

Adam Halbur

This is a self-portrait of an elderly feminist dressed in hand-me-down clothes photographed in the style of Dorothea Lange:

“There might’ve been a few that could’ve you know
because I’ve been attacked by one
I know what it means to have someone come at me
with their hands like this ready to get at my face
because some of them had come
all the way from Mexico and El Salvador and spent
three months traveling and some had done that
one woman from Guatemala had done that
three times and brought her whole family up
she had been married and the guy was a drunk
so she decided to make for herself a life and she
she was picked up by border agents once but uh
another woman who made her way it took her months
and when she came she had this child
and to talk about what people will do to try to better their life
but here was this woman she would hold
this baby and this little girl would reach
into her blouse and try to nurse because she was so
you know and she had this big pot belly full of
parasites and the hair streaked with brown
you know right away she was suffering such malnutrition so
so I would sleep with them overnight at the shelter
at least one of us sisters did
because we got a real feel for their needs
the needs of the women and what was going on
in their lives and I would say it was a good
experience but it wasn’t always easy you know
because I had to lay down the law or how
should I say I think I was a real demon at times
and still they you know”

**This is a self-portrait of a physician's assistant fishing the mouth
of the Columbia River, Oregon painted in the style of the 1982 Wisconsin trout stamp:**

“Jim asked me one day about AIDS
because by that time I was a PA,
but he never said anything
about his father, who was a
quiet man who kept to himself --
he never socialized with Mom or Dad
or took part in church events.
I used to cross the fence lines
over to his farm to fish. He had
four spring-fed ponds -- the first,
mostly bullhead, the second, trout,
and the last two, bass. He let us at
the first and sometimes
the second. Jim and I helped him
drag that one once --
to clean it out and start over --
we on the one side and he
on the other and the whole time
fish flipping from the net.
He showed us how to scale
and gut them in the steel sink
of the milk house. He's how
I learned to tie a fishing knot,
the one I taught you, and how
to fry and eat a day's catch,
how to pick through the bones and
lick the butter from your lips.”