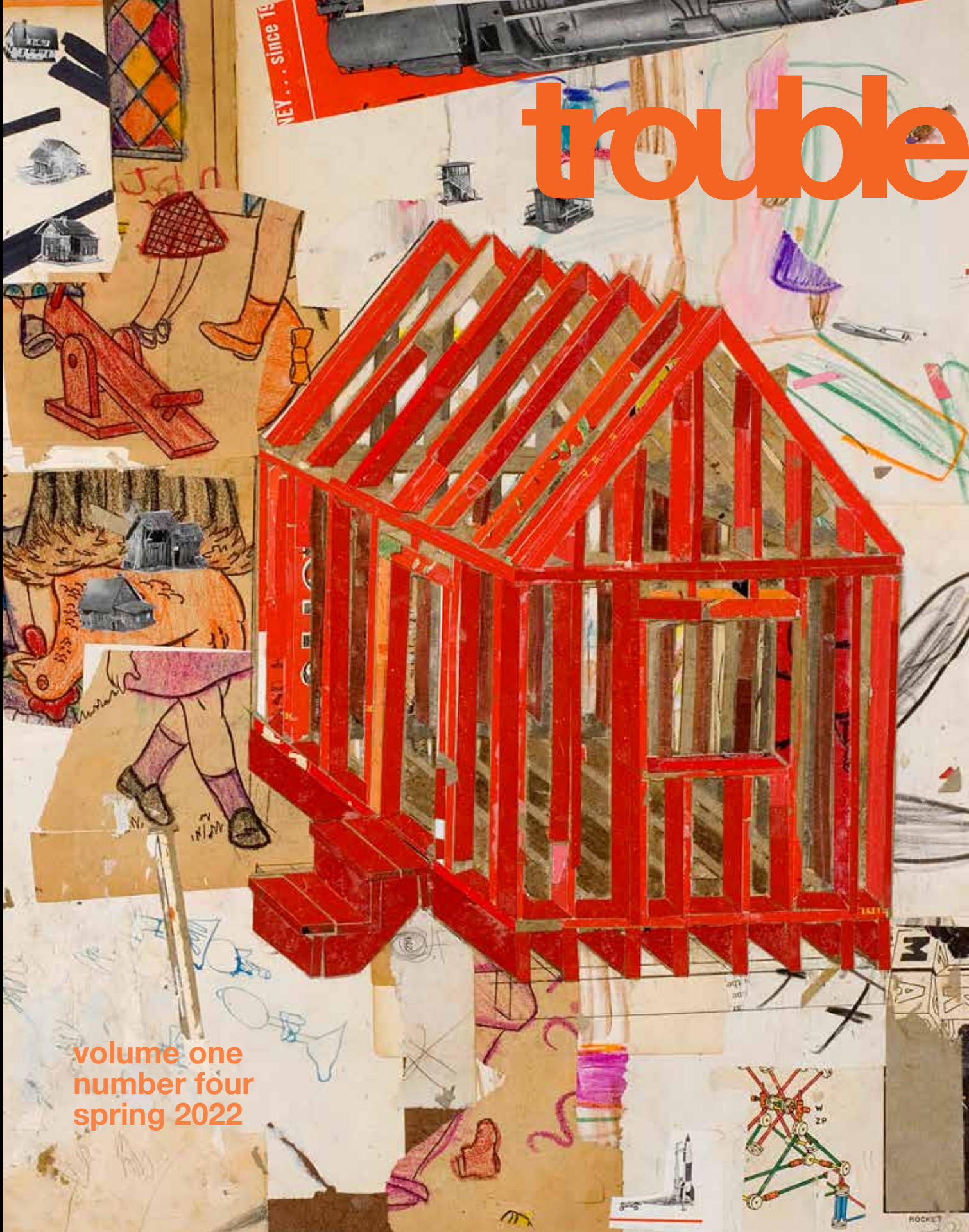


# trouble



volume one  
number four  
spring 2022

t r o u b l e

volume one • number four • spring 2022



# MōCa'STā Bæ'Fō mocostabafo

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

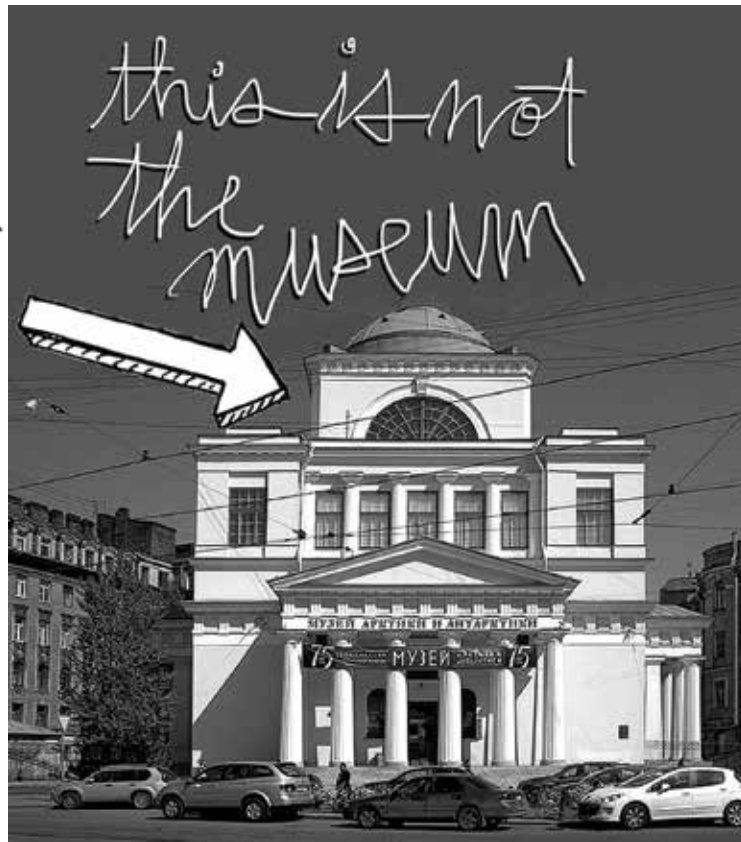
The Museum of Collections of Small Things and Books and Found Objects is a sort of museum consisting of collections of small things, books and found objects.

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



The Museum of Collections of Small Things and Books and Found Objects (not pictured above) is an affiliate of concretewheels.com (@concretewheels)

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[Instagram.com/keithdonovan4/](https://www.instagram.com/keithdonovan4/)





wheelbarrow, wheelbarrow  
sculpture for art's birthday  
(happy 1,000,059th)  
123° 06' 54" W  
45° 39' 07" N)  
17 jan 2022  
jamie newton

# t r o u b l e

volume one • number four • spring 2022

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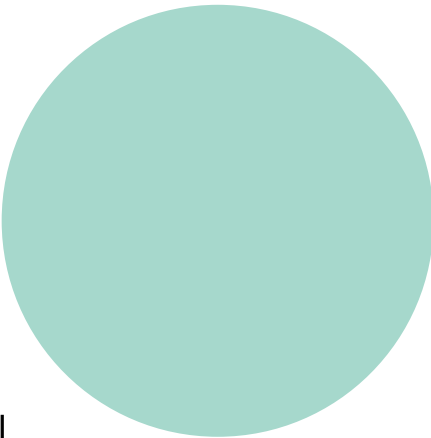
Yes, we're on!

**Coffee Machine**

Mr. Coffee

**House Band**

the weather channel



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Exhibition: September 26, 2021 - May 31, 2022

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*la mob*

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# what is a house?

**I**t used to be a cave, then it was a shelter, then a shack. A house is clearly not a home; a home is something distinct, oftentimes precious and connected to origins and, importantly, a sense of belonging. It's not difficult in 2022 to see that houses are fraught with stress these days. The structures are set ablaze either by uncontrolled forest fires or arson in cities or accidents from faulty electrical grids or by cruise missiles fired on them by Russian armies in cities like Kyiv or Mariupol or Aleppo...or the housing blocks in Palestine destroyed by Israeli munitions... but name your place. It's an ongoing performance of people fucking over other people.

Houses on this planet are routinely swept away by tsunamis and overflowing rivers, taking with them the walls and floors, the dolls and photographs of the people who live there. Tornadoes are now casually ripping through towns in America's midwest while inside many of American houses some people are getting shot while sleeping on couches or stabbed by their ex-boyfriends or just quietly overdosing in their bathtubs. A house is a stage for all things in the 21st century. People without houses are called homeless, which is more powerful: Their dramas are archetypal. They are the people fleeing, crossing borders, escaping bombs, seeking safety and often not finding it.

In the African American town of Rosewood, Florida, a wooden house was burned to the ground by a White mob (photo, above). It was 1923. The mob was enraged when a white woman claimed she was assaulted by a black man. In fact the entire town was razed by fire. On purpose. The Rosewood





Homeless encampment, Paris, France

Massacre took the lives of six black townspeople. According to the State of Florida Archives, dozens of children fled their homes in the dead of night and hid in the woods. Where did the mob sleep that night?

So, House & Garden, you ask? In reality, most people don't have gardens, and roughly 1.6 billion people on this planet don't have a fixed place to sleep when the sun sets much less a pad where they can launch their lives. *Sansabri*, in French. According to UN-Habitat about 15 million people are forcefully evicted from their homes each year – the homeless riding in on each black economic wave. In the United States rents continue to skyrocket, the dark waves continue crashing. Seeking shelter, the homeless find floods and fires, or rubble made from bombs aimed at their lives. They find disconnection, dislocation. They find themselves internally displaced.

Yet, these homeless millions eke out a life in the elements. No beds, running water, toilet, kitchen, no future. In Paris, there are many sleeping on grates in the street, the heat from the Métro keeping them just barely warm. Others stake out lives in tents on sidewalks. Some, more entrepreneurial, set up makeshift longhouses using old doors, bits of chair and tarpaulin and the effluvia and jetsam the city heaves up, that finds its way to the curb. We would like to think most are warm, cozily wrapped in fibre optic wires spending their lives watching Netflix. What's popular? Beauty crushed into a kind of dirt paddy dystopia that is our planet. A variation of Kyiv, today.

Remember Mr. Rogers Neighborhood? Have you ever seen the PBS mash up of him singing about growing ideas in the ... Garden of Your Mind (<https://youtu.be/OFzXaFbx-DcM>)? You should. It's uplifting.



Are we not all obsessed with houses, soaring white walls, sleek kitchens? A house filled with comforts that allows us to forget we live in a world that has historically been inhospitable. We pack our walls with technology to dial it up and regulate the temperature of all things human; and lace these walls, too, with myriad views, ideas. Hope.

Home decor often passes for intellectual prowess, wealth, power. Even those prison walls we see in the movies: Books, pictures of birds, calendars taped to walls. Hogarth (1697 -1764), the English artist whose satirical and socially critical portraits of various English classes flooded bourgeois English homes in the 18th and 19th centuries were unusual. Most people only had money for a coat of whitewash, or some colored paper they could paste up. If they did, a house could become a garden, or perhaps, even, a home.

Matthew Rose



# James Meyer's Institutional Tan



## **Institutional Tan**

exhibited in 2018 at

The Mount - Edith Warton's Estate Museum

Lenox, Massachusetts

(In 2020 Institutional Tan was shown at Governor's Island  
New York at the Escaping Time exhibition)



**D**evens Federal Prison in Devens, Massachusetts, is a working prison and medical facility.

I was sentenced to Devens for an 18-month period that began in July 2015. The reason was for transportation of stolen goods across state lines – specific details of which I can’t go into here.

### **Some inmates have little interest in doing anything**

At Devens, there is a power station providing heat, air conditioning and electricity for the whole prison (my unit did not have air-conditioning). Inside the Powerhouse was a welding shop and many inmates had jobs on the outside as metal workers, welders; the inmate foreman at the Powerhouse in fact, had once run a power plant in Maine.

Some inmates have little interest in doing anything so they were assigned “featherbedding” jobs – dusting cabinets, sweeping floors or standing in hallways. In fact, there were too many inmates for the jobs available so often there were five guys doing one job. I did not want one of these “featherbedding” jobs, so I put in to work in the welding shop. I knew metal fabrication but I didn’t know anything about welding. It took six months before I was finally asked to work in the welding shop. To see if I was lying about my skills my boss had me make lock covers. I passed the test and he kept me there.

Things at the prison would break all the time. Cafeteria fold-up tables, shower heads would often need to be fixed. The guys in the maximum security unit would often break toilets, keeping us very busy. In solitary confinement, the toilet is connected to the sink with one piece of stainless steel. The guys would kick it apart when they wanted some atten-

tion; it would be taken out and we were sent to fix it.

Devens Federal Prison includes a hospital with low-maximum security inmates as patients. Keeping people in prison for life means they tend to get old and fragile; illness and age can make a maximum security inmate a low-maximum security inmate. Devens also has a unit for the criminally insane. These inmates are always in solitary confinement, a situation with its own set of problems. These inmates can’t be near others because they would try and kill them, but without any contact their condition worsens.

One day in the welding shop, we got an order for 10 “therapy cells.” The government wanted to have group therapy for the lifers; since they couldn’t be let out to mingle with others, the prison needed another way for them to be together safely. The solution: Single cell units. Designed by prison psychiatrists, the cells had a one-inch round bar with a cage top and a cell door with a 12”x 24” opening to take the hand cuffs off; a chair would be placed inside the cell for the therapy sessions.

### **I wasn’t sure how I felt about the cages**

My metal shop boss was morally against making these 19th century cages for men and he gave us the opportunity to decline to fabricate them. I wasn’t sure how I felt about the cages. When you first come to prison it’s mandatory that you spend some time in the solitary confinement for processing. When I was there, I remember asking myself “Who made this cage?”

Part of what you do in prison is eat up time: Make a daily schedule and keep it the same, filling each day so that it goes by fast. Making 10 cells would certainly eat up a lot of

time. Regardless of how I felt about the cages, I quickly said, Yes. I’d make them.

### **My boss put in a call to the psychiatrists to be sure this is what they wanted**

I produced a mechanical drawing for the cages and a cut sheet for the parts. But we soon realized the cage was too small – like something out of the Spanish Inquisition. At 48” x 48” x 8’ high with a cage top, and weighing 1000 pounds, it wasn’t going anywhere but its size, we thought, was off. My boss put in a call to the psychiatrists to be sure this is what they wanted. We suggested making it out of expanded metal and 1” square stock. They said we should stick to what they first sent us. So I made it to their specifications.

The psychiatrists soon realized it was, in fact, too small and that an inmate could slip thru the handcuff door. So changes were requested and made. Still the cell had to be so overwhelming you wouldn’t even consider challenging it. Once inside, you are meant to be stuck there until someone lets you out. The new version was 60” deep and I calculated the door to weigh about 300 pounds.

A random inmate from the lifer ward picked up the plastic chair we’d placed inside the cage and broke the legs off and began to use them weapons. This was no good. The seat would have to be part of the cell, but it also had to be able to move away from the door. Why? They wanted the inmates to do jumping jacks together while each was inside the cage.

One of the guys at the metal shop designed a bench bolted to the wall that could fold up. This too, was no good as our “test” inmate banged it up and down making a racket and not paying attention to the doctor.

On the third try we created pedestal seat bolted to the floor out of 2” pipe with a diamond plate aluminum cover. This worked. Like the walls of the cell, these seats couldn’t be challengeable – as soon as you touched it you realized it wasn’t moving.

While I was making these, the Regional Administrator came in from Washington DC and saw the “man cage.” He told the warden not to make it because he thought it too barbaric. The warden was upset. Without the cages he would not get the federal grant for the group therapy, and he would lose it to some other prison. So the warden told us to make them anyway. He decided he would go against the regional admin’s decision and deal with the consequences later.

The project was green-lighted. I would work on making new cells and the other guys would do the day-to-day repairs. It took me a week to fabricate the parts on the new cells, but we soon started running out of space. When the weather turned warmer, I put the parts outside to create more space in the shop.

Once one was finished, I painted it; the paint had a low flash point, but the fumes were overpowering. So it was decided that I would paint them outside in the parking lot. A color was chosen: “Institutional Tan.” This was a restricted color to be used only by the Bureau of Prisons: Unauthorized use of this color would be considered a violation. One was not to copy the color without appropriate paperwork.

– James Meyer

[www.jamesmeyerart.com](http://www.jamesmeyerart.com)

More information: <https://1000invisiblethings.com/2018/08/22/walkin-with-wordxword-at-the-mount/>



our house  
is a very, very, very fine  
(repository of power-sucking art)  
house



“In under  
half a year,  
one artist’s  
multi-edition  
NFTs have a  
footprint of:

Energy usage: 263,538 kWh

Emissions: 163,486 KgCO<sub>2</sub>

Equivalent to:

✂ An EU resident's electricity consumption for 77 years

✂ Flying for 1.5 thousand hours

🚗 Driving 838 thousand Km (petrol)

🍲 Boiling a kettle 3.5 million times

💻 Using a laptop for 2.5 thousand years

💻 Using a computer for 636 years

“The problem: the ecological cost (of NFTs)

While not as bad as Bitcoin, a single Ethereum (ETH) transaction [*the current favorite for art transactions*] is estimated to have a footprint on average of around 35 kWh.

This, in itself, is ludicrously high. To put that into perspective, this is roughly equivalent to an EU resident’s electric power consumption for 4 days.

And this is for simply a single ETH transaction. This is for an act which takes a fraction of a second from the point of view of the person engaging in the act. A single click of a mouse sets off a chain reaction and sends a signal to mining farms around the world, which go on to have a footprint of 35 kWh for an ‘average’ transaction, with emissions of close to 20 KgCO<sub>2</sub> for that *single* mouse click, due to the underlying algorithm. (Whereas for example, an average email is estimated to have a footprint of a few grams of CO<sub>2</sub>, and watching one hour of Netflix is estimated at around 36 grams CO<sub>2</sub>.”

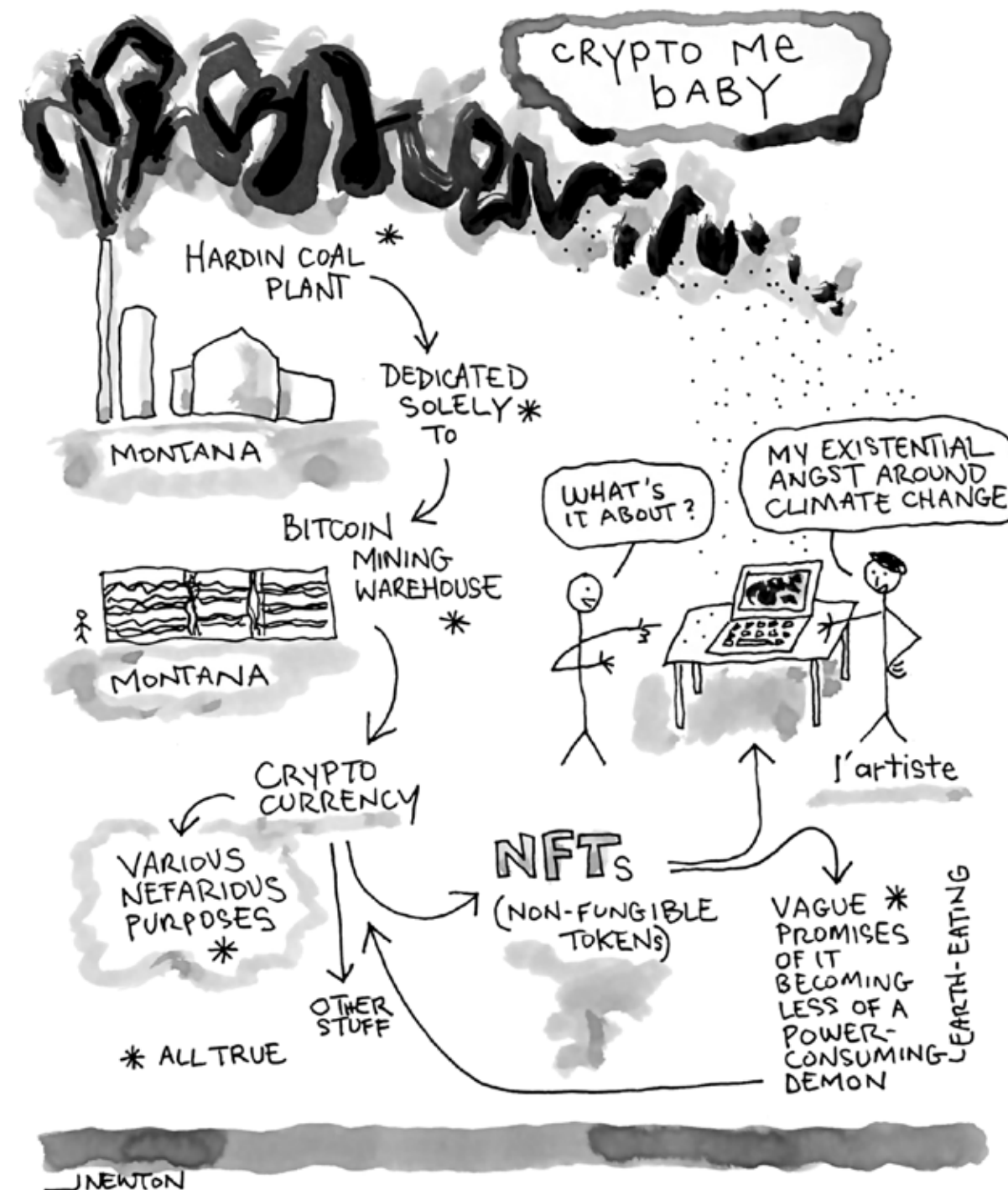


Quotes and graphic  
from Memo Akten’s  
Medium article,

“The Unreasonable Ecological Cost of #CryptoArt (Part 1)”

All notes and source data can be found here:

<https://memoakten.medium.com/the-unreasonable-ecological-cost-of-cryptoart-2221d3eb2053>



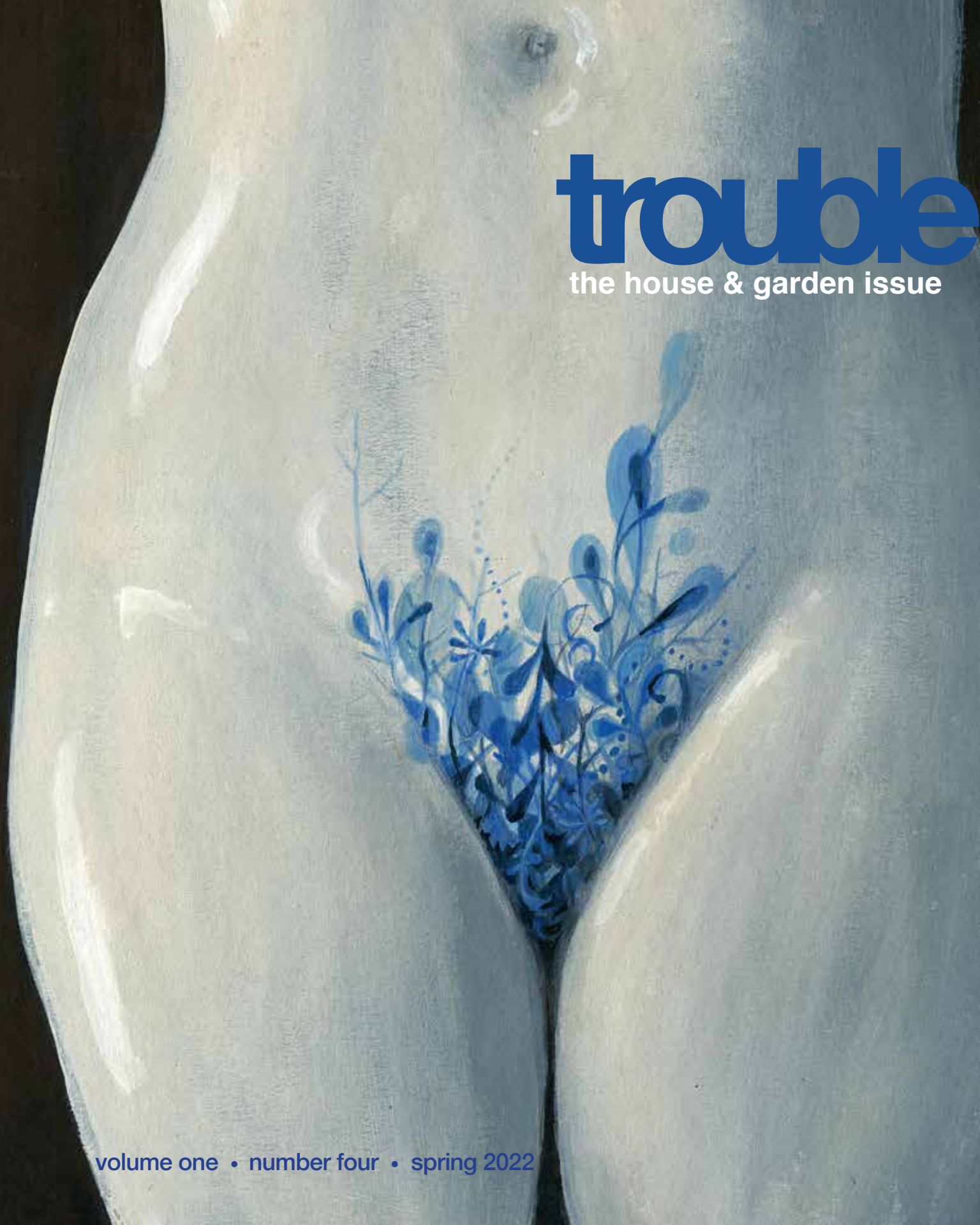
“The Hardin generating station, a 115-megawatt coal plant ... was slated for closure in 2018 due to a lack of customers ... (It) operat(ed) just 46 days in 2020. In a deal struck in late 2020, Marathon, a bitcoin “mining” company, became the sole recipient of the power station’s electricity. It established an elongated data center on 20 acres of land beside the facility that is packed with more than 30,000 Antminer S19 units, a specialized computer that mines for bitcoin. Such thirst for power is common in crypto – globally bitcoin mining consumes more electricity than Norway, a country of 5.3 million people.”

<https://www.theguardian.com/technology/2022/feb/18/bitcoin-miners-revive-fossil-fuel-plant-co2-emissions-soared>





Graffiti, Paris. Artist unknown, 2022



# trouble

the house & garden issue

volume one • number four • spring 2022





**Oliver Zabel** ist ein Zeitreisender, ein Wandler der in die 1960er Jahre der Künstler der Objektkunst geboren wird. Ihre Geschichte umfasst eine vielfältige Ausdrucksskala, die von der absurd – poetischen Materialmontage des Dadaismus über Materialhappenings und Assemblagen der Pop-Art bis zu den heutigen Rauminstallationen reicht.

Die Arbeiten von Oliver Zabel sind inmitten dieser Skala einzuordnen. Für seine Installationen, Objekte und Collagen findet und sammelt er banale, scheinbar wertlose Dinge und bringt sie in einen gegenwärtigen Zusammenhang. Die alltägliche Schönheit der Fundstücke ordnet er in seinen Arbeiten zu einer neuen ästhetischen Einheit an. Durch die veränderte Wahrnehmung werden sie dort zu poetischen und ironischen Inszenierungen des Alltäglichen.

*Oliver Zabel is a time traveler, an artist wanderer born in the 1960s of object art. His story encompasses a diverse range of expressive strategies, ranging from the absurd-poetic material montages of Dadaism to material happenings and assemblages of Pop Art to today's spatial installations.*

*For his installations, objects and collages, Oliver finds and collects banal, seemingly worthless things and places them in a contemporary context. In his artworks, he rearranges the everyday beauty of the found objects into a new aesthetic unity. Through the changed perception, they become poetic and ironic stagings of the everyday.*



**1. Do you smoke? When did you quit?** Ja, ich rauche; allerdings ist bei jedem Versuch damit aufzuhören ein neues Familienmitglied gesät worden...

*Yes, I smoke; however, with every attempt to stop, a new family member has been born...*

**2. Have you ever thought about running away from home?** Etwas Abstand ist wohl manchmal sehr hilfreich – gerne in Reichweite auf einem Hochsitz.

*Some distance is sometimes very helpful - preferably within reach on a high seat.*







**3. When you were a child did you play with matches?** Ich hatte eher selten Zugang – gespielt habe ich glaube nicht. Aber es hat gereicht die Ritterburg des Nachbarn abzubrennen...  
*I didn't really have access to matches, and didn't really play with them, well not that often.  
 But probably enough to burn down my neighbors' kids' toy castle.*



**4. What's your relationship with flowers?** Ehrfurcht und Bewunderung – manche haben im Deutschen sehr vieldeutige Namen...  
*Reverence and admiration – but some flowers have very ambiguous names in German...*







**5. If you could set fire to anything in the world, what would it be?**

Ich belasse es beim Lagerfeuer – allerdings finde ich das Bild vom brennenden Schiff auf dem Meer sehr aufregend...

*I'd stick to throwing things into a campfire – although I find a picture of a burning ship on the sea very exciting...*



**6. Do you dream about being small, so small that... ?** Nun, das kommt tatsächlich in den nächtlichen Planungen vor – so verwerfe ich dann manche Themen, da es nicht gut ausgehen würde.

*Well, that actually comes up before I drift off to sleep – but then I dump those ideas. They wouldn't end well.*







# Alice Fox homegrown

**A**rt materials spring up from the ground in the small West Yorkshire allotment that Alice Fox tends. It's not that the north central UK soil has any particular Athenian traits, it's more that, paraphrasing Thoreau, Alice gets the earth to say "art supplies." Weaving material, dyeing material, sculptural material – it's all sourced within the confines of Alice's modest garden space.

*"The desire to take an ethical approach has driven my shift from using conventional art and textile materials into exploring found objects, gathered materials and natural processes."*

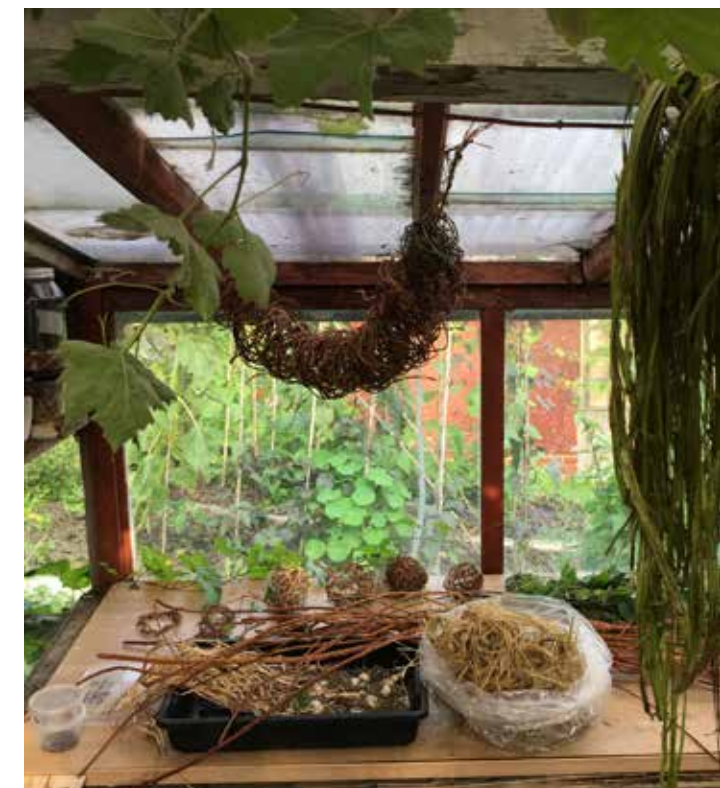
Alice's concerns over climate change and the environmental impacts involved in the production of even the simplest art materials drove her to reconsider her approach to making. Alice has endeavored to find, grow and harvest a wide variety of plants, generating the materials she then works with. Natives that naturally find their way into the allotment also find their uses and are especially prized.

*"Materials are produced, gathered and processed seasonally and are hard-won: There may be just a small batch of each type of usable material in a given year. As a result, each bundle of dandelion stems, sweetcorn fibre or hand-processed flax is enormously precious."*

The allotment, much as Thoreau's bean field, is a grand experiment – a green lab where materials are tested, put through their paces, coaxed into new forms and expressions. Alice's work also becomes an ongoing document of her processes: You can see the very nature from which the pieces emerge and sense the connections that get woven, threaded and dyed into her work.

– JN

Above: *Materials drying in the shed* – Fibres are gathered, stripped and dried before storing.  
Facing page: *Allotment shed interior* – Dyestuff, from allotment plants, is dried for storage and later made into ink.



All photos by Alice Fox except as noted.





*Tide Line / 2013*  
Tapestry weave in cotton  
with found metal objects  
and rust staining.





## Plot 105: 52 Weeks

Facing page:

***Plot 105: 52 Weeks / 2019***

*Weekly botanical prints in small, handmade Coptic bound books, recording the plants available on the plot through one year.*

Above:

***Plot 105: 52 Weeks / 2019 (detail)***

*Detail of weekly botanical prints bound into small books.*

***Flax in flower***

*Amongst the food crops, Alice grows flax for processing and spinning into linen thread.*



*"Establishing my allotment garden ... allowed me to really focus on material sourcing and consider self-sufficiency in terms of art materials."*







Above: *Gathering dandelion stems (L), daffodil leaves (M) and processing bramble fibre*  
 Below: ***Processed materials and samples*** • *A series of experiments, bringing different grown and found materials together.* Photo by Electric Egg



Above: ***Hybrid 3: Blue Spade / 2021*** • *Looped bramble fibre with found metal tool.* Photo by Sarah Mason  
 Below: ***Dandelion Strip Cloth 2 / 2021*** • *Dandelion stems (Taraxacum officinale). Stems, gathered after flowering, dried, braided and stitched together to form a flexible surface. 41cm x 32cm.* Photo by Sarah Mason







***Plot 105 : Mapping Materials***

*Pencil and botanical inks on paper with constructed objects: beech wood, daffodil leaves, apple wood, grown and processed flax, processed and spun nettle fibre, bramble, found wire, ceramic, plastics, cloth and paper.*  
 71cm x 50cm x 5cm Photo by Matt Radcliffe





Above:

***Dandelion Weave 2 / 2021***

*Dandelion stems (Taraxacum officinale). Stems, gathered after flowering, dried, manipulated to form cordage and then woven together in one continuous warp/weft structure. 30cm x 30cm.*

Facing page:

***Plot 105 : The Allotment***

*See more of Alice's beautiful work,  
prints and books here:  
[@alicefoxartist](#)  
[www.alicefox.co.uk](http://www.alicefox.co.uk)*

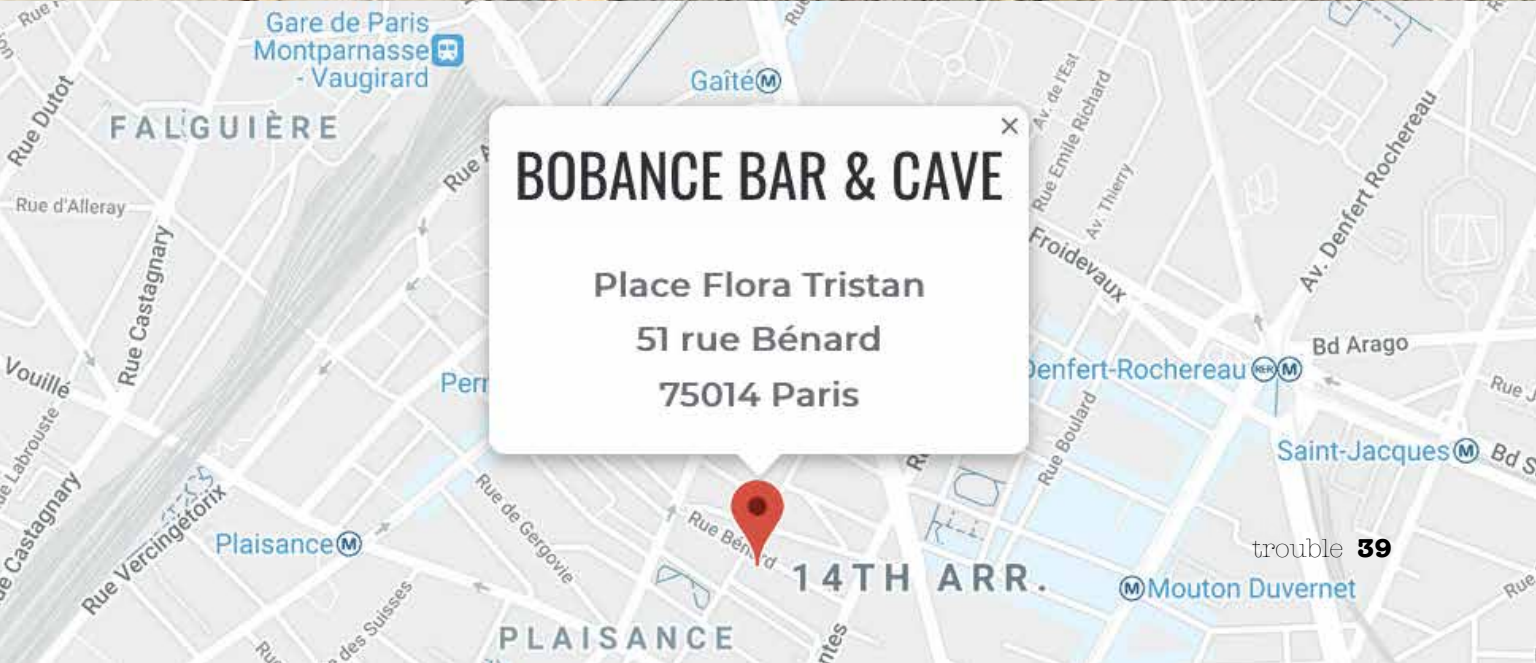




# WILLIE'S WINE CAMP: A MASTERGLASS

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!





## Drawing Kyiv • Pictures of Home by Amelie



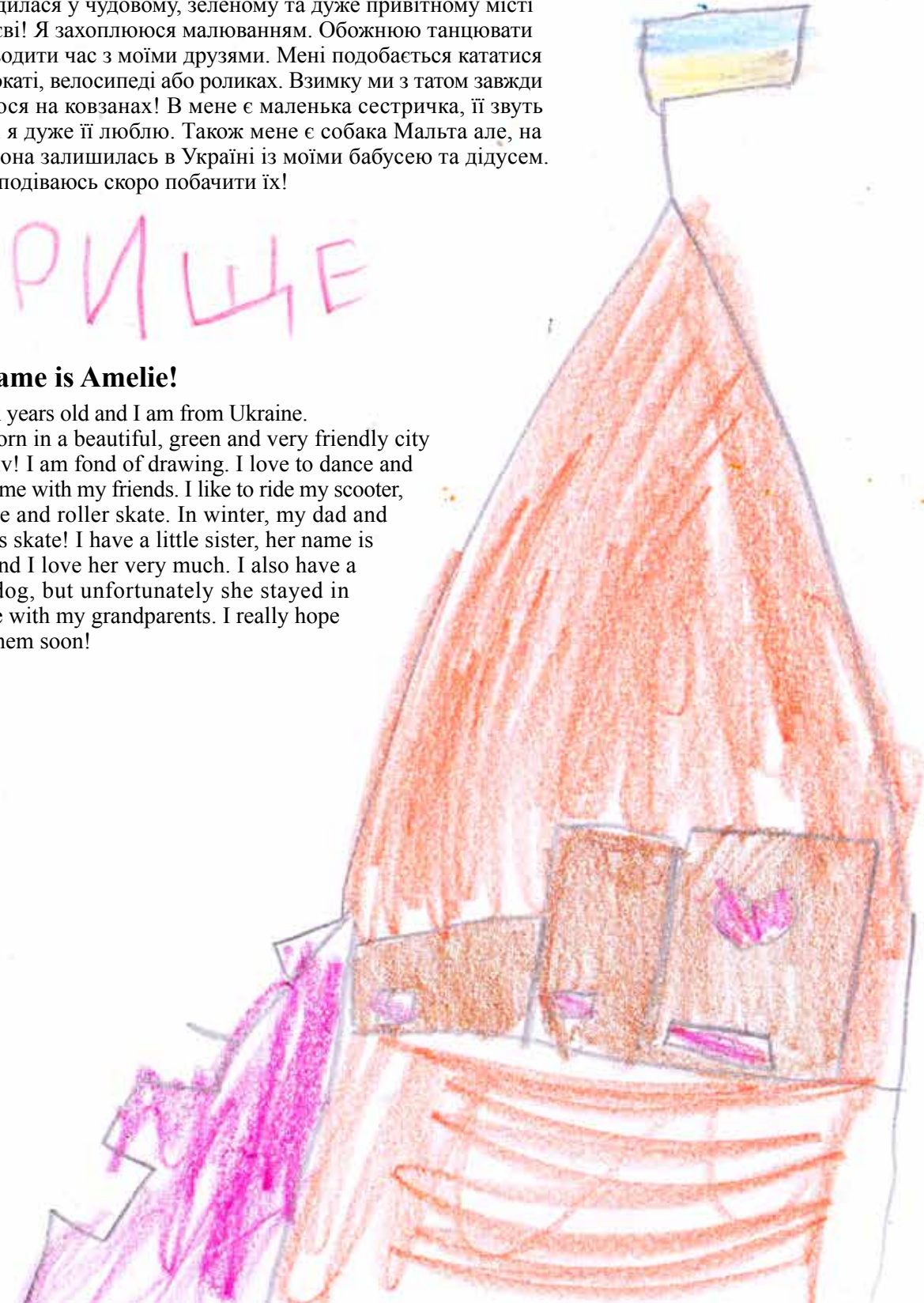
### Мене звати Амелі! Мені 6 років і я з України.

Я народилася у чудовому, зеленому та дуже привітному місті - у Києві! Я захоплююся малюванням. Обожаю танцювати та проводити час з моїми друзями. Мені подобається кататися на самокаті, велосипеді або роликах. Взимку ми з татом завжди катаємося на ковзанах! В мене є маленька сестричка, її звуть Санта і я дуже її люблю. Також мене є собака Мальта але, на жаль, вона залишилась в Україні із моїми бабусею та дідусем. Дуже сподіваюсь скоро побачити їх!

ГОРИЩЕ

### My name is Amelie!

I am six years old and I am from Ukraine. I was born in a beautiful, green and very friendly city - in Kyiv! I am fond of drawing. I love to dance and spend time with my friends. I like to ride my scooter, and bike and roller skate. In winter, my dad and I always skate! I have a little sister, her name is Santa and I love her very much. I also have a Malta dog, but unfortunately she stayed in Ukraine with my grandparents. I really hope to see them soon!





# Amelie's House, Amelie's Home

In late February 2022, a young Ukrainian family – two young girls, their mother and father, filled a single suitcase and raced out of Kyiv just before Russia began its deadly assault on the Capital city they'd known most of their lives. Their home. Clothes, cellphones and a few toys for their young girls were crammed into this lone piece of luggage; the valise became the essence of their material lives. Their home.

"We had only one suitcase for the four of us because we didn't ever imagine that we leave home for a long time. Now, it's maybe forever," said Darina the girls' mother.

With their several thousand dollars in cash, they walked, boarded buses and finally, nearly a week after they left Kyiv, the four squeezed onto a plane from Romania bound for Paris. A cousin in France would help them find refuge.

Friends of friends housed the family in their empty Paris apartment, around the corner from where I live. They family was finally safe. There were no bombs, no gunfire, no soldiers barricading streets. Yet now they were assaulted with live images of their homeland being senselessly destroyed. Hospitals and apartment buildings just like theirs were being destroyed; their city systematically reduced to rubble. They could see what Russians in Moscow and Saint Petersburg could not see: ordinary Ukrainians shot and killed, Russian army tanks rolling over cars, and the world crashing around them.

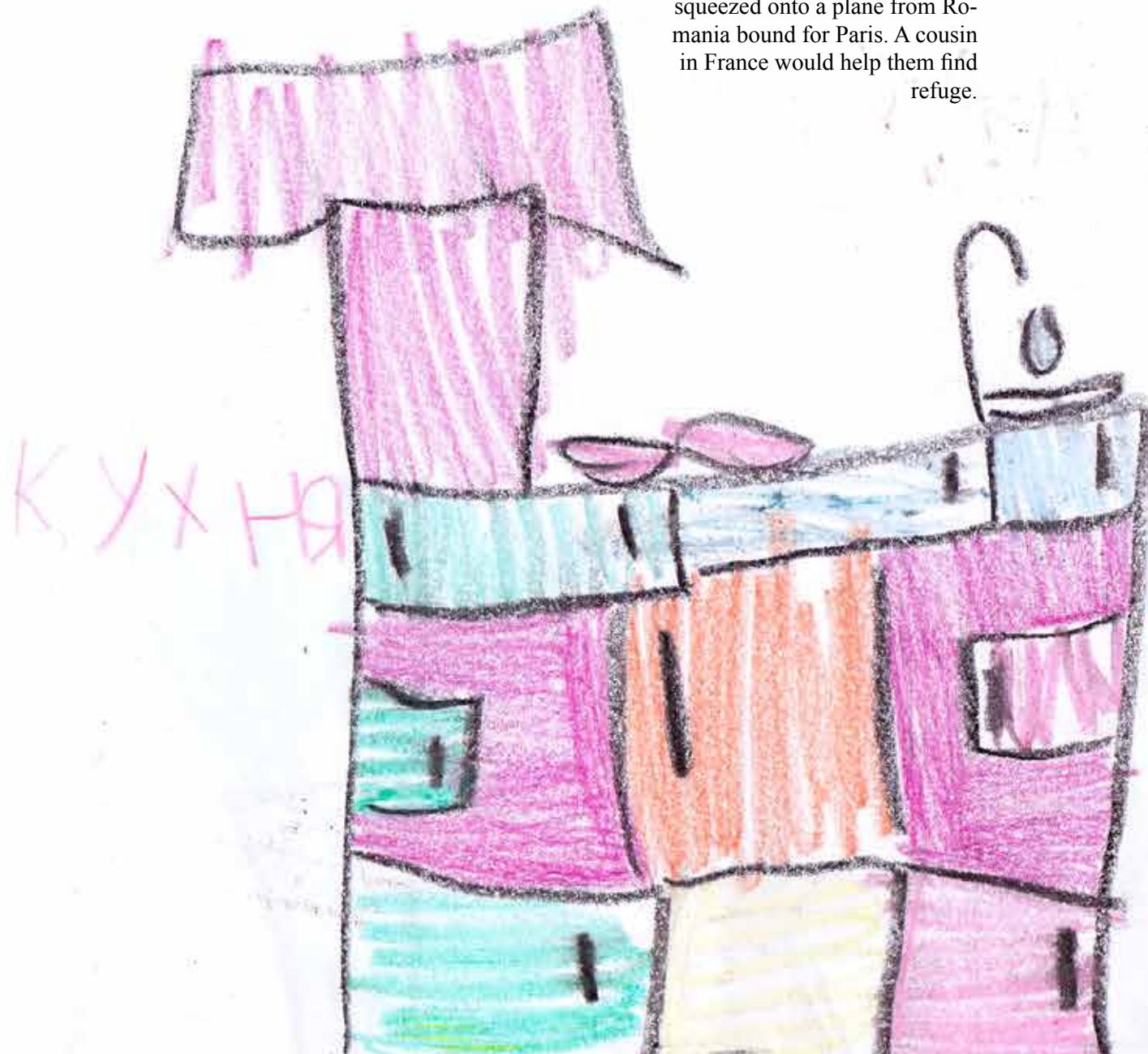
Just a week before the spring equinox, this small family finds itself living in multiple time zones, multiple realities, edged by darkness and light.

When the family set their lone piece of luggage down in this small apartment on the left bank, they discovered a table overflowing with food and necessary items to start a new life, and a pair of soft toy bunnies that I had brought for the girls, as well as a box of crayons and paper. A few days later I met them in a park. The girls were running about the playground, exploring a new world, then rushing back to their mother and father, grabbing them. Lifesavers in a strange new reality.

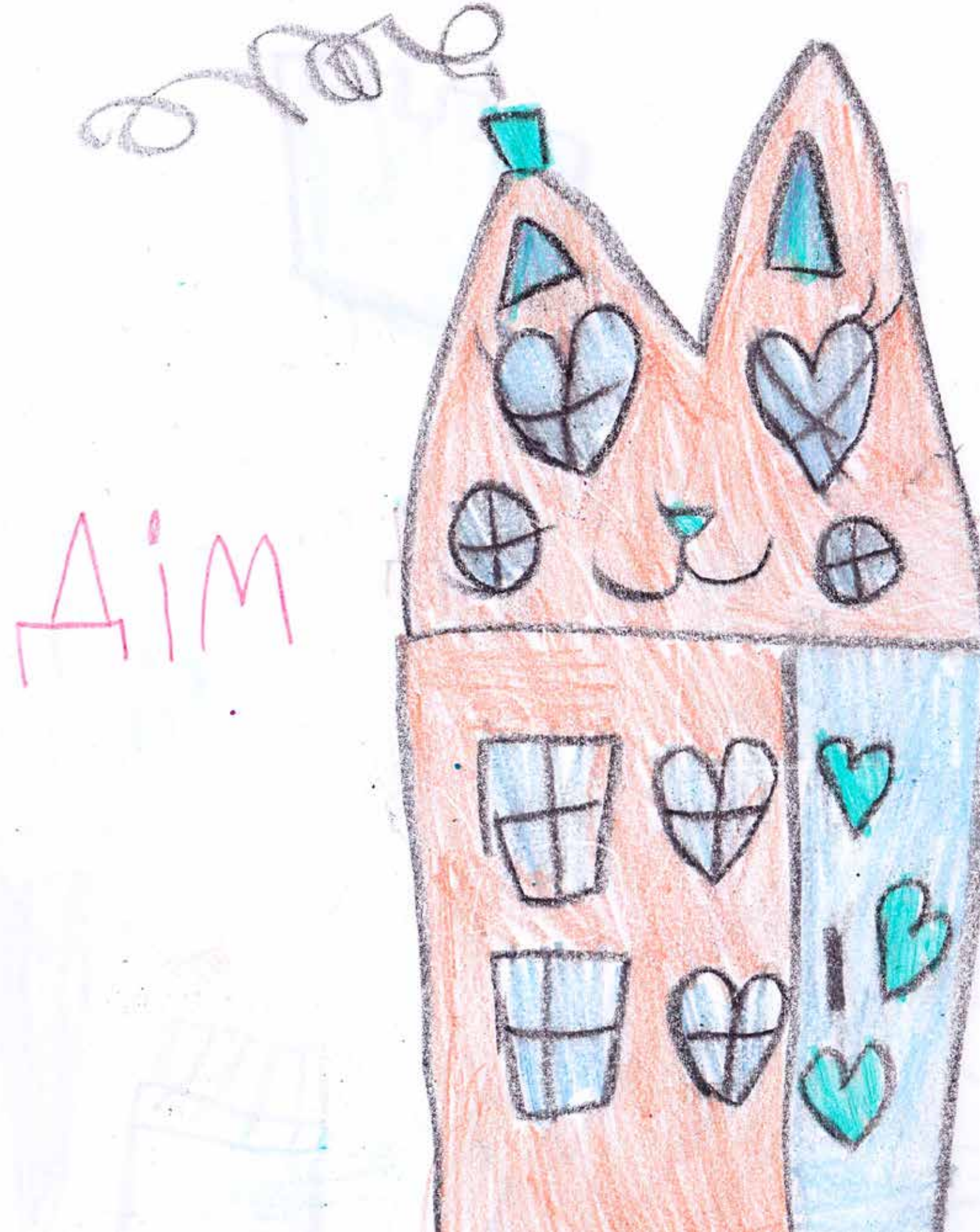
I was sharing a cup of tea with our Ukrainian friends at the apartment. We talked about things they might need to deal with now that they were seeking a homse, however temporary, in Paris – papers, vaccinations, places to work, how to navigate the Métro. As I got up to leave, Amelie, their 6-year-old, presented me with a drawing of her home, featuring a cat and a flower-filled vase. She dated and signed it with a heart next to her name. Ameli then made me a series of drawings of her home – the yard, the kitchen, her dining room, her bedroom, a garden. You can see a flag flying the golden wheat and blazing blue sky in some of these drawings – her native Ukrainian flag. As of today, more than three million people have fled Ukraine.

Today, Amelie turned six years old.

—MR





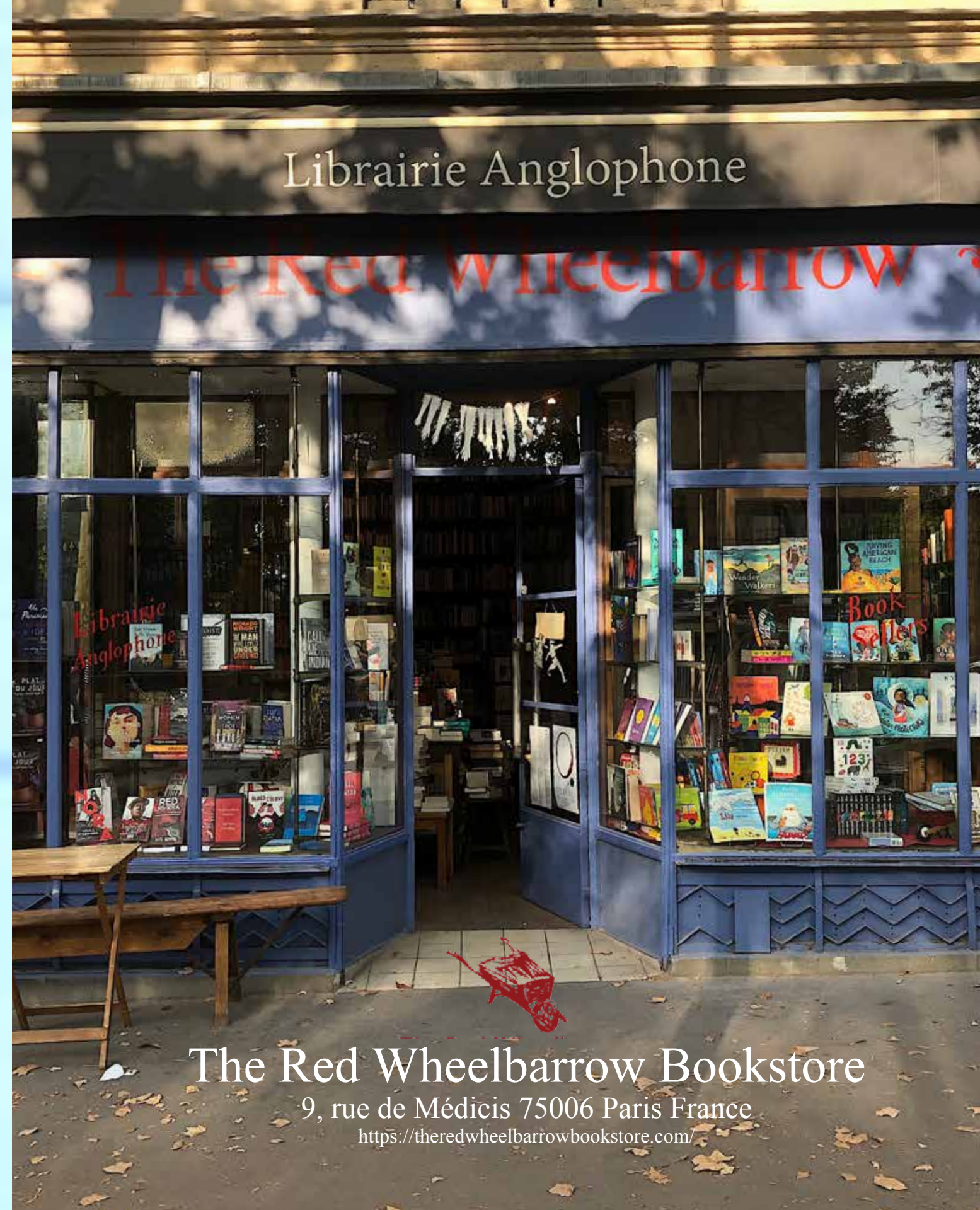




*A cousin  
in France  
would help  
them find  
refuge.*











### 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、総ガラス張りを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 KJAC）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

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50 tROUBLE

**Coronaville Episode 1 "If I Get Corona, I Get Corona."**

One day in early 2020, the Corona Virus came for a visit.... The Corona Virus went everywhere.

Hey Kids!  
The Corona Virus is here!  
Come and get it!

You know, if I get Corona, I get Corona!

I take no responsibility!

Hey Kids!  
I've got Corona.

Me, too!

Yeppers!  
Moi, aussi!

# «Coronaville»

A Dystopian Comic Book Opera

## Matthew Rose

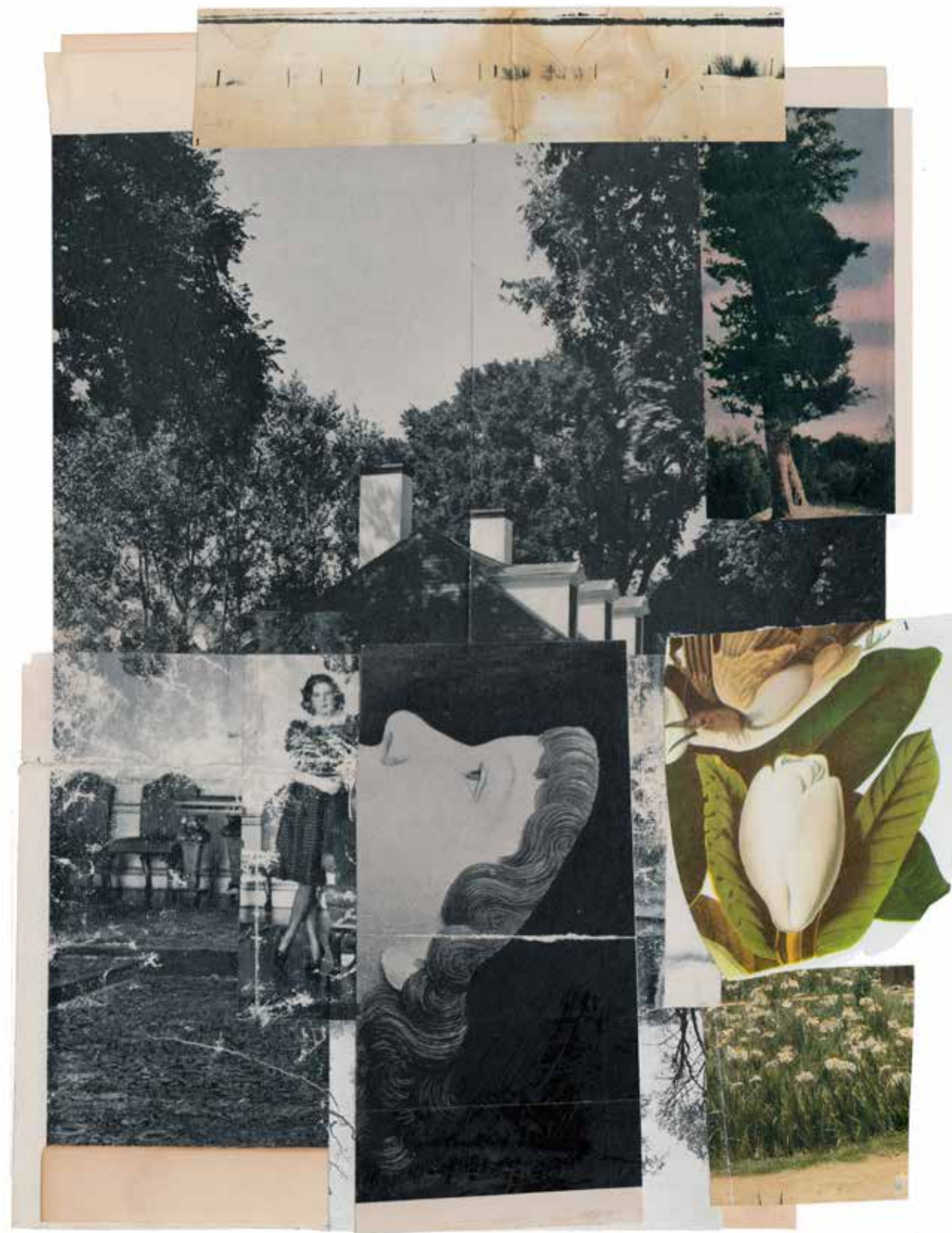
«Coronaville is my comic opera of the pandemic, produced during the quarantine in Paris in the Spring of 2020. There are 40 episodes made during 40 days and 40 nights. Coronaville captures the self-dealing and double-speak of (mostly) American politicians who have diasterously and criminally mismanaged the Coronavirus pandemic.»

Coronaville is wicked, an acid romp through the cult minds and neighborhoods of Trump World.  
Coronaville is the dark comic opera of our times.

Matthew Rose is an American artist and writer living in Paris.  
Click on the QR code, get your copy of Coronaville.



# DARK GARDEN SUITE • ALLAN BEALY









# Allan Bealy

**What's your relationship to trees?**

Passionately animalistic.

**Are you a believer in Feng Shui?**

Yes, if and when it suits my purpose.

**What's your worst house plumbing nightmare?** Flood.

**Have you ever set your kitchen on fire?** Only for controlled burns.

**Is a mirror an essential element of a bed room?** Absolutely not. A mirror traps souls. An ancient mirror is like a tenement of souls. The crowd would infest my dreams. I'm okay with a discrete tub of river water, under the bed.

**What's your concept of outside?**

A much larger, more inclusive space than is found inside.  
Truth(s).

...

Allan Bealy is a Canadian graphic designer and collagista living in Brooklyn. Conjure, a collection of recent collages has been published by Redfox Press in Ireland. He maintains his own press and publishes occasionally under the Benzene Editions masthead.

Instagram: @allan.bealy • Web: allanbealy.blogspot.com







LA MAISON  
DORA MAAR

**Maison Dora Maar**  
Artist Residency  
[maisondoramaar.org](http://maisondoramaar.org)





Facing:  
Nächtliche Reise neu  
Above: Private Garden

## Go Ask Alice: Alice Wellinger

The self-taught Austrian artist and illustrator wakes up most mornings in a small village with the ringing of cow bells, school bells and church bells, she told Commarts.com some years ago. Widely known for her surreal takes on the human body and mind with her simple set of colored pencils, Alice's editorial work is widely sought out. Her personal art she says strikes at the "troubles of daily life and childhood memories." Unsurprisingly, she works at her kitchen table. Her philosophy, she says is "Persistence pays."





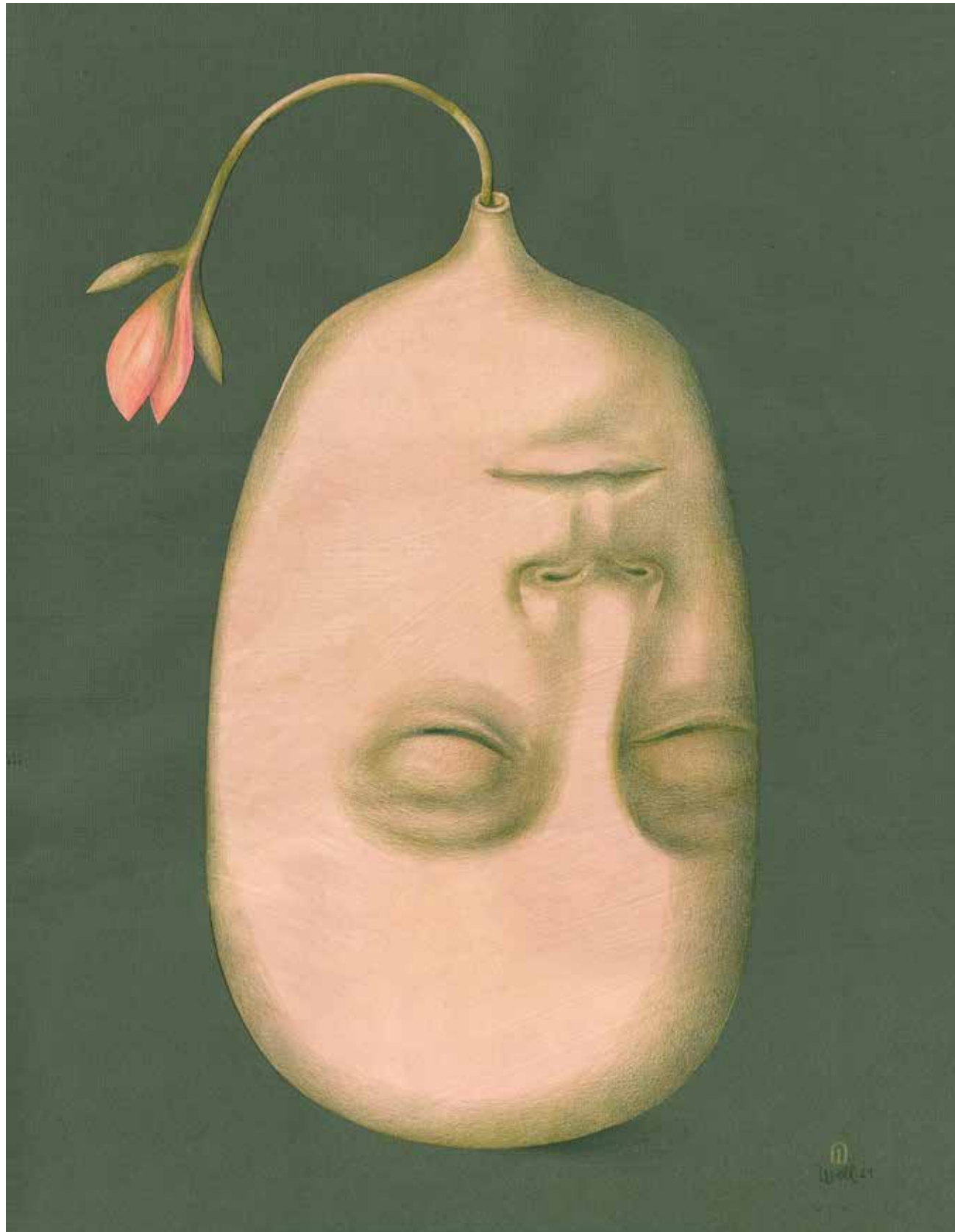
Facing: Nachtpflanzen  
Above: Hänsel und Gretel  
**62** tROUBLE





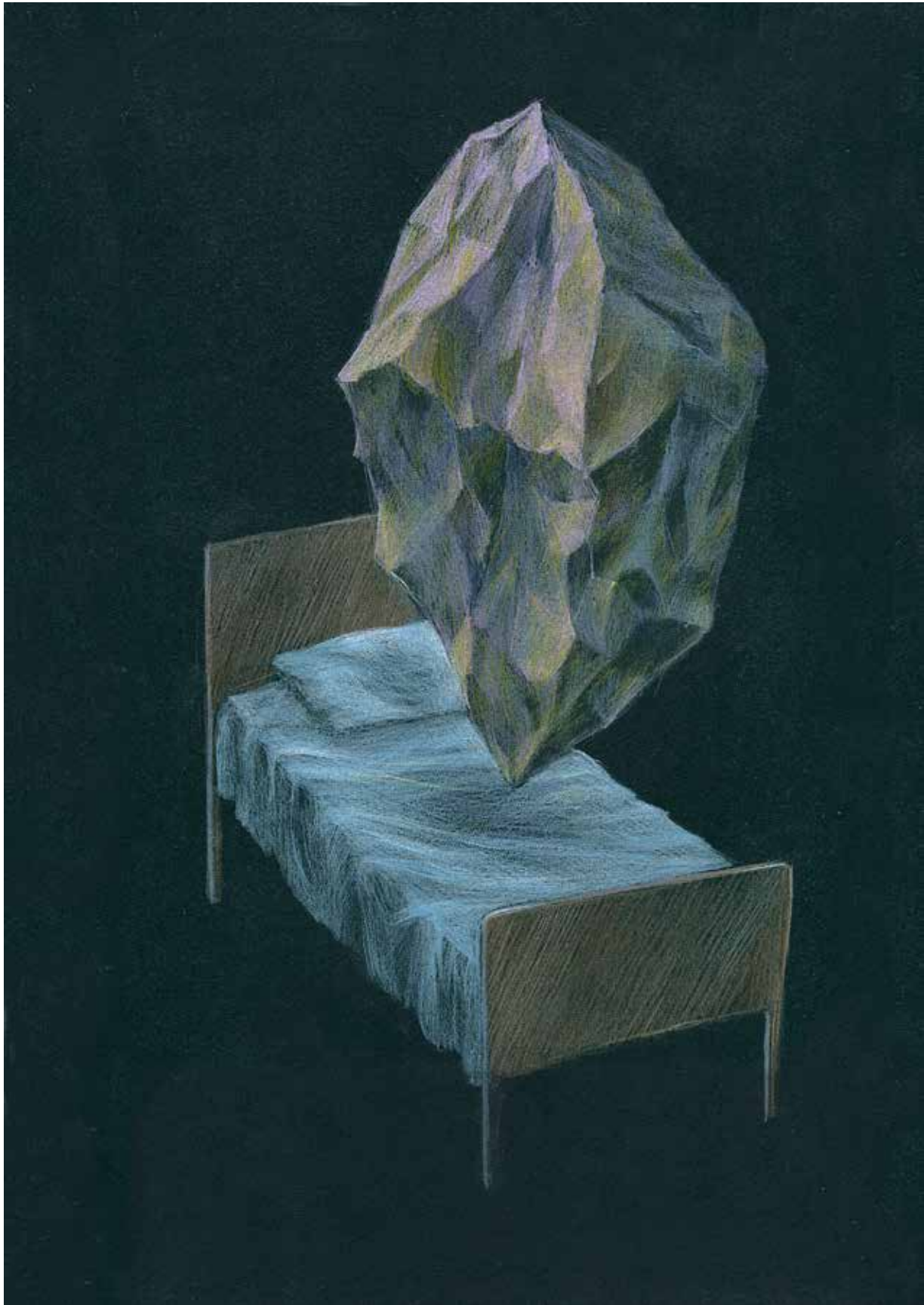
Facing: Touch Me  
Above: The Blue Chair





Facing: Vase bearbeitet groß  
Above: Hotel





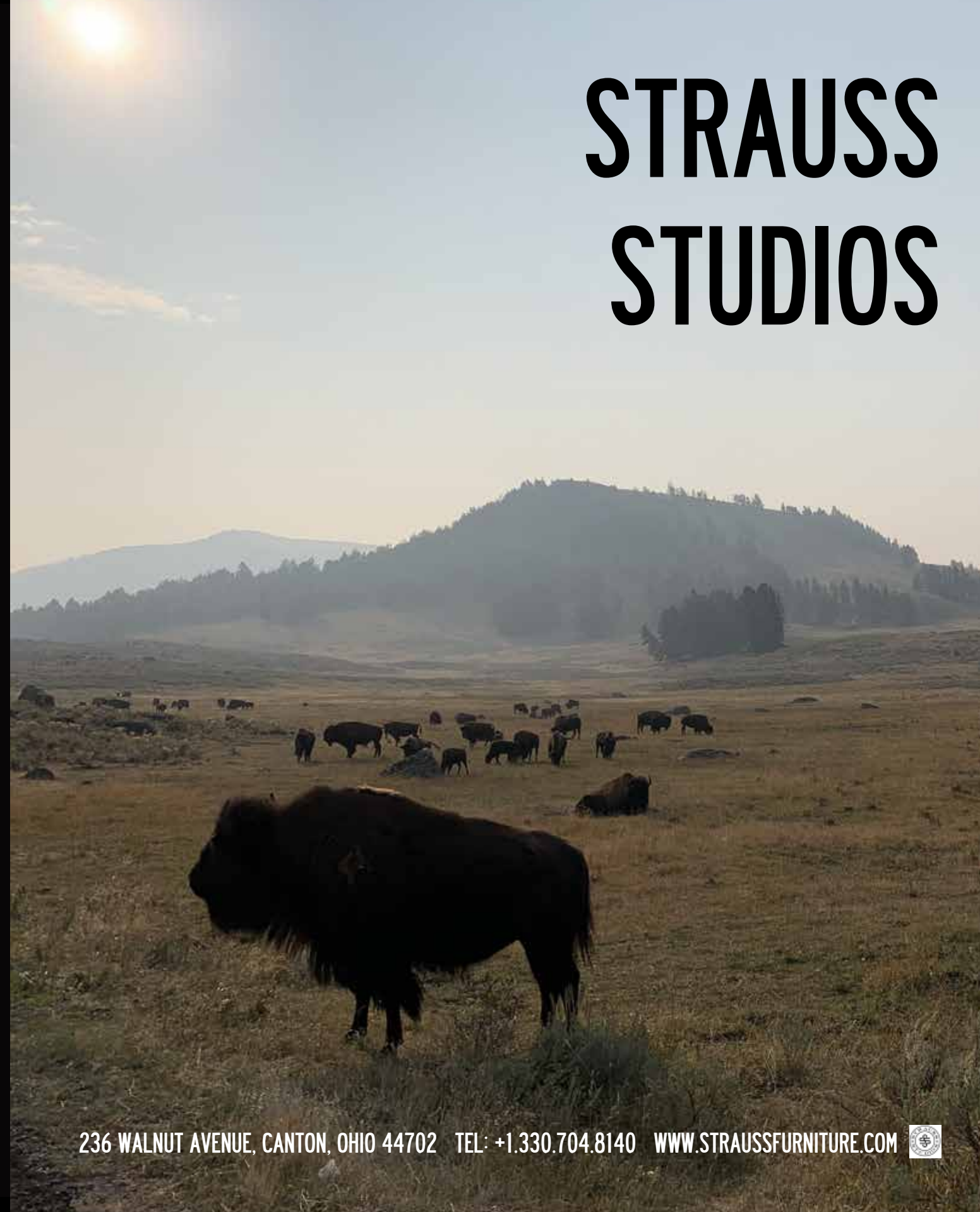
Facing: Laststätte groß  
Above: Koexistenz groß





Mark Sink Tree Hugger Self-Portrait, 2010, collodion wet plate @marksink

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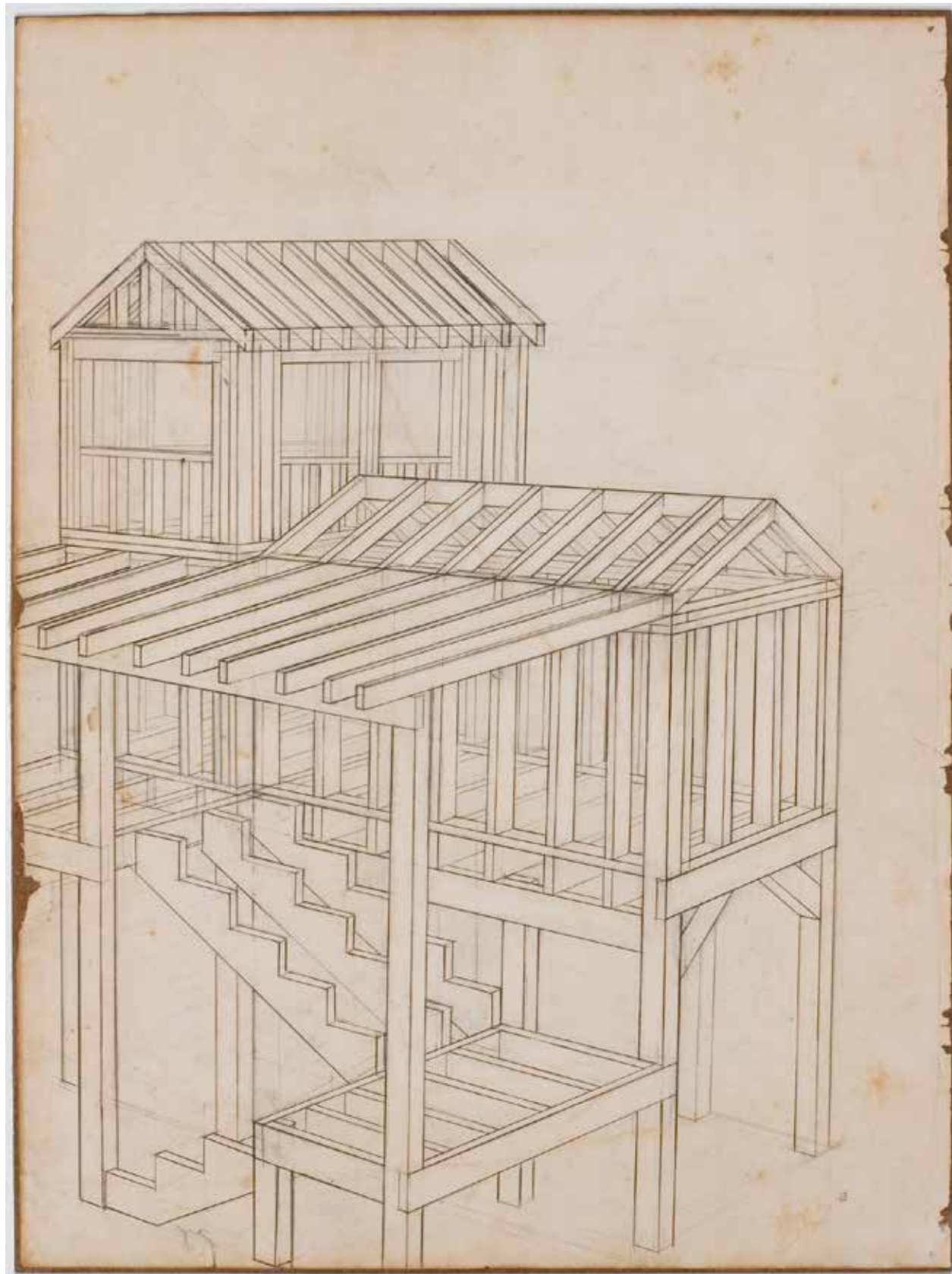


LANCE LETSCHER

MAISON MAGIQUE

large garden





**Lance, have you ever seen a house burn down?**

Yes, in fact, I did see a house burn down once. It belonged to my neighbor, Gordon, who lived two houses over from us.

I was in our back yard and I saw giant flames leaping up from his barbecue pit which was too close to the house. By the time I ran over to warn him, the eaves and roof were on fire.

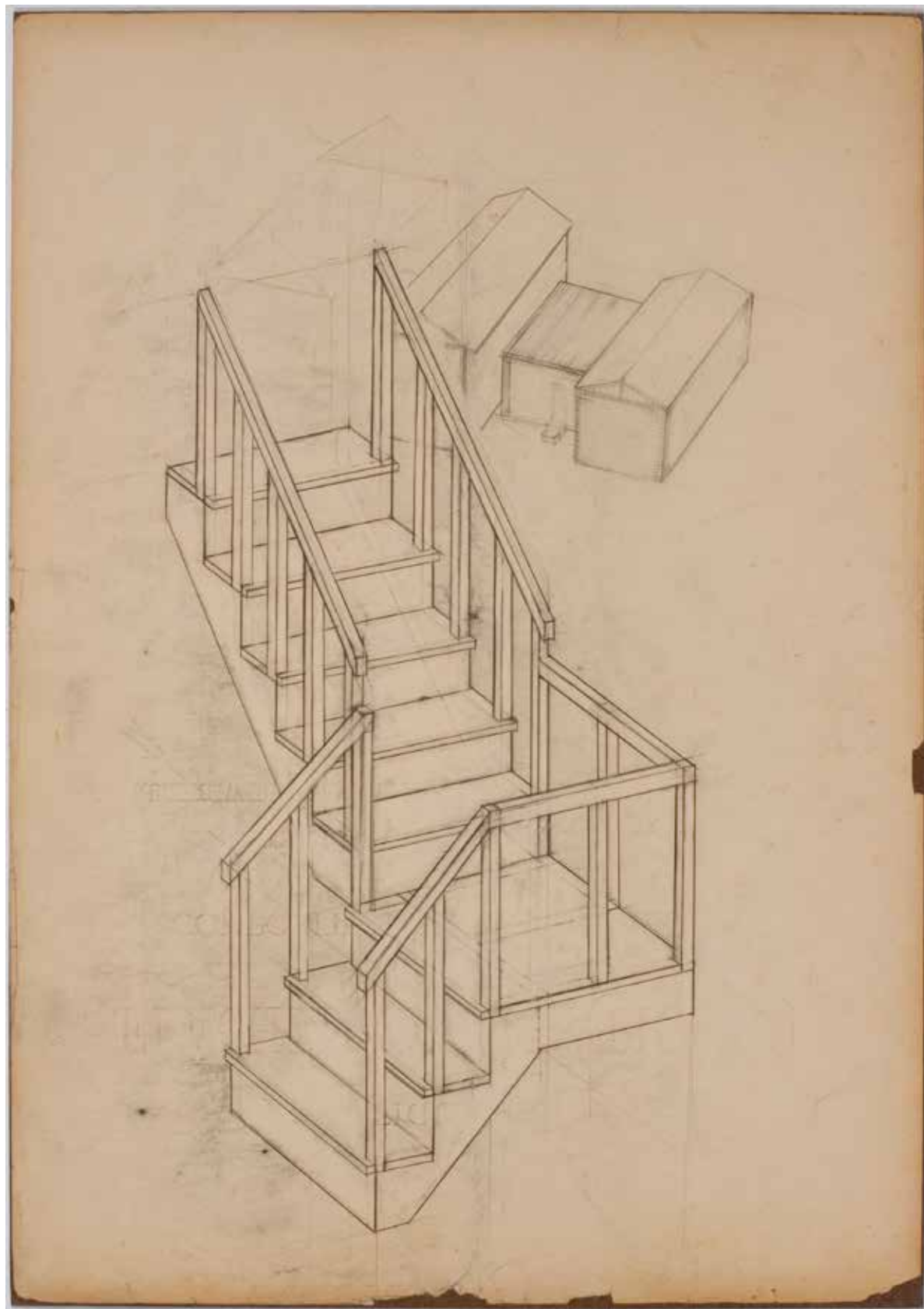
The firetrucks came very quickly but as they managed to cut a hole in the roof to insert a hose, it was mostly engulfed in flames. It was a small house, built in 1941, of all wood construction.

My wife and I dashed into his backyard and managed to rescue five of his six chihuahuas. The firemen saved #6 and had him on a gurney with a tiny oxygen mask on him. He lifted his paw when I bent down to look at him. Apparently the chihuahua was okay.

**Have you ever stolen anything?**

Oh, when I was 10 years old I was quite a bad ass. I'd steal cigarettes from my folks. I'd also ride the city bus downtown and my primary destination was the Public Library. It was there at the main branch where I had the privilege of checking out books from the adult section – a result of winning an argument with my mother, but I didn't steal library books. I stole them from "Half Price Books." This was a two-story building that backed up to an alley I was able to pilfer in a kind of back alley way. That's how I would steal my books.





76 tROUBlE

*drawing of a staircase  
facing page: corner cabinet*







*purple fern*  
*facing page: joshua and emily*

**Lance Letscher** was born, and has spent his entire life in Austin, Texas. Early on he stole books from Half Price Bookstore, also in Austin. Later, Lance was married and had two sons, who are now grown.

The artist has shown his collages extensively on both sides of the Atlantic. A University of Texas Press monograph “Lance Letscher, collage” was produced in 2010. In 2017, a feature length documentary, “The Secret Life of Lance Letscher” was made by Sandra Adair.

See more of Lance Letscher’s works here: <https://www.taylorloepiggottgallery.com/artists/48-lance-letscher/works/>





*purple garden*









84 trouble

red park



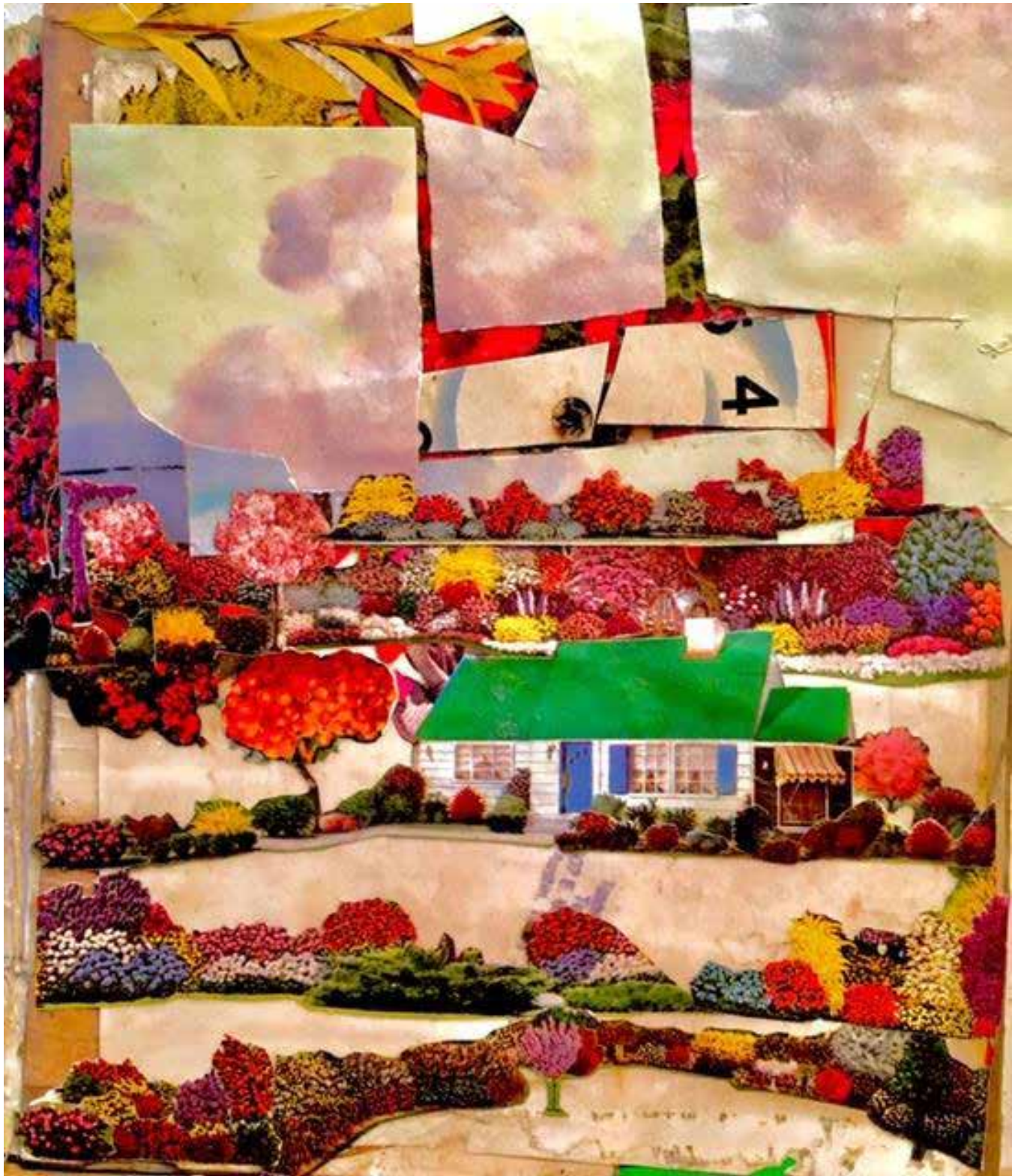
ladder drawings





*magic mountain*





*our house*



*house and ladder*





yellow garden



# *Fantastic Flora*



Liz Stirling is an Australian artist and Hermes scarf designer, living and working in Paris, France.

Her series of flowers draws on her love of gardening, an inherited passion and gift from her mother, Shirley, who at some 80-years-old still races her tractor along the country roads outside of her native Melbourne.

The artist's flowers are poetic trips into color and energy and the unique personalities she gives each one. Like wild teenagers having their first school yard drink, she offers them names: "Spikey," "Wattle is Back," "Fancy Free," and "Really Huge Poppy."

Find more Liz Stirling gouache works on her instagram:  
[www.instagram.com/lizvegas99/](https://www.instagram.com/lizvegas99/)

*Bûche de Noël*



*Fleur de Sol*





*Perruque et Hortensia*



*Spikey*





*Wattle is Back*



*Twirl*





*Artichoke*



*This Year So Far*





*My Favorite Leaf*



*Really Big Poppy*



# Stealing Lilacs From Ishmael

& Other Poems

By Gwen Strauss

Gwen Strauss is an award-winning children's book author and poet. Her poetry, short stories and essays have appeared in numerous places including *The New Republic*, *New England Review*, *Kenyon Review*, *The Times* and *Catapult*. Her most recent novel is the critically acclaimed *The Nine*, the story of a band of daring Resistance Women escaped from Nazi Germany. She lives in Southern France with her three children and her dog Zola, where she works as the Director of the Dora Maar House, an artist residency program.

## Stealing Lilacs from Ishmael

Wildly generous, his garden spills  
blossoms out of beds, tumbles over  
walls. I would ask for cuttings  
but who gives away anything these days?  
I am clandestine with scissors.  
It's May. Anything can happen.

On my 21st birthday, three decades  
ago, I stole lilacs with Billy Bourne  
after bailing him out of jail. He  
filled my car with cluster blooms.  
Blurry with perfume he knew  
I would do anything for him.

Ishmael has a reputation:  
a bachelor farmer seducing with flowers,  
a stubborn streak; the last farmer  
to give up horses for a tractor  
long after the war. Eyes, hearing,  
the farm failing. The tractor sold. I calculate:

close to a hundred years old. But, half  
blind and deaf he catches me  
in flagrante delicto stealing his lilacs.  
Pours goblets of wine. Arms opened,  
take anything, he says. I make excuses.  
Don't we all want what's behind

the wall. He winks, corrects me  
that the bee only thinks he's stealing pollen.  
He says, in lovemaking it's best when one  
does not know who is taking and who is giving.  
He's a damn good flirt.  
I forget the ages of my children.

Later, I pass the stone marker  
for the oak that stood through wars  
of religion. I pass where Henri  
the Bastard of Valois picnicked during  
the siege of the village, and I pass Ishmael  
with his fists full of lilacs, climbing the hill.



Two Versions

The famous poet said there were only two possible conversations:  
Gossip and God. A jazz musician said either there truly is a God and that’s our

miracle, or we worship a story and that’s miraculous too. When I say:  
after her child died so tragically she fucked two co-workers, then the neighbor;

we all lean forward to hear the details, how she came undone  
in that specific way. We want to know: Who slammed on the breaks

too late? Why did he leave the love of his life at the altar? How did they meet  
again? Why was the road covered in ice at that time of year? What did she

say? What did they eat that year when there was no food? Where did  
the prophet perform his last miracle? Who witnessed it? When will we be

rewarded? The same conversation. In some versions they are mirrored  
halves; God’s favorite angel sent to hell. But the question is how

do we appear in our own story? Perfect iambs or worn-out, prodigal,  
another 12-step meeting, and when we show up at the banquet, when we

arrive, are we early? Saying too much? Or is the party already in full swing?  
Groping hands under the table. Planning an assignation that night.

Busy whispering private stories, interior monologues, unreliable  
narrators. Old friends will not recognize us. Scouring of solitude polished us.

We know ourselves only in relation to others. I was grateful when you  
turned to listen. I’ll show mine if you show yours.

at les Galeries d’Anatomie Comparée

A revelation, we marvel at row upon row of skeletons  
in glass cases. We have come to Paris to speak our grievances,  
reveal to a witness this rupture after eleven years  
of marriage. I stop at the case labeled tératologie, the study  
of anomalies, monsters, Siamese pig embryos in amber liquid,  
another grave mistake. Other containers hold tongues: a tapir  
and the Pyrenees bear, (extinct); the lungs of an Argentine fox.  
Part of an elephant’s stomach. But the true pride of the collection

are the brains, in case after case of shocking chalk white  
each in its individual urn. I am suddenly so happy to see this,  
the calligraphy of hand-written labels, the human urge  
of the 19th century to collect, as if the amassing and naming  
of parts, of memory, constitutes knowing the other. How innocent  
and hopeful to see jars of hearts, dissected, labeled, peeled apart.

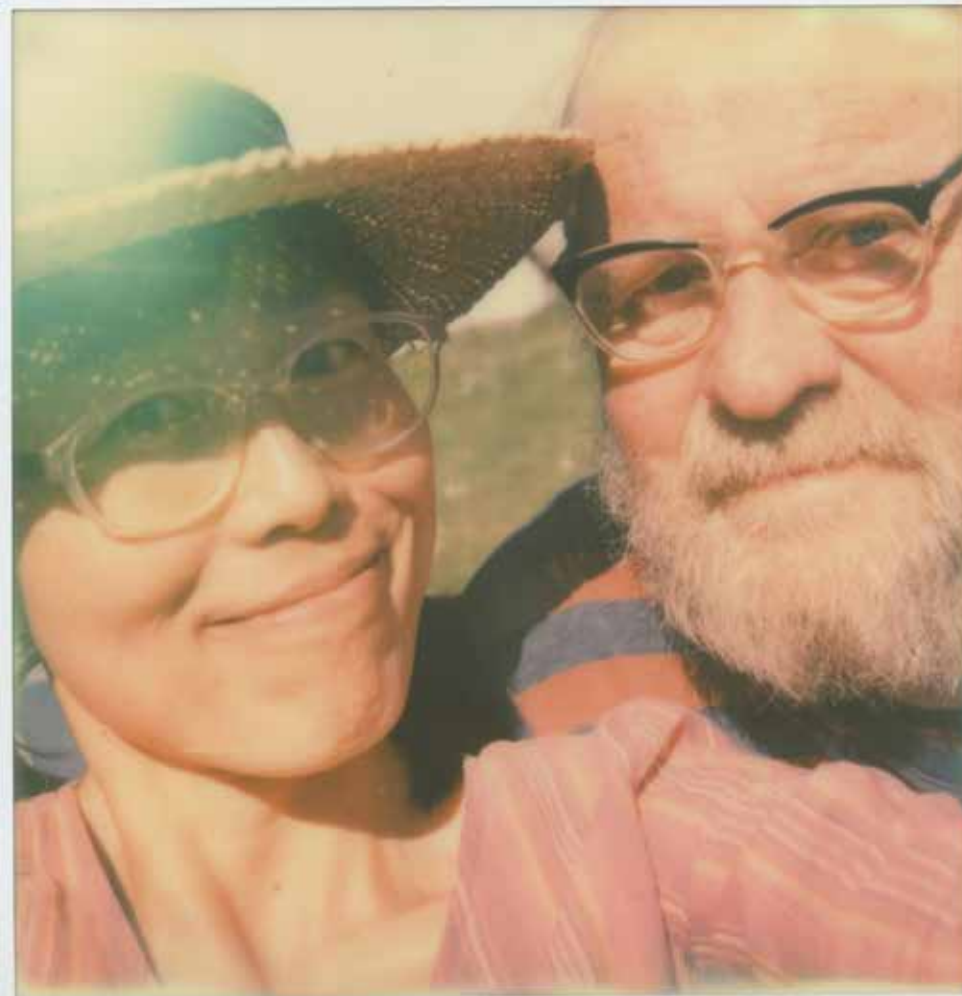
• • •

at Grotte de Font-de Gaume, Dordogne

We are in a cave, it could be the moon, where reindeer bend to drink,  
on the walls, a composition of bison, a lone wooly mammoth.  
We want to know who made these choices, shamans, artists, someone  
in love or fear. We want to know who he was. Or she. We love  
how the oval on the chest of the bison means the animal is pregnant,  
not mis-drawn with her large belly. We love the forms of women bending  
over, generous, the graffiti of a woman’s sex, the moist cave walls,  
how everything celebrates fertility. Early man crawling deep into the cave,

to scratch out a Sistine chapel of wild horses. Somewhere inside us,  
all our muscles, including the heart, are carved with memory. We want  
to know the decisions that led us here, both the journey and the return.  
When we love, we want to carry a full load of story, of gossip and God.  
We are not just tourists in a cave clutching a t-shirt. We carry a gift,  
a lantern lit for someone who will wait for us through the dark.





**Antic-Ham & Francis Van Maele**  
**REDFOXPRESS**

## Alexandria

Is there anything more boring than other people's vacation photos?  
 Even they were disappointed with the hotel, the dinner buffet.  
 Napoleon's *Armée d'Orient* and his army of savants,

were disappointed when they landed in Alexandria,  
 expecting their exotic fantasy of Orient, the storied library,  
 the mighty lighthouse. I too am disappointed with Alexandria.

This isn't the city of Laurence Durrell, colonial architecture,  
 high tea, and those other perks of empire.  
 Any city is a city lost in translation.

We are stand-in actors playing at otherness: in the souk,  
 my daughters' hands are painted with henna.  
 My son buys a curved knife. I write postcards sipping sweet mint tea,

forget the marriage is falling apart, or that the kids are hungry,  
 until a crippled beggar embarrasses us.  
 On another vacation we bring my children's French friend

to Times Square to watch her receive the cathedral moment  
 of Capitalism. But then feel empty: it's like a Hollywood film.  
 Our taxi driver is an engineer from Ethiopia, a doctorate in economics.

For this driving through the vast canyons of New York City  
 he can send money with Western Union to his family  
 in Addis Ababa. One day he will save enough to return home

only to discover he's become a stranger. We lie because  
 we know the value of a good story. Napoleon abandoned Egypt  
 when it could give him nothing more. When we return home

the tale begins. He left his *Armée* and scientist behind  
 for the British to capture. At the London museum, my daughter  
 and I take a selfie in front of the Rosetta Stone.

She's become a teenager; what's clear is her dawning  
 disappointment in me. Each bears the artifact  
 of untranslatable texts, it will take years to decode.

Gwen Strauss • <https://www.gwenstrauss.com/>





# THE PIANO

By Alexandra Ernst

Some of my first memories involve sitting on my maternal grandmother's lap in front of the piano in my parents' New York apartment. It was a black satin baby grand, passed down from my paternal grandparents and looked both regal and welcoming in the large, well-furnished living room. My grandmother, a trim and elegant woman who still had a bit of the midwestern accent of her youth, was a gifted pianist, though she rarely played in front of others. She gave piano lessons for a time and taught me to play simple exercises and a few easy pieces—starting when I was four years old—including the two fingered ditty Chopsticks, which I would go on to play many times during my childhood. In fact, I eventually taught it to my younger brother and all my girlfriends.

When I was seven, after my parent's divorce, my mother moved, with my brother and me, to a quiet suburban town on the Long Island Sound and, thankfully, the piano moved with us; my dad, who played the piano—my mother did not—could not keep it since he would be living alone in a small apartment in the city. A few years later, however, he did acquire a restored grand piano in a rich dark brown for his country home and would sometimes play songs from old Broadway shows like *The Pajama Game* and *South Pacific*.

My first piano class was a group experience; it was the Suzuki method, which was developed in the mid-20th century by Japanese violinist, Shinichi Suzuki, and is based on the principle that with the right environment and circumstances, most people can learn to play a musi-

cal instrument. Basically, in my case at least, I was taught to play by ear, learning to recognize simple chord progressions. All the pupils in my class wore headsets and our teacher—a perky, youngish woman with glasses and a welcoming smile—could listen to us individually and make comments directly to each student. I found this to be an amusing and interesting way to learn. We started with bluesy compositions. I remember learning one piece called *Boogie Woogie Blues* that was easy to master as the right-hand plays riffs while the left hand plays a repeating bass/rhythm section.

After a year, for whatever reason—maybe because my mom's schedule did not allow for her to drive me each week to my piano school about twenty minutes from our house—I started up with a new piano teacher who seemed ancient, though he was probably in his fifties—about my age now. This piano teacher would arrive wearily at our house one night a week to teach me the basics. His thinning hair mussed, a heavy whiff of aftershave and bologna sandwiches coming off his body and a briefcase of sheet notes in hand, he would plump himself down on the piano's two-person piano bench, and I would reluctantly join him. The first piece he taught me was Mozart's *sonata semplice*—or easy/simple in Italian—more formally known as *Sonata in C Major*. I didn't mind classical music, but I was very jealous when I went to my friend's house sometime after starting up with my teacher and discovered that she was learning to play—by ear, no less—tunes by Chicago or The Moody Blues. I wished that my piano teacher could be hipper—it was the



1970s—and ask me what I wanted to play like my friend's piano teacher did.

My favorite thing to do, in fact, was to play the piano without any music in front of me or any idea of a composition in my head except for the one I built as I played. I could sit and improvise for an hour based on my familiarity with the keyboard and a good knowledge of chords. Our neighbors across the street or my mother's friends would often compliment me and ask what music I was playing. I would blush and reveal that it was just music that I made up. Over my entire life, whenever there is a piano or keyboards available, I will always just sit and improvise. This has always been a way for me to unwind, the equivalent of a jog or doing

es of kyphosis, the condition more commonly known as being hunchback. This elderly woman, who was a firm but dedicated teacher, gave private lessons from her single-level house one town over from where we lived. I remember that she had olive green curtains and that the house smelled of cat pee. With furrowed brow, she would say *Practice, my dear, practice is what you need*. We had found her through a friend of my mother's whose son went to school with me. I have no memory of any of the musical compositions that I learned that year, but do remember the disastrous end of year recital, which I bombed. Though I was supposed to memorize a piece—I believe it was something jazzy—and play it in front of all the families in my teacher's cramped living room, I panicked

halfway through and limped to an ending, not the actual ending, but one that I made up on the spot. My face was beet red at that point, and listening to other students, including my mom's friend's son, nail their performances, made the whole thing that much worse. Performance anxiety being what it is, I never wanted to play in a recital again.

When I got to boarding school, I ended up taking private piano lessons with the school's chaplain. His name was Duncan Phyfe, which my family thought sounded like the name of a character in a Dickens' novel, and, as it turns out, there actually was a

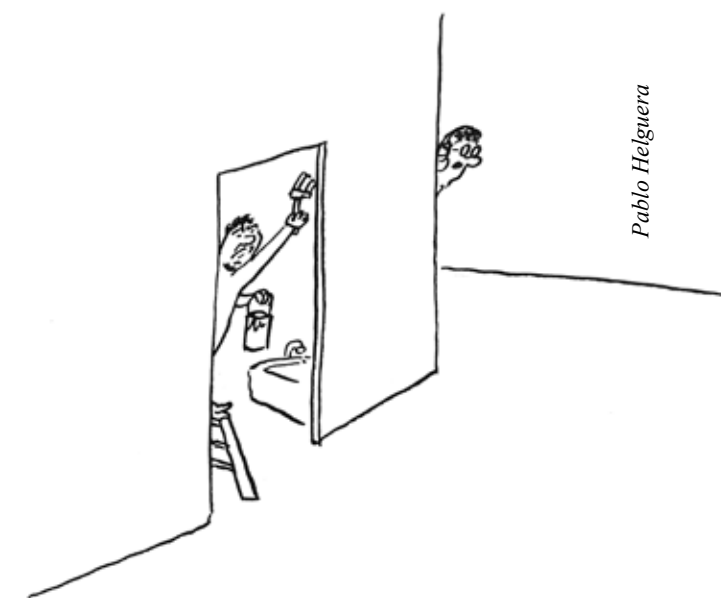
famous 19th century American cabinet maker with this same name. At any rate, Mr. Phyfe and I met in the campus chapel one afternoon a week for an hour, and I would disappoint him each time we met with my lackluster playing. I had progressed to being considered at the intermediate level, but I hated practicing. Though the practice rooms were in a beautiful modern art center designed by the renowned architect I.M. Pei, the all-white rooms, brightly lit with overhead lighting, had no windows. Looking back, I

realize that they felt slightly claustrophobic and a bit like jail cells. This, coupled with the fact that, at fifteen, having been raised with practically no organized religion—my dad was a non-practicing Jew, and my Protestant mother took us to church only a handful of times and always on high holidays—I was slightly uncomfortable playing inventions and concertos by Bach in the sanctuary with a solemn, narrow-faced clergyman in a black robe. All in all, I was a lame piano student in high school and had to swallow my average grades—yes, we were graded in everything back then, including choir, sports, art, and, even, music lessons.

When my husband and I were first living together in New York City—before we got married—we often went out on weekends to his family's home on Long Island, and I would play the upright piano in the den; the piano was decorated with framed family photos, and the room itself was very cozy with a white, shag, wall-to-wall carpet and a large, sunlit picture window looking out onto a perfect suburban yard. His mother, my now mother-in-law, would say she enjoyed my playing and wondered what it was. I would laugh and say that it was just improvised. She would insist that it sounded like something she had heard. My husband, who in high school played the French Horn and piano, has always said that my music sounds *New Age*, a bit like the composer George Winston, whose 1982 album *December* went triple Platinum and was being played everywhere at the time; Winston describes his own music as “rural folk music,” though it is highly original ambient music as well. I think the best way to describe my music is probably that it sounds like something you may have heard before but can't quite place.

Once, in fact, when I was about thirty, Parisian friends—my husband and I were living in Paris at the time—were making an art documentary and were looking for someone to provide the musical soundtrack. Our friends, a young

French-American couple who had attended the same college as my husband and who happened to live in our Montparnasse neighborhood, were producing their film on a shoestring budget so



*"And once you are done with the bathroom you need to retouch the Sol LeWitt."*

*"And don't forget to feed the artist in residence."*

laps. I was an emotional kid making my way through a sometimes-challenging landscape, and it relaxed me to express myself musically. My parents' divorce and subsequent marriages and divorces took a lot out of me. Music helped to put back in the good stuff, giving me a place to be angry, sad, and, even, joyous, a place of my own, away from life's entanglements.

My third piano teacher was a white-haired woman who was clearly in the beginning stag-

they started asking around our circle of friends to see if anyone could record some music that would complement the images. My husband mentioned one day that I played the piano and liked fooling around on electronic keyboards. They asked me to come by their place shortly after that and play some of my stuff on their keyboard. My husband came with me, and I played some improvisations. Our friends liked it and asked that I play exactly that for the film score. I chuckled and admitted that I had no idea what I had just played. I explained that though I had learned how to read music when I was younger, I had never learned how to transcribe my music. I can feign to play a similar tune, but there will always be variation. This revelation surprised our friends as they felt that I had improvised on the spot something that sounded like a complete piece of music. One of our friends said: *You should really learn to take musical notation, but unfortunately, we can't*



# BELLE et BEAU

Galerie d'art contemporain  
14 rue de Grille 13200 Arles, France  
[instagram.com/belle.beau.arles](https://www.instagram.com/belle.beau.arles)

*use you for the soundtrack unless you can get it down on paper or memorize it. We were very good friends, so I just laughed and said, Maybe next time.*

When our kids were growing up, we had a very musical home. My daughter sang and played some acoustic guitar and my son studied drumming and electric guitar. We also were given an electronic keyboard by my ex-stepmother, who decided to trade up and buy herself an upright piano; interestingly, she had ended up taking up piano—a lifelong dream—after retiring to Paris in her late sixties. I liked being able to play the keyboard as I hadn't had regular access to a piano for years. My family always encouraged me to play my music and, as we lived in an apartment, they would also tell me when it was time to stop, when they needed to have quiet again for reading, homework, or watching TV. I rarely played when anyone, but my immediate family was around and, often, looked for moments when I was alone in the apartment so I could play freely, without any self-consciousness. After all the awkward moments and less than satisfying piano lessons during my early life, I still enjoy noodling, messing around on the piano and coming up with my own sound and patterns. As we moved from Paris a few years back, I brought our keyboard with me; it now has found its place in my Vermont writing study, where I can play it whenever I like.

Years ago, when my mother was moving out of her house, she gave away the piano—I guess, really, it felt like my piano because I was the only one in our family who could play it. My husband—who was then my live-in boyfriend—and I, both in our early twenties, talked about taking it, but realized that we were not yet at a point in our lives that we could own a piano, especially one that took up so much space. My mother gave the piano to the daughter of a family friend who was studying to be a

concert pianist, a young woman who had been raised in Italy and was both a serious and gifted musician; in an odd coincidence, her name was Alessandra, the Italian version of my own name. I remember that for a long time I wished that I could have just one more chance to sit at the piano in my mother's open-plan living room, orange day lilies in a vase on the glass coffee table and my childhood dog, a black



Pablo Helguera

*"Sometimes I feel as if I lived inside an Edward Hopper painting."*

spaniel mix, laying at my feet. No matter how many bad notes I hit over the years or how much I hammered away when I needed an emotional release, or how much blood, sweat, and tears I poured into trying to master that piano, I still mourn its loss. Truth be told, in many ways, those well-worn keys and dependable strings felt less like an instrument and more like a home.

...

*Alexandra Ernst is a writer living and working in Arlington, Vermont. Her work has appeared in various magazines and poetry journals. Her most recent piece was a reflection on Johnny Cash's "Ring of Fire" in the University of Chicago's Arcturus Magazine (December 2021). Instagram: [www.instagram.com/fallinghuckle/](https://www.instagram.com/fallinghuckle/)*





# BUNKER

Anselm Kiefer *For Paul Celan*

The Grand Palais Éphémère, Paris (16 Dec 2021 - 11 Jan 2022).

Certaines œuvres évoquent le vaste système de fortifications élaboré par les armées allemandes durant la seconde guerre mondiale : le “mur de l’Atlantique.” Considéré comme inutile malgré ses 13 millions de mètres cubes de béton, il apparaît ici ou là sous la forme d’un bunker sombre, englouti par le sable au premier plan d’une toile... ou est positionné dans une vitrine et transpercé de pavots.

Anselm Kiefer raconte : “Ces bunkers, alignés de part et d’autre du Rhin, m’ont fasciné depuis que nous les utilisions enfants comme vestiaires avant de nous baigner dans le Rhin. Avec leurs murs épais, avec leur masse de béton, ils sont comme des archétypes d’une architecture inversée et perversie, ils écrasent l’intérieur plutôt qu’ils ne le protègent.”

\* \* \*

The vast system of fortifications developed by the German armies during the Second World War was at times called the “Atlantic Wall.” Considered useless despite its 13 million cubic meters of concrete, Anselm Kiefer’s “Bunker” is an ode to the monumental futility. Dotted along the coast of Northern France, these concrete houses ended up swallowed by the sand – in the foreground of Kiefer’s canvases ... or as this one is portrayed, positioned in a glass box, pierced with dried gold painted poppies.

Anselm Kiefer says: “These bunkers, lined up on either side of the Rhine, have fascinated me since we used them as children as changing rooms before bathing in the Rhine. With their thick walls, with their mass of concrete, they are like archetypes of an inverted and perverted architecture, they crush the interior rather than protect it.”

\* \* \*

Originally from Germany, Anselm Kiefer has lived and worked in France since 1992. He describes himself as both French and German. He was the inaugural artist for “Monumenta” in Paris, a series of exhibitions specially developed for the immense Nave of the Grand Palais.

Considered the greatest postwar German language poet, Paul Ancel, known as Paul Celan, was born in 1920 in what is now Romania. The only son of a Jewish family, he experienced the terrible ordeals of forced labour camps and the deportation of his parents. A translator, publisher and author, he composed his pen name from an anagram of his surname. Celan settled in Paris in 1955, became a French national, married the artist Gisèle de Lestrange with whom he had a son, and taught at the École Normale Supérieure between 1959 and 1970. Alongside this, he continued translating (Rimbaud, Valéry, Char, etc.) and published many volumes of poetry, several of which have won literary awards. He committed suicide by drowning himself in the Seine in 1970.





# Sarah de Teliga

Paintings : Still Lives of the Ordinary

Image: Pour Belle, 2021, oil on board

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



## Left the Russian market

FULLY OR PARTIALLY, AS OF 2 MARCH 2022

Czech designer Václav Kudelka redesigned logos of companies that left Russia.  
Here's his Disney. <https://www.linkedin.com/in/kudinon/>



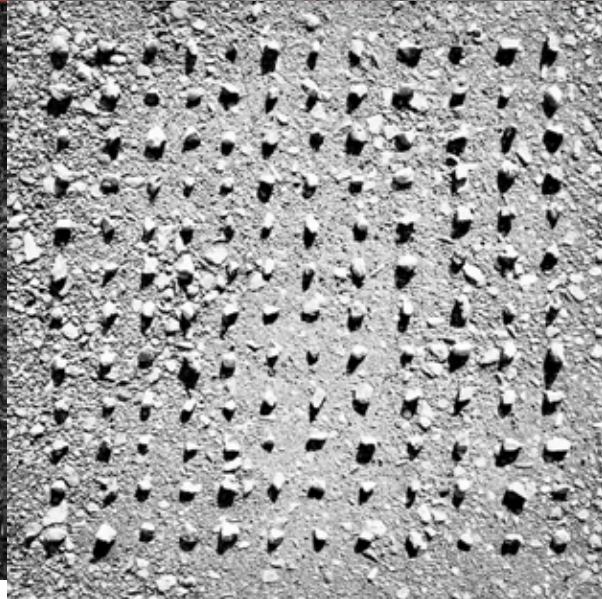
Since the list above was created, additional companies who have quit the Russian market because of that countries decision to invade Ukraine include: McDonald's, Starbucks, Exxon, Shell, Airbus, Boeing, Airbnb, Stellantis, Estée Lauder, Ikea, Swatch, JP Morgan, Moody's, Pricewaterhouse Coopers and more to come.



(selections from)  
**An Ephemeral Year**

*a year of making an artwork a day,  
from found, natural materials*

Jamie Newton



331 | 366 . blackberry square (folded leaf lines)  
26november2016

318 | 366 . drawing w cedar twigs  
13november2016

303 | 366 . 144 stones  
29october2016

305 | 366 . poplar leaf construction  
31october2016



020 | 366 . queen anne's lace (in a hawthorn tree)  
20jan2016

113 | 366 . scotch broom  
22apr2016

126 | 366 . five nodes, eleven vectors  
(agate beach : newport, oregon) . 05may2016

135 | 366 . maples wings on grass stems  
14may2016

155 | 366 . rolled poppy petals, field daisies &  
small stone . 03june2016







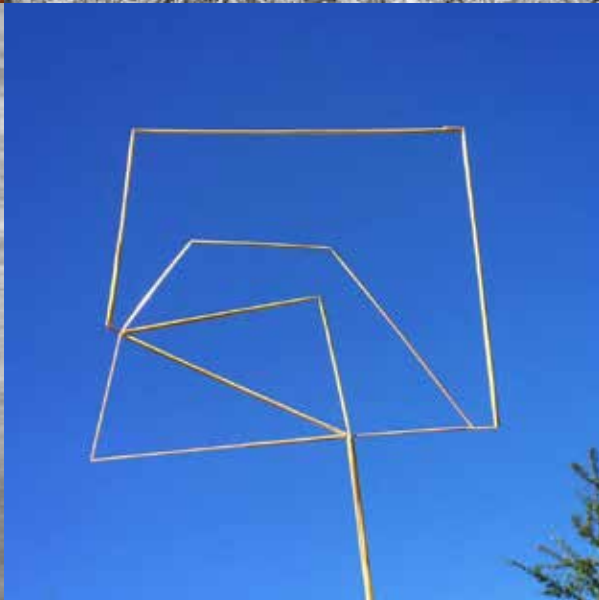
104 | 366 . tree skirt  
13apr2016

310 | 366 . white line in oak leaves  
05november2016

148 | 366 . ball of grass  
27may2016

300 | 366 . four maple leaves  
26october2016

206 | 366 . yellow line (dry grass, blue sky)  
24july2016



228 | 366 . three red dots (ellipsis in the creek)  
iron-rich stone rubbings . 15august2016

298 | 366 . grape leaves  
24october2016

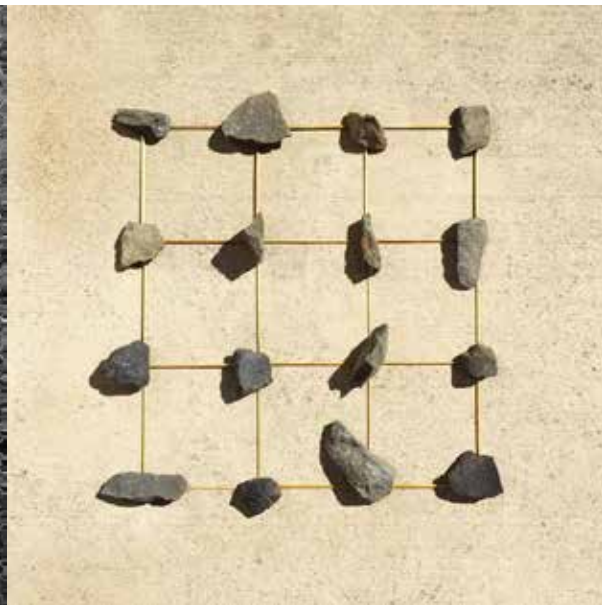
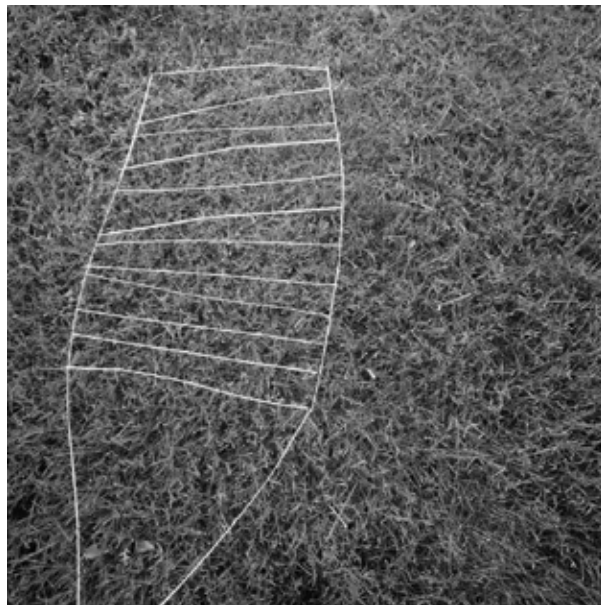
304 | 366 . tendril & stone  
30october2016

295 | 366 . meander (cherry leaves)  
21october2016

156 | 366 . concentrics under the firs & cedars  
04june2016







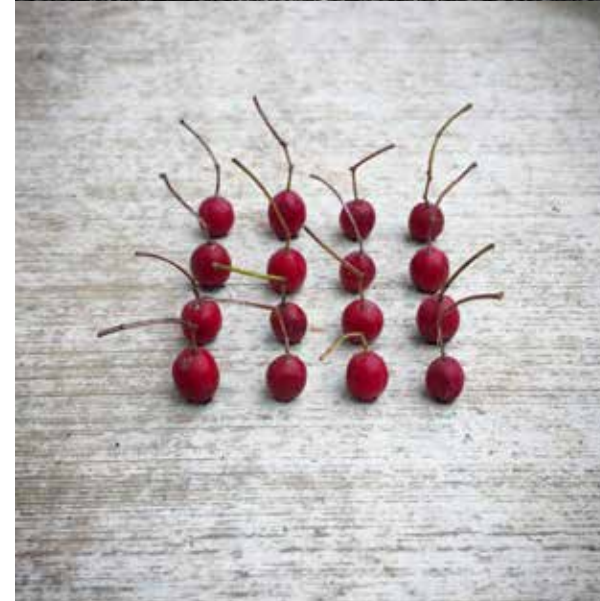
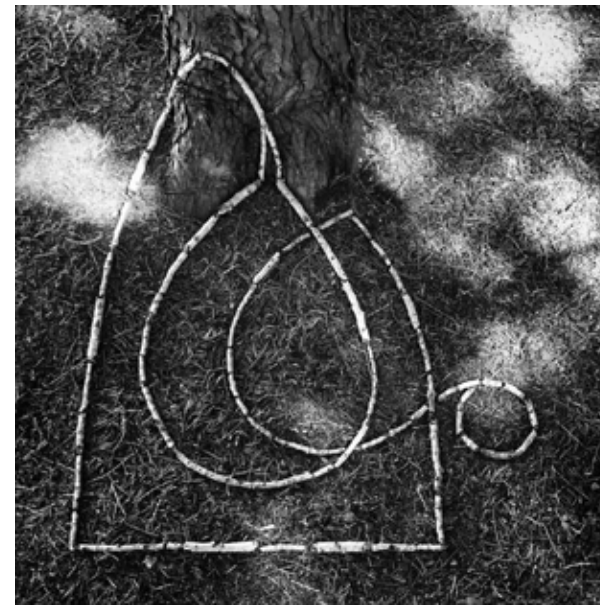
228 | 366 . three red dots (ellipses in the creek)  
iron-rich stone rubbings . 15august2016

298 | 366 . grape leaves  
24october2016

304 | 366 . tendril & stone  
30october2016

295 | 366 . meander (cherry leaves)  
21october2016

156 | 366 . concentrics under the firs & cedars  
04june2016



183 | 366 . drawing with sticks on and around  
a cedar tree . 01july2016

263 | 366 . fallen plum leaves w/ small stones  
19september2016

267 | 366 . hawthorn berries & stems  
23september2016

261 | 366 . arc in fallen leaves  
17september2016

293 | 366 . stone spiral  
19october2016







285 | 366 . circle in morning dew  
11october2016

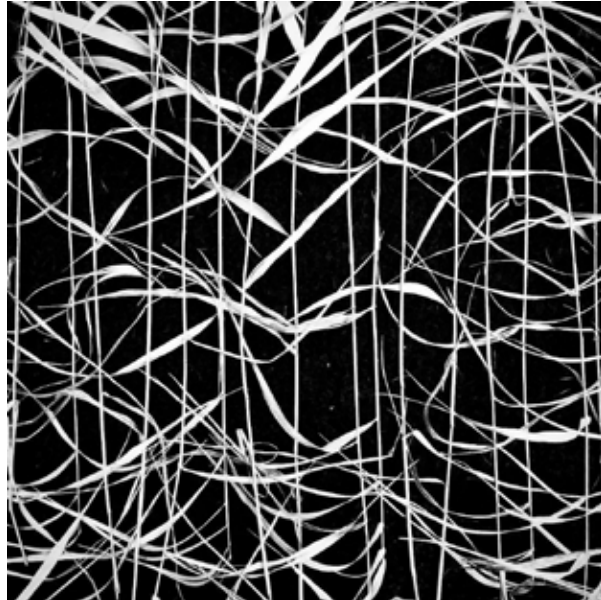


070 | 366 . circling the red cedar  
10mar2016

211 | 366 . eight circles, seven lines, one tree  
29july2016

062 | 366 . grass stem calligraphy (graphic score)  
02mar2016

051 | 366 . seven lines (daffodil leaves on a  
hawthorn tree) . 20feb2016



(selections from)  
**An Ephemeral Year**  
by Jamie Newton

a one-a-day art project for the leap year 2016

366 individual art pieces were made from  
natural, found materials

each day was a different undertaking  
depending on available material  
weather  
location  
time of day



The book documents this year-long project and includes an essay by critic/writer/artist Matthew Rose (@mistahcoughdrop) and an interview by Matthew Sage (@matthewjsage), editor of Patient Sounds' *Window* magazine. The publication marked the five year anniversary of the project. The book is available at Blurb.com Look in the *bookstore* for Jamie Newton

249 | 366 . another quip  
05september2016

338 | 366 . leaf geometry  
03december2016

316 | 366 . drawing w cedar leaves & sticks  
11november2016

*jamie newton lives and works in the  
coast range foothills west of portland, oregon  
he is an artist, writer and co-creator of trouble  
@concretewheels / @mocostabafo*





# Fables & Fiddles

A Collage Portfolio : Matthew Rose



In December a friend brought over a trash bag filled with 100-year old wallpaper he had recovered from an apartment he was renovating in Belleville in the north of Paris.

The building, about 200 years old, featured high-ceilinged rooms and salons, each with its own wallpaper environment. The job began by stripping off all the paper, and then, once the walls were primed, lay on fresh paint and install new electrical, plumbing and a complete floor refinishing.

Invented by the Chinese sometime around 100 BC, paper was made from mashed up rice, then rags. The Chinese began to glue rice paper to their walls around 200 BC, and soon thereafter began to decorate it. In 1675, Frenchman and engraver Jean-Michel Papillon, created the first repeating designs using block printing; industrial printing soon followed creating wall paper as we know and love it today.

Wallpaper slaked a thirst for color in a drab industrial world. It quickly became a décor strategy that was affordable to a burgeoning 19th century middle class, offering distinct and exotic environments that spelled class for its inhabitants. The colors were alive and the paper was thick – for me a kind of cake I could slice up for my collages.

In the Belleville apartment at least four different wallpapers were layered one atop the other; peeled away with a bit of warm water, each coat recounted generations of tenants living in these spaces. Fast forward 100 years: The skin of faded flowers, red parrots and a rattan engraving style *toile de jouy* – repeating patterns of fiddlers or country folks dancing beneath trees or looking out from a wooden cabin – recalled a specific French history. The bourgeoisie developing a brand new thing: A “life style.”

Once in my studio, I began right away cutting up the trio of country musicians – a fiddler, a clarinetist and a singer belting out some barnyard tune. Patching together other images – a cabin, frolickers, trees reaching into the sky and other bits torn from vintage coloring books, I installed all these elements under an open roof, creating a menagerie of crazy creatures beneath a paper sky. Then I bewitched them all, giving each creature different heads – animals, fish or horses – from children’s books. And I gave them a secret public life: Fiddle Haus.

**The Fiddle Haus series** has become my psychotic musical, an animated trip to a wacky, chaotic sometimes evil sing-song underworld. I've always loved Bosch and the most recent one "Get Down" (previous pages), is my ode to the Netherlandish master of lust, death, insanity and the surreal extremes of religious belief. Bosch trafficked in his own illustrated encyclopedia of Hades. Mine is perhaps a touch more gentle, but give me time and and more peeling wall paper.

I think I have enough wall paper for another three big works. Should take me through the Summer Solstice.

– *Matthew Rose*

Instagram: @mistahcoughdrop

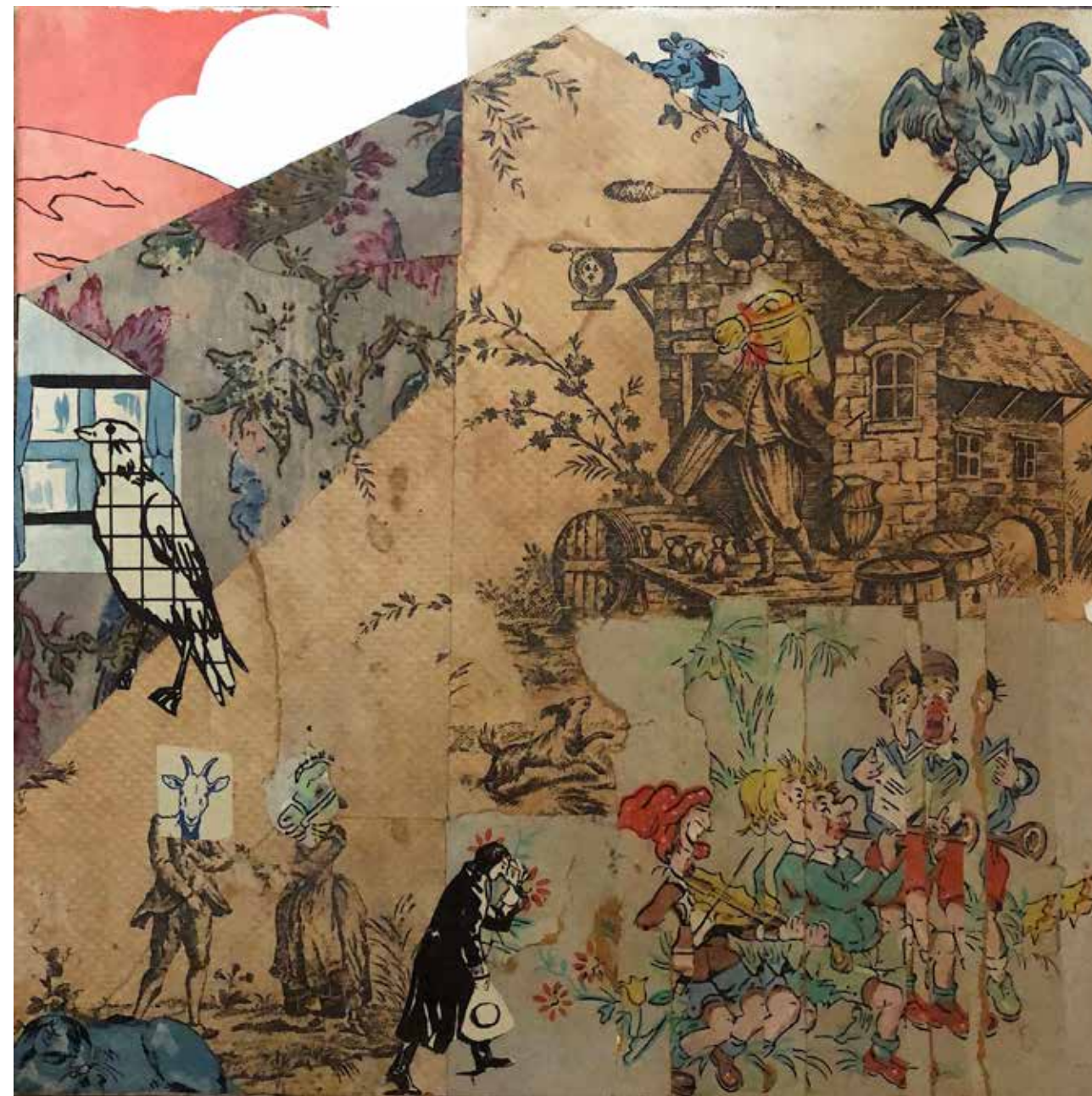


*Fiddle Haus Swing, 2022*  
*Collage on paper; 50 x 40 cm*





*Fiddle Haus A Go Go, 2022*  
*Collage on canvas; 50 x 50 cm*



*Fiddle Haus, 2022*  
*Collage on canvas; 35 x 35 cm*  
*Collection: Copelouzos Family*  
*Art Museum, Athens, Greece*





*Fiddle Haus Harvest, 2022*  
*Collage on canvas; 50 x 50 cm*  
*Private collection, Paris, France*



*Fiddle Haus Fable, 2021*  
*Collage on paper; 38 x 31 cm*  
*Private collection, Ontario, Canada*



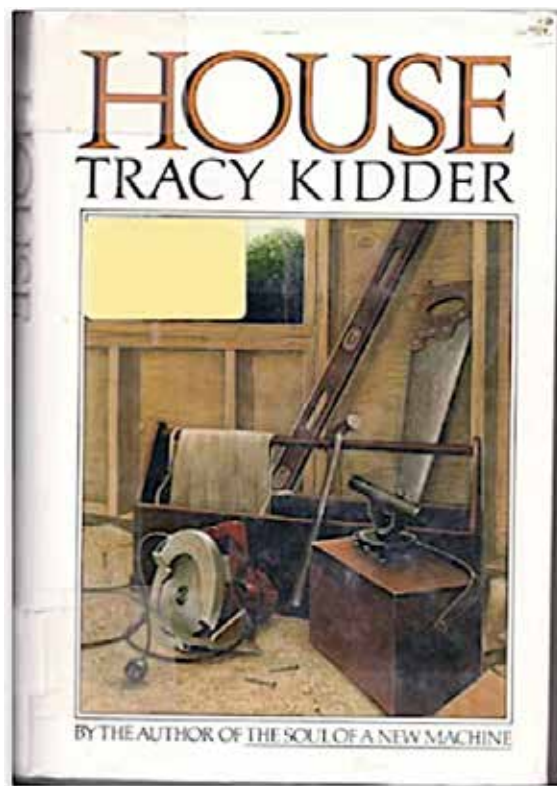
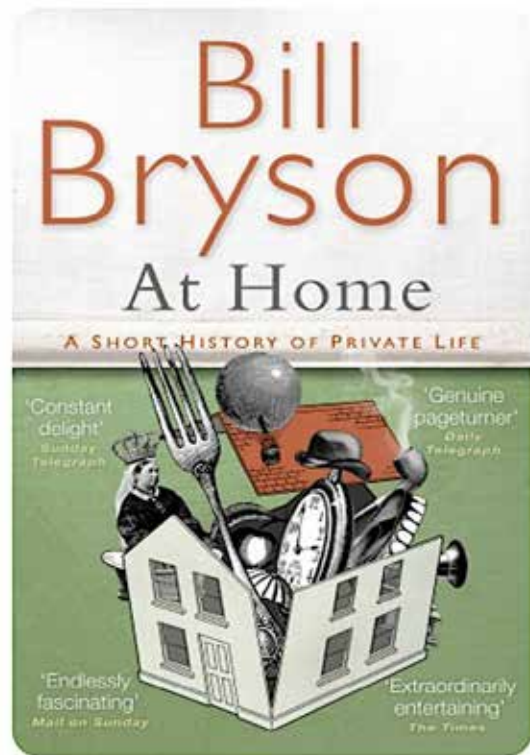


*Fiddle Haus Road Haus, 2022*  
Collage on canvas; 60 x 42 cm



*Escape From Fiddle Haus, 2022*  
Collage on canvas; 29,5 x 30 cm





## ARTOONS

The *Artoons* that appear here and in throughout this special House & Garden issue of *Trouble* are drawn and written by Pablo Helguera.

Pablo Helguera (Mexico City, 1971) is a New York-based artist and critic working with installation, sculpture, photography, drawing, socially engaged art and performance.

Helguera's work focuses in a variety of topics ranging from history, pedagogy, sociolinguistics, ethnography, memory and the absurd, in formats that are widely varied including the lecture, museum display strategies, musical performances and written fiction.

*Trouble* has long been a fan of Pablo's dead on, dead pan takes of artworld speak and artworld think. Pablo takes a certain delight in skillfully skewering art consumers, dealers, faux intellectuals and artists themselves. He teaches us how art invades class consciousness and produces a mild but toxic cocktail for the art crowd eager to get drunk on culture.

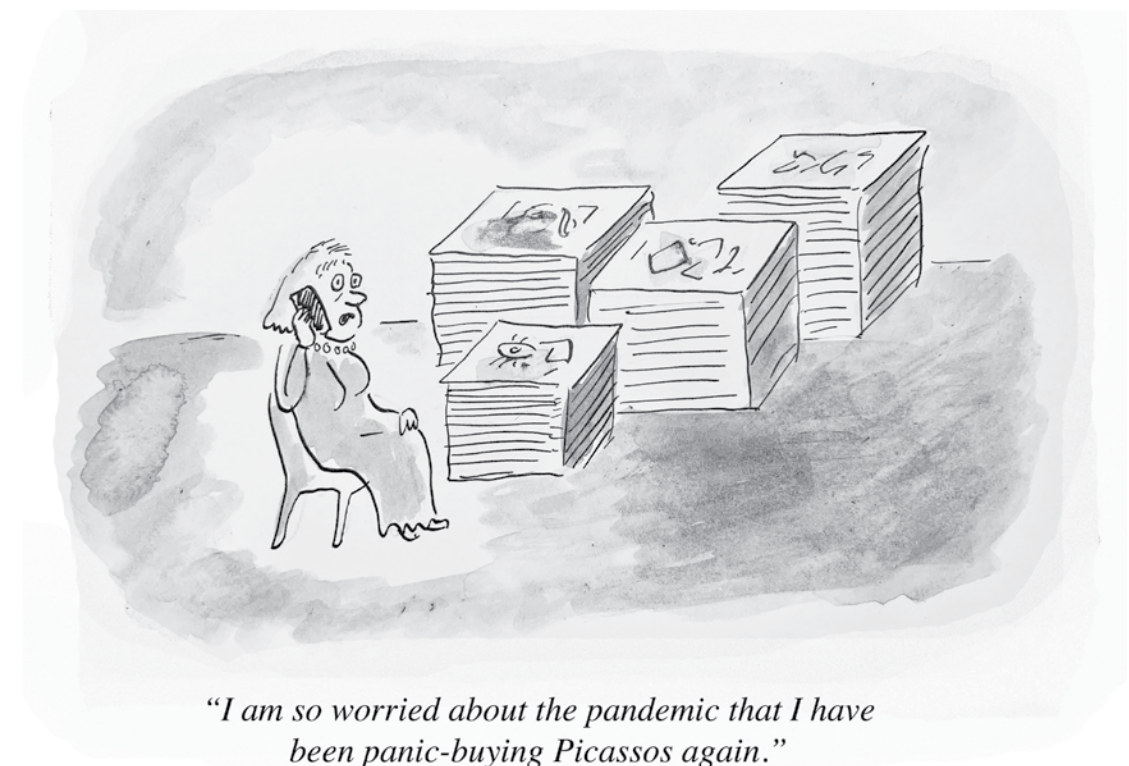
Pablo is a breath of fresh art in a heady, often stuffy money-driven world of contemporary art. He's the oxygen in the room. And he ends up giving the art room to breathe, to think, to just be.

Please check out his social media on Instagram and please subscribe to Pablo's weekly column, *Beautiful Eccentrics*: <https://pablohelguera.substack.com/>



*"Would you have anything more residential?"*

Pablo Helguera



*"I am so worried about the pandemic that I have been panic-buying Picassos again."*

Pablo Helguera





\$10 per 5.5 x 8.5" sheet with 15 stamps (8 shown above)

 **The PORTLAND  
STAMP Company**

[theportlandstampcompany.com/shop](http://theportlandstampcompany.com/shop)

**SUPPORT FOR UKRAINE**

One of our planned Artist Series collaborators for The Portland Stamp Company is Nina Dzyvulska, a Ukranian artist based in Kyiv/Kherson.

Since the Russian invasion of her country she’s been creating art that can be used in support of Ukraine. We worked with Nina to make a sheet of stamps using this art to support relief efforts.

All proceeds benefit Voices of Children, a Ukrainian foundation helping children affected by war.

We asked Nina a few questions as we completed production of the stamps.

**A stamp represents communication from the heart. You have illustrated many hearts on these stamps. What do you want to communicate?**

I drew a lot of hearts in my illustrations because I really want to support all the people who are having a hard time right now. And I feel the support of so many people. Showing love to each other is something we can do now. When there is a war near the house and hostilities are going on, the soul really needs love.

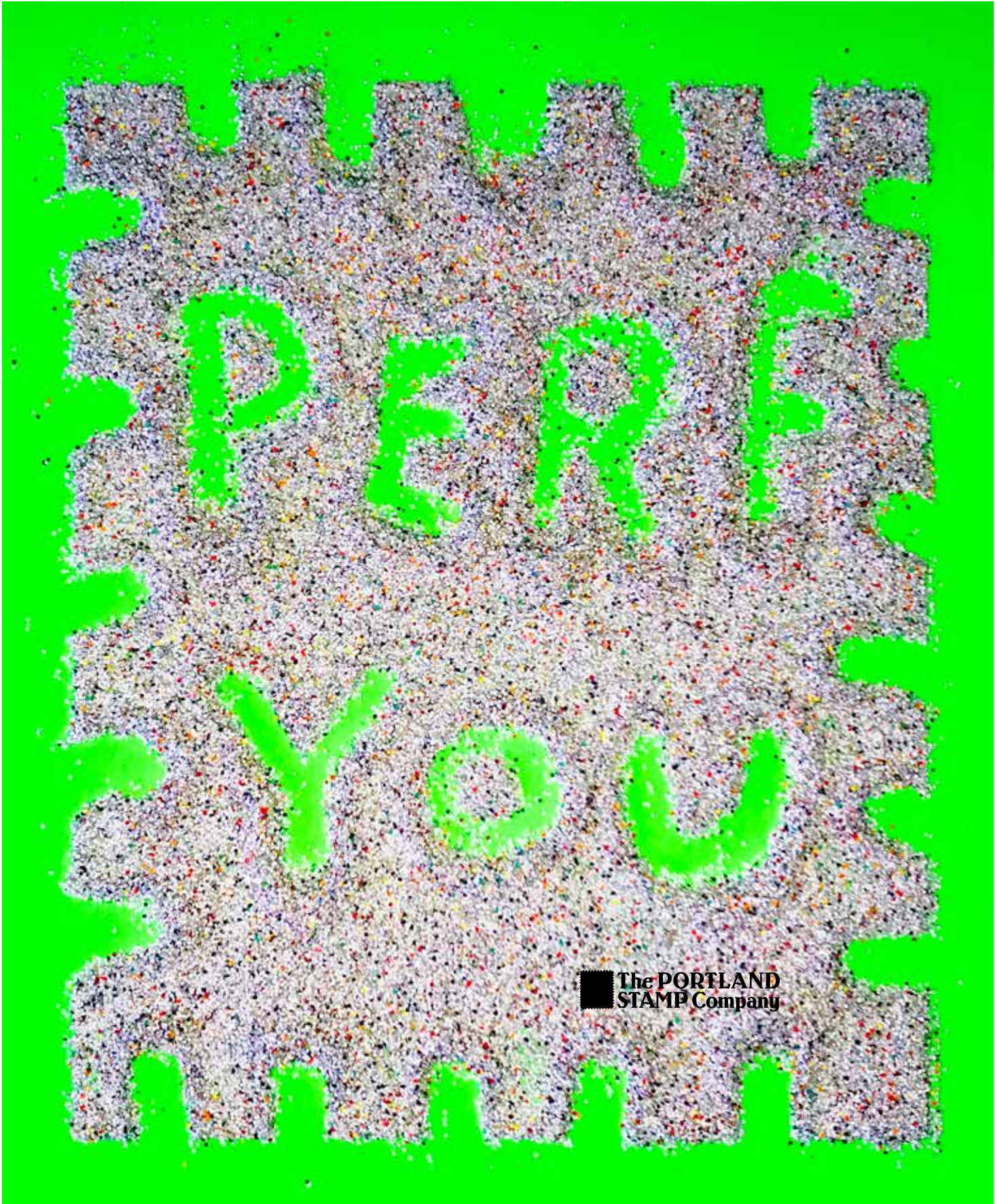
**What do you want to tell the world about what it’s like where you are?**

I am now on the outskirts of a small town with my family. The first days everyone hid in the basements, as there were battles. Everyone prayed. Now we hear explosions from the neighboring city at night. People all unite and try to help in every way they can, to keep in touch with each other. We can’t go anywhere because it’s not safe, so we wait and hope. Everything that happens is very scary and difficult to accept, it is very supportive that there are so many kind people around.

**Does creativity help you process what is happening?**

Yes, I am very glad that I have the opportunity to draw. I have hope that in this way I can do something small that can help my country.

**Thank you Nina – for these words and for your illustrations – they are making a difference. We will do everything we can to help from our side of the world and continue working and praying for peace.**



 **The PORTLAND  
STAMP Company**



LA CAVE  
des PAPILLES



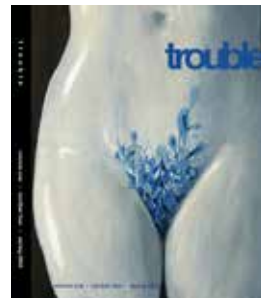


# Got \$50? Want to get into a delightful mess of Trouble?



Trouble is an art  
and literary  
quarterly. It is  
mostly about  
trouble. Trouble

on the planet, trouble in the arts, trouble  
at home, trouble in the garden. Beautiful  
disasters, brilliant fuck ups and elegant  
scams. We've got trouble, friends.



Brush up against great contemporary art and and writing,  
find yourself in bed with cartoonists and poets, ride out on the hot and  
druggy PLAYA or inhale the smokey ends of our days on the planet.

Yes! Laugh at the art world billionaires, double down on DIY disasters, toked up the bio-  
logy of muchies or just give yourself a good swift kick in the ass.

Got something to sell? **Sell it by the pound in Trouble.** Got something to say? Yell it **out loud in Trouble.** It's fun. It's easy. It's good for you. For the price of a bottle of wine, funding a friend's kicks-tarter, a vertical waffle maker, three grams of skunk, a donation to cancer research, you can find yourself in delicious trouble. Get a full color page, in brilliant color. **Dimensions: 25,5 cm x 20 cm.** Shoot us an email. **Write our Paris Bureau now! [mistahrose@yahoo.com](mailto:mistahrose@yahoo.com)**

## MORE TROUBLE

By Matthew Rose

When I first learned to drink large quantities of beer, my friends and I also learned to relieve ourselves like dogs, marking the neighborhood by peeing on trees and flowers, and, if we were drunk enough, on each other.

Summertime, I'd typically return home after midnight and let loose on a pair of evergreen shrubs my father planted earlier that spring. I'd reflect on my life as I looked out over the quiet of our backyard. It was a ritual, and I did this most nights for three months. In our back yard we'd built a tree house as kids – a large triangular structure where my friends and I would drink beer, smoke pot and, if we were lucky, have a smooch with our girlfriends. Sometimes more. It was a monument to our youth and it was the most prominent structure in the yard. We even built a slanted roof on it to keep the rain off it, and cut a hole in its side for the hiba-chi – our stove for cooking hot dogs.

Those days would recede quickly enough. I was preparing to leave for University. The yard was my father's garden and our dog's toilet (watch out!), and all around its edges samples of my father's horticulture products were in evidence. My father was mostly a weekend gardener but he had some interesting tricks. Planting a bank of rose bushes, he buried fish heads just below their roots; he understood the value of worms and created big fat ones by dumping shitty red wine into a plot of earth, then would dig them up and rebury them to aid his strawberries.

One late August night coming home from a championship blotto with friends, my father

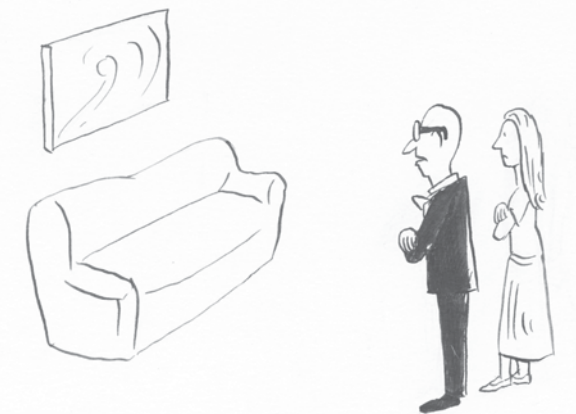
drove up after a late dinner with a client. Startled, I zipped up quickly, turned about and greeted him.

“Oh, hey! Dad.”

“Where have you been, my son?” he asked. Of course he knew I was drunk. But maybe he was a bit buzzed, too. We stood together on this small wooden deck and looked into the yard lit by a pair of floodlights with a sound track of crickets.

Suddenly he said “What happened here?” Pointing to his evergreens. I'd never noticed but they were rusty brown.

Pablo Helguera



“The theory doesn't match the couch.”

“Weird. They look dead. Maybe need some watering?” I suggested, hopefully.

“You think?”

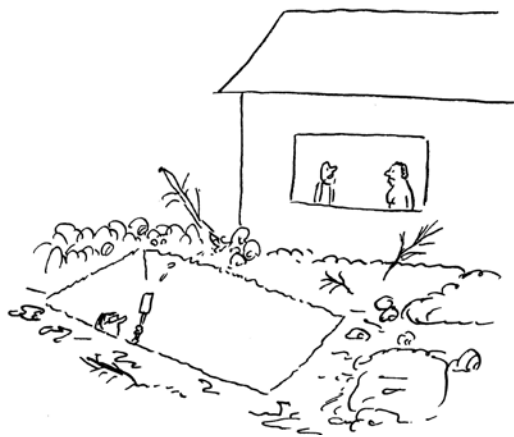
• • •

Our neighborhood was initially rural suburban – no concrete sidewalks, old trees. Main street stores where bakers and shoe makers and the supermarket staff knew your name. In the 1960s our town went for expansion – subdivision and aluminum siding, built-in sprinklers and concrete sidewalks. The County put in a



sewer system that cut up the streets for months; massive pipes were laid in the cradles they cut with the mean metal scoops of giant Tonka Toys. But folks still had big pretty green lawns and sometimes my friends and I got jobs cutting the grass or cleaning out their flower beds. As we got older we lost interest in below minimum wage pay and began to explore further afield on bicycles. But the lawns we all retained an allure as they were often big enough to field a sporting event.

Pebbles, our short-haired pointer, loved the big front yards, too, using them to limber up running about in circles. We half-tried to catch and collar her before she would launch herself into the neighbor. She went looking for her German



*"Since we didn't have enough money for a landscape architect, I hired a land artist."*

Shepard boyfriend Skippy, grab a snack of garbage, steal baseball mitts left unattended an usually take a big shit on Mr. Marcus's lawn. Well it wasn't really a lawn. It was a half circle of dirt, a leafless tree and oftentimes five or six cars that couldn't find a space on the street. It was a bit of a parking lot. Anyway, Pebbles would stay out for hours, and then scratch late at night apologetically at the side door like a drunk teenager, shivering and hungry.

It was no surprise to receive a letter – actually lots of letters – hand written in a smudgy fat

hand: "If your goddamn dog doesn't stop shitting on my lawn I'm gonna shoot it. I swear I will. This is your last warning! I have a gun." Marcus's son, Seth, was an only child as it turns out and his father had no idea what he was doing living on the uppermost floor of that big old white house. I knew. He had set up a drug super market. No wonder there were so many cars parked on his lawn. I was there once, in his room as a small crowd was busy doing bong hits and drinking canned beer, though I can't remember why I went there. But I'm absolutely certain it wasn't to talk about Pebbles and her love of shitting on their lawn. Pebbles of course out lived Old Man Marcus and in thinking about it now, I can't stop laughing about my dog shitting on his father's patch of dirt.

• • •

My childhood friend Sammy is growing marijuana in his neighbor's garden – a half acre of tall grasses, sun flowers, meandering vines, and dozens of weeds. "She's like 99 years old and has no idea there're 10 massive pot plants basking in the sun there, hiding in plain sight. Nobody knows."

Sammy said last year's crop yielded about four pounds and it was "very excellent." She doubled the plantings this year and round early October at the tail end of an Indian Summer, she was going out to clip them. "The full moon was up!" she said. "And I discovered them all gone! The tops were all cut off. Stolen."

"Too bad you can't report it to the police," I lamented.

• • •

A friend of mine is so wealthy his bathroom is the size of my apartment. Once he gave me the keys so I could feed his canary – "Albert Einstein." He'd be gone for a week. I moved in. I let the Albert Einstein out of the cage and he (or she?) flew about this massive palace but always returned – weird no? – to the prison after

a few hours of freedom. I guess Albert Einstein liked the food my friend served. Anyway, I absolutely enjoyed the luxury of this place and so I filled the tub with hot water, rolled a few joints and poured myself a glass of my friend's Côte Rôti (2005!) and just fucking wallowed. That's it. I wallowed. Nothing bad happened. I got high and drunk and soaked in a hot tub while a bird named Albert Einstein measured the rooms for flight.

• • •

My ex-girl friend, who I am still friendly with, was reading these "More Trouble" columns, and she called me up and said "What the fuck is with you? You always write about getting high, getting drugs, planting drugs, thinking about drugs and buying drugs with your stupid ass More Trouble columns. What the fuck is with you? House and Garden? What's that a grow room in a grow house? Are you planting peyote, too?"

I took a deep toke and exhaled. "Excuse me, but, who is this?"

• • •

I was not the best pet owner but I was pretty good at house plants. I had bought six chickens once at Woolworths (an Easter Special – they came in a shoe box) and brought them home. I was all of 10 years old and thought I'd start a business selling fresh eggs. My mother wasn't having it. But they're so much fun, I said! "Outside." I built a pen of sorts with – you guessed it – chicken wire, and my chicks grew up. All males as it turned out. They pecked around the yard until one by one they were mauled by the local wildlife. Raccoons mostly. One barely made it to the 4th of July and then that one got crushed by an avalanche of logs that were stacked along a brick wall. It wasn't pretty. So besides the family dog in pet world, (you've already met Pebbles), I migrated towards spider and avocado plants. I was good at it and once I had my own apartment, I lived in a vertiable

jungle. Lining up these green friends along the window sill, I realized I was a gifted gardener.

Then my friend Mark asked me to watch Bert. Mark was going to the Bahamas on vacation. Bert was a giant, loud, angry parrot. I don't know, I told him. "No problem," said Mark. Bert's cool. Just open the cage door and he'll be your best friend. Feed him some seeds and you'll see, he's cool. Bert's cool. Thanks."

My relationship with Bert started off okay. I opened his big cage door and couldn't help but notice how much crap Bert produced – from these seeds alone? After three days my apartment began to smell like a zoo. I guess Bert sensed my animosity, and suddenly refused to return inside his cage and Bert got angry and loud and yapped at me, then nipped my fingers and then took off flying around my house, agitated and upset. Bert tried to land on my plants on the window sill but he was too big and once he touched down took five or six spider plants with him to the floor, all that dirt whacking him on on the head. He was stunned and waddled about walking drunk on my floor. Then Bert tipped over. WTF?

I was angry. I didn't want fucking Bert in my house and now he was dead. Of course I blamed Mark. I called him in the Bahamas. "Mark, I'm sorry to tell you, man. but Bert... well.... he got killed by my plants."

"You killed my parrot?!" he yelled at me. I hung up the phone and put Bert in the garbage. He was getting stiff. I had to squeeze him in. His eyes were still open and I wasn't sure if he was alive or dead. Maybe he was back in the jungle where he was born (or the pet store where he was hatched?) Perhaps he was flyng around, dreaming ... free and happy as a ...

I couldn't tell if I was sad or not.

• • •

**Matthew Rose is the publisher and editor of trouble. He lives in Paris, France.**





## This is Not a Scam : Kenny Schachter Goes Full NFT

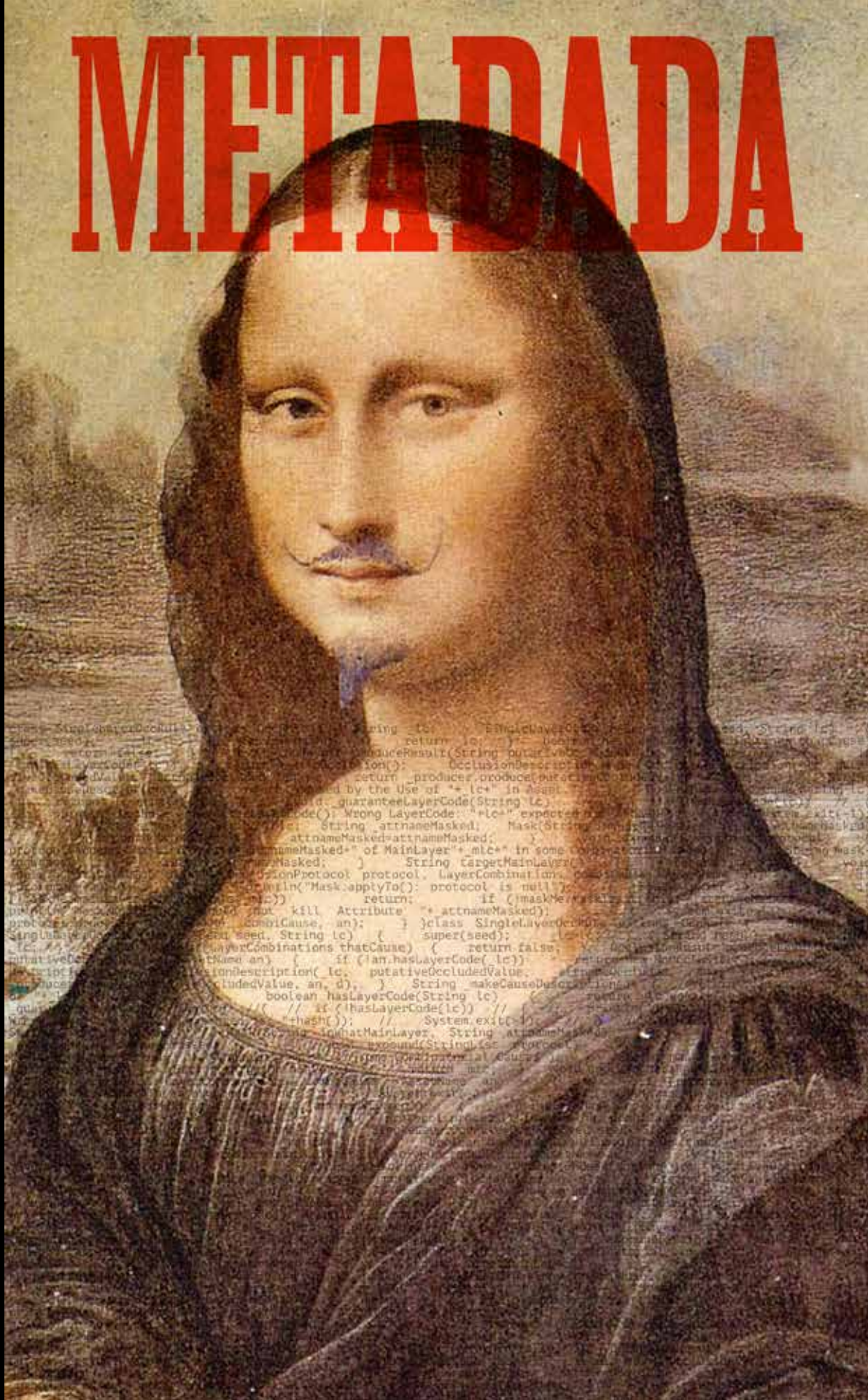
A Looney Tunes “That’s all, Folks” Donald Trump graphic changed Kenny Schachter’s art world. Not as notorious as Illma Gore’s naked Donald Trump with his micropenis [“Make America Great Again” 2016] changed hers perhaps, but Schachter’s piece, his first NFT (Non Fungible Token) proved seminal for the 60-year old New York artist.

The son of a carpet salesman and a housewife, Kenny Schachter had his come-to-Jesus NFT moment just as the digital art market was taking off. He jumped aboard the block chain – the vast computer network powered by bitcoins and other crypto currency – because it offered the artist an escape from the white-cube prison of the New York Art world.

“That’s all Folks,” was put up for sale on NiftyGateway in December 2020. It waved a good riddance to Trump World and a \$500 payday from an anonymous buyer. The piece was editioned, proving more profitable. Cash rolled into Schachter’s digital piggy bank.

As a slice of art world product has tiptoed off gallery walls to computer screens, the glowing promise of new wealth born in CPUs and birthed on the Internet was paid for by a burgeoning cyber class of crypto currency art buyers. It seemed novel, refreshing and has proven to be obscenely profitable.





Larry Gagosian came up to me the other day & told me that one of his best friends had just died after a sudden illness. I said, “What did he have?” He said, “Oh, a nurse painting, a couple of Basquiat drawings & a pretty good Warhol.”

In 2020, sales of NFTs topped an astonishing \$100 million, according to DappRadar, a group which regularly offers trade reports and maintains a leaderboard of the top NFT sales. A year later? Take a guess. You’re wrong. It exploded to \$22 billion. (The first half of 2021 NFT sales hit \$4 billion; the second half sales mushroom clouded to \$18 billion). Perhaps more of a shock is that some 75% of these sales were generated by paltry \$15 buys, most in the Ethereum digital currency. No surprise: The top 10 percent of NFT traders account for 85 percent of all transactions (ARTnews). 2022 NFT sales estimates could read \$35 billion (Tokenized).

“When I found out about those three magic letters – NFT – the most loved and hated three letters,” says Schachter, a lawyer by training, “I jumped at the chance, and never looked back.”

Mike Winkelmann aka BEE-  
PLE, a graphic designer from Charleston, South Carolina, made his big splash with his NFT “Everydays – the First 5000 Days,” a digital collage of the .jpgs the artist has been posting on the Internet since 2007. The piece went for \$69.3 million in March, 2021 at a Christie’s auction.

The buyer, Vignesh Sundaresan, aka *MetaKovan*, is a block chain entrepreneur based in Singapore. He made a fortune setting up Bitcoin ATMs in 18 countries beginning in 2013. MetaKovan now owns a long string of numbers and letters, and a hi-resolution JPEG of Bleeple’s chef d’oeuvre.

Winkelmann quips on his web site: “I’m not stopping until I’m in the MOMA...then not stopping until I’m kicked out of the MOMA, lol.”



BEEPLE / Everydays - the First 5000 Days



There is that kind of rebellious NFT dare and self-deprecation in Schachter’s art as well, and he defends the new art form and marketplace against the notion that NFTs are scams.

“Many say the art world is a scam,” notes Schachter. “Well NFTs are no more a scam than someone walking into Goldman Sachs opening up an account. While crypto is prone to fraud – money laundering, tax evasion, the art world too, is unregulated. The difference is that digital art, until recently, had no ready mechanism to buy, sell and trade. And digital art didn’t have the kind of cache as owning a painting does and hanging it in your home.”

Computers power Schachter’s art, permitting mass production and allowing him to spread his religion. His NFTs number in the thousands – though many are editioned. He’s able to multiply product like a video game about rabbits fucking. He can copy and paste, digitally alter, and create “originals.” It all made me think of Ray Johnson’s embracing the Xerox machine. Producing copies with dimes, adding to it, folding it, then targeting his audience, all the while exploding the very idea of an “original.”

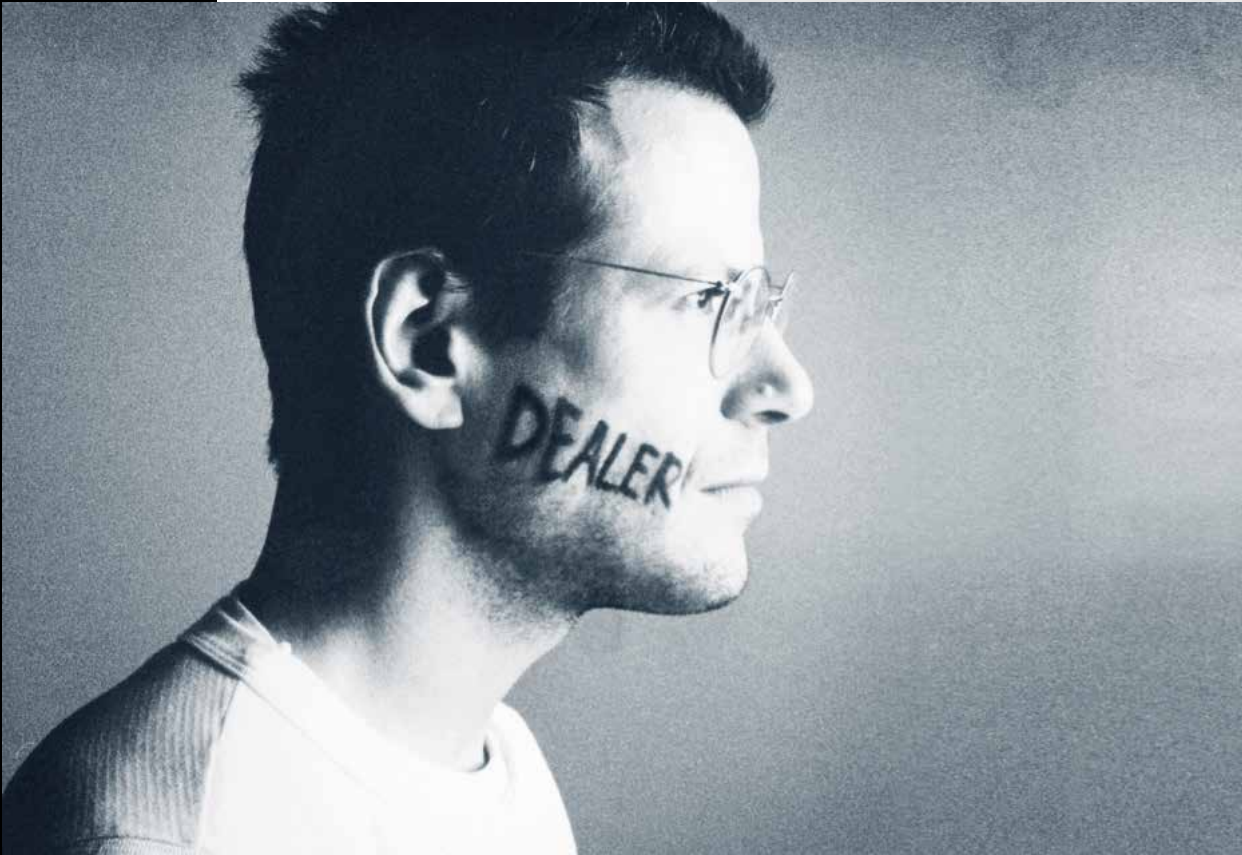
Johnson made that notion more complex by rubber stamping, co-opting and appropriate other artists to perform on his work. “COLLAGE BY SHERRIE LEVINE” was one such addition. Levine, of course, famously copied artists’ works, making her own original copies for big bucks. Johnson however, mailed his work to people for free. His interest – somewhat like Schachter’s – was in subverting the art world but in his own iconoclastic fashion.

A year ago, Schachter created a community of “Crypto Mutts,” a collection of 10,000 randomly generated NFTs on the Ethereum blockchain. Prices originally began at \$80 and reached a high of over \$10,000 for the “rarer works in the lot,” said the artist, “but the lion’s share are still available for slightly more than the mint prince – about \$100.”

The foray cracked opened up a market for the artist’s physical editions, such as his plastic autofellating toy elephant (in a dozen colors) called “Forbidden Amuse Yourself,” NFTism tee shirts, coffee cups and other merchandise from his web site (<https://www.kennyschachter.art/>).



The artist’s social media, writings with embedded videos and art work, aided the art world outsider. He illustrated his Artnet.com writings with videos. Schachter built an audience of crypto art addicts, selling his NFTs directly to potential buyers. His videos are all over the place and he now regularly lectures (by video) to Harvard, Yale, NYT and School of Visual Arts students. He’s even advising half a dozen students on their NFT papers. He’s apparently in demand.



**Plague Window on the World**

With the global pandemic COVID-19 lockdown, the planet looked through a blue glowing portal that offered nary a street or ocean view, but one that paraded an endless and steady stream of facts, fiction, shopping opportunities and infantile fantasies. Screens became the gateway drug to the world. With perhaps one in every home, this fifth wall was a door to somewhere else – anywhere else, actually.



Comforting, friendly offering limitless choice, your PC or iPhone connected your house to our house. Of course it was no surprise artists and entrepreneurs would successfully find a way to leverage value in seemingly worthless things like computer images that could be readily copied. Folks still needed to buy something, didn't they? It's human nature. And they did – from cartoons to animations to photos...of say, big truffles.

Yes, The Big Truffle – a 1.2 kilogram tuber *melanosporum*, presented at the Sarlat market in early February in France. Bernard Plance, the man who found it, auctioned it off on the NFT market place called OpenSea for \$10,000 and has already been eaten and block chained – the new owner got the truffle and received the NFT as an official deed. A package deal.

“NFTs are not a get rich quick scheme,” says Schachter, though it seems like it's all working out now. His Crypto Mutts as NFTs allowed him to skip “Web 2.0” like eBay or FirstDibbs auction sites and move to “Web 3.0” which Schachter calls a renaissance platform for digital art. But his NFT activity got Schachter gallery shows. Berlin's Nagel Draxler Crypto Kiosk ([www.nagel-draxler.de](http://www.nagel-draxler.de)) is just opened an extensive exhibition of Schachter's prints and NFTs. It opened on 15 January of this year and runs through 15 April 2022.

Schachter came up with a clever word game for his art exhibition – “METADADA.” Yep, it's all data! He married data to the idea of an object referring to itself. The notion is that an artwork staring at itself is where its meaning is stored. Dada, the global art movement that swam in the rivers of irrationality and negation, often savaged traditional art and literature. A sweet nuptial!

Schachter's take on Marcel Duchamp's own DADA work L.H.O.O.Q., lampooned Da Vinci's ironic La Jaconde. Here, the Frenchman scribbled a mustache and goatee on a postcard of the Mona Lisa. Schachter printed up the image on top of a page of computer code, added a Soviet-style title and mounted it on an aluminum plate. The artist then grabbed another Duchampian readymade – Marcel at his desk producing a readymade “EAU & GAX A TOUS LES ETAGES” – and replaced “EAU” with “NFT.” The piece at 94 x 127 cm was priced at 7,000 Euros, VAT excluded. My guess is this artwork is also offered as an NFT. Why not?

Part of Schachter's charm is his evangelism. New York Magazine Art critic Jerry Saltz teamed up with him to crank out an NFT for charity. Schachter noted that Saltz was “probably disappointed” that a graphic of 10,000 of his Instagram posts of other people's art didn't pull in much money, but Saltz says he



liked the NFT concept. His response to my question about it was a bit nutty and cryptic:

“An NFT bro hit me on my wrist and cracked my fave Canal Street watch crystal, as I was crossing Hudson near Gansevoort, and yelled ‘I make NFTs asshole’ or something like that! Hah!” he wrote. “Other than that I LOVE the idea and possibilities of NFT for all artists to maybe make a little bit

of money and get around gate-keepers. Someday there may be a Francis Bacon of NFTs.”

I find that highly unlikely, but some artists could probably hustle a few more bucks from the quiet of their garrets in Paris (or elsewhere). Jerry and Kenny's great NFT adventure brought in a bit more than \$95,000 (44 ETH) from a buyer named “Alfred Itchblock.” Reports are that the bids went higher. That money was split between a pair of charities the two chose. But more important for artist is that key in the NFT world artists continue to accrue a kind of royalty from each successive sale of their works.

## Electric Money

One aspect of the economic model for Bitcoin mining – the cost of electricity to transact a contract or mint a coin on the blockchain – is stupefyingly expensive. Estimates seem to coalesce around \$100 price tag per transaction (according to a report in Fortune magazine). By contract buying something with your VISA card costs pennies. While NFTs typically trade using Ethereum an alternate crypto currency, the whole specter of these kinds of transactions adds a hidden and dangerous cost to energy grids to buy and sell digital animations. Talk about Looney Tunes.



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“Though the energy consumption in the mining of Bitcoin and ETH can fuel a small country for a big chunk of time,” said Schachter, “so could the environmental footprint of any given Basel Art Fair, or ginormous bronze sculpture.” Hope for a wind-powered crypto-currency, Schachter says, are in the works. “There are already a dozen alternative blockchains with whacky names like Solana, Polkadot, Polygon and Tezos that are environmentally neutral.” Sustainability is not a word, often associated with the blockchain. We’ll have to see what dams burst first.

But anyway...

Remember paintings? You know, they hang on your wall, make your home special and offer a unique window on the world and a reflection of your deeply held feelings about the universe. So, is painting dead... again?

“No!” exclaimed Schachter. “I did an exhibition about the death of the death of painting in 1996 in Soho. (He got a write up in The New York Times – “The Do-It-Yourself Dealers.”) “So, no, painting isn’t dead, but that doesn’t really matter,” says Schachter.

“People will always love painting...for the same reason they’ll love NFTs,” he said. “They are easily tradable, they’re affordable, transferable and storable. But nothing will get in the way of a human love affair with pigment on canvas.”

On our Zoom call, Schachter showed me a digital art piece on his desk that turns on when a light comes on. He predicted a future where there will be more dedicated ways to enjoy digital pieces. But he loves his wall art, too, offering me a tour of collage pieces by himself and indeed, one by Ray Johnson, as well as dozens of graphite pieces, and paintings and objects and waxed quite a bit about about pencil and paper.

“Drawing is the most beautiful expression between the brain and the physical manifestation of the human capacity for creativity.”

Meanwhile, Kenny Schachter is on a roll. The seemingly omnipresent poster boy for NFTs, the artist sees only new vistas for his visions. He wakes up screening. His work is always on sale, always on bid, and, yes, coming to a screen near you, for better or worse.

– Matthew Rose





MR. ROBOT

My father had a garden.

They called it the Poison Garden.

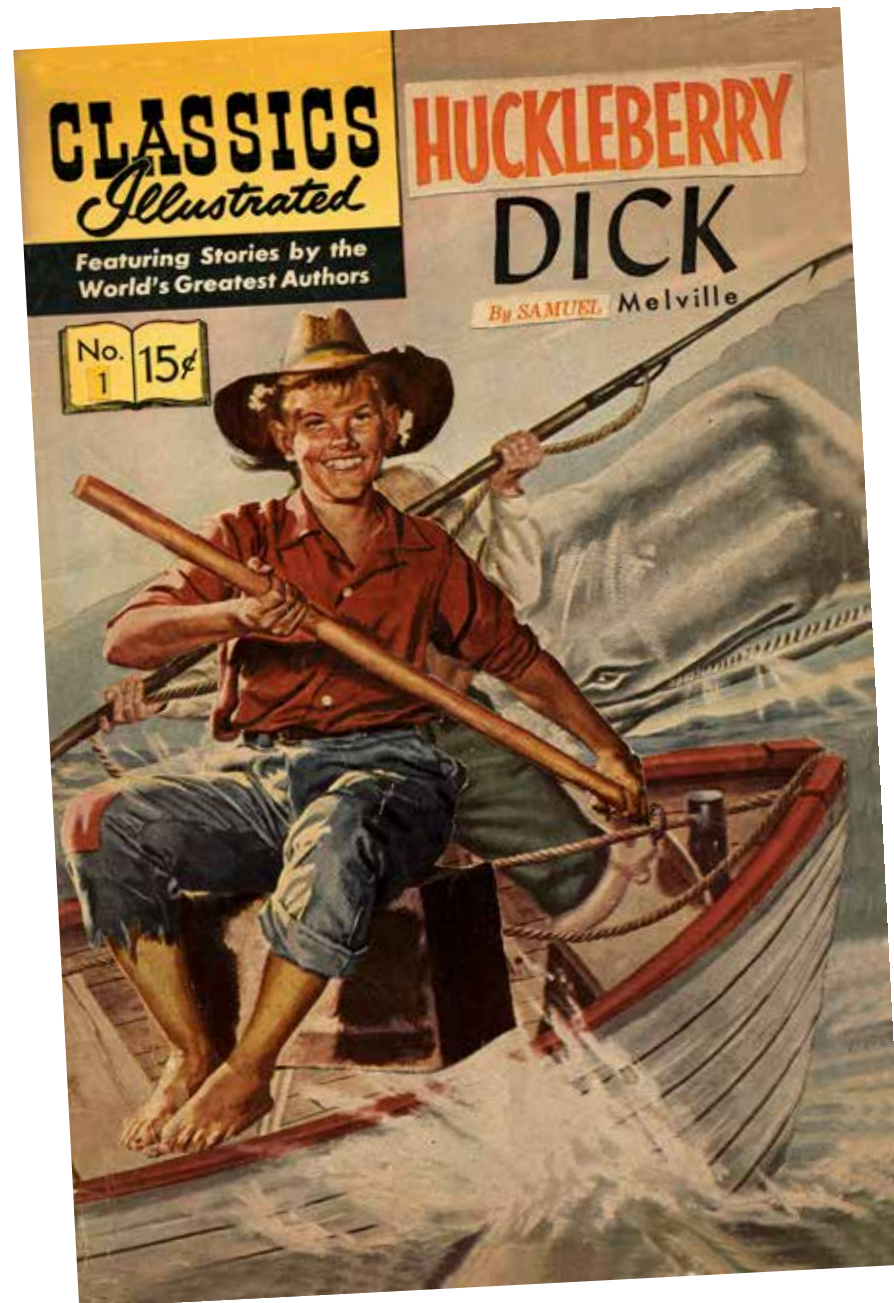
My father's garden.

It's a poison garden...



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## The Diary of a Fixer

*By Francis H. Powell*

**June 16, 2019**

Over breakfast one morning, Lorna, my wife, told me the toilet was disgusting and didn't flush properly.

"I'm fed up with having to clean your shit," she said, shaking her head. I had to agree. Lorna was house proud.

She mentioned our neighbours the Bronski family had a deluxe flush electric toilet. "Both hygienic and efficient," she told me, showing me a pamphlet.

Lorna nagged me to buy the same brand as the Bronskis. Jan Bronki, who is a real pro, was set to give me a hand when an unexpected call meant he had an emergency job to attend to. I was on my own.

I opened the box. First problem, the instructions seemed to be in Polish.

It took a few hours to position it and hook up the pipes. After muddling through, including trying to make sense of the instructions, I decided to test it. An automatic toilet and shiny clean, it was a big improvement on the previous toilet.

I took the old one out and gathered my tools. All seemed well.

That was until wife of 25 years parked her large rump on it. I heard the sound of it tipping to the floor. The entire neighborhood could hear her scream. Dogs barked. Birds scattered.

"There's shit all over the place! Jesus Don! My parents arrive in a half hour!"

No, she did not tell me the parents were coming over. The pair of us frantically mopped up the mess.

I attempted to fix it but the screws were no good and the pipes were impossible to fit back in. There was only one solution. Close the door. Tell Lorna's parents to use the toilet upstairs.

Lorna's father was partially deaf, and often drunk, didn't heed my warning and waded into a small puddle of shit and piss water, oblivious. We hardly noticed his absence. I hadn't heard anyone go upstairs.





"I think Henry has gone into the downstairs toilet" I said, noting his empty chair. The others were drinking their coffees and absorbed in a conversation.

Then a strange noise emanated from the broken toilet – something like the sound of a body zapped by a cattle prod.

"Henry? Alright in there?" Lorna's mother cried.

"I said nobody should go in the toilet," I shook my head in desperation. What an idiot, I thought, I thought I'd made myself quite clear about the new toilet problem.

I walked towards the toilet, not knowing what to expect. There was a combination of smells. Burnt flesh and a concoction of shit and piss.



The door was locked. With my shoulder I barged against the door.

Henry was lifeless, bent over, a strange expression plastered on his face. His trousers around his ankles. I could see a wire I had meant to cover. It was on my list of things to do, but had never got around to it.

"Jesus, Henry's been electrocuted!"

Don Junior – our little bundle of pampers – began crying, sensing perhaps his grandpa was no longer.

"He's dead, my Henry is dead."

"I told you that you had to be careful with electricity," Lorna said bitterly. What's wrong with you, Don? Electrical wires! You killed my father! You killed Jr's Grandpa!" Jr's crying went up a level.

"Everybody keep calm," I said, raising my voice above the din. "Everybody keep away. I'll switch off the mains."

"There's shit all over the place and Daddy is dead, it's a disaster" Lorna said between sobs.

"We might need a plumber," I said, but first we need to call the police and probably an undertaker."

## September 2, 2019

It was a tough summer but we managed to take a holiday and things began to brighten. Lorna was still upset but we'd managed to smooth things enough to get another bun in the oven. Lorna and Jr set off mid-month to visit grieving grandma.

In their absence my DIY instinct kicked in and while in town I spotted a lovely looking chandelier. Glistening! It was posh and not that expensive. Fuck it. I handed over my card.

I was going to prove myself.

Henry's death was considered a "death by misadventure" anyway. They'd be very surprised. "Oh how fancy," she'd say, when I flipped the switch.

It was easy to screw the chandelier to the ceiling. I definitely had DIY chops. And my good buddy Jay connected up all the wires, didn't want another electrical disaster. Seemed safe, too!

Was feeling well pleased with myself and excited about their return. I set the table with candles! Prepared some food.

And in no time I heard Lorna's car pull up

and saw Jr jump out of the car with his teddy bear and a big smile for Daddy.

I didn't mention the chandelier. Surprisingly Lorna didn't notice it. She took the suitcases upstairs and unpacked while I heated up the dinner.

While she came down the stairs, her eyes took in the glistening chandelier.

"Don, I love it! What does it look like when it is switched on."

I flicked the switch on. As I did there was an almighty crash. We all shrieked in unison.

The chandelier must have been too heavy for the ceiling and the screws loosened... glass went flying everywhere and the main unit bounced on a sofa and right into the television. Worse, it knocked over a candle, which in turn set fire to the rayon curtains and the house was suddenly on fire!

Oh no!

"Get Jr out of here" I screamed.

"I want teddy!" he wailed, as the carpet caught fire. Lorna raced upstairs, followed in hot pursuit by Jr.

I ran down to the cellar where I kept a fire extinguisher. I fumbled about for it.

It was futile. The fire was out of control. I was lucky to get out with my life. They found me on the front lawn coughing and spluttering. I was rushed to hospital. I was in a reasonable state, but Lorna and Jr...

## September 6, 2019

I find myself living in Lorna's mother's house. Other than sleeping rough, I had nowhere to go. Our family home burnt to the ground.

One thing I'm certain about, if I weren't still recovering from the fire, grandma would have already put a steak knife into my face. My fix-it skills have already led to

the demise of one family member. Without divine providence and expert medical care, my handy-work, or rather lack of it, was in all probability going to lead to her family shrinking even further.



I miss my wife and little boy, both clinging on to life, in a special burns unit, on life support machines.

Today while standing in the kitchen getting myself a glass of water, I turned round to see her walking towards me with a hammer in her hand.

"What are you doing with that hammer?" I asked gingerly, my heart pounding.

\*\*\*

*Francis H. Powell is a writer living and working in France. He is the author of Flight of Destiny and Other Stories. Visit him here: <https://francishpowellauthor.weebly.com/>*





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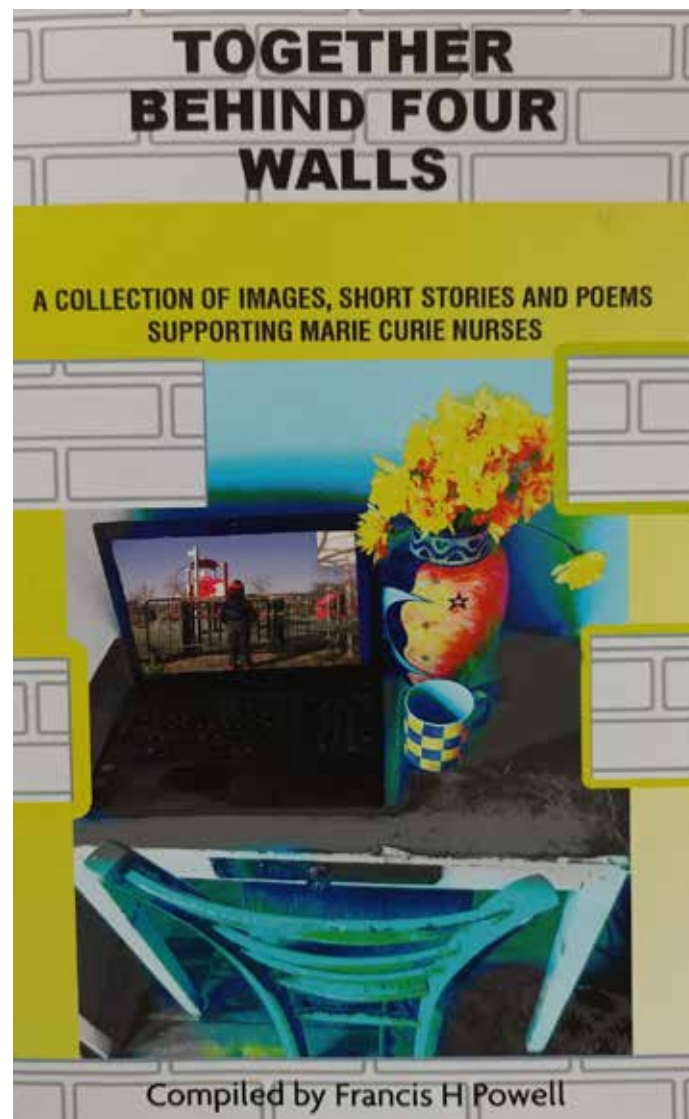
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## Au Revoir

trouble and its editors and contributors dedicate this fourth issue to the many who have left the planet from the Coronavirus pandemic and those who have lost their lives in the struggle for equal justice under the law as well as those millions of health care workers who toiled tirelessly through it all.

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Thomas Hector Wyre; Meat Loaf; Sally Kellerman; Sidney Poitier;  
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