

NEWSLETTER

October. 2015

Ideas and documents in process.

Submission #1:

-\$126.21

Due to non-sufficient funds (NSF), Items presented on

9/21/2015

On account XXX-XXX-XXXX

Have been processed as indicated.

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To bring it to a positive balance As soon as possible.

Accounts that are overdrawn For more than 4 days

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Wisconsin, DaimlerChrysler's Toledo North Assembly Plant, Best Buy in Hudson Valley Mall, Living Church of God, Red Lake High School and Residence, California Auto Specialist and Apartment Complex, Parking Lots in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Campbell County Comprehensive High School, Tacoma Mall, Burger King and Huddle House, Santa Barbara U.S. Postal Processing and Distribution Center, Pine Middle School, Residence in Capitol Hill Neighborhood, Seattle, Washington, Safeway Warehouse, Jewish Federation of Greater Seattle, Essex Elementary School and Two Residences, Orange High School and Residence, Weston High School, West Nickel Mines School, Trolley Square Mall, ZigZag Net, Inc., Kenyon Press, Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University, Target Store, Residence, Latah County Courthouse, and First Presbyterian Church, Liberty Transportation, Co-op City Apartment Building's Leaving Office, Giordano and Giordano Law Office, Residence in Crandon, Wisconsin, Am-Pac Tire Pros, SuccessTech Academy, Von Maur in Westroads Mall, Youth with a Mission Training Center/New Life Church, Kirkwood City Hall, Louisiana Technical College, Cole Hall Auditorium, Northern Illinois University, Wendy's Fast Food Restaurant, Player's Bar and Grill, Atlantis Plastics Factory, Tennessee Valley Unitarian Universalist Church, Interstate 5 in Skagit County, Washington, The Zone, Coffee and Geneva Counties, Alabama, Pinelake Health and Rehabilitation Center, American Civic Association Center, Kkottongnae Retreat Camp, Harkness Hall at Hampton University, Larose-Cut off Middle School, U.S. Army Recruiting Center, United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, Family Dental Care, Club LT Tranz, LA Fitness, Multiple Locations in Owosso, Michigan, Fort Hood Soldier REadiness Processing Center, Reynolds, Smith and Hills, Sandbar Sports Grill, Legacy Metrolab, Forza Coffee Shop, Grady Crawford Construction Company, Lloyd D. George U.S. Courthouse and Federal Building, ABB Plant, Penske Truck Rental, Residence in Brooksville, Florida, Farm King Store, Inskip Elementary School, Shelby Center, University of Alabama, Deer Creek Middle School, The Pentagon, The Ohio State University, Maintenance Building, Publix Super Market, Parkwest Medical Center, Blue Sky Carnival, Boulder Stove and Flooring, AT&T Cellular, Yoyito Café, Emcore Corporation, Hartford Beer Distribution Center, Kraft Foods Factory, Fort Bliss Convenience Store, AmeriCold Logistics, Gainesville, Florida, Kelly Elementary School, Washington, D.C. Department

of Public Works, Walmart, Panama City School Board Meeting, Millard South High School, Safeway Grocery, Minaret Temple 174, Copley Township Neighborhood, Ohio, House Party in South Jamaica, New York, International House of Pancakes, Crawford County Courthouse, Lehigh Southwest Cement Plant, Salon Meritage, Southern California Edison Corporate Office Building, McBride Lumber Company, Middletown City Court, Chardon High School, University of Pittsburgh Medical Center, Western Psychiatric Institute and Clinic, J.T. Tire, Oikos University, Streets of Tulsa, Oklahoma, Café Racer, Copper Top Bar, Cinemark Century 16, Sikh Temple of Wisconsin, Perry Hall High School, Pathmark Supermarket, Accent Signage Systems, Las Dominicanas M&M Hair Salon, Azana Day Salon, Valley Protein, Clackamas Town Center Mall, Sandy Hook Elementary School and Residence, St. Vincent's Hospital, Frankstown Township, Pennsylvania, Taft Union High School, Osborn Maledon Law Firm John's Barbershop and Gaffey's Clean Car Center, New River Community College, Satellite Campus, Pinewood Village Apartments, Brady, Texas and Jacksonville, North Carolina, Santa Monica College and Residence, Parking Lots for Kellum Law Firm and Walmart, Hialeah Apartment Building, Pennsylvania Municipal Building, Lake Butler, Florida, Washington Navy Yard Building 197, Sparks Middle School, Albuquerque, New Mexico, Los Angeles International Airport, Arapahoe High School, Renown Regional Medical Center

Submission #2:

SOME NOTES & DREAMS

2014-2015

6/10/14 DREAM, ALBERS FOUNDATION, BETHANY, CT

We had rented a house that was incredibly large. It was haunted, particularly in one room - the bathroom. I wanted to confirm that it was a ghost so I started talking to it, but it only appeared in light shadows. Later on there was a game outside, some soccer game for young boys. One of the young boys, I assume it was my nephew, disappeared and so I went to the yard to find him. He was being tied to a tree by a few other boys, I hollered at them and said

they needed to stop, then brought the boys over to the soccer coach to be disciplined. My mom was there, she said it was good that I was so sharp and noticed these things. Then I went up to my room in the big house, I remember thinking I could live there forever. Then I remembered it was haunted, and the baby came out again. It was a translucent but still in-color 1 year old baby boy. It was fair, light short curly hair, floating too far above my head for me to communicate with it. I asked it to come down.

Then there was something with this woman - like she wanted to pursue me or something, but there were all these bags and I couldn't find mine...like she was trying to make me stay...

9/20/14 STUDIO NOTES, PROVIDENCE, RI

Using a textual material in a visual way - processing literary influences by responding to them in a visual, physical and material way, adopting the creative and editorial process of visual art and applying it to written materials. Original textual materials are the brain food for the artist and the creative reaction is through the visual combination of various influences, with the gesture and physicality of the scanning process.

A response to conceptual writing and post internet art.

Johanna Drucker, What Is "Graphic Textuality?":

"I want to rework the conventional approach to the idea of the 'page' as an a priori 'space' for graphical construction. In its place, I want to propose an understanding of all graphical elements as dynamic entities in what Jerome McGann and I refer to as a 'quantum field'—or more recently, 'system.' Not only are graphical codes the very site and substance of historical meaning, rich and redolent with genealogical traces of origin and use, trailing their vestiges of experience in the counters and serifs of their fine faces. Not only are conventions of the organization of text into textual apparatus and paratextual

appendices themselves a set of codes that predispose us to read according to the instruction embedded therein. And not only are the physical materials as well as the graphically expressive distribution an arrangement of verbal materials an integral and inherent part of the semantic value of any text—so that any remnant of the old 'vehicular' notion can be laid permanently to rest. No, not only do all these elements deserve their particular, specific, and descriptively analytic attention for the contribution they make to our processes of interpretation. But also, the very possibility of interpretive acts occurs within this 'quantum system' which is not a pre-given physical, metrical 'space' in the literal sense, but is a relational, dynamic, dialectically potential 'e-space' constitutive of, not a precondition for, the graphical presentation of a text."

focusing on what you scan when and where

*10/14/14 NOTE TO SOPHIA LE FRAGA FOR HER BHQFU CLASS,
PROVIDENCE, RI*

My interest in 'the book' is layered. Since Gutenberg, the book has been our primary source for education and the principle tool for the dissemination of ideas. Obviously now things have changed, and the internet has taken its place. But the book still exists, it's just repositioned into a place of having to defend itself, and prove its relevance. There's a huge trend of glorifying the book that has grown in the past years that seems a response to this, specifically at the New York Art Book Fair, and most recently in galleries (The Library Vaccine at Artists Space) and other places art world etc. On top of that, books are being absorbed into the web as books, as opposed to being transcribed, there's too much of a hurry for that, so in Google Books for instance, we see scans of this familiar codex form -- even in its digitalization it still retains its original aesthetic. So there is a tension there that I am interested in and my recent work reflects that. The Oblique Archive show focuses on the potential failures in the hurried digitalization of books, and the beauty in those failures, which takes a balanced stance between embracing the digital and appreciating the original book form. The Oblique Archive pieces

(all titled in a series with roman numerals) approach the painterly and recombinatory potential in digitalization of textual materials, considering the viewpoints of both Post-Internet Art and Conceptual Writing. The Facsimile Compression pieces poke fun at the obsession our culture currently has with flattening our books into a single device/page viewer, and embraces the aesthetics of what that idea represents (more on that in the blurb). More recently I've taken interest in the computer/the web's primary format for absorbing literary (and visual) materials, which takes metaphor from a longstanding and wholly obsolete form: the scroll/ the action of scrolling. So the new work (not yet seen!) is moving in that direction.

11/6/14 STUDIO VISIT WITH CLEMENT VALLA, PROVIDENCE, RI

understanding comics — book

what you are scanning

where

metadata

time

respecting the 8.5 “ x infinity form

instagram flow

endless filmstrip

peeling off the skin from the swatch of the world

thick paper printed — material

bayou tapestry

first comic book

treat it like a diary — add in written notes of where and when

quota per day

TUMBLR SCROLLING DOWNWARDS into the PAST A DIARY

yves klein — for chart

christopher wolf

hans christoph steiner

iannis xenakis

robert ashley

hires zisa
wadada lee smith
stockhausen
bayeux tapestry
EVER NOTE — bridge type program

*11/8/14 STUDIO VISIT WITH HEATHER MCPHERSON, SAMANTHA
BITTMAN, NICK CARTER, PROVIDENCE, RI*

mannerist hyper realistic distorted representation of bodies

11/9/14 DIARY ENTRY, PROVIDENCE, RI

Since I got back from Minnesota I've slowly been coming down off of some multi-pitched high - a nature high - a freedom high - a dreaming-about-life high - a love high. I tried to make changes to guide the coming down into an upswing...I tried to build a half pipe for the coming down, which I was anticipating, so I could skate back up and sit up at the top again, where I was before.

I've always been a free spirit kind of girl, whatever cliché that term may be. I allow myself to follow whims, because I know they will make my life richer. I'm aware that sometimes following whims can make life confusing, from time to time. Basically ever interaction I've ever had with G has been some whim-following pursuit. I just always had a good feeling about him, which is why I like to talk to him, write letters with him. I know we were only together for three days - the terms of which began as ambiguous and remained ambiguous when I left. Remain ambiguous now. It's not my nature to ask for more. I know that's not how things work anyway.

Not to say my life is down or 'coming down'. My life is up up up up up up. I've never been more engaged with what I do - I'm happy as a clam! But I'm still

coming down off some other, far-away kind of peak. Some in-the-distance-spark-in-the-eye kind of peak. An emotional fulfillment peak? A peace/mindfulness peak? A love peak (also applicable here)? I've tried to focus this into an upswing with my work, my community, my family. When I got back I dug my hands deeper into the sand I am molding here in Providence, with Brown and RISD, with my career as an artist/educator. This is difficult to even address because my life has never been more superb. But today I'm feeling sad, and I think it's because the experienced part of my emotional self is afraid of the love feelings and has suppressed them out of fear of something that may be practically out of reach. Perhaps wise. Though I'm more afraid of prioritizing the decision to protect myself over the decision to fall in love. But falling in love takes two. So think. So breathe. So keep moving forward.

12/8/14 NOTES ON VISUAL PHONEMES CONCEPT, PROVIDENCE, RI

"A painting is always a text." - Guy de Cointet

"It struck me that [Cointet's] props, at least the abstract geometrical ones, were analogous to phonemes in language--they were visual phonemes, primal forms." - Mike Kelley

"Language is an abstraction that precedes articulation." - Kit Schluter

Digital images are a masquerade of alphanumeric code: the same tools we use to communicate in written language may also be rearranged to convey visual meaning. Using a Magic Wand hand scanner as a method of note-taking, visual information is peeled from the surface of every day experiences, then digitally printed at the exact scale and stretched into dimensions determined by the width of the scanner. The digitally rendered paintings are re-contextualized into a semiotic system similar to typographic blocks, and may

be recombined by the viewer to compose varying messages. Visual Phonemes acknowledge the thin veil between alphanumeric code and digital images, and attempts to reorganize the code-based images back into linguistic form.

*12/15/14 DRAFT ON LANGUAGE AND IMAGE IN DIGITAL CULTURE,
PROVIDENCE, RI*

5,000 years ago the written form was invented, succeeding a 30,000 year period of drawing-based modes of communication that commenced with cave art. Since the invention of writing systems, visual art and literature have distinguished themselves into two highly sophisticated and separate forms, each with their respective markets and cultures — however, the 30,000 year period when art and writing were a single form far eclipses their distinct severance. This space of separation has been investigated and revisited through many movements in both art and literature. Most recently, with the ubiquitous presence of the internet and digitally mediated technologies in our everyday lives, there is a similar approach towards this central space between writing and visual art. Notions of ‘image’ and ‘text’ are blending, merging, making a sweeping return to the earliest roots of our human culture.

The internet and other digital forms we interact with are more complex than we often acknowledge. They are interfaces based in images that are composed of and rendered by alphanumeric information—what we commonly call ‘code.’ There is a general dissonance around whether or not code is language and whether it could become literature, but we can agree that it is indeed made up of the same components as language. Since the widespread influence of the internet, image and language have collapsed into a single mode of communication, separated only through the looking glass of the front end or back end of the digital interfaces we are perceiving. This suggests the possibility that all visual art created with digital tools are inherently imbued with language.

(Phonemes) repeats the same thing but it is different every time because of its context —

1/15/15 DREAM, JENNINGS HOTEL, JOSEPH, OR

A large house on the ocean, wandering tired in the sunny afternoon you gaze up to it wondering. Something soaks your memory abt it, you seem to remember Charlotte saying no one lives there or it's left open to friends. You recognize it's unusual details. One side of it's architecture seems fully integrated into the landscape. A long staircase winds down into a rolling hill. Flowers in the tufted rug envelop garden flowers in natural yet unexpected shifts. You wander in, now tired, to rest. You settle into a large plush room, one that seems unsuspecting, blends in. You enjoy the private bathroom, unpacking your toiletries and doing your evening toilette. Then as you settle into bed, feeling fully satisfied with what you've landed on, the mood changes as a lively women's voice carries through the hall, also in her nightclothes and wandering to find her rest, apparently chatting to a friend or housemaid. When she wanders into your room, you play along like you belong there. She's in her 60's, medium build, short brown bob hairstyle, white nightgown and robe. You warmly greet her and listen intently. She carries on, you assume at first she thinks your a distant cousin staying in the room. You play on that, she seems unphased by your presence there anyhow, you've got this, easily. Then in her manner of addressing you, you realize she thinks you're a maid. You laugh inside your head thinking how you can't wait to tell Charlotte how out of touch this old wasp really was. She wanders into the bathroom where you've spread out some of your things, a bit self conscious you tidy up and sweep things under towels as she drawls on and on, again seeming not to take notice of how you don't belong there. She begins talking about orchestral concerts in the hamptons, asks if you've been to any, says her beau has a place right near the concert hall. Then she wanders into an adjoining room, all the while talking and talking, lays down in a plush white bed and startlingly has a fit, seizes up, seems to completely set into physical and emotional panic, the decorative lace pillows fall to the floor, the sheets a mess, her face red with hysteria. You emphatically ask her, what can I get you, are you okay? Too

overwhelmed by her state at first she doesn't respond, you ask once more, what can I do to help you? She looks at you, eyes stretched wide open and she says, SALMON!!! You hold an exterior of a concerned demeanor but, again, laughing to yourself about how you can't believe how insane this old waspy bat is having a salmon seizure in the middle of the night and how you and Charlotte will have a true gag over it later, imagining yourself, a freeloader, running down to the kitchen in a hurry and fixing either poached salmon or sautéed salmon or salmon teriyaki, hard to say what she would like. Okay alright!! -- You say, secretly having dismissed any concern or connection to her expressed seriousness of the situation. -- How do you like your salmon? Then again she looks at you, eyes agape and she grabs your arm and says. RAWWWW RAWWWW RAWWWW.

*4/1/15 DIARY ENTRY PROCESSING OF KENNETH GOLDSMITH
PERFORMANCE AT INTERRUPT 3, BROWN UNIVERSITY. PROVIDENCE,
RI*

Living, and the efforts it encapsulates, is laden with mistakes, and certain mistakes we consider to be failures. Some attempts resulting in failure are worth revisiting, and other failures we set aside, hoping to put them behind us and move on. In the case of something public, we hope our community might forgive our errors. The ability to afford failure is a privilege we often overlook. In the post World War II Vittorio De Sica film, *Ladri di biciclette*, protagonists Antonio and Maria Ricci are depicted as an impoverished family. The Ricci's pawn Maria's dowry, mainly comprised of linens, so that Antonio may buy a bicycle and accept a job posting advertising bills. The first day on the job, Antonio's bicycle is stolen and the family falls to utter despair, jobless, now without a dowry. Antonio humiliates himself searching for the stolen bicycle, and becomes so desperate that he attempts to steal a bicycle to rectify the issue, all in the company of his young son. The loss of this bicycle was a mistake, or misfortune, that the Ricci family could not afford. Failure in its worst cases can cause suffering, and most tragically, as we've seen too often lately in the United States, it can end lives. In the case of Michael Brown, what would typically be considered a trivial mistake, that is, stealing a pack of

cigarillos, was subject to the worst kind of failure, and certainly not a failure of his doing, but an example of the systemic injustice of our country. I won't elaborate on this further, but rather turn to failure in the case of self expression, art, performance, and poetry, where there are different rules than in life.

Learning is not graceful. We crawl, toddle, stumble, long before we can walk. In life, a mistake could break us. In art, we need only apologize, ask forgiveness, and try harder next time. We have established this separate space for art so that we may imagine life otherwise. A space where the products of our imagination are boundless, and where our art proposes the potential to reverberate throughout our culture in palpable manifestations. A space where we may explore the full spectrum of emotion, including what we continually to drive towards, that which is unknown. A space where we may falter, learn, and grow. A space for critique, for asking questions. Within this space, art can propose new modes of thinking that may challenge and eventually improve our experience. But it can also proliferate parts of our culture that we should be working hard to dismantle. Curators, and editors carry a great responsibility to their community of artists. We, in our small and large roles, are the system of the "systemic". We rely on our community, our audience, to trust us, and to grant us flexibility in their support — in their viewership, and readership. So here is the important question that we should paste to our foreheads: Is the work being represented reinforcing or dismantling injustice in our culture?

5/2/15 STUDIO VISIT WITH BAYNE PETERSON, PROVIDENCE, RI

Butt spline

Clog thong

Butt clog

Heart knot / love knot

Spectra ply

Donuts
Donugs
Droplets
Driblets
Drip nugs
NURBS nugs

Charlestown // jetty
Newport // state park ocean ace purple rocks
Scarborough fishing before Scarborough goes from rocks to beach parking for four cars

Puppies at cross fit // 425 Washington

5/30/15 OPEN LETTER, LONG ISLAND, NY

Recently a friend was telling me about how when she went to the beach with her family as a kid, her little brother would wander off for periods of time and disappear. They would later find him down the beach with a different family, sitting on their blanket, playing with their toys, even eating their snacks, feeling very comfortable etc. We were talking about how that kind of confidence could only come from the love and trust he felt from his own family, how he must have assumed all the other families were going to be like that too.

I've been curious about the west coast for some time now, so I'm off to Portland, Oregon in July for a new adventure/experiment. Until then I'm touring up and down the east coast, and all I can think about is the love, encouragement, and support I've had here from my friends and family. I don't know many people in Portland, but coming from this place of positivity and excitement that I've learned from all of you on the east coast, I'm confident that it will be amazing. Thank you for raising me, New Yorkers and New Englanders. Come visit me on this other family's beach blanket when I get out there. I've heard the snacks are really good.

8/30/15 EMAIL EXCERPT FROM MARIETTE LAMSON, PORTLAND, OR

I want a crown made out of micah.

I want to journey under the shade of one cloud until it disappears.

I don't know how people have enough time.

I feel like I am falling through mine.

— Mariette Lamson

9/15/15 DREAM IN MY NEW HOUSE IN PORTLAND, OR

I moved into a house and Antonia Pinter was showing me around it, it was also her home. Laura Warman also lived there. I moved into my room and I set up my bed and my desk. Other women were there, they would live in the room with me too. While I set up my dresser, they placed their art objects on my desk beside mine. When I walked over to the desk, I felt delighted (as opposed to infringed upon) by their beautiful work. I wanted these women around me all the time.

One of the women laid down on the bed and the energy of the space changed. Wires from the two lamps I had set up (Elise McMahan's squiggle lamps) retracted in length and became shorter and tangled around the foot of the bedpost, knocking over both lamps and breaking the bed. It broke somewhat violently — not in the action, but in the result — the bed was absolutely destroyed instantaneously as though it had been torn apart by some wild animal. At first it seemed like it might be a matter of the bed frame. We all gathered around it to assess. One of the women was gluing the wood posts back together. Then we discovered it was actually the mattress that had broken, the cover had been torn off of it. We pulled it off of the bed frame and out onto the floor and I suggested fixing it. I could sew it back together! The filling of the mattress splayed all over the floor. It was filled with all kinds of things, I specifically remember a bottle of nail polish and some laundry coming out from inside of it. Different colors of filling and springs. I don't think this can be fixed, one of the women said dubiously. I told her we could

put it in the trash, and that we could use the old mattress from the garage instead. One of the women said the old mattress was hard but she supposed she could put up with it. I didn't want to invest money in a new mattress. The house tour continues. Antonia brings me to the cellar where Laura keeps her pet peacock. The peacock was extremely small, almost like a Serama chicken, but then it kept changing color like the horse of a different color from the Wizard of Oz. Antonia caught the peacock using a long latching tool (delicately) and we held it and watched it's colors change. I looked up out the cellar door. A very 'feminine' looking bengal tiger was walking on the power lines, and slowly made it's way down into the backyard. The structure around the cellar started collapsing and we were very near to the tiger, which frightened me but did not phase Antonia.

Antonia walked me through the space, which was even more capacious that I had initially perceived. There were not a few rooms, there were many, it was a sort of compound, and we walked through atriums to reach other bedrooms with other women. We passed through a large concrete room. The windows were only made of concrete, open, no glass. The floor and walls and ceiling, all concrete. The room belonged to a woman, she had arranged gravel onto the floor of one side of the room, it resembled minimalist artwork. She laid on the gravel as though it was her bed. We chatted and moved towards the next space.

We walked down a dirt road and I saw Zoe Latta. She would be living with us as well, she'd just moved in too. Isn't this place amazing? she said, with perceptible authenticity. I looked to the ground and there was a transparent blue stone, glowing, with water spurting out of it. I reached down to touch the water.

9/21/15 EMAIL TO KRISTEN MUELLER, PORTLAND, OR

Dear Kristen

It's been so long! I miss our correspondence, so here's a note. I hope you have been doing so well in NY -- and that all your transitioning (relationships, EU/NY life, etc) has been going well for you. Curious about your details -- are you finishing up school? Have you been back to Berlin in a while? Have you

been finding work in NY or mainly vacationing? Any new work/ new ideas for work?

I've been in Portland for 2 1/2 months now, and it's been a really transformative experience. Right now I am writing you from my dining room table, which has a big picture window that looks out onto a very busy 4 lane road. It's raining, the most of the time that I've been here there has been a draught. I called in sick today to secretly work on my studio stuff. I'm so excited to come back to NY for the opening, and so glad that you will be there. Portland has been good, there's a lot more going on here than I thought. But I really miss my community of people in NY. I didn't even realize, living in Providence, how important it was for me to be near to them. Working textile design full time has been f u c k i n g h a r d for me, and lately I've been asking myself all the bad questions an artist asks themselves from time to time. Why can't I just be a normal person with a sustainable income? Can I really not repress my ego enough to just be simple and make money and eventually have a couple of kids who's college I could afford to pay for if I could only just forgo art making? Am I that sadistic that I would value art over living a chill-ish peaceful life, when most art is just as inconsequential as the next commercial object?

Last week [INCA](#) curators [Alejandra and Aeron](#) came to Portland to give a talk at Publication Studio. I was *so excited* bc... well you can imagine. It was all the right stuff. I felt so inspired and thoughtful and purposeful being in that space, asking them questions about their work. I realized that is why. It's about purpose and community, about discourse, satisfying a hunger for critical discourse, making time to discover and share insights with other people who are making time to understand, or at least trying to. It's not about making some object, but about paying attention, seeing things, questioning our culture, and experiencing life in an experimental way, with others who are trying to do the same.

Carrying a weight,
Francesca

Submission #3:

sherrie levine opened the door and tried to jump out of the car

would you like to douche sherrie?

duck=RG

cut off your head>>then runrunrun

top of the heap. provocateur

gathering of power

harnessing of resources

phony

fonic

foxic

unleadership

toxic community

bad social skills

post jester

post toaster

taste tester

polar roaster

No one dense
Along this crash but I,
This crash mass.
In the penis tragic
No potent can mister
How soon it must with.
In the gentle butt
No passing can cock
How soon it must balls.

dark's dark
foam of the crank!
the foam's generate through
No one shit
Along this revive but I,
This observe belly.
see the poem
to, dog the in mediate
with no to to sled.

Submission #4:

The Brilliance of Man:

It is all figured out
Down to the subatomic
Which disproves presence
It makes sleep quieter at night

Knowing it is all accidental
Entitled prayers come as proof
Each one more "blessed" than the last

Nodding our heads at the wheel

We know everything...

Where to sleep, where to eat and when to fuck

Where to talk and where to pretend

Pink pills make things reasonable

Numbness makes us content

Never questioning...only in agreement

Each breath, lesser than the previous

-

Doubt:

-

To question...

To question it all,

Through the darkness

kicking and screaming...

Misunderstanding the opportunities in vale.

Disapproval is spelled with capital letters

You've made that much clear.

Integrity reflects off the glass,

You're mocking me,

Yet you are helping...

I want to comprehend.

What it all amounts too?

The infinite.

The unforeseen results...

The false starts that catch the guards off duty

What is mine and what is yours?

If we can define it,

I would like to know its expiration date

Because I am afraid
Of knowing the truth,
Of answering the doubt correctly...
Which finds myself.

-

Panic:

-

All at once...
It comes out of nowhere
Slowly building.

Bubbling.
Forcing myself to feel it all.
Falling...
Sinking deeper.
It's sad, yet familiarly –
Beautiful.

Swallow it.
Then wait 15 mins roughly...
You should start to feel.
Something.
Anything.

Relax.
Move forward.
Just another day...
Another bad feeling.
Gone.

I'm not complaining.
It feels good to be alive.

Submissions:

[#1: Paul Weiner](#)

[#2: Francesca Capone](#)

[#3: Kevin Larmon](#)

[#4: Landon M. Perkins](#)

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