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### Author:

[Millet, Marietta S](#)

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# Pike Place Market

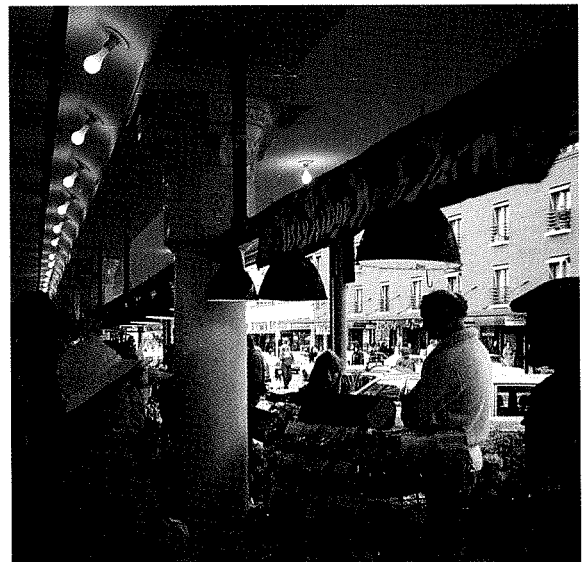
*Marietta S. Millet*

## Winter

Morning fog shrouds Pike Place Market. Within the final stretch of open-air arcade of the stalls, lines of overhead lamps gleam yellow-orange against the gray, marking the central aisle. Around the corner, closed in here, bare ceiling lamps glimmer in rosette patterns, reminiscent of a carousel. Fennel, leeks and savoy cabbage show pale green in the islands of warmth cast by the lamps hovering overhead in dark green enamel skirts. Shoppers in wool caps and mittens look over the seafood, picking out the large crabs for tonight's dinner parties. The colorful glow of neon signs and warm pools of lamplight mark the activity of the market within the emerging structure of the pavilion that hovers like a small island at the edge of the city above Elliott Bay.

## Spring

The weak but welcome sun dapples noon-time shoppers as they scurry through the market scooping up the delicacies of the season. Fresh herbs, asparagus, dandelion and endive, new potatoes — all seem more vividly colored as the sun peeking in the windows patterns the counters filled with produce. The sunlight skips off the surface of Elliott Bay to the south, setting the market structure in relief. Geoduck and razor clams, Alaska and Dungeness crabs, and mussels huddle in their ice beds, protected from the bright sky. The intense colors of the tulips form a gay backdrop against the dynamic cloudscape outside. The center of activity moves from the closed corner building to the arcades half open to the air as the market awakens to the world outside.



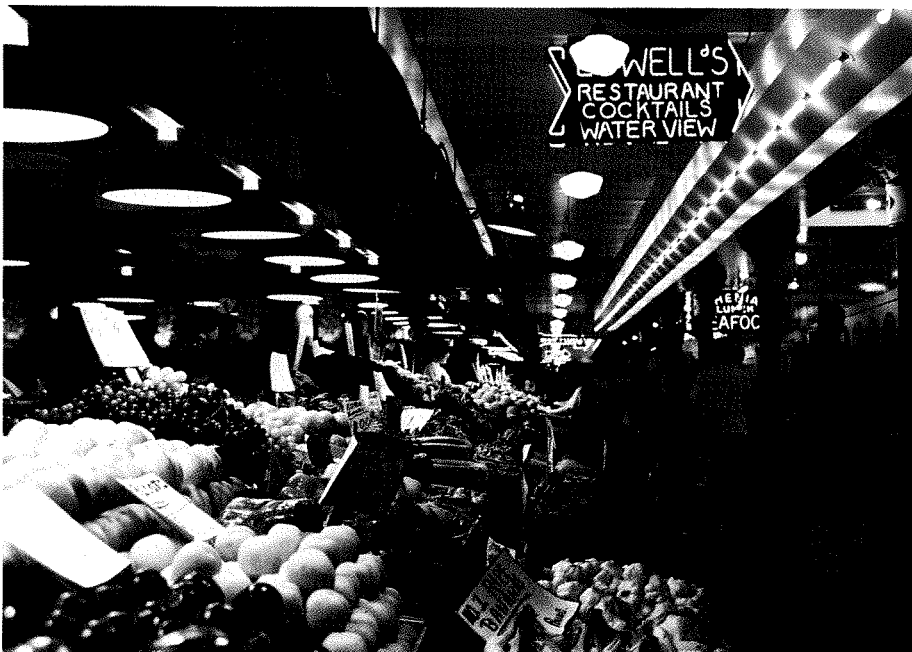
## Summer

The warm afternoon sun heats up vendors and tourists alike, as the lamp-glow fades in significance against the vibrant daylight. The pace is slow. Crowds pack the aisles and sidewalks, savoring the trinkets and the bounty of summer. Red tomatoes, yellow corn and green peppers lie crisp in the lamp-light, silhouetted against the view of the bay out the window beyond. The red-blue-purple of the berries form a deep counterpoint to the patches of sunlight moving across the tables. The pavilions, where they are open to the street and to the vista of the Bay beyond, seem to expand out into the bright, sunlit surroundings. Flower boxes top the edge of the roof above the marching round columns with vernacular capitals. The market buildings, which are the result of the gradual accretion of enclosure over time, seem unnecessary now under the cloudless sky.

## Autumn

The pale gleam of dusk highlights couples walking to dinner under the garish pink neon of the market sign. Gone are the vendors, the oysters packed away. The chanterelles and apple cider await another day when they will form a foreground of neutral browns to the foggy morning and the short sunlit afternoon. The market turns in on itself. The lines of lamps

identify the rows of empty stalls against the rhythm of the open colonnade, calling attention to the undulations of the ceiling as it shifts from low side bay to high central aisle and back. Out over the water, the lights on distant islands sparkle as a backdrop. The market slumbers, but only briefly. ●



All photos by Marietta S. Millet except photo at top left of opposite page, by Todd W. Bressi.