

program

sophiajacob

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organized by Elspeth Walker

7/12/13

I am deeply grateful for this opportunity to show in your new space. Thanks for all of your support, for accommodating ~~me~~ me, and allowing me this chance. In my mind, this ongoing correspondence with you has ~~afforded~~ afforded my activities an import and relevance which ~~has~~ renewed my confidence in their continuation... This has been invaluable for me b/c yes, as you said, maybe I had been looking at this process in the wrong way - like I had my eyes set on some kind of finality or completeness of statement - I wasn't seeing the inherent failures of progress as ~~failures~~ things with value in and of themselves. In the past my fear of not being able to perform, not being able to do it" has slowed me almost to a quitting point, but your trust in my methods has bolstered me to embrace this fear and record it for use in a productive and revealing way. Everytime I practice I experience the small, private, physical ~~successes~~ successes and failures that we have spoken about, and these moments moments have become the hallmarks of this project - even though it was conceived to be something large and public and showy. With these refreshed thoughts I'm more hungry than ever to share myself and my world with you - and with our audience.

Thank you so much again for all of the encouragement that you have given me to ~~get~~ activate some of these ideas that I have been developing for over a year now... I love you so much: I know that you will love these new outcomes as our motivations are the same - right and true to us...
- Everything -

The Puppetmaster
presents

"M. W. H. E."



405 W. Franklin St.

"You ask me to explain myself, but I am far from words, logic, discursive thought, intellect . . . I am a secret and inexpressible state; I am the beginning where all deep knowledge begins, when you immerse yourself in my silent waters without asking a thing, without trying to define anything, when you stand outside all light. The more you enter me the greater your attraction to me. There is nothing clear in me. I am

bottomless and all nuance, I extend into the realm of shadow. I am a swamp of immeasurable wealth; I contain all totems, prehistoric gods, the treasures of times past and times yet to come. Beyond the subconscious, I am creation itself. I steal away from all definition.

"I know that people have worshipped me. Ever since human beings developed a spark of consciousness, they have identified it with me. Like a perfect silver heart, I shine in dark-shrouded night. I was the light they dimly suspected reigned in the depths of their blind souls. There where greedy entities lie in wait for the smallest spark of consciousness, dimensions of madness, absolute solitude, frozen delirium, that painful silence called 'poetry.' I recognized that in order to be, I had to go where I was not.

"I fell into myself, and each time I fell more deeply. I lost myself while descending to nowhere, until at the end, 'me'-the-obscure was no more. Better yet, I was an infinite concavity, an open mouth containing all the thirst of the world, a boundless vagina that has become total aspiration. Then, in that vacuity, that absence of contours, I was finally able to reflect all the light—an ardent light that I transformed into its cold reflection, not the light that engenders but the one that illuminates.

"I do not inseminate, I only indicate. Who receives my light knows what is, nothing more. This is already more than enough. To alter myself into total reception, I had to refuse to give. All the rigid shapes of the night are annihilated by my light, starting with reason. Beneath my clear light, the angel is an angel, the wild beast is a wild beast, the madman is a madman, and the saint is a saint. I am the universal mirror; everyone can see himself in me."

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I. Tarot. I. Costa, Marianne. II. Title.

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...Spirituality, i.e. the subjective transformations that occur through the practices that Foucault calls "cares of the self," mediates the subject's access to the truth. Because spirituality is tied to the self in this theory, rather than restricted to religious practice (as in theology), access to the truth is not limited—and neither are the practices by which one accesses truth. **This not only creates possibilities for more truths, but also allows that the practice by which one attains truth can be personalized; any model could be the spiritual practice of transformation.** Spirituality in this philosophy is not in the service of knowledge, but rather is in service of the individual and their creation of subjective truths...

...This transformation occurs through belief itself, and transformation through belief is indeed the only way revolution is possible (one cannot resist without finding something already existing against which to resist – i.e. the subject cannot be born into resistance but arrives there through realization, belief). This frame supports the Christian concept of "revelation": the discovery of a truth that somehow presupposes the subject...

"Spirit is not a positive counter-force to nature, a different substance which gradually breaks and shines through the inert natural stuff ... it is nothing but this process of freeing-itself-from."
ZIZEK, "THE SPECULATIVE TURN", p. 219

...The material world needs to exist in order for transcendence to take place...

"... Instead of one transcendently-constituted reality, we get the multiplicity of worlds, each delineated by its transcendental matrix, a multiplicity which cannot be mediated/unified into a single larger transcendental frame; instead of the moral Law, we get fidelity to the Truth-Event which is always specific with regard to a particular situation of a World."
ZIZEK, "THE SPECULATIVE TURN", p. 210

ropes course by corpus pigs tee

wrap body in gluttonous substance while breathing at the eyes of another
stare at your preasts sullenly: TATE, LOVE, + what's in-between, ETC!

If you happen to wish the cemetery wasn't closed, go outside and pull out a ropes
course! Pull the lever, drain the Pipe. Dream heavy, time withers, where is the night?
Eyes closed, Pumpkin WITCH! *turns around, sees dat ass, yells Bitch* suddenly,
suddenly, sullenly, I name each of your names

Tight Boots, Tight Mood, Tight Tee, Tight Root
So RUDE Get Over it, *Hops a Bunch* Drinks Scotch* Check this Lane Outt!

Who kisses the Tit of a Father tho? Who dies not Once but twice? Who frames the Missus
R.a.b.i.t? Pumpkins R Us doe. Hoop Me in, I'm ever waiting

(Alternative PC ROck Jammer) by Pontius Piglet

PiCK PiG, Punt This Pig, Pigging For Apples, Pig Byte, Pig Brother, Pg Mmrs, Memory
Pig Lane, Mr. & Mrs. Pig, Breakfast at Piggany's, Pigger Week, POC COP, Copper Train
Pig, Train This Pig, Pigs Painting..... Please insert your own pig HERE

OVAH
LEGENDARY
FOR THE GODS
(werk'it edit)

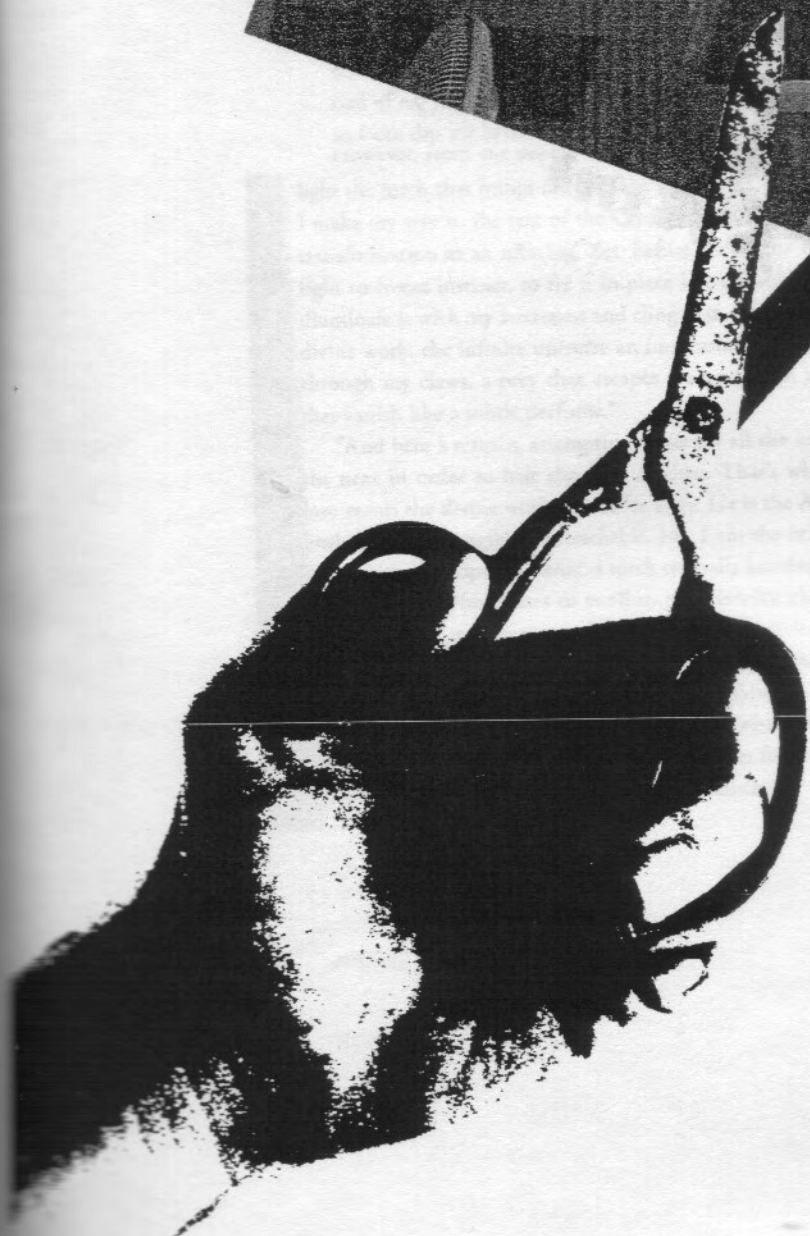
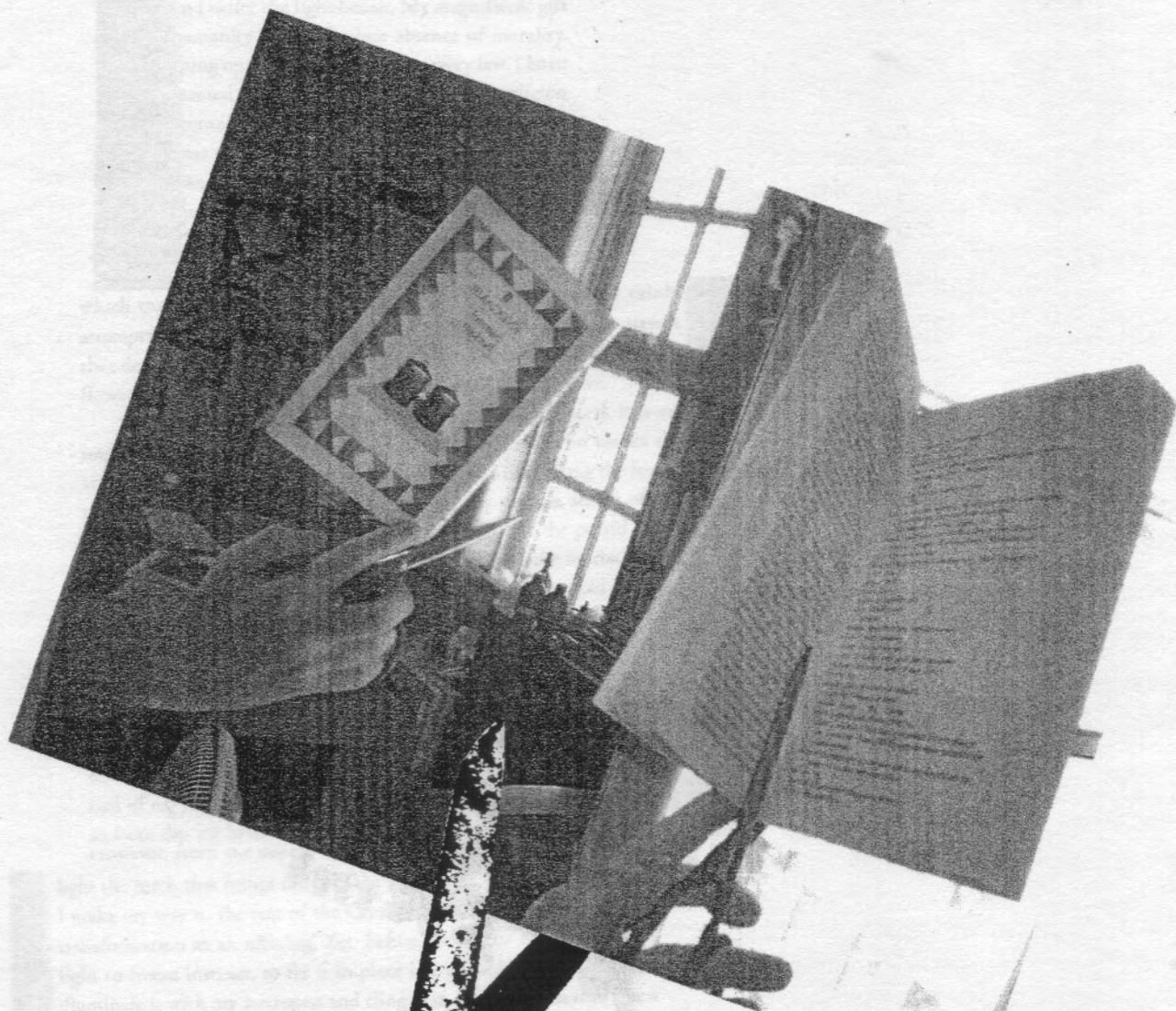
Nemesis

You. Yes you darling the one reading this right now. You see this play is already being performed or has ben performed. It can be performed or it doesn't have to be because the true trick of this play is performance that occurd some place else. You see the writer had always doubted that he himself had the faculties to bring his work to life. Flat out shyness made him think that he could never "sell" himself in the right way. Or rather to "sell" his charecters so as to give us life. You have to get founding somewhere and this poor son of bitch usually doesn't have an extra to nickels to rub together. But the state of New York has unknowingly funded the arts. Every person involved with this play in one way or another has been feed off of food stamps. Since food joins and celebrates it seemed the most natural way to give life to us party girl types. You see every time some one reads us here on this page we get life. Every time that we are spoken of we get to take a breath. And so we thank you reader for letting us live...and no we fade away.. Good night.

Black Out

Hamlet's
You, yes you called the one reading this
right now. You see this play is already
being performed. It can
be performed at it doesn't have to be
because the first of this play is
performed at it had some place else. You
see the writer had always thought that he
himself had the facilities to bring his work
to life. But our success made him think
that he could never really himself in the
right way. Or rather he "sell" his
characters so as to give us life. You have
to get something out of this poor son
of a bitch usually doesn't have an extra to
stick to run together. But the state of
New York has unknowingly funded the state.
Every person involved with this play is one
way or another has been fed off of food
stamps. Since food joins and celebrates it
seemed the most natural way to give life to
us party with types. You see every time some
one reads us here on this page we get life.
Every time that we are spoken of we get to
take a breath. And so we thank you reader
for letting us live and we take away.
Good night.

Black out



MORE
LOVE
THAN
EVER!!!

I am Lucifer the light-bearer. My magnificent gift to humanity is the absolute absence of morality. Nothing restricts me. I transgress every law, I burn the sacred books and constitutions. No religion can contain me. I destroy all theories and cause all dogmas to explode.

"In the depths of the depths of the depths, no one lives any deeper than I do. I am the source of all abysses. I am the one who gives life to dark grottos, the one who knows the center around

which turn all densities. I am the viscosity of everything that vainly attempts to be definite: the supreme strength of magma; the stench that denounces the hypocrisy of perfumes; the carrion mother of every flower; the corruptor of vain minds who wallow in perfection.

"I am the murdered awareness of the perpetual ephemeral. It is me imprisoned in the underground reaches of the world who causes the stupid cathedral of faith to shake. It is me on my knees biting the feet of the crucified until they bleed, who, without any shyness, shows off my wounds gaping like so many famished vaginas. I rape the putrid egg of your holiness. I bury the erection of my thought into the morbid dream of hierophants and spit in the face of their simulacra the cold sperm of my scorn.

"No peace with me. No peaceful little home. No candied Gospels. No sugar virgin for the clammy tongues of hairy nuns. I royally defecate on the leprous birds of morality. I do not forbid myself from imagining the prophet on all fours being mounted by a horny donkey. I am the ecstatic songster of incest and the champion of all depravity; with the nail of my little finger I delightedly slice open the belly of an innocent so I can dip my bread in his tripe.

However, from the depths of the depths of the human cavern, I light the torch that brings order to the darkness. On an obsidian ladder I make my way to the feet of the Creator to present him the power of transformation as an offering. Yes: before the divine impermanence I fight to freeze instinct, to fix it in place like a fluorescent sculpture. I illuminate it with my awareness and cling to it, until it bursts into a new divine work, the infinite universe an immeasurable labyrinth that slips through my claws, a prey that escapes from between my teeth, traces that vanish like a subtle perfume."

"And here I remain, attempting to attach all the seconds one after the next in order to halt the flow of time. That's what hell is: total love versus the divine work that fades away. He is the Artist—invisible, unthinkable, intangible, untouchable. Me, I am the other artist: fixed, unvarying, dark, opaque, dense, a torch eternally burning with a motionless fire. It is I who wishes to swallow this eternity, this imponderable glory, nailing it to the center of my belly and then giving birth to it like a swamp that tears itself to pieces in order to eject the stem at whose end opens the lotus in which the diamond is shining. Thus, lacerating my entrails, I want to be the supreme Virgin who gives birth to God and nails him on a cross, so that he will remain for eternity here with me, always, never changing, permanent permanence."

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... reality and re
managed to co
original, truth
and formalized
"ramming his

intertwined, they're indistinguishable. Sacher-Masoch's world of images holding everything in suspension, copy and paste and reality. This dizzying world is always carefully framed, or in a contract. Maybe in order to avoid, like Severin, "in a wall"

Chris Kraus and
Sylvère Lotringer

Six Meditations on a Six-Word Story

One: *In Which Alice Laments Herself, Daily*

We drank that bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon, that I bought at that winery upstate with the horse stables out front at the end of that long road where we almost ran over that buck during that snowstorm when we lost electricity for over a week, and I told you I loved you and you smiled and said, "Me too."

I cried and drowned my sorrows for nearly a month after you left, but then one day I woke up quite serene, madly alert, and for more than a moment forgot what made me start crying in the first place so I figured it was time to finally move on and I went down to the kitchen and baked you a chocolate cake with cream cheese frosting and put it out for the cat to eat.

You left your favorite winter jacket in my front closet so every time I get chilly inside I put it on and pretend that I am you, walking around my house, paying careful attention to the old, hand-me-down furniture and shelves of first editions and memorabilia, observing how I look and live, and smiling, knowing that you will push me toward a feckless melancholy providence.

Two: *In Which White Wine Tastes Better From Boxes*

We drank shit-laced bubbly before camping out on that velour-padded divan in the back of that drag bar with the purple disco ball in the corner where that sailor once flashed us a glimpse of his little captain thinking we were real women after we sang Swanee as a duet in the karaoke room.

I cried harder than usual as you slept that night so I buried my glittery face into the mattress where my heaves sounded less like wailing and more like a vacuum cleaner from down the hall that might have been part of an elaborate preparatory scheme for a party or an intimate evening where a freshly swept rug was not only expected, but necessary because it meant that you had your life in order, much like your rug, and then I realized that I had hardwood floors because I was a callous and cold person who needed to be reminded of such a fact every time I became upright, fitting my naked feet side-by-side in that tiny space between the bed and the window where the Empire State Building used to be seen before they burned it down.

You left before I needed you to stay.

Three: *In Which April Feels Like Yesterday*

We drank vodka tonics with lime wedges together that Monday in April so we wouldn't remember much about that April-like Tuesday three years ago when you inhaled an entire bottle of barbitals so you could see God and ask her about that time in second grade when your momma forgot to pick you up from school so many times that on an morning blue like magic they sent a social worker to your house to take you away and you weren't allowed to keep any of your clothes and things because the lice and cockroaches chattered and boiled too loudly behind the wallpaper in the living room.

I cried when I found you hunched over that swing in the backyard because I didn't want to interrupt your alone time.

You left your note on the refrigerator with a magnet that read "Greetings From Chilly Canada" printed in green letters on top of a photograph of daytime in a snowy park where off in the distance – and only with the help of an unusually strong magnifying glass – you can see two Indian men in black coats setting a bench on fire with a blowtorch and a can of mega hold hairspray.

Four: *In Which Bernard Mourns The Loss of His Wife*

We drank her ashes in warm water from dainty china teacups she found in a thrift store where we always stopped for a stretch on our way to the summer cabin where we'd spend long weekends playing ping pong and sipping mint juleps while snacking on little egg salad sandwiches shaped like seashells and stars.

I cried as I swallowed the dusty brew for it tasted of cardamom and anise and eucalyptus and ivory soap and pink powder and clear fingernail polish and cucumber and ballpoint pens and crossword puzzles and packed lunches and Christmas trees and late night hot chocolate and watercolor paints and strawberry cheesecake and birdhouses and cardigan sweaters and peppermint candies and violets and greeting cards and homemade cookies and supermarket rotisserie chicken and pink lemonade with crushed ice and late night TV shows and the unbelievably potent trace of jubilation.

You left as I rinsed our cups and didn't ask if I was going to be fine alone because you knew the mention of my impending solitude would render me a vacant puddle on the kitchen floor, choking on still air and wishing that I had one more cup of tea to momentarily revive me.

Five: *In Which Marty Can't Find That Magical Feeling*

We drank small bottles of tap water all day to keep us from getting dehydrated by that Florida sunshine reflecting off the shiny edges of a toy castle that had always seemed larger in photographs but now proved much like everything else to cause relentless disappointment.

I cried out for you to wait as I tied my shoe but you were more interested in making sure that Mary Jane and Malcolm and the twins weren't deprived of sensory overloads for a single second so you continued charging through throngs of sunburned ass-shits from Tokyo and Pittsburgh while I lagged and found myself kidnapped by an obese family from somewhere north of the Mason Dixon Line where they make maple syrup and cargo pants are still in fashion.

You left me behind once before at a pet store in a shopping mall where they sold these kittens that barked like bunnies and all I wanted was to hold one for just a few moments but you didn't care because I was old enough to look and not touch and it didn't matter that you hadn't so much as given me a pat on the shoulder for months and I craved affection.

Six: *In Which Martha and Alexander Make Small Talk*

We drank until a quarter to five and then walked out into the most beautiful pending dawn that I have ever seen and somehow we didn't fall hopelessly in love with one another even though the moon and the atmosphere and the grey yonder were perfect for making connections worth telling people about in sixty-five years when we return to that same early spot and manage to appear not an ounce different than were the night it all began.

I cried after imbibing far too many glances into your blue eyes that reflected back not the woman I thought I was but the woman I wanted you to come home to, dressed in your semi-casuals and smelling of success and fidelity and finding me both deeply engrossed in a novel about aristocratic dolls on a mission to Mercury that will cure cancer and stirring a large, piping hot pot of stew made of your favorite combination of meats and vegetables that not only grow directly in our backyard but are the source of great admiration by our neighbors who pillage the yard after you run away with the dishwasher repair man named Pedro.

You left me in a state of rapture.

GENEROUS NARCISSISM: AND WHO IS TOUCHING BACK

Generous narcissism is an insistent antonymy. It operates on speed and heat, the velocity of Internet and the friction of generosity and self-obsession, of the you I see in me. It is a generous practice of mutual and excessive attention that worries excess. It is a becoming-self, a care for the self that recognizes and celebrates the strength of the slippage between self, image, and other. It is fashioning from the refuse of culture tools with which to navigate the crippling distance between one's sense of self and the vehicle of self, the body. Generous narcissism is what happens when Narcissus, reaching out to touch his image, soft, impossible, feels something, someone, touching back.

In psychoanalytic terms, generous narcissism refers to the redirection of libidinal energy into the service of the ego, but with a particular attention to the flickering divide between self and other. It is a practice of self-production and self-preservation that flirts with self-destruction. On the peculiar dynamics of narcissism and jouissance in the drama of the ego, Leo Bersani notes "the sexualizing of the ego [in narcissism] is identical to the shattering of the ego... the 'extraordinary narcissistic enjoyment' that accompanies satisfied aggression at once hyperbolizes the ego and risks shattering its boundaries" (*Intimacies*, 66). In other words, the ambition of the ego runs up against its own destruction. In the ouroboros of narcissistic excess, life and death drives scrape against each other, eroding the slender border between ego and its other. In the ego's exaltation is invented "l'thème du Narcisse exaucé" (Rilke, *Dirait-On*). The project of generous narcissism asks how the contemporary queer subject can exploit this delicate boundary, straddle the crumbling barricade between ego and its dissolution, in order to find the generous potential in a excess attention to the self.

Elspeth K. Walker (*Video Drag: Sensationalizing the Everyday*), writing on the identity mechanics of drag performance in ball culture, notes that "[t]he closer the subject gets to 'realness,' the closer the subject gets to being real. To be real is to be invisible - or, to be real is to blend in with the real." Drag "queer[s] the binary of the visible" and the invisible; the situation of drag performance is one in which signals switch, confusing the presumed linearity of outer and inner, and dissolving sedimented grammars of gendered subjectivity. Generous narcissism further queers the binary of the visible, reducing the opacity of borders between the self and its perception, making public, on the body, the private, insensible murmurings of desire and identity.

INFANT PHENOMENOLOGY, VOL. 1: SPEAK LIKE A CHILD

INFANT PHENOMENOLOGY is an installation and performance sprouted from the same conceptual roots as generous narcissism. Considering the self as not a static singular whole but rather a dynamic multiplicity, INFANT PHENOMENOLOGY aims to excavate the holograms that ghost me, the prism of affects and the avatars that haunt my sense of being in the world. It is an attempt to feel through the shuddering link between my body and the screen of fantasy. Each volume of the performance will engage one of several feminine archetypes drawn from my personal mythology that have shaped my sense of self. I will simultaneously reveal and dismantle the private grammars of my body, making public my interior, hermetic mythology of self.

IP VOL. 1: SPEAK LIKE A CHILD takes on a cluster of avatars, anime babes and CGI paradises, that orbit the space opera amnesiac and femme fatale, Faye Valentine. Faye's memories, like my memories, like all memories, are foggy. Like Faye's, my memories are distant, thickly distant from my body. Divorced from our flesh, both our memories are at once indeterminate, inconsequential, and of ultimate importance. When you can't remember, how do you become? What fills the lacuna, the cleavage of flesh and memory?





The Present with a Future...

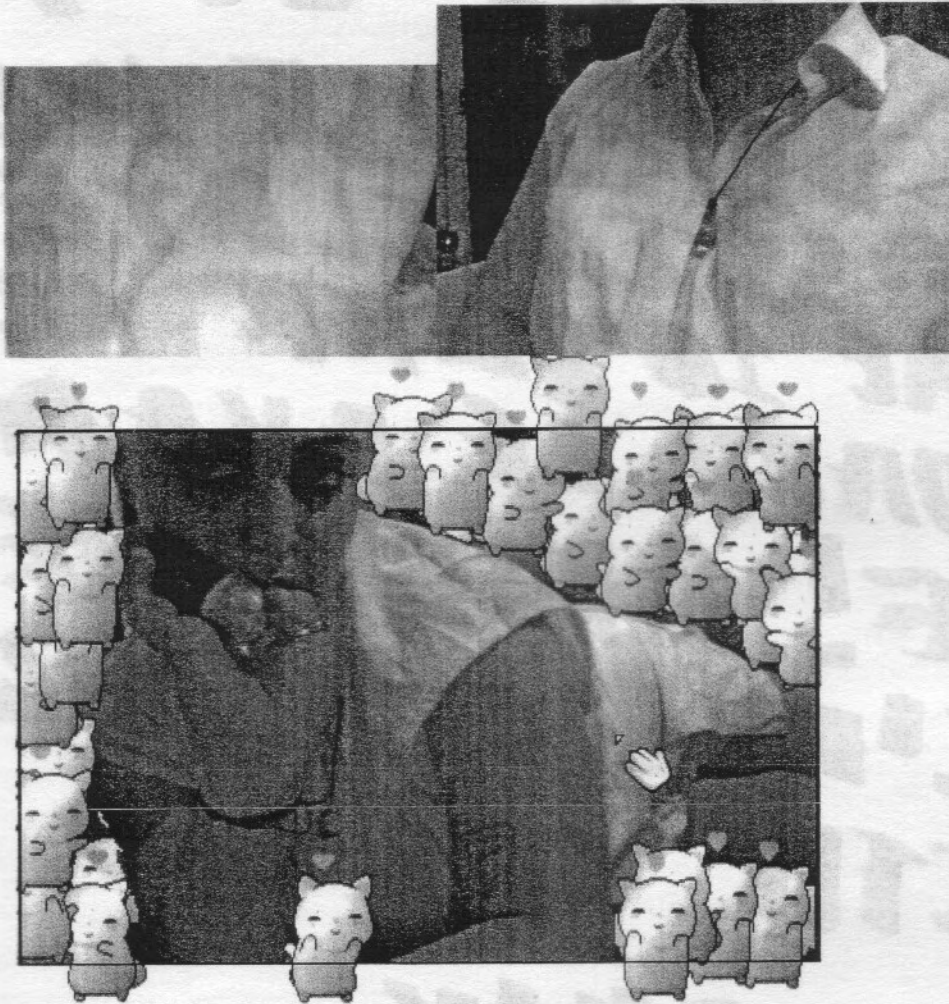
control. Automatic 3-speed phonograph. T
The Present with a Future...

re recorder.

with a Future...

A. T.

How long can one sit in the center of a mini van traveling at a reasonable speed through bleak endless roads of nothing or next to nothing, all fields dotted by farmhouses? slowly a terror leaks in realizing that the owners of the farmhouses live infinitely alone caring for their farm fields, and pets. nearby a gas station holds such souvenirs as figurines of sweating pigs oiling up their motorcycles, or gallon jugs of energy drinks. meanwhile, as the fear sadness and anxiety set in in the van, there are seven people tugging at you at once. begging you to speak to tell a story to entertain them but nothing comes to mind that is bearable enough to voice. instead it seems like a better idea to be brushed up on the laws of sex working and heavy one sided early feminism. terror like this cannot be broken by conversation as this keeps emotions amidst words, and frankly everyone would just rather not. terror and horror like this as it is endured emotionally must be acted upon. evoking terror via action is something that must not evoke familiar terror. committing acts of terror to evoke the terror of the banal must not be violent or dangerous. the terror of the banal is the most boring repetitive and mundane.



I'M IN A HARD CORE
BAND AND NONE OF
MY FRIENDS UNDERSTAND
IT! ALL THE NOISE
HEADS IN MY SILENCE
TALK SHIT ON MY
BAND BECAUSE WE
DONT ASSIMILATE
TO SOME 10 YEAR OLD
STANDARD OF AVANT
GARDE! AND THE
BOY I'M HOOKING
UP WITH CALLED US
"CULTURALLY NOISE"

A manifesto for **Devil**, as told through a 3-Chapter Serial Hentai, 1st draft

The Embassy

In July of 2013 I was contacted by a Ms. Ban at the Embassy of Japan in Washington DC. Ms. Ban invited me to the Embassy to discuss the details of a new artists residency program hosted by the Japanese government. I wasn't entirely sure how they had discovered me or my work but assumed that I had been recommended for the residency by a friend or peer. And besides, I'd wanted to visit Japan for years, seduced by its cultural exports.

I took the Marc train to DC on a beautiful thursday morning. The embassy isn't really all that attractive I have to say. I mean, I wasn't expecting some crazy palatial Japanese architecture, but I really wasn't expecting something so bland either, really it just looked like one of those McMansions out in Jersey or something. Anyway, when I got there I was welcomed by Ms. Ban and a man named Mr. Nitta. I recognized him as Keiichi Nitta, commercial photographer and protege of the photographer Terry Richardson! He looked different in person from what I had imagined, in particular, he was dressed more professionally than I had seen in photos of him, his hair was cut, and his mustache groomed. I hadn't expected him to be there, but really I wasn't sure what to expect. The three of us made way to a meeting room, where they took no time in explaining the details of what would be the most frightening collusion - the worst decision - of my entire life.

"Look, I'm sure you're wondering exactly what you're doing here so I'll just skip the formalities. We've been watching you for some time now." Said Ms. Ban. "Through our participation with the NSA, we know about your accumulation of Japanese exports, and in particular the collection of adult videos you've accrued over the past 12 years."

My heart stopped momentarily, I looked the both of their faces over about 5 times, completely unfazed. They had known long enough for these facts to be objective, neither horrendous nor taboo. I shuffled through my memory banks, back to the first hentai I had downloaded from mIRC when I was about 12 years old, or the Digimon doujin, Mezzo Forte and into the Live action videos. My groin reminisced, and brought me back to those early years of perversion before I even really understood what a vagina even looked like. In that moment I remembered as well the tragic events that coincided with my pubescence, and that currently, my life could be divided in terms of pre and post 9-11. I undoubtedly had sexual impulses well before I was a 12 years old, but wondered if the trauma had at all influenced those fantasies. Mr. Nitta interjects.

"Yeah so ummmm, we also know about the drawings you did as a 5 year old depicting small men being beaten by larger men in front of their wives." Mr. Nitta opens a binder and pulls out a crude drawing of a large bearded white man with a top hat on, punching a much smaller bald man in the face. The fist is the size of the small man's body, who is

standing next to a woman that looks like Olive Oil from Popeye. Popeye is also the name of a fashion magazine in Japan. I hadn't seen the drawing since that one day in kindergarten.

"The intent of the NSA and the Japanese government here is not to incriminate, we are merely collaborating to gather information on prospective residents in our new program. Entitled 'Tōsaku no nenkan no oshioki,' we are pairing select Japanophiles with known photographers and filmmakers to collaborate on a pornographic series." Says Ms. Ban.

What the fuck? I made a face.

"The morale of our country is failing under this new 'global' economy, as is yours. Cultural norms diminish, and people live by new standards. And still, the world is fueled by notions of good, evil and above all libido. We are collaborating with young men and women internationally, providing them with an all expenses paid residency in Japan to participate in the most sexually devious of video and photography. The project embraces Japan's need to open its doors, and to introduce a level of antagonism to the country, and subsequently all other nations involved. We recognize the role of 'evil' in the advancement of technology, in revolution, and see this residency - this collusion - as an opportunity to make history, to spin a new web of lies."

What the fuck? I made a face.

Self-Discovery through various motifs

HARMAH A. 1954

There is more

As you know, scarves can be hung as a wall hanging as well as for wearing.

There is more

I use little gold colored Binder Clips from the stationery department - and clip a few on one side of a scarf, then hang the clips from brads or clear push pins. In this way you can easily take it off the wall to wear at any time. Only if you know your silk giclee will never be worn should you fasten it to a dowel or other hanger.

There is more

They Shoot Horses Don't They?

e-cigarettes, just kidding.

An Interpretive Guide

An Interpreted Guide

An Intrepid Guide

A small interior
view of the interior
private interior

expanded interior

(The Standing)

(The Gate)

(Me, Standing)

Self-Discovery through various motifs

As you know, scarves can be hung as a wall hanging as well as for wearing.

There is more

I use
scarf, hang
the wall any time.
fasten hanger.

clip
clear push pins. In this way you can easily take it off

There is more

Croque de Chine

There is more

As you know, scarves can be hung as a wall hanging as well as for wearing

There is more

I use little gold colored Binder Clips from the stationery department - and clip a few on one side of a scarf, then hang the clips from beads or chain push pins. In this way you can easily take it off the wall to wear at any time. Only if you know your side clips will never be worn should you fasten it to a dowel or other hanger.

There is more

They Good Horses Don't They?

e-clipper, just kidding.

A small interior view of the interior private interior

An interpretive Guide
An interpretive Guide
An interpretive Guide

expanded interior

(The Standing)

(The Gate)

(The Standing)

As you know, scarves can be hung as a wall hanging as well as for wearing

There is more

I use scarf, hang the wall any time. hanger. fasten

There is more

Witness
Michael Abdo-Christman 30
Robert Bruce 6
Brian Eastworth 18
Michael Mason 18

❀ MAKING PEACE ❀

❀ A PERFORMANCE BY CHLOE MARATTA ❀

SHOUT OUT TO THE ROCKERS

VIBES TO THE HIPPIES

PEACE TO THE NOISE HEADS

LOVE TO THE PUNKS

ETERNAL KNOWING TO THE RAVERS

KISSES TO THE HIP HOPPERS

HONESTY TO THE GRAFF DOGS

DAP TO THE GOTHs

WINKS TO THE HACKERS

SMILES TO THE CLUB KIDS

SHOUT OUT TO THE DEVIL WORSHIPPERS

❀ 9-1-2013 ❀