby girl was born.
 They ate chicken pot pie(s) for supper,
 Worked hard and dreamed a future of
 Gardens, and swinging on the front porch.

Saved enough to buy some/that old farm land
 And a log cabin kit.
 Loved ones came to raise that house
 Where the little family would live...

REFRAIN

BRIDGE: Oooh, Hold on,
 Oooh, to what you've got,
 Oooh, and those sweet days will be long. On and on...

Three more little girls are born,
 And they learn to love the world
 And each other...
 There's peas in the garden, a swing on the porch,
 And Mama reads bedtime stories from the hallway floor,
 And Daddy brings home candy like clockwork.

Life' isn't perfect but it sure is fine,
 There's love in the air and fruit on the vine.
 When winter gets cold and the snow gets deep,
 Mama makes it a party and they all sleep
 Together in a pile on the living room floor,
 And they wear hand-me-downs and they might be poor
 when daddy gets laid off from one job, but he gets another one,
 And anyways, he says they're rich ... 'cause they've got each other.

REFRAIN

REFRAIN: So sweet,
 Those were the sweet days.
 So sweet,
 The sweet days. (oooo)

LaVoy We Met in the Arts



By Alex Albrecht
Photo by Jeremy Ortiz

Upon the first listen, Alaska based band, LaVoy could easily be disregarded as just another "alternative" group. Blending in with mainstream acts such as Silversun Pickups, Motion City Soundtrack, or Kings of Leon, LaVoy separate from the pack by adding a touch of pop to the mix, resulting in a sound that is all their own.

On their newest release, "We Met In The Arts", LaVoy blend the pop and alternative genres seamlessly. On the first track, "Talks Too Much" they take a sound that is not-unlike The All American

Rejects and add their own special flare that easily makes it the breakout song of the album.

The same can be said about, "My Oh My"; one can say that singer Tyrell Tompkins sounds eerily like a younger Brandon Boyd from Incubus with his soft yet still solid vocals. The song is backed with a great guitar riff by guitarist Sean Riley that is a raw, punk-like sound pieced together with a gorgeous run of notes layered over the main riff. Overall a great mix of melody and energy.

Other Songs on the album like, "Living In Florida", "She" and "Western Son

Eastern Seaboard" add a very cheerful and uplifting spirit to some otherwise somber tracks that allow the listener to relax and enjoy the album as a whole.

Clocking in at 41 minutes and 19 seconds, "We Met In the Arts" is a nicely composed album with intricate production sounds throughout.

Though not a modern day classic, LaVoy have put forth a very enjoyable collection of songs that are as melodic as they are energetic. Disregarding the numerous parallels to other artists, LaVoy as a whole is a must hear for any fan of alternative pop music.



AN ABOUT TOWN REVIEW

“You Can’t Take it With You” Presented by Cyrano’s Playhouse

By: Hannah Colver
Photo by Jamie Lang

It’s a Sunday afternoon and the city of Anchorage seems almost sleepy juxtaposed against the normal weekday bustle of downtown. I casually park my car on the street, free of parking meter fears, and jaunt to the corner of D street for my first show at Cyrano’s Theater (the little theatre tucked away on the corner of D and 4th Avenue that I’ve always driven past and never noticed.)

I am here to see *You Can’t Take It With You*, the Pulitzer Prize winning play, written in 1936 by Moss Hart and George Kaufman. It takes place during the Great Depression, and addresses political issues from capitalism to the welfare system - many of the hot button topics we currently face.

It’s the matinee performance and I am surprised to see the room full of people waiting to be let in to the theater. When I close my eyes I inhale an old familiar smell: theatre – sweat, dust, paint and costumes. There really is nothing like it.

When the doors open, everyone floods in to find the best seat for the sold-out performance. They talk excitedly, balancing glasses of red wine and platters of cheese and crackers as jazz music blares out over the speakers. The set is on the floor and the seats are arranged in the round. As the lights dim for the start of the show I have to remind myself that this is a matinee, because from my seat, it feels like a Friday night.

The setting is the first floor of a house with bright striped

wallpaper, a staircase, couches and a dinner table. The set designer, Brian Saylor, utilizes levels well and keeps the set historically accurate; this could in fact be an American house in the 1930s.

The Sycamore family resides in this house. It is comprised of the mother, Penelope (Jenny Jirousek) who decides to write a play one day; the father, Paul Sycamore (Peter Porco), who peppers the show with his firework experiments in the basement; and their daughters Essie (Rachel Marquez) and Alice (Kelli Brown).

The Sycamores are a family that marches to their own beat, much to the chagrin of Alice Sycamore’s uptight Wall Street employers, the Kirby family, who choose the road of financial success.

It is the love story of Alice and Tony Kirby (Bradford Jackson), however - classic lovers from different worlds - that drives the plot of the play. It brings to light the age-old societal question, should we do what we love to do or what society says we ought to?

Playing the role of Grandpa Sycamore clan is the play’s director, Dick Reichman. He is the backbone of the cast, the human in the middle of so many characters. The ensemble characters, such as the drunken actress, Gay Wellington (Shai Bolkvadze), the Grand Duchess Olga Katrina



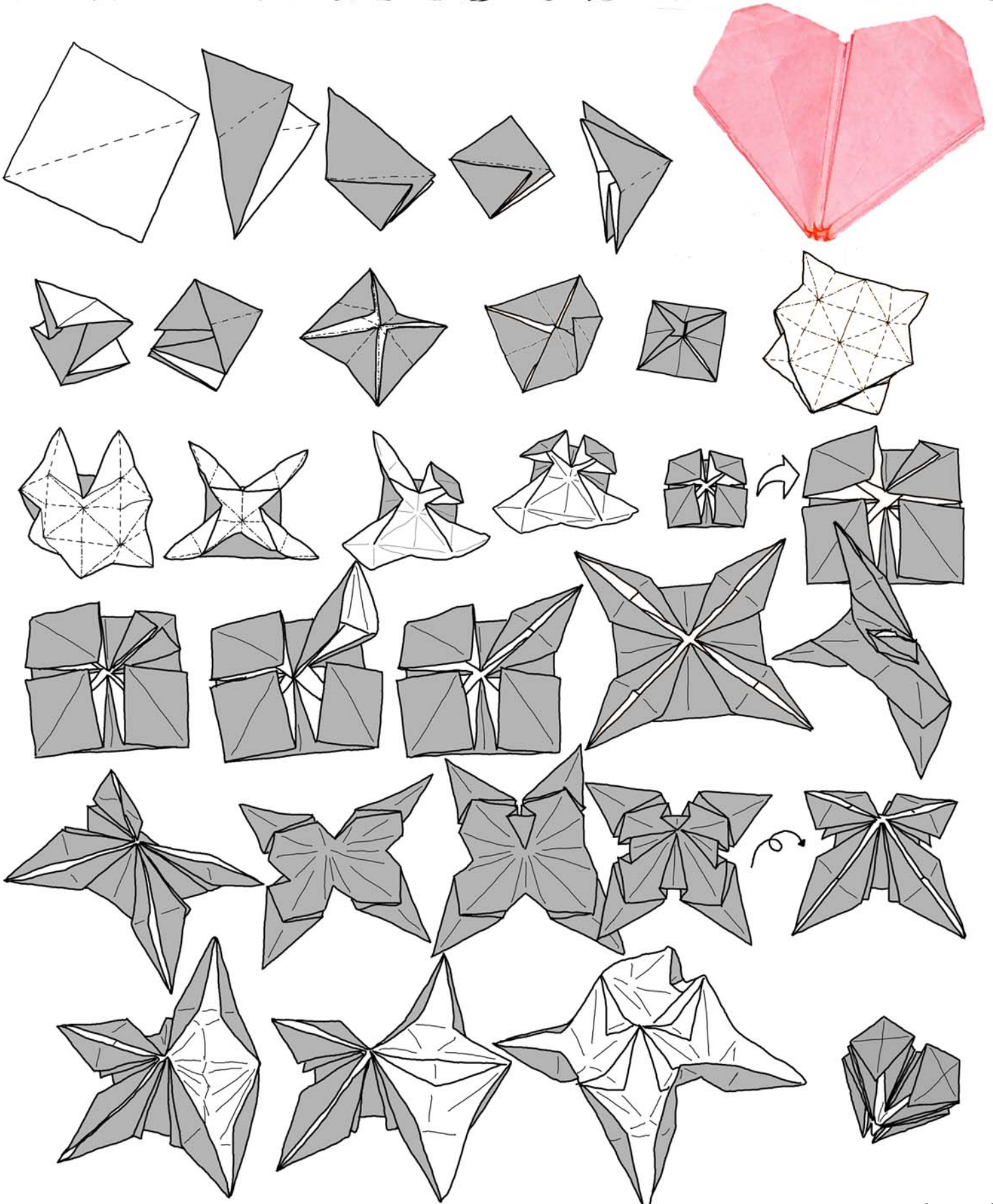
(Shai Bolkvadze) and the dance instructor, Boris Kolenkhov (Erick Hayden) are all pulled off without a hitch. The performance of these talented character actors delights with crisp physical comedy, but it is Reichman’s portrayal that brings this sometimes-saccharine sweet show back to earth.

Reichman’s the cast does a good job of handling their individual banter in the show’s chaotic scenes. At times the dialogue is not as high energy as it needs to be and tends to drag along - a common problem for matinee performers – but the show is rich with physical comedy, which keeps it moving, and every role has been very well cast.

The show is long, with two different intermissions, which is not a bad thing as there is wine and cheese at our disposal. In between breaks people chat with old friends and refill their glasses. When the show is over, the lights come up, the audience leaves and nearby restaurants and pubs fill up with afternoon theatre-goers.

This is my fourth year in Anchorage and I often feel myself yearning for culture - like the riches of cultural bliss I experienced living in Seattle. What I learned from my Sunday afternoon at the theatre in Anchorage, however, is that although you can’t take it with you, you can certainly take what’s there – all you have to do is look and find where it’s at.

HOW TO MAKE A HARD HEART



Old Boy

By: Trevor O'Hara

Sometimes, when he drank coffee in the mornings he could still taste the cigarettes from the decade before. They came back to him through the drifts of steam, the heat in the nostrils, and the cotton at the back of the mouth. On these mornings he would sit and remember. Quitting

was hard and he wondered if it was worth the memories. His wife had always said it would be the death of him. On these mornings he knew she was wrong. And he drank.

Poetry Is

By: Jimmi Ware

I think poetry is somewhere
Under the rainbow
Beyond the storm
In the warm rays of sun
Shining on all nations
It is the reuniting of friendships
On much needed vacations
Poetry is absorbing jazz when
Loneliness sets in
It is finding your voice
When the healing begins
Moaning the hurt away
Piano keys that tease pain
Poetry is the art of forgiveness
Loving those unable to love themselves
It is the human connection
Poetry is inspiration at twilight
Making love before midnight
Poetry is dancing with the Inupiat tribe
Poetry is feeling small at Arctic Ocean
Poetry is walking in summer rain
Poetry is Nina Simone and John Coltrane
On wax, Sly Stone on an 8 track
Poetry is Miles blowing and Lena Horne
Poetry is one joyful tear
Saving souls on a Tuesday
It is a white dress on a black bride
It is respecting Angela Davis' black pride
Poetry reveals what we try to hide
Loving the skin you're in is poetic
Poetry writes our wrongs and guides our pens
Poetry is the Optimists' Prayer
The Dragon slayer, rhyme with reason
The changing of season
It is all I need
It is the air I breathe





Excavation
 By: KB Imle

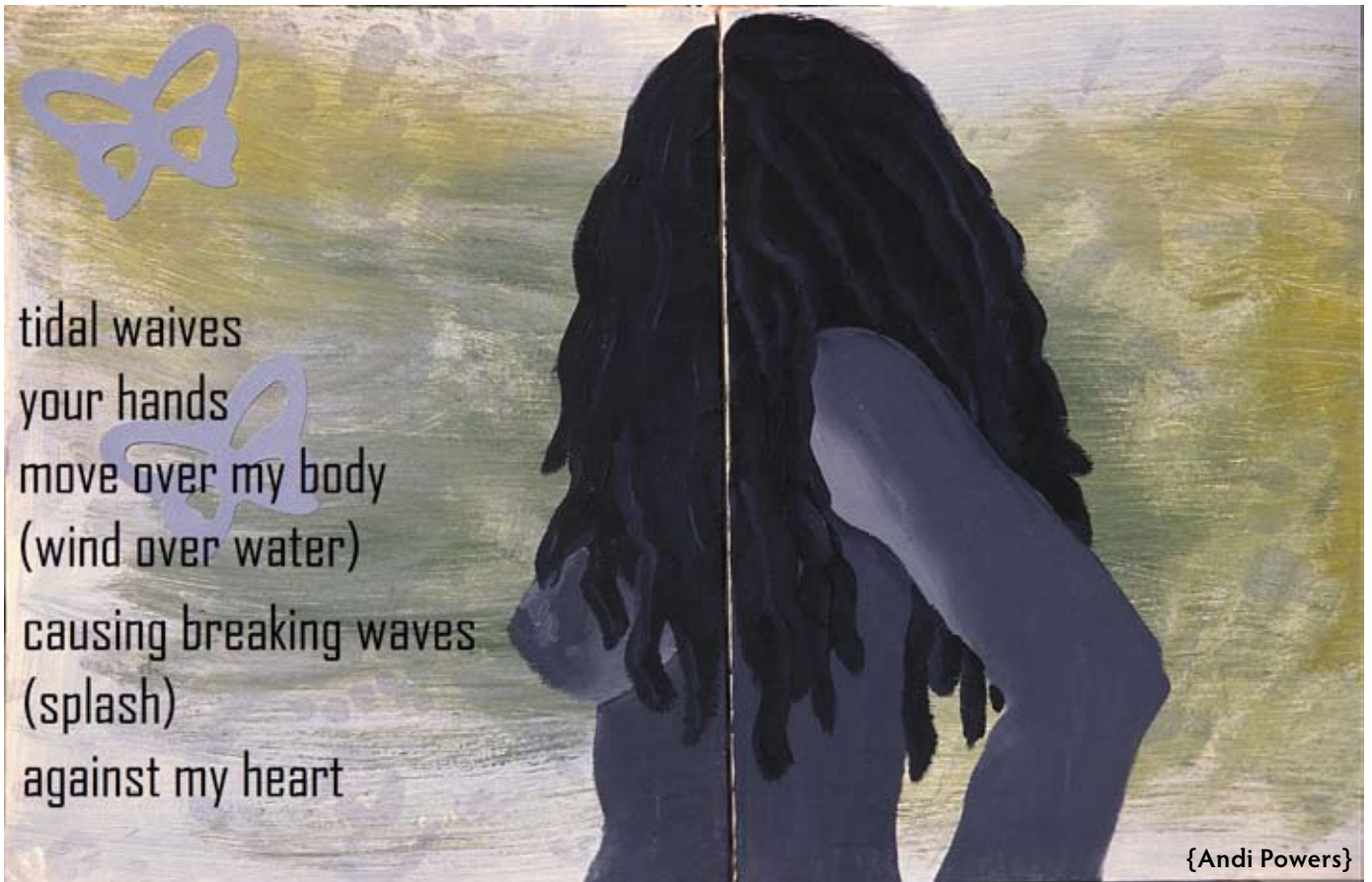
At its core, poetry
 Is anthropology:
 You know the bones are there
 Beneath layers of earth
 Or psyche, and all that remains
 Is to dig.
 Some days it's all effort and no payoff
 You haul in the machines to drag the words
 To the surface, and rearrange them into
 Something resembling a bone yard.
 Their hollow skulls
 Stare up out of the page, looking lost
 As if their subterranean forms could only survive
 Buried deep in whatever dream they came from.

Other poems are light as loam
 Just beneath the crust, cradled
 In the roots of trees
 Undamaged, their perfect skeletons
 Ready for display.

What Comes

By: Charlotte Alexander

Life Comes to us All
Laughter skipping across the sun
Tears forming pools upon the cheeks
Gentle words caress the soul
Swearing shouts rend the heart
Life comes to us all
Birth racking the body
Coos and smiles heal
First steps, first words, graduations
Life comes to us all
Always a circle rollicking
Spinning out of control
Greys, laughter ceasing
Tears unending in the moonlight
Softly as fog, violent as a rocket
Death comes to us all



tidal waives
your hands
move over my body
(wind over water)
causing breaking waves
(splash)
against my heart

letter to erica jong

dear ms. jong
the
mother of my hunger
i feel
the essence
of yr
dripping pen
like liquid desire

i suckle it
from
your cerebral bosom

let my plum tongue
tickle your
inspirational flower
& my lips taste your
poetic nectar

i get drunk
from your ink
intoxicating lust
yr lips silent
but,
yr heavy heart
succulent
soulsilk purse
full of pasien'd levelust

yr dripping pen strokes
like liquid fire

yr cerebral soul
the longing love
of the
infinite emptiness
of
man

Johnnie Jones II

contributor biographies

Alex Albrecht is a current student attending Colony High School in the Mat-su area where he hopes to graduate by the end of the school year. Afterwords he would like to do what every graduate wants to do and travel the world. He is very pleased to have his music review published, "something like that should be on every bucket list." **Charlotte Alexander** is an old lady who lives in a shoe. She has so many grandchildren and pets she doesn't what to do. So she writes poetry. **KB Imle** was born in Aberdeen, Scotland and raised in Alaska since the age of 3. She got her BA in Creative Writing from the University of Puget Sound in Tacoma, Washington, and then hit the ground running. Her writing took her from California, where she co-wrote and published a book, to West Africa, where she worked as a grant-writer for International Rescue Committee. After twelve years of wandering she finally wound up back in Alaska, in the thriving metropolis of Anchorage where she is now a Certified Rolfer as well as writer and general Jane of all trades. **Trevor O'Hara** was born and raised in Anchorage, Alaska. He is currently finishing an English/Literature degree at the University of Alaska Anchorage and he writes with the Afterthoughts/Life Partners, an Anchorage based writers' group. **Andi Powers** originally from Montana, Andi Powers began painting at the age of 12, watching the rapturous Bob Ross. At 13 she read her first beat poet. She has been writing and painting ever since. A graduate of APU, Andi currently bunks out in Fairview with her dog and continues to draw inspiration from all Alaska has to offer. **Jimmi Ware** Meeting Nikki Giovanni was a dream come true for this Alaskan poet. She is poised with purpose and works diligently in her state to unite cultures and promoty unity. Her southern roots and northern upbringing tends to give her poetry an urban flair with common sense and a dose of wisdom. Jimmi is published in Open my Eyes, Open my Soul along with Maya Angelou, Margaret Cho and Stevie Wonder. She is a poetic soul making a difference, one poem at a time. She is founder of the Black Feather P.O.E.T.S. (www.blackfeatherpoets.org)



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"An effective human being is a whole that is greater than the sum of its parts." Dr. Ida P. Rolf



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WATT

ART FOR FATHEADS

By Theodore Kincaid

I once paid U.A.A. 500 bucks to define what art is, four months later the class was left flat. The question of “what is art?” left even vaguer. Ask anybody “what is art?” and they will lay down in no uncertain terms exactly what art is, what it’s not, what art does for society and how it defines the culture – too bad nobody can agree.

This week I straddled the fence and immersed myself in two philosophical polarities – on one side the non-profit artists and on the other side a for-profit art gallery with a troupe of gallery or café setting, but holding a conversation with the for-profit gallery owner was more easy, comfortable and linear than expected and was a stark contrast with the non-profits. Trying to anchor a subject down and get a straight answer from non-profit artists is like trying to corral cats with oven mitts coated in K-Y Jelly.

After the interview with the gallery owner, I was filled with certainty and affirmation that as artists it is noble and right for an artist to produce what it takes to sell art and pay rent through the American capitalist tradition. She had no pretention and no sense of elitism for her methodology over the non-profit approach; she was calm, understanding and rational. I had developed a list of things with her help that would transform the non-profit world and help them see the bountiful gifts that my beloved Economics background had helped me realize. The free market was beautiful and would help artists determine what is good, what is bad, and what needs work through the amazingly Democratic process of survival of the fittest. Through the blessing of division of labor we would see artists thrive who would be able to spend more time devoted to art through losing their pretentious walls of self-righteousness and actually partake in commissions and mass-production to make ends meet instead of having to hold traditional jobs.

Non-profit artists may be the researchers for the art world

Five hours later I went to the IGCA for what I thought was going to be a symposium about the role of the artist in the Anchorage art market. Maybe it is my self-doubt or inquisitive nature perpetually re-evaluating the world around us, but the confidence in my free-market lust slowly dissipated and replaced it with the emptiness of confusion.

That night was a sampling of the who’s who of the contemporary art world and a couple returners. Needless to say they knew the microcosms they revolved in and I ended up keeping my mouth closed more than I am accustomed to.

They spoke of art collectives (a romantic idea almost all artists seem to love but few make work, it is harder to get artists to agree than Democrats), grant engines, performance artists, festivals and so no. None of which I was really interested in getting involved in, probably more

Most of their innovations will most likely be dismissed as is often the case with inventors, but it is possible their one breakthrough will be the resource that leads the next artistic trend which will make it all worth while.

out of a fear of commitment than idealistic divergence. The thing that interested me was less what they had to say but more how they spoke of it and how dismissive they were of my free-market proposals. They may be stuck in a rut, have a disdain for the market, a fear of thinking outside of the

box, lazy, have a hard time looking past whatever ego they cater to, but maybe not. Non-profit artists may be the researchers for the art world. Most of their innovations will most likely be dismissed as is often the case with inventors, but it is possible their one breakthrough will be the resource that leads the next artistic trend which will make it all worth while.

Now left with nothing but vague questions and hardly enough firm ground to write an editorial about, I ask my self this: Is the non-profit world a research organization for the science labs of the art world, or a club house for irrelevant elitists? If a professor twice my age who made it his profession, could not answer “what is art?”, then maybe it is arrogant to ever think I can. In the meantime, I am sticking with my Invisible Hand theories until this inner debate becomes transparent. Good luck!

Send hate mail to: HookHandMonkeyAss@yahoo.com

Kincaid is an arm-chair economist and local artist who thinks his farts smell like roses.

But who's don't?



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