

# trouble

volume one • number one

summer  
2021





# Necessities Become Luxuries



ART & DESIGN: MATTHEW ROSE/PARIS 2020 INSTAGRAM: @MISTAHROSE

**trouble** volume one • number one • summer 2021

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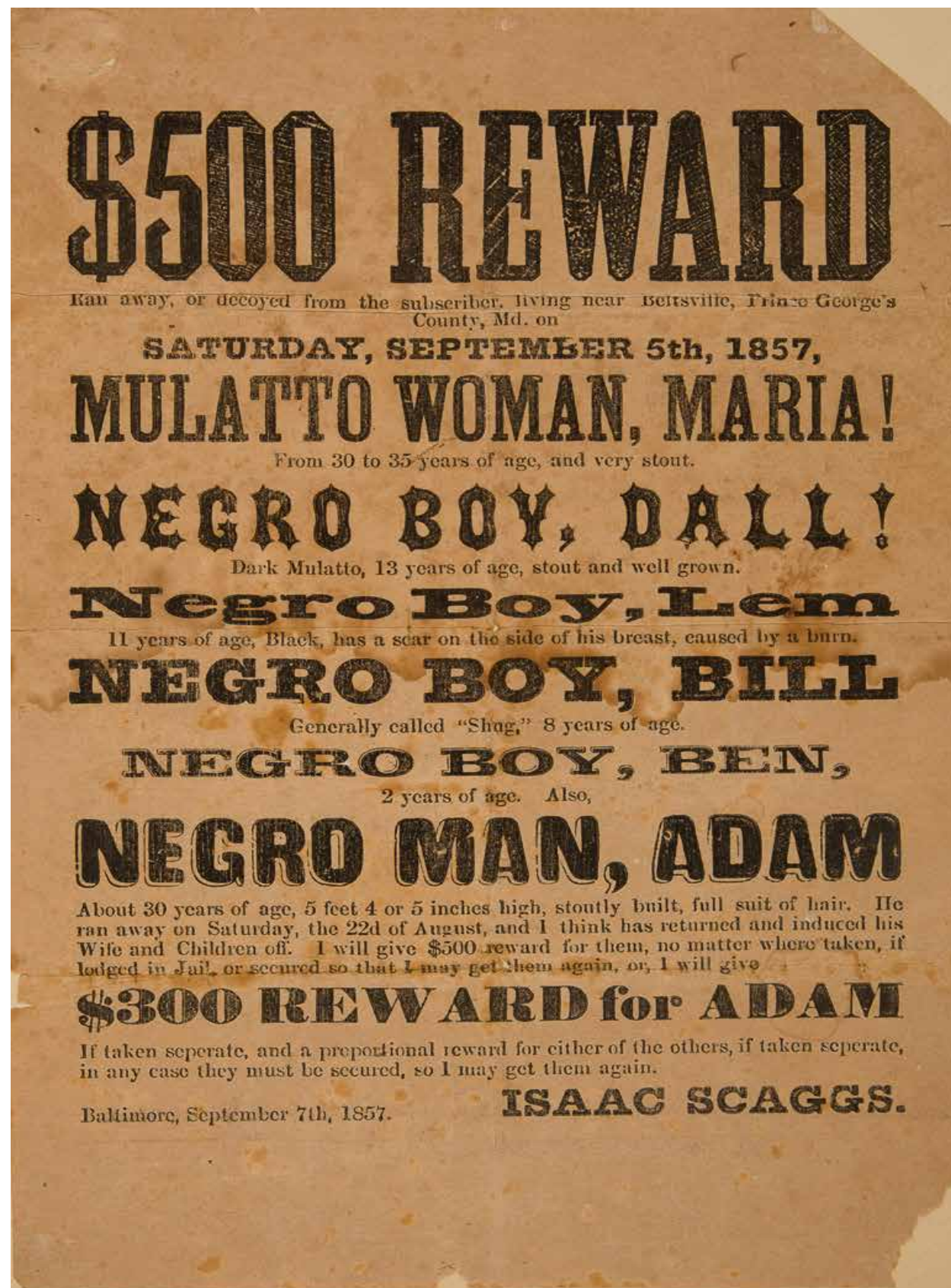
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# trouble

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*"It's the ultimate life hack."*

# Afraid to breathe

You think you have problems? Take a seat, Johnny and let me tell you about the total mindfuck world-wide urinary tract infecton we've been dealing with for a year's worth of month of Sundays.

Back in '19, when I was eating fish in Tokyo and wondering if Fukushima radiation would be my going away gift from this Island Nation, and I'd find it seeping into my personal plumbing upon my return to Paris, I had a dream about millions of people in surgical masks poking me awake. They used sharp sticks. It hurt. They were trying to poke holes in my chest, open up my lungs. Why? "You can't breathe."

I couldn't. We couldn't. The Earth couldn't. The rain forest was being hacked and burned, the air was being poisoned, people were sick and dying and sirens blared all night long in cities across the planet. We stayed inside, afraid to breathe. It was an episode of The Flash sans hero, just me and the sticks.

When I landed in Paris after a 12-hour flight from Haneda, I had to walk five kilometers to find a train; and when I did and got on the train, it crawled one station ahead and then stopped. I got out and walked yet another five kilmoters to find a bus. No bus. Grève (Strike). Finally, I found a taxi and got in and sensed I was riding through an infected organism: traffic all over Paris was stopped and swelling. It was the strike, of course. We continued to snake our way through town; the furious police cars, their sirens crying out for something we couldn't understand, their lights promising a troubling night. It was the beginning.

What happened in 2020 and 2021 – and the Coronavirus was just a single villian in a cast of millions in this made-for-Zoom online drama. And yet it remains a heaving global performance piece authored by thousands of idiots and acted out by tragic actors – tragic because they are bad actors in every possible sense. Why do I say this? Because they wanted to, they want to, hang the healers.

I check the numbers every day, not just for France but for the United States, Vietnam, Russia, Japan ... for China ... and I assume the data posted on Johns Hopkins and other Covid tracker sites are, for many countries, undoubtedly fabrications. Either these governments are lying, or they honestly don't know how many people are dying through the night in their cities. I comfort myself in believing this is just another kind of Big Bang, another rabbit hole, a series of toothaches where even the implants are now infected.

So, no, Johnny, I have no solution. There is none. Nature doesn't give a shit. In fact, She's fine. In a few billion years She'll consume all the plastic we've produced and integrate it into the ecosystem. Somehow. Meanwhile we'll eat a credit card's worth of the stuff every week. We're worse off not only because we know how bad a business this all turned out to be, we knew how bad it could be – and we did it anyway. What did we do? Sacrificed the truth to protect the lie. And now we have to decide if we want to brush our teeth or get implants.

But then what happens to implants when the Sun goes Super Nova? Just you wait, Johnny.

Matthew Rose

Paris, June 2021

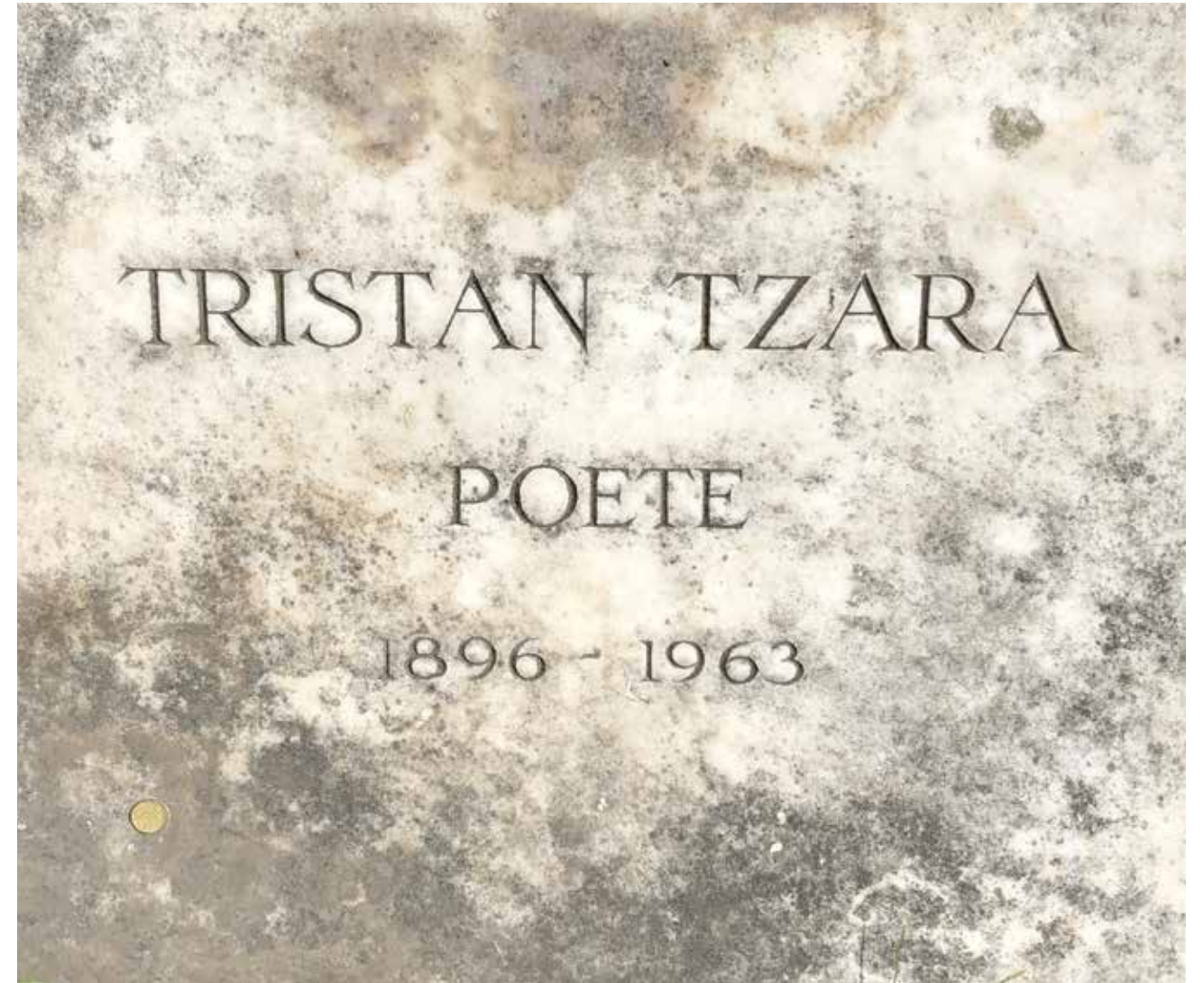


# TRICKSTER

## TRISTAN TZARA

A PORTRAIT OF THE DADA ARTIST  
ON TZARA'S 125TH BIRTHDAY

Text and art by Joseph Nechvatal

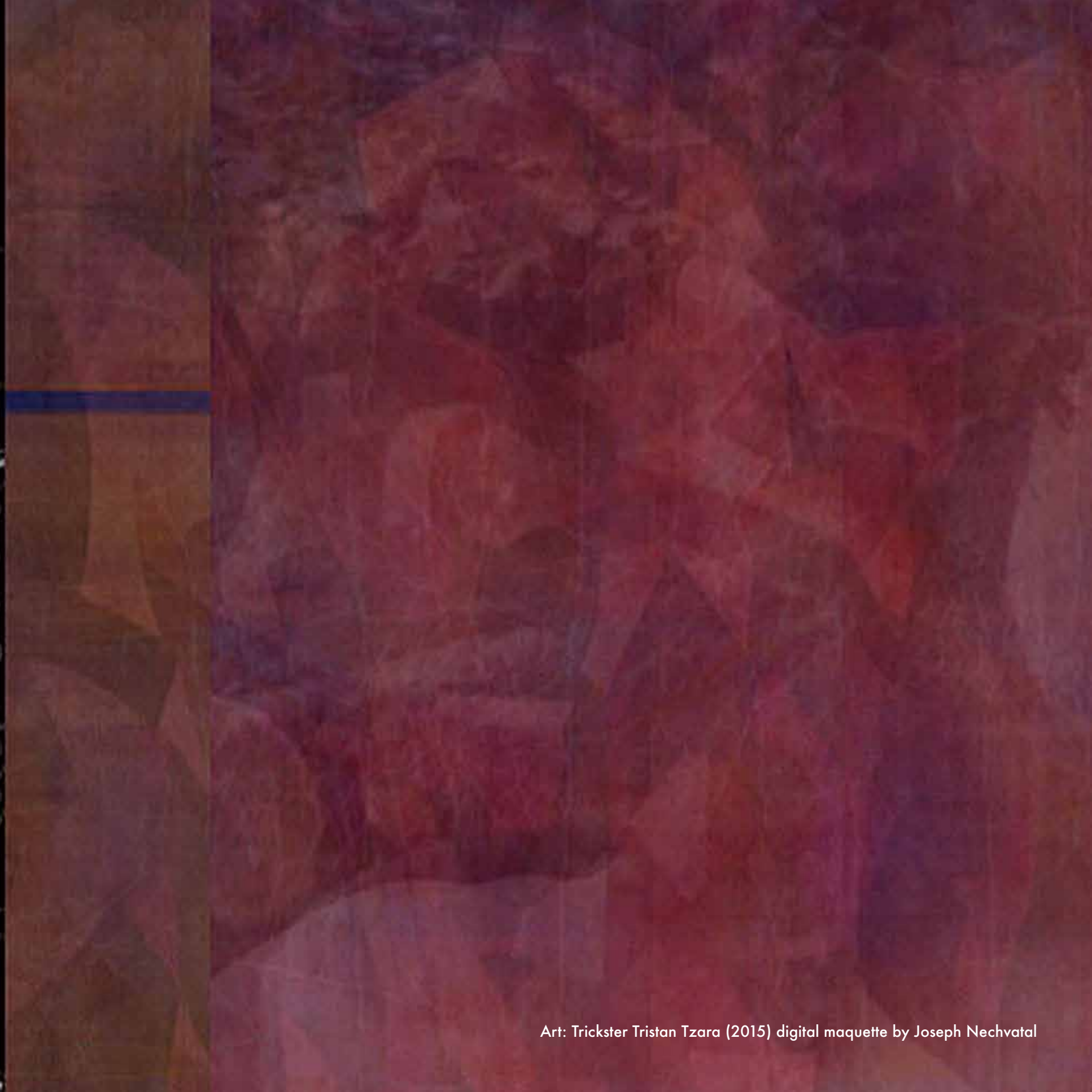


Tristan Tzara's square meter gravestone, Cimetière Montparnasse, Paris.

Trickster Tristan Tzara (2015) is a conflict maquette set between conscious and unconscious forces. It may be fabricated someday. It need never be fabricated.

Though I made this portrait of Tristan Tzara in 2015 to be painted by computer-robotics on velours canvas, Tzara's Dada preoccupation with the present means that Trickster Tristan Tzara was also created today – and every day – in the eyes of the seer buffeted between regrets for the nasty past and appeals to a revolutionary utopian future. Both these time-sentiments are problematized through Tzara's insistence on the continuous now – indeed Tzara revolted against any commemorative appropriation of a flawlessly coherent history of Dada.







Trickster Tristan Tzara's presentational muted excess offers up the possibility of multiple-interpretations that may be in conflict with each other. This multitude was inspired by the audio recording of the masterpiece tonal poem L'amiral cherche une maison à louer by Tzara, Richard Hulsenbeck and Marcel Janco (1916) as performed by Trio Excoco: Hanna Aurbacher, Theophil Maier and Ewald Liska. Thus Trickster Tristan Tzara's interpretative trickster act seems to have no end ~ but always a present.

## THE MEMORY OF TZARA WILL ALWAYS BE FOUND IN THE LAUGHTER OF CHILDREN.

Insofar as the deliberate obtuseness of the present is the whole point of Trickster Tristan Tzara, I was delighted to have uncovered it in my archive and found it germane to celebrating the birth of Tristan Tzara the man, that occurred 125 years ago. A pocket of time in need of turning inside-out. For me, Trickster Tristan Tzara has a sense of static ennui time about it perhaps applicable to our locked-down stay-at-home viral present. Our eternal now. Because it is about divinational gazing within to the beyond – and the ways Tzara's use of chance might reorient our thoughts about viewing painting, almost algorithmically.

Divinational gazing is an ocular technique based on surpassing visual expectations that takes the unclear seriously as a conduit to worthwhile more-than probabilities. As documented by historians, ethnographers, and cultural anthropologists, non-sequential magical gazing is a global and persistent aspect of human cultures, and I found it pivotal to creating Trickster Tristan Tzara. The Tzara-Dada gaze sees and asserts synchronicities: visual events that seem connected but are not causally related. To Tzara, heroic appropriation of the present bore the ontological weight of an assertion, even as Dada art promises multiple fluid alternative conceptions of both the past and the future. Tzara wanted to achieve self-possession in the here and now.

Artistic situations of Tzara-Dada gazing offer a different view on genealogy and a different idea of the relationship between forebears and posterity, progenitors, and descendants. This is consistent with Tzara's belief that art will always be born only from the chaos of time by gazing at an excess of possibilities in the now. A real deal Dadaist recognizes no past or future, but is instead living pseudo-mechanically within a repetitive be here now present ~ that overwhelms. The role Tzara's thought for my creation of Trickster Tristan Tzara was to help me forge a practice that would reveal the profound ambiguity of the present. This is why such contradictory tactics as clownish eclecticism, niggling parody and negative utopia, were all used in Trickster Tristan Tzara as equally appropriate propositions. For Tzara, the future was not to come; it had already arrived,

which is why Trickster Tristan Tzara is so much more than an elegy to a lost era of rebelliousness. Tzara-Dada simultaneity operates not only synchronistically (absorbing the multiple contradictory qualities of modernity) but also diachronistically (engaging modern phenomena as it changes over time). Put together we have phantasmagorical psychedelic perception. In that sense, Tzara conveyed an uncomfortable truth: that even a putatively modern, secular, and rationalist culture need some form of chance-based divination – as is evident in the risk-taking that is essential to market-based neoliberal hegemony.

## TZARA'S DIVINATIONAL GAZE... IS WHAT REMAINS VIBRANT TO US AS MAGICAL SPIRITUALISM FROM TZARA'S DADA DAYS.

Tzara's decision to seize the present came out of his rejection of both the historical past and a meliorist future whose exact symmetry was confirmed in the parallel ways they instrumentalized the present. So by being always present, Tzara obliquely renders gazing as a relevant technique for art yesterday and today. This gaze is what remains vibrant to us as magical spiritualism from Tzara's Dada days.

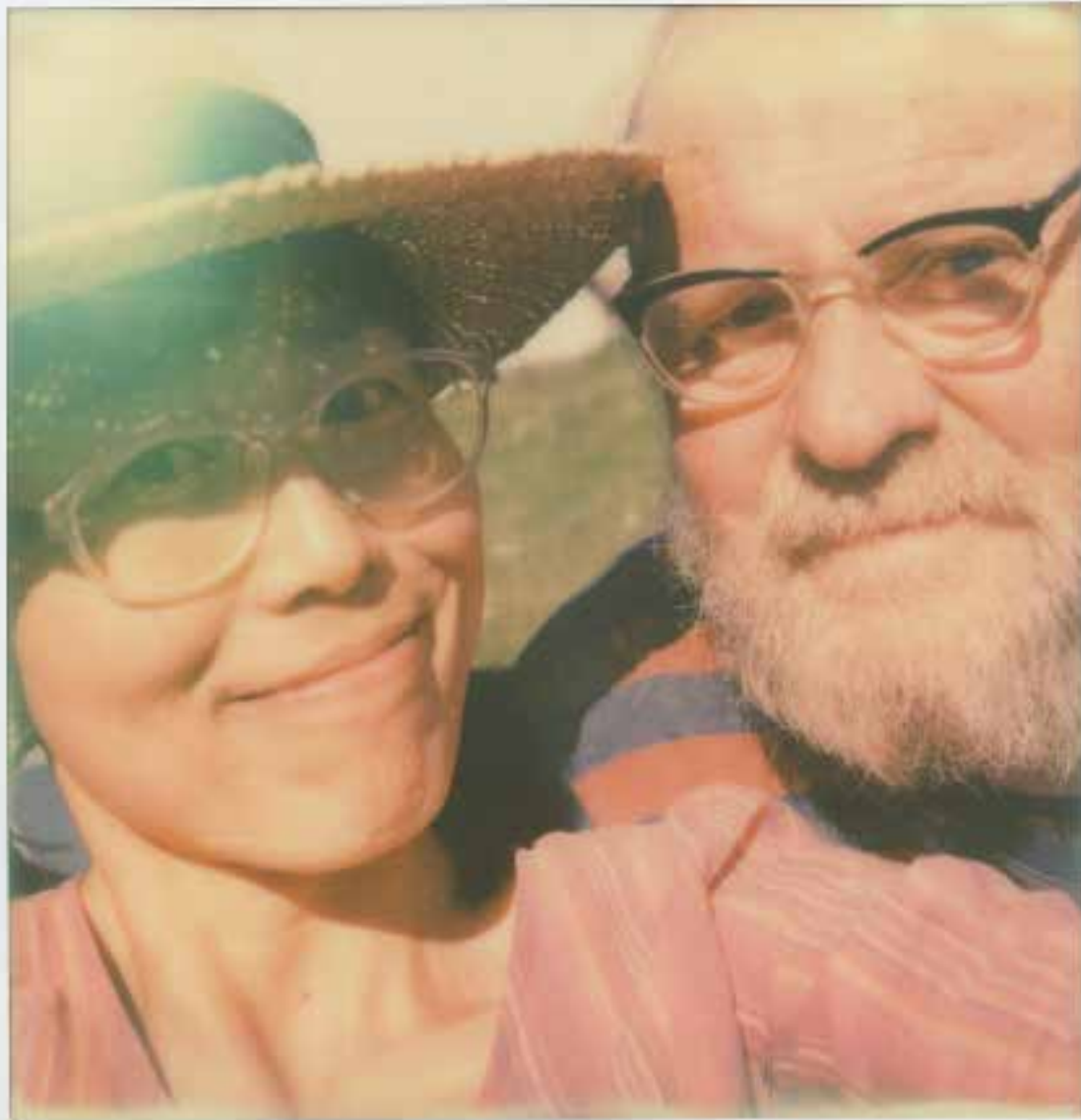
By taking the Tzara-Dada gaze into the eternal now seriously, Trickster Tristan Tzara suggests how once-disavowed divination sprouts up again as a veiled revolutionary threat to society. In our secular rationalist culture, chance is supposedly only rendered meaningful through observation of the properties of complex systems (such as information processing) that incorporate the aleatory or unpredictable as one of their functional parameters.

Tzara and Trickster Tristan Tzara ask for a gaze into the all-over deep now (shot through with contingency) capable of interpreting chance as meaningful and apparent – something usually done only at the level of abstract sets of data when submitted to the indifferent machinations of algorithms.

He was great beyond all reason. The finest fucking fetish an artist can hope for. Given the imaginative power of deft divination within meta-historical interpretations of Tristan Tzara, he is always defended best as inscrutably circuitous – and ripe with possibilities.

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# we are plastic

by Jennifer Allen Newton

photo credit: Dan Clark / USFSW

*When I started researching the state of plastics in our environment and our health, I knew it was a problem. I just had no idea how big of a problem, and how out of control it truly is. This article is a huge downer. Be warned. But we all need to be aware and begin to make changes now to decrease our use of and exposure to plastics. Why?*

**The human race has entered uncharted territory.** No, I’m not talking about the pandemic, though that certainly qualifies. With each passing year, we accumulate more plastic – in our environment, in our food and in our bodies – and it can take 1000 years or more for these particles to go away (if ever, entirely). In the meantime, they just get smaller and smaller until the plastics become so microscopically small we can easily breathe them, drink them and eat them without even knowing it. And we are. Plastics have been found in our tap water, bottled water, seafood, salt, sugar and even beer, and that’s just the beginning of a long list.

**Consider this:**

- According to a 2019 study<sup>1</sup> **the average person ingests up to 52,000 particles of microplastic a year** in food and water, and that number increases up to 121,000 particles when inhalation is included.
- That study estimated that if you drink only bottled water, you may consume an additional 90,000 microplastics each year. And, the study says, those are “likely underestimates” because the study evaluated just 15% of Americans’ caloric intake.
- Another study commissioned by WWF International and conducted by the University of Newcastle in Australia estimates that **the average person ingests about a credit card worth of plastic every week.**
- The same study looked at tap water and found that, **in the United States, 94.4% of tap water samples contained plastic fibers**, with an average of 9.6 fibers per liter. European water was less polluted, with fibers showing up in only 72.2% of water samples, and only 3.8 fibers per liter.
- A 2018 analysis by researchers in South Korea and Greenpeace East Asia found **microplastics in 90 percent of the table salt brands** sampled worldwide.

**So is this a problem? Are plastics bad?** It’s almost a question we can no longer ask because we have become so entirely dependent on them. But it’s a question we must begin to ask, as the future of our planet, and everything biological within it, may depend on it.

Hailed as a near-perfect product for decades, plastics have come to the point where they seem to be indispensable. Plastics are the purveyors of hygiene and safety, from shatter-proof bottles and baby toys to the syringes that deliver vaccines. We eat from them. We caress them on our keyboards. We wear them on and in our bodies: microfiber underwear, polyester fleeces, tampons, condoms, sutures, heart valves and artificial joints that keep us alive and kicking. The modern hospital could not exist without plastics.

Plastics have also attained iconic cultural status. The vinyl record. The Eames chair. Tupperware. Pleather.

**So what are plastics, really?** They are a collection of chemical compounds, mostly synthetic and largely derived from petroleum (although there are some plastics that are now being made from vegetable sources). They share unique properties that make them especially durable.

Many plastics are made with novel, synthetic compounds that only came into existence in the last 50 years, and new compounds are launched into the market every year – many of which are never independently tested or regulated before being put into our personal care products, cosmetics, clothing and items we use on a constant basis.

Plastic decoder:		
Name	AKA	Commonly Found In
Polyethylene terephthalate	PET or PETE	soda and water bottles
High-density polyethylene	HDPE	detergent bottles
Low-density polyethylene	LDPE	plastic bags
Polypropylene	PP	drinking straws
Polystyrene	PS	take-out food containers
Polyester	PES	clothing
Polyamide (nylon)	PA	toothbrushes
Polyvinyl chloride	PVC	plumbing pipes
Bisphenol-A	BPA	food cans & packages





photo credit: NOAA

Plastic’s greatest strength is, quite literally, its most potentially dangerous attribute. In a world where consumerism is king and markets only exist to grow, the production never stops. And the plastic remains.

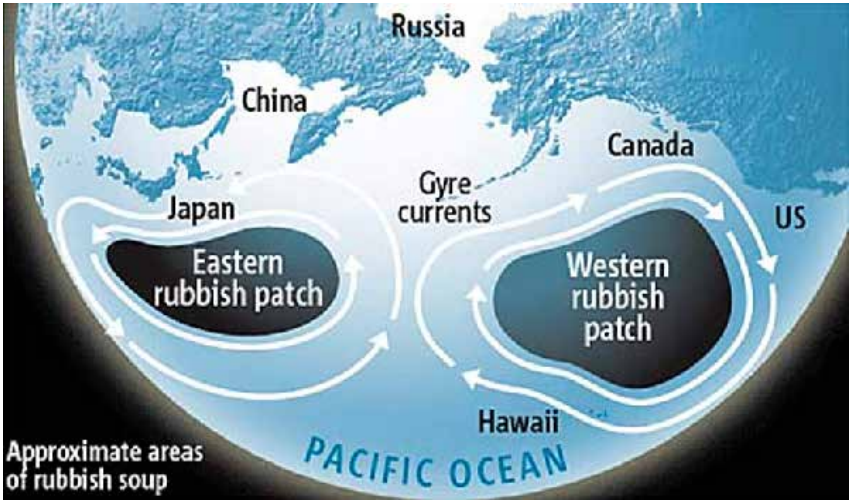
Single-use plastics are a cash cow for oil companies, which are now seeing the writing on the wall<sup>2</sup> with regard to climate change and public perception of fossil fuels. In fact, the petrochemical industry is racing to increase plastic production at a time when some parts of the world – particularly developing countries where the world dumps its garbage – are already approaching a WALL-E-esque reality. And that’s positioned as an opportunity. According to the New York Times, an industry group representing the world’s largest chemical and fossil fuel companies has been actively lobbying to influence trade negotiations with Kenya in an attempt to get them to loosen restrictions and import more plastic garbage from the

rest of the world. Not only is plastic being shipped to vast dumping grounds, plastics are also washing up and accumulating along coastlines in developing nations that have few resources for cleanup, creating a breeding ground that is favorable for insects, rats and other disease-carrying organisms.

In the spring of 2021, in a span of just over three weeks, an expedition<sup>3</sup> removed more than 47 tons of plastic waste from America’s largest protected marine reserve in the remote Northwestern Hawaiian Islands. Nearly 80,000 pounds of it was made up of fishing nets, and more than 40,000 pounds were other plastics in the ocean, including plastic bottles, cigarette lighters and other garbage. Think of how light plastics are. The sheer volume of plastic required to get to 47 tons is almost unfathomable.

And that’s nothing compared to the “Great Pacific Garbage Patch” – a floating island of trillions of pieces of plastic garbage that is more than twice the size of France. While about 20 percent of this floating plastic comes from fishing nets and marine debris, the rest enters the ocean from land-based sources, discarded from ships and offshore platforms, intentionally dumped, blown into the sea or swept off beaches with the tides.<sup>4</sup>

Image credit: Earthly Issues, Charles Welch, <http://www.earthlyissues.com/plastic.htm>



According to the US National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, “While some areas of the patch have more trash than others, much of the debris is made of microplastics (by count). Because microplastics are smaller than a pencil eraser, they are not immediately noticeable to the naked eye. It’s more like pepper flakes swirling in a soup than something you can skim off the surface.”

The World Economic Forum estimates that 10 million metric tons of plastic waste enter our oceans every year, and that number continues to grow. Studies estimate that, at the current rate, the amount of plastic garbage flowing into the oceans each year could reach 29 million metric tons by 2040 and those floating islands of plastic could reach 600 million metric tons of plastic by 2040.

While so-called ghost nets – lost and discarded fishing nets – are a big problem because they entangle wildlife, microplastics are just as insidious, and maybe more so. Animals mistake the plastic for food (who can forget the images of marine birds dying of dehydration and starvation because they’ve consumed so much undigestible plastic with and in their food). Microplastics are even carried in the bodies of insects that begin their lives in water, like mosquitos, and are then consumed by birds and bats and other insectivores.

Now scientists are finding microplastics embedded in our human tissues – from our intestines to our lungs – and we’re also redistributing it into the environment. In a 2018 study, researchers from the Medical University of Vienna looked at stool samples of eight people from Finland, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, Poland, Russia, the United Kingdom and Austria. It was a small sample size, yet every single sample they tested had microplastics in it. Based on this study, the authors estimated that more than 50% of the world population might have microplastics in their stools. We don’t yet know the long-term effects of these chemicals, and the authors stressed the need for more, larger-scale studies to look at this issue.

“Of particular concern is what this means to us, and especially patients with gastrointestinal diseases,” lead researcher Dr. Philipp Schwabl told CNN. “While the highest plastic concentrations in animal studies have been found in the gut, the smallest microplastic particles are capable of entering the blood stream, lymphatic system and may even reach the liver.”

Every time we burn plastics or throw an article of microfiber clothing into the washing machine and dryer, we’re redistributing microscopic particles of plastic into the air we breathe. Those micro-beads in skincare products? Microplastics. Studies have found plastics in our household dust, our carpets, our furniture and in our lungs.<sup>5</sup> Microplastics have been detected in atmospheric fallout in Greater Paris. And studies as far back as the 1990s have linked inhalation of microplastics to inflammation, airway disease, lung disease and cancer.

Quite simply, plastics are the oil and chemical industry’s Trojan Horse. And, like the people of Troy, we are welcoming plastics into our ecosystems, our interior spaces and our bodies without realizing what may lurk within them.

Proponents of plastics are quick to point out the value plastics provide in our society, giving us inexpensive, lightweight, waterproof and durable packaging for food that helps prevent food loss and contamination and flexible, non-reactive products for medical use. We cannot deny that the conveniences of modern life are inextricably tied to our use of plastic. But at what cost?

The industry has spent a lot of time and money greenwashing plastic by touting it as recyclable. Truth is, that’s just not happening. Plastic won the distinction of being the UK’s Royal Statistical Society international statistic of the year in 2018:

**90.5% – the proportion of plastic waste that *has never been recycled*.**

To put that in perspective, researchers estimated that in the entire history of plastics, **8300 million metric tons** of virgin plastics had been produced as of 2017<sup>6</sup> (that’s about 9.1 billion tons for those not using the metric system). And 90.5% of it has never been recycled.

Some propose increasing the use of so-called biodegradable plastics, but these currently make up just 1% of global plastics production. And while they are heavily marketed as being bio-based, biodegradable and compostable, many of these plastics are not what they seem, requiring very specific environments in order to



break down – environments that don't exist in most municipal waste operations or natural conditions. (In other words, don't toss them into your back yard compost pile unless you have a few generations to wait.)

Innovation in vegetable-based plastics soldiers on, but at the moment there's not an insignificant amount of greenwashing going on in order to help us feel better about throwing things away. In 2015, the United Nations Environment Programme (UNEP) concluded that "the adoption of plastic products labelled as 'biodegradable' will not bring about a significant decrease either in the quantity of plastic entering the ocean or the risk of physical and chemical impacts on the marine environment, on the balance of current scientific evidence."<sup>7</sup>

A number of organizations are jumping into problem-solving mode on this issue. The WWF says it's "fighting for a world with no plastic in nature by 2030 and they're doing it by partnering with companies to "translate ambitious plastic commitments into measurable change." And the Pew Charitable Trusts and London-based environmental think tank SYSTEMIQ, Ltd. launched a project in July 2020 aimed at remaking the global plastics industry. Their proposal is to shift to a circular economy that reuses and recycles plastic with the aim of reducing the annual flow of plastic into the oceans by 80% over the next two decades. Noble efforts, all.

Meanwhile, the global Covid-19 pandemic seems only to have increased our use of single-use plastic as people have been sheltering at home eating take-out, delivery, TV dinners and gourmet home meal-prep kits delivered in the mail.

And as we consume (and ingest) more and more plastic, what will become of us? While the dystopian views of a future world filled with garbage seems less like science fiction than it once did, the one thing our science fiction writers hadn't really anticipated is just how quickly plastics would also *become us*.

In my next article I'll look a bit more deeply into how this gradual replacement of our environments and living organisms with plastic is affecting our health and well-being in ways we are only beginning to experience.

In the meantime what can we do? Invest in a good water filter. Use glass bottles and storage containers. Buy food in bulk. Better yet, get fresh foods from your local farmer's market and carry them home in re-usable canvas bags. Every little bit helps your environment, your economy and your body from the invasion of plastic.

## notes:

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[ 20 ]

The “pocket note drawings” are an extended series of drawings and collages made on graph paper, envelopes and unused letterhead. The series originated several years ago as a transmogrification of my lifelong habit of keeping notes on paper with pen or pencil in my shirt pocket. Everything from grocery lists and to-do reminders, to sketches for task solutions and planned artworks, found their way into their content. At the point where studio work was curtailed by a shortage of space, these disposable reminders grew in importance as a daily lifeline to sustain a drawing habit. Journal-like entries and current events were folded into their imagery. The result of pushing them past simple note-taking into fully realized works is that they became magnets for of all kinds of conceptual, drawn and collaged ephemera.

robin croft

@shipwreckartist





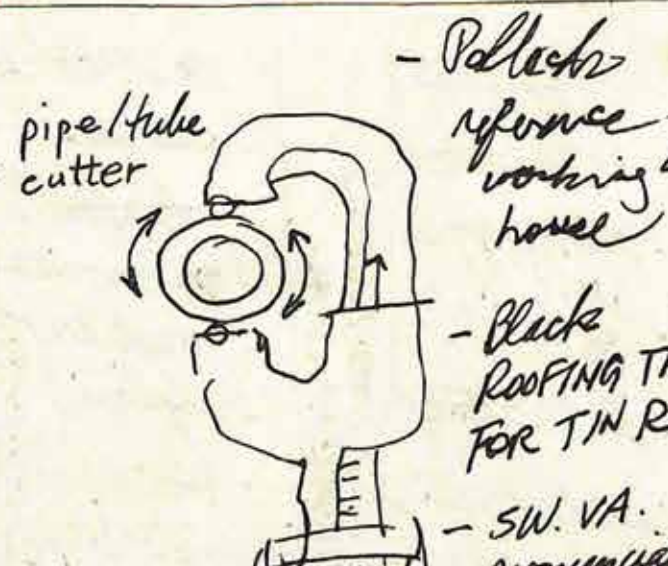
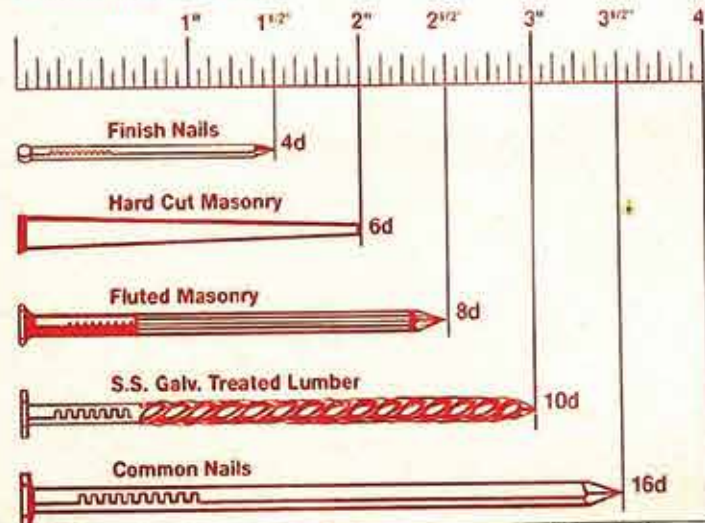
CLOSE COVER • STRIKE GENTLY

8 DAYS BEFORE RETURNING TO WORK  
AFTER THREE MONTHS AORTIC  
VALVE REPLACEMENT RECOVERY

WHILE MAKING ROOF  
REPAIRS TO THE CLARKE  
FARMHOUSE IN SOUTHWEST  
VIRGINIA, I EXPERIENCED  
A MOMENTARY EPIPHANY  
THAT MY JOY IN LABOR  
ECHOED THAT OF POLLOCK'S  
AS HE READIED HIS  
SPRINGS HOME AND STUDIO  
FOR A NEW START.

NET WT. 1 LB.  
(454g)

#### Common Nail Sizes









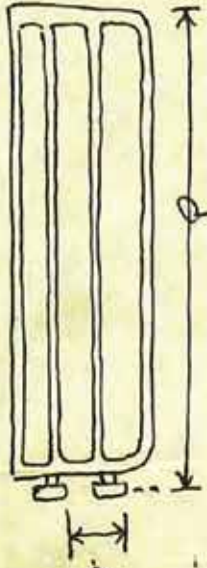




CLARKE FARM  
GATES

EXISTING GATE: 166" WIDTH TO HINGE CENTER  
33" HINGES TOP TO TOP

NEW GATE: 142½" WIDTH TO HINGE CENTER  
36¾" HINGES TOP TO TOP

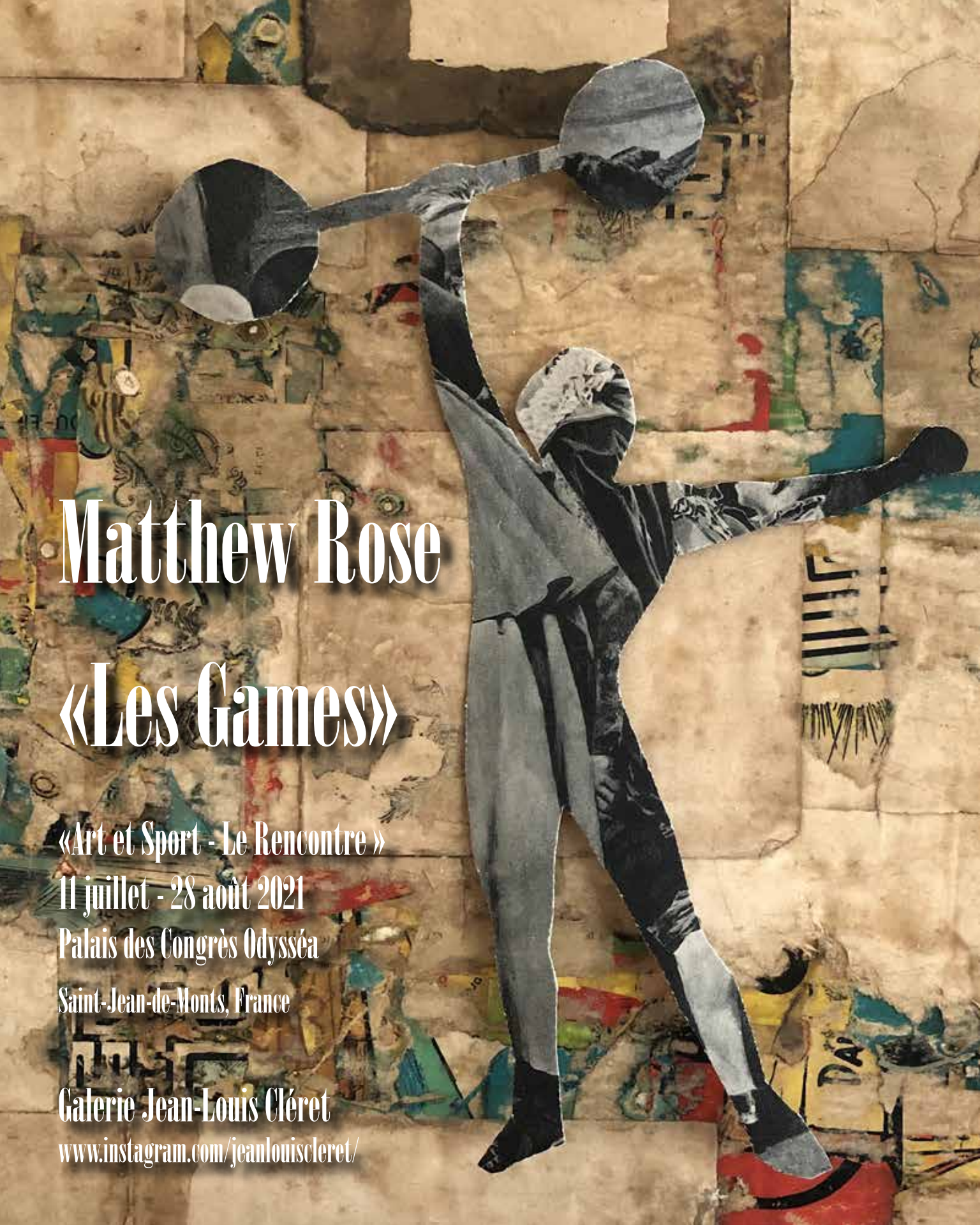


ROBERT



"SUGAR, TRANS FATS, AND AN ADORABLE LITTLE DEAD BABY LAMB. CASH BACK?"





# Matthew Rose

## «Les Games»

«Art et Sport - Le Rencontre»

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[www.instagram.com/jeanlouiscleret/](https://www.instagram.com/jeanlouiscleret/)



### 軽井沢ニューアートミュージアムとは

軽井沢が陽光に輝く4月、JR軽井沢駅から目抜き通りを真っ直ぐに8分あまりそぞろ歩いた通り沿いに、軽井沢ニューアートミュージアムがオープンしました。この「軽井沢ニューアートミュージアム」は、主に日本の戦後から現在までの優れたアートを、新しい視点から日本の現代アートとして再領域化し、国際的な評価にたえうる諸作品を、広く国内外に普及してゆくことを目的として誕生しました。企画展では、世界の第一線で活躍中の日本の現代アートの作家やそのグループ展だけでなく、海外作家も含めて、日本国内のみならず海外からの美術ファンの期待にも応えられるような斬新な切り口の展示を展開していきます。また近年顕著に国際的な評価が高まっている「具体美術協会」に所属した前衛作家たちの作品など、日本の前衛作家の作品を積極的にコレクションしていく方針です。美術館の設計は建築家・西森隆雄によるもので、総ガラス張りベースにカラマツ林をイメージした白い柱をデザイン的に林立させた構造は、さわやかな高原リゾート地・軽井沢に心地よく溶け込んでいます。この美術館は、2007年に商業施設として建てられたものを新たに美術館として内装のリニューアル工事を行い2012年にオープンいたしました。軽井沢には美術館をはじめとして数多くの文化施設がありますが、そうした既存の文化施設、団体の方々も協働し、軽井沢町を国際的な芸術文化の拠点としてさらなる繁栄へと導くことを目指します。また、「軽井沢ニューアートミュージアム」は、上記の目的実現のために「軽井沢国際芸術文化都市推進協議会」（略称 KIAC）の後援を受け、地域と連携した様々な活動を展開していきます。

軽井沢ニューアートミュージアム 館長  
松橋英一

## KARUIZAWA NEW ART MUSEUM

1151-5 Karuizawa, Karuizawa-machi, Kitasaku-gun, Nagano Prefecture 389-0102, Japan

<http://knam.jp/en/>



**Travel Drawings** • When I travel or commute as a passenger I put a drawing pad on my lap and draw the landscape in real time as it evolves before my eyes. I draw what I see and what I see is constantly changing. The title on each piece indicates where the drawing was started, where it ended, the date **anne leigniel** and the means of transportation. The size of the drawings (29x39cm) is dictated by the size of my backpack. This minimalistic equipment, a drawing pad and pen, gives me the freedom to work at it anywhere. This series is for me a return to the meditative calm of the observational drawing blended with the hypnotic effect of traveling. @a.leigniel



*Indonesia • Flores Island. Maumere Harbour to ATM • 09 05 2014 (detail)*

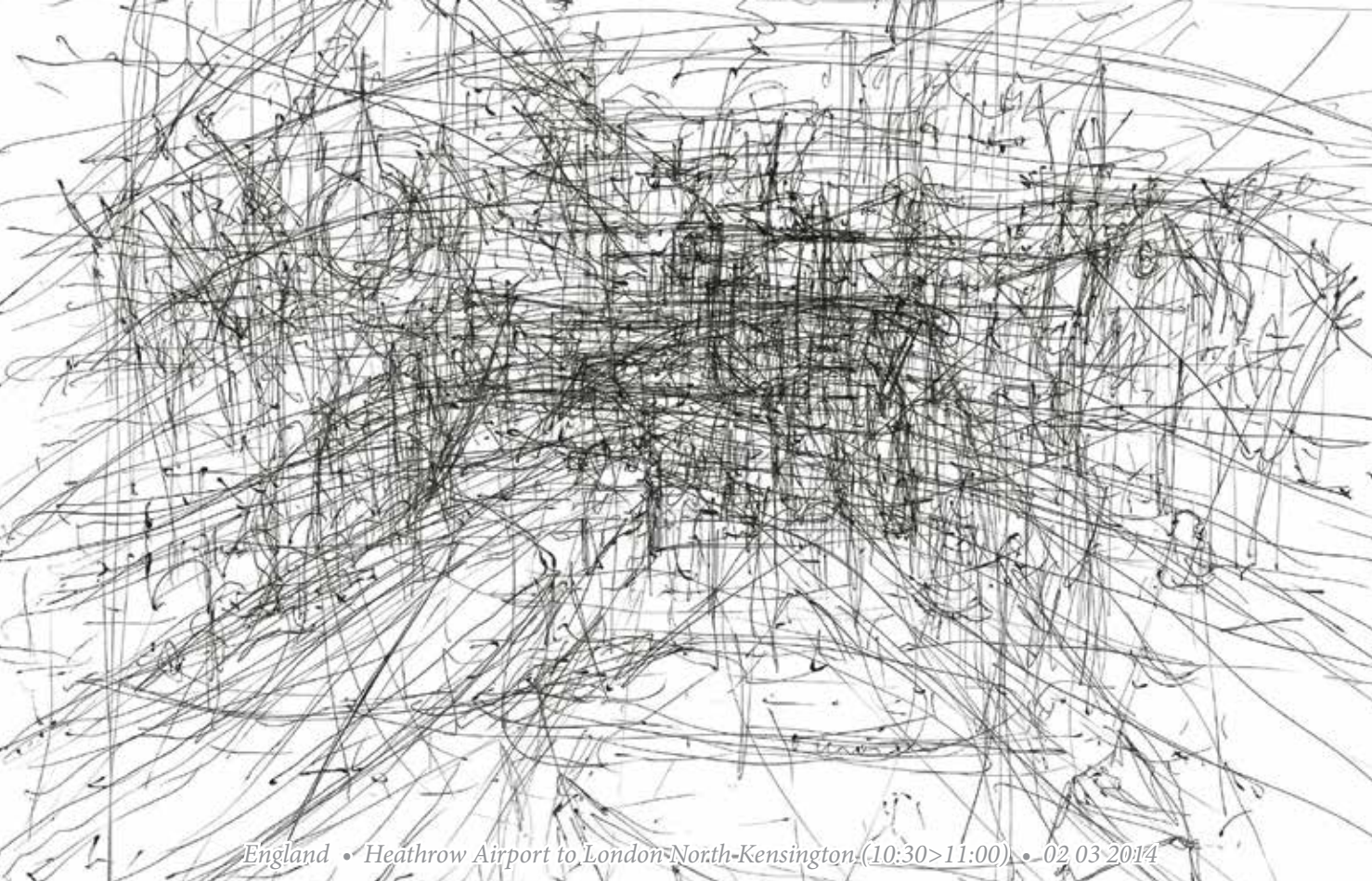




Mexico • from Calakmul Park gate to Calakmul archeological site  
(60 km in natural reserve), in rented minivan, Antonio driving • 18.03.2019

18-03-19 (3)





England • Heathrow Airport to London North-Kensington (10:30>11:00) • 02.03.2014



Japan • from Nagano Station to Sumii-san's studio in Sumii-san's car • 15.11.2018

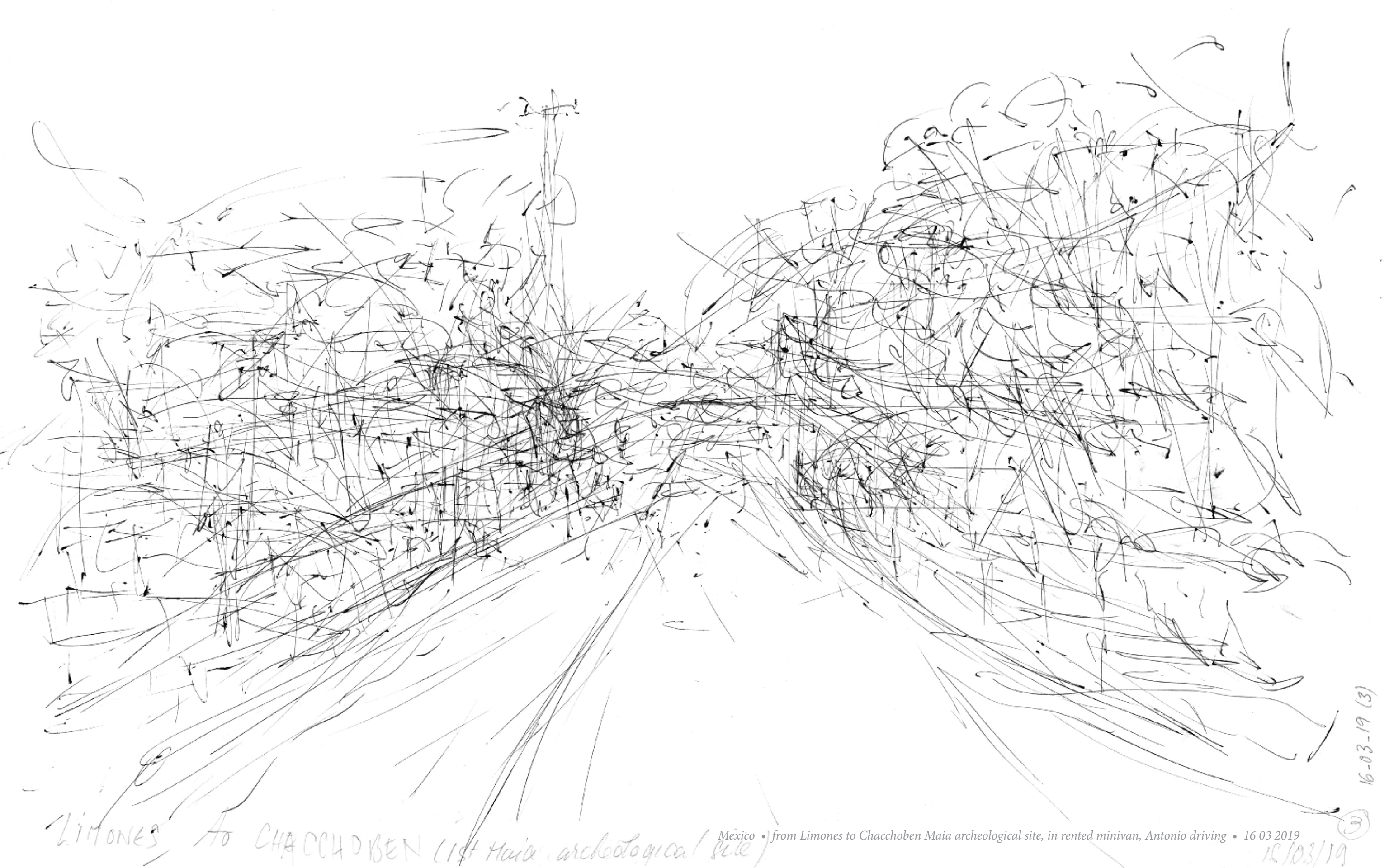


UK • London NW6, walking drawing through Queen's Park • 18.04.2018



New Caledonia • Lifou Island, from south tip of the island near Mou to Traput in a rental car • 28.11.2018





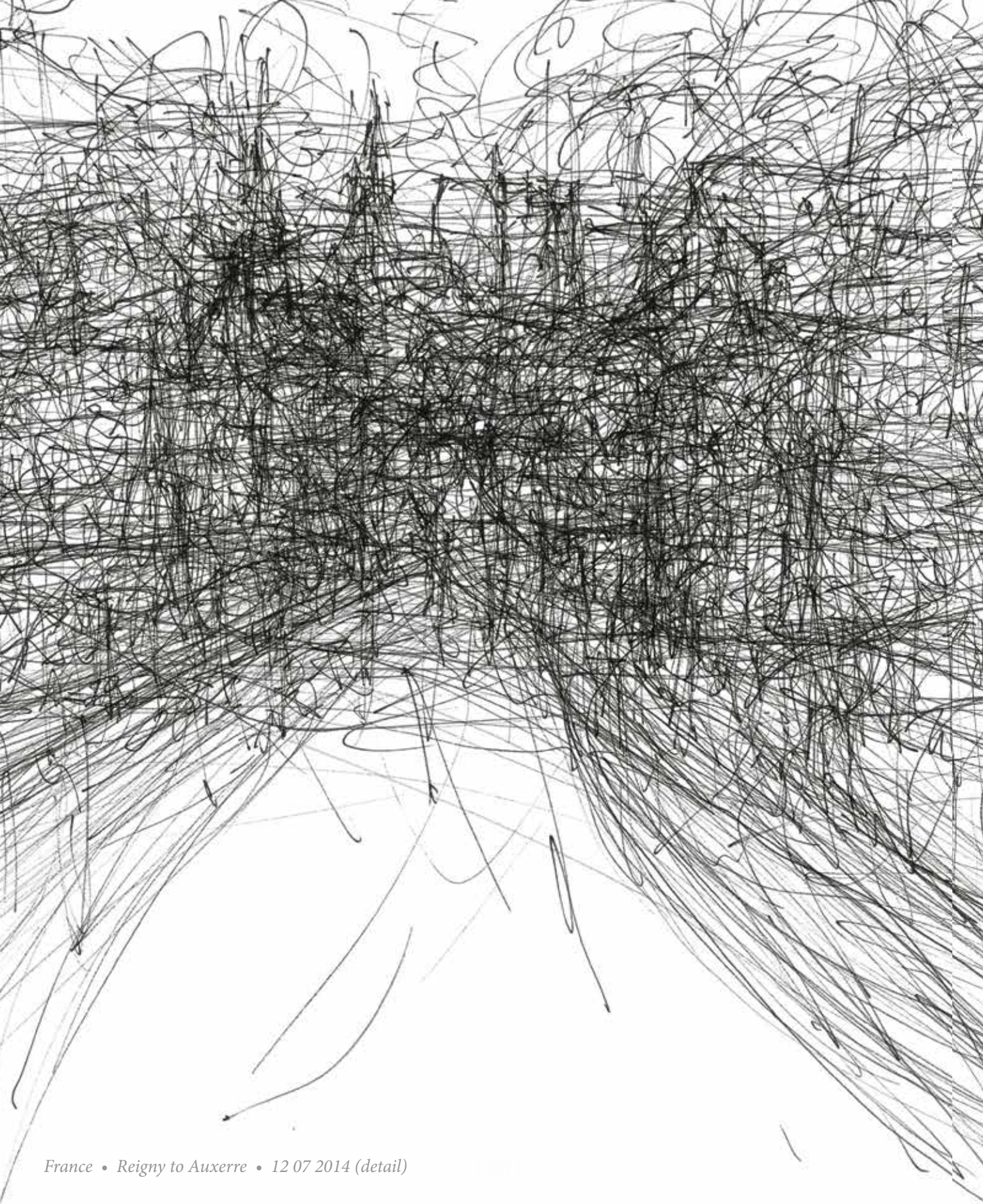
LIMONES To CHACCHOBEN (1st Maia archaeological site)

Mexico • from Limones to Chacchoben Maia archeological site, in rented minivan, Antonio driving • 16 03 2019

16/03/19

16-03-19 (3)





France • Reigny to Auxerre • 12 07 2014 (detail)



New Caledonia • Noumea, from Canons de Ouemo to Canons du Ouen Toro in Bertrand's car • 26 11 2018 (detail)



FEELING STUCK?  
^  
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COACHING CAN HELP

by phone or zoom



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MIYAGAWA  
JOURNAL



Miyagawa Journal, drying in Takayama, Japan after a soaking in the river.  
One of the Water Journals currently in the collection at MoCoSTaBaFO (see the ad  
in this magazine)



*Sunny Weather Not So Much*

# NANCY JONES' TROUBLE MAKERS



Group therapy takes a detour with these delightfully surreal sessions chronicled by Nancy Jones. The Berlin-based American artist has crafted a series of small intimate water colors riffing off 1960s Dick and Jane readers. But Ms. Jones offers a vaguely sinister, drink the Kool-aid yield.

"It's the experience they are sharing that is the most troubling part," explains Nancy Jones. "Are they a cult? Are they all me? Are they people I know?"

Reality isn't easy to define without abstracting it, hence the "talking cure" and miles of literature on coping, adapting, managing, not to mention bookstores filled with self-help guides. Because we're human, we tell stories, give instructions, analyze the past, predict the future, attempt to decode our present.

It appears to be true: Reality – whatever that might be – is expressed more readily, more intensely when shared. When we swim and communicate in that ocean of where and when – even if it's a group hallucination – we're more articulate, more seeing and more believing.

"I love beauty and illusion – in that order," confesses Ms. Jones. "They serve as a comfortable buffer to the unpleasant, but to also create mysterious truths and magic."

Jones has been diving into the subject of "microtraumas," she says, due to a year and a half of saturated-in-bold-reds and breaking news dramas soaking us in endless Sunday repetitions of sirens, news flashes, late night telephone calls and a rinse and repeat cycle that, she says, "led me to adjust formal visual elements in order to soften the shock...and turn it all into a low-pressure promise of comfort."

Tragedy, someone famous once said, lightens our spirits, while humor regulates the balance between trouble and hope.

\* \* \*

**Nancy Jones:** [nancyjonesart.com](http://nancyjonesart.com) [instagram.com/image\\_is\\_crisis/](https://www.instagram.com/image_is_crisis/)



















## AN INTERNATIONAL MAIL ART CALL TO ACTION

DEAR ARTIST,

YOU ARE INVITED TO TAKE ACTION AND SUBMIT YOUR WORKS FOR THE  
"DAYS OF THE WIND" EVENT TAKING PLACE IN THE ARTIST REPUBLIC OF  
UŽUPIS.

PLEASE, SEND TO:

MINDAUGAS ŽUROMSKAS  
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LITHUANIA

THEME: WIND(S)  
FORMAT: ANY  
TIME: FEBRUARY 1<sup>ST</sup>, 2021 –  
OCTOBER 31<sup>ST</sup>, 2021  
EXHIBITION: ALL NOVEMBER IN  
"GALERA"  
(UŽUPIO 2A, LT-01200) &  
"KALNAS"  
(KRIVIŲ 12, LT-01209)

NOTA BENE: WORKS CAN BE RETURNED  
PER AUTHOR'S REQUEST

DOCUMENTATION ONLINE:

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CERTIFICATE:

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THE MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS;  
WILL BE SENT TO EVERY PARTICIPANT  
AT THE END OF THE YEAR

POST SCRIPTUM:

EVERY PARTICIPANT WILL BE REPLIED  
WITH ABORIGINAL ARTWORKS



Užupio Respublikos URM  
Užupis Republic Foreign Affairs Ministry



'Shine' - the latest single from Temporal Comet

Go to [www.temporalcomet.com/music](http://www.temporalcomet.com/music)

"Shine is our sad love song to Earth, a meditation...  
on the trouble we've created for ourselves" says MJ Moon,  
TC's lead singer, guitarist and live-looper.

The cover art was designed by French artist, Petronille Remaury  
View her work - [www.instagram.com/petronille.remaury](https://www.instagram.com/petronille.remaury)



# And Soon There Will Be None

\*\*\*

Excerpts from a Novel by  
Jody Jenkins

Two days after the accident on the highway with the Japanese businessmen, I had a call from Ned. He had been busted for drunk driving by a state trooper near I-85 outside Oxford on his way back from some strip bar he had found near Durham. The trooper later testified that he was heading east on county road 2247 when he noticed that the cars ahead of him were frantically pulling off the road and into the driveways of houses. He looked up the road and saw Ned's silver Cutlass Sierra weaving, "not side to side, but ditch to ditch." The trooper testified that he had to pull into a driveway himself to avoid being hit and when Ned passed, he turned his car around and followed with his blue light and siren on. But Ned didn't stop for nearly a mile and only then because he had run completely out of gas. When the trooper approached Ned's car, the windows were rolled up so he knocked on the glass. And when Ned rolled it down, he shouted, "FILL 'ER UP!"

\*\*\*

When the helicopter landed to put a reporter on the ground, a female student who ha been studying late in the science building, which was adjacent to the math building, came to investigate. She told the Sheriff's Deputies that on her way out, she heard a loud banging in the girls' restroom. Two deputies entered with their guns drawn and found the boy hidden up among the ceiling panels, naked and crying. When they asked him on the witness stand what he had been doing up there, he said simply: "Thinking."

"About what?" his lawyer asked.

Glasco looked down and took a deep breath and when he looked back up, he was clenching his teeth to fight the tears. His voice quivered.

"Have you ever done something so terrible ...?" he said with a poise that seemed beyond his years and at the same time so childlike and naive in its honesty. "And then when you had done it, you saw yourself? You knew just how terrible it was? And you didn't know yourself anymore? That's what I was thinking about. I felt like I had been possessed. And then whatever had possessed me abandoned me. Just left me there to face it all alone. I was afraid."

"When you say possessed, do you mean by a spirit or a demon? Something like that?"

"No sir. It wasn't something I realized while it was happening. It was only afterward, after it was over that I thought about what it was like. I didn't really know what I was thinking when it was happening."

"But you remember what you were doing? What was going on at the time?"

"Yessir."

"Very clearly?"

"Yes."

"And did you think it was wrong?"

"At the time, I don't ever remember thinking about that."

"You were just doing it?"

"Yes."

"As if you'd been ordered to do it."

"Not ordered exactly."

"What then?"



“I don’t know. Like it had been decided.”  
“By whom?”  
Glasco looked down and shook his head.  
“That’s not an answer Mr. Glasco. Please answer the question.”  
“I don’t know.”  
“Why did you take your clothes off?”  
“I don’t know,” he said, looking down and shaking his head. “It just happened.”

\*\*\*

A couple of guys at the other end of the bar looked over and Joe and I saw them.  
“Boy’s in heat,” Joe said.  
“Needs a snip,” I said.  
Cale danced around our bar stools as the music played on.  
“Marge over there’s got me excited,” he said, nodding in the direction of her booth.  
“Really?” I said.  
“Un hunh,” he said.  
I wheeled on my bar stool to get another look, thinking that perhaps I had missed something on first glance. She was sitting in the booth with big, thick glasses that resembled bay windows from a distance and had a completely flat affect. I couldn’t for the life of me see what he was getting at. I turned back around and took a sip of my Killian’s. Then Joe turned and looked for a moment and turned back around and arranged himself to his beer on the bar.  
“Nope,” he said quietly and we both burst out laughing.  
“I’m goin boys. I’m goin. I want to go,” Cale said in a taunting sing song, dancing at the bar beside Joe.  
“Where?” Joe said.  
“I want to see her ranch.”  
“She has a ranch?”  
“Yeah, and she wants me to come and live with her.”  
Joe laughed.  
“You serious?”  
“Raise goats. Howl at the moon,” Cale said. He didn’t seem to be serious, just riffing. But sometimes it was hard to tell.  
“Don’t be mad at me boys,” he said. “You should be happy for me ... if you loved me that is.” He snickered to himself. “You never really loved me. Like you ought to of, that is. If you did you should be happy that I’ve finally found a place. Finally found somebody to accept me for what I am.”  
Joe chuckled into his beer and wheeled on his stool.  
“You ever leave her ...,” Joe said, looking over and sizing up Marge sitting there in her booth, staring straight ahead with her Coke bottle glasses, waiting. Then he looked right at Cale: “You ever leave her and she’ll shoot you.”

\*\*\*



“He used to take me to the Deschutes River Sanctuary,” Bill said. “We’d poach salmon. Near where used to be Celilo Falls before they damned the Hood.” He took a drag on his cigarette. “We’d go in at night no lights, running nets sometimes eight hundred feet long. Chinook and steelhead trout so fucking big you couldn’t hardly haul the net out. He painted his boat black,” he said, laughing. “Said it made him invisible. With a fucking spray can.”  
Bill was getting tipsy off a couple of beers, talking loud now and tossing about and lighting up the room.  
“We’d work all night and then ice it and clean it and haul it to local markets. You could make good money. He wound up getting busted for commercial fishing closed waters, running without lights and illegally fishing tribal water.”  
“What tribe?”  
“Yakima. Nez Perce. He might have got off light,” he said, holding his beer can poised at his mouth. “But when they seized his boat at the house, they found the pot plants. Uh oh,” he said, chuckling wickedly as he took a long gulp.  
“But think about it. Minimum wage was three ten. You get two fifty, three dollars a pound hauling in a few thousand pounds. It was worth the risk. Upwards of ten thousand dollars. You could live a whole year on that. He just got caught.”  
As Bill talked on, I could see why someone would be tempted, particularly if you had bills to pay and gas to buy and a life to manage. The payoff sounded pretty handsome as I sat there, not a dollar in my pocket.  
The door opened and Jesse waved as he came in and I noticed a change come over Bill. His whole demeanor turned defensive and he eyed Jesse, watching him suspiciously. Jesse seemed in a better mood and shook Rob’s and my hand and threw his head back to Bill but Bill didn’t acknowledge him. As Rob asked Jesse how he was doing, Bill took a hard drag on his cigarette and sat up, his back arched like a bow.  
“Fuckin’ beaner,” Bill said apropos to nothing and I thought Oh my God.  
“What is your problem?” Rob said, turning to Bill.  
“He’s a fucking beaner!” Bill said, grabbing his beer can off the table and standing up.  
“Leave the guy alone,” Rob said and Bill brushed past Jesse.  
“Fuck you both,” he said under his breath as he walked out.  
“Wow,” Rob said, shaking his head and looking at Jesse. “What the fuck was that about?”  
Jesse smiled sadly and held up a hand questioningly.  
“Don’t worry about it, man,” he said. “He’s just bein’ an asshole. I appreciate it though.”





\*\*\*

“Rudy?

“Yeah man.”

“How’d you get that scar?”

“This?” he said, pointing to his lips.

“Yeah, and the one on your nose.”

“Oh, it’s nothing man,” he said, waving it away and crossing his arms on the bar. “It was stupid really.”

He looked away.

“Over a white girl,” he said.

“Really?”

“Yeeeeaaaaahhhh,” he said with a sly, drunken smile.

“Who did it?” I said.

He laughed.

“I was working in Oklahoma. This was before I got married. There was a girl I liked ... and she liked me too. Nothing ever happened but we would just sit together and talk when we had some time. She was nice, you know. But some of them white boys didn’t like me talking to her. Told me to stay my Mexican ass away from her. I think maybe they were jealous, you know? Anyway, one day I was driving the tractor and four guys came out in the field. Badasses, you know. One of them had a two-by-four and they pulled me down off the tractor and tried to beat me up. Hit me in the face and broke my teeth. Almost knocked my nose off,” he said, laughing his phlegmy, deep laugh and nodding his head as he winked. “But I got ‘em. I cut two of ‘em. Cut ‘em pretty good.”

“With that knife?” I said, pointing down the bar.

He nodded.

“Yeah.”

“Well, all the more reason to get it back,” I said.

“Yeah,” he said. “It’s a good one. Cuts good, you know?” he said and broke into a slow, drunk laugh.

About ten minutes later there was a ruckus with two guys arguing pretty loudly a stool over from Rudy. He pointed a thumb in their direction.

“You good with your fists?”

“Why?” I said. “Do I have to be?”

“Maybe,” he said, leaning in conspiratorially and whispering. “There might be some trouble.”

“Really?”

He made a “maybe, maybe not” face and shrugged. Then he pointed to his ear to say he was keeping tabs on it.

\*\*\*

*Jody Jenkins is a writer living and working in Northampton, Massachusetts.*



# Wall Paper Rebellion : Paris

75013 Buttes Aux Cailles

*Graffiti is the urban folk art of our time.*

Rough, unedited, graffiti serves as advertisements for the disaffected, unwanted, lost, terrified, exalted, political, anti-social, left-wing, right-wing mindset. Oftentimes anarchist, sometimes well-made, sometimes just incoherent shit, these contemporaneous remarks on walls adorn and pimple our walls and streets looking for us.

Graffiti is hardly new, but its role as community suggestion box is always, relentlessly changing. And its suggestions are routinely ignored, papered over, painted over, bleached and talked about incessantly by the town elders, the police, headmasters and pre-pubescent learning about sex and love and political debate from the likes of Mickey Mouse and a thousand walk-ons invented on the spot.

This cobblestone Paris neighborhood of Buttes Aux Cailles is famous for its spraypaint vandalism and its ever-changing walls; the neighborhood hosts (and tolerates) hundreds of artists on its walls and offers up layer upon layer of commentary about the world we live in, the world we'd like to live in and the world we're afraid we're going to be living in. Here's a tiny portfolio observed in the Spring of 2021.

What's happening on your walls? Let us know. Send pictures: [mistahrose@yahoo.com](mailto:mistahrose@yahoo.com)









## WILLIE'S WINE CAMP: A MASTERGLASS

Know the difference between a *tire bouchon* and *longue en bouche*? How about *tête de Cuvée* and a *mal à la tête*? If not, Willie's Wine Camp is for you! Six weeks in the rolling vineyards of Burgundy with our wine masters is all that's between you and understanding the subtleties of *cracher* and Montrachet and when rot is Noble and when it's simply not. Get *bourré*d on *borru* and see how jojoba oil is crucial when discovering how *sec* leads to sex. Develop a truffle pig's nose by tasting some of the finest vintages in the world and you too can spot the *Premier Crus* among all those *ordinaires*.

And for all those looking to dry out after the flood, try Willy's Wine Rehab. Sometimes too much of a good thing can turn vices into habits. We'll show you how Perrier can be as rewarding as Perignon. And cheaper too! Get a 30% discount if you act now and a 50% discount if you make a summer of it and bundle Willie's Wine Camp with Willy's Wine Rehab. Dial 3615 SANTE!





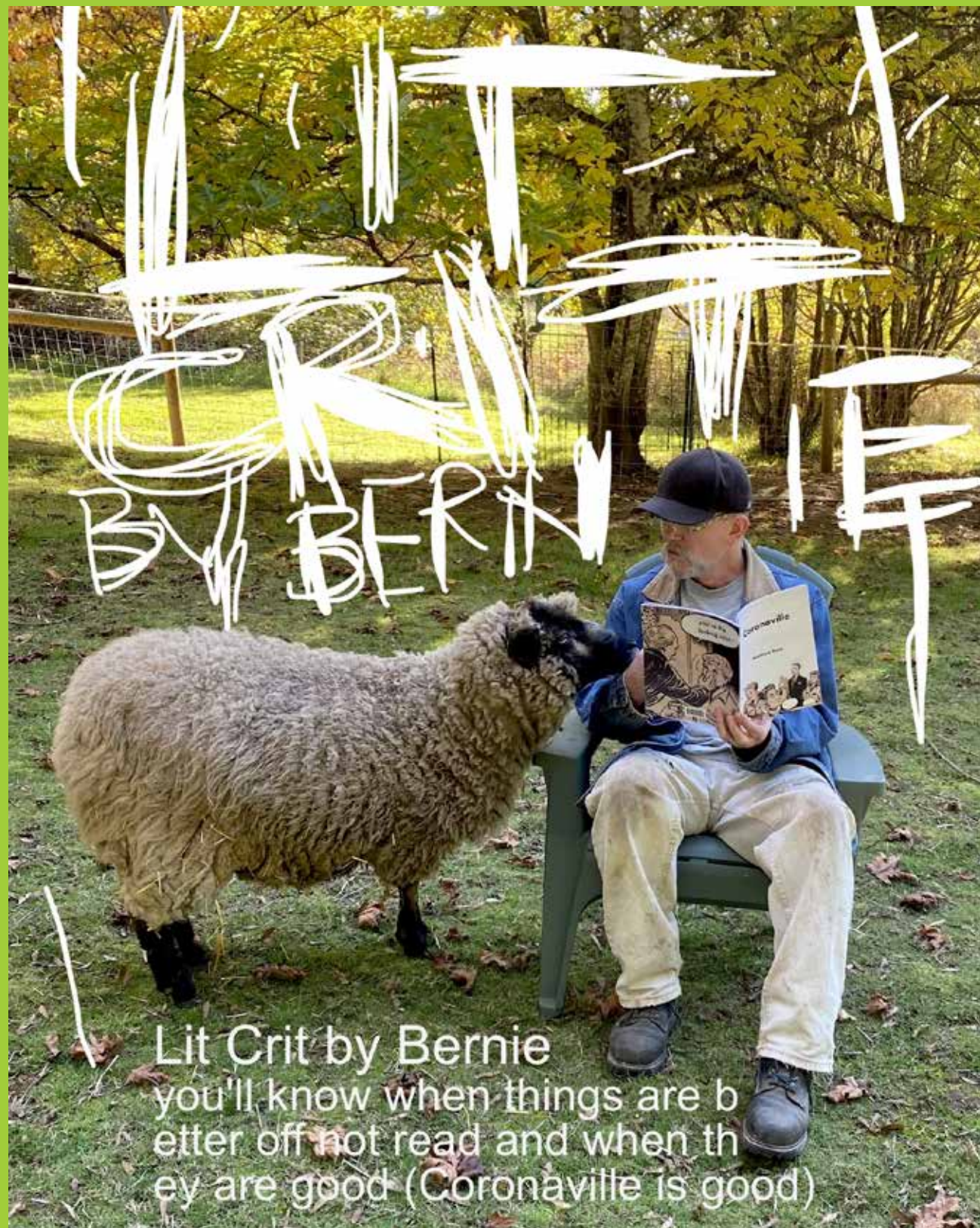
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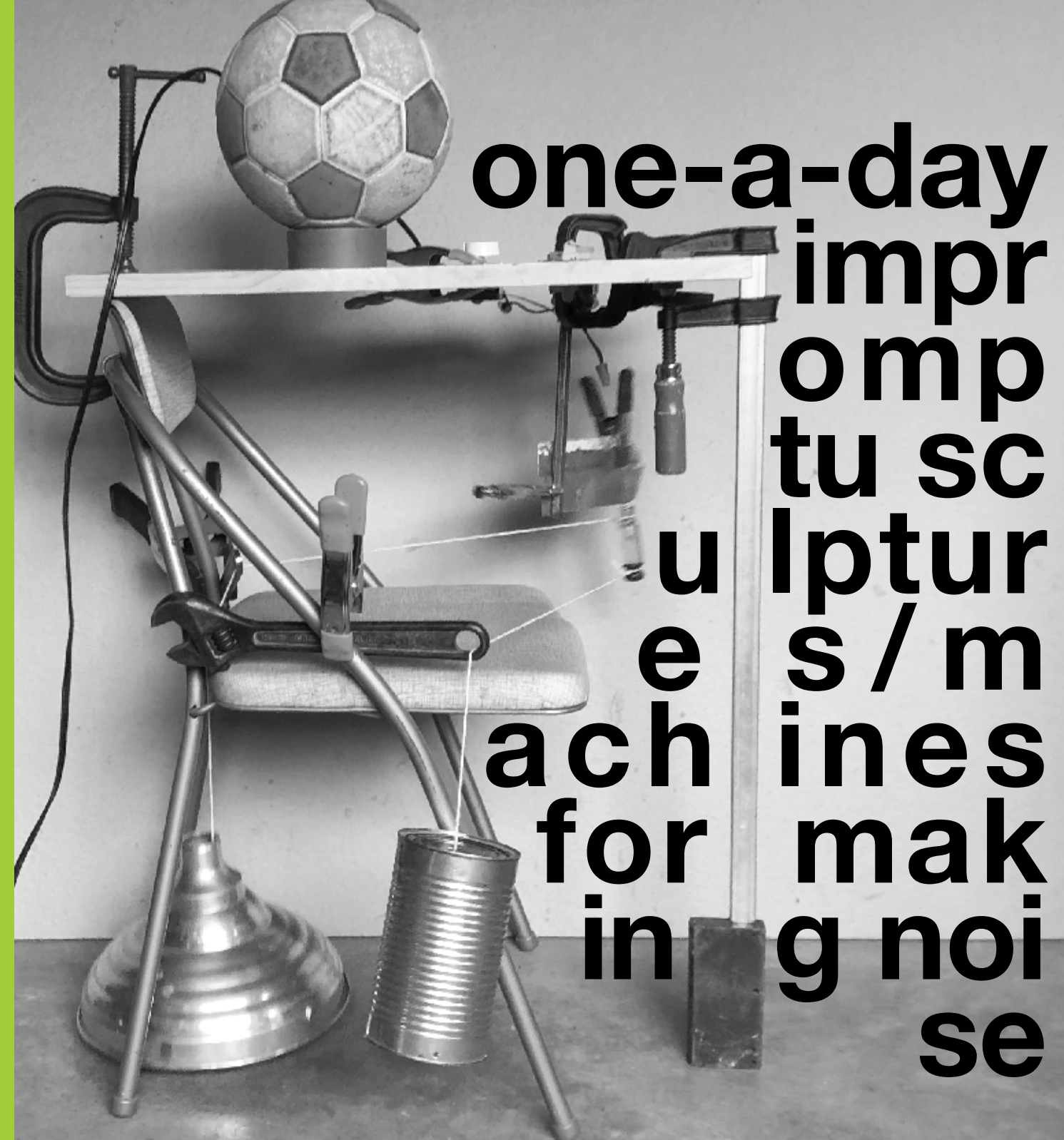
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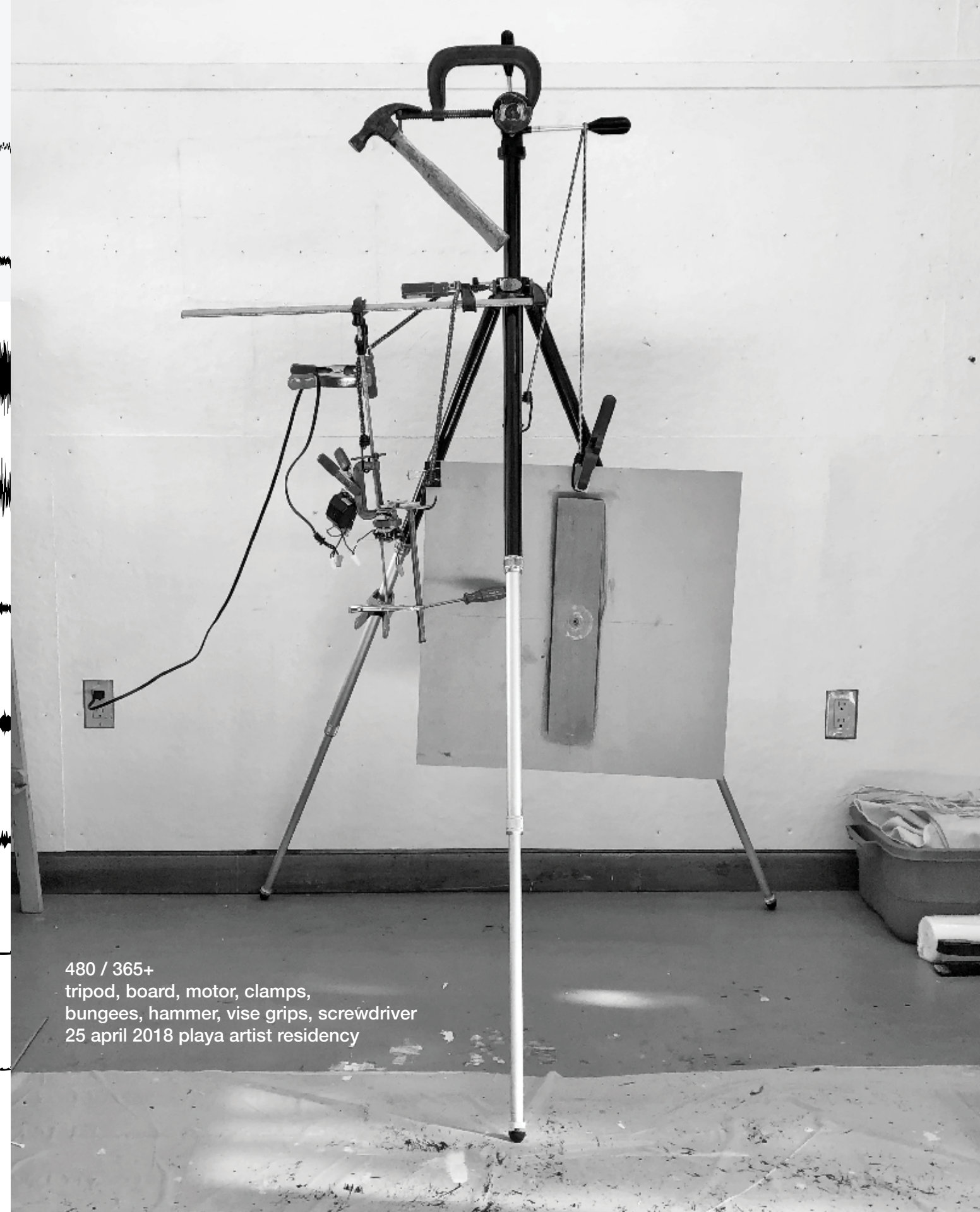
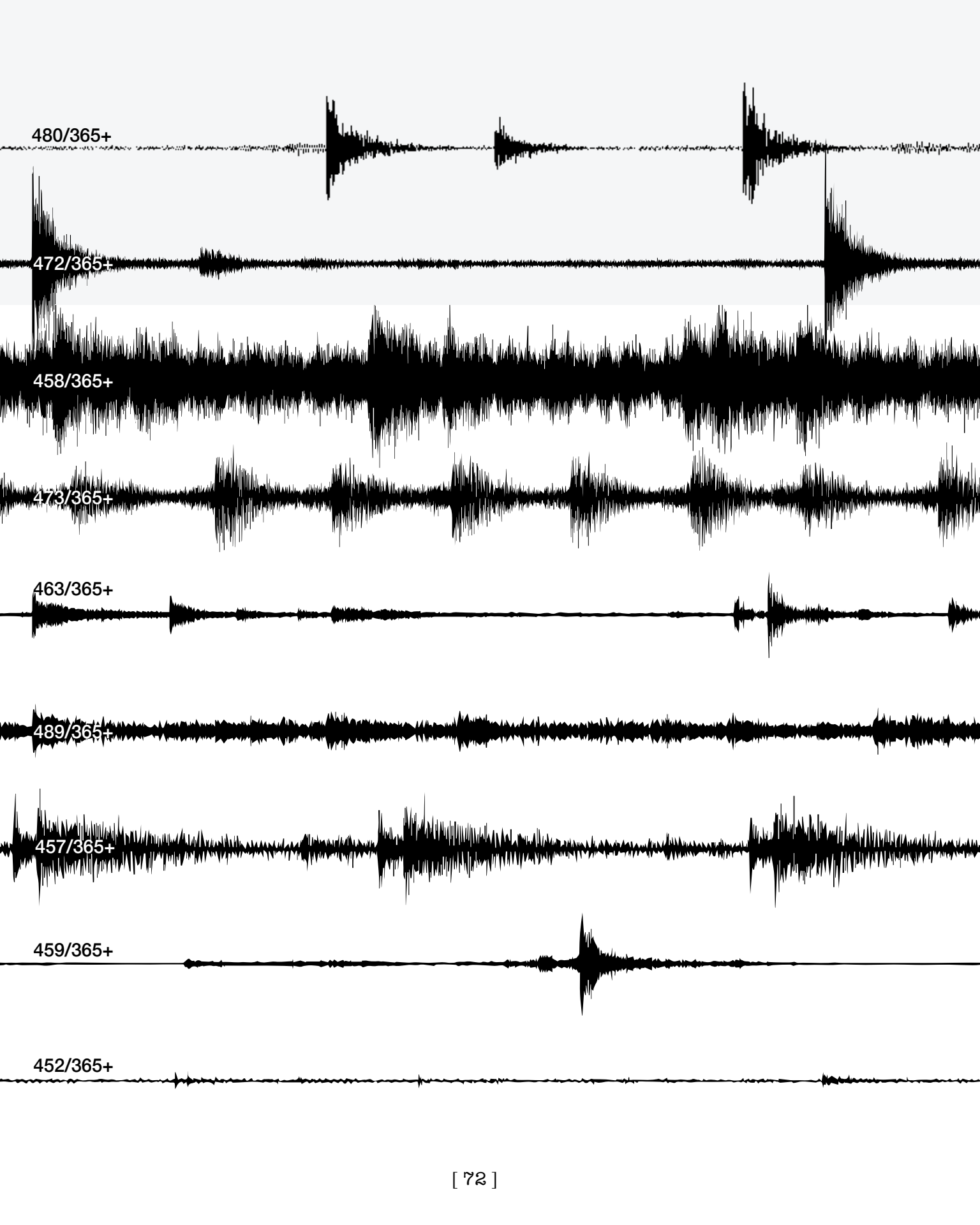
Coronaville is available on blurb: <https://www.blurb.com/b/10196420-coronaville>



Upon completing a year of one-a-day ephemeral sculptures made from found, natural materials, I found it unsettling to end the practice abruptly. This led to another year of one-a-day work that actually turned into 500 days (365+). The second year was primarily found-object sculpture, a lot of the work having to do with balance, disparate materials, and juxtaposition. The last fifty or so of the 500 series were impromptu constructions that moved and made noise by way of motors, fans, wind, and/or gravity. The following pages show a selection of these pieces preceded by a page with a section of the soundwave from each.

Jamie Newton • @concretewheels









472 / 365+  
step stool, clamps, bin, bungee, dust pan,  
motor, vise grips, screwdriver,  
mint tin, wire, postcard  
17 april 2018  
playa artist  
residency

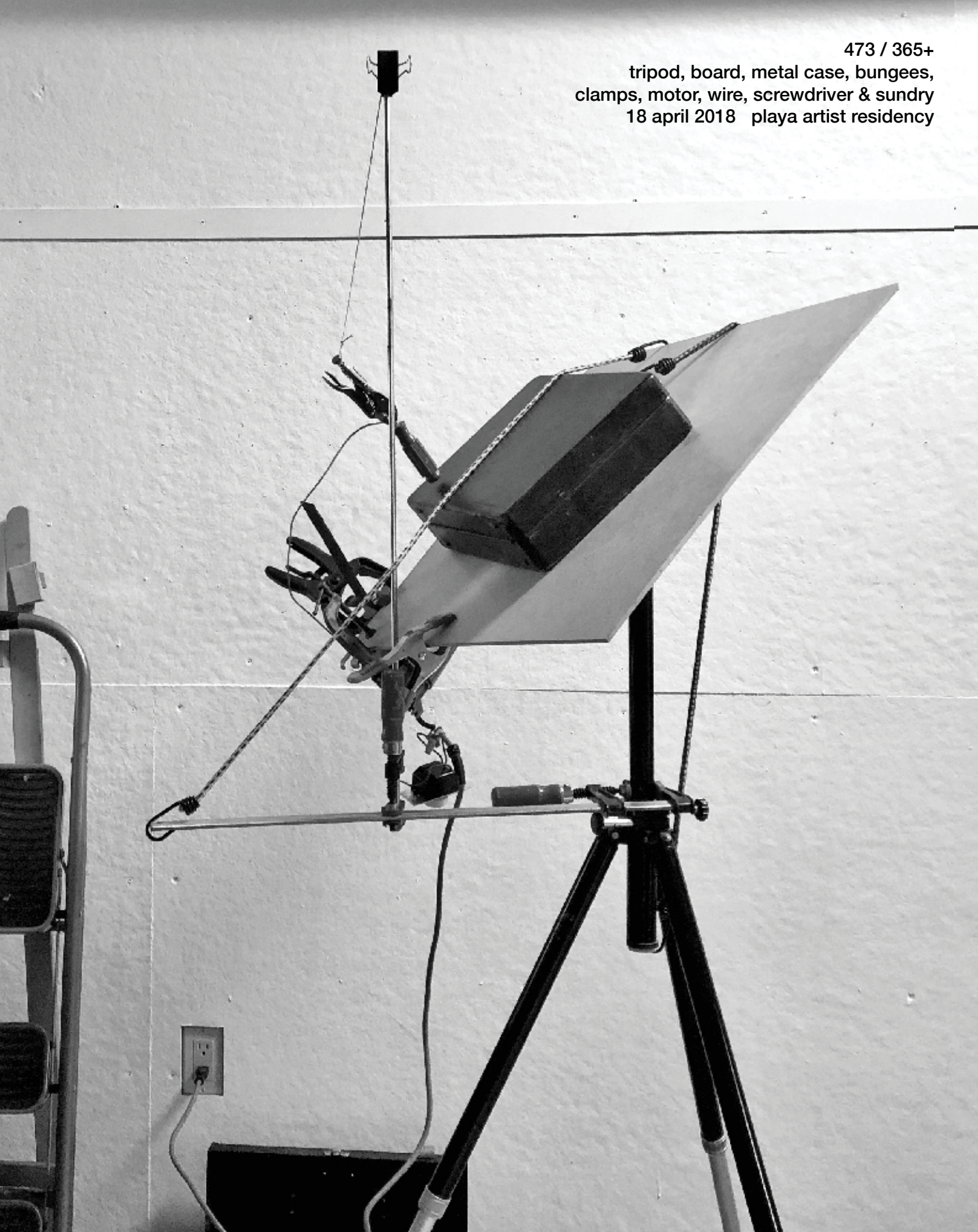


458 / 365+  
chair, drill motor, wire, chicken waterer (top),  
clamps, bungees, crescent wrench,  
tin cans & sundry  
03 april 2018





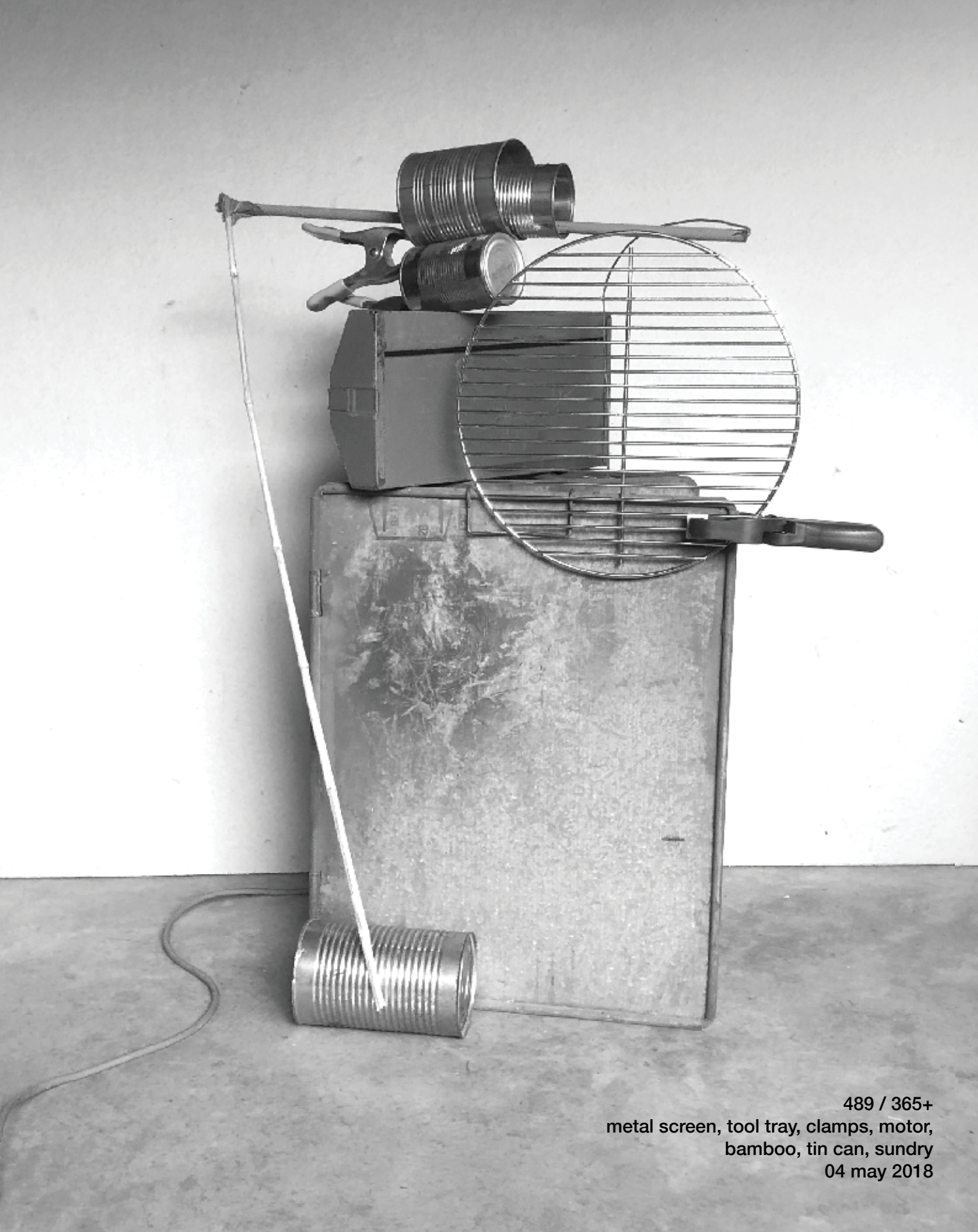
473 / 365+  
tripod, board, metal case, bungees,  
clamps, motor, wire, screwdriver & sundry  
18 april 2018 playa artist residency



463 / 365+  
rack, fan, bundt pan, hammer, clamps,  
board, tube, tin can, string, tape & sundry  
08 april 2018





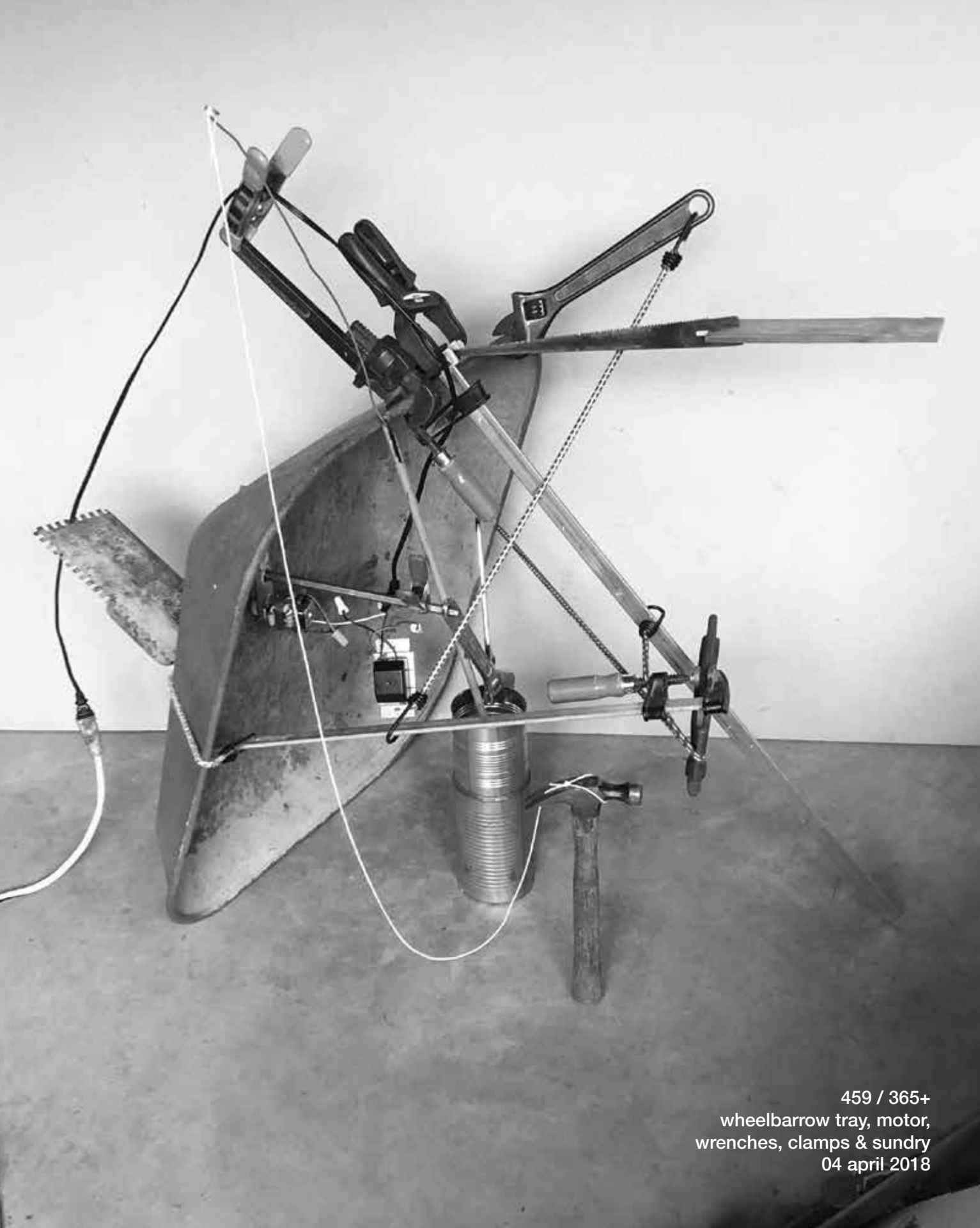


489 / 365+  
metal screen, tool tray, clamps, motor,  
bamboo, tin can, sundry  
04 may 2018

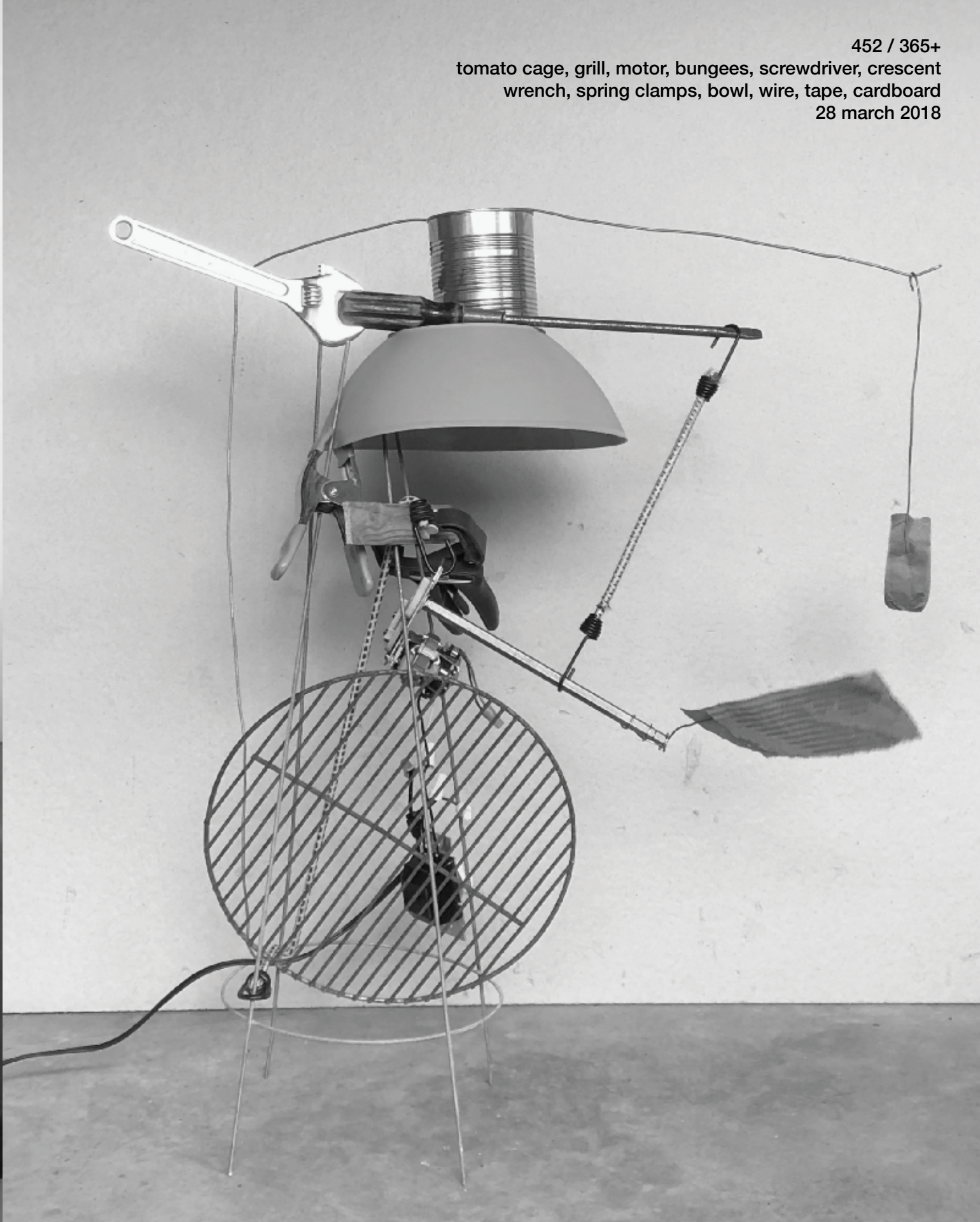


457 / 365+  
bin, chair, fan, sheet metal,  
clamps & sundry  
02 april 2018





459 / 365+  
wheelbarrow tray, motor,  
wrenches, clamps & sundry  
04 april 2018



452 / 365+  
tomato cage, grill, motor, bungees, screwdriver, crescent  
wrench, spring clamps, bowl, wire, tape, cardboard  
28 march 2018



# *The Last Pissoir*

## *à Paris*

### *Le Prison Model*

By Pepe Piu

**T**he last pissoir in Paris seems to be this one at 75 Boulevard Arago, 75014... just beyond the Prison de la Santé walls. Back in 1870 when Paris turned towards becoming a more sanitary city, the mayor installed public piss pots or «urinoirs» known then by the name «vespasiennes». Vespasien, (9 AD - 79 AD), was the Roman Emperor who installed public urinals in Rome. Thanks!

In Paris, these pissships designed for a modern city featured curvilinear envelopes for one or two people to yield to the call of nature, and also became meeting spots for the resistance (WW2) and, undoubtedly, pick up locales for those in need. They lacked proper drainage though, and ended up creating a kind of piss pond, somewhat compromising the purpose of toilets – which is to hide the fact that humans pee and crap. But for the time, it was an improvement over urinating directly into the streets along with horses and pigs and whatever else crawled along the Boulevard.

These pissoirs, of course, were never meant for women, and this one in particular was probably designed for those who came to visit relatives and friends and gang members serving time behind the high stone walls.

Graffiti and messages adorn this particular model. It seems to be regularly spray painted and plastered with advertisements and the occasional beer bottle. More: [pariszigzag.fr/secret/histoire-insolite-paris/le-dernier-urinoir-de-paris-vespasienne](http://pariszigzag.fr/secret/histoire-insolite-paris/le-dernier-urinoir-de-paris-vespasienne)



Pissoir: 75 Boulevard Arago, Paris 75014







COMMISSION DES ARDOISIÈRES D'ANGERS. — G. Larivière et C<sup>ie</sup>  
 CH. FOUINAT, Représentant, 170, Quai Jemmapes, PARIS, — Téléphone 417-77  
 ADRESSES TÉLÉGRAPHIQUES : Larivière Angers — Ardangers Paris

**Type n° 17. — Kiosque lumineux pour annonces**  
*avec urinoir à 3 stalles, effet d'eau fonctionnant avec ou sans réservoir de chasse*  
*armoire servant à recevoir les outils des cantonniers*  
 Nous adaptons aussi à cet urinoir le système à l'huile, sur la demande de nos clients

Ce type se distingue des modèles similaires par le mode de montage.

Cet urinoir peut être livré démonté, les pièces soigneusement repérées.

A moins d'avis contraire, nous ne fournissons pas la vitrerie.

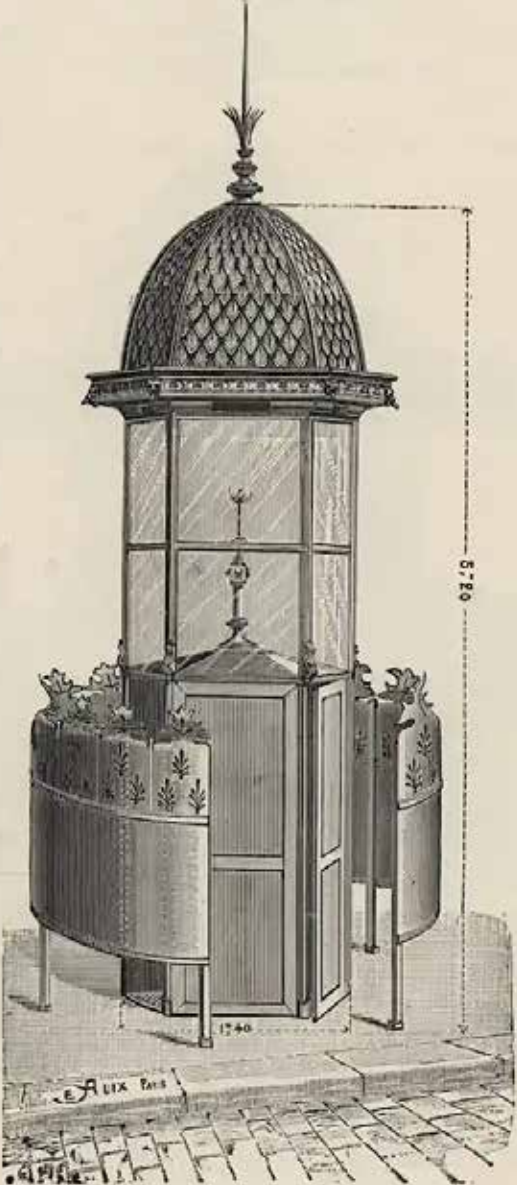
Nous construisons aussi ce modèle de kiosque avec QUATRE, CINQ et SIX PLACES.

Lorsque nous construisons cet urinoir avec CINQ STALLES, l'armoire servant à recevoir les outils est supprimée. Un écran couvre-porte masque l'entrée.

Tous droits réservés.

La cuvette entièrement en ardoise présente une durée indéfinie. — Les stalles également en ardoise, soigneusement assemblées, sont parfaitement étanches et par suite plus salubres.

BUREAUX, MAGASINS, ATELIERS, 170, Quai Jemmapes, PARIS



Plan for an original pissoir. Photograph: Collection Marc Martin.











# **Did Jeff Koons miss his calling...as a Black Lives Matter Artist?**

**Fantastic Lives Not Lived**

**The art world  
is a dynamic  
echo chamber of  
self-interest,  
self-promotion,  
self-propulsion  
and in most cases  
self-immolation. No?**

**By Matthew Rose**

**O**ver the last four decades we've witnessed the atmospheric rise of American showman and artist Jeff Koons. His floating twin basketballs, shiny poodles, shiny tulips, neo-classical plaster statues with blue balls and along with a gaggle of blow-up kids' toys regularly reach prices that eclipse even what Donald Trump claims he's worth. Koons' expensive junk fascinates the gossip columnists for many reasons, largely I imagine because they cost millions, and those that own them are obscenely rich. Money talks.

In Koons' garish kitchdom this crap also commands attention for its inanity, size, press assault and collector base hooked on an art world diet of Sweet'N Low and cholesterol cash. Nothing really matters except that you've covered over your zits with Estée Lauder and solved your jock itch issues with plastic surgery (no, it didn't work). But Koons, like herpes, persists, which clearly is his genius. We read about him and see his goofy grin on YouTube interviews. Hailed as a genius, his subject is routinely said to be the art market itself. No kidding.



If art is part of a larger more serious branch of inquiry – like genetics, man’s existence and the meaning of our persistent insistence of remaining on the planet, then why, you might ask, does Koons (and artists like him – investment art banker Damien Hirst, Instagram thief Richard Prince, and ink jet king Wade Buyton) waste his and our time with meaningless dingus and broken fishing tackle? There is no meaning in Koons’ Tulips, the monumental pile of brushed aluminum flowers he dumped in Paris in a coup de marketing. Who fucking cares? We should be rather more interested in parallel developments on the planet like injustice, systemic racism and the non-stop killing of unarmed black men and women. We should be interested in why blacks and whites are marching throughout – not just the United States – but across the planet for fair treatment, a serious effort at tackling climate change and clean drinking water for fuck’s sake.

## What would #KOONSBLM art look like?

We should be interested in questioning why the US Constitution, written by white lawyers for the benefit of their slave-owning white landowning constituents had the fucking nerve to argue about liberty and freedom and make believe that hundreds of thousands of enslaved Africans sprung from some biblical passage. Oh, the irony of “all men were created equal.” The massive unpaid (and unthanked) army of laborers who built the early US colonies and cut sugar cane throughout the Carribean, generated wealth for America’s first entrepreneurs and received chains and death for their efforts. No wonder an enlightened 21st century consciousness gave birth to Black Lives Matter, and no wonder a terrified white population is viewing its 300 year hegemony rapidly fading in the rear view mirror.

Black Lives Matter has made itself known as a logical response to the violence and murder police have perpetrated on unarmed blacks: Breonna Taylor, Eric Garner, George Floyd, Michael Brown, Tamir Rice, Walter Scott, Alton Sterling, Philando Castile and hundreds of others. Unarmed, shot and killed. Trayvon Martin was a 17-year-old African American from Miami Gardens, Florida, who was fatally shot in Sanford, Florida by George Zimmerman, a 28-year-old Hispanic American. Mr. Zimmerman, a community watch member, fancied himself a protector of his neighborhood.



Response from defensive whites became a Twitter offensive and battle combined with one in the streets that evolved to “Blue Lives Matter” and “White Lives Matter” and the tone deaf and inane “All Lives Matter.” It’s not curious at all – it’s a global phenomenon most clearly seen in the United States. BLM has a role to play in this sordid story of American slavery in the 21st century and they rightly demand justice. Imagine if whites were chained and whipped and forced to pick cotton or cut sugar cane, live in stys and die like animals, buried in fields with no markers and in history books that erased their names.



But this is my point: Imagine if multi-millionaire celebrity artist Jeff Koons took up their cause and actually produced art that didn't play footsie with the art market and kicked some serious shit. Is it possible to put the genie back in the bottle? Don't know. But close your eyes for a second and let's imagine Jeff Koons as a Black Lives Matter Artist. What would #KOONSLBM art look like? Who would buy it? Would it matter if they did or didn't? Where would the money go?

## *What if Jeff Koons made Black Lives Matter the beneficiary of his fortune – and called it inheritance art?*

The New York Post would absolutely make this a Page Six feature: Jeff Koons' polished Aunt Jemimah the size of an Upper East Side Brownstone Given away free to the City of Minneapolis. It would certainly catch the eye of museums around the world – museums with a campus to put it? Certainly the world's weathliest living white artist producing an icon of White subjugation of black icons would get the hair up on just about every art critic and non art critic on the planet. "How dare he!?" You might ask. Really, how could he miss this opportunity, is a better question. Either way, most would write it all off as a marketing ploy and whisk away arguments as "fake outrage."

But hey! What if Jeff Koons marched with Black Lives Matter protestors – and called it performance art? What if Koons made Black Lives Matter the beneficiary of his fortune and called it inheritance art? What if Koons married a black woman – and called it interracial marriage art? What if Koons created a defense fund for Black Lives Matter protestors arrested – and called it Trust Fund art? He wouldn't do it, I suppose, because it's not his thing and my guess is the value of all the other shiny junk he's created would depreciate, upsetting the only people who matter to him: His deep pocketed collectors. Can you blame him?

It's not as if politics and art have to bend towards justice in the same arc. It would be

unlikely that more than one artist would interpret the racial inequality of our time (and perhaps throughout all of American history) in the same way, with the same tenor, the same pitch, the same volume, the same colors. Or shape. Or form.

There are some artists drawing similar lines and around our anxiousness about race and money, but they are hardly the ones with bull horns. And would it be strange for other art stars say Ai Wei Wei, a Chinese dissident artist with a massive portfolio, to take up the cause of BLM? Or even Chris Ofili, a British artist whose history as an art star is married to his use of elephant dung. Damien Hirst? Probably too selfish and too uninspired. Rachel Whiteread. Maybe but way too intellectual to lead a protest. Leroy Neiman is dead and Peter Max has lost his mind. Bob Ross is dead, too. Would Warhol have done it? Why not? Didn't Jean-Michel Basquiat have a go at this?

Artists have no use for politics – but correct me if I'm wrong – and politics only has use for artists when they need a new design for their bumper stickers. So while you might have artists spray painting Corona Viruses on plywood panels protecting the uptown stores of Saks Fifth Avenue and Bonwit Teller, you won't have Jeff Koons exploiting the pandemic bug by casting it in stainless steel. Why not? BLM marching through downtowns might spray paint it black.

George Floyd, a black American killed by Minneapolis police officer Derek Chauvin; his family was awarded \$27 million on 12 March 2021. It was voted on by the Minneapolis City Council to settle a wrongful-death lawsuit related to his May 25 killing while in police custody. The decision came as a jury was being selected in the trial of Chauvin, the former Minneapolis police officer charged with murder in Floyd's death.

You'd have to think that Jeff Koons heard this news same as everyone else. And you'd have to think... German shepherds instead of poodles. Confederate statues instead of plaster fakes, lead balloons and dead flowers instead of shiny tulips? No?

\* \* \*

Matthew Rose is an artist. writer, the editor and muckety muck of **trouble**. Please see Matthew Rose's art work: [instagram.com/mistahcoughdrop/](https://www.instagram.com/mistahcoughdrop/)



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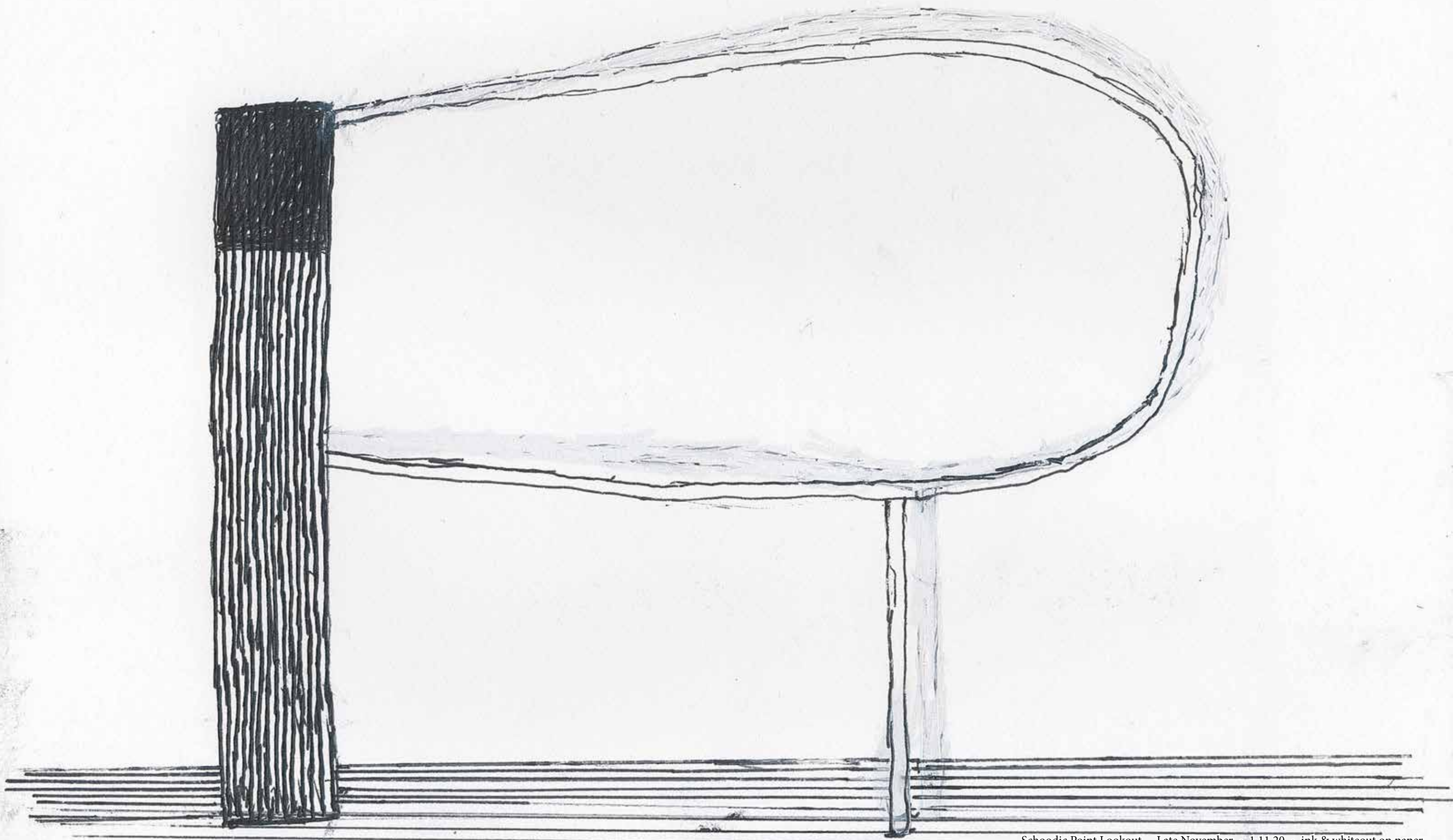
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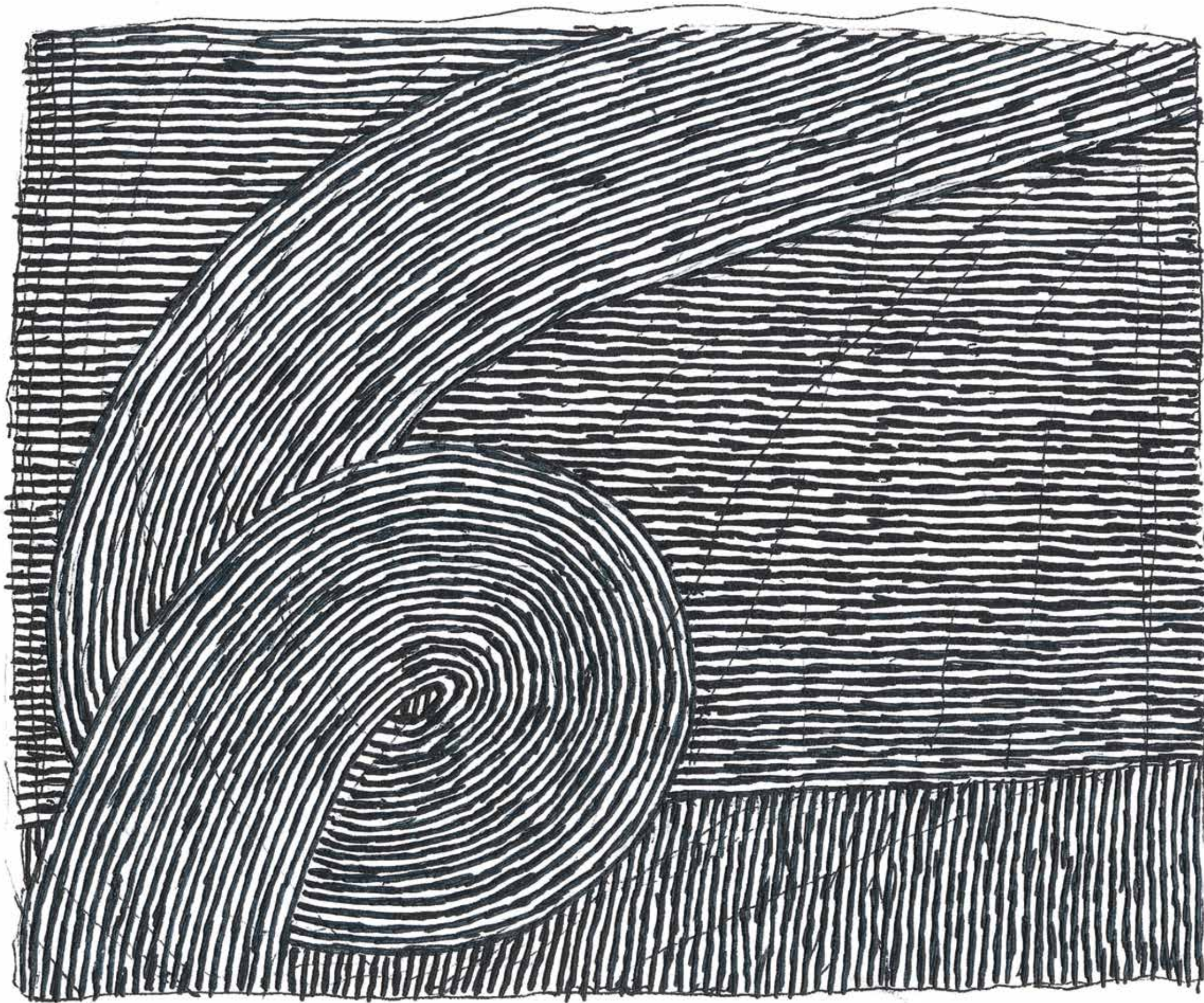
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experiences  
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coast the rural craft  
of working native  
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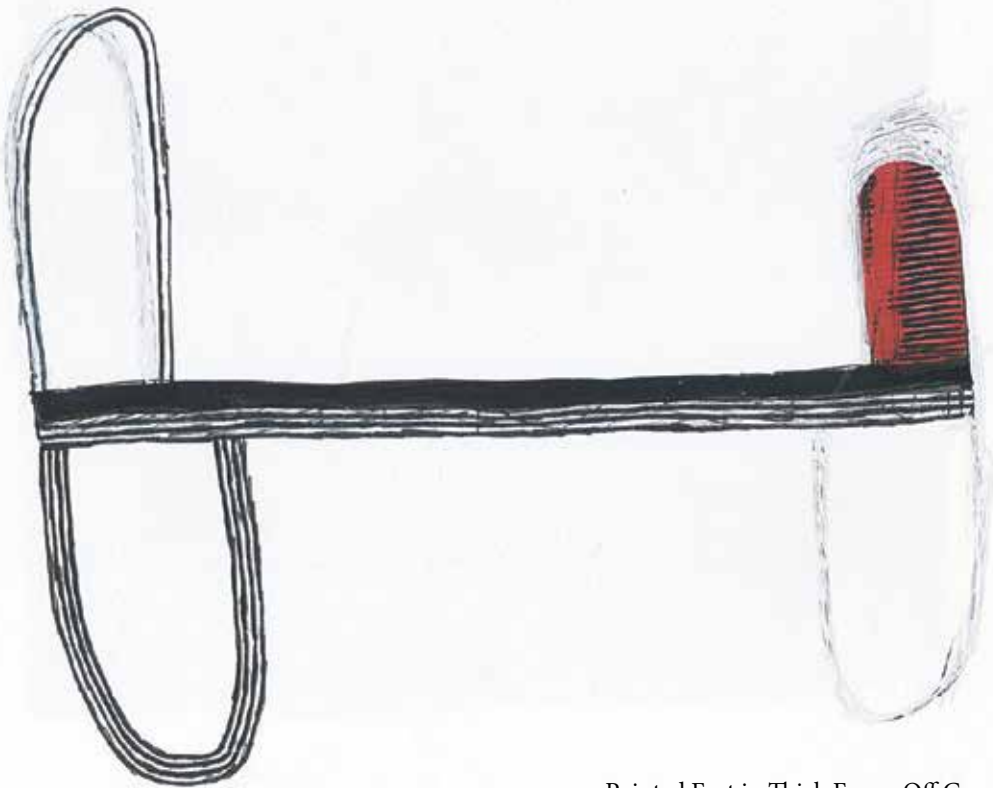




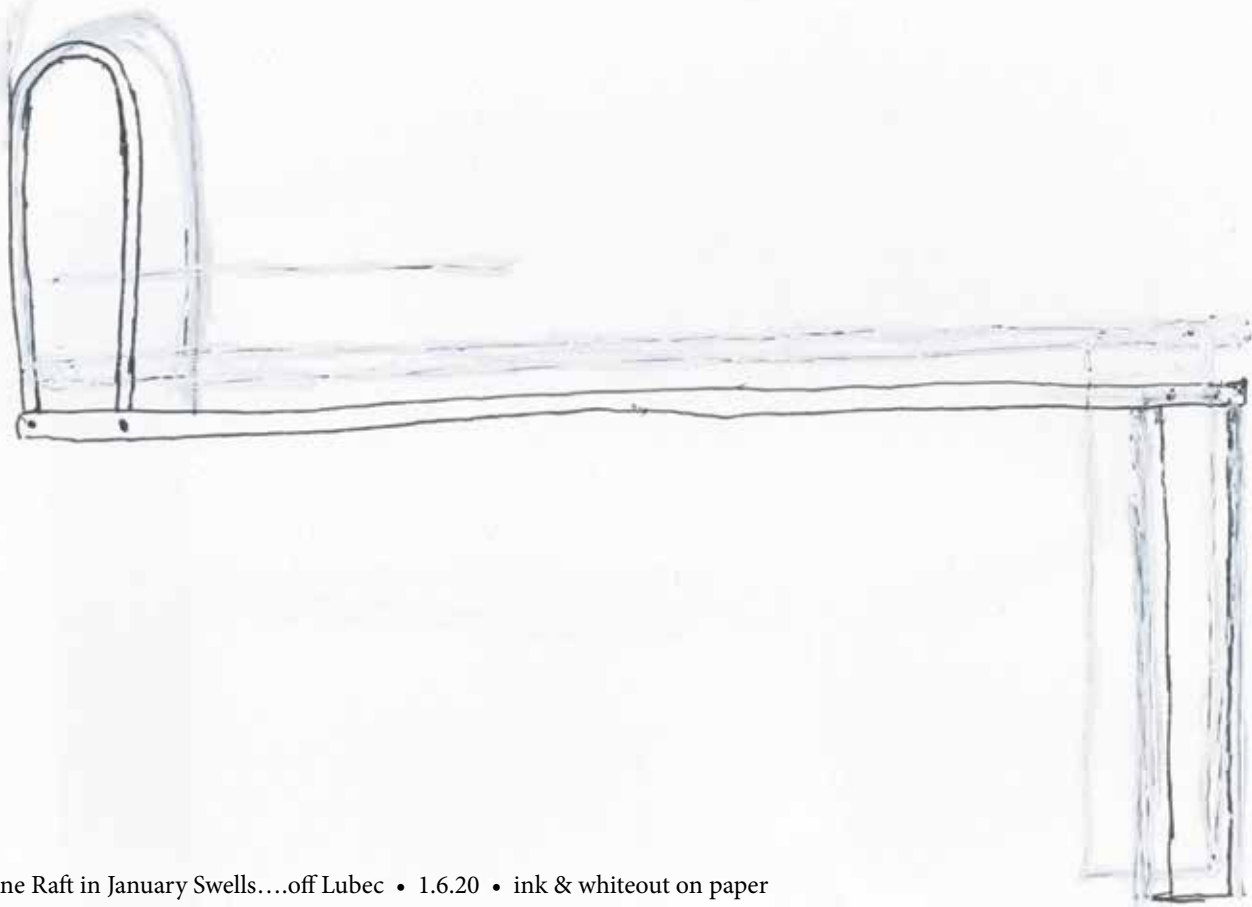




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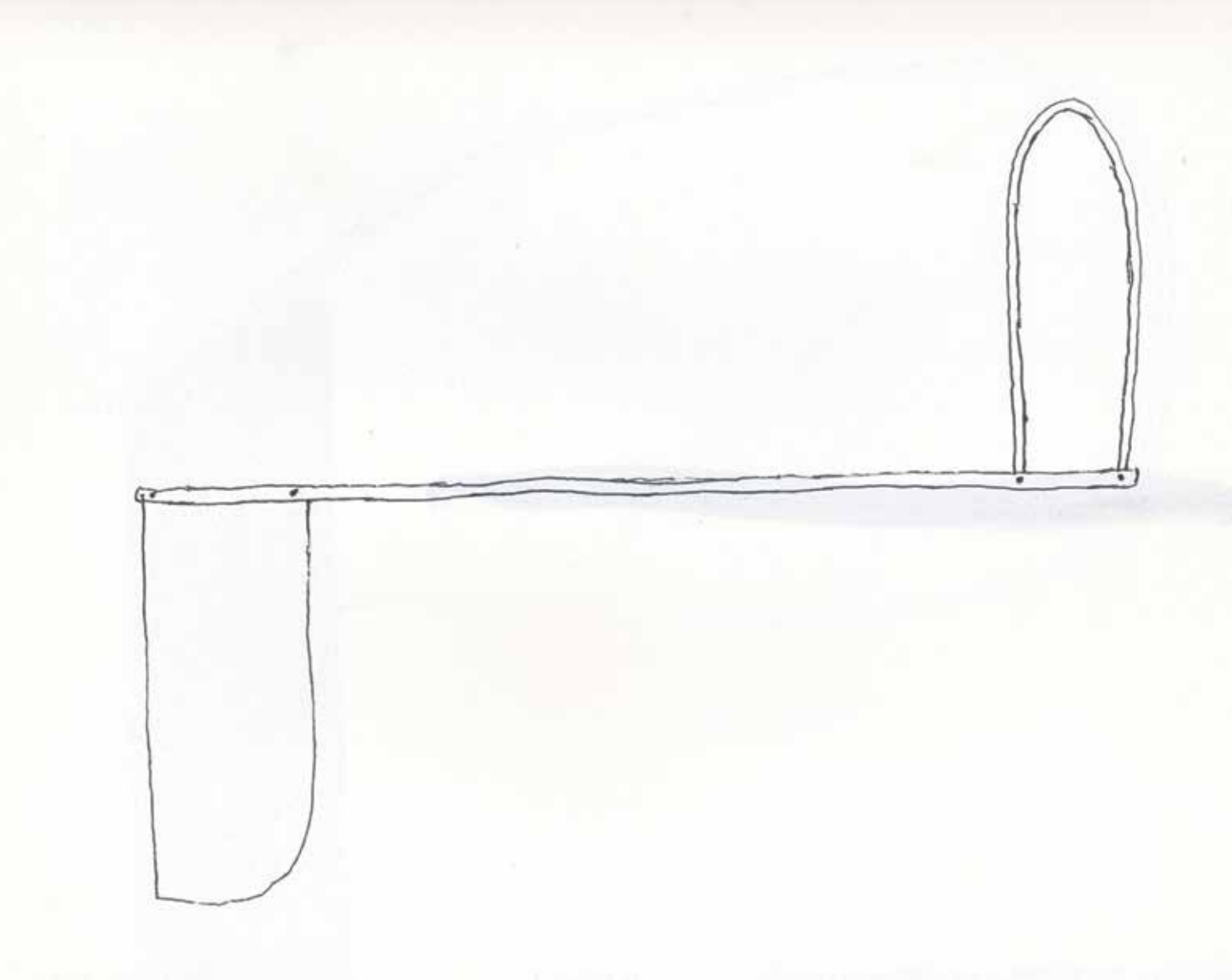


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# More Troubles

**Matthew Rose**

I turned 50 today and when I woke up thinking it was an important birthday I noticed I had wet the bed.

A guy I know as the worst breath in the world, and he's a nice guy, too.

This woman I know is the sweetest lesbian I've ever met. But her wife, not so much.

I fell down in a Target store when I slipped on some virgin olive oil someone poured on the floor. The Coronavirus masks I bought got soaked in the oil. An expensive brand.

My best friend from high school just found out he's got stage 4 cancer. He says he feels fine, but the doctors said he's got like two months to live. I wonder if they made a mistake.

I know a guy who had acne sores from when he was 15 all over his face but he is worth \$5 million at least, if not more.

I knew a woman a little like *your* ex-wife, quite good looking but terribly obese and always angry at her husband. She once tried to kiss me in her kitchen.

There were some kids around my neighborhood like *your* neighbor's kids – always shooting up heroin. One of them though, got into an Ivy to study chemistry.

I met a guy at the Smithtown Mall on Long Island. He stood on top of a case of Heineken and gave a speech. "Oh yeah, we need more guns," he said. "Can't have enough guns. And yes! Guns in schools! Give Kindergarteners guns. Just hand them out. Let's all gun up! It's the people without guns that are a threat to our freedom!" And then handed out bottles of Heineken.

So I was sitting in Church, not because I'm religious but because I like the Delacroix on the wall. This woman, pretty good looking I'd think if she weren't wearing that mask, sat right down next to me! "I have dirty thoughts," she said without being prompted. "Oh?" I said. She continued: "I have dirty thoughts about the priest who runs this place."

So I'm drinking at Joe's Olde Tyme, staring at my drink, and in my drink I see a tiny baby mouse suspended in an ice cube.



I went on Jimmy Fallon last week to talk about my one year in rehab. “How was the food?” he wanted to know. “They fed me steaks and frites and Côte Rôtie from 2005 and 2009.”

The sea level was rising so much that I had to move off dry land to a boat. This boat was big, but a real rickety job with a name – “WahWah” once owned by a celebrity of some kind but I can’t remember which one. But I had no choice, I started her up and headed out into the unknown.

## **My dead brother called me last night. He wanted to see how I was doing on Earth, how the pandemic was treating me and if I ever thought about suicide.**

Friend of mine, heavy smoker, Camel filterless, turned 80, and for his birthday went to the doctor and found out he had lung cancer and died a week later. Smoked right up til the very bitter end, watching reruns of Star Trek, his wife making martinis in the kitchen. His wife told me she found a cigarette still burning in the ash tray next to his lounge when the medical cops took him away.

I met a detective who was lost in street. He’d apparently had some accident and was bleeding down the side of his face. He told me he didn’t know what happened to him, how he got hurt and couldn’t remember his name, but he was certain he was a detective working on a case. He asked me what year it was.

I was lonely so I went out to a bar to have a cocktail and met a woman who said she was a highly paid personal injury lawyer and then asked what I did and I said I didn’t do anything anymore because I was personally injured and I laughed so hard she got up and walked away.

Once while hitchhiking along Oregon Coast Highway I got picked up by a couple who’d spent the afternoon gathering magic mushrooms and they told me they were as high as kites. They started to drive really slow and they told me about how my hair looked green to them and there was a hole in my head and they could see right through it. Cars behind us honked but they thought the sounds were dinosaurs roaring, protecting their nests as they were “laying eggs.”

Sitting in the park, some guy comes over and sits next me, adjusts his medical mask and begins to sing this kind of Homeric song about how “I knows the skin I wears is but a robe for this dumb ward of Earth, but when I reaches Atlantia Sky, my robes will be stitched of song and my shoes filled with beer.” Whoa!

I was walking towards the supermarket when I spied a mother pushing a baby tram. It was clear she was drunk. She was smoking a cigarette, wobbling and talking on the phone. Loud. Her baby was crying. I watched her take a drag, stumble and turn a corner away from me, the woman’s voice and the baby’s cries, mixing in the air like some kind of recipe for dread.

An ex-girlfriend saw me on the street and asked me if I had any weed. I told her I didn’t (even though I did). I even did that cartoon gesture of pulling out the insides of my pants pockets. Truth is, I didn’t want to share with her. Good luck!” I said, and went home and thought that my life was so fucking empty all I did was smoke weed these days. So... I wondered what it would be like to get into heroin, or at least something that promised a bigger bang.



Real life highway sign, somewhere in South Carolina. Photo: Larry Jaffee

I was once hitchhiking in the hill country of Virginia and got picked up by a guy who said he likes to speak in language folks can understand. WTF? “Like folk language?” Yeah, yeah, he said. “Or Regular Folk?” Yeah, he said. “So you speak Regular Folk, but not Plain Folk, and not, if I understand this correctly, Advanced Folk?” “You having fun with me, traveller?” he asked.

A high school friend of mine called me up. wanted to get together. He came over and the first thing he told me was that he’d “perfected the first backwards laugh.” Really? I said. “Let’s hear it.” He gave me his backwards laugh. “Sounds like you’re crying,” I told him. “Exactly!”

I went around to a bike shop to get a big box. I told the guy I sold a big painting. It was a really big break for me and if he had a box that held a bicycle could he keep it for me so I could use it to mail the big painting,. He said, “Sure, no problem,” and I said “Great,” and I left. But the truth is, I needed a big box because I needed a place and I was going to live in it.

I’m having a dream. I dream I am an artist in Paris, and I’m one of those conceptual artists. So I ask myself, “Me: What’s your big conceptual idea for art?” And I tell myself: “Here’s my big idea: A big fucking box with a sign on it that says ‘Recycle your art work! Toss them into this container and have them recycled into a Picasso or an artist of your choice. Just throw it right in.’”

Of course when the floods came, and we had to evacuate, I lost all my bitcoin.



# MōCa'STā Bæ'FŌ mocostabafo

*Museum of Collections of Small Things and Books and Found Objects*

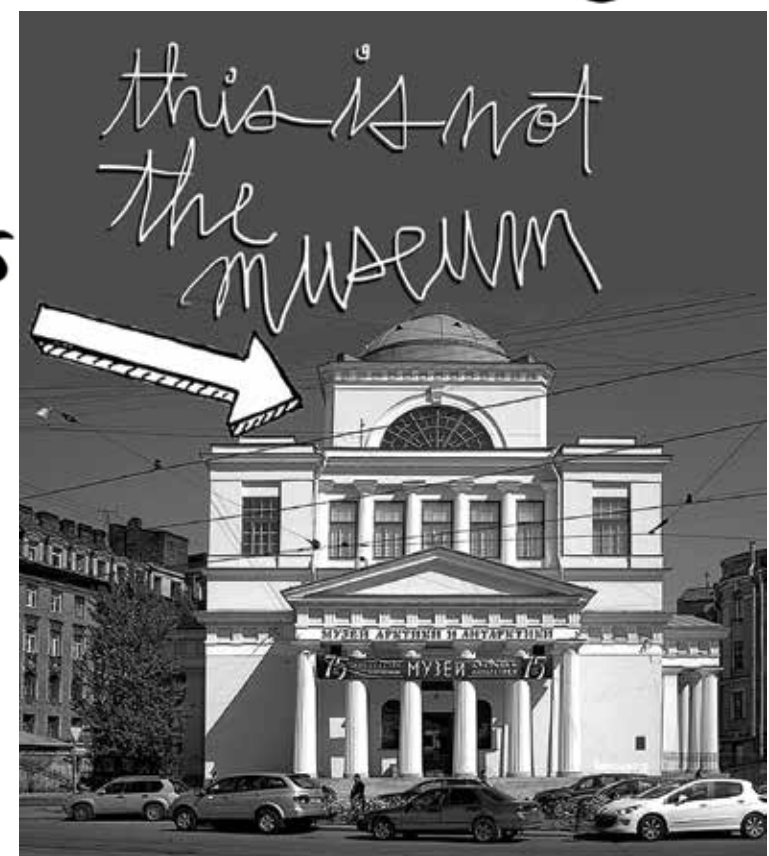
The Museum of Collections of Small Things and Books and Found Objects is a sort of museum consisting of collections of small things, books and found objects.

Located at 45°39'08"N, 123°06'54"W,  
the museum is currently open by appointment only.  
Admission is free.

## the collection of collections

*(A partial list. Not all collections are on view at any given time.)*

- bottle cap sculptures
- chopstick papers
- water journals
- sweeper tines
- walk boxes
- not robert rauschenberg's erasers
- soils, sands and stones
- bones
- wishbones
- snakeskins
- paint books/journals
- travel journals
- 3D postcards, old & new
- globes
- lists of skipped stones
- mosses, seeds and cones
- ricers
- braces (hand drills)
- map boxes
- recordings
- tin tubes
- tin/steel boxes & cans
- church keys
- toy postal vans / various countries
- how to cut out a nori bunny kit
- sardine gyotaku



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# Brexititis

## Chez Les Anglais

By MJ Moon

**Dragged towards Globalism, the Brits throw up in their mouths**

**W**ant an optimistic overview for the future of the EU and the UK? Fuck if I have one. But you know me: I am the genetic concoction of that everyman you read about in mid-20th century comic books. Me old great, great, great, great whatever lived through every egregious attack on our little island in the North Atlantic for the last 804 years. And today, I can honestly say I have done them all proud, having eaten more pounds of Fish & Chips than there is plastic in the oceans.

Middle Ages Grandpa was the product of a rape: Danish clod (with an axe) took the fair-haired cow-milking maiden (ex-Roman slave), and brutally went forth and multiplied. It was not terribly newsworthy as pretty much that's how early Europeans formed romantic unions. Britain though, was and still is an island. Things have changed of course – Trains, planes and wars, but really, not so much: The smorgasbord that is Europe and the jewel box that is the British Isles are still working through those early love stories. I know in my genes why some of my descendants (and now my neighbors) wanted to keep their crowns in their own pockets and not pour our beer into the thirsty maws of the Franks and the Beaners. We're afraid.

Like everyone else writing these sorts of articles, I voted to "remain" in the EU – my girlfriend is Austrian and my good friend in Paris drinks great pinot noir and always brings me a case. Well he used to... Anyhoo, in case you haven't heard, here in the UK we bought the fucking farm from Cameron & Cronies PLC just a few years ago and now find our membership cards revoked. Our wine glasses empty and wanting.

Five years after the 2016 Referendum, there is no more European Onion. This unravelling of the status quo resulted in a long process during which our lawyers were peeled away from the other 27 and we were left with our mushy fucking peas and crying bitter tears with no tourists.





Just until a few years ago I was quite the pragmatist. Back in the 1990s and come then the 2000s, I went full on Doc Martens. I ran well-heeled through the Euro Trashland, and loved it. Totally fab! In the 2010s I found myself drinking panachés and eating crêpes in Paris and quaffing absurdly good booze at insanely cheap prices. Fun! I returned to Jolly Old England to discover myself a full on Europhile, creating a Euro-centric London household hosting the Continent's most creative folks.

So why did I vote to remain? Fucking obvious. I was like most other youth quakers in London: I loved to get pissed in a pub, loved to hop on the Eurostar, loved to earn Euros and order up Frog cheese for as much as a Tube ride to St Pancras from Charing Cross. But it's fair to say that I, like 99% of the of Britons, hadn't felt a part of the family in a passionate way. We just liked the non-stop invitations to the office Christmas party.

But ... I blame Bruxelles. They didn't love us enough, sent us too many fucking letters in 8-point type and made believe we weren't as great as we believed we were – I mean are. We were fucked for leadership. David Cameron screwed us big time, then Madame Theresa May got on the nutty carousel and fell off, then Boris jumped on the painted pony and made shit up and to be honest, we were, in the end, just too fucking exhausted. So we said: "Just fucking get it over with already." The marriage was not so bad, but the divorce was gonna kill us. So the famous "No Deal Brexit" was/is a colossal fuck up, for sure: Jobs lost. Export markets fucked. Bridges (and tunnels) burned. But fuck it all! End the pain! We now have the *WTF Deal Brexit*. Bloody great!

Oh... right, then came this fucking pandemic. But least we have our own vaccine! Fun!

What now? My best guess is I don't fucking know, except that it won't be good. There's a fisherman in Scotland who can't sell his salmon to the French because of a massive import duty. And that cheese guy in Cantal? Same dumbass problem. We'll have to eat our Stilton and gobble up the huge surfeit of fish we used to send to our friends for consumption. Fish and chips every night til Armageddon, I suppose. But... there's a guy I know who knows a guy who knows a guy who says that it will be a matter of only a decade before the UK has had enough of this current plate of fucking bullshit and demands a decent glass of red wine at a price a bit less than King William pays. This guy says there will be a grassroots campaign aimed at taking us back into the embrace of European arms and cheese for all.

We live in tumultuous times. People say shit non-stop. Dissent from within, paired with aggression from without could further destabilize the Continent – if the Trump debacle continues to infect the planet – and it goes without saying that unseen events could still cause a hernia of some sort – or worse. Let me add another but. But life is always changing: Borish Johnson won't live forever – even though it was a close call with Covid. And the bureaucrats in Brussels might get tired of life without crumpets and efficient London money laundering. The ideal situation in my humble opinion, would be that the EU does collapse, allowing a new project to rise from the rubble and mushy peas to rain again on the plains in Spain.

What would King Alfred do? Cut off their heads? Cut off their vines?

**MJ Moon is a Londoner, musician and vegan. He does not miss French cheese but could go for a good pinot. Web: <https://www.temporalcomet.com/>**



# On Breathing

Eiichi Matsuhasi & his Street Museum of Tokyo

最近は見えないもの、すぐに無くなってしまうもの、形の無いものなどに興味を持って制作している。目に見えないものを目に見える物質に還元する作業を続けている。空気、光、記憶や思い出といったものが主要なテーマである。これらのテーマは物質として存在するが人間の五感で感知できないものや元々物質として存在していない概念だけのものとに分類される。

今回は主に空気に関する作品が取り上げられる。空気はおそらくこの世の中で最も大量に存在する物質でありながら私たちは形として認知することが出来ない。数年前にエアーキャップと呼ばれるビニールの梱包材に小さな穴を開け、中の空気を抜いた後に自分の息を吹き込んで封をした。それをはがきに接着して郵便で様々な国の友人へ送った。それは、かつて自分の一部であったものを作品にしたシリーズの一つであった。肺は体の中にある臓器であるが、その中にある空気は体の外側である外気とつながっており、体の外部である。

現在、新型コロナウイルスが世界中に蔓延し、私たちは過去に例を見ないほど空気や息について敏感になり、過剰な反応をせざるを得ない。この作品を制作した時には思いもよらなかった状況が訪れている。空気は目に見えないが実体を提示する方法がある。それは容器に詰めることである。

「ボールボエム」はその一つでボールはゴムで作られた容器で中に空気が入ることによってその形が作られる。ゴムの円球としてのボールは同時に空気の円球であると言える。形のない空気はゴムの容器の中に入れることでその流動性が止められて安定する。

新型コロナウイルスは私たちのライフスタイルを一変させてしまった。私たちは毎日、手指をアルコールスプレーで殺菌する。どこに行っても入口にスプレーが置いてあり、アルコールで殺菌してから入室する。「スプレーボエム」はアルコールの代わりに詩を入れたスプレー容器で詩を噴霧する装置である。手指を殺菌する代わりに、貴方の部屋に誌的環境を作り出すことを可能とする。

今年の正月に様々な国の友人に年賀はがきを送った。そこには私の家の窓から撮影した青空の写真を貼り付けた。地球の周辺を大気という名称の空気の層が取り巻いている。空は空気や水蒸気が累積して作られていて、私たちはそれを青、白、グレーといった色彩で認識する。

私は正月の贈り物として友人たちに青い空をプレゼントした。

2021年 東京にて 松橋英一







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STREET MUSEUM  
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2018









I WILL GIVE YOU  
THE BLUE SKY  
FROM MY WINDOW

PEACE&HEIWA  
2021


Eiichi Matsushashi, born in 1956 in Tokyo, is an artist and the director of the Karuizawa New Art Museum (KNAM) in Karuizawa, Japan.

Matsushashi began producing photocopy art and mail art in 1992, creating visual poetry works under the name Street Museum of Tokyo. His stamp sheet «Study of Explosion» was published by Michael Hernandez de Luna in the coffee table artist stamp book, Axis of Evil (Qualicata Press, Chicago, USA, 2004).

In 2016 Eiichi Matsushashi assumed the directorship of KNAM, and in 2018, he exhibited and published The Book For Mail Art in conjunction with KNAM.

Eiichi Matsushashi lives and works and makes art in both Tokyo and Karuizawa, Japan.  
<https://knam.jp/>





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# ON EN EST OÙ, LÀ?

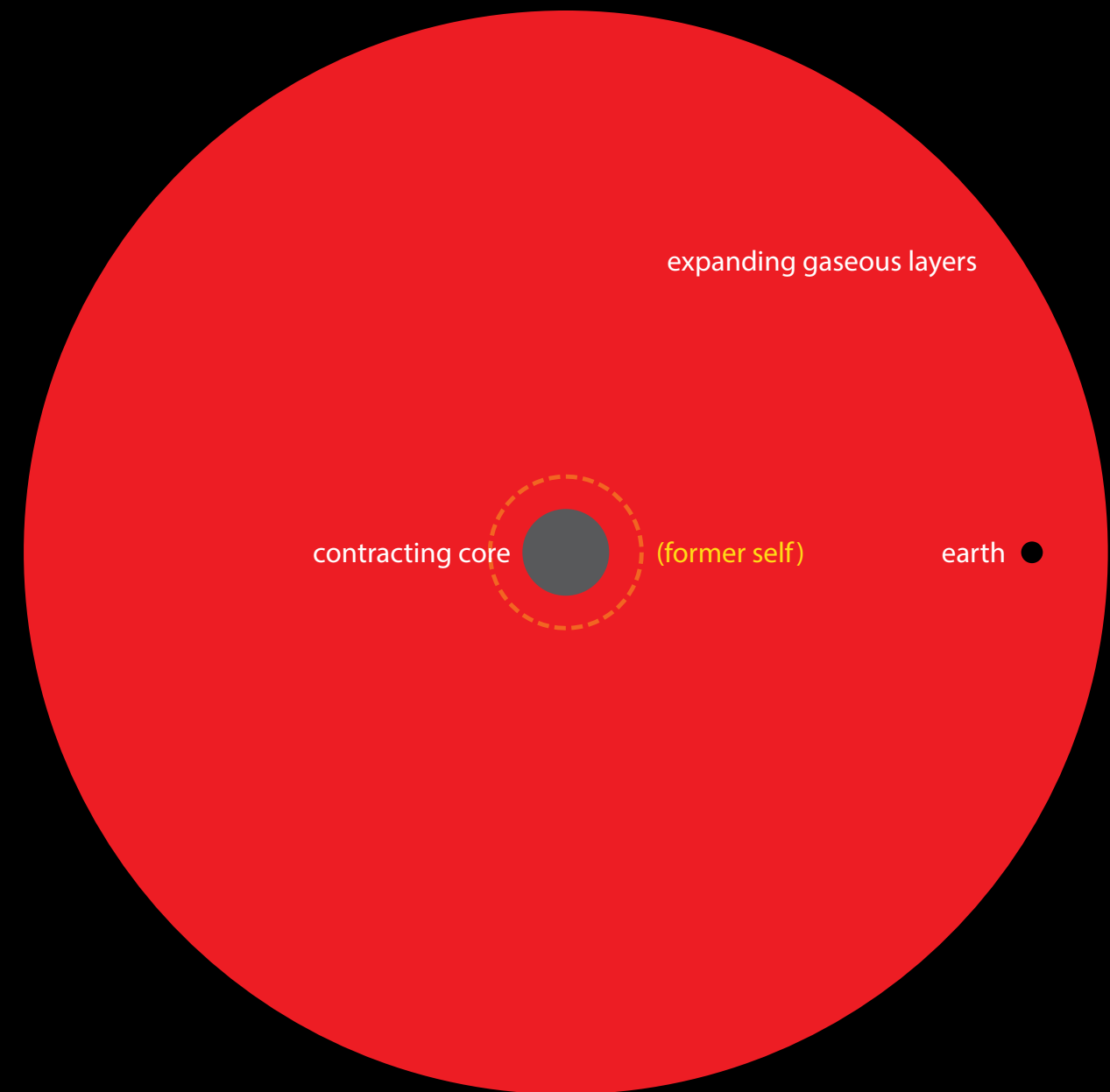
PRIX DE LA VILLE D'AUXERRE 2019

*Alvex*

Petrah expose dans le Logis de l'abbé et la Salle Capitulaire  
de l'abbaye Saint-Germain à Auxerre

**du 3 juillet au 19 septembre 2021**

red giant phase of the sun



just five billion years until the sun's warm embrace  
use your time wisely



**trouble** and its editors and contributors have lost many people these past two difficult years.

This inaugural issue is dedicated to our creative friends and heroes who left the planet and the millions of health care workers who toiled tirelessly through it all.

- Michel Hosszù • Rick Erickson • Buzz •
- John Prine • Aaron Balasny • Andrew Zaid •
- Tom Seaver • Dr Andy Ageloff • Melvin Zaid •
- Bob Gibson • Russell Chatham • Barry Lopez •
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- Capitol Police officier Brian D. Sicknick •
- Terry Jones • McCoy Tyner • Kirby •
- John Wynkoop • Tony Rice •
- Kobe Bryant • Jerry Stiller •
- John Lewis •

Not dead, but severely wounded ...  
American Democracy



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