

ladd's edition

A FEW SUNNY DAYS TEASE SOGGY CITY



#3 - MARCH 2025
FALSE SPRING
SUN & MUD

SPRING IN SIGHT!

Kerns Neighborhood Assoc. Wins Pedestrian Safety Fix

Will Mairs

Responding to a letter drafted by the Kerns Neighborhood Association, Portland's Bureau of Environmental Services updated their Green Street and Sewer Project to include the daylighting of four additional high-traffic intersections along 28th Ave, in a small but important win for public safety and neighborhood organizing efforts.

continue on page 8

The Mad, Mod World of Patrick McGoohan's The Prisoner

Elora Powell

If you haven't heard a fan of weird, old, cult television shows rave to you about The Prisoner yet, you're about to.

continue on page 5

Baboons Deadass Got to Me

Sasha Laputina

I turn 26 today.

At the PDX Drug Dispensary for Peoplez from All Pathz, the shrinks give me 125mg of dusty Venlafaxine, some loopy Ambien, and kind words in the hope for a better future.

"You see, son, what you really need is a better past. We don't distribute that to people like you though. You gotta be at least a grade F1 patient to get that."

My hands form a cradle as I receive my meds.

"Ah, okay, yes. Thank you."

continue on page 2

National forecasts grim; local situation more a mixed bag

CROCUSES PAGE 4

POETRY PAGE 6

GOOD PALS PAGE 10



Losing focus, multiple ways

Danny

I haven't been sure what to write lately. As fall turns into winter, my camera has joined me on excursions less and less. A couple rolls came back with photos disappointing to what I was imagining, or hoping for. Maybe we have to mourn little losses, as creators.

There were, however, some interesting accidents. I'm not sure what happens with the exposure here. It's almost like the shutter was double-firing, the focus and light meter unable to adapt to and capture something as vast and vague as the sea that day. Or maybe that's just a poetic excuse.



I think, ultimately, I lost the plot a bit. Photos capture memories. They help compartmentalize good moments, mark them up as proof they existed (and in turn, I), and carry a weight beyond the artistic. Which should be good enough, right? Are they not still essential, impactful, important, if they're not as immediately, objectively provocative as I'd idealized? The more I've looked at them, the more they mean to me, like I never want to lose them. And that's something.

Baboons, continued from page 1

Been saying that a lot lately. I'm ah-okay-yes-ing when they tell me I'm unemployable, I'm ah-okay-yes-ing when they don't let me into a nightclub because my looks are 'too pervy,' I'm ah-okay-yes-ing when I talk to my grandma on the phone.

"Can you send me some cash, Gram? I'm just so fucking broke right now."

"I did not spend my whole life asking God to let me live to old age only to see my grandson grow up into a sissy."

2

"Ah, okay, yes."

"And stop it with the cursing. Happy birthday."

I hang up and wander around my empty apartment. I light my cigarette off the stove. My hand lingers as I consider keeping the gas on. No, not today. Not today because there's no one to tweet the Twitch stream link to my funeral.

Love Nature is on the boob tube, muted. There's a show about using baboons to search for water in the desert. The camera zooms in and out on a baboon snacking on its

snot while the narrator says some abstract bullshit about the species' incurably inquisitive nature. I switch to another channel and see her.

Masha-

We went to school together. Masha smelled like pink bubblegum, and I wanted to chew her. She used to sit two rows ahead of me in pre-calculus, next to a soccer player or something. Her body shrank whenever he coarsely called her Many; I wanted to punch him but I was weak.

I pick up my bee-boop machine and dial her. I don't expect to re-

Regardless, water is wet and rain is water and cameras mostly don't play well in it. As I've left the house, raincoat and boots on, I've glanced its way on the shelf and not motioned towards it. But now, as I'm writing this, I think I regret that. I've prioritized a perfect image over another purpose, over simply capturing to remember, and I don't think that's why I wanted to start taking photos in the first place.

So if I can sneak out there for some casual photos, between jaunts from dry to dry, warmth to warmth — good. And if the flashes look phony or the faces weren't quite framed, I'm starting to think that I shouldn't care so much. At least not enough to prevent me from doing it. I'll learn to like them anyway. ♦



member her number, but I do. I don't expect her to pick up, but the phone rings. And then it hits me: what am I gonna say?

What in the world can I tell her?

That I'm a fat dumb fuck from high school who remembers her phone number? Hey there how's it going I'm celebrating one month out of the mental asylum today on my birthday wandering through my empty apartment it feels like some transistors inside me have burned out or maybe just burned and the connection with the outside world is lost but you Ma-

sha you're still here you're my favorite thought ever and the memories of you have been feeding me through the years all that despite the fact that we hardly spoke to each other and when our Homer Simpson looking PE teacher called me a potato sack in front of everyone and your soccer player laughed and I stared at the floor as if to say "screw you, I don't care" but I was actually looking at your ballet shoes because only you Masha could come to PE class in ballet shoes and no one would give a damn only you Masha only you

All these years I dare not think of you when I'm falling asleep on strangers' ratty couches because I'm afraid of making you dirty. No, Masha—I only think of you in the park, or when I stand by the window, or when I see a jay or a dragonfly, or when I spread butter on bread and meticulously sprinkle it with salt. Only then, Masha. Only you—
"Hello?"

Her voice tastes like pink bubblegum, too.

"Misha... Is that you?" ♦



HAVE YOU SEEN THE CROCUSES?

illustration by Brigit Galloy, text by Will Mairs

It is just barely March, and outside a lover's home, in four or five small clumps, tucked against a fence by the sidewalk, the still-closed buds of luminous orange crocuses wait, curled, glowing with the streetlamps.

By morning they have popped open, taking long, sweet sips of the sunlight falling down on them from Hawthorne. Juicy with light and pollen, celebrating the warmth of a day that teases spring, they close again

by nightfall.

Have you seen the crocuses?

A week ago I saw giant patch of solid purple crocuses through a phone screen, and I felt a sort of flower envy. What was I doing inside?

It's slow work, emerging from winter patterns. I push a body through the mud; I shuffle towards the light.

The crocuses, tender and brave, remind me how, and on these first

warm days I think maybe this is all that matters, that we attend sweetly to the flowers, attune ourselves to their blooms, live closer to the bees.

Today there were striated purple and white ones too, orange sepals peaking though soft edges. I saw them, most deliciously, by chance, walking home from the store, and I remember for a moment to breathe. I inhale deep, pulling the damp earth into my body. I exhale, and let the sunlight cover my eyelids. It will rain again, we'll likely feel another frost. But here and there the flowers bloom, already living for the spring.

A product of the psychedelic sensibilities of a Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Heart's Club Band world, and the popularity of kitschy, action-packed spy television shows, *The Prisoner* was actor/director Patrick McGooohan's scathing commentary on society, and fascinating dive into psychology. After his stint as the main character of 60s spy show, *Danger Man*, McGooohan was ready to try his hand at something more thoughtful and experimental.

That project became a legend of science fiction and spy television. *The Prisoner*, originally intended to be seven episodes, is a seventeen-part miniseries about an unnamed spy who resigns, only to find himself drugged and dragged to a mysterious village where everyone's needs are met, but no one can get away.

Much of the appeal of the series is its setting. Filmed on location in Portmeirion in North Wales, "The Village" is as whimsical as it is menacing. Bright umbrellas, bubbling fountains, penny-farthing bicycles, lava lamps, tasseled canopies, and an ubiquitous, Albertus font create a perfectly absurd cover for the dark and ominous purposes of the prison. Paired with staring busts of ancients, the deadly weather balloon Rover, and the all-seeing see-saw of surveillance, they produce a subtle kind of dread—the fear inherent in a rapidly technologizing society.

Then, there is the intense, enigmatic character of McGooohan's Number 6. He is resolute, and single-minded. He is stalwart and sane when the rest of the world is bizarre and chaotic. Pitted against a slew of different faces under the title Number 2, he always seems to have the moral high ground, but never quite the upper-hand he needs to escape.

The show asks big questions. Most importantly, "Why?" What is wrong with the world today? What are we doing? Why are we doing it? But it honestly deals with the fact that when you start asking the big ques-

tions, you will start to learn things about yourself that you could never have anticipated.

I don't want to say that *The Prisoner* anticipates the world of the early 21st century—it's very late 1960s. But it does express sentiments that we continue to feel until this day—perhaps even more strongly now than then.

We too live in a world where everything is a spectacle. Bright colors and cheerful advertising surround us. Rarely are we called upon to question what lies underneath the smiles of the people around us. We too are told to "feel free" regardless of whether we are or not. We're not to rock the boat. We're not to chal-

lenge authority. We're not to be unhappy. We're not to try to escape the numbing pleasures that have been provided to us.

The best part about *The Prisoner* though, is that it's not just sociological critique, it's searing self-inquiry. If you're ready for a wild ride through a mad, mod, 1960s dystopian landscape, go ahead and find *The Prisoner*. I've found the DVDs have made themselves at home on the shelves of many local libraries. Be prepared though. If ever you start to think you've cracked the riddle, or figured out what is going on in *The Village*, you're probably in for a surprise. ♦



Enough

Marvin Parra

When is enough, enough? Enough.
Enough. Enough: as many as is
required.

I require deep, intentional care:
give me water and a place to sit, so I
can rest my thoughts and
feel my emotions. Enough. Stop.
Slow. Pause.

Intentional with the movement
of my feet and when I take a deep
breath. Inhale.

Inhale. Inhale.

Exhale slowly, releasing the
sounds of doubt.

You understand what it takes to
exist and walk this earth with grace.

Say thank you to all things, both
seen and unseen. Speak kind words
to those you
love.

Learn to love, and love, and love,
and love.

The other day, the birds sang loudly.
The sky was grim, the air cold, but
still, they sang
on and on and on.

Enough. Was it enough? Is it ever
enough?

As I keep moving forward, I look
up at the blue sky during the day,
with the moon in sight.

I am grateful.

As time passes through me, I am
sure in my heart that you and I tried
our best
to be here and love.

Enough is enough.

Winter Fingers

Gabriel Matthew Granillo

the roses lie
halved
and naked
in the
uncaring wind

waiting
in their mounds
yearning
to become
what they always were



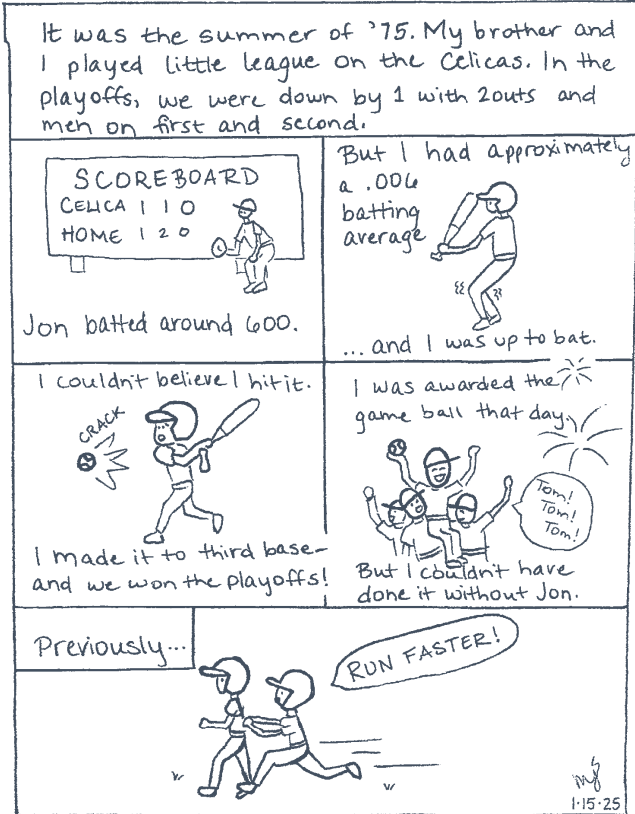
Dawson Redmond



Cynthia King

Summer of '75

Jamie Jefferson



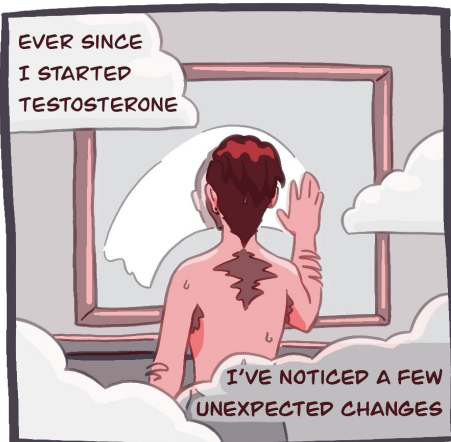
Puddle Wonder

a poem for kids
Stefan Karlsson

Some puddles go SPLASH,
other puddles splish.
Some are deep as wishing wells,
others only wish.
Some puddles go kerplunk!
Some barely spout a drop.
Some will make you slip and slide,
flip, or belly-flop.
Some puddles splutter mud,
some reflect the stars.
Some are T. Rex footprints,
others tracks of cars.
Some puddles are like poems,
they're bottomlessly deep,
daring you to dash right in
or—daringly—leap!

WHO'S THAT CRYPTID?

BY JONAH LEAHY



Bad Love Poem #303

East Humbug

I wish I was dead, or you loved me
but I'm being dramatic, I know
It comes with the territory—
New year's eve, mistletoe

The very idea of kissing
the wrong face at the wrong time
fills me with decadent rage
No one could write it,
not even Sondheim

I wish I was dead, or you loved me
I wish that the moon was green
I wish there was a heaven
That dogs ran congress and
Cats ran the military

But the world seems to keep on
spinning
I keep on flapping my jaw
I keep on getting older
Happy new year, yippee kay-ay
Hee Haw

Building upon KNA's success, the Buckman Community Association in its January meeting proposed drafting a letter of their own to advocate for additional intersection daylighting in their neighborhood too. Initial support for the proposed daylighting effort was unanimous.

Daylighting intersections, the process of clearing intersections of physical barriers, usually parked cars and trucks that prevent drivers from seeing cyclists and pedestrians, remains one of the fastest and cheapest ways for cities to reduce the preventable injuries and deaths caused by car dependent infrastructure. These intersection interventions can be as simple as installing bike racks, concrete planters, or plastic bollards to prevent sight lines from being obstructed, but their design goals can also be integrated into existing city infrastructure projects, as is the case with the Green Street curb extensions planned by BES, those sunken curbside planters that both filter stormwater to mitigate flooding and help to protect pedestrians from vehicle traffic.

Oregon state law (ORS 811.550 §17) prohibits parking cars or trucks within 20 feet of a crosswalk, and Portland's own city code (Chapter 16.20.130) details further regulations to maintain pedestrian visibility and safety at intersections, but PBOT and the city have been notoriously non-compliant with their own ordinances. It wasn't until the killing of Elijah Coe by a car on East Burnside and the subsequent \$5.9 million negligence lawsuit against the city in 2020 that PBOT starting taking intersection daylighting seriously.

Although the city has since taken some measures to improve visibility at intersections and protect pedestrians, there are still approximately 4,000 dangerous intersections where pedestrians and cyclists cannot safely use city streets, according to a 2024 analysis.

PBOT has set aside funding to daylight just 200 intersections in the next



Daniel Stone

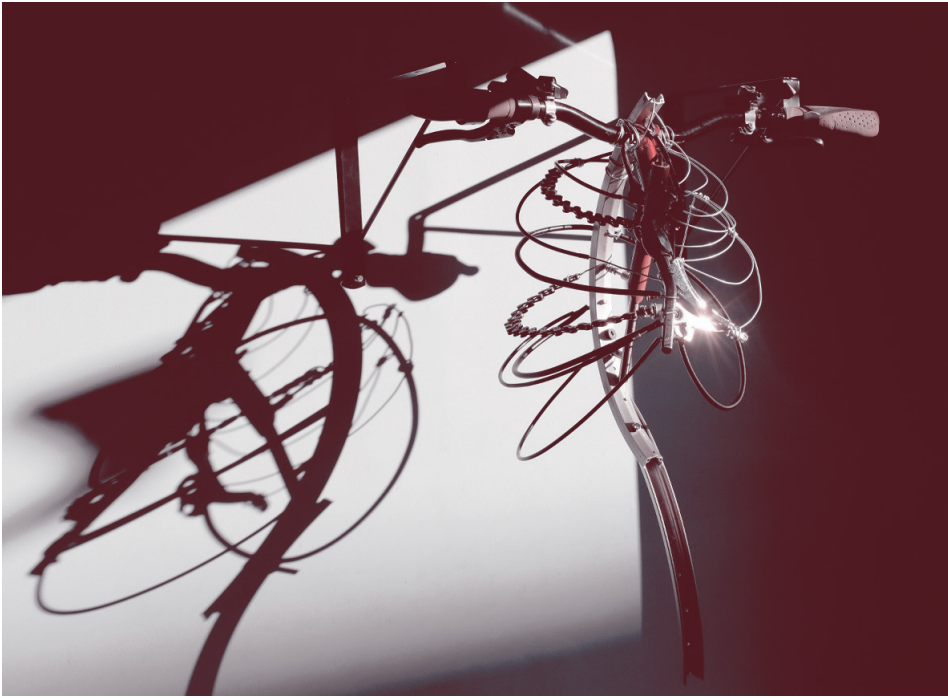
two years, as first reported by Bike Portland.

Responding to questions at KNA's February meeting, Debbie Castleton from the Bureau of Environmental Services explained how although it is normally up to PBOT to decide which intersections to daylight, in this case, direct community engagement from Kerns prompted BES to take up the issue and work with PBOT to improve a few more intersections alongside their current project.

While Castleton and BES are hopeful that their bureau might be able to standardize the community feedback process that led to the additional safety improvements, much remains to be done to make Portland's streets safe for everyone, and support seems to be wavering within

neighborhood organizations to fight to keep PBOT and Portland's streets compliant with the safety regulations that already exist in state and local law. In the lead up to the Buckman Community Association's next meeting, opponents of daylighting are rallying behind the specter of lost parking, a perennial red herring in discussions about how to ameliorate the glaring public safety downsides of car dependent city planning.

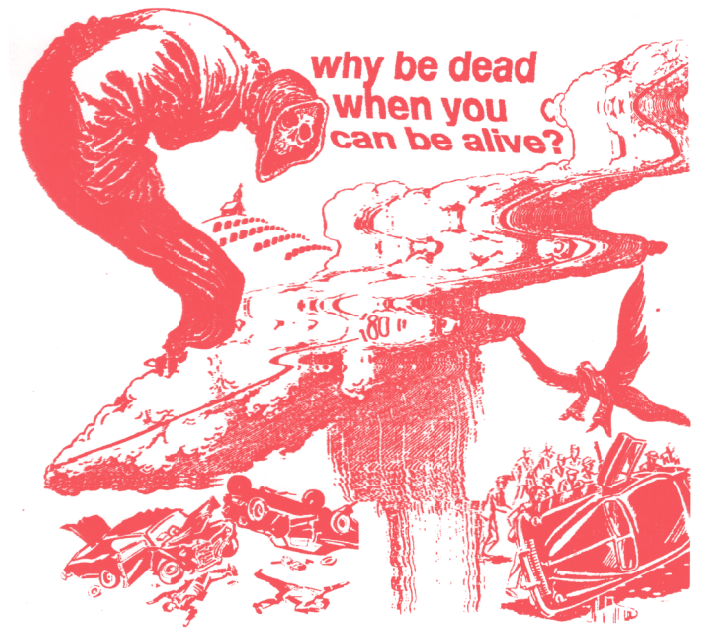
The question of whether to support daylighting efforts and follow these existing and lawful public safety regulations will be up for discussion at the Buckman Community Association's next meeting, on March 13th, 7-9PM. Meetings are hybrid, at 1137 SE 20th Ave and buckmanpdx.org. ♦



Suhl Hong



Stephen Belovarich



Trevor Slavin

Sweet pals!

Look at all these good sweet pals!!! Here at Ladd's Edition we take very seriously the absolutely crucial task of distributing gorgeous photographs of neighborhood pets living their stunning lives.

This is urgent work, and we're here to do it. Help us work towards this noble and lofty goal!

We've got a nice representation of the SE dog contingent this time, but we could use some more cats, and quite frankly, some non-traditional pets as well. Who's got a ferret?? Who's out here with hairless guinea pigs? Anyone got a foul-mouthed parrot? We wanna see!!!





Finn Dijkstra



Justine Yee



Haley Garcia

(okay, these are actually pumpkins, and not in fact dogs or cats, but they're p cute and definitely earned their day in the sun)



Izaac Spencer



suggested price
\$5.00
 pay what you want!



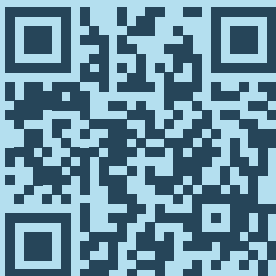
scan to pay by venmo or card~



Hoyt Hoyt

Submit to the next issue!

Long live print! Send in something neat!



Classifieds

The Most Strange Telephone and Other Memories: a Release Reading at the IPRC

Please join the IPRC Community for a Artist Lecture and Reading to celebrate the recent release of Leslie Hickey's *The Most Strange Telephone and Other Memories*. Leslie will begin her lecture by giving a short reading from her book and then describe the evolution of the project and her book-making process.

Friday, March 7, 2025
 7:00 PM 9:00 PM
 IPRC Studios
 318 SE Main St, #155



@DOGCIYPLATES

**CIS PEOPLE
 AREN'T REAL
 EITHER!**

Contributors

- Brandon Brezic
- Cynthia King
- Daniel Stone
- Danny
- Dawson Redmond
- East Humbug
- Elora Powell
- Finn Dijkstra
- Gabriel Matthew Granillo
- Haley Garcia
- Hoyt Hoyt
- illustration by Brigit Galloy, text by Will Mairs
- Izaak Spencer
- Jamie Jefferson
- Justine Yee
- Marvin Parra
- Sasha Laputina
- Stefan Karlsson
- Stephen Belovarich
- Suhl Hong
- Trevor Slavin
- Will Mairs

About Ladd's Edition

Ladd's Edition is a somewhat seasonal, short run local newsletter compiled and printed in SE Portland.

We ask, mostly: what are my neighbors thinking about? Let's see! This go around we got lots of wordsss, lovely images, a coupla sweet lil comics, and some excellent pet content.

Contributions are collected through flyer from folks in Kerns, Buckman, and of course, Hosford Abernathy. Thank you for being here, all you goofs.

Printed in SE Portland on a Riso MZ790u in Midnight, Scarlet, Aqua, and Melon inks. Paper is 60lb Lettermark Opaque Text. Type is set in Futura PT, VTC Tatsuro, and Clarendon URW/ Typesetting and printing by wwmairs.

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