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MILLIONS OF SECRETS ARE GENERATED EVERY DAY

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MILLIONS OF
SECRETS ARE
GENERATED
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ENTROPY8 PRESS

1995

dedicated to
 RUBE GOLDBERG
 and to
 MARC ANTONY VOSE
 for the same reason
 only more so



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INTRODUCTION

I do not presume to pass any final judgements, only to report my own reactions to various drugs and methods of treatment.

—William S. Burroughs
The British Journal of Addiction

I believe I have discovered the title of my story. If so I want to pause here and figure out what I mean by it, and how it relates to my work. Well we already know the personal implications of this statement. I feel like my work is in this realm. Those things which are personal artifacts. Functional only to the extent that they serve as markers for memories. Inspired by memory or memories of emotions or the desire to take a sensation out of context and recreate it in another time/space/material as closely as possible. The body is metaphor because it is the cause of the action/emotion/sensation/conflict and to get others to relate the piece to their body-body symbolism is the best way. Private conspiracies, rapes of conscience, disembodied psychosis. I don't know if I believe art is about communication or if art can function for anyone so much as the artist who creates it. I believe I create art as an educated outsider. My purposes are more visceral than anything else but I had to have formal education to learn to ignore a lot of what one sees on a base level in art. I had to learn to listen to my insides and not just reflect other art I have loved. I don't believe my art should have a cause anymore like feminism or homelessness or aids however I am most interested now in the fact that we each live a narrative, I can only record the moments. So many things left unknown in the memory of the person to which it happened no one will ever know. All the things going on inside natural and unnatural processes and all the things we do, and what we cause. To me this is why our organs are profound.

-MILLIONS OF SECRETS ARE GENERATED EVERY DAY
SATURDAY 30 JANUARY 1993

FOUR YEARS APPROXIMATELY
CONCLUSIONS AT THE END OF TIME

Finally a place where I can string these thoughts together. To force myself to make sense of it all.

The rather interesting revelation that after this my formal education is complete (considering now I am going to be in debt for the next 30 years.) However, learning never ends. I have become pretty adept at finding ways of finding information. Hopefully now to have time to live and not just survive.

The opinions expressed herein are the product of a mind trained to be an outsider artist. Far from being a disclaimer, I wish this essay to express the true reality of my situation and the environment I have created and in which I have created. Sometimes adapting, but always with the feeling that somehow life after art school will be a lot less stressful but a lot less comfortable.

Put out of your mind for the moment, those universal experiences all students of the arts must face. Come fresh to my mind where each fear each pain each day of euphoric joy is experienced as if unique to me alone. It is the little things, the bits and pieces, the broken crayons, the loving friends, all the weird, the fascinating exuberance, the megalomaniacal ponderings I present for your consideration. Expect no solidity, no stasis. Truth is such a transitory, subjective thing. I lay before you a story of that which is that which it is not and that is a thesis.

The narrative portions of this essay are lifted from my sketchbooks. These writings I use illuminate the descriptions of my artwork and the personal theory I explain. It is my hope that in the end the prose and the artwork will support each other...to the extent that this is possible.

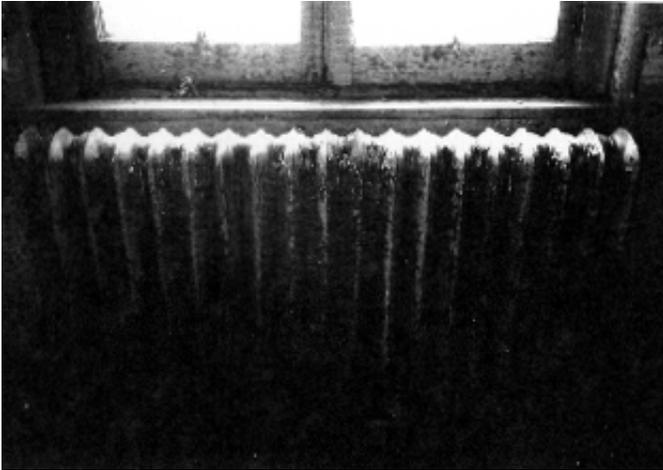
There used to be such specific violence in my sculpture. The decapitation of form, the caging in of the human body. I felt the frustrating disparity between the body and the mind and the emotions. Forced by systems out of control. The brain cannot control

the coursing of the blood, or the flow of saliva, or the flush the skin takes on, and yet if the brain doesn't control it what does? I got very tired of going over anatomical systems and coming up with similar answers as other more seasoned artists had been coming up with since the 1970's. I decided to deal more with that unknown force, or rather the private contemplation of that force in my life, which takes me out of my own control, gets me into bad relationships and makes me make art. I have learned to dwell in a place where I find the fantastic ordinary and the ordinary fantastically strange.

Suspend belief in coincidence, transfer your innocence, see what it means to think through my eyes.

AURIEA L.HARVEY
WEDNESDAY 17 MARCH 1993

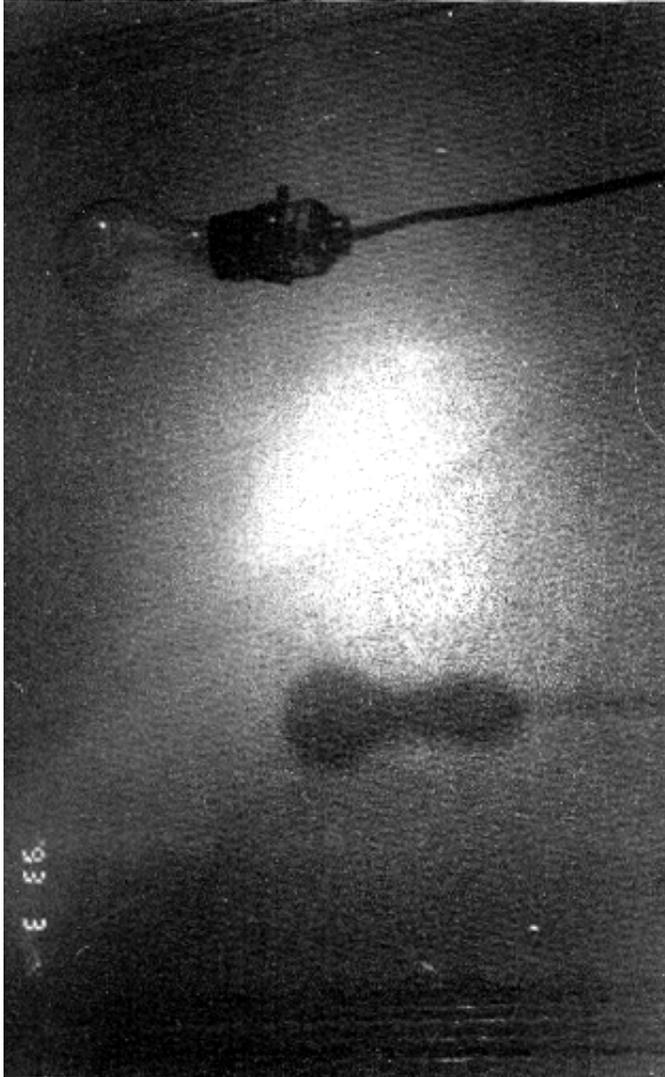
CHAPTER 1
JANUARY
16° BELOW IN THE SUN



There was the story about the homeless man who fearing freezing of January cold kidnapped a man on his way home, tied him up, duct tape over the mouth, taped and tied and made him lay next to him all night. Released him the next morning, but made him lay next to him all night outside on the ground on a pile of rags. What would you call that, heat rape? What would you call that?

I made a point of going to the scene of the crime. I found out where it happened and went there. I was looking for evidence, looking for proof the police could never find because they never looked for the clues I would need. I looked around and I think I found the man, the homeless man, who committed the act. He was never caught. He said he never meant no harm, he said, but it was a cold one, he was a cold one.

For some reason the New York Times thought the crime sufficiently heinous to give it a front page story. They talked to the man that was kidnapped as if his point of view was the only one that mattered, the homeless man was unavailable for comment.



The phone!

i must stay away from the phone. Too many choices too many choices.
i wander the streets at night and i see it beckoning me, beckoning me...

Is it my fault that my phone psychic died?
Three hundred dollars in phone bills?

Three hundred dollars was a small price to pay for the future i needed.
i needed Her! Too many choices!

The many choices...
i used to call Her every night and twice on sundays when i could feel
the rath of God and devils acutely, acutely closing in, taking notes on
me.

Oh they watch me, they watch me and they know.

They know that i know... The Future... because She told me.
She told me, on the phone. i must stay away from the phone!

i have to be one step ahead... i have to be a believer.

she sits there in the window, in the window beckoning me. On again,

Off again, On again, her sign blinks its promise.
i need to see the future, and I have seen the future and it is in..

THE LIGHT!..

i can see the future it rears its sleek feline lizards head in a tremor of waiting
for the bomb to blow so that it can bubble to the surface and destroy!

But what what when how how

i must know
and to know I must see her. Off again.

her in the window. On again.

Beckoning. Off again.

me.

On again. Opening, opening her doors. Off again.

Oh yes, she knows my name!

Taking my hand she wants to read it. Read my hand

but nothing is written there, no future there nothing!

Walking through deserted streets orange, orange glowing, trying to enter
my eyes to blind my eyes, to turn my eyes into glowing bulbs of orange
safety glow of the light. Forget the sun, i forget the sun i must get away
from her. i can forget the future, the future is now and i am in the light!

i must not let her read... i must resist her beckoning to read...

i must close my eyes against the glow orange glow.



The girl remembered all she saw. She recalled as her brain exploded the azure shade of the sky the night she and her boyfriend watched the stars and how the blue of his eyes matched the hue of his shirt. There was this smell in the air of fresh grass and pond water the sound of the air the sound of his breath the sound of his heart under her hand the openness of the world the air in the world around her the image sweetness of the darkness behind her eyes. The three cracks in the sidewalk as she walked home the next morning the stones by the side of the road that she counted habitually one two three four years later she could remember the exact moment she felt the words to the first time she looked in the mirror in her mothers boyfriends house and at age twelve she remembered that moment at age 16 she projected herself home from the bus into the parking lot she must cross to the apartment complex as she walked across the blades of grass forward to the concrete stairs to the carpeted steps next to the metal banister to the front door where she already sat inside waiting for her body to catch up with her. The red inside her skin the life of images past the shadows of the fleeting moments the illusion of a future age 17 age 18 age 19 age 20 age 21 maximum density no disposal organizing into piles and categories of happenings pushing aside the mountains of memories to make space for more.

CHAPTER 2
FEBRUARY
RELAX

THEY SAID
HE USED TO
GO INTO THE
WOODS, DIG A
HOLE THE SIZE
OF THE BOWL
HE ATE FROM,
AND THROW UP
IN IT.

BULIMIA FOR YOUR SOUL

First of all, whatever you do, do not bleach your hair!!!

That will make it fall out for sure. Second of all I've done this so many times, I don't need no damn directions to make it turn out right. I've got my own method.

I used to not care about how I looked it was like I had some sort of masochistic streak inside me. I can remember hanging out with kids in high school who always were listening to Morrissey and being depressed always threatening suicide and cutting themselves with razors. Rumor was that this one girl, everybody called her Roo, really believed she was a Vampire and cut open her wrists one night and wrote on the wall in her own blood. Yea, and she went on to make lots of money as an exotic dancer. Posed for Penthouse too. Well ANYWAY as I was saying I never did nothing so crazy as that oh I admit I played with a gun a night or two toying with the idea of death, but it wasn't death it was revenge I wanted . I knew it was selfish so instead of causing any real harm I would just cut my hair or pull it out in huge hunks. I remember my mother always put so much stock into the length of hair. and you know how black folks can be, the prettiest girls are the ones with the longest straightest hair (and the lightest skin too but you can't control that) Be careful that you don't leave the relaxer on too long or it will burn your scalp and leave scabs! Don't worry they heal eventually... so lets see you've got you different types of hair color I usually buy Dark and Lovely brand because its color usually takes better to my type of hair. I remember when I first came to New York and lived with white people for the first time every time I relaxed my hair i had to explain that when a black person gets a permanent it straightens the hair and when a white person gets a permanent it makes the hair curly. At some point i started dying my hair Manic Panic Alpine Green and finally I was truly happy. I never felt I looked like myself for years I felt like if I altered my appearance I altered myself. So anyway, after awhile I didn't have much time or patience to care what I looked like so I quit straightening my hair, stopped dying my hair, got an Afro of historic proportions. Suddenly people weren't calling me names on the street no more. White people didn't call me different, and black people didn't say I was brainwashed.

MATERIALS AND PROCESSES OF SCULPTURE

Me and materials are an interesting pair. I collect things. Objects, ideas, memories, dreams, conversations, raw materials, books. I consider myself a collector. I write it down, box it up, store it on a shelf, or in a case, or in a plastic bag. If its important I leave it out in plain sight. I need to see all that's truly important to me or else its out of my mind. See I find it necessary to collect other peoples memories because I seem to have lost so many of my own. I never got over the fact that I cannot remember what my life was like before seventh grade. But so far as art materials collecting is concerned I dumpster dive I buy from thrift stores I find things at my house when I go home to Indiana People give me things. It's kind of a combination of sentimentality and practicality. I haven't spent over 20 dollars on a project all year. I don't imagine I will always use found objects because I didn't use them to this extent before this year but I always have had a part of every sculpture that was something that I had a connection to as an object in the world before it was art. So I collect now. and I have an Idea or a narrative or something in my head. If an object coincides with an idea a piece gets made. I let them sit together for awhile. I work in a sort of stream of consciousness manner after that. I can often be found working on more than 3 projects at once which makes finishing anything difficult. I like the objects and the way it makes me feel to arrange them and make the sculpture so much that a lot of the time finishing the piece and taking it out of my space is anti-climactic So i choose to believe that maybe I just need time to work much longer than I have allotted while in this place of higher learning. Truth be told, I can't tell if I have a problem with closure in a sculpture or if I just feel rushed. I have had no opportunity to find out what my working pace is but it definitely at this point in my life cannot get any faster. In the past I have been hindered by my preconceptions of what art is, what sculpture is. I have had tensions about what I 'should' be doing. Sometimes my belief in art history is completely subliminal. I have had to learn not to fear my ancestors. I feel that where my work is headed is more honest with myself and the pieces

are more autobiographical than anything else I feel I have found ways of working where finally I am comfortable making my audience into voyeurs and me being a voyeur of their reaction. I am intrigued by what intrigues people.

WHAT ARE WORDS FOR?

In the past I never had much faith in my ability to express myself through the written word. I've sort of amended that lately. I discovered that I spent a lot of time writing. More time writing than drawing. I would describe materials and forms and then make part of it and then draw it. I found that my sketchbooks function as some sort of very elaborate picture book diary where the images only relate to the text if you know the author. I was feeling that my politics functioned better in written format than as 'political art' or even 'conceptual' art but I like the idea of objects as a vehicle for writing. In a lot of ways its almost like a puzzle how the story and the idea and the objects all fit together.

The power of the spoken word and the persona of the artist is a recent idea I've been working with I am pretty much an exhibitionist I want to be seen and heard. I feel it is my responsibility to make what I have to say as direct and interesting as possible in order to interact with the audience. In my writing I wish to explore the limits of sanity and reality and imagination. My subjects start with a personal question I try to answer through the process of my writing. The people are metaphorical versions of my conflicts. I illustrate my nightmares and reconstruct situations in a new light to gain what insight I can.

RESEARCH

Research and searching is a big part of my artwork. I can remember trying to find IV bags once I had to call all over the place hospitals supply houses etc. in order to find them. I eventually did get about a hundred from a supplier up in Harlem. but not before I learned the valuable lesson that sometimes its best when looking for odd materials not to tell people you're using it for art because

they don't get it and most of the time won't give you what you want because they think you're a lunatic.

I enjoy hunting for what I need. In a lot of ways I think it's half the fun of making art. I love libraries and I am content to just sit and read all day so I give myself research problems in relation to a piece I'm working on. Currently I have many thoughts dealing with housing and social welfare systems. I am concerned with housing projects and who, how, and why they were designed the way they are designed. My connection to this information came from looking at abandoned New York architecture and loving the way it looked but wondering who had abandoned it. These decayed surroundings reminded me of things from my childhood I then connected that to the caged-in appearance of project indoor/outdoor hallways. It reminded me of people in cages. I began to wonder if whoever designed the buildings had people or economics in mind. I have had to make calls and look things up in order to better understand my topic. It is important to me that I am able to do these things; it helps me understand the world a little better.

My aesthetic comes from the realm of museums and dusty private hideaways. I often have to wander in order to find the proper inspiration. Clean is not a word I like to use in terms of what I do. I believe less is less and Le Corbusier and Mies van der Rohe should have been shot. God is, however, in the details.





CHAPTER 3
MARCH
BE A GREEK TRAGEDY OR JUST LOOK LIKE ONE



EVERYTHING IS DETERIORATING

Do you know me? Its just occurred to me that who ever is reading this may not know me. I am a black female about 5'9", 125 lbs, brown eyes, hair that at different times has been different colors but naturally is dark brown. I tend to create a lot of problems for myself, slightly neurotic, highly paranoid, with manic depressive tendencies. Overall pretty insecure but I think that's how I like it, I like the edge it makes me walk. Admittedly I have been a thief and I have been known to not tell the whole truth. Generally no one gets the whole truth, not everyone deserves it. My zodiac sign is Gemini and I believe in divination. I was born and raised in Indianapolis, Indiana by my mother alone. I have two sisters who don't look much like me and a brother who I haven't seen in 6 years. My parents were never married. I am 21 years old and wear a size 10 shoe. I am not good at group sports but I am a very good swimmer. I got my period first when I was in the 8th grade. I lost my virginity when I was 18 and have regretted it ever since. I am afraid of insects and being alone in the world but not much else. I like music with wild guitar and dropping notes. I have attempted suicide, once a long time ago, but I forget the year. I had an afro in 1975, 1989, and 1993. Sometimes I get a pain in my shoulders that just won't go away. I bite my nails and always have.

Deep down somewhere I don't believe in nature. I don't believe things happen naturally between people. Its just a group of circumstances that happen because one person said or did a certain thing and someone else reacted to it in such and such a way. I believe we are not in control because too much is out of our hands. The older people get the more closed they become so much becomes learned response not gut feeling. we go over and over the same tired rituals and try to justify how it was different the last time. No one is ever happy. No one is ever satisfied. We just suffer from brief delusions that somehow we're better than this but for now we can live with less.

-YOU LOSE!, YOU LOSE!..

SAT 13 FEB 1993 7:52 P.M.

I MAKE ME FEEL MAKE ME MAKE ART.

How I ended up a sculptor is somewhat a mystery. I was strictly a painter before I came to College. I know now it may sound cliché but I made art to stay alive. It made me feel I always had one thing worth living for that was all me from inside me. I think my concept of the art world was that of a parthenon of wild genius gods selling their souls to the people of earth and profiting from their own divinity in the annals of posterity. I felt that I could deal with that. I did a stint in Product Design/ Furniture Design I guess that's where it came from this three dimensional urge. I wanted to interact with my pieces more it was a more fulfilling process than obsessing over color on a flat plane. No offense to illusion or light or canvas or stretcher bars, but the actual feeling of making a thing-an object that you can pick up and carry around and see it on the floor on a shelf on a table walk around it take it apart put it back together, look at its various elements carve into its surface mould into some thing new melt it down break it open figure out how things work inside take the pieces and make a new thing its all so cool.

SET YOURSELF FREE-REALIZE NO ONE REALLY CARES WHAT YOU DO

I discovered a long time ago the problem with the I don't make art because/ I don't make sculpture because there's already too

much stuff in the world who needs it philosophy. I make art for myself and to try to communicate with the world because its a fun way of doing it. It gives me something to do and it gives anyone who should decide to look hopefully some sort of experience.

I don't believe in any separation between my life and my art. I won't stand for any separation, there can be none at this point. I've been drawing/writing/moving/singing/acting for as long as I've been able and I've tried to separate things out and just ended up schizophrenic. Like I would try to keep a separate sketchbook and a separate dairy or I would try to learn to be a scientist and paint on the side, build perfectly functional furniture but do drawings of all the sick and twisted visions in my head. Speak softly, act normal have a nervous breakdown write about bloody battles and teen trauma. Listen to classical music and sing the blues. But none of this worked and I felt two years of therapy can,t be wrong(?) Why keep doing it if it doesn't work. Over the last two years I've been trying to create the perfect balance of public and private both melding together becoming one. I don't think this is necessarily what my art-work has been "about" but it definitely is where I get all my ideas.

My sketchbooks especially work to this end. I don't separate the drawings from my life put them in some more "perfect" "pristine" setting where all you focus on is the drawing itself. I don't believe the aesthetic beauty of the page is what is concerned in my work. I mainly want the viewer to know the circumstances behind the image. The words behind the image. Just to give a brief explanation of their underlying structure I will tell you each day is a new page the date must be written somewhere on the page but I don't do something every day necessarily. Each day has a title of some sort usually of the non-sequitur nature. Often a song lyric or some bit of conversation which when taken out of context added something to my day. Almost functioning like a moral to the story. I have never officially titled any of the books themselves but they have different sections which have unofficial names they go by. Each cover gives a clue through its design what particular phase I happened to be going through at the time the book was started. I tape in pictures articles and personal artifact of all sorts. The recording of my

history is extremely important to me. I've been doing it since 1988. Up until 1992 I had always just bought the books premade but since the book has been an increasingly important object in my work I felt the least I could do was create this, in my life, most functional of objects. In a lot of ways it is a security blanket but that's just the cross I have to bear. It helps me remember it helps me forget, and if I seem a bit obsessed don't worry, its in the top five, but there are a lot worse things I'm addicted to.

HOW TO THRIVE ON ADDICTION

superstitions
 secrets
 dreams
 conditions
 compulsions

embrace your obsessions, cultivate your habits
 one day they may be all you have left to comfort you.

REASONS WHY I SMOKE

The Sky in New York glows orange from all its lights I never will get used to that. Which is not to say I will never get used. The smoke helps me not to take breathing for granted. Its a lot healthier than being addicted to people. While its true that I am not depressed I am a bit distressed. Everything moves so damn fast. The people walk past as if on conveyor belts. Rows of people passing each other by. Passing. If I didn't know better I'd swear it was all orchestrated. If a train leaves Manhattan going down town at 2:12 p.m and another train leaves Brooklyn to Manhattan at 3:08 p.m. at what point do they meet?

-SITTING, SMOKING, LISTENING TO
 MY BLOODY VALENTINE WISHING
 I COULD SEE STARS..
 MON 8 MAR 1993 7:37 P.M.

I guess music would have to be my biggest influence. Not in any romantic way but in that I need to have music to listen to while I am working or when I am walking down the street. It sets my mood or enhances it. Its like I can feel it. I like all different types of music but my favorite bands tend to have something quirky in their musical arrangement. I am not necessarily a big fan of beautiful music about the most perfection I ask for is Jazz. I like trumpets, but I also like the sound of feedback. I like words and love to hear what the songs say its like poetry to me and not to say I'm a wonderful singer I find it necessary to sing along. Its all just the way of things.

What else influences me? I must say to be honest everything does and I can never tell what impact things are going to have on my work. I think that's the scary part, just not knowing.

FIRST I FEAR IT. THEN I GET ADDICTED TO IT. THEN I OBSESS OVER IT. THEN I GET USED TO IT. IT GROWS COLD. IT FADES AWAY.

This is the chain of events as they happen. Now that i have it in my conscious mind though it is subject to change. It has already begun.

Life confuses me. I am constantly learning though, so its bearable. It all filters down into my artwork. That's why it all gets muddled and stuck sometimes. But that's also why my pieces end up personal, nostalgic, decayed, beautiful or ugly or both, or completely inspired telling a grandiose fiction explaining my newest sensation or resurrecting a painful loss.

WHEN YOU'RE DOWN, IT'S A LONG WAY UP.
 WHEN YOU'RE UP, IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN.
 IT'S ALL THE SAME THING.

-LOVE & ROCKETS



CHAPTER 4
APRIL
RATHER THAN A BRICK WALL, AN OPEN FIELD

I feel I have developed an extreme respect for time. It has helped me more than once. If only I could remember when I am depressed that all I need is time. When what lies under new paint is old paint, and wood breaks down and collapses, dust gathers the sun rises and falls. Another chance to do something. My friend just told me that he is falling in love and he is not supposed to. I asked why not supposed to? He said love is all in the timing.

-ETHEREAL ATTACHMENTS

MONDAY 20 MARCH 1993 8:10 P.M.

A ROOM HAS FOUR WALLS, ONE CEILING, ONE FLOOR,
AND AT LEAST ONE DOOR.

Imagine a room devoid of anything. Then imagine a carpet on the floor a real expansive Persian rug. The kind with intricate patterns woven into the surface in shades of red and dusty ochers. In fact its a pretty old rug its worn in spots. It looks as if its been in an attic for 20 years given away to the Salvation Army then resold to come here to its final resting place. Glass cases line the walls. There are many shelves inside the cases some backed by mirrors others by wood. They go up the walls all the way up the 14 feet to the ceiling. There are two ladders in the room so that you can get to any shelf. There is rather ornate wooden molding around the room but it has been painted over a different shade of paint every year since 1945. In the room there are 4 tables one made out of steel, one of wood, one with a plaster tabletop, and the last with glass. At each of these tables is a chair you can go to a case choose a piece of art take it down for a closer look, put it on the table of your choice and look at it. An instant revolving exhibition. If nothing else the cases serve as a means of display.

THE DRAWING ROOM

If doing a show of drawings I would like to have them housed in desks with drawers. lots of desks a room full of desks with chairs that have rollers on the bottom. The viewer sits in a chair and in

the drawers would be ledgers notes and doodles. Or I will make podiums or shelves and show drawings bound in books or boxes. I have a phobia about showing work flat in frames on walls. I don't like to use that default way of display unless there is a reason.

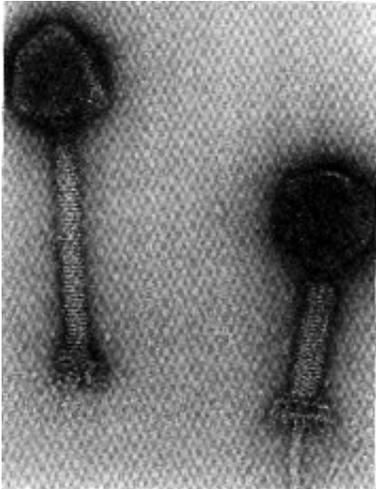
A REAL SPACE

I could find ways to make the typical gallery situation work. I feel that in a real space I must create contexts and spaces somehow with the art itself. Almost to separate my sculpture from the space its in. I want my work to harmonize with its surroundings. I would almost like to create a room for it to be viewed in where I could choose the colors of the walls and put carpeting on the floors or tile. Even if its just to show an object on a shelf. I feel its all part of it because ultimately I want my work in peoples homes. I would like to do pieces on commission so the I can make a sculpture for an individual that would be ideal. I feel my sculptures need warmth, the warmth of other objects and colors and the busy chaos of other collections of things. If I were to show in a space devoid of anything I would like it to be in an abandoned building with decaying crumbling walls chipped paint broken windows and the smell of mildew and natural light. I like to make work that somehow depends on the space around it. I guess site specific would be a good term. Installation is a format I like a lot. Light is very important and I need to have absolute control over the light in a gallery situation where lights are usually ambient and cold. Or I give the sculpture itself a light source which is integral to the piece.

I make art with an audience in mind. Meaning I definitely intend for someone to look at it and respond. I like to tell a story even if its hard to understand. I don't necessarily take into account what that audience is going to bring to the piece or what their reaction is going to be. I just want to know what the reaction is.



CHAPTER 5
MAY
A FUTURE



I AM SURE ONE DAY
I WILL LOOK BACK
AND REALIZE
THAT THERE WERE PLENTY OF TIMES
WHEN IT ALMOST MADE SENSE.

BUY A BIG HOUSE
 LOCK MYSELF IN
 DON'T COME OUT TILL I DIE
 MANY WORKS OF ART WILL BE FOUND
 I WILL LEAVE IT IN MY WILL THAT THEY ARE ALL TO BE BURNED
 PROBABLY NOT.

One day I'll settle down...One day... (I guess) who knows who cares just wait and see

So far as future and what I see. I see work and more work but what else is new. We cross bridges when we find them. Optimistically I will continue to make sculpture. Maybe branch out into video maybe get better at expressing myself through writing. I do want to continue to use text in some branches of my artwork but lately I have had the inexplicable urge to deal more with form and color alone in some pieces.

Pessimistically I'll end up a welfare mother of five living in the projects in the South Bronx married to an abusive husband. I don't leave out the worse case scenario. I mean, look at all that can happen and all that can change in a week, in a day. Who knows what fate could have in store if you measure time in years.

But so far as realistically what I'll be doing...I don't imagine life will change much for awhile. I'll probably go through a big depression when I graduate. I'll miss my little cage of a studio. I remember one day Roger Shepard stopped in from of my studio, tapped on the bars and asked "Does this mean something?" "OF COURSE." I answered.

I'll still have my two computer jobs maybe buy a computer one day and start doing freelance work. Or get a graphic design job of some kind. I can make the money I need to live, I have no fear of that. I don't fear for lack of time either, if I want to make art I will make art and there is not much in this world that will stop me. I fear most missing something missing opportunities. I fear being stuck in New York. I want shows but I won't freak out if I'm 60 and have never had one. I wouldn't mind being known and respected as a genius or even just for being highly perceptive. I would like to publish a book. Stage a play, go to some far away place and photograph its inhabitants. I don't care what but I must keep moving I must KEEP DOING SOMETHING creative or I will die.

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IF YOUR LIFE HAD A SOUNDTRACK, WHAT

SONG WOULD BE PLAYING RIGHT NOW?