

NEWSLETTER

Issue XVII

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Submission #1:

Smell as information.

Smell as instruction.

Smell as form.

Smell as content.

Smell as illustration.

Smell as exposition.

Smell as signifier.

Smell as signal.

Burnt wood. Dirty hair. Wet metal. Coming snow. Borrowed books. Sun-warmed fur.

A library of scent.

Submission #2:

The Spiny Shell is an item that one picks up on their journey traversing the tracks of the various Mario Kart games, particularly when they're lagging behind the other racers. In early iterations of the game, the weapon is fired from the back of the race, and sent hurtling forwards towards the player at the front of the race, flipping other racers over if they happen to be in the middle of the track. When the shell finally gets to the front, the player in 1st place is flipped over and paralysed for several seconds, hopefully ruining their entire race in the process, going from 1st to

2nd and sometimes slipping into 3rd. Of course one can dodge or get away from the shell, but this takes skill and practice. In a book I've been reading titled How to Talk about Videogames, Ian Bogost talks about how the spiny shell is 'the most profound existentialist element of the Mario cannon', as it goes against everything the player has learned through the other objects in the Mario universe. I was intrigued by this statement, and was interested by how Bogost later talked about how the blue shell is like a trump card, the trump card of life, that the skilled can dodge and rise higher up in the ranks whilst the lesser in life will fall by the wayside, just missing that promotion or job application deadline. The blue shell is a symbol of chaos, where anything can happen. I decided to 3D print a blue shell, attempting to capture this chaotic, 'anything can happen' idea that people silently say to themselves as they fall asleep at night. Unfortunately, taking away the item from the screen of your television in order to preserve it as a sculpture does the exact opposite of that. Now the shell is frozen in time, kind of like a trophy that has no real aim but to be looked at. I chose to 3D print the item in an attempt to stay as 'digital' as possible, hopefully keeping the relationship with the screen, containing some of that chaos that's so interesting. The sculpture could be viewed as an idea of what society is like today, contained within their own shell, similar to how in The Truman Show Jim Carrey is contained within a bubble of his own, surveilled existence. When the shell arrives, I'm still unsure of whether I will paint it or not, or keep it in the pristine white condition that it's going to arrive in. I'm also thinking of showing it beside a screen grab from the 1996 original Mario Kart, a captured moment of when a player is about to be hit by the shell, before the chaos ensues, or the lack of chaos if they happen to 'dodge the bullet'.

2:

A work that I'm currently collating data for is one about the idea of internet friendships, or friendships being facilitated or encouraged by social media. At the moment I'm just screen capturing every time I see someone celebrating an anniversary with a friend on Facebook. Every time you have a friendship anniversary with someone on Facebook, the site tells you and invites you to share a short video that it puts together for you that features various photographs where you and that friend have been tagged. It's a weird collaborative effort between the user and the website, alongside the fact that the user chooses to share this information with their friend list, and can actually curate the images themselves. Every video is exactly the same, with only the images being different. Instead of personalising the friendship, to me it trivialises it, making every video I come across basically exactly the same. The same pictures in the same club, the same pictures around the same dining room table. I'm not entirely sure what I want to do with these yet, whether to simply display them on a phone or something else. For now, I'm still collecting them, and maybe thinking of displaying the finished product alongside a phone hooked up to the dating app Tinder, allowing the viewer to personalise various trivial internet friendships in real time. They would make an interesting companion piece if they were two different works...

Submission #3:

Textuality/graphics

in process

by Blinskiy Art Gang

one week in kiev /
one week of nightmare in capital of ukraine where was one young artist lost for 7 days with his
big old sport *henry*///

i need to begin my story from the first my movements/first steps in odessa///

ooh///i remember that day/it was fourth day of the week//and i was preparing to ride to kiev and
take my passport with french visa and flight to paris on sixth day of the
week//but///mmm///oooh/// i will tell you everything lil later //guys and bbys//
bliin//bliin//
that day anufriev was callin to me// he was wantin to see me//bliin//but i said -- no/im going to
kiev/sry/ master////

first of all i want to count all drugs i was using by one week in kiev///

second - i am the founder of the art-group *blinskiy* with coppélia from rennes//france// and i
need to write that im crazy jnk bwoi/ // if you understand what im talking about//what i
mean//bliiin/ of course im not proud about all this//don think this way lil european
btch/hahaha/// but i need to be honest in my writing///i need to be honest with myself//with
blinskiy///because lie here - its not the style//u kno it///

!!!okay///

i was in odessa//it was fourth day of the week//and my parents they were sending me off from
odessa// i was ride by the bus to the capital of my homeland// and i was a lil sad because i was
going off from all my style/homies/and that bitch/wich is witch/ ai / yep / i really think soo/// ooo
saint francis help me//if u was//

soo / bliiin / my story starts to be boring too much for reading///sry/ lil later it will be funny // i
promise you /guys and bbys///

im on the bus/ im crying/shit/ messy style im going off my homeland///haha i thought sooo///im
going to kiev//shit//i don really like this city/my city is odessa/im south bwoi/and you know
this///

okay///i need to count all *bounces* in capital///i was comin and my capital homie already had something for me/yyy//bliiin/of course/it was my big old sport or my lil friend *henry*/// it was only first evening in kiev///

ooh/that first *bounce* at my body was really perfect/it was like your first kiss in your youth/it was like your first comin to your first lil bby/it was like mine love to my mother/shit yes///maybe you think it is animadversion//bliin//but i was soo stoned/and i was feelin a lil happy/i was waitin next day to take my passport with visa///and fly to paris///hell yeah/// one *bounce* /// only one ///

hahaha///only///hahaha///only///hahaha///only///hahaha///only///hahaha///only///hahaha///only///hahaha///only///

next day/// day///

biatch///biatch/// biatch/// biatch///

i don have visa/its not ready they told me///i don have visa/i don have visa/i don have visa/i don have visa/i don have visa/

ooh shit///what to do???my flight on paris is on sixth day of the week//

what to do???what to do???

shitty messy stuff///shitty messy stuff///shitty messy stuff///shitty messy stuff///shitty messy stuff///shitty messy stuff///

bliiin///bliiin///bliiin///bliiin///bliiin///bliiin///bliiin///bliiin///bliiin///bliiin///bliiin///bliiin///bliiin///bliiin///

everything is ruined///// everything is ruined/////everything is ruined///// everything is ruined///// everything is crashed/////

im sad/// im in kiev//alone/not really/im with kostya//kostya is the big old boss of kiev underground style/he is the boss of *progressie future* label/he has style/hes on style//yyy/// soo im in hes space//i feel fear/my plan is ruined/crashed///ooh shiii i will not be on paris tomorrow//bliin//*blinskiys* plan is losed/ruined/crashed/its end/// i want to cry/ i feel loneliness / ooo/ mama/ why???wtf//

wtf/wtf.wtf/wtf/wtf/wtf.wtf/wtf/ wtf/wtf.wtf/wtf/wtf/wtf.wtf/wtf/ wtf/wtf.wtf/wtf/wtf/wtf.wtf/wtf/ wtf/wtf.wtf/wtf/wtf/wtf/wtf/

ookay/im *blinsky* and im on kiev / and i need wait till first day of the next week/oohhh/okay/ and ofcourse i need to calm down ///

night//**babies** for me / / /

that day/ fifth day of the week/last work day of the week/everything of my plans for next day was ruined/crashed by ambulance by its too slow work//soo i was callin/and textin to the french **blinskiy** - elsa quintin about all these //about all my problems woth visa // she was worrying soo much about this problem/because she was already ridin to tha paris by blablacar service with unknown rider/to paris fo meet me there//hah//bliiiiiin//

bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//

/she said - i want to come to kiev/please let me come to kiev //you can not stay there alone/without anything you need//bliiin//please let me come/to kiev////

i said- okay //elsa// come/but i don kno how u will fix this problem//this is very serious problem//
but that time at fifth day of the week i thought that everything will be alright next week//hah////ooooi////

she hadnt plan too///soo she just want to hug me at the date we planned - 28 of mai//at the sixth day of the week//when we have to see each other and hug each other at the paris charles de gaulle airport //sdg// soo she decided to come to kiev/capital of ukraine for help me and for support me// yyy// shes crazy//thats why shes **blinskiy**/u kno/french **blinskiy**//

french **blinskiy**// french **blinskiy**// french **blinskiy**// french **blinskiy**// french **blinskiy**// french **blinskiy**// french **blinskiy**// french **blinskiy**//

but all that time while elsa was crazy worryin /// **blinskiy** was **bouncin** his ass muscules by good old sport **henry** bwoi//u kno/// and i didnt worry /// i dont feel anything//hah//i feel only **kaif**** by the drug comin//on that just normal kitchen/// but we turn it to tha craziest place in tha world//fck//yyy//**blinskiy**/**abu**/**beatmastakostas**////good fellas company///

i was feelin okay///inside i was already feelin that i will not be there /in europe/ this mai/june///u kno///but that time i didnt think about all this//i was just **kaifin**/ai/drugged all the time///so i was like that guy from unexistable advertising of tha best pain killa// **henry**//of course// ai //

so that night was interesting and strange// and painless/// and fearfull///and ruinfull/ hah///soo /maybe/five **bounces** in one day/yes///five//okay///not bad result//u kno/// but unfortunately it was only begging of our trip at that space/kostyas place/at kiev//at the ancient district of kiev - podol///

podol - is very not noisy place//its calm/and looks pretty like my city/or my city looks pretty like podol//u know/// podol is cool/hah//my opinion is/// at podol i feel okay/// that taxit wich was ridin with me for take **henry** from far living/sleepin district was tellin me a lot about city and podol history///but its not the text about how podol interesting etc///this text about another topic/another style//bwoi//u kno//hah//

soo sixth day of the week // im awake // and momentarily cook good old sport at the special flask // and i was *bouncin* for the first time at that day in my ass muscles//u kno//how it is//im sittin on the floor//and waitin// from few time warm start to flow all over my body//i start to feel good/its like extasy/i smoke sigarete - parliament night blue///and feelin how good this jnk is//im alone sittin on the kitchen//and just smokin///oooh///and i don feel pain/panic/fear/nothing//im just happy that i did it// that i was *bouncin* by *henry*/// and i want it again and again// fck//yyy//

this day another *blinskiy* from france should come to borispol - kiev airport at 17-20///

soo i was *bouncin* two times before goin to the borispol///and in borispol i was very calm//hah//yep//elsa comin at time///she was flightin through warsawie from paris to kiev////of course i was nervous////but *henry* worked as madly soviet worker// soo she comin///and we were goin back to the kostyas place///of course////lil excursion while we were ridin to the home by taxist//wich was talkin a lot/// and finally we were there/// hah// i was *bouncin* as we were comin to the home///yes//// without a peep i was doin it on elsas yeas/// soo she saw everything////she understood how really jnk i am///shit///she wanted too//i did it for her too ///yyy/// i did it /// bliiiin ///

ooh///very important remark /// french *blinskiy* was takin for me some cde*//yyy// through the all borders//i was using this cde* very fast//very quickly/// hah// and at the euphoria of the joy of good old sport ///bliiin// i was giftin some cde*///a half/// bliiiin/// and relaxing pills to *abu*////

it was big mistake///now i think soo///hah///

small voice/// still small voice///

/i was *bouncin* her in her lil ass muscles///oooh//she said//i didnt feel anything//i didnt feel pain from needle///she said//^^^you are master of *bouncin*//hah// noo//bby//its just a style///than she was startin to feelin it// of course i did it too//i mean i was *bouncin* by good old sport too /// with another one *blinskiy* from france we were feelin it on our bodies///how flow of *henry* made us soo humble and calm//and we were feelin it // for sure//hah// and it was fourth time at the day for me/// at 18-00 /// crazy shiiit///

bliiin--- she said //bliiin// how cool it is//i never tried to use it// and now here i am//and its pretty intellegent and calm//and good effect//i feel good//all woorries went away///shit its madly good//why society is so against this drug// its much more better than speed and anothe shitty drugs//i don understand//// fckn society against all drugs///exept alcool and sigarettes//but not *henry*//*henry* is the enemy number one//shit yea///like a codeine///and everything that we love//and use//hahahah////

u kno/// u need to kno///this is tragedy// like greeks//bliiin//ofcourse//ancient greeks style//tragedy///bby//new tragedy style//about *blinskiy* travelling to europe// fck //if not//you need to kno this// lil european btch///maybe u will understand something about us///maybe nooo//

but//okay/// i need to go out//u kno for what????// i go out for... u kno...

btch im back/// u kno// what its mean??? its mean that this crazy story of *blinskiy* journey to france now wiil be continuing/// yyy// lil bby btch///im stoned//ofcourse//bliiin///u will never understand///maybe yes///maybe not///i don kno//u kno///hahah///

im here and i just remembered how *abu* was using all water from the puddle and put it all to the *beatmastakostas* head///how crazy it was////for reall//

okay///we go forward on the story///

sixth day of the week//day of parties in big cities//day of craziest movements//of club trips/of /showin your style in the clubs//and sellin face time//hah// and we too were going to the streets for lookin whats happennig there at capital that eve /// we were goin to the *diystvo* /// diy fest /// guys were screamin rap on mike // everybody were drunk // somebody a lot/ somebody a lil/// we were under good old sport// he was protectin us from all that alcool and speed shit/// hah// ofcourse// u kno//for me tha fest wasnt very interesting// but i saw that french *blinskiy* was lovin that style on the street//undeground spirit of kiev/// but from few time we were deciding to go home with kostya and elsa///and i was so fckn wantin to use /// ooh//shiit/// i wanted it like crazy///and///yes///we were finally at kostyas home///yyyy/ u kno what its mean///hah///yyyy//its mean that i was *bouncin* another one time//just a lil /// for have a good mood// i think u kno///yyy/// another *blinskiy* was using too//// that was me/who did it with her ass///hahaha///u kno// now its a lil funny all that//but at that moment i felt only *henry* flow all over my body/all over my body///my arms//my legs//my head// everything were subordimating by my passion// oooohh yyyea// sigarete was soo good to smokin///yyy///i was soo slow//everything was very slowly//that moment of our lives was very slowly///hah///slowly moment// our lives in that moment were in our hands////*henry* helped us to understand it/// that its we who decide what to do next/// next - in symbolic meaning///u kno//or not//i don give a fck about your qualified european opinion//hahahaha//we all didnt give fck // at that moment// moment of *henry* crazy majesty/// bliiin da***///// soo at the sixth day of the week i was *bouncin* myself in the ass muscules five or six times///crazy// i didnt eat nothing for two days //but it was only beginnig // i just was using my good old sport/// and there at that pocket still were a lot of joy/// yyy / /// that crazy sweet joy ///

next day/// day of everyone rest///seventh day of the week/// i was awakin first///hah/// everybody were still sleepin// i was takin everything i need // it,were -- needle//special flask//injection water//and that pocket with joy/// i was doin it alone at the kitchen///yes// i did it alone//without anyone//like i love it///// oooohh/////yyy//i was just sittin on the chair at kiev//at the podol//at the ordinary kitchen///and i was happy///i was feelin that it is what i need// it was like medication for me///i was feelin bad before *bouncin* and then i started to feel incredible// everybody were sleepin /// just me like ghost was smokin *le petard* near the open window///it was soo calm there /// outside /// at the streets of podol /// and only i was feelin joy soo much///it was happiness/// bliin/maybe//u think its bad///but not for me//btch/kay?

from few time *abu*was comin to the kostyas place///and we did it together again//he was *bouncin* on his vein//im on my ass muscules////and that incredible flow all over my body start

excite me again and again//and again/ it was my third day in kiev//and third day my friendship/relationship with *henry* /// my fckn passion/// and it was just third day i didnt eat nothing//i was only using *henry* and smokin a lot of kostyas weed////yyy///

now // im sittin here// in my place and im writing all this // and i don understand myself/// why in was soo wild with using???maybe u kno???maybe not///but anyway i don care about your style and what you think all about it///okay///ive got my style//systema/// im on the system/// drug sysrem too///
im the boss of the system//u kno lil btch???no///okay///

only seventh day of the week// we wanted to go to the exhibition of malevich in one of the kiev museums///but/// u kno///how it is///that fckn museums works only till 17-00 h/// so it was impossible for us to go there /// everybody were awakin just at that time///nearly///maybe///soo i did it again///but it was first time when i made it alone in the toilet///nobody saw how i did it///and agian///yyy/again///yyy///again///that passionable flow all over my body///ofcourse sigarette//ofcourse i feel like young JC///u kno///i feel like i was on another level of understanding reality///reality was so slow for me/// reality loved me at that moment/// u kno/// moments of life are the most important // them make your life/// them made me feel like i never felt before ///only that moment /// only me/// only that perfect joy /// only waiting of the visa/// i didnt want to do nothing///i didnt want to go nowhere///i was just wanting to use and wait my visa and then flight to paris///and then live in france for three monthes///for sure///all my thoughts were about visa and my good old sport *henry* bwoi/// but/// u kno///lil later you will kno everything about my journey/trip to europe//hah///you think its funny to live like i live??/fck you///i don care///

soo seventh day of week//i was *bouncin* and *bouncin* all day long/// *blinskiy* group were wanting to go to the our moscow homie show at the best place in kiev called *closer* /// he was playing live at the party of *muscut label* party/// it was at 19-00 h///but i was feelin soo stoned /// french *blinskiy* too/// soo we were just sittin on that kitchen and talkin and worrying about that fckn delay with my visa in my passport///yyy///i was starting to nervous///and for not being to nervous i was *bouncin* few at the day///few times at the eve///and always smokin weed///always//always//always// we were sittin on the floor and talkin hw unfair it is//wtf//where is my visa??? - we were thinkin//we thought - next day /// first day of the week /// it must be ready///hahaha///we didnt know that moment how it will be at the reality///okay/// tomorrow// at first work day we will go there // to visa centre// and take my passport with frebch visa///--- we were thinkin this way///yyy///soo we didnt go nowhere//pitty// because *buttechno* my homie from moscow was playin good style - kostya said///but///we have another joy///shiiit///jnk///

okay///

first day of the next week/// that *blinskiy* was in kiev//waitin for his permission to come to the admirable france by frenches///hah//
from the morning me and *blinskiy* was awakin //ofcourse//i did injection///ofcourse/// i was *bouncin* another one tinme my ass muscules from the early morning without eatin anythin///but i was feelin soo fckn good//oooo Gxx sry for all this stuff///i kno/// i need to eat something with tea etc//but///at the pocket was a lot of joy// it made me hapy // a lil /// *henry*

joy /// u kno this style///ha///but you will never have your own style///haha//lil btch////////
and at first day of the next week of my existin in kiev /// with my visa fail again /// shiiiiiiit///
bliiin//

bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//bliiiiiin//
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fck/
fck/

crazy sadness in our souls///our faces were soo sad//we were comin back to kostyas place//french
viswa centre is near kostyas place//soo it was good for *blunskiy* /// /ofcourse from the start i
did it ///u kno what?? u call it -- injection///i call it *bounce*//soo it was second *bounce* at the
morbibg///shiit///ooh///i was feelin joy and lil happiness//but i was too sad because of that
delay with my visa///shiit//bliiin//what to do/when it will be ready///shitty situation//for
real///yyyy//very dada style//everyday we were goin there and everyday fail///waitin of godo/
style//

why///why//whywhy///why//whywhy///why//whywhy///why//whywhy///why//whywhy///why//whywhy///why//wh
ywhy///why//whywhy///why//whywhy///why//whywhy///why//why????

why this shiit is soo unfair//bliiin//nobody kno /// maybe u kno ///i don believe you //hah///lil
btch///

soo we were spending all time at the kosttyas place in sadness///how sad we were//you cant
even imagine//it was tragedy///yyy///real///like ancient greeks style// evrything was very sad for
us// /we couldnt go for a walk///yyy// we were just sittin there in that kitchen // at the podol //
and we were desperatin///yyyy//we hadnt forces ti do something///just using drugs//bliiin
da***///

really/// it was horrible to feel this//to feel that unfair situation/// absurd /// bliiin//and that day
i was *bouncin* too much// for not being nervous//shitty visa centre// i was given them all my
money i had//all docs i did /// took a lot of money// shiiiiit// i need to give back some money to
ny friend//to my mama//to step dad//to everyone// shitty situation /// / absurd /// debile//
idiotique// //whyyyy??? blya///// nobody knows/

french *blinskiy* was sending few letters -- to ambassade//to rennees administration//to visa
centre/// and nobody were answerin to her///bliin//what the fck// french lady on another country
ask for help o french ambassadet //and they don give a fck///like me about you lil btch//okay/we
said okay//we wil wait untill it will be ready////////ooooohshiiiiit///how bad it was/// another
blinskiy was worryin too much//it was tooo difficult fot me to see how bad she
felt//bliiiiiin//yyy//

it was horrible for me///for all *blinskiy* style///shit happened sometimes//but no with
us//please//

please//
// please// please// please// please// please//

was druggin and druggn////*bouncin* and smolin weed///a lot of sigarettes///i was on nerv// she was much more nervous than me ///because i was very calm because *henry* using// and it was another day of huge sorrow in our sould///u cant even imagine how sad it was////bliin da***

sry lil bby btch i need to go//and u kno for what/hahahah///// ill be back /// soon ///

i don rememeber how i was startin to sleep that day // that first day of the next week when *blinskiy* was in kiev///

i need to say that everynight i was sleepin bad/// i had bad dreams everynight while *blinskiy* was in kiev /// maybe it was some presages? i don kno // maybe /// maybe no /// anyway without *product* i was starting even sleep bad/// with nightmares // in kiev ////

kostya was goin somewhere to have fun /// but we were just sittin and waitin my fckn visa at the kostyas kitchen all day long//all eve long// all day// every day//hah// crazy bored it was /// we were exhausted /// we were havin not forces to go somewhere out //// we were even didnt wantin to go for malevich exhibition /// madly /// i think now // but that time i was i just wantin to *bouncin* / smokin weed / takin my visa / and goin to the france /// fuck // spell it as some englismen like fock /// hah ///

step by step everything was ruinig////i was feelin that my dream slowly dying// it was soo painfull /// i was startin to think that i will never take visa to france for bein with french *blinskiy* and doin art in europe//// i was just feelin bad

i need to make a lil remark /// all that time that all *blinskiy* were bein in kiev we all togeteher *blinskiy*/ french *blinskiy* / kosyta we were sleepin in one room /// it wasnt very comfortable // but we hadnt another variant // i was kepin all my stuff in my bag// only i kno where//// there were ^ gram // not really one cuz i did twenty maybe mworseore *bounces* in my ass and few times in the shoulder at the beginning / few injectors / water for injections.few lil bottles // and ofcourse the gucci main//the king of joy//heroin//

soo /// next day /// second day of the next week i was in kiev /// french *blinskiy* was with from sixth day of tha week tha i was comin to kiev /// morning //we need to to the french visa centre for ask about my passport with french visa /// i didnt needed at the morninf for the first day // and we was going/ it was the most hard way for me /// i couldnt went /// i was always needin to sit // i was never feel soo bad/// even now when i rememeber this i feel bad /// at the visa centre very kind boy was tellin to us that nothin ready /// he was just lookin somethin in his papers and told to us - look at the site / there are everyday new info ///

fck you fckn white neckband // fckn white collar in this fckn visa centre /// we was desperate /// i was feelin that i will boomin on the ground from few moments // but gxx no // we were goin back to kostyas place // i was wantin to sit every hundred metres / even on the ground // i didnt care// i was feelin so bad/// i was eatin all cde i had//but nothing changed /// i am jnk ///and i can die /// i knew it /// its pure like product i love // /// it was only second day of next week of my presence in capital of limita country/// we all are limita guys /// for frenches // for all europeans /// i feel pain /// how painfull it is // all these borders /// i hate em// why? // why? // tell me why i am worse than you lil btch from eu//// ofcourse you was bornin in swiss etc //// i am cryin //// how unfair it is /// okay lets back to that day /// we were goin with french *blinskiy* to kostyas home/// and i was ready to die/// i was feelin so much love to her////she was so kind to me///it was just bad situation////she was buyin mirinda and just water ////she was soo nervous more than me

it was the end of all our dreams//of my / of *blinskiy* journey to france / to eu//hah//yyy//lil european btch//i was wantin to die// *blinskiy* was wantin to die ///

le ciel est dune couleur un peu merdeuse aujourdhui mon cheri

we were goin back to kostyas place/////i was feelin bad like never///i was wantin to go home/ to mothers home///to my flat///i couldnt saw how french *blinskiy* was cryin////it was very difficult moment///one of the most in my life ////

i was *bouncin* one more time // last time /// gram was over /// and we were offerin a taxi for goin through busstation to borispol /// it was the real end // i had no more forces // finally we were sittin on a taxi // kiev as always was not very friendly to us/me/// i was goin off from the taxi first at the central bus station /// french *blinskiy* was cryin // i was too // it was one of the saddest moment in my life // after all this week under *henry* i was feelin like nothin //

no france // no love / nothin ///

i was waitin my bus to odessa two hours // while that time i was thinkin how unfair everything was hapennin in kiev /// how desperate she was when ahe was comin to support me there /// how bad everything was /// then i was ridin ten hours to odessa // not five or six as always /// but ten /// and only at the bus when we were goin off from capital of ukraine i understood that i will not be in france this summer /// and i start to cry //so calmly /// so alone /// so quitly /// so lonely // i was tryin to count how many times i was used drug /// but i couldnt /// sorry me spectator /// sorry ///

but it wasnt the end// the realest shit was really ahead ///
but this was a completely different story ///

Submission #4:

Excavations: discovery, uncovering, creation through subtraction (?), archive (same as photography: the need to collect, document), uncovering the absence, the unspoken and the hidden, excavating, **dissecting**, peeling, investigating, finding truth

The unseen and undocumented archive that lives in our bodies (history, genetics, epigenetics), in our psyche (culture, wars, biases), in our environments (natural and man made), in our dreams and fears

Hal Foster, *An Archival Impulse*, 2004, "In the first instance archival artists seek to make historical information, often lost or displaced, physically present."

Walnuts
Collages
"Dna" portrait sculptures
dresser
Bodies

Desk

Stories: objects, family trees, dna, items appear and reappear along with newer items, combination items, etc. some in glass bottles

Figure 1, etc instead of chapter? Collages of those materials attached to the folder (top prong).
Map of the "Fig. 1", etc on lid? "References or Appendices" page with the raw materials in bottles and bags? Maybe instead of words personalized symbols?

Add: dried shrimp, tomato stems, wood pin lock, warded lock
Chapter 1: dirt, sand, water
Chapter 2: wood, a key, a seed (like nectarine)
Chapter 3: dirt, wood, charcoal, clay
Chapter 4: charcoal, wood, key, herbs
Chapter 5: newspaper clipping, grass, dirty water
Chapter 6: sand, glass, plaster fragments, salt
Chapter 7: herbs, charcoal, concrete fragments, salt water
Chapter 8: buckshot, dirt, skulls, charcoal, leaves
Chapter 9: small bones, charcoal, wood, concrete fragments
Chapter 10: plaster, concrete, seeds, dirt, water, grass, leaves, key
Chapter 11: wood, herbs, paper, match sticks burned, metal
Chapter 12: metal, sand, glass, concrete, stones, sticks
Chapter 13: seed, wood, sticks, fabric, wine
Chapter 14: salt, feathers, glass, book fragments

Chapter 15: gunpowder, alum, leaves, clay

Chapter 16: coffee, dirt, seeds, concrete, buckshot, animal bones

Submission #5:

Audience.

Art needs an audience.

Culture is to cultivate.

The self, yes.

But also to cultivate each other.

How does a person learn?

By seeing, by reading, by copying.

I have made a choice to share.

Sharing is at the heart of art.

Not buying and selling, that is too dependant too abusive too necessary...

Not always teaching, that is too didactic, colonial..etc.

A gift, but to whom?

Writing is a gift for those who read.

Painting is a gift for those who see.

Performance is a gift for those who live.

When someone says Paisley I immediately think of thrifted button-ups, department store windows, my only tie, That 70's show, wallpapers, greeting cards, deans of college departments, and elderly WASP women. The stench of mid century modernity fills the air. A new american tradition that is hard pressed to have meaning, and is going nowhere fast.

These were my thoughts before I caught the Paisley-Bug. Then I really tuned in. The paisley channel was fruitful in pear shaped multitudes.

A walk down Jersey City's Indian Street revealed Paisley's on shop signs, and traditional dresses. I caught myself counting paisley's on a recent visit to Pasadena's Norton Simon Collection. I realized I was absentmindedly using the tear shaped motif in past works, before I was savvy to its prevalence. Walking down about every city street ever, from New York to Bakersfield, I started noticing the paisley in architectural decoration and fountain tiles. Then the real paranoia kicked in — I was doing backwards summersaults seeing paisley patterns in plant life, clouds, the natural shape of brush strokes, trees, etc, etc.

I had to get to the bottom of this paisley craziness. So, like any curious millennial I turned to Wikipedia. I just wanted to know where it came from. Yet the ever evasive paisley eluded me again, and my research was inconclusive. It is clear how the pattern became popular in the early twentieth century, after import to Europe, then exploded after french textile shops competed to make the most elaborate design.

Still though what I wanted to know was what the paisley shape was originally abstracted from. What did it mean? I needed to know whether the tie I sported to every ritzy party was in fact a symbol that I dawned without knowledge.

It turns out that some of the earliest accounts of the pattern represent a bent cypress tree in the zoroastrian religion. A symbol of everlasting life and divinity. The cypress plant is a very powerful plant, besides showing up in various religious and cultural texts, the plants medicinal qualities are that of a heal all. Additionally its ability to survive in harsh climates, and its worldwide proliferation are all traits that make it a worthy symbol, and in my eyes why at some point a long time ago some one would have used it as a written or drawn allegory. This would also explain the plants funerary status.

Other early representations of paisley are also abstract images of figs. Which makes sense considering the symbol's geographic roots in ancient Turkey, the fig capital of the world. Yet, different cultures who also use the symbol, have named it after a mango. And lord knows it looks like a squash, a pear, and a cashew.

Ultimately in my research I have to concede that perhaps the paisley can represent all of the above and is simply an abstract image, a pattern. It can represent anything to those who use it. Meaning, after all, is created, and is not inherent.

So in my desire to bring the image of the paisley back into the real world, out of the realm of abstraction, and to find meaning. I decided to paint some paisleys not as patterns, but as symbols of what I believe the ancient pattern my represent. With respect to the paisley's oriental origins, I chose to paint a Fig and a cypress branch, as well as a gun.

The gun is the most convoluted symbol in the painting. One friend has a very good notion that the sale of paisley skyrockets in america when there is a conflict in the middle east. Perhaps there is a some inherent oriental fetish in the pattern and when western eyes see it we see the middle eastern other. Off limits, dangerous, worldly, but possibly also sexual, and in a capitalist society, yours for a small price. The gun then becomes a symbol of american involvement, and how america incorporates other cultures into our own.

Ultimately, there has been a conflict between my home country and the middle east for as long as I have been alive. Thus, It is not hard for me to form a dialogue between the proliferation of eastern culture in america, and a proliferation of american violence in pretty much everywhere else.

I hoped that this painting would somehow express these contradicting feelings about the paisley. Yet, I don't feel that it has. ultimately in an attempt to rescue these symbols from the realm of pure decorative abstraction, I have not entered a dialogue with nations, and weapons and meaning. I have instead entered a dialogue with painting, and albeit less-abstract-than-usual abstraction. Thus the treachery of images prevails.

Forced to make a difficult decision at each juncture. Constantly destroying something in order to step forward, while attempting to respect the history of the painting. each brushstroke being both a destruction and a creation. The knife that cuts through anything

A performance about painting involving a tree and running around that tree. First a shot of me far away from the tree facing it. then running a lap. then getting incrementally closer, then running a lap etc. until I am face to face with the tree. I lean into it with my face and then run a lap and take the place of a viewer, with the sun setting behind the tree.

Submissions

[#1. Jennifer Mawby](#)

[#2. Bob Bicknell-Knight](#)

[#3. Blinskiy Art Gang](#)

[#4. Victoria Byers](#)

[#5. Santiago Chavez](#)

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