

BLISS

SANTA FE

summer
2005
bliss#3



all about
design
signs
signifiers
desire



4

3 B L I S S



the sign is the signifier.
 the sign always stands for something else.
 the sign tells us what to think.
 the sign tells us where to go.

*de*Sign is about getting rid of the sign
 design is about the object in itself.
 design is the act of
 designifying the world
 by substituting matter for meaning.

to design is to betray thought,
 to cancel-out plenitude,
 to design is to embrace dimension and loss.
 because the world of matter
 can never be as satisfying
 as the imaginary world of the signifier.

to design your room is to put your bed where it goes.
 to design your life is to lie down with someone beside you.
 or maybe alone.
 Then you start dreaming
 and you do not need to worry about what you might miss
 while you sleep.
 Because the world has been designed to awaken you
 if anything happens.

bliss santa fe sign / *de*Sign issue summer 2005
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a new life is always possible. surround yourself with people who love you.

COVER PHOTO BY LINDSAY AHL, DESIGN BY LOUIS LERA.
 MODEL TARA LYONS WEARS A BOHO PEARL NECKLACE DESIGNED BY DEBORAH DUVAL.
 VINTAGE SLIP AND SCARF COURTESY OF TWISTERS VINTAGE. PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE STAAB HOUSE, LA POSADA HOTEL.



“ DESIGN IS NOTHING,
 WITHOUT GOOD TASTE. ”
 —Pete



you are an angel a prayer for a happy ending

FROM STRANGERS TO LOVERS TO STRANGERS AGAIN
LIFE IS NOTHING BUT JOY AND MORE JOY



too much world slipping by
too much memory stuck in my throat
i drink i smoke i lie down in the dirt
and when i get up all is changed today is
the same but everything is covered in sun
and i am covered in sun



In 1988 I was hired by an estate lawyer to clean out and repaint apartment 8G at 1 West 64th St. in New York City. An elderly gentleman going by the name of Curtis Eaton had died recently with no family or friends to take his stuff. With his old-man's underwear still hanging from the shower rod, I cleaned out and painted the apartment and found a photo album from his early life in Europe in the 20's. It was full of the most amazing little photos of him and his friends traveling through France and Germany. The photo album has a constructivist style of design to it. The presence of special effect photos suggests Mr. Eaton was a photographer of sorts. I've kept this photo album safe all these years and used it for various film projects and as a muse. Sometimes this photo album speaks to me like a dream I had in another life.



what is an idiophone?

anarchestra.net

THIS IS THE MOST ULTRA COOL COAT THAT I OWN, IT'S SHEER 1960'S GLAM, I'M NOT TALKING DRAG QUEEN GLAM I'M TALKING JULIE CHRISTIE BABY ALL THE WAY, THE LAST TIME I WORE THIS LITTLE GEM, I HAD MEN FAWNING ALL OVER ME ... WELL OK NO MEN JUST ONE WOMAN WHO WANTED TO BUY IT OFF MY BACK SO MADLY I PRACTICALLY HAD TO POUR ICE WATER OVER HER. IT'S QUILTED SILVER LAME THAT WILL NEVER GO OUT OF STYLE AT LEAST, NOT IN MY LITTLE FASHION DIARY—ANN TWISTERSF@EARTHLINK.NET

I'm just reaching out to you.

But you can't seem to reach me.

sign

deSIGN

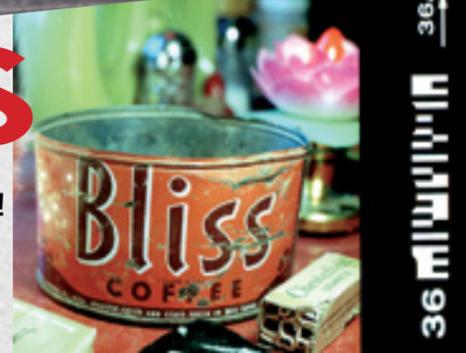
“BLISS”
A NEW MAGAZINE
FOR A NEW SANTA FE
summer 2005

you might say it looks “hand made”

PROSTHETIC DESIGN

CABLE ACTIVATED CARBON FIBER PROSTHETIC ARM DESIGNED AND BUILT BY ABILITIES UNLIMITED IN DENVER. PROSTHETIC HAND FROM HANGER PROSTHETICS IN SANTA FE. BY EXTENDING THE ARM AWAY FROM THE BODY, THE FINGER GRIP IS ACTIVATED. [THIS IS THE ONLY PROSTHETIC HAND ON THE MARKET DESIGNED TO USE ALL 5 DIGITS] FAMILY HEIRLOOM SILVER BRACELET IS USED TO STYLIZE THE TRANSITION POINT BETWEEN HAND AND ARM. LEATHER GLOVE DONATED BY LEATHER WORKS IN DeVARGAS MALL. CUSTOM MODIFIED FOR PROSTHETIC USE BY OWNER. STAINLESS STEEL CLAW AND HOOK DESIGNED AND BUILT BY BOB RADOCY OF BOULDER, COLORADO.

BLISS
START YOUR DAY OFF RIGHT !!
... live in the past



COLOR COORDINATED BREAKFAST INFLUENCED BY PIET MONDRIAN



ariel has a high school flashback in vintage white and red from WILD THINGS CLOTHING BOUTIQUE 316 Garfield Street 505-983-4908 [specializing in antique and vintage clothing for men and women]

studio

what are these things?



FUNCTION, GRAVITY
AND MACHINES
FORM THE CANON
WHICH DICTATES
THE CONCEPTUAL
AND AESTHETIC BOUNDARIES
OF MY WORK.
BUT WITHIN THAT TRIAD,
MY MUSE OF BEAUTY
IS FREE TO ROAM
IN SEARCH OF INSPIRATION
THROUGH THE WHOLE HISTORY OF
ART, DESIGN AND NATURE
—CHAD MANLEY



CUSTOM DESIGNED TABLES BY CHADWICK MANLEY. TOP IN COPPER, BELOW IN STEEL, OAK AND FIBERGLASS

PAGE BACKGROUND IS A CLOSEUP OF BLOWN GLASS
BY LEE MILTIER
FROM THE PAINTED BOTTLE SERIES
AVAILABLE AT DOWNTOWN TADU
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505 992 0100
TADUCONTEMPORARY.COM

AMID ALL THE MENTAL
AND PHYSICAL EFFORT
OF MAKING A BEAUTIFUL
AND UNIQUE GLASS VESSEL,
I TRY TO TAKE
THAT NEXT STEP
OF CONSCIOUSLY FEELING
LIFE'S ENERGY,
BUILDING UP IN MY BODY,
AND THEN LETTING IT FLOW
INTO THE PIECE
AS IT TAKES ITS FINAL FORM
AND I PUT IT AWAY.
THAT IS THE GIFT
THAT I OFFER TO OTHERS;
AND IT IS MY HOPE
THAT THIS ENERGY
IS NOT ONLY RECEIVED,
BUT ALSO SHARED IN TURN,
SO THAT IT WILL NEVER STOP.
—LEE MILTIER

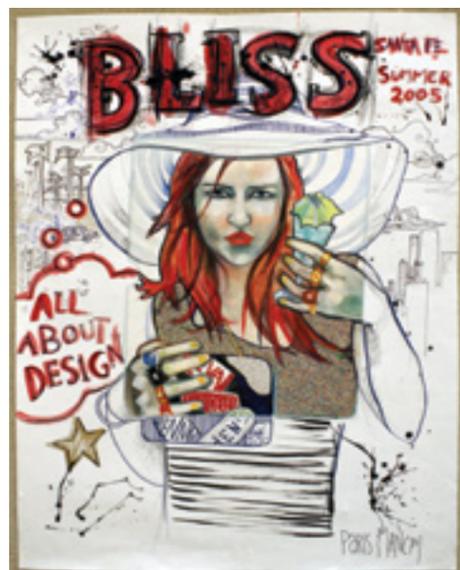




We say ignorance is bliss because we do not understand the way of the bliss. To understand bliss is to know that bliss is within us. Bliss is what we are. If we have become ignorant of ourselves, it is because we have lost touch with the bliss that is within us. This is true for the citizen as well as the city. Because bliss is not that which constitutes the external appearance of things. But rather, true bliss is found when one seeks inner bliss. Inner bliss is what reminds us that we have not given up hope in this world. When we see people being swept away by floods and thrown from trains and caught in a crossfire, we do not get overwhelmed and turn off the Television, because we know that the real malady here is a lack of bliss. We may never admit it to anyone, but when we feel like bliss has left our side, we are much more inclined to go searching for bliss and in so doing, we begin to feel if there were just more bliss in the world, people wouldn't be doing such horrible things to each other. So think of this BLISS that you hold in your hands, as your own "personal bliss." And just breathe it in as if it belonged to you and only you. Then after you make it your own, you may want to share it with someone else. Go ahead, share the bliss and give it away and most of all, go

shopping at all the bliss stores on the next blissful day you have off. Maybe you feel like spending a blissload of money to get away from the pressures of your job. Find bliss in your credit card, ATM or pocketfull of cash. Go downtown and spoil yourself with some high-quality bliss. Or take the day off, swallow a little bliss and fall asleep. You might just wake up and feel like you've gone back in time and then you start walking around and realize that you really did go back in time because everyone you know suddenly seems a little older and a little more wrinkled and more prone to fatigue. Well that's a part of being in a mode of bliss. So you have to be willing to take the good bliss with the bad. Eventually, life moves on and we all return to the bliss from whence we came. Because bliss is what we are. Bliss is who we are. And this last little spark of bliss we feel within ourself—as the end of the world gets turned into the next reality TV show, well, that is something we need to guard and protect. Like the land we walk on, bliss is pure. It strives for what is eternal and uncontaminated. And we have to protect that. We have to find a way to have our bliss and eat it too. for this is the way of the bliss, to give us knowledge and understanding of that which we already possess within ourselves.

COPPER TABLE BY CHADWICK MANLEY AVAILABLE AT DOWNTOWN TADU. FRESHWATER PEARL COLLAR, TAHITIAN BLACK PEARL STRANDS AND KESHI PEARL TOURSADE ALL FROM FAIRCHILD & COMPANY



This alternate summer cover was painted by Paris Mancini, based on a photo of Aisha. We are offering it as a 12"x18" poster print signed by the artist. please see blissantafe.com to order your poster. And check out Paris Mancini's paintings at Santa Fe Baking Company during the month of July.

AISHA WEARS A WHITE RIBBON HAT AND BLACK BEADED DRESS FROM MAYA. DIAMONDS AND RESIN AND 18K GOLD RINGS AND NECKLACES BY CREATIONS ANDRE BENTAH, PARIS. WORLD TRAVELER CLUTCH BY KATHERINE BAUMAN, BEVERLY HILLS. ALL FROM FAIRCHILD & COMPANY. MAKEUP AND STYLING BY PARIS MANCINI.



THE STAAB HOUSE ... voted
 "Best hamburgers in town,
 by a woman who likes to eat."

—Tara Lyons, BLISS model



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 at La Posada Hotel
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TARA WEARS VINTAGE LINEN FROM LAURA SHEPPHERD SALON DE COUTURE. BOHO PEARL NECKLACE BY DEBORAH DUVAL

what is the exact shape OF YOUR HEAD?



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O'FARRELL
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CONTENTS

- EXCELLENT FURNITURE
- TABLES
- CHAIRS
- DIAMONDS
- GOLD
- PLATINUM
- PLASTIC
- LEATHER
- WOOL
- SILK
- LACE
- USEFUL ART
- USELESS ART
- BEAUTY FOR IT'S OWN SAKE
- MECHANICAL GADGETS
- MODES OF TRANSPORT

- FANCY DRINKS
- STUFF TO EAT
- PEOPLE YOU MIGHT
- NOT KNOW
- HAIR PRODUCTS
- HAND CREAMS
- BODY OILS
- RUST
- MISTAKES
- APOLOGIES
- BROKEN BONES
- BUSTED SIGNS
- DUST
- HOTEL ROOMS

WHY IS THIS WOMAN SMILING?



FIND OUT AT SPIRIT

CRASS SELF PROMOTION AND THINGS PERTAINING TO DESIGN



When my mother was living in New York City, she got her foot tangled in a plastic magazine strap that was hanging off a corner newspaper rack. She got tangled in the strap, tripped and fell to the ground, breaking her wrist. To repair the damage, doctors used 4 bolts and a piece of steel. Later, she got \$100 thousand dollars in a settlement with the newspaper company and lent me \$3000 to stay in New Haven and rent an apartment. Soon thereafter, I found myself in the right place at the right time and lucked into a job working for a famous Hollywood film director who had recently moved to Connecticut. Like a happy Hollywood ending spread out over 3 years, I got to appear in big-budget movies, shoot behind-the-scenes photos, attend movie premieres, eat Thanksgiving dinner at Robin Williams' house and play soccer with Woody Harrelson. In the end, I have to thank my mother for breaking her wrist that day. [orthopedic design meets existential design]

what is this thing?



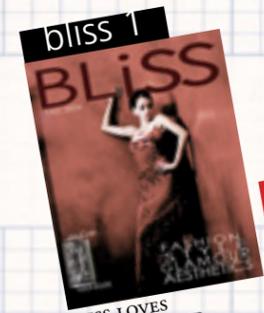
find out at
www.anarchestra.net



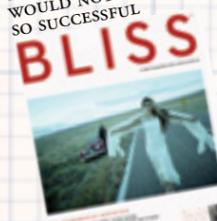
what's
in
it
for
me?

The distance of one body from another is overwhelming.

The best thing you could do right now
is go home, take a cold shower,
and forget about it.



BLISS LOVES
PEGGY PFEIFFER
& BADD OG DESIGN
BECAUSE
WITHOUT YOU,
THE 2ND ISSUE OF BLISS
WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN
SO SUCCESSFUL



peggy pfeiffer
creative director
@ baddog design
baddogdesign.biz
505 986 6146

A p o l o g i a



In the previous issue of BLISS, I misspelled Zane Fischer's name by leaving out the "c", as in Fisher. Also, I would like to credit Zane as the Arts and Culture Editor of the Santa Fe Reporter. Special thanks to the Santa Fe Reporter, for the opportunity to interview Zane Fischer

CAM. ROLL	SCENE	TAKE
3	mise-en-scene: what is put into the scene. what you see. everything that is part of the spectacle.	just take what you want. if anything
DATE	summer 2005	SOUND m . o . s .
PROD.	think of BLISS as a movie, written, produced, directed, shot and edited by louis leray	Louis Leray will now take full and absolute credit for this magazine. So if there is something you like, you know who to praise
DIRECTOR		
CAMERA	i use real film and have not yet bought a digital camera. though i plan to.	and if there is something you hate, you know whom to blame.

Louis Leray sincerely apologizes for all the mistakes that appear in Bliss and promises to do everything possible to eliminate such mistakes in the future.



to the trade:
LORD & LYNN DISTRIBUTING
supplies fine hair products to professional salons across New Mexico. To find out about Lord & Lynn's full collection of wet lines, color and texture products, call Traci Lynn at 505 301 4212



"first you think you're safe. then you tell me i'm safe."

people like you and me are never safe."



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summer 2005

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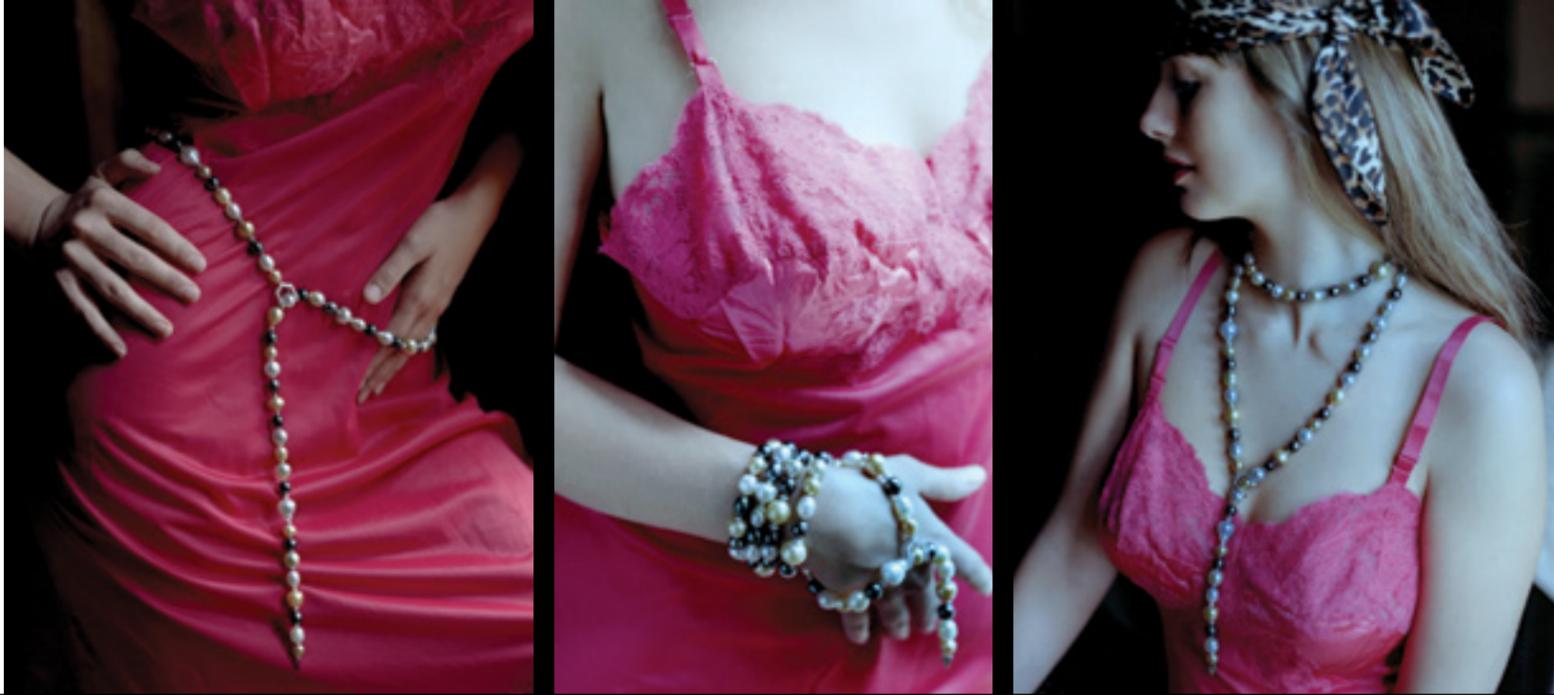


Elizabeth

ELIZABETH A SALON

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The "Dare" necklace is the pearl must have for this season's sensual, bohemian look, created by Hawaii designer Deborah Duval. With a passion for color, Deborah uses exotic South Sea pearls, 18k white and yellow gold beads, and gemstones from around the world, as her palette. Natural color Philippine, Australian, Burmese and Tahitian pearls of all colors, shapes and sizes are crafted into one of a kind wearable works of art. The innovative 18k diamond "clasp and go" system is easy to use, and allows the wearer unlimited possibilities for necklace lengths and styles.

INQUIRE ABOUT THE "DARE" NECKLACE BY ASKING YOUR FAVORITE JEWELER
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As featured on cover, Tara wears a vintage fuscia slip and headband from twisters vintage TWISTERSF@EARTHLINK.NET

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D E S I G N



BLISS kiss

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&
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BLISS LOVES ARTICULATIONS BECAUSE IT'S A CHARMING LITTLE STORE FULL OF ORNATE TREASURES. DEFINITELY WORTH A VISIT, JUST UP THE STREET FROM SPANISH TABLE.



HARP
 CHORDOPHONE
 steel 3/4" pipe,
 1/2 x 3 plate
 ressonator is a
 propane tank
 normal guitar strings
 commercial tuning heads
 magnetic pickup made
 with steel bobbins
 wound with #40
 magnet wire
 12 strings

Musician Alex Ferris

has designed and constructed an entire orchestra out of steel. He cut it. Bent it. Welded it. Drilled it. Wired it. Bolted it together. He even made his own amplification pickups for the instruments out of steel bobbins wound with magnet wire.

ANARCHESTRA

is a 70 piece ensemble and still growing, part acoustic, part plugged in and amplified. Andy designed string tuning screws by drilling holes in long bolts. Everything is made to last. Most of the instruments are tunable for traditional music, but many produce sounds as if they were from another planet—a friendly planet, a dream planet where Tom Waits and John Cage and Harry Partch might collaborate on a soundtrack to the next Hollywood sci-fi masterpiece. The anarchestra instruments are as radical to look at as they are to play. Everything has a futuristic subteranean industrial look, like it was art directed for the set of **BLADE RUNNER**. When it comes to **DESIGN**, aesthetic and functional design, this is the real thing.

PURE GENIUS

is what ANARCHESTRA feels like—inspired, poetic, radical, interactive and beautifully mortal in its potential to outlive all of us and end up as rust.

talk a little about your expectations of music – what it is, what it does, and how it should work.

My favorite definition of music is Thelonious Monk's: "music is sound, what happens to sound". What it does is completely subjective for each maker, each hearer. Some music re-affirms expectations, some music disturbs them: the same music may have either effect on different people – or on the same person at different times. So, it works simply by existing, by being made somehow. My personal preference is for music made by humans (and birds) as opposed to music made by machines. I distinguish between a tool and a machine by defining a machine as a device which can work by itself and a tool as one that cannot.

When I hear drum machines and synthesizers the images that come to mind are of patients in intensive care units attached by tubes to devices that regulate their heartbeats, force oxygen into their lungs, add nutrients to their blood and "manage" their pain. To me these represent the most joyless aspects of modern living, analogous to the way our habitats have evolved into sprawls of pavement constructed with the goal of making life better for our cars than for our children.

I've always preferred live music made by a group of people to tracked music. In the truest sense, a recording is no more music than a photograph of a person is a person. Still, there are many photographs (mostly of absent or deceased people and animals) I find myself treasuring. A recording of music is similar to that. Essentially, it is a photograph of a deceased moment in time.

Most of my musical life has been spent working collaboratively in bands and the skill I most value is the ability to listen and spontaneously respond to the contributions and stimuli of others. The dissolution of the drama of selfhood is not only a spiritual goal, but a musical one. Still, there are periods in life when one is on one's own, when collaborators have not manifest, and I, compelled and obliged by my nature to organize sounds, end up making tracked music anyway. Silence is very nearly impossible for me, it exists, when it occurs, in relation to the sounds that precede and follow upon it. Leave me alone in a room with instruments and a recording device and I'll start tracking. It is a flawed process, but, to me, a flawed process is preferable to no process at all.



at left, Alex Ferris at work in his shop. at right, closeup of basuka, the big horizontal steel bass



GURNEY CHORDOPHONE sounds like a dulcimer or koto plucked or struck with hammers, moveable bridges magnetic pickup, played horizontally, 12 strings



TUBES MEMBRANOPHONE 3" steel black pipe heads are rawhide held on by bolted outer ring hit with mallets

I tend to work as improvisationally as possible. Since time isn't time in the linear sense, this takes a different form from the way I'd improvise in a live/collaborative situation. I don't think up the parts in advance. I add them as if I were playing the music for the first or second time. Occasionally I do rehearse before recording, but generally not. I chose instruments and their tunings as I go and write each part as I play it. Aside from cleaning up beginnings and endings (which are necessarily sloppy), I don't edit what I've played. Once a part has been played it remains part of the piece. I don't use the same instrument twice in a single piece. I usually use whole pieces rather than shortening them and I never add to their duration. I don't loop anything, every note is a played note in the 'real' time of its own track.

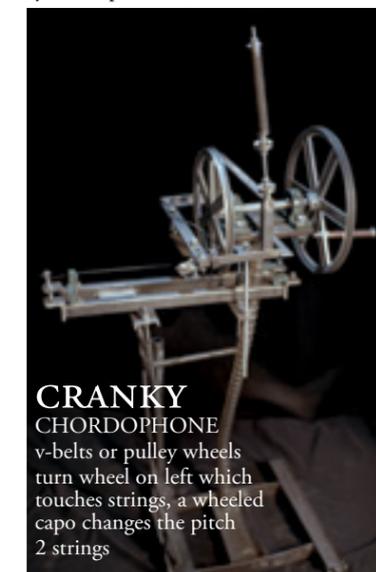
Compositional ideas evolve rather than get implemented. The only preconception I bring to a given piece is a general elemental one, i.e., a time signature, a pedal point, a tone row. These may derive from spontaneous inspiration or analytical thought. Every piece is an experiment, a meditation on a musical idea or a class of musical ideas. Some experiments are more fruitful than others. The least successful tend to disintegrate because the subject of the initial meditation lacks unity.

Sonorities evolve as well. I tend not to have an expectation of what the finished piece will sound like (when I do the expectation is wrong). Many of the instruments I have built have come out of the desire for a particular sound, unavailable on my existing instruments, in the course of recording. I have no specific goals in making music. Only the process of hearing and playing. I have very little sense of authorship. I think of the pieces I produce as "what came out" at the time and under the circumstances. At the same time, I have a strong work ethic that obliges me (for my own mental / spiritual well-being) to produce and I have realized after half a century on earth that it behooves me to produce sound rather than something I have less interest in. I am frequently surprised by the results of the work I do. Often I end up making music I wouldn't have thought I was interested in.

Music has a reality of its own for me, containing but not confined by the physical world, history and experience, etc. Sort of a vortex between the familiar and the yet-to-be-discovered,



APOSTROPHE IDIOPHONE springs go over the magnetic pickup, other parts go over the springs and vibrate the springs in different ways. This is an experiment: a hybrid of an idiophone and reverb unit.



CRANKY CHORDOPHONE v-belts or pulley wheels turn wheel on left which touches strings, a wheeled capo changes the pitch 2 strings



BASS CHORDOPHONE full sized upright 3 strings magnetic pickup The steel materials allow it to have a magnificent sustain (on this instrument a single strike lasts over a minute)

JEWELRY DESIGN

Leray: I see your jewelry and begin to think about the art and imagination of Kandinsky and his lithographs called *KLEINE WELTEN*, little worlds. Your jewelry reminds me of little worlds and the kind of juxtaposition one finds in Surrealism. As I look again at these little treasures, I'm wondering what's going on in your head ...

Falk: As a jeweler, I have a lot of time, not in my life, but in my brain, because I'm sitting there doing stuff that doesn't require a lot of intelligence. I would categorize my jewelry as greco roman deco in terms of a description for commercial purposes. The organization of elements is in a deco style partly because I use very ancient techniques and I'm not a real techno guy. A lot of jewelers work out a technique that is repeatable and productive and they just stick with it. As soon as I master a technique, I move on to the next one. The fossil seashell pin in the photo is one of my favorite designs, but "favorites" don't tend to sell. Even when I can talk to someone about the design of the piece, how strong and dynamic it is, that's exactly what keeps it from selling. *What does design mean to you?*

I don't know ... that's a big lot all at once. I used to think about that stuff years ago, and it's probably somewhere in my notes. The temptation to be glib is really huge when you ask a question like that. Especially with the argument raging about politics with the concept of intelligent design as a viable theory for justifying religious concerns. Design is often measured by success. The dinosaurs died out, therefore their design was lacking. No. The dinosaurs were fine. Stuff happens. An ant is badly designed because a hammer can crush it. The hammer is better designed than the ant. No. I think I'm too close to the subject.

What do you like about your jewelry?

I like to play with textures and gold is my favorite material. Karmicly, it's just not a good material, but physically it is wonderful—buttery, soft, forgiving—as close to painting as you can get. What really moves me is my love of the *object*. Most jewelers like to come over and look through my junk droor. I make a lot of objects and some of them make it into the jewelry and others are in the junk droor ... “



JEWELRY BY FALK BURGER
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hers
My husband eats it in one bite. I take a tiny taste. “You’re not a good hedonist,” my husband says, but I argue, “I could be.”

I love to go out.

I love to sit and talk and eat amazing food in a comfortable and easy location. However, food, in a very general sort of way, makes me nervous. I tend to worry about things such as cleanliness, quality ingredients, those kinds of things, and in general, I prefer to eat at home. I mention this because I want you to know I’m difficult to please—idealistic some would say—so when I’m won over, it’s usually for a good reason. FUEGO RESTAURANT, at the La Posada Hotel, won me over. It is a combination of perfect, high-end service, in an atmosphere that feels relaxed. There are colorful paintings on the mellow adobe walls, vigas above, a fireplace, and cozy, elegant tables. It’s the kind of place where everything is high quality, but where that’s the norm—so you just end up feeling comfortable, instead of getting uptight about how perfect you should be looking to go with the perfect plates kind-of-thing. So back to my food issues: I like simple foods. I like to know what I’m eating. This conversation begins as soon as the first dish is presented—a long rectangular plate, white, in the middle of which sits a small perfect half circle of mushroom truffle, with a beautiful swirl of sauce in a line across it, the line ending with a half-swirl on a small square of another sauce. All perfectly luscious to look at. Every night there is a different appetizer, a chef’s special. Tonight it is the mushroom truffle. My husband eats it in one bite. I take a tiny taste. “You’re not a good hedonist,” my husband says, but I argue, “I could be.” Then he asks, “How come you never abandon yourself to anything?” “People abandon themselves in different ways,” I say, eyeing the truffle with even more suspicion now that I’ve tried it. The margarita I am drinking, by the way, is the best margarita I’ve ever had. “Eat it in one bite,” he insists. “No way,” I say. Truffles are quite rich, and I eat mine slowly, feeling like I’m in some special place, a castle maybe, from the 15th Century. After the mushroom truffle, we are brought the fanciest, most exotic thing I’ve ever tasted, I think. It is the Foie Gras “tête-à-tête” which is a seared medallion on a Gala apple pie à la mode au poivre tamarind glazed torchon. I’ll translate that: a fancy apple pie with duck livers. It is not 15th Century castle food but a rich city food, opera food, food that lets you know life has more and more to offer you. Rahm Fama, the Executive Chef, lets us know that he likes to mix it up—desert flavors within the main entrées. The effect is stunning, like an aria, full, rich, sensual. I start thinking, okay, maybe I haven’t ever *lived*—where is my indulgence, my excess, my desire, my decadence? We don’t discuss this. We just sit there waiting for the next dish. The next course turns out to be my favorite: a Day Boat Sea Scallop Amourette topped with marrow and served on carrot sabayon. Eating at Feugo is like traveling. I’m now in the Mediterranean, the scallop is a little spicy, very creamy. I’m thinking about tango dancing, late nights in Barcelona, hanging out with high-royalty in Egypt. I can see different colored scarves blowing

against a sunset—this dish makes my body move like a tango, like love. (My husband, by the way, ate it slowly. He’s suspicious of fish.) “What’s odd,” I tell him, “is that there is an amazing combination in this food—it is simplicity mixed with extraordinary complexity, like music that’s easy to listen to but difficult to play.” He doesn’t answer; he’s being distracted again by the wine choices. The Lead Captain, Timothy, serves the wine (he’s a St. John’s graduate) and they are busy discussing wine issues, of course, like how wine can be used as a counterpoint to the food, or as a flavor to *slip under and support* the flavor of the food, or as an exact complement to the food. In other words, should the wine lead, or should the food lead, (a kind of tango again) for this particular dish? Of course, we mention the movie “Sideways” and talk about the new popularity of Pinot Noirs. We go on to discuss “subjective perceptions of reality” in relation to wine, in relation to when exactly the wine is leading or not. I should order another Margarita but for some reason this one is still working. Rahm brings us the next dish. Poire William Basted Squab Roti. We both have to ask what a squab is. It’s a small game bird, in case you might have to ask too. The squab is very good, and I feel transported to the French countryside, with gardens and meadows and vineyards—but I don’t feel any of the dramatic complications one would feel in a typical French film, just the summer walk along the village road. Then Rahm brings us the intermezzo. (A musical term, used appropriately since the meal is being presented as themes and variations, with bridges and choruses). The intermezzo is a fresh sorbet, no sugar, no fillers, just frozen, puréed pears. It is served in a tall wide-open glass, and it’s fresh, flavorful, real with its own subtle spice. Next, we are served the Seared Red Mullet with potato linguini, Rahm’s “own version of linguini and clams.” This is light, tasty, innovative, and feels like a kind of healthy home cooking. I could eat it every day. The desert arrives, finally, and it is proper and outrageous all at once, a rounded pear on top of a round cake, like jazz, sweet, unexpected, and poured over this, an allesian wine boiled down, sweet but with much flavor. I am thinking about how Rahm is so inventive, how his food is high art—to present food like that and to take me from place to place. Then, over the best cappuccinos and dessert wine, we talk again with Timothy, our wine expert and St. John’s scholar. We discuss the idea that innovation alone is not art. Art is about creating something out of nothing, but since that is not possible, *there is no art*, just the idea or ideal of it. We talk about how Timothy is a type of *logos* – between the kitchen and the guests—translating the food into words and guiding the guests through their experience. We discuss with Rahm his idea of food themes, how they are like music themes, and how to bring one up early in the meal and then let it appear again in different form later. We talk about fine dining in terms of rhythm, experience, a gallery of art, what you create your life from. Fuego, for me, by midnight, is about all of this and finesse, grace, and flow. I leave there thinking how I might apply these qualities to every aspect of my life.

—Lindsay Ahl, Bliss editor



TIME FOR A HEALTHY DESERT AT THE LA POSADA FOUNTAINS

I might have devised

a quaint and seemingly informed review of the first morsel of appetizer presented to me by Rahm Fama, Executive Chef at Fuego, had I not already lost my senses to the succulent Silver Coin on the rocks that Lead Captain Timothy tempted me with as I sat down in the plush leather chair beside the fireplace. So words like “Wow!” and “Oh my God!” will have to suffice in reaction to the mushroom truffle and its creamy inner essence. Again, a moment later, Chef Rahm delivered a second treasure he called “apple pie à la mode,” which was really Foie Gras with a crisp brazed apple slice atop and a trail of caramel-looking syrup swirled around the perimeter like a dream about Kailua. This 2nd appetizer also felt like “Wow, Oh my God, I can’t believe this!” I have never tasted food like *this* and I am thinking this is more than food. It is poetry you can’t read, a movie projected against the night sky, a road trip with Cary Grant. My dining companion begins to discuss Greek ruins and swimming in the Mediteranean which reminds me of a dinner I had at a restaurant on the Bosphorous in Istanbul 15 years ago. This dinner tonight at Fuego is the first time I’ve been to a real restaurant since then. (I like the fact that I get a new plate and fork and knife with each new sampling of food). Next comes Pan Seared day boat sea scallops—day boat meaning the fisherman only go out for the day and return with fresh scallops that are shipped away to Santa Fe to arrive on my plate in succulent form with a little carrot zarinon on top. This scallop is very soft and buttery in consistency, without the spicy carrot jerky on top, it might strike me as premature ... in that I usually burn all my meat products for safety. However, I trust this chef will not poison me like some hapless cruise-line guest porting in the Bahamas. In fact, I know he won’t. He is a master of texture and value—each priority of flavor has been perfected according to some aesthetic I have not encountered before. I know this because he visits the table with each presentation and says “Have fun.” It’s good to know that fine dining is all about pleasure and play, like everything else worthwhile in this life. Next we have Squab with heirloom carrots—all different colors, wild varieties and sizes. Rahm informs us that Squab is a small game-bird, “like quail, like pidgeon” and since I’ve just moved here from New York City, this reference to the Central Park beast is a bit off-putting to me, though I must say, Squab is quite good. I have also been presented with a sharp, perfectly balanced steak knife, an authentic Laguiole, in which I can see myself clearly in the reflection. The weight of this knife, the clarity of my reflection, the warm buzz in my soul from the New Zealand Pinot Noir Timothy has served me, all make me want to take this knife and plunge it into my heart because it reminds me of some lost love I have forgotten about. (Excuse me—Antonin Artaud inhabits part of my consciousness and cannot restrain himself at moments like this). My dinner companion asks me, “What if you were to eat like this every night?” And I think, Ah yes ... she is beautiful and flavorful herself, but oh so loyal to reality. This dream world of dinner at Fuego, on the other hand, is what attracts me.

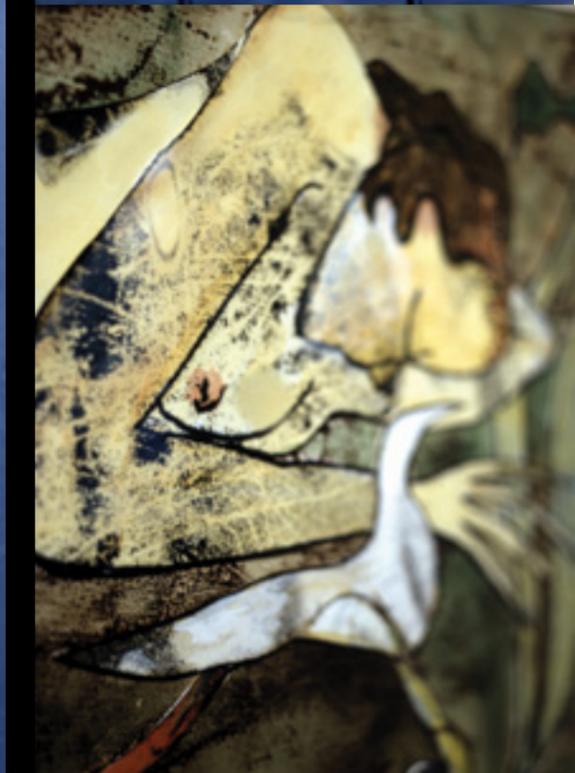
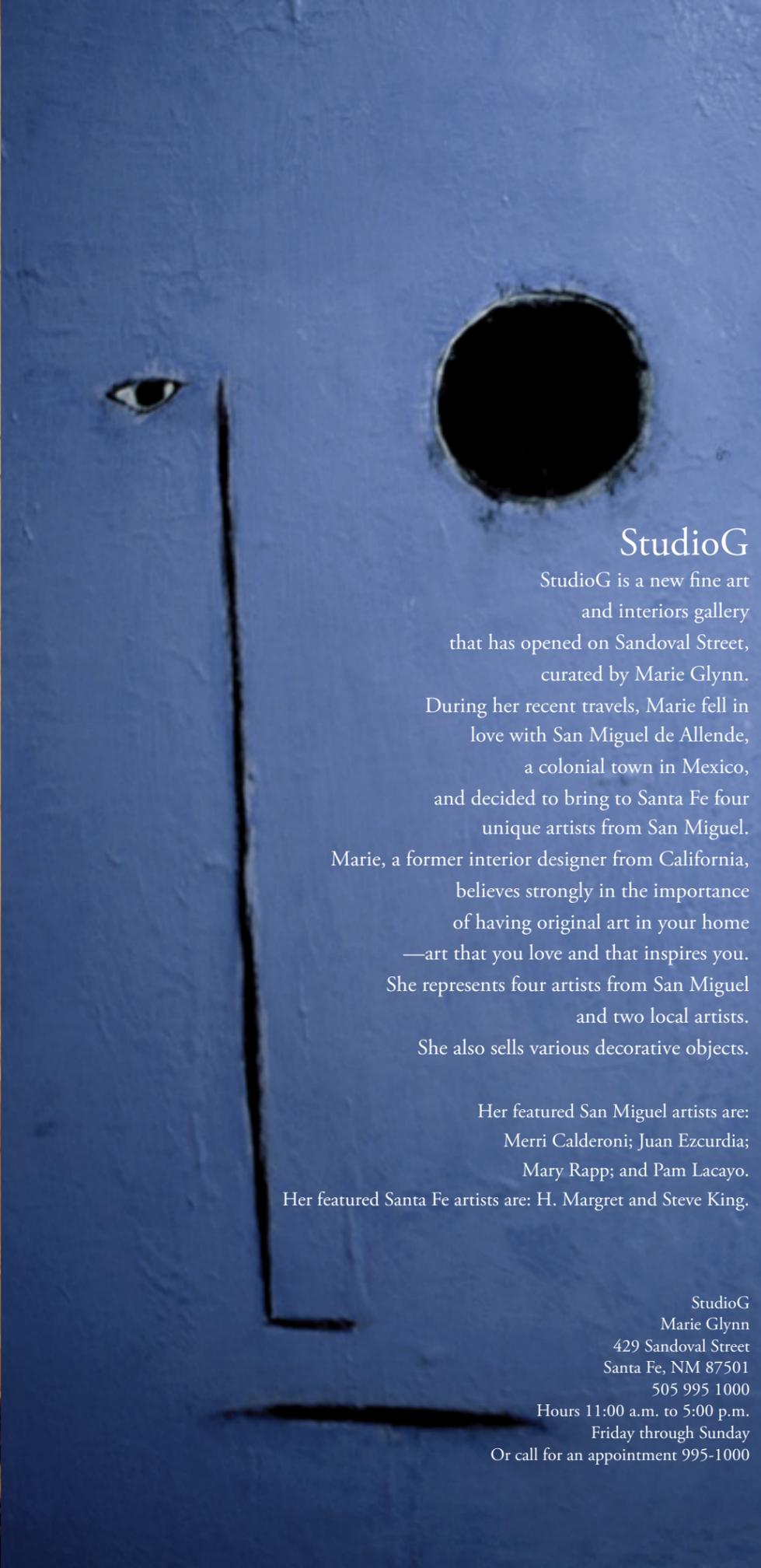
his
My dinner companion asks me, “What if you were to eat like this every night?” And I think, Ah yes ... she is beautiful and flavorful herself, but oh so loyal to reality.



And Rahm returns to the table with a tall martini glass announcing the “intermezzo” a little drop of pear sorbet concocted to cleanse the palate before the rest of dinner. I lift the longneck vessel down to my lowly position in the sunken leather chair and spoon out a bite. I feel it on my tongue, and in my mouth, and down my throat and then I laugh out loud to myself, thinking “Only a madman could make babyfood taste like this.” A pear sorbet by Rahm Fama is a sunny picnic in a Renoir film, a pastel face in a Renoir painting—a touch in a crowded train car heading for Florence. I’ve been there. I’ve been everywhere. But I’ve never been here before. My dining companion wants me to talk about this experience we are having together at this table. I decline, explaining “That would be like talking about sex during good sex.” The next entrée arrives—Pan Seared Red Mullet with Linguine and Clams. I don’t like clams in general, but these are all just as good as everything else with the new red wine that Timothy has brought to go with them. At this moment I begin to ask Timothy about wine pairing, which seems to me to be as much a part of the experience of fine dining as the flavors of the food. Timothy agrees and begins to tell me that there are 2 methods, one being to match the wine to the food, acid to acid, and the other being to compliment the food with the wine. “Understated,” he says, “... sometimes you want the wine to be a whisper—on the other hand, scallops have a mild sweetness, a buttery warmth, so wine could be crisp. This dish is heavy so I don’t want to use too light of a wine.” As the meal ends, I meet Rahm’s sous chef Scott Garret who says “We get to cook for a living, what could be better than that?” Rahm adds that Santa Fe is an arts destination and he wishes that his restaurant and his cooking “could be experienced as a different kind of art.” I find it interesting how people perceive what they do as an art and wonder how it is that all of life can *be* art and what do we get out of that. And what do we get when we *rule out* and disregard art and aesthetics from all of life, the way some people try to keep their spirituality out of their business or their emotion out of their relationships? After 8 courses, I stop taking notes. I am satiated, satisfied, in a moment of plenitude, happy with all things. Rahm sits down and we all converse about his childhood culinary experiences—eating Frito Pie at Woolworths after a day of skateboarding on the Plaza. I would never have thought ... but, this is Santa Fe and there is always something new to discover and too much to know, too much to long for, too much in all ways—and yet, just the right thing for now. —Louis Leray, Bliss publisher

CHEF RAHM SUPERVISES THE BUSY DINNER RUSH AT FUEGO





StudioG

StudioG is a new fine art and interiors gallery that has opened on Sandoval Street, curated by Marie Glynn. During her recent travels, Marie fell in love with San Miguel de Allende, a colonial town in Mexico, and decided to bring to Santa Fe four unique artists from San Miguel. Marie, a former interior designer from California, believes strongly in the importance of having original art in your home —art that you love and that inspires you. She represents four artists from San Miguel and two local artists. She also sells various decorative objects.

Her featured San Miguel artists are: Merri Calderoni; Juan Ezcurdia; Mary Rapp; and Pam Lacayo.

Her featured Santa Fe artists are: H. Margret and Steve King.

StudioG
Marie Glynn
429 Sandoval Street
Santa Fe, NM 87501
505 995 1000

Hours 11:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.
Friday through Sunday
Or call for an appointment 995-1000

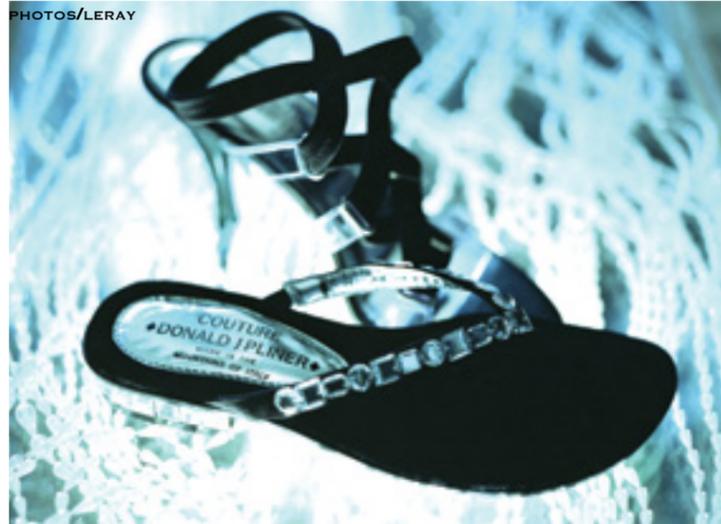
Clockwise from top left:
G logo designed by Peggy Pfeiffer,
fabricated by Trey Wackman,
“Maria, te Amo” by Merri Calderoni,
“Gentle Brut” by H. Margret,
“Thinking” by Steve King,
Bronze Heads by H. Margret,
“Gift” and ceramics by Mary Rapp.





When I quit smoking, I was down to two packs a day. Part of my identity revolved around being a smoker. When I quit I had to do something to safe-guard against starting back up again. So I ran to my favorite spoil-myself shoe shop, Goler, and using all of my monthly allotted cigarette money, bought some love-yourself-lilac stilletoes. For the next month I preceeded to place those trophy shoes on display, and celebrated them as my no-smoking shoes. When ever I was studying, talking on the phone, straightening my hair, dancing around in my room, and I craved a cigarette, I buckled on my sexy heels instead and admired them in the mirror. I actually caught myself at one point saying "I chose not to smoke, but these shoes are innately smoking?" I laughed for the first time in 4 years without a raspy accompaniment. Maybe shoes aren't your thing, but shoes are my love. My shoes helped me to save my life, and in turn, I give them life. When my face breaks out, when I eat nothing but twizzlers and chubby-hubby for a week, when my eyebrows are unplucked, my roots 2 months over-do, my clothes unpressed, whatever ... my shoes are there for me to put on, direct my focus to, and feel pampered for as long as I can spin around and wiggle my toes at my own reflection. No matter how ridiculously much I pay for them or if they are impractical or necessary, couture or mass-manufactured, they're my shoes and they keep me on my feet.

—kayte hughes, bliss model



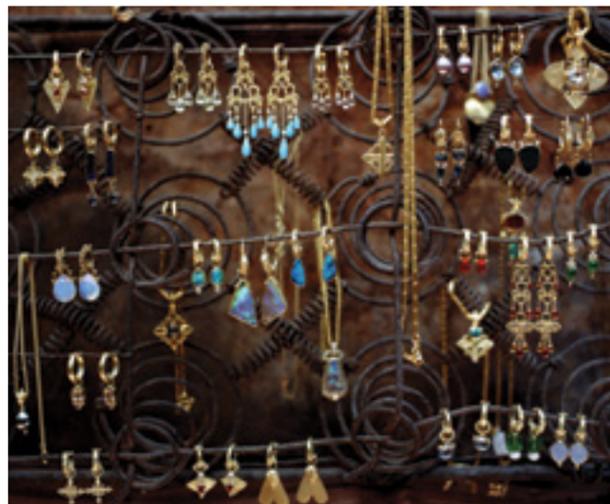
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—Donald J. Pliner

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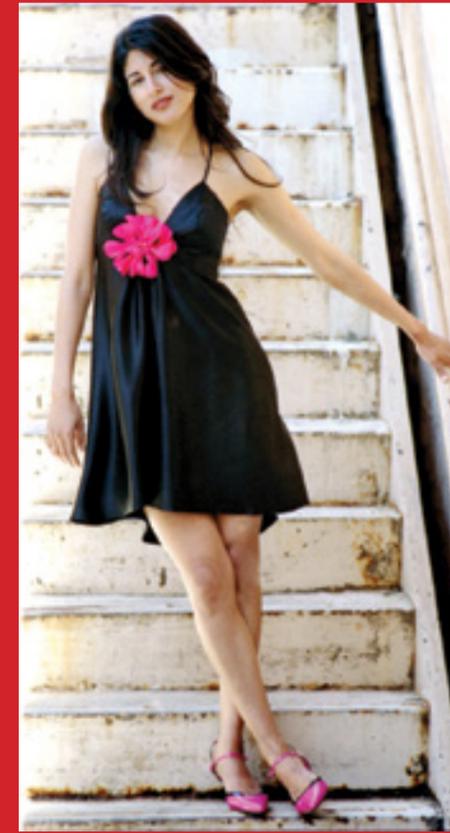


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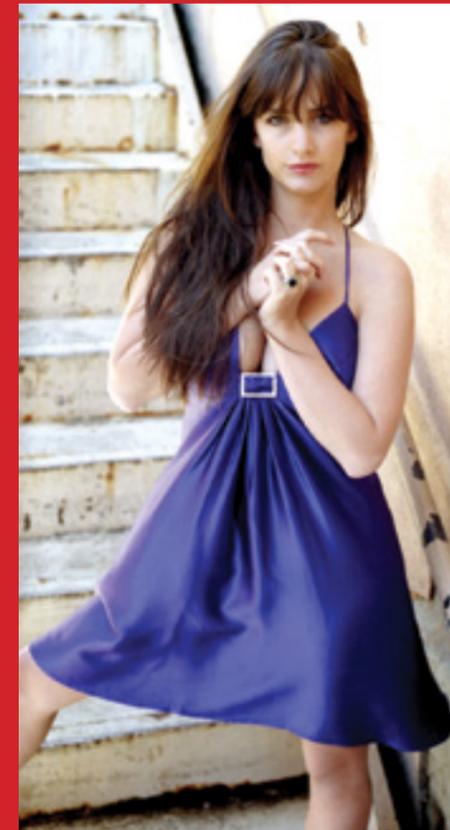
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The Palace Restaurant 142 West Palace Avenue 505 982 9893

CHANDELIER DESIGN

PAIGE INGBRITSON WORKED WITH CLIFF SKOGLUND TO DESIGN AND CONSTRUCT SANTA FE'S ONLY FULL LENGTH SWAROVSKI CRYSTAL CHANDELIER FOR THE PALACE RESTAURANT

We've seen the beautiful new chandelier at the Palace Restaurant, but knowing how it got there is the true marvel. I spoke with co-creator Paige Ingebritson about her calculations, crystals, cables and the connector pins. What follows here is a designer's recipe for this luminous visual feast. "We used 3,300 8mm beads," Paige says, "which were hand strung on 60 nylon wire cables by the owners, wait staff, managers and anyone else who was available. There were 10 people working over a 10 hour period in the back room." Paige had already assembled the first 30 strands of larger crystals at home 4 nights in a row for 8 hours a night. The highly reflective and luminous full-spectrum Swarovski Crystals made in Austria were ordered from every available crystal distributor in the USA and Canada. These crystals range in size from the tiny 8mm beads to the large 80 mm balls and were non-refundable, so the complex calculations that Paige did beforehand in determining length and quantity of crystals had to be accurate.

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY LOUIS LERAY

"This was a very creative process in the making, we had to respond to the materials we received. It had to work from beginning to end, but there was no blueprint or sample crystals for us to experiment with ahead of time. The skirt of the chandelier drapes down onto the marble base, so I had to measure from the ceiling to the base and add on a 4" drape. Then I calculated the amount of crystals needed by multiplying the diameter of the crystals by the total length of the strands, in order to acquire an accurate quantity for the production." There are 90 strands total, using close to 5,000 separate crystals, held together with jewelers bow-tie clasps and suspended on nylon coated cables from a custom-designed mounting ring machined and installed by Gabriel Dominguez. "If you study the flow of crystals, you see that they do not hang in symmetrical columns. This was Cliff's idea, that there would be an arc to the placement of the big crystals, creating a parabolic swirl around the chandelier. "Cliff actually placed each individual strand after we finished them, to give the chandelier its shape and flow." Having successfully completed this design task, Paige informs me that the chandelier is now a model of what is available for sale. If you want this beautiful cascade of lights in your home or restaurant, please contact the Palace Restaurant to inquire about having one designed and installed for you.

BLISS TALKS TO MOUNTAIN BIKER CYNTHIA CROCCO ABOUT LIVING FREE IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS OF NEW MEXICO



BIKE COURTESY OF SANTA FE MOUNTAIN SPORTS

where are the best trails?

windsor, up at the ski resort, that's a downhill trail, you don't want ride up it, but it's long and fun lots of different terrain, it's difficult, not for beginners. Dale Ball trail—also off artist road, that's fun for beginners and advanced, lots of trails within the system, good for training on switchbacks. on this one you can go up or down, its a big circular path. aspen vista, same area, a really wide trail, more of a road than a single track like the others. it's good if you are cruising along with friends but it's uphill. and then by st. johns college you can catch the trail big atalaya, which is the best challenge, rocky, uphill, and you get a killer view of santa fe if you make it to the top. if you check out a book called Santa Fe Mountain Biking, it tells you about these trails and other places to play. Pecos is amazing and Eldorado is amazing. you just go and start riding and hope to find your way back.

what kind of bike do you ride?

Foas. It's a high end performance mountain bike, custom made for around \$3000.

why such and expensive bike?

it's amazing the difference it makes between a good bike and a regular bike. everything works well and it fits well. you get great shock resistance, it makes riding more enjoyable knowing that you are on a secure bike. things aren't flying off. but anytime things break, it costs hundreds of dollars to fix it. to actually be a mountain biker, it costs a lot of money and you better know how to work on bikes.

LIFESTYLE DESIGN

can you enjoy it still with just a crummy bike?

not on a long distance ride, but ... i take that back. yes you can, but you will suffer a bit and that's how mountain biking started—people didn't have gears and shocks and they were more hard core. mountain bikes were invented not too long ago. i got my first mountain bike in 7th grade. i grew up in pennsylvania where people rode their regular street bikes out on the trails. where do you get these good bikes here in santa fe? Santa Fe Mountain Sports, Bike & Sport, Rob and Charlie's. you're also a runner and training for the leadville 50, how does riding bikes compare to running? riding takes a lot more skill. it's a lot more time consuming. you don't want to have sex for at least a week after a good day on the bike. running on the other hand is harder for cardio. i feel like i have more freedom running. though you can get further on a bike, it's equipment oriented. running all you need is your shoes. a lot of people who can't run, prefer to ride. it's less stress on your joints. and once you get into mountain biking, it's a full body workout. it really pumps your legs.

so you've kept yourself out of the 9 to 5 work day to pursue your workouts?

i like to think of myself as an outdoor enthusiast. more than being an athlete, i just want to be outside.

so you have like 3 self-employed kind of jobs and you workout every day and stay healthy—how do you do it all?

I start my day at 5:30 in the morning and do whatever is going to make me the most money for the day.

describe your perfect day.

getting up at 5:30. having a coffee with whipped cream. then going to the gym, where i work out with this amazing trainer adradn castro at santa fe spa. then going for a run up in the mountains with my dog meeko. of course, a little loving from the right person around midday is good. then I want to make my calls and attend to all my various clients. any success during the day should be celebrated with a good glass of pinot noir. i like to gather friends at my house in the evening and cook good food. i'm italian, so my sister and i make italian style dinners. and then i kick everyone out so i can go to sleep and be ready for the next day.

mountain biking in santa fe

ODONTOGLOSSUMS



Odontoglossums are amongst the most varied and colourful of the orchid family. The fact that they are often compact plants which can flower in 3 inch pots makes them good subjects as house plants. The intricate veining and spotting of the flowers has led to their being called 'Butterfly Orchids'. Odontoglossums have around 175 species which can be found in the mountains of South America. In the tropics they grow in the higher elevations up to 3500m in wet cloud forest, and therefore require cool growing conditions, many hybrids exist.

—Jennifer Herrmann, owner



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SUIT, SHOES AND BELT BY PRADA FROM NEIMAN MARCUS, TAILORED BY SEAMS UNUSUAL HERE IN SANTA FE, SUNGLASSES BY LOUIS VUITTON PURCHASED IN SAN FRANCISCO. SNOWBOARD IS ARBOR A-FRAME—A STRUCTURAL REAL-WOOD TOP SHEET MADE WITH KOA, MAPLE AND WALNUT, PURCHASED AT ALPINE SPORTS, PETE'S BOOTS, COLLAR AND LEASH ARE FROM TECA TU, CAR IS A 2005 MERCEDES BENZ G-55 AMG, LIMITED IN THE US TO 300

REAL MEN BREAK BOUNDARIES IN ORDER TO PURSUE THEIR EMOTIONS.

BLISS TALKS TO ROBERT HALL ABOUT DESIGN AND THE TRUE MEANING OF SANTA FE STYLE

BLISS: Tell me about your cool snowboard and the ski scene here.

Robert Hall: I'm new to snowboarding here in Santa Fe as I just learned how to board this past session. The amazing amount of snow this year set the base for pronominal learning conditions. I purchased two boards this year from ALPINE SPORTS after a little research on the Internet and with my friend Abby who is a skilled snowboarder. We decided my first purchase would be a Burton Custom X. Once I mastered the basics on the Burton I decided it would be nice to try boarding on a smaller board. This board is an Arbor A Frame. I was attracted to the appearance and quality of the board. It was a must have since it was on sale at the end of the season.

The idea of design means that one is being selective, and when you apply that to every part of life, a kind of excellence is the result. Any thoughts on this?

Design is what joins our senses to the soul, thereby providing the only union that produces happiness.

So what is the first step toward designing a lifestyle?

Vision and desires set my personal goals, which are continuously evolving.

Your sense of design has been influenced by ... ?

There have been countless individuals and experiences that have inspired and influenced my sense of design in which I live. I'm mostly inspired with my partner Cliff because we share similar taste and attractions. He is passionate regarding design, the creative side. For me, design is about communicating ideas, the logistical side. He's part artist, part engineer, psychologist, socialist, planner, marketing man and communicator: Part everything in every moment of his being. He creates an environment of love, lives with passion and together we work relentlessly toward our most exciting dreams becoming our reality.

How does Santa Fe accommodate your interests?

The quality of life in Santa Fe and my partner is what attracted me to relocate here. Born and raised in the south, Louisiana and Atlanta, GA. My professional background was hotel management with Marriott Corporation and Ritz-Carlton Hotels. From Atlanta I was recruited to Washington DC by the world's largest meeting planning consulting firm, Conferon Global Services. There I was responsible for the planning of 15 annual conferences and exhibitions for various associations and corporations ranging in attendance of 800 to 14,000. I discovered Santa Fe by planning a conference here in April '99 for over 1500 doctors, scientists and students who researched schizophrenia. My first evening in Santa Fe was spent enjoying dinner with clients at Geronimo. Needless to say, my life changed following an amazing week in Santa Fe.

Tell us about Pete, where is he from and what does he like to do?

Pete is a Smooth Fox Terrier. He's from breeder Lesley Boyles located in Grass Valley CA. His mother and father are both champions. He's 8 months old and full of positive energy. Pete enjoys hanging out with me in my office, running around the club playing with his friends Max and Bo, hanging with the bartenders, taking walks, digging and chasing his tail. He is quite the little man and brings lots of joy to us.

Looking at the "props" that constitute your everyday life, I see that you invest in finely crafted objects with beautiful design. Is this a kind of investment that most people overlook?

Our individual reality is what we make it. That said, I believe people are whom they choose to be based on life experiences, and they invest in the "props" suitable to the design of their lifestyles.

The old phrase "clothes make the man," what do you think of that?

RuPaul puts it best. "Everyone is born naked, everything else is just drag." A man to me is one whom is comfortable in his own skin and is real about who he really is. Real men break boundaries in order to pursue their emotions.

Beyond love, beyond hate, into the purest essence of life.

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DESIGN MEANS
COMPILING ALL MY FEARS,
PAINS, DESIRES, LOVES
INTO AN ELEMENT OF EXPRESSION
THAT PROVIDES BOTH A VISUAL AND TACTILE
END PRODUCT,
LIKE A TABLE.

IN ESSENCE,
DESIGN IS A STYLE OF THOUGHT.
—FRANKE NANCE

there is no music sad enough for this.
sit then, here beside me before you go
and feel the pure beautiful sunlight,
and show me again what it means to love

like too bright a sun in the eyes.
you are a blindness i see into.



nothing going on here except
me falling off the deep end
feels so good to come
crashing down on top of you

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Artist Paris Mancini, will have an exhibition of her paintings at the Santa Fe Baking Company during the month of July. Paris studies cosmetology/hairstyling at Blue Monkey Salon and is planning to attend the San Francisco Art Institute to continue her studies in painting. Paris, 19, grew up in Connecticut but now lives in Santa Fe. She teaches art to kids and offers one-on-one or group classes in your home or school. Paris is defiantly independent in her approach to art, always creating images with an honest emotional intensity and experimental visual style.

PARIS MANCINI. SOLO SHOW. SANTA FE BAKING COMPANY. JULY, 2005

If I stay, I count my blessings
If I walk away, I count my steps
It is easier to push you away than to leave
Even with electricity people loose contact
If I push you, you pull me in
if i turn away, you come back to me
There is no place to hide
I have gone too far again
The threat of never finishing
makes all this so overwhelming
If I could just know
when the last piece of trash
will blow through
I could write your name on it
and throw it away



i have a soft heart.
so soft it's folded over and
stuffed into my pocket.

oh hey, maybe i could
trade it for something.
anybody want to do a trade?

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TARA WEARS JEWELRY FROM JETT GALLERY

bright live
neon love
CUT COPY



This is the CD i've been listening to while making this issue of BLISS.
it's 80's style club music with lot's of sparse poetic lyrics.
it's just one guy from Australia who calls himself CUT COPY.
This CD kept me happy while working with no money and no time.
it kept me reminded of the people I love and the original intent of BLISS,
which is to bring positive energy and good feelings into the world.

We design our love to move outward from us in a linear path. But what if our love could just fill the air like incense?

LEADING

PICAS
INCHES

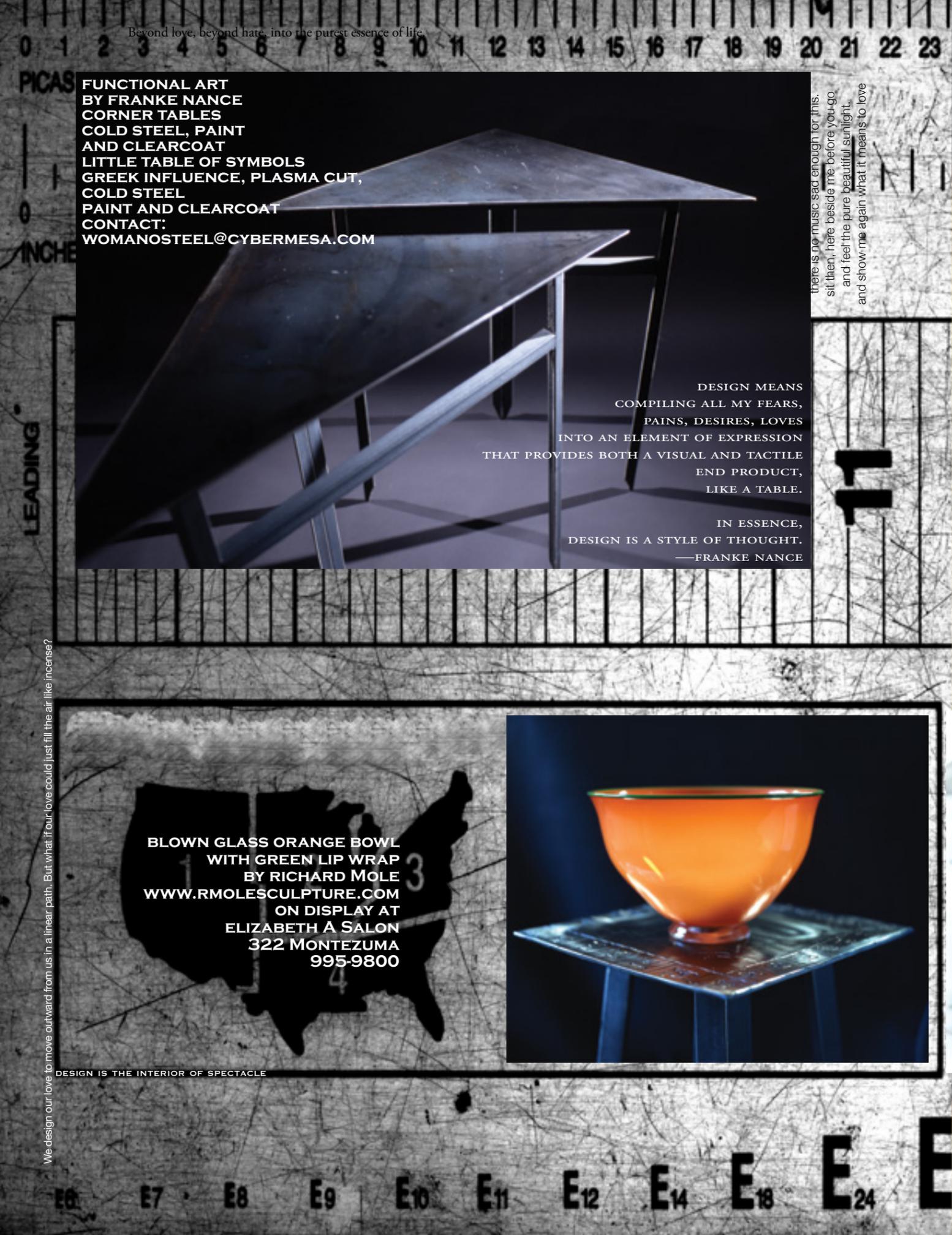


IMAGE DESIGN

interview with photographer peter vitale



SEARED FOIE GRAS WITH FRESH BERRIES, CARAMELIZED MAUI PINEAPPLE, AMISH APPLE BUTTER, AND PORT WINE REDUCTION, PREPARED BY CHEF DiSTEFANO AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER VITALE

Leray: Would you call yourself a perfectionist?

Peter Vitale: Absolutely I would, and so would anyone who has ever worked with me, I can assure you. I am a Virgo after all.

Is photography a passion, a way to make a living, both?

Photography is the passion. Fortunately, the career followed suit. It was actually a close friend who first hired me professionally, because I was always shooting for the fun of it, and he submitted the pictures for publication. The rest, as they say, is history.

any thoughts on shooting film versus digital?

Most clients prefer film. I will shoot digital for fun, because of the ease of archiving the images on my computer. I don't have a great digital camera yet, because of the cost, but I would love to explore it more for professional applications. It seems the quality of digital is fast approaching, even superseding, that of film. I am conflicted, however, because I like to support the local film suppliers and processing lab by shooting film.

How or where did you get the great scans of your images?

I scan my own images on a Microtek ArtixSan1800f

Are you trained, self taught?

I am 99% self taught. I can recall only taking one photography course in school. I did, however, apprentice for a period of about 1 year, under the late, renowned photographer Horst.

I like the luminous quality you get, the swirl and the fade that surrounds the clarity. how much time do you usually get to work on these great photos?

Time is the greatest luxury. The more time I'm given, the more possibilities I see. I love to experiment and find those happy surprises. Searching and discovering something new is what keeps the work fresh. That said, the reality is that you are often working within a practical time constraint. The situation also dictates the amount of time I have. For instance, I might want to capture a ray of sunlight before it disappears, which will leave me with 15 minutes to accomplish the shot. Or I'll have 5 minutes before the soufflé falls flat, or the ice cream melts, or the sauce runs. In that case, you have to be ready in advance and be able to tweak the lighting and composition very quickly.

What's the hardest thing about shooting food?

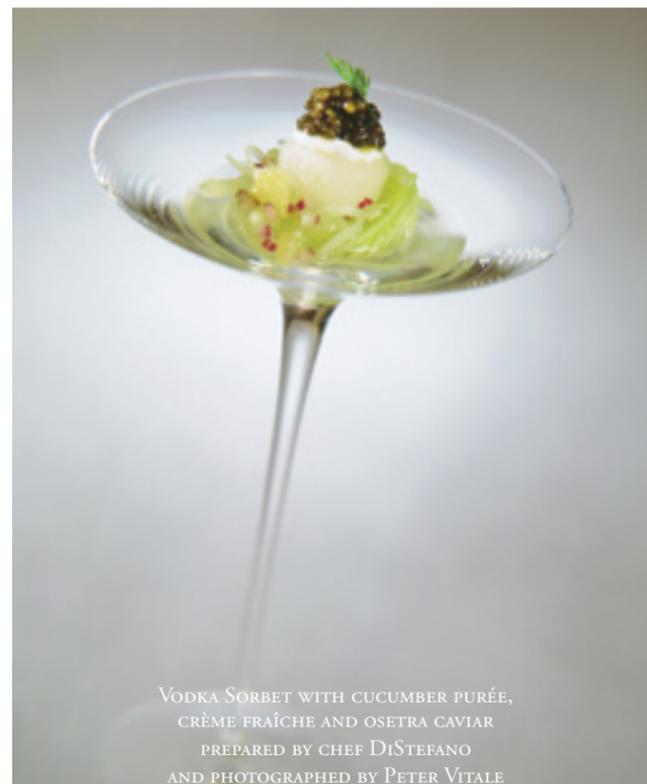
Food is an animate thing. It slips, it wilts, it melts. The colors can be deadly and the combination of ingredients can sometimes be unflattering. Just like people, it can be photogenic or non-photogenic. Of all subject matters, I think it is one of the most fussy in terms of lighting. The trick is to light the food so it looks succulent before it tarts to look tired. And like any work of art, it is complemented by a strong sense of design, which is where master chef Eric DiStefano, excels.

Does the element of design enter into your process?

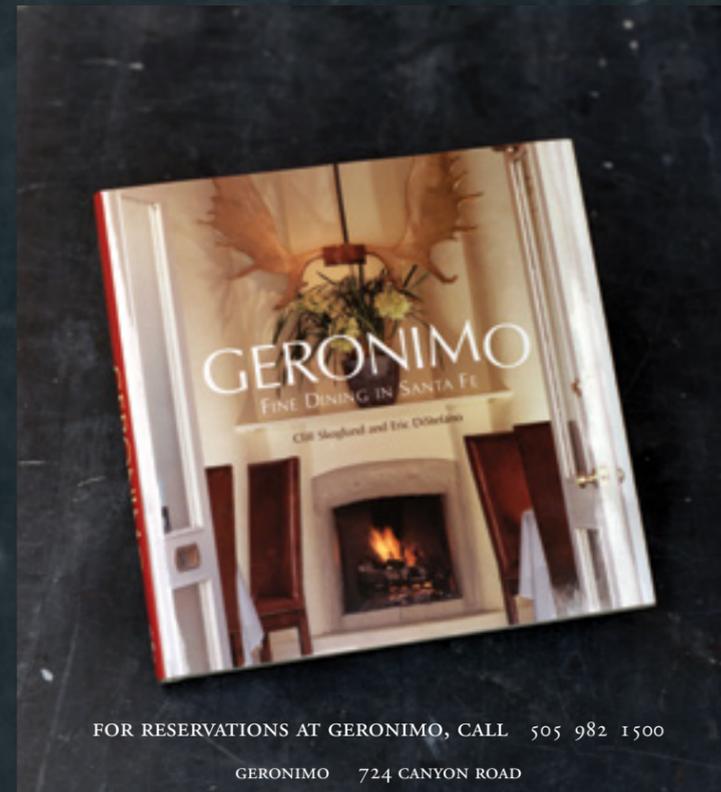
Design and light are the 2 key ingredients to composing any photo. I was trained in studio fine arts, so I approach making a photo much like a painting on canvas. I see an image in 1 or 2 ways. It is about spatial tension created through shapes and light and/or the dynamics of motion. Design features predominately in the first part of that equation.

What does design mean to you?

I define design by a harmonious balance of shapes and light that are pleasing to me. It is totally intuitive and subjective, although I believe it is based on fine arts principles.



VODKA SORBET WITH CUCUMBER PURÉE,
CRÈME FRAÎCHE AND OSETRA CAVIAR
PREPARED BY CHEF DiSTEFANO
AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER VITALE



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What photographers do you like?

There are those I like and those I admire. An example illustrating the difference would be Joel-Peter Witkin. Although I think he is a real artist and I respect the work, I find it very disturbing. The same goes for Robert Maplethorpe. I may not like the entire body of work, but the images are always compelling. I really respond to the photographers Richard Avedon, Henri Cartier Bresson, and others like them, because they reflect the human condition. Ansel Adams I admire for his tenacity in capturing the image he sought, and for the way he translated that in the printing process.

What films or filmmakers do you like?

I love small films about the human elements that connect people. Two recent examples would be Il Postino, directed by Michael Radford and "Callas Forever" by Franco Zeffirelli. Federico Fellini's "La Strada" gets to me every time I see it, as does Vittorio de Sica's "The Bicycle Thief" and Roberto Rossellini's "Open City". Check out Anna Magnani in this movie. She is raw emotion and one of my all time favorite actresses. I love that the directors of these films were able to get the actors to convey their feelings so deeply and tenderly on screen. They are awesome. I adore the movie "Best in Show" by Christopher Guest for its' pure comic genius. Ditto "The Women" by George Cukor. The director Michelangelo Antonioni was a fascinating filmmaker because of his experimentation with the format, breaking new ground.

What music do you listen to?

k.d. lang, Frank Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald, Los Panchos, Billie Holiday, Tony Bennett, Mina.

What else do you shoot besides tabletop?

I shoot many interiors for editorial and commercial venues, such as decorating magazines, hotel web sites and marketing. A lot of my hotel work also involves shooting people in lifestyle situations.

Do you ever feel photography to be a bit mechanical and petty?

You know, I never do. I approach every assignment as a challenge and artistic exercise. I'm always thinking "What can I do to enhance this subject?" That's what keeps the medium interesting for me.

The Geronimo book turned out great. are you working on another big project like that?

I am always shooting subjects that intrigue me, with the objective of compiling images into a cohesive theme. At the moment, I have 5 years worth of inventory on homes decorated with devotional art. I have recently put that into a book proposal for publication.

Are your dreams important to you?

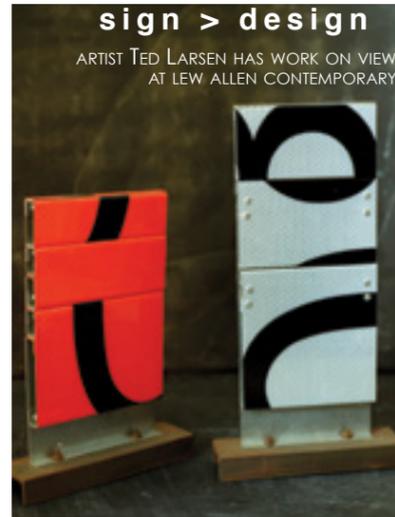
I think our unconscious dream world carries as much weight as our waking reality. In a sense, it completes us. The yin yang thing. The dream state is a more direct connection to our fears, our desires. Perhaps more honest, since our consciousness can't interfere with rationalizations.

How do you escape from the pressures of work?

I relish evenings with friends and the company of my Norfolk terriers, Clara and Claiborne. And a fair amount of solitude.

A few years ago, while driving through the US 285 corridor north of Santa Fe, I realized it was impossible to read all of the signs posted. In fact if you drove under the speed limit, it would still be impossible to read all of the posted signs. It was the world of the ugly. The highway was all torn up, with beaten up signs everywhere. But the backdrop was stunning. That section of the Rio Grande Valley is one of the most beautiful spots in the state with the Sangre de Cristo and Jemez Mountains, along with the Brazos ringing it. So the contrast was startling. As an expression of that visual, I decided to work with Department of Transportation materials: vinyl, reflective tapes, and steel. I wanted to create something that was iconographic, like the mountain backdrop, and suggestive of unreadable script, like the signs along the road. I created these totem like sculptures wrapped in DOT materials as an expression of that experience and image.

—Ted Larsen



ENVIRONMENTAL DESIGN

TEACHER, DESIGNER, BUILDER

VINT BLACKBURN

URNS HIS CLASSROOM INTO A SKYLAB



Science teacher Vint Blackburn in his spaceship class room

What are your plans for the curriculum and design of the space academy you want to create?

Well, I really thought that people would think I was out of my mind—and I'm not saying that I'm not—when I started describing my ideal school to people. I have this dream of creating a space academy. Now it wouldn't really be a Star Fleet Academy, in that we have a space program of that type, but what it would be is a six-year boarding school that would have, as it's unifying theme, aerospace technology. It would be a well rounded education, set in an environment that would be so unique and stimulating that the students would quite literally be shocked out of their traditional notions of institutionalized, cookie cutter educations. A model, by the way, that is failing our country miserably.

Since I am a Teacher Liaison with the Space Foundation based in Colorado Springs, I was allowed to go hobnob with many of the big wigs in the aerospace sector at the Broadmor in Colorado at the Space Symposium. These are the top executives at companies like Boeing and Raytheon and such and they kept asking me the same question—"Why is the U.S. failing to produce new engineers and scientists at the numbers needed to keep us in the forefront of technology?" This is actually a serious concern to us. And although the answer is really fairly complicated, the main causes are complacency, and a loss of wonder for science and space. Most kids these days think that we basically know everything there is to know. They don't understand that we know almost nothing about the universe around us.

We need to reinstall the wonder of the unknown to our kids. My spaceship classroom has worked like a charm to shock the kids out of their

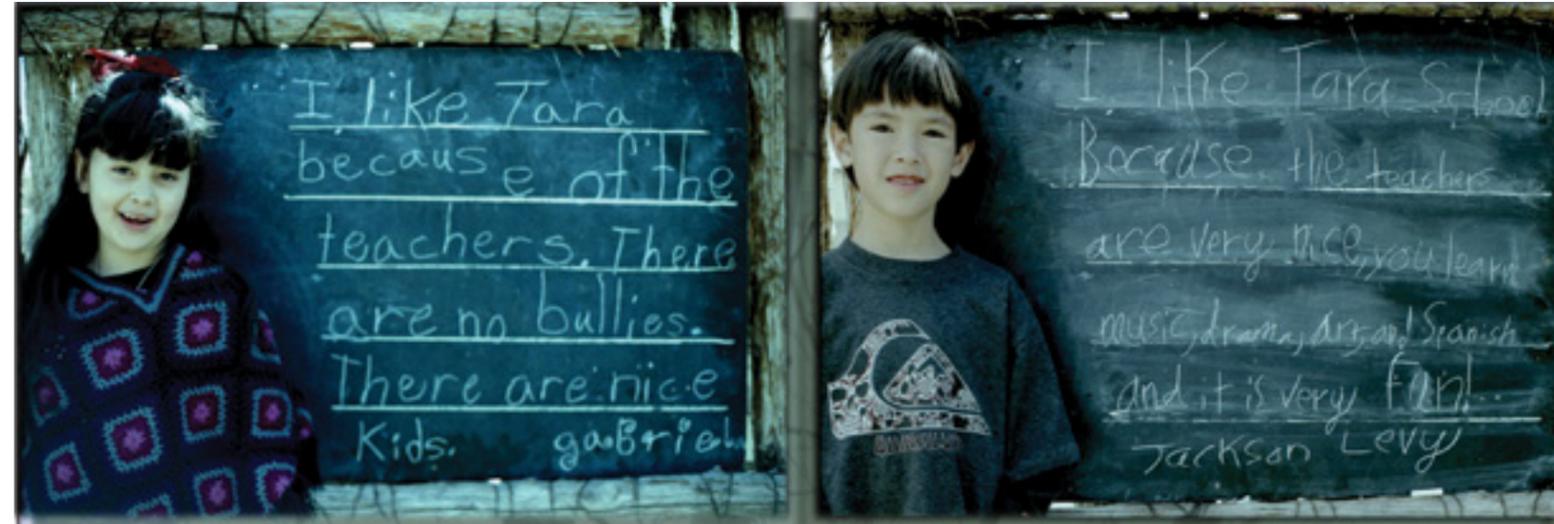
traditional beliefs about science and school. Really, we're just studying traditional sciences, but the kids don't even know it, since it is presented in this milieu that seems like playing.

What does design mean to you?

Good design, and I assume that you mean good design, is a blending of the aesthetic with the practical. When I built my spaceship classroom, I really spent a lot of time thinking about what would make the ideal classroom, since, ultimately, that's what it is, a classroom, as well as something that would make the kids believe that they were actually in a spaceship. It was really a challenge, since the two things, a spaceship and a classroom, are two very different things. I had to be able to lecture, give tests, and monitor the students and their behavior at all times. There were a lot of factors that went into the design process, as far as practicality was concerned, but at the same time, I didn't want to compromise on the spaceship quality too much. This is what design is all about to me. I've seen some absolutely awesome architectural designs in my life that were completely impractical for what they were meant to do. Actually, I understand that Frank Lloyd Wright's Falling Water is really damp and uncomfortable to live in.

On the other hand, I've seen lots of very practically designed buildings—for instance, most institutions including schools—that were so aesthetically unpleasing it is unbelievable. It doesn't matter how much money is available, as soon as a designer that specializes in institutions get a hold of a design, it's aesthetically dead. It's too bad really. I've seen some new schools that cost millions to build, and yet they all have that sterile "school like" feel.

Really, it's been amazing. I'm told that there are many kids that have an aversion to the sciences. That's ridiculous. They are naturally inquisitive, but it's the dry, disconnected manner in which much of science is taught that cause the kids to shy away from it. The spaceship jolts them out of their preconceived notions of an institutionalized, florescent-lit science class. It been a great way to get the kids to relax and also begin to make connections between science and the world around them. I've met many kids that say they don't like science, but very few that aren't interested in space (in one way or another). It's just a shame that no one has helped them to make the connection between the two. The room I built begins that process from day one.



EDUCATION DESIGN

at tara school

What are the most important qualities of a teacher?

Deborah: Sense of humor; flexibility.

Andrea: Patience; being open-minded;

being creative. I'm most successful

when I connect with the kids.

You have to find out what their interests

are and teach from that.

Deborah: You also have to know what

their learning styles are, what makes

them tick. That's why small classes are so

important, so that you can really connect

with the children individually.

How do you decide on your curriculum?

Deborah: We do follow and look at

state standards, but we aren't wedded

to them. We can go with what the

children are interested in. The other day

they loved grinding up these rocks in the

yard, so we did a session on geography.

Andrea: We spend a lot of time before we

start school and decide what we want the

year to look like. We try to follow that.



Andrea and Deborah at Tara School

What makes Tara school different?

Deborah: Class size. Parental involvement.

Field trips, hands on experience.

Andrea: Having a supportive

director and board that are always

open to suggestions – and not just the

board but the parents as well.

Deborah: In terms of other private

schools, we do a really good job of

balancing academics and mentoring.

The multi-age classes are more like

the real world.

Andrea: It's about being able to meet

the challenges of each child. If we have

a 3rd grader doing 5th grade math,

we can allow and support that.

Tara School is a non-profit, multi-age

school for grades K-6.

If you have any questions,

please call Deborah

at 986-3410

or check

www.taraschool.org



BLISS TALKS TO

amanda beard

OLYMPIC ATHLETE, MODEL,
ENTREPRENEUR, ANIMAL LOVER
GOLD MEDAL WINNER, 2004 OLYMPICS

BLISS: What are you doing currently? What is your schedule right now? **Amanda:** Swimming. Working out. Traveling. **What do you do to stay in shape right now?** I'm swimming as much as possible. I swim a lot. This morning I went on a hike. Every day I am trying to do something pretty active so I stay healthy and in shape. **Do you have any plans to compete going forward?** I'm not competing this summer but I'm going to find a good meet or two to compete in the Fall. That way I can have something to focus on and try to get my butt into shape. **Who are your sponsors?** Speedo, Redbull, Orowheat, Mutual of Omaha, Penta. **What is more stressful for you, training for the Olympics, or keeping up with your new schedule?** I usually just take it day by day. I don't ever really know what I am doing until the night before and that keeps me pretty calm. **Do you employ the same tactics that you did to keep yourself during your training and competition?** Definitely. Its easy for me to put a lot of hard work into something. I try to rule out things that are stressful and that I don't like doing. **Do you make those decisions or does your agent and publicist do that for you?** Both. They know what I like and don't like. It's a great relationship. **What are some of the things that you don't like doing as it relates to PR and appearances?** I don't do a lot of speaking engagements. I feel like I get more out of hanging out with kids. And, I like doing photo shoots. **How early in life did you become aware of your ability to focus your energy so well?** I guess pretty early on. I had to be very disciplined when I was very young but at the same time, I lived a really normal childhood. **What was it like making the team when you were so young? How did your peers at school react?** My friends were awesome. They are very protective of me. They're just my buddies. We go. We hang out. We go shopping. We hardly ever talk about swimming. **Did you feel like you missed out on anything being as competitive as your were?** I don't feel like I did at all. I went to all of my high school dances and I went on dates and I did social activities. It was hard for me to fit those into my schedule because I was training 5-6 hours/ day and going to high school but my parents didn't have a problem if I said, "There's prom tonight! I have to get my hair done. My nails." They were totally fine with that. They didn't want me to be like all gung ho about swimming. They wanted me to have fun with it. I would never be swimming right now or past the 1996 Olympics if I didn't have really awesome people around me. My parents. My friends. My coaches. **When did you first realize that you were a winner? Was that something your parents talked about or was that something you intuitively knew?** I figured that out for myself. I was always really competitive. I played soccer for eight years. I was the roughest little kid out there. I was always

playing street hockey with the boys on my street and anything I did, I wanted to win and beat them. **So you were a tomboy?** I was a definite tomboy. But, I wore pink at the same time. **Tell me about Amanda Beard, Inc.** We are working on a couple of different projects right now. Obviously I'm working really hard with Speedo. We are launching the new Accelerate line. **Tell me what that is.** Well, right now we just have some real basics – little tank tops, little hoodies and capris and pants and work out shorts - great comfy clothes that you can wear while your doing errands or when



"I was a definite tomboy.
But I wore PINK at the
same time."

you are actually working out. I throw on one of the little tank tops and some jeans and some stilettos and I'm ready to go. **Are you working on a cosmetics product line?** Yes we are working on it right now. We want to do a bunch of stuff – hair care, body care, skin care, sunscreen, sunless tanners, and everything for a woman who is out in the elements. **How do you describe the line?** We want to make it as natural as possible and we want to make something that is affordable. **Is fragrance important in your products?** Oh yes. **How does being in and out of the spotlight affect you?** It doesn't affect me. I don't have time for that. **Do you have favorite clothing designers? Do you watch the red carpet?** I do. But, my style is a little more laid back - jeans and a cute little top or tank top. **You are focusing on endangered species. Tell me about that.** I work with a group called Defenders of Wildlife. The animals that we are focusing on are dolphins, manatees, grizzly bears and life in

general. **Is this something that you'd like to continue doing with the same amount of effort as your fashion/design endeavors?** Yes and No. I enjoy the fashion side of things. And this is what my business is focused on. The animals are a hobby. **What does design mean to you?** It's a personal thing. Everyone sees something through his or her own eyes. **You just bought a new house. How would you describe your house and what were the elements of it that made you choose it?** Its very Southwest. Its an adobe looking house from the outside but on the inside– crazy ceilings, wooden

beams running across the top of the ceiling and weird metal underneath it and its really creative. The guy that made the house made sure to make it unique. It's just not a Plain Jane house. **I don't get the impression that you've ever been anything Plain Jane.** I feel like I always stand out. I'm a chameleon. My style is always changing. I get bored with things. I like to keep things fresh and new and fun. **Do you feel more powerful since the Olympics given your success and name? Are people more likely to listen to you?** Yes. People in my position need to use that for certain good things – like what I'm doing with Defending the Wildlife. You need to realize that you may be able to get things because of who you are but its not to be taken advantage of – like to get free goodies. **What has been a "goody" that you've enjoyed?** I love going to sporting events and meeting other athletes. I love that more than

AMANDA HAS BEEN ON THREE US OLYMPIC TEAMS
BEGINNING WHEN SHE WAS 14. SHE WON A
GOLD IN 96 AND ALSO IN 2004.
SHE IS A WORLD RECORD HOLDER
IN WOMEN'S 200 METER BREASTSTROKE.

anything. I think they are phenomenal and I know how much work they have put in to what they do. **Who are three athletes that you admire and why?** Carl Edwards the NASCAR driver. He grew up with absolutely nothing. His parents put everything into him so that he could race and he is so motivated. He makes you want to go out there and just push yourself even harder. I also looked up to Summer Sanders and Dara Torres. They are both amazing swimmers and they are doing a lot with their careers and I really still look up to them. And Peyton Manning. He is a gentleman. There are a lot of athletes out there that I think forget that you are only as good as you come off. We are all replaceable. **What is one book that you have read recently that has moved you?** I read the Jose Conesco book and it made me feel sick. I actually hated it. **Why?** I just don't like that side of sports. Its so disappointing. But I was curious. **Swimming has seemed to escape most of the controversy with the drugs and the steroids. Do you feel like this is because swimmers aren't doing it or they haven't nailed swimming yet?** I think that it's a pretty clean sport. We get drug tested A LOT. I get drug tested ALL the time. You don't see that in very many sports – where the athletes are constantly getting randomly drug tested and in competition. **Are you concerned about it?** I hope that it never goes in that direction. I want to see how amazing one human being can be with just the talents that they were given – without foreign substances. **You said that you really enjoy modeling. Are there any aspects of it that seem awkward or strange or funny to you?** There are always time when I feel a little silly. At one of my photo shoots – I counted – there was like 30 people there watching and working all around me. **How did it feel when you first got the call for your Sport Illustrated Shoot?** Excited. Privileged. Lucky to even be thought of and then be in it. **If you could art direct any modeling shoot, where would you go and what would the shot be?** I'm a water sign and I love being around water so I definitely would like to be near water whether its river, ocean, whatever. And, I guess, I just really feel comfortable being in swimsuits. I love black and white photos. So, I want it to be a super classy black and white beautiful crisp looking landscape and just like a phenomenal picture where you see - I'll be like a little spot/piece of this picture. Like I kind of almost blend into the landscape. **What advice to have for your swimming fans?** Just have fun. That's what my whole thought process was when I was swimming and training because it's so much easier to swim fast and be competitive and perform well when you just really love it and you're excited about something.

INTERVIEWED BY KRISTIN HUMES
PHOTO BY ODETTE SUGARMAN



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or somebody
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PHALAENOPSIS



These orchids are the easiest and most rewarding of the family for the home grower as they produce arching spikes of ten or more flowers as often as three times a year. In nature there are just under 50 wild species which are found from India eastwards through the Philippines and into Northern Australia. The name Phalaenopsis (pronounced fal-ee-nop-sis) is from the Greek and means moth-like. The plants are shade-loving and grow on branches or on rocks where the air is warm and moist. Phalaenopsis plants do not have pseudo bulbs and the strength of the plant is in its large, leathery leaves and thick roots. New leaves appear slowly and regularly over each other and are generally a deep green but occasionally can be attractively mottled.

Orchid-Orchis

In Greek mythology, Orchis was the son of a nymph and a satyr. During a celebratory feast for Bacchus, Orchis committed the sacrilege of attempting to rape a priestess, resulting in his being torn apart by wild beasts, then metamorphosing into a slender and modest plant. Theophrastus was the first of the Western authors to mention orchids. It was he who first applied the name Orchis scientifically, echoing the myth of Orchis and reflecting the resemblance of the double root tubers to the male genitalia that got old Orchis in trouble in the first place. Greek women thought they could control the sex of their unborn children with Orchid roots. If the father ate large, new tubers, the child would be male; if the mother ate small tubers, the child would be female.

sunset canyon
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“Well you know what they say about the size of a woman’s purse,” my friend says to me as I stand transfixed at a shop window admiring a slender, floral-patterned silk handbag in a shop window.

I’m not sure what they say or what they mean, though I am sure it is both thrilling and concerning. Perhaps my fascination with handbags is indicative of an obscure malady, particularly since I enjoy riffling through other people’s purses gaining insight into their personality. “But purses are so intimate!” a shocked Swiss woman exclaims to me. Yet others willingly offer their bags to my inspection, often confessing to the shared pastime, enjoying being discovered. Handbags, whether sported for function or form, carry hints of our person, traces of our life.

Twins Bags, Separate Lives: T. and N., quite by accident, bought the same luxury bag at a discount shop. The black bag has double straps to support its heavy umbrella shape. They each stuff the bag to full capacity daily and are never far from it. “Here is my chaotic life” declares T., a fiber artist, spilling her bag’s contents on a table and poring through gallery brochures, assorted coffee shop cards, her child’s medicine vial, make-up pouch, cell phone, just in case jewelry, receipts, lists, home profiles, CD’s, and fabric bits. “The truth comes out,” groans N. as she pulls items from her bag: her toddler’s sweater and underwear, wipies, a kid’s music tape, a rotten banana, Kleenex, a wet-saw blade, a tile catalog, a bundle of credit-cards, loose coins and bills, lotion, and tennis balls. The interweaving of Life in General and artistry expressed in bags.

Sense and Sensibility: B. has learned that practicality overrides all desire to be pretty when it comes to purses. She tightly packs all necessary documents and money into a ‘fanny pack’, a zippered bag that buckles around the waist, stores her son’s needs in a large zip-lock bag kept in the front seat of the car, and she’s off. She confesses, however, to keeping intricately beaded and delicately sewn handbags in her closet in case she is ever invited to a ball.

The Inner-Child: S., not yet four, totes a miniature pale yellow purse around town. She delightfully reveals her contents to anybody. Her toy cell phone, scribble pad, plastic mirror, and animal stickers indicate the beginnings of a full bag, and life.

Macho Man: My grandfather owned a purse. He slipped this small, soft leather carrier carefully over his wrist and secured it under his arm. The brown portefeuille matched his leather moccasins and made him look distinguished. In it he carried his identification cards, bills in a silver money clip, a small address book, and a thin black comb. When we went out together, the bag under his arm indicated whether we were going to the plaza for a mere walk or if we were going there for ice-cream. Men of his generation in Latin America, Italy, and France still carry these purses.

Mothership: For months I was puzzled at how C., who leads a very active life, had managed to pare down her personal items to just a wallet and keys. Wherever I saw her that is all she carried. When I finally asked for her secret she laughed, opened her car door and presented to me “The Suitcase”. In the front seat sat a huge black leather tote with reliable handles. Her carry-all is a survival kit containing books, snacks, agenda, vitamins, files, lists, sunscreen, homework, a change of clothes, and other essentials needed to face a long day away from home. Everything is conveniently hidden from view but always readily available.

Writer Unbound: A. is a novelist. She carries a small, bland purse slung across her body hanging below the waist. I often wondered how her creative spirit could submit to a bag reminiscent of a boy-scout canteen. She says early in her career she toted her first manuscript in her purse and carried it around all day, in part for security, in part as a talisman. To me, the small purse indicates that a bag large enough to fit her words, thoughts, and body of yet unwritten work doesn’t exist.

Lost and Found: My husband once found a purse in the halls of Capshaw Middle School after a frenzied rush between periods. It was a pretty pink polyester purse that he couldn’t resist opening. It held an array of make-up products that were both foreign and fascinating to him, particularly the goopy lip-gloss. He discovered notes that had been or would have been passed to friends in class, folded in neat packets like origami. He read through the notes and

searched, in vain, for his name among the hearts colored on the notes, then unsuccessfully tried to re-fold the notes to original form. He found pencils with tiny dolls on the eraser ends, wallet-sized photos of crushes, chewing gum (a controlled substance in school), and a brush. To this day he rummages through my purse still fueled by his original curiosity, and perhaps looking for lip-gloss as well.

I inherited my grandmother’s fetish for handbags. My grandmother was a shoes and bags lady. Outfits she wore had matching shoes and handbags. She had a tan purse for her tan pumps, a navy blue handbag for her blue heels, and a brightly beaded bag for white summer sandals.

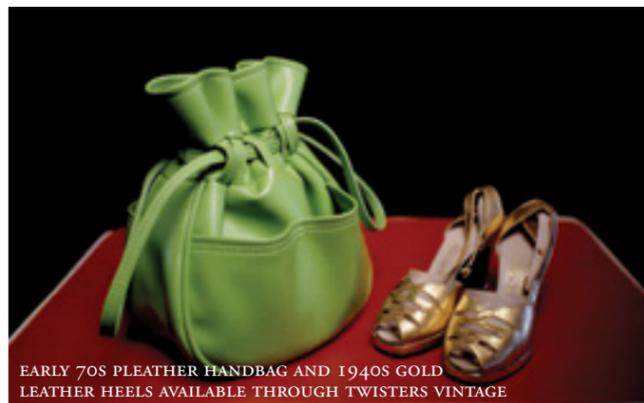
I anxiously awaited her visits, not so much for the time spent with her as for the time spent going through her purse. I would delve into its contents and explore. The deep purses smelled of rich, smooth leather. They all had shiny clasps and buckles, and the straps boasted sturdy Italian craftsmanship. I would wiggle my hand deep into the bag, and like a crane, unearth my finds: a compact mirror, a lip-stick tube, face powder, a pack of cigarettes, sticks of Wrigleys gum, a small notebook, keys, a sleek wallet and matching leather change purse, a brush, various Important Papers, a pen, perfume. After pulling out these objects and checking every pocket and fold for any anything else—testing buckles, zippers, and snaps—I would settle in to my work.

Each inspected object was a clue to discovering who my grandmother was. She didn’t look like ordinary grandmothers. She sported pixie hair-cuts and zany sunglasses, not tightly coiled buns and spectacles. She didn’t smell of spice and cookie dough, rather trailed the perfume of a modern city gal. Kisses were exchanged in the air not to smudge her creamy, fire-engine red lips. Gifts weren’t hand-knit sweaters, instead fresh-pressed Department Store outfits. And shoes. And bags.

I loved the purses she gave me: a blue-suede handbag so smooth and cool to my hand; a tan canvas bag, almost as large as a lady’s purse to my excitement, with yellow and orange side zippers and inside compartments; a red plastic change purse that I could endlessly click open and close. I stuffed my bags with stray keys, discarded pocket-books, scribbled notes and play make-up. Yet despite filling my bags with an array of imitation objects I never captured the aura of her purse. My perfume was floral, hers musky; my lipstick sweet not sensual; my keys random, whereas hers unlocked doors to a house, a person, a life. Being a child I couldn’t capture the magic of her bags: the fragrant mystery of womanhood.

Today, my handbags are a vessel of sorts of my personality and the life I lead; they are a physical expression of who I am, and tangible proof that I am no longer a little girl. My bags are packed with to-do lists, books, cell phone, check-book, receipts, small notebooks, snacks, pictures, Lego pieces and other small toys my son asks me to store, a ‘pooper scooper’ for my dog, lip balm (though no make-up or perfume), pens, pebbles and shells, article clippings, and Advil. I have purses of all shapes and sizes, made of cloth, wool, leather, suede, vinyl, yarn and reeds. Their styles range from urban to artisan, vintage and pop. My favorite bags though are made of the finest leather, supple and deep, much like my grandmother’s handbags.

This summer my grandmother passed away. A large box was delivered to me weeks later; it was my grandmother’s dresser. Inside, lining the drawers, I found her worn, and much remembered, purses.



EARLY 70S PLEATHER HANDBAG AND 1940S GOLD LEATHER HEELS AVAILABLE THROUGH TWISTERS VINTAGE



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Charlotte

Ehinger-Schwarz 1876

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 BY MASTERGOLDSMITH WOLF-PETER SCHWARZ,
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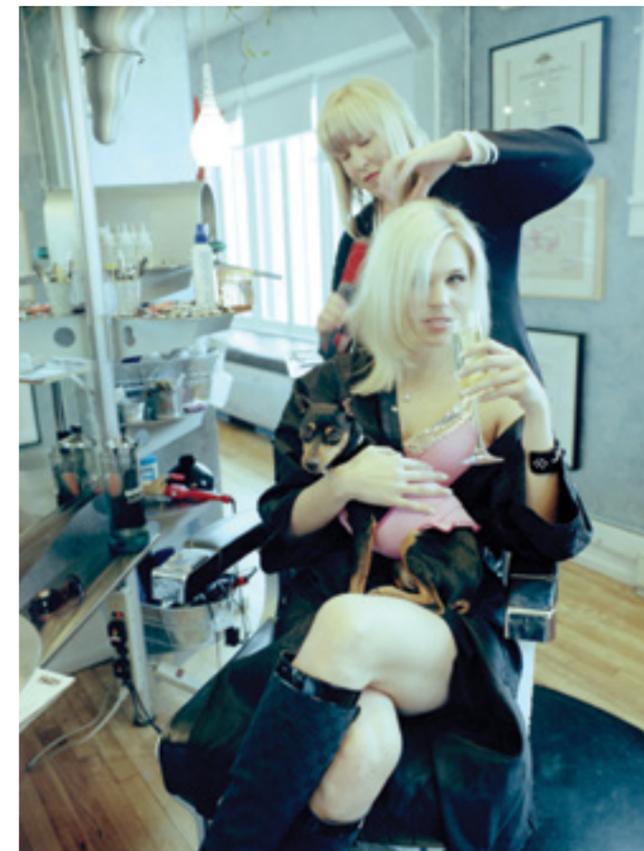
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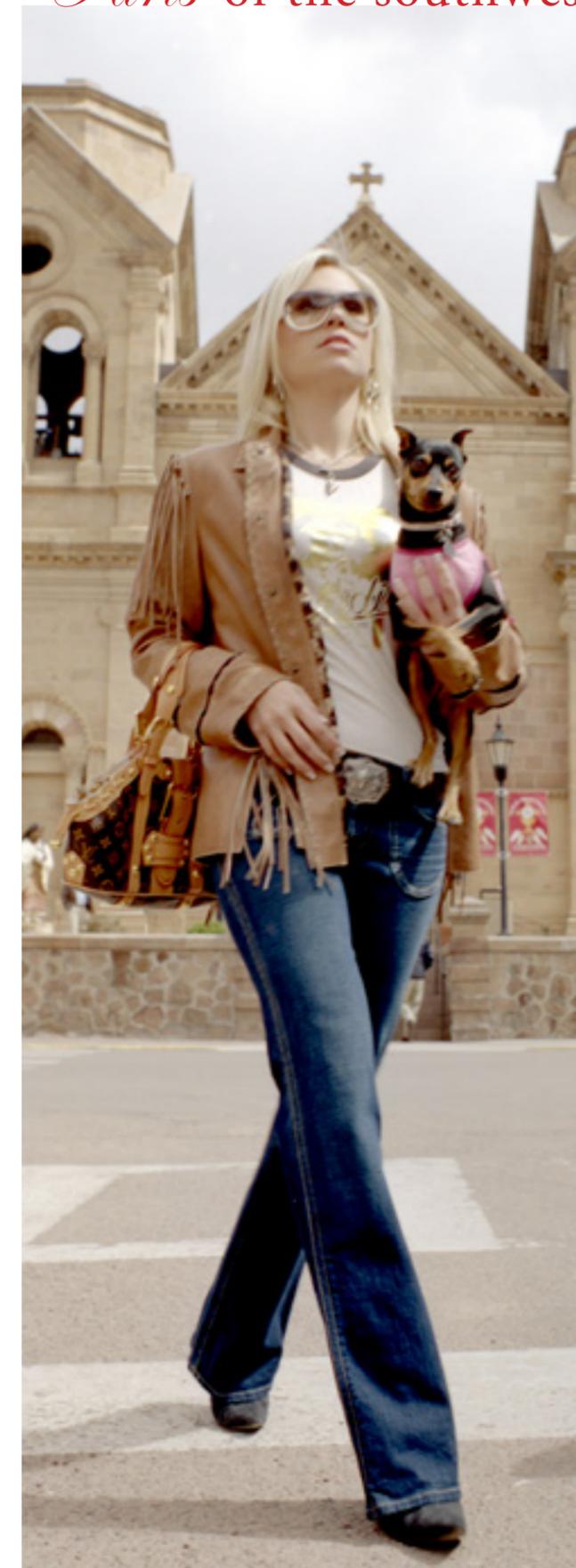
SPRIT



SANTA FE MIGHT BE WAY OUT IN THE DESERT,
 BUT EVEN AN HEIRESS CAN LIVE THE GOOD LIFE HERE.
 ABBY AND LULU START THEIR DAY
 WITH SOME BLONDE ON BLONDE
 AT **ELIZABETH A SALON.**
 WHEN YOUR INNER HEIRESS
 IS READY FOR A NEW LOOK,
 TREAT YOURSELF TO HILITES, COLOR, STYLING,
 MANICURE/PEDICURE, FACIALS, WAXING,
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 KNEE-HIGH BOOTS BY GUCCI, PLAS-
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FLAUNT YOUR INNER HEIRESS IN DOWNTOWN SANTA FE
 WITH CHANEL SHIELDS FROM
OPTICAL SHOP OF ASPEN,
 ABBY WEARS A FRINGE LEATHER JACKET BY
 GIMO, TRUNK T-SHIRT, HUDSON JEANS
 AND STERLING SILVER BELT BUCKLE
 ALL FROM **SUNSET CANYON.**
 LOUIS VUITTON HANDBAG, MODEL'S OWN.
 LULU, A 3 YEAR OLD MINIPIN,
 WEARS A PET ROYALTY TANK TOP AND A PINK
 RHINESTONE COLLAR FROM GEORGE,
 A SPECIALTY DOG BOUTIQUE IN SAN FRANCISCO

Paris of the southwest



CHAPARE

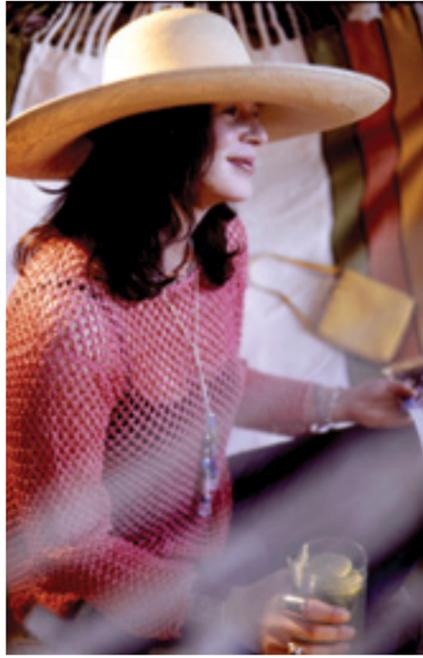
SHAWLS FOR THE OPERA



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CHAPARE

SUMMER CROCHET TOPS



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ONORATO

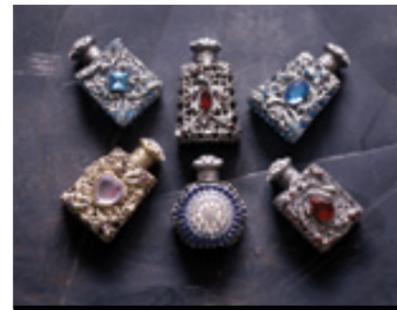
FINE HOME FURNISHINGS
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Paris
of the
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When your inner heiress is ready for some plush beauty sleep, visit Santa Fe's most luxurious home furnishings store, ONORATO. Browse through the cozy adobe rooms to find a lush and contemporary collection of pillows, sheets, blankets, spreads, comforters, sensual nightwear, robes, towels, shower curtains and a regal selection of bath and body products.



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PERFUME BOTTLES
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AFTER EARLY 1900 ORIGINALS.
AVAILABLE AT
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Lying amidst the custom-made ONORATO gold collection, Abby and Lulu prepare to dream about their next exotic adventure. Dressed in gold and diamond jewelry from THE GOLDEN EYE, the heiress and her faithful companion are sure to find themselves in distant lands, where the ancient goddess fills the soul with magic.



115 DON GASPAR
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ABBY AND LULU WEAR HIGH KARAT GOLD BRACELETS, BLACK DIAMOND BEADED NECKLACES, AND GOLD AND PRECIOUS STONE RINGS, DESIGNED BY NORAH PIERSON AND KEITH BERGE FROM THE GOLDEN EYE.



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NECKLACES BY FITZ & FITZ, JOHN TSCHANNEN AND JIM SERNIUK; EARRINGS BY ABREGO AND JOHN TSCHANNEN



ANITA LOUISE NATURAL HAIR & BODY BLENDS

There are few things in life that really bring a sense of serenity, calm, peace, and well-being. Obviously, the most important of these would be our relationships with people, with nature, and with our spiritual selves. Now this might seem exaggerated, but the quality of Anita Louise Hair and Body Blends reminds me of these connections. Laurie Richardone, the founder of Anita Louise, produces her blends in small batches, combining quality oils and botanicals from around the world. She uses only 100% natural ingredients, (wild-crafted essential oils cold-pressed from flowers and fruits) and hand makes every shampoo, conditioner, body/bath oil, and hair finishing oil. Her conditioners are unlike any other

I've tried, fully saturating the hair, leaving it rich and shiny. Laurie blends the essential oils with the knowledge of an alchemist, using her training as an aromatherapist. The Anita Louise Salon is located in an Adobe Casita, built in the 1800's and is redesigned with a mellow, serene and open feel that perfectly matches the quietly energizing fragrance of essential oils. Laurie left the high fashion salon scene of New York in 1993 and is now the primary stylist at Anita Louise. She is committed to providing the highest quality products for the most luxurious experience in hair and skin care—and you really feel this when you use the products; it's an authentic experience—like a true friendship, like love. —lindsay ahl, bliss editor

BLISS kiss

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NATURAL HAIR AND BODY BLENDS
MADE WITH ESSENTIAL OILS
IMPORTED FROM AROUND THE WORLD.
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AND SOLD IN SANTA FE AT THE
ANITA LOUISE SALON.



Anita Louise

ANITA LOUISE
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Charlotte
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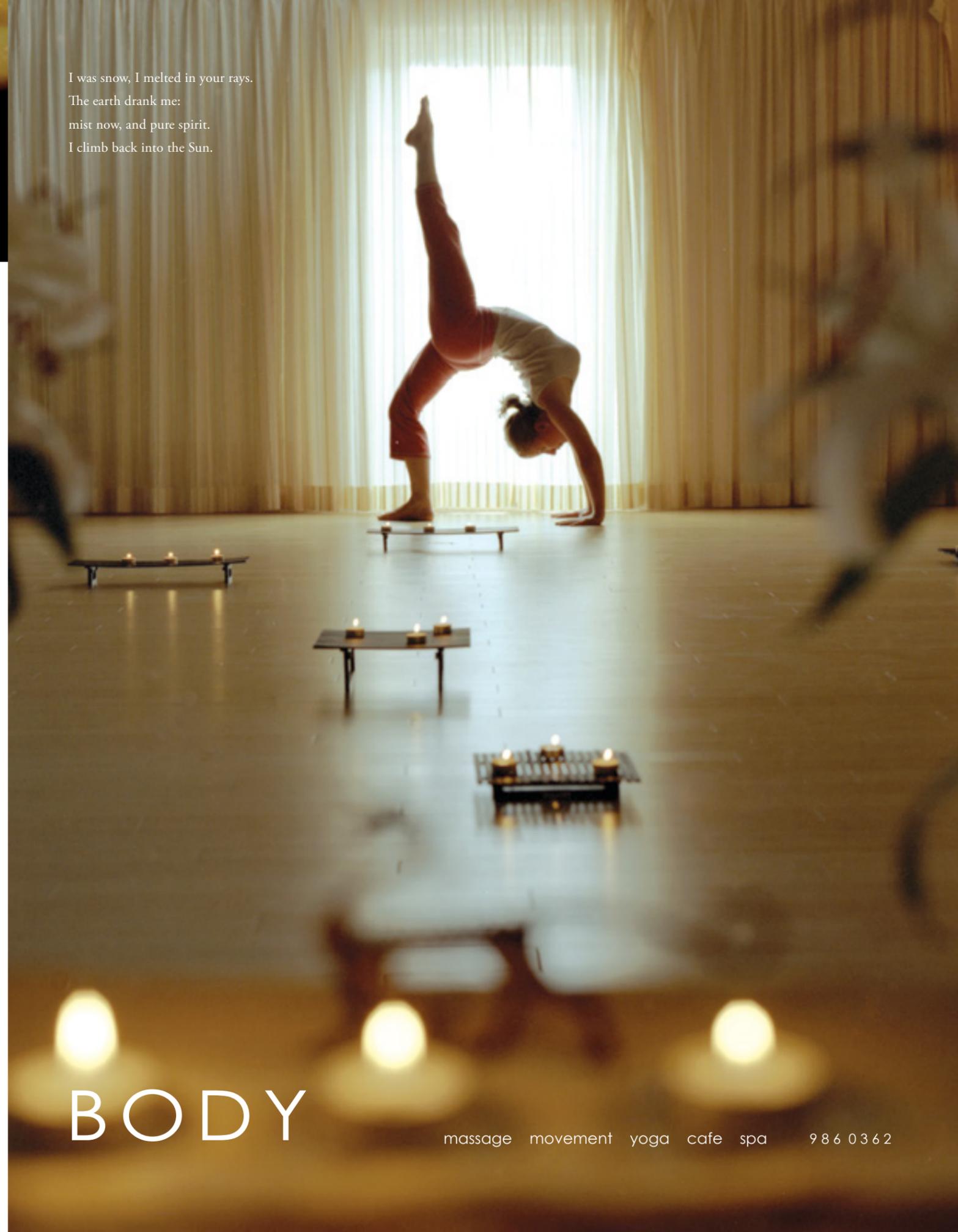
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steel tables by Frank Seckler,
markasite and sterling bracelets by Judith Jack,
coral, agate and turquoise necklaces by Rebecca Mcnerny



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I was snow, I melted in your rays.
The earth drank me:
mist now, and pure spirit.
I climb back into the Sun.



BODY

massage movement yoga cafe spa 986 0362



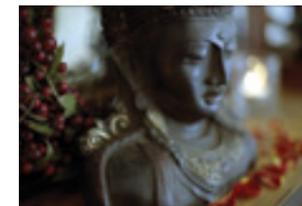
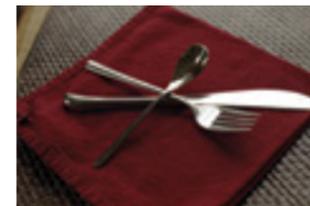
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BLISS kiss

BLISS LOVES
 NIRVANA TEA ROOM
 CHARMING PLUSH EXOTIC

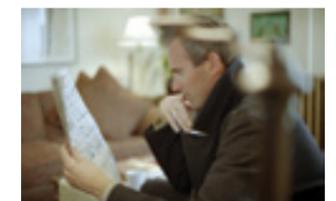


Choose from a selection of fifty loose teas, including black, green, white, herbal, yerba mate and puerh, along with our flavorful house chai. For a mesmerizing tea-drinking experience, try one of our flowering teas. The finest organically grown tea leaves are hand-sewn into rosettes or bundles which slowly unfurl as they steep, to create a beautiful bouquet. We use all organic and natural ingredients in our baking and cooking, to offer you the most fresh and flavorful cuisine. The menu changes daily to include a soup, salad and entrée (usually Asian-oriented), always with a vegetarian alternative. We also have an ever-changing selection of teacakes, which always includes a lemon teacake, chocolate delectable, heavenly scones and cookies.
 —Carolyn Lee, NIRVANA TEA ROOM



Our outdoor garden patio will be open for service in June, offering a peaceful setting under a canopy of trees filled with birdsong.
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MAYA
 the enjoyment of tangible reality





April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering

excerpts from T.S. Elliot's The Wasteland

There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying: "Stetson!"
You who were with me in the ships at Mylae!
That corpse you planted last year in your garden,
Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?
Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?

"You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;
They called me the hyacinth girl."
—Yet when we came back, late, from the Hyacinth garden,
Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not
Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither
Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,
—My feet sinking into the heart of light, the silence.

flowers courtesy of
The Flower Market,
982-9663
Special thanks
to Edward.
blue leather wedge
by marc jacobs

1000 WORDS
PLEASE WRITE YOUR REACTION
TO THIS IMAGE. IT DOESN'T
NEED TO CONTAIN A LITERAL
DESCRIPTION OF THE IMAGE,
NOR TELL A STORY. LET YOUR
MIND WANDER. DREAM INTO IT.
E-MAIL YOUR 1000 WORDS TO
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Andrea wears clothes from SPIRIT: 2-layer linen split skirt by Eunhwa, black stretch tank top by Majestic, Tote Le Monde recycled plastic tote bag, spaghetti strap cotton gauze dress by Kerry Cassil, CP Company trench coat with cotton and metal fiber blend for wrinkle texture, black cotton stretch crop pants by Vince, black leather mail bag by Clutch, silver painted leather sandals from Matta, and a Lilla P tissue cotton scoop neck tank.

"SPIRIT to me is *design* in every sense of the word. It's world class shopping. The clothes are contemporary and timeless. I'm still wearing the boots I got 12 years ago. Besides that, the women there, Merrie, Brenda and Martine are just so beautiful and gracious and welcoming. When I walk through the door, I feel like I'm home. And they know how to help me find what I want. My current obsession is Merrie's hand-made collection of beaded necklaces and bracelets. I just can't get enough of them."
—Andrea

andrea soorikian
FLORAL DESIGNER

SO WHAT'S IN YOUR CD PLAYER?
red hot chilli peppers, mary j. blige, prince, roxie music
rolling stones, lucinda williams

AND ON YOUR DAY OFF?
i rarely have a day off—but if i do, i hike or hang out with my daughter.

ARE YOU HAPPY?
yes.

YOU SEEM KIND OF HAPPY BUT MELANCHOLY.
that's me. i'm looking for something and i don't know what it is—that's why i keep creating.

WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR BUSINESS SENSE?
my father.

WHAT DO YOU VALUE MOST?
that i could be a good mom to my daughter and be a good role model.

WHAT IS YOUR ANIMAL SPIRIT?
the cat—because they purrrr.

WHAT MAKES YOU PURR?
a great pair of shoes.

WHAT BAD AND MISCHIEVOUS THINGS DO YOU DO?
i buy shoes—from barney's, neiman's on line. i can get so obsessed about a shoe that i can't sleep.

DO YOU GET LONELY?
absolutely.

HOW DO YOU ACCEPT THAT? WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR LONLIENESS?
it keeps me moving forward.

DO YOU FALL IN LOVE?
yes, but not for a long time. i really love falling in love, i live for that stuff.

SO YOU LOVE SHOES, BUT YOU ALSO WANT TO BE SWEPT OFF YOUR FEET?
yes.

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WHAT ARE YOU ALL ABOUT, AS A DESIGNER?



"my passion is the creative process itself."



green silk tablecloth courtesy of The Clay Angel

"IN EVERY SENSE
OF THE WORD,
I create.
I LOVE THE
CREATIVE PROCESS.
I LOVE STORIES.
WHEN I DO FLOWERS
I WANT TO KNOW,
WHAT IS THE STORY?
WHO IS THIS BRIDE?
IT'S NOT JUST ABOUT
THE FLOWERS IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE TABLE,
IT'S ABOUT THE WHOLE
DESIGN, THE LINENS, THE
LIGHTING THE LOCATION
THE AMBIANCE,
THE MOOD."



PLEASE IDENTIFY THE PRODUCT-SHOT IN THIS PHOTO.

Is it the “Tarantella” fluted glass tiki-torch style accent lamp from Trend, offered to us by Sam Lamb of Creative Lighting at The Source? No. Is it the fresh young whole coconut drink from BODY Cafe served with tropical umbrella accessory? Or the stylish new BODY cap that completes Lorin’s multitasking persona? No again. We might say that in this age of celebrity endorsement advertising that Lorin Parrish is the product shot herself. But in the BLISS world of sign and design, Lorin is merely a complimentary referent to the actual product, which is indeed the surfboard. See how the surfboard is prominently displayed in this image, yet understated in its functional role as Lorin’s new desk? While the other surfboard leans against the wall, fulfilling its function as pure art. Now we must ask, skeptically, curiously and somewhat fancifully—

SURFBOARDS as ART? And the answer is YES. Thanks to L.B. Wolf & Sons, and VIRGIN ISLANDS CUSTOM SURFBOARDS, you can own and admire one of these authentic Hawaiian style surfboards designed by world renowned surfboard designer Joe Blair. In fact, these surfboards are on display at BODY right now because Lorin is a former surfer, and having this beautiful object around reminds her of the tranquil rhythm of intermittent swells at North Shore pipeline on Oahu, where she went to high school. So visit the island yourself on a permanent vacation, by owning your own VIRGIN ISLAND CUSTOM SURFBOARD, available now for your home or office—they’re not just for the ocean anymore.

CONTACT CHARLES PETERMEIER 505 995 0382



the science of Feng Shui DESIGN



SONJA WEARS A SILK GOWN BY LAURA SHEPPHERD, SALON DE COUTURE

Most people have the impression Feng Shui is just “moving furniture around,” but in actuality, it is an ancient science whereby you find the energy of a home and the people who live there through the 5 element system and the Lo Pan Compass. Feng Shui is about doing a reading to match everyone up for the best harmony and prosperity. Feng Shui is based on meteorology, astronomy, physics and geology and the five elements: Fire, Earth, Metal, Water and Wood. Depending on the year a person is born, they will be a Fire element person, or an Earth element person etc... To find out what element the house is, I use the ancient Chinese Lo Pan Compass. This compass has all of the “trigrams” or, Chinese elements with their corresponding yin/yang signs and the astrological charts, plus the directions, N,S,E,W. A real Chinese lo pan is huge because it has the whole sky on it. A house may be a water element house and the person a fire element person. These don’t do well together at all, and could result in a health issue relating to the element. When we find out that sections of the house are missing certain elements, we “remedy” them. A water fountain may have to go in the kitchen, a plant may have to go in the bedroom, a red night light (fire remedy) in the study, and a piece of metal in the bathroom. This will put the house back into harmony. Any living thing has chi energy around it so you need to remedy with live elements. It’s all about getting an accurate “reading” to find out the basics according to the universe of the house. The main focus is to attract chi to you and your home or work place. Chi then will attract wonderful things to you, as well.—Sonja Runar

Cell 919 413 6942 goodchilady@mindspring.com www.fengshuiunitedstates.com

CHRIS GALUSHA DESIGN 505 577 2656

HANPAINTED AND STENCILLED SUEDE PILLOWS EMBROIDERED SUEDE PILLOWS
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The Feline Aesthetic Rules Over All Others In Regard To Pillows.
Pleasure And Taste Are Purrfectly Comingled In The Timeless Span Of Nine Lives.
Magic And Mayhem Are The Daydreams Of The Gifted.
One Is Most At Home In One’s Own Bed.
—Prince Oliver, *un chat noir*

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galushadesign@netscape .net



PHOTO LERAY

Realtors have come to have a reputation almost like the classic used car salesman, where the relationship is more about the sale than what the client really needs. Emily Garcia is as far from this as you can imagine, and goes even further. **She is not just interested in helping people buy a home; she is interested in helping them build their life here.** Emily often begins by getting to know her clients and allowing them to know her, so that she really understands what their values are and what their lifestyles require. She will take them to visit different parts of town, the schools, or other interesting places in the city or county to help them become a part of the community, not just find a house. She believes that the more authentic you are, the more successful you will be in business and in life. After the sale, she stays true to her clients, keeps in touch with them and helps introduce them to like-minded people in the community. She describes her business philosophy as "inclusive," or heart-centered, which really fits with the Santa Fe lifestyle and value system. Emily has an extensive real estate and business background, has lived in Santa Fe for over 20 years, and loves what the city is about on every level, down to the way the streets are laid out. "We're not a series of streets," she says, "This town is built in a circle, and Paseo de Peralta is perfect; it is like an embrace around the heart of the city. And that is what Emily is like when you speak to her; her heart is open, her life is open, and she embraces life and all it offers. If you want a business professional and an authentic friend to help you find your next home, Emily is for you.

—L. A.

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CABINET BY TESUQUE DESIGN



Q&A WITH JOY BRAMS
Bliss: How would you define "good" design?
 Joy Brams: Good design is inspired and timeless. It is not predictable, nor is it trendy. The elements come together in a magical way to create visual balance and beauty. This applies whether one is talking about a car, garment, jewelry, objet d'art, furniture, or the interior of a home.
Do you have a design "style"?
 I consider my design aesthetic to be modern, but I fear this is very misunderstood. Le Corbusier, a master of modern design, said: "To be modern is not a fashion, it is a state. It is necessary to understand history, and he who understands history, knows how to find continuity between that which was, that which is, and that which will be." That says it well, I think.



LEATHER BANCO AND PILLOWS BY CHRIS GALUSHA



Furniture Design Adam Eisman

Furniture makers often start out thinking that what makes a piece “worthy” is its attention to conventions of craft—careful joinery, hand tools, pristine and masochistic methods. Breaking the piece down the middle, kind of gives the finger to all of that. For all you know, there may be big metal bolts underneath that might only appear to be the through-tendons at the top. It’s interesting forms, colors and juxtapositions that should do the heavy lifting I think, irrespective of the materials, method or pedigree. I once saw a Queen Anne Lowboy made of waferboard and plywood. That seems to me to be the pinnacle.

ADAM EISMAN WOODWORK AND DESIGN
ADAM@WOODWORKANDESIGN.COM
WWW.WOODWORKANDESIGN.COM
505 570 0868



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DOLL DESIGN BY EUGENIA PARRY



suggested wire wrapped with cloth. I made huge mobile hands that would have twisted cookies from sweet dough, woven blankets, herded goats, prayed. I’ve spent most of my professional life teaching and writing books on art and photography. While researching in Paris in the 1970s—a lonely task in a grey, damp city—I used to wander the streets, looking in shop windows. Rummaging through piles of junk in flea markets, I found a piece of grey printed silk. On its border I read the word Chanel. I never could take scissors to this piece of silk. For thirty years, it sat on a shelf with piles of other fabrics. But one doll seemed to ask for Chanel. It hardly seemed appropriate: high fashion for a lowly peasant; but the pattern, sophisticated, yet dense and grandmotherish, felt right. So I made a long skirt for doll #1 in my first series of 20, illustrated here. Of all the dolls she most resembles my grandmother. There is no point trying to explain why an art historian, turned free-lance writer, decides to enter so completely into a project like The Good Grandmother. I can’t give reasons. I can only say I was visited, and I responded, not to a request from the land of the dead, but to a fierce, incessant demand.

Each Sunday, I attend the liturgy at my Greek Orthodox church. I look into the dome, and there’s my grandmother, arms outstretched, circling, a raven with black glasses. I don’t know if anyone else sees her or not. I think I come to church not to pray, but to catch a glimpse of my grandmother. Two years ago, I decided to make her into some dolls. I can’t explain why. I needed to do it. I virtually stopped writing and made twenty dolls completely by hand. This took nearly two years of steady work. All are old ladies from rural Greece in black stockings and felt slippers. Their clothing is somber and roughly textured, like farm women who labor all their lives. I knew how to do this from scratch, no patterns. I took materials, scissors, needles and let my hands fashion everything without thinking about it. The clothes came first. I don’t know why. I somehow knew the correct size. I found handmade felt in Taos for skirts and jackets, and I knitted wool sweaters, undershirts, and knickers. I sewed aprons. I made the bodies of fine Egyptian cotton twill on a sewing machine. The legs were long, the arms outstretched. The hands? A former student in Milan

Design is order, everything in the right place. Complex or simple, no matter. Street, shovel, fugue, church, skeleton, doll, book, galaxy—good design is convincing, compelling so that one feels smarter or newly awakened by bone-deep satisfaction, and would swear that the result was inevitable, happened by itself, couldn’t have occurred any other way. Great designs make us believers. To declare the existence of God by Design means that the impenetrable intricacies and rhythms of the universe are ample evidence of an omnipotent intelligence. Bad design makes you sick. Most people spend their lives surrounded by mediocre or bad designs and wonder why they don’t feel well. —Eugenia Parry

EUGENIA PARRY, THE GOOD GRANDMOTHER, # 1, SERIES I;
H. 15 INCHES, 2004-5, OWNED BY CARLOS ESQUIBEL, ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO.
GOOD GRANDMOTHER DOLLS MAY BE SPECIAL-ORDERED FROM EUGENIA PARRY BY EMAIL: EPARRY@NEWMEXICO.COM

BLISS: IS THERE AN ART TO LENDING AND BORROWING MONEY?

Francis Phillips: Creative lending comes to mind. Putting pieces of a puzzle together. Santa Fe is about 70% self employed. We have to find creative strategies to find a good rate and put the loan together.

ARE PEOPLE NERVOUS ABOUT BORROWING?

Some are nervous; buying a home is a new experience for some. We want to show how to make it easier for them. Programs with less money down, or using a financial planning approach to show strategies where they can pay off their home sooner and build up their net worth.

DO MOST BORROWERS JUST USE THEIR LOCAL BANK?

Two out of three Americans work with independent lenders like Olympia Funding, Inc. We work with national banks, like Wells Fargo, Bank of America, and local banks. So because we are a national firm and because of our high volume of lending, we can obtain group bulk rates and pass the savings on to our clients. And we have our in-house underwriting for those hard-to-get-through deals, for example, people with challenged credit, small business owners, the self-employed—those requiring a large amount to borrow, like super jumbo loans or bridge loans.

WHAT ARE THOSE TWO LOANS YOU SPEAK OF?

Super jumbo loans are for more than a million dollars for a residential property. And bridge loans are for clients who are selling their homes and need a bridge loan to go ahead and purchase their next home while they wait for the original home to sell.

WHAT SERVICES DO YOU PROVIDE THAT PEOPLE ARE NOT AWARE OF?

We do offer a full service loan approach to discounted rates, here from start to finish, we take the client from the loan application all the way to closing while saving them money in the process. We offer discounted rates since the majority of our deals are done for zero points, which translates into a savings of 1% on closing costs.

WHAT KIND OF LOANS DO YOU OFFER?

We are strictly real estate, not small business. We do financing for residential commercial and construction property.

HOW DOES THE CONCEPT OF DESIGN ENTER INTO YOUR WORK?

You should always check your credit annually. It’s nice to design a plan to position yourself to work with an Olympia loan advisor annually so we can help review your credit to advise you on how to improve your credit scores and position yourself to buy more house with less money.

Design for us is growth for net worth and for retirement. Santa Fe properties outperformed the stock market. So this is a great place to invest money. We can design a plan to increase your net worth in real estate, with retirement or non-retirement money, to buy a home, investment property or to build your own home.

PEOPLE TALK ABOUT HOW EXPENSIVE THE REAL ESTATE MARKET IS HERE.

Yes, but you can compare Santa Fe to other ski resorts and Santa Fe remains under-priced and undervalued. That makes Santa Fe properties very attractive. Supply and demand, the amount of property allowed to be built, keeps the demand quotient high and we feel that Santa Fe property represents tremendous value when you compare it to other ski destinations in the west. And Santa Fe ranks in the top 10 for surveys on clean air, retirement living and vacation destinations—it’s a ski destination full of incredible culture. So out-of-towners can benefit tremendously from investing here, and we can also help local residents up-size their homes and keep their costs down. We want to help local investors upgrade their home and their net worth. Our business is about half local and half out-of-state clients.

TELL US A LITTLE ABOUT YOUR NEW BRANCH OFFICES HERE.

Well, we want people to know that we are not a franchise, we are branches within Olympia Funding, Inc., with national support and local expertise. We are a group of loan advisors with backgrounds in real estate, financial management, banking and lending, who have grouped together to provide a superior product for our clients. We have 16 employees divided among the 3 locations. Here in Santa Fe, we have our offices in The Lofts, where we have designed an open and bright space, so our clients can feel comfortable, where we can host workshops for realtors and clients. We want to show our clients how to design their personal finances and improve their credit to help buy real estate and have fun.



Francis Phillips, at right, meets with the Olympia Funding, Inc. Santa Fe branch at their new office in The Lofts at Marquez Place.

BLISS TALKS TO FRANCIS PHILLIPS, OWNER OF THE NEW LOCAL BRANCH OF OLYMPIA FUNDING, INC.

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INTERIOR DESIGN : SURFACE RESTYLE



This is a first-person account of the product known as AMERICAN CLAY, an exquisite earth plaster made from real clay and other totally natural non-toxic ingredients that are mixed and bagged in Albuquerque. I had the opportunity to witness firsthand as the pale white walls of Kay Barber's home were transformed with a coating of American Clay's Tuscan Gold "Loma".

As the painted sheetrock was covered with the rich colorful plaster, I was amazed by the sudden depth and softness of the space. In retrospect, the walls went from slightly sterile to delightful and inviting. The plastering process is inviting as well, as the clay is easy on skin and has none of the chemical compounds found in conventional paints, plasters and sealers. American Clay is mixed in 5 gallon buckets out in the yard. This part of the process requires a drill with a motor mixing attachment, or perhaps, lots of patience and an industrial egg beater. The point

is, you can do all the work yourself, or you can hire professional applicators to do it for you. The plaster is available at CORONADO PAINT AND DECORATING, and the crew I photographed is local to Santa Fe. All the contact information is listed below.

You will see from the photos I took that the floors and furniture are covered for protection and various ladders, scaffolds and climbing devices are placed here and there to facilitate the high spots. The house I photographed was being lived in. There is no need to move out while American Clay is being applied to your walls, as the applicators go room by room.

The actual smoothing on of the American Clay is a beautiful organic experience requiring concentration, strong arms and some happy music. You can have American Clay put on smooth or rough depending on the final look you want, and choose from 30 spectacular colors. You will see from the pho-



tos that the new walls have a warm glow compared to the previous surface. One thing is for certain, your furniture and antiques will look amazing against the old-world rustic texture. It is perfect for the contemporary New Mexico home in need of some charm.

Let me digress for a moment to say that before I knew about American Clay, I bought a bag of Structolite and mixed it up and put it on my walls to kill of the flatness. It worked fine, but had I known that this product was available, I would have chosen American Clay instead. Where Structolite is extremely useful, it is made of gypsum dust, the inner essence of sheetrock. American Clay, on the other hand, is made of a natural organic substance you can gather down at the river.

Since I am not a professional interior decorator or wall resurfer, I am writing from a slightly naive point of view, but I can say that I grew up doing construction of all kinds and in my adult life spent



resurfacing your walls to be totally rewarding aesthetically. And that is why we play house in the first place. The new wall surface in your home will receive and reflect light like the earth we live on, like the dried arroyos we walk in, like the trees we climb. Having this gorgeous light around you when you wake up will change the whole mood of your morning.

—Louis Leray

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lots of time of the movie set. I love construction sites and movies sets, and I love being in a home when the restyling work is in process. There is a messy element, yes, but it can be a controlled mess--especially if you hire professionals to organize the job. I would like to reiterate that the homeowner was living at the house during the process, and her dog, Chico, was happy to have friends during the day, although he tried to nibble on my feet a few times. The little pup inspected all the bags of American Clay, hoping to find a bonus prize like a bone or doggy snack.

You won't find any hidden prizes in your bag of American Clay, but you will find the task of



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BLISS TALKS TO JOHN T. MORRIS—STONE MASON,
OWNER OF NEW MEXICO STONE, AND GUITAR PLAYER FOR HIGH ALTITUDE BAND

What do you build most often?

Floors and walls.

Which do you like better?

Walls. I especially like when the walls are here (waist high), when you can step back, and see how it's right.

In some realms of design, if you have to alter it a bit, usually you have to go back and change the whole thing. How does that affect you?

It doesn't. You just have to redo that stone. Or better, you wouldn't have put that stone there to begin with.

I was originally intrigued by this idea you mentioned in an article, about how you either know how to lay rocks or you don't.

It can't be taught.

I didn't say you couldn't teach someone. You can teach someone. But you know right away if the person can learn. No matter what you say or show, some people can't learn it.

What are the characteristics of someone who can learn stone masonry?

Believe it or not, it's like anything else – just like an awkward person can't be a basketball player, you have to feel it in your knees, in your hands, in your balance. You have to listen to your senses. If you don't, you break the stones every time.

Do you talk to your rocks?

There are these big rocks, and I'm drilling them, sitting them on top of each other, and there are no two other rocks like this in the universe, and someone has bought them, and so yeah, I'm like, "Come on baby, don't break."

But really, it is the rocks that talk to you—they're the ones who tell you which one goes next, and the people who can hear that—they can become stone masons.

What was your training?

I worked as an apprentice to a stone worker for 12 years, then I took everything I learned from him and brought it to a whole different level.

Do you ever feel a conflict between your client's needs and yours?

Many times I feel like I'm compromising, and it's not just me but the guys who work for me. They work for me all year. I don't lay them off for the winter. They've worked for me 15-18 years. If the client wants a certain style, I have to grit my teeth and do it. But in the end, it works out, if you do it right. It looks good; it works out. This one house I just completed last year, the woman wanted all the stones cut into rectangles, not more than 8" tall.

This, I thought, was unnecessary; I like to use the whole rock. But I did what she said, and it's a masterpiece.

Do they feed each other? Your music and stone masonry?

(singing) mold, wood, bang, metal, dig earth, work till you burst, and it all comes together and you finally settle, and you work on your body and you make your heath better.

Any ideas on Design?

I think definitely there is a proper order to things in the world, whether it's a wall, a door, a pile of rocks, a garden, a picture—and there are so many things in the world that are out of wack and the artist's role in the world is to put them in order. They're blowing up walls and houses in Iraq while someone else is putting them up. The positive in the world has to overtake the negative any way we can. Even if it just means planting a flower.

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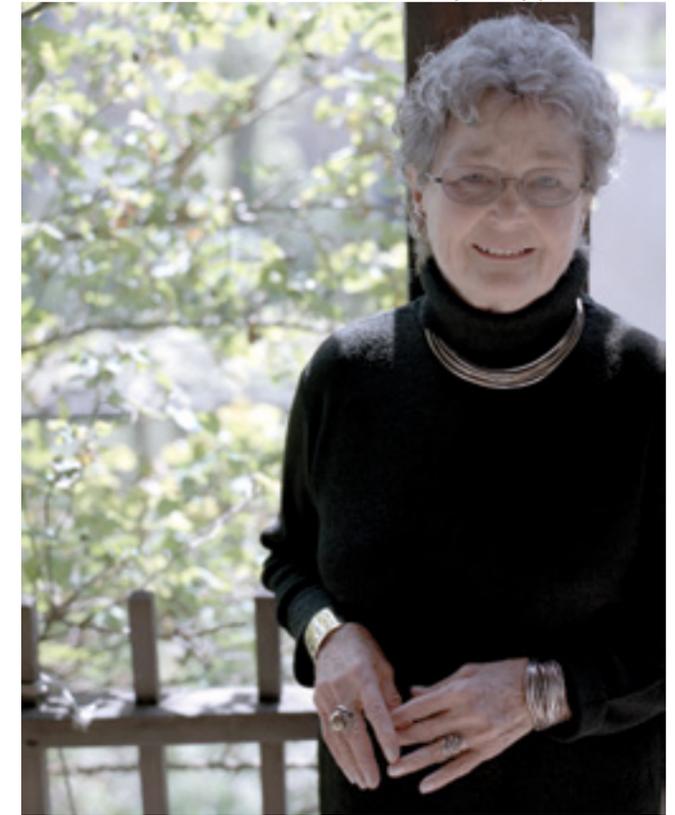
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Olive Bolt, has been selling jewelry at GUSTERMAN SILVERSMITHS for 20 years. She's seen thousands of the signature string bracelets, rings and necklaces matched up to customers seeking fine and unique jewelry while visiting Santa Fe. *What do you like best about working at Gusterman Silversmiths?* I like the quality merchandise and the comraderie of the people here. *Where did you move from?* Vail, Colorado. *What have you enjoyed most about living in Santa Fe?* I love the mountains. *Aren't there some beautiful mountains in Vail?* Yes, but it's winter all the time there, so it's cold. *You originally met the Gusterman's through your husband?* Yes, my husband George is also a jewelry maker and was selling his jewelry at the store. *So what do you like about the jewelry you sell at Gusterman's?* Well, it's designed and made right here in the shop; it's very well-priced and it's not the usual run-of-the-mill jewelry—the designs here are different than in other Santa Fe shops. *So, you are still active in sales—no plans for retirement?* No, I'm not retiring. I will be 80 this summer and the way to keep young is to keep working.



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BLISS TALKS TO CHARRIS FORD
BIOFUEL PIONEER, ENVIRONMENTAL VISIONARY, FARMER

CHARRIS FORD AND DARYL HANNAH CAMPAIGN FOR A CLEANER FUEL SUPPLY WITH GRASSOLEAN AND BIODIESEL. AT RIGHT, THE BIODIESEL PLANT THAT CHARRIS HELPED ESTABLISH IN MONTROSE, COLORADO.

How much is a gallon of biodiesel? Charris Ford: The price of biodiesel, like gas, fluctuates depending on a variety of factors. Up until recently biodiesel has sold for between \$3.50 and \$4.50 per gallon. These days, thanks to tax breaks for producers and distributors, biodiesel tends to be about the same cost as petroleum diesel, or a little more depending on how far the fuel needs to be shipped in order to get it to the consumer. Now that the cost of biodiesel has come down it is more affordable but in many places it is still unavailable. For the first time demand has outstripped production in the American biodiesel industry. One of the common arguments I often hear about the use of vegetable-based lubricants and biofuels is that there are currently not enough of them to meet the demand for fuels and lubricants. I always answer that by saying, 'guess what, we don't have enough petroleum either!' In any case meeting the huge and growing demand for liquid fuel is a problem that we must deal with in the near future lest we suffer unthinkable consequences. *I have read that the first Model T could get about 25mpg and now with our advanced technology, the Jeep Grand Cherokee gets about 15mpg. It is cause for great concern that the early model T ford car could get about 25 mpg and the modern day v8 gets about 15.* Biodiesel is part of the solution but it is not our get out of jail free card. It will not save us from the dangers of a dwindling petroleum supply. Diversified renewable fuel and energy sources will help and hopefully will, one day, become our sole sources of energy. However the current popularity of the V8 Grocery Getter (i.e. large SUVs used

to run daily errands) does not bode well for the fate of mankind. A new paradigm that holds efficiency, mass transit, carpooling, recycling and non-polluting renewable energy must take center stage and it must do so fairly soon if we are to mitigate the negative effects of our short sightedness and transition smoothly to a more evolved form of civilization. Simply going along like we will never run out of oil is simply ridiculous. As the fastest growing liquid fuel market on the planet, biodiesel is (for now) our best bet and really represents the first viable option we've had. However, While the possibility of moving from a toxic/ non-renewable fuel supply to a benign/ farm grown fuel source is clearly a wonderful thing, we have already begun to experience the global impacts of commercial farming and must not be naive about the implications of farming for fuel. We must explore the gamut of reasonable solution strategies but most of all we must strive for maximum energy efficiency on all fronts. WE DIDN'T LEAVE THE STONE AGE BECAUSE WE RAN OUT OF STONES; WE'D BE FOOLISH TO WAIT UNTIL WE RUN OUT OF PETROLEUM TO BEGIN CREATING A RENEWABLE FUEL INFRASTRUCTURE. Conservation should not just be reserved for baby seals; we need to conserve the sticky black stuff too! Why burn petroleum and poison our air when we're going to need that oil to make recyclable plastics for computers, auto parts, and CDs? In any case Biofuel holds great promise and a few challenges. How it will all shake out is any one's guess—after all (as my wife jokingly says) It's too Oily to tell.





CHARLES F HARPER
ZIA COYOTE
REVCHAZZ@AOL.COM

“Inspired design points us toward something greater than ourselves, and reminds us that we are only limited by our imagination.”
—Charles F. Harper

In my first career I was an advertising executive. In 1988, I began working a spiritual program for myself. This led me to Yale Divinity School where I received a M. Div and was ordained into the United Church of Christ as a Senior Pastor of a Connecticut church. After five years of serving the parish, I decided to work with individuals and corporations who were seeking to make their lives or their workplaces more peaceful and loving. This work eventually brought me to Sedona, Arizona where I attended High School thirty years ago and where I now live and work. Supporting myself on the sale of my artwork I'm able to work with teenagers in recovery from Drug and/or Alcohol abuse regardless of their ability to pay.

One dimensional art bores me. I like three dimensional work that allows me to see, touch, feel and project myself into the visual party. One of my parishioners called this series “sermons in a box.” Each of the pieces in this series entitled “Assembly of Icons” is designed to represent a universal spiritual truth. By assembling icons, textiles and artifacts from different cultures as well as my own creations within spirit boxes I'm exploring how the symbols, shapes, images, colors and theologies of different cultures are really a celebration of our universal “oneness.”

TOP RIGHT, ANIMAL TEACHERS, THE SOWER, WHO'S YOUR NEIGHBOR; BELOW, LISTENING TO THE BODY



INTERIOR DESIGN

Warmth and generosity, those two words come to mind first when I think of Susan Westbrook, interior designer extraordinaire, but I also immediately think of color and fabrics blowing in the wind, like a Parisian mansion, jazz playing below in the streets. Susan

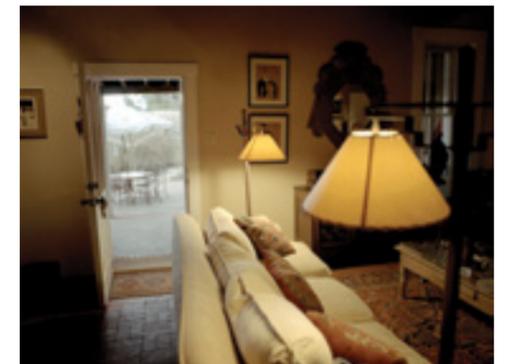
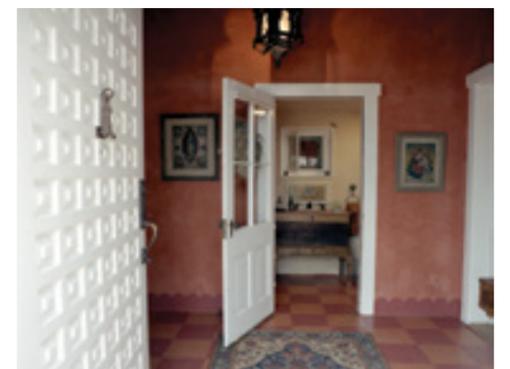
has traveled extensively since she was a child, and often works overseas, in Spain, Greece, England, Switzerland, Mexico, and all over the U.S., but she was raised here in New Mexico, and studied architectural renovation with Bainbridge Bunting. She loves working with older homes, feels a real connection to them, and studies and loves historic architecture. She also loves ultra-contemporary homes, though she will likely place a 17th Century table in one, as a type of counterpoint. Her trademark is her ability to use color, or the absence of color – she creates rhythm with color and uses it as a design thread so that you know you are in the same house from room to room, while allowing each room it's uniqueness. She believes each house should have a unified spirit, but also have the eclectic and unique pieces of an individual life. Her goal is always to “create a space that is very aesthetically pleasing but always livable. Some rooms fall apart as soon as you try to live in them. Some rooms become enhanced when you live in them.” Susan gives you the feeling that she knows life in all its joys and sorrows, and that you could trust her with your own eclectic life, and she would know how to reflect that perfectly.

Susan Westbrook Interiors
505 898 2484
P.O. Box 1016 Corrales, NM 87048



SUSAN WESTBROOK,
INTERIOR DESIGNER, WAS NAMED TOP
INTERIOR DESIGNER BY NEW
MEXICO MAGAZINE IN 1995. IN
2004 SHE WAS AWARDED THE
SU CASA AWARD, THE HIGHEST
DISTINCTION FOR SOUTHWESTERN
INTERIORS. SHE WAS RECENTLY NAMED BY
ALBUQUERQUE MAGAZINE AS
ALBUQUERQUE'S TOP DESIGNER,
AND WAS FEATURED IN THE SPRING
EDITION OF PARISIAN MAGAZINE
MADAME FIGEUROA, AS WELL AS
PHOENIX HOME & GARDEN.

DESIGN IS THE ABILITY
TO CREATE YOUR OWN REALITY.
EVERYDAY YOU WAKE UP
AND MAKE A CHOICE
ABOUT HOW YOU'RE GOING TO
INTERACT WITH THE UNIVERSE.
ALL SORTS OF THINGS HAPPEN FROM THAT
—DESIGN IS COLLABORATIVE,
THE RESULT OF A GROUP OF PEOPLE
WHO GET TOGETHER.
—SUZIE WESTBROOK



SOFTWARE DESIGN — from the past

It's 1982 in Chicago. IBM has started selling a low end desktop box called a Personal Computer. In a conceptual marketing breakthrough, IBM shared with the public the architecture of the PC. They essentially said, "Here's the interface specs and the design manual. Build new industries." This allows anyone to design PC software and hardware if they have the imagination.

Tom Blog, a self-employed computer engineer from UNM in his twenties, gets up every morning, takes a three mile run, then sits down at his desk to design hardware and write code for the next ten hours. After two and a half years of living off peanut butter and not much else, Tom has designed one of the first PC based tools: a low cost protocol analyzer. Today called "sniffers," these devices "tap" communication lines and help troubleshoot communication problems. By 1987, Tom's protocol analyzer is selling all over the world. He has invented a device and created a thriving business in a new industry: PC based test tools.

"Tools like the sniffer," Tom says, "can delude you into thinking computer networks are deterministic, but really, they're not. The networks interact in unpredictable ways. From a design point of view, a computer is just a general purpose machine. It gets its unique functionality from it's program and it's interfaces—how it interacts with the "wet world." Networks are complex interconnections of wonderfully complex machines.

FASHION DESIGN RESTYLE WITH ANN FULAYTER



FROM BOHO

Two of my greatest passions are thrift shopping and sewing, which fit well together because so many times I find some great article of clothing that needs some tweaking. Lately i've been more interested in restyling pieces that noone is interested in, as they are. Here we have pictured a plaid blue men's suit I purchased at a thrift store for \$4.99. How could I pass that up? It had no style to it, the only thing it had going for it was flat front pants and the plaid matched at the seams. I've been trying to challenge myself with plain items such as this suit, so I brought it home and began deconstructing. Tending to be a little too exacting when it comes to ripping things apart, I decided instead of the seam ripper, I would just use my trusty Wiss scissors I've had forever and cut it apart. First the waistband—a few seconds and it was gone. Then I removed the glorious chain stitch on the inseam. I love that stitch because once you have the right thread in hand, you just pull and the whole seam comes right out. Then I laid the pants flat and cut the crotch out. You always want to do that flat on a table because on a person could be tricky and painful if you happen to slip. After digging through my trim box, I came up with these two dual-head heavy duty zippers, which inspired my design detail and made it easier to get in the skirt once it was finished. I also find big zippers to be very sexy—the sound they make and the way they peel back to reveal what's inside. And dual-heads are always better then one. Next the jacket: grabbing my fabric sheers, again I cut the sleeves off. After marking my new armhole, planned cutting is the way to go. I also cut my new hemline which makes it easy for me to get inside the jacket and remove all the padding and as much interfacing as I can. Whatever was stitched in, I removed. If it was fused, it stayed.



TO SOHO

With my seam ripper, I removed the collar and buttons. Then placing the jacket on my WOLF dressform, I marked my new darts on the sides and pulled the center back in. The new back would have a zipper and the front would now have three buttons up to the breast, instead of two down the belly. After a few fittings and some design consulting with friends, she was finished. While I was working on her, I listened to the soundtrack to Pedro Almodovar's TALK TO HER, which I had recently picked up used from the CD CAFE. It's very moody, beautiful, symphonic music, that influenced a classically feminine cut on the suit. There is also a touch of the macabre, with ruby zippers cutting the back in half. At the last moment I decided to make a hat out of the leftover sleeves. With some gathering stitches, bias tape for trim, and elastic to hold it on, this little 1920's inspired chapot was produced just in time for the photoshoot. To see my whole line of restyled suits, go to the Homegrown Fashion Show at Azulito in August or send an e-mail to Ann at twistersf@earthlink.net

"... The goal is always smaller, denser and faster. But then you have to get rid of the heat. Whenever you bring things together, flipping switches in a circuit board, it generates heat. And you have to get rid of that. Networking is the ability to connect distant "boxes" of connections. Think about NANO Technologies that can be injected into your veins, little machines that can self-assemble and wander around looking for bad things to get rid of. Or Rfids, embedded in the sleeves of a GAP shirt, that can be monitored after a sale. You can track that consumer's location and ring up their cell phone to remind them to shop again."

—OVERHEARD AT JINJA

NCGR GLOBAL NETWORKING DESIGN

In the olden days, scientists shared results formally by publishing journal articles or informally in hallway conversations. Remember how Watson & Crick used Rosalind Franklin's data to publish the double helix structure of DNA before anyone else? Sequencing the human genome has changed all that – no one scientist can keep up with all the new information, or know how to test it all, or afford to design all the experiments. As a result, biomedical scientists are taking advantage of the rise of the internet and freely sharing data and resources. Witness the rise of open access journals, open source software, and web-based database resources—the tools (or paints and canvas, if you will) necessary to design biological experiments today. NCGR's work catalyzes this cultural sea-change by leveling the playing field for scientists worldwide – all you need is access to the web. For instance, NCGR's databases provide information about human and plant genes and how they work. As a result, any research team can design new experiments to improve nutrition or diagnose diseases whether they are local or anywhere in the world. To do this, NCGR employs a mix of software engineers, biologists, computer scientists and IT professionals. Together they design the web resources and software tools that scientists use to share data and collaboratively explore new ideas.

NCGR's NETWORK INFRASTRUCTURE, PICTURED HERE, SUPPORTS MILLIONS OF WEB HITS EACH MONTH. 22 MILES OF GIGABIT RATED COPPER CABLE, 6 MILES OF FIBER OPTIC CABLE, 45 MEGA-BIT-PER-SECOND CONNECTION TO THE INTERNET WITH LESS THAN TEN MILLISECONDS OF LATENCY TO EITHER COAST. DATABASE SERVERS WITH FOUR OR EIGHT 64-BIT SUN ULTRASPAC2 AND ULTRASPAC3 PROCESSORS. TERABYTES OF HARD DRIVES FROM 18 GIGABYTE 10,000 RPM SCSI, TO 76 GIGABYTE 15,000 RPM FIBRE CHANNEL DRIVES. ONE TERABYTE NETWORK ATTACHED STORAGE WITH AN OPTICAL GIGABIT ETHERNET INTERFACE. A LINUX CLUSTER WITH 32 ATHLON MP2000 PROCESSORS AND 2 GIGABYTES OF RAM PER NODE. SDLT320 12-TERRABYTE ROBOTIC TAPE BACKUP LIBRARY.



NCGR is the National Center for Genome Resources, created in 1994 to host the human genome sequence data generated at Los Alamos National Lab. Today NCGR is an independent, non-profit research institute partnering on a variety of projects with institutions worldwide. [From left to right, John Utsey (IT), Neil Miller (software engineer) and Susan Baxter (scientist) work at NCGR, allowing scientists access to a world of biological data.]



Is it advertising or editorial? Is it business or personal? Is it fiction or journalism, reality or spectacle? BLISS is a hybrid of all these. In this, the essential concept of BLISS, there is no competition. There are no other publications in Santa Fe that occupy this particular ontological realm of representation. However, in terms of advertising dollars spent in a given year by Santa Fe business owners, BLISS has to compete for these dollars amidst all the various catalogs and guides and established magazines, newspapers and the like. Up until now, BLISS has just given away color glossy advertising for next to nothing, (starting off at \$350 a page). This is normal for a new business to keep it cheap at first. The other publications in town start their page price at \$1,500 and go up from there to \$3,000 a page. It may be of some interest to know that the most established and stalwart of the publications is based out of state, which means that every year more than \$600,000 leaves the Santa Fe business community and goes up to Colorado. Wouldn't it be nice to keep all that money here?

What would it be like if local business owners invested their advertising dollars in BLISS instead? The same effective advertising would only cost half, and that money could circulate throughout the community, rather than going out of state. We are perfectly capable of having our own locally produced, upscale advertising venue. BLISS is meant to answer to that need with creative concepts, forward thinking design, direct editorial, and sweet photography. But we need the support of the business community to make it happen. In saying this, I would like to thank my sponsors and advertisers who HAVE supported BLISS up to now. I make a distinction between advertisers and sponsors because some people who choose to support BLISS by purchasing ad space, are well established already in their business, and have no real need to advertise. You know who you are. And we thank all of you, sincerely, and with enthusiasm, for helping us get the first 3 issues of BLISS out there. And to all the models and friends who have given their time, we say THANK YOU.

DESIGN MAINTENANCE



—FROM AN E-MAIL: "Yes, Louis, I am the guy you photographed on the dirt road with my Corvair convertible, and my mom in the background. My name is Todd Dennehy. I have lived in Santa Fe for 3 years. I am a professional mechanic who loves old classics. The car is a 1965 Corvair Monza convertible, 110 horsepower, dual-carbureted, with four on the floor, and a 10 disc Kenwood, no heater, and custom fit aluminum wheels and radial tires, all spec'd by me. KYB shocks custom fit all around by me. The vanity plate says "TODZROD" but for some reason New Mexico didn't give me my first choice: "F-NADER". I'm 40 years old, an avid mountain biker, snowboarder, and downhill longboarder. thanks for noticing us in the 'Vair, and good luck with your new journal, BLISS! Sincerely, Todd Dennehy."

canyon
tadu
a way to see

CANYON TADU
940 EAST PALACE AVENUE
995 8080

Keith Innes, painter: My work is influenced by the natural world as opposed to fashion, media, or culture. Within nature, my experience growing up in rural Scotland in an area where sunshine rarely penetrated the clouds means that I focus on tonality and mark as opposed to color. From an early age, I tried to copy nature in my drawings, taking years to understand the futility of trying to compete. Now, I specifically do not imitate nature in my imagery. I express nature's profound impact on me as a sort of dialog with it. His dialog is visceral and physical rather than cerebral, resulting in mark, which is almost compulsively repetitive. Through this repetition a degree of structure is realized. The forces of nature are mirrored by my emotional reaction to it and therefore the energy of the piece. My paintings are rarely titled, as I do not want to lead the viewer down any path that would limit their experience. Rather, this ambiguity invites viewer discourse, good or bad.



"Tilt" chair by Kenneth Cobonpue

Keramik Studio : The Keramik (ceramic) Studio has produced what several critics have termed a clever use of color transition and surface treatment mixed with witty, catchy shapes and patterns. This ensures that each piece of their pottery is individual in nature and far from mass-produced. The artists, Monika Schodel-Muller and Werner Nowka, use German stoneware clay and hand build or throw each piece from slabs. They are then fired twice at temperatures up to 1280 Celsius, and later painted by hand using their own paints and feldspar glazes. Upon founding their studio in 1979 after several years of studying and apprenticing ceramic arts at GHK Kassel in Germany, the artists were immediately recognized as new talent with with very clean and colorful designs. Skipping molds or permanent shapes, Keramik uses an extraordinary combination of materials, graphic oddities, and surprises in color.

A subtle contrast of texture and surface was my concern on the ceramic vessel "tea". I used a high gloss custom colored crackled glaze with translucent beige tones alongside a stone mat dark brown glaze on the neck. The contrast emphasized the design of the vessel.—Bunny Tobias



Verner Panton: Panton chair classic in 1960, Danish designer verner panton created the very first fully plastic chair made from a single molding and began a furniture design classic. After going into mass production in 1967, it was immediately regarded as a sensation and won numerous design prizes worldwide. It graces the collections of many renowned museums like MOMA in New York, where one of the first chairs is now exhibited. The Panton chair offers great seating comfort thanks to the cantilever base and overall curve of the design, which does justice to the body with flexible materials. Suitable indoors or outdoors, the modern Panton Chair is UV resistant, weatherproof, and contains additional additives to prevent early fading. its expressive and sensuous shape along with its smart design makes it a true icon of 20th-Century design.



ANNB. Design Jewelry is created in Aspen, Colorado by sculpture artist, Ann Brumby. Ann has a BFA in Sculpture from Arizona State University. Her last year of education was spent in Florence, Italy where she was influenced by Italian product design and the Italian use of color and acrylics. After earning her degree she moved to London where she continued to be educated in European design and worked to develop her own aesthetic style. What resulted is this unique line of sculptural, fashionable and futuristic jewelry. ANNB. Design Jewelry is created using laser cut stainless steel and Lucite components to which Ann designs. After the stainless steel is polished and the edges are buffed, each piece is hand assembled using sterling silver tube rivets.



skirt inc.
 ORIGINAL CLOTHING
 DESIGNED BY DIANE THOMAS
 FOUND EXCLUSIVELY IN SANTA FE
 AT CYBELE
 830 CANYON ROAD
 988-7088

BLISS TALKS TO DIANE THOMAS : FASHION DESIGNER FOR SKIRT INC.

leray: i love your fashion design. it's a bit quirky but very glamorous. i like it when people play with their craft and find a way to make it theatrical.

diane: thanks! that means a lot...most of us have a practical dress code for monday-friday (for me ,it's jeans,t-shirt, &flip-flops),but it's fantastic to morph into a different version of yourself for a big night out !

was this gold dress influenced by hellen of troy?

actually, no.the gold dress is a hybrid of 50's style and 80's disco glitz. quite a few of my other new dresses are a bit influenced by "troy", though. there is something so powerfully feminine about those embellished gowns in the gentle ocean breezes...we've done them in printed and hand-painted chiffons, many are adorned with unusual beaded trim or crystals. so cool with flats or over jeans!

and you expect people to wear it where?

i do get asked that question! ... everywhere! for a night of dancing at the paramount or swig, a gallery opening,gala, or film premiere...proms, weddings...really lots of places...but that's not my issue! i try to create the clothing that i want to wear or see on others.

your little boutique feels like a candy store to me. your clothes are so shimmering and caught up in a moment of fantasy.

what a poetic description, thank you. i love all things sparkling and embellished, rich in color or sumptuous to touch. witnessing the "moment of transformation" that can occur when someone slips into the right garment is such a pleasure ... it gives me a tingling feeling all over!

how long did it take you to make the gold dress? how fast do you work? what music do you listen to while you create?

i had the lame' for a while ... the idea of how to best employ the fabric just popped into my head ... from there it was a quick, 2 minute sketch with watercolor pencils, a consultation with my very talented seamstress,

and a finished product in a few days. i love listening to house music while i work. these days i'm into BLU 102.9 much of the time. it's a perfect tempo for peace and productivity.

if you had to spend a day in the body of some movie star, who would it be and why?

natalie portman?! no wait!! anjelina jolie ... obviously great physical attributes, but it's how she uses her fame and beauty to help impoverished people all over the world that intrigues and inspires me!

what or who do you think of when you think of glamour?

the eras between the 1920's and early 50's were so glamorous! satin,fur (faux!), glowing skin and gorgeous jewelry. i think a true sense of style radiates from the inside, poise stems from being comfortable in your own skin and in what you are wearing.

we live in a country and in a global civilization that seems scared of sex, but is not averse to the ritual of violence—shooting bullets at young men and sacrificing them for a higher cause. any thoughts on this?

well,it's beyond embarrassing!!! we have an administration that is seemingly obsessed with "the right to life",is flabbergasted by the antics of michael (and janet!). jackson, and freaked out by stem cell abuse. but they seem unconcerned about 100,000 plus women, children, and men who have died at our hands in unjust wars in afghanistan and iraq ... countless others have been injured and have lost thier homes. in what way is this a "culture of life"? hypocrisy is one thing i cannot stand! sex does not frighten or offend me ... ignorance, violence, and senseless destruction in the name of democracy does.

if you were god for a day and had the power to DESIGN a new political infrastructure and appoint world leaders, who would you put where?

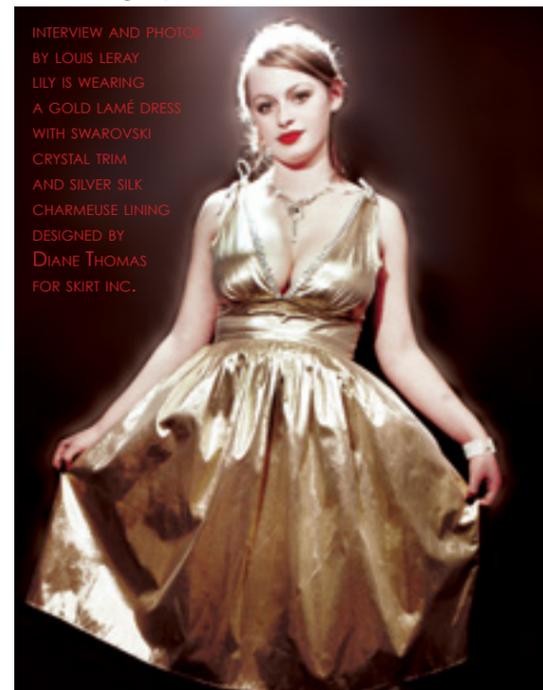
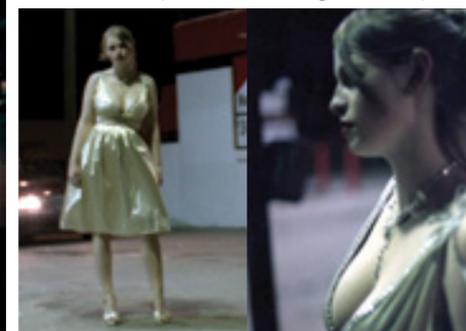
oh boy! i would begin by eliminating all officials who have spinelessly



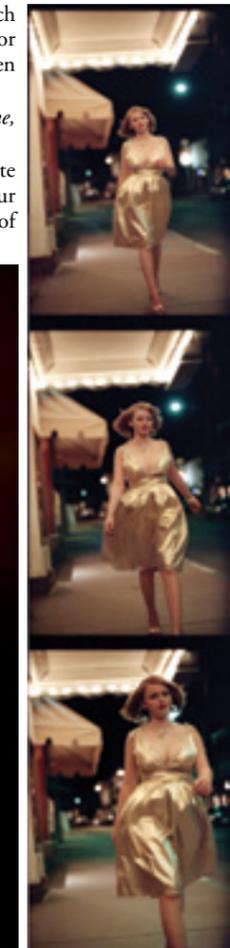
voted in support of unjust wars and human or environmental rights abuses ... my good friend ohio congressman dennis kucinich would be the new u.s. president, with the dept. of peace the most powerful branch of government. maybe desmond tutu or bono in charge of the world bank; amy goodman heading up the f.c.c.; howard zinn in charge of education and welfare, dr. helen caldicott as secretary of defense ... reality-based politics, fair trade and peace activism are really important at skirt inc.!!

i tell people i don't like to collaborate, but i've used your beautiful clothes for some bliss covers and other photos. your clothes inspire me, so i guess it's a kind of collaboration.

there is a certain "single-mindedness" that can occur when someone has an artistic vision. having the confidence to collaborate artistically is tough ... it's a huge leap of faith! mutual respect and trust are key. i think you and i have a similar "intention" in our work ... we want to be a part of, or witness to this town's growth and evolution. and we both like challenging the perception of what "santa fe style" means ... i'm grateful for your efforts at bliss. and that it's glossy!!



INTERVIEW AND PHOTOS
 BY LOUIS LERAY
 LILY IS WEARING
 A GOLD LAMÉ DRESS
 WITH SWAROVSKI
 CRYSTAL TRIM
 AND SILVER SILK
 CHARMEUSE LINING
 DESIGNED BY
 DIANE THOMAS
 FOR SKIRT INC.



BLISS kiss



BLISS loves AU BOUDOIR because it is a *beautifully designed store*. AU BOUDOIR presents a classy, upscale selection of massage oils, candles, lingerie, fine art and vintage erotica. The entrepreneurial spirit here is sophisticated and positive. Owner Elizabeth Rees has designed an interior space that is well stocked while comfortably spacious. A plush couch in the art gallery is a great place to let the day slip by. AU BOUDOIR features erotic sculpture by Bien Irizarry and sensual photography by Bob Thornburg. The work is tasteful and highly crafted. Shoppers can peruse the main part of the store for a fun selection of everyday home and personal accessories, including high-end lines of sexy underclothes from Hanky Panky and Italian import Cosabella. For the wild at heart, venture past the black curtain into the adults only room for a discrete peek at the various toys, gadgets, objets d'art and novelties that might put one in the mood for a little La Dolce Vita and Last Tango in Paris all at once. AU BOUDOIR is Santa Fe's only upscale "romance store" where "unmentionables are all you can talk about." Though a risqué element is essential to the store concept, there is also a traditional charm about the space that will appeal to anyone who enjoys an aesthetic shopping experience. The furnishings have been carefully integrated into the architecture and seem to embellish the classy packaging and display of high-end luxury products. Flowers, plants and trickling wall fountains fill the air with the sound and scents of a calming rain forest. Natural daylight mixes with well-placed halogen bulbs to softly illuminate the rounded adobe walls. Hardwood floors and hand hewn vigas complement the minimalist decor so that one feels at home, as if in a sunny sitting room. Here and there, a strand of twinkle lights will catch the eye as you turn to discover a favorite new bubble bath, body oil, or aromatic candle. At AU BOUDOIR your shopping experience can be as luxurious as your romantic evening ahead.

DESIGN IS SEXY AU BOUDOIR
 614 AGUA FRIA
 983 7700

1000 words

Sestina's Kiss

BY VIVIANE XHABBO

There are times
when nothing can deter life—
moments of pure impulse,
instinct without deception.
Gifts as vivid as space lures.
Take the bait,
travel a journey that allows neither rest nor sleep
and demands that we be bold and believe
in a fate not poisoned by the kiss of hate.

In my neighborhood the sun shines on back walls, rear exits, and dead ends. It does not discriminate against hidden gardens—be they of weeds or rust or rage. It ignores collections of keepsakes, shines equally on the detritus squatting abandoned beyond the gentility of fences. It is these hinder parts—of houses and hearts—that harbor the secrets. Secrets so blatant, they invade space and flesh and soul. Secrets so feral they have eaten the life out of the windows. Mysteries that slither like snails, that devour anything green and regurgitates flowering weeds. Enigmas that take refuge in old, withered dramas.

Always there are judgments to appease,
and declarations to proclaim.
Contradictions coexist, like love and hate
and snow and sun. Yet the nectar of life
is sweetened by the hope of what we believe.
For trust and sacrifice
hide their deception
in visions and dreams
that creep into sleep
painting promises that incite travel...

I fled the house and its gnawing tales, sought sanctuary outside its shadow.
The intimations of boxed-in danger, the hungers begging to be fed. I fled. To preserve the image of purity unbridled. Yet flight is also a lure.
The secrets followed me. And banned my return unless I could find the key that would allow me to slip past the rust and flowering weeds and rimless wheels. Past the clenched steel and frozen blooms that aspired to normalcy. Past the invitations fluttering on the still and silent swings of a child's purity. But I cannot escape in a vehicle that has lost the integrity of its purpose. A vessel blinded by disuse and robbed of motivation.

...across the forgotten paths of inner travel;
across the barren night, into the bowels of hate;
to the other side of the wonder of sleep
where the key to the joys of life
is awarded without deception
to whomever is rooted in the strength to believe.

My torment was small when it first appeared. A random collection of doubts and recriminations. Small betrayals. The haphazard dreams of an adolescent with an infant's stamina. A dire seed that knew nothing of itself, of the possibilities and potencies contained within. Demons and despair grow in increments that can be measured.

The boogey man was just a baby when he slipped in among my toys, posing as a harmless teddy bear that any parent might impulsively or proudly give their child. Fuzzy fur to deceive the natural wisdom encoded in my fingertips, allures to defy the senses embedded in patterns that spiral in concert with universal rhythms.

DEMONS AND DESPAIR ARE NOT IRREPARABLE

The slick red ribbon around the neck disguises a satin garrote:
stranglehold on tender vocal chords; speech compressed and

modulated into pre-fabricated molds. The bow, arrogant as a bully,
presses against the windpipe with the precision of a giant thumb.
A rein hindering expression, thwarting expansion. A horizontal slit
slicing into the stream of consciousness. No eyelids. Nothing
to shade out the harshness of violations, the veils of victims.
Nothing to shutter the sanctity of dreams exploding like virulent
sun spots. And though the smiling mouth spoke no warnings,
imprecations crowded behind it like a symphony of discord.

Hearts that dwell in the land of make believe
need only blink to traverse the fantasies of travel.
Yet fairy tales can cloak great deception,
so beware lest falsehood serve only a kiss of hate
and leave you hungry, yearning for a fresh life.
A life so vibrant there is no time for sleep...

I gave the boogeyman a place on the shelf next to the rosy,
porcelain doll who mocked darker, softer contours. It nestled
among all the other mindless figureheads I was given over
the years; plastic nightmares; so-called toys. That shelf
became a stockpile, a storehouse of routines, unexplainable
incidents saved in increments: the time my mother did not
recognize me; the day I drowned in the baptismal pool; the
way my mud pies always cracked around the edges.

Over the years, the shelf grew congested, gaudy with the
clamor of consensus convictions, burdened by the flagellation
of original sin, sagging under the guillotine of synthesis,
inhabited by barking statues, screams vying for my attention.

... Not a moment even for the ghost of sleep.
In realms where we dare to believe
that we hold the key to our own life,
freedom comes casting the lure of travel,
demanding nothing but the dispersal of hate
laying the foundation for the destruction of deception...

The gifts I give myself I keep in secret places: the music box
under the bed—the box that contains a song, something only
I could compose, only I could hear. Resonances that beat in
rhythm with cosmic harmonies, with melodies that bathed
the world in joy; one gold stone and two green rocks stashed
in the pillowcase; a black-blue feather at the bottom of my
purse; and, red pepper in my shoes. Consigned to shadows and
obscurity, these gifts dulled. Ceased to shine. The song box
held the vapor of echoes. And I turned pale as a new cloud,
the color of gossamer, as if I were preparing to disappear.

... Building blocks transform deception
so the mantic impulses born in sleep
can lead the slick and shiny kiss of hate
to the Lady of the lake. It is she, I believe
who converts instances into occurrence for travel.

Demons and despair are not irreparable. They
can be abandoned, left outside of the heart,
cloistered in regions beyond the house where sun
and rust reign. The clouds have witnessed it.

Consort with deception or choose to believe—
But find moments for mind sleep, time for soul travel—
Beyond love, beyond hate, into the purest essence of life.

VIVIANE XHABBO IS A WRITER AND WORD ARTIST
WHO LIVES A SURREAL LIFE IN SANTA FE.



Amber has a healing effect. It's a warm stone. It's light, so you wear it with pleasure. The strands feel good around your neck. Before I put a necklace together, I look at the colors—the stones talk to me, their colors are 370 shades, from lemon to white to black. So I put them together—the right colors. I make the jewelry with amber, turquoise, freshwater pearls. I try to make my designs very feminine. They have a little touch of Santa Fe, but not only southwest, they go well with contemporary style.

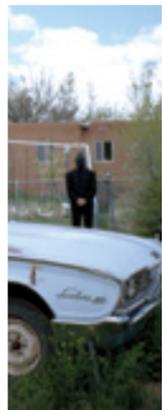
—Aga Opala, jewelry designer

Anabella wears custom designed jewelry from

amber collection by aga

located in
the Santa Fe Arcade
Suite 209
505 820 1399
505 920 7344

also available from
Opala Designs
in the Plaza Galeria
Suite 7
505 982 6489





SANTA FE'S AFTER-SCHOOL
POOL ROOM
SILVA LANES GAME ROOM

BLISS MODEL MICHELLE OLIVER AND CREW HIT THE TABLES AT SILVA LANES BOWLING ALLEY.
FROM LEFT TO RIGHT MONIQUE RODRIGUEZ, JAMEE GARCIA, DIANNA CRUZ AND MICHELLE OLIVER.



SANTA FE'S EXTRA SAUCY POOL ROOM
UPSTAIRS AT BACKROAD PIZZA

We all want to "be who we are". But being who we are, is like Infinity. We can never get there.
We all want to be free. But being free and being like infinity makes us like God. That's scary. —Lindsay Ahl

**PERSONA DESIGN WITH
CAROLE KOZAK**

SEE CAROLE'S PHOTOGRAPHS AND PAINTINGS
AT SKELETON ART GALLERY IN SANTA FE
AND FUSE ARTS IN MADRID.

why do you like to play dress up?

I love clothes, makeup, and singing in the shower, so naturally modeling and performance art are a great way for me to express different facets of my personality—from feminine to masculine, from shy to reckless and provocative. Dressing up is an extension of my identity, not an alteration of it. There is an element of entertainment to it, as well. It's exciting to give people an experience, just by changing my appearance or surprising them with a darker side of my persona. I love to transcend everyday life. Makeup and costumes become a medium and I love to evoke emotion through art. Dressing up is fun!



BUFFY THE CHICKEN COURTESY OF GOOD FRIEND MARIA. EYEWEAR COURTESY OF ANCIENT CITY OPTICIANS. 50'S GREEN POLYESTER DRESS FROM DOUBLETAKE, BLACK LEATHER PUMPS FROM NINE WEST, SILVER GLITTER DRESS FROM AZULITO BOUTIQUE WHITE PEARL NECKLACE AND MISCELLANEOUS THRIFT STORE TREASURES. MODEL'S OWN.

ALL KITCHEN SUPPLIES COURTESY OF COOKWORKS



thanks mom.
You're Terrific!

PERSONA DESIGN

the art of dressing incognito

Carole Kozak appreciates the thrill of a chance encounter with her alter egos. Foreground Carole wears a Mary Green silk gown from ALLURE. Antique turquoise necklace from TURQUOISE TRAIL TRADING POST on hwy 14 in Cerrillos. Vintage boots from AZULITO BOUTIQUE. Background Carole wears Jane & Co leather jacket, skirt by Dollhouse and Da Nang tank all from MIRA. Eyewear from ANCIENT CITY OPTICIANS.

There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet —Eliot, Prufrock



I BELIEVE
IN A BEGINNING,
A MIDDLE AND AN END,
BUT NOT NECESSARILY
IN THAT ORDER
—JEAN LUC GODARD



it will be remembered as passion and love,
Though we might wonder if it was merely desperation and desire.

i said it at a party once, that
doesn't mean i really believe it.



EXISTENTIAL DESIGN

HOW WE TALK. HOW WE STAND. HOW WE PROMISE.
HOW WE LOVE. HOW WE GAZE. HOW WE TAKE.
HOW WE TOUCH. HOW WE PUNISH. HOW WE FORGET.
HOW WE LIVE. HOW WE FALL. HOW WE CREATE. HOW WE DIE.



to gain is to give up
to create is to destroy
to love only one
is to disregard another

I have measured out my life with coffee spoons. —Eliot, Prufrock



i will breathe into
my hands and try to
remember. please
tell me if you were
the one who had
your head down,
staring into the plot
of dirt at the edge
of the street. you
were dressed in
black and it was the
end of the day. say
your name again.
i will hear it and try
to remember where
i saw you first. like
this, knowing so little,
we are designed
to keep running.
who will run furthest i
cannot say. i am out
of breath. there are
too many thoughts
in my head. you
may be the first or
the last. i cannot
say. please don't
look to me as an
example of anything
except madness.



PLEASE DON'T BETRAY ME. UNLESS YOU ARE WILLING TO BETRAY ME WITH A KISS.



thus, existential design teaches us that
deprivation is plenitude

all images on this page are from the
photo album found in curtis eaton's
apartment at 1 west 64th street, NYC

We are lovers.
That is all.
Nothing more nothing less.
In that we are everything,
and nothing.

SANTA FE'S SWANKY POOL ROOM
THE BLUE ROOM AT SWIG



Carole and Abby rack em up at SWIG.
Black dress by Sue Wong,
Lycha Libre Mexican wrestlers mask
and green net skirt by Free People—all from MIRA.

it's only a movie ... it's only a movie ...

THE SERIOUS
RUSSIAN GIRL
FROM MOSCOW

MARIANNA IGOREVNA BORKOVSKAYA

NOSTALGIA FOR
THE HOMETLAND

...White bears walking on the
Red Square,

wearing fur hats, hugging each other in forever drunken state of existence, sharing vodka with serious, never smiling Communist Russians that are marching by in their sadness, mystery, and misery ... This is an image that had been growing in my mind from all the questions and commentaries made about my homeland during the past ten years in America...answers memorized... "I hear an accent. Where are you from? How long have you been here? What brought you to the States? How was it living in Communist Russia?" (It was never communist, rather socialist but who understands, never the less cares about the difference.) "Do you like Putin?" (in what way?) "Is it different from here? "could you ever go back?" (Have I ever left?) "Is all Russia really poor? It is always cold in Russia, isn't it? Do you drink vodka every day?" (with beer) ... Blooming flowers, distinct and fresh smell of Spring arriving ... sun warming up the streets filled with the sound of singing birds ... school children playing outside with their neighbors in front of the tall, twelve-story high buildings until the sundown ... long walks along the street in the center of Moscow at night ... strong desire to live every second ... This is my Moscow, my Russia, my homeland that you never forget, never stop missing ... It is in your dreams, your days, your thoughts, your soul ... A place of birth that is like a mother that always lives in your heart ... Coffee shops that are open until next morning ... until all the conversations are finished or just began ... filled with people drinking extravagant coffee variations, exotic teas, picking up gorgeous pastries from shiny glass cases ... My phone rings: "When should we meet?" "How about 12:30am on Pushkinskaia Square at the coffee shop. Then we'll go somewhere else." A typical conversation between two Moscovites. No hour is too late, no distance is too far. We always move, always on the go. When we meet, we smile sincerely (if we are in a good mood). Do not expect a Russian to smile and say "everything is great" if the day did not go well. You will not be understood. There is no greater pleasure to a Russian than listening to a friend's story about difficulties, give relief and advice. But yet when we are in a good mood, we kiss, give hugs, and smile sincerely. Russians often kiss on the lips ... I guess they are not afraid of getting Hepatitis or HIV this way ... Russians are seldomly afraid ... We give really strong hugs not worrying about giving personal space. We don't really have a concept of "personal space". We live in the apartment buildings with many people for many years. During the Soviet times we shared apartments with other families. No one chose who you would live with. Rather, people got placed with other people. A room or two (what a luxury) per family, common phone, kitchen, bathroom, hallway ... common conversations, common lives ... Perhaps, it gives us an excuse for not grasping the concept of "personal space".



design is the elimination of clutter
too many thoughts derail me

my mind is thrown out



soviet filmmaker and theorist sergei eisenstein believed that meaning is constructed in the cinema through the proximate layering and juxtaposition of shots. like bricks in a wall, the separate images in a scene become design elements in the overall construct of the film. rather than a seamless hollywood style of continuity editing intended to lull the spectator into a passive receptivity, eisenstein perceived his cinematic language to be a kind of "collision editing" intended to engage the viewer's imagination in the interpretive act of "intellectual montage". when 2 shots are juxtaposed one after the other, a new idea arises. and these new ideas are likewise in collision [and collusion] with each other. when i say BLISS is a movie, this is what i'm talking about.

vintage clothes
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The emotional turbulence that comes
with hanging out with you
is too overwhelming.
I can't hang out with you anymore.



photographed@Steepings



MARIANNA WEARS A FAUX FUR BLACK JACKET FROM BUFFALO EXCHANGE IN ALBUQUERQUE WITH A 22K GRANULATED GOLD MOONSTONE AND SAPPHIRE BEAD NECKLACE FROM FAIRCHILD&COMPANY



BAGHDAD FRAGMENTS APRIL-MAY 2003

KEVIN PETER QUIGLEY PHELAN

2. The first American soldier I see is by himself surrounded by hundreds of Iraqis in front of a mosque. He holds his ammunition clip in his left hand, his AK-47 pointed down in his right, and he is joking with those around him, loose and laughing.

Later, while walking near the Palestine Hotel, a little boy points a broken Kalashnikov at me. “Boom boom,” he says, laughing with his friends before tossing the broken gun back to the ground.

3. There is a major commotion at one of the gas stations, people siphoning fuel out of the pumps. I stand on the outskirts of the crowd and take pictures. One of the men is startled by the flash and motions to me the international sign for “I am going to beat the living crap out of you.” A piece of the crowd breaks off and forms a smaller crowd that starts to move towards me. One man mimics snapping a picture then pounds a fist like a hammer in his hand. A car stops beside me, and the driver leans over to open the passenger door. “Habibi,” he says smiling, his three year old daughter asleep in his lap. “Please, come.” I get in. Through the back window I see the crowd return to the gas pump.

4. It is difficult to keep the anger straight. Saddam hated the Iraqi people. The Iraqi people hated Saddam. The Kurds hate the Sunnis, vice-versa again. Iran and Turkey hate the Kurds. The PUK hates the PDK. The socialists hate the communists. The Shiites hate the Sunnis. Within the Shiites, the Iranians hate those who stayed in Najaf. Now, though, all the Shiite factions are in Najaf, and the hatred between al-Hakim and al-Sadr promises to keep people looking over their shoulders for a while. But everyone agrees to hate the Gypsies, which is why one night their Kalashnikov-wielding neighbors in Kamalia drove them from their homes. “We defeated them,” says one of the neighbors near the Al Abraj hotel, smiling. “There is no one left.”

Everyone, that is, except for Saddam, whose protection kept the Gypsies from being attacked and driven out.

5. I move slowly through a pulsing crowd of three thousand protesting Shiites in front of the Palestine Hotel. The crowd surges and pulses in unison, chants rise up like the call to prayer. The surging and jostling stops all forward movement. A man in a flowing white robe takes me by the arm and says in Arabic-hued English, “You have to push.” And this is how he led me, pushing through and over people, to the American checkpoint. It seems like an appropriate symbol for Baghdad as so many groups try to jostle their way to the front.

Disputes in Baghdad, people like to warn me in hushed whispers, don’t end with an exchange of words, and there’s a lot of pushing and shoving going on in a city where a Kalashnikov costs less than spaghetti dinner for two at the Sultan Palace hotel. Everyone already has a one, though, so there isn’t much new business at gun stalls.

6. Public services remain paralyzed. No garbage collection, no phones, no salaries, most of the city is in darkness.

The hospitals are deserted, destroyed, or overwhelmed. Al Likha, the Ibn Zuhur TB hospital, and The Hospital for Infectious Diseases are empty of everything but echoes of the chaotic first days of American occupation when anarchy swept through the city and soldiers let it unfold.

Al Likha Hospital in Baghdad’s city center was gutted on April 11. A pair of gray slippers and a hospital robe lie on the floor in the center of one room overlooking the Tigris – fragments of the story of patients fleeing their sickbeds to escape the chaos. Wires hang limp where equipment was ripped from the walls. Doors were shorn from their hinges, all the windows smashed. In the parking lot, a heap of charts flap in the breeze like wounded birds next to a shattered, twisted ambulance. The hallways were strewn with broken vials of medicines, shards of glass. In the corner of one stairwell lay a sickening piece of broken bone.

7. Even though there is a lot of gunfire at night, a German doctor tells me how odd it is that she doesn’t feel the least bit of danger.

“It was much different in Sierra Leone,” she says. “Every time I heard guns, I prayed they wouldn’t come closer. And everyone dreamed about machetes.”

Whenever we are in the garden and there is a burst of gunfire, someone says “another marriage” or “another boy is born”.

One morning, rapid-fire shots ring out nearby. “They are happy,” a neighbor says. “The electricity is back on.” A few hours later, a Reuter’s reporter tells me there was battle in the west of the city, and several are dead. Baghdad remains plunged in darkness.

8. Wizened and weathered Hussein is the watchman at the boys’ school around the corner from the Al Abraj hotel. He invites me for tea.

“All the school’s are stopped,” he says. “Maybe they will return in a week or two.”

He has pushed desks to the corner of one room and placed a mat in the center of the concrete floor. Arabic music emanates from a small transistor radio. As the water boils, he sits cross legged on the floor and tells me in broken English how he used to be a driver for a Mr. Gruber of the German company Krupp’s, and before that a trainer of horses and a horseback riding instructor in Mansur. “Now we have no horses,” he says apologetically.

He offers me a Suma cigarette and I offer him a Marlboro. A cat slides out the door from behind a desk. He fumbles with the radio dials

and finds, as a gift for his guest, the BBC. We sit there drinking tea and smoking cigarettes while Oliver Scott discusses the war in the Ivory Coast, elections in Argentina, and how difficult it is for those with autism to make connections with other people.

9. Sand flies into everything: your nose your throat your eyes your shoes the keyboard of your computer your hair your hands become caked your jeans your pockets your shirt your backpack your desk your bed sheets. Everything gets covered in a thin film of sand. Not massive amounts and some days not even with you noticing. But it accumulates everywhere steadily and patiently almost to the point where you feel like you’re being buried one grain at a time.

10. A photographer for the Sunday Times, is in her 18th country at war. “There is a strange lack of clarity, lack of honesty, and lack of coordination here,” she says. “I think it’s going to be another Mogadishu.”

She searches for hash everyday at the Palestine. One connection after another falls through, and she complains about chain-smoking cigarettes while chain-smoking cigarettes. One night, her connection drops opium in her hand. She finds it strange that opium has made its way to the streets of Baghdad. She hears stories: that a shipment of cocaine has arrived for American soldiers; that Russian sex-workers are on their way. “Exactly how it happened in Kosovo,” she says. Or Macedonia or Russia or Afghanistan or Colombia. This is the end of the chaos, a time when criminal mafias fill the void and put an end to the power vacuum.

Their influence lasts for decades.

11. They discovered nine more bodies at Abu Ghraib the day I visited. Nine Sunni clerics dressed in long blue robes buried in a shallow grave. Dozens of men and women took care in shoveling the loose dirt, but people could only identify two of the bodies. They took these and carried them carefully off the prison grounds. They reburied the others, and as soon as the group left, a stray dog arrived and began to scratch at the loose earth.

A teenage boy wields a sledgehammer on the gate out front, while three men are taking down the ceramic tiles one by one from a Saddam mural. Strewn everywhere are beds and what look like dentist’s chairs. “Electric,” says Saba, a man who was imprisoned here in the 90s and is now our guide. He begins to shake, repeating, “Electric.”

Saturdays and Mondays were execution days. Our guide flips through the execution register. All of the entries are written in a precise handwriting. Other former prisoners tell us that executions took place right up until the Americans arrived. The bureaucracy was vast, with simple yellow files and parts of registers scattered about the grounds. I find a pile and ask our translator what they say. “These were all Syrians,” she says as she flips through the pile. “All Syrians.”

In the corridors, women are carrying metal bed frames on their heads. In the heaps of trash, I find a Pink Floyd-esque drawing on the floor of one of the cells, a

brick wall whose center is a mouth opened in a scream. Beneath this is an oasis with palm trees and camels and a simple blue pond. There are no people.

A 14-year old boy shadows our group the entire time we’re there. He holds a sign that reads ‘Allah is Great,’ but he is illiterate. He tells us how he had been working as a runner at the prison since he was 7. He would bring prisoners newspapers, cigarettes, messages from loved ones, and they would give him a few dinars. He does not know what he will do now that the prison has been abandoned. He eventually leaves our group, wandering the grounds like a teenage Lear.

12. Munir used to be a pilot for Iraqi air, and then for charter carriers in the United States through the 90s. The only identification he has left is his Michigan driver’s license.

During one conversation before dinner, some of the French people I’m with argue over the English word for zucchini. Munir comes over and says, “That’s a zucchini, I am certain of it. I still remember the code – 1474 – from when I worked at Muncie’s grocery store in Michigan.”

He has sad eyes, and whenever he starts the car, he says, “Fasten your seatbelts ladies and gentlemen, and please extinguish your cigarettes.”

13. Ali, our translator, was born in Starkville, Mississippi in 1977, so he speaks with a slight southern accent.

We are driving one afternoon, and Ali is pointing out things, defining his city for me. Here is the high school I went to. This is the tea-shop my friends and I used to hang out at. Here is the history museum that was destroyed in the looting. Here is Baghdad University where my parents work and where I received my degrees. It too was ravaged. They burned everything, Kevin, everything. That was the Ministry of Tourism. Here is Showaka, the oldest neighborhood in Baghdad. Here is where the fishermen gather in the early afternoon to bring their day’s catch. There is the best restaurant for Mosguv, a fish barbecue. Over there is a flea market where you can find anything. Anything at all, but you have to be careful – they will rip you off if you’re not careful. Here is an unfinished mosque that would have held one million people at prayer. Imagine, one million people...

He smiles as we pass all of these personal and cultural landmarks, many burned by arson’s flames, or crumpled by bombs, or riddled with bullets, or buckling from decades of general decay, teetering towards being history.

He turns and says, “I love Baghdad, Kevin. It’s my city.” His smile widens. “It’s always ... everlasting.”

KEVIN PETER QUIGLEY PHELAN’S TRANSLATIONS OF EDMOND JABÈS’ POETRY AND LOUIS-FERDINAND CÉLINE’S MEDICAL JOURNALS HAVE APPEARED IN THE *EXQUISITE CORPSE* AND THE *NEW DELTA REVIEW*. HIS FICTION HAS APPEARED IN *UPSTAIRS AT DUSROC* WHILE HIS NON-FICTION HAS APPEARED IN THE *NEW YORK TIMES*, *HARPER’S*, *NEW YORK MAGAZINE*, *Z MAGAZINE* AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS. HE HAS WORKED AS A REPORTER FOR RADIO FRANCE INTERNATIONAL’S ENGLISH SERVICE; AND CURRENTLY HE WORKS AS A PRESS OFFICER FOR THE INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL AID ORGANIZATION MÉDECINS SANS FRONTIÈRES IN NEW YORK.

DEMENTIA PRAECOX

by Sam Levinson

THE HOSPITAL, DAY 1

It was January 3rd, 2002 and I awoke; the mawkish odor of snow. 9:30am and I hadn't dreamt in over six months. It was all the usual nuclear family bullshit, like driving your sixteen-year-old drug addict son to detox on a Monday morning and hoping to get back in time to pick the other one up from middle school. And it was all the usual tension, like what do you say to that sixteen-year-old drug addict son in the backseat of your new car while driving him to detox on a Monday morning. And it was all the usual awkward hugs and kisses, when you help that sixteen-year-old drug addict son drop his bags off in that hospital room on a Monday morning and have to leave because he's about to get strip searched. And it was all the usual married couple blah blah blah, then you drive home in silence, watching the sky shed flakes of snow, the sound of windshield wipers, NPR and beginnings of conversation about what you should eat for lunch. And it was all the usual lectures when the head nurse, fortyish with a potbelly and a coldsore, asks me why, why did I do this to myself, why did I do this to my family, why didn't I realize the fact that I could have died, and that's still a possibility. Her name was Katherine and she thought I had potential.

And I remember wishing I could say something witty, while Katherine held my head upright as the other nurse took a Polaroid. This was my *before* photo.

The description of the hospital; white with ocean green trim. Not ocean green like Maui but an ocean green like Venice beach, complete with all its oil refineries and fast food containers. The air was dry and tasted medicinal. And the people, well, they all smiled, hiding some kind of sick desperation. Their handshakes; limp-wristed as if their muscles had decayed over the years, as if they had caught some kind of contagion from all the people they took care of.

Katherine led me to my room and pulled back the sheet, creating a pocket for me to writhe in. For some reason she felt the need to sit there a moment. She kept tonguing her coldsore. I wanted to tell her if she didn't stop, it would only get worse, but my inability to formulate words had once again gotten the best of me. She leaned in close and said, "Everything is now okay, and you're safe here."

She stationed a rather large orderly next to me in a rocking chair. She said he'd be with me the first few nights of withdrawal. His name was Matt and he had the biggest eyes I'd ever seen. He told me he'd be checking my vitals every half an hour. He told me how he'd been where I was. He told me he'd seen the things I saw. He told me he'd experienced the same things I'd experienced. He spoke in a quiet voice.

"If you can keep your head when all about you, Are losing theirs and blaming it on you, If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you But make allowance for their doubting too," My throat dry I leaned towards him, "Kipling."

I wondered if he quoted Kipling to all the kids, lying motionless under those fluorescent lights, desperate and quiet.

He smiled and rose from his chair. His hefty body making it's way in increments toward me. He put the blood pressure clasp around my arm. I could hear the panting in his lungs as they struggled to retain air.

So anyhow it started in a bed. One of those beds with an itchy blanket like in a cheap motel, colored yellow to hide the past piss stains. And the bed frame had been chained to the wall in case some mental patient in a sudden hallucinogenic rage decides to flip it over and do god

knows what with it, but that was what the chain was for, uncertainty. Uncertainty was also what Matt was for. Uncertainty of ones mind. This wasn't just a detox; it was a mental hospital too. And this is when things got interesting.

a wave rushed upon me corroding my blood my muscle my tendons sending my back arching in spasms as i felt a thick paroxysm from within my ribcage. my jaw locked in an open position as my screams reverberated in my throat. my skin hardened wanting to give this slough of despond some boundaries as if it were to escape a murky soot polluting the deceitful white walls of this hospital leaving my mark like a rancorous wolf. i looked towards matt his body with intangible limits leaking fat from his fingertips forming a metallic pool just beyond his feet reflecting prisms of silver against this 'little bit of hallucination.' i shot back against the drywall my hands trying to plug the orifices from which my brain had begun to drip from. i began to feel my cranium capsize forcing my brain deep into my esophagus. i quickly jammed my fist numb in places far into my throat, trying to stop myself from digesting my creativity my memory my sanity and i was milliseconds too late. hello god. my name is sam. and this is me making apple pie out of the tree of knowledge. and this is me licking the plate clean. so make way.

and to tell you the truth because truth is what we all so honestly desire is that i've never felt so free as I do right now. inside this hospital with it's bolted doors it's security cameras and it's elevators that take keys to operate. i felt totally free. because when you hit rock bottom there is some sort of comfort. like this is what hell is... naked and raw. it gives you something to base things on. like at least you didn't eat the whole worm. like at least you're not some starving child in ethiopia. and at least you are not some drug addict detoxing from 175 milligrams of valium.

You see when I discovered Valium it was as if, I never had to slow down and feel. I never had to sit back and self-reflect. I never had to acknowledge what had turned to shit. And I spent every second subsumed in this fake reality where the fact that my grandmother had died, where the fact that my sister spent nights worrying if I would be alive tomorrow, where the fact that parents couldn't make eye contact with me, just didn't fucking matter. It was a down comforter for emotion. And this horribly idealistic plan actually worked, until I began to wake up in the midst of withdrawal.

It would be 3pm on a Wednesday and I'd wake up to the smell of my cerebrum on fire. It would be 1pm on a Saturday and I'd wake up to my coronary arteries backfiring. It would be 9pm on a Friday and I'd wake up to my kidneys cleansing excess fluid and waste products and passing blood through my urethra. Everything was backwards, and I was inevitably going to crash.

DAY 2

A fat decaying hand touches my face at 10am. I look up to see Katherine, she must have continued to lick that coldsore all night. It's hard to take a person with some kind of sexually transmitted stigma seriously. She looked at me with all sincerity, "you have group today." I shook my head no. "I'm sorry but it's not a choice."

I put my pillow on top of my head. The muffled yell for Matt and I'm lifted over his shoulder, moved through the hospital unit, until being set down on a blue couch that mysteriously smells of sweat. I struggle to hold my eyelids open long enough to see the mess of disorders and problems before me.

There is Amanda; she was anorexic, and could never be left alone because they were afraid she'd exercise. There was Kitty; she was a suicidal cheerleader, and was so depressed that her boyfriend cheated on her that she drank a bottle of Febreze. There was Kara; she was a dope addict

from Brooklyn and used to always spit out her Trazodone and give it to me. There was Chris; he was upset because he was gay and used to cut himself until he could see his tendons. He always recited Whitman. There was Nicole; she was schizophrenic and would put her head in her lap for hours. She said her father used to rape her. There was Ronnie; he used to build sandcastles with his own shit, so they sent him to Acute Care because he was a health hazard. There was Chrissy; she was another dope addict and her boyfriend was the dealer that sold my friend Charles the heroin that killed him. There was Carl; just plain psychotic, and would attack you if you came within five feet of him. And there was Alexis; she was a nymphomaniac and a compulsive liar and she used to get in trouble for putting her shampoo bottles inside herself.

They assign you an in-house therapist. This is the person who decides your mental stability. She comes in for about 15 minutes and scribbles in her notebook. "So Sam, why are you here?" "It says in your notebook, does it not?" She scribbles down the word insubordinate. "I'd like here it in your own words." "Because I am a drug addict." She scribbles down the word insecure. "So why were you taking drugs?" "To get a different perspective on things." She scribbles down the word apathetic. "So why did you check in here?" "To get a different perspective on things." She scribbles down the word cynical. "Are you suicidal?" "Not to the best of my knowledge." She crosses out the word cynical and scribbles down the word flippant. "1mg of Risperdal to calm you down, 1200 mgs of Depkote as seizure prevention from withdrawals and 40 mgs of Celexa for depression and anxiety." Her lips come to a close. She gets up and walks out of the room.

DAY 3

I wake up 12 hours later in a pool of sweat. It's Wednesday morning. I'm sorry. I'm sorry I made you cry. I'm sorry for New Years. Under cold lamps. Your hand upon my forehead. You kissed me. You told me how worried you were. How you can't bear to see some one you love destroy themselves so swiftly. How when you look into my eyes you see, you see a person who is pretending to be alive.

Day 4-

Barb is one of the largest women I've ever seen and she's in the doorway to my room. Her culpability rests in the massive bag of flesh that hangs beneath her chin as if it were a waiting line for food. I noticed her eyes fixating on me in my bed, a slightly quizzical look in her eyes. Her jowl swayed as she spoke, "You naked or anything, cause you got to come out here and take your meds." Slightly perturbed about the fact that she had to think about me naked before saying it, I rubbed my eyes and responded, "No ma'am." "No ma'am what, your not naked, or your not taking your meds." "No ma'am I'm not naked and no ma'am I not taking my meds." "Well Doctor Sullivan says you are." "Okay." "Okay what." "Just Okay." "Well then come take your meds." "Nope, well I'll take the Depkote, but not the Celexa or Risperdal. I don't need nor want the other stuff." "Well Dr. Sullivan thinks you do." "Well Dr. Sullivan is wrong." "That's it." Barb marched off down the hall.

Five minutes later. Barb comes marching back. She stands in the doorway and points at me, "That's the one." Barb holds a cup of meds and a big meaty fist grabs it. In steps Ronnie, the instruction manual for being a badass motherfucker. This man eats meat with his bare hands, can kill a liter of Absolut in a quick gulp, and lays his women like fresh concrete, pausing to leave a nice thick, deep handprint. holds a cup of meds and a big meaty fist grabs it.

"This can go one of two ways. One being the easy way, in which you give in and take your meds or two being the hard way, in which I forcibly shove theses pills down your throat and, well, either way I don't leave this room until you've taken them. Let me say most kids chose the easy way or wish they had."

I wonder if he had prepared that speech.

"So what's the answer?"

I've never, ever taken the easy way in my life. So I shrugged.

"Is that the answer I think it is?"

He smiled and looked at Barb. They exchanged the 'well it's his fate' look. Barb looks at me and smirks. I could sense in a way it's what she wanted.

Step one: Pin the patient by straddling upper abdominal area and placing knees on arms.

Step two: Close the patients' nose, cutting off air supply through nasal passage.

Step three: Open mouth and push pill to back of throat.

Step four: Massage throat muscles until pill has made it into esophagus.

Step five: Offer water, if needed the patient will accept.

Ronnie got off and stared at me, "Don't you wish you took the easy route." "Maybe we could get together and do this again. Huh Ronnie." I replied.

DAY 5

I spent five days bed-ridden. I spent five days regurgitating every disgusting habit I've ever had. I spent five days being submerged in room temperature water when my fever surpassed 105 degrees. Pissing my sheets. Screaming at ghosts and shadows mutated.

Imagine coming to visit a loved one in the hospital. Checking in with the lovely lady at the front desk. Getting searched by the overly-friendly security guard. Walking up to their usually secure elevator as the guard turns a key and presses your floor. There is no music, no false happiness in here. The door opens as you reach your floor. The nurse guides you to the bedroom in which that person dwells. As you open that door you see everything that has become of that loved one. Their organs misplaced all over the room. A kidney lying by the bathroom. An appendix in the closet. A spinal cord under the bed. A brain on top of the pillow. Fingers and hands and throats and bowels and calves and toes and nipples and a ribcage. All working in some talismanic disharmony. This before you, is me.

Surpassing the inconceivable, what I had thought to be the bottom. As if that rock bottom had begun to erode, allowing me to slip through, redefining the cliché. and all I wish for is your hand upon my forehead. and all I wish for is you to tell me 'Everything is going to be okay,' even though I know you're lying. and all I wish for is the comfort of knowing that where I am is the bottom. Because the real rock bottom is bottomless ...

SAM LEVINSON WAS 17 WHEN HE WROTE THIS STORY. 3 WEEKS AFTER THESE EVENTS, HE HAD A RELAPSE AND MOVED TO NEW YORK CITY WHERE HIS ADDICTION PROGRESSED. HE EVENTUALLY CHECKED HIMSELF INTO A 4 MONTH REHABILITATION PROGRAM. HE HAS NOW BEEN CLEAN FOR 181 DAYS AND COUNTING. SAM IS NOW 20, A PAINTER, A POET, MUSIC MAKER, PHOTOGRAPHER AND FILMMAKER.



From the moment Simon wakes up he knows the day is a mistake. The remains of another night are strewn around his apartment. Knocked over plants, soil ground into the warped wooden floor, crusty spoons, old Styrofoam containers with coffee skin and ashes. Disaster.

He drags himself into the shadowy, piss-stinking staircase. When he gets out he finds a lapis sky. Number 3 Blue acrylic, a much forsaken shade. The sun's out at last, and he decides to walk over to the coffee place. In the olden times he went there a lot. It's where he met his wife, Susan. Ex-wife really, but he tries not to think about that. The sky is a lighter blue in some patches, reflecting off piles of still-white snow. And the sun, the sun shines brightly in his eyes, blinding him a moment.

Everyone in the coffee place is Chinese, that's why he likes it. Blotches of green and red cloud his eyes, making holes in the air. Simon takes off his glasses, rubs his eyes to fill the hollows. There's another guy like him here, so of course he notices him, like the girl he's been noticing: young, with an infected nose ring. Looking up at the guy behind the counter the man says, "Another order of shrimp balls." And Simon knows that voice. A voice like melting wax: smooth, but hardens easily.

"George?" he asks, sitting on the cracked leather stool beside the man. George can't place him, Simon can tell from the way the guy can't focus his eyes right.

"Simon? Jesus, man," George says. "Been a long time."

When's the last time I saw him, Simon wonders. Seven years or something? "Yeah, yeah. Nice to see you, man." But it's not. At least George looks older. The skin around his eyes is loose, just like the skin around his neck. His head is still bare, bald as ever, and shiny.

"Simon." George slowly shakes his head. So what've you been up to?"

"Oh, you know. This and that. Gettin' old these days."

"You still live around here?" George sips his coffee.

"Same place over near Mulberry. You?"

"I fixed up the old loft, renovated since you've seen it." George looks smug, as if it takes some genius to make a place livable. "I was living over in Italy for a while, but looks like I'm back to stay."

"Italy," Simon repeats, looking around.

George raises a straight white finger to beckon the waiter. Taking control. Just like he'd always tried to do. Bastard George, Simon thinks, but when the coffee comes Simon lifts it to his chalky lips with a shaking hand.

"You look like shit," George says.

"Oh, you know," Simon tells him, breathing the way he learned in a class at the Center—slow—easy. "The winter's bad for me. All aches and pains, you know. Try to sleep a lot."

"I'll bet."

Simon lets the remark pass. He runs his hand through his hair. Getting kind of long, it's true, been turning a strange yellow over the white. But he's all dressed up because Ari is coming by later; his pants a piece of art, all colorful embroidery.

"When's the last time you ate?" George asks.

"I eat. Ice cream...." Simon tries but can't remember the last thing he ate that didn't melt or roll down his throat without effort.

George pushes his plate of shrimp balls over and orders Simon a refill of coffee.

"Is there anything without grease today? Rancid oil in everything here," Simon says. George acts like he owns the place, but it is Simon who has been coming here every morning. Each and every one. Since Susan.

"So tell me," George says, stretching his enormous arms above his head. "How's the work going?"

Simon clears his throat. "Just waiting for the spring thaw. You?"

"As a matter of fact I just got back in town this morning. Remember that place in Florence we showed in '63?"

"Oh, sure, sure, I remember." Simon pulls the filter off a cigarette, lights it. Their first show. Bad business.

"Well, they're doing a retrospective of me. Can you believe it?"

Simon can't believe it. George isn't a good painter. He is not a serious person. Makes fun of things in his thin-lined, bullshit tight drawings.

"Uh huh," he says aloud. He chopsticks a shrimp ball. It crunches under his teeth, and spurts tepid oil on to his tongue. "You trying to poison me?" Simon spits the putrid, foul thing into a napkin.

George is talking about some other show. In Rome. In a month or something. "Talk to Susan lately?"

"The children tell me she's well," Simon says.

"She's good." A high voice behind them answers.

"Hey baby!" It's his daughter, Ari. Leather jacket, cello case in her bony hand. "What you doing here, baby?"

"You weren't home." She bangs the cello down, thing must weigh more than she does, and shakes her hand in the air. Simon isn't sure what she's doing—waving?

"It's heavy," she explains, glancing at George.

"Is it that late already?" His Tropicana watch reads 4:30. "I lost track of time, baby. I'm sorry."

"Forget it," she says, in a low voice he's never heard before, looking at George and running her hand through her angry hair.

"I'm George," he reaches to shake her hand. "I haven't seen you since you were a little girl."

"Arielle," she says. "I remember you." She holds his hand a little too long. The man is a snake.

"You want some coffee, baby?"

Ari hesitates. Not about the coffee, Simon thinks, but about where to sit. He's the Poppy though, so of course she sits next to him.

She leans across him to talk to the Snake. "How's Blue?"

Right, right. George's got a daughter her age.

"Her mother had another baby. Blue dropped out of school to take care of it." He sighs deeply.

George isn't the only one in the room with his eyes on Ari. The room's become hushed since she walked in. The only blond head in the place.

"That's terrible," Arielle says. She turns. "Don't you think that's terrible, Pop?"

"What?"

"Forget it." She takes a sip of his coffee. "Why do you have to put so much sugar in it?"

"When did you start playing the cello?" George asks her.

"Oh, she's been playing since she was a little girl," Simon tells him, dropping a hand on her shoulder.

"Lots of...what do you call...discipline."

"Since I was eleven," she shrugs him off. "So Pop," she says after another sip of the too-sweet coffee. "Did you do that stuff you said you would?"

He lights another cigarette, takes a few drags. "Yeah. Everything's gonna be okay, baby. It's gonna be all right." He sees by the way she looks beyond him that she doesn't believe him, still. "Really."

She brushes a hand over her round cheek and scratches an eyelid. "Fine. I have to go. You'll call me later, Pop?"

"Of course. What time you think you'll be home?"

"I don't know. Just try me." She stands to zip her jacket. Halfway up, the zipper sticks and she leaves it there. She bends to her cello case, now dusted with cigarette ash.

"You got a scarf, baby?"

She shakes her head, concentrating on brushing off the case with her bare hand. Her knuckles are red, the outside of her forefingers callused.

Simon unwraps his woolen scarf from around his neck and holds it out to her. "Here, here take this one. I got another."

"No." She waves her hand, shakes her head, again. "I don't need it."

"Please. It's so cold out. You'll catch cold."

"I'll be fine," she says, grasping the handle of the case.

"I have to go rehearse with some people. I'm late."

"Oh, who?"

"Pete and some other people."

"Who's Pete?"

She rolls her eyes. "Pete. He's been my friend forever, you know."

"Oh Petey? Boy with the smile? Chinese boy?"

Simon remembers, no matter what she thinks.

"Yeah. I really have to go."

"You sure you won't take the scarf? Come on baby."

She nods. "See you."

"You got a little money for your Poppy, baby?"

She freezes. Looks at George and swallows hard.

"I'm sorry," she says. "I didn't get paid yet. Call me later."

"A little?"

She looks at the ceiling, then quickly reaches into her jacket pocket and feels around, and hands him five quarters.

Eyes follow as she makes her way to the door, lugging the cello and a bag.

Simon stares at a fly licking sugar off the rim of his cup.

"You shouldn't do that." George's voice startles him. Both his wandering eye and his good one are focused on Simon for an instant.

"What?"

"Arielle. You shouldn't ask your daughter for money."

"Oh, that. She don't mind that. The children take care of the old parents. They support the sick parents."

George looks down at the pink and white shrimp balls cooling on the plate. "I never understood you," he says. "You're not sick, Simon. Jesus."

"Sick? Course I am, man. Said it yourself. Said I look like hell. It's winter. I'm so tired, can hardly move some days." Who does George think he is?

"I don't get you, man. Something happened. Tell me what's going on."

Is he concerned? Absurd. "Just trying to hang out with the Big Boys," Simon says. George's face, his face with the big scar across his forehead (did I do that? Simon wonders), doesn't move a muscle. "Just a joke. Just a joke, man."

"When's the last time you worked on a painting?"

"I've been sick. Told you."

"Don't give me that shit."

"Why you bother me? Why you care?"

George looks into his cup. When he answers it's the smooth, melty cadence. "We used to be friends, Simon. You weren't like this. We went through a lot of shit together back then. You weren't like this, remember? You look like an old man, Christ. I want to know what happened."

So does Simon. Instead he says, "I am an old man."

"What?" George looks outraged. Ha. Because they're the same age. "You're fifty-one."

Simon never thought he'd live this long. Planned to die in his thirties. This—all these years—they're not even real, they're pressed together like a big lump of unmolded clay.

"You know," he starts to explain. "When I was a young man I was very unhappy...."

George sweeps his big hand through the air like he's pushing away a rotten smell. "I don't want to hear it."

"What? What you want from me?" He picks a shrimp out of its dough and rolls it between his fingers.

"You were making it, Simon. You had a wife, a career. You'd kicked. What happened?"

"Make it? What does that mean?" He drops the pink shrimp. "What does 'make it' mean?"

"People liked your work, man. And now...now what? You're waiting for a sunny day? You take money from your own child?"

The old Chinese men sitting around the end of the counter stare at them. Simon looks down at his wrecked hands, folded on the countertop. "I'm a good father."

"What?" George says. "I can't hear you, you're whispering."

Simon lifts his head.

"You have a beautiful kid," George continues. "How old is she now?"

"Nineteen? Twenty?" Simon mutters miserably.

One of the younger men standing near the kitchen, talking loudly, comes to refill their cups. Two stooped old men open the outside door and bells jingle. They nod at George, who's sitting nearer the door. Simon can't look at him. Untalented. Me-di-oc-rity. George rests a hand on Simon's shoulder and it's all Simon can do to stay awake.

"Listen to me, Simon buddy. It's not too late. This is not who you are. I remember you from before, buddy. You can't fool me. Get it together, for Godssake."

Simon looks into George's good eye. "You know? So what? What the fuck do I give a fuck what this person thinks? Or that one? I don't bother no one. Don't bother me." Everyone's

looking. He picks up his scarf from the sticky floor.

"Come on, man. Have a seat." George waits and waits. The Chinese guys have fallen silent with watching. Simon sits. "What you don't realize," George continues, of course, "is that what you do does affect other people. Okay? What about your children?"

His son, little Johnny boychik boy, won't see his poppy anymore. Simon sighs deeply and harsh air catches in his throat. He can hardly breathe. George moves Simon's hand from his face.

"What are you going to do?"

"George." His voice is trapped in his throat. He takes another breath and the pain in his stomach moves to his chest.

"For Godssake, what are you afraid of?" George says, annoyance ringing through the phony-ass concern.

Simon pours more sugar into his coffee and swallows the cold rest of it. Its sweetness goes into his blood and warms his toes. That burning. That burning desire to go and cop and feel normal. The flames and the spinning and that hell.

"I'm afraid," he finally says, putting the cup down softly, "I'm afraid of everything."

No applause for the truth. The truth, that shy, sly whisper of a word goes out into the air towards nothing.

"Simon, shit, man." George sighs, almost sad, but not.

"I have to get ready for my show. I don't have time."

"For what?"

Georgie repeats himself as if Simon is from another country. Or like he's an idiot. Like they all thought, right? All along. Si, Simon the slow one. The stutterer. The retard. Simon sits on the stool with his hands on his lap like some kind of child. Which would make George the grown-up. Fucker. "Go, go," Simon says finally.

George nods at the guy behind the counter then takes out a wad of cash from his hip pocket. Simon tries not to look at it hopefully. George pays the bill, throws down an extra bunch of singles. For me, Simon thinks, and nods his thanks.

The air is lighter once George is gone. Simon gets his coffee refilled again, sits and tries to read the paper.

Outside the sky's turned a white-gray again. No light. No colors. His joints ache. Feels like they're weeping and groaning. Simon takes his coffee and paper and moves to a table near the kitchen where there's no natural light at all, only dim, fluorescent tubes. In the mirror on the wall he catches sight of himself. The bad light brings deep purple shadows under his eyes, pushes his jowls down. His hair has turned such a strange shade of yellow. Years ago, must be about twenty, more than his daughter's whole life, he was dashing. At least, the day he met his children's mother he must've been looking good because man, she was a good-looking woman. He stole her away from George.

That day he remembers so clear, as if it just happened. He came here as he always did, five AM, just as the sun was coming up. Have a few pork buns, some coffee before starting work for the day. And oh, the work was going so well; his self-portraits were beginning to take a real turn. He could see so clear. It was during those days that it was as if something else was guiding his hand, his brush. Every stroke like music: easy, so easy and flowing and never the same.

When he walked into the coffee shop that morning, the sky was opening to pink and the gray black of night was being pushed away until later. She was sitting at a table in the back with a pot of tea and a seeded Chinese donut ball oozing grease. Her blond hair was in a long braid hanging all the way to the seat. When the sun shone on it it was like the gold that Rumpelstilskin wanted all for himself. Simon wanted it too, all; he was greedy greedy then. It must've been summer because she wore a dress the color of the pink in the sky outside. She was all flowing light sitting with her back against the wall. Turned out she made it by hand. He's still got it, hanging on the wall, the best piece of art in the house. Later on she sewed all the children's clothes too. She was good that way. In lots of ways.

He still doesn't know how he got the courage, but he asked if he could sit with her. She looked up and he saw her eyes were the lightest brown he'd ever seen. He stood there cracking his knuckles and she glanced at his arms. She looked at the scars on his veins and said yes. Anyway. She said yes anyway.



Ars Poetica

Six monarch butterfly cocoons
clinging to the back of your throat—

you could feel their gold wings trembling.

You were alarmed. You felt infested.
In the downstairs bathroom of the family home,
gagging to spit them out—
and a voice saying *Don't, don't*—

Ars Poetica

*would it wake the drowned out of their anviied sleep—
would it slip the sun like a coin behind their eyes—*

The idea, the teacher said, was that there was a chaos
left in matter - a little bit of not-yet in everything that was—

so the poets became interested in fragments, interruptions—
the little bit of saying lit by the unsaid—

was it a way to stay alive, a way to keep hope,
leaving things unfinished?

as if in completing a sentence there was death—

Ars Poetica

*this hush, my pollen - the ordinary grace in the buds,
the crowding,
my basement sorrows - salt and shadow, saying
Lucky, lucky, your tiniest sadness,
this desert of fragments,
openhanded voyage,
this urge to making a scrapbook of stars—*

—Dana Levin

On Ars Poetica

Ars Poetica: literally, in Latin, the art of poetry -- a time-honored poetic form, in which the poet meditates on, discovers something about, or defines poetry's nature or responsibilities. The ars poetica can also serve, more personally, as a vehicle for the poet to explain her (poetic) self.

What I like about the little ars poetica poems here is that, as first, none of them seemed to me to be "real" poems—the first is a rendition of a dream I had; the second was part of a very long rant against the more irritating aspects of contemporary poetic style; and the third came out of being bored stiff and a bit delirious with flu (I picked words blindly from a bag and tried to go with whatever story-line the collection suggested). I didn't write them all at the same time and I didn't set out to deliberately write ars poetica—but over the years of working on a new book ("Wedding Day," now out from Copper Canyon Press), where I was thinking a lot about the development of poetic style, these un-poems began to seem essential to the book I was writing.

They're short and interrupted, as one's engagement with the muse often is in our busy interruptive age. Writing about them feels very meta: an ars poetica on my ars poetica.

DANA LEVIN AND HER DEBUT VOLUME, *IN THE SURGICAL THEATER*, HAVE RECEIVED NEARLY EVERY AWARD AVAILABLE FOR FIRST POETRY BOOKS AND EMERGING WRITERS. HER NEW BOOK, *WEDDING DAY*, IS NOW AVAILABLE FROM COPPER CANYON PRESS.

PORTRAIT OF A SUNDAY MORNING

The man's shadow walks
on the drive in front of him.
In it he remembers a farm,
the scuff of work boots on gravel,
the smell of dirt, and a photograph,
taken by a family friend, lost
somewhere between the move
from country to town. In it
he wore gray, his father's
suit and tie; blacker than his shoes,
the bent woman's purse shined,
she wore her favorite flowered
dress and a spring hat. The fat cattle
and thunderheads behind them
budded over the curving alfalfa
and the tornado that had not
yet blown the barn to splinters or
carried three milk cows ten miles
east or tossed the feral kittens
under the porch was still a breeze
on a plain to the west.

—Curtis Bauer

OPPOSITION

IF YOU LOSE YOUR HORSE
DO NOT GO AFTER IT

GO DOWN UNDER THE BRIDGE
WHERE THE OUTLAWS
TEND THEIR FIRE

WARM YOURSELF
AND WAIT

—Sebastian Matthews

Notes on the Writing of "Opposition"
I wrote "Opposition" one night years ago after throwing the I Ching. In fact, the first two lines of the poem *If you lose your horse do not go after it*, come from the Wilhelm translation, the big, grey Princeton Bollingen hardcover that is the closest thing to a Bible I know. In my mind, this poem is a prayer, or mantra, along the lines of Bob Dylan's "Don't Think Twice." (Dylan said somewhere in an interview that he used to repeat the lines to himself during the day as a reminder.) I love all the images and metaphors in the I Ching. Lines like "The wild goose gradually draws near the tree." And: "He was a good horse, an old horse, a lean horse, a wild horse." Love them because they are so wild, almost surreal, and, at the same time, they seem to depict practical actions. You get wisdom but wrapped in a riddle. As soon as I encountered those lines ("If you lose your horse/ do not go after it.") I knew the rest of the poem. It flowed from my pen as if dictated to me.

CURTIS BAUER'S FIRST BOOK, *FENCE LINE* (BkMk Press) WON THE 2003 JOHN GIARDI PRIZE FOR POETRY. YOU CAN HEAR HIM READ SELECTIONS FROM *FENCE LINE* AT [HTTP://WWW.FISHHOUSEPOEMS.ORG](http://www.fishhousepoems.org)

SEBASTIAN MATTHEWS IS THE AUTHOR OF *IN MY FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS*, PUBLISHED BY W.W. NORTON, AND HIS BOOK OF POETRY, *WE GENEROUS*, IS DUE OUT WITH RED HEN PRESS NEXT YEAR.

dj sherdon: i realized long ago that there are two types of music that people like dancing to—music that you know and already have a connection with and new music that hits you in a certain way that just makes you want to move your body. with house music, i don't have the luxury of playing recognizable songs, so i spend hours upon hours searching for that unused sound paired with that fundamental unexplainable sensation. i pay close attention to how each track hits me emotionally and i plug those tracks in to where i notice the crowd needs them. if i'm lucky, enough quality mixes of hit music will come my way, and i like to drop those in to fully quench an audience. it's all about the people—and every crowd is different. but once we find our common ground, and i see those feet moving and those faces smiling, the only place to go is one ecstatic crescendo after another, until we physically can't dance anymore or they tell us to go home.



SOUND DESIGN

dj oona: what i do when i design my set is i have a few records in mind that i really believe in that i want the audience to hear, something familiar. so i use that as an anchor and then i lead up to something new that people haven't heard before. and then i look to see what journey we are going to take together. i like for there to be peaks and valleys. i want people to take a break and then go get a drink. i like to have hard driving music for a while until people can't take it any more and then give them a

release with something very soulful. what's interesting about today's dance music is there is no longer a variation in the beats per minute. 15 years ago, we had records that were slow and records that were fast. and records in between. so we could build energy out on the dance floor by building tempo. whereas today's music is all in the same bpm range, so that's why i try to find many different types of music within the house genres.

king george: it's pretty spontaneous. i program according to the crowd. i like all kinds of music, as long as it has a big driving beat and it's dynamic. i look at the nightclub experience as people going out to have fun. so i will put music in there that will just help people to enjoy the night. you can't just build and build, you have to take them through the whole session. like sex, you build and then you level off and then you build and then level off and then you climax and then you melow out after that. i'm thinking more about just getting people to dance. not to think or contemplate their experience, just to be there and dance without thinking about it.



THE JADE DRAGON
van gogh "starry night" orange liqueur,
bacardi limon
and orange juice





MOJITO ROJO
red rum,
fresh mint and red sugar muddled,
juice of a whole lime
and a splash of soda

THE WHITE RABBIT
godiva white chocolate liqueur,
skyy vanilla vodka and frangelico

BLUE MOON
herradura
silver tequila,
van gogh
"starry nights"
orange liqueur
and fresh
lime with a
salted rim

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