

# The Golden Egg

For the pleasure of watching it all fall down.

Since the realization that laughter was the moment when rules and structures were suspended, I have been fascinated by humor's possibility. Observing humor as a destabilizing force is the impetus for this collection of works, *The Golden Egg*.

Humor rattles recognized hierarchies. It employs simple tactics to create systems of logic that are defiantly absurd. People are funny when their efforts isolate a system, then turn it on its head. It is a re-making of fact to exist within, over and through our knowns. Laughter, the end result, is our physical response as we recognize deviance from the norm.

I am interested in the mechanics of these efforts, how they must surpass 'normal' in order to create a break in standard perception. An artist who demonstrates this is Chantal Akerman. In "Saute ma ville", she enters her apartment and proceeds to make a meal for herself. Each activity begins as something which we recognize (putting water on to boil), and then distorts in the over-exertion of effort (throwing everything in the cupboards out onto the floor in what appears to be a search for pasta gone awry). It is curious to watch an action start as comprehensible - when she begins shining her shoes, then disintegrate into the maniacal--when she continues to polish beyond the shoe and onto her leg. Her exuberance liberates sense and creates over-sense.

Samuel Beckett's work utilizes the same principle of extended effort. His characters struggle with the inaccuracy of language, eventually succumbing to it through over-use.

Estragon: What exactly did we ask him for?  
Vladimir: Were you not there?  
E: I can't have been listening.  
V: Oh...Nothing very definite.  
E: A kind of prayer.  
V: Exactly.  
E: And what did he reply?  
V: That he'd see.  
E: That he couldn't promise anything.  
V: That he'd have to think it over.  
E: In the quiet of his home.  
V: Consult his family.  
E: His friends.  
V: His agents.  
E: His correspondents.

*(Waiting for Godot 1954, 13)*

Although the characters never achieve meaning through words, they succeed in their own re-making of the dialectic. Their efforts crack open the system of language to show the potential of self-created reality.

The works included in *The Golden Egg* are multiple forays into the bringing down of sense. Each proposal, through silliness, pathos, sarcasm or exaggeration, allows escape from the world as we know it. The failing of old systems of logic is the tipping point where individual effort succeeds. These new proposals are reminders of both the absurd and the possible.

Laughter saves us and shows us the folly of our quest for meaning. George Bataille had figured this out when he wrote about the potential of multiple, non-hierarchical systems. He states, in *Visions of Excess*:

Everyone is aware that life is parodic and that it lacks an interpretation.

Thus, lead is the parody of gold.  
Air is the parody of water.  
The brain is the parody of the equator.  
Coitus is the parody of crime.  
Gold, water, the equator, or crime can each be put forward as the principle of things. And if the origin of things is not like the ground of planet that seems to be the base, but like the circular movement that the planet describes, around a mobile center, then a car, a clock, or a sewing machine could equally be accepted as the generative principle.

*(Visions of Excess 1985, 5)*

Humor explodes our systems of order and value. It plays with what we know of our world creating moments where the thinkable and unthinkable co-exist. This unpredictable union creates heterogenous disorder.

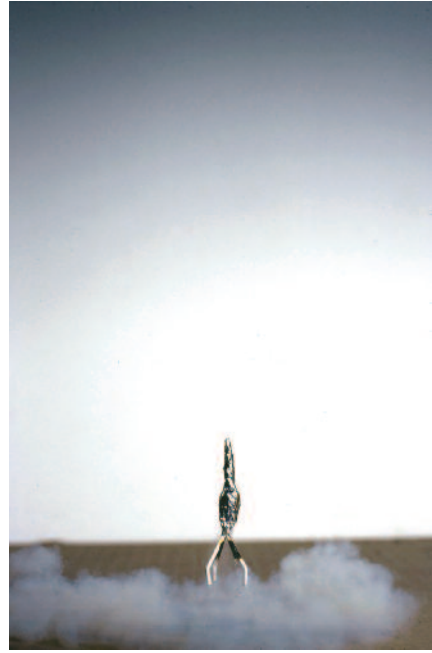
The beauty of humor is that it does not propose to install anything permanent in place of what it has subverted. It is satisfied with a temporary conflation of the profane with the beautiful, or the mundane with the epic. Humor does not long to rule, only to temporarily dethrone.



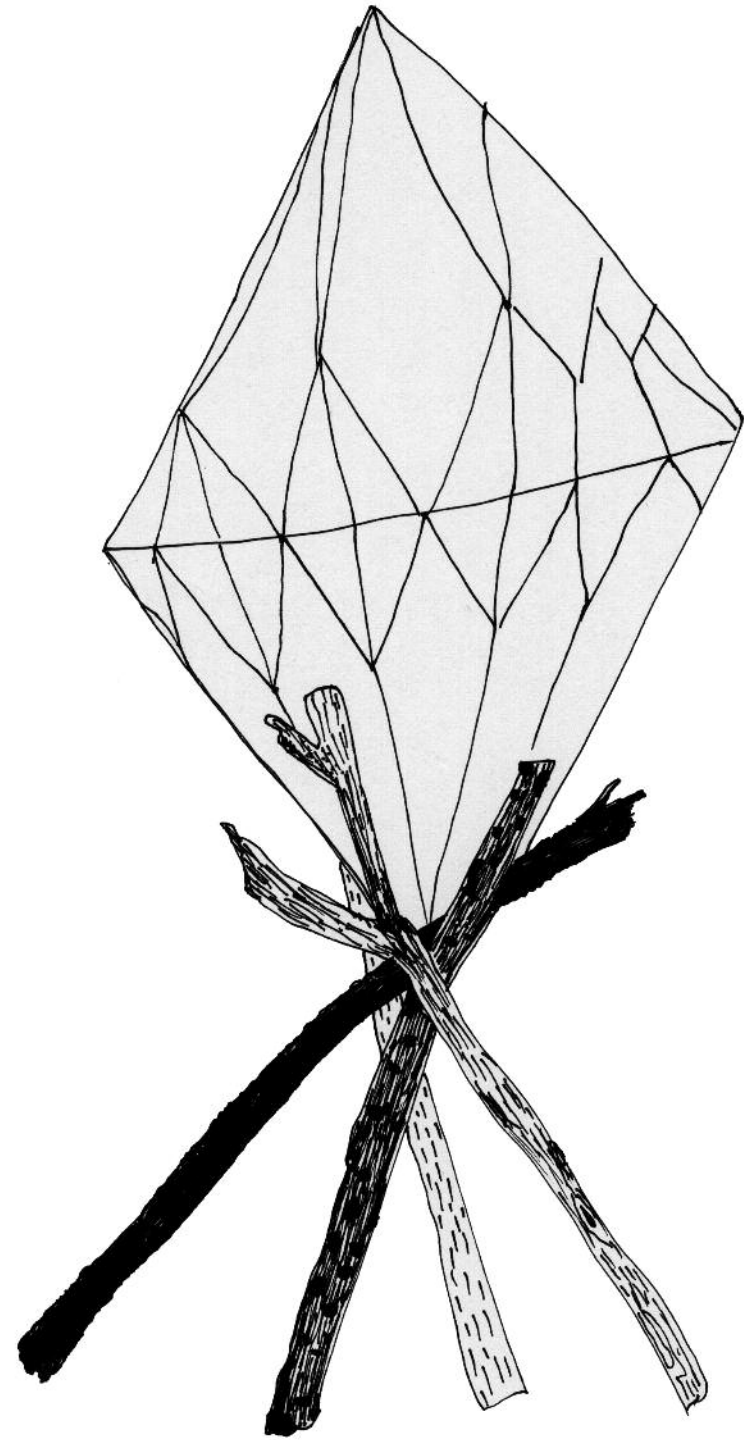
*Akerman, Chantal 1968:  
Saute ma Ville, Paradise Films.*

*Bataille, Georges 1985:  
Visions of Excess: Selected Writings 1927-1939,  
Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press.*

*Beckett, Samuel 1954: Waiting for Godot,  
New York: Grove Press.*

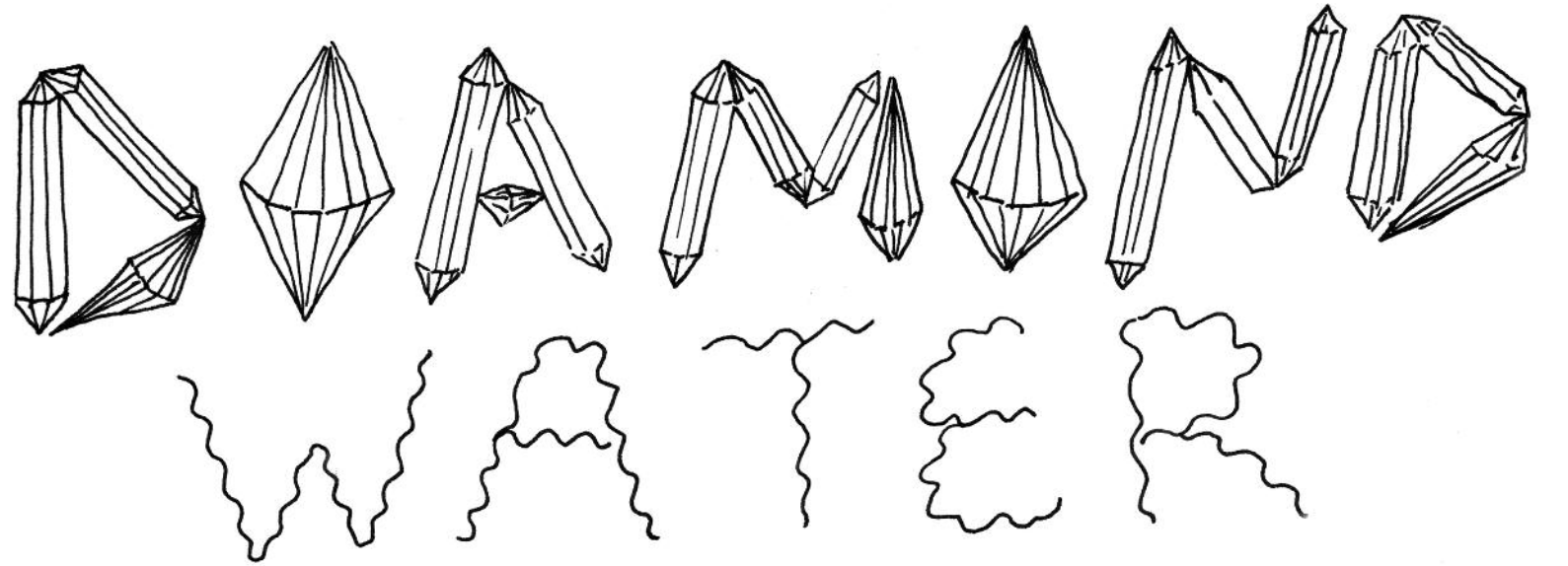






Maura Doyle

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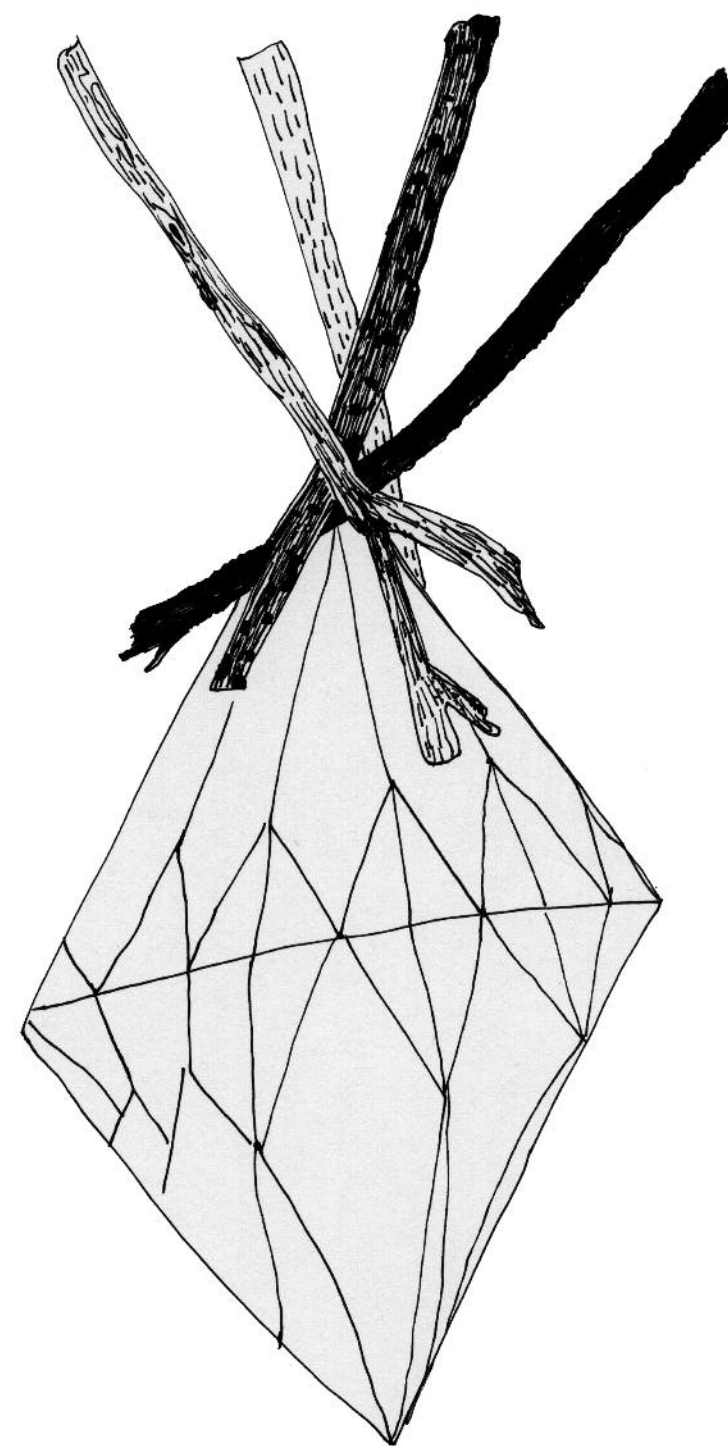
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Gerry Snyder





# ART FAG CITY

AS RELEVANT AS ERIC FISCHL

## *The AFC Product Proposal for Contemporary Artists*

**The Matthew Barney Contraceptive Jelly:** Miraculously this line doesn't yet exist, though we don't know how. The AFC seeks to jump start this artist by suggesting the Contraceptive Jelly line. It would be defined by its great packaging and would encourage ritualistic use.

**Jeff Koons Condom Line:** Dirty Condoms. A product line sure to fail. Grit isn't all that comfortable for either partner.

**Paul McCarthy:** It's hard to know what to do with this guy, since he's already made a people sized Santa butt plug line, and the Internet, living up to its full potential, has already provided America with an online outfit that sells baby Jesus butt plugs. Having enough expertise with Chocolate to launch his own bulk to chocolate sauce line may be his best line of attack. Certainly a still from his Santa's Workshop video would be a great promotional graphic. Middle America won't know what hit them!

**Cory Arcangel:** Atari Cologne, verses Commodore 64 eau de toilette. It will be the perfume battle to end all battles.

**Eric Fischl:** Vagina Purses. Each purse comes with a complimentary boy figurine which is stored in a fold of the purse.

**Jenny Holzer:** A 100 watt light bulb with the truism: Too many scrolling LED lights disenchant the viewer.

**Ed Ruscha:** The Ruscha Dictionary of palindromes. Finally, an artist product line with practical application.

**Vija Celmins:** A line of medication based off the rare hormone Celmin produces which allows for intense obsessive compulsive behavior in art making.

**Janet Cardiff:** Cardiff should offer voice training services for CBC radio hosts. Clients will come in droves – well as much as droves can exist in an age of CBC cutbacks.

**Andrea Zittel:** This artist takes care of herself as she is one of a few who already has created a product line (albeit a failed line) that is impossible to top. Zittel's Breeding Units for chickens, a unit which encouraged breeding of chickens with the strongest wings.

**Dana Schutz:** Schutz server space. These servers are dedicated to storing information on the Internet about the artist as about half of all the content on the web now is about her.

**William Kentridge:** It's too easy to stick this guy with a line of erasers and be done with him, and yet, it does seem the most appropriate thing. Well, this or some sort of fidelity cream.

**Vennesa Beecroft:** We all know she's about one photograph away from starting a multiples escort service. Art boys every where will rejoice when this service finally launches.

**Sheri Levine:** I hear she's publishing this book next year.

Paddy Johnson



Emily Lutzker





I bent to kiss her again when we heard laughter and the sound of voices coming down the hall. S/he quickly stood up and intuitively I removed my jacket and put it on him/her. Our host, the Baron or Count Whomever approached with two guests. "Thank you for a lovely evening." I said, looking him in the eye. He raised one eyebrow and looked quizzically at the chaise lounge, which I was surprised to see, was no longer cold marble but was instead sumptuously appointed with green satin stripes. As his gaze returned to mine he seemed bemused. "You're welcome."

S/he took my arm and we went straight to the dance floor. S/he looked fantastically beautiful in the long jacket and bare feet. I held her close and I asked her/his name. "Etcetera. " s/he said, and then, " You're a really good dancer." By the time we got back to my apartment E. was hungry. I made egg sandwiches for both of us and then we went to bed. I'll leave the permutations of our lovemaking to the imagination as no purely mechanical description could begin to describe the intensity of intimacy we experienced. As we lay back upon the pillows in the first glow and silence of the dawn E. turned and whispered in my ear, "You've awakened me."

Within a few months we were married. An attorney said it was half legal and soon after that E. was pregnant. The labor came on a rainy summer night. We had the apartment windows open and city sounds filled the air. As his/her contractions started to quicken I suggested we call a cab. E. said no, s/he wanted to give birth in the kitchen and before I knew what was happening she was naked on a towel on the black and white checked linoleum and one by one two dozen large garden snails emerged from her swollen vagina. We kept them for a couple of days in the pantry, in a barrel of flour to fatten them up. We ate them that weekend by candlelight sautéed in garlic and butter with a splash of white wine. It was very romantic.

"You're everything to me." I said as I stared longingly into E.'s exquisite green eyes, "Everything wonderful." E. placed another snail between her lips. I watched his/her mouth moving, tasting, swallowing, and speaking. "I love you to the stars and back." She cooed. We took each other on the dining room table.

Shortly afterwards I stopped seeing my therapist. Etcetera and I bought a house in the country and lived happily ever after. A brook ran through the high grass and cattails where our litters of spiral offspring meandered. The smell of lilacs and roses filled the house in the warmer months. Dave got some counseling through the V.A. and Valerie had a breast reduction and I eventually reconciled with both of them. Occasionally they even came out to the house for dinner.

A friend of a friend invited me to a big party he and his wife were having. He was some sort of Count or Baron, which would have been a big deal in Europe but all it meant here was that he had a lot of money and a big fabulous house. It was some sort of Italianate hacienda type construction with lots of courtyards and columns and archways, but nicely proportioned and very tasteful really. I wore a flocked velvet suit I'd found in a second hand store. The jacket was long and came almost to my knees. I'd seen something like it in a fashion magazine. It looked good and I had my hopes up.

There was a live band and dancing under glittering chandeliers in the main Ballroom and waiters moving in and out with champagne and delightful nibbly things. Still it seemed everyone was coupled off and the one or two single people I encountered didn't really attract my attention. I felt a little depressed among all this festive glitz and glamour and decided to explore the house. My host had a reputation as an art collector.

The carpeted corridors held an impressive, if eclectic array of objects and images. I recognized some big names. Then it happened. In a niche at the end of a low-lit hall I was struck by a white marble sculpture of a woman asleep upon a low divan. She was life-size and nude with her sensuous back towards me. Her idealized body seemed to glow preternaturally in the semi-darkness.

As I got closer the sense of overwhelming beauty intensified. "If only you were real." I thought as I leaned over to glimpse the most lovely, serene face I'd even seen. I couldn't resist running my fingertips over her smooth stone cheek. Oddly enough at that moment her marble skin flushed with color, her tumultuous curls became a vivid red and her lovely breasts pushed outward as her chest filled with air. Then I noticed that between her legs she had perfectly formed male genitalia.

She lay back on the divan, stretched her arms above her head and with a little sigh opened the greenest eyes I'd ever looked into. We kissed, long and slow. It was the realest thing I'd ever experienced. After some minutes she let her head fall back upon the couch and we stared into each other's eyes. "Um, what sex are you?" I asked.

"An extreme rarity," She replied, "a fully functional hermaphrodite." "Look," she said, arching her hips and lifting her handsome scrotum to reveal the most perfectly formed and delicate vulva I'd ever seen. S/he was moist there, and I noticed his/her penis was becoming slightly tumescent. "Mmmm," s/he purred, "You're a yummy kisser."

He handed me his old fatigues and said "Gear up, soldier." I didn't know what to think and in my bewilderment I complied. "Watch out for the landmines." He said and marched me out to the middle of his devastated landscape. He stripped off his shirt, unzipped his pants. "Drop to your knees, soldier." he commanded. I did as I was told.

Once his penis was erect he began running in a zigzag pattern through the yard, hopping in and out of the trenches and foxholes, lofting grenades and screaming loud "kabooms" when they landed. He would stop occasionally at the howitzer and pretend to fire off a few rounds, his hard prick bobbing in the air. Rat-a tat tat. Then he got behind a machine gun and it actually started spitting fire and split the air with a tremendous sound. I was terrified and ran to get behind him, as it seemed to be the only safe place to be. "My buddies got me some blanks!" He yelled. I felt shell-shocked and before I knew what was happening he was pushing me to the ground. "Ass up, face down, soldier."

He pulled my pants down around my knees as I murmured a weak "yes sir." and planted my face in the dirt. "Incoming!" was the last thing I heard him scream before I blacked out. When I came to I was still lying in the dirt with my pants around my knees. I felt sore and ripped open down there. He hadn't bothered to use lube and god knows I wasn't exactly relaxed. I felt humiliated. I struggled to my feet, pulled up my pants and started to make my way towards the house. Dave blocked my entrance." Ready for a little hand to hand?" he said, with a weird glint in his eye. "No, Dave" I said, "You're not the sweet man I thought I knew. I'm going AWOL." He lunged at me, but I sidestepped him and ran through the house as fast as I could. I ran straight through the living room and out the front door and kept on running.

### 3.

My therapist advised me to take some time off from relationships. I rented a small apartment above a kitchen supply store. I could hear the sounds of the owner's family speaking to each other in Italian and I kept the radio on most of the time for company. I got more into cooking, making elaborate meals for myself or a few friends, but I was a little lonely. When I found that I was masturbating compulsively I realized that I needed a relationship, someone I could cook for and be intimate with. But there didn't seem to be anyone on the horizon, and I admit my past experiences had made me picky and a little skittish.

him have his way with me. I felt like I understood why women liked being fucked and I felt absolved of any performance anxiety. We were very happy together and I moved in.

His house was spotless and orderly, if a little Spartan. Dave was ex-military. He'd been in the first Gulf War and received an honorary discharge and had a nice pension. He also had a good job due to his Army training and the education he'd gotten on the G.I. bill. I quit working and stayed home, decorating the house. I subscribed to interior design magazines and cooked elaborate dinners for the two of us.

One night after a meal of lamb chops and sugar snap peas Dave asked me to put on his old Army fatigues. They were a little big for me but seemed to make Dave especially amorous. Our lovemaking that night was extremely impassioned and he went at me with hard forceful thrusts before exploding inside me and calling me "his little soldier". A few nights later he brought home a small howitzer that he installed at the foot of the bed. We took turns pretending to shoot the enemy making rat-a-tat-tat sounds before he peeled off my tight camo tank top and turned me over." I love sinking my big missile into you." He breathed in my ear.

"I've got two weeks of leave coming." He announced one Saturday morning, which was his way of saying he was taking vacation time from work.

"When?" I asked.

"Starting now."

I was thrilled that we would have more time together as I'd begun to feel a little lonely staying home everyday. Dave said he hoped to get the backyard in shape during his time off. Little did I know what he had in mind. He spent most of the afternoon out back with his shirt off occasionally coming through the house smelling of sweat and smeared with soil. His skin glistened and his pectorals and biceps rippled as he raised a glass of water to his lips and drank it in big gulps. "You're so sexy." I said. He grinned at me, pushed his broad hand across his crew cut and returned to his gardening.

On Sunday afternoon he invited me out back to inspect his progress.I expected to see the neglected lawn and flowerbeds restored but instead he had set up a series of foxholes and trenches. There were long loops of barbed wire stretched across what was most definitely a battlefield. The howitzer was set up at one end and machine guns on stands dotted the landscape. The foxholes held piles of grenades and ammo.

almost impossible to talk to her, I suggested that maybe she should be a little more modest. "My new boobies are all for you." She replied, lying back in bed squeezing them together. I rubbed my cock between them and came all over her neck. I was satisfied but still felt some niggling discomfort with these, um, new developments.

And they didn't stop growing. I came home one evening and she looked like she had a couple of basketballs stuffed into her shirt. This is getting kinda crazy I thought. By the next night they'd turned into beach balls, and the night after that they were weather balloons. We tried to make love but the angle was all wrong. It was impossible to be inside her and kiss at the same time. For the next few weeks I could only really take her from behind. Our sex life started to feel a little impersonal and her breasts just kept expanding.

Things reached a breaking point when I came home from work one afternoon. My back was sore from our increasingly strange and frustrating contortions and I was depressed. The boss let me leave early. I found Valerie on the couch in the living room. There was a man in a gray suit curled up in a near fetal position with her exposed left nipple in his mouth. Her breasts by this time had swollen to an approximate diameter of say eight feet each and I could barely make out the rest of her body. She hadn't moved from the couch for days. I kinda lost it. "What the hell is going on here?"

"This is James," she said, "he needed to suckle."

"Hi," said James removing his mouth for a second from her enormous teat and twisting slightly to stick out his right hand, "Valerie has told me so much about you."

As I was standing there dumbfounded the front door opened and another guy in a suit came in. "Oh, I thought I was next." he said, "Who's this?"

### 2.

Some months after my experience with Valerie and perhaps in reaction to her excessive and bizarre femininity I became involved with a man. Dave was kind and gentle with me. He didn't pressure me about sex at first. He just took me out to nice dinners and was very understanding. At first we would just lie in bed together and cuddle. I got used to his scratchy face and in some ways he was the best kisser I'd ever been with.

When we finally did have sex it blew me away. He was always on top, the 'man' in the relationship, and I found I enjoyed being penetrated more than I'd ever imagined possible. It was nice to be taken, to lay back and let

### ESCARGOT

*The snail is one of a small number of true hermaphrodites within the animal kingdom. Snails are undifferentiated sexually until the moment of mating arises. Upon meeting each member of the species will choose a gender for that particular encounter, one becoming male and the other female. In subsequent acts of coitus these roles might just as easily be reversed.*

-Excerpt from "Turner's Encyclopedia of Complete Animal Sexuality"

### 1.

I met a waitress named Valerie and fell in love. We seemed to be very compatible. The first time we got naked together she apologized about the size of her breasts. " I'm sorry they're not bigger."

"Actually the whole attraction to large breasts thing has always somewhat baffled me." I assured her. When I met her she wasn't wearing a bra, she didn't really have to, just a tight t-shirt and her nipples stuck out fantastically. Also she had a great curvaceous ass and full hips. That was more than enough for my taste. In fact her teacup tits were lovely and pert and it seemed gravity would probably never take its toll on those particular portions of her anatomy. Or so I thought.

After we'd been happily together for a month or so she asked me a question one morning. "Have you noticed that my breasts are growing?"

"Yeah maybe, what's that about?"

"I think it's all the stimulation they've been getting." She stretched the word 'stimulation' out like it had seven syllables. We kissed.

Another month or so went by and her breasts were really noticeably larger. It wasn't like I was complaining and she announced that she was going to start wearing bras. I had no idea something like this could happen, but I was like whatever. We kept making love and her breasts seemed to grow faster and faster. One day over breakfast I noticed that Valerie was actually starting to look a little top heavy. She'd gone from flimsy little sheer braziers to more serious underwired jobs. I decided to just enjoy this unasked for ampleness and actually kind of got into it.

I wasn't the only one. She started working the clingy sweaters and cleavage thing like a full blown bimbo and after a late night out with some of her friends from the service industry, when a big circle of men had made it





Pearl C. Hsiung



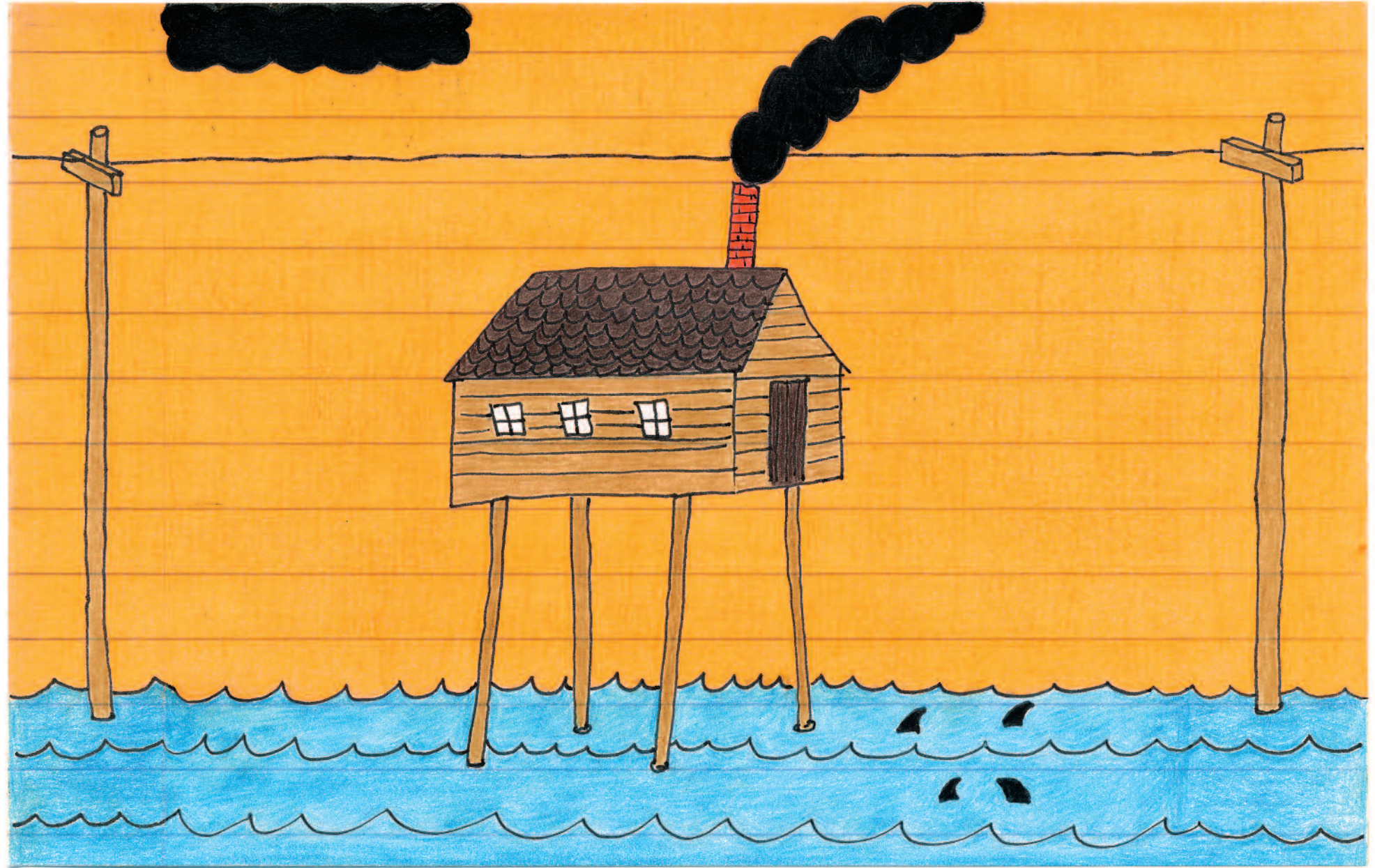




Tim Jagg





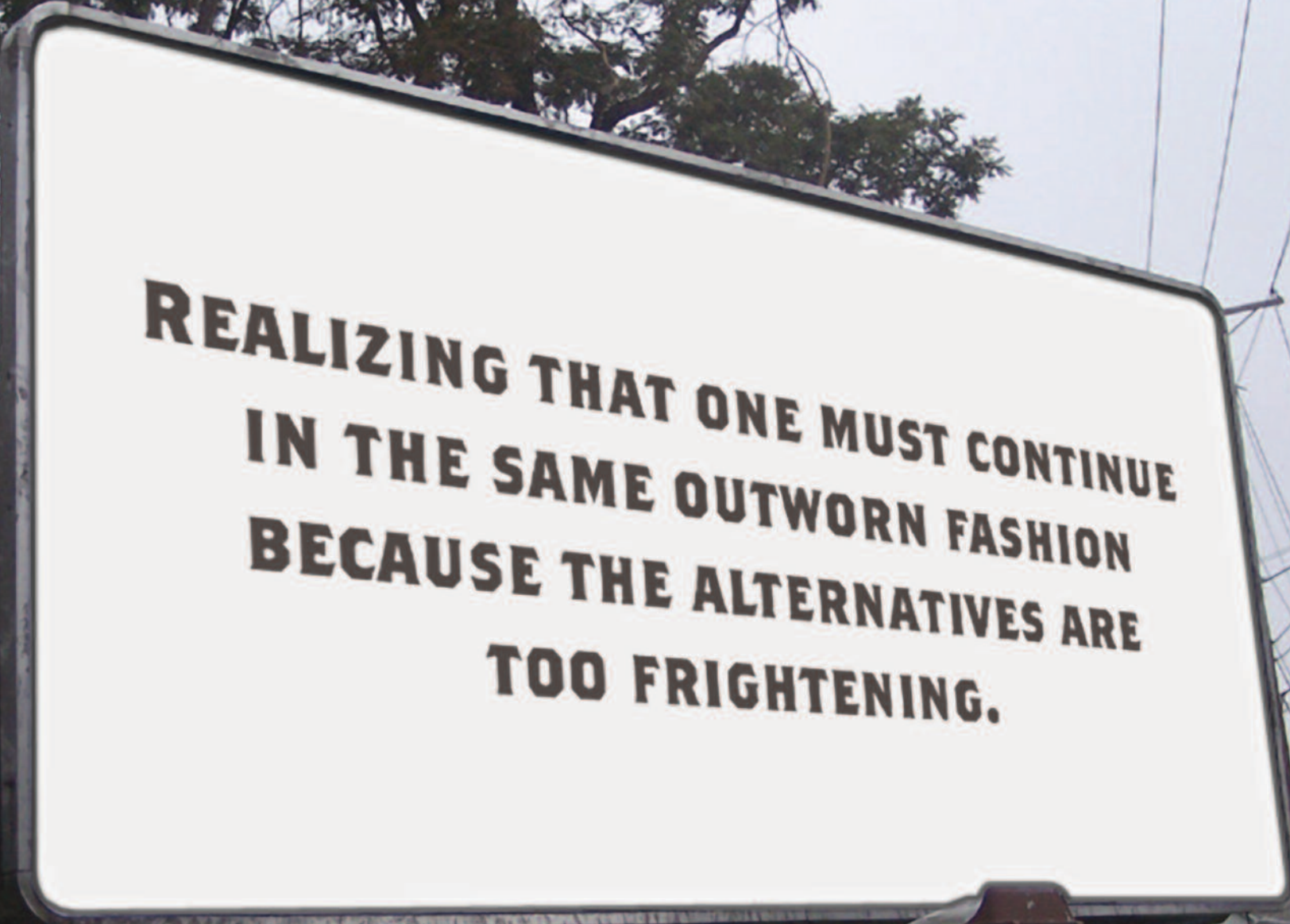




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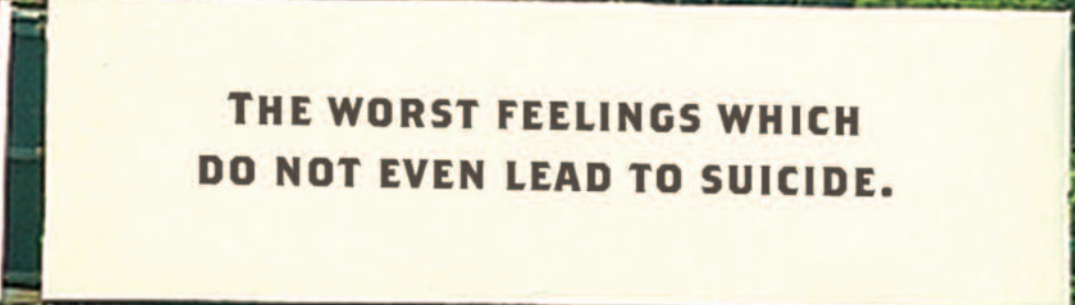
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**REALIZING THAT ONE MUST CONTINUE  
IN THE SAME OUTWORN FASHION  
BECAUSE THE ALTERNATIVES ARE  
TOO FRIGHTENING.**

LAMAR 4003

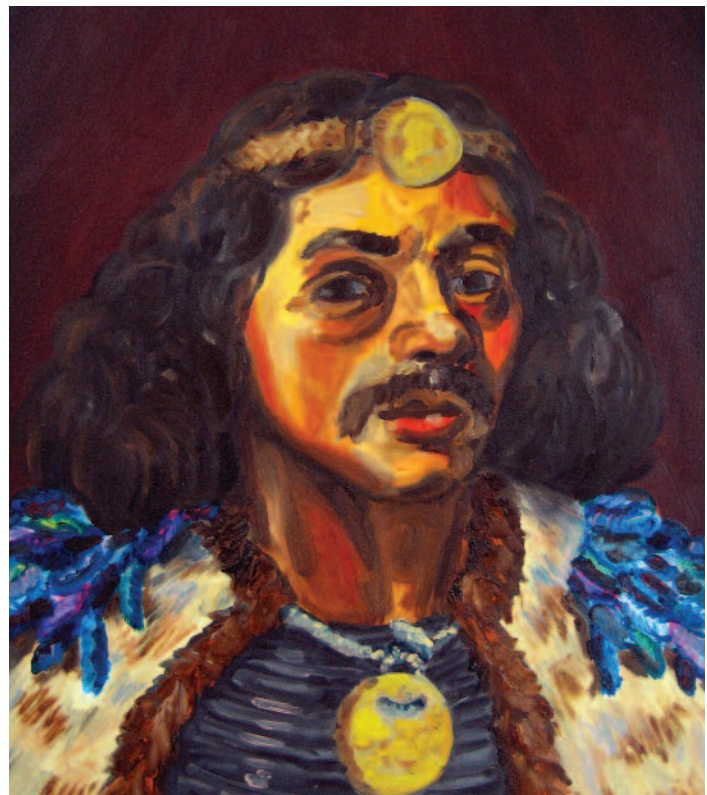
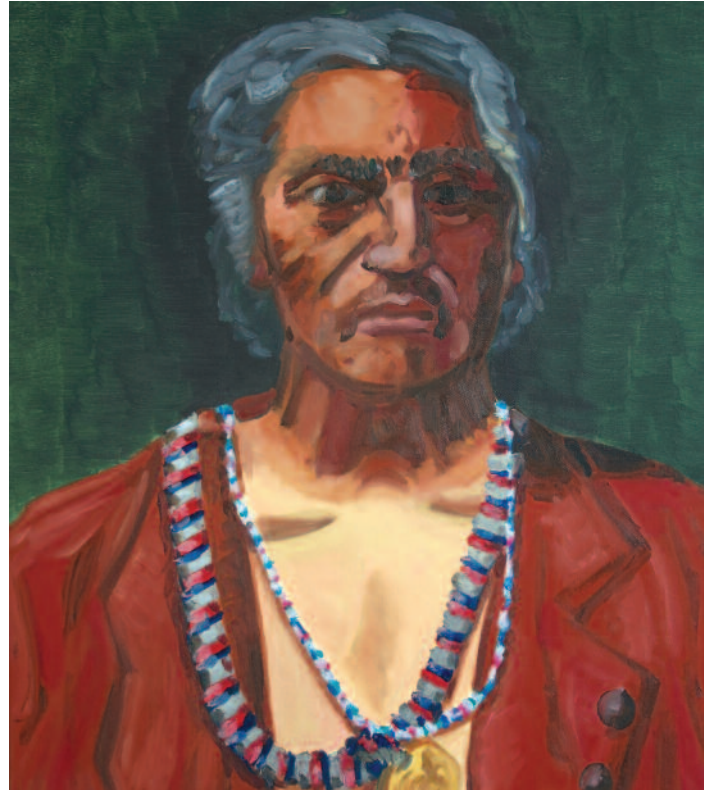


**THE WORST FEELINGS WHICH  
DO NOT EVEN LEAD TO SUICIDE.**





Willem Weismann





Not now, anyway, perhaps tomorrow? It is so difficult figuring these things out.

And, again, the fact remains of my fear and the possibility that The Project, along with smoking, are attempts at reconciling myself to my fear. I certainly had no idea of this when I first conceived the project in 1999. And until I wrote that I hadn't even considered what that might mean. 1999? It sounds so long ago. The end of another century. I think that must be a story for another time, and, anyway, I really am certain it had nothing to do with the project. It was more hat I had the wooden matches, or t least, I had some wooden matches for lighting my cigarettes. Of course, I had a lighter. A beautiful one. A Zippo which I gave to a friend when I stopped smoking. Wooden matches are something of their own. I have always liked them. Especially the Red Birds.

I can't imagine any other rationale for my suddenly conceiving of a series of painted wooden matches. Each painted on all four sides. And, yes, wooden matches are four sided. At least Red Bird wooden matches are. It is possible other kinds are round. Probably none are triangular or other more exotic shapes. But I have to admit that I don't know. The ones I have been painting over the past seven years with no end in sight are square. I use four colours. One match is blue. Another red. One green and the last yellow which happens to be a favourite colour of mine. At least some shades of yellow. There are some I do not care for. Actually, probably most shades I dislike but the ones I like, I like a lot. Funny how that works.

There will be between 10,000 and 12,000 painted matches, I think, when I finish. Live matches. None have been struck. I will finish when the fish tank I have used to hold them is full to overflowing. A painted match holding tank. Yes, an old fish tank. Old but a common one. Nothing fancy. Black borders and a rectangular shape. I bought it at a fish store but guess you could buy it at some Wal Mart somewhere. Originally, I thought of this tank as a test and that I would make a larger more impressive tank later. That was up to six years ago and then I slowly resolved that I would never do the big one.

And that is the project. I'm certain it must have its roots in a desire to cope with fear. How else do you think I could explain The Project to my great grandchildren?

*J. Murchie  
Upper Sackville  
2006*

And yet no matter how I try to think about it or to tell you about it, the fact remains. Truth is of not consequence. Just the one fact.

My fear of fire.

If a fear can be a fact?

As I lie here thinking about The Project which I may yet call "Except in Time," I'm not sure, it doesn't sound quite right the more I say it but I probably need something other than The Project which the more I say it sounds.....what? ....equally pretentious. And in truth, I am more sitting than lying because I am also writing as I am thinking about the matters and the whole matter of fire and my fear of fire has me frightened. I hadn't really considered it before. I just started working and working on The Project without particularly probing its implications, its meanings, its sources. That is rather abstract because, of course, we're talking of my fears. And they are real one, this fire fear.

And I am now thinking that this somewhat irrational fear, never mind that it had its origins in some not nice life experiences...is that what we would say, "life experiences"?....I think it is although we are, or I am anyway, into matters on which I know so little, so very little. But I think perhaps my fear, my irrational fear, explains my equally irrational, I mean really whatever else can cigarette smoking be but irrational?, irrational behaviour. Smoking a pack two packs sometime almost as many as three packs of cigarettes a day and for years unfiltered real cigarettes without menthol or any other of the smoke disguises?

And I knew it wasn't good for you, or me, right from the first stolen from my Aunt Eve cigarette that Eric and I took. Eric was Eve's son and my cousin. First cousin. Son of my mother's brother. We took the cigarette and out back behind Eric's home in New Jersey we smoked the whole thing and gagged. A lot. But learned to love it and knew right from that first now fifty year old gag that it wasn't healthy. No. It was not. Is not. But it crosses my mind that smoking became a deeply seated psychological attempt to deal with my fear.

It makes sense. Fire so close so often so much. I think it makes sense. On the lookout for help or transcendence whichever might come first.

And Except in Time may well be another? But now that I say it, or rather, hear it said, I know I don't like it. Or, I am pretty sure I don't and will write and say The Project for the time being. Yes. I just said it a few more time now that I have written it, and I am quite sure it is not right.

with Washington but now lived in the house that Washington may have stayed in. Maybe he just stopped to use the bathroom? But that is my imagination at work now not then.

The facts of the matter, and this I do know, are that the trash fire escaped into the field and, it seemed, almost immediately, and almost miraculously - that is the right word because I couldn't believe it and I still can't believe it - almost miraculously jumped toward the row of tress whatever they were and however old they might have been. If they are still there, and a few are not, they would be a half century older. And they could be although at the time I remember thinking they would not be nor would the house that George Washington slept in and, at the time, I was thinking the whole town would be gone. Because of my fire. A fire which my mother made me make. It all seemed quite innocent.

That was the source of my fear of fire. It may explain why I smoked a pack or two of cigarettes every day for years trying to adjust myself to the fear of fire?

The New Jersey fire was the beginning. A visual beginning only. In terms of memory. Not the actual fire which, although visual, was much more. But that is all I can remember. Burning fire and its blackened path. The sight of it. Nothing else. Except, of course, fear. And I don't so much remember that. It is more that I feel it.

A few years later another fire in another state, New Hampshire, added sound. The sound of a forest fire. And years later in another state, New Mexico or maybe Arizona, I can't remember exactly where that fire was. It was everywhere it was so big and burned for so long. But smell is what I remember, the smokey smell of fire burning.

I am pretty sure these are all true remembrances. But I could be wrong. You could convince me I am wrong. The fear would still remain even were we to prove beyond doubt that I am making all of this up. Not intentionally. I don't mean for you to think that. I don't think that's true, that I am deceiving you. Or myself.

No. I am just trying to account for The Project which I now mean to call "Except in Time." I'm not quite convinced of that. "Except in Time" may be pretentious. Not the words, of course, but the words together as a name for The Project which actually, I guess, I should just refer to here as the project. That makes sense. Don't you think?

## The Project

Like a proposal, the project was modest. I began working on it in 1999. I think. It may have been earlier. Or it may not have been. I suppose, come to think of it, there are no other options except later, but I know for almost certain it was not later that I began The Project. And, believe me, it was modest. It is modest. Except in time and now that I say it I think that may be a title for the project, rather than The Project which was originally just a descriptor in my mind of what I thought of doing but as time has come and gone, and comes and goes, what was really the project became at some time The Project. And maybe I can now call it "Except in Time," if that makes sense.

The Project was modest and, as I said, it is modest today at least seven years later. Some time during that time I began speculating in my own mind as to the source of The Project. Conceptual source. Or perhaps intellectual or maybe it is just emotional and personal or, as you might rather say, "subjective" which gives "the personal" a more considerable bearing. I think maybe it was subjective although I prefer personal because really it is just personal. Subjective makes it sound much more than it could ever be. I think.

The first time my fear exhibited itself, I was eleven and in New Jersey and burning the trash out behind our house along the grassy, hay-like field which housed a section, a very small section, of the oil pipeline from Texas to the refineries in Newark. A little piece of it. Right there in our backyard. Well, more a side yard and not a yard in the regular sense but really a field. The field was over in this direction and in another direction, over that way, a row of 200 year old cedar tress or maybe pine or something like that, something green I guess, and maybe not that old but big and there for as long as I could remember. Obviously, in retrospect, I can see that how long I might have known was not very long but, I knew, the house that bordered the row of tress was old because George Washington had slept in it during The Revolution. I thought he lived there but really, I guess, he just slept there one night, more or less as a refugee or something.

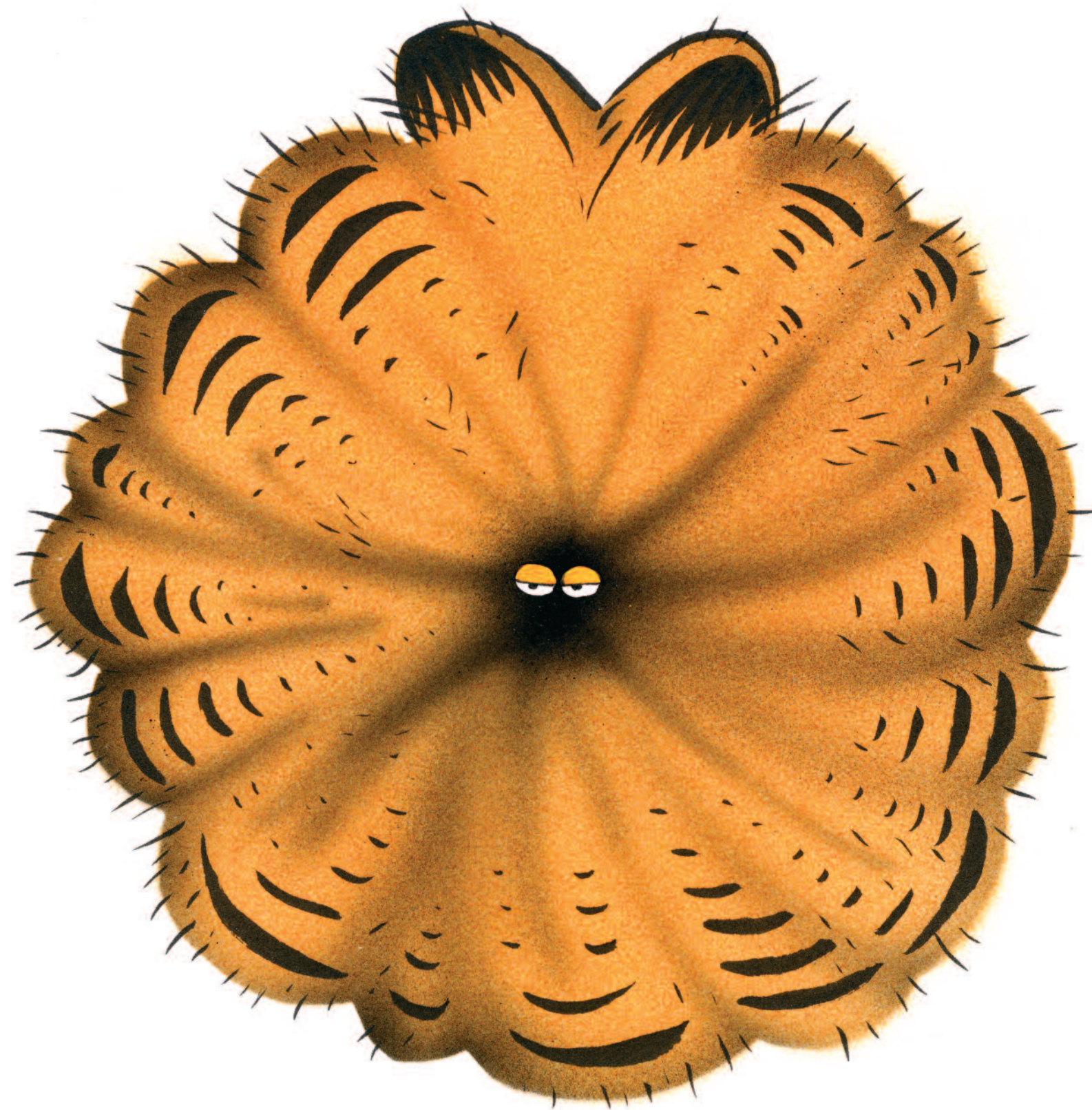
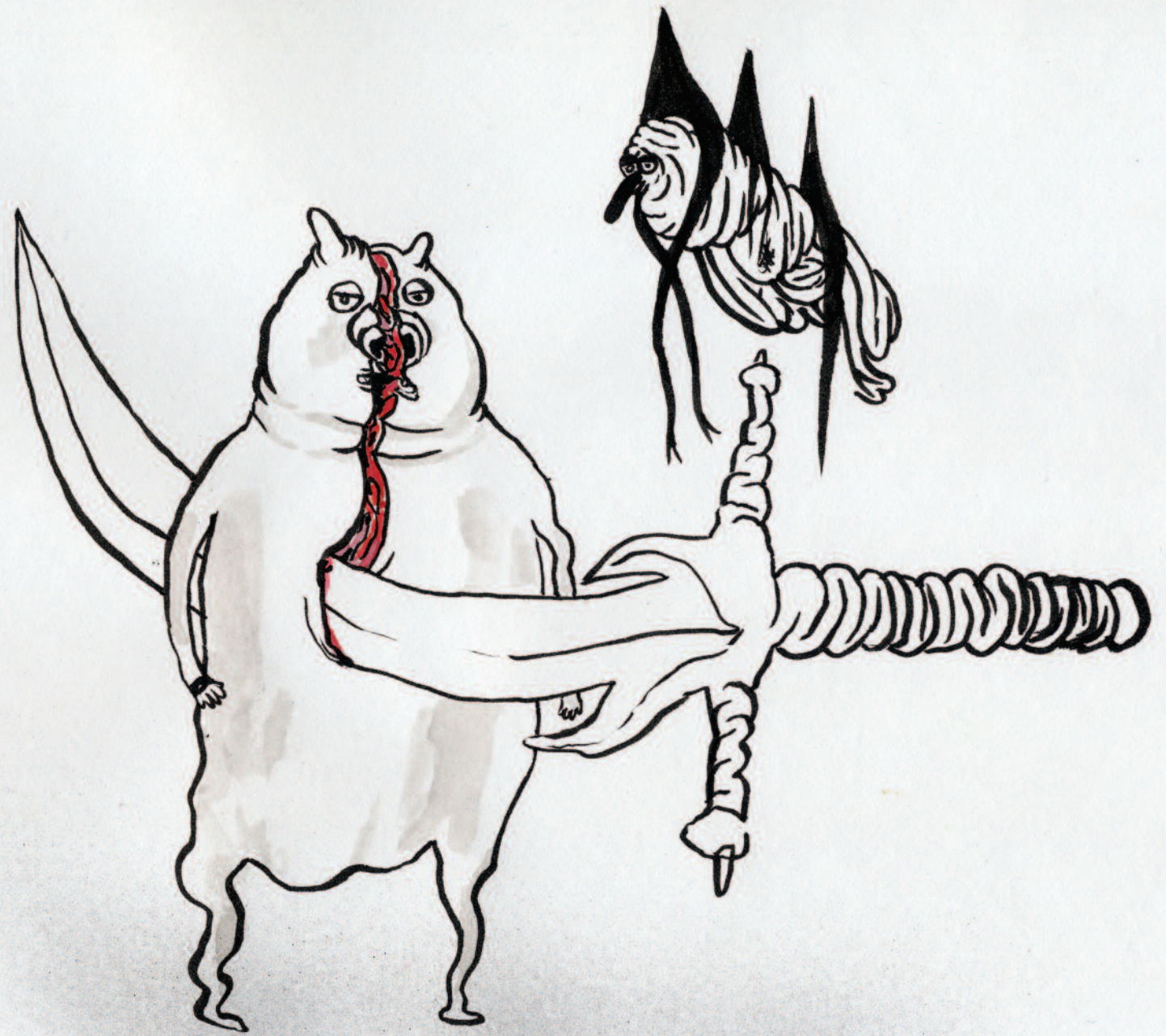
As I am telling you this, complications continue to arise. I really have no idea if Washington slept next door even one night now that I think about it. At the time an adult, perhaps my father or my mother but it could have been the failed salesman Mr Jones, who lived in the small house, kind of a picture quaint older bungalow, next to our more modern house. He was an unreliable witness but may have been the adult who told me about Washington and our other neighbours who obviously had nothing to do













COMING  
SOON

Assholes

He

A man, the owner of a Toyota Echo, took his car to the Auto Body Shop and talked the auto specialist into transforming his vehicle to a completely bullet-proof car (without altering the exterior appearance).

The auto body man estimated the project would cost \$150,000 and suggested that the Toyota owner reconsider and at that price why not buy an upscaled vehicle.

The owner insisted: "I want you to work with my Echo. I can afford a better car but I do not wish to bring attention to myself."





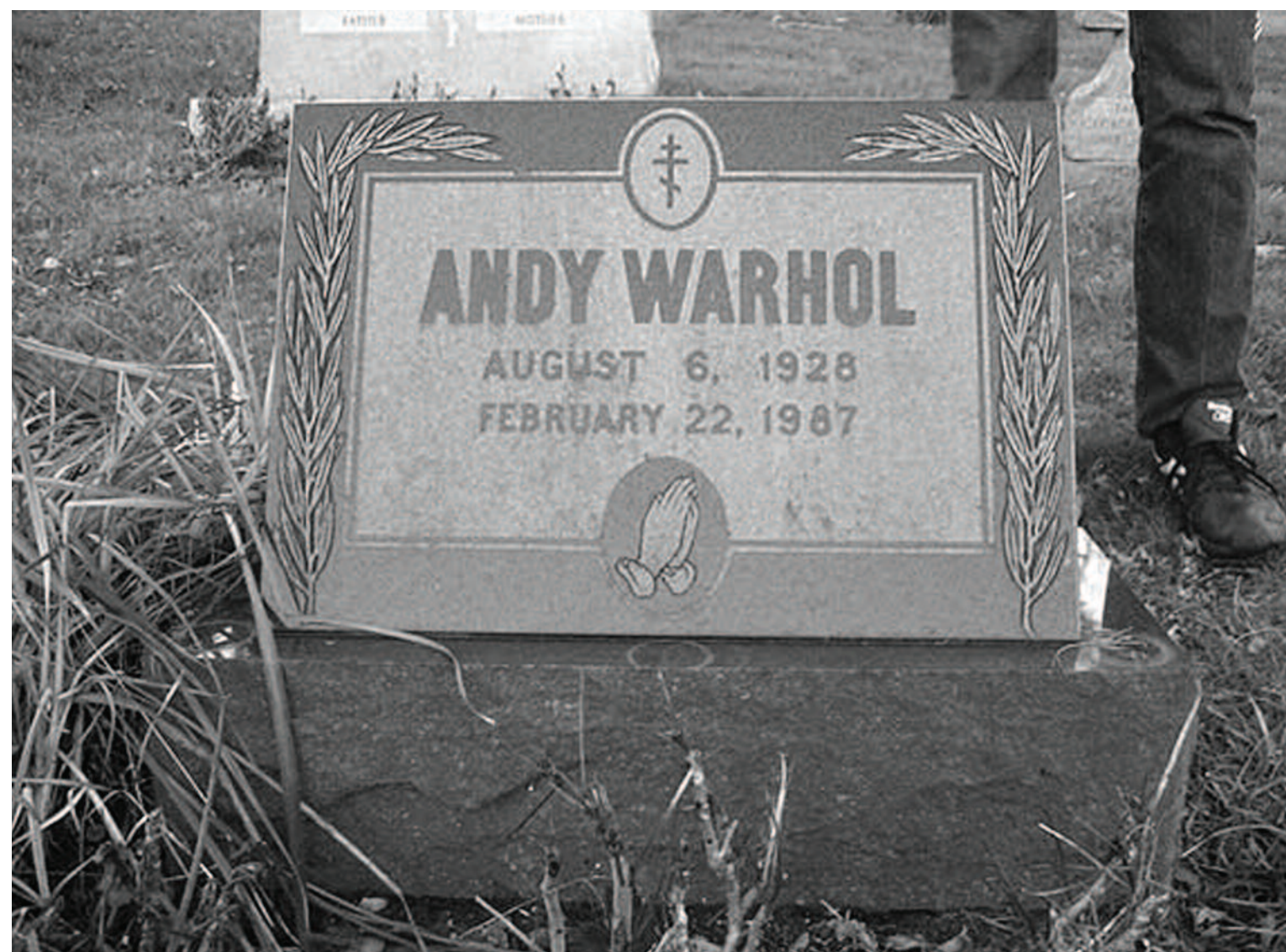
Merchant Adams





***AIDS = RAINFOREST***



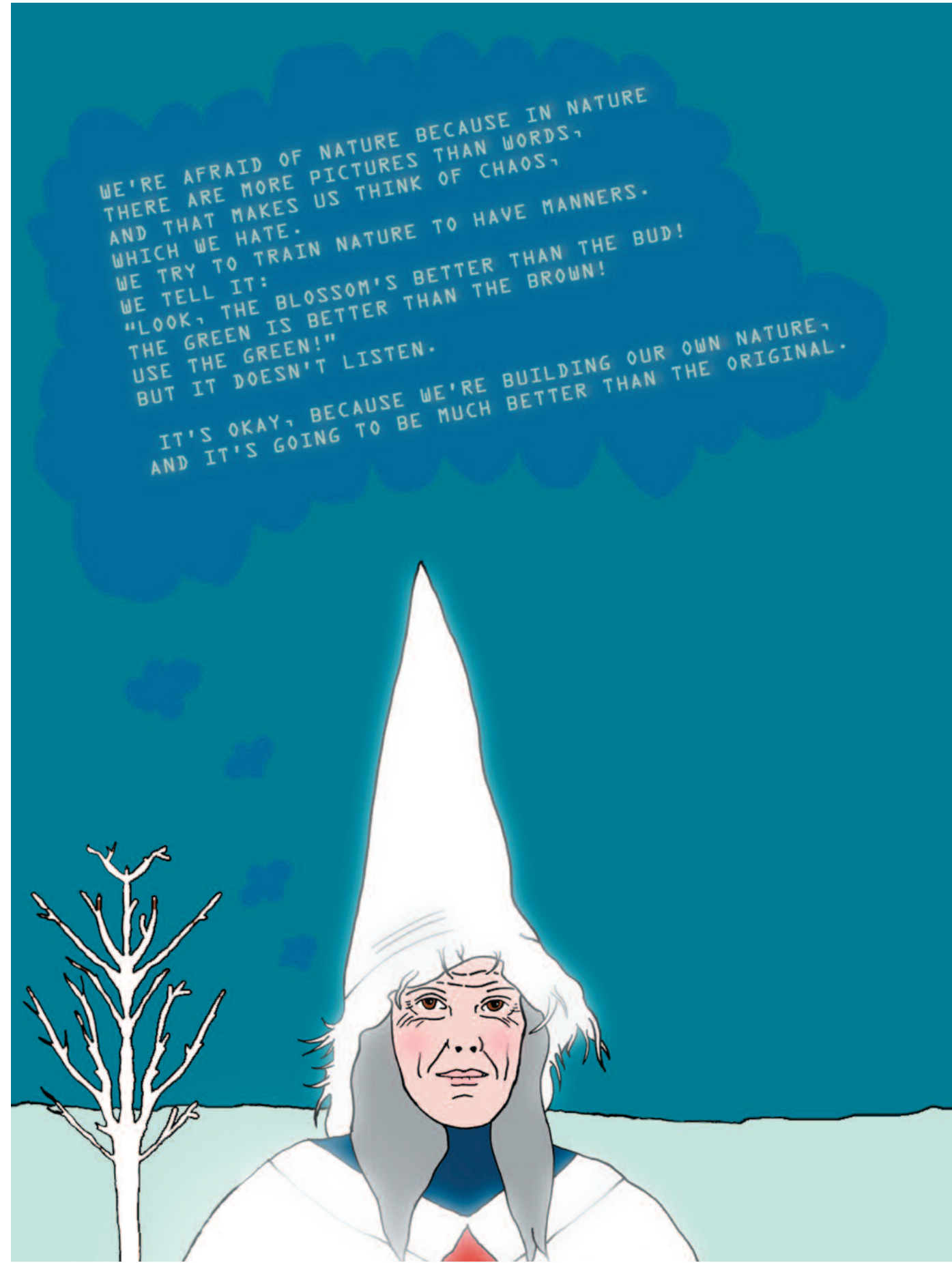


**A.I.D.S.**  
**II**









Emily veij Duke and Cooper Battersby





*Chère Claire,*

*Etant à Paris je ne pensais pas comprendre aussi bien la langue à ma grande surprise. Dans l'autobus, dans le metro, dans la galerie d'art ma compétence en cette langage a dépassé toutes mes espérances.*

*Portant mon béret, visitant le Louvre a la recherche de Mona, elle est malheureusement restée introuvable, malgré ma persévérance a la rechercher. Voilà je tournais en rond et j'ai décidé de faire le tour encore une fois. Claire, maintenant tu imagines combien ma situation devais être fâcheuse.*

*Amicalement, et à bientôt.*

*Grosse Bise, mon amour  
Michel*



