

ladd's edition

RAIN AGAIN



ROSES PAGE 3

BAD TREES PAGE 5

GOOD TREES PAGE 9



#4 - OCTOBER 2025
EARLY FALL
SUN ALSO TOO!

FROG, NEWLYWEDS MOCK FEDS

The Tree Cutter

Bill Zumwalt

He's about 20 feet up in the tree, leaning slightly forward in his harness as he puts a relief cut on the top of the limb; he pulls the chainsaw back and makes another cut to the bottom. Before he makes the final cut he looks down to make sure the drop zone is clear.

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A fly flew into my eye!

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October Art Shows to Catch

Joy Ulienne Alice

A new Portland residency, the Lumber Room, and more!

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Alternative Ladd's Layouts

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Contributors

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Letter from the editor

Wow! This edition sure took a while putting together. First it was gonna be early summer, then mid summer, then late summer, and here we are now, fully in October!

Folks submitted some excellent things for this volume (much talk of trees!). As always, I'm tremendously stoked to get to share some neighborhood thoughts in print, and hope that you're glad to be here too.

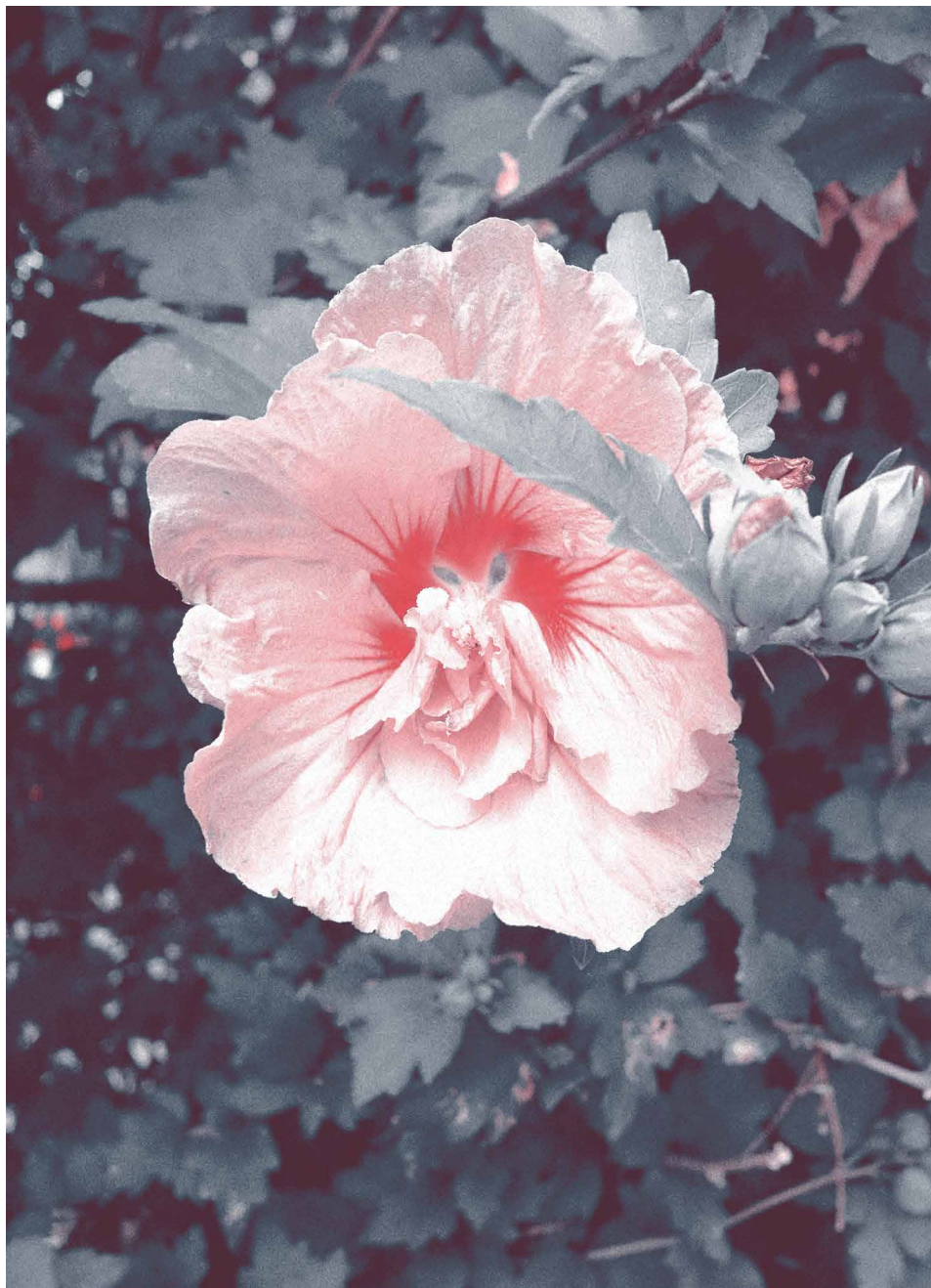
It sure has been a helluva summer. This are looking..... messy and bad. I for one am seeking solace and vibes in my communities, and I'm grateful that this project seems to be keeping its momentum.

What have these last months felt like to you? What keeps you moving forward? What good trouble do you dream of? What do you hold on to, steadying for the fight?

For me, it feels deeply urgent to exist locally and get to know my neighbors.

Oh god,

-wwm



Matt

What is Ladd's Edition?

Ladd's Edition is a silly and earnest, risograph-printed, short run local newspaper compiled and printed in SE Portland.

Contributions come from flyer-ing pushes in the neighborhood, and anyone is welcome to submit! Ladd's is all about our neighborhood scene, and focuses on inner SE Portland, primarily Buckman, Kerns, and of course Hosford-Abernathy.

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@everythingmatters.press

Roses of the Night

Mitchie

As my heart radiates with strength and resilience, I find immense joy wandering the streets at night. A strange hobby, indeed, venturing out after a meal into the delicate night, summer and still light. Homes glistening with television sets, warmth still rising from the asphalt. My inner soul sings at this small adventure. Feeling so powerful, gazing up at the full moon, and knowing the greatness within.

My thoughts turned off, I can only feel. The roses greet me with graceful cheers. Each with their unique colours and hues. Aromas galore. I love twirling through these gardens. With no one watching but my inner child. She giggles with happiness. All the darkness melting away into the sky as the summer evening begins to set in.

The roses give me their love, and I give them adoration. We have a

symbiotic relationship. I can see them from my window, and I know the glory they contain. Their brilliance increases after each visit, and my confidence teems with life after my short conversations with the stems.

The roses teach me who to keep in my life. They remind me what brings me joy. What makes me, me. The soft petals whisper in my ear and teach me of my greatness. Something I long forgot after shaping myself into a small box to fit someone's needs. The thorns prick my skin slightly, reinforcing the caution I must take with love, and to always remain true to myself.

I lost myself, amidst the trees and darkness, the sorrow and woe, the wallowing and worry. The night walks brought life back into my legs and guided me to the roses I always admired from afar. I know they will leave soon, but I also know they will

be back. And it is this knowledge I must keep close, for it is an important lesson of life. Love should feel easy, beautiful, reliable and trusting. Roses have their thorns, but they are forgiving. Their aromas fade, their petals die, but the bushes remain throughout the year, there for you to whisper and wander through.

The roses taught me love is delicate and patient. Love is something I thought I knew, but I have yet to feel the softness of the blossoms on my lips, nor heard the rustling of the leaves in my soul. Goodbye to you, and good riddance. For you are not my rose. I am my own rose, delicate and stunning in the summer night. And I know what love must look like. The thorns in this world prick, but love is kind.

9 June 2025

Johnny Ramone
(very friendly)



October Art Shows to Catch

Joy Ulienne Alice

There's a lot happening this October. My list of sights to catch are the following:

1. Return Form, one night only artist showcase. Saturday, October 18th 7pm-10pm, 412 NW Couch St. This will be the culmination of work of 15 artists during their Return Form residency the past 4 months. I'm expecting to see a little of everything. They are requesting RSVP at the link in the Return Form instagram (return-form).

2. LP Show at Albina Press on N Albina- 100 artists replicating 100 album covers. This show spans the walls of the coffee shop and offers a nostalgic presence.

3. The Wandering Womb - Louise Bourgeois and Isabelle Albuquerque at Lumber Room. The opening for this show was so well attended that there was actually a wait to get in at some points in the night. It was worth it to see the art- in the elevator, main gallery, and screening room. I would reach out to the gallery directly to see when viewing hours will be held at (lumberroompdx) on instagram.

4. At home in Ourselves by Nicole and Maxim Seisler at Hide



Tender Echoes by Emily Rae Counts at Nationale

and Seek Gallery. This display of ceramics and hand molds is sure to resonate with anyone who uses clay or appreciates those who do. There is also an endearing print of "rules for clay" by Maxim that would be a great addition to a clay studio space. The gallery is open on Fridays from noon- 1:30pm or by appointment at (hideandseekgallery) instagram.

5. Tender Echoes by Emily Rae Counts and Ceremony for the Winged by Laura Camila Medina both at Nationale Gallery. Tender Echoes is an elaborate display of ceramics that is sure to fill your daily

quota of whimsy. There's everything from apples to busts, and each piece is intricately designed. Ceremony for the Winged is a projection of videos onto a tapestry, with many small sculptural elements. It's sure to be a reflective immersion experience.

There's so much happening around town that I'm considering doing a second list of places to see, but let me know how you all enjoyed these shows!

Check out more of Joy Alice's writing on the Portland art scene, @lovenotesfromalurker on Substack.



Trees stripped, chopped, chipped

Will Mairs



Four Trees-of-Heaven were removed from Alder Street late this summer, on the dusty stretch between 28th and 29th Ave.

The insanely-hearty invasives, identified as a nuisance tree by the City of Portland, were felled this fall after being ring-barked and left to fully die in the late summer sun.

Historically both renowned and reviled in the US for growing insanely fast (up to 7ft in its first years) the trees are notoriously difficult to control and can grow literally out of concrete. Cutting alone does not contain their spread; unless killed first, the root system will send up clone shoots even after the main tree has been removed.

Their ability to grow in acidic, high-salt, or otherwise barren environments is a somewhat mixed bag: the tree-of-heaven is hearty and bonkers enough to re-vegetate some of the nastiest waste fields created by industrial extraction.

But their unchecked spread, and wild growth, has created a pretty

significant ecological and economic threat.

Although trees-of-heaven have been recognized as a nuisance as early as 1886 in Atlanta, they have at times enjoyed misguided popularity as fast and easy shade trees, before spreading like crazy across North American cities and fields, where they now regularly out-compete native plants.

Worse still, trees-of-heaven are the preferred host of another extremely narsty invasive, the spotted lanternfly.

(They're also poisonous, and have the lofty distinction of being a so-called "cum tree," a title shared by another awful invasive, the Bradford Pear, which this author finds, frankly, to smell about a million times worse).

Introduced to the states in 1784 by super rich colonial fancy-man and botanist William Hamilton, trees-of-heaven were already a popular exotic ornamental back in England. They were first documented in Oregon in Wasco County in 1904, and

are currently considered by the state to be a "B Rated Weed," a devastating read.

Despite all this, I still felt weirdly sad to stumble across them on a sunny early September afternoon, seeing them bleeding out, a foot-wide ring of bark torn from their trunks.

I returned weeks later to see a row of stumps and piles of sawdust. I know they can't stay, that they're causing wild damage to fragile systems here, but I'm somehow squeamish about their killing. I end up feeling something similar about the lanternflies too, which are altogether much too pretty for the amount of destruction they cause. Someplace else we could say they're lovely.

No one employ me in forest management.

For more info on the City's nuisance tree list, and visit: <https://www.portland.gov/trees/tree-planting/native-and-nuisance-trees/nuisance-tree-list-1>

Danny Reviews Fantino

Danny

A new restaurant recently appeared on SE Division St., near where I live.

Portland is full of good food. I don't know if it's something that it's known for nationally, but it should be. I've been really, really impressed ever since moving here over three years ago. It's one of the first points I bring up when people ask me what it's like to live here.

Now, I'll cut this off by saying I'm not a "foodie." I don't even like that word, and I don't know how many people actually do these days. It feels passé, almost uncomfortable to say. But it still carries a certain connotation, one that I feel I must preemptively nip in the bud. I barely cook for myself. Frozen Trader Joe's meals provide me more weekly sustenance than I'd typically care to admit. I'm definitely more of an "eat to live" person, vs the inverse. But, since moving here, I've gotten more into what a really good meal in the restaurant scene can be like. Sure, I still don't really cook, but I can appre-

ciate and enjoy when someone who does, does it really well.

My girlfriend Cosima is primarily responsible for this restaurant-renaissance in my life, so most of these food reviews will include her participation. Our experience at Fantino this past Thursday evening was no exception.

We arrived shortly after 5 o'clock, aiming to get there early to beat some of the crowds. It just opened recently, has been seeing some social media buzz, and they don't take reservations unless your party is six or more. Unfortunately for us, a couple of those parties had made reservations that night, one of them being a whopping 14-top. When a restaurant only seats about 30+, like Fantino does, a few large reservations will really monopolize tables. We elected to put a name down after being told that it would be an hour wait, left a phone number with staff, and walked to a bar down the street to sit

outside and enjoy the uncharacteristically pleasant February evening.

One beer turned into two, and we still hadn't received a text. Cosima was convinced that something was wrong, and because they didn't have any sort of text service, just a guy writing down numbers by hand (with questionably legible penmanship—are those 8s?) and texting from his personal cell phone, there was cause for concern. Alas, we finally received a text, and quickly made our way over.

We were seated at the bar, an elegant counter in the back corner of the room that holds maybe 6-8 folks. Because we were starving, and not particularly picky, bar-seating was plenty sufficient. The atmosphere was lively and positive, the volume loud but not overbearing. Lighting was warm and orangey, the kind that makes everyone look good, but still bright enough to see. The solo bartender was efficient and attentive, and we quickly ordered cocktails and perused the menu.

"Fantino" means



"Jockey" in Italian, and the decor knew the assignment. There were pictures of horses everywhere. A small tv about the size of a breadbox (shout-out 20 Questions) in the corner behind the bar played old VHS tapes of horse races. The waitstaff had to change and rewind the tapes what seemed to be way too often to be reasonable, and I ventured to guess that that little feature may not survive long in a busy setting. The menu was concise, a single page, featuring antipasti, insalata, pasta, and mains. Behind the bar, there was a huge slab of focaccia being cut into sporadically and shuffled out to tables.

We got an order of focaccia and the Fantino salad, which was a take on a caesar. The focaccia was dense and bready with a delicious butter side that we wished was more heartily portioned (I'm sure you can ask for more). The salad was great. Instead of mains, we elected to order two pastas: pappardelle ragu and fettuccine carbonara. Cosima, my Pasta Queen, asserted first that there's "no such thing as a fettuccine carbonara. It's supposed to be spaghetti or bucatini." Next, the consistency of the pasta was kind of weird. The flavors were great. The meat in each dish was portioned well and tasted excellent. But the shape and thickness of the noodles were all over the place. Some were thick and chewy, some seemed narrow as spaghetti. It definitely gave "homemade pasta" vibes, but one wonders how much that rustic charm appeals at \$24 a plate. Even homemade pasta, especially restaurant quality, should be more steady. For that price-point or less, we've found much better in Portland.

Dessert was a simple, appealing

butterscotch budino. It had a little salt and cream, and played like a pudding. I thought it was great, but Cosima's more discerning palette felt the consistency was grainy. I didn't strongly object, and next time I would probably elect to get dessert elsewhere, but it's worth a go.

Overall, we LOVED the vibe, thought the waitstaff were excellent, and generally wish good things for the establishment off Division St. No larger than a double-wide, it was

cozy, inviting, and charming. Though the prices felt a little high and the pasta was disappointing, everything felt thoughtful and bespoke. We can't speak for the mains, but we'll be back for some meatballs. Bring a date, or a few friends (make a reservation if you have enough!), and check it out.

8/10

Matt



When he sees me below he kills the saw, removes his ear protection and asks me to move back. This is the third time he's made the request and I decide to retreat to the safety of the deck and make my observations from there.

When I'm safely away, he covers his ears and, with a single pull, starts the saw. Next he shouts "headache!" and quickly cuts the limb flush with the trunk. It lands with a thunk on top of the branches below. He drops the saw to hang from his waist on its tether and climbs up several feet to make the next cut. This is the pattern he's used making his way up the trunk taking off all the limbs. There are only about three feet of tree left above him, so he cuts off the crown and prepares to move down.

As he descends he cuts the main trunk into 4 foot sections letting them fall to the ground. The final cut is 8 inches above the ground where the stump grinder will take care of what's left.

The process was surprisingly quiet; the saw was not running the entire time. I heard limbs falling, rope

shuffling through the leaves, boots scraping along the bark of the trunk; all punctuated with short bursts of the pulsing, keening sound of a chainsaw engine, and shouts of "headache."

When he first arrived, he asked "Is this the tree?" I say "Yes." It's about 25 feet tall and perhaps 15 feet across. It's not a pretty tree; probably never been pruned; many dead and scraggly branches, crossing limbs, and multiple, uneven leads. The branches reach to the ground creating a wall around the base. Years ago the wind must have knocked one of the main trunks down where it has rooted and grown into a secondary trunk.

He pushes his way through the branches to reach the center; while in there he grabs the trunks and gives them a shake; doing the same to some of the larger limbs. He emerges from the thicket with a handful of leaves. He observes them in the sunlight and then rubs several of them between his hands and smells the result. "Some kind of crabapple," he proclaims. "Not sure if it's native. Probably a volunteer planted by the crows. Or a squirrel." Stepping back to get a full view, he walks around the tree as far as he's able before running up against a fence.

"You want it taken out?"

"Yes, I think so."

"I could remove both secondary leads, take out all the dead wood, lift the canopy, and get it off the fence. This would free the main lead and branches would fill in any bare spots quickly. With yearly pruning, it would be a great tree in no time."

I can tell by his words and the expression on his face as he talks about it, that he wants to save the tree. But I have a landscape drawing and that



tree is in the middle of my yet-to-be patio. I say "It needs to go."

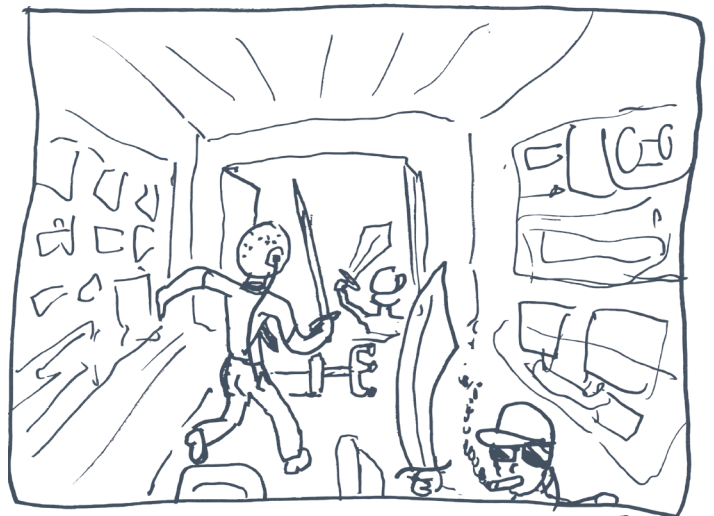
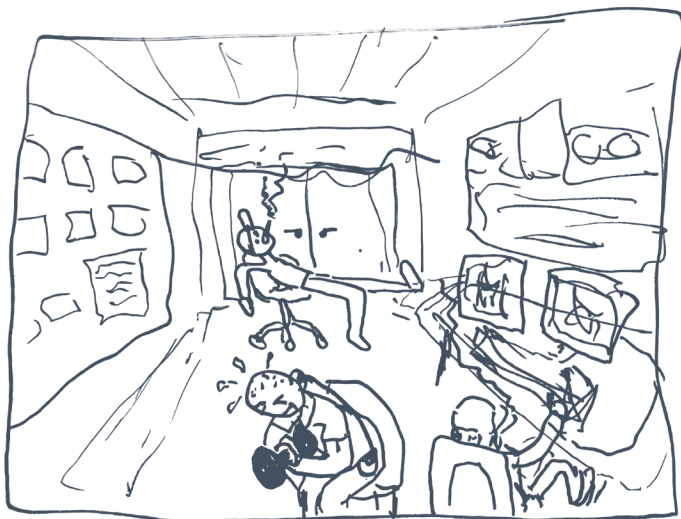
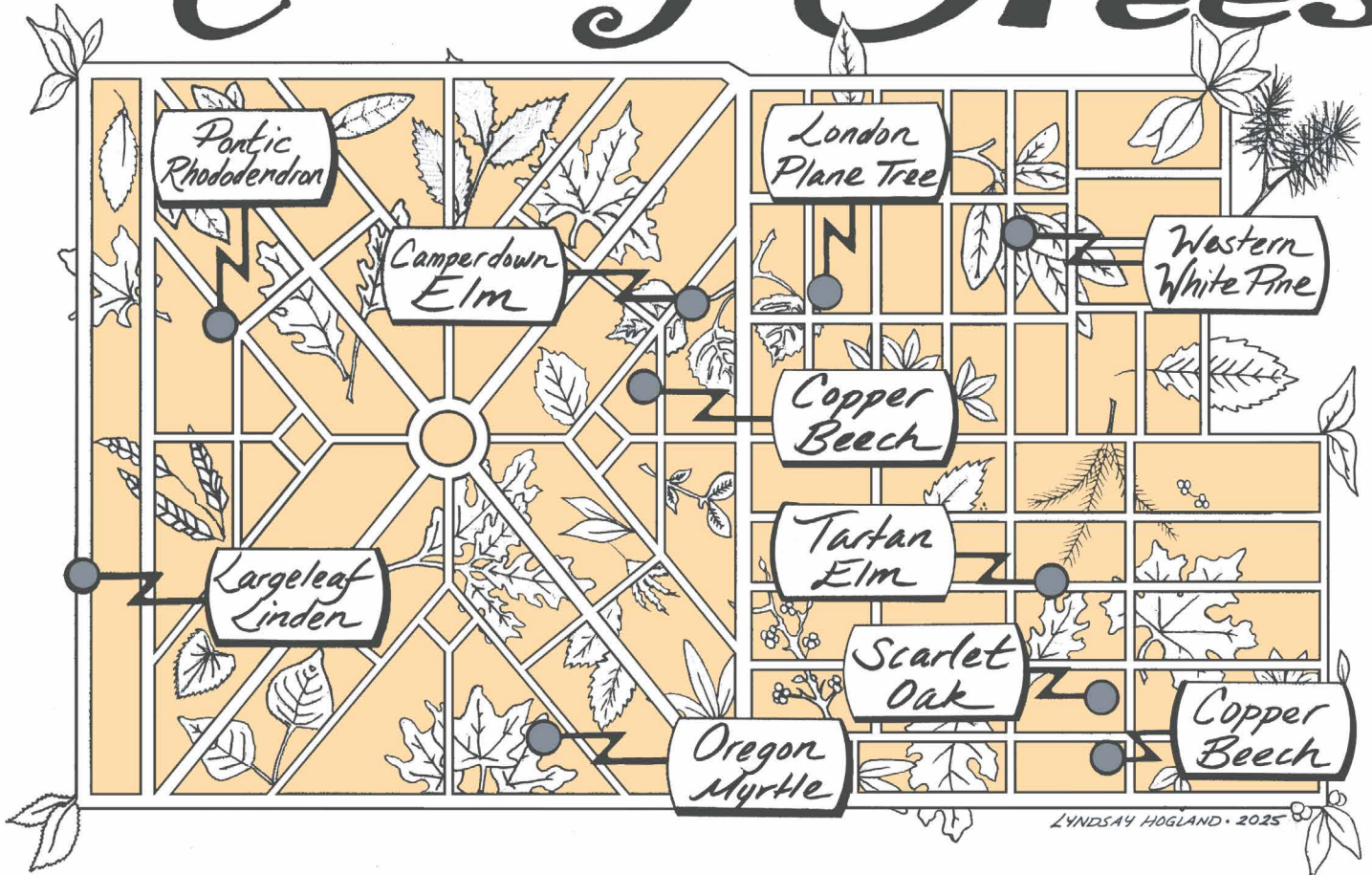
"OK - that's actually easier." And he heads out to his truck to gather his tools.

He returns with his gear and sets up a climbing line in the tree. Looking at the saw he examines the chain. Noticing some dull teeth, he pulls out a round file and sets to sharpening. Every other tooth gets a push and pull with the file, leaving a sharp, shiny cutting edge. When he's done sharpening one side, he turns the saw around and sharpens the other half of the teeth. With the saw sharpened, he checks the tension of the chain and adjusts it a bit tighter. Next he adds bar oil and fuel. He primes the engine, sets the choke, assures that the spark plug wire is tightly attached, and pulls the cord. The engine coughs and he resets the choke and pulls again. This time the saw jumps to life, he revs it for a few seconds, attaches it to its tether and sets off to climb the tree.



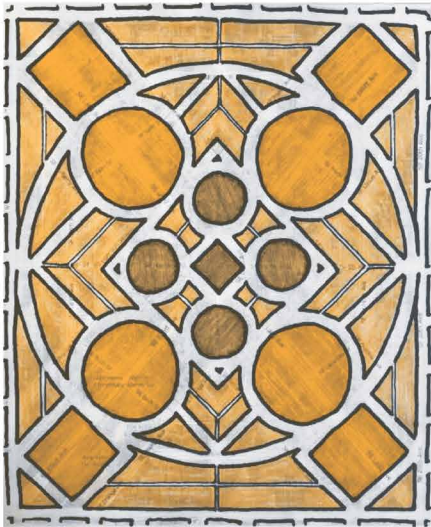
Brigit Galloy

Heritage Trees

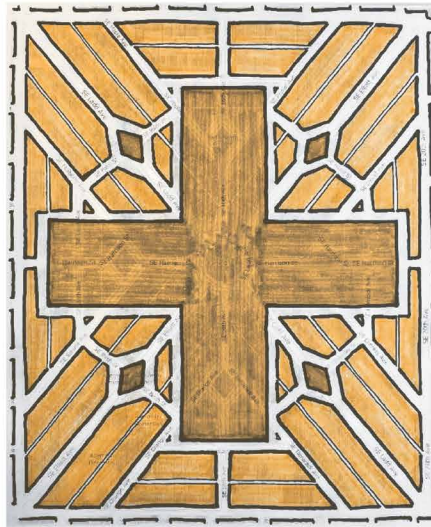


"HE'S MADE!"

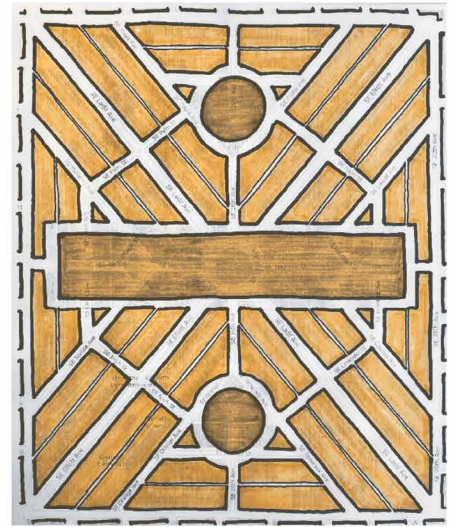
LADD'S ADDITION: ALTERNATIVE LAYOUT IDEAS SKETCHBOOK



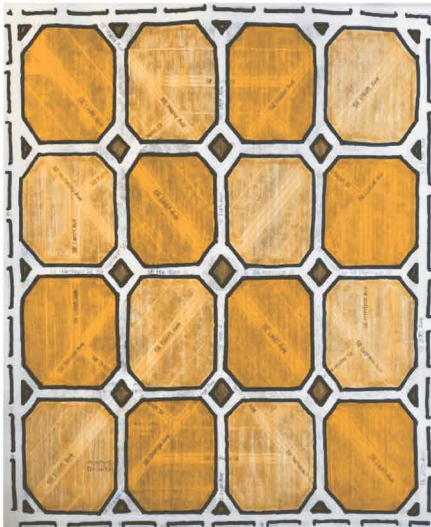
Diamonds and Circles



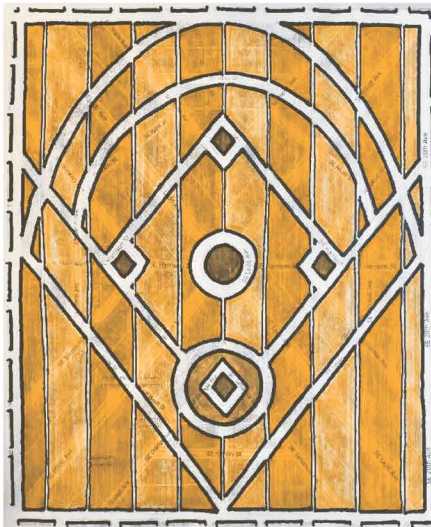
Ladd's Addition



Ladd's Division



Revenge of the Grid



Ladd'sway Park



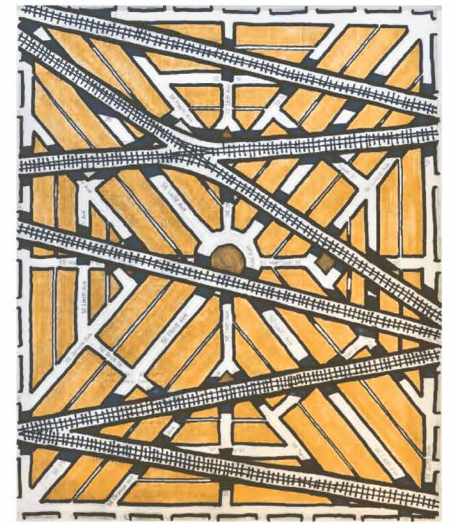
Ladd's Gothic Quarter



All Dead Ends



Ladd's Oswego



Train Crossing Hell

Andy Sfeir

A Fly Flew into My Eye

Joseph Rodrick

A fly flew into my eye.

In festering moment, I saw the whole fly move through my purview
right in front of me, and then land directly in the corner of my socket.

What a shame.

Maybe the fly

would've been a successful lawyer.

Truth is, it's power-lines on a hot day.



ceramic table set
by Brigit Galloy, shown at Radius



R Williams

Dad's Addition

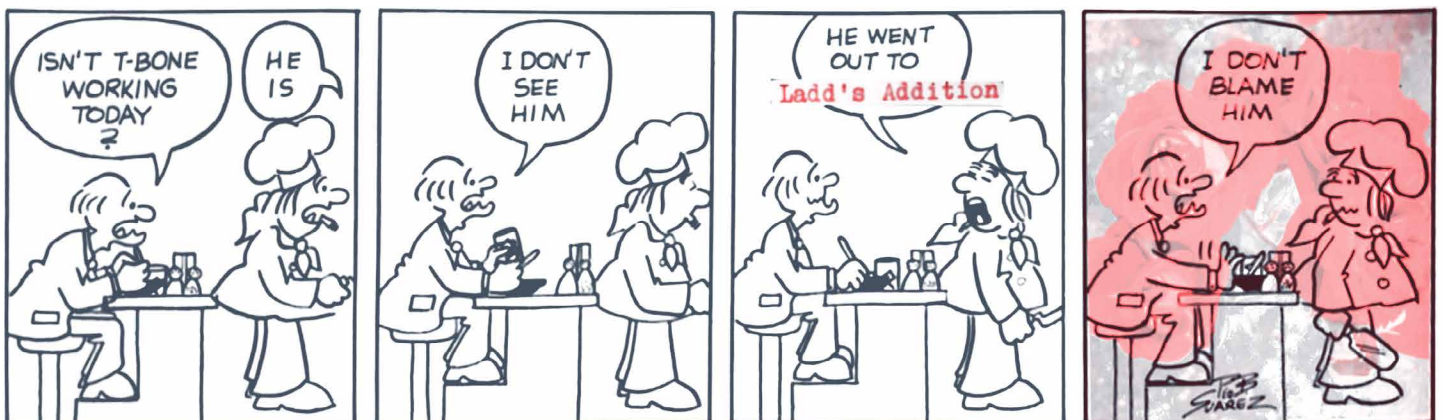
Lydia Suarez

My dad passed away a month ago and one of the most healing things I've done in this grieving pro-

cess is go through his handmade comics, where I've realized that he was quite the artist - just like me!

From what I've gathered, his comics were submitted into a newspaper one time, but mostly rejected after that.

This is a comic strip that my dad made in 1981, which I blended with a cut-out of the words "Ladd's Addition" typed on my typewriter, along with a photo I took today in the North rose garden.



suggested price

\$8.00

pay what you want!

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Scan to find our submission form, payment link, or subscribe to our next issue! Submissions are rolling and releases bi-annual.



Madd Kruidenier



**YOU'RE
TRANS
TOO!**

**MY
HUSBAND
IS DEAD**

I don't want to remarry.
I only want TATTOOS

See my

CLICK