

High Country News

For people who care about the West

BARRIERS TO ENTRY

Oregon is confronted with its white supremacy

By Leah Sottile





After two men were killed on a Portland, Oregon, lightrail train in May 2017, a large memorial appeared at the Hollywood MAX station, filled with messages urging the city to reckon with its racist past and present.

LEAH SOTTILE

FEATURE

On the cover

Sam Thompson, a social worker who moonlights as a show promoter, poses for a portrait outside the Dirty nightclub in Portland, Oregon, which he was barred from entering, allegedly for wearing the red sweatshirt (pictured here) with red shoes. He is suing the club for discrimination.

LEAH NASH FOR HIGH COUNTRY NEWS



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Oregon is confronted with its white supremacy
By Leah Sottile

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Editor's note

Holistic ethics

Over the past few years, *High Country News* has worked hard to broaden its coverage and reach. Our mission is to inform and inspire people to act on behalf of the West's communities, and we in the editorial staff seek to do that



by putting as many issues as we can in conversation with each other. We believe that communities in the modern West have more in common than not, and that a deeper understanding of the myriad issues confronting the region will help us strive for something better.

The West is facing a number of unique (and not-so-unique) challenges. Our landscapes are under assault by a changing climate, while our southern border has become a propaganda play for a president intent on stoking racial tensions. Hate crimes in the West rose 20 percent from 2016 to 2017, and a bewildering number of plants and animals face mass extinction. Amid so many concerns, where should we put our efforts? The answer, I think, is to take a step back and to see all of these issues as part of a single problem, a problem of ethical impoverishment.

Aldo Leopold opens his essay "The Land Ethic" by describing how Odysseus hanged his slave girls when he returned to Ithaca. Leopold sought to explain how ethics evolve over time, before he outlined a new community concept, one asserting that "the individual is a member of a community of interdependent parts." He hoped to encourage people to see people and land as part of the same community, and to extend ethics into this broader idea. Seventy years later, we're still struggling with a human ethic, let alone a land ethic.

This issue offers us a chance to examine our ethics. In one story, we describe the impact of the federal shutdown in rural Washington; in another, the educational impact of deportations on children. The feature story, by Leah Sottile, describes the efforts of a small group of people to force Portland, Oregon, to face its racist past — and present. This issue is a snapshot of our region, 70 years after Leopold's seminal work was published, and we clearly have a long way to go.

There are bright spots, however. Julian Brave NoiseCat describes an Indigenous art revival, and we report on the ouster of Ryan Zinke, who resigned as Interior secretary under a cloud of corruption scandals. We also report on Idaho Republican Gov. Brad Little (a former *HCN* board member), who recently announced that climate change is real and must be addressed. I hope these stories will remind readers that we in the West can — and must — see ourselves as part of one community. We are all facing a singular challenge: to live ethically in a time of great troubles, to see ourselves as an integrated part of the whole — creatures whose fates are bound together.

—Brian Calvert, editor-in-chief

15

Percent by which California irrigators would have to reduce the amount of water they take from tributaries of the San Joaquin River.

3 million

Additional water, in acre-feet, that would reach the Sacramento-San Joaquin Delta under a new proposal from the Water Resources Control board.

Billions of gallons of water once flowed out of California's San Joaquin watershed into the Sacramento-San Joaquin Delta each year, helping sustain salmon, Delta smelt and steelhead and a vibrant fishing industry. But in recent years, water demand from agriculture and cities has at times reduced the river to as little as 20 percent of historic flows, hurting fish populations. Now, the state Water Resources Control board has voted to require water users to leave more water in the lower San Joaquin River to improve water quality and help fish. Expect years of court challenges.

JODI PETERSON *Read more online:*
hcne.ws/California-water



Just before being sworn in as Idaho's new governor, Brad Little adds his signature to that of former Idaho governors in the Idaho Capitol. IDAHO NATIONAL GUARD PHOTO BY MASTER SGT. JOSHUA C. ALLMARAS

Idaho's new governor: 'Climate change is real'

Idaho's new governor, Republican Brad Little, has broken with national party leaders on climate change, declaring unequivocally that the phenomenon is occurring.

At an environmental policy discussion on Jan. 16, Little (who served on the *HCN* board in the late 1990s) bluntly told a gathered crowd, "Climate change is real." In the stunned silence that followed, he went on to discuss how he'd seen Idaho's winters become milder during his lifetime.

His comments came as the issue of a warming world becomes central once again in national discourse, with recent polls indicating that most voters support action on climate change.

Little's straightforward statements could have significant statewide impacts, said Ben Otto of the Idaho Conservation League. "To have the governor say, 'No, this is happening, we actually have to work on this, we need to fix it,' is just — finally, we're going to be wrestling with some incredibly impactful things." EMILY BENSON

Read more online: hcne.ws/idaho-climate

Trending

Zinke leaves unfinished business at Interior

Now-departed Interior Secretary Ryan Zinke left his mark on the landscape and environment by favoring industry over conservation. He worked to rollback safeguards for the oil and gas industry, shrank national monuments and pushed out career staffers who didn't fit his agenda. The shotgun approach and questionable legality of the way Zinke executed his many rollbacks and policy changes leaves his actions vulnerable to be overturned, either by the next administration, Congress or the courts.

CARL SEGERSTROM

You say

DEREK RYTER: "I worked under a number of DOI secretaries, and Zinke was the most corrupt and adrift from the mission of the agency, even worse than James Watt, and Reagan was smart enough to get rid of him."

AARON AGOSTO: "Zinke wore many hats, most of them backwards."

CELIA RENCHER SNOW: "In the beginning months after '16, I felt like the biggest travesty was the havoc wreaked by Pruitt, until Zinke started swinging his swath. I still feel like the environment will suffer the most from the Trump era. And, so much can't be reversed — climate, for one. It will take years to get our air and watersheds back to where they were."

Read more online:
hcne.ws/Zinke-unfinished and
[Facebook.com/highcountrynews](https://www.facebook.com/highcountrynews)

"The first people historically to help each other after an incident are neighbors and friends who are right there on the spot, because often the professional responders are overwhelmed and can't necessarily reach people."

—Vicky de Monterey Richoux, a Vashon Island, Washington, resident who is part of the new nonprofit group VashonBePrepared, a FEMA-sanctioned coalition of the island's disaster-preparedness organizations, working together to prepare for a major earthquake. HALLIE GOLDEN/ CITYLAB *Read more online:* hcne.ws/emergency-response

2.7

Factor by which the opioid overdose rate for American Indians and Alaska Natives exceeds that of whites. GRAHAM LEE BREWER
Read more online:
hcne.ws/opioid-data

Photos

The overlooked pollinators

There are over 4,000 species of native bees in North America. While much has been written about non-native honeybees, little attention has been paid to native species. Now, through the U.S. Geological Survey Bee Inventory, citizen scientists are counting these species and turning them into works of art. Photos reveal the extraordinary intricacy of the different species.

LUNA ANNA ARCHIEY
See more online: hcne.ws/pollinator-photos

Pictured clockwise from upper left: *Dia-dasia rinconis*, Tucson; *Osmia calla*, Yosemite National Park; *Osmia*, San Francisco; *Protophaga gloriosa* covered in pollen, Cochise County, Arizona.



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FOCUS ON JOURNALISM

I am usually excited to receive *High Country News* each month and read about the important issues across our beloved American West. I am therefore disappointed in your choice to include cartoons as a cover story ("Nizhóni Girls," *HCN*, 2/4/19). I did not learn anything new or gain a greater appreciation for the Navajo culture. To me, the story could be told more effectively through another medium or different media outlet. I read the editor's note to try and understand the rationale behind publishing this cartoon, but am still at a loss about the purpose of its inclusion. Obviously, this is only my opinion and other readers probably have a greater appreciation. However, I wonder what Tom Bell would think, especially when considering the unprecedented threats against our public lands and waters. Therefore, I encourage you to focus on journalism.

Phil Baigas
Boulder, Colorado

Editor's response: While it's important that *HCN* cover core issues, we believe that the myriad communities of the West deserve to have their voices centered in the magazine. Visual journalism has a long history in Indian Country, and we chose to honor that history, while highlighting a group of women as both role models to some and reminders to others that the West's cultures continue to evolve. Readers who care about the West will benefit by seeing the region as a whole. Someone who is interested in access to public lands, for example, might want to better understand the issues important to his Native American neighbors; likewise, a community group that advocates for water conservation should be conversant in the issues important to the Native, senior rights holders they'll likely be working with. Otherwise, we'll all be talking past each other at a critical time for the West.



PETER OMMUNDSEN

DIRTY POLICIES, FILTHY FISH

Thank you for your recent article on polychlorinated biphenyls, or PCBs ("A toxic past and present on the Spokane River," *HCN*, 2/4/19). Here at the Spokane Riverkeeper, we are on the front lines of this issue. As your article demonstrates, stakeholders have been active in promulgating a narrative of collaborative cleanup efforts. But while these laudable efforts are underway, those same stakeholders are, behind the scenes, also involved in an unrelenting effort to loosen up regulations and clean-water protections throughout the state of Washington. The narrative missing from your article is a story of eroding accountability on the part of agencies charged with protecting our water, river dischargers pushing boundaries and a Trump administration that has provided fertile ground for challenging basic safeguards. In 2016, for example, the Environmental Protection Agency promulgated a PCB standard that restricts PCBs to 7 parts/quadrillion in our state's waters. It is a challenging water-quality standard for dischargers to meet, but it is essential that it stay in place, as PCBs continue to accumulate in fish, magnify up the food chain, and ultimately put people at risk. Additionally, the EPA and the Washington State Department of Ecology have recently begun actively discussing the potential to put in place PCB "variances" for

the Spokane River Basin to create a looser water-quality standard. Every citizen of the American West should understand the way in which sinister Trump administration policies, looser discharge permit terms, and filthy fish are hiding behind reform.

Jerry White Jr.
Spokane Riverkeeper
Spokane, Washington

SNOWPACK IN PERSPECTIVE

A recent article documenting the decline in Western snowpacks is misleading ("The Latest," *HCN*, 1/21/19). As one of the longtime collectors of snow data and its analysis as a snow survey supervisor, and having corresponded with the authors of the paper cited, I would like to add some perspective. The article documented the decline of snowpacks across the West starting in the 1980s and ending in 2016 and is factually

correct. However, the climate anomaly here is the decade of the 1980s, which was exceptional for Western snowpack. A decadal comparison of snowpack in Utah reveals that statistically the current decade is no different than other dry decades and in fact happens quite frequently. Likewise, comparisons of SNOTEL sites are tricky. Originally, SNOTEL sites were installed using stainless steel snow pillows, until a better sensor was found. The stainless steel pillows held about 20 gallons of fluid, and the so-called "hypalon" held 150 to 200 gallons. Hypalon pillows collect snow later in the season, collect less snow than their stainless counterparts and melt out earlier, and replacement with hypalon pillows was not standardized across the states. In fact, there are many other factors impacting snow accumulation at both snow courses and SNOTEL sites that have impacted the data, many in a negative way that are not climatic in origin. Temperature, for example, is not the primary factor in snowmelt, especially compared to solar radiation. Dust on snow is another factor. All of these create a more complicated picture than was presented, when what we need is a wider perspective on the decline in Western snowpack.

Randall Julander
Layton, Utah

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During the government shutdown, rural industries were spared disruption as the Forest Service continued to process timber sales. DAVE PARSONS/GETTY IMAGES



Life after feds

The government shutdown gives us a glimpse of a future with fewer federal employees and more timber harvesting on federal lands

BY CARL SEGERSTROM

In Colville, Washington, a town of about 5,000 in the northeast corner of the state, not everyone was upset about the longest government shutdown in history.

"I say, shut it down forever," Thomas Carpenter said as he stepped out of a Main Street shop and into an SUV. "From my perspective, if it hasn't changed for me, then a lot of the unnecessary stuff can just go away."

Carpenter's words were echoed in results from an online poll published by the local newspaper, the *Statesman Examiner*. While the early January poll was by no means scientific, it gives a snapshot of anti-federal sentiment in a county where President Donald Trump carried two-thirds of the vote and federal employees are among the highest-paid workers. Here, two-thirds of poll respondents replied, "Even with the partial shutdown, there are too many federal employees," or "The feds aren't working? I didn't even notice."

During the shutdown, the federal services that many in the community depend on functioned with little interruption: Food assistance vouchers were distributed, agricultural loan and insurance programs continued to operate, Social Security checks came through and federal timber sales were processed. Even as federal employees in the Forest Service and Border Patrol bore the brunt of the nearly 35-day shutdown, falling behind on both bills and tasks or forced to work without pay, most in the town were sheltered from the impacts.

During the shutdown, taking care of

businesses that depend on federal agencies — agriculture, timber, and oil and gas leasing — remained a priority for the Interior Department and Department of Agriculture, which runs the U.S. Forest Service. But while government business continued behind locked doors, scientists missed conferences, firefighter trainings were cancelled, and workers fell behind on planning projects, such as habitat restoration and thinning to reduce fire risks.

Even though Forest Service employees who work on those projects were left out of work, timber sales continued on the Colville National Forest. One reason they were still being processed during the shutdown is that the Forest Service was able to tap into trust funds from past timber sales that are held by individual agency offices, explained Andy Stahl, the executive director of Forest Service Employees for Environmental Ethics.

"If it was a true government shutdown, it would have been felt a long time ago," said one furloughed Forest Service employee: The timber industry would have lost work, and timber companies would be on the phone with Cathy McMorris Rodgers, the local Republican congressional stalwart, complaining about the impact on their businesses.

That furloughed worker and another mid-career Forest Service employee, both of whom work on projects related to forest health, said the shutdown has made them question their career choices. "Morale is low and is going to be low," one said. "We're going down a road to bitterness." Both workers, who asked not to be identified because they were not authorized to speak with the media, felt like they'd be playing catch-up for months to come. They both wondered out loud about their future job stability and the chances of finding outside employment.

And the shutdown isn't the only reason trained biologists, engineers and habitat planners have to worry about their future working for the Forest Service in Colville. A program pioneered in the Colville National Forest that started in 2013, dubbed the "A to Z" project, allowed a local timber company, Vaagen Brothers Lumber, to hire outside contractors to develop timber harvest plans, making the Colville ground zero for privatizing land planning in federal forests. Last summer, on a tour of the project, which has boosted timber production in the forest, then-interim and now permanent Forest Service Chief Vicki Christiansen touted it in comments to the *Capital Press* as an example of how the agency can embrace public-private partnerships.

When timber-sale planning is outsourced, biologists, engineers and land planners who work for the Forest Service are cut out of much of the process. What's left is a contracting officer, agency decision-maker and private contractors, Stahl explained. This doesn't bode well for the federal workers who are typically tasked with writing timber sales and forest plans because agency employees are replaced by consultants, who can do most of the work remotely. Outsourcing the planning of timber management represents a continued trend within the Forest Service of "disinvestment in rural America," said Stahl.

As Forest Service employees weigh their future in places like Colville, the impacts of the shutdown on the local economy have been uneven. Jan Jones, who keeps the books at the KeyPlace Safe & Lock, a locksmithing store on Main Street, said that other than a few unpaid government contracts, business was unaffected. At the local pawn shop, there had been no rush of federal employees selling off possessions for extra money. But Brook Price, who puts air quotes around "fancy" when describing the Colville Pour House she owns with her husband, said that their business slumped as regular Border Patrol and Forest Service patrons came in less often. "At this point, supporting them as a friend is all I give a crap about."

How long many of those friends will be around is an open question. As firefighting continues to dominate the Forest Service budget and avenues for privatizing the work of government employees grow, the ranks of land managers who do the science and planning for national forests are dwindling. As the loss of middle-class jobs begins to reverberate in the local economy, rural areas like Colville will find out what they lose when federal workers follow the timber out of town. □

THE LATEST

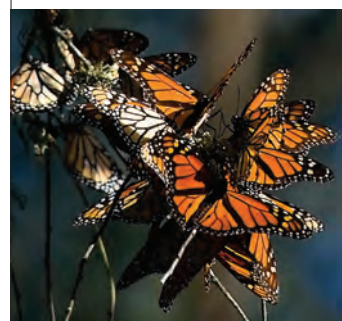
Backstory

Every fall, monarch butterflies migrate south; Eastern monarch populations head to Mexico, while Western monarchs visit California's coastal groves. But much of the overwintering habitat on both sides of the border has disappeared, and scientists say that development, along with the loss of the native milkweeds the butterflies rely on, has led to plummeting monarch numbers. **In 1997, California's groves held more than a million butterflies; in 2013, there were fewer than 150,000** ("A native butterfly finds merit in a non-native tree," *HCN*, 12/23/13).

Followup

In January, experts announced that Western monarch butterfly populations have hit a new low. **Just 28,000 were found in California groves this fall, a 99 percent decline from the 1980s.** Scientists blame pesticide use, climate change and habitat destruction from construction, agriculture and wildfires, especially in the state's Central Valley, coastal foothills and Sierra foothills. Although Eastern monarch populations rebounded a bit this year, over the last four decades their numbers have dropped about 80 percent.

JODI PETERSON



JOHN WRIGHT/CC VIA FLICKR

Carl Segerstrom is a contributing editor at *High Country News*, covering Alaska, the Pacific Northwest and the Northern Rockies from Spokane, Washington. [@carlschirps](#)

The education crisis for children of deported parents

In Tijuana, an upstart model tries to address the challenges of educating U.S. kids who relocated to keep their families together

BY SARAH TORY

When Angie Romero thinks about the home in Idaho she left seven years ago after her husband, Mike, was deported, she misses the wide, clear skies. “They were so defined,” she said. Not like here, in Ensenada, Mexico, where the air from the Pacific Ocean is often misty and gray.

Angie was born in Caldwell, a town of just over 50,000 near Boise, where she lived for the first 31 years of her life. Most of her extended family lives there, too: parents, siblings, cousins. Her daughters, Vannessa, 18, and Yisel, 15, were also born in Caldwell, and the family lived in a small house in town. But after her husband was deported, they could not pay their mortgage in time and the house was foreclosed on — the first of a string of losses that followed them across the border and away from everything they knew.

Angie fell in love with Mike Romero in 1999. They were out dancing in Caldwell. He had come to the U.S. from Zacatecas, Mexico, as a 15-year-old without papers, looking for work. Knowing that he could be deported, she often told him, “If you get deported for something stupid — like if you get in trouble with the law — I’m not coming with you. I’m not doing that to our girls.”

But then one night in 2012, he was stopped by police for failing to use his turn signal — the kind of mishap that could have happened to anyone. Angie knew that a deportation can be like a forced divorce: two people separated by the border for so many years that eventually their relationship falls apart, too.

So she worked the graveyard shift at a potato plant in Caldwell to make some extra money while she prepared for the move to Mexico with Vanessa and Yisel. After Mike was deported, he returned to Zacatecas, in central Mexico, but there were no jobs there. “Don’t come,” he told his wife. Instead, they chose Ensenada, an hour and a half south of Tijuana, because it was allegedly safer than the big city, but still had access to the economic opportunities near the border. Idaho, at least, was only an 18-hour drive away.

The Romeros have been rebuilding their lives ever since. In Idaho, Mike was a successful building contractor. In Ensenada, however, he struggled to find

steady work. Angie works as a bookkeeper for a California-based surfboard company, but her wages in Mexico are so low (\$4.20 an hour) that she returns to Idaho periodically to work for her sister and her cousin at their accounting offices.

But perhaps the most important hurdle faced by families like the Romeros is also one of the hardest: What should these relocated families do about their children’s education? Children of deportees sometimes speak little Spanish, and they are strangers to the Mexican public school system and the intricacies of Mexican society. Now, as the Trump administration ramps up its deportation efforts, a makeshift and unconventional education model has emerged in response to the growing number of American children caught in this academic limbo.

The seeds of that model were planted six years ago in a Tijuana living room, where Jeff Macias’ two boys attended a homeschool cooperative with other families. Macias, a missionary, moved to Tijuana from southern California 18 years ago, but most of the other children in his kids’ homeschool program were U.S. citizens who had relocated more recently, following a parent’s deportation. They paid up to \$800 per student each semester to use an online Christian homeschooling curriculum. For most of them, including Macias, it was a big financial burden, so he began looking into alternatives.

Every two weeks, he brought his boys back across the border to visit his mother in San Diego. One day, Macias realized that he could use her address to enroll in a charter school — a public school that operates independently of a school district. He found one based in Southern California that allows his kids to take classes online. Other parents in his homeschool co-op asked if they could enroll their kids, too. Like Macias, they all had binational families, with some members living in Tijuana, others in California and still others crossing the border daily to work. Soon, Macias had so many inquiries that he approached the charter school about establishing his own satellite location in Tijuana. He called it “American Homeschool” and later changed the name to “American Learning Center.”

Macias arranged to recruit young U.S. citizens living in Mexico for the charter school program, providing them with learning centers in Tijuana and Chula



▲ Angie Romero holds a photo of her and her husband, Mike Romero, on their wedding day. They were wed on Feb. 10, 2013, in Ensenada.

▲▲ Students wait to get into class at the American Learning Center, located in the rented Eastlake Church in Tijuana.

CARLOS A. MORENO FOR HIGH COUNTRY NEWS

Sarah Tory is a correspondent for *High Country News*. She writes from Carbondale, Colorado.

✉ @tory_sarah

Vista where they could do their school-work in a supervised setting. The monthly cost, Macias says, is around \$400 per student, which includes the online curriculum, teacher support, learning coach tutoring, and rent, subsidized by the charter school and private sponsors.

For the charter school (which has asked not to be identified, owing to the legally

sensitive nature of the arrangement), this all made sense: The influx of Tijuana-based students would boost enrollment and bring in more state funding.

Macias started his program last school year with 11 kids. Initially, he hoped to enroll 50 — enough so that he wouldn't have to keep crossing the border to work as an Uber or Lyft driver in San Diego — but by September 2018, 218 students were enrolled, mostly from Tijuana but also from as far away as Ensenada. Still, this was just a fraction of the estimated 54,000 American children who live in Baja California after a parent was deported from the U.S. or left the country in fear. Many of these kids struggle in Mexican public schools, which often lack the resources for bilingual education and additional emotional support for the influx of English-speaking students. In the coming years, there could be tens of thousands more.

"The government is trying its hardest," Yara Amparo López, the coordinator of the Binational Migrant Education Program for the Mexican government in Baja, told me. "But we still have schools where kids don't understand Spanish, so teachers are facing a huge challenge."

For Macias, American Learning Center is a way for kids to regain a little of what they lost when they were uprooted by their parents' deportation. But his efforts are controversial on both sides of the border. Though his students are all U.S. citizens, Macias knows that some Americans would balk at educating them with U.S. taxpayer dollars while they live in Mexico. South of the border, he's facing a different

kind of opposition: two lawsuits from private schools in Tijuana that see his initiative as unfair competition, even though most of the families in question could not afford the average private school tuition of \$400 per month.

"We're meeting a need, but not everybody is happy about it," he said. "They're not happy in the States, they're not happy here."

In September, Angie Romero learned about American Learning Center and decided to enroll the girls. Homeschooling, she thought, would make it easier for her to take them back to Idaho with her and prepare them for college in the U.S.

For the Romeros, returning to Idaho has become more and more necessary. "We were doing OK until this year," Angie told me. Last January, they had to leave the house they had been renting in Ensenada when the owner decided to sell. For eight months, the four of them lived in a small motorhome that Angie had borrowed from her parents while they saved up to build a house on a plot of land her husband had bought.

"I'm a doer," Angie said. "People thought I was crazy for moving to Mexico, for taking the girls down there, but family is family."

In the past year, she's considered trying to bring her husband back to Idaho. But it would be too dangerous for him to cross illegally now; he could go to prison. Plus, she added, he is done with living in the shadows, tired of living in fear of that knock on the door, a visit from ICE. It was exhausting, Angie said, being scared all

"People thought I was crazy for moving to Mexico, for taking the girls down there, but family is family."

—Angie Romero



► Angie Romero with her two daughters, Yisel, 15, left, and Vanessa, 18, right, at their Ensenada home.

CARLOS A. MORENO



THE LATEST

Backstory

In many Western states, trapping furbearers like bobcats and beavers is both a venerable tradition and a way to make extra cash. But regulations are often spotty and unenforced, and **trappers catch more than their intended targets, killing mountain lions, lynx, eagles, deer, moose and even family pets.** In 2013, a National Park Service employee inadvertently walked into a trap outside Glacier National Park, and visitors to public lands sometimes encounter traps close to trails ("Trappers catch a lot more than wolves," *HCN*, 4/29/13).

Followup

Now, changes in trapping regulations may be coming to the West. Idaho lawmakers took the first step toward approving rules requiring trappers to set traps farther from trails and campgrounds. In Oregon, a court settlement in late January required the state to consider banning the trapping of Humboldt marten, an imperiled weasel-like carnivore. And in New Mexico, after a dog strangled to death in a snare, two state representatives are sponsoring a bill to outlaw commercial trapping on public land. **JODI PETERSON**

the time for someone you love.

But having the girls in American Learning Center has helped reassure her about their future. College and job opportunities in the U.S. are much easier to access with a U.S. high school diploma in hand. "It's important that they have their U.S. education," she told me. "Yisel wants to do college in Idaho. Vannessa isn't sure yet, but the U.S. is where they'll end up living. They won't stay in Mexico."

In Tijuana, Macias can often be found at his desk in the Eastlake Church, wearing a black polo shirt with "Mr. Jeff" printed on the breast pocket. The church houses the learning center for elementary school students while high school students attend a separate learning center at the Calvary Chapel, about a mile north.

When I visited, Ms. Sophia, one of the learning coaches, was watching over 30 students doing their online classes at long tables in a dimly lit room. Each learning coach has a bilingual teaching certification from the California Association of Bilingual Education (CABE).

On paper, American Learning Center serves students in Tijuana as well as in the San Diego area, but Macias knows he's operating outside the charter school's normal jurisdiction.

"They (the charter school) give me certain guidelines, and I have to follow these guidelines" — ensuring that the Tijuana-based students spend time in the Chula Vista learning center, for example, and that they are U.S. citizens with a valid California address. "But I'm still in a gray area," he told me.

Until recently, there were no official teacher preparation curriculum in either country for schools in the border region that serve binational students. "Teachers are underprepared to address the challenges and build on the assets of these trans-border students," said Cristina Alfaro, a professor in the College of Education at San Diego State University and the new provost for academic affairs. They often come to her and say things

like, "I don't know what to do with José — his parents are Mexican, but he doesn't speak a word of Spanish."

The language barrier isn't the only challenge that teachers face. After a parent is deported, students understandably feel alone and stressed out about what has happened to their families.

"A lot of these kids are dealing with trauma in their lives," said Alfaro.

As they grow older, many attend school in both countries for periods of time. But without the proper support, the disruption often causes academic and behavioral problems.

Alfaro is hoping to help change that through a new binational teacher preparation program that she is directing, collaborating with Mexican educators to address the challenges of thousands of cross-border "students we share." The initiative is also collecting much-needed data on how these students' educational outcomes are affected, often for years afterward.

For Alfaro, American Learning Center is one way to help these students achieve more continuity and stability in their education, but she also worries that without good oversight, Macias' model might open the door to turning public education into money-making ventures.

For Angie, Vannessa and Yisel Romero, American Learning Center has become another way of navigating the in-between aspect of lives lived both "over there and over here."

One night in late October, Angie drove to the bus stop in Ensenada with Yisel to pick up Vannessa after school. Soon, the girls would withdraw from public school and take all their classes through American Learning Center — a move everyone was happy about.

Vannessa hopped into the van. "My teacher took *forreverrrrr*," she said, exasperated. "I want to finish this school already."

Although the girls spoke some Spanish when they moved, they struggled to understand their teacher and classmates. "It wasn't good enough," Yisel explained.

Yisel, especially, has struggled with the transition. Two years after they moved to Ensenada, Angie and her daughters returned from a visit to Idaho when Yisel became depressed. Angie remembers how sad her daughter's eyes were; a chunk of the 10-year-old's hair fell out. The incident frightened her; she wondered whether, by keeping the family together in Mexico, she was jeopardizing her child's mental health.

The other kids still see the two girls as outsiders, calling Vannessa *fresita* — slang for "stuck up" — because she cares about fashion and likes to wear clothes she buys back in the U.S.

But Angie would rather not dwell on the hardships. "We've been lucky in so many ways," she told me, remembering how her uncle and brother-in-law donated shingles for the roof of their house, and how her husband was able to salvage enough wood for the walls. And though their house lacks a sewer and the water from the tap is too dirty to drink, it sits perched on a hillside with a view of the Pacific Ocean.

Still, the Romeros have lost much more than just a house or a job or even a school. In Idaho, they used to go camping as a family. They miss having access to all those wild places. "It's not the same in Mexico," Angie said, explaining that most of the camping areas around Ensenada are near popular sites like hot springs.

When I asked Yisel where her home was, she said it was still in Idaho. Her mother hopes that American Learning Center will help her daughters remain connected to the home she left behind — to the cousins and grandmother she misses and the seasons and landscapes they long for. But a U.S. homeschool program cannot repair everything. She worries that for her youngest daughter, Idaho has become less a home than an escape — a refuge from the difficulties of life in Mexico.

As she turned onto the dirt road that leads to their house on the outskirts of Ensenada, Angie looked into the rearview mirror, at Yisel perched on the backseat.

"I don't know if she knows real life there anymore," she said. □



Though the Romeros' house lacks a sewer and the water from the tap is too dirty to drink, it sits on a hillside with a view of the Pacific Ocean.

CARLOS A. MORENO

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Elk at the Game and Fish Department, Wyoming. LUCAS FOGLIA

HUMAN NATURE, By Lucas Foglia
92 pages, hardcover: \$60
Nazraeli Press, 2017

A few pages into *Human Nature*, photographer Luca Foglia writes, “I realized that if humans are changing the weather, then every living plant and animal has already been affected by people.” Foglia’s theory, which is becoming clearer with climate change, became a photographic prompt: If no square foot of Earth is untouched by human influence, then the variety of our collisions with nature is intensified — we devastate the environment, but we also create odd, funny, joyful and aspirational interactions, too. Foglia’s crisp, still images capture this broad spectrum of emotion. Oregon forest workers clear-cut trees planted only decades ago; a woman wearing an electrode cap sits at the edge of a sandstone canyon; a technician stares at the sun’s image in Colorado’s Space Weather Prediction Center; young children awkwardly make eye contact, surrounded by cattle on a Nevada ranch. In Foglia’s world, we haven’t killed nature; rather, we’ve redefined its possible reach. ELENA SAAVEDRA BUCKLEY

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Editors out and about this winter

High Country News staffers in the Gunnison, Colorado, satellite editorial office have struggled to stay warm these past few weeks, with the mercury dropping to a bitter minus-24 degrees Fahrenheit in late January. But we're making the best of it. Most weekends see several cross-country ski excursions into the nearby national forest and other public lands that surround town. Associate Editor **Paige Blankenbuehler** instigates most of these outings, declaring that she could "ski all day," as the rest of us try to keep pace.

At the end of January, our loquacious bard-in-chief, **Brian Calvert**, delivered a lecture on the concept of "poetic thinking" in the backroom of a brewpub in Crested Butte, Colorado. Invited to speak by the Crested Butte Center for the Arts, Brian asked the beer-buzzed attendees to contemplate the history of metered verse, the value of poetry in an age of ecological catastrophe, and the nature of beauty. He wasn't even heckled. Much.

Assistant Editor **Anna V. Smith**, meanwhile, was invited to her alma mater, the University of Oregon in Eugene, to speak with journalism students about the profession, what a magazine looks for in a pitch, and how to improve their stories. The class, a member of the HCNU program, which offers free subscriptions to university and high school students, was well acquainted with *HCN*, and several would-be future interns were eager to apply.

In a Jan. 25 *Washington Post* opinion, Associate Editor **Tristan Ahtone** took the national media to task for its response to a viral video of MAGA-hatted teenagers taunting an Indigenous activist of the Omaha Tribe, in Washington, D.C. "It was left to Native journalists to remind the public why the kids' behavior was racist," Ahtone wrote, citing their jeers and "tomahawk chops" at a rally at the National Mall. Ahtone blamed the dearth of non-white reporters in national newsrooms for the industry's inability to "see the racist gestures or hear blatant

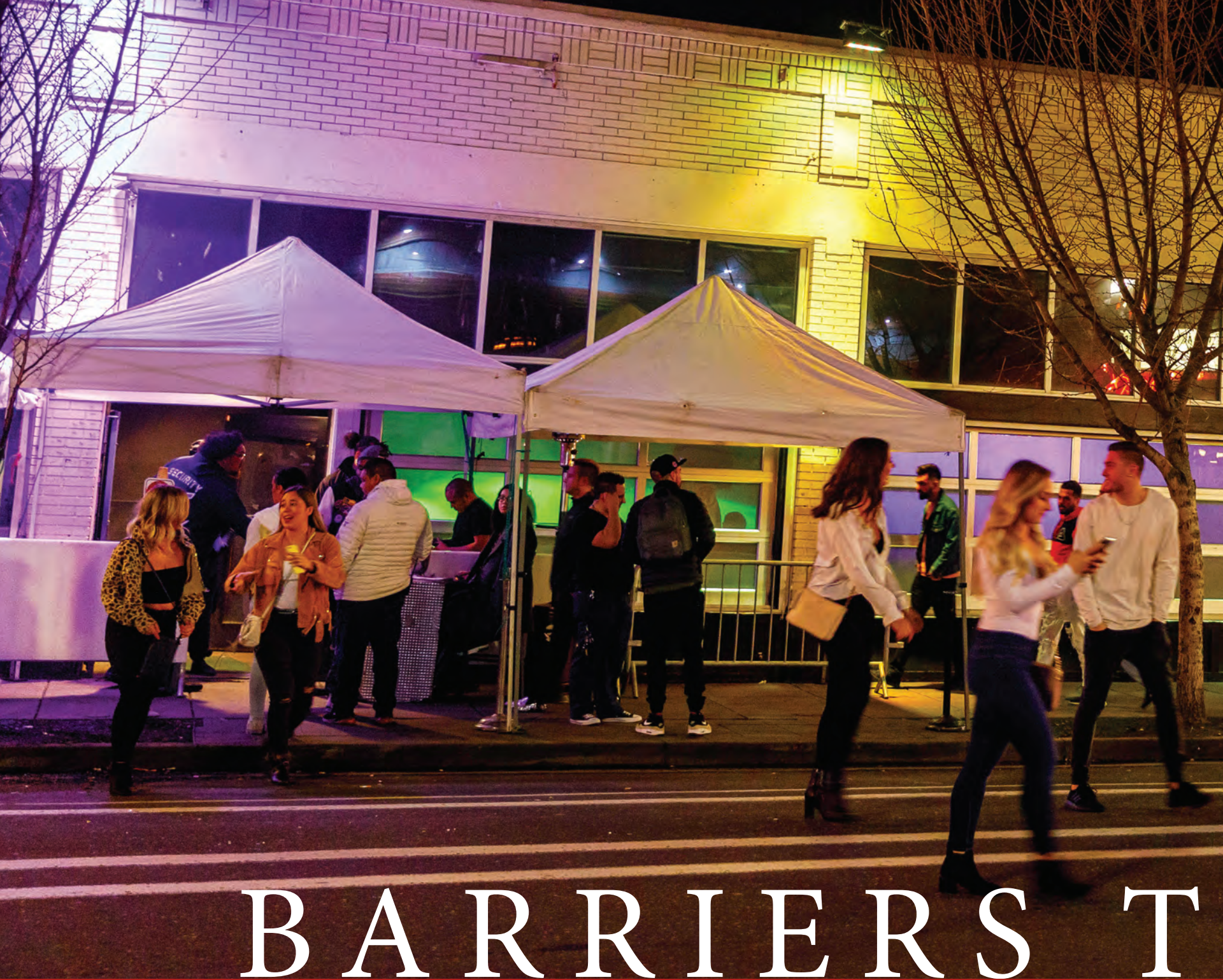
mockery" in the video. Ahtone, who is also the president of the Native American Journalists Association, leads *HCN's* Tribal Affairs desk, which centers Native voices and nuanced storytelling for an Indigenous audience.

At our (warmer) Paonia office, customer service representative **Karen Howe** recently surprised us with some newspaper history. Her grandfather Hutton and his brother Graham founded the *Wisner Bee* in Wisner, Nebraska, back in 1924, when they were just kids. The scrappy biweekly was printed on a Platen Press, which required hand-set type and was powered by foot pedal. Karen brought in a surviving copy of the paper and described how Howe's father, Richard, inherited the press and a tradition of ink stains by opening his own book publishing press. Karen and her brother learned the craft of printing on the old press. After more than a century, she said, "this machine still runs smoothly, effortlessly printing large quantities."

—Nick Bowlin, for the staff



When they were 9 and 11 years old, Karen Howe's grandfather and great-uncle founded a paper using this press. COURTESY OF KAREN HOWE



BARRIERS T

Oregon is confronted with its white supremacy

FEATURE BY LEAH SOTTILE | PHOTOS BY

In the warm late-night hours of May 25, 2017, in Portland, Oregon, not far from the banks of the Willamette River, Sam Thompson approached the door of a club called Dirty — a Portland hotspot for dancing on tables, drinking cocktails and being seen in a district that overflows with clubs just like it.

Thompson, a tall, black, bearded Portland native with a big smile who moonlights as a comedian and show promoter, was there to host a birthday party. He had to be at work early the next morning, and he knew he'd be tired. Even though he wasn't getting paid for the gig, he figured he'd get up on the stage, say, "Put your hands in the air" a few times, or maybe "All the ladies, get on the dance floor," hang around until the party wound down and then head for bed in the early hours of morning.

Thompson was dressed casually: jeans, red Kobe Bryants and a red crewneck sweatshirt by Black Mannequin, a local clothing company. But at the club's door, the bouncer stopped him. Ruben Monroe, who'd guarded Dirty's door for two years, checked Thompson's ID, handed it back, and told him, in no

uncertain terms, that he could not enter.

Thompson grimaced, confused. "Why not?"

Monroe gestured to Thompson's sneakers and sweatshirt. "The red," he said. Dirty's dress code, among several other things, prohibits patrons from wearing "excessive matching clothing," because it could be perceived as gang attire.

Thompson was baffled: He was supposed to be working at the bar he was trying to get into, and he wondered exactly what gang recruits members like him: a friendly father edging toward 40 who gets up early for work. He pulled a business card from his wallet. "I'm the furthest thing from a gang member," he said, his voice rising. "I'm hosting the party."

More Dirty security guards gathered around the pair, backing up Monroe. By this time, Thompson was furious. "If y'all want to be racist — OK," he said. "My lawyers will be talking to you really soon."

He handed his phone to a friend, and told him to take his picture.



Dirty, a nightclub in Portland, Oregon's Old Town District, on a busy Friday night. One night two years ago, Sam Thompson, a black local who was wearing a red sweatshirt and red shoes, was barred from entering by club security workers. They told him there was a strict dress code, and that gang colors weren't allowed.

"Communities of color have never, ever had a fair shot in the city of Portland."

—Jo Ann Hardesty, the first-ever black woman to be elected to the city council in November 2018

O ENTRY

LEAH NASH

Thompson posted the photo — him standing in his red sweatshirt and sneakers in front of Dirty — to Facebook: "PLEASE SHARE!!!" he wrote, "I couldn't get in to Dirty because my shirt matched my shoes. ... Tired of getting racially profiled in Portland, Oregon."

The comments section filled with a chorus of black Portlanders saying they'd experienced the same thing at the doors of Dirty.

A week later, a white friend sent Thompson a picture from inside another Portland nightclub. He'd been out all night and had also stopped in at Dirty earlier in the evening, according to Thompson's lawyers. In the photo, he's holding a cocktail, grinning, and wearing a red Black Mannequin T-shirt, jeans and bright red sneakers.

Thompson laughed when he got the message; it validated everything he thought about clubs in the city. At any other time, he might have just brushed the incident — and the photo — off. He knew what Portland was, always had been and probably always would be.

But looking at it felt different now — it felt like proof. In recent years, Oregon's largest city has developed a reputation for its forward-thinking culture and politics, but it's a picture of the place that many residents of color say they don't recognize.

"Communities of color have never, ever had a fair shot in the city of Portland," said Jo Ann Hardesty, the first-ever black woman to be elected to the city council in November 2018. "Race continues to be a huge issue in Oregon and in Portland."

"There's a difference between who Oregon (and) Portland thinks it is versus what it really is," she said.

Take, for example, some recent headlines about the city: In December, a black man staying at a Portland hotel was evicted after he sat down in the lobby to call his mother — an incident that caught the attention of national media. Days later, video surfaced of a white woman in an Oregon city threatening a black family with a knife and hurling racial slurs at them after they parked crookedly. In January, police fatally shot a blind black man who had schizophrenia — one of four people of color

Newly elected Portland Commissioner Jo Ann Hardesty poses for a portrait at City Hall in Portland, Oregon. This year she became the first black woman to serve on the Portland City Council.

killed by police since 2017 in the city.

These incidents are all ripples stemming from the day that Oregon entered the United States. The state was founded on the openly stated premise that it would be a haven for white — and only white — settlers.

In fact, less than 24 hours after Thompson was stopped at Dirty's door, the city was forced to reckon with the bloodiest ways the state's racist history continues to intertwine with the present. Just before 4:30 p.m. on May 26, 2017, Jeremy Christian — a white ex-felon

with a head of long stringy hair — took a few long pulls from a bag of wine and boarded a packed Green Line MAX train headed east across the city.

The 35-year-old had been aimless, but that spring, he'd found a purpose, marching proudly into the public eye at a charged right-wing "March for Free Speech," giving Nazi salutes and yelling racial slurs, a Revolutionary War flag tied around his neck like a superhero's cape. On May 25, he'd threatened a black woman on a train and allegedly hit her with a Gatorade bottle. He walked away

as Portland police were questioning the woman about the incident.

On the night of May 26, Christian, according to witnesses, hurled a racist screed at two teenage girls on the train — both people of color, one wearing a hijab. Several male passengers confronted him. In response, Christian is accused of pulling a knife from his pocket, stabbing two of the men in the neck, killing them, and slashing at the throat of another, who survived.

In the days after, a vast memorial of prayer candles and chalk-drawn sympathy notes blanketed the train stop. A paper note lay in a pile of wilting red and orange flowers. "Portland," it read, "We Have To Do Better."

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF WHITE SETTLEMENT, the Provisional Government of Oregon prohibited slavery, but for an unusual reason: Slavery was prohibited simply because black people were not welcome at all. The law was very clear on the subject. "The object is to keep clear of that most troublesome class of population," wrote Peter Burnett, the head of the Provisional Government's Legislative Council, in 1844. "We are in a new world, under the most favorable circumstances and we wish to avoid most of those evils that have so much afflicted the United States and other countries."

Early politicians in Portland built a place that was nothing like the East Coast cities they had come from. "This was a designated white homeland," Darrell Millner, an emeritus professor of black studies at Portland State University, said. "They didn't build a border wall around the state, but they would have, had they had the resources, I'm sure."

Millner points to the Donation Land Act of 1850, which explicitly barred African-Americans, Native Americans and Hawaiians from owning land in the Oregon Territory. "You can see the impact, as it has continued to affect every subsequent generation," he said. "The people who get that land can use that land to make profits."

Those landowners passed the profits on to their children, by paying for college, by investing, by building political influence. "The decisions made in the 1840s in Oregon did not disappear with that generation," Millner said.

In the 1900s, the Ku Klux Klan had a stronghold in Oregon, pushing political candidates into the role of governor and posing for photos with leaders of the Portland Police Department. Though the 15th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which gave black men the right to vote, was ratified in 1870, Oregon refused to ratify it for 89 more years. Blacks in Oregon were not formally granted the vote until 1959.

In the 1940s, black-owned nightclubs became a particular focal point for oppressive policing. On Dec. 20, 1945, the Oregon Liquor Control Commission yanked the license of a well-known black-owned jazz



club, the Dude Ranch. Five days later, on Christmas, a Portland Police officer who'd been seen searching black residents at gunpoint and shaking down business owners, stormed into the club after it had closed for the night, shot the doorman in the abdomen and "calmly walked away."

"I don't know why I did it," the officer said, though he later claimed that the doorman reached into a pocket before he shot him.

The Portland police, Millner says, were the ones who enforced the laws laid out by the state's founders. "That creates a dynamic between them and the groups they're dealing with that's going to be long-lasting," Millner said.

That continues today, in cases like that of Rodney DeWalt — the owner of Le Fontaine Bleau, a club located just a couple of blocks from where the Dude Ranch stood decades ago. In a complaint against the city and members of the Portland Police Department, DeWalt said the city, the liquor commission and the police tried to connect his club to gang activity. He received a shutdown order after a shooting occurred outside the club after it had closed for the night. The decision to issue an emergency shutdown was made by several parties, including Capt. Mark Kruger — a Portland Police officer who is perhaps best known for wearing Nazi memorabilia and nailing a memorial plaque honoring Nazi officers to a tree in a public park.

(Kruger, who has maintained he's just a history buff, won a settlement requiring that all mention of these activities removed from his personnel file. He remains on the force.)

"Race continues to be a huge issue in Oregon and in Portland," said Hardesty, the new councilmember. "We have to stop being 'Pacific Northwest polite' and just call things as we see them." In January, after less than a month in office, Hardesty issued a statement saying "white male privilege" was disrupting council meetings. Letters flooded in: "YOU ARE A BLACK BIGOT!!!!" wrote one constituent.

Hardesty served in the state House of Representatives from 1995 to 2001, and most recently was the president of the NAACP's Portland branch. When she ran for City Council, she focused on the disparate outcomes for communities of color — unequal treatment that could be proven with statistics and numbers. "You can't argue with people's perception of who they are," she said, "and white Portlanders don't think they're racist."

She points to low rates of home ownership by black Portlanders, the high suspension rate of black students, and the lack of affordable housing. "We did not have a housing crisis until white middle-class Portlanders could no longer afford to live in the city of Portland," she said. Ever since the mid-1900s, blacks had been segregated to single neighborhoods. Then, in the mid-2000s, those communities were displaced to accommodate new development.

In 2016, one black woman told city

commissioners she was afraid to drive: "We're not safe anywhere." Blacks comprise just 5.7 percent of the city's population, but make up the largest demographic of the corrections system. A recent investigation by *The Oregonian* found that black and brown residents were being flagged by police as "criminal gang affiliates" without an arrest or a conviction.

Millner said that modern Portlanders' progressive perception of themselves is relatively young.

"Portland was not a progressive city in its origin or in its history. It was dominated by a very conservative white oligarchy," he said. "This new image of Portland has very little to do with the Portland that actually evolved from its pioneer roots."

ABOUT A YEAR AND A HALF after bouncers turned him away from the Dirty, Thompson decided to sue, turning to the law firm of Jesse Merrithew, a tall, white Northeastern-bred attorney with a sharp chin cleft and a tattoo on one arm that reads "Live Free or Die," the New Hampshire state motto.

Merrithew is also representing DeWalt, the owner of Le Fontaine Bleau, as well as Donna Thames, who owned a strip club called Exotica from 2010 to 2015. For years, musicians and show promoters in Portland have said that police and the Oregon Liquor Control Commission are preserving systemically racist policies under the guise of keeping "a more vigilant watch over hip-hop events."

"These cases are all about attacking white supremacy," Merrithew said during

Jesse Merrithew, a defense attorney who is representing Sam Thompson and several black club owners in lawsuits against the city, poses for a portrait at his office in downtown Portland, Oregon.





Sam Thompson, center, in red, chats and laughs during a friend's event at the Mingle Lounge in Portland's Old Town District.

an interview last fall at his downtown Portland office. "I think Portlanders would prefer not to think about the extent to which white supremacy exists in their community. It's uncomfortable to acknowledge that the city that you love was founded on white supremacy, and that the threads of it are still there."

In a complaint against Vegasstars, the company that owns Dirty, and its owner, Christopher Lenahan, Thompson's attorneys assert that he is "only one of hundreds of Black men and women who have been denied public accommodation by defendants because of the color of their skin." The suit asks for \$1.1 million in damages.

The incident that night at the door of Dirty wasn't unique, even in Thompson's experience. In 2011, Thompson owned a bar in northeast Portland called Seeznin's. "That's my nickname," he said. The building was painted bright blue and silver, the colors of Grant High School in northeast Portland.

But two months after opening, Thompson started hearing from police that they considered his bar to be a gang hangout, largely because of the blue building. The color, they said, was associated with the Crips.

"I had to paint it a whole different color," he said. He chose beige to assuage

any concerns that it was a place for gang members.

But the bland paint didn't change anything. From the day it opened, the police paid close attention to the place. Thompson believes his bar was heavily over-policed: Police said they found a gun during a search of the bar's bathroom garbage, and when the shooting of a teenager occurred three blocks away from Seeznin's, police claimed it started at Seeznin's.

"The police used to come to my bar and sit in front of the damn bar with their lights on. For hours," he said, "like something happened."

In June 2011, police alleged that a fight broke out at Seeznin's that led to the shooting death of a man in the parking lot of a restaurant, across a four-lane road. And even though Thompson argued that the fight had nothing to do with his bar, he was slapped with a list of restrictions he had to abide by in order to keep his liquor license, from closing at 11 p.m. to hiring four extra security guards for weekend nights to enforcing a dress code restricting "clothing known to be associated with gang membership" — a requirement similar to the one that later blocked him from the Dirty.

"I didn't have the money to do it," he said. So he closed Seeznin's.

The irony of being accused, on the

one hand, of owning a Crip bar and then being blocked from another for supposedly wearing Blood paraphernalia did not escape Merrithew. "It's such a fantasy version of what gangs are — like somebody watched some Dr. Dre videos from the '90s and that's what their intelligence about gangs is," he said. "It just smacks of the ignorance that Portland has always had."

Merrithew sees the IFC show *Portlandia* as the perfect reflection of white Portlanders' rebranded, idealized image of themselves. "In general, things in a place like Portland are really great, so little concerns become ridiculous," the show's co-creator, Carrie Brownstein, said in a 2012 article on the show in *The New Yorker*. "There are a lot of people here who can afford — financially but also psychologically — to be really, really concerned about buying local, for instance."

"I remember reading (that) and just thinking, 'What a crock of shit,'" Merrithew said. "Her basic explanation was that Portland was a place where there are no real problems. And it was at a time when, like, the childhood poverty rate in this state was 25 percent."

The lawsuits that Merrithew's firm has pursued, including Thompson's, Thames' and DeWalt's, reveal another Portland, where black residents are

Rapper Hollywood Brittany, left, performs at Splash Ultra Lounge in downtown Portland.



"It's such a fantasy version of what gangs are — like somebody watched some Dr. Dre videos from the '90s. ..."

—Defense attorney Jesse Merrithew, who is representing several black Portland residents and club owners in discrimination suits against the city

excluded from the city's easy fun and shut out of its economic boom. He's also representing the family of 17-year-old Quanice Hayes, who was shot and killed while kneeling in front of dozens of Portland Police officers in 2017. Hayes was carrying a fake gun.

"This is a city with serious, serious problems, and these people are living in a bubble where in their little hipster universe nothing is wrong. And then, like, the idea of making a joke out of the fact that Portland is a very white city?" he said. "It's a very white city for a very particular reason. It's got a long history of violent racism, which prevented it from becoming a more diverse city.

"The history doesn't just disappear," he said. "We've never confronted it in any systematic way to try to fix it."

These lawsuits, he said, are part of Portland's long-overdue reckoning — part of the fight to force the city to do better, just as white residents had promised in the days after the murders on the MAX train.

A RED SWEATSHIRT doesn't make a man a gang member. But by taking Dirty — a well-known club owned by a longtime member of the nightlife community — to court, Thompson is challenging a "well established, considered" policy that seems

to allow club owners to say that it does. In fact, at some point, it became policy to keep people out of your club for wearing "gang attire," as detailed in a document that was given to new liquor license owners titled "What Every Liquor Licensee Should Know."

The policy's self-described purpose was to "give your establishment a better chance to be safe and successful." Bar owners were told to strictly implement a dress code, prohibiting patrons from wearing athletic jerseys ("with the exception of game day attire for local events such as Blazers' games"), torn clothes, sweatpants, tracksuits, headwear of any kind and "no known biker or street gang attire (including colors)." Until early December 2018, it was featured on the Portland Police Bureau's website.

It's not clear if Dirty was following this exact guide, but in a declaration filed with Multnomah County in early October, the club's owner, Chris Lenahan, said he continues to enforce a similar dress code. "I regularly remind our security guards and managers that people wearing excessive matching colors violate the dress code," he said. "If I have referred to 'color' regarding individuals trying to get into the club, I meant the color of their clothing, not their skin, for the purposes of ... preventing gang-related activity in the club."

Monroe — the Dirty security guard who initially stopped Thompson — said in a deposition that the dress code of the club derived from a Portland Police Gang Task Force training, which "educates security guards to recognize gang-related activity, including gang signs and gang-related clothing." Even if this specific document wasn't used, it is reflective of the dress codes the liquor commission and the police have asked bar owners to implement.

But when *High Country News* attempted to track down the author of the document, the Portland Police, the city of Portland and the Oregon Liquor Control Commission all sidestepped responsibility.

A representative of Portland's liquor licensing program declined to comment on whether or not the city tells bars to implement dress codes, but an administrative coordinator said the Portland police or the state Liquor Control Commission would know more about the how-to guide. Before hanging up the phone, she added: "It's clearly outdated."

The Liquor Control Commission, too, seemed confused. Matthew Van Sickle, the agency's public affairs specialist, said determining dress codes is beyond its purview: "Our expertise in this document would have been the section on Alcohol Service. Our inspectors wouldn't know

"He said he didn't want people coming in and seeing more than 30 percent Black and African-American people because he didn't want 'a black bar.'"

—Artie Haws, former bartender at Dirty, speaking of Dirty owner Christopher Lenahan, in a declaration to the court



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what to look for in terms of 'gang attire' or dress code, because that's not their focus," he wrote in an email. "As it's more than a few years old, it would be good for the city to update this document."

When reached for comment, a member of the Tactical Operations Division at the Portland Police — which commands the Gang Enforcement Team — said gang colors are, in fact, not a good indicator of gang affiliation.

"On its face, it's very difficult to just say that a certain dress or a certain color identifies someone," Lt. Michael Leasure, who has been with the department for 18 years, told me in November. "It just isn't the case anymore. I think a lot of folks' idea of what is considered gang culture comes from the late '80s and early '90s." There was a time when Portland street gangs did wear specific colors and identified with certain neighborhoods, but "neighborhoods are changing," Leasure said.

"We do not help determine dress codes," he said, adding that the document wasn't familiar to him either.

When asked later about the educational program that Monroe said Portland Police conducted, which allegedly informed bouncers about dress codes restricting gang colors, Leasure waffled. "Gang culture, as represented in the '80s and '90s, may still exist," he wrote in an email. "That said, I am sure that there are criminal organizations that identify with certain symbols, colors, uniforms, etc. throughout the country." By late December, after *High Country News* exchanged several emails with police about the document, it had disappeared from the department's website.

The National Gang Center does, in fact, consider colors and tattoos to be one of several indicators of gang membership. But police officers across the country, from Connecticut to Los Angeles, say gangs now avoid wearing matching colors, mainly to evade detection. In 2015, one LAPD officer told *The Los Angeles Times*, "If you dressed in gang attire with the colors, it was pretty much a red flag for officers. ... Gang members don't wear their colors in public anymore."

Whoever wrote those guidelines, the fixation on club-goers' clothing has fueled racist practices at clubs like Dirty. Tyrone Sellers, who worked security at Couture, a now-defunct nightclub located next to Dirty, said the police instructed security at Old Town clubs to watch out for gang colors and prohibit people wearing too much of the same color from entering.

"They would never tell us what colors" were gang colors, he said. "I guess they expected us to know."

Sellers said the way he sees it, dress codes are a way clubs can pick and choose who they want inside their business: "Basically, what the dress code is, is to deter people you don't want in there. It's not really anything about the dress code." And, in his experience, it was only enforced when it came to black club-goers.



Sam Thompson, left, outside Dirty after being denied entrance. A week later, a friend of his went clubbing wearing a similar red shirt and shoes with no problem. COURTESY OF SAM THOMPSON

In a declaration filed with the court, Artie Haws, a former bartender at Dirty, said Lenahan told staff members to limit the ratio of black and African-American people at his clubs. "He called this 'bar science' and said, 'We don't want it to get too dark,'" Haws said. "He said he didn't want people coming in and seeing more than 30 percent Black and African-American people because he didn't want 'a black bar.'"

When asked if the Portland Police still instructs nightclub staff to watch out for colors as an indicator of gang membership, Sgt. Christopher Burley, public information officer, sidestepped the question. "The Police Bureau attempts to reduce crime and the fear of crime through education that encourages an awareness of the totality of the circumstances and not on one factor or a person (*sic*) affiliation with a group," he said. Lenahan and his attorneys did not return repeated requests for comment.

ON A FRIDAY NIGHT in early November, Thompson sipped a beer in a neon-lit East Portland sports bar. He had met a couple of his friends to plan a fancy New Year's party for people over 30 at a swanky local ballroom. But on this night he was wearing the usual: a red hoodie and jeans. Across from him, another one of his friends also wore a red sweatshirt. They flirted with the waitress, noting that the staff here didn't seem to bat an eye at their red clothing.

The lawsuit against the Dirty is still in progress, with a motion for punitive damages pending and the discovery process underway.

In the year since Thompson was blocked from entering Dirty — the year

since the murders on the train — the city continues to boil. Last summer, hundreds of protesters gathered to face off with Patriot Prayer, the same right-wing group Jeremy Christian marched with a month before the train attack. After hours of protest, police rocketed a barrage of crowd control devices at the protesters, but formed a tight barrier around Patriot Prayer, who cheered as munitions were deployed at their detractors.

To Merrithew, this sends a clear message: "I think the response from both the white-owned clubs and the police is basically one and the same," he says. "If what we're trying to address is black gang violence, we'll just ignore the fact that Patriot Prayer acts like a gang and is not going to be designated as a gang."

Thompson doesn't plan to give up until people like him can feel safe going out at night. "I'm a well-known person here," he said. "For another guy, it's way worse, and they ain't gonna say nothing. I have a platform."

"I might as well use the platform to stop this."

Being black in Portland, he said, is like finding a safe path through a minefield: You move carefully. You stay quiet. You don't make a fuss. "You learn how to move around without shaking the tree too much."

But he's done with that. He wants to live without fear. He insists that he will open a bar again and paint it any color he desires. He wants to wear whatever sweatshirt and sneakers he wants to a club like Dirty. To stay up late and wake up for work in the morning early, tired but happy. To ride a train.

He thinks none of this should be too much to ask. □

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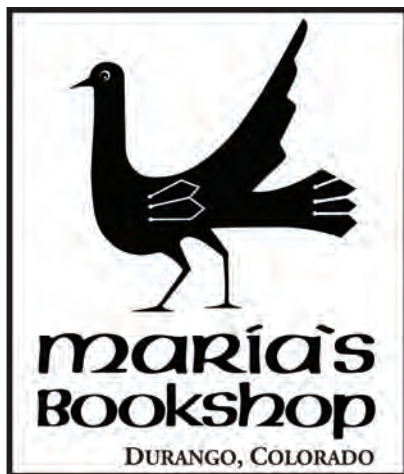
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Twenty-One Two Bulls

Native families like the Two Bulls are leading the Indigenous artistic renaissance

Twenty-one family members spanning four generations have works displayed in the mixed media show, on display through March 9 at the Dahl in Rapid City, South Dakota.

KRISTINA BARKER FOR
HIGH COUNTRY NEWS

The Rev. Robert Two Bulls Sr., an 85-year-old Episcopal canon, former autobody painter, grandfather and artist, removes his black cowboy hat and approaches the mic stand to deliver the invocation at the opening reception of the Two Bulls family show. *Tatanka Nunpa Owe Okele*, which roughly translates from the Lakota as “Following the Two Bulls Tracks,” features works by 21 members of the family, representing four generations of kin and their *tiospaye*, or kith. The crowd of about 50, gathered in the atrium of the Dahl, a community arts hub in Rapid City, South Dakota, stands as he prays. “Today, I look at the world with eyes of love,” he says. “Close my ears to all gossip. Guard my tongue from all slander.”

Two Bulls wears a collared shirt, gray blazer and Wranglers — an all-purpose

getup that evokes the stately grittiness of well-aged Western masculinity and suits almost any church service, court date or rodeo between El Paso, Texas, and Edmonton, Alberta. He reminds me of my late grandfather, another good-with-his-hands Indian cowboy who could rock the hell out of a ten-gallon hat and fix (or wreck) a truck like no other. In the corner of the room, tinfoil-covered bowls loaded to the brim with frybread and sweet berry *wojapi* rest on a table, ready to be served when Two Bulls punctuates his invocation with a hearty: “Amen! *Ohitika!*”

When he’s finished, the Wake Singers, a garage band composed of four members of the Two Bulls family — Reed, Marty Jr., Micheal and Doug, together with Lee Strubinger, the drummer and group’s

“token white guy,” in Reed’s words — get back to arranging and tuning their instruments.

The Two Bulls family moves at a deliberate pace uncommon to the haute monde of contemporary art but germane to the interior life of Indigenous gatherings — a rhythm designed to accommodate elders and children. Some call this “Indian Time.” In *The Outliers*, Malcolm Gladwell claims it takes 10,000 hours to master a craft. It took Picasso 35 days to paint his masterpiece, *Guernica*. As the Two Bulls art show gets started (about 30 minutes behind schedule), I wonder what the equivalent of 10,000 hours and 35 days might be in Indian time — how we might meter out mastery and masterpiece on clocks that tick to the beat of generations and relatives, rather than



hours and minutes.

I pull Micheal away from the instruments to walk the show, past walls plated with 40-plus years of Two Bulls family creations. We regard his sculpture *Death*, a wireframe and papier-mâché buffalo with giraffe-ish long legs and a rawhide-tan body emblazoned with red silk-screened skulls. Willow branches gathered from the Badlands jut from the creature's back like decaying wings. The piece is the third in a triptych; the first two, not displayed here, are *Life*, a buffalo with flowers sprouting from its shoulders, and *Middle*, a buffalo shot with arrows. *Death*, with its string-bean legs and translucent chest, appears delicate — an unusual rendering for such a formidable beast — but also fashionable with its elongated profile, fit for an album cover or hoodie.

Micheal is a third-generation artist. His mother, Twila Two Bulls, worked in beads and textiles; a stole she beaded for her brother, Robert Sr., a Korean War veteran, is part of the show. Micheal included *Death* in the exhibition to honor the legacies of ancestors like Edward Two

Bulls, a noted Lakota painter known for pre-reservation landscapes in oils with distinctive peach skies. One of his pieces, *Winter Camp in Pines* (1995), depicting a rider returning to three tipis on the edge of a snowy forest, a craggy butte in the background, is on display at the left entrance of the gallery. “There’s life after death in art,” Micheal says.

I ask Micheal which family pieces he most admires. He directs me to his aunt Lori Ann Two Bulls’ paintings *Star Quilt Series* #3 and #4, near the entrance to the gallery. Both depict Native matriarchs gazing with purpose, their hair loose, rendered in mosaic-like blocks of color. A star quilt design — a distinctive eight-pointed pattern stitched from colorful swatches — is incorporated into each portrait. The women look a bit like Storm from the *X-Men*, if Storm was Native. Lori Ann helped raise Micheal, who, as a child, watched her make art every night. This evening, she stands to the side, hands stuffed in pockets, head cocked back just so — fierce, like the subjects in her series.

In Indian Country, art has long been a hereditary practice, with the scene dominated by families such as the Hunts, Kwakiutl carvers from Vancouver Island; the Martinezes, San Ildefonso potters from New Mexico; and the Edenshaws, Haida carvers from Haida Gwaii, an archipelago off the coast of British Columbia. Art became a family business in part because rites of song, dance, ceremony and other types of intellectual property are, in many communities, held by lineages and societies that have preserved and strengthened these traditions against destructive missionaries, predatory collectors, trinket-hungry consumers and culture-appropriating corporations. This is especially true of “traditional” arts like carving, weaving and pottery, but it is also true for more “contemporary” media like painting and printmaking. The family — more than the gallery, museum or university — has been a driving force in the current Indigenous artistic renaissance.

Most Native art families practice traditions that are interpreted by critics and audiences in anthropological terms that confine Indigenous art to particular media like beadwork, carving and weaving (often demeaned as “crafts”). Inherited traditions often look a lot different through the eyes of collectors: Prospective buyers used to begin conversations with my own father, a Salish carver, by asking who his family was — like they were examining the pedigree of a racehorse or dog — because in their eyes, the Indigenous artist is still an ethnographic object. Critics and curators didn’t care who Picasso, Matisse or Warhol’s daddy was. But in the Indigenous art world, that sort of thing can make a career. To buy “Native” — or more precisely, Kwakiutl, San Ildefonso, Haida, etc. — means to buy something representative of a culture, community or last name. In the market, white tastes

tend to essentialize the commodity form at the expense of the art form, a catch-22 that maroons the artist in the curiosity cabinet: the metaphorical Indian in the cupboard.

“The commercial artist makes a series of compromises to sell art,” explains Robert Sr.’s son, Marty Two Bulls Sr. “It’s always a give-and-take.”

Marty worked as a graphics editor and a cartoonist for *Indian Country Today* in the early 2000s. Pens, computers and printing presses are his tools of choice. Four of his cartoons are included in the show: One, titled *Whites*, shows the Cleveland Indians logo, altered to sport a beard and black top hat; another, titled *Mr. Diabetes*, depicts a personified syringe holding a tray of fast food, while a third, titled *Indian Economy*, portrays a Native man on horseback galloping and firing an arrow, a whirlwind of dust coalescing into dollar signs — \$, \$, \$ — as he charges. A fourth, titled *Global Warming*, shows a surfing Inuit. All were drawn in a single pass, no mistakes.

Marty Sr. combines incomes from graphic design and fine art. “You have to be a businessperson,” he says. “Some of the old masters’ business ledgers still exist. Rembrandt had an art school.” He finds the tension productive. As a graphic designer, for example, he realized that computers are conducive to Lakota geometric designs. For him, the commodity

Critics and curators didn’t care who Picasso, Matisse or Warhol’s daddy was. But in the Indigenous art world, that sort of thing can make a career.



Lori Ann Two Bulls’ paintings *Star Quilt Series* #3 and #4.

KRISTINA BARKER FOR HIGH COUNTRY NEWS



Micheal and Doug Two Bulls at Racing Magpie, a creative community space and gallery in Rapid City, South Dakota, where they have their own studios.

KRISTINA BARKER FOR
HIGH COUNTRY NEWS

form has, at times, advanced the art form in surprising ways.

The Two Bulls are unusual (and cool) in that they fit Indian Country's familial patterns but buck the anthropological trends invented by outsiders.

In the '70s, when Lori Ann was young, she watched her father, Robert Sr., paint cars and airbrush murals on vans. His 1993 piece, *Door to Survival*, a passenger-side Model T door painted with a pastoral scene depicting a windmill backed by forests and snow-capped mountains, is displayed just behind *Death* at the center of the gallery. Robert Sr. hauled the rusted

door out of the Badlands. The verdant landscape he painted on its refinished black surface looks more like the Tetons at the western edge of Lakota territory than the buckskin plains of the Dakotas. The art of airbrush car-painting is hardly recognizable as an "Indigenous" art form in the beads-and-feathers sense of the term, and the piece's material, subject and title suggest an ambiguous reflection on assimilation, as if to say: The door to survival required us to change our way of life — for Robert Sr., even the Creator he worshipped. The sentiment is dissonant with contemporary Indigenous zeitgeist,

but not uncommon among older generations, who mind their scripture.

Door to Survival won best-in-show at the Red Cloud Indian School art show two decades ago. Today, there's something both authentic and iconoclastic about putting a refurbished and airbrushed car door at the center of a Native art show. The piece's existence defies and complicates racialized expectations of a genre still often trapped in the annals of "natural history." Who's to say that the working-class craft of autobody painting, which provided Robert Sr. fulfillment — and a living — in the same way that more recognizably Lakota forms like hide painting, beadwork and ledger art, did for other artists, is not Indigenous art? And who's to say that devout Christians — like Robert Sr., who walked through the door of survival and into a life of piety — are any less Indigenous?

"Auto-painting is an art," Robert Two Bulls Sr. tells me. "It's altogether art."

Molina Parker, née Two Bulls, Robert Sr.'s granddaughter, is a beadworker. She learned the art from her mother, Twila, and contributed a series of beaded collars to the show. My favorite, *Say Wut!* (2016), a sky-blue piece with a floral composition and buffalo-track border trimmed with elk teeth and dentalium shells, is named after an Albuquerque beatboxer and inspired by the floral embroidered pillowcases she used to watch her grandmother Delores Two Bulls sew. Molina's husband, Brian Parker, a Muscogee Creek, Mississippi Choctaw and White Mountain Apache painter and Two Bulls-family admirer turned in-law, helped organize the show.

Nineteen-year-old Reed Two Bulls, granddaughter of Robert Sr., is the youngest Two Bulls in the exhibition, with three works in the show. *Talking Amos* (2016), an acrylic portrait of a gender-ambiguous Native person divided into four bold color schemes, a white and blood-red "X" painted over the mouth, is the most striking. Reed recently graduated from high school in Minneapolis and wants to attend the Institute of American Indian Arts (IAIA) in Santa Fe, as almost every member of her family has.

Her father, Robert Jr., who could not attend the opening, creates works inspired by his Episcopalian faith, like *X Dies on the Cross II (aka Diet) Station VII* from 2012. The piece, painted in acrylic on a three-ply board panel, shows the Christ surrounded by symbols representing changes in the Lakota diet, from pre-reservation foodstuffs like buffalo to reservation-era commodities and the slow-boil health crisis that shift hatched. Junior, like Senior, is a minister.

The family even included videos produced by Richard Two Bulls for KOTA Territory News and Black Hills Fox (a crowd-pleaser for this journalist, to be sure). One was about Lakota language immersion in preschools; another

highlighted a skateboard contest, and a third told the stories of Native American veterans. These days, the art scene is wide open when it comes to mediums and methods, but the Two Bulls family might be the first to put on a show that ranges from beadwork to airbrushed car doors to TV clips. “Art — I think about it as storytelling,” Richard tells me.

Other relatives, like Marty Jr. and his cousin Doug, produce what might be described as Indigenous “pop art.” Doug Two Bulls produced a triptych of silk-screened images of suit-and-tie-wearing bovine skulls, *Untitled #1*. Marty Jr. has a ceramic milk carton with a red star quilt design emblazoned on it, cheekily titled *Traditional Object #3* (2016).

Doug and Marty Jr. teamed up with Micheal to produce a piece called *Kahwoka* (wind) specifically for this exhibition. It features a large painted Double-Bubble gum wrapper that reads “*Tatanka Nunpa*” atop a star quilt pattern painted by Marty Jr. Below the wrapper, Doug added a red silk-screened Wranglers commercial from a 1960s issue of *Vogue*, and below that, Micheal painted a winged buffalo drifting through clouds. At the bottom, the word “*Kahwoka*” in big stylized cursive. The cousins laid down their sections independently, moving from the top down. As they described the process to me, I imagine it as a sort of visual parallel to their Wake Singers jam sessions. The collaborators are also founding members of the HUMBLE Collective — a DIY art space formed at IAIA in the mid-2000s as a sort of anything-goes escape from an art market ruled by stereotypes. The collective just closed an exhibition at the Bronx Art Space, a gallery that introduces artists to the New York scene. One of the group’s members, Cannupa Hanska Luger, recently won the inaugural \$50,000 Burke Prize from the Museum of Arts and Design.

The Two Bulls family’s art is Native — Lakota from Red Shirt Table on the Pine Ridge Reservation, more precisely — sometimes in form and subject, but more in style and substance. It is not their art that makes them Native, as is the case for some artists and wannabes. It is their Native-born-and-bred family habits-cum-traditions that make them artists. When I ask them why they picked up art and whose work inspires them, they all give the same response: family. “It came naturally to us,” Molina Parker says with a chuckle. “It’s something we’ve all kind of done,” says Marty Two Bulls Jr.

But pulling off a family show incorporating so many relatives did not come without conflict. It’s hard to organize anything to satisfy 21 people — let alone relatives, artists or even more challenging, relatives who are artists. Two weeks earlier, Marty Sr. gave a passing quote in a *Lakota Times* review of the show describing his late uncle Edward as living “hand to mouth.” Taken out of context, the phrase could be read as demeaning, and

Edward’s widow and daughter — Marty’s aunt and cousin — took offense. The day before the reception, Marty Sr. wrote a column in the same paper clarifying his comment and apologizing to his auntie. “Making a living through your artwork is hard. I have a lot of empathy, having been there many times in my own efforts to sell my work,” he wrote. “Such is the life of an artist.”

Despite the peace offering, a sense of anxiety hung over the reception. Would Marty’s apology be enough? And would all the family members, including a few who could not participate, be satisfied with the show? One of the many difficulties of making art in a family (or cooking dinner, for that matter) is that families have dynamics. In addition to the politics of institutions like museums, galleries and universities, Native artists also must navigate the complicated politics of kinship. Our relations — as many Indigenous authors have written — are beautiful, but beauty rarely comes without complexity.

Toward the end of the night, I sit and listen to the Wake Singers’ knee-bouncing, moody garage rock. Marty Jr. is on bass, Doug and Micheal are both on guitar and Reed is the group’s lead singer. They play a melancholy song with a minor chord progression called “Bad Art!” and another — about paint — with a more exuberant, slightly overpowering chord sequence. Amp feedback fills the air.

As the atrium empties, I sit with Robert Sr. and Lori Ann on a bench in the gallery. He is an open man, and without much prompting, he describes some of the experiences that have defined his life: the Korean War, the autobody shop, the church, the family. Mid-conversation, a man wearing a First Cavalry Vietnam hat and matching Vietnam veteran blazer greets him. “Hau, my friend,” Robert Sr. says.

As our conversation wends its way to conclusion, Robert Sr. discusses the peace-making intentions of his opening prayer. “We’re all poor,” he says. “I consider myself just as good as everyone else.” Despite the difficulties, he’s pleased with the show. “I’m really proud. My wife would be really ecstatic about it,” he says, referring to his late partner, Delores.

After the show, I wander into downtown Rapid City, where I park myself on a barstool to review my notes over a few too many drinks, something I chalk up to the weight of my own artistic Indian (and Irish) family. When 10,000 hours and 35 days of Indian time have passed and the Indigenous *Guernica* is made and acclaimed, I speculate its true maker won’t be an individual; it will be a family. □

Julian Brave NoiseCat is the 2017 recipient of The HCN/PLAYA Diverse Western Voices Award. A proud member of the Canim Lake Band Tsq’escen and a descendant of the Lil’Wat Nation of Mount Currie, he writes from Washington, D.C.



Say Wut! by Molina Parker, née Two Bulls. KRISTINA BARKER FOR HIGH COUNTRY NEWS



Kahwoka by Doug, Marty Jr. and Michael Two Bulls.

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Border security will always be elusive

The Borderlands have long been governed by impermanent and shifting policies



NEWS
COMMENTARY
BY ADAM M.
SOWARDS

With their armed guards and imposing structures, American border crossings symbolize permanent frontiers. Boundaries are definitional places, lines that demarcate *this* side as different from *that* side. From a longer view, though, they look surprisingly transitory, governed by shifting policies and constantly modified and breached. Today's incessant nationalist rhetoric concerning the border wall imagines a permanently secured boundary, but actual historical borders and policies have proven impermanent over time, a fact that should dampen expectations.

U.S. borders shifted regularly from American independence in 1783 through the first half of the 19th century, as the young, grasping nation bought, conquered and manipulated its way across much of the continent, fueled by the imperialist, racist ideology of Manifest Destiny. The 1854 Gadsden Purchase added southern Arizona and a sliver of New Mexico and established the continental borders of the United States. They have remained the same ever since, though a waterway between Washington state and Vancouver Island remained in dispute until 1872. Once the boundaries seemed stable, Congress moved to restrict immigration, a process that changed the very nature and meaning of those borders.

The 1882 Chinese Exclusion Act symbolized this shift. The law was the first to restrict immigration based on racial, or national, categories, in line with resurgent segregation in the American South and reservation policies in the West. The Exclusion Act all but stopped emigration from China. It also made deportation a policy enforcement option and led to racialized policing, a practice that hung over all Chinese communities here and created a "shadowed existence" for Chinese in the United States, according to historian Erika Lee.

By enacting this law, the U.S. government created illegal immigration and the resulting market for doctored papers and guides for illicit movement. Most illegal border crossings happened in the Northwest, sometimes through the same waters Washington and British Columbia fought over, as members of Canada's substantial Chinese immigrant population crossed over. By 1890, an estimated 2,500 laborers a year were illegally moving from Canada into the United States. But surreptitious migration quickly grew along the southern border as well, as historian Patrick Ettinger has shown. Chinese laborers in Mexico learned how to cross with false papers or sneak over the border and quietly blend in. The few U.S. officials managing the southern border called for more money, more people and more technology, initiating a strategy and mantra that continues more than a century later. By the 1920s, officials recognized their basic failure to stop illegal migrations.

The U.S. did not build its first border fence to keep the fugitive crossers out, but to stop tick-infected cattle. Ticks had infested the Western cattle industry for decades. Northern states aimed to confine the problem to the Southwest by halting infected cattle, but the insects persisted, spreading Texas fever among cattle without immunity. In 1906, the U.S. Depart-

ment of Agriculture launched a massive eradication campaign and began quarantining cattle from Mexico. In 1911, the first fence funded by the federal government went up to stop "Mexican" cattle from infecting "American" cattle. As the historian Mary E. Mendoza, who unearthed this episode, has pointed out, it took no great leap for discourse to shift from pestilential animals to pestilential people, feeding on the common rhetoric that associated foreigners with dirtiness and disease. The fences grew and changed in their purpose. "Fences previously used for cattle became tools used to control and herd humans," explained Mendoza. By the mid-20th century, American officials saw the border as a biological barrier, a place to stop both diseased animals and people perceived as a threat. As a result, migrants shifted to more dangerous routes, resulting in greater risks and higher death totals. Over time, fences designed to prevent cattle from dying became barriers that increased human mortality.

The 1965 Immigration and Nationality Act further transformed the legal regime for the border. Although it widened opportunities for immigration from much of the world, the law, for the first time, established quotas from within the Western Hemisphere. As a result, Congress produced a system that guaranteed more immigrants flowing outside legal channels. Immigration policy in the 20th century followed narrow nationalist frameworks and generally failed to reckon with larger contexts, according to historian Mae Ngai's brilliant book *Impossible Subjects: Illegal Aliens and the Making of Modern America* (2004). "That nationalism," she wrote, "resists humanitarianism and remains blind to the causal connections between the United States' global projections and the conditions abroad that impel emigration." Ngai points out how deeply entwined the past and present of the United States are with the rest of the world, especially with Latin America, where the U.S. has protected its own material interests for two centuries.

Occasionally, American officials have recognized the folly of border control. In 1927, an exasperated secretary of Labor, James Davis, declared, "Not even a Chinese wall, 9,000 miles in length and built over rivers and deserts and mountains and along the seashores, would seem to permit a permanent solution." His remarks stand as a prescient assessment of the futility of "securing" the border by physical obstacles. Trying to stop movement there is much like clenching a handful of sand: The harder you squeeze, the more sand escapes. National lines of exclusion and control — represented today by steel walls — seem destined to fail in a world where capital, labor, ideas and cultural influence ping across boundaries as easily as opening an app on a smartphone. Entrenching those national(ist) walls can only lead to more dangerous and inhumane results. □

"Not even a Chinese wall, 9,000 miles in length and built over rivers and deserts and mountains and along the seashores, would seem to permit a permanent solution."

—Secretary of Labor James Davis in 1927

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OREGON

After five months of waking up each night to the sound of howling wolves and barking dogs, Oregon rancher Ted Birdseye finally got some rest. “Last night was the best sleep I’ve had since September with these animals,” he told the Associated Press recently — mainly because there was a generator-powered “air dancer” flailing out in his pasture. The gyrating inflatable — the kind you see flapping at used car lots — was donated by the conservation group Defenders of Wildlife to scare off the Rogue wolf pack, which had targeted his ranch near Medford, Oregon, killing five calves (a sixth had to be euthanized) and a guard dog. What does the air dancer deterrent look like? “He’s all lit up and dancing around in the field,” Birdseye told the *Mail Tribune*. “He’s lime-green. It looks like an alien at night.” Birdseye added that “wolves are majestic creatures, but they’re killers.”

IDAHO

You have to feel sorry for Nampa, a city of 81,000 some 20 miles from Boise. It’s suffering from an invasion of crows so horrific that the *Idaho Statesman* described it as a “Hitchcock movie with poop.” For almost three years, an estimated 10,000 crows, which flock together in what’s called a “murder,” have spent the winter months feeding on fields during the day and descending on the city at night. They bundle up so tightly that their weight breaks tree branches and causes roofs to sag, while their white droppings spatter cars, sidewalks and even people. Air dancers haven’t yet been deployed by the “crow patrol” volunteers who act as “human scarecrows,” but deterrents have included drones, a falcon and infrared lasers that crows read as “sticks flying through the air.” At first, the city tried to kill the birds, but new Mayor Debbie Kling has authorized only non-lethal methods because crows are protected under the 1918 federal Migratory Bird Treaty Act. Bobby Sanchez, chief of staff for Nampa, says a task force hopes to find a better home for the crows than downtown, “and then over time move them to that location, where they can literally roost in peace.”

COLORADO

Speaking of poop, a few months ago Oopsie Poopsie celebrated its 10th year of cleaning



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up dog waste from people’s backyards. Eddie Anthony’s business now boasts two employees, who help him clean more than 100 yards every day in three western Colorado counties, reports the Grand Junction *Daily Sentinel*. His record for the biggest haul brought to a landfill in a single day: 1,300 pounds. The rate is \$39 per month for four visits to a backyard, with a limit of three dogs and up to an acre of land. Anthony said that when he started his business — using his Honda Accord to haul away the sacks of dog waste — he had just recently kicked a drug habit and was scrambling to find a way to make a living. Then his brother “offered a friend \$50 to pick up dog poop from his backyard.” Anthony volunteered for the job, which many dog owners would like to avoid, and after he advertised for more customers, Oopsie Poopsie was off and running. Anthony said he’s learned over the years that “you can’t just beg God for stuff. You have to get out there and do it.”

CALIFORNIA

When the federal government shutdown sidelined staffers at Point Reyes National Seashore in Northern California, a bunch of interlopers took the opportunity to commandeer one of the park’s beaches, swarming a fence, knocking it down, and then taking possession of a parking lot. The invaders were some aptly named elephant seals, each weighing several tons. The males were especially huge, dwarfing the 40 females in the group, who had just had pups. They were part of a colony of some 1,500 seals that hangs out in a secluded area nearby. Park spokesman John Dell’Osso believes recent storms flooded the animals’ usual bailiwick, sending some looking for drier land. What does the park do now that elephant seals have claimed the beach for their nursery? Dell’Osso said that staff might start offering guided tours of the colony. “We are going to have a lot of park rangers and docents,” he said. “We will be able to bring people to the edge of the beach to witness this incredible sight.” One particularly amazing sight was clearly visible to about 1,000 visitors who didn’t even have to go to the beach, reports the *Los Angeles Times*. The huge animals “came up to the parking lot to procreate,” said Dell’Osso. “So that was lovely.”

WASHINGTON

Some dishes that were filled with craft beer to trap slugs and snails turned into an open backyard bar for two coyotes in the north Seattle neighborhood of Ballard. A woman on the “My Ballard” Facebook page reported seeing “two coyotes going from one beer dish to the next ... so we may have some drunk coyotes staggering about.” Chris Anderson, district biologist for King County, agreed: “Dogs can get drunk, so yes, coyotes can get drunk. ... Coyotes will eat anything they can get their mitts on.”

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