

# Ladd's • edition

#2 - AUGUST 2024

LATE SUMMER

ROSE COLORED SUN

## FLOWERS BECOME FRUITS, SOON EATEN FROM TREES



### LADD'S CROWS: A TEMPORARY PEACE

CAROLINE HENDERSON

It all started last June, while walking home on Ladd Ave, nose buried in my phone when I grazed a low-hanging branch and suddenly felt something hard hit the back of my head. Startled, I looked up to see multiple black masses flapping in front of me then swooping back, temporarily out of sight but audibly in range. Then a neighbor out watering the garden yelled from across the street, motioning for me to take shelter. Disoriented, I ran over and she turned her hose on the pursuing offenders, warding them off so I could make my retreat home. For weeks after, I took alleyways, clutching my umbrella and shrinking at the sound of warning squawks or passing shadows cast on the pavement.

Eventually I sensed their ire had faded and I returned to my typical routes, gradually immune to the constant company of our plentiful aerial neighbors.

Then a few weeks ago, on a cool Friday morning on my way to Upper Left, I spotted a bed of grass and leaves on the ground, and then all at once heard a cacophony of angry shrieks and was bombarded by several of the winged specters swerving and diving inches from my head. I fled down the street, cowering and panting. On my way home, I took a different route, carefully avoiding the sidewalks and doing my best to project a nonthreatening and deferential demeanor. Rather than pass under the majestic but now ominous tree canopy, I

## ALLEY-SIDE SNACKS HAD ON QUIET WALKS

WILL MAIRS

An alley, NE quadrant of Ladd's Addition.

As I walk back diagonally from an afternoon coffee, trying, as is easy and urgent to do on a sunny summer day, to avoid returning indoors to work, I pass by broad, vine-y leaves, and, outrageously, I almost do not notice the bunches of grapes.

Something comes over me and suddenly I am a child again, as I stand in the sun and the stillness of the alley and test a single purple grape taken furtively from a vine that twists across an unknown neighbor's garage door.

I think it must be a concord, and squeeze it gently between thumb and finger to pop it from



its skin; it does not pop, and I toss it whole into my mouth.

It is delicious, this single grape, purple with the heat of months of sun, and among the teeny green grapes that wait, still ripening, I find

*continue on 6*

*continue on 4*



# GRASS SLANDER: "WHY COLONEL SUMMERS IS BETTER THAN YOUR PARK"

LORD HUMONGOUS

Around Belmont and 25th

Take this from an inner SE-erner: there's no park that has more Portland per square foot than Colonel Summers — the Dirty Kern, as the cool kids call it.

Only at the Dirty Kern — can you get, on the same chilly Saturday evening, a marching band playing Britney Spears, a game of softball being played by an entire, and bunch of people tagging the tennis court. If you want, you can watch it all while petting a dog (with the owners' consent), the community garden, or the pickup basketball going on.

Only at the Dirty Kern can someone with no impulse control be inspired to write a poem on

PDX Missed Connections:

MILFs, man  
I want to clap your cheeks  
And build legos with your kid.

The "M" doesn't need to be gendered: of course it includes wiry dadbois with mustaches and trucker caps and sexy, sexy wire-rimmed glasses.

It's not just springs and summers. Only at the Dirty Kern can find the perfect picnic table to dirty cry on under the winter rain. It's hidden under a bunch of trees, so you don't have to worry about running into the ex you met at

softball at the Dirty Kern. You can watch the RVs parked on Belmont whirring away, and dissociate the night away to stop yourself from impulse re-activating your dating app account.

In a way, the Dirty Kern is the Portland-er we all aspire to be. Boy, can it fit so many cool-and-or-dumb projects, so many impulse spring hangouts, so much winter depression and so much summer evening joy. Who needs a fancy rose garden? A community space is as cozy as we make it.

So take your shitty olive Subaru a few blocks of the only 7-11 in the area and join us.

Everyone's welcome. Except you, Rene Gonzalez. And Zionists, too.

## SPIDER SONNET

M. WEIERS

Within the tranquil silence of the night  
as fiery orbs trace paths in blackest heaven,  
she sews with sticky stitches, pulling taut  
the threads and lines her body has been given.

A tightrope tied across and then a Y,  
the acrobat begins her slow rotation.  
She fastens spokes and spirals under sky,  
then crawls to center, waiting for vibration.

When in this fragile fabric flaps a moth,  
then venom and straightjacket still the fury.  
Arachne siphons borrowed nectrous broth  
converting juice to silk geometry.

Our mortal dews in cosmic webs are hung  
as future fuel for patterns yet unstrung.



CAMMY YORK



**STOP THAT**  
IMAGES BY BRIGIT GALLOY





# COYOTE PACK SNIFFING ROSES

# SPOTTED

**WILL MAIRS**

Pack of 6 coyotes spotted enjoying the landscaping in Ladd's Circle! Eyewitness Devin first glimpsed them on an early morning run.

Could one of these canine cuties be responsible for another coyote sighting off of Division, darting silently into a hedge in the corner of the yard?

I personally haven't seen a coyote in Portland since that one frozen winter night in PDX long term parking, and I'm not sure if I feel unsettled or full of wonder to learn that Ladd's has so large a pack of carnivorous, outdoors-only, four-legged neighbors.

Presumably they were simply out on a stroll to kill some time before helping out with some deadheading. If you happen to come across this pack, please write in to Ladd's Edition so we can keep tabs on 'em!



↑ **MADD KRUIDENIER**

**Crows, continued from 1** opted to cross the west rose garden. As I cautiously trod through the dewy grass, I spotted a sleek, black specimen stationary by a budding rose bush, mere feet away. As I glanced at him, he looked toward me and in scarcely the blink of an eye, started his siren call. Immediately, the call echoed from all angles and a mass of frenetic creatures set after me, undeterred by my terrified whimpers and doubled over posture as I reckoned with how to cross the chasm of the single block journey to my house.

When I reached the threshold of my front door, my rattled nerves and shallow breathing gave way to anxious tears. After regaining some composure, I made a string of phone calls to critter control, Oregon Natural Resources, and half a dozen other dead-ends, before finally making contact with a specialist at Oregon **4** Fish and Wildlife who patiently listened to my

restrained account of the assailments and assured me that this behavior was quite unusual but likely the worst that would happen. She suggested advice I already knew: avoid the same walking routes and carry an umbrella. But she had no answers for the real question: how do I convince them that I'm a good person?

I had learned the year before that crows remember faces, hold grudges, and gossip. So after this repeat offense, it seemed they'd marked me as an enemy. My morning strolls through the idyllic streets of Ladd's Addition, usually an antidote to daily stressors, had become a fraught risk assessment, blurring the line between rational fear and superstitious paranoia. I assigned the feathered beasts a sort of moral omniscience. Could they sense my fear? Was that driving their mistrust in me? Had they been studying my movements all

year long and deemed me a perennial threat? Had I taken my favorite loop under the same gorgeous elms too many times, thus inducing their suspicion? Had I run too fast, gazed too penetratingly into the treetops... had I done something to justify this hostility?

I tempered these conjectures with the knowledge that their aggressive behavior was largely contained to the early summer while teaching their young to fly. And yet I wondered how long they'd hold their grudge. Would I need to steel myself for this annual period of combat or otherwise find a new neighborhood?

My overnight obsession leaked out into conversations with friends, coworkers, and acquaintances. With each exchange, I sought acknowledgment, assurance, but mostly answers to the question: why me? From those unfamiliar with the mysterious ways of these





**"PHOTONS"  
EZ EZEKIEL**

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**<- LILY HUDSON**

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primeval harbingers, I was met with enviable ignorance to the myriad of crow-facts I had now acquired ("wow, how strange!"). To those more accustomed neighbors, I detected an almost accusatory speculation ("you must have done something to set them off!"). Others versed in the symbolic notoriety of the birds approached the topic as an opportunity to shed my spiritual prejudice ("are you familiar with the significance of crows in other cultures?")

After a tortured week of trepid walks in the company of others, absconding by bicycle, and wrestling with my own anxieties from the shelter of my living room, I seized on the relief of two weeks out of town, to a climate without these ever-present migratory fowl, or at least without the ones that had decided to give me a bad reputation. I gratefully traded concrete streets devoid of shade for my usual leafy um-

bra, and dirty dull gray flocks for the glossy sable flyers. In the days leading up to my return, I felt a descending dread as I reached the end of the tether of logical hesitance. According to my nervous Google searches, my avian antagonists should have concluded their vigilant flying lessons by now. At some point, I would need to unfurl myself and find out if these airborne pursuers would extend to me a peace treaty, however temporary.

Slowly, my tentative circuit around Ladd's Circle gave way to the first reunion with my morning route. One week in, my heart does not leap quite as far into my throat at the stimuli of agitated caws, roving shadows, or a lone sentinel perched on a low branch. I may still hastily turn a corner at the sound of a combative chorus, or my fists may tense for a moment while passing under a potential roost. I am still

armed with my disguise of baseball cap and big sunglasses. But I am occasionally letting go long enough for my spine to lengthen, shoulders drop, and eyes float skyward. For now at least, I have made an uneasy peace with Ladd's Addition's resident crows.

**Postscript:**

One week later, walking past crows that gently, perhaps indifferently hop out of my path has me musing that one month of cautious avoidance may be a fair trade for eleven months of peace. That perhaps I should not judge them too harshly for their few weeks of ferocity. We'll see how I feel next June. ♦



1 a bunch of purple ones. I take this bunch, eat them one by one, and walk home feeling swell.

\*\*\*

Fruits, continued from 1  
As I write this, already it is mid-August, and I am feeling tragic to have spent any time at all doing anything other than eating fruit and laying lizard-like beneath the sun before slipping into a cool river.

Like springtime catalogs of flowers' blooms, suddenly all the juicy moments of fruits found sweetly on neighborhood walks become revelations I must attest to, and this summer's been a deeply sweet one.

Perhaps first of all were the cherries, whose outrage of blooms turned quietly into fruits. On one early walk it wasn't till I felt their squish that I noticed them, the cherries beneath me, and then, those above me too.

The low-hanging branches had already been picked clean, but I had nowhere to be, so I stood for a while, looking curiously into the trees, searching out a few reachable bites. So passed June.

Then the heat, the drama of the slow-ripening figs, forever green and growing quietly heavier, cursing the too-eager eater with palms of sticky latex.

Later, on a sweaty walk in dreadful heat, a blackberry bush shone for me, thorny and intrusive, wrapping itself around a telephone pole beneath a band of old tape. Lightheaded in the shimmering sun I popped a few into my mouth, their juice fully 100 degrees, and day-dreamt of a lover, traveling overseas, and tried to imagine what luxurious fruits overhang sidewalks abroad.

On a rainy day in July, while looking down, I noticed some teeny and mysterious orange berries, hiding in the ground cover, and felt captivated. By text a friend told me they were an ornamental rubus, but I had already kept walking, and I regret not having gone back to sample red raspberry's off-sweet cousin. Oh well; something lucky for the squirrels.

\*\*\*

I remember stumbling, some years back, beneath a persimmon tree, gleaming across an alley somewhere south of Division. I had never seen a more beautiful shade of orange, and my wandering path that day has since proved untraceable, the tree disappearing into a shimmer of light and dust whenever I get close to it, hiding itself from me when I seek it out.

Perhaps, in addition to the tragedy of uneaten-fruit, the wonder of a mysterious berry



↑ BRIGIT GALLOY



## TRUCK POEM

PAN MAIRS

I saw a truck in high heels  
her struts so expensive  
she had extensions  
and a matt black lip  
does he dictate her auto body  
I hope she has autonomy  
but he doesn't check in  
such an ignorant grin  
her shoes are too damn heavy  
the attention unbearable  
she's sick of people asking  
about her fillers

you've never tasted, there is a beautiful poetics of circumstance here too, and I struggle to wrap words around the sublime space that opens up in the only-unplanned finding of fruit that reaches down past a fence to stain your fingers. A peach grows somewhere out of sight; a grape catches in the corner of your eye; the apples are not ready yet.

Maybe we can call this summer. ♦





## "I LOVE PAPA JAY BEST OF ALL"

SOPHIE KRENSKY

Questions I had in December when the "I love Papa Jay best of all" sign appeared propped up on the tree outside our house:

Who is Papa Jay?

What are the loveable traits of Papa Jay?

Who are the "all" out of which Papa Jay is most loved?

Who made the sign?

Why didn't they affix it to the tree? (I'm grateful they didn't affix it to the tree)

Why this tree?

Why now?

Questions I have in March now that the sign is gone:

Who took the sign?

Was it always theirs?

Did Papa Jay reclaim it?

Did it absorb back into the tree?

Why now?



## Cute person with a dog named Cowboy (Ladd's Addition)

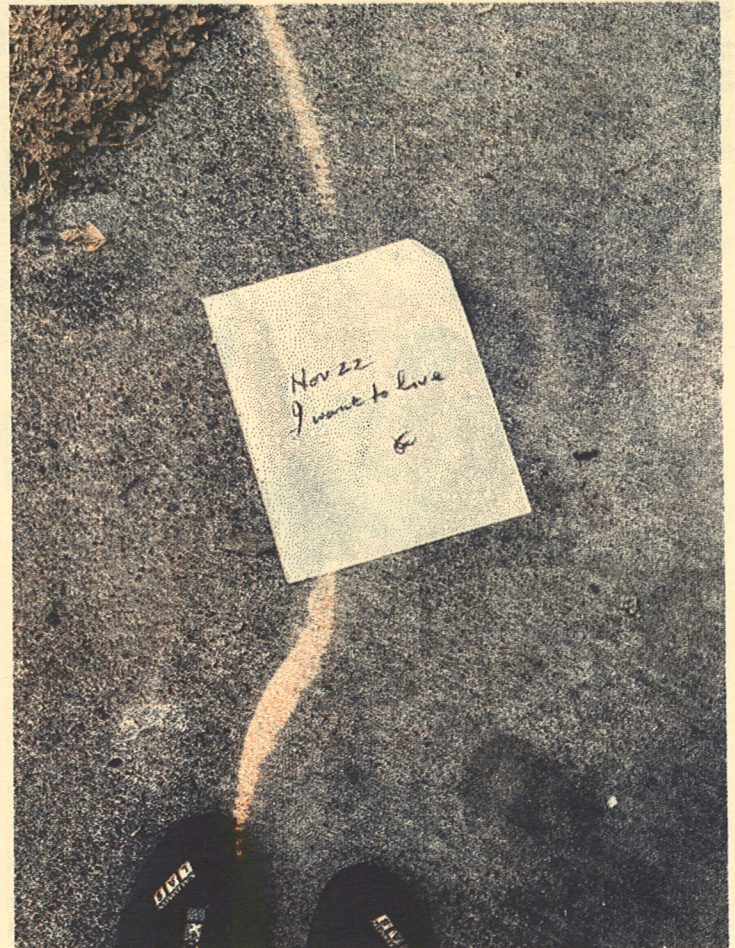
We were both at a yard sale on 7/27 and you seemed very outgoing and charismatic, and you were gorgeous. You had a Heeler named Cowboy, and we talked about possibly seeing each other at Sellwood Riverfront Park, but we never did. I thought you were beautiful and gave off queer vibes (I am nonbinary & pansexual). I talked about my dog and I made a tik tok audio quote that made you laugh. I hope you remember this interaction, and I hope you also are part of the queer community bc you were really pretty and I think we could connect over antiques and dogs.



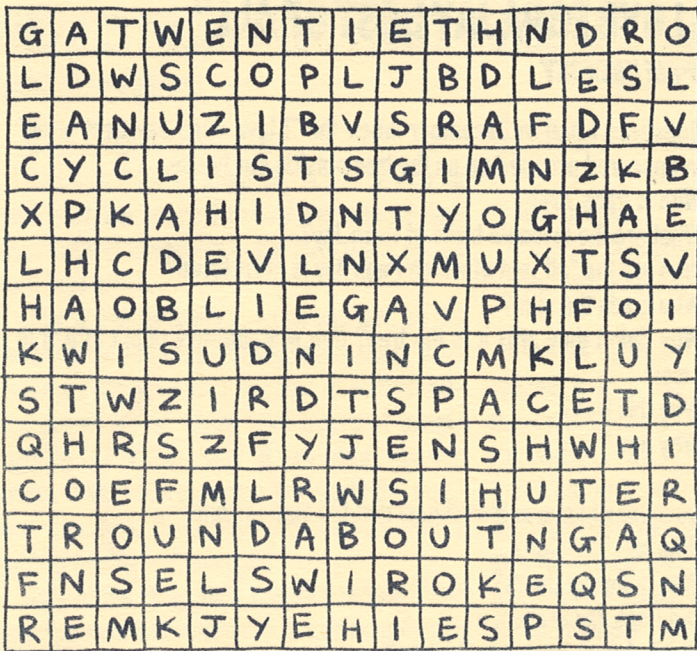
SE 21st near SE Hawthorne

google map

LAUREN VOIGT ↓







- TWELFTH
- TWENTIETH
- HAWTHORNE
- DIVISION
- ROSES
- DIAMONDS
- ROUNDABOUT
- CYCLISTS
- RESIDENTIAL
- SOUTHEAST

MADD KRUIDENIER

**\$3 SUGGESTED PRICE**

sliding scale!  
pay what you want!



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**NEW RISO SUPPLIER & ART SPACE TO OPEN IN LADD'S!**

Here at Ladd's Edition, we're extremely excited to hear about RISO STUDIO ARTS, a new, local Riso supplier opening up on Division this fall. With ink refills, Kelly Paper runs, Secret Room, and the IPRC all within walking distance, Ladd's is emerging as one of Portland's most livable neighborhoods for risograph printers.

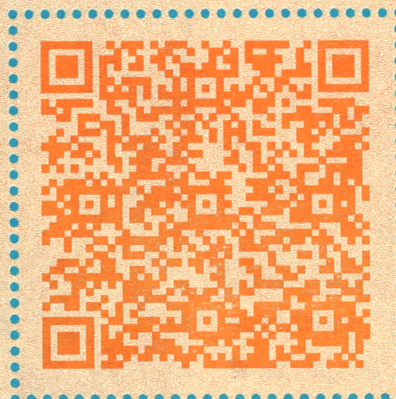
Personally, I can't wait to walk down the block to get a couple new tubes of scarlet.

**MYSTERIOUS PARTY AT OLD MEN'S WEARHOUSE**

CLASSIFIEDS



**LADD'S SUBMISSIONS & SUBSCRIPTIONS**



**ABOUT LADD'S EDITION**

Ladd's Edition is a small, possibly seasonal, local newsletter that collects various thoughts and images from SE portlanders, and then shares them in print. Submissions are rolling and (mostly) unprompted.

This edition has been unexpectedly full of words! How fun. Huge huge huge thanks to all of our contributors, subscribers — everyone who's eager to show up and turn out in print ~

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@wwmairs  
@everythingmatters.press

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