

Banktown U\$A

#3 - Pick-a-Pat



WARD '07



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Here in Banktown we've seen incredible growth and change over the past couple decades. Presiding over much of it has been our ever-present mayor Pat McCrory, more widely known as Mayor Pat.

Most would say Mayor Pat has performed well, having just been re-elected to his 7th term in office. A Republican, he's outlasted many of his local counterparts. In elections where Mecklenburg voters have overwhelmingly elected Democrats both locally and nationally, he still wins. Perhaps it's the fact that his agenda is very pro-Charlotte. Maybe it's because he doesn't always line up along party lines and can sometimes go against typical conservative direction if he perceives it to be for the good of the city. One has to appreciate a politician who votes for what he believes in, not just what his party tells him to.

Charlotte's mayoral office is not full-time. In other words, we don't pay him a full salary, provide housing, or offer other benefits many big-city mayors have. We do require the amount of time that would be considered full time. Since Mayor Pat isn't officially full-time, he still works for Duke Energy, one of our large corporate citizens.

Since Mayor Pat has to wear so many hats and answer to so many different interests, since he takes various stances on a variety of issues and since his role as mayor has put him in so many different positions, we thought it might be fun to let you choose your favorite Pat.

Choose from pro-rail, forward-thinking and conservative cohort-bucking Pat. This Pat has consistently promoted transit options for the city, including the ever-controversial light rail line along South Boulevard even though local GOP and anti-tax folks berate him about it non-stop.

Maybe you like anti-gay Pat who wants a world-class, progressive city but thinks gays should stay in the closet even though his employer offers them same-sex benefits.



The mayor's office writes a welcome letter to every group that uses the convention center with the exception of the Human Rights Campaign. Isn't it refreshing to see overt discrimination in this day and age?

Maybe you'd like Duke Energy executive Pat, a man who has to balance the wishes of a corporate giant in the field of energy as well as development with the wishes of the planning department and the people of the region. Anyone a big fan of coal power plants? Breathe easy, we only have a couple now and only plan on a couple more! No need to search for alternatives, right?

I personally like sports fan, arena-building, NBA-lovin' Nascar supporter Pat. I didn't think I would, and opposed the stadium and arena when they were proposed, but after seeing what they've done for center city and the city as a whole, I get the vision. I've also been to quite a few events at both and love the ability to walk, eat, and play all within a few blocks.

How 'bout pro-development hard-hat Pat? You can't miss the building boom we've been experiencing lately – thanks for your help on this Pat, but can we please start having building and design restrictions applied? No more strip centers disguised as urban projects (read Metropolitan). Let's stick to the long range plans developed by the Planning Department, Zoning, and other commissions. Density that still requires a car only adds to congestion.

Pick-a-Pat: dress him how you want or need him to be. Add outfits of your own, send 'em to us and if we feel like it, we'll add 'em to the website for everyone to enjoy. You might even find a couple alternative outfits inside from our advertisers. So go ahead, Pick-a-Pat...

❖ Scott Lindsley, publisher



TJ Reddy

says he's kicked back and trying to keep the cold away. It's already starting to feel like winter outside, so one can hardly blame him. "I'm strictly tropical," he says with a chuckle. "I like hot. Coast of Georgia. I moved to New York before I came here and it was way too cold. That's one of the reasons I came here – the temperature's great most of the time."

An internationally acclaimed artist, Reddy is something of a local legend in Charlotte. Born in Savannah, GA in 1945, at the age of 14 Reddy left his hometown, along with his family, to live in New York City. Although the city itself offered much in terms of culture, there was a darker side that Reddy says he wasn't prepared to take. "I was acclimated to a lifestyle that was not overwrought," Reddy explains. "New York at 14 was too much of a difference from what I was accustomed to. After being there a week I saw five girls in a gang kill a man. I saw a man with DTs on the street. I saw gangland crime – feet in cement, shot in the head, dumped in the river kind of shit. Incredible scenes of contrast from what I was used to. I did not want to be there. I lived in a two bedroom apartment with eight people. I saw shit in the snow! Man it was cold. I'm telling you, I just didn't wanna' be there. Four years later, after graduating from high school, Reddy made the move he'd been so longing for. He left New York City and returned to the south. Only this time he didn't go back to Georgia, he came to Charlotte.

"I came here to go to Johnson C. Smith," he recalls. "After I got here, I was disappointed to find out there was no art scene."

Charlotte of the mid-sixties was a different place than the thriving metropolis we know today. Then boasting more churches than any other city of its size in the country and still largely maintaining an unspoken "seperate but equal" culture, the Queen City was not unlike many other mid-size southern cities of the time: grasping to hold on to the old ways while struggling with the inevitable change that lay ahead.

"To me North Carolina was a middle ground between the deep south of Savannah and the provincialism I could not abide by, and the more progressive attitudes of New York. Don't get me wrong – New York was racist, just in a shrouded way. It was not as pronounced, but it was still there. I guess I chose North Carolina because it was between Georgia and New York, and it gave me an opportunity for my education to be improved.

Why did I remain? A great deal of it had to do with the people. One of the first people I met was Julius Chambers. He was there and he had just opened his law office. He was interested in fighting for equality, so I thought this place couldn't be all bad. Another person I met was George Leek. He gave a presentation about the history of civil rights in North Carolina. He wanted us to take an interest in taking on the leadership and changing the future."

Eventually Reddy became dissatisfied with the quality of education then available at Johnson C. Smith, and transferred to UNC-Charlotte.

"I helped found the Black Students Union," Reddy recalls. "I met Benjamin Chavis there. I met Dr. Bonnie Cone there. She was one of the people that actually sat down and listened to the things we had to say. She's a great woman."

Reddy was making a name for himself in more ways than one: as an artist, writer,

student leader and an activist for civil equality. Some in the city saw things differently, however. They saw a troublemaker with no respect for the old ways. They saw an angry young man with an afro who refused to give up his seat on the bus to a white woman. In 1969 Reddy and two friends were arrested and charged with setting fire to a barn, which resulted in the deaths of fifteen horses. The trial that followed caused a media sensation around the globe, as Reddy and his friends were labelled “The Charlotte 3.” Throughout the ordeal Reddy maintained his innocence. Despite evidence that he was being framed, he was sentenced to twenty-five years in prison. “All total over a seven year period I was in there for about four years. I got out in ‘78,” he recalls. “About four times I got out and got put back in. It was this herky-jerky process that drove me crazy. How did I survive? I provided help for other inmates who needed it. Transcendental meditation. Yoga. I offered legal advice for people who needed it. I founded a prison labor union. I guess that’s a true testament



to my character – to never get so despondent and not see beyond my own personal difficulties so that I couldn’t help others. I also became a librarian. That’s where I got information about court cases. I started an adult basic education program. I became a vegetarian. Why am I not bitter? Why did I not become a suicide-murderer or an Al Qaeda member or join the Klan? Because It’s not my way. Even with my activism, I was never militant. Perhaps in my speech, but no

one ever saw me attack anyone. I never hurt anyone. It’s my mouth that I use to protect me.” These days Reddy calls NoDa home. He’s set up shop in one of the many old mill houses that dot the area. It’s from that space that Reddy operates Artists Helping Artists (AHA). Showings are held in the space every month, usually to coincide with first Friday, though Reddy says that schedule is likely to change in the future. Through an arrangement with sponsors and art enthusiasts Reddy is able to work with and help other artists with a variety of activities. “There’s a small living room space for community artists’ exhibitions. It’s a way for artists to meet other artists and I can offer insight if they request, by critiquing their work. There’s also a room where I exhibit my work. That’s also a place for doing music.” Along with other area musicians, Reddy and friends offer impromptu performances of world music. When it comes to his own personal brand of creative style, the heart of the man is in his artwork. “I like to work in mixed media,” Reddy says enthusiastically. “Sand, sawdust, natural materials, acrylics, clay, cotton bonded with modeling paste. I also use paper, feathers. Paper coated with gesso. Sometimes crushed seashells. I call myself a mixed media painter. If you see a tree it’s sawdust, if you see a fish, you’ll see a shell. You see a leaf it’s paper. The key is not to get too hokey.” Reddy’s work can be found in a variety of places around town, including a series of murals in Southend, another that he just finished at Piedmont Middle School and – one of his favorites – at the Charlotte Convention Center. “It’s called ‘Remembrances,’” Reddy explains. “It’s my recognition of the old Second Ward neighborhood.” Reddy’s process in creating the mural included walking through the area and talking to people who once lived there. “I really got a sense of the history,” he recalls. “I paint narratives. I paint stories. I like to paint living history. I’m a history major, so painting history is very rewarding. I definitely consider myself a social realist.”

❖ *text by David Moore, fotos by Carol Marley*
inset: *Blue Abstract*, right: *Portrait of Bertha Roddey*



P H O T O W O R K S



www.communityworks945.org

left: *purple umbrella* by Beverly Cowan
center: *self-portrait, mask* by Sylvester Huff
right: *reclining girl* by James Gaither

Photoworks happens every Thursday afternoon at Urban Ministry's Community Works 945, and in the evenings at The Uptown Shelter for Men. All of the students are in a homeless situation, either living on the streets, in the woods, in a shelter, a motel, or low income housing. Students meet and are given 35mm disposable cameras with instructions to be creative, and photograph whatever's important to them. They're encouraged to be honest and to imagine that the film behind the little plastic lens is a piece of their mind,

that by pushing the button they're sharing with us how they see and feel. At each meeting students turn in their cameras, we give them a new one, then develop the film and at the next meeting give them the prints. It continues as long as we have cameras. Last year The Uptown Shelter received a grant from the Arts and Science Council and purchased 500 disposable cameras and processing. Those cameras are long gone, but the project keeps going. Photoworks keeps all the negatives. Hundreds of great shots. They're being scanned, cleaned up, and

color corrected by student Sylvester Huff, who's recuperating from hip surgeries in a nursing home. All kinds of people show up for the class. There are people who talk all about their great talents, and then there are the quiet people. Like James Gaither, a small shy man who showed up one day stinking of alcohol and the woods. I gave him a camera, not expecting it to come back. His images are like dreams, like ideal memories people depend upon in grim times. Beverly Cowan, a cancer survivor, is a natural talent. Everything she touches

seems to benefit. She photographed scenes from the Women's Shelter – full of emotion and empathy – that nobody has ever captured. Sylvester Huff has spent half his life in prison. A drug dealer, crack smoker and pimp until he found God. He showed up at the Uptown Shelter class with a loud, intimidating street attitude, demanding that we teach how to be a Playboy photographer. Now he helps run both classes and has developed a sensitive eye that he's slightly embarrassed about. He shot his first wedding last month. ♦ Van Miller



I went to college because that's what you did after high school. Thinking back, I probably spent more time hanging out with girls who talked about the trials and tribulations of college admissions than I did actually selecting and applying for an institute myself.

Four point five years later, I finished up my higher education and landed a respectable career, at least by in-law standards. Why? Because that's what I was conditioned to do. Programmed to do.

I spent a little more time selecting an employer than I had a college, but was still incapable of grasping the concept that **life is a series of choices**, something to shape as you want it to be, not a stretch of time to be endured according to someone else's programming. Two years of dazed days in the diamond carpool lane later, I woke up to the realization that I was a prisoner.

I immediately wrote the warden a letter and requested that he induce my mid-life crisis at 25. More of a quarter-life crisis I guess. During my self-inflicted crisis, I decided a drastic life detour was in order. It was the only way to regain sanity and salvage my self-worth. I can only compare it to the infamous scene in Pulp Fiction when Ms. Mia overdoses on heroin and cool man Travolta has to inject an adrenalin shot into her heart.

I proposed to my co-pilot in life, Mary Patterson, that we leave Minneapolis and **set sail on a journey**. The purpose? To take a breath, time out to discover and reflect. Our destination? Let's look at a map. Sure, New Zealand sounds perfect.

Fast forward: my co-pilot and I have just returned from our enlightening travels abroad where we not only saw, but *did* the unimaginable and discovered the undiscoverable. After a thorough life analysis with our spiritual healer, we've landed here in "Shhharlotte" and are immersing ourselves in its various compelling crevices, from the Farmers Market off Kings Drive to eccentric design studios in NoDa to a romantic rose garden sanctuary a block outside the 277 loop. There's just so much here to see and do.

And now I want to be your food concierge. I don't think I could be a impartial critic: I love food entirely too much. Think of me as the liaison between an unparalleled food experience and you. I could go on and on about home cooking, but here I'd like to talk about eating out. Call me obsessed, but in restaurants I notice everything: the fixtures on the walls, the music in the air, the way daily specials are presented to the patrons. I notice what works, what doesn't, and tuck it all away in my memory bank. By now I have quite a few tips and tricks stored up for use in my everyday life and work.

No chicken on Sunday? Not to worry. Looking for authentic international cuisine? Let me be your guide. In **Albemarle Adventures** I've partnered up with Scott Lindsley (publisher of this magazine) to sample international cuisine East of the city. We've ventured past the safe zones and disregarded all preconceived notions and warnings. We visited places on this expedition where we were the minority. So come on, all you adventurous eaters. Follow our lead down Albemarle Road and discover a world of dining delights.

Kyota

6404 Albemarle Rd
704.569.1954

You know you've found authentic when on a Tuesday afternoon you find a table of five elderly Korean men playing Changgi (Korean chess) at the booth in the back. Look around: the newspapers, the menu (with pictures) and the food suppliers – everything here is Korean, and these old-timers know the score.

Korean food in general is absolutely phenomenal, vibrant and full of color. Koreans have a special touch when it comes to mixing their textures and flavors, and Kyota's master chef doesn't disappoint. This place is as authentic as it gets.

The Haemul Pajeon (Seafood Pancake) and Blugogi (Bar-B-Que Beef) are absolute musts, but there are



plenty of other selections with which you can't go wrong.

Keep in mind that each entrée comes with what seems like at least four side items, so family-style sharing is the way to go.

Best of all, 30 minutes after the meal, you've still got that spring in your step. You feel light and bright, not lethargic and lazy as if you'd just consumed a fried bologna sandwich and a basket of fried pickles, not exactly conducive to a productive day.

THE FOOD CONCIERGE



Taste of Havana

5534 Albemarle Rd
704.525.0223

Lunch. If all you remember is lunch at Taste of Havana from this article, we've done our job.

What Hot Browns are to Kentucky and Po' Boys

are to Louisiana, Mixto Sandwiches (also known as Cuban Sandwiches) are to Cuba. These sandwiches are super simple, containing only a few staple ingredients (ham, cheese, pickles, roasted pork, grilled chicken) which combine to make a succulent success. The sandwich itself is submarine style and grilled to perfection on a sandwich press called a "Plancha". Don't try to make these delights on your Foreman as it's a craft passed on by generations of heritage – lucky for you, Taste of Havana's got your back and offers a stellar sandwich lunch menu. \$5.95 with six variations. I've already had three this week – they're that good.



Sandwiches aren't the only goodness Taste of Havana brings to the table. Each Saturday night this place turns into *Havana Nights*, with festive national fiestas taking place from various cultures (Dominican, Colombian, Cuban etc.) The smell of fine Cuban cigars and Selma-Hayek-in-Desperado lookalikes occupying the dance floor should be enough incentive to stop by and have a lookski.

Pollos Mario

6023 Albemarle Rd.
704.566.6455

The mustard yellow sign outside Pollos (Chickens) Mario says "Latin American", but after further investigation and talking with locals I've learned that this place has a strong Colombian undertone.

Although parts of the menu seem to cater to the Mexican crowd, the owners hail from Colombia and have injected the menu with truly authentic Columbian cuisine. Realistically it's not likely I'll be able to try a dish while sitting at a bar in Medellín, so the next best way to experience that is with our local pros here in Charlotte.

Bandeja Paisa is arguably the Colombian national dish and is offered in a few variations at Marios. It's a hearty but not so heart-healthy smorgasbord. Usual suspects include grilled steak, chicharrón (fried pork rind), red beans, rice, chorizo (sausage), a fried egg, and an arepa (corn based bread filled with cheese). No, that's not all – the dish is finished off with sweet fried plantains and a slice or two of avocado. Order one of these dishes and expect 2-3 plates. Order two and it'll be hard to find your silverware.

There's plenty more to choose from and the pictures read like a children's book, but don't be shy to ask questions and tell them you want what they'd order on a special evening out. Speaking of little ones, Mario's chicken finger selections are thoroughly kid-friendly.

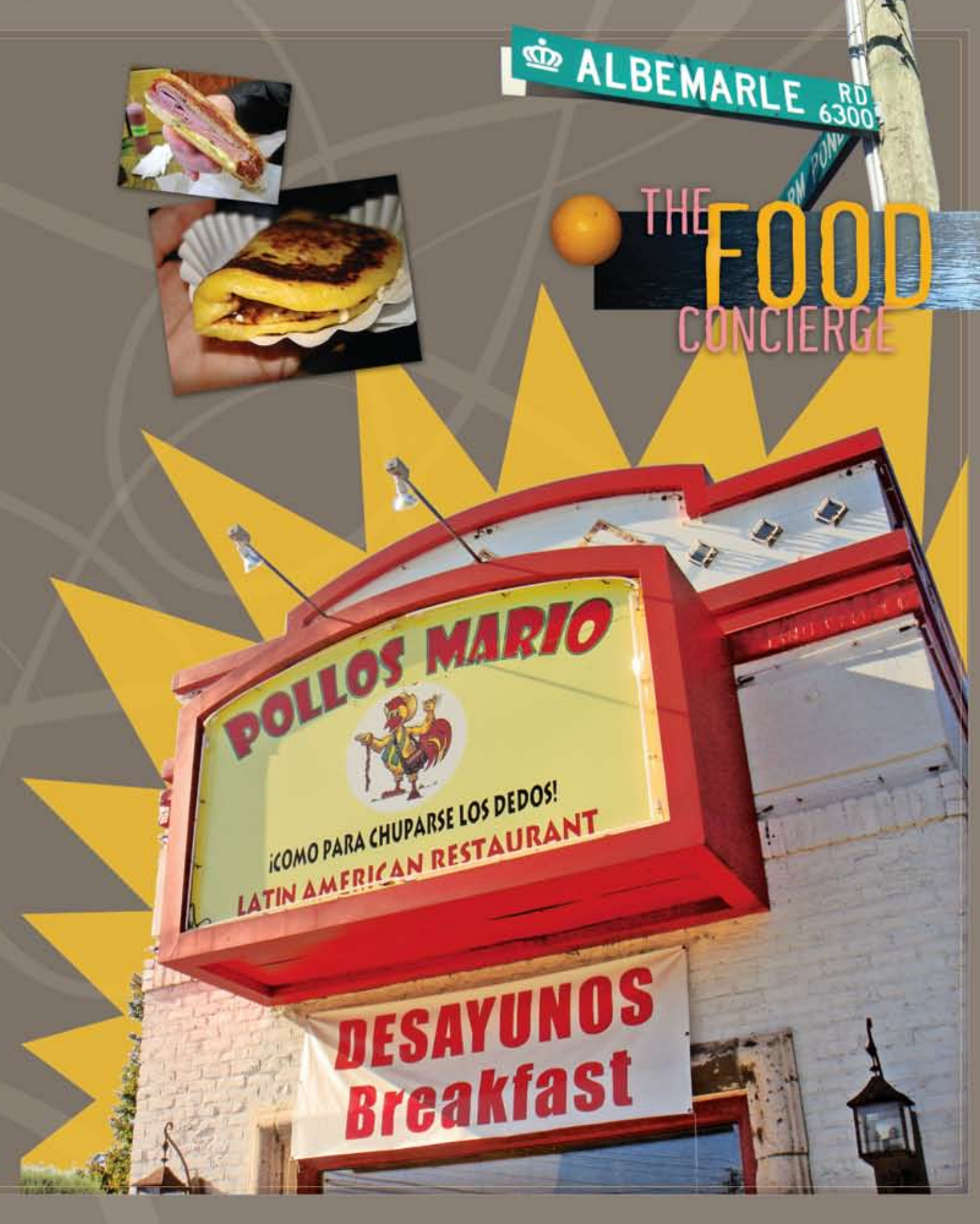
www.yourfoodconciierge.com

♦ text and sign fotos by Joe Haubenhofser

ALBEMARLE RD 6300



THE FOOD CONCIERGE



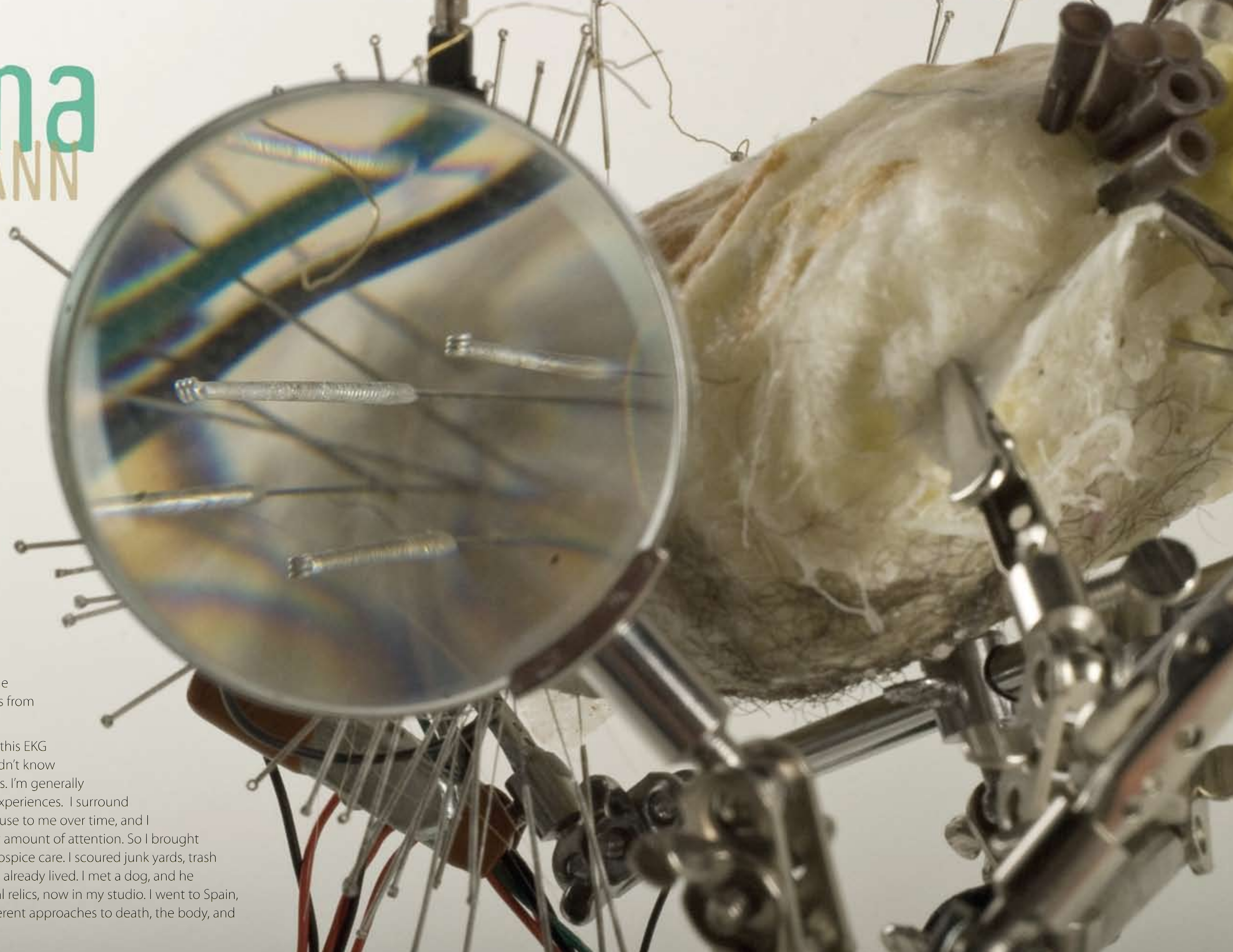
Malena

BERGMANN

Anton Chekhov, doctor and writer, cried out in despair during the dissection of a cadaver: "Where is the soul in all of this?" I sort of feel like chastising him... Anton, oh ye of little faith! Haven't you ever seen a dying person? Eyes wide open, changed somehow, not seeing what the rest of us see, becoming, like the rest of the body, containers that are no longer necessary. A body is not a soul. It is mortal and frail, despite its best efforts. Seek not there. But keep seeking!

The year I watched my stepmother die, I received a package in the mail. No explanation, just a small scroll of paper. As I unrolled it, I saw that it was an EKG print-out of a woman's last hour of life. Stained, fingerprinted, torn, delicate. A real-time record of a beating heart awkwardly and elegantly slipping into a final flat line. I had in my hand the history and future of our universe in a few cubic inches, and knew immediately that it was the 'heart' of a new body of artwork. Two pieces from this work are seen here.

I spent the next seven years contemplating this EKG strip. Its effect on me was profound, but I didn't know how to make it any richer than it already was. I'm generally an improvisational gatherer of matter and experiences. I surround myself with objects so they can reveal their use to me over time, and I usually discover it when I'm paying the least amount of attention. So I brought home the medical supplies left over from Hospice care. I scoured junk yards, trash piles and eBay for medical objects with lives already lived. I met a dog, and he unexpectedly led me to hundreds of skeletal relics, now in my studio. I went to Spain, Portugal, Ireland and India, finding very different approaches to death, the body, and





to time. I started making sculptures integrating medical supplies, organic materials and movement.

I believe one must admit to whatever exists, and deny nothing. Each day I try to remember that I have an approaching deadline. What's the deadline? Being dead. Losing my body, my container, my vessel, my dinghy, my blow-up raft. In the words of a sweating couple I was walking behind at a street festival, "Ain't nuthin' but a thang!" Did you know that unique to operations on the limbs is the use of tourniquets to control the loss of blood? Surgeons work under a clock that runs backwards. An absolute deadline. Keeps you on your toes. So I make images, in part, to track my remaining time.

Time is critical, and I'm examining it a series called Gift and Baggage of Body, organized around the medieval Christian book of hours. The devout would recite prayers from this book during a specific hourly cycle each day. Prime, the first of these hours, is the literal starting point for the perpetual consecration of time through ritualized behavior, but it's also a useful metaphor. It's a marker for renewed awareness, a promise of possibility, an assurance that the present moment has an indelible link to the past. It takes 'now' and connects it to 'then'. Conceptually, all my work references my interest in time and its literal or metaphorical impact on the body and the mind it contains.

About That – Vespers 2007

(previous page and top left) kinetic sculpture, 42" x 42" x 36" variable

kneeling cushion, vibrating motors, electricity, human ashes in gelatin capsule, wax, medical supplies, acupuncture needles, hair, magnifying glass, brass wire, iodine, ink, found metal

The viewer kneels on the cushion and presses a red button. Two vibrating motors cause acupuncture needles and the glycerin capsule (containing human ashes) to vibrate. The needles move so quickly that one can only see the tracks of where they have been, not where they are.

Adrift – Matins 2007

(bottom left and right) kinetic sculpture, 11' x 6' x 3' variable

vibrating motor, electricity, bones, hair, found metal, fishing line and weights, magnifying lenses, spices, linen, light, piano wire, leather whip, medical tubing, wheels, silver bowl and spoons

Underneath a mobile of bones, hair and metal lies a small contraption on wheels. Next to the mobile, on a pedestal, are a lighted magnifying lens, a silver bowl filled with spices, and two silver spoons. Tiny text is magnified by the lens, giving the viewer specific instructions: use spoon to place spices in sieve. The sieve is in the middle of the wheeled contraption, vibrating gently, sifting spices into a pile on the floor. If the viewer turns the red knob, the speed increases, the sieve shakes, and tiny bones emerge from the dissipating spices. If the spices sift down to nothing, the tiny bones rattle audibly against the metal sieve.



www.art.uncc.edu/faculty/bergmann
 ♡ text by Malena Bergmann, fotos by Alex O'Neill



foto: Piper Warlick

blink ALONG WITH A SHIMMERING YEARNING AND TRANSLUCENT ACHE,
IT WAS AS IF CRUSHED GLASS WERE THE PARTICULATE MATTER IN HER TEARS.
SHE REFUSED TO BLINK. SHE WAS CERTAIN IT WOULD UNDO HER.

As she flew into my listlessness, the corners of her gaze flashed like the secrets in Bvlgari's vault. As she proclaimed her ipseity as a realist, I heard myself quip and coo, "Oh really? So how do we explain those wings of storms clouds and raw silk unfurling from your back, my love? How do we rectify ourselves with that ping of luminosity bouncing off your flesh as if the sun had taken residence behind your left tit? You see my darling, none of that is the gear of realists. They simply don't rock it that way."

"Ohhh that's all smoke and mirrors" she sighed dramatically, "These accoutrements are merely the third rate manifestations of a few overwrought ideals that got out of hand and were set way too high in the first place."

"But ideals are meant to be unrealistic" I yawned, "They are the full-on, open-mouthed kiss on the lips of impossibility. They are the perpetually feverish spot where miracles flourish the most succulently.

However, I must admit that I love the language of the realists. I love that divinatory mythology of graphs, charts, projections, and code; that dendritic twist of impenetrable logic existing only to be unraveled by the heresy of the yet to be imagined.

It is an illusory perfection this language of the realists. As an idealist, it provides a high and deep dug platform for that which I am inexplicably compelled to do... throw myself into the currents of the unknown; bare my teeth and feast upon the underbellies of all that overwhelms me as devastatingly beautiful; languish in the pungency of the trail that runs from the bitter to the sweet and dare to taste redemption in it all. Am I a fool or am I courageous? It matters not. Either way I can't stop myself.

The blessing/curse for the idealist is not that we can't be real, it's that no matter how hard, harsh, straight, narrow, or "real" the realness gets... we can't stop being idealists.

As I smell it, the realist is simply the idealist whose feelings have been hurt."

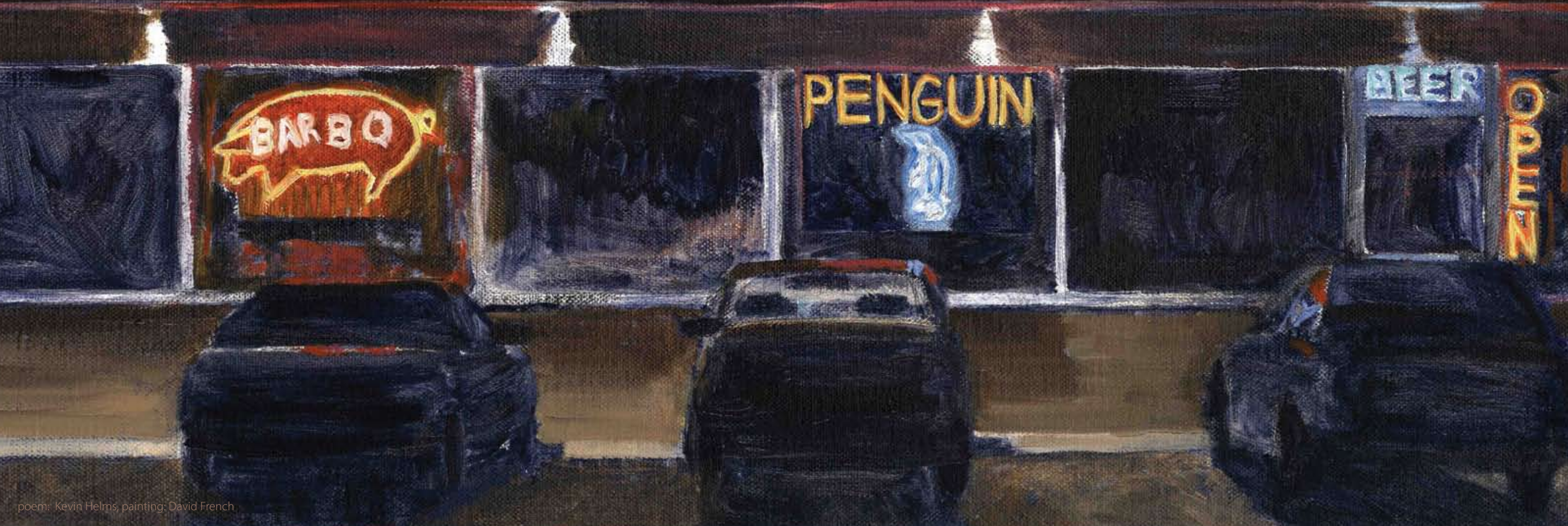
Along with a shimmering yearning and translucent ache, it was as if crushed glass were the particulate matter in her tears. She refused to blink because she was certain it would undo her.

I told her, "Let the tears fall and sleep on it, sweet thang. Let the tears fall and sleep on it."

MUSINGS, MEDITATIONS, LASHINGS AND OTHER ANTICS BY JOHN W. LOVE, JR.

porcelain

I have had the good fortune
to see you without your clothes
many times. Sometimes sweaty, indifferent.
Sometimes from afar, as you slip silently between characters.
Work to play.
Day to night.
This morning was different.
Through the dull light
there was a crispness to your form; impeccable and strict,
yet
comforting.
A bright flower for a cold heart.
Your spirit rides piggyback on bright eyes and happy teeth, the wind
whistling over the
valley of your
skin.
You glide into
the room weightless, and for a moment I forget how to move
or breathe or
think.
Clumsy hands soften on an angels' hips,
wide, special,
my face pressed
into the silky porcelain
of your body.
Drunk with your scent,
of sheets and
fresh bread and
air,
I close my eyes and I am a child.
I am loved.
I am important.
Sleep comes easily to a peaceful heart, and I dream of
time unfolding,
of warmth
and patience.
I tell myself it must be magic,
but it couldn't be.
Magic doesn't happy every day.





near the tracks (detail), painting by Sharon Dowell courtesy of Center of the Earth Gallery



Little Shiva: Hello folks, and welcome to the Funny Name Show. My guest today is Blacklist, who first introduced himself to me via www.weirdcharlotte.com. Blacklist is a recording artist and classically trained professional opera singer who comes to us all the way from Portland, Oregon where he spent the past five seasons onstage. Of course, the burning question is “why Charlotte?”

Blacklist: Yes, it probably seems to be an unusual shift, but there’s a great classical singing coach in Rock Hill, and I’m here to put the polish on my voice with him before moving overseas to launch the next phase of my singing career.

Little Shiva: The Pacific Northwest to the Atlantic Southeast is quite a change. What’s one of the things you miss the most?

Blacklist: Portland is an unusually advanced hotbed of community and creativity – there are high level artists from all over the world working there at any given time. Most of these people know each other very well and will collaborate with, share their skills with, or help promote each other with regularity, which in turn makes the Portland artistic community even stronger. I’ve never seen anything quite like it; the level of generosity there is sometimes shocking. I think the seeds of this type of artistic community have been planted in and around the NoDa area. It feels very Portland over there to me.

Little Shiva: You recorded a beautiful interpretation of Veni Veni Emmanuel for an independent film called Turtle. Can you speak a little about that project?

Blacklist: Sure. One of the producers of that film was familiar with the music I’d been writing and recording and gave me a call to see if I was interested in scoring a part of their movie. They asked me to do a version of Veni Veni Emmanuel over the final climactic scene of the film, and I agreed to do it if allowed to do my own new interpretation of the piece. They agreed, so I went to work. It’s the interpretation of the music which can make or break any piece I’m doing; I need to feel a very bold and personal connection with what I’m singing and playing in order to find the real power in there. When I arrive in that space, the real communication begins to happen. That’s what I wanted for Veni Veni Emmanuel. I had a distinct vision in my head of how I wanted it to sound, a distinct vision of how I wanted it to feel – just like an exhale.

Little Shiva: What are some of your favorite opera roles of the ones you’ve played; which one are you

learning now, and what’s your dream role?

Blacklist: My favorite opera of those I’ve been in was actually not one in which I was singing a lead role. It was a 20th century piece called “A View from the Bridge”, written by the Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright Arthur Miller (the Crucible), and composed by William Bolcom. “View” is a dramatic piece which explores the devices of the human heart, from the relentless hope and optimism of youth, to the bitter character flaws of suspicion and jealousy which lead to the main character’s ultimate demise in one final climactic scene. A ton of drama in this one. It’s great.

In terms of singing my dream roles, I’m actually learning one of those right now; Rodolfo, the lead tenor role in La Boheme by Puccini fits my voice very well and is a part I can play, so I’m in the process of working that up. Plus, I love it; definitely one of my dream roles. In the future, I’d eventually love to learn Edgardo, the lead tenor role from Lucia di Lammermoor by Donizetti, but I’ll have to be patient with that one until my voice thickens and darkens just a bit with age. I’ll probably be ready to sing that in five to eight years.

Little Shiva: Talk a little about your name.

Blacklist: The name evolved from the idea that the world of classical music probably wouldn’t be accepting of the type of music I’m creating. Although it’s my intention to be respectful of the classical art form as I create, I found it necessary within myself to give birth to an alter-ego of sorts, one that works from the shadows, one that creates and works from the underground. So ‘Blacklist’ was born. I continue

to work every day towards the goal of having one of the finest classical voices on the planet, which is something that completely consumes me, but I think achieving that goal and the creation of my art and music somehow manage to echo each other at opposing ends of some kind of twisted artistic spectrum. There’s a close and twisted relationship between them, but I think they work surprisingly well together.

Little Shiva: What’s next? Any specifics on the overseas thing? Got anything lined up?

Blacklist: For my musical endeavors: I plan to release 3 to 4 brand new compositions in the coming year. For my opera singing, my teacher has suggested a round of overseas auditions, entering a contest, and a move to Germany. I intend to take his advice.

www.blacklistmuzik.com



DRIVE-BY SHOOTING WITH BLACKLIST



Jacques Cerami visits Banktown www.galeriecerami.be

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LARK



Lark was a shop dog by trade. He spent 50 hours a week at Boris + Natasha. He grew up in our store from the day we opened, sneaking underneath the dressing room doors to snatch socks as a puppy, sunning himself in the windows every afternoon. He greeted customers with a deep "wwwwooooo" and a wag. His friends, who were many, came just to speak to him, friends whose lap he sat in, friends who would lie down beside him for a cuddle. No one was a stranger to him for long, and his welcoming nature made him a surrogate for many a pet left at home.

On August 10, Lark died of cancer. He had been sick all spring and summer. Buckets of tears were shed by his friends and family. Gifts and cards poured in for him at the store.



What happened to Lark, and to us his extended family, is not news. We all have lost beloved pets and mourned their passing. Many of us have had to make the horrific decision to ease their suffering and speed their transition to eternity.

What strikes me about all this is how the role of pets in our lives has changed. As a kid, my worst fear was that the cat or dog would get hit by a car. Now there's cancer and diabetes and a myriad of other diseases to anticipate. Along with their own boutiques, salon appointments and play dates, like the little people they have become, our pets have big people problems. They take prozac and go on diets. They even have a Whisperer.

Pets have become the children we don't have yet, or the kids that have grown up and gone away. They are our family now, more than Lassie ever dreamed of.

When we got this sleepy little faun-colored, guinea-pig sized blob 8 years ago, Lark seemed like a just name. We hadn't really palnned to get a dog, but, you know, we did go looking. Bringing an animal into your life - a cat, a dog, a bird, whatever - may seem like a whimsey, a lark. But in our fragmented society where we work too hard, are taught to be afraid, and have so little time for our human friends and family, loving a pet, even a shop dog, is a survival tactic.

Hope Nicholls

WHEN WE LAST LEFT, LEE-LEE WAS WONDERING HOW SHE COULD GO FROM SWEET AND LOVELY TO LETITIA VON BITCH IN NO TIME FLAT...

EPISODE 2:
THE NOSE
HAS IT

WELCOME TO THE SAGAS OF

LADY STRANGE FUNK

GIT'CHO NOSE UP IN IT!

AND LIKE A WATERMELON IN A SEX GAME THE WORLD WAS
PLUMP WITH JUICY POSSIBILITIES OF ALL THINGS
STANK AND DELICIOUS.

NOW SINCE THE
BEGINNING IS AS
ELUSIVE AS A
STUNNER WHO
OWES YOU MONEY
LET'S START AT
THE CORE. LEE-LEE
HAD A NOSE FOR
TRUTH AND AN
APPETITE FOR SIN.

QUAALUDES
AND GRUYERE,
DAH-LING...

LIAR, LIAR
PANTIES
ON FIRE!

MMMM,
EEEEVIL!

WHO
HE THINK
HE FOOLN'?

OH MY, ALL THAT PACKAGING
AND NO REAL GIFTS TO
SPEAK OF...

YES, IT'S THE SICK AND
TWISTED THAT IS OUR SUPER
SHERO'S KRYPTONITE. AND IT'S
HER HUNGER FOR A SNIFF OF
MERCY ON THE SUBVERSIVE
SIDE AND JUSTICE WITH A
SNAP OF LATEX THAT WILL
LEAD US ALL INTO THE SAGAS
OF LADY STRANGE FUNK. WAIT
UNTIL YOU SEE WHAT'S NEXT.
SMELL ON!

Don't say we didn't warn you!

January 27th: **INVOCATION OF MY DEMON BROTHER** was said by its maker, Kenneth Anger 'to attempt evoking a trance in the viewer'. It works! Using unusable footage from his later *Lucifer Rising*, Anger hits you with image after image like a machine gone berserk. The soundtrack is by Mick Jagger, using a Moog synthesizer for the first time.

March 24th: **PERE UBU** performs score to *The Man with X-Ray Eyes* plus a short concert

March 25th: **CALABI YAU** (local rock/noise band) performs score to *Surrealist Short Films* (Ballet Mécanique and some Man Ray)

March 26th: **TENSPEED JAZZ ORCHESTRA** (avant-garde jazz big band assembled and led by local composer) performs score to *The Adventures of Prince Achmed*, a great cut-out animation movie from the 30s, very whimsical

2008 event info courtesy Ross Telford Wilbanks, Jeff Jackson and www.weirdcharlotte.com

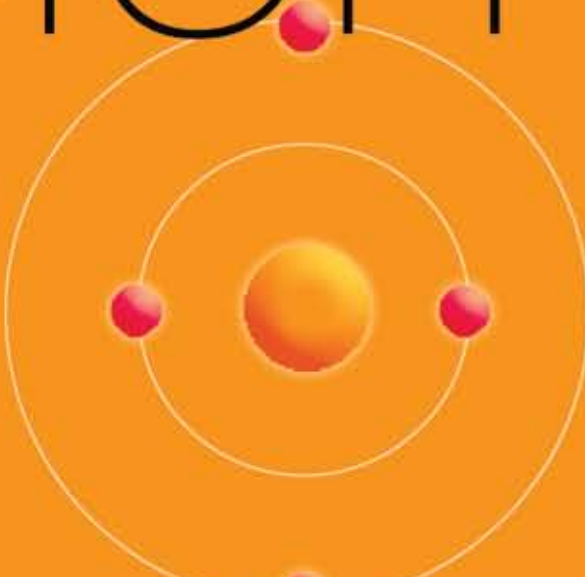


OH SHE LIES, SO **SUBTLE** AND AMBIGUOUS... THOSE SWEET
LIES ARE AS ELOQUENT AS THE WAY SHE **CAUGHT ME**. GOT
ALL ENTWINED IN THE ARTIFICIAL THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN SOLID BUT
CRUMBLLED WITH LIES. SOFTLY AND SURELY MY
HEARTACHES DIE AND THE WORLD HAS BEEN SHIFTED TO **RECOVER**
FROM THE **MOMENT** IN WHICH I DISCOVERED THAT SHE WAS GENUINE
ENOUGH TO **LIE**. CAUGHT UP IN FEMININE **WILES**,
THE **SEDUCTRESS** COCKS HER **HEAD** TO THE SIDE AND
SMILES, RELINQUISHING THOUGHTS THAT DON'T MAKE SENSE, PLANTING
SEEDS FOR 2 SECONDS OF **PLEASURE**, A MERE MOMENT OF
BLISS. OH SHE LIES, ON COLD SHEETS SHE **PRETENDS** TO BE STOIC. I HAVE
MISTAKEN HER PRANCING FOR **SOMETHING** MORE HEROIC. FUZZY, OPAQUE
VISION OF A WOMAN **HIDDEN** BEHIND A SCRIM BUILT ON
LIES. I KNEW IT WAS WRONG FROM THE MOMENT I **REMOVED** MYSELF FROM THE
WORLD TO ABIDE WITH HER LIES. I STAND FOR A SECOND AS **DECEIT**
WASHES OVER ME... I AM DETECTED. ILYA PARKER





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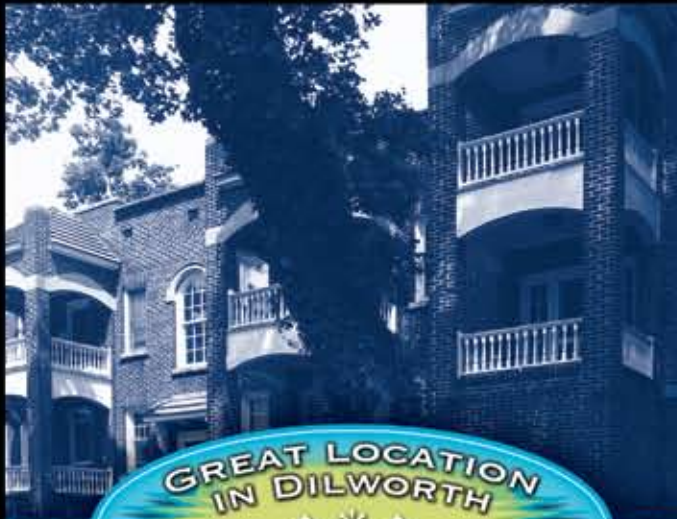


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